

sarah newsletter

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So, Christmas has been and gone, a New Year is upon us, and the house still looks like 32 people came to stay the other night; but I guess that's kind of OK, because they did - after our Christmas Party.

We're still processing reports on the event itself - exit-polls implied those who went for the MUSIC found it better than last time, while those who went for the drunken mauling, onstage-sex and hope of seeing Stewart Boyracer pulled to the ground and snogged senseless in mid-bass solo found it a bit of a let-down; but you were the audience so that's your fault - we did our bit - a festive sweet on the door, the chance to win a splendid raffle (well, an autographed life-size Father Christmas [he's not a big chap], to be pedantic - you can't actually win "a raffle" because a raffle's more of an abstract concept than an actual thing you can take home and show people), conducive background music (though apologies for the deterioration in sound-quality towards the end - I don't know if it's our cassette-deck or the demo-tapes we get now being worse quality [note to bands: please make sure demos are at least a C60 and DON'T knock out the little tab things because it's annoying], I'm just cross because a lot of thought went into it and I'd hoped my Mudhoney/Pussycat Trash/Madonna medley might at least provoke some emotive and constructive discourse on Babes in Rock - not to mention the Massive Attack/Tramway segue instigating a thoughtful re-appraisal of Bristol's place in UK Pop; instead, all we got were emotive re-appraisals of whether TDK or BASF stood up better in a humid atmosphere) - and 500 balloons from a wonderful shop in Streatham, though it turns out Paul Blueboy's got a balloon phobia, so apologies to him for any distress caused by us covering the stage with them. Sigh - other labels have bands with galloping coke habits or a fondness for deviant sex with miners (it's the lamps), our bands have balloon phobias. And apparently Alison from BRIGHTER has a brussel-sprout phobia. So that's why Brighter didn't play - thought we might cover the stage with brussel sprouts. Like you do. He collects bakelite doorknobs too, you know. Scary.

Anyway, it sold-out, **ACTION PAINTING!** turned up at the last minute, draped themselves in fake fur and tinsel and struck a mix of fear and incredulity into all watching, **BOYRACER** forgot to bring their guitars, bass, amps and effects pedals, but local heroes The Beatnik Filmstars lent them theirs, so a big thank you to them (in truth, it's always good to have at least one idiotic band scheduled, because there's never enough time for soundchecks and if someone forgets their drums or gets lost en route you can say it's all their fault), **BLUEBOY** had to cut their set short because Paul was complaining about three large blue balloons by the bar that were "looking at him funny", and **HEAVENLY's** soundman Dick was Hero of the Night for doing the sound for everyone and singing Calvin's part on "C Is The Heavenly Option"; sadly, following Mathew's set-closing rendition of The Cramps' "Goo Goo Muck", **BOYRACER** are refusing to speak to **HEAVENLY** ever again as such things are apparently sacrosanct (if only they'd witnessed the Heav's version of "Antmusic" in London 2 days before...). One doesn't like to tell them that **HEAVENLY** have been refusing to speak to them for the past year and a half, just on principle. And nobody is speaking to **ACTION PAINTING!** as - well, you wouldn't really want to, would you? And Amelia gets a gold-star for struggling on with horrible flu, having spent most of the evening asleep on our sofa - you're lucky really the entire **HEAVENLY** set wasn't a quick re-hash of Psychedelic Jungle topped off with some of Cathy's increasingly novel interpretations of Smurf Classics. More excitement later at our place when **BOYRACER** and **BLUEBOY** nominated one member each to patch up their differences, on our office floor of all places; shame they didn't nominate anybody to mop up too. I'd better not name names, as Stewart, James, Keith, Harvey, Paul, Lloyd and Mark all say it wouldn't be fair. **ACTION PAINTING!** stayed up all night, someone threw up on the doorstep (we've written to Unigate to complain - it's

holly,
tinsel,
antlers
etc.