

# SARAH

# 4

McCarthy  
The Sea Urchins  
1000 Violins  
The Groove Farm  
The Orchids  
14 Iced Bears  
Talulah Gosh

*ANOTHER SUNNY DAY*

flexidisc

50p



Dear ...

I found some old notepads yesterday when I was clearing out: several beginnings of several fanzines, screwed up and scribbled on, crossed out and corrected, but never quite thrown away. There were about half a dozen of them in total, half a dozen forgotten moments of my life, half a dozen forgotten hayfever afternoons on Durdham Down...

Summer days that were days for just being outdoors no matter what - not very hot days or sunny days or even especial days, ones that I'd forgotten about until now in fact, just outside days. I had a favourite bench where I'd sit and watch the folks go by, sit and think about it all, sit and write all the things that were swimming in my mind...

Then one day I wrote 'FUCK' in big red underlined letters across all my fanzine attempts and hid them away.

It's just that some days I get to wondering if pop music's all a big excuse - "Oh no, sorry, but I can't go and stand

a-shivering and a-shaking outside some Shell station on Saturday morning only I've got an essay on third world exploitation due in on Monday/an ideologically-sound-politically-sound record label to run -"

-Or is it just the kitchen being cosy and the cat being cute and cuddly ?

Some days I hate myself so much  
it makes me CRY.

But you see I woke up this morning with The Orchids carousel climax repeating

AGAINandAGAINandAGAIN

in my head,

oh this is pop perfection,

oh here's my heart, Orchids,

oh take it,

keep it, keep it for ever.

If you leave me I'll burn my A-Z of Glasgow.

And you do promise you'll forgive me for laughing when you said the song was called 'Give Me Some Peppermint Freedom' ?

One day this summer was spent at the sea, my favourite ever day, my favourite ever summer...well maybe...We walked along the beach at tea time, splashing in the incoming waves, sharing fig rolls and far off dreams...sea on three sides, land behind, dark sky, white crests, warm breeze...watching the sun set orange over The Atlantic from Breen Down, Somerset...

And then there's today.

Now is winter. The path outside is shiny slippery, the rain drips and drizzles down ever down, The Downs squelch, my shoes squelch, my last pair of clean socks is wet and mud-stained...oh, washing oh washing oh-

oh, I begrudge every second spent on the mundane things in life that ought to be spent on the important.

I mean that every sock washed is a page not read, an experience not passed, a moment not felt...

"OH WHY  
IS IT ALWAYS DECEMBER ?"

So, I sit here, kitchen table, curled up cat, kitchen table coated with moulted cat hairs, cold wet cold cold COLD feet, all these half-done full-hearted attempts at fanzines gathered about me, all these failed attempts at fanzines...

Failed because...

because something cropped up  
because something else suddenly seemed to matter more  
because I was never sure they were any good anyway...

oh, it makes me so sad



I saw 1000 Violins a few weeks ago.  
My first time. They played and played and oh,  
if they could overcome looking so silly so  
easily, and just shine as a memory, one to be  
cherished, put in a box and labelled "best  
gig ever", oh I know...there are as many  
"best gig ever"s as as as...as dogs on the  
Downs, but somehow that doesn't seem to matter

Oh I want to heap scorn on those who  
pathetically apologise 'IT'S ONLY POP MUSIC'  
because they know as well as you and I it  
isn't, it's life and that's important. Even  
more important, it's not just their life, but  
mine, my life they're screwing up with their  
no stomach compromises and sellouts, oh  
cliches I know, but true every one of them,  
they're bastards (Northern vowel sound) and  
they make me sick.

money-money-money-PROFIT, 12" singles  
and more more profit, and no matter if it's  
shoddy or scruffy or...

## THEY MAKE ME SICK.

'ERASURE' advertise a new album. It  
is called 'Two Ring Circus' and has six  
remixes and three rerecordings.

Every time a record label puts out a  
3 track 12" the nail is driven further into  
the coffin. Already shops refuse to stock 7"s  
by unknown bands, already they're nigh on  
impossible to export.

This business is sick real bad, baby,

this business is sick real bad...

Every so often I scream and shout,  
bluster and swear, time and again I bawl

'FUCK OFF, I can get along fine without  
you' but I don't add 'For EVER' and Pop  
just watches, amused, aloof, knowing that  
deep down really...

I was walking up the Gloucester Road  
the other day on my way to visit some friends.  
The man walking in front of me was about  
seventy, slightly stooped, a trilby sort of  
hat, but canvassy not felt, a walking stick  
in one hand and a dog lead in the other...  
and a REVOLVER bag...Well it made me smile.

...I don't know if you heard about

## THE SEA

## URCHINS

Bristol gig...I guess

it's the first time they've really succeeded  
in capturing it live, the thing that makes  
their recordings so extraspecial; they were  
like some sort of a dream island - warm

the sea  
urchins



urchins

urchins

breeze across romantic golden sands, calm

green sea of melody - I still like 'suburban tree rustle' even if it is very silly and fails to convey that hint of the unattainable, that aura of something ...something from somewhere special that they've been and the real world hasn't...that beautiful dreamlit milk tray island maybe...

Sunday afternoon, sometime in November I was up on The Downs, the busiest place in Bristol on November Sunday afternoons. Some time between lunch and real life, I strode off into the grey unknown, a fuzzy haze with burning yellow cracks. I passed men with sticks and dogs, boys with balls and bikes, women chasing dogs chasing dogs chasing dogs. A silhouette rose above in the sky, an inverted pear, grey against peach - hey, balloons on Sunday afternoons, 3.32pm and queues for the ice cream van in November.

Young couples intertwine and gaze into the mud, middle-aged couples clutch dog leads and cornets, a climber slings his ropes over the railings with a thud and clambers aboard. Three balloons in the sky, stars in my eyes, and it begins to rain.



One day in September we walked the eighteen miles or so to Bath along the old railway line; sandwiches beside the Avon at tea time, solitary fishermen and plip-plopping stones...entangled with the early evening dog walkers as we neared our destination...and then darkness as we followed the banks of the glamourlit river into the city...

That night  
played their **THE GROOVE FARM**

most rushed and raucous ever:  
Andrew (sore throat and happy heart)

begged (uncontrived) for  
'more singing through the things'

It took two to hold down  
an over-excited drum kit driven by a  
maniac, oh chaos, absolute blissful

chaos, oh like the time they smashed the  
tambourine in disgust at the Moon Club

one Bank Holiday in May...

**THAT DAY**

**I DISCOVERED PUNK ROCK.**

And somehow they'll never be  
quite as good again, even though they've  
certainly been better...

## For that day it was mine...

A raw gut reaction got from setting out after lunch, afternoon tea outside a cafe on an old station platform with rain splashing in steamy mugs of milky orange liquid -

Got from killing 1½ hours window shopping after it was all over, hitching a train ride home, tumbling into bed at 4am after the long haul up from the station -

## THIS IS PUNK ROCK.

do you remember June the 11th, election day, hot and sunny, here at least...an afternoon spent wandering the lanes and avenues, under shady trees, not knowing how...how to go and put my cross and face my feel of inadequacy...

But after tea we set out, you and I, walking together in the gentle summershine, and queued behind the ever confident, and so rightly so, stiff upper collars, button-topped buttons, pinstripe ties, wafts of Chanel...we walked their pavements, passed their shiny bright clean automobiles...

And then, listening to the results coming through on the radio for a while after THE GROOVE FARM at The

Tropic, and it was all so unreal - do you remember watching the Grand National at that party in Yorkshire - it was that divorced from me, I was that divorced from it - you know I don't give a fuck about horse racing, but we'd been watching Monty Python in the kitchen and the National followed, and it was still Monty Python, and the election results were the National...

If only I knew what went wrong, where we went wrong...less than a year before, we sat in that nice little (cheap) little veggie restaurant and discussed it all and were full of hope and food and things optimistic...a hung parliament, maybe, we thought, a victory even...oh, so naive, so foolish

BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS I'LL  
BE TWENTY YEARS OLD.

Jangly pop escapism, say what you will, I could rewrite the manifesto, but so could you, but where's the use when people don't understand and people don't care - can there ever be anything we can say, you and I, that will make them think that will make them reconsider ? I've

tried, I've tried, I've argued, I've  
reasoned - for three or four years with  
some people, but doors are closed and  
locked and bolted, and I can only hammer  
and hope... and maybe it is that I'm  
somehow incompetent, incapable...

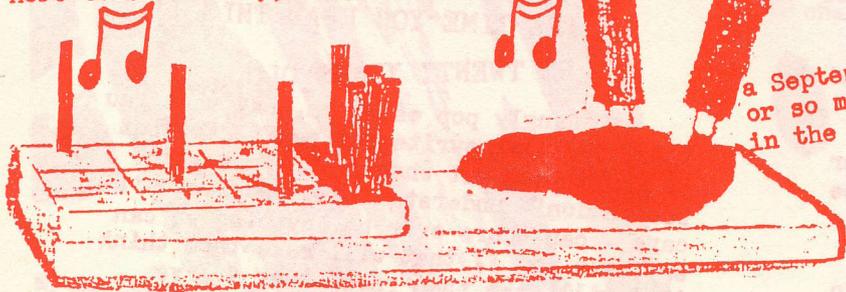
Some days I get real depressed  
and it just doesn't seem worth the effort  
anymore...

But HOPE bounds back, thumps me  
in the stomach, and after a long  
the rain to think about  
it all, I know it's the trying  
that matters anyhow -

there is a point and a use,  
and somehow

A SPARKLE OF HOPE - 

"Here come McCarthy, they've got..."



A FIVE TRACK 12" SINGLE AND AN LP WITH  
FOURTEEN SONGS ON.

'Oh, McCarthy, come save the world,  
or at least come point the way' said  
half a 'militant' record label to nobody  
in particular...

Sometimes it's all one big cosy  
club, and here am I a part, involved -  
fanzines, flexis, 'proper' records.

Others, I'm all apart, and it's you and  
me against the world, ALL ON OUR OWN,  
with nobody else understanding why...

Understanding why I love  
the big mean city, why central  
Bradford would be my favourite  
Sunday afternoon place in the whole  
wide world if it wasn't for seeing  
Scafell Pike shrouded in mist or

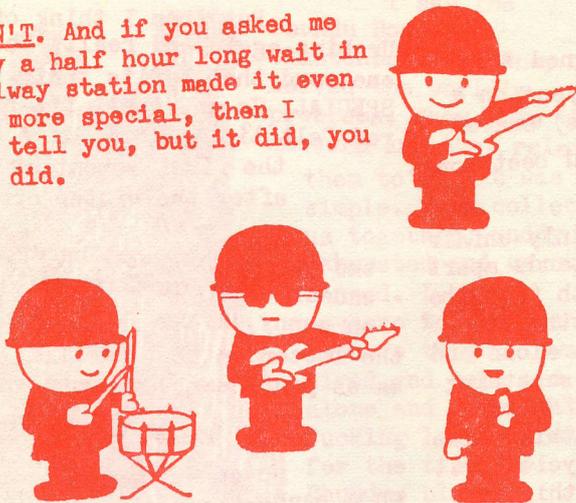
for the view from Haystacks, and why

a September afternoon spent walking the eighteen  
or so miles to Bath along the old railway line  
in the sometimes drizzle, nibbling blackberries..

walking, walking all for its own  
sake, but knowing that The Groove  
Farm are playing too is PUNK  
ROCK, and a reclining seat coach  
to see Julian Cope play somewhere

large ISN'T. And if you asked me today why a half hour long wait in Bath railway station made it even that bit more special, then I couldn't tell you, but it did, you know, it did.

## THE NIVENS



A tape from a band called The Nivens, and okay, so it looked a bit childlike and the standout song was called "Lucozade Orgasms" and lucozade is fizzly-bubbly-POP lemonade-gurgle-stuff, BUT BUT BUT....and maybe it isn't a song I'll still be enjoying when I'm 93 and you're dead, but for now, for summerautumnwinter 1987/88, it flows along nicely and makes me smile, and sing along and WISH WISH WISH I could borrow-beg-STEAL the money to send it off to London and have it made into a flexi.

Not a 'proper' record, a FLEXI.

And then there were THE MAYFIELDS, and a demo recorded in a barn. It was all bright yellow and blue and green and scarecrows cover, the nicest hand-drawn inlay you ever did see - not slapdash amateur hand-drawn, but love-ingly, care-ingly, we can't afford to do it 'properly' but we're still going to do it properly hand-drawn. And it had three or so catchy little songs on it that made me think these boys have got hope and these boys have got potential, and one day not too far over that sunset horizon, they'll be well ahead of countless dreary morons like...

oh, but there's no need to mention names, is there? No need to spell it out? I mean you know as well as I do and if you don't then you're an awful lot more stupid than I thought.

And I have nothing but contempt for you.

I could mention tambourines and girl singers who are even a little bit pretty, but you'd only think me jealous. Not that jealous, not so absolutely blinded as I would have to be...I couldn't possibly be that jealous...

..."Tambourines and girl singers ?"

THE FAT TULIPS (as yet unsigned to Subway, I think) release 'You Opened Up My Eyes' on a Sweet William flexi (2 Pint Takehome fanzine) shared with a ruinous version of The Rosehips second best song. It would be too easy to mention Flatmates,



and certainly unfair 'You..' stands apart apart, both from the these and the other demosongs, alone and fragile...something calls the JMC to mind, something else The Motorcycle Boy.. hey, hey, this is nice !!! And it may even be more only the recording quality isn't really high enough to

convey any possibility of subtlety... and I've a...hunch.. maybe that there might be more to it than meets the eye (hopefully already wide open..)

But then I think of The Sea Urchins again and really there's only on one word that befits their music I think. SPECIAL. Go on, spell it, block capitals red felt tip - S.P.E.C.I.A.L. - like: the first moment of summershine after the winter dreariness -

the person you hold hands with to wander barefoot through the fields on sunny days - the letter in that familiar hand that makes your heart go pound when you see it on the doormat

November mornings spent sitting on a bench at Cabot's Tower. Beyond the docks is a shapeless blur of fuzzy damp grey, and above is all blue and green-and-yellow trees and leaves, and pigeons peck, and old men in brown socks survey the view, shopping bags at their sides.

Sometimes it's all too easy to pretend...a ray of brightness, a rolled sleeve, oh maybe, just MAYBE...but summer has gone and I worry maybe next time around it won't be so good and I'll

be all memories and no hope and that's what they call old.

BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS I WON'T EVEN BE A TEENAGER ANYMORE.



I saw The Bhundu Boys at Glastonbury and they solved the world's problems. They knew the answers and they related them to us. It was that simple. They collected us together, muddied and exhausted and we danced. I had nowhere to sleep and nowhere to go; I was tired and cold and alone and downright fucking lonely. But for the time The Bhundus played nothing mattered.

By next day of course, I had forgotten it all.

A short story passed from mother to child for generation upon generation:

once-upon-a-time-pop-records-were-seven-inches-across-unless-they-were-albums-People-bought-them-Then-it-was-decided-to-make-some-of-them-twelve-inches-across-and-then-it-was-decided-not-to-export-the-seven-inch-ones-Then-it-was-discovered-that-the-seven-inch-ones-didn't-sell-abroad-and-as-a-result-they-became-less-popular-among-the-people-

who-made-them-especially-as-they-didn't-have-such-a-high-profit-margin-anyhow-

To update: A few stand up and fight, most don't bother. Quite a few pretend not to know there is a fight anyway, and if there was, it certainly wouldn't be anything to do with them, would it ?

THEY MAKE ME SICK.

For this we shiver and starve.

For this my shoes have holes.

For this I experience terrible guilt

when I buy bourbons from Sainsbury's  
(no animal fat)  
for 23p ...

Perhaps my exaggerations are inexcusable, but you get the point ?

Actually though, my shoes do have holes and the bourbons were really nice.

love from  
Clare  
XX.

# The Orchids



## Sha-la-la

- 001 MIGHTY MIGHTY - "Throwaway (Throwaway Version)"  
THE CLOUDS - "Jenny Nowhere"
- 002 TALDULAH GOSH - "I Told You So"  
RAZORCUTS - "Sad Kaleidoscope"
- 003 THE BACHELOR PAD - "Girl of your Dreams"  
BABY LEMONADE - "The Jiffy Neckwear Creation"
- 004 THE POPPYHEADS - "Postcard for Flossy" E.P.
- 005 THE SEA URCHINS - "Summershine"  
THE ORCHIDS - "From This Day"
- 006 THE SIDDELEYS - "Wherever You Go"  
RESERVE - "The Sun Slid Down Behind The Tower"
- 007 REMEMBER FUN - "Hey Hey Hate"  
EMILY - "The Old Stone Bridge"
- 008 THE MAGIC SHOP - "It's True"  
MARRONS - "Gold Mining"

Sha-la-la 001 & 002 are still available with AYSTGH-3... 50p  
 Sha-la-la 003 is still available with AYSTGH-4..... 50p  
 Sha-la-la 004 & 007 are still available with AYSTGH-6... 50p

All from this address - enclose suitable S.A.E.  
 in each case please!!!

Sha-la-la 008 is available with "It All Sounded The Same"  
 fanzine; 50p + SAE to Rob, 11 Ivywell Road, Bristol, BS9.  
 - or with the latest "Simply Thrilled" if you happen to  
 know Jim's new address.

## KVATCH

- 001 THE SEA URCHINS - "Glingfilm"
- THE GROOVE FARM - "Baby Blue Marine"

All sold out now, but it was bloody good...

## SARAH

1. THE SEA URCHINS - "Pristine Christine" E.P.
2. THE ORCHIDS - "I've Got A Habit" E.P.
3. ANOTHER SUNNY DAY - "Anorak City" flexidisc
4. this fanzine...
5. 14 ICED BEARS - "Unhappy Days" E.P. (out soon...)
6. THE POPPYHEADS - "Cremation Town" E.P. (out soon...)
7. ANOTHER SUNNY DAY - "I'm In Love With A Girl Who  
 Who Doesn't Know I Exist" E.P. (out soonish...)

ALL SARAH 7"s ARE 3 SONG E.P.s WITH FREE POSTER,  
 AND ARE DISTRIBUTED BY REVOLVER/CARTEL.

SARAH 1 and SARAH 2 are still available through The Cartel,  
 but, in case of difficulty, please send £1.50 direct to us .

All cheques payable to M.HAYNES or C.WADD please - NOT SARAH!!!  
 Stamps are OK too in small doses, but 18p and 13p ONLY please!

Couple of other addresses...

The flexi of PAUL CHASTAIN and THE STUPID CUPIDS is  
 available from Brian Kirk, 520 Manor Drive, Iowa City,  
 Iowa 52240, and the FAT TULIPS flexi was from 4 Downgate,  
 Longthorpe, Peterborough. So there.

Don't talk to me about compromise because I'll only reply with ideals and principles and energy and enthusiasm and excitement and a hundred other suchlikes you've never even heard of for which read you're dead and I'm alive...



45rpm

All demented babbling please to:  
CLARE or MATT  
GARDEN FLAT  
46 UPPER BELGRAVE ROAD  
BRISTOL  
BS8 2XN

Thanks to:  
Elaine for taking  
the cover photo,  
and everybody who  
helped distribute  
our last issues,  
mostly Chris, Rob  
John Matthew  
Jim Jason Mark  
Christian Yana  
Nick Grant Tony  
Paul Lynda Jamie  
Nick Andy Simon  
Dave Steve Andy  
and I really could  
just be making these  
up, couldn't I, but  
'tis the thought that  
counts, I believe...

And if you can sell a few  
copies or put up a poster  
for a SARAH record or just  
maybe jump up and down in your  
local High Street for a few minutes  
shouting WOO YEAH URCHINS GO GO GO...  
- please let us know. Must dash...