

DEL AMITRI

Glasgow

BORN OUT of Postcardian inspiration, Del Amitri have successfully steered clear of the all-too-easy-to-manoeuvre road of commercial acceptability, opting instead for their own specially flavoured style which is impossible to pin down to Postcard alone.

Tonight, as usual, the Dels demand that you become an attentive listener to an XTC/Aztec/Bunnymen sound and study carefully their stubbornly uncompromising attitude towards themselves.

There is something peculiarly special about Del Amitri, a peculiarity which defies but complements their relative obscurity and forces the patrons of their live music against their unique wall of sound — although, in the past, that wall of sound has been hampered by the equally peculiar (vocalist) Justin Currie's (un)usually bizarre nosebleeds onstage and the band being kicked offstage after only three songs, despite headlining over three other acts.

Tonight, they have retraced their steps to the Warzika Cafe (where it all began) having attracted a full but predominantly uncomfortable audience — most of us sat on the floor between table legs, with hardly enough room to swing lager, never mind a cat! — which could be

attributed to the minute venue, the 'free' thank you concert or the attractively tasty treat of Del Amitri's brute-force emotional songs.

Following the starter of taped preaching from Martin Luther King, 'Heard Through A Wall' served as immediate proof of their acute and breezily bright style, which is occasionally ripped to shreds by Currie's vocalising (an advert for throat lozenges) matching a presentation which should be tamed before it savages its audience.

The inane series of background slides forced an unnecessary distraction, with half an audience contemplating the significance of the 'donkey-Paul Haig-coffin' sequence (the mind boggles!), and highlighted the fact that the Dels should concentrate on their ragingly brilliant songs.

Currie has the ability to caress and seduce with chinese whispers before a roaring bombardment of screams on 'Sense Sickness', which stood out as one of the best indie singles of '83 but is only the tip of the Del Amitri iceberg. They can move mountains and deserve to cause a minor earthquake with the intricate and potent 'Crows In The Wheatfield'.

They may be only on the edge of the commercial barrier of 'pop' but if this is how it sounds, let the masses cross over to them.

JOHN DINGWALL