

BRUM BEAT

THE MIDLANDS ENTERTAINMENT MONTHLY

WIN

A FENDER GUITAR
IN THE
MUSICAL
EXCHANGES
BRAIN OF BRUM BEAT
QUIZ

SPIRITUAL!

▼ WIN DAVE STEWART'S COWBOY VIDEO

LOVERS & PARENTS

MIKE DAVIES TALKS TO
KATE & ANNA McGARRIGLE

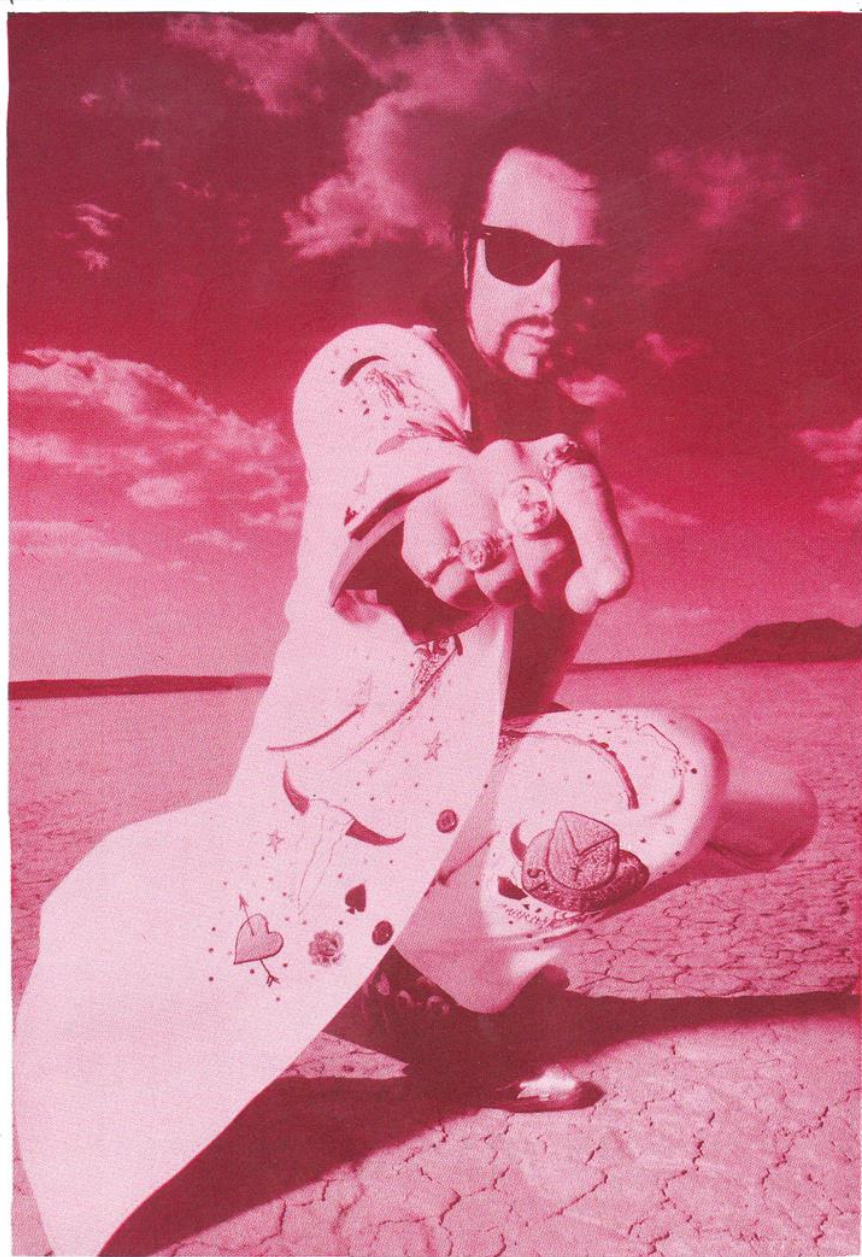
● JULIAN ARGUELLES

NEVILLE HADSLEY ASKS IF
IT'S JAZZ OR FOLK?

● JOHN McGEOCH

MIKE POLANYK TAKES THE PILS

● FLOWER GETS WIRED!



PLUS



THE GREAT DMP CD GIVEAWAY!



LIFE IN GENERAL ► BUILDING ROME

► NEWS ► REVIEWS ► AND ANOTHER ELEVEN COMPETITIONS

IT seems pretty darned appropriate to me to finish off the year as I almost began it (in February). As if to prove that his *Virgin on the live* Australian recording adventure with Jimmie Dale Gilmore was a temporary aberration of the commercial kind, Butch Hancock has already released new product on his own Rainlight Records label. Drawn from the 'No 2 Alike' series of concerts, Butch held a release party to launch the cassette(s), at the scene of the rhyme (OK, so I stole that particular hook from Music City), on Thursday, 6th September. I'll take a moment here, just to refresh your memory a little ... the original, American version of 'No 2 Alike' took place earlier this year at the Cactus Cafe in Austin, Texas. From Wednesday, 31st January through Monday, 5th February to be exact.

ORIGINALLY intended as a five night affair, Butch proved that he had the inclination, stamina and material for six consecutive nights of unadulterated West Texas music. (For those grist starved citizens among the *Brum Beat* readership, a seventh night of numbers took place at the Cactus, on Sunday, 1st April. Choice of that particular date, is a testament to Butch's perverse nature. Not that much corroborative evidence is necessary, in that respect. Within earshot, Hancock once remarked 'Perverse? Sure I try to cram in as many words as possible, per verse'). All fourteen hours and 140 songs of the landmark six day event, were captured for posterity by that most consummate of engineers and record producers, Joe Gracey. On a monthly basis Rainlight are releasing fourteen unexpurgated, one hour long cassettes which document every nuance of 'No 2 Alike'. Some two dozen guest musicians assisted the poet laureate of Lubbock perpetrate his odyssey; whilst around seventy, previously unrecorded Hancock compositions are slated for inclusion on the tape series. Foreign subscribers to this somewhat unique, commercial exposure of Hancock's music, should send £14.00 per cassette to Butch Hancock - No 2 Alike, 406 Brazos, Austin, Texas 78701. Do

it now.

THE final cassette is due for release on 6th October 1991. Should the £ in your pocket, your ears and a sustained interest in collecting all fourteen works come to fruition, then the final episode will come complete with a photo-/songbook containing photographs (by the man himself) and the lyrics to all 140 songs.

THE first two cassettes in the series are already by my hand and the sound quality alone knocks the Antipodean incident into a cocked hat. Personal favourites to date include, the newie 'Solstice' on Tape 1; while 'Rawhide/Rawnerve' which Hancock featured during his Spring '90 tour of the UK (with Jimmie Dale Gilmore) appears on Tape 2. Closing out the second episode is 'Golden Guitar Lounge', with that Hancock penchant for teasing the listener well to the fore. Having related the tale of a negative trip with a friend to Nashville, Tennessee - Butch comments "The other one of those characters is here tonight, and ...". Tape 2 runs out ... and a month long interval is in store, before you undoubtedly discover that Joe Ely takes the stage.

LATER tapes in this series feature a Flatlanders reunion, a cookin' session with The Sunspots, the duelin' fiddles of Eric Hokkanen and Richard Bowden, a one line assist on the chorus of 'Split and Slide II' by Townes Van Zandt and mucho more. Song one four zero, 'Roads' Ends're Found' lasts a marathon twenty seven minutes; but what's a few yards over the limit, when it comes to the one and unique, Butch Hancock. (Guess that applies to review copy too - Ed.).

IN the light of recent career retrospectives of the multi CD kind, I'd suggest that 'No 2 Alike' deserves to be up there with the best of them. Now. Not in two decades time, when the penny finally drops. We're talking about six tumultuous nights, which mirrored the numerous facets of twenty years work. And no songs were repeated. Taking my line of thought one step further, I reckon that the document should immediately be lodged in the Library of Congress. That may not be as tangible an accolade as say, a

ARTHUR WOOD



"... THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER, HANCOCK HAS SURVIVED BY ONE ETHOS, MY WAY, OR NO WAY."

platinum disc but just remember this; throughout his career, Hancock has survived by one ethos, my way, or no way. We should simply be thankful that he chose to share it with us.

AS our own export to Austin, John Conquest (astute co-editor of the classy Music City magazine) muses in the latest issue, that 'Butch Hancock, for instance, has been integrated into Britain's musical consciousness - there's hardly a British magazine left that hasn't run a major feature

on him - but you can find people right here in Austin who don't think it signifies. History's against them".

IT has always been the way, that some are destined to remain strangers in their own backyard. But it's never too late ...

TALKIN' of compadres from Lubbock, check out Joe Ely's latest catalogue addition 'Live At Liberty Lunch'. Yup, Ely has renewed his acquaintance with the MCA label, after a six year severance. Strange planet, huh. As in

concert albums go, it's hot in all the right areas. The full Ely band, featuring Jimmy Pettit, Davis McLarty and David Grissom will be gracing the NEC stage early in the new year, as support to Robert Cray. The date, Saturday 19th January.

WHICH at the end of this Autumn, leaves little space to trumpet forthcoming local events. Whatever, here goes. Sat 1st: Steve Ashley Band (Red Lion); Tues 4th: Kathryn Tickell Band (Trysull Village Hall); Wed 5th: High Country Persons (Breedon) with bluegrass/country rhythms from an American trio comprising Butch Waller (High Country) plus Kathy Kallick and Sally Van Meter (Good Ol' Persons); Fri 7th: Julie Felix & Marianne Segal (Bell & Pump)/Tim Wood (Woodman, Kingswinford); Sat 8th: Dave Peabody & Bob Hall (Red Lion)/Backroom Boys (Breedon) - the latest aggregation comprising Jerry Donahue, Doug Morter, Gerry Conway, Allen Thomson and Doninique La (Shake &) Vack. Seems that Julian Dawson has found stardom in, of all places Austin, Texas. Oh, the custard pie of life; Thurs 13th: Cathal McConnell & Tom Gilfeilon (Holly Bush, Penn Road)/Singers Night (Woodman)/Steve Hooker (Breedon); Sat 15th: Deighton Family (Red Lion)/John Otway (Breedon) - I may just have got the date correct this time! Thurs 20th: DT's (Breedon); Fri 21st: Tuxedo Moon plus The Copycats (Bell & Pump)/Cosmotheeka (Woodman); Sat 22nd: Mad Jocks & Englishmen (Red Lion); Mon 24th: Le Rue (Breedon t.b.c.); Wed 26th: Steve Gibbons (Breedon t.b.c.); Sat 29th: Lee Collison (Red Lion)/Jon Strong (Breedon t.b.c.); Mon 31st: End Of Year party at The Border Cafe with E Numbers, Smith & Jones and very special secret guest stars (Breedon). Regarding those Breedon dates marked t.b.c., please ring 021 459 6573 to check whether they're on or off.

EARLY in the New Year, Alias Ron Kavanagh returns to the Red Lion (Sat 5th), with Steve Gibbons presenting another of his solo acoustic gigs there, on the following weekend.

LIVE REVIEWS

TOM PACHECO

Breedon Bar & Border Cafe
Birmingham

Three months on from his first Breedon Bar appearance, Pacheco returned with another chart song under his belt (Daniel O'Donnell's version of 'Last Waltz Of The Evening'). Although he didn't perform 'Waltz' on this particular evening, what the small band present were treated to, was a sturdy seventeen song set by a superb singer/songwriter. Kicking off with 'Made In America', a track from his current Round Tower album 'Eagle In The Rain', Tom also featured a number of new songs including 'The New Crusaders' (about the latest Middle East crisis), 'Rock 'n' Roll Roulette' (for those who have died, for the cause) and 'Big Storm Coming' (self evident, unless you've been on a desert island lately).

Among other new songs which Tom performed, that should for certain because ... be included on his next album, were 'If Only Someone Said' which smacked of being a hit song (for somebody, somewhere), while I can already see the video accompanying 'Yellow Ribbons'. The intensity and Mexican feel of 'Down In Juarez' make it another keeper, if not a fitting closing track.

Addendum. From that first Breedon gig



● TOM PACHECO — pic: ARTHUR WOOD

back in early August, memories of 'Swan With A Broken Wing' plus 'The Stranger' also make them prominent contenders. Hell, that's five tracks down already. (How about 'Hippie On The Highway' to complete one side? - Ed.). And a ton of other uncut material, still in the bag.

Arthur Wood

TANGERINE DREAM

Civic Hall

Wolverhampton

Regardless of personal integrity or ethical restraint there will always be certain gigs that a journalist approaches with the firm belief that he/she can safely ridicule an act. Tangerine Dream are such a case; a faceless trio from Germany who pioneered synthetic synthesiser music, an outdated entity that attracts a wide range of devoted followers and curious onlookers to their pompous performances. Here is a prime target for ritual abuse.

When the black curtain falls away and the Dream appear behind a bank of futuristic monitors, somberly attired in uniform dark suits, the poison pen begins to concoct its diatribe. When each orchestral piece pours relentlessly into the next without a single spoken word or trace of familiarity you can taste the vitriol. Then the inexplicable attraction -

which maintains its hold for two hours or more - exerts itself, and the expected tedium is superceded by a hypnotic, entrancing event.

Whether the music itself plays a prominent role in this fascination is entirely debatable; certainly it wanders around the mind with soothing affluence, but your thoughts parade through the past, present and future at random, once in a while returning to a film score recognition. Instead the perpetual application of back projections and the maximised, intriguing use of a minimal lighting rig attract interest and subconscious appreciation. By any normal standards such a scenario should induce somnambulism, here it is strangely rewarding.

A restrained duo of saxophonists embellish the closing sequences, two of the

three Tangerine's shoulder guitars for an electric, extended solo segment, the encores are politely demanded and likewise received. At the conclusion people file out in calm, respectful silence. Still no one has indulged in the art of conversation.

Perfection within their genre, Tangerine Dream may not appeal to the uninitiated on a regular basis, as a one off though, they defy the anticipated scorn. Surprising.

Paul Rees

CLIFF RICHARD

NEC

Birmingham

It Ain't Easy. It often seems that any criticism of Cliff is taken as a premeditated attack on the very fabric of society. So let's make one thing clear. I didn't go along to the NEC intending to snipe or score cheap points.

After all a Cliff and The Shadows gig was the first major live music event I ever saw all those decades back and, whilst not being a confirmed Cliff fan, I can acknowledge that he has made several excellent pop singles. Furthermore, whilst statistics are no measure of quality it's hard to be churlish about a performer who has lasted three decades, had in

excess of one hundred hits and can fill the NEC for three weeks without ever having defected to Blind Date competing duties. But ... a fifty year old man with such a successful track record who spends time on stage carping about journalists attacks on his beyond criticism self and continually invoking the myth of rock and roll has a problem.

Firstly - he operates in a business where snidery from writers is as much a part of the deal as the vast rewards.

Secondly Cliff, what you present as rock 'n' roll is the 1950s BBC TV version of Bobby Rydell sanitised through 6.5 Special into a youth club musical a la The Young Ones.

Rock 'n' Roll is Elvis in 1956, banned from the waist down, Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard, the Sex Pistols, a stirring in the hearts and loins of a generation.

The first half of the 'From A Distance' NEC show was choreographed pier end schlock 'n' roll for coach parties that sounded for all the world like the Cliff Adams singers attempting to sing something sinful. What's more, apparently being too old to sing AND dance, Cliff mimed the show!

If that's your nostalgia, Cliff. Thanks For The Memories.

The second set opened with a laser show and grand smokey entrance - still miming. But then he sang live - and he can. Within the boundaries of pop - and here pop is no code for a lesser form, pop can be and often is an art - Cliff Richard is a fine vocalist.

He also put on a fine, at times stunning, spectacular (though the housed up version of 'We Don't Talk Anymore', a personal fave, was naff and brought the return of miming!) show. One that many hipper acts would find damned hard to follow in fact.

The problem is that Cliff can still cut it. If he'd get rid of the schmaltzy showbiz routines and just give it some with the excellent road band he has it would be fine.

You can't please 'em all so why try. Next year do a club tour, play 'Move it' '58 style and watch the reaction. Let the Darby and Joan tours catch the has-beens, they don't care, others do.

Steve Morris

THE HOLLOW MEN

JBS

Dudley

The many manifestations of fashion turn in constant cycles, hence the current plethora of bands with eyes trained resolutely upon 60s respect and Mancunian localities. Closer in spirit to a Happy Monday than a Stone Rose, The Hollow Men are a mildly palatable potpourri of psychedelic aspirations and pop marketing, straying just the wrong side of generic.

If anyone dared to produce a sequel to The Monkees 'Head' masturbation this impressionable quintet could find a comfortable niche on the accompanying soundtrack. The suitably 'laddish' vocalist provides a faultless reflection of Shaun Ryder's acid-dazed persona, there are some vaguely interesting recurring guitar motifs and bass incisions, the lights are properly colourful. On all sides mop-tops and paisley gear lose themselves amongst the casual's weekend conversations.

When the dance rhythms are momentarily stripped away - as with 'Rain Keeps Falling' and 'Twist' - there is a distant relationship to REM's ethereal harmony;

it's washed away though by the regular extended groove behind songs that go on forever. The Hollow Men sing poems to northern skies with straight faces, dance like Top Of The Pops, taught without reaching a punchline; they are tame and quite possibly insignificant. Next year the revival of the concept album or the kiffle beat will put them down.

For the non-committal thirty minutes is more than enough, wallpaper music that singularly fails to stick. For the hordes in flares and floral sweatshirts The Hollow Men are in - for now.

Paul Rees

CHER

NEC

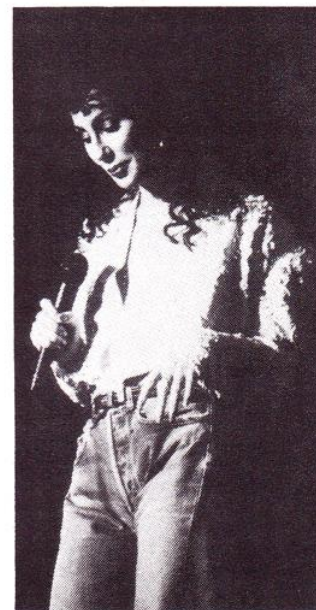
Birmingham

Cher's concert at the NEC was a resume of her musical and acting career to date and, as such, included back projection film clips of re-runs from her shows and award ceremonies and a selection of songs from her entire musical career. The film clips actually added to the show rather than detracting, giving it an intentionally nostalgic feel, whilst permitting the occasional costume change. I did feel, however, that at over twenty quid a ticket the punter should get a show lasting more than one-and-three-quarter hours.

The show itself was spectacular, well-performed both musically and choreographically, and demonstrated Cher's exceptional vocal talents. She possesses a depth and sweetness of tone which contrasts quite dramatically with most female rock vocalists, and yet she can project considerable power and emotion. Cher performed flawlessly throughout, her backing band projecting a hard rock edge which is occasionally lacking on the recorded original.

The stage set too was a little more imaginative than most. An extensive hydraulic platform elevated Cher, dancers and the like adding to the drama and giving the punters at the back a visual show which didn't rely purely on lighting effects.

Cher has expressed a little aggression towards the press from whom she's recently received negative and largely unfounded adverse publicity. At forty-four she is stunning and attributes it all to 'working out' rather than the knife. Cer-



● CHER pic: MARK HADLEY