

TERRY AND GERRY MARC RILEY AND THE CREEPERS

Brum

TRIANGLE

Beat

Birmingham

1985

Niceness is in vogue! In my day pop stars struck aggressive poses and the audience spat at them. At The Triangle Terry and Gerry smiled at the crowd and the crowd jumped on stage to shake their hands and pat their backs.

Songs flew thick and fast, unpunctuated by solos. The only relief came from a willing chorus of shave-abillies, teenage girls and unconcerned parents, who, when enjoined to sing "Everybody's Talking About Brum Brum Cars", did not find it ridiculous.

Terry had them eating out of his sweaty socks. From the first nasal grunt, the audience went more bananas than Tesco's fruit counter. Singing to a guitar which he probably found on his parents' living room wall - Terry (Nigel) banked on Simon, visited clothes shops and Milton Keynes and told the world he didn't like reggae.

All this must have been very disconcerting for Marc Riley, who dangled his belt phallus-like, spoke out against Citroens and Cure fans - all designed to enlist audience sympathy. The crowd looked on, irritated that

this was the only alternative to an inadequate bar.

This was Terry's night. In a city looking for a more charismatic voice than Crossroads, Amy Turtle's crown has finally slipped. The smart money is riding on centrespread pictures by Christmas. In the words of the poet, "Oh Birmingham, so much to answer for."

NEIL JEFFRIES