

coming from somewhere between Suicide, The Doors, Dave Howard singers and (boo! hiss!) Blancmange.

If Camp is your scene you will simply adore them, what with Rita's sensually swaying movements, and Dave's cynical asides and a persistent wry smile, making out that he's got something that we haven't. And of course he has; an uncanny ability to write tunes over pulsating two chord synth lines, tunes that are perfectly complemented by Rita's excellent backing vocals. 'I love you', sung with irony AND intent, is the stand out number, though there are several gems in there, including a refreshing break in the all-out synth attack for a quiet guitar and Rita-vocal song. And as for the cover versions - we're talking inspirational here. Remember 'Move Closer' by Phyllis Nelson? GBY do. And their rendition is as good a cover as, say, 'Money' was by the Flying Lizards, an almost total reworking of the original, a cut up that Robbe-Grillet would be proud of.

One or two minor gripes - the dress sense could do with a bit more style. Dave should take more drugs, loosen out, weird out, whatever. And the beginnings and endings should be tightened up.

That aside, God Bless You are currently the best 'unknown' band in this city and have the right amount of artiness, commercial appeal and sexuality to leapfrog over the majority of the more established bands. See them. (Richard Bell)

Claytown Troupe/The Loveless

Western Star Domino Club, Bristol
The Domino Effect is the result of a style/mind warp interface. An (80% proof) watering-hole in no man's land, it features a loose (to the point of falling apart) gathering of style war casualties from the past twenty years. Plus there's Admiral Jam, in his sixties soul Svengali mode, and octagenarian barmen who smile sweetly as you slowly suffocate in the nose-to-armpit crush for refreshment. The bands are a bonus.

Soundcheck rumours of a guitar solo having to be mercifully put down, while the PA chap nervously twiddled his knobs muttering 'operator error', give some hint of a musical experience which will bring tears to my ears.

A guitarist was still (very) obviously functioning as Claytown Troupe 'hit' the stage. I won't categorise

the Claytown's sound (they might hit me) but it is *HEAVY*. No wild guitar solos, so I guess it's more GBH than HM plus there are a few Doors style passages thrown in for added sensitivity. Some way into the set I notice a keyboard player who's making some strangely late seventies Sheffield noises. The girl on bass looks wasted enough to have stepped out of an Only Ones song but it's the singer who dominates the stage - and how! Wearing a fringed jacket, long hair and horsey front teeth as used by great singers of our time (Bob Dylan, Freddie Mercury and Joan Baez) he vamps, stamps, swaggers and screams through some astonishingly tough songs. A very powerful voice; uninhibited by self-doubt or training and used with an awesome stamina and complete disregard for musical fashion. It's a weirdly compulsive formula, and it works - the applause registers not only enjoyment but respect.

The Loveless come on like the band who stole the 'R' from Rock and fixed it to ampage to make rampage - all very well, as legends go, if you like rampaging rockers. To call them a three piece is misleading - they're more F plan than G plan - but trio sounds too wimpy for lads who'll wear such dangerously tight leather trousers in the cause of entertainment. Being so few they compensate by turning all the dials to 11. The effect is to create a juggernaut of volume that seems evilly intent on destroying every last brain cell - like some maniac truck in a nightmare road movie.

There's heaps of fuzz, reverb, drone and overkill for all the family with lots of abrasive, repetitive vocals from the bassman, who has a disconcerting way of looking bored in between sneers. The ex drummer from the Crazy Trains holds it all together tighter than the leather trousers. A world weary guitarist with a crinkle cut face slips a tangle of lead lines into each number. A few bodies sway in the force ten idiot wind that's shuddering through the PA. A few bleats from the crowd acknowledge the end of each song - "Orrrite -suck on viss then!" invites the singer. I'd love to but I don't know where to start - there's quite a few salvagable melodies buried under various crushed, crude and gritty mounds of sound. They do Patti Smith's 'Baby Wants Something', the last brain cell squeaks and dies - nirvana. Time to go home and OD on vitamin pills and remorse. (Ann Sheldon)



Claytown Troupe