

**Jenny Morris**  
**'Body and Soul' (WEA 12")**  
 Jenny goes INXS part two. Not as instant as 'You're Gonna Get Hurt' but though the backing dominates, her voice eventually sneaks up on you. The voice threatens to take off on 'Animal Magnetism' but the song holds it back. The slightness of the material is shown by the C&W version of

'I've Just Seen a Face,' a Beatles throwaway with a vitality that carries the EP. With challenging pop material, Jenny Morris outclasses the competition; singing rock, she sounds like a tomboy.  
**Satellite Spies**  
**'Private Detective' (Reaction 7")**  
 With the credibility of *Sledgehammer* but not the wit, 'Private Detective' has a plethora of catchy elements (the snappy opening,

the tricky high guitar chords) but it's trying too hard to be a natural pop song. The excellent slinky bass playing carries over to the more melodic busy-busy B-side 'Walk Away With Pride.'  
**Chris Bourke**  
**Ralph Bennett**  
**Fat 'n' Sassy (Ode)**  
 This album by Ngaruawahian bluesman Ralph Bennett has been out for a year now, but may

be in increased demand following Bennett's gigs this month (including the Jason and the Scorchers' support). It's strictly a blues/rock album, leaning heavily on the influence of Elmore James, indeed James' showpiece, Robert Johnson's 'Dust My Broom' is one of the tracks. Fat 'n' Sassy's sound is raw and thick, Bennett's a mean blues guitarist with a hot slide, and only on the slow numbers would this disappoint for fans of the genre.  
 CB

## Live The Big Match

**The 80s? Yeah, I was there, man. Some of them happened about a month ago in a converted movie house up Charing Cross Road. The occasion was the first live performance by a group called Tackhead.**

Tackhead's most recent record is 'The Game,' a record which takes the concept of the football single to new and undreamed-of regions. A Liverpool crowd singing 'You'll Never Walk Alone' has been sampled and worked into an impossibly rich bed of noise for a big def beat and topped off with a mock commentary by yer actual Brian Moore ("The guitarist is warming up to come on ... such an economical user of the ball.") One of the singles of the year, it shows how hard and funny you can be with studio technology these days — but play it *live*? Didn't seem possible.

It was. But they kept us guessing for a while. They sat behind their amps and made Tackhead Sounds, a howling assault of live mising. What Hip Hop Ate Next is clearly anything it can sink its big, chunky teeth into and anything and everything wriggled its way to the front of the mix. So was this Tackhead? Was the 'playing live' bit just some 80s joke? No one in the wildly heterogenous (from soul boys to punk hippies) crowd seemed to know quite what was going on. Probably a very 80s state of mind, that.

But then on they bounded; Keith ('Malcolm X') LeBlanc on drums and former Sugarhill Gang crewmen Doug Wimbish (bass) and Skip McDonald (guitar, keyboards). The fourth 'Head, English producer Adreian Sherwood, was at the mixing desk. Kicking straight into 'The Game,' they showed it could be done live — and better. Now the hip hop noise is the most exciting thing around at the moment, but while, say, Run DMC are a great, rowdy live experience, there are limitations on the scratchin' DJ and non-musical rappers format. Hearing this kind of music with the spontaneity of

a live band is like a whole new world.

It's all done with technology of course. Sampling keyboard, MIDI'd-up guitar, the odd sequencer and the very odd backing tape. All they are to these men are just bigger and better instruments. Which brings us to the point of this story — just what nakedly exciting ways it's possible to use the new technology in if you have the talent. There was scorching guitar noise, compelling dance beats and snatches of all sorts of things. Things didn't miss a beat when Tackhead also turned out to be headliner Mark Stewart's (of the Pop Group) back band. Dance music and serious industrial music are now one. You just had to feel sorry for Stewart trying to hold his own on a stage shared by these men with such power at their fingertips. They left a frenzied audience when the house lights finally came up. If there was something like this every weekend London would be a different place.

Because there is a lot of crap. An awful, awful lot. Even leaving chartpop aside, there are too many "indie" bands aping each other into oblivion. When the Chills played with Bunnymen copysists the Mighty Lemon Drops recently the New Zealanders were so much more *cultural* than the star headliners it was almost funny. You can hear it in Australian bands here too, like the Triffids and Go-Betweens — even the Celibate Rifles evoke something more than a desire to sound like a copybook indie jangle. It's this sense of identity that gives the Chills more in common with Zimbabwe's Bhundu Boys than with boring "indie" bands like the Bodines.

This is how the dense, melodic Chills (and anyone else who might try) can succeed in what they're doing while the neatest record around is the wild tuneless beat of Mantronix. 'Who is It?' (get the NY club mix) — simple by being themselves. This is how the Clean are selling a healthy number of records here to people who probably aren't aware they broke up in 1983. Because it's *relevant*. It's different. It's us. The Chills are using a sampler in the studio, but they remain the Chills. There hasn't been a unifying dynamic in white English rock since the year RIU began, 1977. (Forget goth —

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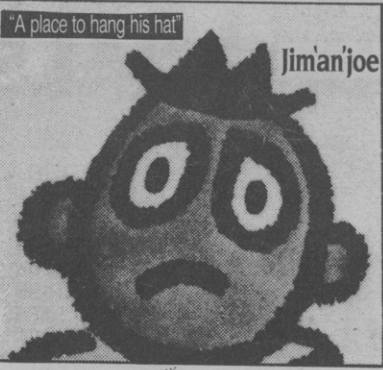
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