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After moving back to The Old Vic last Autumn, the Jazz & Roots Mix season has had a record breaking year with 4 of the 9 bands playing to capacity audiences. The spring season is now under way boasting a host of big names from the worlds of folk, jazz, blues and even western swing. There's Eddi Reader (Fairground Attraction); jazz trumpeter Harry Beckett, who'll be appearing with Nottingham's Mind The Gap; Long John Baldry on his first tour of Britain for 17 years; local stars Pinski Zoo; up and coming Scottish jazz band the John Rae Collective; and western swinger Ricky cool with his new band.

Where?
Meanwhile in Derby **The Where House** now offers three floors of entertainment fully licensed till 2 am and a season of new club nights to suit all tastes, as well as the usual quality live entertainment. Even the taxi drivers are beginning to learn where it is. This month's big attraction is Jamiroquai, latest signing to the Acid Jazz label. Also over in Derby, Britain's No.1 Cajun and Zydeco venue **The Swamp Club** is into another season of top acts from this country and abroad, including The Bhundu Boys (Feb 12th), Robert Pla's Latin Jazz Ensemble, the UK's top Latin band (March 12th) and Joe Walker and his Louisiana zydeco band over on tour from the States (March 5th), culminating in a three day festival of cajun culture featuring eleven bands. (March 26th-28th).

SHOTS
Preparations are under way at Broadway for Shots in the Dark '93 the third year of Nottingham's international crime and mystery festival, presenting a whole range of events on the theme of thrillers, mysteries and detective stories. The ten day event beginning June 10th will include previews of new thrillers, film seasons on themes such as 'comic crime' and 'femmes fatales', Shots On The Page, the British Crime Writing Convention, and a number of special guests including TV presenter Helena Kennedy who will give the Perting Shots lecture on aspects of women and crime.

FORGING AHEAD
Sound City '93 festival will this year take place in Sheffield. Between April 5th and 10th Radio 1FM will broadcast a nightly series of live gigs. Bands already confirmed include The Lemonheads, Frank & Walters and Stereo MCs, and AFID while an outdoor stage will be built to accommodate local artists for the week. Other events include seminars, workshops, films and talks by "music industry personalities", excerpts of which will be broadcast on Radio 5.

Leicester's **Stay Free** record label has recently secured national distribution through Trident International. The first release will be **Scum Pup's** new album *Sonic Sculptures* to be followed by two **Crazyhead** LPs—a live covers album and a studio album proper; and finally an LP by **Growth** who include ex-members of Gay Bykers and Bomb Party.

Big Cat Records have some tasty releases lined up for a few months' time. **Pavement's** compilation of early rare material, *Westing (By Musket And Sextant)*, will be available from March 15th, while March 22nd is the release date for **Cop Shoot Cop's** third album *Ask Questions Later* which promises to add an Eastern flavour to their usual intense assault. And on March 29th **Gumball's** *Super Tasty* will be available for consumption, giving the band a chance to show off their own material following their recent EP of covers *Wisconsin Hayride*. Tour dates to be announced.

St. Valentine's Day is the date for the release of the **Wholesome Fish** debut *DaDa EP*, available from Selectadisc or at Fish gigs, one of which is an appearance at Mansfield Labour Club on Friday 12th Feb. This gig is a benefit for the anti-fascist cause. Other bands confirmed for the event are Substandard, The Losers and Landlords Shout. A Wholesome coach will be going from Nottingham. Tel. 773665 for details.

Left Hand Right Hand's new album *Legs Akimbo* was released last month on Total. Innovative percussionists Andrew and Tim Brown worked with a number of invited guests on the album including Shock Headed Peter and ex-Lemon Kitten Karl Blake, and sax. legends Lol Coxhill and Charlie Collins (formerly with Clock DVA).

Gridity Records are about to release a compilation CD of unsigned acts from the area (and a few from outside it). For £5 inc. P&P form Po Box 36, Newark Notts, NG24 4BF, you can get 21 tracks by a variety of up and coming talent like Squid, The Plastic Crabs, Bug, Submariner, The Lemons, Sex Toys and Involuntary Movements Of The Head, no less.

The Waiting List (not included on the above though compiled on their doorstep and lacking in the "pathetic slackness of grunge and dance" and "mindless music" for standing against which they would like to be martyred) have instead contributed a few tracks to an LP on Barcelona-based **Elefant Records**. TWL New Year resolution: "We'll be user friendly, we'll make The sugar Rays look like Joy Division. Maybe."

Former Cherry Red folk-popsters **Yeah Jazz** have released a five-track CD *April, We've Changed*, available for £4 inc P&P from Tubecroft Records, 6 Spring Mount, Harrogate HG1 2HX.

A compilation cassette **Feast** featuring Peg, The Millers, Serious Love Addicts, Iris, Murmur and Peru is available for £1.50 inc. P&P from Zoe, 21 mount Street, Breaston, Derby DE7 3AJ.

firstofALL



- FEBRUARY 1993**
cover pic: JACK DANGERS of
Meat Beat Manifesto
design: Jim Powell
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Published by Paul and Martin with assistance from Jim, John, Wayne, Johnny, Pete, Stef, Marisa, the other Martin, Atomic, Sid, Nick and Ian in Leicester, Paul in Derby, Antoinette in Lincoln and Noel in Sheffield.

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DESIGN AND ARTWORK

Sleeve design-finished artwork
T-shirt design/backdrops...etc

TOUR PRODUCTION

Crew, Tour management...etc

Described as "the closest thing to a movement...in the whole 90's" on that side of the Atlantic and as "musical therapy for social misfits" on this, **Barry Rothery** takes an a-philosophical look at the reasoning (if any) behind Nottingham's cult performanarchy.

The

A

BAND.

Fin-de-siecle Fun and Frolics or a Fart in a Colander ?

When I was a boy (and I used to rock 'n' roll), one of the many advertising lines that used to attract sweet, rebellious young things like me to pop was "YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T LIKE IT !" As far as today's pop goes, with charts and record store racks clogged with re-releases, remixes and cover versions of every one from Scott Walker and Gene Pitney to Hawkwind and Abba, the day will come, mark my words, when Sinéad O'Connor will appear on Top of the Pops fronting a full orchestra and sounding just like Dorothy Squires. Oh, she just has. See what I mean ? Where's the danger, the excitement, the pleasure? What now? Remixes, retreads, the computerised cul-de-sac of rave.....HOW MUCH LONGER MUST WE FLING THIS POP FILTH AT OUR KIDS? Is there no hope? Well, yes there is.

The A-Band grew out of a dozen or so people who had been playing music and making other noises in and around Nottingham for a few years. The decision was made, well actually no decision was made, but some of them started taking the idea of 'no rehearsal, make it up as you go along' to the extreme by putting the word out that there was to be an 'A' band gig in the near future, turn up if you like and play whatever instrument you, or anyone else brings along. The only certainty, the still centre of the maelstrom, is that the band would be called something beginning with 'A'.

Here I declare an interest. I have played with many of these 'A' people in other forms, and in the A-Band itself, once when I went along to photograph 'All Welcome' at the 'Poly' and played bass because no-one else could be bothered, and once when I found 'Amadeus', their two hour non-stop tribute to Mozart so boring that I wandered onstage to plonk on the piano and keyboard for a while. Get the picture? An A-Band performance can be spectacular, but is essentially an anti-spectacle. If you're in the audience and get bored, get up and play or go home. If you're 'in' the A-Band and get bored, have a go at playing something else, leave the stage for a rest, or go home.

A good idea this 'A' business, but is it any good? A matter of taste of course. I think they're mostly crap; but I also think that most of everything else is crap and doesn't matter anyway. Is the A-Band an exercise in performance, an attempt to achieve the perfect blend of sound and theatre ? Is it a brave, long term experiment in the removal of text from context ? Or is it just a gang of ageing lads (mostly), with access to instruments and performance space, fucking around and taking the piss ? The answers to these questions are almost certainly "maybe", "maybe" and "maybe". If you don't believe me, go and see them for yourself. They usually play for free (don't bother paying unless they're supporting a band you like or its part of some other event) and they're usually entertaining in some way for at least some of the time. Or look out for one of their tapes, CDs or albums to steal. Yes, someone's decided to record them. Stupid isn't it. Or not.

One thing's for sure. Your Mother wouldn't like it.

DEMOLITION

BIZARRE 2 compilation cassette

A vast improvement on its predecessor, Bizarre 2 features 25 tracks by British and other European bands, one's you may know being Attrition, Sudanese Witch hunt, Every New Dead Ghost, The Venus Fly Trap, The Waiting List and Welsh punks Anrefn. There are many goodies on offer right across the board from Indie Guitar through Goth, Industrial, Electro and Techno. Some of the electronic stuff is a tad dated, but the bulk of the material here is pretty good. I must mention *Paleas Solitarias* by Lamente, a Spanish speaking French band who use ancient-sounding flutes to compliment their passionate dance-rock. This is a tape full of interesting stuff and comes with a pretty useful fanzine. Well worth investigating. Contact PO Box 210 Northampton NN2 6AU

THE VENUS FLY TRAP

Shedding Another Skin (pre-release LP)

This is a kind of 'best of....' from Northampton's much travelled (they regularly play in northern and eastern Europe) Venus Fly Trap. The first three tracks *Morphine*, *Catalyst* and *Desolation Railway* are fine, ominous grungy dirges with shades of Joy Division and Bauhaus. There's a neat freaked-out version of Suicide's *Rocket USA* with some almost out of tune sax parping courtesy of the Jazz Butcher but apart from the ultimately danceable *Achilles Heel* and the creepy *Cloud 9* things go downhill from here. But I guess six out of nine ain't bad. Mr. Jones

THE SUDANESE WITCH HUNT

Rising Up cassette

A black and broody sleeve with enigmatic quote from one Geza Reheim and a blurb explaining that the Sudie logo is the "Plague Bug" taken from a cave painting. But who the hell is Boris Mersetsky? Never mind. First up, *Waste* has a churning subatomic bassline and mechanical drum riot almost straying into the realms of Front 242 but pulled back by grinding gothy guitars and a memorable vocal line. Foot stamping stuff. *Times Change* is another fast mover, almost like the Stranglers in places with that organ sound and fierce punchy vocal style, frenetic drums and crunchy guitars. Side 1 ends with *Plague Bug*, an atmospheric instrumental which starts off slow and mean, building to a grinding climax. keyboards warble, drums rattle, riffs churn in and out, and in the distance a ships klaxon moans on and on. *Meathook* which opens side 2 has to be the best on the tape. A quiet start of synthetic whirrs and drones descend into an awesome thrash stomp, while the miracle of modern technology allows a vast choir to chant in the background. The title track *Rising Up* is one of my fave live numbers. The guitar riff is superb, the rhythm a killer, the keyboards a series of vicious stabs and wails, the vocals a monologue of post-apocalyptic despair. Having seen the witch Hunt a few times, I was convinced that they wouldn't be able to get their raw industrial rock style successfully onto tape. They have. It might be slicker, less ear-splitting, and there isn't any smoke, but the music's all there. Available for £2.50 from 47A Dalestorth Street, Sutton in Ashfield, Notts. NG17.

CATHODE NATION demo

Tense, racey powerpop with varied and atmospheric vocals that almost conveys a sense of threat but for a

highly strung funky bassline. It works on *Nation Rising* which succeeds as a song as well as getting a political message across. "Any gig, anywhere, anytime." (0602 584379)

OBERON

Subgenious EP (cassette)

Oberon's music is a riproaring organism formed from the wreckage of accelerated riffs and sub-psychedelic particles within a field of operatic energy. Evil is an exact science.

EB & THE SYSTEM demo

EB & the System hail from Basingstoke, have supported Senser twice and the New Fads on some dates during their last tour. Reviewed previously as The Emergency Broadcast System, this is new stuff. The excellent *E Controls E* is still here and improved; the raps tighter, the funk is capital, the wah is massive. And when they spell out G-R-O-O-V-Y you know it's gonna be kick-kick-kickin'. A live cut *Trust me* has me racking my brains for it's originator. Could it really be Shriekback's *Everything That Rises Must Converge*? Anyway I'd converge with this sound anytime.

HURT demo

Three tracks popsimple enough to demonstrate what Hurt are about. *Never Again* stands out against the wimpish others. (0602 623782). Christine Chapel

NIRVANA Incesticide

Incesticide is a compilation of mainly old material, such as B-sides, session songs and the odd track that has already been on other compilation albums. The cynics among you might argue that the band, or more likely the record company are just trying to make even more money out of the recent success of Nirvana. I would tend to agree with you. Having said all that, if you have not been a fan since 1987 and only discovered Kurt and his band after the release of *Nevermind*, then this LP is for you. If you have been a fan since their first single, then forget this album, because you will most likely have all the material here. You should definitely listen to the classic *Silver*, which should be released again, also *Downer* and the re-recording of *Polly*. Compilation albums are really just to keep the interest going within the public. This is achieved with Incesticide. Sid

WHOLESOME FISH The DaDa EP

(One-eyed Pug Records) Some say that the Fish sound will always be at it's best live on stage, but the DaDa E.P. captures the essence of Fish quite well. The four tracks reflect the diversity of their material, from the hard-edged Cajun feel of *The Execution Song* and the happy bounce of

Tom's Contredanse through to the manic dervish of *Reubens Train* and the insane theatricality of *Chanson DaDa*. It's all in there. Abbaesque harmonies and old-style melodics colliding with the hob-nailed energy and drunken abandon of the likes of the Pistols and The Pogues, welded together by a sense of rhythm tighter than Madonna's fishnet's. Anon.

JUNK MONKEYS Bliss

(Music For Nations)

Listening to this is certainly not bliss. Junk Monkeys are a trite, bland, student type band who prove that indie-rock is becoming as cliched and self-parodying as Heavy Metal. In fact, if there were ever an indie version of Spinal Tap, Junk Monkeys would be it.

MALHAVOC (Devotion)

Dire, samey, shite. Basically a thrash band with industrial aspirations via various feeble samples.

J.M.

HYPERHEAD Metaphasia (Devotion)

After five albums with Gaye Bykers on Acid (two under the pseudonyms Rektum and PFX) which ranged in styles from hardcore grunge to thrash/dance, an album with Pigface (*Fook*), a stint as T.V. presenter and cameo appearance in the opening sequence of *Rapido*, Mary Mary is back with a new band and by far his best material since *Stewed to the Gills*. Hyperhead was formed after his stint with Pigface and features Martyn Atkins (Pigface, Murder Inc., Killing Joke, etc) William Tucker (Pigface, Thrill Kill Kult, Revolting Cocks) and Karl Leiber, ex of Bugblut who were signed to the Bykers own label. The result, *Metaphasia*, is a mesh of influences, a flood of colours from the opening trio of songs, *Making Waves*, *Teenage Mind* and *Terminal Fear* (previously titled *Hyperhead*) which groove as much as they growl the album sweats controlled power and suppressed anger. *Method One* languishes feline and stretches out before it's prey before moving in for that all important kill. Biggest surprise is the cover of Chris Conolly's *Ignition* x4 which translates from an industrial glitter crunch into a laid back, bluesy drol. This of course is the strength of *Metaphasia*, that it takes snapshots of so many genres, mixes up history and produces a patchwork pastiche of all that is supposedly great, kitsch nostalgia and future positivity. *Metaphasia* is an album of anger and intensity which sets the standards high for the year.

HYPERHEAD. Photo: Matt Anker



APHEX TWIN *Selected Ambient Works '85-'92* (R & S Records)
Thirteen cuts of synth washes and bass pulses that divide between the successfully realised, chilled out ambience of *Heliospan* and *Tha*, to the indulgent film music reminiscent of Vangelis and Jean Michelle Jarre as heard on *Actium* and *Delphium*. The problem lies with the over-indulgent latter form of keyboardism which sounds at best immature. Hardly surprising since some of this album was written by Richard James (aka Aphex Twin) when he was only twelve. However, much of the album provides the perfect soundtrack to an early morning comedown with its multitude of luscious textures. However, nothing on the album comes close to last year's *Didgeridoo* or *Analogue Bubblebath* for their sheer strength and originality.

PIGFACE *Fook LP* (Devotion)
After the previous unlistenable albums by the so-called industrial supergroup, Fook comes as an enormous surprise. *Miss Gut* and *Welcome to Mexico* were more than hit, hoping the collected extreme personalities would forge inspired brilliance, the albums sank under the weight of too many egos. Fook, however, is a grinding and grinning car crash of each personality's strength brought to the fore, whilst still allowing space for more. An ambitious project at any time, to bring so many circus freaks together for three albums and a world tour must have taken a will of iron and more drugs than Columbia could provide. Fook is the album where promise turn into reality.

BELLY *Star LP* (4AD)
No matter how much I've tried I can't avoid comparing this to Throwing Muses, thankfully the bits of the Muses that I liked. *Star* is a collection of pains and sorrows which are hung on a tapestry of beauty and excellence weaving patterns of Autumn and flats of Winter. A stunning album.

CELL *Slo-Blo* (City Slang)
Following last issue's review of the single sleeve, comes the album which depicts an angel painted on blue glass strumming on a harp an assortment of Sonic Youth style discordant earth movers. If like me you're sick of the endless torrent of grunge bands that Melody Maker and N.M.E. seem to have bought wholesale from the good ole U.S. of A., Slo-Blo is in fact a bit of a faith restorer. Melancholic feedback,



CELL

minor keys and alarmingly simple arrangements make for an outstanding album which makes it even more annoying that they were on stage so early at Rock City; I mean, 7 o'clock on a Sunday evening!

DIE KRUPPS *A Tribute to Metallica L.P.* (Our Choice)
Following their rendition of Metallica's classic *One*, on last year's highly recommended album of the same name comes this five track tribute. Sounding (as you might expect) like thrash in a collision with industrial, this album succeeds because the keyboards often make Metallica's guitars sound flaccid in comparison. Remarkably faithful to the originals but not quite up to Die Krupps own work.

SHEEP ON DRUGS *15 Minutes of Fame Parts 1-3* (Transglobal/Island)
Yet another class single from the arch punks of techno camp. Acid bleeps, thrashing guitars and the continuous tic-toc of the asylum clock measure out the most deserved fifteen minutes of today. Kickstart the dance floor and watch Sheep On Drugs take techno to a new depth with their sinister grooves and deranged sneers. Their latest, greatest hit.

MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO *Mindstream 12"* (Play It Again Sam)
Probably the weakest track from my favourite album of last year, *Satyricon*. This is not to say that it's therefore a bad track. Just not the best. The Orbital remix is easily the most accessible, club friendly cut with its trancy dub groove. The Aphex Twin mix sounds just like the Aphex Twin, only better than anything on his *Ambient* album. It doesn't however bear much relation to the Meat Beat original. Now tell us more about the Jack Dangers remix of Dame Bowie's stuff?

WHITE OUTS *Hard On You 7"* (Vince Combarby Highschool Records)
Featuring ex-member of the legendary Xmal Deutschland, Manuela Richers on guitar and Peter Bellendir on drums this Germany only release finds the aforementioned guitarist in street heavy thundering style. Like the Skatenigs without computers they walk the fine line between thrash and hardcore sounding classy, dirty and hard. Better still is the B-side *Oooh Ouh!* which is a pure amphetamine toothgrinder.

COWS *Plowed* (Amphetamine Reptile Records)
A tense and bruising fusion on blues, punk and jazz. *Plowed* grinds a hundred mile an hour conversation between a fame-hungry killer and his victim. "It seems I am today's local news". In *the Mouth*, fittingly featuring over blown horns, finds Cows contemplating their own oral fixations. Kind of leaves you with hair in the back of your throat.

THE AFGHAN WHIGS *Uptown Avondale* (Sub-pop)
One of those strange anomalies, a covers E.P. Best is the brooding version of *Band of Gold* which finds just the right tension between familiarity and contempt. Also featured is the wonderful *True Love Travels on a Gravel Road*.

VARIOUS VEGETABLES *I'm O.K.* (Gift Records)
Three variations on the happy go lucky guitar pop theme. Good for tossing those curly bobbed locks around. Neither startling enough to be a courgette, nor dull enough to be a turnip, Sheffield's finest (it says here) are a passable potato.

CORNERSHOP *In the Days of the Ford Cortina 7"* (Wiiiija)
Presumably another Everette True discovery, only this time unlike the truly dismal Huggy Bear (sorry Sid), Cornershop don't actually live with grunges favourite hack. If you were to care about the national press you would be believing that the fact that fifty percent of this band are Asian is some kind of cultural statement, like "Asians are not supposed to listen to, or even play guitar noise; isn't it amazing that these boys do!" Questionable ethics aside, white, black, brown or yellow, Cornershop are yet another schoolboy variant on that first Jesus and Mary Chain LP, a *Membranes* LP with a bit of sitar and flute added for good measure. Not a worthy addition to the Leicester legacy.

POND *Wheel 12"* (Sub Pop)
Not content with blowing the Throwing Muses off stage at the recent Poly gig, this single finds Pond ploughing a thoughtful hardcore attack that any Dischord band would be proud of. They reckon their style is called "crunch", and as an oft user of the word myself, I can say they are worthy of it.

ALICE IN CHAINS *Would 12"* (M.A.)
A spiral of wisdom from a band who are topping bills everywhere in the U.S.A. The track has an energy of it's own and a melody to soothe your soul.

FUTILE COATS *Great Big Dustbin Lorry Rollin' 7"* (flexi)
Futile Coats have gone to the great cloakroom in the sky, so it all turned out to be.....futile.

JTQ *Hope & Pray 12"* (Big Life)
The 'original mix' of the street soul *Hope & Pray* featuring Noel McCoy on vocals might well qualify for the 'three before eight' should Carwash ever become an all-nighter, though *Got To Get Your Own* has those ingredients which make them such a good bet live. And hang on to your belts for the jazzfunk jaunt of the *Theme From The Tomorrow People*.

KIRK'S EQUATOR *Mormon Death Squad* (Osmond Records)
"A long-haired killer from Liverpool/a puppy-love switchblade psycho/they left a message on my answerblade/said they were watching me wherever I go." This true story of "paedophile redneck" Mormon Orville le Baron and his polygamous band of machine-gun toting teenage brides has prompted KE's fans into throwing stuffed effigies of Donny Osmond onto the stage for ritual execution (tear your hearts out Bloody Lovely!). A stompingly original track, quite different from the flipside *Paper Roses Mix* which is nothing short of accidental oriental techno. Available for £4 (cheques/POs to "Kirk's Equator", PO Box 2703, Moseley, Birmingham B13 9BW).

STROBE *As If By Magic* (Bentasm Split Mix/Psychotic Radio Edit) 12" (Rampant Stomp Records)
Last year's attempt by cyberpunk Lee Kenton to make a hardcore techno record. Not bad but a year is a long time in rave. This year Lee would like to launch a magazine. Let's hope it's a s good a headfuck as this B-side *Tiddles Gets Loaded* (Getting Weird On Me Mix).

COME *Fast Piss Blues 10"* (Placebo)
Onen of the records of recent months, a hybrid blues that rips your throat open and inserts a lump made of your guts. Their brilliant version of *The Stones' I got The Blues* could well make obsolete the original.

DEJA VU: scene around



DEJA VU *Picture in My Mind* (Rude Records)
Along with outfits like S.U.N., MBM, Grid, Ultraviolence, Swirl, Hypertrash (to name but a few), Déja Vu are poised to replace the repetitive rankness of "rave". They might put the "Ave" into it, worship Ra stick up a "V" sign, take the "E" out of it. Or add an interactive visual effect. They will be there so they can change it, though I bet their programs aren't as flexible as, say, Mercury Rev's.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE *Pathetic girlfriend EP* (Alter Ego)
Spic and span powerpop, SH5 took it out of Mansfield a few months back and into Brixton Academy with a support to The Ramones. They mean it and have done for about seven years. The moral of their story: Never give up. I always have and always will hate those male vocal harmonies. Corny pop for another generation.

UGLY KID JOE *America's Least Wanted LP* (Mercury)
Yes, they'd probably rather have Slaughterhouse 5 over their'd instead. Get this for a crap lyric: "Life's a bitch and then you die/ you'd better believe me baby/ cos I wouldn't lie". Corny rock for another generation.

HYPERHEAD *Terminal Fear 12"* (Devotion)
A funky-chugga chunky fucker, plus a Cop Shoot Matt Johnson craggy croon snarling lyrics like "You've got the looks not the lifestyle/ you're sick of the world" and the music is just as daring. *No Illusion* is a Mafian dub demanding diseased decibels.

MERCURY REV *Lego My Ego/Yerself Is Steam* (Beggars Banquet)
"I must thank the dancers; they only started dancing when they started living" Welcome to Lego's spiral nebula side. This rant continues in the fashion of Daavid Allen/Jim Morrison at their antipodean/occidental worst and that's what is good about it. A fraught and strung-out soundtrack that surprises me as I had always dissed (i.e missed) Mercury Rev as an indie-go Poly "student" band. In fact most student musos would probably call them "experimental". But the experiment is a truly enjoyable one, more fucked up than anything I've

heard in a long time. *Blood On The Moon* and *Frittering* are such psycheswirls of tracks that they attain at times the dizzying heights of sounding like REM topped with Whipped Cream. How can a group of musicians build such a credible yet crazy and convoluted frenzy as all this? I want to hear more, I want it to be louder and I want a bottle of poppers to go with it.

HELMET *Unsung/FBLA(live) 7"* (eastwest/interScope)
Short mean and blunt, worn with military precision and Ozzy Osborne bombast. Like many unsung future business leaders of america, Helmet are alive.

TABITHA ZU *On Reality 12"* (TLF/Pagan)
Well bugger me. No sooner do we receive the long-awaited piece of vinyl by Nottingham's Great White Wotsits than they announce their demise. What was it all about then, Mel?

CYBER VISORS *Psychosonic Relaxation System* (Ambersphere)

Formerly the Interactive Dream System, this Nottingham-based unit delivers the visuals with cyberpunk style. Still in the prototype stage, future versions will include a built in mic. and amp. which will do away with the headphones to let you simply point the box at the speakers, though you can still plug in to the record decks at parties (at which Cyber Visors are guaranteed to break the ice). A frequency control enables you to increase the intensity of the visuals (created by the way your retina reacts to, and your backbrain understands, the stroboscopic flashing of the two red LEDs fitted to the front of the (reflector) shades. Once your eyes get used to being relaxed whilst being flickered at the effect is quite therapeutic. Bit like being at a DiY gig with smoke machine and strobe full on and a headful of acid. I tried them on whilst waiting for a train, sitting a box of *Overall* I was delivering, and

OVERPLAY: The Fried hit list

1. 15 Minutes of Fame Pts 1-3
SHEEP ON DRUGS
2. No Illusion (Vox)
HYPERHEAD
3. Mindstream (Orbital Mix)
MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO
4. Bhang Theory (demo)
THE BIG I INC.
5. Beautiful Son (white label)
HOLE
6. O3 (CD Version)
SUNSCREAM
7. Wait For A Minute (Snap 12")
WHIPPED CREAM
8. Hypnotiki (Flat)
S.U.N.
9. Lego My Ego/Yerself Is Steam (Beggars Banquet)
MERCURY REV
10. Full On (deconstruction)
Compilation **Various Artists**

people began throwing money to me. When I removed the visors I saw a crowd had gathered, believing I was blind. Like Data the android from Star Trek, I suppose. Funny new world. (0602 243707)

CHRISTIAN DEATH *Jesus Points The Bone At You* (Jungle)
Compilation of singles '86-'91. More than just good for heresy, Halloween and the Cross and crossbones logo; blackened twists of DNA weave a narrative thread through Christian Death's dark history, through Siouxsie and Bowie House to the Bible, and why children need milk before dark (chocolate, that is). Such medieval lacticism as poured out in the sleeve notes brings to mind the sage who once wrote "It is a thought far from comforting to the present generation, that 500 years of Dark Ages are likely to be upon us. But, if the analogy holds, then that is the case. Fortunately, to-day we have brighter torches and more torch bearers." **Christine Chapel**



CHRISTIAN DEATH: What a lot I goth.

★ FREEFORALL ★

Since Johnny Violent has cancelled Competition Time on account of Julie from Wakefield sending him a condom "to make him safer", we thought we'd show him how to do it properly (and safely). Here goes.

★ Top album in Overall central at the moment is *Metaphasia* by **Hyperhead** featuring Mary Mary ex of Gaye Bykers. Thanks to those generous people at Bad Moon we've got several copies of the LP (which isn't released until March) to give away. Just answer these two simple questions:—

Question 1. What were Gaye Bykers on?
Question 2. Do you want LP or CD?

★ Win a copy of **Pigface's** ace *Glitch* video by answering this even simpler question.

3. Which ex-member of Gaye Bykers, now with Hyperhead was also in Pigface?

Are you paying attention? Well, now you can have a go at winning the truly orgasmic **Revoluting Cocks** video *You Goddam Son of a Bitch* by answering this teaser.

4. Which member of the Revoluting Cocks has one of his solo songs covered by Hyperhead on their LP? (clue: read the review in **Demolition**)

* Many thanks to **Devotion** for the videos.

★ Also we have a whole assortment of **Carter USM** goodies including T-shirts, CD singles and LPs, a copy of the *What Do You Think Of The Programme So Far* video, and a very trendy Cycling cap as modelled by the ugly one.

Question 5. Where did Carter play their first Nottingham gig?

★ And finally we have an assortment of rock 'n' roll lifestyle accoutrements for the runners up.

Name and address with numbered answers to **Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions PO Box 73, West PDO Nottingham NG7 4DG** or fax. our new 24hr fax. number **0602 240394**. This competition is open until we run out of prizes. No other rules.

spaced age t r a v e l l e r s



Following a string of dates in the Southwest and an appearance at The Marquee on the last day of January, not to mention their recent impressive support to Back To The Planet at the Marcus Garvey Centre, **Psychastorm** set off for Belgium to begin the first leg of a European tour that will last well into March. When I spoke to drummer Lawrie and bassist Chris they didn't know when they would be back, but with their own customised coach, p.a. and lights, does it matter?

"It depends on how many more bookings we get and how much we're loving it," explains Lawrie, pulling a huge roll of fax paper from his bag containing all the info so far on their forthcoming travels. At this point they had 35 confirmed bookings. "We expect a pretty high profile — national advertising in every country. We've sent hundreds of photos and the guy still wants more. The tour promoter is the same one as Back To The Planet used on their first European venture. He's really good. He's working all out to get it sorted."

There was a time when a British band couldn't get any dates abroad unless they had something released on vinyl. This is obviously not the case now. "People don't have turntables over there any more so we're taking loads of tapes." The latest tape, their third demo is titled *Space Age Traveller*. "It's a piss-take of the media. Next it will be *Stoned Age*, then *Middle Age*. We could be *Iron Age* travellers and go round with hammers" explains Chris, the one with the weird sense of humour. Does having your own p.a. get you more dates? "Dunno. We get more money basically, and local support acts everywhere we go. As far as playing around the country — any country — it makes the whole thing a lot easier. It guarantees the quality and we've also hired it out to other bands while we've been out on the road."

"We've almost certainly got a stage at the Forest Fair [Forest of Dene] next summer, and possibly at Strawberry Fayre and also at Glastonbury in the Green Field."

In '92 Psychastorm went looking for gigs at free festivals. They appeared at Castlemorton and Nottingham's Rock & Reggae Festival. "We were also in the area for the White Goddess but the police stopped it. And we were on our way to Torpedo Town too but everyone heard in advance that it would be stopped." Nevertheless Psychastorm have played all over the country and have even been dubbed (no pun intended) Northampton's biggest unsigned attraction, where locals rescheduled a party for when the band would be available. The last report from Psychastorm before leaving for Europe is that they have 42 confirmed dates in 47 days taking in 12 different countries. That's, er, not many days off in two months of solid gigging. This is a band who are going places. But it's sure that they will be back as they have dates with Dead Flowers in Newcastle and AOS-3 in Sunderland in spring. They aim to play all the festivals in summer ("as long as we don't get impounded") and put on p.a.s as well. Then there are plans for a return to Europe in summer and possibly America later in the year. "We'll have gaffer some wings to the bus," suggests Chris, "and fly there."

Christine Chapel

IT'S FOR YOUR HEAD AND YOUR FEET

Having been NME cover stars and signed a potentially lucrative deal with London Records, **Back To The Planet** have done "a Levellers": built up a dedicated following through impressive gigging which has forced record companies to take notice. To get their first write-up in the recognised music press, their manager provided a willing NME journalist with a sizeable lump of hash and a firm wink. This does not mean that they have fucked themselves onto the first rung of the ladder to stardom. Oh no. This opportunity has been created through hard work, 450 gigs in the last 31/2 years, and sacrifices; only a matter of weeks ago did they start paying themselves £20 a week. Were they born crusties, did they achieve crustidom, or was crustiness thrust upon them? **Pete Bradbury** asked the raggle taggle gypsies if their feet are still on the planet. Bassist **Carl**, a calm-natured and highly sussed individual, divulged 12 things you didn't know about Back To The Planet.



P.B.: How do you feel about the "crusty" label?

Carl: It's inevitable for people to try to pin you down to something....I don't like it or enjoy but I don't see any point in getting really pissed off about it. All labels are bollocks, aren't they?

P.B.: What's more important to BTTP, the message or making people dance?

Carl: Both. Our singer Fil has coined the phrase "It's for your head and your feet."

P.B.: Are dogs a crusty fashion accessory?

Carl: It's not only crusties who have dogs. I live in New Cross and there are loads of people who have

dogs as fashion accessories, pitbulls and shit like that....but a lot of travellers care for their animals better than they care for themselves.

P.B.: Do you hate doing interviews?

Carl: I don't know about hate; we're not very good at them or photos; it's something we have trouble with. It's awkward, the whole thing is really awkward.

P.B.: Are you wary of the 'build-you-up, knock you down' aspect of the music press?

Carl: They're pretty shallow, aren't they? Yes, we are wary; you have to be careful what you say, they have the power to misquote you. The music press has good points and bad points but there's many other ways of getting through to people.

P.B.: Are you going to miss anything about life on the dole?

Carl: I ain't going to miss nothing about life on the dole. I tell you I won't miss fuck all about life on the dole, it's a pain in the arse. I mean, I don't mind taking the government's money but the hassle they give you to get it and what it is to live on is crap. We've all been signing on for years so this is all a bit weird for us.

P.B.: Has the intensity of so much touring meant relationships within the band have suffered?

Carl: Bands are organic things — they grow together and apart. At the moment we're on a good one. It's worse than being married though. You can't get a divorce and there's five of them, which is worse. It's funny because you spend so much time together, when you get free time you have to sort of get to re-know your old friends again.

P.B.: What did you do on New Year's Eve?

Carl: It will make you laugh — this is how glamorous our lifestyle is — we went to a party, couldn't get in and came home and drank tea.

Back To The Planet release the single *Turtles on March 22nd* with an album to follow in the summer.

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE

Free Derby Victoria Inn
THE BHUNDU BOYS

£5 adv. Swamp Club

Derby Post Office Social Club

JOHN OTWAY / BLAMMO!

£3 Princess Charlotte

MIKE PRUDEN'S

BLUES MASTERS

Leics. Royal Mail

THYROID SPEAKERS

VOON Leics. The Magazine

SALSA Y ACHE

11 piece salsa band £3

Leics. Mosquito Coast

saturday 13th

BLOODY LOVELY

THE MARIONETTES

SCOTTISH SEX PISTOLS

REV HAMMER

THE OAKY HOG

STOMPERS

8.30pm - 6am £6 adv.

Rock City

BIG DEAL

The Gregory

THE NAVIGATORS lunch

MARCEL MARCEAU

SOUND eve

Running Horse

BUG / FRICTION / HALO

£1.50 Narrowboat

LONG TALL TEXANS

Rock n Roll nite £4

Princess Charlotte

TERRORVISION

DIE CHEERLEADER

Doncaster The Jug

SOFAHEAD

CYBORG SEX BABIES

Lincoln The Level

sunday 14th

IAN SIEGAL lunch

STAN MARSHALL'S LAW

eve Running Horse

THE LADDERS

Valentine's Day Love-In

A BLIND DATE

Cabaret and disco. Women

only. 8pm-1am. £3.50/2.50/2

Nottm. Womens Centre

REV HAMMER

THE RATTLED

The Where House

THE BEARCAT CAJUN

PLAYBOYS

Belper Queen's Head

MIKE PRUDEN'S

BLUES MASTERS

Ambergate Hurt Arms

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE

Sibley Fountain Inn

monday 15th

RADIOHEAD

Free Nottm. Trent Uni. SUB

KONFUSION

Free Princess Charlotte

3 SECOND RULE

N'ampton Newt & Cucumber

tuesday 16th

FOLK 'N' BLUES & BEYOND

Running Horse

HARRY & THE CRABS

Sneinton Peggars Inn

EVEN AS WE SPEAK

The Where House

GOD MACHINE

SKYSCRAPER / SPINE

(ex-Milk) £3/2.50

Princess Charlotte

STUMBLE BROS

Monthly Tension Breaker

Mansfield The Red

wednesday 17th

MIRACLE DRUG

Narrowboat

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

£5 adv.

Rock City

NATINAL POP WEEK

Nottm. The Hippo

THE MARGARET THATCHER EXPERIENCE

because of which all proceeds to SHELTER £1.50 with flyer

RICKY COOL

& THE WESTERN SWING ALL STARS

£5/3.50

Old Vic

TRULY MADLY DEEPLY

The Gregory

MEDICINE / CABLE SKYSCRAPER

The Where House

LESTAT

Derby Bell Hotel

REV HAMMER

& THE DECLARATION

KEVIN HEWICK

£3/2.50

Princess Charlotte

ABCD / FUNKAPHOBIA

£2 adv.

Leics. Mosquito Coast

thursday 18th

HALO

Free Nottm. Trent Uni. SUB

LEMONADE RAYGUN

PAPER HOPE

Nottm Old Angel

TRISTRAM SHANDY

The Gregory

CIRCUS LUPUS

LUNGFISH

The Where House

MIKE PRUDEN'S

BLUES MASTERS

Burton On Trent Brewhouse

BLAB HAPPY

DELICIOUS MONSTER

£3/2 Princess Charlotte

friday 19th

SULTANS OF PING F.C.

£4.50 adv

Nottm Trent Uni. S.U.

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN

Bleairrh! from £12.50 adv.

Royal Concert Hall

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS

Nottm. Arboretum Manor

SPEEDBALL

SKULLFARM

£1 Narrowboat

DJ PABLO / DICK (DIY)

MALAIKA

THE ANDY TINSEL BAND

BIG ZEN / BLUE STRING

SOUP / CHRIS RITCHIE / RHODRI GREEN

West Area Parents benefit for children with learning difficulties. £4.50/3.50 adv

10pm-4am

Marcus Garvey Centre

SAIGON KISS

The Gregory

CIRCUS LUPUS

LUNGFISH

Dischord Records Night £4/3

Princess Charlotte

ORQUESTA LA CLAVE

Red hot Latin £3

Mosquito Coast

NATIONAL POP WEEK

Lincoln The Level

WHOLESOME FISH

Sheffield Ju Ju Club

saturday 20th

THE NAVIGATORS lunch

WHOLESOME FISH eve

Running Horse

HOG BUTCHER

Narrowboat

Princess Charlotte

SQUID

Old Angel

JAMIROQUAI

Acid Jazz

The Where House

DJ LOOBY

Club Night £2.50

Mosquito Coast

YELLOWBELLY / JANIE JONES / SUBMARINER / ZIPPER / NATIONAL POP WEEK / KOOKABURRA / ASHFACTORY

All dayer

Princess Charlotte

BLIND MOLE RAT

Sheffield Attercliffe Dog & Partridge

sunday 21st

CARLTON COLE lunch

HARRY & THE CRABS eve

Running Horse

MURRAY THOMSON lunch

MAN as in Stone Age. eve

Where House

IDLE HAND'S

BLUES BAND

Ambergate Hurt Arms

monday 22nd

DINOSAUR JR. / COME / BETIE SEVEERT

£8.50 adv. Rock City

THE TRAGICALLY HIP

Free Nottm. Trent Uni. SUB

SALLY BARKER

& THE RHYTHM

Running Horse

GERRY RAFFERTY

yawn £6.50 adv.

Royal Concert Hall

BLAMMO!

BIG WHITE STAIRS

The Where House

THE FRAMES

MENAGERIE

£3/2 Princess Charlotte

tuesday 23rd

BOOGIE DISEASE

Running Horse

KELLY'S HEROES

Peggars Inn

THE FRAMED (ex-Commitments) / MARCEL MARCEAU SOUND / BOX CLEVER

The Where House

THE CROPDUSTERS

£3/2

Princess Charlotte



A nyone can see Radiohead for Free at Trent Uni. Feb 15th.

R. CAJUN & THE ZYDECO BROS

Burton Brewhouse Arts Centre

wednesday 24th

THE NEW CRANES

THE CROPDUSTERS

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS

LEMONADE RAYGUN

£4.50 adv. Rock City

JOHN RAE COLLECTIVE

Jazz & Roots mix £5/3.50

Nottm. The Old Vic

GOD MACHINE / BONE

The Where House

DON'T TELL MAMA

Derby Bell Hotel

SWIRL / DV8

ULTRAVIOLENCE

C.gen 3. £2. Princess Charlotte

YELLOWBELLY

FIREBIRDS

A Country Clash £2adv.

Mosquito Coast

thursday 25th

CENTRAL NERVOUS

SYSTEM

YARDSTICK

Free Nottm. Trent Uni. SUB

CACTUS JACK

The Gregory

DODGY

The Where House

MURRAY THOMSON

Ambergate Hurt Arms

RDF

POISON ELECTRIC HEAD

t.b.c. Princess Charlotte

friday 26th

TVOD

ULTRAVIOLENCE

HYPERTRASH

TWITCH SOUND SYSTEM

Fried Circuit I. 8.30pm start.

£2.50/2 before 10pm. £3 after.

Special offer drinks. Lightshow.

Includes Free Frezzy till 2am

Nottm. Kool Kat

OLD SCHOOL

Running Horse

THE AVENGERS

Nottm. Arboretum Manor

MIKE PRUDEN'S

BLUES MASTERS

The Gregory

THE BARCAT CAJUN

PLAYBOYS

Swamp Club £5 adv.

THE BEEFBURGER BROS

Leics. Pump & Tap

saturday 27th

on y va qui mal y danse

mondays

- JAM SESSION**
full p.a and drums
Running Horse
- JAZZ NIGHT**
Cookie Club
- MISH MASH**
DJ Jonn Pegg
Long Eaton, The Blitz
- SWEATBOX**
Jonn Pegg & Kev. from March
7-11pm Maceys
11-2am The Box
- SALAMANDER**
indie/alternative
Derby, The Where House
- INDIE NIGHT**
Lincoln Smitz Bar

tuesdays

- HEY SYLVESTER!**
Kool Kat
- DREAMIN'**
Nottm. Arboretum Manor
- SERVE CHILLED**
Cookie Club
- JAZZ NIGHT**
Hippo

- DIVINE DANCE**
DJ P. Linciln Smitz Bar
- TRIBAL AFFAIR**
DJ Bogey Lincoln Stadz Café
- ALTERNATIVE NIGHT**
Grimsby Gullivers

wednesdays

- FOLK BLUES & BEYOND**
Running Horse
- HAPPY SHACK**
new student night
Nottm. Madison
- STUDENT NIGHT**
Hippo

- THE MARGARET THATCHER EXPERIENCE**
disco of the 80's. 1st & 3rd wks
Nottm. Zone

- LOOSELY JAZZ**
Nottm, New Criterion
- DISCO NIGHT**
DJ Tony Hearty Goodfellow
- BREAKTHROUGH NIGHT**
Leics. Mosquito Coast
- ZAP**
over 25's The Where House

thursdays

- TIM AND MAX'S BLUNT PARTY**
The Staircase
- ASK YER DAD**
Venus
- SESSION ON**
Arboretum Manor
- FERGUS**
The Yard
- SOUL SISTER, BROWN**
Kool Kat
- SUGAR**
tricia/ the buhdha brothers
- TOMATO**
Bill Redhead / Gordon
The Where House
- UP TEMPO**
Hippo
- STUDENT NIGHT**
Rock City
- INDIE NITE**
Leics. Secrets

- FREQUENCY / LIMBILIA**
Cookie Club
- RARE GROOVES**
Nottm. Madison
- HUCKNALL FOLK CLUB**
Lord Byron
- ALTERNATIVE NIGHT**
The Box
- BEAT CLUB**
Sheffield The Leadmill

fridays

- DISEASED DISCOS INC.**
1st & 3rd weeks
- RADFORD GROOVE**
2nd & 4th weeks
Hyson Green Radford Arms
- FRIDAY VIBE**
SKYY
- LIVEWIRE II**
Arboretum Manor
- JAZZ IN THE BOX**
(beginning March) The Box

- STAMP!**
DJ Yasa
Nottm. The Market Bar

- WORLD MUSIC NIGHT**
Leics. Mosquito Coast
- FUTURIST**
Cookie Club
- SMASHED**
underground night(downstairs)
- KISSING**
upstairs The Where House
- SLAMMER**
The Blue Note

- ZEST**
Mansfield Venue 44
- EYE EYE**
Dance Factory
- X**
11pm-6am Nottm. X
- CRUNCH**
Leics. The Fan Club
- THE FUSION**
Lo

- THE GLIDE**
Hippo
- ROCK NIGHT**
Rock City
- LIBIDO**
Sheff. Occasionals
- SWEAT**
The Leadmill
- HOUSE OF AMBIENCE**
Lincoln, Smitz Bar
- CONSPIRACY**
Folk Club
Leics. Spread Eagle

saturdays

- THE NAVIGATORS**
lunch
Running Horse
- PARTY ON**
Arboretum Manor
- SATURDAY SKIN**
Blue Note
- BIG BAMBOO**
Lo
- ALTERNATIVE NIGHT**
Rock City
- MOTION II**
Dance Factory
- SOAP**
Kool Kat
- CLUB NUIGHT**
Mosquito Coast
- PROGRESS**
Pete and Russell upstairs
- CLUB CREATIVE**
acid jazz and live acts. down "
The Where House

- FREAK SCENE**
The Level
- FUNKY SENSATION**
CookieClub
- ESSENTIAL**
Hippo
- TORCH**
The Box
- RENAISSANCE**
Mansfield, Venue 44
- MEALTIME MADNESS**
50p veg. chili and rice all day
Princess Charlotte
- HYPERPHONIA**
Smitz Bar
- SHIMMER**
Sheffield The Palais

sundays

- LIVE BLUES**
lunchtime session
Running Horse
- BREAKFAST**
Relax and read the papers
Russels Bar
- MELLO MUSIC**
Arboretum Manor
- R 'N' B JAM SESSION**
The Gregory
- JUMPIN' JUKEBOX**
Pumps
- CHILL OUT CHOONS**
Lincoln Smitz Bar
- JAZZ BLUES & BEYOND**
lunchtime
Burton on Trent Brewhouse

- QUORN FOLK CLUB**
2nd and 4th weeks
White Horse Inn
- TRIBAL AFFAIR**
dj Bogey
Lincoln Stadz Café
- BENNIE GARDSTEIN & FRIENDS**
lunchtime
Derby Victoria Hotel

Fried Circuit 1
hardcore motherfuckers at
The Kool Kat
Friday 26th Feb

TVOD
ultraviolence
hypertrash
twitch sound
system

8.30pm special offer drinks
£2 before 10pm
£2.50 before 11pm
includes free entry to
'Frenzy' till 2am.

Greetings Techlings!
Hello. How are you?

RECORD REVIEWS

The lethal needle of my turntable jumped for joy when it embraced the grooves of *Track X* the latest and greatest from **Sheep On Drugs**. This vinyl atrocity commences with a car crash before progressing into some bad trip acid. We (the listeners) are then instructed to "sit back" and "enjoy the ride" and we, like sheep, obey with pleasure as we are treated to one of the hardest motherfucking collages of rock video game psycho techno ever. "Go all the way with me?" Fuck yeah. Oblivion beckons. So impressed was I with this that I requested it at **Torch** last Saturday, where sheep on drugs were very much in evidence. "Nah, mate" I was told. (The usual response). Bunch of E-addled poofs. In fact I have never heard any **Sheep On Drugs** in a club. Would any DJs like to write to me and explain why this is the case? Are you afraid of scaring the children? Or perhaps it wouldn't mix in seamlessly with the rest of the bland bollocks. I'd really like to know. Not to be left out, the armour-piercing laser of the **Violent** CD player has also seen some serious action with the release of *Live Target*, **Front 242's** latest release. Top versions of hot hits *Never Stop*, *Headhunter* and *Tragedy For You* all give good head and help to reaffirm **Front 242's** status as Best Music To Conquer To, complete with unintentionally funny moments e.g. "I want to see you sweat...alot(!)" This is not as sniggerworthy, however, as **Jello Biafra's** impromptu appearance in **Ministry's** *In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up* live video. Taking place between **Big Al's** monolithic versions of *Stigmata* and *Rape And Honey* it just has to be seen...

FILM REVIEWS

Violent film of '92 has to be *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me* which deals rather nicely with the events leading up to the death of **Laura Palmer**. As one would expect it scores highly on weirdness, tears and heartbreak. Unlike the TV series (*Twin Peaks*) there are also liberal helpings of sex and violence, both of which manage to be disturbing/life affirming depending on your viewpoint. Although everybody in the place knows the ending, it is treated in such a stunning sonic/visual manner that it puts you (the viewer) in a complete daze for the next hour or two. The comedown hits hard as you ask yourself the question, "Can I afford the soundtrack to *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me* available on **Warner Bros** LPs, cassettes and Compact Discs?" Ignoring *Peter's Friends* because **Tony Slattery** is a cunt, I also went to see the latest Bitch That Kills movie *Single White Female*, which features **Front 242** funnily enough. Predictable yet enjoyable this is a fun film worth seeing just to hear **Brigit Fonda** say matter-of-factly "I don't need a reason to live - I need a reason not to die." *S950* is poised for video release, Techlings. Make no mistake about that. I also wanted to tell you how great *Reservoir Dogs* is, but there is no more space and you probably know anyway.

Johnny Violent's



Techno Revue



VIOLENT LIVES

Name : **DJ Euphoria**
Occupation : The Most Underground DJ in Nottingham (!)
Favourite Drink : **Red Stripe**
Favourite Drug : **Crack, Cocaine, Crack-Cocaine**
Extra Curricular Activities : **Lazer Quest** Sharpshooter, vandal.

It was with some trepidation that I met **DJ Euphoria** for this interview as the town is alight with rumours of his vandalism and morally bankrupt activities. Though unwilling to discuss the appearance of his logo on the left lion of the **Market Square**, his tongue was sufficiently loosened by alcohol to talk about those stickers of his which miraculously pop up all around the **City Of Nottingham**. Far from receiving any hinderance in this illegal activity, **DJ Euphoria's** public seem to offer nothing but encouragement. "I just walk around sticking them up. I gave one to an old lady - she thought it was so subversive that she stuck it up." As with any self respecting juvenile delinquent this DJ's interests are not restricted to petty crime. A healthy interest in helicopters and guns is also sported, and explained thus - "It's the way I think — all the time. I can feel the aggresion building up inside of me. I can take out my psychosis by playing records with energy like *Timebomb* by 808 State - excellent tune. I also like film soundtracks that build and build and don't stop building - like *Apocalypse Now*. The helicopters and guns combined with *The Ride Of The Valkyries* is a classic audio-visual experience. It marries violent images with violent music to keep the adrenaline high." Despite the wave of positivity that is sweeping the local club scene at the moment, **Euphoria** displays little enthusiasm. "I like DIY and I like Paul Wain, but I'm not a fan of Venus so I sent the manager a DJ Euphoria 'Fuck You' sticker. I've also got no respect for Christian Woodyatt - he can't take his drugs. And never trust DJs with Flying Records bags. It spells out 'I'm a pretentious wanker!'"

This is all very well - but could **DJ Euphoria** confirm his status as a **Hardcore Motherfucker** and name his Top 3 guns? I found him only too happy to oblige.,
1 : **Beretta 9mm**
2 : **AK47**
3: **.44 Magnum**

THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

To beat *Streetfighter 2* on level 7 you must play as **E Honda**. Any self-respecting Techling will murder the first seven characters with ease, then move onto : **BALROG** - Repeatedly hit the 'X' button to perform a100 handslap and watch as the clumsy boxer commits suicide by walking right into you. **VEGA** - Wait patiently as the evil Spaniard leaps from the wall, then meet his landing with a jumping fierce kicks. With his energy below yours simply jump up and down and wait until the timer runs out. Safe from attack, you will win. **SAGAT** - Wait for the tiger fireball, then leap towards Sagat with a fierce kick closely followed with a 100 handslap. Repeat the process for victory. **M. BISON** - Use a similar technique to that employed against the last character. However, this time you will be called upon to improvise. Remeber to block when M. Bison takes to the air and that electric torpedo attacks can be thwarted by the 100 handslap. Also..... oh fuck this.

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH, TECHLINGS !

meat beat MANIFESTO

When The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown released 'Fire', in the late 60's, little did they know that they would also be creating the opening to a Meat Beat Manifesto live set, one dark night in mid-December, at the Northampton Roadmender Centre...

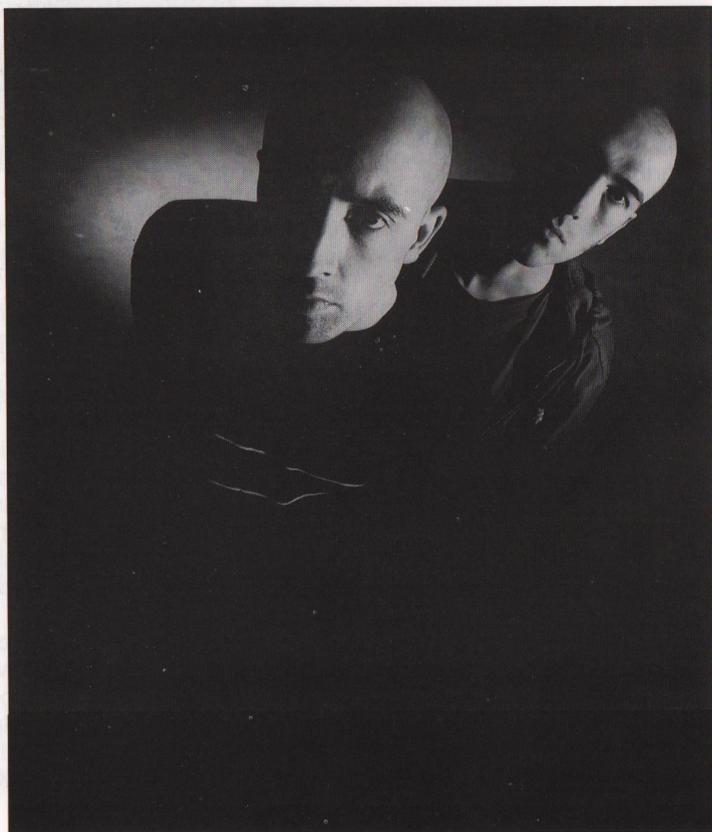
Meat Beat Manifesto's version of 'Fire', is one of those annoying tracks that you just can't get out of your head. Perhaps that's because it has been drilled into your skull, by a sound-system that could blow a house down, or maybe it's because the 'borrowed voice' from the original makes it subconsciously familiar, even if it's the first time that you've heard it. The only certain thing, is that it's one of the few MBM tracks played live that have never been released." It's one of the tracks we've just recorded for John Peel", Jonny Stephens re-assures a slightly concerned and frustrated man, "although I don't know exactly when it's going to be broadcast, sometime over the next few months..."

MBM have just returned from an American tour with Orbital and Ultramarine, after almost not setting foot over there, because of trouble with the American Embassy, as Jack Dangers explains. "We were there at six o'clock in the morning, because of our visas. They HAD approved them, we didn't have any problem GETTING visas, it was just that they hadn't got their shit together in New York to send them over here. we had to keep going to the embassy in London, and queuing up for 3 to 4 hours, just to be told to come back tomorrow, we went on for two weeks like that."

This appears to be only one of the many hurdles that Meat Beat Manifesto have had to cross, since the release of the 'Suck Hard' 12" on Sweatbox Records in 1987. "It was a very small label in London, and the distribution deal that they had with Rough Trade, when our first album (Storm The Studio) came out, fell through, so it wasn't released in Britain. It came out in Europe and America, and so we could tour there because people had heard of us, and could buy our records. The second LP we did was on Play It Again Sam. They had dealings with APT distribution, a company in Britain, who formed out of Red Rhino (an 80's independant label) after it's collapse. There were a lot

of record shops that wouldn't deal with APT, because Red Rhino owed them money, and consequently weren't stocking APT records. So there's the same problem again..." The distribution problem has only really been solved with the release of the last LP 'Satyricon', but has also meant that there's only been one major UK tour, compared to four in America.

As with many of Britain's innovative bands, MBM are far better appreciated abroad, than in their own musically intollerant country, playing to anything from two-hundred in Salt Lake City, to two to three-thousand in New York and Chicago. "We get a real cross section, from people into the Beastie Boys to Skinny Puppy fans." The MBM live experience has gradually evolved over the past five years. Beginning as a seven minute performance in a cinema in front of panoramic hard-core porn films, the emphasis moved from taboo/ shock tactics to dance: Marcus Adams, wearing abstract latex sculptures rather than costumes, then later a performance combining



martial arts and dance moves on stage. MBM have since moved back to the use of slide and video, well almost. "That was fucked tonight, the video didn't work, one of the projectors didn't work, it was because there were so many bands on."

Not only is it the visual aspect of a live show that many venues are unsympathetic about, as most are dedicated to guitar orientated bands. Often trying to work with the soundman that arrives with the P.A. is like trying to answer the one question that has eluded the great philosophers and thinkers throughout time: How long is a piece of string? Jack Dangers continues. "We were saying that today. In the sound check, we started up the sequencer and I was on the mic, and he didn't really know that the band were on stage. He went 'what the fucks that shit!' 'oh, nothing, it's only the band...' He did look like a serious Phil Collins fan though, so what do you expect."

However, there is more to Jack Dangers than meets the eye, on top of writing and programming as Meat Beat Manifesto, he spends much of his time working with, and remixing for other people. The hall of fame includes; Consolidated, Coil, Orbital, The Shamen, MC 900ft Jesus, and more recently David Bowie, all with full artistic freedom? "Yeah, I met up with him, he gave me a track and I said I'd do it if I could do what I liked with it."

It's heading towards 4AM as we leave, Jonny Stephens is busy doing the night's accounting, and Lee, MBM's roadie is complaining that the German cigarette we've just given him is going to take years off his life. Jack Dangers has only a few hours left until he flies, yet again to America, to spend christmas with Consolidated, and is proudly showing off his present from the tour crew, a 'Jack Daniels' t-shirt, altered to read 'Jack Dangers'. On the cards for 1993, another tour, I can already hear the words 'I am the God of hellfire' somewhere in the future, it's in my brain now...

STEF.

Jesus Christ! It's Saturday night, but we're not on a motor bike, we're on an old rattling tube — destination New Cross, The Venue, where we are chaperoned upstairs to a

corridor-come-dressing room littered with true rock'n'roll graffiti and the Sheep On Drugs entourage; Duncan, Lee, Rob (a wicked looking skinhead who joined the band last Summer), and two unidentified friends. Air heavy with recreational cigarette smoke, they ramble on about sex in the back room and fist-fucking but the tape recorder wasn't on and I wasn't really listening.

How did the deal with Rhythm King transpire?

"My favourite colour is brown, my eyes are brown and my hair is brown" replies a piss-taking Duncan, so I take the piss back Smash Hits styley. What's your favourite food?

"Turkey burgers, anything brown that's been kept in the cupboard for about ninety days.....so what was that about Transglobal? How did it come about? Well, Rhythm King wanted to sign us but they didn't have much 'indie' bands, only S-Express, Baby Ford, Betty Boo and Bomb The Bass. They

wanted a band and they had a name — Transglobal — but they didn't have anything on it, so they put us on it. They wanted a band similar to us so they signed KMFD and then Baby Ford came on it, then they just fucked up and ran out of money. They fucked us up. What we're gonna play tonight is what we've cut for the LP but because they've run out of money we can't put it out. Island are helping with finance now so things should get a bit better."

"Some of the things we're playing like Catch 22 we did as a single over a year ago. On the last two tours we were doing a song we hadn't really sorted out" adds a lethargic Lee.

"We've really beefed it up now," Duncan continues. "Live we're an amazing experience. It's harder

SHEEP ON DRUGS: MUCH ADO ABOUT MUTTON

Techno/rock/acid/whatever outfit, Sheep On Drugs have a new single out in March called 15 Minutes of Fame (see Demolition). Dog K. and the Purple One caught up with the band on their recent national tour.

and louder than before and we're remixing tracks more; if a track gets stale we remix it or drop it. Adding the drummer fills the show a lot more because now we've still got the electronic drum beat, but Rob adds the snares and the beats are far heavier." I ask about the Elephant Witch / Daisy Chainsaw tour which proved to be the perfect vehicle for Sheep On Drugs' theatrical stage show. "Elephant Witch basically didn't have a clue," Duncan's temper flares slightly, "the whole thing was just a terrible sham, it was really bad



to be associated with it." Not surprisingly Duncan was at Art college and was supposedly thrown out after the Principal found out he had expressed the desire to take heroin. "That's probably what made me take it in the end." Indeed the image and presentation of Sheep On Drugs seems to be of paramount importance. From the acid blotters on the debut single Catch 22 to the repeated photos which adorn their other singles, in each case slightly altered. Indeed the end result is as startling and refreshing as their music, not surprisingly then that they've been inundated with offers of tour supports from bands such as Jesus Jones. "They only want us in a desperate attempt at credibility," concludes Duncan.

Despite positive reviews (Single of the Week was awarded twice by Melody Maker), the press have generally described Duncan's lyrics

as meaningless. IsTV USA is a story about the the Americanization of British TV? "Well," Duncan gets all emotional "the lyric 'I'm not happy here, nothing's ever right' is about when I used to sit at home, you know 14,15, 16,17, bored, everything seeming so pointless, subjected to all this American TV, little men with zap guns y'know?" He continues "Sex Drive is about when I was younger and kids older than me had these new sports cars and you're sitting in the back and like 'Wow! Take a drive in my car' and they always

had girls, it's like a car gets you this." At the time of this interview the single Track X, was, despite it's sheer excellence and Radio One patronage, being buried among the plethora of Christmas bilge. I asked whether there was a video for it as I hadn't seen any for their previous releases.

Duncan: "Yeah, we did it last week, it was brilliant. I drove around in a van really fast [he emphasises]. The film starts off in black and white and goes into colour. We've got this limousine and near the end me and lee are sitting in the back coming up to this really glitzy nightclub, we've got two women in the back and then we step out and I've got an Elvis quiff and all that." Duncan the natural artist/poet might have his head up his arse but he's got his hands on your throats and he's urging you to SWALLOW IT! Buy a piece of Sheep On Drugs before they buy a piece of you.

Dog K.

15 Minutes of Fame is released by Island/Transglobal on March 8th. The LP Greatest Hits follows on March 22nd and will be reviewed in the next issue.

FRIED ALIVE



Bloody enjoying themselves by the looks of it! Photo: Rob Pitt

BLOODY LOVELY

Newark The Club

I've come to the conclusion Bloody Lovely are fucking excellent. They storm in, vocalist Kev in pure Satanic form, his performance amazing considering the limitations of a two foot radius movement zone. After countless grunge/death metal guitar riffs the horror pantomime was in full swing, complete with the red food dye 'blood' which spewed out at an unsuspecting audience. They even got the mainly sad students throwing themselves in the head-down pit—all eight of them! The theatrical presence of Bloody Lovely is pretty damn cool as well as pretty damn funny. I don't know whether the humour is intentional, but they made me laugh (although it could have been the acid); Barbie dolls suspended from the ceiling, 'blood' everywhere and on everyone; bare chested thespians eating doll's insides in true offensive style. Vocalist Bloody Kev sounds like he's dying a slow death, like Gibby from the Buttholes on a 50 Capstans a day. The best gig of the year so far at the usually pathetic club; they livened this tedious town anyway. Oh, and I must not forget the lighter fluid on the arms trick; Jimi did it on his guitar - those Lovelies do it on themselves. Burn in hell.

Dog K

SHEEP ON DRUGS

London New Cross The Venue

The Venue is a surprisingly smart but small club with a seedy tinge to it. I've been here three hours already and I'm totally hammered and, as if to hammer me even more, Cubanate reveal themselves with their skinhead leather clad vocalist, overloaded sampler and Ministry/NIN riffs aplenty. They present ample sonic violence, mixing Dance/Techno rhythms into Industrial Cyberpunk music which sometimes doesn't flow. Perhaps they should ditch some of their more obvious influences. Sheep on Drugs manipulate beats with techno/acid blur intertwined with Duncan's scowling and piercing vocals. Ready to play? Ready to vibe? "Relax and enjoy the ride..." Duncan is dressed up for the occasion, with a painted on Adolf Hitler crop and fluorescent orange eye make up. IT's cool, it's SOD and what a show. *Track X* shifts a gear and its time to go! The noise is headfuck loud but they activate energy. Sonic deconstructionists with attitude. Duncan taunts the crowd with arrogant sneers, *Motorbike* kick starts the techno stomping punk(?) goth contingent. After just ten numbers the set ends with Duncan's near delirious rantings and smashing of the microphone. The most original British arrangers of music in the last five years, Sheep On Drugs are classic artists (if only in the Warhol sense), thespians, manipulators, captivators. Pretentious as fuck too, but so what? Respect.

Dog K

BACK TO THE PLANET

Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre

BTP must be doing something right — the Melody Maker has started slagging them off. They lay siege to the Marcus Garvey Centre with a barrage of brilliant sounds, their brand of musical abandon empowering and vital, with an ecstatic danceability factor. Some bands are so politically right on that they put me right off. But Back To The Planet are exceptional in that they convey their message with such subliminal subtlety that you lose yourself in their artless blend of power and passion. If you can call the incisive dissemination of idea(s) within mind crushing rhythms and pounding tunes "subtle". At times they are just inspirational. BTP aren't so much fashion victims as fashion terrorists. Lead singer Fil slopes about the stage with a curious action which lies somewhere between a prowl and a scuttle, making compelling viewing. Back T The Planet have fab songs, great presence and are ultimately wonderful. Their diffidence beguiles, their energy enthalls; so go and see the and enjoy yourselves — it's later tha you think.

Ms. R.R. Magoo

DIESEL PARK WEST

Leicester The Princess Charlotte

'A Sort of Homecoming', to borrow a phrase from none other than Bono himself; John Butler, local lad made good, pouts his way through this impressive performance, thrusting himself upon the crowd believing that his pseudo respectable band of thirtyfivesomethings, can at least challenge U2 to the title of 'Best Rock Band in the World'. Who are we to suggest nothing but a victory in such a bout? There's something a little special about local bands strutting their stuff on their home turf. Arrogance prevails, safe in the knowledge that two thirds of your audience have actually bought both of your LPs; the other third comprise of family members and long forgotten ex-school friends. Receding hairlines ahoy! Diesel Park West are a user-friendly band; they appeal to a hybrid of musical tastes: grown up indie kids who never did feel comfortable with 'indie dance', watered down goths, soft metal merchants feeling a little too adventurous and even the whispering Bob Harris type crowd. Tonight's set was put together to please an expectant local crowd; failure simply wasn't going to happen. The singles, *Fall to Love*, *All the Myths On Sunday* and in particular, *Here I Stand*, are hammed up to pantomime type proportions of the rock and roll lifestyle; who gives a shit, man; this is a crazy bunch of guys (actually superb musicians) whose role in life is simply to have a good time, all the time. Unfortunately it appears that major record company backing has almost reached breaking point. Two major LP releases which fail to have a commercial impact must signify that the 'difficult third L.P.' must finally prove to the world that Diesel Park West are 'the new U2'. Wembley stadium next year? Not.

Tricky Skills Jase

SHONEN KNIFE

Leicester Princess Charlotte

The most notable things about Shonen Knife are nothing to do with their music. They are Japanese and they are female. Should one of these factors be different they would be rendered 99% less interesting. The material is well over ten years old — melodic non-angry punk played with the same vigour

and low regard for technical ability. SK are quirky, shy and consciously or not, play on their cuteness. This cuteness and the bizarreness of three oriental girls playing punk rock makes the gig a distasteful freak show. You could hear a patronizing "aahh" as, grappling with their English, they announce the song Big Brown Mushroom. And at the end of the gig they are mobbed by indie kids who want to touch them to find out for themselves whether they are real or not. To be fair, they do have some good songs, and to say they are out of date could be judging them out of context. However, as a spectacle the gig is a non-event; my friend went back into the bar to play the fruit machine. It is pleasing that they are breaking into our indie culture which projects mainly white British males as indie-icons. But I can't help feeling that the music will struggle to sustain the attention the band have attracted. As they cash in on being what you least expect they should remember that you can only be "what you least expect" once.

Pete Bradbury

CREATE!

Nottingham The Hearty Goodfellow

Tonight is Create's third public appearance, yet evidently word is spreading. The Hearty is packed. The three twentysomethings who make up Create! amble nonchalantly on stage to the sound of The Who's Pictures of Lily but once up there they don't hang about. An appreciative nod towards The Jam at their fieriest and thirty-five minutes later it's all over. Fourteen politically tinged pop songs delivered without the egos. A shameless return to what is nowadays all but neglected territory. Create! politely demand your attention and get it. Any attempt to ignore the emotively spat vocals and intricate yet genuinely catchy guitar riffs is destined to fail. A set full of cracking tunes that play on in your head, asking plenty of awkward questions and providing answers. If anything, it's all over too quickly, but they made their point. We've never had it so good.

Andy Lowe

JULIAN COPE

Nottingham Rock City

It is a sad indictment of current musical trends that one of the eighties' finest songwriters currently finds himself without a record label. Cast aside by Island in the wake of his critically acclaimed *Jehovahkill* album, such a fate has befallen Julian Cope. But far from being upset about such an occurrence, the bard of Tamworth is laughing happy. Resplendent in Dastardly and Muttley boxer shorts, amongst other items of clothing, he proceeds to play through three separate sets.

First up is an hour of material from his latest two albums, *Peggy Suicide* and the aforementioned *Jehovahkill*. The response to excellent numbers like *Soul Desert* and *East Easy Rider* is somewhat subdued as people continue to file in, caught out by the early starting time and happy to wait for the promised greatest hits set. Before things get serious, Julian gives us half an hour to get a drink before returning for a short acoustic set. Just the man and his guitar, alone in the spotlight. It's a mixed bag. An acoustic thrash version of *Pure Joy* is as delightful as it is surprising, whilst *The Greatness And Perfection Of Love* is, and always will be, a great song in any form. On the other hand, *Trampoline* is a bit of a disaster and would have been far better served in the third

MOONSHAKE Derby Assembly Rooms

Dark and disturbing, the music of Moonshake is the final stop at the terminal power station. Huge, hypnotic bass lines, that recall Jah Wobble's work with Pili, combine with taut, tense drum rhythms to create a seductive, earth-shaking sound that clashes violently with the aural onslaught of samplers, guitars and voices. Up front, the angular guitar attack of David Callahan and Margaret Feilder works to unsettle and unnerve the audience, whilst their words revolve around the nightmare of modern urban existence. Their recent debut album *Eva Luna* is highly recommended, but it's only in a live setting that the songs have the necessary space to realise their full searing potential. Certainly it was all too much for the indie kids in their Neds Atomic T-shirts, who preferred to wait in the adjoining bar for the appearance of headliners, The Wedding Present. But that's their loss, the rest of us witnessed a truly brilliant performance of challenging, innovative rock music. Moonshake make you believe in a better world. Totally scuzzed out.

Bill Clinton



and final set of the evening labelled the 'Floored Genius' set after the recently released compilation of the same name. It's supposed to be a run through of his finest moments. It is and it isn't, but it's what the majority of people are here for. Obscure album tracks such as the one time autobiographical *Out Of My Mind On Dope And Speed* and the charmingly titled *Jellypop Perky Jean* sit comfortably alongside the likes of *World Shut Your Mouth*, *Reynard the Fox* and post-punk classic *Bouncing Babies*. There was a time when Julian refused to entertain the idea of playing Teardrop Explodes numbers but, thankfully, he's wised up. A stomping rendition of the seminal *Reward* followed by a meandering, almost shambolic *Sleeping Gas* and it's all over. No *Treason*. No *Tiny Children*. No *Charlotte Anne*. But we've been spoilt already. "All your Christian hang-ups"? Well, not quite but value for money it most certainly was. Fourteen years on from the release of the first Teardrops single and Julian Cope remains the acceptable face of rock 'n' roll debauchery. Neither floored genius nor flawed genius. Just plain genius.

Andy Lowe

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS

London Stockwell The Swan

Seven Little Sisters are pure entertainment. A total musical experience providing a natural exuberance and sheer vitality that no person with a drum machine and box of electronic gadgets could ever hope to equal. SLS' music resounds with an honest naturalism which produces an emotion that the audience immediately identifies and connects with,

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS on the road



John Micallef

SUGAR RAYS Nottingham Trent University
A gentleman by the name of Tony Toledo is standing centre stage resplendent in an immaculately pressed dinner jacket, pristine white shirt, dickie bow et al. Backed by a rather cheap and nasty Casio keyboard on auto-pilot he is crooning a version of Mudhoney's *Here Comes Sickness*. A scene from David Lynch's new movie perhaps? Nothing of the sort. It's the introduction to the latest Sugar Rays gig and the plot is far simpler than anything My Lynch would care to dream up. It's the Sugar Rays turn to step into the Thursday night spotlight in the Sub bar and they're going to enjoy it. No stamping of feet and sucking of thumbs because they haven't been signed up yet, just extra determination to prove the doubters wrong. With guitars cranked up they launch into *Lightning* and it's sonic pop a-go-go. The beautifully crafted *Kissed* gets a welcome airing, but such is the wealth of (all original) material at the Sugar Rays disposal that a number of old favourites are left out. This is no bad thing. It emphasises their determination to shrug off any hints of stagnation. Why walk when you can already run? The manic fervour of *Tube Screamer* sets the seal on another winning performance by Nottingham's finest five-a-side team. With a T-shirt range to rival the Neds and Carters of this world and the debut Sonic Pop EP just released on their own record label there's no stopping them at the moment. Bloody show offs. They'll have their own compere next. **DJ Vanilla Specs**

EAT Nottingham Trent University
Eat were once great fun, a fantastic mixture of rock-a-billy rhythms and swamp rock guitar made than a truly original band. Also, if I remember correctly, the singer Ange possessed a weird off-beat stage style, and a very nice, almost magical mop of hair. Unfortunately though, after making little impression on the record buying public Eat tore themselves apart in a messy acrimonious divorce case. They're back now, two years later, with a new line-up, longer hair, a new set of songs, and a hatful of grunge guitar. They play with energy and enthusiasm, and the eager young audience enjoys every moment. But somewhere along the way they've lost that certain something that made them so special in the first place. The best songs are from their early days, while the others just merge together into an unlovable murky mass. Maybe Eat will sell more records this time round with their new, more acceptable sound but the sacrifice of originality for the currently fashionable can only be condemned as a sign of desperation. Hey, wanna buy a brand new tombstone? **Bill Clinton**

THE WEDDING PRESENT

Derby Assembly Rooms
The Weddoes have certainly changed over the years. A few months ago they managed to sell out the Warehouse, but eight singles later the scene is pathetic, the room is only half full. The single-a-month scam failed, with half of them being mere album fillers. Even so, Gedge has clearly left behind his innocence, confusion and long song titles with question marks, and finally grown up. At 32 he's learnt to control anger, tension and sonic violence. But sadly tonight it barely happens. As soon as the band take the stage the barrier collapses, surely an omen. They zip through the majority of this year's singles,

only *Blue Eyes* and *Loveslave* standing out. Hidden amongst them are various songs from *Seamonsters* and the splendidous *Dalliance*. That they don't play any older material shows that they refuse to rest on their laurels and are all set to conquer even bigger times in 1993. Lets hope that tonight was only "Something and Nothing" **Rachel Allen**

EB AND THE SYSTEM

Reading After Dark
EB and the System are a revelation. This five piece from Basingstoke have already an expanding following. Tonight, supporting the New Fast Automatic Daffodils, EB gave the Manchester boys a run for their money. So what do they sound like? Somewhere between Senser and the 25th of May. They really are trying to take Hip Hop one step further. There was not a keyboard or DJ in sight. The traditional band set was on show, the raps/vocals provided by their two MCs. It really works very well. Sections of the audience went mad. One poor chap kept diving from the stage into a weak mosh pit. Another fan was swinging from the lighting rig at the back and somehow he ends up on stage. EB and the System kick out their jams. *E Controls E* erupts and the crowd go into overdrive, *Groovy* is a more mellow number and *Rise* is pure hardcore. This is the way forward for live Hip Hop. Forget the machines and bring back live instruments. If there is any justice in the world, EB and the System will be massive. **Sid**

THERAPY? New York Irving Plaza
Therapy? get better. They get more frightening. Therapy? scare you. I'm not sure if the Americans were aware of who or what these Irish boys are about, but it didn't take them long to understand. Therapy? always seem to attract the most suicidal slam dancers and stage divers; tonight was violent. Two mosh pits developed, one tight for the divers, the other a rush of bodies. It was mayhem but exciting with it. Therapy? were a complete mindfuck, playing such mindblowing tunes as *Teethgrinder*, *Potato Junkie* and *Animal Bones*. Not your normal grungecore band, Therapy? use the drums to their funky potential. They were funky as hell. The crowd continued to beat the crap out of each other, females as well, while the lads took their guitars, screaming for mercy, to the limits, creating a chaotic body of naked energy. The drummer was smashing up the bass. He hated that guitar so much. He was a madman on the loose and the bass got it. Wake up.....time to dance. **Sid**

SENSER London The Borderline
Senser are making waves; it seems that every record company with half a brain is after them. This six piece south London band have supported the likes of Hawkwind, dc Basehead, Nitzer Ebb and they went down a storm at Glastonbury. Their music has been described as "Jesus Jones shagging UB40", "Chili Peppers with bollocks" and "Dance music with intelligence". Senser already have a loyal following. The people around me seem to know every word to every song. It didn't take long to understand why - this band were breath-taking. They have the traditional band set up, plus a live DJ/keyboard player, a flute player-come-singer and an MC. Unfortunately their demo doesn't stand to their brilliance live, something the band are well aware of

and are working on. Live, Senser sure can get a crowd moving; tonight the Borderline shook to the dance rhythms. MC Nathan shakes his locks, leaps, jumps, moshes, struts and raps some hard lyrics. His voice mixed well with the soft tones of the female singer. Although the sound was a bit loose and very laid back it did work. *What's Going On* and *Channel Zero* were the highlights for me. The former song will surely become one of the anthems of the 90's. Nathan ends up in the crowd, half-way through one of his raps, and with mic in hand, continues to rap. A perfect end to a perfect set. Another fine band from South London. **Sid**

SONIC YOUTH/PAVEMENT

Nottingham Rock City
The first time I heard the whole of *Slanted And Enchanted* by Pavement, it was a religious experience, one of my own highlights of 1992. Their debut long player will go down as one of the classic albums of this decade.. The band chose their debut British gig to take place in June in Derby at The Where House. That show is unforgettable. Tonight Pavement shone, blinding the audience with perfect noise-pop music. The beauty of them is their use of the English language, which is mixed with the simple use of sound. Many classic songs were aired tonight, too many to list, though *Summer Babe* and *Two States* were magical. Pavement were simply beautiful. Half of me hopes that the boys are able to create another earth-shaking follow-up album to their first one. My cynical side thinks that they might not be able to reproduce the goods. Let us pray. It took Sonic Youth to play *Sugar Kane* for me to get in full swing. An expanded version, that held the crowd at their mercy. They proceed. Something was missing, that initial rawness, the danger of the old days. The spark that was there a few years ago, had gone out today. This was such a shame, because *Dirty* is such a great L.P. but tonight it just didn't hit number ten for Sonic Youth. Even the brilliant *Youth Against Fascism* and the old *White Cross* really didn't save the evening. A bloody shame. Sonic Youth by numbers. I'm hoping they'll forget how to count. **Sid**

RUPERT FRIDGE

Nottingham Bobby Brown's Café
Saw this lot around a year ago, and left impressed, but thinking (as you do) ... wish they'd do a bit more of this; hit that a bit harder ... generally GO FOR IT a tad more. Since then I've heard rumours of major league rehearsal sessions, but less live action than Beethoven, so when posters appeared suggesting a major assault on Nottingham audiences, I had to get along. No major surprises since last time, the same mix of intelligence, melody and a quietly insistent strangeness possibly nodding to David Byrne/Talking Heads, but tonight, despite a cruel God mixing the effects pedals, there's a real sense of self-confidence pushing the songs out at you. Dave's voice has grown in stature, Haddon throws some cool shapes behind his Strummery guitar, the bassman plays his fingers off and STILL manages a neat line in harmony vocals... and there's a faint aura of urban decay about the guitar sound: just a touch of dirt to roughen the previously 'polite' air of the Fridge. Tonight they hit their guitars like men who mean business. Rupert Fridge — open the door and see the light! **J.B.**

VISUALL

THE CARETAKER by Harold Pinter

Dir: Steve Shill

(with: Kenneth Haigh, Jonathan Lermitt, Michael Praed)

Nottingham Playhouse till Feb 13th.



This month sees the start of a new series in *Overall* covering the wider (and wilder) shores of the local arts scene. We'll be running regular listings alongside reviews, features, news items, interviews and the usual opinionated ramblings. For all this we turn to our readers: listings and anything else to the *Overall* address/fax number. Most of the pieces featured in *Overall* are unsolicited contributions, so if we're not covering what you wish to see, you can cover it yourself!

Dance For '93 is currently in progress throughout the East Midlands (inexplicably declared "UK Region For dance 1993"). With events in Leicester, Nottingham and Derby until the end of March, and with diversity as a keyword, it may well be time to dip into the unusually healthy dance waters in the hope of sampling some of the 'provocative', 'challenging', 'visually stunning' and, who knows, maybe even 'entertaining' spectacles on offer.

On the visual Art front, **Ready Steady GO** offers a rare chance to see the best of 60's British painting without travelling to, London. The famous (David Hockney, Bridget Riley, Peter Blake), the nfamous (Allen Jones) and a host of ohrs can be seen at Nottingham University Art Gallery from 27th Feb.-27th March. **Angel Row** shows bronzes by controversial artist Helen Chadwick, whose explorations of her own brand of "new flesh" have been raising eyebrows and turning stomachs for over a decade. The new show promises to be more sedate than usual, but the barbs will almost certainly be poised to strike.

Alan Bleasdale (*Boys From The Black Stuff*, *Monocled Mutineer*) has the World premiere of his new play *On The Ledge* at Nottingham Playhouse (19 Feb -20th March). His first work since *GBH*, *On Thre Ledge* promises a "wildly humorous vision of a city going to hell". You have been warned. Leicester Haymarket promises more controversy with Howard Barker's *The Europeans*. Performed by **The Wrestling School**, it's on transfer from Glasgow Tramway where *The Guardian's* man found it "simply mindblowing". Who am I to argue?

Finally, it's worth pulling a stern face and pointing out that no-one has yet responded to the clarion call sounded by Richard Brown last issue. The **ARTMART** project is trying to find premises for a contemporary exhibition in Nottingham fetauring local artists working in all media. To repeat: interested artists or anyone with access to useable space (whether a full exhibition space or just an empty shop window) should contact ARTMART on (0602) 243707. We know the space is there (we've seen plenty) and anything to cheer up a cold grey Nottinngam winter can only be in everybody's interest!

Someone suggested I take a smart-arsed approach and write this review in Pinter's style, which would mean, I suppose, dropping you into mid-paragraph and slowly cluing you into my verdict by the most oblique means imaginable. It would also entail hints and pointers, long stretches of blank paper charged with elusive meaning and the constant twisting of your expectation. *The Caretaker* is generally regarded as one of Pinter's finest couple of hours, one of the defining plays of post-war British theatre, right up there with *Waiting For Godot* and *Look Back In Anger*. In fact, a good way of grasping *The Caretaker* is to regard it as falling exactly between those two plays: a kind of personal Hell mapped out in the language of a very gritty realism.

The production at the Playhouse teases out almost all the levels of the play in exemplary fashion. The set is an extreme version of a run-down bedsit cluttered with junk, high-ceilinged, at once claustrophobic and spacious. It's utterly banal, a vacuum in which the the central relationships and mind-games of the three characters can be played out, a middling British Nowhere somewhere in the early 1960's. Lighting is used effectively, both to p-lace us in time (half-darkness, bare electric bulb, cold first light, morning brightness, etc.) and to accelerate realistically rendered times of day in a way that heightens the strangeness of the events we see. The plot is never important. A mysterious tramp with a manipulative streak (Davies) is saved from a brawl by a socially inept man in a suit with a penchant for collecting utterly useless junk (Aston). He stays the night in a spare bed and runs into Aston's mischievously psychotic brother (Mick) whilst ransacking the room in

Aston's absence the next day. From there it's no more than a playing out of menacing power-games between the three. Everything centres on each character's obsession with the house they're in. Mick owns it, Aston lives in it, and Davies sees a chance to take slice for himself. All this is a pretext for some telling dissections of the ways in which human beings manipulate, counter-manipulate and generally exploit one another's weakness. And if all that makes it sound grim then I should add that there is also plenty of comedy in the script, much of it black, most of it entirely dependent on delivery in context. The three actors play off against each other extremely well. Kenneth Haigh is convincingly soiled and pathetically manipulative a Davies, Jonathan Lermitt suitably chilled and thoroughly damaged as Aston (whose weird social awkwardness and bizarrely fractured chains of thought give the play much of its humour and menace). Michael Praed's Mick, a sort of low-rent Rocker with a vicious streak and Michael Caine accent, makes a charismatic enough sociopath.

All in all, Steve Shill turns in an effective, entertaining and disturbing version of what is now seen as a key 20th century play. He doesn't stray in the slightest from the accepted reading of the work, tries nothing new with it, and settles for a brilliant, near textbook, staging. If you don't like theatre where everything revolves around a few actors exchanging dialogue then *The Caretaker* won't convince you otherwise. But if you've an open mind and want to see two hours of close to the finest a conventional production can offer, I highly recommend it.

Wayne Burrows

LITERALL

CITY PSALMS by Benjamin Zephania (Bloodaxe)
This fourth book of poems from the fatally funky, totally cool, Rasta dub poet Benjamin Zephaniah is an absolute treasure. Zephaniah is a youth guru for the modern generation. Contemporary issues of racism, fascism, money, political machinations and other social problems are dealt with in a sharply accurate and lyrically wicked style that is wonderfully accessible and immediately enjoyable. T.S.Eliot once said that poetry aspires to the condition of music; Zephaniah's poetry is so musical that it is so effective and so instantly likeable. For these are not really poems to be read, but need to be heard and enjoyed aurally to appreciate all the nuances of the rhymes and the language used. Even when one reads the printed poems the rhythms leap out of the page to move you with rockin' reggae rhythms and fine, fluid rhymes that combine to provide such excellent groovy lines as

"Yu could call dis poetry Dub Ranting
De tongue plays a beat
De body starts skanking....."

proving that poetry can indeed be incredibly good fun. His poetry is therefore essential reading/listening as it combines serious, poignant political issues handled in an astute, perceptive manner with streetwise savvy and an infectious musical ability guaranteed to be appreciated by any sentient, intelligent individual. All in all, this book is a kickin' eclectic collection of right on rants for our multi-cultural experience helping to bring us closer to a truly global consciousness. Make it yours now.

J.M.

SIN CITY by Frank Miller (Dark Horse)
With the name of Frank Miller on the cover, one naturally expects great things; he is, after all, one of the most critically acclaimed writer/artists working in mainstream comics today. This collection into one volume of a popular Dark Horse saga should be something to look forward to. The artwork is sparse and economical, styled in plain black and white seeing Miller's approach perhaps purposely simplistic and minimalist in order to portray the bleakness and immorality of a place that certainly lives up to its name. It contains none of Miller's usual graphic grandeur, but instead is stripped down to basics in an attempt to create a harsher, colder reality where the addition of colour would maybe be too garish given the amount of killings that occur. I can't help thinking that there are scenes in this book where the style of art is a hindrance as it often appears too simple for the action which cries out for more detail, better motivation. But then again, the artwork is suitable for the grim atmosphere that dominated the actions of the violent protagonist. This is a straightforward tale of revenge, narrated in detective fiction style as Marv tracks down the killers of his murdered lover. Intrigue, street-fighting and general carnage ensue as Marv mercilessly wipes out the opposition in his hunt for the truth. Good, bloody fun. If you like the Punisher, Stallone, Schwarzenegger, etc. then you'll like this book for the sheer enjoyment of the violence. Otherwise, like me, you'll be disappointed at such a fatuous, superficial work from a usually excellent creative artist, and see it as little more than another pathetic, mindless action adventure pandering to the junk culture of the mass market.

J.M.

JOHN COOPER-CLARKE Nottingham The Old Vic

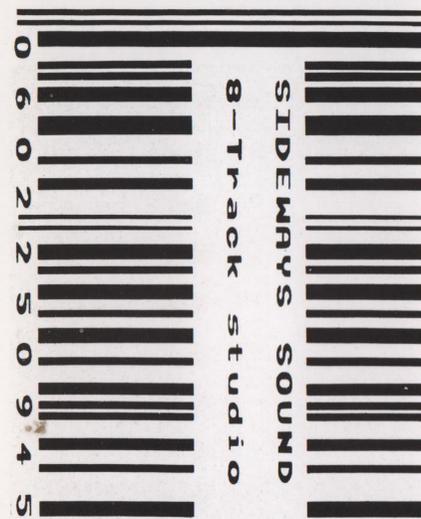


Photo: Shaun Hills

The reputation of Britain's greatest maverick poet has become almost legendary since the seventies when he was hailed as a punk-poet messiah. His book *Ten Years in an Open Necked Shirt* is a brilliant collection of incisive, witty, socially conscious and surreal poems. I had high expectations indeed. Seeing John Cooper-Clarke live is a curious thing. The man is certainly an oddity who has the power to ensnare the audience into his own strange world through an affable, yet warped charm. His performance tonight wanders aimlessly between two extremes. At his best Cooper-Clarke is excellent to behold, captivating everyone with a heady mixture of infectious humour, satirical insights and a stream of poetry so sharp I'm surprised his tongue didn't fall off. He has an air that wins people over by being so damned convivial. He was funny, his observations were intelligent, people laughed and applauded. This all happened while he was traversing familiar territory, going through the well known back catalogue of his work that we all knew and loved. Greats such as *Chicken Town* and *Beesley Street* were delivered with gusto and received the reaction they deserved. However, when he began trying out his so-called "funny headlines" routine, things started to collapse. They weren't funny at all but this did not stop him from churning them out one after another for what seemed like an eternity, constantly repeating that he wouldn't keep us long with them; unfortunately he did. From then on he more or less sank deeper and deeper into irrelevant, boring waffle as he ranted and droned on about nothing of any interest, causing some people to shout at him to get on with it. He was gradually drowning and was only saved from a complete stage death by the recital of various fan favourites.

Marie Oohwana

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