

# trembling blue stars

(solo acoustic set)

## harvey williams the clientele

afternoon gig - admission free!!!

Saturday, December 4th, 4pm

Notting Hill Arts Club, 21 Notting Hill Gate, London  
[a Rough Trade Shop promotion]

... sorry to disturb you, but I thought you might like to know about this, because it's been two years since their last gig and it'll probably be another two till the next one. Doors open at four, and I recommend you get there early - you can always leave and come back again later if nothing's happening. (It's in Notting Hill, so it's not like you'll be stuck for things to do: you could wander up to Rough Trade, for instance, or buy some potatoes in the market. Or open a small travel bookshop and seduce a strangely mouthed Hollywood actress with your dithery charms. The important thing is just to be yourself.) And Harvey's DJ-ing as well as playing, so you don't have to worry about walking into a silent room and being forced to make small-talk with like-minded people.

Now, just in case I've sent you this by mistake...

**Trembling Blue Stars** are a pop band from south London whose new single *Dark Eyes* came out last Monday and seems to be going down a treat (a Mark'n'Lard *Record of the Week*, ahem) - probably rather more so than their previous one (*Doo-Wop Music*), which everybody just seemed to think was a bit weird. People are happiest with

lowest common denominators, I should've twigged that ages ago, and stopped trying to get them to quiver moist and awestruck before the frosty transcendental beauty of large prime numbers. Of pop. But life's full of disappointments and, anyway, we've just licensed the new TBS album (*Broken By Whispers*, out next Feb) to Sub Pop, so frankly I don't give a fuck what you all think: it's gonna be Lear Jets, starlet-stuffed jacuzzis and *howyadoinmilwaukee* for us from now on. Oh dear, I'm most terribly sorry, that should say *going to be...*

Important!!! - please note that it'll be just Bob and an acoustic guitar, NOT a full band line-up!!!

**Harvey Williams**, on the other hand, will - due to an awful accident down in the cloning labs last night - be performing as a guitar/keyboard duo. And, unless you're one of those people that absolutely hates him, you'll be pleased to know that he's just returned flushed and triumphant from a tour of Sweden, having gone down like the proverbial storm in a tea - no, hang on, that's a different one - storm in a... storm in a... period of otherwise generally clement weather. Stockholm rocked, Malmö rolled, he made them laugh, he made them cry, and at the end of his second encore he made them take their clothes off and go dancing in the rain - though admittedly this was due chiefly to a minor translation error, as he was later forced to explain at length to the local constabulary. And then there were the interviews with both national press AND national TV, things which just never *happen* over here, where people are more inclined to make faces and throw things, and... well, basically, all this senseless adulation left Harvey so fired-up that within hours of his return he'd penned several new songs, including a stompingly good Northern Soul style riposte to that old Dexy's classic *There My Dear* called *I've Found Them Kevin (They Were Hiding Behind The Sofa)*. Or maybe not, the point is that he *might* have, and you should all come along on Saturday because you'd hate it if he had and you missed it. I think that's all I've got to say about Harvey. Except would the person who stole the sleeve from Rough Trade's display copy of his *California* mini-album please return it - the independent music industry is in a parlous enough state as it is, without people stealing things. If you're really that desperate for a photo of him, then all you have to do is write to us, and we'll be more than happy to supply you with a checklist of his movements for the following week, along with the address of a processing-lab that doesn't ask questions.

I can't tell you much about **The Clientele**, I'm afraid, other than the records are fairly splendid, in a Belle & Sebastian meets Velvet Underground meets a dusty old tape-recorder sort of way...

To finish, a small **public service announcement**: the bar at the NHAC is one of those modern trendy ones that doesn't serve decent draught bitter or, indeed, anything in pints. So make sure you ask for the cheap Turkish house brew, at £1.50 a bottle, rather than the poncey £2.95 stuff. They also do absinthe, if you feel like sitting in a corner being all wan and consumptive whilst occasionally regaling the people at the next table with finely chiselled epigrams, decadent poetic outbursts and lino-cuts of distended sexual organs.

Oh, I may also have a stall. Only a small one, but my own.

## Shinkansen Recordings

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