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OVERALL

There is a Smell of Fried Onions

VOL. 3 # 4 October 1993 FREE

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MIDLANDS
ARTS



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Wednesday 13th October

Wednesday 20th October

Wednesday 27th October
Wednesday 3rd November
Wednesday 10th November

Wednesday 17th November

Wednesday 24th November

Wednesday 1st December
Wednesday 8th December

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**THE JAZZ
& ROOTS
Mix**

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Jazz Jamaica
Marcus Garvey Centre, Lenton
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Django Bates' Delightful
Precipice
Congregational Centre, Castle Gate,
Nottingham

Ti Jaz

Joe Walker's Zydeco Band

Edward Vesala's Sound
& Fury
Congregational Centre, Castle Gate,
Nottingham

Joe Louis Walker and the
Bosstalkers

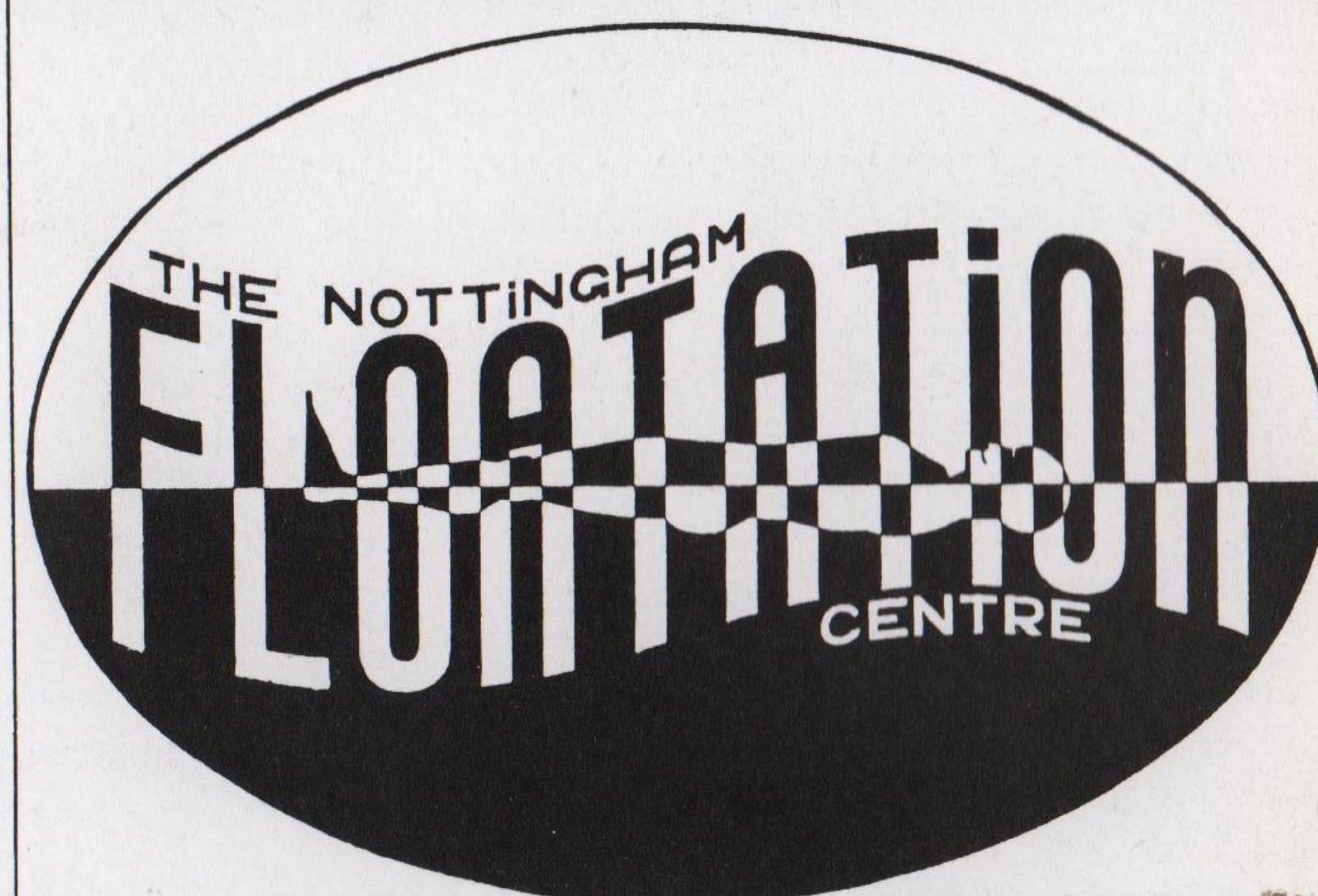
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Little Whore?"

Ernest Ranglin and Friends

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Tel : (0602) 528228

It's all about timing

Rock City starts a fortnightly comedy evening on
Sunday 10th, with **Harry Hill**, **Al Murray** and
Boothby Graffoe. Membership (compulsory, in
advance) is free, tickets £4. **Ben Elton**, **Lenny Henry**
and **Mark Steel** are also out and about the region this
month (see listings,) no doubt trying to cheer up all the
returning students who had forgotten the joys of a
damp autumn in the East Midlands.
The **Jazz & Roots Mix** runs from now up until
December 8th. Based at **The Old Vic** and running
every Wednesday evening it offers a healthy mix of
Blues, Soukous, Cajun, Zydeco and "Breton Jazz."
Leicester **Haymarket Theatre** presents **Stephen
Sondheim's Pacific Overtures**. Dealing with effects of
Western Imperialism and the opening up of Japan it
combines elements of traditional Japanese theatre with
Broadway and runs from 14th October till the 6th Nov.
Apparently there is a road planned from the M1 at
Hucknall to the Trent at Colwick. Pressure group **Stop
The Orbital Proposal** are dead set against this for
the usual reasons and also because it includes a scheme
to build 25,000 new houses and industrial and retail
estates. It is not known how many long-term
unemployed homeless have rallied to the cause.

RELEASES

Described as "The Pixies fronted by Pat Benatar",
Seattle foursome **Hammerbox** released their first
album for **A&M** on Sept 13th. Bualding plane-spotter
Gary Numan is about to make a resurgence with the
re-release of his '79 hit *Cars* and a forthcoming tour.
Cars will be available in all formats with various
gimmicks thrown in, all on the theme of cars. Those
other legendary seminal superstars **Redd Kross**
release a new album *Phaseshifter* on **This Way Up
Records**. Promising to "encapsulate the wild fury of
lolloping guitars" this too will come with a free
gimmick—a cool after-school special cotton carrier bag.
Trojan Records saw no need for gimmicks with two
releases in one day, firstly a tribute CD to the 'Queen of
Reggae' herself, *Put A Little Love In Your Heart - The
Best of Marcia Griffiths from 1969 to 1974* which
includes the duet with **Bob Andy**, *Young, Gifted &
Black* which shot her to international fame. The second
Trojan release *Down On Bond Street* features legendary
saxophonist **Tommy McCook** with his band **The
Supersonics**. All 20 classic tracks recorded in 1966-68
during the Rocksteady era, produced by top Jamaican
producer **Duke Reid**. Fresh from their gig at Reading
Jesus Lizard have released *Lash* a 6 track single (?)
featuring 2 new songs and 4 live ones from their
previous 3 albums. Available on CD, cassette and a
kinky triple pack 7". Fellow Reading players **Babes In
Toyland** also have a live/studio offering out, the
budget album *Painkillers*. **Ben Shepherd** and **Matt
Cameron** have taken time out from **Soundgarden** to
create **Hater**. Featuring ex-**Monster Magnet**
guitarist **John McBain** amongst others **Hater** have
vowed not to tour, so catch **Hater** the album out now.
Diamanda Galas, described as 'The greatest vocal
performer of her generation' is back with a recording
of her latest performance work *Vena Cava* on **Mute
Records**. Returning to her earlier themes of
schizophrenia, cathartic obsession and psychic violence
Vena Cava explores the destruction of the mind through
the related illnesses of clinical depression and AIDS
dementia. **Wiiiija Records** have three new offerings.
Some Hearts Paid To Lie is a twin 7" compilation
featuring **Linus**, **Pussycat Trash**, **Comet Again** and
Skinhead Teen—three 15 year old school kids.
Jacob's Mouse release the single *Good* on 4th
October and **Huggy Bear** have their singles
compilation *Taking The Rough With The Smooth* out
now for no more than £5.99. **James'** new album *Laid*,

firstofall:

produced by old knob-fiddler **Brian Eno**, is out now.
Wishplants' debut LP gets released this month, as
does **Kingmaker's** EP and **Skyscraper's** single. Out
already, *Infamy* from **Engine Alley** and *Roses In The
Hospital* from **Manic Street Preachers** who recently
slumped to new depths by supporting **Bon Jovi**.
Earache Records have 6 albums out this month;
Desensitized from **Pitchshifter**, **Carcass** with
Heartwork, **Lawnmower Deth** back with **Billy**, and
debut albums from ex-**Napalm Death** **Shane
Embury's Blood From The Soul** with *To Spite The
Gland That Bleeds*, *Brutality Of War* from **Disgust**,
featuring members of **Discharge** and **Extreme
Noise Terror**, and **A.C.** with *Everyone Should Be
Killed*. Last but not least, new signing **Ultraviolence**
kicks off with his *Destructor* EP. '80's skateboard
thrashers **The Stupids** have released a 33 track
compilation CD incorporating 11 previously unreleased
songs. **Rock 'n' Reggae** headliners **Senser** have
their second single *The Key/No Comply* out now on
ultimate and are coming to **The Leadmill** on 3rd
October. **Nation Records' Cass Hustler's H.C.** has
the vinyl/cassette *Let the Hustlers Play/Big Trouble in
Little Asia* out this month. Stablemates **Trans-Global
Underground's Dream Of 100 Nations** double album
is in the shops now as is **Fun-Da-Mental's** single
Countryman/Tribal Revolution. On tour together they
hit the **Marcus Garvey Centre** on 22nd and
Sheffield and **Leicester Universities** on 25th and
28th respectively. *Some Fantastic Place* is the new
album from **Squeeze** on **A&M**; they play **Derby
Assembly Hall** on 4th and **Nottingham Royal
Centre** on 5th. **Tall** have their debut single out this
month and play the **Hippo** on 27th. Former Pixie **Kim
Deal** brings her new band **The Breeders** to Rock City
on the 4th support by **Urge Overkill** and **Luscious
Jackson**. Lexicographer of the obscure or Satanic
Nazi? Either way **Boyd Rice** has teamed up with **Rose
McDowall** of Strawberry Switchblade fame to form
Spell. Their first (vinyl-only) album *Seasons in the sun*,
out on Halloween, is a testament to classic 60's pop
songs obsessed with love and death. *Big Red Balloon*,
taken from the album, is out on October 11th.

Got your demo results? Don't panic!

"Mother Records is a new label with a mandate to sign,
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Contact Richard Brown, Mother Records, 1 Sussex Place,
Hammersmith, London W6. Tel. 081 746 5288.

Overall gigs at the Filly & Firkin on Mansfield Road
continue in October with **Fathead** (1st), **Television
Overdose/CODE/Ultraviolence** (2nd), **Blind Mole
Rat** (15th), **Crunchbird/EB & The System** (23rd),
Lung/G.R.O.W.T.H. (29th), **Dr. Egg** (30th).
And into November with Co-creators(5th), **Suns of
Arqa** (6th), **Subtrance/Solid State Coalition** (12th),
Neverland (19th), **Gonzo Salvage Company** (20th),
Pinski Zoo (26th), **Sad/Bug** (27th).
* A special all day event takes place on Saturday 13th
Nov. midday till 11pm. *A Tribute to the Late Genius of
David Bowie*, seven acts in all will each perform a
selection of music from a different Bowie era. Bands
paying tribute will be **Bloody Lovely**, **Wholesome Fish**,
Ultraviolence, **Mustard Rock**, **Ringsnatch**, **SWANC** and
Paul Needham (and a very special guest!).

overall
THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

OCTOBER 1993

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Photo: Gavin Evans

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OVERPLAY: The fried hitlist

- 1) LIZ PHAIR: Exile in Guyville (Matador)
2) DIAMANDA GALAS: Vena Cava (Mute)
3) SPELL: Seasons in the Sun (Mute)
4) STARLESS (Demo)
5) MUSTARD ROCK: R.O.C.K.E. (Demo)
6) CRAZY BEAT DEMONS: U.F.O (Demo)
7) PARALLAX: Bullet Proof Zero (Mute)
8) CREEP (LIVE): Radiohead (Parlaphone)
9) THE POETS: Shooting Star (Parlaphone)

Contributors: Wayne Burrows, Ewa
Kowalski, Milo F. Kelly, Martin Thomas,
John Micallef, Christine Chapel, Will
Irvine, Richard Jones, Tony Fisher,
Simon Bennett, Rachel Allen and
Phil Scorzoner
Published by: Paul, Will and
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Special thanks to: Chris the Resource,
Graham the Printer, Nigel the Finisher
Overall

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NG7 4DG
Tel/Fax (0602) 240351

vinolution:



VARIOUS *Global Sweatbox* (Nation)

TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND

Templehead/ I, Voyager (Nation)

LOOP GURU *Paradigm Shuffle* (Nation)

Whilst the contemporary British dance scene continues to divide into increasingly small and invariably purist sub genres, the resulting trend has been towards thousands of big fish in hundreds of small ponds. Ironically perhaps, in a time of the ever shrinking world, the opening up of borders and global technology every wide-eyed, narrow-visioned guppy seems to be swimming with the mildest of streams in the hope of being on the all important elitist "right tip". Walls erected, borders imposed. It makes you wonder whether people really feel music any more, but simply think it. The point of this observation is that there exists many flourishing labels in this country who swim self assuredly against the stream. People that feel music, not image, and in so doing create new, exciting and fresh styles. People who don't desperately aim to create exclusive sub divisions on the sub genre. People that don't yearn for that crossover 'garage', American sounding hit. Not that I have anything against America, but it's only part of the whole world. Enter Nation Records, Ladbroke Grove's exponents of eclectic marriages of beats, melodies and sounds from around the world. *Global Sweatbox* is a compilation of many of Nation's early releases treated to remixes by the likes of Adrian Sherwood, Jah Wobble, Andy Weatherall etc. In short people who themselves revel in playing with pre-concieved ideas, destroying elitism and subverting genres to the point where Selectadisc is forced to create new sections. The result on this collection is like hearing dance rhythms for the first time. You are reminded that rhythm is a language unto itself, beyond category. I've been grappling with a review of *Global Sweatbox* ever since I first recieved a tape of it back in March. But it's

BACK TO THE PLANET *Daydream* (Parrallel)

A certain NME writer was once moved to suggest that every BTTP release should contain this track. In it's original form *Daydream*'s Satie phrase sounds ironic, like the band having a dig at what they imagined to be the fodder of the middle classes. Trois Gymnopoedies, coffee advert music, but still a nice little tune. Pre-

beyond words, all I can say is buy this album, let down your barriers and embrace the world in a pure (not purist) joyful dance. Transglobal Underground's latest single is in fact a re-release of their first two singles for Nation. *Templehead*, a rush of dubby grooves and tribal voices, became an obligatory cut in clubs nationwide when it was first released two years ago. Then it got signed to DeConstruction, who in their infinite idiocy, promoted it, but forgot to release it proper. The fools! So here it is at last, still sounding fresh, essential and somewhat daring compared to the much of what is being put out at the moment. Even better however, if that's at all conceivable, is *I, Voyager* which takes the mix 'n' match theme to dizzying heights, combining Natacha Atlas' hair-raising, spine-tingling voice (a cliché I know, but it's the truth) with an insistant 'spice' rap and the richest fusion of rhythm you'll hear this year. Loop Guru have already been written of as "a poor man's Transglobal" which is a shame as they explore altogether darker areas, fusing gamelan, guitars, tablahs and breakbeats. The CD of *Paradigm Shuffle* is the one to buy with over thirty minutes of sublime, tranced out, chanting and chiming gems. Regular readers of Overall will notice that barely an 'Overplay' goes past without a cut from Nation in the chart. Perhaps not ironically Transglobal Underground pointed out in a recent interview that they had been told that they were no longer 'dance', they are now apparently 'indie'. Why? Because the garage boys, techno heads, ravers, intelligent musos and indeed the whole of the self appointed dance gurus said so. Wake up, dancing is about enjoyment, life, love (and hate). Dance is the last bastion of spiritual collectivity not a self indulgent tool for fashion pedlars. As has often been muted around the Overoffice, "purism is borism." Open your eyes, it's a big world out there.

Martin Thomas

signing, a slowed down version of this was doing the rounds of record companies, stripped of it's previous skanking glory I witnessed an A&R man at Island try to listen to this no less than three times, each time unable to get more than a minute into the track, before binning it along with FMB. The point of this little digression is that I felt sure that upon official release, *Daydream* would sound little more than a highly polished, pop

song which I would inevitably hate. Well the former is true, the latter isn't. *Daydream* now sounds unnecessarily plastered with layer upon layer of 'Cleo Laine meets a disco diva' vocals. Plastered, like a child puts on make up, distasteful, thick and ultimately clumsy. But then that rhythm kicks in, and that bass line seduces your feet and you have to smile. A classic, highly polished pop tune, and that's no insult. I only wish that someone could keep Fil quiet for a while during the remixes.

XYMOX *Headclouds* (ZOK Records)
Having previously released four albums (six if you include their debut mini album which was only available in their native Holland and the yet to be released in this country *Metamorphosis*), their latest offering, 'Headclouds', is an exploration into inventive groove bound atmospherics. *Reaching Out* takes a booming bass drum stitched to clanking percussion, a Japanese kindergarten choir and Ronny Mooring's trademark mournful vocals. Elsewhere the album explores anthemic techno overlaid with a luxurious wash of melancholy. 'January' floats through ambient territories placing Xymox along side with the Orb et al. The cover of *Wild is the Wind* deconstructs Bowie's version and relocates it in a passionless, Euro obsessed landscape adding irony where once existed only hammed up passion. *Headclouds* is by far the best Xymox offering since their debut 4AD album *Clan of Xymox*.

MOBY *The Story So Far* (Mute/Equator)

Move EP (Mute)
The Story So Far is a collection of tracks previously only available on import along with two versions of the hit 'Go' which cruised (no pun intended Julie) it's way to the top via the pre-Ambient Twin Peaks theme. The *Subliminal Mix* has never previously been available and by far outstretches the original 'Woodtick Mix' with it's threatening undercurrent of barbed beauty and rumbling progressive dub. *Ah Ah*, the album opener is an adrenalin-added rush of hardcore at its best, still sounding relevant despite it's age. *I Feel It*, previously known as *Next Is The E*, as a perfect sunrise cut takes a manic breakbeat, adds a pumping vocal chant and builds towards an uplifting piano break. Simplicity at it's best. This collection may be strangely nostalgic with nothing on the album under a year old, but the fact that it is still essential listening is a testament to Moby's originality. Indeed the short shelf life of 'dance' has done little to render this collection stiff with rigor mortis. Meanwhile back to the here and now and Moby's debut single for Mute finds techno's favourite maverick in storming form with a collection of genre-bending tracks ranging from the house anthem of *Move* to the almost ambient *The Rain Falls* and *the Sky Shudders* through to what must surely be the world's first techno hymn *All That I Need*. Well worth the wait for new material.

CRANIUM HF *The Deal* (Hydrogen Dukebox)

Featuring Casper Pound mixes, this is a hardbeat excursion into industrial territory. Guaranteed to confound the dance purists, this track is the perfect antidote for the seemingly omniscient 'peace, love and misunderstanding' techno vibe.

DRUG FREE AMERICA

The Dreamtime Remixes (Dreamtime)
Along with the likes of MDMA and the Box Disciples, Drug Free America were once seen trailblazing the live circuit with a pre- Ministry Cyberpunk vision of sampler drenched Industrial Rock. MDMA went on to become Utah Saints, the Box Disciples disappeared up their own circuits and Drug Free America have since moved on to develop their own brand of progressive techno with overlays of live tribal drumming. *The Dreamtime Remixes* is ultimately an album so average, directionless and self consciously dull it makes the Aphex Twin seem consistent.

Martin Thomas



ME *Harmonise or Die* (Pop God)

Me floated effortlessly in the stratosphere when they played the (sadly missed) Recession Session, (and this despite the concrete socks tied so hamfistedly to their feet by the in-house sound crew) but somehow this album fails to reproduce the honeyed heaven I know I glimpsed there. Still, all this is relative and in this beautiful world where the Bee Gees make love to the Moonflowers, summer's endless — and it's gorgeous.

DWARVES *Sugarfix* (Sub Pop)

Now dropped from SubPop supposedly due to the recent death prank of Hewhocannotbenamed, I'm more of the opinion that Bruce Pavitt finally came to his senses and saw this lot for the pile of retro '77 toss they really are.

SEAM *The Problem With Me* (City Slang)

Featuring the talents of the vastly underrated Bitch Magnet, Seam are a lot gentler than the c.v. would lead you to expect. "The Problem With Me" rolls gently around your head, licking the insides to a gentle fever and then teasingly lets up just at each crucial moment only to resume a soft nibbling of the brain which leaves you begging for more... And the faithful are rewarded with a big rolling rush of guitar joy, more subtle and intense than any of the crash bang wallop we've come to expect from other American labels whose names we won't mention. Terrible perfection.

X *Hey Zeus* (Beatwax)

Much to my shame as a youth I used to listen to Jefferson Airplane. It was a surprise then, that my mind should have been taken back so quickly to spots and French homework by this 'onslaught of straight punk'. Perhaps the common West Coast heritage explains it all. That said though, it's a pleasant enough romp through student-band distortion and easy melodies. As for the 'political' lyrics, either sing or write more clearly. Photocopies of scrawled ramblings on the back of fag packets on the sleeve don't really get the message (whatever it might be) across too well, does it?

LOVE BATTERY *Far Gone* (Sub Pop)

Drags you through the bushes, a tangle of roses and dogs' mess. Occasionally excellent, often mediocre, I'm fairly sure the end result is worth the effort.

MIND BOMB *Mind Bomb* (Mercury)

Ha ha ha oh dear oh dear..... But come on let's be serious, this just really isn't very good, is it boys? Where

to start? Influences include Bananarama, The Rolling Stones and The Exploited so they say, hard to tell but I guess if you added them all together it's possible that it might end up sounding as laboured and crap as this. (To harken back to my poor formative tastes again I did spot a large chunk of early Genesis in there as well. Was that just too embarrassing to admit?) The music? Well it's sort of bad High School heavy metal with the odd sample thrown in to show that they're a happening band, lots of falsetto screams and tedious middle eight leads -you know the sort of thing. Utter nonsense.

Milo F. Kelly

VARIOUS *Deafening Divinities*

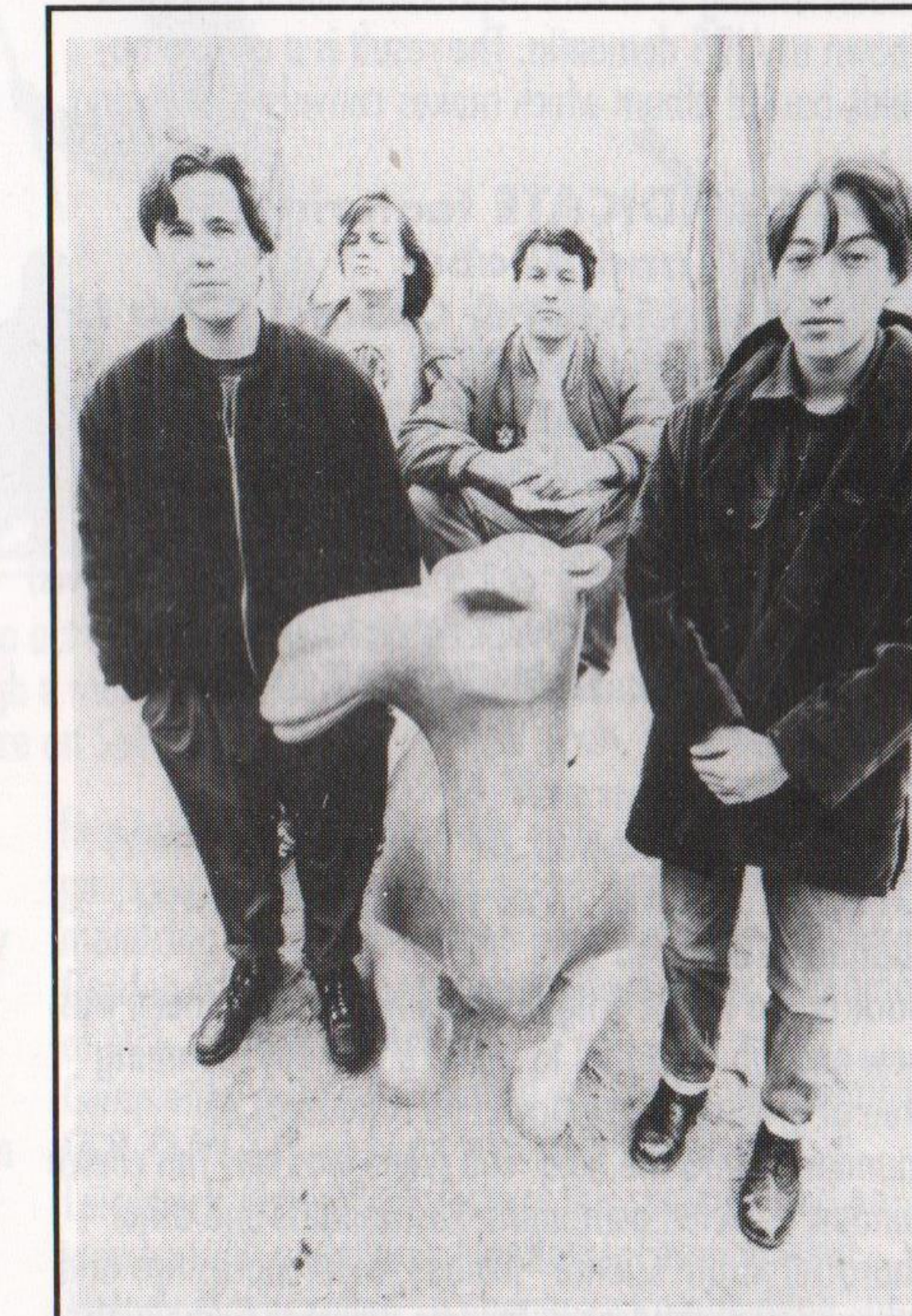
With Aural Affinities (Beggars' Banquet)

Just what a compilation should be, 11 different bands, some better than others, but hanging together as a whole. High points are provided by Mercury Rev's Boys Peel Out, Daniel Ash's Get Out of Control (mixed by Jim Foetus,) and The Hair and Skin Trading Company with On Again Off Again (even if it was a bit too close to The Jesus and Mary Chain to be great.) All that said though there were no tracks that deserved to be skipped and thus a fine comp. to do the washing up to.

POLVO *Today's Active Lifestyles*

(Touch and Go)

Photo: Jim Saah



Having heard this crowd on John Peel before I thought that I would enjoy a whole album. Tempted by the idea of detuned guitars and a disregard for the normal pop structuring it dawned on me after the first three tracks that that was about all there was to it other than a disdain for spending much time at the mixing desk. A great pity because a lot of the atonality does work but then it disappears up its own arse just when you thought it had caught a mighty groove. Worth a listen when all said and done though.

ROSA MOTA *Drag for a Drag* (Placebo)

Hailing from my home town of London and combining a taste for Ivor Cutler, Lee & Nancy and Sylvia Plath and describing themselves as 'pseudo smack-art phag garage rock', Rosa Mota seem to be onto a good thing. However.....I tried to like this but in the end it still sounded like yet another band from the tired guitar- led genre; a quiet bit here and a bit more distortion and volume there for the 'angry' passages. I'm sure they're a good bunch but perhaps pop music is just not their medium. Try something else and let us know how you get on.

Will Irvine

SINGLE BASS *Be Your Friend* (Material)

I really love the bass. Few people are truly aware of its capabilities, its myriad of hidden depths and the many possibilities for sensitivities it possesses. It is obvious that Jennifer Moore (aka Single Bass) knows this. For armed with just a bass guitar and her voice she produces a whole range of musical emotions via lucid lyrics and astoundingly articulate basslines. Her musicianship is beyond question. With a technical skill that is breath-takingly excellent and a canny understanding of groove, *Be Your Friend* is not just a collection of bass playing techniques — no masturbatory muso fantasy — but a genuine assortment of real songs expressing a solid songwriting talent. This combination of a killer slap/tap style, delicate chordal harmonies and an acute sense of melody makes *Single Bass* a must. Bassists will blub and music lovers rejoice when they hear the total talent of *Single Bass*.

John Micallef.

* *Be Your Friend* is available on CD or cassette from *Single Bass*, BCM Material, London WC1N 3XX.

MARY COUGHLAN *Love For Sale*

(Demon)

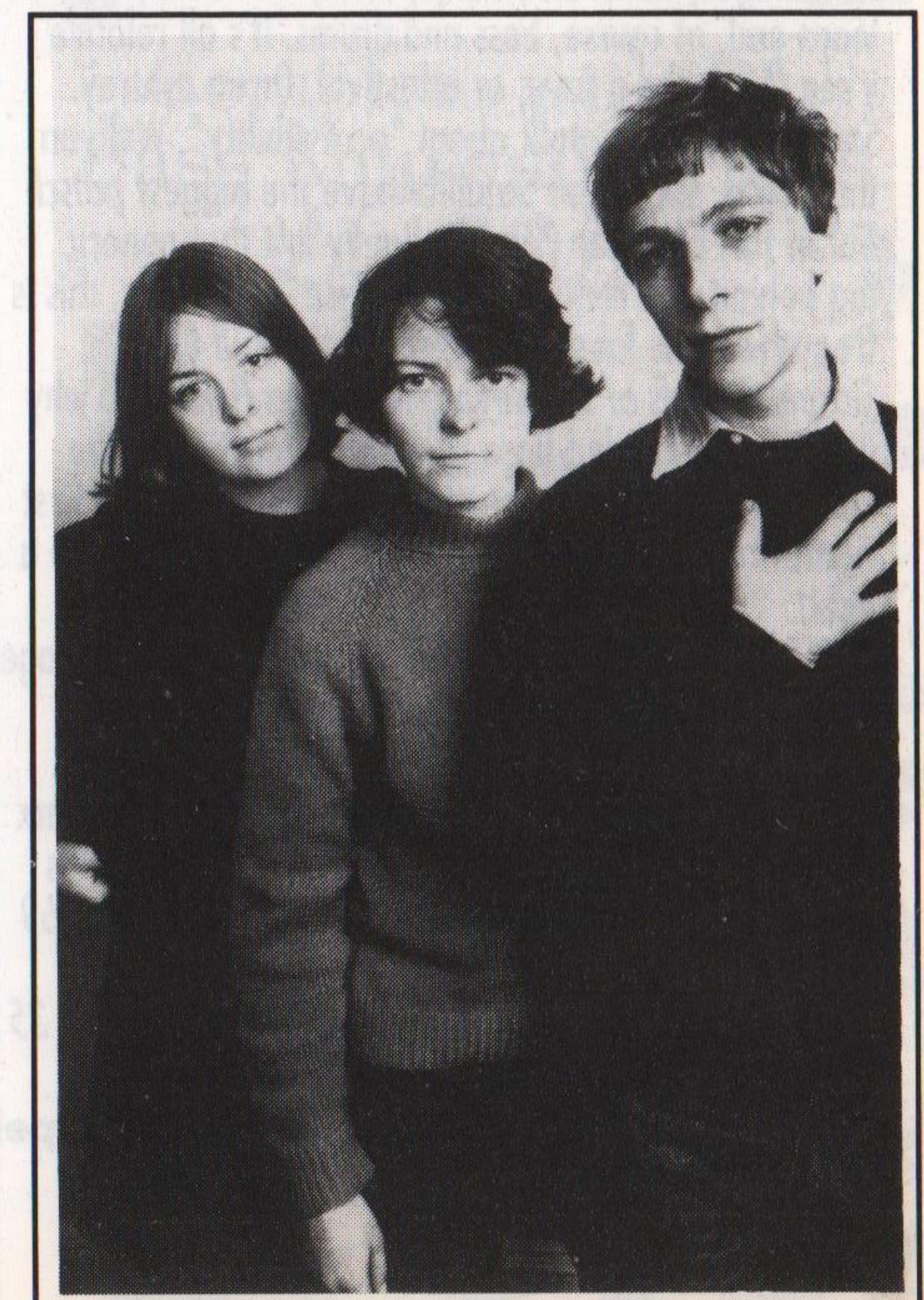
Ireland's answer to the debauched torch and standards tradition debuts on Demon with a set recorded live at a string of Mean Fiddler gigs last February and pitches herself somewhere between k.d. lang and Billie Holliday. Unfortunately, this comes over as too tasteful by half and lacks the deranged quality that could lift these songs from the predictable. A few tracks cut loose in fine style —noticeably *Love For Sale* itself— but this is mostly a great voice in a straightjacket. A shame. WB

TSUNAMI *Deep End* (Southern Studios)

Jumping, popping, sing-a-long happy (indie) music at its best. Harmonies galore and, with a good ear for, er, a good tune, Tsunami provide an album to bring a smile to your face. Listen and like.

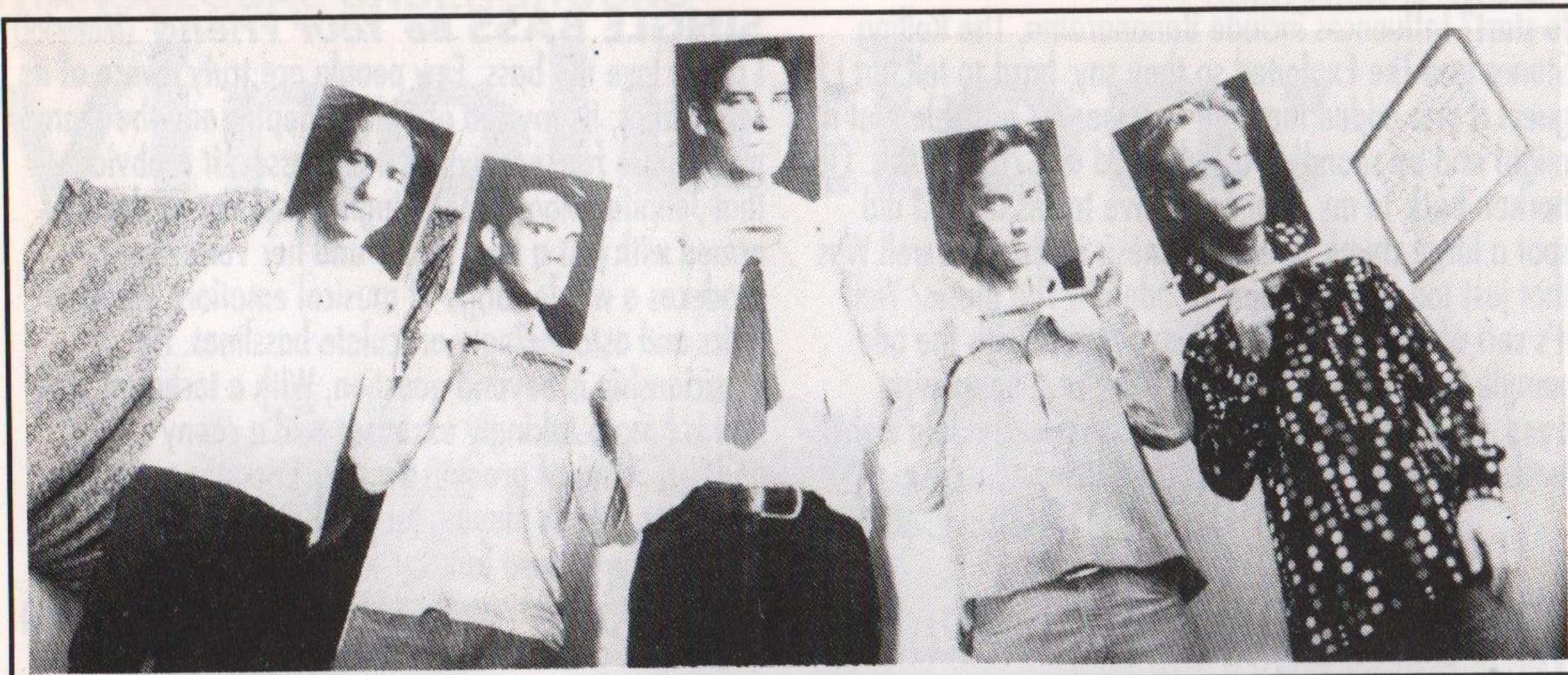
THE PASTELS *Truckload Of Trouble 1986-1993* (Paperhouse)

Worth buying just for the madly incompetent, lackadaisical trip through "Different Drum", this album comprises a collection of singles and previously unreleased material which stand as prime evidence that The Pastels were indeed the first of the cute but crap bands to emerge from north of the border. Pictures of Eugene Eugenius and Norman Fanclub on the inner sleeve probably give the uninitiated some idea of the musical content therein, but don't be satisfied with this review; go buy the album and fall in love again. MFK



THE PASTELS

Photo: Alastair Inge



SIX FINGER SATELLITE (Sub Pop) The Pigeon is the Most Popular Bird FLY ASHTRAY

Let's Have some Crate 10" EP (Hemiola)
THE THINKING FELLERS UNION
LOCAL 282

Where's Officer Tuba? mini LP (Hemiola)
TO ΨΥΓΕΙΟ ΨΥΓΕΙΟ

Μετα την Αλωνιστή (Baby Huey)
SIMON WICKHAM-SMITH &
RICHARD YOUNGS/A BAND
Zene/Salivating Regina split 7" import

"What is strange from one perspective remains quite ordinary from another". — Antero Alli, Angel Tech.

To ΨΥΓΕΙΟ ΨΥΓΕΙΟ means The Fridge Fridge who are the Greek A Band. There is also an American A band. These are part of a secret international underground group of subversive tape-swappers and compulsive recording artists who don't need the mechanics of a major or independent record label to get their material distributed. They use 'sleeper' agents in various countries around the world who receive coded messages, usually on cassette, in packages marked "GIFT", which is derived from the verb 'to give', so as to confuse Customs and Excise officers. Some but not all those officers, should they ever open such a package, would call this music "weird" but the world is such a weird place that this can only be normal. The word "groovy", on the other hand, can mean something because the world isn't. Some might opt for the compromising "far out" but if you live on the same planet that can hardly be accurate either. Take TFUL282, for example. Their guitars aren't detuned, they're differently tuned, although this isn't about guitars alone; there are accordions, keyboards, TV dialogue, mandolin, banjo, viola, trombone, tape loops and, of course, bass and drums. It's all relative y'see. A bit like a rave, or a festival. Or an ashtray. Stricter critics may talk about "accessibility". Well, on that score, Six Finger Satellite have the biggest *putsch* out of this bag. Sub Pop has finally left that generic tag behind and continues to surprise — I mean, this is from the same label that released the *Full Custom Gospel Sounds of the Reverend Horton Heat*. And why not? I am reminded here of my first reaction to the Fall. I couldn't get my head round it. But, like my first cigarettes, I soon got over the nausea and it became a habit.

TFUL282 say their songs aren't so much about message as they are about moods. "Catapulted beyond the grasp of you and I" is a telling phrase from the Fly Ashtray (named after such a device spotted in a Bronx Woolworths in '84) press release. "Non Euclidean" is also a good phrase. In linear time a cross between '69 and '96.

TFUL282 and Fly Ashtray available from Hemiola, 35 Barnborough Street, Burley, Leeds LS4 2QY.

Christine Chapel

DIAMANDA GALAS *Vena Cava* LP (Mute)
Screams. Restless sleep. Half-heard. Voices and disturbing whispers. Murrur and mayhem. Barked commands amidst a confusion of childish gibber. Fascinating, frightening and often annoying, the vocal range swings violently from the barely audible to startling screeches. More than mere dynamics, this is Diamanda Galas' vocally reflected exploration of the mental wanderings, the ease and the dis-ease, of an institutionalised, isolated and depressed individual. A complex and serious work, this solo performance in eight sections draws both on Galas' personal and clinical understanding of severe depression and a condition known as AIDS dementia. The result is a unique no-holds-barred album which makes convulsive listening.

DUB SYNDICATE featuring Bim Sherman and Akabu
Live at the Town & Country Club LP
What Happened 10" (On-U)
TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND
Shimmer/This is the Army Of Forgotten Souls EP (Nation)
CODE 505 345 675 *Delta 9* (Making Waves)
KUDOS KNX-OTIC (White label)
FANATICAL JAP GONZO UNIT
Yes, But Is I Art demo
AON *Be Yourself EP* (Big Life)
GLOBAL *Global EP* cassette (Positiv Noyz)
DRUM CLUB *Everything Is Now* (Butterfly/Big Life)

Back at the HOME (High Orbital Mini Earth) there was now enough material to spend a few days spinning free of gravity. We removed all reminders of mundanity into the hold. The scene was set. The choice window depicted astronauts, cosmonauts and other characters from science "fiction", their spaceships and other sacred wanderers. Inverse universe dome with oddglitter thrown in for effect. Mandala backdrop. Refrigerate peaches, apricots and melons sprinkled with orange and lemon juice. Herbal infusions, decoctions and fumigations. Buckets and mirrors. Sense of humour. Sense of Life. Sense of history(future). Pop one, drop one fe-fi-fu-fum. Cue the music. Catch an earthly *Dub Syndicate Live at The T&C*. "Set me free why don't you now/I wanna touch the sky". Cheering crowds wave as Earth appears round now, see her curvature as the Sun sets behind her reflected by a quarter moon. On the preview plate the unearthly dub of *2001 Pts. 1 & 2* "Tonight, let's all make love in London as if it were the year 2001." Aeonance abounds. *Transglobal Underground Shimmer* with Transit Power as the Earth shakes off its satellites and the Army of Forgotten Souls wave goodbye to Count Dubulah and Psycho Karaoke. Creative, innovative, uncompromising? Right. And look! There goes Mr. Rusty from the Magic Tribe of Roundabout here on the perimeter where there are no stars, just Mars (now 10% bigger!) where we intend to open a nightclub. We decide to name it *Drum Club* after the Sound Shaft team of pioneering musical cybernauts. *Everything Is Now* they said Orbically. Now look up. > Please quote

your interplanetary insurance number.< 505 345 675 Delta 9 .>Proceed.< Code are out here already, "God The Devil Hell Heaven" they keep repeating. "Do You Understand Now?" There is a brief meteorite shower closely followed by a brainstorm. Time for some Deck A Dance. *Kudos'* hardcore dub marches us into the *Hall of the Mountain King*. We need a 24 hr Emergency Chiroprapist. Time to concentrate our efforts. Bring in the *Fanatical Jap Gonzo Unit*. Good thing we brought the buckets and mirrors.

"The Earth is dropping away like crazy and it's turning!" they remind us. "All right, now get set for another surprise; something to tell the folks about when you get home..." Egg Noodles and Stir Fry Poodles. Supermarket Music for Elephants. *Four Red Gibbons in a Canvas sack*. The Attack of the Psychodynamically Phased Squids.©Radical Jap Gonzo Unit) More twittering of birds. *Everything Is Now* comes true in a collective hallucination that it is dawn. Yet we see daylight. Vehicles pass. The world is waking up and going to work. We swear it happened. But in cyberspace? Check signal from Greenwich. It is 3.30 am linear time. It is dark. How could we have perceived sunrise? Need a reference point. What's it to be? Pre-house-storic? No, those records are stored in the hold anyway. Time for some ambient trance dance? More of Drum Club's organic sounds blended in a techno framework? Transglobal Underground's funky tribal space house? No, we want reggae music. It always all comes down to reggae. The sound of planet Earth (now 10% smaller). Request permission to enter orbit. >Please visit Hydroponics and select a sacred herb. Your reentry window time is now.< What Happened? is a suitably sizzling dub, the heat of entry into Earth's atmosphere deflected by Adrian Sherwood, Style Scott and Skip Macdonald, on down for a Sub Sub Full On Breakfast Mix of Aon's beautiful *Be Yourself*, Annie Burton guiding us through the ether with magical incantations until splash-down. And chill out to *Global* as we sink into sleep.

Christine Chapel

AFRICANDO *Trovador Volume I* (Stern's Africa)

A project so logical as to beg the question "why has it taken so long?". Ibrahim Sylla, the cream of NY's Cuban musicians and a trio of Senegalese singers consummate the long-standing love affair between West African and Cuban music on a set of tracks mixing the strengths of both scenes and pushing the Jazz-Dance stakes up a notch or two in the process. Fusion without seams.

PUCHO AND THE LATIN SOUL BROTHERS *Best of...* (BGP)
MONGO SANTAMARIA
Mongo Explodes/Watermelon Man

A pair of reissues from the classic era of latin/jazz/funk crossover, not before time. The Pucho set is 70 minutes of irresistible dance rhythm best taken loud whilst sweating profusely: hear *Got Myself A Good Man* and see if you can stand still and not grin like an idiot for 6 minutes. Besides one of the all-time album titles *Mongo Explodes* features *Skins*, *Watermelon Man* and 21 other slices of percussion-driven jazz frenzy so pleasurable to behold as to make resistance masochistic. Perfect on both counts. WB

WOOL *Budspawn* (London)
A surprisingly good guitar rock album from London Records, this. Two stand out tracks; the new single *Medication*, with its distinct shades of Nirvana and the epic (7 mins. +) final track *Eff*. Well worth buying for this psyched up ditty alone.

DILLON FENCE *Outside In* (Mammoth)
Real songs, as only their ancestors The Byrds knew how. Tune in and mellow out. Milo F. Kelly

overall
THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

at the FILLY & FIRKIN
Mansfield Road Nottingham

OCTOBER GIGS

BLIND MOLE RAT

Purveyors of "troublefolk", Sheffield's Blind Mole Rat have attracted their fair share of limelight during 1993. As well as the release of their Rat-atat-tat EP, Such exclamations as "riotous, fire-breathing anarcho-punk-folk-rock" (NME), one of the best bands I've seen recently, along with the Crazy Gods of endless Noise and Poisoned Electric Head" (Germ) are regularly published, all reports homing in on the enthusiasm and abandon with which BMR deliver the goods. Earlier tis year they pulled off the more difficult tasks for a live band in Nottingham — that of

opening the Rock & Reggae festival— with total panache, leaving a couple of local acts with the even harder job of following them. Their Sound City appearance left an indelible stamp in the minds of many visitors to their home city that week, pushing some of the more established acts into the pale. It's shirts off time again at 9pm Fri 15th.

CRUNCHBIRD (pictured)

Having moulted a few feathers in the last year Crunchbird are back sleeker and fitter than ever with a their uniquely huge funky sound. This present reincarnation has already prompted a tribute song from none other than Fathead, as Nottingham's funky finest play their first home gig in over a year.

EB & THE SYSTEM travel from Basingstoke for the third time this year, the last being for an appearance on the main stage at the Rock & Reggae festival at which they silenced the critics who questioned why an unsigned act from outside the city was higher on the bill than more local acts. It soon became apparent why, and this progressive hip-hop act surely won't remain unsigned for long. Fresh from tour support with Collapsed Lung, they "gave those laugh a minute rappers a run for their pennies....they are a A&R man's wet dream" (*Abuse*). Get the funk down there on Sat. 23rd.

LUNG

When you come all the way from New Zealand there's no point just doing a handful of gigs, right, which is why Lung's last tour took in 65 gigs in three months in the United States of America and Europe. Their second album, *Cactii*, brought out some inspired writing from critics both in their native land as well as in the northern hemisphere. "The musical equivalent of a thermonuclear weapon up the nose" is my favourite soundbite, while others include "...pure sex and violence. The violence is obvious in the beautiful contempt with which Dave White treats his guitar, the way al the hits that are merely deafening on the album are apocalyptic in the flesh, the way the songs are bent out of shape on what seems like a whim without losing any of their focus. The sex is in the way the basslines creep up and seduce you before you've opened your eyes and the way the climactic noise-avalanche always comes a few seconds late so you throw your body head



first into silence." (*Rip It Up*, New Zealand), or "...who gasp and growl their tales of fear and loathing from a menacing underside scraped previously only by the Gordons. Imagine early Swans, Neubauten, and a dash of Milk." (*Melody Maker*). Completing our well-travelled will be the well-weathered G.R.O.W.T.H., a band who stole the show at Leicester's Abbey Park festival this summer, and no wonder with a pedigree like theirs. Forming what Melody Maker called "a dangerous combination" of former members of Gaye Bykers On Acid, The Janitors, and The Bomb Party, this hideous mutation is a mixture of the best elements of Thrash, Trash and dash fused with industrial dance beats and guitars that could peel the paint off an incoming scud missile. G.R.O.W.T.H. have just released their debut album *For Lack Of Horses They Saddle Dogs*. Check out these two fine acts on one unique double bill on Friday 29th.

LUNG: Three Heads on a Plate

CODE / TVOD / UTRAVIOLENCE

Saturday 2nd showcases a bizarre mixture of industrial and ambient, techno and hardbeat. Three acts and not a drumkit in sight. Setting "shards of cyber light to a rigid rhythm" Midlands industrialists Television Overdose have recently supported Meat Machine and will be performing an even beefier new set as well as providing a free copy of their Optic Burst EP to the first four entrants. This "two man expedition to Sinistersoundsville will be setting off at 10pm. CODE are one of a growing number of contemporary electronic groups to play live gigs, rather than being slotted into a clubnight as a "live p.a." Their third EP 505 345 675 *Delta 9* was recorded live and caused such descriptions as "extreme urban dance sound", "post-apocalyptic groove", "weird one of the week" and "the future of music". There ain't no pigeon-holes in space, and Code look set to be one of the first post-techno bands who could set an entirely new agenda for the nineties. On stage 9.15. Joining CODE and TVOD will be the bad boy of noise Ultraviolence, latest signing to Earache Records (on the grounds that it was the hardest thing they'd ever heard and there was plenty more where that came from) who release the Destructor EP this month, Ultraviolence fourth EP to date. At a Fried Circuit gig at the Kool Kat earlier this year Johnny Violent (as he is known to friends) prompted NME into describing this uncompromising act thus: "makes Sheep On Drugs look like Val Doonican." On stage 8.30pm.

DR. EGG & the Love Specialists

Give us an E! I wonder if they still open the set like that? Dr. Egg must be the original funky jazzy souly pop band from these parts. Featuring the superb vocal talents off Helen MacDonald, these aggressively tight egg-fixated people have been providing classy entertainment up and down the land, sharing the stage with the likes of Courtney Pine, Doctor & The Medics, 25th of May, Mother Earth... the list is endless. Egg time 9pm on Sat 30th.

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According to the press release Mercury Rev are 'a skylab sextet that releases satellites in the shadows of space loneliness for soul searching scavengers.' It is also said that they hate each other and never rehearse between gigs. Furthermore that their last album *Boces* was recorded in various unusual locations including Elvis' Jungle Room at Graceland and NASA's Fluids Research Centre at Kennedy Space Centre, and at different phases of the Moon to draw inspiration from various sweepstakes. No one gig is the same as another. All this has caused some people to hang the 'experimental' tag on the band. But as we were about to hear, more than experimental, Mercury Rev are experiential. An international inquiry was set up by Overall and an Anglo-Italian team led by Christine Chapel was dispatched to Derby to ask vocalist David Baker (pic. 3rd from left) some leading questions.....

Like how come Mercury Rev were allowed in NASA's Fluids Research Centre?

"Why? Why not? Big fans of space. In fact this country's got the greatest space program going. Much better than the United States' space program."

Bemused looks all round.

"You know.... Thunderbirds?"

Aha. Make a mental note to stay alert. Is it open to the public then?

"What, Thunderbirds?"

So much for staying alert. This guy is ten steps ahead. Let him talk.

"It's very interesting 'cos there was a time when you were not allowed to see a lot of things. You can imagine, there's a lot of really cool computers and all this stuff, but it was actually the whole room—the control room—could fit into a lap-top as far as the complexity of the computers. It's pretty amazing, there's all these things that are very old, outdated, useless things, but at the time they existed were state of the art, so they're really interesting, you know, there weren't a whole lot of them, like lap top computers are everywhere, but a 315 oscillating whatever....reverberator with tubes, y'know, that could monitor heat sensitivity....there's all these little devices that would all kinda fit into this thing." He points to the microcassette recorder, as I wonder if anyone would ever have dared go to the Moon knowing that the control room could fit into a briefcase. A big guy from west New York state, David continues in a thoughtful, laidback, at times almost hypnotic drawl.

"It's like technology for the masses that the masses never really got they just got the benefits from it. The space program pushed a lot of.... well, obviously military programs, the space program in the long term is probably designed for military advance."

Michael Jackson scares me. Alright, he could just have been trying to recreate his childhood. I still don't think it appropriate for a little boy to be sitting on another little boy's lap.

Do you think they ever really believed there was wealth on the Moon?

"Well, that's probably what was going on, but I like to think that the reason people went is because they just wanted to find out what else there is, and that's the real reason we all like the space program a lot — to find what else is out there. That's why we're here."

Do you think they'll make it to Mars?

"There's a new planet that's beyond Pluto called Planet X. Have you heard of it? I'm hoping that they make it to that one. We'll always be thinking farther. Mars? Old hat."

For the past few minutes David has been feeling through his pockets and eventually produces what he was looking for.

"Ah, here's my coin! Look at that," he beams, a childlike glint in his eye, as he shows us a shiny new

Thunderbird One collectors coin. "I bet you're jealous now. I think this is the best coin ever. You know, the weird thing is that you forget about a lot of stuff, like that you collect, because you become an adult, or you think you're an adult when you're thirteen, so you have to figure out a way to make a lot of money so you forget all the stuff that really is valuable, like collecting coins. There are a lot of different things that you think are valuable when you're a kid that you desert because you have to become an adult. It's not because it's silly to collect coins it's just kinda fun....it's just fun. What ends up happening is you get to a certain age and you go it alone. You have to have sex, so you have sex and then a girlfriend, a lotta people have kids so they end up totally forgetting. Then maybe they live through the kid a little bit, I think that happens, but if you don't have any kids you forget everything."

Still playing proudly with the coin, he eyes it once more. "And then you get back and you go 'Wow, look at this! I used to watch the show.' But childhood isn't just the thing about being taken care of and being spoilt, it's more like you're interested in things for motivation other than..... I mean people go to clubs to get laid, y'know what I mean? They don't go to listen to music. Maybe it's different here but in the U.S. a club is a place to get drugs or drunk or get laid. The band is the last thing." I tell him how it is the same here as he flicks through a copy of *Overall* on the table.

"There's a new planet that's beyond Pluto called Planet X. I'm hoping that they make it to that one.... Mars? Old hat."

"Did you notice that people don't read as they get older? Some do. I'm sure you read some books. But as a kid you just read books because you're bored, but as an adult, people read books because it gets them a credit at a college or something like that and then that makes them more money. What happens is that everybody's so into money they forget that by the time they're gonna get the money and they're sixty they're too weak to do anything except pay a doctor, and then the doctor gets it all, and see, the doctor's not doing so well because he doesn't have time to do anything because he's just making tons of money so who is having a good time? Kids for a little while, and then it just all stops."

What about Michael Jackson? asks the second member of our enquiry team Paolo Fideli, citing an example of extended youth, unaware of the impending adverse publicity the Peter Pan of pop was due to receive a few weeks later. Again I'm left thinking this guy is ten steps ahead ahead. "He scares me. Did you see him on TV? On the European Music Awards or something? He had a little boy in his lap. He was sitting on TV next to the Prince of Monaco and he had this little boy in between his legs the whole show. Kinda like being a..... Let's put it this way, priests are getting sued all over the place for taking boys on outings, so maybe Michael Jackson is just one of those priests. Alright, so there I just took the cynical adult view; he could have just been trying to recreate his childhood, you're right. I still don't think it appropriate for a little boy to be sitting on another little boy's lap. I think he's rather confused."

The third member of our enquiry team, Oscar wants to know about David Baker the person: Are you afraid of the public when you are on stage?

"I'm only afraid of people who have knives and guns." How do you feel when you see that the public are happy about your songs?

"There's been some shows where I feel very down and depressed, and people come up and say 'You were fantastic', 'You were brilliant', whatever. One person's good show is another person's bad show. So what could you feel? I guess you could feel good a little bit, but you

FRIED CIRCUIT



CRUNCHBIRD Appear at the Filly & Firkin, Mansfield Rd, Nottm. on 23rd October with E.B. & The System

OCTOBER friday 1st

- FATHEAD** £1.50 door Nottm. Filly & Firkin
UNCLE VULGAR £1 Running Horse
WAZBONES £3 Rock City
TALON £2 Narrow Boat
DA DOG Britannia
AARDVARK Old Angel
BIG DEAL The Gregory
ALEXANDER O'NEAL Royal Concert Hall
MR. SIEGAL £1 Blasby Hazelford Ferry Bar
NORTH MEETS SOUTH £8 Duffield White Hart
SMASHED Derby Where House
MIDNIGHT PUMPKIN TRUCKERS Victoria Inn
STEELCITY BLUES BAND £1 Lang. Mill Potters Snooker Club
SNATCH Shephed Rock House
PISTON BROKE Leicester Royal Mail
CHAOS UK / OI POLLOI £4 The Charlotte
OLDER THAN DIRT The Charlotte
THURSDAY'S CHILD M. Mowbray Melton Theatre
BLUES 'N' RAMBLIN' PICK UP STICKS main room
RISE BANTON nuff vibes room £4 Sheffield Leadmill
SQUEEZE Sheff. City Hall

saturday 2nd

- THE NAVIGATORS** 3pm
STRANGER BLUE eve. £1 Nottm. Running Horse
CREDIT TO THE NATION £3/£2 Disco 2 Rock City
CODE TELEVISION OVERDOSE ULTRAVIOLENCE Filly & Firkin
JAFFA MONK Old Angel
AOS 3 Lincon The Falcon
CORDUROY / CLOUD 9 Acid Jazz Derby Where House
BLIND JUSTICE Victoria Inn
HELIOTROPE Shephed Rock House
KING GRIN / APPARITION Leicester Royal Mail
THE LONG TALL TEXANS £5/4 The Charlotte
MARK STEEL 8.00pm Phoenix Arts
SHERMAN ROBERTSON £5.50/3.50 Mansfield Art Centre
DROP NINETEENS ANTENNA / BANDIT QUEEN £4/3.50 Sheffield Leadmill
CAP IN HAND lunch
MR. SIEGAL eve £1 Nottm Running Horse
HELEN, PAT & JOSH Jazz lunch Old Angel
7 LITTLE SISTERS Golden Fleece
EARL KING The Gregory
FRANK WHITE BAND Calverton Springwater Bar

sunday 3rd

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- RICK WOOLGAR** Jazz on Sunday Lincoln The Falcon
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THE RAZORS Leicester Mosquito Coast
MEDICINE SHACK Purple Orange
STRETCH ARMSTRONG £1.50/1 The Charlotte
FOSSIL PARK EAST Royal Mail
SENER / FUN-DA-MENTAL Sheffield Leadmill
ERIC CLAPTON Sheff. Arena

monday 4th

- STONED JACKS** jam session Nottingham Running Horse
THE BREEDERS URGES OVERKILL LUSCIOUS JACKSON £8 Rock City
ATOMIC KANDY Filly & Firkin
XENTRIX / PLAGUE Derby Where House
SQUEEZE £11 Assembly Hall
CANRAY FONTENOT FILE £5 adv £6 door Swamp Club
CROPDUSTERS VALLEY OF THE DOLLS £3/2 Leicester The Charlotte

tuesday 5th

- FOLK BLUES & BEYOND** Nottm Running Horse
SQUEEZE from £11 Royal Concert Hall
SERIOUSLY ILL £2 Ilkeston The Rutland
CROPDUSTERS THE LEMMINGS Lincoln The Falcon
A HOUSE / YOUTH CULTURE Derby The Where House
WAIT FOR LIGHT / PO! £3/2 Leicester The Charlotte
DAWSON BROTHERS FABIAN'S TALE DAVE FRAME The Big 60 Royal Mail
FISH / DREAM DISCIPLES £6/7 Sheffield Leadmill
THE LEVELLERS Sheffield City Hall

wednesday 6th

- KELLY'S HEROES** £2 Nottm Running Horse
THE CHETTLES The Hippo
MOUTH MUSIC Old Vic
BAD BRAINS / THE GOATS £7 adv. Rock City
THE EDGE OF DARKNESS Old Angel
SOLOMON Filly & Firkin
BOO RADLEYS DELICIOUS MONSTER Derby The Where House
NIGHTSHIFT Shephed Rock House
BLYTH POWER THE JOYCE MCKINNEY EXP. £3/2.50 Leicester The Charlotte
ROOT Royal Mail
LA VIDEOTECH £3/2 Sheff. The Leadmill

thursday 7th

- JETHRO TULL** Nottm Royal Concert Hall
CREATE MARMITE SISTERS £1 Narrowboat
DR. EGG & THE LOVE SPECIALISTS Old Vic
MIND THE GAP Filly & Firkin
THE FAT LADY SINGS Loughborough University
PIG 64 Lincoln The Falcon
FMB / MAUVE MIRACLE DRUG Derby The Where House
CRASH DUMMIES Shephed Rock House
DROP NINETEENS ANTENNA / PINEAPPLES £4/3.50 Leicester The Charlotte
PRIDE Royal Mail

- BEAT CLUB** £4/3 Sheffield The Leadmill
SULTANS OF PING CARTER The Octagon

friday 8th

- OLD SCHOOL** £1 Nottm Running Horse
WASTELAND £3/2 Disco 2 Rock City
TILL YOU DROP Hippo
DA DOG Filly & Firkin
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saturday 9th
THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
MICK PINI BAND eve
Nottm Running Horse

GLORY STRUMMERS
£3/2 Rock City
NOT THE STROLLING BONES
The Hippo

DJ PABLO / VINYL JUNKIE
Raw Groove Hearty Goodfellow
AFFLICTION
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£3 Leics The Charlotte
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THE WEED KILLERS
Royal Mail

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Nottm Rock City

RED START
Golden Fleece

CAP IN HAND *lunch*
STAN MARSHALL'S LAW
£1 eve Running Horse
HELEN PAT & JOSH
jazz brunch Old Angel

SPARE PARTS
Calverton Springwater Bar
CITIZEN FISH
EXPERIMENTAL
Derby The Where House

MR SIEGAL
£1.50 Ambergate Hurt Arms
LEATHERFACE
£4/3 Leics The Charlotte
DEAD AFTER DARK
Royal Mail

BAD BRAINS / THE GOATS
DOG EAT DOG
£6 adv. 7.30pm
Sheff The Leadmill

monday 11th
THE ALMIGHTY
WILD HEARTS / KERBD OG
£8.50 7.30pm Nottm Rock City
STONED JACKS
Running Horse

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
Filly & Firkin
MADDER ROSE
Derby The Where House
MAN / KEVIN HEWICK BAND
£3/2 Leics The Charlotte
ANNIE WILLIAMSON / BOB
DAYFIELD / OWEN HUGH
STEVE DOBSON / STEVE
HOWGILL / UNPLUGGED
Acoustic Club 2nd Birthday
Royal Mail

THE LEMMINGS
Sheff The Hadfield

tuesday 12th
AUSTRALIAN DOORS
£8 adv Nottm Rock City
FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Running Horse

PSYCHASTORM
CAYSUS CALLING
Lincoln The Falcon
PANIC IN DETROIT
Ilkeston The Rutland

PITCHSHIFTER
TREPONEM PAL
Derby The Where House
ONE DOVE
£4/3.50 Leics The Charlotte
THRUST BROTHERS
Royal Mail

wednesday 13th
MURRAY THOMSON
Beeston Greyhound

TOOL / PAW / HEADSWIM
£5 adv. Nottm Rock City
JAZZ JAMAICA
Marcus Garvey Centre

SEAMUS O'BIVLION & THE
MEGADEATH MORRISSEN
£1 Running Horse
BREEZE
£1.50 Narrowboat
MONKEY PUZZLE
Filly & Firkin

THE BRONTE BROTHERS
t.b.c Derby Where House
DAEVID ALLEN / SPINE
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PIP BEESLEY & FRIENDS
Royal Mail

LA VIDEOTECH
£3/2 Sheff The Leadmill

thursday 14th
VARIOUS VEGETABLES
NEWSPEAK
£2.50/1.50 disco 2
Nottm Rock City

MIND THE GAP
Filly & Firkin
HERBGARDEN / AGE BABY
Lincoln The Falcon
TH' FAITH HEALERS
JACOB'S MOUSE
Wiiija night Derby Where House

TAKE ME HOME
Shephed rock House
PELE
BUTTERMOUNTAIN BOYS
£4/3.50 Leics The Charlotte
PSYCHASTORM
CUM TO BEDLAM Royal Mail

BEAT CLUB *lunch*
£4/3 Sheff The Leadmill
friday 15th

BLIND MOLE RAT
Nottm Fily & Firkin
GREEN JELLY
£6 adv. Rock City
LEFT HAND THREAD
£1 Running Horse
ERIC BELL BAND
Old Angel

THURSDAY'S CHILD
B VIVID
ANTISEPTIC BEAUTY
Newark Town Hall
FINK'S DETROIT SPECIAL
£1 Bleasby Hazelford Ferry
CREATE / THE HARPOONS
Lincoln D. Of Wellington

SULTANS OF PING F.C.
CARTER U.S.M.
Leics Granby Halls
BRONTE BROTHERS
POOKA
£3/2 The Charlotte
SEISMIC RING
Royal Mail

WHOLESONE FISH
MARTIN LEVERTON
Rise main Room
FLUID IRIE *Nuff Vibes £4*
The Leadmill

satursday 16th
MEGA CITY 4
£6 adv. Nottm Rock City
THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
KEVIN BROWN 9pm £3
Running Horse

SHAME
Filly & Firkin
THURSDAY'S CHILD
BLUES 'N' RAMBLIN
BEN TEN
Aid Rleief Overseas Benefit
Leics Y Theatre

ALTAN
£6/4 Phoenix Arts Centre
BAMNG BANG MACHINE
LOVECRAFT
£3 2 The Charlotte
CALIKO JOE
Royal Mail

RAMRAID / UK 95
ANGEL NATION
Aid Relief Overseas
Grantham Guildhall
ESKIMOS & EGYPT
t.b.c. Derby The Where House

SERIOUSLY ILL / CORE
£2 Shephed Rock House
PO!
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate
MADDER ROSE
NIGHTBLOOMS
£3.50 Sheff The Leadmill

monday 17th
DA DOG
Nottm Golden Fleece
HELEN PAT & JOSH
Jazz brunch
Old Angel

CAP IN HAND *lunch*
MR SIEGAL *eve £1*
Running Horse
MARTIN BROWN BAND
£1 Calverton Springwater Bar
JOHN OTWAY / ACT OF GOD
MURRAY TORKILDSON
Derby The Where House
BLIND & DANGEROUS
£1 Ambergate Hurt Arms
CITIZEN FISH / EXPERIMENT
HERB GARDEN
£4/3 Leics The Charlotte

CORDUROY / CLOUD 9
£4 adv. 7.30pm
Sheff The Leadmill
monday 18th
STONE JACKS *Jam session*
Nottm. Running Horse
PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
Filly & Firkin

HERE & NOW
Derby The Where House
PAPA BRITTLE
EB & THE SYSTEM
£2.50 /£2 Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 19th
FOLK, BLUES AND BEYOND
Nottm. Running Horse
PSYCHASTORM /IDIOT JOY
£3/2.50 Old Vic
WATERGATE
Filly & Firkin

TALON
£2 Ilkeston The Rutland
ENERGY ORCHARD
Derby The Where House
SAME BLOND SAME PLANET
Leics. Royal Mail
SPACEMAID
Lincoln The Falcon

LENNY HENRY
from £8.50 Sheffield City Hall
wednesday 20th
DJANGO BATES'
DELIGHTFUL PRECIPE
Jazz & Roots Mix
Nottm. Congegational Centre

SAD
£1 Running Horse
TAUREA
Sileby Fountain Inn
ADORABLE
Derby The Where House

HIT & RUN
Shephed Rock House
EVAN PARKER
& BARRY GUY *unsafe sax*
Leics. Phoenix Arts Centre

HORSE
BOYS FROM SYRACUSE
£3/2 The Charlotte
THE RUBY TUESDAYS
Royal Mail

LA VIDEOTECH
£2 Sheffield The Leadmill
WISHPLANTS
£2/2 Disco 2 Rock City
ONE DOVE
Derby The Where house

thursday 21st
ENERGY ORCHARD
£1 /£1.50 Disco 2
Nottm. Rock City
WHOLESONE FISH
Amnesty benefit
Marcus Garvey Centre
SHEEP ON DRUGS
£5 adv Rock City
MIND THE GAP
Filly & Firkin

PELE
THE BEE KEEPERS
Derby The Where House
STRANGER THAN FICTION
Out of Leicester The Magazine
ROLF HIND
£5/3.50 Phoenix Arts Centre
ESKIMOS & EGYPT / OPIK
DJ SHERMAN
£4.50/4 The Charlotte

GUILT / IZON PARADISE
Royal Mail
THE BEAT CLUB
£4/3 Sheff The Leadmill
friday 22nd
FUN-DA-MENTAL/ LOOP
GURU / TRANSGLOBAL
UNDERGROUND
Global Sweatbox
Nottm Marcus Garvey Centre

FREEFALL / BURDOCK
Free Filly & Firkin
1THE RAZORS
£1 Running Horse
DANNY & THE DOOWOPS
£7.50 adv. Rock City
BOX CLEVER
£1 Bleasby HazelfordFerry

THE KHAN BAND
£3/1 Lang. Mill Potters Snooker Club
SOME LOVE 2
Shephed Rock House
RAY BRYANT
£5/3.50 Leics Phoenix Arts
TOYAH
£5/4 The Charlotte

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
KING GRIN
Royal Mail
MARTIN LEVERTON *Rise*
MR MAGIC *Nuff Vibes*
£4 10pm-3am Sheff The Leadmil

satursday 23rd
EB & THE SYSTEM
CRUNCHBIRD
£3 Nottm Filly & Firkin
THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
THE KHAN BAND 9pm £3
Runing Horse

AUSTRALIAN BUSH DANCE
BEDLAM £3.50/2.50
W. Bridgford West Park Pavilion
WHOLESONE FISH
Camra Real Ale fest.
Victoria Leisure Centre

WISHPLANTS
£2/2 Disco 2 Rock City
ONE DOVE
Derby The Where house

ALEXANDRA
BRASS QUINTET
£6/4.50 7.30pm Assembly Rooms
WALTER HARPMAN BAND
Leics Royal Mail
CHARLIE CHUCK
£4/3 The Charlotte
MICK PINI BAND
£2.50 Shephed Rock House
MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
Boston Axe & Cleaver

LONG PIGS
t.b.c. Sheff The Leadmill
sunday 24th
LEMONHEADS
SOUL ASYLUM
£9 adv. Nottm Rock City
5 GO OFF IN A CARAVAN
Golden Fleece

CAP IN HAND *lunch*
STAN MARSHAL'S LAW *eve*
Running Horse
HELEN PAT & JOSH
Jazz lunch Old Angel
THE KHAN BAND
£2 Calverton Springwater Bar

HEAVENLY
Derby The Where House
MARTIN BROWN BAND
£1 Ambergate Hurt Arms
THE POWER OF DREAMS
ATLANTICA
£4/3 Leics The Charlotte

THE CADILLACS
Royal Mail
JULIAN JOSEPH QUARETET
£5.50/4.50 Sheff The Leadmill
monday 25th
STONED JACKS
Nottm Running Horse

CURVE / SWERVEDRIVER
£7 Rock City
PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
Filly & Firkin
WOOL
Derby The Where House

SKATOPERA/NAKED TRUTH
£3/2.50 Leics The Charlotte
PETE MORTON
acoustic club Royal Mail
BRUCE MORTON
£5/4 Sheff The Leadmill

TRANSGLOBAL
UNDERGROUND
Sheffield University
FUN-DA-MENTAL
LENNY HENRY
£14/12 Northampton Derngate

tuesday 26th
LENNY HENRY
from £8.50 Nottm Royal Centre
FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Running Horse

SPIRITUALISED
MERCURY REV
GALLON DRUNK
£7.50 adv. Rock City
AMETHYST
£2 Ilkeston The Rutland

THETANSADS
THE LOST SOUL BAND
Derby The Where House

HAIR & SKIN TRADING CO.
PRAM / ROSA MOTA
£3/2 Leics The Charlotte
BLU;BEAT
The Royal Mail
wednesday 27th
TI JAZZ *jazz & roots mix*
CURT GLANCE *Cellar bar*
Nottm Old Vic

TALL
The Hippo
BASTINADO STEP
£1 Running Horse
PELE
£4 adv. Rock City
GA GODSEND
Filly & Firkin

TOYAH WILCOX
Derby The Where House
AMETHYST
Shephed Rock House
JOHN BUTCHER &
ROGER TURNER
unsafe sax Leics Phoenix Arts Centre

FABIAN'S TALE
Royal Mail
LA VIDEOTECH
£2 Sheff The Leadmill
thursday 28th
KELLY'S HEROES *upstairs*
MIND THE GAP *downstairs*
Nottm Filly & Firkin

SCIZZORGISM
Lincoln The Falcon
WHOLESONE FISH
Louth Scrafes
PISTON BROKE
Shephed Rock House

TRANSGLOBAL
UNDERGROUND
FUN-DA-MENTAL
Leics University
TERROVISION / KEROSENE
£3/2 The Charlotte

THE HONET CHILDREN
INDIAN ANGEL
Royal Mail
BEAT CLUB £4/32 9pm-2am
Sheff The Leadmill

friday 29th
LUNG / G.R.O.W.T.H.
£3.50/3 Nottm Filly & Firkin
NATIONAL POP WEEK
£2.50/2 Old Vic
PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
£1 Running Horse

TERRORVISION / KEROSENE
£3/2 Disco 2 Rock City
ESQUIMAX
Old Angel

GARY NUMAN
Mansfield Leisure Centre
RAM
Lincoln The Falcon
LAST GREAT DREAMERS
£2 Shephed Rock House

TAUREA
Chesterfield Queen's Park
RUNAWAY TRAIN
£1 Bleasby Hazelford Ferry

BEARCAT CAJUN
PLAYBOYS
£6/5 Derby Swamp Club
THE AGE
Leics Pump & Tap
THE OYSTER BAND
THE BIG TRUTH BAND
£5/4 The Charlotte
THE RAZORS
Royal Mail

TOM WAINWRIGHT
MARTIN LEVERTON *Rise*
SWEET G *Nuff vibes £5*
Sheff The Leadmill
saturday 30th
DR EGG
£2.50 Nottm Filly & Firkin

DINA CARROLL
Royal Concert Hall
THENAVIGATORS 3pm
LE STAT 9pm £1
Running Horse
VALVE / HERB GARDEN
£3/2 Disco 2 Rock City

JOKERS WILD
Shephed rock House
BILL REDHEAD
Maragaret Thatcher Experience
Derby The Where House
SATAN'S BEAVER
£1 Leics The Charlotte

ARK / WESTERN SUN
THE ELYSIAN FIELDS
Royal Mail
OUI 3
t.b.c. Sheff The Leadmill
BEN ELTON
from £8.50

Skegness Embassy Theatre
sunday 31st
DA DOG
Nottm Golden Fleece

CAP IN HAND *lunch*
MR SIEGAL *eve £@1*
Running Horse
HELEN PAT & JOSH
jazzz brunch Old Angel
WHOLESONE FISH
Bordello's

STEEL CITY BLUES BAND
£1 Calverton Springwater Bar
NEUROSIS
Derby The Where House
KHAN BAND
£2 Ambergate Hurt Arms

GIGOLO AUNTS
THE TANSADS
£3/2 Leics The Charlotte
JAFFA MONK
Royal Mail

JUNE TABOR
£4.50/3.50
Sheff The Leadmill

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ANGEL ROW

2 - 30 Oct.
LYNN SILVERMAN
1:1
LINDA GUNN RUSSELL
New Sculptural Ceramics

BONINGTON GALLERY

18 Oct - 13 Nov
MIXED SHOW
Good Work

CASTLE MUSEUM

til 17 Oct
MIXED SHOW
Women and Food
2 Oct - 14 Nov
The Black Presence In Nottingham
ATTA KWAMI
Handmade Paper
MADGE SPENCER
Ceramics

NOTTINGHAM COMMUNITY ARTS

11 Oct - 21 Nov
NIGEL NICHOLLS
Paintings

OLDKNOWS GALLERY

2 - 23 Oct
CARTWRIGHT / JORDAN MCNEILLY
Mixed Media
30 Oct - 13 Nov
ANTHONY HEMSLEY
New Paintings

UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY

7 Oct - 14 Nov
Toil & Plenty: 1780 - 1890

LEICESTER CITY GALLERY

6 Oct - 13 Nov
Black People & The British Flag
13 Oct - 13 Nov
Strike A Light

DERBY CITY GALLERY

til 31 Oct
PHOTOGRAPHY FESTIVAL EXHIBITION
9 Oct - 7 Nov
BANDELE IYAPO
KAREN HAMMOND
Karibatik
9 Oct - 14 Nov
The Factory At King Street

THEATRICAL

NOTTM PLAYHOUSE

5 Oct
Shobana Jeyasingh
ROMANCE WITH FOOTNOTES
7 Oct
Adzido Pan African Dance
AKWAABA
12 Oct - 16 Oct
DV8
MSM

22 Oct - 20 Nov
Phillip Whitchurch
CRIMES OF PASSION

NOTTM THEATRE ROYAL

6 - 9 Oct
London Contemporary Dance
ROOSTER / SHOES
FOOL LIKE RAIN
18 - 23 Oct
MASTER FORGER
19 - 23 Oct
ROSIE & JIM
24 Oct
COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE - ABRIDGED
26 - 30 Oct
Opera North
LOVE OF 3 ORANGES

VICTORIA POWERHOUSE STUDIOS

5 Oct
DSS Machina
Kienan McKoy
BARCODE
12 Oct
Michelle Durtnell
AWOL
Martin Coles
ORDINARY COWBOY
19 Oct
Robert Overson
RECREATION
Steve Noble Trio
SAY WHAT
26 Oct
Mike Nolan
SOUNDBOX
John Law & Michael Garcia Duo
9 Nov
Semblance
OBITUARY
Orchestra Of Dreams

DERBY PLAYHOUSE

til 23 Oct
Aphra Behn
THE LUCKY CHANCE
28 Oct - 20 Nov
Jim Cartwright
TWO

LEICESTER HAYMARKET

til 9 Oct
Larry Kramer
THE DESTINY OF ME
5 - 9 Oct
The Sphinx
PLAYHOUSE CREATURES
14 - 16 Oct
Gay Sweatshop
STUPID CUPID
18 - 23 Oct
Insomniac Productions
L'ASCENSORE

LEICESTER PHOENIX ARTS CENTRE

10 Oct
Bayrave Ripfish
TRIPUS FISHUS
14 - 15 Oct
V Tol
32 FEET PER SECOND
20 Oct
John Hegley And Nigel

THE NEXT STAGE

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can't base your whole existence on people's praise, it gets out of control. Everybody wants to say something, but you have to be self pleased, because people can be fickle. Like, if you're not doing a thing because you wanna do it, then you shouldn't do it, because what'll end up happening is, if you do it for somebody else and they don't like it then you're gonna feel even worse. But at the same time it's kind of a weird contradiction because I do value the crowd, I'm into the crowd. Other members of the band might argue now, 'Who gives a shit if anybody else is there?'. I do care because it's the same thing as when you go to a town right. You can become a tourist and live in a hotel and stay in your room, and go see shows and demand entertainment and demand service, or you could go to a party and have fun, even cook food with somebody in a town, y'know what I mean, you could interact with people and it would be a whole other thing. And it's what happens with bands. A lot of bands go on tour and they don't have any conversations with anybody, they just see it the same way as their home town, maybe they'll walk down this alley and compare it to the town where they're from, so they can feel constantly at home. I feel like the home should be the whole world; it's better, it's more complex. If you understand how people live in another environment then your brain actually to a certain extent expands. You might see, for example if I stayed in the U.S I might not see that guns are in a fact a dangerous thing, I mean, I might just think it's a fact of life—people get shot. Here I saw on the TV, they reported that a man got shot in the leg and I said, 'And...?' That wouldn't make the news in the U.S. but because of that I almost feel more optimistic about the fact that people don't have to be shot. That's just an example there are a million things that happen. You see how some things are positive, like just even foods, or clubs actually having some people that are respectable working in them. Not a bad thing, especially when in the U.S. you're expecting everyone to be a coke-head, they're selling coke out the back and don't care about the bands, they care mostly about the money."

How do you feel being part of a band?

"All different ways. I feel sometimes like quitting because I hate the people in the band. Sometimes I feel like they're the only people in the world that I wanna be with."

Is your character different when you are with them?

We've gotten over a lot of the things where the people are

different, sometimes, but then there are things like...money. If you live together with any people and you're scared about your future because you don't have any money, you're not gonna be able to get along with the people, because they have money. So sometimes I think 'Maybe if everybody was rich, then the world would..... but that's still not true, because there are still people that need more and more and more.'



When you are playing your part and someone else in the band wants to play something else, how do you feel at that time?

"It's so different every single show. It would have to be a specific time, like, it could be a time where in the show someone was feeling very sad and you could hear it in the music, and then someone else in the band is feeling very ecstatic because they just got laid or something."

I can't be precise, someone else might have stomach ache. Some people are playing from different perspectives, and the mood of the song changes but the weird thing is that complexity. If you're sitting here thinking about that tennis match you saw on TV last week, or what you had for dinner, or why that drink tastes that way or what is this idiot saying? or why do I feel this overwhelming sense of mourning for a person I haven't thought about for twenty years? All these things happen when you're in conversation. It all exists at once, so when you listen to a song there's no reason why it should all be this one thing, it shouldn't be just one happy thing, or only puts you in one mood. But a good song could maybe take you many places at once and each time you listen to it you get further into it, hear different things. That's what I think, at least. I mean, it's all right to have fluff, cos maybe it's good when you've got a lot on your

mind. Something that's just saying 'Happy Happy Happy'. OK that's good, maybe you've just been in a car crash or you're friend's just committed suicide and you put on the radio and it's 'Happy Happy Happy'. But sometimes you might be interested in having an experience that's more complex when you listen to a record. Same thing with a movie. Hollywood movies have happy endings but that's not the way life is.

Sometimes you might want to experience what other people are experiencing, and it's a lie if everybody's happy because not everybody's happy, right? So records, movies—they should do whatever they wanna do, but I value the ones that take you to another place, another person's head, another person's time or existence, and it's even better if it's several people."

I feel like the home should be the whole world. If you understand how people live in another environment then your brain expands.

Boces was recorded at different places and at different phases of the Moon. Do you live your lives by phases of the Moon?

"Ah, you read the press kit. It just means over a period of time. I mean, some people do, but I dunno, I'm still lost in that very non-clock oriented thing. Yeah, sunrise, sunset, those things make a difference but I don't know what day it is or what time it is. I don't carry a watch. The phases of the Moon is someone else's organisation inside the band, not mine."

Jimmy Chambers is credited not only with drumming but also with something called the Atlas Sweepstakes. What's that about?

"Well, in the Atlas Sweepstakes the winner takes all in the map reading competition. Time is not something I mind being lost in, but if you need to find your way out of a box you need to have the previous language to get out, so we're very intrigued by finding the language in the

symbols to help you find other places. So Jimmy wins in the sweepstakes."

Risking further mockery for taking press releases too seriously, I ask about Elvis' Jungle Room at Graceland.

"The first label we were on, Mint, is a sub-label of Jungle." he says utterly po-faced.

What? So it was just to make that connection?

"No, Elvis is a big presence. When we went on a Grasshopper night," he continues still straight faced, referring to that arm of Mercury Rev which plays dither guitar, licorice stick and has a big thing about Elvis, "we went on a cross country trek to chase down some hooker that had stolen his money, we went down to try to catch her at the border, and we when we were there we did the Elvis thing. He's a big fan of Elvis. He actually had tickets to see him the day he died. A lot of things have to do with the way you fix them in your mind, so for Elvis in his mind there's a lot of synchronised things happening that you can make sense out of. Some people call it superstition but that's just blind. Some of the stuff really is connected. The fact that the day before he was supposed to have tickets—the only time in his life even though he's a big fan—Elvis died. Then we were driving and we got lost and we found mini-Graceland. All these weird connections, 'cos like when we stopped because we were hungry, in another state three hundred miles away, there was the Elvis museum, then where Elvis bought his guitar—we happened upon...so it was almost as if we were being led. In earlier times you might start thinking that Elvis was a religious figure because some of this stuff was too connected, and we were on a crusade."

So you believe in synchronicity?

"I didn't have enough time to read about it, but I think it's a possibility. Synchronised, I guess, yes. I've heard that all these things happen a once. Can you explain it to me?"

While I give a few examples, David stares intently at the cover of July's *Overall* still lying on the table and points to part of the double-exposed shot of Wholesome Fish in Potters House.

"What does that say there?"

We all gaze into the cover. Amongst the chaos in the photo there is a poster on the wall of which only three letters are visible:

"REV".



FRIED

ALIVE!

BJÖRK Wolverhampton Civic Hall

"there's no map
to human behaviour
they're terribly moody
then all of a sudden turn happy
but, oh, to get involved in the exchange
of human emotions is ever so satisfying"

Apart from being my fave album to fall asleep to, wake up to, work to (well, it has that lasting quality), *Debut* is a sensuous breath of fresh air in any ears. A dreamy mixture of jazzy ambience and hearty beats, rhythmically it's Björk's Bone Machine —varied, inventive, organic—and so early in her career! Vocally she lends the most simple of phrases a deeply passionate meaning while exuding a sense of enjoyment coupled with a distantly sad longing. Love songs will never be the same again. Her genius is alive, and along with co-writer and producer Nellee Hooper has brought together a team of musicians and engineers to create a sound uniqueness.

And so to Wolverhampton, of all places. At last! An air of expectancy at a gig! And understandably since the last time Björk graced these parts was back in.... have you noticed how nobody mentions the Sugarcubes? Yet the pirates are selling old tour posters outside the venue. But back to that air of expectation, or speculation rather, as what makes up the majority of the audience is those who wish to get a glimpse of the new pop princess. A massive cheer goes up as she takes the stage. The title *Debut* makes total sense now. I was hoping for a seated venue, but enough horizontal chilling out to this year's best album. So the first thing that struck me was the bass. Right in the solar plexus, the opening *Human Behaviour*. But sure I wanted a glimpse too, if only to verify the image from the photos. She is strong and beautiful, looking very fashionable in long silky purple skirt and.... aw, what the hell, her voice is incredible, her diction perfect, the music sublime. Perhaps nervous at first, a feeling shared, wondering if she could pull it off live, like the opening of the football season with a bunch of new signings, aware of critical reports but eager to please, she concentrates that unique frown into the music and at given intervals alternately crowd-pleasingly skips across the stage and stares at the duckboards with an expression of intense

brooding, as if about to become aware of secret wonder. It all changes after *The Anchor Song*, the first song she introduces, about her beloved Reykjavik, a better than perfect rendition, and the audience, as still as the model ships anchored on stage, prove that they are actually here to appreciate the music. Superb. Anyone who thinks the sea is cold around Iceland is forgetting the volcanic activity. The lava flows, the extraordinary Luis Jardim swaps back from brass to bass with equal style and a well paced set changes gear with *Violently Happy*. Björk gets her head up and it's party time if you can find room at the back to dance. The production of the show comes into it's own with a starry backdrop, the band playing with digital precision demonstrate how they could beat the banality out of any rave. With obvious gratitude they perform two encores, Björk explaining in spoken English that they have no more songs but never mind, we'll play one from the next album, which suggestion goes down a storm as did the songs. I'd have been silently happy if they'd jammed that first encore all night.

Björk will go down in history somewhere between Julie Andrews and Billie Holliday. As to whom she'll be considered closest depends entirely on human perspective (and behaviour).

Christine Chapel

PHOTO : Jean Baptiste Mondino



STEREOLAB/CODIAC Nottingham Narrowboat

Got totally carried away with the high antics and hustling that was the non-intentional pre-gig entertainment - namely the pool room. Cue balls landing in people's laps. Beer-belly showing contests. It was all there. But, come 9pm, the ceiling began to tremble, Codiac were on and calling and up the stairs we trooped. Now some may call Codiac enthusiastic, energetic, bold. I call them bloody LOUD. Fronted by an aggressively mumbling lead singer and complete with de rigueur maniacal drummer, they were so loud you couldn't really look straight at them. Looking away I noticed the barman was patiently perusing a paperback whilst a guy on my left kept his fingers in his ears the whole set, all of which lent a somewhat surreal feel to the whole shindig. People drifted in and out, the band were pretty well received, loud guitars, more drums, lots of feedback and off they went. A couple of Codiacs, a glass of water and a nice sit down, barman, please.

Meanwhile, the Narrowboat -which seemed by comparison roomy during Codiac -suddenly started to squash up, and before you could say 'Transient Random Noise Bursts With Announcements' the place was double choc-a-bloc and you'd better hang on to your floor space because they came from high, they came from low, they probably came from Planet U.H.F. to see the ones they call Stereolab. Pretty soon the air was as thick as school custard -and about that colour too. That's the thing about the Narrowboat, ok, it's like having the band play in your own front room, but if you want to breathe, forget it. But like, Stereolab tuned in and started up. The Stereolab double female vocals are a kind of cross between a more tuneful Nico and a less dreamy Lush, coupled with occasional synths and a highly danceful backing. The dance stuff goes down a dream like you'd imagine; material from their new album (recorded in 6 weeks -ages according to them) was interspersed with the new single *Jenny Ondioline* (terrific), *Changer*, *Avant Garde MOR* and a couple of other things from *Switched On*. The more up-tempo stuff got most people going, (up near the stage was like a high-speed food processor) the slow moody ones died horribly and dribbled away under the floorboards. A few technical hitches, a tiny bit of cringeful off-key singing, a false start or two and at one point the mike picked up the local taxi service from somewhere beyond...and it was still BRILLIANT! Stereolab will do well, a great gig, good to be there (still got the green bunny to prove it) and hell, who needs oxygen anyway. Super Electric

Ewa Kowalski



MUSTARD ROCK: young, dumb and full of come, Photo: Anthony Fisher Photography

Hard to pick out any high spots (I know all you lazy shits like to be told which are the 'good' and 'bad' 'numbers'), but if pushed I would say my favourite moments were watching the band dance maniacally to the dirtiest, most wonderful R&B, AND NOT GOING ON STAGE UNTIL IT HAD FINISHED, and seeing them perform *Johnny AAAAARRRGH!!!* like there was no tomorrow. If rock was always like this, you wouldn't NEED us to tell you the good bits. Go see them.

Phil Scorzonera

SQUID / FRED Nottingham Filly & Firkin

Fred was great. A solo acoustic set from a natural performer with a voice, an ear for a tune and a batch of excellent songs, he single-handedly upstaged the 'main' band without even sweating. Squid, on the other hand, died a slow death tonight which was disappointing since their first ever gig at the Old Angel six months ago was a stormer. As fast as Fred had won over fans, so did Squid lose theirs. It's not that they can't play, they started out promisingly, in fact up to the *Tree Song* it was quite good. But after that they lost it somewhere between grunge and parody. What's with taking your shirt off and turning away from the audience just to reveal an idiotic 'Fuck You' painted on your back? Rock 'n' roll, not. That and the half-painted blue drummer demands comparison with the all-blue Mustard R.O.C.K.E., from whom Squid could learn much about spontaneity, vivacity, throwing yourself into it with abandon, and face-painting. If they really wanted an audience at their next gig, Squid should have darted off after three numbers.

Christine Chapel

NEVERLAND Derby The Where House

I had been led to believe that Neverland were merely the New Cranes-by-numbers, but upon seeing them it's hard to tell where their direction lies. They manage to mix folk (hats off to Mick on the mandolin) and rap songs, and even end up with a Gary Clail style rap. For an upcoming foursome they had the confidence and ability to give their growing following just what they wanted. Songs such as *Roses*, *Kebab* and *Joe* all went down a storm. Blending the Ozrics, Metallica, instrumentals, as well as fast and slow numbers, Neverland should soon become one of the most sought-after bands in the area.

P.S. Just where did they find that bassist?

Rachel Allen

FRIED AT NIGHT

The other day I was in Hurts Yard visiting my friend Rick Millenium. As usual he was on the phone which I believe he has had surgically attached to his head for ergonomic reasons, so, hearing strains of princess Björk's *Debut* coming through the wall, I popped next door to Bubble to pick up some flyers to give to the gig-guide guide [sic] and while I was there a chap came in with a load of furry clothes including hats with pockets, which we all tried on for amusement, although I think Mark was doing some market research at the same time, like asking me how much he ought to charge for them, did I think anyone would buy one, etc. I already had visions of outdoor winter parties with everyone looking like latterday Davy Crockets so I said yes and received a free cup of coffee for my time. Spotting the bottles of bubble mixture in the window and realising that this shop had a theme (free bubble gum kids!) and checking that the phone was still stuck to Rick's head, I asked Mark if I could play blowing bubbles and he let me open one especially. I think he wanted me to blow them in order to help attract attention to the theme so I went into the yard (Hurts) and I think I was right because he stepped out half a bottle of cheap washing-up liquid later and asked if anyone had got it yet. It was good old fashioned entertainment and it all reminded me of the Green Festival, the last event on the outdoor calendar, which takes place uncomfortably close to the site of the Riverside feet n gayler [sic] and a welcome relaxation after the hecticcy of summer. There was an act here who could not only do amazing things with fire, like eat it, but also make the biggest bubbles you've ever seen in your life (except for the one in *The Prisoner* which doesn't count 'cos its on telly and this was for real). My friends Wholesome Fish were there too and so were Atomic Kandy and if Psychastorm had been there then

those three bands would have appeared at every festival in Nottingham and Leicester this summer but this was actually a Peace festival and Psychastorm are too loud so they weren't invited but I think they were in Germany anyway. I had stopped at a beer-off on the way which was lucky as for some reason there was no Swindle bar this year and upon arrival I was treated to a very groovy sounding folky reggae music. A few hours of fresh air and no exercise later, one look at the sky told me that with customary jam, Wholesome Fish would take to the stage just as a huge bank of cloud rolled away over the city to reveal the Sun. Ha! You thought I was going to say it would piss it down which it usually does first weekend in September. Sure enough the blue patch got nearer and nearer and the launch window arrived on cue. Everybody the decided to stand up and make the most of it as it might be the last opportunity to do so outside this year without having to get kitted out with furry trousers and a hat with pockets. It would have gone on till sunset had not Sid (who had brought Mrs. Sid and all the little Sids especially for the occasion) another booking for his P.A. that evening. Which was a shame as I had been quite enjoying myself especially when my friends Ali and Georgie were dancing to the Fish and kicking their legs in the air.

And so summer ended bar a few odd hours of sunshine later that month unless you are lucky enough to have gone to California or Australia where it is about to begin, which can be a depressing thought but not as depressing as the thought that all those misguided fuckhead fascists (no doubt culled from the ranks of redundant squaddies) are still too blind to see it. But don't let the bastards get to you. Burst the bubble of oppression and recession. Smile, be happy, be yourself. Float above the gloom of mediocrity.

Christine Chapel

WHAT DO YOU REALLY KNOW ABOUT THE BEER YOU DRINK?

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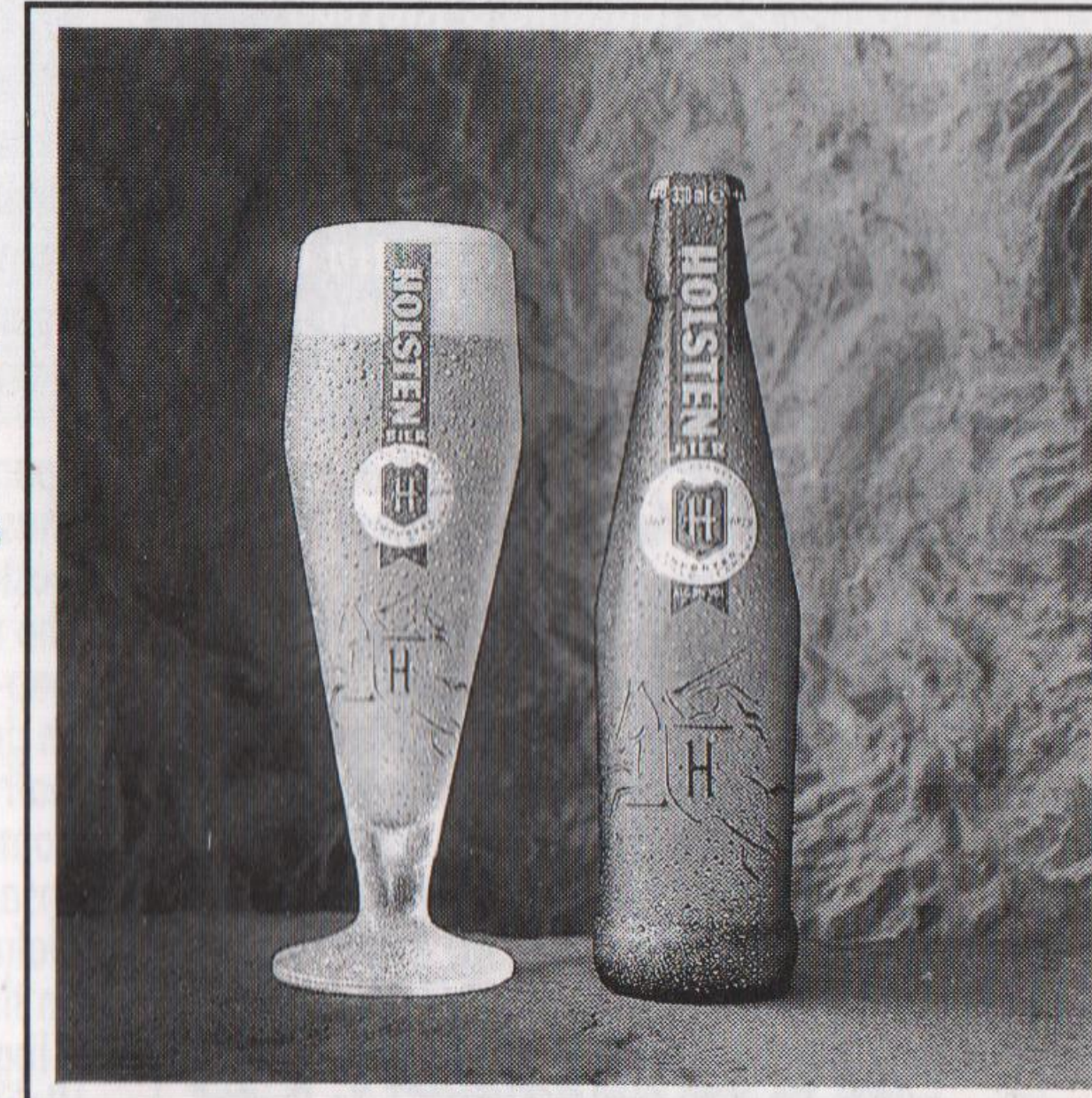
"Consumers have been bombarded with many different beers - some good, some bad - and it is no wonder that many say they are confused." Joanne Spinks of Holsten Bier.

Not wishing to have readers who are confused by lots of beer, **Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions** has joined forces with exclusive beer brand **Holsten Bier** to run a free competition offering 30 readers the chance to learn more about what they are drinking and, ultimately, enjoy it more. Our 30 winners with a thirst for knowledge about beer will put their taste buds to the test on 10 different beers. They'll be invited to one of two bottled lager tastings, run by highly-respected brewing research experts **BRF International** at these venues: **Blitz**, High Street, **Long Eaton** and **Wilkie's**, Market Street, **Leicester**

"Although Britain is a nation of beer drinkers, many people don't really understand the different styles and brewing techniques used in beers around the world. It is also important how people drink their beer - good quality premium lager from the glass tastes completely different and so much better than from the bottle. The latter prevents them appreciating the colour, the head and aroma of the beer."

All you have to do to enter our free competition is to answer the following questions and send your answers and preferred tasting venue to
Overall, PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham NG7 4DG
to arrive no later than 14th October.

- 1) In which country is Holsten Bier brewed?
- 2) Apart from hops, yeast and water, what other natural ingredient is used to brew Holsten Bier?
- 3) What is your own favourite bottled lager?



Name.....	Address.....
Answers:	Preferred Venue
1).....	Wilkie's _____
2).....	Blitz _____
3).....	
And finally, in no more than 30 words describe why you would like to learn more about getting the best from bottled beers.....	
.....	
.....	

visual:

mural (section) by SHOK

NEWS:

Nottingham Playhouse has announced its Autumn season, starting with **Alan Bleasdale's** *The Party's Over* (till - OCT 2), a hard-hitting comedy set in a girls' borstal which should follow up the success of *On The Ledge* last March. The reliably controversial **DV8** dance company have a short run with the premiere of *MSM* (OCT 12 - 16), a piece on the darker side of male sexuality (it says here) choreographed and devised by **Lloyd Newson**. Another premiere is **Philip Whitchurch's** *Crimes of Passion*, adapted from a novel by **Emile Zola** and featuring "sex, murder, a criminal psychopath and a sordid government cover-up" (OCT 22 - NOV 20). Next up is **Robert Lepage** who, fresh from doing **Peter Gabriel's** stage shows, brings a multimedia *Coriolan* to town (NOV 23 - 27) as part of Contemporary Archives' Now '93 Festival. The inevitable Panto, which this time round is *Aladdin*, takes over thereafter.

Younger's sponsorship for the Playhouse Autumn season, a hefty and not-to-be sniffed at £175,000 over the next 3 years, has also been announced; it's basically a continuation of the Home Brewery sponsorship they've enjoyed for so long under another name. All down to marketing strategy, apparently. **Carl Anthony Plover's** *Like* (reviewed here in May) arrives at **Bobby Brown's Café** for a one-off show on SEPT 30. A mix of 70's nightclub vibes and music with a surreal examination of sexual attraction, it's accurate, funny, physical and very near the knuckle. Don't miss it.

Also not to be missed is the return of **London Contemporary Dance** with their much touted show *Rooster* based around such late Stones classics as *Sympathy For The Devil* & *Street Fighting Man*, a high-octane dance piece that's been said to change attitudes to dance wherever it's been shown. Also on the bill at the **Theatre Royal** between Oct 6 - 9 are *Fool Like Rain* (music by **John Martyn**) & *Shoes* (music by **Factory Classical** tyro **Steve Martland**). **Victoria Powerhouse** is back in business now with a line-up that includes **DSS Machina** & **Kiernan McCoy** (Oct 5), **Michelle Durnell** & **Martin Coles** (Oct 12), **Robert Overson** & **Steve Noble Trio** (Oct 19), **Mike Nolan** & **John Law/Michael Garcia Duo** (Oct 26) and **Semblance & Orchestra Of Dreams** (Nov 9). All tickets are £5/£3.50 on the door. Details from Simon on 486554/791817.

DANNY LA RUE in *La Cage Aux Folles* **Loughborough Barry Young's Stardust Club**.

If you want the unusual, the mind-boggling, the utterly, completely and absolutely most alternative night out in existence then this is it. Never mind the show, never mind Danny La Rue, just check out the venue. A vast pink barn with Can-Can dancer carpets, a huge twinkling "black-and-light" Stardust ceiling, acres of tables with twee little automatic on/off table-lamps and the ultimate in kitsch decor. Add a foyer filled with Bernard Manning posters and an audience out for its money's worth and you'll start thinking "Twin Peaks" before the show even starts. When it does and a dozen transvestites rise up through the floor on a hydraulic stage singing "We Are What We Are" to the cheesiest score imaginable, you stop thinking altogether. From then on you're on your own. You're completely sober. You have not (you insist) taken anything illegal but you feel somewhere, somehow, you must have... Manic can-can dancing, Danny La Rue in ever-more outrageous



IN LIVING COLOUR:
An Aerosol Dream
Nottingham The Art Factory

PULSE, ALERT, SHOK and **CRASE** from Nottingham, **DREPH** and **STYLO** from London, New York's **COPE**: the names are more than a street-cred pose, they're a necessity. These people are vandals, apparently. Their paintings on walls and trains are supposedly acts of wanton destructiveness. If caught, these people will be punished. But now think again. How much would the seedy gents' toilet ambience of Nottingham's subways be improved by a bit of colour and aerosol paint? What kind of logic makes the addition of an elaborate, brightly-coloured and vibrant painting to a depressing motorway bridge an act of vandalism? *In Living Colour* doesn't answer this question. It merely poses it, and insofar as Graffiti Art can be represented on small canvases in a gallery, poses it fairly effectively. Of course - as many people, including the artists themselves, would point out - these canvases are not representative of the best of this work. They're an anomaly and, yes, it would have been great to hold the show in an empty warehouse or factory and had 30 foot by 8 foot painted walls. Or for British Rail to commission the painting of their trains for six months,

spangly frocks, the thinnest plot in the history of musical theatre, lots of double-entendre and seaside-postcard humour (eg: "I drive a Corvette pervertible - the roof goes up, the chauffeur goes down"), some hoo-ha about "Masculine Toast" and everyone in sight in drag... by now I'm not sure what they put in that half of Tetley's but it's having an effect. And still to come - a few big numbers, some mad farce, some insanely untalented acting, Danny La Rue in tweeds doing a number as *ZsaZsa The Great* to which everyone in the place claps time, then a deranged finale with "Ingenu: Last Of The Living Virgins" and a French Politician in gold lame before Danny La Rue appears to cap the whole thing with "The Best Of Times" (which if anything out-cheeses everything that's gone before) whilst another eight transvestites flounce about awkwardly in oversized satin tents and fountains appear for no adequately explained reason behind them. Suddenly it's all over, and it's back to the twinkling ceiling for a quick "are we going to wake up now?" session before leaving. Theorists have said for

or for Nottingham City Council to pay for the decoration of the subways. But *In Living Colour* is what we have and it's a means to an end. It works, and if the respectability of a gallery show makes such things as these more likely (a slim chance) then it's a good thing. What *In Living Colour* does is give these artists a shot at legitimacy in the eyes of others. **CRASE's** "This Way Up" is a great painting by any standards, as effective an abstraction as any by Gerhard Richter or Gillian Ayres. **PULSE's** "Top of the World" is a Deco poster in aerosol paint, his "Man or Myth?" in a direct line of descent from Pop Artists like Roy Lichtenstein. One of the surprises here is the variety of styles employed, from the hard-edged graphic of **PULSE's** "Malcolm X" to **STYLO's** atmospheric monochrome close-up on a black face smoking a joint, from **SHOK's** psychedelic tags to **DREPH's** "Resist to Exist" comic strip images. All different, all quite able to fit into a fine art discourse, no problem.

What makes this artform, though, is precisely its refusal to do this, and to leaf through magazines and portfolios also on display (don't miss them) is to see a vibrant, living, completely uninstitutionalised art growing out of necessity. And any chance to see that, in the age of the Dead Shark and Rubber Mattress, is well worth taking.

Wayne Burrows

years that there are gateways to other dimensions in our midst, points where the fabric of space/time opens out into an infinite number of parallel universes. Barry Young's Stardust Club near Loughborough is one of those gateways. And you still think I'm joking, don't you?

Wayne Burrows

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DV8

Physical Theatre MSM

Nottingham Playhouse Oct. 12th-16th
MSM is a term from sociology standing in for Men having sex with Men. In other words, coting. DV8 have been at the cutting edge of new dance for several years now, mainly due to Lloyd Newson's intensely punishing style of choreography and his insistence on exploring taboo areas of human sexuality in his work. Most strikingly, back in 1988, when *DEAD DREAMS OF MONOCHROME MEN* found itself splashed over the Daily Mirror's front pages as the work of the devil for its vivid interpretation of serial killer Dennis Nielsen's life and crimes prior to a broadcast on The South Bank Show. Not sick, rather an attempt to understand, and The Mirror ended up with egg on its face while Melvin Bragg got one his highest ratings ever. So much for censorship. MSM arrives at the Playhouse on October 12 for its British premiere, and marks a new phase in DV8's development. According to Newson, it's an attempt to fuse the real words of 50 men interviewed about their experiences of coting into a one-and-a-half hour dance piece. Using only the words of the men themselves, it's an attempt to explore one of the least understood aspects of male sexuality in a theatrical form, somewhere between dance, theatre and documentary. According to Newson it's not an exclusively, or even primarily homosexual practice: most of the men interviewed were married, or in long term relationships. Stories emerged of police agents-provocateurs getting into the habit for real under cover of their jobs, of an age-range and class-spread that surprised even the company themselves. "It's an area we wanted to explore with as little prejudice as possible, to get around the negative images and easy political lines people use to justify their own behaviour and get to the human beings at the centre of this minefield of hidden agendas. The stigma attached to coting is at the heart of the piece, which is why we've used the men's own words and stories, why we didn't use a writer to mediate and manipulate the reality of their experiences. Out of almost 100 hours of interviews we've managed to condense it down to less than two per cent of the material we gathered. It's a series of glimpses into men's lives, not idealistic or judgemental, not one person's story, not arguing a line or taking on history. It's learning about human beings, our own secrets, what we all choose to reveal or not to reveal about ourselves. It's a complex and dense piece, with no easy conclusions to draw or points to make. For DV8 it's a departure, using text, but evolves from our previous work in *STRANGE FISH* (music is by Jocelyn Pook again), and tries to use the combination of text, movement, background and mood to explore the subject. I hope it will combat a few prejudices and make people think about themselves. It's our first time in Nottingham, the British premiere after opening in Montreal, and I hope people will come to see it with open minds." MSM opens at the Nottingham Playhouse on October 12, and runs until October 16.

Wayne Burrows



THE BABY OF MACON

Director: **Peter Greenaway**

As the director of *The Draughtman's Contract* and *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*, Peter Greenaway is no stranger to the odd extravagant costume and wig or the occasional stomach turning scene, and his new film *The Baby Of Macon* certainly has more than its fair share of both. Focussing on Religious hypocrisy and the exploitation of the innocent (inspired apparently by the infamous Benetton poster of a new-born child covered with blood and mucus) the film is set, typically, in Greenaway fashion, in 17th century Italy, and blurs various levels of reality by being filmed as a play within a film. The play concerns how first an ambitious young woman, and then the corrupt Catholic church, seek to profit by elevating a young child to sainthood and then selling his 'power' to perform miracles, while the film concerns how these events affect the play's actors and audience - in particular the naive but sadistic young aristocrat, Cosimo. When it works, as in the elaborate cathedral ceremony, *The Baby Of Macon* reveals a real beauty and power, but often the religious imagery is set on overload and scenes such as the seduction and slaughter in the stable border on the ridiculous. Perhaps the main problem is that the most impressive aspects of the film - its stunning visual look and Greenaway's masterly

orchestration of scenes - are, in the end, the very things that work to undermine its hard edge and moral stance. When the brutal and repeated rape of the young woman is photographed and staged so beautifully, not only is its impact and any real sense of horror and revulsion diminished, but ultimately it becomes part of the problem and not the solution, leaving Greenaway open to the same accusations of exploitation for commercial gain that he levels at others. Had the characters been more fully developed or any emotional empathy with them encouraged then perhaps this might have been different, but as ciphers for Greenaway's intellectual arguments it's hard to care one way or the other about their fate. That's not to say there isn't a place for any film that rejects the feel-good emotional escapism of a Hollywood blockbuster for a more rigorous, individual and intelligent approach, but Greenaway has been down that path more successfully before, and what was once radically new and innovative now seems rather familiar and predictable. However, for all its faults, *The Baby Of Macon* remains an enjoyable and provoking piece of film-making and certainly one better seen on the big screen than on video in 6 months time

Hank Quinlan

Baby Of Macon shows at Broadway Cinema till 7th Oct.



Deviants Stewart Walden and Neil Campbell: failed the audition.

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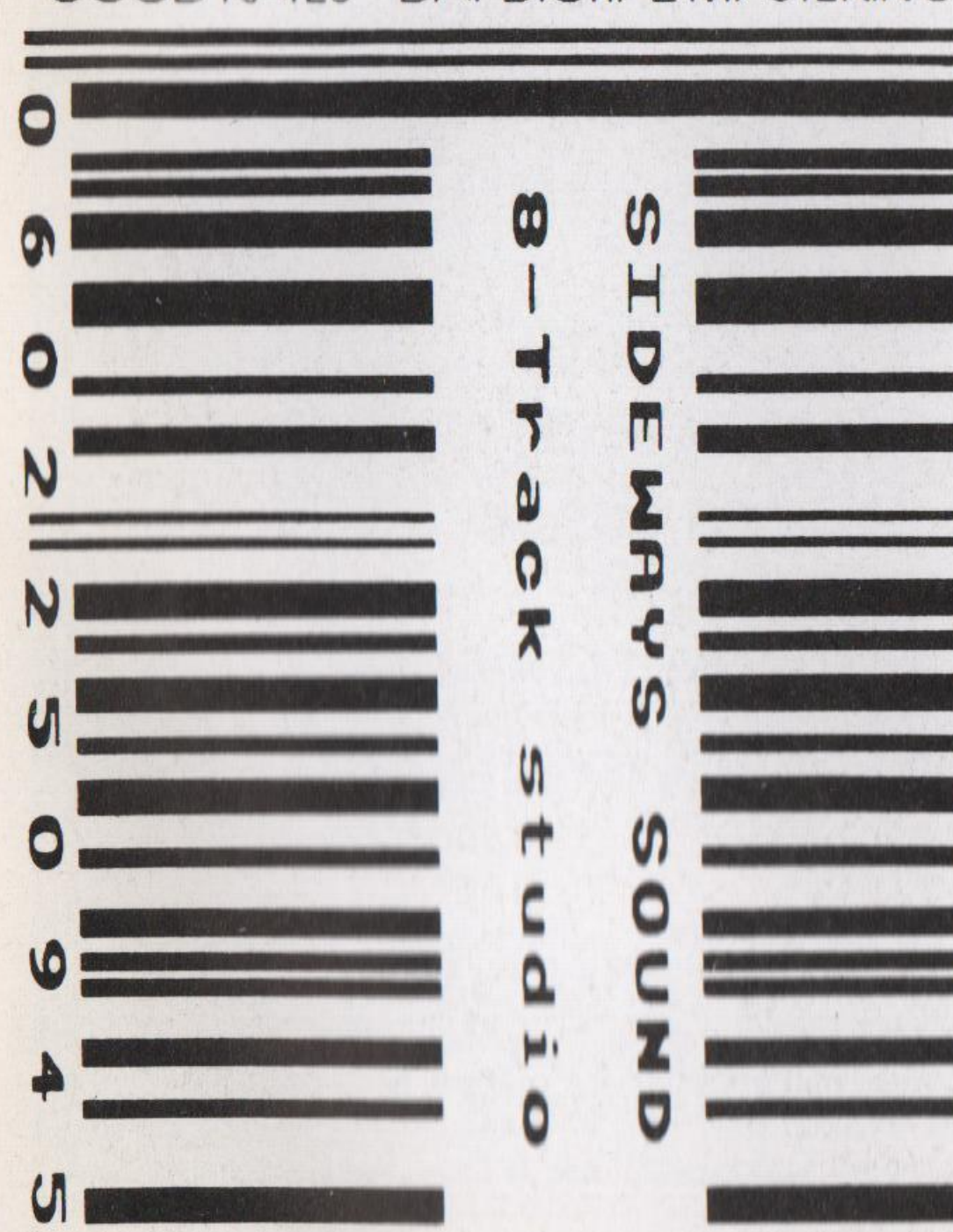
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