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ISSUE # 59

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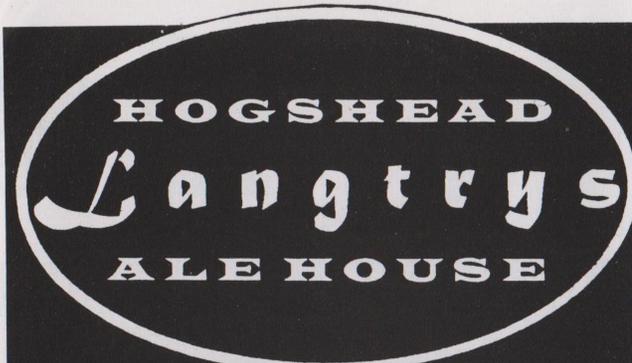


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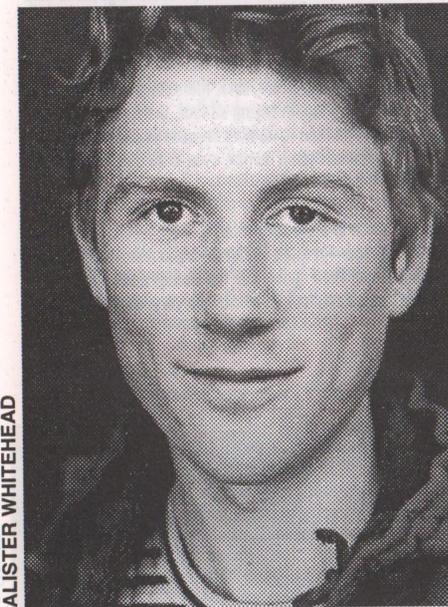
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DJ Culture '98 is a two day DJ and club culture exhibition which takes place at the G-MEX Centre in Manchester on 30th and 31st May. It will house a Vinyl Village and a Record Market for all white label junkies, a fashion and lifestyle arena, a home recording section and all the latest dj equipment. there will also be a Mixing Competition and DJ workshops. Tickets for the exhibition are £5 each. The Box Office number is 0171 385 8687.

Meanwhile closer to home the *Steal The Wheels '98* DJ Championships take place at Sam Fay's starting on Tuesday 26th May. Prizes include two years free tuition on the Arnold & Carlton College Music Technology / DJ skills course, a Millennium PC system and Terratec EWS 64 soundcard, as well as software, sample cds and headphones. You can also win a job, with two dj residencies on offer at a new club night. Judges will include Digs and Woosh (DIY), James Bailey (The Bomb), Andy Bentley (Beatroot) and Pork (Pork Recordings). Entry forms are available from Arnold & Carlton College, Bath Street, Nottingham NG1 1DA (tel. 0115 959 9395) or Millennium Music Software, 172 Derby Road Nottingham NG6 1LR (fax. 0115 952 0876) or check out <http://www.millennium-music.co.uk>

United DJs of America
The latest in this series of cds highlighting the best of American DJ talent features **Mark Farina** with a 13-track mix *Frisko Disko*. Relatively unknown over here (though he did play the Skyy Club last year when some bastard nicked his records) Mark Farina is a legend in the States with his blend of deep house, soulful vocals jazzy blasts and percussive work-outs. *Frisko Disko* is released on March 23rd on United Djs of America. Previous releases include Louie Vega, Josh Wink and Roger Sanchez.



ALISTER WHITEHEAD

CREAMFIELDS
A new dance festival is on the horizon this summer. A joint venture between Liverpool club **Cream** and the **Mean Fiddler Organisation**, the event is due to take place in Hampshire during May. There will be nine arenas including the House arena featuring DJs **Pete Tong** and **Judge Jules**; the Premier League Tent with some of the UK's top nightclub jocks including Nottingham's **Allister Whitehead** (pictured above); there will also be a Trance and Hard House Arena with **Danny Rampling** and live acts **Way Out West**, **Slacker** and **BT**. Other

arenas find **Jockey Sluts** bringing *Bugged Out!* with **Laurent Garnier** performing a live set; a tent of top American Djs including **Junior Sanchez** and **Doc Martin**; the *Trade* arena; Big Beat also gets a look in and **Beth Orton** will be appearing live alongside **Spiritualized**. *Creamfields 98* runs from 1pm-6am Sat 2nd-Sunday 3rd May at The Bowl, Mattersley Estate near Winchester. Further info: Cream 0151 709 7023 / Mean Fiddler 0181 963 0940.

Nottingham's **Flow** crew aka **Peter Pan** and **Simon "Vinyl Junkie" Moorcroft** are releasing yet another 12" on the Bournemouth-based **Pagan's House Of 909** label. Entitled *Adlinea*, three tracks have been licensed to House Of 909. The crew are also currently remixing *Heavens Airport* by trip hop outfit **The Starseeds** as well as several other projects for various labels. They are available to remix tracks for release or for party bookings on (0115) 970 8711. simon was recently seen doing his stuff at **The Party In The Park** around 5am when he appeared to be deejaying in his sleep!

Mercury records are to release a four cd set entitled *The Best Of William Burroughs*. One of the most renowned of the Beat writers, Burroughs' dramatically destructive life influenced generations of rock writers who followed. Burroughs, who died in August last year at the age of 83, had a unique talent for reading his own work and a unmistakable speaking voice. This is a definitive collection of Burroughs' work, read by the man himself without background music or digital editing, and with only the occasional sound of the pages turning and ice cubes clinking. It comes with a 64-page booklet and features recordings made mostly between 1971 and 1987 including his most familiar work, *Junkie*, a frank portrayal of his years as a heroin addict, *Naked Lunch*, *Cities Of The Red Night* and *Place Of Dead Roads*. Disc four is given over to his recordings from the late 50's and early 60's, including two sections of News cut-ups and a piece entitled *Captain Clark Welcomes You Aboard*, a reference to one of the spookiest synchronicities of our time surrounding the number 23.

Following the release of their 20th anniversary reunion album *Quintessentials* on Fall Out records, the **UK Subs** will be touring the UK. Lose the blues as they punk it up at The Running Horse on Sunday March 15th.

Abuse Your Friends is an introduction the the new Abuse Ltd. record company. It was set up by former Overcorrespondent Sid Abuse after he was booted out of his A&R job at BMG/Arista, and because the kids behind his fanzine *Abuse* became bored of just writing about bands (i.e. doing the record companies' scouting for them anyway). So we have a limited edition compilation cd featuring 21 different bands with some unique once-only songs in 72 minutes and 1 second. Artists include Nottingham's self-destructive garage punk act **The X-Rays**, garage rock n rollers **Pink Cross**, bubblegum poppers **Agebaby**, girl fronted London trio **Moreau's Island**, cool Japanese band **Pop Off Tuesday**, from the USA **Smarty Pants**, Norwich-based A-level students **Ovahead**, Glasgow's **Urusei Yatsura**, all-girl band **Tiny Too**, the hardcore **Applecure** from Wales and a secret track from girl power poppers **Vivyan**, (whose debut 7" is also coming out on Abuse) to name some of this unique collection of wonderful trash punk indie pop bands. It's available for £8.50 from "Abuse Ltd.", PO Box 2168, READING Berks RG1 7FN or from your local record shop cat. # Abuse 001cd via Shellshock.

Bellamy's Bar on Houndsgate has started some new nights with *Soul Love*, a weekly soul night every Thursday; a monthly Sunday afternoon/evening chill out session *Get Yer Neck Out* with Giddy Fruit and Quadrant which starts at 4pm and goes through to 11pm, on the first Sunday of each month; and a new monthly Ska / Bluebeat / Reggae night with **DJ Doc Rob**, the next one being on March 28th.

TWENTY ONE TODAY

1. FLOW Adlinea (Low Pressings)
2. S-ENCE Free (white label)
3. KING KOOBA Freakmeister (white label)
4. LEGEND Truth (Pheroes)
5. DJ KRUST Music On My Mind (F-Jams)
6. MA4 (Formation)
7. untitled (Outcaste)
8. OVERSTREET Jazz Cigarette (Tronic Sole)
9. DAVINA So Good (Loud)
10. NICE 'N' MELLOW Just A Groove (Toka)
11. DIVINE INTERVENTION Angels (UFWS)
12. ADLINEA Karusel (House of 909)
13. CELICE Secret Love (Lyrics)
14. LONDON FUNK ALL-STARS Zen 24 (Ninja Tunes)
15. ESSENCE Promise (Innocent)
16. JOY FOUNDATION State Of Mind (white label)
17. WISHBONE ASH Trance Visionary (Invisible)
18. SVEN VATH Fusion (Virgin)
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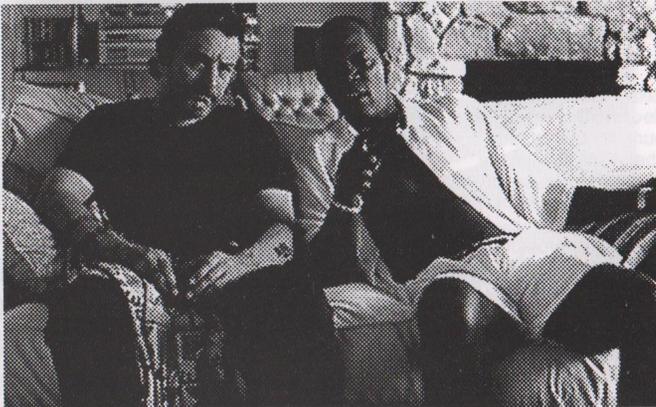
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VISUALL



JACKIE BROWN dir. Quentin Tarantino

Everybody, everywhere has an opinion of Quentin Tarantino. Back now with his first film in over three years he is no longer the uppity little movie geek who unbelievably made two outstanding masterpieces and overnight became the world's hippest, hottest phenomenon. Today there's a celebrity girlfriend (Mira Sorvino), tabloid headlines and lawsuits, and a savage critical backlash against his acting abilities (justified) and his irresponsible designer violence (no problem with that one). But Tarantino also has power; the kind of power that gets a movie made without artistic compromise or consideration for the latest politically correct fad. So Jackie Brown is a low-key, witty crime thriller, adapted from Elmore Leonard's novel *Rum Punch*, and retaining much of its plot but transposing the action from Miami to L.A. and changing the lead character from white to black. The casting is typical of Tarantino. Star names such as Robert de Niro, Samuel L. Jackson, Bridget Fonda and Michael Keaton flex acting muscles alongside Pam Grier, a forgotten figure from 1970's *Foxy Brown* flicks and Robert Forster, a grizzled veteran rescued from B-movie oblivion. The soundtrack also sizzles with soul and funk classics (Bobby Womack, The Delphonics), the homage to Blaxploitation films is obvious throughout and Jackson says 'Nigga' a lot. In fact he never stops.

The surprises, not all of which are good, come in the story-telling department. Apart from one extravagant sequence there is no clever cross-cutting structure, the pace is slow, even ponderous at times, and there is a distinct lack of outlandish violent outbursts. Instead it's all about atmosphere, character, and performances, long takes and lots of juicy dialogue. Grier plays the eponymous Ms Brown, a spiky stewardess who supplements her income by smuggling money into the US for arms dealer Ordell Robbie (Jackson). Taking a dim view of such matters the LAPD intervene and compel Brown to help them catch the effervescent but vicious Robbie. Plans change, though, when Max Cherry (Forster), a world-weary bail bondsman, falls for Brown in a big way and tentatively suggests a more profitable solution to her problems. Cops and crooks are then played off against each other and in the bloody finale half of the major characters bite the dust.

Treachery, mistrust, stupidity and personal salvation are prominent amongst the film's main themes, and Tarantino takes time to explore them all. Scenes involving Robbie's stoned girlfriend Melanie (Fonda) and his best buddy Louis Gara (De Niro) and the hesitant romance between Brown and Cherry play wonderfully and reveal much about the individual characters. Paradoxically, though, their moments, excellent in their own right also tend to drain the action of dramatic highs and lows. *Jackie Brown*, then, is a mid-paced, mature film, with middle-aged protagonists and some marvellous performances. Grier and Forster are revelations, Jackson as always, eminently watchable. Whatever you think about Tarantino as an actor (and he'll soon be making his Broadway debut) there's no denying his skills as writer and director. The quality control is set high and a body of work is being amassed that in time will stand with the very best. **Hank Quinlan**

THE WINNER

This is a gambling comedy set in Las Vegas, directed by Alex Cox (*Sid & Nancy*, *Repo Man*) and which Cox appears to have disowned, complaining that it is not his final cut. Vincent d'Onofrio plays the lead as loser Philip who, since Lady Luck gives him such a good winning streak, ends up giving his money away. Naturally, his good fortune attracts interest from all kinds of dubious characters. Sexy casino girl Louise (Rebecca deMornay), for instance, hopes he'll pay her debts to the Mob, also declaring interest in the proceedings is her boss (Delroy Lindo) and her boyfriend Jack (Billy Bob Thornton). Into the melting pot add a trio of bungling gangsters led by Frank Whaley, who seem to have stepped out of *Palookaville*, and Philip's longlost jailbird brother 'The Wolf' (Michael Madsen).

The Winner is a Tarantino-like melange of money scams, double deals and shoot-outs. Buried in the credits, too, you'll find that Alex Cox himself acts and that Rebecca deMornay also both sings and was the executive producer. The film offers little originality in an already well-furrowed gambling genre, but the performances are decent and Cox at the helm adds some quirky touches. It may not have you laughing in the aisles but it's worth a gamble.

Matt Arnoldi

BOXING CLEVER WITH SHANE:

Matt Arnoldi spars a little with film director Shane Meadows as his new film *Twenty Four Seven* opens.

Nottingham-born Shane Meadows should have the world at his feet considering the efforts he's put in to get recognised as a film director. Thrown out of Art College, Drama College and Photography College, he has remained undaunted, making shoestring short films and turning video filming into an art form unsurpassed in 90's No-budget films.

His first significant release, the celebrated comedy *Small Time*, accompanied by the equally funny short *Where's The Money Ronnie?* brought the mean streets of Nottingham into the public eye and have since opened to critical acclaim. They are about to reach a totally new audience on video.

Video, of course, is central to Shane's early film-making methods. He has made upwards of thirty short films so far, mostly on video, adopting the belief that the best training is always done on the job. His latest film and first feature, *Twenty Four Seven* won the Fipresci Jury Prize at the Venice Film Festival and opened to critical acclaim, too, at the London Film Festival.

It stars Bob Hoskins as down-and-out Darcy who, the film reveals, was once the instrumental promoter of a boxing club in a run-down Midlands housing estate. Darcy has a dream of giving local lads a chance to leave the drugs and petty crime behind them by joining his club. *Twenty Four Seven* sees the pursuit of that dream in much the same way that, in Jim Sheridan's latest film *The Boxer*, ex-boxer Danny Flynn carries his dreams on his shoulders.

"I started writing to get away from Sunday league football," says Shane, "because our team was crap and kept on getting beat by loads. Seriously though, I wrote *Twenty Four Seven* for people like Alan Darcy and others I knew when I was growing up. This group of lads have their own sense of community. It's their language, their humour, their attitude. They do have the same things, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, hence the title, so it's the monotony that can be the biggest killer in their lives. Darcy comes along with an open heart and pierces that monotony, hoping to make a difference in their lives."

Do you often draw from your childhood?

My films are often inspired by people I knew when I was growing up. I realised that the things that have occurred in my childhood have often made people laugh but equally, I've always had a feeling that the sort of people others leave out in films deserve a chance because people who give themselves up for others can be inspirational. Darcy is that kind of person—he puts himself on the line for lads he knows, even though everyone thinks he's completely weird."

Having secured the talents of Bob Hoskins, 25 year-old Shane cast 'actors' Mat Hand and Jimmy Hynd following their work on *Small Time* and *Where's The Money Ronnie?*, and student Danny Nussbaum, who agreed to take time out from his drama studies in Nottingham to help Meadows out. Shane rounded up the rest of the cast from auditions around Nottingham.

Was the input of a recognised budget a hindrance at all?

"It's a more complicated project than I've ever done before, sure, there were people running around everywhere but it opened up possibilities, too. In saying all that, there's no substitute for starting up with nothing and making films on next to nothing because you learn to appreciate how to manage and how to get yourself some money, even if it's down to running up a few thousand quid on credit cards."

What was behind the decision to shoot the film in black and white?

"It reminds me of the films from my childhood—I think black and white films can produce a clarity that allows performances greater scope. Then again, with the clothes these lads wear, if we'd shot the film in colour you wouldn't be able to look at it or at the very least you'd need sun-glasses!"

Twenty Four Seven opens in March.



BOB HOSKINS in *Twenty Four Seven*



THE BUTCHER BOY dir. Neil Jordan

There's a curious dichotomy to director Neil Jordan's work that should act as a warning to all aspiring film-makers. Given the full Hollywood treatment, films such as *Interview With The Vampire* and *Michael Collins* are overblown, emotionally muted affairs, shackled and constrained by commercial interests and corporate policy. Operating on the margins, though, with little money and a strong, character driven plot he can produce stunning work obsessed with loyalty, violence and the nature of desire. In this category fall *Mona Lisa*, *The Crying Game*, his brilliant and still unsurpassed debut *Angel* and now *The Butcher Boy*. Based on a difficult-to-adopt best-seller by Patrick McCabe (who also co-wrote the screenplay with Jordan) this is a caustic yet heart-wrenching black comedy about a boy's psychotic imagination. Francie Brady (Eamon Owens in an audacious debut) is a teenager troubled by adult society, in particular his alcoholic father (Stephen Rea), chronically depressed mother (Aisling O'Sullivan) and the family's nosy neighbour Mrs Nugent (Fiona Shaw). A comic book fantasy world is his only escape but as he withdraws further from reality Francie's violent, aggressive behaviour escalates out of control. At times quietly touching, at others quite horrific, these are not people easy to like and nor is the film. A voice-over—from Francie's own disturbing perspective—adds an often hilarious counterpoint to the on-screen action, while oddities such as Sinead O'Connor's saintly apparition provide some unusual visual relief. Moreover the film's integrity remains firmly intact. Without Hollywood studio interference or cop-out feelgood ending, Jordan examines paranoia, personality disorders and society's propensity for violence unencumbered by crass moralising and alight with intelligent, thought-provoking intensity. A funny, savage and startling piece of film-making. **HQ**
The Butcher Boy brings home the bacon at Broadway Nottm, Fri 6th-Thurs 19th March.

RESURRECTION MAN

Marc Evans' second film, (after the moderately engaging Welsh thriller *House Of America*) explores the murderous intentions of a sectarian killer in Northern Ireland who descends into madness as a result of his bloody exploits. *Shooting Fish* star Stuart Townsend plays Victor Kelly, the murderer who develops illusions of grandeur as a professional killer, carrying out sectarian killings for local hitmen like Darkie Larche (John Hannah). A journalist Ryan (James Nesbitt) is both attracted and appalled by Kelly's actions and takes up the trail of a hardman who has become the stuff of legend. Evans opts to create an atmosphere of violence rather than depict many violent acts themselves, but the film emerges as a strangely uninvolved experience. The Irish Troubles are sadly perfunctory and Evans' depiction of a serial killer with delusions of martyrdom reaches a conclusion that may leave you thinking the film is an exploitative essay on violence and the cumulative effects it has on the individual. **MA**

THE EDGE

The first of two male menopause movies this month sees billionaire Anthony Hopkins stuck with fashion photographer Alec Baldwin, fighting for their lives stranded deep in the woods after a plane crash. Hopkins has learned everything he knows from books and made a fortune to boot, affording him a goldmining wife in the shape of super model Elle MacPherson. Baldwin, more accustomed to champagne and cocaine, is having an affair with MacPherson and has designs on Hopkins' cash. But all this material possessions business becomes pointless as the two men have to get primal in order to survive the harsh winds, the lack of food and a rather persistent man-eating bear.

David Mamet (better known for inner city masculine banter in the likes of *Glengarry Glen Ross* and *Sexual Perversity In Chicago*) wrote the screenplay and it would seem that the urban four-letter wordsmith is experiencing some kind of mid-life crisis. There is some suspense during the bear attacks and you learn all sorts of handy survival tips like how to make fire from ice, but a pointless double-crossing leaps out of nowhere in the final reel, rendering the whole exercise rather futile. **David Gregory**

AS GOOD AS IT GETS

The second male menopause movie of the month is a despicable Jack Nicholson vehicle written and directed by the poor man's Woody Allen, James L. Brooks—the bastard responsible for *Broadcast News* and *Terms Of Endearment*. For some ungodly reason, all sorts of accolades are being steeped upon Nicholson for his portrayal of an obsessive, compulsive writer who is unforgivably rude to everyone he meets. How we laugh as he hurls racist, sexist and homophobic slurs at his neighbours and acquaintances, because we know it's Jack the lad, really, and he's only pretending.

But what is really insulting about this film is that we are supposed to side with this fascist as he falls for a waitress half his age and tries to woo her by consistent verbal abuse yet at the same time paying for her sickly son to see a proper doctor. So the moral of the story is... it doesn't matter that you are such a repulsive human being you deserve to die in a horrible accident, as long as you have the cash, then some poor vulnerable girl will fall for you eventually. Dreadful. **DG**

KISS THE GIRLS

Take the detective out of *Seven*, pit him against a *Silence Of The Lambs* style serial killer, set the action in the *Twin Peaks* backwoods and you'll end up with a nifty, if unremarkable, psycho thriller called *Kiss The Girls*. Some sicko is kidnapping outstanding female students and weeks later the decaying corpses are discovered, elaborately tied to trees deep in the forests of North Carolina. Morgan Freeman is Dr Alex Cross, a forensic pathologist, so he has no business investigating this case beyond analysing the stinky cadavers—except that his niece has recently gone missing from college. Ex-Country singer Ashley Judd aids Freeman in his covert investigations after having kickboxed her way out of the killer's dungeon of death. We've seen a lot of this before but there are some creepy scenes which will have you on the edge of your seat. The 'twist' ending is about as surprising as a tardy British Rail train and makes the army of policemen involved in the case seem positively docile; but stick it out to the finale because the slo-mo climax is cool. **DG**

DARKLANDS

In the Welsh thriller *Darklands* Craig Fairbrass plays Frazer Truick, a regional reporter who investigates the suspicious death of a steelworker, the brother of his girlfriend, trainee journalist Rachel. Truick unearths the existence of a secret Pagan cult, putting his life in danger as he seeks to expose their sinister rituals. Winner of awards at some of the smaller film festivals, it beat heavyweights like *The Relic* and Wes Craven's *Scream*, for instance, at last year's sci-fi fantasy festival in Portugal. Welsh writer/director Julian Richards can be proud of a film made on a budget of only £500,000 provided jointly by the Welsh Lottery Fund and Metrodome Films. But quite whether the Welsh Tourist Board will be as happy with this latest addition to a recent series of anarchic films set in Wales (including *Twin Town* and *House Of America*) is another matter. Faced with such financial constraints (a budget equivalent to 50p compared with a Hollywood blockbuster) Richards paid flat fees to the actors, took nothing himself and, following Mike Figgis' example in *Leaving Las Vegas*, dropped from 35mm film to Super 16mm in order to cut costs. *Darklands* is bound to lose out to inevitable comparisons to *The Wicker Man*. Fairbrass takes the Edward Woodward role from that film while Jon Finch plays the Christopher Lee role, that of the sinister leader of a Pagan cult. Frequent scenes of rituals in which men and women prance about out of their heads, seem staged and irritating; Fairbrass is barely believable as a press hack and Jon Finch helpfully wears the same black leather clothes throughout in case you forget who is the baddie. But Richards keeps the action moving, whipping up suitable amounts of paranoia as the story approaches its conclusion. It's not a patch on *The Wicker Man* though, nor has it Edward Woodward's final, haunting yell. **MA**

MONDO MACABRO by Pete Tombs (Titan books £14.99)

Directly inspired by the quasi-documentary *Mondo Freakshows* from the 1960's, this is a fascinating trawl through the murkier waters of movie production. From Hong Kong, Japan and India to Indonesia, Turkey, Brazil, Argentina and Mexico numerous bizarre oddities are rescued from oblivion and reviewed in glorious, gory detail. Masked wrestling films, weird versions of *Star Trek* and *Superman*, lurid exploitation shockers, tales of sexual torture and the grisly horror of giant centipedes are all set to shock and amuse. Indeed, this is not a book to read with a weak stomach. The plot descriptions leave little to the imagination and though occasionally you wonder where you can see some of these films, most often you'll be relieved never to experience that dubious pleasure. Author Pete Tombs writes with a fan's enthusiasm and his historical research is excellent throughout. The rare photos and film posters are of course quite wonderful and the book's real coup. The mind boggles, eyes pop out and the world gets weirder by the second. **HQ**

THE INVISIBLES: BLOODY HELL IN AMERICA Text by Grant Morrison Art by Phil Jimenez and John Stokes (Titan Books £8.99)

"The real nuts say the ultras are experimenting on people to create some kind of hybrid drone species."

So begins *The Invisibles'* second adventure into the whacked out world of the psychic freedom fighter, who live in a reality where polio vaccines contained implants, AIDS is a nanomachine and a Big Mac is "corporate viral technology". They are up against the evil forces of US government covert operations and the enemy within, the ultraterrestrials who are up to all sorts of hocus pocus in an Area 51 style underground base in the New Mexico desert. Not surprisingly it's "impenetrable, crawling with elite Delta Force soldiers and rigged with all kind of sensors and shit" and run by a faceless psychic dwarf who can control minds, and a gung-ho, redneck colonel... "What makes these assholes think they can just astrally project in here looking for UFOs and we won't notice?" Naturally our flippant fivesome are well up for a rumble, especially since discovering that stored in the base for the past twenty years is the HIV antiviral. But first they need to drop some acid and get into elemental character. These are expanded consciousness commandos who wear Wookiee wigs, leather bondage and fishnet fatigues into a battle which builds to a booming bloodbath as they deliver death by Zen. This is a trip through the America psyche at its most wiggled out and paranoid. Think *James Bond* meets *Illuminatus!* with pictures; it's sexy, savage and shit-kickingly psychedelic. Writer Grant Morrison, whose credits include *Swamp Thing*, *Judge Dredd* and *Batman: Arkham Asylum*, magics up a multidimensional masquerade of comical characters with lethal wit and even more lethal weapons, while artistic team Jimenez and Stokes go heavy on the red ink and blood and lipstick mingle with the laughs and laconic lacquer. "You gotta love paranoia." **Christine Chapel**

FRIED CIRCUIT

MARCH 1998



FINLAY QUAYE: Sunday Shining at Rock City 29th March

friday 6th

STARSKY
Nottingham Dubble Bubble

MEDICINE TREE
The Britannia

THE HOWLERS
The Running Horse

SLOWHAND
The Maze

EAT STATIC / SYSTEM 7 / PEEK
Megadog

MAINSTREAM / KANDYSWELL
Derby The Victoria

TROUBADOR
Leics The Charlotte

saturday 7th

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm Nottm The Golden Fleece

SPAWNY
Filly & Firkin

CATHERINE WHEEL
Rock City

RALPH
The Britannia Inn

ADVERSE / JAMSHACKLE
RUMPSHAKER DJs
Union

FOUR ON THE FLOOR
The Running Horse

NOTTINGHAM SCHOOL
OF SAMBA
Dubble Bubble

VADIM / AMON TOBIN
CHOCOLATE WEASELS
ANIMALS ON WHEELS
The Bomb

wednesday 11th

CANDY SKINS
Leics The Charlotte

DR FEELGOOD
Mansfield at Sam's

sunday 8th

WILSON / HARPER
Nottm Sam Fay's

THE ERIC BELL BAND
The Running Horse

SHED SEVEN
Rock City

THE FOOTWARMERS
JUBA
noon 8pm
The Bell Inn

ross noble / simon fox

JO ENRIGHT
Just The Tonic comedy club
The Old Vic

CANDYSKINS / HORMONES /
SUPERCREEPS
Derby The Victoria

MARDY
PSYCHOTIC REACTIONS
Leics The Charlotte

monday 9th

THE STOMP BROTHERS
Nottm The Running Horse

THE OMEGA BAND
The Bell Inn

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
Rock City

BOYSCOUT
Derby The Dolphin

PANEENI / DAYTONA
The Victoria

MONTROSE AVENUE
THE YOUNG OFFENDERS
Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 10th

PRAM / WARSER GATE
VIEW FROM BELOW
£3
Nottm Sam Fay's

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
The Bell Inn

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse

KULE JAZZ
Langtry's

CARRIE / ADDICT /
SUPERHORSE
Derby The Loft

GROOP DOG DRILL / FOIL
Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 11th

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
Nottm The Running Horse

CHIMNEY
Roots reggae
The Maze

ESPIRITU
The Bell Inn

THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's

PLAYTHINGS
Café Metz

THE SELECTER
Derby The Loft

CARPOOL / HELTER SKELTER
Leics The Charlotte

CARRIE / ADDICT
Northampton Roadmender

thursday 12th

HARRY STEPHENSON & LOOSE
CANNONS / THE BEE HATCHERS
Nottm The Running Horse

PLATFORM / STYLUS
Sam Fay's

BRIGHT LIGHTS
Carry On Carrington £3
The Maze

SAVERIO FLAMENCO
Café Metz

friday 13th

ORANGE GOBLIN / SHEARFACE
CRUEL HUMANITY
Derby The Victoria

SIREN
Leics The Charlotte

POD
Filly & Firkin

THE RANDEES
The Maze

HANGOVER BLUES BAND
The Running Horse

POT PLANT FOR HOLLY
Dubble Bubble

RHYTHM MACHINE
Café Metz

saturday 14th

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm Nottm The Golden Fleece

THE MIGHTY HOUSE ROCKERS
£2.50
The Running Horse

THE BEE HATCHERS
Filly & Firkin

FLIPSIDE
The Maze

ZELIG / FREEKSPERT
Rock City

SLOWHAND
Café Metz

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
midnight
Dubble Bubble

HARVEY
RICHARD HECTOR JONES
The Bomb

PLATFORM / STYLUS
Mansfield The Woodpecker

scribble / luft

Derby The Victoria

INNER SENSE / UNWIND YOUR
MIND / UNA MAY
Le Now Jazz Festival
Leics Y Theatre

TIM ROSE / MEL MCCROY
The Charlotte

UK SUBS
Stoke The Wheatsheaf II

sunday 15th

THE DREAM DISCIPLES
vs INERTIA
Nottm Sam Fay's

UK SUBS
The Running Horse

THE FOOTWARMERS
BLUNT
noon 8pm
The Bell Inn

thursday 19th

HARRY STEPHENSON
& LOOSE CANNONS
Nottm The Running Horse

SIMON WHITE
Boogie Wonderland
The Maze

THE BEE HATCHERS / LILO
POT PLANT FOR HOLLY
CARLO'S LOUNGE
The Meadow Club

SNUFF / CONSUMED
Rock City

COLOURWEALTH
Café Metz

CARINA ROUND
Malt Cross Music Hall

WALL OF SOUND
DIRTY BEATNIKS
THE WISE GUYS
The Bomb

monday 16th

STOMP BROTHERS
Nottm The Running Horse

THE OMEGA BAND
The Bell Inn

ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece

THE GEE BEES
Carwash
Ritzy

DJ SIN / CLIVE
X
Pieces

ROY DE WIRED
Café Metz

NISHA MADLY / THE VOW
ABSOLUTELY
Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 17th

ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION
ODDBALL
£5 adv. Nottm Sam Fay's

WHOLESONE FISH
Via fossa

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse

ZARABANDA
Filly & Firkin

CABARET SCHLURR
£3/2.50
The Maze

THE BLUETONES
Rock City

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
JAZZ BAND
The Bell Inn

KULE JAZZ
Langtry's

99 YEARS / COMIC BOOK
HEROES
Leics The Charlotte

THUS DEFILED / DESECRATION
Derby The Victoria

WARM JETS / IDLEWILD
Sheffield, University of...

wednesday 18th

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
Nottingham The Running Horse

PLAT DU JOUR
The Maze

MASSIVE ATTACK
Rock City

TWENTY-SIX RED
The Bell Inn

THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's

COCO Y PAPAYA
Café Metz

EASY PIECES
Kimberly Nelson & Railway

THE DELGADOS
Derby The Loft

ZEPHYR 6
The Victoria

PRAM
Leics Physio & Firkin

thursday 19th

HARRY STEPHENSON
& LOOSE CANNONS
Nottm The Running Horse

SIMON WHITE
Boogie Wonderland
The Maze

THE BEE HATCHERS / LILO
POT PLANT FOR HOLLY
CARLO'S LOUNGE
The Meadow Club

SNUFF / CONSUMED
Rock City

COLOURWEALTH
Café Metz

CARINA ROUND
Malt Cross Music Hall

WALL OF SOUND
DIRTY BEATNIKS
THE WISE GUYS
The Bomb

friday 20th

WHOLESONE FISH
Nottm The Maze

STUMBLE BROTHERS
The Running Horse

CHEESE MACHINE
Filly & Firkin

THE BEE HATCHERS
The Britannia

PERFORMANCE
Dubble Bubble

SIMON DK / DIGS & WOOSH
ESSA / TONY G
Floppy Disco
The Bomb

YOUNG GUNS
Café Metz

VIDA NOVA
Derby The Loft

RAGING AGAINST THE
MACHINE / THE SKEEM / THE
DOG'S BOLLOCKS
The Victoria

SLIPSTREAM / HUSTLER
Leics The Charlotte

THE BLUETONES
Sheffield, University of...

saturday 21st

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm Nottm The Golden Fleece

THE GROUNDHOGS
£3.50
The Running Horse

MOTHERSHIP
The Maze

A / UNDERSTAND
Rock City

HEN / LYNDA / SUZY
CREAMCHEESE
Giggle #13
The Sky Club

invaders from the planet phunk

Dubble Bubble

ORDE MEIKLE / STUART
MACHILLAN / GLENN GUNNER
The Bomb

MOOD INDIGO
Café Metz

ALICE IN COOPERLAND
Derby The Victoria

DAYTONA / SCATTERBRAIN
Mansfield The Woodpecker

sunday 22nd

LEFT HAND THREAD
Nottm The Running Horse

SPIRITUALIZED
Rock City

THE FOOTWARMERS
MIND THE GAP
1100n 8pm
The Bell Inn

STEVE BEST / JO JO SMITH
DAN EVANS
DR HASBEEN / FLIPSIDE
Derby The Victoria

CLUB 'O'
Leics The Charlotte

monday 23rd

QUADRANT SOUND SYSTEM
JUDGE & SAMPLE
JIVE 'N' JIMMY / JOHN O
Don't Panic £2 adv. Proceeds to
Cancer Research Fund
Nottm Deluxe

JOHN OTWAY
£4
The Running Horse

ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece

THE OMEGA BAND
The Bell Inn

DJ SIN / CLIVE
X
Pieces

ROY DE WIRED
The Maze

MISCONDUCT / GRUDGE 13
Derby The Victoria

SMILES / HARRY
WIDE EYED WONDER
Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 24th

GORILLA / THE MIRACLE DRUG
THE GRIPS
£2
Nottm Sam Fay's

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
The Bell Inn

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse

KULE JAZZ
Langtry's

MOOD INDIGO
Café Metz

THE PROFESSIONALS / LOWER
Derby The Victoria

wednesday 25th

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
Nottm The Running Horse

ESPIRITU
The Bell Inn

THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's

RIVER JAMIES
Café Metz

TRIBUTE TO NOTHING / DBH
LOCKDOWN
Derby The Victoria

THE PECADILLOS / THE O/JOLT
Leics The Charlotte

thursday 26th

HARRY STEPHENSON
& LOOSE CANNONS
£2
Nottm The Running Horse

THE DAY
Sam Fay's

FU MANCHU
SPIRITUAL BEGGARS
KINGS OF INFINITE SPACE
Rock City

hardknox / midfield general / danielsun

SPARKYLIGHTBORN
The Bomb

PLAYTHINGS
Café Metz

SILVER VINYL / SUBMARINE
Derby The Victoria

friday 27th

BOBBY MACK'S NIGHT TRAIN
Nottm The Running Horse

SMALL WORLD
Filly & Firkin

CATBOY
Dubble Bubble

LIVIN' ENTITIES
Café Metz

BALISTIC BROTHERS
feat. ROCKY & DIESEL
Back 2 Basics
The Bomb

LEATHERFACE
Derby The Victoria

LIBIDO
Leics The Charlotte

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
Sheffield, University of...

saturday 28th

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm Nottm The Golden Fleece

STEVE BAKER'S HOOK
£1
The Running Horse

POLSKA
Dubble Bubble

SPACECAKE / FINE
Rock City

THE MELJAYS
Café Metz

ERIC RUG / JEFF BARRETT
MARK MCNULTY
The Bomb

BULLRUSH
THE JENNY KITTENS
Mansfield The Woodpecker

THE BEEKEEPERS
KANDYSUCK
Derby The Victoria

DUST JUNKYS
Leics The Charlotte

sunday 29th

FINLAY QUAYE
Nottm Rock City

FREE AT LAST
£2.50
The Running Horse

THE FOOTWARMERS
JUBA
noon 8pm
The Bell Inn

STU WHO / BEN NORRIS
JEFF INNOCENT
Just The Tonic
The Old Vic

THE TANSADS
Leics The Charlotte

monday 30th

ISAAC GUILLORY
£4
Nottm The Running Horse

THE OMEGA BAND
The Bell Inn

KULA SHAKER
Rock City

ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece

SIN / CLIVE
X
Pieces

ROY DE WIRED
Café Metz

PROZAC / GORILLA / THE FADE
Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 31st

DREAM CITY FILM CLUB
DOG TOMAS
Nottm Sam Fay's

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
JAZZ BAND
The Bell Inn

KULE JAZZ
Langtry's

MOOD INDIGO
Cafe Metz

MURPHY'S LAW
KNUCKLEDUST
t.b.c. Derby The Victoria

april wednesday 1st

BITCHSHIFTER
all-female Pitchshifter tribute band
£5 adv. Nottm The Angel

THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's

TWENTY SIX RED
The Bell Inn

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
The Running Horse

EARL BRUTUS
Derby The Victoria

thursday 2nd

MEIR / DAVE WHEELS /
WINDOWS / ALAN K
Deselect freestyle electronica
and abstract sonic adventures £3
Nottm The Maze

HARRY STEPHENSON
& LOOSE CANNONS
The Running Horse

THERAPY? / KING PRAWN
The Rig

SPACE
Sheffield, University of...

UK SUBS
Lincoln Labour Club

friday 3rd

BLAZIN ROW
Nottm The Running Horse

BACK TO BASE
The Maze

DYNACHORDS
filly & Firkin

DIY
floppy disco
The Bomb

TAXI
Derby The Loft

saturday 4th

THE MIGHTY 45'S
£3.50
Nottm The Running Horse

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm
The Golden Fleece

SHADES OF BLUE
The Maze

THE MARCH
Filly & Firkin

AB/CD
Rock City

ANDREW WEATHERALL
GLENN GUNNER
The Bomb

ADHESIVE / PROFESSIONALS
Mansfield The Woodpecker

EARL BRUTUS
Leics The Charlotte

sunday 5th

MIDNIGHT WILLIE
Nottm The Running Horse

LEECH WOMAN
GLOBAL NOISE ATTACK
£4.50 adv

THE FOOTWARMERS
BLUNT
noon 8pm
The Bell Inn

DISCOVERALL

MORCHEEBA photo: Deverill Weeks



MORCHEEBA *Big Calm* (Indochina)
Slocore groovers Morcheeba continue burning on their second lp. Despite the fact that "the album came out of really bleak experiences... and an awful lot of drugs" it actually sounds pretty optimistic. Maybe due to Skye's dreamy soft vocals. Gone are the trip hop connections discarded in favour of a more folksy, bluesy and even countrified feel, especially on *Part Of The Process*. On the whole album there are no instants such as *Trigger Hippy*, which may disappoint previous fans. Songs are now very much the order with America being very much the market. Music for late twenty-somethings. **Dael**

GIVE UP *Fuck Step '98* (DHR Limited Editions)
Produced by terror chick Shizuo returning to fuck your speakers with seventeen lo-fi break trance cuts, spliced loops, time stretched samples and digital noise all processed and overdriven to the extreme. Gear-changing synth tones and underpass racing sounds flicker with filter modulations. Even Punk and James Bond get their come-uppance at the merciless hands of Shizuo. **Hard! Dael**

BRUCE COCKBURN *You Pay Your Money...Live* (Rykodisc/True North)
Canadian Cockburn has been peddling a powerful blend of rock, roots and poetry for over two decades to heroic acclaim in his homeland. Cult status has been achieved elsewhere, and this live offering is culled from recent North American gigs. Backed by a simple but subtle bass and drums section, Cockburn's varied guitar and vocal talents are well to the fore. In typically forceful mode he takes issue with the IMF loan sharks (*They Call It Democracy*), tribal slaughter (*Stolen Land*) and personal denial (*Fascist Architecture*). Other tracks include



BRUCE COCKBURN photo: Daniel Keebler/Gavin's Woodpile

a mystic infusion on *Strange Waters*, the jazzy title track and *Birmingham Shadows* from his last studio LP. New disciples to the man's cause should really start with his towering 80's classics *Stealing Fire* and *World Of Wonders*, but this should appease the initiated until next time out. **GT**

JAMES IHA *Let It Come Down* (Hut)
Despite immersion in the razor-edged guitar soundscapes of Chicago's Smashing Pumpkins in recent years, band member James Iha is the first to break ranks with a solo album of fragile acoustic yearning. Embellishing his songs with subtle percussion, pedal steel, brass and strings, Iha has crafted a home-recorded album that echoes American country rock hybrids of yore. Opening cuts *Be Strong Now* and *Sound Of Love* could have found a niche on mid-period Jackson Browne or Neil Young releases, and the format continues smoothly throughout. Too smoothly, possibly, for those expecting an infusion of angst to permeate proceedings, with the bright strut of *Jealousy* destined to surprise the soul-searchers. More introspective by far are the likes of *Lover Lover*, *Silver String* and *Winter*, with the latter cutting a gritty cello line through the pretty chorus. More dreamy than dramatic, Iha has set a difficult standard for the other Pumpkins to follow. **GT**

ROBERT MILES *23am* (Deconstruction)
Robert Concina (or Rob Miles to you, mate) returns with more dream House for Deconstruction. Lushly produced with sweeping, ethereal string pads and atmospheric effects shifting around on the intros, you kind of know what to expect: mingling House grooves and break-beats, Ibiza style. Miles' sound is all very Balearic, and even when disco diva, Kathy Sledge (she of Sister Sledge), does the honours with her vocals on the singles *Freedom* and *Enjoy* the sound still remains the same. The trance element has gone, replaced with an airy commercialism, as proved by the cheesy rock guitar solo which spoils the Latino mood of *Heatwave*. Twinkly, dreamy, lush and with absolutely no underground stations in sight. **Dael**

VARIOUS ARTISTS *(You're Only As Good As) The Last Great Thing You Did* (Lookout)
A compilation of bands on Lookout records ranging from 'haven't I heard this before?' mundane punk-pop to some real gems which will make you sit up and take notice. Check out the female-fronted Auntie Christ, Avail, and Blatz for those pissed off moments, reggae-edged Squirrelgun, Mr T Experience (punk-pop, yes, but at least they were doing it before anyone else), and the raw punked-up energy of the Crumbs and the Parasites. All in all a bloody good album with something for everyone. I was going to say "at least no Green Day sound-alikes" but then I heard Pinhead Gunpowder; I suppose it was inevitable really... **MG**

TOM JONES *The Best Of...* (DECCA)
Another collection (necessary or not depending on your opinion) of Tom Jones' back catalogue. Obviously rush-released in the wake of all that lovely free publicity generated

Reviews by Gareth Thompson, Dael, Christine Chapel, Tricky Skills Jase, John W. Haylock, Simon The Vinyl Junkie, Mischa Gulseven and DJ Rich Quadrant

by his inclusion on the soundtrack of *The Full Monty*. Twenty-two tracks which run in the order of hit... miss... shit... miss... hit... etc. If you're a fan of that man Jones' big throat and posturing then you'll probably already be in possession of a much classier compilation than this. If not then you really wouldn't give a leather-clad thigh's worth of a fuck now, would you? **Dael**

K90 K90 (Aquarius)
Nine full bouncy turbo trancettes from K90 who take on the acid trance formula well established by the likes of Platipus' Union Jack, BBE etc. Nothing ground-breaking but a sure bet for Euro-philes with pumping octave bass and drum rolls aplenty. Wake up, smell the Patchouli already. **Dael**

MARIA NAYLER *Naked And Sacred* (Deconstruction)
Naked And Sacred—no, not an ode to Brett Anderson but the first solo single from from Euro Disco Queen, Maria 'the voice of Robert Miles' Nayler. Her previous role as Stevie Wonder's contact lenses may have been worthwhile but Maria's own character is finally allowed to come across on this track. With sublime vocals pitched higher than Jimmy Sommerville on *Valium*, the speed trance (blimey!) production here is faultless. **TSJ**

FOO FIGHTERS *My Hero* (Roswell Records)
Supposedly a lament to Kurt (egotistical junkie, went shooting one day, left behind a paranoid widow and baby daughter—what a guy!), *My Hero* is the stringest single from *The Colour & The Shape*. After a patchy start following the short walk from drum stool to stage front, Dave Grohl is proving to be a diverse character. The recent Puff Daddy remixes contrast well with this more traditional bang it, distort it and scream it three-minute teenage rant. Keen to impress the boss, the drums are explosive. Mmm—interesting video possibilities. **TSJ**

DUBSTAR *I Will Be Your Girlfriend* (Food)
Something unpleasant is stirring inside Dubstar's kitchen sink exterior. Underneath the kitsch euro pop, Sarah Blackwood makes veiled threats: "I'm the prostitute who rings your family, I'm the meat in your groin, I'll wreck your confidence..." Another ordinary day at the Whitehouse, then. Dubstar are a slapstick Benny Hill with eyelashes, which makes them gems. *I Will Be...* shows no remorse, both in the savageness of the lyrics and the blatant pop melodies. This is a two-edged sword of a single that would make for the perfect Valentine present. Hate mail or a lover's prose, everyone wins. **TSJ**

SIMPLE MINDS *Glitterball* (Chrysalis)
Time to roll up your sleeves—Charlie Burchill's back in the gang writing, producing and pounding on his bass, one eye on the funny man with the potato head holding the mic, the other making sure the sleeves don't slip. The Live Aid School of 80's rock gods is rapidly imploding, what with Michael Hutchence's mishap with another item of clothing. Musically this is nothing that we haven't heard before. The Celtic roots fascination has been replaced by an attempt to return to the 'New Gold Dream' period. **TSJ**

SALT TANK *Angels Landing* (ffrr)
Salt Tank seem to want success pretty badly, so much so that all traces of where they came from are well removed on this Euro dreamer. It actually sounds like Robert Miles of yesteryear with dreamy vocals etc. Although it's pretty dull at that. All the mixes are lightweight and predictable, being neither commercial enough for the masses nor cool enough for the clubs. I throw excess salt over my shoulder and that's where this one's gone. **Dael**

GORILLA



GORILLA *Who Wants To Save The World Anyway?* (Viper)

Yes, it's all flooding back to me now... we saw Gorilla by mistake, once and wondered vaguely whether they would be wearing Gorilla suits. They might have been more entertaining if they had, but they all wore black, looked menacing and made us listen to grunge-rap-metal (until we fled). Actually this is one of their tamer efforts, straight tunes in a rocky vein. The b-sides are much scarier, heavy rumbling basslines and frantic bursts of vocals. Get to Rock City before 11 on a Saturday night and you will hear them. **MG**

Z FACTOR *Got To Keep Pushing* (ffrr)
Disco disco disco! Poo poo poo! Which could be either the smell of it or the sound of the synth drums. **Dael**

MARMION *Schöneberg* (ffrr/Hooj Choons)
It's euro-a-go-go on this camp bumshaker remix of Marmion's 1993 *Superstition* trancer. Re-released in '96 on Hooj Choons and being a bit floppy until Tong-boy and Oakenfold hammered it at top nightie club Cream. It still sounds better in its *French Kiss*-ish original version although it's just as camp. **Dael**

LEGEND aka KAMI KAZI *The Truth 12"* (Pheroes)
Seven good tracks, four lyrical and three instrumental versions comin from da Rose crew Courtney, Trevor and Simeon Nottingham (St. Anns) MC Kami Kazi licks laid back smooth rhymes in true player's style, straight from his heart over cool smoked out beats for real hardcore hip hop heads. **STVJ**

SNUG *Ode To The Day* (WEA)
Oh yes, I have heard great things about Snug, and on the strength of this single they seem to be true. Energetic, tuneful guitar-pop; it's just a shame they sound like the second Symposium. And therefore easily replaceable. Enjoy your success while it lasts, boys, the fickle world of pop will be bored with you soon when it finds another Teen Band to adore. **MG**



SLEEPER *Romeo Me / She's A Good Girl* (Indolent)
What has happened to sleeper? I used to be a Sleeper fan and proud (ducks to avoid bottles, shoes and assorted vegetable matter) but if they keep knocking on the door labelled MOR, sooner or later Dire Straits, Genesis, Texas and a plethora of abysmal music mutations will pull them aside, attach electrodes to their brains and see to it that they never leave. *Romeo Me* deserves a few listens; it does grow on you but it shouldn't need to. *She's A Good Girl* isn't terrible, it's just not Sleeper. I want them to be poppy and happy with ace tunes you can sing along to, not pointless notes strung together. Sort it out—balls to Serious Musicianship (you might sell more tickets on your tour that way, snigger). **MG**

THE MONTROSE AVENUE *She's Looking for Me* (Columbia)
Famous for having matt the Celebrity Drummer in them, (ex of Menswe@r). The Montrose Avenue have suddenly made it very big. I can see why, they have mass appeal, no doubt about it. Singalong pop with harmonies and a sixties feel to it—nothing inspiring or new—except for the fact that they have no delusions about people wanting to hear epic tunes (pity other retro/mod bands haven't cottoned on to that—you know who you are) and this lasts all of 123 seconds which is nice. **MG**

DUBSTAR *Cathedral Park* (EMI)
This sounds like a cover but I don't know. Dubstar have been hit by the cabaret stick; this has cymbals and trumpets and everything! which makes a refreshing change from their normally more reserved style. **MG**

CINNAMON SMITH *You Haven't Even Gone But I'm Missing You*
MAGIC DRIVE *Had To Be You* (split 7" (Mother))
This is great! A split single given away free on last year's Alas Smith & Drive tour, the Smith side, after starting off quiet, bland and uninspiring—really started, loud and powerful. What I like about this song more than anything else isn't the music but the lyrics—very paranoid, the story of someone so insecure that he takes it for granted he's going to be dumped. The music is perfect for the mood; sadness mixed with anger. Look out for them in the future. The Drive side is a bouncy little number that skips along wanting to have been born in the 1950's but this is no bad thing since all this does is lend a whole dose of originality to the 90's Pop Formula—it's all over in a flash but you'll know you've been Magicdriven. **MG**

CAFFEINE *You Spin Me Round (Like A Record, Baby)* (Fluffy Freako Records)
Dead Or Alive's camp high energy stormer from '85 gets the indie rock treatment at the hands of Caffeine and surprisingly it translates pretty well proving that a good pop record is a good pop record, regardless of genre. **Dael**

BINARY FINARY *Anthemic 1 & 2* (Aquarius)
Sweeping, dramatic string samples ope BF's 'on one' epics, apparently fusing "Mozart and Beethoven... for the third millennium". Thankfully this Hooked On Techno/Classics thing isn't employed and what you get are two huge trance cuts with hard kicks and progressive rumblings. Coming soon to a Megadog near you. **Dael**

OCTARINE *Roctarine* (Full Moon)
And some more strobing Goa style trance business from Octarine with a grungy mixed two-tracker which, although using some pretty standard 4/4 trance routines, actually benefits from its lo-fi multiple copied degradation adding a gritty excitement. **Dael**

THE QUEST *Azymuth* (Far Out)
Side A, produced by Quest, is a blissed out jazzy ride. but flip it over and you will find something completely different. Wow! Phil Asher has shaken and stirred the original and twisted it into a real deep, deep, monster. Future funk for a future generation. On top of wonderfully constructed yet spooky synth sounds and well programmed beats, Phil Asher reminds us that vocals can actually work if used well. The groove takes you and takes you even more until the vocoded (Big Ben) style vocal snaps you back into reality. **RQ**

NOTTURNO *The Long Walk Home* (Melt)
Notturmo is the alter-ego of York-based Nicola Johnsten who started writing music two years ago. apparently she works with Beaumont Hannant and the experience shows on this well produced, classy tune. Beautifully crafted cool house music with a hint of old skool electro. **RQ**

ODORI ALL-STARS (Odori 003)
Chris Duckenfield has to be the man of the moment; creating blinding records with swag on Jus' Trax, underground tech-house on Primitive as well as spell-binding, dubby, tripped-out house on his new label Odori. Here he has pieced together some of his finest work to date. Supplying us with a break-beat tune, a tech-house stormer, a dubby spaced out groove and to cap it all off an old skool style electro tune funk up to the max with some crazy betas. If you don't dance to this you must be brain dead. **RQ**

SPACEBUNNY *The Key* (Surreal)
Mike, who sent me this, is a geezer! He makes blinding tunes as well as being a very competent DJ. Here we have some up-tempo, dark house music which never loses its soul. You may have heard of this label if you're a fan of Terry Francis. This style of music will have its day very soon so watch out. **RQ**

SMOKIN THE FOOL *McCoys Real* (Pik n Mix)
Trip hop at its best comin from South London. Spirals of glittering colours comin down and unwinding over a beautiful hip hop beat. Floaty Rhodes keys glide all over the place with the odd whale noise and female vocal. Cool. **STVJ**

TURNING OVER (Ignition)
Startin off with a jazzy drum n bass flavour toon with sax and lovely tasty beats, the second one begins very heavenly indeed with the sounds of harps, rushing water and flutes then a wicked jazzy bass jungle rhythm comes in—very interesting. Some brilliant rollin, filterin and changin beats. Look out for Ignition records' dance til ya drop junglist sounds. **STVJ**

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FRIED ALIVE!



ODDBALL: 90* to the audience

ODDBALL Nottingham Dubble Bubble
Timing—the stuff of comics, success, romance, weird phenomena and docks. Six months ago, I was hailing the dawn of a Nottingham scene at an Oddball gig (er, no, not a new one; just the arrival of a scene)

Now bands play in clubs—and at weekends! Look, hardened readers, before you wander off down Cynic Street. Go back in your time machine a mere eighteen months ago and try to find a band in a nightclub on a Friday night. Much, much longer ago you'll find Jimi Hendrix and The Meteors playing at the Boat Club. This is a luxury and it's all over the city now. Dubble Bubble is a groovy dub with a groovy café and a slippy middle dance-floor (quite a few fallers). Oddball are on upstairs at a quarter to midnight. They have added a few new 'tunes' and generally lifted the sound a few notches. It's a faster, hipper side of Indie, pre-1980 meets now, with nuggets of punk riffs chucked into real, live drum and bass; plus, of course, Kevin's increasingly catchy minimalist approach to vocals delivered, as ever, at 90 degrees to the crowd. Tonight they do look a bit like they've just beamed down from the Star Ship Enterprise, James T Kirk era. Maybe that's why the woman next to me says "they're shite" but stays for most of the set. Maybe she was phased. But the bar staff are dancing and Oddball are doing splendidly. Then it's time to go downstairs and boogie, or as Kevin would say, "Burn, baby, burn". Or was that the Tavares? Eh, lad... luxury.

Mike Rodot

Oddball appear live at Sam Fay's on Tuesday 17th March supporting Asian Dub Foundation.

CARLO'S LOUNGE/ COLOURWEALTH Nottingham Sam Fay's

It's Jazz, Jim, but not as we know it, two bands for groovin' and diggin'. First up, Colourwealth, fronted by two splendid female vocalists plus keyboard, guitar, bass and drums. Although they've not quite found their own sound—the slow numbers were amazingly like Pottingshed—but when they kicked up with funk they really got it right. Watch and wait. Carlo's Lounge were allegedly 'acid jazz' but anyone expecting

SYSTEM 7 / EAT STATIC / PEEK

Megadog Nottingham The Ballroom

It's been a full year since I was last at The Garvey—in fact it was the previous Megadog also with Eat Static. Would this, the last ever Megadog, exceed all expectations? The first thing I noticed was how much cooler the place is. Gone is the padded gondola ceiling to reveal the venue's aircraft hanger shape in all its curved capacity, allowing for air, a lot more air—yes, fresh air circulating around the heads of the assembled dilated pupils and even a few mature students feeding much needed oxygen to their frying brains. Amidst the mass of well-groomed, trendy teenagers, the few old school combat crusties stand out like the veteran campaigners they are. You can see why Megadog are pulling in the leash—these events are becoming generic raves, the Megadog has started wagging the Megadog. The Dj's Dog play samey, crowd-pleasing techno with little deviation from the pump-pump-break-build-up-pump-pump formula. The Dog standard has become bog standard.

Not so the live acts, mind. Peek are the perfect introduction to what is to come later, head down with arms reaching out to the synths and sequencers, flying through the breeze with a set of squeaky clean techno eventually building down to a dirty sub-bass barrage of beats. And it's not like you have to stand and watch any of the live acts, though a memsmeric lightshow makes it difficult to take your eyes off the stage with its hi-tech array of scans and blinding strobes off-setting a splendid installation in the eye of the visual storm which goes supernova as Eat Static burst from the speakers living up to their comic book command monicker. The show is on and the atmosphere electric as waves of electronic flak roll across the room. One deranged drum n bass number is sandwiched into the set for added flavour as the technical crew lean on the sliders and push sound and light to the max. If Eat Static were left de-ionised without these club tours they would have no problem switching circuits.

Their set seemed to merge seamlessly into the djs as the night was stretched out with more pumping techno, sending me to the bar to await an upgrade to System 7. A welcome, chilled, ambient introduction heralds their arrival. Steve Hillage and Miquette Giraudy don't seemed to have aged a day since their alliance with Gong ended about two decades ago. (I dunno what they're on, but I want some.) A number of bare-chested, saucer-eyed purists, who weren't even born then, spot the guitar and retire from the dance-floor to join the queue for water. Gradually, casually, beats for the feet are born and a beautiful boing-boing sound wraps itself around the collective cortex. The star-studded mesh canopy above wafts approvingly at the breath of fresh air and sprinkles the condensed sweat back onto our heads as if baptising us. (Either that or some Megawag had a water pistol.) Hillage and Giraudy certainly seem to be enjoying their return to the live stage. Smiling occasionally, he regularly reaches for his guitar and sends shimmering sounds into the sequences while she adds ultradimensional tweaks and peaks. And peak we did. Wholesome Jim appears beside me. "Brilliant!" he tells me breathlessly, "best gig I've seen for ages... eighteen months... more..." before disappearing again into the dancefloor. I believe you, mate.

As I convert this file for production the computer asks me: 'Replace existing "Megadog"?' I pause and... well, every dog has its day.

Christine Chapel

ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION



Since forming in 1993 Asian Dub Foundation have been honing their radical blend of punishing break-beats, rap polemic and punk rock blended with traditional Indian classical and spiritual music and dub poetry. With hooks and choruses that sound like revolutionary slogans, they aim to simultaneously agitate, educate and organise. and that's no empty gesture as their commitment to grassroots activism will testify. Working from their London-based Community Music centre, ADF involve themselves in community based workshops and music education. Formed by Aniruddha (aka bassist Dr Das), who organised and taught music technology for Asian youth at community Music, and one of his students, 15 year-old Deeder Zaman (MC Master D), who had been rapping since the age of 9 with groups such as Joi Bangla and State of Bengal. Along with Dr John Pandit (Pandit G) who worked at CAPA, an organisation monitoring police and racial harassment in East London, they began playing underground parties as a sound system. After recruiting former Higher Intelligence Agency agent Steven Chandra Savales (Chandrasonic) and Sanjay Tailor (Dj and rave dancer Sun -J) they went on to performing as a live band while still retaining the sound system sensibility. Patronage by Primal Scream, with whom they have recently toured, opened up the doors to a whole new audience. As versatile as they come, ADF can kick it just as well at rave clubs as they can at World Music festivals or on the rock circuit. Their rousing live shows have earned them the reputation of "the best live band in Britain" merging the energy and aggression of punk with the raw vibes of the dance-floor as Pandit G cuts the breaks on the decks for mixman Sun-J to twist up while Chandrasonic lays down swathes of electric guitar around Das' cyclical bass melodies and Master D paces the stage spitting incendiary rhymes.— "A Molotov cocktail of noise and attitude".
ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION rip it up live at Sam Fay's on Tuesday 17th March.

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