

sarah obituary

january 1996

HOW IT ALL ENDED...

... well, we had a party... and right up to the last minute it looked like we'd have no drum-kdt, because **HEAVENLY** had mislaid their floor-tom (later discovered being used by David from Comet Gain as a laundry basket), and only one guitar amp because Harvey, who was supposed to be bringing his, had got held up in London, and Cathy (Heavenly) had said that though normally she'd be more than happy to pick it up on her way from Brixton, the idea of driving via Shepherd's Bush when the Notting Hill Carnival was on didn't really appeal.. she then offered to break into Amelia's parents' house in Reading because she thought there was one there, and apparently it's dead easy to do, you just go round the back and - but somehow, breaking and entering seemed an unwise thing to be getting into at this stage...

We managed in the end, though, and people came from far and wide... 48 from France, 25 from Germany... Canada, Japan, Thailand, USA... even a party of 7 from Hull. And... well, I guess if you were there then you know what happened, and if you weren't you'd probably rather we kept quiet - I know word's already got round about Harvey and Julian (Hit Parade) performing their set entirely naked, and **THE ORCHIDS** coming on-stage as a human pyramid perched atop the handlebars of a Harley Davidson, and the whole evening ending with a 400-strong conga round the streets of Bristol led by the boys from the Avonmouth Retired Dockworkers Good Time Oompah Band - so I'll say nothing: for if, as Telly Savalas once sang, a picture paints a thousand words, then, um... how can... um... how many words would two pictures paint in half the time? Exactly. **BUT** - heck - I really can't *not* mention such highlights as **SECRET SHINE**'s rendition of Take That's *Magic*, or Bobby (**FIELD MICE/NPL**) holding court by the door having been kidnapped and driven here by Ian Catt, or Lee **ACTION PAINTING!** turning up out of the blue and saying "I'm Lee from Action Painting" as if we didn't know (**ACTION PAINTING!** were supposed to play... only they split-up instead. Lee's now in **DESIGNER** who, reading between the lines, we reckon are sort of punk-romo, and therefore probably the best band in the world), or Tim **SHELLEY** (i.e. **ORLANDO**) getting thrown out for punching Neil Bouquet. Apparently he also refused to close a window when somebody asked him. We'd like to emphasise that we in no way condone such blatantly rock'n'roll behaviour; being on the front cover of *Melody Maker* doesn't make someone big or clever, just a bit garish. And punching people just because they're in Bouquet and not closing a window when somebody's clearly a bit chilly are the first steps on a slippery slope to who-knows-what depravity. Though if it's got steps, of course, it's not really a slope: unless there's some sort of wheelchair ramp. Finally, sorry to anyone who got given a *Mendip County Council* balloon instead of a **SARAH 100** one - just one of the drawbacks of getting your balloons printed in Trowbridge. Apologies too to anyone from Mendip County Council whose Staff Party was totally ruined by getting a balloon with **SARAH 100 BALLOON** written on it and not knowing what it meant. "SARAH" is the name of a record-label.

Or was. Because on August 28th it all ended with the release of **SARAH 100**, *There And Back Again Lane*, our final retrospective CD thingy (21 songs from 21 bands and a big booklet of anecdotes and pictures). Though only after much trauma - I have long-suspected that there are special exams you have to fail in order to become a printer, and **SARAH 100** proved it; we nearly missed the release date and oh, the printing's still not perfect but then, what is? Life is all regrets, and I've had a few, as Frank Sinatra once sang, before hiccuping loudly and falling over sideways. But we made it - even if the final pressing order *did* have to be phoned in from Heathrow airport within earshot of various top stars from Ride, Supergrass and Echobelly - "That's just the promo quantity, of course" we said, loud as possible, but I don't suppose we fooled anyone. Heathrow? Ah yes... because that Spanish festival featuring **HEAVENLY** finally happened, personal highlights being: meeting David **POPPYHEAD** for the first time since 1988