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firstofall:

FESTIVALL

Landmarks is the 'Top Rank Rhythm, Arts & Culture', experience in the Top Valley where residents, community groups and schools have been preparing for 11th June when a Carnival procession at 11am led by a Samba band around Top Valley will lead to a festival on Southglade Field. From noon, the main stage will feature live acts and sound systems, playing jungle, techno, ragga, hip-hop, rave and reggae music, with marquees featuring acoustic music and exhibitions of works realised through the Landmarks events.

The 4th **Nottingham Guitar Festival** starts on June 21st bringing some of the world's finest guitarists to the city to join the ones that are already here. Ranging from **Hubert Kappell** the German classical guitarist to **Remy "The Doctor" Ongala**, the unrivalled Ubongo Man Guitarist from Tanzania. From the states on a jazz tip is **Stanley Jordan**, while **Tony Remy** teams up with one of Britain's premiere jazz guitarists **Deirdre Cartwright**. There will be daily workshops and seminars during the festival, **Gordon Giltrap** will be working with young musicians from local schools to compose and perform a specially written piece. **Broadway Cinema** will also be programming a series of guitar-related films. The festival runs from 21st-25th June and will have a Fringe this year, including events in The Running Horse, Sam Fay's, Café Metz and other venues. There will be a series of nightly performances throughout the festival at the Skyy Club including **The Brothers Sonido** (pictured) who appear there

The **Nottingham Rock & Reggae Festival** takes place as usual on the last weekend of July (Sat 29th-Sun 30th) with a new look and new line up. With a strong emphasis on reggae a single main stage will be headlined by No. 1 reggae artist **Peter Hunningdale**. As well as the main stage there will be a reggae sounds tent with the **Love Injection Sound System** and crew and a street sounds tent including **DJ Sly**, **MC Spider** and **MRB**. This year also sees the return to the festival after receiving a red card in '91 of the **DiY Sound System** with their full compliment of DJs. Full line-up for the main stage (Saturday) is **This Ain't Jack**, **Funkfish**, **Voodoo Queen**, **Fuzzbud**, **Sweetie Irie**, **Tippa Irie**, **Lloyd Brown**, **Richie Stevenson**, **Janet Lee-Davies** and **Bloggers ITA** and on Sunday **Shammy's**, **Psychastorm**, **Juice**, **Revolutionary Dub Warriors**, **Prophets Of Da City**, **Chuckie Starr**, **Top Cat**, **Mike Anthony**, **Peter Hunningdale**. The event runs from noon to 10pm each day and for the first time in the history of the festival there will be an admission price of £2 for each day. For further info. call (0115) 967 9465/ 942 0297.

A new festival is planned for Leicester this year to run from 5th - 12th August. **Leicester Live '95** is a new event co-ordinated by the team who brought you fourteen years of the **Abbey Park Festival**. **Leicester Live** will provide a week of events utilising large and small venues city-wide to present the vast array of musical styles and cultures in what promises to be "the greatest celebration of talent and creativity the region has ever seen".

Speaking of which, Overcorrespondent **Ewa Kowalski** has won the **Woolwich Young Radio Playwright's Competition** for her play **Harmless Charmless**. The competition's patron is **Melvyn Bragg** and the award ceremony is in May. The play will be premiered on London News Radio before eventual broadcast in this area. Still on a literary note, Nottingham's very own **Lord Biro** has been declared winner of the **Mind Your Language** exhibition at Birmingham's controversial Angle Gallery. Entered under his real name **Dave Bishop** the winning poem was entitled **Battle Hymn Of The Republicans** and it goes like this:

Die
Single
Motherfuckers

The exhibition, which is about Political Correctness, runs until May 31st.

FREEFORALL

Mad Season brings together two of Seattle's biggest bands. Consisting of **Layne Stanley** (Alice In Chains), **Mike McCready** (Pearl Jam), **Barrett Martin** (Screaming Trees), **Baker Saunders** (ex Mother Love Bone) between them they sport quite a pedigree. Sony are offering three copies of their **Above** cd to give away so if you want one, write to us telling us why you should have one. Best reasons win. The rep's decision is final.

A recent foray to **The Skyy Club** by our own Monty was unexpectedly aided by British Telecom. Deciding to phone first but not knowing the number he dialled directory enquiries. Upon requesting the number the geezer on the switchboard volunteered, "There's a free party on down there tonight, mate. I'm going when I finish here."

Speaking of Skyy we have some interesting acts coming up in our season of fortnightly gigs. as, a few weeks later, do **Funkfish** who bring their special brand of Skunk Rock, a mixture of Ska, Funk, Rock & Reggae to the Skyy Club on Saturday 3rd June as part of their **I've Been Skunked** tour which culminates in an appearance at Glastonbury.. A fortnight later (Sat. 17th.) it's the exciting, inventive, infectious **Junk Culture** See **demolition**.

Experimental ambient popsters **Pram** (pic.) also

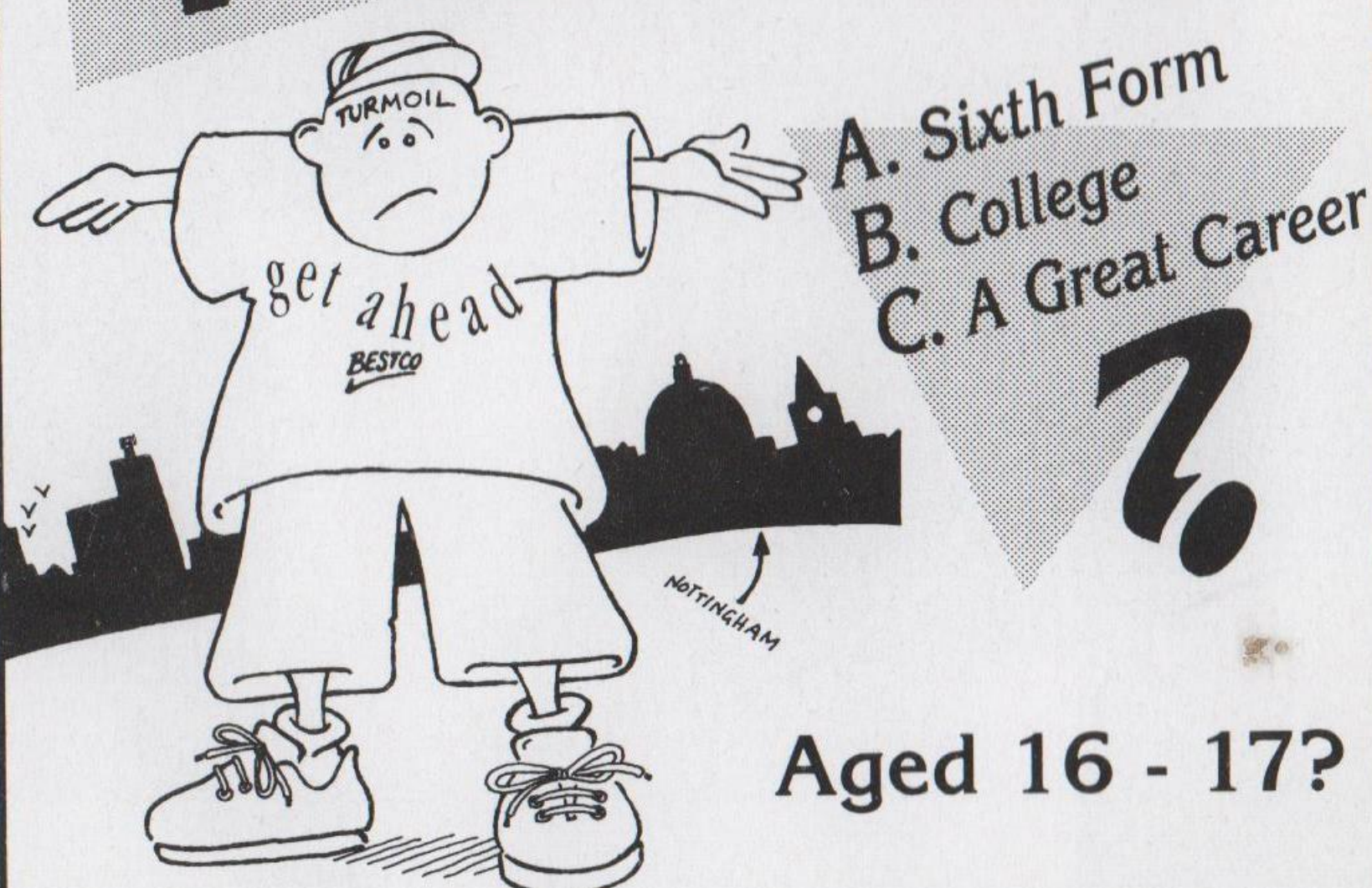


make their Nottingham debut this month with an appearance at Sam Fay's on June 29th along with **Full Fathom Five** and Nottingham's very own **Warser Gate**. Admission free.

Releases

Derby's **Gorilla**, who used to be The Beyond, urge you to go to a record shop and "demand a copy" of **Extended Play**, their debut epd on Embryo Records. Other Derby folk **Neverland** have a new live cd available from Virgin, and **Bivouac's** debut single for Geffen, **Thinking** is available on cd or lim. ed. 7", preceding their new lp **Full Sized Boy** scheduled for June release. Leicester's **Vivid** are recording some new material for summer release on cassette and cd. They have also secured a management deal with the Schofield/Hughes group who also look after ex-Thin Lizzy guitarist Brian Robertson, which means they'll be supporting his new band on tour of the UK and Europe in the Autumn. Proving that purism is borism, **Dub War** are about to unleash a single from their **Pain** lp. The track **Strike It** comes in a 2cd set with three versions: **Hurricane Remix**, a phat funky rap version, the Dutch **VPRO Radio Session** and the **Attica Blues Remix** in a trip-hop style. Elsewhere **Senser's Haggis** remixes **Over Now**, other tracks being **Nothing To Say**, **Alive** and **The Fax** (VPRO Session). **Strike It** out 22nd May is also on a limited edition 7" format b/w **The Fax**. Purveyors of fine ska and reggae the Trojan label release cds of **Dennis Brown's Temperature Rising**, **Frankie Paul's If you Want Me Girl** and **Gregory Isaacs' Dem Talk Too Much** all out now. Following these will be a compilation called **Medley Train** featuring among many, **The Heptones**, **The Ethiopians**, **U Roy**, **Big Youth** and **Desmond Dekker**.

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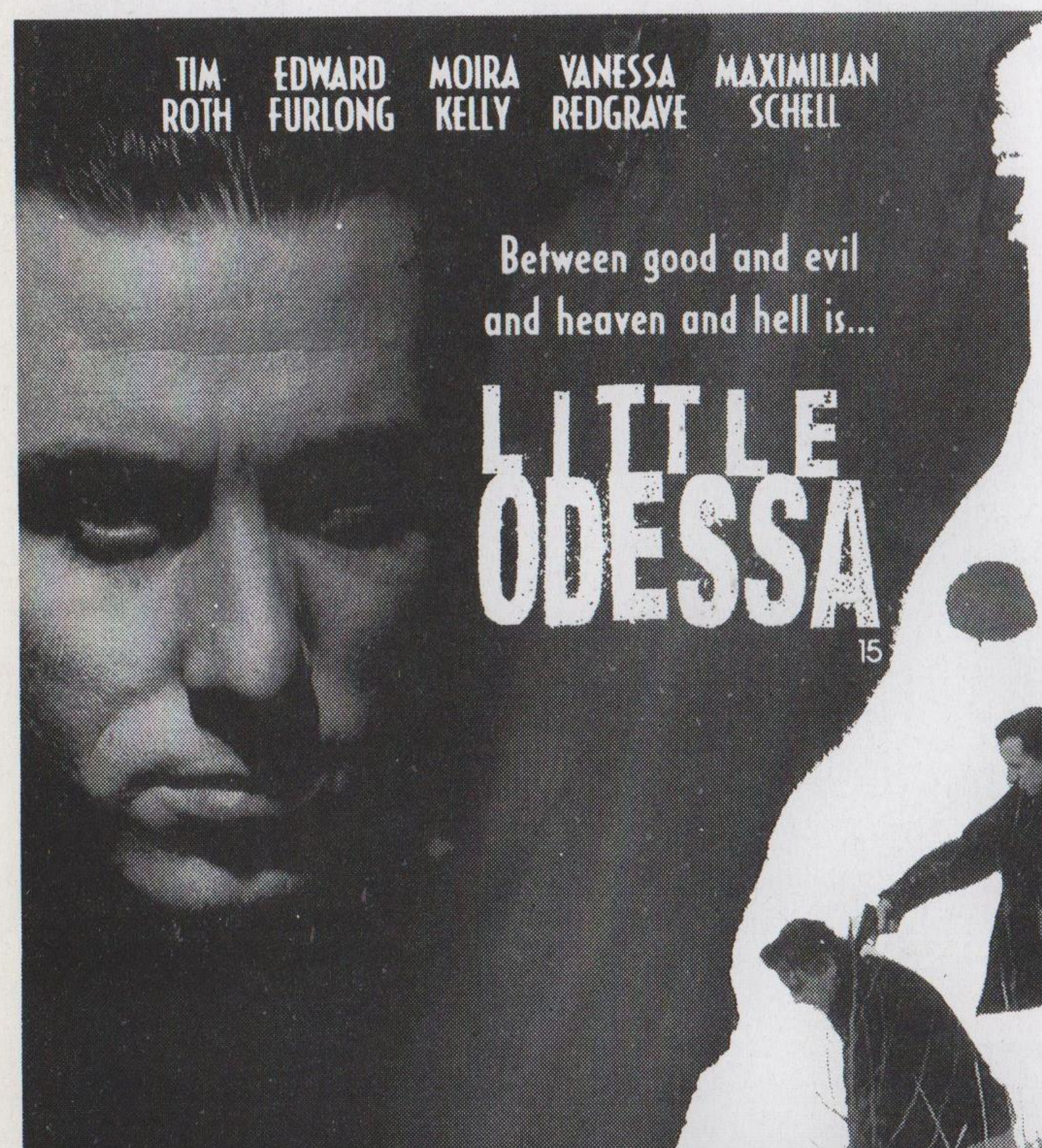
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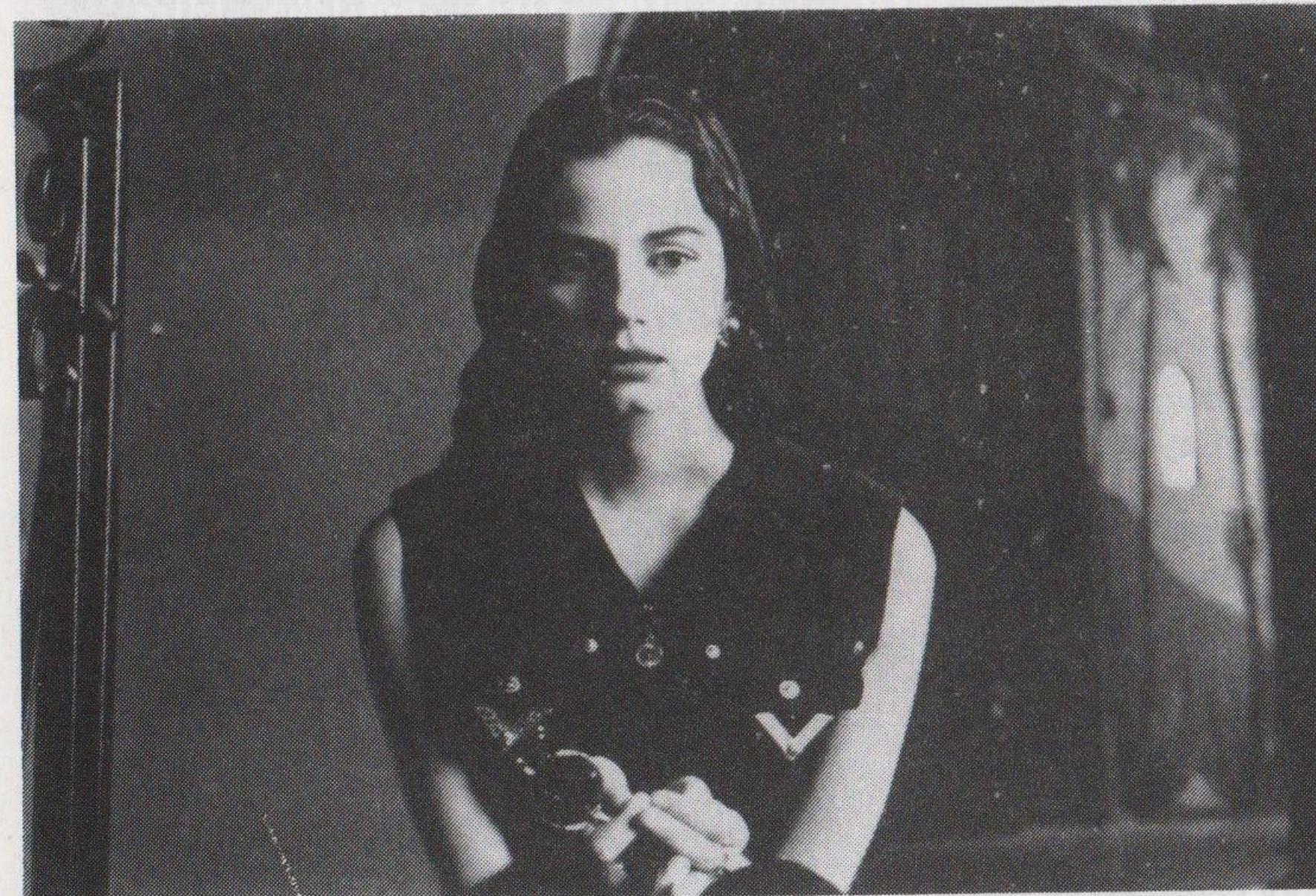
DEATH AND THE MAIDEN (dir. Roman Polanski)

A penetrating movie adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's award-winning 1992 play about a couple living in a country that has survived the rigours of a military dictatorship. Sigourney Weaver plays the part of a woman who has been previously tortured and who one day stumbles by accident upon the man she feels was responsible for her gang-rape and electric shock treatment, carried out fifteen years ago to the strains of Schubert's *Death & The Maiden*. Is he the right man? Does she have the right to mete out justice on him? This is riveting stuff, with Ben Kingsley as Dr. Miranda, the man who might have done the torturing and Stuart Wilson as Sigourney's husband. The role taken by Sigourney Weaver was originally brought to life on stage by Juliet Stevenson although, somewhat controversially, she was replaced in the Broadway version by Glenn Close, merely because the Americans felt that Stevenson wasn't a big enough headline name.

Death And The Maiden stands out because the writing is good and the plot keeps the audience guessing. Any stage play adapted for film can appear too static for the generally action-dominated story-lines of the cinema, but this film shows that a good script can also have the power to hook audiences and keep them riveted. As a bonus Polanski brings out strong performances from his small cast and consulted playwright Ariel Dorfman throughout the making of this film. Well worth it, Sigourney gets to grips with the outsider with the same drive she showed towards the *Aliens*, and Ben Kingsley is clever not to reveal early on whether he is the right man or not.

Matt Arnoldi

Death & The Maiden shows at Broadway Nottm. until Thurs. 11th May



EXOTICA

Mia Kirshner as Christina

Atom Egoyan's latest is an absorbing yet, strangely, emotionally unengaging drama about bent, blackmailing accountants, off-the-wall pet shop owners and a local sex club where the men can ogle the women on show providing they don't touch. In the film, tax auditor Francis becomes obsessively interested in a girl who performs at 'Exotica'. When Francis is duped into breaking the rules, he blackmails a nearby pet-shop owner who is also up to no good, into making a journey to the club to find out what is going on. *Exotica*, intriguingly, was conceived as an idea when Egoyan himself was visited by the tax man. Egoyan was struck by the fact that his tax man, a total stranger, knew so much about him. "I decided to turn the tables on him," he says, "and speculated on what secrets he himself might have."

Exotica is about needs and exploitation, the acting out of fantasies and the deceit that runs alongside those who harbour secrets from others. It's an absorbing film if a little perplexing because you remain slightly detached from it all. Weird but interesting.

Matt Arnoldi

At Broadway Fri 26th May - Sun 4th June and Metro Derby July dates tbc.

LITTLE ODESSA (Dir. James Gray)

Dark and uncompromising, *Little Odessa* is a powerful amalgam of gritty urban thriller and sombre family tragedy. At its heart is cold-blooded hit-man Joshua (Tim Roth), a prodigal son who returns reluctantly to his childhood neighbourhood of Brooklyn to carry out a contract killing. Once there his attention is diverted by former lover Alla (Maira Kelly) and assorted members of his Russian Jewish emigré family. His father Shapiro (Maximilian Schell) is both bitter and abusive as well as cheating on his terminally ill mother (Vanessa Redgrave), while his introspective younger brother Reuben (Edward Furlong) stumbles along trying to make sense out of his life. Arguments and family conflicts ensue and tension mounts as all the time a rival gang is attempting to track down and kill the distracted Joshua. When the final, inevitable, climactic show-down comes the violence is kept surprisingly low key visually, yet its impact remains hard and the denouement deeply moving. All the actors give quality performances, Roth with his customary psychotic cool, and Furlong unexpectedly proving with moments of real intensity and emotion that there's life beyond big Arnie and *Terminator 2*. Adding to all of this is the bleak, barren landscape covered only with a blanket of snow, and an emphasis on character and mood that gives the film an almost European feel. The result may be a tad tedious to some, but for his directorial debut has bravely eschewed the all-out action approach of his contemporaries to create something much more personal and poignant. A real gem, *Little Odessa* deserves your utmost attention.

Hank Quinlan



Tim Roth stars as Reuben Shapiro in Little Odessa at Broadway Nottm. Fri 19th - Sun. 28th May. and at Metro derby July dates t.b.c.

OUTBREAK

Hollywood delivers its usual mix of implausibility and predictability in a thriller about contagious diseases starring Dustin Hoffman, and Rene Russo where the truth is actually more disturbing than fiction. A recent TV documentary highlighted the panic that was caused in the 70's when Americans, researching the highly contagious disease Ebola in monkeys, realised they had such a problem containing it they had to destroy every living organism in the laboratory (using liquid nitrogen) rather than continue the research. Here, the idea that fatal diseases exist which are as contagious as 'flu and can be spread through the air is never fully grasped (or indeed contained!). For instance, the Army set up barbed wire and road-blocks around a town to prevent the outbreak of a disease which spreads by travelling through the air! Plus, much is made of the fact that this disease has to have a cure when in real life serious diseases, such as the ones used as a threat here, have no known cure, which is precisely why a disease like Ebola scares everyone specialising in his sort of medical research. This film could have been better, scarier certainly, but hey, this is Hollywood we're talking about so... cue helicopter chases, improbable romantic clinches over test-tubes and an ending that won't give you nightmares. The TV documentary on the same subject did, proving that the truth can indeed be scarier than fiction.

LEGENDS OF THE FALL

Brad Pitt follows his blood-curdling performance in *Interview With The Vampire* with the central role in a melodramatic tale which reads like a Victorian pulp novel, full of family angst, romance, comradeship, betrayal and numerous ups and downs. Also starring Aidan Quinn and Anthony Hopkins as a Big Daddy type father figure. It will keep you riveted, but it does seem overlong by the end and it's hard to keep a straight face when some of the cast in all seriousness keep repeating such lines as "Damn it!" and "Damn you to hell!" which have been used to hilarious effect in recent years by Fry & Laurie.

Matt Arnoldi

CAPTIVES

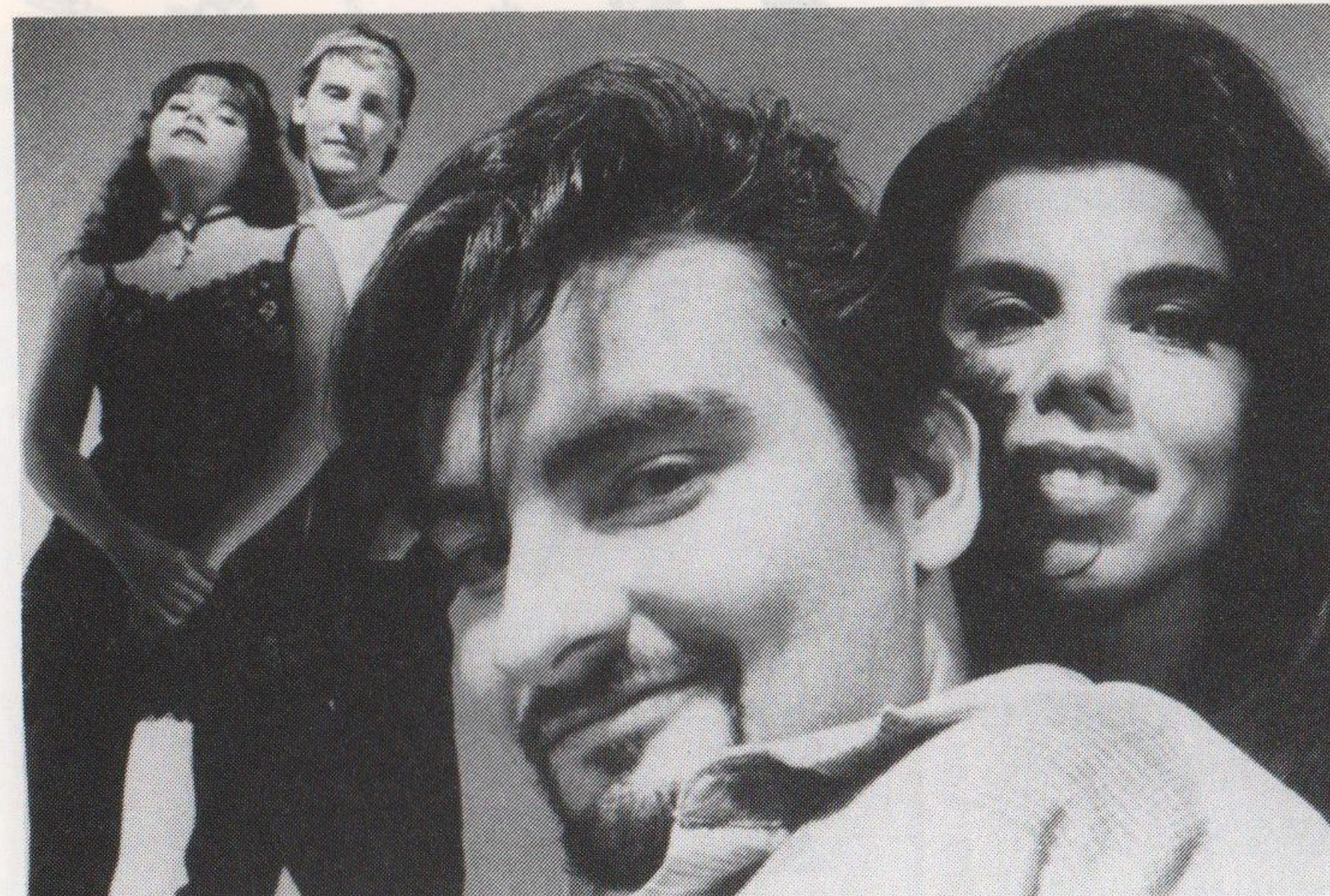
A female dentist takes a job in prison checking the teeth of inmates and falls in love with a violent prisoner in Angela Pope's intelligent and absorbing British drama, starring the promising Julia Ormond and Tim Roth who is doing a 'Harvey Keitel' at the moment in the sense that he appears to be in everything (*Little Odessa*, *Rob Roy* to name a few).

TOTALLY FUCKED UP (DANGEROUS TO KNOW)

Described by director Gregg Araki as a "kinda twisted John Hughes flick, but my most heartfelt movie yet," this tale about the lives of six gay LA teenagers and the anxieties and aggravation they have to put up with. It doesn't always work and at times it betrays its low-budget origins a little too obviously, but it is engaging at times and Araki, who directed *The Living End* still has a keen ear for putting together a fine musical soundtrack of alternative indie distraction.

Hank Quinlan

At Broadway 22nd-23rd May



CLERKS

A US Indie comedy about two guys selling stuff in a QuickStop convenience store and nearby video shop who occasionally come into contact with others. It's funny in a juvenile sort of way but it gradually becomes clear that director Kevin Smith doesn't have a great deal of respect for women. It has been popular at festivals world-wide, where audiences have loved it, but be warned that it was filmed on a shoe-string budget and some of the jokes aren't that clever. It will best suit the grunge-loving crowd who like their films *Slacker*-style and filmed on a budget others would consider as loose change. There's evidence, at least, that the guys behind the camera on this one have talent but as a low-budget film it's still not a patch on the brilliant *El Mariachi*.

Matt Arnoldi

At Broadway Nottm. Fri 12th - Sun 21st May and Metro Derby 9th - 15th June

COLONEL CHABERT

Yves Angelo (photographer on *Touts Les Matins* and *Un Cover En Hiver*) here directs Gerard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant in a measured French drama that could otherwise be labelled 'The Return of Colonel Chabert' because, as in the Martin Guerre film, Depardieu plays a man who returns unexpectedly to his former life. Literally returning to life having been mistakenly declared dead in one of the Napoleonic Wars, he has to contest his own fortune which was given over to his wife on the occasion of his 'death'. Is Chabert really who he says he is? Will he get his money back? How come he still loves his wife after she denies him? All is revealed in this well-written drama that begins well but finishes in a strangely subdued vein.

At Broadway 9th-19th June, and Metro Derby in July date tbc.

BULLETS OVER BROADWAY

The latest from Woody Allen has significant roles for Diane Wiest, John Cusack and Jim Broadbent in a wry 1920's comedy about a theatre company putting on a play in which a gangster's moll is given a role because her hoodlum mafia partner is putting up the money for it. Playwright Cusack initially will not hear of the changes being made to his play but in the end has to listen to others who have better and more creative ideas than him. Touching and amusing, this is Allen behind the camera and on form, with a tale which may not be original but succeeds notably because of the superb performances from Diane Wiest and Jim Broadbent.



BEFORE SUNRISE

Julie Delpy as Celine

Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy are two strangers on a train who meet in a chance encounter and the walk around Vienna together, sharing thoughts of life, love and anything else that comes to mind in this romantic 'talkie' directed by Richard Linklater, who has rapidly risen to cult celeb status on the back of *Slackers* and *Dazed & Confused*. It can seem too wordy at times but is a film which sticks in the mind afterwards and the performances are OK. It is that much of a 'talkie' it could almost make a radio play.

CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

Three impressionable young Irish girls Eve, Nan and Bernadette are starting at the University of Dublin and meet various young men who change their outlook on life particularly with regard to their religious upbringing. Entertaining, endearing, convincing, it's directed by Pat O'Conner and stars Chris O'Donnell and Colin Firth.

BOYS ON THE SIDE

Whoopi Goldberg, Mary Louise Parker and Drew Barrymore star in a women's road movie for the 90's in which Whoopi plays a Lesbian, Drew gets pregnant and Mary, with AIDS, shocks Hollywood with a volley of four-letter words beginning with 'C' and rhyming with runt. Directed by Herbert Ross, *Boys On The Side* is occasionally pleasantly surprising but sadly gets a little too maudlin over AIDS towards the end (in the way that *Philadelphia* also did). For a film which set out to be 'alternative', you end up feeling that it is in fact quite conventional. *Thelma & Louise* could have influenced the writing of this one, but that earlier road movie had more guts, less sentiment and, as a result, proved to be more of a riot.

MURIEL'S WEDDING

Following on from where *Strictly Ballroom* and *Priscilla* left of is this very funny tale about 'plain Jane' Muriel Heslop, who lives in the beautifully named Porpoise Spit, and escapes the drabness of her life through ABBA songs and bridal catalogues. Muriel is on the look-out for her Prince Charming, but decides she must find him herself in the dazzling lights of Sydney rather than wait for him to come to her. Great performances, some very funny moments and, of course, those ABBA numbers make this a movie not to be missed if you fancy a good laugh.

Matt Arnoldi

At Metro Derby July dates t.b.c.

HARD BOILED 2 : THE LAST BLOOD

Dir: Wong Jing (Eastern Heroes, out now)

Tenuously connected to John Woo's original *Hard Boiled* by it's malevolent mixture of cops, guns and hospital shoot outs, *Hard Boiled 2 : The Last Blood* is another entertaining Hong Kong cocktail of comedy, chaos and choreographed carnage. Carefree Andy Lau and ultra-cool Alan Tam star as an unlikely pair of irrepressible heroes brought together after an assassination attempt on the Daka Lama by a Japanese suicide squad (!?) leaves both the Lama and Lau's girlfriend in urgent need of a blood transfusion. Their only chance of survival lies with the limited number of donors who share the same extremely rare blood group, but one-by-one they are all being eliminated by the determined and demented terrorists. Events naturally escalate out of control, and the sillier it all gets - dumb characters, daft sub-titles, corny plot twists the more fun it becomes. The action sequences, though falling short of Woo's magnificent staged-managed mayhem, are still thrilling and the body count high enough to satisfy any *Over The Edge* aficionado. Explosive fun for all the family.

Hank Quinlan

Postcards From The Edge : Daring 1995 Eastern Heroes will be releasing a number of exciting videos, including *Holy Virgin vs Evil Dead*, *The Victim*, *Escape From Brothel*, *Lethal Panther* and *Naked Killer*. All available from any decent video shop or direct from Eastern Heroes, Tel/Fax: 071 284 4032 for more info.

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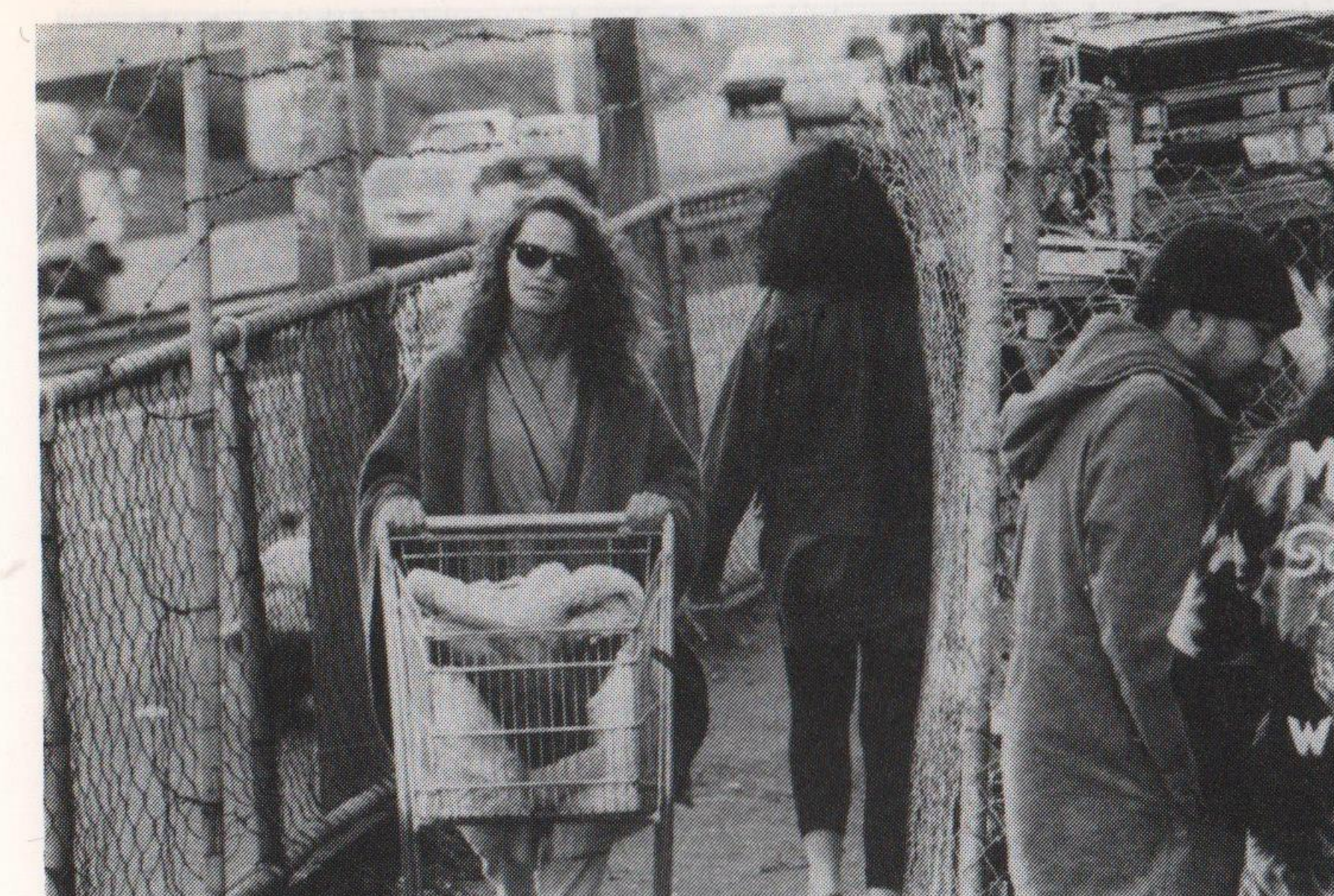
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ONCE WERE WARRIORS (Dir. Lee Tamahori)

The most successful New Zealand film ever made, even out-grossing *Jurassic Park* at the box office there. It's a uncompromising tale about a woman trying to keep her family together but having to live with a drunken, violent brute of a man who has other ideas. Directed by Lee Tamahori, who like Darnell Martin in *I Like It Like That*, has succeeded in getting strong performances from a largely unknown cast in a film which is hard but worth it's well-handled glance at Maori culture. It begins rather nervously, mainly because the cast are complete unknowns and the dialogue is sharp but it does get better as it goes on and you could well be singing the movie's praises by the end as many others have already.

Matt Arnoldi

EYES WITHOUT A FACE (Dir. Georges Franju)

A classic french horror film from 1959, *Eyes Without A Face* is a haunting tale of murder, madness and mystery. At its core is a crazed doctor who accidentally destroys his daughter's face in a car crash, then vainly attempts to restore her beauty by tortuous experiment in skin-graft surgery. Each of his failures adds another name to the list of unwilling donors and fuels the tragic despair of his daughter. Like a fairytale with frightening twists the film is in turns touching, tender and terrifying. Its magical atmosphere is sustained throughout by some striking black and white cinematography, a strong sense of location and excellent performances from all the cast, especially Edith Scob as the woman frozen in a mask of eerie beauty. Unique and unforgettable.

Hank Quinlan

Eyes Without A Face shows at Broadway 26th-27th June.

HARD 2: EVEN HARDER (Man For Man 50 mins.)

A misnomer if ever there was one. The only hard thing about this video would appear to be its cover. Heralded as "They're Huge. They're hairy. They're Hot. They're Back!" it features four 'everyday' encounters: *Cottage Industry*, *Backroom Boys*, *Operation Spanner* and *Joining Forces*, intermingled with various trailers for past and future releases from Man To Man including the original *Hard* and the *Gay Voyager* travel guide series. Each story begins with innocent enough opening shots combined with an innuendo-laden voice-over to set the scene for a ten minute orgy of simulated sex. All the 'action' is implied through positioning and the viewer's imagination, rather than being rammed down your throat, so to speak. *Backroom Boys* is the tale of what happens when the man with Plasticene skin comes between an over-developed *Eastenders* Grant type and his pool table in a deserted bar. *Operation Spanner*, whilst in a more realistic setting, a hotel room, details what happens when a bored weekend tripper has his pipe-work checked by a well-equipped plumber (nudge nudge, wink wink). *Joining Forces*, the most interesting one (for me, anyway, and probably the most cliché) shows what happens when the army and navy get together for tactical manoeuvres. The objective seems to have been to simulate rather than stimulate, mixing poor positioning and a noticeable lack of continuity, presented in such a way as to capitalise by promising something it can't possibly deliver in the mainstream market. Homo-eroticism for the sake of homo-eroticism? One for your collection if that's what you're into. I was more concerned with popping a couple of Rennies to cope with all that excess flaccid.

John Luke

MOLDIVER / TENCHI MUYO / RAN (Pioneer)

Further adventures of Tenchi Muyo and Moldiver from the Japanese Anime stable have become available in similar episodic form to the last ones and they are joined here by the futuristic adventure series *Green Legend Ran*, although the tone here is less ecological and more 1984-ish, as all the clean air has disappeared and huge aliens provide the humans' only water supply. Fine, if you're into this sort of thing.

VIRIDIANA / THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL SIMON OF THE DESERT (Electric £15.99)

Three further titles to add to the extensive but creditable Luis Bunuel collection released by Electric. *Viridiana* was the Cannes Palmes d'Or winner from 1961 which was banned by Spain and condemned by the Vatican; *The Exterminating Angel* is the outrageous 1962 Mexican comedy about a party where the behaviour of the guests becomes bestial in the extreme; and in *Simon Of The Desert* (1965), Bunuel is at his blasphemous best, transforming a temptation scene into a victory for the Devil. All are worth a try whether or not you're familiar with Bunuel, but they won't appeal unless you're broad-minded!

Matt Arnoldi

FREEFORALL

The answer to our *So Fucking What* Competition was **Stephen Dorff** who played the fifth beetle in *Backbeat*.

A pair of Raybans go David Smith of Fishpond Drive, Nottm. and David Corry of Old Basford. Runners up cd soundtrack to Simon Cutter of Watkin St., Nottm., Richard Scrase of Battersea, London, Andrew Page of Lewisham, London and Stuart Toolin of Forest Fields, Nottm.

curtaincall:

Theatre review by
Iain Simons and
Julian Hanby

Enjoy? We did. **Alan Bennet's** 1980 play has stood the test of time well, seeming perhaps even more relevant today than at its opening. Nottingham Playhouse's revival is an incisive look at the nostalgia industry which leaves the audience questioning its own voyeuristic enjoyment of the back to back house lifestyle, beautifully designed and lovingly directed. **James Bolam** headed a great cast, and why not?

The northern playwright theme continues in Derby for the rest of the month, with **John "I wish I was Alan Bennet" Godber's** autobiographical play *Happy Families*. The play warmly evokes John's formative years, and while sentimental—maybe even a little self indulgent—the play's good humour shines through and the cast had the audience eating out of its collective hand.

Staying in the north, but North America, the Derby Playhouse production of *Oleanna* by **David Mamet isn't as good as the Leicester Haymarket's version, reviewed last month. The play is basically all right, but this production is too clinical for its own good. We left feeling as if we had watched an experiment in sexual political theory, rather than a passionate argument between real people.**

Sol A West Midlands playwright who moved south for the money wrote a very dodgy comedy *The Taming of the Shrew* currently being resuscitated at the Leicester Haymarket. The fact is that Shakespeare's comedies simply are not funny. Shakespeare is no more relevant to contemporary society than a cracked vase in a dusty old museum. In the Haymarket's production of *The Shrew* no humour is derived from the actual text, it is all sight gags. Man walks on stage. Woman walks on stage. Woman pulls out rifle. Woman shoots man in the backside. Man jumps around whooping. With a different cast, this play would be the dodgiest of all *Carry On* films.

But with the character of the Shrew being played by the only Black member of the cast and entering to a cacophony of animal noises and "jungle" drums, the idea of taming a vitriolic woman takes on a whole new meaning. One can reasonably expect Shakespeare, having lived half a millennium ago, to have views that may now be considered unsound; but for a contemporary production to reinforce sexism with racism is unforgivable. We did go to the Fan Club afterwards to watch *Echo Park* which was much more enjoyable. (Park.)

And so to **Nott Dance**. We have seen three productions as part of this "major regional festival for small scale new dance". In third place *Wired*, for their vacuous nonsense. Leather trousers and a video projector does not a show make. (Park.) A close second was *Short Stay Visitors* who stayed too long for their own good. The text was good, and would make a great novella. But text is nodd dance. And the dance wasn't either. Better by far was **Company Malachi** who, after starting thirty-five minutes late made up for it with some great moments in a production which, if anything, should have been shorter. It has to be said, (Park.) this weekend was not a promising start. Lets hope that things pick up from here... watch this space.

From the 20th May to 3rd June the **Barclays New Stages Festival** comes to Nottingham. Be sure to catch **Reckless Sleepers**, **Ray Lee's Swing** and **Peter Bowcott's Lines and Curves III** in the grounds of Wollaton Park (Park.). (Don't worry if you missed the first two.) **Gary Stevens** is usually pretty good as well. Full programmes are available at all the usual box offices.

It's been an up and down month, but hey - that's showbiz. Keep sending us info about your productions, as we're keen to deviate.

ALL THE SECRETS OF MAGIC REVEALED: The Tricks and Illusions of the World's Greatest Magicians by Herbert L. Becker, The Great Kardeen (Lifetime) THE ART OF STORYTELLING: Creative Ideas for Preparation & Performance by Marsh Cassidy (Meriwether) MODERN MONOLOGUES FOR MODERN KIDS by Raf Mauro (Dramaline)

There can't be many books around that include an acknowledgement to Bozo The Clown. *All The Secrets Of Magic Revealed* manages to mix fascination with with huge disappointment and should also be subtitled 'Disillusion Your Friends'. Want a taster of how it's all done? Well, the old chestnut "sawing a woman in half" trick is achieved via the fiendish employment of mechanical feet (mechanical feet!); the incredible "objects floating in mid-air effect is done with strings (*quelle surprise*); and the "Sword Cabinet" act, where assistants are seemingly impaled with sharp implements apparently really is done with mirrors (though I've read the explanation twice and still don't get it).

Modern Monologues For Modern Kids is a whole heap of what appears to be practise pieces for nauseating American children who audition for nauseating American sit-coms. In fact it would be no surprise if the whole yucky lot was written during the commercial break in 'Blossom'. Next up is *The Art Of Storytelling*. I can't help feeling that story telling is like joke telling—you've either got it or you ain't. But someone who clearly doesn't agree has managed to write a whopping 274 pages on the subject.

Ewa Kowalski

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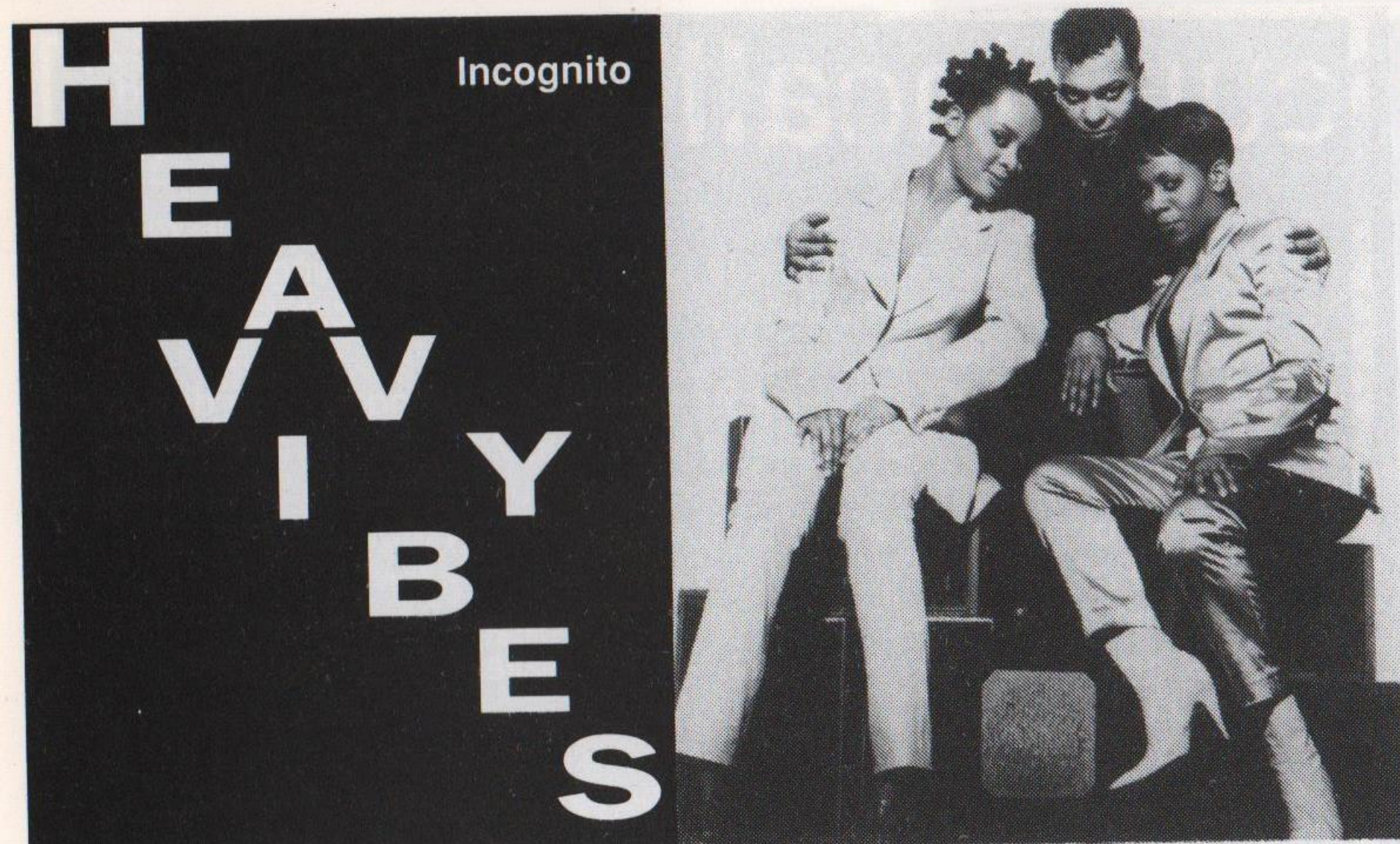
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HEAVY VIBES Incognito

As difficult as this is, I've ordered my second cappuccino, strapped my typewriter to my lap, put my pony out to pasture and set about defining this month's **Heavy Vibes** available from the trolley service at all good local vibealogical outlets near you... any difficulties, just say 'sorry'. If, like me, you have rued the odd mistake like buying/burning your purple Levi flares or going to see *Naked Gun 33¹/₃*, unlike **Tupac Shakur** you'll not have been given X amount of dollars to make an album about the whole sordid affair. *Me Against The World* (Interscope) is **2Pac's** fourth lp/cd and most conscious effort at being recognised as a leading player in the underworld of rap. Pulling his trousers firmly above the waist and donning intellectually inducing (but not fooling) glasses, 2Pac has written the ultimate suicide note for a lost and tired generation. *If I Die 2nite, So Many Tears, Fuck The World*, and *Death Around The Corner* are just a sample of delights penned by the able but image-conscious and confused 2Pac. Don't get me wrong, the beats, samples and production from the likes of **Easy Mo Bee** and **Soulshock** are dangerous and 2Pac's clever vocal delivery is at its most advanced; I just wish he was on a more positive tip. The man has his reasons, though. Last reports were that Tupac Shakur is on his way to jail for sexual assault and this, I suppose, is his last testament and like his lost, lamented homies he wanted to go out with a bang.

One of the original rap labels Tommy Boy delivers a punch to knock any pretender off their new found throne with with the soundtrack of the Spike Lee-influenced *New Jersey Drive*. Pulling together some notorious names new and old in the world of rap, NJD reads like a Who's Who of hip-hop; **Keith Murray**, **Coolio** and **Redman** rub shoulders with the likes of **Heavy D**, **Naughty By Nature** and **Queen Latifah** all delivering new material. The film is dedicated to the American equivalent of joy-riding. Apparently in 1990 Newark, NJ was the auto-theft capital of the world and this soundtrack reflects the desperation, realities and hopes of those involved. East and West comet together under the guidance of rap production gurus such as **Erik Sermon**, **DJ Premier** and **Funkmaster Flex** to build a soundtrack which offers a real taste of today's wide and varied artform known as Rap music. Strangely enough you'll find **Frankie Beverley's** classic soul track *Before I Let Go* tucked in there too— not sure why but it works for me. Coming in two volumes and containing over twenty new cuts *New Jersey Drive* deserves more than a test drive and will be playing in all good soft tops near you this summer.

Since the high profile AIDS related death NWA frontman *Easy E*, you would have thought that (and for that matter most music) would have started to get its house in order. **Adina Howard** however, bulldozers through all the politically correct debate with the re-issued g-funk anthem *Freak Like Me* (East West). Taken from the lp/cd *Do You Wanna Ride* Ms Howard delivers a call in no uncertain terms to get busy with a bass-line as subsonic as that on **Dr. Dre's** *Dre Day* and a chorus infectious enough to be the hit it should have been first time around. The epitome of slow slung West Coast flava, this must have any music accountant running for hir calculator— big butt + big bass + big smile = big bucks. Having said that I play it wherever and whenever I can, 'cause I'm that freaky kinda guy.

Having given far too much time to our cousins over the pond it's time to big up all the UK massive who continue to make us groove without the multi-million dollar backing seen in the States. A good place to start is with the *Soul Messenger* compilation lp/cd from EC1 Records, the first in a series dedicated to exposing UK soul talent., and that discarded by the USA. The 14-track album kicks off with the first of three cuts from the prolific pen of **Errol Henry**, *Full Time Lover* sung by Nottingham's very own **Chris Ballin**, the others being *There's No Way by The Sound Principle* and *Lovers For Life* by **Anthony Davis**, each one leaving you wondering why you haven't heard it on national radio. **Paul Johnson's** excellent debut single *If We Lose Our Way* stands proud among its peers whilst other highlights include brand new material from EC1's very own **Mary Pearce** and album tracks from **Gary Taylor** and soul empress **Shirley Jones**. With *Soul Messenger* carrying the flag, the problems of

buying British finally seem to be sorted out. I wouldn't advise you to buy a second-hand Montego but I do suggest you try some fresh home-grown. Taking a breath, we hold down the last two reviews just long enough to familiarise ourselves with the heavy Vibes definitive may **High Five**

1. **Incognito** *Everyday* (Talkin Loud)
The return of the UK's number one jazz funk outfit.
2. **The Quiet Boys** *Bosh!* lp (Acid Jazz) See review —lovely!
3. **JT & The Big Family** *Baby I Need You* Instrumental (ZYX)
Sax on a solid up tempo groove, nicking 'Blacka Than Thou riff.
4. **Jemini The Gifted One** *Funk Soul Sensation* (Mercury import)
Gentle bravado rap on a fonki downstroke bass-line.
5. **Various** *Jazz I The House* lp (Slip n Slide)
Non-banging just jazzy and soulful slices of underground house music— makes a change, hey?

Back to business. The final words of wisdom are spent in the company of two perfect lp/cds from Acid Jazz. Having produced the likes of Galliano, Will Downing and Gerald Alston, Chris Bangs has mustered a crew under the name of **The Quiet Boys** to deliver *Bosh!* a 12-track album of jazz as it should be. Combining original and intelligent up front beats and subtle samples of rare groove, raw funk and even samba, this album has a mod for every occasion. Destined to be a classic with any discerning jazz funker, *Bosh!* also delves into the deeper side of things in the shape of a trip hop track aimed at the uninitiated (I suppose, although I prefer the idea that it just goes show the all round masterpiece that *Bosh!* is). From the same stable comes the street ruffer (but deeper for it) sounds of *Vibraphonic II* the second lp/cd from vibesman **Roger Beaujolais** and **Vibraphonic**. I have to like it as it starts off with an excellent reworking of **Vince Montana's** *Heavy Vibes* and from there on the influence of Roy Ayers on Roger Beaujolais' free flowing vibes shows through. Vocals when and where necessary are superbly supplied by the sultry **Alison Limerick** and **Lennox Cameron** including another reworking, this time **Stevie Wonder's** *To Know You Is To Love You*. Dropped points for a couple of message tracks, *True Life* and *Buck The System* but those apart, this doesn't move from the good groove. My advice is to acquire *Bosh!* and *Vibraphonic II*, pick a destination far from your home— Abergavenny, say —and drive there listening to both continuously on your in-car entertainment system and you'll be a better person for it. No, I don't know what to do when you get there.

I can't let you go without briefly detailing yet more moist musical moments during this month of May. As always there is a host of garage grooves flooding these shores, but a couple on the UK front doing some damage are **Ronni Simon's** *Take You There* and the **Joey Negro** remix of **The Reese Project's** *Direct Me* both on Network Records. At the other end of the b.p.m. scale (Jungle notwithstanding) this year is the 50th anniversary of the birth of reggae ambassador **Bob Marley**. To celebrate in his absence Island records have re-issued *Keep On Moving* with remixes by **Sly & Robbie** to promote a 'new' compilation entitled *Natural Mystic*. **Master Cuts** deliver Volume 4 in their best selling series *New Jack Swing* featuring new jack hitters **Guy** and **Basic Black** alongside the more obscure **ARB** and **Tamrock**— worth a listen. Finally, the truth is out. Two years in the making **Mighty Truth** deliver *From The City To The Sea*, their long player for Tongue & Groove Records and well worth the wait. Your mission is to check this record. Well, I think that's enough patter on the platters to keep you occupied until our next rendezvous,

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An overview of circuit funk and electronica



Luke Vibert : *Wagon lit*

Another month rolls by and we're here again sifting through the ever increasing pile of technological tantras and post ambient emissions.

First up comes **Red Light District** aka **Walker of Air Liquide** who delivers a dubbed out trip hop acid groove thing on Rising High titled *Red Light District London*. Further proof of just how prolific this production team is can be witnessed further within these pages as well as on Walker and Khan's long awaited *Radio Waves* lp. If you're a fan of their **H.E.A.D.** project and their alter ego of **G.E.N.** then this album is for you. As usual it's a mix of burbling, off-world, analogue pulses and filtered, short wave radio signals bound to sink you deeper into your own electric nether world. ♦♦♦♦♦

A strange hybrid of jazz and jungle abounds on the anonymous 12" (Plug 1) which scatters off in all sonic directions, resulting in uncharted area. If you like your grooves rare then this is for you. ♦♦♦♦♦

Dave Cambell once known as **UBIK** and now turned **KIBU** gets his first release for a few years with the anti-static *No Nation* ep (Rising High), available for all your dance-floor desires, and highly recommended. ♦♦♦♦♦
HOS the Anglo/Swiss trance label have moved on from last year's sound with a new and impressive roster of artists. The compilation *Merciless World Of Trance 2* collects some of the spacer european moments such as the electro/acid fusion of **The Pollution Project's** *To Help You Breathe* and the **Lost Sector's** 303 rifled *Red Shift*, a worthy addition to anyone's collection. ♦♦♦♦♦

International DJ award winner and long time techno purveyor **Carl Cox** mixes and compiles some of his favourite floor scorchers of late including **Jeff Mills**, **DJ Hell**, **Robert Gori** and **Thomas Heckman** into one throbbing gargantuan package that's not suitable for hyperactive children. The second part of the set concentrates on a more euro nrg feel, but in these pages, for constant adrenalin, disk one is hard to beat. ♦♦♦♦♦

New Electronica continue with their *Global Techno Innovations* series, this time concentrating on the UK side of things with **Pluto's** *Free To Run*, **Quark's** *Space* and the thunderously irresistible *Dimensions In Drums*, rhythmically executed by **Dave Angel**. Despite the UK angle all the tracks owe for the most part to the motor city sound of Detroit, providing fuel to the funkless. ♦♦♦♦♦

Sun Electric press their live atmospherics up for

release on Apollo, from last year's live (and apparently hippy free!!) party held for 5,000 drooog heads. There's a heavy slant towards Orb-esque drifts and scattering dubby rhythms, resulting in a sound somewhere between Klaus Shultz and Phillip Glass, and not quite the shade of wallpaper you'd expect! ♦♦♦♦♦

Alec Empire of techno punks **Atari Teenage Riot** releases his *Generation Star Wars* lp on Mille Plateaux, a cheeky X-Wing vs Empire double offering. Anal-ogical bleeps similar to early Aphex and beyond and yep, it's as mad as Swastika'd storm trooper's boots, subtle and harsh at the same time. Not for those who don't want to get their hands dirty. ♦♦♦♦♦
Kickin Records compile some Euro-Trance numbers with the lp *Trance Central*, twelve varying synthetique sonnets from the likes of **Resistance D** who offer *Space Walk* in their usual cold funk style, **LFO** with *Nurture*, and **Ultrahigh** with *Primitive Love Part 2*. A choice piece of vinyl. ♦♦♦♦♦

Tanzmusik return with *Love Light*, a more floor-fuelled trancer in their own inimitable, retroid/future style and yep, those sultry early morning piano lines. Another one for your probably already bursting Japanese collection. Out for a while and still a favourite is **Jammin Unit** and **Roger Cobernus** (aka **Kerosene**) alter ego **Ultra High** a fusion of phunkee, acidic, tribal-tinged, wiggy, ambient experiments. *View Of Ultra High* features the superb *Cemetery Bells*, and *Primitive Love Part 2* and is also available on a limited 2 x 10" disc package on the expressively excellent Force Inc label. ♦♦♦♦♦
To celebrate their third year in existence Germany's Superstition records release *Sound Of Superstition Vol. 3*, featuring some hi voltage analogues and astute beats. A favourite has to be **Fred** (Telepathic) **Gianelli's** rascally acidic space groove *Fox Hunt*, with a regenerating horn cry adding an ethereal quality to the track. A superb compilation to put Superstition in the light. ♦♦♦♦♦

Compilations are everywhere at the moment, or so it seems, *Further Self Evident Truths* (Rising High) features the late **Black Dog**, **Wagon Christ**, **RHC**, **Bedouin Ascent** and the cerebral derangement of **Cranium Head Fuck** all mixed in a low slung groove style for your couch with a touch of hip hop and a host of wiggy noises for back rooms everywhere. ♦♦♦♦♦
The fourth (and finest, in my opinion) of the *Chill Out Or Die* series Vol. 4, moves in a deeper ambient direction, scoring with **James Bernard's** *Helpless*, a stark, building, synth drift which moves from a resonating rhythm of abstract funk into an odyssey of oceanic

proportions. **Air Liquide**, **Wagon Christ**, **Neutron 900** and **Humate** make this quadruple vinyl/ double cd package a top scorer in both the ambient and electronic areas. Superb. ♦♦♦♦♦

Dae! THE MELTING COUCH

1. **James Bernard** *Helpless* (Rising High)
2. **Ultra High** *Do It Twice* (Force Inc)
3. **Alec Empire** *G.S.W.* (Mille Plateau)
4. **Oval** *Oval* (Mille Plateau)
5. **Wagon Christ** *River* (Rising High)

TOE JAMS

1. **Ultra High** *Primitive Love Part 2* (Force Inc)
2. **Pollution Project** *To Help You Breathe* (HOS)
3. **KIBU** *No Nation* ep (Rising High)
4. **Bushwaka** *Unestimated Growth* (Plink Plonk)
5. **Fred Gianelli** *Fox Hunt* (Superstition)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Strictly Rhythm IV (React)

Strictly Rhythm have progressed from being New York's best kept secret to probably the world's leading House label. All the biggest stars of the House firmament are present— the king of garage music, George Morel, "Little" Louis Vega, Buckethead, Kenny "Dope" Gonzales, DJ Pierre, Roger Sanchez and the current No. 1 remixer, Armand Van Helden— all in sparkling form. Current big stormers are included— Androgeny's *Let's Talk About Me*, Inner Soul's *Tearin' Me Apart* and Van Helden's "dark dance-floor anthem" *Witch Doktor*. Also past rarities from Satoshi Tomiie and Logic add up to an unmissable album for both the dedicated Strictly fan and House music lovers generally. This is House at its freshest and funkiest.

DEEP DISH Come Back

(Slip 'n' Slide)
celebrated Washington producers deep Dish follow up their sublime *Deeper Penetration* LP with more mesmerising grooves on the excellent Slip 'n' Slide label. This is no exception to the string of top quality deep house productions they've turned out recently. Again, blending original sounds and samples, and using only minimal elements, they build a track to fever pitch, reinforcing their reputation as some of the most innovative artists in house music. Truly, less is more.

MASTERS AT WORK alias 200 SHEEP

Hard Times March / Why? (Hard Times)
Incredibly prolific, world-renowned Masters At Work ("Little" Louis Vega and Kenny "Dope" Gonzales) always demand to be heard. But this double-header is a big disappointment. *The Hard Times March* is a minimal tribal drum looped and broken up with chants and nagging bass-line but doesn't go anywhere. It becomes irritatingly repetitive. The flip side *Why?* continues in an underground tribal style but is so minimal there's almost nothing there.

MASS FUSION feat. STEVEN GRANVILLE

Running Back To Me (Interstate)
In an old-school garage style, this vocal-based house swinger is pleasant enough but ultimately tedious. Mixes by garage maestro DJ Disciple take it into deeper, dubber territory, his *Bow Road Dub* offering a chunkier, stripped down sound.

THE ZOO EXPERIENCE

How Do You Sleep At Night (Hype & Glory)
Ignore the *Zoo Anthem Mix* with its vocal chorus and plump straight for the *Garage City Dub*. Stripping out the cheesy vocals, this pumping garage-style track features a monstrous flipped-out keyboard groove used as a repetitive trance thing to get you going. Top stuff.

VARIOUS ARTISTS Sherbert—Lick It

(React)
British House label React have slowly forged their own distinctive sound by combining the most sugar sweet elements of "handbag" House with energetic techno rhythms. Thus we have another sub-genre— "Hardbag". This latest 12-track compilation is completely mixed by DJ Pete Wardman (who?) and it's packed with uplifting vocals, huge pianos, loud 'n' funky guitars and anthemic breakdowns for the ultimate party soundtrack. It's all very tacky, cliché, high camp nonsense; doubtless the Tartan Kecks brigade in clubland will love it. Hope their teeth fall out.

Kier



My Dog Has No Nose bring on the Grim Reaper. photo: Anna Seddon

saturday 27th

PSYCLONE RANGERS/ GIMP
Nottingham The Old Angel

CLARION
Behan's Bar

JAZZ JUNIORS
Café Metz

PLANCK vs DUH DOPE TWINS
Saturday Spin 1pm Alley Café

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm

THE HARPBREAKERS eve

The Running Horse

DJ PABLO / JAZZ SPIRIT

£2 JFK Labour Social Club

INDIE INDEEDY

Rock Stop

MMM

£3.50 The Skyy Club

MICK RUTHERFORD BAND

Beeston Cricketers

ART THEMEN

£5/3 Derby Pymm's

HELIOTROPE

Leics. Royal Mail

KINKY MACHINE

THE MUDDY FUNKSTERS

£4.50/4 The Charlotte

VIVID

Alfreton Waggon & Horses

DELIRIUM

Chesterfield Eagles Bar

G LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE

KEB'MO

Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 28th

THE FOOTWARMERS noon

AKIMBO eve

Nottingham The Bell Inn

STEVE PINNOCK

& TERRY SWANN

Limelight Bar

MESSIN WITH THE KID

The Running Horse

JOEYFAT / SCARFO / LIGAMENT

Suzi Quatro Lives In Chelmsford

Narrowboat

G LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE

£5 Derby The Where House

FINAL CONFLICT

Mansfield Town Mill

HAIR OF THE DOG

Stockwells

CHUCK PROPHET

£7/6 adv. Sheffield The Leadmill

monday 29th

OMEGA BAND

Nottingham Old Ange

The Bell Inn

DJ SIMON WHITE

Mother £2/1.50 Skyy Club

PAIN / CATHODE NATION

£3.50/3 Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 30th

SHAMMY

Golden Fleece

BLUE HORIZON

Bell Inn

JOHNNY C/ TONY GLOBAL

Global Warming Market Bar

VIVID

Derby The Garrick

HELL RAZOR

Jacksdale Portland Arms

CHUCK PROPHET

£6 adv. Leics. The Charlotte

wednesday 31st

MARTIN HALLMARK QUART.

excessaweez

Nottingham Skyy Club

DICK & JOHN

C&W Café Metz

MY HEAD'S GOING TO BLOW UP

WRINKLY PINK CATSUIT

Leics. The Charlotte

HELIOTROPE

Sibley Fountain Inn

JUNE

thursday 1st

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE

Free adm. Bar til 1am

Nottingham Sam Fay's

BORDERLINE

Running Horse

STEREOLAB / YO LA TENGO

HELIUM

£5 adv. The Clinton Rooms

C.I.?

Blagg N.T.U. Sub Bar

SHAMUS O'BIVION & THE

MEGADEATH MORRISMEN

Derby Victoria Inn

G LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE

£5 adv. Leics. The Charlotte

CHERRY

Mosquito Coast

REKO REKO

The Bayou Club

friday 14th

Nottm. The Running Horse

DJ DEBRA

Hot Butter Beatroot

DEAD AFTER DARK

The Gregory

STIMPSON J. PHAT

JOHNNY C & TONY GLOBAL

Uh-Oh! The Staircase

CAST

Marcus Garvey Centre

RED MANIFESTO

MANNA MACHINE

Old Angel

THE CASTAWAYS

Behan's Bar

PET LEMMINGS

Filly & Firkin

GO TROPO

Skyy Club

TIN LIZZY

Mansfield Groucho's Bar

CATTACHEWDYANEWSHOES

Blidworth Community Centre

WINSTON BLOODY CHURCHILL

Leics. Pump & Tap

THE CHARMERS

upstairs

EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

£5 adv. The Charlotte

saturday 3rd

FUNKFISH / DJ PABLO

Nottingham The Skyy Club

ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION

Marcus Garvey Centre

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm

AFTER MIDNIGHT 8pm

Running Horse

DESTINY RANCH

Rock Stop

EMERALD GOLD

Behan's Bar

DJ JAZZ SPIRIT

JFK Labour Social Club

THE SEX TOYS

Filly & Firkin

TV PERSONALTIES/ MELONS

£3.50/3 Narrowboat

INDIA McKELLAR

Mansfield Arts Centre

CATTACHEWDYANEWSHOES

Rolleston Village Hall

BRA JOE SEPTET

£5/3 Derby Pymm's

D-INFLUENCE

£4/3.50 The Where House

HUAVOS RANCHEROS

EMPRESS OF FUR

£4 Leics. The Charlotte

BLIND MOLE RAT

Pump & Tap

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE

Coalville Victoria Hotel

VIVID

Lutterworth The Hind

STEREOLAB / YO LA TENGO

WE KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE

£6/5 Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 4th

JUBA

Nottingham The Bell Inn

SHAMUS O'BIVION & THE

MEGADEATH MORRISMEN

Golden Fleece

UNCLE VULGAR

Rock Stop

BAD TOWN BOYS

YELLOW CAR / SLUM GANG

Old Angel

MARTIN TAYLOR

Behan's Bar

PAUSE

Cucamara

GED & DAMIEN / BOYSIE &

Pump & Tap

JAMIE / DIGS & WOOSH

serve chilled £1.50 The Skyy Club

KENNY WILSON

lunch Leics. Pump & Tap

SPONG / EXIT

The Charlotte

D-INFLUENCE

£5 adv. N'ampton Roadmender

monday 5th

OMEGA BAND

Nottingham The Bell Inn

DJ SIMON WHITE

Mother Skyy Club

HARVEY ANDREWS

Derby Guildhall Theatre

THE DICKIES / BULTACO

The Where House

REEF / CECIL

£4 adv. Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 6th

BLUE HORIZON

Nottm. The Bell Inn

JOHNNY C & TONY G

Global Warming Market Bar

C.I.? / DEEP JOY

Beatroot

BLETHERSKITE

Golden Fleece

EARTH ACTION

Skyy

RAISED ON RADIO

Jacksdale Portland Arms

LORD SKAMAN &

THE MAGNIFICENT 7

£4/3 Leics. The Charlotte

THE JIM ROSE CIRCUS

£8 adv. N'ampton Roadmender

wednesday 7th

C.I.? a95bpm

Nottingham Alley Café

MIKE PARADINAS aka MU-ZIQ /

TUSCEN RAIDERS

Eargasm £2.50 /2 Bellamy's Bar

ROOT SOURCE

excessaweez Skyy Club

ROOT DANCE

Filly & Firkin

DJ LYNDA

Grinn N.T.U. Sub Bar

BLASTER BATES

£6.50 /4.75 Derby The Guildhall

JACK DEE

Assembly Rooms

DREAM DISCIPLES/ HORATII

£3 Leics. The Charlotte

KINKY MACHINE

N'ampton The Roadmender

thursday 8th

SAD / PULLOVER / MOTHERBUD

Free adm. Bar til 1am.

Nottingham Sam Fay's

RUNNING ON FUMES

Running Horse

DJ PLANCK

Blagg N.T.U. Sub Bar

POINT BLANK

Rock Stop

THE TWO PATS

Behan's Bar

DRAMA ASYLUM

PERSONALITY CRISIS

Filly & Firkin

BRAND X

funky student night Skyy

THE RATTLERS

Derby Assembly Rooms

NIGHT TRAINS

Leics. Mosquito Coast

THE KERRYS

Pump & Tap

THE REAL PEOPLE

THE STRANGE

£3 Leics. The Charlotte

BOX CLEVER

The Bayou Club

ESPRIT DE CORPS

Mansfield The Plough Inn

ROLF HARRIS

£7 adv. N'ampton The Roadmender

friday 9th

HARRY & THE GROWLERS

Nottingham The Running Horse

SEBADOH / SMOG

£5 adv. Clinton Rooms

OI POLLOI / CONTEMPT / MDM /

CAPO REGIME

Old Angel

BATES MOTEL

Behan's Bar

JACK / PIP / STONEY / DAMIEN B

Bounce De Luxe

THE LAST COSMONAUTS

Filly & Firkin

DEEP

Skyy

MISHA CALVIN

Rock City Disco II

CATTACHEWDYANEWSHOES

Averham Robin Hood Theatre

ATOMIC KANDY

Leics. Pump & Tap

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER

BARNSTORMER

£4 The Charlotte

VIVID

Burton Tavern

saturday 10th

BOB TILTON / BRADWORTHY

SLUM GANG

Nottm. The Old Angel

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm

4 ON THE FLOOR 8pm

The Running Horse

PABLO / JAZZ SPIRIT

JFK Labour Club

RICHARD FAIRHURST QUINT

£3/2 Derby Pymm's

SAD

Rock Stop

thursday 22nd

ODDBALL / ECHO PARK
MULDER / CHRISTIAN & DAMIEN
/ PETE BRADBURY
 Nottm. Guitar Fest Fringe.
 Free adm. Bar till 1am. Sam Fay's

NEIL DEAKIN
 Guitar Fest Fringe. 8pm £1
BRAND X 10pm £1.50
 Skyy Club

MICHAEL CHAPMAN
PHIL BEER BAND
 Nottm. Guitar fest
 Nottingham Clinton Rooms

BAND OF GYPSIES
 Guitar Fest fringe
 Running Horse

DESTINY RANCH
 Rock Stop

KING BISCUIT BAND
 Mansfield The Plough

311
 Loughborough University
ELECTRIC MAYHEM
 Leics. Pump & Tap
THE TATTOO LOVE GODS
 £2 The Bayou Club
CAST
 De Montford University

friday 23rd

LEFT HAND THREAD
 Nottm. The Running Horse

STANLEY JORDAN
DEIRDRE CARTWRIGHT
TONY REMI Notm Guitar fest
 Clinton Rooms

AN ENSEMBLE OF
TWENTY GUITARISTS
 Rush Hour Recitals £3.50 / 2
 Angel Row Gallery

BROTHERS SONIDO
DEAN & PETE Flamenco special
 Guitar Fest Fringe 8pm £1
LOOP TRIK
 10pm Skyy Club
PAUL O'BRIEN & JOE MURPHY
 Behan's Bar

LINDENC / DK / PEZZ / DEAN
 Bounce De Luxe
OBVIOUSLY FOR BELIEVERS
 Filly & Firkin

JUNGLE LOVE
 Marcus Garvey Centre

FRONTIER
 Mansfield Groucho's

MONDO KANE
 Leics. Pump & Tap

saturday 24th

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
CHICKEN ASS BLUES BAND
 eve Nottm. The Running Horse
PLANCK vs DUH DOPE TWINS
GORDON GILTRAP
 Nottm. Guitar fest Albert Hall
BILL FRISSELL / JUAN MARTIN /
ADEL SALAMEH Nottm. Guitar fest
 Clinton Rooms

PETE BRADBURY /
CHRISTIAN & DAMIEN
 Guitar Fest Fringe 8pm. £1
MMM 10pm £3.50 The Skyy Club
HARRY & THE GROWLERS
 Rock Stop

PABLO / JAZZ SPIRIT
 JFK Labour Club

PHAT WAX
JOHNNY C & TONY GLOBAL
 Tummy Touch £3 The Box
NIGHT MOVES
 Graveyard Rock City
EASY PIECES
 Old Basford Palm Tree

sunday 25th

STEVE PINNOCK
& TERRY SWAN
 Nottm. Limelight Bar
IAN SIEGAL & THE SCORE
 Running Horse

BILY JENKINS
 solo 12.30pm; versus 8pm
DEIRDRE CARTWRIGHT
 Clinton Rooms

MOONPUMP
 Old Angel

JUBA
 Bell Inn

KELLY'S HEROES
 Golden Fleece

PAUSE
 Cucamara

SERVE CHILLED
 Skyy Club

VOODOO SIOUX
 Mansfield Town Mill

KENNY WILSON
 lunch Leics. Pump & Tap
SNOWBOY &
THE LATIN SECTION
 Mosquito Coast

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY &
THE ASBURY DUKES
 Sheffield The Leadmill

thursday 29th

PRAM / WARSER GATE / FULL
FATHOM FIVE
 Free adm. Bar til 1am
 Nottingham Sam Fay's

THE FUGITIVE
 Running Horse

RY COODER
DAVID LINDLEY
 £17.50 adv Royal Concert Hall

DJ WALT
 Sweet Potato Skyy Club
PALO Y RUMBA
 Leics. Mosquito Coast

THE RATTLED
 Bayou Club

friday 30th

THE SPIDERS 2
 Nottm. Runing Horse

THE SEKA BARONG
OF SINGAPADU
 Royal Concert Hall

WARDANCE
SCUM OF TOYTOWN
 Old Angel

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
 Behan's Bar

CUSP
 Filly & Firkin

GO TROPO
 Skyy

JOHNNY C & TONY GLOBAL
 Uh-oh! Staircase

UGLY KID JOE
 Rock City

THE FLATVILLE ACES
 Swamp Club £5 adv.
 Derby Royal Banqueting Suite

STAX OF SOUL
 Leics. Pump & Tap

JULY

saturday 1st

WHOLESONE FISH
 8pm Behan's Bar

MOTHERS OF THE FUTURE
PABLO
 10.30pm Skyy Club

The Old Angel

Stoney Street, Lace Market Nottingham

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Hot Food Vegetarian menu

All day breakfast throughout the week.
Special mealtime bargains Mon-Sat
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Newly refurbished surroundings offering
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 jazz, funk, latin & tings

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2 LATE BAR
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 2 bad dj

The Skyy Club

509-511 Alfreton Road Bobbersmill, Nottm.
 Tel. (0115) 942 2050

SATURDAY 3rd June
 UK's foremost purveyors of Skunk Rock

BUNKFISH

SATURDAY 17th June
 the exciting, inventive, infectious

JUNK CULTURE

SATURDAY 1st July Helen McDonald's

**MOTHERS OF
THE FUTURE**

SATURDAY 15th July
 punk, reggae and techno fusion

MANIC MINDCIRCUS

Pablo doing his ting from 10pm
 Band on stage: midnight
 Adm. £3.50 (£3 members)
FREE MEMBERSHIP on the night
 Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions

d m o l i t i o n :



JUNK CULTURE

Milk, Cheese, Nicotine, Alcohol

The sleeve pictures some mouldy cheese, an empty milk bottle, a few nub ends and some empty beer bottles. Inside there are a dictionary definitions of 'junk' and 'culture'. There's an acoustic set on one side and the studio set sporting phat and funky riffs and infectious time changes, plus two bonus live tracks on the other. In fact, we liked this demo so much we decided to have a word with them. In the comfortable surroundings of Fagin's, we met the affable bunch that is Junk Culture, a band who at present are attracting considerable interest around these parts and claim influences from the Beastie Boys to Wet Wet Wet.

Overall: Where did the name come from?

Robin (drums): It's a statement about throw away pop culture which we are all being slowly poisoned by.

Rupert (guit. and vox.): Yeah, and the mouldy cheese and fog ends on

Roo: We recently did a coach to London, got there early and did some busking....

Andy:and became friendly with some Swedish girls while we were there.

Tee: Yep, we still get letters from them, but on that day in London we were even getting pensioners tapping their feet.

Tee: We're doing some river surfing....(resounding laughter from other members)... it's something of a hobby. I work for British aerospace and they allowed me to take a defective DC-9 escape chute. So I inflated it at the garage and we all surfed it down a weir on the River Trent.

Roo: We haven't done it for a while though 'cos one of us got trapped under it in the river (even more resounding laughter).

O: Do you like the smell of fried onions?

All: Mmmmm.

Sean Angel & Monty

HAYWIRE Civilised

Seven tracks from these spiky Southampton punks. Most of the tracks are fairly self-explanatory— (*MacDonalds*) *Eat Shit, Madworld*, *Squat The World*— all done with a Doom meets Disorder feeling. If raging angry punk thrash is what wobbles your rocks, this is for you. The production, especially on the Omega Tribe cover 'My Tears isn't all it could be but as demos go, it could be a lot worse. I thrash therefore I am.

SMOG Gets In Your Eyes

First demo from Southampton's Smog, tight, very well produced ska punk. Eight tracks about such things as choking on pollution (*Iron Lung* with the line "Feel like I'm in a toothpaste tube/squeezing out my energy"), and being out of step with the rest of the world (*Misfit Song*, ripping off the chorus from The Yobs). If you like Citizen Fish, Spithead etc., Smog will blow you away. Easy listening for the hard of hearing.

Both Haywire and Smog demos available from 228 Broadlands Road, Portswood, Southampton.)

BLOODSHOT

From Aberdeen, powerful early 80's Brit punk with power and anger. *Bloodshot* about living rough, *Deliverance Starts Today* about religious hypocrisy, with the chorus "Never mind the sick and needy, fuck the poor and feed the greedy", and *Needle* about wasting your life on smack. Angry punk rock which I'll take any day instead of this phoney emo' shit.

TFDN

BLEEDING PRINCIPLE After Effect

The production hinders this demo but behind the mire is a sound something akin to 'Judge mixed with an extreme metal concoction. The vocals are seething with anger, the type of anger expressed when one stubs one's toe. Brutal punk-tinged metal that brought bits of the house down at Sam Fay's.

Monty

MALKAVIAN Float

Typical demo with naff sleeve and equally poor recording quality. Why do they bother? The annoying thing is that some of these songs would sound rather good. A kind of folk/goth hybrid, said songs are all written by Claudine West, whose vocal talents are variable, to say the least. Could she be the female equivalent of our Malcolm? (0115 929 5045)

the demo cover is in my kitchen.

O: You once sounded like Chili Peppers. Before you pour your pints over my head, I think you've moved away from this.

Andy (bass): Yeah, we've had that criticism. It's never been deliberate, at the time that's what we did.

Robin: We're all better musicians respectively, now, but we still end up binning eighty per cent of the stuff write.

Tee (singer): The stuff that's on the new demo is much more accomplished.

O: What's the best venue you've played in?

Tee: When we played Rock City we were really on fire and we got loads of people just walking through stop to watch us. The Old Angel is also a very important venue. You have to play there if you're from Nottingham. The Narrowboat is shit, no p.a., no bar, no heat and you have to pay. Pissstakers. O: What keeps you busy?

MOTHERBUD

This is the pick of the crop. An impressive band live, I thought the conversion to tape would have diluted the power of their songs. It didn't. Upbeat hardcore with a Snuff feel about it. If this demo was any better it would be dangerous. Nottingham beware, the Motherbud is flowering. (0115 948 3308 x1305 / 979 2441)

CABALA Deuthtwitch (Egocentric)

Medium-paced death metal with entombed solos and a singer from whom emanates a sound akin to an aggressive belch. Completely formulaised and therefore uninteresting, though it might appeal to the under sixteen satan brigade. (0115 941 9030)

BLEEDING PRINCIPLE After Effect

The production hinders this demo but behind the mire is a sound something akin to Judge mixed with an extreme metal concoction. The vocals are seething with anger, the type of anger expressed when one stubs one's toe. Brutal punk-tinged metal that brought the bits of the house down at Sam Fay's.

Monty

TRIP

This is a pleasantly surprising listen. Any band that describes itself as a 'rock band' usually puts me off, but this Nottingham band are seriously good. Like a modernised Doors, they capture all the power and energy of bands like Pearl Jam, but still manage to sound fresh, as if they are enjoying it. I imagine that they'd be brilliant live. Good luck to 'em, they certainly deserve it.

DINER

This band grows on you. At first they were miserable eighties indie-pop clones, but after a couple of listens, their song-writing talent becomes more apparent. They are nothing new, reminding me of the Violent Femmes amongst others. However, they may be clones, but they definitely do it reasonably well. Once they become more original, they are more likely to become successful.

RC

THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR SPARE DEMOS #5

1. **D** stands for democracy, diversity, and damn fine music, Issue #3 carries a free tape by Create! who are the subject of an interview as are Flying Medallions, Kitchens Of Distinction, Marion and Salad. There is a feature on not playing pool with the Neds as well as Live, Record and Demo reviews. Available from Selectadisc, demos to Dee, PO Box 345, CHESHAM, Bucks, HP5 3DT.

2. **WILD SOUND** is a fanzine produced by the North West Musicians Collective. They want demos for review and even if you haven't got a demo write for one of their Raw Hut questionnaires to fill in. Issue #3 features Skin Grip ("we know we've had a good gig when the casualty ward is full") and Guernica among many others and costs £1.50. Contact Sean or John, 6c Shipquay Street, Derry, N. Ireland BT48 6DN.

3. **REPEAT FANZINE** ("the only fanzine written by a 9 year old") features in its second issue Manics, S'M*A*S'H, These Animal Men. Contact Richard, 7, Ferry Lane, Chesterton, CAMBRIDGE, CB4 1NT. For a copy send £1 + A4 s.a.e. cheques payable to 'R. Rose'.

4. **CUBICLE NIECE** only costs 50p +A5 s.a.e. for Issue #1 which features an interview with Mark Radcliffe, surfing, poetry, anti-CJB march and reviews from Anna & Yvette, 2 Foxton, Woughton Park, MILTON KEYNES, MK6 3AS.

5. **MOTHER RECORDS** have featured in this column before and now new A&R man Pete Darnborough is interested to hear "anything and everything." Well, he's asking for it. Contact address 22 Lancing Road, SHEFFIELD, S2 4ES.

6. Wanted: Bands from the Midlands for an ongoing series of compilation cassettes. Send good quality demo with no more than three songs, plus press kit to **PULSE**, PO Box 210, NORTHAMPTON NN2 6AU.

7. **MISSING LINK** is a weekly radio show in its fourth year of activity. Based in the biggest and most open-minded Italian city it is totally involved and dedicated to the huge world of underground and alternative music. demo tapes and other obscure products are played, but they seem to prefer electronic/cyberpunk/noise/industrial experimental type music. Contact: Andrea Tarozzi, Via Del Faggio 146, 40132 BOLOGNA, Italia.

Compiled by Christine Chapel

vinolution:



SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS *Cow Trousers* (R.g. Bhaji)

Formed in 1991, Seven Little Sisters' music seems beyond classification, though some have proffered "Punk Folk", "Celtic Rock" and even "Irish Punk". They have their roots in Irish music but take their influences from Blue Grass, Cajun, American folk as well as Irish, so don't think you will be seeing and hearing another Saw Doctors or Levellers carbon. I first saw them at the beginning of 1993, and their increase in popularity since has been phenomenal. Long gone are the days when you could see them at The Golden Fleece and get to the loo!

SLS had a very traumatic 1994, but losing their long time front man and the resulting court case has not damped their vivacity. Their newest recruit, Jon Harris, ex-Kings Of Oblivion, seems to have filled Barry's shoes well and they fit him better.

One of the main differences between *Cow Trousers* and their first CD *Daedalus* is that all the songs are originals (except for *Miss Percy/Sally Gardens*. Jon Harris and John Leonard seem to have penned the majority of the songs with one from Nik Acons (*Till You Lie Dead*) and Mike Brooks co-writing with Harris and Leonard on *Way To Go*. The more obvious differences on this ten track LP are that the songs have a wonderful animation and verve about them. From the energetic *Long Way* to the hauntingly unhurried *Way To Go* SLS enthral with songs about revenge, being unemployed, being employed, lost love—but don't think you've heard it all before. I can see the fast and furious *Long Way* and *The River Song* being big favourites, while the epigrammatic and self explanatory *Role Reversal*, and the poignant *As The Crow Flies* have words that echo the 90's. And why the title *Cow Trousers*? I hear you ask. The band would say "Why Not?"

Lucy Malpass

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Punkorama* (Epitaph)

A 16-track Punk Rock compilation from Epitaph. You'll have heard all but two tracks on other albums but this is still a cool sampler. The two unreleased tracks are *Jennifer Lost The War* by *Offspring* and *I Want A Riot* by *Rancid*, the latter as fine a dose of ska/punk as you are likely to hear this side of Spithead. Other bands include *Bad Religion*, *NO FX*, *Pennywise*, *Total Chaos*, *Gas Huffer*, *RKL*, *Down By Law*, *Wayne Kramer* (ex-MCS) *Ten Foot Pole* and *SNFU*. Indispensable.



RKL *Riches To Rags* (Epitaph)

RKL (that's Rich Kids on LSD to us old punks) are back after a couple of years off and this is their eighth album of solid hardcore Punk Rock. *We're Back And We're Pissed* jump-starts this eighteen-wheeler of nihilistic raw musical aggression. This is a bit more metal than I remember them but not too much to spoil it. There's a bit of GBH coupled with Poison Idea. Once more the Epitaph Quality Control Department delivers the goods. *Heavily Sedated* and *Will To Live* are truly outstanding but the Rainbow guitar breaks do grate a bit towards the end.

TFDN

THROWING MUSES

Bright Yellow Gun EP (4AD)

Although this is the first Muses release since their 1992 *Red Heaven* success, the interim period has seen singer Kristin Hersh gain huge acclaim for the acoustic *Hips 'N Makers* outing. This ep however, returns Hersh and company to the electric fold, with a taster of the forthcoming album *University*, set for January release. A subtle production unfolds with the clear, bright vocals never being dominated by a cool, light grungey guitar layer. The title number is just harsh enough to disturb day-time radio players and thus maintain the Muses as a major cult attraction, but best of all is the lilting *Red Eyes* which would have fitted well into the *Hips 'N Makers* domain.

BEDHEAD 4-song EP CD (Trance Syndicate)

If the label name Trance Syndicate indicates to you a sally into ambient arenas, don't be misled although there is a certain quiescence to this EP. Following their *What Fun Life Was* debut, Bedhead set up some guitars, bass and drums in a church and let the tape roll to record these four new pieces. Remember when The Triffids took off into the wilds to record *Into The Pines*? Well, Bedhead have managed to create something with a similarly warm interior that rumbles, stirs and strums to form a sense of vastness existing outside of the cosy studio confine. Most impressive; appearing in a broom cupboard near you soon.



THE CRANBERRIES (photo: Andy Earl)

Ode To My Family EP (Island)

Ode To My Family just doesn't feel like a single. It's a fine, nostalgic piece, reminiscent of 10,000 Maniacs' wistful delivery, and no doubt it sits well on the new LP, but as a 45 it seems a misguided choice. The previously unreleased *So Cold In Ireland* is also good, with O'Riordan's gnashing vocal trembling most Sineadly. There's also a couple of album tracks recorded live on *Later With Jools Holland*—the most lovely *No Need To Argue* hovers tremendously, whilst *Dreaming My Dreams* falls like a soothing lullaby into bruised ears.

Gareth Thompson

SHAMPOO *We Are....* (Food)

It's pure product... and don't you just love it? Jacqui and Carrie (all musicians are irrelevant, I'm sure Gary Glitter is on there somewhere) are the marketable product. *Trouble* sold over 150,000 copies and they starred on the Just 17 road-show. This is exactly what you'd expect—smart packaging and a greatest hits 'so far' track-listing. Don't get me wrong, some of these tracks transcend the throwaway—*Me Hostage*, for instance, is pure pop with its roots in the mid '70s, enjoyable foot-stomping singalong mindless pop; if that's what you want, that's what you get. *Smash Hits* readers—this is for you!

TFDN

18TH DYE *Crayon* (Matador)

The initial impression these Berliners leave is that of a second-rate Sugar trying to baffle you into submission with changes in pace and incoherent B-movie out-takes. However, first impressions usually leave egg on your face and I'll be combing yolk out of my hair for weeks! 18th Dye are more mystical and not scared to duck under the surface and search for deeper melodies that break the (Bob) mould. From the initial force of 'Aug.' to the teasing 'Ray' you can grow to like this more and more. As with any mini-LP, your concentration is not given time to waver, and the songs can grow, thus transforming 'Crayon' from a mediocre Berlin scrawl to a coherent work of art.

Matt Burrows



TRICKY *Overcome* (4th & Broadway)

Now we're roasting. This'll take you to 42nd Street and back. You'll be drifting from club to club after dark, looking for a friend, watched by the street where life is cruel and men are killers. Fifteen minutes later you'll wonder what happened. This is an absolute must for anyone interested in really enticing, looping music and soft vocals.

WIDE-EYED WONDER *Showtime* (Bandwagon)

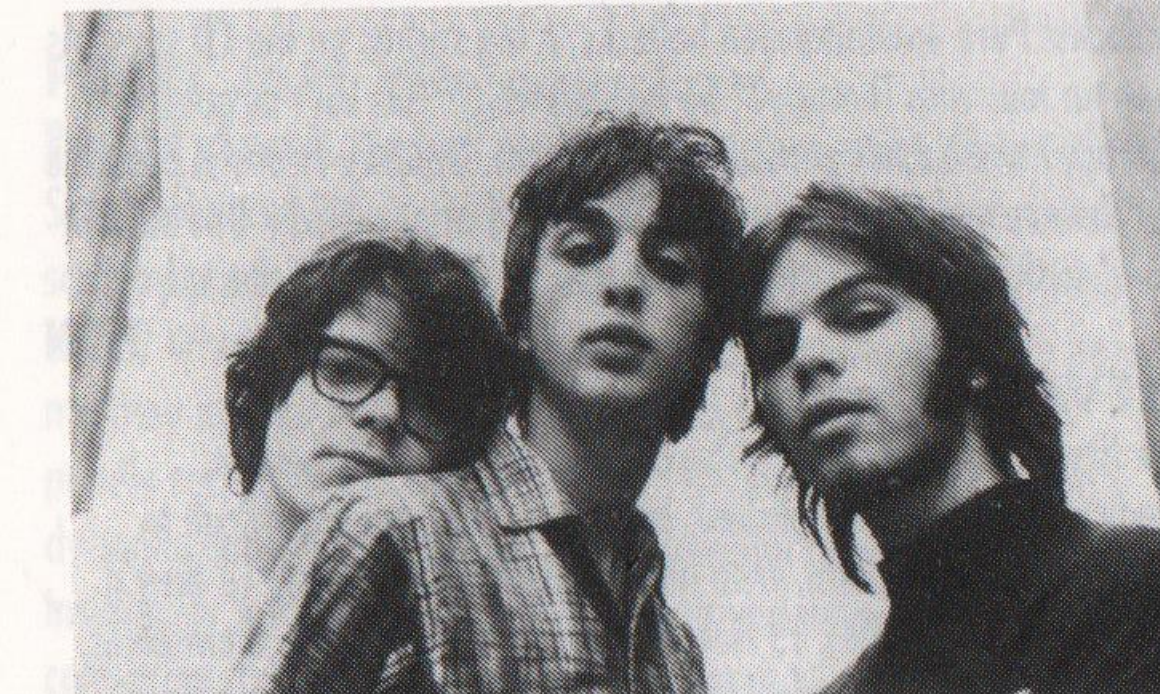
If I was to assess this honestly I'd be using it as a draught excluder. The only trouble is, it has enough holes of its own. If Chris Rea and Bobby Gillespie weened off strange substances to 'sing' is your thing, er...shell out money for this! Otherwise forget it. I can't see a record contract with the *Big Boys* putting this to rights either. A victory for mediocrity fighting for breathing space in well-worn channels.

FISHMONKEY MAN

Sunshine Down On Me EP (Copasetic)

The over-ambitious press release hails this as "the best three song EP ever written". OK, so it's not quite that, but it is a solid three songs showing spirit, energy and enjoyment—and it actually sounds fresh. It has the positivism of The Teardrop Explodes and retains its integrity. I hope this band get somewhere this time around, and I don't just mean one stop down the M53.

Matt Burrows



SUPERGRASS

I Should Coco (Parlophone)

Enthusiastic Brit pop with lashings of 70's punk pogo'd in for good measure. This is not to say I am backing the Supergrass sound into a corner, their blending of the above genres is what's so refreshing about the band. Up beat and nifty whilst retaining a garage, within reach feel. Things may change in '95, they could be stepping on the heads of established acts. A superpower in the making.

photo: Donald Milne

BEAR *Tracks* (BGR)

With name like Bear, I wasn't sure what to expect. When I discovered it stood for 'Bonafide English Art Rock', things became clear. After trying to burn it (and failing) I decided to give it a listen. The first track is a ten-minute self-indulgent journey up the guitarist's fret board while the singer babbles intermittently in a disinterested fashion. With a member of AC Temple in the ranks I expected better. Bog standard leftfield rock played by musos of obvious talent is always going to be hard to swallow.

Monty

TERRORVISION *Some People Say* ep (EMI)

Not bad for a band from Bradford—five Top 40 singles last year, a gold-selling album *How To Make Friends And Influence People* and a support slot with REM (in Huddersfield—home of rock 'n' roll!). *Some People Say* is a catchy soft rock outing that will guarantee some more Top 40 success but the surprise for me is the fourth track *This*

molly half head

Formed as a "kind of avant garde mutant noise compound" during the late eighties anti-pop backlash, Molly Half Head have come a long way from playing Mancunian rat holes to paltry audiences. For a start they are the first band to be interviewed twice in Overall. Monty phoned Paul Bardsley to say 'thanks' for agreeing to the gig, a nice touch from a band signed to a major and one that a lot of so-called 'indies' could learn from.



Overall: Are you pleased with the first record for Columbia?

Paul Bardsley: Very pleased, the songs are mellow but have more of an edge to them. We wrote the album in three months which isn't bad going because they're fucking good songs.

O: So how are Columbia treating you, them being a major and all that?

PB: They're treating us good. They just let us get on with it which is fine by me.

O: My favourite track on the new one is *Dunce*. What's it all about?

PB: (laughing) Well, me to be honest. I always seem to end up pissing against the wind or in some kind of mess. There's a line in the song, "unit puts character to silence", which is about me being taken out of school when I was fifteen and being put in a unit. I was not fucking happy with the treatment from the teachers, so-called responsible adults. I was a twatty teenager doing twatty things, they should have accepted that.

O: Are you looking forward to playing in Nottingham?

PB: Yeah, we played Rock City with Iggy Pop about a year ago and haven't been back since.

O: Are you gigging at the moment?

PB: We did Europe before Christmas with the Fads, basically to run through the new stuff and have a laugh.

O: You seem to get a good cross section at your gigs, from punks to pop kids.

PB: We also seem to get lots of over thirties as well. Real music fans, I reckon.

Molly Half Head appear at Sam Fay's on Thursday 25th May supported by Silencer, Skin Limit Show, Junk Culture, Bradworthy, and Friends Of... Admission is £3. All proceeds to keep Overall free and independent. Thanks to all the acts for their support.

Drinking Will Kill Me, a real North Yorkshire cajun footstomper—you can just see the Bradford Okies sitting around the stills, just off the M62, telling stories of the great freeze of '78.

TFDN

GENE *Haunted By You* EP (Costermonger)

What can you say about Gene, without referring to The Smiths? Surely it's Morrissey singing on this record, and if not, why not? Perhaps it's because they've got a lot more style than The Smiths ever had. If Morrissey wants to write pop songs, he'd do well to listen to Gene—they've got the commercial edge on him.

SILVER *Moist* EP (Chrysalis)

Music for students. Sounding like a formula band, with a bit of Blur, Smiths and even Chilli Peppers about them, they are pleasant but nothing really special. They write good pop songs, but I've heard them all before.

ROCKY ERICKSON *All That May Do My Rhyme* (Trance Syndicate)

Oh dear. What a stupid thing to do. Maybe if you take as many drugs as he obviously has, you start to enjoy country music. Sounding like he's trying to do a comedy impression of Michael Stipe it's hard to believe he was ever in the 13th Floor Elevators. Simply awful.

SUSPIRIA *Tragedy* EP (Nightbreed)

Black is back, or so say Suspiria who provide dance-floor oriented goth for those who still need it. The eccentricity—titled *Allegedly*, *Dancefloor Tragedy* is already popular locally with its precious vocals and a chorus that clings to memory. These Notts. goths have created a clean, warm sound whilst deliberately staying within the constrictive, narrow musical band that constitutes modern goth. It's a pity they haven't tried to break the mould but even so they have produced an accomplished and professional first cd.

Richard Chambers

PURESENCE *I Suppose* (Island)

Puresence used to spike their smoke machine with a bottle of poppers. They once played one of those few gigs which took place at the Horse & Groom, the last pub left in Nottingham city centre visited by Arthur in *Saturday Night Sunday Morning*. It's a building society branch now, and Puresence are signed to Island. Plus ça change.

Christine Chapel

EDWYN COLLINS *Gorgeous George* (Setanta)

Since the mid-80's demise of Orange Juice, Collins has gained in acclaim if not massively in stature following the release of his memorable debut solo outing *Hope And Despair*. *Gorgeous George* opens poorly with the unfunny tirade *The Campaign For Real Rock*, but moves rapidly up a gear with the fab *A Girl Like You* which cries out for release as a single. The folksy *Low Expectations* contains wistful echoes of *Hope And Despair* before the positive angst on *Out Of This World* re-lights the fire. *If You Could Love Me*, with its jangly groove, is the one song that pours Orange Juice back down your throat, but this is mainly another varied and welcome set from Collins whose talent has never been doubted by many.

JEFF BUCKLEY *Grace* (Columbia)

Even those who are arbitrarily gifted with a rare talent such as that bestowed on the divine larynx of Jeff Buckley, must accept that craft and graft are unavoidable elements of success. There's evidence aplenty on Buckley's debut that he's already versed in honing his own songwriting to the essentials. He's also been thoughtful in his choice of covers too, even though a voice this special could take any piece and claim it for its own. Thus he includes diverse material from the repertoires of Elkie Brooks (*Lilac Wine*), Benjamin Britten (*Corpus Christi Carol*) and Leonard Cohen (*Hallelujah*) with mesmerising results. Elsewhere the title track builds into a gasping frenzy over which Buckley soars like one in the grip of a spiritual paroxysm, and the awesome *So Real* cartwheels with the spiralling vocal line into something almost un-real. An exceptional debut that deserves breathing space and devoted attention.



THE PORCUPINE TREE photo: Claudine Schafer
The Sky Moves Sideways (Delirium)

What we have here is the acceptable face of progressive rock, an astonishing album of six tracks, three of them longer than 16 minutes! Steven Wilson, the man behind it all, is to be congratulated on his vision. His songs don't meander and noodle around like so much Progressive music did in the seventies; his compositions have a point, create a wonderful atmosphere and are by turns both moody and exciting. Personal favourites are *Moonloop* complete with Apollo astronaut dialogue and superb guitar solo, the title track *Phase One & Two*, an epic piece that grows and grows, and the sublime and memorable *The Moon Touches Your Shoulder*. Any album dedicated to the spirit of Nick Drake is fine by me. **John Haylock**

BELLY King (4AD)
Expectations were high for this one, and jetting off to record in the lazy old Bahamas could easily have misfired on our million-selling chums. Not so. This whole disc is shot through with melody and drive, and with writing credits being shared throughout the whole band for the first time, Belly's internal confidence must be soaring. This is so much more than any 'indie-pop', with scarcely a wasted moment. It is grandiose, mighty and mysterious. From the hooky openers *Puberty* and *Seal My Fate*, through the wacky Kate Bushy number *Red*, the sweet lilting *Silverfish* and spaced-out pulse of *Super-Connected*, the whole *King* project marks Belly as serious contenders to the alternative throne.

ANNE DUDLEY Ancient And Modern (Echo)
Composer and arranger Anne Dudley has pierced the rock consciousness via her work with the likes of Jaz Coleman, Pet Shop Boys, Electronic and Seal. Now she more fully acknowledges her classical background with this masterly recording of, mainly, choral music filtered through some subtle ambient grooves. What we get is a genuinely non-tokenistic approach to either ancient or modern traditions that could equally entice both Classic FM listeners and a hazy chillout room. The jaunty, Nyman-esque setting of *The Holly And The Ivy* is so subtle and entrancing that nothing written here can do it justice. Ditto the nope-hair raising *Veni Emmanuel*. Performed by a major cast of choristers and musicians, *Ancient And Modern* walks wisely through two different, but ultimately compatible, musical worlds.

THE HARVEST MINISTERS A Feeling Mission (Setanta)
Pretty apt name for this bunch, what with Will Merriman's cracked preacher's voice and a rumbling, rural groove from the violin, accordion, jaunty piano and sweetly strummed guitars. Downhome and devout, *A Feeling Mission* contains not a dud track and makes for a mighty pleasing listen. Liberally tinged with country reference points, these often quirky numbers come devoid of fussy arrangements, and rattle with good humour and melancholy melody - think of Nick Drake's refrains trading with early Steve Earle. But apparently these silly Harvest hillbillies have decided not to tour at present, or release a single from this record. So you'll just have to trust my high recommendation. **Gareth Thompson**

V Some Moving Some Stood Still (Gift)
Emotionally charged, indie guitar, this release just plods along with an 'it all sounds the same to me' feel to it. Striking lead guitar on *Hill*, but that's about it.

BRAIN POLICE Fuel (BGR)
Dirty low end rumble in the style of Head Of David/ Skin Limit Show ensures that it will be listened to by those who enjoy caustic hardcore crossover. Emphasis here is on slow dirge-filled sound which seems to lack energy and occasionally gets boring. Not bad, though.

BANCO DE GAIA Last Train To Lhasa
double cd (Ultimate)
Once again Toby Marks has produced an ambient work which cuts across many musical cultures. *Last Train* highlights the Tibetans' non-violent struggle against China whose people are moving to Tibet in their hundreds of thousands and pushing the Tibetans out. Cd 1 is dominated by individual sounds of a very Asian/Tibetan origin tahl are threaded intelligently into the song structures. Cd 2 is amore traditional chillout affair, a subtle blend of analogue and digital sound which ensures Toby Mark's membership of Flagadag will be renewed. The striking aspect of this release is the hugely improved song structures, *Last Train* is not soundtrack faceless self-indulgence for paralysed minds in chill-out booths. It is potent, message-laden music which sets the standard for '95. Let's hope the others can catch a similar train.



VENUS FLY TRAP Luna Tide
It's chilled out and swanky, it's left the building, it's deliberately tacky (I hope). Retro-esque Hammond, Lizard King, Barrett songs about *Crocodiles* and *Storm Clouds*. Members of Slipstream and a rather ace cyber band Nova State Conspiracy have been hangin' with these kats. Mature students will lap this up.

ZYGOTE A Wind Of Knives
mini LP (Epistraphy)
Sporting Spider and Stig of Amebix, they present a nasty hybrid of their former band— brooding thrash punk crossover. *A Wind Of Knives* is an apt name; like a pointy dreadlock in the eye, they are abrasive. A steady diet of cider + a dirty production = Zygote.

F.P.A.C. (Campaign)
Hard grating and base cyber noise as hard as Godflesh think they are with samples of dialogue which are the stuff of nightmares. This guy sings through a nuclear reactor. Industrial Germany at it's dirtiest. *Control Is No Longer* reminds me of Main with vocals. Analogue valve mastery. Give me more.

VERSUS The Stars Are Insane (Cloudland)
Melancholic pop that gets the pulse strangely racing, based on cleverly constructed catchy guitar riffs and the singer Fontaine's divine voice. The opener *Thera* is powerfully brilliant pop from the darkside. I will not insult the band with comparisons, many styles are woven into *The Stars Are Insane*. Strikingly moody, instantly memorable. **Monty**

SEXPOD Home (Go-Kart)
This band just oozes sleaze. Describing themselves as sex-driven sludge funk, they obviously have a good sense of humour, and don't take themselves too seriously, thank god. Sounding like the departed Cherry Bombs, with Patti Smith on vocals, they are fresh, funny and very very danceable (provided that you like to throw your hair about). Good old raunchy rock 'n' roll, it makes me wish I was fifteen again.

VARIOUS ARTISTS Stealing Cake
(Buzz Factory)
Something for everyone here. *Stealing Cake* is a good compilation which would appeal to all tastes in the indie scene. From the hi-tech ambience of *Ship Of Fools* to the psychedelia of *Slipstream* it is well worth a listen. It also includes some interesting songs from *Cop Shoot Cop*, *Shady* and *Catchers* amongst others; if you want to hear the less commercial side of indie this is an album for you.

POLARA Polara (Twin Tone)
This is more like it. Polara take the best attributes of English and American music and screw them together to make a nice mess. It's great guitar music, making full use of the effects boxes to give them a grungey sixties sound. Like Sonic Youth, the vocals are unpretentious and relaxed and only ever enhance the music rather than dominate it. Their repetition and control feel very eighties, but that's not a bad thing in this case. At times they sound like the best thing to come out of the USA in a long time. **Richard Chambers**



THUNDER Behind Closed Doors
Following their last two albums, the party time rock debut *Back Street Symphony* and the more serious second album *Laughing On Judgement Day* which revealed a darker side, *Behind Closed Doors* is a mixture of both. Improved lyrical content (*Preaching From A Chair*) shows that they can write about life as well as the usual party themes. *Future Train* looks ways wecould improve the world by learning from mistakes, and *It Happened In This Town* which reflects the anger and sadness provoked by child murders. In *Too Scared To Live and Fly On The Wall* they have adopted a more funky sound. Their well known catchy choruses and recognisable melodies that can be heard in *River Of Pain*, released as a single. **Sam**

PITCHSHIFTER Remix War EP (Earache)
Nottingham's fave sons release a novel remix EP with the help of their chums in high places— Biohazard, Therapy? and Gunshot. My question is, were they in a hurry? The Pitchshifter remixes of *Triad*, *Diable* and *NCM* are on par with the desensitised album versions, but the Therapy? remix is awful— KLF without the talent. Remixing is supposed to sound different but not unrecognisable. This war torn EP is only worth a purchase for the Gunshot version of *Triad*.

FASTBACKS Waste Of Time EP (Sub Pop)
For a band that's been in existence since 1979 you would have hoped for something at least semi-interesting. Ramones pop meltdown with that cliquy U.S. college sound that I have to conclude is a waste of time.

VENUS BEADS A Client (Pinnacle /Equator)
You Wish was great, this is as good. The Stoke boys play attitude pop like a host of American counterparts wish they could (Fastbacks). Share the VB vibe— you won't be disappointed.

EAT STATIC Epsilon EP (Ultimate Records)
Look out, beyond the stars. Detune yourself to the vibe, be at one with the sweeping sound and caress the crunchy, organic rhythms. Now you're trancing, destination planet Meltdown, beware unidentified ethnic beats. The limit, your imagination. Eat Static, no limits. **Monty**

DIG Radioactive ep
Bollocks! Pure unadulterated bollocks. A big sticker on the CD says "As seen on tour with Therapy?" So fucking what? This isn't as good as Therapy? and I don't particularly like them. *Unlucky Friend* is passable but *Believe* and *Fearless* supposedly named after a Radio One session "live" is shit. Let me spell it out for you. D.I.G. is S.H.I.T. Period. **TFDN**

ELEVATE Bronze (Flowershop)
The first act to be signed to The God Machine's own label are, predictably, very accomplished. Incredibly, they are as difficult to categorise as they claim. With hints of The Birthday Party (if they'd gone to live in Seattle), PJ Harvey and The God Machine themselves, this very talented band feel like success. If you were waiting for a James Addiction for the nineties, you may find them in Elevate.

ZUNO MEN (Dogfish Records)
Another band attempting to be 'genre mixers' and failing quite badly. Why have they had so much good press? They may be original, but I find them distinctly irritating. I'm sure some sad studenty types will bop to it, but I just find them offensive to my ears. Don't buy it. **Richard Chambers**

APACHE INDIAN Make Way For The Indian (Island)
Good ol' ragamuffin tribal joviality! Asher D. gets to sit in the same room as Allah and discuss the herb with him. What's good about this music is that it has a certain anonymity. It's like other raggamufin hip-hop dubs at 33rpm. Not only that, it'll make you see Cypress Hill in a new light. The roots are here!

ROCKERS HI-FI What A Life (Wild)
Now here's a pretty little ditty about life's splendour. This little slab of ambience from Brum DJ Dick's project is the first single from the new album, and it sounds good. Suave, lethargic, whispering drugged-out vocals—you can here every breath. It's a relaxer whether you're stoned or not. As a pick-me-up it's harder going. Perhaps five versions is a little OTT, but who's gonna notice at the party?



HEADSWIM photo: Steve

Gullick
Flood (Crush/Epic)
According to the blurb, Headswim are one of Britain's "brightest, exciting, and most refreshing rock bands," (where have I heard that before?) and you can tell this is a rock band, by the photos that adorn this, their first long player. Leery close-ups of band members face-pulling, posing with red 'Strats, and the inevitable 'all 4 of us standing in somebody's toilet' shot. Yes, it's grunge metal time, *Gone To Pot* (how true), *Try Disappointed* (ditto), *Soup* and *Crawl* are all standard bloody awful rock filler. But then *Dead* pops up, a wise choice for a single, and one of the best funk metal tracks I've heard for ages— it's so good it doesn't even sound like the same band— followed by *Years On Me*, a beautifully harsh and eerie ballad. Unfortunately it's downhill again for *Apple Of My Eye* and *Stinkhorn* which kicks off with the line "Life is unfair" (no shit?) before disintegrating into *Safe Harvest* which has a nice swing and great strings to it. *Beneath A Black Moon* which closes is effective and atmospheric in its build-up. A mixed bag really. The CD itself comes in a very fetching purple pastel, by the way. **Malcolm Lorimer**

PEARL JAM Vitalogy (Epic)
Read all about it, read all about it! Pearl Jam make decent album! Shock! Horror! Yes, it's true that *Vitalogy*, unlike it's uneven scrappy predecessors *Vs* and *Ten* is really quite wonderful. How come? What's happened? Who knows? But on the evidence before me they appear to have made the successful transition from poodle rock to Rottweller savagery. *Vitalogy* possesses a true dynamic quality, it is raucous, experimental rocking and insidiously infectious. Above all, it is played with obvious genuine conviction. Eddie Vedder was once a source of derision and amusement but to hear him on *Last Exit*, *Satan's Bed* and *Not For You*, one has to concede that the guy is now a real contender. A dark, brutal, epic, flawed masterpiece of post grunge yankee rawk. A year ago I wouldn't give Pearl Jam a pot to piss in. Things have changed. **John Haylock**

ROSA MOTA Wishful Sinking (Mute)
Taking their name from a Portuguese athlete Rosa Mota are a strange mixture of styles, layer upon layer of diverse influences. Just when you think you've got them pegged, bang! crash! it's into something new. At first I had them down as late Dischord em-core and then tinges of R.E.M. and Sonic Youth (an interesting mix) when an outbreak of snotty punk rock (*Unrequited Love Song*, —the sort Shampoo would kill for) came belting out. What a classic. *Big Fat Arms* sounds like early Television; *Stripped And Bleeding* is Public Image Ltd. meet Talking Heads. What I mean is, you can't pin this band. I've got to see them live. This cd never ends.

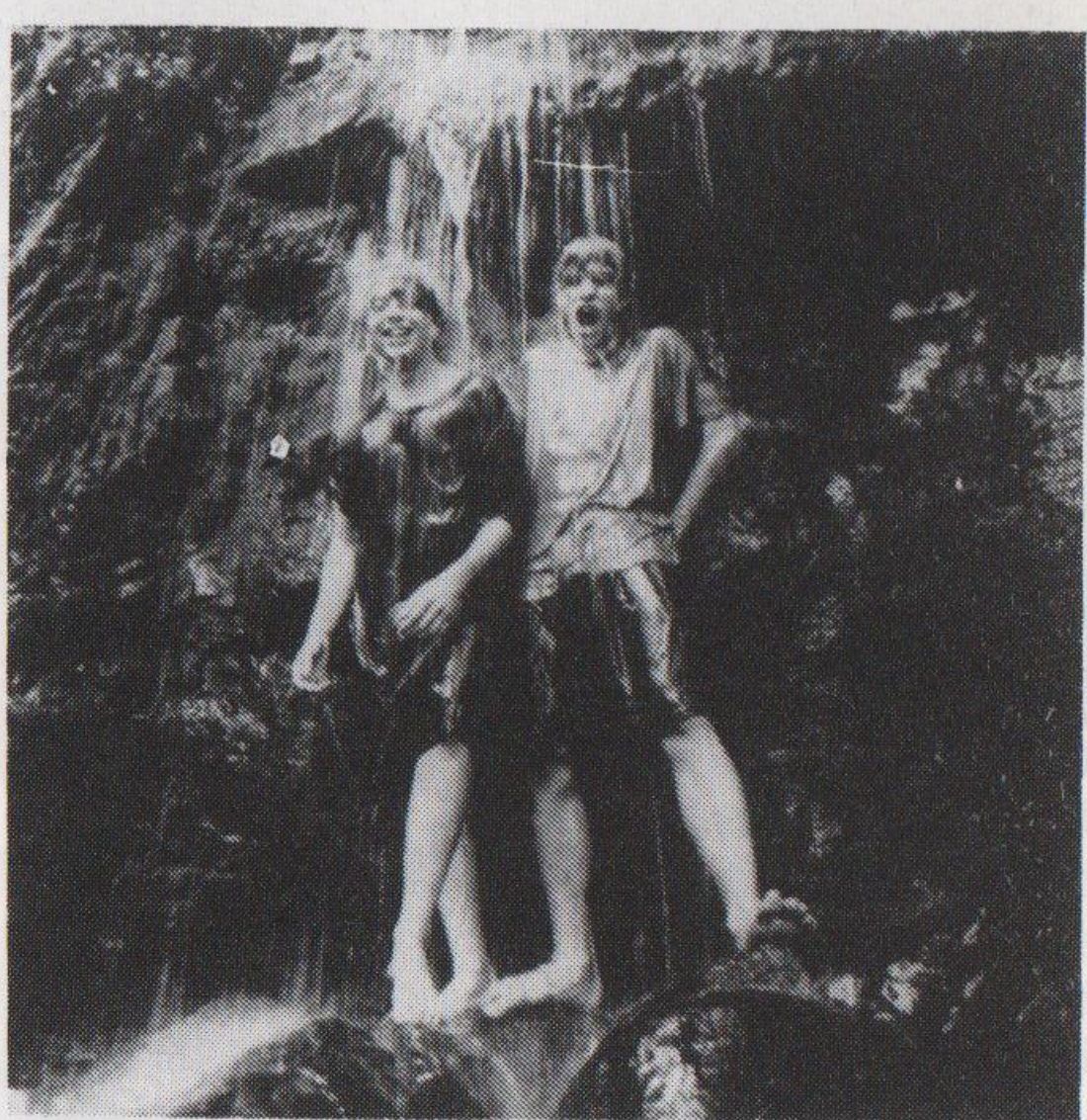
VARIOUS ARTISTS Monkey Business SYMARIP Moonstomp (Trojan)
The spirit of '69 revisited. The big name in skinhead reggae was Trojan, it had 17 top hits between 1969 and 1972 and regularly clocked up album sales of 60,000 in a market dominated by dinosaur rock. The Pyramids came over to the UK from Jamaica in 1969 and signed record deals with both Trojan and Pama, each with no knowledge of the other label's involvement — a real double rip off. Pama looked set to score a major hit with *Moonhop* by the Pyramids so Trojan rush released an uncredited version of it as *Skinhead Moonstomp* reversing the name to Symarip. History lesson over; these two releases on Trojan mark the high spot of the Ska invasion. *Monkey Business* features **Desmond Dekker, The Upsetters, The Pioneers, The Maytals** and loads more songs which may be more familiar to you because of the 80's Ska revival with The Specials, etc. Songs such as *Monkey Man* from The Maytals and *Long Shot Kick De Bucket* by The Pioneers. No doubt about it this is a glorious retro on an age when skinhead meant more than wanking over a dead German dictator and skinhead culture had more in common with Jamaica than Rostock. **TFDN**

WAYNE KRAMER The Hard Stuff (Epitaph)
Back when punk was young and dinosaurs ruled the earth I was at a mate's house listening to Sham 69 and Penetration when someone put on the first MCS album *Kick Out The Jams*. "Fucking hell," I said, "is this a new album?" "No mate, it's about 10 years old!" I was gob-smacked that anything so good could have surfaced from the pre-punk primordial soup. *Kick Out The Jams* was a classic; *The Hard Stuff* is just as good. Following spells in Was (Not Was), The Deviants and Lexington State Penitentiary, Kramer got together with members of Suicidal Tendencies, The Melvins, Bad Religion and the Circle Jerks to record this beast of an album. *Edge Of A Switchblade*, *Bad Seed* and the old MCS classic *Poison* stand head and shoulders above most of the processed, pre-packaged re-treads that stand for punk these days. To quote Henry Rollins : "Fire up *High Time* or *Raw Power* by the Stooges and most of your record collection crawls away to hide for fear of getting exposed for the over-hyped, pale imitation of the real thing that it is." I hope in 20 years time I'm still around to say the same thing about *The Hard Stuff*.



SLEEPER photo: Kevin Westenburg

Inbetween (Indolent)
Sleeper back with a new album, new single/video, Radio One session and tour for '95. The video which features the ultra camp Dale Winton (Supermarket Sweep) buying Sleeper own brand products is a hoot. *Inbetween* is about the ultra normal car washing middle class jerk that everyone— even his wife —secretly despises. Sleeper, as usual, has a mix of beautiful vocals and dagger sharp riffs. Given the promo push this band are receiving the time is ripe for Sleeper to become justifiably huge. **Tha Fat Daed Nazi**



WEEN photo: Danny Clinch

Chocolate And Cheese (Flying Nun)
The bastard offspring of Frank Zappa and the Residents are back. Dean and Gene Ween, the alter egos of Mickey Melchiondo and Aaron Freema, have been inflicting their own brand of weirdness on us since 1985. This new album continues their own style of "jerkng about making funny noises." Some say that they're the sound of a bee-stung victim on acid. Whatever, this is one fun album, the production by Andrew Weiss of the Rollins Band does justice to the violent mood swings of songs such as *Don't Shit Where You Eat*, *Mister Would You Please Help My Pony* and the ultra sick *Spinal Meningitis* (*Got Me Down*). This is an album to put on when the alcohol's kicking in and your body's the home of more chemicals than ICI. Damn good fun.

BAD RELIGION Stranger Than Fiction (Columbia)
Joining the ranks of the major label American 'punk' bands (Offspring, Green Day etc.) comes the once mighty Bad Religion. After 10 years of indie punk they now have the corporate muscle to 'cross over' to a wider audience. This release will coincide with a massive campaign including the MTV Headbangers ball. Now don't get me wrong, I'm all in favour of punk bands becoming successful but their integrity is bloody hard to keep once they become part of the corporate machine — just ask the Beggars. Musically this will please the fans of Bad Religion without alienating the fickle MTV record buying public. It includes, for the countless time, *21st Century Digital Boy* and some of the new stuff— *Better Off Dead*, *Individual and Television*—would sit happily on any Bad Religion disc to date. After all this I can't help feeling something is missing. **TFDN**

LISA GERMANO Geek The Girl (4AD)
Just why someone as beautiful and talented as Lisa Germano should be enduring so many personal crises may be baffling, but it's a major part of the human dilemma that fires her personal creativity. This, her second LP, follows the delayed release of the remarkable debut, *Happiness*, earlier this year and is a distinctly more downbeat affair, stripped of the clanging guitars and tough rhythms that often threatened to engulf her precious, breathy vocals. Lyrically though we're on familiar ground again, but this is no mere rehashing of a volcanic adolescence, more a genuine attempt to "believe in something beautiful" (her sleeve-notes) in the face of global chaos: "I don't know much about saviours/But I hope that we share a prayer" she proclaims on *My Secret Reason*. Less immediate than *Happiness* on the surface, but the intimacy and intensity that envelop *Geek The Girl* are the stuff of legends. How much better can she possibly get?

DEAD CAN DANCE Towards The Within (4AD)
I saw Dead Can Dance in concert once, and was struck by the force with which their elaborate album soundscapes were brought to life. This new live disc was recorded before an 'invited' American audience (which no doubt accounts for the wildly enthusiastic yelping after each piece) and largely consists of new material. Whilst many of their contemporaries have raided the '60s for inspiration, Dead Can Dance have continuously rooted into musical patterns from the 11th century onwards. The result is no bland meshing of quasi-classical symbolism, but a gripping blend of vocal phrasing and spiritual interludes that put new perspectives on the eclecticism of world music. We've really taken Dead Can Dance and their delirious musical quests for granted thus far. *Towards The Within* (also available on video) gives us another chance to acknowledge their magic. **Gareth Thompson**



CZECHCORE S.R.K.
Warning: Only For Extremists CD
 33 tracks of Czechoslovakian crust a la Anal Cunt / Sore Throat with throat cancer vocals and thrash core music. Very D.I.Y. hand-coloured covers and hand-written lyric sheet. Limited edition (numbered) of 500 from Jiri Matejcek, Loosova 14, 63800 Brno, CZECHOSLOVAKIA. Oh yeah, it's in Czechoslovakian so I ain't got a clue what they're on about—but they mean it.

BRACKET ...presents **5.35** ep (Rise records)
This band wanna be Green Day so much it hurts. Maybe that's no bad thing but a tad more originality wouldn't go amiss. Melodic, fast, clean pop punk, instantly forgettable lyrics. Huge Balloon, Why Should Eye and Mother To Blame all done perfectly competently but at the end of the day, like most melodic punk, why bother?

GUTTERMOUTH *Friendly People* (Nitro)
There are bands that I know I'll be listening to in ten years time; bands that I pointed on my leather jacket ten years ago and I'm not embarrassed about today; bands that stand head and shoulders above the soap and studs hordes, bands like SLF, D.I., The Ramones, Cocksparrer; bands so perfect it's almost criminal; bands like Guttermouth. Yep, it's that good. Don't take my word for it, check out the intro to *P.C.*, the chain-saw at the beginning of *Disneyland*, the lyrics to *Asshole*, the anti-straightedge polemic of *Derek*, the horn section on *Veggie*. This is so fucking good it's frightening... (Exit reviewer stage left foaming at the mouth cuddling leather jacket mumbling incoherently)

JASON & THE SCORCHERS

A Blazing Grace (Mammoth)

Jason & The Scorchers crossover the trail between Country and Punk, from which few have emerged unscathed—ask Social Distortion. If you don't get it just right you risk alienating both sets of fans. Imagine a punk Johnny Cash (though I reckon he was one of the first punks anyway) tied in with the Ramones and you'll get some idea of the pure power of this record. *Hells Gates* and *200% Proof Lovin* kick up a royal storm. Slow, soulful C&W numbers such as *Somewhere Within* and *Where Bridges Never Burn* exist alongside punk classics like *One More Day A Weekend*. A cover of John Denver's *Country Roads* is done with a sneer and pure pogo power—an absolute killer! Green Mohawks and cowboy boots, anyone?

GODFLESH *Crush My Soul* EP (Earache)
From the latest album *Selfless*, two versions are on offer on this three-tracker. Good value for money? You tell me. The cover features a mock crucifixion and buckets of cow's blood, and the video has scenes of cock-fighting. Well fuck you—all very shocking, I don't think. The music is heavy and powerful enough without all that exploitative shit. Don't tell me it's done in the name of art—art is shit when animals suffer.

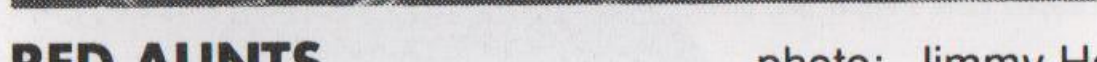
PET LAMB *Where Did Your Plans Go?* (Roadrunner) A Dublin Circle Jerks meets the Buzzcocks. Sounds strange but it's true. Up front hardcore attack with energy and substance, this is the surprise of the month, with me thinking 'Pet Lamb? what a crap name'. More fool me, this is as hard as Henry Rollins on PCP. Brutal hardcore like this should be played at full volume wherever Green Day fans gather to drink milk. Show them what a bit of vodka ca do. If Pet Lamb can kick it up this well live, Derby The Wherehouse May 2nd should be the place to be.

A.C. Top 40 Hits (Earache)
I've followed Anal Cunt (for it is they) for a few years now, right through their splits with the Meat Shits and Psycho up to the *Live and Unplugged* EPs. Now they've signed to Earache and as one title says, *I Liked Earache better When Dig Answered The Phone*. Taking one joke—out-Napalm Deathing Napalm Death—and stretching it until it is tight enough to bounce off, A.C. have flogged it to death. Now and then the odd track (and there are forty of them) does raise a smile, notably on the cover versions *American Woman, Theme from the A Team*, *I'm Still Standing*, *The Pina Colada Song* (seriously, this is sick) and my personal fave *Staying Alive (Oi Version)*. A couple of the other tracks stand out—*Living Colour Is My Favourite Black Metal Band* and *Art Gag*, but the rest is filler. Sore Throat did it better and knew when to quit.

SONIC YOUTH
Confusion Is Sex/Kill Yr Idols (Blast First)
 A rerelease of the collectors' item second Sonic Youth album, originally on the New York label Neutral and including the 1983 12" *Kill Yr Idols*. This is a testament to the power of Sonic Youth. I defy anyone to find a better version of Iggy Pop's *I Wanna Be Your Dog* anywhere. Powerful, moody and spiteful, Sonic Youth were at the centre of the New York Anti music scene of the early 80's along with the likes of the Swans and Lydia Lunch. This is the soundtrack of alienated youth long before Kurt Cobain and Cohorts turned rebellion into money. Accept no flaccid alternatives— tune in to the Real McCoy.

GENE OCTOBER *Life And Struggle* (Receiver)
Ex porn star, victim in Jubilee and some time singer for seminal punk rock band Chelsea, Gene October offers an eleven track solo album. What is it with old punks that they end up embracing either R&B or the very music punk set out to destroy? *Born To Keep On Running* is a punk rock footstomper but then the album branches off into R&B (*Count To Ten*), psychedelia (*Butterfly*) and Blues (*Every Time I See You I Know I Just Gotta Go*). It's not bad, just a bit disappointed for real Chelsea fans. I can't see anyone following the violent mood swings of this album.

JOHN OTWAY
Premature Adulation (Amazing Feet)
 He's been around since I was a kid, everyone thought 'one hit wonder' after *Really Free* with Wild Willy Barret, and it is unlikely that we'll ever see John on *Top Of The Pops* again, but.... this album is pure heaven. *Judgement Day*, about a past lover turning up at the Pearly Gates with the entire family to argue with St. Peter; *Please Don't Read My Poetry* about some git reading your pathetically inept inner thoughts to the world for general ridicule; *The Saddest Sound Since The Blues* where Otway comments over a really sad love song; and for me there is only one truly beautiful track, check out the lyrics to *Poetry And Jazz* and see if you can recognise anyone you know. This disc is really so good it is hard to explain. I suggest you ask Scotty.



#1 Chicken (Epitaph)

Not unlike Skinned Teen and Blat, this all female four-piece knock out fourteen songs of manic punk rock in twenty-three minutes. The low tech production adds to the immediacy of the songs and Gore freaks will love the four blood-spattered band portraits enclosed. It took me four or five listens to really get into this—the screechy vocals take some getting used to. It was worth it and I'll even forgive the Status Quo guitar break on Detroit Valentine. The song about Charlie Brown's mate *Peppermint Patty* shows that this band have the correct cultural background for the 90's.

ANGEL CAGE *Box Trimmer* EP (Org)
The label run by *Organ* fanzine signed Angel Cage after one gig and their previous name Anaseed and it's easy to see why. Late 70's sensibilities tied to 90's street cynicism were enough to blow Terrorvision off stage during a recent tour. *Lady Die* is a bile-filled attack on someone or other and Sorry is Patti Smith revisited — no bad thing. *Angel* brought to mind penetration with an abrasive edge — pure magic. *Blind* marches in to an early sub-Siouxsie basement where Chrissie Hynde is ritually humiliated. Sleeper could take lessons in attitude from Angel Cage. Org looks like being a label to watch in '95.



Innocent (Touch And Go)
This is part of the Killozder's plan to subvert the youth of today. Their plan for hard line communism had faltered so they decided to complete the education of the children of the world. This is not Brer Rabbit, this is not Mother Goose, this is pure gravel-mouthed rock with ironic lyrics and hard nosed cynicism. As pure and bitter as it gets. Beefheart with Doc Martens, Zappa without the acid.

MORBID ANGEL *Domination* (Earache)
After selling 200,000 copies of their last Earache disc *Covenant*, Morbid Angel have toured with Black Sabbath and Motorhead. The sound is more structured and, if anything, heavier. Produced by Bill Kennedy (Motley Crüe) this power is exploited to the full. Acid and gravel vocals over a thundering back-drop of sledge-hammer drumming, morbid Angel continue to do what they do well. Growling death metal with titles such as *Where The Slime Live*, *Hatework* and *Nothing But Fear*, the crusty hordes will lap this up. It's nothing new but when you are down in the pit of Hell there isn't much room for invention. Not a band you'd take home for tea with mum. They'd eat her poodle.

TRIBE 8 *Fist City* (Alternative Tentacles)
San Francisco-based "all Dyke punk rock band", a sort of Lesbian Supersuckers. This is hard as fuck, putting their message across with an unmistakable sarcasm. Tracks like *Neanderthal Dyke* and *Femme Bitch Top* poke fun at Lesbian stereotypes. *Frat Pig* is my fave with the lyrics "Frat pig/it's called gang rape/ we're gonna play a game/ called let's castrate ". *Freedom* is about the frustration of being stuck in a prison called home—" tell you a thing or three about non monogamy ". Homocore may be this year's big thing but once the sa bastards who follow fashion have moved on to the next fad Tribe 8 will stand as what they are. Blazing punk rock, dare I say with bollox. No, probably not, but whatever they've got they use it.

CONTEMPT *Still Fighting On* (Retch Records)
Back to '82 English Dogs style punk rock with songs such as *A.C.A.B.*, *See Me Bleed* and *I Hate The Tories* with how to open the door to a Conservative candidate — "*How does 'fuck off' grab ya!*". Some might say that this is a bit dated but I'd say this is more relevant now in the sterile mid '90s. I'd rather listen to one punk band like Contempt than 10 fucking Green Day wanna be's.

DISCARD
Four Minutes Past Midnight (Ripping Records)
 Does the punk scene really need another fucking Dis-band? Predictably they sound like Discharge (well you'd expect them to wouldn't you?) This particular bunch of Cal's come from Sweden and must be filling a market need. What's the point? Me, I'd rather listen to *Ain't No Feeble Bastard* than *I Won't Surrender*.

RESIST

Endless Resistance (Niktnic Nie Wie Records)

A re-release of *The Solution...Revolution* album with added EPs and live recordings. This is a joint release between three labels, one American, one Czechoslovakian, and one Polish. True international punk co-operation. This is political power thrash with well thought out lyrics about such diverse issues as multi death corporations, homelessness, fascists, homophobia—too many to cover in this review. Oh yeah, it also comes with instructions in bomb-making with the headline 'Don't delay—do it today'. Punk as fuck.

The Fat Dead Nazi



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