

SARAH RECORDS
55a The High Street
Seydhisfjordhur
Iceland
0272 730510

Press-release time.

Enclosed - four attractive young

POP shaped objects to subvert your aimless decrepitude,
MAKE-UP RAT-FACE, time once again to beat your
crazy head against the sky, all our bands walked under
buses early yesterday morning in gestures of support
to the sheer bloody ephemerality of POP, no 12"s or CDs,
by request, leave those for the Houses of Love as they
messily EXPIRE in pools of journalistic drool...

SARAH 7

"I Found God In A Tub Of Marge" E.P. - ANOTHER SUNNY DAY
Greasy grebo pop!!! Wool Sugarcubes, Sugarcubes, hello hello, I am Icelandic, cheesecake.
Follow-up to SARAH 3, a necessary Aesthetic Statement given Single of the Week in both
NME and MM - you were probably out interviewing Lightning Strikes or the
Noss Poles or "re"-reading William Kennedy or something.

ASD made the move to Cornwall in Autumn '86, too many evenings spent
nogging the nog with a bevy of hard drinking trolls having taken their toll,
and they now constitute a thriving scene in and around Penzance.
So. Presenting, 3 tales of teenage woe beside the sea.
You know the stuff. Tedious. Heard it before. Old hats.

SARAH 8

"Actually, Some Of My Best Friends Are Bikers" - THE SEA URCHINS
Follow-up to "Pristine Christmas", another of our
Singles of the Week (surely you didn't miss that one too???) and an Indie
Tip Top Smash for three unbridled months, described by more
than one reviewer as "The debut single from the
Sea Urchins".

Five boys, one girl, refugee babies from the God War,
cast adrift by thankful parents in an open margarine tub and
forced to eat each others haircuts till only one remained.
Beaching finally on the banks of that lovely river, the Orwell,
they found Ipswich overrun by middle-class hippies with skateboards
(see regular NME column "Middle Class Hippies With Skateboards
Who Aren't Really Heavy Metal Honest") so moved to Brum where they
are sometimes popular, always amusing, and often thought to be an
elaborate hoax.

"In Brum, you can travel anywhere on the bus for just 35p",
quips singer Jamie, wiping a mischievous squirrel from his face.
Clotted cream.

Always reminds me of
Clevelandon...

SARAH 9

"My Secret Squirrel" - THE GOLDEN DAWN

Notsy cunts from Seydhisfjordhur -
"We want to make the record The Jam never made" declared
crooner Ulric Kennedy, bodily. Two early recordings,
"Beat Surrender" and "When You're Young", failed to really
connect, the subsequent "Town Called Seydhisfjordhur" came close,
but with "My Secret Squirrel" they finally pin the tail
well and truly "on" the donkey.

"My Secret Squirrel" - a tale of drug-based escapism
amid the crumbling tenements, rambling street crime and
really beautiful pea-green giraffes of Roy Jenkin's old
constituency, Hillhead.

Imagine Sonic Youth meeting the
Butthole Surfers in some vast
underground N.Y.C. N.C.P. parking lot
and them both hacking each other to
death - wouldn't the world
be a much nicer place!

SARAH 10

"Green Windmills Are Happening" - THE SPRINGFIELDS

The Springfields grew up in Barrington,
Illinois, just one hour outside of Chicago,
famous for its houses.

Despite being American, they're really rather lush -
especially singer Ric, who's a hunk - and a thousand miles removed
from such smallities as The Swans and the now thankfully
dead Big Black and all that immature art-school neo-hippy
progressive-rock revivalist toe-jam I stopped pretending
to like when I turned sixteen but there I go again,
let's just say we all have to grow up sometime only
some of us don't. Look at the Springfields,

their early (U.S. release only) single
"My Uzi ain't heavy, it's my brother's" sounds
really silly in the light of Public Enemy,
rather like Public Enemy.