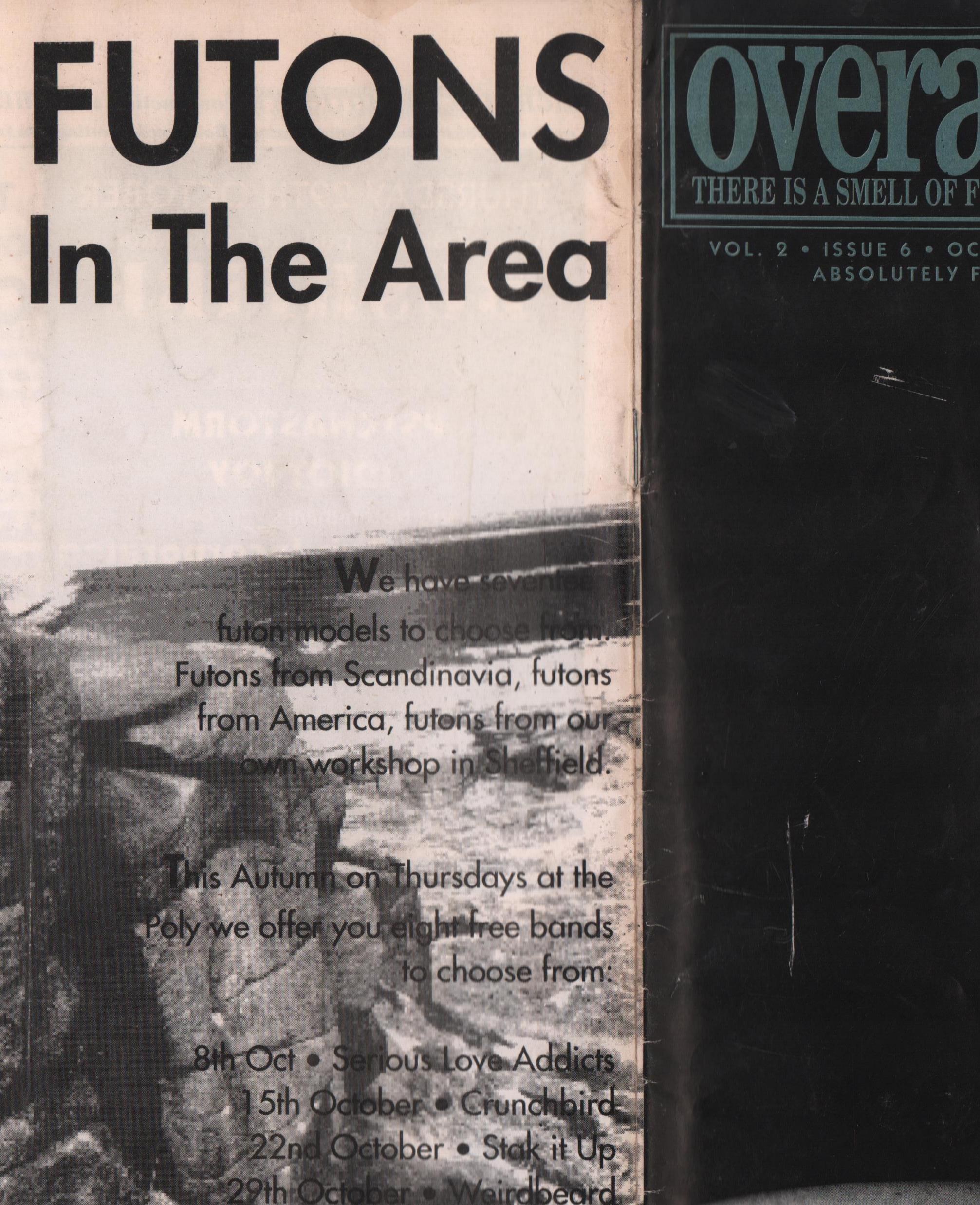
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ISSUE 6 • OCTOBER 1992 ABSOLUTELY FREE

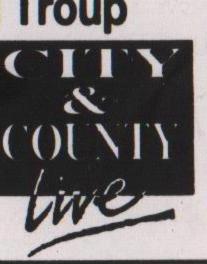


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Whipped Cream. Photo: Louise Storm

SNAP CRACKLE & POP

Whipped Cream visit Nottingham on Friday 16th with a gig at that appropriately psychedelic venue under the Horse and Groom on St. Peters Gate. Whipped Cream were the first ever Swedish group to record a John Peel session following their debut album. Their second one "Tune In The Century" (which received a record six plays in the Overoffice on the day of its arrival) has just been released on new label Snap Records which follows their first UK single "Wait for a Minute". Joining them on the bill are label mates This Perfect Day. The first ten arrivals at the gig woill receive a free Snap Sampler CD entitled "Crackle and Pop".

HIPPOPOTAMUS

The Greenpeace Nottingham Support Group are to stage a benefit gig the Hippo Club on Monday 26th of October. Bands giving their services in aid of the charity will be The Daisy Chain and Hallelujah. The primary aim of the event is to raise awareness of the Nottingham Support Group. Following the last gig at Bobby Brown's Café, local membership increased substantially. Tickets are£3 in advance. All proceeds to Greenpeace.

MUDHONEY return to these shores this month to promote their new L.P. "Piece of Cake". The tour opens on October 8th at Sheffield University, reaching Nottingham Rock City Oct. 19th. This we're giving away copies of "Piece of Cake" in an easy to enter competition. See Freeforall.

THE WAITING IS OVER

The Waiting List's tedious 'Eat The Dolphins/Sign The Waiting List' campaign has finally paid off with their signing to European label Wave Products. Their 'Angel 19' EP will be released in autumn Tracks featured are "Angel 19", "Startrippers" and "Happy War (Xmas is

Over)". **SCUM PUPS** release their new single 'Shudder' this month. It features three new tracks, 'Brood', 'Spit Out The Pips' and the lead track 'Shudder', and a rendition of live favourite 'Drive Blind' which was previously recorded and written by a bunch of upstarts from Oxford called Ride.

Grants and donations from East Midlands Arts, The Princes Trust, **Boots and Musicworks** have funded the first release from Servo Recordings. A 12 track compilation of Notts.' finest "indie pop" bands, the Servo One CDLP is the result of a collaboration between Mansfield's Bandwagon Studios and Squelch Music, organisers of monthly showcase gigs. The full band and tracklisting goes: Serious Love Addicts 'Badly', Big Event 'You'll Never Get Me', Weirdbeard 'Fat Digester', Rhythm Angels 'New England', National Pop Week 'Naked', Treehouse 'Treehouse', Futile Coats 'Valentino's Funeral', Sad 'I See You', Plastic Crabs 'Sleeper's House', Tall 'Seattle', Crunchbird 'United Sound of The', Ribbon Tears 'I Feel The Same'. Available from independent record shops throughout the East Midlands.

30 Nottingham artists to do it in public.

Contemporary Arts in Practice is an exhibition with a difference. Thirty Artists From the Oldknows, Can and Egerton Studio Groups based in the Oldknows Factory on St. Anns Hill Road will open their warren of studios to the public on Friday 23rd to Ocotober for three days. The exhibition offers the ideal opportunity for the public to meet a wide variety of artists and gain a greater understanding of the processes involved in creating contemporary art. Info. contact (0602) 588601

SQUARE DANCE

Whilst their Derby studio has gone up for sale (bijou property, one careful owner), Square Dance Nottingham are preparing to convert part of their Alfred St. studios into a large live recording area.

THE NEW CRANES

'Mandolin 'n' accordion totin' rockers' The New Cranes will be embarking on an exhaustive 57 date tour of Britain this month (and next month and the month after that) to promote their forthcoming six track mini-album released on Musidisc Records UK. Closest dates this month will be Thursday 8th at Nene College, Northampton and Nottingham Poly on Friday the 9th.

SHANA SOUND

It's that time of the month again, when Shana Sound takes over down at the Skyy Club on Alfreton Road. For those still uninitiated, it's a night of good music, company and fun. Provided completely by women, in the ONLY all women nightclub in Nottingham. For over a year, on the second wednesday of every

FIRSTofALL

SERVO UNIT

demolition

OCTOBER 1992

Timothy Leary's **Declaration of Evolution**

Smashing Pumpkins

The Age Misadventures beyond the Ultraworld

> **Fried Circuit** Gig, Theatre and Club Listings

> > **Diy** The Interview

20 **Fried Alive**

22 Curtaincall Now 92, Adrian Edmonson

25 LITERALL Death of Superman, Skin

Published by Paul and Martin with assistance from Stephen. John. the other Martin, Face and Mark. Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions P0 Box 73. West PDO. Nottingham NG7 4DG. Tele fax 0602 240351

month, women in Nottingham have been entertained by first class acts, such as 'The Chuffinelles', 'Storme Webber' and 'Helen McDonald' to name but a few. It's a night where women can let rip, not a politically correct meeting, just a space to chat, drink dance and chill out. Music is by resident DJ's Sol, (playing house and disco) and Jazz Spirit (playing jazz, soul, funk, reggae etc..) Be prepared to get hot and sticky. This months Shana Sound is on Weds. 14th and features Tanya McDonald performing her current single 'You Lose Again'.

BUSHFIRE, the ever popular dub reggae outfit from Essex, return to the city Oct. 29th, this time at The Marcus Garvey Centre. They'll be bringing their own custom built sound system, which kept things kicking at Wango Riley's Travelling Stage on The Rock and Reggae Festival this summer. Support comes from Psychastorm, Idiot Joy and DDI.







SCUM PUPS Shudder 12"

Four tracks which gring a solid gold easy action. 'Shudder' whispers before it screams, guitars to the fore. The cover of Rides 'Drive Blind' is inspired with it's ghost vocal. Definitely no shoe gazers with it's larger than the holezone production by Mark Spivey, this single pisses over their 'Baby Kill' LP. Now tell me more about those

SEA JOY CULTURE

Cloud Burst Mist 100% holorganic ambience for the purpose of pure

concentration and meditative cogitation in timeless situation. Utterly useless for anything else except playing to babies. Otherwise boring but safer than Ketamine.

ROXBERG Demo

Poor quality tape as opposed to recording - send me another, please. The glimpses I glimpsed were Rainbowy, with a nice line in glass shattering vocals. And all songs by R.J. Hattersley! Perhaps Neil Kinnock is a secret Jane's Addiction fan.

AVIDA DOLLARS Demo

A good intro - energetic Goth instrumental, becoming more traditionally morose with the second track, "Shiver". Perhaps a little heavy handed with effects, but better to overdo it than not to have the ability at all, n'est-ce pas?

RAMRAID Demo

Early Cult springs to mind. The singer sounds particularly strained, as in expressively emotional, when you can hear him. Nicely cut up songs that shudder, halt and shimmy when you least expect them to. I wonder what they look like? Definitely worth "catching live" (loathsome phrase).(0602) 789058

THE REPO:MEN Omen EP cassette First track "So Unreal" is the best description I can give. Where have you been these last few years? John Mellencamp has never been hip, and never will be. And bad imitations of the Smiths ("Chasing the Girl") will get you nowhere.

Track Station Acid cabaret. "The Other Lancashire Witches", "Drug

sure gets better with age.

REFORMATION Divided Loyalty Vague echoes of Thin White Rope in "See You Again" (country tinged, tangled guitars), but the title track is pure windows down, shades on, babes and beer riffing. Shame really. But back to the tangled riffing for the final track, "Freedom of The Press". Vaguely promising when

MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO

Satyricon L.P. Play It Again Sam

they let themselves go.

Taken from the latin word for satirical performance 'Satyricon' is a 'performanarchindustrialised' smash and grab ramraid of ideas which force their presence with a subsoniconscious rumble. From the surprisingly 'song' orientated 'Mindstream', with its unnerving vocal similarity to Depeche Mode (a band I can find little positive to say about), to the all out sonic attack of the current single 'Edge of No Control', Satyricon ploughs a heartening groove. Too full to be pure dance, too irresistably dancey to be industrial, Meat Beat Manifesto have found a collection of sounds that traverse a multitude of aural worlds as they collide and engulf each other to produce a unified voyage of mind and soul. If the Orb are the big bang theory then Meat Beat Manifesto are surely the big crunch.

CHRIS CONNELLY

phenobarb bambalam L.P. Devotion Whiplash Boychild L.P. Wax Trax/Devotion As has already been said Chris Connelly is a veritable tour de force in today's contemporary underground. From his role in the formation of Fini Tribe to his recent jount with Murder Inc. he had more than just a finger on the pulse of that area of music loosely termed industrial. It is not however a term you could easily use when considering his solo output. The most recent release, 'phenobarb bambalam' is a medicine chest of of surreal pleasures which glide in on the mainlining 'The Whistle Blower'.

OBERON The Raven Has Landed

Uncomfortable Marillion-isms are quickly put aside with the entrance (and it is a grand one) of the singer - pure Nightmares", "Julie's Unstable" - marvellous. Prog Rock Using a standard band line up and employing little programming Connelly sows seeds of tension which bear fruit on the sublime 'Come Down Here' and the jaundiced opiate of 'Too Good To Be True' in which he croons a larynx of tortured sorrow. Phenobarb bambalam, definitely a smart drug.

Whiplash Boychild is a re-release of his debut album. Once again not sounding typical of the Wax Trax label on this album, Connelly plays the dreamscape exorcist laying to rest his teenage idols. Littered with Bauhausisms and Bowie affectations it serves as perfect introduction to Connelly the poet. Yes this is a writer who indulges in the tortured artist effect with great success only truly finding a spiritual home on 'The Last of Joy' (a This Mortal Coil song if ever I heard one) and on the lilting eclipse of 'The Hawk, The Butcher, The Killer of Beauties'. Whiplash Boychild, definitely an experimental drug.

CONSOLIDATED

Play More Music Nettwerk Europe

"it's genocide... America has the MOST homicide..." Once again Consolidated hit you in the stomach with the facts and figures, offering you the other side of the fairy-tale story from the 'land of the free'. Seventy-two minutes, and twenty-six tracks, ranging from eight seconds to six minutes in length. "This is just information for you to assimilate, take what you want from it." As with their last LP, 'Friendly Fascism', 'Play more music' is interspersed with dialogue from the infamous 'talk-back' sessions an the end of each gig. Much of this involves the average, 'I know best, I don't give a shit' brain donor, telling the group to "shut the fuck up, and play more music." This is presumably where the title for the LP comes from. From the thrash like 'Accept me for what I am', to the parental advisory, 'You Suck', this is an LP of the ultimate diversity. 'Tool or Die' enters the brain like a bullet, in true 'Deer Hunter' style, forcing the problems of America's addiction to fire-arms, from the magazine, to the chaos of the dancefloor. To dance or to listen, the choice is yours.

SEVERED HEADS

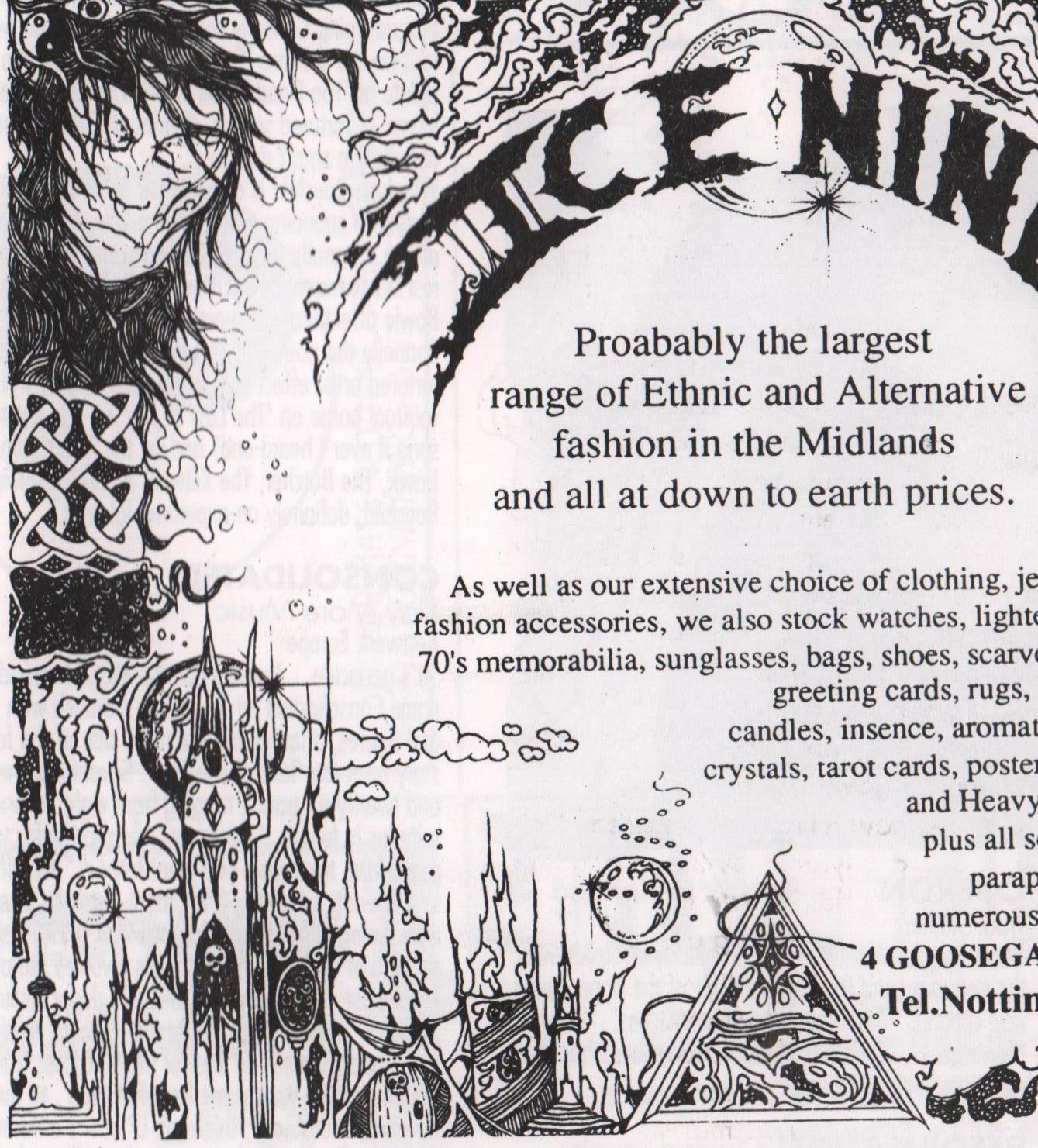
Twister 12"

Twister, in it's previous incarnation, origionated in the 1980's, as a passtime fit for any occassion. It involved a large polythene sheet, covered in a series of blue, yellow, green, and red circles, and two or more individuals. These were ideally in a state of intoxication, and upon the command of a third individual, spinning a dial, would then proceed to move various limbs to the different colours, in a vain attempt to remain above the ground. This would inevitably lead to the two contestants ending up tied in a knot, 'karma-sutra' style, and rolling pathetically around on the carpet. Severed Heads have managed to recreate this very same experience. Taken from the last LP, 'Cuisine', this seven track single manages to spin your head by 360 degrees. Basslines swirl and samples batter you, from every imaginable angle, as Tom Ellard's industrial-technopop pours from the speakers like nectar. To be played ideally in accompaniment to the game itself, this IS the food of the gods.

THE YOUNG GODS

Gasoline Man 12" Play it again Sam

Industrial grunge from a TV Sky. This is the 'Motorslug' of the 90's, a nitro-injection taking the track with the truckin' bassline, from the last LP, to somewhere in the post-apocalyptic world of Mad Max 2. Sampled guitars, and a diesel fuelled bass, The Young Gods are still in a heaven of their own, creating the immortal sound of Valhalla, that mortal man is lucky to receive. 'A battle scarred warrior, who stands alone, dressed in leather and steel... Gasoline is the only hard currency."



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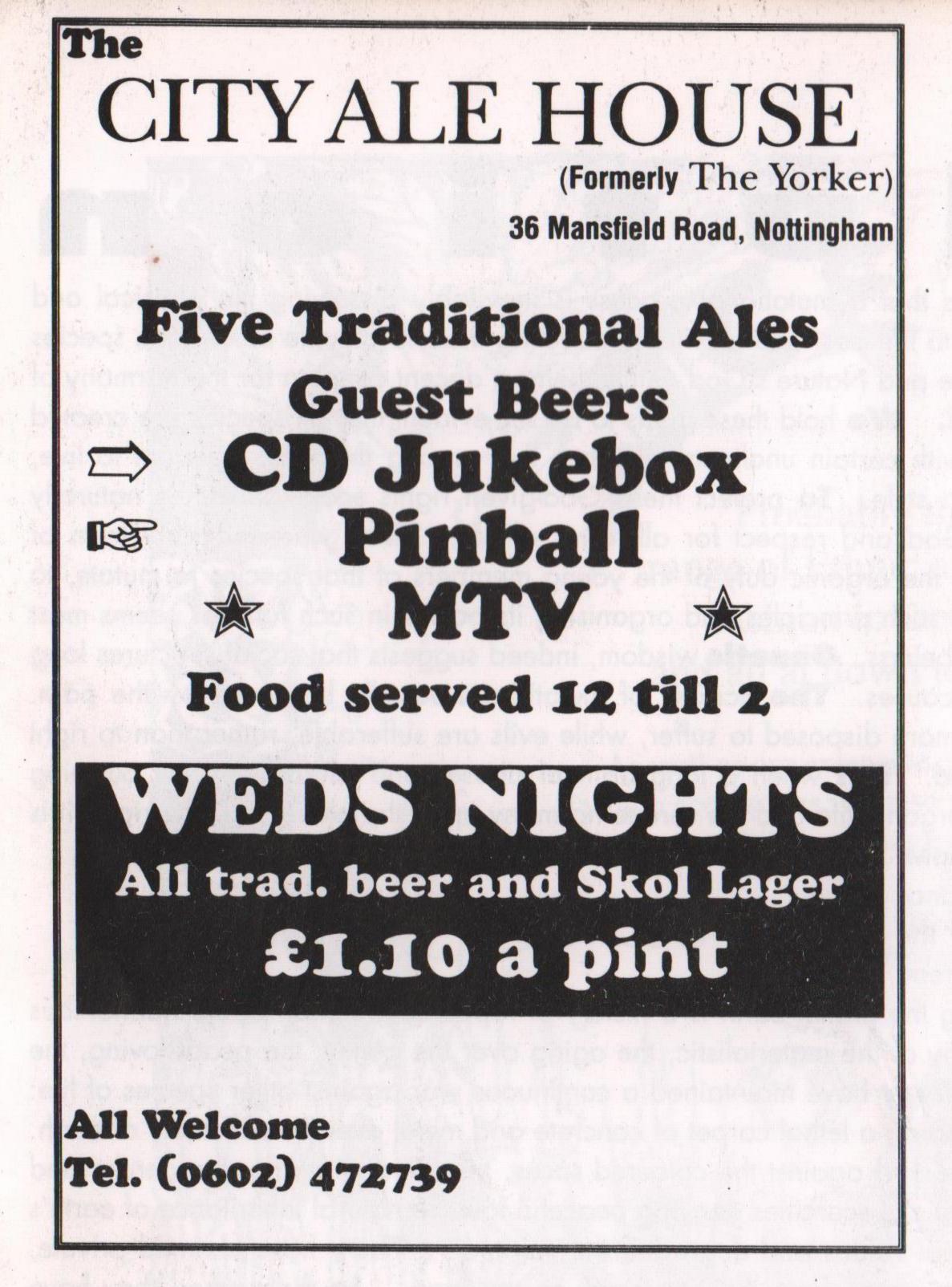
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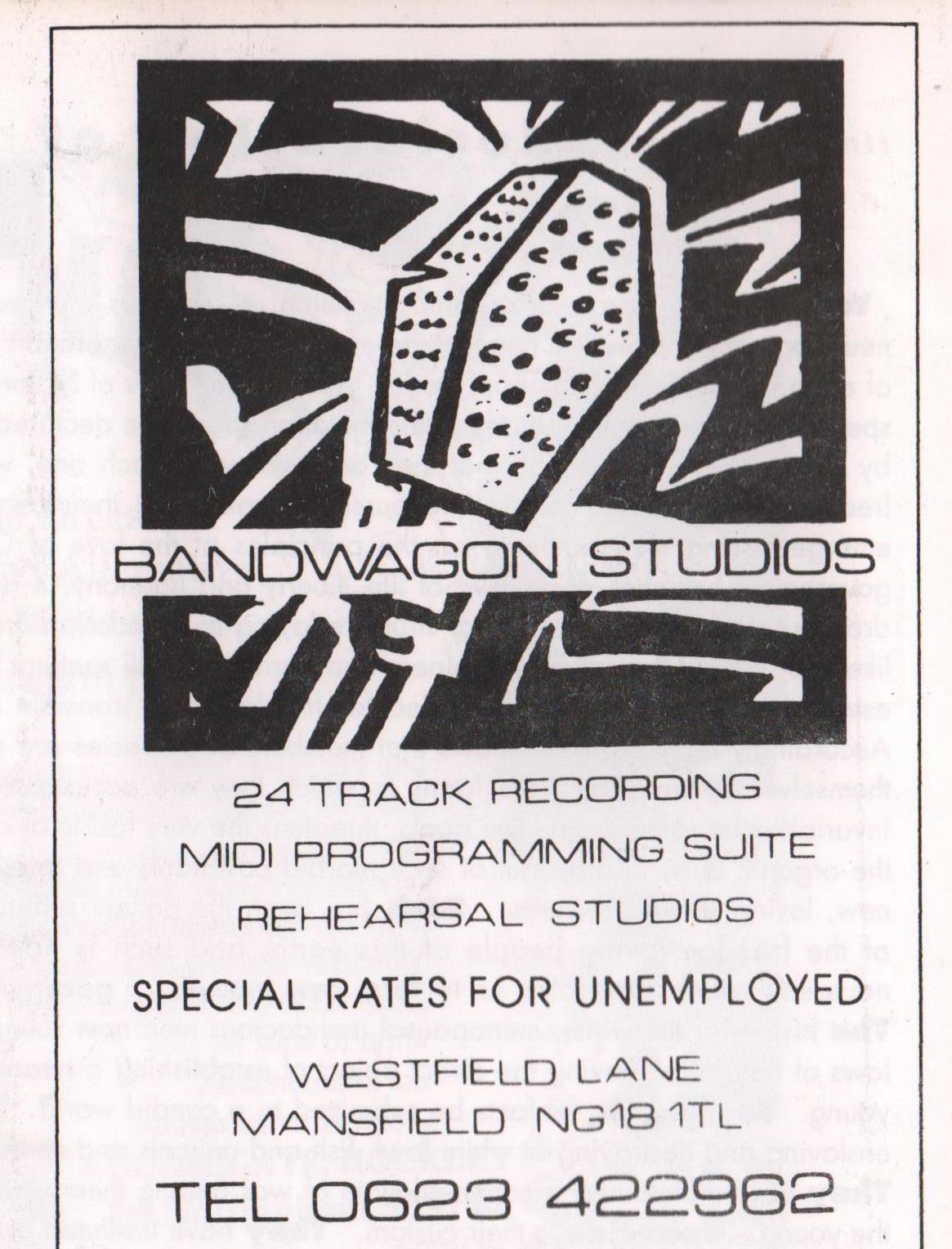
timothy leary's declaration of

When, in the course of organic evolution, it becomes obvious that a mutational process is inevitably dissolving the physical and neurological bonds which connect the members of one generation to the past and inevitably directing them to assume among the species of earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them, a decent concern for the harmony of species requires that the causes of the mutation should be declared. We hold these truths to be self-evident that all species are created by God different but equal, that they are endowed, each one, with certain unalienable rights, that among them are freedom to live, freedom to grow, and freedom to pursue happiness in their own style. To protect these God-given rights social structures naturally emerge basing their authority on the principles of the love of God and respect for all forms of life. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of life, liberty and harmony, it is the organic duty of the young members of that species to mutate, to drop out, to initiate a new social structure laying its foundation on such principles and organising its power in such form as seems most likely to protect the safety, happiness and harmony of all sentient beings. Genetic wisdom, indeed suggests that social structures long established should not be discarded for frivolous and transient causes. The ecstasy of mutation is equally balanced by the pain. Accordingly all experience shows that members of a species are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, rather than to right themselves by discarding the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, all pursuing invariably the same destructive goals, threatens the very fabric of organic life and the serene harmony upon the planet, it is the right, it is the organic duty, to drop out of such morbid covenants and to evolve new, loving social structures. Such has been the patient sufferance of the freedom-loving people of this earth; and such is now the necessity which constrains us to form new systems of government. The history of the white, menopausal mendacious men now ruling the planet earth is a history of repeated violation of the harmonious laws of nature, all having the direct object of establishing a tyranny of the materialistic, the aging over the gently, the peace-loving, the young. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world. They have maintained a continuous war against other species of life: enslaving and destroying at whim fowl, fish and animals and spreading a lethal carpet of concrete and metal over the soft body of earth. They have maintained a continual state of war among themselves and against the coloured races, the freedom-loving, the gentle, and the young. Genocide is their custom. They have instituted artificial scarcities denying peaceful folk the natural inheritance of earth's abundance and God's endowment. They have glorified material values and degraded the spiritual. They have claimed private, personal ownership of God's earth, driving, by force of arms, the gentle from their passage on the land. In their greed they have erected artificial immigration and customs barriers preventing the free movement of peoples across the land. In their lust for power they have set up systems of compulsory education to control the minds of the young and to destroy the wisdom and innocence of playful children. In their lust for power they have controlled all means of communication to prevent the free flow of ideas and block loving exchanges among the gentle. In their fear they have instituted great armies of secret police to spy upon the privacy of the people. In their anger they have coerced the peaceful young, against their will, to join their armies and to wage murderous wars against the young and gentle of other countries. In their greed they have made the buying and selling of weapons the basis of their economies. For their own profit they have polluted the air, the rivers, the seas. In their impotence they have glorified murder, violence and un-natural sex in their mass media. In their aging greed they have set up an economic system which favours impotent age over the living young. They have in every way attempted to impose a robot uniformity and to crush variety, individuality and independence of thought. In their greed they have instituted a political system which guarantees rule by the aging, and forces youth to choose between plastic conformity or despairing alienation. They have invaded the privacy of the young, the coloured, the dissident, by illegal search, unwarranted arrest and contemptous harassment. They have sown distrust by enlisting an army of informers. In their greed they sponsor the consumption of deathly tars and sugars and initiated draconian punishments for the possession of life-giving alkaloids and acids. They never admit a mistake. They unceasingly trumpet the virtue of greed and war. In their advertising and in their manipulation of information they make a fetish of blatant falsity and pious selfenhancement. Their obvious errors only stimulate them to greater error and noisier self-approval. In their greyness they force the gentle to wear uniforms and to look the same. They are bores. They have taken leave of their senses and become prudish machines. They have no sense of humour. They hate beauty. They hate sex. They hate creativity. They hate life. We have warned them from time to time of their iniquities and blindness. We have used every available appeal to their withered sense of justice and righteousness. We have tried to make them laugh. We have prophesied in detail the terror they are creating. But they have been deaf to the weeping of the poor, the anguish of the coloured, the rocking mockery of the young, the warning of the poets. Worshipping only force and money they listen only to force and money. But we shall no longer talk in these grim tongues. We must, therefore, acquiesce to genetic necessity, detach ourselves from their uncaring madness, and hold them, as we hold the rest of God's creatures, in harmony, life-brothers: in their excess, menaces to life. We, therefore, God-loving, peace-loving, life-loving, fun-loving men and women, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the Universe for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the Name and by the Authority of all sentient being who seek to gently evolve on this planet, solemnly publish and declare that we are free and independent and that we are absolved from all Allegiance to the United States government and all governments controlled by the menopausal, and that grouping ourselves into tribes of like-minded fellows, we claim full power to live and move peaceably on the land, obtain sustenance with our own hands and minds in the style which seems sacred and holy to us, and to do all Acts and Things which independent free men and women may of right do without infringing on the same right of other species and groups to do their own thing. And for the support of this Declaration of Evolution with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, and serene confidence of the approval of generations to come, in whose name we speak, do we now mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and cur Sacred Honour.

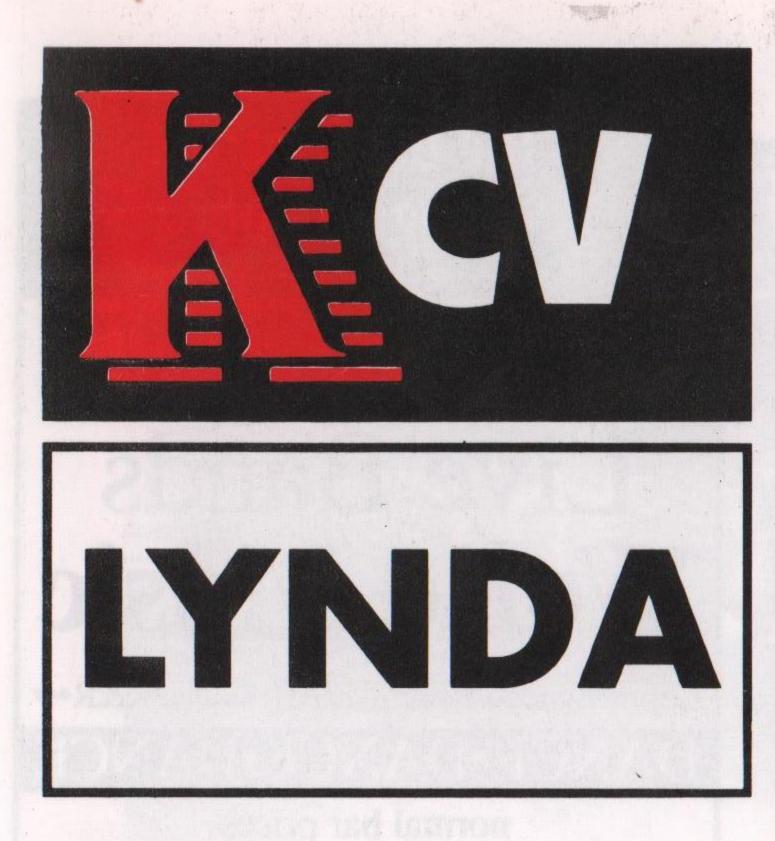


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Age:29

Star sign:Taurus

Eyes: Brown

Likes: Most of the contents of Thorntons. The Pet Shop Boys live shows. "I'm into theatrical extravaganza in a big way." Travelling. "I'm very fond of Barcelona."

Dislikes: "Thin White Rope splitting up. I'm very unhappy about that."

First record owned: "A pink vinyl Pinky and Perky record. They went along every musical field ever known."

Sunlight job : Has worked for the last sixteen months in the second-hand branch of famous independent record shop Selectadisc. "But I've been shopping here since 1977. I used to go to the Selectadisc that's



now buried under the Royal Concert Hall."

Hobbies: "Gardening. Listening it." to the Archers. Things that are totally un-Rock n Roll." Collecting Records: "It becomes a hobby when you collect something you know you'll never use. Let's face it, I've got the perfect job for someone who's good at Trivial Pursuits. You have to be able to look at a Doors album and say to yourself 'Is this an American original or a British original or a mid-70s copy or a new one?'

Moonlight job: Promoter. "That's work unfortunately. You have to have your mind on the job. The thing about promoting bands is that it grows logically out of what I'm doing anyway. I'm putting bands on that other

people won't take the risk on. It's called Niche Marketing. It's a dirty job but someone's got to do

DJ: Started the Night With No Name at The Old Vic Tavern and more recently at The Cookie Club. Now the promotional banner.

Most memorable gig: Patti Smith at Birmingham Odeonboth times! The second time was with The Pop Group supporting. Thin White Rope would come a very close second but that's history now."

Current Position: On holiday in northern Europe visiting music festivals.





SMASHING PUMPKINS

"Journalists are a strange breed", not the most promising opening gambit from Billy Gordon, singer/songwriter in **Chicago band Smashing Pumpkins. "...all** they seem to wanna do is put bands in little boxes to make it easier to write about them."

The Smashing Pumpkins arrived via the Sub Pop label and now Hut records instantly finding themselves placed among the ranks of the Seattle Grunge scene; however Nirvana or Mudhoney wannabes the certainly ain't. Theirs is a combination of curling rhythms and hard hitting fiffola which suddenly swoop and glide in to gentle passages of sweet melancholy, conveying aural images of urban tension. **Despite some similarities with Janes** Addiction, Billy explained that they draw most of their influence from classic British rock like Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath Indeed the 10" version of their current single ' I Am One', contains their version of Syd Barratt's 'Terrapin' as homage to the British influence.

"There's a strange symbiotic relationship between Britain and the States. We're always watching each other and tend to think that the ideal is always across the pond. So you British hear bands like Janes Addiction and think that the American record companies are far more open and willing to take risks but in reality they're the most conservative bunch of fucks."

In the USA band like the Pumpkins are seen as freaks, a fact that Billy likes; however he does feel that so far they have been misrepresented in the press. "We haven't gotten our due respect for taking risks because our thing has this weird combination of being musically

adventurous without the hype. The music speaks for itself so people who concern themselves with hype, like journalists and marketing men don't have a gimmick to hang our sound on.....and that's where the Sub Pop connection becomes too easy, and, in a way, self-defeating." But with the transient nature of music these days isn't it self-defeating not to have a peg to hang your hat on? "The Pumpkins aren't into talking big about themselves, we don't deal in specifics....we're just what we are at any given time. A fact that seems to go unnoticed because a disproportionate amount of attention is paid towards what you call the 'transient'." Surely with the 'nothing is new' atmosphere that abounds with guitarbased rock in the nineties the specifics bands. After all, does anyone really care it just the the sensationalism we're after ?

and terminology tend to do the talking for about what Kurt Cobain really thinks, or is And more to the point isn't the music that he plays merely a version of the tried and tested with that all important 'new name'? " Maybe with some bands....y'see music has reached a strange point in time. So much has preceded guitar bands of today that we are subjected to a critical history which in turn becomes intrinsic in the conscious process of songwriting so everything becomes descendant from something else which in turn creates a jaded approach. The Pumpkins try to create a synthesis of all elements to create a new guitar language." This may well seem like a huge claim but if ever you see the Smashing Pumpkins live or indeed hear their album 'Gish' you would have to agree that they do go someway towards attempting the breakdown of the traditional rock boundaries. What they don't quite succeed in doing is providing a redefinition these values. But perhaps the best is yet to come.

MARTIN THOMAS



RING FOR GIG LIST WEEKLY



"LET'S CELEBRATE LIFE!" I. to r. Stomp, Tooth, Swaz, Harry, Cape

THE PLAYERS

Harry Le Renard.

Harry accidentally hit a young fox whilst motoring near Swarland. He tenderly picked up the injured creature intending to take it to the nearest vet. Minutes later the animal recovered rescuer. Harry walked away but not without a wound under his chin. His nickname survives the incident. The story of when Harry and his friend took off in an aeroplane at the age of fifteen must be left till another time.

Stomp.

Leeds University, Stomp plays French Horn, drums, various percussion and keyboards. A avoided a beating by hail stones so big and bad they bruised, by hiding under his rowing boat while it was still on the lake!

Tooth.

Tooth keeps the punters moving with his acclaimed dread-stylee bass-playing. He moonlights with Joe 91 and brother Lord Cape (Harlequin and Troubador), and recently didr't the wheel of his car, once again raising the question "Should seat belts be compulsory?"

Swaz.

Mr. Flaxen is noted for his idiosyncratic stage persona, especially his costume choices, props (decorated sheep skulls resting on his amps) and massive guitar sound inspired by Duane Eddy, Galaxie 500 and spirituals. An accomplished stone mason, Swaz follows the principle of the backwards spiral.

Cape.

This singer also blows harp, plays guitar, preaches at Church and writes down loadsa words. An accomplished DJ, Cape hosted a regular four-hour radio show in Ann Arbor, Minnesota USA, mixing magic into the small hours for his faithful listeners. As solo act Lord Cape he supported Hawkwind in Detroit. His 'most inspiring people list' includes Emily Davidson, the Dalai Lama and Amie Ness.

The first classic New Age gig sold out at Nottingham's Old Vic. After the show a transported fan and new convert (the support band's drummer) rushed up and gushed "What was that incredible 13/8 rhythm sound collision?" Cape coolly answered "Mmm-u-uh-sh-shr-roo-oo-ming!" Their new creation. The New Age had become a band in demand and their first Glastonbury performance seemed to mark a new era.

But suddenly that familiar psychedelic artwork disappeared from the streets of and, teeth bared in fear, went for the throat of his Nottingham, taking with it a certain vitality and vibrant colour. The New Age had gone underground. Playing catch-them-if-you-can, they crunched out a mere handful of dramatic, diamond hard gigs including an infamous show in London's Amersham Arms which ended with an aesthetic disagreement with the management vs. fans and band. The plug was pulled, they were banned from the venue and the New Age willingly exiled themselves from London. Meanwhile, engrossed in studies and student poverty, Stomp had to sell his drum kit— to his brother. Well at least it was still in the family. Tooth lost hold of his A classically trained musician and graduate from amp. A lone Cape made the trek to London in pursuit of work. Time out.

known pragmatic, during a recent visit to India he One day whilst hanging out in Nottingham's historic Lace Market, Cape and Co. were approached by a mysterious stranger who, after ascertaining that they were musicians, rummaged about in the boot of his car, produced a flange pedal and asked them if they could use it. It was just what they needed. Ten minutes later the band was four effects pedals better off. They asked the stranger who he was. He called himself Juswan and said he was someone who went round helping others. He was accompanied by a homeless lad called Walter whom he was helping to find a place to live. He asked nothing in return for the pedals save that the band do a good deed every day and should Walter turn up at any of their gigs to let him in as arguest. He also told them "Jesus is black and he's alive avoid a beating by four hoodlums whilst sitting at and walking across the desert as we speak." And off he went with his mysterious case brief in the direction of the Old Market Square.

> With each individual having gathered force and sown new seeds, The Age reconvened to form a base in Northumberland. A second drummer became entangled in the web. Harry, a Northumbrian native, returned from a swing-big jazz band international tour and fell hard for The Age, despite those mad time signatures. The new name coincided with the new flexible five-piece line-up. Sometimes both drummers play, sometimes one, depending on geography and availability. Harnessing the power of chance. The whole band refuelled and with new-found commitment, the next two years were epic, with high profile gigs and critical acclaim. The second Glastonbury performance was a mind-blower, The Age joined on stage by a mysterious sax improviser and flautist. Subsequent gigs, including a victorious return to the Amersham, confirmed a stronger more clearly defined sound, leaving their Nottingham birthplace clamouring for more than a biennial one-off at the Poly. Currently, The Age have been working with Groovy Movies, a professional video company whom they met at Glastonbury, to produce archival and promotional videos for forthcoming release. Cult writer Colin Wilson has sanctioned their use of "The Big Experience", and his son Damon has approached Timothy Leary and Robert Anton Wilson on their behalf to ask about using extracts from their work on future recordings. With interest from record labels, and a Golden Moon Café stage gig at the band's third Glastonbury, things couldn't look brighter for The Age.

The AGE

MISADVENTURES BEYOND THE ULTRAWORLD.

The Dawning of the Age.

Old friends Swaz and Cape drew together musically in Nottingham where they established a base camp for musical equipment and ideas. Stomp soon added his talents to the store and Tooth brought in powerful bass reinforcements. The team was dubbed The New Age. Their first task was to organise their collective creativity, each. individual's energy and musical knowledge, and fuse these with the power of chance. All their appearances were marked by a certain degree of improvisation and organised chaos fuelled by unusual occurrences. Compositional rules were broken and their ability to pull a unified statement out of the chaos out of the chaos was a convenient skill, as their free flowing and rambling style could never guarantee fixed rehearsal times.

The Dark Ages.

A Mysterious Stranger.

Harry the Fox and the Reformation.





CAFE MONDAY-SATURDAY 15 GOOSEGATE

GREENPEACE BENEFIT GIG

THE DAiSY CHAIN AND HALLEIUJAH AT THE HIPPO ON MON 26th OCT

TICKETS: \$3.00 AVAILABLE FROM SELECTADISC, WAY AHEAD, THE HIPPO. ALL PROCEEDS GO TO GREENPEACE.

	s, buttery bar, FREE!
	s. buttery bar, FREE!
oct 11	
	3 & 1/2 minutes
oct 18	barenaked ladies/big truth
oct 25	joey fat/cathode nation
nov 1	space electric (moonflowers) idiot joy
nov 8	serious love addicts &
	the sugar rays
nov 15	df-118 (rdf) (t.b.c.) &
	homage freaks
nov 22	new cranes
nov 29	Iudicrous Iollipops &
	sugarblast
dec 6	ice cream icons & halo
saturda	y october 24
FANTAZ	IA present Carl Cox at
	jouissance
£7 in ac	lvance
sunday	november 29
bushfi	<i>re</i> , portland ballroom, £t.b.a.
tuesday	전 동안 가지 않는 것 것 같아요. 그 것 못 같았는 것 것 것 것 것 데 비행했지 않는 것이라. 것 것 같은 것 것 것 같아요. 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것 것
alternat	te between jazz & comedy
fridays	
playsc	hool!



thursday 1st

BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS Nottm, Bobby Brown's Café £3/2 MOOSE/ SWELL Leicester, Princess Charlotte THE BELLIS ERMINTRUDE Nottm, Old Angel

friday 2nd

BIG WORLD Nottm, The Monastery MARCEL MARCEAU Nottm, Running Horse £1 SUNBURN Bobby Brown's Café THE BEYOND SPICER Nottm, Arboretum Manor DARE Rock City £4 adv. CARL COX / SEDUCTION Mansfield, Zest PAUL N. / GORDON Boogie Nights Derby, The Where House

SKA BOOM **Princess Charlotte** £3 **BLAGGERS ITA** Lincoln, The Level

saturday 3rd

BLOODY LOVELY FRICTION Nottm, Narrowboat

THE NAVIGATORS lunch

BLUES 'N' RAMBLIN' Running Horse evening ANDI TINSEL BAND

Nottm, Hearty Goodfellow

Where House TH'FAITHEALERS

PERSPEX WHITEOUT PROLAPSE Princess Charlotte £3.50 **MURRAY THOMSON**

Kettering, Kings Arms NOSFERATU

Rock City, Disco II



sunday 4th

BACK TO THE PLANET COMMUNITY CHARGE £4 adv. The Where House THE BARELY WORKS Leicester, Phoenix Arts Centre THE CRANBERRIES CROSSLAND Princess Charlotte £3 **MURRAY THOMSON**

Ashbourne, Carey's

monday 5th

P.W.E.I. SCORPIO RISING SWEET JESUS Rock City £7.50 adv. **THE FRANK & WALTERS** MACHINEGUNFEEDBACK WhereHouse £5/4.50 THE CRANBERIES Derby, The Dial £3 **BABES IN TOYLAND** Stoke on Trent, Wheatsheaf THE AFGHAN WIGS BOYFRIEND **Princess Charlotte** £4 **RORY MCLEOD MURRAY THOMSON** Leicester, Spread Eagle

tuesday 6th

WHOLESOME FISH **Running Horse** THE STRANGLERS LOUD Rock City £10 adv. STEREOLAB

GOOSENECK The Where House £4/3 DAISY CHAINSAW

BUTTERFLY CHILD £5 adv. Only Midlands date.

THE ALBIONS and guests in "Sway with Me" Dragon Music Series £5.50/4 Newark, Palace Theatre **THE JOSHUA TRIO Princess Charlotte** £5

wednesday 7th

FUDGE TUNNEL INDIAN HEAD Nottm, Polytechnic **DAVE TURNER Running Horse UNKLE WOT** Bobby Brown's Café **KICKING GIANTS** Arboretum Manor **TREVOR FUNG** Son of Whooosh! Venus BYTHER SMITH Jazz & Roots Mix Nottm,Old Vic MANIC STREET PREACHERS £6.50 adv. Rock City **CACTUS JACK** Derby, Bell Hotel JACOB'S MOUSE MOONSHAKE Where House STEREOLAB **Princess Charlotte** £4 thursday 8th SERIOUS LOVE ADDICTS Free In the Area Nottm, Poly. S.U. OBERON SUDANESE WITCH HUNT Narrowboat £1.50 **BIG JOE LOUIS BAND** Bobby Brown's Café MONKEY PUZZLE Nottm, Salutation **DAVE DORREL** Ask Yer Dad

Venus **CHRIS WOOD** ANDY CUTTING Carlton Folk Club

Nottm, Duke of Cambridge A HOUSE NATIONAL POP WEEK **Princess Charlotte** £3.50

friday 9th

NEW CRANES

ARTISAN

Nottm. Poly

The Dial **OLD SCHOOL Running Horse**

> **EIGHT MILES HIGH** Arboretum Manor

GIRLSCHOOL £5 adv.

Rock City

Netherfield, Holgatre Theatre MARTIN STEPHENSON & THE DAINTEES

The Where House £5 adv.



JOAN ARMATRADING Doncaster, Dome JACOBS MOUSE MOONSHAKE NANCY REVERB **Princess Charlotte** £3 saturday 10th **25TH OF MAY** Rock City, Disco II SUEDE £5 adv. Nottm, Polytechnic **THE NAVIGATORS** lunch

SPARE PARTS **Running Horse** eve LAWNMOWER DETH **GENEVA / CLOWNHOUSE** FRONTIER/DESECRATOR 7.15pm £3adv Mansfield Leisure Centre TH'FAITHEALERS SOFAHEAD/ SCUM PUPS **EXIT CONDITION** The Where House £4 IVY GASH Derby, Duke of York LAURENT GARNIER Derby, Lo PHANTOM CHORDS EARLS OF SUAVE **Princess Charlotte** £5

sunday 11th

31/2 MINUTES Nottm. Uni, Buttery **STAN MARSHALL'S LAW Running Horse** UGLY KID JOE **Rock City** £7.50 adv. CUD/ FAMILY CAT Nottm, Poly £6 adv. GIRLSCHOOL The Where House **TONY MCPHEE**

lunchtime **FIVE THIRTY Princess Charlotte** eve **BOB GELDOF & THE VEGETARIANS OF LOVE** Lincoln, Ritz

monday 12th

TRASHCAN SINATRAS Nottm, Polytechnic Free PULP The WhereHouse £3/2.50 JOAN ARMATRADING 7.30pm c. £12.50 adv. Assembly Rooms

MURRAY THOMSON Grantham, Images

tuesday 13th

WHOLESOME FISH **Running Horse** EMF/ THRIL KILL KULT Rock City £7 adv. SPECTRUM Where House £4.50/3.50 CALAMITY JANE

Princess Charlotte

wednesday 14th

from Utah Saints TIM Son of Whooosh! £2 Venus **REV. BROWN** & THE EARLY BIRDS **Bobby Brown's Café** RAMRAID

Arboretum Manor LA INDIA MELIYARA Jazz & Roots Season £6/4 adv.

Old Vic MAGNUM **Rock City** £7.50 adv. **THE PARIS ANGELS** Where House £3.50

MIKE PRUDEN'S BLUES MASTERS Derby, Old Bell Inn

MURRAY THOMSON

Leics., Royal Mail

thursday 15th

THE AGE The return of the New Age £2 Horse & Groom

DANNY CURTIS Venus Ask Yer Dad

PENDRAGON Carlton Folk club Nottm, Duke of Cambridge **ANDREW CRANSHAW** Dragon Music Series Gringely on the Hill Parish Ch. CRUNCHBIRD

Free In the Area Nottm, Polytechnic

NO-MAN Where House ex-Japan THE RHYTHM-ITES

Princess Charlotte

friday 16th

WHIPPED CREAM JELLY THIS PERFECT DAY Fried Alive/Snap night ££/2.50 Horse & Groom

THE ORB / DJ LEWIS / DR. ALEX PATTERSON £7.50 adv.

Nottm, Polytechnic

LEFT HAND THREAD **Running Horse** HANDSOME BEASTS Bobby Brown's Café SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS MONKEY PUZZLE Arboretum Manor

ANDREW CRANSHAW Dragon Music Series Radcliffe on Trent Parish Ch. KING PLEASURE

& THE BISCUIT BOYS Swamp Club

Derby, Railway Institute **BOX CLEVER**

Princess Charlotte

saturday 17th

THYROID SPEAKERS THE REVS SERIOUS LOVE ADDICTS £3/2.50

Grantham Arts Centre MARCEL MARCEAU

DOG

Old Angel

Running Horse

BIG TRUTH

Rock City Disco II **MEATBEAT MANIFESTO** t.b.c. The Where House **MURRAY THOMSON** Derby, Byron Hotel

THE LEMONHEADS **ACTION SWINGERS** 8pm. Door £5 BIVOUAC **Princess Charlotte**

BOASTIE/ SUS 4 Lincoln, The Level £2

sunday 18th

HARRY & THE CRABS Running Horse SULTANS OF PING F.C. Nottm, Poly £4.50adv. **BARENAKED LADIES BIG TRUTH** Nottm, Uni Buttery Free NEUROSIS PITCHSHIFTER Where House £4 **MURRAY THOMSON** Derby, Duke of York GIRLSCHOOL COLORCRASH **Princess Charlotte** £5 monday 19th

MUDHONEY

SPONSORED BY MUSIC INN

Rock City £7 adv. ROCKINGBIRDS Nottm, Poly Free

TRASHCAN SINATRAS Where House £3.50 **BLAMMO! / STROP Princess Charlotte** free **MURRAY THOMSON** Hinckley, Barleysheaf

tuesday 20th

WHOLESOME FISH **Running Horse** JAY OWENS Bobby Brown's Café THE SAW DOCTORS **Rock City** £7 adv. RDF

Where House £4 **CREAMING JESUS**

Princess Charlotte

wednesday 21st

ULTRAVIOLENCE Are you lonesome tonight? get down and get destroyed then. **VIRUS SOUND** £2 Son of Whooosh! Venus MIND THE GAP fresh from Seville Arboretum Manor PETE BRADBURY Folk Blues and Beyond **Running Horse** THE QUIREBOYS **Rock City** £7.50 adv. **MICK HUTTON'S** STRAIGHT FACE Jazz & Roots Season £5/3.50 Old Vic SHARON SHANNON Where House DRAW THE LINE Derby, Bell Hotel **BLIND MOLE RAT** Sheffield, Gossips thursday 22nd

THE KLEAVAGE SISTERS Venus Ask Yer Dad **MAIRE NI CHATHASAIGH CHRIS NEWMAN** Carlton Folk Club Nottm, Duke of Cambridge DITCH Old Angel **CREAMING JESUS** THE HOMAGE FREAKS The Dial **NEW CRANES** Leics, de Montford Uni. Arena THE GOD MACHINE SPINE **Princess Charlotte** £3

friday 23rd

STUMBLE BROS. Running Horse DANCE OF KINGS Bobby Brown's Café FRANKIE ARMSTRONG LEON ROSSELSON £4/1.50 adv. Netherfield, Holgate Theatre DAVID ICKE Extracurricular lecture £3 adv. Nottm, Poly SUNFLOWERS Arboretum Manor PAINTED FACE Old Angel SCOTTISH SEX PISTOLS Where House **JOHN OTWAY &** WILD WILLY BARRET **Princess Charlotte** £3 **HOMAGE FREAKS** Lincoln, The Level £2.50 saturday 24th MR. SIEGAL **Running Horse BRIGHTER / BLUE BOY** £3 Narrowboat FRAMEWORK Old Angel BIRDLAND **Rock City Disco II MARTIN STEPHENSON & THE DAINTEES**

£7 adv Nottm, Poly THE PHANTOM CHORDS featuring Dave Vanian THE EARLS OF SUAVE £4.50/4 Where House PULP / SUP

Princess Charlotte

sunday 25th

JOEY FAT **CATHODE NATION** Nottm, Uni. Buttery Free **STAN MARSHALL'S LAW Running Horse JAMES TAYLOR** QUARTET £7 adv Nottm, Poly **REV HAMMER** £3 Where House JESUS LIZARD/ BUG **Princess Charlotte BIG WORLD** Sileby, Fountain Inn

monday 26th	ESKIMOS / EGYPT
EAMILY COTOWN	Where House
FAMILY GOTOWNFreeNottm, Poly	DROP NINETEENS Princess Charlotte
INSPIRAL CARPETS	MURRAY THOMSON
THE REAL PEOPLE	Leics, Rutland & Derby
£8 adv Rock City	
ATOM HEART MOTHER	friday 30th
£2.50 Where House	PSYCHASTORM
THE POPINJAYS / PO!	Free Arboretum Manor
Princess Charlotte	THE RAZORS
tuesday 27th	Running Horse
WHOLESOME FISH	HEADCORN
Running Horse	GONG Old Angel
BLAMMO!	Nottm, Poly
Where House	PIERRE BENSUSAN
TRASHCAN SINATRAS	Dragon Music £5.50/4
BANG BANG MACHINE	Rushcliffe Leisure Centre
Princess Charlotte	BELZEBUB £2.50
CLIFF RICHARD	Netherfield, Holgate Theatre
Five nights of it	BLUEBIRD CAJUN BAND
Sheffield Arena	Swamp Club Derby, Railway Institute
wednesday 28th	THE DT'S
DAZ SAUNDERS	Princess Charlotte
Son of Whooosh! £2	saturday 31st
Venus	Saturday 315t
MURRAY THOMSON	BLIND MOLE RAT
Running Horse	Running Horse
HONEYBOY EDWARDS	BJORN AGAIN
Robby Brown's ('até	£7.50 adv
Bobby Brown's Café	A STATE OF THE REPORT OF THE STATE OF THE REPORT OF THE
FREEFALL	Nottm, Poly
FREEFALL Arboretum Manor	Nottm, Poly BOB GELDOF &
FREEFALL	Nottm, Poly
FREEFALL Arboretum Manor BANG BANG MACHINE	Nottm, Poly BOB GELDOF & THE HAPPY CLUBSTERS 7.30pm £8.50adv Derby Assembly Rooms
FREEFALL Arboretum Manor BANG BANG MACHINE OUT OF OUR HAIR	Nottm, Poly BOB GELDOF & THE HAPPY CLUBSTERS 7.30pm £8.50adv Derby Assembly Rooms RADIOHEAD
FREEFALL Arboretum Manor BANG BANG MACHINE OUT OF OUR HAIR The Dial DIESEL PARK WEST Where House	Nottm, Poly BOB GELDOF & THE HAPPY CLUBSTERS 7.30pm £8.50adv Derby Assembly Rooms RADIOHEAD Princess Charlotte
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FREEFALL Arboretum Manor BANG BANG MACHINE OUT OF OUR HAIR The Dial DIESEL PARK WEST Where House OLD SCHOOL Derby, Bell Hotel PAUL RUTHERFORD Free Time 7.30 pm Leics, Phoenix City Gallery REV HAMMER Drincess Charlotte REV HAMMER BUSHFIRE Sk dub party till 2am £3.50 adv Marcus Garvey Centre JONAH FISH Bobby Brown's Café FRICTION Free Horse and Groom VEIRDBEARD In The Area Free Nottm, Poly BROKEN REFLECTION	Nottm, Poly BOB GELDOF & THE HAPPY CLUBSTERS 3.30pm £8.50adv Derby Assembly Rooms RADIOHEAD Princess Charlotte Interse Charlotte Interse Charlotte ADIOHEAD

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Mike McShane, Jim 11th Sweeny, Steve Steen 12-17th The Decorator 20-24th A Christmas Carol (Northern Ballet) 25th From Childhood To Everest (Brian Blessed)

OLDKNOWS FACTORY 23-25th Contempory Arts In Practice

OFF BROADWAY Until 3rd Speed The Plow

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HOLG	ATE THEATRE
15th	Laboratorio
	Teatro Settimo
16-18th	Holiday
	(Dominick Cuming)
28th	Creature
	(New Perspectives)

CENTRAL LIBRARY Stanley Middleton talks with David Gerard 7th **George Miller talks** about Arthur Mee **Stanley Middleton** 14th talks with Philip Callow **Miranda Seymour** 22nd talks about Lady Ottoline Morrell **Stanley Middleton** 29th

talks with Catherine Arnold

LEICS. PHOENIX ARTS 7th **A Kind Of Immigrant** (Graeae Theatre Company) Various events from the festival of Contempory South Asian Performance

AS	SEMBLY ROOMS
7th	Jack Dee
30th	Madame Butterfly
9th	Jo Brand and Jeff
	Green
23rd	Linda Smith and
	Steve Gribbin
Listi	ngs information to
read	ch us no later than
20th o	of preceeding month
te	o Fried Circuit

rneu oncuit, PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham, NG7 4DG or Fax (0602) 240351

music



TO REC VZ

MELLO MUSIC resident sax. Ben Martin & guests Arboretum Manor **RUNNER JAM SESSION** The Running Horse LIVE JAZZ **Tony Cofie** Cookie Club RETRO **Rick and Pete** Hippo MONDAY MADNESS Jamie East LO **ALTERNATIVE NIGHT Derby Rockhouse** INDIE NIGHT Lincoln, Smitz Bar fuesdays **DREAMIN'** classic discs Arboretum Manor SERVE CHILLED **DiY DJs Digs and Woosh** Cookie Cllub **KINKY AFRO DISCO** Kool Kat JAZZ NIGHT Ben Martin Quartet, Pablo Hippo **DIVINE DANCE**

Lincoln, Smitz Bar DJ P. TRIBAL AFFAIR DJ Bogey Stadz Café

wednesdays FOLK BLUES AND BEYOND **Running Horse STUDENT NIGHT**

Hippo

live bands and guest DJs

Arboretum Manor

SON OF WHOOOSH!	TI
DJ Stanley Matthews (upstaisrs)	Sp
DJ Tufty (downstairs)	v
Venus	D
LIVE WIRE	
Arboretum Manor	
100% JAM	FI
with Tony Crosby's Stranger Blue	
Bobby Brown's Café	D
RAMPANT Constant	R
Senator Rock City	Н
JUMPIN' JUKEBOX	P
MUGWUMP Ist week	34
LA VIDEOTECH 2nd & 4thweek	R
WILDE CLUB 3rd week	N
The Leadmill	V
	N
thursdays	
STUDENT PARTY NIGHT	Se
music and sounds from the past	C
The Ark	· Fe
ASK YER DAD	B
Phil Sagar/Ian Tatham/Dave Congreve	D
Venus	V
SESSION ON	G
Wheel ofFortune for discount on drinks Arboretum Manor	P
FERGUS	N
Hardcore rave The Yard	P
NO BOUNDARIES	
BPI Crew/Pete Wilko/John	F
Kool Kat	
CHAMELEON	0
Blue Note	0
JUMP	T
DJ Spacedome Where House	R
JUNGLE DANCE	T
Jools, KGB, Smarty, Jamie, Pete Y,	[
Russell D.	R
Jungle Techno and progressive house	L
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UP TEMPO Griff Hippo	
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STUDENT NIGHT Rock City	L
INDIE NITE Leics. Secret's	
FREQUENCY	F
DJ Euphoria. Hard but not hardcore Cookie Club	H
fridays	F
FRIDAY VIBE	L
One Step Ahead/Lyrical	I
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LIVE WIRE II	
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HE RADFORD GROOVE picer , The Kernel, Brendz 2nd and 4th weeks DISEASED DUB INC. 1st and 3rd " Hyson Green, Radford Arms **RIDAY THE CLUB** Blue Note DIRECTION ob & Gordy Where House HIT & RUN Pablo. Take your own percussion **Bobby Brown's** RETRO Voisy mix Cookie Club **VEETABEAT** Vick Rogers & Fergus 9 till 2 The Yard Zest econd helpings till 7am CONSPIRACY Folk club Leics. Spread Eagle BOUNCE 1st & 3rd week DiY and guests NOOF 2nd Gary Marseden PHALLILINGUS Male stripper Pete Martine/Gary Marsden 4th Dance Factory FRENZY Kool Kat Pete Beckett CRUNCH DJ Turbo Crunch Leics. Fan Club **THE FUSION** Russel D, Baby J, KGB Lo THE GLIDE DJ Yasa Alex Kaz Hippo **ROCK NIGHT** Lurex 'n' Lasers Rock City **SWEAT** The Leadmill THE HOUSE OF AMBIENCE

DJE

PAPA Phil Sagar/Ian Tatham

Market Bar PARTY ON DJ takes control Arboretum Manor DJ PABLO **Bobby Brown's** SATURDAY SKIN

Smitz Bar

Blue Note

X-rated

DISCO DIVA 90's house beats meets 70's disco

"ALTERNATIVE" NIGHT

Rock City

Lo

MOTION II Senator and Mayhem. Tuff beats and basslines rocking the house on both **Dance Factory** tloors **GREENHOUSE EFFECT**

King Gordon The Where House SOAP

Kool Kat

Cookie Club

FUNKY SENSATION DJ Funki Dreds

ESSENTIAL

MARCUS The Ark and guests TORCH Stig & Bod RENAISSANCE

BPI

Hippo.

Zest

MEALTIME MADNESS 30p veg chilli & rice lunch out **Princess Charlotte**

HYPERPHONIA Smitz Bar DJ Jay sundays

LIVE BLUES lunchtime session Running Horse BREAKFAST

Relax and read the papers Russels

MIDLAND JAZZ QUARTET and guests Nottm. Playh'se Limelight Bar JUMPIN' JUKEBOX Pumps

MELLOW SUNDAYS jazz upstairs The Where House **CHILL OUT CHOONS** Smitz Bar DJE **JAZZ BLUES & BEYOND** lunchtimes Burton on Trent Brewhouse FOLK CLUB 2nd & 4th week Quorn, White Horse Inn TRIBAL AFFAIR **DJ Bogey**

Lincoln, Stadz Café

As the aeon draws to a close and keeping up with trends becomes a twenty four hour job in itself, Nottingham's infamous instigators of illicit parties take the pragmatic approach and stay up all night to create those trends. Mark Hannant talks to the man who keeps their house fire



"THE POLICE are always looking for the organisers. It doesn't work that way. It's not as if someone invites thousands of people to an event or a rave. No one person can organise something like Castlemorton. It happens by word of mouth and by necessity."

Nottingham's widespread reputation as a city with a vibrant club scene had a deserved boost earlier in the year. A national' top ten clubs' listings was published in the Independent, and the top five included two of the city's hottest' nights out. Venus, long known outside the region, took second behind Back to Basics in Leeds. The "sound system in a sauna" as one Yorkshire journalist tagged what is known to the rest of us as "Bounce" came in at number five. DiY, the sound system responsible for Bounce, didn't need the Independent to tell them they were on to a winner. The queues of would be clubbers outside and the rumoured prices of touted tickets told the story. Pulling punters on a Friday night is one thing; filling a club every Tuesday i another, even the Cookie Club. Serve Chilled is possibly the only club night in the city which gets busier during the summer. But Diy don't restrict themselves to city clubs nor to Nottingham. They have gigged with Gary Clail on a number of occasions, Galliano, The Shamen, and kept the groove flowing at dozens of free parties around the nation including the infamous. Castlemorton. At a time when keeping up with trends is a 24 hour job, Div take the pragmatic approach and stay up all night creating those trends. While Diesel Park West are still importing sixties California to the East Midlands in the form of Moby Grape covers, regular Bounce d.j.s Digs and Whoosh have been exporting some home-grown house to the West Coast. D.j. DK was working in Ibiza, so it fell to Jules to act as spokesperson for Nottingham's most famous sound system and successful independent promoters. As sound engineer, Jules' nights are often spent fiddling with levels and trying not to let the sweat drip in the amps, or, as at Breedon, getting a blown up rig running in sub-zero temperatures. Having worked as a music journalist he provides an articulate voice for the hopes and optimistic philosophy of these underground operators. As many questions are raised as answers, but Jules starts at the burning.....

... "The initial incentive that provoked us into taking action was a case of 'the rave that never happened', and the response to that was that we'd have to do it ourselves, hence the name. We were not only dissatisfied with a particular event not happening but also with the ones that were. DiY was spawned out of despair for the M25 Orbital raves and the exhorbitant price of shit raves that didn't fulfil the right musical interest." What was that? "It was an interset in melody, not just in the music but also in a lighter more melodic attitude and a wish to break the mould and the stereotypes of 'normal' club-going. What were the attitudes you

" was really pissed off with t based scene where at any or a monopoly on the 'undera the Garvey who were ere a certain degree of

the travelling scene and given an escape, out of the cities, for the city folks who are going out for some fresh air but taking with them a genuine interest for alternatives. Of course there's a degree of conflict but much of that is played up by the press. We are afterall talking about two different underground cultures but that's something I want to stress, the fact that we are operating as part of an underground network. What makes a scene an underground one?

"Well, it's underground because it's subversive and because it's marginalised, and becoming more so. Both the 'travellers' and the 'ravers' are being are being picked out and subjected to some serious harassment by the media and the authorities. Free living people or kids who wanna stay up and dance all night are being pressurised from all sides and most importantly their activities are being criminalised

Are both groups being criminalised for the same reasons?

"Yes, basically. In both cases you've got large numbers of people who are creating for themselves, making music, choosing not to live in inner city squats, whatever. The point is they're doing it for themselves and breaking out of the doom and gloom and acceptivism of Forest Fields or wherever. But that threatens the authorities who only know one way to react and that's to get tough.

How does that affect your position? "The police are always looking for the organisers. It doesn't work that way. It's not as if someone invites thousands of people to an event or a rave, no one person or group can organise something like Castlemorton, it happens by word of mouth, by necessity. It affects me personally because I'm the one who turns on a very large p.a. system which makes me a target and I don't need that kind of harassment."

Okay, let's go back to the urban landscape and the music itself. You've tried to push the licensing laws to get around the 2am deadline by operating a membership scheme. Does it work?

"Well, in theory, if we have a members only policy then it's a private party and we can carry on all night. In practise it hasn't happened. I don't see why you can't let youngsters go out and enjoy themselves. Why can't they go out and dance all night long if that's what they want to do? Why can't places stay open? Again I sese it as another example of House Music being held up as unacceptable permissiveness where the participants are harassed and criminalised."

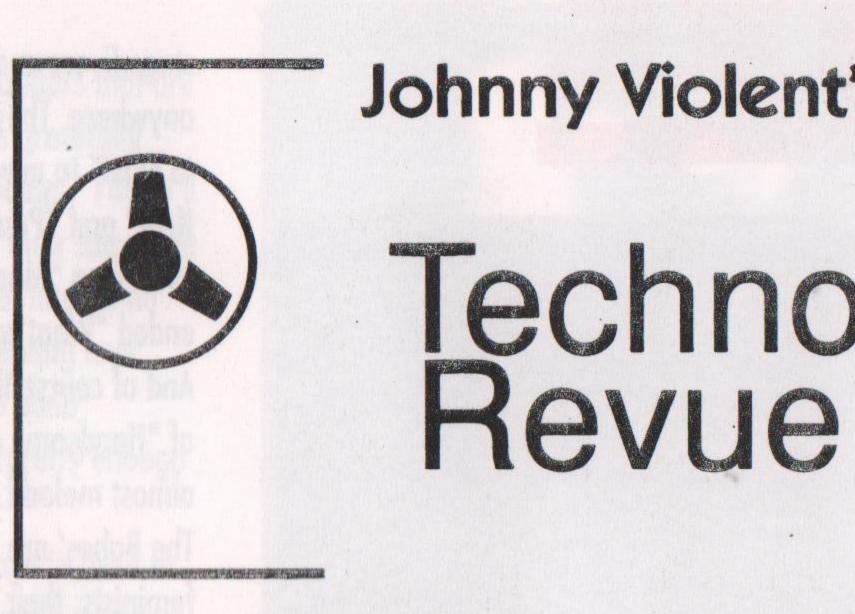
When Diy are in the house, the sound certainly emphasises melody, intertwined with some kick-arse dance rhythm. Their first vinyl product has become an instant rarity. The flipside of Alabama 3, four mixes of "I shall be released", also got some very positive press and media coverage. For Jules it represents a progression along the road to bigger musical goals. "D.I.Y. has built a reputation for being at the forefront of contemporary dance music. In '89 the d.j.s were combining Chicago House with Italian grooves and pushing the limits of crossover. In 1990 we were playing a lot of British sounds, warp style techno, much of which was coming out of Sheffield and what I'd call anthemic English tunes. This year we've been pumping out a mix of squidgey acid trances and tribal beats. The basis is the dance groove but with an emphasis on melody. We're working on p[lans for a total live show including musicians playing live and d.j.s mixing into that. There are plans for a structured computer link combining light and sound and awesome stsate of the art video screens, but that all takes time and money. At the noment there are very few live bands working in this field, mainly due to lack of opportunity. We'd like to let it happen more. There's another record elease due in October. As Dreaming in Yellow we have a track on the next the flipside of Tori Amos. It's going to be massive. It's time to ountry that there's more coming out of Nottingham than KWS. I

fidence is not always mirrored by media reaction, but D.I.Y.





Greetings Techlings! This month's proceedings commence by honouring Hucknall band Compact Yoguit Machine with 15k bass bin respect for a tape of theirs which dropped through the Violent letterbox yesterday. Entitled



"Retribution CYM" their contribution to the destruction of music as we know it ran at 153bpm (mad bastards!) and contained all the vital elements for fun --- heavy techno beats, foul mouthed distorted vocals, feedback guitar, rather like Ministry with knobs on. Also through the letter box (which has teeth) was a charming letter from a young lady whom you may have heard of: Dear Johnny,

I love you. You have saved my life. Before reading your mad monthly techno revue (I have now taken out a subscription) my life was an empty mess. The records I made were merely miserable dirges and dodgy Motown pastiches. But no more! I have recalled all copies of my mega selling album "Diva" and called upon Trent Reznor of Altern 8 to remix the whole lot. The results are certainly sounding like something that would receive your approval which I desperately pray for every day and night. All my love,

A Lennox.

Thanks for your heartwarming letter, A, and I hope you like this month's ALL NEW section where I select someone who I feel is worthy and invite them to bear their soul in the name of techno in...

...VIOLENT LIVES

Name: Jonn (second name not supplied) Occupation: Laser Quest Gun Attendant Extracurricular Activities: Bass player in Peg. "I like to slap." Favourite drink: Tequila Black Label Favourite cigarettes: Lucky Strike Favourite illegal drug: Occasional draw

I wanted to interview Jonn because...

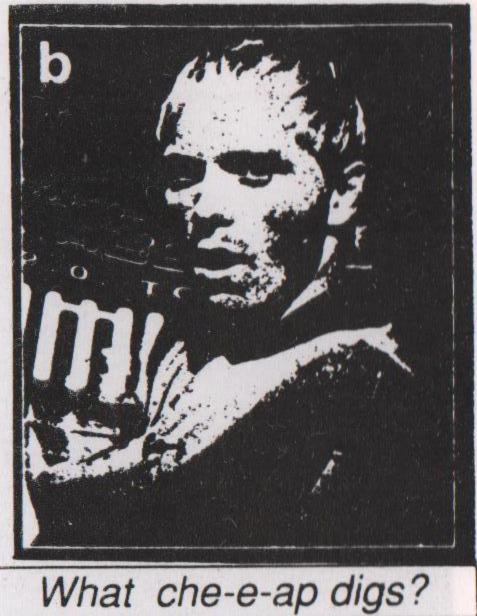
A. Laser Quest is the next best thing to Broadmarsh Centre. B. I am a deep thinking person who is interested in why people find it fun to shoot one another.

"It's competitiveness" states Jonn, 19, "the pure fun of shooting your best friend. A lot of Rambo types fantasise about Laser Quest being real."

I suggest that people of our generation have had their violent urges repressed. Jonn agrees and expands: "It's a sexual thing" and not just Rambo types either. "We get lots of women who like guns. They've got a case of penis envy. Definitely." I was also told that a good war would sort out these unruly scum. "A war would definitely keep them (the customers) off the streets." In fact he goes further."I think the sad bastards should commit suicide. But I enjoy Laser Quest too, so I'm just as bad." In view of this I ask Jonn if he feels that he himself should die by his own hand.

Johnny Violent's





"Yes, publicly, with as much coverage as possible. I would activate a chlorine grenade in the middle of the Black Orchid on a Monday night, taking with me as many student gimps as possible." I am told that chlorine grenades rot the lungs. Magnificent! One last question. Why do Laser Quest gun attendants shout at civilians in the airlock? "Cos they don't fuckin' listen!"

DJ PLAYLIST

This month : DJ Euphoria

1/ Kaleidoscope Girl 2/ Good Feeling 3/ Control 4/ Timebomb 5/ Forever Green

Zone Ranger Mellow Core West Won 808 State Finitribe

DJ Euphoria was playing "Das Boot" by U96 six months ago which impressed me enough to feature him in Violent Lives next month.

VIDEO REVIEW

My favourite film at the moment is Clint Eastwood's "The Unforgiven". However, there is no techno in it at all and hence no reason to feature it. So let's have a look at straight to video release Freejack. This futuristic thriller stars Emilio Estevez as a man who gets blasted 20 years forward in time. This apparently makes him a Freejack. He is then hunted down by Mick Jagger (snigger) who is paid by Anthony "The lambs are silent, Clarice" Hopkins. This is a fun film and is worth renting just to hear Estevez drunkenly proclaim "Fuck you asshole" a la Terminator.

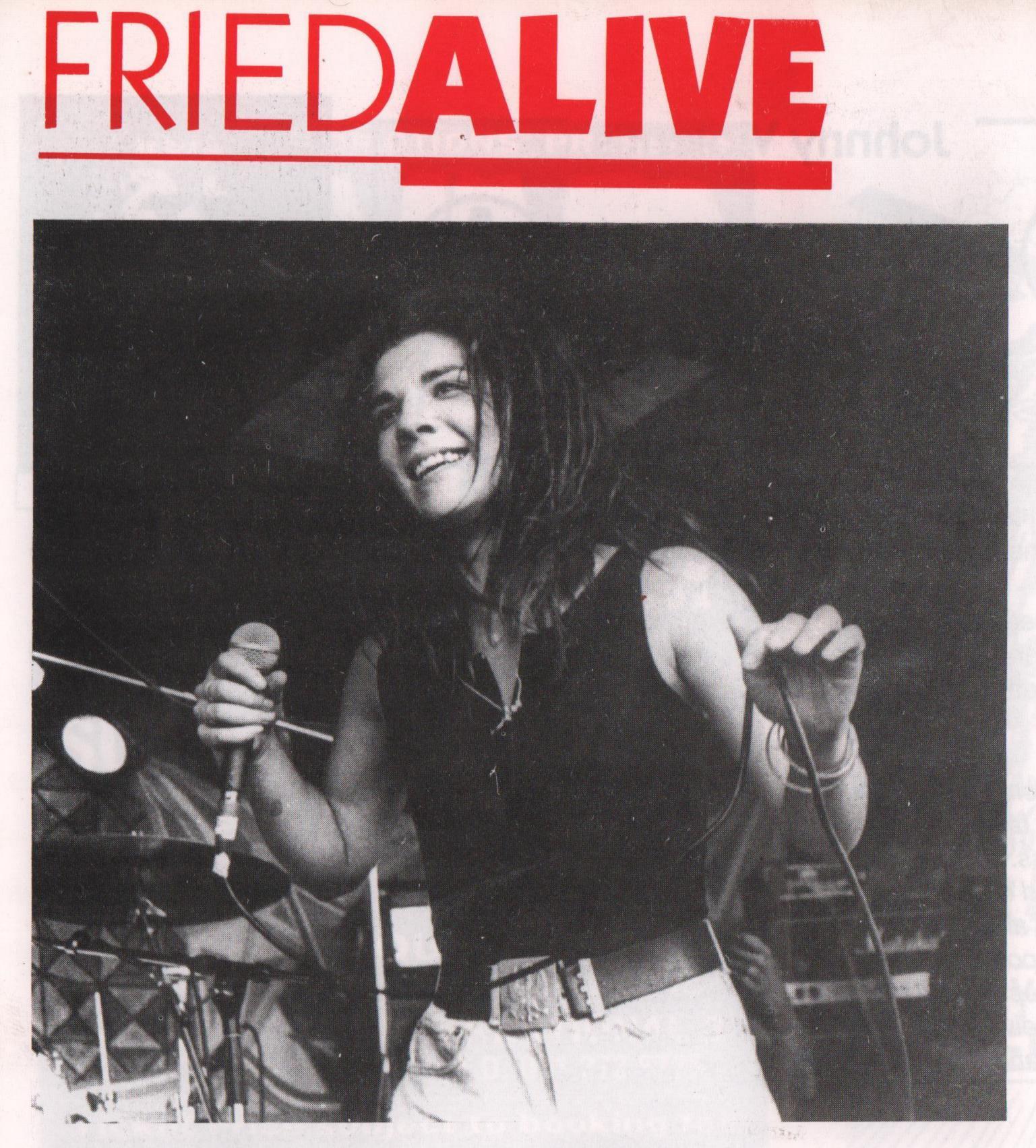
COMPETITION TIME / THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

Competition time has now bought out 51% of Thought Of The Month in a Robert Maxwell style merger. This means that the competition is to write a Thought Of The Month. As every good Techling knows, a Thought Of The Month must contain plenty of swearing, killing, Hardcore Metal Techno and Streetfighter II. The title of your piece will be:

"The word "Rave" and the music therein is an abhorrent outdated joke because ... "

Keep it snappy, and no cheap digs at Mr C, thanks. The winner will receive a whistle, a silly hat and a joss stick.

See you next month, Techlings!



BACK TO THE PLANET Camden Palace, London

Tuesday night is Alternative (?) night in Camden, when all of the capital's 'soft crusties' (blame The Face for that description) come out to compare para boots. The Palace, twice the size of Rock City, heaves with nubile bodies, all in grinning hedonistic excitement as each new (but invariably old) track is blasted over the soundsystem. Back To The Planet are the epitome of what these kids want to be, they love them. I mean LOVE them. With only a thirty minute set BTTP kicked up a sonic dust storm through their eclectic pot pouri of ska, funk, rock, rave and just about any music that has ever made you want to dance. Back to the Planet, as the name suggests are a celebration of life. The music is homage to the natural rhythms of life, 100% London tahn roots talkin', man. Sliding through the whole spectrum of dubbed up coloursound they soothe us with the breathtaking contemplation of 'Daydream' and then kick bigtime with the seductively groovy 'Revolution of Thought' leaving an overawed South London Massive sweating glass torpedoes and indulging in the ultimate celebration of each other. Tackling every day issues of life in Babylonian 'London City' they lay the blame at the feet of the Turtles in what seems a masterstroke of surrealistic pleasure. Why aren't Back to the Planet signed? See them as soon as possible, you know you won't be disappointed. **Martin Thomas**

SON OF.....

Nottingham, The Arboretum Without local following or student presence, Leicester's Son Of... still attracted a crowd eager to return rhythmic soul to their hearts. As the five piece opened their set with a determination to make their presence felt, good vibes were created and feet were tapping instantly. The mood mellowed into the fourth number, aptly named "I Thank You", as the audience were well appreciative of this formula of soul. My only criticism is that a more distinctive rhythm or beat is necessary in order to make the sound stand out as unique. One perhaps slightly blind punter "thought it was a tape playing"! Sad, yet critically valid. However, the night was a sure success as the congas stepped up the rhythm and bodies swayed again. Heads nodded in approval and fans were created. **Rob Smith** Encore.

BABES IN TOYLAND

,The Where House, Derby With the influx of so many U.S. bands in the last twelve months, Babes in Toyland could have so easily been swallowed under the tidal wave of hype, but for their unwillingness to conform or co-operate. Luckily, they didn't and tonight's performance justified it. The highly acclaimed third album 'Fontanelle' captured their enigmatic live spirit perfectly. So well in fact, that if you were just listening without the usual moshpit,

stagedivers and gallons of sweat you could have been anywhere. They powered all the way through "Cease to Exist" to newer songs such as "Bluebell", "Right Now" and "Pearl". Drummer Lori also gives us her first ever song "Magik Flute", with its mysterious open ended "What went wrong...."

And of course there's the steaming vitriol and violence of "Handsome and Gretel", and "Catatonic" which almost melodic. Kat's lyrics touch everyone's nerves. The Babes' are neither damsels in distress nor feminists; their grasp of dynamics has never been so strong. Hate has never been so much fun.

Rachel Allen

DANZIG/ WHITE ZOMBIE Rock City, Nottingham

Before this concert I had not heard any White Zombie so they came as a shocking, incredible, surprise. Thrashing guitar, thunderous drumming, tortured vocals and bass lines that could make your brains explode combine with samples from B-movie horrors and a scary stage presence to provide an impressive spectacle. Playing songs like "Soul Crusher", "Thunder Kiss 65" and "Spider Baby", it was death-grunge a-gogo all the way.

Out of the darkness came the three members of the band, tall dark shadows amidst a horror movie music intro. Then the man himself entered the stage - Danzig had arrived and the crowd went fucking wild in response. I stood in awe as they delivered rip-roaring versions of "Am I Evil", "Mother", "Snakes of Christ" and the cool, blues-like power ballad "How the Gods

The stage heaved full with tattoos, muscle and ultraheavy music. As I left Rock City I was surprised to see Nottingham still there. Satan was surely surfing over the city that night. **Craig and John**

SAD

Canal Tavern, Nottingham

At an uninspiring impromptu venue I went to see a band with a very poor choice of name. Sad are not the sort of band who make your head explode with their first number, rather they ease you gently into their way of thinking so that you find yourself smiling and nodding vigorously to the person you are with as if you have just discovered how to use the timer on your video. They are compelling, rather confusing and manage to give an energetic performance and keep their clothes on; a novelty these days, especially in Nottingham.

In the days before dance music people used to say that there was no substitute for a good tune. Well call me unfashionable but Sad have a set containing some seriously well-penned and large songs. They can charm you into grooving one minute, then tweak you into playing air mandolin the next with their folk-tinged alter ego. Sad are built on the rock of a beautifully

busy bass guitar, and constructed from guitars that are often intelligently sparse and sometimes gratefully grungey. Lyrically, I found them demanding, "You're a walking cliché" having more irony than their sad name suggests they are capable of. A technical hitch is no problem and singer Pete delivers a lamenting love song complete with distorted guitar. The band themselves are coy, slightly clumsy and pretty enough to make you a touch jealous.

The last track "Arrogant Man" was enough in itself to make me write a review, and nearly enough to make me search for the manual to my video.

lan Thorne

YOUNG GODS/ MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO/ SHEEP ON DRUGS Kilburn Ballroom, London

So it was through an unfortunately slow door policy that as far as I was concerned Sheep On Drugs consisted of a herd of punters standing in a queue. When I finally got into the venue the creators of such gems as 'TV USA' and 'Motorbike' had already left the stage. I walked in, they said "Thankyou, goodnight". Meat Beat Manifesto eventually took the stage opening with a thumping dance beat monster which borrowed heavily from Digital Holographic Sound's 'The **Difference Between Noise and Music'. Mainly consisting** of material from their new album 'Satyricon' they mesmerised and seduced the audience with their constant rhythmic highs and unattainable barrage of samplemania. Using a visually stunning lightshow and the customary dancer/performer they dared their own audience to dance among the dreamscapes of pain and ecstasy. Techno with attitude, at last.

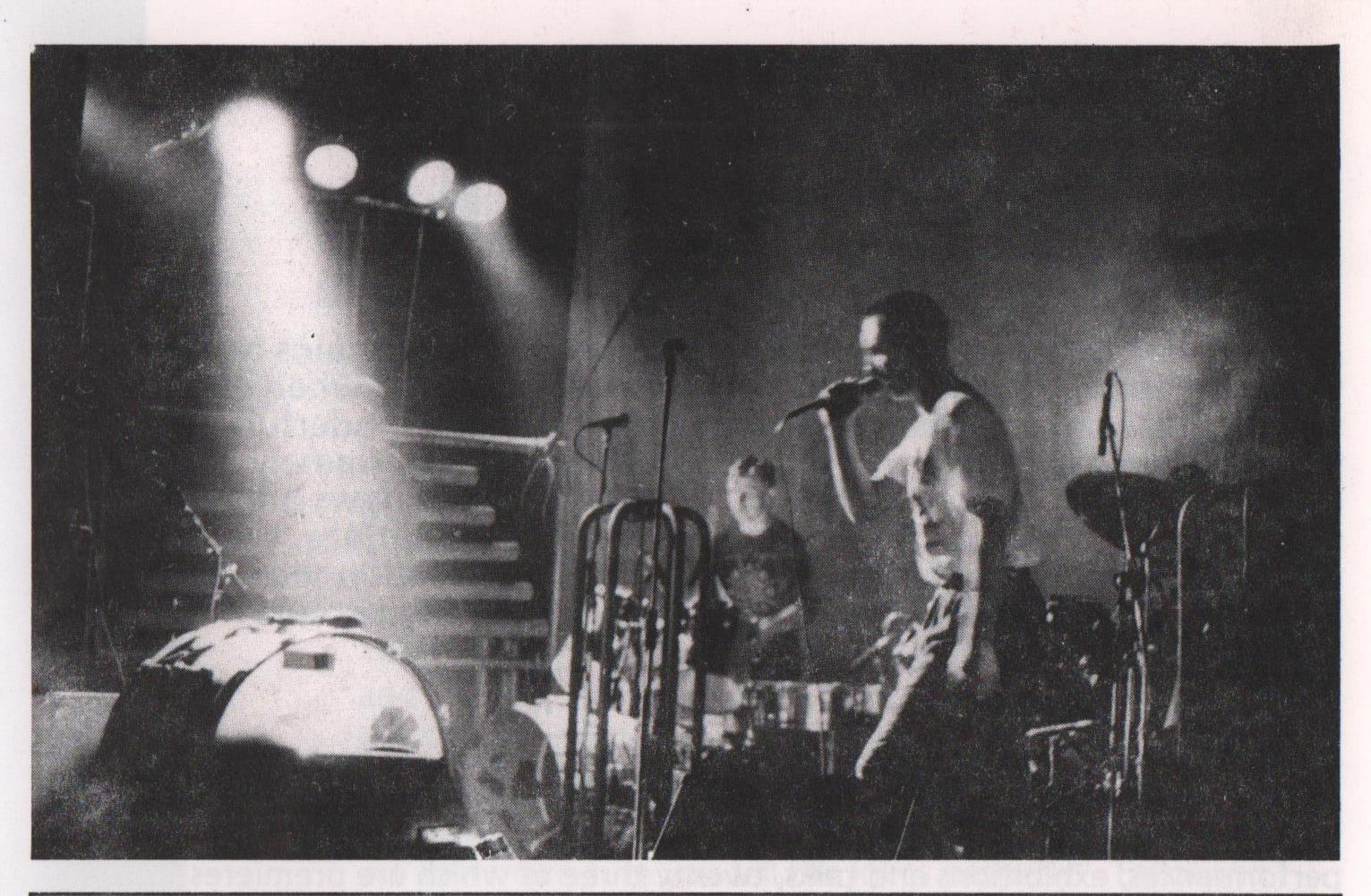
Young Gods were loud. Young Gods were Mahler in a cement mixer, the infamous unfinished symphony in every great composers head. A classical Motor head. Lemmy conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra playing the works of Foetus. Get the picture? The Young Gods took straight to a high and left you on a plateau all night. Never quite attaining the true pinnacles they aimed for. Maybe it's because of the constant intensity of their music, or simply because Meat Beat Manifesto were just so good (too tough to follow) but the Young Gods never quite delivered the climactic eruption they promised. Perhaps they came too soon.

Martin Thomas

GENTLE IHOR'S DEVOTION

Old Angel, The Chapel. Nottingham

A quiet night in the Chapel with people sardined against the bars downstairs hoping to get served whilst upstairs the barstaff grew bored from underwork. Have the pub lemmings still not worked out that it's easier to get served in the Chapel and you get live music whilst you wait. On this occasion the clued up straggler may well have stayed to witness Gentle Ihor's



TEST DEPARTMENT FREQUENCY OF TRUTH Northampton Roadmenders the Bible, and finally d) Clean themselves. extremism. An unforgettable sensory assault. Devotion unfurl a set of awesome power and inspiring beauty. Sounding like Leather Nun on a techno mission the collected the sounds Hawkwind forgot to use and add them to a pulsating computerised bass/drum barrage. Overlaid upon this are duelling chainsaw guitars and softly spoken words of poetic force. 'Man Of God' cascades and builds upon a rumbling hypnotic theme whilst the single, 'Naked' (for which lhor removes his shades in a nice touch of self conscious irony) builds upon this theme further, taking the mantra to a colossal climax. Through quieter moments of ambience, proclaiming this to be a 'Good Time To Die' Ihor (pronounced Eeyore) connects a line through organic technology before storming through the rock 'Profit and Loss'. Lyrically you simply can't ignore lhor as he tackles life and death subjects with an unnerving sensitivity. This, coupled with the landscaped layers of aural fauna, creates a sound of bruising beauty and pleasurable pain. A band on the verge of greatness.

This was the climax to Northampton's 'Pushing Against The Wire' week long experimental festival, a grand finale to what will hopefully become an annual event. Frequency Of Truth began by handing out a leaflet of quotations to explain the spectacle that was about to follow. The next forty minutes spent listening to single tedious hypnotic tape loops. Birth/ Programming/ Rebellion/ Identity, then continued with the band continuing to a) hurl teen and social angst at the audience via the mic, and then tie each other up with masking tape. b) Strip naked and cover themselves in ketchup, c) build a small wooden fence on stage and denounce the Sunday Sport, McDonalds and

Test Dept. live are the ultimate saturation of sight and sound. Their past vinyl releases range from industrial to dance, classical to noise, mixing live percussion with samples, programmed basslines and classical samples. All music is noise, all noise is music. To Test Dept. anything can be an instrument. The group have been known to play an entire gig by hammering away at a transit van, when their equipment failed to turn up. Tonights performance was not quite so dramatic. The stage, at first glance was a war zone. Pieces of 'scrap' steel, springs, canisters and coils littered the place, as if a huge machine had been on the receiving end of a direct hit from mortar attack. And then the silence ended. A barrage of noise, churned up by two drummers on semi-conventional kits, a

vocalist/percussionist and a sequencer. Bass pushed the wind from your lungs as the sound of metal on metal split the air around you like shrapnel. Pure power. At the same time, the retina was being burned by the e afterglow of images of a nation in decay. Projected patterns and textures, mixed with footage of machinery, destruction and Stef

Martin Thomas



CURTAINCALL

As the name suggests Curtaincall will draw back the curtains and, we hope, shed some light enabling the reader to know when and where they can experience the wonder (and not so wonderful) world of live performance in and around Nottingham. Namely by offering on a plate, or should I say page, listings, previews and reviews of theatre companies, installations and exhibitions. We would also appreciate any views opinions or information that we have overlooked, and of course any new and exciting ventures that need to be promoted.

NOW '92

Contemporary Archives' 'Now '92' is being hailed as Britain's most exciting and challenging annual festival of the performing arts. The festival this year features companies from at least nine countries, forty performances, exhibitions and talks, twenty three of which are premieres mostly commissioned specifically for Now '92. Showcasing the most daring and remarkable performers from the UK and beyond in a programme spanning six weeks of dance, theatre, visual arts, film, video, music and multi media companies. It is a festival which not only shows established companies but is willing to allow new and innovative pieces to meet an audience. The work will pose questions about technological advance and the inheritance and reinterpretations of our traditions. Now '92 is about sexual, racial and personal identity, about the changing plitical world and lastly, about entertainment. Along with this is the chance to to attend workshops, talks, lectures, residencies and two major weekend events giving you the rare opportunity to pose questions about work you have seen, or even have the chance to perform or argue with a director.

The festival starts on October 2nd and continues through to November 15th. Tickets can be obtained from Nottingham Playhouse, concessions apply on most performances. Further details can be found in the Now '92 brochures (available from theatres, pubs and shops throughout Nottingham) but in the meantime here's a Curtaincall overview.

THIS IS THIS, THIS IS NOW PATHBREAKERS Tues. 10th and Weds. 11th November at 8pm Clarendon College

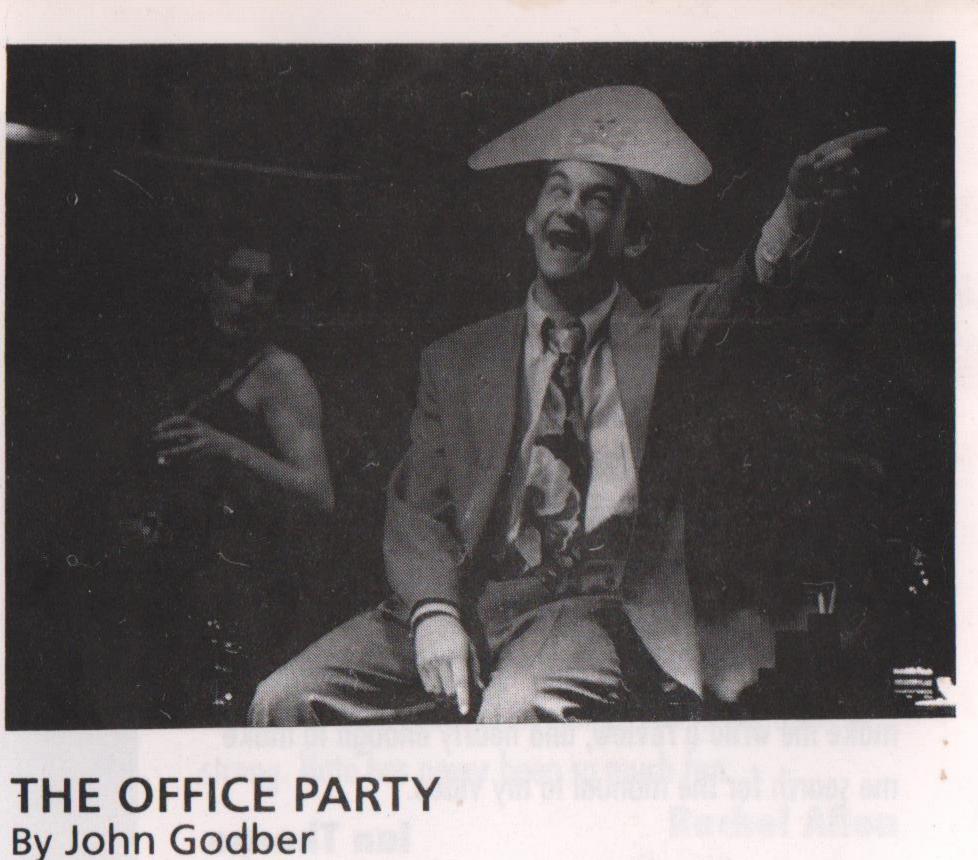
If the Now '92 festival is about breaking down barriers and challenging established traditions, then 'Pathbreaker', by nature of its structure has already embraced the festival's purpose. Borne from a collaboration between (among others) designer Andrew Calaya Chetty, composer Felix Cross and choreographer Rebecca Skelton, it rejects the pigeon holes of departmental alienation, instead employing an open process of creative interplay between each artistic discipline and cultural background thus depicting a sense of an individual's alienation from hir surroundings.

VINYL REQUIEM: The Brass Section PHILIP JECK Installation and work in progress Weds 14th -Sat 17th Oct 12--2.30pm. Performances: Fri 16th and Sat 17th Oct. 8pm Congregational Hall, Castle Gate. Sounding like the perfect epitaph for the grave of vinyl records—if indeed performance could ever be translated two-dimensionally. Despite, and presumably because of, the unceasing onslaught of miniaturisation

and digitilisation, this intriguing performance will employ over seventy vintage 'Dansette' record players and hundreds of records to produce what is described as "scratch orchestra". Should be visually stunning too, with staging and lighting being described "spectacular".

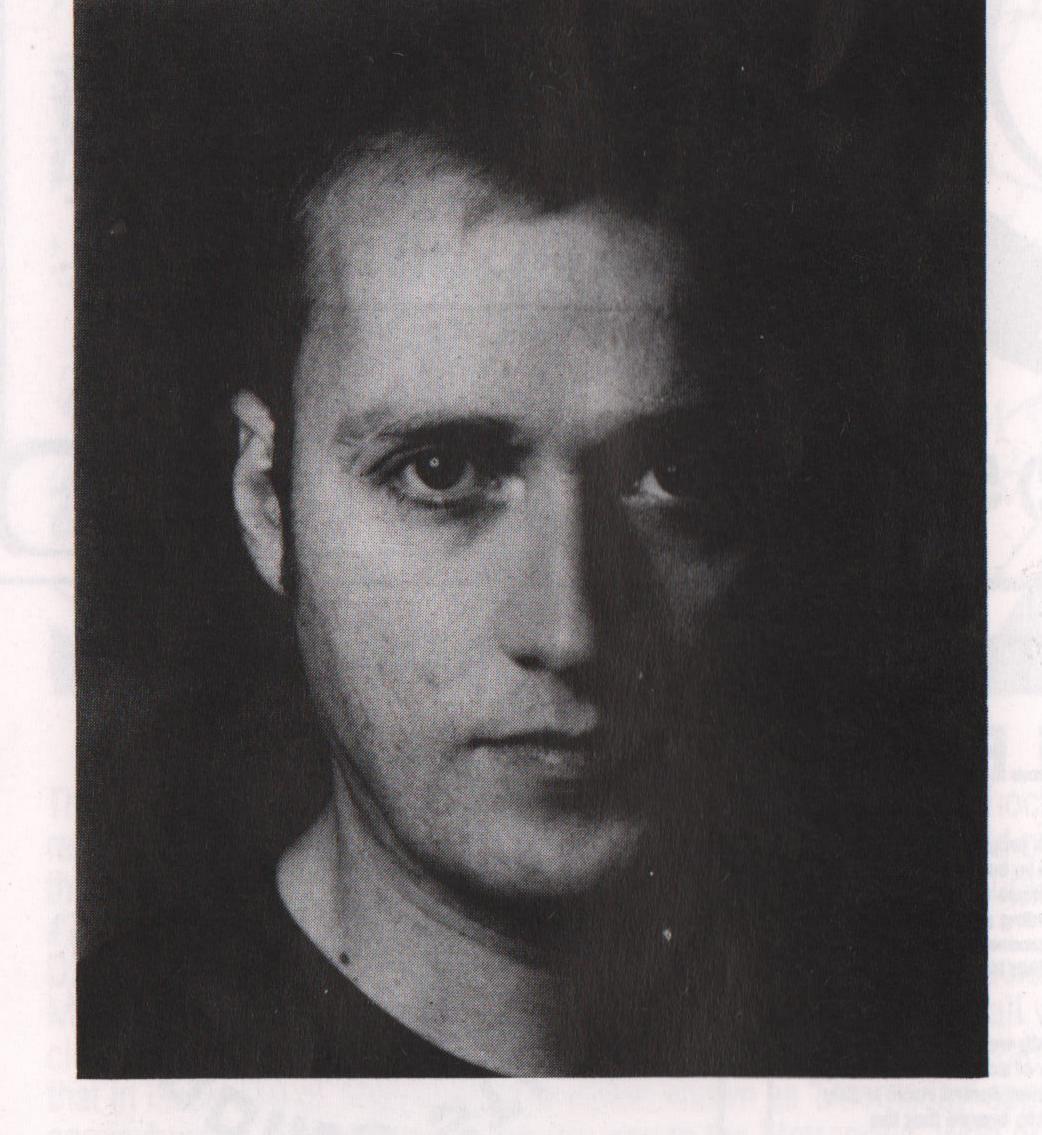
UNTITLED INSTALLATION LAURA FORD Fri. 2nd - Sat. 10th Oct. 11am

- 4pm each day. King Davids Dungeon, Nottingham Castle. If you go down to the woods today or the dungeons of Nottingham Castle you're sure of a big surprise, compliments of Laura Ford. Her sculptures and paintings are both humorous and disturbing taking playful subject matters such as Teddy bears, strawberries and even Thomas the Tank Engine and giving them a complete overhaul. In Ford's world there is no innocence, the teddies are in a 'shagpile', the strawberries look like genitals and Thomas is off the rails. This, her first return to Nottingham in four years since designing for Annie Griffiths' 'Deadly Grove', is described by the artist as "a visual song contrasting innocence and experience through childhood imagery and a strong sense of terror". Sounds like no picnic, but worth a peek. See if you believe your eyes.



Nottingham Playhouse After a slow start, this was an enjoyable play which left me feeling very uneasy. The content of the play, it's words, design music and choreography had a jarring effect. Juxtaposition was the key concept: high art juxtaposed with trashy nouveau riche design. Classical music with modern. Colloquial office gossip contrasted with Queen's English and picturesque tabloids were set against scenes of bacchanalian debauchery. This pessimistic but credible depiction of Britain undergoing a recession in the 1990's held a great deal of empathy and relevance to it's audience. The scenes flashed between events during work hours and at the office party itself and were cleverly linked with increasingly symbolic, repetitive mime of typical office situations The effect was almost like a commercial break with a lot of stylised repetitive freezeframe gestures and movements reminiscent of 'Taste of Honey' a few years back. Clothes at the party were brightly coloured and elaborate whilst those worn to work were restricted to a representative black and white theme. In the same way that the choreography, sound and lighting effects led to a stimulating sensory experience of a frenzied uncontrollable disco during the party sequences, the language evoked the same response you have to television commercials; the punchy, image conscious delivery of words meant that you often had to work at holding onto and digesting them before their true meaning became apparent. Many ideas within the plays subtext could be translated subconsciously. However the quick slick image conscious jargon did not make this easy and some lines inevitably faded. This style was sadly broken at the end of the play when the character of Lee Cook, assistant graphic designer, hung a cardboard sign around his neck reading "Give me some money please". Drawing a simile with homelessness and begging, however, although the plight of the homeless and poverty had been mentioned in the first half of the play it seemed almost an afterthought to try and tie up any loose ends. The blatant use of the sign took away the importance of the message. A style had already been set up, a series of fast and constant one liners and double entendres which you had to grasp for coherence and therefore think about, thus heightening individual thought on the subject matter. The sign was so obvious that it was a statement of fact almost like "what's to think about, it just is", therefore the message was almost dismissed. Lisa, Jo and Cathy

ADRIAN EDMONDSON



THE POLITICS OF COMEDY

Grave Plots, the second offering of the Autumn season at the Nottingham Playhouse, was premiered at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in 1986, winning a fringe 1st award. Subsequently it enjoyed huge success at The Old Red Lion in London during 1990.

This particular production sees John Gordon Sinclair as the apparently austere student of Ministry and the self-professed Scottish working class poetic revolutionary from Bishop Shortwell, Finnegan Arran Black (or simply Black), who is played by Adrian Edmondson with whom I spoke during their rehearsals in London last month.

Mr Edmondson is probably best known for that endearing character Vivian in the BBC's 'The Young Ones' and he brings a little of that same spirit to Grave Plots which he heartily describes as "a high rollicking farce with a lot of gags in it!".

Unlike 'The Young Ones', and what he considers to be his most successful venture to date 'bottom'. Grave Plots, although a new play, is set in 1926 (Edinburgh, incidentally) and this production certainly intends to play it as "a good old-fashioned theatrical piece which plays with the conventions of the theatre." Set and costumes are typically of the period. Hence the impromptu exorcism scene in the first act, which entwines sex and religion in a matrimonial

context, is executed in an inoffensive manner. What is more, here we have a play which Mr Edmondson deems void of any political implications, promising instead, "an evening of fun and pure entertainment", which after all is what theatre is all about. I find this a little hard to swallow however,

considering there is a policeman eager to carry out G.B.H., won't allow anyone else the pleasure, and who is intent on pinning strongly suspect ridiculous evidence on Black (who has an identity crisis). Remember that this play was written in the mid 80's!

Anyway, Mr Edmondson is not concerned with implied meanings saying, "I never get involved in satire particularly. You obviously transmit what you think through what you do and write according to precepts in your head and confines, but I never overtly try to tell anyone anything." Perfecting the art of comedy is his quest,

"the best way to do any work is to find out where the jokes are and make sure you tell the jokes properly". Following one joke through to another is his way of setting the stage and remembering his lines.

His manifold collaborations with Rik Mayall are successful as they both have a similar sense of humour which Ade felt was very appropriate for Beckett's 'Waiting for Godot' of which he says,

"it felt as if it was just written for us, our sense of humour." Beckett was indeed an inspiration for them as far back as college where they began improvising and performing together. The duo's new series of 'Bottom' has already graced our screens and Ade is soon to be appearing with Richard Briers in a television dramatisation of a David Remmick play about a man with a thirty second attention span after being hit on the head.

Besides a multitude of TV, film and theatre appearances (including directing and writing) he has made numerous pop promos with artists including Zodiac Mindwarp, 10,000 Maniacs and The Farm among others. Yet despite such varying approaches to his work, he shrinks away from anything that tampers with natural purity, believing that "things should be kept in their separate

compartments...whenever I see posters for multi-media shows I turn away straight away. Its a hotch-potch, an excuse for not having an idea for what to do" . Yet for him even theatre is a little hard to digest as he is unable to disengage himself from being an actor-comedian and become part of the audience compartment. I say actor/comedian because he could be considered both as it is

essentially the "mechanisms of laughter" which makes him tick.

"If it doesn't make you laugh, or if you can't do it, it's not funny.

Instead of taking issues and hammering them out logically, a lot of people, like myself, like to laugh at them — its just another way of dealing with problems....you develop a healthy cynicism that laughs at it...". However, he agrees that if audiences ever turned around and told him that he was not funny then he would certainly stop. So if you want to see if his mechanistic laughter clock is ticking, go and see his latest work. Grave Plots runs from 1-17the October at the Playhouse and is certainly worth a look in. Ade promises "rollicking fun" with a "roller coaster" second half.

Cathy Kelly



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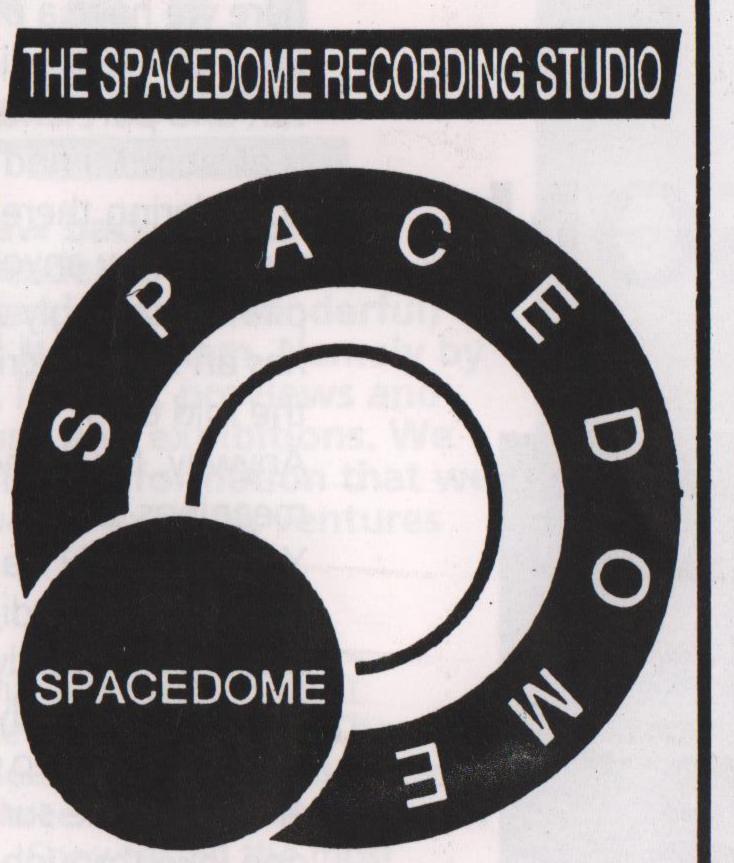




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THE DEATH OF SUPERMAN

This November the comic world is in for a big shock. A big BIG shock. The repercussions of which will be felt for a long time to come. It could change the face of a lot of top selling titles for good. This November, in Superman #75, the 'Man of Steel' dies. Honest. How? Why? When? Well, D.C.Comics, the company who own the four Superman titles (Superman, Man of Steel, Adventures of..., and Action comics), are playing it all very close to their chests. All we have been able to find out here at Overall is that in issue #19 of 'Man of Steel' a villain known as 'Doomsday' appears somewhere in America and makes his way to the Metropolis. Who or what he is D.C. aren't telling. The story crosses over all four titles and culminates in Superman #75, when the man with the 'S' will give the ultimate sacrifice to save what's left of the city— and the world. The next two months will see the funeral and examine the implications of this monumental event. Questions like: "Where's Clark Kent?" fly around for starters. So, the question on everyone's lips is "Is this for real?". Again D.C. are staying schtum. Mike Carlin, editor of all the Superman comics says, "We can't guarantee anything. He may die, he may not. Doomsday may die, he may not. We may change Superman's costume. Does death even mean the same thing to a Kryptonian? We can't say, because we ourselves don't know yet. All we can say is that he will DIE in Superman #75." And that's all we can get out of the guys at D.C. But don't be fooled into believing that they couldn't do without Superman, because they could 'Lobo' sells more. 'Sandman' sells more. While sales of Superman are healthy, he isn't exactly a 'Batman' or an 'X-Men' when it comes to putting money into the bank account. We can only wait and see. LESTAT

SKIN

by Peter Milligan, Brendan McCarthy and Carol Swain. The first image that greets readers opening this most controversial of graphic novels is that of a large black DM boot, superimposed upon which is the chemical formula for the drug Thalidomide. For the main protagonist is not only the victim of the horrific deforming drug Thalidomide, he is also a fifteen year old skinhead who exhibits the characteristic violent and antisocial behaviour associated with the skinhead subculture. Martin Achitson, or 'Atchet to his friends is no symbol of working class angst, he is a yob, pure and simple. This portrayal of such a belligerent youth does not elicit our sympathies. The overwhelming aggression expressed in scenes of explicit sex, violence and a constant stream of expletives has kept this book banned for six years. Yet conversely, we must bear in mind that Martin is the victim of of an awful atrocity committed for the sake of commercial greed. Thalidomide, hailed as a wonder drug in the 1950's, and marketed as a sedative for pregnant women, was released without adequate tests ever having been carried out. The result was a wave of horrific birth defects, a mutant generation.

With this in mind, although we may not condone Martin's behaviour, we can understand his right to be vicious and malicious because his feelings of hatred, engendered in part by social climate, are exacerbated by the frustrations of his handicap and subsequent rejection by society. He has no arms, a state which earns him the nickname "seal boy". Martin offers no justification for his shocking behaviour and demands no explanation for his condition. His only reaction to the discovery that the corporation which twisted his existence still profits is a visceral one- revenge. As the authors state in the preface, hasn't a boy whose life has been deformed by a powerful multinational corporation, who is ridiculed as a monster by his peers, an obligation to be tasteless? It is absolutely correct to conclude that the violence of 'Skin' pales into insignificance beside the corporate violence of Thalidomide. A disturbing but essential read.

YUMMY FUR #29

by Chester Brown (Drawn and Quarterly)

A self-indulgent, uninteresting, mundane piece of autobiography, a personal diary in comic book form. Nice cover art though.

HATE #8

by Peter Bagge (Fantagraphics)

Wonderfully quirky, humourous saga of the trials and tribulations of Buddy. Bradley and Co. Well observed insights and excellent wit make this comic a winner.

SKIDMARKS #1

by Ed Hillyer (Tundra)

A banal, puerile would-be melodrama about a boy and his bike. The attempt at wit and social commentary fails miserably. **PSYCHO KILLERS #4**

(Comic Zone)

A biographic account of the real life serial killer Henry Lee Lucas. Sick stuff for sick

HUP #4

by Robert Crumb (Last gasp Eco-Funnies)

The legendary Crumb never fails to amaze and entertain with his intelligent observations of human behaviour; which are often acutely accurate, wickedly funny and sharply satirical. HUP is in many ways an

autobiographical book, but we are never bored by his self-scrutiny because it is treated in such a an honest and vividly entertaining manner from the imagination of a man who is not afraid to draw attention to those human frailties we all suffer from. Excellent.

YAHOO #5

by Joe Sacco (Fantagraphic)

An incisive and brilliant satire on last year's Gulf War, though a little disjointed, especially at the start. Surrealistic elements enrich the narrative and serve to enforce the author's feelings of confusion in conflict. Recommended

EIGHTBALL #9

by Daniel Clowes (Fantagraphics) Eightball? Shitball more like.

DIRTY PLOTTE #2

by Julie Doucet (Drawn and Quarterly)

A barrage of strange, fragmented images with no apparent cohesion. suggest that the author be in urgent need of psychiatric assistance. FLAMING CARROT COMICS #28

by Bob Burden (Dark Horse)

The Flaming Carrot is a superhero who has a large carrot for a head and is extremely stupid. At first glance this comic might be dismissed as nonsense, but its absurdist humour is strangely funny. This issue is well written with clever comedy and subtle witticisms. Not as funny as the Tick but an enjoyable read. John Micallef Comics supplied by Forbidden Planet Comic Shop in the

Broadmarsh Centre.

OTHER NEWS

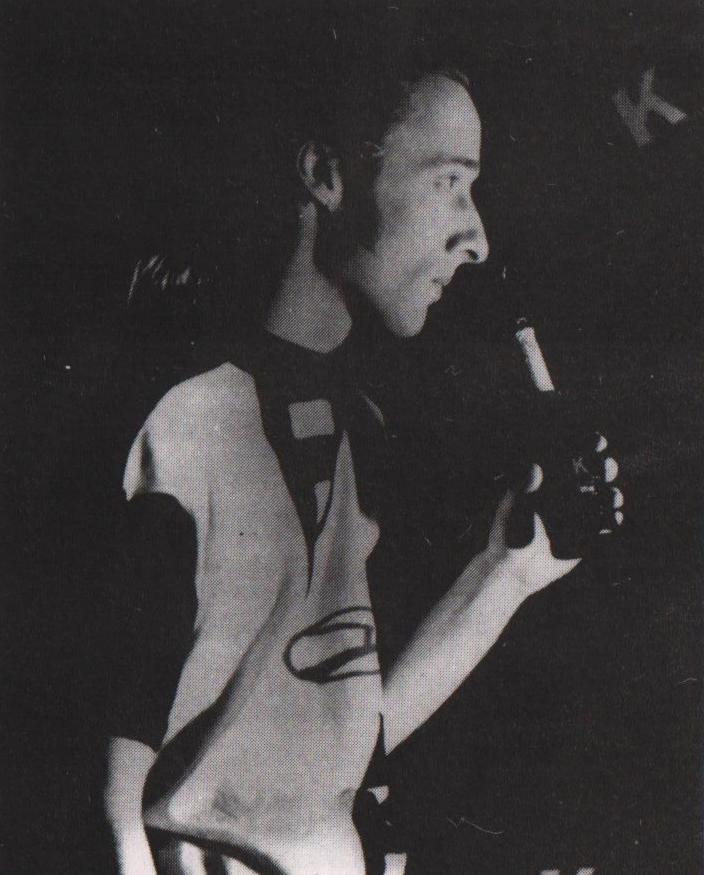
Work begins soon on Aliens V. Predator THE MOVIE. (With an Ultraviolence soundtrack?) Aliens 4 (or is it Predator 3?) follows the success of the excellent Dark Horse series.

Iron Man gets re-vamped! Tony Stark returns in issue #290. Jim Rhodes absconds with the 'War Machine' and in issue #300 a new red/gold armour is revealed with Stark at the controls. Look for embossed covers and chrome plated issue #300! Hot, hot, hot!

Savage Dragon Versus Megaton Man! Erik Larson drew his bits, passed it on to Don Simpson who did his stuff. First time ever.

Also check out the 'X-Thems' for more 'Megaton Man' action. Very funny.

AFTERALL



FREEFORALL

DESTROY

Win yourself a K "Destroy" cycling shirt designed by John Richmond and modelled by the man himself in the photo. All you have to do is answer this simple question: What does the symbol 'K' stand for?

MUDHONEY

Seminal grunge gurus Mudhoney release their long awaited L.P. "Piece of Cake" this month and we've got copies to give away to the first five correct answers to this ridiculously easy question: Which other 'seminal' band released a cover version of "Touch Me I'm Sick" ? Piece of cake.

Answers to both Questions, with your name and address to: Freeforall, Overall, PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottm NG7 4DG When replying to the Mudhoney competition state preference for CD or LP.

WHIPPED CREAM

The first ten people to arrive at Whipped Cream's gig on Friday 16th at The Horse and Groom will receive a FREE copy of the SNAP Records sampler album 'Crackle and Pop'. Featuring two tracks each from psychedelic guitar supremos Whipped Cream, and label mates This Perfect Day (who will also be appearing) Eggstone and Poverty Stinks. This CD will not be available in the shops.

ABDUCTION

Touring theatre troupe LUMIERE AND SON's offering for the festival, ABDUCTION, ironically enough is based upon numerous accounts of alien intervention from around the world. I say ironically because of the furore that the piece is causing to the Tory councillors in Nottingham who have dubbed Now '92 a "festival of pornography". In their wisdom they have demanded that council cash be withdrawn from the festival unless Mr. Bradbury and other select conservative councillors are allowed to sample the pleasures of the (pornographic) festival first, deciding whether or not it's fit for public consumption. However they do strongly insist, "this is not censorship". Combining cinematic details with theatrical flamboyance, the show is about the anger, obsession and behaviour which occurs when two women and a man are all visited separately by "strange and unknown men" and the growing loss of physical and mental control they all experience as a result of these visitations, much to the same effect that Mr Bradbury and his merry band may have if they are allowed to interfere. A few thoughts for Mr Bradbury: What gives him the right or knowledge to define pornography for the rest of the human race? Yes,

Abduction does have nudity in it but without the chance to see it then how can anyone make a judgement as to whether it's degrading to the audience watching or the performers taking part? In Mr Bradburys words "This is minority art, these things have a place". Exactly and if he had his way then art would always remain the property of an elite minority, in this case Mr Bradbury and his conservative colleagues . As for "These things have a place", what would be a suitable place for nudity? The bedroom? The breakfast table? Let's ban newspapers that use page three girls, why stop there? How about destroying works of art for example Schiele, Bosch. The point being that not everyone's definition of pornography is the same. We should have the choice to buy a ticket and decide whether or not we find NOW'92 pornographic. Maybe I'm off track completely and the council are just too hard up to pay for their tickets and the whole uproar is just a cunning ploy to see the festival free in the absence of any complimentary tickets. Then again perhaps they all work as Lumiere and Sons press agents in which case well done this is one show I certainly won't be missing. In the words of Timothy Leary "....In their lust for power they have controlled all means of communication to prevent the free flow of ideas and block loving

exchanges among the gentle... They have become prudish machines... they hate creativity...they hate sex...they hate beauty, they hate life...". The Festival, to me anyway, is important. Not only to the performers that take part in it, but also to the audience that sees it. Its the chance to take onboard new ideas and perhaps learn something new, or indeed to think "what a waste of money". Already the information we receive through TV is censored. Indeed some form of censorship has already occurred through the choice of performances to be presented. However it would be disastrous if this censorship was extended to live events also. To the council (and all other Overall readers) read Dr. Leary's 'Declaration of Evolution' and take Lisa Tansey note.

BILL POSTERS WILL BE PERSECUTED

In their ongoing efforts to clean up the City of Nottingham so that it will attract even more tourists to worship at the shrine of the stolen idol Robin Hood, the council have circulated notices to all of the pubs which put on gigs by local bands threatening fines of upto £200 for flyposting in town. Both venue and band are liable for prosecution. This does raise a number of points however. Surely in the supposed 'innocent until proven guilty' society we live in it will prove almost impossible to prove the guilt of any party unless they are actually caught in the act. And even if someone is caught red handed (as could be said for Bloody Lovely) surely those ugly orange boards in the town centre would be better used as a service to a community, even if it is the music community. They should be used as instruments of free information exchange instead of veils to hide the publics eyes from the next un needed shopping centre. Furthermore, if the City Council do act upon these threats will venues such as The Theatre Royal or Rock City be treated the same way? After all it is invariably the acts who play these venues that are associated with the largest amount of flyposting. As I write this Nottingham is adorned with posters advertising Ugly Kid Joe, The Shamen and, perhaps ironically, Anarchy In The UK by those legendary law breakers, the Sex Pistols to name but three. Presumably these artistes will be liable for this fine aswell? Perhaps the powers that be find posters by small, non money making bands offensive to their capitalist sensibilities. Or is it that their shit scared of the people who run the Flyposting gangs responsable for the majority of the illegally pasted advertisements? I'm sure I don't know. It all smells of hypocrisy to me. Martin Thomas **HIGH TIME PROMOTIONS in conjunction with THE MARCUS GARVEY CENTRE** at The Marcus Garvey Centre, Lenton Boulevard, Nottingham (members and guests only)

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