

sarah newsletter

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I know, I know, it's late, but things kept happening, or not happening, it's hard to explain... basically (to fall back on metaphor for a moment) it was as if huge great slabs of rock kept suddenly materialising out of thin air to block our way across the mountaintop while evil black carrion birds swooped down low trying to peck out our eyes. You really can't imagine what it's like sometimes. These London-based labels have it so easy. AND they get to go to parties and ride on tube trains.

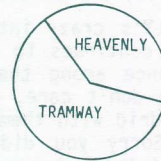
Anyway, never having been ones to let our spirits get daunted by hobgoblins or foul fiends and the like, we're now full steam ahead - a curiously apposite choice of words, actually, as a real live steam-train has just this second gone past the window (on the train-lines out the back, not down the street) - no, really, a STEAM TRAIN - GWR logo on the side, a dozen maroon coaches rattling behind, smoke billowing up over the rooftops - sometimes, you know, I feel like I've stumbled into some vast theme park in which Time and Geography have ceased to have any meaning. SARAHLAND, SARAHWORLD, now there's an idea... groups of penurious students paid to dress up in **TRAMWAY** costumes and amuse sticky screaming children with songs and dances... I see that something called FURNITURELAND has appeared up by the M5, I'm not sure if it's a theme-park or not, part of me really can't believe people could ever be so daft as to queue for 2 hours just so as to get to spend 5 minutes sitting on a natural-look cane sofa or enjoying the warm sensuous pleasures of a nice deep shag pile but then - people are bloody gullible. We should know. Othertimes, I feel like I've stumbled into some cinnamon-scented paradise where tautly-muscled eunuchs and scarcely-clad handmaidens dust my feet hourly with icing sugar. I wonder if I'm going mad? I'll get to the **HEAVENLY** dates in a minute, honest.

First, speaking to some of you, which we occasionally can't help doing, despite our increasingly polished attempts to disguise ourselves as doorways or trivial items of street-furniture, we've noticed that you mostly don't actually read these things... because you ask us questions to which, if you

had read them, you'd know the answers. I suppose it's these short attention spans everybody's got these days... So - I'll try chopping this one up into shorter paragraphs, even break some paragraphs mid

sentence if that helps, and throw in a few pictures, maps and pie-charts.

A Pie-Chart



Anyway, **HEAVENLY**: and their fab new LP which is called "The Decline & Fall of Heavenly" and not what we told you last time, because frankly we're not to be trusted. And the sleeve sports a nice photo of a kitten amid ionic columns wearing a laurel wreath and looking pensive. We also have 35 negatives of the kitten NOT wearing its laurel wreath and NOT looking pensive but that's kittens for you, no sense of history or drama. Somewhere maybe there exists a parallel universe in which this isn't the case and in which kittens take all the leading theatrical roles and hold down important jobs lecturing on pre-industrial societies at respected polytechnics but don't let me scare you with mind-blowing concepts like that. Actually though, speaking of the spooky world of the meta-normal, those who've long suspected that **HEAVENLY** are not of earthly flesh and who find it impossible to believe that the people who made "Atta Girl" could possibly be subject to the same laws of physics, biology and turbarry as the rest of us, should study closely the photo on the back of the LP, for here Amelia's occasional translucence is strikingly evident. Cathy, meanwhile, is clearly distracted by the sudden unexpected return of the mother-ship.

The more hawk-eyed might also have spotted our ads in NME and MM promising a free glossy poster if you bought the LP from the right sort of shop. This poster, rather than being yet one more example of our warm and generous nature (yes, not only can we toast muffins with our natural body-heat, we'll butter them for you too), was actually a marketing-device featuring a rather lush black & white photo of the band completely naked, folded into