

sarah newsletter

number seven
april 1994

So, Easter again; and we've been ringing round the bands to find out all the juicy news and gossip. Sadly, most of them were out - on egg-hunts and such - so we're going to have to improvise a bit, sorry.

Actually, **HEAVENLY** were in, or Amelia and Pete were, and the news from them is that they hope you all had a nice Easter. Oh. And they've just bought **HARVEY**'s new LP, and think it's fab; and **THE WAKE**'s, but they've not had a chance to listen to that yet. Right. Fine. And they're recording us a new mini-LP, in May, for August release - 6 songs, maybe 7, and mostly the usual sort of stuff, I'd imagine. Actually, this is quite exciting, I'd best adjust my tone. Weeee, new Heavenly LP, hunker hunker!!! That's better. And on April 29th they play the New Cross Venue, supported by Prolapse, Useda and Spacemaid. Incidentally, I don't think we've ever mentioned before that one of **HEAVENLY**'s deepest-held ambitions is to play a gig in Uttoxeter - I forget why, but if anybody out there lives in Uttoxeter, or maybe has friends or relatives out that way, please do get in touch - you should always keep in touch with your friends and relatives. And remember: nobody's ever too proud for a chocolate bunny.

Elsewhere, you've probably just missed **THE ORCHIDS** at King Tut's (as part of Radio 1's Glasgow Sound City thing) AND a new Peel session, which was a just reward, I think, for a fine LP ("Striving For The Lazy Perfection" - SARAH 617) and two excellent on-air match reports earlier in the year from Chris and Hackett (Partick 0 Motherwell 0, Celtic 0 Dundee 0). The LP seemed to go down especially well in the The States, and in my wilder moments I dream of them becoming Hugely Influential over there and so putting an end to all this abysmal middle-class college-kid indie-AOR stuff that currently gets chucked across the Atlantic at us (Lemonheads, Buffalo Tom, Juliana Bloody Hatfield Poly, Sugar, Madder Rose, Breeders, lots of people who turn out not to be The Breeders...) - sorry, not meant to be anti-American, it's just that I hate the word "cool" and I hate the word "neat" and I hate all these U.K. low-fi pop-underground snobs who won't even listen to **BLUEBOY**, say, just because **BLUEBOY** would rather be The Pet Shop Boys (whose last LP was something akin to being kissed on the toes by angels bearing snowdrops...) than bloody Pavement (whose wasn't), and aren't ashamed to be living in Reading, just mildly put out. Oh, Pavement are OK in places, rather like real pavements, I'd just rather have Credit To The Nation - we have more in common; the M5, for instance. Incidentally, if you're wondering how **THE ORCHIDS** are after the Indy Band In Death Crash Horror (© The Dumfries & Galloway Chronicle) incident we reported last time - well, there were no long-term effects, thankfully - except the fluffy dice are a bit squashed, and the whole band vomits spontaneously if you creep up behind them and go vroom vroom.

Having mentioned Harvey, I think I'll go into him in a bit more depth, so - this is **HARVEY WILLIAMS** (ex-FIELD MOUSE/ANOTHER SUNNY DAY, **BLUEBOY** guitarist, former astronaut etc.) whose "Rebellion" (SARAH 406; sponsored by Embassy) came out in March and was a 15 minute 7 song guitarless 10"/CD - and to those of you grumbling that 15 minutes isn't an LP we yell "PUNK ROCK!" with pop-eyed amphetamine-fuelled glee - much as we did when Melody Maker told us they wouldn't review it because it was "too short" to be an album (or Harvey was "too short" to be a popstar, or Life was "too short" and we were all going to die and aren't men bastards and was popmusic really that important, huh? - honest, the excuses they come up with...) - and remind you that once upon a time people used to have their heads shaved and their bodies smeared with goose-fat for writing songs over 2 minutes long. Actually, I'm thinking of Cross-Channel swimmers. No matter - it was still A GOOD THING. **HARVEY** also did a solo spot at the Garage supporting **THE ORCHIDS** - just a man and his keyboard, naked onstage, with friend Jane adding a dab of violin and flute where appropriate, which I suppose actually made it a duo, thinking about it, which I know a lot of you do, but only because you are lonely. And he's muttering about a summer EP - something we can all wave our arms in the air to as we conga along the prom, I'd imagine.