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Overall

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no.1 / vol.2 • april 1992 • still free



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FIRST of ALL

FLEXIBLE FRIEND • In future OVERALL will aim to include a free flexi-disc with each issue of the magazine, featuring unsigned acts from the area. As well as serving as useful local publicity, it will also be included in our extensive record company mailing list. If you're interested, contact OVERALL in writing only please, at the usual address (inc. Demo).



SKINK SINGLE • Due for imminent release on German label, Sister Records, is the new single from Skink, Violence c/w One Hundred Tons, produced by the seemingly omnipresent Alex Fudge. To promote it the band have set up a series of dates throughout April: 7th Princess Charlotte, Leicester, with Poison Idea, 9th Euston Rails, London, with Swine Herds, 25th Where House, Derby, with God Flesh, more dates to follow, including Nottingham.

SKANKED! • A warning to all would-be rave musicians who accidentally leave their discs in the wrong person's charge - imagine how DAN of HOUSE APPRENTICE and MDMA felt when he tuned in to his favourite illegal radio station and heard a track that he had lovingly nurtured belting out of his Woolies tranny. Nothing wrong with this you might think except he had no prior knowledge of it being pressed let alone going out to radio stations. Worse still is the fact it has come out on one of the most reputable rave labels, NETTWERK.

STICK MAN speaks • "STICK MAN — the performer of letter and line, alphabet and vowel — was born from a need to express through rhythm and language what it's creator David Higgons has been nurturing sitting behind his drums in Dr. Egg & The Love Specialists. He now stands solo revealing feelings in sound and diction, his character Stick Man communicates live, in his own enigmatic way." Has his shell finally cracked, has he gone soft boiled or have we stretched this yoke too far. Find out what it all means on Friday 3rd April at the Arboretum Manor as a further extension of Danza Continua Promotions. This gig will also feature the funky-latin-Jazz thrash of MIND THE GAP formerly known as SWINGING AFFAIR.



MEN WITH STICKS • Maverick percussionists Left Hand Right Hand, just back from a blistering tour of the U.S.A. will be performing the UK premier of their "expanded cinema" event, **Red Letter Days** at Leicester Phoenix Arts on May 1st. They promise to bring together the once traditional format of silent films with live musical accompaniment bang up to date with newly commissioned films and archive footage, with a live Left Hand Right Hand sound track.

Overall

There is a smell of FRIED ONIONS

APRIL 1992

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Photo: P. Sheehan

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WHERE TWO • After long and tortuous negotiations with Derby magistrates the WHERE HOUSE has finally received a 2 o'clock license for the upstairs bar. Club nights have duly begun. News that seminal funk/jazz outfit, **DEFUNKT** have confirmed an appearance at the venue on Wed 13th May was greeted with euphoria at Overall HQ not least because the coveted support slot has gone to, you guessed it... **...CRUNCHBIRD!** Maybe we'll put 'em on the front cover again.

Fri 3rd
Cop Shoot Cop

Sat 4th
Eddie and The Hot Rods

Mon 6th
Rosetta Stone, Stare & S.L.A.

Wed 8th
Moon Flowers

Machine Gun Feed Back

Thurs 9th
The Hamsters

Fri 10th
Extreme Noise Terror

Dr & The Crippens

Sat 11th
Sandkings

Huge Big Massive

Tue 14th
PJ Harvey

16th - 20th
Derby Music Festival

Mon 20th
Spacedome Studios all-dayer

12 bands 12 - 11:30

Wed 22nd
Whirpool + support

Fri 24th
Dumpy's Rusty Nuts

Sat 25th
Godflesh/Skink

Sun 26th
Maddy Pryor/Richard Kemp

Mon 27th
Adorable + Support

Thurs 30th
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POWER FOR THE PEOPLE • After several months of silence, maverick pirates of the airwaves **POWER FM** are back on the air on 99.2fm featuring fave DJs **STEVE WRONG & TONY CLARKE**. See article P. 17.

SPIKE • It is heart-warming to report that **THE WONDERSTUFF, CRAZYHEAD & THE MILLTOWN BROTHERS** were all able and willing to provide their services gratis at Leicester Uni for a benefit. The event was in memory of **SPIKE**, the well respected tour manager and roadie extraordinaire who was tragically killed recently in Germany. He will be sadly missed.

ROCK AND REGGAE

What went right?

Last year's festival on the Forest was the biggest and most talked about event in its thirteen year history. Although from the average festival-goer's point of view the '91 Rock and Reggae was the biggest best and most enjoyable (if only because it didn't rain), behind the scenes there was general chaos and the festival attracted a great deal of criticism from performers, stall-holders and local residents alike. The main complaint from the many musicians and technicians who took part in the festival was about money. Most performers are willing to do it without lust of reward. However all the acts last year were contracted to play in the proper manner but in the end cheques bounced. The lack of money at the time was blamed on poor attendance at an event which was supposed to raise money for the festival. However this event was promoted and funded by individuals who lost money independently of the festival. With woefully inadequate funding from the City, County and EMA Councils, the main source of revenue last year was from the stall-holders. Because of the increased size of the event in 91, a firm called Arena Catering were asked to tender for the franchise to sell stall space. They bought the franchise for an amount one thousand pounds more than the revenue ever generated by the stalls in the past. However the space was rented out at a far higher premium. Although as sub-contractors Arena Catering were entitled to make a profit, it is a shame that they were allowed to make so much (estimates vary from three to ten thousand quid clear) profit from what is supposed to be a community event, but Arena Catering were under no obligation to underwrite any losses the festival may have made. Furthermore vital sponsorship failed to materialise only a few weeks prior to the event.

Congratulations to SCUM PUPS whose debut LP *Baby Kill*, did the unthinkable and stormed the top 20 on the Indie charts in the first week of its release despite the unfavourable reviews in the national press. Remember us when you're millionaires, lads!

The second area of complaint was from stall-holders themselves who saw unofficial traders coming onto the site trading openly and in some cases illegally. The security firm employed by the festival for a fee of £1500 were recommended by both the police and the City Council. The firm turned out to be woefully incapable of carrying out their duties which included cleaning up the site afterwards.

This brought in many complaints from local residents but not as many as the late-night music which carried on after the festival had officially closed. Inadequate security was partly to blame for allowing an unauthorised generator onto the site. That an all-night "rave" was allowed to happen on the Forest Park Recreation Ground without any attempt by the "party police" to close it down is a strange fact indeed. That it was the icing on the cake of a brilliant weekend is a matter of history. Many people who live in the area find the disruption of the Goose Fair just as annoying but they don't complain. In the nineties, all-night parties are a common fact of life which might explain why, despite several requests from the festival organisers, no action was taken by either site security or the police to close down the party which continued until 5 o'clock Monday morning.

WINDY CITY • To mark the sixth anniversary of Chernobyl there will be an event at Bobby Browns on Thurs April 23rd featuring **STAK IT UP**, **LAZYDOG** (ex-Fish fiddler Derek), **RITA** (blues queen) and **SACRED HARP HOLY HARMONIES**. Proceeds go to the 'Children of Chernobyl Appeal Fund' and 'Nottingham Wind Power Project' who are a small group raising funds to buy a wind turbine to promote a practical, clean and sustainable alternative to nuclear power. Further info. **Sharon 274334**.

DUB SYNDICATE
Stoned Immaculate

AFRICAN HEAD CHARGE
Pride and Joy
ON U

Despite some vicious rumours, reggae music is not only alive and well, it is positively charged with energy. Two essential additions to any reggae collection are *Stoned Immaculate* and *Pride and Joy* — the new releases by Dub Syndicate and African Head Charge.

In true roots style AHC have put down their first ever live album, combining recordings of concerts from 1987 to 1991. Lead man *Bonjo Lyabinghi Noah* is supported by 15 musicians as well as a range of special effects for the heavy dub merchants.

Their mellow rhythms quench even the mightiest thirst for strong, all pervading reggae and the African feeling lends real power to the traditional Jamaican roots music. The album is more African than anything else, but the Scratch Perry style production makes sure the bass is in place. Reworking familiar (often non-reggae) songs, Dub Syndicate continue to use Prince Far I long after his murder. His spirit lives on stronger than ever and Adrian Sherwood is taking the place of his rightful successor.

It could be argued that there is nothing really new about this album, but then the sound is so strong, no-one's complaining and there is plenty of innovation and improvisation going on all over if you take time to listen carefully.

In addition to featured vocalists Akabu and Skip McDonald, Dub Syndicate have cut in clips from old familiar reggae songs, and the effect is real tribute to the masters of this magical music. Get your hands on these, and whether you're washing up or spliffing up your ass will be shaking. **Mark Shaw**

EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM DEMO

I broke the tabs on this one myself to preserve two mouthwatering tracks from Reading. "E Controls E" kicks the bollocks off the Crunchweirdvibeitup posse and their so-called "Nottingham Sound". Swap gigs if you dare! EBS successfully combines rap, funk and reggae into a workable understandable sound where Everything controls Everything. I wonder if that bath contains "jeans" or "genes". Here it comes again. The gauntlet has been thrown. Gerrum' up 'ere.

THE BLACK CATS DEMO

Ee, I love a nice tune, Mother. The song in question is 'Space Town' which is very pleasant indeed, not a million miles away from one of Julian Cope's mellower moments or maybe Syd Barrett. The recording quality is fairly appalling though, I'd like to hear this 60's tinged pure pop given a decent production. A set of songs with an innocent, naive charm which makes a refreshing change from the bulk of the stuff we are bombarded with.

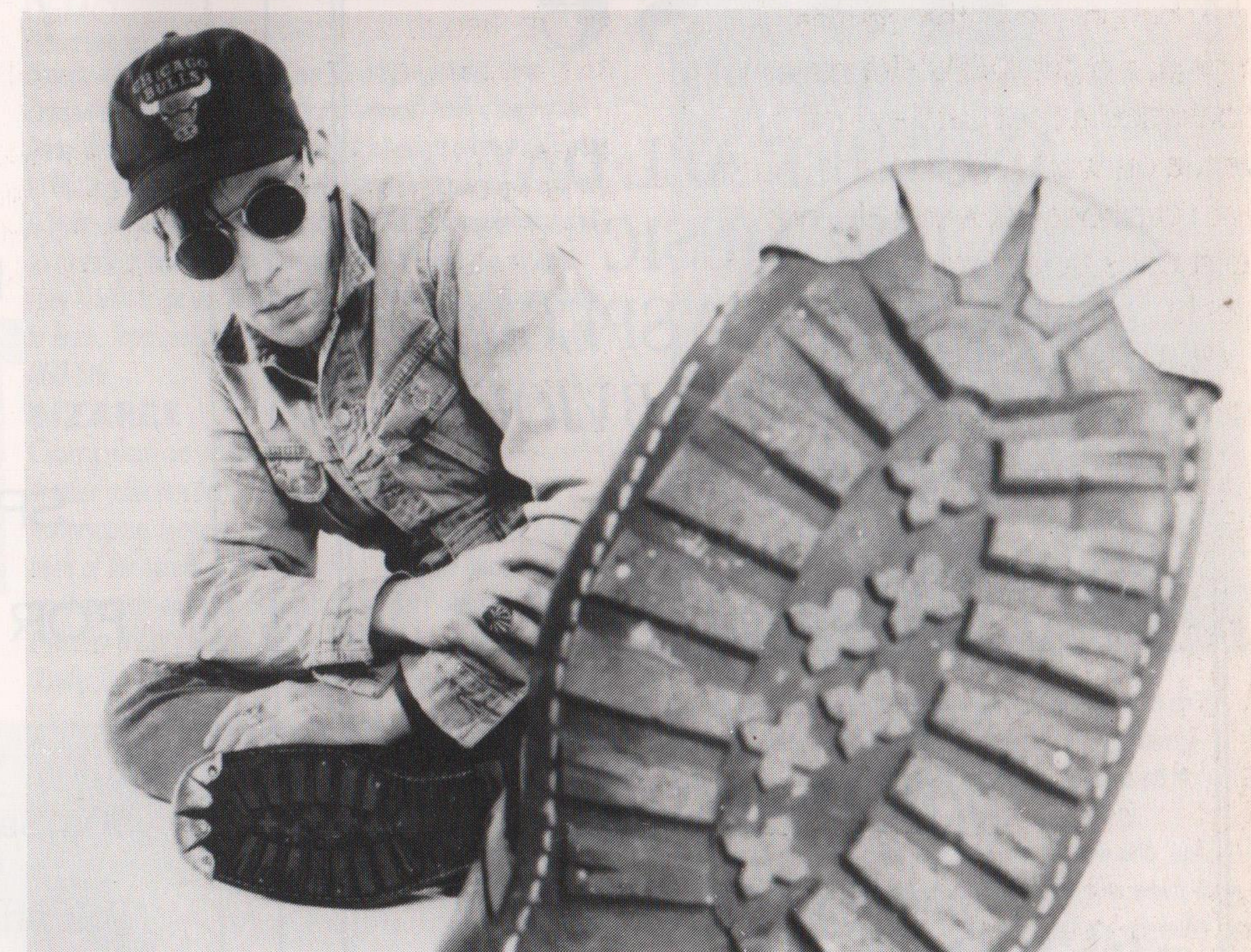
THE OFFSIDE TRAP DEMO

This Northampton band sound like a poppier Happy Mondays with a fixation for naff Seventies disco music, hence the cover of 'It feels like I'm in Love' which was a hit for some revolting old trout whose name escapes me. None of this stuff is particularly original or innovative but it's all very agreeable and 'Big Rainbow of Love' has got hit single scribbled all over it. And I love the vocal impressions of 70's stylee syndrums!

RICHARD LILLEY III DEMO

Vivian Stanhall/Bonzo Dog type vaudeville but of questionable humour. Dr Patowski And His Amazing Performing Penis could have been Ivor Cutler with a plum in his mouth (fnar fnar) and as for the 'Ollerton Minors Welfare Rap', I laughed till I stopped. It just isn't funny! A banana skin without a victim.

DEMOLITION



KMFDM, Steve Gullick

KMFDM

Money
(Transglobal)
KMFDM return to us via new label Transglobal with this bruising marriage between samplers and guitars. KMFDM's use of wall of sound guitars and pulsating sequencers creates an aural scape of urban Europe in decay. Only Hamburg could have created this monster.

HAVOC DEMO

I'm all for musicians admitting their influences and referencing their genre, but these guys have taken to acid House with a meat cleaver and chainsaw, butchered it to death and stuck the pieces together into a gory pastiche of sampled cliché that deserves to be exhibited in the Whitechapel along with those other large pieces to be marvelled at by those who don't know they could do better themselves. Σκατα. The second offering on the tape shows that HHavoc can actually cut it with precision once they forget that annoying the neighbours is not the priority,



though it's still rammed with cliché. I can't believe that no-one has ever sampled Gil-Scott heron's "The Revolution will not be Televised" before. Ενταξει.

LOVE DEMO

The sweetest kind of acid jazz; grooves along gracefully and is so catchy that by the end of the tape you feel that you must have heard it before somewhere. Features the most wonderful sax, played by Howard of 'Mind The Gap'. What is also of interest is the fact that these tracks were produced using exactly the same hardware/software as Havoc's hardcore, namely a positive noise umbrella. Ωρεα!

THE CRYSTAL TRIP

Elevate / Jumble Head
(Fly Again Records 7" Single)
The Crystal Trip, from Hitchin of all places, create a powerful swirling early 80's stylee psyche pop with a nod to Teardrop Explodes and a wink to Wah! Heat. "Elevate" is the best of the two, fast and furious with a wonderful screaming guitar break that goes straight through your gut. This should appeal to baggy types and Mega 'Cutey' Four fans alike

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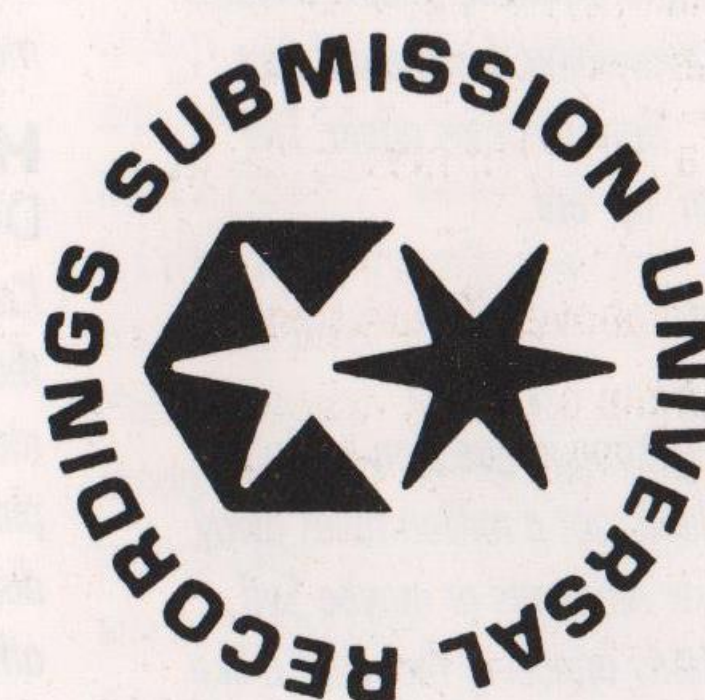
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SHEEP ON DRUGS:

Motorbike/Mary Jane
(Transglobal)
"Have you heard the new one by Sheep on Drugs?"
"Yeah, Motorbike"
"TOO COOL!"

Says it all really, but you could easily add storming, massive, thundering, groovy, subsonic, absurd, camp, stoned immaculate, electronic body pumping sonic assault. Licks those parts that the rave failed to reach. Yeah, too cool!

SKINK

Violence/100 Tons
(Sister Records)
Grunge monsters from Heanor's second release is by far better than their last. Every instrument sounds enormous, every step feels dangerous, every growl feels like laryngitis. Not for the faint hearted, your soap will not save you.

JINX DEMO

A bunch of warm witty pop songs about love and the environment. Catchy tunes, harmonious vocal duets, the band are actively seeking a recording contract and quite rightly too. The stuff singles are made of.

TROPICAL FISH INVASION DEMO

TFI sound like a second rate Inspiral Carpets. Weak and wimpy mop-top mush without teeth.

PSYCHASTORM DEMO

(Bandwagon)
Despite their youth (three of 'em are only eighteen) this foursome already have a history in Plymouth having supported Metal Monkey Machine and Silverfish amongst others. Relocated to Nottingham late last year, Psychastorm's rap/funk/metal act is worth catching. Brash, full of it, proud of their equipment and so confident that they have invested in their own p.a. system. They intend to go up. Nowhere but up. Heh, have they got alot to learn. Tape available for £2 from 237 Broxtowe Lane, Aspley NG8 5NF.

BIZARRE

Compilation Cassette
Another collection from that hard-working gent Mr Novak in Northampton, featuring Midlands bands this follows hot on the heels of the excellent 'Europe Endless'. But the music is nowhere near as good. So what do we get? Attrition from Coventry (I can't believe they're still going). Start the tape with 'Under The Bridge'. The solid pounding electro new beat stuff



sounds good to me, but Stress and Dance Naked try to do the same thing and fail miserably. The Venus Fly Trap salvage things with 'Achilles Heel', their best song, but pass on the rest of this side.

The always interesting Ripzmag kick off side two with 'Uphill Gardening'. This outfit is impossible to categorize, which, in an age where mediocre imitation means success and originality gets pushed aside, could be this quirky very English sounding bands downfall. Send 'em on tour with the Cardiacs!

The Eager Beavers play bland, faceless rockabilly but compared to Haertbreakers horrendous plodding heavy metal they sound like the best band in the world. The Eternal Slavishly copy U2 and Every New Dead Ghost's 'Understanding' is unlistenable. However, just as I was about to press the eject button, Black Sky arrived with 'Sex', psychedelic goth-style; not bad at all. The most 'Bizarre' thing is why some of these appalling tracks were included!

NATURAL LIFE

Natural Life (Killer Whale Remix) 12"
(Tribe)

"How much longer can we hold out?" I wish it didn't take me so long to ramify this kind of music. Or is the only way to understand it to dance? Ah, a voice. "Natural life is all we need/keep your money and your greed." I'll buy that. (Live Dub Mix) There's intelligent life out there as well. "So why don't you scurry back to your office life/go tell that joke about your wife." I don't s'pose we'll get one. (Good Vibes Mix) Guitar we do get, and a band overlooked in Nottingham but not in Derby. Now I'm beginning to understand. "Every time you pass my way/you choose to turn your head away/afraid of something I might say" I think so too.

BIG FISH, LITTLE FISH

Bloomers & Blunders DEMO

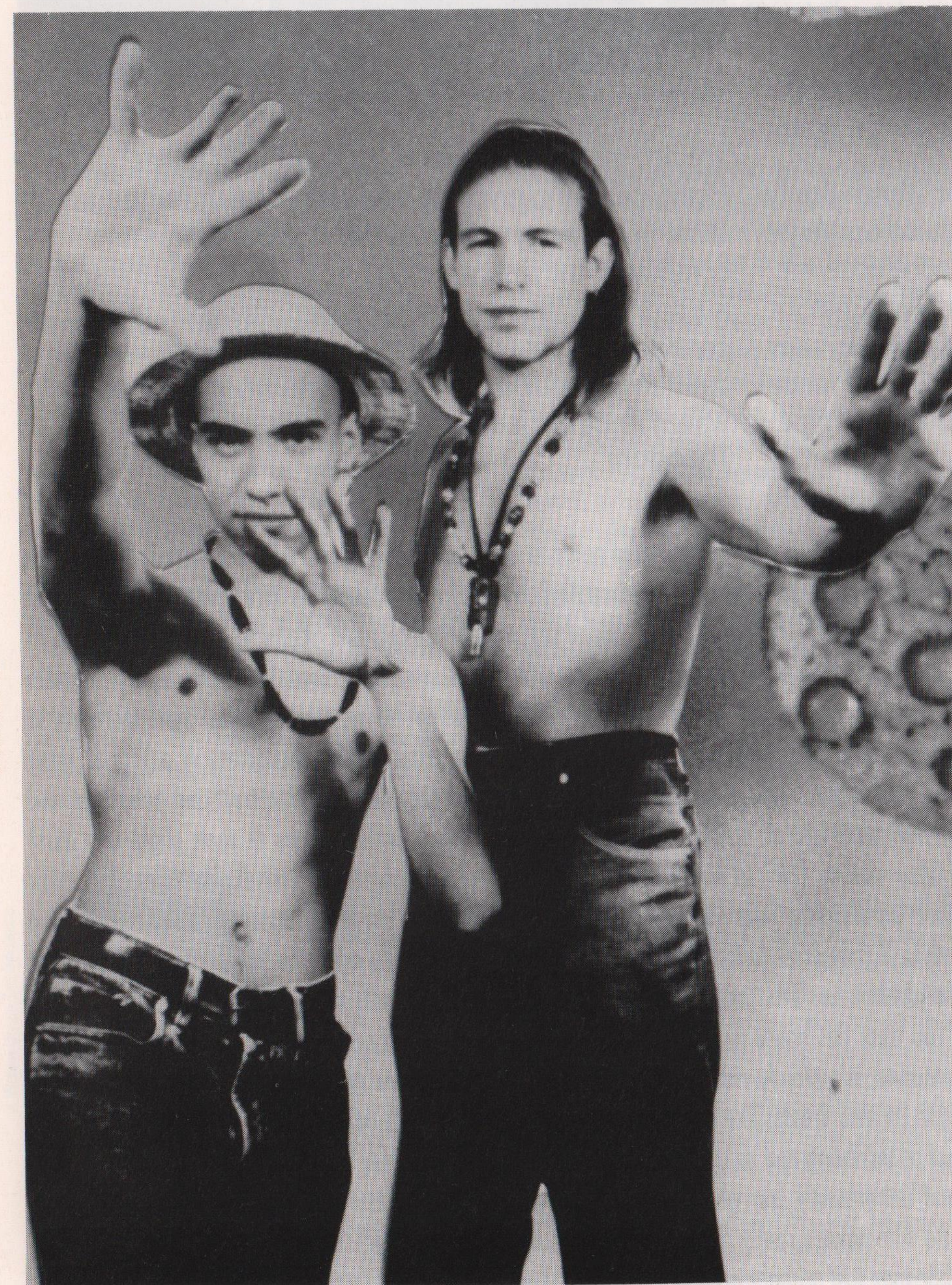
Difficult to say with this one. Badly recorded but nonetheless an energetic groove with a slight snuff feel. However, the last time we received a tape with a 'snuff feel' the band ended up being a dodgy R&B band. Beware of first impressions. Overall though, I like this tape, warts and all.

URBAN COOKIE

Pressin' On. 7"/12"
(Vertigo)

"Special designer" (i.e. commercial) pop rap from newcomers to the dance scene. The "cookie un-rapped" mix elevates the best elements to an almost underground level.

Urban Cookie



VISUALL

Bugsy • (Directed by Barry Levinson)

This is that rarely blossoming flower — the lavish Hollywood Star-vehicle that against all the odds is pretty good.

Didn't someone once say that America invented the film industry so that it could re-invent its own history?

Oliver Stones JFK does it, and the endless stream of soppy movies set in the fifties do it, come to think of it, almost every movie does it. Well, that's something at least — we're so smug about our past (present and future) we don't even bother to encourage an industry to colour it!

I for one am glad they re-invented Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegal, because I don't think anyone much liked the vicious and psychotic original. He's still psychotic in the film, mind, but psychotic with a strong hint of debonair like Cary Grant or Warren Beatty.

And by some remarkable coincidence Warren Beatty does indeed play the gangster who created Las Vegas as we know it and love it, as an urbane eccentric, the kind of guy who dazzles you with justifying rhetoric before he pours the entire contents of his revolver into you; bad but not mean! And you never once suspect that he's been cast out of type.

CAPE FEAR • (Directed by Martin Scorsese)

Women in America were angered by its scenes of violence towards women, and the evil eyes on the billboard in town boasted "More scary than The Silence of the Lambs". I decided to give the popcorn a miss before I went in to see Cape Fear.

It's a remake or rather reheat of the 1962 thriller of the same name in which lawyer Gregory Peck (now Nick Nolte) and his nice family (now not so nice) are terrorised by muscular psychopath Robert Mitchum (Robert De Niro - who else!) who's out of prison and out for vengeance. Scorsese's updated it - i.e. added sex, violence, incest and adultery - to enlighten those of us who believe that family life means little white fences and happy, shiny faces around the breakfast table. So now the wife isn't a stereotypical sixties housewife, oh no - she works - but still from home-sweet-home. And this time round there are so many cracks in their marriage you'd only have to nudge them and they'd crumble like characters in a Tom & Jerry cartoon. He also spices up the role of the teenage daughter who, in these decadent times, is now pert and pubescent and sucks lollipops languorously. The warts are all in this movie, but it doesn't make the characters or their plight any more convincing. Was Marty too busy making films to notice that real teenage girls live by three unshakable rules: 1 they're never to be seen out with their parents (she goes out with her parents), 2 they are surgically attached to their best friend (she doesn't have any friends), 3 they dress to look ten years older than they actually are (she still wears the clothes she wore when she was 12 - she just bounces a bit more). I think I might have had at least some sympathy with the family's ordeal if they'd only said 'You treat this house like a hotel' or 'You're not going out dressed like that!' As for Robert De Niro's 'scary' ham-psycho routine, it's plainly ridiculous and undermines any dark suggestions that the womenfolk are covertly drawn to the predator. De Niro dresses like he's just escaped from an early episode of Hawaii Five-0 for God's sake! Needless to say he was about as terrifying and as credible as John Major when he's very annoyed. The cheek tearing scene was undoubtedly savage and unnecessary, but what was shocking was the film's easy acceptance of the convention of violence towards women. Do filmmakers really think that women have a gene which makes them scream and cry in moments of severe stress while men just grimace in silence? If this is America's greatest director, God help us. **Theodora**



Annette Bening as Virginia Hill and Warren Beatty as Bugsy

The film marvellously evokes the glamour of forties Hollywood — everyone's 'Beginning the Beguine' and drinking champagne from crystal slippers. Warren is competent, the rest of the cast are splendid and the script is a scorcher. The sexual politics are pretty good too considering what they might have been. I liked it — but then I'm just a sucker for that old Hollywood razzmatazz! Waiter! Another bottle of champagne if you please.

Theodora

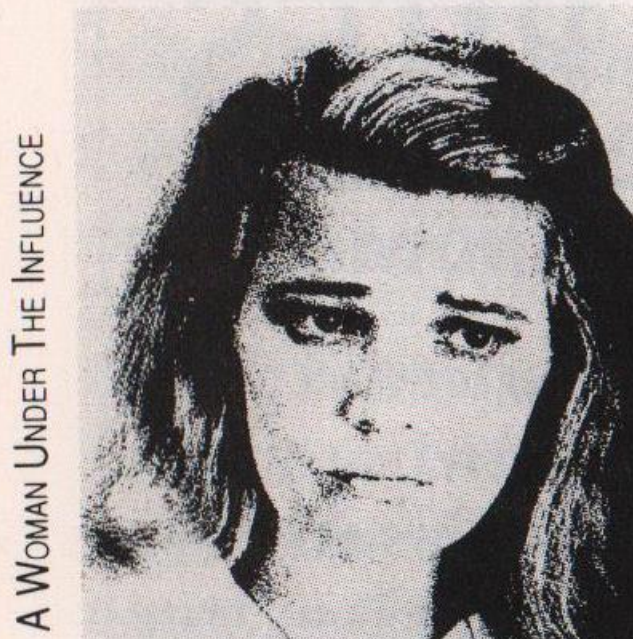
Black Robe • (Directed by Bruce Beresford)

Mutilation of a much more, dare I say, agreeable kind is on offer in the very fine Black Robe. I won't go into details — just hang on to your hair and count your digits on the way out. This beautiful film concerns a Jesuit's mission to baptise and thereby save the souls of a tribe of native Americans, resulting in his own personal salvation at the cost of their destruction. Apart from its rather perfunctory ending, the film skillfully presents the cultural and ideological clash between two philosophies — both believing the other naive or even stupid. It shows with compassion the native American view point, without recourse to the soft-hearted liberalism of Dances With Wolves. We see through the eyes and into the dreams of a diversity of native Americans — not all of them peace loving and 'cultured'. Ironically the credence the native Americans give to dreams in their lives, corroborated perhaps by our post-Freudian attitude to dreams, seems to lend itself to our world view more happily than the dry orthodoxies of the Catholic church. But what is most refreshing about Black Robe is to see Western Europeans put in their place as just another tribe, who may themselves one day be colonised...

Theodora

Hopsc Pike — Live from ^{BEST} Hollywood

■ Cold on the heels of **Close Encounter Of The Third Kind: The Special Edition**, **Lawrence of Arabia**, **Spartacus**, etc..., we are currently undergoing a severe case of 'self-improvement directoritis', where by directors are demanding a second chance to fleece audiences and produce even longer, more boring films than were originally inflicted on an unsuspecting world. So, get out the haemorrhoid cream for Kevin Costners (marathon) **Dances With Wolves** — **Special Edition**; Jean-Jacques Beinin's complete version of **Betty Blue**, in which Beatrice Dalle and Jean-Hughes Anglade will be revealing more about themselves (is this possible I ask myself?; and (on video) Luc Besson's 'titanic' success **The Big Blue** resurfaces with an extra hour of maritime merriment. Jacques Cousteau has a lot to answer for. Imminent films to receive the 'Directors Cut/Complete Version' treatment are Ridley Scott's **Bladerunner** and (again on video) James Cameron's **Aliens**. As I write, pompous directors are doubtless gathering those hitherto abandoned clippings from the Cutting Room floor to show us how they really wanted the end credits to look. Who knows what 'classic' complete versions await... Oliver Stone may unveil **Born On The Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Of July**; Alan Parker, **All Day Express**; and Wim Wenders may give us **Dallas, Texas**. Hollywood loves a maxim — the latest is 'If at first you don't succeed, try again'.



of the camera rather than by the names of his films. The evil untrustworthy rat in Rosemary's Baby — that was John! The evil untrustworthy rat in the Dirty Dozen — that was John! Now, we can appreciate Cassavetes the director. In April/May, Broadway are showing a retrospective of some of Cassavetes' classic films: **Shadows**, **Faces** and **A Woman Under The Influence** amongst them. Most of the films feature Mrs. Cassavetes — the rather wonderful Gena Rowlands, the nearest contemporary cinema gets to Katherine Hepburn, methinks. Get down to Broadway and see a master at work.

The Cassavetes season at Broadway starts with **FACES** (April 5); **A WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE** (April 13/14) and **SHADOWS** (April 22/23) and continues into May.

■ "Good film mate. Bit political mind, but a very good thriller." Thus spake the oracle at my local video shop about a recent British film. Which one? Okay, there aren't many to choose from, but you would think that when we do produce a good film, they would receive some publicity. But what happens? The only British films which receive any marked publicity are the very ones that should be buried with the toxic waste we seem so fond of dumping in our own back yard — for example the 'one and only' **Buddy's Song** and the truly, insanely, shallowly **Blame It On The Script Writer** (sic) with Dudley (no) Moore and 'I was just the... Patsy' Kensit. In fact getting back to my video shop expert, he was describing Ken Loach's 'bit political' film about Northern Ireland, **Hidden Agenda**, which during its cinematic and video release, has received less publicity than a Howard Hughes birthday party. It does seem strange that Loach's film about shoot-to-kill policies and general shenanigans in Northern Ireland, by the police and the security forces, has received so little attention. Could there perhaps have been an alternative hidden agenda to restrict the film's viewing potential by a limited cinematic release. Disappointing that local Independent cinema didn't deign to show it, despite showing every other recent Ken Loach film. For those who haven't seen the film I recommend a trip to the video shop forthwith to see why it was awarded a prize at Cannes and booed by the British right-wing press, what greater recommendation could there be?

■ Whilst Herman Goerring may have had a thing about culture (I blame his testicular arrangement, to quote the, er, classic Danny La Rue song), I have a thing about mavericks. Mention the word maverick to me and besides thinking of James Garner, I think of people whom lazy journalists can't define sufficiently well, so, just stick them in the file marked 'do their own thing'. Think of maverick film makers and you conjure up the likes of John Sayles, Spike Lee, Robert Altman and, perhaps, the granddaddy of them all John Cassavetes, pronounced like diabetes. However, sugar/saccharin content is not a problem in Cassavetes films. Most people will recognise from him roles in front of the camera rather than by the names of his films. The evil untrustworthy rat in Rosemary's Baby — that was John! The evil untrustworthy rat in the Dirty Dozen — that was John! Now, we can appreciate Cassavetes the director. In April/May, Broadway are showing a retrospective of some of Cassavetes' classic films: **Shadows**, **Faces** and **A Woman Under The Influence** amongst them. Most of the films feature Mrs. Cassavetes — the rather wonderful Gena Rowlands, the nearest contemporary cinema gets to Katherine Hepburn, methinks. Get down to Broadway and see a master at work.

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broadway

a p r i l

| | | | |
|------|---|---------------------------|-----------|
| Wed | 1 | The Lunatic (15) | 6.00/8.15 |
| | | Dekalog 9 & 10 (PG) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Thur | 2 | The Lunatic (15) | 6.00/8.15 |



| | | | |
|-----|---|------------------------------|-----------|
| Fri | 3 | Dekalog 9 & 10 (PG) - OFB | 7.30 |
| | | Raise The Red Lantern (15) | 6.00/8.30 |
| | | Flaming Creatures (18) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Sat | 4 | Raise The Red Lantern (15) | 6.00/8.30 |
| | | Flaming Creatures (18) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Sun | 5 | Faces (18) | 3.15/5.45 |
| | | Raise The Red Lantern (15) | 8.30 |

| | | | |
|------|----|-----------------------------|-----------|
| Mon | 6 | Raise The Red Lantern (15) | 6.00/8.30 |
| Tues | 7 | Raise The Red Lantern (15) | 6.00/8.30 |
| Wed | 8 | Dream On + Speaker (15) | 6.00/8.15 |
| | | Les Valseuses (18) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Thur | 9 | Dream On (15) | 6.00/8.15 |
| | | Les Valseuses (18) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Fri | 10 | Dream On (15) | 6.00/8.15 |
| | | Les Valseuses (18) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Sat | 11 | Dream On (15) | 6.00/8.15 |
| | | Les Valseuses (18) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Sun | 12 | Women On The Verge ... (15) | 3.30/6.00 |
| | | Dream On (15) | 8.15 |

| | | | |
|------|----|----------------------------------|-----------|
| Mon | 13 | A Woman Under The Influence (15) | 5.45/8.30 |
| Tues | 14 | A Woman Under The Influence (15) | 5.45/8.30 |
| Wed | 15 | I Don't Kiss (18) | 6.00/8.30 |
| | | Hors La Vie (15) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Thur | 16 | I Don't Kiss (18) | 6.00/8.30 |
| | | Hors La Vie (15) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Fri | 17 | I Don't Kiss (18) | 6.00/8.30 |
| | | Hors La Vie (15) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Sat | 18 | I Don't Kiss (18) | 6.00/8.30 |
| | | Hors La Vie (15) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Sun | 19 | Point Break (15) | 3.30/6.00 |
| | | I Don't Kiss (18) | 8.30 |

| | | | |
|------|----|-------------------------------|-----------|
| Mon | 20 | High Heels (18) | 6.00/8.30 |
| Tues | 21 | High Heels (18) | 6.00/8.30 |
| Wed | 22 | High Heels (18) | 6.00/8.30 |
| | | Shadows (18) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Thur | 23 | High Heels (18) | 6.00/8.30 |
| | | Shadows (18) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Fri | 24 | High Heels (18) | 6.00/8.30 |
| | | on a Queer day 1 (15) - OFB ▼ | 7.30 |
| Sat | 25 | High Heels (18) | 6.00/8.30 |
| | | on a Queer day 1 (15) - OFB ▼ | 7.30 |
| Sun | 26 | The Bridge (12) | 3.30/6.00 |
| | | High Heels (18) | 8.30 |

| | | | |
|------|----|---------------------------|-----------|
| Mon | 27 | Coup De Ville (12) | 6.00/8.15 |
| Tues | 28 | Coup De Ville (12) | 6.00/8.15 |
| Wed | 29 | Coup De Ville (12) | 6.00/8.15 |
| | | Candy Mountain (15) - OFB | 7.30 |
| Thur | 30 | Coup De Ville (12) | 6.00/8.15 |
| | | Candy Mountain (15) - OFB | 7.30 |

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THE BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS

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Jazz & Roots

HUSTLERS AND HORSES

John Tam has been a major player on the English electric folk scene since the days of The Albion Band. He now runs a band called 'Stalking Horses'. Perhaps a little unfairly, I've always regarded the English folk scene as the preserve of uptight, po-faced miserable sods who "tut tut" and "sshhh" at anyone relaxing and enjoying themselves. I thought I'd give it another go (Arboretum, February 26th). A less than exciting start to discover Jon Shaw, who used to deliver lengthy Sunday night folk sermons on Radio Trent as MC. A fairly full Arboretum sat down and solemnly listened to a proficient electric folk rock band. No signs of smiling or tapping feet. My opinion hasn't changed.

A similar atmosphere the following week for Danny Thompson's Whatever, reduced to a quartet since his previous visit. This is very much Danny Thompson's group, with his personality and double bass stamped all over it. Let's face it the double bass hasn't got the edge of a saxophone or electric guitar as lead instrument, so we get a kind of Euro chamber jazz with lengthy bouts of the Battersea banter between numbers. Typical Thompson joke was the repeat of his Old Vic classic, calling Dave Groom (the County's jazz organiser) Grave Doom when dedicating a number to him. Very cosy and canny tactics—start hustling your next gig before finishing this one. Not quite so comfortable was his angry denunciation of my preview and this magazine. Challenged from stage to meet the man outside afterwards, I approached his road manager with some trepidation. I wasn't too disappointed to be told the great man doesn't do interviews on tour—he is quite big. Must remember not to mess with his

hustle next time.

The Ed Jones Quartet (March 18th) proved much better value. A good tight trio, with Brian Abrahams drums especially excellent, gave a sound base for the saxophone man's classic hard bop. And the audience relaxed and enjoyed it.

A TASTE OF AFRICA

I can't give a very full report on the Angelo's Kafala Brothers (Arboretum March 11th) as they'd been switched to first on stage without notice. From the one number I did catch and the audience's warm response I know I missed a treat. When they came off stage, the road manager was asking where they could eat. I volunteered to take them for some of the wonderful west African food and beer at the Abe Dua restaurant. A chance to chat to a couple of really nice blokes led to them kindly giving me a copy of their record 'Ngola'. Those glorious voices I'm determined to catch live and in full next time. I got back to the Arboretum in time for the Laughing Deckchairs last four numbers. The third time I've caught them recently, and they get better and better. Now much more relaxed and

giving the music more space, catch them when you can. Disappointment at missing the Kafala Brothers was compounded at Derby's Swamp 2 (March 13th) on finding Zaire's Bantu Beats were still stuck at home. Disappointment evaporated on seeing the whole place full and jumping to Kenya-rooted dance band Tam Tamu. This is one band who didn't hang about for a record deal—they've produced their own. Any time they are in a town near you, a good time is guaranteed. Even Sid's unsympathetic sound mix, and the Swamp's 50's dole office decor couldn't spoil this non-stop party. Wonderful

PATRICK'S FEAST

What a treat for St. Patrick's Night. The Cavaliers' was packed with Irish and wannabe Irish dancers and we jigged and reeled non-stop to a stunning set from Kelly's Heroes. All the band were on top form with Helen particularly potent. She must be one of the best accordion players in the country. We'd drunk the bar dry before Wholesome Fish hit the stage, but the music proved intoxicating enough. Putting Appalachian, celtic and cajun sounds through their musical mincer, they just get better and better. They are now at least as good as the Pogues at their peak. A truly memorable night. Thank you. Bob Sharpe



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EVENIN' ALL

■ Evenin' all. Scotland Yardie here, your friendly neighbourhood snout in the "Whispering City", bringing you the gossip and small talk as it happens. The word is out. Bookies are taking bets on which East Midlands act will be first appear on the front cover of **NME**. Odds are available on request. Worth a flutter at 3-1 joint favourites must be **Paper Lace**. I hear **Square Dance** have bought the rights and are plotting a revival of those Snentonian swingers. Has **Whycliffe** finally found that backing band? Speaking of bookies, much amusement was gained from this month's **iD** magazine which reported Rock City's belated and not very **Rampant** rave night as "...currently attracting a massive buzz round Nottingham". Were those afficianados of dance culture, like approx.750 consumer units known as "ravers", fooled by a flyer which implied that *all* those DJs would appear on one night? You live and learn, like approx. 700 of those consumer units did. Visitors to Rock City should be warned that a new policy is in operation. Should any of you trusting and carefree souls chuck your jackets willy-nilly in a handy corner, don't be surprised to find by the end of the night that they have been clamped. Usual fee for release.

Forest's annual visit to Wembley will happen twice this year. A clue to their improved performance may lie in the fact that a member of the city's First Division footballing fraternity was seen loading up with King Size Rizla and munchies at an all-night garage. See you at Wembley, meduck.

Having recently been included in the **Observer's** top ten dance nights, **DiY** have been busy taking **Bounce** on tour around the nation whilst filling out the **Factory** and the **Cookie Club** at home. The word is that they are soon to land at Ultra-cool coffee bar **The Potters House** who will be opening their doors to live music in the middle of the summer. **DiY** meanwhile will be spinning the wax at various outdoor locations around our green and pleasant land. Yes folks, it's party season again. The future of rock'n'roll is alive and kicking in Nottingham. The Mirror Session's capacity gigs are known for being student-free zones, just full of nice "dodgy" people with more attitude than there were A-levels at **Start**. It costs twice as much to get in with a N.U.S. card.

Nottingham was once known as "TIGGUOCOBAUC" meaning "House of Caves". She is built on top of a massive cave system with miles of man made caves, passages and tunnels, deep below the cities streets. Weird and wonderful things happened in them for centuries until the city authorities closed them in the 60's. It's time to start doing weird and wonderful things in them again. There will soon be another CAVE-RAVE, this time with the **Sirius** light-show in a certain cavern which was used as an air-raid shelter during WW2. The old passage connecting Venus to the Kool Kat will be open every Thursday to accomodate ubiquitous DJ Allister Whitehead as he dashes from one club to the other in an unprecedented feat of four-deck wizardry.

Right, you've read this to the end so you deserve to enter this month's poetry competition. Write a poem(not too long) about ICE NINE in Hockley. The winner will be published and win a £10 GIFT VOUCHER from ICE NINE. Entries to Scotland Yardie c/o Overall before 20th April please. May a hung (drawn and quartered) Parliament be with you.

One Love, Scotland Yardie.xxx

• THE NIGHT BEFORE IT ALL...

Whilst thumbing through a nice 'n' easy bed-time reader on 'The Use of Language' I stumbled across quite a revelation. Some old biddy who probably thinks that those wedge-shoed wonders Showaddywaddy still top the hit parade, spells out a warning to young, punky pop stars, "There exists a tradition that too much sex will affect your voice. Singers in particular, are often advised to avoid sexual activity unless their voices are already low." Oh dear. Michael Jackson's got no hope of expressing his sexual prowess. But after hearing Sir Barold of White talking about his 'lurve thang, baby' I couldn't help wondering which came first; the low voice or the er... rumpy-pumpy.

Another major social commentator of our time, Mrs. D. Bayliss from Noss Mayo, near Plymouth gives her soundly advice in a letter to the 'News of the World', "All musicians should be subjected to a system of tests— like horses or greyhounds — before going on stage."

Imagine the great British institution of TOTP. Not only would you have to be able to sing, but also to 'visually entertain' with both feet firmly on the ground. So, it is clear that to be a pop success some serious sacrifices have to be made. Resign yourself now to the Gospel according to Sir Clifford of Richard and ye shalt be blessed with a Yuletide number one too.

FACE



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SCUM PUPS/SPEEDBALL/
HOGBUTCHER
£2

TAUREA / SHANGHAI
RHYTHM NATION
NHS Support Federation
present "Rock against Opt-out"
£2

JUMPING JACK FROST
"Hype"

CAREER GIRLS
Leics. Princess Charlotte

Thursday 2nd

REDHOUSE
Running Horse
THELOSERS / AVOID
SUBSTANDARD
Free guinness while stocks last
£2

ELATION
The Chapel
BOB BRAY & JOAN
SCAIFE
traditional folk duo

THE E NUMBERS
The Where House
COPSHOOTCOP
Sub Club £4

ZUIT DIAMOND
Leics. Royal Mail
JETSTREEM WHISKY
Warsop Talbot
FAST EDDIE BAND
Sutton in Ash. The Oval

Friday 3rd

MIND THE GAP
STICK MAN / PABLO
Arboretum Manor

PEG
The Chapel
LEFT-HAND THREAD
Running Horse
REFORMATION
Narrowboat

PAUL DALEY
NEIL PARNELL
RAD RICE / AL MCKENZIE
STAR FISH OF DAVID
"Love Ranch" £7 adv.

RADIO MOSCOW
Rock City
COPSHOOTCOP
HEADCLEANER
£3.50

LUKE
Where House
KENNY KEN
The Yard

3 SECOND RULE
Derby Island Rock Club
BRILLIANT CORNERS
SURFROOM
£3

SPLATTER
ZUIT DIAMOND
Arboretum Manor
JETSTREEM WHISKY
Narrowboat

THE NAVIGATORS
every week 3pm
BURLESQUE
They're back. 8pm

EARTH
The Chapel
DARREN EMERSON
SIMON HANSON
LAURENCE NELSON
"Fruit" in conjunction with
"Naked Lunch"

LUDICROUS LOLLIPOPS
Rock City
BEN MARTIN QUARTET
Bobby Brown's

EDDIE & THE HOTRODS
£4

The Where House
PRONG
thrashy grunge 8.30-2 am
£4/£3.50

The Leadmill
SUNNY WEST & THE
RHYTHM KINGS
Rock'n'Roll £3
Princess Charlotte

Sunday 5th

EL NAGUAL
"Latin Breakfast" every Sunday
in the Chapel. As much as you
can eat for £2.50. Curate la
resaca.

Old Angel
RAY PERRY
lunchtime
HARRY & THE CRABS
fortnightly tales of Raging
Bulwell.

Running Horse
THE NAVIGATORS
Where House

THE DREAMSEED
Princess Charlotte
GUTTER BROTHERS
RARE BREED
Folky skiffle 8.30-11 £4/3
The Leadmill

Monday 6th

RUNNER JAM BAND
weekly join-in jam
Running Horse
ROSETTA STONE
£2.50

The Where House
VIRGIN DURTBOX
Princess Charlotte

Tuesday 7th

FRED SMITH
Running Horse
JACKNIFE
Bobby Brown's

STARE
SERIOUS LOVE ADDICTS
£3
The Where House
3 1/2 MINUTES
SOFAHEAD
Sub Club

Princess Charlotte

Wednesday 8th

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
Hippo
TAM TAMU / DANZA B
Kenyan Dance Band
Arboretum Manor

FRONTIER
The Chapel
REV HAMMER & THE
DECLARATION
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MACHINEGUNFEEDBACK
Where House
PRISMATIC COLOURS
THE YONS
Bobby Brown's

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Rock City
STARE / RADIO HEAD
Princess Charlotte

Thursday 9th

THE BASKERVILLE
Eddie Slaughters the Dogs
Narrowboat
MANNA MACHINE
The Chapel

FUNHAUS
BPI
STAN MARSHALL'S LAW
Running Horse
ELECTION NIGHT PARTY
Dizzy

SKYY
THE HAMSTERS
Where House
OUR WAY OF LIFE
Sutton in Ash Oval
SOMETHING DEEP
Warsop Talbot

SEX, DEATH & THE
AMERICAN DREAM
CREED
Princess Charlotte

Friday 10th

THIN NOT FAT
Narrow boat
KELLY'S HEROES
RED START
Nottm Anti-fascist Alliance
benefit
Arboretum Manor

**MONDO RITUAL
THE MINGERS**

The Chapel

THE BARELY WORKS

Swamp Club

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JUSTIN ROBERTSON

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EXTREME NOISE

TERROR

DR. & THE CRIPPENS

Where House

SOLID AIR

Running Horse

COLOR CLIMAS

GNORANCE

Princess Charlotte

SOLE ASYLUM

Rock City

FRAMEWORK

Island Rock Club

Saturday 11th

THE RAZORS

Running Horse

THE MINGERS

Narrowboat

THIN NOT FAT

RAZORBLADE SEX

The Chapel

PETE TONG

DAVE DORRELL

and regular "Fruit" DJs

Venus

THE SANDKINGS

HUGE BIG MASSIVE

Where House

CRAZYHEAD

Rock City

PALE SAINTS

BOO RADLEYS

8.30-2 am. £5/4.50 indie double

headliner

Leadmill

**MIKE PRUDEN'S BLUES
MASTERS**

The Hippo

Sunday 12th

HARRY & STEVE

lunchtime

Running Horse

HARVEY ANDREWS

The Where House

**NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ
ORCHESTRA**

Nottm. Playhouse

THE HOOVERS

Princess Charlotte

Monday 13th

999 / THE VIBRATORS

EDDIE & THE HOTRODS

CHELSEA / RADIO STARS

£6 adv.

Rock City

SPIN

The Where House

ROSETTA STONE

Princess Charlotte

Tuesday 14th

PJ HARVEY

The Where House

MAN ON THE EDGE

Running Horse

MURRAY THOMSON

The Britannia

SPIN

The Where house

DRIVE

Sub Club

Princess Charlotte

Wednesday 15th

SOFAHEAD

EXIT CONDITION

"Mohican Magoo" £3/3.50

The Imperial

CITIZEN FISH

Venus

TWO CRANES

SCUM PUPS

UNCLE SHAM / AVOID

"Spermwhale fanzine / PDSA

benefit

The Where House

STORME WEBBER

erotic pformance poet "Shana

Sound" 9.30 £3/2.50/2Women

Only

SKYY

PANIC IN DETROIT

Narrowboat

LISTEN FOR THE NOISE

Arboretum Manor

ZONE TRIPPERS

Princess Charlotte

RAB C. NESBITT

of 'Naked Video' fame. Full TV

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Leics. De Montfort Hall

Thursday 16th

BUG / PO!

The Chapel

SERIOUS LOVE ADDICTS

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JETSTREEM WHISKY

Running Horse

MICK PINI BAND

The Where House

ONE TRACK / DIRTY

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FOND OF DOGS

Mansfield The Plough

THE SYSTEM

Sutton in Ash. Oval Inn

TALL AMERICANS

Princess Charlotte

Friday 17th

THE LEMONS

Narrowboat

SUGAR RAYS/ DAN DARE

The Chapel

OUTBACK / VAMOS

"Dance the Devil away" with

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Arboretum Manor

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BRAND BLUES BAND

Running Horse

PSYCHASTORM

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DAVE DORRELL

JEREMY HEALEY

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Museka DJs Nervous Records

tour

Dance Factory

NO RIGHT TURN

The Where House

LTJ BOOKEM

The Yard

TOP BUZZ / SEDUCTION

Zest

TOUCH

Princess Charlotte

BRIAR

Island Rock Club

Saturday 18th

CITIZEN FISH

Nottm Polytechnic

PHIL PERRY / BRANDON

"Fruit"

Venus

THE HOUDINIS

Running Horse

CORRUPTION

Narrowboat

ONE-EYED JACKS

The Where House

L7 / THE MARIONETTES

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All-nighter £6adv.

Rock City

BLAMMO!

quirky Sheffield band

8.30pm-2am £3.50/3

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only

Venus

EDWARD II & THE RED

HOT POKERS

The Where House

WISHBONE ASH

Doing their Argus catalogue no

doubt. 7.30-11 £4 adv.

The Leadmill

THE DTS

Princess Charlotte

Monday 20th

THE REDFERNS

HOUDINIS / SASPARAOS

3 SECOND RULE

JOURNEYMEN

BEYOND THE OBVIOUS

Free all-day

Running Horse

IVY GASH

FLAMEHEAD

THE ALMANACS / IRIS

JEFFERY'S VELVET

JACKET / NEW WARM

SKIN

"Spacedome" all-day

benefit. Charities to be decided

by Radio Derby.

The Where House

MR. BIG

The man himself will be there

to answer your questions?

Rock City

CROSSFIRE

Mansfield The Plough

ZUIT DIAMOND

Princess Charlotte

Tuesday 21st

THE FREeloadERS

Running Horse

DR. & THE MEDICS

£4 adv.

Derby The Rockhouse

UFO

Rock City

THE FALLEN ANGELS

all female a capella Dublin

group 8pm £5.50/4.25

Derby Guildhall Theatre

Wednesday 22nd

CAPTAIN AMERICA

JACOB'S MOUSE

£4.50/3.50

The Imperial

BLEED

FIST-SIZED CHUNKS

The Narrowboat

FALLEN ANGELS

KIERAN HALPIN

Dublin Double-act

Arboretum Manor

WHIRLPOOL

The Where House

ROCKY HORROR

PICTURE SHOW

The Movie preceeded by eight

very sexy rocky dancers 8pm

£7.50adv.

Derby Assembly Rooms

THE ANCESTRY

Princess Charlotte

THE MARYS

Sheffield The Hallamshire.

Thursday 23rd

UNDER THE SUN

Running Horse

LAZY DOG (Derek ex-Fish)

RITA (Queen of the Blues)

SACRED HARP HOLY

HARMONIES/STAK IT UP

8-12 £3/2.50

Bobby Brown's

DEGREE 33

free prize draw for free beer

Shirley's birthday

Narrowboat

SAD

formerly You Me & Him

BPI

VIKKI CLAYTON

Carlton Folk Club

Duke of Cambridge

PSYCHASTORM

£1 8pm

Salutation.

THE TREVOR BURTON

BLUES BAND

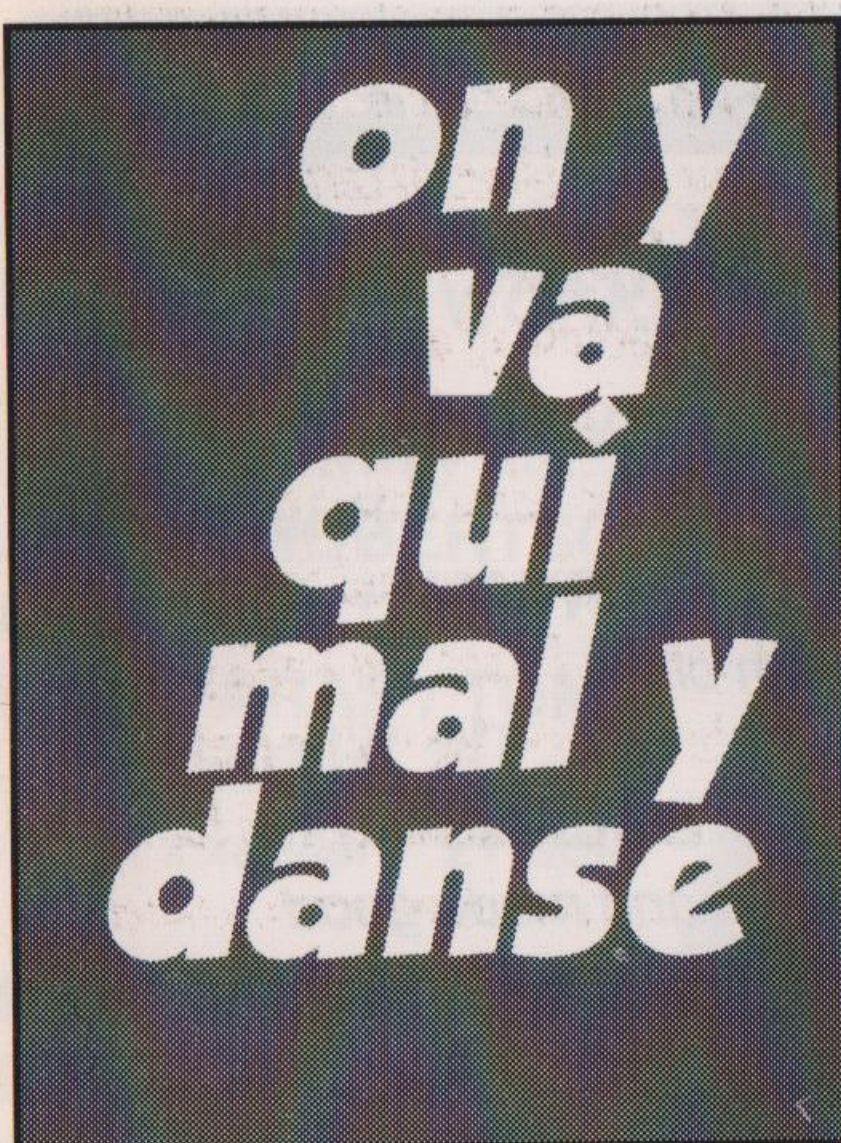
The Where House

WHIRLPOOL

CALENDAR DREAM

£3

Princess Charlotte



mondaze

LIVE JAZZ
Tony Cofie

RETRO
Rick and Pete

MONDAY MADNESS
Jamie East

ALTERNATIVE NIGHT
Rockhouse

RETURN TO GERSHWINS
OneStep Ahead

HOUSE PARTY
N. Celeb. Rd Show, Scratch

CONWAY & CO.
Brass/keyboard jazz

tuesdaze

JAZZ NIGHT
Daddy Pablo

SERVE CHILLED
DiY DJs Digs and Whoosh

SUB CLUB
live grunge

TRASHY
70's disco
monthly 2nd week

JAZZ NIGHT
Ben Martin Quartet, Pablo

wednesdaze

THE HYPE

NO ROOM FOR SQUARES

FREE SPIRIT
Tuva & Gary Marsden

RAMPANT

DANZA CONTINUA
Marco

LA VIDEOTECH
80's Disco

thursdaze

DIZZY/JOY

Perm.any 3 from :- Stoney and Little Lee(DiY)
Pablo(Cosmic Loft) Spicer and The Colonel(Fluid oz.) Havoc(Positiv Noyz) & KKK(DDI). Good Grooves at

B.P.I
Live Bands

FERGUS
Hardcore rave

BUBBLE/GROOVIN'
Allister and guests
alternate weeks

JUMP
DJ Spacedome

CHAMELEON
Happy hour till 2am

SOUP KITCHEN
Michael Davies

EUPHORIA
Confusion

JUNG BONGO II
Lovelee & Vee Tee

100% PURE
Allister & Jonathan
Soul, funk jazz & rare groove

UP TEMPO
Griff

THE ASYLUM
Rave FM DJs

fridaze

LOVE RANCH 1st week
MOST EXCELLENT 2nd
MIX MAG 3rd week
FLYING 4th week

BISCUIT BOX

Up front toons n techno grooves
Nick Rogers & Fergus
9 till 2 The Yard
Second helpings till 7am Zest

CONSPIRACY
Folk club

BOUNCE

DiY Crew 1st & 3rd week
POSITIVE ZONE
Fatty, JB & The Buhdha Brother 2nd & 4th week

CLUBBED TO LIFE
Papa Pablo & guests

DANZA CONTINUA
Marco & guests

THE CLUB

FRENZY
Pete Beckett

SO WHAT
Sweet Rhythm.

CRUNCH
Mark Spivey

FUSION
Garage/soul

IT'S A JAZZ THING

THE GLIDE
DJ Yasa Alex Kaz

ROCK NIGHT
Lurex 'n' Lasers

saturdaze

G-SPOT
Rave night

FISH FRY
Positiv Pablo power

SKIN
X-rated

ALTERNATIVE NIGHT

MOTION II
Senator and Mayhem

GREEN ONIONS
Live Bands downstairs

GREENHOUSE Effect
King Gordon upstairs

FISH / SQUEEK
Alternate weeks

FUNKY PEOPLE

ESSENTIAL

FRUIT
Paul, Timm, Christian, Laurie

RENAISSANCE

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

sundaze

LATIN BREAKFAST

El Nagual Curate la resaca. As much as you can eat for £2.50!
O.A. Chapel

SOUL SUNDAY

Spicer and Thin Man
12 til 3 Radford Arms

BLUE

Osborne, Bhudha Bros, Uncle Jam
Bobby Brown's

MIDLAND JAZZ QUARTET

and guests
Nottm. Playh'se Limelight Bar
LION

Free entry, free food
Hearty Goodfellow

The world of dance

music has indeed become a bloated monster. From Top of the Pops to the most experimental stereo nearly all popular music has developed dance beats. The purpose of this column is to display the variety of dance music currently emerging. House music has more to offer than the occasional 'do' at the Garvey, where the metallic hardcore would cause an enlightened DJ to wince just as much as the jazz buff or acoustic classicist.

What I mean by this is that since the explosion of dance in 1987/8, music made on pieces of high technology such as samplers and sequencers has alienated many traditionalists who dismiss the merits of the tunes and envisage the death of live music. Unfortunately they have probably only heard the most widely played tracks, which as with any music tend to be the most commercial, and whilst many dance outfits do mime to DAT machines, the live acid-jam can be just as exhilarating as any other live performance. The thirst for dance music, especially house, is certainly intense. DJs are prepared to cajole, beg and steal to obtain a coveted white label; and whilst much, even most output is of a poor calibre, surely musically this is healthier than a stagnant genre or people happily listening to a 15 year old record for the 1500th time. That is not to say that old records are in any way inferior or should not be played, but that they need balancing with new material to keep the adrenaline flowing.

With this in mind this month's top-eleven features the Serve Chilled duo Digs and Woosh, who host Tuesday nights at the Cookie Club, keeping the busy regular crowds warmed up throughout the Winter and cooling them down through the Summer. Their musical approach has always been a eclectic one, featuring ambient epics, soundtracks, Indian chants, jazz and hip-hop whilst staying fresh on the house front.

● SERVE CHILLED

TOP ELEVEN: In no particular order

- 1) Space Cube: Pure Tendency
- 2) 49th Floor: Night Passage (Bongo Mix)
- 3) Rhythm Invention: I Can't Take It
- 4) Right Said Fred: Don't Talk Just Kiss (Deep Throat Mix)
- 5) Basic Control: Excellsia
- 6) Transformer 2: Pacific Symphony
- 7) Dayeene: Alright (House Symphony)
- 8) Platform Two: X-Groove
- 9) DJ Le Roy featuring "Bocachia": Yo Te Quiero (Cool Lemon EP)
- 11) Nu-World: Crystal Dance (Ting Tom Mix)

SERVE CHILLED —Tuesday, Cookie Club

In keeping with their appreciation of the odder tune Serve Chilled also nominated a few choice strange records: the ethereal "Interplay" from the LP Threshold by Steven Halpern/Dallas Smith and "Sarah" from the 'Jacobs Ladder' soundtrack. The last leftfield choices are Gul by the Oost-west Percussive Group and E2 — E4's "Sueno-Latino Parts 1 & 2." Serve Chilled can be checked at the Cookie club every Tuesday, upstairs at Bounce and quality events around the country and on their radio show midnight on Sundays 101.7 FM. The dance scene in Nottingham has long been of good standing. Since Krush's "House Arrest" and the early days of the Garage it has enjoyed a reputation which has often been at odds with the reality. At the moment there is however an upsurge in clubs, studios, promoters and bands and these will be looked at in turn over the coming months. During April there is a host of club-life on offer. Fridays at Venus will feature Love Ranch, Most Excellent, the Mixmag Tour with Mark Moore and Flying in that order, Saturdays to feature the new "Fruit" night with Christian Woodyatt, Paul Wain and guests. There is also a new Thursday night "100%" featuring Kool Kat stalwart Allister Whitehead and Arcade's legendary Jonathan. The fortnightly Bubble (Thursdays) and Squeek (Saturday) nights at the Kool Kat continue a policy of playing the best in all forms of dance music using Nottingham's own DJ talent. The other fortnights are Groovin' (Thursdays) and Fish (Saturdays). Allister hosting both events with local and national DJs. Mansfield's the Yard now offers Zest all-nighters on both Fridays and Saturdays with resident Sasha's return to the "North" (?). Nottingham's most underground club-night "Bounce" at the Factory features DiY's DK, Jack and Pezz on the 3rd April, with the launch of the Euro-DJ agency "Respect 4" on the 10th April with Paris's Laurent Garnier and Eric Rug joining DiY for the night. Bounce has been selling out each occasion so buy tickets early to avoid disappointment. Also at the Factory on April 17th, the most talked about label of the moment, Nervous Records, make one of their few appearances in the UK. Last and most importantly, the free party season will soon be with us again, so you too will at last be able to enjoy a proper night out in the countryside again. Keep your ear to the ground. This column will be looking at different aspects of dance culture over the coming months plus regular reviews, so if you have a new tune to review or a club-night to hype, send it in. Mark Harrison.

POWER to the people

Derby's only pirate station, Power FM, is back on the air after recent disruptions caused by raids from the Department of Trade and Industry. However, confiscated equipment has been replaced and the station can now be heard regularly on Sundays on 99.2 FM. The unique daytime schedule covers indie, rock, jazz and industrial hardcore, but what gets up the nose of the DTI, according to the owner, is the station's outspoken challenge to authority. It is overtly political,

grasping important issues and often screaming radical views from the roof-tops. Although the Establishment is not exactly being dealt body blows, it certainly gets a few hefty kicks on the shins especially at Election time. The station has been broadcasting on 99.2 FM since 1983 when it was a rock station called 'Freedom'. Relaunched in '88 under the name Power FM, it could also be picked up on medium wave until this year. For six weeks early last summer listeners in Nottingham were able to receive broadcasts. For a year there was no interference from the DTI. A company was formed to support the station and arrangements made whereby properties were bought and rented to students. Not only did the proceeds keep the station going, but the properties provided a rota of broadcasting sites. During 1991, "Steve Wrong in the Afternoon" developed an uncompromising political stance. Support of the Poll Tax was discouraged and individual cases of injustice were reported. Police authorities were decried for brutality at Stonehenge, and local iniquities were also brought to light, for example the Duffield corpses scandal, where a construction firm laying the foundations for a church extension dug up graves and openly stacked up the skeletons before disposal. "No other radio station is both lively and takes local issues to heart" said proprietor Andrea Cox during an interview. She criticised Radio Trent for "tarring Derby with the Nottingham brush", and although praising Radio Derby's sports coverage, said that it was "only for the over-50's". Power 99.2 also helped to set up Power 101.2 last year which rave and hip-hop unlikely to be heard on established stations. Before inevitable disruptions Power aimed to broadcast live gigs from Derby venues, having already sent out gigs as diverse as the Levellers and No Right Turn. In June last year raids were carried out which Andrea claims involved violence. On the night before Stonehenge the DTI smashed their way into a broadcasting site and seized equipment which under the law at the time should have been returned. A few months later a transmitter was taken from a house in Nottingham. No evidence was obtained to secure a conviction. Plans were made for an independent television company working for Channel 4 to film the next invasion. Andrea stands to lose her prominent business and admits she faces a jail sentence if convicted for these 'crimes'. Surveillance teams, who have been photographed near her premises, have been seen taking Registration numbers of visitors' vehicles. Most ominously, Andrea claims that "strings are being pulled" to deprive her of income. Power hopes to become a licensed station, but masses of red tape have to be negotiated. The raids and surveillance operations must cost thousands of pounds, at a time when The Derbyshire police are vastly underfunded. Power came back on the air earlier this year despite all the efforts to stifle its sometimes outspoken voice. "I've out-foxed the DTI for quite some time" says Andrea who has no intention of giving up. 99.2 FM. Orac

We Have The Technology

POSITIV NOYZ

Originally Positiv Noyz was a live p.a. Anyone who was at the infamous overcrowded Synergy gig at the Garvey last summer may remember that after the Shamen, a small troupe of local musicians performed a jazz/rap/indie set of no mean quality. Well, things devolve quickly these days and Positiv Noyz has since broadened into a promotional organisation acting as "a pole of attraction for the positive musical cells that exist in Nottingham". These cells include bands, sound systems, DJs and MCs, pirates and promoters all "treading the fine line between insanity and insolvency, radicalism and survivalism, chasing seemingly crazy dreams and ideals, waiting for recognition". Positiv Noyz has formed these individuals into an informal collective, sharing the same philosophy, facing the same problems, united in their faith in themselves, their vibes and above all their music. Taking advantage of the ease and simplicity made available by new technology they have formed a blue-print for a new generation of musicians, often working behind closed doors. Today, anybody can make music without having to practice every day for months before any degree of proficiency may be attained. It's fun from note one and painless with it. These bedroom boffins are part of a global cottage industry which, through using the technology of the computer age are redefining the parameters of music in a big way. They now seek promoters to promote them and labels to record press and market their Positiv Noyz.

TNM/HAVOC/LOVE/?

Sometimes trying to make sense can be futile. These guys have been so many different acts it's hard to keep up. Every time they create a

new piece of music they go by a different name which is one of the beauties of making your own music at home purely for recording purposes. It affords you so much anonymity you can be whoever you like. You could



even be you! Their latest incarnation, Havoc, make hardcore rave with melodies influenced by eastern Mediterranean music. A combination of organic and techno loops. As an embryonic outfit, Havoc were the Boys from Beyond then to become Schizophonic and for a while TNM, which was simply the initial letters of their respective names. A white label was released last year which they describe as "forgettable acid techno dub". A lot to be said for anonymity sometimes. N gives all the credit to his Ensonic Performance Sampler, using an Atari as a sequencer when he's not playing Llamatron on it or zooming in on fractals. "Doing the white label was very good for morale. It acted as feeler. The worst thing is doing everything on your own, so a little bit of feedback is appreciated. And it only takes a bit of organisation to get some distribution". "We've talked about getting a singer but I don't know how important it is. For that electro-vocal sound we used a

transistor radio played down a tube." M says to all budding bedroom boffins "A computer-based set-up gives you a lot of control over your music but don't get stuck in your bedroom, always get feedback from fellow groovers. When you've got a good tune there are plenty of indie dance labels to send demos to, but be prepared to spend money and time on the phone, and never sign a contract without getting it looked at by the Musicians' Union. The main frustrating thing really is the attitude of most record companies. It seems that they expect you to

white-label your own tunes before they'll take it on, but not everyone can afford a grand for a thousand white labels, so a lot of good music is lost. But stick at it. There are good labels and good people to deal with out there. They just take a bit of finding."

DJ PABLO

Pablo began his rise to fame at the same time as Overall. We sometimes shared the same worktop down at the Community Arts Centre. Regular readers will know that he was featured in last month's edition. Since then he has become a proud father and his appearance at the Latin Rave on Overall's birthday should make him flavour of this month too. Congratulations and keep up the good work.

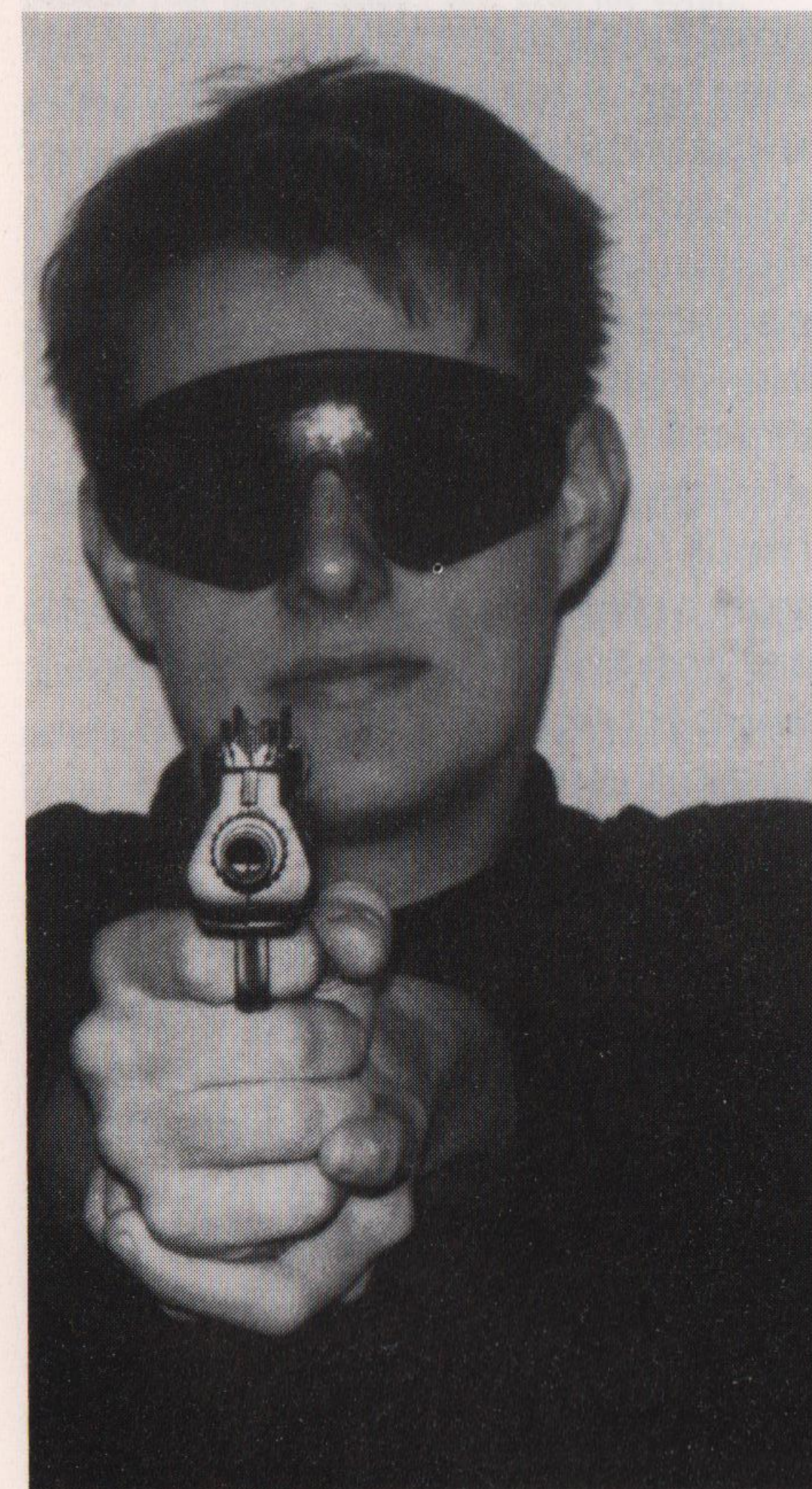
BUHDHA BROS

Formerly jazid/hiphop groovers MCs Logik, the Buhdha Brothers will be combining sequenced material with live music. They DJ at Kool Kat on

Saturday nights and Blue at Bobby Browns on Sundays.

Q-BASS

Talented hardcore rappers performing eclectic hip-hop. Often seen as guests of Crunchbird, though last time I spotted them they were performing in the unlikely location of the lounge bar of the Red Lion, which must be under new management as I can't imagine last year's clientele putting up with many "Yo Motherfuckers!". Very American sounding at times. Q-Bass produce their own backing music, sampling anything from jazz to heavy metal.



ULTRAVIOLENCE

"Solo trekker Jonathan", who began playing with ideas three years ago, describes how to go about it. "Get some bog-standard old synths that make nasty heavy metal noises to cut right through the mix and annihilate the dance-floor and your head. I used to enjoy playing video games so I bought a synth that made arcade noises and sold my computer. Then I learnt how to distort it and totally fuck up the sound. So if you've got something in your head that you want to get rid of, buy a synthesizer. The Sisters of Mercy had a phrase- 'Power in the face of misery'. Well nowadays if you have

the misery you can get the power. "Although the dance scene at the moment has a really hard sound, people still like to pretend that it's about love and peace, which it isn't. To make this sort of music you have to be really fucked up. Get down, get destroyed and afterwards you'll feel great. Avoid the corny and tedious like, for example Too Unlimited."

NEBULA 2

DJ Shot One and Coz released their "Seance and Ephema" 12" in December last year and a remix in January. It found itself at number one in the Echoes street chart. Techno beats and piano breaks, the remix of their "Flatliners/c.o.d. Rider" 12", which originally reached 51 in the indie dance chart, is expected to do even better following healthy presales. It's due for release on April 20 on J4M/Just Grooves Records. Nebula 2 live p.a. will be appearing at "Mentasm" at Doncaster Ritz on Easter Monday, Sheffield City Hall on May 1st and Kaos at Starlite in Leics May 9th. Shot One DJ's 'New Age' at the Eclipse and The Warehouse in Doncaster Saturday night through Sunday morning.

OUT OF NOWHERE

"Although I started out as a guitarist in a rock band, I guess I've always had an interest in recording, and I've always recorded my own tracks at home. During '89 and '90 I became much more interested in synthesizers, production techniques and composition generally, subjects requiring a lot more time at home to try out different ideas. It soon became apparent that I could realise my musical ideas a lot quicker by using modern technology than by having to teach everything to other musicians. This helped to speed up the compositional process. The interesting thing is that just as a group of musicians will to some degree each influence the music they are playing through personal styles, technical ability etc., in my case the equipment has ultimately defined the type of music I'm currently working on."

FISH

THE KOOL KAT, ST. MARY'S GATE, LACE MARKET, NOTTINGHAM 0602 501251 WISE GUY

GRAPHICS BY MARTIN & WES

FEATURING: UPSTAIRS ANGUS MICHE + CHRIS SCOTT
MAIN ROOM ALLISTER WHITEHEAD
STAR

FORNIGHTLY 9.30pm TILL 2.00am
ADMISSION £5 ON THE DOOR
DOWNSTAIRS THE BUHDHA BROTHERS

FRIEDALIVE



DAISY CHAINSAW SHEEP ON DRUGS ELEPHANT WITCH

Nottingham Polytechnic

HORSESHIT! Something was in the air from the start, strange vibes had entered the Refectory and were trying to turn the usual behavioural standards upside down. A certain spring fever was being sprinkled by Elephant Witch, a troupe of performing clowns who have all the happy unselfconsciousness of a people who live in permanent festival land and take loads of drugs. Travellers, if you like, but travelling over something more than just the land. For all the supposed creativity and originality that is claimed to be nurtured by the institution of Nottingham Polytechnic, these outsiders came breezing in and made the whole building theirs for the evening; their playground, their studio, their space. They showed us how to have fun, how to break down the barriers of convention, how not to give a damn. Meanwhile the audience stand/sit as passively boring as ever waiting for the chance to show off, their idea of breaking down barriers, as became apparent later, being to throw yourself headfirst onto them from a great height. Which is the more entertaining is for each and everyone to decide for himself. Elephant Witch managed to maintain a high profile throughout the event. It was almost an anticlimax to their ubiquitous antics when they all took to the stage to do their "set". The standing-staring majority of the audience seemed no less taken aback when it became apparent that Sheep On Drugs were being equally unconventional. Or rather they were breaking the unwritten rule of the "indie" circuit by playing dance music. That they proceeded to sing, play guitar and look ridiculous at the same time made it all the more confusing for an audience who for the main part had come to see yet another bunch of TopPop "heroes" in the flesh and do a bit of stage-diving because Melody Maker told them to. Well, it was during the Sheep set that things didn't happen, except of course for the mosh-pit minority and Elephant Witch who were skipping around the periphery with gaily infectious abandon while the silent and static majority

CABLE REGIME/CONDOM

The Narrow Boat

At first glance none of the usual paraphernalia is apparent on the stage. No drum-kit, no guitars. Maybe I just take all for granted but before my eyes become accustomed to the darkness(not even the bar is on) I can't even see the p.a. Ah! there it is, hidden behind two stacks of empty crates. On top of these are placed a few cine projectors, and a tapeloop repeating a subliminal message ('Raveisdeadraveisdead', it sounded like to me) is the only sign that anything could happen in the next half-hour. The audience stand in their overcoats staring into the starkness. In between a white sheet and a mic'-stand appears a lone figure. Condom. We're in for a minimalist one tonight, alright. Tape machine and projectors come to life and Condom bares his torso fair quick considering how cold it is in here, uttering his anguish against backing tape and backdrop. The former formless noise, the latter now showing what could logically be assumed to be John Everill's ass, lipsticked and framed for flagellation, buttocks quivering in slow-motion retakes throughout the dismal performance. Juxtaposed footage of detached suburbia suggests a twisted interpretation of House culture. Still, it proves that Performance is alive and kicking without the auspices of the City Council's Contemporary Archives. Condom eventually flushes himself off the stage to the sound of one hand clapping, leaving confused those members of the audience who have not gone downstairs to more traditional values. Cable Regime are onto a loser. Not only have they suffered the coldest warm-up act imaginable, they are also a few kilowatts short of addressing the public in the manner to which they have become accustomed. Sid's recession rig is OK, but not enough to produce hurricane force sound that this cell of Godfleshery is futilely trying to create. Consequently the set comes across as a NEIOWEIOEIOEOWTANTANTAN mosh-mash which all afficianados of noise carry stored in their sonic data banks anyway for retrieval at will. Gimme Pitchshifter anyway. **Christine Chapel**

SEPULTURA/FUDGETUNNEL

Rock City

Fudgetunnel must have found it hard going up there. The belief of the automatic 'home-crowd' advantage is a myth; if anything it's harder. People had come specifically to see them, but everyone knows that showing enthusiasm for home-grown talent is just not on. Looking at them on stage they didn't exactly break the mould. Having no 'front-person' it seemed something was missing. They don't look like they are into physical exercise; but I still reckon someone has to do the tartrazine-addicted aerobics instructor bit on stage — delighted at the sound of his own voice, getting in the way and working the audience into the ground. Instead, only the real fans were impressed, Fudgetunnel doing little to convert any non-believers to their grunge. It didn't come over well tonight, but it must be great to blast out at home, especially when you want to drown out the noise of the washing

machine on full spin. With a quick tidy-down of the stage, the trio disappeared to make way for Sepultura. Despite no recent release of material, Sepultura are still riding high on the wave of success and adoration from hundreds of tight-jeans wearing lads. Known only as "H.M.15s", this strange section of the community managed to tear themselves away from the thrills of the Old Market Sq. to beat each other up moshing and diving. The 'Third World Posse' still play the fastest thrash metal, still relate everything they do musically to the troubles in Brazil, still do their Miss Piggy style hair swinging, still pronounce the classic 'Mass Hypnosis' as 'Mass-hippy-no-siss' and the crowd still go loopy. So everything was just as it was when they played here last June — except tonight was just right. The sound was amazing, mixing well despite the decibels your mum wouldn't like. Even the vocals, which are usually excused as 'subliminal', were almost audible to the trained ear. Just when I thought they had exhausted themselves after screaming through their set, they returned for more encores, and with Motorhead's 'Orgasmatron' the place finally erupted catapulting scores of 'Deaf Metul' T-shirt lovers back into Market Square with a grin on their face. **FACE**

ACTION SWINGER/ LOVEBLOBS

The Imperial

After an initial five minutes of things-falling-over type chaos Loveblobs got straight on with the business of entertaining like a good support band should. Unfazed by the fact that Gary Walker was the only person moving out of an audience of sixty or so, helped by the very suitable Mohican Magoo p.a., this was guitar noise that didn't offend the ear. Not that it was any excuse for the po-faced sedentary apathy of an audience which stubbornly gave the impression that it would rather be at home gouching over a soap. Once (a few) people deigned to clap, frontman Vaughan reciprocated by introducing (a few) of the songs. "Mr. Bastard" he said, obviously frustrated. The band kept their cool and expressed their disgust through their music. But neither the knowing time-changes of "Stick up Sticky" nor the screeching Andy Stretchhead style vocals could shift an ass. Tight as could be on "Car" they actually managed to sound those smooth gear-changes with their guitars revving like their was no energy shortage. Which there wasn't on stage. Fuckin' drivin' or what? Yeah, with a pathetic bunch of passengers for an audience. "I fucked up" announced Vaughan at the end of a number containing the only mistake of the set (apart from bringing it here at all). "Nobody noticed.....nobody cares." He was right. "Ring Pull" proved that. Of course, for the American band, some people do react. They stand up. Some, but not all. The ones who are still on the floor get cajoled in true American style. "Get up off the floor, you people. We're not Spacemen Three y'know. What drugs are you people on? We're a rock band. You're supposed to have fun, not get laid back." And therein lies the difference. Action, swingers!

TEAHEAD

Market Bar, Hockley/University Buttery

Their first gig in eight months, ten new songs to play and tagged up in their Sunday best, Teahead were bound to be a little nervous in the disturbingly polite surroundings of the Market Bar, but they return beefed up and surprisingly together. If you're looking for trite comparisons, they bridge the gap between the tangible lunacy of Throwing Muses, the country twang of early REM and the incessant strumming of the Wedding Present. Tonight the latter is their major failing: the tunes are substituted for a tedious barrage of two chord noise and they have a tendency to come across as a bollock-wrenchingly tight backing band with no lead guitarist - competent but often dull. Some of the songs are clumsy and drawn out, and they play for too long (including a couple of suspect cover versions: The Smiths' obscure Jeanne and REM's Sitting Still) but there's nothing a little pruning and experimentation can't solve. A fortnight later, the Buttery is a much more conducive venue (well, at least they serve beer) for Teahead to make their first supporting appearance since playing fourth on the bill to the Wonderstuff last June, and I'm smug in the knowledge I was right. About Teahead I mean. Sophy is ten times more relaxed. The extra confidence makes a startling difference to the quality of her voice. The (semi) acoustic numbers work best. When she let's that voice roam the songs become charged with emotional energy. She is at times unwittingly reminiscent of PJ Harvey. The necessity of trimming the set back to seven songs (losing both covers - no great loss when their own material is this good) works wonders: the audience aren't allowed a moment's peace. Despite Sophy's annoying tendency to attempt to rouse the crowd into applause at the end of each song with a little nervous cheer of her own Teahead are agonisingly self-critical. Every facet of the sound has been improved, right down to Johnny's previously pancake-flat singing. Once he relaxes and lets himself go (usually under cover of Sophy's more upfront style) nothing can stop them. They've already got at least four Great songs (Feel It Coming, You Said, Lovelazy; proper songs every one), but most stunning of all is Slowdown - just a Galaxie 500-ish guitar chime and Sophy's vocal at first, then halfway in the whole thing explodes in a riot of colour and noise that sends tingling beads of sweat trickling down my spine; and how often does that happen? Here's a song that, were it on vinyl, would remain glued to my turntable for days at a time. Can it be just my imagination that I'm witnessing the beginnings of something truly outstanding blossoming before my very eyes? No reservations this time, Teahead are the finest new band I've seen in the last year. Fact. **Tony Morley**

CURVE

Nottingham Polytechnic

Curve have been criticised for not paying their rock'n'roll dues (i.e. not spending five years playing every toilet in Britain). Three years ago they released a badly recorded debut 7" on an obscurer than

obscure no promotion-no distribution-no money label that is still available from the band, priced £1.25 inc. p& p. No.What Curve did do was to record one motherfucker of a debut single, float some white labels around, get to No.1 in the indie charts and follow that with three-Top 40 "smashes". "Hype!" I hear you cry. Well, yes but not groundless hype. I mean if Mr. Major Record Label is shoving a Tori Amos cd and a Curtis Stigers cd in your face, you'd take the Tori Amos one, right? Oh, and though you may not be big fans of Dave'n'Annie, you must admit that Dean Garcia's old job was pretty cool.

No Mega City Four style Transit van for Curve. Round the side of the Poly was parked a lorry into which you could fit the whole upstairs bar. The stage was cluttered with lighting rigs, projection screen, lasers, dry ice, the much-publicised wind machine, etc. The first twenty minutes, which lacked the punch and energy of the singles, consisted mainly of new material. A mark of how quickly Curve have grown is that "Blindfold" is introduced as an 'old song'! This 'older' material sounds better, though. Toni Halliday is a performer in the best showbiz tradition. Whereas some bands (Lush, Slowdive) have women who just stand there staring into space, Toni sings to the people right down at the front, joking with them and looking them in the face. Her tight-fitting dress attracted the inevitable wolf-whistles, some of the audience obviously there just to leer. She may sing "I'd like to take your clothes off" in 'No Escape From Heaven', but gives the impression that anyone who tried to take her clothes off without permission would get a swift knee in the balls. The rest of the band are less interesting to watch, managing to be professional (probably session musicians) without being too slick. The keyboards and some of the backing vocals were on tape, and any drummer who can play along to that while still keeping the rest of the band together gets my respect. Two things let them down on the night. Firstly, bad sound. The guitars that cut like scythes on vinyl were lost way back in the mix. Secondly, the new songs were disappointing especially after they gave the best Monday night free gig last year, but this was the first gig out of twenty-six. I suppose they will sound better later in the tour. After great versions of 'Coast is Clear' and new single 'Fait Accompli', they encore predictably with 'Ten Little Girls'—still their best song and the one that got them noticed in the first place. **Mr. Baby.** Apologies to the other MB known to my "in" tray for crediting the reviews of Bushfire and the Sugar Rays to Mr. Baby. They were in fact written by his friend and colleague Mark Beniston. (Ed.)

PARTY FREE PEOPLE

No Mans Heath

This was a true gathering of the tribes. Anyone who's been dancing around a while will be familiar with free parties - but this one was big. After 3 years of serious dance Evangelicalism the Party Free People can blow a whistle and rapture 500 people into a field anywhere in England. This time they decided on a barn by the side of a ruined mansion 6 miles north of Tamworth,

and from Nottingham, Matlock, Stroud, Kent, Liverpool, Birmingham and Newcastle, the tribes assembled for the ritual. The ever improving Sirius Lightshow made you feel as if you were dancing inside a Walt Disney cartoon - four walls and a ceiling ablaze with colour and two fire eaters, were held up by 6K of Bouncing dance music. Smiles all round and a celebration of People Power. No six colour flier promising a musical orgasm for £15, just free party people doing it for themselves. It had been raining since 9pm and we were all practicing for Glastonbury. The mud was a foot deep in parts but no one gave a toss. As the morning broke the Bouncing gave way to Serve Chilled mellow choons and we surveyed the lush green countryside around us. By 11:30, the music getting even better, it was still smiles all round. Rastas, travellers, city ravers, people on their first one, smoothies and even rockers were all under one groove - a free party groove. Should the world not end tomorrow, pick up the vibe, get in the car, drive to the party and dance till it does. This is going to be one hell of a good summer. **Seagull**

ICE-T/HARDCORE/BODYCOUNT

616Club, Memphis, Tennessee. 8/3/92

Imagine a rap band without a DJ and a metal band without a frontman. Put them together and you have Hardcore, from Tennesse. On stage they even appear to



operate separately, but it works. This is rap with balls, rap thayt's come alive. The rhythms are crisp, leading the guitars and they egg each other on while the rappers project a massive front. The tunes are good and amidst the confusing mix of two musical genres you even enjoy the guitar solos. My only reservation is that it is time for some new phrases to replace "get busy", "homeboy" and "in the house". Ice-t is rapper, film-star and spokesman for a generation. But whose generation? Although he usually plays stadium-size venues, the audience in this small club consists of predominantly white, middle-class college kids, the

man is arrogant and they love him. He reminds me of Billy Bragg in that he is as entertaining between tracks as he is when performing them. The music is faultless, the lyrics involving the audience in a thinking man's pantomime and the response is massive. Ice-T returns for the second set with thrash metal outfit Bodycount. Whereas earlier the show had flowed, now it snatches. He wants our commitment and we all give it. With his power and attitude he is anti-racist, anti-sexist, speaking of peace and harmony, but then delivers a few killer blows. "Evil Dick" reveals his true views on sexism, and "Mama's Gonna Die Tonight" describes mutilation and violence. Then before he leaves, he invites us all to punch the air and pretend it's a policeman's face. With glee he announces the release of the Bodycount album and predicts its subsequent ban. The atmosphere is nuclear, the bouncers are fighting people out of the doors and into police cars. Off comes the T-cosy and the club empties, the Ice Man having left us with a T-Pot full of contradictions. Somehow it doesn't matter; we leave energised. **Pete Bradbury**

THYROID SPEAKERS

Old Angel

Is there really any substitute for talent? I don't think so. A young trio called Thyroid Speakers have just proved it to me. Playing powerful sonic rock'n'roll, they have enough fresh-faced originality to satisfy any muso journalist guru. They are indeed a stunning revelation. We were treated to highly energetic pop with tunes so poignant the Clash would have swapped their guitars for them. The element of surprise and originality in their set makes for a dangerous live presence and keeps you on your toes. I was amazed by their youthful exuberance; they played as if this was their last performance, pouring all their energy and frustration into those instruments. Not in a shit Manic Preachers way, but in a way which they hold close to themselves, a way which is for real. No pretence, no fashion and no posing. This band are one of the few who don't think about it but just do it, and it moves me. Fortune favours these young braves.

PEG/PSYCHASTORM

Narrowboat

Having attended a Peg gig at the Old Angel in February I turned up at the Narrowboat anticipating another good night. The band kicked off with a thumping new song which might have carried much better but for the awful P.A. The night proved to be one of those where, despite tremendous enthusiasm and effort, the songs never quite realised their full potential. Sensing this the band let their cabaret act take over, much to the enjoyment of the partisan crowd. Musically Peg live in a zone somewhere between Fishbone without the jazz and Bad Brains without the thrash. Potential and ability oozes from every one of their songs even if their stage presence is a little over the top. Good, but not brilliant. Not yet! Their heaviness contrasting with Peg's more fluid sound, Psychastorm ended up playing to a shamefully

depleted crowd. A 24-7 Spy / Scat opera type metal funk band, despite cohesion and experience something is missing from Psychastorm. Maybe it was their lack of stage personality, or the dreadful Chili Peppers cover near the end. **Sally V.**

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

Birmingham Humming Bird

Expecting only Henry Rollins as support, it was a special surprise when Family Stand careered onto the stage. Despite an awful p.a. they came across with energy, effort and enthusiasm which confined all the comparatively tired and turgid dance acts to the rubbish heap. What Family Stone did for groovy dance music the Rollins band did for right on rock. We all loved Henry and felt like drinking mineral water with him all night and generally being very zen. The music is too crafted, too complicated to be dismissed as punk yet too incisive, dangerous and intense to be labelled rock. The crab man and his band found a lot of friends tonight, old and new. The same cannot be said of the Chili Peppers who bumbled on with a half-hearted stab at 'Power of Equality'. 'Organic Anti-beatbox Band' raised hopes of a great set which were immediately dashed by what followed. Shambling guitarist Frusciante continued to play the guitar line after the song was over, the others rapidly having to jam to cover up the mistake. As so it went on. The Chili Peppers really do have a problem with this 'stale biscuit' called Britain. Conviction was conspicuously absent as was any pretence at keeping the songs tight. 'Hollywood' was the only single played all night and also the only song off the first two LPs. Basically the band didn't give a fuck. With the audience baying for an encore the band finally got it together with the last song, a cover of 'Cross Town Traffic'. But one good song wasn't enough. I felt so disillusioned with the Chili Peppers that I'm considering kicking them as a habit. Maybe one day they'll kick theirs. **Mel**

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MC 900 FT JESUS

The Where House

This band are different. It's not just the way they have taken the best elements of jazz, rap, dance and scratch and combined them into a fresh and original unit of sound; the line-up itself forms a radical alternative to what normally defines a band. No guitars, no attempt to be mainstream, no bullshit. I'm looking at the future of live music how I want it to be. Despite their newness, the only technology on stage is the microphones and record decks. Yes, record decks. The DJ is an integral member of the band, forming an exciting rhythm section with the real live drummer which prompted onto it's feet an audience who immediately recognised that MC 900FT Jesus are a dance band and a damn entertaining one at that. The sleazy wrap-around sax, the fearless scratchin' of the DJ, a drummer who knows what a dance beat is and storylines from spaced-out suburban America could well be the soundtrack to a cartoon in which Peanuts meets The Simpsons at an acid party.

MC 9-double-oh himself could be Dallas' answer to Mark E. Smith, ranting at no-one but everyone in particular. He is one of those performers who can produce an ad hoc lyric that leaves you with the uncomfortable impression that he's talking about you. The words are pitched at a place inside the psyche, tickling the synapses with knowing humour.

MC 900 FT Jesus are also visually exciting. Each member of the outfit gets a spot in the limelight. The "Calama DJ" climbs up on the table to do a grandmaster scratch, using his foot on the decks as if to prove that he really is a bona fide band-member, while the drummer uses all four limbs to keep it kicking out front. Some of the noises produced through the sax leave synthesised effects sounding banal in comparison. Add to all this a variety of musical devices from triangle to loud-hailer and you've got one of the most original, refreshing and above all entertaining acts that has passed through the area in a long time. The Where House scores again. **Christine Chapel**

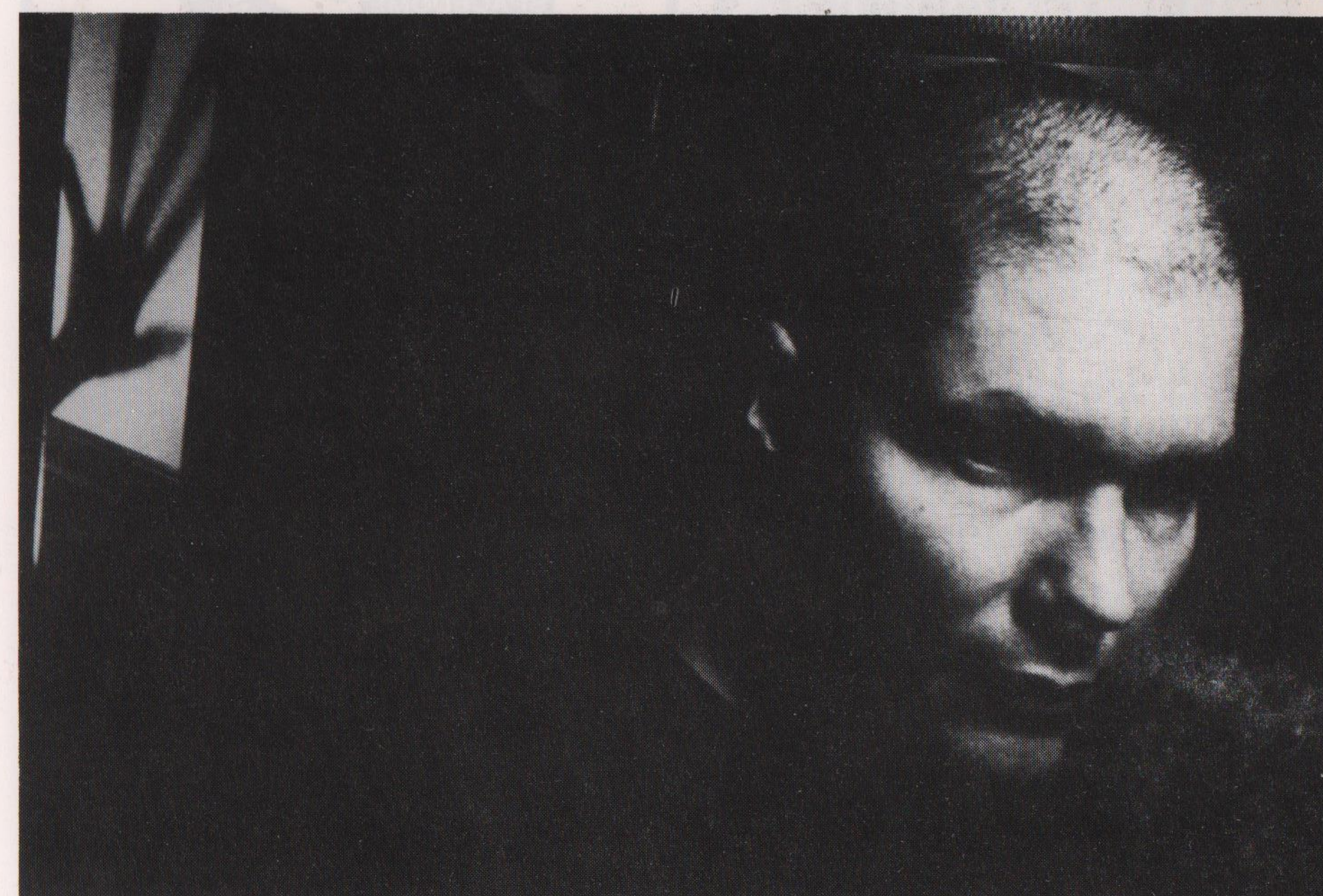
HANG-GLIDING WITH JESUS

Loughborough

A few unassuming nondescript and variously aged chaps meander on to the stage (just demarcated as such by a few shabby monitors). Only when someone stands up and raises his pint to them does it become

"Snow on Easter Sunday... Jesus Christ in reverse!"

Mark E Smith



apparent that they are the support act. The lead singer shyly cracked a few in-jokes which only his loyal mates at the front understood. Just as your dutiful reviewer (dutifully AWOL for the deadline —Ed.) decided that now was as good a time as any to make her way to the bar, HWJ launched into a screaming, sticky, smelly onslaught which thrashed its way from Bad Religion to Husker Du to gorilla Biscuits and back again. The quiet chap on stage, having suddenly metamorphosed into Loughborough's very own incarnation of cathal Coughlan on acid, pounded through such lovely ditties as 'Suck My dick' and 'Hammer' (Mudhoney meets Song No.1) then tastefully slaughtered the Stooges' 'Loose' before quietly ambling off stage with a brief wave goodbye. I like them. They've got no tune! **Jooce**

CREAMING JESUS THIS RAGGED JACK

Nottingham Polytechnic

Signed to Island and once awarded Melody Maker



single of the week, This Ragged Jack are the surprise guests plying the audience with the totally unsuspected. Naturally you would think that any band on the same bill as Creaming Jesus would have a penchant for black clothes (they did), you would automatically assume long hair (no disappointment there), and you would expect guitar-heavy doom-laden Rock City Saturday night music (wrong). This Ragged Jack offer a dance-laden version of Stones grooviness which enticed and seduced an unsuspecting and ever-swelling "go ahead—impress us" Monday night audience. Singer Martin possesses a rare charisma, just the right side of rock pastiche, and a voice like Astbury on ecstasy. Their forthcoming album should be a bit special.

Creaming Jesus didn't need to worry about following such a powerful support band. From the opening chords it was obvious that the congregation came ready converted like lambs to the slaughter. OK, so I can't resist a bit of religious cliché but what do you expect for Easter in a review of a hackneyed late-Eighties dirge like Creaming Jesus? Maybe they do thrash it out a bit more than your usual Goth band, but so what if their children mosh instead of waving their arms around in a perpetual depression-induced trance. I don't slag off bands gratuitously on gothic grounds, I simply didn't like CJ's version of that music and could not find one redeeming feature about the band. After all The Hunters Club did it in a far superior way, with humour too! So where's me creaming egg? **Matthew, Mark and the other one.**

Editor's Note:

Jesus Jones and The Jesus and Mary Chain were unavailable for commentary. Happy Easter.

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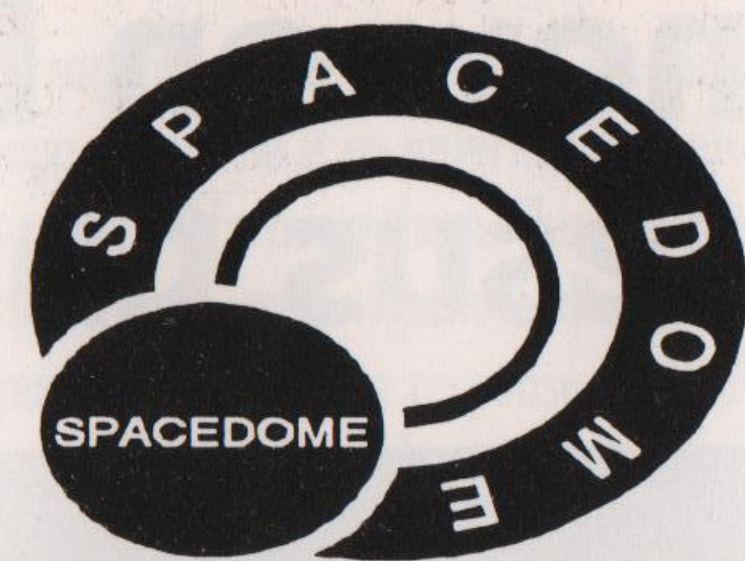
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Many publications have attempted with varying degrees of success to cover the subject of drugs. Rarely do they address the real issues, usually concentrating on the dos and don'ts of tabloid tablet taking. The following article is one of the few we are aware of that really gets to the point. It was written in 1933.

POPPY & MANDRAGORA

by Aldous Huxley

The League of Nations is a courageous institution; it has undertaken to investigate and ultimately to control the traffic in drugs. A report of its most recent deliberations on the subject is now before me - a most depressing document it is: depressing in its description of the world in which we live, and depressing in its revelation of the official philanthropic mind. What are the facts? The police are everywhere active; but the illicit traffic still goes on. No amount of vigilance can check the smuggling of substances so highly concentrated, and, therefore, so portable and concealable, as morphia and cocaine.

The logic of these facts imposes upon the official mind an inevitable conclusion. All that has been done up to date is only "a first step towards the limitation of the production of the raw material". The sources of supply must be closed down. But opium constitutes a quarter of the total exports of Persia. What compensations are to be offered to the Persian agriculturist in return for a self-imposing limitation of production? And by whom? And if the Persian trade were stopped, what then? The poppy will flourish almost anywhere. Experiments carried out in the nineteenth century proved that it is possible to grow bumper crops of opium in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Why, then, did Persia remain the world's opium granary? The reasons were purely economic, not ethical. The moral horror of drugs is a very modern invention. As recently as forty years ago a 'drug fiend' could still be the hero of a popular novel. Sherlock Holmes, for example, was a cocaine addict. The reasons, I repeat, were economic. Labour costs more in Edinburgh than in Teheran and the harvesting of opium requires a good deal of labour.

The Scotch were unable to compete with the Persians. But suppose that the Persians were now prevented from cultivating poppies. The price of opium would rise, just as the price of alcohol rose in the United States after Prohibition. Bootlegging would at once automatically become profitable. Poppies will grow all over the temperate zone; there are millions of poor farmers only too anxious to earn a bit of money. And the League talks about cutting off the sources of supply! Even with cocaine, derived as it is from a plant of far more

limited growth than the poppy, the difficulty of limiting production would be very great. Moreover, it is highly probable that the drug will soon be made synthetically.

At a stroke the whole world will become a potential source of supply. But where money is to be made, potential sources inevitably become actual sources. Prohibition, as the American observer attached to the League should surely have known, is not effective. And yet this same observer seriously proposed total prohibition as the only solution to the problem. The official philanthropic mind is a most mysterious object.

An illness can be radically cured by removing its cause. The cause of drunkenness and drug-taking is to be found in the general dissatisfaction with reality. More or less frequently and more or less intensely, men and women dislike the world in which they live and the personality with which nature and upbringing have endowed them. Alcohol and drugs offer means of escape from the prison of the world and the personality. Better and securer conditions of life, better health, better upbringing, resulting in a more harmoniously balanced character, would do much to make reality seem generally tolerable and even delightful. But it may be doubted whether, even in Utopia, reality would be universally satisfying all the time. Even in Utopia people would pine for an occasional escape, if only from the radiant monotony of happiness.

The League of Nations advocates prohibition, which is like advocating the surgical excision of the pustules as a cure for smallpox. The only rational way of dealing with the drug and drink problem is, first, to make reality decent that human beings will not be perpetually desiring to escape from it; and, second, to provide them, whenever they should feel the imperious need of taking a holiday, with a physiologically harmless method of escape.

The money which is spent in trying, quite vainly, to enforce prohibition ought to be spent on bio-chemical researches for the purpose of discovering the ideal substitute for alcohol, cocaine and opium. A century or so too late the official philanthropic mind may perhaps come to realise this; but for the present it seems to be committed to the absurd and mischievous policy of prohibition.

mysticALL

ARIES

It won't be for the want of trying, that you don't get anywhere in the early part of this month, however after the full moon, your Mars energy will thrust you onwards. Great balls of fire!

TAURUS

Love is in the air, and social life should prove pleasing. You could have a clash of wills however, and find your partner as stubborn as you can be; taste your own medicine, you may learn how it feels to talk to a brick wall HA!

GEMINI

Home activities will see you thrashing through the month trying to do six things at once, which you are very adept at. Your enthusiasm will spill over on to others, and you may even get some co-operation from them.

CANCER

Communications could prove emotional and difficult; you won't get much support from your nearest and dearest either. The silver lining on your particular cloud is definitely tarnished this month.

LEO

Lucky Leo, at least the male of the species. An air sign lady could enter your particular sphere, which will get the electric vibes going, causing a few ripples in your pond of egocentricity.

VIRGO

Keep calm, an important decision will be resolved out of the blue, making you feel in the pink! Your natural Virgo quickness and astute handling of situations will turn up trumps, leaving you feeling a little smug. Quite right too.

LIBRA

This could prove to be a prosperous month, if you don't procrastinate. Leave the birds and booze alone and get down to making some dosh, the stars are favoured for speculative enterprise.

SCORPIO

A great month for new enterprises; things will go well if you concentrate on the nitty gritty, and not let your emotions sway your judgement. Mars will give you a boot up the backside and fire in your lustful eye.

SAGITTARIUS

Flirtations and brief encounters are the order of a month good for all sorts of social activities, travel and getting out and about. Your sense of humour will see you being the star of the show. Aim your arrows with skill.

CAPRICORN

Your natural business sense will be rewarded this month. Perseverance is one of your more boring but worthwhile traits which will turn out to be very lucrative, both in emotional and work scenarios. Sudden changes will rattle you a bit.

AQUARIUS

A month of surprises is in store for you. Some will not be to your liking and others will be more in keeping with your analytical forward looking ideas. There are definitely some far reaching changes about to be put in focus. Stay loose.

PISCES

Dreamy you will not feel too much like getting out of bed for a month. All this rushing about and having to be organised will mar your tranquil pond. However you're feeling, be adaptable, and the ripples caused will not be too harassing for you.

FAST CAR

AFTERALL

THAT SHALLOTT

Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions. Phrase and a half, isn't it? A few of the Mushroom's more eccentric customers even know where I found it. For those readers who didn't notice or weren't around to notice, this muzine began on April 1st 1991 as a poxy broadsheet-cum-flyer with a catchy phrase on the front and as much style as a mongrel-turd. That it would become what you now hold in your hands was as predictable as an 'A'-band set. One year on and anarchocapitalism has proved its point. 'Recession reschmession' was one of the catch-phrases bounced off the walls more than once during that time, as was "Shurely shome mishtake?". Not that I have ever been drunk in the office but I always make a point of getting high in public (to confuse the enemy, you understand). There is an upside and a downside to everything as we shall presently discuss. For twelve consecutive months "Overall" (as the faint-hearted and impatient have come to call it) has provided a small percentage of the population with a handy guide as to where their ears might best be employed, and for those that have them open, their eyes too. But let them who have ears... and all that.

What a year it has been. Certainly the best twelve months of my life so far. I mean, what a laugh making a career out of one joke. April Fool and raspberries all round to those few who "dissed" me. Literally hundreds of others have heaped encouragement, advice, help and affection in immeasurable quantity. If you don't know who you are don't worry. I do. Thankyou. This year's joke is on you, the highly regarded readers, but you won't mind this one. Remember that piece in Firstofall (Issue 11, Feb. '92) which "informed" you that as of April there would be a cover price on this muzine? Well April Fool. It's still free. Absolutely Free. And as long as it remains free nobody can steal it, or rather it belongs to everybody and not to somebody. I don't know how long it will be free but then again who does? Furthermore, I for one do not wish to have to stand in the Old Market Square barking "OOOOOOOOOO—verall!" in my top-gruff voice for a few quid an hour from Thee Bailiff Whoreman. No thankyou. You lot don't have to live it, though some people wish they could. Would-be editors of would-be copycat magazines take note: when the alcohol, drugs and bullshit begin to outnumber your precious red bloodcells for the sake of journalistic subjectivity and artistic integrity; when you can't walk into a gig without being hassled for a "good" review by a "crap" band; when you become so self-conscious that you dry up because your writing style depends entirely on detached observation; when you lose your sense of humour (assuming you have one already) because dickheads try to make you think like them; when you realise that they want you to think like them because they are afraid of you; when you realise that they envy you because they could never be like you; when tacky bureaucrats with jumped-up bimbonic egotism want to own you or even become you because they don't have any style of their own; when lazy bastards treat you like a walking directory after you've just spent a month breaking your balls to provide them with all the

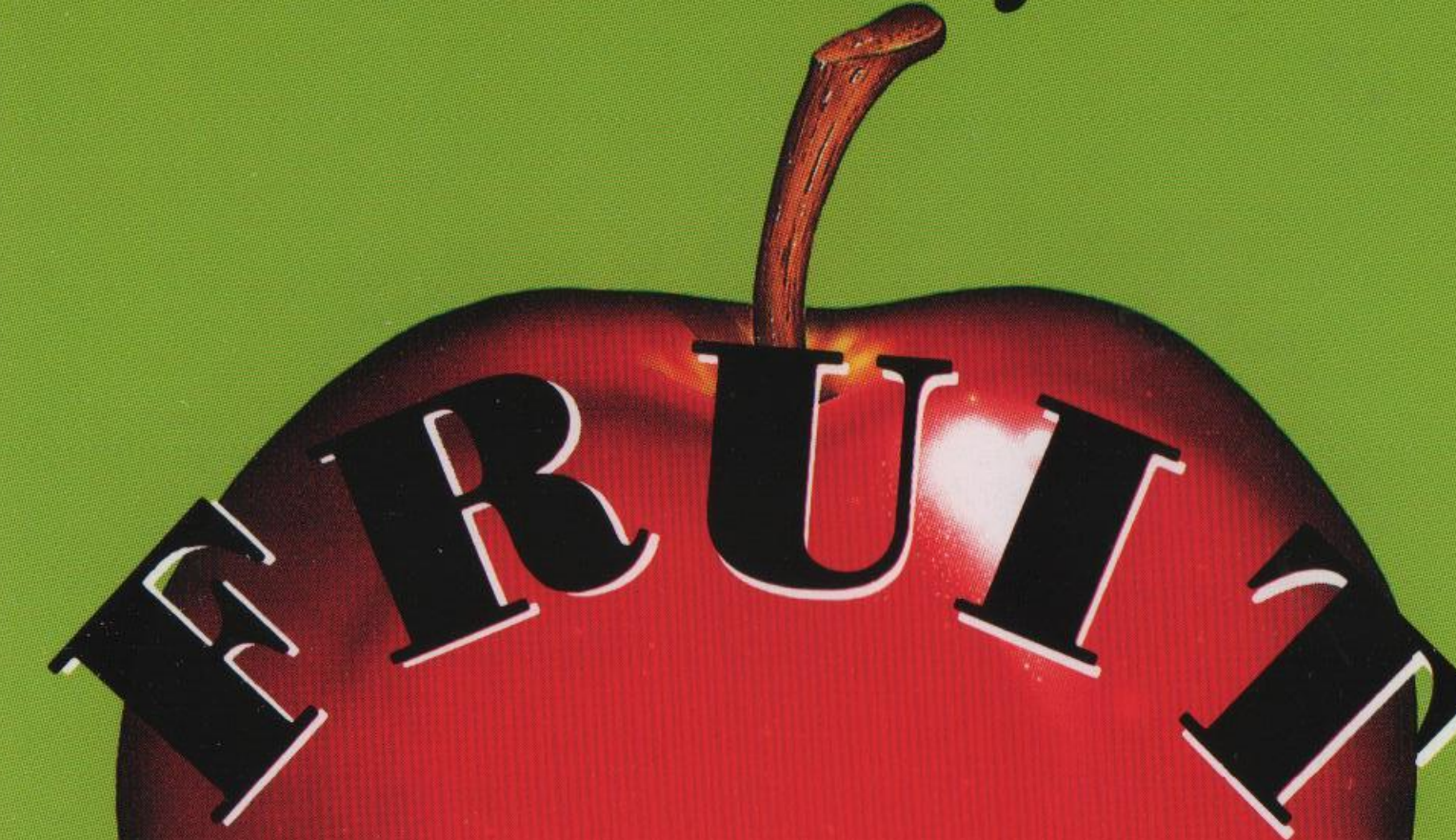
information in an easily accessible format; when you finally disintegrate because so many people have begun to live their lives vicariously through you; then, and only then, will you understand that it is impossible ever to have even a half-assed idea of what the hell is really going on. The trick is to make it all up. All of it. We are all better artists than we realise. Create your own parameters and fill it with.....well, I chose to fill it with other people's music. What the hell. The problems come when you fall into the trap seeing your own world through the eyes of those who can't be arsed to create one of theirs. Your ego centre believes it when they tell you how cool you are, then you stupidly go on believing them when they turn face and call you "crap". You shouldn't believe us either. The DIY ethic works...."camouflaged transformation and protracted audio-visual fantasia". What is the big rave-festival-film-gig party all about if not making it up as you go along, as you dance away the darkness, 'trip the light fantastic'? If you think it is anything other than the creation of a new reality then you are a boring asshole who has missed the point by three decades. Like the man said, "If your name's not down you're not coming in." And if you want in then he is god and you are god-forbidden. But don't worry. There are a myriad of other realities to experience in every city on every planet. Choose your own format — music, film, even the printed word. It's all virtual reality unless you are an experienced psychonaut but that takes years of meditation on a very quiet plateau like Tibet or lots of acid in a very noisy city like this one. And even if you do achieve that elusive oneness with the universe, sooner or later you are going to need another Overall Supreme Being to tell you that you still exist. Catch 23. In the same way that a six-hour "trip" doesn't exist inside a tiny tablet, nor does "Nottingham's music scene" exist inside this magazine, regardless of how many times we tell you that it does. Don't believe the hype. If you are anywhere at this point then you are inside my head. Wipe your shoes and knock next time. You see, already the hawks are gathering, with an eye to buying in, to package it and punt it as "product". Overall there is a smell of profiteering. What they do not UNDER-STAND is that "Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions" is not a "thing" as such. It is an event, a happening. The world is a verb. It's not perfect, but it's perfectly what it is. It will grow and change and may indeed end up with a price on its head or its head on the block or simply on its head, but as long as that's entertainment, who cares? Laugh at it, kick it, take the piss out of it, head-butt it, dump some copies outside my flat, trash it. I don't care. It's yours, afterall. If you don't like it, start your own. If you do like it spend some money where it matters. If you don't know where that is, start again from page one of the earliest (now collectable) editions you can find and look at the adverts'. OK so you don't all want to be fat pissed-up trendy club-going pop-stars. Fair enough. Be selective, be objective.....beall and endall.

Edirblik Deirf

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Darren Emerson, Simon Hanson

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