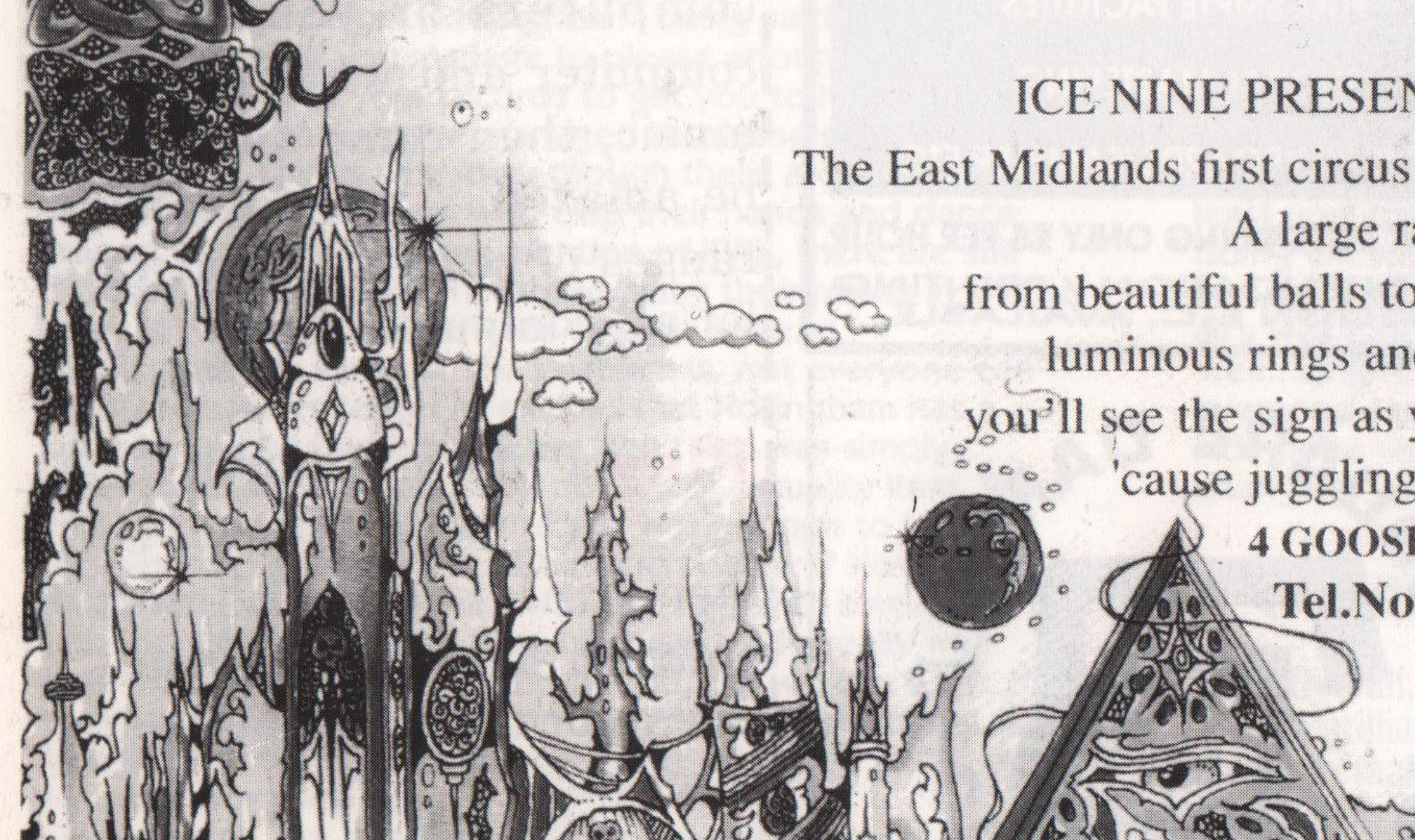


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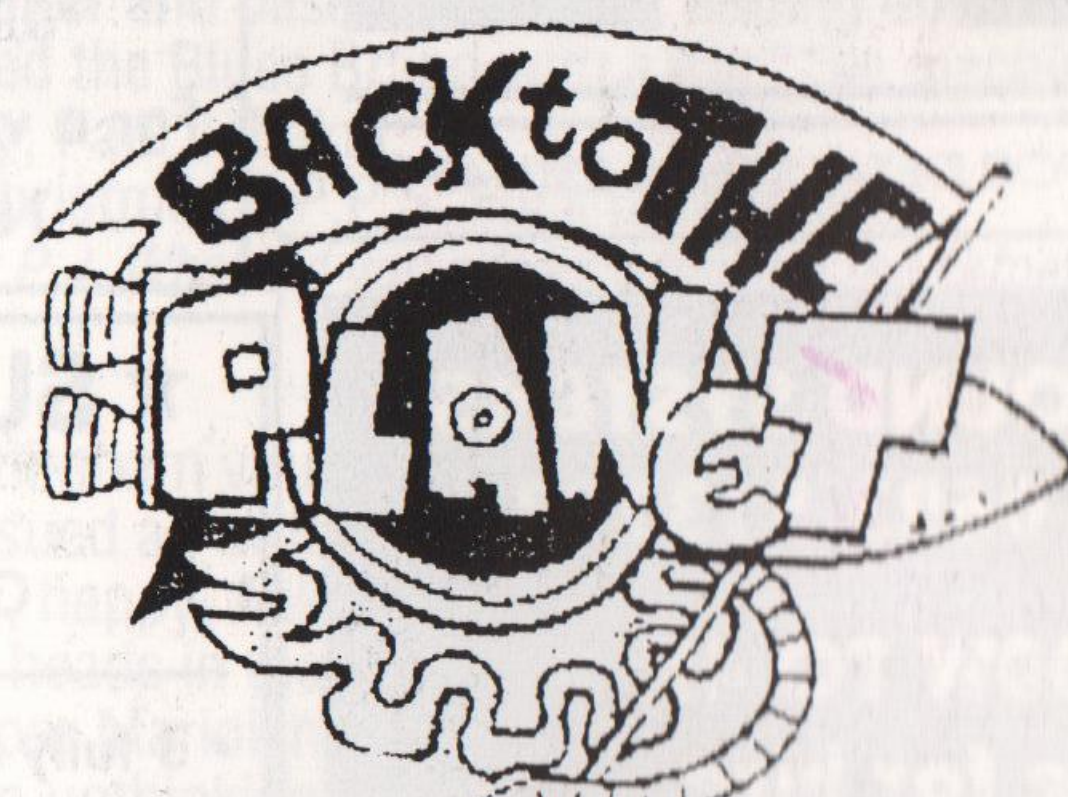


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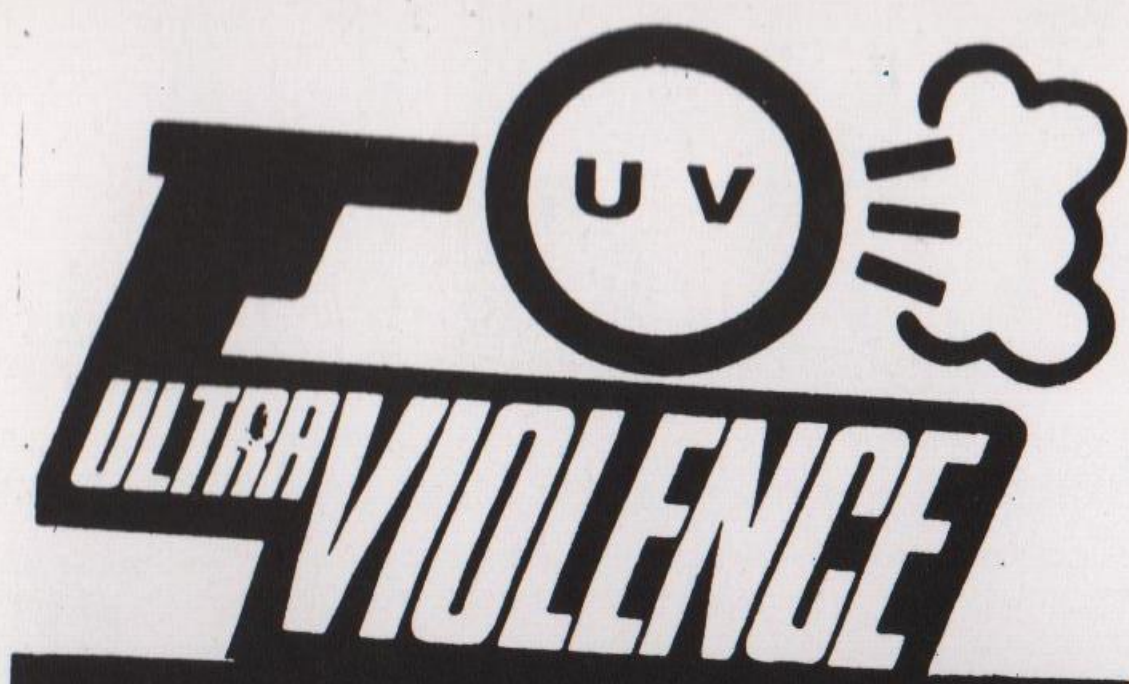
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Photo: MARTIN GOODACRE

BACK TO THE PLANET

REMEMBER SOME BUT NOT ALL THE INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN MAY BE FALSE. STAY ALERT!



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3:6 Philly follow up their critically acclaimed debut 'Those
Flags Offend Me' with a new 12" on Zoom Records. Those lucky
enough to have witnessed that memorable Hiphoptimism gig at
the Old Angel during summer will know that 'Funky Alcohol' is
worth checking out. Available now nationwide. The Philly Crew
will support Demon Boys on their forthcoming tour and will be
making an appearance at the second Overall lovesexygrooveparty
at the Where House in Derby on Saturday 9th January along
with Stak It Up and a new look Vibes.

Chaotic Celt 'n' Cajun crew
Wholesome Fish are currently preparing
for the 'Revenge Of The Poets Tour'
which takes place early in '93 to
coincide with the release of their debut
12" EP 'Da Da'. Previews of the tour will
take place at the Old Vic in Nottingham.
Attila The Stockbroker— poet, mandolin
thrash metal funny man, Partick Thistle
supporter and fiddler with the Liberty
Cage will be joining them on Sunday
29th November, and on Sunday 20th
December, the "Mancunian Candidate"
John Cooper-Clarke pops up in his
shades firing from the hip alongside the
cajun shittickers. Plans are underway to
bring Dread Poet Benjamin Zephania
and local lad made good henry normal
into the tour programme next year.
Meanwhile a Wholesome coach will leave
Nottingham for Amsterdam on New
Year's Eve where the Fish will be making
an appearance at the world famous
Milkweg (Milky Way) Bar.
Details on (0602) 787714.

Derby-based psychedelic dance outfit **Swirl** have signed a deal with Absolute 2
subsidiary Proximity. Sonically sculptured at Square Dance in Roland RSS 3D sound,
with three different mixes 'Deep Thought' it is now on release nationwide on 12".

Edinburgh's fave exiles **The Dog Faced
Hermans** will be making a special
appearance in Nottingham on Saturday
9th January. Now permanently resident
in the Netherlands, this will be the
Hermans' first show in the city since
1989 when they appeared with the Ex
and Jackdaw With Crowbar. Their line-
up has not changed save getting tighter.

Concrete Sox have recently returned
from a tour of Japan to record their
new album due for release in January.
A video was made for exclusive
release in Japan where they appeared
in Tokyo, Hiroshima, Osaka and
Nagoya.

CONVICTION (East Midlands) is an organisation which
supports prisoners and helps them fight their cases. The group is
currently investigating cases involving the East Midlands Serious Crimes
Squad, based at our very own Radford Road Police Station. They
urgently need any information on alleged frame-ups which may have
involved this squad. They are particularly interested in cases involving
"verbal confessions"— incriminating statements allegedly made verbally
by the suspect to the police, but which the suspect denies ever making,
and which were neither recorded on tape nor written down and signed
by the suspect. Such statements have been used as evidence to convict
people. Most needed are cases in which the police provided such
unconfirmed verbal statements as evidence but failed to obtain a
conviction. If you or anyone you know of is aware of any such cases,
you can forward your information to Conviction via the
Nottm. Free Information Network—
Box FIN, The Rainbow Centre, 180 Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Have a copy of OVERALL There is a Smell of Fried Onions delivered
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FIRST of ALL

overall
THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

DECEMBER 1992

5
CHRIS CONNELLY

6
demolition

13
Fried Circuit
Gig and Club Listings

17
**Johnny Violent's
Techno Revue**

20
Fried Alive
Gil Scot Heron, Bushfire, Tabitha Zu,
Ditchbleed, Stranger Than Fiction, PWEI

24
LITERALL
The Big Blue Book of Dance Drugs

Published by Paul and Martin with
assistance from The Futon Workshop,
Johnny, John, the other Martin, Face,
Mark and Rob, Jim, Marisa, Lisa, Jo,
Cathy, the other Cathy, Ian and Nick in
Leicester, Paul in Derby and Antoinette in
Lincoln and Noel in Sheffield.
Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions
PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham
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Our very own supercorrespondent
Sid, who also runs his own fanzine
Abuse (available from 16 Holgate
Road, Meadows, Nottingham, NG2
2EB) recently won a BBC One FM
competition to write a review of Carter
in New York. His review was
subsequently broadcast on the
airwaves over there. Check out his
talents in Fried Alive. Thanks to all our
other correspondents. Keep up the
good work.



AMBERSPHERE

Richard Brown made his name in the Evening Post twenty-one years ago with a sculpture called Kaitiff which came first in a schools art competition. Nineteen years ago, he left Nottingham to undertake a degree in Computers and Cybernetics at Kent University, went on to work for ICL, then managed to get into the Royal College of Art. For eight years he worked as a freelance interactive video designer and formed a partnership known as "ie", an audio-visual laboratory specialising in

using new technology for pop videos, video walls and clubs. There were also educational and industrial applications for his art. Clients were as diverse as Adamski, The Pompidou Centre and IBM.

Fed up with London, he moved back home to Nottingham, which he considers to have distinct advantages. "Travel is simpler, quicker and cheaper, people are more sociable and the general quality of life is higher."

Richard is concerned with making art accessible and visible to people, and has a particular interest in the amalgamation of technology, electricity and nature, with a fascination for mould, moss and high voltage electricity. Many of his sculptures have been exhibited in shops and wine bars, for example Ted Bakers and the Cucamara. A kinetic sculpture called "Wiggle" won a prize for the most popular exhibit during the Nottingham Open Arts exhibition at the castle. His latest invention, is 'Interactive Dream Specs', a prototype of which was available for trial at the Rock & Reggae Festival earlier this year. Inspired by a William Burroughs article on "flicker", this new system electronically produces kaleidoscopic light patterns to music, able to stimulate or relax you depending upon the music you choose. Along with colleagues at the Oldknows and Can studios, Richard is currently trying to organise an art show in a disused shop, but despite the growing number of vacant premises in the city, Estate Agents are not interested in short term let for an event which would brighten up their dull lives, benefit the public and enable artists to exhibit their work or even hopefully sell it. If there is anyone who can help, they should contact Richard on 243707.

NOT TO BE SNIFFED AT

A shop opened on Alfreton Road recently which is believed to be the first of its kind in the U.K., specialising in selling Liquid Gold, a form of "poppers" which when sniffed from the bottle gives the user a quick high or 'rush'. Often confused with Amyl Nitrate, a far more potent substance, Liquid Gold contains Ethyl Nitrites and is well known for recreational use and as a sex aid. Until now it has only normally been available in sex shops and gay bars and clubs. Having opened at noon on a Saturday with no previous advertising, the Poppers Shop shifted eighty seven bottles that afternoon. The owner was so surprised at the number of customers buying trays of twenty bottles or more at a time that he decided to seek agents nationwide, and began a mail order service. He is particularly looking for students and people who frequent disco bars, clubs, raves etc. "We are so sure of the market" says proprietor Maurice, "that we guarantee to purchase any unsold stock at the price paid." Maurice offers a recession beating mark-up price. "If you buy one tray and sell at two bottles for £6, your profit is £18. On 100 bottles bought for £185, your profit is £115. And that's not to be sniffed at!" Although Maurice has been banned from his local pub, he has been able to open a bank account for his poppers business. There seems to be some confusion as to where the law stands on this issue. "Possession, use and sale of poppers is perfectly legal in the U.K. providing they are not sold to minors," he affirms. It is advisable for people with respiratory problems not to partake, and as in all things, moderation is advisable. So what gave Maurice the idea to start such an unusual business? "My shop is in an area with a very high burglary rate so I wanted to sell something small enough to put in my pocket and take home at night." Mr. Poppers is open six days a week at 165 Alfreton Road, Radford, Nottingham NG7.

THE RADFORD GROOVE

All kinda people come a dance.

The Radford Groove takes place on "the weeks that Bounce ain't" according to one of the originators, Paul Spicer (although tonight is "Sponge" in Leicester which has distracted fellow host DJ The Kernel from tonight's gathering.) "We started it 'cos we wanted to take the pretentiousness out of the dance scene" explains Paul who, since instigating this night in February, has made a name for himself locally as a DJ. "The Radford Groove is a party. We play the very best in funk and house." The event does feel like a party as opposed to a "rave" or a "club". It's not cliquy but has a suburban, almost provincial atmosphere, and there are free snacks on the bar. Paul periodically sweeps along the corridor like the perfect host. "Would you like to move into the dance room?" he ushers. There are all kinda people in all sorts of poses but none of them are posers and you are sure to be turned on by the atmosphere or by the end of the night. It even attracts people to come out of town to check it out as an option to city centre clubs. The Radford Groove also sponsors an elephant. "He's a party elephant" Paul tells me. Yeah? How's that then. "He's called T'ru and he lives in Nigeria and he's always the last elephant to bed. So he's a party elephant." Twenty per cent of the door take (which is more or less a voluntary contribution) goes to keep T'ru whose mother was killed by ivory poachers. It's T'ru's birthday on February 14th and anyone who wishes to send a greeting of any sort should send it c/o Overall and we'll forward it.

On New Year's Eve the Radford Groove will be a total T'ru benefit (Price £1.50 in '92, £2 in '93 so get there this year. All proceeds to T'ru)

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With Ministry currently tearing their way through these shores it's worth taking note of **Chris Connelly** who has been a stalwart of the Al Jourgenson/Wax Trax camp through involvement with Rev. Co's, Ministry, the formative days of Finitribe and more recently Pigface, Murder Inc. and now two solo albums in his own right, 'Whiplash Boychild' and 'phenobarb bambalam'. We caught up with him on his recent tour of USA.

Overall. Do you feel that the Pigface project was a success, considering the number of well established musicians involved? Do you think that the term "The Travelling Wilbury's of Industrial Music" was well founded?

C.C. The Pigface project was and is still a success in terms of being musically and socially rewarding to the vast amount of people involved — you put 14 or 15 tripping lunatics on a tour bus for a few months, there is no way it's gonna be anything but a blast for everyone involved (reference point: the part in 'One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest' where the inmates manage to take over the boat).

O. Do you think that the kind of music you are producing and other related projects will ever be as popular as more mainstream music?

C.C. I think that although the music myself and the people I'm involved with is reaching a larger audience, it is always going to be a little too perverse for the mainstream (I hope!).

O. How come Finitribe were involved with your last single? Is it difficult to work with them after originally being a member of the group?

C.C. I wanted Finitribe to remix 'Come Down Here' because I admire what they do/have done, and also trust them to know what I want without having to spell it out. They are also very close friends, and we look forward to collaborating a lot more in the future.

O: Why is your solo work so different to the other music you're involved in? (Revco / Murder etc)?

C.C. My solo work is different to the other projects I'm involved in because it is much less of a collaboration, and more so my own vision, it's way more personal.

O. Are you trying to put any message across to an audience?

C.C. What I try to put over to an audience is very much on an emotional level, bypassing everything going straight to the heart and soul, if people can realise some of their reality through my reality, then my work is a success.

O. What does the term industrial music mean to you and is it relevant to your work?

C.C. "Industrial" music to me is Throbbing Gristle, old S.P.K. old Cabaret Voltaire; I used to dig these bands around 1979, and in 1992 it bears little if any relevance to my work.

O. Are there any other musicians that you admire?

C.C. Musicians I admire:- Chris Bruce (who plays guitar in my band), Sly Stone, Miles Davies, Keith Richard, John Cale, Neil Young.

O. What would you consider to be the ideal situation under which to listen to your music?

C.C. Five a.m. coming down from last night's drug of choice.

Sounds good to me.

Martin & Steph.



DEMOLITION

BLIND MOLE RAT 1992 Part 2 demo (Darnall Music Factory)

BMR are purveyors of troublefolk. This means the Pogues meet Billy Bragg in a french brothel and drink so much Guinness that on occasion they do the Cramps blues. Classic muso boozier songs by people who know how to write and perform them even in a traditional french style. Top entertainment. (0742) 662005/797067.

SUNBURN demo

Promising start from new Nottingham-based three-piece who know how to build on a theme. Dynamic ambience.

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG demo

"Timebomb" is a holocaustophobic little ditty about how "everybody's hanging around/waiting for the big explosion/tick tock" etc. Hardly original, nor would this half Bragg half biscuit paranoid new Nottingham outfit make any more difference than a few dancers at the end of Term. Great name though.

BIG FISH LITTLE FISH Mad As Pants

This is derivative college pop too. Nice logo but I prefer , killer whales and neon tetras myself.

US! Sexmonkey/Hallelujah!

Something for the more mature listener. Restrained and gentle instrumentals become almost unnoticeable at first behind a plaintive vocal line. "Hey girl, come and get funky/all I want is a little sex monkey/ what I need is a goddess of love /with a little bit of heaven..." "Hallelujahman!" sounds like he didn't get it but turns out to be a Platonic love song anyway, and a successful on.

NMT Direction LP cassette (Survival)

As in moving in a positive Direction. This is very interesting. A kind of funky soulful reggae tinged with jazz and blues. 'On the Inside' is (and I use these words carefully) purely and simply original contemporary dance music. The more typical 'Where is the Love' is modern Motown and Leicester has never been called that before. Excellent production. Val Kelly has a voice.

NO RIGHT TURN New Rising Tide LP

The words traditional (as in traditional) and convention (as in Fairport) keep springing to mind each time I listen to NRT and I write them as a compliment. I can imagine people playing air mando-cello at NRT knees-ups and being transfixed by Jayne's voice, so beautifully evocative of Olde Englande, and wowed by the wonderful arrangements. Magic. (0332) 384518.

OAKY HOG STOMPERS demo

OHS do not fit neatly into the scheme of things. An unholy ballad gives way to a quirky bluesy pop thing with little hints of stomp in it. 'World to Save' is most memorable. Kind of Carter sings the blues. (0602) 372444

SKINK Deaf To Suggestion

Oh yes turn it up it's grungegasin time. Skink are awesome. Their music lands on you like a ten-ton truck from a cliff which, once upon you grinds into gear and drags you broken and bleeding across a grungeweald and boulder-strewn terrain spiked with land mines as you cry "Mommeeee!"

FLAME FOUNDATION demo

FF are good but after Skink they sound like a bunch of pussies rocking out on a cushion. Or as they put it "You've

heard the talk of the Devil/and it sounds good to you" You said it, guys. After a respectful silence while my ears recover they come across like Thin Lizzy. (0572) 723140

BLUFF The Frank Muir EP

(Moments of Pleasure Records)

No relation to the N'ampton magazette, this EP consists of three unashamed and intelligent jangly luvpap songs. It's just that they're so bloody sad like the fourth track, 'Lost Ambition' as in "needles and pills and....." about a "little darling" who lost it. Gimme Serious Love Addicts any day.

NEIL/SIMON/RICHARD/STEWART:

Durian Durian (No Fans Cassettes)

Some more anarcreativity in this collaboration of A and R & S. Four guys, four points of the compass, four tracks, each performed and recorded without reference to the other three. The four tracks are then overlaid and remixed also without reference to each other. The result? No Fans. 'Durian' is in effect a twenty-one minute version of 'Bobby Shaftoe', while 'Durian' is a sonic interpretation of the Numskulls. Cambell, Wickham-Smith, Youngs and Walden may one day have to justify all this but not me. Oh no.



Stewart Walden & Neil Cambell

RICHARD YOUNGS AND SIMON WICKHAM-SMITH

Ceacescu LP (Forced Exposure)

These guys make music which is so understated that if anything is Now '92, Simon and Richard are. The fourteen minute track named after the dead dictator is an awesome scream of mechanical humanity disappearing eerily into silence. This is a very different music, post modern hymns on homemade synth and Appalachian dulcimer. The essence of rhythm/voice/texture this paravant garde music circulates in exclusive circles and will one day be called seminal in a scene very weird compared even with whatever's happening next yera or the yera after.

Christine Chapel

STATE OF GRACE

Love, Peace and Passion EP (3rd Stone)
The title track which plays on 45 reminds me of the Mobiles (remember 'Drowning in Berlin'?) Too polished and clean for me but potentially massive. The 33rpm side is far more interesting, a bit more raw with real drums. 'B13' is a collision between the Banshees, early Genesis and a sixties garage band. It's dead slow, drags on and on, and my old punk rock instinct tells me I should hate it but it's wonderful. "Ruby Sky" is gorgeous too and the singer reminds me of Billy McKenzie. Yes indeed, this is good stuff.

FRANK 4

Compilation cassette/magazine
Good idea this. For the sum of £1 you may obtain from the Northampton Musicians' Collective a compilation of

mainly Northampton bands and a magazine. The latter contains reviews, features and rants about lack of venues and punter apathy. There's even a review of a Weirdbeard gig. On the cassette there are thirteen tracks of variable sound quality but the musical quality is mainly good. Kindred and Colours both play pretty shit hot punk 'n' roll; Mask 13's "Half Life" is a menacing slice of electro while Nottingham's Sudanese Witch Hunt come out with an odd collision of psychedelic guitars and prog rock keyboards on "Nine Lives". Probably my favourite track is "Split Yer Heart" from Shrike which drones on for hours taking shoe gazing to new heights. No, it's a really good song which builds and builds. Biggest disappointment is a poorly recorded live track by the usually excellent Awesome Wells, and a word must be said about Pip and The Gladys Nights but I can't think of one.

"Frank 4" is available from NMC, Junction 7, Hazelwood Road, Northampton. (0604 26742) **Mr. Jones**

TED MILTON Pagan Strings (Tak Tak Tak)

Ted Milton is a performance poet. As front man of Blur, that "psycho funk, afro punk, fake no-wave, pogo jazz trio", he is well known for the exuberance of his live shows and it is that ebullience which shines through on this cassette recording of his latest collection. However I found his performance as a poet to be incredibly obnoxious, his rather poor qualky poetry saved from total creative desolation only by the effectiveness of his vocal delivery. His basic material is facile and often crass (e.g. 'Gravespit' and 'Slow Boat'), worthy of little attention. Milton's skill as a poet lies solely in verbal motivation. His eccentric, quirky (and often amusing) rants and languid storyteller tones provide sufficient entertainment value to warrant a listen. On the strength his vocal abilities alone, Milton occasionally veers towards some poignancy and coherence. I would almost certainly go see him live, but I would not buy one of his books.

KARL BLAKE Mandibles: Thirty Pieces of Silver (Tak Tak Tak)

Karl Blake's poetic quality is better but, delivered in monotone, its overwhelming sentiment is of dreariness. His style, though largely demotic, is provocative in that the violent metaphors evoke a passion born out of frustrated anger at the hostility of society and the inadequacy of human relationships. The poems suffer from a certain self-indulgence which does not always reveal their true concerns. It's a pity, because a lot of the ideas expressed are genuinely lucid insights into human emotions and situations. What I detest about this tape is the awful unceasing drone of different noises which accompany each poem but do nothing to reinforce the spoken words, remaining an overbearing irrelevancy detracting from our concentration. in this case I would rather have read the poems than heard them.

John Micallef

THE BELLIS Trippychickpeace demo

Following couple of recent city gigs, The Belis release an impressive six track demo. Matt Hill's strong and distinctively English vocals (in the Costello/Bragg tradition) ride above the fuzz and whine of some finely crafted jangle-pop songs. A layered guitar feel and understated bass are reminiscent of R.E.M. and they pick up pace and depth. Live they combine these self-penned snippets with some longer work-outs and some classy covers. With titles like 'Cows, Cars and Chainsaws' and 'I want my own personal mental home', you get the feeling these boys don't take themselves too seriously. A humorous little number but then it would have to be with a title like this. Nice cover too. (0602) 858016. **Mark Hannant**

PO! Grains of Sand EP 7" (Rutland)

From the Free State of Rutland where people make small sounds and wish only to be left alone with their majorettes, karaoke and knotting.

SHARON TATE'S CHILDREN

'Give It! EP 7" (42 Records)

'Give It' is a vicious piece of sarcasm directed at a complacent world. It manages epic proportions considering the confines of a 7". There are some surreal twists in the rhythmic plot of 'just another simple love song' no doubt emanating from someone's twisted sense of humour (I hope). 'More' is an angry punching confoundment at the world for not being enough. (42 records, Nelkenweg 45, 7303 Neuhausen, Germany)

SUBMARINE

Chemical Tester/Salty Killer Whales 7" (Ultimate)

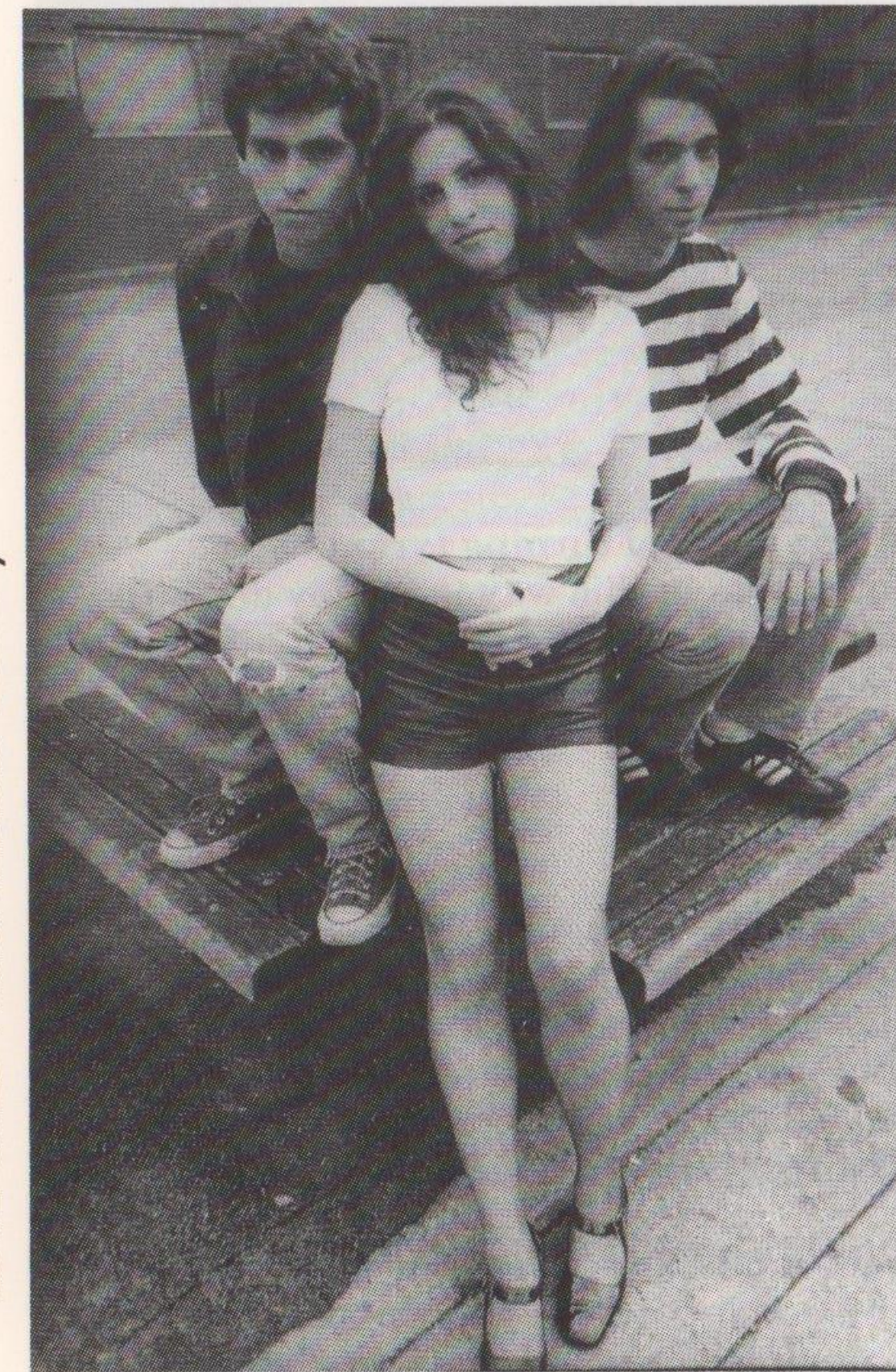
Second mail order single from Ultimate (the first being The Werefrogs' 'Lazy'). The quality of this record is so poor that it comes with a letter offering you the chance to buy it on clear vinyl which in turn comes with a free badge, sticker and postcard. From that clear vinyl dolphins disport themselves into a sea of lapis lazuli dripping from the shapely neck of a guitar only to be beheaded by mad axehead sharks and stuck by human harpoonists. Available for a mere £2 (inc. P&P) from Ultimate, 271 Royal College Street, London NW1 9TU. Ask for Clear Vinyl.

CELL Fall/Circle 7" (City Slang)

An enjoyment of guitars and punk pervades every groove of this quality blue vinyl disc. Note the picture sleeve featuring the South Business Loop complete with bimbo billboard and contemporary New Jersey bedroom.

LOVECHILD Stumbling Block/Six Of One 7" (City Slang Musikproduction)

Slow, yes, stumbling bass and plodding drums set the pace for some ickle pritty fishnet vocals, a stonewashed guitar disgorging into the interval. 'Six Of One' is a bit faster.



LOVE CHILD Photo: Michael Galinsky

SLUNK Cowboy Songs for Country Lovers (Nightshift)

Debut album from multinational hardcore monsters Slunk, whose name means an underage calf trailing afterbirth and bacteria generally in an unsanitary and unfit condition. Only the growling grunge of the vocal line sounds that way, but cannot blunt the edge of those twisting guitar knives. Cowboy Songs was recorded last year prior to their international tour and breaks the mould often enough to keep it interesting. Their next release, produced by Frankie Stubbs of Leatherface promises to kick calf-shit. (081 985 9025/071 431 0285)

REBEL MC

Word Sound Power LP (Tribal Bass/Big Life)

An intriguing blend of musical styles, a distinctive reggae-ness underscoring some powerful messages. There's teh Word Side with Prince Lincoln Thomson elevating to soul a version of 'Humanity', while the rootsy 'Rich Ah Getting Richer' and 'Let Jah Light Shine' have Little T sounding pretty big like some of the bass lines. A point is reached on 'Afrikan Descendant' that will move you to groove, and jazzy mayhem is played out on the punchy 'The Governments Fail', focussing on the case of Winston Silcott while the Rebel rap takes you through a gamut of governmental gaffs which have left innocent people in jail or worse—the Tottenham Three, Rodney King, South Africa..... "the governments fail". On the whole this album's combination of cuts from the history of protest reggae mixed with the freshness of new dance music and some poignant and rounded statements forces you to sit up and listen. Rebel MC tells it like it is. "Only in the eyes of Jah are we people/ using the gift of music as a vehicle" and other rap-only rude rhymes like 'Maccabee scripture' with "rich ah getting richer". Get the picture? Transport to the Sound Side, to a magical nation of dub called 'Jahovia' folowed by a small hours cert. 'I Can't Get No Sleep' a trip through ragga and a glide into heart and soul dub and a return to 'Revolution', Denis Brown's 70's classic with added Rebelation. In short, essential.

ORBITAL Halcyon /The Naked And The Dub 12" (Internal)

This is a groovin' 23 minutes "dimensionally enhanced" by the Bedini Audio Spacial Environment. 'Halcyon' is the trancey dreamy one, hingeing entirely on an overdone sample of Opus III's 'It's a Fine Day'. 'The Naked And The Dub' is a prolonged jungle dub with Dread refs. on birdy noises which grows in a most satisfactory way.

SANDALS Nothing EP (Open Toe)

Speaking of satisfying dub this one takes the biscuit. On a sub. of Acid Jazz this is pure bliss-out ideal for rolling and sucking anything to. Forget that weak-sounding brief appearance on The Word, this is elongated dub that speaks in volumes.

SPIRAL TRIBE Forward The Revolution EP (Butterfly/Big Life)

Messengers, connectors, World Traveller Adventurers, self-confessed digital analogue people, twenty-three skinner in shades, techno-pagans, not-so country cousins of cyberpunks and not the Luddites that some would like to believe in. The music is a sparse pagan dance ritual trance dub with zany raps passive in comparison to Rebel MC though harbouring similar sentiments. "Revolution" is available now.

JC 001/D*ZIRE Sea of MCs 12"

(Anxious Records)

Dubbed "the fastest rapper in the world" (530 w.p.m.—Guinness Book of Records) JC 001 has a talent for verbal dexterity born of growing up an Anglo-Indian in Ladbroke Grove. He began rapping and toasting while still at school. His reputation for léger de langue is not about Daddy Freddy style gattling gun style bursts of nonsense but prolonged and intelligible phrasing. Every single line of



REBEL MC

'Sea of MCs' is a linguistic wave lapping the shore with eminent quotability, "the abstract confessions of a lyrical heretic". But lest "the raft of rhetoric" should drift too far upstream, let's not forget the brilliant musicians who performed this live for Andy Kershaw and the BBC, or as JC 001 himself says in a Princely take-off of Martin Luther King, "I have a band".

3:6 PHILLY

Funky Alcohol 12" (Zoom Records)

Following hot on the heels of the politically slanted 'Those Flags Offend Me', 'Funky Alcohol' is more chilled with a singably catchy hook in "every brother take a sip/every sister take a sip". After "Those Flags" I can't help seeking hidden meanings but find only their self-assured confidence in doing things the Philly Crew way, especially on the harder inclined 'World Still Turns'.

RICHARD BAILEY

Always On My Mind (Isis Productions)
Bustin' straight outta Nottingham is the new 12" from the Isis stable, 'Always On My Mind'. Steering Richard Bailey's smooth soulful voice through four tuff mixes, a fat dance beat combines with scorching lyrics to produce a classic slab of hard-driving dub action. Get it before it gets you.

THE 4 OF US

Man Alive/Don't Dance (Columbia)
It's like R'n'B with a modern staccato reggae acid dance beats, y'know, rootsy pop. Everyone reckons they are going to be big news and it proves that there's nowt wrong with some good ol' no-nonsense rock music. What it proves to me is that the seven incher is back. (Info. PO Box 35, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, Ireland.)

COP SHOOT COP Suck City EP

(Big Cat)

Ideally a cobweb blasting live experience, here I catch a shade of King Crimson (take it as 'Red'), a squat of the Residents and a large dollop of Foetus. Add a touch of post-modern desperation and urban alien nation (oh, and a little technofunk) and you have CSC on CD. Suck on this, wimp bands.

Christine Chapel

POLITICALL

A MANIFESTO AGAINST MILITARISM

Can the unthinkable happen? Could the world be plunged into a great war once again? Most people think it impossible. Yet what was unthinkable yesterday seems to happen quite often today.

* When the Cold War ended, everybody expected a 'peace dividend'. Today we are witnessing a state of permanent warfare from the Gulf to the Balkans.

* The easing of East-West tensions was supposed to create an international climate of security and cooperation. Today is falling apart and the Western Alliance is fracturing.

* Europe was said to be on a straight road to peaceful unification. Even now the future of the EC is in serious doubt.

* The 'economic miracles' of the eighties were meant to have banished the bad old days of the Depression forever. Today international capitalism is experiencing its worst slump for half a century.

The explosive mix of economic chaos and political conflict is creating a new global crisis. The warning signs are there for all to see. The West is now far less inhibited about dictating terms to the peoples of the East and the third world in semi-colonial fashion. Meanwhile the rivalries among Western powers themselves, over everything from interest rates to Bosnia, are becoming increasingly bitter. As the old order collapses and the struggle to shape the new one takes off, there are grave dangers for us all. Every important development today points towards *the rise of militarism* — not just in terms of an accumulation of weapons, but as the dominant political outlook in all Western nations. There has never been a more important time to take a stand against militarism. Yet today there is no serious criticism of what the Western powers are doing. The aim of this manifesto is to begin to turn that around. It is a call to oppose those key trends in politics which could pave the way to war.

1. Against the moral rearmament of imperialism.

Today everybody from George Bush to the liberal *Guardian* appears to think that the West has a legitimate right to interfere at will in the affairs of Africa, Eastern Europe, or the Middle East. This arrogant assumption of moral superiority, the notion that the West must know what's best for the world, is the most dangerous idea underpinning the New World Order.

Why should the future of, say, the peoples of the former Yugoslavia be decide by Western governments at a conference in London? Western intervention cannot be the solution to the problems of the world because it is the cause of them. From Somalia through Iraq to Bosnia, the roots of today's crises lie in the way that the West uses others as pawns in it's own geo-political games.

The Western powers do not intervene abroad for humanitarian reasons. They are pursuing their own agenda of international power struggles. America (with British assistance) destroyed Iraq to show it's Western rivals that it was still Number One. Germany has targeted Serbia to demonstrate its own authority in Europe. The result is always to escalate the crisis, turning local disputes into international conflicts. Any further Western interference can only make things worse for those on the receiving end.

The argument that the Western powers should save the world represents the moral rearmament of imperialism. It is the modern form of the old imperial ideology of the White Man's burden. However worthy the motives which inform the call for more Western intervention, it can only legitimise the carve-up of the globe among the great powers.

2. Against Western chauvinism

Behind every discussion of international affairs today lies the assumption that Western nations are more civilised than the 'inferior' peoples with whom they have to deal.

In the opinion of Western commentators, the peoples of the ex-Yugoslavian republics are fighting because of their 'tribal' hatreds, Africans are starving because they breed too quickly, and almost every other problem on Earth is the fault of the poor and powerless rather than the wealthy and powerful.

At its worst, Western chauvinism targets countries or peoples against whom the great powers can demonstrate their civilised credentials. Those who are set up to play the part of the West's whipping boys,

such as the Iraqis and the Serbs, pay a heavy price for the privilege.

The argument that 'the West knows best' legitimises these campaigns of demonisation; it has already been used to justify starvation sanctions and carpet-bombing against Serbia and Iraq. But as their rivalries intensify, Western powers can also be expected to turn their chauvinist propaganda against each other — a prospect glimpsed

today in the anti-German outbursts in Britain and on the Continent. National chauvinism is the cement with which our rulers will always seek to bind us together behind their banners.

3. Against race hatred.

Racism is the cutting edge of the politics of the New World Order. The outbreaks of violence against immigrants and refugees in Europe are often blamed on 'Nazis' and far-right fringe groups. But whether in Germany, France, or Britain, such attacks are really the political consequence of government propaganda campaigns. By seeking to scapegoat the third world, to blame 'immigrant scroungers' and 'bogus refugees' for social problems, the Western authorities have created the climate for a racial pogrom.

Opposition to racism has collapsed before the renewed challenge. The fashion today is for former liberals to come to terms with the racially charged atmosphere, usually by agreeing that firmer immigration controls are required to ease tensions. The result is quickly to shift the debate from the problem of racism to the problem of too many black people. Such appeasement of the politics of nationalism and racism is a recipe form disaster.

The return of racism to the surface of capitalist societies is one domestic sign of these militaristic times. It should serve as a reminder that the moral rearmament of imperialism has serious consequences, not only for the third world, but for those living in the heartlands of the West.

4. Against the rewriting of history

The capitalist powers seek are seeking to consolidate a more assertive Western worldview as the ideology of the New World Order. In order to achieve that, however, they have to deal with the embarrassments from their imperial past.

Each national elite is out to rewrite its history in order to legitimise its militaristic role in the world today. A nation like Britain, for example, has to revive the politics of Empire which have lain discredited for the past fifty years. The USA needs to come to terms with the 'Vietnam syndrome'. And Germany has to take the edge of the Nazi experience.

One example of how the Western authorities now seek to rehabilitate their past is by arguing that Africa and Asia are worse off than when they were ruled by Western decree. History is turned on its head, and the ruination of continents which was brought about by Western exploitation becomes an argument for colonialism.

Current debates about international affairs are peppered with attempts to discover the past in the present, whether by branding Saddam Hussein as 'the new Hitler', or describing prison camps in Bosnia as 'another Holocaust'. The effect of turning tyrants and atrocities into everyday current events in this way is to play down the significance of the past crimes of Western imperialism. The rewriting of past wars is more than a matter of historical interest. It is part of preparing for future conflicts, by rehabilitating Western militarism in the present.

5. Against cultural war

At the Us Republican Party convention in August, Pat Buchanan announced that America was now engaged in 'a cultural war', as critical....as the Cold War itself. Since the end of the Cold War removed the old faithful anti-Soviet card, the Western right has been trying to cohere an alternative ideology. The notion of 'the cultural war' brings together many of the reactionary ideas which they need to popularise.

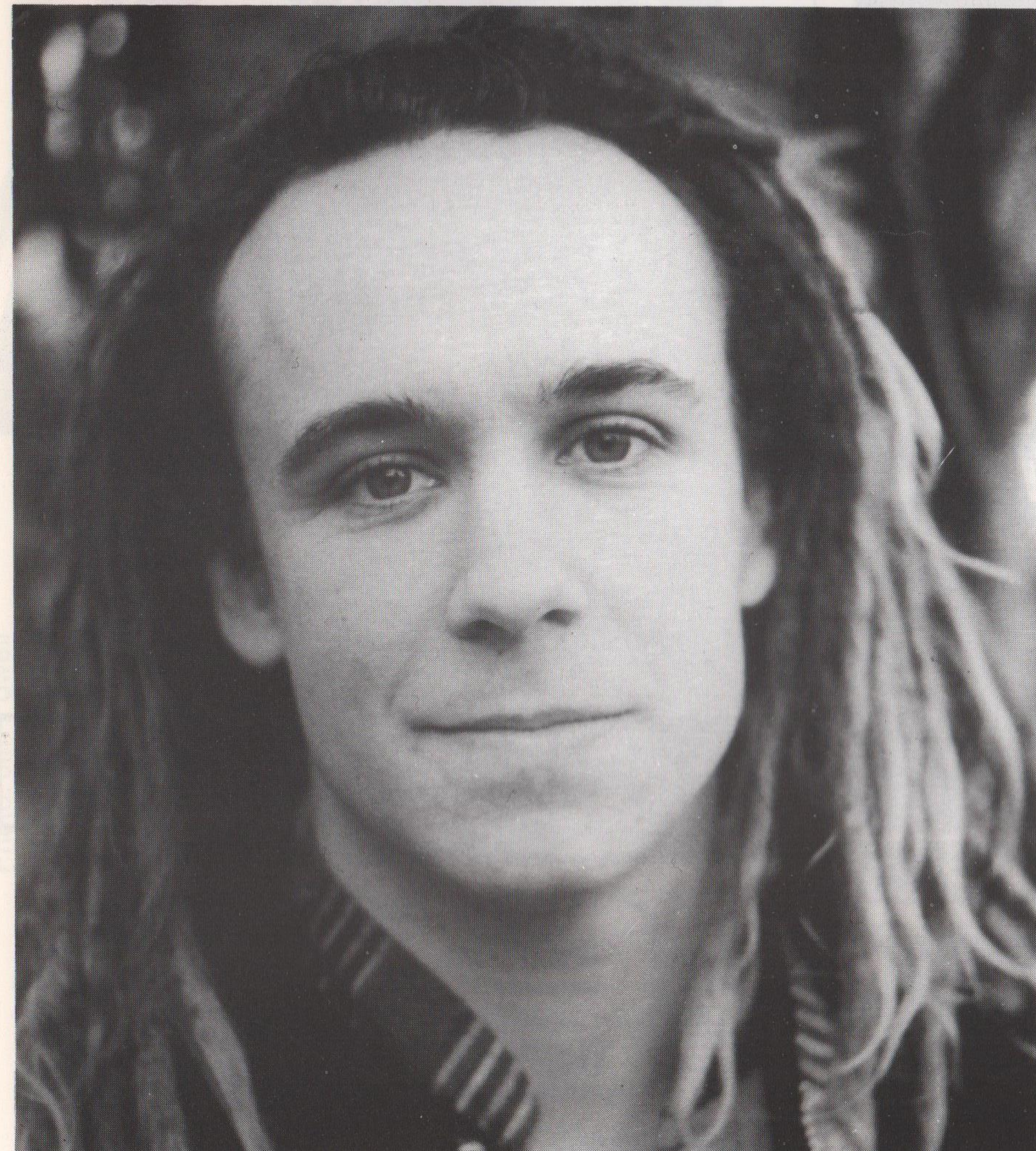
The cultural war is being fought tot create a conservative political climate in the West. It is a war against the 'street terrorism' of black teenagers in the inner cities, against abortion, unmarried mothers and homosexuality, against sixties style liberalism, immigration and the third world. And it is a war in defence of tradition, the flag and the free market, in defence of western civilisation and the New World Order.

The right is fighting its cultural war on many fronts. Some of these, such as the moral crusade around Aids, may not appear to have any direct connection with a hot war. Yet the cultural war is laying the ideological foundations for the next phase of Western militarism. The creation of a pervasive reactionary political climate at home can give Western governments a free hand to act abroad — against the third world, or even in conflict with one another. By the same token, challenging that political climate is a practical way of undermining the culture of militarism. Which is why the cultural war must be fought against on every issue.

Kathleen Kane (Living Marxism)

KCV

RIKKI



Age: 27

Eyes: Green

Star sign: Aries

First record owned: 'Los Tres Cerditos' (that's 'The Three Little Pigs' in Spanish) and Gustav Hols' 'The Planets'. (He went to my school).

Likes: Honey, olives, the Pyrenees, Tolstoy, love with independence, my bike.

Dislikes: Hypocrisy, injustice, abuse of power and subservience, Thatcher, Bush, doing the laundry.

Most memorable gig: La Chunga at Café de Chinitas in Madrid; Misty in Roots.

History: Born of Spanish and Welsh blood, childhood enriched by joy and suffering, impoverished by school dinners. Spent several years wandering and busking around Europe and the U.K. Guitarist/singer in The Honeyhunters, Gifts of Rain, Meru Motu, El Nagual. Back and forth from Spain all my life. Lived and worked in Madrid as simultaneous translator. I once did a medical conference translating English to Spanish whilst watching these disgusting gynaecological slide projections and trying to think of the word for inner labia. There was also one on the ear. This doctor was trying to record the translation from the headphones which created a feedback loop and temporarily deafened half the foreign doctors. I ended up translating for the NHS when back in England.

Hobbies: Mountain trekking, cycling, eating, philosophical discussion.

Ailments: Roving spirit, broken heart (stitched up several times), insomnia, think too much; an empty wallet being my most serious ailment.

Current projects: Flamenco guitar duet with Paul Foxton; latin funk project with Nick Ricci; completion of solo album 'Soledad'.

K

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EASY GROOVE
BAD BOY T
MASTERSAFE/ MRB/ MJP
Dreamworld 2 9pm-7am
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monday 28th

ENGINE
The Where House
YEAH JAZZ
Utttoxeter The Parks

tuesday 29th

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Running Horse
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BLUES BAND
Derby Duke of York
POINT BLANK
The Where House

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THE EGYPTIAN KINGS
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Feb19th - March 20th **Alan Bleasdale's**
March On The Ledge

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HOLGATE THEATRE

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Dec 1st **Ken Campbell in Pigsport**

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MGM
Greyfriar Gate. 1st Monday, 9-2am. £2.50 (with flyer). Mixed.
Shag at Venue 44 Belvedere Street, Mansfield. 2nd Monday
9pm-2am. £3 members. Phone before for free membership and coaches 0623 22230.
Madisons near Theatre Royal. 2nd Monday 9-2am.
Take 3 at SKYY 104 Alfreton Road, Bobbersmill.
2nd Wed. Monthly women's only event with performance and disco.
Lesbian Centre at The Women's Centre
30 Chaucer St. 1st Sat. of the month. Hiphop, soul, reggae, disco.
Confetti's at The Ritzy
Lower Parliament Street. 3rd Monday. 10pm-2am. £2.50. Mixed.
Limited Editions at The Yard
61 Westgate, Mansfield. 4th Monday. Coach from Gatsby's 9pm. £4 incl. admission.

OTHER :

Mushroom Bookshop 10 Heathcote St. Hockley. Lareg Lesbian and gay stocks incl. free Pink Paper.
The Health Shop Broad Street. Free health centre with gay outreach worker. Free condoms, KY, dentals dams, Hep B vaccinations and all sexual/drug use advice.
Nottingham Bisexual Group meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 8pm International Community Centre, Mansfield Rd. All bisexuals welcome.
Nottingham Gay and Lesbian Young People for under-26's, meet weekly, call switchboard.
Outrage! meets Triangles, North Sherwood Street 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of the month. 7.30pm.
Nottingham Lesbian and Gay Switchboard Mon-Fri 7-10pm on 411454.
Lesbian Line Mon, Wed, Fri, 7.30-10.30pm on 410652
East Midlands Student LGB Phonenumber Mondays 7.30-10.30pm termtime on 514999 for info. advice or confidential chat.
Nottingham AIDS Helpline Mon-Thurs. 7-10pm on 585526
Body Positive Wed 7.30-10.30pm on 581555.



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mondays

RUNNER JAM SESSION
The Running Horse
JAZZ NIGHT
Tony Cofie Cookie Club
RETRO
Rick and Pete Hippo
MONDAY MADNESS
Jamie East Lo
ALTERNATIVE NIGHT
Derby Rockhouse
INDIE NIGHT
Lincoln, Smitz Bar

tuesdays

WHOLESOME FISH SHOW
Cajun 'n' Cabaret 1st and 3rd weeks
Running Horse
DREAMIN'
classic discs Arboretum Manor
SERVE CHILLED
Digs and Woash Cookie Club
JAZZ NIGHT
Ben Martin Quartet, Pablo Hippo
DIVINE DANCE
DJ P. Lincoln, Smitz Bar
TRIBAL AFFAIR
DJ Bogey Lincoln, Stadz Café

wednesdays

FOLK BLUES AND BEYOND
Running Horse
STUDENT NIGHT
Hippo
DISCO NIGHT
DJ Tony Hearty Goodfellow
SON OF WHOOOSH!
DJ Stanley Matthews (upstairs)
DJ Tufty (downstairs) Venus
Arboretum Manor

LIVE WIRE

Arboretum Manor
ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE
Michael Isaacs
JUMPIN' JUKEBOX
Pumps

LA VIDEOTECH

The Leadmill
ADRENALIN
The continuing story
Sheffield, The Roxy

thursdays

TIM & MAX
Harmonious thumps
The Staircase
ASK YER DAD
Phil Sagar/Ian Tatham/Dave Congreve
Venus

SESSION ON

Wheel off fortune for discount on drinks
Arboretum Manor

FERGUS

Hardcore rave The Yard
NO BOUNDARIES
BPI Crew/Pete Wilko/John

CHAMELEON

Kool Kat
JUMP
DJ Spacedome Where House
JUNGLE DANCE
Jools, KGB, Smarty, Jamie, Pete Y, Russell D.
Jungle Techno and progressive house Lo

UP TEMPO

Griff Hippo

STUDENT NIGHT

Rock City
INDIE NITE Leics. Secret's
FREQUENCY

DJ Euphoria. Cookie Club
RARE GROOVES
Tony Randall Nottm., Madison
HUCKNALL FOLK CLUB
Lord Byron

ALTERNATIVE NIGHT

DJ Rez The Box
BEAT CLUB
The Leadmill

fridays

FRIDAY VIBE
One Step Ahead/Lyrical SKYY
LIVE WIRE II
Arboretum Manor

THE RADFORD GROOVE

Spicer, The Kernel, Brendz fortnightly
DISEASED DISCOS INC.
alternate weeks
Hyson Green, Radford Arms
GLOBAL RECESSION
Blue Note

DIRECTION

Rob & Gordy Where House
RETRO

Noisy mix Cookie Club
WEETABEAT
Nick Rogers & Fergus The Yard

ZEST

Fergus, Ferne, Rush Venue 44
BOUNCE

DiY and guests 1st & 3rd week
EYE EYE
Gary Marseden, Sid Turner 2nd & 4th "
Dance Factory

FRENZY

Pete Beckett Kool Kat
CRUNCH

DJ Turbo Crunch Leics. Fan Club
THE FUSION
Russel D, Baby J, KGB Lo

THE GLIDE

DJ Yasa Alex Kaz Hippo
ROCK NIGHT
Lurex 'n' Lasers Rock City

SWEAT

The Leadmill
THE HOUSE OF AMBIENCE
DJ E Smitz Bar

DEATH CULTURE

Industrial Club 1st & 3rd Fridays
B'ham Hummingbird

CONSPIRACY

Folk club Leics. Spread Eagle

saturdays

PAPA

Phil Sagar/Ian Tatham Market Bar
PARTY ON

DJ takes control Arboretum Manor
SATURDAY SKIN
X-rated Blue Note

THE BIG BAMBOO

Jools & Russel Lo
"ALTERNATIVE" NIGHT
Rock City

MOTION II

Senator, Mayhem. Dance Factory
GREENHOUSE EFFECT
King Gordon The Where House
SOAP
Kool Kat

FUNKY SENSATION

DJ Funki Dreds Cookie Club
ESSENTIAL
Hippo

MARCUS

and guests The Ark
TORCH
Stig & Bod BPI
RENAISSANCE
Venue 44

MEALTIME MADNESS

30p veg chilli & rice lunch out
Princess Charlotte

HYPERPHONIA

DJ Jay Smitz Bar
THE SPLASH CLUB
comedy and dance with DJ Pablo.

Sheff. Ponds Forge Rotunda
SHIMMER
Dave Seaman, Solid State, Matt Monday,

Pat Barry Sheffield, The Palais

sundays

LIVE BLUES

lunchtime session Running Horse

BREAKFAST

Relax and read the papers Russels
MELLO MUSIC
Ben Mari & guests

Arboretum Manor
MIDLAND JAZZ QUARTET
and guests

Nottm. Playh'se Limelight Bar
R 'N' B JAM SESSION
Nottm., The Gregory

JUMPIN' JUKEBOX

Pumps

MELLOW SUNDAYS

jazz upstairs The Where House

CHILL OUT CHOONS

DJ E Lincoln, Smitz Bar
JAZZ BLUES & BEYOND

lunchtimes

Burton on Trent Brewhouse

QUORN FOLK CLUB

2nd & 4th week White Horse Inn
TRIBAL AFFAIR

DJ Bogey Lincoln, Stadz Café

EUROTECH SECURITY
PROFESSIONAL SECURITY PERSONNEL
for
PERSONAL, CLUB or MAIN EVENTS.
0602 598070

Greetings Techlings!

Starting on more-than-a-little sombre note *Jonn Peg*, former *Laser Quest* gun attendant and slapper is dead. He took his own life by hanging himself in his kitchen at 12.37 a.m. 17th October 1992.

Having lost his job due to his comments in September's *Violent Lives*, he ran into difficulties with mortgage repayments. Facing eviction, he managed to get out before he was thrown out. My condolences go to his homeless wife and child. Jonn's last wish was to have his Top 3 *Gamegear* games printed, so I shall solemnly oblige:

1. Sonic The Hedgehog
2. Prince Of Persia
3. Desert Strike

However, Jonn did state in that interview, did he not, that he wanted to go out "publicly. With as much coverage as possible."? He did not. And *Sonic The Hedghog* is crap, which leads me to believe that Jonn was, in fact, a pansy and a big girl's blouse. Rest in peace you sad bastard, and I hope the worms eat your brains.

Johnny Violent Investigates

Yes, this month for a full *Johnny Violent Exclusive* I took to the streets to find out the answer to the question on every Techling's lips - "IS TECHNO BETTER THAN SEX?" Do you prefer *Genaside II*'s remix of *The Prodigy*'s 'Jericho' or a snog in the back of a *2CV*? Are you going to see *Ministry* at *Rock City* on the 17th of November or are you staying at home for a really good fuck? Firstly I approached the editor of this magazine, *Paul Overall*. "Can't you see I'm busy?" he replied. Once he had finished his phonecall he lit up a rather large cigar. My *Marlboro* visably shrank as he looked me in the eyes and said "How long to you expect to continue working for this magazine, Johnny?" Whoops! My next victim was Nikki, who works for *High Time Promotions*. With free-flowing blond hair and beautiful big eyes I was convinced she was a *Nine Inch Nails* fan. "What sort of answer do you expect, a punch in the face?" she asked. "You're weird." The conversation ended. However, *Martin* of *Crunchbird* then entered the (silent) room. As if to pre-empt my question he said "Have you heard the new *Meat Beat Manifesto* album yet, Johnny?" and smiled knowingly. Wodda trooper! The sun went down and the darkness that I love met my eyes. Inspiration struck and I was off down the *Old Angel*. It was there that I met *Martin (Lunch not Crunch)*, an *Adonis* of a man who towered over his pint of *Guinness*. I popped the question. "Sex is better" he drawled. Why? "Cos techno doesn't suck your dick!" Oral sex is actually foreplay, making this comment inaccurate as well as sexist.

Johnny Violent's



Techno Revue



My reward for pointing this out was a black eye. Never mind. Unperturbed I stumbled up to the *Cookie Club*. "Hello", I said to the manager. "Hello" he

replied. At the bar I bought an *Elephant* and interrogated the barmaid at a safe distance. "Techno is crap" she told me, before leaving to serve another customer. It was about then that the room began to spin, and I began to discuss the survey results with myself. "Time for you to go home, mate." said the manager. "Yes it is." I replied. "Goodbye." Back home then. "Ha Ha!" I cackled as I trekked upstairs to ask my girlfriend, *Sarah*, the inevitable question. Some people just don't appreciate being woken up at 2.37 a.m. "What are you doing now, you idiot?" she asked, before sentencing me to a night on the sofa.

Those Survey Results In Full

	Male	Female
I Prefer Techno	3	1
I Prefer Sex	17	19

It's Competition Time!

This month your task is to imagine that you are me. Picture the scene. You're meant to be writing a *Techno Revue* but you get carried away with investigative journalism and spend the whole page therein. Also, one of your friends has just killed himself so you're in deep shit.

So if you want to win

- * A notepad and pen *
- * A copy of the last *Altern 8* LP *
- * A packet of new-fangled femidoms *

you must compose a letter to the Editor explaining:—

- a. Why your Techno Revue contained little or no factual information at all.
- b. Why *DJ Euphoria*'s Violent Life has been postponed.
- c. Why the page had an ending that was completely incomprehensible.

See you next month, Techlings!



GIL SCOTT HERON *Nottingham The New Marcus Garvey Centre*
Last time the "Minister of Information" came to these shores he got no further than the officers of British Customs and Excise. Despite his title he didn't get diplomatic immunity. This year he's been more successful (or less stupid depending on how you look at these things) and has been dragging himself round the venues of the nation telling it how it is. That involves reminding the expectant audience that this is "Family Month" as he takes his place centre stage and picks up a groove from the first keyboard chord. How mellow? And then that voice, a dulcet East Coast drawl, a "make-me-do-anything voice" as one female funkster purred. It woos; and I, for one, would drink a lot of whisky and smoke a lot of cigarettes to get a voice like that. Then the "cabinet" emerges from the shadow a.k.a. Amnesia Express, the backing unit—bass slaps courtesy of The Secretary for Fun and Entertainment—and things warm up. The crispy cool of 'Winter in America' (...ain't no sunshine when you've gotta go to work...) warms up with sunshine rays of afro-american beat and blooms into full on funk. Freeflow sax, flute and guitar solos come and go and weave into the groove and Gil comes and goes and the voice still drips. It hots up some and chairs are given up to the dance and (almost) frantic audience participation. G.S.H takes an audience with him and in this case lifts it high. He marshals his troops into a raucous rendition of 'Johannesburg!', and gets a big shout of respect in return. Sweeping along on a tide of.... a tide of what?

"Some of you may have had some problems finding my records...this is because sometimes they put my records in the box marked 'Jazz' and sometimes they get in the box called 'Misc'....they don't know where to put me...but that's okay...I looked up Jazz in a dictionary and you know what?... Jazz is miscellaneous; so it doesn't matter where you fuckers look... Anyway this one's called... "All that..."... All that Jazz... 'cos there ain't no words that rhyme with miscellaneous..."

So now you know. The Minister has spoken and the policy is clear. There is an emphasis on funk. Never mind trickle-down politics, this is shake-down economics (with strong family values of course!). And a nod to the miners too.... Bring on the groovy strikers perhaps? Make of it what you will. Like the man says, "It doesn't matter what you call it."

Mark Hannant

MOOSE/ EUGENE JAMES

Leicester Princess Charlotte
Equipped with a Telecaster guitar and his chorus effects pedal Eugene James kicked off the proceedings with 'Mama', which gave those present a sample of his musical ability, both lyrically and vocally. In total, seven songs, six written by Eugene himself. I'd probably not have bothered going to see him alone, but now this artist has been brought to my attention just try keeping me away in future. It seems other members of the ever growing audience felt the same as many of them approached Eugene at the end of his set asking how they could acquire any of his material. He brought his set to a close with Elvis Presley's 'Can't Help Falling In love', performed in manner that the man himself would've been proud of. A very enjoyable experience. Eugene hails from Leicester and has been playing solo for approximately a year during which time he recorded his first demo tape. Anyone interested should contact 'Stayfree Music' on (0533) 620611.

Moose comprise six members now, Russell Yates (vocals/guitar), brothers Russell and Lincoln Fong (guitar and bass), ex-Stereolab keyboard player Mick Conroy, Richie Thomas (Drums) and Moose (guitar), who incidentally won this strange nickname from his liking of the beer by the same name. The Charlotte is familiar ground for them and tonight's show was the middle point in a tour to promote their recently released album '...XYZ', their first release following four EPs on the HUT label. The audience was transfixed and the music, so catchy you'd need to be brain dead not to have been hooked and tapping your feet, had those at the front jumping around in a wild frenzy. The songs on tonight's set were indeed fine publicity for the album with a mixture of styles serving as a potent reminder of what today's main league music scene is missing. Last on the running order was 'Suzanne', taken from their second EP, probably my favourite, it turned the audience wild compared with the events earlier in the evening.

Nick James

DITCHBLEED

Nottingham Old Angel

After overcoming almost impossible technical hitches and organisational nightmares Ditchbleed finally took the stage in the Chapel to deliver a forceful barrage of techno-thrash intense enough to scare people out of any sense of complacency. I am not a fan of this music but what I saw tonight was enough to make me appreciative of the genre. A wild and violent orgy of thrashing guitars and butt-kicking beats. However, Ditchbleed are inexperienced, especially in such a live situation. They possess a musical immaturity that only comes from lack of live experience. Still, they have plenty of time, and the ability, to grow mature and realise the great potential they are clearly capable of.

John Micallef

TABITHA ZU

Reading 21 South Street

The first date of the Strollercoaster tour hits Reading. The creation of Jon Fat Beast, three bands with various guests go on tour for about six weeks. The other two main bands, the Cuckoos and the Hinnies are really not worth holding the front page for. On the other hand, Tabitha Zu definitely are. The Nottingham band had the honour of being the headline this evening. 21 South Street was hardly packed, but the Zu band made it feel stuffed and the people here witnessed a most wonderful performance. Tabitha Zu opened with 'Bomb In Atlantis' and into the new single 'On Reality'. By now some of the crowd were buzzing. 'Heard It Before' brings Reading to it's knees. They ended their six song set with 'Railroad'. Tabitha Zu have '90's Pop' written all over them. They could be the future of music as we know it.

Sid

NEUROSIS

Derby The Where house

With Notts faves Pitchshifter failing to turn up (apparently due to stolen gear), and a very dodgy PA to work with, it seemed the cards were stacked heavily against US outfit 'Neurosis' making the punters' hard earned £3.50 worthwhile. They were not helped by the unfortunate support band (name not announced!), who without their singer (the bassist chose to "shout in the right places"), induced laughter and pity in the audience. The guitarist dug his grave even deeper when he led his band through and unconvincing cover of Discharge's 'Drunk With Power'. Sorry lads, but Cal would have nuded you.

Neurosis overcame this initial hurdle with ease. The thunderous rhythm triumvirate of Scott Kelly (guitar), Dave Edwardson (bass) and Steve von Til (guitar) ripped through the opening bars of 'The Web', and heads began to bob. Neurosis bolt out a venomous stream of pure aggression, which unaccustomed listeners clearly found hard to digest initially. The songs included 'Stripped', 'Flight', and the diverse title-track of their latest offering, 'Souls at Zero'. Clinical to the bone, mixing acoustic arrangements with dry power chords, bringing in keyboards, samples and visual effects to complete the framework, the Neurosis power-machine marches on victorious, letting the music do the talking. Sceptics are beat down; hell, even a 10-minute power failure can't prevent them reaching the culmination of 'Empty'. I am not totally convinced that even the most dedicated Neurosis follower would have been ready for this tonight. Brutal, intriguing, bloody good!

Matthew Burrows



"Goddess of Goth" Photo: Nick James

PATRICIA MORRISON BAND/MURMUR

Leicester Princess Charlotte

Despite being a local band, Murmur are little known in Leicester, the reason being they mainly promote themselves through London gigs which have already attracted them considerable record company interest. It's easy to see why when you hear them. A four piece, they have been together just over a year. Their sound is difficult to pigeon hole though I did catch one member of the audience shoegazing. They opened with 'Slowburning', a sound quite unlike I've heard any other local band produce and which would not be out of place in the indie chart. The audience grew as they progressed through their set which received a pleasing response. Radio Leicester's John Sinclair has played several of their tracks on his Friday evening show and he would not have been disappointed to hear them tonight.

Patricia Morrison had told me earlier not to expect a copy of the material she played with The Sisters Of Mercy, and when the lady once dubbed "The Goddess Of Goth" took to the stage any such expectation was quickly dispelled. Such was the power of the music and her presence on stage so amazing, she admitted afterwards that at times during the set she had considered going into the awestruck audience to see what might have occurred, but withheld. It would have been too intimidating, believe me it would! This was rock of the highest calibre, intricate guitar riffs beneath an ever pounding bassline were led by singing which, without training, would have shredded Patricia's vocal chords for sure. The band who have been together just four months have no plans to record at the moment As Patricia commented "any live band needs to play a lot before they consider recording" which is something they are doing at the moment with a nine date tour terminating at London's 'Borderline' club.support they so richly deserve.

Nick James

DAISY CHAINSAW BUTTERFLY CHILD

Derby, The Dial

Having discovered a late bus back, I ventured to Derby for Daisy Chainsaw's only Midlands date to witness some strange goings on shortly after arrival. A band who may or may not have been Butterfly Child launched themselves onto the stage threw some Performance Art into a big mixing bowl and cooked it to perfection. Strangely, surprisingly entertaining, including an appearance by Katie herself. Enter Daisy Chainsaw. Revealing her new shaved head, she quickly disguised it with a red wig and plunged into 'I Feel Insane'. A few numbers later the haunting 'Hope All Your Dreams Come True', menacing with its kick-in-the-face ending. 'Dog With Sharp Teeth' sent everyone wild, as it should, as did, predictably, the two singles. The odd new song thrown in—'Eleventeen', I think, was there, smeared lipstick for Katie Jane and Crispin and a headlong crash into the last couple of songs with the happy audience screaming and smashing into everything. But not a s good as their Sheffield date.

Michael Prince



BUSHFIRE/PSYCHASTORM/IDIOT JOY

Nottingham The New Marcus Garvey Centre

The "new"ness of the Garvey hasn't quite reached the Cavaliers' yet, but there are some sumptuous drapes around the place. It is certainly transformed. See those taps from which have quenched their thirst some hundred thousand ravers? This void left by the death throes of hardcore rave? Threatening to fill it, one megadub party high time. The whole place is decked out with attractive backdrops beneath which lounge a few hundred dub fiends having a purely subjective High Time. First up before the great spiral projections are student Dada experimentalists Idiot Joy. Little Shiny Eyes peer through the fog to see if the Garvey rocks again. A Sirius projection reflects the retinae. Shapes cut figures in the silhouette. People run upstairs in anticipation and full Idiot Joy. "Couldn't decide what to do." Let's get hypnotised. Write songs in fire.

The outspoken muffle of Diseased Disco attempts to penetrate the gate of high dub. Hypnotic only in bursts, Psychastorm's set alternates between brash stadium rock (see that guy running round through the crowd with a radio mic' that's the singer that is— oh the joys of modern technology) and psychedelic dub. Martin's mock charges of smaller events past become a wild bull elephant approach until the music suddenly changes into a spiral form and the musicians get a chance to dubfound the audience. They sneak up on you like a video that changes channels when it gets bored. Unprefuckingdictable *de facto* dub. There's magic afoot tonight.

As for Bushfire, I recall heading for the front, noting the new female recruit stage left, moving my feet in time to the music. Then all the lights come on and someone hands me my jacket and I go home. It seemed like five minutes. Apparently Bushfire mesmerised the whole audience, took us to another dimension and returned us all safely two hours later. My kind of gig.

Christine Chapel

SAD / SERIOUS LOVE ADDICTS

Nottingham Horse & Groom

This was a night of contrasts. The fast fading fortunes of the Serious Love Addicts throwing into stark relief the 'catch a rising star' verve of Sad.

Raunchy and full of energy, SAD take the stage with a raw and punchy explosion. An inspired opening song sets the pulses throbbing and their set sustains an eclectic mix of passion, humour and sex. SAD are appealingly gawky with plenty of good looks and talent between them—enough to satisfy both the aesthetes and the musicians amongst the audience. Their set is a series of high spots but I've pared my favourites down to just four; 'Pain', 'Inside', 'Walking Cliché' and 'Arrogant Man'—all superb. I don't know if SAD have demo'd the latter two songs, but if they do I don't see how they can fail to secure themselves a recording contract. If SAD do make it they will have succeeded on four parts hard slog to one part inspiration.

Aaaaargh! I find SLA possibly the most frustrating of all Nottingham bands. I have never doubted their talent, their originality or their endearing exuberance, but recently their commitment has come into question and I begin to doubt their potential. SLA's very public posturing and parochial pandering to the SLA elite can leave you feeling like they've given you the Rock 'n' Roll equivalent of a cold shoulder. Their tendency to stick to the easy and well-trodden route will be their undoing. A few minutes into SLA's set and a line from SAD's 'Walking Cliché' pops into my head. As SLA go through their now standard routine, I fear the band has become "a parody of itself". They need some new material, they need to look beyond the familiar faces at the footlights. They need direction. The set plods (albeit energetic plodding) through the usual formula and they are fun, they are entertaining, and they do have some brilliant songs and arrangements. What they don't have is the vision to stretch themselves beyond what they have already achieved.

Ms. R. R. Magoo

SPEAR OF DESTINY

Nottingham Rock City

During the mid-eighties you couldn't walk through the Market Square on a Saturday afternoon without noticing the peroxide blond quiffs on the council house steps. Those days are gone but the man, and the band, who inspired such extremes of loyalty is back. Kirk Brandon is the man and Spear of Destiny are the band.

It may be four years since Brandon's last vinyl output and the blond mop may be somewhat longer but some things remain unchanged. He's still angry about the way the country is being run, exemplified in 'Land Of Shame', and "down the front" is still no place for the faint-hearted. Chicken dancing is a dying art but Spear's ever loyal following seem only too happy to offer refresher courses. Any thoughts that they may have softened after the long lay-off are quickly dispelled as 'Rainmaker' and its tribal chant chorus set the dancefloor creaking. Much like last year's successful rejuvenation of Theatre of Hate the songs aired span Brandon's career. From Stan Stammers' thundering bassline intro to TOH's 'Propaganda' right up to the hardened sound of 'Goldmine' and 'Taking Care of the Business' from the new 'SOD's Law' album, there are no half-measures in the delivery. The power of Stammer's bass and Brandon's grating Gretsch meet with John Lennard's subtle, swirling saxophone and the result is an hour and a quarter of ear-splitting melodies. The finale stands testament to Brandon's song writing abilities. 'Mickey' is "as relevant now as it was then" whilst the ferocious intensity of the anthemic 'Liberator' remains undiminished.

Half the Forest first team were in attendance. They could well do with producing a few stirring performances of this ilk to aid their fight against relegation.

Much maligned in the past and now almost totally ignored by the music press, Kirk Brandon refuses to lay down and die. On the evidence as presented that's no bad thing. There's [lenty of life in the old boy yet.

Andy Lowe

WHIPPED CREAM

THIS PERFECT DAY

MR. JELLY

Nottingham Horse and Groom.

While The Orb, (best viewed from a hammock containing a large amount of groovy drugs slung fifteen feet above the ground) were boring for £8, for a mere £2.50, three fine bands, all different from each other, two of which had travelled from Sweden, were on stage across town. First up scousers Mr. Jelly, well good apart from their crap name and a fairly bog-standard-indie opener. But after that things improved rapidly, coming over as a jangly version of the Doors with a flash dancing singer who blew a mean harp. Several songs contained long, jazzy almost freeform workouts, ideal for losing your mind in. This Perfect Day, an immensely likeable bunch of Swedes, played a set consisting of chunky thrash pop punk, like Mega City Four but better. If they released an album I'd buy it.

If you've never heard Whipped Cream then you're missing out. They play mind-blowing psychedelic rock which transported me into a swirling netherworld.

(And it wasn't just the skunkweed, honest.) The bass-player and drummer are one of the tightest rhythm sections I've heard in a while. Visually the stage was dominated by the hulking figure of Jurgen Cremonese, a skinheaded mountain of a man who just happens to be a brilliant musician. In contrast on rhythm guitar and vocals was Elisabeth Punzi, the most beautiful woman in the world with the voice of an angel. A good mixture of material from their two albums 'Whipped Cream and Other Delights' and 'Tune In The Century', plus a stonking version of the Beatles' 'Come Together'. When Whipped Cream are big (and they will be) and you're forking out that eight quid to see them at the Poly, just remember where you read about them first. And I think I'm in love.

Mr. Jones

STRANGER THAN FICTION

Nottingham Old Angel

On the day "toe man" Mellor resigned and Parliament was recalled, S. T. F. set up shop before the curious and the coerced at the Old Angel. 'Million Miles of Moonlight' is offered with 30% extra.....free! 'Sad Little Girl'.....do they take access? and for the discerning customer, the splendid 'World Inside' was selected from the 'gotta-be-a-single' department. i can't spell sycophant so i ought to mention the sound....bloody awful[sic] and the new orderisms which still loom a tad large for moi but ho hum; as Lamont and Major might admit this thing could be bigger than both of us.

roger the lodger

SUGAR

Sheffield The Leadmill

Bob Mould is back in the old groove, writing songs prolifically, every one a gem and just as outstanding as the good old days in Husker Dü. His new chums Dave Barbe and Malcolm Travis don't give us much to look at, and neither does Bob, they could be three crop-headed rejects from Fugazi. The sound that they make with this Sugar thing is good enough for anyone though, a lovely swirling maelstrom of fuzz played by three possessed individuals.

Bob seems cheerful these days, he hasn't written a single wrist-slitting anthem like 'Too Far Down' or most of his first solo effort 'Workbook', it's mainly up-beat but the usual themes of betrayal, regret and resignation do seep through. Bassist Dave Barbe gets to sing on a few of his own compositions, and then gets thoroughly embarrassed as the band and a roadie present him with a birthday cake which he said, "They swore they wouldn't do". Only half of the material is from Sugar's top ten debut album 'Copper Blue', the rest is just as powerful from the next LP, which has already been recorded and might be a little more intense. They even included one full-metallic KO of and instrumental that could have come straight from Husker Dü's 1984 epic Zen Arcade double-blast. Last year Bob played a solo acoustic tour in order to



Whipped Cream

Photo: Rob Eagle

pay bills incurred at Virgin records. Let's hope everything goes OK for Sugar. After all, the Mouldy one is probably the world's best and hardest working songwriter, better than Paul Weller or Pete Shelley, and coming from me, that's saying something.

Roland Gent

PEG

Nottingham Rock City

If you've ever been to Rock City at the weekend and have thought, 'this place'd be alright if it wasn't so packed', you should try going down on a Wednesday. The place was so empty that it was almost surreal. Imagine only one person dancing in the middle of the floor surrounded by videos, lights, music and dry ice. Strange.

Making a quick exit from the main disco, I was pleasantly surprised to stumble across "Disco 2", occupied by several people dancing vigorously to the sounds of Peg. Their music is fairly tricky to describe, the issue being complicated by the inclusion of three cover versions; an accelerated version of The Monkees 'I'm A Believer', a heads down version of 'Baggy Trousers' and the particularly witty cover of 'Lucretia' by The Sisters of Mercy. The band's own songs haven't been done any justice by being recorded. Their sound is eclectic, but not specifically so. Their influences lead to a kind of melting pot of ideas which are developed beyond copy-cat traditions into refreshing danceable jams, with lively and entertaining vocals (and performance!) from their frontman Mel. Judging by their most recently created song, 'Fluidity', Peg continued to improve (and especially catchy guitar riff in this one) and their overall quality of performance would be unrecognisable to anybody who saw them last Christmas at the Old Angel.

Jo Seally

CUD / THE FAMILY CAT

Nottingham Trent University

A small but keen crowd greeted The Family Cat as they arrived before most of the audience. Their opening indie/rock song suggested to me another noise group but I was wrong. Their melodic and hard-hitting set left my head spinning with ears ready for more. They gave it, leaving a well worked up crowd for Cud's unique style of Indie dance funk. But there was little life in Cud's stage performance. Their set had more dedications than I could mention, and although performed well, it was corny. 'Purple Love Balloon' saw the hall fill with (yes, you guessed it) purple fucking love balloons. They could have achieved a lot more given such an audience. I left wondering what I'd missed on telly.

Martin Atherley

SPINE Photo: Nick James



SPINE

Leicester Princess Charlotte

What I saw of Spine about a year ago left me with nothing with which to form an opinion, but I was pleasantly surprised by this Leicester three-piece tonight. Hard grunge rock is obviously not to everyone's taste but those who enjoy this kind of trip will certainly find something to satisfy. The sound was so powerful it winded you. Spine were exciting, guitarist Nick's appearance not unlike that of Slash, and his playing moved in that direction too, while Alan's ever-pounding bassline kept everything moving at rabid pace when needed. Drummer/vocalist Aaron capped off the sound off with vocals so raw you could sand granite with them. It all came together so well you'd not believe they've existed less than a year, yet they've already attracted invitations to support Therapy? and God Machine on recent shows and I'm sure these will be the first of many. Spine are currently promoting their 'Downer' EP which although not as good as the real thing comes close and is certainly worth a listen. Anyone interested in finding out more should contact Aaron on 0858 464481.

Nick James

NO-MAN / MONKEY MESSIAH

Derby The Where House

Making full use of the standard line-up, with their powerful rock guitar and tuneless female vocal, Monkey Messiah come over as early Pretenders meet Tabitha Zu but with less charisma. The three-piece line-up of No-Man is tonight backed by ex-japan members Mick Karn(bass), Richard Barbier(keyboards) and Steve Jansen(drums) which is why most people are here. These three are amazing musicians, as anyone who saw Japan in their heyday will testify, especially Karn who receives a cheer as the first slinky, sexy bassline oozes out. No-Man are no slouches either, Ben Coleman playing some truly sublime psychedelic violin, vocalist Tim Bowness, a commanding, compelling frontman making the best of the limited stage space. I'm unfamiliar with No-Man's material but the word "fusion" comes to mind. The band bring the Japan sound of ten years ago bang up to date and mixing contemporary dance with good ol' Prog rock leaving the audience baying for more.

Mr. Jones

MUDHONEY

Nottingham Rock City

I once got banned from a venue down south for stage diving at a Mudhoney gig. A perfect Mudhoney show should be an hour of sheer organised mayhem, theatrical violence, olympic stage divers; a sweat dripping exercise. Tonight it wasn't. However this evening was far from boring; not a brilliant performance but a good outing anyway, and an impressive turnout for a band still labelled "underground". Now on their fourth(ish) LP (if you forget the numerous bootlegs), they surprisingly played a fair portion of their back catalogue. The kids near me in their newly purchased Mudhoney T-shirts

stood static throughout. How can you stand still to these powercore Seattle lads whose guitar noise takes over your whole body? You have to dance/slam/mosh/sway/ headbang/lurch— call it what you like, but one thing is for sure. You are not allowed to stay static. 'If I Think' was and is a highly emotional heart-breaking kick-in-the-teeth song. 'Hate The Police' got the kids bodysurfing. The newer 'Let It Slide' and the latest single 'Suck You Dry' allow a glimpse at where the Mudhoney sound is going. I admired them for not playing crowd faves 'Touch Me I'm Sick' and 'Here Comes Sickness'. As the band begin their cover of a Motorhead song, Mark Arm pleads with the crowd to buy their records as he wants to be in a Top Forty band. Mark: I will see you on Top Of The Pops.

Sid

SOUL ALL-NIGHTER

St. Ivo Recreation Centre St. Ives Cambs.

After a twelve year absence brought on by drug abuse and the law, eager soulies once more carried their sportsbags from up and down the land for a remarkable tear-jerking reunion at the St. Ivo Recreation Centre, once one of the most respected venues for the legendary 'Soul All-Nighter'. Gone but not forgotten were the outlandish high-waister bell-bottoms adorned with countless buttons, as were the immaculately shining Brogues, shoulder-length hair and sideburns of the good old days. Instead tonight's action-packed eight hours had a more conventional look; short back and sides and casual dress. These events have made a big impression over the past three decades with their explosive combination of high-tech individualistic dance routines as each dancer's personality is expressed. Stomping, shuffling, spinning and somersaulting to Northern records from mainly

defunct U.S. back-street labels to obscure English releases from the halcyon days of Northern Soul. Would-be dancers gather round the edge of the floor waiting to secure themselves their own private territory in which to wear out their shoes. One guy picks his spot and dances there continuously for seven hours before shuffling off, whereupon his position is immediately filled by a late-comer.

Egotistical DJs pay obscene amounts of cash for an ultra-rare 45 that may only last 1 minute 58 seconds, taking immense pleasure from thundering out their discs through a prehistoric sound system, all the hall-marks of a no-nonsense hardcore collector. There's even a record collectors' fair in the foyer. Many of the original recording companies have long since ceased to exist and some discs are so rare that whoever owns the vinyl owns the copyright. Hence some discs have been known to change hands for as much as £3000 to be pressed off and sold, presumably as originals. As the city sleeps, aficionados listen for the rarities, while the dancers are simply having a ball, twisting and turning, sliding and weaving in full rhythm on a bed of talcum powder enabling them to effect an extra dimension in style, though hazardous to non-dancers. Two halls are in use, one for popular blasts from the past, another for a mix of odd-ball rarities. Soon the night's end is ushered in by the traditional "three before eight" — Jimmy Radcliffe's 'Long After Tonight is All Over', Toby Legend's 'Time Will Pass You by' and Dean Parrish' 'I'm On My Way', with the added bonus of Charles Mann's 'It's All Over'. Until next time. Still keeping the faith.

Kyp Highbury

SUEDE

Nottingham Trent University

Having heard the singles, I expected a cross between 70's style Bowie and The Smiths at their most glorious and that's really what I got. Not that there's anything wrong with that. Suede have, if not a wholly original sound, then certainly their own distinctive one. Judging by the crowd size, you'd be forgiven for thinking that "the best new band in Britain tag" has some truth in it. Then again there's nothing like good press coverage to pull in the punters though it takes at least three numbers before the luke warm crowd start to reach boiling point. When the soundman finally gets the mix right it's action all the way as current single 'Metal Mickey' rings out and the crowd mouth along every word. Brett Anderson has plenty of confidence, but without the delusions of grandeur of so many other front men, coming across like an emaciated male Patsy Kensit, dangerously swinging his microphone, as he hip shakes his way across the stage. What the rest of the band lack in finesse they more than make up for with a sparkle of glamour. An ingredient, in my book, that's much needed in these crust-ridden times. With only two 12" singles under their belts we do get a rather drawn out set and the in-between silences begin to grow rather tedious. But unrecorded numbers are greeted with willingness and plenty of encouragement from the cheering crowd. Then we get 'My Insatiable One', ah, that's more like it. This is followed by Anderson and Butlers' lament 'The Drowners', certainly one of the best debuts by any band in a while. They close tonight with 'To The Birds' and that's our lot, leaving us with anticipation for the album, expected early '93. Their best is still to come. "Don't take your life 'cos your bicycle won't fly".

N. Chandler

LITERALL

SLAG HEAP

by Matt Welton (Carphology)

A strange collection of poems to get to grips with. While I remained initially complacent in my first assumption (that these poems are a sort of celebration of the banal) there were elements that insistently upset this notion, refusing to ally the poems to any strict sense of everyday angst alone. Most of the subject matter of these poems is indeed banal, often to the extreme and reinforced by rather plain, demotic language, as Welton muses over the mundane, factual reality of everyday existence. One could hurl an accusation of dreariness at Welton, but it becomes redundant if we consider that Philip Larkin made the mundane chiqué and poetically valid. Welton's poetry, in this sense is very Larkinesque. He seems to approach the mundane in an attempt to put it into some sort of artistic perspective whereby the essential values of domestic, interpersonal activities are scrutinised in order to inject meaning into that which is taken for granted. Admirable. As Welton points out in 'Bread and Butter', postage stamps...pools coupons...these are not the tools of a poet.....but for now, we are condemned to making do with it." For me, this poem typifies Welton's intentions and crystallises the feeling of frustration in being surrounded by the excruciating banality of ordinary existence that any artist invariably feels. Allied to this are the moments of cynicism, bitter irony, idealistic pique and gentle regret that makes this collection (from a Nottingham poet— hooray) forceful, evocative, intriguing and most of all enjoyable. **John Micallef** Available from Waterstone's and Mushroom bookshops.

BATMAN: NIGHT CRIES

by Archie Goodwin and Scott Hampton

This book could have been brilliant. It possesses all the right constituents: superb artwork, a good plot idea and of course not forgetting the presence of one very popular cultural icon! However, it falls down on the very weak development of an essentially sound idea which leads not only to trite and cliché situations, but also to those same inevitable conclusions— i.e. Batman wins. The basic story is that there is a serial killer loose in Gotham City, who murders only those guilty of child abuse. The possibility of an ethical examination of the horrors of child abuse becomes immediately apparent, but it never materialises — a definite disappointment. There is only the usual fare of alley-fighting, thriller-type intrigue and detective fiction rhetoric. Before I hear screams of "IT'S ONLY A COMIC!", I have to say that I am well aware of the usual priorities of comics publishers but personally I expected a little more from such a lavishly bound (consumer-attractive) and expensive (£15) book as this. The artwork is virtually faultless. Hand-painted in watercolours the style is sometimes too sublime for the violent scenes and too dark and gloomy for the action scenes. I liked it, even though it tried too hard to portray the metaphorical gritty darkness of the Dark Knight's world. **John Micallef** Supplied by Another World, Nottingham's friendliest Comics Store. Service with a smile and a wink

Image Comics are making news again! The success of Todd McFarlane's 'Spawn' is attracting big names to help tell this hero's tale of torment. Issue #8 sees Alan Moore (Swamp Thing, Watchmen, V for Vendetta) returning to mainstream comics (a field he loathes) to script Spawn's death and return to Hell. Neil Gaiman (Sandman, Signal To Noise) chronicles the hero's trip to heaven in #9 and indie legend Dave "Cerebus" Sim visits Issue #10 to relate Spawn's stint in Purgatory. Frank Miller (Robocop Movies 2 and 3, The Dark Knight Returns, Ronin) pencils a poster in Issue #8, and rumours abound for a Miller script for #11. Grant Morrison (Dawn Patrol) has been approached for feature issues, and George Perez (Infinity Gauntlets) will script and pencil future story arcs also. Alan Moore has been tempted back to the world of super heroes for a six part mini series tentatively '1963'. Each issue will centre on a hero from the year 1963 and word here at Overall is that the legend of comics, Jack "King" Kirby (too many credits to mention) will come out of retirement to draw an issue! How do Image do it? I wish I knew. The one problem is distribution. With the exception of 'Spawn', all Image titles are running six to eight weeks behind schedule. If it keeps up they will never be able to stay afloat, much less topple Marvel or D.C., even though Spawn and Youngblood outsell every D.C. title around. With so much talent and potential it would be a shame to see them go under. **Lestat**

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by Dave Bishop

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Capital converter.

THE BIG BLUE BOOK OF DANCE DRUGS

(BBC/Lifeline)

"It is very difficult to explain how drugs work and that's why most people are happy to believe that
DRUGS= ADDICTION=DEATH."

So begins this excellently produced information booklet aimed at providing some candid, down-to-earth, bullshit-free guidance about drugs. With a wry humour it dispels the myths, prejudices and fears common in society while at the same underlining the dangers of using drugs, especially "the biggest danger of all— death." Presented in a4 comic book style with some very funny and appropriate illustrations, it's almost a satire and is overtly aimed at young actual or potential users. What makes the Big Blue Book Of Dance Drugs so effective is its basic premise that drugs are available and people do and will continue to use them. There is none of the self-righteous horror/moral outrage usually associated which so confuses the issue normally. It explains that the way a drug is taken, and where and when are very important factors. It reminds you that cannabis can give you one thing alcohol can't— a criminal record. It states that there is a lethal dose of cannabis (a 2-kilo block dropped from the 25th floor of a high-rise). Speed, acid, cocaine, heroin, LSD and Ecstasy are discussed in the same way— openly and with humour. Drug laws are explained simply and a chapter titled "Sex, Drugs and HIV" gives some sound tips on how to stay alive and avoid addiction. Also underlined is one of the dangers associated with LSD, never mentioned in your standard through-the-letterbox parent-alarming leaflet, is that of spiking someone. By being non-sensational this booklet manages to get to the point without clouding the issue and will therefore do more to prevent drug abuse than most of the so-called "information leaflets" on the subject. **Christine Chapel**

timothy leary's

THREE COMMANDMENTS FOR THE MOLECULAR AGE.

1. Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of thy neighbour without his or her consent.

2. Thou shalt not prevent thy neighbour from altering his or her own consciousness.

3. There shall be no more commandments.

A CASE FOR THE DEFENCE

by Mark Hannant

Four walls of naked cell that starkly loom,
Surround me now, imprisoning my soul,
Chilled now its glow, replaced within forced gloom
and darkness in this law forsaken hole.
Where I am forced to spend this sleepless night.
Weekend fun replaced by this offensive site.

A contrast sharp with but a few hours past,
When in the privacy of home I owned,
My mind roamed free, all senses running fast.
Expressing love and ecstasy while stoned.
Extolling notions lucidly and high
and mighty thoughts that larklike higher fly.

Cavorting beat of beat jazz and the drum,
Cacophony of thought, the symbols crash.
A potent scent to spark the mental scrum,
As bodies and the intellect both thrash,
To deconstruct the motion and the time.
Injecting new found metre to the rhyme.

Then all cut short, as loudly falls the door
And in plods plod with warrant waved aloft.
To search the drawers and underneath the floor.
Arrest me for possession of some soft
and rather small remains of Afghan hash.
Cuff me up, cart me off and call me trash.

So locked away I contemplate the time,
Stare fixed on sparse and ill-scrubbed white wash wall.
To ruminate the nature of my 'crime'
and ponder who will get my one 'phone call.
A paper plane forged from my listed 'rights',
And on it's wing the final fling of dope delights.

Mid flight, unbolted prison door swings wide.
I'm naked stripped of dignity and clothes,
In seeking what I may have tried to hide,
Full body search the order "Touch your toes".
And more abuse, the verbal kind they spew,
"We don't like your sort and the things you do"

Alone again, but questions fail to flee.
Who last sat here upon this iron bed?
What was the charge and what the legal plea?
Is that his blood that left the wall stained red?
What rules reign here, behind cold metal gate?
Incarcerated men, who knows their fate?

Before you sentence pass, a moment pause,
Consider why exists this legal mess?
Is this the way to maintain order, laws,
Whilst blind eyes turn to wifely rape no less,
Is smoking dope so sordidly depraved,
Or could the time and money have been saved?

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AFTERALL

KWS

Not very much to answer for ?

Earlier this year, when everyone was minding their own business, cursing the pigeons in the Old Market Square and heckling local bands down at the Narrowboat, the unthinkable happened. A group from NOTTINGHAM got to NUMBER ONE and stayed there for FIVE WEEKS causing mass (well local) uproar and other curious phenomena such as "they're Number One and they're from Nottingham!" being said on Top Of The Pops. But even if you manage to please enough of the people to buy enough of your records to get you to Number One....it doesn't mean that you've managed to please everyone, not even nearly. That is why even though there are no doubt a lot of people in Nottingham who clap their hands and dance around in glee at the mere mention of KWS, there are still probably just as many who groan, hang their heads in shame and wish they came from Ross-on-Wye instead. That's gratitude for you. The problem is, not everyone can bring themselves to get all excited that Nottingham has a number one hit because 'Please Don't Go' was simply regurgitated, catchy pop and not....well, a quality item. What these people are saying is that it's not enough to have a number one; ideally it would be much better if Nottingham produced a credible group who came up with original songs with lots of meaning and then for them to do really well instead. We'd like of be proud of you, but we can't. Oh, if only you'd been The Smiths. But on the whole, most people tend to lose sight of the importance of quality when the magic words 'Number One' pop up.

Like it or not, the charts are still the most important yardstick in the music business. A number one represents the most popular record in the country at a given time and that's that. And hasn't it done us a lot of good, us in so-called musically barren Nottingham, to have produced a pop group who have had such MASSIVE success. Not since 1974 has Nottingham hit the number one spot. That time it was Paper Lace (yes, afraid so) and by some amazing coincidence (which we will probably never understand) 1974 was also the year that 'Rock You Baby'—KWS' current remake—was originally a hit. 'Please Don't Go', on the other hand, recorded in 90 minutes and originally intended as a plea to Des Walker of Forest not to succumb to the beckonings of Italy (didn't work), went on to hit gold disc calibre within a few weeks and stayed at number one for over a month.

There might well be those who wish that KWS had instead been a band who did really well, say, only on the alternative scene, charted only in the Indie charts, made real music for real musos, wrote lyrics that people with plastic pints could ponder over....but if KWS were like this and weren't riding high in the Top 40 and getting number ones, do you think they'd still be receiving invitations for cocktail parties at the Council House with the Lord Mayor and his Merry Men? I think not. Because even if it is well known that number one, though a measure of popularity and singalongability, is not always a measure of innovation, creativity, talent, small things like that....it really doesn't matter. Nottingham was at number one and it doesn't happen very often. Well done lads. But...

Even if you have won the hearts of Radio Trent and Ritzzy nightclub, there are still those who are not having it. Are they right, or are they letting a great opportunity slip through their home-spun lacey little fingers? At this year's local musical weekend extravaganza the Rock and Reggae festival (fourteen years on the Forest and still going strong, despite recent attacks of raveheads, stray dogs and attempted City Council sabotage)

some of the organisers suddenly realised what a really good idea it would be to get KWS to headline the event. But the majority didn't agree, arguing that KWS (or 'KWS' as we in Nottingham like to call them) would not be in keeping with the spirit of the Rock and Reggae festival as we know it, steadfastly refusing to acknowledge any significance in the fact that KWS would have had people flocking to the festival in droves. No! It's the principle of the thing. Realising that nothing was going to come of it the pro-KWS camp couldn't help but wonder what

would happen if they did get hold of KWS for the Saturday and went the whole hog and followed with Paper Lace on the Sunday. If only they had gone ahead with it and pulled out all the stops and got Sue Pollard and Leslie Crowther to MC the whole proceedings. Top class light entertainment for the whole family.

Nottingham would never be the same again.

Ah well. Is it really worth getting so het up over? No-one, not even KWS' Mums are going to protest that KWS are the instigators of the next big musical revolution. But they're doing okay aren't they? Is that really so very wrong? Perhaps it is about time Nottingham got itself back on the map again. You can only milk Torvill and Dean so far. Most people outside Nottingham don't even realise that the quality item Boon is filmed around here. But now....now we have musical success. At least it gives the Evening Post great photo opportunities, and the rest—like the article that appeared recently in retaliation to a piece in The Independent which branded Nottingham "the only large city never to have produced a famous pop group". The Post then proceeded to load a revolver and shoot itself in the foot by dragging up things we'd all rather forget about, like Alvin Stardust—but at least now there's KWS, and especially as their follow up single's doing OK too (No. 5 in the States), they can wipe their brows and say thank God for that and use them as ammunition. So all's well that ends well.

Well...alright, so it isn't really. Not everyone's happy, not everyone can bring themselves to mutter a half-hearted "the lads done well...". But some people's minds are just not for changing.

Ewa Kowalski

Dear Overall,

After a brilliant trip to Chicago, USA, I return to the reality of trying to make some kind of living on the UK music scene. Down to Earth or what?!!! A gig we had booked two months ago at the Britannia on Beck Street had been cancelled. We weren't informed despite plastering posters all over town. It is not wholly the tenant's fault as he arrived only two days prior, but the 'venue' let down both the band and their following (who are or were potential punters for the same 'venue'). Apologies to any of our audience who turned up that night. This is not a new story. It's about time venues showed some respect and consideration for musicians (we have children to feed as well, you know). Also it's about time musicians stood up for themselves instead of behaving like victims! Lastly, I must concede my utter and base humility on finding out that the new tenant replaced the Blues Brand with a Kar**ke machine!! Yours humbly, Paul J. Baker.

P.S. Happy Christmas. P.P.S. Fuck Christmas.

Welcome back P.J. What did you expect a fucking red carpet?

Cynical!!

Wake up Nottingham you're dead.... the cultural fascists of Notts have issued an order: the music of this city must be happy, happy, happy. Asking questions will not be tolerated. Keeping your heads in the sand, the clouds or the bass-bin is the law in Super Marioland. Everybody's happy: By Order. 90's "culture" is an unthinking, unquestioning, selfish wilderness and Nottingham is at its heart, clubbing itself to death. Dance musics are safe, easy, escapist—the disco soundtracks of travelogues and Sport on Friday, played loud. And dance music seems to be compulsory in Nottingham. From pop to rave, a bland, mindless beat engulfs the city, the sound of brains decaying. Well, listen uop, wasters. Beyond your little bubble of Virtual Reality, there is still real music, real emotion—real life. Despise us, ignore us; we're twice as alive as you'll (E)ver be. And we hate you. No respect, No Peace, No Pop Group, just Reality.

The Waiting List

Firstofall get your own title scheme. Secondly, you miserable, jealous bunch of twats, throw yourselves into the Trent, preferably at Newark so the stench of your self-righteousness does not flow through Nottingham and invade our headspace while we are blissing out on one of the city's maby dancefloors to our favourite entrancing grooves.

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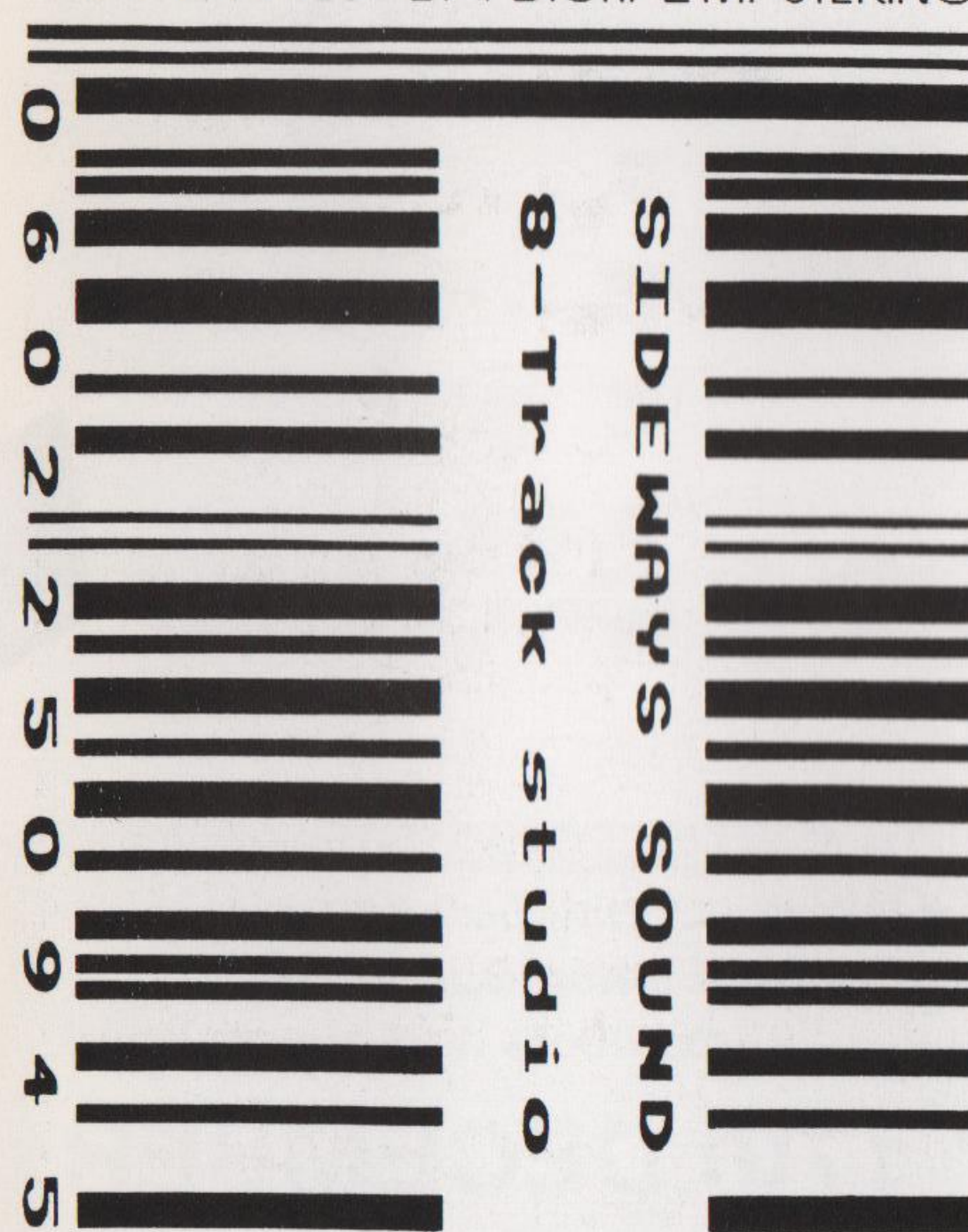
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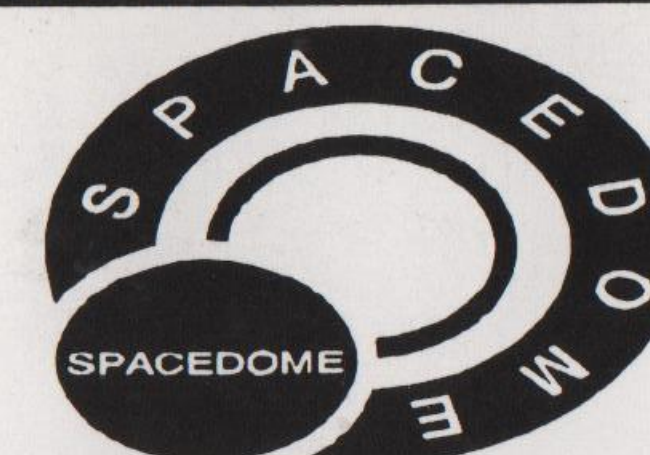
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