

THE BIG DISH

Creeping Up On Jesus

(Virgin LP/Cassette/CD)

AS YOU might expect of a Scots band with big in their name, The Big Dish make a particular brand of 'stirring', 'poetic' anthemic rock, all acoustic guitars, soaring vocals and committed, passionate, meaningful lyrics. Their videos, I expect, consist of twilight moors, descending clouds and murky, distant mountains. Their record is encased in a suitably impressive gatefold sleeve, predictably oversized, but never less than tasteful.

Each track collected on 'Creeping . . .' is as wholesome and well presented as Hovis bread, each played with accomplished, conscientious skill, and rich in imagery and musicianship.

You might call it good driving music, although their over produced sleekness blends into the background of whatever it is you happen to be doing. Individual moments become difficult to recall, fading into a pastel wash of cool colours and unobtrusive half tones.

The Big Dish make Laura Ashley rock too nice for its own good; it lacks edges and hooks to pull you along and get you involved. It's coffee table music which won't clash with the wallpaper.

Occasionally something stirs and stands out ('Burn', 'European Rain') but 'Creeping Up On Jesus' is too deferential to the producer to take on a life of its own. Jesus, I think, wouldn't take much notice.

(6)

John Tague