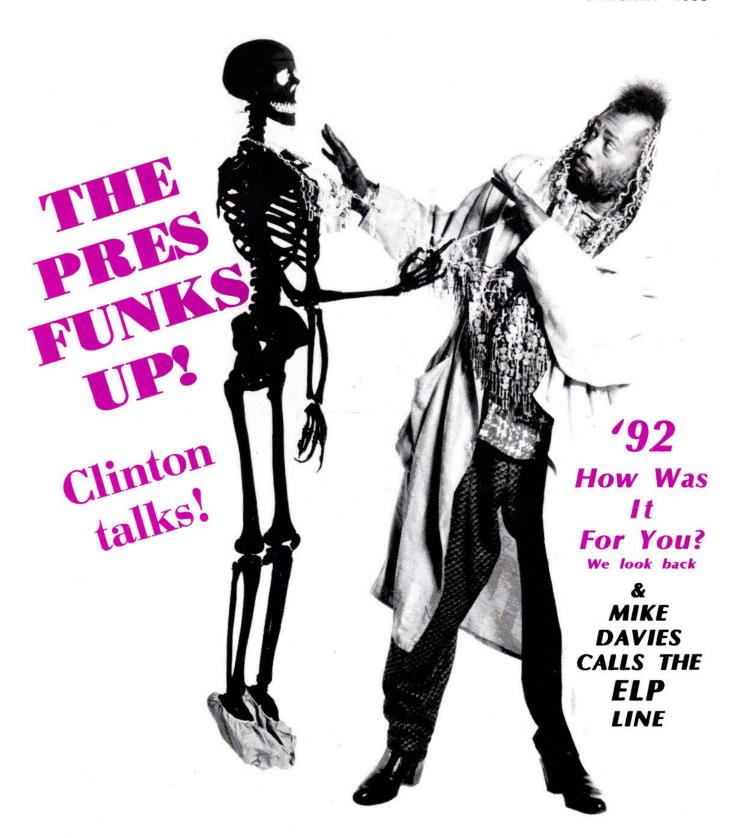


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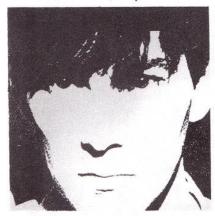
JANUARY 1993



MIX

Brum Beat's editorial team cast a backward glance

form of its Environmental Services Dept, then went and injuncted itself to prevent them taking place. Why? Because the small but influential Russell Road Resident's Association made their displeasure known in the right ears. The fact that the same association had also complained about the



RUMBLEFISH

noise from concerts that had never taken place seemed to have no bearing on the matter. 3. Discovering that despite the great reviews and despite Simon Bates having raved over them, Eastwest hadn't actually released the Rumblefish album, that the A&R department were being total tossers and it was now not even on the schedule. Sort of reaffirms your faith in the music industry doesn't it. 4. The Cowboy Junkies not playing Birmingham on their '92 tour.

And the best albums of '92?

1. Tori Amos - Little Earthquakes (Eastwest) What can I say about this I haven't already said? Upfront adolescent angst, soul-baring honesty, real world sexuality, all delivered with a great voice a mastery of melody. Pretty nifty piano work too! 2. John Trudell - AKA Graffiti Man (Rykodisc) Native American activist turned singer-songwriter, Trudell's harrowing experiences and political sensibilities produce songs with uncompromising but poetically couched lyrics in a style that evokes Lou Reed. Rocking The Res indeed. 3. Sonny Landreth - Outward Bound (BMG) Blues, slide guitar and Cajun good time rocking, you can practically hear the frets scorching. The same sort of electrifying dynamite as the first George Thorogood album. 4. Ocean Colour Scene (Fontana) Despite the Stevie wonder cover which still jars, this was a consummate combination of 60s retro and 90s indie dance sway delivered by searing guitars, blissful melodies and Simon Fowler's sweet-poison bruised vocals. That it didn't rage into the upper echelons of the chart is a travesty. 5. June Tabor - Angel Tiger (Cooking Vinyl) The combination of Tabor's pure vocal beauty, potent songs and striking arrangements, delivered with a fierce but chiselled passion make it the folk album of the year. MD

. . . ARTHUR WOOD hopes that the like 'never darkens our door again'.

Life last year seemed to be an endless, day by day stream of doom and gloom. Thankfully, the music was astonishingly fine - inspiration snatched from the pit of depression . . . songs crying out to be captured for eternity in the studio - David Halley 'Man Of Steel', Terry Clarke 'Belfast Heart', Tom Russell 'Angel Of Lyon'/'Little Juliet' and Eliza Gilkyson 'The Tribal Voice'/ 'Emmanuel' . . . the chill factor song - Karen Taylor-Good 'How Can I Help You Say Goodbye?' . . . truly fine albums during the year - , Luka Bloom 'The Acoustic Motorbike', Michael McNevin 'Secondhand Stories', Rod MacDonald 'Highway To Nowhere', Andy Wilkinson 'Deep In The Heart', Alejandro Escovedo 'Gravity', Lucinda Williams 'Sweet Old World' and Shawn Colvin 'Fat City' . . . honourable album mentions - Tom Pacheco 'Tales From The Red Lake', Mary Chapin Carpenter 'Come On, Come On', Loose Diamonds 'Blue Days Black Nights' and David Massengill 'Coming Up For Air'. . . compilation set of the year - 'Legacy II - A Collection of Singer/Songwriters' albums of the year - Tish Hinojosa 'Taos To Tennessee' and Darden Smith 'Native Soil'. . . the album from 1991 which we admit missing - Don Henry 'Wild In the Backyard'...label(s) of the year - Watermelon down in Austin, Texas and Rounder/Philo from Cambridge, Mass . . . live set of the year - the Kerrville New Folk Heats & Final + Lucie Blue Tremblay at the same venue. Talent aplenty and all on one stage . . . future solo names to look out for - James Keelaghan, Lucie Blue Tremblay, Bill Miller, Cosy Sheridan, James McMurtry and Jon Ims . . . the band to look out for - Loose Diamonds . . . music publication of the year - Dirty Linen (ya boo sucks, to that galactic misfit Folk Roots. Which planet do those guys believe their readers are on?) . . . flavour to savour



MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER

for '93 - for three weeks during September '92, Christine Lavin held a singer songwriter retreat/ recording marathon in Martha's Vineyard . . . and there's more - like 'Bitchin' Babes Vol II' featuring Iulie 'From A Distance' Gold is due.

... and KEVIN WILSON's view of '92 ... Best albums, 'Automatic For The People'-REM (Warner Bros), REmarkable, (RE)memorable and (R)eminently superior. Stipendous, in fact! 'Possessed'-The Balanescu Quartet (Mute), Another year drifts by with no new Kraftwerk product, so it's up to the Balanescus to surprise with string quartet versions of their standards . . . Best Video, Soccer's Hard Men' (VVL), The notorious Vinnie Jones hams his way through a collection of fists, fouls and floosies and everyone took it seriously! . Supreme Book, 'The Saga Of Noggin The Nog'-Oliver Postgate (Collins), Childhood memories revisited and a great reminder of the magic of those innocent years. Timeless stuff . . . Greatest Gig, Kraftwerk/G-Mex/Manchester, U2 and Public Enemy fans took the boys to their hearts and made them feel really welcome (sic). High spot of the year? Maastricht . . . Low spot? Maastricht.



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THE GIANTS OF ROCK'N'ROLL NEC

Birmingham

I had a vision! I was driving 'a huge red Chevy con vertible' across the open plains of America. I turned to my companion to grab the bottle of tequila he'd been selfishly nursing, only to find Duane Eddy sitting there picking away at his semi-acoustic! It sud-denly made perfect sense! 'Peter Gunn' and 'Rebel Rouser' were the only soundtrack for 'a savage journey to the heart of the American Dream'...

I smiled at Sarah, but she slapped me across the face and pointed to the stage where a 60 year old man in a purple jacket and boots was playing like the world was about to end and who had a band you would sell your soul to join and who was com-pletely out to lunch. He was babbling on about such unlikely characters as 'Long Tall Sally' and 'Miss Clawdy'. Yes, when the Lord made Little Richard, his brains must've been fried by acid, and little fella was probably one of his finest creations.

Jerry Lee Lewis is a sad old tosser who needed a piano tape to cover up the fact that he can't play and was so drunk that his 'set' wound up after 12 minutes. Listen, you can only justify outrageous rock 'n' roll behaviour if you can still deliver the goods. Get yo' ass off these shores and don't show yo' face round here again, y'hear?

Duane, L. R. - you're welcome back any time. You

can still cut it.

GENESIS Civic Hall

Wolverhampton

For you fashion observers out there. Banks, Rutherford and Collins' chosen team kit for the evening, was blue jeans and a selection of black tops. In the circumstances, it seemed pretty darned logical that the boys should choose to kick off with 'Land Of Confusion'. 'No Son Of Mine' the first single drawn from last year's admission that Genesis were severely impaired in the areas of jigging followed and was topped by a superb rendition of 'Driving

Checking out their log of bygone recordings, the segue which opened with 'Dance On A Volcano' wandered through 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway'/ 'The Musical Box'/ 'Firth Of Fifth'/ 'I Know What I Like'/ 'That's All'/ 'Illegal Alien'/ 'Your Own Special Way'/ 'Follow You, Follow Me' and closed with a reprise of 'I Know What I Like'. Didn't you just love the seventies?

By then Daryl Stuermer and Mike Rutherford were

well into a heavy night of guitar swapping 'Domino' was followed by Phil Collins and Chester Thompson indulging in a spell of drum wars, while 'I Can't Dance' found the band choreograph them-selves - Stage Left and out of sight. Re-entering the arena for a "3 by 3" encore, 'Tonight, Tonight, Tonight' and 'Invisible Touch' was appropriately nded by 'Turn It On'.

Suppose it's a case of "Goodnight, Goodnight, Goodnight" and time for the next phase of s

And Phil's parting words, "kcab eb lliw syob ehT".

DEL AMITRI / MATTHEW SWEET Civic Hall

Wolverhampton

Del Amitri are, it must be said, a fine addition to the recorded cannon. Their ability to blend pure pop, country and bar room rock means that radio has a few bright spots, whilst the home collection cer tainly benefits from their presence.

Live however, they are a bloodless, uncommitted wet rag. Unable to display any enjoyment of their own playing they are simply prisoners of an over elaborate, distracting lighting rig.

Not so Matthew Sweet. Despite being allowed the use of only two of the Dels' myriad spotlights and probably less mixer channels than the headliners rum-kit, he and his band played a short sharp set of pop at its most tumescent. Guitars well cranked up had the amps overloading in a Neil Young meets 'Rubber Soul' sonafest.

There are certain things that need a rush of blood to make them function and pop is the other. Matthew Sweet understands that whilst the live Del Amitri are several corpuscles short of a blood bank.

RED RODNEY'S RED ALERT Ronnie Scott's

Birmingham

Ronnie Scott's is, perhaps, the only place to see someone like Red Rodney. He's been sweating it out, playing modern, exciting, driving jazz music for 50 years; Red Rodney is a jazz legend. Primarily a bebop musician he carries with him the experi-

ence of 50 years music making. His set owed as much to John Coltrane as it did to his legendary old boss Charlie Parker, though other influences have crept into the mix like the funky rendition of the Parker's 'Little Suede Shoes', Rod

ney's band - Red Alert, did a great job, contributing some good solos and staying tight through some pretty difficult arrangements. The sax player (I was too engrossed in the music to bother noting his name!) did some great soloing, especially on the blues number, 'Take Off Your Shoes And Listen To

The Blues' in the second set.
The overall impression from watching Rodney is the history within this music, a history which is rooted in the blues. But Rodney is no exhibition piece. Jazz is and always will be the most modern of music forms because it exists for the moment and how great it was sitting in the relaxed atmosphere of Ronnie's, watching Red Rodney creating music specially for that moment and, I felt, spe-

Andrew Edwards

THE KITTENBIRDS Synatra's

Birmingham

The Kittenbirds? You have to have an opinion about them if you think that music matters - they're the next big thing to come out of Birmingham after all, aren't they? Well, at times you fail to see what the fuss is all about, until they coyly let you catch a glimpse of the allure that you've been led to believe they have in bucketfuls. Momentarily, they are a short step away from brilliance, just as for an equal length of time they almost drown in their own mundanity. Yet for the majority of their set they rest between the two points. It seems that they've been to school with Beat Happening, although they've taken the final year option in My Bloody Valentine Studies (with a couple of lessons from Silverfish in addition) as opposed to taking A Levels at the Mudhoney Academy. But the moments when you

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are able to ignore their stealings from the source material, when they burn their notebooks and develop their own theories, measure as by far their best. 'You, Me and Jesus' is one such glittering prize, and you suddenly grasp what all the fuss is

Hopefully, The Kittenbirds will have put in a little extra study time before their next outing, and these occurrences won't be the exception to the norm. Groovy (almost).

THE DOVETAILS Jug Of Ale

Moseley, Birmingham

The Dovetails capture the happy, psychedelic sounds of the late 80's indie scene. Although their first song was a rather bad choice for an opening number, it soon shrank into the dark depths of inferiority in contrast to the following numbers. They presented themselves in the form of catchy, toe tapping indie rhythms polished by Squeeze like vocals, producing songs that could have so easily been found lurking on the Wonder Stuff's 'Eight Legged Groove Machine'.

After blazing their way through the set, they hurled to the finish with a frenzied attack of guitars on the inappropriately named 'Disappointed' (which I was not). After witnessing this band in action, my conclusion is that they have the potential to go far, providing they spice up their rather mundane stage

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