



Incorporating
Wide World of
Wobbly-Things
Weekly

INDIGO GIRLS
Indigo Girls
(EPIC)

Spend enough time listening to albums and eventually one would like to feel that a certain gift of perception begins to develop. In this way it is possible that even after a single sprint through a recently acquired album, one is able to sort out just where the artists are coming from (man). We are usually able to discern who are the brooding malcontents, who are the frivolous jacks and who are the agit-prop political loudmouths and closet revolutionaries. Of course, then there are always the die-cast purveyors of disposable pap; the corporeal manifestations of puppet masters that skilfully recognize the marketable potential of disaffected crap.

But then there are the Indigo Girls. A couple of trips around the living room carpet with Emily and Amy leaves the air redolent of warmth and sensitivity; tenderness and concern; barely concealed outrage and bittersweet romance. All of these things rush at me with such emotional intensity that even while writing this legally-impaired homage I have to put my pen down and stare out at University Avenue for a while.

It was a love that began with a weekend visit to Ottawa. Two hours off the plane I was at Club Zinc in Hull, Quebec. "Good Lord an acoustic set!" I groan inwardly at my mate's choice for the evening. But it wasn't long before the sometimes forceful, sometimes silky soft vocals gracefully entwined in the smoky air, and I realised that I looked like a complete idiot, mouth agape and eyes fairly bulging out of their sockets. What really shook me was the quite

extraordinary sincerity inherent in the delivery of the flawless set. Usually to witness a performance is just that: an unsurprising rehash of material executed every night of the tour. But here was something different.

The Indigo Girls appear shy and slightly awkward. But the execution of each song was reminiscent of a first-hand experience, not as a participant, but as the first to hear the news. It was one of those situations where songs end and it is at least a lengthy second before your brain shouts "Clap you dickhead!" Such is the transfixation.

Remarkably it is all on this self-titled album, a glittering prize of a collection that makes one wonder why it is taking these women so long to conquer the known universe. Given there are the rather jocular inclusions such as "Land of Canaan" that sounds like an intelligent contribution to any jukebox south of Dixie, but then there are the other nine songs. When R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe walks out of the back yard on Kid Fears, things start to happen. The poodle back-flips into the cookie-jar, and the potted plants spontaneously explode into an assortment of kitchen utensils that land as one in an outline of a Miro creation.

On "Blood and Fire" the final plaintive croak turns my articular cartilage into tapioca rendering any activity involving motor coordination into a completely futile endeavour.

At my sincerest, I look forward to nurturing Indigo Girls for as long as I am able to claim some form of sanity.

Steve (But then . . .) Griffiths.

Hello! - Here comes Mr Pretentious! Good day to you sir! And pray tell - what currently occupies your device for the perambulatory personal delivery of exquisite sounds?

XYMOX
Twist of Shadows
(POLYDOR)

Why dear soul! - Allow me to relate a touching anecdote! Recently I was to visit the Art Gallery of Ontario. There, subsequent to my hasty perusal of Mary Kelly's Fecal Samples and Analysis (Ed.'s note - thin smears of shit (sic.) accompanied by an itinerary of food material ingested in the previous twelve hours) I was to stumble upon a treasure trove of sculptures by the God-like Henry Moore. Oh gushing joy! No artificial illumination for this splendid exhibit. Rather the grey ambience of impending noon-time storms filtered listfully through glazed sky-lights. And

so, diving head-long into tingling ecstasy, I wheeled about my environment, flinging about the curvacious magnificence; reminded of the scorched vertebrae of long-dead demons and behemoths. And my accompaniment? None other than the desultory opulence of Xymox. Bloody hell, it was naffin' magic old son!

Crikey! - Aren't they those really moany bleeders?

Too right Tosh! - But those gnarly synth-sounds sneak up and

give you a right good boot in the bollocks!

Luvaduck! And who can resist opening lines like:

"We walked to the sunlight died"

"We sit in your room so dark and strange"

"I wandered through the streets hoping to be found"

"Mornings when I wake too early, there's a dead light in the room"
(Ed.'s note - four separate songs)

- Goads me into a bowel movement to be sure!

Agreed! Let's get pissed!
(Exeunt pub right, convinced Twist of Shadows is "farkin' great")

STEVE GRIFFITHS



Women of the Year. Amy and Emily Indigo suddenly find themselves confronted by an ant with a camera.

Ripped off from Spin magazine