

I remember when I fell in love with The Regulars. It was one of their headline gigs at the Flapper & Firkin, a fantastic night where they were supported by The Reverends and Distopia. The chances of getting three ace bands at a local gig aren't always high, but that stands out in my memory as one of the best. Pete was wearing a 'Twee rocks' T-shirt and glittery hairclips that matched Chopper's sparkly guitar (maybe!). I'd seen them before but for some reason that night they were complete perfection.

And so began a series of effusive reviews which probably began my friendship with Pete (I'm sure you still owe me a drink, mate!) and are quite possibly why I'm writing these sleevenotes now!

Writing my reminiscences of The Regulars has been quite hard because it has made me realise how much of a latecomer I was, as they'd been going for years before I discovered them. Still, in the short time I had they came to mean almost as much to me as any band had. I could never write an adequate biography so this is much more a personal history.

They were exactly the kind of band I'd always wanted to be in – pure guitar pop in the best possible sense of that now-sullied term, championing idealism and inactivity, and singing life-affirming songs at a time when that was exactly what I needed to hear.

The more I saw the band, the more I loved them and the angrier I got that nobody seemed to understand why they were the most important Birmingham band of recent years. It

was always going to 'happen soon' but somehow never quite did... they probably didn't help themselves by taking 18 months to record each of their singles!

My personal favourite memory of The Regulars was a gig, again at the Flapper (far too much of my teenage years was spent in that pub...). It was just before I left Birmingham to go to university and I was feeling pretty nervous about leaving, so Pete dedicated 'Lincolnshire Skies' to me ("You won't be away for long, we'll see you back before the autumn's done" – he was right, Cambridge terms are so short that I was practically back before autumn had even begun!). I literally grinned for about a week. That's a bittersweet memory now because it must have been their last gig.

But life has carried on without The Regulars. The lads are now working on different projects (the most amusing of which so far was Pete's plan to set up a 'girly' band, refusing to be deterred by the obvious problem of that...) but as absence makes the heart grow fonder and all that, I for one won't forget what The Regulars meant to me. It is therefore with great honour that I introduce this compilation.

It has taken more than a year to come to fruition but now it's finally here to fill the tweecore-shaped hole in your record collection. I always said if they ever got round to recording an album it would probably become one of my favourite albums ever... I hope you love it as much as I will.

Katherine Kennedy
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