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THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS
Issue # 47 October 1996

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inside: Win a year's supply of Rizla papers

interview: Rocket From The Crypt

FRIED ALIVE: The Hybirds, Hare Ramsden, Ainsley Lister, Mangacide

visuall: The Truly Incredible Adventure of Two Girls in Love

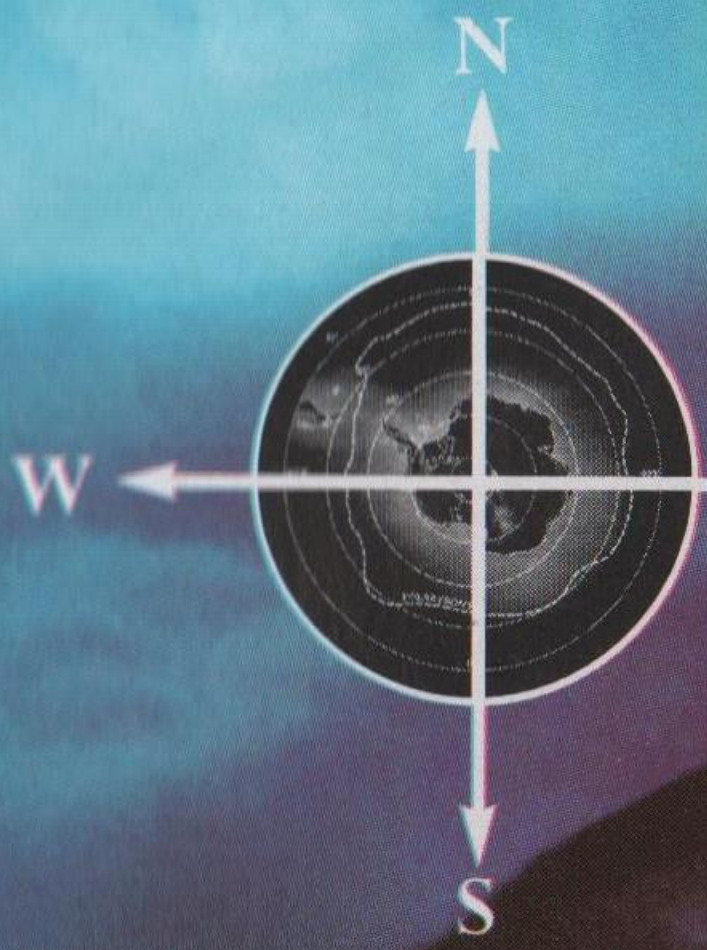
Jude, Striptease, Lone Star, Jane Eyre

Hyson Green in Black and White

FRIED CIRCUIT: gig and club listings

plus Flim Flam Art By-pass at Newbury

Some but not all the information contained herein may be false. Stay alert!



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firstofall:

cover: THE HYBIRDS (see Fried Alive)
photo: Rob Pitt

Set in 1999 *Epic* is **Andy Barret's** third commission for the stage in 1996. It follows on the success of *Breaking Bread* (see Overall # 45), and *Searching For The Sense of Adventure*, a new musical for two hundred children written with Mat Anderson. Solo shows include *My Nose* performed at Broadway Cinema, *The Sex Jelly* at Byard Gallery and *Hey There, Dr. Pancrazio* at Potters House for the **No More Hiroshimas Campaign**. Andy will perform *Epic* at the Y Theatre, Leicester, 25th October. A performance of *Breaking Bread* will take place at Clarendon College, Nottingham Nov. 4th as part of **Now '96** Nottingham's Festival Of Arts for today. Now in its 7th year the festival celebrates the best contemporary performance, spoken word, visual and live art, dance, new music, digital imagery and new technology, presenting artists who present their work in non-traditional venues such as nightclubs, disused substations and shops and electronic sites as well as in theatres and galleries. Sponsored by Habitat, the festival also features specially commissioned works, this year including *Incarceration*, an installation piece by **Pressure Of Speech, Scanner** and **Dorigen Hammond** examining the concepts and forms of incarceration (Sandfield House, Mansfield Rd. 21st-26th Oct. Free). **A Guy Called Gerald, Errollyn Wallen** and **Buggy G Riphead** collaborate to create a new music composition for live instruments and midi technology combined with a computer generated visual language. Called *Digital Clubbing* it is an event where The Essence nightclub in Nottingham will be digitally linked to to other clubs with on-line and video conference facilities with a performance by **Zion Train** direct from Europe transmitted simultaneously to all the clubs taking part. Pass that spliff thorough the hot wall... (Nov. 8th)

FREEFORALL

WIN A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF RIZLA.

In this month's *Freeforall* we have an amazing one whole year's supply of **Rizla Originals** cigarette papers to give away to our lucky winner. All entries will then go into a national competition to win a stash of **Rizla** goodies including a jacket, lighters, cigarette cases, hats, T-shirts tobacco pouches and rolling machines. Yes, folks, **Rizla** have finally come out of the closet and admitted that they sell 20 million packets per month. Anyone can enter. It doesn't matter what you smoke or how much, all you have to do is answer this simple question. In which edition of *Overall There Is A Smell Of Fried Onions* did a packet of **Rizla** appear on the front cover? Answers on a postcard to the address at the bottom of this page.

Nottingham artist and poet **David Bishop** has won first prize in an international **Elvis Art** exhibition for his crayon and biro drawing of Elvis titled *Moody Blue*. The exhibition is an annual event when people from all over the world are invited to submit a piece of 'Elvis Art' the best of which are exhibited in Graceland. David was awarded first prize in the non-professional artist category and received a \$100 voucher to spend in the Graceland gift catalogue. When asked if he was all shook up, David explained "It's a caricature. I didn't think they'd put the bloody thing up, to be honest!" So what will he buy with his voucher? "Well, there's an Elvis doormat that says 'Don't step on my blue suede shoes'..." A print of the winning work *Moody Blue* can be seen on display at The Lion public house in New Basford.

BACK TO BASIN CUTS

David Bishop is also taking part in an exhibition of **Artists Against the Job Seekers Allowance** entitled *The Stakes Are High*. Organised by the **Nottingham Campaign Against the JSA** the exhibition is situated in Sneinton Market retail units 29-35 Avenue C, and opens Oct. 7th until Nov. 4th. Other artists and groups involved include **Terry Dennett, OCTOPUS, Class War, John Stockton, The Masked Avenger, the Anarchist Communist Federation, Mickela Sonola** and **Mark Somerfield**. Viewing times are 10am-4pm Monday and Saturday, 12-4pm Tuesday and Friday.

While you are there why not cross the way and visit **ETC Records** formerly of Mansfield Road, now at 32, Avenue C.

An art space has been set up in **The Alley Café** to exhibit contemporary and innovative art. It is situated in Cannon Courtyard, Long Row West, Nottm. Tel. 924 3370 or 9551013.

Sheffield based brash pop band **Speedy** have signed a world wide recording deal with Boiler House records via Arista. Their new single *Boy Wonder* is released on Oct. 21st. The song is about the relationship a girl has with a poster and how it changes as she becomes sexually aware. She ends up creating her ideal boyfriend from various parts of her favourite pop stars: "Jason's hair, Robbie's stare, Ryan's hips, Liam's lips, Damon's eyes, Jamie's thighs, Michael's nose, Jarvis' clothes..."

The music industry more than any other is run and controlled by men. The majority of sound engineers are men and key positions in record companies are held by men. *Women and Music* is a project initiated by **Bandwagon Studios** in Mansfield aiming to give women the chance to improve their. It includes workshops run by women for women only in playing music, sound, lighting, recording, music technology, promoting, stage management, etc. Contact Heather Wilson or Andrea Hall on 01623 422962.

As part of their continuing fifteenth birthday celebrations On-U Sound releases the first ever album of remixes on the label. *Research And Development* features nine tracks by **Dub Syndicate** remixed by such artists as **Zion Train, Ruts DC, Rootsman, Iration Steppas, Abashanti** and **Tribal Drift**. **Dub Syndicate** mainstays **Adrian Sherwood** and **Style Scott** have even contributed their own remix of *The Only Alternative* featuring the vocals of Lee 'Scratch' Perry and a sample of Margaret Thatcher. That bloody woman just won't go away. The styles range from heavy dub to techno with the cream of the UK's contemporary dub outfits at the controls. Wicked.

Also on On-U sound is Longtime an album of both old and new material by Earl Lowe a.k.a. **Little Roy** one of the most revered Jamaican roots reggae singers. Still plying his trade today, Little Roy began his recording career in 1965 with Jackie Mitto for the Studio One label releasing the classic track *Cool It*, followed by a string of releases with Prince Buster. He switched to the Matador label in 1969, subsequently recording with all of Jamaica's top session players and teaming up with Lee Perry at the legendary Black Ark studio. In 1974 Little Roy co-founded the Tafari Syndicate and Tafari label based on his strong devotion to Rastafarianism.

Featuring the talents of the cream of the UK's session musicians, including **Carlton 'Bubblers' Ogilvie, Skip McDonald, 'Crucial' Tony Philips** and veteran singer **B.B. Seaton**, coupled with Adrian Sherwood's production skills, *Longtime* combines traditional roots with modern production techniques to create a contemporary style of reggae music.

Dodgy have a new single *If You're Thinking Of Me* out Oct. 21st. They appear live at Leicester De Montford University (17th) and Nottingham Rock City (21st).

Plush pop band **Posh** have signed to Rhythm King records. The band's debut single *Mermaid* was released on Jealous records and reached No. 7 in the indie charts. Their new single *Shark Attack* is out 14th Oct.

Brit punks **Apocalypse Babys' Shooting From The Hip** ep is available for £2.50 from 23, Monsal Drive, South Normanton, ALFRETON Derbys. DE55 2BG.

Sheffield-based label ITN Corporation is set to release a new soundtrack score by **In The Nursery**. Specially commissioned for the classic silent film *The Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari* will be the first in an occasional series titled *Optical Music*. The 1919 German movie will be showing along with In The Nursery's modern accompaniment in their hometown of Sheffield (Showroom, Sat 2nd Nov.) where they have not appeared live for over a decade.

Scarce have, ahem, made themselves scarce and will not be appearing at the Filly & Firkin on Oct. 16th or anywhere else. Their final release *Days Like This* is out Oct. 14th.

The Ballad Of John And Norma

Imagine no recession
It's easy if you're thick
No single girls expecting
their Boyfriendz 'N' the Nick.

*Lilley on the Dole
with Dire Funds, Aargh.*

Imagine no successor
It's easy if you try
old Tarzan on a stretcher
being mauled by Lady Di.

*He'd had a Hard Day's Hype
and I'd been rowing with the Frogs.*

Imagine Middle England
voting Johnny back
you may say I'm a dreamer
or developed CJD.

*Shoot Bambi do,
You know we'd love you.*

Imagine no possessions

... You on drugs or something?

HELP!
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Sergeant Major's Wooden Soapbox Band

Café Bleu

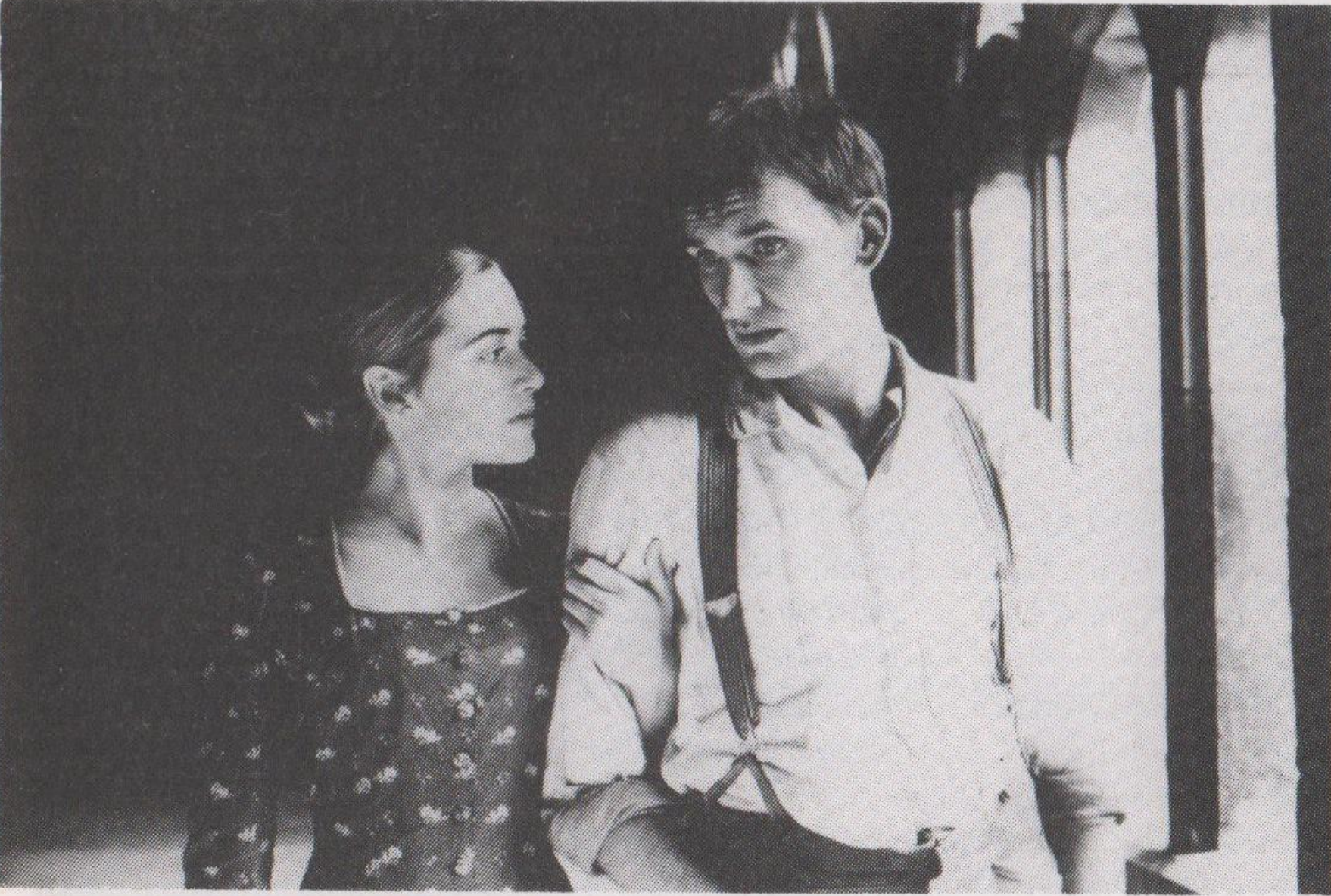
Drink eat and good music 11am -11pm Tues -Sun
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Thurs Serve Chilled Again. Digs & Woosh
Fri/Sat. Departure Lounge vs Quadrant
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390 Alfreton Road (opp. Texaco garage)

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visual:



JUDE (dir. Michael Winterbottom)

Adapted from Thomas Hardy's final novel *Jude The Obscure* this is a grim, unforgiving film, full of the author's bleak fatalism and enlivened only by Christopher Eccleston's haunting performance as the eponymous Jude. The tone is set early on when Jude's ambition to better himself through education and study is contrasted with the harsh realities of day-to-day life epitomized in a highly graphic scene depicting the slaughter of a pig. Things don't improve much either as an ill-advised first marriage fails, attempts to enter university prove unsuccessful, and an ardent and passionate love for his headstrong cousin Sue (Kate Winslet) drives them both to despair. Though the focal point of the film, it is this fated romantic liaison that crucially fails to catch fire. Winslet remains cold and allusive throughout and the relationship strangely stifled and repressed. Neither do obtrusive jumps in the narrative, particularly towards the end, help the story's emotional continuity. That said the final tragedy that befalls the couple is utterly heart-breaking and Eccleston's face a picture of pain, sorrow and regret. Reality bites hard.

Hank Quinlan

Jude is at the Metro, Derby Fri 15th - 21st Nov.



LONE STAR (dir. John Sayles)

The latest from director John Sayles, *Lone Star* is a rich, complex and beautifully crafted modern western that scratches the surface of a small Texas border town and exposes a history of power, corruption and lies. At the centre of its multi-character canvas is a murder investigation and a plot that fluently cuts between present day events and those of forty years earlier. Sam Deeds (Chris Cooper) is the reluctant local sheriff who opens up the can of worms, Buddy (Matthew McConaughey) is his popular father who posthumously becomes prime suspect and Charley Wade (Kris Kristofferson) the notorious redneck sheriff and bad-ass bully who long ago bit the fatal bullet. Additionally other estranged families are also similarly burdened by their own troubled pasts and bravely the film opens out to examine the racial tensions and cultural conflicts that exist in this volatile community. Through numerous stories, tales and anecdotes we learn about these people's lives and the painful truths that bound them together whether they like it or not. That's a lot of subject matter to cover in just over two hours and if *Lone Star* can be criticised, then it's for overreaching and attempting to embrace too many issues, ideas and emotions. However, it's verve and integrity can't be denied and Sayles, an enduring figure of independent American cinema emerges with his reputation justifiably enhanced. Those who demand a little more from from their night out at the movies will not be disappointed.

Hank Quinlan

Lone Star shines on Broadway Fri. 18th -Thurs. 31st Oct.

THE SECRET OF ROAN INISH

John Sayles picks an unusual Irish tale as the subject of his latest movie about a long lost son who, according to legend, is separated at an early age from the rest of his family leaving them in anguish wondering whether or not he is still alive. The mystery can only be revealed by the isle of Roan Inish long since abandoned by humans inhabitants but still home to a family of seals. This is an off-beat tale of most appeal to PG audiences, being a film without four-letter words or overburdening violence. Sayles is an innovative director who cares not a jot for commercial acceptability and this film will surprise his fans yet again merely by adding another dimension to his already wide-ranging back catalogue.

BOSTON KICKOUT

Young British director Paul Hills brings to the screen a group of 18 year-olds growing up in the late 60's and early 70's showing us the delights of living in a town like Stevenage. Led by the shy teenager Phil, the film depicts youngsters with poor career prospects leaving school to face choices with women, drugs and pett; crime offering temptations to those not single-minded enough to pursue a definite career. Phil's prospects seem a lot brighter when he meets older Irish cousin Shona. He instantly falls for her but also has to grow up fast when things don't go as he planned. OK, we've been here before with disaffected British youth drinking to excess, exploring drugs and entering shy initiations of sex, but Hills proves his talent as a director as he offers a poignant and convincing story with a cast of virtual unknowns. Oasis are among a number of decent bands on the soundtrack and Stevenage has never been painted in a bleaker way. But Hills usefully highlights how the New Towns of the 60's became the ghost towns of the 70's.

Matt Arnoldi

JANE EYRE

Adaptations of classics really is the 'in' thing now. Witness how many novels by Jane Austen, Thomas Hardy and HE Bates have been recently adapted or about to be released. Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre* is directed by Franco Zeffirelli and stars William Hurt as Mr. Rochester Charlotte Gainsborough as Jane Eyre, Anna Paquin, Billy Whitelaw and Joan Plowright. It may interest those studying the book but otherwise it's disappointing. Zeffirelli's approach is thorough but unexciting, an expressionless and deadpan performance from Gainsbourg provides a dull but convincing 'plain Jane' and the passion between her and Hurt as Mr. Rochester is sadly lacking until the final scenes.

MA



NOTHING PERSONAL

This thriller loosely based around the Irish troubles in the seventies has been on the backburner for some time but is the first of three films to confront the problems of Northern Ireland. Two other s due soon are *Michael Collins* and *Some Mother's Son*.

Set in Belfast *Nothing Personal* is a human interest tale detailing the effects the Troubles had on the lives of ordinary folk, how young people can so easily learn to hate, how to use a gun or make a Molotov cocktail, to kill or maim others. Good performances from a young cast which includes John Lynch, Ian Hart, James Frain and Rhuaidhri Conroy. The 'bosses' are a little quite Mafia-like (one is played by Michael Gambon) and no doubt figures like them existed. A decent film all told, directed with sensitivity by Thaddeus O'Sullivan.

MA

It's Nothing Personal at Broadway Fri 1st-Thurs. 7th Nov.

THE PROMISE

A reasonably intelligent if slightly contrived piece of work from Margarethe von Trotta about love across the Berlin Wall over a period of thirty years. The film begins in the divided Berlin of late 1961 when folk from the East would try to escape to the West even though their lives were endangered by doing so. A boy and girlfriend are set to escape; one succeeds, the other does not. although they meet occasionally afterwards, their love cannot survive the distance of their separated existences. *The Promise*, sadly, is a failure, although a commendable one. For starters the audience has to believe that boyfriend Konrad loves girlfriend Sophie, but not enough to try to follow her. With a view to escaping he becomes a sentry but frustratingly (more so for us than for him) he still cannot bring himself to do so. Director Von Trotta might have come up with a more hard-hitting and perceptive film dealing with the differing ideals of the Capitalist West and Communist East. Instead it's a muddled and essentially uninteresting tale about a failing relationship and the apparently needless drifting apart of two people.

MA

Broadway keeps The Promise from Fri 18th-Thurs 24th Oct.

ESCAPE FROM L.A.

"Snake Plissken? I heard you was dead."

It appears Kurt Russell never escaped from New York because he's doing it all over again in this disappointing remake masquerading as a sequel directed by a John Carpenter bereft of new ideas, unless you count Death Race Basketball. His reputation goes before him because of his legendary escape from Cleveland which is referred to in awe by both friends and enemies, like a running joke only the audience doesn't know what happened there, so perhaps there's a third sequel on the way. It will go like this. Kurt plus eye-patch and Snake tattoo is captured and injected with a lethal time capsule that will kill him in a matter of hours unless he agrees to enter Mad Max territory armed with James Bond gizmos to seek and destroy The Great White Whatsit. On the way he meets a con-man, the tart who is bound to be killed and anyway sex with Snake Plissken would be over in a hurry, a transvestite, a gangster boss, and a gladiator who is bigger and meaner than him but doesn't have Snake Plissken's added incentive of knowing he will die anyway if he doesn't complete the job in time. Therefore he kills everybody by firing a croaky whisper at them and giving them the dead eye. When the time comes to escape there's a handy manhole cover for him to disappear down the drain along which he surfs pursued by machine-gun toting mutant rats. Bedraggled by bullets he steals a helicopter which acts him off the screen and crash lands back at HQ with seconds to spare demanding the anti-dote before he'll hand over the goods, only it turns out he's really addicted to last minute, double-crossing, double-bluffing switch which he uses to turn off cinema audiences all over the world.

Harry Dean Sneinton

THE INCREDIBLY TRUE ADVENTURE OF TWO GIRLS IN LOVE (dir. Maria Magenti)

Actually the title is a bit of a misnomer as there is nothing incredible or adventurous about this predictable though pleasant teenage romantic comedy. Albeit the two central protagonists are, for a change, female but this story of their adolescent love features all the cliché assortment of embarrassing fumbles, disapproving families and fickle friends. however, Laurel Holloman as a rebellious tomboy and Nicole Parker as a cultured African-American slowly awakening to her new found feelings and emotions are both quite brilliant. Completely natural and totally convincing, these performances give the film a touch of real class, making it easily accessible to any audience gay or straight, young or old. The finale is the only major disappointment as the film fakes a climax and disintegrates into an unnecessary *Carry On*-style farce. At odds with the gentle,unforced humour of the previous 80 minutes,



photos: Nicole Parker as Evie Roy(top) and Laurel Holloman as Randy Dean

STRIPTHEASE

About mother Erin Grant (Demi Moore) who strips to pay for a custody battle for her daughter Directed by Andrew Bergman (*Honeymoon In Vegas*) it co-stars Armand Assante and Ving Rhames. To strip off, Moore was paid a whopping \$12 million but it's not what you might be hoping for. There are many shots of her topless and some energetic dance routines but that's about it. The plot is pure 70's crime show stuff with a blond-haired Burt Reynolds as a kinky congressman involved in blackmail and murder and Demi frequently shedding clothes in the middle of it all. Quite why she takes a job at The Eager Beaver when she previously worked as a secretary for the FBI is a mystery. She attacks her boss for putting out beer mats which degrade women, whilst on stage she is wiggling her tits to all and sundry. Striptease has the odd funny line but will disappoint anyone looking for erotica. The perfunctory stabs at emotion plus threadbare plot will disappoint others. Hubby Bruce Willis apparently thought it wasn't up to much but Demi was laughing all the way to the bank.

MA



THE EIGHTH DAY

Latest from Belgian director Jaco van Dormiel *The Eighth Day* won Best Actor award at Cannes which was in fact shared between its two stars Daniel Auteuil and Pasqual Duquenne. It's a heartwarming tale about two men from different worlds who following a chance meeting become great friends. Auteuil plays 9-5 businessman Harry whose life is falling apart. His marriage has faltered, work has ceased to be interesting and mid-life crisis looms. By chance one night while driving in the rain he comes across a lone man at a crossroads and helps him. The man turns out to be George (Duquenne), who suffers from Down's syndrome. He presents challenges to Harry which help him radically to rethink his life. The Eighth Day begins cogently enough but like so many European films in its bid to be a dreamlike, feel good, comical tale it leaves many questions unanswered. Some may feel that the director could more thoughtfully have presented Down's syndrome, with a more sensitive and realistic approach. But it's heartwarming feel will carry audiences along and of note are some of the director's breathtakingly memorable stylised pieces. In one, a couple of mice dance with a pair of trousers; complete nonsense but brave, beautiful and original.

The Eighth Day breaks at Broadway Fri. 8th- Sunday 17th

MA

TWO DAYS IN THE VALLEY

Set in the San Fernando valley this is an entertaining thriller with a strong cast that keeps you guessing right up to the final shoot-out. It has many twists and turns, an inventive plot and entertaining use of characters, leaving you with the feeling that writer/director John Herzfeld will receive many offers on the back of this bright and breezy thriller. Without giving too much away the plot involves two hit-men who do a job after which one double crosses the other leaving him for dead. The hit, on a philanderer husband, reaps a substantial insurance sum, but several people want to get their hands on the money. On the other side of town the double crossing hit-man wants to get paid and get out. Meanwhile a couple of detectives begin finding dead bodies and are trying to tie up the loose ends. a strong cast includes James Spader, Danny Aiello, Jeff Daniels, Eric Stolz and Teri Hatcher and, as I say, 48 hours in their company with Herzfeld at the helm will be money well spent.

MA

ANOTHER GIRL ANOTHER PLANET (dir. Michael Almereyda)

Screen Edge video £12.99

Filmed entirely on a Fisher-Price PXL 2000 'toy' camera *Another Girl Another Planet* is low budget experimental movie making at its quirky best. A basic episodic plot concerns two east village neighbours Bill (Barry Sherman) and Nick (Nic Ratner) and their odd though engaging encounters with a succession of strange females. Both men care more about their adolescent of cartoons and rock 'n' roll than about maintaining a relationship, while the women (including Elina Lowensohn of Hal Hartley/*Amateur* fame) all seek answers to the unfathomable mysteries of life. What stands out though is the intelligent script that sparkles with sly New York wit, a stunning soundtrack that features Nick Cave, Pixies and, bizarrely, Young Marble Giants amid a host of obscure rock and soul classics and the grainy, haunting haze of 'Pixelvision'. Though at times the screen is almost a blur of impenetrable darkness, the atmosphere is wonderfully eerie and exotic. Following this, director Almereyda went on the make arty vampire flick *Nadja* with the aid of friend and mentor David Lynch. However, *Another Girl Another Planet* remains his most fully realised and successful film to date.

HQ



HYSON GREEN IN BLACK & WHITE An exhibition of photographs by Jo Wheeler

Nottingham Hyson Green, Community Arts Centre
Revealing the human scale of any vibrant area's trading community ought to provide a feast for the photogenic eye, and Nottingham NG7 is clearly no exception. Never mind that it's a thoroughly visual district to begin with, combining racial fusion and all its attendant paradox, postures and social science. Jo Wheeler's photographs never fall into a patronising sight-seer's trap, but instead reveal a world not entirely at ease with itself but muddling through with dignity intact. Hyson Green's more sullen side— domestic violence, burglaries, child prostitution and poverty —was not intended for inclusion here, but still seeps through via the rich detail of these shots. In The Valve Shop an array of modern security alarms nestle among more traditional hardware goods; the entrance to DSL & Sons DIY Centre shows no less than four different refund/bank card warning notices to dissuade the casual cheat; and the Soho Bookshop owner exposes himself to public view, although a remark about him in the exhibition's Comments Book — "it's good to finally collar that prick" —may caution a lower profile in future.

These pictures demand more than a cursory glance, for each creates its own dear scenario. Inside the Clouds Cafe, smoking is still permitted over the steaming mugs (not cups) of tea. Note also those staunch allies of English catering, the brown and red sauce squeeze bottles, still adorning each table. Only an elderly man's multi-buttoned digital watch gives the era away. But oddly we see a No Smoking sign portrayed inside contemporary Infant Melody Records, despite the presence of a glut of reefer-induced recordings.

The Wednesday market place is well represented, with a sign for Ladie's (sic) Vests being one of two photos to disclose the modern fondness for misplaced apostrophes. Another quite beautiful picture captures two black women, faces etched with experience of the everyday, touching hands over a pile of lace, tired eyes glancing through the stall's tarpaulin. There's also an advert for Trousers Up To Size 50, which should please Happy to Help Barry over at Asda, whose ample proportions fill one of the frames. With right hand hovering in anticipation over the stacked baskets, he's the welcoming face of a store whose throttling presence may yet see Wheeler's collection serving as a classic period piece in the next decade. Maybe such fears provided an incentive for commissioning this work in the first place. And yet we see Guralp in his turban posing happily at an Asda check-out, as if to rubbush all notions of white capitalist domination.

The sizable display culminates with the Hyson Green sign that marks Noel Street's edge of this territory. Behind it, and the Youth and Community Centre, a few lights flicker in a tower block that looms large out of the darkness. Back downstairs in the Comments Book, that perpetual poet Anon appears to have paid a visit: "A way of life immortalised," s/he has written by way of admiration for this hugely thoughtful anthology.

Gareth Thompson

FRIED CIRCUIT

OCTOBER
1996



Johnny Clarke and Scotty Clark. see 31st photo:Chris Olley

friday 18th

WORLD TURTLE
Nottingham The Filly & Firkin

FBI
The Running Horse

ON THE FIDDLE
Mechanics Arms

LOVE ISAAC'S REGGAE MAHA
The Old Vic

ADVERSE
Britannia Inn

NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE
FLESH BLIND

ALL SYSTEMS NOTTS
Marcus Garvey Centre

WILL KILLEEN
New Basford The Lion

LET LOOSE
Mansfield Leisure Centre

SPACE MONKEYS / IMMEDIATE
Leics. The Charlotte

NECTAR
Leics. Pump & Tap

THESE ANIMAL MEN
Sheffield The Speakeasy

saturday 19th

COOL IGUANA
Nottm. Filly & Firkin

HOOLEY & THE CRACK
Mechanics Arms

FOUR ON THE FLOOR
The Running Horse

MICK RUTHERFORD
Britannia Inn

JOHN OTWAY / CACTUS JACK /
UNDER ALICE Rock-a-bye-baby 4

WEST BRIDGFORD THE MANOR HOUSE
HEDONIZM

PHIL TANNER & O.T.T.
New Basford The Lion

THE CHANGERS / ENORMOUS
ELEPHANTS & RHINOS

Mansfield The Woodpecker
WHOLESONE FISH

CATHEDRAL / ANATHEMA
BLACK STAR

Leics. The Charlotte
LOS NACHOS / LITHIUM JOE

Leics. Pump & Tap
GOLD BLADE / BREATHER

Sheffield The Leadmill

HAPPY BIRTHDAYS TO ALL YOU
SEXY SCORPIOS OUT THERE!

sunday 20th

TRACER / SOUR MASS/COLLIDE
Smirnoff Battle Of The Bands

CHARLIE CHUCK
Just The Tonic

IAN BUXTON
Loxley's

SECOND TIME
Filly & Firkin

FOOTWARMERS
AKIMBO

Running Horse
noon 8pm

The Bell Inn
NAVIGATORS

Mechanics Arms
HONEYCRACK / JOCASTA

Rock City
JAZZ

New Basford The Lion
CITRUS / MEMBER

Leics The Charlotte
WORLD TURTLE

Mansfield Town Mill
monday 21st

SCANNER / PRESSURE OF
SPEECH Incarceration noon - 6pm

(until Sat 26th) Now 96
Nottm Sandfield House

WILL KILLEEN
Running Horse

The Bell Inn
OMEGA

The Golden Fleece
DODGY

Rock City
CRAVE / DEPTH CHARGE

Leics The Charlotte
PATROLER / MARMALADE SUN

Sheffield The Leadmill
tuesday 22nd

LEISURE HIVE/ADAM'S FAMILY
Caged Bat

Nottm Sam Fay's
THE SCREAM

The Golden Fleece
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

The Bell Inn
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND

The Running Horse
DJS TOM / ANTHONY

Sole Jam
DWEEB / PLAYER / AVICULTURE

Leics The Charlotte
CJ BOLLAND / SALT TANK

THE ADVENT
Sheffield The Leadmill

wednesday 23rd

MUTHAS OF THE FUTURE
Sleaze

Nottm The Skyy Club
COLIN STAPLES JAM

The Running Horse
THRUSH

Mansfield The Woodpecker
OCEAN COLOUR SCENE

Derby Assembly Rooms
VENT 414

Leics The Charlotte
CATATONIA

Leics de Montford Hall
thursday 24th

WHOLESONE FISH
Nottm Sam Fay's

SUGAR & LUST
Filly & Firkin

THE NEW BUSHBURY
MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS

Running Horse
OASISN'T

Rock City
ODDBALL

Leics Pump & Tap
VIVID

The Charlotte
friday 25th

FIGGIES
Nottm Filly & Firkin

NIGHT PORTERS
Running Horse

PATTON & KELLY
Mechanics Arms

CACTUS JACK
Britannia Inn

ELVIS COSTELLO
ANDY SHEPPARD

Royal Concert Hall
WHITE TRASH UK

Rock City
EASY PIECES

New Basford The Lion
ADESA

Mansfield The Old Library
THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH

Derby Assembly Rooms
NUT

Leics The Charlotte
MY HEAD'S GONNA BLOW UP

Pump & Tap
JEWELLERS EYE

Leics de Montford University
GENE

saturday 26th
THE JONES'S

Nottm Filly & Firkin
HEN / JAZZ SPIRIT / LYNDY /

SUZY CREAM CHEESE / XS
Wiggle Too

The Skyy Club
POTEEEN

Mechanics Arms
BOBBY MACK'S NIGHT TRAIN

Running Horse
ROADHOUSE BLUES BAND

Britannia Inn
AMBIDEXTROUS

The Lenton
VENT 414

Rock City
SPONGE

The Rig
PHIL TANNER & O.T.T.

N. Basford The Lion
THE DOCKERY BOYS

Derby The Flowerpot
AB/CD / FREAKZONE

Mansfield Leisure Centre

ISAAC GUILLORY
Mansfield The Old Library

URESEI YATSURA / ESYA
Leics The Charlotte

THEE PHANTOM CREEPS
Leics Pump & Tap

SEBADOH / SIDI BOU SAID
Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 27th
DOG TOMAS / HARSH / PLANET

CAKE / RALPH Smirnoff Battle Of
The Bands semi final 1

Nottm Sam Fay's
WOOB / BEDOUIN ASCENT

Now '96: Adventures In Modern
Music

The Essence
DA DOG

The Golden Fleece
CHICKEN ASS BLUES BAND

The Running Horse
NAVIGATORS

lunch
FOOTWARMERS

noon 8pm
JUBA

The Bell Inn
RIVERHOUSE

PHARAOH HOUSE CRASH
Filly & Firkin

NOEL JAMES
Just The Tonic

Loxley's
JAZZ

N. Basford The Lion
THIS VIBRATION / PALIGAP

Leics The Charlotte
monday 28th

SAM 'MEAN LITTLE BOMBER'
PAYNE

Nottm The Running Horse
OMEGA

The Bell Inn
CARNIVAL OF SOULS

Derby The Pink Coconut
GOLDBLADE / MANNA / NEON

Leics The Charlotte
CARAVAN

Mansfield The Old Library
tuesday 29th

EASE / RACING GREEN
THE SKY ROCKETS

Nottm Sam Fay's
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND

The Running Horse
HIDDEN TALENTS

The Skyy Club
GREYNOTE

The Bell Inn
SAM /JOHNNY

Sole Jam
JAZZ

N. Basford The Lion
WEAVE / WYOMING

Leics. The Charlotte
wednesday 30th

COLIN JOHNS
Nottm The Running Horse

TRUMP
Sleaze

The Skyy Club
PHIL TANNER & O.T.T.

N. Basford The Lion
CASINO / 39 STEPS

Mansfield The Woodpecker
NO FUN AT ALL / TRAVIS CUT

Leics The Charlotte
DEAD JOE

thursday 31st
JOHN COOPER CLARKE

SCOTTY CLARK (without an E)
HA HA HALLOWEEN PARTY

Nottm Sam Fay's
THE ELECTRONS

The Running Horse
CAT BALLOU

t.b.c.
SECOND NATURE

jazz consortium
Thurland Hotel

NOVEMBER

Friday 1st

RICHARD FEARLESS
THE PSYCHONAUTS

SIMON DK / JACK
NELSON ROSADO

A Diy Heavenly Social
Nottm The Essence

OLD SCHOOL
Running Horse

BURDOCK
Filly & Firkin

DECLAN
Mechanics Arms

MICK PINI BAND/WAMMAJAMMA
The Meadow Club

AFTER MIDNIGHT
Britannia Inn

FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN
N. Basford The Lion

THE MANZAREK DOORS
Leics The Charlotte

KIK9I DEE
Derby The Guildhall

WHOLESONE FISH
Lutterworth Moorbarns

WIDE EYED WONDER
Doncaster The Leopard

saturday 2nd
PABLO/JAZZ SPIRIT/ JONATHAN

PHAT J/ JOHNNY C
FEVER

Nottm The Skyy Club
TWIN LIZZY

The Running Horse
MAXIM

Filly & Firkin
SONS OF ERRIS

Mechanics Arms
RACHEL STOMP

Rock City
A BAND CALLED BOB

Britannia Inn
BOB BINGHAM

N. Basford The Lion
K-PASSA

Derby The Flowerpot
THE HYBIRDS / PERFORMANCE

Mansfield The Woodpecker
FUDGE

The Charlotte
MOBY / ULTRAVIOLENCE / FOIL

Sheffield The Leadmill
sunday 3rd

FOOTWARMERS
MIND THE GAP

noon 8pm
NAVIGATORS

lunch
MANGACIDE / BAD BLOOD

+ 2 others Smirnoff Battle of the
Bands semi final 2

Sam Fay's
SEAMUS O'BIVION &
THE MEGADEATH MORRISMEN

The Golden Fleece
SYMPTOM / FOKKEWOLF

Filly & Firkin
CARNIVAL OF THIEVES

The Running Horse
JIMEOIN

Just The Tonic
SCREAMING TREES

Loxley's
WHOLESONE FISH

Leics The Shed
IMMEDIATE / LAZARUS CLAMP

The Charlotte
GORKY'S ZYGOTIC MYNCI

BROADCAST
Sheffield The Leadmill

monday 4th
AL DICKINSON

Nottm The Running Horse
OMEGA

The Bell Inn

ACOUSTIC ROUTES

BAD WISDOM
Bill Drummond (KLF) and Mark

Manning (Zodiac Mindwarp)
Sheffield The Leadmill

tuesday 5th
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

Nottm The Bell Inn
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND

The Running Horse
THE BEAGLES

The Golden fleece
THE 2nd COMING OF

THE SINS OF THE FLESH
Caged Bat

Sam Fay's
THE SUPERNATURALS

SILVER SUN
Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 6th
HARE RAMSDEN

Sleaze
COLIN STAPLES JAM

Nottm The Skyy Club
THE HELEN MACDONALD TRIO

The Running Horse
ASHLEY MORGAN QUARTET

Angel Row Gallery
STRETCH

N. Basford The Lion
HUSK

Leics The Charlotte
thursday 7th

REVOLUTIONARY DUB
WARRIORS

Sweet Potato
DAVIS / RALPH / ENORMOUS

Filly & Firkin
EASY PIECES

Behan's Bar
MERVIN AFRICA TRIO

DAVID JEAN-BAPTISTE
JAMMA

Thurland Hotel
LIVINGSTON

Derby Bar 101
bis

Stoke The Stage
ASTRALASIA

Leics The Charlotte
friday 8th

A GUY ALLED GERALD
ERROLLYN WARREN

BUGGY G. RIPHEAD
now '96: Digital Clubbing

Nottm The Essence
WHOLESONE FISH

filly & Firkin
PORCUPINE TREE

Rock City
GOBLIN

Britannia Inn
BIG DEAL

N. Basford The Lion
NEW BOMB TURKS /RED AUNTS

The Bell Inn
THE X-RAYS

Leics The Charlotte
saturday 9th

PLANET CAKE
Nottm Filly & Firkin

THEATRE OF HATE
Rock City

RAY STUBBS &
HIS AMAZING ONE MAN BAND

N. Basford The Lion
THE POPES

Derby The Flowerpot
WIDE-EYED WONDER

Leics. The Royal Mail
J. CHURCH / CUB

The Charlotte
SCREAMING TREES / SEAWOOD

Sheffield The Leadmill
EXIT

Filly & Firkin
DEIRDRE CARTWRIGHT

Jazz Consortium
O'Reilly's

TOM JONES ?



THIS IS NO ORDINARY ALBUM

sunday 10th

FOOTWARMERS
AKIMBO

noon 8pm
NAVIGATORS

lunch
KELLY'S HEROES

Mechanics Arms
THE CARDIGANS

Golden Fleece
JUBA

Rock City
MARDY / CALENDAR DREAM

N. Basford The Lion
tuesday 12th

Leics The Charlotte
GOLDBLADE / THE HEADS

FOKKEWOLF
Nottm The Filly & Firkin

DRUGSTORE / ELEVATE / GUS
SAM FAY'S

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse

GREYNOTE
The Bell Inn

FRIED ALIVE!



THE HYBIRDS / PERFORMANCE

Sam Fay's Big Night Out Nottingham Trent University

When Performance took to the stage everyone present who could play a guitar were rubbing their hands in anticipation. Three acoustic guitars in today's distorted world? And sure enough the moment the first chord buzzed into life this trio took us wading through a sea of guitar motivated vocal energy, precise and harmonic. The whole feel of the sound was Beat generation and as we were taken over by the pure, unadulterated acoustic verve it felt as if we should have been reading Jack Kerouac. Many bands begin with acoustic jams in a mate's front room and it sounds so good they think "let's start a band, get down to a rehearsal studio, plug in and see what it sounds like". But rarely does a band take their acoustic guitars straight to the stage. But Roy Foster along with brother Tony (who also plays with the Julian Cope Band) and Simon rattling away on third guitar kept us in reach throughout the set. A definitive three nil away win.

There's something in the name Hybirds that gives them away— definitely retro and they didn't disappoint for one riff. Delivering a huge wall of sound that started your ears buzzing and left them in tatters. To put out such finely tuned angst whilst defining a clear yet hugely distorted sound takes the biggest, most hectic band since Supergrass. Think Beatles with with the fattest, most distorted tubescream guitar noise ever. Guitarist and singer Richard Warren, was still and motionless on stage, a caricature unable to move yet swept away by the giant sound he was creating. The image of this lonely, static figure lingers in the memory. The daunting, 4-string wielding figure of Darren Sheldon on bass and backing vocals looked like he would make a great Sunday morning centre-half yet the best way to describe him would be as a gentle giant. Thumping, undertone bass riffs shook you from the inside like eruptions of a jazz groove. Louis Divito on drums was a very busy man providing the hectic but tight rhythm at times almost tribal. This great band should have been captured 60's style on vinyl as something to kick start a party. Live they are something that not even droves of freshers could shout over.

photo: Rob Pitt

AINSLEY LISTER

Nottingham The Running Horse

Heralded by *Blueprint* magazine as the next Eric Clapton, Ainsley settles down with guitar in hand and right foot perched on a box amplified for accompaniment. Robert Johnson's *Kind Hearted Woman*, *Walking Blues* and Lowell Fubon's *Reconsider Baby* are all tackled and brought to the ground with ease and tenderness. from the first note of each song to the last, this is far more than some kid playing his guitar; this is a passion, an unending talent, the real deal! Duncan Moules on harmonica joins Ainsley for much of the set; he has the ability to provide the perfect compliment to his talent without intruding. Ainsley Lister is an authentic and genuine blues man. If you have any leaning towards the blues then go and hear him play before he is whisked off to greatness. Respect.

Chris Carter

SECOND LINE Nottingham The Running Horse

Formerly Tim Disney & The Score, Second Line soak us with Country-tinged classic Blues. Lowell George's *Willin* slides by as does Bob Dylan's *Like A Rollin Stone*. But the covers are merely the padding for Second Line's self-penned original blue moods. Vocalist Tim Disney follows in nobody's footsteps and when he puts harmonica to mouth his reputation becomes clear. Less of an instrument more an extension to his own voice, and when the best back-line in the business kicks in there is no better place to be but in Second Line's sight.

Chris Carter

THE PORCUPINE TREE

Northampton The Roadmender

Northampton comprises only of multi-storey car parks and Chinese take-aways and the Roadmender resembles a cross between the two. But two hundred rock apes are within its confines getting pissed so we join them in the name of Melting Effortlessly into the Background and, er, Rock Journalism. Anyway, the Tree hit the stage (elevated matchbox) to a tumultuous reception (four people clapping) and begin with a nervous instrumental presumably, like much of tonight's set, from their forthcoming album. The new material is a lot darker and heavier, like the beer I was drinking. Of the familiar material, *The Moon Touches Your Shoulder* and a shortened version of *Moonloop* shine like beacons in an already classy performance and the new single waiting sounds better every time. Mainman Steven Wilson appears initially nervous and awkward but is soon into the music with some great guitar flurries and by the end of the encores sports a grin of triumph entirely appropriate as this band richly deserve fame, birds, drugs and Lear jets. I predict the new album will bring them closer to all this.

John Haylock

THE PIN UPS London Camden Club Skinny

Club Skinny was the birthplace of Romo, a completely created scene which started off as a bit of a joke outside a certain Camden pub on a very hot, drunken night last summer. Romo was crap but a success and all the bands involved are now signed. Now Club Skinny is back in

business and has gone all punky-spunky-wanky-rock 'n' rolly. It is the place to witness some of the best new bands of young kids who refuse to play their guitars properly and hate/want to kill everyone and everything. Yes. Result.

Cue The Pin Ups, four cooler than cool school kids from Reading. Their first gig was one of those historic evenings— the energy, the attitude, the sheer brilliance of it all. Tonight they may only have played for seven minutes. Only three or four songs but hey! those seconds were so bloody explosive, so demanding, so important, so life enhancing— so cool. Mr Evening Session was there and could be heard yelling "Fucking awesome!" within within seconds of The Pin Ups hitting the stage. The old bloke who signed the Sex Pistols way back when also seemed very excited. Why? Because The Pin Ups make the hairs on the back of your neck stand up, they smack you in the face, they are a huge kick up the arse. They are unlike any other band knocking about at the moment. They live for it. Loads of people are going to really, really hate them. Oh yesss! They sing about Robbie Williams, sniffing glue, having sex with older women, killing hippies and school teachers and that their guitars are out of tune. Perversely brilliant, you will be hearing a lot more about these four school kids. Roll on the 100 Club.

Sid Abuse



photo: Paul Kilbride

HARE RAMSDEN

Sleaze Nottingham The Skyy Club

Hare Ramsden, Hare Ramsden, Ramsden Ramsden, Hare Hare. Vishnu & Chips, anyone? Howard Mills and Dylan Bates' new jazz trio started off as a joke and for their first ever gig already Crispin on drums is standing in for absent tabla player Biant. I'm not sure at which point I came in as they didn't introduce themselves until the second set, possibly because only their fellow smokinjazzdrinkers were there for the first one, but at some point Dylan announces *Freak In Pursuit* after a high-pitched skedaddle on violin and sax with a hunting horn and duck call thrown in for good measure. That was either before or after Dylan's George Formby-on-Ecstasy rendition of *When I'm Smashing Windows. Sacrifice To Mrs. Nice* was a choppy, squeaky, off-the-rails affair which makes me wonder if the sheet music Howard and Dylan are reading from is not upside down. As one punter pointed out, "This bit sounds like an earlier part of the set, only backwards". Crispin seems to have trouble following and he's the drummer! The whole act is upside down and so is the audience for encouraging it. Great stuff. When they're not scanning topsy turvy tunes they whisper to each other or perform skat duets like Eric & Ernie on acid. Cue duel between sax axe and sawn-off trombone. The joke wears thin on the audience only a tiny tic before the tipsy troubadors tire of it themselves. When they return to 'serious' playing it's Dylan who counts in another duel, this time between a string instrument and a brass one. Ultimately, inevitably some of these pieces get on your tits but at the same time there's also something funny in the arrangements. As the show nears its finale Howard 'Didier' Mills goes Gong Ho-istic with a Daevud ditty (to Dylan's Graham Clarke to complete the analogy) clapping clarinet while Crispin and Dylan do a drum 'n' kazoo thing with a sawn off clarinet (which Dylan later informs me is actually a xaphoon, a Hawaiian bamboo saxophone). It's jazz, Jim, just as we know it.

Christine Chapel

A live recording of the above gig is available on cassette priced £3, c/o Overall. Hare Ramsden perform live at Sleaze third Wednesday every month.

MANGACIDE / FANCY

Nottingham Sam Fay's

You cannot be serious in a place called Sam Fay's, a thought that obviously had crossed the minds of Mangacide as they casually stepped on to the small but perfectly formed platform to deliver an energetic, if slightly pissed, set. Following Fancy was easy. Fancy were a well-rehearsed, fairly convincing 'Blondie-like' entity with all the stage presence of three microphone stands. What they might be forgetting is that Blondie were there at the right time and Miss Harry was fuck-off gorgeous.

The soundtrack to the Kennedy assassination and John Whaley's creeping bass-line announced Mangacide's hour of glory. Everyone had a clear view of the band apart from Bob on Mangaakeyboards who was strategically placed out of sight behind a stack of speakers (which were soon to become the victim of Shaun's Iggy Pop climbing antics. The return, headlining visit to this former railway station proved to be Russ' lucky night. This time you could actually hear him. But you still couldn't see Bob, poor old Bob. Mangacide were in fine fettle, screeching through songs that have never sounded better, what with Simon's granite-solid percussive time-keeping delicately spiced by Olly's squarking saxophone. The important ingredient, spontaneously provided, was 'FUN'. No po-faces or fragile nerves just cheeky grins, big sounds, slick songs and a soaking wet Shaun who obviously wanted a drink but couldn't stand still long enough to find his mouth. Dan Pike received a puzzled but appreciative reception for his sudden appearance, screamed his bollocks off then disappeared. Even the band looked shocked. Hey, I thought he was the manager. Audience participation gone wrong or a new idea in rock performance? Either way Dan looked pleased with himself even though we were all hoping to catch a glimpse of Bob.

Sam Mansour

RICHARD THOMPSON

Nottingham Royal Concert Hall

No dry ice, no bonkers light-show, no inflatable pig, no elaborate stage set, just one man, three guitars and a set chock full of beautifully crafted songs chock full of beautifully crafted songs of doom, destruction, yearning, loss and revenge. With occasional assistance from Pete Zorn (mandolin), Dave Mattacks (percussion) and Danny Thompson (enormous upright bass) he held the audience spellbound for over two hours. In a set dominated by material from his new double album *You, Me, Us*, he gave us superlative performances of *Bank Vault In Heaven*, and *Put It There Pal* both containing monstrously vicious guitar work-outs. It is his distinctive playing which absorbs you throughout, whether electric or subtly acoustic as on *Cold Kisses* and *The Woods Of Darney*. Throw in classic Thompson numbers like *I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight* or *Valerie* or *Shoot Out The Lights* and you have a fine night spent in the company of a songwriter whose individuality and vision make him one of our most treasured institutions.

John Haylock

PINK CROSS London Camden Dingwalls

Pink cross are from Glasgow and don't play England, let alone London, enough. They travel to their gigs by train. This is very important. They play delightful punk rock for people who like their punk rock. Pink Cross rawwkk and when they rawwkk they really rrraaawwkkkk! If you know what I mean. Tonight was a big event for the three girls as they were opening for bis and Comet Gain. It just wasn't like playing their regular venue the Laurel tree, just down the road. After all, dingwalls has a proper stage and and, bugged me, there are even people here to see the bands. Blimey! Pink Cross have a new bass player and her name is Jane. Vic and Jude are still sharing vocals and punking it out every moment. The new(er) stuff had 'loose G-punk' splattered all across it and (should you care) the old ones made me very happy— wonderful (s)punky numbers such as *Abomination*, *Punkrockoutfit*, *Hot Trash* and the bloody classic *Drag Star Racin' Queen*. Pink Cross made some new friends, someone even wanted their autographs, but tonight, although they sure did rawwkk, they didn't rrraaawwkkkkkk! If you know what I mean.

Sid Abuse

CRYPTIC CLUES AND ROCKET FUSE

Hank Quinlan intercepts Apollo 9's orbit and asks about life as Rocket From The Crypt's sonically adjusted saxophonist.

Hank Quinlan: *Born in '91— what do the Crypt want, need and steal to make them feel alright?*

Apollo 9: Co-operation. preparation. Just a violent attack.

HQ: *Full time pro's since early '95— did you jump or were you pushed into your full time touring schedule?*

A9: We definitely jumped. We kinda knew it was coming for a long time and so we were ready for it. Preparation being one of the things the Crypt need, we just brought it on and it's been going great.

HQ: *The Hair Bear Bunch— out on the road just how hard is it to maintain those quiffs?*

A9: Well, mine's not supercool so that's not a problem, that'll be a better question for Speedo. Just lots of grease, I guess, and having a cap handy in case things go wrong. I remember Nottingham because when we were there JC 2000 received a particularly bad haircut.

HQ: *Dressed to Kill— who has the final say on all those matching shirts?*

A9: We all do— I think we know what we're going for and once you find something pretty out there you just grab it. On the first tour we ever did we wore all red, but once we hit the lights it looked all pink, so we've kinda shunned away from red since then. Pink's not really my colour. pinks and yellows are bad, I think.

HQ: *Knob-twiddling muso question— how hard/easy is it for John (Speedo) Reis and engineer Donnel Cameron to recreate that dense wall of sound in the studio?*

A9: It's painstaking. It takes forever. You try every possible combination of things and then you think you're almost there but you're not. I hear people say that they think the records are fine but wish they were more representative of the live thing but it's impossible to do. I think they're really pretty different mediums, and I find bands a little boring live when they sound exactly like their records. John and Donnel are definitely the grand overseers. Not to say that my opinion will not mean anything but I trust both of them... get too many people in there and you really lose sight of what you're doing and what you're going for. but it is a painstaking process. I don't know how anyone can sit in a room for eighteen hours a day, day after day, just listening to the same song over and over, but they seem to get their rocks off on it.

HQ: *Hardcore punk attitude vs Las Vegas showbiz glamour— where do these contradictions that flow through the Crypt come from?*

A9: You're dealing with a lot of history I think, between, basically six or seven people. What is, isn't and what is, is sometimes, and they all represent different things that we're into. It's so limiting to say that we're a punk band. We've always tried to make people think 'what is punk any more? What is rock any more? What is this Rocket From the Crypt? One minute they're killing each other and the next they're trying to play a Country & Western song.' It's all a contradiction and what I know as the band and what you know of the band I'm sure are two totally different things. The same goes for other members of the band, everyone's got their own idea what Rocket... is to them and I

think that's where the contradictions come from. We're the band and we can make up our own rules at this point. We're not working for anybody but ourselves so fuck up the rules, keep them guessing.

HQ: *Secret Identities— are the aliases you all use intended to make you appear less like a band and more like superheros such as the X-Men and Fantastic Four?*

A9: Actually it kinda started out a lot uglier than that. There were a lot of problems with certain things going on down in San Diego, from huge traffic violations to burglary and theft, those kind of things that some of the band wanted to keep quiet. sp when we started to get a lot of press we thought it best to keep our true names out of it. Now it's just another thing that brings us together and ups the level of entertainment.

HQ: *Drinking to oblivion— what's the best bar in San Diego?*

A9: There's lots of them. Na Na's is a good one but if I'm just going pint I'll usually go over to the Live Wire where a lot of local San Diego bands play.

HQ: *San Diego Chargers— will they ever win the Superbowl?*

A9: What are you talking about... a couple of seasons ago we went to Superbowl. The 49'ers thrashed us pretty good but I was just happy to see the old Chargers make it up there. they're the worst team to bet on in the whole NFL, when it's a sure win they lose, and when it's a sure lose they pull it of their as somehow. So never bet on the Chargers.

HQ: *Mr Blue Sky— can you name Speedo's five all time ELO tracks?*

A9: I think he loves them all. I was listening to this stuff with him the other day and I was like, "really, this is ELO, and you like this?" and he was, "Yeah, I love it." It's one more contradiction in his life. I've got a whole boat load of stuff in my closet... you wanna talk Springsteen?!?! I also loved the whole ska thing that hit San Diego and California... Madness, The Specials, etc., they always had a horn section with them so I wasn't a complete loser for not picking up the guitar. Hardcore and Punk have always been around, of course, but I also grew up on the Rolling Stones and the Beatles, so I've always just loved classic rock/pop songs. we used to laugh about it, you know, what if the hardcore punkers came on our bus right now and caught us listening to this or that. Who the fuck cares? They wrote great songs.

HQ: *An offer you can't refuse— is there anything you'd like to say to make more people buy your records?*

A9: Yeah. Don't be such a pussy. Go out and buy the damned things, put your money where your brains are.

afterall:

Rumpshaken

In a cruel twist of fate one of the country's most successfully innovative nights, Rumpshaker, is to end. The regular Saturday night, which is just over a year old, was the king and queen of self-styled 'multilingual nightclubbing' with it's mix of hard funk, drum 'n' bass, hip-hop, techno, latin, trip hop, deep house and stuff that defied 'dance' and 'non-dance' categorisation. The fact that these styles happened on the same night in one room set it apart from the rest.

Unfortunately circumstances conspired to bring the night, which was ever increasing in popularity, to a grinding halt. 'Legendary' club promoter James Baillie's latest club venture The Essance (formerly Options nightclub) is the venue above The Box. Mr. Baillie, with backing from Granada Leisure (owners of both venues), is incorporating The Box into the main venue, thereby depriving Nottingham (and the country) of a valuable night.

It is somewhat poignant that Rumpshaker, a small night that naturally went against the grain with it's open music policy, cheap door and no 'names' style, should be seen off by the House scene, obsessed with massive clubs, uniform music, heavy door prices and big 'names', a scene that seems hell bent on creating a monopoly in clubland. Whilst Rumpshaker isn't the first victim, it won't be the last. The Rumpshaker crew will be considering their options but promise they will return. For further info. contact D.O.P.E. PO Box 138, Nottingham NG5 5EZ.

D? CI?

BANNED! Censorship Of Popular Music In Britain: 1967-1992

Martin Cloonan (Arena Press)
In 1543, during the upheavals of the Reformation, a Royal Proclamation was passed to suppress all printed ballads fearing they might "subtily and craftily instruct the king's people and the youth of the realm". Four hundred and fifty three years down the line, and the youth of this realm are still receiving subtle instruction from the minstrels of their day. What Cloonan's admirable tome sets out to do is compare the deep set fears that today's suppressors have in common with their ancestors.

He sensibly limits his study to a twenty-five year period, although rock 'n' roll's jarring impact had kicked in long before this. But 1967 provides a useful starting point. It was the year that brought *Sergeant Pepper*, the closure of pirate radio stations, Radio 1's opening, publication of Mary Whitehouse's first book and the Private Places of Entertainment Act which gave local authorities increased control over night clubs.

And given that Cloonan could probably update this text every five years or so, 1992 offers a sensible cut-off point. Here we had the 25th anniversary of Radio 1's oddball censorial policies, Radio Luxembourg's demise, Ice T's notorious dispute with Warner Brothers via Al & Tipper Gore (publicly rebuked by REM for their action) plus the first rumblings of Britain's scrambled Criminal Justice and Public Order Act.

In between these two margins the author has stacked an exhaustive survey of the impact, both major and minor, of successful or attempted censorship. Some were purely subjective, such as Mecca's corporate decision "to avoid pitfalls" by banning punk acts from all their venues. Others, such as Mary Whitehouse's dubitable letter to ex-Top Of The Pops producer Johnnie Stewart demanding a ban on the Alice Cooper video for *Schools Out*, are the genuine article of conservative loathing bestowed on bubblegum

anarchy. She even misquoted the lyrics. The book started life as a Ph.D. thesis, and occasionally reads rather like it, too. A more detailed index of the characters involved, rather than a mere artists' listing, would have assisted the casual browser and provided greater cross-referencing. But as a social and cultural directory, let alone its value to the rock historian, *Banned!* is essential and meticulous. Thirteen years ago as a student in London, I interviewed Radio 1 producer Chris Lycett during the heat of the debate/debacle over the *Relax...* ban. Despite "not really wanting to talk about it" he spent the next twenty six minutes offering a staunchly bland defence of Mike Read's decision, avoiding eye contact and staring at the wall ahead. It was a corporate closing of ranks that, despite all embarrassment caused to the station, characterised many of the incidents related in *Banned!*

Music censorship, as so many have discovered, can be one treacherous zone to occupy. Caught between rock and a very hard place.

Gareth Thompson

NEWBURY ART BY-PASS / FLIM-FLAM FESTIVAL

Proposed Newbury By-pass Site: August 1996

Quite who had organised what was a bit unclear at first, but it seems that in response to Friends Of The Earth establishing an official Art By-pass day, the hardcore insurgents still encamped at Go-Tan decided to do things their way. Thus the *Overall* posse crawled out of the Reading rock debris, swapping stories of Underworld vs Stone Roses, and down into the first official Flim-Flam route walk event on Merry Moonday. The Go-Tan camp itself lies just inches off the official by-pass route, born from the ruins and refugees of sites at Skyward, Pixie Village and Radical Fluff.

Scrambling down the clay-clogged slopes which await the Tarmac, threads of blue rope (once used for inter-treehouse walkways) hang lifeless from surrounding oaks. A huge Goddess sculpture is in construction nearby, and protesters may eventually negotiate through her vaginal entrance ('scuse me Ma'am) to reach two hefty lock-on points when the earthmovers start rumbling again. Further on, several car displays provoke their own thoughts and queries. One is covered with smashed distorting mirrors; another is stuffed with flowerpots and plants; and a third wrecked vehicle half reveals a naked shop dummy.

Passing a Druid offering blessings to some earthy mound, we come across the first of several new compounds where milling security guards pace idly around, noses pressed to the bars of their huge fenced cages. "It's a bit like coming to the zoo," giggles one of our party, as we overtake a group who have heeded the advice of pirate station Tree FM (see *Overall* April 1996) to "get yer kit off for Mother Earth." Well, the sun was pretty fierce by 2pm. The local Gestapo turn up to liberate a security van that was getting a damn good dancing on, and to arrest those paying an uninvited visit around the confines of one compound "in case they cause any damage." Surveying the battered wastelands around, decked with bulldozers, mudheaps and tangled wire, it was impossible not to point out that perhaps they'd arrived a year too late to halt any 'damage'. Back at the flourishing gardens around Go-Tan, we watch a horse figure being etched into the hilly field opposite. And Paulo Fedeli is given two oak plants to reset back in Italy's favourable climate, where mighty trees will indeed grow from such small acts of kinship.

Gareth Thompson

Contributions, poetry, music, encouragement etc to Tree FM, c/o 3rd Battle, PO Box 5520, Newbury RG1H 7YW

MATERIAL: Decrees from the Fashram

This month's spiritual wear: Orange Cagoules. It was whilst meditating in front of Western rock and roll group **The Julian Cope Band** at the spiritual gathering known as Reading Festival that The BagOne Chic Rag Niche had a vision. He had donned his orange cagoule in order to look old and untrendy and therefore remain humble before the Kingdom of Trendybutnotvery sensiblyclad Tribe and followers of She Who Must Wear A Tiny Top With Protruding Nipples. There was a flash and as he opened his eyes he saw on stage the guitarist of the band wearing... an orange cagoule! It was a message from the gods. They had sent him a sign. As he returned to his camp the throng did stare at him and declare "Are you not the guitarist with the Julian Cope Band?" At this the Bag One did rush back to his Fashram in Nottingham to issue a decree to all his dedicated followers that orange cagoules are in. Strangely enough the very same orange cagoule as seen on stage at Reading did pass him on the street a few days later, filled by a member of the popular music combo Performance.

Special mention

The BagOne's blessing goes out to the group of townie laddos seen entering Yates's Wine Lodge on Friday 6th Sept. all wearing the same T-shirt bearing the slogan "**BAG A SLAG FOR THE STAG**".

The BagOne also feels much concern for the fate of The Old Angel Public House of Fashion in Hockley. An important centre for the exchange of trend-setting ideas e.g What colour to dye your hair this week (The BagOne says bright orange); or paint your fingernails (blue with glitter); when to grow dreadlocks, when to cut them off; where to rip your jeans/t-shirt/bra/vest; how high should your platforms be this week; means testing for weekly repayments to G Force for pre-dyed and ripped clothes you can't afford, and many other important fashion tips for those who dress spiritually or are Christian. The BagOne feels that the vicinity may become a drabber place or worse still a confusing mix of styles lacking direction without the lead of those Fallen Angelic models to follow. The BagOne's advice to those unsure how to dress is: sexy underwear beneath bright orange cagoule. However the BagOne is pleased to report the reopening of The old angel on Friday 18th Oct. See you on the runway.

Dedi Khatedfollowah

THE FIVE BASIC LAWS OF HUMAN STUPIDITY

1. Always, and inevitably, everyone underestimates the number of stupid individuals in circulation.
2. The probability that a certain person be stupid is independent of any other characteristic of that person.
3. Non-stupid people always underestimate the damaging power of stupid individuals. In particular, non-stupid people constantly forget that at all times, and under any circumstances, to deal with stupid people always turns out to be a costly mistake.
4. Stupidity is contagious.
5. A stupid person is the most dangerous type of person.

Corollary: a stupid person is more dangerous than an outlaw.

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