



# WORKERS' PLAYTIME

## FINISH THE STORY

Kensington Ad Lib,  
London.

IT'S NOT easy describing a band that you love but wish you weren't watching.

It's certainly hard convincing people that a band these days can be potentially emotional in their landscape without conjuring up images of old fruitcake Curtis. Here is one such case.

Finish The Story performed an unforgettable set that was wholly real life and not a tinselled move in sight. As with all great bands their adrenalin flow entices and excites, giving you three things:

Gary's keyboards/drum machines (all manner of electrictrickery) creating the spaces and undulating shifts in emphasis.

Pete's guitars (bass and electric) convey dignity, power, commitment and torture as only a properly managed guitar can do.

And Nicola's voice. Nicola, isolated in light with Gary and Pete providing an onstage angle of attention. Nicola singing not just for us. It's not complicated, just wait for the interview and all will be explained. Nicola transported into her own world, love in her eyes, when Finish The Story take to the stage. You watch, you listen and you feel uncomfortable for all that. As my girlfriend said, "I always want to walk away", but you can't. There's no way. These are precious moments.

There is also through the honest heart a strong sense of elation and pure sexuality with no smutty aspects, uncommonly honest rather than salacious.

Don't imagine this to be a gloomy arena because that elation can be remarkable as music of great variety mashes your indecision and the voice soars to the sky. It isn't necessary to understand the whys and wherefores, although it does make the experience more valuable.

● MICK MERCER

## JOBBOXERS

Birmingham University

ANYONE picking up on JoBoxers' chic is way off line. It's only when singles that you realise these boys with Robert Redford in "The Sting Great Depression.

Currently stooping under the all coupled with an over-eager section them into the nearest "swing revival" tour are a whole new ball game are

Their songs range over a variety encompass a vast variety of dance maintaining a firm grip on the Jo's slinky bluesy Broadway swing to classic "Out On The Floor" and st Let's face it, pumping out Northern credibility is pretty difficult these display that recalls the heyday of considerable degree of class.

Despite chart action and a certain JoBoxers are still "paying their dues" that well-worn phrase means in particular nights like this. Small sulky clique scattering occasional grudging approval who responded by working them battle of communication. The big system which refused to co-operate increasingly frantic engineer, and dog fight to the bitter end.

As the combination of squeals grows from the bass destroyed existed, JoBoxers still managed, amply demonstrated that they were sound. But the emphasis was on

As the hard-earned encores belatedly awoke from its soporific slumber. The phrase "better late than never" situation.

But the JoBoxers need have not achieved the ultimate badge of success exactly as they do. Their problem technicals rather than technique their ordeal with flying colours. I image and let them get on with it



At Work, framed by giant cardboard palm trees, confirmed my deep-seated distrust of their instant and whacky success.

which admittedly have some individuality, their songs bleed sludge-like into a quagmire morose of turgid drone. And despite Colin's exhortations, for all the rocky emotion of the

◀ This diabolically formulated gig