

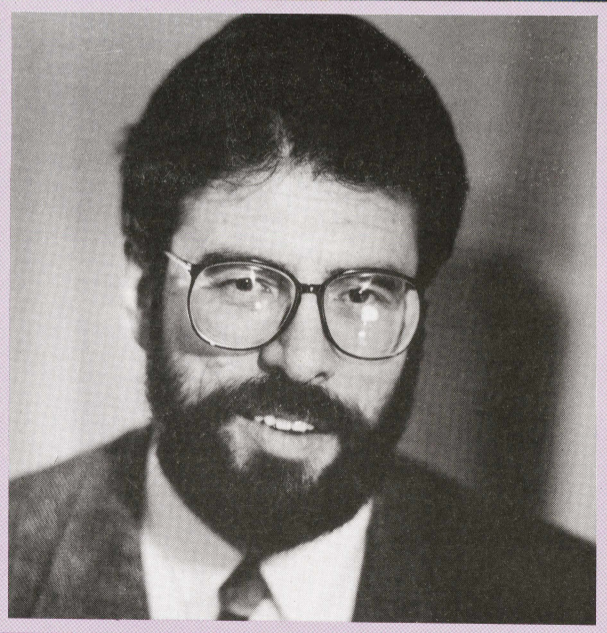
HOT PRESS

WORLD EXCLUSIVE!
Gordon Thomas Comes Clean

WAR AND PEACE '93

PETER GABRIEL

GAMES ACROSS FRONTIERS



GERRY ADAMS

**A UNITED IRELAND IS
WORTH FIGHTING
FOR**

SUSAN MCHUGH

**WAR! WHAT IS IT
GOOD FOR?**

radio • the IRTC tapes • the cranberries

that petrol emotion • lir

Eamonn McCann - Sympathy for the Serbs



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DOING IT FOR THEMSELVES

THIS REMINDS me of the time I shared a bed with Maria McKee. It was fully made and we were sitting on top of it, I hasten to add, but there was a marked intimacy about the affair which you don't get when you're stuck in a record company interview room with a PR person skulking in the background and pulling faces every time you ask something even vaguely salacious.

The setting this afternoon is a suite at U2's gaff, The Clarence Hotel, where Dolores O'Riordan is peeping out at me rather blearily from underneath a king size quilt. Style watchers will be interested to note that The Cranberries lead singer is resplendent in a pair of brown and white polka dot pyjamas and matching dressing-gown while a quick glance at the floor beside her reveals that furry Dunne's Stores' slippers are this season's *de rigueur* footwear.

"You wouldn't get Cher or Madonna talking to journalists if they looked like they'd just been dragged through a hedge backwards and jumped on by a herd of cows", she chuckles, "but I can't be bothered with all this image nonsense. We've done TV shows where people have thrown tantrums and refused to go on because they've got a spot on their nose which is ridiculous.

"There's a lot of pressure on you, especially when you're female, to be 'sexy' and 'glamorous' but if I'm not in the mood for plastering my face with make-up or doing my hair, I won't bother. I'm happy enough being myself, so why pretend to be someone else?"

It strikes me that Dolores, as a teenager, has already sussed what it takes most musicians a

whole career to discover. And this is the girl that my British counterparts still insist on portraying as "naive" and "innocent"! The reason I'm here in her boudoir, as the Limerick lass delicately puts it herself, is that she's "completely knackered" and in need of a rest after a mad dash round the UK with Belly and a week of laying her soul bare to the world's press in support of The Cranberries' debut album, "Everybody Else is Doing It, So Why Can't We?".

"Belly was a great tour to get", she enthuses, "because although we're very different, there are enough similarities for their fans to appreciate what we're about and vice versa. The other thing is that they specifically asked for us — we weren't forced on them by the promoter and that meant we were able to relax and enjoy ourselves without worrying that we might be chucked off after the first night.

"For me, personally, it was wonderful getting to know someone like Tanya (Donnelly) who's been in the business since she was eighteen, experienced the various highs and lows and still loves what she's doing. Her classic piece of advice to me was 'men suck' which, I must admit, I was relieved to hear because it means I'm not the only person who feels that way every now and again".

Liam Fay, as I write, is burning his string vest and studded leather posing pouch in protest at that frankly sexist anti-male statement. Anyway, were you able to look at Tanya and say, "yeah, that could be me in five or six years time?"

"No. We got on brilliantly but attitude-wise we differ enormously. She's certainly far more cynical and hardened towards life than I am — her parents broke up when she was quite young and she doesn't see much of her family whereas I'm one of nine brothers and sisters, my Mam and Dad are happily married still and whenever I go home, I'm surrounded by relations.

THE CRANBERRIES have overcome the growing pains that all young bands encounter to become one of Ireland's brightest prospects. Here, **DOLORES O'RIORDAN** and **FERGAL LAWLOR** tell **STUART CLARK** about the new friends they've made, their first trip to America and a chance encounter with Michael Stipe. Pic: Cathal Dawson.

recognised me was deafening. It's easy to get fed up with the business side of things but those kind of moments remind you why you joined the band in the first place".

Although they've yet to make the commercial breakthrough that Island so obviously expect, The Cranberries have laid enough solid foundations to suggest that when they do crack it, they'll get more than their prerequisite fifteen minutes of fame. Choice supports opening for House of Love, Mike Oldfield and Hothouse Flowers have earned them a strong fanbase ranging from your standard indie kid to the chartered accountant with 2.3 children living in suburbia who thinks that the Jesus & Mary Chain is a religious order. They've also dipped their toe into that murky musical pond known as America.

"We'd heard so many horror stories concerning the States", admits Ferg, "that when we went to Los Angeles recently to shoot a video, we were shitting ourselves. Typical tourists, we were expecting to get mugged the moment we got off the plane but there wasn't any hassle".

"We loved it there", joins in Dolores who's getting perkier by the minute, "and they were mad for our music. Whereas the last video we made was a complete waste of money, this one turned out exactly the way we wanted it. Melody McDaniels, who crewed on REM's 'Losing My Religion', directed and was so easy to work with because rather than just barking out orders, she asked what you thought and involved you in the creative process.

"I nearly fainted when Michael Stipe turned up one day to see what was happening and Jean Baptiste-Mondino, the guy who directed Madonna's 'Justify My Love' and that other video where she flirts with the little boy, actually plays a part in it. We were kind of starstruck at first but him and Michael are so down to earth and natural that we soon forgot they were famous".

It was pretty much the same story when, after an abortive first attempt, the band went into the studio with Stephen Street to record "Everybody Else...". Smiths fans will tell you that Street guided Mozzier through some of his finest moments and the producer's deft touch has worked similar wonders for The Cranberries.

"I'd never heard of Stephen before we met him", resumes Dolores, "but when he told us he'd written the music to 'Everyday is Like Sunday' and 'Girlfriend in a Coma', I started frothing at the mouth. When I was at school, I worshipped The Smiths and suddenly to be working with a guy who knew them personally and produced their records was... well, it took a while to sink in".

"Stephen's a bit like Melody", adds Ferg, "in that he knows what he wants from you but he's not a dictator. Before trying something, he'll bounce the idea around and he never forgets that it's your record. He told us at the end that it was the most fun he'd had since The Smiths which was a huge compliment".

Another turning point for the band, he feels, was signing to Rough Trade Management, a company run by indie guru and former Smiths' mentor Geoff Travis.

"Geoff knows the industry inside out but, in addition, he's also a music fan and that means money's not his sole motivation. He's on the phone every day going 'right lads, you've been offered this gig and that interview, do you want to do them?'. We know exactly what's going on which, let's face it, is how it should be because this is our career, our future".

At this point, the interview grinds to a halt because that swine Dawson wants to take some photos and Dolores is reticent about displaying her nighttime apparel to the whole of Ireland.

"I suppose I'm a bit conscious of the way I look", she confesses as we leave her to change, "but, then again, women are entitled to be vain!". God knows what Liam Fay's going to burn in retaliation for that!

"Tanya's biggest ambition", reveals Dolores, "is to have a kid of her own and she couldn't understand why I'm in absolutely no hurry myself to become a mother. I suppose she's looking for the closeness and sense of belonging which, in the nicest possible way, I take for granted".

When it comes to turning punters on, a *Top of the Pops* appearance is still a powerful aphrodisiac and the surprise chart success of Belly's "Feed Trees" ensured that there were plenty of bums on seats throughout the tour. The Cranberries rose to the occasion by giving the headliners a serious run for their tax-free dollars and were only denied their own Thursday night assignment at the Beeb when "Linger" stalled frustratingly close to the Top 50.

"The final night will stick in my memory for a long time", picks up drummer Fergal who's just wandered in clutching a cup of room service's multi-purpose hot drink which looks like hot chocolate, smells like coffee and tastes like diesel sump. "Tanya invited Dolores to join her for the encore and I went into the audience to watch. She got a massive cheer when she walked on and I don't mind admitting that by the end of the song I was nearly in tears. For obvious reasons, I don't often get to stand in front of the stage and watch her perform and it genuinely sent a shiver up the spine".

"When I met Ferg in the dressing-room afterwards", smiles the singer beatifically, "he was rightly emotional and that triggered me off too. The gig was a big deal for us because the record company and all the press were there and everything fell into place perfectly. Our own set was the best we'd played in ages and guesting with Belly was the icing on the cake.

"Tanya wore a Cranberries t-shirt, I changed into one of their's and the roar when the crowd



WE BEGIN by reviewing the laboratory-tested Ice Cream Stand Theory. Two ice cream vendors set up shop at opposite ends of a beach, each drawing about half the beach's customers to his or her stand. Each entrepreneur decides that moving their stand closer to the centre of the beach may win over some of the other stand's business without losing any customers at the extremes.

The two keep on moving closer and closer together trying to steal customers — unaware that their rival's using similar tactics — and ultimately back into each other at the centre of the beach having gained no new customers in the transition. Hell, at this point one of them might as well retire and start working on a tan.

The theory has been applied to party politics, among other things, and today we apply it to Cork bands. The Frank and Walters, The Emperors of Ice Cream, LMNO Pelican, Treehouse, Ruby Horse, the list goes on... are all pushing the same flavour of indie pop rock, the difference between any of them no more earth-shattering than the difference between Mint Chocolate Chip ice cream and Chocolate Chip Mint.

Now before the Cork lynch mob get all riled up let me make it clear that I like ice cream. But a sweet tooth, like an indie fan, has limits.

I heard wonderful things about the Treehouse demo for weeks before it came across my desk (very professionally addressed to "Tara" [the person who reviews demos])! But when it arrived with a press release promising a synthesis of REM, Lemonheads, Dinosaur Jr and Fugazi, I wasn't especially surprised to find that it's just more of the same old melodic, slightly grungy, boy-next-door indie Cork rock.

"Foreign" is the most distinct of the lot with "Howard" stealing some debris out of Ned's Atomic Dustbin, and "Eleanor" unable to wash its hands clean of My Bloody Valentine. The tracks are all catchy but too similar to one another and in the end these five songs would have fared better had they been condensed into two.

Ruby Horse return with four songs recorded very well for close to nothing using the PA in a local venue. But despite the fact that I liked their first demo and found myself singing along to "Dear You" during their sprightly Tivoli set, one has to wonder how far the band will be able to take this. It's all good — far better than the majority of demo offerings — but not especially diverse, and undeniably Cork. You have to wonder how many more Cork clones the world can handle. For

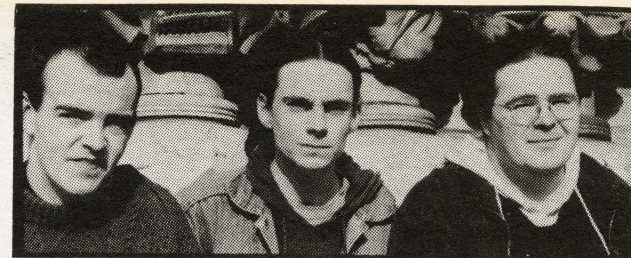
Ruby Horse's sake, let's hope they're not overlooked because the Franks got there first.

But at least all the aforementioned Corkians can play their instruments. The Northern preoccupation with hardcore allows more crap to rise to the top than Cork's indie fixation. After Tart's set during the *Hot Press/Rock School* Showcase gigs someone involved with the band asked me what I thought of both the demo and gig. When I said I wasn't impressed, he said "I didn't think it would be your kind of thing". And he's right — I've never been a big fan of incompetent playing, structureless songs, and stage shows completely dependent on head banging. The lyrically amusing "Tart" is the only song

on this tape of hardcore gibberish that has a semblance of a song while the others rely only upon introductory samples for distinction.

Staying in Belfast for the moment we turn to the *Daisy Plague*, another Belfast Rocks III alumnus. "Girl With the Blue Tattoo" has a blatant punky tune and the singers each sound as though they've smoked forty Majors before entering the studio. "Bird In A Cage" goes nuts with screams and howls and fiendish guitars. But instead of coming across as a post-Nirvana Madness or Specials, The Daisy Plague leave you wondering whether their sound is simply too dated.

Because something can be "not my thing" and still be good, I turn to Bohinta. While all ten of



Cork's Treehouse

these songs are not stormers, this Scottish Dublin-based band (with one Irish member) are a fascinating Celtic rock blend, like Clannad meets REM with Tracey Chapman thrown in for good measure. "Dancer" is rowdy yet polished and helps Galway's Judas Diary and Waterford's Mansons Garden in their quest to make the flute

cool. "Heaven" is a Celtic hippie binge and has the same unbridled intensity as [obscure reference warning] Pennsylvania's completely under-appreciated Live.

Lastly — simply because I like them — are Flower Sermon, an Enigma-tic dance act à la St. Etienne from London/New York. The tape has been released as

a single in the UK and is unlikely to make its way to these shores in any commercial form. A beautiful, lyrical mix of keyboards, cello, double bass and choir vocals, Flower Sermon uplift the spirit as they get your feet moving. And because Jay Ahern, the New Yorker driving the whole project, once worked with groundbreaking hip hoppers like Luke Skywalker, Flower Sermon draw as much on Arrested Development as they do on This Mortal Coil.

Music for body and soul.

You can hear some of the demo tapes reviewed in *Demo Parade* by tuning into the *City Limits* youth affairs show on Anna Livia 103FM, every Saturday morning between 10 and 12, in association with Hot Press.

Saturday 22nd May - 8.00 p.m.
A VIENNESE BALL
RTE Concert Orchestra
Joan Merrigan, *Soprano*
David Hamilton, *Tenor*
Dublin County Choir
Prionnsias Ó Duinn, *Conductor*

Sunday 23rd May - 3.00 p.m.
"THE ROMPS"

All adults must be accompanied by Children.
RTE Concert Orchestra
Gareth Hudson, *Conductor*

Sunday 23rd May - 8.00 p.m.
ITALIAN NIGHT

Ulster Orchestra
Hagai Shaham, *Violin*
Barry Wordsworth, *Conductor*
Included will be the Paganini Violin Concerto No. 1 and the Italian Symphony by Mendelssohn

Monday 24th May - 8.00 p.m.
RUSSIAN FAVOURITES AND CARMINA BURANA

National Symphony Orchestra
Frances Lucey, *Soprano*
Peter Kerr, *Tenor*
Donald Maxwell, *Baritone*
Gearoid Grant, *Conductor*

Tuesday 25th May - 8.00 p.m.
MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA
featuring great songs and choruses from the Musical Stage from Rodgers and Hammerstein to "Les Miserables".

RTE Concert Orchestra
Gareth Hudson, *Conductor*

Wednesday 26th May - 8.00 p.m.
FRANZ LISZT CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

Deszo Ranki, *Piano*
Janos Rolla, *Leader/Conductor*
Programme will also include Haydn's Symphony No. 7 (Le Midi) and the Four Seasons by Vivaldi and Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 17

Personal Booking: Booking Office - Bank of Ireland Arts Centre, Foster Place, Dublin 2.

Telephone Booking: Ticket Time: (Credit Cards - etc.) Tel: (01) 974222
Monday to Friday 10.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. from May 3rd until May 21

Tickets: Seating £12. Promenade £2.50.

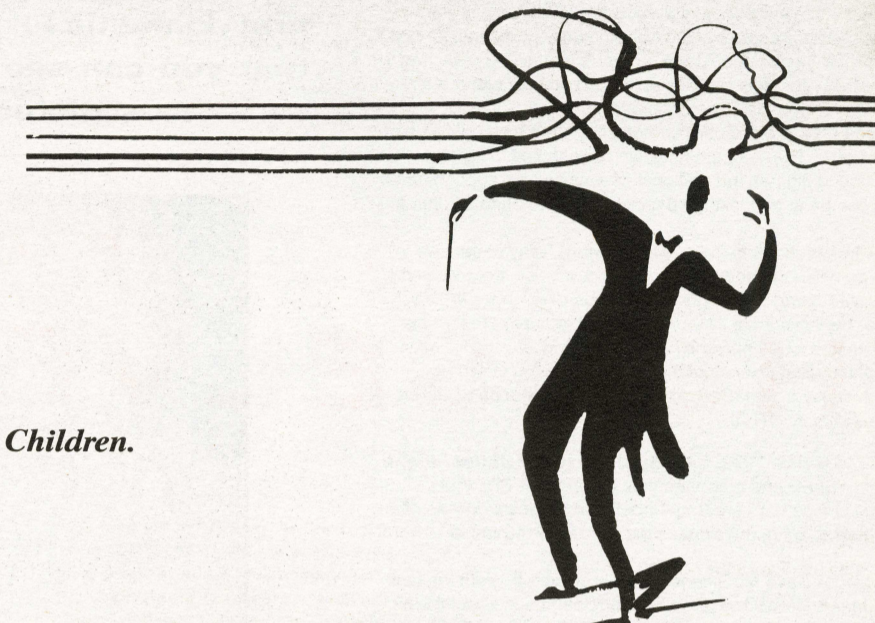
(There will be some Restricted Viewing tickets available at £5 for the evening concerts.)

Special Prices for Sunday's "The Romps".

Promenade £1.00. Seating £6. Children under 12 years £3.

A special family ticket will be available at £12 (2 adults and 2 children seated).

All concerts commence at 8.00 p.m. except the Sunday afternoon "Romps" which commences at 3.00 p.m.



Bank of Ireland RTE Proms

THE PAVILION, RTE MONTROSE

Thursday 27th May - 8.00 p.m.
TCHAIKOVSKY NIGHT
National Symphony Orchestra with Mikhail Rudy playing Piano Concerto No. 1
Fedor Glushchenko, *Conductor*

Friday 28th May - 8.00 p.m.
OPERA NIGHT
PUCCINI - LA BOHEME

A semi-staged Concert Performance
Valentin Prolat will sing the role of Rodolfo and Mary Hegarty will sing the role of Mimi.

RTE Concert Orchestra
Prionnsias Ó Duinn, *Conductor*

Saturday 29th May - 8.00 p.m.
LAST NIGHT OF THE PROMS

National Symphony Orchestra
Albert Rosen, *Conductor*
Music by Dvořák, Sibelius, Saint-Saens
Smetana and Khachaturian
plus some last Night Surprises



BLACK TIE WHITE NOISE AND HOT PRESS

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Produced by NILE ROGERS, who also produced "Let's Dance", "BLACK TIE WHITE NOISE" sees Bowie renew his links with former Spider From Mars guitarist MICK RONSON and MICK GARSON who contributed piano to *Alladin Sane*

Even Bowie himself has admitted that this new album picks up where *Scary Monsters* left you hanging since 1980.

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OCTANE BABY!

THAT PETROL EMOTION (Tivoli Theatre, Dublin) FRIDAY NIGHT at the Tivoli and there isn't room to swing a hamster yet alone a cat. Being dropped by Virgin may just be the best thing that's ever happened to That Petrol Emotion - they're back leaner, meaner and more determined than ever before, armed with a collection of songs that's so addictive I'm amazed the drug squad aren't trying to sledge hammer their way through the front door.

There's a rawness to set opener "Last Of The True Believers" and the other offerings from their new "Fireproof" album which not only betrays Steve Mack's Seattle roots, but suggests that after years of waiting in the wings, TPE are ready to fight tooth and nail to grab their rightful place centre stage in the rock hierarchy.

Inevitably, it's Mack, resplendent in a particularly tasteless Hawaiian shirt who's the star of the show, a blur of flailing limbs and bleach blonde dread locks - the guy doesn't so much ooze as squirt charisma with no shortage of takers down the front prepared to soak it up.

Despite receiving virtually zero airplay on our fab local radio stations, current single "Detonate My Dreams" is greeted with a huge cheer of recognition and illustrates perfectly why That Petrol Emotion stimulate parts that other bands fail to reach. Cheese-grater riffs, pneumatic drumming and a hook that you could hang your standard grunge issue baseball cap on - this little beaut has them all.

"Hey Venus" and "Sensitize", which are delivered in quick succession, reaffirm my belief that it's the Petties (sorry!) and not that sad shower from Manchester who should have gotten rich off the back of 1991's indie dance explosion. Steve Mack is a better frontman than Shaun Ryder could ever hope to be and, what's more, the only stimulant he needs coarsing through his veins to make him behave like a maladjusted school kid is adrenalin.

An encore is never in doubt but when it comes, in the normally dependable shape of "Abandon", it proves to be something of an anti-climax. Maybe they played their trump card too early, or perhaps they're just plain knackered, but for the first time all night That Petrol Emotion look and sound ordinary. Believe me, it's a rare lapse!

• Stuart Clark

THE MOTIVE (Warwick Hotel, Salthill)

LET'S NOT mention the crowd shall we, except to say that there're about as many people here as there were at Bishop Casey's farewell bash. Which is a pity really, as a lot of work seems to have gone into the presentation of this gig.

The cross-shaped stage is draped in white sheets and, thanks to the wonders of modern technology, there's not a speaker or sellotaped-banded wire in sight. I probably could have caused havoc if I'd brought my television remote control with me.

Anyway, so what's The Motive's motive? (Sorry - couldn't resist!) Well they definitely wannabe rock stars if frontman Tom Pyne's slightly clichéd stage mannerisms and the succession of increasingly phallic Spinal Tap-ish guitars wielded by Aiden Reade are anything to go by. But judging from their songs, they're not planning on changing the world for better or for worse.

The Motive sing about getting, loving and losing women, except for sometimes when they sing about not getting, loving or losing women. Basically it's a standard, safe, radio (over) friendly sound that's not so bad if you can manage to just enjoy the medium and ignore the message.

Pyne's vocals sound like a ten-a-day Tom Waits and Reade's

guitar lines get the adrenaline running through your veins faster than any amphetamine I've ever tried (sorry mum, that's, erm, heard about). I even managed not to snigger when I heard the lines "Heaven doesn't want me/and Hell's scared I'll take over". Hmmm...

Live and not very dangerous - but quite enjoyable all the same. • Olaf Tyaransen

GODOT (Baggot Inn, Dublin)

GODOT ARE to be admired for their steadfast refusal to ride on any bandwagons currently cruising through our capital city and have instead stuck to their own class of boys' rock. Their's is a curious brand of entertainment, frustratingly simple but effective enough to guarantee a spot at an outdoor music festival.

There's certainly no denying that Godot enjoy what they're doing, four lads out for a good time, although sometimes a couple of them were preoccupied with gazing at their shoes. Not the lead-singer though. He swayed and swaggered and bowed and leaped, all the while telling us that he had "left his pretentious trousers at home". A little bit of a porky pie, if you don't mind me saying so.

"Scream" was an absolute delight and involved a lot of heavy



Big Mack

guitar playing from a heavy but extremely talented and imaginative guitarist sporting an Axl Rose 'Kill Your Idol' teshirt. His licks and riffs added the important third dimension to a band who might otherwise only have two to choose from.

The set ended with "The Song For Seattle" which obviously contained either a pro- or anti-gr*cke sentiment. I'll have to opt for the latter even though my eardrums didn't quite catch the lyrics.

• Ciaran Lawler

THE CRANBERRIES (Tivoli Theatre, Dublin)

SHE'S GOT a voice as good as they come. It can reach its notes while holding true to its roots. I found it thrilling to hear her Limerick accent had not been sacrificed in order to sound 'sophisticated'.

The Cranberries didn't bore because of her. She is special because she embodies a deep cultural emotion and intensity, combined with an extraordinary range. The music itself is fairly standard fare and the melodies aren't that outstanding but when she hits those notes right, you can't but be taken in by her ethereal power.

Ironically, she too could be open to the charge of imitation. It would seem that she has a Sinéad O'Connor fixation. The skinhead look, the bit of traditional dancing at the end of the gig could all be her own invention. However, it was hard to ignore those vocal intonations; the breath, the emotional screams, the way the notes were bent and shaped, could not be all coincidence.

Literally, most of the songs were about despair as a result of love gone wrong. However, lyrically The Cranberries showed themselves to be merely a good band with great potential rather than a new PJ Harvey. Lines like: "I'm in so deep? I'm such a fool for you/You've got me wrapped around your little finger/Do you have to let it linger?" although heartfelt are flooded with cliché.

She's a friendly character with an easy manner that wins

you over with sincerity and passion. The packed audience loved her and I'm sure thousands more will. If she keeps that Limerick accent and writes the way Limerick people speak, rather than in song-book cliché, she'll make it up there with her idols.

• Rocky McGovern

LIR (Rock Garden, Dublin)

"THIS IS where I stand," asserts David McGuinness in Lir's "Dog Rhythms", an admirable statement of intent from "All Machines Hum In A", the EP whose release this showcase celebrated. If it's all the same with David, I'll stand elsewhere.

Let's be upful and focus on the good points. For one, the band were as tight as Nigel Tuftel's trousers and all instruments were excellently played. Punk is, after all, dead. For two, Lir know that the kids wanna dance. The funky drums and bass lines of

FAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

THE FAT LADY SINGS (The Savoy, Limerick)

YOUR HEART goes out to The Fat Lady Sings. Toiling manfully at the cruel coalface of the music biz for what seems like an eternity, their progress chart makes for depressing reading. Always the most likely-to-always the bridesmaid... But, no, it hasn't dampened their irrepressible spirits any; the smiles are still wide, they're still enjoying themselves and singer Nick Kelly remains the most amiable frontman in creation. They're also a very polished band; precisely funky basslines, meticulously measured rhyming couplets, needle-sharp guitar breaks, beautifully orchestrated bursts of emotion.

And there, you see, is the problem. The Fat Lady Sings are almost too good at what they do. Live, they trot out perfect gems like "Alien", "Drunkard Logic", "Contact" and "Broken Into" but a certain spark is missing.

Perfectly-structured-song

"Traveller", "Dog Rhythms" and many more caused much ass-wagging. For three (that's THREE!) there were tunes.

Sadly, however, the melodies tended to be swamped by overwrought vocals, overlong jam sessions and overplayed jazzy guitar doodles. The tunes only triumphed when the arrangements were less claustrophobic. "In A Day" and the penultimate song, an understated paean to our feathered friends ("birds show us such marvellous things"), stood out.

Manic Pop Thrill city, Arizona, this was not. The gig had its moments, especially for fans of (it has to be said) 70s-sounding rock, performed by undeniably proficient musicians and a vaguely messianic and occasionally captivating frontman. But the cluttered arrangements and jazz-fusion fiddly bits well-papered over the genuine inspiration and overall, I found it a distinctly unmoving experience.

• Niall Crumlish

segues seamlessly into perfectly-structured-song and after a while, it becomes a little bland and unaffacting. I'm not saying they should go grunge but maybe it is time they upped the ante and tried something a little different. All this is not to say that they don't deserve a modicum of success. In fact, to these ears, they're tailor-made for a strong innings on the CD wicket. To an extent, they do what Simply Red do but they do it better. Rounding up tonight with classic oldies "Dronning Maude Land" and the still-wondrous "Arclight" the boys remain in good spirits and urge their loyal faithful to remain so: there is strong confidence here that they will succeed. It's not hard to believe. With their acute awareness of melody and their dandy line in hooks, they offer firm hope that, even this late in the century, there are still great pop songs that have yet to be written.

• Kevin Barry

rock GARDEN
 THU. 6th MAY 93
TOASTED HERETIC
 LATE SHOW
SACK
 FRI. 7th MAY 93
POWER OF DREAMS
 LATE SHOW
DIG DIS
 SAT. 8th MAY 93
FORGET-ME-NOTS
 LATE SHOW
THE NAKED LUNCH
 LATE SHOW
THE PINCH CLUB £2 before 11 with EMPEROR OF ICE CREAM
 LATE SHOW
DRAGONFLY
 MON. 10th MAY 93
'BREAKTHROUGH' NIGHT WITH LITTLE SALLY'S DEAD+GANDY ABBYSS+THE ALCOMIC MADPOLES+SPACEPONY
THE VISITORS
 TUE. 11th MAY 93
'BREAKTHROUGH' NIGHT FIFTH DOMINION+SPOROPHIC HERBS
THE RIDE OR DIE GANG
 WED. 12th MAY 93
SHEEP ON DRUGS
 LATE SHOW
BIRD
 THU. 13th MAY 93
THE POWER JUNKIES
 LATE SHOW
P.A.M.F.
 FRI. 14th MAY 93
RADIOHEAD
 LATE SHOW
DIG DIS
 SAT. 15th MAY 93
DAMN YOU PETER PAN
 LATE SHOW
THE RUNAWAY BOYS
 FREE LUNCH GIG
 SUN. 16th MAY 93
THE PINCH CLUB £2 before 11 with DREAMCREEPER
 LATE SHOW
THE MARY JANES
 MON. 17th MAY 93
'BREAKTHROUGH' NIGHT WITH THE GREAT PRETENDERS+ 4 more
 LATE SHOW
THE LOST STEPS
 TUE. 18th MAY 93
'BREAKTHROUGH' NIGHT WITH 5 live bands
 LATE SHOW
THE RIDE OR DIE GANG
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WHAT'S GOING ON • WHAT'S GOING ON • WHAT'S GOING ON • WHAT'S GOING ON

BREAK THE BORDER
 THURSDAY 6TH THE WHOLE CHICKEN BAND
 FRIDAY 7TH & SATURDAY 8TH THE WLF BROTHERS
 WEDNESDAY 12TH JOHN HOGAN
 THURSDAY 13TH THE WHOLE CHICKEN BAND
 FRIDAY 14TH & SATURDAY 15TH HECTOR PICKAGE & THE FLOATING CROWBARS

night train
 SATURDAY 8TH & SATURDAY 15TH SOUL REAZON
 FRIDAY 7TH & FRIDAY 14TH THE CAJUN KINGS

PURTY MUSIC LOFT
LIVE MUSIC LATE BAR
DATES IN MAY

WEDNESDAYS
ROCK 'N' MID-WEEK BLUES
 GREAT SOUNDS FROM JIM O'NEILL & THE BEN PREGO TRIO

THURSDAYS
CAJUN KINGS
 BRING A FRIEND FREE BEFORE 11:30PM

FRIDAYS
BIRD
 THE FUNNIEST THING ABOUT TOWN EXCEPT ON THE 28TH

GAM TARTS
TONY ST.JAMES
 DUN LAOIRE HARBOUR, CO. DUBLIN, TEL: 280 1257

SATURDAYS
BIG GERANIUMS
 WITH GUESTS - UNTAME

15th **KELTIC POSSE**
 WITH GUESTS TATENA AFRICAN ROOTS BAND

29th to be confirmed
SUNDAYS
 2nd **TOO MANY GOLDFISH**
 9th **DANNY SPILLANE**
 16th **GOOSEBERRIES**
 23th **MARY COUGHLAN**

Whelans Live!
 25 Wexford Street, Dublin 2. Ph. 780766.

Thurs 6th **LIR (Acoustic)**
 Fri 7th **MARY COUGHLAN** and her band
 Sat 8th **DAVY SPILLANE** and his band
 Sun 9th **THE CAJUN KINGS (4-7)**
 KATELL KEINEG (9-11)
 Mon 10th **KATELL KEINEG**
 Tue 11th **THE SEA**
 Wed 12th **KATY MOFFATT**
 Thur 13th **THE BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS**
 Fri 14th **MARY COUGHLAN** and her band
 Sat 15th **THE BIG GERANIUMS**
 Sun 16th **THE CAJUN KINGS** (last in series)(4-7)
 ANIMAL CARE GIG WITH P.A.M.F. (9-11)
 TUES 18th **THE SEA**
 Wed 19th **JEREMIAH WALKS**
 Thurs 20th **THE HARVEST MINISTERS**
 Fri 21st **MARY COUGHLAN** and her band
 Sun 23rd **SHERMAN ROBERTSON** and his band
 Mon 24th **THE LOVE JUNKIES**

Katy Moffatt

TOUR 1993 UK
 Thur 29 Apr Weymouth, Chesil Beach - Warners
 Fri 30 Apr Cannock - The Trafalgar
 Sat 01 May Birmingham - Town Hall
 Sun 02 May London N1 - The Weavers
 Tue 04 May Dumfries - Aberdour Hotel
 Wed 05 May Barrow-In-Furness - Lis-doonie Hotel
 Thur 06 May Perth - White Horse Inn
 Sat 08 May Stockport - Highlane CMC
 Sun 09 May London, Kilburn - Brent Irish Centre
 Mon 10 May York - The Winning Post

IRELAND
Wednesday 12 May
 Dublin - Whelans

Thur 13 May Ballinasloe, Galway - Cullones
 Fri 14 May Cork - The Lobby
 Sat 15 May Roscrea - Pathe Hotel

NEW ALBUM
GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
 Available on Round Tower C.D. & Cassette

BLUES IN MAY
THE BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS (U.K.)
 (ERIC CLAPTON'S FAVOURITE BAND)

WHELAN'S : THURS 13th MAY
 NANCY SPAIN'S, CORK : SAT 15th MAY (late)
 MOJO'S, CORK : SUN 16th MAY (lunchtime)
 LATEST RELEASE: "CRAZY LEGS" with JEFF BECK on EPIC RECORDS - APRIL 1993

FROM AMERICA
SHERMAN ROBERTSON & his band
 THURS 20th MAY : ARDHOWEN THEATRE, ENNISKILLEN
 FRI 21st MAY: THE HANGAR, HILLTOP HOTEL, SALTHILL (Late)
 SAT 22nd MAY: NANCY SPAIN'S, CORK (late)
 SUN 23rd MAY: WHELANS, DUBLIN
 LATEST RELEASE: "I'm The Man" on INDIGO RECORDS - APRIL 1993

DRAIOCHT

THE DEBUT ALBUM
"THE DRUID AND THE DREAMER"
OUT 10TH MAY
THE VERY BEST IN IRISH WORLD MUSIC