

sarah newsletter

number 11 april 1995 free!

When I drew back the curtains this morning there was, as well as the usual loud hurrah from the crowd of good townfolk assembled in the street below, a wonderful rainbow arching right across the city; a whole half-wheel, each colour sharp, it rose shimmering from the hills above Long Ashton, soared high up over the white stucco terraces of Clifton, then swooped back down to earth again just beyond the bottle-bank in the car-park at ASDA.

What a way to start the day!!!

So - why am I telling you this??? Well - to remind you what a wonderful bloody place the world can be!!! And especially that part of it known as Bristol. And I choose to do this today in particular because - cue trumpets - **SOUND CITY 1995** is upon us... and we want you all to come and visit.

sarah records presents

HEAVENLY BLUEBOY SECRET SHINE

£3

£3

Monday April 17th (Easter Monday)
The Malaap
140-142 Cheltenham Road, Bristol

OK: Sound City, for those of you whose brains are total ducks' backs when it comes to being hosed-down by the fizzy waters of pop culture, is the week in which Radio 1, a London-based radio-station, descends upon us poor country bumpkins in a great swagger of cosmopolitan panache, and attempts to rescue us from our silly provincial ways by parading before us a glittering procession of such chic metropolitan talents as Menswear and The Bluetones (both of whom have kindly promised to play their songs extra-slowly to make it easier for us), organising various instructive seminars and workshops, and possibly even offering some of the more button-eyed of our youngfolk jobs in the stables.

After which, everyone will shoot off back to the Big City to catch up on what parties they've missed and carry on playing records released on London-based labels that they've been told about by London-based journalists and London-based press-agents - e.g. Menswear and The Bluetones, who have but one (undistributed) 7" out between them so you'd think they'd be rather further down the pecking order than, say, all of our bands, and therefore out on the fringe rather than £8.50 main attractions. But no, not so, because It Has Been Decided that they are going to be famous pop-stars. And of course the people who Have Decided this are the same people who control the means (press, radio) to make them pop-stars; and who will tell us in a years' time (when Menswear are Number One) that they predicted it all, so aren't they clever.

And if you think that's a little cynical, that's because I'm a little cynic; and because it's now 3 hours later, it's pouring with rain and - actually, it's hail, not rain, and I'm not even sure "pouring" is the right word, because I'm not sure things can pour sideways - the wind's so strong that most of the wet stuff is actually shooting across horizontally without ever hitting the ground - and an assortment of unlikely objects keep swirling past the window and distracting me - plastic bags, roof-tiles, clumps of polythene sheeting - oh look, there goes the cat... grab hold of something, Jessica, you silly animal. Nope. Too late. Over the rainbow with her. Oh dear. I'm not sure she'll like Kansas. I've heard it's very lo-fi.

So... what I'm saying is that although things often start out looking peachy, don't forget that every peach has a stone. Which if you plant it will grow into another peach tree but that's a different point, so ignore it. For example: although Sound City kicks off with the **SARAH SHOWCASE**, by the time we get to Wednesday things have already degenerated into Teenage Fanclub. So there. Point proven, I snap my briefcase shut with a smug click and leave by a back entrance. Taxi!