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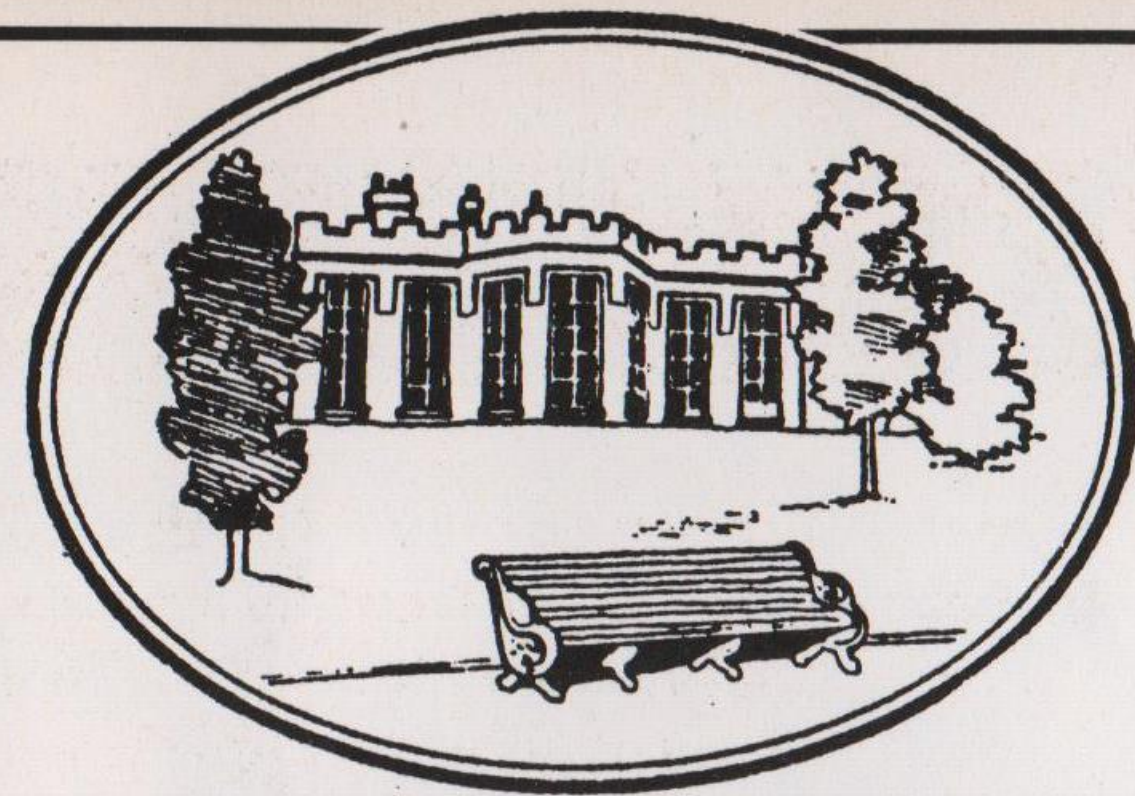
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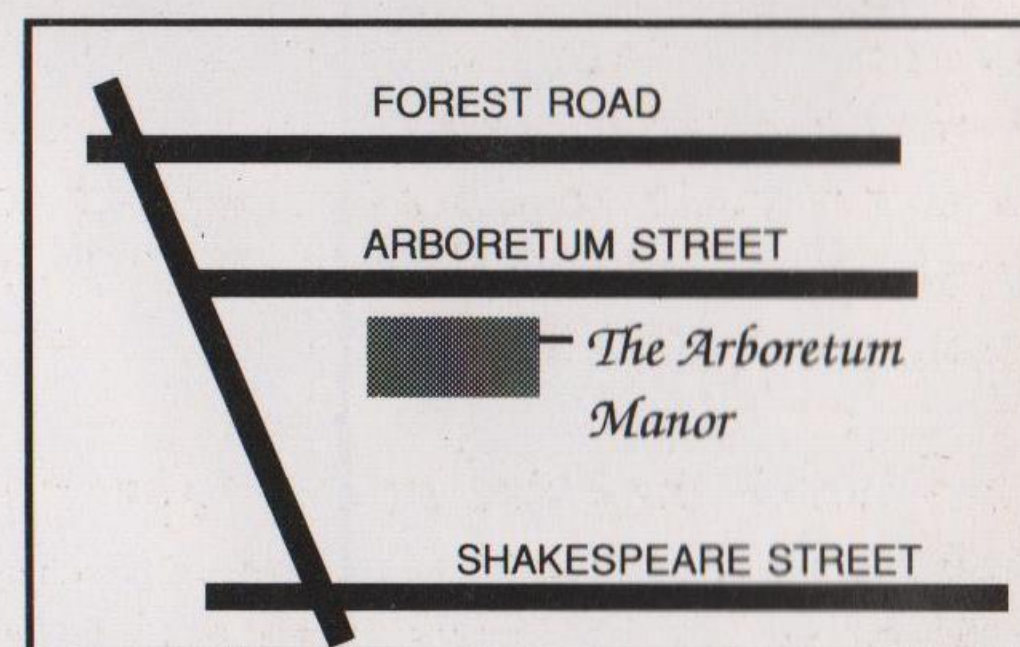
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# Novemberall

## The times they are a-changing

Former Rock City DJ Andy Miller returned to Nottingham last month to become manager at Bobby Brown's. Having spent a few years in London as a nightclub manager for Granada, Andy is now ringing in some changes in Bobby's pubclub. "Wake Up To Reality" on Fridays and Saturdays features DJ Allister's choice of rare groove, funk classics, soul and dance, while "World Service" every Wednesday will present join-in performance by musicians and street artists and a full variety mix by DJ Crunch. Monday night is now called "Singing in the Shower" and seriously threatens to feature one of those damned K\*r\*\*k\* machines. Application has been made to do away with that stupid rule about not admitting customers after 10.30.

Meanwhile on the other side of town the Limelight Bar has come into the capable hands of Mr. Phil Holmes, also a former DJ on Radio Nottingham's Extravaganza (if anyone can remember the city's first local music show). A few years ago Phil created Russels and promoted five nights of live music there every week, four of them starring The Lipstick Killers if memory serves me.

Talking of time, the Arboretum is continuing its daring new schedule with a Monday night rave that goes on to 2.30 Tuesday morning. The first one featured DIY DJs DK and Cookie. Bounce along and support this madness whose aim is to raise money for the Rock & Reggae Festival. Irony, don't you think?

The 28th of October was the opening night of SKYY, a refurbished 400 capacity venue on Alfreton Rd. which will be joining in the midweek mayhem with a rave on Wednesday nights if you take any more. Uniquely available is imported Dragon Stout brewed and bottled by Desnoes and Geddes of Kingston, Jamaica.

The Bulbatronic Psychedelic Institute will be reinforcing its Thursday night success with live music. Any bands wishing to play should send their sounds to B.P.I., PO Box 31, Nottingham NG3 4PD.

## Studio Time

The local music scene in Derby is faced with quite a few geographic, if not attitudinal problems: the close proximity of Nottingham tends to mean that most

bands get unnoticed and audience reaction in this predominately market town has never been described as *ecstatic*. The Spacedome Recording Studio is committed to changing this and already under its umbrella the music scene is coming alive, although they would never pretend to do anything more than help the obvious blossoming of talent that the indie explosion is generating.

The Spacedome is neither spacey nor dome shaped, in fact it is a small converted garage in someone's back-yard. But as Matt Holmes (partner, engineer, producer, computer-nut) says: size is not important, it's what you do with it that counts; and what he does with it is to give Derby based musicians a cheap, versatile, professional recording studio.

The atmosphere, although cramped (at times ridiculously so), is always one of friendly co-operation and the results from the single eight-track and DAT mastering are surprisingly well produced.

Current bands recording or associated with Spacedome are The Tropical Fish Invasion and Antiseptic Beauty (who have both released flexies), dance band XL-Rhythm (whose debut 12" is set for release in the new year and have MCA Records hot on their heels), The Stance (Spacedome's pet band), Rico, The Hashtrays, rap group Beyond Description and indie-techno duo: Warp Drive 5.

Starting mid-November The Spacedome will be organising promotional nights at The Wherehouse (the town's newest and most exciting venue) to showcase Derby bands and to generate Record Company interest.

## Submit One

Back in Nottingham, the Local Bands Package is keeping them busy at The Square Centre where Submission Records have been organising live appearances for their new signings. After a packed gig at the Narrow Boat, Fear of the World are looking forward to their appearance at London's Subterania with a major record deal to follow. And after a flamboyant live debut of her "post-modern disco" at London's Kinky Gerlinky expect to hear the name Pippa a lot when she emerges from the Square Dance Derby Studio. Nottingham's own reggae star Taxman has relaunched his independent Stush label with "The way you love me" by D-Fex featuring Ganja

Ash. Produced by Taxman and Submission's John Crossley, the single went straight to Number One in the national Reggae Chart. Meanwhile Whycliffe took a break from working on his second album to meet American visitors here to negotiate the deal to take him Stateside. Best of British, Donovan.

## Putting on the Ritz

The Tuesday night road to Ritz is a rag of three-legged transvestite students, doctors and doctorettes, nurses and nurslings, pop stars and clowns. I knew it was a Full Moon but didn't realise it was fancy dress. A quick change in the nearest phone booth and I emerge as a serious journalist. No problem.

First things first. The carpet. This is the spiciest one I've found so far with stars, moons and submarines in it. There is not however much space outside the carpet. The club is swarming with libido and capacity culture. So many young people so obviously enjoying themselves. One big, chaotically boisterous party.

Five huge chromium spaceships that may once have existed inside the carpet have attached themselves to the ceiling and are trying to make contact. The helicopter spot banks on the hulls spin wildly to a revamped version of 'Dizzy'. You can see joy on the faces on the dancefloor, feel the fun and hear the laughter despite the P.A. I felt a bit dizzy myself. Some of the crowd sing-along to old faves and new while a massive bank of video screens and D.J. Bill Redhead lend a benevolent Big Brother theme to the occasion. Let's talk to some of my fellow travellers.

Jared and Ruth seem like discerning people since they are at the designer drinks bar rather than joining the scrum (the first and only Rugby World Cup reference in this issue - promise) for floppy plastic pint pots. So why are they here?

"I am from Leeds" says Jared, "and there is a Ritz there so I know what to expect. It's a good atmosphere, good music. It's good to pull too - it's not a cattle market but it's easier than at other places like say, The Irish where we normally go on Wednesdays. We'll be coming here again." Couldn't have put it better myself.



# THE KOOL KAT

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TUES 12th NOV

FRONT ROOM  
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with guests ...

TUES 22nd OCT  
TUES 29th OCT  
TUES 5th NOV

GERSHWIN (WOOSH)  
PHALDY FREDRICKS  
(F.C.KK)  
OSBORNE DANIELS  
& DEAN WEBSTER  
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## Derek Bentley died at the hands of the British judiciary a generation ago. Now a British film sets out to prevent a new generation repeating the mistakes of our parents.

*Let him have it* is the story of the notorious Bentley and Craig case, where Bentley, a 19 year old with a mental age of 11, was hanged for a murder committed by his 15 year-old friend Craig. The film gave me an idea which should silence the flog 'em, hang 'em, & flog 'em again lobby once and for all.

Everyone should officially register whether or not they believe in the death penalty. Then, if the black cap situation arises, only if you've ticked 'Yes - I believe in the death penalty' should you be hanged. And if the wrong man happens to drop, well, at least he's died having really learnt a lesson.

Or alternatively, if you want to be humane, everyone who ticks 'Yes' should be chained to a cinema seat and forced to watch *Let Him Have It*, until he recants and says a) Bentley shouldn't have died. b) He was an innocent individual sacrificed to a State dealing with a new 'enemy': teenagers. c) Our legal system should not make irreparable mistakes. d) The only way to avoid that is not to hang at all. One screening should do it, because what the film clearly demonstrates is that political opinion always overrides justice, and in the heat of the moment, however coolly impartial the law may think itself, it can be an instrument of fear and hatred exacting unjust revenge.

*Let Him Have It* is a sort of Ealing tragedy. It shows us post-war Britain, dislocated and unwholesome, where schoolboys look (and often behave) like American gangsters and guns are as common as conkers. It's a hard and unsympathetic world, where people accept hardship and expect no sympathy and where epileptic Derek

Bentley is classified 'sub-normal' by the army and hides in his room for a year instead of facing the brave new post-war world.

Given the state of the nation, the very angry young man Bentley meets, called Chris Craig is, though not likable, certainly understandable. We can sympathise with both boys when he tells Bentley, "You ain't normal, Derek, but you ain't sub normal!"

The film itself has a certain staginess, reminiscent of plucky British wartime films like *This Happy Breed* (Mother

*Everyone should officially register whether or not they believe in the death penalty. Then, if the black cap situation arises, only if you've ticked 'Yes - I believe in the death penalty' should you be hanged. And if the wrong man happens to drop, well, at least he's died having really learnt a lesson.*

wears a pinny and everyone has an unflattering hair style), and when the Bentley family is grouped cosily around the new telly they look like an advert for The Radio Times. But its positive side is an intensity and vividness which makes moments of high drama wonderfully real.

If you come out of this gloriously emotional film dry-eyed, you should see a doctor because you're probably dead.

Likewise, anyone who comes out of *The Commitments* and doesn't want to form

a band, bring Soul to Sneinton and get them dancing in the streets of Lenton should seek medical advice also. Squeezing onto my Film of the Year pedestal with *Thelma and Louise* are The Commitments, Dublin's Saviours of Soul and revivers of Alan (Fame - I'm gonna live till Tuesday) Parker's faded reputation.

If getting on up like a sex machine ah is your thang then you'll love *The Commitments*. It is the rawest, most unsentimental "Let's put on a show" movie ever made. The Commitments are Ireland's apology to the world for Val Doonican (and about time too). The film is sassy, streetwise and upbeat. For social deprivation read spirit and more spirit. Workless class life does not belittle this motley crew - the reverse in fact - "The Guerrillas of Soul" express their pride with their music and it's a great crack. Now what did I do with my "A Tune A Day?".....

Now from the serious to the sublime to yes, the ridiculous and *Dead Again*. This twisty tale of amnesia, fate, reincarnation and scissors is slick, stylish, superficial and sh- shamelessly silly. As long as you don't take it as seriously as it takes itself, you'll have a great time. For its so called "homage to" Film Noir read 'parody of'. And as for the new Olivier and Leigh, it must be said that Kenneth Branagh and Emma Thompson have the sexual rapport of Andy Pandy and Looby Loo. Remember Steve McQueen in *The Blob*? Well, *The Blob* has the edge on Branagh when it comes to sex appeal. There are some good lines, one or two good frights and a plot that's corn incarnate. Definitely one for a rainy afternoon.

Caroline Hennigan





# CONTEMPORARY ARCHIVES

Performance Art? Aah, I remember it well. Sitting in the audience, my knuckles gripped and turning white as I held down the hand of my main man, George. Was it Fear? Shock? Or Sexual Tension induced by the strange images parading before me?

No, mainly it was to stop him from walking out.

How I came to see so much Performance Art needs some explanation. A long, long, long time ago, I used to work at the Midland Group, the centre for contemporary arts in Hockley. The Midland Group had a kind of 70's stamp all over it and stood no chance in the Thatcher years of profit. It had every kind of facility for the arts - a performance studio, a small cinema (now Off Broadway) and art galleries. But everything was too small to make money. If you had a sell-out in the Performance Studio you could get 100 bums on seats and make enough income to pay the technician for the night. Where's the ackers in that the politicians asked? It was all subsidy and little profit, so it copped it. Tens of workers were made redundant and ironically the building then became a Careers Office.

The Midland Group was where I got my first introduction to Performance. It was Part of My Job to attend. I considered it was part of my bloke's job to come with me. Mostly I was gobstruck at what I saw. Mostly he was bemused to the point of finding the call of the beer in the Old Angel a might more scintillating. But I could never walk out because I was secretly terrified of the Performance Programmer.

You never saw the sort of stuff where you could discuss motivation in the pub afterwards. You sometimes saw willies and bottoms, but rarely breasts - and you always thought you were a bit at risk. The fear was that instead of being a passive audience member there to be entertained, you might somehow be involved in the action.

And sometimes you were. I remember *Rose English* frankly terrifying several men in the audience by sitting on their knees in the middle of the show. They tried to look game, amused and arty, but there was something about the awfulness of their fixed grins (she is, after all, a big and powerful woman) which gave them away.

Many years have passed since I sat in



the Performance Studio, and I have seen many far more traditional things on stage since. The oddest thing that strikes me is that I can remember the images from Performance work with a vivid clarity, whereas the stuff I've seen in the "normal theatre" has disappeared from memory without a trace.

Now, I can't remember where I put my keys from one minute to the next, but I can remember the names and actions of Performance performers from 10 years ago.

So I think there must be something in the Performance lark.

And it seems I don't stand alone. For the City Council have invested a great deal of time and money into creating an annual Festival of New Performance called *Contemporary Archives*. Actually, it is a funny old festival for Nottingham, because it doesn't mention Robin Hood and the excellent publicity is not coloured green, so you might not realise it is promoted by the City. The Festival started in October and runs until November 18 - so there is still plenty of



time to dip into it.

In constructing this Festival its director, David Metcalfe, has tried to swing away from the traditional image of Performance Art. Indeed the word Art has now disappeared all together and the Festival describes itself as one of New Performance: "Performance Art has that unfortunate image of an artist 'running naked through a gallery throwing baked beans over his head", said David.

The new works in this Festival strive for a different kind of effect. They will often involve mixed media - such as video and TV - and reflect the complexities of modern life.

So everyone (including George), stands a good chance of not only understanding the pieces but enjoying them as well.

Overall's hot tips for November include: *Bobby Baker* in Kitchen Show on November 2 and November 3 which threatens to make your attitude to your own kitchen "never the same again". (In my case, this can only be a blessing).

*V-Tol Dance Company* with Time Spent in the Company of Bad People. This is a dance company - so don't expect too many verbals. The Guardian describes them as "a pleasure to behold".

And finally, Nottingham's own *Dogs in Honey* with Blueprints for the End of the World. I have watched *Dogs* develop over the years from the just-out-of-Creative-Arts-so-let's-be-freaky-duo, to a mature and astounding company who stretch the limits of performance without forgetting that the audience, having paid good money, also wants to be entertained.

The way I see *Contemporary Archives* is this: like Christmas it comes once a year. Unlike Christmas it breaks with tradition and genuinely entertains. Unlike Christmas Pantos, most Performance pieces are fairly short so there's plenty of time for a beer afterwards. And you might, no, you will, see some scorching images that you will never, ever forget.

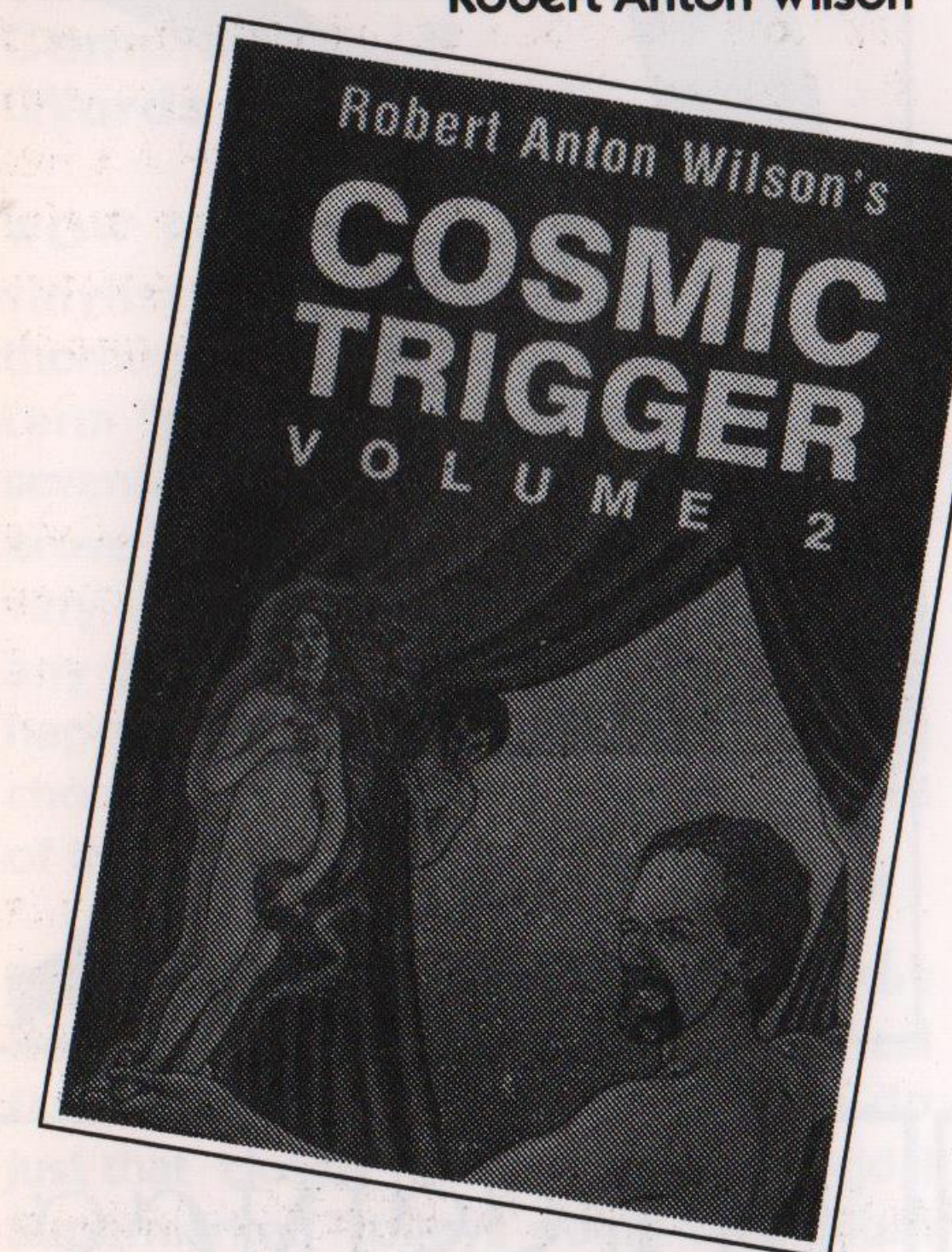
N.B: Archive dates are: *Bobby Baker* in Kitchen Show on November 2 and November 3. *V-Tol Dance Company* with Time Spent in the Company of Bad People on November 12. *Dogs in Honey* on November 15 and November 16.

Gillian Bates

# We can read

## COSMIC TRIGGER II

Robert Anton Wilson



"I grew up in a barbaric, prehistoric age. My parents lived on a long island which the natives, simply and logically, called Long Island. My tribe consisted of Irish Catholics who had seized control of an area.....simply because, evidently, nobody else wanted it. Dinosaurs still roamed the earth, wreaking havoc upon human encampments."

So begins Mr. Wilson's latest incursion into the human psyche and, consistent with the first volume, reveals more of his own. Here he progresses back from his childhood during the Depression to a later settling in his ancestors' homeland in the ex-static eighties.

The "dinosaurs" referred to are politicians, and you're not far into this book of short chapters and long reaches before the author's versatile wordsmithery exposes the full name of the U.S. President to be an anagram of HUGE BERSERK REBEL WARTHOG.

In real time the book was written during that "high-tech rumble..... fought by dumb people with "smart" bombs" called the Gulf War. Wilson doesn't dwell on it, save to remind us of the shocking extent of our leaders' infanticide, but with his usual informed optimism helps us to understand why they do it.

"Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac." Considering the scale of the war.....Huge Berserk Rebel Warthog must need a lot of stimulation to get it up."

As with all good soap opera various threads run through *Cosmic Trigger*, skillfully intertwined in a melange of barrier-breaking mischief and metaphor. One of the hooooks that got under my skin was the mystery of the Kerry baby. (I hope we're not getting into David Lynch territory.-Ed.) This was a murder enquiry that began in 1984 after the discovery of the body of a newborn infant in Co. Kerry. The case was so unstraightforward as to feature thousands of yellow roses and a moving statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (Are you sure this isn't a belated Twin Peaks review?-Ed.)

There's also more light shed on the didgery-doings in the Vatican and the death of Roberto Calvi, "God's Banker" found hanging beneath Blackfriars Bridge in Masonic ritual style. You can also find a description of Europe 1989 in a chapter entitled "Gorby Acid.....and the Fall of the Berlin Wall"

"London was celebrating by having huge acid parties which were almost semi-public and verged on overt civil disobedience."

Marvellously perceptive for an American tourist!

Then there's the Jumping Jesus Effect, expertly documented in a link of outstanding chapters about the rate at which all the information available to the Human Race doubles. When you read earlier that it took four billion years for evolution to produce the first tool, it is bloody hard to comprehend the current rate of acceleration by the time you reach the penultimate chapter.

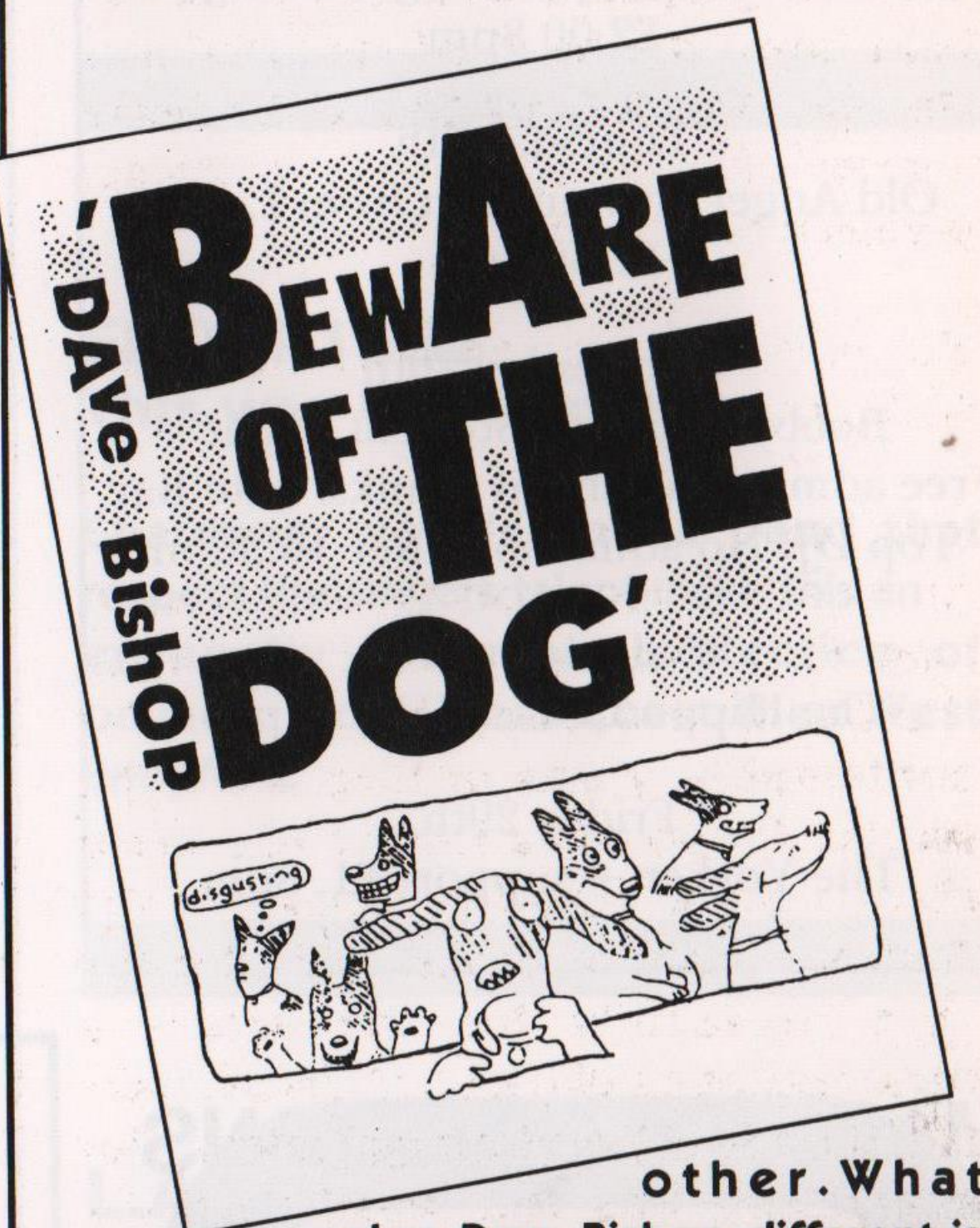
Like all good soap opera, there's always more.( I knew it.- Ed.) But even if you have discovered the one who makes the grass green, we still need to be reminded that it can be funny to watch it grow. A Robert Anton Wilson book does just that. Smoke it, don't burn it.

## BEWARE OF THE DOG !

Dave Bishop

A pastiche of poetry and prose from the rancid twilight days of the Thatcher era, when Dave was (and probably still is) wandering about town on the all important business of signing on and getting pissed, and, more important still, recording his thoughts, feelings and

observations. What he sees is the human weakness which makes us all not that different from each



other. What makes Dave Bishop different is that he's not afraid to admit it. Neither is he afraid to put the bardic boot into the public and their daft institutions. Makes me realise that some of the sights and sounds in the city have an all too familiar taste. No mention of fried onions, mind, but we love the Jimi Hendrix one. Perhaps you'd like to submit something for possible inclusion in "Overall....." so we can write you a poem back(wards and all).

## CONTEMPORARY ARCHIVES: "Market Square"

by John Newling

With it being a lot brighter than it normally is in the Odd Meaningful Stare I was better able than usual to observe audience reaction to the high lighted scaffolding towers thoughtfully granted to the city centre by our fun-loving Arts Dept. to bring the citizens' attention to the architecture and context of the place. The following reactions were overheard during the Illumination.

"I wonder if it's the same scaffolders that built the one Sue jumped off in Brookside".

"I like it,man. You can see all the talent walkin' by."

"It's like living in a surrealist painting."

"Why don't they turn all the bloody lights off so we can see the stars."

"How do you review this?" Polyphos



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All of these things make me happy...  
...all of these things make me bad.

### MIND POLLUTION The First Installment Compilation LP (Words of Warning)

WOW Records are dedicated indie vinylists "operating within the now thoroughly stretched limits of what some term "punk rock"" and have chosen seventeen bands from their catalogue to prove it. Random Killing's 'Deja Vu' could very well be the track most faithful to any punk revival with its "oh no it's happening again!" repeated cartoon chorus and coming as it does at the end of the spiral.....

Side One opens with 'Shit on Me' by Herb Garden who play their guitars real fast like someone's threatening to do just that closely followed by the Suicidal Supermarket Trolleys doing their 'Burn the Flag' standard thrash. In fact this side seems to have all the angry bastards with no sense of humour spread over it. Rectify squeeze as much grunge as the producer will let them from their 'Nightmare of Reality' but they should keep it to themselves. Through the Cowboy Killers (faster!), Terminus (louder!) and Beggars ITA(intenser!) having their own siren-screaming nightmare in 'New York'.

Pleasant Valley Children's 'Planet Death Camp' is the first track here that breaks with tradition unless someone has already done a one-minute long thrash-kazoo boogie. And so to the most outstanding piece of the collection, the Vampire Rodents' 'Success'. Maybe cos' its the first one to have a synthetronic kick and sample sound but then it is 1991 after all. Fuck the punk revival if it's going to be exclusive. I wonder if the newly freed individuals of post-europe Europe will choose the spunk and puke impression of punk or go straight for the E-majors of the rave expression. VR's "Success" lies in their knowledge that it's both. Who was it said "When the music changes the walls of the city come down" ?

Side Two is altogether more varied and interesting in its stretching of limits. The opening 'Mirror Mirror' by Hopeful Monsters is an off the wall Stretch Heads meets Black Sabbath, followed by some 'Insanity' from Resist while Oi Polloi get off their trolley demanding 'Americans Out' with their usual dead-panache. Lunch Head drag some deft guitar work 'Through the Wire' before some sort of pop-punk in the vein of Jilted John

appears from Academy 23. It's getting more interesting as Four Sons go for a fast chase in the country before we finally get some Therapy? here. Internal Autonomy's dub reggae number cunningly titled 'Rave in Resistance' sounds almost cheeky in comparison. Ever get a feeling of deja vu?

WOW's attempt to release a well-produced, packaged, provocative and interesting record at a fair price can be verified by sending a s.a.e. to Words of Warning Records, PO Box 119, Newport, Gwent NP9 7YD, politely requesting propaganda mail order catalogue No. 8.

got fried alive. OK, so I'm con-Vinced. You can't knock Treehouse. Or can you?

### FROM 1932 This way Up (demo)

Charming vocals and a band that respect the singers talent make this an eminently listenable collection of ballads. More West Coast than West Bridgford.

### L.A.F. L.A.F. Present.....

The last thing the world needs is two more Paul McCartneys but the T\*rry W\*g\*ns only think of ratings and some of these songs are destined to be performed on such a show. Hilariously crass, these guys must have a wild time thinking up lines like "There's a snake in the vestry and a vicar in the grass". But, like ebony and ivory, they work in perfect harmony. My mum would love it.

### BURLESQUE Branded (demo)

Somewhere out there is a market of mundanity consisting of people who have worn out their REO Speedwagon records and are looking to latch onto another band who won't frighten them. Those people await Burlesque, the kind of lazy rock that should have electrodes attached to its testicles.

### TRANSGLOBAL compilation cassette

Brilliant. This is the one that was dooshed out free with Outlook Magazine. What a good idea! Maybe we should do the same. If there are any record companies that would like to give us 10 000 tapes please don't hesitate to give us a call.

## MAIN ATTRACTIONS

### NOVEMBER

5th  
Spirit of '76 Night  
Splodgenessabounds  
& Blitzkrieg

8th  
The Fasters

10th  
Spirea X

15th  
R.D.F.

17th  
Citizen Fish

18th  
Revolver

19th  
Echo & The Bunnymen

21st  
Atilla The Stockbroker

23rd  
Davy Spillane

29th  
The Hamsters

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**fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried**

**friday 1st**

**FLOORED** 40 watt club. Portland Bldg University. Free.  
**MELODIA +SUPPORT** Old Angel  
**BAGMAN** Hearty Goodfellow  
**MARSHALL'S LAW** Hippo  
**MUTANT MORTAL REMAINS** £1.50 8.00pm Narrow Boat  
**STUMBLE BROS.** R. Horse  
**MEDICINE SHACK** £2 Wherehouse  
**BABAPAPA** Cucamara

**saturday 2nd**

**SPACE RATS** Old Angel  
**MOSES** Jazz-funk fusion. Hippo  
**SUDANESE WITCH HUNT THE RELEASE** Narrow Boat Boris!!  
**WHOLESOME FISH** Britannia Inn  
**NAVIGATORS (W)** lunch. R. Horse  
**THE JOURNEY MEN** eve. R. Horse  
**FISH FRY (W)** DJ Pablo upstairs  
**LION DUB (W)** Daddy Crunch downstairs. HGF 10pm till 2am £2

**sunday 3rd**

**THE DRAGON WHEELS** lunch. R. Horse  
**HARRY AND THE CRABS** eve. R. Horse  
**MOONFLOWERS** £3. Wherehouse  
**TROPICAL FISH INVASION**

**monday 4th**

**TONY COFIE QUARTET (W)** cookie club  
**JAM SESSION** Running Horse  
**"WORLD DOMINATION 2"** Arboretum Manor  
**DJ JACK** 9pm Till 2.30 am. Midweek  
**MC BLAH** Mayhem has been enforced by law.

**IRIS** Wherehouse

**tuesday 5th**

**SPLODGENESSABOUNDS** £3.00  
**BLITZKRIEG** Wherehouse.  
**BABAPAPA** Hippo  
**SOLOMON** Narrow Boat  
**STUMBLE BROS.** Mansfield, Red Lion  
**"THE WALL" (W)** MGM  
**SERVE CHILLED CREW (W)** cookie club  
**STRANGERS IN THE DIVE (W)** HGF  
**TONY CROSBY'S STRANGER BLUE** Running Horse

**OBERON / IVY GASH 5TH AMENDMENT** Showface. Old Angel

**wednesday 6th**

**TWO-WAY STREET** The Wherehouse  
**HALLELUJAH THE DAISY CHAIN** Narrow Boat  
**RUMILLAJTA** £6/£4. 8.15pm. Arboretum  
**ROACHFORD** Royal Concert Hall  
**MORNING DANCE (F)** jazz. Old Orleans  
**URBAN COWBOYS** lively funk. Hippo

**PURPLE HAZE** HGF

**thursday 7th**

**VIBE** Cucamara  
**SPACE RATS TELLURIAN SANDS** Narrow Boat  
**DAISY CHAIN** Old Angel  
**ROGER BIRD DUO (W)** Old Orleans  
**TALL** Hippo  
**MARSHALL'S LAW** Mansfield, The Plough  
**STAK IT UP** HGF

**WHOLESOME FISH** Running Horse  
**BIVOUAC FLAMEHEAD** £1.50 The Wherehouse

**friday 8th**

**UNCLE BERNARD'S BAND** ceilidh. Holgate Theatre  
**WICKED WHISKY** 3-piece-a-billy. Hippo  
**SHOW ME HEAVEN** Light Rock. N. Boat  
**OLD SCHOOL** R. Horse  
**WICKED RICH** Old Angel  
**JOHN NOAKES EXPERIENCE** HGF

**LIBRETTO** The Yorker

**THE PASTELS** + support £3.50 The Wherehouse

**saturday 9th**

**THE BLUES MASTERS** Hippo  
**FAITH WICKED RICH** Narrow Boat  
**MARCEL MARCEAU** Running Horse  
**CHERRYLAND BANDITS** Old. Angel  
**NUTMEG** Wherehouse

**sunday 10th**

**ABK** Lunch R. Horse  
**YOU, ME & HIM** eve. R. Horse  
**SPIREA X** The Where House.

**tuesday 12th**

**DISCHARGE** £6.00 adv. Rock City  
**STATION TO STATION** Narrow Boat  
**ABK** Running Horse  
**EARTH** Old Angel  
**NO RIGHT TURN** The Wherehouse

**wednesday 13th**

**TEDDY EDWARDS & THE NICK WELDON TRIO** Arboretum £5/3.50  
**SHANA SOUND** Performance. 9.30pm-1.30am £2/1.50 Women only. Stork Club

**TABITHA ZU BAND** Hippo  
**DITCH** Bobby Brown's  
**SPEEDBALL** Narrow Boat  
**MURRAY THOMSON** Old Angel  
**TOMMY CHASE** live hot jazz £4 adv. cookie club

**thursday 14th**

**THE DREGS** The Yorker  
**MARCEL MARCEAU** Hippo  
**JETSTREEM WHISKEY** M'field, The Plough  
**STROP** indie sound. N. Boat  
**MARSHALL'S LAW** R. Horse

**SOLOMON** Crocodile funk. O. Angel  
**GASP** HGF  
**BABAPAPA** Cucamara

**friday 15th**

**RADICAL DANCE FACTION** £3.50  
**SKINK** The Wherehouse  
**BEDLAM** local / Australian folk. £3.50 8pm Holgate Theatre

**RAOUL JUKE & THE OUTRIDERS** Hippo

**ANTISEPTIC BEAUTY** Narrow Boat  
**ALIAS RON KAVANA** Swamp 2, Derby, Railway Institute

**LEFT-HAND THREAD** Running Horse  
**HURT WEST EDGE** Old Angel

**saturday 16th**

**JOHNNY JOHNSTONE BAND** £2.50 8pm  
 Hot and cold groove in the Lester Young mould. Holgate Theatre  
**THE ACCELERATORS** R&B. Hippo  
**JELLY BABY** Narrow Boat  
**BURLESQUE** Running Horse

**circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit**

**HUMAN CRISIS SUNDANCE** Old Angel

**sunday 17th**

**CITIZEN FISH SOFA HEAD** £3.50 adv. Wherehouse  
**THE DEAL** lunch. Running Horse  
**HARRY & THE CRABS** eve. R. Horse

**monday 18th**

**REVOLVER** + support. £3.50 The Wherehouse

**tuesday 19th**

**400 NAMES** Soul / pop. Squelch Music  
**SLA** Addictive. Showcase.  
**FROM 1932** Timeless. Bobby Browns  
**THE HEADBIRTHS** Recommended. N. Boat  
**BLIND ALLEY** R. Horse  
**ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN** £4 adv. Wherehouse

**wednesday 20th**

**CLAN McPEAKE** £6/£4.8.15pm Arboretum  
**THE DAISY CHAIN** Student special. BBC  
**MORNING DANCE** Free 8pm. Old Orleans  
**THE RIBBON TEARS** Hippo  
**AB / CD** covers of ....guess who? N. Boat

**thursday 21st**

**SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS** Hippo  
**STOCCA TO HEAVEN** The Plough  
**IDI EISENSTEIN** Narrow Boat  
**MIDNIGHT POACHERS** Running Horse  
**NOSFERATU** ultimate gothic Old Angel  
**DREAMTIME** members of Ska-Boom. HGF

**ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER** £5 /4.  
**JOHN OTWAY** WhereHouse

**friday 22nd**

**VIBE** Cool and groovy. HGF  
**TREEHOUSE** Hippo  
**THE LEMONS** Narrow Boat  
**SOLID AIR** Running Horse  
**CITIZEN** Old Angel

**saturday 23rd**

**SUGAR SHACK** James Brownish. Hippo  
**SCREAM DREAM TERRASQUE** Narrow Boat  
**THE HOUDINIS** Running Horse  
**AFTERMATH NAUGHTY NAUGHTY** London metal-funk Old Angel

**DAVY SPILLANE NO RIGHT TURN** £6 adv. The Wherehouse

**sunday 24th**

**THE DRAGONWHEELS** lunch R. Horse  
**MARCEL MARCEAU** eve. R. Horse  
**DAVID EVANS** American blues guitarist  
**ZZ BIRMINGHAM** £2.50. Wherehouse

**monday 25th**

**FM THE SAVIOURS** Mansfield Leisure Centre

**tuesday 26th**

**CORRUPTION** without the hits. N. Boat  
**ABK** Running Horse  
**RAPID MOUTH MOVEMENT** Wherehouse

**wednesday 27th**

**SEVEN STEPS TO EVANS** pioneering pianist  
 Bill Evans with the Gordon Beck Quintet. £5/3.50. Arboretum  
**THE DAISY CHAIN** Hippo  
**JADED HARTZ** Narrow Boat

**thursday 28th**

**NEVER SAY DIE** Old Angel  
**ALMOST BLUE** Hippo  
**THE JOURNEYMEN** Mansfield, The Plough  
**SUSPIRA** cover rock N. Boat  
**3 SECOND RULE** R. Horse  
**SPLATTER DJ CRUNCH** HGF

**WARP DRIVE 5 THE STANCE XL RHYTHM** Wherehouse  
 + the rest of the Spacedome posse

**friday 29th**

**THE DAISY CHAIN** £1. The Yorker  
**SHE SAID** tight and tuneful Sheffield band. Hippo

**WHO CARES ANYWAY** N. Boat

**TALL STRANGER THAN FICTION** Old Angel

**THE FLATVILLE ACES** Swamp Club, Railway Inst. Derby

**P.J. BAKER BLUES BAND** Running Horse  
**ABK**

**SUGAR SHACK** HGF

**THE HAMSTERS** £3. Wherehouse

**saturday 30th**

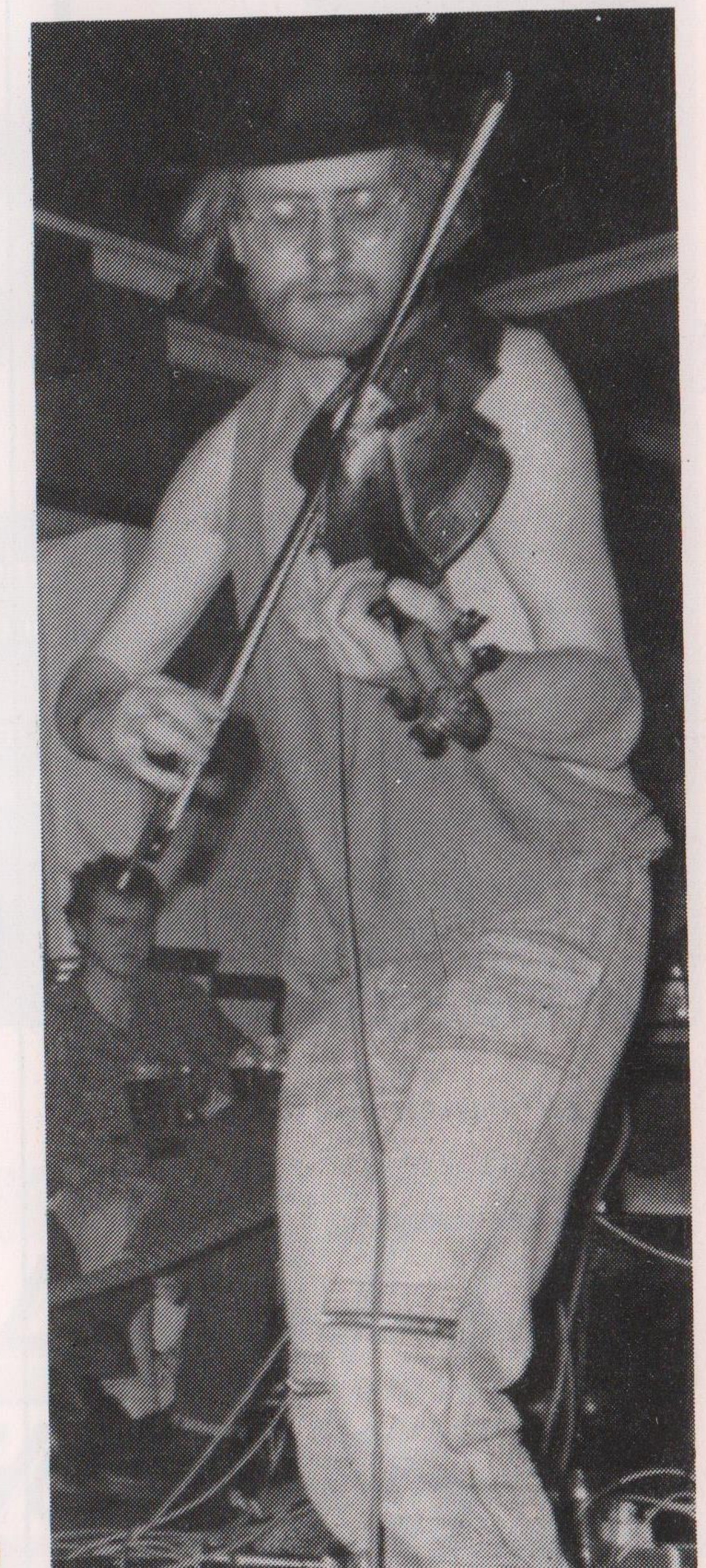
**MEDICINE SHACK** Hippo  
**UNCLE SHAM** Wherehouse  
**SUCH PERFECT LIARS** Mansfield Arts Centre

**TABITHA ZU BLOODY LOVELY** Narrow Boat

**STAK IT UP** Old Angel

**NAVIGATORS** Lunch Running Horse

**BADAXE** Eve. Running Horse



**THE HAPPY SUNDAYS**

November 3rd • Henry Normal. Phil Clark. Arnold Bolt & Matt Mark from Swinging Affair  
 Nov 10th • Linda Smith, Sisters from Another Planet, Phil Lowes & Derek from Wholesome Fish  
 Nov 17th • Ian Saville. Steve Murray, Paul B. Edwards & Sophie from Swinging Affair  
 Nov 24th • Kevin Seisay, Chris Luby, Mike Simpson & Steve from Swinging Affair  
 ★ plus dj Pablo every week

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Thursdays - Crunchin' in The Dive 8-11pm

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Saturdays - Fish Fry. DJ Pablo 10-2am  
Lion Dub. Daddy Crunch

Sundays - Dive Damage An evening of  
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maid marian way

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## COMPETITION



You may or may not recognise some or all of these people. There is a super prize on offer in return for the wittiest (in our warped opinion) caption for this photo to arrive at our executive office suite by November 15th (my Mum's birthday). The prize is two tickets for each and every Happy Sundays event in December (there are two). Thanks Scotty. Send your entries to:  
Overall, PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham NG7 4DG

## Freeforall

The Vatican  
Rome  
Italy  
Down South

Dear Overallers,

During a recent visit to your country I was lucky enough to see an incredibly funky band at Hollywood nights on Thursday October 26th.

I was so moved by Sy's fantastic dancing and singing and the general atmosphere of psychosis that I have renounced my religion and shall not be returning to the Vatican to re-assume my position of Pope.

I have given my soul to Satan and joined the Pod Squad, those talented chaps who follow Bloody Lovely.

Please let's hear more especially naked photos of Sy as he is dead fit.

Yours, love and satanic confusion,

Pope John Paul II

Dear Overall

Our gig at Bobby Browns on 29th October was cancelled - could we please apologise to anyone who turned up. Sorry. We are playing at Bobby Browns on the 19th November and at The Old Angel on 20th December with Weirbeard

Love

Serious Love Addicts

PS. Thanks for the demo review, keep up the smashing work.

So you want to have your say? Whether you want to comment on something we have written, tell us what your band is up to or just vent your spleen about the first thing that comes into your head then write to Freeforall, Overall, PO Box 73 West PDO, Nottingham NG7 4DG.

Overall is published by Paul and Stephen and designed by HOG with able assistance from Andrea, Emma, Martin, Gordon and our contributors. Telephone 0602 240351. Fax 0602 241268.

Dragons, Wizards, Celtic Jewellery, Tie-Dyes, Incense, Bags, Hats, T-Shirts, Joss Sticks, Skirts, Jackets, Leggings, Crazy Trousers, Cards, Essential Oils, Candles, Fragrances, Wall Hangings, Bedspreads, Boxes, Beads, Rings Shawls, Scarves, Dresses, Dungarees, Cushion Covers. 'Window Sprites' More Dragons, Dragons, Wizards, Celtic Jewellery, Tie-Dyes, Incense, Bags, Hats, T-Shirts, Joss Sticks, Skirts, Jackets, Leggings, Crazy Trousers, Cards, Essential Oils, Candles, Fragrances, Wall Hangings, Bedspreads, Boxes, Beads, Rings Shawls, Scarves, Dresses, Dungarees, Cushion Covers. 'Window Sprites' More Dragons, Dragons, Wizards, Celtic Jewellery, Tie-Dyes, Incense, Bags, Hats, T-Shirts, Joss Sticks, Skirts, Jackets, Leggings, Crazy Trousers, Cards, Essential Oils, Candles, Fragrances, Wall

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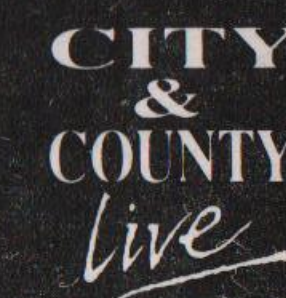
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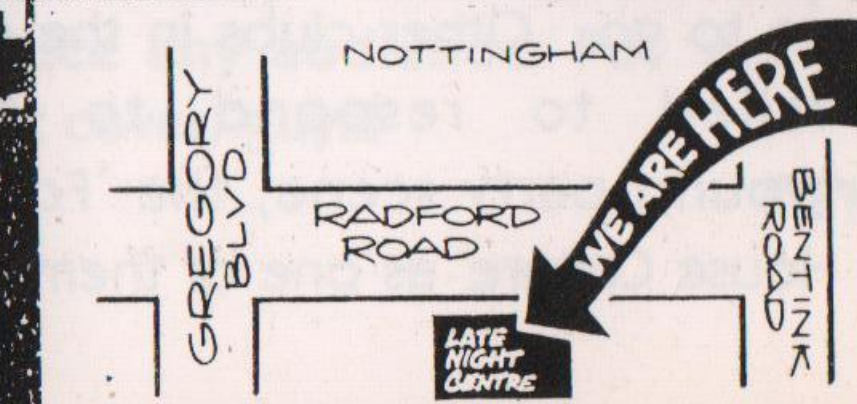
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Whatever you're experience of music in the city in the past couple of years there's a venue to which we owe more of a debt than most. But until now has it been given the credit it deserves?

As the post rave dialectic continues in various local publications, an integral part of the Nottingham club scene which commentators neglect to mention in that context is the West Indian Cavaliers' Sports and Social Club, better known colloquially as 'The Garvey'.

The Cavaliers' Club has long provided the community with a much needed and affordable facility for the promotion of medium sized events, particularly since the closure of the Mardi Gras and the

it. These local DJs who logically should have worked their way up through small clubs and utilitarian basement discos were forced to look for short cuts. The Cavaliers' Club was the obvious choice with it's sympathetic attitude towards the city's collectives, and an atmospheric club room which lent itself completely to camouflaged transformation and protracted audio-visual fantasia. A sense of togetherness prevailed as we all united to oust our former Landlady and her vicious tax, but more astoundingly to dance on it's grave. It became apparent that audiences were moving their collective ass, in many cases for the first time. For many it became the norm to arrive at midnight just to dance with the DJs for a precious few hours.

It wasn't long before DIY took the bull by the horns and in conjunction with the Marcus Garvey Centre staged their first live

## A Cavalier Attitude?

Old Vic. In particular, non-profit organisations such as the Hunt Saboteurs were afforded the opportunity to host internationally touring bands like 'No means No' and 'Fugazi!'. The concession was passed onto the public and the public (or more precisely, a massive cult following) got what they always want-value for money.

Those successes encouraged others, and in a climate of socio-political unrest and a city barren of decent venues, it was inevitable that the anti-Poll Tax Organisation should look along the Boulevard to stage their defiant 'benefits', in a user friendly environment. Those events turned out to be more fundamentally beneficial than anyone imagined. A typical night would see a line-up of local bands grateful for the chance to perform on a good sized stage outside the city centre pubs. The whole scene provided the spawning ground for the likes of Wholesome Fish, who attracted a number of new fans in a venue where they had room to stomp about for a change. The bands would then be followed by what would be billed as 'RAVE SOUNDS'.

These were of course provided by DIY, an impetuous discollective of pissed-off party loving people, all decked-out with nowhere to go. Other clubs in the City had failed to respond to the underground party scene, the 'Forest Fields House Culture' as one of them put

promotion the awesome (sic) 'RHYTHM COLLISION' at half the price of an all nighter in any other city. Out went the Chicken Gumbo and in came the Veggie Burger.

The club soon became nationally renowned for its' enthusiasm, the Marcus Garvey Centre as a whole gaining the kudos for promoting quality entertainment and value for money. 'Rock against the Poll Tax' was born, again 'in conjunction with...' and saw the queue on the night stretching right up to the Boulevard for a two quid ticket to see 'Chambawamba' and 'Jackdaw with Crowbar'. The rapturous culmination of this pragmatic cooperation was proudly billed as R.A.P.T. in association with DIY and in conjunction with the Marcus Garvey Centre' when we could rave-on into the smoke filled night for less than a fiver. (One year on and we still weren't paying through the nose.) December of that year brought ~Huellas' all the way from Ecuador courtesy of Veggies Rainforest Campaign in conjunction with...(need I say it?). Then we all received Christmas cards from DIY inviting us to 'DATURA' the thunderous Thanksgiving that climaxed 1990.

I'll always remember Andy Kerr of 'No Means No' looking out from the stage and remarking "This is a great place you've got here, you should look after it."

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broadway

### NOVEMBER

Fri	1	Truly, Madly, Deeply (PG)	6.00/8.15
Fri	1	Short Film Prog 1 (PG) - OFB	7.30
Sat	2	Truly, Madly, Deeply (PG)	6.00/8.15
Sat	2	Short Film Prog 1 (PG) - OFB	7.30
Sun	3	Thelma & Louise (15)	3.30/6.00
Sun	3	Truly, Madly, Deeply (PG)	8.30
Mon	4	The Fountain (15)	6.00/8.15
Tue	5	The Fountain (15)	6.00/8.15
Wed	6	Prospero's Books (18)	6.00/8.30
Wed	6	Before The Revolution (15) - OFB	7.30
Thur	7	Prospero's Books (18)	6.00/8.30
Thur	7	Before The Revolution (15) - OFB	7.30
Fri	8	Prospero's Books (18)	6.00/8.30
Fri	8	Before The Revolution (15) - OFB	7.30
Sat	9	Prospero's Books (18)	6.00/8.30
Sat	9	Before The Revolution (15) - OFB	7.30
Sun	10	Yearning (15)	6.00
Sun	10	Prospero's Books (18)	8.30
Mon	11	Prospero's Books (18)	6.00/8.30
Tue	12	Prospero's Books (18)	6.00/8.30
Wed	13	Poison (18)	6.00/8.15
Wed	13	Tetsuo (18) - OFB	7.30
Thur	14	Poison (18)	6.00/8.15
Thur	14	Tetsuo (18) - OFB	7.30
Fri	15	Poison (18)	6.00/8.15
Fri	15	Tetsuo (18) - OFB	7.30
Sat	16	Poison (18)	6.00/8.15
Sat	16	Tetsuo (18) - OFB	7.30
Sun	17	Alice (12)	3.30/6.00
Sun	17	Poison (18)	8.15
Mon	18	Homicide (18)	6.00/8.15
Tue	19	Homicide (18)	6.00/8.15
Wed	20	Homicide (18)	6.00/8.15
Wed	20	Profound Desire...(15) - OFB	7.00
Thur	21	Homicide (18)	6.00/8.15
Thur	21	Short Film Prog 2 (PG) - OFB	7.30
Fri	22	Homicide (18)	6.00/8.15
Fri	22	Short Film Prog 2 (PG) - OFB	7.30
Sat	23	Homicide (18)	6.00/8.15
Sat	23	Short Film Prog 2 (PG) - OFB	7.30
Sun	24	Dances With Wolves (12)	5.00
Sun	24	Homicide (18)	8.30
Mon	25	Edward II (18)	6.00/8.15
Tue	26	Edward II (18)	6.00/8.15
Wed	27	Edward II (18)	6.00/8.15
Wed	27	Weekend (18) - OFB	7.30
Thur	28	Edward II (18)	6.00/8.15
Thur	28	Weekend (18) - OFB	7.30
Fri	29	Edward II (18)	6.00/8.15
Fri	29	Weekend (18) - OFB	7.30
Sat	30	Edward II (18)	6.00/8.15
Sat	30	Weekend (18) - OFB	7.30

box office (0602) 412536

## Fried Alive

### THE RIBBON TEARS Crazy Larry's, London

EENY MEENY MINY HUM?

Welcome to London, boys, and in particular Crazy Larrys, a smallish club in fashionable Fulham. The crowd; about 20 "mates" have turned up to see the band all wearing ripped-jeans (fashion, I don't think so), and about 80 Pizza hut employees have just turned up. The only common factor is that they all drink bloody Sol beer. More bloody fashion statements.

After a long as-it-happens sound check, the four piece band cross the small distance between audience and stage. The opening song gets a few D-Ms tapping, including mine. After hazy first impressions, I begin to warm to the music. The next song "Carnival Round Face", what can I say except, surreal.

It's about now that it dawns on me why this particular band are having such a favourable effect. This is exactly how my band would be. Four youngish lads, playing energetic jaunty pop songs about Jesus going to Manchester, but primarily having a whale of a time. Jesus Jones meets Julian Cope. I even found myself singing along to the last song of their relatively short set. Fame and fortune, maybe. Catchy pop tunes, definitely. Playing soon at a local venue near to you. Go check 'em out.

P.S. Band, if you need someone new, let me know

Stuart E Bellerby

### LE RUE The Arboretum Manor

If Le Rue made a video it might be a cartoon caricature of main man Pierre with devil's horns poking through his Stetson, jumping demonically from shoulder to shoulder of each member of his band setting fire to their clothes in turn. He sure can burn that fiddle though I seem to remember a crossbow last time I saw them. I imagine he keeps it wrapped in an electric like a Formula One slick. The first set sizzled the fiddle and loosened the muscles, the drummer keeping frenetic rhythm behind Pierre's ass-shaking jive. Essentially blues the music is steeped in a few of America's

sub-cultures summed up by the word Psydeco, and the fiddle adds much spice to ballads like "Wild Billy Joe". Where you expect lyrics to be punctuated by guitar breaks in more standard blues, with Zydeco you get the fiddle talking back. A Doug ("Mr. Louisiana Himself" Kershaw cover is truer to their zydeco roots than most of the night's music and allowed the guitarist to show his roots are equally deep.

It would have been great to have had Wholesome Fish supporting tonight. I honestly think our celtocajun contradancers would have gone down a storm tonight although they would have looked equally incongruous against the Laura Ashley backdrop and designedly cushy decor. Although the Arboretum Manor is inordinately comfortable the audience is squeezed into a bottleneck between the bar and a stage which ought to be where the pool tables are. Can't wait for the rave, though.

Polyphos

### R.D.F. / BACK TO THE PLANET Nottingham Poly

By not selling any advance tickets there was no sure way of telling just how many crusty folk would raid their piggy banks for the money to see R.D.F., so the promoter refused to pay more to hold the gig in the larger refectory. Bad move Mr fat wallet promoter; judging by the number of people turned away this one could have sold out three times over.

Armed with a bar of soap and a trusty poop scoop, I fought my way through the crowd and awaited the mysterious support band billed only as 'special guests'. They turned out to be 'Back to the Planet' a two year old band from squatlife London whose music is in a similar vein to R.D.F. They have a surprisingly large following in London and Europe having sold 7500 copies of their self produced and published tapes. So how come nobody in Nottingham has heard of them? The band prefer it that way; to play to an audience with no preconceptions, to let the music do the talking. Surprisingly for Nottingham the theory worked tonight as by the end of their set the whole room was dancing, hypnotised by female singer Fil's voice and the urban sound style.

Back to the Planet need no help or promoting to succeed. Preferring to work themselves up the hard way even if it does mean large debts, they have a refreshing attitude. Back to the Planet is not a name to forget.

It is helpful however, in order to increase your enjoyment of R.D.F., to forget which planet you are on, and the fact that singer Chris does not sing and that helper Linda Goodman is just too clean shaven to be in a crusty band.

In fact the band are built around contradiction and contrast, which is what I love about them. He pretends he can't sing so that her voice gives a smooth edge to the rough surface. On stage they seem bored and apathetic, not daring to give a hint of enjoyment. Yet the audience in this sauna dance wildly and angrily like there's no tomorrow screaming for 'Babylon' and 'Surplus People'. In terms of appeal you either love them or get so distracted by the startling contrasts before your eyes and ears that you really 'Can't Stand No more'.

Despite all this contradiction there is no denying R.D.F.'s deserved popularity. I guess to love them you have to feel like a 'victim of subordination and oppression' in today's big bad world, and R.D.F. serve admirably in expressing these feelings through their urban reggae sound....long live crusty music!

Face

### VIBES Bobby Browns

Young, vibrant and inventive it just goes to show that you don't need all that technology to produce the indie/dance crossover sought after by so many. The combination of wah guitar and sax set against a cool groove dedicated to Miles is perfectly designed for funksters of all ages. Up front a gentle vocalist with ice-cool style quietens a boisterous audience into listening for a change. The stillness is stirred by the guitar which is used in an interesting, rhythmic fashion and all the band are smiling but everyone goes back to their beer all the same. Vibe belong outside of the pub circuit already where I'm sure they could seduce any audience. Put 'em on the front cover, guys!

Polyphos



# Fried Alive

## SUDANESE WITCH HUNT BLOODY LOVELY : The Yorker

A large anachronistic banner wishing "Good Luck Min & Julie" hangs behind Bloody Lovely. A remnant of an earlier function, it gives the impression that an unfortunate wedding party were hurriedly ushered from the building lest they be accidentally exposed to a sound check by Nottingham's dirtiest performanarchy since the "A" Band. Anyway, the Bloody drummer was doing a foreigner tonight so we'll leave them for another time.

The wedding party might have enjoyed this episode of The Sudanese Witch Hunt. There is a private feel tonight, what with the doors shut and various large photographic apparatus in evidence, recording a little bit more of the history of the city's upstairs underground.

Dedicated to the recently deceased Rob Tyner of MC5, the SWH set opens with major-chord dramatics of keyboard overkill before the trio (guitar, vocal and technology) get into it with some gusto. A question arises immediately, prompted by a complaint from a "real" musician. Bass player Simon Melaena is in the audience and is heard to complain that bands like this are putting musicians like him out of work. Well i dunno what the M.U. official line is on modern technology, but this "real" musician has also had a good moan about there not being enough drummers around. Tough life, innit? You can't have it both ways. Anyway, back to the Hunt. Maybe the triple-decker Roland/Korg/Kawai sandwich doesn't quite compensate for the lack of a bass-player (of Simon's talent) but SWH kick out a fair old rumpus of Twenty-first Century Psychedelia. This is the stuff of film scores and as the set progresses the beat turns backwards in time and crosses over with seamless perfection as feet begin to tap to the familiar dance time of now. So *that's* what 'bulbatronic' means!

Polyphos

## BILLY BRAGG: Rock City

Come next spring I'll have been going to see Billy Bragg for ten years. I guess he's the only performer that I've followed from the start who has lasted

the pace of the album/tour/Sandinista fundraiser circuit without losing me by moving on up to all-seated Arena venues.

But this Rock City show may well be the last one. After seeing him over the years from the back of the gym at Coventry Poly graduating to the centre of the sing-a-long crowd by the time of the major festival appearances in the mid-eighties, I now find myself at the back of the hall again; more of an interested onlooker than gig participant. And I think it's Billy's fault.

There was a time when he came on stage with a look on his face like he couldn't believe that we had all turned out to see him. He'd sing (?) us songs, entertain us with his ribald wit and try to open our eyes to a little of his politics. But now he has a look of smug belief, the songs sound like he's just pumping them out, the jokes ring hollow and as far as the politics goes he's preaching partly to the converted and partly to cheering neanderthals who'll just leave the gig and carry on their complicit support for patriarchy, capitalism and imperialism in the belief that going to the gig is enough of a political statement in itself. Wise up! Its the personal that is political not the personality.

This tour is to support the new album "Don't try this at home". Well on tonight's showing that's just where it should be tried. The album has to be the best yet but live Billy looks more and more like his own 'accident waiting to happen'.

(St) Etienne

## HEADCORN : Old Angel

Leeds based Headcorn have become regular faces in Nottingham's pub venues over recent months subsequently building quite a following locally. This in itself is something of an achievement considering how hard your average local band finds it to get anything more than friends and family along to gigs. Why is anyone's guess. Sure, some local bands are crap, others deserve more but people suddenly only seem to be interested in the tried and tested, already successful or those bands the NME say are OK to like. Have gig goers stopped taking risks on the unsigned bands? Or is it simply live

music isn't fashionable just now?

Headcorn are a band who will probably be supremely 'fashionable' in a years time. Coming from a wave of bands who have hippy/traveller ideals without the more frightening constraints that living a fashion rather than living an ideal can have. In short, Headcorn (like Moonflowers and RDF) aren't tied by any strings and subsequently play a set of variation from the commercial to the trippy. Taking a 'Gong Groove' (undoubtedly one of the finest dance bands of all time) and laying over a wah wah soaked guitar swirl. Added to this is the unusual thing of a Hammond organ played in a way which doesn't make the band sound like Doors/Inspirals wannabees. Indeed it's Headcorns keyboards that provide the band with a unique sound adding melody to counter melody, chord sweeps to staccato stabs this talented musician takes the songs through melancholy and nervous tension and hedonistic pleasure giving credence to the seemingly endless line of record companies salivating over the band. In a year Headcorn will be playing to a packed Poly and a few farsighted people who will be able to say "I was there at the Old Angel". Of course if you support unsigned bands now you could genuinely be one of those who can brag in the future! Or maybe you're just not fashionable!

Martin Crunch

## CAMRA BEERFEST Victoria Leisure Centre

Must have got the dates mixed up in my diary and ended up at the Willy Rushton look-a-like contest - double-booked with a Morris dancers convention - a very sad state of affairs.

Beer bellies, beards, braces and belts, badges, burps, beans on toast, is that Bill Oddie over there? Bikers, barrels, bad haircuts, bursting bladders and broken glass - are you getting the picture?

Check out the names of these beers - 'Topsy Turvey', 'Old Expensive' (very tasty too), 'Moonraker', 'Baldrick', 'Brains', 'Skull Attack', 'Headcracker', 'Ol' Bastard', 'Arnold Sproggits' Old Dirigible', 'Filas Warties' Pirates Piss' (now there's a stout stout).

Style-wise, the punters don't fare so

well, tending to look like what they're quaffing. One young fashion victim sports a rugby shirt with iron-on letters spelling 'Loughboro' Students Union Beer Monster', Excuse me? But wouldn't 'I am a virgin - find me a sheep' be more apt? The whole thing was a bit of a 70's time-warp, especially when one tweedie little gnome started humming Steelye Span songs with a finger in his ear. That said, the louts were conspicuous by their absence. Anyone caught asking for a Beck's was made to wear half-moon specs and a floppy trilby with plate badges for the rest of the day.

A little eaves-dropping to ascertain topics of conversation among this bearded breed. To my shock it wasn't morris-dancing, welly-wanging, or how long you could keep a ferret down yer breaches but "....I reckon the barley in the 'Runts Brew' is Canadian import and the hops picked two hours and sixteen minutes too early, but it's not the same without the twigs and bird beaks..."

Ooerr, time for a sharp exit.

George Bush

## GALLIANO : Poly

With the untimely death of Miles Davis, one of the instigators of 'the birth of the Cool' comes the 'about time too' coming of age of Galliano et al and the so called 'Re-birth of the Cool'. A collection of collectives or a projection of projects have been sculpting acquired bursts of cool jazz and fusing them with club sound system instinct and laid back rap vibe to create a uniquely chilled out sound. Not so much lounge lizards, more street tough.

The questions surrounding tonight's appearance by Galliano was whether or not three appearances in Nottingham in six months may be a bit too much, especially after the disappointing previous shows. Playing the Poly tonight saw the band emerging from the cliquey 'cool' of Venus and playing to a wider audience made curious by previous appearances on Snub TV and minor successes in various charts. Like all of Clublands best kept secrets of the past few years Galliano are about to break big, indeed their latest offering 'Jus' Reach' looks set to be huge, putting them up there with Soul II Soul, Massive Attack and Young Disciples. Where

these three outfits have as yet failed to 'cut it' live, Galliano more than compensate as they are essentially a live spectacle. From the moment they hit the stage worries of saturation of local appearances flew out of the window. Although playing without full vocal line-up, they stormed their way through funky vibe after soulful groove bringing to life even the patchiest moments of their LP. Linda Murial's vocal talents were used to greater effect than on vinyl adding heart to the humour of the rest of the band.

What surprised me most was that one of the people behind the unnaturally dull and ultimately uncool Style Council could be involved in Galliano. Indeed Mick Talbot's (sorry Mickey T's) previously cheesy keyboard playing seems to have been revitalised by his new and obviously younger colleagues. Galliano are a fine band, I was even moved to dance and, dare I say it, sweat. Nice one!

Martin Crunch

## SERIOUS LOVE ADDICTS Old Angel

They promised us sex, they promised us drugs and we got? Well we got our arses well and truly kicked.

As a live act they don't come any more interesting than SLA, an effect that they attribute to having a band consisting of "Four complete show-off bastards!"

They're for everything, wild guitars, huge backdrops, screaming giries, stupid hats and lots of jumping around. Not to mention lots of infectious material.

So what about the music itself? Well despite having made a "Wonder-stuffy" demo, what we hear tonight is actually very good. The demo itself has sold in the hundreds, and it looks like they're all here tonight, punching the air and screaming along to the catchy tunes that the band have written. The band claim that their musical influences change very rapidly so what we hear is quite a mish-mash. One minute a funky little work out and pure guitar pop the next. Too raw to be the Stuffies and too poppy to be anything else. Ask anyone here tonight to categorize the music and they'd probably just say - "Fuckin' Brilliant".

"Are there any junkies in the house?"  
HELL YEAH!

Brenda Mooney

## BLOODY LOVELY Hollywood Nights

"Does humour belong in music?" is a question Frank Zappa has often raised.

Tonight "Bloody Lovely" are begging the same question. Comedy is very difficult to pull off successfully; atmosphere and timing are all crucial if one wants to get the 'laugh' or as they say in the trade the 'yuks'. However, the gig medium as we have in our society doesn't lend itself sympathetically to obvious humour. It's often difficult enough for a 'straight' band to generate any kind of relationship with a semi-interested crowd, never mind a comedy band. This essentially is the problem of 'stand up rock musicians', as well as the obvious differences in humour that prospective audiences will have. I have seen "Bloody Lovely" before, supporting "ZED" at The Old Angel and I thought they died that night.

Tonight was very different. To give Bloody Kev and the lads their due, they brought quite a few new faces to the Thursday night slot as well as also having the largest number of dancers since these band nights started. In true UK comedy band style they went down really well with half of the audience and annoyed the other half. Musically they have come on a lot since I last saw them, mainly due to the fact that they have a new drummer who brings the band together in a way only a drummer can. I thought the 'hardcore' moments were good and if they worked on those bits more they would be better still. But the comedy aspect of Bloody Lovely didn't do a great deal for me. "Dr and the Crippens" and "The Psycho Surgeons" have done it all before and I found the 'joke' aspect of those bands a distraction from the music as well. It seemed that the music was playing second fiddle to the theatrics which is a shame as I think that "Bloody Lovely" have the potential to be a real good hardcore band, dogs on ropes aside that is! Really they ought to work on the songs more and the junk less!

Trevor Bamford



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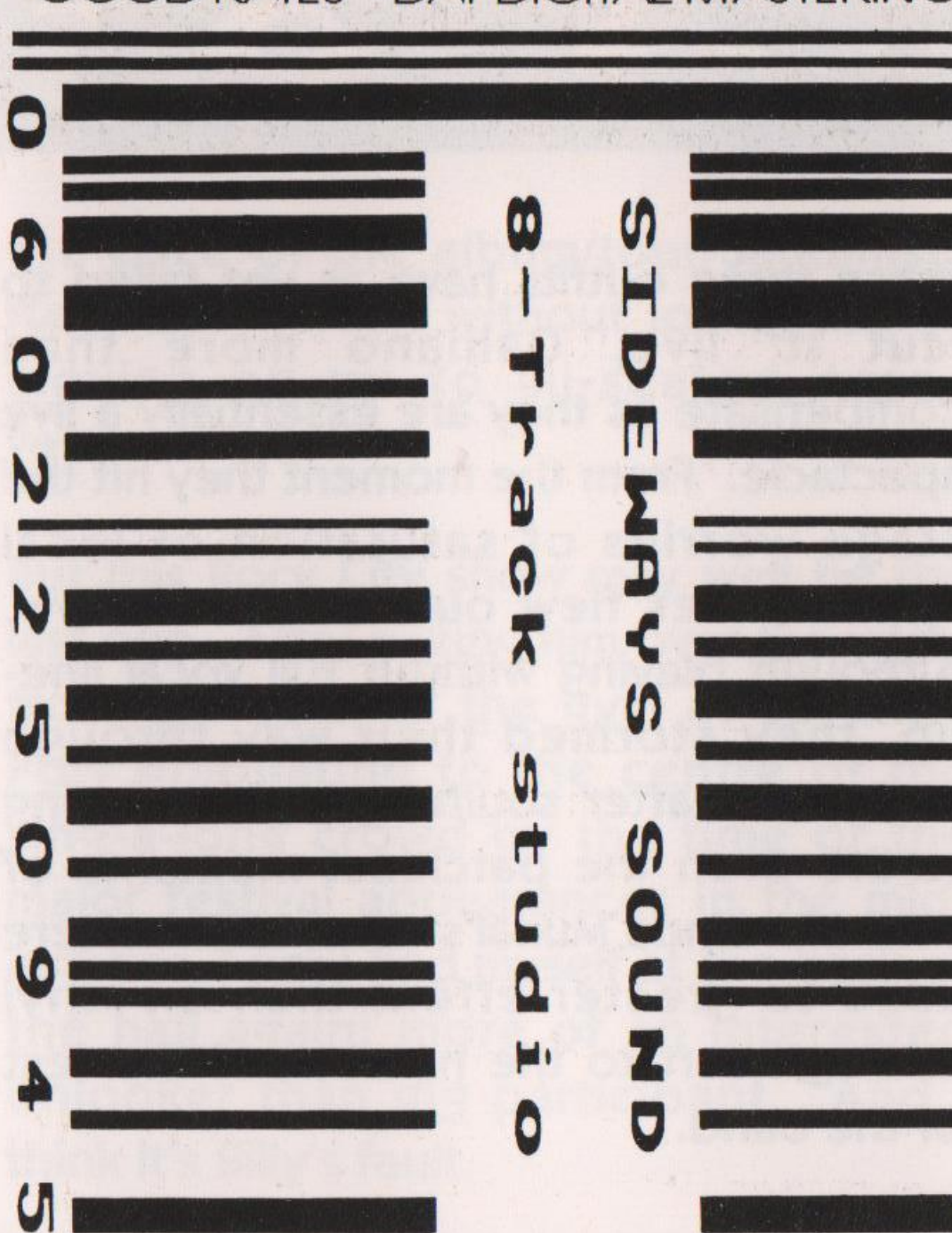
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have read (and in at least one case  
collected) Overall since issue one.  
However many issues you have seen we  
hope that you find our publication  
helpful, thought-provoking and relevant.  
From time to time we hope to provoke  
more than thought. Sometimes what we  
say will please you, other times you may  
feel angry or insulted. We make no  
apology for any offence because we  
write what we believe and we trust our  
readers to challenge what we believe if  
they think we are wrong.

Since April and issue one we have  
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for itself and we now include the  
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differing interests and talents. But we  
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The things you say tell us we are getting  
things about right so far. We intend to  
keep it that way.

Stephen

## OVERALL THERE IS A SENSE OF BRUISED EGO

If you see anything you don't  
understand' according to Wraith, the  
facially tattooed rebel in Vivian Stanhalls,  
'Sir Henry at Rawlinson End', 'Smash it'.  
It's a theory that dictators through  
centuries have applied to their regimes.  
Thus oppositional and critical thought  
was hopefully crushed.

The Ten Commandments we all know.

The eleventh some of us have mastered,  
'Thou shalt not be caught'. Now  
apparently there is a twelfth, 'Thou shalt  
not criticise a local band'. The result of  
local band criticism it seems is a deluge  
of mumbled threats and in one bands  
case the apparent attempt to 'destroy'  
the evidence by binning all the copies of  
Overall they could find. Similarities to  
Hitler et als book burning gigs of course  
are purely accidental even though the  
concept is the same!

Criticism is an important tool which when  
used properly can help you redefine and  
strengthen, however, first you have to  
break down the walls of ego. None of  
the reviews printed in Overall are  
intended to be negative and, contrary to  
the opinion of some, Overall is not a  
breeding ground for personal slanging  
matches but merely a collection of  
subjective overviews of individual band  
gigs. No review can be truly objective as  
it is encumbered by personal taste.  
However the assumption that a  
reviewer's musical taste is limited to one  
musical genre would be as ignorant as  
saying a band is only capable of playing  
one style. This we would not do and as  
such expect the same respect from  
others. In order to avoid the problem of  
readers' preconception we purposefully  
avoided putting the authors names to  
their particular reviews, however this has  
backfired because the suspicious and  
wounded need a physical identity.

We at Overall do not aim to destroy but  
rather nurture and support. However if  
you, the musician, expect any form of  
sycophancy I would suggest you contact  
one of the other local magazines. On  
the other hand if you, like me, thrive on  
critical thought for any real growth read  
the reviews in the light in which they're  
written. And finally, if you don't agree  
with a viewpoint, don't whinge about it  
do something strong. Write to us with  
your criticism, we can take it.

Martin Crunch

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