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Issue # 44 JUNE 1996

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## firstofall:

**Nottingham Music Industry Week** is a four day event for budding musicians, promoters, sound mixers and DJs. Organised by Carlos Thrale of Arnold & Carlton College, one of the few colleges in the UK to award a BTEC in popular music, in conjunction with Confetti School Of Recording Technology, Carlsboro Sound, also involved are the Warehouse Studios and East Midlands Arts. The four day event begins on Monday 22nd July comprising seminars and workshops led by professionals from all areas of the music industry, and evening gigs. On offer is insight into the "trade secrets" of the pop world, sessions on sound mixing, MIDI and sequencing, composition and background to the business and financial side of the industry. for reservations call (0115) 953 1222.

**The Radio Authority** has received twelve applications for the new regional Local Independent Radio licence for the East Midlands to be broadcast on 106 FM beginning October. Applicants for the licence which will cover Nottingham, Leicester and Derby reaching an adult population of 1.5 million are Gem FM (i.e. Radio Trent, same shit, different frequency); Kiss FM (from London and Manchester, dance and 'dance-related' juof radio); Heart FM (soft adult contemporary); Jupiter Radio (from Grantham, "responsible and intelligent"); MC FM (hopefully not somebody shouting over all the music but Multi Cultural dance and soul with social perspective); Radio 106 FM (a.k.a. East Midlands Broadcasting Company, speech and easy listening); Sangeet FM (stereo transmission for the Asian Community); Slam Radio (from Birmingham's BRMB, blend of chart, dance and indie); Soul FM (soul); and last but not least Radio Freedom (Derby-based individual Paul Johnson offering rock, indie, dance and live music service). Full copies of these applications are available for public scrutiny in central libraries in each of the three cities and the Radio Authority welcomes comments on these proposals and the tastes and requirements of listeners in the region. They should be sent to Head Of Development, 14 Great Queen Street, LONDON WC2B 5DG. If you can't be bothered don't complain if your new regional radio station isn't to your liking.

Newark-based agit-poppers **The Waiting List** have reformed to record their first new material since 1993, unplugged and returning to the "acoustic angst" of the early days. Meanwhile their alter ego **The Cabaret Rats** take their "wrecked pop" sounds to The Old Angel (July 5th) and the Filly & Firkin (Aug. 10th). "Best band in Mansfield" **Wide-Eyed Wonder** have a new cassette-only release featuring four new tracks which has earned them a headline spot at London's Rock Garden. Tickets for a coach trip are selling fast so if you want to join them or buy the tape call 01623 424650 or 0115 970 4983

With their cocktail of Punk, Ska, Ragga and Hip Hop, **King Prawn's** debut mini-album **First Offence** on Words of Warning was produced by Ace from Skunk Anansie. They delivered a ferocious performance when they visited Nottingham with Killa Instinct and Gunshot DJ Barry Blue earlier in the year, and King Prawn return in their own right with an appearance at Sam Fay's on July 18th. Support comes from **Headwound**.

Confrontational metal rappers **Downset** release their second album on June 17th for Mercury. *Entitled Do We Speak A Language* it continues in the socio-political vein of their debut, dealing with issues such as gang warfare, sexism and racism, drawn from their own experiences of living in downtown San Fernando valley, LA. A European tour begins in late summer.

**Compulsion** are on our to promote their new album *The Future Is Medium*, out June 17th. Catch them in Leicester (The Charlotte, 20th) or Stoke (The Stage July 3rd).

**Done Lying Down** return from a six week tour of Europe with Killdozer and Chumbawamba with a re-recorded and remixed version on 7" and cd of *Can't Be Too Certain* from their *Kontrapunkt* album on Immaterial Records. The cd format also features three exclusive John Peel session tracks. A UK tour brings them to Leicester (The Charlotte, July 3rd) and Derby (The Garrick, 4th).

Ambient Prog Rockers **The Enid** return with a string of summer dates prior to the release of their singles compilation *Anarchy On 45*. Experience them live at Stoke (The Wheatsheaf, July 4th) or Northampton (Irish Centre, July 6th). **Ambisonic** release their 'trip hoppy' *Mobilized* ep this month on Nation Records which includes the most ambient motorbike song ever made called *Homage To A Harley*, with an album *Ecohero* to follow in July.

**Cecil** release their new single *Measured* on June 17th on Parlophone. currently on tour, they appear in Stoke (The Stage, June 12th) and Leicester (The Charlotte, 15th).

Sheffield's **Red Tape Studios** are currently recruiting students for two new sound recording courses. Both lasting for a year, the Sound Engineering Course is a practical course designed to lead to employment in the recording industry and begins 14th October. The Sound Recording and Music Industry Course is an introductory course providing core skills and knowledge in music and recording technology commencing 16th September. for further details contact Red Tape Studios, 50 Shoreham Street, SHEFFIELD S1 4SP or phone (0114) 276 1151.

The 40th **University Of Nottingham Summer Exhibition** opens on Saturday 15th June and includes a total of 311 works by 119 members of the University community, ranging from watercolours to quirky sculptures and experimental works. Admission is free and the exhibition continues until July 6th.. A Nottingham student has won an arts competition to define the "spirit" of Nottingham. the competition is part of a national campaign by Absolut Vodka to find the next generation of young artists. The winner, Sharon Scoffings who was born and bred in the city, defined Nottingham through fashion. and local lace. She wins an award of £1,500 to develop the design 'Absolut Nottingham' into a 48-sheet poster which will go up on June 15th at a site in the city centre.

After two years of bringing us the best in local, national and international jazz acts, the promoters of The Skyy Club's weekly jazz night *Excessaweez*, which takes place every Wednesday, have decided to relaunch the evening by distributing flyers. A spokesman for *Sleazy* (as it is now called) said, "After two years we thought it was time we promoted it, rather than relying on word of mouth." Asked if he thought it would make any difference he replied, "I don't know. We've never tried it before." The flyer is available from the usual outlets.

**Hyson Green Festival** takes place in the last week of June. The festivities include an evening of live music at The Skyy Club on Thursday 27th, the **Afrikan Celebration** at the Hyson Green Community Centre with live acts and DJs, and an open air event at the market place on Radford Road beginning noon on Saturday 29th featuring 4-piece hiphop outfit **Permanent Revolution**, a local act with a track out on Nation Records for an authentic taste of NG7. See listings.

John and Sandra welcome you to



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# visual:



## THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL '96

The British were very much at the forefront of this year's festival. *Secrets & Lies* (pic. above) justifiably romped away with three of the awards: the coveted Palme d'Or, the Best Actress award for Brenda Blethyn and the International Critics Prize. Lars von Trier's *Breaking the Waves* starring British actresses Katrin Cartlidge and Emily Watson was the other front-runner for the Palme d'Or and it was thought that the absence of the director (von Trier stayed away because of travel phobia) damaged the film's chances when it came to the crunch. Another British film, Michael Winterbottom's *Jude*, was shown out of competition. Winterbottom was behind *Butterfly Kiss* a year or so ago. This was an adaptation of the Thomas Hardy novel with a contemporary approach to the central relationship of Jude and Sue (played powerfully enough by Christopher Eccleston and Kate Winslet). *Trainspotting* also went down a storm. Not released in Europe up to now, it was lapped up by the assorted Spaniards, Italians, French and Greeks, who even took snapshots of individual scenes (such as Ewan McGregor emerging from the toilet-bowl) while the film was running at its Premiere! speculation was rife as to why it wasn't in competition— even Dickie Attenborough was asked why by a UK radio journalist at the launch of a totally unconnected film. In the end Danny Boyle decided it had been ruled out for fear of running away with all the prizes! David Cronenberg's *Crash*, a faithful rendering of the shocking JG Ballard novel about sexual arousal through car accidents, has to be seen to be believed. Critics were divided, some thinking it wasn't worth making while others felt it was an astonishing movie. I tended to side with the latter view but acknowledge that *Crash* may not be the best book of which to make a film. Discarding clothes and comparing scars are the likes of Deborah Ungar, James Spader, Holly Hunter and Rosanna Arquette. Censors may well shed some of the scenes before the film is released in this country. At the press conference the question of male nudity came up in terms of there being a lot of female flesh on view in comparison with male full-frontal displays. James Spader, cool as you like, sharply replied, "It's a matter of geography. People are fucking. When you fuck you don't normally see the penis," causing ripples of laughter from the assorted Press gathering. Novelist JG Ballard was also in good form suggesting that everyone who passed their driving test should be given a video copy of *Crash*. "Always wear a seat belt," he suggested helpfully and then added with a totally straight face, "if you want sex do it in the back seat," provoking quiet laughter from Cronenberg. The film was given a special award by the Cannes Jury for 'sheer audacity' although some jurors publicly abstained from voting. Of the rest Stephen Frears' *The Van* was OK but not great. David O'Russell's farcical comedy *Flirting With Disaster* has a great cast— Alan Alda, Patricia Arquette, Ben Stiller, Tea Leoni, Mary Tyler Moore— and is quite funny. *The Pallbearer* starring David Schwimmer, Barabara Hershey and Gwyneth Paltrow is pretty much a 90's remake of *The Graduate* but very good all the same. Al Pacino's Looking For Richard went down well and Angelica Huston's debut as a director *Bastard Out Of Carolina* is thought provoking and challenging. Away from the awards there were parties. The *Trainspotting* do was a slightly lacklustre affair livened up by a performance from Leftfield. Organised by Polygram, film four and Miramax at the huge Palm Beach location on the east side of Cannes, some 2000 people gained entry and bopped until dawn. The MTV/Empire/Screen party was also held at Palm Beach attended by some 1500 people and involving a casino, a Salsa disco, alive performance from Harry Conninck Jr, a Tequila bar, trance disco but, alas, no food! Big and impersonal, it was difficult to know which stars were there beyond the decidedly visible President of the jury, Francis Ford Coppola. Yet it was a well-run affair with an inebriated crowd getting on down until 5am. Queen put on a roof-top party earlier in the week attended by Brian May and pals. A packed affair, Virginia Bottomley left soon after it began with BFI director Wilf Stevenson at her heels. The group gave out free cds and T-shirts, there was wine and food and plenty of space in the end even though organisers were worried about numbers on the roof. As for the rest, the porn merchants were banished to a large boat in the harbour marked 'Private'. Rowing boats packed with dirty raincoated press hacks were rumoured to be going to and fro with the lure of free videos and scantily clad models on board. All in all the 1996 Cannes Film Festival was a strangely muted affair. There seemed to be an absence of big stars throughout, but with so many quality European directors in competition the quality of the films was high. As Cannes is left to recover for twelve months, plans are already afoot for the 50th Film Festival next year which promises to be a blast not least of all because *The Lost World*, Spielberg's follow-up to *Jurassic Park*, has been pencilled in to the line-up.

Matt Arnoldi

## SECRETS & LIES (dir. Mike Leigh)

Following a successful sojourn in southern France, where it scooped up all the major awards at Cannes Film Festival, *Secrets & Lies* returns to Blighty with both its commercial prospects as well as its critical expectations considerably enhanced. Other recent British films that have been given a similar promotional fanfare (notably *Land And Freedom* and *Trainspotting*) have lived up to their pre-release hype and, thankfully, Mike Leigh is not about to let us down. In his latest film the veteran writer/director dispenses with the dark, demonic world of *Naked* and replaces it with the sedate pastel-hued suburban hell that has previously featured in such film classics as *Life Is Sweet*, *Bleak Moments*, and *Abigail's Party*. Five characters dominate proceedings; prosperous portrait photographer Maurice (Timothy Spall) and his fastidious wife Monica (Phyllis Logan); his dowdy but deserving sister Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn) and her rancorous daughter Roxanne (Claire Rushbrook); and an adopted young black woman Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste) whose reconciliation with her real mother exposes the film's eponymous secrets and lies. As ever with Leigh, it's not the plot that matters so much as the hilarious and touching moments of everyday life. Between the riotous laughter and bitter-sweet pathos, his empathy and compassion for individual characters makes them so memorable and an audience care so much about them. Furthermore the ensemble cast have a golden opportunity to shine and here Blethyn, Spall and newcomer Jean-Baptiste are particularly inspired. For Leigh, *Secrets & Lies* breaks no new ground but some things just improve with age and his talent, it seems, must be one of them. Unmissable.

Hank Quinlan

*Secrets And Lies will be revealed at Broadway from Friday 4th July, at Metro Derby 28th June-4th July.*



## SWIMMING WITH SHARKS

George Huang's writing and directorial debut is a sparkling and, at times, unnerving US comedy about the joys (or lack of them) of working in Tinseltown which will particularly please those who enjoyed the Robert Altman film *The Player*. At the heart of it all is 'man of the moment' Kevin Spacey (so good in both *The Usual Suspects* and *Seven*), as a Head of Production kingpin Buddy Ackerman who knows he has ultimate power over his assistant Rex ('Usual Suspect' Benicio del Toro). Basically, when he says 'jump!', Rex has to ask 'how high?' if he knows what's good for him. Rex, though, is moving on and taking his place is a young wide-eyed would-be scriptwriter Guy (played by Frank Whaley, a Michael J Fox type who has so far had bit-parts in *Pulp Fiction*, *The Doors* and *Field of Dreams*). Michelle Forbes (*Kalifornia*), plays first-time director Dawn, prepared to sleep her way into a position that allows her to make the films she wants to make. *Swimming With Sharks* establishes early on quite how difficult it is for the 'whipping boys' of the key players to achieve any kind of respect in Hollywood. All too accurately, it attacks a hierarchical system based on word-of-mouth where bosses know they can do what they like to their underlings, in the knowledge that threats such as 'you'll never work in this town again!' can almost be delivered as a promise. Shot in 18 days in LA and based on first-hand experiences of several assistants (20% of what happens is even autobiographical on writer Huang's part), *Swimming With Sharks* is constantly entertaining, witty and acerbic, with decent performances from all those involved. As the whipping-boy turns tables on his boss, the film neatly keeps you guessing, and Huang also uses a flashback technique so that the film cleverly turns full circle by the time it reaches it's final reel. Spacey has some fantastically insulting lines ("My bathmat means more to me than you do!" and "If I can get 'dogboy' here a job in this town, it shows anything's possible!") to the extent that you enjoy watching someone else squirm whenever something is done wrong. Huang also cleverly epitomises how power works in this town: lowest-of-the-low Guy is really a key player himself merely because he's so close to kingpin Buddy. If you like *The Player*, do go see this movie, and watch these guys squirm! It even has an almost a true-to-life ending.

Matt Arnoldi

## ROUGH MAGIC

Thankfully there's no sign of Paul Daniels in this decidedly strange concoction directed by Clare Peploe that combines magic, intrigue and dodgy elixirs in 50's Mexico. Fonda plays a magician's assistant who decides to take off down South and across the border after the death of her magician friend, leaving behind her millionaire fiancé Cliff Wyatt. She soon meets a dodgy salesman (Jim Broadbent) and a young man by the name of Alex Ross (New Zealander Russell Crowe) who unbeknown to her is working for her fiancé. The result is a weird movie which constantly gives the impression that it is leading somewhere but in the end, doesn't. At times, it seems quite slow, but Fonda occupies the screen for 90% of the time and is always worth watching as Myra, a girl with a gift for magic.

Matt Arnoldi

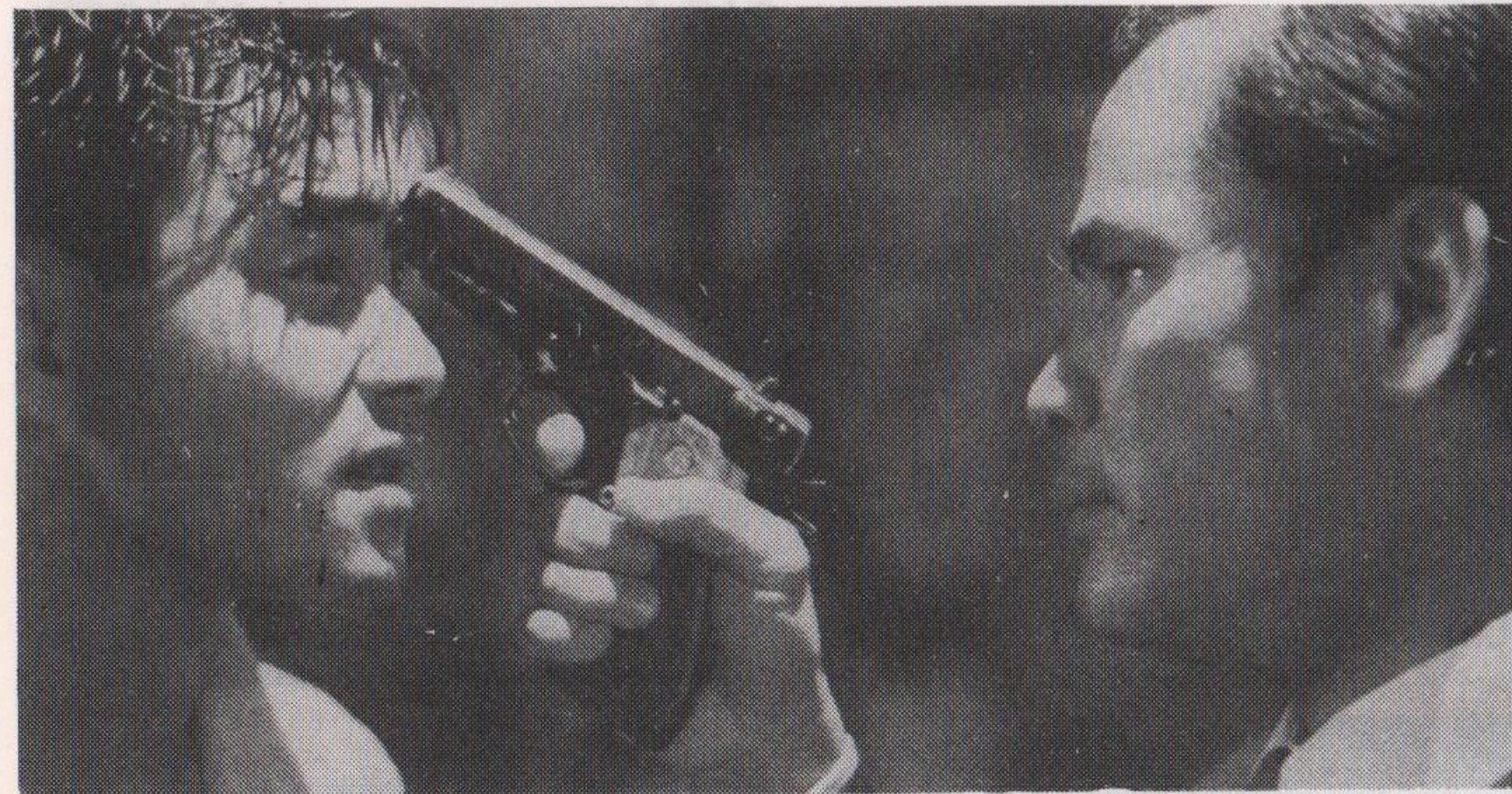


## RETURN OF THE BRUCE! : HONG KONG CINEMA OVER THE EDGE Pt. 13 featuring THE BIG BOSS and FIST OF FURY

The James Dean of Martial Arts Movies, Bruce Lee only enjoyed a brief moment of megastardom before his mysterious death in 1973 and subsequent elevation to cult figure status. Other Hong Kong luminaries such as Jackie Chan, Chow Yun Fat and Andy Lau have had more sustained careers but none can match Lee's enduring popularity, his singular charismatic appeal or monumental impact on the international stage. *The Big Boss* from 1971 is notable for being his first Hong Kong film and the first to feature him in a starring role. Playing a migrant worker at an ice packing factory Lee fights his way through frozen bodies before destroying some dirty little drug dealers with all the subtlety of a one man atomic bomb. A year later *Fist Of Fury* displayed his awesome talent as a fight choreographer when a dispute between two rival Kung Fu schools escalates into an all-out war of combative virtuosity. These films established Lee as a major box office attraction, but he was to complete only two more before he died, and the inimitable legend was born.

Hank Quinlan

*The Big Boss, Fist Of Fury and bonus film Friends, a Shaw brothers classic from 1973 will show at Broadway on Sunday 7th July. Kick off is at 11.00am.*



## BULLET IN THE HEAD (dir. John Woo)

Guns, guns and more guns, *Bullet In The Head* is an unholy explosion of energy that rips your eyeballs from their sockets and leaves them dangling two inches from the screen. The plot, a Hong Kong take on *The Deer Hunter*, focuses on three life-long friends and their disintegration into tragedy and betrayal; but it is the ferocious absurdity of the violence which sends the film spiralling into realms of unrestrained madness. In the central roles, Tony Leung, Jacky Cheung and Waise Lee are respectfully sensible, suicidal and psychotic while the sycophantic Simon Yam steals the show as an embittered assassin. In terms of John Woo's illustrious oeuvre, *Bullet In The Head* falls somewhere between *The Killer* and *Hard Boiled* and before his move to Hollywood and more mainstream fare, though perhaps in the past it has been overlooked due to the absence of his regular on screen alter ego Chow Yun Fat. However in many aspects the film is actually better because of the attendant moral ambiguity and Woo's trademark action sequences which have never looked more impressive.

Hank Quinlan

*Bullet In The Head opens fire at Broadway Mon 1st-Tues 2nd July.*

## FARGO

Directed by Ethan Coen, produced by brother Joel, screenplay written by both, starring Frances McDormand (see also *Primal Fear*) Steve Buscemi (last seen in *Desperado*), Peter Stormare, William Macy and Harve Presnell. *Fargo* is an excellent black comedy crime drama set in Minnesota in the late 80's with echoes of the offbeat but wonderful *Twin Peaks* and much of David Lynch's work. William Macy plays Jerry Lundegaard, a forty-something car salesman who is in debt up to his eyeballs and not selling many cars. So he decides to hire two thugs to kidnap his wife so he can coax a healthy ransom her wealthy father. It is no surprise when it becomes obvious that this is the worst decision he has ever made. As in *Things To Do In Denver When You're Dead* things go wrong with all kinds of reverberations. Murders soon become a problem attracting the interest of local Police Chief Maggie Gunderson (played stunningly by Frances McDormand) who then unravels a web of plotting that inevitably will lead back to a certain salesman down on his luck. *Fargo* is a delight from start to finish. A taut but also very funny and at times touching 90 minutes with throwbacks to the Coen brothers' excellent debut *Blood Simple*. Arguably they have never bettered that first film, at least not until now. Funny, surprising and engaging, *Fargo* creates a genuine and utterly likeable rural community complete with all kinds of eccentricities that closes in on itself when outsiders enter threatening harm and committing crime. At the heart of this community is Policewoman Gunderson, a character brilliantly fleshed out by Frances Dordmand who is both gentle and firm in her desire to get to the bottom of the crime. The sense of inevitability isn't a problem because the chase is so enjoyable. A mesmerising, memorable, offbeat, gentle, black comedy which is on the mark.

Matt Arnoldi

## FROM DUSK TILL DAWN

In which George Clooney (*ER*) and Quentin Tarantino play fugitives on the run from the Texas police and the FBI after a crime spree across America. They hope to flee to Mexico to hook up with the mysterious Carlos (Cheech Marin) shackled up in a less than salubrious bar called The Titty Twister, a wild place in the middle of the desert inhabited by strippers and bikers. Carlos has promised them sanctuary in return for a share of the loot. The duo take hostage the Fuller family (Harvey Keitel plays the minister father, Juliette Lewis his daughter), hoping to melt into the background when the homely-looking family cross the border. Directed by Robert Rodriguez (*Desperado*) and written by Tarantino, *From Dusk Till Dawn* begins well as a hard-nosed, rip-snorter of a with echoes of *Natural Born Killers* as the hoodlums, making their escape, kill with utter ruthlessness. The tension holds until the duo, together with the hostages, reach the bar in Mexico. At this point the film changes tack completely, turning into a bloodletting comedy of truly epic proportions as vampires take over the shop. From then on, typical of many films of the genre, it becomes a comical vampire massacre and you begin to wonder who will be left standing at the end. Being less original the second half begins to seem exhausting but is redeemed by excellent comical exchange. The script and screenplay from Tarantino is interesting and he himself is menacing in crew cut and spectacles. But the real hit is Clooney, particularly convincing as the hard and dangerous lead character, and fast becoming one of the hottest properties in Hollywood. Juliette Lewis and Harvey Keitel give able support, and the soundtrack, wonderfully heavy and revved up with the likes of ZZ Top, makes a refreshing change.

Matt Arnoldi

## LE CONFSSIONAL (dir. Robert Lepage)

The debut feature film from Canadian theatrical prodigy Lepage, *Le Confessional* incorporates a potent homage to Alfred Hitchcock into its rich, enigmatic tale of family tragedy. Cleverly cross-cutting in time between the Quebec of 1952 and that of 1989 the film follows Pierre (Lothaire Bluteau) as he helps adopted brother Mark to solve the mystery of his past and discover more about the parents he never knew. His mother Rachel (Suzanne Clement) had at first refused to reveal his father's name, only later confessing all to a priest before giving birth and then committing suicide. The parallels with Hitchcock's *I Confess* which was made in the same city at that time are poignantly made, and the moral conflicts concerning confessional confidentiality are examined with perceptive intelligence. Though at times the plot lacks full dramatic development, compensation comes with the exquisite visual landscapes and dense atmospheric milieu. Certainly *Le Confessional* is a film to savour and Lepage is an intriguing new cinematic figure.

Hank Quinlan

*Le Confessional absolves your sins at Broadway Friday 5th- Thurs. 11th July, Metro, Derby 12th-16th and Phoenix Leics. 16th-18th.*



## DEAD MAN



humour coming to the fore in the film, and Robbie Muller's photography is also eye-catching enough to be memorable.

Matt Arnoldi

Jim Jarmusch's latest will be either loved or hated, there will be few in between! It stars Johnny Depp as William Blake who goes way out West and meets a native American called 'Nobody' who mistakes Blake for William Blake, the visionary poet. Blake rethinks his life and outlook on it, as a result of his weird experiences in the wilderness. On route, he meets various weird eccentrics played by the likes of Lance Henriksen, Alfred Molina, Gabriel Byrne and John Hurt. The pacing of this film is at best described as uneven (at times it is amazingly slow), it is also very long (177 minutes, exactly the same length as *Ulysses Gaze*) and on the whole, the film will test the patience of those that go to see it. Some might think it utter drivel, others might be quite moved by this story of a young man's physical and spiritual journey into unfamiliar territory. Personally, I preferred some of Jarmusch's previous films such as *Night On Earth* and *Down By Law*, although at times, there are entertaining signs of Jarmusch's wry and sardonic



# FRIED CIRCUIT

**JUNE  
1996**



DREAMGRINDER: Sam Fay's Thurs 27th

photo: Fiasco Cabbage

## saturday 15th

**PABLO / JAZZ SPIRIT / PHAT J  
JONATHAN / JOHNNY C**  
Fever The Skyy Club

**THE BEAGLES** Nottm filly & Firkin

**PATTON & KELLY** Mechanics Arms

**PLANCK / D? CI? /** The Box

**THE RIFFS** Meadow Club

**INCUBUS SUCCUBUS** Rock City

**DELIRIUM** Trent Bridge Wurlitzer

**TIM DISNEY** Running Horse

**CREDO** Mansfield The Woodpecker

**LITHIUM JOE** Leics Pump & Tap

**CECIL / LUNGE** The Charlotte

**TRANSGLOBAL** UNDERGROUND

**BAKA BEYOND / DR. DIDG**

**ALIAS RON KAVANA**

**JAZZ JAMAICA / HORACE X**

**HARARE DREAD**

**STORM THIEVES** Leicester De Montford Hall

**MANSUN / SODA** Sheffield The Leadmill

**LTJ BOOKEM**

## sunday 16th

**THE NAVIGATORS** lunch Nottm Mechanics Arms

**SHOD** noon jazz break fast Old Angel

**THE JIM TAVARE SHOW** Just The Tonic The Old Vic

**THE SCHEME** The Golden Fleece

**FOOTWARMERS** noon 8pm The Bell Inn

**AKIMBO**

**NIGHT PORTER** The Running Horse

**NARCOSIS / FRESH FEAST**

**STRESS ENGINE** Narrowboat

## FREAKZONE

Mansfield Town Mill

**DREADZONE / EDWARD II**

**CANDIDO FABRE**

**ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION**

**ABANA / INNER SENSE**

**CITY BEAT** Turnin up the Beat

**PIGSIX 4 / CITRIC SPANK** Leicester de Montford Hall

**PITCHSHIFTER** Sheffield The Hadfield

**MANATARAY / PALLET** Birmingham The Foundry

**MANATAP / PALLET** Northampton Roadmender

## monday 17th

**DJS CODE RED** Suttin necessary Nottm Sam Fay's

**ACOUSTIC ROUTES** Golden Fleece

**OMEGA** The Bell Inn

**THE FRAMES D.C.** Northampton The Roadmender

**CALVIN PARTY / MAGOO** Norwich Arts Center

**CATHY BONNER**

**MOTHER HUBBARD** Leics. The Charlotte

## tuesday 18th

**PIGSIX4 / RADIUM 88**

**DJ PABLO** £2 8pm-2am Nottingham Sam Fay's

**CONSUMED / CHOPPER** Skyy Club

**TEMPUS FUGIT** The Bell Inn

**DA DOG** The Golden Fleece

**SCREAM** Leics The Charlotte

**FINE / THE PULL** Sheffield The Leadmill

## wednesday 19th

**FAB 4** Nottm Sam Fay's

**THREE DEEP** Sleazy The Skyy Club

**STORM CLOUDS** Mansfield The Woodpecker

**DUST DEVIL / LOW** Leics The Charlotte

## thursday 20th

**BENDER / SPITHEAD**

**DJ MARK SPIVEY** £3 8pm - 2am Nottm Sam Fay's

**SINGLE BASS** Filly & Firkin

**GREG WHITE'S LEFT HOOK** The Running Horse

**THE LAST COSMONAUTS** The Old Angel

**COMPULSION** Leics The Charlotte

**EVIL SUPERSTARS**

## friday 21st

**SNEINTON ELVIS / BADAXE**

**ACCIDENT & EMERGENCY**

**SMELLS LIKE NIRVANA**

**THE URCHINS**

**THE CLIMAX SISTERS**

**The King's Birthday** Nottm The Meadow club

**THE JONES'S** Filly & Firkin

**FRANKIE BONES / ADAM X**

**CHRIS LIBERATOR**

**NEBULA II** Marcus Garvey Centre

**TEH TRAVELLING RIVERSIDE**

**BLUES BAND** The Running Horse

**PANSY DIVISION / KITSCH** Narrowboat

**THUNK** Old Angel

**HOOLEY & THE CRACK** Mechanics Arms

**WRIGHTY** Hot Butter Beatroot

**THE MANZAREK DOORS** Leics. The Charlotte

## saturday 22nd

**ADVERSE** Nottm The Old Vic

**RING** Filly & Firkin

**PORK CHOP / CRAZE / VINYL**

**JUNKIE** Concrete 3 The Box

**OLD TENNIS SHOES** The Running Horse

**HARSH** The Old Angel

**LEGOLAB** Desertstorm The Skyy Club

**POTEEN** Mechanics Arms

**ROLF HARRIS** Rock City

**DELIRIUM** Mansfield The Early Doors

**MAD DOG SCONE** The Woodpecker

**HELIOTROPE / CARDBOARD** Leics The Charlotte

**MY DOG HAS NO NOSE** Pump & Tap

**SPEEDY/EARL BRUTUS/SUN** Sheffield The Leadmill

## sunday 23rd

**OWEN O'NEIL** Just The Tonic The Old Vic

**SHOD** noon break fast jazz The Old Angel

**FOOTWARMERS** noon 8pm The Bell Inn

**JUBA**

## THE RADFORD ALL-STARS

**JUG BAND** The Golden Fleece

**CHICKEN ASS BLUES BAND** Running Horse

**DAVE GUY** Mechanics Arms

**MARTYN BROWN BAND** Mansfield The Town Mill

**ATAMA / NEON / WEAVE** Leics The Charlotte

**THE CARDIACS** N'ampton The Roadmender

## monday 24th

**SOUL MESSENGER DJS** jazzhole Nottm Sam Fay's

**ACOUSTIC ROUTES** Golden Fleece

**GAS HUFFER / X-RAYS**

**PSYCLONE RANGERS** Narrowboat

**OMEGA** The Bell Inn

**FLIPSIDE**

**REGGAE EXPRESS** Leics The Charlotte

## tuesday 25th

**CHERRY FOREVER**

**SLAPPER / FIGGIS** £2 8pm-2am Nottm Sam Fay's

**WAREHOUSE** The Bell Inn

**BLYTH POWER** Leics The Charlotte

## wednesday 26th

**FAB 4** Nottm Sam Fay's

**FAT BABE** Old Angel

**POP WILL EAT ITSELF** Rock City

**SLEAZY** The Skyy Club

**DAVENPORT** Mansfield The Woodpecker

**TIMESHARD / LEEF** N'ampton The Roadmender

## thursday 27th

**CHEESETRUCK**

**INVADERS FROM**

**THE PLANET PHUNK** Nottm The Skyy Club

**DREAMGRINDER**

**MANGACIDE / MARK SPIVEY** £2 Sam Fay's

**THE FRAMES D.C.**

**PICTURE HOUSE** Rock City

**STAYTELIN** Running Horse

**TANGLE FATE** Narrowboat

**CINNAMON SMITH** Old Angel

**TRANSIENT VS RESIDENT** N'ampton The Roadmender

## friday 28th

**DJ SHABAZZ / DYNAMITE D**

**AMEN RA**

**THE RAINBOW COLLECTIVE**

**Majic Solder Propheci** Nottm Hyson Green Community Centre

**MIGHTY 45'S** The Running Horse

**EASE** Narrowboat

**SENABYTE** Old Angel

**DECLAN** Mechanics Arms

**STATE OF GRACE**

**STIGMA** Rock City

**GAS HUFFER**

**PSYCLONE RANGERS** Leics The Charlotte

## tuesday 2nd

**ZARABANDA** Nottm The Golden Fleece

**BIG WHITE STAIRS**

**JOYLAND** Sam Fay's

**TEMPUS FUGIT** The Bell Inn

**BAD RELIGION / SHAM 69** t.b.c Rock City

## wednesday 3rd

**MEAT PIE** Nottm The Narrowboat

**FAB 4** Sam Fay's

**HOWARD'S TRIO** Sleazy The Skyy Club

**RUDE MOOD** Mansfield Woodpecker

**DELIRIUM** Mansfield Early Doors

**DONE LYING DOWN** Leics. The Charlotte

**COMPULSION** Stoke The Stage

**KENICKIE** Norwich Arts Centre

## thursday 4th

**REVOLUTIONARY** DUB WARRIORS

**DJ WALT (EARTHPIPE)** Sweet Potato £5.50 / £5 Nottm Sam Fay's

**POWERTRIBE** Narrowboat

**COMPULSION** Derby The Garrick

**CABLE / UNDERSTAND** Leics The Charlotte

## saturday 6th

**THE MISSION / MICE** Nottm Rock City

**SYNGAMERON / DJ TYMZ**

**MYKEE WILDING** Stimulus The Skyy Club

**NAIL / PORK CHOP / PLANCK** Rumpshaker The Box

**TAUREA** Mamsfield The Woodpecker

**DELIRIUM**

## sunday 7th

**NAVIGATORS** lunchtime Nottm Mechanics Arms

**SHOD** jazz breakfast noon Old Angel

**FOOTWARMERS** noon 8pm The Bell Inn

**AKIMBO**

**DESPERATE MEN** The Golden Fleece

**DODGY** N'ampton The Roadmender

## monday 8th

**ACOUSTIC ROUTES** Nottm The Golden fleece

**SOUL MESSENGER DJS** Sam Fay's

**OMEGA** The Bell Inn

**ORANGE COTTON**

**STINKBUTTON** Leics. The Charlotte

## tuesday 9th

**FEAR FACTORY / DRAIN**

**MANHOLE** Rock City

**ODDBALL / THE LONGPIGS** Sam Fay's

**WAREHOUSE** The Bell Inn

**JASON FEDDY** Leics The Charlotte

**on y va  
qui mal  
y danse**

## mondaze

**SUTTIN' NECESSARY /**

**JAZZHOLE** hip hop, swing, soul, jazz Sam Fay's

**SENSE SURREAL** trip hop, funk, drum n bass The Lenton

**PLANET EARTH** 80's disco The Rig

## tuesdaze

**FRIED ALIVE!** DJ Pablo. Jazz, funk Latin & 'tings Sam Fay's

**TECHNO TEATIME** 5pm £2.25 pint, meal and music Beatroot

**BRIT POP** The Rig

**STUDENT NIGHT** The Rig

**FREAKSCENE** indie grunge hardcore The Lenton

## wednesdaze

**LE BÊTE DES BLEUS** D? CI? Café Bleu

**SLEAZY** DJ Dave and live jazz The Skyy Club

**BEATLEMANIA** The Fab 4 Sam Fay's

**BRAIN SALAD** DJs Das Uberdog & Doublevision The Lenton

**INDIE GO GO** The Cookie Club

## thursdaze

**FRIED ALIVE!** DJ Mark Spivey Sam Fay's

**TECHNOTECHNOTECHNO** see flyers The Skyy Club

**SERVE CHILLED AGAIN** Digs & Woosh Café Bleu

**A LARGE PORTION** OF HELMET Tatham, Congreve, Nesbitt, Sankey De Luxe

**JEUDI** Student Night Rock City

**PHATHEAD/ FOR REAL** hip hop funk jazz The Lenton

## fridaze

**BLUE SKIES AHEAD** Café Bleu

**HOT LIZARD** Paul Wain, Gary Marsden, Kitch Club

**BIG BANG / HAMMERED** Rock City

**HOT BUTTER** dancefloor jazz Beatroot

**RETRO** The Cookie Club

**HOT PANTS** 70's Disco Options

## saturdaze

**FEEL GOOD** The Cookie Club

**ALTERNATIVE NIGHT** Rock City

**DEP. LOUNGE vs QUADRANT** Café Bleu

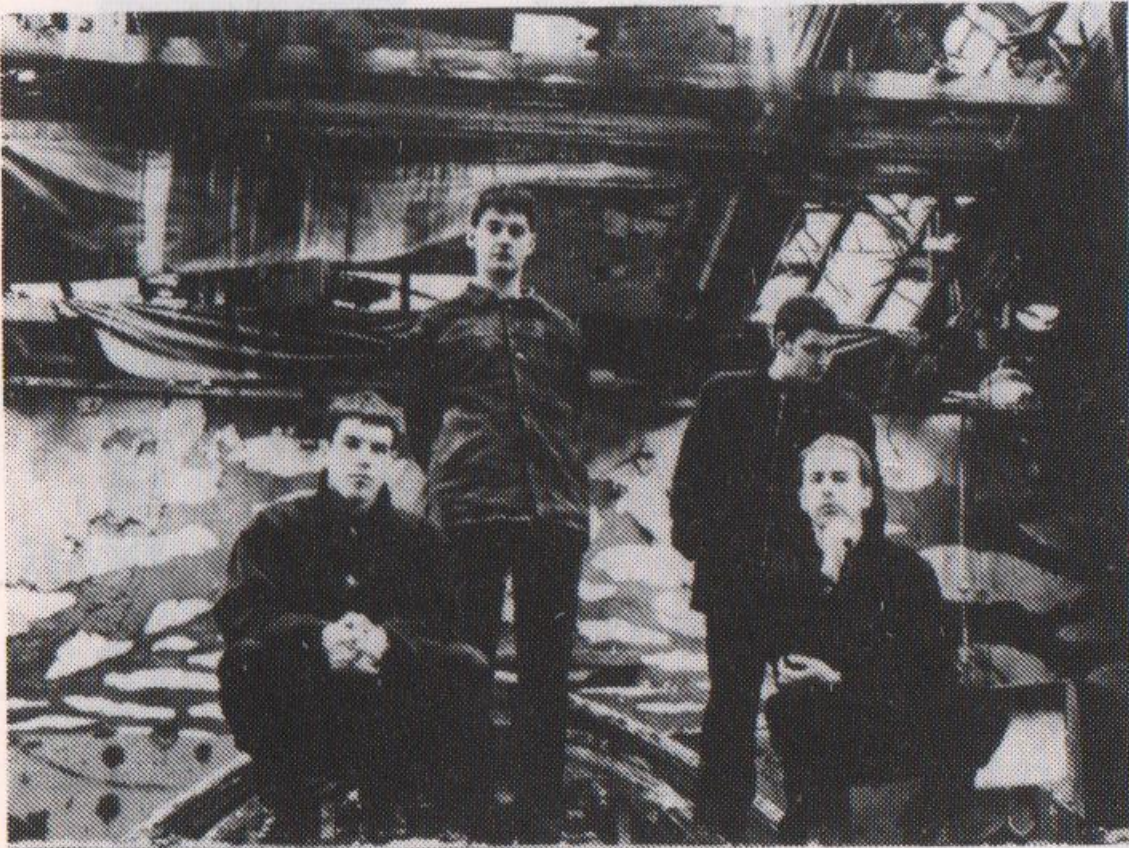


# vinolution:



## TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND *Psychic Karaoke* (Nation)

Let's not begin by analysing what purpose TU reasonably serve. Those seeking global theory rather than global fusion must wait for the next REM opus. Thus the ethno-exotic-tribal-trance-trip-throb continues, and it's barely two minutes before Natacha Atlas's precious vocals wade in over the talismanic sway, until a low-key rap of the most unthreatening nature takes the rein. Yes, it's all here again, all in the right sort of order and with a few new ingredients stirred in to stave off complacency jibes. Without rambling on about ancient evocations melting into modern production patterns, it's hard to discuss *Psychic Karaoke* without concluding that it's ultimately a perfectly devout and appropriate recording of its era. Like a vast planet condensed under the microscopic lens of satellite technology, TU bring us a collage of cultures in the most progressive manner. It's thus appropriate that the group's devotees tend to adorn their own temples (eg The Sky Club or communal smoky living room) with colourful hangings, incense, plants and offerings from the local enlightened wholefood store. All without a trace of pretension. See what can happen when tolerance and talent combine? If this is the message that TU are reasoning out, then they've succeeded beautifully again where many others have failed. Ask for their blessing right now.



## PURESSENCE *Purescence* (Island)

The star of Manchester continues in the ascendancy with this ambitious debut outing from the Fallsworth four. Dark, menacing chords shimmer over the scorching opener *Near Distance*, which glides into the energised single *I Suppose* without a breath. There's a kind of trip-hop breakbeat underpinning much of the album, redolent of the first Stone Roses outing, but James Mudrickzi's pure, trembling voice is the difference here compared to Ian Brown's inaudible rasp. Quite what the heck Mudrickzi is singing about is open to many questions, but his obscure phrases wrap sensually enough around the ominous wall of sound. Closing piece *India* is a towering swagger of epic stance, crystallising (one imagines) all the frustrated dreams of daily existence in Greater Manchester. As if Noel G and Georgi Kinkladze weren't enough for the soul's release.

Gareth Thompson

## REVOLUTIONARY DUB WARRIORS

### *State Of Evolution* (On-U Sound)

A few years ago I saw RDW play a lengthy live instrumental set and they sounded pretty bloody boring. Now on this revamped, polished and sparky song-filled album they're sounding pretty bloody good. Opening cut *Irie Warrior* plunges into the familiar dub templates of choppy reggae rhythms filtered through hazy electronics. Marley might possibly have frowned, but his songs were always strong enough to stand apart from gimmickry or distractions. He'd have appreciated the sentiments here though, "*riding high on life*" whilst railing against "*the system*". Nothing new of course, but then again nor is social division either. When they change their tune we might change ours, seems to be the message: "*Live free/let nature provide your needs*" they declare on *Direct Action*, and the pulsing, rootsy Warzone makes short shrift of world tyranny. Produced by Adrian Sherwood (who else?) the album's dullish bass-line sound belies the press release claim of stunning studio craft, but *State Of Evolution* is still a sturdy and pleasing offering.

Gareth Thompson

## FREAKPOWER

### *More Of Everything For Everybody*

I thought, 'Freakpower? I don't think so.' But the folks that brought us *Tune In, Turn Up, Sell Out* have produced a very, very good album that's very, very nice to listen to. File under acid jazz, but Prince, Barry White, Sly and the Family Stone and George Clinton also spring to mind. Like a safety blanket it's warm, familiar and obviously safe. Which don't make it no good in my books. And the guy can sing. *Song No. 6* is the 'Unfinished Symphony' type epic, *Let It Go* is an epilogue to their tv ad hit, and *Ghetto's Of The Mind* is all any album would like to have to be finished off with. The best track is *Trip Through Your Mind* tho'. Acid Trip Hop? Mind you, *Road Thang* reminds me of Georgie Fame ('She say Yeah-Yeah'). The title is about right. It'd make an ace birthday or Christmas prezzie.

## ASIAN DUB FEDERATION

### *Change A Gonna Come* (Nation)

This is a good package. 4 tracks two of them instrumental tunes. The sleeve has CAPA Civil Rights and Support Group details about stop and search, your rights, advice etc. The music is good, the lyrics great, but the style of "machine gun poet" isn't my cup of herbal tea. Sorry (I always feel bad criticising political bands). Oh, and *Jericho* is dead good played at 45rpm.

## NEW KINGDOM

### *Unicorns Were Horses* (Gee Street)

New Kingdom are one of those critically acclaimed underground 'rap' groups. But they're not really rap. Not belonging to the Arrested Development and The Stereo MC's 'hood called "rap for people who don't like rap", NK are much more darker (especially in the case of the Stereo MC's, oh, never mind). Weird shit, but good shit. *Unicorns*... sounds like summat P.I.L. would've done and the brilliant extra track reminds me of Neil Young, so none of it's tied by the 'constraints of dance music structures'. Now you try saying that about *Connected*.

## AMMONIA *Mint 400*

Ammonia are hard to categorise; the tunes are too heavy to be 'pop' (singalong or shoutalong at your discretion) but without enough gravel-throat to be metal. The odd telltale squeaky guitar solo confirms that it's rock, very loud rock with a driving guitar line and a penchant for cymbals with a Swervedriver feel in places. They do it well but most of the songs follow the quiet-loud-quiet pattern (Halfway through the album I found myself saying 'now' when I expected a loud bit and was right every time). They sound like they'd be great live with the crowd mellowing between mosh choruses.

## THE MR. T EXPERIENCE

### *Love Is Dead* (Lookout)

I'm reluctant to describe Mr. T as 'pop-punk' as this generally constitutes a direct association with Green Day; oh no, they are not trying to sound like Green Day because Mr. T have been around doing what they do for years. But how else to describe what they do other than 'pop-punk'? Sharp tunes, lots of mental drumming, fast guitars and those 'pop-punk' style harmonies. This kind of music only turns into a bad thing when you find yourself repeatedly checking the cover in the hope that this is the last song or thinking 'haven't I just heard this one?' which doesn't happen here. That's where the difference really shows between Mr. T Experience and Green Day.

## RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

### *Evil Empire* (Epic)

The ad which says 'If you can do it once you can do it again' should not apply to RATM. More like 'Yes, you've done it once, now leave it', because *Evil Empire*, as well as being an incredibly uninspiring title, shows virtually no progression from *RATM*. The style is the same guitar-laden heavy thrash with grinding bass-lines while Zack is still ranting about the same issues. There's nothing wrong with that in principle—I did like the first album—but who wants it twice? Confirmed fans will no doubt love this "continuation in the same vein as ever", but I don't think it will win them any new fans.



## GAS HUFFER *The Inhuman Ordeal Of Special Agent Gas Huffer* (Epitaph)

This album really grabs you from the first song and doesn't let go until the last. Gas Huffer take the path into louche RAWK!! already trodden by Rocket From The Crypt and Supersuckers. The songs vary in style from the laid-back to the intense, and they're all sung in that grrr-eat Southern drawl, with real suave and panache. There are so few bands doing this sort of thing that it really stands out. The longest song is three minutes long, they make maximum use of the effects pedals and not a fade out in sight. Ace.

Gas Huffer play the Narrowboat June 24th with Psyclone Rangers and The X-Rays.

## GOOBER PATROL *Vacation* (Thems Good)

Out in the wilds of Norfolk Goober Patrol are setting out to be the new Stiff Little Fingers. The same fury and anger but mixed with a great sense of humour. These are well catchy tunes proving that they are damned good at writing melodic punk pop. I just keep coming back to this loud, fast fun.

## STEEL POLE BATHTUB

### *Scars From Falling Down* (London)

I can't deny that there are some good bits to this such as *The 500 Club* with its warped melody but its all let down by the vocals. Friday, too, has potential but at the end of the day they are too self-obsessed. They try too hard and at all the wrong things. I don't like the cars on it, either.

## TRIPPING DAISY *Piranha* (Island)

Catchy, memorable drawl through this mix of Bowie/Lennon inspired stuff, with over the top rock riffs, but I find myself humming the smooth, darker bits. There must be something there.

## THE TRACEYS *Ghost Island* (Integrity)

Silly name, excellent songs, *Ghost Island* is great with its Elvis Costello style vocals but wanes with *Girl Friday* and *Hold On* which are bog-standard AOR crap. However it redeems itself on the last track as they find some more energy.

## THE JESUS LIZARD *Shot* (Capitol)

Pretty dull and predictable metallic yelling from what sounds like a sad US smalltown band. Shot? Probably should be.

Michael Prince



## MANIC STREET PREACHERS

### *Everything Must Go* (Epic)

The Manics are making a come-back worth waiting for. These songs, like the single *Design For Life*, display a style incredibly far removed from the bleak despondency which characterised *The Holy Bible*. The addition of string and brass instruments as well as the full harmonies and crashing guitars, gives the songs power, force and, dare I say, a feeling of real triumph; the kind of songs that make you want to throw your arms in the air and sing along until you've no voice left. Other reviews claim this album is a 'grower', but to me it's the Manics most listener-friendly album ever. *The Holy Bible* was a grower; it took long enough for the average music fan to even play it, let alone like the songs. But one listen to *Everything Must Go* and you'll be singing the title track, *Enola/Alone*, *Australia* and *The Girl Who Wanted* for the rest of the day. You can instantly tell the ones Richey had a hand in writing, primarily lyrically but also musically (he heard, and approved these tracks before his disappearance). Songs like *Small Black Faces*, *Elvis Impersonator* and *Removables* demonstrate a more stripped down musical style, more in tune with generally negative feel of *The Holy Bible*, devoid of any frills such as brass, strings, harmonies and basically any sense of positivity at all which the other songs display: the soaring vocals, upbeat tunes and rush of music convey a general feeling of hope, hope that they're getting ever-closer to the light at the end of the tunnel. The Manics' return and their future as a band has been faced with optimism.

Certain songs are written on a much more personal level then before, especially those by Nicky Wire (written immediately after Richey's disappearance) like *Everything Must Go*, and *Australia* adding to the poignancy of the album. Yes, it's a massive departure from previous styles and one which many die-hard fans will surely hate; accusations of 'selling out' and 'forgetting Richey/the fans' have been rife. But in a recent radio interview, Nicky said that although the Manics can't forget the past, the time has come to stop wallowing and get on with their lives as members of a band. They are doing an amazing job and this album is your proof. The Manics are back and they are not tip-toeing in through the back door, either. They are bursting in the front kicking the fucker down as they go.

Mischa

## THE ALOOF *Sinking* (East West)

Me and The Aloof, we go back a long way. *Sinking*, their second LP finds them continuing to bridge the gaps. It's techno with guitars, computer dub, organic blues and could be no-one else. Loosely built around getting out of it, it becomes an emotional rollercoaster, with all the disparate elements somehow finding common ground. From the masterful *Stuck On The Shelf* (soon to be reissued as a single) to the title track's growth from New Order-esque bass into seriously tribal drumming, surprises lie around every corner. This is the closest anyone has been to the perfect amalgamation of song, mood and groove. Already all over Q and MTV, *Sinking* is the dance-based lp it's OK for grown-ups to like. But don't let that put you off. With a line-up that includes Kooner & Burns from Sabres of Paradise (who do still exist despite press reports to the contrary), veteran DJ Dean Thatcher and Red Snapper drummer Richard Thair (for the record, he's since departed), the Aloof were always going to be of interest. *Sinking* is far more than that.

## KIN *Sounds From The Ground* (Universal Egg)

Shove together a member of dubstyle Zion Train with half of technotypes Shimon & Woolfson, then let them get on with it. That's Kin and *Sounds From The Ground* is the result. Ambient dub, I suppose, with synth washes, the inevitable natural sound effects, distant piano and reggae rhythms weaving beautifully around one another. This lp is at once supremely chilled out yet packed with deviant nuance, where real recognisable sounds become the basis of

rhythm. Distorted guitar sits next to tribal chants, the pace is easy and for about an hour, the world really does seem like a better place.

## GABRIELLE *Forget About The World* (Go Beat)

The Good, The Bad and The Ugly. Daft Punk continue their bid for world domination by reducing Gabrielle's vocal input to a single line, wrap her round their little finger and twist a bouncing house beat into a perverse breakdown. Rollo and Sister Bliss and Booker T aren't so much bad as bland and forgettable. The Ugly comes in the shape of a debut mix from someone called Matty. That's a compliment, by the way.

## 808 STATE *Bond/Chisler* (ZTT)

The new album *Don Solaris* sees 808 State playing around with break-beats and flirting with drum 'n' bass while remaining instantly recognisable. *Bond*, however, is a mechanical, thundering, if somewhat conventional choice for a single, but it's *Chisler* that makes the best moves with sudden tempo shifts, jazzy double bass and a monster break-beat.

## NICOLETTE *Beautiful Day* (Talkin Loud)

It took me a while to work it out, but the melody line is a lift from *Ferry Cross The Mersey* by Gerry & The Pacemakers. So there. The original mix will sound great coming out of a radio (if only...), while elsewhere there's everything from drum 'n' bass to twisted house.

## HOT LIZARD *Big Air* (Pacific)

Local boys make god-like record. Hot Lizard's second release is an assured, broadly indefinable mix of house and techno beats, smooth, sinuous, jazz-tinged synths and deep, deep bass.

## RECYCLE *Cycle 3* (Out On A Limb)

Look, just go out and buy anything on Out On A Limb. You won't be disappointed.

Mark Spivey

## ROLLERCO *Girona/ The Liar* (Frug!)

Hooray! Rollerco are the definitive purveyors of care-free summer pop, to be played loud with the car window down. Rollerco sound as if they are enjoying themselves and would be ace live. *Girona* is a simple but enthusiastic pop; *The Liar* is slightly more controlled but no less catchy. Nice one!

## WHIPPING BOY *Twinkle* (Columbia)

Second release for this single and not before time. Ferghal's unique vocals combined with the strings create a wonderfully dark feel to this song, which is sung with real emotion. The ending is so powerful it reduces grown men to quivering wrecks. If you don't believe me try to see Whipping Boy live—an experience not easily forgotten.

## THE WANNADIES

### *Might Be Stars/How Does It Feel?* (Indolent)

In case you've been living under a rock for the past six months, The Wannadies are Sweden's only offering (music-wise) who have been any good. *Might Be Stars* is an amazingly catchy pop tune for anyone who has ever wanted to be in a band, while *How Does It Feel?* is, I suppose, the Obligatory Slow Number and is worth buying for the brilliant cover of the Violent Femmes' *Blister In The Sun* as a b-side.

## BACKWATER *Shady* (Che)

Backwater's strength is their unique unpredictability but it's only the b-sides that really make you sit up and notice. Done Lying Down have obviously been a big influence on this 'weirdcore' mixture of stops, starts, rhythms and moods so you really don't know what's coming next. A really special feature is that most of the words are spoken (the

b-side *Single & Celibate* has this weird voice-in-each-speaker stereo effect) so the music really enhances the often black, angsty mood. There's something clever too, I think, in the way that singers Peak and Lowe sing alternate songs. Brilliant.

## ORANGE DE LUXE *Jupiter's Eye/*

### *Brand New Stone-Age Man* (Dead Dead Good)

A mellow strum-fest which plods along a bit too inoffensively while *Brand New*... goes for the jazz-funk in a Reef kind of way. One for the Space Cowboys out there.

## CHINA DRUM *Last Chance* (Mantra)

Not as mental as some of their other stuff and definitely not the best potential single from the album, but this is still good heavy guitar pop. However the b-sides are more praiseworthy, especially the perplexing comedy samba number *Careful With That Chieftan Adam*. Still, I suppose any otherwise hardcore punk band has to slow down the pace a bit from time to time, if only to let the sweaty 'mad for it's down the front breathe now and again, lest they mosh their last mosh by the third song.

## PIMLICO A *Glummer Quartet* (Mantra)

Grungey, heavy melange of sound including loud guitars (but no squeaky ones), sampled voices, harmonies and grating vocals. Something like Catherine Wheel but that wouldn't be doing this justice. Relentless, brilliant, original and deserving of a place in your record collection whatever your taste.

## NUT *Scream* (Epic)

This is the story of one girl and her guitar or, to be more precise, one all-American gal (separated at birth from Lisa Loeb by the sound of it) and her strummings of laid-back, inoffensive tunes. If this girl looks at Courtney's pint funny, she's had it. Mischa

## FUNKMASTER FLEX *Mix Tape Vol. 1* (Loud)

### *NONCHALANT Until The Day* (MCA)

### *CELLA DWELLAS Realms 'n' Reality* (Loud)

### *BAHAMADIA Kollage* (Chrysalis)

### *SKINNY BOYS Weightless* (Warlock).

Hip hop weren't always like how it is now... y'know, serious. This double album, tho' mainly modern, captures the atmosphere of the early 80's. Done in one non-stop take, no editing, no 4 tracks, it has ev'rybogg on it. Freestyles and tracks by Wu-tang, current darlinz Fugees, Redman, Busta Rhymes, Keith Murray, A Tribe Called Quest and Mobb Deep. Plus cut 'n' scratched classix by Run DMC, Eric B and Rakim, Biz (Markie, stoopid!), LL (Cool J, dummeel!) and Marley (Marl NOT Bob). The new skools 'bitches 'n' ho's' rears its ugly head now an' again, showing the divide between the old an' the new. It also contains the world's worst 'flipped of the top o' the dome' line from Keith Murray (who I normally expect better of). It goes ".....In fact I think those niggaz is gay, havin' a party with no dj...." Oh, for "Just throw you handz in the air...."

*Nonchalant* is, ooo, a bit swingee in places. But has a certain Wu-tang stripped down feel to it. She has a more trad. rap style, non o' that scat flow that's doing the rounds. Conscious (*5 O' Clock* slags—sorry, disses drug dealers whilst *Lights 'n' Sirens* covers the obvious subject matter), but mainly happy. Which makes a change, duntit. Cella Dwellas have a similar laid back flava. Nice tunes. Lyrically very clever and they've got a nice line in obscure TV references. You could probably file with Fugees, but they've got no Lauryn, so not really. The track *Cella Dwellas* is a good Gravediggaz take off. Unfortunately some 'bitches 'n' ho's', abound. What a surprise.

Now if you're of my age group you'll remember snorkel parkers. Popular at school they were. Now image wearing one o' them, hood up, fully snorkelled, head down and rapping. That's what Bahamadia's style is like. So it's an acquired taste. DJ Premier and Guru are behind most of the production (Premier does best). Unfortunately for 'B' her guests sometimes her, especially on the Wu-tang-ish *3 Tha Hard Way*. Not too bad but mind those swings tho'.

Made in '86 the concept behind The Skinny Boys was obvious. Fat Boys. Hay! Skinny Boys! But unlike most take off groups (there were tons in those days) the Skinny's produced a truly classic hip hip album. The sound is the rawest of the raw. Hardcore beats (the drum machine not the sampled variety), hardcore scratching (loud 'n' proud) and hardcore human beatbox (meks Dougie Fresh sound like a trouser trumpet). The raps are fly, bold, fresh 'n' funny. Tracks like *JackBox*, *Rip The Cut* and especially the wicked *Get Funky* send you back in the time machine to those mid 80's hip hop jams. *Feed Us The Beat* is one of the greatest hip hop tunes to walk the Earth whilst the witty *Skinny Boys* has got all the party vibes you can hold in one record. An underground classic (they weren't hip) which you should be able to pick up cheap. And the worst you'll hear on it is *Skeezex*. Ace.

D? CI?



# THE PLATTERS THAT MATTERED IN MAY by D? C.I.?

1. **AYMAN** *The Bomb*
2. **RUBY** *The Whole Is Equal To The Sum Of Its Parts*
3. **DAVE CLARKE** *No Bogguz Driving*
4. **RUBY** *Salt Water Fish*
5. **808 STATE** *The Chisler*
6. **PAULA PERRY** *Reasons*
7. **CHINO XL** *It's All Bad*
8. **BABYLONIAN** *Mix Dat (Run It)*
9. **CHRONIC 3** *Promo*
10. **FRIED FUNK FOOD** *The Real Shit*
11. **SECRETS** *Is It A Dream / My Fantasy*
12. **INGRID SCHROEDER** *Paint You Blue*
13. **TORTOISE** *Tjed*
14. **CHRIS THE FRENCH KISS**  
*Quelle Sensation Bizarre*
15. **SHYHEIM** *This Iz Real*
16. **MESSIAH** *Sway*
17. **AUDIOWEB** *Into My World*
18. **DR OCTOGAN** *3000*
19. **ADAM F** *Aromatherapy*
20. **BONAFIDE** *Super Bad*

Now what I love about Drum 'n' Bass and Jungle are the beginnings which are the best the world. Ayman, the darkest (for want of a better term) and deadliest tune I've heard so far this year is a perfect example. Spacey machinery screeches in, we get the sample: "We knew the world would not be the same. Few people laughed. Few people cried. Most people were silent. Now I become death, destroyer of worlds..." Then the bomb drops. On a more jolly note, Babylonian (g-funk drum 'n' bass) and especially Chronic 3 promo (yes, I know it sounds pretentious, but that's all it sez on the label) with it's haunted house bassline (y'know the one—dum, dum, dum, dum, durrmm, d-d-dum-dum) keep things happy go lucky. Secrets is strings and things (ooo, uplifting), Ingrid's handbaggy remix by Goldie's mate Peshay gets this month's white stiletto award. And Adam F is still good after all these weeks and Bonafide's James Brown samples still crack me up. The Dancefloor trip hop contenders are: Ruby (another lp remix with gorgeous strings in); Dave Clarke (a Chem. Bros. remix, their best yet, but someone please lend them that pamphlet called 'Radio Edit'); Ruby, who've been in my DJ chart for over 6 months now (the remix stays faithful to the original but just isn't as good); and 808 State, who give us two tunes in one (maybe three, it goes right uptempo in the middle then goes back to how it wuz). Hip Hop contenders are Paula Perry (are we gonna see another female rap explosion this year?), Chino XL (a good lyricist when he stays away from da 'bitches an' ho's'), a broken voiced Shyheim and that crazy crazy Dr Octogan. Other stuff... Tortoise do a take on drum 'n' bass, I think, Chris does mundo mundo discotequea, Messiah produce a swayingly beautifant tune, 808 do Audioweb and us a favour an' remix 'em, and finally, cos I'm a 'reactive' 'dj' Fried Funk Food gets wheeled out cos it's a version of the music to the latest Lucozade ad. As Oscar Wilde said "Where would I be without my tellee."

D? C.I?

# afterall:

## Part II. What I hate about recording

1. Producers and engineers who use meaningless words to make their clients think they know what's going on. Words like "Punchy", "Warm", "Groove", "Vibe", "Feel". Especially "Punchy" and "Warm". Every time I hear those words, I want to throttle somebody.
2. Producers who aren't also engineers and as such, don't have the slightest fucking idea what they're doing in a studio, besides talking all the time. Historically, the progression of effort required to become a producer went like this: Go to college, get an EE degree. Get a job as an assistant at a studio. Eventually become a sound engineer. Do that for a few years, then you can try your hand at producing. Now, all that's required to be a full-fledged "producer" is the gall it takes to claim to be one. Calling people like Don Fleming, Al Jourgensen, Lee Ranaldo or Jerry Harrison "producers" in the traditional sense is akin to calling Bernie a "shortstop" because he watched the whole playoffs this year. The term has taken on perjorative qualities in some circles. Engineers tell jokes about producers the way people back in Montana tell jokes about North Dakotans. (How many producers does it take to change a light bulb? - Hmmm. I don't know. What do you think? Why did the producer cross the road? - Because that's the way the Beatles did it, man.) That's why few self-respecting engineers will allow themselves to be called "producers". The minimum skills required to do an adequate job recording an album are:
  - Working knowledge of all the microphones at hand and their properties and uses. I mean something beyond knowing that you can drop an SM57 without breaking it.
  - Experience with every piece of equipment which might be of use and every function it may provide. This means more than knowing what echo sounds like. Which equalizer has the least phase shift in neighbour bands? Which console has more headroom? Which mastering deck has the cleanest output electronics?
  - Experience with the style of music at hand, to know when obvious blunders are occurring.
  - Ability to tune and maintain all the required instruments and electronics, so as to insure that everything is in proper working order. This means more than plugging a guitar into a tuner. How should the drums be tuned to simulate a rising note on the decay? A falling note? A consonant note? Can a bassoon play a concert E-flat in key with a piano tuned to a reference A of 440 Hz? What percentage of varispeed is necessary to make a whole-tone pitch change? What degree of overbias gives you the most headroom at 10Khz? What reference fluxivity gives you the lowest self-noise from biased, unrecorded tape? Which tape manufacturer closes every year in July, causing shortages of tape globally? What can be done for a shedding master tape? A sticky one?
  - Knowledge of electronic circuits to an extent that will allow selection of appropriate signal paths. This means more than knowing the difference between a delay line and an equalizer.

## The Problem With Music

by Steve Albini

Which has more headroom, a discrete class A microphone preamp with a transformer output or a differential circuit built with monolithics? Where is the best place in an unbalanced line to attenuate the signal level? Which gain control device has the least distortion, a VCA, a printed plastic pot, a photoresistor or a wire-wound stepped attenuator? Will putting an unbalanced line on a half-normalled jack unbalance the normal signal path? Will a transformer splitter load the input to a device parallel to it? Which will have less RF noise, a shielded unbalanced line or a balanced line with a floated shield?

- An aesthetic that is well-rooted and compatible with the music, and

- The good taste to know when to exercise it.

3. Trendy electronics and other flashy shit that nobody really needs. Five years ago, everything everywhere was being done with discreet samples. No actual drumming allowed on most records. Samples only. The next trend was Pultec Equalizers. Everything had to be run through Pultec EQs.

Then vintage microphones were all the rage (but only Neumanns, the most annoyingly *whiny* microphone line ever made). The current trendy thing is *compression*. Compression by the ton especially if it comes from a *tube* limiter. Wow. It doesn't matter how awful the recording is, as long as it goes through a tube limiter, someone will claim it sounds "warm" or maybe even "punchy." They might even compare it to the Beatles. I want to find the guy that invented compression and tear his liver out. I hate it. It makes everything sound like a beer commercial.

4. DAT machines. They sound like shit and every crappy studio has one now because they're so cheap. Because the crappy engineers that inhabit crappy studios are too thick to learn how to align and maintain analog mastering decks, they're all using DAT machines exclusively. DAT tapes deteriorate over time, and when they do, the information on them is lost forever. I have personally seen tapes go irretrievably bad in less than a month. Using them for final masters is almost fraudulently irresponsible.

Tape machines ought to be big and cumbersome and difficult to use if only to keep the riff-raff out. DAT machines make it possible for morons to make a living, and do damage to the music we all have to listen to.

5. Trying to sound like the Beatles. Every record I hear these days has incredibly loud, compressed vocals and a quiet little murmur of a rock band in the background. The excuse given by producers for inflicting such an imbalance on a rock band is that it makes the record sound more like the Beatles. Yeah, right. Fuck's sake, Thurston Moore is not Paul McCartney, and nobody on earth, not with unlimited time and resources, could make the Smashing Pumpkins sound like the Beatles. Trying just makes them seem even dumber. Why can't people try to sound like the Smashchords or Metal Urbain or Third World War for a change?

Next Month: Part III. There's This Band

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