

gingerly between this bunch of strangers who've suddenly joined his band. Yet Bob in particular soon earns his stripes for a handy bit of fret-frittery during '... And Stones', and that fail-safe defence mechanism, Ye Cover Of 'Bad Moon Rising', finally sees the whole troupe safe on the ground once more, leaving the usual encore jollities of 'Breakin' In My Heart' and guest star appearances — in this case the Jazz Butcher and, erm, Rodney's sister.

In the end, then, happy landings all round. If Gerard can hold the crew together for longer than a few weeks then next year's album revue could see some fancy flight patterns indeed.

Keith Cameron

BAD II THE WOLFGANG PRESS TYRELL CORPORATION LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

CHARITY GIGS are decidedly advantageous in that they encourage strange bedfellows to share a stage; there's none of the usual persecution of support acts to add to the aura of the headliners.

Redcar ex-pats who've relocated to London, Tyrell Corporation were, quite simply, a revelation. As surely as grunge wasn't on the menu tonight, they decided to set themselves the massive task of single-handedly trying to resurrect soul music, rescue it from machine over-use and terminal blandness. Towards this noble end, the seven-piece group cooked up a shimmering live stew that didn't rely on DAT enhancement like so many dance acts. Instead, the heartwarming strains of Philly-derived soul rent the air and you got caught up in the celebratory aspects of it all.

Tyrell Corporation might mine a deep seam of melancholy and blues, but they're eventually uplifting and the singer's pure, soaring tones had to be heard to be believed. In direct contrast,

The Wolfgang Press aren't going to win any prizes for emotive vocalising, but Mick Allen's dulcet semi-spoken delivery works on the audience's psyches in its own inimitable way. Fighting against a wave of indifference that sometimes spilled into beer-throwing violence, the most underrated of 4AD's acts acted like they had something to prove, purveying a striking, dance-inflected hybrid that showed you could still be an innovator in the consensual '90s.

In theory, the new-look BAD would be innovators, what with their use of samples and a turntable scratcher to liven up the tired rock format, but, in harsh reality, they were only intermittently engaging. Perhaps this was due to the ditching of the multi-cultural ethos of the former incarnation, more likely it's because the sonic experiments were often as unsuccessful as the vision behind them was broad. So while scorching covers of Definition Of Sound's 'Now Is Tomorrow' and Prince's '1999' were up there with the euphoric 'Rush' and the still-seismic 'E=MC²', large pockets of songs bordered on the nonedescript. You can never write off Mick Jones and the lads, though; what they do next might cause you to dig your own grave.

Dele Fadele

JAH WOBBLE'S INVADERS OF THE HEART GARY CLAIL'S ON-U SOUND SYSTEM CABARET VOLTAIRE LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

IN THE grey area between barrow-boy techno and lumpen flannel-rock, there exists a community of enthusiasts who refuse to let their output be dictated by endless conformity to the trends of the day. Three examples are gathered here, decidedly *not* admiring their own reflections, pushing the limits and engaging discrete possibilities while stupid people think they're past their