

# Logo

**FREE!**  
ISSUE 7 - FEBRUARY 2003

THE DEATH OF LIVE MUSIC  
SIMON RAYMONDE  
CALEXICO  
THE STAR SPANGLES  
JOY ZIPPER  
STAG  
THE FUNERALS  
SATELLITE  
CLEARLAKE  
FRANK BLACK

# The Veils

**ASIAN DUB  
FOUNDATION**

and their enemies...

lay back and relax with...

**THE THRILLS**

**THE magazine for NEW music**

THANK YOU to everybody that took the time to complete our online reader survey. With your help we now know what you like (quite a lot as it happens) and what you don't (not much), and the first fruits of your labour can be seen in this very issue. Inside you'll find LOGO clearer and easier to navigate through, with more features on the stars of tomorrow and a broader range of music to guide you to what's worth hearing, whatever pigeonhole the style police put it into. Somehow we've managed to fit in more features, more live reviews and more album reviews, and we've turned over a lot more space to demos from the bands that will be rocking everybody's world sometime soon.

It being our first issue of 2003 I suppose it's time for resolutions; we have only one: to keep on improving LOGO, to make it the only magazine you'll ever need to read, to make it the one thing you will seek out on the first of every month. Actually that's three resolutions in one, but you get my point I'm sure.

So what's in this month's issue? Cast your eyes down and you'll see... and if you're not seeing what you want, let us know. As always, it's only with your help that we can keep on improving.

Oh, before I leave, and in answer to the many of you that asked, I don't really look like Michael Caine, I'm just camera shy. Look over to your right and you'll see another of my heroes, as always, I'll be staying in the shadows...

Alan Downes, Managing Editor



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## WRY

London, The Buffalo Bar

words: Tom O'Connor

Wry are a rock 'n' roll band whose dreams have taken them half-way around the world and landed them a monthly residency at Islington's Buffalo Bar. The Brazilian four-piece raised the funds to cover their airfare to London during a 15-gig summer tour of Brazil, and now set their sites on a new target: the UK, beginning with an adventure on London's toilet circuit. You'll immediately notice something different about these guys when they take the stage. They're not from around here – you'll see it, hear it and feel it. They deal in a cross of garage energy and punk attitude, coupled with melodic vocals reminiscent of the Charlatans. Their songs feature unpredictable melodies and

kaleidoscopic guitar lines, driven by the power of Bizar, a 12-cylinder turbo-charged drummer. These guys seem to have it all – the songs, the looks AND the stage performance. Imagine a frontman who, as a child, was thrown off the set at Sesame Street for having too much fun; who now believes he is Peter Pan, leading a band with dark eyes, killer dreadlocked hair and shirtless power – it's not something you see every day. They filled this particular venue with 100 people who did not blink during their performance; this is plainly just the beginning for these guys.

## THE LIGHT OUTSIDE

Ipswich, Destinction  
words: Claire Llewellyn

"As infectious to dance to as Lionel Richie" or so I'm told. Does this make me want to see The Light Outside? I'm honestly not sure...but I'm certainly intrigued.

No bands play in Ipswich; it's almost a rule here. So your Bermuda triangle, there's a void right here on our doorstep where tour managers fear to tread, and those that have dared to venture beyond the Essex county border have simply never been bothered to return. It's hardly surprising we have a reputation for being insular fucking inbreeds (not literally, although I'm not helping here I'm sure). It's also no wonder that we become a little protective of our own; adopting a standoffish attitude and sneering that the rest of you can keep your NME favourites in your popular venues and your big cities, cos we're not doing too bad out here on our own you know. So, sticking with the theme;

local bands tend to fail, in my book, by falling into one of two categories: 'pub rock' or 'teen goth'. The Light Outside however are the secret mutant lovechild of Cadillac Blindside and The Atari's, with a few of the guys from Thursday peeping in on their conception and giving a nod, a wink and a thumbs up for good measure.

The hardcore kids jest that it's "too emo" but I don't think that's really what The Light Outside are going for, in so much as they're having far too much fun to pull off 'emotional'. Plus, they tend to stray too far from the quiet-loud-quiet formula into the realm of power chords and concise melodies to be safely tarred with that brush.

The Light Outside actually do justice to the fact that you don't have to be from London or Manchester to be decent. There's a little comfort in thinking 'they're from round here!' and that maybe, just maybe, things will pick up for us. Ah, yes they were good and almost made up for the fact that only the Quo and a couple of indie bands in the major label doghouse have graced us with their presence in the last 18 months.

## PUERTO MUERTO

Camden, The Enterprise  
words: Tom O'Connor

Camden Enterprise contains a makeshift bar, various mismatched tables and stools, a piano in serious decay plus various odds and ends hanging off the walls – the perfect environment for music that overwhelms with emotive sincerity while daring you to recognise it's roots. A crowd of 30 gather tonight, free of admission, to hear songs that name-check Nick Cave and Tom Waits, performed by a petite opera singer wrapped in black and red, a floor-tom showing signs of repeated abuse and a country-blues guitarist strapped to a white telecaster. Puerto Muerto are, bizarrely, a couple from Chicago, and tonight is the final night of a ten show tour.

Opener 'Crazy Worms,' a delicately paced ballad that revives melodies from 'The Sound of Music' while moving with a relaxed Delta blues rhythm, is followed by an offbeat country stomp that rouses revolutionary

spirits, peeling posters off the smoke-stained walls and sending a bottle to the floor with the chorus "we'll have a hell of a time..."

There is a message running through Puerto Muerto's music, something about a fight on the horizon mixed with romantic comedy, a warning that there's a challenge to overcome, sprinkled with political banter and a bit of beer. The song 'Sorrow' suggests "We could pool our resources and form a formidable force..." delivered in an 'opera-meets bar room blues' mantra, with spoken male vocals shadowed by a breezy female harmony.

The show picks up pace, and quirks; 'Jean Lafitte' sees Christa pounding her drum so hard her feet leave the floor, 'San Pedro' has her shrieking and later apologizing that she couldn't decide whether to laugh or scream as she watched herself perform in the mirror behind the audience. They even manage to throw a fantastic cover of Ray Davies' 'Alcohol' into the mix.

I was sent here this evening not knowing what to expect, but Puerto Muerto left an indelible mark on my psyche; next time around I'll be coming of my own accord.

## THE VENUE

London, 100 Club  
words: Eamon Hamilton

Guitars; haircuts; ties; 60s garage rock obsession: check, check, check, and check. Hey, they're even from Sweden. Go straight to the top of the charts without stopping at 'How to write a tune' school.

This is yet another offering from 'The Scandinavian Musical Template', where incredibly good-looking bands pick a moment in chart history and replicate it in exact detail for the amusement and entertainment of paying audiences. The Venue have decided to be 1966. The band stink of an expensive trip to Sweden where Bella Union's A&R had only a day to 'find a Swedish garage rock band that sound like The Hives without as many ideas.' This isn't true (they were discovered at last year's South by Southwest Festival) but the band sound so standard, so average, that this is all

I can think. No one around me even claps the songs. No one gives a flying fuck. Why should they? This is 2002, not 1966. That was now, and this is then.

There are hundreds of unsigned British garage bands, most of whom rock - all Bella Union had to do was go to a mod weekend. So why pick this lot? The 100 Club is the wrong venue to showcase a band; it's too wide and too empty to get any atmosphere going, and no one's going to dance tonight (which is surely the only reason for garage rock's existence). The band don't look like they're enjoying it, and neither do the audience.

The Venue are like The Pattern without the fun. Coda: later on, I re-listen to their album, "Mhmm" and a tune jumps out and rips me to fuck: 'Digesting Time'. It sounds like Big Star licking Kim Deal's sweating legs, it sounds like a band with ideas, trying to make their own sound and having some fun doing it. It rocks. The rest of the album? Like The Small Faces taking a shit.

