

O.W.'s got a brand new Pig Bag

Corner!!

PIGBAG - Dr Jeckle and Mr Jive (Y Records)

THE PROGRESS of Pig Bag since their first gig supporting the Slits in Bristol early last year has been remarkable. Almost within weeks they were getting national coverage. The first single, "Papa" has been in the indie charts ever since its release (sales now exceed 100,000) and as the blurb says: "It's probably been played on every dance floor in Britain and a good many abroad."

The success of "Papa" has inevitably overshadowed the 2nd and 3rd singles, "Sunny Day" and "Getting Up". The band have wisely only included "Getting Up" on this their first album as they were in danger of becoming known as one-hit wonders.

In retrospect they needn't have worried because this album is very good and fully demonstrates Pig Bag's versatility. As usual Simon Underwood's excellent funk bass playing dominates. As the name implies, all manner of rhythms and horn/string noises are thrown in to become the distinctive Pig Bag sound. There are, of course, no vocals.

Jazz influences occur throughout, but "Sunny Day" and "Brazil Nuts" display a low-key Latin flavour whilst my favourite, "Dozo Dan" and "Orangutango" are more West African, reminiscent of John Hassle and Gaspar Lwal. Less successful are the rather jokey tracks "Brian the Snail" and "As It Will Be" which respectively close sides one and two. They sound suspiciously like Ummagumma-period Pink Floyd.

The production is competent without being outstanding. Pig Bag's strength is that whilst retaining a strong musical credibility they are very easy listening with an appeal across a wide variety of musical tastes.

Comparisons with Rip Rig and Panic may be resented but are almost inevitable, particularly given the Pop group connections. Whilst Rip Rig and Panic seem to experiment continuously and stretch themselves musically Pig Bag remains content to create a more accessible sound. The result will mean more record sales but perhaps not as interesting music. Still, "Dr Jeckle and Mr Jive" is an excellent album, probably the best ever from a Bristol (and Cheltenham) band, and I look forward to their future progress. I couldn't afford to go to the gig though!

Martin Elbourne



Pig Bag Bristol Locarno

WAS IT the night when the youth of this city twisted its hair into outrageous shapes and made the walls of Mecca tumble to the ground? Did they stuff their heads into berets and wide brimmed hats to go out and give Sunday a bad name? Didn't it mean a thing without that tribal swing? No. No. No.

Bristol clapped. Bristol shrieked a little. Bristol slapped its thighs and congratulated itself. First of all there was Mouth. A trio with a trumpet, timbales and a bloody nerve. Mouth were all frantic drumming, feigned ennui and only the possibility of a tongue being in their cheek to back it up.

A break, a drink, some rapping and a chance to wallow in some of that vacuous cool. Pig Bag are the band of the moment and a band of moments. Those bass lines The Jam

handle so well! Those naked drums! All that brass blown in unison! Mouth took a big bite out of my patience but Pig Bag restored the tissues.

Play that funky music you tame white boys. Pig Bag have a host of boring titles for a pot full of sprightly tunes. Gareth Sager knew all about it. He was there shouting and wagging his arse at the crowd. They only had to play "Sunny Day" in order to brighten things up.

The stage full of people laughs and shakes and even makes way for some singing during "Caledonia". Insistent guitar playing, dizzy trumpet playing - they did all their audience's favourite things. "Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag" wound the whole thing up. Mouth came back to make amends. The mixture of slapped strings, skins and wind cast its spell and Bristol shook a leg. Pig Bag means bared arms and the big, big beat.

Matthew Godsell

of horn would squeeze out even more.

After three or four numbers they went on a mad gallop through their old Motown hits, doing most of the songs from the 'Reach Out' LP. This meant that none suffered from abbreviation but that didn't really matter. I used to think 'Walk Away Renee' was the greatest thing ever from Motown - now I know it is; it sent tingles up my spine even though they only did one verse. When they did 'Reach Out' itself there was a rush to the front to dance and reach out to shake hands with the band. After that they had to slow down to give the audience a chance to recover their emotions.

From slow ballads to the disco hits like 'When She Was My Girl' the Four Tops were immaculate and full of soul, form and content matching perfectly. Their encore of 'Don't Walk Away Now That I'm Inspired' reflected exactly the sentiments of the audience. It was simply the best concert I've ever been to.

Noel Boothroyd

Pure Motivation, Hunt Ball, Implosion, Cold Trinity Hall, Bristol

HAVING become a Lemsip addict over the last couple of days I wasn't too thrilled at the prospect of seeing a group called 'Cold' but they turned out to be not too bad. They're a

punkish trio playing old-fashioned 'New York Dolls' type stuff, powerful bass rhythms with lots of basic guitar riffs. They've a female singer whose voice ranges from soprano to scornful and they're pretty competent but don't seem to be doing anything new.

'Hunt Ball Implosion' play even more old-fashioned music; rhythm and blues with the emphasis on blues. They're interesting if only because they subvert conventional musical stereotypes in that they have a black man with dreadlocks singing a white person's version (e.g. the Stones "Route 66") of black people's music. The form seems just about played out, however, and even a skilfully wailing harmonica couldn't sustain my interest for the whole set.

'Pure Motivation' are a different prospect, however. They rework 60's soul to exhilarating effect. The influence of Tamla Motown rhythms and of 'Dexys' (the group not the drug) are obvious but 'Pure Motivation' play with more speed (not the drug) and less structure. They don't neatly package a tune but play it out for all it's worth. The two raucous saxophones and a trumpet sensibly don't dominate but vigourously augment the guitars while a rattling tambourine adds the finishing touch. They haven't anything as neat and tight as, say, "Geno" to get them on 'Top of the Pops' but on the dancefloor 'Pure Motivation' are pure magic.

Noel Boothroyd