

simplest love stories pervaded, this recent element of control is a crucial improvement. The fact that only three tunes off 'From Her To Eternity' were aired, the title track, 'Well Of Misery' and the stunning literary invocation of 'St Huck', is indicative of the Seeds' hunger for new territories.

Curiously and perhaps fittingly, they closed with a rendition of Dylan's 'Knocking On Heaven's Door'. "It was much better than the original," reckoned Mary. But then again, she thought it was the finest gig she'd seen all year. I'd probably agree with that. Yeah, Muddy Cave, take a crawl round with him when you can.

JACK BARRON

KICK CITY/COOL RUNNINGS

Bristol

SATURDAY NIGHT out in Bristol and, boy, it sure was hot, hot, hot.

First stop: the Bristol Bridge Inn, regular focal point for up and coming talent. Band on tonight — Kick City — and at 10.30pm, it was an achievement to be able to get through the door. The place was packed.

Kick City have wrung the changes since I saw them earlier this year. Out has gone the boppy, poppy stance, the frenetic, almost uncontrollable energy and the emphasis on how certain members looked. In is a more thoughtful, if no less powerful, presentation with the stress more on the strength of the songs — 75 to 80 per cent success rating there — albeit with some

major and minor quibbles on my part regarding their new course.

The plus marks definitely go to the maturity of performance of material that contains the basics for hit singles, and also appeals to the brain occasionally. On the debit side, they need to sharpen up their keyboard player — visually, she doesn't fit in — and it would be a blessing indeed if the guitarist could restrain his predilection for sub-Steve Hackettisms.

No time to lose so it was hot-foot towards the Tropic, the best black club in town. Queues the length of the foyer and, once inside, a buzz in the air.

The bands play in the downstairs area, and for the first time in several visits, the atmosphere was electric. The sound system was perfection and the packed dancefloor

responded with infectious enthusiasm to the boss DJ selections. Cool Runnings had quite an act to follow.

Their strategy was to try and lower the pace and temperature, which is very much geared to the laid-back rhythms they favour. It's a groove that is neither tuned to the roots or merging into a cross-over potential. In fact, there are no subtle additions to give spice and spikiness to the beat, and I found after three or four songs that I wanted something more substantial.

The only real moment of variety came on 'Why Bretheren' which in its intro echoed something of Percy Sledge. But in this mood and setting, Cool Runnings came over as lethargic and lacking the vital spark that could have taken the evening higher.

DAVE MASSEY

The best is Moyet to come



Pic by Zbysiu Rodak

ALF: and she's still doing 'Only You'
ALISON MOYET
Edinburgh Playhouse

I HEARD a symphony but it didn't steal me blind. It was the kind which infests your trivia-ridden radio on a daily basis and has you frantically whirling knobs in a last gasp bid for freedom (Oh, no. Not That again). The kind which turns up on tours such as this, and is both scourge and saviour of almost every accomplished individual undergoing treatment for expansion. Type 'O' which shouts "HEY! We're session musicians and we don't care," and threatens never to leave. Safety in numbers?

The ten-piece appendage to The Alison Moyet Show made very few technical errors in their delivery but succeeded in showing no — with particular reference to the thoughtlessly cold brass section — relevant emotions whatsoever. A liability to any lesser talent but one which Moyet was able to overcome via her own astonishing deliveries.

Almost as soon as she stepped towards the microphone with swagger and sudden sway, it became obvious that this girl exists within the pop world for few reasons other than her ability to transform formulaised, top

maintain and enhance the inherent qualities of classic numbers and to perform amongst the upper bracket of the currently ailing chartland.

But she's a shrewd girl. Inferior songs such as her own 'Love Resurrection' and 'Twisting The Knife' were interspersed with moving renditions of Ruffin's 'What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted', Holliday's 'That Old Way Love Is' whilst album plugs were only made during the audience's most vulnerable moments.

The Yazoo numbers were out in force too. 'Situation' which closed tonight's (actual) set saw Moyet dancing her way across stage with growing confidence whilst an encore of 'Don't Go', 'Hitch Hike' and a rather rushed 'Only You' (the result of a wrongly programmed synth — at which she afforded a hesitant glance before regaining composure) were enough to give her a final seal of approval from her adoring audience. It only remains unfortunate that attempts within the songwriting partnership of Moyet-Swain-Jolley suffer from too standard and limited an approach to hint towards more fruitful results than 'Alf'.

JOHN DINGWALL

going in a Merseyside since 1978, a strange to enjoy a beautiful . It can only be a matter me before this prime cut hting its way up the as in a similar manner to e Jnr's rear fighting its out of his pants. Just watch.

KEV SAMPSON

RETIC

Ord

RR HEARING repeated back about this band ly melting the Marquee weeks ago, I decided or the common good should be sought out. as I found myself in d, a little apprehensive t the performance I was t to witness, for the i Heretic instantly res up a black metal r show with about as subtlety as The Texas saw Massacre. uldn't have been from the truth.

man Martin Andrew d and tantalized stage audience alike, flaunting nowmanship of a born s Heretic pumped out ower-crazed 'Water Of and boogie rock 'n' 'Fever Of Love' taken their EP, 'Burnt At The n', before sliding fully on into the moving J 'How'.

like the force-fed and tedly disappointing ge churned from the irbial 'rock' production his band know what n' roll is all about, and without question the gs of something mega.

MARY ANNE HOBBS