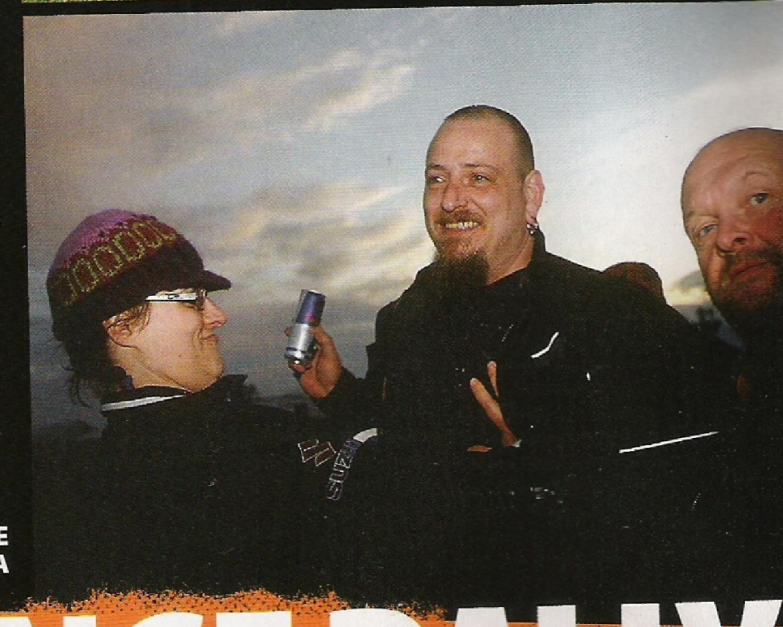


went home on his lovely Triumph chop with a couple of pieces of tinware jangling alongside his trusty mandolin. But this is getting ahead of ourselves because, prior to the prizegiving, there was a whole day of entertainment laid on for the three hundred or so people who braved the overcast day. Rick Hulse's Comedy Club kicked off the afternoon; I'm not normally a particular fan of stand-up comedians (with the exception of the wonderful Bill Bailey), especially at rallies, but I was impressed with Patrick Monahan's set, which was lively, clever and, above all, made me laugh. Then again, if you're of Irish, Iranian and Geordie extraction, I guess you need to be quick on your feet. He also managed to ruin the silly games. By the time he'd finished his act, virtually everyone was firmly settled inside the marquee and didn't feel too much like venturing outside again. Creature did his best to persuade people into blindfold wheelbarrow racing and running-around-after-drinking-a-plastic-yard-of-ale competitions, but it was doomed to failure, particularly as anyone who knows Creature was staying well out of reach lest they be summarily commandeered into participating.

Somehow, after the silly games, I managed to spend so long talking that I missed most of The Doughboys' set. I was tempted to ask DB main bloke, Drew, to go back and do it all over again, but it didn't seem likely that would go down too well with either the Doughboys or Stevie, who was following them on stage and had his eye on valuable drinking time. I'm not quite sure how so many bands managed to be squeezed into Saturday night – perhaps time is a bit more elastic up in the Fens – but, by the time that the last party animal ambled off to bed (and I hope they were among those camping halfway to Whittlesey), they'd seen not only the Doughboys and Stevie, but General Skullduggery, Australian band Devil Rock Four (they were very loud – I suspect that they could have played in their native Melbourne and we would still have heard them), The Almaboobies and a special, um, supergroup. This was composed of members of Termoil, who'd played the previous night (and it is spelled with an 'e' and not a 'u', though I have no clue as to why) and Exhibit A, along with Creature on guitar. Three things shall ye know about Creature; he can't play the guitar, he's tone deaf and he's not much of a dancer, either. It was nowhere near as terrible as we'd expected, but that was possibly because Creature had warned us to expect the worst, so our expectations weren't all that high. Let's just say that Joe Satriani won't be quaking in his boots. Then again, I bet Mr Satriani couldn't organise such a good rally.

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SMALL CHANGE RALLY

