

funky ranting, the Farm manage to fuse a neat groove with a classic pop sensibility. The results - 'Family Of Man', the superb 'Very Emotional', and frenzied 'Higher And Higher' could convert your grandmother to the rave gospel.

Tonight's crowd of nutters had already seen the light. 'Stepping Stone' sent them utterly stupid, and the inevitable fun-filled finale, 'Groovy Train', gave rise to a crazed vibe most bands would give their right arms to create.

The festivities reached a peak with a pitched stage invasion, welcomed by Hooton and his punter-friendly buddies, who eventually got lost in a sea of sweaty, gyrating bodies. The bars closed, the lights went up, and no-one seemed to notice Bobby Gillespie and Flowered Up holding court in the corner.

There were bad points, for sure - the Farm's usual problems with sequencers and rhythm boxes were occasionally evident - but the sheer mania they gave rise to made tonight a veritable victory.

John Harris

PALE SAINTS

Brighton Zap Club

NA-NA, na-na-na, na-na-na-na - na-na! Glove-fisted, Chris Cooper pounds out the essential hoolie rhythm on his drums while frontman Ian Masters threatens to rip into the Sham's Strangeways-inducing blood curdler, 'Borstal Breakout'. Leeds are back in the First and Pale Saints are keen to maintain their hometown supporters' recent renown for importing ugly and unseemly behaviour to southern seaside towns. Or, just possibly, goofing off amid an intensely enjoyable show - just the sort of thing that's putting a smile back on the face of English gig-going.

As ever, the Saints' sound is halo-equipped. Building broody atmospherics from simple base material with clever arrangements and a fistful of FX pedals, the Palies are (almost) as much about style as content. They pivot on Ian's powerful post-Hooky basslines, dressing these melodic thrusts with the plankman's transparent voice and Graeme Naysmith's impressive reference to the works of the last decade's finest guitar texturists.

They set off building tension with the introductory dislocated sound section before finally kicking free with 'Way The World Is'. It's also the first track on their 'The Comforts Of Madness' LP - live PS offer no massive departure from studioland. The album's integral structure is replicated on stage with bridging links and by running songs together. But that shouldn't imply a sterile show. Despite the band's detachment, this is a pretty impassioned set, the audience

responding with a heartfelt amateur slam groove. New Saint, axewoman Meriel Barham, is already slotted in, with semi-crusty hairdo and pink Fender.

No surprises with the encore. 'Sight Of You' revs up, with Naysmith leading a layered ebb and flow of guitar parts not that far removed from the Pixies tactic. Basically, Pale Saints are still a by-product of the past decade's independent rock sector, but at least they've had the grace to pick the good bits.

Roy Wilkinson

THE TIME

Ladbroke Grove Subterania

"BAND!"

"Yeah!"

"Is anybody hot?"

"No!"

"Ya know why?"

"Why?"

"Cos we're cool."

Morris Day and The Time are just the coolest f**kers on the planet. This very low-key club gig was a last-minute workout prior to the following night's hastily scheduled Hammersmith Odeon show. The set was a medley of classic Time numbers designed for a performance behind record company doors at some industry convention thang, but the band were talked into playing a couple of UK gigs while here on a promotional tour.

At Subterania, The Time played for just 45 minutes, but by clipping the songs and melting one into the next, they got through a dozen tunes in a breathless rush of killer funk. The Time have so many great songs, they can get by without such monster grooves as 'Wild And Loose', 'Shake', 'Skillet' and 'Blondie'.

The seven enter as The Minneapolis Mafia in panamas and suits you could cut a finger on. Morris' suit is the baddest thing you ever saw. His *Eraserhead*-cut is equally terrifying; no hat for "the aristocratic black", or for guitarist Jesse Johnson, enigmatic in full-moon shades, the man who puts the "rock" into "number one body rocker."

First is 'Get It Up' and the sex keeps on coming with 'Jungle Love', 'My Drawers' and a drop-dead '777-9311'. Even the ballads, notably 'Gigolos Get Lonely Too', have what Dan Reed calls "uh!". They do 'The Walk' and they do 'The Bird' - only Morris could flap his wrists and squawk "Wargh! Hallelujah" and stay cool. They wind up with three off the current 'Pandemonium' LP - the title cut, 'Jerk Out' and 'Chocolate' - and funk has never sounded cooler.

If The Time can't make you groove, nobody can.

Paul Elliott