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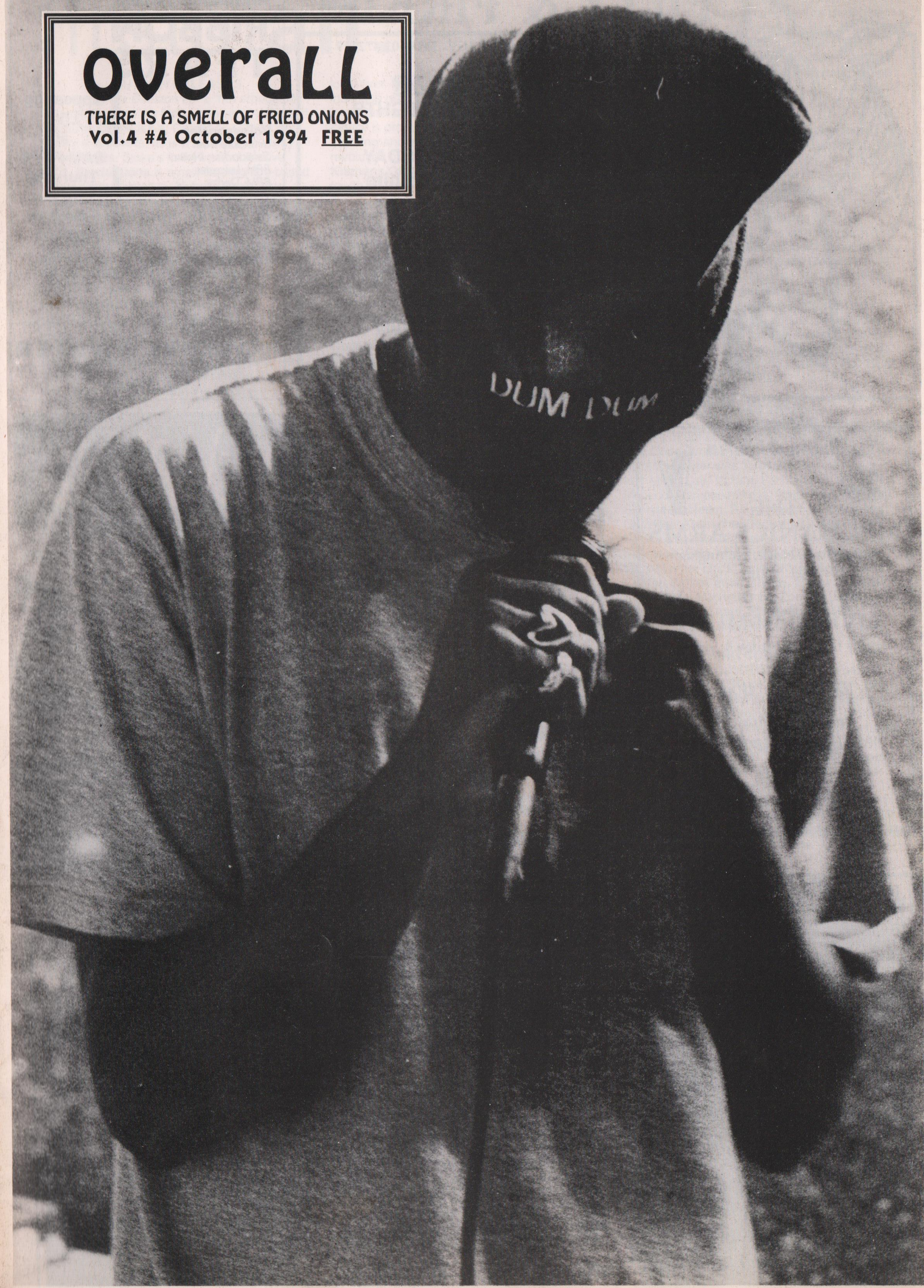
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AUTUMN RELEASES

DiY release the *Beeston* ep a "hot arpeggiated technoid creation" by **Nail**, followed by *Rhythm Graffiti* by **Crime** a.k.a. Crispin G. Glover, on Strictly 4 Groovers, as is 2 *Kinds Of Blues* by **Swungbeats**, Stoke's funkyworld collective.

N.T.T. Productions is a new Nottingham-based technocracy headed by **Nebula II** releasing material under various guises on four labels. Celestial is a techno acid label co-owned with (A Guy Called) **Gerald** who also owns the Juice Groove label under N.T.T., these releasing techno/acid/house music by **Coca**, **Nebula II** and **Arcana**. Nebula II's own labels are Collide and Red Eye with releases by trancey techno-heads **Spy** and **Coca**.

Derby rock band **Cariad** release their debut single *His Son Died For Nothing*, while sardonic power pop band **Free Spirit**'s debut ep *The Next Big Thing* is out now on Agra Music. New Nottingham based-label BGR release **Scud**'s first single *Po-Face* where the emphasis is on "brain-twisting grinding metal, not your widdly widdly tossing-off guitar solo whoah baby woman metal."

"Dance music for people who can't dance, couch music for people who can't relax, guitar music for technology heads" is what you get on the Hydrogen Dukebox compilation *Machino Weirdo* featuring dubtrabient stalwarts **Transcendental Love Machine**'s timeless loop of hypnotic synchronicity, **Globo**'s dubby information fusion, **Big Eye**'s sonic wall of sound and **Cranium HF**'s meta-message mayhem. Get it onward, CD and cassette, Oct. 17th. Prior to their second album, **Transglobal Underground** release a new single *Lookee Here* once again featuring vocals by Natacha Atlas with a club remix by Dreadzone.

"I don't think our record is more controversial than any other rock group. We're just black," says **Ice-T** who hopes that the new album from **Body Count** will be judged on its musical merits rather than all the hoo-ha surrounding their eponymous debut *Born Dead*. **Body Count** appear at Rock City on Oct. 26th with support from **Headswim**. U.S. gangsta rap originators **MC Eiht** & **CMW** follow their '92 debut *Music To Drive By* with the hard-hitting *We Come Strapped*. **EB & The System** are the latest signing to Words Of Warning and release their debut single *Mind* this month when they take to the umer Mitch (ex-Papa Brittle) appearing at Leics. (The Charlotte, 12th) and Nottm. (Sam Fay's, 27th). The **Fatima Mansions** are *Lost In The Former West* their new album on Kitchenware. *Flesh*, is the new album by **David Gray** on the Hut label who also release the debut album by David McAlmont. Trojan continue their series of vintage reggae CDs with **Keith Hudson**'s *Studio Kinda Cloudy* featuring **U-Roy** and the late **Horace Andy** among other luminaries, and a compilation entitled *With A Flick Of My Musical Wrist* which also features **U Roy** as well as **I Roy**, **Big Youth** and others. The new one from **Pop Will Eat Itself** is called *Dos Dedos Mes Amigos*. Catch them on the Amalgamation tour at the Assembly Rooms, Derby (3rd Oct). *World Demise* is the fourth album from Florida's total death metal outfit **Obituary**. Guitarist Trevor Peres wants "some real people to hear our music and understand that it's music and we mean it." Following the reissue by Touch & Go of **Slint**'s first two singles from 1988, a third release *Glenn Rhoda* is out now, one track from 1989 and one from this year. They're catching up. Also on Touch & Go is **Jesus Lizard**'s fourth album *Down*. Sister label Quarterstick offer the *Ugly Dance* LP from Richmond, Virginia's **Kepone** named after a pesticide which Allied Chemical dumped in their

local river. **Minxus**, "the three musketeers of indie pop jazz" put out the *Silk Purse* single prior to a fifteen track album. **Gumball's Revolution On Ice** is produced by founder member **Don Fleming** and is their impression of the musical revolution of the past twenty-five years.

Kitchens Of Distinction are back with their fourth album *Cowboys And Aliens*. On tour this month. Receiver records have produced a 20-track compilation spanning the whole punk era. Artists include **The Sex Pistols**, **Buzzcocks** and **X-Ray Spex** through to **UK Subs**, **GBH** and **Discharge**. *Here Come The Good Times* is the latest single from **A House** on Setanta and contains versions of **Marc Bolan's Children Of The Revolution**, **Donna Summer's I Feel Love** and **The Damned's Love Song** on the flip. They appear with at Rock City on Oct 1st with **Collapsed Lung** whose new single is *DIS MX* on Deceptive Records. Again on Setanta, *Gorgeous George* is the follow up to **Edwyn Collins**' 1990 LP *Hellbent On Compromise*, and features guests **Paul Cook** on drums and **Vic Goddard** on backing vocals. Prior to their appearance at The Old Vic (Oct 29th) —plugged this time we're told— **Attacco Decente** release their new album *Crystal Night* on All or Nothing records. Other attractions this month at the Old Vic include platinum status busking Canadians **Moxy Fruvous** (Oct 4th); guitar legend **Allan Holdsworth** on Oct. 15th supported by **Single Bass**; the return of the **Cosmic Charlies** (see *Fried Alive*) on Fri. 28th with their amazing three hour tribute to the **Grateful Dead**; and of course the **Jazz & Roots Mix** season (see listings). **American Music Club**'s new album *San Francisco* is out on all formats on Virgin Records, and on the same label watch out for a new single by **Cracker** this autumn. Transglobal three-piece **Drugstore**, who signed to Go! Discs earlier this year release a single *Starcrossed* and join **Kitchens Of Distinction** on tour this month. See listings. Also touring are twin-bassed **Girls Against Boys** whose third album *Cruise Yourself* is due out on Oct 12th and comes with a free etched 7".

NEWS

Congratulations to **Mark Spivey**, the newly appointed East Midlands Minister For Pop (Notts. & Derbys.) **Overall** says 'best thing that's happened since Cloughie took over Forest. Similarly to **Bill Redhead** for seeing the light before it was too late. When the going gets tough the tough get going, mate. There might be an opening at Sam Fay's. Farewell also to **Dave 'Subway' Reynolds** who has left the rehearsal studio business "to get into men's underwear". Better take some soundproofing with you, mate. Meanwhile back on Talbot Street that building on the corner with Goldsmith Street sandwiched between Discos 1, 2, 3 (formerly the basement of Rock City) and 4 (formerly N.Y.N.Y.) and long term subject of rumour is due to open in a few months as the **Tivoli Beer Restaurant**. Named after the original 19th century Tivoli Theatre which was the first music hall in Nottingham to be granted a liquor license and was also the premises for the original Nottingham Playhouse. It will feature waitress service only and be run by the efficacious management of the **Arboretum Manor**. The latter has received planning approval for a demarcation fence to be erected around the lawn so that next summer they can tell you to keep off the grass on the grass. Watch out for a special international outdoor event next spring. Speaking of outdoor events, this year's Peace festival took Right On Environmentalism to its farcical extreme. The bands are not allocated an amount of time on stage, but a ration of petrol, so that the more amplified you are the less time you get. So imagine Mr.

Verstaile's surprise when, halfway into his second number with *Champion The Underdog*, the p.a. coughed, spluttered and died. Those green organisers were lucky he didn't chase them with a saucepan. And why cause such indignity, to CTU, a band who only ever do gigs for charity?

ON THE ROAD

Calling all gig-goers, musicians, managers, promoters, liggers and groupies. Publishers **Tak Tak Tak** are compiling an anthology of writings about live music called *On The Road*. The editors are looking for stories, anecdotes and reminiscences —funny, sad or absurd— about all forms of music, and the things that can happen when someone gets up on stage in front of an audience. They are not looking for straight journalistic accounts of concerts (send those to **Overall**) or memories of 'great gigs', rather they would like to hear about that gig at the Narrowboat when the strobe lights induced an epileptic fit in the guitarist and no-one noticed because of all the dry ice until the bass player tripped over him. Send your contributions (from a one-liner to 2000 words to : Tak Tak Tak, BCM Tak, LONDON WC1N 3XX.

FREEFORALL SHEEP SHARERS

Results of our competition to win copies of *Let The Good Times Roll* by Sheep On Drugs. The correct answer was 'Greatest Hits'. Winners are: Ms A. Lee, Victoria Park, Nottm; Ms G. McLeod, Campbell Grove, Nottm; Jeff Marshall, Sherwood, Nottm; Ruben Malchow, Hamburg, Germany; Katherine Bancroft, Lenton Rd., Nottm; Dael Walker, Bobbers Mill, Nottm; Mark Bennisson, Sale, Manchester; Steve Robinson, Mablethorpe, Lincs; Emma-Maria Speziale, Carlton, Nottm; Peter Christy, Elstow, Bedford; Marty Betts, Henriques St., London; Jane Bromley, Hale Street, Sheffield; Rob Pitt, Stockwell Gate, Mansfield.

PRONG COMPETITION


The answer was: **PANTERA** Winners are: A Truman, Leighton Street, St. Anns Nottm.; Jon McCallum, Albert Avenue Carlton Nottingham; David Hames, Wallen Street, Radford Nottm. This month you can win a prize simply by taking out a subscription. We have **FIFTEEN MORE** copies of *Let The Good Times Roll* by **Sheep On Drugs** for anyone subscribing in October. The first person to subscribe will receive a **FREE CD** of *Born Dead*, the excellent new album by **Body Count**. So **SUBSCRIBE NOW** while stocks last. Cheques/P.O.s for £12 payable to "Overall" at the address below.

Published by Paul Overall and Georgie with assistance from Andrea, Scotty & The Fish, Hank Quinlan and Dave (TFDN). Contributions from: Christine Chapel, John Haylock, Dave Ellyatt, Wayne Burrows, Steve Lawson, Matt Arnoldi, Dael, Mr. Jones, Gareth Thompson, Ewa Kowalski, Kani Bawa, Gil, Christy O'Neil, Beth, Spartacus, Michael Prince, Paul Vince, Heather, Malcolm Lorimer, Sid Abuse, Bob Beresford. Special thanks to Chris The Resource, Graham The Printer and Nigel The Finisher.

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PULP FICTION (Dir. Quentin Tarantino) photo: Linda R. Chen
Surrounded by an atmosphere of high expectation and ultra-hip hyperbole this controversial Cannes prize winner is Quentin Tarantino's follow up to 1993's acclaimed directorial debut *Reservoir Dogs*. An instant cult classic, it combined cool psychotic characters with a caustic corrosive screenplay and proved totally irresistible to all except the sanctimonious tabloid press and the morally offensive British Board of Film Censors.

Certain to encounter a similar mish-mash of public outrage and critical praise, *Pulp Fiction* not only expands on its predecessor's passion for blood, guns, torture and perversity, but also impresses with its incisive sense of humour and novel narrative structure. Flouting convention, Tarantino constantly cuts between several points in time and three separate but subtly interwoven storylines to create a mesmerising mosaic of multiple moods and emotions. Imagine Robert Altman's recent multi-faceted masterpiece *Short Cuts* put through a blender with Charles Manson and the Marx Brothers and you'll have some idea of the film's explosive, penetrating power.

Perversely, it all begins and ultimately ends in a restaurant, where young lovers Pumpkin (Tim Roth) and Honey Bunny (Amanda Plummer) undertake a robbery that intentionally involves sleazy hit-man Vincent Vega (John Travolta) and his Bible-quoting buddy Jules (Samuel Jackson). This eccentric pair of assassins also play a pernicious part in a disastrous drug overdose, a murderous act of retribution and a rather unfortunate and unsavoury incident inside a car. Butch (Bruce Willis) is an ageing boxer who adds his name to their hit-list after double-crossing their boss in a betting scam, whilst Harvey Keitel, Christopher Walken and Tarantino himself provide unexpected comical moments in their minor, but still marvellously executed, roles. In fact the whole voluminous cast is stunning throughout. Jackson in particular is perfect as a hoodlum harbouring hidden emotional depths, and even Travolta and Willis come through against all the odds with the most credible and convincing performances of their careers.

Finally though, what makes such an outrageously entertaining film and Tarantino such an outstanding creative force is the superb quality of the writing. At its very best—the hilarious dialogue delivered by Walken, for example, or the apparently inconsequential but altogether riveting conversation between Vega and Jules—his work engages and thrills like no other. Influenced and inspired by both literary and cinematographic sources, such as the cliché crime novels of the 30's and 40's and the classic films of Hawks, Welles and Scorsese, *Pulp Fiction* easily fulfills the promise and potential of *Reservoir Dogs*. Critics will say Tarantino should expand his horizons to other subject matters, and although there may be some truth in this, we can only hope that he postpones his Merchant-Ivory period piece for a few more years yet. Films like this are too good and rare to be appraised and passed over so easily. Film of the year? You'd better believe it.

Hank Quinlan

Pulp Fiction opens at Broadway, Odeon and Showcase Cinemas Nottingham from Friday 21st October and at Metro Cinema Derby Nov. 25th - Dec. 8th.

DAZED AND CONFUSED (Dir: Richard Linklater)

After his examination of modern American youth culture in the episodic but very engaging *Slacker*, idiosyncratic director Richard Linklater turns his attention to the mid 1970's and a mixed bunch of bored Texan teenagers. Dopeheads, bullyboys, inexperienced freshmen and sorority bitches all indulge in an assortment of adolescent rites and rituals, while the film accurately reflects the ambiguous nature of their generation, balanced so precariously between 60's idealism and 80's materialism. Undoubtedly *Dazed And Confused* is much funnier and more focused than Linklater's original low-budget debut, scoring high with some strong ensemble performances and a wonderful retro soundtrack (Alice Cooper, Black Sabbath, War, Sweet, Lynyrd Skynyrd, The Runaways, etc.). Although the narrative could have had a tighter structure and the characters a little more emotional depth, the passion and affinity that the film has for its subject matter cannot be faulted. Dazed and confused? Make that amazed and amused — maaan!

Hank Quinlan

COLOUR OF NIGHT (Dir: Richard Rush)

A superficial synthesis of various film genres—action adventure, psycho-drama, murder mystery—this is lightweight, trashy entertainment dressed up with a large dose of analytical pretension. Somewhat improbably, it stars Bruce Willis as a gun-shy psychologist attempting to solve the murder of an old friend and fellow therapist by counselling his cliché group of Californian fruitcakes. Unorthodox latino cop Ruben Blades joins the search for the errant psycho-killer while Jane March provides some erotic underwater love interest. The whole thing moves along at a sprightly pace, and surprisingly sustains interest and a certain amount of intrigue right up until the overblown finale. Examined too closely and it's all total nonsense, but taken on its own merits the *Colour Of Night* is better and more enjoyable than the typical big budget Hollywood junk.

Hank Quinlan



HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (dir. Alex Cox)

In the unusual form of a Mexican thriller about a mean highway cop who tries to take on the might of drug traffickers, *Highway Patrolman* is a return to form for British director Alex Cox. A young rookie is given a notoriously bad stretch of road to patrol, and told to watch out for drug runners who tend to shoot first and ask questions later. As he is fresh out of training school but was given excellent marks, the Chief gives him a superb police car, and we see him confidently striding out, uniform complete with imposing Raybans and the local cops' warning firmly on his mind, "First you pull them over, then you decide what crime to issue them with". The young rookie attempts to do his job to the letter, zealous in his pursuit of vicious drug traffickers almost to the point of being so brave he is blatantly foolish. The car he has been told to look after with great care ends up as a total wreck, and the rookie has to learn the hard way how to get on in this rough environment where often it is better not to follow the letter of the law so closely.

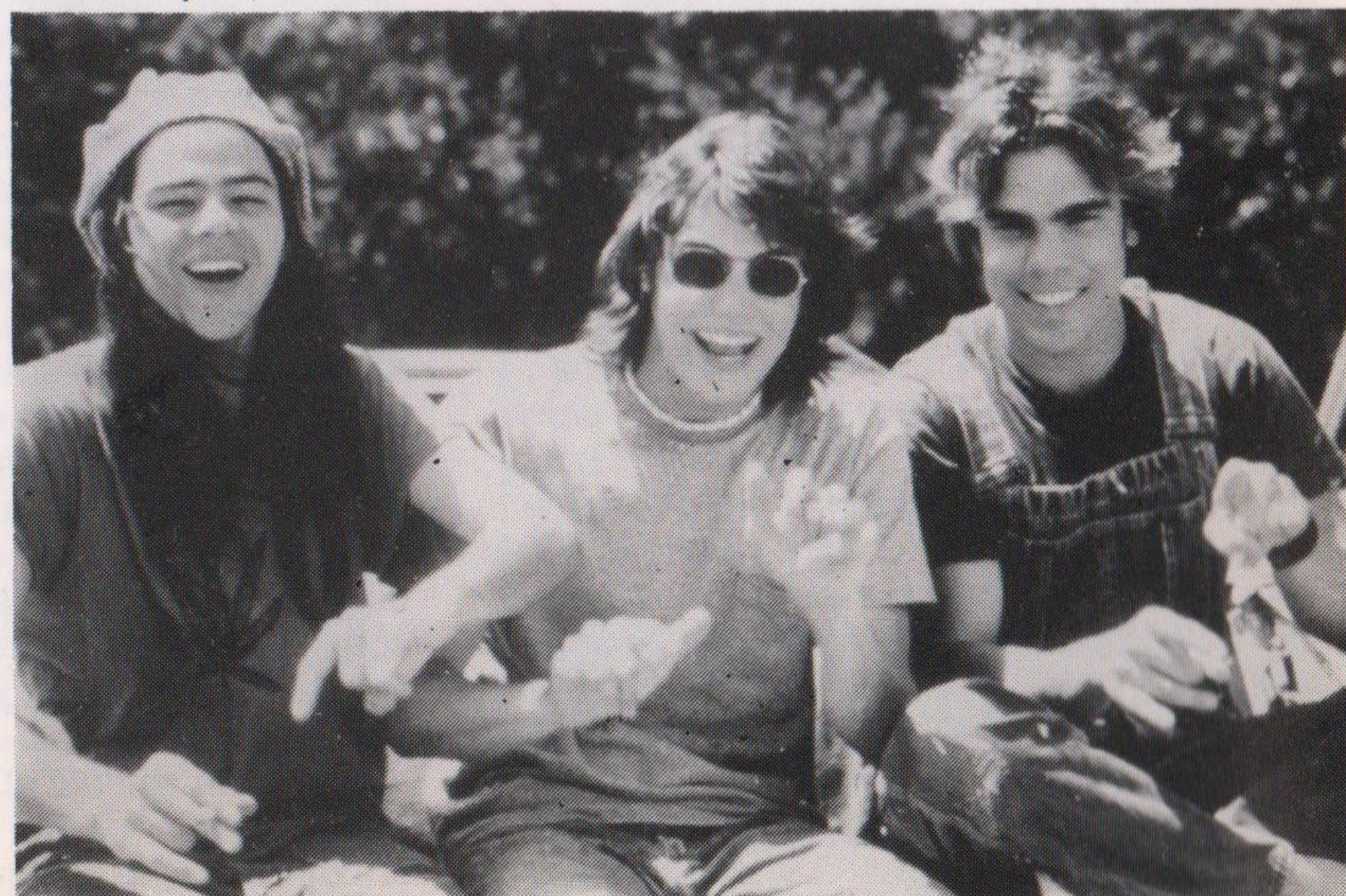
Alex Cox, perhaps better known for his BBC2 voice-overs before late-night cult films on Sundays, directed two hits in the form of *Repo Man* and *Sid And Nancy*, before falling from grace with two features which were not given a release here, though *Highway Patrolman* should give producers renewed confidence in Cox's directorial ability. Taking his subject seriously and filming realistically, Cox injects this Mexican 'cocktail' with a nice line in sardonic humour and leaves you feeling pleased to have seen a decidedly offbeat movie that could easily and neatly be filed alongside *El Mariachi*. Worth catching.

Matt Arnoldi

Highway Patrolman shows at Broadway, Nottingham Monday 24th-Thursdays 27th Oct. and at Metro Cinema Derby Nov. 11th-13th.

FREEFORALL

Dazed And Confused shows at Broadway, Nottingham from Friday 14th - Sunday 23rd October, and thanks to those nice people at the Media Centre we have 3 pairs of tickets and 3 superb soundtrack CDs to give away. To win one of these just give Uncle Hank a call on (0602) 538333 and tell him the name of George Lucas' 1973 teenage cult classic that launched the careers of Richard Dreyfuss, Ron Howard and Harrison Ford.



Mia Kirshner as Dominatrix Benita in *Love And Human Remains*



LOVE AND HUMAN REMAINS (Dir: Denys Arcand)

David (Thomas Gibson) is a seductive but highly sardonic gay actor turned waiter who shares a flat with former female lover and current confidant Candy (Ruth Marshall). Their numerous friends, acquaintances and objects of desire include a frustrated lesbian school teacher, a bitter and twisted misogynist, an infatuated rich young bus boy and a drugged up dominatrix who deals in sadomasochism and psychic examination. Together these troubled and tortuous relationships form a fascinating dramatic framework through which *Love And Human Remains* explores the questions of sexuality, alienation and the desire for, but danger of, emotional commitment. The characters, although pumped full with a somewhat superficial amount of twenty-something angst, remain interesting and involving thanks to a large dose of black humour, a superior script and an excellent young cast. Handled less successfully however is the unnecessary and often obtrusive serial killer subplot. It might have been a good idea back in 1989 when Brad Fraser's original stage play *Unidentified Human Remains And The True Nature Of Love* was first performed, but five years later it's little more than a pointless appendix to the plot, and ultimately a distraction from the film's more serious and stimulating concerns. Thankfully it's the only major flaw as director Denys Arcand wisely plays to his strengths and concentrates on the turbulent lives of his leading protagonists — all suffering from the fall-out of failed love affairs and adrift in the cold grey urban sprawl of an unspecified Canadian city. Full of pain, compassion and sexual promiscuity *Love And Human Remains* is a strange but very satisfying experience.

Hank Quinlan



SHADOW OF A DOUBT (Dir. Aline Isserman)

The opening scene of this film speaks volumes. Elder daughter Alexandrine and younger son Pierre are playing in the woods, whilst their father Jean is filming them. Jean reaches out to touch his daughter, the action seems perfectly innocent, but the daughter recoils in panic. The scene reveals so much merely because it implies that something far worse may be going on. Why should the daughter get in such a panic with her father? Is his touch a sign that his affection for her is anything but natural? Alexandrine reluctantly confesses to a policeman that her father has been abusing her but upon hearing that he has been brought to the police station, she retracts her story. We don't know for sure whether the tale Alexandrine told is true or not, as she is presented as a girl with a wild imagination; children often make things up, a social worker tells her parents. It is to French director Aline Isserman's credit that we never know until the end, whether the daughter has been telling the truth or not. We can see the shock on the father's face as these stories are told, we may wonder as the mother does if she is really telling the truth and throughout, the memory of that first scene suggesting that something improper was going on, keeps coming back to shift the pendulum the other way. Shot in cinemascop with plenty of close-ups to heighten the tension, *Shadow Of A Doubt* is a most effective psychological thriller with a message which needs to be addressed. The lead role of the daughter is played sensitively by Sandrine Blanck (prominent in *Toto Le Heros*) whilst Alain Bashung who plays the father Jean, cleverly raises enough doubt to keep you guessing as to whether he is guilty of the offence or not. *Shadow Of A Doubt*, is a riveting film with fine performances from a well-chosen cast and because it handles a serious subject so sensitively, it does stir the emotions, particularly at the end. It's rare to see films which tackle difficult topics as well as Isserman has done in this one, but French directors often reveal a skill for dealing with difficult subjects poignantly, for example *Olivier Olivier* and *The Lie* which stood out last year.

Matt Arnoldi

MA SAISON PREFERÉE (Dir. André Techine)

Chosen as the opener to the 1993 Cannes Film Festival, the latest film from director André Techine (*Hotel des Américains*, *Les Innocents*) unites two of the leading lights of French cinema, Catherine Deneuve and Daniel Auteuil, in a drama focusing on the relationship between estranged siblings brought back together when their elderly mothers suffers a stroke. Played out against a backdrop of family disputes, resentments and lack of communication, Deneuve and Auteuil are superb as the brother and sister trying to come to terms with both the past and the intensity of their feelings for each other. Their interplay is a delight to watch with Auteuil coaxing Deneuve into dropping the aloof ice maiden persona and becoming altogether more human, exposing the vulnerability that in the other performances she has merely hinted at. Although much of the film is devoted to the Deneuve/Auteuil relationship, *Ma Saison Préférée* boasts a strong supporting cast whose performances are both direct and honest. Marthe Villalonga, another stalwart of French stage and screen, is particularly excellent as the stubborn and cantankerous mother whose refusal to die gracefully and without fuss provides the film with some of its most humanly touching and yet unsentimental moments. Techine directs with simplicity and skill (each scene was shot simultaneously with two cameras allowing him to choose the most vibrant and realistic take) thus concentrating the action upon the characters and their interactions, creating an altogether stronger and more evocative picture of everyday life. Humanistic, sad, humorous and profoundly touching, *Ma Saison Préférée* runs the gamut of human emotion. A must for all lovers of French cinema and for those who are not (yet). **Kath Bancroft**

THE MASK (Dir. Charles Russell)

Based on the books of the same name, *The Mask* is Hollywood's latest addition to the plethora of special effects/cartoon inspired films which it has churned out this summer. The story is simple: Jim Carrey (Cliff Richard on PCP) plays your average bumbling Yank Mr. Nice Guy who is impossibly shy, works in a bank, is hopeless with women and has a bad taste in pyjamas. After a particularly disastrous night out on the town, he stumbles across a mask which once belonged to the Norse God of Mischief who was kicked out of Valhalla and whose effect is to release the repressed emotions and desires of whoever wears it (but for some reason this only works at night). There then follows about an hour and a half of predictable plot involving dodgy bank robbers, a 'sexy' nightclub singer, a loyal hound, incompetent cops and the inevitable schmaltzy 'nice guy gets the girl' ending. *The Mask*, however, contains some superb special effects created by the ILM (Industrial Light and Magic) team who were also responsible for *Jurassic Park* and *The Flintstones*. In *The Mask* they create a figure which is a mixture of both real person and cartoon. 3-D but not. The problem with this film is its uncertainty as to exactly which audience it is aiming at, carrying as it does a PG certification and containing some fairly violent scenes and some vaguely adult humour. It ends up borrowing from *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*, *Batman* and *Beetlejuice* and is nowhere as good as any of those three. Disconcerting it may be at times, *The Mask* is ultimately nothing more than celluloid proof that if you try to make a Tim Burton-esque film without the biting satire you're onto a bit of a loser.

Kath Bancroft

HONG KONG CINEMA - OVER THE EDGE!

This brilliant bi-monthly blitz of oriental action and eastern mayhem continues at Broadway Media Centre on Sunday 6th November. *Magic Cop*, *Last Hero In China* and *Tai Chi Master* make up an imposing triple bill, with the latter two films featuring the formidable and very talented Jet Lee. As an extra special inducement to all those who have so far resisted the pleasures of these martial arts matinees the cost of admission has been cut to an unbelievable £1.00! Tickets are only available on the day on a first come first served basis, so get there early. Doors open at 10.30 a.m., with the first film starting an hour later at 11.30 and the bar serving alcoholic beverages from 12.00, for a spooky and spectacular afternoon's entertainment.

In the meantime they have just published *The Essential Guide To Hong Kong Movies*, which reviews in great depth everything from the genre's acknowledged classics to its more obscure oddities. If you want to find out more about the heroic bloodshed of *John Woo* or the Kung Fu of *Jackie Chan* then this is the place to look. Copies are available now from Forbidden Planet or by mail order from Eastern Heroes, PO Box 409, London, SE18 3DW, price £12.99 (plus £1.50 p+p), cheques payable to 'Future Shop'.

Hank Quinlan

COMING SOON....

When A Man Loves A Woman brings together Andy Garcia and Meg Ryan in a family drama about the effects of alcoholism directed by Luis Mandoki. On the whole this is powerful stuff, with a cogent screenplay, some strong lines and believable performances. The ending (typical Hollywood style) is a slight let-down but probably what most of the audience would want after the anguish that has gone before. Surprisingly good for a Hollywood film, they could've really batched up!

Speed is 'Die Hard on a bus'. Heart-throb Keanu Reeves provides the athleticism which goes with the role but missing are the quips that Bruce Willis would have come up with to keep the plot jogging along. Action-packed but expect to suspend belief after an excellent beginning.

Starring Steve Buscemi, *Airheads* is a trashy rock comedy about a useless rock group who take over the local radio station to ensure their new song gets airplay. It's noisy, it's brash and most of the jokes fall flat. If you find yourselves going into this one, try and get stoned beforehand then you might find some amusement in it.

The Slingshot is an oddball Swedish comedy and rites of passage tale about a youngster growing up with a Jewish mother selling condoms on the black market and a socialist father, attacked for his beliefs and addicted to morphine. If that wasn't aggravation enough, the kid has a boxing-mad brother eager to use him as a punch-bag. Amusing for all its eccentricities, the film is engrossing enough but doesn't move you emotionally in any way.

Smoking/No Smoking is to be avoided like the plague. Alain Resnais collaborates with Alan Ayckbourn over two play adaptations which are supposed to be funny but are just plain dreary. A form of human torture would be to make someone watch both of these. They just don't work.

Starring Tom Berenger and Jeff Daniels, *Gettysburg* is the recreation of the American Civil War battle. Overlong but the battle scenes are tremendous and you can have a competition whilst watching as to who you think possesses the most outrageous moustache and beard combination. I gave it to Berenger!

The Red Squirrel is a clever psychological thriller from up and coming Spanish director Julio Medem, based on role-play, as a young man takes a girl suffering from amnesia out of a hospital ward, passes her off as his girlfriend and takes her off to a camp-site! Oddball drama that works because Medem keeps a tight rein on it.

Matt Arnoldi

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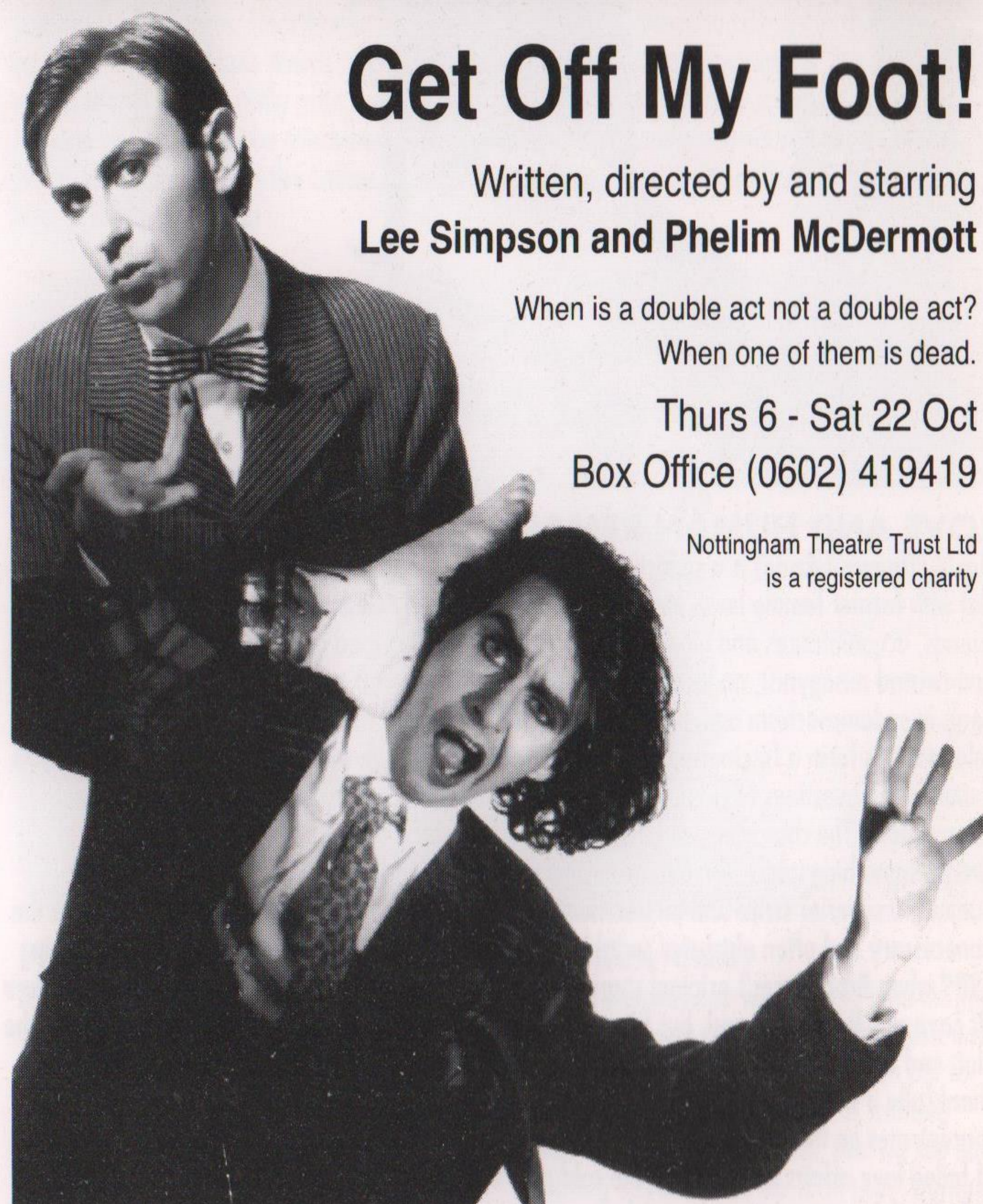
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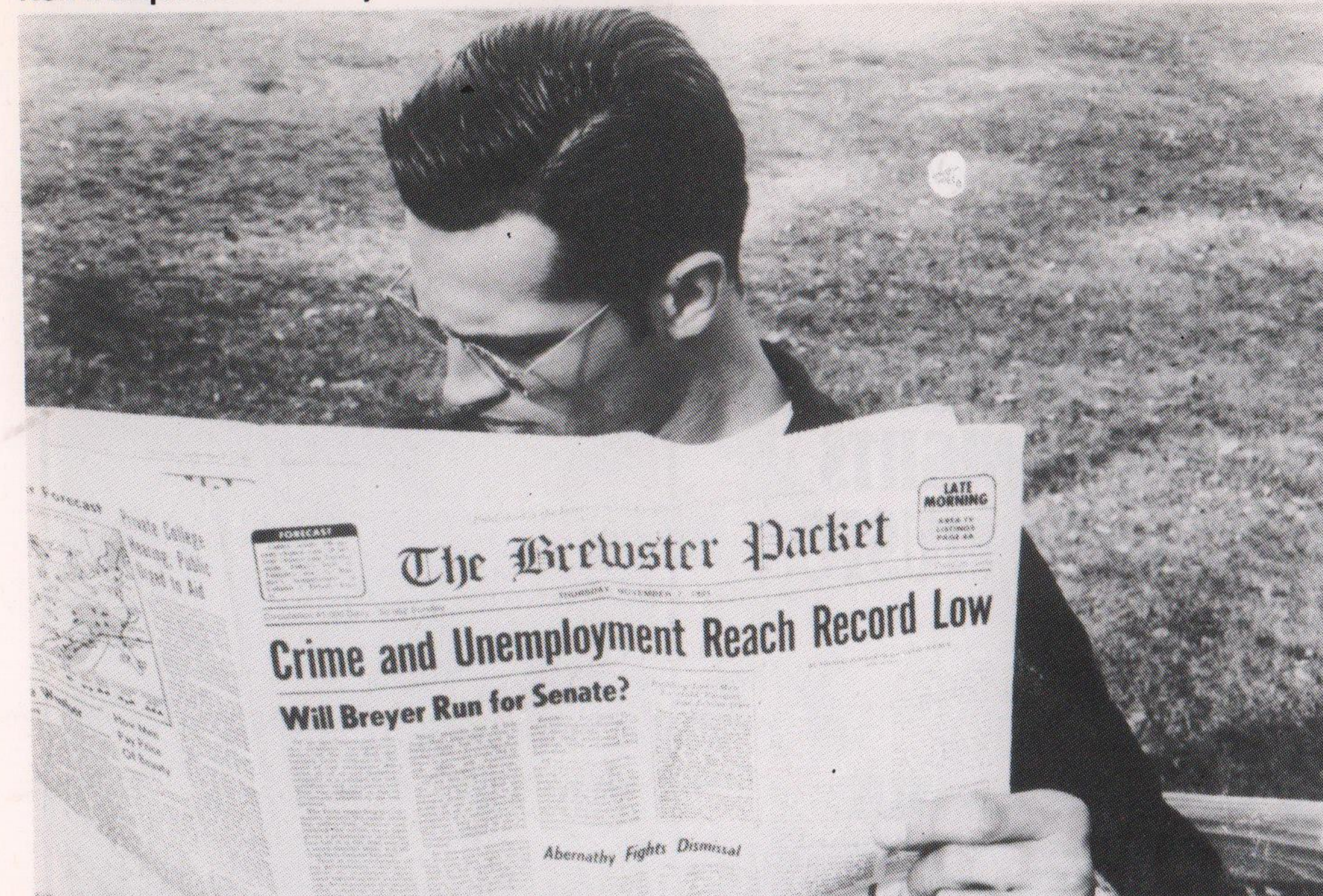
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Ron Marquette as Whiley Pritchett in *Public Access*



PUBLIC ACCESS (Dir: Brian Singer)

Arriving like some ghostly apparition in a small mid-western town, a mysterious and malevolent stranger impudently becomes the host of a controversial TV talk show. By cynically exploiting the viewers' gripes and grievances he quickly creates a climate of suspicion, hostility and hatred, and exposes, beneath a facade of affluence, a rotten underbelly of bigotry and corruption. The underlying motivation behind this animosity however remains unclear, though the ensuing uncertainty only adds to an already unsettling atmosphere. Indeed an undercurrent of tension is carefully sustained throughout the film, and only escalates out of control when events suddenly and violently reach an unexpected conclusion. If anything though, *Public Access*, with its ambiguous morality and metaphysical allusions, comes across like a contemporary take on big Clint's classic western *High Plains Drifter*. Surprisingly similar situations and central characters reverberate through both films, with the brooding menace of newcomer Ron Marquette being more than a match for Eastwood's original exterminating angel.

Maybe this won't appeal to everyone's taste — some will find the plot too protracted, others the protagonists too prosaic — but it is without doubt an assured piece of film-making. Possessing a rare intelligence and an evocative virulence *Public Access* is a positive treat.

Hank Quinlan

NEWS

TANK GIRL The Movie is currently in production in New Mexico and the Arizona desert. Directed by Rachel Talalay (*Hairspray*, *Cry Baby*) it stars Lori Petty (*Point Break*, *Free Willy*) as Tank Girl, Naomi Watts (*Flirting*) as Jet Girl and Malcolm McDowell as Kesslee, the ruthless head of the Department Of Water. Sub Girl is played by Icelandic diva Björk, with Iggy Pop as Ratface and Ice-T as a mutant kangaroo. This \$30 million "Clockwork Orange for the '90s" is due for UK release next Spring.

DARKER SHOTS

Broadway Media Centre's prestigious international mystery and thriller festival is to move from its usual June slot. In 1995 it will take place from 21st September until 1st October to coincide with Bouchercon, the World Mystery Convention. The largest event of its kind in the world.

A Theatre For All Seasons

Nottingham Playhouse: The First Thirty Years 1948-1978 by John Bailey (Alan Sutton Publishing) is the story of three golden decades of Nottingham Playhouse, one of the most exciting theatres in the country during the 60's and 70's. The story epitomises the history of theatre after the Second World War as new ideas, talent and writing flourished in the regions, and new buildings sprang up to house them. The author, a founding board member and now honorary president gives an eyewitness account of one of the most remarkable theatre ventures in recent times. Available from Waterstones in paperback for £12.99.

ANIMAL NATIONS

Steven Berkoff's play *Kvetch* is the latest production from 'performing arts tribe' Animal Nations. Presented at Nottingham's newest and possibly only fringe performance venue Plato's Cave (9, St. James's St.) the play is a study of the effects of anxiety on the nagging kvetch that keeps you awake, wishes to taste your blood and suck your confidence. Performances from 13th-16th and 20th-23rd Oct. Further details 0602 788444.

It's NOW '94

Embracing contemporary music, installation, live art, theatre, dance, film and video, Now '94 is Nottingham City Council's unique programme of events that crosses the traditional boundaries between art forms, develops traditional cultural practices and makes them accessible to a broad section of the public. It takes place in many varied locations around the city beginning on 21st Oct. with Running With Fires, a spectacular display of fireworks and site-specific 3D sculptures in the Old market square 8pm. See programme for full details of events of this, Europe's largest festival of performance.

JAMAIS VU

Anarchic visionary Ken Campbell brings his bizarre new show *Jamais Vu* to Leicester's Phoenix Arts Centre on Saturday Oct 8th. Completing the trilogy that began with *Furtive Nudist* (1991) and *Pigsport* (1992), *Jamais Vu* follows Campbell to a regional secure unit where he meets a man who thinks he is John Birt and to meet a South Pacific jungle tribe who worship the Duke Of Edinburgh. Campbell was the founder of the Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool where he directed the record breaking 22 hour long cult play *Time Warp* and a stage version of Robert Anton Wilson's *Illuminatus!* *Jamais Vu* won Best Comedy of 1993 Evening Standard Award.

PURR 2

Purr is the quarterly journal by Simon Henwood, now in its second issue. It features contributions from the late Robin Cook, Henry Rollins, Jamie Hewitt (creator of Tank Girl), Max Decharne (former drummer with Gallon Drunk), H. R. Giger (designer of Alien), offering a fine balance of superb artwork and excellent writing. Available for £5 from independent book and comic shops.

DR. STRANGE HANK

Winners of the three copies of *Peter Sellers: A Film History* in last month's 'Dr. Strange Hank' competition, whose correct answer was 'Clouseau' were Andy Jenkinson of Oadby, Leicester; Rob Squires of Upper Denby, Huddersfield; and Jeff Marshall of Sherwood, Nottingham. Copies are on their way to you.

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Answers on a postcard to Pulp Hank, c/o Overall,
PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham NG7 4DG to arrive
no later than 15th October. Hank's decision is final.

PETER CUSHING'S MONSTER MOVIES

Edited by Paul Haining

Pub. Robert Hall London

Chosen by the late Peter Cushing, *Monster Movies* is a compilation of short horror stories selected to represent actual characters or facets of characters played by the actor during his career. The stories are extremely diverse encompassing a wide variety of writing styles and perceptions of what a horror story is. Some use the conventional horror format while others focus on psychological aspects. The book also contains lesser known stories by well known authors such as Mary Shelley and Alexander Dumas. Fans of Peter Cushing might be disappointed by his modest contribution, but if you enjoy old school horror tales in the vein of Poe and Shelley, this is the book for you.

Kath Bancroft

* We have four copies of Peter Cushing's *Monster Movies* to give away this month. Question: Who wrote *Frankenstein*? Answers to 'Peter Cushing' c/o Overall.

STAY OUT OF THE SHOWER

Beginning on Thursday 13th October at the Metro Cinema in Derby is an intriguing eight week course which closely examines the portrayal of the serial killer in cinema. Through a series of special screenings and informal discussion groups, the course will seek to explore issues of representation, authentication and audience fascination. The discussions will be led by Film Studies lecturer Robert Nisbet and Metro director Tony Whitehead, and the cinematic highlights include Michael Mann's menacing and malevolent *Manhunter* (13th Oct.) and Ealing's classic black comedy starring Alec Guinness, *Kind Hearts And Coronets* (24th Nov.). For more information about course fees (concessionary rates available) and screening times contact the Metro on 0332 340170. Have Fun.

Hannibal Hank

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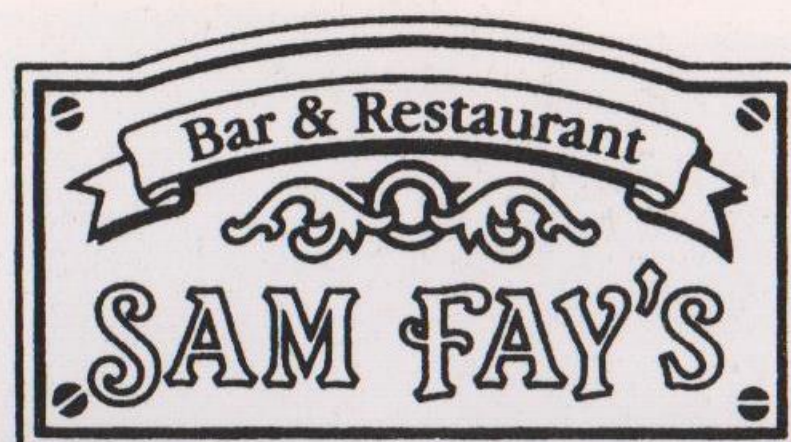
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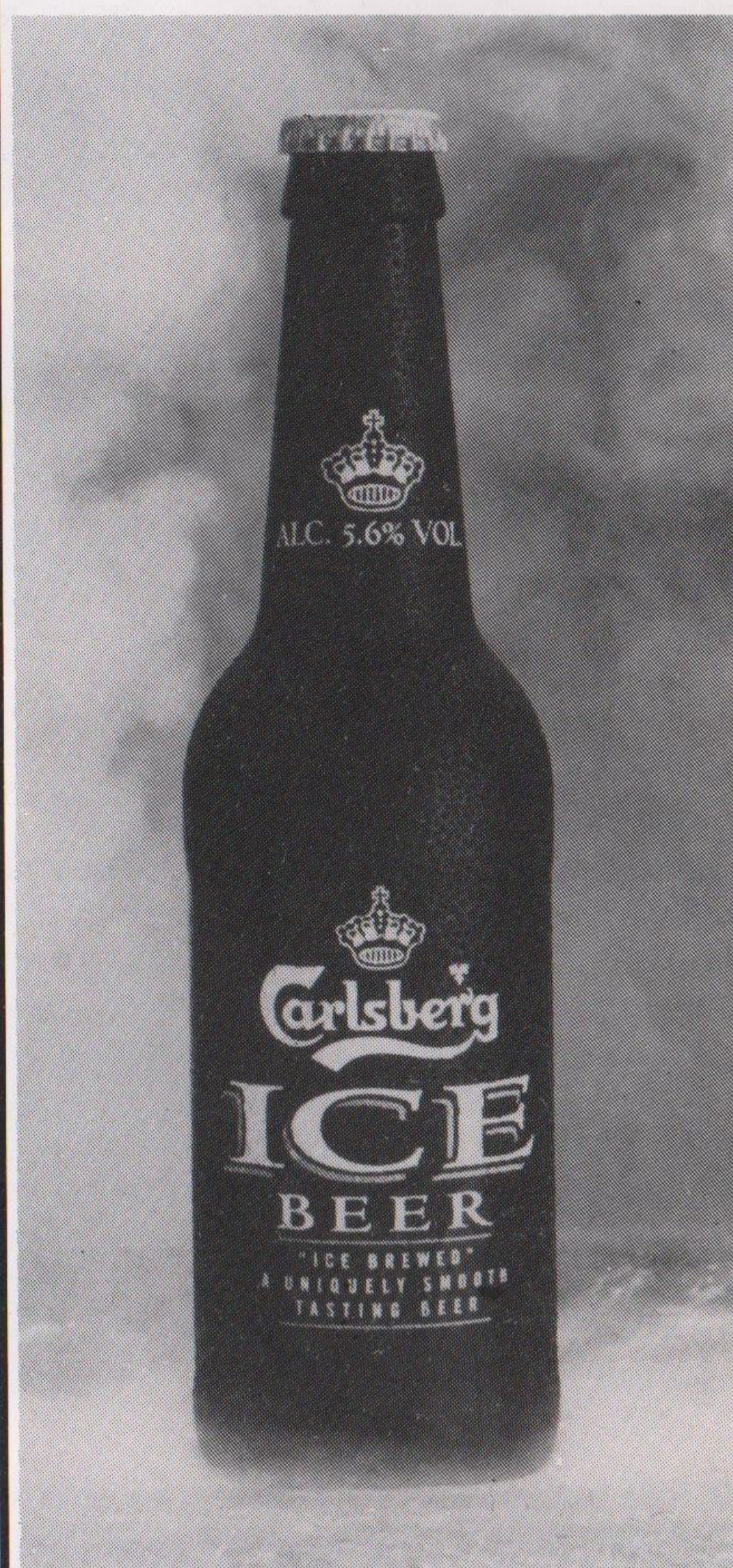
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Q. Which unforgattable brand of
Carlsberg beer once graced the back
page of Overall for six months?

demolition:



MUTINY Any Way You Can

Wild folk punk band Mutiny have been getting Australian crowds dancing for years. Formed in '91 by ex Australian punk band members they took the energy and politics of punk and fused it with the catchy melodies and rhythms of celtic folk. This C.D. is the business - Blind Mole Rat and Spithead come to mind - this is powerful and danceable. Lyrics about squatting, police harrassment and the homeless. "Well you know sometimes I get the urge/ to play Black Sabbath in a Sunday Church". Never get caught.

EX CATHEDRA Stick Together EP

I saw this band at Leicester and was amazed to find a Ruts for the 90's. Powerful and melodic live, their EP is let down by poor production. This has D.I.Y. written all over it — cloth sprayed cover, no label and an information booklet. "Stick together or grow apart, black and white well that's a start" (Stick Together) "These evil people have pumped things into your pig-shit head/ the only good nazi is one that's dead!" (SCARED). We need the Ruts attitude in the '90's, stand back and give Ex Cathedra room. Real punk with a D.I.Y. attitude available for £1.50 from Alex, 8 Allison St., Govanhill, Glasgow.

CDS Tempo Tantrums

41 tracks — phew! Absolutely spot on punk rock demo from the Cider Death Squad. This is dance along anthemic punk like the early Subhumans or a more hardcore UK Subs. To some it's old hat but as far as I'm concerned it's the business. The best tracks are Automatic, Do What Makes You Happy and Man Enough, but each song shines with an originality so often missing in today's Discharge clone bands. Maximum punk points. Available from Ruptured Ambitions, Old Forge Cottage, Rusford, Lamerton, Tavistock, Devon.

KONFUSION Weird Unlimited

Six hard, crusty and abrasive songs from these Leicester loonies of doom-laden ropehead rock, well packaged and a fair production. This stuff comes over better in front of a packed toilet full of soap dodgers. No, seriously this is good, and reminds me of Deviated Instinct. I look forward to seeing them live.

TFDN

LURID (& THE) VELVET UNDERPANTS Cows Have Udders

Something of a stab at Nottingham supergroupdom, in which the more ganyemede half of Mustard Rock team up with the pro-pederast wing of King Mouse for an extended session of toot'n'clunk, performed through various stages of herbal disorientation. Roughly speaking, the tape is a short history of Western music in reverse, taking us from Capt. B.-style bray, through the complex polyrhythms of medieval hip-hop and winding up in the primordial swamp of note-less scraping and muttering. Shows that the Mustard folks can still, uh, cut it in the anti-Rock stakes when they stop worrying about such trifles as chord progressions, tunings and playing the same song at the same time as the rest of the band. A Hit, and don't forget where you read it first.

RINGSNATCH

Waldenscheiss: Bedienen Sie Sich!

A disappointment. Kinda pretty, kinda pleasant pub background music from a band I know to comprise of some of the most ugly and objectionable people you could ever hope to meet (you mean you've never seen the drummer's colonic irrigation party-trick?). The band sound tired, bored and past it, which is a shame, since the singer shows at least some signs of living up to their self-styled death-dwarf image. His dementoid whine and anally-fixed lyrics mark him as the sort of guy who obviously thinks solvent abuse is "cool", and probably jerks off nightly to grubby old Compact Youtit Machine demos. If only the rest of the band would let such admirable character traits rub off on them then this lot'd be worth a look, even if it was purely out of voyeurism. (Phone 'em up and ask for a fight: 0602-856229)

SICKENING MUSIC ENSEMBLE

Two Juxtapositions For Sick And Church

I suppose this lot are something like Cheshire's answer to the A Band, but minus the prog-rock undertow of that particular mug of yeast. Nope, these are the gen-u-whine article: no sneaking in of Soft Machine riffs, no jazz-through-the-back-door time-signatures and, most importantly, no cod "cosmic" philosophies. Instead, they whirr and clatter about on whatever instruments, and non-instruments, come to hand, chuck the whole lot through an echo unit, and bask contented in the utter no-fi of it all. No songs, no tunes, no rhythms, no nothing. A sterling example of how all music will one day be created.

TEA KULTURE

When I Hear The Words Tea Kulture I Reach For My Gun

Taking a defiantly punk rock stance, with none of yer S*M*A*S*H* style retro-isms, Tea Kulture prove that you don't need guitars or drums or, indeed, any musical instruments in order to form a band. It's simple: Just cut'n'paste huge chunks of sound liberated from across the musical spectrum, add an abrasive humour and Sellotape a water pistol to the cassette box. It's guaranteed to annoy the hell outta yer friends and parents, as you burble along to the incessant tape-loopage as you burble along to the incessant tape-loopage as you burble..... all the while sprinkling 'em with tiny jets of a liquid of your own choosing. A Rock'n'Roll classic, and no mistake.

NC

HEMP Dying Fly Demo

Hemp hail from Retford, they used to be known as Wej, and their gormless press release photo has the caption "cheesy grins and all". They're obviously quite pleased with themselves, but God knows why. Despite their competent playing, this is vacuous nondescript rock, complete with stale riffs, and about as much sparkle and personality as John Major.

ML

L4TN Listen 4 The Noise cassette

The acronymous logo designed to look like 'LATIN', L4TN are more percussive oriented with flights of wild jazz decorating this beautifully produced full length cassette from '92, with another one on the way. They performed a well groovy set at the recent Riverside Festival including a ripping version of the Santana classic Oye Como Va.

CC

SOMETHING SHORT cassette

One of those incestuous latin jazz funk outfits, part Mind The Gap, part Stak It Up, part Rikki Martinez. Cool, summery and bookable. (0602 534777)

WONDERLAND Sci-Fi Hi-Fi

Not a year old and already taking on the concept of the concept, in this case science fiction. Truly a product of the First Wave TV generation, Wonderland find in the Twilight Zone some muppetry, TV Evangelism, Pigs (64) in Space and African rhythms. This is light years ahead of their Girlfriend™ demo, highly original and right up my orbital trajectory.

CC

GORILLA

Quite the best demo I've heard in ages, Gorilla may be an unfamiliar name but if I tell you that this is a side project from Derby's The Beyond, you may understand what all the fuss is about. *Dream On* is a full steam ahead, all systems go rock out and as with all three tracks the vocals, courtesy of rockin' John Whitby, are outstanding. *Ripe* contains many strange sounding guitar riffs which insidiously work their distorted way into your memory. *Ping* is my personal favourite, a dynamic little number with the obligatory quiet bit/loud bit/quiet bit again, nevertheless extremely effective. It's rock music Jim, but not as we know it.

BLOOM

Bloom are very inoffensive, on the inner sleeve is an excerpt from The Orchid's Natural History and Classification. The extract is about the business of pollination, and reminds us that... "no real thought or planning is involved on the part of the plant, and very little on the part of the animal." If Bloom are the plant, they have been unwittingly pollinated by a poor REM song which they play on this tape four times, with gaps in between.

SHARON

I love the name of this band. But this is pretty drab stuff. I expected more of you, Sharon. And don't overdo the wah-wah pedal, Sharon.

Gil

THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR SPARE DEMOS #4.

1. **SALTY DOG** is an amusing fanzine from Northwich in Cheshire, a demographic anomaly for which they are quite apologetic, but where a scene is growing. The 'zine includes listings and they also put on gigs. It's distributed free of charge so if you want a copy send an s.a.e. along with your spare demo to Joolz McLarnon, Salty Dog, The Garage, Oakwood Lane, Barnton, NORTHWICH, Cheshire, CW8 4HE.

2. **MUTRON RECORDS** who released Hed's Reignance during summer, like "avant-garde, off the wall, pushing back the frontiers" kind of music, according to director David Crompton so he deserves everything you send him at Mutron, Bramley Cottages, Station Road, WOLDINGHAM, Surrey, CR3 7DD.

3. **C50771 Campbell, T.** is currently detained at Her Majesty's pleasure up at the Perry Road Hotel in Sherwood where, he writes, it is difficult for prisoners serving long sentences to obtain good music. So anybody out there who has any tapes they no longer listen to (or any bands or record companies wanting to do a bit of PR even—this is the stuff The Sun headlines are made of) send them to C50771 Campbell, T., H.M. Prison, Perry Road, Sherwood, Nottingham NG5 3AG.

4. **CREATE! CONNECT! COMMUNICATE!** So hails Earzone, an Essex-based fanzine whose issue #3 includes Nottingham's very own Bob Tilton along with Submarine, Pinhead Nation, top agit-crossover groovers Papa Brittle, Poisoned Electric Head, Levitation Old Fruit and many more. So cretae, connect and communicate with Earzone, 47a Beedell Avenue, Westcliffe-on-Sea, Essex, SS0 9JR. S.a.e. plus 40p if you want a copy.

5. **N.T.T. Productions** comprise four record labels. Celestial deals in techno/acid; Juice Groove is a housey label; Collide is for trancey techno and Red Eye is for deep house. Appropriate demos to N.T.T. Productions c/o Overall, PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham NG7 4DG.

6. Free studio time is being offered by **Arnold & Carlton College** to three local bands. demo tapes are invited from all local musicians, closing date is Nov. 4th. Contact Carlos Thrall, Popular Music and Sound engineering Dept. Arnold & Carlton College, Digby Avenue, Mapperley, Nottingham NG3 1BR.

7. **BGR** is the new label started by David Ryley of Fudge Tunnel and is always on the look-out for bands of the noisier persuasion whether they're from Nottingham, Derby or the Planet Tharg. David lives in PO Box 54, West PDO, Nottingham NG8 2TZ.

DUM DUMS

formed in Nottingham in late 1993, are Phil (Bass), Pog (Guitar), Bob (Drums) and Kev (Vocals). They spent the first months of 1994 writing and rehearsing which culminated in their first demo, recorded at Nottingham's Square Centre Recording Studios in April, which month also saw their first live show at the Narrowboat. The band has subsequently gigged around the East Midlands, notably at Rock City where they supported Mutha's Day Out and have since headlined. They quickly built up a following and have attracted substantial attention from the local press. The distinctive hard grooving sound of Dum Dums has already them the reputation as the most exciting live band in the region. They have just recorded a second demo and plan to gig extensively this autumn. Overallrounder **Andrea Lee** bit the Rubber Biscuit during rehearsal to find out where they're coming from.

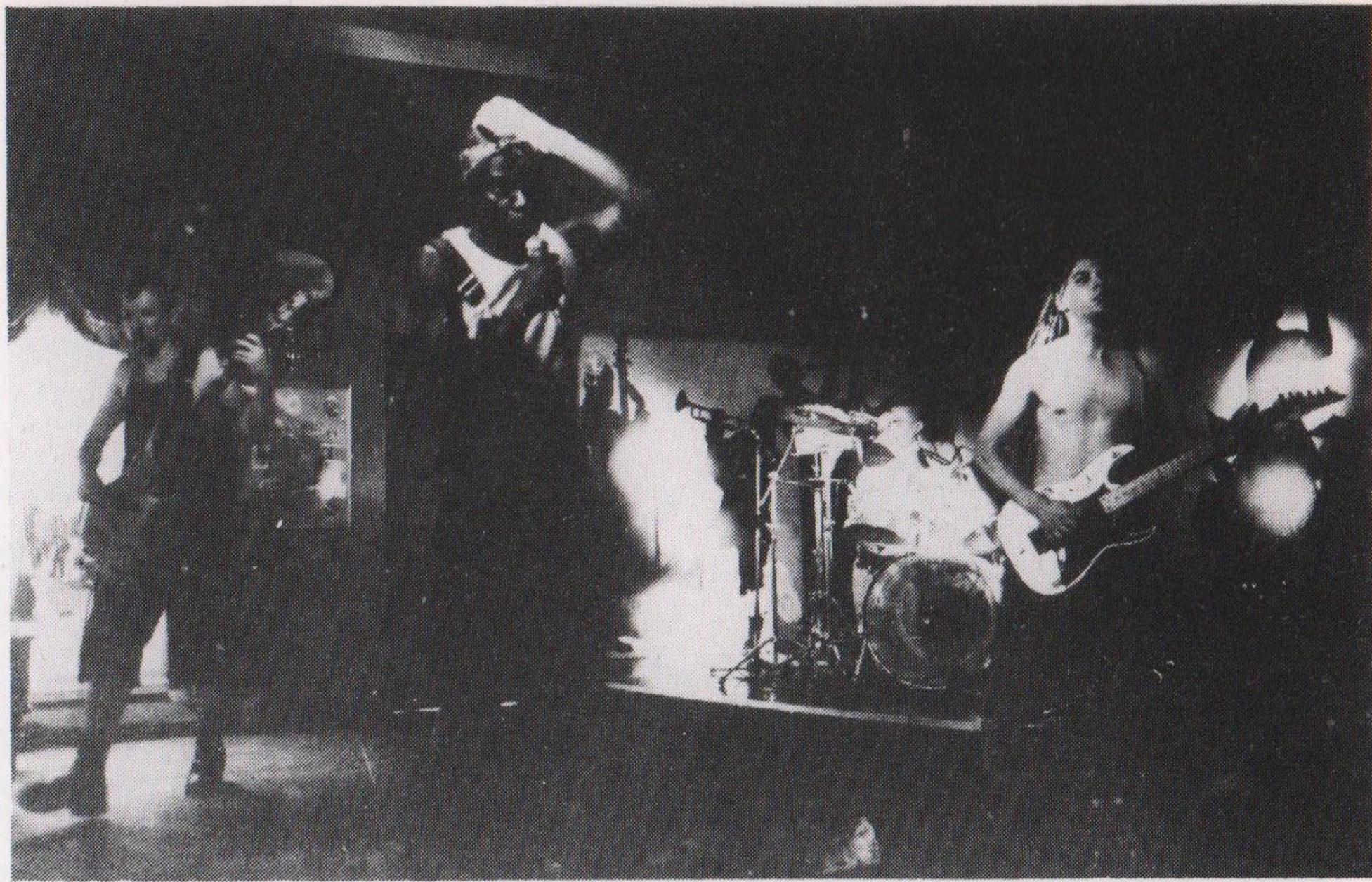


photo: Andrea Lee

How was the band formed?

Phil: "Bob and I have known each other quite some time, and about a year ago I put down a few tunes in a studio. I then came across Pog, which was kind of a coffee shop story, we were both roadying for different bands who were playing in Beeston and I saw him and thought 'he looks like he could be in our band.' We had a rough idea of what vocals we wanted, the personality and everything had to be there. There were some who auditioned who thought we were into Aerosmith or Tori Amos!" Kev: "There was What's New Pussycat' by Tom Jones on the tape I brought with me but they didn't let me get that far. And one day we're gonna sing it." (*The conversation slides into a Tom Jones appreciation society chat*). "They made me sweat for a week. Bob rang and said 'Welcome aboard' and then I said 'Do you watch Captain Pugwash?' and he said 'No, because they've banned it'.

You have a rather silly name. Where did it come from?

Kev: "Can I just clear up the fact that it's not THE Dum Dums, it's just Dum Dums."

Phil: "Well, it's not like a heavy metal cliché, it's about people who aren't comfortable understanding society the way it is."

Like the Iggy Pop song?

Phil: "Yes, I suppose it is. Also of course, the Touché Turtle sidekick is, in fact, Dum Dum. That is where it came from, subconsciously."

Kev: "Phil's got a child and it's got a dummy. We had the name before we had the child. And in Roger Rabbit, Bob Hoskins shoots these cartoon bullets at somebody and they go the wrong way, and he goes 'Dum Dums!'."

Your'e receiving a lot of media attention. What are your future plans?

Phil: We've been lucky enough to have a buzz that's going around Nottingham that seems to have spread to London and there are a few majors who have been ringing us up and hassling us...at the moment we're hoping to impress a few of them.... we certainly feel that live is the arena where we're going to show people what we're about. Yeah, we're getting a few sniffs of interest, but no quitting the day job and telling the boss to fuck off."

Kev: "We don't know what's going to happen. But obviously we hope it's going to be all good. And at the moment it seems to be. And I don't think Henry: Portrait Of A Serial Killer was as good as it was made out to be."

Do you think your charisma will come across on record?

Kev: "As far as I'm concerned what we've recorded so far does not capture the essence of what we're about. We are a live thing. We wanna record. We want lots of money. But, hey, we're striving. We've been quite busy recently. I need a rest. I'm going to Air Studios to do some stuff for Robert Palmer. Honest, I don't lie! And then when I get back we're gonna play the Narrowboat. We might do some songs, but we're gonna play for a while with sticklebricks."

You've already started being compared to other bands, like Living Colour, The Chili Peppers and more interestingly Nottingham's The Killing Floor. What have you to say in your defence?

Phil: "I've never even seen them. The only connection I have is the lead singer auditioned for a band I was in 6 years ago, and I thought he was great."

Kev: "What it is is that the singer and his brother (who sings with the Psycho Groove Muthas) went to my old school so my ex-school obviously turns out these black people who wanna show off. That's the secret of the Dum Dums."

What have been your influences?

Phil: Everything you like and listen to is gonna influence what you write. We've all got quite diverse music tastes.

Kev: There are only so many notes, you know. The only other option is to play backwards, and then we'd get sued.

Likes and dislikes?

Pog: I dislike the Housing Benefit office that's dealing with my claim. But I do like beans on toast with mushrooms and cheese.

Bob: I don't like Whitney Houston, I think she shouts.

Kev: Of all these alternative/new wave whatever you want to call them bands that are out there, only Fishbone don't seem to have had their turn. I want them to get out there and sell 10 million albums. They are the only band I'd be in apart from this band. Oh, and I like cats. I have a female cat called Alan. I don't like my age and I don't like my name. I was not gonna have a name, but Prince did it first. Phil: And what's the reason why Fishbone haven't made it? Kev: Because they're too black, and too strong. Like me.

And your message to the world is?

Bob: Just think.

Kev: I wish people could just live and let live. I wanna be a free spirit and love everybody but people won't let you. That's the real drag in life. There are two things that are important to me. One, my heart ring, because it symbolises love. Second, my tattoo of the sun, cause if I wake up in the morning and the sun's shining then I'm a happy man.

There ends the interview and I promise them all an Anglo Bubbly apiece.

You can see Dum Dums live at the Narrowboat on the 24th September.

The Tardis

Guitars, synths, samplers and sitars

Live Bands, DJs and Decor

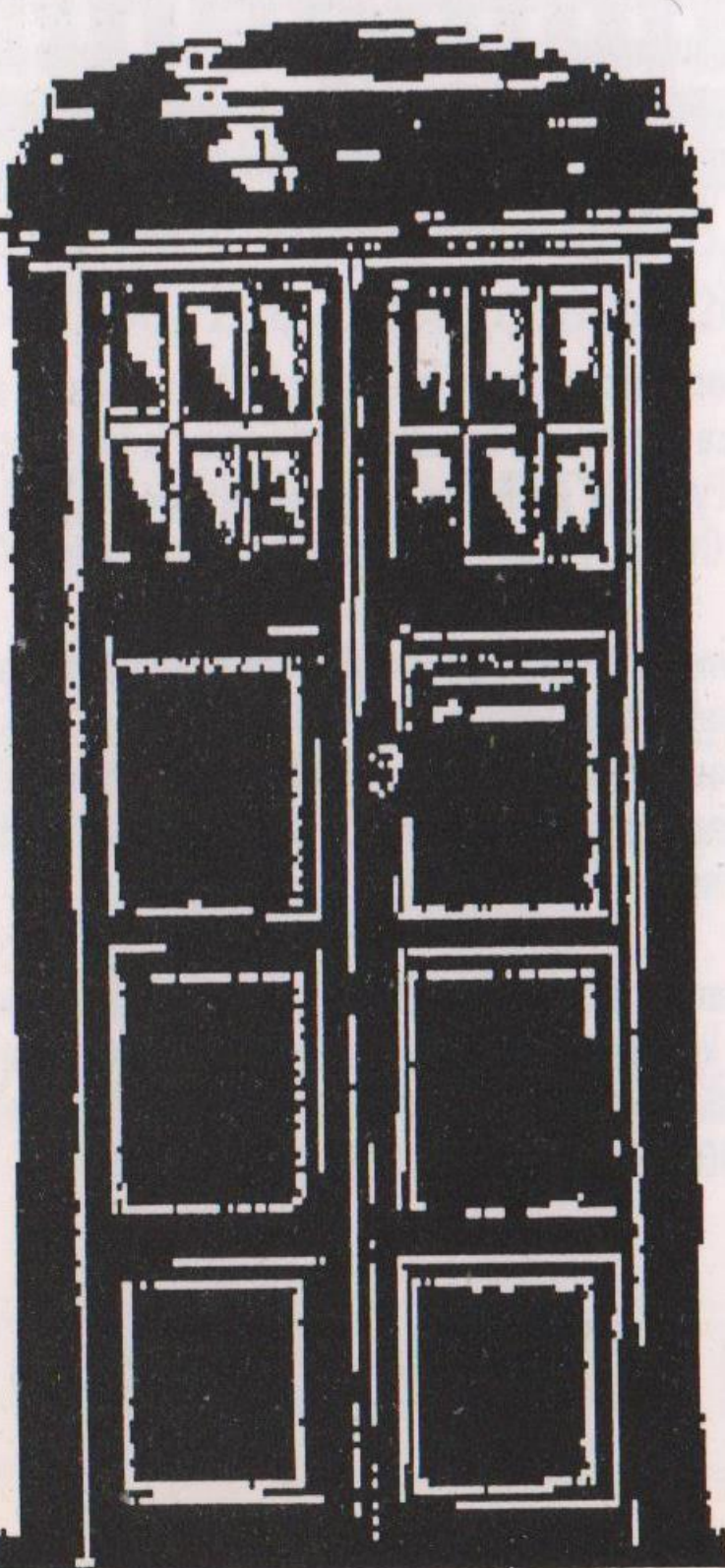
Oct. 8th **Swirlmonkey**
+ Wonderland
Oct. 22nd **HELIOTROPE**
+ support
Nov. 5th **Orange de luxe**
+ Venus
Nov. 19th **WHOLESOME FISH**

Two Quid on Door Pub prices 8 'til late

The Britannia Boat Club,
Trentside, Nottingham

(just off Trent Bridge, by New Forest Stand)

Demos, DJs or more info: (0602) 821994/817855



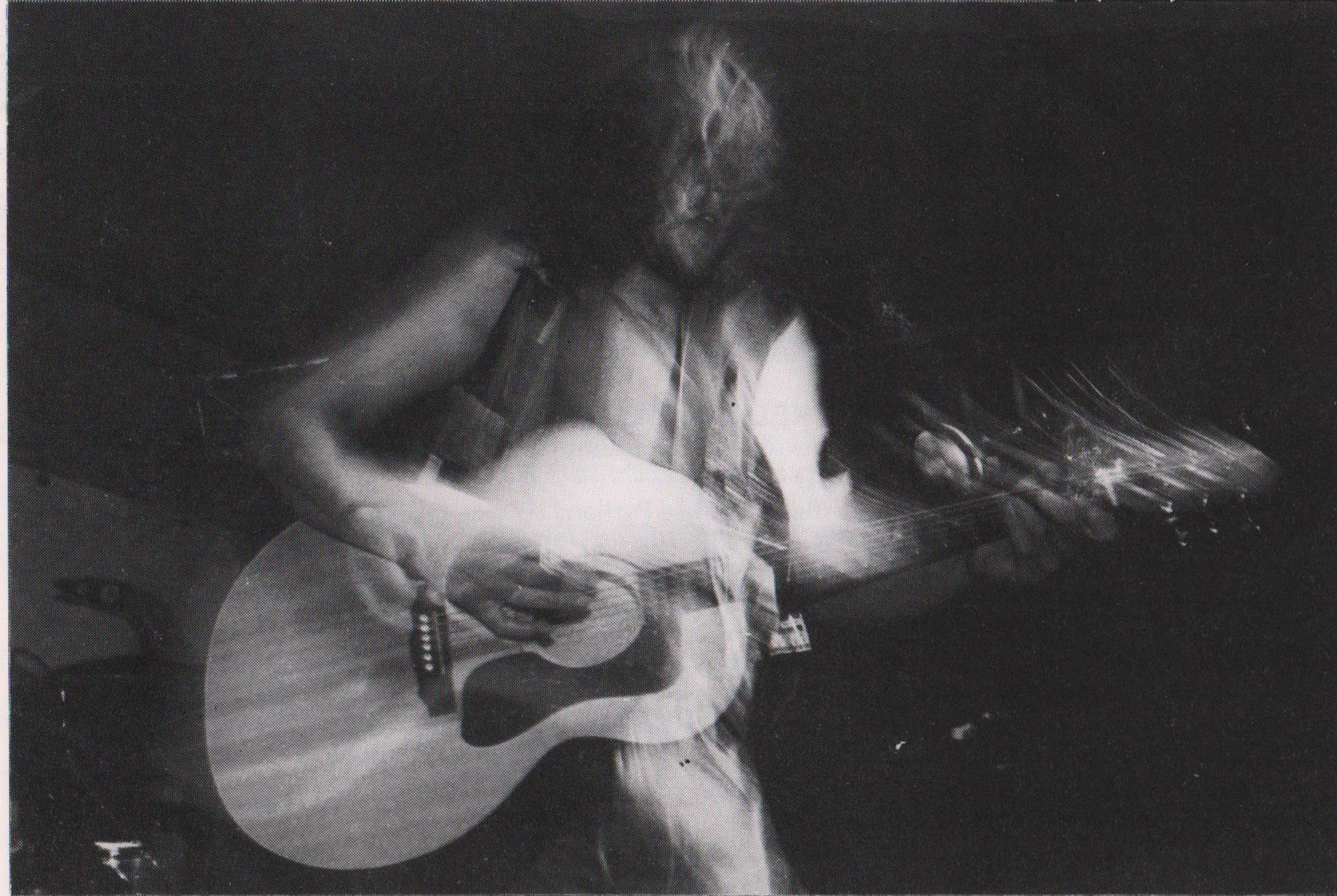
Pink Floyd # Stone Roses # Moby # REM # Fundamental # Aphex Twin # Rose Royce # Micheal Nyman # Jah Wobble

FRIED CIRCUIT

SPONSORED BY



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saturday 1st

JACK OF DIAMONDS
Nottingham Mechanics Arms
NAVIGATORS 3pm
BLIND & DANGEROUS 8pm
The Running Horse

DA DOG
Golden Fleece

FAB 4
Hippo

RELENTLESS
Filly & Firkin

STEAM KITTENS
Old Angel

A HOUSE
COLLAPSED LUNG
Rock City

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
E. Mids. Airport Pathfinders Club

SLIDE AREA
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
Quorn White Horse

STILTSKIN £6 adv.
RAZORBACH Leics. The Charlotte

VIVID
Pump & Tap

BODY COUNT / HEADSWIM
Royal Mail
Sheffield Octagon

DRUGSTORE
The Leadmill

sunday 2nd

JUBA
Nottingham Bell Inn

THE NAVIGATORS lunch
FRANK DEMPSEY & CO. eve
Mechanics Arms

MR SIEGAL
The Running Horse

LEVEL 42

Royal Concert Hall

KILLING TIME
Ambergate Hurt Arms

TERRY HALL
Derby The Where House

SPITTING FEATHERS
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

STEELYARD DOGS
Mansfield Stockwells

HEMP
Mansfield Town Mill

KENNY WILSON lunchtime
Leics. Pump & Tap

RADIOHEAD
Leics. De Montford University

monday 3rd

TERRY SWAN
& STEVE PINNOCK
Nottingham Running Horse

DAVY ARTHUR & CO.
Derby Guildhall

POP WILL EAT ITSELF
COMPULSION
Leics. The Charlotte

BLAGGERS ITA / DUB WAR £8.50 adv.
Assembly Rooms

THE TANSADS £4/3
The Where House

BACK TO THE PLANET £5
Leics. The Charlotte

CHRIS CONWAY
Pump & Tap

tuesday 4th

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Nottm. Running Horse

R & B JAM
Old Vic

NEW SCOTLAND YARD
variety club
Newmarket Inn

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS

Golden Fleece

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
QUINTET
Sam Fay's

LINDISFARNE
Royal Concert Hall

KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION
Derby The Where House

WHISKY PRIESTS
Leics. Mosquito Coat

THESE ANIMAL MEN
60FT DOLLS / MAD KAREN
The Charlotte

wednesday 5th

COLIN STAPLES BAND
Nottm. Running Horse

MARTIN SIMPSON
jazz & roots mix £5.50/3.50
Trent University

EXCESSAWEEZ & FRIENDS
Skyy

GRANT LEE BUFFALO
Rock City

LASHOUT
Old Angel

PURE INSTINCT
Derby Bell Hotel

DOGEATDOG
The Where House

KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION
DRUGSTORE
Stoke The Wheatsheaf

MURRAY THOMPSON
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

MOSS CHOPS
LOVE BUTTON
Leics. The Charlotte

thursday 6th

FLAVATASAVA
Free adm. Bar till 1am
Nottingham Sam Fay's

MIND THE GAP
Filly & Firkin

JALEO
Royal Concert Hall

PETE MITCHELL SMITH
Derby Rutland Tavern

BACK TO THE PLANET £5 adv.
The Where House

KOOL & THE GANG
Assembly Rooms

FRANK
The Garrick

ELO II
Mansfield Leisure Centre

STEELYARD DOGS
The Plough

SPECTRUM
THE UGLY MUSIC SHOW £4/3
Leics. The Charlotte

RAGGETY ANNE
Pump & Tap

friday 7th

SOD'S LAW
Nottingham Old Angel

SMOKESCREEN
Skyy Club

JIM VINCENT
Mechanics Arms

CARIAD / JUNK ORANGE
SALTBOX £2
Narrowboat

OLD SCHOOL
Running Horse

QUANGO
Filly & Firkin

JOYOUS
Whistle Stop Café

POWER FM
launch party 10pm-6am
Marcus Garvey Centre

MIKE DAVIDS BAND
Langley Mill Potters

SHADOWPLAY
Mansfield Wd'hse Portland Arms

ABDUL TEE-JAY'S ROKOTO
Swamp Club £5 adv.

MEAN TOWN BLUES BAND
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

HEADRUSH
Leics. The Charlotte

SCAVENGERS
Pump & Tap

THE RATTTLERS
Spread Eagle

saturday 8th

POTEEN
Mechanics Arms

SWIRLMONKEY
WONDERLAND
TARDIS Britannia Boat Club

GHOTI
Golden Fleece

FLAVATASAVA
Filly & Firkin

BLYTH POWER
Old Angel

NAVIGATORS 3pm
SALLY BARKER 8pm
Running Horse

MIND THE GAP / DJ PABLO
Skyy

FAB 4
Arnold Leisure Centre

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VIVID

Alfreton Wagon & Horses
PETE MITCHELL-SMITH
BLUES BAND
 Barton U Needwood Top Bell
SHED SEVEN/ SUPERGRASS
 £4.50/4 Leics. The Charlotte
FLAG OF TRUCE

Pump & Tap
MIDNIGHT RIOT
 Mansfield Wd'hse Portland Arms
CHRISTINE COLLISTER
 Worksop Regal Centre
MANIC STREET PREACHERS
SLEEPER
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall
GONG
 25th Anniversary.
 London Highgate Forum

sunday 9th

JUBA
 Nottm. Bell Inn
ABK
 Running Horse
THE NAVIGATORS lunch
EAMON GETHINGS eve
 Mechanics Arms
DAVID ESSEX
 £11.50/13.50 Royal Concert Hall
DUKE LA RUE
 & **THE BLUE JUKES**
 Ambergate Hurt Arms
ESPRIT DE CORPS
 Mansfield Town Mill
MALPRACTICE
 Mansfield Stockwells
AFRICAN HEAD CHARGE
 Leics. Mosquito Coast
JOHN WILLIAMS
 Phoenix Arts Centre
BLYTH POWER/ BLAMELESS
 £3/2 The Charlotte
THE WEDDING PRESENT
 Sheffield The Leadmill
GONG 25
 Day 2 London Highgate Forum

monday 10th

NAFA benefit Old Angel
TERRY SWAN & STEVE PINNOCK
 Running Horse
ULTRAVIOLENCE
TOTAL FREQUENCY
DJ LYNDA / MARK SPIVEY
 NAFA benefit Beatroot
THE CRANBERRIES
 Rock City
CORDUROY
 £5/6 adv Derby University
THELONIOUS FREELOVE EXP.
 Leics. Pump & Tap

tuesday 11th

BLETHERSKITE
 Nottm. Golden Fleece
FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
 Running Horse
JO BRAND
 from £10 Royal Concert Hall
JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
 Sam Fay's
FUDGE TUNNEL
BRAIN POLICE / SCUD
 £4.50/4 Leics. The Charlotte
MANIC STREET PREACHERS
SLEEPER
 Leics. de Montford University

wednesday 12th

OYSTER BAND
REV HAMMER
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
KELLY'S HEROES Folk Feast 2
 Nottingham Rock City
ANDY SHEPPARD'S
BIG CO-MOTION
 jazz & roots mix £7.50/5 Old Vic
COLIN STAPLES JAM BAND
 Running Horse
LOVE GARDEN
 Mansfield The Woodpecker
DAVID ICKE
 £5.50/3.50 Derby Where House
TRICKY DICKY
 Bell Hotel
RAGGED ASSED RANGERS
 Barton U Needwood Top Bell
THE NEW CRANES
 £4/3 Leics. The Charlotte
LYNCH PINN
 Pump & Tap

thursday 13th

RIBBON TEARS
 free admission 8pm -1am
 Nottingham Sam Fay's
MIND THE GAP
 Filly & Firkin
THE NEW CRANES
FRICTION
 Trent University
ORANGE DE LUXE
CREATE!
 Narrowboat
STEAM KITTENS
 Mansfield The Plough
IDLE HANDS BLUES BAND
 Derby Rutland Tavern
BLOOM
 Leics. The Charlotte
VIVID
 Leics. Pump & Tap

friday 14th

GO TROPO
 Nottm. Skyy Club
PEZZ / MR. MULLATTO
CASSIUS / DICK
 Bounce Rockadero's
LOOP GURU
 Marcus Garvey Centre
BURDOCK
JOHN 'BALD' PETZ
 Filly & Firkin
FAB 4
 The Monastery
LEFT HAND THREAD
 Running Horse
SOOUND AS A POUND
 Mechanics Arms
RAIN LIKE THE
SOUND OF TRAINS
 Old Angel
CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG
 Radford Club One
VIVID
 Gedling Grey Goose
NEVERLAND
 unplugged Derby The Guildhall
THE RATTLERS
NEW BUSHBERRY
MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS
 Swamp Club
BEER BELLY BLUES BOYS
 Friary Hotel
THE RAZORS
 Langley Mill Potters Club
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

LUSH

Leics. The Charlotte
GONZO SALVAGE CO.
 Pump & Tap
ATTACCO DECENTE
 Sheffield Ju Ju Club

saturday 15th

THE OUTRIDERS
 Nottm. Old Angel
ALLAN HOLDSWORTH
SINGLE BASS
 Old Vic
THE NAVIGATORS
 3pm
MACK & THE BOYS
 8pm
 Running Horse
RIKKI MARTINEZ TRIO
DJ PABLO
 Skyy

SPIN DOCTORS
 Rock City
TONY KELLY'S EYE
 Mechanics Arms
PROUD MARY
 Mansfield Wd'hse Portland Arms
NITRO EXPRESS
 Barton U Needwood Top Bell
ATTACCO DECENTE
 unplugged
 London, Powerhouse

THE LONG TALL TEXANS
THE LOST SOULS
THE RADIACS / SHAKE OUT
 £5 7.30pm Leics. The Charlotte
HELIOTROPE
 Pump & Tap
MANIC STREET PREACHERS
SLEEPER
 Sheffield Octagon

sunday 16th

STRANGER FAYRE
 Nottm. Filly & Firkin
JUBA
 Bell Inn
MR. SIEGAL
 Running Horse
THE NAVIGATORS lunch
EAMON GETHINGS DUO eve
 Mechanics Arms
HUE & CRY
 £7/6 adv. Derby, Where House
CACTUS JACK
 Hurt Arms
THE PREACHERS
 Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell
RUNAWAY TRAIN
 Mansfield, Stockwells
TAUREA
 Town Mill
KENNY WILSON
 Leicester Pump & Tap
CARIAD/THE TANSADS
 £3.50/3 The Charlotte
CORDUROY
 Sheffield The Leadmill

monday 17th

MANIC ST. PREACHERS
SLEEPER
 Nottingham Rock City
TERRY SWAN & STEVE
PINNOCK
 Running Horse
VOULEZ VOUS
 £8.50 Royal Concert Hall
WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE
 Filly & Firkin
THESE ANIMAL MEN
 £5/4 Derby The Where House

MARTIN SIMPSON

Guildhall
CHRIS CONWAY
 Leicester, Pump & Tap
COLLAPSED LUNG
 Stoke, The Wheatsheaf
WALTER TROUT BAND
 Sheffield, The Leadmill

tuesday 18th

FOLK, BLUES AND BEYOND
 Nottingham, Running Horse
JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
 Nottm, Marcus Garvey Centre
QUINTET
 Sam Fay's
NEW SCOTLAND YARD
VARIETY CLUB
 Newmarket Inn

CHRISTINE COLLISTER
 Mansfield, Community Arts
THE TANSADS
 Derby, Where House
SHUDDER TO THINK
 Leicester, The Charlotte
GREEN DAY
 Sheffield, The Leadmill

FRANK
 Nude Records Showcase
 London, Powerhouse

wednesday 19th

HODELIN EXPRESS
 Jazz & Roots mix £5.50/3.50
 Nottingham, Old Vic
COLIN STAPLES JAM BAND
 Running Horse
MAZLYN JONES
 Filly & Firkin
REPO MEN/THE APE
MEN/CHORE LINES
 Old Angel

BEAUMONT HANNANT
 Eargasm £2 Bellamy's Bar
VIVID
 Beeston, Durham Ox

REV. BROWN
 & **THE EARLYBIRDS**
 Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell
DONE LYIN DOWN
 Derby, Where House
SOUND COMPANY
 Bell Hotel
JTQ / FREAK POWER
 Derby University
SANDALS / DANNY RED
 Leicester, Luton
NEW CRANES
 Stoke, The Wheatsheaf

thursday 20th

FRANCIS
 Nottingham, Sam Fay's
SEAMUS O'B LIVION
 Running Horse
LEON RUSSELSON / DA DOG
 Folk Against Fascism £3.50 adv.
 Italian Community Centre
MIND THE GAP
 Filly & Firkin
WHOLESONE FISH
 Old Angel
ELO II
 Royal Centre

SAIGON KISS
 Mansfield, The Plough
STONE
 Arts Centre
BEHIND THE BIKESHEDS
 Derby, Rutland Tavern
PEARLS CAB RIDE
 Leicester, Pump & Tap

HANK MARVIN
 & **BRIAN BENNETT**
 Sheffield, City Hall
BLIND MOLE RAT
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
 Hallamshire Hotel

friday 21st

TRIBAL DRIFT
TOFU LOVE FROGS
THE VELVET REVOLUTION
 Anti CJB Tour
 Nottm, Marcus Garvey Centre
AB/CD
 Running Horse
MATT & STEVE
 Vibrations
 Skyy Club

COUNTRY PARTNER
 Mechanics Arms
JUNK ORANGE
 Old Angel

STRANGE WORLD
 Filly & Firkin
TICKLED PINK
 Rushcliffe, Leisure Centre
FLOWERING HEADS
 Mansfield Woodhouse, Portland Arms
STAN MARSHALL'S LAW
 Derby, Potters Snooker Club
BLIND MOLE RAT
 Victoria Inn

THE COUGARS
 Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell
FRANKLYN'S TOWER
 Leicester, Pump & Tap
VIVID
 N'hampton, Brewers Arms

saturday 22nd

FRICTION
 Nottingham, Narrowboat
CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG
 Greenpeace Benefit
 Running Horse
999
 Rock City
MOTHERS OF THE FUTURE
JAZZ SPIRIT
 Skyy Club

MURPHY & O'BRIEN
 Mechanics Arms
DUM DUMS / CREATE!
 Old Angel

HELIOTROPE
 Tardis
 Britannia Rowing Club
BURLESQUE
 Mansfield Wd'hse Portland Arms
SUCH PERFECT LIARS
JETSTREAM WHISKY
 Mansfield, Arts Centre

CUSTOM BUILT
 Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell
BLIND 'N' DABGEROUS
 Burton-On-Trent, Tavern
ROGER WILSON unplugged
LOOP GURU
 Leicester, The Charlotte
MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
 Pump & Tap

sunday 23rd

RED START
 Nottingham, Golden Fleece
BIG DEAL
 Running Horse
CRASH TEST DUMMIES
 £10.50 adv. Rock City
JUBA
 Bell Inn

FERRYMEN

Mechanics Arms
DO NOTHING
 Filly & Firkin
JETSTREAM WHISKY
 Mansfield, Stockwells
FRONTIER
 Town Mill
THE CHAPTERS
 Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
MR. SIEGAL
 Ambergate Hurt Arms
NEW CRANES
 Where House

KENNY WILSON
 Leicester, Pump & Tap
GIRLS AGAINST BOYS
 Sheffield, Leadmill

monday 24th

TERRY SWAN
 & **STEVE PINNOCK**
 Nottingham, Running Horse
SEVEN BELLIES KING
 Filly & Firkin
THELONIOUS FREELOVE EXP.
 Leicester, Pump & Tap

tuesday 25th

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
 Nottingham, Running Horse
AUSTRALIAN DOORS
 Rock City
JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
 QUINTET
 Sam Fay's
NEW SCOTLAND YARD
VARIETY CLUB
 Newmarket Inn

SHED 7
 Derby The Where House
DAVID ICKE
 Sheffield The Leadmill

wednesday 26th

JOHN PRIMER'S BLUES BAND
 Jazz & Roots Mix £7.50/5
 Nottingham, Old Vic
COLIN STAPLES JAM BAND
 Running Horse
FREEFALL
 Filly & Firkin

ALAN WOOLLY & SARAH
MATTHEWS
 Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell
THE PRODUCERS
 Derby, Bell Hotel

DOWNSET
 The Where House
MAGIC HOUR
 Leicester, The Charlotte

thursday 27th

EB & THE SYSTEM
 Free adm. Bar til 1 am
 Nottingham, Sam Fay's
VIVID
 Salutation
THE BHUNDU BOYS
 Old Vic

MIND THE GAP
 Filly & Firkin
BRENDA LEE
 Royal Conce3rt Hall
OLD SCHOOL
 Mansfield, The Plough
REV. BROWN
 & **THE EARLYBIRDS**
 Derby, Rutland Tavern
SERIOUS HAT BAND
 Leicester, Pump & Tap

friday 28th

THE ACCIDENTS
 Nottingham, The Hippo
BLIND 'N' DANGEROUS
 Filly & Firkin
COSMIC CHARLIES
 3hr tribute to the Grateful Dead
 £3/2 Bar till 12.30pm Old Vic
JACK / EMMA
STONEY STONE / DAMIEN
 Bounce Rockaderos
DEEP 'N' HARD
 Marcus Garvey Centre
STEELYARD DOGS
 Running Horse
STONE TEMPLE PILOTS
 Rock City
RED KROSS
 Mechanics Arms

DECLAN
 Skyy Club
DJ WALT (EARTHIPIE)
 "Deep" Skyy Club
ELECTRIC GYPSIES
 Mansfield Wd'hse, Portland Arms
ALTAN
 Worksop., Regal Centre
THE ROYAL SNAKES
 Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell
PURE INSTINCT
 Langley Mill, Potters Club
DAVY SPILLANE BAND
 Assembly Rooms

LE RUE
 Swamp Club
 Friary Hotel
GIRLS AGAINST BOYS
 Leicester, The Charlotte
DOG HOUSE RILEY
 Pump & Tap
VIVID
 Stoke, Stone Oasis Club

saturday 29th

JOHN OTWAY / THE REALLY
GOOD ROCK 'N ROLL BAND
 £5 upstairs
 Nottingham, Old Vic
ATTACCO DECENTE
 downstairs Nottingham, Old Vic
ENGLISH DOGS / MASH M
RECUSANT / SARCASM
MDM / SPITHEAD
 Fried In Cider all dayer 5-11p.m.
 Old Angel

MARYEN CAIRNS
TRULY MADLY DEEPLY
 Filly & Firkin
THE NAVIGATORS
 3pm
JONAH FISH
 8pm
 Running Horse
FRANK SKINNER
 Royal Concert Hall

POTEEEN

Mechanics Arms
STEVE LAMACQ
THE FLYING MEDALLIONS
 Rock City
WHOLESONE FISH
 Skyy Club
PHIL HARMONIC BLUES BAND
 Mansfield Wd'hse, Portland Arms
STAN MARSHALL'S LAW
 Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell
SNOWBOY / NIGHT TRAINS
DOUBLE VISION
 £5 Derby, The Where House
BLIND 'N' DANGEROUS
 Victoria Inn

VIVID
 Lutterworth, The Hind
NEW BOMB TURKS
SUPERSUCKERS
 Leicester, The Charlotte
RUBY TUESDAYS
 Pump & Tap

sunday 30th

MR. SIEGAL
 Nottingham, Running Horse
JUBA
 Bell Inn

SOMETHING FOR
THE WEAKEND
 Mechanics Arms
STEELYARD DOGS
 Mansfield, Town Mill
KING BISCUIT BAND
 Stockwells
EIGHTY IN THE SHADE
 Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell
ECHOBELLY
 Derby, The Where House

THE KHAN BAND
 Hurt Arms
KENNY WILSON lunchtime
 Leicester, Pump & Tap
THE HAMSTERS
 £3.50 Mosquito Coast

monday 31st

TERRY SWAN
 & **STEVE PINNOCK**
 Nottingham, Running Horse
CARNIVAL OF SOULS
 Rock City
HALLOWEEN BALL
 Fancy Dress Filly & Firkin
MAGIC HOUR / SLIPSTREAM
ROSA MOTA
 Derby, The Where House
BILLIE JO SPEARS
 Assembly Rooms

HYSON GREEN WHOLEFOODS
 sells
 take away snacks....
 samosas pakoras spring rolls
 pasties sos/nut rolls
 pizza quiche pies
 vegan sweets....
 fruit crumble flapjack
 sugar-free cakes
 chocolate cake
 chilled drinks....
 purveys fruit juice
 strawberry/chocolate soya milk
 a range of untreated bread....
 granary wholemeal organic
 rye barley brown multigrain
 frozen veggieburgers sausages tempeh
 tofu houmous miso soya yoghurts
 free range eggs soya milk
 plus a wide selection of...
 beans peas lentils
 grains cereals flours
 nuts dried fruit
 fruit and herb teas
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 tel 702056



THE SKYY CLUB

509 Alfreton Road Nottingham

WEDNESDAYS excessaweez

and friends. Live jazz downstairs
VIBRATIONS
House and garage sounds upstairs.

THURSDAYS King Cundy's HOUSE OF ROOTS

Roots Reggae and Dub
with selectors King Cundy and the Sherriff
and Walt plus special guest s. Chill Out room open

FRIDAYS

DJs Leyton & Lewis, Dael & Mark and Fran
House and garage and experimental ambient music each week

SMOKESCREEN

once monthly

SATURDAYS

late night LIVE music beginning in October

SUNDAYS

Relax and chill out to the music

NO DRESS RESTRICTIONS

R.O.A.R.

For further information call (0602) 422050



Whistle Stop Cafe LIVE & UNLEASHED

HAPPY HOUR

Mon - Fri 5pm - 7pm
Sat 6pm - 8pm

McEWANS LAGER/BITTER £1.30/PINT
SELECTED DOUBLES & MIXER £1.90

ENTERTAINMENT

LIVE BAND OR DJ EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT
CHECK IT OUT!

MILTON STREET OPPOSITE TRINITY SQUARE NCP
NEXT DOOR TO STAKIS HOTEL
TEL 0602 419561

on y va qui

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mondaze

HEAVEN & HELL The Where House

JAZZ INFUSION Cookie Club

AUARORA LIGHTS Hearty Goodfellow

BOUNCING BABIES Ritzy

tuesdaze

SERVE CHILLED Cookie Club

STUDENT MANIA Ritzy

DANCE NATION Rock City

wednesdaze

EARGASM Bellamy's Bar

GRANDSTAND The Where House

INDIE GO GO Cookie Club

VIBRATION Skyy

POWER FM NIGHT Staircase

THE MIDWEEK TONIC The Garage

thursdaze

TEN The Where House

DAZZLE The Garage

AURORA LIGHTS Hearty Goodfellow

KING CUNDY'S HOUSE OF ROOTS SKYY

ANYTHING GOES Rock City

SMASHED/ KISSING The Where House

RETRO NITE Cookie Club

fridaze

TUMMY TOUCH / SEARCH The Staircase

BIG CHEESE PHAT WAX Bellamy's

FRENZY Beatroot

ROCK 'N' RALLY Hearty Goodfellow

TITTER The Zone

SMOKESCREEN SKYY

GO TROPO / DEEP Rock City

ROCK NIGHT

SMASHED / GROOVE The Where House

saturdaze

FUNKY COOKIE Cookie Club

HOUSE THAT J AZZ BUILT Beatroot

THE CRASH Hearty Goodfellow

SPIRIT / ? The Staircase

CLUB MIXES Bellamy's

ALTERNATIVE NIGHT Rock City

DRIVE Fan Club

AERIAL

A guide to groovy local radio

POWER FM 102.5FM 23 hrs

THE BEAT / BACK-A-YARD

BBC Radio Nottingham

Saturdays 7 till 11pm 103.8FM

MARK SPIVEY SHOW

Trent FM Sat 10pm till 1am 96 FM

GLOBE 107.7 FM 24 hrs

HEATWAVE CR 87.9 FM 24hrs

MARK SHELTON

BBC Radio Derby

Sunday 4-6pm 104.5FM

JOHN SINCLAIR'S Friday FM

BBC Radio Leicester 7-9pm 104.9 FM

Overall presents

three hours of live music by

THE COSMIC CHARLIES

A tribute to the Grateful Dead

Friday 28th October

at The Old Vic

Fletcher Gate, Nottingham

£3 (£2 concs.)

Doors 8pm Bar till 12.30am

No admission after 10.30pm

Clarke Sutherland Ents. present

The Old Vic

Fletcher Gate Nottingham

Saturday 29th October

JOHN OTWAY

+ The Really Good

Rock n Roll Band

£5 adv. Bar till 12.30

Saturday 26th November

JOHN COOPER CLARKE

DAVE BISHOP

SCOTTY

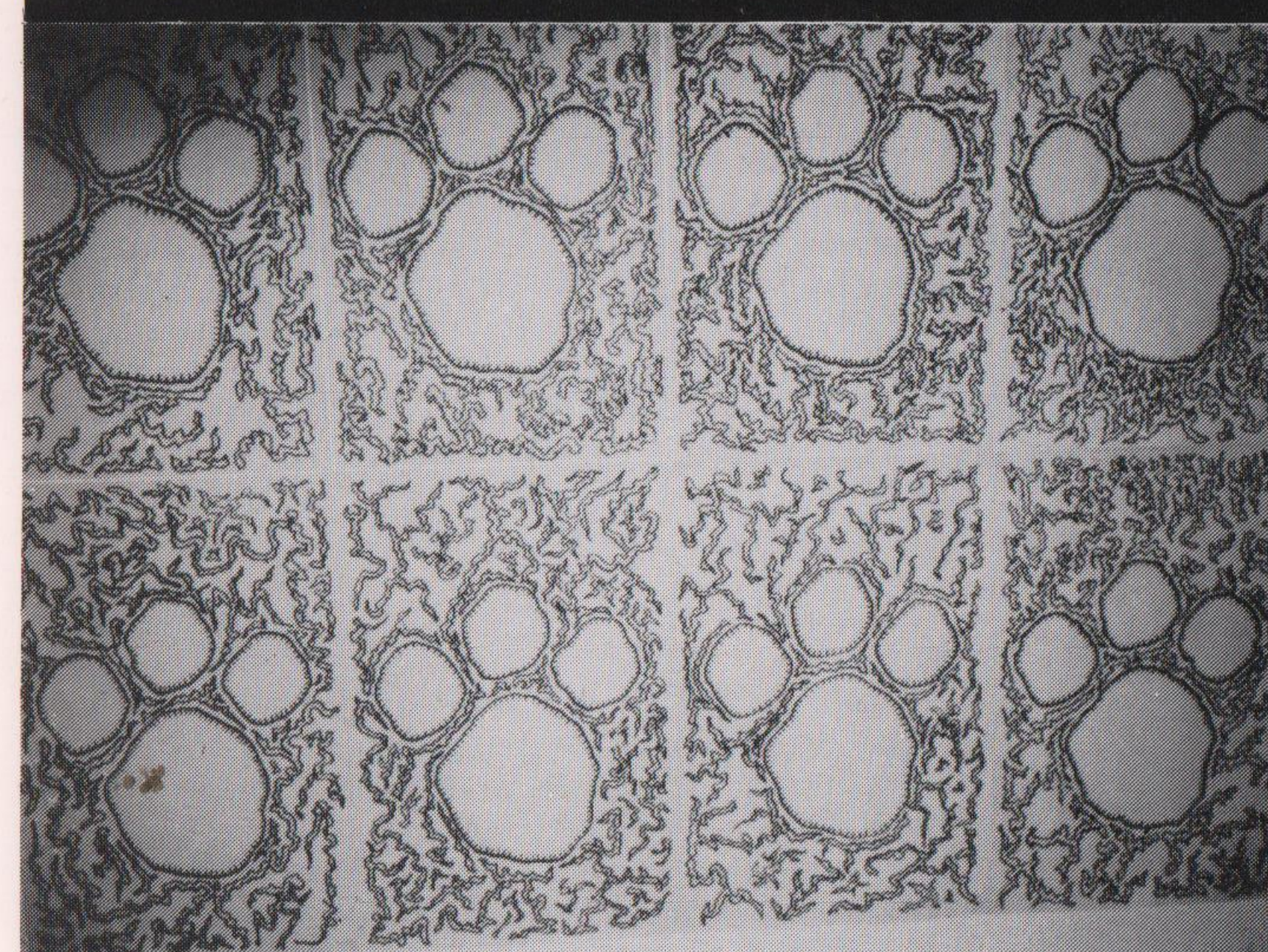
£5 adv. Bar till 12.30

Tickets from: Old Vic, Selectadisc

and Way Ahead (Notm., Derby,

Leics. Lincoln)

FRIED IN CIDER:



What's happening in the spiky world of punk rock foolishness? Pull up a seat put down yer bottle and read on....

October 8th sees the **Substandard** invasion of Wisbech (Bowling Green) playing with **MDM** and **Decadence Within**. The Substandard/Nerves split EP should be out this month. Having heard the test pressing believe me it's a stormer. Check out *Criminal Justice* for pure bile-ridden conflict style anger. Sat. 29th sees the all-dayer at The Old Angel. Starting at 4pm, your £4 gives you **English Dogs**, **Rectify**, **MDM**, **Spithead**, **Sarcasm**, **Recusant**, **Mash M**, **Julius Incisor**, **Stretch** and **War Wound**. Bommy night (Nov. 5th, you fool) sees **Sad Society** and **Short & Curlies** at The Old Angel. The **Anarchy In The UK '94** ten day event is ion London from Oct 21st-30th. Among the events planned are a levitation of parliament (Sun 23rd—hope it works) followed by a punks Picnic; an anti-Criminal Justice Bill rally and march (Fri 21st) with gigs from **The Levellers**, **Conflict**, **Dirt**, **Oi Polloi**, **Mutiny**, **Blind Mole Rat**, **Spithead**, **AOS 3**, **Citizen Fish**, **Intensive Care**, **Dub Warriors** and more during the ten days. There are seminars on such topics as sexuality, squatting, anti-fascism, anarchist history, and football—reclaim the game, complete with TFDN—see you there.) For details of **Anarchy In The UK '94** phone 071 274 6655.

Last month I went on a Jimmy Knapp-defying excursion to hell — no, I mean Leicester—to see the phenomenal **Ex-Cathedra** (Ska Punk), and **Swine Flu**, who all sound like characters from Rab C. Nesbitt. Seriously, if you come across either of the EPs by these bands snap them up. **Swine Flu** (Hardcore/Punk) have a new EP on Stranded Records c/o Lawrence A. Nicol, 45 Lorne St., Leith, Edinburgh EH6 8QJ. On to my Birthday Bash at the Rock Stop (Hearty Goodfellow). Loyd **Slum Gang** did a punk oi disco that would have had the gods dancing and **Nerves** played a whirlwind holocaust of a set as usual; special mention must go to the **Spooo Ups** who's feedback-drenched set of divine incompetence brought blood to the ears and tears to the eyes. Nice one. As I said this was my birthday bash and was so good I woke up in a shop doorway at 4 am —Back To Basics Drunk Punk; who wants to grow up? T'other week I strolled down to the Filly and Firkin to catch the truly awesome **Champion The Underdog** (The 'Zounds' of the 90's) upon entering the pub I was informed that football shirts were not allowed in the pub - as someone might take offence. Yeah right, having refused to allow punk, new wave, metal Mustard Rock, and even the odd folkie in the pub, it's now anyone in a football shirt. Is this man ever going to be happy? Well probably, when the music room is so sterile and boring that anything above polite applause will be deemed a violent act. Thanks to **Mr Versatile** for getting me in. The gig was a stormer. If you haven't seen **Champion The Underdog** yet you're missing out. Every gig they do is a benefit; what more reason do you need? The last gig of the month for me was **GBH** and **Nerves** at The Charlotte. The Nerves arrived late and knackered having spent the whole day in the recording studio in Bradford laying down tracks for their new EP. The singer had hurt his ankle at the **Dirt** gig the night before and so wasn't his usual hyperactive self although he did throw the guitarist off the stage). Punk as fuck and in your face the Nerves are a blitzkrieg of destruction, even when they're knackered. Crap intro of the month goes to Lee Nerves for "This song is called 'You'....and it's for you." Oh yeah. As for **GBH**, they worked hard for an apathetic, seen-it-all-before crowd but I thought they were great. New songs were as powerful as ever. I especially liked *Kangaroo Court* (about the Jamie Bulger killing. Fucking A1) and they did all the old classics— *Give Me Fire*, *Sick Boy*, *City Babies* *Revenge*. It's a pity the Leicester punks are too hip to dance. Cop the Attitude — Punk's Alive.

Fried In Cider Playlist

1. THE QUEERS Beat Off LP (Lookout Records)
2. COCKSPARRER Guilty As Charged LP (Bitzcore)
3. RANCID Let's Go LP (Epitaph)
4. ENTOMBED Out Of Hand Ep (Earache)
5. ENGLISH DOGS Bow To None LP (Impact Records)

The Fat Dead Nazi

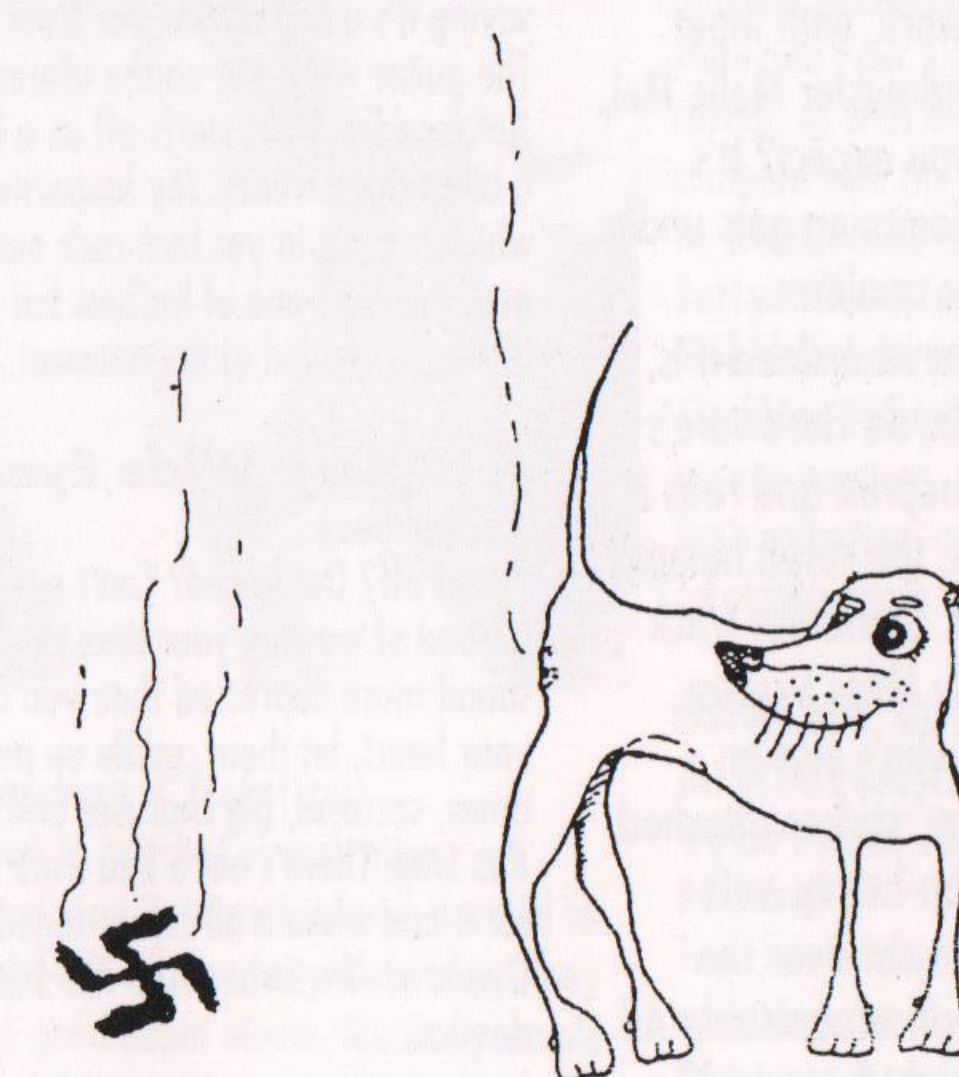
allotment

A seasonal column of rumination on the subject of GARDENING AND POPULAR CULTURE.

This is the time of year when our thoughts turn to manure. The ground needs to be well prepared and manured for next year's brassicas and potatoes, but not, of course, your root crops. These will go on the land you manured last year, as freshly manured land makes for unsightly fanged carrots and parsnips. I was barrowing manure at the allotment last month, and there was my old dog nipping about, gobbling up the clods that fell off the wheelbarrow and nibbling at the fork as I sat down for a rest. Now, the dog owners amongst you will be aware of the propensity of dogs to eat shit, and aren't there a lot of dog owners about these days? A dog on a piece of string seems to be a prime fashion accessory with the current crop of post leather jacket/mohican punks. Now, I'm no Peter York (remember him?), but after puzzling for some time over what the dog-fashion reminded me of, it hit me like a ton of bricks as I sat there on an upturned bucket. The punk's dog is the late '80s-early '90s equivalent of the mod's fox brush on the Vespa's whip aerial! An unfortunate analogy to say the least, but there were stranger things to come as I sat there pondering. It came to me that there were many other analogies which all fit into a pattern. Jet black hair replaced by multi-coloured hair; sideburns replaced by dangling locks or plaits; circle skirts replaced by black tasselled ones; big soled brothel creepers by big soled army boots; Ford Consuls by Land Rovers, ambulances, ice cream vans or whatever; yes, you've got it! The latest punks are, infact, TEDDY BOYS ON ACID! Now there's one for the social historians, eh, readers? There's all the mainstream press and T.V. fearing that these people are mediaeval brigands, drug taking hippies, the beginning of the end of western civilisation as we know it, when in fact they're simply a harmless group of rock music fans paying homage to the roots of British Rock'n'Roll youth cults. The choice of dog as fox tail is paradoxical, as mods and teds never got on, but there's always an exception to prove the rule.

It should be really interesting in a few years time when they start holding conventions. Just imagine, there'll be workshops on what substances give the best lift to your mohican or body to your locks; auto-jumbles specially for old bus and ambulance parts; dog shows for the most obedient mongrel on a piece of string; Henry Rollins lookalike competitions; Swamp Thing lookalike competitions; home brewing and wine making demonstrations, all sorts of things. They could have an annual convention on Newark show ground, I suppose. Or at Nine Ladies. Most importantly, you should always keep your manure heap covered. Old doors, bits of board, carpet, polythene sheet, all of these will prove effective. A manure heap open to the elements will lose much of its goodness through the drying effect of the wind or being open to rain.

Phil Scorzonera



Cartoon by Spartacus

vinolution:



HARDWARE: Stevie Salas, Buddy Miles, Bootsy Collins

photo: Thi-Linh Le

SLAVEMASTER O.G. FUNK ZILLATRON HARDWARE BUDDY MILES EXPRESS

Under The Six Out Of The Dark Lord Of The Harvest Third Eye Open Hell And Back (all Black Arc/Rykodisc)

These five albums are the first fruits of a deal between prolific fusioner Bill Laswell's Black Arc project and the Rykodisc label. They're a mixed bag of genre collisions and seem too diverse to be aimed as a series at any one listener unless that listener possesses the broadest possible taste in music. Slavemaster, for instance, are a metal outfit, coupling Bad Brains/Metallica riffs with Nation Of Islam rants. It becomes pretty relentless by the second track, but as a gauntlet to the stereotypes of what black music is usually permitted to be, it's worth hearing. O.G. Funk's *Out Of The Dark* also eludes my personal tastes, positing 'gangsta funk' as an alternative and of the 'gangsta rap' we all know (and love?). No question that it's done well, but the 'guns and ho's' raps, for me, make the brilliant deep-funk backing almost unlistenable. If you can cope with Ice Cube, it might be for you. Zillatron is the latest incarnation of Bootsy Collins and *Lords Of The Harvest* is a sizeable helping of exactly what you'd expect from that source: some of the funkier bass lines around are strapped onto an expansive psychedelic rock framework, with input from ex-Last Poet Umbar Bin Hassan, Grandmaster Melle Mel, Bill Laswell and Buckethead. What would you expect? It's actually great until the guitar soloing and jamming gets under way, at which point the excesses swamp the qualities. "Warning: This Record Is Silly", says the sleeve. Indeed it is. Bootsy resurfaces, in more disciplined mode, on Hardware's *Third Eye Open*. This takes a classic soul blueprint and runs it through a hard-edged 90s funk production, the result being a powerful and visceral assault on the senses. Stand-out track (record shop browsers) is *Hard Look*. Buddy Miles Express, featuring ex-Hendrix cohort Buddy Miles (who's also on Hardware), are the band with the 'must buy' sticker attached. *Hell And Back* is prime R&B, horn and organ-heavy, with Miles' uniquely soulful voice stretching right out over the covers (*Born Under A Bad Sign*, an almost unrecognisable *All Along The Watchtower*) and band originals which sound like they've always existed anyway. It's got the feel of an instant classic from any date you'd care to choose between 1969 and 2000. I for one, am hooked. Future releases in the series are planned from The Last Poets, James Blood Ulmer and Bernie Worrell. This one could run and run.

Wayne Burrows

VARIOUS ARTISTS Volume Ten

Volume Ten already? How time flies when you're reviewing lavishly packaged indie compilations. 18 tracks, almost eighty minutes from all indie favourites (oh, and Lush as well!). You won't find much guitar abuse this time around, instead the vibe is one of mellow, almost laid back, introspection. There's an acoustic version of the disturbing *Joyriders* by Pulp, a restrained and for them an almost normal song by A.R. Kane entitled *Deep Blue Breath*. Elsewhere, Echobelly turn up the guitars (slightly) on *Fake...The Gigolo Aunts* discover harmonies on *They Don't Know...Lush do Tinkerbelle*, which sounds exactly like a song called Tinkerbelle by Lush ought to sound. Personal favourites include *Second Language* by Disco Inferno, a truly weird song which sounds as though it's going forwards and backwards at the same time, a disorientating yet strangely wonderful experience. Also *Transcendental Love Machine* give us the dyslexic *Revolution* which is as great as its title. You'll also find fine stuff from Scarce, Loop Guru, Insides, Oracle and even the resurrected Peter Perrett, one time vocalist with the Only Ones, called *Daughter*.

John Haylock

ALICE COOPER It's Me EP (Epic)

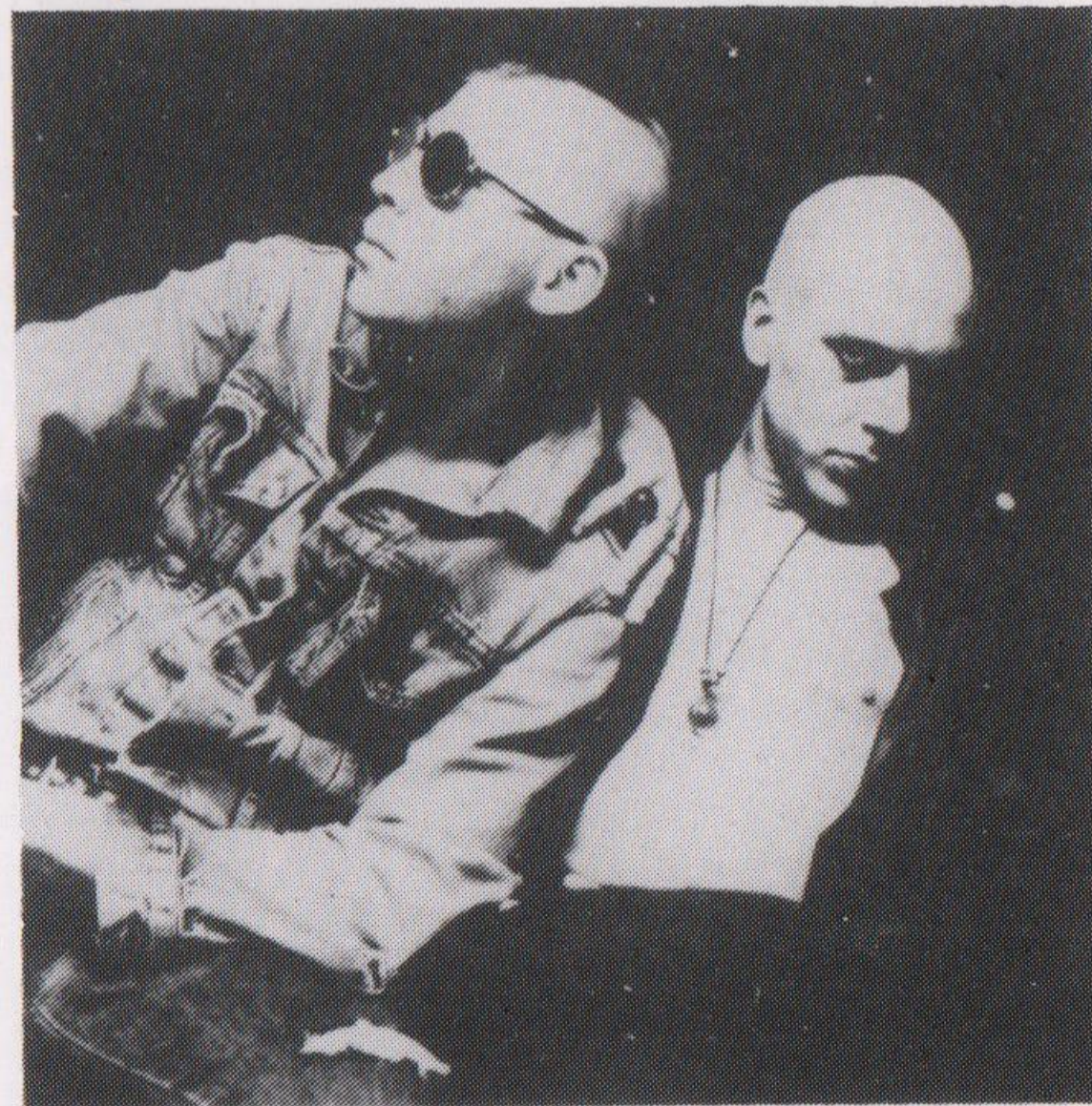
Two tracks from *The Last Temptation LP*, *It's Me* and *Bad Place Alone*, the first being an MOR ballad which will get loads of air-play, be a hit and still be crap. Whereas the second track is more rock and will get the Rock City metal heads all excited. Finally there are two live tracks, *Poison* and *Sick Things*. 'Nuff said.

GUIDED BY VOICES Bee Thousand (Matador)

The tenth release from Dayton, Ohio band Guided By Voices. I've never heard of them before, either. Anyway they are very Beatle-esque light-headed pop; the sort of thing that sounds great when you're in love but makes you want to puke otherwise. Better tracks *Kicker Of Elves* and *Demons Are Real* sound like Jonathan Richman. Others like *Hardcore UFOs* remind me of Hüsker Dü.

SMOG Julius Caesar (Matador)

Smog is a solo project from Northern California who occasionally tour as a three piece and when they do I bet they depress the fuck out of people. Melancholic, inconsolable dirges that out-gloom Joy Division, atabillious doom merchants, try playing this when it's raining and your lover has just left you, especially *What Kind Of Angel* (about a lover with AIDS). This record should be on the 'hold' tape at The Samaritans. I defy anyone to still be smiling at the end of *Your Wedding*.



KMFDM Angst (Wax Trax)

Pounding Industrial ferocity using samples, hip hop, disco and hardcore this German band produce a steam hammer of an album featuring re-mixes by Nine Inch Nails, Son Of A Gun, Die Warzau and Vince Lawrence of Light which would normally leave me bored shitless but in this case is so diverse I got the point. A *Drug Against War* sounds like early Discharge while *No Peace* grinds like Killing Joke. A great disc for driving to. Take no prisoners.

THE STRANGLERS Death And Night And Blood JOHNNY THUNDERS Stations Of The Cross (Revisited) (Receiver)

Two live albums from two seminal punk influences. The Stranglers 'live' in Italy is wonderfully clear sounding and features all their top 40 'hits'—*Peaches*, *Something Better Change*, *Nice 'n' Sleazy*, *Strange Little Girl*, *Golden Brown*, *Skin Deep*, *European Female*—and the live feel makes for a memorable record. If you're a Stranglers fan this should prove indispensable.

Johnny Thunders, 'ex-New York Dolls', died in 1991 of a drug overdose and left behind a legend. This New York reunion gig with Jerry Nolan, Walter Lure, Billy Rath and cameo appearances from Chris Spedding, Paul Cook (ex-Sex Pistols) and Pete Perrett (Only Ones). All Thunders' classics are here: *Too Much Junkie Business*, *London Boys*, *Chinese Rocks*, and with Thunders' off the cuff audience repartee this is essential listening for any lover of '77 punk rock.

The Fat Dead Nazi

photo: Chris Cuffaro



PRISONSHAKE Failed To Menace CD (Matador)

Subtitled *1991 demos for 'The Roaring Third'* these are the original recordings for Prisonshake's debut album, which was released earlier this year. Amerindie-guitar pop in a Hüsker Dü / Pixies vein, there are some good songs and some good riffs, with a couple of trash tracks thrown in for balance. A ragged and indeed dark collection, maybe they should do their next proper album like this.

HEATMISER Yellow No. 5 CD (Frontier)

Punky west coast American noise, catchy tunes like Green Day or maybe Sugar in places. Good but probably not good enough to set them apart from the rest of this scene.

SACHEL EDC CD (Epic)

Satchel hail from Seattle, but do not despair, this is not some run-of-the-mill grunge work-out. Satchel are a distinctive atmospheric and melodic rock(ish) act. Shawn Smith, of Pigeonhed and Brad semi-fame, leads the way, his melancholic soulful vocals reminiscent of Prince (if he was in touch with reality). There is a vague theme running through the album, based on Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs*, including samples from the film and Mr. Pink, Mr. Blue and Mr. Brown tracks about characters from the film. This is a stunning debut album, relaxing to listen to. Satchel are inspiring, and hopefully the future of the Seattle scene.

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS (I) Don't Got A Place 7" (Touch & Go)

Yet another great single from the magnificent and moody GvsB. Scott McCloud recounting his living-from-a-kit-bag-on-tour-missing-home story in his cigarette growl over a rocking rhythm track.

MULE If I Don't Six LP (Quarterstick)

The booze-fuelled, bastardised take on the blues that Mule crunch into rock starts out quite interesting, a down beat Rolling Stones given a hardcore edge, *One Hundred Years* is a fine balladish song. Eventually the album drags, the tracks merging into one, maybe you just need the alcohol to enjoy this.

Rob

VIC CHESNUTT West Of Rome (Texas Hotel)

The UK release of Chesnutt's third LP, *Drunk*, earlier this year gained deserved plaudits for this resolute Athens, Georgia songsmith. *West Of Rome* is actually his second album, now also available over here, and was recorded by Michael Stipe "during the very last stormy weeks of June 1991". Those already familiar with Chesnutt's deep-South blend of folk, gospel, blues and the spiritual will find more to admire in this stark collection of travelogues and confessionals. We encounter Chesnutt crying into his hoomus, toasting two drunken brothers, feeling like a squirrel and locked out in the barn. And if the songs don't always crackle with quite the same intensity as those on the mighty *Drunk*, there's still a wealth of burning invention on offer. For a man confined to a wheelchair, Chesnutt probably travels further in his imagination than most people on two strong legs ever will.

THE BREEDERS Head To Toe EP (4AD)

Always an idiosyncratic outfit, The Breeders release their first material since the million-selling *Splash* on vinyl only. The style and frantic guitar fray may well be all too familiar to some, but the spirited opener *Head To Toe* is guaranteed to get both those bodily parts moving in appreciation, and there's a couple of covers to complete a brief, but worthy outing that was recorded with one J Mascis at the helm.

BODY COUNT

Born Dead LP (Virgin)

The second album from Ice-T's side project treads similar ground to its predecessor. Thankfully, there is more variation in the music. A little light in places (the cover of Hendrix' *Hey Joe*, and the more thought provoking lyrical themes), *Street Labotomy* sees Ice-T look at the drug problem from the addicts' view. The most interesting feature is that Ice-T is singing more, rather than his annoying shouty-rap, adding a musical edge to the songs. There are a couple of mosh anthems, *Killing Floor* and *Body MF Count* that should have the crowd slamming on their forthcoming tour.

Rob

JALE Dream Cake (Sub Pop)

Jale is an acronym of the first names of this female four-piece from Canada, all of whom share vocal duties on their debut LP. Given this, it's unacceptable that Brad Wood's murky production fails to allow any of the voices to radiate individually, let alone in harmony. There's a springy, melodic thread to *Dream Cake*, and a sufficient barrage of guitar grinding to have made room for a wide range of voice patterns in the mix that could have transformed this cool, likeable album into something quite spectacular. The talent and attitude are clearly well in place, so let's hope that next time out Sub Pop can cough up for the like of Don Gehman (who turned the corner for Michael Stipe's vocal career) to really reveal Jale's talents to the full.

DAVID GRAY Flesh (Hut)

There's a certain mystique surrounding Welsh artistry that explains much about the quality of Gray's second album. The landscape, poetic heritage and fiery platitudes form the pulp all find their way into the passionate confessionals that constitute these ten new songs. It's folksy, but only in the directly personal/political style of Pete Morton, with a gutsy Celtic growl that evokes Mike Scott or maybe Andy White. The strident opener *What Are You* gives a fair indication of the standard that follows, with the brilliant slow-burning *Mystery Of Love* and *Lullaby* sounding effortlessly like modern classics. If his live performances match the standard of this album (and apparently they do) then Gray's classic blend of wistful American lyricism and earthy romanticism will turn many heads in favour very quickly.

Gareth Thompson

NYACK Savage Smile EP (Echo)

Despite their daffo name, this four track CD is very good. The title song, like a cross between the Lemonheads and Brian Wilson, has the most eerily beautiful chorus I've heard for some time. *Blessed* and *Saints And Razors* follow suit, the latter reminds me of Maria Muldaur's *Midnight At The Oasis*. There's a rather pedestrian version of Blondie's *Dreamin* thrown in for good measure, but that aside, it's very promising; I'd like to hear a lot more from them in the future.

E.L.O. PART II Power of a Million Lights (Ultratop)

E.L.O Part II sound almost as hypnotically awful as Part I did back in 1979. Almost but not quite, for a start this new set up lacks Jeff Lynne's considerable melodic flair. Nevertheless *Power of a Million Lights* is deliciously dreadful, and it's nice to hear that little has changed over the years, the hackneyed lyrics, thousand cellos soaring in and out of the mix, the comical reverbed 'harmonies'. Even if they do sound, in John Lennon's immortal words, "exactly like us, if we didn't split up", I shall still look forward to the new album with a mixture of genuine awe and total horror.

VARIOUS ARTISTS We're All Normal And We Want Our Freedom: A Tribute To Love (Alias)

This 21 track CD tribute is exactly as I expected, great in parts, terrible in others. Love were great little mid 60's pop group, led a mite haphazardly by genius musical mentor Arthur Lee. Signed to Elektra in '66 they were unfairly overshadowed by The Doors. Full of jagged flamenco, R&B and soul influences, their music was a heady concoction, a bit too much to take for many who originally first heard them, but now touted as a major influence on many of today's new bands. Their zenith was the beautifully arranged *Forever Changes*, a timeless masterpiece, but even the LPs that came after, such as *Out Here* and *Four Sail* had much to offer, as some of the selections here reveal. As with most tributes the majority of these covers don't really compete with the original tracks. But *Diesel Meat's* *Keep On Shine In*, *Mad Scene's* *She Comes In Colours*, *Johnson's* *Dream* and *The Jettys'* *Don't Turn Your Car Lights On* do fair justice. The rest, such as *Gobblehoof's* *Alone Again Or* and *Teenage Fan Club's* *Between Clark And Hilldale* are either watered down acoustic or cranked up grunge versions. Still, this compilation is a nice addition to any Love fan's collection, and it might even entice 'King Arthur' to start recording again.

Malcolm Lorimer

SIMON WICKHAM-SMITH & RICHARD YOUNGS Worried About Heaven / Muscles In Your Head 7"

Two chunks of idiot drone that'll be homely-as-Hell if you're at all accustomed to these folks' previous output, but probably sound like they were recorded in a different solar system to yer average NME reader. Too bad, since this item cuts their erstwhile sprawling throb into user-friendly gobs, neither of which last longer than a typical pop song. Having witnessed them live once, playing one song for way over an hour, and having even "enjoyed" the experience, this won't do for these ears, but perhaps you'd like to break yerself in gently to this thing, eh?

Neil Campbell



THE CHOICE

The Great Subconscious Club (Epic)

Most brothers and sisters can't wait to get shot of each other...or indeed shoot each other. Sarah and Gert Battens, however, decided to make music in their playroom, and like all nice fairytale endings they signed to Sony Music and made a good debut album. Musically simple but intense, *The Choice* rely on Sarah's rough, warm voice to evoke and communicate. Walking an astute lyrical line between Costello's acidity, and Vega's profundity, there's not a song here that doesn't warrant attention; from the punchy opener *Me Happy*, through the troubled piano lament *What The Hell Is Love* to the meditative closer *Laughing As I Pray*, these siblings have created a relatively fine recording. Kindred spirits, indeed.

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THE RIBBON TEARS Rollercoaster

(Only Half A Grand records)

A prime piece of pristine perky (and perhaps jerky) pop that prances like The Teardrop Explodes if the horn section had gone on holiday. Single of the day, at least.

VENUS BEADS Shacked (Equator)

This lot have been so firmly settled in the 'close but no cigar' category for so long that one wonders why they still try; then you spin the single and you know why. They can marry a melody to sprawling guitars rather finely, sit a hoarse vocal on top and romp around enjoyably for a few minutes. It should keep the odd sugar fan happy until their new one arrives.

HOT ORANGE A Skinfull (Very Orange)

This slid into the CD tray just after a brace of thrashes and as a result sounds lighter than a feather and feyer than Morrissey in an apologetic mood. It's not bad in a kind of Crowded House down the jazz club way, just too unremarkable.

AMEBIX Arise NEUROSIS Pain Of Mind (Alternative Tentacles)

Alternative Tentacles seem to be going through a reissue frenzy, remastering old albums on to CD for the first time. Amebix' Arise dates from 1985 and has recently been namechecked by Billy of Faith No More and Max Cavolera of Sepultura as one of their all-time favourite albums. A doom-laden slab of proto-crust death-metal noise. Neurosis are a little further towards the extreme and this reissue of their 1987 effort is, shall we say, not for the faint-hearted.

BLACKEYED SUSANS All Souls Alive (Frontier)

All Souls Alive is a lush record, a lush depiction of the life of a lush, any lush. Disconsolate, desolate yet eminently beautiful, something akin to the Damned discovering Voices Of Angels. Occasionally reminiscent of The Triffids, in fact David McComb is a Susan but not the key Susan, that honour falls on Rob Snarski. All Souls Alive is an epic work, grand yet not grandiose and an invigorating experience. From the Jacques Brel shanty of Every Gentle Soul through the Leonard Cohen cover Memories to the highlight of the lowlife I Can See Now with its unforgettable opening line: "Every morning I search my pockets to find out where I've been". This is without doubt a fine record. In fact even this old cynic, within a day of hearing it, was tracking down back catalogue in record emporiums. I don't know why Australians, supposedly an unfeeling blasé race can articulate such depth so effortlessly but Nick Cave can, The Church can and The Blackeyed Susans can. The songs of my summer.

FUZZY Fuzzy (Seed)

This is one of those albums which managed to merit more than the odd play without being remarkable. Fuzzy are a Bastonian outfit with a female vocalist sounding not unlike a fuzziy, less virginal Juliana Hatfield. Only the last track Girlfriend really scolds the senses the rest seem to hang on aimlessly yet charming a bit like slackers on street corners. Fuzzy really need to want to achieve something and the extra purpose will give them a purpose. At the moment they're just treading water.

Dave Ellyatt

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Tribute To Bob Marley CD (Trojan)

This collection follows up 1991's Tenth Anniversary album In Memoriam with Bob's contemporaries' various interpretations of Marley numbers recorded while he was still alive. With some tunes here appearing in different versions consecutively, it can make for odd listening, angled more to the collector than the casual punter perhaps. The most striking track here, Prince Far I's Tribute To Bob Marley, the only posthumous number on this collection, is split in half, book-ending the album in a fashion at odds with the general loose-ends-tied-up feel. As well as tunes turning up more than once, so do the musicians, Inner Circle particularly heavily featured, alongside Derrick Morgan, Delroy Wilson, Phyllis Dillon, Dennis Brown and Augustus Pablo amongst others. More for reference than the car stereo.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Wake Up Jamaica CD (Trojan)

Trojan have employed a particularly efficient dredger in their vaults of late, and amidst the wrecks hauled up is the odd treasure trove. Treasure Isle in this case, of which Trojan is the prodigal grandchild. This collection is subtitled Sweet Rock Steady & Reggae Harmonies 1967-1973 which understates it's case somewhat. Treasure Isle's collaboration of their in-house session band with some of the subsequently biggest names in Jamaican music lays the archetype of the massively influential lovers rock. Alton Ellis, Phyllis Dillon, John Holt, and the techniques just some of the highlights of this guide to the lodestone of Rock Steady, it's summertime, take it to the beach.

Christy O'Neil

dubTRANbience



Just as I thought
major labels had nothing to offer in the audio stable, along comes Ambient 4's Isolationism (Virgin) collecting together past and future ambient experimentalists over a lushly designed double album set, including the best there are:— Lull, Final, Toop & Eastley, Zoviet France, Seefeel, 'O'Rang ...oh, and Aphex Twin; apart from his dreadful Aphex Airlines this album is a must for lovers of real ambience. No new age hippy doodles here! So put away those Tangerine Dream LPs and teach your world to spin. Paul Schutze (aka Uzeit Plaush) who incidentally also features on the above, releases The Surgery Of Touch (Sentrax) delving deeper into his subtropical twilight ambivalence world, discarding the commerciality of Uzeit, in favour of his darker Javanese melancholic world ambience. Also new from the uncompromising and ever enlightening Sentrax Corp. comes the third and most acclaimed album from Lull, Cold Summer (Sentrax) following on and logically developing the isolationist drifts of the two previous albums. Cold Summer is a sub bass, subconscious experience, inciting strange thoughts and off-world emotions. A true ambient education. Scorn themselves get a limited edition re-mix by Jack Dangers who's Meat Beat Manifesto Mix of Silver Rain Fell (Earache) re-dresses the dub hip-hop groove without infringing on the original feel and keeping in sync with the Evanescence LP.

Tanzmusik, Tokyo's newest techno exports fire off meat beat machine beats with diced cubes of Kraftwerkian electro on their Tan-Tangue EP (Rising High) chopping between technology and symphonic space scapes. Bedouine Ascents' rejection of the repetitive discoid beats of most tech-kids, continues with his Pavilion Of The New Spirit (Rising High) experimenting with hip hop beats and new jazz sensibilities, giving this EP a future funk shelf life beyond whooping dance floors and split-ciggy chill out rooms. Not content with resting on this lot, Rising High release Phat Lab Nightmare by young (twenty-one year-old) Luke Vibert alias Wagon Christ who effortlessly exorcises the ghosts of ambi-tech past and delves into uncharted areas of electro-charged spectral funk, 2 plates of

otherworld electronic that can't fail. A crow bar might be in order as it seems welded permanently to my deck. Azid Ramcash drops six acid tabs on his Azid Ramcash Vol.II (JJ) splattering lysergic riffs for the body electric, while the experimental excellence of the Zeitgeist label unleashes more early 308/808 acid house with the Hygiene/Hygiene EP proving that British techno doesn't have to fall under the cheese-dicked hood of progressive house, something The Sony Allstars with their Ace High (Green Tung) could learn— that mind-numbing disco beat and half-hearted boob toob bass line simply don't cut it three years on. The same sufferance comes in the form of Sasha's Higher Ground and the contemptuously named Millionaire Hippies who's cheesy take on the 49ers' Touch Me renamed C'Mon (deconstruction) is completely cash orientated! Save your pennies for the deserving!

Dael

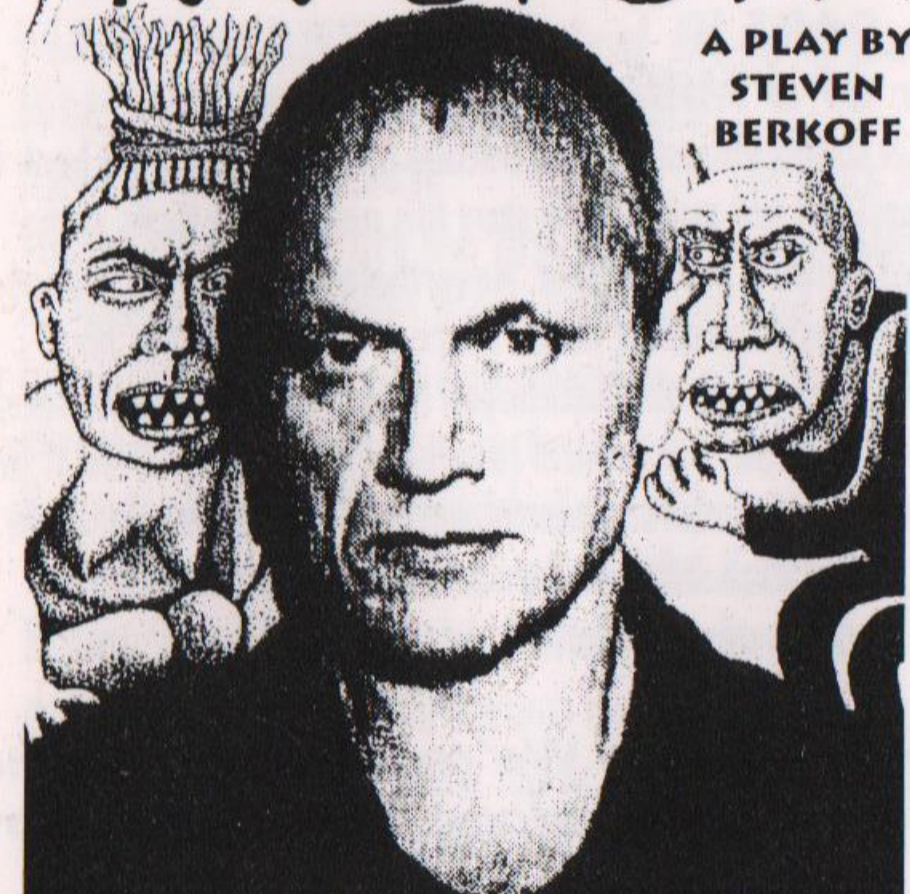


WAGON CHRIST: electro-charged spectral funk

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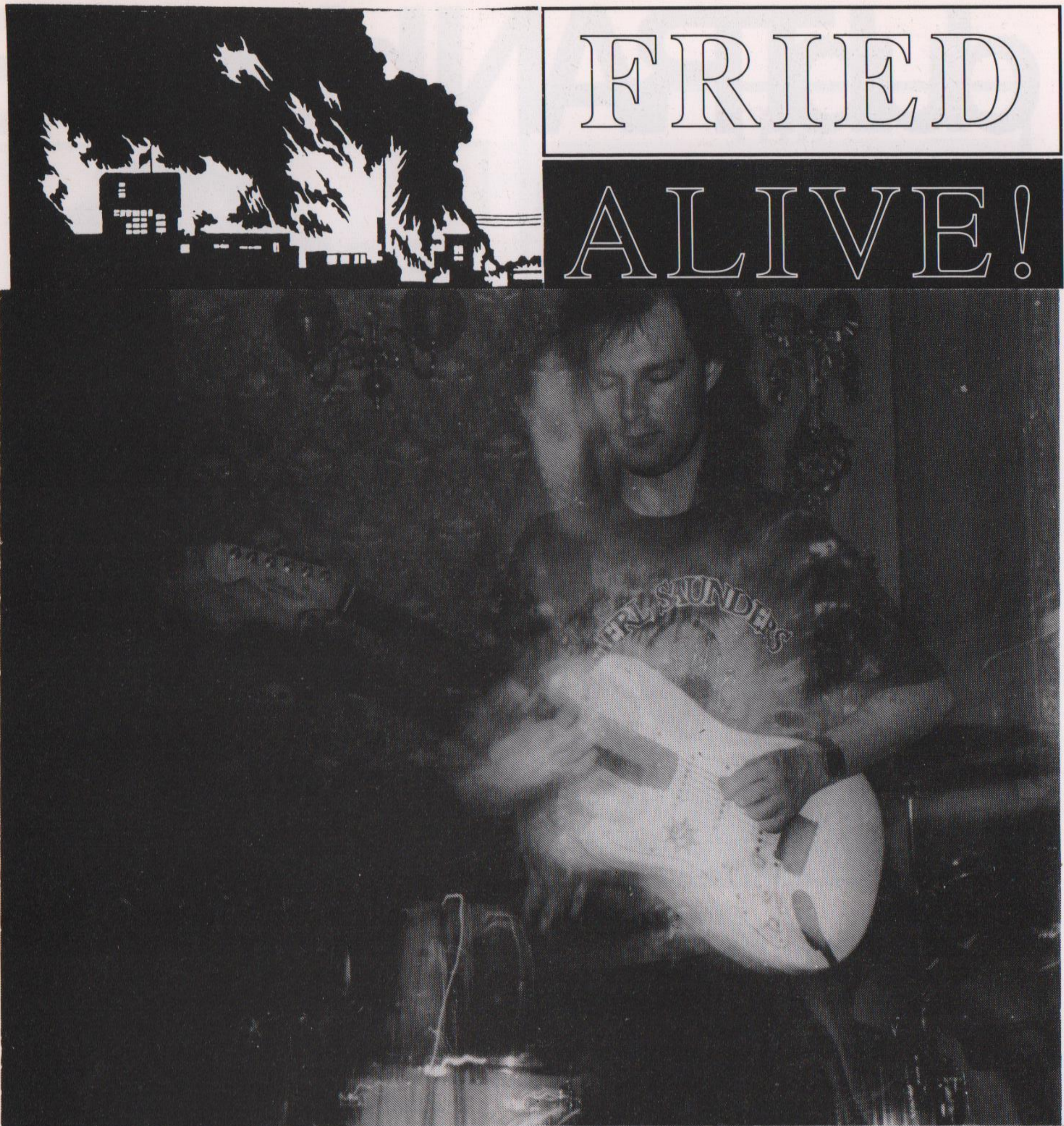
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COSMIC CHARLIES AND THE DEAD
Nottingham The Old Vic

Scoff Charlie photo: Tony Fisher

San Francisco may be a long way away to some and 1967 is probably before you were born, but to the followers of The Grateful Dead, it's just around the corner and it's only yesterday. Formed in '67, The Grateful Dead, are one of the most original bands around, championing the free form improvisational sound that came out of 'Frisco that year, they have gone from being a cult status band to being the biggest grossing rock group still playing, even outselling Michael Jackson and earning some \$70 million dollars a year, from concerts, record sales and merchandise. Unfortunately for fans in this country, they only play dates over here every five or six years, so that's where the Cosmic Charlies come in. In these days of copycat groups such as the Bootleg Beatles and Australian Abba, it is only fitting that the Dead should have a competent outfit such as the Charlies to play their songs. The crowd of 'Deadheads', as fans call themselves, were treated to an evening of fine music. In the early days of the Dead, it wasn't unknown for the band to play five hour sets, without a break, and it is in that tradition that the Charlies have set themselves. Although the band did take a break they still performed for almost four hours, a treat in itself, when so many superstar groups find it hard to push the one hour barrier. With thirty years of music to choose from the Charlies can always find something to surprise. Opening with *Cold, Rain and Snow*, the first set comprised songs such as *Tennessee Jed* and *Jack Straw* even if these were extended to some ten minutes. With the Dead now covering Bob Dylan and the Beatles in their sets, the Charlies, of course, feel quite happy with *When I Paint My Masterpiece* and *Sister Sade*, the latter running into *Shakedown Street* to close the first set. The second half was in a different world and was closer to the Dead's heartland of extended jams. *Truckin* opened almost two hours of solid music, one of only five songs played during the whole set. It was followed by *The Other One - Wharf Rat - Throwing Stones* as an almost seamless piece and the closer, well it was Saturday night, so what else could it be, *One More Saturday Night* even if by now it was really Sunday morning. A great night with a band who know their subject well and can play their instruments. Better still it's good to see that rare thing, a band playing on stage because they love playing. You may not have ever heard of The Grateful Dead or The Cosmic Charlies but if you want to try an almost unique experience, when they play again go along, for what was true in 1967, still is: there's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert.

Robert Griffiths

The Cosmic Charlies return to the Old Vic on Friday 28th Oct.

CREATE! London St. Johns Tavern
Debut London gig for one of the (really) most happening bands to come out of Nottingham for a long time. 1994 is an amazing year for British music. We should be celebrating. Create! are, because they actually know what 1994 is all about. Experts of the DIY ethic, just about to release their second single, their debut seven inch sold out within a month. They would (if they could) play two gigs a day. They live to play music. Shock horror! They have even got off their arses and create(!)d their own fanzine called *Noise Exhibition*. Their sound is very much NOW! Not retro. Not yesterday. Not the past. Create! are a now band. They are a band for the future. Create! are a cool band. A band you will either love or loathe.

Three cool fuckers grace the stage. They play with so much passion, anger and frustration. Twenty minutes of rough and raw guitar pop music. Tonight they came (at times very) close to sounding like a G-punk band. Too cool. Songs? Create! have plenty. *On The Move* always sends shivers down my spine and hits me in the gut. The excellent *Doing The Best We Can* and the essential *Bright And Beautiful* shine very brightly. Stuart even moves around these days. They are that cool. Like all the best bands, Create! actually look better after they have come off stage. The sweat twinkles in their eyes. Another band to add to the file with the word 'REAL' written on it. Create! are happening and there is nothing you can do to stop them. They will never quit. How much longer can you ignore these boys? Are you celebrating? I bloody well am.

Sid Abuse

CORTITO Nottingham Bellamy's Bar
Well it was a funny old game and while not strictly of two halves it did serve to showcase the two most prevalent philosophies in modern play. On the one hand the band played with the sort of lusty lupo non pronto that we love to associate with the South Americans, rattling through such firecrackers as *O! Mea Culpa, Un Porco can sua Bicycleetta* and *Citius, Alius, Fortius* with such verve and pace that you were left gasping with disbelief that the audience weren't samba'd into the dressing room after the first five minutes. Such exuberance is deceptive of course, belying the technical exactitude which underpins it. These boys train. The back line were supremely light and never looked in any danger, the understanding between bass and drums seemingly telepathic at times. Indeed, their new signing the Young Beturbaned Percussion Player burst forward Ben Arrivo style with such frequency that it was a wonder he didn't poach one himself. The midfield was patrolled zonally and with imagination by the flutes and saxes; such spiralling, harmonic tandem a joy to behold in these days of four square electric guitar formulaity and was only matched by the searing twin headed vocal attack of Matt Anderson & Rikki Martinez. Rikki, surely a commentator's dream with his neon distinguishable natty hairdo, should have had a hatful by the interval. As it was he was rueing the absence of a mixing desk, that device so beloved by European outfits these days. This would certainly have lightened the labours of the midfield horns and with more audible service from them the vocal strike force couldn't have failed to set the place alight. Incredibly the audience seemed totally unfazed by such rhythmical riotery and, frankly, killed the game off from the outset with their much more cynical, laissez-faire approach. Even the ecstatically staccato (though largely forgotten) *Ho Dimenticato Tutto* was unsportingly ruled offside and gained nothing more than a ripple scarcely noticeable on a mill pond. Harry, hustle, thrust all they might the band simply couldn't penetrate through to the closed ears so jealously defended behind that wall of petty mumbling, self-absorbed swallowing and, one is almost tempted to level the accusation, professional ignoring. Surely promoters must come up with some sort of effective gating policy to stamp out this certain strangulation of the nation's favourite aural sport. Yellow carding for voices over 8dB perhaps? Only then will we rid our venues of the sheer frustration evident in Matt's voice after one Baggio-esque (well, till he missed that penalty anyway) attacking effort on a blistering *Ennui, Ennui, Ennui* went largely unnoticed. "Clap, you bastards", he said. Quite.

Waxly Rical

HUGE BABY London LA2

Last time I couldn't get my head around Huge Baby; the conclusion I came to that night was that they were crap. Tonight they were so bloody perfect in places they made complete sense. In other places they were still crap. However, words to describe the good bits were, er...intense (as fuck), insane, chaotic, painful, exciting, thrilling, awesome. Huge Baby have (as far as I know) only ever played London, where they have been creating quite a buzz. Their live shows, which are becoming legendary, usually end up in violence—and that's just the band. Tonight was the same. Within 60 seconds of their first song Sal the frontman has already leaped into the crowd. The kids run for cover. Their mothers have warned them about people like him. Security aren't too sure what's going on or what to do. They let him get on with it. He looks like he is in so much pain. He stares at the crowd. He turns away. The pain. THE PAIN. You don't want to look him in the eye. This is his therapy. Musically they are out there. Rough. Raw. Hard. Quiet Soft. A sort of now Tom Waits, mixed up with the best parts of Jane's Addiction laid with a few really dirty grindcore guitar riffs. At times it really does work. Put it this way, if Johnny Violent hadn't discovered the keyboard he would be in this band. I guess you could go further and state that they are the 90's answer to the Doors, without the shite songs. What I'm trying to say is that Huge Baby give the impression that every show could be their last, so they perform like it is, giving 110% with every show. Even when I saw them last and I thought they were crap they still gave their soul to the crowd. Give them another twelve months and they will be mind blowing. Noise hasn't tasted this tasty for months. Idare you to go near the front. Not for the faint hearted.

Sid Abuse



NATIONAL NEIL YOUNG CONVENTION #2
Birmingham Que Club

On a hot Saturday in an imposing building, eight bands declare their love for the sounds of Neil Young. The first seven (Dave Henderson, Julia Screams, The Long Decline, Horizon, the a-band, 59 Reasons, and Delta) are all great. Their music ranges from the triple-guitar line-up of Horizon (who all sound like Neil Young but look like Spacehopper's dad), to the perennial a-band, one of whom spends their entire set playing snatches of records and then smashing 'em up with a hammer. Then come the crowd pullers, the headliners—Nikki Sudden & The Jacobites! Now, don't get me wrong, the Swell Maps were great, but The Jacobites are not-at-all-good. And they look appalling too, the lead guitarist looks like his three fave bands are Aerosmith, Aerosmith, and Aerosmith. Nikki Sudden forsakes the point of the occasion and just sings his own songs. It can't get any worse—but it does! The Aerosmith guy sings a song! It's downright painful, that's what it is! The 120 people in the audience have each paid a tenner for this. He rocks his little ass off and he bores us all shitless. It CAN'T get any worse—but IT DOES!

Sudden returns to the microphone just long enough to make an announcement: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Ian McNabb!"OH SHIT! We go from bored shitless to scared shitless in under five seconds. Ian McNasty comes on, fat, sweaty and horrible. He leads the band into a quickened version of *Like A Hurricane* which only goes on for 12 minutes. He is obviously in love with himself. Then, after getting a piece of paper out of his pocket, it's straight into *Cortez The Killer*, with McFlabb constantly referring to the lyrics. Does it get any worse? What do you think? The time has come for that musical monstrosity which all the world's most pompous bands play from time to time: *Rockin' In The Free World*.

I manage to be out the door and up 2 flights of stairs to the dressing rooms before the singing begins. Later I'm informed that they go on (& on) to play *Tonight's The Night*. Well, all I can say is tonight's a very bad end to a very good day.

Goatnose

X RAYS London Sir Gorge Robey

Oh my word. LOUD as FUCK! Cooler than Salv S'M*A*S'H. Faster than Linfood Christie. Better than These Animal Men (which is easy). Excellent. Brilliant. Fab.... People couldn't handle it: "They were great, but they were too loud!" Ha Ha Ha Ha. Wimps! It could have been louder! The X Rays didn't mess about, eight songs in sixteen minutes, not a dull moment. An amazing set, one that came alight. Excellent stuff, especially when this was only their 3rd 'proper' gig. They sure know their garage punk history. They've listened to it all their adult lives. They know how to produce the sheer magic of G-punk. Riffs galore, songs about speed (spelt with two 'e's not three) and beer. Gary says "Baby" a lot. You let him, because they are excellent. The only way is up because they don't give a shit. They rule. They play some of the best rough garage punk that you'll most likely hear from a British band. They are real. They are a punk band with a capital P. They know how to rev it up and rock out. I thought the X Rays were the best live band on earth. I was still buzzing 36 hours later. Sid A.

THE CHURCH London Borderline

Not in the too distant past there were two bands who were bound together and feted as possibilities for the future. Both were united by idiosyncratic vocalists, an inner yet broad vision and a Paisley warmth. One you now know to be REM, the other is Australia's The Church. The Church, however, seem to be slimming slowly. Now down to two—Steve Kilbey and Martin Willson-Piper (who seems to have recovered from his loon spell with All About Eve)—this acoustic soiree was one of their all too rare forays into the UK. But when one of them lives in Sweden and the other in Australia, what can you expect? Well, what you can expect are tautly worked passionate songs, Kilbey's neck straining with urgency, eyes cajoling pleadingly, and Willson-Piper straining his twelve-string to do more than God designed it for; yet still the melodies flow through like epic brush strokes. They never seem to tackle subjects directly, working more indirectly with themes and emotions. When My Little Problem gets its airing, you are party to a confession whilst never knowing what is being confessed. They have an unswerving talent for depicting the awesome faded grandeur of the weary soul or the cracked actor, inspiring hope at every turn. Put simply this was the first gig in ages that I'm still at the day after. Still beautiful.

Dave Elyatt

OASIS/OCEAN COLOUR SCENE
Nottingham Rock City

These days Ocean Colour Scene come across as nerdy Blur-alikes, serving up a big spoonful of Abbey Road and more than a pinch of that Rapid Eye Movement bunch. They're a giggly, amiable, melodic group, even the fatuous alcoholic inter-remarks add to their somewhat elfish charm. Good response, as was due, and as they slunk off into the night, in slunk the gig faithfuls in their hordes, causing a sell-out night with knobs on, until Rock City was quite desperately packed. As Oasis got going they initially came over as a predictable development of the stock Manchester sound, vivacious enough, with the added quirk of a touch of the Johnny Rotten's (and quite horrible geezers to boot), but nothing especially to get your teeth into. But any misgivings about tedium setting in were soon blown right out of the shop. Tonight's rendition of *Shakermaker* — I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing on dope — even dipped into the 'original's' lyrics, debut *Supersonic* is miles better, but Oasis really excel when they extend their songs into hypnotic sound melt-downs, evident in *Slide Away* and their quite mesmeric version of *I Am The Walrus*. Here, the band are at their most effective, and stake out solid claims of individuality and personal enthralling style. Minimal stage presence, reduced to prolonged 'enigmatic' stares by Liam are all part of the Oasis make up, their set grew and developed into a memorable gig, providing a welcome oasis in the yawning void of the summer no-gig season. Nice one.

Ewa Kowalski

TSUNAMI/ EGGS/ RODAN
Leicester The Charlotte

Good value for money this one, three talked-about U.S. bands on the same bill. Hooray. First up are Rodan, and if you thought that any band named after a ridiculous creation from a Japanese monster movie must be good, in this instance you'd be right. Rodan hail from Louisville Kentucky, home of Slint and the Palace Brothers, and at times sound a helluva lot like Slint mixed up with the twisty quirks of Nomeansno. Their album *Rusty* is tremendous, but these songs sound even better live, especially the lengthy *The Everyday, World Of Bodies*. Fine stuff, and because they're on first they get to play longer than everyone else! Going back to Japanese monster movies, isn't there a band doing the rounds called Godzilla? This could start a new craze in band names: Mothra, Angiurus, The Smog Monster, yep they all sound good to me, you could use any of 'em. And who remembers Destroy All Monsters? Eggs, no doubt promoting a new album (sorry) are OK, but not memorable. The trombone playing makes a change, that's about all. Last time I saw Tsunami I found them twee and nice. Not so tonight, they've really toughened up the sound, and while they're hardly Killozer, they sound all the better for it. They create a splendid din veering from hard pop, to songs with a more sinister edge. In fact I was so inspired (and drunk) that I reverted to my teenage years and pogoed around like an idiot. after which I felt about 148 due to various aching limbs. Still, it was fun at the time.

Mr.Jones

MONOMANIA: Blast Off!
Nottingham Castle Grounds

"It is unusually cold for the time of year." Comrade Trumanski had detached himself from a straggling column of Bohemians fleeing the oppression of Saturday in the city and approached the group of us supping wine and lying low on the grass to minimise the effects of the late summer breeze which was a gnar's off becoming cold. Minimalism was in the air. I watched the sky, anticipating the next blue bit. The Bohemians were an orchestra heading to the bandstand to Blast Off! an interactive event. We arose and headed for the benches encircling the stage and chose one not shaded by a tree. Performers Yum Loo set up the elements and round the castle they ran with their big red flags a-waving. In the distance a small gathering of kinetic sculptures gently swayed and collided in anticipation. Anything could happen in the next half hour. "Ladies and Gentlemen! Watch in wonder the thoroughly modern miracle before you, an orchestra that will change its playing when you tell it to!!" Monomaniac Mat Anderson actually managed to sound the double exclamation, and all the pauses were in the right place as he declared, "Hear the difference as you....point and stare!...sit down or stand up!....walk up to the bandstand!.....Kiss someone!" It was obvious no-one was going to be left out of this one. The assemblage of musicians sat in a circle facing outwards. Gareth the Trombone, Vicky the Bassoon, Sophie the Clarinet, Jeanie the Cello, Sarah the sax, Josh the Sax, Tim the Time, Howard the Clarinet, Jennifer the Violin, Beth the Viola, Jo the Violin, Steve the Bass and Peter the Trumpet. Mat along with fellow Monomaniac Lisa Buckley jumped around giving encouragement to shy adults while children gleefully ran up to the bandstand pointing and staring and trying to climb up for a bit of interactive stage-diving. Gaining confidence (the wine was finished as well) we wandered around the circle, using a camera to point and click. Others less inhibited began to lift their arms to conduct certain members of the orchestra. Howard was cheating. He had his eyes closed. Yum Loo began galloping. Various other exhibitionists began exhibiting. BOIING! Zebedee appeared. "What's going on?" he asked no-one in particular. Florence kissed him and the music changed again. The composers Monomaniac, true to their desire to make contemporary music more publicly accessible, took over the conducting and conducted the musicians off the stage for a few laps round the bandstand. There was much laughing and general interacting. Only the Keeper Of Time remained on the stage, a big smile beneath his Hari Georgeson moustache, keeping a kettle drum simmering regardless of regards. The Carnival procession filed randomly back on the stage and one by one they brought the proceedings to a close. The notes petered out and flew south for winter. Interactive cacophony has never sounded so good.

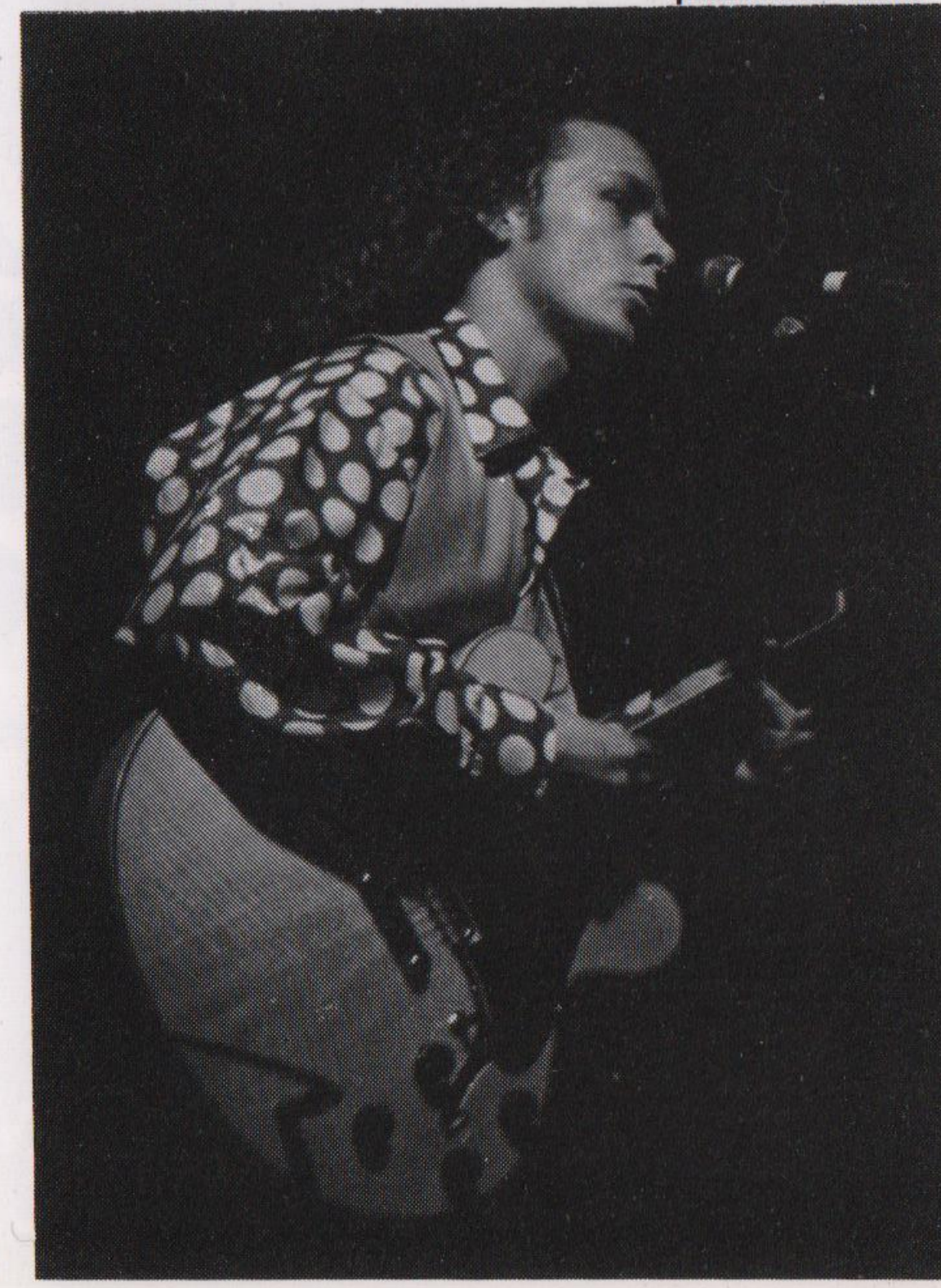
Christine Chapel

FRANCIS Newark The Navigation

This guy is a record company's dream! Talented, excellent frontman, good-looking and a great voice. The band, packed in tight due to the funky horn section and mic' space required, pulled out yet more surprises with a 16 song set, the dancefloor heaving with groovers. Some new material, some covers, and amazing guitar work could only spell one thing: F.U.N.K. Francis is going places and he knows it! Check this out and you won't be disappointed —only problem is you'll be humming the songs for weeks

Rachel

FRANCIS appear at Sam Fay's Thurs. 20th Oct. photo: Asher Williams



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