

As if

Alan Vega was wearing pink sunglasses

As if

the industrial princess was sporting a moustache Ladies and gentlemen and anyone in between all that:

We do not want to bore you with a press text that is promoting another band whose music is either „off kilter“, „uncategorizeable“ or both up to quadruple both. We're just offering you the phrases above hoping you're going to hear the same thing when you listen to the new record of Shari Vari (congratulations – it's really good!). Which is a duo consisting of Helena Ratka and Sophia Kennedy. Both are visual artists as well and after a joint exhibition about a fictional superstar they decided to make music together. In 2017 Shari Vari released their debut EP “Life Should Be A Holiday” on Richard von der Schulenburg's imprint It's.

Sophia Kennedy's name might ring a bell to professional and unprofessional audience: The Baltimore born and Hamburg bred luminary released her self titled debut record to quite some critical acclaim on DJ Koze's Pampa Records also in 2017. It was voted amongst the 20 best electronic records of that year by Pitchfork and probably sold well — but I would easily trade that glory against the fact so many teen girls spent their last pocket money on her CD or LP inspired by her odd pop, looking at music differently for the first time in their lives. (I eye witnessed that because I work in a record shop and I solemnly swear I got all of them into a chat to get to this information). Another pension sorted! The other half of Shari Vari – Helena Ratka – a brilliant DJ (under the name Ratkat) with that particular Golden Pudel stance, also appears under the moniker qp/Spine Lab as an audiovisual project, releasing a tape on the Cosmic Cunt Clan in 2017. She also works on theatre music scores and film projects. Now Shari Vari's debut album is released via Malka Tuti, founded by Asaf Samuel and Katzele based as well in Tel Aviv as in Berlin: With no official musical culture or heritage, they have a certain freedom in creating a fusion of the influences exposed to over the years, indepedented from any peficic genre or style. A perfect match for Shari Vari's Debut - Let's give it a whirl:

Out Of Order: An intense pepetuum mobile of a starter!

Dance Alone: Here's to that fabled moment when Alan Vega took on those pink shades. Martin Rev sees that and immediately adds some snyth pop flava to an otherwise dystopian joint.

New York: The overpronounced voice is digging in Techno music's only root in Rockabilly. Which is again Alan Vega. The contrary development in the music is the key to the city. We stand amazed and watch.

Jungle: Hot and humid – partly exotist and partly real: Shari Vari's recording room is located right next to a boiler room. Sophia tells us a story that should not be written down but sung so I back off.

Overdose: Composed out of elements that obviously don't fit together and making it fit via repetition: One might call that a successful association chain!

Now: Is it now or meow? I can't quite recall but I got drawn into a surreal cosmic wind. If meditation music would sound like this I would meditate more often.

Matthew: Very busy music and veery slow approach to the microphone: That is a ride on Lost Highway.

Not A Perfect Day: But such perfect song smithery! Shari Vari release us from the ongoing dystopian feeling and take us to Tin Pan Alley the old school way.

What an uplifting beauty this song is if you avoid it's disenchanting dark lyrics.

Thank you Shari Vari for fucking with our brains!

Yours truly.

Sebastian Reier aka Booty Carrell, February 2019