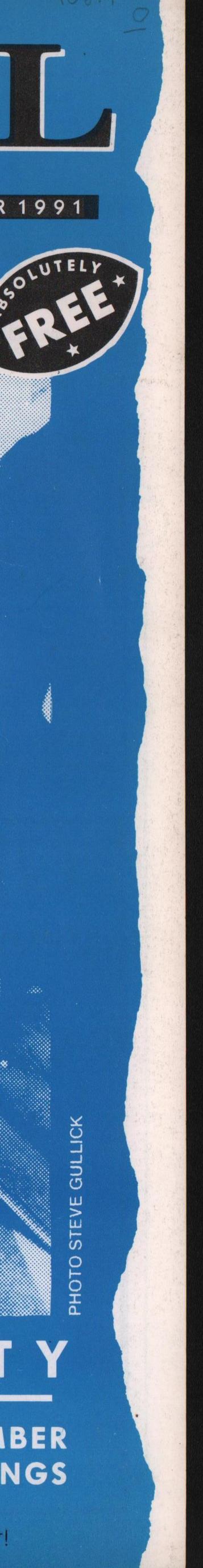


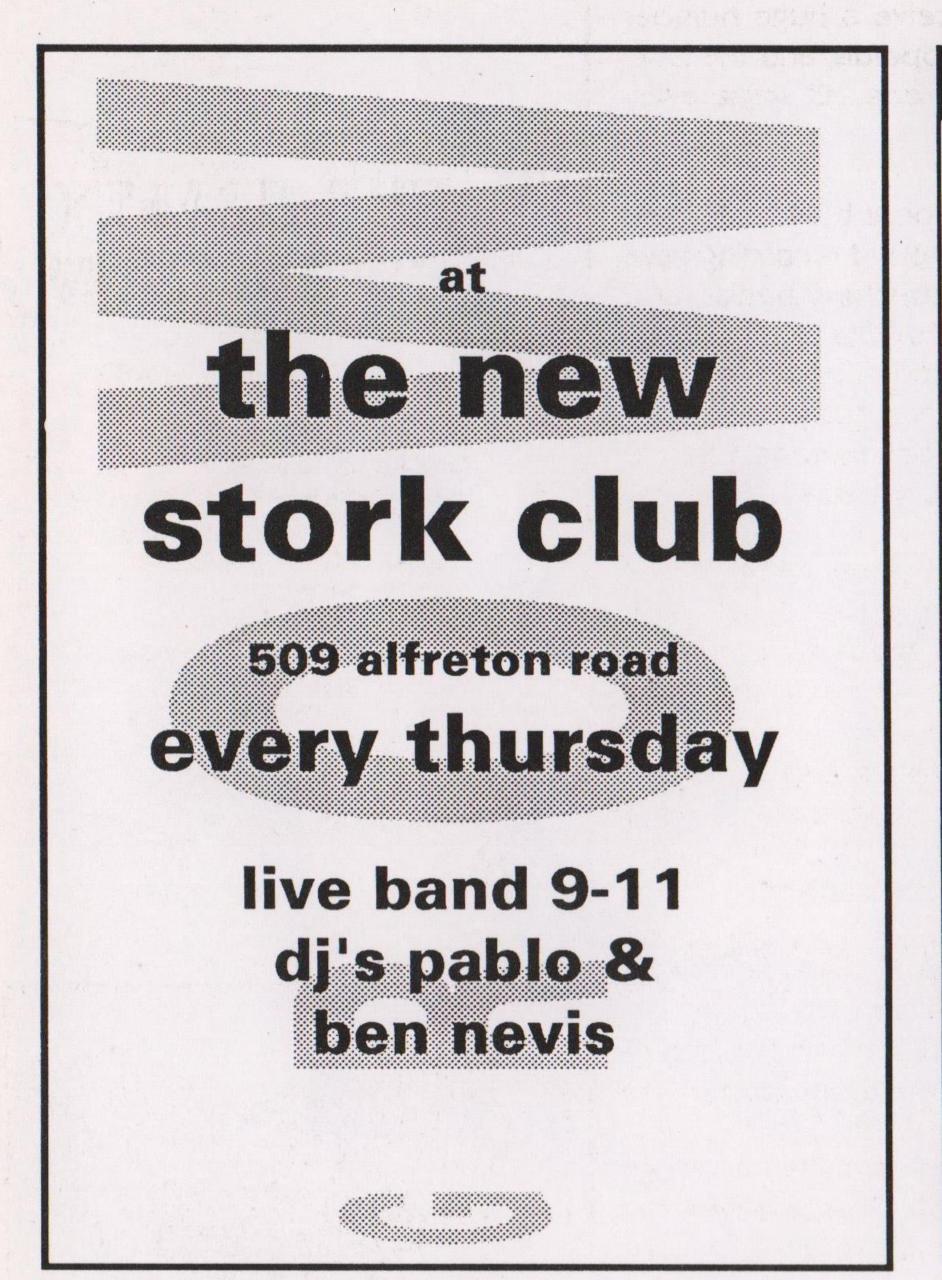
THEREIS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS · ISSUE 6 · SEPTEMBER 1991

LEVELLING THE

GIG GUIDE/OVER 150 THINGS TO DO IN SEPTEMBER LIVE/DEMO REVIEWS INDEPENDENT CINEMA LISTINGS

REMEMBER SOME BUT NOT ALL OF THE INFORMATION HEREIN MAY BE FALSE. STAY ALERT!







Dazed by both the excellent response to the new improved Overall and the 'sugar candy' on offer at the Rock & Reggae festival we started the (well) wicked month intent on having a good time and sharing our experiences with you on these pages.

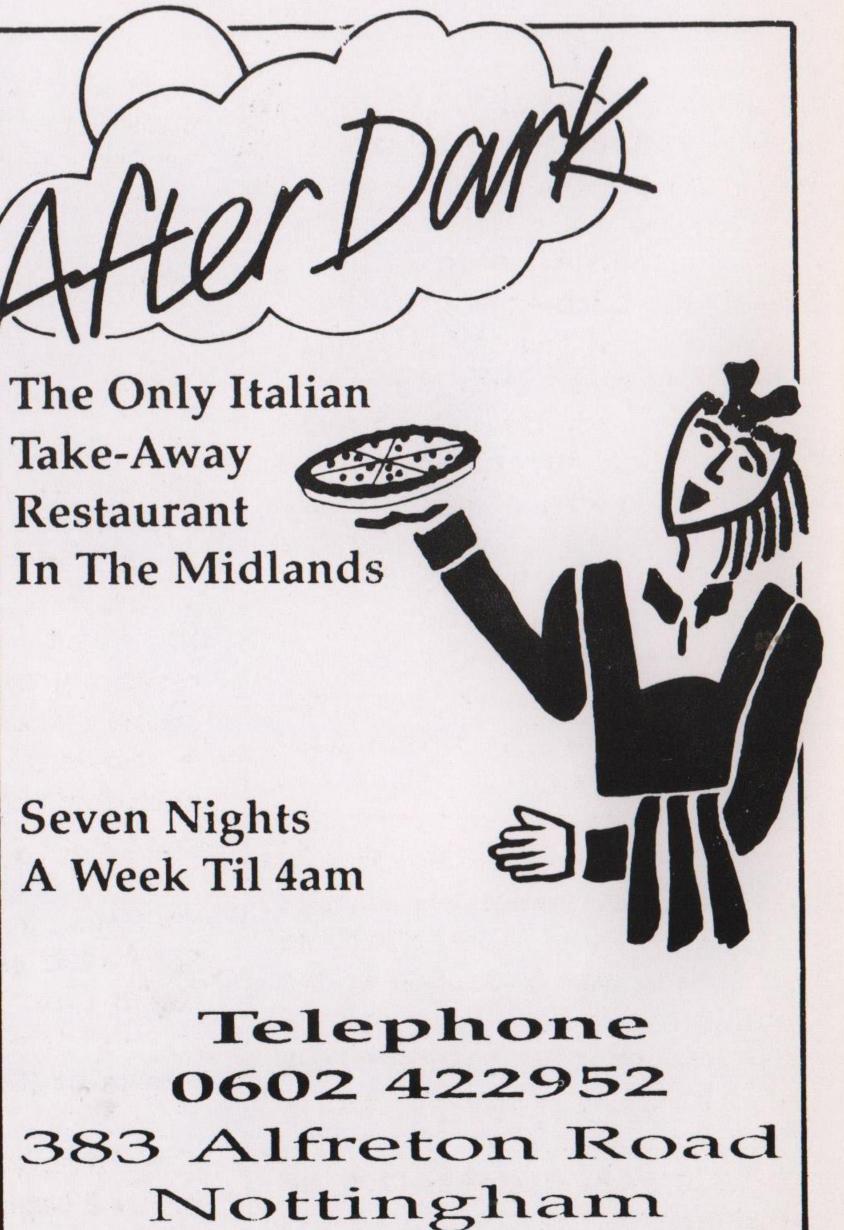
Highlights of the month have been the said R&R festival, the Ozric Tentacles gig at The Garvey, especially the rise and rise of Fred Smith and occasional jousting with Brian trying to blag into The Hearty of a Friday night. At least we now know what the dress restrictions are! Which reminds me. There are now available T-shirts of various hues bearing the legend "Overall there is a smell of fried onions". If you want one send us eight quid.

A highlight that failed to live up to its potential was De La Soul at Rock City. If getting the audience to swear en masse is all that is left in the beat box of creativity then De La Soul really is dead. Shame.

This month we're off to see The Levellers, again at Rock City. The gig is a celebration of the band signing to China Records, and from what we've heard of the album they'll be celebrating chart success by the end of the month.

Others to watch include Thin White Rope at The Narrow Boat and Dave Swarbrick and Mick Carthy formerly of Fairport Convention who play at Bobby Browns. Hollywood Nights (formerly Lazer Street) begins fortnightly live music this month featuring Tabitha Zu and Bloody Lovely, and don't forget your ear plugs for the hardcore bash at the Poly with the amazing Nomeansno, Fudge Tunnel and Pitchshifter. What a line-up! See listings for details. Have a nice month, now!

Editoriall



Holgate Theatre

Another new venue to rear its actually quite attractive head is The Holgate Theatre which is situated in Netherfield. This is only six minutes by train from the Midland station. British Rail have even authorised its trains to make an extra stop. If you would like to play, recite your poetry or tell a few jokes there, give us a ring. See next month for more info.

Square Dance

With so many talented bands currently "bubbling under", it is good to know that there are plenty of recording studios in the county to suit the needs of any artist. This month we begin a regular look at what's on offer to the star-struck (and serious musicians as well).

Each studio has its own particular qualities which don't suit every band and not every one needs the whole hi-tech shebang, especially if they've not recorded before and don't live in a country with a Minister for Pop Culture dishing out generous grants like they do in more enlightened but musically inept nations like New Zealand.

An essential requirement for those wishing to further their careers is a facility for producing good quality recordings and the effective release of that material to the public. Nothing has been more encouraging for the city's plethora of performers than the success stories which have been emanating from the Square Centre since the complex was established in Nottingham just a year ago. The centre incorporates the Square Dance 24-track recording studio with an impressive array of modern equipment, and is also the home of Submission Records, strongly committed to local musicians. This combination has provided a sound base for the production of numerous releases by local bands now well known in other parts of the world. These include Kicking Back, MCs Logic, Fear of the World (formerly Mansfield-based Cut the Q-remember "Who Needs a Love Like That"?), and of course Whycliffe for whom Square Dance arranged a deal with MCA, one year after his discovery by demo. Nowadays

Submission receive a huge number of tapes from hopefuls, and the label plans to release one 12" single every month.

The studio's purpose built facility and state of the art sound recording have attracted established bands and upcoming local outfits alike. As well as recording internationally released albums for Candy Flip and Unique 3, one of the most recent Square Dance projects was the live recording, using their 24-track mobile, of Swinging Affair's first album "The Positive Side" (see Overall Issue 4). There are also many groups in town who will testify to the studio's diligence in producing tailor-made demo tapes which achieve individual sound requirements. Now that's what you might call "response-ability".

New Stork Club

Nestled in a pleasantly out of town location, The New Stork Club offers its patrons choice. From heady nights of dancing to chilled evenings sipping ice-cold Red Stripe (on draught!) the new owner has certainly set the tone of things to come.

After a complete refurbishment the Stork Club, historically having played host to evenings in the company of Dizzy and DuckCall, maintains its intimate underground feel and now offers a new and exciting musical menu.

Every Thursday The Stork Club features 'GROW', an event which is rapidly establishing itself as the evening for fun, celebrating good music, dance and variety. Resident DJ's Pablo and Ben Nevis compliment the weekly live band and with a rapidly growing interest and an inexhaustible supply of live bands, it is hoped to actively promote and encourage the vibrant Nottingham music scene.

For further information regarding The Stork Club as a venue please send demo-tape to: 106 Noel Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham or telephone (0602) 422050.

Overall is designed by HOG and published by Paul & Stephen. PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham NG7 4DG. 0602 240351



Everything they do they do it for you !

This month's attempts at stardom and terrorism provoke some groin scathing phrase coining from The Scrutineer.

THE DAISY CHAIN: Demo

"Orange Glow" and I'm warming to this new band whose vocalist reminds me of Patti Smith without the darkness. Check out the powerful lyric on "Give me the edges" - "I'll take the disease and you can keep your breathing; I don't feel I need you on my spine" obviously a modern love song. But the real surprise is "Greenall", a brilliant, jazzy ballad with a Waitsian intro and a palms-akimbo piano tune so close to Baleria it makes you wanna well, dance.

THE RELEASE: Demo

More local pop music, this derivative variety being so Curesque that there has to be a fixation in there somewhere. Boris, you're weird.

LONG FIN KILLIE/JERRY KRISHNA: Double Demo

Two promising bands from Glasgow, Long Fin Killie's jigcore being part of Celtic tradition of the fiddle and frash relay race whereby one Scottish band passes the baton to another before sensibly exiling themselves to nether land where their efforts are appreciated. Let's hope they can stop off in Nottingham on their way. Jerry Krishna on the other hand are runing a 3x3 minute extended metacore relay race of their own and would probably feel right at home. here amongst their grunk rock peers.

BADGEWEARER: This bag is not a toy (Gruffwit)

Humour and corruption romping through the Bogshed school of packed lunch conspiracy (or in this case Buspasses), "Lecher, Fetish or Lecher" might as well be called 'Lettuce Fetcher' for it's manic delivery. Lyrics like 'Yesterday's scone is tomorrows maggot' guaranteed to raise a smile at Peel

Acres. Quirky punk, quirky package.

NERVE RACK: Experiments with facial hair. LP (Meantime)

Wow! Intense. This second Lp from Leed's post-core skull-busters makes them my favourite noisy bastards this side of Belfast. Within the realms of sheer guitar intensity and the vocal and rhythmic extremes inhabited by so many "hardcore" bands, it's difficult to sound original, even if you are. But Nerve Rack have a way of doing it that leaves you in no doubt. Turn it up and let it get on your spine intensely therapeutic.....

TABITHA ZU (demo)

Three slices of cake cooked to perfection by months of live gigs, hours and hours of practice and a few solo projects outside Marks and Spencer.

OUT OF NOWHERE: Out of Nowhere (cassette only)

The kind of swirling synth sounds that used to be called avant garde until the discovery of such things as the whale song and house music.lf the latter had been invented by the British it would have ben called bedroom music. Or the computational modelling of the auditory perception of musical structuring.

THE LEVELLERS : Levelling the Land (China/Pinnacle)

Preview of their LP due for release in October including two versions of "One Way", the single you can obtain this month. I have a feeling we'll be hearing this anthem everywhere soon. The Levellers prove just how massive a band can get these days

and still not be famous. The appealing earthly sentiments demonstrated here should stand them in good stead when the Devil gets down to Brighton looking to steal their souls. There's only one way of life for these guys and it's a fortunate one.

MELODIA: Sharon Lives / Erotica (demo)

On which I prefer the dreamy "Erotica" especially the way the guitar builds up to each spangly chorus, lyrics delivered with aplomb in the mouth.

INSIST ON MAUVE (demo)

I'd rather not, thanks.

GREEN ON RED : Best of... (China)

Collection of mostly recent tunes from the Tucson twosome to be released at the end of the month.

BLOODY LOVELY: You're Gonna Get Bloody Knacked (cassette)

Prolific piss-takers Bloody Lovely sent us a whole hour's worth of assorted sonic stains and smells and acidic commentaries on city life. Their precision bombing of such unholy institutions as Tesco, Telescum and lager loutism warms my heart. I'll be interested to see how all the ketchup and helium goes down live at Hollywood Nights. Don't make a mess on the new carpet guys, and no sweating--I'm bringing my granny and she's lost her sense of humour since she died.

Send your demos etc to Overall at PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham NG7 4DG. We'll be nice if we can. Sorry Boris.

the All NULU market

rnold Schwarzenegger is the He says so, other characters in his films tell him so, and I'm not one to quibble with people who weigh 16 stone. I may scoff at his ridiculously macho image, but only behind his very broad, leather clad back.

You've got to give it to the guy, he's Cinderella, the ugly duckling and Dick Whittington all rolled into one. dishis Consider advantages. That accent for a start. Get your back from money Linguaphone, Arnie, they obviously sent you the wrong pronounciation tapes. And that body you actually worked to look like 'a condom filled with walnuts' (c.f. Clive James). And the name why inflict it on the world - is it meant to be some kind of proof that you can spell?

Yet herein, in these unmistakable marks of Arnie-ness, lies the key to his success.

In 1984, when he turned down the role of the good guy to play an implacably murderous robot, the world had to take Arnie seriously. Any man who could turn these 'disadvantages' to such brilliant effect in Terminator, and create one of the best movies ever - deserved some admiration, nay, hero worship.

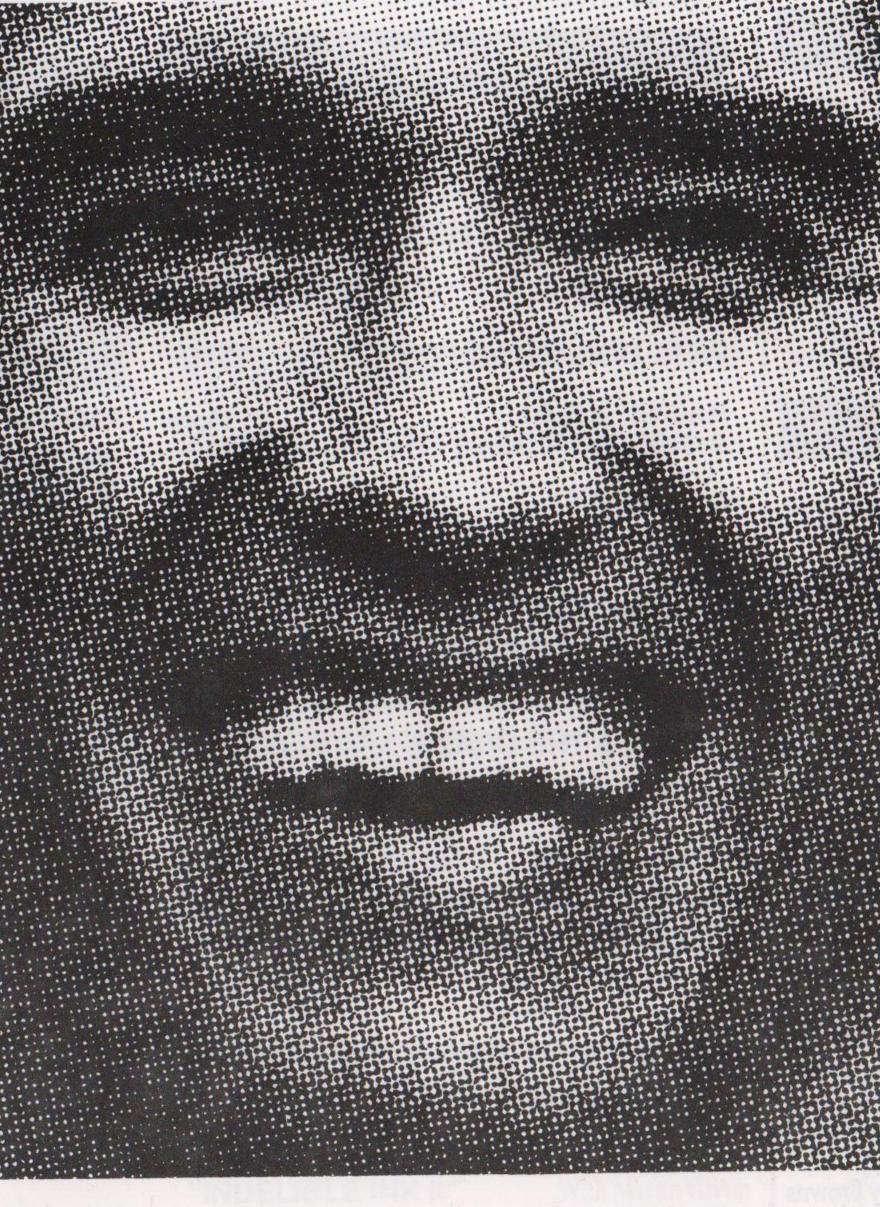
Now in 1991, his fee in the sequel was bigger than **Terminator's** entire budget. We have just left planet earth, welcome to Terminator 2. This time round Sarah Connor (or should it be 'Conan') has turned into a muscled Che Guevara and my word, she even puts Arnie's pecs to

Terminator's back and it's no more Mr Nasty Guy. Caroline Hennigan sees little more than R2D2 with pecs. It's judgement day for Schwarzenegger.

> shame. Since 1984 she's been shacking up with South American resistance fighters (resisting what cream cakes?). She's cracking under the knowledge that the world's going to snuff it very soon, and has been put in an asylum. We know she's barmy because no sane person

together with a very big gun, while Arnie's left holding the adolescent. Luckily, this cyborg turns out to be a two-legged, electronic lassie; faithful, self-sacrificing, and good at learning new tricks. So far, so sentimental.

Now, action (and there's over 2 hours of it) aside, we could do without Sarah's irritating commentary, hammering home the films messages - we can create good not evil there is still time for the human race - don't argue with a naked man who says "I want your clothes" etc. The film creaks under the weight of this moral solemnity and you yearn for the anarchy and insanity of Terminator - remember the good old days when Arnie blazed into the police station blowing everyone to pieces? You also feel the restraint of it's 15 certificate (one way for recouping some of it's \$100 million, I suppose) has curbed those excesses that made its predecessor so



could live with a fringe that long. It's not a psychiatrist she needs, it's a hair-dresser.

She's brought her kid up to be a juvenile delinquent cum electronic whizz-kid. Forget shop-lifting - only computer fraud will do for this 10 year old. Enter stage left, Arnie reprogrammed as a 'Protector' for young Johnboy, and stage right, a super deluxe Terminator, cunningly fashioned as a skinny cop. Sarah, sick of waiting for Armageddon, takes history into her own hands, enjoyable.

What's wrong with Terminator 2 is what's right in Terminator. In Terminator Arnie - who is, let's face it, the personification of the U.S.A. is the bad guy. He goes for what he wants and he tramples on the little people who get in the way. It rings true. America is mental.

In Terminator 2, Arnie is the nice, neutered friend and father figure. Mild as a lamb, he shoots to maim not kill (c'mon! that's about as believable as pinpoint bombing in the gulf war). It's the clean cut, P.R. face of Mr America. Don't come back.

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RIKKI MARTINEZ BAND (W) Lunch R Horse	friday 6	th
BOURBON BLUES	Eve. Running Horse	OLD SCHOOL	Runr
JOHN JOHNSONS ALL STARS (F)	Lunch. The Brit	CHERRY FOREVER EARTH	Na
THE JOHNNY JOHNSON QUINTET (F)	Evening. The Brit	MARCEL MARCEAU	£3
PDQ	Salutation	DANGEROUS MICE	
MIDLAND JAZZ	Limelight Bar	MARSHALL'\$ LAW (F)	Hearty
QUARTET ZZ BIRMINGHAM'S BLUES MAESTR	Free. Derby,	HEADCORN Leed	ls five piece
		COLIN STAPLES (W)	
monday 2	nd	saturday	7th
TIGHTEN UP	SKA from Devon. £3.50 Central Park	GASP	
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JAM SESSION (W) 14 ICED BEARS £2.50	adv Derby The Dial	THE DEAL (W)	3pm Run
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JAM SESSION	The Wheatsheaf	HARRY & THE CRABS	Ru
KELLY'S HEROES	The Brit	JAZZ EXPRESS	
SOLOMON	£2.50 adv	DON LUSHER	L
CRUNCHBIRD	Chaplins	monday	9th
wednesda	v 4th	THE LEVELLERS	
THIN WHITE ROPE £4.	50/£4.00 Narrow Boat	ABK	Ru
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what the fuck h	it 'em." Melody Maker	GLASS ONION	Hearty
THE GIFTHORSE	£2/£1 NUS Hippo	REVOLVER THE SUN CHARMS	£3 adv. V
SHAMUS O'BLIVION MEGADEATH MORRISM	The Brit		Support £3
PARADOX UK	Salutation	FOND OF DOGS	11200
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GLASS ONION	Old Angel	wednesda	
GASP	Hearty Good Fellow	LIBRETTO	STATE A
SHOW ME HEAVEN	Narrow Boat	DAISY	D
THE HIGHFIELDS	£2.50/ £2 NUS Hippo	WHOLESOME FISH	Bo
	Get your banjo out!	TALL	

HOT CORN (F)

The Brit

ERIC BELL BLUES BAND £2.50 Where House

it - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried

£5. Rock City SCREAMING JETS Salutation -thursday 12th £4/£3 BB's Narrow Boat SCREAM DREAM BAROQUE **Running Horse** Alternative Rock Night 9 til 2 **TABITHA ZU** £2/£1.50. Hollywood Nights Narrow Boat SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS Hippo £3.50. Hippo £2 The Where House SOLOMON Old Angel WHOLESOME FISH Hearty Good Fellow Hearty, Dive Bar The Brit SCHEME eeds five piece indie band The Yorker DARK ONION The Yorker "Grow". New Stork Club SWINGING AFFAIR The Brit DJs Pablo, Ben Nevis £1.50 friday 13th Old Angel Lion Hotel GASP 8.30 Hearty GF **OLD SCHOOL Running Horse** 3pm Running Horse THE BIG TOGETHER Hippo CLUB **Evening Running Horse** WOODLAND CREATURES Old Angel The Brit MANNA MACHINE Narrow Boat £4. Hippo saturday 14th alsa £3. The Where House Narrow Boat WHO CARES ANYWAY The Yorker **Running Horse** BURLESQUE Old Angel PUSH Folk. Free. Where House **KELLY'S HEROES** 8pm £3.50. Waitress service Holgate Theatre, Netherfield **Running Horse** £4.00 The Hippo THE CASBAHS The Brit THE RHYTHM RASCALS £3 The Where House Limelight Bar sunday 15th JET STREEM WHISKEY **Running Horse** Rock City **RICHARD HASLAM TRIO** Limelight Bar Running Horse monday 16th Narrow Boat + support £4 adv. The Dial PARIS ANGELS Hearty Good Fellow £3 adv. Where House tuesday 17th **Running Horse** us Support £3 adv The Dial HIT & RUN Narrow Boat Melody Maker Single of the week THE SATYRS Jacey's Bobby Browns THE RIBBON TEARS Jacey's Bobby Browns SUCH PERFECT LIARS Narrow Boat 7.30pm £5 adv **UK SUBS** THE LURKERS Salutation Rock City THE VIBRATORS SPLODGENESSABOUNDS Bobby Browns wednesday 18th Hippo Narrow Boat THE ANGEL TRAIN Ex Thin Lizzy.

circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit 0 10 11 TA TREEHOUSE Squelch Music showcase Bobby Browns THE BUSH BABIES G COURTESAN Plus Support. free. Where House £3.50 Rock City R.P.L.A. **TWO TRIBES** thursda THE LEMONS WOODLAND CREAT SWING BIN TREEHOUSE STEVE GIBBONS BA friday

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	Bobby Browns

Bobby Browns

wednesday 25th

Narrow Boat MM Single of Week

> £2/£1 NUS Hippo

FLAME HEAD

ALL	Hearty Good Fellow	
ENEVA	Salutation	
HE DAISY CHAIN	Plus Support. B. Browns	
thursda	y 26th	
HE VIBRATORS	Spirit of 76 Club £3 Where House	
HE DRAGONFLYS	Narrow Boat	
LOODY LOVELY £	2/£1.50 Hollywood Nights Get Bloody Knacked!	
EDICINE SHACK	Acoustic set. Hippo	
ACHEL'S BREAKDO	OWN Angel or Hearty	
ON THE FLOOR	Salutation	
RED SMITH	Stork Club	
friday	27th	
ASP	Lion Hotel	
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IS LAST PARADE	GHOST Old Angel	
MARSHALL'S LAW	Hippo	
EARTHREEL H	Ceilidh. 8pm £3.50 Iolgate Theatre, Netherfield	
THE CAREER GIRLS	Leicester. Pr. Charlotte	
saturda		
THE BIG TOGETHER		
THE JAZZ GARDEN	Where House	
SLAP IN THE FACE	8.30pm Hearty	
MARCEL MARCEAU		
QUINCE	Jazz. 8pm £3.50	
	Holgate theatre, Netherfield	
	y 29th	
THE DREAMERS	£4.50 adv. Manor Club	
"INDELIBLE INK II" Member to re	With Martin Glynr £2.50/£1.50. Old Ange ers of the public are welcome ead their poetry or light their farts	
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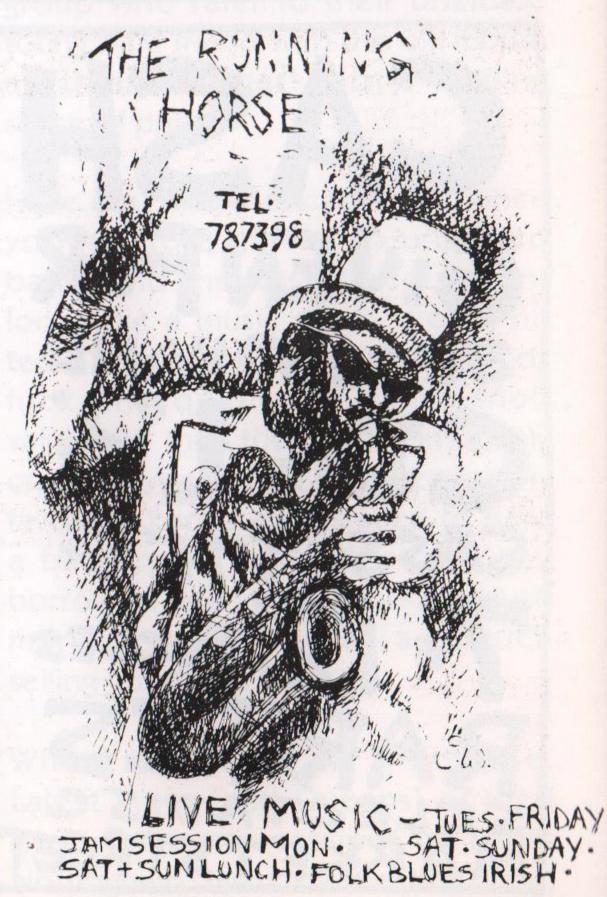
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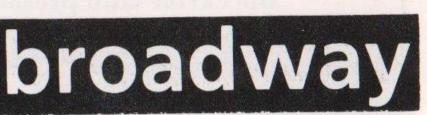


Sun

Sun	1 Brother From Another Planet (15)
Sun	1 Misery (18)
Mon	2 Misery (18)
Tues	3 Misery (18)
Wed	4 Young Soul Rebels (18)
Wed	4 Dark Habits (15) - OFB •
Wed	4 What Have I Done(18) - OFB ●
Thur	5 Young Soul Rebels (18)
Thur	5 Dark Habits (15) - OFB •
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Fri	6 Young Soul Rebels (18)
Fri	6 Dark Habits (15) - OFB
Fri	6 What Have I Done(18) - OFB ●
Sat	7 Young Soul Rebels (18)
Sat	7 Dark Habits (15) - OFB
Sat	7 What Have I Done(18) - OFB ●
Sun	8 Jean de Florette (PG)
Sun	8 Manon des Sources (PG) ●
Service of the servic	8 Young Soul Rebels (18)
Sun	8 Young Soul Rebeis (10)
Mon	9 Le Cop 2 (12)
Tues	10 Le Cop 2 (12)
Wed	11 Andrei Rublev (12)
Wed	11 White Palace (18) - OFB
Thur	12 Andrei Rublev (12)
Thur	12 White Palace (18) - OFB
Fri	13 My Father's Glory (U)
Fri	13 White Palace (18) - OFB
Sat	14 My Father's Glory (U)
Sat	14 White Palace (18) - OFB
Sun	15 American Friends (PG)
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Wed	18 My Father's Glory (U)
Wed	18 Shanghai Cinema (15) - OFB
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Fri	20 Shanghai Cinema (15) - OFB
Sat	21 Henry (18)
Sat	21 Shanghai Cinema (15) - OFB
Sun	22 Une Femme est une Femme (Po
Sun	22 Henry (18)
Mon	23 Henry (18)
Tues	
Wed	25 La Captive du Desert (PG)
Wed	25 Akira (12) - OFB
Thur	26 La Captive du Desert (PG)
Thur	26 Akira (12) - OFB
Fri	27 After Dark My Sweet (18)
Fri	27 Akira (12) - OFB
	28 After Dark My Sweet (18)
Sat	28 Akira (12) - OFB
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Sun	29 Beautiful Dreamers (15)
Sun	29 After Dark My Sweet (18)
Mon	30 After Dark My Sweet (18)
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box office (0602) 412536





Brother From Another Planet (15) 3.00/6.00 8.30

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SERVE CHILLED: Rave FM

You know that summer is here when cicadas can be heard all over the East Midlands. Wait a minute, there aren't any cicadas in Britain; could it be a heatwave? No, it's Rave FM's mind-expanding show of ambience par excellence, floating through a thousand windows. If you've been out all weekend testing Einstein's theorems, ease up; it's time to bung the BK's in a bucket of cold water, lie back and enjoy what must be the station's most diverse broadcast of its whole 24 hour, 7 days each week programme. Serving up the cocktails with cool precision are Diy groove technicians Digby and Whooshmelon, exercising their freedom to mix anything from Ryuchi Sakomoto to Ravi Shankar into a myriad of seductively unpredictable licks. Sweet.

SPEEDBALL: The Salutation Inn

At the bottom of the stairs leading to the 'live' venue is the ridiculously paranoid slogan "This is a Bikers Bar -Dress restrictions apply". Well if only all pubs in town could afford to be so exclusive, then we'd all know our place, wouldn't we? Luckily we don't all need strict schooldays discipline and safe familiarity: these 'bikers' must be a mild bunch because at the first sign of Speedball they all ran screaming with their hands over their ears in the wake of a sonic attack the like of which you only get this side of Donnington Park (depending on which way the wind is blowing of course). This relentless onslaught, a veritable roaring of uncapped Kuwaiti oil-wells, continued relentlessly for what seemed an interminable period of time but was probably not very long at all until a prefect arrived, and gave the bassist one hundred lines, "I must not play ioud music in the Sal". Unfazed the band continue their holocaustic sub-pop set until in walks a magistrate wearing a T-shirt with the slogan "TOO OLD TO ROCK 'N' ROLL....." on the front and "CAN WE HAVE YOUR GLASSES PLEASE" on the back, and arrests the whole band. Shit, I was just beginning to enjoy myself.

Fried Alive

BOUNCE: Venus

Arrive on Stanford Street just after midnight and find that smoke is seething out under pressure through every crack and cranny of No. 6. For once 'the club' is living up to it's namesake the Planet, with it's dense atmosphere whose greenhouse effect keeps the surface sizzling. Before long radar has penetrated thick acid clouds, revealing impact craters and many active volcanoes. DENSITY 5.2 x that of water. SURFACE TEMPERATURE 480 C. DISTANCE FROM THE SOL: about ten yards. Pant, pant, pant, pant.....

SIC BOY FEDERATION/ SPLODGENESSABOUNDS: Narrow Boat 30th July

So the Hendrix Roadshow is jumping about again and what a fucking cabaret it is. Joke set after joke set of quasi-punk entertainment - well it is entertaining if you remember that it's only a joke, but apparently the audience don't share it (and some band members). Maybe cos they had to pay £3.50 for the punchline.

Hendrix comes on like a monster. No fashion victim, this man knows that when it happens again he's already done it at least twice. Therefore he wantonly leaves you wanting more cos he knows that sooner or later you will. The wheels of the Great Rock & Roll Swindle are turning smoothly on their spindle, Hendrix exposes the soft-bellied bleachy-haired red-striped studded trouser-headed nineties yoof persona in two minutes flat.

Growling great exhortations! "DON'T JUST SIT THERE!" Splodgenessabounds set out to be original the hard way (not just by taking to the stage after the pub has shut) but their classic lines of disaffection like "We've gotta get out of the city" come across as just a touch dated especially only a day after the grand do-it-yourself finales of the Rock & Reggae festival. But as if to prove that everybody's really happy, Splodge do a jolly time ska number, only to leave the prompted dancers looking really confused as it degenerates corruptly into an anti-"Greed for Power" noise incursion. By the way guys, Johnny stayed home.

TREEHOUSE : Bobby Browns

Before I mention Treehouse, may I make a brief observation? It may be a coincidence; it may be a certain negativity on my part, caused doubtless by continual plodding through promotional flyer after poster after gig after review etc., but in my experience local bands who attempt to hype local audiences are more often than not a crap group with a glossy sales pitch. The kind of group who refer to their briefcase toting bald friend with the big mouth as 'their manager' with a baffling sense of pride.

Have you ever noticed how, when you get to a gig by an unsigned band, and the onstage equipment looks like a music shop's dream, hitech, 'higher price latest real McCoy fuck off equipment' (muso snob value 10), then the band is invariably crap. Maybe it is my hang up, but my favourite bands always seen to have a backline of begged, stolen and borrowed gear, and about as much marketing acumen as a eunuch selling good sex.

Which brings me to Treehouse. Latest Kings (and Queens) of local hype. Acoustic sessions on Radio Nottingham, flyers by the truckload,

embarrassingly humourous press releases, and the kind of 'in your face' profile more suited to the Statue of Liberty on July 4th. Treehouse want to be big, and Nottingham have got to take notice. So, I arrived at the bizarrely laid out Bobby Brown's expecting the very worst. I expected crap of the highest degree, and got confused!

The first surprise of the evening was that the band were merely playing a support role; second surprise, they didn't own the latest 'hi-tech, higher price fuck off gear'. Hope yet for Treehouse then. On taking the stage, the band thunder into a Hammond Laden, guitar soaked adrenaline dance rush, kind of a Woodentops for the nineties. Things were looking very hopeful for Treehouse. Gradually, however, the sound man sorted out his inadequate PA and the vocals became audible and here caused the real confusion.

As a visual only duo, Treehouse's male/female singing pair pout and preen themselves with knowing arrogance. They're singers; they're attractive; they know it and they couldn't give a toss if we don't agree. Vocals clearly audible however, and they present voices of tuneful, harmonic accuracy and blandness more accustomed to 'Deacon Blue'. Voices out of place with the music due to their lack of character and apparent unawareness of the massive groove being created by the band. Singers who think they're funky as a cat on heat with a band who could be.

So, let's add this up. A commercially groovy band with bland yet tuneful vocals. Two attractive lead singers; one girl, one boy. Sounds like an A+R mans dream doesn't it? Add to this the hackneyed yet respectful cover of the Stones' 'Sympathy for the Devil' and you can just imagine the A + R man shaking his fat sweaty butt all the way to the bank.

In the frighteningly unimaginative

British music business (Jesus Jones and E.M.F. daring? Do me a favour). Treehouse could well be the band to put Nottingham on the mainstream map. Sad isn't it?

Fried Alive

THE ROCK 'N' REGGAE FESTIVAL : **The Forest**

We here at Overall think that this year's Rock & Rave....er, Reggae was the best thing since fried onions, but not every new live correspondent had such a good time. In fact our usual reviewers were enjoying a "neurological holiday" that weekend and were incapable of getting their finger out of their mouth let alone wrap it round a pen. So here's a version of events through the eyes of one Trevor Bamford.

The idea of the Rock & Reggae is a good one. That is once a year a festival is put on that has a whole mass of stalls and performance areas, rave discos, etc, reflecting the diversity and richness of culture in the City of Nottingham. The centrepiece of the whole thing being the 'Music Big Top' which acts as a showcase for the best in up and coming musical talent from Nottingham as well as surrounding areas. In calling the festival "The Rock & Reggae" the basic concept of it all is to attract as wide a spectrum of bands/people as possible, and to put on the best bands/artists in their field onto the stage, with no bias or prejudice whatsoever.

That's the dream; the reality however is somewhat different. The periphery of the festival is as good as can be expected anywhere but the main purpose behind the whole event is corrupt and nepotistic in the extreme. A hidden agenda seems to be in operation in which a small collection of individuals manipulate the festival in order to fulfil their popstar fantasies at the expense of council grants! An alternative 'old boy' network allows the same old hacks to strut their stuff again in front

of their mates, relatives and fellow church members at the peak times during the festival. Basically as long as you are friends with the people that matter and your face fits, you're 'in'. In musical terms you mustn't be to far away from the mainstream funk/soul, reggae formula otherwise forget it, regardless of how popular you are, or that you are representative of a particular city culture.

This year was no different from previous years, that is except for the hardcore tent which was a welcome and refreshing change to the usual Rock & Reggae formula. Bands playing in the so- called 'Music Big Top' were subjected to numerous stage time alterations and were generally messed around and shoved from pillar to post if they weren't 'in'. One band in particular were squeezed out altogether and made to play in the performance tent some six hours after they were expected on stage, much to the annoyance of many people. Every New Dead Ghost being probably the most well known band on the bill that day, had attracted a large following from all around the country, some of whom had come a few hundred miles, whilst on the 'main stage' the same old formula was sadly in operation for the chosen few.

If the Rock & Reggae is ever to rise above the joke it has become over the years and to become a national festival which is it's aim then the people concerned with its organisation must stick to the original philosophy behind the festival and see further than the end of their noses.

It's a sad thing to say but at the moment the Rock & Reggae is a local disappointment. It is a decaying depressing event that claims a lot but delivers little. Always too busy patting itself on the back to see the sickness within.

If you think your band is worthy of review, invite us to your gig. we are happy to attend gigs to write reviews and we are happy to accept reviews sent to us. Call us on 0602 240351.



notting ann reates

