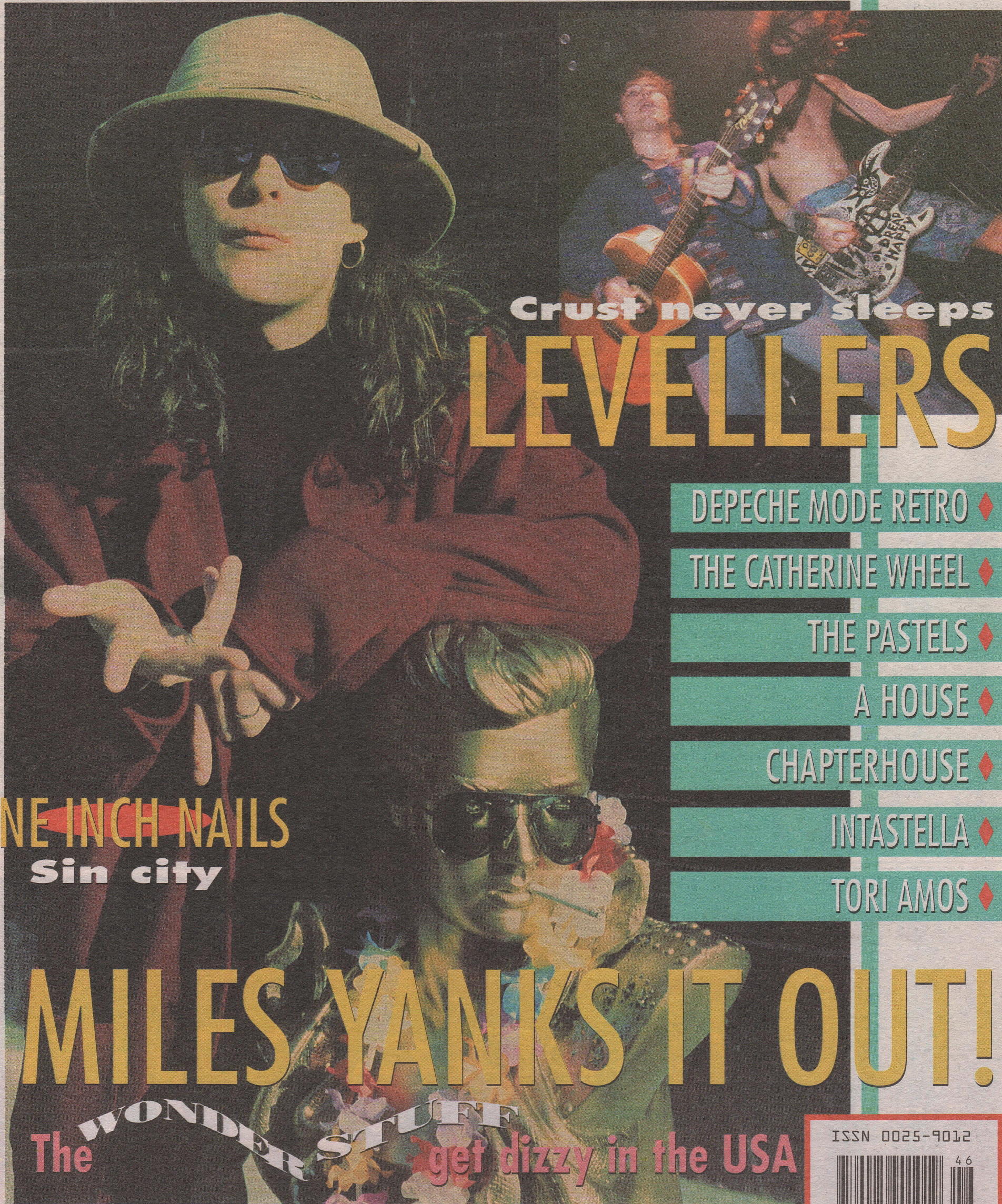


# MELODY·MAKER

GERMANY DM 4.50/SPAIN Ptas 250/US \$2.95



Crust never sleeps

## LEVELLERS

DEPECHE MODE RETRO ♦

THE CATHERINE WHEEL ♦

THE PASTELS ♦

A HOUSE ♦

CHAPTERHOUSE ♦

INTASTELLA ♦

TORI AMOS ♦

### NINE INCH NAILS

Sin city

## MILES YANKS IT OUT!

The **WONDER STUFF** get dizzy in the USA

Live **NIRVANA** ★ **SIOUXSIE** ★ **LEVITATION** ★ **BLUR**

ISSN 0025-9012



9 770025 901019



**LIVE!**

**URBAN DANCE SQUAD**

**NIGHT TOWN, ROTTERDAM**

I'M not very impressed with the stagedivers, a handful of ruddy-cheeked lads in lumberjack shirts queuing up on the side of the stage for their turn to jog out to centre stage, make eye contact with their catchers, and ease themselves into their hands. It seems to run counter to the fractured-collarbone, hurtling projectile theory of stagediving. These guys are doing it like they've just shucked off their furry slippers and are lowering themselves into a warm bath. But it's early yet.

Ten minutes later, Urban Dance Squad pull themselves together and kick into the mayhem you'd expect of them. You'd expect it because, just over a year ago, the Amsterdam-based Squad were ripping through Europe with one of the most frenzied live experiences since The Clash in 1977. Eventually they came, they saw, they terrorised the Astoria. Tonight it's Rotterdam, their last date before an American tour, and a town which, if it hasn't been renamed Damn Rotten is, at very least, Holland's armpit.

The show is a blur of flying bodies, rapper Rudeboy's fancy footwork (his ska dance routines were the best on the block when he was a kid, and it shows) and howling squeals from Tres Manos' guitar. Tres himself looks the archetypal wasted guitarist, all sinewy arms and straggly hair, nicely offsetting Rudeboy's short, athletic presence. The DJ and the bassist are, respectively, dorky and cool, while Magic Stick the drummer, who sports an expression only marginally more thoughtful than Nicko McBrain's, is the ultimate Spinal Tap-alike.

But this is smart music, with guts and heart, and it's in the collision of harmony and aggression, of joy and anger, and yes, of rock and rap, where the excitement lies. Like the Chili Peppers, when the Squad are good, they're brilliant. "No Kid" is blinding, the chunky "Comeback" just barrels past, the nearly-languid "Careless" is effortlessly hypnotic. But they don't have the Peppers' corporate, bordering-on-arrogant attitude—they meet the audience halfway. They'll be playing Britain at the end of the month. Pity those who miss it.

CAREN MYERS

**LYDIA LUNCH AND ROWLAND S HOWARD**  
**TOWN & COUNTRY 2, LONDON**

I EXPECT to be told something really original like All Men Are Bastards all night but am pleasantly surprised to find Lydia Lunch not contributing to the contemporary syndrome whereby the female buddy-buddy axis is promoted at the cost of turning all solitary sensitive males into quivering paranoid hermits who can only relate to women as photographs and unifying all witless gonzooid thugs into a solid abusive front. I am allowed to enjoy some great music without being told that I am responsible for Hugh Hefner, that Ute Lemper is responsible for Hitler, that Lynford Christie is responsible for Idi Amin.

The music, largely from the new "Shotgun Wedding" album, is a revelation. It is extraordinarily derivative of the collected works of Patti Smith, right down to the faintest nuance of accent and twist of guitar, but despite (or perhaps because of) this it is wonderfully powerful and melodramatic, displaying arrogance, flair, and a sense of the sinister that is bathetically absent from nearly every record lauded in 1991. I see Primal Scream and I see "Crackerjack". I see this sort of stuff in black, still, and I think Fred MacMurray did not live and die in vain.

Rowland S Howard and brother Harry form the cradle of a sharp, staccato band who stab at cliché as if it were Polonius behind an arras. Bristling torch tirades such as "Burning Skulls", "Solar Hex" and "Incubator" are delivered with grit and no small glee. I am reminded of my favourite Crime & The City Solution gigs until chisel-cheeked Rowland rather spoils the aura by plugging the album. No such trivia from Ms Lunch, looking increasingly like Madonna circa "Bloodhounds Of Broadway", who advises us to steal said record and comes up with music hall's oldest gag: "Nah, you get your prick out. Second thoughts, don't bother. I couldn't see it from here". Oddly reassuring.

A fine evening's entertainment. Even as one of the cloddish barbarous enemy I was content to bat shuttles to and fro across the trenches.

CHRIS ROBERTS

**FRUITS OF THEIR LABOURS**

**TOP/THE CRANBERRIES**

YOU may be thinking, "Oh no, not another Cranberries review," yet everything you've read since Sally Margaret Joy's original euphoric piece has been true. When you see them you'll understand. You'll see that golden kernel of promise that all those writers have seen. You'll see a fragile thing, a newly hatched chick that, carefully nourished, will grow into a beautiful creature. That's all. The Cranberries have a long way to go. They adhere to nothing but their instincts and perhaps it's wrong to judge such ingenious potential in the manner we judge wilful, professional pop. Such as Top.

This is a curious bill. The two groups could not be more unlike in their intent or, come to that, their ability. Top are a sleek, efficient trio. They work hard to fill the stage and put on a show. Paul Cavannagh has an undistinctive, rather tuneless voice, but he uses it well and songs like "Buzzin'" and, especially, "Life Is Only Dreaming", are delivered with such confidence and brio that the audience is swept along with them.

The Cranberries are the complete opposite. They have no stagecraft whatsoever. Their playing, particularly the drumming, is heavy-handed and awkward. Dolores screws up her face and concentrates to be heard above the clumsy mix. But there it is, the thing that draws you in, her impossible voice. There's that lymph-curling middle section of "Put Me Down"; there's that swooping delight in the chorus of "How" and the gorgeous lilt of "Dreams" with the words: "Now my life is changing every day, in every possible way". And you can believe it. Gradually, nearly everyone here is won over.

There's a tender membrane between promise and perfection. To be a success on our terms, pop's terms, The Cranberries will be expected to lose something, learn to put on an act, corrupt themselves. The world they're in now—touring colleges with a vigorous pop group—is the world where leery, beery boys discuss the contents of Dolores' jeans between songs, snigger when she announces a song in her rich Irish accent, and look bemused when she follows a tender melody like "Liar" with the galloping Poguetry of "Don't Tell Me What To Do".

It's a cruel, fickle world, quick to make up its tiny mind and it'll be a sweet miracle if The Cranberries, who are from another world, survive it with their shining promise unblemished. But I trust them to. I trust them to have the good sense not to listen to a thing we say, take what they want from the experience and deliver what they need to give. If, for once, you and I—consumers,



Cranberries

PICT: STEPHEN SWEET



Top

critics, judges—can allow a group to do that, then The Cranberries in full bloom will be our reward. In time. As for Top, well, there's no justice in pop, is there? There's no particular reason why they should be overshadowed by a support act. Top are as good/bad as, say, Blur. So why haven't they had the same acreage in print or the hits? Not such a ruthless promotions machine? Not such a snotty attitude? Who can tell? Not John and Steve from Wantage who, like most of The Kids here, came to see Top tonight. They'll be paying 40 quid for a cab home and they seemed to get whatever they came for. Top delivered. In time, Top's hard work may give them their reward too. But we mustn't count on it. Damn it, time is one thing pop is reluctant to give. JIM ARUNDEL

**THE WEDDING PRESENT**

**LUXOR, COLOGNE**

THE place is packed tonight, and familiar anthems like the brilliant "Dalliance" are greeted with warm Teutonic acclaim. But it's the unfamiliar things that are most striking. Earlier, I'd heard David Gedge telling a German journalist that he wanted to move away from the anguish and alienation of "Sea Monsters"—and, right at the start, we get the first of five unrecorded songs that offer clues as to how he proposes to achieve that. "Silver Shorts" seems, believe it or not, like The Wedding Present's answer to Prince (Jesus—Ed), mildly fetishistic lyrics, a sweet melody occasionally disrupted by blasts of guitar noise, and DG forcing his ugly duckling voice to take flight by singing in a curious, cramped falsetto.

After that, there's a full-length dive into the murky currents of "Sea Monsters", with the draining "Suck" and a burning "Blonde". By "Bewitched", there are indications of how new guitarist Paul Dorrington has changed the band. What he's added, essentially, is extra texture—a flexible shimmer of sound behind Gedge's gruff homilies. "Blue Eyes" isn't entirely convincing on first acquaintance, but the next newcomer, "Three", jumps up and down and begs to be

a single. The lyric, incidentally, is yet another of Gedge's tales from a love triangle. What has he been doing up there in the Tropic of Otley?

Whatever, "Come Play With Me" has Gedge again pushing his voice to the limit, adding to the song's built-in vulnerability, and the sweet semi-acoustic jangle gradually mutates into a snarling sonic beast. "Yes", the last of the night's new revelations, is a kind of noise-Merseybeat, Gedge yeah-yeah-yeah-ing for all he's worth over sandstorm guitars.

And some of the old songs shine just as brightly. "Corduroy" is still an touching lament for lost innocence, while Dorrington stars on "Rotterdam", with some hypnotic phased swirls. Gedge then unwittingly illustrates the song's theme of poor communication by getting the German translation of "We don't do encores" wrong and prompting chuckles, but after "Octopussy" that's soon forgotten. Look, The Wedding Present's songs are always based in reality, and are often about inadequacy and disappointment. I know some of you would rather not have such messy, unglamorous things mixed in with your pop music. But how anyone who ever had a wounded heart can fail to be affected by something as shattered and numbing as "Octopussy" is honestly

damning. Tonight The Wedding Present prove once again that it is possible to deliver poetry in a provincial accent—and those new songs suggest that their best is yet to come. DAVE JENNINGS

**COLOUR ME BADD**  
**HAMMERSMITH ODEON, LONDON**

THERE'S no doubt about it, Colour Me Badd are uglier than anything you'd find in nature. This shouldn't matter, of course, but as they insist on using peachy bimbos in their videos, and cite Janet Jackson and supermodel Cindy Crawford as their fantasy women, it makes you (intelligent person who knows exactly where you are in the aesthetic scheme of things) wonder how they (Colour Me Badd—frog footmen at the Ugly Bugly Ball) can be so lacking in insecurities.

They come on and you can smell their aftershave 20 rows back. There's the Zapata-moustached Bryan, odious in orange. He does all the twiddly singing. Next to him there's the freakish Mark in blue, thrusting his area at a flurry of pre-pubescent hands. The frighteningly randy one in purple is Kevin. He's the one who persists in grabbing the mike and drawing "I wanna love ya re-e-al slo-o-ow" when he knows

damn well that most of the audience aren't old enough to let him do anything of the sort. Finally, resplendent in green, there's Sam, who bears more than a passing resemblance to Wayne Hussey. He dunks his hands in to the crowd, expecting to get pulled in, no doubt, but finds all the little girls rearing violently away from him. He doesn't seem embarrassed. He wants to be "an example to everyone who wants to do something positive with their lives". Great!

"Adore Mi Amor" has them wittering in Spanish, which goes down well with the 11-year-old chicks in their "I Wanna Sex You Up" tee-shirts. Pelvic grinding is held in check for "Hush", their a capella tune, and they are likeable when they're singing together, they seem less grubby. "Daddy's Home", however, does sound grubby to us who are old enough not to need stabilisers on our bikes, especially when "I Wanna Sex You Up" follows soon after.

The show dissolves into one of those dire audience participation affairs. Who am I trying to kid? Me and my friend drowned out the rest of them. In conclusion, little girls like Colour Me Badd because they're as compellingly ugly as anything they'd stare at in a pet shop, and they can do the splits! SALLY MARGARET JOY

RUBBISH

A PERFECT DAY TO DROP THE BOMB

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

BLOODSPORT FOR ALL

SURFIN' USM

BILLY'S SMART CIRCUS

THIS IS HOW IT FEELS

RE-EDUCATING RITA

G.I. BLUES

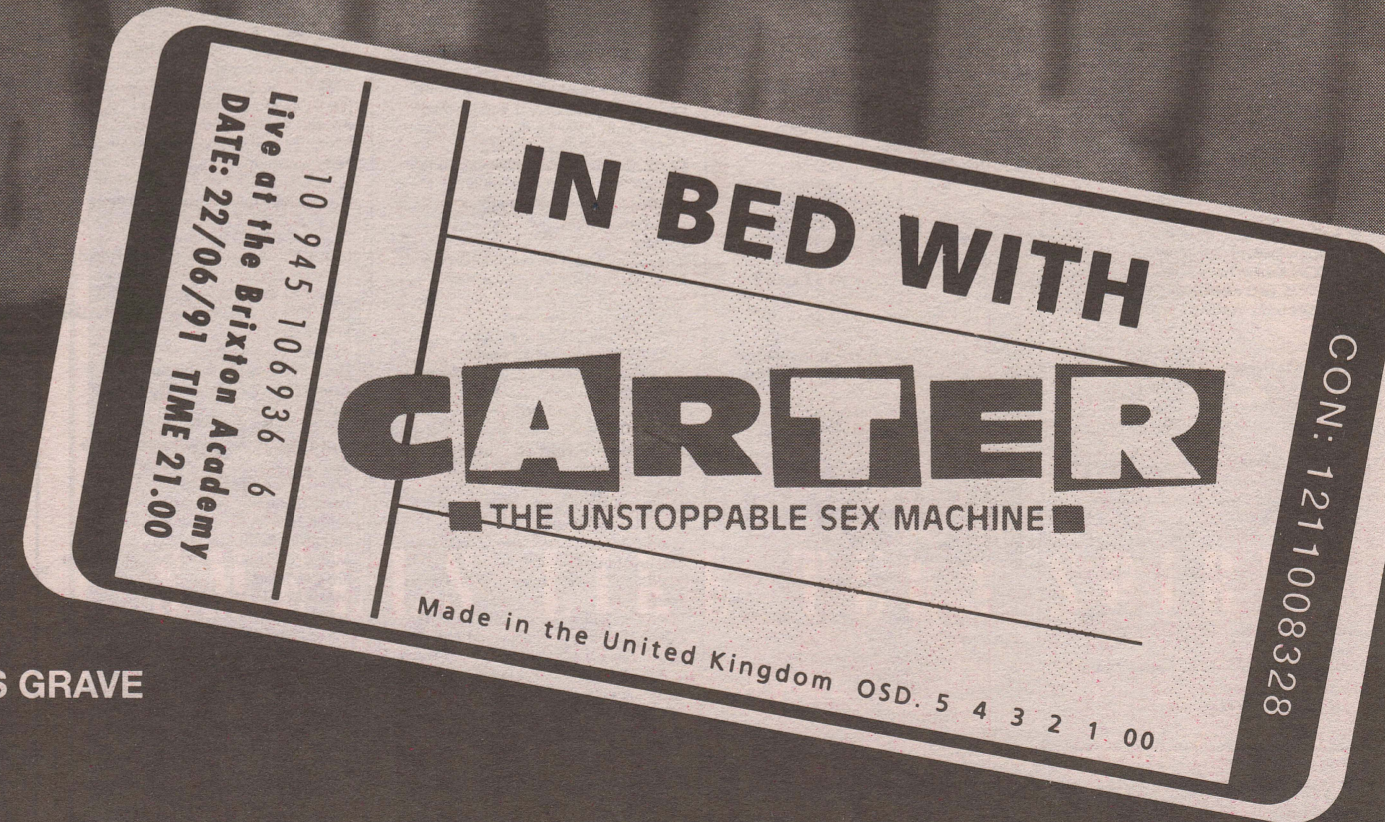
MIDNIGHT ON THE MURDER MILE

MY SECOND TO LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

RENT

SHERIFF FATMAN

A PRINCE IN A PAUPER'S GRAVE



the video

in the shops 11 November

Jim Bob and Fruitbat would like to thank everyone who came to the After The Watershed tour....cheers



PICT: STEPHEN SWEET

**TRIBE**  
**POWERHAUS, LONDON**

BOSTON? Who cares? If you're really into drawing musical maps, Tribe wouldn't be nestling in there amongst you-know-who, they'd be bounding all over the place, freely enough to give any budding cartographer a nervous breakdown. Try to tie them down and you'll seriously be missing the point.

Often tonight, Tribe could almost be MOR, only this time you don't know where the road's going to turn next, let alone where it's leading. They're at a strange conjuncture between breathless spontaneity and conscious response, an exhilarating new-day thrill. Tribe are no leap into the beyond; however many excursions they take, they always keep an even keel.

This is all meant as a glowing compliment. You can't help feeling provided and catered for, offered a free ride without having to suffer all those hip cultural landmarks. "Pay Phone" luxuriates in itself, gently bobbing and buoying as though it's catching lifts on successive air-tide undulations, while "Outside" starts off with Disco Inferno-like fractured web-work, before mutating through neo-tribal chants. It's a tease. The moment you think you've got a handle on them, they're off again, but it's the moment when they pull out, when they suddenly spread themselves over as wide an area as possible, that's really when they have you gasping for breath.

The illustriously named Janet LaValley captures their double nature just as well. She's equal parts panther, vamp and multi-limbed Khalif, prowling round the stage and clawing the air with a look so wicked you want to rip the legs off the seats and start sharpening them into stakes then and there. Natural agility and knowing seduction, Tribe have all bases covered. Smothered, I was, smothered. JON SELZER



# THE PASTELS

WHAT YOU SHOULD BE CONCERNED WITH HERE IS THAT, IN A time when artists have been almost universally replaced by "media personalities", The Pastels are back with two new EPs and are still conveying their feelings with broad passionate sweeps of emotion.

The first EP, the delightfully chaotic "Speedway Star", which also includes a version of Daniel Johnston's "Speeding Motorcycle", was released a month ago. The second, the impassioned "Thru' Your Heart", a collection of torching ballads, is out any day now. Both have been made Maker Singles Of The Week. "Speedway Star" even reached that hallowed status in Speedway Star, the bible for Speedway racing fans.

"It was a really charming piece about how we attended the Speedway in Glasgow," Stephen, The Pastels' self-confessedly introverted singer, reveals. "They quoted nearly the whole song and wished us luck, but the person who wrote it couldn't really figure it out. He thought the fact it had done well in Melody Maker meant we'd be on 'Top Of The Pops'."

STEPHEN has long been feted in these pages as some sort of reluctant torch-bearer for people who wear anoraks, and as the originator of the Glasgow "scene" which spawned Primal Scream, the Mary Chain and later on - Teenage Fanclub, BMX Bandits and Perspex White Out. Let's ignore all that as both irrelevant and ridiculous. Let's concentrate on music for once.

It seems strange you chose to include a song by Daniel Johnston, the cult US figure whose fans include Sonic Youth and Kramer. (With only a tape recorder and guitar he released around a dozen tapes through the Eighties and has just started recording again for Shimmydisc after a spell in a mental institution).

"He's one of the most beautiful, honest and affected songwriters I've ever heard," Stephen explains. "And I love the melodies in his songs. I can slip into a song like 'Speeding Motorcycle' really easily and feel a part of it. He's so undervalued and it's so sad."

So "Speedway Star" is a concept single all about motor-racing. But isn't the new single also conceptual too? All the songs are very, very sad. Stephen disagrees.

"It's not sad, it's gutsy," he says. What, a song like the darkening "Sign Across Me" isn't sorrowful? Your voice must be more laden with ennui than you realise. And how about the fragile, almost childlike, quality to Aggi's singing on "Firebell Ringing"?

**Despite two years of inactivity when band members left in droves, The Pastels are now back with a new EP. EVERETT TRUE talks to the band who've influenced everyone from the Mary Chain to Primal Scream and Teenage Fanclub. Pic: MARY SCANLON**

"Firebell Ringing" is a funny song," counters Stephen. "It was written on a train to London. Aggi and I were sitting across from this mother who was keeping her kid entertained by drawing this elaborate picture of a kitchen with a happy wee family. She'd pass it onto him and he'd go, 'Mum, the kitchen's on fire!' and start drawing flames, or 'Mum's the chip pan's on fire!' and so on."

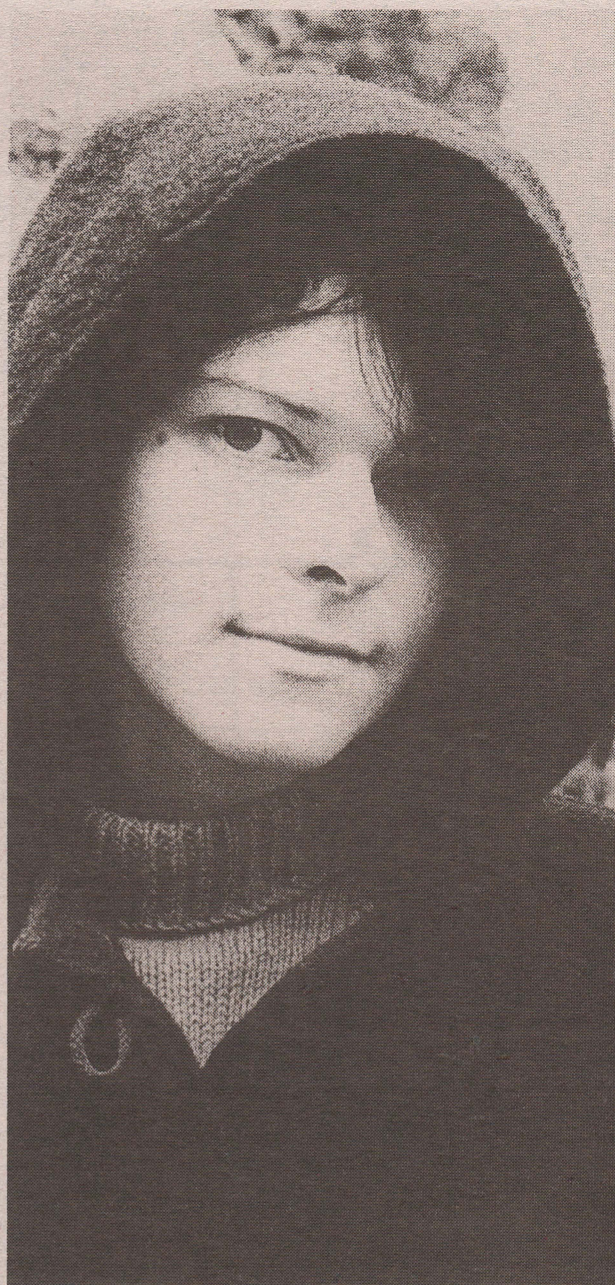
"The ultimate one," Aggi adds, "Was when she drew a fire station and all these firemen coming to put out the flames, and he went, 'Mum, the fireman's on fire!'. So we wanted to incorporate the idea of everything catching fire into a song."

Why did you choose to include the (bedroom) demo version of "Thru' Your Heart" (which features new Pastel, Katrina, singing to herself over a strummed guitar) on the CD?

"It was to prove great songs are great songs, however they're recorded," Stephen explains. "I wanted to contrast well-recorded studio stuff with bedroom stuff to show that poetry can exist anywhere. I like things that cover the spectrum."

THE last Pastels' record proper to be released was the '89 album, "Sittin' Pretty" (could we ignore their other records as ancient history, please?). And, aside from a one-off K single, "Different Drum", last year, that's been it. Line-up difficulties had a lot to do with their absence. Stephen is now the only original member left, following the (slightly acrimonious) departure of guitarist Brian Superstar, a year after the rhythm section did the same. This necessitated a role-change for Aggi from keyboards to bass, and the welcoming-in of Katrina.

Multi-instrumentalist Katrina joined her favourite band after strategically leaving some instruments lying round her room when Stephen and Aggi came to visit. She managed to convince them she



could play every instrument under the sun, including bagpipes and tuba. Before she heard The Pastels, she'd never even listened to independent music.

"She gave us a pretty unconvincing performance on the trombone one time," Stephen comments. "Considering how good she was meant to be on the tuba." The live line-up, on tour this week with Jad Fair, will also include drummer Charlie and maybe David Keegan (ex-Shop Assistants) on additional guitar. It should be storming.

"The past two years have been very difficult for us," Stephen says. "We hadn't put out any records and we had no idea whether anyone would still like us when we finally did. But we carried on, because we really believed in what we were doing, and we were doing it for ourselves."

The Pastels' flag was kept flying through this period via Pastelism, a loose sort of fan club, and its resultant conventions, where bands such as Teenage Fanclub,

*"We carried on because we really believed in what we were doing and we were doing it for ourselves" - Stephen*

Calvin Johnson (Beat Happening), Melody Dog and Jad Fair (Half-Japanese) got up to play. The Pastels returned the favour, by playing at Calvin's International Pop Underground festival in Olympia this summer (look out for the LP featuring Nirvana, Bikini Kills and Some Velvet Sidewalk among others).

"The main reason for the conventions was that we didn't have a band at the time," Stephen explains. "But we wanted to carry on existing and communicating, so we thought we could play music in rooms. The one when Jad played in Pat's pantry was my favourite show of the year, alongside Primal Scream at Barrowlands. It was just so intense, he played with so much passion and the acoustics were great. Even if that was the only thing we'd done, it would have been worth it."

A fanzine followed, something Stephen has always been in favour of without liking that many, because, as he puts it, "they're either apologetic, or the writers view them as a stepping stone towards writing for the Melody Maker or NME". Hence Pastelism - the magazine: writing about the musics they like, with all the passion of the musics they like.

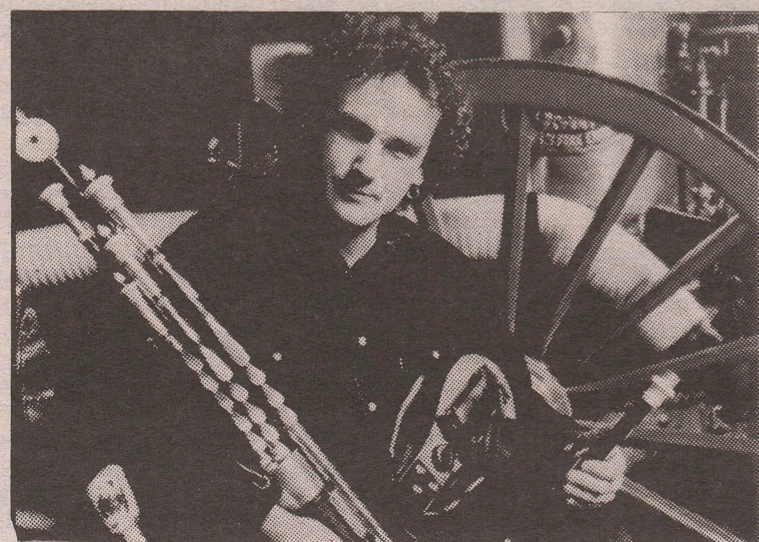
The Pastels are still - perhaps foolishly - trying to keep music as a personal experience, going against the whole Guns N' Roses consensus grain. And that's why I love them so. They're determined to be special(ist).

The Pastels make music for individuals, those shunned at school, the outsiders. The consensus is pretty much always wrong, or, at least, very dulling. As Stephen puts it: "When you play on stage it's got to really burn, it's got to have that intensity or it's nothing."

"Sometimes, I wonder if it's all that different from looking into a Viewfinder," he muses. Unaffected, pure music. That's The Pastels.

*'Thru' Your Heart' and 'Speedway Star' are out now on Paperhouse. The Pastels are currently touring the UK. See Gig Guide for details.*

## DAVY SPILLANE



*pipedreams*

OUT NOW ON CD, LP & TC

Tara RECORDS (3026)

Distributed by: Pinnacle Records - Ph: (0689) 873 144

Booking Agent: Rob Challice - Ph: (071) 960 6000

### TOUR DATES

November 20th - London / Tower Records Piccadilly (In store appearance 5.00 to 6.00pm)

22nd - Wolverhampton / Wulfrum Civic Hall. 23rd - Derby / Where House.

24th - Consett (Co. Durham) / Irish Club. 25th - Glasgow / Mayfair.

26th - Edinburgh / Venue. 27th - Aberdeen / Ceasars Palace.

December 1st - Bristol / Victoria Rooms. 3rd - Oxford / Venue.

4th - London / Mean Fiddler

# revolver

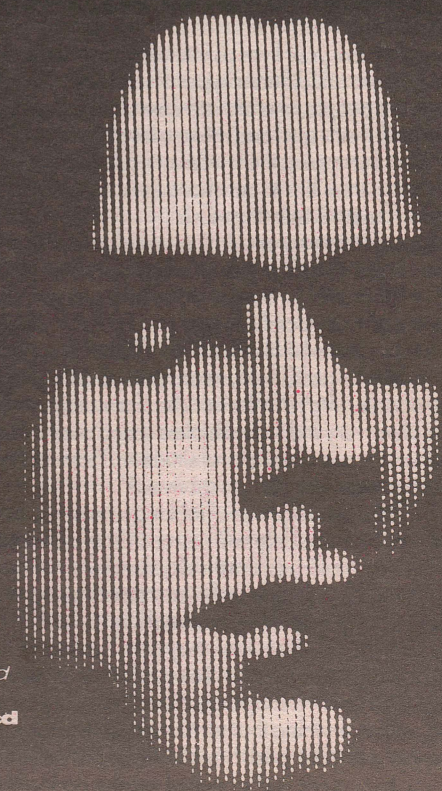
out next week

*crimson don't ever leave  
drowning inside  
further away*

revolver on tour in november 14 brighton the richmond 15 windsor the old trout 16 canterbury kent university 18 derby warehouse 19 leicester princess charlotte 20 leads the duchess 22 edinburgh the venue 23 glasgow king tuts wah wah club 24 aberdeen caesars palace 26 newcastle the riverside 28 liverpool the planet 29 manchester boardwalk 30 stoke staffs polytechnic december 1 birmingham the barrel organ 2 oxford the jenco 3 trowbridge psykik pig 5 rayleigh pink tooth brush 6 london subterania

Hut recordings

numbered limited edition double a sided 7" in gatefold sleeve also on cd and 12" hut9/cd Distributed by RTM/APT.



EMOTION LOTION The Album

THE NOVEMBER PACKAGE TOUR

5	MENCASLE	Riverside
7	BRADFORD	Queens Hall
8	WOLVERHAMPTON	Polytechnic
9	READING	University
11	NORWICH	Waterfront
12	BRIGHTON	Zap
13	WINDSOR	Psykik Dance Hall
14	LONDON	H.U...Special Guest STAIRS
16	NARBURCK	University
18	LEDS	Duchess Of York
20	BUCKLEY	Tivoli
21	LIVERPOOL	Polytechnic...Special Guest STAIRS
22	MANCHESTER	University
23	GAMBURGE	Junction
26	BRISTOL	Thekla **
27	NORTHAMPTON	Nene College**
28	BOURNEMOUTH	Hot House**

\*\*GRANBERRIELESS