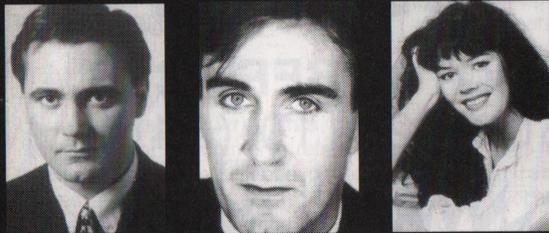


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THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

Vol. 3 #7 January 1994 Update



Some but not all the information contained herein may be false. Stay Alert!

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firstofall:

Mansfield-based **Bandwagon Studios** have announced a new course beginning on Mon 31st Jan. Entitled 'Introduction to Multi-track Recording', the course runs every Monday from 6.30 to 9.30pm for ten weeks. The cost for the all ten weeks is a mere £40 (or only £10 for the unwaged). Limited places available so apply now to Andy Dawson on 0623 422962 or write c/o Bandwagon Studios, Westfield Lane, Mansfield, Notts NG18 1TL.

NEW RELEASES

Derby's **KK Kings** release *Justified And Asian* on Jan 24th on the **Station K** label with orange vinyl featuring remixes from Nottingham to Washington. They will be appearing as special guests of **Chakademus** and **Pliers** at Wolverhampton Civic Hall on Jan 22nd. Following NMME Single of The Week *Paradigm Shuffle*, **Loop Guru's** third single *Sus-san-tics* is out Jan 31st on **Nation Records**, with an album to follow in spring. Prague's **Ecstasy of St. Theresa** follow up their *Fluidtrance Centauri* single with *S.O.S.*, an ambient trancy guitar track on **Free Records**, backed with a remix by **Bandalu**. Feb 14th is the release date for **Transcendental Love Machine's** LP *Machine Mania* on **Hydrogen Dukebox**. Described by our man in London as "essential listening", a DJ only set of remixes did so well in the clubs that one of them will be included here.

Trojan release two reggae retrospectives on Jan 24th. Firstly a 21 track *Tribute To Bob Marley*, artists covering the late great one's songs include **Inner Circle**, **Derrick Morgan**, **John Holt**, **Max Romeo**, **Denis Brown** and the also late and great **Prince Far I**, who opens and closes the collection with his *Tribute To Bob Marley*. Then there is a 20-track *Rock Steady and Reggae compilation Wake Up Jamaica*. Featuring many tracks which have only been previously available on their original 45rpm format, from the mid-sixties to early seventies, artists include **Tommy McCook & the Supersonics**, once resident at **Duke Reid's Treasure Isle** studio, **John Holt**, **Phyllis Dillon**, **Ken Parker**, **The Melodians**, **The Sensations**, **Paragons**, **The Techniques**. 24th Jan is also the release date for the debut solo album by **Kristin Hersh**. On the **4AD** label, *Hips And Makers* features fifteen songs, self-penned except for *Houdini Blues* (co-written with her father) and *The Cuckoo*, a traditional Appalachian folk-song. **Michael Stipe** provides additional vocals on the opening track *Your Ghost* which was released earlier this month. A solo tour follows in March. **4AD's** latest signing Indiana-based **Lisa Germano** releases a CD-only limited edition collection of remixes from her now deleted album *Happiness*, released in the States last year to critical acclaim. Described as "substantially different" from the original material, *Inconsiderate Bitch* features two new tracks and two new mixes.

Following lengthy negotiations with their former label **Chrysalis**, **The Blue Aeroplanes** will be releasing their forthcoming album *Life Model* on **Beggars Banquet**. Prior to that the *Broken & Mended* EP is out on Jan 17th. They embark on their first tour in two years this month with **A-House** supporting on all dates. Catch their "over-the-top commitment to the beat lifestyle" at Derby Wherehouse

(26th), Sheffield Uni (30th), Leicester The Charlotte (Feb. 5th). Over from Australia, **The Killjoys** will be in the area promoting their new album *A Million Suns* on **Mushroom Records**. They appear at Nottingham University on Jan 16th. **Seven Little Sisters** debut CD *Daedalus* on **Sycophant Records** is now available from all record shops in Nottingham. **The Pink Dandelions** visit Nottingham for the first time on Feb. 2nd with a gig at the Hippo. Described by **Brumbeat** as "fiddle-jumpin', fret-slappin', brain-engaging excellence", gigs last year included supports with **Miranda Sex Garden**, **The Oyster Band**, with dates lined up with **The New Cranes** in London early this year. One for all you absolutely folk-alls to check out. Speaking of folk-tinged pop music, have you noticed how many of these acts have a female fiddler. Don't all you guys wish you'd continued your lessons? I can imagine a whole new generation of kids being hassled by their parents to take up violin lessons. "But mum, it's for cissies!" "Don't be silly dear, don't you want to be in a raucous roots band when you grow up?"

SIX THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR SPARE DEMO TAPES.

1. Send them to **Organ**, London's finest muzine. Positively packed with reviews, they also produce compilation tapes and organise bendy, chewy Organ gigs. Contact Organart, PO Box 790, LONDON E17 5RF.
2. Send them to **Gadget Promotions**. Recommended by **Friction**, who recently returned from six successful gigs in Switzerland. Zurich-based Gadget Promotions "provided ample profit after expenses and a flat was provided as well as hot meals, etc." Contact Alan, Gadget Promotions, 30 Quellenstrasse, 8005 ZÜRICH.
3. Send them to **Rosebud**, an indie label dealing anything from pure pop to extreme noise-core with 25 releases to its name in France, and plans to expand to several other countries, "calling upon all of you to make a correspondence for the best". Rosebud band **13th Hole** will demonstrate their "wall of noise mixed with H.P. Lovecraft's lyrics" for a **Peel Session** which goes out on Jan. 25th. Contact Iann Paccalin, Rosebud Records, 10/12 rue Jean Guy, 35000 RENNES, France.
4. Send them to **Noise Burger**. As well as putting together a fanzine, and gigs in London, a second compilation tape is planned. "I am open to all forms of music. I want the compilation to be really diverse. It is all about making friends and exchanging ideas." The first compilation *Head Duck* featuring **Acrimony**, **Bunty Chunks**, **Die Laughing**, **Bender**, **Fuse** and others costs just £2.50 (payable to "Scott Osborne"). Contact him at Noise Burger Productions, 209 Copperfield, Limes Farm Estate, Chigwell, Essex, IG7 5NJ.
5. Send them to **The University of Hertfordshire S. U.** who, need quality acts to perform in this, the only centre of entertainment for miles around. Contact Marc Buchanan, Ents. and Promotions Manager, Hatfield Campus, College Lane, HATFIELD, Herts. AL10 9AB.
6. Enter the Overall/Square Centre Comp.
7. Now turn to *Afterall*.

overall

THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

JANUARY 1994

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vinolution:

Liz Phair, Tom Waits, Kelly's Heroes, Rev. Brown & The Early birds Out of Band Experience, KK Kings, DiY, Ultraviolence, Gloria Estefan

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afterall:

How to get shafted the right way, Friends Of Egon Ronay, Body Heat

Published by Paul Overall with assistance from Georgie McCleod, Wayne Evans, Gareth Thompson.

Contributors: Christine Chapel, Martin Thomas, Michael Prince, Dave Elyatt, Roo Roo McGoo, Spartacus & Co., Barry Rothery, Nick James, Jason Cobb, Will Irvine, Neil Campell, Kani Bawa, Hank Quinlan, Andy Dawson.

Special thanks to Chris the Resource, Graham the Printer, Nigel the Finisher. Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions PO Box 73, West PDO, NOTTINGHAM NG7 4DG.

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FREEFORALL

The **Overall/Square Centre** competition to find the best unsigned act in the country continues into '94. To win a unique package of free studio time at Nottingham's prestigious **Square Centre Studios** and professional advice with a view to securing that first professional recording contract, all you have to do is send your recorded material marked "Overall/Square Centre Competition" to Kevin Fetterplace, Mojo Working International, Sutherland Hall, Liverpool Grove, LONDON, SE17 2HH. Judging the competition will be ex-MCA records Managing Director and legendary A&R man Dave Ambrose, who will listen to all the material sent, judging your entries according to style, songs, image, attitude and presentation. And remember— if you don't enter you can't win. But all those who do enter will be eligible for reduced rates in the recording studio. **Closing date 29th Feb 1994.**

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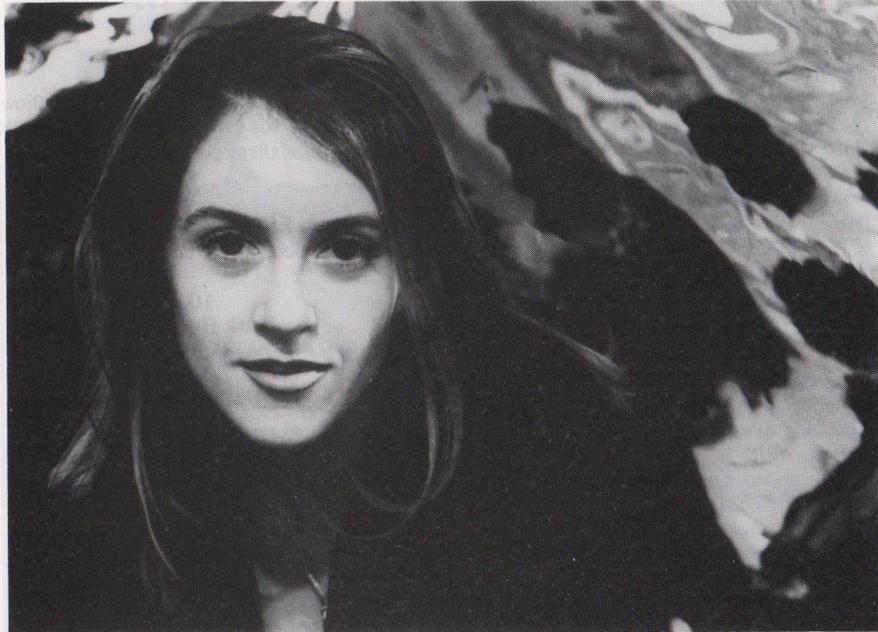
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LIZ PHAIR: piss and vinegar vignettes

Photo: Robert Manella

LIZ PHAIR *Exile In Guysville* (Matador)
From the almost unfathomable depths of thoroughly modern moonchild Liz Phair comes a double album of real music with real depth. Self-obsessed? Self-deprecating? Self-esteem? Who knows. Only Ms. Phair and she tells it in a series of charmingly vulgar piss and vinegar vignettes about cars and boys, the whole adorned with moral reflections useful to the young. When they've done dating and danced to Björk's tune, because they don't find her threatening, the guys in the ville might start looking for someone like Liz Phair. As one who knew once wrote: "How sensitive is the formula of woman, that can touch such extremes, springing often from one to the other in a moment - according to the nature of the influence then at work upon her. Cyril Grey had once said, speaking at a Woman's Suffragette Meeting: 'Woman has no soul, only sex; no morals, only moods; her mind is mob rule; therefore she, and she alone, ought to vote.'" He had sat down amid a storm of hisses; and received fourteen proposals of marriage within the next twenty-four hours.' Get into exile.
Christine Chapel

TOM WAITS *The Black Rider* (Island)
If *Bone Machine* saw Tom Waits square-dancing with redneck roadkill, then *Black Rider* finds him once again safely ensconced in the company of geeks, freaks and side street weirdos. Not to be considered an OST of the opera of the same name, *The Black Rider* was written as an attempt to present an impression, or an overview, of William Burroughs' scripted and Robert Wilson directed opera first performed in Hamburg in 1990; for which Waits wrote the score anyway. Confused? So what? That's probably why Waits wraps the project up in concepts like a "bedtime story, something to scare your children." This story, however, is no easy ride. As its title suggests, Waits takes you on a journey through an oom-pah embellished Dante-esque vision, where the listener is picked up by the neck's scruff and placed in a bizarre cabaret. Fusing backstreet orchestras, a busker's saw (surely the most mournful sound ever) and those Germanic tones that give the film *Cabaret* its glitzy decadence, Waits' collaboration with Burroughs takes Isherwood's vision and drags it spiralling down into a pit of sordid intrigue bidding you to say "Goodbye to Berlin" and welcome to hell. Littered with Brechtian ballads and Beethoven croakers alike, *The Black Rider* may not be the best Waits album, but it has moments of pure beauty which lift the soul towards a skeletal jig. "Taint no sin to take off your sin and dance around in your bones."
Martin Thomas

COP SHOOT COP *Room 429* (Big Cat)
And I thought Skyscraper knew how to brood. Simply superb - the best thing Cop Shoot Cop have ever done. A late entry for single of 1993. Buy it - it frightens Goths away.
Dave Ellyatt

NEW ORDER *Spooky* (London)
Scraping the bottom of the metaphorical barrel that is Republic.

OUT OF BAND EXPERIENCE
KINGS OF FEEDBACK
Murderfest (Immortal Records)
"Who are these people who kill and kill again?" As I lie in the dirt in Britain it's easy to see why these recordings disturb some of my friends. Dirty, dangerous vinyl vies for the colours in the carpet. Cuts of killers and vampirists seek the psyche with guaranteed trouble. I mean, you can use these things for an all out assault if someone gets boring on you. *Murderfest* is the latest seven inches of menace from Boston's Immortal Records. Comprising a catalogue of quotes from serial murderers and criminal psychologists ("only sex preoccupies us more than murder") lined up against a wall of noise, *One Helluva Tweek* is a tortured testimony to the "Waco, Waco" call that heralds the end of the American dream. One of the most telling 'killer quotes' is that by Henry Lee Lucas: "You got too many girls out there hitchhiking who shouldn't be out there." He is only one of many 'Voulez-vous coucher avec God' wannabes assembled here as evidence of the decaying heart America. In Britain we can relate to the 'everybody's got guns' thing of which we are only made aware, despite the concentration of firearms in the northern Ireland, via the zombie-like precision of the TV USA. Chronic low-level emergency. I suppose the British version of such a record might be "That Was The Tweek That Was" with David Frost as victim. Are you a voyeur? Write to Bill T. Miller, Immortal Records, Box 221, Boston MA 02123 USA or call 1-(617) LICK OBE for free gift.

THE OTHER TWO
The Other Two And You (London)
So this is what Gillian Gilbert and Stephen Morris get up to on their hols from New Order. The album has taken a while to appear, due primarily to the collapse of Factory Records, but also because Republic was more important. So was it worth the wait? No. The singles are rather inspiring creations but *Tashy Fish* has been in the public domain for a couple of years now, and *Selfish* is no justification on its own. The remaining tracks are competent electro-pop, underpinned by Morris' articulate drum-machine patterns, but merely exist rather than embed in the consciousness. Nothing too exciting, but if New Order are your meat and two veg it will certainly do as elevenses.

NIRVANA
All Apologies/Rape Me (Geffen)
So how many of you waited for In Utero with baited breath, shelled out hard-earned cash, took it home, played it twice and haven't bothered since? Join the club. *All Apologies* and the controversial *Rape Me* are two of the better tracks from the album, but compared to *Nevermind* they're...oh, never mind. Together with the CD bonus *MV* (it really does stand for moist vagina) they show Nirvana to be inspirationally bankrupt.

THE WALKABOUTS
Satisfied Mind (Sub Pop)
The Walkabouts are the best band on Sub Pop, and there are two simple reasons for this. Firstly, Chris and Carla and the rest of the posse have more humanity than a good few hundred slackers, and secondly they fully understand the value of the song - a true victory of content over style. This album differs from their usual releases in that it's a collection of covers performed on a veritable variety of instruments. Nick Cave's *Loom Of The Land* gets the country treatment, Charlie Rich's 'Feel Like Going Home' stays true to its roots and *The River People* displays even more empathy than the original Go-Betweens version. Another ten little gems complete the picture, and envelop you in their glow. Dave Ellyatt

BABY CHAOS *Sperm* (East West)
Oh well, another British guitar band that has yet to develop any personality of its own. Don't even be fooled by the 99p price tag - you are not getting a bargain.

MINT 400 *She Hangs Beautiful*
SKYSCRAPER *Choke* (Incoherent)
What nice people, giving us a free joint single on their joint tour. In fact Mint 400's offering is, so I'm told, not bad with a joint. *Choke* is the pick of the pair - a brooding brute of a song.

ENGINE ALLEY *Switch* (Mother)
This is supposed to be bright, pithy Irish pop, when in fact it's about as good or incisive as Graham Taylor.
Dave Ellyatt

JULEE CRUISE *The Voice Of Love* (Warners)
The *Twin Peaks* diva returns with this second album, proving that the gorgeous texture of the first was no fluke. Jazzier than its predecessor, with the same production/writing team (David Lynch & Angelo Badalamenti) this is one for those chilled out early hours, a perfect soundtrack for spiral thinking and, I imagine, the next David Lynch project. Excellent.

MORPHINE *Good* (Rykodisc)
Out of the blue, this U.S. three-piece have turned in one of my favourite albums in a fair while (well, this month anyway). Like a cross between a sleazy, downtown jazz outfit and early Violent Femmes, *Good* winds up with enough warped vision in its fabric to make the title inadequate. Slide bass, saxophones, percussion and guitar combine on a set of songs guaranteed to reach those hard-to-get-at tingly bits every time.

TOM ZE *The Hips Of Tradition* (Luaka Bop)
David Byrne's *Brazil Classics* series reaches Vol. 5 with a return to the bizarre subject of Vol. 3, Tom Ze. That was a retrospective compilation, this an all-new set with contributions from Arto Lindsay and Byrne himself, quite as weird as the last one and just as good. Ze is an eccentric as far into linguistic theory and off-kilter philosophy as infectious rhythm, and this just about adds up to the nearest Brazilian equivalent of Beethoven. If you haven't heard him, check him out. You'll be surprised.

GLORIA ESTEFAN *Mi Tierra* (Epic)
A bit of a surprise, this, being the return of MTV pop-queen Gloria Estefan to her Cuban roots, and - it's pretty good. Entirely in Spanish, using some of the finest Latin players around (Tito Puente, Arturo Sandoval) and absolutely spot on the pre-Mambo Havana style in sound and feel, this is a great set of Latin music, no more, no less.

BUTTERFLY CHILD
Onomatopoeia (Rough Trade)
Track back a few years to one of our most underrated bands, AR Kane. Now check out this new release from Butterfly Child (aka Joe Cassidy), a perfect print from the old Kane sound. This is 65 minutes of spaced-out dream-pop: rambling lyrics, sound effects, spectral passings and subtle shifts... an album to travel through, tap a foot to, curl up inside and luxuriate on. I think I like it. Wayne Burrows

THE DYLAN *Grudge* (Beggars Banquet)
This isn't The Dylans I remember. These guys got by peddling pop-trash to an audience who didn't seem to care and, it could be assumed, weren't really interested. Now comes *Grudge*, kicking away those pop pretensions with the raw of their guitars, more what we'd expect from a Stateside garage band, with their former sound appearing occasionally. Have the band sold out? All I can say is, let's hear more as they seem to have all the experience to make this work. However they may find they're too late on the scene, with their audience opting for those more tried and tested in the field. I hope not.
Nick James

FRET BLANKET *Twisted* (Rockville Records)
There still seems to be something sacred about the 7" vinyl format, something that should be preserved as with anything else under threat. It's the only format that this appears on, and does seem to add something to its appeal. Limited, an import from America, *Twisted* is something wonderful to behold. The vocalist's lyricism has an uncanny resemblance to Evan 'Lemonheads' Dando or perhaps even that bloke out of Swervedriver. The music brings that Sunday morning feeling, when you can't see the reason for getting out of bed. Listening to *Twisted* will cement this view to your religion. Is it worth parting with that last quid for? My opinion is, yes. It can be obtained through mail order from: Fret Blanket, PO Box 115, Stourbridge, West Midlands DY8 1PY. Cheques/postal orders for £1 to 'Fret Blanket'.

JACOBS MOUSE *Group Of Seven* (Wiiiija)
There's something decidedly strange about this release from these Norfolk guys. Maybe it's the recipe for chocolate cake printed on the label, or maybe it's just the feeling I get that anyone can shout! The A-side's good with sinister undertones and a spooky tune. To listen to both B-side tracks, you have to be in the right mood; probably better heard live. They seem to have carved a niche for themselves where other like-minded bands could follow. Not bad.
Nick James

LA BLUES AUTHORITY *VOLS. 3 & 4*
Hats Off To Stevie Ray/Fit For A King (Roadrunner)
Since the supposed re-birth of the blues, every metal guitarist has suddenly discovered their true roots. Gary Moore does it well, but some pretenders don't come over as genuine. These latest tribute albums by the LA Blues Authority just don't work. The late lamented Stevie Ray Vaughn and not so late Albert King both established styles through their playing, not their songs. All the guitarists present on the albums (including Pat Travers, Frank Marino, Leslie West of Mountain, Ricky Medlocke of Blackfoot) are good players, but try too closely to ape Messrs Vaughn and King. It all sounds rather like pub blues with no real individuality. I recommend checking out the original artists. The Minister Of Rock

REV BROWN & THE EARLY BIRDS
Resolution (Boshay Music)
This debut CD by the Birmingham three-piece features just one cover version, 'Simples', which sounds great. The other blues numbers are written and produced by Reverend Brown and are all decent enough. The Reverend is a slide guitarist whose talent is prominent in the mainly instrumental piece *These Blues Are Taking Me Higher* and the closing track *Sad Sad* which has a hypnotic, vibrant middle section. Other stand-outs include the rhythmic sway of *Mercy Mercy Mercy* and *Love Me Babe*. If you're into guitar music and blues stories, you'll like this CD. But, as with many other such acts, they're probably better taken live.
Kani Bawa

KELLY'S HEROES *That's The Story*
Being a blonde-haired, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon contender for the Aryan race I resent being told that my interests lie with a bunch of misguided nazi no-lives. First-hand experience has taught me that the enriching diversity of multicultural society is far more attractive than the negative vortex of fascist bigotry we can now see in motion. If popular culture is Mr. Blobby, Pot Noodles, Beadle's About and the Sunday Sport, then I'm glad to be out of touch. Releasing an album of mostly traditional Irish music might appear anachronistic, but for those with eclectic tastes this is a gem. True, the ever popular Kelly's 7th album does contain a few foot-stomping favourites for full-time fans, but only a miserable cynic would fail to be touched by the heartfelt paths and romantic beauty inherent in these touching renditions of traditional love songs and soulful Celtic Blues.
Snowy

RADIOHEAD
Stop Whispering (Beatwax/EMI)
Welcome to the anti-climax of the season. How could Radiohead, even in their wildest hallucinations, follow up the mighty *Creep* with this wet, weak and whining rubbish? It is dismal - 20 seconds is enough for anyone. *Stop Whispering*...I can still hear you.

LIGHTHOUSE *Alice* (Rosebud)
Alice has such a cheerfully quirky intro that it almost raises your hopes...only to dash them cruelly on jagged compact rocks when the cringeful singing begins. Have Beatles - will rip them off. Lighthouse are French siblings with silly voices who were obviously spoonfed Sgt Pepper until it rotted their teeth and brain-cells. Brass sections, flutes, echoes, sighs and breathy repeats of "colours" and "high". But I'll grant that there is something there, if they can identify it. Where there's pan-pipes there's hope.
Ewa Kowalski



ECSTASY OF ST. THERESA: EOST meets west.

Photo: David Pajer

KK KINGS *Justified And Asian* (Big Life)
I first encountered KK Kings on Time label's *Disneyland* EP and it seems they are still keeping the same good company, with remixes by Nottingham's Sine and Sister Love who also contributed to that EP. KK Kings are the anti-fascist groove thang from Derby, in the heart of the British anticontinent. Last year they were prevented from joining Björk to perform at a soiree in London by the threat of racist antagonism after that BNP bye-election victory, thus preventing yours truly from "reviewing" said party. You see - it does affect us all! But as we are reminded here, "Free your mind and your ass will follow." This is a knowing and original, but a whole multicultural pun of multimediatic proportions. Others might say they are taking the piss (yea, even unto the orange vinyl). There was a week of 'New Asian Kool' broadcasts on One FM, then an appearance for *Megatripolis* in Heaven. Now a tour with Chakademus and Pliers and a version of Cliff St. Richard's *Summer Holiday* for the movie *Bhaji On The Beach* directed by Gurindha Chadha, the first Asian woman to direct a feature film in the UK. Remember *Taj Ma House* back in the heady daze of the Acid craze? Ah, it's all so sublime.

PIG Fountain Of Miracles (White Label)
More puns with the *Anal-log* and *Anal-hog* mixes, and a forthcoming LP *The Swining*. Oh, it's all such fun! What's the industrial for "seminial"? Whatever it is, Pig have done it with Einsturzende Neubauten, Foetus, Psychic TV and KMFDM, no hogwash. Rock 'n' roll techno is by far the best branch of that infernal science. Make them machines raunch!

BLOW *Liar* (demo)
Still on the rock 'n' roll techno tip (ha!), this is the apparently unlikely collaboration between the terror of techno Johnny Violent with the tough man of tall pop and testicular talent Kevin Bug. (Congratulations.) *Liar* is a thaumatotechnic symphony, the insistent *Manny & Buck Mix* being my part with its relentless beat; but just when you think it has gone on too long for its own good it finally earns that bassline and dramatic climax. It grabs ya.

DIY *Strictly 4 Groovers 12"* (prerelease) (Warp)
Essa's *Up There Out There* swoops in promisingly then funks up out there in the Cheesy Way, though it would work well as a link at *Jazz In The Box*. And that's the problem with this record; it's just too DJ friendly, and, in the Annihilation of the Self meaning of it, this is prur(amb)ience. Strictly for DJs, more like, to ride over rough-shod during outdoor Apache activities. Nail's *Cassiopia* is alone outstanding in that it is *satisfying* to listen to.

LOOP GURU *Sus-san-tics* (Nation)
Rather more dramatic are these four versions (from a series of ten) of *Sus-san*, a track named after the featured Iranian-born vocalist Susan Deihim. Interesting, enchanting, atmospheric, serene, sublime.

ECSTASY OF ST. THERESA (pictured)
S.O.S. 12" (Free Records)
Second single from Prague's E.O.S.T., one of swirling, dreamy ambience with guitar - picked, and slowly at that! how far out? Well, the album launch gig takes place in Prague Planetarium supported by London's Bandulu who treats *S.O.S.* to a tweak or two on the flip.

ULTRAVIOLENCE LP (demo)
If you are about to listen to Ultraviolence you may as well crank it up, fasten your safety-belt or grab your security blanket or whatever you do, and submit to the terror. Even if you survive *Electric Chair*, *Joan* will get you, tied to a cyberstake and engulfed with such ferocity that it forces martyrdom upon you just for listening. Ultraviolence works from a back bedroom in Nottingham's leafy suburbia. With the weather improving while work was under progress in Spring, the windows were flung open to release the evil force of technifying rock 'n' roll upon the unsuspecting neighbours. Malefic samples flew screaming into the neighbourhood with enough sonar energy to trim next door's hedge, cut the lawn and prune the roses. As work on the album stopped for a coffee and Marlboro break, the doorbell was heard, inevitably, to ring. It was of course a neighbour complaining about the noise, one aspect of which the visitor was particularly keen to make an ex-sample. The complaint had been prompted not so much by the volume as by the hapless house-holder's seven year-old daughter coming in from the garden to ask, "Daddy, what's a 'hardcore motherfucker'?" Now it has to be said that this wicked phrase does crop up quite often (210 times in fact) during the two versions of the track named in its honour, trapped within tectonic scale techno with only an "I love you love me!" from *Blue Velvet* for comfort, so electronically twisted that Isabella Rossellini is reduced to resembling a wild beast in agony. Side Two opens with a trancie second version announcing the death of 'hardcore', leaving a lone laconic "Motherfucker" to do the technotango with a desperately sexy "oh-oh I need your love," which version will not be on the finished product which is pending sample clearance and due for release on Earache in Spring. *Hiroshima* signals the sadness. "it feels like/I'm dying/inside", the three parts of the phrase cannily cut and pasted at third intervals over 4/4 for full-on incessant pathos. *Retribution* gets nasty, more gleeful sloganeering ("Fuck me! Kill me!") in a swarm of bass and the self-administered coup de grace of homage to the ethos of "Ultraviolence/Ultraviolence..." ad finem acerbum, the danse macabre of *Death Of A Child*.
Christine Chapel

In the '80s a band from near Manchester came together to produce three brilliant, seductive, triumphant but dark and unsettling albums. They were called The Chameleons and after this brief career they split up in 1988, half of them forming The Sun & The Moon only to disappear after one album. Not much was heard of them for a while, but following the release last year of an album *Zima Junction*, their former lead singer and bassist carried out a short tour playing an acoustic set. Michael Prince caught up with Mark Burgess and asked what he had been doing since The Sun & The Moon split.



Photo: Michael Prince

MB. "Yeah. It was quite a long time ago." (*Uncomfortable pause*)
You did something on a compilation, didn't you?
 "Yeah, for Imaginary. It was the version of 'You Only Live Twice' for a compilation called '1967' and they asked me to choose a song from 1967."

Last night you did almost nothing but Chameleons songs. Was there a reason for that? (Not that I'm complaining.)

"Er, yeah. Basically I didn't have a set list. I don't work from set lists so I tend to play what I feel like playing there and then. That's Point One. Point Two is that all those songs were written, even though they were written over ten years ago, seven years ago, or whatever, this now, the times we are living in now, are the times those songs were written for, so I don't feel uncomfortable about playing them, 'cos this is the time they were.....these times we are in now are what those songs talk about, even though they talk about them seven years before they came. So, you know when I play with the band I tend to play more 'Zima' songs basically because there's more control over the sound and everything, otherwise they are gonna sound totally lousy. That's another reason for not playing the 'Zima' songs last night because I couldn't get a handle on the sound and it didn't feel comfortable enough to play them."

How do you feel about the retrospective albums coming out? 'Strange Times' was re-released at the same time as 'Zima Junction'. I ended up buying both.
 "Good for you! I'm just amazed. I mean, what can I say? I don't really have anything to do with that. On the one hand I like the fact that stuff is coming out because it means I can continue to work now. Those retrospective albums are the only things we've actually been paid for. We never got paid for anything. So if people weren't buying them I wouldn't be able to go on working anyway. So on a mercenary kind of a level it's great 'cos I can get paid for that and I can keep on doing what I'm doing. On the other hand I think now it's gone a bit too far and I don't think we'll be possibly hearing any more because I think it's been exhausted."

You seem to make it big in Europe. I heard 'Script of the Bridge' played in an Italian Supermarket. It blew my mind.
 "It would blow mine if I heard it. Yeah, blow me away. You know, Europe and America is... how can I say it. More people responded to our stuff in Europe and America than here. It was always a struggle for us here. I mean we can do the International (Manchester) and they would be opening the fire doors but we would do Newcastle and there'd be 40 people. It was like we'd do London and play to 1,500, then go to Liverpool and play to 30. It was very strange. Whereas you go to Europe — France, West Germany, Holland or to America and we were selling out all the time. Just one of those things really. I personally don't think I'll ever be accepted in this country, I don't think the Chameleons would ever be accepted. It doesn't bother me. You said about that music in the supermarket; my mum has a catalogue she was browsing through, she was wondering what to buy me for Christmas. There was a CD holder there and scattered next to it some CDs and one of them was 'Script Of The Bridge'. So she was going 'Wow!' and showing everyone this fucking catalogue, taking it to work and saying 'That's my son's album.'"

We then talked about how well the retrospective album's done and how Mark felt about them being available again.
 "I can go into a shop now and there's 'Strange Times' on the rack, there on CD. That's great, I'm happy, you know what I mean? The fact that it's there if you want it, there's the Chameleons, like we have our own section now and that's great. That's the most important thing really."

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saturday 15th

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 Nottingham Old Angel

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 £2 Running Horse

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 Rock City

SUDANESE WITCH HUNT
 Filly & Firkin

CARWASH
 Derby The Where House

HAMISH WHITELEY
 Café Folk lunch free
 Leics. Phoenix Arts Centre

LONG PIGS
 SLEEPER
 MARMALADE SUN £3.50
 Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 16th

ABK
 £1 Nottm. Running Horse

THE KILLJOYS
 Nottm. University

PICKLED ONIONS
 Forest Fields Palm Tree

JAZZ EXPRESSIONS
 with HELEN McDONALD
 Old Vic

REV. BROWN
 & THE EARLY BIRDS
 Ambergate Hurt Arms

JOHN GILBERT BAND
 Sunday jazz lunchtime £1.50
 Leics. Phoenix Arts Centre

WARP SPASM / LETHARGY
 KONFUSION Free
 The Charlotte

monday 17th

JAM SESSION
 Nottm. Running Horse

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
 Filly & Firkin

BACKDROP \ BROOD
 Free Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 18th

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
 Nottm. Runing Horse

SESSO PURO
 Ritzy

MCCARTHY PARK
 Filly & Firkin

BIG DEAL
 Forest Fields Palm Tree

R & B JAM SESSION
 Old Vic

DELICIOUS MONSTER
 COMPULSION
 £3/2.50 Leics. The Charlotte

wednesday 19th

JET STREAM WHISKY
 £1 Nottm. Running Horse

CHATTERMAN
 GIBBON COMPLEX
 £1.99 Filly & Firkin

BEARCAT CAJUN
 PLAYBOYS
 Old Vic

Jazz & Roots Mix
 BACK TO BLUES
 Derby Bell Hotel

PURPLE ORANGE
 YOGHURT CULTURE
 £2/1.50 Leics. The Charlotte

LA VIDEOTECH
 £3/2 10pm
 Sheffield The Leadmill

thursday 20th

MIND THE GAP
 Nottm. Filly & Firkin

THE RAZORS
 Forest Fields The Palm Tree

KELLY'S HEROES
 Old Vic

BEAT CLUB
 £4/3 9.30pm
 Sheff. The Leadmill

friday 21st

LE STAT
 £1 Nottm. Running Horse

SESSO PURO
 The Zone

FRIENDS OF MARC LEPINE
 Filly & Firkin

THIS GIGANTIC WORLD
 SOUNDMAN

CORPUS VILE
 punk extravaganza
 Old Angel

SEISMIC RING
 Langley Mill Potters

SKYCLAD
 (ex-Sabbat) £4/3.50
 Leics. The Charlotte

LUVDUP / SULLY / SWEET G
 Rise £5 10 till 3am
 Sheff. The Leadmill

saturday 22nd

MEDICINE
 Nottm. Rock City

CAP IN HAND
 3pm Nottm. Running Horse

BORDERLINE
 Evening £1 Nottm. Running Horse

DAZE
 Nottm. Old Angel

'MARGARET THATCHER
 EXPERIENCE'
 Derby Where House

HIGHLY STRUNG
 FABIANS TALE
 Flamenco jazz & cafe folk, 12.30-
 2pm Leicester Phoenix Arts

THE RUBBER BISHOPS
 KEVIN SEISAY
 £6/4 8pm Leicester Phoenix

THE NEW CRANES
 THE PINK DANDELIONS
 Coventry General Wolfe

CORNERSHOP
 CAST
 HUNDRED QUID
 £4/3.50 8.30pm-3am
 Sheffield Leadmill

sunday 23rd

MR SIEGAL
 £1 Running Horse

STRANGER FAYRE
 Forest Fields Palm Tree

TOMMY SAVILLE QUINTET
 Old Vic

PHIL HARMONIC BLUES
 BAND
 Nottm. Hurt Arms

RED HOT & BLUE
 Lunchtime £1.50
 Leicester Phoenix

GRAND UNION BAND
 Indo-jazz fusion £6/4 7.30pm
 Leicester Phoenix Arts

CORNERSHOP
 £3.50/3 Leicester Charlotte

monday 24th

JAM SESSION
 Nottm Running Horse

PJ BAKER
 Filly & Firkin

CORPUS VILE
 Derby Where House

VIVID
 Free Leicester Charlotte

tuesday 25th

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
 Nottm. Running Horse

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Old Vic

DRUGSTORE TINDERSTICKS
Derby The Where House**wednesday 26th**
CARAVANSERAI

Old Vic

EXCESSAWEEZ
Jazz Free

Nottingham Red Lion

BLUE AEROPLANES A-HOUSE £5

Derby The Where House

OLD SCHOOL

Derby Bell Hotel

JOHN WILLIAMS

Assembly Rooms

LA VIDEOTECH

Sheff. The Leadmill

thursday 27th**ENGINE**

Nottm. Running Horse

MIND THE GAP £1

Filly & Firkin

UNCLE VULGAR

Forest Fields Palm Tree

WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE

Narrowboat

WISHPLANTS / BLINK**BLESSED ETHEL** £2/1.50

Rock City

UNSAFE £3.50/3

Leics. The Charlotte

BEAT CLUB

Sheff. The Leadmill

friday 28th**NOTTM. SCHOOL OF SAMBA***Jazz In The Box 1st Birthday party* £3.50

The Box

RDF / SUNS OF ARQA**PSYCHASTORM****CRUNCHBIRD****SPACESHIP ONE SPACEMAN****SMOKESCREEN DJS** £5 adv. 10pm - 6am

Nottm. Marcus Garvey Centre

OLD SCHOOL £1

Running Horse

SESSO PURO

The Zone

BORDERLINE

Filly & Firkin

ORANGE FREE STATE**FRAGILE X**

Old Angel

MR. SIEGAL

Langley Mill Potters

SIXGUN / THE DUM-DUM

Narrowboat

BRONTE BROS £4/3

Leics. The Charlotte

JOHN DA SILVA / SULLY**SWEET G** £5 10 till 3am

Sheff. The Leadmill

saturday 29th**CAP IN HAND** 3pm**BASTINADO STEP** £1 eve

Nottm. Running Horse

SULTANS OF PING £6.50 adv.

Disco 2

NEVERLAND

Rock City

SUGAR RAYS / TRAPDOOR

Narrowboat

JUBA

Café Metz

HUGH LENNON

Derby University

THE JOY

The Where House

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE

Victoria Inn

STEVE DOBSON*Café Folk lunch Free*

Leics. Phoenix Arts Centre

CHARLIE CHUCK £5 adv.

Leicester University

sunday 30th**DON JOHNSON BAND** £1

Nottingham Running Horse

SECOND NATURE

Old Vic

DUKE LA RUE & THE BLUE JUKES

Hurt Arms

CUD

Derby Where House

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BAND £1.50 lunchtime

Leicester Phoenix

BARK PSYCHOSIS

The Charlotte

BLUE AEROPLANES

Sheffield University

RITEs OF MAN £4/3 7.30pm

Sheffield The Leadmill

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE

Sibley Fountain Inn

monday 31st**JAM SESSION**

Nottingham Running Horse

WHOLEsome FISH

Filly & Firkin

FEBRUARY**tuesday 1st****FOLK BLUES & BEYOND**

Nottingham Running Horse

SESSO PURO

Ritzy

SERVE CHILLED

Cookie Club

SPITTING FEATHERS

Filly & Firkin

R & B JAM SESSION

Old Vic

wednesday 2nd**THE PINK DANDELIONS**

Nottingham Hippo

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND £1.50

Filly & Firkin

HARRY BECKETT'S

'ALL FOR ONE'

Old Vic

EXCESSAWEEZ

Red Lion

LE STAT

Derby Bell Hotel

thursday 3rd**MIGHTY HOUSE ROCKERS** £1

Nottm. Running Horse

MIND THE GAP £1

Filly & Firkin

VARIOUS VEGETABLES £2/1.50

Rock City

IONA

Christian Rock

Old Vic

friday 4th**WHOLEsome FISH****KELLY'S HEROES****SEVEN LITTLKE SISTERS****DA DOG** £3*THE BIG BASH*

Nottm. Royal Concert Hall

BURDOCK

Filly & Firkin

LEFT HAND THREAD

Running Horse

JAZZ IN THE BOX

The Box

SESSO PURO

The Zone

SILENCER**CATHODE NATION**

Narrowboat

RUNAWAY TRAIN

Langley Mill Potters

saturday 5th**CAP IN HAND** 3pm**KEVIN BROWN** t.b.c. eve

Nottm. Running Horse

PEARL HARBOR

Filly & Firkin

JUBA

Café Metz

BEAT SURRENDER*Jam tribute band*

Old Vic

BLUE AEROPLANES

Leics. The Charlotte

sunday 6th**MR. SIEGAL**

Nottm. Running Horse

BOB WILSON BIG BAND

Old Vic

JOHN MASLEN'S

Nth DEGREE

Ambergate Hurt Arms

monday 7th**JAM SESSION**

Nottm. Running Horse

JUBA

Filly & Firkin

DR. & THE MEDICS

Derby University

tuesday 8th**FOLK BLUES & BEYOND**

Nottm. Running Horse

SESSO PURO

Ritzy

MISCHIEF

Filly & Firkin

R & B JAM SESSION

Old Vic

SERVE CHILLED

Cookie Club

wednesday 9th**COCTEAU TWINS** £10 adv.

Nottm. Rock City

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND

Filly & Firkin

DICK GAUGHAN**PAT SHAW****JULIE MATTHEWS**

Old Vic

EXCESSAWEEZ

Red Lion

MARTIN BROWN BAND

Derby Bell Hotel

thursday 10th**MIND THE GAP** £1

Nottm. Filly & Firkin

FINGERPRINT CIRCUS

Narrowboat

friday 11th**BURDOCK**

Nottm. Filly & Firkin

PETE MITCHELL-SMITH**BLUES BAND**

Langley Mill Potters

SESSO PURO

Zone

MR. POTHEAD**SMOKE RING**

Old Angel

DIY 10pm till late

Tennyson Hall

saturday 12th**CAP IN HAND** lunch

Running Horse

JUBA

Café Metz

SAX APPEAL £6.50/4.50

Derby Guildhall

PORRIDGE MACHINE*Jazz House*

Nottm. Old Vic

AIN'T LIZZIE

Ambergate Hurt Arms

monday 14th**GENTLE IHOR'S DEVOTION****FRIENDS OF AL CAPONE**

Filly & Firkin

THE MISSION £8.50 adv.

Rock City

visual:**ANGEL ROW****MIXED SHOW***Other People's Shoes***LUBNA CHOWDHARY***Metropolis***MICHAEL PLATT***African American Art from Washington D.C.***MANSFIELD ARTS CENTRE**

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HELEN JILLIOT

9 Feb - 5 Mar

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till Jan 16th

COLIN WILSON Horizons

14th Jan- 13th Feb

MARI MAHR*Between Ourselves*

19th Jan -20th Feb

MICHELLE PATTISON*Current Work***LEICS. CITY GALLERY**

29th Jan-12th march

MIXED SHOW*Other People's Shoes*

29th jan - 5th March

LUBNA CHOWDHARY*Metropolis*

19th March- 23rd April

MICHAEL PLATT*African American Art from Washington D.C.***LEICS. PHOENIX ARTS**

till 7th Feb

PETER DUFFY*Recent Prints***theatrical:**

17th Jan

LICEDEI 5 Mournie

19thJan

KOKUMA DANCE CO.*The Awakening*

21st Jan

CANDOCO World Premiere

22nd Jan

V-TOL DANCE CO.*32 feet per Second per Second*

22nd Jan - 19th Feb

NEVILLE'S ISLAND Tim Firth

24th Feb - 19th March

OF MICE & MEN John Steinbeck**VICTORIA POWERHOUSE**

10th-11th Jan

RAY LEE & HARRY DAWES*The Modulation*

18th Jan

TREVOR STUART Taboo

25th Jan

THE ENGINE ROOM*Tales From Under The Bullet Train*

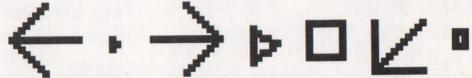
The Compact Yougit Machine backlash has started. Johnny Violent receives fanmail announcing a Bring Back The Techno Page Campaign. Threatening letters are sent to the editor demanding sensible reviews and coverage of "proper bands, not those quarter hour famous Casio wankers from Hucknall." Meanwhile Compact Yougit Machine release *Serial Murderer* on Shimmy Disc, and Gig Central, after receiving numerous compact threats call us to ask "Are they serious?". Side 2 here we go.

COMPACT YOUGIT

- 1. Morning Pt. 2.** 'Oh, I don't feel very well, groan etc.' Featuring teeth cleaning by Spacehopper, this ditty was inspired by S. Walden of UK Noise-Core kings The A Band!!!
- 2. Drugs.** 'Drugs are dead good, man, cool dude, weowowow'. Another teen angst song, this time a piss take (what do you mean you thought the other one was as well?) The message is ?????
- 3. Techno.** Another attempt at doing a techno song. This time we got board. [sic]
- 4. Problems.** Another one of those 'angry songs'. Maybe it was just the time of month.
- 5. I don't like my mother.....yet.** As a mark of respect for our favourite band the A Band we decided to record a song in their unique style. This is it.
- 6. Heavy Plastic.** 'Heavy Metal is dead good in a sort of primitive style.' In the past CYM have stuck with a strict anti-heavy metal stance; not being a band to get stuck in a rut we wrote this song to prove ourselves correct.
- 7. Is it gonna be a nice day or not?** There is a lot of debate about what the most important question in life is, this our entry for the competition.
- 8. Fatpersons song.** Lyrics unproduceable. A song by CYM's other band LOBE, recorded as a tribute to Spacehopper meeting Mo Tucker a couple of weeks ago.
- 9. Thyroid Speakers are Hippies.** 'We're gonna kill you, eat shit, ask Ultraviolence, who we decked last week.' You must know by now that when we write these 'hate' songs we don't mean a single word of it, in fact they are a sign of respect. Thyroid Speakers are a Grantham-based Punk rock band who refused to let fluffy Twats play with them. (CYM offshoot).
- 10. Banks of the Ohio.** 'I asked my love to take a walk, a little walk etc.' A continuing tradition to cover traditional folkish songs, she be coming round the mountain etc.
- 11. Instrumental one.** Spacehopper and Vode.
- 12. Instrumental two.** Pot and Vode.
- 13. Uncle Nigel.** 'Uncle Nigel I love you, I'd like to thank you for this lovely bike, but you're not allowed to stick your penis in my gaping, mawlike asshole.' A song about a nasty creepy uncle who thinks he can get away with having sex with his nephew if he brings him a brand new bike each time. This song is a true story written by a member of C.Y.M.
- 14. Grandma's song.** 'Grandma, er grandma, when are we going to have sex again? Inspired by a recording session at S. Walden's this song features truly awful out of tune vocals by Spacehopper, of course we did it on purpose, WE DID! honestly, we can sing you bastards.
- 15. Nasty Song/hit me with your rubber trampoline.** Lyrics understandable. A true story straight from the studio, band conflicts recorded at last.
- 16. Techno, continued. (Instrumental)** Yet another attempt at performing Techno music.
- 17. The theme from CYM.** 'We're dead good, yeah! Yeah! ooh!, don't mess with us etc.' Inspired by Serial Homosexuals (CYM offshoot). Track of the same name this is how we see ourselves, dead 'ard, well techno, and above all stark raving bonkers, not arf.
- 18. We'll always be here.** 'We'll always be here, this is no fairy tale, we mean it man'. Inspired by a postcard pushed through Spacehopper's door from the local Nazis, containing death threat and the words "We'll always be here". However we have taken it in the overbearing context of the seriousness of a 'real' band, taking the piss out of that.
- 19. This is no fairy tale.** 'We've been around since 1984, we're on tour man, we're gods etc'. Inspired by meeting a CYM fan a couple of weeks ago who had read one of our newsletters which said we had gone to reading festival in order to kill Kurt of Nirvana. This song basically says, don't be such a naive fool. (The fan believed it).
- 20. Satan, where are you?** 'SATAN AARARARGH!!!!' An ode to our now long departed ex-manager Satan.
- 21. Bullshit Interference.** 'The only words I can make out are 'Bullshit' and er 'Bullshit.' (There's some interference at the end). One of those 'angry' songs again. Probably angry because the tape hadn't run out yet we were getting fed up of recording.



When I Grow Up I Want To Be a Serial Murderer (demo) Part 2



- 22. UFF, UFF, We're all puffs.** 'Oh yes we are, we like big black men with bald heads'. Written by Brown Lips of Serial Homosexuals, I think it's supposed to be wishful thinking on his part.
- 23. My neck hurts.** No matter what people say, your body and how you are feeling is always more important than the plight of others. i.e. in this song, the character is supposed to be going to a lecture on world poverty or something, yet he can't be bothered to go because his neck hurts.
- 24. When I was a teenage whore.** (HOLE) A cover of our favourite all-girl rock fascists (Riot Grrrls).
- 25. When I grow up I want to be a serial murderer.** This song concerns itself with, in our opinion, the worrying amount of stigma attached to serial murderers in our society. It seems the more violent the crime the more attention it gets, surely this cannot be

a good thing because to young and impressionable minds like our own, we simply see them as heroes. Surely it won't be long before there is a Yorkshire Ripper comic?

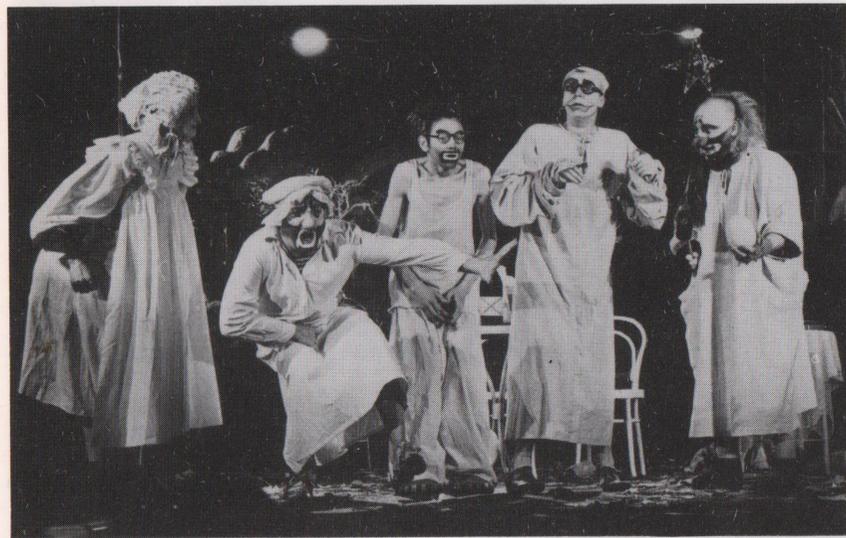
The music to accompany these sleeve notes is available for £1.50 from Compact Yougit Machine, 97 Brookfield Avenue, Hucknall, Nottingham NG15 6FF. (0602) 634077. As also is:

TUNAFISH 3D Monster Maze (Chrichouse)
A trio consisting of Simon Weslowski, Andrew Smith and Tony Woodhouse. They came together through ownership of computers, ZX81s in fact. The recording of their first LP took place after a mammoth 32 hour game of *3D Monster Maze*. And what a tape it is! Clocking in at an hour plus and featuring 70 tracks, it is unmissable. Even the stupidity of a 32 hour computer game session fails to outweigh the blatant idiocy of such songs as *New Theme To The Big Breakfast* and *Only Tony Could Get A Microphone Stuck In His Hair*. Generally melodic and catchy, featuring, among other instruments, guitar, mouth organ, hole-punchers and toy guns. It even features a raid by the music police who threaten to arrest Tony after a solo spot goes discordantly wrong. Many people would expect a group of their calibre and finesse to expire after the release of such an amazing LP. But Tunafish are not that sort of group, they are true artists, after more money. Rather than returning to Chrichouse studios (where their debut was recorded) and trying to produce a "3D Monster Maze II", Tunafish decided to take a new direction in order to remain true to their fans. Their second recorded output, although shorter in length is easily equal in beauty and musical coherence to their first. *The Day The Music Died* only features 14 tracks but these are not the 20 second throw away pop songs of *3D*, but carefully constructed trips into the three most vibrant exciting musical minds since the Bee Gees, sorry, the Beatles. *Marie, We Love You*, a beautiful ode to a neighbour who complains about the noise, is a prime example. Far from simply expressing the hope that she has cancer, a poetic approach is taken and the beauty of such lines as "Die, you stupid cow" make a mockery of the works of Keats or Donne. But this mini LP is not without its humour or short songs, for example *Why Are Cornflakes Free Gifts So Crap?* With its mouth organs and linked lyrical themes, *The Day The Music Died* could easily be seen as a concept album.

The 28th of July may seem insignificant to you, but it is the day on which Tunafish regrouped to record their third album *We've Shut The Window*. Again exposure to this opus, as with all Tunafish recordings, brings out in the listener a wide range of emotions, from open-mouthed awe to side-splitting laughter at the sophisticated yet often cruel, crude humour in the songs. Each track is a classic. *Mr. Russia Man* is a portrait of their favourite superhero, while *Smarties* takes a new approach which has to be heard to be believed. *We've Shut The Window* also features a wider range of instruments including reed organ, recorder, toy trumpets and a bugle.

Spacehopper

visual



LICEDEI 5 present *Moumie* at Nottm. Playhouse Monday 17th Jan. Photo: Dimitri Konrad

NEWS

Nottingham Castle Museum is closed until April 1st (no joke, apparently) for a programme of refurbishment to improve the shop and cafe areas. Events will resume next season with a series of *Bread & Honey* workshops for women. A major exhibition of contemporary women's art, *With Your Own Face On*, opens on April 30th. A few events worth noting have moved to other venues, including a short season of folk plays at **Brewhouse Yard**. A *Seasonal Plough Play* performed by the **Forresters** takes place on 16 Jan, and a *Season Play* performed by the **Tigers Guysers** of Long Eaton on 23 Jan, both in the Museum caves at 2pm. Also worth a mention is an **Amnesty International** letter-writing day taking place between 10am - 4pm on March 13th at **Green's Mill** in Sneinton. Latest news on *Rhythms Of The Globe* is that it will probably become the opening event of *Now '94* sometime around October/November, rather than being staged as a one-off late Spring event as previously reported... Leicester Haymarket stages its sixth *Promenaid* extravaganza to raise cash for AIDS organizations in the region on Sunday 16th Jan. The event will start at 3pm and feature "a host of stars and celebrities" in a full variety programme directed by **Paul Kerryson**. Tickets are £14 from the Box Office. Further information from Paul Willerton on (0533) 530021. Finally, Nottingham University Art Gallery puts on a major retrospective showing of paintings, drawings and prints by **Alan Davie**, the bearded, jazz-loving artist too long under-rated in this country. The show features work drawn from all stages of his career (50s to 90s) and a visit is highly recommended. *The Quest For The Miraculous* starts on 26th Feb and runs till 3rd April.



World Stylophonists LEE & DAWES appear at Victoria Powerhouse 10th & 11th Feb.

Spring Season at Powerhouse

Those wet and miserable Tuesday nights might soon be enlivened by the reopening of **Victoria Powerhouse**, who kick off a five-event season with **Ray Lee & Harry Dawes**, whose latest production, *The Modulation*, features **The World Stylophone Quartet** and a battery of dancers covered in loudspeakers dancing to the sound of their own feedback. Previously known for their work with **Motionhouse Dance Company**, the duo begin the *Great Stylophone Revival* with two evenings of near insanity on the 10th & 11th of Jan. Recover from that in time and you might make **Trevor Stuart's** fake psychoanalyst performing *Taboo*, a black and apparently nerve-wrenching show featuring the brains of Wittgenstein, Freud and Kennedy in cameo roles, the offence-ometer stuck high in the red from beginning to end, and by most accounts a thoroughly memorable evening. "Like a cross between Anthony Clare and Gerry Sadowitz", and at a tangent from his work with **Lumiere & Son** (recipients of **Bill Bradbury's** "Ban It" award during *Now '92*). Expect to be uncomfortable on 18th Jan. **The Engine Room Theatre Co** offer a mellow prospect on 25th Jan when *Tales From Under The Bullet Train* examines young love and old tears with blue crayon skies above and felt tip grass below during a sophisticated romantic comedy that twists itself to accommodate contemporary cynicism. Much acclaimed elsewhere, and back after a long rest, **The Engine Room** promise no less than "a new theatre aesthetic" - though I've heard that somewhere before, and will no doubt hear it again. Straight from the *Now '93* exposition weekend comes **Cindy Cummings**, who follows her *I luuv merrika goddammit* with a new piece, *The Oklahoma Factor*. An American-born artist/choreographer (quelle surprise), Cummings is the possessor of the egg-head on the Powerhouse posters and comes highly recommended. See for yourself on 1st Feb. Needing no recommendation is the final duo, consisting of **Pinski Zoo** founder members, **Jan Kopinski** and **Steve Iliffe** performing their own material. Keyboards and sax are set on full cyber-jazz overdrive on 8th Feb. All events start at 8pm, and tickets are £4/£2 concession.

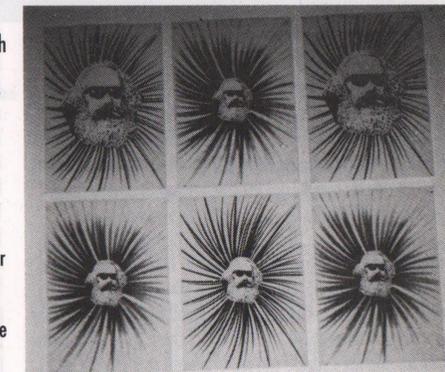
Nottingham Playhouse Dance Week: The post-pantomime season begins on 17th Jan with **Licedei 5**, who bring their show *Moumie* from St Petersburg with its full quotient of absurd action and traditional clowning, with a style drawn as much from silent film as the circus, undercut with satire. **Kokuma Dance Co** on 19th Jan follow *Profiles In Black* with a new work, *The Awakening*, which focuses on a black inner-city couple guided through contemporary Britain by a *Griot*, or ancestral spirit. **CandoCo**, a dance company teaming disabled and able-bodied performers to reportedly stunning effect, arrive on the 22nd Jan with the World Premiere of new works created in collaboration with **Siobhan Davies** and **Emlyn Claid**. Music comes from **Gavin Bryars** (recently in

collaboration with **Tom Waits** on the track *Jesus' Blood Never Failed Me Yet*), and pieces in the programme include *Cantalope Reel*, *To Please The Desert* and *Between National & The Bristol*. The best comes last when **V-Tol** bring their high-octane *32 Feet Per Second Per Second* (the rate of acceleration of the human body in free fall) to the Playhouse on 22nd Jan. Accompanied by film in homage to the likes of **David Lynch**, a rock soundtrack by **Nic Murcott** and a welcome eagerness to blow the preciousness out of contemporary dance, V-Tol are a proposition to be savoured and seen. All events start at 7.30pm and tickets start at £5.95 (£6.95 Saturday) from the Box Office on (0602) 419419. **Wayne Burrows**

DESPERATE REMEDIES

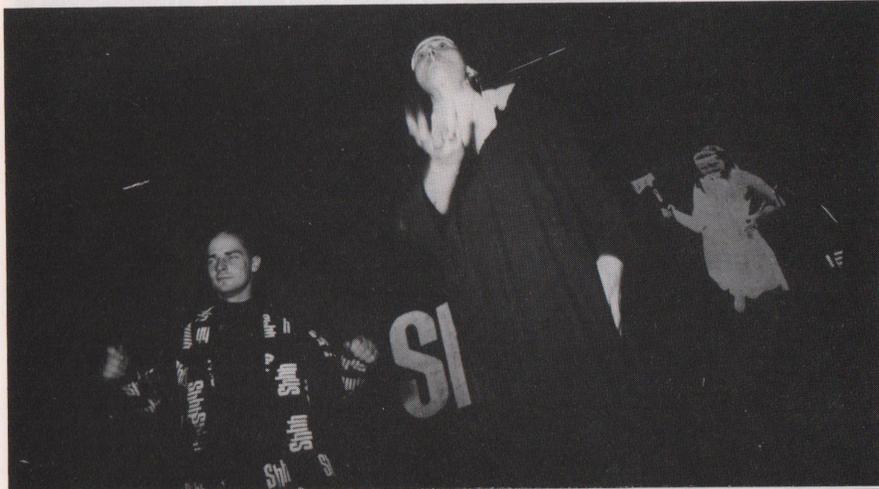
(Dir. Stewart Main & Peter Wells)
Guaranteed to divide audiences, 'Desperate Remedies' is a new film from New Zealand that follows the likes of Spain's **Almodovar** in combining a low budget, high camp aesthetic with the frantic colour of a costumed farce. Set in an imaginary 19th Century colonial seaport, which looks more like a leftover of the post-apocalyptic world of **Blade Runner**, the story revolves around the beautiful and mysterious business woman **Dorothea**, and her attempts to free her younger sister from the clutches of opium addiction and sexual infatuation. In high blown, melodramatic fashion, matters are further complicated by **Dorothea's** involvement with a corrupt politician, a brooding hired hunk, and her own passionate female companion, **Anne**. Unfortunately, exciting as all this may sound, the film's original promise remains unfulfilled. The breakneck pace, and pretentious dialogue, never allow any of the characters to develop more than one dimension. And only occasionally (as in the scene at the opera mixing real and fake murders) do all its diverse elements come together satisfactorily. Maybe some would argue that 'Desperate Remedies' is well over the top as it is, and enjoyable enough at that, but I can't help feeling that it would have been much more fun if the directors had the courage to take the mixture of camp kitsch and operatic drama a whole lot further. **Hank Quinlan**
Desperate Remedies will show at Broadway from 26-30 January

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG Nottingham Kennel Club



The Kennel Club temporarily transformed an unoccupied shop into a makeshift gallery in order to house the CTU exhibition. The visuals on show were mainly in the form of black and white photocopies of original designs all of which in some way featured their famous pawprint logo or some concept involving the phrase "Champion The Underdog!". Surprisingly, for something which sounds limited and boring, the exhibition displayed an interesting, entertaining and informative diversity. From illustrated lyrics to abstract anagrams, obscure imagery and surreal landscapes, there was plenty to absorb. Even those I thought were a load of Pollocks from a distance turned out to be spellbinding galaxies within the cosmic universal pawprint logo. **Top Marx!**

FRIED ALIVE!



CHUMBAWAMBA: Waiting for the crucifix to appear.

Photo: Jim Powell

FUN-DA-MENTAL/CHUMBAWAMBA Leicester University

"Politics Is This Year's Thing" - so declares the slogan on the literature informing us about the issues which this tour attempts to promote. A most welcoming sight is the vast array of alternative political literature on display—remember when Selectadisc resembled this scene, mid-'80s during the miners' strike? The overt political thrust is first presented to us by Fun-Da-Mental delivering their own personal Asian perspective. As a musical spectacle, this collective of rappers, DJs and thumping bass thing are lively. Very lively. Each song starts and ends with the obligatory PEACE, LOVE and something else of similar meritocratic principles. Unfortunately it was inaudible which is where they were fundamentally flawed; Fun-Da-Mental wish to communicate a very important message, but the speed and volume of the set only served to distort the lyrics.

It is no coincidence that there has been experienced a rise in public awareness of Chumbawamba in the context of Politics As This Year's Thing; they have been advocating social change through a backdrop of anarchism for almost a decade now. Such phenomena as a music press-sponsored anti-racist campaign all year long and the unlikely occurrence of Bruno Brookes et al spinning the Platters That Matter have helped further the cause. Pop 'n' Politics need not equate minimum enjoyment factor. On stage Chumbawamba are all too aware of this as we witness an out-take from Comic Relief/Children In Need/Telethon etc. The focal character, Danbert, displays the first of many costume changes—a not very tame white suit with red circles boisterously woven into the design. This is the nearest we get to anything resembling the crass TV appeals. The doctrine that Chumbawamba preach offers a sharp criticism of the genre and the physical resemblance amplifies the satirical effect.

But ultimately, what appeals about Chumbawamba is that they simply but effectively jam. Their critique of traditional English politics within the lyrics finds its perfect match in the belief in and use of traditional English folk heritage. Chumbawamba leave us with the concept of political self-awareness, an awareness that to achieve significant political change requires radicalism. And why not? The Establishment has ruled with such a doctrine since feudal times. "Love me, I'm a liberal," mocks Danbert during one song, wearing an all too white shirt and waiting for the crucifix to appear.

Tricky Skills Jase

THE LEMONS

Nottingham The Narrowboat

"See you in six months" was singer Pat Gunning's cryptic conclusion to an evening of mild-mannered mayhem. Translated it means that The Lemons are now three months pregnant and desperately hoping for a rhythm section, with a simple name that won't get the piss taken out of it in the music press. Musically there is plenty of juice left to be squeezed. Raw guitar riffs and swirling Hammond organ did all they could to get you in the guts, but ultimate success was limited to the superbly Nirvana-esque *Dirty Mother*, along with a raunch-filled rendition of the Small Faces classic *Lazing On A Sunday Afternoon*. A few more of them from song-writer Gunning and the Lemons can look forward to a change of name and a change of fortune. Here's to a healthy baby but oh, those sleepless nights.

PULP / ELASTICA / ECHOBELLY

Sheffield The Leadmill
Echobelly score immediate points for by having Felicity Kendal on vocals. She may have dyed her hair black and donned tartan trousers but she doesn't fool me for one second. If only the bass-player were Richard Briers, then Suede. Shit! it slipped out...sorry, Echobelly are a fine band, especially when Felicity lets fly with her potent switchback melodies, god enough to kick the air out of your chest and put a stupid grin on your face, but the comparison to the second skinniest sex gods in the world is just too obvious to ignore. Echobelly are desperately lacking in ideas to call their own.

Elastica are also having trouble with the dreaded 'S' word. This is decidedly unfair when you ponder whom they might have been compared to musically had their singer been romantically linked to Aled Jones rather than Bret Anderson. To cap it all they have also been lumped, along with Echobelly, into the latest 'scene', which apparently consists solely of female-fronted bands from London. I know that journalists feel they have to concoct these fictitious movements in order to remain interesting, but this one seems a bit random and more than a bit bloody desperate. Elastica sound sod all like Suede or Echobelly. What they do sound like is the US art rock guitars of The Pixies and Throwing Muses grafted on to spiky English punk, a bit uninspired in the good tunes department but worth seeing for a drummer who keeps time during the frequent stop-start gaps by hitting his head with a drumstick. Pulp frontman Jarvis Cocker is the skinniest sex god in the world bar none. Like all the best sex symbols, Jarvis' appeal transcends gender, leaving the boys in the audience just as hot as the girls. The band are offering a new kind of glamour which doesn't rely on escapism or ignoring the city's grim demeanour as did former Sheffield glam-poppers ABC. Instead Pulp inspire by showing you what your own life could sound like if you had the necessary talent and humour to tell it the Pulp way. And all these tales of juvenile vandals, former girlfriends and sex on the back seat of a car are played out to an energetic pop backing which toys with your senses but never holds back its climax for too long. Expect to see them gracing Top Of The Pops in the near future.

Albert's Camel

CRAZYHEAD

Leicester The Charlotte

Crazyhead - crazy guys - perhaps, but there was no need for the drummer to adopt a literal interpretation, wearing a kilt and little else, proudly displaying his crazyhead, if you will....

Enjoyment was on the agenda for this evening, both for the audience the band, playing a home town gig after a turbulent few years. Why is it that all Leicester bands 'tipped for the top' sign with Food/EMI and then manage to find themselves 'in between labels' a year or so later (Hello, John Butler)? Crazyhead still loom large however, despite the loss of the demigod, Porkbeast, who had made a sizeable contribution. A new deal with Leicester's Stayfree label and an album release in the new year (finally) suggest that the band are once more able to run with the pack. The new material has potential but was always going to rate second behind the inclusion of some of the brawn taken from the classic Desert Orchid; Have Love, Time Has Taken It's Tall, What Gives You The Idea etc. For a brief period it was 1989, I was in the middle of a field in Reading on a Sunday morning, witnessing Crazyhead opening the bill. The Poll Tax was yet to become reality, the economy was booming and Leicester City were destined for obscurity. It would seem that Crazyhead are not alone in their quest for nostalgia.

Tricky Skills Jase

PSYCHO GROOVE MOTHERS FUNKFISH

York Fibbers

Funkfish - for me at least said soonest mended; for Barrie, well he couldn't quite put into words how he felt about it all, but he darkly muttered something about everything taking him back to the days of Basement Five - so make of it what you will.

The Psycho Groove Mothers used to be Solomon; now it has to be said I really liked Solomon, but I absolutely ADORE The Psycho Groove Mothers. The judicious pruning of the entirely superfluous and horribly distracting 'rock' guitarist they used to have, has allowed the new improved version to develop and blossom; the metamorphosis is complete, compact and beautifully marked. Anyway, all that's history and I think we should be concentrating on the Psycho Groove Mothers' future - and what a future. They got off to a slightly unprepossessing start with me, what with my own (admittedly intensely personal) experience of Mothers being that they are nearly always psychotic but, sadly, seldom groovy. Still it was an interesting dichotomy that kept me happily occupied until the funk began...

My friend Barrie actually defied me to write this review without using the word 'funk'. Now normally I rise to a challenge with fortitude, but TPGMs are Pure Funk, Funk Essence, The Spirit of Funk, Funk Incarnate - so that was a silly idea, wasn't it, Barrie?

I could string together a whole list of pulsating adjectives and I still don't think it would convey a smidgen of a scintilla of a scrap of their sheer force and energy; I know it's not just me because of the whoops, hollers and banshee wails that punctuate the set. TPGMs are appealing, TPGMs are fanciable and I'm offering my services to them as writer in residence. The music is pared down, funkied up and somehow strangely elemental; it really gets to you. The performance is so intense it's practically art - they're often kitsch, sometimes camp and the guitarist's shimmys occasionally verge on the Cosby-esque.

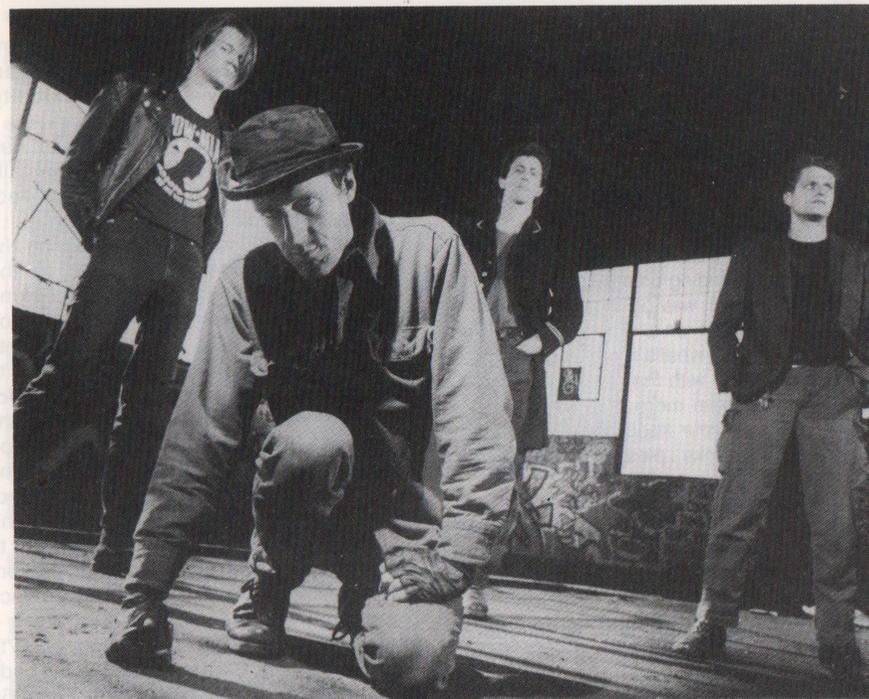
'Funk' is a really good word isn't it? - and the ooh-er factor is fully exploited in several rhetorically rip-roaring songs. So, do I want to play with their Funk? Don't tempt me.

Roo Roo Magoo

SAD /BUG Nottingham Filly & Firkin

Hymns for her from throbbing temples; bowing before a drooping mike stand; in love with love....when the whip comes down. Songs, style and sweat soaked in sex. Bug created that buzz. Sad were different. A dearth of misery, angst, pathos or despair, merely pride and self-importance. If I was the woman with the video camera I'd have filmed Bug instead.

Arturo Ui



COP SHOOT COP: malevolent rhythmical beasts

THERAPY? / COP SHOOT COP Coventry University

Apart from the odd moment, I didn't enjoy Cop Shoot Cop one iota, but I couldn't help being riveted and fascinated, in much the same way as when you pass one of those twisted piles of metal on the motorway. You are repulsed but you just have to look and savour the scene. What you see, hear and feel is a rhythmical beast fired by Tod A's malevolence that seems to depict the same New York as Brett Easton Ellis' *American Psycho* - a poisoned morass of suspicion, contempt and gratuitous violence. Occasionally Cop Shoot Cop are a little more tangible. *Room 429*, the current single, is a dark journey through blinkered minds and *S10 Bill* is the only marching tune I know that suggests doing over 7-11's when you're off your face. You need to experience them.

Therapy? on the other hand are more straightforward. A three minute pop band who crank everything up to '11' and then hit the accelerator constantly taking me back to the late 70's and The Buzzcocks, The Jags, The Ruts and The Undertones (whatever happened to all the bands called 'The' something?). There is that tail end of punk power pop feel about it all, married to their Sega generation blipvert sloganeering. I mean, Therapy? invent more catchphrases than Roy Walker; you never know, they might even make the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations one day. But were they any good? I hear you ask. No, not really. They pounded the boards without falling apart but they never fired on all cylinders. A bit like watching your team come away with an unsatisfactory home draw.

Dave Elliott

BHUNDU BOYS/ KELLY'S HEROES Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre

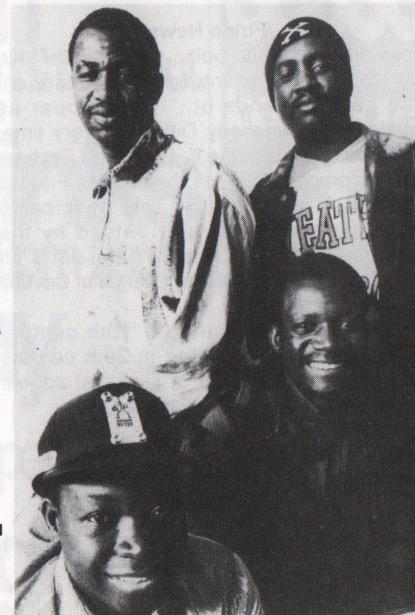
The death of Bhundu Boys' keyboard player Shakespear Kangwena, only a week after the band's December appearance in Nottingham, lends added poignancy to what was, in many ways, a memorable evening. Kangwena was, at the time, spending his last days at home in Zimbabwe. The Bhundus, who performed as a three-piece, must have known the seriousness of his condition; that they played such a vibrant set under the circumstances is to their immense credit.

The Marcus Garvey Centre is gaining a deserved reputation for hosting the best alternative cultural events in the area. This anti-apartheid evening, which drew a good crowd, was given added cohesion by the world music disco of Danza Continua. However, it was Nottingham's finest roots act, Kelly's Heroes, who really gave the night a lift. Constant giggling, and the addition of bagpipes, have seen this five-piece develop real professionalism. They take their musical heritage, mainly Irish, seriously, and a diverse set of traditional reels and songs finally saw the dance-floor full. Another hard-earned victory. Whatever their private emotions may have been, The Bhundus were intent on pleasing. The show drew heavily on their recent, and finest, album *Friends On The Road*. Songs such as *Bitter To The South*, *Gonzo Nachin Al* and *Anna* may find the band veering closer than ever to mainstream acclaim, but they've sacrificed nothing on the way. The crowd danced, cheered and whooped up everything the trio could give, with Rise Kagona's deft guitar jiving, and rich vocals filling every heart in the hall. They departed to vigorous acclaim, to learn a week later of their colleague's end.

Kangwena became the third Bhundu Boys member to die in the past two years. David Mankaba and Shepherd Munyama were both victims of the Aids virus that has plagued southern Africa. Kangwena's cause of death has not yet been given. His part in the success of a band who have done more than most to promote African music will not go unrecognised.

Gareth Thompson

Shakespear 'Shakie' Kangwena, born August 16 1956; died December 12, 1993. (pictured bottom right)



BHUNDU BOYS

Photo: Kieron Murphy

ABK

Nottingham The Running Horse

Not only was it a reunion for Andy Boris and Keith, it was also a reunion for the fans, who used to gather religiously every Tuesday night many years ago at Jacey's Bar to hear ABK. How many bands do you see these days where each member can sing as well as play? ABK produce variety in their dulcet Rock and R'n'B numbers by belting out songs that suit their singing voice. Andy Keeley, on guitar, sings the Louis Jordan number *Caledonia*, followed by Boris (John) Carling on bass with the John Foggerty number, *Old Man Down The Road*, and drummer Keith White sings the Box Top's number *The Letter*. The same old favourites such as, *Red House*, *Walking The Dog* and *Valarie*, still go down well, and the band are renowned for their version of Chris Rea's *Tennis*. All were received with a big round of applause.

Kani Bawa

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG MARK GWYNNE JONES

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

Mark Gwynne Jones told us some enchanting tales spiced with bewildered innocence, spellbinding wizardry and a healthy hint of the macabre. The room fell silent as his captivating delivery drew the audience into those magical landscapes. Whatever next?

Champion The Underdog took my brain out for walkies, dragging it where beagles dare. It was helter skelter one moment, stop and sniff the next, as they cocked a defiant leg up against our most pompous institutions. They led without pause through beautiful and disturbing scenarios; the barking, snarling vocals covered to a plaintive whimper then snapped back at the hands that applauded them. They had no time for boring leads, just naughty licks, growling bass lines and biting drum beats. Ouch!

Spartacus

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afterall:

CONTRACTUALLY (Or, A Guide to getting Shafted the Right Way).

Embarking on a career in the music industry is a notoriously precarious ambition.

I was spurred to write this piece after receiving what is commonly referred to as a 'shafting'. This is the kind of experience which leaves a hole in your pocket and a pain in your ass. You go to a venue, play a gig, and sit down afterwards with a beer. You then prepare to head home. Suddenly the band member who is in charge of the 'wad' remembers a distant 'phone call which said something along the lines of "£150 plus beers." So the keeper-of-the-wad skips happily towards the sultry barmaid, which all good venues possess, to ask for the 'Paul, Nick or Mick' - and why do venue managers' mothers seem to have incredibly uninspired choices of names for their offspring...and I mean OFF!

You wait. Not wanting to appear stressed in anyway you return to the stage to pack up. Ten minutes later, there he is, smothered in a cloud of Embassy No. 1. He struts up to the stage: "Good gig, lads?" (managers can only see in homovision). Anyway, after a loud cough and Paddington-esque stare, you usually receive a nervous smile. Then follows the classic line: "Well lads and lady," (patronising shit, methinks) "we didn't do as well on the door as expected. There's a big party on at Joe Bloggs' club tonight, and it's only £1 to get in." Thus, as he's charging two quid a pint and £7 to enter his chrome-filled emporium of joy, he expects you to catch his drift.

You know you are about to be shafted. But nine times out of ten you can only make any advance on the £10 and a round of drinks being offered by a little gentle persuasion — the last thing you want to do at this time. Heat of the moment threats, or promises of sexual favours just confuse the issue. Most 'Pauls, Nicks or Micks' are well versed in the good shaft.

An ex-member of the band Splat gave me a few good tips to use in this situation:

1. Send one person for the money. Five people converging at speed towards the owner in question will threaten like a clutter of Socialist Worker vendors.
2. Sit tight, and tell the bloke that you aren't moving until he coughs up.
3. Get a contract weeks in advance of the gig and take it along to wave at the guy on the night.

This one sensible act costs a 25p stamp and ten minutes of time, but it can save you a packet. It's a pretty basic concept, but one that many bands seem unable to pursue and adhere to. So here it is, the final end to a good shaft:

CONTRACT

Between.....(your band)
and.....(Paul, Nick or Mick & name of venue).
Date of gig..... Time of sound check.....
Time on stage.....
Fee..... Rider Yes/No SPECIFY
Accommodation Yes/No SPECIFY

PA included at venue Yes/No
PA operator at venue Yes/No
Signed..... (for band) (Paul, Nick or Mick)

CUT OUT AND KEEP!

It's not legally binding on either side. However it does look good, waving a piece of paper as you rant, sweat and wrangle with your provocateur. And what's more, parading their signature around with the agreed deal usually embarrasses them more than saying: "Look, mate, if I suck your knob could you make it two rounds of drinks...please?!" **Bethy**

SMILEY CULTURE

With the Deregulation Bill about to pass through parliament, Egon Ronay's 1994 Heineken Guide says that deregulation of pubs is long overdue.

A new category of pub is to be introduced, heralded by that familiar symbol "Smiley". But lest anyone think that this means all-night opening or a back-room coffeeshop Amsterdam-stylee, let me point out that it simply means that children can now go to pubs, which must be a good thing as we are no longer supposed to leave them home alone with the VCR (Very Crap Repeats), but bring them down the local for a pint and some more VCR (Very Crowded Rooms).

Only two pubs in Nottingham City (incidentally) are given a mention. Firstly the Lincolnshire Poacher. Certainly no Smiley here, the landlord having won the prestigious *Overall There Is The Most Miserable Git In Town* award for four consecutive years, (though he could possibly be beaten this year), and desperately described in the guide as "rather arty". Ha! The other one is Ye Oldest Stalwarte in Englande for Making Boring Pub Guides More Interesting, known locally as "The Trip". Again, no Smiley symbol so don't get the wrong idea.

As Egon himself said in his very first guide, "Where in the world can you match the past and present interest of a good English pub?" Thirty years later, in this anniversary edition, the answer is obvious: Ibiza.

Firkin News

Speaking of smiley pubs, the Filly & Firkin has come upon an interesting conundrum. The band "Friends of.." who appear as Friends Of [Somebody Different every time, but hopefully topical] (e.g. Friends of Graham Taylor), proposed to call themselves Friends of Child A and Child B. This despicable suggestion was naturally vetoed by the manager. "OK," said Friends Of..., not a bit disappointed, "we'll play as Friends of Beverly Allet."

Friends of Marc Lepine (a "13th century philosopher" reincarnated in 20th century America as a slaughter of students) appear at the Filly & Firkin on Fri 21st Jan.

BODY HEAT

Do you want to be put through " a punishing series of physical challenges to test every aspect of the body— agility, flexibility, strength, speed and recovery"?

No, it's not a night out at Rock City but a new TV contest called Body Heat, especially designed to insult the aged and poor struggling with their fuel bills.

'Pec spotters Action Time are scouring the land, a nasty job normally left to the Department of the Environment, seeking three male and female pairs with a Krypton Factor of zero and pecs like Arnie to compete in each show. If you are married to an heir to a throne, please check the gymnasium for hidden cameras before proceeding with any strenuous exertion. If you believe the hype (and there is a lot of that in body-building) the tests have been "devised by a team of doctors and physical instructors from the Royal Navy and Loughborough University to extract every ounce of physical exertion from the competitors." And no doubt every ounce of urine from the viewers.

Interviews take place in Nottingham on 17th and 18th January. So if you possess the body of an Adonis or Artemis call Action Time 061 236 8999 for your fifteen minutes of prime time.

And finally a word about moshers and stage divers. I am tall enough to see from most places in the crowd, but my more diminutive companion is not so advantaged. She faces the unenviable choice of staring at the back of someone's head or having an ever-so sensitive indie-kid stomp on her in his size 10 'Docs. The main defence for stage-diving seems to be that it is rock and roll behaviour, rebellious youth letting off steam, and anyone who disagrees is just a fuddy-duddy kill-joy. Does this argument stand up? Does it fuck. This is an activity predominantly carried out by young men (who will mostly be accountants or quantity surveyors in three years' time) and has become traditional to the point where even Pulp, surely a pop band to dance to, attract a mosh pit that Jesus Lizard would be proud of. The main victims seem to be female judging by the retreating wounded, and I can't help wondering if such moronic behaviour would be tolerated if these roles were reversed. Isn't it time we ditched this brainless MTV notion of kick-as rock and roll, and realised that in 1993, moshing males are about as rebellious as the average trouser-dropping Rugby club jock? Let me put it this way: Stage-divers, you are all dickheads.

Albert's Camel

Wa Hey!.....not!

Dear Editor
I'm all for nudity and gratuitous sex (hence no previous complaints from me) but sexless Sunday Sportish cartoon caricatures of naked women hardly stretch the boundaries human expression. I suggest you do Sugar Ray's a favour (someone's got to tell them!) and let them know the sad wanker image they presently employ is not racy, just tired. Courting controversy is one thing but cutting ads out of their favourite wank mag's is just lazy and unimaginative. Tell them about the A Band and Mustard Rock. Perhaps they should check them out when they haven't got their hands full.
Juliette

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