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OVERALL

There is a Smell of Fried Onions

VOL. 3 # 2 July 1993 **FREE**



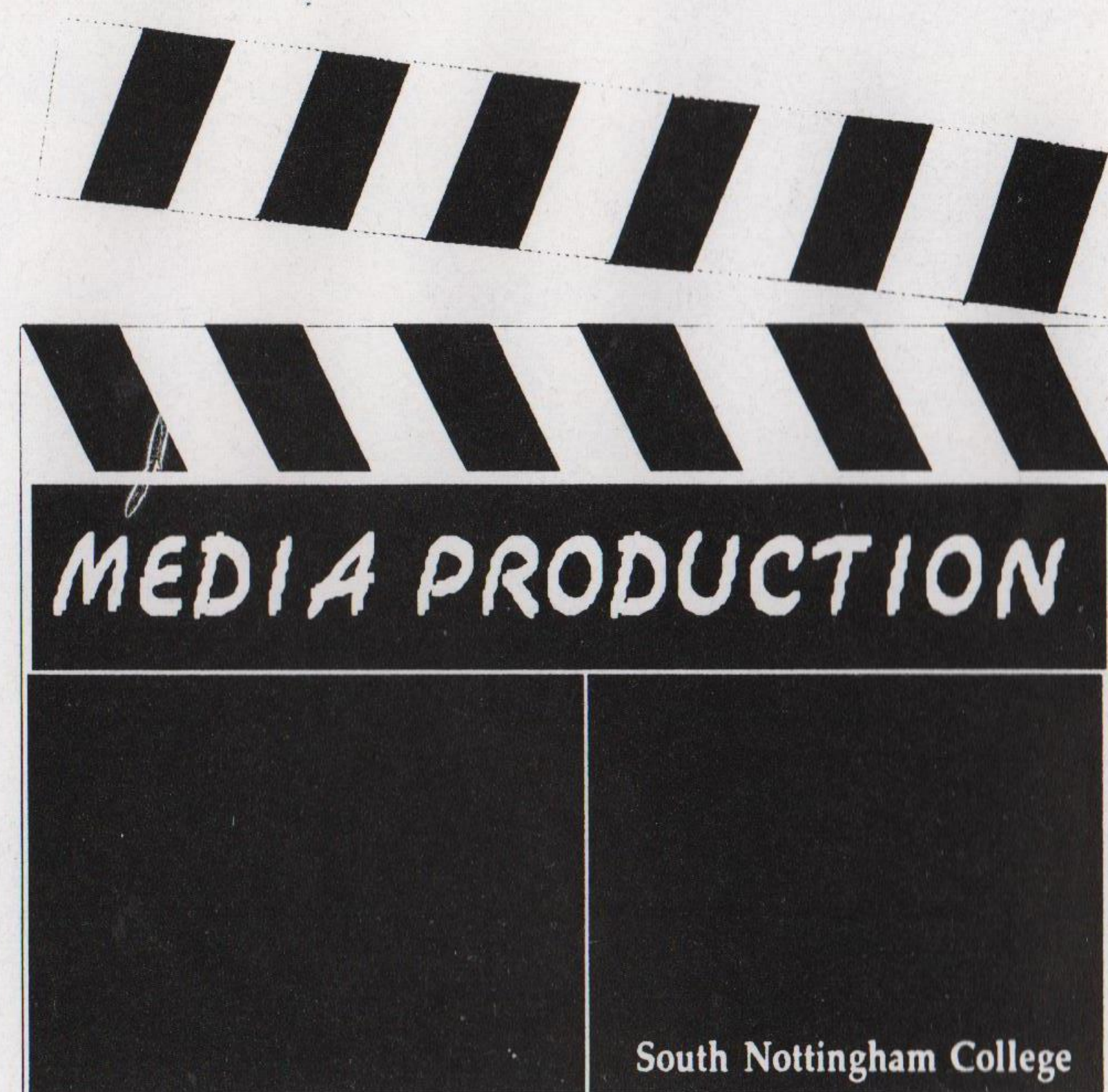
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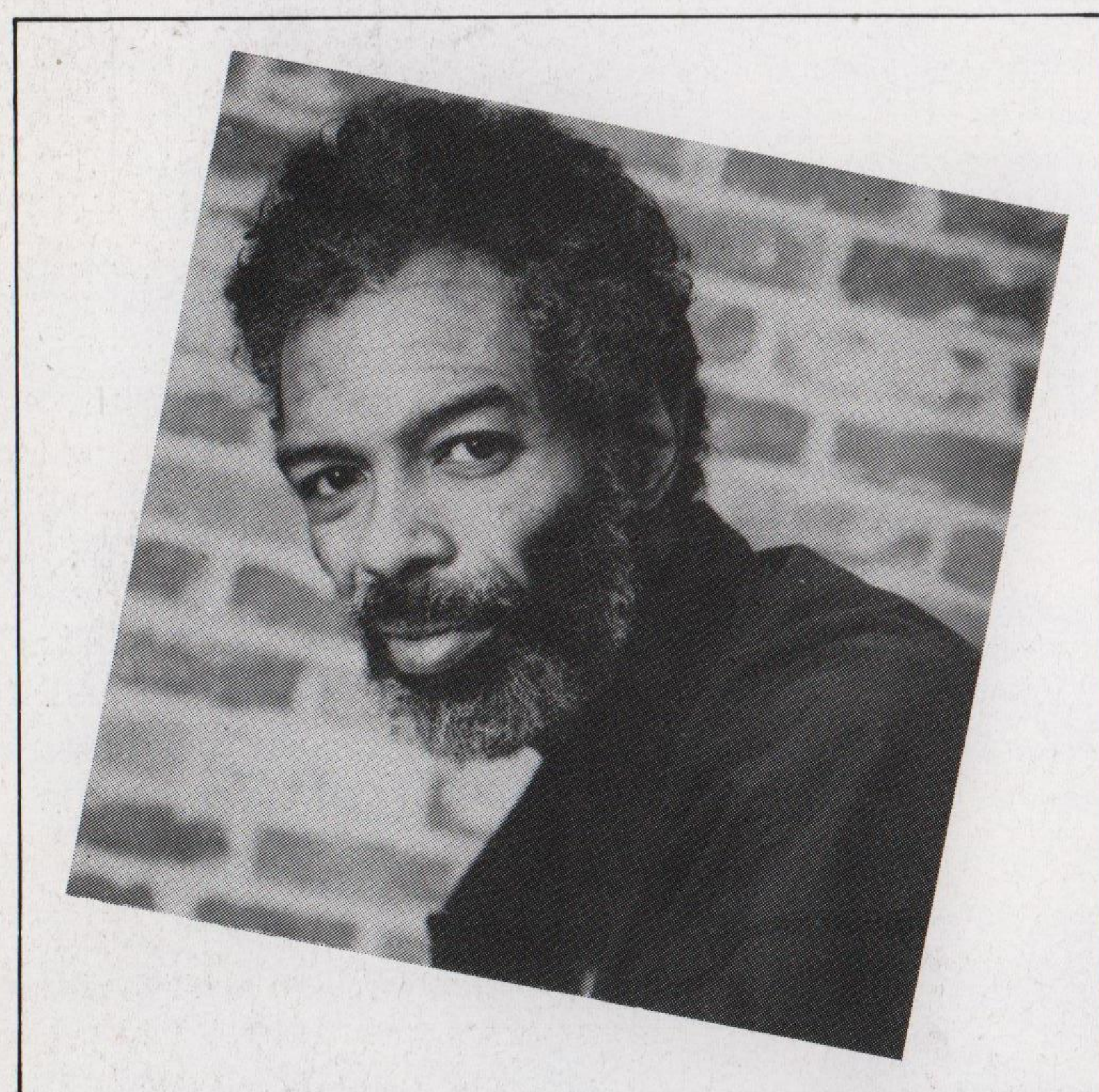
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RELEASES

Nottingham cyberkid and Overscribe **Johnny Violent** has an EP coming out on July 5th under the name **Dissolve**. On the iT label, it features four mixes, including one by **Ultraviolence**, of a stonking track called *Electric Chair* taking from his forthcoming LP. **Bloggers ITA's** first single for Parlophone *Stresss* has already wound up a well known Radio 1 DJ for advocating shoplifting. The Bloggers point out however that the single deals rather with ramraiding, seeing it as a symptom of the encouragement of greed and the simultaneous erosion of working class living conditions. Backed with *The Way to Die* and *Wildside* it comes as CD, cassette, 12" and a bargain white vinyl 7" for 99p. **Gene Loves Jezebel** are back having released *Josephina* in June on Arista. **Blind Mole Rat's** debut 12" *Rat-a-tat-tat* from Round Records was also released in June. The **Waiting List's** *Startrippers* EP is currently available at Selectadisc, catch them at The Narrowboat (July 29th) and find out if they really are "thin, immaculate, wired & wasted". *Get Busted*, apart from being unsound advice, is the cassette EP from Nottingham hip-hop youth **K.I.D.** £3 will make it yours at Selectadisc, Guava or Arcade Records. **Therapy?** just back from touring the States with Helmet, have released their **Face The Stranger** EP, comprising 3 new tracks and a re-working of *Neck Freak*. This summer sees them doing the festivals and then back to the States to promote the forthcoming *Screamager* single. Other A&M releases include **Loni Clark's** *Rushing*, very kindly written for her by nephew **Lem Springsteen**. Latest release from A&M is the multi-talented West End star **Sarah Brightman's** *The Second Element*, taken from her recent LP *Dive*. Meanwhile A&Mdance label PM artist **Dina Carroll** has become the first UK artist of '93 to be awarded a platinum disc, following the huge success of her debut album *So Close*. A UK tour will commence in the autumn. **Manic Street Preachers** have taken their new single *From Despair To Where* from their imminent album and will be at Rock City on July 5th. **Kingmaker's** new *Sleepwalking* LP comes with **Judge Dredd** artist **John Higgins'** artwork. If you missed **Kinky Machine's** live dates in June, you can always get their new album, or watch *The Guardian* advert on telly which uses *Monday's Child* from the current *Shockaholic* EP as a soundtrack. **SAD** have their first single out early June. The 7" single will contain the tracks *I Love You But You're Selfish* and *Pain*. **Cajun Routes** are three half-hour Radio 2 programmes starting on July 15th presented by **Chris Hall** of Derby's **Swamp Club** fame. The closely related **R. Cajun and the Zydeco Brothers** release their fifth album *No Known Cure* on June 7th. Cajun fans are eagerly awaiting shipment from Louisiana of advance copies of the third album *Trace Of Time* by **Swamp Club** regulars **Steve Riley & The Mamou Playboys**.

firsttofall:

United Nations peace medal winners **Third World** come to the Marcus Garvey Centre on July 5th as part of a U.K. tour. Zaire's star of soukous, **Kanda Bongo Man**, plays Leicester Mosquito Coast June 25th and Sheffield University S. U. on June 21st.

Leicester's **Phoenix Arts** plays host to the **University of Leicester's Dept. of Extra Mural Studies 8th Annual Leicester Film and T.V. Studies Summer School** from 25th to 30th July. More info 0533 555627. **Crafts In Performance** is a touring exhibition that can be found at Nottingham Castle Museum between 12th June and 1st August.

BANDS AND DJS WANTED

Showcases in Birmingham and Wolverhampton. Nominal fee, p.a and backline provided. Demos to **Dave Burton Management** 126 Rocky Lane, Perry Bar, B'ham. New bands without demos phone 021 356 0241. New Sheffield venue **Antenna** is seeking all kinds of live acts and DJs for a midweekly night. Demos to Sunny Side Up/Antenna, 16a Hale Street, Sheffield S7. (0742 507854)*. **Burning Bush Promotions**, whose venue The Level ironically caught fire, now organising gigs at The Duke of Wellington, Lincoln. Demos to Antoinette, 95a High Street Lincoln LN5 7QW.* **NME** writer **Sam Taylor** would like to hear from any acts in the area who have released vinyl. Your chance for national profile: 2 Denbury Road, Ravenshead, Notts. (0602) 793848. *Except The 'A' Band

Gallup going, going, gone!

It has been announced that with effect from the 1st of February 1994, **Gallup**, who are currently responsible for compiling the official U.K. music charts, will be replaced by an American firm. It is thought that they will run the charts in a similar way to those currently in operation in the U.S.. This system could mean charts compiled using figures based on 40% radio airplay. If it is thought that this system will put a stop to the current allegations of chart rigging that goes on, I think not. This will only put the smaller bands even further out of reach of the national charts than ever. Large labels can afford to blitz their groups with publicity, in order to obtain this valuable airplay, the smaller labels can't. The charts will be full of the techno, techno, ain't no lyrics junk that we have now become used to. This is not all; if record sales are to be made less important, then it is very likely that the £1.99 and 99p deals we find on singles will disappear. It's not just my pocket I'm thinking about, but how will new groups and smaller record shops fair if this is to be the case? Another case of the men in suits deciding what music we'll listen to. After hearing the 'Radio One top 100 albums chart', I don't think that's what any of us want!

overall
THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

JULY 1993

COVER: WHOLESOME FISH

Photo: Tony Fisher Photography

FRIED INSIDE:

DEMOLITION

SAD, Psychastorm, Fathead

VINOLUTION

The Reverend Horton Heat,
Slaughterhouse 5, Orbital

ALLOTMENT

on y va qui mal y danse

Johnny Violent's Techno Revue

Fried at night, Hiphoptimism

FRIED ALIVE!

The A Band, Attila The Stockbroker,
R. Cajun & The Zydeco Brothers
The Waiting List

OVERPLAY: The fried hitlist

1. THE REVEREND HORTON HEAT

The Full Custom Gospel Sounds
of.... LP (Sub Pop)

2. CODE

505 345 675 Delta 9 12" (Pinnacle)

3. COP SHOOT COP

Ask Questions Later LP (Big Cat)

4. BJØRK Human Behaviour EP

(Bapsi)

5. TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND

Six track sampler (Nation)

Contributors: Martin Thomas, Christine Chapel, Nick James, Johnny Violent, Wayne Burrows, John Micallef, Dog K, Lyndon Bosworth, Phil Scorzonera, Richard Jones, Max, Sid, Martin Atherley, DJ Vanilla Specs, Amanda & Dex, Roland Gent, Rob McKenna, George Lucas, Andy Lowe, Scotty, Christian Fathead, Tricky Skills Jase, Phil Hedgehog, Andy Clarke.

Published by Paul, Martin, Will, and Dex with assistance from the other Martin, Max, Nicola and Nottingham Community Arts Centre. Thanks to Chris the resource, Mac the Printer and Nigel the Finisher.

Overall

There is a Smell of Fried Onions
PO BOX 73 WEST PDO NOTTINGHAM
NG7 4DG

Tel/fax 0602 240351.

SENDER, FUN-DA-MENTAL, REV HAMMER, MOONFLOWERS for Rock & Reggae

The line-up for the 1993 Nottingham Rock & Reggae festival has been announced. Now in its 15th year, the event takes place on Sat 24th and Sunday 25th July on The Forest Recreation Ground, Gregory Boulevard.) There will be five stages in all. The Reggae Sounds Tent will host a number of DJs kicking it through the Appollo PA system. The Street Sounds and Hip Hop Marquee will run for both days and features a whole load of young talent from the area in the form of: By D-zine, Arrival and Coinside, K.I.D., Total Frequency, Absolution, MSD & The Dawning of a New Era, Ann Campbell, Richard Bailey, Sunset Black, Skylark, and more to be confirmed. This year Senser and Fun-da-mental will top the bill on the mainstage on Saturday and Sunday respectively. The welcome return of Wango Riley's Travelling Stage brings The Moonflowers, Bushfire, AOS 3, Harold Juana, Wholesome Fish, Tofu Love Frogs, Praise Space Electric, Dead Flowers, Phoenix, Frantasia, More About Pelicans, The Age, Dub Merge, Roughneck Sound and others to be announced. The full line-up for the main stage is as follows: Saturday 24th: Senser, Emperor Sly, EB & The System, Psychastorm, Bloody Lovely, G.R.O.W.T.H., Crazyhead, Scum Pups, SAD, Fathead, Blind Mole Rat. Sunday 25th: Fun-da-Mental, The Sea, Spanerman, Colonel Hathi's Dawn Patrol, Rev Hammer, Stak It Up, 3:6 Philly, Mind The Gap, Rhythm Angels, Solid State Coalition, Homage Freaks. The 2nd Great Radford Road Swindle Performance returns with jugglers and fire eaters, displays of body piercing and tattooing, Lesbian and gay Theatre, cabaret with stand up comedians, animated films and slides, with acoustic folk acts on Saturday and jazz on the Sunday. It promises to be a bizarre, weird and wonderful event this year. There will be the usual beer tent, food vendors, arts and craft stalls and a secure childrens' area. The event begins at noon and ends at 10pm both days. Free car parking will be available.

NETWORK FOR WHOLESOME FISH

Currently touring the nation with their *Revenge Of The Poets Show '93*, which takes in both Heineken and Glastonbury Festivals, cover lovers The Wholesome Fish will be **BBC Radio Midlands Artists Of The Week** Commencing Monday 26th July for five evenings, The John Tainton Show, which broadcasts the entire BBC Midlands local radio network from 9pm till midnight will play six tracks from a live session recorded at Pebble Mill Studios in Birmingham. The tracks are *Funny Farm*, *Sail Away Ladies*, *Wild Baby*, *Rosie Red*, *Sweet Mystery* and the classic *Only Dead Fish Swim With The Stream*. So make sure you've plenty of batteries in your cassette recorder on the week of 26th - 30th July!

FLOAT ON

The first Nottingham Floatation Centre opens on Fri. 17th June at the **Healing Arts Centre**, 42 Goose Gate Hockley, Nottingham. A light-proof sound-insulated cabin contains a tank of water in which have been dissolved 800 lbs of life-enhancing Epsom salts maintained at skin temperature, and providing a buoyancy in which anyone can float in total relaxation. Originally developed by Dr. John Lilly in the '50s, researchers have since been exploring **Restricted Environment Stimulation Technique** (R.E.S.T.) for 30 years and the wide ranging benefits of regular floating, including stress relief, improved sports performance, enhanced creativity, self-improvement and boosting of intellectual faculties have been proven scientifically. As naked as the day you were born, you slip privately into the deliciously warm water where you will float effortlessly and weightlessly, free from all your cares and anxieties. You can even take your own music to listen to while you completely relax and chill out. Furthermore floating relieves pain as it stimulates the body's natural pain-killing beta-endorphins. The levels of relaxation reached during a float are deep and long-lasting. Floats take about an hour and a half including the introduction and drying out. The sensation of floating is unique and most people simply float for the fun of it. Whatever next? (*Gravity free sex, I hope* -Ed.)

DOCS AWAY!

Founded in 1981, the vibrant, independent high fashion footwear group **Schuh** have opened the company's tenth and largest store at 7 Angel Row in Nottingham. Innovative and daring, Schuh is a concept in itself, catering for individual tastes at affordable prices, Schuh are Europe's biggest stockists of Doctor Martens, the range of styles is phenomenal. Do you go for the traditional black or tan, or go for it with those purple glittery ones, the mad gingham pair, the tartan (name your clan), or the crazy Paisley? There are also many other cred Brand names in stock like Gettagrip, Kickers, Red or Dead, Caterpillar and Paraboat. You feel like you need a pair of them to scale the dizzy heights of the shelves containing the platforms. I thought that if I whispered "Naomi" the whole lot would tumble down on me. Just what you need for that extra something for Carwash. Schuh certainly live up to their "Clothing for feet" claim, and in one go have made all the other shoe shops in town seem ordinary in comparison. Now everyone can afford to be eccentric.

ALL SQUARED

Refurbishment of Nottingham's Square Dance Recording Studios is almost completed. Already a valued asset in the city, when it reopens in July as the **Square Centre Studios**, there will be two studios in the building both with live floors. One of these will be "seriously sized" and will include two very large recording booths within its area. Generally considered as the place which produces "the sound of

Nottingham", the Square Centre has become quite a hive of industry recently, including within its walls record labels **Submission**, **Time Recordings** (which *i-D* magazine called "one of the most important creative groupings of the early 90's"), and **Strictly For Groovers**, as well as DJ agencies and rogue revellers **DiY** with their own midi studio, whose recent foray into the States was accompanied by a writer from **DJ Magazine**. Discovered in San Francisco was Time's logo cut into a lawn.

POST FOR AN EARLY XMAS

Do you know the one about some crazed beatnik threatening to off-load several gallons of LSD25 into the water supply? Well, 25 years on a similar story is emerging of an ambitious kid who works in a factory which produces high quality paper for postage stamps. His job is to apply and control the amount of glue that goes on to the back of this paper. Recently he has been spiking the glue vats with large doses of synthetic mescaline supplied by a friend who works for a Swiss pharmaceutical company, thus creating a black market in stamps. So in case anyone approaches you at a party or festival offering to sell you a "Postage Stamp", the spiked glue has a purple tint and tastes abnormally bitter.

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demolition



SAD Demo #2

Sad they may be, but any cynicism is transformed into a positive anger. Self-aware class of song writing taken from life's shelving delving seven psyches wide by one deep lashing at arrogance as a disease caused by beer and "the chairman of the board of the I'm-all-right-Jack-club", not only "an ego with its own mobile phone" but also "the caveman in my head". The subject swaps beguilingly from first to second to third person singular, while an instrumentally resounding and persuasive 'we, you, they' plurality confirms the presence of (that's enough personal pronouns—Ed). 0602 333451.

*Catch Sad live at the Rock & reggae festival (24th July)

PHOBOS DEIMOS Gradely Maungy

Gobbin' on life with a punky punch and self-riotous nihilism. "CARDIAC ARREST!" screams a cabaret nightmare with blood and guts ferocity, "I'M STILL FUCKIN SMILIN YA FUCKIN BASTARDS!" All set hilariously to a traditional Mediterranean folk arrangement. Wonderful. 0539 560980

PSYCHASTORM

Space Age Travellers demo #2

Mean, lean funky psychedub touring machine replete with radio mics, customised p.a., lightshow and bus. Bookings on 0602 708810.

BABE RAINBOW

What did this lot do to deserve a gig at the Poly and all those plum supports. Sack the 'chick', quit your courses, grow your hair and take some drugs. Get a life. (0256 27424) On second thoughts, go back to your lectures; you're gonna need all the qualifications you can get.

F'NICKS

Of "a range of psychedelic jazz/funk rock and blues". Ah, cool blues. Sleaze in and mellow out. 0533 555899.

ANTISEPTIC BEAUTY Demo #3

Not a patch on their first two, or maybe I've just become used to/bored with/grown out of such jangletheatrical uninspiring not-influenced-by-anything lurve dirge bollocks. (0283 732275/0836 628 772) Maybe the mobile phone holds the answer.

CRYSTAL INJECTION

Off The Planet/Velvet & Glamour Boy/Glitter

Birmingham four-piece who derive their name from a song written by fellow townsmen 'Birdland'. This influence is evident on hearing the first track on these two tapes. Brash guitars and course vocals are the order of the day here, with perhaps a little too much regency when it comes to reproducing a 'punk' sound. The second of the two tracks shows more promise, the group finding their own sound, with a lazy vocal style and not only the standard jangle guitars but also throwing in a keyboard to start proceedings. *Glamour Boy* is pure 'rock'n'roll' and is much shorter than the previous tracks. The raw guitars coupled with the vocals conjure up images of a deserted American highway. The second of the two tracks is the better of the two, with a guitar riff the reminds me of Suede's *Metal Mickey*, although it was written before that. A lot more forthcoming it is the easiest listen of the four tracks. Contact Craig on 021 353 1907. Nick James

LEMONADE RAY GUN

The Spooky P Demo

Levelling the (bedsit)land.
(2 North Parade, Sleaford, Lincs. NG34 8AN.)

DOUBLE CONVERSION TABLET:

Mechanical Spanking Machine

Nightmare mash of industratech, repeat thriller samples counting the bricks on a factory wall of noise, snatched at random from modern life and shown to be sick, cut up by bloody Kev and Stuart ex-Shifters. The world is sick but it could be sicker.

SKIN LIMIT SHOW

Finds Stuart Toolin up with Alex "hardcore" McEwan for a grinding dreadblocked frenzy of machinery and mouth roaring distortion. Should you find this music too much to bear, why is it you can stand the sugar-coated hell of TV news, one single item of which recently included the words "beleaguered", "evacuate", "airlift", "destroyed", "killed", "flee", "fight", "orded", "weapons", "petrol bomb", "mortal", "attack". Or is it all OK as long as you don't feel involved? So what if you scream your head off at the world as long as you don't go chopping off your neighbour's.

FATHEAD prerelease (Servo)

Unmistakable Love Addict wail with less of the jollies, harder arrangements but still tellingly tongue in cheek (Pretending To Be On Drugs) and, I'm glad to hear, that pleasing and funny cover of Too Blind To See It.

Christine Chapel

THE REVS Pray TV

An unoriginal (like their name) three piece indie-guitar-pop band who sound like The Senseless Things and many other indie guitar pop bands. There's nothing to give these three songs an edge, nothing to make The Revs stand out from the crowd. Its all been done before and its been done better. MAX

DEATH BY CRIMPERS

This band get better and better. Thrashing guitars, a wonderful voice and earth shaking drums all add up to some delightful punk-core. This demo would make an essential 7" on pink vinyl. *Tear It Down* has 'classic' stamped all over it. One to watch. (0865 63441)

BALANCE 3 Songs

Should have called it just one song, *Angels Amongst Us* is pretty alright. They are very much in the jangle jangle genre of Sarah records, but worth a listen just for his voice and the line "Another night of easy drugs and cheap red wine". (0272 422338)

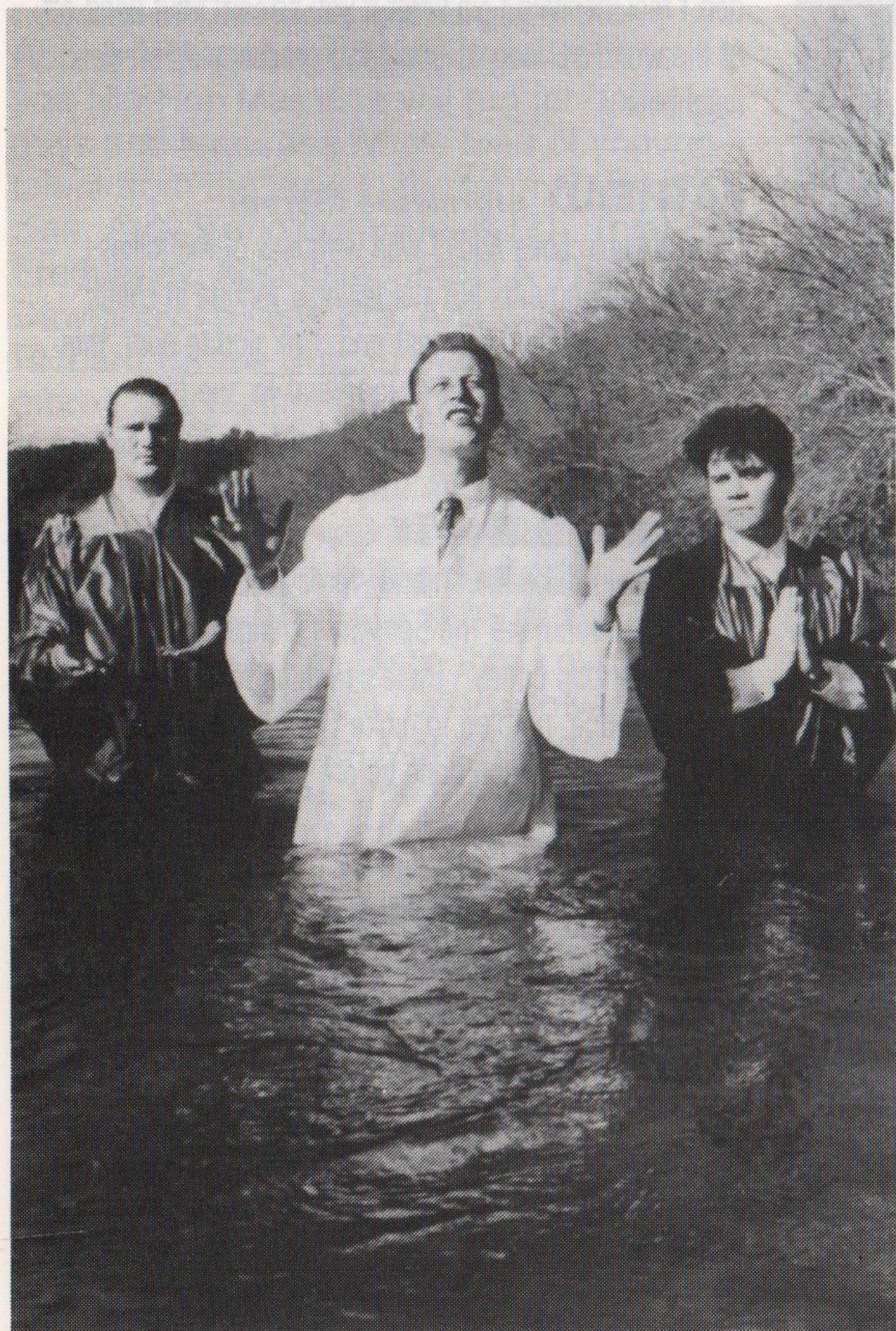
SUNS OF DEKHAN

Interesting! A lot of Far Eastern promise. Chris has a distinctive voice. Two good songs here, which do grow on you. I reckon they should give 4AD or Mute a ring. (0733 325757)

CAIN

No packaging? Only two tracks? I need more! Cain (formerly Awesome Wells) crank out "overdriven pop ditties" (but there's more to them than that. I'd call it rock 'n roll. The two songs Rise and Embryo are both great, the former starting off with Phibes/Levitator guitar noise before heading off to Dinosaur Jnr land, but leaving behind that band's dreary yank droning vocals, and still sounding British. Embryo is more psychedelic with a severely catchy chorus that you'd be humming after one listen. Both tracks sound so dissimilar, at times it's almost like listening to two different bands. Versatility is fine, but you know how the press like to put bands in boxes and stick labels on... Cain have a single out soon and are off on tour with the abysmal 1000 yard stare, so good luck to 'em. SID

VINOLUTION



Taz, The Reverend, Jimbo Photo: James Bland

THE REVEREND HORTON HEAT *The Full Custom Gospel Sounds of....* (Sub Pop)

*Bless the Lord, O my soul!
O Lord my God, Thou art
very great!*

—Psalm 104 v.1
I got a whammy bar mama
and it's just your size.
—Wigglestick v.1

Full-thrutch fast-breeder reactor rockabilly with percussive pzazz and stick-bass pace from a hell-raising Texas trio who are heard to have so much fun that it's enough to make you want to take up guitar. (So you wanna be a guitar hero? As your tutor I advise you to head straight for Texas.) A breath of rockin' fresh air which puts 'faceless techno bollocks' in its place once and for all. (A definitive right-turn for

Sub Pop, this Devilishly handsome piece of red plastic should be burned and its ashes stored in a bank vault, ecclesiastically speaking.) This disc is a beautiful piece of miserecordia crowned in thorns and flame-grilled in Memphis by Gibby Haynes of Butthole Surfers fame. Survey the bleeding red exterior and say "I was that heart." The Rev. pulls at the strings on a journey of unrequited mid-America rock n roll love chords. (Most of the songs here are 2-3 minute wonders with great big vicious hooks and GUITAR SOLOS. A very good place to start is Side 1 Track1. Let's play A major in the 5th fret....) He brags about his Wigglestick, screams "Bitch!" over being taken for 400 Bucks, (...then str-r-e-etch into that blues scale.) and drives off being chased by The Devil, whose description in the lyrics is so vivid you can almost smell His foul breath. (He even namechecks some of his counterparts— Buttholes, Grateful Dead, Rollins, Billy Idol— while spreading the Good News.) But the Rev's still chasing her in turn singing You Can't Get Away From Me, pulls over to (Party! Get Naked!) buy a beer, meets a Big Little Baby who steals his hotrod, leaving the Rev. contemplating a Lonesome Train Whistle. (If that doesn't get your fingers bleeding, try a classic Rhythm & Blues progression.) Arriving back in Texas, he returns to tilling the land, when one day a low flying plane changes everything by dropping several Bales Of Cocaine into his life. (A Country & Western twang of rags to riches farming.) There ensues a sojourn in Peru after which the only love that's left is a Loaded Gun. (Got any fingers left? Why not play the next middle eight with your voice in an infinite delay loop? That's it...turn that frequency dial...now we're cooking! It's touches like this and a solid drumming that makes it traditional Sub Pop. One further word of advice. Don't attempt Gin & Tonic Blues without further spiritual advice or an Exorcist.)

Pass me the guitar.

Christian Chapel

STINA NORDENSTAM: *Memory Of A Colour* (EastWest)

You'd be forgiven for judging this on its title, its cover and the Norwegian name and filing it in the mental bin marked 'New Age/Aural Wallpaper' and deciding not to bother. It's actually much better than that, more in the Julee Cruise/Mary Margaret O'Hara/Jane Siberry camp than anything within a hundred mile radius of Windham Hill. A strange high pitched voice (think Bjork Sugarcube without the histrionics) over a stretched out, slowed down dub-jazz backing, it's an album for small hours comedowns and weird thoughts, a drift rather than a blast, well worth checking out. Ambient indeed.

BOB DELYN A'R EBILLION: *Gedon* (Crai)

From Norwegian strangeness to Welsh strangeness of another kind: a loping folk-dub extravaganza topped by nonsensical Welsh vocals, this lot string out looped soprano sax, furious harp-picking, cajun-style fiddle and gossypily female vocals over a set of rhythm tracks, at least half of which cry out for dance mixes. Twm Morys rides the resulting noise on a seamless tide of apocalypse rant and piss-taking, sometimes even deigning to sing in tune, though never in English. Independent spirits, mad bastards to a man, and a live band worth a weekend in Wales to witness.

HANNER PEI: *Vibroslap* (Crai)

More from Wales and in Europe's oldest language, Hanner Pei are trying for a Mother Earth/Brand New Heavies acid jazz fusion, and have the cheek to translate Hendrix' *Fire* into Welsh (Caru Tu). Make a few (not very subtle) references to holiday homes, and play it with plenty of passion and fuzz. Elsewhere, they try rapping (not impressive) and a whole bunch of potential anthems let them down by a low-budget production. Maybe Talkin' Loud should sign them and give them a decent producer. Wayne Burrows

PEACE, LOVE AND PITBULLS *Peace, Love and Pitbulls* (Play It Again Sam)

Amsterdam's PL+B are the absolute antithesis to the peace love and misunderstanding, dope cafe hippy haven that city is normally equated with. If Ministry reinvented the European Industrial sound then this is Europe reclaiming the genre for their own. Machine driven, skull thrashers which can't be muzzled or castrated.

FRONT 242 *Up Evil* (RRE)

Once the epitome of so called "facist" music, Belgium's Front 242 have hauled themselves from the grave of their last LP, which seemed to hail the end of a genre. Up Evil finds a rejuvenated Front 242 taking on Ministry style guitar terror, and the hardcore terraces in a frightening rewrite of the encyclopedia of rock in an industrial tour de force.



ORBITAL (pictured) *Orbital* (Internal)

Opening with the Steve Reich influenced *Time Becomes* which locates the subliminal rhythm in two loops of the same motif phase in and out of each other, the scene is set for a faultless collection of tracks in the so called 'progressive' variety. The outstanding *Remind* is a full exploration on the ideas first represented in their remix of the Meat Beat Manifesto single *Mindstream*, which extends the theme to truly sublime heights. This summers soundtrack, and doubtless destined for car ads in the future.

BIOSPHERE *Microgravity*

A chilling (in the fearful sense of the word) collection of filmesque house workouts. Biosphere in Geir Jenssen ex of Bel Canto, who seems to inhabit a desperate and lonely planet, unequaled in its beauty. You know the moon? You know the sun? You know the milky way? A groove you can greet between meals.

SOURCE *Organized Noise* (R+S)

Hailed as Sweden's answer to Aphex Twin, Robert Leiner traverses much of the same ground as the latter, only whereas Aphex Twin often meanders along directionless and unformulated lines, Source sounds altogether more assured with its accute and sensitive awareness of space and time.

DIMENSIONAL HOLOFONIC SOUND *LSD 3D* (Play It Again Son Acid Remixes)

Forget the tripped out coloursound of the new Pink Floyd generations, *LSD 3D* is eight radical remixes of one of my favourite club tracks of the past few years, *Bad Acid*. As the name suggests this is Acid at its most extreme where sounds fuse into a pulsating confusion. A nightmare exploration of aural hallucination at best in the Jack Dangers I Am The God Of Hellfire psycho panoramic version. Best taken before going out.

Martin Thomas

CODE *505 345 675 Delta 9* (Remote Sentry) 12" Promo

Monks chanting, trancy rhythms and lots of highdrive Americans rambling about the Authorities. These ingredients, together with an ambient feel produce the bliss that is Area 51, a top secret airbase in America where alien space craft may have been stored and flown. Presumably it isn't a secret now, thanks to undercover Code, extreme experimentalists with erratic yet well-founded themes. *Straight To Hell* and *Deliverance* come on a lot harder and could easily be

pigeon holed with Front Line Assembly. As it stands though, Area 51 will quite comfortably knock The Orb of their celestial perch while Alex and Co. sort out the legal wrangles. Chance are, they'll still be up there when the fluffy clouds return to the formats. Look ahead, above and watch that unidentified life form known as Code.

Dog K

MOBY *I Feel It/Thousand* (Equator/Mute)

After being available on import for a year Moby finally releases this piano driven monster over here. So maybe it does sound a little bit dated now-but you can't help but 'feel it', especially on the Sunrise THK Tekk Mix. Thousand has achieved immortality in the Guinness Book of Records (import naturally) for being the fastest track in history, leaving the head pounding and the pulse overheating.

VOYAGER *Transmission* (Underworld)

Underworld theme twists and unfolds in a rolling motion. Licking the shoreline, washing rocks in tumbling splendour, a salted spit victory defying gravity. Gradually wearing you down to sand. Sifting you through its fingers in sand grained time. Drug music.

CREDIT TO THE NATION *Call It What You Want* (One Little Indian)

While the American rap stars continue to dominate the music media's already limited coverage of rap, the British scene gets pushed towards the obscurity of the very parameters of pop. Thus many excellent crews remain unknown, until that is, they sample a riff from Nirvana. Credit To The Nation use the aforementioned tactic to explore the differing aspects of racism through their lyrics and indeed music. The very name Nirvana has become the epitome of white corporate rock and its inherent racism, *Call It What You Want* was the song that got Credit To The Nation signed. It incorporates a white indie guitar motif. Think about it.

TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND *Shimmer* (Nation)

Transglobal Underground, as their name suggests, take you on journey through disparate continents, sampling and paying homage to the various indigenous popular sounds, to create a truly multi-race brew. Beneath the top layers of the global village lies the shouts of the disenfranchised underground, unified in a collected spirit. Transglobal Underground hear these voices and rejoice in non-elitist unity.

Martin Thomas

THE DRUM CLUB *I Really Feel* (Butterfly / Big Life Records).

Dance music has been turned on its head since the late eighties and the Drum Club carry on that trend with this melodic form of tribal trance. It's the most spacious dance track I have ever heard. In the last year they have been running their own club night at 'Sound Shaft' in London and currently touring with the 'Midi Circus' including Orbital and System 7.

Lyndon Bosworth

THE TRANSPLANT *Come Together* (One Off Recordings)

Been out a while now but definately worth a mention for its booming groove and nagging nasal refrain. Like an electronic kagoo that puts the bounce back into cynical. 'What does it all mean?' Probably dancing barefoot in the mud of the Derbyshire hills.

FLUKE *Electric Guitar* (Circa)

Electric Guitar quickly disposes of the incidental and ancient art of playing the old six string, merely referencing any connection to the axe via the titles (*Humbucker Mix*, *Sunburst Mix* etc, get the picture?) and the sampling of the very stuff that makes the guitar more interesting than the guitarist-noise. In parts reminiscent of the eighties electro cut up techniques *Electric Guitar* is a slippery house track that slides into your subconscious and annoys you from that point on. A slow build and a tranced out climax, can Fluke do no wrong? Answers on a postcard.

PARCHMAN *Isolation* (Vector)

'Do you feel the way I feel?' asked the ghost like voice, distanced by this melancholy, yet pounding cut above the neck. Isolation sits on the more intricate side of the progressive fence, choosing to fill the sound with layered rhythms, lush chords and spongy bass as opposed to the post modern aesthetic of simplicity as applied by many of the current front runners.

Martin Thomas

THE CRANES

Forever (Dedicated)

The Cranes released their first album, Wings of Joy in 1991. It is now clear that this was the eye of a storm, with it's dark secrets revealed in an almost sinister manner. Forever is the follow up, with the storm clouds rolling away onto the horizon, still dark in their perspective. The songs here still contain an almost Gothic architecture, translated so eloquently into a musical sense. It's not only this musical structure that gives these such a disturbing element, but also Alison's vocal style, in which you can't help feeling that someone is watching from that dark corner. This is the fabric that chilling horror stories are made of. Who'd have thought they'd do it again!

RADIAL SPANGLE

Ice Cream Headache

(Mint Industries)

This guy can't sing. Music sounds good but lacks even the simplest of tunes. I get the feeling that they are trying their hardest to project that 'Hardcore' edge which so many bands before them have done with greater ease. Ten tracks on this album left me totally bemused, although it does have it's moment like the feeling I got that they'd been listening to Dinosaur Jnr. upon hearing *Drip*. Sorry guys, try harder next time!

THE BUZZCOCKS

Trade Test Transmissions

(Essential Records)

The Buzzcocks have their place in musical history assured. I can't understand why they'd wish to make a comeback bid now, apart from maybe feeling that today's current music scene has become a little stagnant. This release is musically very good, if not very much the same and I'm sure will make many of the old New Wave audience very happy. I feel some of the subject matter found here though, is rather like The Who singing of teenage rebellion on their 50th anniversary tour. If you were a fan of The Buzzcocks in the late 70's, I'm sure you'll be a fan of this release. However, I'd have to question the validity of the group's teenage fans today, trying to relive an era they can't remember.

DARLINGHEART

Serendipity

(Fontana)

The unabridged anger of this group's live performance doesn't come across on this debut album, which might come as a bit of a disappointment to some, with that live energy missing, but didn't change my opinion. On hearing the album, thoughts of Hazel O'Connor and Siouxsie Sioux come across, with a leaning towards Belly in both musical and vocal styles. The thirteen tracks found here will remind you of the group's Scottish counterparts more than it would live. The album doesn't quite live up to the images conjured upon seeing them perform, but should hopefully be the start of a wonderful career.

Nick James & Lyndon Bosworth

BLINK

Is God Really Groovy?

(Line Records)

Infectiously flirtatious pop with 'petrol's' guitars and bounce-a-long groove. Unselfconscious, vibrant, youthful, destined for a TSB advert. "Great News, great shoes". God this is groovy. Dublin or nuthin'.

THE ECSTASY OF ST THERESA

Fluidtrance Centauri

(Free Records)

While the expected route to 90's guitar heaven is the quiet bass driven verse which explodes in an angst ridden chorus, thus making allusion to the state of the writer's nth breakdown this week, Czechoslovakia's latest export, Ecstasy of St Theresa, explore the possibilities of the forced climax while retaining at all times sensitivity on the point of collapse, in a clarity as fractal as crystal.

PET LAMB

Paranoid From The Neck Down

(Blunt Records)

Destined to be the finest name in the world, Pet Lamb's affectionate monicker is extended to their loving endorsement of so many sounds you would associate with other bands. Drums that thunder, guitars that threaten with feedback, arrangements that meander; the effect is an enjoyable collection of my favourite bits of guitar/grunge/shoegazing, call it what you have to. Another plus for Dublin. Pure Guinness, or is it genius?

PIGEONHEAD

Theme From Pigeonhead

(Sub Pop)

A refreshing exploration on the tensions that exists between the BPM groove chicks and college rock sore throat vocals. Encompassing the entire spectrum of hip genres, Pigeonhead points an accusatory finger at those who would pigeon hole. Guaranteed to confuse. Like a wave of fresh air that dares you to breathe deeply.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE 5 (pictured)

Things She Did (IRS) 12"

Wahey! Here come the Senseless Things with an ecstasy/amphetamine logic. *Things She Did* is manic pop thrash for a generation mourning the recent crapness of artists such as Mega City Four and the Wedding Present. The second track Negative Feedback is more of the same with backing vocals included in the mesh of upbeat joyfulness and lots of "La, La, Las". Devoted is the heaviest and finest offering, moving at a good ninety. Years And Years, like Gedge's band, is too poppy for me.

BLAGGERS I.T.A

Stress

With an anti-facist stance which has to be condoned, Blaggers I.T.A. limit themselves to the punk rock sloganeering which echoes the vaguely 'nationalistic' Sham 69. Even the deployment of reggae bars and ska style trumpet fail to save a sound which is oddly aware of its own origin. Surely music carries a sub narrative which is, in many ways, stronger than the lyrical content. If so what would anti-facist music sound like? Think about it.

Martin Thomas

PORNO FOR PYROS

Pets (WEA) CD Single

WEA have decided to lift Pets off the LP, full of admiration I'm sure. The only problem is - if you've already brought the Splendid But Not Quite Jane's LP, you already have *Pets* and don't care much for an additional track, a fucking edit version. As another double bonus, the punter also receives cursed female/male medley. Sound interesting? It isn't. Basically the two album tracks have been spliced two seconds closer in the cutting room. *Pets* has the most bizarre train of thought steaming through it though, based on the theory that aliens will take over but "We'll make great pets" and its worth it for this odd wisdom. You also get *Tonight*, a down-tempo piano ballad with lush holiday guitars, essential for the demo feel though achieved through usage of a Front 242 industrial backbeat. First class, hardly good value though. But you do get three postcards to accompany the gross artwork and shiny CD.

Dog K



REVOLVER

Cold Water Flat (Hut Recordings)

Revolver serve up 10 tracks full of awe-some pop. It's been almost a year since their last release and two years since they made their debut. *Heaven Sent an Angel*, suggested that they were a little more special than the average 'shoegazers' of that time. The tracks on 'Cold Water Flat' are no different and show that over this period of apparent inactivity, the group have matured, filling their music with a greater variety of soundscapes than ever before. We find many different musical styles, from the pounding beat of *Cool Blue*, to the delicate sound found in *Bottled Out*, not forgetting the almost obscure *Cradle Snatch*, a recent single release. On one point on the album we find ourselves in the midst of the very Tears for Fears sound of *Shakesdown*, a track which both musically and vocally sums up the progression of the group from their early days to this Cool Blue.

THE FALL

The Infotainment Scan (Permanent Records)

The Fall have never been a band I've taken much notice of. But following their appearance at Sheffield's 'Sound City', I've really warmed to their sound and on hearing this latest offering it has reaffirmed my feelings. Mark E. Smith contributes his very distinctive, spoken vocal style, over a particularly dancey tune. From the very first track, *Ladybird*, to the last, *League Moon Monkey Mix*, you will revel in a sound that is so catchy it's frightening. Particular highlights include, *Glam Racket*, a track in which the vocals are presented to an almost Gary Glitteresque tune and *Lost in Music*, Sister Sledge's 1979 hit, this version seems to surpass the original. In these 12 tracks you will never be lost for music.

NEW ORDER

Republic (London Records)

It's been almost 4 years since the release of their last album, *Technique*, which gathered much critical acclaim. During this period they have worked on solo projects, Barney with Electronic, Hooky with Revenge and Gillian and Stephen with the aptly named The Other Two. Republic brings together a mixture of styles from these solo projects, with the pop of Electronic and The Other Two to the almost brash techno beat of Revenge. The single *Regret*, was the pop element and is found here as the first track. *Spooky*, also on side one, shows signs of being Hooky's contribution, although mellowed slightly by Barney's vocals. Not in the same league as it's predecessor but great music all the same, *Young Offender* with it's guitar riff reminiscent of Thieves Like Us and the fast techno of Chemical. It's hard to believe that this is the same group that gave us *Ceremony* all those years ago in '81. This was pencilled in for release as 'Fac300' in October of last year and prompts the question: would this have saved the ailing Factory Records?

FRIED AT NIGHT

Firstofall huge respect and congratulations to all the guys from Lenton Road who provided The Party In The Park, the best house party Nottingham's enjoyed since.....ooh, 1989 I'd say. All six flats in one house were open to all-comers, three p.a.s kicking from midnight to midday with basement dub, groundfloor House, 1st floor alive and chill out upstairs At least that's how I think it was, it being a most disorienting experience navigating all the corridors and stairways. Not a hint of hassle the whole morning. The Park Committee even went to the trouble of installing automatic barriers to keep out undesirables. Nice one everybody. With *Carwash* waxed and about to wane, don't think there's any shortage of funky 70's nights. Apart from crass copycat bandwagon jumpers like *MGM's Retrospective 70's* and *Rock City's Glam Night* (top imagination, eh? Still *Carwash* was hardly an original idea anyway), there are still some funk'n' good groove outs to be had. Less commercial sounding are the two *Jazz In The Box* nights (*The Box*, Madison 1st and 3rd Fridays, *The Staircase* 2nd and 4th, with a live session by *Bud Bongo* coming up on July 2nd,) and the Kool Kat's Thursday night collaboration between *Soul Sister Brown Sugar* and *Guava Buhdha*. *Funkapotamus* continues at Blitz (Long Eaton, Tuesdays), with a second chance to wallow in it at *Bobby Brown's* on Saturday evenings. Both nights hosted by DJs *Jon Fathead* and *James*, who also do the *Alternative Mish Mash* at Blitz (Mondays). But leader in the funky field must be *The Where House* in Derby, Paul "funkosaurus" Needham now on his third

Supergroovalisticprosifunkification (June 12th) with guest DJ *Brian Powell* of *Talkin Loud* and the eighth *Boogie Nights* (3rd July). The "Alternatives" are *Smashed* every Friday and *The Margaret Thatcher Experience #2* (19th June) where Bill "Polyfiller" Redhead pops up in indie mode. Expect to see more of him in Derby. Meanwhile in Sheffield, *Sunny Side Up*, the makers of *Pony Club* who did in fact refuse at the first fence (*SADMAC Schmamac*) have turned to *Antenna*, their new Weds. night at *Le Palais* from June 29th.

Now what I want to know is this. When is someone going to invent an alternative to "alternative"?

Christine Chapel

HIP-HOPTIMISM

It's been a while since the last hip-hoptimism so here's rundown of the what's been happening and what's to come. **The Kool Kat** has seen the return of their Thursday night dance/rap session, which, despite a rocky start when **3:6 Philly** refused to play due to poor sound, I am assured this will be a night to watch out for. The Kool Kat also saw one of the wickedest hip-hop jams since the **Rock & Reggae '92**, with **J.M.C. By D-Zine**, **Total Frequency**, **K.I.D.** and **M.S.D.** featuring **Ren-a** from **Arrival**, all live on stage. DJs on the night were **Stylee Cee**, **Aksion Crew**, **Shabazz T.C.** and **DJ Jusdis**. This was no ordinary jam, all money raised by the event was given to **Nottingham Anti-Fascist Alliance**, none of those people who took part got paid.....nuff respect due. Anyone who's been into hip-hop for more than three years will no doubt know of the man called K.I.D. However, for those of you who don't...watch out. He's back with some new material and a new entourage. As former member of **Twice The Trouble** (produced by **DJ Mink**), K.I.D. wrecked shop in the late 80's. Now with the production handled by **B-Rok** from **Total Frequency**, K.I.D. is all fired up, and is ready to rip up the scene once more and wreck shop in the 90's. His new EP cassette *Get Busted* is no bullshit straight-up hardcore hip-hop packed with heavy beats and even heavier basslines, providing the perfect base for K.I.D. to flex his skills with lines like:

"I bruised and stoned 'em
braw with 'em
took out most I mean all of 'em
I wipe the floor with some."

and

"I burn flexes
smoke out rappers like cremation
get out my way
or I'll smack your face in."

The stand out track is the title track *Get Busted* but the quality of the songs lets them speak for themselves. Ny onlr criticism is that it should have bee on vinyl.

Brian Smith.

Rock (& Rap) & Reggae

M.S.D. will once again be hosting a street sounds/hip-hop marquee on this year's Rock & Reggae Festival. Following last year's success, it will run on both days of the festival in a bigger tent. Acts include By D-Zine, Arrival and Coincidence, Total Frequency, and , if they aren't away on ta world tour, 3:6 Philly.

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Greetings Techlings!

YES! Bring out the big flags! **Starwing** is out and it is a magnificently psychotic 3-D polygon-touting-rotating-scaling-fucking-shoot-everything blaster, available from all good software outlets NOW! Being an uncompromising hard techno junkie I completed it last Friday. However no sooner had I sat back to enjoy the mind-expanding end sequence when the telephone rang. It was **David Balfe** of **Food Records**. "Is Johnny there?" he asked. "Yes, I am" I replied. Sparing me social niceties the man got straight to the point. "During your time with this company you have completed all the games before me," he grumbled; "**F-Zero, UN Squadron, Axel, Contra 3, Mario Kart (150cc), Tetras** (Level 9 with 5 highs). The list never seems to end. And now **Starwing**. I feel sad and ashamed just to look at someone with your abilities. Frankly, I don't like to feel sad and ashamed. You're dropped." And with a broken hearted snivel the phone clicked down with an unusual air of finality.

TAPE REVIEW

Also inhabiting demo tape city right now is **Neil** from Sheffield; a member of art-wank merchants **The A-Band**. Neil describes himself as "purely fucked" and just to prove it his tape is 46 minutes of one bleep, repeated ad-nauseam. Well, it probably does. I have no idea as I binned it after 30 seconds!

RECORD REVIEWS

Perhaps Neil should send his music to **BMG Records**, who seem keen to insist that the public should listen to the same old shit until the day they die. Mean-minded **Martin Crunch** gave me 2 of their CDs to review. *In Your Eyes* by **Niamh Kavanagh** was the Irish contribution to the **Eurovision Song Contest** this year - and it won. I can't be bothered to pretend to find Eurovision funny, nor can I be bothered to write anything ironic about this. It is the kind of sentimental drivel that Eurovision and Irish music in general are reknown for. Also, it will sell zero copies in this country, so what's the point? Demographics have also been mishandled for **Girlfriend's** eponymous debut LP. Girlfriend are 5 pretty 14-16 year olds who want to be pop stars. They will not be pop stars for the following reasons:
1/ They can't sing very well.
2/ The 80's style production and lyrics are too clueless even for the fickle pop market.
3/ The image won't sell. Older stars such as **Kim Basinger** make better masturbatory fantasies for young boys, whilst females will see Girlfriend as smug.
4/ Which limits the market to middle aged paedophiles.

When BMG realise these sad facts they will do a David Balfe and drop Girlfriend, leaving them with nothing but depression and a stunted education. And you thought I was immoral!

VIOLENT LIVES

Full name: Richard Benedict Cuom
Occupation: Nirvana Promotions Executive
Extra Curricular Activities: 3 Dimensional Design Engineer.
Favourite Drink: Chemain Trappist Beer (Belgian import).
Favoutite Drug: Beta Endorphines (!)

Johnny Violent's



Techno Revue



To translate, the nirvana refers to the fact that enterprising Richard has just opened a floatation tank centre - the first in the East Midlands. I have never floated myself - rendering my opinions on the subject null and void. However, **Company** magazine said "floating is the ultimate form of relaxation." Stroking the

soft ears of a domestic cat always does the trick for me - but as I said my opinions are null and void.

The other side to Richard's mental coin involves some artwork which you may have seen around various city centre nightclubs. The first is a photocopy of the **Waco** fire, with the legend "BURN AGAIN CHRISTIANS" emblazoned above. The second is a photograph of the **Challenger** space shuttle blowing up. Fine fun!

So, my first question to Richard was how does such a liking for relaxation compare with the voyeuristic and psychotic images?

"I think you should be true to yourself," he told me. "The inspiration for my artwork has always come from a disassociated state of mind."

So floatation relaxes the horror that you portray in the aforementioned artwork?

"Yes. I don't do artwork for morbid reasons. It's because I can't help being affected by the contradictory and ironic behavior on the planet. I feel compelled to satirise at the expense of victims of atrocity. [Yowsa!] However I am also compelled to use these images as a mirror of what is going on - to make people think."

Do you feel guilty for enjoying the atrocities that you portray?

"No. I don't enjoy it. I'm just trying to deal with it. People never seem to learn."

Are you just denying your dark side - the dark side of everyone which enjoys watching pain and suffering?
"I think we are all capable of evil. But I survive by doing things that benefit myself and others. There are good guys and bad guys."

If it was as simple as good guys and bad guys then Richard convinces me that he belongs in the former category. His heart is in the right place so I wish him every success with his tanks. Phone the float centre on (0602)528228 for an introductory session. He might even throw in a free photocopy!

THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

Recently I have been sitting up late playing scrabble - with myself. Here's a few of my favourite words, complete with scores.

ANNIHILATION (17)
ATARI (5)
CRACKED (16)
ECLIPSE (11)
ERADICATION (14)
FUCK (13)
GENOCIDE (12)
OBLIVION (13)
RAZOR (14)
SARCASM (11)

See you next month, Techlings!

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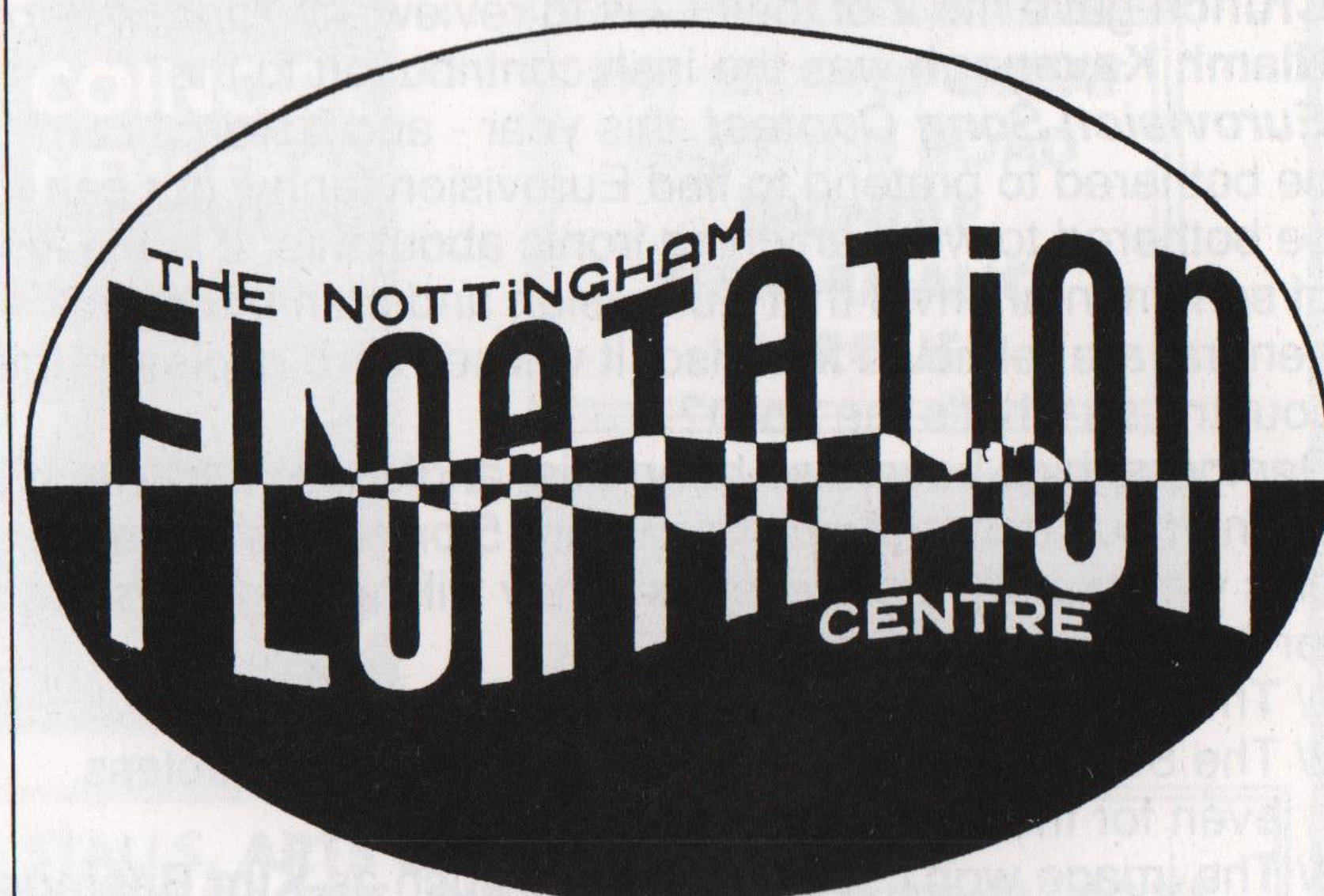
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blown to
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have since
changed their
names. The 'A'
band now wish
to be known as
'aaaaaaa';
Backslider
became 'Pouch'
just in time to
tell NME's
Sam Taylor.
Ultraviolence
has become
'Dissolve'.

Funny old
world.

ULTRAVIOLENCE / BACKSLIDER / THE 'A' BAND Nottingham Kool Kat
Ho-Hum. Another 'A' band gig, another outrage.

There seemed to be a lot of people milling about the Kool Kat very early on, but it turned out they were mostly the various bands trying to look organised. Backslider got in a soundcheck, but more of that later. First up were the 'A' band who, it must be said, played a blinder tonight. About fifteen of the buggers gathered on and around the stage, starting with a simple, droning organ tone, joining in one by one on instruments ranging from guitar through violin (nice to see ex-Wholesome Fish Derek again), walkman and trombone (equally nice to see a father-and-son brass section) to vacuum cleaner. The performance climaxed musically and visually after half an hour or so, with the most splendid discordant sweeps of sound and Stewart Walden and a "colleague" tearing off each other's clothes prior to treating us to a totally thrilling display of naked fire-breathing. So pretty were the flames that even the most insensitive in the audience felt the urge to crowd up front and witness the ensuing mayhem. Posters going up in flames...sparks flying from industrial tools...an electric guitar blazing (and many of these people have never seen Monterey Pop. Ever.) and the coup-de-grace of a Kool Kat staffer rushing up to turn off the power and let fly with a fire extinguisher. This was the dry power type. He used it liberally. What better way to end the show than with a smoke machine provided by the management? Most of the audience fled through the fire exit, thus missing the touching harmonica solo by a Compact Youghit Machine person. Lovely.

Back to Backslider. Due to the late start, I had to rush home to see off the babysitter and catch the Professional Latin finals of the U.K. Dance Championships, but I did see Pouch's sound check, which was surely as long as their set (assuming they could find their gear under that mound of white powder). It went on and ON, my dears. It went on for so long that half the 'A' Band were seen clearing off to the Old Angel. Then the other half. Then they came back and guess what....? You got it. Backslider were doing their soundcheck. Now it would be churlish to assess their music from this experience, but I must ask, why do so many of these young punk/grunge (punge?) bands take themselves so seriously? Why so p-faced and earnest? Don't they want to have FUN while they play? Do they actually like music? Do they feel guilty about not making the best use of the equipment their parents bought them? Alas, I missed Ultraviolence which is a shame as he sounds like good fun, and I missed D.J. Euphoria. A final point; as an Overall fundraiser the night was not an unqualified success. Where were you all? Two quid is dead cheap for what is on offer, but paying customers were about as thick on the ground as Overall proof readers. Shame on you all! It's no good having a shit hot listings magazine lying around for the taking if no-one's prepared to support it.

End of message.

Phil Scorzonera

THE BUZZCOCKS

Sheffield The Leadmill

Shelley and Diggle haven't lost it at all, they just took a thirteen year break between Buzzcocks albums. The cynical who didn't want to see a bunch of old farts ripping off geriatric punks missed a night to remember. New album *Trade Transmissions* is a spunky effort which is tossed off as though *Another Music In a Different Kitchen* was something they did last week. The punters were a mix of old punks, punks not old enough to have seen them in their prime, and those for whom the name 'Buzzcocks' is just a reference point mentioned in passing in interviews by Morrissey and Senseless Things. How they revelled in those two-minute lovelorn tearjerkers that you played in your bedroom when thinking about how you'd got blown out at the disco. Newer material provided the bulk of the first half of the show, Shelley's *Palm Of Your Hand* being a cocksure update of *Orgasm Addict*. "The instruments of pleasure are at the ends of your sleeves" wailed Pete. Oooh, he is a one isn't he? Diggle's *Unthinkable* sounds like a sure fire hit, but Buzzcocks are so uncool aren't they? Soooo old! They'll never get played on the radio. Overenthusiastic stage-divers put paid to Shelley's guitar on the final encore of *Boredom* and he ended up having to sing that famous two note solo. Weird how all the punks are growing dreads and turning into hippies these days, then back come Buzzcocks. Does history really repeat itself the second time as farce, or are we just surfing on a wave of nostalgia for an age yet to come? Oooh, I feel sixteen again!

Roland Gent

THE WAITING LIST

Nottingham The Narrowboat

They've been off our screens for a while, apparently involved in recording and regrouping, but here are Nottingham's most loveable (?) punk-folk-rockers, back onstage for gig number one of the "Hit And Run Tour", whatever that is. And re-grouped they are, with last year's guitar-mangling cut back to an acoustic-led sound, still left-field and pushy, but cleaner and clearer than before, and all the better for it. Drums and keyboards are handled by a black box in the corner (the dawn of techno-folk?), Ian is behind a 12 string a la Ziggy Stardust, snarling and charming through the melodies like a choirboy gone wrong, while J.B. and new guitarist Haddon (fresh from the Strummer/Simeon/Jones Academy) prowl the corners of the stage looking narked.

Half the set is still recognisable, though words and tunes shine through now. 1991's Mikoyan makes a welcome return, but is beaten in the moodiness stakes by a new chunk of slow atmospheric called Ford Madonna. Two more newcomers, a brooding rocker *Outside Looking Out* (the poor alienated things!) and the delicate ballad *Old Angels*, both played for the first time tonight, have 'the next single' pencilled on them. Current single *Startrippers* is sparse by comparison with the record, but still haunting. Good to see TWL back...good to see they've cleaned up the sound: now can they clean up Nottingham? They need the fame and fortune....they look like they ain't eaten in months. Thin immaculate, indeed.

Rob McKenna



R CAJUN & THE ZYDECO BROTHERS / FLATVILLE ACES / LE RUE
Swamp On Tour Nottingham MGM

Take three bands playing variations on an obscure blues/country offshoot from French Louisiana and they pack out a glitzy Nottingham nightclub on a Wednesday night with a crowd composed of everything from retired bank managers, straight couples, students and utter mad bastards, all of whom either leap about or do two-steps, waltzes and other arcane dances. I've no idea why, except that this stuff does sound pretty good when you're shitfaced and out for a no-bollocks-involved good time. Arriving halfway through Le Rue's set I was confronted with a stageful of cowboys going through some mean motions. Covering all the redneck bases (from Hank Williams' *Jambalaya* to a *Hellbound Train* with enough feedback and distortion to keep My Bloody Valentine interested) they touched down on waltzes (played fast), cry in the beer stuff (played fast) and a lot more besides. Pierre Le Rue is a Stetson-On-A-Stick with a lethal and much abused fiddle rammed under his chin while he sings, sounding for all the world like the bastard son of Dwight Yoakam and John Cale. The rest of the band, minus Stetsons, dodgy shirts and (in some cases) advancing years, might be trying for a spot in a noise outfit at times, walk-ons in *Deliverance* at others. Not bad at all. Upstairs, during the changeover, the Flatville Aces ran through a quieter, more traditional acoustic set of cajun numbers, gently swinging and so totally faithful to the original sound that it's hard to believe they're from Hampshire (or somewhere). A skilled bunch of musicians, they were less to my taste, though their set did witness my one aborted attempt to do a proper two step under the instruction of a complete stranger, and the lack of space on the balcony did not stop the crowd from dancing. File under 'very good at what they do if you like that sort of thing'. R Cajun were a different kettle of fish altogether. The dancefloor was a seething mass of bodies before they'd finished their first intro and just got more packed as they went on. "From the swamps and bayous of deepest Derby" they hammered out a whole set of loud, irresistible dance music, everything from Cajun and Zydeco tunes to country and original material, which was mostly headlong mixdowns of all the above. By half eleven I was so knackered I could barely stand. One day someone's going to run this headfirst into the techno/dub underground and produce a killer dance track, adding yet more variety to the most eclectic mix of people I've seen at a single gig this year. Until then this will do nicely.

Wayne Burrows

THE NEW CRANES / SIMON FRIEND
REV HAMMER / PHIL CHEVRON
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
Nottingham Rock City

This was a charity special to raise money for "Putting Our House In Order". Seven Little Sisters laid the foundations of tonight's development. An excellent set of cajun, folk and rehashed country songs made sure that the construction was not going to sink into the sand. They reworked a number of 1940's and 50's country songs into very catchy folk-rock tunes. After thirty minutes they departed from the site sweaty and happy. Anticipation swept over everyone. Unfortunately expectations were not lived up to. Phil Chevron appeared and proceeded to bore us. There's nothing like a good solo artist and his guitar and Phil Chevron was nothing like a good solo artist and his guitar. The foundations were about to crumble, but a reappearance of the Seven Little Sisters combining with Chevron made sure that the scaffolding was erected just in time. Rev Hammer followed, and it seemed as if only the foreman had turned up. A poor man's Billy Bragg, the house we were attempting to put in order came very close to being condemned. The crowd were becoming

impatient for a Leveller or more to appear. Simon Friend delivered the building materials in the nick of time. The crowd grew keener and it appeared that we'd renovated the ground floor and were about to move up to the second floor. In fact we went straight through the roof! The New Cranes excelled themselves. All familiar, excellent material, the New Cranes, like The Levellers, have made folk-rock fashionable. Even Sonic Youth have failed to achieve the atmosphere and enthusiasm which this Derby five piece did tonight. *Man's Inhumanity*, *Box of Shadows*, *Drag my Body Down* and *Frontline* were major earthquakes that nearly caused the building to crumble. I've never seen anything like it at Rock City before. Simply superb, the New Cranes put the house in order and the whole estate was very close to completion. *Gimme Shelter* played by all the artists that had appeared finished the show off to perfection. It's a shame that there had to be such a gig as this; as John Fat Beast (compere for the evening) said it is the government's fault. They have messed up and it really shouldn't be up to us to put our hands in our pockets to make up for them; but we did and it's good to see that charity really does begin at home.

MAX

MEGA CITY FOUR
Birmingham The Jug of Ale

Tonight sees Farnborough's finest playing the sort of venue their ever expanding following probably thought they had left behind for good. Four years ago Mega City Four would have been hard pressed to fill this 140 capacity room above a pub. Nowadays it's a secret gig for information service members only and the condensation is dripping from the walls. An abundance of various tour T-shirts bears testimony to Wiz & Co.'s love of the live event, and with the promise of material drawn from throughout their short but prolific life-span, the Megas are out to enjoy themselves. Five songs into the set, however, a major problem becomes evident. The floor is in danger of giving way and much more frantic activity from the mosh pit could see the band playing downstairs (broken limbs permitting.) Frantic requests from the side of the stage result in Wiz's plea for us all to stop jumping up and down and stand still. He laughs as he says it in recognition of the absurdity of such a request. Any suggestion of earnest is lost anyway with the opening chords of *Awkward Kid* followed by *Words That Say* and it's the final warning time. The pub bouncers move to the front of the stage as the band launch into *Finish*. It's a surreal sight, two men in tuxedos attempting to intimidate a hundred odd people into a motionless state. With the stage side amps looking on the verge of collapse and an apologetic word Wiz, they decide to call a truce and end the evening chaos.

Mega City Four are masters of the guitar driven socio-political pop song. Oh, and they don't write songs to stand still to either.

Andy Lowe

TOTAL FREQUENCY/ JMC/ BY D-ZINE/
K.I.D./ M.S.D.

Nottingham The Kool Kat

Although you may not be aware of it, there is a rap scene in Nottingham, which thanks to the efforts of a handful of people, is going from strength to strength. It is positively bursting with raw, exciting, new talent proving that not all British rap is crap.

JMC kicked off proceedings with his now almost legendary "super fast" mic check which never fails to impress. Widely regarded as the daddy of local hip hop, his crucial, perceptive raps always contain a brutal attack on our harsh social reality. However, the highlight of the night was the appearance of Total Frequency. Nottingham's brightest rising rap stars, tonight's brief set is evidence that these two guys have matured and improved in the last year. Every aspect of their style is better than it has ever been; tighter beats, cooler samples and a sharper delivery, Total Frequency are totally wicked! Look out for their new demo *Bring Up the Bass*.

The other three acts featured tonight were also very entertaining. Particularly impressive were the lyrical skills of By D-Zine and K.I.D., gifted rappers who both produced some kickin' sounds, each greeted with rowdy cheerful roars. Finally, M.S.D. finished the night off with some mellow swingbeat accompanied by a talented young man whose smooth soulful voice had a pleasing effect. A rare and excellent night of hip hop proving that Nottingham does possess rap talent worthy of attention; there should be more events of this nature, and more gigs from these bands. They need the experience and this is a town deprived of regular rap entertainment.

John Micallef



HUMANS / THE WAITING LIST (pictured) Hull The Haworth

Songs eh? Those brilliant things that get remembered decades after they were written. Now that bands like the Manics, Auteurs and P.J. Harvey have put hard-edged songwriting back on the agenda, gigs like tonight's really show up the 'baggy phenomenon' as the mindless trash it truly was. They may prowl around the stage in sulky black gear and trashy jewellery, and hammer their guitars like men on the edge on a nervous breakdown, but The Waiting List's set wrings out words and melodies that honestly bring a lump to the throat....when they aren't tempting you to lace up yer DMs and trample the nearest politician. The downright strangeness and intensity of the semi-acoustic songs like *Happy War* (*Xmas Is Over*) hold the crowd tense, despite their quietness, but the band are also able to suddenly turn everything to max and get the punks at the front wound up with flat-out, bitter thrashes like *Mrs. Poverty* and *Half Life* with its spine-tingling aboriginal sounding bass-synth. Ian spits out the poetry like his life depends on it. It probably does. You can't beat good songs played with passion, and TWL got both. (It's also good to look skinny and cool, and they do that too. Bastards!)

Humans also know their way round an emotive chord change and a cunning lyric, and though they don't go for the aggression TWL, their sound has a subliminal jazz, or funk, (or something) feel, that seduces the crowd into dance-mode, with a smooth, intelligent power that reminded me of Steely Dan, for some reason. Vastly entertaining stuff, with an awesome slide show that beats anything I've seen a pro band using recently.

Rob McKenna

FUSE / THE MARYS
Nottingham Rock City

It wasn't cold, it wasn't even winter but Fuse and The Marys (two Doncaster bands), certainly showed us that it's cold up north. The bombardment on the senses can only be compared to being in the midst of a snow storm. Both bands sit perfectly on a line that runs somewhere between grunge, metal and heavy rock. They take small flakes of each and pack it into a sound of their own.

The Marys started as a small shower but soon the heavens opened and a blizzard of metallic funk rock, not dissimilar to the Red Hot Chili Peppers occurred. There was no let up, a maelstrom of intensity, frantic drumming, frenzied guitars and vocals hit you right in the face.

The storm ended with Fuse. The snow had settled and the children came out to play. They built snowballs, massive ones slowly rolling down hill getting bigger and heavier, more energetic and aggressive as they went on. In 40 minutes they had become a mass of intensity as more people joined the moshpit rejoicing in the aftermath of The Marys blizzard.

This was the second time Fuse had played Rock City, the second time they'd impressed. Eventually it ended as the DJ brought a thaw to Disco 2.

MAX

BLUR/ DARLINGHEART
Leicester University

Darlingheart would make an excellent headline act. Two girls and two guys, attractive vocalist Cora reminding me of Silverfish's Leslie. With an apparent fixation for pizza (How many times did you refer to that pizza you had for tea, Cora?), their music is totally unlike I'd first imagined. From Fife in 'bonny' Scotland, images of Deacon Blue or Texas came to mind, but instead we were treated to a heavy brew of Cultesque riffs, but with an undefinable element that sets them apart.

Blur seem to have pulled themselves from that swamp of eternal drudgery they landed in during their last album and are now reliving their youth, the late 70's in the early 90's. Damon's appearance on stage was that of a circa '79 'Rude Boy!' With this firmly in mind he proceeded with an assumed arrogance which mirrored the music perfectly. The better early material was carefully interwoven with the new, a sound which has a definite 'Punkish' feel. The songs have an added edge that hits you in the face, inclined to slap you around a bit before leaving. An utterly bizarre atmosphere. Did we slip into a time warp somewhere?

Nick James & Lyndon Bosworth

RIBBON TEARS
Derby The Where House

The carnival really did come to town when the Ribbon Tears supported The Trashcan Sinatras (aply named, they were garbage). Undeterred by the lack of bodies, they proceeded to deliver a short, sharp and very effective shock to the small but enthusiastic crowd. Visually, there are Suede overtones, but thankfully, comparisons with Brett and Co end here, although conversely, if Suede had any balls/ovaries, they would probably sound like the Ribbon Tears! Being clever bastards, the band lull you into a false sense of security during the opening bars of their first number, as a seductive and alluring bassline lures you to its bosom, before the guitar explodes into a barrage of sledgehammer chords ripping mercilessly through the heart. From then on the band take you on an adrenalin rush through a rollercoaster of sounds and influences (post man(i)c power pop?) ranging from one of the best punk songs never to be recorded (subject matter being something along the lines of Jesus going to Manchester), right through to a hypnotic love song which brings the show to a powerful climax. In conclusion, with the sad realisation that anything remotely challenging and successful these days would appear to be of American origination (justifiably so or not) there does appear to be signs of the empire striking back (Molly Halfhead, Wishplants etc), and on tonight's performance I've a feeling that the Ribbon Tears can (and deserve to be) at the forefront of any such movement.

George Lucas

THYROID SPEAKERS
Nottingham Rock City, Disco 2

Tonight, as a gig, it was a tad strange. Various members of the audience seemed to have their own personal songs, and took it in turns to dance whether it was the mad rush from side to side-slam bam, or the swivel of the hips with the head down, or the hands behind the back with your head stuck in a food mixer shuffle. Everyone took their turn, at least once. For some weird reason, it reminded me of some of the early Hip Hop jams I used to go to. Anyway.... The beauty of the Thyroid Speakers is that they do not stay with one sound, each song sounded a little different from the last one. They play indie pop punk, but it is not your normal heard-it-all before dribble. They are taking this very often stale, dull, predictable sound a step further. This three piece have a bunch of ideas which are going to produce some amazing results in the near future. The first two songs came across as a dub/reggae experiment laced with punk undertones. They then paced themselves through an impressive set of songs. Numbers such as *Fish*, *Mind Revolution* and the awesome *No Problem*. Here we got to hear the wonderful lines "I get the preacher man, preaching infront of me/He might as well masturbate, its all the same you see." Now that is one hell of a lyric. Ace. Tony provided the words and the guitar, Chris thumped his bass and Kristian smacked his small drum kit. If they were to walk past you in the street, you would know that they were in a band, a great band at that. Tony is a tall bugger, thin as a pencil, and has all the qualifications of making a great frontman. After their show I felt excited, thrilled and extremely happy. I bounced all the way home.

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ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER
Colchester Arts Centre

"A night of international performance poetry to savour headlined by poet, songwriter, anarcho-cyclist Attila", read the promotional literature. Someone forgot to inform the scriptwriter of Mr. Stockbroker's many other attributes, which include thrash metal style mandolin playing, politically sound left-of-centre comic, professional Brighton and Hove Albion supporter, and ultra-keen flat fish angler. As the evening progressed, Attila's performance managed to incorporate all the above and more into a performance which although lacking in any central theme, still managed to remain cohesive; Slough's favourite son could indeed be interpreted as being the first post-modern Carp enthusiast.

Before any activities on stage commenced, the evening set a high standard with the quite marvellous choice of music over the P.A.—Top Cat, Scooby Doo and The Flintstones in particular being well received. Further examination of this choice of genre reveals that this was no coincidence; the issues that Attila addresses throughout his songs and poetry reflect a feeling of uneasiness as we rapidly approach the millennium, and a desire to return to the innocent values and culture of 1960's/70's childhood when Saturdays meant Tiswas, kicking a ball around the local park and too much over-indulgence in Hubba Bubba Bubblegum (strawberry flavour).

Being the crazy, rock and roll type character that he is, Attila has just returned from a stadium (?) tour of Australia (I can't imagine what they made of his obsession with Crystal Palace taunts). He found time to engage in some local talent spotting by exporting two other poets who were appearing on the same bill tonight; Steven Herrick entertains us first with his collection of poems that reflect the problems associated with the expectations of a male-orientated, lager-consuming, Sheila-bashing Aussie lifestyle—especially so if this paradigm doesn't include you. The emotion of his delivery was carried with conviction to an audience who found it possible to relate to these concerns, despite the subject matter being far removed from Sunny Colchester (or are they?).

The second guest poet was David Eggleton whose style of delivery is highly unique. The speed and rhythm that he is able to generate caused a few initial problems as the audience had to find time to adjust to this new style of approach. He reminded me of some form of hybrid between Lou Reed and the Rebel MC, and I could quite easily anticipate his poetry being performed behind a drum machine as his delivery was nothing short of rap. Imagine the chaos that is expressed in the lyrics of REM's *It's The End Of The World* plus a little psycho-analytic type lyrics exploring the mind of David Eggleton and the result is a rather frightening conclusion of the insecurity an individual may face when attempting to relate to the post-modern world. What I find fascinating about both poets however is that although their cultural backgrounds are alien to most of the audience, the issues that they address manage to find some level of empathy. They express concern about the systematic erosion of Australian culture by U.S. cultural hegemony, an issue which is also of relevance to this country, and no doubt many others as well.

"Beer break" shouts Attila, but not likely mate at the ridiculous prices that the Arts Centre charges. Upon return, an audience eagerly awaits. Anyone who is on speaking terms with Billy Bragg and Sir Francis of Sidebottom is surely worth a listen in my reckoning. We are introduced to Attila's mandolin, rather appallingly named Nelson-Nelson Mandolin. Few people laugh. What follows however is a set of songs which are played to various recognisable tunes but with lyrics that are far removed from the sentiments expressed in the original words. Thus *Puppet On A String* becomes *Doggie On A String*, a song celebrating the lifestyle of travellers and *Somewhere Over The Rainbow* is re-worked by Attila to reflect upon the events of the bombing of the Greenpeace boat *Rainbow Warrior*. My favourite however must be *Save The Whale* which becomes an anthem to "Captain" Bob Maxwell. As a self-confessed Brighton and Hove Albion anorak, life must be rather mundane; there are surely only so many occasions when one can reflect upon THAT miss by Gordon Smith during the 1983 FA Cup Final. Not so for Attila. Not only does he somehow find the inspiration to write a poem all about the said event, but in addition a song is dedicated to Crystal Palace which includes many references to carrots and pleasure rides up and down Brighton beach. Nelson is then replaced by the spoken word, and it is here that Attila is able to capture the audience most convincingly as the irony in his delivery of political poems conveys a feeling of a deep political mistrust. Few bastions of the Establishment are left untouched as Attila's repertoire finds time to attack the royal family, the police and the criminal justice system. After raising our political emotions to an almost revolutionary momentum, the evening is left to reflect upon a sorry tale of unrequited love, *Mountaineering In Belgium*.

Tricky Skills Jase

* 668-The Neighbour Of The Beast Tour
continues around the country throughout June,
culminating in an appearance at this year's
Glastonbury Festival.

MESSIAH/ 3s UP/ SPEC B/ MAESTRO
Nottingham The Old Angel

I recognise some of these people from The Runner. It's The Crabs minus Harry with a new frontman. This must be one of the duo who took over the mics at Harry's last gig, blew the "regulars" minds and The Crabs chances of ever playing there again. Never mind; change is stability. They didn't sit around moaning 'now what are we gonna do on Sunday nights?' like some of their fans did, they got on with it and created a new scene.

"Welcome to The Running Horse," quipped Tass, faced with another all-seated crowd as the band proceeded through the set with the air of session musicians who just want to finish and go home. New frontman Eugene uses more energy than the rest of them combined. I only wish I could make out the words. *Running Scared* and *Take It Or Leave It* are titles that stuck, but there were many words to contend with tonight. This event was a breath of fresh air; an Afro-Caribbean/Anglo Saxon collaboration of New Cultural implications that both Joe Public and Public Houses could use more often. The poet Maestro is up for a brief stint advising *Live Your Life For Today*, followed by Spec B's set of "lyric, not poetry" including one called *Hyson Green*, sad because, although written some years ago, all the problems spoken of still remain or have worsened. Although in danger of losing the audience through talking too long, the closing *Heatwave* was pointed enough to draw the deserved applause. One thing with which all repressed minorities agree: "We want a voice!" Maybe Spec B went on so long 'cos he knew that some musicians were absent. Nevertheless, making a note to sack the whole band, he went on with the brave Messiah to perform a capella, four close vocal harmonies (Spec, Neil, Trevor and Jean) silencing the audience into reverence and bringing a tear to at least one eye (he told me later) with their beautiful (*All these things together spell*) MOTHER, which we were assured will be released for Mother's Day '94. That would solve the 'flowers or chocolates?' dilemma.

SOLID STATE
COALITION/ABSOLUTION

Nottingham Bobby Brown's Café

It was in this same venue a few years ago where I first heard Vibes, in all their youthful naivety trying to jump the bandwagon of Nottingham's poorly manufactured "funk scene" (where are they now?) (*It's called Stak It Up*—Ed.). Gone is the ice maiden Mandy (boo!) and Duncan the drummer who couldn't rap (hooray!) to be replaced with some warmth and vitality respectively. With a new name and purpose, this was the first time Absolution had enjoyed a p.a. big enough to hear themselves play and for sure it won't be the last because they aren't yet satisfied.

Funnily enough they used to call Harry "The Yorkshire Rapper", till the Crabs frontman and local luminary went off to New Orleans, ending a two year residency at The Running Horse and leaving behind a group of musicians tighter than a Grolsch top. Even before He had left, a new set was being conceived—enter Eugene, an up front rapper giving it some and then some more on floor toms to the remaining trio's reggae and rock patterns. In answer to the purists who ask him why he's doing "this rock thing", he simply lets the band play and we're into Run DMC territory with the only group in town who could pull it off.

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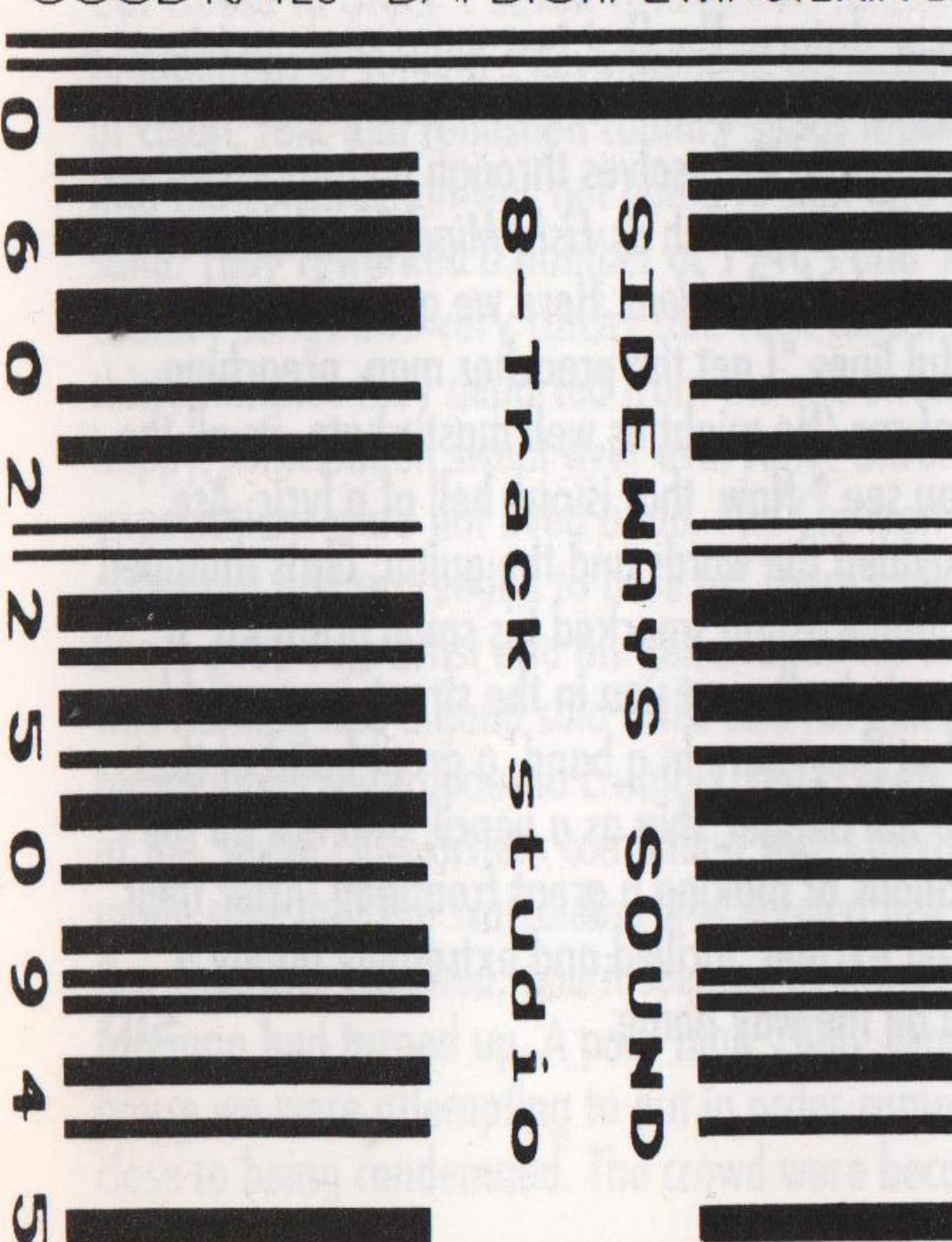
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allotment

A seasonal column
of rumination on
the subject of

GARDENING AND POPULAR CULTURE

Taking a break from earthing up the leeks the other day, I was perched on the compost bin rolling a fag when I suddenly thought, "Rizla or Swan? Which should I use?" It's not easy being moral, when you don't have all the facts. Take this, for example. Browsing through my singles collection for the first time in ages, I came across a little gem from those balmy, barmy days of punk. Sandwiched snugly between Zig Zag magazine's Red Crayola/13th Floor Elevators flexi and Swell Maps Real Shocks EP was You're So Dumb/Better Off Crazy, issued on Chiswick NS 11-A in 1977 as the first single by unknown punk rock group Skrewdriver. And I must say it really is jolly good sixteen years on. Trouble is, of course, sixteen years on we all know Skrewdriver as irredeemable fascists skinheads and I, for one, wouldn't dream of buying one of their records as I know full well that most of the proceeds would find their way into the coffers of White Noise, Blood & Honour or some other avowedly racist, neo-Nazi and generally thoroughly unpleasant organisation. So where does that leave my copy of You're So Dumb? Should I smash it to bits and sling it in the Wheelie bin, perhaps, or turn it into a seed tray and use it to grow cress in? Well, no. A good song is a good song, I say, and although I wouldn't dream of buying a Skrewdriver record nowadays, I am not of the opinion that only 'good' people make 'good' music. Or films. Or paintings. Or books or stained glass windows or anything else you care to mention. In fact, it is only in rare cases such as Skrewdriver's that we, the consumers, are given the information to decide whether or not a given artist is 'good' or 'bad'.

I think most of Nick Cave's work, except his tedious 'novel', is absolutely wonderful, but I may well find him extremely boring company or even wholly objectionable as a person (but then, as he said to me one evening, "Do you know of any good clubs round here?" But that's another story). Steve Reich, the highly respected and politically aware composer of modern plinky-plonky music, says, "I think of Weill and Eisler... both were good Germans in a bad time, perhaps good socialists in a fascist time. As a Jew in Germany at that time I would have been glad to have them both on my side. But, alas, Eisler's music comes across to me as heavy handed, dogged...his music is a bore, I believe. Kurt Weill was a musical genius. He has a lightness, an irony. The music continues to live whatever its political content.. I believe Wagner was an anti-Semite, Wagner was a proto-Nazi. Wagner was the kind of man I would have been happy to draw in my sights with a rifle and blow his brains out. But Wagner is also a great composer. And you just gotta lump it."

You could substitute Tom Robinson for Eisler and God knows who from the current canon of 'respected' rock/pop type people for Wagner and the general sentiment may hold, except WE DON'T KNOW what most of these people are like. We DO know that TRB were admirable if dull. But hang on a minute. Why should you take any notice of this sanctimonious rambling when for all you know I could be a hard core sexist, racist, homophobic, omnivore? Well, you just have to take me at my word that I am, indeed, all of these things on occasions, except the omnivore bit, because, like the rest of you, I can control what I put into my body much easier than I can control the thoughts which come into my head. But I try, honest. Do you? So, Rizla or Swan? Which one uses the animal glue? I'd hate to think I was...well, y'know.

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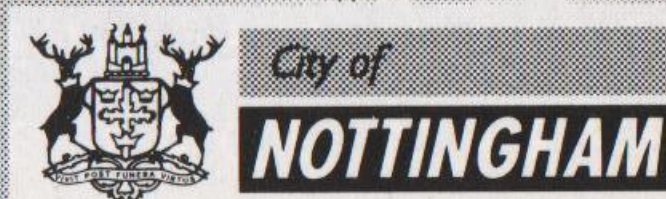
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