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inside:

films about the sixties:

I shot Andy Warhol Kerouac

win *Rolling Stones Rock and Roll Circus* videos

live reveiws: THE BEEF Ultraviolence DODGY
Charlie Chuck NUT Screaming Trees

record reviews: THE X-RAYS New Bomb Turks CABLE
ART OF NOISE (the drum and bass collection)

Kenickie LAMB Porcupine Tree

A HOUSE Skunk Anansie

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Issue # 48

FREE

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Okay.

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But if you're looking for a night of

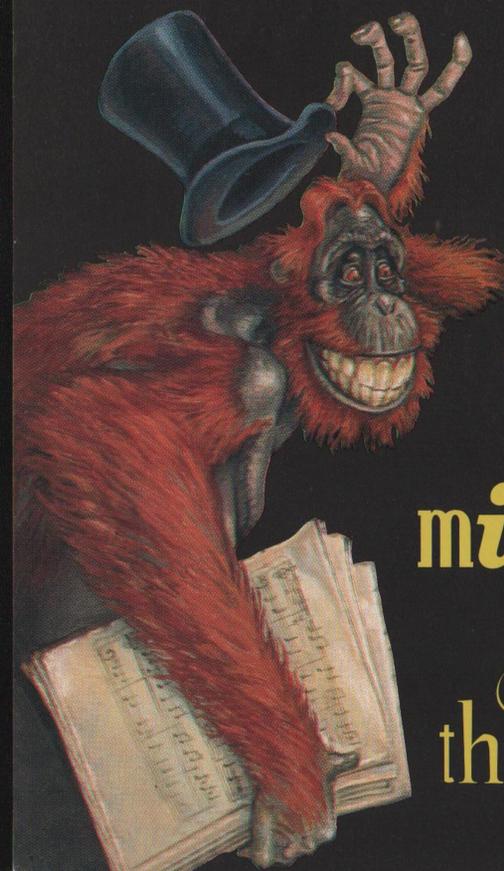
unconstrained hilarity,

theatrical mayhem,

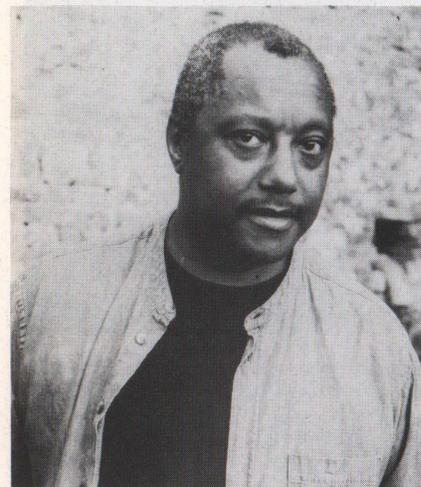
mindbending music,

(and some rather good jokes)

might we suggest you skip to the back page?



firstofall:



Nottingham Community Arts organisation is planning a series of live entertainment intended to give the opportunity to local artists of seeing established performers in the field of poetry and music and at a later date of show-casing their own work. Under the banner of **N.C.A. LIVE!**, the first event will be a performance by singer and poet **Labi Siffre** (pic. above) at the Atrium Theatre, Djanogly College on Friday November 29th at 8pm. Then on Friday 13th December London based **Big Word** bring their rapid fire poetry to town joined by local word man **Steve Carroll**.

Following the success of their first night as part of the Now '96 festival, **Fusion** returns to The Essance on Friday 6th December. This time acts include **Higher Intelligence Agency**, **Thomas Heckmann**, and a live drum and bass performance by **Kid Loopz** and **Cleveland Watkiss**.

As from Saturday 7th December, Leeds' biggest club promotions company **Up Yer Ronson** will be hosting a weekly event at the newly refurbished Time nightclub in Derby, which has had a half million quid face-lift on the theme of the work of Salvador Dali. Resident DJs are **Paul Murray** and **Neil Metzner** who will be joined by **Seb Fontaine** for the opening night. See listings.

Antonina's debut single *To Whom It May Concern* is out on East West this month. An album follows, produced by Adrian Sherwood and featuring **Keith Leblanc** and **Skip Macdonald** from Tackhead. Her live band features Salv, bassist from **S*M*A*S*H** and they appear at The Old Angel on Friday 13th December.



Following the amazingly catchy *The Girl Who Sold The World*, **Spacemaid** (pic. above) release a limited edition 7" of the Ramones classic *Do You Remember Rock 'n' Roll Radio?* and it features **Joey Ramone** himself. The

single, on pink vinyl is only available mail order from Big Star, 32 Queensdale Road, London W11 4SB for £2 inc. p&P or at Spacemaid gigs, and they just happen to be appearing at Sam Fay's on Tuesday 26th November so mosey on down and score a copy. also on the same bill are **The Bigger The God** and **Battle of The Bands** champs **Dog Tomas** (if they've recovered from the case of Smirnoff and £500 they won).

Following their barrier breaking appearance at Sam Fay's **Drugstore** retire to the peace and quiet of southern Spain the complete an album which should be out early next year. In the meantime they have a single *Mondo Cane* on 7" and cd containing the bonus track *The Adventures Of Isabel*. **Reef** go on tour in December with an appearance at Rock City (11th) prior to releasing a new single *Soft Song*. An album follows in January.

AERIAL

After considering twelve proposals, the Radio Authority has decided that the new regional Independent Local Radio license for the East Midlands should go to the East Midlands Broadcasting Company Ltd. And what delights may we expect from them? "...a broadly even mix of speech and melodic music targeting an audience aged 30-54." SHIT! Serves you right for not voicing/writing your opinion. So tune instead to 107.5 for KICK (a student) FM.

Ghostface Killah a.k.a. **Ironman** joins his fellow Wu-Tang Clan members as a solo artist with the release of his debut album for Razor Sharp/Epic entitled *Ironman* and track one happens to be called *Iron Maiden*.

Zeni Gava have a new LP on Skin Graft Records entitled *Nai-ha* which comes with a bonus 12" by little known **Superunit** featuring members of Zeni Gava with bassist **MAS-P** and **Steve Albini** on guitar and vocals. Dirty popcore outfit **Deadstar** have released a three track cd *Sex Sell* produced by Mark Freegard (Manics, Breeders, Madder Rose) and you can hear it on their sex line 0891 660601.

Nottingham Castle Museum and Art Gallery is holding an auction of contemporary work by the region's artists. Organised jointly with **Contemporary Arts in Practise**, an artist-led group based at Oldknows Studios, selected works will be on show from Nov. 23rd with the auction taking place on Saturday 30th. Prices range from as little as £30 to around £250, and anyone with a temporary cash flow problem who cannot resist a certain item can take advantage of East Midland's Arts *Acquire* purchase scheme, designed to help artists sell work to poor people by arranging interest free loans to the purchaser.

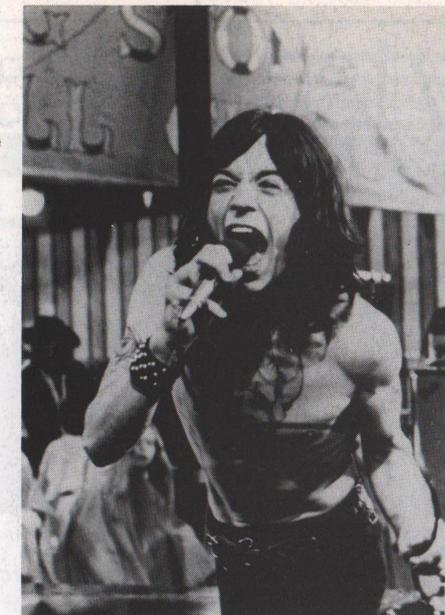
The legendary lost *Läther* album by **Frank Zappa** (pronounced 'leather') is available for the first time ever. It features versions, remixes and edits of familiar tracks that appeared on four separate albums in 1978 and 1979.

Alisha's Attic debut album *Alisha Rules The World* is out now on Mercury.

On U Sound's sister label Pressure Sounds has just released it's first non-reggae album with the debut by didgeridoo led techno dub trance outfit **Tribal Drift**. Entitled *Priority Shift (A Bridge In Time)*, it's the result of them being left with a free hand in On U's spanky studio. Tribal Drift appear live at Loughborough University on Nov. 25th supporting Dreadzone.

FREEFORALL

We have ten copies of *The Rolling Stones Rock and Roll Circus* video to give away. Filmed over two days in December 1968 it was originally intended as a TV special. As well as a host of circus performers, Mick Jagger enlisted **The**



Who, a once-only performance by **The Dirty Mac** (John Lennon, Eric Clapton, Keith Richards and Mitch Mitchell), **Whole Lotta Yoko** (same line up plus Yoko Ono, and violinist Ivy Gitlis and the first ever public performance together by John and Yoko), **Jethro Tull**, **Taj Mahal**, Mick's then girlfriend **Marianne Faithful** and, of course, **The Rolling Stones** themselves. Word quickly spread that the show was something special, an extraordinary celebration of the sheer verve and vivacity of rock 'n' roll and became one of the most eagerly awaited films of the late sixties. Yet as the months went by it became apparent that it had been consigned, unseen, to the vaults. The truth is that the Stones weren't happy with their relaxed, informal, goofing around performance, ending as it did with exhaustion and frustration at 3.30 am, only to spontaneously recombust with a 5am rendition of *Sympathy For The Devil*. It finally sees the light of day on November 11th 1996, nearly twenty-eight years later. To enter the competition simply send us a postcard with your name and address. First ten out the hat will win a copy.

Yet another Band Competition is about to commence in the area, this time at the Skyy Club, Alfreton Road, Nottingham. Entitled Try Indie Skyy this one is a fortnightly event beginning Weds. 27th November and for those who can concentrate that long, the final takes place on Weds. 2nd July. They ought to sell season tickets for this one, however admission costs £2.50 (£2 concs.) on the door and incorporates an indie disco. See listings.

Syndicate* return to Nottingham next month with a gig at The Old Angel on Weds. 11th December to coincide with the release of their third single *Invisible Me*. An album *The Smile Says It All* produced by John Robb follows.

Published by Paul Overall with assistance from Mischa Gulseven.
Contributions from: Gareth Thompson, Christine Chapel, Hank Quinlan, Matt Arnoldi, Sid Abuse, D? CI?, Ady Harper, Sam Mansour, Frances Richards, Margarita Fulbeck, Sarah Hawkins, John Haylock and Laura Hobson.
Special thanks to Graham The Printer and Nigel The Finisher.

Annual subscription: U.K. £12 Europe £16
Cheques / POs payable to "Overall"
PO Box 73, West PDO,
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visual:



TOUCH OF EVIL dir. Orson Welles

In 1958 *Touch Of Evil* marked the return to Hollywood of irascible, errant genius and shameless sherry ad. man Orson Welles. Although originally only contracted to act, he and the film's influential star Charlton Heston soon persuaded the studio bosses to let him direct and, without ever reading Whit Masterson's source novel, rewrite the entire script. The result, though a commercial flop on its first release, remains one of Welles's greatest triumphs as his trademark visual flair and an excessive flamboyance turned an otherwise obscure b-movie reject into a brilliant, sublime thriller.

From the bravura opening sequence onwards the screen is filled with a succession of elaborate camera shots, eccentric characters and eerie, exotic locations. A dark, distorted Mexican border town provides an atmospheric backdrop whilst up front, honest, incorruptible Hispanic cop Vargas (Heston) feuds with his double-dealing American counterpart the hideous, bug-eyed behemoth Hank Quinlan (Welles himself, of course). Quinlan's an old time detective who trusts his instincts, gets it right but then, to Vargas' obvious indignation fabricates evidence just to make extra sure of the conviction. Caught up in their conflict are Vargas' virtuous wife Susan (Janet Leigh), Quinlan's devoted assistant Menzies (Joseph Cellaia), local racketeer Uncle Joe Grandi (Akim Tamiroff) and gypsy fortune teller Tanya, bizarrely but touching played by fading Teutonic beauty Marlene Dietrich. Welles crafted some wonderful exchanges of dialogue through which he skilfully explored issues of truth and justice, worship and betrayal, and power and corruption in a morally ambiguous world. We're talking favourite films here, so excuse the overdose of superlatives, but *Touch Of Evil* is truly a dark, murderous, invigorating masterpiece. **Hank Quinlan**

Touch Of Evil caresses the devil at Broadway, Fri. 20th - Monday 23rd December

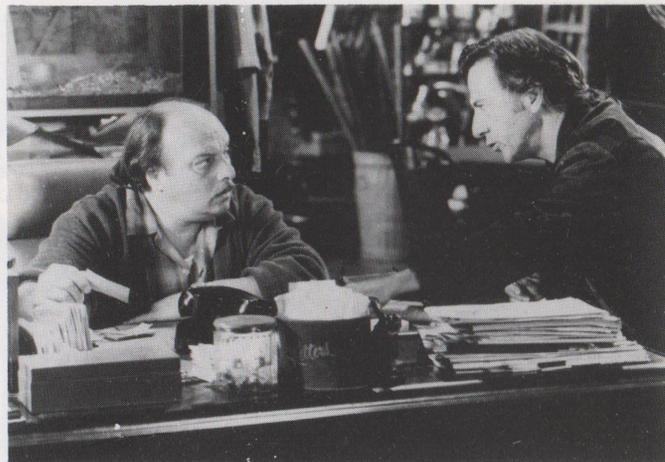
I SHOT ANDY WARHOL dir. Mary Harron

Though trading on his reputable and no doubt more marketable name the 60's peroxide blond icon is relegated to a supporting role in this droll look at the life and bad times of his would-be assassin Valerie Solanas. Founder and sole member of the Society for Cutting Up Men (SCUM) and author of its infamous manifesto, Solanas (Lili Taylor) is a complex character who can either be judged harshly as a lunatic lesbian psycho or sympathetically as a proto-feminist raging against an unjust and unmerciful world. First time director and former rock journalist Mary Harron leans decidedly to the latter viewpoint and seeking answers and explanations delves deep into a background of child abuse, prostitution and a frustrating, fruitless career as a writer. Full of ideas and ambition, though absolutely unfabulous, Solanas' efforts are constantly met with rejection or betrayal, souring early promise and replacing it with dark, paranoid fantasy. The final push over the edge comes with Warhol (Jared Harris) and his rarefied Factory full of speed freaks, transvestites and would-be starlets and artists. Initially their relationship is profitable and rewarding, but soon Solanas' aggressive personality starts to grate and following ostracism from the in-crowd, she's all set for bloody revenge on the man who, in her own words, "had too much control over my life". Taylor is vibrant and resourceful as Solanas and her plight is treated with both humour and pathos. Even better though is Harris (son of legendary hell-raiser Richard) as the mild-mannered and masterfully evasive Warhol and, among the 15-minute fringe figures at the Factory, Stephen Dorff as superstar Candy Darling. Period details and cultural attitudes of the time are also impressively captured, there's a cool John Cale soundtrack, and the grainy photography recalls the look of Warhol's own movies. One jarring aspect of the film, however, is the lack of true compassion Harron and co-writer Daniel Minahan show towards Solanas' victim. History confirms that Warhol's strength and artistic spirit never recovered from her attempt on his life, and though he may have been an egotistical bastard and a shameless exploiter of other people's talent, there was nothing he did that could ever justify her actions. Flawed then, but still a very satisfactory cinematic experience. **Hank Quinlan**

I Shot Andy Warhol takes the trash out at Broadway from Friday 27th December

DEAD PRESIDENTS

The Hughes' brothers second film is a Vietnam-based drama that is really three stories in one: the high-school upbringing of black boy Anthony Curtis; his flight to join the war in Vietnam; and his return as a swiftly forgotten hero struggling to make a living on the streets. Although this area has been covered before in detail, the film gives a rounded view of Curtis, neatly tells the three tales as one and provides a decent feature-length film with plenty of roles for a host of black actors. It also has one of the best soundtracks to emerge this year, for its capture of the period as it journeys from the late 70's through to the early 80's. It's difficult to see what message the Hughes' brothers are trying to put across or why they wanted to make it, but much work has gone into it and it will find an audience, particularly amongst the black community. **Matt Arnoldi**



AMERICAN BUFFALO

Dustin Hoffman and Dennis Franz star in a stagey affair written by David Mamet and directed by Michael Corrente about a couple of lowlives who realise they're on to a good thing when a local antiques dealer pays them a fair few dollars for an old coin. They reason he must have a valuable collection and plan to rob him. The burglary is painstakingly worked out but goes no further in a story that would work a good deal better on stage. It suffocates in a static film precisely because the celluloid medium demands more action, more things happening. Sean Nelson (*Fresh*) stars as a young black errand boy who wants to muscle in on the action. Reasonable performances, dialogue that holds the tension in the same way that Pinter's *The Caretaker* does, but alas the same amount of inactivity (as in the Pinter play) eventually leads to frustration rather than admiration. **MA**

At Broadway Fri 6th - Thurs 12th Dec.

THE PILLOW BOOK

In which a girl, Nagiko (played unengagingly by Vivian Wu) whose father used to write a birthday greeting on her face, has a string of lovers and insists that all write on her body. She is impressed as much by calligraphy skills as by their prowess in bed so illegible scribbles need not apply! Nagiko takes an English lover Jerome (Ewan McGregor) who persuades her to write on him and for him then to take her words to a publisher she is trying to impress. Well it's the sort of thing you would do isn't it? The publisher is interested in her work as much because he is also Jerome's lover leading to jealousy first on Nagiko's part and later on Jerome's as Nagiko chooses to write on the bodies of other men instead for her subsequent 12 chapters. With Nagiko and Jerome at loggerheads, the story leads swiftly to tragedy before it turns over a new page to add a new dimension. This is a typical Greenaway tale with striking visuals, memorably haunting music and a delightfully weird approach towards calligraphy and human skin as paper. **MA**

At Broadway Sat 23rd Nov - Sun 1st Dec

A SUMMER'S TALE (CONTE D'ETE)

Eric Rohmer returns to the screen with another of his essays from a series of films on the subject of the *Tales Of The Four Seasons*. This one is about a man called Gaspard who literally has women falling over him which puts him in a dilemma because he's not sure who to date. On summer holidays in Dinard, he meets Margot, a student, in a restaurant. At the time, he's waiting for another girl Lena. Then when they go to a disco, he meets Solene and he finds he can't take his eyes off her. Romance made easy, or perplexing, depending on which way you look at it. **MA**

At Broadway Fri 29th Nov -Thurs 5th Dec

MR RELIABLE

From Australia comes a skittish romantic comedy set in the 50's about a couple holed up in a house. When Wally Mellish shacks up with a local girl in a house but fires just above the heads of some local cops by mistake, the rest of the police mob misguidedly jump to conclusions and think they've got a siege situation on their hands with Wally holding the girl hostage. The comedy stems from the fact that the two of them are really lovers and couldn't give a XXXX for the local police force and media outside; they just want to be left alone. The trouble is, the more they try to escape from a sticky set-up, the deeper into the pit they dig themselves. Directed by Nadia Tass with a cast largely unknown in the UK and a bouncy period soundtrack that includes Cream, Joe Cocker, the Lovin' Spoonful and the Small Faces, *Mr Reliable* is a vibrant feelgood movie, the sort of lively effervescent comedy that the Aussies do quite well. It's notable too, for a healthy, tongue-in-cheek view of a bungling police force trying but failing to keep on top of their own misinterpretation of who they are dealing with. **MA**

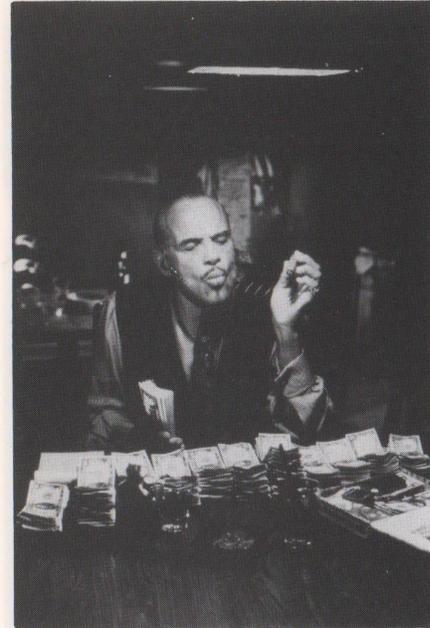
TWELFTH NIGHT

Trevor Nunn's breezy adaptation set specifically for the cinema screen. OK, the Bard wrote it in the 17th century so yes, it is a period piece but it does have contemporary messages relevant to today. To some extent, this is a gender Bender piece as identical twins Viola and Sebastian are shipwrecked and survive without knowing if the other is alive or dead. Viola then acts as a go-between for a local Duke and his lady love. An all-star cast includes the likes of Toby Stephens, Richard E Grant, Mel Smith, Helena Bonham-Carter and Imogen Stubbs. It has its moments and is less confusing than some Shakespeare adaptations. **MA**

At Broadway Fri 6th - Thurs 12th December

THE VAN

The latest reunion of Stephen Frears and Paddy Doyle who collaborated on *The Commitments* and *The Snapper*, *The Van* is about a baker on the dole in Barrytown, Dublin who buys a van with some redundancy money and goes into business as a fish and chippy. Will the venture work? Will all the money go to waste on what is effectively a mere gamble? Donal O'Kelly plays the baker turn take-away merchant, Colm Meaney lends a hand with the frying pan as his mate Larry. There are echoes of Ken Loach's *Raining Stones* where the name of the game was sheep rustling, or the nicking of grass turf; but whereas that film had a serious undercurrent, *The Van* is played out simply for laughs. *Nationwide from 29th Nov.* **MA**



KANSAS CITY

Robert Altman's wry glance at the Jazz age, both directed and written by him, in which two women (played by Jennifer Jason Leigh and Miranda Richardson) get mixed up with a local hoodlum (Harry Belafonte) as politicians fight to win the election of 1934 in Kansas City, Missouri. Steve Buscemi also pops up as an even nastier hoodlum than Belafonte, but his is a bit-part role compared with those of the two women. In terms of the plot, Jason Leigh is a rough diamond who has a boyfriend in trouble. She kidnaps the well-to-do wife of an eminent politician (Richardson) hoping that he will then put pressure on the cops to let her boyfriend go free. The movie itself packs less of a punch than you might think, considering it's an Altman film, but the performances aren't at all bad and the film grows on you. **MA**

At Broadway Friday 13th - Mon 23rd December

THE CROW: CITY OF ANGELS

A new story in *The Crow* anthology directed by the BBC's Tim Pope and starring Vincent Perez and Iggy Pop. Alas, Brandon Lee who starred in the first film of *The Crow* only to die before its completion, must be writing in his grave. Producers finished off *The Crow (1994)* without him and should've stopped there. Instead they got greedy and opted to make a sequel. BAD move! Unknown but current Tinseltown heartthrob Vincent Perez takes the "Lee" role, donning face paint to emerge as a cross between Marc Bolan and Adam Ant. Returning from the dead, he's given the powers of the crow to avenge his real-life murderer (a nondescript bunch led by Iggy Pop). Although based on James O'Barr's novel, this isn't a patch on the original, dishing up dull and elliptical dialogue, a very thin plot and endless, tedious shots of this blessed squawking crow! Nice soundtrack (PJ Harvey, Hole, Tricky) but it's a shame about the rest of it. For *Crow* buffs only. **Matt Arnoldi**

The Crow flies Nationwide from 22nd Nov

KEROUAC dir. John Antonelli (Mystic Fire Video)

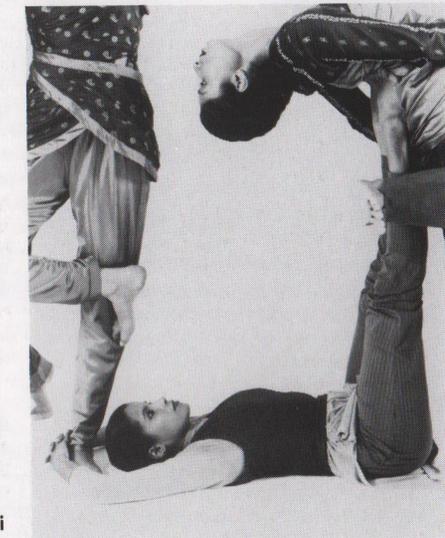
This Dutch film company are rather better known for serving up such titles as *Tantra Of Gyuto* and *Art Meets Science & Spirituality*. But knowing Kerouac's own definition of the Beat generation he helped to shape as "beatific", it seems appropriate to find a chronicle of the man's life amongst the other spiritual signposts of this video group. Opening and closing with an excerpt from the Steve Allen show back in 1959, the film offers very little footage of the man himself; reputedly there isn't much. What we do see depicts the later life, a slurred and slightly uncertain figure whose cool genius is still apparent. Various Kerouac contemporaries such as Carolyn Cassidy, Ginsberg, Burroughs, Huncke and Ferlinghetti are featured, proposing such character assessments of their late friend as "apolitical", "shy and introverted", "modern saint" and "big angelic genius". What this documentary actually does is authentically recreate certain scenes of the writer's life and illustrate them via readings from the appropriate novels, with further interviews and recollections. And it all works extremely well, particularly the poignant settings where a child actor dons appropriate period gear to realise the youthful Kerouac back in Lowell, Massachusetts. The death of his elder brother (recalled in *Visions Of Gerard*) indicates the earliest stirrings of the sacred vice that would pervade his finest work, further fuelled by his mother's religious devotion. We follow Jack's adult life pattern in the realistic hands of actor Jack

Coulter who captures the handsome charmer and manic, shivering despairer with equal ease. From the merchant marines to New York's Bohemian bar culture and his first smoke of pot, each major incident is narrated in fine detail. There's also the unlikely source of advice remembered by his old family priest, who told Jack to "spice his writing up a bit" after *The Town And The City* was published. Such encouragement was to bear fruit with the eventual release of *On The Road* and *Visions Of Cody*, both containing the inspiration of his "flaming comet from the west", Neal Cassady. Gilbert Millstein, who penned the legendary New York Times rave review of *On The Road*, also appears. Genuine hostile criticism (and there was plenty) is less conspicuous, apart from Truman Capote's legendary "that ain't writing, that's typewriting" quote. The British poet-critic who wrote of Kerouac "if you really think so low of the soul/why don't you write on a toilet roll?" is not approached for further comment either. Careful consideration is given to the events surrounding *The Dharma Bums*, arguably his finest hour and far more than the cash-in over *On The Road's* success that many still claim. By now Kerouac had discovered Zen Buddhism, and its meditative principles were rooted firmly alongside the living language jazz rhythms that had always filtered into his prose streams. We see him portrayed as washed up and done for on the beaches at Big Sur, the novel of which was every bit as bleak and indulgent as Scott Fitzgerald's despairing *The Crack Up*. The alcoholism that would also finish Kerouac off in his forties was now biting hard, and the colleagues that have survived him seem at a collective loss here to offer any solace or explanation.

This of course still remains essential to his mystic appeal, for the man who raged against robot society with his rucksack revolutionaries is no more ours to comprehend than was the self-destructive genius of Dylan Thomas in the decade before Kerouac's death.

With the eloquent strains of Mingus, Monk and Ellington providing a haunting backdrop to these scenarios, this film makes for compulsive viewing.

Gareth Thompson



SHOBANA JEYASINGH DANCE COMPANY

photo: Hugo Glendinning

TUMBUKA - DANCE COMPANY OF ZIMBABWE Nottingham The Playhouse

What with Shobana Jeyasingh apparently "blowing up the laboratory while keeping a cool head" and the "explosive" Tumbuka dance company, the incendiary press officers at the Playhouse were aiming to level Nottingham with these contributions to the Dance 4 season. In actual fact no four minute warning was required. First to attempt to light the touch paper was the intricate formal dance of Shobana Jeyasingh's company not putting a foot wrong in its uncluttered setting. The movements of the dancers and musicians (also on stage for *Romance...with Footnotes*, the first piece) interacted and woven against an aural backdrop of music and chanting. This to me created a calculated (but slightly cold) appreciation of elegant timing and precise movement, using Eastern dress, and the flexed feet and expressive hands of Indian dance (apparently Bharatha Natyarm, the classical dance of South India). Their second piece, *Palimpsest*, used these elements more effectively to throw the dance into sharper relief. The stage was made smaller by the addition of a blue squared backdrop, bringing the movement closer to the audience, strengthening our involvement. This intimacy was heightened by the dancers adding expression to their (formerly poker) faces to mime to the female voices chatting and laughing at points within the music. The flow of movement continued around them, never losing the colourful seamless thread moving across a spectrum of delicate

shades in both costume and dance.

The style of the Tumbuka Company the following evening was in many ways a complete contrast to Shobana Jeyasingh. The key elements of Tumbuka, the national company of Zimbabwe, were strong, male, physical movements and unrestrained expression where Jeyasingh's female dancers provided simple moods and feelings, control, restraint and measured movement all with consistent technical expertise, compared to which Tumbuka was more disjointed, cluttered and inconsistent. By paring the performance down to the bare essentials everything about Jeyasingh's company said quality. Tumbuka however had a more haphazard approach, throwing everything at you, moods, messages, meanings along with the technical quality of the actual dancing and lasting impression of what they were trying to express, sometimes losing out in the process. Their most impressive piece of dance was the *Solo For A Sweet Child* with one dancer (Alois Maqwenya standing out with his continued energy and skill), one musician (playing the mbira), a short running time and simple set. The only things on stage were a shallow pool of water and shimmering effect of light and liquid which he danced in and around, to great effect!

Where Tumbuka disappointed, despite glimpses of their potential, was in their more ambitious concepts - overreaching the limits of their technique which was at times rough and ready. But clichés within the message and movement being attempted confused the issues, for example, war is bad and involves running around and falling down lots of times; or *Quartet*, a tale of four brothers recapturing their childhood intimacies, told using four men jumping about and hugging;and at midnight we aired our souls, a simple story of 6 dancing men, 5 bar stools, 4 doctor's coats, 3 red light bulbs, 2 search lights, 1 sleazy woman, a plank of wood, a tiger skin rug and a chicken in a basket.

As each company left me feeling an element was missing I felt a more volatile concoction could have been created. Fusing the cool control of Shobana Jeyasingh with the enthusiastic energy of Tumbuka might have made for a more memorable blast.

Frances Richards

BUNTY MATTHIAS & CO.:Viewpoint Nottingham Playhouse

The world premiere of the company's ambitious new piece performed as part of the Now 96 Festival, Viewpoint tried to combine dance with architecture, a task which could easily appear impossible. Although not totally convincing, their interpretation showed an interesting and experimental approach.

The initial stage set, totally white with two large interlocking staircases, was impressive and hyped expectations of things to come, which the production failed to fulfill. The piece didn't manage to fully link the two concepts of architecture and dance. The skill and the beauty of the dancers, energetically delivering their movements, drew you into the piece, their performances were almost hypnotic at times. Strong use of shadows, both from the performers and the stage set were an excellent medium to enhance the dynamics of the dance.

Bunty Matthias was disappointing in that she never seemed to develop her part onto the anticipated level; she stayed in the background and yet made herself prominent, which became irritating. Viewpoint became stronger throughout the evening with some well choreographed and brilliantly executed solo performances and the dancers worked more successfully as a company. If the dance felt fragmented at the beginning it soon became smoother, and seemingly grew together into a whole, an enjoyable experience which left us wondering, 'yes an exciting piece—but what are the links between dance and architecture?'

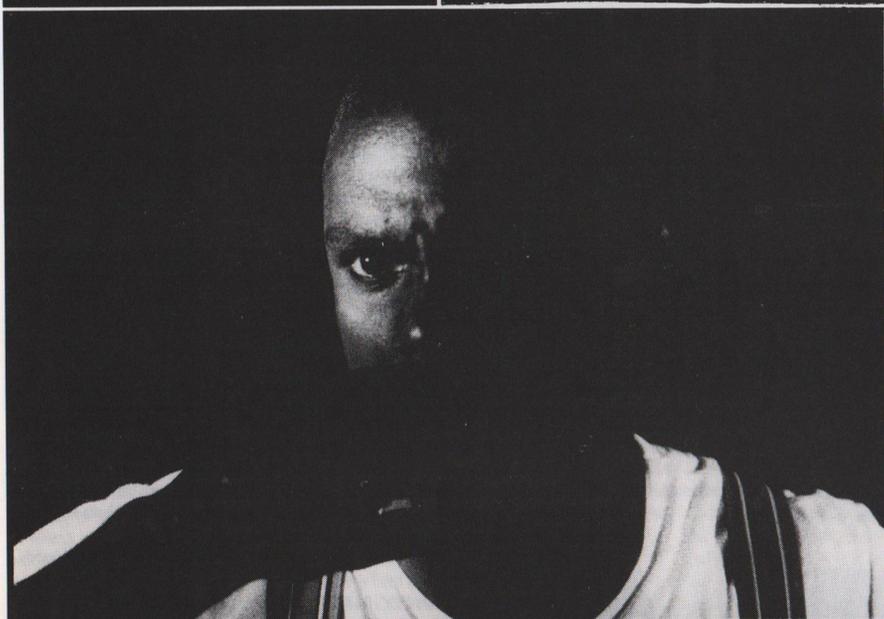
NIGEL LAWSON ON DIETING

A short memory can make big bucks! Ever-so-sneaky and now not so cheeky. Can you remember a tubby man who played the part of a machine gun, used by Thatcher to obliterate the nation that put her there? His name was Lawson and he resigned before we found out exactly what he had done to us. Now he's back, this time in the guise of masterchef celeb. and slimmer of the year. His book on starvation management is packed full of recipes for people with no money. It could be read as an optimistic view of food on the bread line. A celebration of the good side to poverty— weight loss.

We never asked him to share in our misery. It was his own altruistic nature and sympathetic reasoning which led him to starve with us. His suffering is plain to see, he now has enough spare skin to upholster that Jag his government sold to the Americans. He has been left looking like the economy he fiddled with, stretched and deflated. Baggy and sunken. Thin and humourless. Keep losing those pounds, we are!

Sam Mansour

FRIED ALIVE!

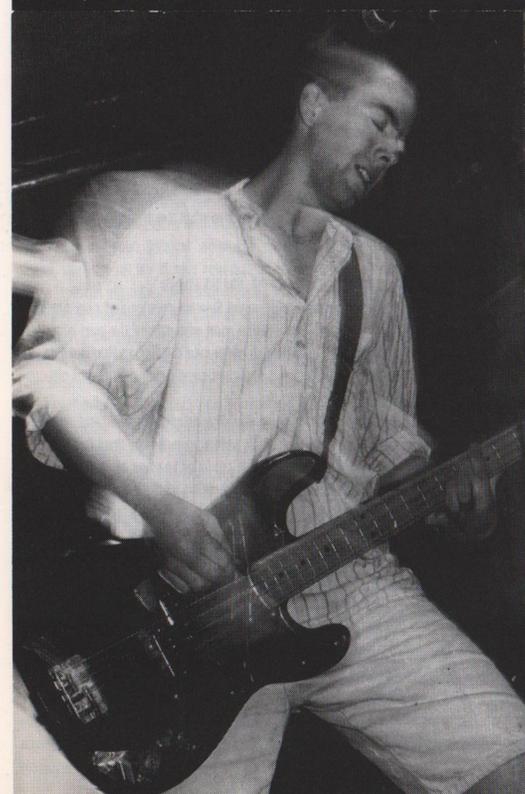


THE BEEF Nottingham Sam Fay's

The Beef was Malicious management's showcase of raw Nottingham rock at Sam Fay's. But let's begin with the temperature. Fucking freezing and then some! Once inside things warmed up, except for the DJs who were treated to a fridge with decks, but who cares? They're only DJs.

My Family Tree were impressively red hot, rapping to the tune of hard funk, street soul with attitude. What's more, they have songs, real songs, songs that are massive before they've been recorded and each one is absolutely begging for a platter of top name remixes. Shit hot live dance for the turn of the millenium. Beat that— well, have a good try.

For dessert we had a spoonful of **Planet Cake**, to whom I must admit I've been a little unfair. My first encounter with this strange mongrel of a band left me perplexed and confused. The vocals are female but they ain't girlie —at times painful and intense, but never girlie. The bass is smooth and rolling, guitar wickedly funky, 'sax raw and fruity and some of the most innovative drumming around. Now I can assure you that this band get better the more you hear them. Think Rip Rig and Planet Cake and you won't go far wrong.



CNS were CNS, pissed off to the point of knocking on suicide's door. Dark, very, very dark.

Mangacide were not in the least bit crippled by the absence of Bob, whose invisible keyboard antics are to be lost to the millionaire's island of Jersey, where the grass is greener but not as smelly. The band are tighter than ever. Rougher, tougher, bigger, bolder ("in other words suckler there is no other"). Let's face it, they've built up too much momentum to be stopping just yet.

Dum Dums, rumoured to be splitting, were powerful, uncompromising and brash bringing with them the energy to give the evening a second kick up the arse. Sounding like a band who are just about to start a meteoric rise it seems odd that they should want to jack it in.

Silencer brought the evening to a climax and despite having suffered a similar loss with the disappearance of Aaron, they seem to have multiplied. Two new Matts, one with a Gibson Les Paul and another with a bass have slipped in effortlessly to fill the gaps left in Silencer's wall of terror noise. A raucous end to a well attended successful day of frozen beef.

Sam Mansour

Dan from Silencer photo: Asher Williams

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

Every Saturday from 2pm

at
THE GOLDEN FLEECE
105 Mansfield Road
groovy live music

10% off drinks with
Shod Club membership card
apply at the bar

AMETHYST Leicester The Charlotte

The jet black walls of the Charlotte almost camouflage the four guys when they walk on stage. The only colour they have between them is that of the ginger dreads on bassist Thornhill's head. *Lowest Of The Low* starts the set, with FIN the frontman's ear-crunching guitar sound. The rest of the band then leap into the usual metallic heaviness that they present at every gig. Dan Roe grabbed his chance to show off during *Leave Me*, and also to prove to his audience what drumming skills he is really capable of. The heaviness of Amethyst's style is occasionally broken by Metallica resemblances to give their music some variation. Amazingly the small, yet excitable crowd were not put off by guitarist Craig's broken amp, but most of the time his playing made up for this. I also noticed that when FIN was singing everyone listened carefully and took in the decorated guitar riffs that accompanied him, but when Thornhill's vocals came out to play people jumped to their feet and, well, carried on jumping. This was exactly the case towards the end of the night. They finished their proposed set list with *Tied*, but were immediately met by the ever-popular word "more". They ended perfectly with Thornhill yelling out RATM's Bomb, and walking among what appeared to be a somewhat larger crowd than five minutes earlier.

Emily Stott

CHARLIE CHUCK

Just The Tonic Nottingham Loxley's

There was braying a-plenty when the mad man of comedy, Charlie Chuck, played in Nottingham. "Where an I?" he kept hollering. The venue of course was the addictive Just The Tonic at Loxley's on Friar Lane.

The show started with a Muppet like drum solo, until the kit was "twatted". There were also several variations of "I went into a bakers and I asked for a doughnut..." to which an enthusiastic audience—a real mix of students and thirty-somethings—responded with a rousing "the one over there", which took Uncle Peter somewhat by surprise, obviously unaccustomed to being heckled by his own lines!! His mostly incoherent ramblings were punctuated by rousing gibberish ditties, ably assisted by two equally mad sidekicks, Bob Chuck and Edna. There was much banging, thumping and "twatting" of props, including a whole loaf of bread which was squashed into a ball, and launched cricket like with a plank of wood, into a gobsmacked but laughing audience.

"Do you want a long joke or a short one?" he asked.

"Twat something," was the unanimous reply.

Patient: "Doctor, I can't feel my legs."

Doctor: "That's because we've cut your arms off."

Towards the end of the show the tempo changed to reveal a rather star struck Charlie recounting his first meeting with Vic and Bob (Reeves and Mortimer) in Edinburgh six years ago. This softer and calmer side to Charlie Chuck only went to emphasise the brilliance of this cult comic genius.

"Did you hear the one about the Irish acid bath murderer who lost both arms pulling the plug out?" Yes, we had Charlie, but it sounded oh so much funnier coming from you.

Sarah Hawkins



ULTRAVIOLENCE Sheffield The Leadmill

A wise man once said, "The Game Of Life must get bigger and faster and funnier." The same could be said of Ultraviolence as it struggles to metamorphose into Johnny Violent and goes gabba (turning the genre inside out in the process, of course), accelerating from 0-20,000,000 bpm in 3,060 seconds on new album *Shocker*. The 'bigger' part is not so much physiological as geographical, from 0-2,000 miles in 8 dates in fact, as Moby has invited Johnny to join him on his Animal Rites tour of the UK (except northern Ireland, where viewers may find the idea of Ultraviolence in bad taste, if not plain old hat). Indeed the 'funny' part lies in the transformation into Johnny Violent as he sheds the leather skin and buckles of techno fantasy violence of robots, pimps and whores to adopt an urban raver image. He's still performing selected Ultraviolence tracks and still using the shades as a prop but then he seems to enjoy trashing a fifty quid pair of shades every night. Is that cool, or what?

It's sound check time and the building is getting it's first taste of the techno tremors of Hardcore Motherfucker. "More DAT, more DAT, more motherfucking DAT," shouts Johnny at Moby's sound engineer, who leaves the mixing and walks stern-faced towards the stage looking offended. "Just how much louder would you like it?" "Well," shrugs Johnny, "until my ears bleed." The ice is broken and everyone present chortles with anticipation.

"Good evening, Sheffield. Are you ready to rock?" he asks a bemused audience. "Only joking. My name's Johnny and I'm going to play you some hardcore. Does anybody like hardcore?" Now, when Johnny says hardcore he doesn't mean that wimpy tracey tack that passes itself off as hardcore to E-heads and students. Oh no. He's talking giant 100 ft killer robots that will never die. "Only das hardest!" He shouts during *Gotterdammerung* in his own Anglo-German. "Louder und schneller!!" he demands again of the sound engineer, who can only perform one of these functions anyway since everything is on DAT. Kamikaze's single sample crashes again and again as Johnny fights an urge to run around the stage pretending to dive bomb everything. God help the front rows if he ever decided to dive off the stage. He introduces a love song then begins it by screaming "I'M GONNA FUCK... YOOUUUUUUU!" Another new one, *Killing God*, is performed with great gusto and distorted screams of "KILL HIM! KILL HIM!" Everything goes ballistic.

Across the stage Roger the Anglegrinder from Leech Woman is industriously working his tool against a piece of scaffold pole creating a jet of molten metal sparks which bounce off the top of the stage as well as his bare chest and begoggled face. It looks like hot work. Johnny is holding one of his keyboards in the air and crashes it to the floor then holds both arms aloft and announces that he has killed God and therefore he is now God. The man may be raving fucking bonkers but it's the best track of the whole set. "Nothing is live," he announces proudly as the second keyboard crashes to the floor in a mess of 'mics, leads and stands. He is now raving and rocking with a foot on the monitors, and 'mic in hand telling us that he is about to take it up to 20,000,000 bps. Like a demented circus ringmaster he introduces 250 bps, then 500 bps and "ONE THOUSAND BPMS IN YOUR FUCKING FACE... BECAUSE SHEFFIELD STEEL IS JUST NOT HARD ENOUGH!" A pneumatic drill bursts out and unbelievably some people are still trying to dance. Dave The Raves, or what? Bravo, I say. 12,000 bps, "YOU CAN'T DANCE TO THIS!" 24,000 bps, 48,000, 100,000... by now a high pitched whine emanates from the speaker stack and Johnny is trying hard to look like he's not relishing every moment as he screams "ONE MILLION BPMS IN YOUR FUCKING FACE... and I'm sorry but it it really does sound like this"... "Click." And there it is, the biggest anti-climax in the history of techno music receives the biggest applause and the loudest laughs. Comedy, as they say, is all about timing.

Christine Chapel

CHRISTIAN & DAMIAN / LAZARUS LINK-UP / GREG MORRIS IS ALIVE AND KICKING WITH THREE EXCLAMATION MARKS Space Cabaret 2: A Tribute to Science Fiction In Popular Music Nottingham Sam Fay's

A vaguely psychedelic start to the evening from Greg Morris Is Alive etc. (named after the black geezer from *Mission Impossible* who died a few weeks earlier) with a painstakingly disorganized lecture by one Roger Caney that failed to capture much at all. Backed by a subtle sound of synth and occasionally interspersed with out of tune campfire guitar, this sci-fi street preacher jumbled through a flipchart lecture that majored on a debate about the ineffectiveness of the irritating fridge light that never seems to work when you need it! Quote: "God is a dog..." Oh yes, alright mate, so the masses of religions around the world are centring their faiths on pissing up lamp posts and leaving annoying turds everywhere for you to trudge into your flat. Thanks but no thanks. Sympathetic applause for an empty act with nothing much to offer.

Whereas Lazarus Link-up, featuring aliens Stream Angel and Jai Mustard connected together by silver pot-head pixie pointed hats were very bloody funny. Early Pink Floyd crossed with the jumble

sale of samples that is Orbital/ Future Sound of London. A raw percussion and captivating pulse of a sound that railed through the pitches and bars like a crazy hooligan crowd. Although this act were limited to drug-induced ears, at times they built a wall of well-organized chaotic sound that moved through light and shade like a strobe finding every shadow. Unfortunately (like so many long and drawn-out "drum 'n' space" tracks) they hold the audience captive only for so long, then dump you heavily on the table in a sticky pool of lager, worn out by lack of backbone. Very weird lads, very weird indeed.

Christian and Damian's act of hastily rehearsed acoustic guitar and vocal steadied the evening's diversity like a pub in the middle of a desert. A huge relief crept through the crowd when this duo caressed the venue with raw acoustic vibes. Christian provided a refined and full vocal edge to a good steady sound that strolled its way through accurate yet individual covers such as *It's the End Of The World (And I Feel Fine)* by REM, *Spaceman* by Babylon Zoo and a very well executed *Star Trek* theme that oozed individual influences and was a great shop window for Christian's acoustic finesse. Concluding their loose set with *Female Of The Species* by Space, Christian and Damian displayed an accurate sound played with bags of feeling.

Ady Harper

DODGY Nottingham Rock City

Baited breath and a gasp of surprise greeted the unannounced support act for Monday's gig at Rock City, as they ambled onto the stage, for it was none other than Dodgy themselves! They started the 'support' act by performing a four-song acoustic set which included *Big Brown Moon*, originally a B-side to their 1993 release *Lovebirds*, and *Home-grown* from their third album and latest offering *Free Peace Sweet*. With each song was introduced a further musician, until there was an accordion, saxophone, trombone and a bugle all on stage. Mad Matt the manic drummer was equipped with a simple tambourine. The first part of the gig was filmed by the local entertainment show Premiere.

As well as the die hard festival crusties, who were looking for a party between Reading and Glastonbury, the whole of the front row seemed to be occupied by screaming girlies, obviously allowed out on a school night as it was half term this week! Catapulting Nigel, Andy and Matt into the unnerving status of teen idols. After a two-song break courtesy of the resident DJ, Dodgy returned to carry on with an 18-song full set, which included their first single *Water Under the Bridge*, and *So Let Me*, they proceeded to play most of their new album including the singles *In A Room*, and *If You're Thinking Of Me*. But no Dodgy gig would be complete without the rousing annual summer anthems *Staying Out For The Summer* (1995) and this year's *Good Enough*. The set was filled with cries of "I've got one, I've got one," as various band members and their session musicians sampled riffs old and new, much to the joy of the audience started by the keyboard player, and honorary Dodgy member (his photo appears on the album cover) playing the opening lines of Take That's *Could It Be Magic?* Dodgy's influences are many and varied, but some of the more obvious are the psychedelic period of the Beatles, Pink Floyd and there could even be heard snatches of the Levellers and Steeleye Span (it's there!) especially in the folksy *One Of Those Rivers* which started the three-track encore complete with flute. Brilliant hippie stuff. All in all a BOSTIN' night was had by everyone.

Sarah Hawkins

NUT Leicester The Charlotte

If the 10,000 Maniacs were driving down a country road, then Nut have found the camp site, got a brew on and found the local. An enchanting and at times magical performance that encountered and burst through the barriers of this small, restrictive venue.

It is rare, and indeed highly fulfilling, when music moves you in this way, reaching inside you and wrenching apart preconceptions of this style of music that wears its art on its sleeve. Nut herself captivated the audience with her miniature Robert Smith, skateboard kid style and a "hold the door open" attitude. On stage she left a moody impression in her wake, arousing images of gentle Gothic dreams. Brains was a sweeping track performed with a lot of feeling, but not until the likes of *Crazy*, *Scream* and *Bitter* did Nut display the finesse that sets them quite apart from anything else. Backed by an outstanding group of musicians Nut reached out and touched you, her voice displaying a standard normally associated with Chrissie Hynde, and when she rose to the heights of *Scream* it epitomized everything with feeling about the British music scene. In essence this band have a spirit-raising edge to their music and a poetic energy to their lyrics elevating them to a level of remembrance generally reserved for the select few. The leather jacket is definitely dead.

Ady Harper

SCREAMING TREES Nottingham Rock City

Directed from the Crocodile Café and sounding very dusty with a vocal that speaks volumes of a euphoric yet abusive lifestyle, the Screaming Trees bring Seattle to Nottingham. The Trees have toured almost incessantly since the birth of the Seattle grunge era when they spent their days and long nights hanging out with the likes of Nirvana, Mudhoney and Soundgarden. After a long and troubled four year absence since *Sweet Oblivion*, the leafy ones have purveyed one of the highly acclaimed rock albums of the year and undoubtedly raised the stakes of American raw-rock exports.

From kick off the Trees ploughed their way through a huge sound of gravel voice, loose rhythm and gluttonous guitar filling every crack in the venue. With songs like *Dying Days*, *All I Know* and *Halo Of Ashes* the packed masses were treated to a massive performance likely to go down in history as one of the most talked about since nirvana played here. The album is of epic proportions and this was a chance to hear ear-bleeding renditions of an impressive repertoire of songs including the anthemic *Nearly Lost You*. For eight years now the Screaming Trees sweated their way across America and Europe but I doubt you will find a gig bursting with as much energy as tonight's explosive reverberation.

Ady Harper

FRIED CIRCUIT

NOVEMBER
DECEMBER
1996



DAVIS photo: Rob Pitt

thursday 28th

POISONED ELECTRIC HEAD
REAL TV £3.50 (£ NUS/JSA)
Nottm Sam Fay's

KILLING JOKE

SUZANNE MELLARD QUARTET
Thurland Hotel

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

PARADISE EXPRESS

STU MOSELEY BAND

TOOTH SOME

DAVIS

POISONED ELECTRIC HEAD

REAL TV £3.50 (£ NUS/JSA)

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SUZANNE MELLARD QUARTET

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

The Bell Inn

JOCASTA

Sheffield Speakeasy

ALISHA'S ATTIC

Rock City

KNIGHTS OF JAZZ

The Lion

BUD BONGO / FRIENDS OF...

Sky Club

GERRY DUNNE

Behan's Bar

COLIN STAPLES JAM

Running Horse

THE FAB FOUR

Sam Fay's

SPEEDY / POSH / VOON

Leics The Charlotte

PALA

Mansfield The Woodpecker

thursday 5th

MAD PROFESSOR / DJ WALT

MOOPMALA DRUMMERS

Sweet Potato £5 adv

Nottm Sam Fay's

DAVIS / BURDOSA

Filly & Firkin

MAGIC CAR

Running Horse

JEAN TOUSSAINT

A Tribute to Art Blakey

O'Reilly's

THE MAGUIRES

Behan's

THE NEW BUSHBURY

MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS

Leics Phoenix Arts Centre

SMALLER

The Charlotte

MONDO KANE

Pump & Tap

friday 6th

THE SCREAM / DEVO NOD

Nottm The Old Angel

ORGANISMS

The Lion

PLANET CAKE

Filly & Firkin

DECLAN

Mechanics Arms

THE ACID DISCO

Sky Club

FREEBASE

Rock City

HIGHER INTELLIGENCE

AGENCY / THOMAS HECKMANN

KID LOOPZ

CLEVELAND WATKISS

Fusion The Essance

KELLY'S HEROES

Behan's Bar

SUEDE

Derby Assembly Rooms

TY GARNER BLUES BAND

Mansfield The Woodpecker

JAY / CARRIE NATIONS

Leics Pump & Tap

saturday 7th

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

Nottm The Golden fleece

RADIUM 88

The Old Angel

STEVE PHILLIPS BAND

adv tickets only

Running Horse

WHOLE SOME FISH

Filly & Firkin

SONS OF ERRIS

Mechanics Arms

PHILL TANNER & O.T.T.

The Lion

sunday 8th

KELLY'S HEROES

Nottm The Golden Fleece

SECOND LINE

The Running Horse

FOOTWARMERS

noon

JUBA

8pm

The Bell Inn

GUVERN / BUTTER GLORY

Filly & Firkin

PAUL TONKINSON

Just The Tonic

LOXLEY'S

VIVID

Mansfield Town Mill

monday 9th

STARSKY

Nottm The Sky Club

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE

Rock City

ACOUSTIC ROUTES

The Golden Fleece

DAVE ONIONS

Running Horse

THE OMEGA BAND

The Bell Inn

SLEEPER / MANSUN

Derby Assembly rooms

THE HYBIRDS

Leics The Charlotte

SCRIBBLE

Stoke The Wheatshaf

tuesday 10th

AUTOUR DE LUCIE

LORNA / DJ PABLO

Nottm Sam Fay's

RALPH

The Golden Fleece

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND

Running Horse

GREYNOTE

Bell Inn

TERRORVISION

Rock City

3 COLOURS RED / SYMPOSIUM

Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 11th

SYNDICATE

£2

Nottm The Old Angel

THE FAB 4

Sam Fay's

MONKEYGRIP / HARSH

STORMCLOUDS

£2.50

The Sky Club

PHIL WARE QUINTET

The Lion

COLIN STAPLES JAM

Running Horse

THE OTHER BEATLES

Derby University

THE MAGIC BROTHERS

feat. DAEVID ALLEN

Leics The Charlotte

REBECCA

Mansfield The Woodpecker

thursday 12th

ZEPHYR 6

Nottm Sam Fay's

CECIL / JOCASTA

The Rig

BIG JOE TURNER & HIS

MEMPHIS BLUES CARAVAN

The Running Horse

CHRIS CONWAYQUARTET

Thurland Hotel

18 WHEELER / PUSHERMAN

AGENT PROVOCATEUR

Leics The Charlotte

friday 13th

ANTONINA / DOLL PARTS

Nottm The Old Angel

BIG GEORGE & THE BUSINESS

The Running Horse

KELLY'S HEROES

The Lion

ENSEMBLE X

Nottm Playhouse

HOOLEY & THE CRACK

Mechanics arms

ENORMOUS

Behan's

TREVOR

Leics The Charlotte

JAM JAH MAN

Pump & Tap

THE MAXIMUM WHO

Mansfield The Woodpecker

THE CHANGERS

friday 20th

STINKY / KING PRAWN

Hiphoptimism £2

Nottm The Old Angel

MISTY BLUE

Mechanics Arms

WHOLE SOME FISH

discoverall:



PORCUPINE TREE *Signify* (Delirium)
Their previous album *The Sky Moves Sideways* proved to be an underground classic of contemporary psychedelia. It's complex arrangements and imaginative use of a tired and overworked formula established The Porcupine Tree as a cult item. *Signify* will only consolidate their enviable position. It inhabits their now familiar musical territory with those disembodied snatches of dialogue floating between tracks and Steven Wilson's acid guitar lines flitting around like stoned butterflies, the resulting mesh of styles and sounds comes over like some strange, melancholic, white boy suburban blues played by people who take too many drugs. It's brilliant! highlights include the latest single *Waiting (Phase One)* which didn't work too well on its own but in the context of the album it makes perfect sense. *Every Home Is Wired* and *Sever* typify their beautifully atmospheric songs executed with restraint and a great understanding of dynamics. photo by Paul Rider

John W. Haylock

THE MISS ALANS *Ledger* (World Domination)
Strange how a band with such a deepset American sound should derive their name from characters in a thoroughly English EM Forster novel. However, these four guys are from Fresno, California which sounds a confusing enough place (voted least desirable American city) not to ask questions. Their music offers all the answers anyway, reflecting the slow sluggish heat rising off Fresno's sinking heart sidewalks. Scott Oliver's precious low vocals seam Stipe-like over Manny Diez's many guitar patterns creating a sensual rock rollercoaster for the morning after fall-out. Diez knows how to keep his chiming chord melodies simple and effective, reserving the heavy duty stuff for special effect. *Broke*, *Candy Apple* and *Ride On Me* work their own dark mysteries with *Poor Eyes*, *Samantha* and the poppy *Big Sun* also scoring high in this dazzling set. *Sparkler Queen* burns even brighter still, with acoustic jangles building to a climax, and when Scott crescendos with "I want to know what the stars already know/I want to climb up to the sun and touch her smile" you can feel the earth quiver and continents collide. What a perfect set of shoulders to lean on this Autumn. They seem to understand everything.

A HOUSE *No More Apologies* (Setanta)
This Irish act have always enjoyed greater popularity at home, although English critical acclaim has been generally positive. However this remarkably commercial and soulful set could ease them into the next league given the current fondness for strong melodies and strummy guitars. They keep things defiantly simple, with voices well to the fore, thoughtful harmonies and tunes that grab impressively from the outset. What more to say? "There's no need to wax lyrical over every release," offered Christine Chapel, lurking on the periphery. So, A House offer up 15 new songs, all of 'em good, on a mighty decent album all round. No waxing required.

Gareth Thomson

MARTIN PHILLIPS & THE CHILLS

Sunburnt (Flying Nun)

Although none of the original members of The Chills are in evidence here, Phillips still considers the band's name a big enough draw to continue with the moniker. Fair play, really, for Phillips and his heavenly pop hits were always the group's main inspiration. So he's back, and not before time on the evidence of *Sunburnt*. His trademark loping melodies and dreamy poetic streams still creep naggingly up on you after repeated listens, finally assuming the cosiness of old friends. Opening cut *As Far As I Can See* rolls in moodily with a giddy chorus, presaging a whole slew of finely crafted numbers that reveal a writer still on top of his trade. *Premonition* and *Surrounded* swirl by merrily before the title track's rippling piano lines provoke echoes of such past glories as *Submarine Bells*. Thirteen fine songs, plus a recipe for the original Sunburnt cocktail itself — though where the hell might one buy 22 1/2 ml of 'Midori'?

Gareth Thompson



SUEDE *Coming Up* (Nude) photo: Tom Sheehan
The 'new' Suede are back to their old selves again. The desolate urban landscapes and concrete epics of *Dog Man Star* went away with Bernard to make way for Tarmac celebrations and... pop tunes! With the longest song at seven minutes this album is a far easier listen as Brett's beautiful, almost inhuman voice skips from the spiky Filmstar through the cheery, jangling *Lazy* to the sweeping *By The Sea*. And, thankfully, Brett's lyrics are as wonderful as ever. His is a world of Terylene shirts, maisonettes and petrol where people snog in lay-bys and pronounce the 'j' in marijuana. Or so it seems from one of the album's best tracks *She*, a song which oozes sleaze, and when Brett sings "arse" you know just where that tambourine is going. And there are strings as well, not so many that they take over but they provide this track with a haunting and perfect ending. The next tune, *Beautiful Ones* is also a, containing on of the best Suede lyrics ever (you know, that

one about Bostik that everyone quotes) and the affected way in which Brett pronounces "meat" is just lovely. New boy Neil Codling proves that looking pretty isn't his only talent with *The Chemistry Between Us*, that aforementioned 7-minute which sweeps and soars for ages about "the kids getting out of their heads" and *Starcrazy*, another quite spiky one which mentions "electric shock bog brush hair". Typically the album ends with a nice slow one, *Saturday Night* which like *The Next Life*, the first album's finale, is positive and gorgeous, the best imaginable ending to the best imaginable Suede album. It combines the simple, gutsy pop music bits from the first album with Brett's lyrical maturity from the second, but with none of Butler's arsing about or Brett's animal obsessions. And there's a whole collection of glossy pictures of the band on the cover as well.

Laura Hobson

Suede play Derby Assembly Rooms on Friday 6th December.

KULA SHAKER K

(Sony)
Flavour of the month and increasing in popularity, Kula Shaker's brilliant debut has outsold REM. Both previous singles, the sparkling *Tattva* and the more urbane *Grateful When You're Dead* are here as is the current single *Hey Dude* and next one *Govinda* (what odds the first Number One to be sung in Hindi?). The other tracks are more in the *Tattva* and *Jerry Was There* psychedelic vein, sitar samples and twiddly trippy bits. It's a sensible marketing move to release the rock numbers as the singles because to witness Kula Shaker live shows them to be essentially a rock band. Gone is the subtlety of this album, songs performed live are arranged for a rock band, but when you're playing to a thousand pissed up students who'll mosh regardless, that makes sense, though it would disappoint me. The least they could do is try to blow your mind. Never mind. The cd is a beautifully produced work which will enter the national psyche as a classic. And anyone who puts them down for being retro had best remember that pop music is still in it's infancy and these guys are at the beginning of the same era as The Beatles. Or to put it another way, when the Gallagher brothers start taking the next popular psychedelic, visit the East, become all mystical and decide it's time for them to write their *Sgt. Pepper's*, Kula Shaker will already have been there. Captain, there appears to a quantum singularity causing a temporal anomaly in sector K.

SIX FINGER SATELLITE

Paranormalized (Sub Pop)

The band who supposedly blagged their way into a deal with Sub Pop by sending a phoney demo, but actually play much better music. There's the beautiful, enchanting, addictive *Cocaine And Mirrors*, the frenzied rush of *Last Transmission*, the theatrical *Slave Traitor*. It's original, inventive, lively, exotic, different, interesting, annoying, provocative.

COPTIC RAIN

Clarion's End (Dynamica/Noise International)

Chugging guitars with Siouxsie-esque vocals and a smattering of drum and bass parts, there's a cheeky cover of Elvis Presley's *Devil In Disguise*, which could easily become an anthem at Rock City well into the next decade. But wait, a hybrid of goth, heavy rock and drum and bass on a self-confessed metal-oliving-industrialism label? At first it seems like it doesn't know what it wants to be, but eventually you realise that it surely does and that Coptic Rain have a very clear identity, even a gentler side. Rule number one is break all the rules. They call themselves an industrial art terrorist unit, they being Slovenia-based duo Peter Renko who plays everything, and Katrin Radman who sings everything. They have also released albums as April Nine, their oriental ethnic trip house selves and Typhoon Symphony, their Ambient Techno to hard house version. Peter also wrote most of the songs on the last Laibach album.

ART OF NOISE

The Drum And Bass Collection (China)

With every new movement in music comes a new set of remixes of Art Of Noise. Here there's a laugh a track but the rest is really fucking serious. The art of describing the Art Of Noise was best done by themselves and there is a concise definition on the cover. There's glissando guitar on *Island* taken from the 1989 album *Below The Waste* by Japanese break-beat terrorist Seiji complete with the most syncopated, disorienting beats on this album. Listen out for him 'Soon'. The best of the art of the Art Of Noise comes with *Kiss* remixed by an inappropriately named Digital Pariah who sensibly extracted Tom Jones while simultaneously leaving the AFKA Prince in self-imposed exile. Meanwhile Lemon D manages to pass a camel through *Eye Of A Needle* without a mobile phone as he alludes to the album *In Visible Silence*. These are some of the pieces. This is a work of Art. Exhibition opens 28th October in all good listening posts.

Christine Chapel

CUB Box Of Hair

(Mint/Lookout!)
Cub are quite well known within the International Pop Underground. One of those bands your ultra cool mates tell you about. It's not surprising as Cub have delivered a bloody essential album. *Box Of Hair* is faultless, not a single boring moment. Cub sound like Heavenly having a fight with Kim from the Muffs. As essential as Imperial Teen they make Belly sound old and dull. This is no anorak wearing, twee, indie guitar band, this is out and out POP! Songs and melodies that would have their hardest critic singing along. Yowsa! Their first visit to these shores before the end of the year should be ace. Contact: Mint, PO Box 3613, Main Post Office, VANCOUVER B.C., V6B 3Y6, CANADA. Lookout, PO Box 11374, BERKELEY, CA. 94712 U.S.A.

THE FUMES

Self Appointed Guardian Of The Machine (Empty)
Wayhey! Yowsa! Scooby Doo! The Fumes come out like there is no tomorrow and arrive not a million miles away from our own Empty recording artists the X-Rays. Maybe not so raw on the production, also Dee does not mention the word "Baby" so often. Arf, arf! In places a mix of Nine Pound Hammer, Supersuckers and Gaunt, *Self Appointed Guardian*... is a raaaawwwkkking album. If you are not jumping up and down and bouncing off the walls by the third song, then you are quite frankly deaf, stupid and probably a pony Sleeper fan. The Fumes, it would seem, know how to party. Contact: PO Box 12034, SEATTLE, WA 98102, U.S.A.

V. ARTISTS

What Did You Come Down For?: Music from Club Zitt And Beyond. (Generic)
Blimey! Not another bleeding compilation. What is going on? The Dublin Castle in Camden is home to Club Zitt which tends to promote the more sleazy-rock'n'roll-pissed up bands. This album contains individual tracks by The Flaming Stars, Penthouse, Gaw Gaw Mule, Terry Edwards & The Scapegoats and Solomon T. Jones. Highlights are the virgin recording effort by Symposium for all you 16 year olds; Swimmer give you their twisted north London indie art pop; and Dream City Film Club air their delightful song *Piss Boy* for which alone it's worth buying this album. Tel. (0171) 485 1773

THE MOTARDS ...Rock Kids

(Empty)
Let's not beat around the bush. *The Motards*... *Rock Kids*, oh yes they bloody well do! Stripped down production not for the faint-hearted, this is great G-punk'n'rock'n'roll that got intended to be blasted out of every radio the world over. This record is for everyone who owns *Got A Record* by The Rip Offs. The Motards are a more raw and simple Toast, like early New Bomb Turks before those Ohio masters learnt how to use a studio. Classic. Contact: PO Box 12034, SEATTLE, WA 98102, U.S.A.

NEW BOMB TURKS

Scared Straight (Epitaph)

The third proper album from these crazed and pissed punkers from Columbus, Ohio. Now signed to the Epitaph label, which makes complete sense. The New Bomb Turks were always a band that would try to redefine their sound, take it apart, progress, and they sure have. They are now even more rock'n'roll with crazed piano parts and loud brass sections. Hooray! A band this good would be wasting their talent just blasting out punk'n'roll jams. These blokes like music and this album will win them new fans, like the kids who have just discovered Rocket From The Crypt. If I ever meet Tom Cox I would like to shake his hand and buy him a beer. If you have never heard this band this album will not disappoint you. Join the party then go down to Selectadisc and find their back catalogue. Then go see them live in November with Red Aunts, X-Rays and Toast on various bills around the country. Thank you, goodnight. *Scared Straight* is the sort of record that will change lives. Yesssss!

THE PEECHES

Do The Math (Kill Rock Stars)
What do you have if you cross a member of The Frumpies with two members of Rice and the bloke who owns Lookout! records? Ladies and gentleman, you have The Peaches. A four-piece whose brat vocals literally spit out easy and laid back punk rock. Some say it's badly played but to me it sounds mighty fine. At twenty seven minutes it doesn't last long enough, but what a twenty seven minutes! Nine out of ten. YOWSA! Contact PO Box 14841 BERKELEY, CA 94712, USA.

J. CHURCH

Whorehouse: Songs And Stories (Damaged Goods)
J. Church have always given you wonderful pop-punk slabs from the good old USA. If you like Jawbox, Gameface or even Green Day then you will love J. Church. Like all the best American bands

they seem too put out a lot of records. This is an exclusive world-wide release for Damaged Goods. Twelve good original songs plus a cover of *Asshole* by Beck for whom Lance J. Church has played guitar! It would seem that J. Church are a bit of a secret both in the USA and over here, which shouldn't be as they do what they do equally as well as, if not better than, most of their peers. This album is stonking. They will be touring the UK soon with the fab Cub. See you down the front. Contact: PO Box 671, LONDON E17 6NF.

Sid Abuse



BUTTHOLE SURFERS *Pepper* (EMI)
DODGY *Good Enough* (A&M)
SPACE *You And Me Versus The World* (Gut)

BILLY BRAGG *Upfield* (Cooking Vinyl)
These singles are probably deserved hits by now but all merit a mention for their value as collectable items. *Butthole Surfers* languished in indieland for long enough to haul themselves up to EMI without losing face. And *Pepper* is a crackling, low-slung rap boasting a killer chorus. So with the video on hea-vee MTV rotation this could be just the final push they need. A remix and two rarities are attached. If *Dodgy's Good Enough* was remarkable for being such a long overdue success, then the two cd single extra tracks that explore stunning new dimensions are equally noteworthy. Those who knocked *Free Peace Sweet* for its lack of daring (as if being the finest pop group around wasn't quite enough) should clock an earful of the ten-minute dazzer *Speaking In Tongues*. Running through more mood swings than a precocious teenager, it soars and rises, scares and surprises before leaving you dazed and blind in the foaming finale. Dancey instrumental *Lovebirds On Katovit* demonstrates yet more diversity. My word, but they're sounding awesome.

Space knocked out a sweeping set at Reading, and this breathless gem which comes on like Tarantino directing *Loony Tunes* is every bit as devious as any of Jarvis Cocker's recent Pulp fiction. Three low-key bonus numbers show intriguing alternatives to Britpop, with *Spiders* lurching along like Tom Waits in search of a hangover cure. *Bragg* goes resolute and upbeat with *Upfield*, celebrating his "socialism of the heart". Well, what other kind is left now? Additional cd songs include the lovely ballad *Rule Nor Reason*, and a not-so-stunning rewrite of The Diggers Song entitled *Thatcherites*. Good to see someone still writing about the woman who provided copy for so many gifted songwriters. New Bragg? No danger...

Gareth Thompson

MANDALAY

Flowers Bloom (Organic)
Debut single, intimate vocals by Nicola Hitchcock navigating the territory of Cocteau Twins, Bjork, EBTG and Beth Orton with drum and space provided by ex-Thieves member Saul Freeman. The 12" contains a *Secret Lover* remix by PFM.



TRICK BABY *Indie Yarn* (MARS/Logic/Arista)
Muslim (girls) sing Hindi (but catchy) song with cultural crossover (indie —> major) and interesting lyrics (syllables easy to copy) that you can sing along to without caring whether you are singing "brush your teeth with marmalade" or "I am so relieved that my arranged marriage worked out" but it sounds phonetically like "mick nick a digger, danny rampling ho". Yup, this will be a hit. The track not multiplied to three is called O.K. Scott and it's boring. So this must be the one their friends had to persuade them to release. Trick Baby, by the way, is the name of a book about con-men by Iceberg Slim the Chicago pimp-turned-author who inspired Ice-T. It's street slang for a child born of a prostitute.

Christine Chapel

THE X-RAYS *Erotic Neurotic* (Dog The Fuzz)
These cheeky-drunk-punk chaps' version of The Saints' *Erotic Neurotic* with two spanking new numbers on the flipside *Set 'em Up* and *Two Lane Blacktop* which sure do sparkle. The only downer is that it's stupidly limited to 250. If you don't know by now this band are hhhhhooooottttt! Go-go-go-go-gggggoooooo! to Selectadisc and purchase now!

SINCOLA

One Hit Wonder (Caroline)
Pretty impressive guitar-fuelled American band. *One Hit Wonder* swoons, moves around a bit and leaves you hungry for seconds. Not as cool as Imperial Teen but probably more exciting than a Breeders side project. Ha ha ha. Check them out.

NOSEDIVE

In The Bag ep (Thrill City)
Nosedive are from Manchester, most likely own one or two records by Big Black and really wish they were Cop Shoot Cop. However here they give you five songs which sound better with every listen. The weakest being the John Robb produced one. Concentrate on *The Make Up*, sorry, Gold Blade, Johnny. Ha ha ha. Nosedive deal in those lovely, dirty rock 'n' roll riffs that everyone needs in their life. Contact : PO Box 33, MANCHESTER M20 3AD.

CABLE

Whisper Firing Line (Infectious)
Produced by the legendary Kramer, therefore you would be hoping for a complete in your face noise feast of guitars but sadly it's the most polished thing this Derby-based band have done to date. Not sure if it's the way forward but it's a good song and *Can't Find My Way Home* could be Radiohead 1992 and demonstrates that Matt can sing after all. things sort of return to normal with a sixteen minute version of the mind-blowing *Murdering Spree* which is so polished in places you can see your face in it before it goes into up-your-arse feedback noise that does piss your cat off. It would seem that Cable have had enough of not receiving much airplay and the press looking the other way.

FANCY

I Can Feel It (Starfish/Big Life)
Oh, how once this trio truly shone. Their last demo was near perfect. I Can Feel It isn't a bad song per se, it just lacks the spunk of their earlier stuff. Fancy have a lot of talent and potential, but sadly this single won't be finding itself in many collections. They should have released *Ugly Faces* instead, then they'd be laughing.

KENICKIE

Punka (EMIdisc)
You can't help but swagger and smile to Punka. It's a great song that so easily could have been released on some kid's bedroom label and completely ignored. however the girls and token bloke have moved from Slam!/Fierce Panda and now find themselves on EMI. Therefore even your kid brother and sister can rush down to Woolie's and buy this great single. Surely that's what it's all about at the end of the day. Kenickie still aren't a brilliant live band but on record you can't fault them.

Sid Abuse

TOAST

Back To The Barrooms (Damaged Goods)
YOWSA! WAYHE! SCOOPY! Recorded at Toe Rag. Mixed by Billy Childish, this is Toast in full flight, raging three chord drunk punk. Pump your fist in the air and jump up and down like a nutter. Ace!

HONRYRIDER

Endless Summer (Damaged Goods)
Honeyrider are from San Diego, California and guess what? They sound like the Beach Boys having a fight with Jesus and Mary Chain, organs and all. Not the best record to come out on Damgood but still well above the average of most of the shit released every week. Contact: Po Box 671 LONDON E17 6NF

ARAB STRAP The First Big Weekend

(Chemikal Underground)
A very important record from an increasingly important label. If you have already heard it you will know what I mean. When is a song not a song? When the 'singer' simply tells you about a weekend in June over a simple disco beat and easy guitar. Why is this record so great? Probably because it hits the spot with so many of us. A very cool record that will change people's lives. Essential.

HEADCLEANER Claudine

(Musidisc)
Still around after all these years, it would seem that they have battled their way through the Camden Lurch scene and Grunge. They are still here still doing their US flavoured guitar punk-by-numbers and doing it well. Surely Black Flag fans.

THE PIN-UPS Mindless Drivel / Robbie

Take That! (Stockwell Road Records)
the most important unsigned band in the country finally release their debut single. The Pin-Ups were one of the highlights at Reading Festival. It was only their tenth gig, they are all sixteen years of age, they look brilliant and have just released what is odds on the debut single of the year. Falcon Stuart produced, he has done a brilliant job. This is what punk is all about. This is what POP! is all about. This is rock 'n' roll. Sexy, brilliant, essential but the bottom line is that The Pin-Ups are taking the piss out of you, me, themselves and most importantly all the no-hopers in crap bands all up and down the country. Why try so hard when you don't have to? This is a band who have influenced many, a band who are not going away, a band who are using the media. 1997 will be their year, easy. They're going to blow your mind. If you don't understand them now you never will. Sid Abuse

THE CARDINALS

Going Out With God (Crude)
10-track cd from this tight, neat, Mod-like band chock full of melody. Imagine REM, Kinks, U2 and Chords all mixed up. Real pleasant stuff and well worth the listen. *Only Dreaming* and *Bring Me Down* would make fine singles.



WE KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE

Draped (Noise Factory)
The title track is fine and groovy, Beatles-influenced, while the other two are forgettable except for a great riff buried in the musical mess of *Crude Manipulator*. Altogether they remind me of Portishead.

SODA

Dragging You Into My Dreams (Artificial)
Straight forward guitar pop, lightweight but well produced by stalwart veterans of post-Punk Clive Langar and Alan Winstanley. The ghost of Suede hangs heavily over all four songs and apart from the catchy chorus of the title track it's all been done better.

Café Bleu
Drink eat and good music 11am -11pm Tues -Sun
Weds . La Bête Des Bleus D? CI?
Thurs Serve Chilled Again. Digs & Woosh
Fri/Sat. Departure Lounge vs Quadrant
pre-club warm ups 50 metres from Skyy Club
390 Alfreton Road (opp. Texaco garage)

THE CHARLATANS One To Another

One to another kicks off with an interesting, squelchy, psychedelic riff before meandering off god knows where. The Charlatans haven't changed much over the years and it's still good to hear them even though I can't quite remember why.

CHINA DRUM Wipe Out

(Mantra)
Pearl Jam meets Blur with dead catthy choruses to boot. *Wipe Out* is great and *Baseball In The Dark* is speedy grunge-pop fun. good stuff.

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

People Of The Sun (Epic)
Taken from their sequel album *Evil Empire* RATM make an interesting grunge-rap noise but they would sound a whole lot better with some decent tunes to back up the rant.

IMPERIAL DRAG Boy Or A Girl

(Columbia)
Hawkwind meets Salad meet the Glitter Band. Great fun, Imperial Drag have a nice tongue-in-cheek early 70's hard pop feel that's worth checking out. Mark Lawrence

IMPERIAL TEEN Seasick

(Slash/London)
I feel disappointed here. there are some great moments, such as *Luxury*, a lo-fi punk tune but others take just too long to get going. They should be so much better with their pedigree, Roddy Bottum of Faith No More, and there are songs with great attitude. Hang on, I've just walked back into the room and *You're One* is playing. I've changed my mind, I do like this stuff. It's varied, weird, messed up, they swap instruments and sound like the Breeders, but better.

SUPER DE LUXE Famous

(Luminous/Tim Kerr)
Another U.S. band...where are ours? *Lizadrin* sets the tempo and tone of this excellent power pop. *She Came On* has it all; you should be bouncing around the room to this REM type melody. I like this.

THE CANDYSKINS Circles

(Ultimate)
This is very good, like elvis costello in a pop band. powerful and very listenable. *Turn It Off* is about too much TV. Too right, switch it off and listen to this instead. Michael Prince

SOME PLATTERS THAT MATTERED BY D? CI?

1. FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON *My Kingdom Part 4*
2. DJ CAM presents MINUS 8 *The Sweetest Sounds* ep
3. NINE *Make Or Take / Lyin' King*
4. OLIVE *You're Not Alone*
5. HOUSE OF PAIN *Fed Up*
6. LADY COP *To Be Real*
7. ADAM F *Metropolis*
8. SONUS *Yesterday's In My Pocket*
9. THE DREAM TEAM *Survival Of There Fit*
10. ARCHIVE *Londinium*
11. HOOVER 2 *Wicky*
12. MOUL'Y AND LUCINDA *The Abyss*
13. CHUCK D *No*
14. BEDLAM *A GO GO Paranoid*
15. A TRIBE CALLED QUEST *Get A Hold*
16. V. ARTISTS *High School High* soundtrack
17. DJ KRUSH *Only The Strong Survive*
18. DIMITRI FROM PARIS *Une Very Stylish Fille*
19. CHEMICAL BROTHERS *Setting Sun*
20. MORCHEEBA *Trigger Hippie*



A TRIBE CALLED QUEST

Now, that is a tough one but I'd say yer orange one is the tastiest of the Fry's chocolates. Tho' the peppermint has got it going on, and obviously yer original (what flavour is that anyway?) deserves props. But no, definitely, the chocolate one has that tang that sets it apart. FSOL return with the awesome epic dead big *My Kingdom* which weighs in at nearly half an hour long (but only the fourth part is dance-floor worthy) and takes dance-floor trip hop to the next level. Electro Operatic Intelligent Trip Hop (well most of it isn't very smart, is it now)? Sonus is on a similar 'tip' yo.

Not much drum 'n' bass in this time round. But we do have another of my continuing contributions to the global village in the French **Minus 8** who come up with two tunes that successfully break the rules of the genre. **Adam F** returns slightly harder with summat that sounds exactly like what it's called. **The Dream Team** are a Mobb Deep sampling drum 'n' hip hopper, and **Moul'y and Lucinda** is spacey. Drum 'n' Space !!

Hip hop's output seems to be on the increase and so is the quality (for a change). Gruff voiced ("20 Woodbines, please") **Nine** is back, better than before with two tracks off a hip hop album of the year, equally gruff **House Of Pain** return with a Guru mixed "music from the Lucozade ad" sampling bouncer, **Chuck D** (who still has so much trouble on his mind) takes a step back musically with his funky solo debut and the hip hop compilation of the year *High School High* soundtrack which features **Wu-Tang's** (no surprises there), **Real Live** (Who? Well, they were new to me as well but their Barry White sampling tune is so good I've now got their debut album), **Pete Rock, Lil' Kim** (member of Junior M.A.F.I.A. who supposedly, according to one half of Planck, smoked 2 Pac), **De La Soul** (the track's shit, mind you), **A Tribe Called Quest**, **Sadat X** and **The Roots**, plus an ace version of *Bohemian Rhapsody* (no, it ain't rap) is 'tha shit'..

As for the trip hop department, well we have the mellow **Lady Cop** and equally mellow, but well soundscaped **Archive**. **Olive** give me the perfect excuse to create another genre: 'trip hoppy drum 'n' bass with a handbag house attitude' (check out *If I Could Fly* by **Grace** if you want another good example of what I'm rabbitin' about), **Hoover** sweep up a Portishead, Curve, Silverfish type tang and **Bedlam** do a "Paranoid - That's right I'm fuckin' paranoid" that's Born Slippyish.

Dimitri's latinesque comedy just stays in, the **Chem. Bros.** return with the much gossiped about track with that geezer outa thingy that lives up to expectations and finally **Morcheeba** get released. And if it brings more attention to their "an album of the year", that suits me fine. Now remember kids, 'tis easier to get a camel through an eye of a needle than is to get the attention of a house DJ beat mixing.

D? CI?



SKUNK ANANSIE

photo: Anton Corbijn

Stoosh (One Little Indian)
Difficult second albums generally require a 'more of the same but different' approach, and yet the level of completion Skunk Anansie have achieved with *Stoosh* goes some way beyond expectation. And not even the predictably savage barbs from the NMME camps can quell the fury and mastery displayed here.

Only the opening track *Yes It's Fucking Political* reads like a leftover from the early days, being too eager to rage and reinforce for comfort. The sweet stomping single *All I Want* delivers a sharper focus, with the opening line's ironical twist "all I want is a mirror" falling wickedly from Skin's lips. *Infidelity (Only You)* is one of four songs to display an unusual fondness for brackets, and it glides smoothly on the crest of Martin 'Therapy' McKeegan's string quartet. Skin's also out to assert that being a drop-dead stunning rock deity doesn't guarantee emotional security, as the vulnerable ballad *Hedonism (Just Because You Feel Good)* and intense pummel of *Twisted (Everyday Hurts)* both testify. Elsewhere the isolation increases with Skin's fragile performance on *Brazen (Weep)*, and a plaintive guitar ballad *Pickin' On Me*. Close your eyes and it could almost be Tracy Chapman through the speakers. Finally the sexy snarl of *Milk Is My Sugar* and *Glorious Pop Song's* deceptive barbs bring this mightily compelling set to a close. Even our promotional copy brandishes a Parental Guidance: Explicit Lyrics sticker. Fair enough really, for most parents would need guiding carefully through the tough images offered on *Stoosh*. Their offspring, however, will understand it all perfectly.

AUTOUR DE LUCIE Autour De Lucie

(Nettwerk)
Despite earning massive acclaim at home in France, the linguistically lazy English may be less likely to endorse an act who persist with their native French language. Which would be a shame, for there's surely no more sensual a sound than poetic French vowels dripping like honey from a classic homespun singer. And it's what this fine act offer in Valerie Leulliot, whose voice cuts lavishly through the pleasant, but often unremarkable, backdrop of guitar/bass/drums. They have strong melodies by the bagful though as *L'accord Parfait*, *La Ballade Du Deserteur*, *Les Gels De Naitre* and many others prove adequately. Reference points to Saint Etienne, Lush or Swedish act The Cardigans only tell part of the story, for much of this material draws as heavily on classic French pop (Gainsbourg, Dutronc) as it does on British modern and 60's influences. Broadway Cinema ought to regale you with *Autour De Lucie* before the screenings of their French arthouse films, many of which create a sweeping melodrama comparable to this group's intriguing stance.

Autour De Lucie appear live at Sam Fay's Tues 10th Dec.

ZUMPANO Goin' Through Changes

THORNETTA DAVIS (Sub Pop)
Sunday Morning Music

The fact that Sub Pop's promos are amongst the most eagerly awaited arrivals in the Overoffice is testimony to the company's increasingly colourful roster. No longer reliant on a package of hardcore and grunge, these latest two sparkling releases demonstrate how widely they're casting the net.

From Vancouver come Zumpano with their second release, and it's one of the year's most baffling but brilliant offerings. Serving up choruses that buzz in your head relentlessly, they're fronted by the vocals of Carl Newmann whose soaring harmonies aren't the only similarity to Brian Wilson and company on display here. All these tracks are soaked in classic American hall-of-fame songwriting style, with only a slightly sluggish production blurring the voices' natural bite and clarity. It still makes for powerful listening though, with Newmann spraying around wry, romantic observations such as "it's a good season for selling your only heart to someone whose looks could kill." Indeed. Around him, a mighty tasty band contrive more catchy keyboard and melody lines than you could shake several sticks at,

with the pounding *Broca's Way* and choppy *Here's The Plan* sounding flawless in the design. They pack so much detail into each few minutes of magic, that you simply step back and listen with bouyant admiration.

Thornetta Davis is a formidable black singer who grew up in Detroit under the shadow of Motown's legend. Now she looks set fair to add her own line to the city's musical history. The album's title may be a tad misleading, especially if it's soothing jazzy strains you're expecting. For this is the tough and bruised sound of Sunday morning on the pitiless sidewalks, with Davis' rich bluesy tones offering their own comments on the human condition. The low guitar/bass jungleland rumblings of opener *Cry* give a good indication of what follows. And elsewhere, stirring ballads such as *Sunset* and *Only One* allow her vocal phrasing to fully flex out. Quite brilliant.

BALLY SAGOO Rising From The East

(Higher Ground/Columbia)
A noble and brave attempt to incorporate Asian mainstream and Asian cultures into Western popular music styles. It's hard to do right but he does it by using so many vocalists that they elevate it beyond purely ethno-interest which it would be had this been purely instrumental instrumental. Rising from the east he may be but Bally Sagoo knows too much of popular western culture to flounder in either a traditionalist or a modernist camp. In his own way he is as canny as Peter Gabriel in the merging of gorgeous melody and vocals.

Gareth Thompson

CROWN OF THORNZ

Mentally Vexed (another planet)

If you persist with this album, you will find that Crown Of Thornz are not a one-dimensional thrash metal band as the first few songs suggest, but have one or two punkier numbers which are quite good (check out *Unemployed*) and display actual talent, not just 'duh-duh-duh' guitars with unintelligible Pantera-style howlings on top. By the way, if you've ever wondered what the musical equivalent of falafel is, give the instrumental entitled, *er, Falafel* a listen. Hey, I'd have some in my band!

VARIOUS ARTISTS Anti-Matter

(another planet)
Hands up who likes American punk! Then this is the album for you. Sixteen tracks covering everything from scary heavy thrash-punk to the tuneful harmonies of good old pop-punk, put together by the editor of the punk fanzine of the same name. The inlay also features mini-interviews with all the bands on the CD, which is quite entertaining—bands to check out include Gameface, Farside, Civ, Sensefield and Lifetime.

ZOINKS! Stranger Anxiety

(Dr Strange Records)
If I had to sum up Zoinks! in three words, they'd be "American Goober Patrol". Yes, they are 'pop-punk' (whoever coined that phrase must be one smug bastard now) but as varied a pop-punk can be—the songs don't all sound the same which is a Good Thing. But, as they say, you can have too much of a good thing and after 70 minutes your tolerance level begins to decline. At least Green Day albums are short, huh?!

WESTON Got Beat Up

(Go Kart Records)
I'll tell you now: this album will grow on you! They start off sounding like Any Other Pop Punk Band but stick at it and you'll find they're more rock than punk, done with style and a whole load of tongues in cheeks! All the songs are about high school relationships, being fifteen and trying to impress girls which makes a damn good change from serious-minded 'socially aware' lyrics that so many bands think are Necessary now. Check out *Varsity Sweater* for a good old Ramones-style rock 'n' roll-fest. Enjoy!

SUPER DELUXE Famous

(Luminous Records)
Rocky, hard-edged pop from this American 4-piece which makes for good background music but the loud bits aren't loud enough to really make you sit up and take notice. The musical equivalent of people who get ignored at the bar all night.

VARIOUS ARTISTS Better Read Than Dead

(Epitaph) (benefit album for AK Press)
Compilation albums are ace—you can just put the cd player on random and see what you come up with. Tracks that stand out here include NOFX' *The Longest Line*, Snuff's cover of *I Can See Clearly Now* (delicately handled as always!), the Blaggers' *Gonne Be A Lynchin'* and others by Cain, Hooton 3 Car, Zoinks! and J. Church. Prize for Most Predictable Appearance on cd goes to the Levellers, and Scariest Anti-Nazi Song goes to Propagandi. But all in all, quite apart from the fact that you can't fail to find something you like here, it's all in a good cause so start saving yer pennies now!

Mischa

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Dubnology 2: Lost In Bass

(Middle Earth)
Dub (reggae, as it was originally) has been married to new technology empowering it with new appeal to wider audiences, many of whom will undoubtedly track it down to its roots with the help of djs like Walt and Jah Free, On-U Sound record label and many of their artists. As more people tire of dum-dum dance beats and seek some a groovier alternative, more and more clubs are offering a wider variety of styles, including dub along with jungle/drum and bass, neoidisco hybrids and hey, even a bit of gabba, a half hour set of which by DJ Amanda at The Skyy Club's *Wiggle* night recently caused one of the fastest exchanges of bodies off and onto the dance floor you'll ever see. Neophiles out, neophiles in, and perhaps lovers of traditional dub reggae will not like what they hear here, because what we have is a hybrid collection of "artists that have messed with the dub formula so much that we barely remember what the formula was." It's more likely to appeal to those who never knew in the first place except that it had guitars in it and came form before the nineties. Thus we have the ambient rolling space dub of Main's *VIII*, the anthem House but with rhythms to put brains in your feet of Underworld's *Born Slippy (Tel Ematic mix)*, the churning spooky industrial jungle subdub of *Acacia's Hate*, a traditional number from Mr. Night & Mr. Day (of the quixotic *Knights Of The Occasional Table*), an uncharacteristically trancey transmission from Test Dept, a Tribal Drift on Dub Syndicate's *Hey Ho* (a title possibly chosen to describe those old hands' apparently effortless mastery of the genre). And so on, these representing only a small slice of disc 2. Christine Chapel

Dub Me Crazy featuring Mad Professor comes to Sam Fay's on Thursday Dec. 5th.

AUDIOWEB

(Mother Records)
This debut album from Audioweb will surely make a few waves amongst those of you heavy riffs mixed with a reggae and ragga trip. It's a cracking formula and Audioweb exploit the possibilities to great effect, vocalist sugar has an immediately recognisable and distinctive voice which when combined with the band's muscular and infectious playing creates a truly original sound. The album contains all three singles *Into My World*, *Sleeper* and *Yeah* plus seven other fine tracks including a superb version of the Clash's *Bankrobber*. Audioweb have great potential and the future beckons bright. John Haylock

LAMB God Bless ep

(Fontana)
If shivers rippled down your spine when you first heard anything by Portishead, then you're in for a real treat. Lamb are impeccable and immediate. Drum and bass that oozes sensuality, with none of that lurid morbidity associated with their trip hop tragedy laden counterparts. theirs is gorgeously soulful female vocals set to inspired acoustic jazz double bass, crisp beats and satin strings. Potentially a huge band and very beautiful.

SECRET KNOWLEDGE I Dig Your Ass

(Ass Therapy mix) (Deconstruction)
When you've made as much noise as is good for you, vented your pent up frustrations and proved how macho your taste in music is...relax. Admit that soft tones and serene grooves work a treat. This tune washes over you in both a good and a not so good way. You won't remember it tomorrow but for it's duration on the turn-table it's, dare I say, a 'lovely' house track.

PRODIGY The Trick

(from the *Breath* ep)
They're huge and *Breath* is probably doing the business owing to the £1.99 price tag (which smacks of dumping) Having said that, *The Trick* is one of the most amazing tracks I've heard for a while. A very dirty, OTT sub bass future funk mutant hybrid. awesome.

RED SNAPPER Loopascoopa

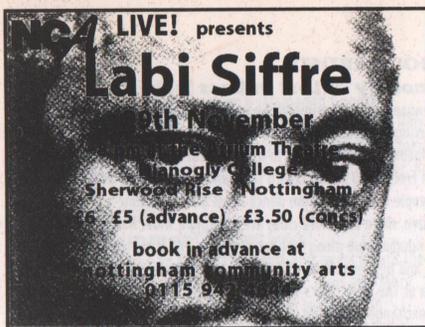
(Warp)
Bowl me over with a steamroller, wobble my buttocks in an easy chair and sing me a saxophone lullaby. And that's just for Thomas the Fib, one of five excursions into dream time on *Loopascoopa*, Red Snapper's latest offering on a double platter. From the sombre trip hop blues of *Crusoe Takes A Trip* to the godfather of trip hop's *Last One* dub, Red Snapper effortlessly render the listener hopelessly chilled. Inspired!

DJ SHADOW

Midnight In A Perfect World (Mo Wax)
Someone was going on about who was better, DJ Krush or DJ Shadow. I say snap out of it, we left that mentality back in school. Three blissed out snare-smacking mixes all the way from San Francisco, chugging its slow deliberate trek across a continent that has obviously disillusioned Shadow, who's here to shout "I TOLD YOU SO". Brilliantly heavy trip hop.

Sam Mansour

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60FT DOLLS Happy Shopper (Indolent)
 Not to be left off the bandwagon, 60ft Dolls re-release their first single. They've re-twiddled it a bit but it's still a top punky tune, even though there are two gaping holes where the 'naughty' words were (which now of course are even more conspicuous by their absence: "the working class can kiss my '....'" and I'm sure everyone's heard worse than that in a song! The B-sides are a couple of live favourites so here's your chance to get hold of 'em.

JOYRIDER All Gone Away (A&M)
 Oh God... please save Joyrider from the clutches of Indie Kid favour and airplay on daytime Radio 1. The lure of fame, I fear, has been too much for them; having achieved chart recognition by releasing a Cover Version, Joyrider now present their speechless fans with this poppy, bouncy, catchy little number guaranteed to get your whole family's feet a-tapping. It's not a bad song but a thousand other bands could have done it just as well. Don't forget yer punk rock roots lads— it's what you did best!!

LONGPIGS Lost Myself (Mother Records)
 In need of immediate uplifting? Then have I got the tune for you!! *Lost Myself* is yet another triumph for Crispin & co, and possibly the best single they've released so far. It's so good it's almost impossible to describe, but imagine having four orgasms in four minutes and that's how it leaves you feeling at the end. Crispin's voice is perfect for singing about the cynicism and trauma of being in love, and watch out for the addition of strings from the album version. Play it loud or not at all!

PURA VIDA Vivien (Org)
 Brilliant and catchy post-grunge rock which might need a few listens to get into, but you'll be glad you did. You'll recognise the b-sides too if you've seen 'em live (if not, you're missing out). One to let your hair down to!

SCREAMING TREES All I Know (Epic)
 Anthemic grunge-rock which actually makes quite a refreshing change now the whole 'Seattle' scene has crumbled to nothing. Look out for them on tour.

TIGER Puppet Pal (Island)
 Haven't Tiger already released this single? What? It's a new one? Oh...well, they certainly had me fooled for a minute there. Expect to see this in a bin marked 'bargain' near you soon!!

Mischa

HOOVER 2Wicky (Columbia)
 Lovely sexy trippy trancey bluesy drum and bass with guitar — now there's a sub-genre. Five sufficiently different mixes to warrant the effort and totalling over twenty-five minutes.

FIONA APPLE Shadowboxer (Clean State/Columbia)
 Liz Phair meets Tom Waits' pub piano sound with strings, and a touch of Shirley Bassey. Eighteen year old Fiona Apple is a strange fruit but she's got a voicebox and she's going to use it.

FUN-DA-MENTAL Goddevil (Nation)
 A wild and crazy burst of inspiration, *Goddevil* is a curious mix of soft eastern instruments and raging thrash rock. *Amputate* is a spooky but funny affair, like they're taking the piss out of Goth or something, while *Blood In Transit* is an experiment in distorting the sounds of belching and farting. an interesting enough ep.

Christine Chapel

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