

he, obviously, couldn't get enough of his own band. Next time we'll compromise.

angular, repetitive guitar phrases.

Forget the hyped new music put out by the majors and grab a real new recipe from the Edinburgh band: Fire Engines are among Britain's best, and are continuing to carry this country's reputation for being the most innovative purveyors of rock in the world.

FINISH THE STORY/THE DANCING DID
Phoenix Club, Malvern

WHERE LONDON gigs generally become dull, repetitive routines of expected dross, the rural areas seem to offer a more refreshing alternative.

The Phoenix Club turned out to be a flowery, decaying building stuck halfway up a hillside; access being via a labyrinth of subterranean passages from the local hotel below, through which a couple of hundred drunken misfits cantered; scrupulously clean punks, ungainly straights and a host of pristine, yet remarkably grotesque new romantics all destined for inebriated cavoration.

Finish The Story slipped onstage quietly and began laying into our eardrums with an unusual sound. A trio with a heavy keyboard slant and alternate bursts of lead or bass, the ruthless patterns were strangely offset by the vocals of the lead singer which were emotional but strident. The intriguing, almost unnerving, result was accompanied by their own video on the last song and the crowd were obviously

impressed, even though the band weren't. Quite a debut!

The Dancing Did marched on half an hour later, singer Tim Harrison delivered some pretentious introduction, and the band scythed through 'Wolves Of Worcestershire'. This, plus 'The Rhythm Section Sticks Together' and 'The Green Man And The March Of The Bungalows' are three surefire commercial hits and showed ample reason for the slaving record company interest of late.

With a sturdy beat of rustic bass they add violinic precision guitar, fuzz keyboards and the sound of bones to flesh out their startling brand of neo-pagan pop.

Their image I shan't even mention (you can find this out for yourselves) but this too is unique. The replica fittings and suit of armour in this medieval feasting hall wonderfully enhanced the rich aroma of mythological intrigue that pervaded the evening; indeed it was all synonymous with the Dids lyrical concerns as they wax eloquent on the devious mysteries to be found in the English countryside.

Honestly, no band comes close to his lot in the originality stakes. Small wonder that Eddie Tenpole described them as "The band I wish I'd have dreamed up, but didn't."

On August 8 they play the Moonlight with the similarly exciting Cadaver, it should be the event of the year so far. After the gig the silver moon lay over - head, the crowd beneath it shone. Finish The Story and The Dancing Did are extraordinary. You have been informed.

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