

If you're just coming out you need a good address book.

Turn to the listings in any gay magazine and you can make a note of the bars and clubs.

But where do you turn if you want to know about safer sex?

We can give you the basic facts, but for more detailed advice, make a note of these numbers. (If you're worried that someone else might see the names, you can always list them by their initials as NAH, THT and LLGS.)

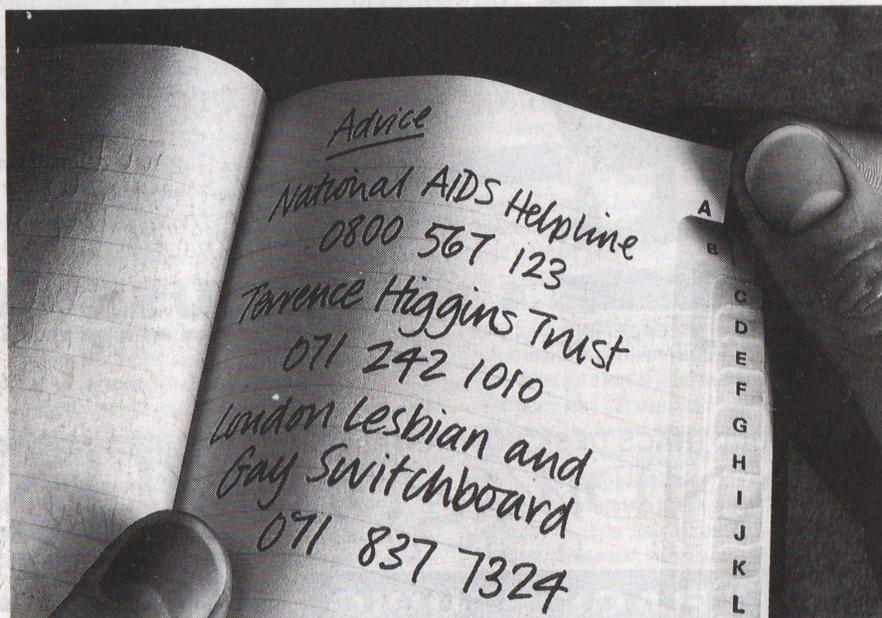
Whichever one you call, you'll get useful advice and information from people who are friendly and easy to talk to.

But what, briefly, does safer sex mean?

It's any activity where there's little or no risk of HIV transmission through exchange of blood, semen or vaginal fluid. That's why it's important to use a condom for penetrative sex with a woman.

But sex between men is often non-penetrative. For instance it might involve mutual masturbation which is safe as there's no risk of HIV infection through blood or semen being exchanged.

This can easily happen during unprotected anal sex, making it very risky for either partner. So if you have anal sex you should always use the strongest condoms such as Durex Ultra Strong, Mates Super Strong or HT Special.

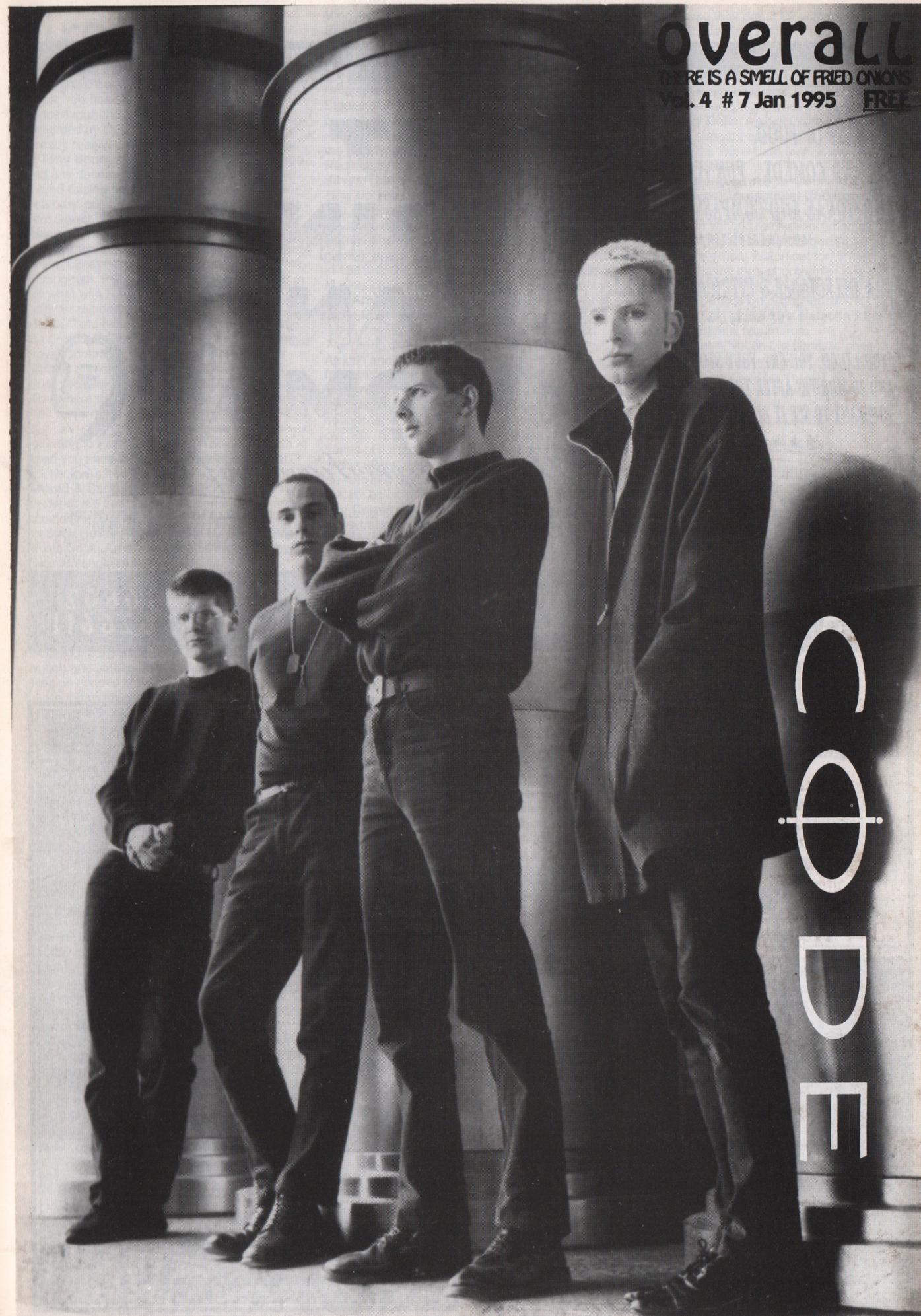


It's a good idea also to use a lubricant, but always make sure it's a water-based one like KY Jelly. Never use anything oil-based like Baby Oil or Vaseline as this will damage a condom. If there's anything else you want to know about safer sex, call one of these numbers.

And keep them in your address book. It's very reassuring to know that help and understanding are just a phone call away. Call The National AIDS Helpline free on 0800 567 123, The Terrence Higgins Trust on 0171 242 1010 or London Lesbian and Gay Switchboard on 0171 837 7324. They can also give you details of local helplines and services.



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10830
Overall
THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS
Vol. 4 # 7 Jan 1995 FREE

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

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★★★★ Q MAGAZINE

飲 EAT
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STARTS JANUARY 20 BROADWAY 0602
NOTTINGHAM 526611

firstofall:

Nottingham's socialist street choir, **The Clarion Choir**, are heading for Cuba in April for a concert tour and goodwill visit. The campaign, instigated by Cuba's UK ambassador, has already received encouragement from the likes of **Tony Benn**, **Andy Kershaw** and **Billy Bragg**, and a tv documentary about the tour is planned. A fund-raising benefit gig will be held locally in February, possibly starring **Roy Bailey**. Further info: Gareth Thompson (0115) 978 0201.

Psycho Groove Muthas make a rare local appearance this month (Thursday 19th) at **Sam Fay's**, Great Northern Close, London Road, Nottingham. PGM had a very successful year in '94 what with Radio 1 Roadshows and a summer residency at the **Stars 'n' Bars** in Monte Carlo (who's stage has been graced by the likes of **Prince** and **Chaka Khan**) including a Royal Command Performance for **Prince Rainier** and his yachting buddies. Amongst other notable gigs was the **Jazz Rock Café** in Nice where the owner was so impressed with their performance that he bought himself a PGM tour jacket. Psycho Groove Muthas will be returning to France next month so catch them while you have the chance. On stage 9.30pm. Admission is free.

Arnold & Carlton College sound engineering students are seeking bands, performance artists, comedians, DJs etc for a multi-media showcase on Bank Holiday Monday 29th May. Info.: Pop Music Dept., Arnold & Carlton College, Digby Ave., Nottingham NG3 6DR.

In response to the male domination of the music industry, **Bandwagon Studios** in Mansfield are setting up **Women In Music**, a project for women run by women. It will involve weekly workshops beginning on Monday 30th Jan. including many aspects of recording, song-writing and setting up live performances, the sessions end in May with a Big Gig designed to utilise the many skills developed. Contact Kath Riggs on 0623 422962.

Nottingham band **Skink** have reappeared with a cd rerelease of **Deaf To Suggestion** on BGR who are also releasing Phoenix, Arizona's **Hillbilly** "Sometimes you just have to say Fuck You" **Devilspeak's** 7" EP on BGR produced by **Alex Newport** of **Fudge Tunnel**, who is now resident in Phoenix.

Sheffield rock duo **World Turtle** have released a debut CD called **Haze** (Cyclops Records), named after a previous incarnation of the band. Derby's Asian nightingale **Poonam** features on **Jam Hot** (Sharan/Saint) an album of Punjabi dance music by **Sukhwinder**.

Following a spate of A&R sightings in the area, **The Where House** in Derby is running a season of showcase gigs for their benefit beginning Monday Jan. 9th with Nottingham's funky popsters **Francis** sharing the limelight with **Trash Babies**, **Homegrown** and **Raindogs**. The following week (16th) sees **Reef**, **North Meets South**, **Monkey Puzzle** and **Lazarus Clamp**. **Showcase Night #3** features slacker rockers **Motocaster** with **Hector's Ghost**, **Trip** and **Box 'em Domies**. Info. (0332) 381169.

Spectacle RPI's debut ep **Software For Hardware** features **John Robb**-produced **Shop-Counter-Culture** and is available mail order only. Cheques for £3.20 inc. p+p payable to 'Product For The Masses', PO Box 56, South DO, MANCHESTER M20 2AU. Placebo is also starting a mail order service "open to all ages" offering current and back catalogue of the likes of **Come**, **Rosa Mota** and **Huge Baby** in a bargain January sale with free T-shirts. Order before the end of Jan. and p+p will be free. For details write Placebo, PO Box 847, LONDON SW18 1AX.

Idiosyncratic techno foursome **Code** follow up their **Cities** ep with a new single **Criminals** (Third

Mind Records) on Jan 23rd. They appear live at **Sam Fay's**, Nottingham on Thursday Jan 26th. **Drugstore** precede their debut album with a single **Nectarine** prior to taking to the road again in February including a gig at the **Narrowboat**, Nottingham (11th Feb t.b.c.).

Stepping off the **Pavement** to become inspired by his vegetable garden **Gary Young** has released **Plant Man** prior to a visit to Britain in the New Year. The first release for Concrete Records is from Manchester three-piece **Pure Silver**. The AA 12" features two differing tracks, **How Do You Feel** and **Silver**. **Your Useful Guide To Life** (Energy Records) is "a mind teasing sound collage" from Swedish duo **Cultivated Bimbo** whose single **Configuration 2** went to number one in the Official German Techno Chart in 1991. **ISO-Erotic Calibrations** (Musica Maxima Magnetica) is the first release of new material by **The Anti-Group** in five years. On the same label come **Raksha Mancham** with **Ghazels**, a title taken from the great Persian lyrical poet **Hafiz**.

The group use a wide variety of Egyptian, African and Nepalese instruments. Proceeds from sales will go to the **Tibetan Youth Congress**, a world-wide group dedicated to the restoration of independence for Tibet. Ambient soundscapers **'O' Rang** have a new EP **Spoor**, out now. Supergroup **Free Kitten** launch a series of limited edition 7" retailing at 99p called 'Wiiija 99ers'. **Harvest Spoon** is out on Jan 9th to be followed by a full length album. Other acts in the series include **Jacob's Mouse**, **Comet Gain** and **Cornershop**. **Alice Donut's Nadine** is a three track single out now. Frontman **Tom Antona** also appears, singing in Spanish, on **David Baker's** new album **Shady** (Beggars Banquet). The former manic frontman of **Mercury Rev** has gone solo. Expect a **Shady World Tour** soon. Also on Beggars Banquet **The Blue Aeroplanes** are back in the skies with new album **Life Model**. **Back To The Planet** are also back with a debut release on their own label, Arthur Mix Records. "More representative of the band than the material put out during our ill-fated flirtations with London Records" is a back catalogue mail order only CD featuring two albums and a single. **Warning To The Public/Revolution Of Thought/Earzone Friendly** is available from BTTP, PO Box 106, LONDON SE13 6TQ. Cheques payable to 'Back To The Planet'. A cleaned up 12-track live recording of **MC5** called **Looking At You** is out on Receiver Records. **Andromeda Strain** release their second single **Idol** (Kill City) which includes a version of **Jump Around**. An album follows. **The Black Crows** have added a date at the **Royal Concert Hall** (31st Jan) to The America Or Bust Tour following the release of **High Head Blues** single (BMG). **Dillon Fence** support.

WEA records kick off the New Year with a single from **Scarlet** **Independent Love Song**, and release from **Van Halen**, **Green Day**, **Seven Day Diary**, **Ultramarine**, **Ministry**, **Blue Nile**, **Babylon Zoo**, **Optimystic**, **Enya**, **Red Hot Chili Peppers** and **Mudhoney**. **REM** tour in April including two dates at **Sheffield Arena** (19-20th). Following their 7" picture disc **Stand Up**, **Thunder** make a special appearance at **Rock City** this month (Fri 13th) to sign your anatomy and promote new album **Behind Closed Doors** out Jan 30th on EMI. Latest release on Trojan Records are two cds which should appeal to skinheads. **Skinhead Moonstomp**, whose title track was one of the biggest selling reggae singles of all time when it was released in 1969, now includes eight extra tracks on this new format and features the original vinyl artwork. Then there's **Monkey Business**, 20 tracks including **Boris Gardiner's Elizabethan Reggae**, **The Maytals' Monkey Man** and **The Upsetters' Return Of Django**. **Roky Erickson**, former frontman of legendary and influential **13th Floor Elevators** is releasing a brand new solo album after a ten year absence. **All That May Do My Rhyme** is released in Feb on Trance Syndicate Records. **Paul Daley** and **Neil Barnes** aka

Leftfield make their debut LP with **Leftism** (Hard Hands/Columbia) Jan 21st. Formed in the dark days of 1984 from the remnants of **Negative Approach** and **L-Seven**, **Laughing Hyenas** come upon **Hard Times** their third LP for **Touch & Go**. **Ron Dixon Dumped D.D.** is but one of the intriguing titles on **Orcastrated**, the new LP (CD) from **The Toy Dollz**. A single from the album, a cover of the classic **Lazy Sunday Afternoon**, is available on the same date (Jan. 23rd) on **Receiver Records**.

Following the succes of **International Times** (Nation Records) **Transglobal Underground** have a single by the same title due for release in February, with various remixes included by **Andrew Weatherall**, **Justin Robertson** and **Sabres Of Paradise**. Watch out for further releases on Nation throughout winter and early spring from **Hustlers HC**, **Prophets Of Da City**, **Asian Dub Foundation**, **Loop Guru** and particularly a solo album from **Natacha Atlas** and an instrumental album from **Fun'da'mental**. A Nation live compilation is planned for later in the year.



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CODE

Thursday 2nd Feb

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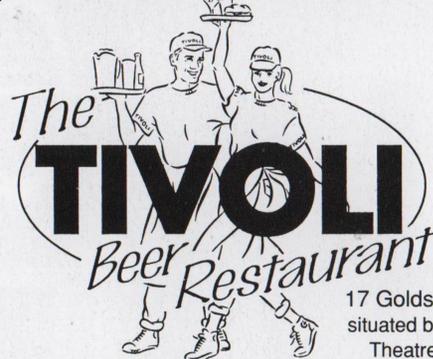
The Stanleys

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visual:



TO DIE FOR (Dir. Peter Mackenzie)

A British comedy feature debut from director Peter Mackenzie Litten that can be most accurately described as a gay version of *Truly Madly Deeply*. At the beginning of the film, Mark (Ian Williams), a part-time drag queen performer and AIDS sufferer spends most of his spare evenings in, putting together his AIDS memorial quilt. His lover Simon (Thomas Arklie) is forever out gallivanting round gay nightclubs picking up cheap dates. Mark dies early on in the film and comes back to haunt Simon, who mourns Mark for the best part of a day then swiftly acts to try and find a replacement for his former lover. At times both moving and funny, *To Die For* adds to the growing number of worthy attempts to capture the gay lifestyle. There is a lively, over-the-top cameo performance from Tony Slattery as posey sociologist neighbour Terry, who tries desperately to be cool in the company of this Bohemian gay couple but never quite pulls it off. Alas, some of the lines aren't quite as funny as they should be, and the film tends to jump between scenes at such a pace you're scarcely given time to draw breath, but this debut feature has its heart in the right place.

Matt Arnoldi

pic: Sibhan (Dily Keane) with her boyfriend Terry (Tony Slattery)
To Die For will be showing at Metro Cinema, Derby, 14-15th Feb.

NATURAL BORN KILLERS (Dir: Oliver Stone)

With Woody Harrelson, Juliette Lewis, Robert Downey Jr., Tommy Lee Jones

From an original story by Quentin Tarantino but now disowned by him, *Natural Born Killers* closely rivals Tarantino's own *Pulp Fiction* for the title of Most Controversial Film of the Year, having been denied a certificate by the British Board of Film Classification for allegedly spawning a spate of copy-cat killings in both the US and France. Violent it certainly is, with a body count of some 50+ in 119 minutes of running time, but the violence is only one facet of this intense audio-visual experience: undoubtedly Stone's best film since *Salvador*. The eponymous *Natural Born Killers* are Mickey (Harrelson) and Mallory (Lewis, relieving her role in 'Kalifornia'), a not so average white trash couple who embark upon a three week orgy of violence in the name of Fate. The pair are eventually tracked down and incarcerated in the Batongaville Prison, becoming media celebrities along the way thanks to their appearances on the exploitative 'American Maniacs' prime time network TV show produced and presented by one Wayne Gale (Robert Downey Jr): a grotesque caricature of media greed and self promotion.

Indeed, *Natural Born Killers* contains some excellent cameos including the aforementioned Downey Jr and also Tommy Lee Jones as the Prison Governor, but that's all the performances are. Cameos. Characterisation does not exist in this film. Nor for that matter does a plot in any classical sense of the term. Instead, Stone utilises a diverse range of techniques including complex narrative structures, back projections, film stocks (the parody of *I Love Lucy* is particularly effective), animation and digital morphing to create an all out, OTT EXPERIENCE. This serves to ram home even further the film's main proposition of how the media glamorises violent crime and therefore must bear some, if not all, of the responsibility for the state of contemporary American society.

On the down side, much of the dialogue is cliché, ridiculously so at times and because this is a Stone picture there is the obligatory Native American Indian shaman and a not so healthy dose of mysticism. Not only that but the film tends to gloss over aspects such as the background to the couple's violence, which could have provided *Natural Born Killers* with some of its most thought provoking moments and ultimately lets it down.

Nonetheless the film remains a must see for anyone with more than a passing interest in the state of 90's society. The whole package is accompanied by a relentlessly thumping soundtrack by Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails and is a striking example of innovative big movie making that is seen all too rarely these days. Something which should perhaps be more controversial and copy worthy than it's violence.

Kath Bancroft

KILLING ZOE (Dir: Roger Avary)

Roger Avary is a close friend and former collaborator of the omnipresent Quentin Tarantino and *Killing Zoe* is his own brutal but highly impressive debut as a writer/director. Characteristically concerning a bank heist that goes horribly wrong (sound familiar?), the film follows ex-con and expert safe-cracker Zed (Eric Stoltz) as he flies into Paris to do a job for his slightly deranged and seriously drugged-up old buddy Eric (Jean-Hughes Anglade). After a night of excessive substance abuse and sexual indulgence the daylight raid is doomed to almost certain failure, and indeed once in progress nothing can prevent it from becoming an ugly and extremely violent fiasco. In scenes of disturbing power both bank employees and innocent bystanders are coldly and cynically dispatched, while Zed himself has the additional problem of Zoe (Julie Delpy), a part-time prostitute he met on the previous night's escapade caught up in the robbery through her daytime job at the bank.

Avary cleverly invests familiar thriller clichés and stale situations with a new vigour and acerbic energy, and also makes clear the correlation between the nihilistic attitude of the ramshackle gang and their penchant for excessive violent behaviour. The dynamic Eric embodies this amoral life-style and Anglade (better known as *Betty Blue's* lover) gives a superb performance in the flashy and flamboyant role.

Elsewhere things aren't so good as some of the secondary characters fail to register as real 3-dimensional people, and a lack of warmth, humanity and humour makes it hard to care about what happens to Zed or Zoe one way or the other. Regarding the influence of the director's erstwhile colleague, *Killing Zoe* is obviously touched by the hand of Tarantino — he and his partner Lawrence Bender are listed as executive producers — but without doubt Avary possesses a distinctive and audacious style all of his own. Minor reservations aside this is a debut to enjoy for now and a talent to watch in the future.

Hank Quinlan

Killing Zoe shows at Broadway, Nottingham from Friday 13th -Thursday 19th January, and at the Metro, Derby in February.



DEAR DIARY (Dir. Nanni Moretti)

Divided into three chapters, *Dear Diary* begins with Moretti fizzing around 'Rome' on his Vespa, reflecting on the decay of the city since his childhood, along with the cultural slide of its people. Chapter 2 and Moretti is off to the 'Islands'. First to Liferito visit friend (and writer) Gerardo. Each tries to work but Moretti cannot settle due to traffic noise. And so begins a trek round the Eolian Islands in search of the required peace and tranquility. To Salina where Gerardo watches television for the first time in thirty years, on to the volcanic island of Stromboli and an encounter with the self-important mayor, and so on. Chapter 3, 'Doctors', and *Dear Diary* deals with Moretti's own illness, a lack of accurate diagnosis and the consequent (mis)treatments.

Neither fly-on-the-wall nor entirely scripted, the film never really works. Some of Moretti's observations and reflections are amusing and moving, but rarely enough to hold the viewers attention, save perhaps for chapter one where the directors musings are abetted by a sublime soundtrack.

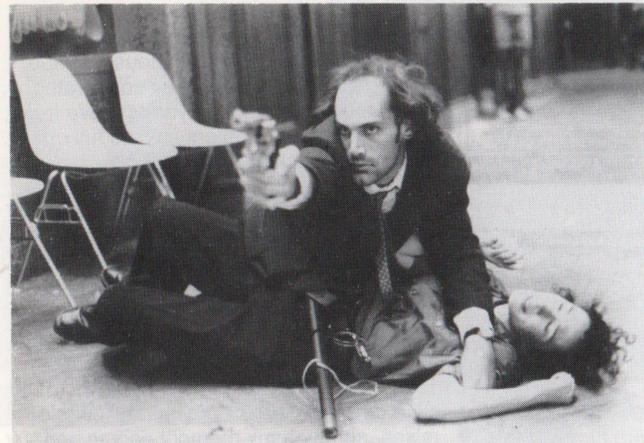
Rick Maev

Dear Diary opens at Broadway, Nottm 10th-16th Feb.

SILENT TONGUE

An unusual Western about a cattle trader (Richard Harris) who kidnaps an Indian girl from a travelling circus, run by Alan Bates, because his son, played River Phoenix, can't get over the death of the Indian girl's sister who had been bought to be his wife when she unexpectedly died. The son is so distraught over her death that he won't give her a decent burial, and because her soul is not allowed to rest in peace, she haunts him. His father believes the only way he can get his son to snap out of it is to purchase (or otherwise acquire) the other sister. Although this wasn't River Phoenix' last performance in a film, it is, I believe, the last one to reach release and will achieve notoriety for that. It doesn't quite work mainly due to the meandering middle section which doesn't add up to much and should have been edited ruthlessly. The ending though is memorable and the musical soundtrack engaging. In the end it may just be of curiosity value to River Phoenix fans, but at least it deserves some points for being a departure from the usual pulp fare dished up by Hollywood majors.

Matt Arnoldi



AMATEUR (Dir. Hal Hartley)

Hartley describes his approach to making *Amateur* as taking "the convention of a thriller to see how I can bend it—how it works with one flat tyre if you like." But a flat tyre this film is not. Understated, forever bouncing gently off-the-wall, but never flat.

Thomas (Martin Donovan) regains consciousness on a cobbled New York back-street, remembering nothing of his unsavoury criminal past. Dazed, he makes his way to a nearby café where he is befriended by ex-nun Isabelle. Isabelle frequents the café to write short stories for a pornographic magazine. She is drawn to Thomas by her lingering faith and her belief that she has a mission—to help him rediscover his past. Isabelle suspects Thomas's past to be linked with a desperate young porn actress, Sofia (Elina Lowensohn) and, surprise, so it is. Before long all three are pursued by Thomas's former employers and hired assassins. Running through the veins of *Amateur* is the idea of people trying to escape from who they are, and the possibility of redemption. Isabelle, Thomas and Sofia have either changed, are seeking change or both. Hartley's vehicle for this theme, this absurdist romantic thriller, is nothing but a success.

Rick Maev

Amateur shows at Broadway 27th Jan-5th Feb.

DAYS OF BEING WILD (Dir: Wong Kar-Wai)

An interesting alternative to the guns 'n' gangster movies more usually associated with the cinema of Hong Kong, *Days Of Being Wild* is an atmospheric tale of self-discovery, doomed romance and existential angst. Played out in the torrential summer storms of 1960, the action revolves around Yuddy (Leslie Cheung), a cool young rebel without a cause heartlessly drifting through a succession of caustic relationships and casual affairs. Ingenuous waitress Su Lizhen (Maggie Cheung) is the first to suffer at his vain and conceited hands, closely followed by the more worldly-wise dancer Mimi Lulu (Carina Lau). Both are attracted to Yuddy's good looks and charming veneer but are ultimately rejected, along with his maudlin foster mother and devoted best friend, as he heads off to the Philippines in search of his real parents who had abandoned him at birth. Moments of subtlety and reflection give the film an almost European feel while the claustrophobic close-ups, swooping camera work and highly stylised sets help create an anxious and edgy mood. Similarly the relentless pounding rain (it makes Manchester look like a sun drenched tropical paradise) symbolises Yuddy's restless and unredeemable nature as well as the forlorn desperation of the others. The principal performances from the two Cheungs (no relation) and Lau are both moving and memorable, and match the star status they have in their own native country. Kar-Wai's touch, in only his second film as director is also sure and impressive and only some erratic editing and confusing jumps in the narrative impair the film's magical hold on the senses. Approached with an open mind though, and *Days Of Being Wild* will prove an unexpected and entertaining treat.

Hank Quinlan

Showing at Broadway, Nottingham Mon 16th - Thurs 19th Jan.

ONLY YOU

Slight romantic comedy about a young bride-to-be played by Marisa Tomei who has second thoughts before the wedding because of a childhood prediction that her future would revolve around another man. She's knows the man's name but nothing more about him. When the man rings up unexpectedly, feeling she must follow fate, she sparks off a chase around Europe to meet him. On her travels she bumps into several men. One of whom (Robert Downey Jr.) develops a crush on her. *Only You* begins okay but becomes tedious after a while, mainly because we are expected to care about this girl's plight and misfortunes but don't.

LEON

French director Luc Besson (*Subway, Nikita, The Big Blue*) directs an action-packed tale about a hit-man, Leon (Jean Reno) in Manhattan whose life is turned upside down by a drug-enforcing drug-taking cop (Gary Oldman) who brutally takes out a neighbouring family who are suspected of drug-dealing. One of the offspring fortunately does some shopping for Leon while this is taking place, misses the bloodbath and snags up with him. It's best to forget any semblance of reality in an imaginative but languid plot. This is Besson we're talking about, therefore there's bags of style, some brilliantly stage-managed scenes and, yes, a movie worth watching. Nonetheless it's a film which offers more in potential than actual delivery. Saying that though, Jean Reno (star of *Les Visiteurs*) has tremendous screen presence and will not be short of offers on the evidence of his chilling performance here as action man Leon.

Matt Arnoldi

THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION

A prison drama starring Tim Robbins and Morgan Freeman which covers ground you've come across before in other prison-based films but does so with fine consideration for the development of character, the provision of an absorbing plot which keeps you guessing and a decently worked and fitting ending. There's a smell of Oscars in the air surrounding this one, to the credit of director Frank Darabont, screenwriter of *Frankenstein*. Not a shard as some prison dramas—they spare us the buggery scenes—and some fine scenes and interplay between Robbins and Freeman which should ensure that this one does well at the box office. A long jail sentence but well worth it.

SOLITAIRE FOR 2

Why oh why can't we make decent comedies in this country? What about *Four Weddings*? I hear you cry and quite right, that was one but it is an exception to the rule. Most end up like this one, trying hard to be funny with lines that merely amuse rather than have you falling about in the aisles. For detail, it's been made by the director of *Leon The Pig Farmer*, it's a romantic comedy about a woman who can read men's minds (and all the mucky thoughts therein) and it tries very hard to be engaging in a Hollywood sort of way, a kind of British version of *Sleepless In Seattle* with a similar wistfully lovey-dovey ending but, alas, no laughs, not a lot to it and yet more money keenly raised in this country gets wasted on material which could and should have been improved. Haven't they heard of audience testing??

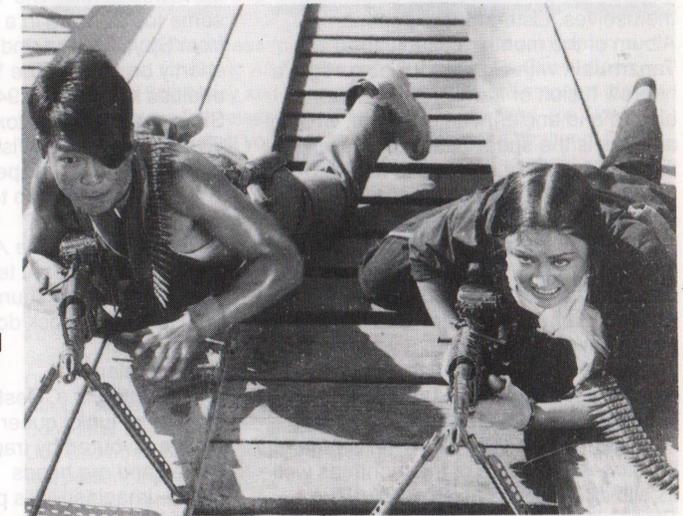
THE RIVER WILD

Meryl Streep hurtles down the rapids with two baddies (Kevin Bacon plays the lead one) watching her every move in this *Deliverance*-like action thriller directed by Curtis 'Hand That Rocks The Cradle' Hanson. OK, there are many undue titters to be had at the sight of her husband (David Strathairn) and the pet dog (has to be a relative of Lassie) performing athletic wonders to keep up with Meryl on dry land when they become separated from the boat, but Streep is quite convincing and performs well in this action-woman role. The film just about stays the distance and holds the interest sufficiently but, no, it's not a patch on *Deliverance*!

BLACK BEAUTY

A remake of the classic with fleeting glimpses of Sean Bean and a comparatively larger and more significant role for David Thewlis as one of the owners of the horse in this faithful reworking of the life of a beautiful horse. The most surprising thing about this version is that the horse acts as narrator or, rather, tells us its story in an accent that closely resembles Alan Cumming. This is hard to get used to but the kids present seemed to enjoy it and the action photography isn't bad. Princess Anne is giving it a Royal Premiere in aid of an equestrian charity.

Matt Arnoldi



HONG KONG CINEMA: OVER THE EDGE 6 featuring FULL CONTACT, FONG SAI YUK 2, EASTERN CONDORS

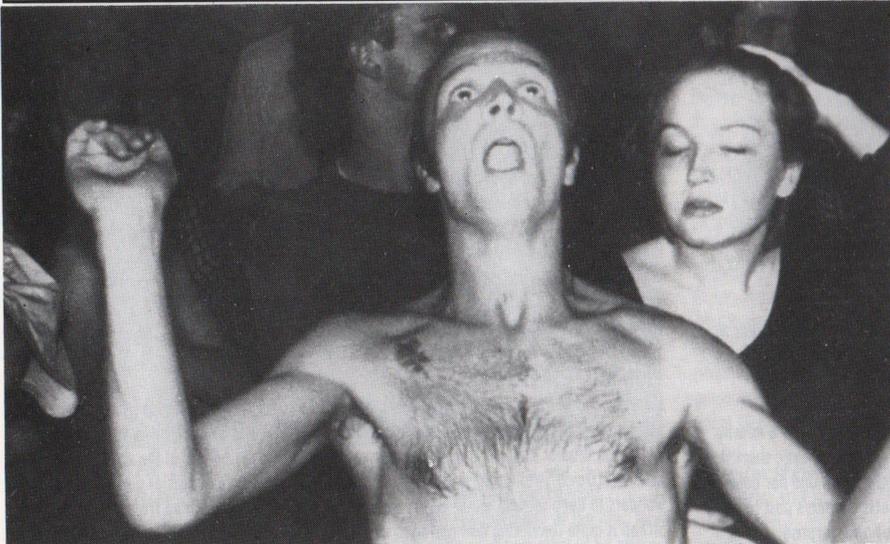
Another triple bill of high-kicking Kung Fu fantasy and hard-boiled ballistic violence, pick of the bunch being *Full Contact* starring Hong Kong's king of cool Chow Yun Fat. Anyone who saw the recent *Drunken Master 2* or any of John Woo's masterpieces will know what to expect—mindless manic fun full of spectacular action sequences and over-the-top cartoon characters. However, it's the total trash aesthetic that really separates these films from Hollywood's tired old formula, turning even the most contrived melodramatic moments into something quite brilliant, bizarre and unforgettable. Go ahead, punk—make your day!

Hank Quinlan

Over The Edge 6 takes place at Broadway on Sunday 5th Feb. Tickets £4/3. Doors 10.30am. First film 11.30am. (programme subject to confirmation)

techno notice:

An overview of circuit funk and electronica



Abduction imminent! Eating Static at The Garvey

photo: The Mong Crew

Here we are in '95 and the first **TN** of the year, so if you're suffering from post Xmas trauma syndrome or an excess of granny's toothless kisses and two many 'Best Of...' albums then help is at hand. Firstly though, congratulations to the lucky winners of our Rising High comp.: A. Law, Forest Fields; M. Garner, Attenborough; H. Morley, Beeston; K. Emmerson, Nottingham. Your *Secret Life Of Trance* goodies will be mailed direct from RH themselves. Listen for the postman!! Album of the month goes to Japan's **Tanzmusik** with *Sinsekai* (Rising High) a hi-brow fusion of frantic Kraftwerkian electro and ancient eastern ritual, what amazes is the sheer beauty of the whole thing from breezy laments to nature (*Air*) to the mental flexing of *Samba Drome*, each track etching its identity on the musication. German for dance music) is a work of genius.**** Coming in a close second for its beauty, depth and sheer wayward idealism comes *Endless Vol. 1* (Manifold), a voyage through the real world of ambience featuring **TN** favourites **Lull**, **P**, **Schutze** and the polygenic **Mesh** whose track *I Address The Roaring Sea With A Mouthful Of Stones* gains title of the month as well as sliding along side **Lull's** *Way Thru Staring* in the 'out there' stakes.**** Up against this **Sequencial's** (not to be confused with Peter Namlook) *Sea Shells* seems positively redundant, a strong melodious european disco flavour runs through the mixes and while they're bright enough, somehow their optimism just dulls me out. Call me jaded. *** Talk to years behind the often ill-coursed **Talk Talk**, **Orang** remain enthusiastic and open to anything sound will do for them; The *Spoor* ep (Echo) fuses a world of samples of both ethnic and electronic origin, not strictly my bag but a pleasing experience nonetheless and worth more on inventiveness and incentive alone.

Housing this month we have **Dial E For FX** with their garage bumper *That's The Way My Heart Sings* (Ascension) best witnessed in its raze-esque *Break For Love* mix, grooved *Again For Love* mix and the slinky *Positive Science* disco mix.**** **Nebula II's** array of technological labels step on it with **Subquaker's** racing subaquatic squelching trance giant entitled *Do You Dream* flipped with a progressive tranz-house mix. *The Tube* mixes feature some top trancing in a merciless hos style from **Spy**, **Arcana** and **Nebula II**, out shortly on *Out Of The Volt*, a test and oddities label. (0115 941 7467) **Sitric** resurrection that toxic two groove, on *The Ascension* ep (Vision) doing the do in hard hands style, flipped with mad euro-hi nrg trancer and limbo tech on *Reality Bites*.*** **Nebula II** release the *Audiobahn* ep with the flanging rampant tech romp *Obfuscate* (Collide Records) sounding like Herbie Hancock does ravesignal III. **Arcana** release *Axiom/Antenna* (Celestial) the kind of funky queer core groove favoured by trade babies and nrg heads alike— imagine Hell's party, and you're almost there! Unfortunately my sequinned frock has gone amiss! Pick of the funky bunch goes to the hi-nrg intoned house tech of **Nebula II** (do they ever stop?) with *Positive* and the digital excitement of *It's A Dream*, mellow, low and groovy is the best way to describe this set... oh, it's also on Celestial, and with five more following in the next couple of months it'll be interesting to see what happens next.

Black Dog return with the double LP *Spanners* (Warp) fully equipped with hieroglyphic hallucinogenic house, shape-shifting after 26 tracks (albeit some rather short) the Dog's electro hybrids move from spacious pulses, ambient links to full on monologue cocktails—a strange combination indeed. And of course all fuelled by their somewhat cryptic sense of humour.**** Celebrating their one hundredth single release, Rising High project you back to '92 when **The Cheebah** ep (rsn 16) first made it's appearance with the then newly termed Jungle track *I Like To Smoke Marijuana*. 1995 sees **Mark Williams** back in rough style (as you might say) with new Jungle mixes, although my memory serves and the original is still a favourite! Skankin' good fun nonetheless! **RHC**, famed for the seminal *Fever Called Love* which inspired numerous imitators, notably her Madonna, so inspired as to record her own version of Peggy Lee's *Fever*, release *Feel The Fire* ep mixed in low slung trip-hop style by **Cold Cut**, again best witnessed in it's *Born Free Dub*. ****

Dael

THE MELTING COUCH

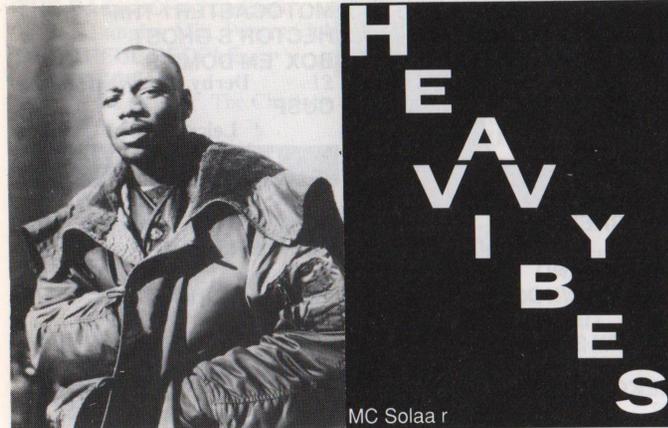
1. **MESH** *I Address...* (Manifold)
2. **TANZMUSIK** *Air* (Rising High)
3. **MAIN** *Firmament II* (Beggars Banquet)
4. **OVAKARI** *Papoose* (Downwards)
5. **BLACK DOG** *Spanners* (Warp)

TOE JAMS

1. **TANZMUSIK** *Sinsekai* (Rising High)
2. **DIAL E FOR FX** *That's The Way* (Ascension)
3. **NEBULA II** *Positive* (Celestial)
4. **PROJECT I** *Cheeba 95* (Rising High)
5. **SCANNER** *Laswell mixes* (Sentrax)



Eriq Dial & Richard Waterhouse: **Dial E For FX**



MC Solaar

Welcome to the world of **Heavy Vibes**, a new column within the pages of **Overall** where I hope to introduce you to the **funkin' phat beats and velvet vocals** of current rap, jazz and R&B club releases. If you are not already familiar with at least one of these, don't worry— by the time I've finished you'll be sleeping partners with all three.

Each month I'll be giving you a run down of the hottest grooves in your shops, a few reviews and the 'High Five', a totally biased chart which will include the most dangerous tracks at the time of going to press, plus the odd competition dropped in for good measure. To begin the New Year there is there is the plethora of Christmas releases and what better way to clean up than to put the needle on the record and review some of December's delights.

Released through Natural Response, those nice people who brought you Lenna Conquest, and the first outing on vinyl in ages from **MC Mell 'O'** came *Teach You Teach Me*. This whole record shouts 'unique to the UK, a combination of conscious rap, delivered with style and originality over a waterfall of jazz fusion courtesy of Izit, including Nicola Bright-Thomas' echoing vocals. If you're already listening to Mo' Wax listen to this instead, condensed 'Heavy Vibes', check the B-side for *Sounds Of The D.E.T.T.* If you're not already familiar with Master Cuts make it your New Year's resolution to be. Already the most popular of all Master Cut releases, their latest offering *Classic Jazz Funk 5* goes deeper under the direction of club and radio DJ extraordinaire **Mr. Robbie Vincent**. Apart from Blue Feather's *Let's Funk Tonight* there are no real obvious commercial cuts; like I said, this one goes deeper, the quality is delivered from the likes of **Roy Ayers**, **Heath Brothers**, **Ray Barreto** and **L.A. Boppers**. Once again a unique opportunity from Master Cuts to fill your collection with some classic records (if you haven't got them already) for under £15, available on all formats.

December's expenses went mostly on dry cleaning for all modern soul DJs, as this was the month, two years in the waiting, that **Drizabone** finally released their debut LP (CD) *Conspiracy*. Not since Lady Thatcher's departure has one act been greeted with so much enthusiasm by so many. It seems like an age since *Real Love* was doing the circuits in all the essential clubs, and it is. *Respect* to 4th & Broadway for keeping them on the books, **Billy April** and **Vince Garcia** haven't failed to deliver. Keeping their hand in with numerous remixes for other artists, these two guys have teamed up with undiscovered diva **Kimberly Peer** to produce one of the slickest soul LPs to come from these shores. From the ballad *Woman And A Man* featuring **Chris Ballin**, through the funky groove of *Neighbourhood* to the rawer title cut *Conspiracy*, every track has been polished and packaged with tender loving care.

Already having enjoyed success as an actress, 15 year-old **Brandy Norwood** decided to go back to her original dream, singing, and so comes *Brandy*, a 14-track soul set for Atlantic Records. To be honest (I think I know you well enough now to reveal my inner moist secrets) the idea of another 15 year-old wanna be singer makes me want to re-acquaint myself with my breakfast, but wait.... this is surprisingly a good LP (CD). The single *I Wanna Be Down* is a fairly good measuring stick for the whole LP, excellent vocals over the current US fad of mid-tempo beat. The LP never really jumps out of the groove which isn't such a bad thing, highlights include *Sunny Day*, *Always On My Mind*, and the excellent *Movin' On* which, if Omar was to get his hands on, would rip it up. If it's a choice between Aaliyah and Michelle Gayle, buy Brandy. Finally give it up for **Pete Rock & CL Smooth** straight outta NYC back on the hip hop scene with their brand new LP *The Main Ingredient* on Elektra Records. Following on from their success with the *All Souled Out* EP and the first LP *Mecca And The Soul Brother* these two make music like seasoned professionals used to. Already having worked with the likes of P.E., EPMD (RIP), House Of Pain and on various remixes, this is a train-spotter's and rapper's delight. Subtle samples of the likes of Donald Byrd, Roy Ayers and Isaac Hayes alongside CL's distinct flowing vocal delivery keep happy both the hardcore and those discovering rap from its jazz influences— necks in effect. Still contains the bravado of any rap LP but with intelligence as opposed to motherfucking ignorance. If you still need a reason to buy this, all DJs, it's on double vinyl!

If you didn't find any of these in your stocking, Christmas or otherwise, here's January's **HIGH FIVE**.

1. **LO KEY** *Tasty* (AMPM). Wicked Roger Troutman-style ballad from the Lp *Back To Da Howse*.
2. **PMD** *Swing Your Own Thing* (RCA Import). Return of Parish Smith, phat, funky and conscious. Eric Sermon hold your tongue!
3. **MC SOLAAR** *Solaar Power* (Talkin Loud). Doing more for Anglo-French harmony than any Euro MP, JP Maunick (Incognito) on the production.
4. **VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Low Down Dirty Shame* Soundtrack (Jive). Featuring Zhane, R. Kelly, Souls Of Mischief and rising star Keith Murray— essential.
5. **CHANNEL LIVE** *Mad Izm* (Capitol Import) Boogie down production under the guidance of KRS 1.

Whilst you're at the record counter the platters that matter are: on the rap tip **Group Home's** *Superstar* (Payday records) produced by DJ Premier and Guru (Gangstarr) "with some more of that Juru drip drip shit"; **Craig Mack** with *Get Down* from Sean 'Puffy' Comb's Big Boy Records, the same team at the hit factory that brought you *Flava In Ya Ear* and the notorious B.I.G.; if you still need some funk for your trunk **Paris' Guerrilla Funk** (Priority Records) is pure P-Funk for the 90's inna gangsta style; on the same street but different address is **Scarface** dropping a message in jeep beats for all wanna b's with *I Seen A Man Die*; rap LP to look out for is *Street Fighter* with new material from Pharcyde plus the excellent *One On One* from **Nas**.

For the soul connoisseurs out there you already should have bought **Chante Moore's** new Lp; if you haven't the current US 12" is *Old School Lovin'* destined to be overlooked by the record companies but not by the punters. US comes UK with three 12" in January from AM PM Records.



The **Sounds Of Blackness** (pic. above) get some remixes on a double A-side *I'm Going All The Way and Everything Is Gonna Be Alright*. Steve Silk Hurley and Kenny Dope Gonzalez are amongst the six (!) remixes for the first release from **For Real** so aptly titled *You Don't Wanna Miss* this. Adjust your bass bins accordingly, the brother of *lurve* **Big Barry White** is back in the house, pure baby making music with *Practice What you Preach...safe sex!*

Full on soul also comes from the UK in the shape of two tracks from Intimate Records. First off **The Sound Principle** featuring Lovonne Adams delivers the chorus-driven *There Is No Way* including mixes, although I really like the instrumental *Welcome To Yesterday* on the flip. That man **Chris Ballin** comes up again with the excellent *Full Time Lover*. Buy this record. Also worth buying is the **Phillip Leo** remake of Skipworth and Turner's *Thinking About Your Love* (EMI) featuring reggae DJ Top Cat in top form.

Talking of the UK, *Reggae All Stars UK* is a new compilation from Conqueror Records featuring some of the UK's top reggae artists such as Don Campbell, Sandra Cross and the late, great Deborah Glasgow, past and present tracks.

Last but by no means least, true heavy vibes from Bristol way with the *Erotic Overcome Thrive Pack* from **Tricky**. The title track *Overcome* is for me a bit too trip-hoppy though good for its fans but the B-side wins again with *Abbaon Fat Tracks*. What it all means I'm not sure but the haunting strings and female Tricky interlinked vocals over an irresistible deep beat has a lot going for it. To get moist and honest with you again I'd say buy this one out of the whole lot for its sheer audacity.

Well I think that's about it for now. If you want to catch more **Heavy Vibes** tune in to **Globe FM (107.7)** Saturday 4-7pm, and Sundays with *The Illegal Groove Mission*, 9pm-midnight. If you like it live try delight at the **Garage**, St. Mary's Gate Nottingham, Jan 13th and 27th.

Until next time Peace, Love and Heaviness.

Dave King
Peace Productions 1995

FRIED CIRCUIT



Psycho Groove Muthas funk it up at Sam Fay's (19th) photo: S. Toulson

friday 13th

THE ANCHOR MEN
Hot Butter
Nottingham, Beatroot Club

THE FAB FOUR
Running Horse

BOCKS GOBLIN
The Narrowboat

THUNDER
Promo Night
Rock City

DK / MARTIN / JOHNNY
Go Tropo
Skyy Club

BEHIND THE BIKESHEDS
Langley Mill, Potters Club

DEAD AFTER DARK
Leicester, Royal Mail

SLINKY / GOLD BLADE
The Charlotte

THE SPIDERS
Arnsby, The Cock Inn

THE HOAX
Stoke, Wheatsheaf

TREVOR FUNG/SULLY
Rise
Sheffield, Leadmill

saturday 14th

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
Nottingham, Running Horse

SKULLFLOWER
Narrowboat

REEF
Rock City

POTEEN
Mechanics Arms

TOBIAS
Filly & Firkin

ROB SMITH / BRIN / PABLO
Faith
Skyy Club

MAGIC CAR
Old Vic

sunday 15th

ABK
Nottingham, Running Horse

HANDFUL OF DARKNESS
Golden Fleece

THE FOOTWARMERS noon
JUBA evening
The Bell Inn

FINAL CONFLICT
Mansfield, Town Mill

DELIRIUM
Stockwells

JOHN OTWAY / SPOKANE £5
Derby, The Where House

BAND OF GYPSIES
Ambergate, Hurt Arms

HEATHER NOVA
LAZARUS CLAMP
£3/2.50 Leicester, The Charlotte

monday 16th

STEVE PINNOCK & TERRY SWAN
Nottingham, Running Horse

OMEGA
Bell Inn

FAIRPORT CONVENTION
Acoustic
Derby, Guildhall Theatre

CITY ACOUSTIC CLUB
£1 Leicester Royal Mail

tuesday 17th

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
Nottingham, Running Horse

STRANGE AFFAIR
Golden Fleece

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
QUINTET
Sam Fays

BLUE HORIZON
Bell Inn

ZZ BIRMINGHAM £1
Jacksdale, Portland Arms

wednesday 18th

COLIN STAPLES JAM
Nottingham, Running Horse

ANDREW STANTON QUINTET
Excessaweez
Skyy Club

FRONTIER/FINE
Mansfield, Woodpecker

NATIONAL EMBARRASSMENT
Mansfield The Folkhouse

HEAVY JUICE
Kirby Muxloe Forest Lodge Hotel

MR SIEGAL £1
Bolsover, Ace Of Clubs

THE OCCASIONALS
Free
Ashbourne, The Green Man

thursday 19th

TUSCANY FRUITBATS
Nottingham, Filly & Firkin

DIGS & WOOSH / BOYSIE
PHIL LE CHILL / KIER
WALT / SIMON
Eat Ya Face
Skyy Club

PSYCHO GROOVE MUTHAS
Nottm, Sam Fays

SNORKEL
Mansfield Harvey's

NEVERLAND *acoustic set*
VOGUE MINOGUE upstairs
Derby, The Where House

KRISPY 3
£3/4 Leicester, Mosquito Coast

REKO REKO £2
The Bayou Club

friday 20th

LOVELEE/THE ANCHOR MEN
Hot Butter
Nottingham, Beatroot

DUMB
Old Angel

PATTEN & KELLY
Mechanics Arms

ROOT DANCE
Filly & Firkin

DEEP & BREEZY
Skyy Club

CLARKSVILLE BLUEBEATS
Mansfield, Rufford Arms

DOG HOUSE RILEY
Langley Mill, Potters Club

saturday 21st

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
THE KHAN BAND 8pm
Nottingham, Running Horse

FRIENDS & RELATIONS
Old Angel

INTERFEARANCE
Narrowboat

PIP / CAS-ROC *mmM*
Skyy

MURPHY & O'BRIEN
Mechanics Arms

THE SPIDERS
Leicester, The Tom Thumb

sunday 22nd

MR SIEGAL
Nottingham, Running Horse

RED START
Golden Fleece

SHAMUS O'BIVION
Nottingham, Running Horse

COÛDE
DJ GRASSY NOEL
Fee adm. Bar til 1am.
Sam Fay's

GRAVEYARD
Rock City

GARFIEL, GREEN & CHICO'S
Mansfield, The Plough

NOCTURNAL BABIES
Harvey's

SUBJAGGER / MONORAIL
downstairs
PARKALIFE upstairs
Derby, The Where House

FIN
Leicester, The Charlotte

LA CLAVE / DJ SNOWBOY £4.50/5.50
Mosquito Coast

THE BELIEVERS
BOB EVANS & OWEN HUGH £2
The Bayou Club

friday 27th

OLD SCHOOL
Nottingham Running Horse

JAZZ IN THE BOX
2nd Birthday
Beatroot

WIDE EYED WONDER
Old Angel

SOUND AS A POUND
Mechanics Arms

JOHN & LAWRENCE
Smokescreen
Skyy Club

monday 23rd

STEVE PINNOCK & TERRY SWAN
Nottingham, Running Horse

OMEGA
Bell Inn

TAKEAWAY THEATRE CO.
"Shirley Valentine"
for five nights
Filly & Firkin

MOTOCASTER / TRIP
HECTOR'S GHOST
BOX 'EM DOMIES £1
Derby, The Where House

CUSP
Leicester, The Charlotte

tuesday 24th

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
Nottingham, Running Horse

BLETHERSKITE
Golden Fleece

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE QUINTET
Sam Fays

BLUE HORIZON
Bell Inn

THE MIGHTY 11-90'S
Jacksdale, Portland Arms

LIE DETECTOR
Derby, The Where House

JUNKIE / BLOOD FISH GRUMBLE GRINDER £1
Leicester, The Charlotte

wednesday 25th

COLIN STAPLES JAM
Nottingham Running Horse

ALIAS RON KAVANA
Old Vic

RIOT OF COLOUR
Hippo

DECOY *excessaweez*
Skyy Club

SILENT SCREAM
Mansfield, The Woodpecker

MOIST
Derby, The Where House

IDLE HANDS BLUES BAND
Ashbourne, The Green Man

CHICKEN ASS BLUES BAND
Bolsover, Ace Of Clubs

MOTOCASTER
NOCTURNAL BABIES £3
Leicester, The Charlotte

BEHIND THE BIKESHEDS £2
Kirby Muxloe Forest Lodge

thursday 26th

SHAMUS O'BIVION
Nottingham, Running Horse

COÛDE
DJ GRASSY NOEL
Fee adm. Bar til 1am.
Sam Fay's

GRAVEYARD
Rock City

GARFIEL, GREEN & CHICO'S
Mansfield, The Plough

NOCTURNAL BABIES
Harvey's

SUBJAGGER / MONORAIL
downstairs
PARKALIFE upstairs
Derby, The Where House

FIN
Leicester, The Charlotte

LA CLAVE / DJ SNOWBOY £4.50/5.50
Mosquito Coast

THE BELIEVERS
BOB EVANS & OWEN HUGH £2
The Bayou Club

friday 27th

OLD SCHOOL
Nottingham Running Horse

JAZZ IN THE BOX
2nd Birthday
Beatroot

WIDE EYED WONDER
Old Angel

SOUND AS A POUND
Mechanics Arms

JOHN & LAWRENCE
Smokescreen
Skyy Club

THE BACKSCRATCHERS
Langley Mill, Potters Club

BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE SUPEREGO £3
Leicester, The Charlotte

CHRIS & JAMES
TIM JEFFERY / SULLY
"Rise" £7/5
Sheffield, The Leadmill

saturday 28th

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
BLIND 'N' DANGEROUS 8pm
Nottingham, Running Horse

PSYCHASTORM
Skyy Club

MOTHERS OF THE FUTURE
JAZZ SPIRIT
£2.50/2 Steppin Out 2
The Old Angel

DELIRIUM
Sutton-In-Ashfield, Blue Bell

DJ COLM
"5-15"
Leicester, The Charlotte

NEW FADS
MOLLY HALFHEAD / GINGER £4/3
Sheffield, The Leadmill

sunday 29th

KELLY'S HEROES
Nottingham, Golden Fleece

ORANGE DE LUXE
SUBJAGGER
Old Angel

THE FOOTWARMERS noon
JUBA evening
Bell Inn

STRANGER FAYRE unplugged
Filly & Firkin

STEEL YARD DOGS
Mansfield, Town Mill

THE BACKSCRATCHERS
Ambergate, Hurt Arms

monday 30th

TERRY SWAN & STEVE PINNOCK
Nottingham The Running Horse

D PABLO / C.I.?. *Snob*
DK / COOKIE *Glo 2*
£@1.50 / £1
Beatroot

SPLATTERPUNKS
Old Angel

OMEGA
Bell Inn

CUT / 4 PLAY / KITTENS
CHOKE HOLD / ROOSTERVELT £1
Derby The Where House

FLAMINGOES / GOUGE £3
Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 31st

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Nottm. The Running Horse

THE BLACK CROWES
Royal Concert Hall

KILLING JOKE
SHOOTYZ GROOVE
SKUNK ANANSIE
Rock City

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE QUINTET
Sam Fay's

BLUE HORIZON
Bell Inn

THREE WHEEL DRIVE £1
Jacksdale Portland Arms

STATION K upstairs
APES, PIGS & SPACEMEN t.b.c.
Derby The Where House

LUNGE / CATHODE NATION
RELEVANT ELEPHANT £1
Leics. The Charlotte

FEBRUARY wednesday 1st

COLIN STAPLES JAM
Nottingham, The Running Horse

STIG MALIBU *Excessaweez*
Skyy Club

DUMM DUMMS / SILENCER
The Zone

BRUTAL JUICE £4
Derby The Where House

GLORIOUS £1
Leics., The Charlotte

REFLEX BLUES BAND
Kirby Muxloe Forest Lodge

CACTUS JACK £1
Bolsover Ace Of Clubs

ZZ BIRMINGHAM Free
Ashbourne The Green Man

thursday 2nd

BADAXE
SNEINTON ELVIS
Frre adm. Bar till 1am.
Nottingham Sam Fay's

NOT A LOT OF PEOPLE KNOW THAT
Derby The Where House

RDF £4.50/4
Leics. The Charlotte

HEAVY SHIFT £.50/4.50
Mosquito Coast

THE STORM THIEVES
The Bayou Club

friday 3rd

LEFT HAND THREAD
Nottingham The Running Horse

DEAD AFTER DARK
DEHYDRATION
Old Angel

SHAMMY
Golden Fleece

LOOP TRIK
Skyy Club

DREADZONE / TRIBAL DRIFT
DIY *GNB tour*
Marcus Garvey Centre

THE DT'S
Langley Mill Potters Club

PERFUME *aroma pop*
Leics. The Charlotte

saturday 4th

STEVE MAXWELL
DIGS & WOOSH *mmM*
Skyy

DAZE
Nottm. The Old Angel

SONS OF ERRIS
Mechanics Arms

SULTANS OF PING F.C. £3
The Charlotte

sunday 5th

LEE DAVID
Nottm. Filly & Firkin

THE FOOTWARMERS noon
JUBA eve
The Bell Inn

TEMPLEGATE
Mansfield Town Mill

WAMMA JAMMA £2
Ambergate Hurt Arms



mondaze

THE PANGALACTIC GARGLE BLASTER
Skyy Club

HEAVEN & HELL
The Where House

JAZZ INFUSION
Cookie Club

AURORA LIGHTS
Hearty Goodfellow

BOUNCING BABIES
Ritzy

tuesdaze

SERVE CHILLED
Cookie Club

STUDENT MANIA
Ritzy

wednesdaze

EARGASM
Bellamy's Bar

GRANDSTAND
The Where House

INDIE GO GO
Cookie Club

EXCESSAWEEZ
Skyy

DOUBLE SIX
Beatroot

thursdaze

TEN
The Where House

DAZZLE
The Garage

AURORA LIGHTS
Hearty Goodfellow

LIVE AT SAM FAY'S
Sam Fay's

ANADINE
Beatroot

RETRO NITE
Cookie Club

fridaze

TUMMY TOUCH / SEARCH
The Staircase

BIG CHEESE PHAT WAX
Bellamy's

DELIGHT
The Garage

TITTER
The Zone

HOUSE NIGHT
Skyy Club

1. BREEZE / HOT BUTTER
2. INDIE FRENZY
Beatroot

SMASHED / GROOVE
The Where House

saturdaze

PROGRESS CLASSIC SOUL /CLOCK
The Where House

FAITH
Skyy Club

FUNKY COOKIE
Cookie Club

LIFE
Beatroot

THE CRASH
Hearty Goodfellow

CLUB MIXES
Bellamy's

DRIVE
The Fan Club

sundaze

MIND YOUR SHED
Skyy Club

AERIALL
A guide to groovy local radio

THE BEAT / BACK-A-YARD
BBC Radio Nottingham
Saturdays 7 till 11pm 103.8FM

MARK SPIVEY SHOW
Trent FM
Saturdays 10pm till 2am 96 FM

GLOBE
107.7 FM 24 hrs

HEATWAVE CR
87.9 FM 24hrs

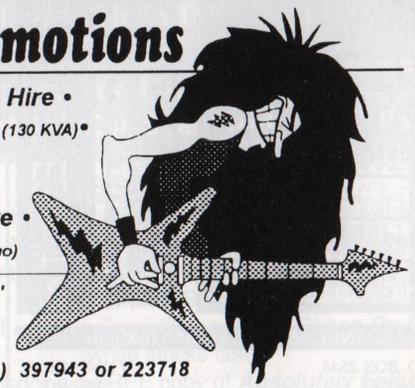
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The spiky hordes.

Photo: Andrea Lee

It's been one of those Christmas drinking sessions where you start feeling like you're in a *Carry On* film. You remember *Carry On Cruising* with the bloke who spends the entire film standing at the bar? Yeah, Christmas felt something like that.

The pre-Christmas outing to the Bradford all-dayer passed by in a torrent of alcohol and everyone seems to think the same thing about it— "It was good but I can't remember a thing."

Now it is 1995 and what does the New Year hold in store for us? Gigs coming up in Nottingham include (no dates yet as they'll probably change) **X-Cathedral** and **Japs Eye** from Scotland at the end of the month; early Feb **Blind Mole Rat** "riotous fire breathing anarcho-punk-folk-ska"; **Alians** - punk from Poland; **Witchworld** - reggae-punk-hardcore. Later (fuck, I wish people would give me dates but so what) **The Queers / Badtown Boys Slumgang / Short n Curlies** all have dates coming up so watch the gig guide for details.

Two vinyl 7"ers to kill for this month; Kollusion Records (PO Box 2717, Harlow, Essex LM18 6SQ) present **Spithead's Skascraper** EP. Sexy pink vinyl three tracks of 'The Ska-punkiest band in the Universe': *Sitting Too Close To The Telly/Traffic/Margarine*. Full throttle ska-core. Smash your preconceptions and dance.

The next is the long awaited **Substandard / Nerves 7"**. Full speed raging hardcore punk rock what more can I say. **Substandard** give us *Rostock* (about the rise of the Far Right in Germany, with lyrics from someone who actually lives there), *Discount* (a punk rock shop till you drop anthem) and *Two Nations - Panic Stations* (anti-Criminal Justice Bill). **The Nerves** produce *Bits* (too much pressure!) *Mansize* (about the fuckheads who usually get their kicks beating people up) and *Sussed?* (seeing through their lies). The artwork by **Sonia** is worth the price of the record (see ad. in this issue)

One killer CD this month comes surprisingly from Earache - *Retro-Bution* by **Extreme Noise Terror**. 14 tracks of no nonsense raging hardcore from the sometime **KLF** collaborators. If you haven't got owt by the band this is the essential comp. If you have then you know what to expect.

Zine of the Month :- **Aversion** (20p + S.A.E. from 15 Ashbourne Gdns, Bradford BD2 4AE) a new zine, well laid out with articles on **Corpus Vile**, **Contraflow**, **Hiatus**, **Shit Smell** and scene reports from South Africa and North East USA. The South African stuff is well interesting and for 20p... what more can I say? Next month look out for an exclusive **RKL** interview — it's hilarious.

Well, that's it - just a start of the year update. It's back to *Carry On Punking* — just imagine it! **Eddie Slumgang** as Sid James, **Pug** as Hattie Jacques, **Sean Substandard** as Barbara Windsor (that's enough *Carrying On* —Ed.)

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

1. **Substandard/Nerves** split EP (natch)
2. **Spithead** *Skascraper*
3. **Toy Dolls** *Orcastrated*
4. **Extreme Noise Terror** - *Retro Bution*
5. **Marker** *Mardypunkrockfuck* demo

The Fat Dead Nazi

REALLY QUITE REMARKABALL

The **Great Overall Five A Side Footie Tournament** begins mid-February and will take place at Trent University Byron Building.

First Prize is a keg of beer. second prize two cases of beer, third prize one case of beer, and a fourth prize of a case of lager donated by **The Skyy Club**. Worst performance wins the bobby prize of a case of Aldi beer donated by **The Fat Dead Nazi**. Vying for the prizes will be

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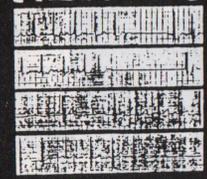
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**AOS3, IDIOT JOY, FUZBUD, ZION TRAIN +
DJs WALT (EARTHPIPE), FRAN (SMOKESCREEN)
OFFSHORE STATE CIRCUS**

Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre
Looking remarkably like a sports and social club squatted for the night by a threadbare techno-crusty gang, the Garvey thumped its way through another all-nighter thanks to the admirable bass of Immersion Sound (better known for their oh-so trendy squat parties and anti-Criminal Justice Act fundraisers).

DJ Walt's return to the Garvey after a notable absence (abducted by aliens? Restart?) welcomed us with his mega-tripped out, love the world, hug your neighbour dub house. The Mong Crew's photographer disappeared to chase Art School tottie, leaving me in peace to check out the dreadlocked, fluoro-clad roadie to the soundtrack of AOS3's AnarchoSkaPunk anthems. With a few new tunes from their next album, they managed to get the early arrivals off their arses — no mean feat when the well scrubbed carpets of the Garvey provide the perfect surface for the Total Chill Out favoured by it's regular punters.

Almost unrecognizable in a conservative red T-shirt and jeans Offshore's *Grow More Pot* twelve inch got the biggest cheer of the night and his hard edged techno-trance kept bums off the

GOUGE London Water Rats Splash Club
Let's not mess around here, Gouge are the Welsh Muffs; that is the coolest thing anyone can say about them. The Muffs are a brilliant band, and on this performance alone, so are Gouge. Based in deepest South Wales, formed less than nine months ago, have already played with some of the best new bands, and also have just-released one hell of a debut seven inch single.

I had been promised an electric show. They started off slowly but at the end of their set they were buzzing. For those who have never heard The Muffs, like Gouge, they are a two girl-two boy band. The LA-based band, just like their Welsh counterparts play a sort of punky-spunky-bubblegum-guitar (or is that geeetar?) pop-catch-music. They sing about fun, dreams, stories and becoming stars. Jayne the lead singer, has the voice of an angel. Well, sort of. Oh bugger it, yeah, the voice of an angel. She jumps around. Already looking like a 'Rock Star'. In fact they have a song called *Rock Star* which is just so brilliant with cooler than cool lyrics. For example: "You know I'm going to be a rock star. Not as serious as cancer. I'm going to be a rock star. You'll hate me, ha ha." Of course, they look like a band — they have to for the sort of music they play, although the music is what really matters. It's just if they wore crap Oxfam suits, then it just wouldn't all come together.

Gouge are already far more exciting and refreshing than so much second rate bands around who are supposed to be our saviours. In my book that deserves a firm thumbs up. It might be dead early days, but I reckon Gouge will be laughing.

Sid Abuse

photo: The Mong Crew

floor and tuned in for Idiot Joy's deep jazz dance — a little too sophisticated for the untutored crowd. A band best seen through the haze of Northern Lights in a European jazz club. The photographer returns beseeching me to look after a scrawled phone number as the quite awesomely energetic Zion Train kicks in with their wicked tribal beats and conscious lyrics — the silky voiced Molara carrying the flag of truth and justice, and getting the vote for the nicest music biz people you're likely to meet and reducing my companion to rubbery kneed rapture.

A bit of Psychastorm and most of Bushfire combine to give us Fuzbud — full on dance dub with the most thunderous bass lines you'll find outside of Jamaica — Pill music for the cutlazed generation.

Dear Uncle Fran sorted us out for the last ninety minutes and sent off some well pleased for their £5, others grumbling about the crap lights and almost non-existent decor. The rest were scraped off the floor along with the spent Rizla and most probably that crucial phone number, as I strolled off to comfort our distraught photographer.

Rebekah West

THE ROOTS Derby The Where House

Just who are the Roots? NMME describe them as 'UK Hip Hoppers' playing 'organic jazz grooves'. Flyers for the gig showed the Talkin Loud logo. All this couldn't be further from the evasive truth. The band had come from Philly, USA to play Derby, England to promote their debut LP *Do You Want More* on Geffen Records.

Misinformation fades into insignificance as the five musicians stroll onto the stage. At first glance they could be a cheesy 70's jazz/funk band; the laid-back keyboard player complete with baseball cap and goatee, the drummer sporting a rather fetching Afro, the big and hefty bass-player, our MC for the night Tang rotter and the larger than life bloke known only as The Godfather lurking with his 'mic. They launch into the singalong and jumpalong *Proceed*. I still didn't quite know what to make of them as they flowed into a mellower, jazzy number.

Everything stops. Complaint from the man in denim at the front. He's not really digging the set. He wants to see the roots getting back to their roots. A test of strength is needed — and the band take it in their stride. We're treated to an heavenly hour of varied tracks all interspersed with freestyle solos and serious jamming. Fat Funky and Frëestyle Hip-Hop with an easy to swallow jazzy coating. Just when we thought they had exhausted all their party pieces and musical showing off in the

name of good old-fashioned audience entertainment, The Godfather took centre stage.....

We've all seen *Bill & Ted* style rock dudes playing air guitar, but have you ever seen someone air-mixing and deejaying? No DAT, no effects box, no instruments. No nothing except the Godfather and his trusty 'mic. An upgraded version of the 80's Human Beatbox style, this man could reproduce every style of hip-hop record and mix them together as though he were playing on decks — all by using just his vocal chords! The Where House was engulfed in whoops of joy and cheers of amazement and recognition as dozens of classic tunes were thrown at us, inciting the audience to jump and catch them all. Now that's what I call a neat party trick, dude. We all left happy (including the man in denim at the front) knowing that we had been part of a brilliant night in front of a bunch of real entertainers I still know little about. All this for £2 — bargain!

Kellie C

NUBILES / THURMAN / CREATE! ALVIN PURPLE

**Fierce Panda Return To Splendour
London ULU**

Crap suit alert! Someone should have a quiet word with Alvin Purple. They are nothing better than a pile of poo — horrid limp-dick pop (never P-O-P!) white boy nice guitar wank. So nice that everyone in the front row nearly throws up. You wouldn't go and see them twice. Doomed to be signed before January, most likely storm the charts, sell a few million records, develop coke habits, move to L.A. Only kidding! Or am I? We are living in crazy A&R times when so many second rate bands are having so much money thrown at them it's silly. Oh my word! Yes!!! Our very own Create! from Nottingham. Create! blew every one else away, they were just so bloody perfect. Fast, hard and angry, the guitars loud, naughty and dirty, they gave the performance of their lives. Greg was all over the stage within-seconds of the first chords of *On The Move*. Awesome. Their fans (from such places as Southampton, Oxford, London, Chesham and Reading were down the front lapping up every second of it. Mindblowing. *Nothing Personal* finished off an excellent set. That left most of the bods at the bar either totally falling in love with them or hating them. Surely a sign of a brilliant band. However, Create! are probably too honest and dangerous for the A&R bods here to like them. They are fighting for you — yes, you!

Thurman are yet another nice band. Therefore, if you like nice bands I guess you and Thurman would get on very well together. They are from Oxford and seem to think that our country is such a great place and the lead singer is very shaggy. So I hear. Nubiles always give it some. Some nights they do blow your mind. I was still trying to find mine after the Create! set. They maybe a bit too slick for your average Joe but one day it's going to all come together and the Nubiles will be a brilliant band every gig they play. *Layabout* will make an essential single, they will be a name by the end of '95. One to watch out for, they are odds on faves to explode into something really special.

Sid Abuse

DUM DUMS / CRUNCHBIRD

Nottingham The Old Angel

Crunchbird took to the stage amidst clouds of dry ice. A band that have seen several changes in line-up and style, I was curious to hear how they would sound tonight in stripped down three-piece form. The initial impression was of the Beastie Boys locked in a small corrugated iron hut. Loud, tribal drums and Adrock-esque wailing vocals. Eventually they honed their sound down to experimental prog-rock jazz but, by the time I'd thought this, they'd moved on again.

Dum Dums set was in danger of going over the heads of an inert Monday night Old Angel crowd, until singer Kev stepped in with his "If you don't come to the front I'm gonna embarrass somebody" routine. It worked! Going by tonight's low-key performance alone, I would reinforce all the good things I've heard about this band recently. They have lively tunes and a charismatic frontman. It's a shame they haven't released any yet, but if they're looking to recapture their live sound they'll need the right man for the job. I wish them luck.

Matt Burrows

DJ's JON & LAWRENCE (SMOKESCREEN), ASH & JAMIE (DEEP), JOHN (BREEZE), WALT (EARTHPIPE), BOYSIE & GO TROPO Let There Be Light Nottingham Skyy Club

The Skyy Club revival continues with Denis's grin broadening by the week and a third DJ booth under construction. *Let There Be Light* had a turnout not seen midweek since the heyday of *Served Chilled at the Cookie*. The crowd looked like a who's who of the free party scene, not all instantly recognisable without a thick veneer of mud and a pill. I expected a road-block strip search any minute. Rob Sirius' three screen, wrap-around video projections tripped out the back room, while next door Walt's transcendental love den reverberated trendily for too short a while to D-Bumps. They might totally ram the place if this music policy lasts for more than one DJ. Ash and Jamie provided the night's dose of deep house but didn't get the crowd they deserved and were later seen conspiratorially whispering to a too-well-dressed chap, known to have links with the national music press. Are the besuited sharks moving in on our dear NG7 fluffies? Can they handle the fame? Can they hack £300 a set? Escaping the life story of an introverted guitarist, I set off in pursuit of a London job, er, I mean the drop on the deal. I got fifteen minutes on the absence of an inclusive Social Policy and the divisive nature of the last decade of Tory Government. Well, I suppose it makes a change from being badly chatted up and groped by drunken lads. This local team have been laying on some fine dos and for those that can't handle Lager Square of a night and don't want to run vomit alley on the way to a club, and all for the price of a can. This one was for the benefit of the poor bugger that had his light-show nicked from the venue a fortnight before.

Next time I'm showering with my clothes on, bring me a bucket of mud and a lukewarm veggie burger. Wicked.

photo: The Mong Crew

A.C. ACOUSTICS Derby The Where House

Playing to an underwhelmed crowd, the guitar totin', butt kickin', lip smackin', hip swingin', swoon inducin', thirst quenchin' gods of guitar heaven AC Acoustics play a blinder of a set — it's just a pity there was no one there to see it. But I'm biased. *Able Treasury*, their critically acclaimed mini LP released in mid '94, was sonic perfection. Tonight they recreate that wall of sound beautifully, especially on *Mother Head Sander*. They also sail through the new single *Hand Passes Plenty*. An hour flies by and I'm convinced I've witnessed the future of rock 'n' roll. Please, please, please turn out in droves the next time they play locally. If you're not impressed I'll come round and give you a blow job!

John Haylock

LEE EVANS

Nottingham Theatre Royal

If comedy is the new rock 'n' roll then Lee Evans is a psychedelic warlord surfing on a wave of love. Imagine Norman Wisdom on acid, a mime artist who is actually funny, an expressionist who uses grimaces instead of oils and you'll get the picture. He was bloody funny. This came as a surprise because on the many occasions I've seen him on telly his routines didn't impact. On stage, though he explodes like a coiled grinning Jack-In-The-Box. His forte used to be surreal mime but thankfully he now tells jokes (I use the term loosely). His set is now a predominance of smart-ass one-liners and ludicrously funny observations. If you get the chance, go and see him. You won't be disappointed.

John Haylock



Rebekah West

THE TIVOLI TRIO

Nottingham Tivoli Beer Restaurant

New venue, new concept. Nottingham's first 'beer restaurant', where you are shown to a table from which you need not move all night as the drinks are served by waiters, far preferable to elbowing your way to a crowded bar, and quicker. In fact my first impression was that there was no bar as such, thus freeing that space, which would traditionally host an array of fonts and bottle banks, for a band to perform on. And who should be perched on top of it but a group of guys I hardly recognised from their New Romantic performance a few weeks earlier at Sam Fay's — Shoddywaddy, in all their finery (clean shaven, haircuts and white shirts. My, my). Hello, Tivoli Trio! Café society jazz with a subtle hint of Shod. The floor shows were equally entertaining. A pair of jugglers swapping batons and occasionally dropping one proved so popular that some of the audience and staff were moved to join in, stealing the attention of, at one point, more than half the spectat...er, audience. Shoddy see, shoddy do. Faces appeared at the windows as indie kids were temporarily distracted from their weekly pilgrimage to Rock City — a night called 'Anything Goes', as it happens. (Oh, sweet irony). Things became so outrageous that PC Shod appeared to do a bit of crowd control. And the band played on, they played *Ain't Misbehavin'*. The Tivoli Trio had a wild card up it's frayed sleeve in the shape of Nikki, a raunchy female singer who, had their been a grand piano, would doubtless have done a Michelle Pfeiffer in *The Fabulous Baker Boys*. Her interpretation of *Fever*, using her legs and larynx in equal proportions, caused one customer to gasp, "She's giving me a fever!"

Things wound down and the Tivoli's proud new manager, after making a special opening night speech, did more hand-shaking than the Queen at a royal garden party.

Well, it is a theatre after all.

Christine Chapel

MICK RUTHERFORD AND BLUESOLOGY

Nottingham The Old Vic

After following the press and TV coverage with fascination of this man Mick Rutherford I decided to check out what truth there was behind the rumours and hear the man himself. The truth is he is a fine bluesman who knows his subject, and an excellent voice (a cross between Ozzy Osbourne and Alexis Korner) proves without a shadow of a doubt he has/had /will have the blues; also, he boots bum. Surrounded by some of the best blues musicians in Nottingham, Mick stormed through an electrifying set pissing on blues standards left, right and centre. If there was ever a chance for an artist to prove himself to the public after a lull in his career, tonight's night. Mick Rutherford and Bluesology gave 150 per cent. What came across was a bunch (if that is the correct collective noun for blues musicians) of people who care about the music they produce and produce it with a tremendous amount of balls.

The last time I saw Mick Rutherford was at Mildenhall Rock & Blues Festival in 1990 fronting a rock/blues band by the name of Loose Connection. The same raw attitude has carried Mick through to Bluesology. My only criticism and advice would be to drop the 'legendary' and concentrate on creating a new legend. Nonetheless Mick has a mind full of blues and has travelled far and wide to give us the rock and blues 'til his back ain't got no bone.

If you ain't got the blues you ain't heard Mick Rutherford and Bluesology.

Chris Carter

SNUFF/ DOCTOR BOYSEN/ CHOPPER

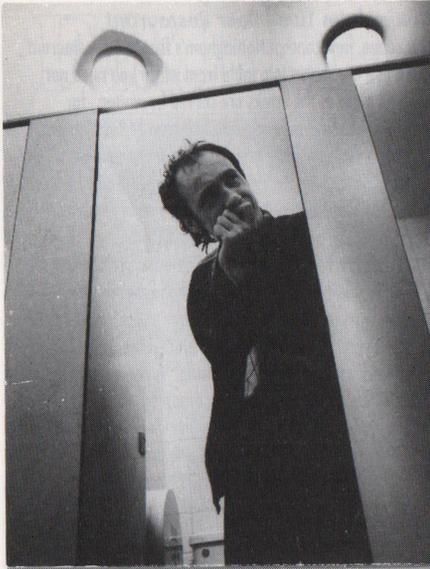
Nottingham The Old Angel

God, I knew Snuff were popular but this is ridiculous. It's already heaving as Chopper come on. Perfect openers in front of such a hardcore gathering, Chopper give it their all (no pun intended) during their short sharp set. Good to see an opening band get a rewarding reception.

Doctor Boysen were a lot more melodic and harmony-based in comparison, but still tore through their set at a rate of knots. It wasn't all that interesting, but the antics of the bassist and the banter by the singer in reply to shouts of "sheepshagger" made you laugh even if the rest was mediocre.

The 'original' Snuff came back to a warm reception. Playing the Xmas festivities joviality card strongly they blundered through their new tunes in the old Snuff mould: playing 100 miles an hour and still being able to take a breath and smile at the audience! They refused to play 'oldies', in fact Duncan was more keen to play Xmas carols to the tune of *Jingle Bells* and sprint through a few classic covers of Chas 'n' Dave songs! Ho ho ho! Snuff are back! They're the same guys, but with a difference. They know they've had their day, but they're gonna make us laugh and prove they can still play. Sure, people will never take them as seriously as they did, but who wants to take everything so seriously anyway? Snuff certainly don't! Welcome back boys!

Matt Burrows



JOHN OTWAY Leicester The Charlotte
 If John Otway were a footballer then he would no doubt be someone like Tony Cottee, perhaps Marco Gabbiadini or maybe even Brian Deane; the essential link here is that of an 'underachiever. Otway was set to be the future of Rock and Roll before Springsteen had even arrived on the scene, when he stormed the Hit Parade (well, no. 27 actually) in the late seventies with the lyrical masterpiece *Cor Baby, That's Really Free*. He's never looked back since, undergoing a tour which never ends as he aims for world-wide domination to convert a global audience to his world perspective. Countless singles, albums, even the depths of cover versions have been released in an attempt to gain a respectable follow-up single and a front page of *Just Seventeen*. Unfortunately, even if Otway were to title his next release *The Eighteenth Coming*, it still wouldn't be *What the World is Waiting For*. Broadly speaking, the Otway lifestyle is that of a nutter. A total nutter. Forward roll whilst playing his guitar, head-butting the microphone and encouraging his ultra-cool rock-style guitarist to carry out horse/cow/penguin impressions are all part of the act which the loyal Otway crowd pay good money to witness. The Otway Big Band are not in full effect for this gig, which is probably no bad thing considering the limited floorspace of *The Charlotte* and Otway's tendency to stack up half a dozen beer crates and then somersault off the pile without missing a chord change. The backing was carried out admirably by Richard who also produces most of Otway's work. Richard's role is probably more of a calming influence; some sense of reality needs to be maintained, even when your lead man is acting out full blown sexual intercourse with a beer crate, causing a drum beat by flatulating on the pressure pad of a drum machine tucked inside his undies and asking you to sing the backing in the nominated style of a camel. Why does he still do it after all these years? Ask the sell out crowd and their knowledge is that for all his spontaneity, Otway is a safe bet who will provide you with a guaranteed good night out and you will come away feeling that you have experienced a show rather than a mere performance. He may have underachieved in terms of following the musical career which seemed mapped out for him at an early age; but his success lies in his passion for pleasing a crowd and knowing that he is a natural entertainer, a central figure who can take on the role of Fall Guy yet still achieve Hero status. He also gets to play a little Rock and Roll.

Tricky Skills Jase



POP WILL EAT ITSELF Leicester De Montfort University
 PWEI — the elder statesmen of amplified grebo-influenced techno cyberpunk with shades of dub dropping in and out at random intervals; a growing scene, you understand. Whereas all those around them found the going tough (notably the *Wonderstuff*) or creative ideas rather sparse (come in Jesus Jones...), PWEI simply choose to constantly re-invent themselves, preferably as often and as diversely as possible so as to avoid cheap imitation. The latest incarnation of the PWEI beast finds itself being supported by a real live drummer nonetheless. This is a considerable feat for the Poppies, last experienced during the early grebo days on Chapter 22. Clint still has the stage presence of a pantomime dame on a day out at a convention for introverts, probably even more so than ever. His recently styled Julian Clary inspired short back and bleached sides leaves you totally in awe as this bare chested lighthouse figure of a nutter disproves any gravitational theory and jumps his way through the set. Just like the album covers, the Poppies as a live interaction have become more hi-tech orientated. The guitars still grind out the grooves but it is

the relationship between the live sound and the sampled computerised gubbins which makes them such a feast to watch on the live circuit. You just know that the precarious line between controlling technology and technology controlling you is going to be broken sooner or later and half the appeal is just waiting to see how they will handle the nightmare scenario once it all goes wrong. Not tonight, however, as the Poppies make the I.T. work for them. You wonder just how far the technology can be pushed as part of a live act — the new album is already available in a sampled format on the Internet. Still remembering their black country heritage however (a Wolves logo is emblazoned onto a monitor), the megaphone makes an appearance to complete the missing link between techno and grebo. And once the rap interchange starts, it soon becomes clear that the Poppies can hang tough with the best of them.

Tricky Skills Jase

ECHOWEBLY / DRUGSTORE Derby The Where House

The Where House is filled to capacity with the most miserable looking buggers I've ever seen. At least Drugstore are determined to have a good time; their set is chaotic but intriguing, I was left wanting more and determined to check out their back catalogue, assuming they have one. Sonia and crew keep us waiting for an eternity or longer, then POW! here they are, running through the lifeless and one dimensional album *Ego* which fortunately comes to life on the live stage as they add flesh to the skeleton and become the best band you've ever seen this week. *Father Ruler King Computer* in particular takes on a life of its own and shines like a diamond. Through it all Sonia remains the focal point, a star, a diminutive nymphette complete with psychotic tendencies, and we love her. They finish with a tumultuous version of *Scream* which takes on seismic proportions and with a howl of feedback Echowebly exit from stage, leaving us with deep joy and earache.

John Haylock

THE WEDDING PRESENT Leicester University

Undisturbed following recent run-ins with both RCA and Courtney Love (the devil and the deep blue sea?), Dave Gedge and the Weddo's return triumphant, unfashionable as ever. The traditional stage attire of black shorts has been groomed to match the slightly more maturing sound: Dave Gedge is the Man at C & A. The fundamentals still remain the same,

however, as do most of the songs. The Weddo's will always appeal to an ageing male audience as long as they continue to write songs which approach relationships from a male perspective. Why sit around on your own and contemplate your personal miserable failings when you can pay to hear the sad old boy next door entertain you with similar tales of woe? Your typical Weddo's song has a structure which now resembles the actual line up of the band. Gedge is the only original surviving member of the quartet and their songs could also be broken down into one quarter and then three quarter periods. You are first given the 'Woman, why did you leave me?' theme in it's particular context (not too much variation, it has to be said) and once the formal introductions are over, the fun really commences. The Weddo's Wall of Sound knows no limits, pushing all the way to the Finish line with the speed and volume forever increasing. They grind out the chord changes, guitar strings breaking frequently and you get the impression that this is all part of the suffering which is necessary to truly appreciate the Weddo's playing live. Humour is lacking. The Wedding Present are The Fall without the self parody that Mark E Smith is so keen to generate. But then this is the band that sees no harm in recording covers of *It's Not Unusual* or *Getting Better* from *Sgt. Pepper's*. This is also the band which probably fails to realise it, but manages to constantly produce the worst merchandise available since the last time Hawkwind decided to tour. Long may they remain unfashionable.

Tricky Skills Jase

BUSTER HYMEN & THE PENETRATORS Nottingham Filly & Firkin

Having been persuaded into the Filly & Firkin on the promise of a display of male bondage, I was sorely disappointed... no, staggered. Sex Toys have reinvented themselves as a cross between the Sounds Of The Blues Brothers and Top Man on a night out at the Black Orchid. Having just handed two quid to the refugee from Goose Fair who was 'operating' the door, fear set in immediately — four seventeen year-old quadruplets strutted an inch from the stage whilst Sex Toys, now known as Buster Hymen & The Penetrators (oh dear, lads), belted out a load of jaded cover songs. The next twenty minutes was filled with crap sexual innuendo, groin grinding and grabbing by the lead singer, atrocious music and many missed high notes and, apart from the lard lethargic bass player, much buddy-buddy posing for a photographer. The only good thing about the night is that it's for sure they won't get to play this venue again because Buster dared to criticise the Firkin management, ironically accusing it of having no sense of humour, thus breaking Firkin Regulations Pt. 3: Rules For Performers #28 Para. 3: Thou shalt not criticise the Firkin management. You see, the Firkin Censor had found their name so offensive that all the posters had been defaced, forcing the band to appear under the name of "Buster". It was all pointless anyway since the majority of the audience had bought advance tickets. Mercifully some piss-head nicked my drink and the ordeal came to an end. They were too loud as well.

Georgie

MIKE SCOTT Nottingham Albert Hall

Strange choice, but for a seated venue it was better than the Royal Concert Hall, the acoustics suited this music far better, but no big band though at times it would have helped. But a solo tour it is. The 'Raggle Taggle Gypsy' returned to Nottingham and wowed a rather subdued audience. For Mike Scott, living in Scotland, Ireland (Dublin) and America have taken its toll. His marriage is over but he has found new love after spending some time in a spiritual community. *She's In The Building* comes from that time. Other songs like *Going Back To Glasto* (about the Tor not the festival) were well received. Ten new songs with a spiritual theme blended with older ones that we wanted (needed!) to hear — *Whole Of The Moon*, *This Is The Sea (Fast Version)*, *A Man Is In Love*, *Medicine Bow* — to produce two hour-long sets. After one encore he was gone but hopefully he'll be back soon.

Martin Quarton



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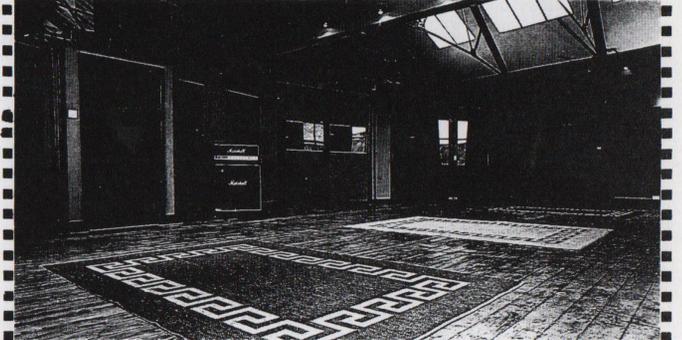
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