

Millennium
Music Software

ARNOLD &
CARLTON
college

Overall
THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

MILLENNIUM MUSIC SOFTWARE / ARNOLD & CARLTON COLLEGE AND OVERALL PRESENT THE

DJ STEALTH THE WHEELS 98 CHAMPIONSHIPS



WIN!

TWO YEAR'S FREE TUITION ON THE ARNOLD & CARLTON COLLEGE MUSIC TECHNOLOGY/DJ SKILLS COURSE WORTH £3,500!

A MILLENNIUM PC SYSTEM COMPLETE WITH STEINBERG CUBASE VST AND REBIRTH, MIXMAN "VIRTUAL DJ" & BASE 1 SOFTWARE AND A 16-BIT SOUNDCARD WORTH £2,000!

RUNNERS UP PRIZES INCLUDE £300 WORTH OF ASSORTED SAMPLE CDS FROM TIME & SPACE AND ZERO G TWO PAIRS OF AKG HEADPHONES WORTH £99.00 EACH! AND FOUR COPIES OF MIXMAN "VIRTUAL DJ" SOFTWARE WORTH £40 EACH!



TAKING PLACE AT

SAM FAY'S

THE GREAT NORTHERN CLOSE, LONDON RD., NOTTM.

FROM **TUESDAY 26th MAY 1998**

ENTRY FORMS ARE AVAILABLE FROM :

ARNOLD & CARLTON COLLEGE, BATH STREET NOTTINGHAM NG1 1DA TEL. CARLOS (0115) 959 9395
MILLENNIUM MUSIC SOFTWARE, 172 DERBY ROAD, NOTTINGHAM FAX FAO ANDREW (0115) 952 0876
SAM FAY'S THE GREAT NORTHERN CLOSE LONDON ROAD NOTTINGHAM NG2 3AE TEL: (0115) 941 8560
OR VIA HTTP://WWW.MILLENNIUM-MUSIC.CO.UK OR HTTP://WWW.DJNET.DEMON.CO.UK

Overall

ISSUE # 58

THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS



PIC: SEAN O'HAGAN FROM

THE HIGHS LLAMAS

PLUS DIGITAL HARDCORE

FRIED ALIVE THE LONGEST NIGHT/BLUR/DAVID DEVANT & HIS SPIRIT WIFE/MARK THOMAS
FILMS THE ICE STORM/THE WOODLANDERS/IN THE COMPANY OF MEN/LUCIE AUBRAC/TITANIC
ALBUM REVIEWS IN THE NURSERY/GUY CHADWICK/LONG FIN KILLIE/MALI RAIN/PIZZICATO FIVE

SOME BUT NOT ALL THE INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN MAY BE FALSE. STAY ALERT!

HOGSHEAD Langtry's ALE HOUSE

South Sherwood Street, Nottingham
(opposite Royal Concert Hall) Tel. 947 2124

The place to be for
cask conditioned ales
Always a large selection
of the finest ales in the country.

Food served every day of the week
A varied menu to suit all tastes

Kulejazz at Langtry's
A new venture into live jazz
Every Tuesday

A great atmosphere
for everybody to enjoy
Student friendly

Sundays
12.15pm - 2.45pm
The Footwarmers

Sundays
8.00pm - 10.30pm
Mind The Gap

Sundays
8.00pm - 10.30pm
Blunt

Mondays
8.00pm - 10.30pm
Juba

Tuesdays
8.00pm - 10.30pm
The Omega Band

Tuesdays
8.00pm - 10.30pm
Shod Collective

Tuesdays
8.00pm - 10.30pm
The Johnny Johnstone Band

25
YEARS OF
JAZZ

at
THE BELL INN
in the
Old Market Square

NEW FOR
WEDNESDAYS
8.00pm - 10.30pm
Twenty Six Red

R 'n' B and BLUES
Espiritu
Flamenco/Gypsy Guitar Duo

SUBWAY STUDIOS
REHEARSE
REHEARSALS FROM £3 PH WEEKDAYS
PA WITH MICS INCLUDED
MIRRORED ROOMS
DRUM AND BACKLINE HIRE
CALL 0115 9782002

STUDIOS

SUBWAY STUDIOS, FOREST MILLS, ALFRETON ROAD,
NOTTINGHAM, NG7 3JL

SIXTEEN TRACK DIGITAL RECORDING
2/3 SONG DEMOS FROM £75 INC TAPE
LIVE RECORDING
DRUMS RECORDED FOR HOME STUDIOS

RECORD
SUBWAY STUDIOS

NOTTINGHAM'S PREMIER LIVE MUSIC VENUE
THE RUNNING HORSE

The student and biker friendly pub
Live music all week. See listings
Open 7pm - midnight Mon- Sat

EVERY SUNDAY
Acoustic Blues and Roots Jam

EVERY MONDAY
Folk & Roots Club

EVERY TUESDAY
Live Jazz Club

16 Alfreton Road, Nottm.
(0115) 978 7398

John & Sandra welcome you to

THE
GOLDEN FLEECE
105 Mansfield Road Nottingham

Traditional Cask Ales
* * Guest Beers * *
Home Cooked Food

LIVE MUSIC
Every Saturday, Sunday,
Monday and Tuesday.
Free entry. See listings.
Tel. (0115) 947 2843

firstofall

So, Hollywood has finally jumped on the
Carpenterwash bandwagon with *Boogie Nights*
and Polygram are quick to follow with a series of
releases of classic seventies bands with
collections of **The Ohio Players, Womack &
Womack, Cameo, Barry White, The Gap
Band**, and so on. All due for release this month
on the Spectrum label.

Also dusted off for the young generation's new
found fad for the old and put into a Polygram
package is a collection of **Jimmy Webb** classics
Someone Left The Cake Out In The Rain
including **Glen Campbell** (*By The Time I Get to
Phoenix and Galveston*), **Donna Summer**
(*MacArthur Park*), **Johnny Mann Singers** (*Up,
Up And Away*), **Dusty Springfield, Scott
Walker, Joe Cocker** and more. If you're young
enough to think they were all written for tv ads,
there's a reminder of more recent times in *And I
Just Can't Get Enough*, a collection of—you
guessed it—New Romantics with **Heaven 17,
Spandau Ballet, Adam & The Ants**, etc.,
stretching things as far as *Landscape and Bow
Wow Wow*. And if you just can't get enough
nostalgia *This Is More Northern Soul* is Vol. 2 of
Tamla Motown rarities to mark that label's 40th
anniversary. All three are out in Feb on the
Debutante Deluxe label which also plans to
release collections of Bob Dylan classics. The
times they aren't a-changing...

Marcus Garbage
A more modern fad is Speed Garage and
Nottingham-based collective **Groove City**
intend to bring you plenty of it. They have a
weekly Friday night at Golds in Leicester
beginning 6th Feb. They also plan a Valentines
all-nighter at The Ballroom, Nottm (14th Feb).
The new sound of the UK Underground
(apparently), Speed Garage is also known as
"Raggage". So I guess if you were to throw in a
bit of Gabba you'd end up with a new sub-genre
called Garbage, and when it gets knackered into
the mainstream it'll be called Handbaggage.

Black catalogue
Xenon is a new video label launched this month.
Fed by parent company Xenon Entertainment
Group in the USA, which has the largest single
collection of Black film under one roof, it
promises a catalogue of films as wide and
diverse as Black life itself. The first set of
releases will be the original Blaxploitation movie
Sweet Sweetback's Baadassss Song by rap
pioneer **Melvin Van Peebles** whose soundtrack
became the debut album by **Earth Wind And
Fire** once made mandatory viewing for all Black
Panthers by their leader Huey P Newton;
Dolemite, starring the original blue Black
comedian **Rudy Ray Moore** as a nightclub
entertainer and featuring an all-girl army of
Kung Fu killers! Moore, whose career began in
1959, was the inspiration for a new generation
of black entertainers including Eddie Murphy,
Richard Pryors, Ice-T and a host of rap artists,
and is renowned for his special brand of humour
based on traditional ghetto stories handed down
for generations. He performed much of his
material in rhyme, often backed by music, which
earned him the title "Godfather Of Rap"; and
Thug Immortal, the real life and death story of
one of America's most notorious rappers, **Tupac
Shakur**, using original home videos, interviews
and comments from friends and family. It's the
story that the media never knew. All three are
released at £12.99 each on Feb 26th on Xenon
via MIA.

DIY's latest album is due out in April. It's one of
funky, chilled out backroom bar and café beats
and tasty mellow drum 'n' bass. At the time of

going to press the actual line-up has not been
finalised but a sneak preview of a d'n'b tune
sounds promising.

Flow, a Nottingham crew who put out no fewer
than eleven tunes in '97 (anthems all of 'em
mate) have just released a triple house pack on
Lo Pressings. Recent events surrounding Flow
which have reached the Overoffice bring to mind
proverbs about glass houses and stones and
business and pleasure... 'nuff said.

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
Every Saturday from 3pm
"the only afternoon
nightclub in town"
at
THE GOLDEN FLEECE
105, Mansfield Road
groovy live music
JOIN THE SHOD CLUB

SUBSCRIBE
to Overall and you will receive...

- a cd of our choice
- a poster
- a sticker
- free drinks tokens
- free information

£6 for six issues or £10 for a year.
Cheques payable to "Overall".
HURRY WHILE STOCKS LAST!

Overall
THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

PO Box 73, West PDO,
Nottingham NG7 4DG
Tel. 0115 953 8333
Fax. 0115 953 4040
e-mail overall@osl.co.uk

Published by Paul Overall
with assistance from Alex McKenzie.

Contributions from:
Gareth Thompson, Christine Chapel, Hank
Quinlan, Matt Arnoldi, Dael, Mischa Gulseven
The Fat Dead Nazi, Simon The Vinyl Junkie,
Aidy Harper and David Gregory.

Special thanks to:
Chris The Resource, Graham The Printer
and Nigel The Finisher.

© OVERALL 1998

EVERY FRIDAY IS
frantic
FEATURING LIVE BANDS EVERY WEEK :

FEBRUARY 6th REDGATE
13th SENSATION
20th ODDBALL
27th EARTHLIFE

top indie sounds & chemical beats from
d.j. derv (top banana, the zone) + upstairs
stacked d.j.'s playing hip hop, phat funk & groove

@
the
dubble
bubble

19 GREYHOUND ST.
NOTTM
TEL 9520021
FAX 9562006

£3.50 - N.U.S /
MEMBERS
£5 - GUESTS
10.30 - 3

£1 ENTRANCE
DISCOUNT FOR NU
HIGH SOC/BAND SOC
MEMBERS

VISUALL

THE WOODLANDERS



THE WOODLANDERS (dir. Phil Agland)

In this adaptation of Thomas Hardy's novel childhood sweethearts Grace (Emily Woof) and Giles (Rufus Sewell) are reunited when she returns from finishing school to the small rural community of Little Hintock. Her father Melbury (Tony Haygarth), a self-made timber merchant believes she can now do better than a plain woodsman so entreats her to marry the attractive young doctor FitzPiers (Cal MacAninch). Soon after the honeymoon, however, cracks begin to appear in their happiness with Fitzpiers being wooed by a wealthy widow and Grace's old feelings for Giles resurfacing. Finally and predictably events lead to tragedy and death.

Director Phil Agland, best known for his award-winning documentaries *Baka: People Of The Rainforest* and *Beyond The Clouds*, here makes a promising, keenly observed but low-key debut. His strength lies in a love of Hardy's landscape and the interaction between the characters and the countryside. One of the author's main themes, Agland's portrayal of a community and its everyday, hand-to-mouth existence is wonderfully evocative. Often, though, the plot rushes headlong to its conclusion, sacrificing minor characters and some of Hardy's inherent melodrama. Emily Woof holds everything together in a star-making performance that isn't extravagantly ostentatious but brilliant in detail and slow-burning intensity. It's not enough to convert non-believers but *The Woodlanders*, like last year's *Jude*, certainly won't disappoint Hardy's many admirers nor those of a more gritty period drama.

Hank Quinlan

At Broadway Fri 6th-Thurs 19th Feb and Metro, Derby Fri 13th-Thurs 19th March.

THE ICE STORM

dir. Ang Lee

From contemporary Taiwan in *Eat Drink Man Woman* through 19th century England in Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, to 1970's Connecticut in *The Ice Storm*, Ang Lee is proving to be the most adept and versatile of modern directors. As an outsider he approaches the assorted subject matter with an honesty unburdened by excessive cultural baggage and elicits from his actors performances of rare warmth and humanity. This latest work located, as the title suggests, in a colder emotional climate once again balances humour with human drama, satire with sad, poignant tragedy. Based on Rick Moody's 1994 novel, the film is set on Thanksgiving weekend against a backdrop of Watergate cynicism, sexual freedom and bad 70's fashion, and follows two affluent but dysfunctional families.

Neighbours Ben Hood (Kevin Kline) and Janey Carver (Sigourney Weaver) are engaged in an unfulfilling, adulterous affair. His wife Elena (Joan Allen) suspects but is already on the brink of a nervous breakdown and their teenage children are about to quench their own carnal thirst. Between them all, open, honest communication barely exists, while behind the waterbeds and wife-swapping parties brittle relationships are irrevocably breaking apart. Kline, weaver and allen all excel in their finely written roles and the younger element (Elijah Wood, Adam Hann-Byrd, Tobey Maguire and especially Christina Ricci) add a disquieting dimension to their adolescent adventures. Throughout, Lee's control is exemplary, showing great sensitivity and slowly, subtly building up the tension. It's highly unlikely that his next project will be an eye-popping sci-fi blockbuster, but with his record, who knows? At the moment his talented touch is turning everything to gold. **HQ**

The Ice Storm blows into town from Fri 6th - Thurs. 19th Feb at Broadway, Nottm and Fri 27th March - 2nd April at Metro, Derby.



THE ICE STORM



IN THE COMPANY OF MEN

IN THE COMPANY OF MEN

Winner of the Filmmaker's trophy at Sundance, US director Neil LaBute picks on anytown in America for a starkly authentic tale of about two office workers, Chad and Howard, sent to do a project out of town for six weeks. Good-looking, self-confident subordinate Chad (Aaron Eckhart), comes up with a plan which he persuades his technically gifted but serious and shy boss, Howard (Matt Molloy) to go along with. They will look for a local girl, a romantic conquest whom they can wine and dine and compete for during their six week stay, after which they'll drop her and leave all the better for the use of their female distraction. The unfortunate girl who ends up swimming amongst the sharks is brunette Christine (Stacy Edwards), an efficient deaf typist and a kind, gentle sort who deserves better. The attractive and brash Chad knows that he's a charmer and finds instant attraction from Christine even though he makes fun of her deafness behind closed doors. He's an interesting but disturbing character who talks dirty, bad-mouths colleagues and humiliates office subordinates, to the extent that you wonder whether he was treated badly as a child. Howard, his boss, although lacking confidence with women, nevertheless rates himself highly. LaBute concentrates on showing their respective plays on the attentions of Christine, dividing the action into the six weeks of their project, as different stages of the wooing of the innocent typist. The outcome is kept under wraps but at all stages the action moves with a coldly believable manner towards an effective conclusion. LaBute has come up with a provocative 'feelbad' thriller which shows how social graces are lacking in the selfish 90'. Whether any men will learn anything from this is debatable, but LaBute is not interested in crime and punishment and, as he states himself, the end is more chillingly potent dished up the way it is. **MA**

Join In The Company Of Men at Broadway Fri 20th- Feb Thurs 5th March.

IN AND OUT (cert. 12 dir. Frank Oz)

In And Out was inspired by Tom Hanks' puke-inducing Oscar acceptance speech for Philadelphia, where he unexpectedly "outed" his drama teacher before several billion viewers. The resulting "romantic comedy", starring Kevin Kline as the unfortunate schoolmaster, therefore has an amusing set up but thereafter fails to deliver in either the laughs or social comment departments. It is interesting that Hollywood is finally acknowledging "subversive" subjects such as homosexuality but *In And Out*, like *Philadelphia*, seems really dated. Humorous clips are shown from the feature film parody for which Cameron Drake (Matt Dillon) wins the Oscar, a gay Vietnam melodramam in which Drake is dishonorably discharged from the army for owning a signed copy of the Bette Midler weepie, *Beeches*. **DG**

I WENT DOWN

A lively Irish road movie about a couple of bungling henchmen Git Heynes (Peter McDonald) and Bunny Kelly (Brendan Gleeson) sent to pick up Frank Grogan, a criminal associate of a Big Cheese gangster, Tom French, to whom they owe a favour. They think the job is a simple pick up until Grogan tells them that he's about to be bumped off and suggests that they make a deal. Irish director Paddy Breathnach's earthy comedy, taken from a script by Connor McPherson has pace. Likeable characters and a sparky script (littered with four-letter words). It's Tarantino-esque with a plot that involves greed, betrayal, double-crosses and a violent shoot-out. Breathnach will go on to better things on the strength of this, his second film. *I Went Down* won't be a landmark film, but a young audience will enjoy it as a breezy, black road-movie about shoot 'em up gangsters. **MA** Broadway Fri 27th Feb - Thurs 5th March.

KITCHEN

Hong Kong director Yim Ho thrilled audiences with his last film on release *The Day The Sun Turned Cold*, a harrowing drama about a son who discovers that his mother has killed his father and decides he must do the right thing and turn her over to the authorities. Yim Ho's latest effort *Kitchen* is based on Banana Yoshimoto's cult novel about the nature of grief and how it can be tackled through compassion and good humour. A Far Eastern variation of *Truly Madly Deeply*, it stars Yasuko Tomita as Aggie who, at the funeral for her last surviving relative, meets deep-thinking hairstylist Louie (Jordan Chan). Hitting it off, Aggie moves in with Louie and his transsexual mother. Aggie is then helped over the inevitable grieving process, coming to terms with change as death forces an alteration in circumstances. It's a witty, wistful tale of grief, romance and the release of human compassion between new-found friends. **MA** Get into the Kitchen Fri 27th Feb - Tues 3rd March at Broadway

SPAWN: ANGELA

Todd McFarlane & Neil Gaiman (Titan books £7.99 Feb 23rd)

The movie has been and gone without much fuss, although this graphic novel series remains an all-time best-seller. This off-shoot (*Spawn*!) features the less than angelic angel from *Spawn: Evolution* who hunted and then tried to kill our reluctant hero. In this book, covering issues 1-3 of the Angela stories, the Elysian babe warrior is interrupted in her pursuit of a Sandalphon dragon, whose head she seeks for her trophy collection, by a host (apparently that's 333,000) of fellow angels who arrest her in connection with the incident involving *Spawn*. Which means that the Hells spawn must be brought to Heaven in order to bear witness at the trial of the angel who would be his death. It soon becomes apparent that there's more to all this than a mislaid dimensional lance and it's not long before, outnumbered a million to two, together they make a run for the glass walls and a long jump into the abyss. Having escaped the hosts of Heaven they now face the hordes of Hades... **Christine Chapel**

LUCIE AUBRAC



LUCIE AUBRAC

A fine French film set in occupied France during the Second World War, Lucie Aubrac conjures up a suspenseful tale based on real-life events pitting the wits of the local French Resistance against the might of the Gestapo. The story begins with an intricate operation to blow up a bridge in order to scupper the movement of German weaponry. In much the same way that the BBC's admirable series *Secret Army* concentrated on the elaborate plans made by the Resistance to cover their tracks, Claude Berri's film focuses on the hierarchy and planning that went into Resistance operations in the area. Central to the film, too, is the love shown between Raymond and Lucie Aubrac (Daniel Auteuil) and Carole Bouquet who show commitments to the Resistance as well as to each other. The capture of Raymond by the Gestapo brings to an end their happiness and from then on the resistance Network has to do all it can to keep the movement going and help Lucie in a daunting attempt to free him. Both Auteuil and Bouquet act with great conviction in their respective roles in this nail-biting slow-burner which keeps the tension high and provides an admirable and intelligent approach to the detail underpinning the Resistance's valuable work. **MA**

COVER STORY

THE HIGH LLAMAS

In 1980 Sean O'Hagan formed Microdisney in his hometown of Cork, Ireland with keyboard player Cathal Coughlan. Almost a decade of songwriting and recording followed, with three albums on Rough Trade before they signed to Virgin in 1987. They toured extensively, famously supporting U2 on a major tour that year, and even flirted with Top Fifty singles success. But Microdisney was destined to remain a cult phenomenon and a final album was released in 1988.

In 1990 Sean's first solo album entitled *High Llamas* (after a magazine picture of a Victorian hot air balloon), a collection of vignettes and demos, was released by Demon records, foreshadowing the direction Sean's songwriting was heading. It was also the first time he sang on any recordings other than backing vocals.

By 1992 Sean had adopted the name The High Llamas for a fully-fledged four-piece group. A mini album was released on Plastic records showing Sean's emerging pop sensibilities, the now trademark soaring harmonies and pumping melodies, although at a time when grunge still ruled it was considered 'experimental' pop. Soon after its release Sean took time out and was recruited into Stereolab, initially to play keyboards on a UK and US tour, although he has since appeared on all subsequent Stereolab albums in a variety of roles as musician and arranger.

Working with drummer Rob Allum, guitarist John Bennett, Microdisney bassist Jon Fell and multi-instrumentalist Marcus Holdaway, who still make up the High Llamas today, Sean began work on the songs which became the highly acclaimed *Gideon Gayer*. NME called it "a small but perfectly formed dream"; and Dave Cavanagh in Q concluded that "it was not only the best Beach Boys album since 1968's *Friends* but it is 1994's word of mouth cult hit." Word indeed spread and the Boo Radley's asked Sean to remix a couple of their tracks. Mercury Rev took The High Llamas on tour and later in the year Sean worked with them on a Peel Session. As Sean's involvement with Stereolab continued and they recorded a sculpture inspired project *Music for The Amorphous Body Centre* instigated by the American artist Charles Long. A 10,000 cd limited edition sold out in a day.

In 1995 *Checking In Checking Out*, released on The High Llamas own label Alpaca Park, (via Sony records who also reissued *Gideon Gayer*) became an airplay hit, while additional tracks on the cd hinted at what was to come.

Among the contenders to sign The High Llamas at this point was Herb Alpert for his then new label,



Vive la Resistance! at Broadway Fri 20th - Thurs 5th March and Metro, Derby Fri 6th - Thurs 12th March.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SCRIPTWRITING

J. Michael Straczynski (Titan books £12.99)

Not for the casual dilettante nor those seeking that elusive formula for the perfect script, this indispensable nuts-and-bolts guide is aimed directly at the serious, aspiring, writing who possesses talent and persistence but little business acumen. Individual chapters on Television, Motion Pictures, Animation, Radio and Theatre include a brief history of each medium with analysis of their respective markets and future trends, script format, presentation, packaging and marketing, advice on plotting, characterisation, pacing, camera angles etc., and techniques for tracking down producers and agents. As an added bonus there is also a complete shooting script for an episode of *Babylon 5*, the TV SF phenomenon created by this book's author. Straczynski's writing is clear and informative, drawing from personal experience and cutting through the crap to help the ambitious novice progress towards professional scriptwriting status. However, for those residing on this side of the Atlantic there is one major drawback; the entire book is based on America's indigenous industry and no concession or commentary is made for any other country. Constant reference to the Writers Guild of America and its trade agreements, and the repeated advice to move to Los Angeles may be well meant but are of little relevance to the average Brit. Flawed, then, but for those individuals concerned still a highly recommended read. **HQ**

TITANIC dir. James Cameron

An early scene in *Titanic* has Kate Winslet ask victor Garber, who is boasting about the sheer magnitude of the ship he has designed, what professor Freud might have thought about his obsession with size. ("Freud? Is he a passenger?" he replies) When James Cameron picked up the Golden Globe for best picture, he announced, "bigger is better." Need we say more? *Titanic* is a hulking Juggernaut of huge screen entertainment drowned beneath a vast, clumsy dollop of sugary Hollywood icing. Down on his luck, Leonardo DiCaprio wins a ticket for passage on the *Titanic* with a lucky poker hand. At the outset of the journey he manages to fall in love with a beautiful brit toff (Winslet) who is having difficulty coping with her rotten cad fiancé (an outstanding Billy Zane). Winslet is itching to bust down some class barriers, so DiCaprio teaches her to spit like a man; takes her to a booze 'n' brawl party below decks; and sketches her naked. The couple frolic about for a few hours, never too far from the possessive gaze of Zane. But enough becomes quite enough (this is a Cameron film after all). Slip it into 5th, bring on the iceberg and start spending some of that mammoth \$200m+! So towards the end of the multi-hour ordeal we get great 45-minute disaster/adventure movie, a kind of *Poseidon Adventure* with T2 effects, and it's all very exciting! Magnanimous emotions! Voluminous thrills! The Academy'll love it. **DG**

Almo. At the end of the year they undertook the yet more ambitious and this time better funded recordings that became the *Hawaii* album.

Released in the spring of 1996, *Hawaii* was a 77-minute epic, a pioneering record that painted an idiosyncratic portrait of early pioneering life in North America. The High Llamas' visual image was translated by means of instrumentation using massed banjos, trombones and strings and electronic music—all on the same record. A mixture of Hollywood soundtrack music, horns and easy listening,

Jimmy Webb song structures and Bacharach and Mancini inspired arrangements nestled together with great charm and originality. The plaudits came once again: "defiantly anachronistic and blissfully free of irony..."—NME; "A masterly work of verve and vision and class and taste"—Time Out.

1997 was a remarkably busy year for The High Llamas spending the summer recording a new album *Cold And Bouncy* for the new V2 label. Sean also recorded and collaborated with Stereolab's Tim Gane and Andy Ramsey on the instrumental experimental project Turn On released last summer (look out for a live appearance by the trio in Sheffield during April) and The High Llamas were the first ever to remix a Mouse On Mars track. They toured Europe with Pavement and supported Beck in London before finishing the year with a tour of the States where Hawaii has only recently been released to critical acclaim.

Early 1998 sees them on a UK tour with the release of *Cold And Bouncy*, an album with the same epic scope as Hawaii but with a more predominant electronic edge. Indeed the title refers to German electronic music and how the band were "struck by

the way it could be cold and digital yet also warm, pleasant and bouncy". As in all the group's recordings *Cold And Bouncy* represents a monumental communicative effort on the part of all the musicians in The High Llamas.

Catch THE HIGH LLAMAS live at Sam Fay's on Sunday 8th Feb.* Tickets are £5 adv. from *Way Ahead*, Selectadisc and Sam Fay's. Credit card bookings 0115 912 9000. Support comes from Scott 4 with their unique hybrid of avant garde lo-fi country, blues and progressive rock with spacey breakbeats topped with Stetsons.

* THE FIRST FIVE PEOPLE THROUGH THE DOOR WILL RECEIVE A FREE COPY OF THE COLD & BOUNCY CD (See album reviews).

FRIED CIRCUIT

FEBRUARY 1998

CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE FOR REGULAR UPDATES

www.osluk.com/overall



BULLYRAG Rock City (Sat 7th) and the Leadmill (14th)

tuesday 3rd
JOHNNY JOHNSTONE JAZZ GROUP Nottm The Bell Inn

LUSHLIFE The Golden fleece
KULE JAZZ Langtry's

CARLO'S LOUNGE Jazzology
LUGA/ HORIZON/ BAZOOKA JO UNIVERSAL The Old Vic

PHIL WARE QUARTET
BEN MARTIN QUINTET
TEDDY FULLICK QUINTET The Running horse

KEVIN HEWICK Derby The Dolphin

wednesday 4th
TWENTY-SIX RED Nottm The Bell Inn

THE FAB FOUR Sam Fay's
COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM The Running Horse

GENO WASHINGTON Mansfield Fat Sam's
OK KANE Leicester The Charlotte

thursday 5th
STRAY £3 Nottm The Running Horse
BRIGHT LIGHTS COLLECTIVE Carry on Carrington

NUMB The Filly & Firkin
OASISN'T Rock City

AINSLEY LISTER Mansfield Fat sam's
MIKE PETERS Leics The Charlotte

friday 6th
LOS COE STATE OPERA Nottm The Maze

REDGATE Dubble Bubble
SIMON THE VINYL JUNKIE
VIBRONICS D.J. PHASIX
BOXED UK/ UNKNOWN SOLDIER Quake

CATBOY Filly & Firkin
THE RANDEES The Old Vic

PETE DONALDSON **BLUES BAND** The Running Horse
WHATNALIAN INSTITUTE The Britannia Inn

SIMON DK / EMMA
BABY MAMMOTH / BULLITNUTS
DR WICKED Floppy Disco

EMPIRION /THE SECRET ANALOGY / LIBERATOR Bill the Cat The Ballroom
THE MANZAREK DOORS Leics The Charlotte

saturday 7th
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE 3pm-6pm Nottm The Golden Fleece

PESKY ALLIGATORS The Maze
PITCHSHIFTER / BULLYRAG Rock City

MY FAMILY TREE
DJ PETE WILKO Dubble Bubble

ZEPHYR 6 Filly & Firkin
SMOKEHOUSE BLUES BAND £2 The Running Horse
MONKEY GRIP The Britannia Inn

CURTIS WALKER/ROY DIAMOND
HELEN DA SILVA / JOHN SIMI
MUGGA Black comedy showcase Nottingham Playhouse

STRANGELOVE
SIMON WARNER The Ballroom

PETE TONG / TALL PAUL Progress Derby The Eclipse

DAVE SMITH BLUES BAND Derby The Victoria
BLUE PRINT / ALISON THEORY Mansfield The Woodpecker
IMMEDIATE / WATSON Leics The Charlotte

HATTIE HAYRIDGE 6pm
CRAIG CHARLES 8pm Leics Y Theatre

sunday 8th
THE HIGH LLAMAS / SCOTT 4 £5 adv Nottm Sam Fay's
THE JUG BAND The Golden Fleece

THE FOOTWARMERS noon
MIND THE GAP 8pm The Bell Inn

SHADES OF BLUE £2 The Running Horse
ZZ BIRMINGHAM Derby The Dolphin

UNION Leics The Charlotte

monday 9th
PRIMAL SCREAM
ALABAMA 3 Nottm Rock City

THE OMEGA BAND The Bell Inn
STOMP BROTHERS £1 The Running Horse
ACOUSTIC ROUTES The Golden fleece

STORMY MONDAYS jam session The Old Vic
CAUSE FOR ALARM
FREEBASE / INNER CRY Derby The Victoria

AMELIA / THE KIDS Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 10th
SUGAR & LUST / BROMIDE
THE CHIHUAHUAS £2 Nottm Sam Fay's
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE The Bell Inn

MARTIN BLUES The Golden Fleece
KULE JAZZ Langtry's

MARIN / BLUE PRINT
THE PLASTICS The Old Vic

BOB WILSON
THE TEDDY FULLICK QUINTET The Running Horse

ARNOLD BOLT Derby The Dolphin
OXYMORON /SHORT & CURLIES The Victoria

THE DANDYS The Loft
DJ PABLO / DEEP JOY Nottm The Maze
STYLUS / MIRACLE DRUG The Skyy Club

MIKE SAUNDERS QUARTET The Old Vic
ESPIRITU The Bell Inn

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM The Running Horse
AERIAL / MOGWAI £5 adv Derby The Loft

thursday 12th
MOTHERSHIP Nottm The Maze
WIDE-EYED WONDER Rock City

THE HAMSTERS £6 adv The Running Horse
GUNS N OATCAKES Mansfield Fat Sam's

THE UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH
MINI THIN / CHRISTINE LEVINE Leics The Charlotte

FACE DOWN / SEIZURE
SOUL QUAKE SYSTEM Derby The Victoria

friday 13th
DC FONTANA Nottm The Maze

SENSATION Dubble Bubble
THE VINYL YEARS The Old Vic

CLONE The Britannia Inn
FARLEY JACKMASTER FUNK Quench Mansfield Lexis

CHAOS UK / SCREAMER Derby The Victoria
OXYMORON / SHORT & CURLIES Leics The Charlotte

saturday 14th
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE 3pm Nottm The Golden Fleece
OUT OF THE BLUE The Running Horse

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS The Maze
ZARABANDA The Lincolnshire Poacher
ROADHOUSE BLUES BAND The Britannia Inn

PLANET CAKE / PHAT J Dubble Bubble
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE midnight The Skyy Club
NEIL MACEY Giddy Up The Lenton

DANGEROUS DAVEY E / EZ
THE BUBBLIN CREW Groove City Lenton The Ballroom

DARREN PRICE / BRYAN GEE Fusion Deluxe
SUPERCREEPS
ELECTRIC SOUND OF JOY Derby The Victoria

DOG THOMAS / CF KANE Mansfield The Woodpecker
GWYN ASHTON fat Sam's

A / 99 YEARS Leics The Charlotte
DANNY RAMPLING
SEB FONTAINE Gatecrasher Sheffield The Republic

PITCHSHIFTER / BULLYRAG The Leadmill

sunday 15th
ZARABANDA Nottm The Golden Fleece

UFO Rock City
THE FOOTWARMERS noon
JUBA 8pm The Bell Inn

BEGGARS FARM £2 The Running Horse
CROSS THE HANDS Derby The Dolphin
ED & DENYZE ALLEYNE
JOHNSON Leics The Charlotte

monday 16th
ECHOBELLY Rock City
HARRY STEPHENSON & FRIENDS The Running Horse

6 X 7 Skyy Club
THE OMEGA BAND The Bell Inn

THE PROFESSIONALS Derby The Dolphin
PALA Derby The Loft
NIAOMI / AMBER Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 17th
JOHNNY JOHSTONE JAZZ GROUP Nottm The Bell Inn
KELLY'S HEROES The Golden Fleece

KULE JAZZ Langtry's
VELAVATONES / RESIN The Old Vic

GRAHAM ALLDROYD
TEDDY FULLICK QUINTET The Running Horse

ZEPHYR 6 Derby The Dolphin
IRON MPNKEY / SKEEM
CONDEMNED SOUL The Victoria Inn

SLEEPER Leics De Montford Hall
THE AUDIENCE The Charlotte

wednesday 18th
MARK EITZEL £6 adv Nottm The Market Bar
THE PHIL WARE QUARTET The Old Vic

TWENTY-SIX RED The Bell Inn
DJ PABLO / DEEP JOY The Maze

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM The Running Horse
STINKY / DJ PSYCK The Skyy Club

THE FAB FOUR Sam Fay's
thursday 19th
HARRY & THE GROWLERS Nottm The Maze

BENNETT / DAYTONA Rock City
LUGA The Old Vic

THE HAMSTERS Mansfield Fat Sam's
JUNO Leics The Charlotte

SUNWHEEL Derby The Victoria
friday 20th
ODDBALL Nottm Dubble Bubble

THE RANDEES The Maze
CONNIE LUSH & BLUES
SHOUTER The Running Horse

SHUT UP The Old Vic
MARK CONSTANTINE
JACK & EMMA Floppy Disco The Bomb

AREA 51 / CYNICAL SMILE
10 INCH FREAK Derby The Victoria Inn

ULTRASOUND
DAWN OF THE REPLICANTS Leics The Charlotte

saturday 21st
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE 3pm Nottm The Golden Fleece
JOE FOSSEY & THE SHAKEDOWN The Running Horse

£2 THE THREE DEUCES / TONY B Dubble Bubble
OASISN'T The Maze

MIDNIGHT PUMPKIN TRUCKS The Old Vic
SENER / YOUNG OFFENDERS Rock City

HEN / LYNDA
SUZU CREAMCHEESE Giggie #12 The Skyy Club

SOULMASTER LEE Northern Soul night The Victoria Inn
ENORMOUS / TOSCA Mansfield The Woodpecker

MOVER Leics The Charlotte
TONY DE VIT / MARK MOORE Gatecrasher Sheffield The Republic

sunday 22nd
THE THIRD EYE FOUNDATION
HOOD / JOHN SIMS Nottm The Market Bar

FANTASTIC SHOES The Golden Fleece
THE FOOTWARMERS noon
BLUNT 8pm The Bell Inn

CLUB O Leics The Charlotte
monday 23rd
THE DEFTONES Nottm Rock City

COLIN STAPLES & DOC The Running Horse
THE OMEGA BAND The Bell Inn

STORMY MONDAYS jam session The Old Vic
ACOUSTIC ROUTES The Golden Fleece

NIAOMI
MONSOON INTERNATIONAL The Charlotte

APARTMENT LOUNGE Derby The Dolphin
tuesday 24th
NIL / FECAL MATTER Nottingham Sam Fay's

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE The Bell Inn
THE BEE HATCHERS The Golden Fleece

KULE JAZZ Langtry's
INFANCIE / BAZOOKA JO
PEOPLE FROM THE 3RD FLOOR The Old Vic

BEN MARTIN QUINTET
TEDDY FULLICK The Running Horse

TY GARNER Derby The Dolphin
wednesday 25th
BOXED UK exploring Dub Nottm The Maze

ESPIRITU The Bell Inn
THE FAB FOUR Sam Fay's

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM The Running Horse
PECCADILLOES / JOLT Leics The Charlotte

GENTLEMAN'S QUARTERLY
HOMELANDS Derby The Victoria

thursday 26th
LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER
SELLOTAPE Nottm Filly & Firkin

SUGAR & LUST The Old Vic
HORIZON £1.50 The Running Horse

LIMEHOUSE LIZZY Fat Sam's
KOOKABURRA
BRONCO BULLFROG Leics The Charlotte

PANIC / SPEED URCHIN
LIGHTYEAR Derby The Victoria

friday 27th
EARTHLIFE Dubble Bubble

BORDERLINE The Running Horse
CATBOY Filly & firkin

JURASSIC The Old Vic
BEAN The Britannia Inn

BILLY NASTY / ED RUSH Fusion Deluxe
SWING HOLIDAY Leics The Charlotte

THE BEEKEEPERS Derby The Victoria
saturday 28th
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE 3pm The Golden Fleece

NOVA LOUNGE Dubble Bubble
IAN SIEGAL'S BLUES BAND The Running Horse

THE UNSANE Rock City
THE SLINGSHOTS The Maze

PABLO / JONATHAN
JAZZ SPIRIT Fever The Skyy Club

BEN DAVIS Giddy Up The Lenton
NO MORE HEROES Stranglers trib. The Old Vic

CHILDREN OF THE GROOVE The Britannia Inn
GET LOADED The Full Monty Lenton The Ballroom

ZARABANDA Bagthorpe Dixies Arms
WILSON / HOPPA Mansfield The Woodpecker

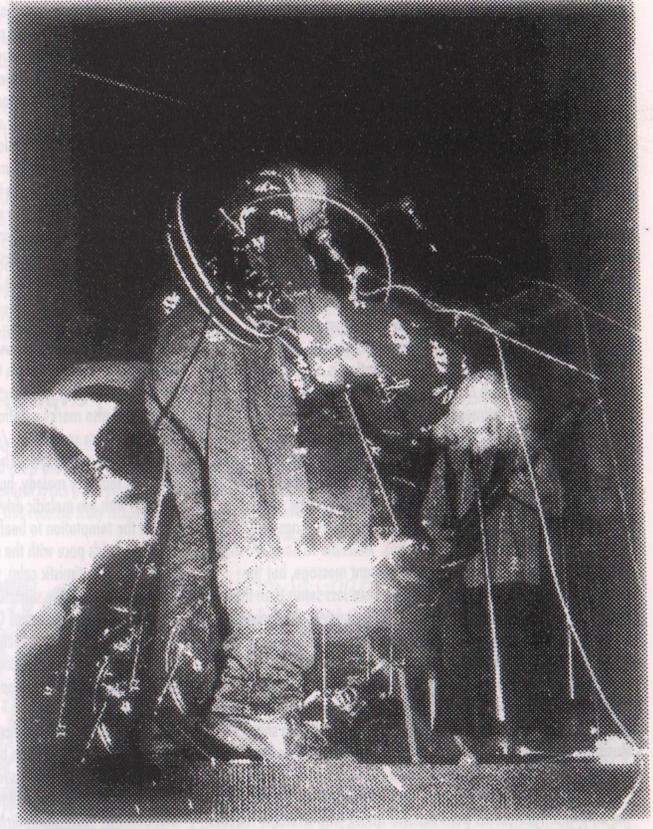
SPIZZ ENERGI
THE LOST PARAS Derby The Victoria

EARL BRUTUS Leics The Cahrlotte
JUDGE JULES
SISTER BLISS Gatecrasher Sheffield The Republic

MARCH
sunday 1st

FAITHFUL DAWN
SQUID / DJ SIN £4 adv Caged Bat goth night Nottm Sam Fay's

FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN The Golden Fleece
THE FOOTWARMERS noon
MIND THE GAP 8pm The Bell Inn



ODDBALL Dubble Bubble Fri 20th. photo: David M. Clarke

DISCOVERALL

Reviews by **Gareth Thompson, Christine Chapel, Hank Quinlan, Tricky Skills Jase, John W. Haylock and The Vinyl Junkie.**



THE HIGH LLAMAS

THE HIGH LLAMAS

Cold And Bouncy (Alpaca Park/V2)
After leaving the provocative Irish pop punkers Microdisney, Sean O'Hagan surprisingly turned his hand to the beguiling cocktail of sophisticated pop, lounge jazz, ambient beats and airy harmonies which comprise The High Llamas. String quartets are now also the order of his day, and this new release, their third, continues the beguiling momentum. Samples of gurgly loops infiltrate the otherwise hazy *Sun Beats Down*, and then scratch at the surface of *Hi Ball Nova Scotia*. *Tilting Windmills* begins with an almost childlike folkish simplicity, building a banjo line into the score, and yet maintains the eerie sense of abstract that defines O'Hagan's band. Chiming vibraphone notes seem to permeate the whole disc, lending the instrumental pieces an oddly familiar strain that yet remains elusive. The recording is virtually seamless, and appears designed to be heard very much as one piece. Spooky and laidback, this is the presence of a friendly ghost tiptoeing through your entire record collection. It works surprisingly well live too, which you can hear at Sam Fay's on Sunday February 8th.GT

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Welcome To Sarajevo (Premier Soundtracks)
Soundtracks sell films. Some time in-between *The Bodyguard* and *Trainspotting* (not the most harmonious of meeting points), the music became the message. The film industry now views the licensing of a cool soundtrack to be just as an important marketing tool as the product itself. This all means that a compilation is often rushed out to tie in with the promotion containing a hastily assembled collection of disparate tracks. Sometimes this works with electrifying effect (*Romeo & Juliet*). The downside though is that even the most unforfeiting of film buffs will fail to see the connection between two different art forms originally conceived in isolation (RE: *Bean The Movie* —of course Wet Wet Wet always write with a pathetic, nerdy, wimp of a tosser in mind. Sometimes Marti Pellow even writes songs that are about people other than himself. Ho ho). *Welcome To Sarajevo* may be a fine film with a disturbing and important message, but the running order for the soundtrack makes even less sense than the three-way religious / political war did itself. Consider the inclusion of Van the Man sitting next to Bobby McFerrin's *Don't Worry Be Happy*, which as any budding Martin Bell knows, this is the song that all the Sarajevo orphans who have been bombed out of their homes, deprived of food and then sexually abused, whistle along to at regular intervals as they go about their daily business of dodging snipers. Musically this album contains some absolute gems such as The Stone Roses' *Adored*, House Of Love's *Shine On*, Blurs *MOR* and Teenage Fanclub's *It's A Bad World*, but you probably own all of these anyway. The only new track comes from Massive Attack who scramble together an instrumental that sounds like a poor demo for *Unfinished Symphony*. TSJ

SUBCULTURE: HOUSE MUSIC EXPERIENCE

Selected and mixed by Harri (BMG)
The Sub Club in Glasgow has been spinning House for over a decade now. This mix of current deep tunes has been put together by resident DJ and general Glaswegian face, Harri. Since club compilations now surface about as frequently as Tory Party leadership contests (and are only slightly less tedious and a far less sweatier affair), the task of making a club endorsed album appear genuinely fresh and free of corporate marketing bullshit is a difficult idea to pitch. There is a sense that *Subculture* tries just a bit too hard to maintain a genuine underground atmosphere flavour. The sleeve notes are as bold to suggest that this 75 minute mix is a celebration of the Sub Club and all that it has achieved. This may be so, but already the safe formula of House sounds incredibly dated against the real dangerous beats of Drum 'n' Bass and Speed Garage currently hijacking London. This compilation has a feeling of nostalgia rather than progression. It is the kind of project that you could well imagine DJ supreme, Mick Hucknall becoming involved with—more Armani than Adidas. The whole album effortlessly passes by, which is either a statement on some top class mixing skills, or a reflection on the monotony of it all. Of course all music styles have cycles where they are more in demand during certain periods. Maybe this is the case and *Subculture* has been poorly timed with House currently not the force right now that it once was. TSJ

GUY CHADWICK

Lazy, Soft & Slow (Setanta)
Ex-House Of Love mainman Chadwick may describe his recent years as nightmarish, but his debut solo is stuffed full of heady, romantic dreams. It also marks a defiant and dignified return to prominence for the man whose searing vox/guitar angst never pushed his former band to expected heights. The title track opens things here on a lush croon of feathery melody, before *You've Really Got A Hold On Me* kicks in with the melodic drive of yore. Even here, though, Chadwick resists the temptation to beef things up into a chartbound stomp, and the song holds pace with the album's flow. *One Of These Days* is a pure rush of optimistic calm, while *In Her Heart* delivers another set of uplifting refrains. The sumptuous *Song For Gala* shuffles on a folksy twang with nods to Leonard Cohen and *Mirrored In My Mind* is a classic slice of folk psychedelia. There's another five gems besides all the above, as this comparatively seasoned campaigner holds his nerve perfectly amidst a raging sea of Britpop feuds and legends.GT

UMAJETS Demolition

(Clearspot)
What starts out punky soon becomes clear pop with sparkling lyrics —“Did the hypnosphere, snare you dear?” (*Half Man Half Wrecking Ball*) and “I'm a virgin of words so you'll have to forgive my immaculate reputation” (*Girl Named God*) and tunes so catchy (*Skywriting*) you could use them as bait. Pure pop love songs and beautiful ballads with singalong choruses many bands would indeed

go fishing for. Plus a bonus track of hysterical laughter. Popportunity rocks. CC

IN THE NURSERY Asphalt

(ITN Corps)
Whilst other bands with arty pretensions produce soundtracks to imaginary films, patiently waiting in vain for the opportunity to write one for real, electronic pioneers In the nursery have turned the idea on its head, providing an existing silent classic with a brand new musical score. *The Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari* in 1996 was the first in their Optical Music Series and last year they toured the countries film theatres with *Asphalt*, one of the last great German expressionist films of the 1920's. It's a tale of doomed romantic obsession set in a disorienting urban milieu and perfectly suited to ITN's atmospheric synthetics. Low bass notes resonate, eerie pulsebeats shatter the silence and grand yet sombre orchestral sweeps send the requisite shivers down the spine. As live accompaniment to the on-screen action it works to perfection, and even at home on the stereo the music is strong enough to sustain the imagery. A sensual and spooky soundtrack. HQ

MALI RAIN

Electronic Music For The Mind And Body (3rd Stone)

At last! The new album from Mali Rain and it won't disappoint the discerning who bought last year's *Forecast For Storms* or their superb 1995 debut *We Shall Return To The Sea*. Mali Rain is the brainchild of Dave Kirby and on this occasion he is aided and abetted by Steve Gordon and Mark Cotton. Together they have created this collection of ten stunning and quite often beautiful instrumental soundscapes. Many are rich in melody and suffused with a keen sense of dynamics which caresses your ears with waves of gorgeous, electronically enhanced knob twiddling.

The opening track *In The Presence Of Angels* is a typical seven minutes of shimmering electronica reminiscent of *Phaedra* era Tangerine Dream but with a nineties techno edge. The news this time around is that Dave has incorporated elements of drum 'n' bass and even acid trippy guitar into his latest compositions. The results are astounding, *Cove* and *Pin Points* especially so. But you would be impressed by any track since this is one of those rare alums which possesses no bad tracks and is certainly a contender for techno album of the year. Now where's that 'repeat' button? JWH

V. ARTISTS Erotica Italia

(Bistro/Arista)
SUPER Rendezvous with... (Odor)
PIZZICATO FIVE Happy End Of The World (Matador)

V. ARTISTS Spiritual Cleansing (Clean Up)
The latest compilation from Easy Listening revivalists Martin Green and Patrick Whittaker (the "Sound Curators") follows their previous compilations *The Sound Gallery*, *The Sound Spectrum* and *Cinema 100*. This one is less wide scope in that it's a collection of soundtracks from rare Italian erotic movies of the 60's and 70's, suggesting their game might be up. However, with Whittaker's collection of 400 albums of film music that's not the case. *Erotica Italia* puts you instantly in sexy mode with its various seductive soundtracks from films about Vespas and vice, frustrated Italian housewives and depraved hippy culture, complete with heavy breathing and bongos, and smoke lounge jazz and assorted pre-Spandex spaghetti frolics from Ennio Morricone and his contemporaries.

From Italy we now journey to Finland for a *Rendezvous With Super*, a Helsinki-based quintet with a dreamy debut album celebrating sixties kitsch of pure lounge pop pzazz featuring a feast of Farfisa, Hammond, Fender Rhodes, Wuritzer, Moog and Hohner keyboard sounds and song titles such as *Bingo Hostess Goes Berserk* and *Wicky-Wacky Rodeo*. Super —cool.

And now we travel to Japan where Pizzicato Five's foxy Nomiya Maki is la-la-la-ing some lo-fi lyrics in a lounge way but crazily over Konishi Yasuharu's throwaway drum n' bass licks and other more modern instrumentals. Their 21st century pop music switches in and out of more conventional techniques (e.g. harp, Hammond, cheerleading), hints at *Do You Know The Way To San Jose?*, and flies dangerously close to the Pearl & Dean theme, *Mission Impossible* and The Doors' *Light My Fire*. Cutesy bad translation sleeve notes invite you to "Please enjoy the stereo action fully that will surprise you", there are a few jolly Japanese jingles and *Happy Ending*, "the accompaniment for a long credit roll of the movie starring Henry Winkler". Sexy, slick and sweet. Back home and still on a laid-back lounge tip, but in a more modern style, *Clean Up* records, the brainchild of DJs Craig Mineard and Kevin Beadle and through which Sneaker Pimps were formed, have collected together their catalogue of limited edition vinyl

released since 1993 to bring you some Spiritual Cleansing and a fine album it is too. Trip hop is what it seems to be called these days, artists include Line Of Flight, (Liam Howe and Chris Corner's project prior to forming Sneaker Pimps with Kelly Dayton), the drum 'n' space of Forces Of Nature and Hunch, the floating jazz 'n' scratch of Livonia, and Control Freaks with *Very Serious Smoking*, a real trip and space hopper, and finishing on a funky stroll from The Magnificence Three. With latest signings Essen, Outcast featuring singer/songwriter/pianist Sarah Winton, and former lead singer with Galliano, Valerie Etienne, *Clean Up* may do just that. CC



LONG FIN KILLIE

LONG FIN KILLIE Amelia

(Too Pure)
From the label which uncovered Polly Harvey and Jack comes the third album from Scottish recluses Long Fin Killie. You may not have heard the previous two— not many people did. Like all good stories *Amelia* completes the trilogy and linking the albums together is the theme of great 20th century dreamers. Houdini and Valentino have already been explored, and the bulk of intellectual reappraisal this time round is concentrated on the heavyweight subject of Michael Barrymore. Eh? Sorry, *Amelia* Earhardt, the ill-fated female aviator. Fasten your seatbelts because we're in for a rough ride. Long Fin Killie are not known for their three minute pop songs. After the false start of *British Summer Time* begins the serious business of breaking the world record for the number of obscure percussion instruments contained on one album. Guitars scratch away repeating the same note continuously, Luke Sutherland sings whilst suffering an anxiety attack and the rhythm section races away in a speed-fuelled world of its own. All of this makes for a sound which comes close to the 'ambience' that has troubled Brian Eno during his twenty year quest... except this isn't bollocks. It is difficult to position Long Fin Killie amongst any contemporaries. They are producing music in the true sense that is original as it is sincere. Arab Strap is the closest you get to any musical clan, the difference being that Long Fin Killie replace the false Trainspotting chic with a very real bleak existence. *Amelia* is a painful record and it is doubtful if the Scottish FA will call Long Fin Killie to record the France '98 team song. Duncan Ferguson would make for an ideal duet, though. TSJ

BENTLEY RHYTHM ACE

Run On The Spot (Skin/Parlophone)
With an opening rhythm section sounding like a game of table tennis being played under fast forward to the power of 500, this has all the BRA trademarks — vocals sampled from *Listen With Mother*, *Pinky & Perky* being scratched, a horn section in the same key throughout, before the cops arrive with the sirens to break it all up. The joy of BRA is that they know that they can't groove with the real dudes, whereas PWEI actually believed that they were club kings supreme. TSJ

SPIRITUALISED

I Think I Love You (Dedicated)
A simple but effective ditty in a *Bummed* Happy Mondays meets Alabama 3 vein, with sweet and sour, singer subject to backing vocals object, lyrics like "I think I'm in love/probably just hungry/I think I'm the life and soul/probably just snoring/I think I've caught it bad/probably contagious/I think I'm a winner/probably Las Vegas"



Tues - Bleuskool vs Godfather
Weds - Le Beté de Bleu
D.C.I (Rumpshaker)
Mark (Go Tropo)
Thurs - Serve Chilled
Digs & Woosh (DIY)
Fri - Departure Lounge
Sat - Nail & Quadrant
Sun - Dimanche le Bleu

390 ALFRETON RD
RADFORD, NOTTS
0115 979 1357



"With three years of true extreme music we leave the easy listening fakes of people like The Prodigy looking castrated."
DHR send us a health warning and Dael Walker grabs his nuts and sets off to investigate.

To some, Digital Hardcore Recordings and its main protagonist, **Alec Empire** will be no stranger. The existence of the label is due to an ill-fated deal that Empire signed with Phonogram for techno punks Atari Teenage Riot. Empire, previously known for a batch of breakbeat and trash ambient for a host of labels including Frankfurt's Force Inc as well as ATR, delves into the dirtier side of electronic music. Unleashing uncompromising energetic breakfast and dabbling in extreme sonic alchemy that others would not dare to touch for commercial or other reasons, Empire steers DHR and its avant terrorist crew into deeper and dirtier territories, abusing formulae, drum 'n' bass as well as corrupting the all too often fluffy ambient genre into desolate Enochian landscapes. DHR is a label that wants to dance but to a different tune, aiming purely at inciting a new generation of technocrats dedicated to the art of noise. Its compilation DHR Riot Zone contains seventeen slabs of experimental mantric breaks and mutant mayhem. Kicking off with ATR's *Sick To Death* which pisses over the so called 'punk' of the 90's with its "sick to death like I've never been sick before" and "burn baby burn" refrains, it then goes on to the mangled trip-hop grooves of tough girl Shizuo, who covers the Cramps' *New Kick* coming across like a jumped up Björk shagging Sonic Youth. Check out her new *Kick* ep on DHR Limited Editions. Elsewhere Patric C stomps on bleeding Teletubbies with his *Moogified Sex With Anemone*, a fantastically trashy popcorn stomp fest. Acid mayhem of the fucked up variety can be found on Empire's own *Squeeze The Trigger* lp on which he proclaims himself "The Destroyer", mangling the last remaining remnants of hard trance and chopping them with speedy breaks creating a sulphate fuelled frenzy. Compiled from limited editions and oddities of his 200+ back catalogue of releases, *Squeeze...* is Empire at his most acidic extreme. DHR Limited Editions gives the label the opportunity to release more experimental sounds in limited runs (only 2,000 per format). *Death Funk No Safety Pin Sex* is a prime example of such experiment. Fluctuating, filtered freakbeats and uncomfortable sonics framed by unpolished production is the epitome of the label's attitude. Its unpredictability, its flirtations with noise, its complex rhythmical contents form the soundtrack to Empire and company's political agenda: "Noise cannot be faulted." "Perfectionism is a council of despair." Unafraid of extremes and savage of tongue DHR's philosophy is simple. "Hundreds of beats per minute, relentless noise, incendiary and unforgettable and a fab tune or two."

etc. Chem Bros then take over and in an astounding feat of barewired electronic plagiarism (or to be kinder, in the light of *You Re Mixed*, paying homage to those who came before) that would fool even the most devoted Gong fan, manage to recreate the textures and phrasing of one Tim Blake, Hi T Moonweed the Favourite. But then, there are much worse influences to pull from your sleeve and I'm thoroughly enjoying over and over every single rhyme, riff, refrain and sprinkling of synthetic stardust. Wicked! CC

PHOTEK Modus Operandi

(Science)
A toon in the most mellow style of phat jazz bass with a mellow rimshot hip hop beat and delicious slidy guitars. Whooshing sound fx pass by before a nice little poiano break. Mellow as dope but great at both 33 and 45 rpm, this gets the ten out of ten in the Vinyl Junkie's guide to cruciality. STVJ

CANDYSKINS Feed It

(Ultimate)
Faultless, classic guitar pop from the Oxford perennials that should have been put out in the summer to grace radio airwaves and blue skies. Nonetheless, everybody needs uplifting tunes under cold, grey skies. It's backed by some frantic drum & bass which shakes down the speakers and blows of the commercial cobwebs to display a hugely adaptable and indeed consummate sound. Buy it, listen to it, make it happen—it deserves it. AH

HELEN LOVE

Does Your Heart Go Boom (Ché)
Yet another hormone-laced collection of pretend rock chicks jumping the crap South Wales Catatonia bandwagon. A complete lack of soul, distinct lack of dominating instrumentation and little else to shout about, but shout and bawl they do about who they are and where they are from. No point, no magic. Nothing. AH

HEADSWIM Tourniquet

(Epic)
Hugely refined, hard-edged Radiohead rock with plenty of aspects, from gentle repeating riffs to dominant chorus rhythm. Thought-provoking lyrics carried on a vocal vehicle that is up there with the best. One listen of this and you're caught wondering when the next single is, fingering through the gig guides to see if they're playing anywhere within reach. AH

MANBREAK

Round And Round (One Little Indian)
Now, this I like. It sounds like Arrested Development have acquired a good band and started singing properly. A nifty mix of rap, vocals and guitar all served up in big portions topped with cheese, and it only takes up 3 minutes 14 seconds of your time. MG

CHINA DRUM Somewhere Else

(Mantra)
Jesus, this came on loud! Are they trying to make up for the fact that (and as a cd fan it pains me to say) this sounds like a Terrorvision rock ballad. Adam even sounds like Tony 'Vision. Mischa says: not a fan pleaser; they've lost their old edge, maybe Adam should get back behind the drums where he belongs and start the adrenalin flowing again. MG

GIGANTIC Disenchanted

(Kittensoft)
Clock the look-alike Liam on guitar on the photo and you'd think they were a Brit pop act but no! Gigantic are actually purveyors of '90's grunge', otherwise known as gravel-voiced rock with no guitar solos. It's pretty good, actually, but this is coming from an ex-grunge chick who is still living in the past. Five years ago it would have been a youth anthem, but now I can't see Gigantic becoming any more than medium-sized. MG

ONE INCH PUNCH Angela Davis

(Audioink/Hut)
Drum 'n' bass-driven guitar funk rock in a Nine Inch Nails vibe, this is challenging work from LA's weirdest and most menacing creators of nineties cross-over trip-hop rock. Geographical lyrics put you right inside the story behind the song, making this release truly accessible to anybody with any taste. Top stuff. AH

FRIED ALIVE!



PHOTO: DAVID DEVANT & HIS SPIRIT WIFE by Davies & Davies



DAVID DEVANT & HIS SPIRIT WIFE

London NW1 Dingwalls

David Devant & His Spirit Wife went unnoticed over the past two years as they manoeuvred from a novelty act to a leading face on the London loser, lo-fi and hairspray scene. They can sell out Dingwalls with a loyal fan base who haven't become bored by their set which hasn't changed since they arrived back in '95. More of a Victorian cinematic experience, a DD gig is one with great detail focused on the visuals such as projector shows, props and general other artifacts that would easily pass as Art & craft homework. Avoid the question: 'Name the line-up of David Devant & His Spirit Wife?' in any pop quiz. Sporting a quiff the size of a lamp-post is not sufficient to secure membership: Cocky Young 'Un seems content with the role of Origami mentor/props assistant; Vessel (for he is the lead singer, DD doesn't exist) has the voice of Freddie Mercury after his balls have dropped further than they should. The sound is a throwback to 70's glam with the glitter replaced by white goth paint. But though the songs may be dated, most would hold their own minus the gimmicks. *Auntie Mabe* is a great finale for apathetic losers of the world with its catchline "I ain't even gonna try". This is good advice for DD. Paul Daniels may rely on his stage tricks but then he's a wig-wearing, Tory-voting midget who doesn't have a song in his set which dismisses all ginger-haired people en masse as evil.

Tricky Skills Jase

BLUR London Wembley Arena

As opening songs go, *Beetlebum* is perfection. No introduction needed. Build it up slowly then knock it down. The synchronised chaos of a four-piece jamming towards the end of the song would carry far better in a smaller venue, a criticism of Wembley, not the group. Make no mistake though—Blur are a punk band. Maybe not in manifestation (major deal, marketing strategies etc.) but certainly in their current 'loud' attitude. *On Your Own* is remarkable as it heralds the introduction of Damon Albarn, Human Beatbox Extraordinaire. There is one awful moment when Damon teases with his thrusting motion and then falls to the ground. No plastic bottles, he's simply tripped over his jeans (which become more homeboy baggy with each tour). Graham meanwhile remains hunched over his guitar acting the nerd to Alex's cad. The live version of *Death Of A Party* mirrors the current Adrian Sherwood remix, mellowing into an irresistible blend of *Ghost Town* meets *Guns Of Brixton* with super extra cranked up dub. This may be Blur's last live appearance for a significant time but it represents the best set they have assembled since they entered the Arena circuit. Tracks such as *There's No Other Way*, *She's So High* and the seminal *Popszene* finally make

sense in the new Blur hardcore context. There is no longer the need to include them simply to appease the pre-Parklife brigade. It is far too early to speculate if Blur will 'do a Quo' and resume a living (of sorts) out of touring. Hopefully they will become even more experimental, deliver some wonderful studio albums and then come back in three years time with a rejuvenated energy for touring. They will find it tough to repeat this current high. TSJ

MARK THOMAS

London Clapham Bread & Roses

Twice a month the TUC-supported the Bread & Roses boozier in SW4 rounds up South London's vagabonds and visionaries who outline their manifesto to music. Occasionally a recognised name shares the stage to like, well, get back to their roots, man. Mark Thomas' appearance drew in an unhealthy mix of Soho Media Wannabes mixing with Clapham's finest revolutionaries. I know which camp my foot's in. Thomas is a bit of south London rough and he knows it. Tales of blaming alcohol for everything (I was very, very drunk) are rationally argued, as is soft drug legalisation (the only crime a doped up burglar will commit is to nick your shit records and chocolate). Thomas characterises the perfect traits for any individual who puts himself up as an anti-establishment figure; his current stance in these days of New Labour (New Slippers) is to become a public nuisance and to 'out-weird' all that is bland. Despite a 'left-wing' government, there are still legitimate targets to attack. The Church Of England makes ideal cannon fodder, and to out-weird the weirdos, Thomas advocates sitting on the front pew each Sunday with eleven of your mates, all wearing white robes and sandals. Gotcha. Hecklers become helpless and stranded as Thomas invites them to repeat their drunken stupors and pit them against his curious blend of razor sharp wide-boy philanthropism, his genuine compassion was lost on some sections of the audience who came to hear knob gags but went away with uncompromising social satire. TSJ

PERFORMANCE / K9

Nottingham Dubble Bubble

The support act tonight was (and still is) the new bar on the ground floor of the latest happening club in town. Small but perfectly formed and not in the least bit pooch-like, (in fact it's more like a greenhouse), K9 is a bright bar with natural daylight strips (a theme which is repeated on the top floor—see *Fried At Night*) and a row of clocks telling the time in New York, Tokyo etc., either so that rich tourists know when trading opens on the world's stock markets and can nip in the twenty-four hour internet site on campus, and sell their shares in the toothless Tiger economies, or so that the less well off can cheer themselves up

with quips about how "they're still serving in New York" when asked to sup up and go home. Either way it's another pleasant little new watering hole in a continental style awaiting an extended license, with thoughtful beige blinds on the streetside to block out the grime of Greyhound Street.

Upstairs and it's a discotheque and up another floor we find... shock! horror! in a nightclub on a Friday night... a live band—with guitars! What's more about 100 punters are up there grooving along to Performance a handsome bunch of guys with an original (except for an inspired choice of covering America's *Horse With No Name*) line in melodic pop music fronted by a man with a dream voice and a weird line in introspective intersong banter. In an unusual move for a nightclub in a city besotted with dance and dub culture Dubble Bubble, very soon after opening, changed its former Friday dance nights into indie nights with live bands. Since manager Ian Gardiner used to run the renowned *Kool Kat* indie flavoured nightclub this is not entirely surprising: "We started putting live bands on Saturday nights," he explained, "and were approached by other artists. Since there is too much going on in the dance scene and because I'm not really into it, we started putting bands on on Sunday nights as a taster, which went really well. But the bands are similar to what was already happening on the dancefloor so they actually fit into the night. We also hope to change people's attitude towards clubs." Performance like most of the bands and guest DJs booked at the club, are from Nottingham. "The point is to promote local talent rather than going for name DJs and nationally known bands. Often name club nights are just another set of people from another city trying to get their own thing going, so we might as well promote people from this city." I'll drink to that, I thought, and did.

Christine Chapel

FRIED AT NIGHT :

The Day The Earth Stood Still

The Winter Solstice is the shortest day and, when as grey and gloomy as it was this last December, it seems like perpetual night. Which is perhaps how it was possible to attend three gigs in one day.

First up was The Shod Collective, early birds that they are playing during Saturday afternoon. You read all about them last issue so on to the evening slot at The Running Horse where Harry & The Growlers are giving it their festive fullest of fun and frolics with a humour as dark as the December sky but Harry's diamond bright showmanship illuminating the proceedings as the most original and entertaining act out of all the Runner regulars. Due to the late opening hours there taking me by surprise it was literally a dash to Dubble Bubble to catch a midnight Nova Lounge set which might have been quite good but for the inexcusable inaudibility of the so-called "public address" system Nova Lounge would be as well to do what Harry & the Growlers claimed and "borrow Megadeth's p.a.". In the top room of Dubble Bubble there are some false windows with lighting so clever it gives you the impression that it's daylight outside all the time, so don't worry about going there in the dark.

It seemed like the same night when post-apocalyptic power groovers PAP played Sam Fay's later on during that dark weekend. Incidentally, the word 'solstice' is a terracentric misnomer, taken as it is from the latin 'Sol' meaning Sun and 'sticere' meaning to stand still. It is in fact this planet which stands still, momentarily ceasing to move from side to side that is, although it keeps spinning, of course, otherwise we would all fall off into endless night. Still, the word 'terrace' does not have the same ring (or should that be corona?) to it. Anyway, some light-shy Shod members and friends kept the stage lights to a minimum as they performed their debut set of jazz grooves and Hungarian disco, including an extended version of the *Theme From Yellow Pages* by JR Hartley!

Anglosaxophonist Howard described their equally photophobic fans huddled around candlelit tables as the "best quality jazz audience I have ever played to", perhaps trying to compensate for its lack of quantity. Those quality few fearless enough to venture into the perpetual darkness of bleak midwinter found a sea of tranquillity with a gravity as low its lunar namesake and floated away on a wave of revolving light like the children in the *Phoenix & The Carpet*. Luckily the Earth creaked and groaned and pulled her massive weight back towards the Sun picking up the temporarily gravity free and conveying them along on her long haul back to summer and the longest day.

But it was a close squeak!

Christine Chapel

SAM FAY'S

The Great Northern Close, London Road, NOTTINGHAM
TEL (0115) 941 8560 <http://www.innotts.co.uk/~samfays/>

Tuesday 3rd February

CARLO'S LOUNGE
live acid jazz adm. £2

Sunday 8th February

THE HIGH LLAMAS
+ special guests **Scott 4**
Tickets available Way Ahead/Selectadisc Credit Card bookings 0115 912 9000 £5 adv.

Tuesday 10th February (formerly Sugar & Lust)

SUPERFI
+ **BROMIDE + Chihuahuas** adm. £2

Tuesday 24th February

NIL + Fecal Matter
Irish power trio adm. £2

Sunday 1st March
Caged Bat presents

FAITHFUL DAWN + SQUID

Sunday 8th March

WILSON + HARPER adm. £2

Tuesday 10th March

PRAM + Warser Gate adm. £3
new album The North Pole Radio Station on Wurlitzer records

Overall in conjunction with Sam Fay's present

Simon The Vinyl Junkie
"Excellent mixing" PULSE MAGAZINE "Delightful" MIXMAG

EVERY TUESDAY 11pm - 2am
at **Sam Fay's**
The Great Northern Close, London Road (behind Nottingham Station)
Admission £2 on the door

DRUM 'N' BASS ACID JAZZ REGGAE LATIN
HIP-HOP SOUL FUNK HOUSE + LIVE BANDS

Overall in association with Sam Fay's proudly presents

SUNDAY 8th FEBRUARY

At **SAM FAY'S**
The Great Northern Close, London Road Nottingham Tel. 0115 9418560

with special guests **SCOTT 4**

Adm. £5 adv. doors 8pm
Tickets available from Selectadisc, Way Ahead and Sam Fay's.
Credit card bookings 0115 912 9000. Info. 0115 953 8333

Overall in association with Sam Fay's presents

LIVE! at SAM FAY'S
The Great Northern Close, London Road, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0115 941 8560

Tuesday 17th March
doors 8pm Adm. £5 Adv. £6.50 door

with resident DJ **Simon The Vinyl Junkie**
BAR TIL 2AM