

picture to be either realised or shattered into lipstick-encrusted pieces. Tacky threads loosely draped over shoulders, hair tousled to immaculate imperfection, the picture became a dream.

With a rhythm section which couldn't keep bricks and mortar together and a guitarist with a rivum revolver, they fell apart more than Burton and Taylor. However, in the glam trash world this is a fine asset, the prime concern and the ultimate quality (or lack of it).

Led by Ray Zell who raised 'em in the true trash tradition, they rocked and rolled into Dolls territory. Zell's campanology (and I ain't talkin' 'bout bellin'g'n') was a high-falutin' face of lips and innuendo. Vulgar but delightful, it was a U-rated trailer for an X-rated flick.

'My Baby Sucks Real Bad' and 'Too Far Gone' were the timely pinnacles of passion, but whether Marionette will sell records is another matter.

raunchiest roll and the rowdiest rock to hit clubland for quite a while.

Taking their pool hall cue from the Faces and Stones, they churn rhythms and beat the boogie with inherent ease. Mick Owen does the Richards/Wood to perfection, simple but effective, while keyboards rattle and roll.

'Waiting For My Lights To Change and 'Win Or Lose' are typical barroom bottle-swillers, while 'Fly Away' and 'Shake It Down' show a mature AOR angle. Verging on Journey/REO territory, they reveal a facet that could be successfully pursued.

Picking up where the Faces left off, they're in hot pursuit of an area long neglected.

Lammir's rough-house drawl has that Michael Philip Wang, providing the perfect inspiration for the rest of the group.

Oozing competence and professionalism, 'Drango Slang will not lie down to die; their ethic is to push, push, push.

DAVE ROBERTS

JOSHUA MOSES/ RESTRICTION Bristol

JULY 15 always the high-spot in the Bristol festival calendar and the St Pauls Festival provides some of the sunniest, smoke-filled and leisurely vibes to be sampled. This year's bill, as on previous occasions, was heavily reggae-orientated, especially on Carnival Day where a whole host of local talent was on display, slap-bang on the Front Line.

Restriction are a young quintet who burst to prominence last year and have been steadily gigging since. Their songs belong in the inventive UK reggae catalogue, taking in many influences — a latin tilt to some of the melodies, or accents and effects placed in unlikely places — but the overall emphasis of the group is energy and a sense of feeling alive.

Perhaps the hot sunshine which induced lethargy into the audience affected the group but

unfortunately, on this performance, Restriction were not at their best. The spark was missing and the group were further handicapped by the lack of a suitable lead vocalist. A shame, because Restriction have much to offer.

Finishing off the day's music, Joshua Moses was a revelation. Breathless as he ran across the stage, locks flying and with a throaty urgency in his voice, his enthusiasm was infectious. This was music for rising up to the occasion, letting through a full force and power which only hard reggae sounds can bring out. His backing group gave him a simple, scratchy rhythm, only embellishing the songs with a sway of synthesiser or flurry of drums when the time was right.

Joshua Moses has much to say, and it's not a message that is restricted to Rastas. When the recordings that he has made hit the shops, you'd be well advised to check them out. Rise up, rise up.

DAVE MASSEY

Rock Garden

IN THESE overheated, sensuous summer days and nights, the Icicle Works is a name to be savoured and rolled on the tongue.

But unfortunately for these three Liverpool lads, I had witnessed Echo And The Bunnymen's teasing, definitive evening, and after that this not-so-crucial Merseybeat lapsed into second-best mimicry despite the trio's ardent endeavours to create something ethereal.

A year or two ago, the Icicle would have Worked and placed a cold flannel on the forehead of many a listener weary of shallow, hollow pop babblings. How, however, we have an increasingly enlightened age in which U2 battle for chart positions with the Bunnymen and the sound of 'racial minorities' (Scouses, Irishmen, even Africans) getting self-righteous, soulful and egocentric is not enough in itself to warrant approval.

There has to also be an element of originality and a length of musical blue touchpaper which can spark and blaze on the strength of its own glorious passion.

The Icicle Works are by no means a bad group, but they lack distinguishing features. They are undeniably reminiscent of the Teardrop Explodes circle and while their lyrics arouse interest when steering clear of platitudes ('You are what you are' seems to be a sadly rite refrain of

Body language

DEAD CAN DANCE Hammersmith Clarendon

DEAD CAN DANCE opened for X-Mal Deuschland's final London gig — so early that anyone arriving half an hour after the doors had opened might be forgiven for being unaware of their appearance. But those who saw and heard it well appreciated this sweeping set.

Dead Can Dance are four, although to allocate an instrument to each member would be to do them a gross injustice. They exchange bass, guitar, drums and a bewildering array of all manner of percussion with gorguous success, only hampered by occasional nagging sound problems.

Although the initial visual impression is almost that of a conventional rock group, their music is largely based on percussive, and the perfectly complementary voices of Brendan Perry and Lisa Gerrard. They don't project any startling images and couldn't even be said to have a front

figure — they simply play a set of diverse and dazzlingly non-derivative songs. It's a stunning musical landscape, a panorama sometimes of soft-hued tenderness, sometimes of almost claustrophobic power. Whatever, nothing is ever lacking in depth or clarity.

The pure scope contained in one set like this is staggering. It's a succession of changing, strikingly differing emotions and structures. The plaintive lament of 'Frontier' with its layers of rhythms and vocals; the full humming power/disbelief of 'The Trial'; the fragile, floating atmosphere of 'Labour Of Love'. With each song, their strengths become clearer.

Thankfully, it's going to be very difficult to pin down a Dead Can Dance sound. It's going to be even more difficult for anyone to say that Dead Can Dance sound like anyone else. Which is great although scarcely enough basis for a recommendation.

But if you're looking for a recommendation, all that needs to be added is that Dead Can Dance are very, very good indeed. That should be enough.

ROBIN GIBSON