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MELODY MAKER

BLUE AEROPLANES

Cue spontaneous rock'n'roll concert!

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Jesus swept!

JESUS JONES clean up in America

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LIVE!

MOOSE/GALLON DRUNK
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION

"JUST what the world needs. Another Modern English," remarked a passing Camden Lurcher sarcastically as we downed our 15th whiskey and tonic. I could see his point. Modern English, for the uninitiated and fortunate, were the

archetypal gloomy, pretentious and mediocre goth band, a bunch of serious musos from Colchester, Essex who did more than any to give 4AD its original image of unsmiling art-school boys who got turned on by the bleak and the superficially glamorous and very little else. With the emphasis on boys. Now one of them is playing with our very own Moose and holding his bass up high and unfunky just like in all your worst nightmares, and all of a sudden, Moose are turning up front, In-Yer-Face, and what once seemed so mysterious and feminine, lurking forever in the shadows, is now being revealed as something much less magical, something far more mundane. A boy's own version of the Valentines. There. I've just totally contradicted my review of their single a week back. Blast!

Russell does look like David Gedge. Sorry, but it's a fact - even unshaven and with cropped hair. Maybe if he didn't cradle the microphone with his guitar slung just so. Maybe if he wasn't so swarthily good-looking. The other two guitarists don't add much, not anything really; they only serve to fill in the gaps which are so pleasingly left unfilled on the current EP (Yes, I still rate that one). And when they launch into "Untitled Love Song" with the guitar blood-red and crusading and the vocals as doomed as ever they should be, my heart lurches through my chest and I have to run outside fast, lest I be crushed by the overwhelming ennu. That's a compliment.

Yeah. I don't know. Like, to me, Moose write some outstanding songs on vinyl and come across all Nancy Sinatra swooning across the Riveria with half-a-dozen Gabriel Garcia Marquezes in tow, but live... live, they're like Pale Saints without the presence, they make the proverbial dishwasher look like a small

stagnating puddle of yesterday's rain down Cricklewood Lane. And yet everyone else talks about getting blasted and having a blast and existing within a blast furnace and whatever whenever they witness the magnificence that is Moose live and here am I, just getting blasted. Hell, my nerve-ends got shot to hell watching the moonstruck Cranberries earlier, anyhow.

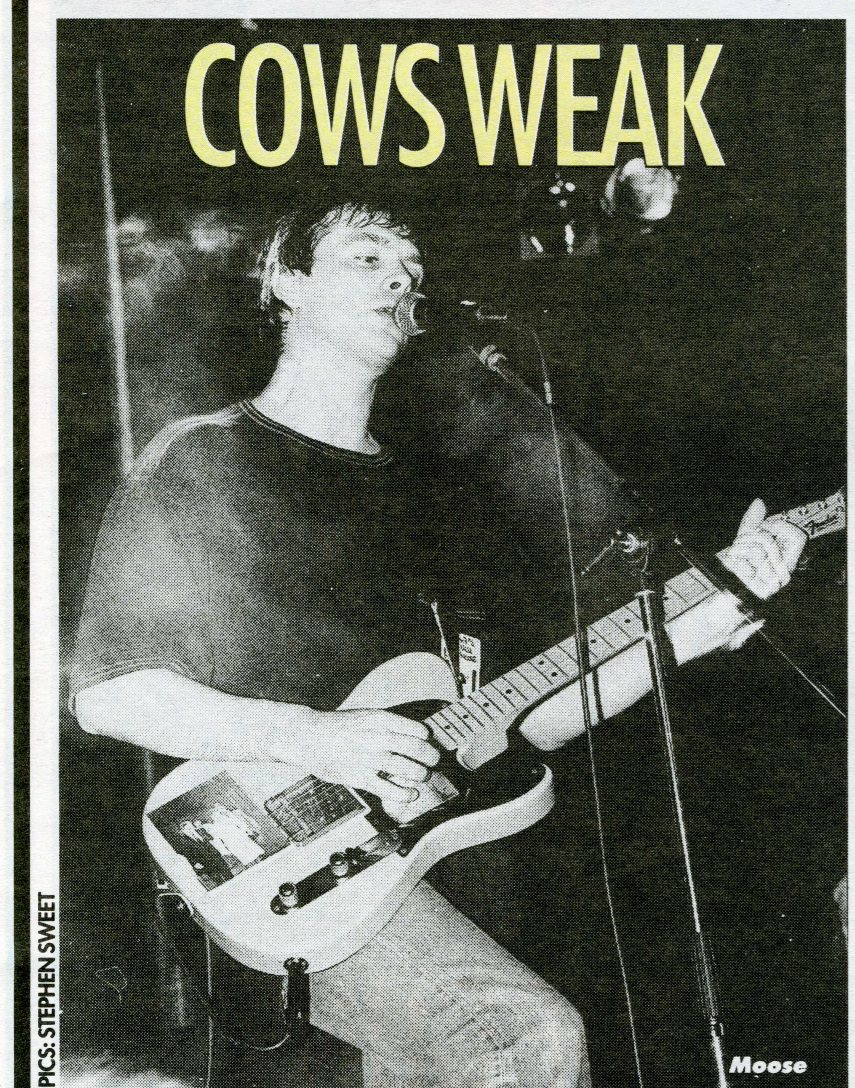
Gallon Drunk suffer from bad sound. And an extraneous band member who waggles his maracas inaudibly and looks rather cool but otherwise makes no apparent contribution. Other than that, all is fine. More than fine: like honey poured down the throat to satisfy a particularly irksome tickle, Gallon Drunk are a friar's balsam of a band.

Watching Gallon Drunk is like being stuck inside Jim Jarmusch's "Mystery Train" all the way: all those wonderful atmospherics that come from having 'billy music sleazed out through a Hammond and a couple of guitar chords. Like, I'd gotten the impression - from their singles and their devilish good looks, not to mention a few over-enthusiastic descriptions - they were a wisened-up version of The Birthday Party, but they're way too wisened-up for that, with their extended instrumental breaks and swirling organ. Check the B-side of current single, "The Whirlpool" for a real gone example of what we're talking about.

Sure, the bass thunders out just like in the old days and sure, the singer, bless his handsome socks, grunts and growls and coughs as ever before, but... well hell Tinkerbell, Gallon Drunk are stuck on board the Mystery Train and long may they never get off.
EVERETT TRUE



Gallon Drunk



PICS: STEPHEN SWEET

Moose

YES
WEMBLEY ARENA, LONDON

YOU might think that if they're going to go to all the bother of reforming a feuding eight-man line-up, then they might as well resurrect everything that was BIG about Yes: Rick Wakeman's scape, symphony-length solos: a celebration of visual, sartorial and musicianly excess.

But if I'd been anticipating an insane extravaganza, an authentic recreation of The Yes Experience, my hopes are dashed by my first glimpse of Rick. The former mad bastard is wearing a poncho. A black one, with only a sprinkling of sparkles.

Disturbingly, Yes have taken their first few, faltering steps into the present. They've stopped grimacing at particularly dramatic moments. They've chopped their solos to something approaching normal length (even Rick). Tony Kaye's hair has gone white, Steve Howe has lost most of his, and Chris Squire's zebra-striped coat ill conceals a spreading girth. The light show, by today's standards, is tame, involving a spider's legs wriggling and changing colour above a revolving stage. They play two non-ethereal, standard rock work-outs from their latest album, as well as "Amazing Grace".

But if Yes are prepared to commit such sins against those of us who had hoped to revel in some genuine Seventies buffoonery, they're steeped enough in the past to be loudly branded "old hippies" by various reprehensible hecklers.

Jon Anderson, clad in what looks like a toga, is still in fairyland, his vocals quavering with all the old conviction as Yes make their way through a three-hour set composed largely of classic "pieces" from "The Yes Album" and "Fragile".

And there are some wonderful, preposterous highlights, including a 20-minute "Yours Is No Disgrace", the angel Anderson playing a mini-harp on "Awakenings", Rick on dual keyboards on "Heart Of The Sunrise", and the audience clapping to "And You And I" and "Roundabout", which closes the show.

Not everything it could've been, but some of it ain't half fun, mum.
CAROL CLERK

THE CRANBERRIES

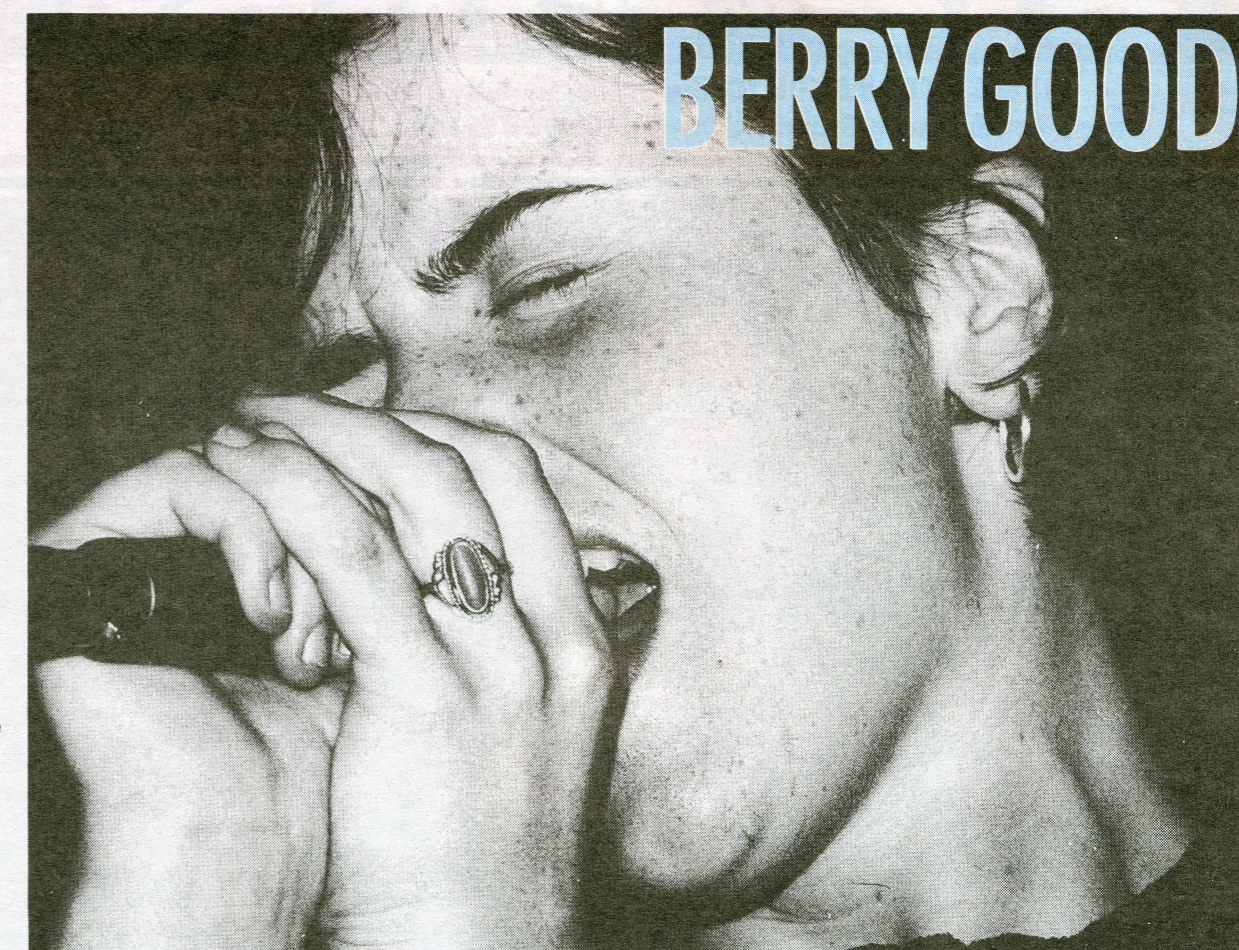
OLD TROUT, WINDSOR ONE day, quite soon maybe, you'll get to hear the whole story. Part of it will be about how one sophisticated London gent took it upon himself to fete the wide-eyed Cranberries with an expensive Italian meal; hardly exotic stuff, but, to use his own words, he "may as well have asked them to eat a bat!" Unspoilt, brilliant and deeply distrustful, The Cranberries really are wild young things.

Singer Dolores hasn't yet learnt to banish hurt and bewilderment from her clean-cut face. Regrettably, she keeps her head in profile for most of the gig, trying desperately to hide what most singers try to replicate all the time. And let's take a stab at that voice. She has the voice of a saint stuck in a glass harp while being pelted with ice cubes by vicious Clangers... no? Okay, she sings like an escapee from Les Voix Bulgares, grazed, brave and wounded.

Their shyness is not only painful, but infectious too. We can hardly bear to look until the first four songs have shot by. And then it's even more embarrassing to watch because they're so shamefully perfect! Just for a minute, "Put Me Down" recalls The Undertones at their most poignant, and then suddenly there's a break where the cymbals crash and Dolores sings down what must be the whole of her Irish ancestry in one glorious descent. These are the most beautiful high notes you'll ever get to hear outside of La Scala, except they're untrained and unglutinous.

What about lyrics, then? Well, there are some buttock-clenching moments like one song where "the world's an illusion" and Dolores swears "I'm on your side", but who cares? Dolores means it and we happen to be living in times when "Can you dig it? Ugh eugh ooh" passes for lyrics! Pah, we'll forgive The Cranberries anything. When Dolores sings "So why are you holding her hand?", you catch yourself mumbling, "I'll get her for you, under your breath. You can't for the life of you remember what the word "jaded" means.

Halfway through their set they've overtaken Curve and The Sundays. The indie world will prove too small for them. They're not knock-kneed, they're not inept and they're not transparent yellow. "Dreams" rumbles ahead, a giant pop song, ordinary until Dolores' voice shoots up like a lift that's suddenly decided it wants to take you to the top floor. Pop's penthouse suite awaits The Cranberries.
SALLY MARGARET JOY



PIC: PETE GRANT

primal scream

DJs Andrew Weatherall & The Orb

➔ **get yer rocks off!**

july 1991

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Thu25 Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre 8pm-2am Fri26 Cambridge Corn Exchange 8pm-2am

Sat27 Norwich Waterfront 8pm-1am Sun28 Bristol Studio 7pm-12am

Mon29 London Empire Ballroom Leicester Sq 10pm-3am

➔ **get loaded!**

New single "Dont Fight It, Feel It" available August 5

JESUS JONES

Right Here, Right Now

New Single Out Now
CD and 12 inch include "Info Psycho"
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at Summer XS, Wembley Stadium
on Saturday 13th July

EMI