

## Relapse

We arrived pretty early — like, in time for the speech! — and proceeded to the bar. Tactile Bosch is the home of avant party/art, and you know it. It may sometimes be described as “drippy,” but thankfully tonight the rain held off, which is fortunate for I had holes in both my shoes.

I'd like to talk a bit about condiments... I'm not that into steak, but the theme of the night may well be mustard, horseradish, or, if you like 'man-mayonnaise.' It must be noted that Carl Price's performance was a revelation. I'm not one for product-placement, but it has to be said, Sainsbury's ketchup will bring up a brass boiler lovely.

The Clarks' performance was, as ever, incendiary. It was a new collaboration with The Fun Girls, exploring Cyndi Lauper and the phenomenon of 'festival-fanny.' I couldn't recommend the Clarks' more, and nothing will be said of my assistant's ungainly fall up the stairs upon our entrance to the space in which they were performing.

The highlight of the evening for me was Richard Spartos's performance, which, as he repeatedly stated, was about many things. Through the medium of grunting, wailing and what might be described as break dancing on broken umbrellas, he absolutely made the evening for me.

I do not know what to say about the work of Paul Hurely, but then I never do. Perhaps this might be his greatest compliment. All I can offer is to express the words which I'm sure everyone in the audience was thinking, but were afraid to say out loud: Nice ass!!!

All in all, a fabulous introduction to this year's festival. Hooray for artists

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