

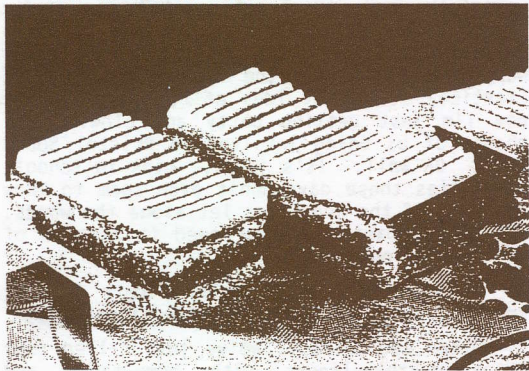
sarah newsletter

number 10 january 1995 free!

... um, the thing is though, not a lot's actually happened... I mean, there was Christmas, but that was fairly universal and nothing really to do with us, as such - it's just an old pagan thing. We went for a walk along the Thames from Hammersmith to Putney on Christmas morning, which was nice, but not really the sort of thing you'd want to read about in a newsletter unless you're my mother which, pending blood-tests, you're not, so...

... the trouble is that, for us, the Season of Goodwill just means two frustrating months of not being allowed to release anything, because the whole industry's totally geared up to festive fun and jollity, and our macabre brand of jangle-pop would, it seems, just annoy people and depress them. So we're banned, hidden away from public view, the mad uncle in the corner dribbling and spitting and refusing to pull his cracker while the rest of the family gathers round to watch The Two Ronnies - and whom you later discover has slipped out into the kitchen with little Tommy to tell him things no 5 year-old has a right to know. We are the giant humbug at the Christmas Feast. Suck us at your peril. That seems to be the attitude. This year was especially galling because our distributors were responsible for shipping out Oasis's Christmas Single.

And we had to watch.



the cakes used to illustrate this newsletter are Almond & Mincemeat Slices and Spiced Fruit & Nut Cakes, both from Lyons range of Christmas cakes.

N.B. SMALL CHILDREN CAN CHOKE ON NUTS

And so... that was Christmas, and what, to quote the late John Lennon, did we do? Well, John, we popped down to Cornwall for a few days, actually, and very nice it was too. A damn sight nicer than being shot in the stomach at close range by a complete stranger, anyway. Everything's relative. And we went to Sheerness on Boxing Day, and had a nose round Chatham too... but that's about it.

HEAVENLY, on the other hand, went to Japan, and had the usual good time, despite us not being there to look after them and organise travel-games and produce barley-sugars when needed and so on and, according to this morning's postcard, they spent their time eating barbecued octopuses, pondweed and, it seems, everything "except fermented bean, which is fear". They speak a language all of their own, you know. HEAVENLY, I mean, not the Japanese. Though they do too. Indeed, Pete can now say "I am Jamiroquai's uncle" in Japanese, even though he's not. Oh and Amelia wants to say sorry but she accidentally left a stack of unanswered letters in Tokyo Airport; so, um, if you've been waiting ages, please, um, write again. And, should you be passing through Narita and happen upon the originals, please return them; or answer them if you know the answers. I think the fact that HEAVENLY absent-mindedly leave their correspondence in Tokyo Airport, rather than just on The Tube like the rest of us, speaks volumes about what distinguishes true natural Celebrity from tacky upstart dress: style, panache, complete indifference to other people's feelings -

HEAVENLY also played on New Year's Eve at The Jericho Tavern in Oxford - an emotional night for all, as this month The Jericho closes for good, to be revamped as a Firkin Theme Pub. This is not a good thing, and we'd like to say a big Thank You to promoter Mackie and anybody else who's helped over the years... apparently The Venue in Oxford is closing too... and The Powerhaus in London, scene of many a riotous Sarah Event... The Fleece in Bristol seems to have had a temporary stay of execution, but we lost the Mauretania a few months back and, to be honest, I'm feeling pretty millennialist right