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FREE!

BRUM BEAT

THE MIDLANDS ENTERTAINMENT MONTHLY

AUGUST 1990

THE POWER



OF DREAMS

CENTRE PAGES

PLUS

WONDER STUFF

★ EXCLUSIVE THIRD ALBUM PREVIEW

► NEWS ► REVIEWS ► DAVIES ► COMPETITIONS ► AND LOADS MORE!

► A GREEN MANIFESTO FOR THE 1990's - Penny Kemp and Derek Wall (Penguin £4.99)

Two leading Green Party members tackle the job of putting together a lightweight but crucial handbook for Greenism in the new decade and make a good job. So we get to the roots of problems and to the nitty gritty issues rather than skate round the symptoms, as the popular press likes to paint Green Politicians. Radical statements are made and strong cases are made for the abolishing of nuclear weapons (can you really dis-invent them?) and for a greener approach in the NHS which I agree with totally. I'm not a total green. I'm more a light green erring into the pinky red with an avid aversion to even a sky blue. This pocket manifesto raised my awareness levels in a host of areas, it also reinforced my doubts in others. But it always stimulated the thought process and that's a massive plus point.

Kevin Wilson

► Synchronicity or what? Just as *Brum Beat's* highly informative series of legal advice from Richard Bagehot - the music biz lawman - comes to a close *Omnibus Press* announce a series of five self help guides for aspiring pro musos. Put together they make up an all encompassing reference library.

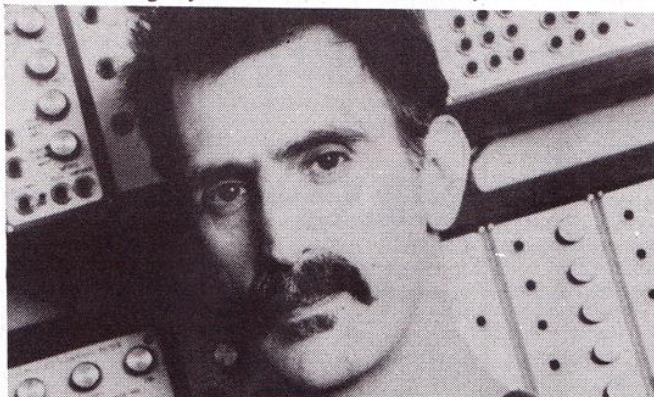
KEVIN WILSON'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S NEW IN PRINT

The books are *Making Money Making Music* by James Dearing (£10.95); *The Craft and Business Of Songwriting* by John Braheny (£12.95); *How To Pitch and Promote Your Songs* by Fred Koller

Omnibus and can be obtained from any decent bookstore.

Steve Morris

► **THE REAL FRANK ZAPPA BOOK** - Frank Zappa (Pan £4.99) The latter day father of *Invention*



▲ **FRANK ZAPPA**

(£7.95); *Getting Noticed - The Musicians Guide To Publicity and Self Promotion* by James Gibson (£9.95) and *Successful Lyric Writing - The Step By Step Course And Workbook* by Sheila Davis (£12.95). All titles are published by

turns to the literary art with a first rate semi autobiographical account of American culture as seen through the eyes of one of that country's truly great rock eccentrics. His anti-hero heroic style of writing makes for compulsive read-

ing, his mix of anecdotes and polemic a delight.

His blatant dislike for the American censorship laws gives Zappa the chance to let rip and he does, especially against the state of Maryland's Pornography laws which are, to say the least, typically middle American conservatism with a megabig C.

Great book by a great man.

Kevin Wilson

► **OFF THE RECORD: AN ORAL HISTORY OF POPULAR MUSIC** - Joe Smith (Pan £7.99)

Take a good idea ... 200 stars of music each tell a story that is mind blowing in its greatness. Take a President of one of the business's largest companies, EMI and ask him to compile the end result. Release it in America and you have a best seller.

Release it in the UK and wonder not that the Brits don't buy it because, put simply, aside from a few names such as Bowie, Ono, Simon, Plant and Stewart (Rod), the guest list is full of Yankee doodles such as Jann Wenner, Artie Ripp, Russ Regan, Harold Leventhal or Bob Thiele. With due respect, WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? So, Pan people, let's have a true blue British version not a mainly irrelevant American version.

Kevin Wilson

JUST when I thought I might not mention it again, the final opportunity to plug the annual Convention Carnival at Cropredy, presents itself. And you all know what drains away, when you pull the plug out of the sink. You have the opportunity to keep your well earned cash in your pocket, August 17/18th. Julian Dawson, one of this year's Cropredy stars and stalwart of those incredibly dire Backroom Boys, is prominently featured in the August issue of *Folk Roots*. The piece was penned by the venerable John Tobler. One of them once had good judgement, the other certainly believes he has a gift. Maybe their best friends should tell them.

CAN'T quite figure out my Sally Barker comment in last month's issue. Seems like the day, the time and the place were missing. Call yourself a writer! Anyway, Sally's Border Cafe appearance has been rescheduled for Thursday 9th. Jay Turner, fresh from competing and performing at the Cambridge Folk Festival, will be opening the proceedings. Other Bredon dates to check during August, are Steve Gibbons (Thurs 2nd), Geno Washington (Fri 3rd), Mickey Jupp (Sat 4th), Howlin' Wilf (Sun 5th),

ARTHUR WOOD

John Moore's Crisis (Sun 12th) and Steve Hooker (Fri 31st). But most of all, let's not forget that August sees Uncle Bob's Birthday Bash roll around once more. The date, Tuesday 21st. Another fabulous forties episode, for one of life's good guys. Blush Bob blush.

ROLLING straight on into September, that self professed, rowdy boy from San Antonio - Steve Earle - is scheduled to put out with his Dukes at Wolverhampton Civic Hall on Wednesday 5th. With his fourth (official) solo outing 'The Hard Way' (MCA) now in the racks, and the Irish-based proteges Energy Orchard providing the support set, this could turn out to be one of the year's live highlights. Monday 17th, sees those Fairport/Albion Band venerables Simon Nicol and Ric Sanders play the same venue. It's like a preservation society sometimes.

DOWN at the Bourneville Club in Cadburyville,

rock 'n' roll fan and promoter John Balfour has another couple of shows in prospect. '6.05 Special' regular Don Lang is featured on Friday 24th August, while there's a double bill with The Jets and The Rimshots on Friday 7th September.

LOOKING farther ahead, the Acoustic Roots calendar for Autumn '90 is beginning to have a pretty tasty look about it. All dates are currently scheduled for Trysull Village Hall, but no doubt someone will keep you posted month by month. Kicking off the season on September 24th, is Scot Dick Gaughan; followed on October 15th by Townes Van Zandt's third show in as many years, for the Kingswinford-based promoters. Townes's first AR performance was "rather odd", the second, nothing short of a "musical revelation". Considering that Townes has truly forsaken some of his old ways, this is one autumn

gig not to miss. Mickey Newbury finally makes a long awaited visit to the West Midlands on October 22nd (well, it is certainly long awaited in my book. You wouldn't catch me dead at the Wembley Easter bash). Exactly one week later, there's a quick AR return by Hugh Moffatt; Hugh supported John Stewart on his 'Farewell UK' tour last autumn. Now it's time for Hugh to really let his light shine. And on the horizon ... Bob Neuwirth (if you know your Renaldo & Clara, there should be no need to explain who this

guy is) and Steve Young may be headed our way, before ol' Nick rounds up his team once more. State-side, former Plimsoul/Victoria Williams hubby, Peter Case has gigged extensively with that duo on the road. That particular triple treat, doesn't currently appear destined to be repeated on these shores. Shame. Oh, it's a shame.

UNDOUBTEDLY there'll be much more gripping stuff next month. Meantime, enjoy yer' hols. It's time to pass me the total sun block.

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DURAN DURAN

Liberty

(EMI)

Let's be honest, a new Duran Duran album doesn't elicit the same feverish anticipation it once did. One the other hand, there's far more here to ignite faded interest than the last clumsily, ham-fisted transition into 'adult' rock.

Back to five piece status this takes a firmer grip on both the typical Duran dance stance - either chunky funky or slow groove - and the harder rock edge they'd like to master. What distinguishes it most and sets the musical mood is the influence of Stones producer Chris Kimsey who brings well worn experience to bear virtually everywhere; in rhythms, in delivery and in the punctuation of scorching guitars in the general strut.

'Violence Of Summer (Love's Taking Over)' provided a solid first single and 'My Antartica' allows Le Bon to show he's getting increasingly more comfortable with the slinky slow burn, while 'Hot-head' with its spoken samples provides a platform for the band to make eco-friendly save the planet pronouncements. Pity the song doesn't warrant conservation.

There's a definite dated feel but there's no arguing with the persuasive impact of the title cut or the punchy 'First Impression' and the Robert Palmer styled 'Read My Lips' with Kimsey's 'Undercover Of The Night' production to the fore.

It's not a triumphant new birth but it proves they're still a long way off the retirement home.

Mike Davies

THE ANIMALS

Complete Animals

(EMI)

Fronted by the historically underrated Eric Burdon the Animals were the north east's gritty R&B answer to the Stones. Raw and powerful there was never any posturing with these guys. Sadly Burdon's later embracing of the drug culture has over shadowed the work collected here.

This double set contains all of the tracks cut for EMI in '64 and '65. You get the first two albums in their entirety plus non album A and B sides and previously unissued stuff. All of the material was recorded quickly, cheaply and live. The House Of The Rising Sun' in one take at a cost of a couple of quid, so it



sounds raw and full of life. This is hopefully an inspirational release.

Steve Morris

VARIOUS

A Constant Source Of Interruption

(Rough Trade - CD only)

The summer sensation starts here as good old Rough Trade raid the vaults and dig up (even exhume) the carcasses of dead heroes (and occasional still living heroes) so we can wallow a bit. Classics, yes ... 'How Soon Is Now', a Smiths underate, 'Oblivious', the Aztec Camera brill bit, That Summer Feeling', a Jonathan Richman standard of mind blowing catchiness, 'Move Me', the Woodentops greatest moment ... even the very wonderful 'Shipbuilding' gets another airing as Robert Wyatt takes its social commentary and wrings out every emotive nuance. Mistakes? Only Daniel Binfitt's 'River' but what would you expect from a Virgin Prune covering a Joni Mitchell song? I suppose now we can expect Guru Josh to delve into the Doris Day back catalogue ...

Kevin Wilson



▲ THE FILIPINOS

BROKEN BONES

Religion Is Responsible

(Heavy Metal Records)

Refreshing new product from the re-vamped version of an established hardcore act. Distinctive, clean production allows the boys to shine. This music sounds mo-

dem by virtue of it's roots rather than plagiarism. There's a video shot at the Marquee for 'Brain Dead', so obviously the record company is giving them the necessary support.

Outstanding guitar work, particularly on the title track, plus unfashionable bass and drum sounds, sets this apart from mainstream metal. Could this be the old story of success in the U.S.A. and/or Europe and not at home? I sincerely hope not.

Mr.D

DAVID HALLEY

Stray Dog Talk

(Demon)

The history lesson: This album was recorded at Halley's home in Austin, Texas on the recorder which Joe Ely used to cut his 'Lord Of The Highway' album. Seven of the ten tracks on 'Stray Dog Talk' have been available on a self-titled cassette, which has been a top seller in Austin, for the past twelve months.

The record label: Following in the footsteps of Ely, Gilmore and Hancock, there appears to be an unstated policy practiced at Demon which goes, "If the guy comes from Lubbock, Texas - sign him". Now it's true that Kimmie Rhodes, The Texana Dames and Waylon managed to get away. Let's face it, you can never expect to win them all. OK, let's get serious.

The review: Primarily sup-

ported by Syd Straw last year, on her eponymous debut album for Virgin. Straw provides backing vocals on Halley's disc, and also co-wrote the closing track 'Dream Life'. Personally, I found the latter, rather spacy song to be the one weak link in the final (vinyl) product. Elsewhere, there's a weary, resigned inevitability about many of Halley's lyrics. In particular, 'Rain Just Falls'. That song has to be one of the finest of it's genre. What makes those songs doubly

worked with Syd Straw last year, on her eponymous debut album for Virgin. Straw provides backing vocals on Halley's disc, and also co-wrote the closing track 'Dream Life'. Personally, I found the latter, rather spacy song to be the one weak link in the final (vinyl) product. Elsewhere, there's a weary, resigned inevitability about many of Halley's lyrics. In particular, 'Rain Just Falls'. That song has to be one of the finest of it's genre. What makes those songs doubly



▲ LA SONORA DINAMITA pic: Adrian Boot

appealing, is Halley's instantly hummable melodies. And when the need arises, Halley also comes rocking out of the closet, as 'Opportunity Knocking' and 'Darlene' simply prove. Undoubtedly a possible contender for my end of year, 'Best Of ...'

Arthur Wood

THE FILIPINOS

Summertime

(Wild Record Co.)

As the stylus finds the spot you hear the sound of amps cranked up high waiting to be punished. And then it happens. Guitars snarl and wah, fuelled by high rewing super octane, unleaden adrenalin.

This is rock and roll engineered by Norton, Triumph or Harley Davidson. Throbbing, alive and vibrant.

Steve Morris

THE LILAC

TIME

And Love For All

(Fontana)

The third blooming of the Lilacs again perfectly highlights Stephen Duffy's blend of crisply genteel English pop and roots Americana with production from XTC's Andy Partridge neatly accentuating the band's intrinsic sense of cynical whimsy. Unfortunately the public have yet to gather Lilacs in sufficient quantity to provide the deserved hit single and to be honest if the title track

roots are the deepest and the most modest.

Mike Davies

LA SONORA DINAMITA

Cumbia Explosion

(Mango)

When ex-President Daniel Ortega of Nicaragua can be counted amongst your greatest fans, a band simply has to tell the rest of the world right? So Columbia's La Sonora Dinamita (or Dynamite Sound) have a set of songs that the globe must now take in and act upon as they weld big band muzak onto the original wayeasy style of Cumbia. As soon as 'Grito Vagabundo' lifts out of the speakers, the hips gyrate and the feet slide and you think that here is the next Lambada waiting to explode. Latin America has discovered La Sonora Dinamita in a big way, could it be the next big thing for this years long hot summer of love?

Kevin Wilson

JOHN HIATT

Stolen Moments

(A&M)

OK so Hiatt is, they say, rock for old hippies who hold on to the outmoded concept of real music.

You know actually played by musos who grasp the twin towers of melodic lyricism and feel.

What's more it doesn't fit into a pre ordered niche. Like Hiatt.

He is and has been rock,

blues and country. And still is. 'Stolen Moments' is though his potentially most commercial record yet. Producer Glyn Johns has managed to add a sheen to the dozen great songs without dulling the heart. Take 'Back Of My Mind', a simple acoustic strum but the addition of an almost subliminal bubbling bass synth is inspired. This is music that endures. Buy it now or in two years time it will sound great but whatever do buy it and discover one of rock's last great secrets, John Hiatt.

Steve Morris

GURU JOSH

Infinity
(De Construction)

When the Guru took 'Infinity' to the nation and scored a massive single hit, critics waited for this album to arrive so scorn could be poured all over its every groove. Save for one or two minor blemishes, I disagree with the experts and would praise the Josh one for making instrumental music of the basspace variety sound vibrant, relevant and fun. 'Lift Up Your Arms' and the crazy 'Craves It' are rhythmical backdrops over which the sax appeal is laid and the manic cries of the occasional Guru rant can be heard egging the converted on to greater and higher heights. The stuff that empty warehouses fill to ...

Kevin Wilson

SERIOUS DRINKING

Stranger Than Tannadice

(Workers Playtime)

Take and blend: Jolly Jimmy Pursey, Jilted John, Bobby Robson, Max Splodge, Tolly Cobbold, Nobby Stiles, stage diving, Undertones, observant wit, gout, Norwich City, three chords and a packet of crisps. Divide into nineteen slices and keep the temperature high for a good hour.

Boys and girls, the hits, the misses and own goals of Serious Drinking!

Steve Morris

VARIOUS ARTISTS

True Voices
(Demon)

Although the Textones as a performing unit, have now been despatched to the pages of history books; the team of Olson, Callins and Davis are still mucho active, musically. 'True Voices' is their latest baby. The principle being, to take eleven songs from writers who have

now departed their mortal form, and bring in a team of luminaries from the last three decades to interpret the legacy.

This project evolved, following the passing of Kate Wolf on December 10th, 1986. As a singer/songwriter, Californian Kate stood on the verge of (inter)national recognition. Sadly, leukaemia won the final battle. Kate's 'Across The Great Divide' is covered by Michael Nold, from 'Frisco Rockers, Scarecrow. Elsewhere former Byrd Gene Clark sings Phil Ochs ('Changes'), John Stewart interprets Tim Hardin ('The Lady Came From Baltimore') while Lucinda Williams wends her unique way through Nick Drake ('Which Will'). My initial impression of the recording was, patchy. Repetition has seen a reassessment of that interpretation take place. Generally successful, probably hits the spot now.

In spite of the latter, track-wise there remains a couple of oddities. A Brian Jones poem set to music by Carla Olson; and the only instrumental (and closing track), from the pen of jazz saxophonist Sonny Criss. The latter track sits rather uncomfortably, with the other generally folk based fare. Possibly a choice dictated by the production team's personal tastes, rather than their presumed impartiality. Whither for instance, a song from the late Steve Goodman.

Given support at record store checkouts, 'True Voices' is a more than adequate opening gambit in a potential series? Time will as they say ...

Arthur Wood

JANE WIELDIN

Tangled

(EMI USA)

WILSON

PHILLIPS

Wilson Phillips

(SBK)

Pop with a capital P both. Crammed with harmony and life and sharing a common line back to the golden era of sunbleached US greats.

Obviously the over considered parentage of Wilson Phillips, Brian Beach Boy sired two whilst Mama Michelle and Papa John provided the third, gives them a bloodline but Wieldin's songs could easily claim such noble forbears. It has to be said that the 90s production methods may be a mite too "studio" for my tastes but even that can't dull the overall feel.

If you fancy a roof down rollin' down the highway soundtrack for hot August days but are tired of Beach Boys retreads buy Wieldin and Wilson Phillips. Pop with a chirp on it shoulder.

Steve Morris

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK

The First Generation

(Jungle)

The Brummie Degville reappears with his SSS buddies as if the last five years hadn't happened. The Sputs, all puke rock, plastic angst and chainsaw mentalities deliver 'Love Missile F1-11', 'Rockit Miss USA' and the spuriously delicious 'Jayne Mansfield' with all the subtlety of a Madonna minder but there is a curious appeal akin to having a toothache fixed or seeing an old pet put down, that feeling that agony has to be endured to achieve a better life afterwards. The Sputs still hurt every sense in my little body.

Kevin Wilson

DAVID BOWIE

Aladdin Sane

Pin Ups

(EMI)

More from Bowie's most fertile pop period 'Aladdin Sane' launched a million painted faces and in its excellently remastered CD guise it's easy to see why. Bowie's pose cuts through the vin ordinaire of his surroundings. Mike Garson's tinkling cocktail piano incursions notwithstanding the Spiders From Mars (by now the de facto name for Mick Ronson and chums) sound limited. Taken as a whole Aladdin is far more cohesive than Ziggy Stardust though perhaps lacking in that records impact.

Oddly 'Pin Ups', Bowies trend setting covers album sounds less time locked, maybe because the free spirited sixties material he covers is by now free of the immediate artist/original version associations. Maybe because he wasn't creating a worthy concept he simply let go and had fun.

He shouldn't though have had fun with Springsteen's

Stripe reggae for a new decade. 'Rappin Chaplin' is the most apt song title of the year so far but Chaplin's sturgrav roots marry well with his newly found international appeal and the breezy 'Chaplin Come' is his new anthem. Old stagers Israel Vibration meanwhile truck up a storm of mean blues tinged reggae, still sharp in lyric and clear in goal but retaining a more commercialised feel that will open more doors and even more minds. The very strange ways of 'Jailhouse Rockin' and the very to the point 'Rumours Of War' are classic examples of how Israel Vibration can make a message simple enough yet strong enough to still hold power. Aswad, please note.

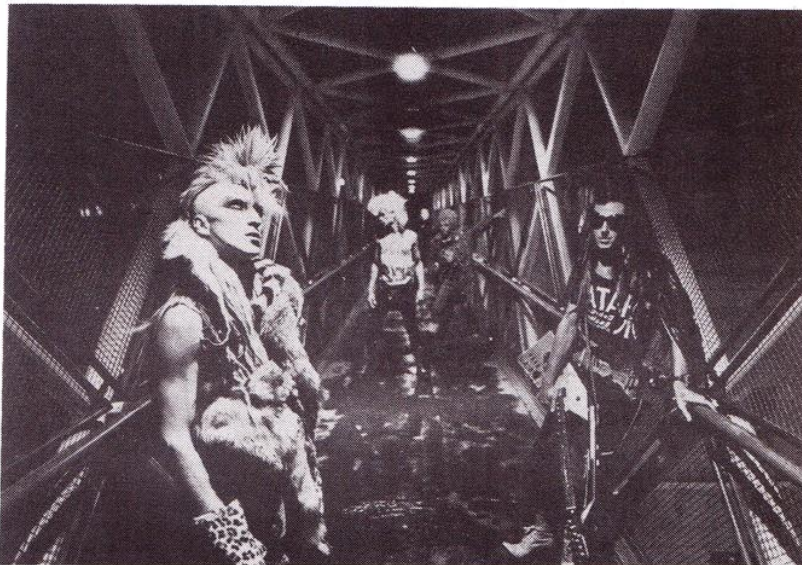
Kevin Wilson

TWINK

Mr. Rainbow

(Twink Records)

The return of the Psychedelic Punkeroo. A man who sat in the engine rooms of such seminal outfits as Tomorrow, The Pretty Things and The



▲ SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK pic: Derek Ridgerd

URBAN DANCE SQUAD

Mental Floss For The World

(Ariola)

Much as though I loath 'dance' music I can't help liking the wild world of the U.D.S.

What's more they're Dutch it seems!

'Mental Floss' is more than sample ridden, it's a mind field of scraps of humour, anger and off the wall sound cul-de-sacs.

Utterly barmy and utterly inspired.

Steve Morris

'Growin' Up', one of Pin Ups bonus cuts, it is dreadful, far too po-faced.

Steve Morris

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Take Two

(Greensleeves)

ISRAEL VIBRATION

Praises

(RAS)

Jamaica's latest DJ sensation, Charlie Chaplin mixes it with the mighty Roots Radics to make the first real riddim blatin' collection of Red

Pink Fairies. A man who is a legend in the USA and continental Europe.

Mr. Rainbow goes some way to explaining it to his homeland. Twink applies a 1990 rock rebore to his impressive roots and comes up with a fresh document devoid of the smell of desperate cash in that normally afflicts such projects.

The difference is that Twink believes. Rock is not a career option to this man, it's a calling, a reason to be.

Hopefully there'll be a pot of gold but not an end to Mr. Rainbow.

Steve Morris



▲ TINA TURNER

TINA TURNER NEC

Birmingham

To the opening strains of 'Steamy Windows' an enormous metal staircase was lowered from the NEC's ceiling and in true showbiz style Tina started her descent.

The band, an integral part of the show rather than just a backing band, have become familiar characters at Tina Turner gigs, with the exception of John Miles (last seen on the Jimmy Page tour) taking the place of Laurie Wisefield. Timmy Cappello in particular demonstrated his versatility and extrovert showmanship with some superb sax and percussion work.

Tina strutted her stuff through a string of hits including 'We Don't Need Another Hero' (accompanied by huge jets of flame about the stage), 'Private Dancer', 'Simply The Best', and earlier classics 'I Can't Stand The Rain' and the souped up and unexpected 'Nutbush City Limits'. The performance was simply flawless, Tina's vocals powerful, raunchy and highly musical.

What can I say, I'd heard the album, seen one or two live videos, my hopes were high, and I wasn't disappointed. There's nothing like retiring from live performance while you're ahead. At 50 years old Tina is still the 'raunchiest lady in rock' and as one female member of the audience stated "I didn't have a figure like that when I was twenty!".

Mark Hadley

FAT AND FRANTIC

Cocks Moor Woods Leisure Centre Birmingham

Fat And Frantic are something of a misnomer. If you weighed all of them collectively they would only weigh as much as a single member of the Boo Ya Tribe, but frantic they most certainly are. Their stunning live performances have seen them sell out London's Town and Country Club three times and amass a fan club of 5000. Tonight's show will have increased that number still further.

Washboard and trumpet joined forces with drums, bass and guitar in a display of lunatic enthusiasm led by Silas Crawley. They revelled in their own madness, demonstrating a horrific supply of energy that could make a motor jealous. Silas darted in and out of the crowd so often he spent more time offstage than on it, personifying perpetual motion so well he must have bathed in Lucozade before the show. If you could bottle their energy

LIVE REVIEWS

you could make a pensioner dance like Bez. They poked fun at The Sun with 'Not Enough Naked Men At Breakfast', showed their serious side for once of 'Africa', but worked best on their cult classic 'Last Night My Wife Hoovered My Head'.

Everybody loved them and left convinced that Fat And Frantic have that indefinable appeal which will make them stars.

Andy Tipper



▲ ANNDE VIRAGO

ANDDE VIRAGO Die Bleszen

Berlin

The Neukoln district of Berlin is a long way to go and see an as yet unsigned Midlands artist, but this, hopefully the first of many gig exchanges between Birmingham and the new Berlin rock community, was an undisputed triumph.

'Die Bleszen' (remember the film Christiane F) one of Berlin's most popular current rock clubs was the first venue in this exchange programme and the night of the 12th saw an almost capacity crowd, including a bus load of Virago faithful, entombed in its dungeon like halls.

German PA's are much the same as their British counterparts and a technical hitch meant that when Virago took to the stage at 12.30 it was to face a tense and frustrated crowd. From the opening bars of (somewhat predictably) 'The International' however that tension was released in what can only be described as frenzied euphoria.

Virago, forever the showman, rose to the occasion dragging the audience along in the slipstream of his own indefatigable energy. 'Corruption' and new song 'The Others' were breathtaking in their intensity and the Brechtian 'Death Stands At My Door' today sung in German sounded as if it had come home.

Another wall fell in Berlin tonight, it was broken with raw power and rock 'n' roll.

Alan Stewart



▲ KATELL KEINEG

KATELL KEINEG

Breedon Bar & Border Cafe Birmingham

The lady ain't no ace picker. Well, not at the moment. Sometimes she's a strummer, and when Keineg's heavier lyrics come along, there's a tendency to indulge in thrash folk. At the end of her set, we were three strings down and counting. Of that thrash folk tilt, seems that a man in the Melody Mucus got there, May 12th this year. Minds grate! London today, Birmingham next century. Pays to let 'em believe that there has never been, no two alike.

Lyrically intense, vocally powerful, Keineg struck me as a "work in progress". Promising, would seem an understatement. Although her lyrics didn't always come across clearly, there was no doubting the powerful emotional foundation to Katell's work. It has never been the singer. It has, most certainly, always been the song. A case in point is Keineg's 'Gulf Of Araby'. There stands one composition, in which she has traced the combination to that flightpath, where the singer and listener share, true spiritual communion.

Considering the strength of press which Katell has already garnered, no doubt she will be snapped up by a major label ere long. Between now and then, all she has to do, is cultivate that essential spark and harness the fire in the furnace. Planet Earth awaits ... just don't mess with the flame.

Arthur Wood

ALIAS RON KAVANA

Breedon Bar & Border Cafe Birmingham

On a field in Rome, Jack's boys had just been knocked out of the quadrennial Jules Rimet circus, by the host nation. Whatever your chosen game, there is a time for reverence, a time for inspiration and also a time for taking it squarely on the chin. Dedicated application is assumed, as a matter of course. And when the time comes to take it on the chin, there's always an opportunity to display some true grit.

Breaking from the starting blocks with a Celtic influenced instrumental, the Kavana bunch proceeded to play a ninety minute set which musically spun the planet on it's axis; from the deserts of Africa, to the adobes of Mexico and back home to the emerald Isle. Even a 'Norwegian Wood' crept in for a few bars. And on the night, there probably wasn't a better band playing anywhere in the universe. The boys done good. They truly played out of their socks. And for a few seconds, I dreamt that I was Jon Landau. OK Doc, fire up the DeLorean.

Arthur Wood

MARILLION/ LITTLE ANGELS

NEC

Birmingham

Not so long back the best place to listen to most support bands at the NEC was the bar - Little Angels, amongst others, go some way to change all that.

With pretty strong material, competently performed, and with the occasional use of brass to fill out arrangements (makes a refreshing change to the synthesized approximation) they received a justifiably positive audience response.

The turn out for Marillion was quite frankly embarrassing. One wonders how a band, which didn't quite sell out the Aston Villa Leisure Centre last November, could possibly justify booking the NEC. The low attendance, however, did little to dampen the enthusiasm of vocalist Steve Hogarth. Although a highly articulate and expressive vocalist in his own right, comparisons with his predecessor Fish are inevitable. Whilst capably performing material from Marillions fifth album 'Season's End' attempts at Marillions earlier classics were simply flat by comparison. 'Kayleigh' and 'Lavender' in particular (particularly personal and emotional songs for Fish) simply did not cut it. Whilst Fish's rendition brought many a tear to the eye, Steve Hogarth was devoid of emotion. Fish's influence on the previous incarnation of Marillion was considerable.

Whilst still a fine band, and one worthy of the enthusiastic response from the albeit small audience, the sooner they put the past behind them, and build on the fresh approach exhibited in the 'Season's End' album, the better.

Mark Hadley



▲ GOAT

THE ALMIGHTY/ GOAT

Junction 10 Walsall

Goat are one of the strangest live spectacles in many years. A bastard combination of Hendrix, The Doors, thrash and dance fronted by a tripped out Jim Morrison character with the look of Charlie Manson!

It was something I enjoyed immensely, having that inherent oddness I've long searched for. The downside of an otherwise good set, was the vocalists between song patter. If you're going to tell the audience to, "get their asses down to the front and dance", it has to sound right. Not this guy, he just seemed like some middle class student affecting working class rock 'n' roll cred. Instead he sounded like (W)Rick Young One.

Post Goat belched forth The Almighty playing straight-forward faggots-and-peas rock. They obviously know where their strengths lie and do it rather well. This is not to say they lack variation. They offered some nice acoustic pieces and some thrash alongside their typically British rock.

Tim Richards