

BRUM BEAT

THE MUSIC MAG OF THE MIDLANDS

JUNE 1989

KINGS OF SWING!



THE
KING PLEASURE
INTERVIEW
● CENTRE PAGES

● PIC: PETER HARRINGTON

INSIDE ► THE SWANS ► HUE AND CRY ► GREEN ON RED ► AND MORE...

EVERY WHICH WAY BUT ROOTS

The state of the yellow rose beckons. Old acquaintances need to be renewed, a store of new memories will no doubt be gathered. As a result, this month's "EVERY WHICH WAY" will cast little more than a casual glance, at *Junes's* ample (acoustic) delights.

Before we dive into those, I'd like to take a sideways look at a few recent events. On Wednesday 10th May, the house full signs were posted at the Breendon Bar, where Rodney Crowell presented two hours of little less than solid and at times, rockin' country music. The Houston kid posed, Stuart Smith (yes, you spell it that way) proved why his reputation on lead guitar had preceded him; the drummer appeared to be *Animal's* alter ego in more ways than one and Hank De Vito confirmed that he can still drive a searing pedal steel, BUT... forty eight hours later, (had you been there,) you'd have been

treated to what a honky tonk band really sounds like. Gary P. Nunn has a Texas folk/country music pedigree second to none. Backed on this occasion, by a three piece band of previously unknown (to me) young Austin musicians, he laid it all out. Same style of music, but no Route '89 support (what support?) and naturally the house full signs didn't go up. Why does the word posers spring to mind. Oh you unlucky many.

While I'm addressing you coffee table country fans out there, I hope you'll take a little piece of advice, for once — avoid at all costs, including the £6.95 asking price, Andrew Vaughan's 'Who's Who in New Country Music.' It's inaccurate and irrelevant, with little attempt to bring the information in each entry up to date. Basically aimed at backing up/justifying the Route '89 campaign, it's nothing more than a quick paste-up job. the

real diamonds and grist you'll have seek out yourself.

Last autumn, I only managed to catch one local gig by Newfoundland-based electric folk ensemble, Figgy Duff. They were brilliant, as was their amply proportioned female lead singer (no doubt that will have a few of you up in arms). Catch them at the Breendon on Sunday 11th, with our own Sally Barker in support. Last I heard, Sally had a new album in the pipeline. On a fairly well known folk label, as well. On the acoustic front, also look out for Tony Trischka at the Breendon on Friday 23rd. Tony is here to headline the 2nd annual Ironbridge Bluegrass Festival during that weekend (25/26th).

Nashville based Joe Sun with his band Memphis Roots, plays the Breendon twice during June. The dates are Saturday 10th and Thursday 29th. Lost touch with Joe back in 1982, following three

Ovation discs and his first and only Elektra album, 'I Ain't Tonkin' No More'. Might be worth reviewing that omission. At the time of writing Sleepy La Beef, seen recently on the repeat of Channel 4's 'A to Z of Country', is pencilled in at the Breendon, Friday 16th (Tel. 459/6573 to confirm this date). A couple of British acts to be caught at the Breendon in the next few weeks are, Tex Pistols (2nd June) and Los Pistoleros (7th July), while Terry Clarke renews his partnership with Station Break, for the annual 4th of July Border Cafe bash.

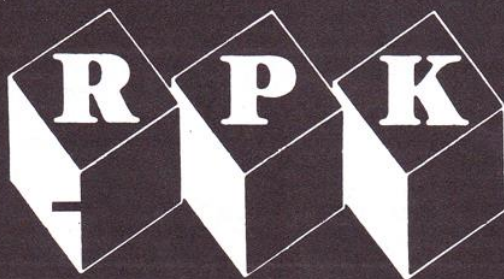
Elsewhere June shapes up as follows: 1st — Melanie Harrold & Ollie Blanchflower (Junction, Harborne); 2nd — Pat Ryan (Long Boat, Cambrian Wharf), Whit Monday (Woodman, Kingswinford); 8th Elaine Morgan (Junction); 9th — Singers

Night (Long Boat), Singers Night (Woodman); 15th Isaac Guillory (Junction); 16th — Artisan (Long Boat), Gerry Halom (Woodman); 19th — Andy Irvine of Patrick Street fame (New Routes Club, Breendon Bar); 22nd — AJAO Blues (Junction); 23rd — Singers Night (Long Boat), Sileas (Woodman); 26th — Sileas (New Routes Club); 29th — A special end of season concert (ring 0299/400721 for details) (Junction); 30th — Alis-tair Anderson (Woodman).

And finally, just so that it stands apart — Flaco Jimenez with his full US band and no doubt some tequila plus Oscar Telez, will grace the Breendon Bar & Border Cafe on Sunday 9th July. By then Bob, I might just have seen the Alamo. And finally, there's only one AUSTIN and it wasn't made at Longbridge.

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TREAT YOUR FEET PACKAGE CIVIC HALL

Wolverhampton

In the great Stiff Records tradition Pete Lawrence's Cooking Vinyl label coaxed their three major acts aboard a charabanc and set out to get the nation dancing.

In Wolverhampton a fine Friday found the Civic moderately full but high spirited.

Opening, Edward the Second and The Red Hot Polka's fusion of traditional English dance and sound system dub was just the thing to empty the bar and tempt the terpsichorists to toe-tap.

A short intermission and then full power. Zimbabwe's Four Brothers filled the auditorium. A few minutes of musical shadow boxing with band introductions and then they hit... the turbos; rock Solid African rhythms with filigree intertwined lead and rhythm guitars simply melted the hall. The response, Brothermania. Could The Oyster Band follow? Well yes and then no. No argument they're good, bloody good, but a mile one dimensional. Excellent version of New Order's 'Love Vigilante', their opener was for me the highlight. But then I would have gladly forgone their entire set for more of the Four Brothers.

Steve Morris

OZZY OSBOURNE NEC

Birmingham

The crazy man of rock was playing at home and loving every minute of it. Ozzy and fellow brummie Geezer Butler with not so local lads Zac Wilde and Randy Castillo didn't have much to follow with Udo and Slammer. A cacophonous dirge would be a polite appraisal of their contribution to the evenings entertainment. Not a memorable song or lick anywhere to be heard. Ozzy's contribution, however, was a different story. From Paranoid to Mr Crowley and the classic Crazy Train the set had been rehearsed to perfection and performed with precision and gusto. Ozzy's enthusiasm was echoed by that of the crowd, partly soaked by the constant barrage of buckets of water. His voice was in fine form.

The athletic Zac Wilde ain't no Randy Rhoads or Jake E Lee but he sure can play. His solo spot went on a bit though, demonstrating his technical prowess rather than making any musical statement. The drum solo was likewise a bit monotonous (aren't they all) but competently executed. Geezer's bass lines gave the set drive and backbone.

'Let's Go Crazy' summed up the essence of the evening, and the fans did, reacting to the manic eccentricity of one of rock's most charismatic frontmen.

Mark Hadley

DAN DARES DOG COACH AND HORSES

Balsall Heath

It was out in the sticks where we'll all be when Birmingham becomes convention City. No collar, no tie, no credit card equals no admission, no go zone. Future shock is yet to appear, for the present an ambiguity: Dan Dares Dog

LIVE REVIEWS

— a different meaning depending on the inflexion.

After seeing them it has only one; they defy reason, defy logic and they defy you to say so. They dare.

I'm not sure where the canine comes into it. Arrogantly aggressive they may be like the Clash when they had anger instead of cash. The drumming was ragged, bass pure Klaus Fluoride and the guitar provided the melody holding onto sanity lest the audience considered pogo-ing. The frontman provided all the visuals, looking at all times like he might implode within the restricted stage space, giving his adrenalin to a vocal line. The lyrics got slightly lost so I can't say if his labour was of love or with purpose. The weightlifting belt and the beer barrel banging (you had to be there) were a little macho though.

One final reference point, Ausgang — a

five meets nineteen eighty nine on a night out.

Of course, I recognised him immediately. The guy with the Zeimatis was the ghost of Brian Jones. He's given up his Vox Teardrop, and he's playing one of Ronnie Wood's guitars these days, but it was Brian alright.

The Godfather's don't cover covers, they took the rock 'n' roll songbook and tore it up. Then they wrote it all over again.

On the dance floor it all made sense. They dance, they slam, they mosh, they freak out. Teds, grebos, punks, goths, metalicans shoulder to shoulder. Upstairs they're dancing house. Many people take the stairs after the show. They haven't stopped dancing yet.

1 a.m.: the bus didn't come, so we went and ate Indian.

The Godfathers. The ghost of rock 'n' roll lives on. I recognised him immediately. The guy with the Zeimatis was the ghost of Brian Jones.

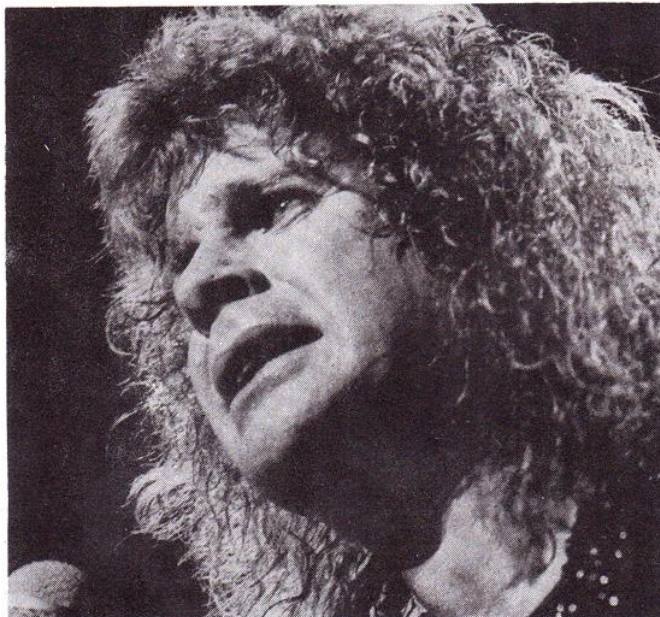
Derek Eynon

JESUS JONES SANDKINGS

Junction 10 Walsall

Hallelujah, Jesus Lives!

He breathes, talks, sings and plays



● OZZY OSBOURNE

band who really suffered from their art and like their name were terribly misunderstood. Dan Dares Dog live up to theirs, a little rough but heroic all the same.

Paul Flower

THE GODFATHERS HUMMINGBIRD

Birmingham

I missed the train, I ran for the bus and missed that too. I got there eventually, it was still early. The queue was filing in through the doors.

The Godfathers: vocalist, suited slightly balding, a Rhythm and Bluesman. Nine Below Zero in the shade. Nineteen sixty

guitar like an acid-crazed demon. But this is not the much-maligned Jesus Christ — this is Jesus Jones, here to save the world from the likes of Jason and Kylie with his own feverish blend of indie pop.

Jesus and his four disciples burst on stage in a blaze of bright lights and Gaye Bykers-style day-glo instruments. And the 400 followers who graced Junction 10's first Tuesday night gig left the heaving club singing his praises and crowning him the new king of pop. Wonderstuff clones The Sandkings had tried to convert the devotees in their 40 minute support slot but with almost every song a sound-alike of the Stiffie's 'Unbearable' (appropriate title!) they failed miserably.

But then came Jesus who left the crowd spellbound by his wonderful charm, devilish wit and abounding talent. His sweetie-pie vocals in 'Excellent One For The Money' provided a taster for the hollering fans who literally went berserk to the momentous 'Info Freako'.

Fans wearing anything less than steel-capped Dr Martins were clearly in trouble as the crowd erupted like 400 Jack-in-a-boxes to 'What Would You Know' and 'Broken Bones'.

On the strength of their Walsall show Jesus Jones are clearly on the verge of much bigger things — the crowd simply loved them.

Pogo Patterson

GARY P. NUNN and THE SONS OF THE MOTHERLOVIN' BUNKHOUSE BAND

BREEDON BAR/BORDER CAFE

Birmingham

Reading based Terry Clarke opened the show. Having recently returned from another spell performing in the music clubs of Austin and West Texas, this was Terry's first opportunity to air new material written in the last few months. Memorable among a ten song set were 'I Fell For Jezebel' (written and demoed in Austin), 'Salome And Lightning', the powerful and lyrically threatening 'Jealous', plus the day old tune 'Burning Bridges All The Way To The Sea'. More good reasons why a certain independent label should get a Terry Clarke album into those record store racks... SOON.

Gary P. Nunn has a Texas music pedigree which is firmly entwined with legends like Jerry Jeff Walker, Steven Fromholz, Michael Martin Murphy and The Lost Gonzo Band.

He last visited these shores in 1983. A visit recalled when the vociferous Breedon crowd started calling for 'The Reggae Armadillo' a song composed during a Dingwall's date on that tour in response to rasta cat-calls. Based on his 'London Homesick Blues' (now an adopted Texan anthem) it is probably the only dub country honky-tonk song in existence!

On this tour the three piece Sons of the Bunkhouse were Johnny Polk (bass), Kenny Grimes (guitar) and Herb Belofsky (drums). Unfamiliar names to me, but Gary had certainly picked a team who knew how to play honky-tonk country.

Over the last three numbers they cranked up the pace, first with a rock 'n' roll instrumental, followed by the humorous 'Cut 'n' Putt' — dedicated to his wish to play golf and record with Willie Nelson! 'London Homesick Blues' not unnaturally ended the set.

Gary returned to encore and delivered 'What I Like About Texas', which descriptively lists what many of us do like about the Texas state, the people and the music.

At the end of a set some two dozen songs and two hours long, Gary expressed a wish to return to these shores soon. My thoughts at the time were, 'Well, OK, as long as we don't have another six year wait'.

Arthur Wood