



alison moyer



Alison Moyet

THE BAND

RICK DRISCOLL Guitar/Vocals
LINDSAY ELLIOT Drums
KEVIN POWELL Bass Guitar
PAUL ELLIS Keyboards
DAVE MACHALE Saxophone
VINCE SULLIVAN Trombone
STEVE WATERMAN Trumpet
DEREK LEWIS Backing Vocals
CHRIS CAMERON Backing Vocals
SYLVIA MASON JAMES Backing Vocals

THE TEAM

Tour Co-Ordination Agency/Promotions Secretarial
Personal Management Business Management/Accounts Lawyer
Sound System Lighting Backline
Travel Agent Coaches Trucking Merchandising
JOHN GIDDINGS FOR TBA INTERNATIONAL
IAN WRIGHT FOR TBA INTERNATIONAL
CAROLE MURRAY FOR TBA INTERNATIONAL
MALCOLM LEE
STEPHEN ROSS FOR ROSS, BENNET-SMITH
ALEXIS GROWER FOR SEIFERT, SEDLEY & CO.
ROADSTAR
SUPERMICK
ML EXECUTIVES
SUE HALL FOR TRINIFOLD TRAVEL
BERRYHURST
EUROTRUX
CONCERT PUBLISHING

THE CREW

MARTIN GOLD Tour Manager
DEBBIE RAWLINGS Wardrobe
GARY BRADSHAW Sound Engineer
STEVE LAZARUS Lighting Designer
ANDY TAYLOR Monitors
JED DANSEN Sound Technician
ROY DAVIDSON Lighting Technician
GLENN POWER Lighting Technician
ROGER PROCTOR Backline
PAUL CANTWELL Backline
ANDY MATTHEWS Backline
MICHAEL LEE Backline
VAL BOWERS Catering
TRUDI THOROGOOD Catering
DAVE HARVEY Truck Driver
KEVIN STACEY Truck Driver
STEVE DARRELL Band Coach Driver



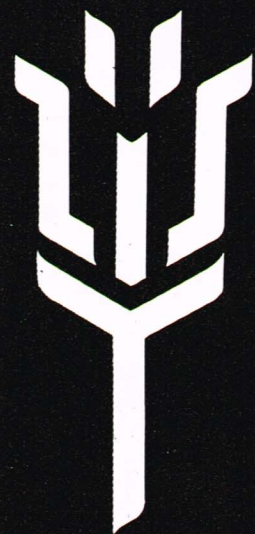
She used to be Janis Joplin. It wasn't simply that she copied her voice, played her records every available minute of the day, dressed like her and generally idolised her . . . no, she used to *be* Janis Joplin. Ever her friends used to call her Janis.

Life can be pretty strange when your 14.

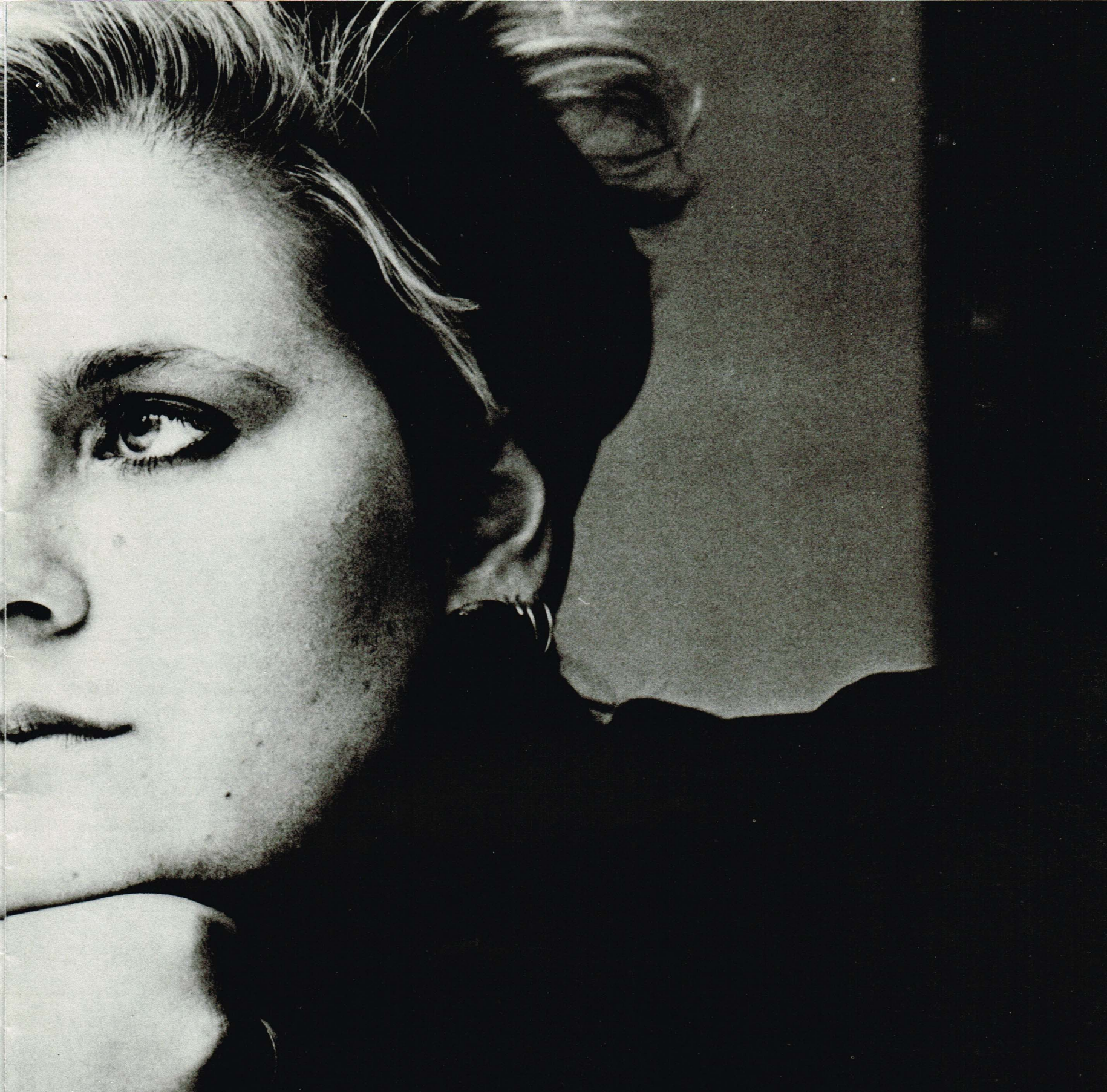
Alison Moyet laughs now as she recalls her obsession. She laughs a lot as it happens – she's that sort of person – and she hadn't thought about Janis Joplin for ages. It amuses and astonishes her now to recall the intensity of her Joplin mania . . . "I was absolutely besotted," she says in genuine wonder, "totally *infatuated*."

Still, hero-worship invariably ends in disillusionment and it wasn't too long before Joplin became discredited in her mind. She grew tired of the sheer, unrelenting passion of Joplin's voice, craved for some shade and subtlety. There was, she considers now, something else she rejected about Joplin – the way she wilfully fed herself to other people's preconceptions. Joplin allowed her image to outgrow reality . . . eventually that image dominated her life and ultimately destroyed her. Now that is the sort of damn fool thing Alison could *never* allow to happen.

You learn a lot about Alison Moyet listening to her talk about Janis Joplin. The vocal influences are still distantly there, of course, in her own electrifying voice – the depth of passion and the fiery blues edge – but there's something more you learn about Alison. You learn all about her motivation. For instance, she doesn't regard herself as a feminist, but loathes sexism and would never sing a song she felt demeaned women or portrayed female stereotypes. Her songs certainly aren't sexless – in fact, they ooze with sex – yet they are songs that could apply equally to man or woman.








Even Janis Joplin was dragging herself down. She was saying 'I'm not like these other women, I'm *me*. I'm not pretending to be anything I'm not', yet even when she was singing songs that put herself as a lesser being. Her attraction was the way she made herself naked to people, it was her self-destructiveness that everybody found so attractive. From my own experience I know you can get a much better reaction by opening yourself up and begging an audience than you get just by singing a song as opposed to being the *singer* of the song. She was aware that by doing it she was making herself that much more attractive to the audience. Sometimes I do it myself – I'm aware that I'm doing it. But she did it too much. She took it to a point where there was no return and that was her attraction. She didn't know when to stop."

She will argue with you if you try to tell her so, but Alison Moyet is fast on her way to becoming a *great* singer. She loves raw emotion, regards honesty as sacred and never delivers from anywhere but her heart. More than this she thinks deeply about her music and will go to extraordinary lengths to understand and *live* a song. These are qualities so rare in current pop music you feel a government preservation order should be placed on her voice.

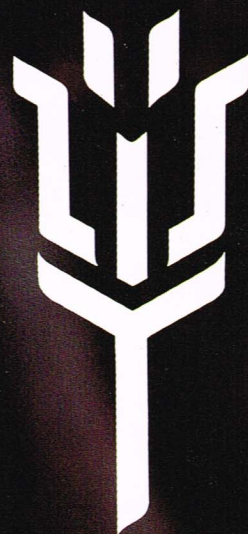
But then Alison Moyet is an unusual sort of pop star. Doesn't really regard herself as a pop star at all. Not really. Such are the paradoxes of the *great* singer who thinks of herself as the most ordinary person in the world. She's warm, gregarious and hugely entertaining company, but panics and dries up completely if she's recognised in public. She has a generous fund of filthy jokes that she'll happily tell with undisguised relish, yet is shy and uncomfortable at showbiz functions and can't abide small talk. She'll go to endless lengths to perfect a vocal, but has never had the self-discipline to spend time fully mastering a musical instrument. She's had a string of hit singles in and out of Yazoo, yet is still likely to be awed in the company of pop stars.



She still winces at the memory of her 21st birthday. In the charts for the first time with "Only You" she accepted an invitation to be a panellist on the Radio 1 programme "Round Table" only to discover it was being chaired by her numero uno hero Elvis Costello. She spent the entire programme "whimpering". She's a married lady now with a fund of media experience behind her, but in similar circumstances she doesn't feel her reaction would be greatly different . . .

I always feel like a punter when I meet pop stars," she says. "They always seem so . . . intelligent. They know everything about sociology and Keats and stuff like that . . . and I read occult horror books."

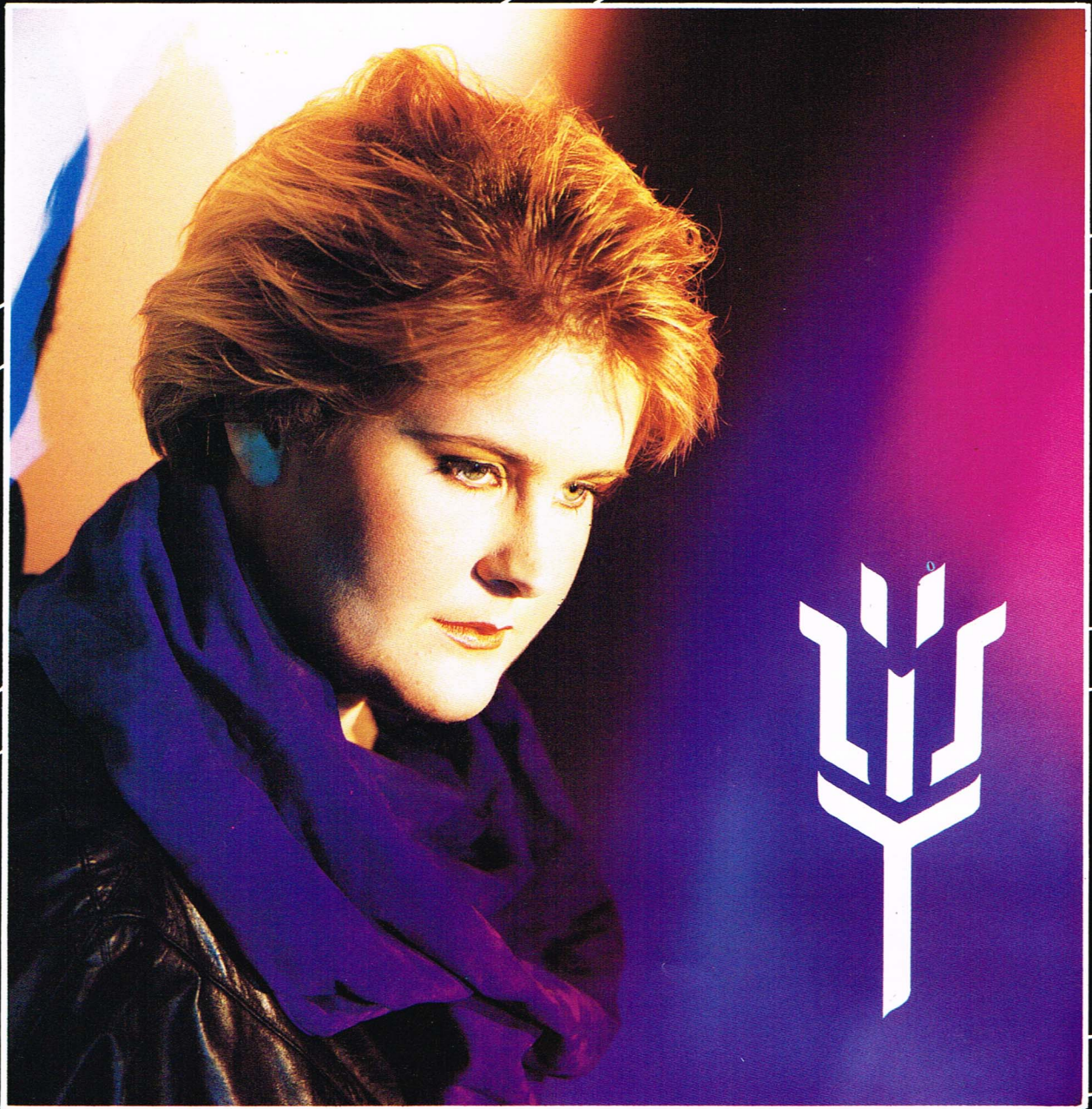
Alison reckons they breed them in a special way from her part of Essex. You can usually tell if they're from Southend or Canvey, she says, and certainly there's a special sort of chumminess about her. she also talks like an express train and has an intense fondness for pubs (it's one of her biggest regrets that her hatred of being recognised in public prevents her drinking with her mates as much as she would like). Personalities as large as hers somehow seem destined to achieve national fame, but the young Alison – given the school nickname Alf – had no particular grand ambitions for herself.



Until 1977 when she heard X-Ray Spex. X-Ray Spex were among the vanguard of the punk explosion and were especially noted for their lead singer Poly Styrene, famous for the ugly brace on her teeth and the raucous roar in her throat. Alison adored that roar and loved the freshness, energy and vitality of the band. For the first time the glamour had been stripped away, the myths about music had been exposed and youth had a purpose again. Alf wanted to be a singer.

She is now emphatic that it was Poly Styrene and Poly Styrene alone who inspired her to sing. So, Alf became a punkette and discovered she had a voice. From the age of 15 she was writing songs and her natural sociable nature led her into the local rock fraternity – always lively in the Southend area. This in turn brought her in touch with Dr Feelgood, kings of the pub-rock scene. Alf loved Dr Feelgood – still does – and couldn't imagine a better way of spending her life than getting a few pints down in a throbbing, sweaty pub while a good-time r'n'b band boogied to their hearts' content.

With an interest in blues already fostered by her earlier fixation with Janis Joplin, Alf set about forming her own little occasional blues band. She was living on £15 a week but she loved to sing and adored r'n'b and didn't mind too much that she was lucky not to be out of pocket at one of these appearances. She might have remained singing in dives in Essex were it not for a surprising occurrence in nearby Basildon . . .



At the start of the '80's, Depeche Mode had carried all before them. They were the trailblazers for the new decade, torch-carriers of the new age of pop. Here, at last, was a group who clearly had a firm grasp of the technological niceties, yet also had glamour, excitement and teenybop appeal. Their mastermind was a guy called Vince Clarke.

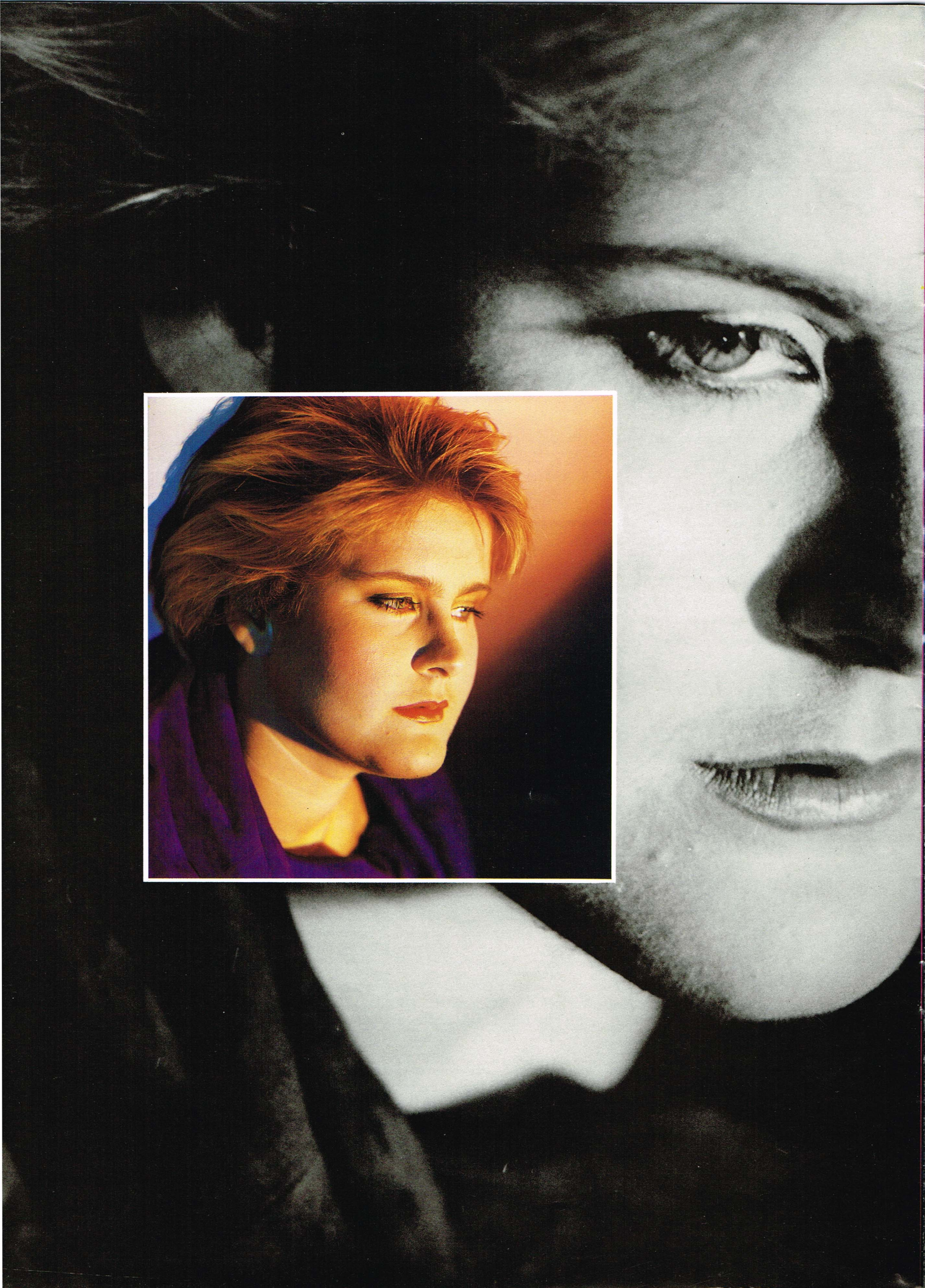
A quiet, thoughtful man with a shock of fair hair tumbling over his eyes, Clarke had little interest in screaming schoolgirls and constant touring. His obsession was technology and his place was experimenting with sounds in studios and he felt frustrated by the one-dimensional channelling of the pop process. With the group still riding on the crest of a massive wave, Vince Clarke walked out of Depeche Mode.

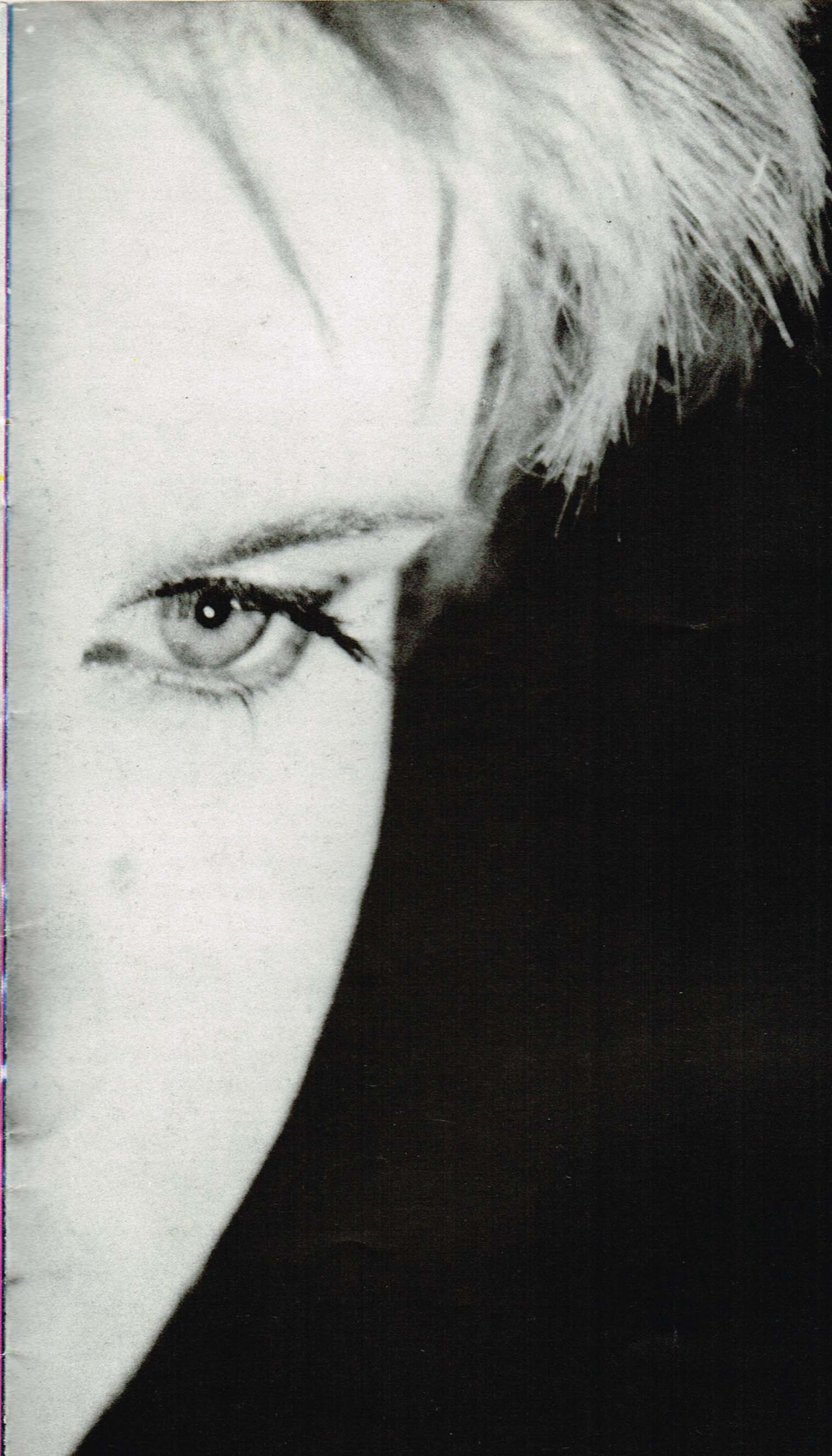
The rest of the story takes on fairy-tale dimensions. Clarke needed a singer to carry through the fruits of his newly-won freedom in the studio, Alf was looking for a band. There was an ad. They already knew one another. Alf agreed to sing on a demo for a new song Vince had written. It was called "Only You."

Suddenly Alf's life turned upside down. Reaction to the demo was so ecstatic that they were signed to Mute as a duo, called themselves Yazoo, and were in the charts and appearing on "Top Of The Pops" in a matter of weeks. No wonder Alf froze when they sat her next to her hero Elvis Costello when she appeared on "Round Table" on her 21st birthday. She received £1,000 as her first advance – the first time in her life she could remember having real money – and instantly blew it all on a motor bike. That may tell you something about Alf.

Vince and Alf were always an odd combination. The techno buff with the perfectly-honed pop pedigree and the outgoing girl with the soulful voice and one foot in blues and the other in punk. . . but for a while there it worked brilliantly. Alf's warmth and strength gave Vince's studio precision a human face and the follow-up to "Only You", "Don't Go", "Enjoyed Similarly Spectacular Success. For her part, Alf was enjoying herself immensely. . . she was growing in confidence daily, learning her way around a studio and developing as a singer and a songwriter. Invigorated by one another's differing backgrounds and precepts, they combined to create a stunning first album, "Upstairs At Eric's."





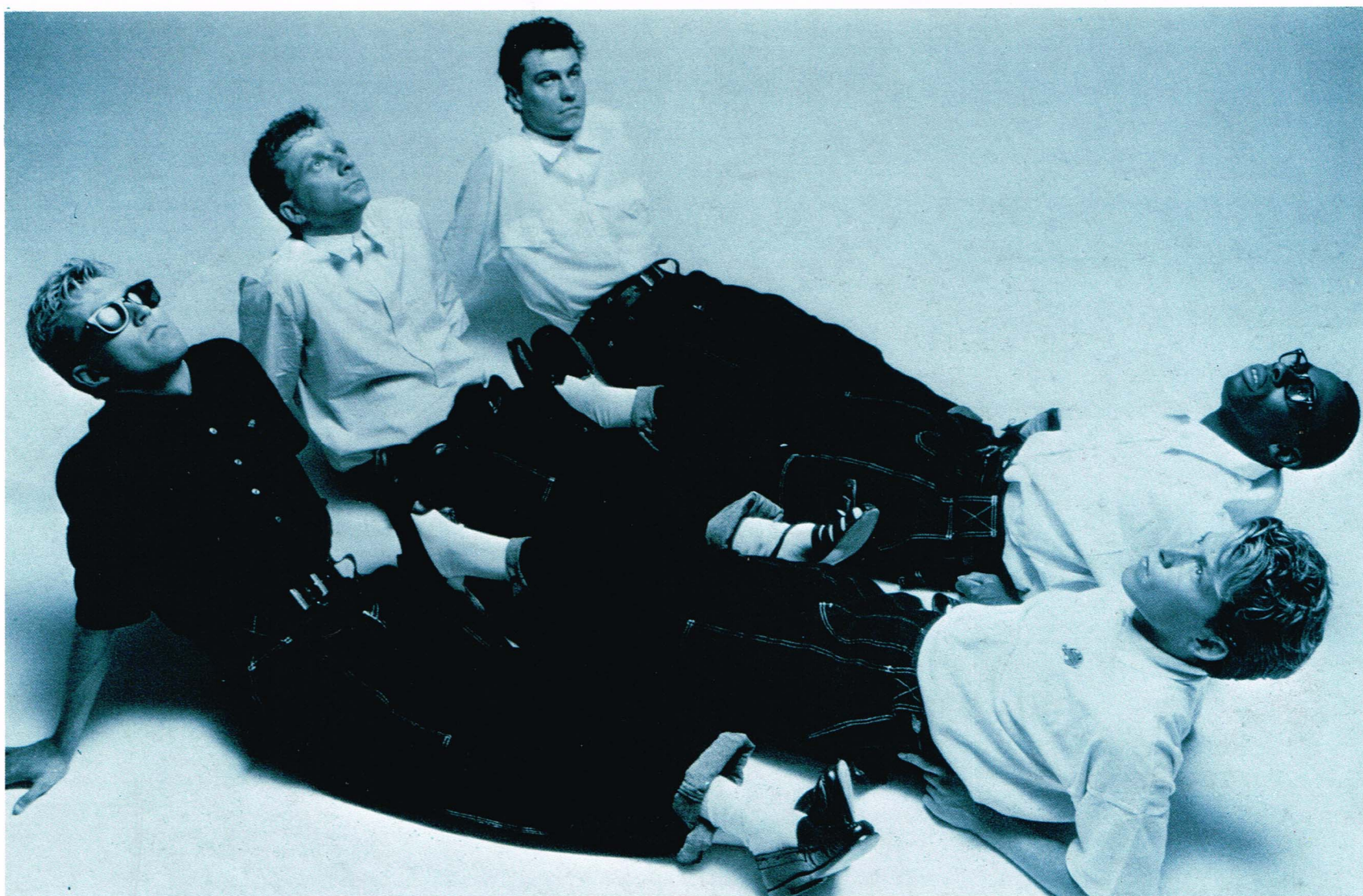


It wasn't to last, but then neither of them expected it would. There were basic differences in their aspirations and intended directions. Above all, Alf loved to sing and sing in front of an audience. Vince wasn't much interested in touring at all and when they did play live Alf found it disconcerting to be singing over backing tapes and imposing electronic equipment. When the artistic rift started to become personal they both knew they had to break up Yazoo. Contracted to do another album, they bowed out with "You And Me Both" which produced one single, Alf's song "Nobody's Diary" (a huge hit) and an air of disappointment from all concerned. For all its shortcomings, however, "You And Me Both" does demonstrate the soaring confidence of Alf's writing, especially in strikingly emotional songs like "Ode To Boy", "Anyone" and "And On".

Few doubted Alf/Alison would make it as a solo artist. Voices as big as this one are bound to be heard. Alison herself wasn't sure and was even less sure when a series of complicated legal actions prevented her recording for over a year. She sat in her flat and fretted, wondering if anyone would remember her. They did. When CBS were finally able to release her debut solo single in the summer of 1984, the song – a big, beaty ballad called "Love Resurrection" – climbed the charts steadily. This was pop music of real class and strength and if the lyric was considered by some to be a little . . . risqué, well that was part of Alison's character too. The success of her second single, "All Cried Out", a fierce tale about the worm turning, merely confirms the arrival of a singer of terrific range and stature, and the potential to be this country's leading girl singer for years to come.

"Oh, I don't see myself as a great singer," she argues. "I'd just like to see myself as an all-rounder. I couldn't stand just to do one style, I want to do it *all*. One day I'm going to shock everyone and do a Jack the Lad song. I don't see any necessity to limit yourself to one thing at all, I'd just get frustrated. Variety's the spice of life and all that and I believe I can sing anything. If I sang folk you'd think I'd come right out of that period, if I sang jazz you'd think I'd been brought up on that, if I sang r 'n' b you'd think I'd lived with that all my life. I just adapt well. I just think that whatever you sing you've got to really *believe* it. If I'm singing a song I can make myself feel really sad . . . I can make myself *cry* by singing."

You'd better believe it. You'd just better believe it.



PEOPLE!

Introducing Peter Eason (vocals), Dave Clayton (keyboards), Jeremy Meek (bass), David Palmer (drums) and Lloyd Richards (guitar):

PERSON TO PERSON . . . five young men working as one making music better and better music; putting pop in perspective.

Turning back the pages – read 'Late Summer 1983': the assembly during the hot season of five craftsmen with one aim and the four points of the compass on their minds.

FIVE: four plus one – strength, unity, dedication and optimism linked in youth by the industry of the cog, four instruments interacting with one voice.

Five meet person to person at the right time, right place.

For the record, a series of formal introductions conducted in the international arena during ABC's Lexicon of Love World Tour teamed then alphabetical drum-major David Palmer with M.D. Dave Clayton. Sensing the birth of an adventure, the seeds of discontent were sown from Philadelphia to Freedom.

Back in Britain, the two joined forces with Jeremy, Lloyd and Peter; individual artists in search of the art of something special . . .

PERSON TO PERSON.

Look no further, the discovery's been made: the chemistry of youth and experience (Jeremy played the stations of the globe with Live Wire and Joan Armatrading while Lloyd served his six-string apprenticeship with hot funk Hot Cuisine) combine to create a high grade of performance, a superior sound and a stronger style in songwriting, studio and on stage.

Autumn 1983, David Palmer visits Japan as special guest on YMO's farewell tour and preaches the gospel according to Person to Person. On his return the bond is complete; their resolve strong, the five spend the long winter months taking '83 into '84 writing and preparing for success, newly motivated by the freshness of Pete's strong, as yet undiscovered voice.

PERSON TO PERSON: both sides of the coin at once, the merger of studio sensibility and live dynamism; man using machine and taking music from the four walls of the studio to the four corners of the earth.

Five as one putting the music back into the dance.

Stronger than reason, once Sheffield's best kept secret . . . now the secret's out:

PERSON TO PERSON



alison
moyet

“ALF”

HER DEBUT SOLO ALBUM & CASSETTE
WHICH INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLES - 'LOVE RESSURECTION' · 'ALL CRIED OUT' & 'INVISIBLE'

