

# PALE SAINTS

## LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

SOMETIMES POP music is all about finding the idea, finding the essence of existence, finding the noise that made the universe. Pale Saints might actually have knowledge of the primordial, could possibly be on a first-name basis with some form of life force.

How else does one describe these wonderful shards of sound? Ever been pulled at two ends before? Ever been smothered in honey in the middle of a tornado?

The scene, one of foreboding, a cold wind at the door and five shapes moving hazily on the stage. Up and away to scenes of celebration, to glissandos and tearful smiles . . . Pale Saints understand the wrench of a heart. Tonight, they drink their ambrosia and begin the process of building a world. Ian, the singer, has one of those chilly-cool voices in danger of the sound of restraint, but echoing around layers of seemingly disassociated elemental noise, he is a comfort. The weather again, as the noise cascades together in a bright clap of thunder to snap the backs of onlookers straight back.

This is life in Cinemascope. Ambiguous images roll in the background, strange, muted shapes and colours, thoughts set to a gloriously mad and difficult soundtrack. Stand back, egalitarian ecstasy culture, and acknowledge the reasons that bands go UP THERE in the first place.

Reasons like climactic versions of 'Time Thief' and 'Language Of Flowers', songs which churn, gust, and billow. The ultimate implosion is 'Half Life Remembered', with new guitarist Meriel's soft voice cutting through a feed-back miasma.

The layers are unusual, with two percussionists used for a sonic soundscape, a noise elegy. Beautiful and pristine, but hardly in danger of hiding like recluses behind the wall, Pale Saints paint.

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