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OVERALL

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hyperhead

visual demolition

television overdose

mind the gap

fried circuit

visuall
demolition

rage against the machine

henry rollins

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MUSIC BUSINESS

Following their successful music business seminars, East Midlands Arts will be organising more intensive music business training courses this year. The courses, run by London-based MIDAS (Music Industry Development And Support) will take place at Nottingham Square Dance Studios during the weekend 13/14th March, and at Northampton Roadmender. Topics will include record and publishing deals, artist management and producing and releasing your own records. The cost for the training weekend is £50 (£30 concession). Places are allocated on a first come first served basis so budding impresarios interested in enrolling should contact East Midlands Arts Rock and Pop Coordinator Andy Dawson immediately on 0623 633690.

After the success of last year's event, the second **Swamp Club Cajun Festival** will take place during the weekend Fri 26th-Sunday 28th March and promises to be bigger and better with all the best in cajun music plus dance and instrument workshops. See listings or Tel 0332 32336/385046 for a free programme.

Mosquito Coast is a new venue in Leicester situated at 37 St. Nicholas Place (formerly The Secret Jazz Company), with a programme of the best in live music and specialist DJs. There is a big emphasis on World Music with Friday nights featuring a regular slot for touring Latin, African, Jamaican etc. bands. Wednesday is Breakthrough Night, a showcase for unsigned and newly signed bands. Thursdays feature guest DJs playing everything from Acid Jazz to Rare Groove, Latin meets African etc., while Saturday night is Club Night with a mix of 60's Soul, 70's Funk, Reggae, Raga, Hip Hop and contemporary Dance music. See listings.

Ex-King Crimson guitarist Robert Fripp plays his only confirmed UK date this year at the second **Nottingham Guitar Festival** scheduled to take place 17th-20th June. Appearing with his String Quintet, Fripp's gig will be the culmination of four days of workshops, concerts and masterclasses in venues around the city. Supported by Nottingham City and County Councils and East Midlands Arts, the Festival takes in jazz, folk, world and classical music and aims to celebrate the best new guitar music of whatever kind.

Coda International Training are holding a series of benefits every other month at The Old Vic on Thurs. March 11th bringing together the longest names in local music, namely Shamus O'Blivion & The Megadeath Morrismen, PJ Baker's Blues Brand and the return of the legendary Dr. Egg & The Love Specialists. CIT, a Nottingham-based international skills transfer charity, are seeking to raise awareness about their work in Nicaragua and their ambitious new project to help computerise the Nicaraguan Commune Movement, a grassroots democratic neighbourhood movement working to resolve health and housing problems. Starts 8pm, price £3/2. Get there early for your free egg.

The Canning Factory has ceased to operate as a recording studio, although rehearsals will continue there for another six months. Any bands wishing to claim their master tapes should contact (0602) 706502.

BLOODY BURGLED

Bloody Kev, frontman of that Happy Shopper version of GWAR, Bloody Lovely, had his home burgled last month. Amongst other valuable items stolen was his entire collection of back issues of Overall. We have since installed extra security on our offices.

REBOXED

Jazz In The Box has switched to a fortnightly slot in The Box on Goldsmith Street after organisers announced that they had "stepped down" in favour of a new dance night, Tilt, featuring DiY DJs. Instead a new event, **Funkattick** will take place every other week at The Staircase on LowerParliament Street.


OVERPLAY: The Fried Hitlist

1. XYMOX Reaching out (Zok Records)
2. SHEEP ON DRUGS Greatest Hits (Transglobal/Island)
3. WEASY SID Zany Bollox (demo)
4. GOD MACHINE Scenes.... (Fiction)
5. MARXMAN All About Eve (Talkin Loud)
6. RADIOHEAD Anyone Can Play Guitar (Parlaphone)
7. MINT 400 Natterjack Joe (Food)
8. ULTRAVIOLENCE Peel Session (Bootleg)
9. STROBE Maya (Big Cat)
10. Church Of The Subgenious CD Compilation (Come Together Prods.)

RARE EDITORIAL COMMENT

At the beginning of this year, the hithertofore constant stream of demo tapes had slowed to a trickle. It seemed that the supply of new artists/material was drying up. For the first time in Overhistory there was more discs to review than demos. This is partly due to acts getting it together and doing it on vinyl. I prepared to shed a fond tear over the end of Demolition while we searched for a title for "Vinall", take the philosophical view and chalk one up to evolution. No such luck. The pile grew high again, willing victims to the fried mindmeld. Who are all these creative souls? Will they escape Purgatory? Will some of them attain salvation? Will Bloody Lovely go to Hell? Now read on.....

firstofALL



MARCH 1993

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RATM, Halo, God Machine, Radiohead, Cropdusters, TVOD, Ultraviolence.

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VISUALL

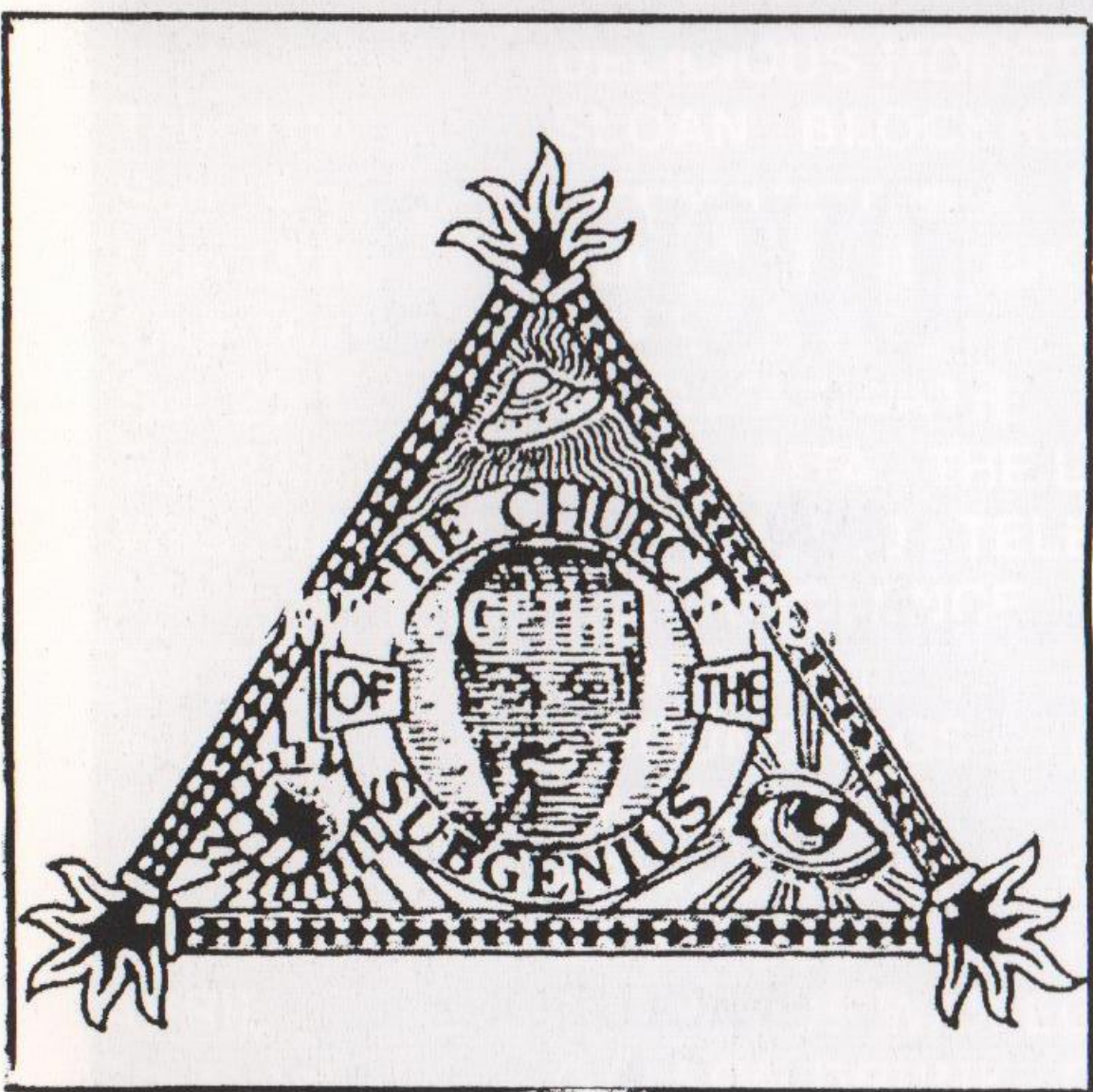
On The Ledge, Reservoir Dogs

Malcolm X, Dracula.

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Tel. 0602 240351
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DEMOLITION



VARIOUS ARTISTS Come Together Compilation CD The Church Of The Subgenious CD

(Come Together Productions)
Come Together Productions is a multi-media organisation, a collective of individuals into harsh experimental and light pop, graphics, video and generally Coming Together. They seek Talent that gets no recognition because talent scouts are blind and deaf to certain frequencies. By the way, CTP is also a Marseille radio show and a distributor of demos. This is a fresh breeze blowing in Sheffield, bearing light but not moderate, a variable selection of goodies from around Europe, brought together by a collective that deserves to be and one day may well be more effective than the EEC. These compilations are the sort of thing that proves a nonsense of politicians and their impotent policies. They must be the most innovative thing to arrive in the Overoffice this year and have set a fine precedent. It's worth mentioning that the recording quality is excellent, a far better job than either Servo or Grid City have produced so far. As for the chosen material, there is just no comparison. Its collectability is undeniable, its diversity and originality most pleasing. It's fucking daring is what it is. Anyway.....
The first one, a dinky little sampler, is most notable for the fact that it is only three inches across yet can be played on any normal domestic CD player. The wonders of modern technology thereafter may escape the less adventurous amongst you as you struggle to make sense of what follows the simple act of placing the disc in the player and pressing play. Suffice to say that the CTP Theme is called *Weird Asylum*, and the most memorable and entertaining artist on either of these discs, **John Bartles** sounds like a cross between Tom Waits and Tuli Kupferberg (though not close enough for Tom to sue his ass). There is also a cameo by **Headcleaner** called *You're 15 Minutes* which is about Andy Warhol and fame. So far so topical. Also notable is the track by the central coordinator himself, one **Jean-Emmanuel Dubois**, screaming *Merde!* and blue murder and fear of his sister and the rest. Manic but interesting.

The Church Of The Subgenious CD is a longer and more evolved affair. Take a sip of the nearest drug and concentrate.....

Kashmir tease the listener for a while by pretending to be Steeleye Span on *Some Kind Of Devil Within Her Body*, go with the flow for a while then titillate you with *Once Upon A Time* which owes so much to the Doors that they don't so much copy them as simply become them before reminding you that they could just as easily become Steeleye Span. Kashmir, like CTP, originate in Rouen. Next couple of tracks are from **X-Ray Pop**. The second, *El Gato*, is produced by two people with the charming names Zouka Dzaza and Didier Pilot Didier and sung in an equally charming mode. **Wooden Soldiers' 4:36 A Thousand Miles Away is nearer to what you'd expect from a compilation CD these days, except that it's copyright credit goes to Warm Cuddly Pajama Songs. Which means that it must refer to 4:36 am, yes? No. CTP are not for providing the predictable. Hence **Bunty Chunks' Sprindle Sucker** (recorded in Berlin), performed entirely by a dude named Lord Litter Rhythm. I'm not saying the music here is weird; it's not. It's just paranormal. At which point it is timely to point out that the A Band can be found here (go on, tell me you're surprised), their offering *Vince Taylor Is Dead* being kept on that side of weird with the help (if you can call it that) of Jim Plaistow, it being possibly the least well-produced track of all, but that's the A band for you. Everything is sacrificed for spontaneity. After that **Carmen Miranda by Trepassers** (Netherlands) comes as something of a relief. Then there's **Alice's Orb's** tribute to Syd Barrett, *Psycho Doodle*, penned by Jeff Ross who may have his heart firmly set on the controls of the sun, an atmospheric purr before **Magic Moment At Twilight's** popcorn punk *Blitzkrieg*. The latter employ some deliciously silly Hawkwind style synth. noise. When they extrude themselves at the end of *State Of The Art* it's enough to make you want to run away and join a pop band. which is more than **O.R.D.U.C.'s Decadent** does, despite it's flanging phasing reverb and space gun backing vocal. **Monotony Commission** then proceed to put things into context. *Contexte 1*, a gentle beginning becoming a fire and brimstone rant explains that "The distance between Heaven and Hell is just fifteen inches." Well, things are becoming much clearer now. In *Contexte 2* the same sampled ranting preacher informs us that "by listening you become changed as well/because the first time you hear these things they are discordant to you/ but after you've heard them a while you begin to accept them /then you begin to like them/and they become part and parcel of you/ and you are changed/ and it is so insidious that you don't realise the change" It recalls that Cabaret Voltaire one that went similarly "If you are a child of God He will set you free....". The ensuing**

music is one of the more interesting tracks. Then come probably the most conventional pieces on the disc, **Opiate Of The Masses' Tearstones** sounding very much like, I dunno, someone who was in the charts once. Sort of similar but generic. The funniest and most immediately memorable song is by penultimate artist (or should that be penultimate comedian?) **John Bartles**. His *They Don't Wear Pants In The Souther Part Of France* is a snigger, his **Neil Young** a downright good laugh with matching guitar solo. He's a bit of a European Tuli Kupferberg. **Lord Litter** makes a surprising return to finish off this splendid catalogue of chaos with a West Coast Goth number entitled *Follow A Smile* to round off a most entertaining and very different kind of compilation. Pure subgenious.

Christine Chapel

THE GONZO SALVAGE COMPANY

Wow Reality LP (demo)

A veritable overture, *The Wonderful World Of The Gonzo Salvage Company* evolves with a concise clatter and a lyrical oath to quit the rat-race, setting the scene for eight more neat slices of positive cynicism ("educated optimism") dipped in a cut-up spread of electronic Dadaism, like the title track which they almost manage to describe in words on the lyric sheet. Marinello would've been impressed. *Positively Wonderful* picks up the theme with urbane post-executive lyrics, optimistic guitar themes and breakneck drum patterns. All the material hinges on a blend of these three elements and there's no let up. It's hard to isolate what makes the Gonzos so infectiously unique. If you threw Carter into the recycling plant with Chumbawamba a similar result might be salvaged. It's also hard to pick out a 'best' track, harder still to nail a 'worst'. So difficult ones first. *Running Down That Old Food Chain* is comparatively pedestrian — not 'bad', just a stressed-out dash through yuppie suburbia. *Out Of My Head* has the only really crap vocal line of the set, though instrumentally compelling and a fitting finale. And it could do without *Half Past One On Sunday* which turns jangly in an attempt to revive romantic summer nostalgia. *Emotional Vampire Leach Gets The Big 'E'* would be most likely to attract a 'deal' with its popesque brevity, though they'd probably have to briefen the title to similarly commercial proportions. But my faves are *The Somnambulator* and *Tunnel Vision*, both musically and lyrically outstanding. Salvage seven out of ten. (0533 554009).

AFID EP cassette (Red Tape)

As the first waves of Sound City '93 lap the shores of Nottingham, AFID are the unsigned act from the area getting the mentions much to the bafflement of other contenders. But then their last demo was crap. This material is an improvement. Redbird rests on a rocky outcrop, soars with Yummy!, then the styles become infuriatingly mixed as National finds AFID battling for an identity. Smoothly rugged.

BIG WHITE STAIRS demo

This is sound. Forget all those references and comparisons to sixties greats, though I'm sure BWS are proud of their obvious influences. But this isn't the plain plagiarism of last year's clutch of crap retro acts which clogged the airwaves. Such musicianship as Big White Stairs display has endowed them with a listenable originality and a flavour to savour. A case of using the mood of the past to rewire your brain for the future. (061 832 0182)

WEASY SID Zany Bollox demo

No it isn't Weasy Sid, it's not Zany Bollox at all. Cool funky balls more like. Come out and play sometime. (0602 250945) (He says he's looking for a bas-player)

HALO Above Your Halo/Fall demo

Nottingham-based five-piece including Dave ex-Headbirth. High-pitched, high flutin', eth*r**l even. Too sweet for my taste but Halo have earned themselves several support slots in the first nine months of their existence, including Luna 2 and Family Go-Town. (0602 783466)

THE GROOVE DETECTIVES

pre-release cassette (Arista)
Two bland U2-seless rock numbers the Overworld could do without, sandwiching the redeeming Speedy, a progressive piece.

SPINE

Downer EP cassette

The first musical outing by Leicester grunge trio Spine. Four tracks and not a duff one amongst them, and although not a substitute for the live experience, the tape offers the same exciting blend of hard guitars and grinding vocals. When you hear this tape its easy to understand how the group have attracted support slots with Therapy? and God Machine. (0858 464481)

Nick James

SUGAR RAYS Sonic Pop EP 7"

They actually manage to sound depraved on *Lurve Sick*, especially in the humour department, while Sugar Rush prompted me to do a bit of tidying up. Flip to *Distortion* and *I Want More* and, aw, they're a garage band all said and distorted, with a fetching naïvete and a refreshing lack of pretentiousness. I bet they've all got day jobs.

Christine Chapel

ALLOTMENT

A seasonal column of rumination on the subject of

GARDENING AND POPULAR CULTURE

by Phil Scorzonera

Pricking out is a damned tedious job, isn't it? So it was with relief that I took a break from preparing this year's hardy annuals to go along to my regular piano lessons. It was while we were going through Henry Mancini's *Pink Panther* when my teacher made a rather interesting comment. "I find that it's usually my younger pupils who enjoy this rhythmic, jazzy music to the more musically interesting classical works", he said. At the time I suppressed a snigger, but back in the greenhouse it made me think..... "more musically interesting..." Hmmmm... Only a few days previously I had been listening to a man on *Loose Ends* relating his story of going to the Royal Albert Hall in 1968 (or was it '69?) for the finals of the National Stylophone Playing Championships, hosted, of course, by Rolf Harris. Now that's musically interesting in the extreme, eh readers? What an outrageous idea to to have a national musical championship whatever the instrument, both music and musicians being about as sporting as an 18-wheeler playing leapfrog with a hedgehog, in my experience. But the idea of filling the Royal Albert Hall with Stylophones is infinitely more bizarre than that of filling it with holes! This event, and it's memory lingering 25 years on, indicates to me that my piano teacher is making the old mistake of equating musical technique with interesting or exiting music. Let the seventies be a lesson to us all; a guitarist being able to move his (they were always men) fingers very quickly over the fretboard does NOT necessarily make for an exciting record. But a duet for Cello and Stylophone could be positively enchanting, or at least more entertaining than hearing *Stairway to Heaven* again. And look; here comes Rolf Harris again! Now that's what I call musically interesting. I'm going to write to his agent, enclosing the sheet music for *Love Will Tear Us Apart*. Nowadays, Rolf is better known for the excellent Rolf's Cartoon Time T.V. show, which again proves that a lack of technical knowledge does not mean a crap end product. Don't get me wrong, the pursuits of primitivism for it's own sake is fruitless; compare an early *Buzzcocks* single with anything by *Eater or Slaughter & The Dogs*. But some of those kids on Rolf's show come up with brilliant ideas from the simplest of resources. Even in professional animation, the simplest techniques can produce gripping results, the *Pink Panther* cartoons, for example, with their flat colours and static backgrounds, have been entertaining kids and adults since I was a kid.

Good theme music, too.

Recently we have been bombarded with calls from people who have been unable to find a copy of **Overall** There is A Smell of Fried Onions. This is because, although our circulation has increased we now cover a wider area as well as more varied editorial. According to a recent BBC survey **Overall** is the most popular magazine in the East Midlands. **SUBSCRIBE NOW!** and take advantage of our special spring offer of **£10** for a year's worth or **£6** for six month's worth of **Overalls**. Delivered to your door. And other offers exclusive to subscribers. Cheques/P.O.s made out to "Overall There is A Smell of Fried Onions", PO Box 73, West PDO Nottingham NG7 4DG. Go on, amuse the banking system.

VINOLUTION



KEROSENE (pictured)
Worthless (dead dead good Records)
 Previously known as Collision this lot once played the Old Angel and sounded like a dodgy guitar band with a neat line in New Orderisms. Now they've changed their name beefed up the sound and play an enjoyable yet hardly startling cutie pop grunge.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Hot Wired Monstertrux

(East West/On Records)

Possessed (Netwerk Records)

Pure Devotion (Devotion Records)

Three call-my-bluff attempts to define the much touted term 'Industrial' only to show that instead of becoming some homogenised average of all of the successful 'industrial' bands over the last fifteen years or so, it has in fact become undefinable. Ranging from the thrash-with-a-disco-beat to sampled layers of full-on rock, from grating dance beats and bleeps to crunching non-dance beats and bleeps, 'industrial' seems to infiltrate any area it wants without remorse, giving all it touches a darkness where once there was a polished, marketable niceness.

Monstertrux collects together many of the rockier 'Hard Club' floorfillers like the classic *Godlike* by KMFDM and Ministry's *Jesus Built My Hotrod* (though to be honest I think the last great album Ministry made was *Land of Rape and Honey*). Although these, along with Nine Inch Nails (a try-too-hard Depeche Mode for mummy's boy rebels) are currently the most popular versions of the electronic body music world, this collection does play a part in showing the diversity available with a nod of respect to hardbeat diehards Front 242 with their big hit *Headhunter V.I.O.* For the newcomer to the Industrial world this sampler acts as a 'Now That's What I Call Industrial' with almost everyone you might expect to hear and the more interesting oddities which somehow just don't fit, in this case Meat Beat Manifesto (who were essential cogs in the development of industrial funk) and the ubiquitous but nevertheless wonderful Sheep On Drugs. And for anyone thinking that

only America could produce this kind of thing, of the 14 bands represented 9 are European (5 of which are British). Possessed is a more varied collection with the heavy dance and hard politicorap of Consolidated's *Crackhouse*. Consolidated sidekick Childman's *Refuse To Be a Man* and the experimental abrasive soundscapes of *K9* by Skinny Puppy. Overfave maniacal story teller MC 900 Ft Jesus cuts up a scratch and sniff hell in *Dancing Barefoot*, while Final Cut groove in dank territories on *I Believe In You*. Rearing an ugly Severed Head, *The Tinger* brings the journey from trance dance to mantra-esque rock full circle with it's amphetamine addled hardcore cut'n'bleep. Pure Devotion is a sampler from Devotion Records. While displaying the worst aspects of the aforementioned 'thrash with a disco beat' in bands like Malhavoc and Excessive Force, this LP also contains many gems like the essential *Beers*, *Steers and Queers* by the Revolting Cocks and *Supernaut* from 1000 Homo DJs (both infinitely superior to either of the last two Ministry albums). Elsewhere Chris Connolly, who seems to have sung with the whole of the 'Industrial New School' only to explore more traditional, but nonetheless enjoyable, grounds on his solo effort *July*. Equally traditional in the rock sense is a cover of the Rolling Stones' *Sympathy for the Devil*, however Skrew's version is a killer, even more threatening than Laibach's attempts. Worth a mention too is the trancey *Teenage Mind* by Hyperhead and the bruising *Ten Ground Down* by Pigface. Though these albums are all good collections they fail to show the full course that industrial music has really travelled. With the exclusion of originators like Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire, original metal bashers Einstürzende Neubauten and SPK, and for Ministry's roots the first Killing Joke LP, you are only left with a flavour of Industrial, like a meal you can taste but never actually eat. Suggested further listening would also have to include The Anti Group Company, Television Overdose, Greater Than One, Numb and DHS. Now then, in no less than five words can you tell me what exactly is 'Industrial'?

Martin Thomas

XYMOX

Reaching Out (Zak Records)

A stunning dark exploration in atmospheric techno/rock which out-manoeuvres current dance lemmings with sheer inventiveness. Sadly ignored in this country, Xymox have released four LPs (five if you include the debut mini LP only released in their native Holland). This first release from their forthcoming album sees Xymox in techno driven experimental areas with a massive groove, twitching guitars and landscaped voices. Play loud.

CNN Broadway 12" (On Records)

Grindingly upfront indiethrash that matches Trent Reznor Nine Inch for inch for anger and sonic violence. Featuring at least one former All About Eve, you are left feeling that perhaps they should give their old friends for a song or two for their next album. One track (can't read the hand-written label) leads in with those much sampled Bulgarians that Ivo of 4AD fame was into a few years back before launching into the meat of the two veg.

ARIEL Let It Slide E.P. (Deconstruction)

Hailing from the Thames Valley, Ariel blend guitars and techno to produce a blissed out groove. They also have a penchant for sampling those Bulgarians that Ivo of 4AD fame and CNN are so fond of. An excellent collection of indie trance grooves.

FREAKY REALISTIC

Koochie Ryder (Frealism)

A crap disco pastiche which is saved from the incinerator by the Boomshanka Flying mix which is a subliminal trip through a flotation tank.

HAMMERHEAD

Ethereal Killer LP (Amphetamine Reptile)

Control freakout hundred mile an hour high density fog pile-ups Hammerhead push grunge towards it's most awesome deathwish. Tight as a noose and 'Slacker' than slack.

STRANGELOVE

Hysteria Unknown CD/12"

With Suede only wearing the crown of thorns known as "this year's Smiths/Bowie" Strangelove come careering in, glammed up pretenders to the throne. Shaped and crafted, complex yet uncomplicated guitar pop classics that glimmer with sheer class.



Strangelove

Photo: Sam Harris



THE GOD MACHINE Scenes From The Second Storey LP

(Fiction)

In which those Bulgarians' 'Voix De Bulgares' which Ivo, CNN and Ariel are so fond of find yet another spiritual Home. Though the singles made little impression on me in the context of this LP they take on a new grandiose and haunting light. *Stories...* is a collection of songs which languish and relish in their own expansive hugeness. The magnificent instrumental *Temptation* features a hypnotic chugging bass which underpins swirling feedback, building ever onwards until the final crescendo. Elsewhere they may fall in to Jane's Addiction terrain but God Machine have the ability to pull themselves away from pastiche which is all too apparent on the lilting, underclass blues of *It's All Over*.

SHEEP ON DRUGS

Greatest Hits LP (Transglobal/Island)

The long awaited long playing exploration into the futility of resistance, the ecstasy of submission, the disposable beauty of the motorbike and the guilt-edged power of disposable fame. Containing all of the singles, in remixed vocal-added form on *Catch 22* and *Acid Test*, and in their original forms on all the others (including the excellent *75 Minutes of Fame*), this high octane cyberbilly workout snatches 90's bleeps, punk rock guitar and a chromatic vision of 50's kitsch to create the first disco album of the decade. Forget Carwash, this is the revved up horsepower of the Carcrash. Subversive yet accessible, Greatest Hits perverts all aspects of what puts the youth into culture, the pickers into pop, and leaves a sordid taste of unspoken pleasures in the sneering mouth. Tune in, turn on and switch off. Nihilism was never so groovebound.



DAMON AND NAOMI

More Sad Hits LP (Shimmy Disc)

Sweet and sour melancholic yet beautifully crafted songs which swim infrequently around the drug drenched mind. Not to be taken for granted, the odd surprise punctuates the proceedings like a punch drunk poet finding the last

embers of a dying flame. Songs for the lovers and the misunderstood. "Nothing written for pay is worth anything" quotes Ezra Pound in the sleeve notes which makes every Overpage a positive goldmine.

MALCOLM X

Original Soundtrack (Qwest/Reprise)

As the Spike Lee publicity machine rolls into town the obligatory accompanying soundtrack album finds an inevitable release. Fortunately 'X' marks the spot for an excellent selection of swing, jazz and blues from the period in which the film is set. The only anachronism is Revolution by Arrested Development which finds the Deep South collective in unusually militant mood although perhaps not as revolutionary as the other tracks were in their time. Thankfully the tradition of jazz in Black nationalism hasn't been substituted by dollar hungry producers for a more sales-assured Hip Hop score.



SWELL (pictured)

Swell LP (Mean Recordings)

First album but second helping from the "Pixies that should have been". Nine tracks of scratchcore indie dreaming with the ghost harmonics and skiffle washboards of 'A Town' standing out.

Martin Thomas

SUPERCHUNK

The Question is How Fast

(Matador)

Raucous and rousingly uncomplicated guitar thrasabout which is so, ahem, new wave c. '78/'79 that we're drifting back.....there's a Labour government, singles are 69p.....tank tops are fashionable (afraid so), my parents are yelling "turn off that racket and get on with your homework!"...and The Fall, The Undertones and Wire all sound great.....and just like this record. With a time machine Superchunk could be world beaters. I'll go back with them. We might even stop the 1979 General Election.

RADIOHEAD

Anyone Can Play Guitar 12"

(Parlaphone)

With tongues flicked in cheek, Radiohead disguise themselves as a somewhat less grubby Dinosaur Jr. and frolic merrily through a carefree, lighthearted ode to the virtues of rock music. "Anyone can play guitar and they won't be nothing anymore" they cry. Most excellent. Bill and Ted-esque even.

PRAM

Iron Lung (Too Pure)

A million light years a sad consumer world where Undercover make a living from pouring their diaphoretic offal into our ears, it is comforting to know that bands like Pram are still out there somewhere, doing their own thing and understanding films like *Eraserhead*. Though this lowbudget DIY individualism would be scorned by many as pretentious nonsense, there is a sincerity within this strange brew of tape loops, mangled guitar and childlike vocals that makes for an uncomfortable but ultimately faith-restoreing listen.

Simon Bennett (Orange)

A Live LP (Siltbreeze Records)

Limited to 500 in the States, only 81 copies have found their way back here. Side One was recorded live at The Old Angel, complete with the familiar resonance of the chapel. Two days after recording this, the A Band went into the studio to cut a single and decided to do a version of what they done a few nights earlier. It was a total failure, since any A gig is by its very nature, impossible to reproduce. That was probably the first time they had attempted to do the same thing twice. They had got it right on stage though, and this is the result. Side Two was recorded at Collingham Wharf, Newark, by the River Trent, during a cult festival which, within three years, grew too big to be accommodated and has sadly been consigned to legend. This is one of the few remaining records of that event. Impossible, I thought, to categorise, arch performanarchist Stewart Walden recently came up with a handle for their music. "It's cross between jazz-rock and space-rock — spazz-rock. That's what we are." All 500 of the sleeves were individually hand-painted. "It was really boring. Imagine doing a painting that's one thousand feet square!" Never mind, the CD covers will be less of a chore.

MINT 400

Natterjack Joe 12" (Food)

Has all the elements of a good song in all the right proportions and places. It builds so cannily that if you don't pay attention it sneaks up and does a Tango on you with a gratifying unpredictability which prevails through the thrashy one and the spooky one on the flip; all perfectly what they are.



GUMBALL (pictured)

Wisconsin Hayride (Big Cat UK)

Gumball elevate themselves to the status of Alex Harvey, Sinead O'Connor etc. by releasing a record gleefully (or in Sinead's case not) covering some of their fave songs, here characterised by a filthy fuzz poured all over them. The Damned's New Rose is done so straight it's pointless except perhaps to prove it can't be done any other way. The Small Faces' Tell Me Have You Ever Seen Me is well and truly Ramoned; and I'm glad they did Foetus' Butterfly Potion, Black Flag's Depression and Mahavishnu Orchestra's Awakening because I've never heard them before, though I doubt if any of them sound like Gumball. The nostalgic 90's may well become known as the Covers Decade.

THE DUB FUNK ASSOCIATES

Lovers In Trance/Dub In Trance

Herbsman/Herbstrumental

12" (Tanty Records)

Such a name and titles say it all. I prefer the first two, wiuth the swishes and swirls and deeper bass.

Christine Chapel

In September 1991 **East Midlands Arts** decided to appoint a **Rock & Pop Coordinator** to try to unite the area's disparate music business elements into a coherent force. Originally created to last one year, the post was extended for a further twelve months due to popular demand and glimmerings of success. With no precedents to follow, the task of holding the region's rocking and popping umbrella fell to **Andy Dawson**, who has been busy setting up policies and an infrastructure of education and development for the huge amount of talent and creativity in a region of the country which, if the truth be known, had hitherto been considered something of a backwater by music industry pundits. With the post due to end in September, "RapCo" visited the Overbase to tell us about his achievements and the future of Rock and Pop in the East Midlands.

KEEPING MR. DAWSON BUSY

The post of Rock & Pop Coordinator is unique to the East Midlands. What has made it so successful?

"The amount of information that's been put across. The one weakness of the RapCo project is that there's only one person covering the area. There are four counties to cover in 28 hours so the idea was to get as much information across to people as efficiently as possible. A lot of time is spent giving bands advice, and there is far more contact with A&R departments now. All the record companies have a far better idea of where to contact.

"There's also been a good effect on getting the Arts Council, the Musicians Union, district councils etc. to accept rock and pop and organise gigs. Hopefully these things will be long term. Local authorities will see that putting on gigs for local musicians is as important as pantos and so on."

One of the policies instigated is that of funding gig swaps. In the past, if a band offered a support slot to one from another city, they would try to arrange a reciprocal gig. It was often the case that the travelling band lost out because the audience were there to see the local act, who would naturally claim the majority of the door receipts. East Midlands Arts made available a fund to support such ventures. This gig swap support scheme will be relaunched at upcoming seminars throughout the region.

"There have been loads of gig swaps which will continue after the post has ended. The budget and the policies have been set up and will go on. There is money available to guarantee against loss on swap gigs within the East Midlands area. Bands should take advantage of it."

That doesn't mean that you can phone up after a badly conceived event and expect him to sort out your

losses. All gigs have to be costed and cleared in advance. And it's not just for gigs.

"We're open to any ideas from bands, promoters, managers to come forward and say 'we can't do this' or 'the band needs that' etc. Any weird and wonderful ideas."

Music Business seminars, funded through the RapCo project, have already taken place in the region, with guest speakers from recording and publishing companies, in an effort to inform musicians, managers, independent record labels and so on as to the machinations of Britain's music industry. Anyone present at those events could see that it was much needed. The latest development are Music Business Courses, initially to be run in Nottingham and Northampton and subsequently in Leicester and Derby. The course will be run by a London-based consultancy known as Midas. "If you can create a number of key people in the area who are sussed, and if that infrastructure of people can continue to gain knowledge, then it will have a knock on effect and benefit more people."

In conjunction with Gig Right UK there will be more seminars to give bands access to people with the knowledge, to explain how to promote gigs, what venues are looking for. It's important that people understand the pressures that venues are under in terms of having to sell more beer, get more people through the door, etc."

Last year a meeting was held at Nottingham's Square Dance studios with the organisers of Sound City '93. Although it went to Sheffield, a lot of effort was put in to try and get it in Nottingham. Because that effort was made, there will be an event later this year in association with the Media Centre.

"It's not going to be another Sound City, it will be a film and video programme that will start off in Nottingham and then tour the country. We're trying to get a name artist to come to Nottingham to work with local musicians and film makers to produce a live music event with the film included. It's in its formative stage at the moment but it's looking well." Andy also tells me about an International Rock Convention which will take place at Derby's Assembly Rooms in September. Bands to be arranged.

Since A&R persons rarely listen to unsolicited tapes, a very important part of Andy's job is to pass on demo tapes to record companies. Is it possible for him to represent every band from the East Midlands or does his personal taste come into it?

"I'd like to get more tapes from bands; I don't get as much as I would like. But I'd only pass on material that I think is worthy. Anyone that passes stuff on to record companies has to make a bit of a value judgement. I basically take out the shit and pass on what I think is above average. I wouldn't carry the banner for any one band because I could be way off the mark. But I don't want to be the only person in the area sending tapes. We encourage other parties to do the same."

Now it just so happens that our very own Rock & Pop coordinator is in a band himself and is actually quite a good guitarist. The smile on his face tells me that he saw the question coming like a Status Quo chord. "Clownhouse are the only band in the East Midlands not eligible for funding. The release we did through Servo was totally paid for by ourselves. The good thing about when the job finishes is that I'll be able to apply for a grant! I've promoted gigs and ended up not putting my own band on because of that sort of criticism." Mansfield's Servo label is one of a growing number of independent labels in the region along with Newt(Northampton), Grid City(Newark), T:me(Nottingham), Goldfish(Derby) and Stay Free(Leicester). Andy tells us to expect more, thanks again to East Midlands Arts.

"It's not about creating a 'Nottingham scene' or anything like that. And you can't have an 'East Midlands scene' because there are so many focal points. It isn't about anywhere becoming another Manchester."

Glad to hear it.

POSITIVE STEPS



MIND THE GAP: Sophie, Steve, Howard and Matt Photo: W. Baggaley

I've always felt a certain affinity with Mind The Gap. The first time I experienced them — before they were even called Swinging Affair — was at a party in the summer of '89. It was the first time I had taken Ecstasy and I was moseying about in the garden talking to the flowers when a double bass appeared over the wall and asked me "Is this where the party is?". A trio of stoned galoots called a Howard, Matt and Steve fell into the garden with the rest of their instruments and in no time at all were strumming, plucking and blowing their way through an acoustic set of traditional jazz numbers. At their offer to play requests, a tall Bohemian figure amongst the revellers called out "Jungle Book!" To my delight the band played *I Wanna Be Like You*, and for several magic minutes contemporary dance music became irrelevant. Eventually the neighbours complained (shame on them!) and before long a helmet with a blue flashing light on top appeared over the wall, said "Evenin' All" and asked us to "keep it down." If only they had known what kind of parties were being planned for the next couple of years, they'd have plodded over the wall and asked for a spliff! A certain young woman was present at that party. Then a member of Skeeta, Sophie had also played with The Laughing Deckchairs and Camels At Play. "I've always been in two or three bands. I don't do anything else really so it keeps me from being bored." Sophie joined the trio, then called 'Swinging Affair', as drummer during the summer of '90. And so Mind The Gap was born. Nevermind the gap in between, a thousand and one jazz breakfasts at The Old Angel, being shoved away in the lounge bar at Start, jazzed in the cellar of the Hearty, wine and bonged that summer at Nottingham University, on DAT, getting a break from the City Council during Nottingham Festival, the hypocrisy of the British Pavilion at Expo '92 in Barcelona, the joy of joining Harry Beckett on stage at the old Vic during the City Council's Jazz & Roots Mix Season — frustration and elation, high times and low times. A certain creative tension exists within the group, but they always manage to turn it towards the creative, the positive side; hence the title (and the result).

The Positive Side CD which they recorded in July '91 at Nottingham University Music Theatre using the Square Dance Mobile Studio has finally been realised. Even then some of it had become so familiar to me it seemed like they were doing a set of classics. Engineered at Square Dance by Charles and Damien, it contains over 53 minutes of sublime but groovy jazz and will be released on their own 'Swinging Affair' label during March. Now, with the wind in their sails, Mind The Gap have just been into the Square Dance Derby studio to record an EP of dance music. It will contain a jazz dance track, a limbo track and a side of "mesmerising, chanty dance" music. "Because we've got 24 tracks and there are only four of us playing, we can do different mixes with us playing different instruments overlaid on different tracks, like a Hungarian clarinet version."

"You gotta get out and do it otherwise it won't happen."

—Howard

"As long as we all keep our mouths shut we'll get something done, 'cos we're all so bossy."

—Sophie

"One chord, one note at a time, you gotta let everyone hear it. Some chords are closer to the one below than the one above"

—Steve

"Better to play the wrong bit right than the right bit wrong."

—Howard

"Dave Groom suggested we collaborate with Harry Beckett. That was quite perceptive of him."

—Steve

"He plays a nice colour. His input into the set stops us bickering amongst ourselves."

—Matt

"[Expo '92] was bloody hard work, but it was really good for us. So many things went wrong, but we stuck together rather than giving each other a hard time. But it was like 'sing for your supper' all the bloody time. Spanish security were really horrible. All these people wearing uniforms for the first time in their lives. It was like 'you've got to carry all your instruments twenty minutes down the road because you have to use a different gate.' All part of life's rich tapestry. Something you can laugh about now"

—Sophie

"Harry Beckett has played with everyone forever. Charlie Mingus was making a film here and Harry's in the band in the film. That was where his first big break came. Since then he's played with Dudu Pukwana, Johnny Dyani, Ian Carr's Nucleus, Manfred Mann, Robert Wyatt....more recently he composed and arranged for The Jazz Warriors. After that he had to get his trumpet out to prove that he doesn't just do flugelhorn."

—Steve

"It would be good if people were to go and see Harry Beckett without thinking that he's just someone else from the jazz scene. Our playing with him works because he's done South African Jazz and Caribbean music. He's not doing the bop thing at all."

—Matt

"It was exciting because it was the first time we'd ever done it. I'm sure it could have a lot better if we'd done it a few times before"

—Sophie

"It had to be done, really"

—Howard

Hepogee! Hepogee! Hep-o-gee!

—Guess who?

"Definitely"

—Mind The Gap

Christine Chapel

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Nottm. Royal Concert Hall

ATOMIC CANDY

Shana Sounds

Nottm. SKYY

LIBRETTO

Nottm. The Narrowboat

friday 12th

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N'ampton The Roadmender

saturday 13th

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Narrowboat

JINX

The Gregory

THE NAVIGATORS lunch

WHOLESOME FISH

evenin' all Running Horse

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MR SIEGAL
 Ambergate Hurt Arms

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THE SHAMEN
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HUGGY BEAR/BIKINI KILL
 £3.50 The Where House
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ROBINSON
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 £2.50/2 The Charlotte

wednesday 17th

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 Nottm. Beeston Greyhound
TAL FARLOW
Jazz & Roots Mix
 The Old Vic
STEEL BREEZE
 Narrowboat

TRULY MADLY DEEPLY
 The Gregory
THE COOL GREY FIVES
Free Derby Bell Hotel
FREEFALL/ JELLYFACE
 Newark The Club
MEDICINE SHACK
LIFE OF REILLY
 £3 adv.

Mosquito Coast
MIDWAY STILL
DARLING HEART
 £3.50/3
 The Charlotte

thursday 18th
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
 The Old Vic
THE RAZORS
 The Gregory

ZEDD
 Mansfield The Plough
PELE / MIRACLE DRUG
 The Where House
THE FAT LADY SINGS
BUTTERMOUNTAIN BOYS
 £2.50 The Charlotte
MURRAY THOMSON
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JESUS JONES
 Sheff. Octagon

friday 19th

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HARPMAN BAND
 Running Horse

PJ BAKER'S
BLUES BRANDS
 The Gregory
ATOMIC CANDY
Triangles Nottm. Forest Tavern

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saturday 20th

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STEAM KITTENS
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 Melton Mowbray Noel's Arms



MOTHER EARTH (pictured)
acidjazzacidjazzacidsjazzacid
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 Lo

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sunday 21st

THE BEEFBURGER BROS
 Nottm. Trent Bridge Inn
LOAN SHARK
 The Gregory
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MR. SIEGAL *eve*
 Running Horse
PHIL ROBSON
lunch Mellow Sundays
 The Where House

PJ BAKER'S BKLUES
BRAND
 Clowne Comm. Centre
PURE INSTINCT
 Ambergate Hurt Arms
JESUS JONES
 Leics. de Montford Uni. Arena
D.O.A. / HERB GARDEN
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BOX CLEVER
PASSENGERS / TALL
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monday 22nd

THE SAW DOCTORS
 £5 adv. Rock City
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tuesday 23rd

BOOGIE DISEASE
 Running Horse
D.O.A.
MTA / THE LOSERS
 The Where House

THE AUTEURS
MISS WORLD
SUBMARINER
 £3.50/2.50 The Charlotte

wednesday 24th

ZUMZEAUX
Jazz & Roots Mix Old Vic
RAT THE DOG
 The Gregory
HARRY & THE CRABS
Farewell, Harry!
 Running Horse

EAST 17
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 Derby Bell Hotel

BLAB HAPPY
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BOX CLEVER
PASSENGERS / TALL
 Leics. Mosquito Coast

HYPERHEAD
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L'boro via Nottingham
Tel. 0602 240351 for details
 The Where House

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 Leics Phoenix Arts

thursday 25th

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KRAKATOA
 Mansfield Plough Inn
SWEET THURSDAY
THE HALF-LOVED
 Derby The Green Man
HYPERHEAD
VARIOUS VEGETABLES
 £3/2.50 The Charlotte
BRENDA LEE
 Leics. de Montford Hall

friday 26th

THE BIG I INC./ IDIOT JOY
TWITCH SOUND SYSTEM
Fried Circuit 3. 8.30pm
£2 before 10. £2.50 after.
Includes FREE entry to Frenzy
till 2am Nottm. The Kool Kat
DREAMTHIEVES
 Old Angel

HURT
 Narrowboat

BIG DEAL
 The Gregory
THE FLATVILLE ACES
THE BOURBON BOYS
Swamp Club Cajun Festival
 £5 adv. 8pm
 Derby Post Office Social Club

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
 £1.50 L'boro Swan & Rushes
VICTOR HUGO
 con **PICANTE**

Top Latin band £3adv.
 Mosquito Coast
THREE SECOND RULE
 Leics. The Magazine

GUILT
THE HALF-LOVED
 Leics The Royal Mail

COMPANY FOR HENRY
 Lutterworth Hind
BIRDLAND
KAREN d'ACHE
 £3/2.50 The Charlotte
VARIOUS VEGETABLES
THE RIBBON TEARS
 The Level

BRENDA LEE
 Sheffield City Hall

saturday 27th

ZODIAC MINDWARP
& THE LOVE REACTION
 Rock City
WHOLESONE FISH
 The Gregory
INDIGO
 Old Angel
SEVERN MILE STRAIGHT
 Narrowboat

HOUDINIS
 Running Horse
THE RAZORS
MURRAY THOMSON
 L'boro The Swan

THE BEARCAT CAJUN
PLAYBOYS 12.30-3pm £4
JOE LE TAXI ZYDECO
SPECIALS 3.30-5.30pm £3
R CAJUN & THE ZYDECO
BROTHERS / THE CAJUN
ACES 8pm £5 adv.
Swamp Club Cajun Festival
 Derby Post Office Social Club
BLADE / 3:6 PHILLY t.b.c.
GORDON KAYE
Progress upstairs
 The Wherehouse

GLEN GUNNER
Sex on Legs Lo
COMPANY FOR HENRY
 The Magazine, Leics

BLABHAPPY
 The Wheatsheaf, Stoke
PO! / MRS KIPLING /
DRAGSTAR / CALENDER
DREAM / THE RAYS /
INFAMY ABOUND / SPINE
free all-day The Charlotte

TASTE
 Roadmender, Northhampton

sunday 28th

IAN SIEGAL *lunch*
STAN MARSHALL'S LAW
evening Running Horse
RED SRIPE *lunch*
GROUNDHOGS *eve*
 The Wherehouse
CONFIDENT TRICKSTERS
 Hurt Arms Ambergate

THE BON TEMPS
PLAYBOYS 12.30-3pm £4
THE BOSCO CAJUN
BAND 3.30-5.30pm £3
THE BLUEBIRD CAJUN
BAND / THE WANDERING
ACES 8pm £4 adv.
Swamp Club Cajun Festival
 Derby Post Office Social Club
THE D.T.'S
 The Charlotte

monday 29th

JESUS JONES
 Rock City
HOWARD KEEL
 R.C.H.
REVOLVER / PRAISE
SPACE ELECTRIC
 The Wherehouse
TALL
FLORENCE IN CAIRO
free The Charlotte

tuesday 30th

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
 Running Horse
TWO TRIBES
DIE CHEERLEADER
 £3/2 The Charlotte
THE FOUR OF US
 De Montford Hall Leics
BUG
 £3 Kentish Town Bull & Gate

wednesday 31st

PINSKI ZOO
Jass & Roots Mix
 Old Vic
BANDED GYPSIES
 Derby Bell Hotel
THE BEEFBURGER BROS
 Sileby Fountain Inn

MARCEL MARCEAU
SOUND
DREAM BOULEVARD
 £2 adv. Mosquito Coast
UNCLE TUPELO /
JANIE JONES
 £5 The Charlotte

APRIL

thursday 1st

TRISTRAM SHANDY
 Gregory
GALLON DRUNK
 The Where House
THE GONZO SALVAGE
COMPANY
 £2/1 The Charlotte

friday 2nd

P. J. BAKERS
BLUES BRAND
 Old Vic
tbc
STAK IT UP / 3:6 PHILLY
 £3.50 Narrowboat
FRED KARNO'S ARMY
 The Gregory
LEFT HAND THREAD
 Running Horse

BEEFBURGER BROS
 Derby Victoria Inn
WHOLESONE FISH
THE LEMMINGS
 The Level
BUTTERMOUNTAIN BOYS
BLIND MOLE RAT
ANDY KERSHAW
 Sheffield City Hall

saturday 3rd

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
 Old Angel
MARCEL MARCEAU
SOUND
 The Gregory

PJ BAKER'S
BLUES BRAND
THE HUMBLE SOULS
downstairs
JON DA SILVA
Progress upstairs
 The Where House

THE BRILLIANT
CORNERS
THE CALENDAR DREAM
PAUL JAMES BERRY
(ex Rose of Avalanche) £4/3
 The Charlotte

sunday 4th

LOANSHARK
 The Gregory
CARLTON COLE
lunch Running Horse
HOWARD SMITH *lunch*
2000 DS / COMMUNITY
CHARGE / THE SEA *eve*
 The Where House

PJ BAKER'S
BLUES BRAND
 Leics. The Attic
EASTERN WAY
AVICULTURE
Free The Charlotte

monday 5th

COMMUNITY CHARGE
2000 DS
 £4/3 The Charlotte



THEATRICAL

Nottingham Playhouse

till 20th Mar
On The Ledge by Alan Bleasdale
Mar 25th-26th
Life Beyond The Pool Table various
Mar 26th-Apr 24th
Big Night Out... by Sandi Toksvig
Nottm. Theatre Royal

till Mar 13th
An Evening With Gary Lineker
by Arthur Smith & Chris England
Mar 15th-20th
Whose Life Is It Anyway?

Mar 30th-Apr 3rd
The Witches by Roald Dahl
Nottm Co-operative Arts Theatre

Mar 29th-Apr 3rd
The Prime Of Miss Jean Brodie

Nottm. Lace Market Theatre

Mar 11th-20th
Stepping Out by Richard Harris
Mar 26th-27th
Life & Death Of Almost Everybody

by David Compton
Clarendon Community Theatre

Mar 18th-19th
Clytemnestra by Aeschylus
Mar 24th-25th
Ecstasy House production

Bingham Toothill Theatre

Apr 1st
Trestle Theatre Co. presents
Crime Of Love

Newark Palace Theatre

Mar 11th-13th
Frankenstein by Mary Shelley
Mar 17th-20th
Last Tango In Whitby Mike Harding

Mansfield Arts Centre

Apr 3rd
Trestle Theatre Co. presents
Crime Of Love

Derby Playhouse

Mar 10th-11th
Greek by Steven Berkoff
till Mar 13th
A Chorus Of Dissapoval by Alan Ayckbourn
Mar 20th-Apr 24th
Little Shop Of Horrors (musical)

Leicester Haymarket Theatre

till Mar 20th
Macbeth by William Shakespeare
Mar 29th-Apr 3rd
Safar by Jyoti Patel & Jez Simons
till Mar 27th
UK Region For Dance events

Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre

Mar 31st-Apr 1st
Leicester Youth Theatre presents
Medieval Realms
till Mar 23rd
UK
Region For Dance events

VISUALL

Angel Row Gallery

till March 13th
Derek Sprawson
Images From A Flat Land
Medina Hammad
New Works (paintings/drawings)

March 16th
Rosemary Butcher Dance Co.
The Body As Site
March 25th - May 1st
Helen Chadwick
Bronzes (sculpture)
Michiko Kon
Eat (photography)

Bonnington Gallery, Nottm. Trent Uni.

Foyer till March 14th
Howard Hodgkin/Susan Sontag
The Way We Live Now

Mar 8th-21st
Neville Smith
Things Are Not What They Appear To Be...Or Are They?

(photography/drawing/3D)
Mar 19th-Apr 16th
Helen Pavel
Intimate Abstracts (paintings)
till 27th (NTU Obsevatory Gallery)
Simon Fleury/Maggie Roberts
photography/mixed media
Bonnington Gallery Showcases

Mar 1st-Apr 8th (Newton Building)
Ann McCartney (clocks & jewellery)
Terry Riley (ocarina & flutes)
Mar 10th-Apr 8th (Newton Bldg.)
Sharon Haywood (weaves)
Angela Walsh (woodcarving)

Castle Museum

till Apr 18th
The Staithes Group
Harold and Laura Knight etc
Mandi Chandler
Ceramics
Gillian Kelsey
paintings (showcase)

Mansfield Arts Centre

till Apr. 3
Nottingham X (mixed show)

Newark Millgate Museum

till Mar 19th
Sean Rorke
Screenprints
till Mar 26th
Hazel Jones
Metal Gadgets and Inventions (crafts)
Mar 29th-Apr 23rd
Schools Environmental Art Competition entries and prizewinners
Apr 5th-May 2nd
Erica Just IKAT Weaves

Nottm. Society of Artists, Friar Lane

till Mar 21st
NSA Associates Exhibition
Calverton, Patchings Farm Arts Centre
Mar 9th-Apr 4th
Mixed show
Art Club Exhibition
Debbie George
Travels In India
paintings/mixed media
Michael Trevor
Craig LeTourneau
Watercolours

Workshop Priory Gatehouse

till Mar 13th
Usha Mahenthiralingam
Brightness Beyond Bricks
textiles
Mar 17th-Apr 12th
Mixed Show
Watercolours
Nottm. University Art Gallery

till Mar 27th
Ready Steady Go British Art of the 60's

Apr 3rd-May 8th
Brendan Neiland RA
Recent Paintings
Leics. Phoenix Arts

till March 28th
Mariko Susumato
Aspects Of Leicester drawings

Leicester City Gallery

till Apr 17th
Stuart Hollis
Leicester Dance Exposed
photography

Mar 13th-Apr 13th
Mixed Show

Guild of Craft Enamellers
Mar 27th-May 9th
Lesley Mitchison
Scrutiny of Constraint: Investigating Corsets
mixed media

Derby City Museum and Art Galleries

till Mar 14th
Local Artist's show
paintings/drawings/ceramics
Nigel Downing
Edge Of The Wood
drawings
Mar 27th-May 9th
Mixed Show
Recent British Sculpture

GREETINGS TECHLINGS!

The Letter

Dear Johnny Violent,
So you think you're hard?
So you think that suicide and drug abuse are funny?
Fuck off. Here's a razor blade. Kill yourself. Ha ha ha ha ha! I tried phoning your shite magazine but all I got was a shite

answerphone full of shite techno. I know you won't have the bollocks to print this, but no-one reads your sad page anyway so fuck off.
Satan, Hucknall P.S. I'm not sending any more tapes.

The Response

After the laughter had died down in the Overall office, editor Paul Overall sat me down at his desk. "Well," he said "I think he's right. Your Techno Revue has to change." "Yes," interjected Martin Crunch who had just arrived, "It's time to stop taunting the Compact Yoguit Machine and get down to some serious work." Stoney silence coated the walls, and in my state of paranoia I lightly brushed Satan's razor blade over my wrists.

"Like what?" I asked suspiciously.
"You could always start writing about techno," said Paul, without humour. "That's what you're here for. There's a music software shop called Millenium Music just opened in Hurts Yard where Just Grooves records used to be. The guy who runs it's called Rick — he used to be the keyboard player in B-Movie. Why not pop in for a chat? Now."

The message was clear so I left swiftly, heading for The Dragon to drown my sorrows. I had just sat down with friends Guinness and Marlboro to ponder how the indie kids on the adjacent table would look with their heads shaved and eyeballs split, when literary editor Jon B, obviously on a mission of hot pursuit, poked his head round the door. "O.K." I said, "I'm going."

Millenium Music Software

"Hello. My name is Johnny Violent" I said by way of introduction. "Are you Rick?"
"Yes" replied a puzzled looking man. "I am."
"I'm from Overall magazine. Paul said that you might like to tell me all about your new shop."
"Ah. Yes." My eyes had already begun to wander through the store. An Atari ST sat in the corner, poised for battle. Nearby lay a Roland D50, above stood a Yamaha RY30 drum machine, Cheetah MS6 acid machine and a sultry IBM 486 with VGA and 40MB hard drive, all wired to a rackmount mixing desk and large monitors. I broke the silence with my favourite word.
"Fuck! I bet this lot could shatter a few eardrums."
"It probably could," replied an unruffled Rick, "but I think you've got the wrong idea. This is not a rock and roll music shop; it's more for people with IBMs who want to experiment with music programs to a semi-professional standard. People are bored with just blowing other people up. They want something more creative."
"Some people," I murmured. But the time for polite chat was over. What could the IBM do? With a Roland SCC-1 soundcard (£349) attached, Rick loaded up Powerchords, a program whose power did not betray it's £69 pricetag. Pushing the tempo straight up to 150bpm we step-timed in a thumping drum program and a helicopter style bassline. It was then that Rick delivered his coup de grace.

Johnny Violent's



Techno Revue



"The best thing about this program is that you can play a guitar on the screen — like this." It was true. Selecting 'overdrive distortion' mode, I cajoled Rick into entering E minor and A minor chords running at 16ths over our sonic disaster. It sounded painful. I secretly titled it **Death Of**

An Editor before enquiring about other available items. I was told that the **Ultrasound** soundcard costs £199 and can record 8 bit samples. Alternatively £40 secures a MIDI interface which can be run by either **Powerchords** or **Cakewalk 256 Pro**, a professional 256 track sequencer. Also **Cubase** (Yowsa!) and **Notator** are stocked for the **Atari**, along with **Notator Logic** for the **Mac**. It was then that I realised that **Johnny Violent's Techno Revue** was turning into Johnny Violent's shopping list for boffins. I therefore went into human interest mode and asked Rick if he had any good yarns to spin about his days in **B-Movie**. He did, and these are my top 3.

3/ "We used to sit around the record company offices all day thinking 'I'm in fuckin' B-Movie' and chatting up the secratries."

2/ "I had a Roland Jupiter 8 keyboard — the sides were worn down from all the lines of cocaine."

1/ "One day somebody spilt beer on my favourite keyboard. So I hit him!"

Being easily impressed I left the shop in a state of sublime happiness, putting away Satan's razorblade for darker days to come.

Thought Of The Month

I like trains. **Intercity 125s** are powerful phallic machines which move quickly and smoothly to their destination. I do not, however, like the fact that other people feel that it is their right to catch the same train as me, and on occasion sit opposite/ next to me. I therefore felt it to be my duty to compile a list of Top 5 hints to keep your space to yourself.

- 1/ The walkman.
- 2/ Bring 10 empty beercans and litter them across your table, or
- 3/ Drink 10 cans of beer.
- 4/ Chain smoke (esp. before stations.)
- 5/ If someone says "Is this seat taken?" reply/slur "Yes, thanks."

But sometimes these hints just won't work. Sometimes a baby cries nearby just to annoy you. Or people talk loudly just to prove how well socially adjusted they are. Or they talk about how great their highly paid jobs are, just to piss you off. Or maybe the train's just too fucking full. Then it's time to wonder whether if you had a gun you could take out the woman with the big mouth sitting opposite, or the slick gent with the portable phone. How would his brains look splashed over the double glazing? It's time to wonder if you could take out every living being on that train and still get to your destination on time. It's time to wonder if (that's enough wondering for this month, Johnny. —Ed.)

See you next month, Techlings!

The original Grebo guru, T.V. Presenter, musical terrorist riding the Mint 400, proto-crusty misunderstood disaffected rebel or just a plain, old-fashioned slacker? Mary Mary swapped views on life after Gaye Bykers On Acid, Pigface and Roland Barthes Mythologies with **Martin Thomas.**

From Motormouth to HYPERHEAD



"The thing with the Bykers was we just chose that name to get noticed amongst all the other alternative bands. The whole image thing made it easier for lazy journalists but they always tended to ignore the more serious side of the band and concentrate on the amount of drugs we took. We all met at Stonehenge so I guess it was a kind of proto-crusty thing but I'm older now so obviously I've moved on."

Legendary Grebo band Gaye Bykers On Acid achieved more notoriety for their facade of image conscious dreads, fluorescent colours, drug references and pure star paranoia than for the often challenging music. Changed by his confidence boosting stint with Pigface, Mary has moved onto Hyperhead, and this month sees the release of their debut LP *Metaphasia*. By far the most accomplished work in which Mary has been involved, the album is an eclectic mix of underground sounds from the last thirty years of music. From classic rock to funk, industrial to dub, *Metaphasia* is a scrapbook of images which owe as much to the post punk ethos of Wire and Gang of Four as it does to the post 80's noise Armageddon of Pigface.

"The thing is I'm too young to have been a punk and I'm not into heavy metal although I like classic rock like Sabbath, but I've always been into totally different sounds. I used to go to the Soul All Dayers at Rock City so I'm well into funk, especially Funkadelic, but I'm also into stuff like Can so with this attitude and the fact that I always write with other people who are naturally going to challenge me, the end result is bound to be like a collage of different styles. I mean, if someone comes up with a jazz riff I'll go down with that, I'm not going to ignore it because we're supposed to be a 'such and such' type of band." So where do Hyperhead fit in these times of grunge as alternative?

"I don't really care about that any more. It really gets me, all of this debate about what alternative actually

is, to me the most alternative thing you can do these days is switch the TV off and read a book." Do you actually do this? "Yeah, of course I do. I'm really into deconstructionism; I reckon Roland Barthes' *Mythologies* should be essential reading for everyone. Karl, my partner in Hyperhead, is always reading, which has spurred on my interest in books and I've got more interested in writing again. With the Bykers thing people used to ignore my lyrics and prefer to play me up as some kind of fool. But I always saw myself as being more like Nick Cave." It is true that the lyrics always seemed to be of little importance in the Bykers' songs but a return to them shows a sharp and ironic wit at work. Something which has been sharpened further still on *Metaphasia*. But then again Hyperhead does seem to be a far more serious proposition, both musically and financially. At a recent gig at The Borderline you couldn't move for American A&R men. Getting Stateside attention was a luxury that the Bykers never fully enjoyed but it seems that this particular band are a safe bet. Clearly the stint with Pigface taught Mary a thing or two.

"Like I said Hyperhead are all about different influences pitted against each other, like the Bykers only this time the musicians are good. But we've also got a lot of experience between us so we're aware of the pitfalls. At the end of the Bykers we were making decisions for the stupidest reasons, I mean Kev refused to work with John Leckie as producer because he didn't like his trousers, even though at the time we could have done with someone to focus our ideas a bit"

Like on *Cancer Planet Mission*, the Bykers first post-Virgin LP or the virtually unlistenable album released under the name Rektum? "Rektum was the finest thing the Bykers ever made," enthused a defiant Mary "Basically we just wanted to be the Butthole Surfers." The Bykers had their fare share of

critical acclaim in the early days, but along with that came the inevitable backlash. In retrospect all of their albums seem to have carried a form of musical prophecy. Drill Your Own Hole paved the way for bands like EMF and Jesus Jones, *Stewed* to the Gills was grunge ahead of it's time and current faves like Cornershop go to extreme lengths to recreate *Cancer Planet Mission*. *Metaphasia* is different however in that it stands outside of the milieu of trend. Whereas the Bykers were tied inextricably to musical style and fashion, Hyperhead manage to transcend this, despite being on the industrial label, Devotion. "It would have been too easy to just do a version of Pigface for this project, I mean I'm using the same musicians but I really admire the stance that Chris Connelly took on his solo stuff, he doesn't do what is expected of him, he does his own thing. His lyrics are so powerful, too. The words to *Murder Inc* speak volumes to me, you know that whole thing about people being too young to be political and too old to think." Is this an idea that you're particularly into?

"Definitely. The album title 'Metaphasia' is taken from the book *Generation X*, it means 'the inability to perceive metaphor' which is pertinent to the disaffected youth of the 80's. I hope the 90's will be more revolutionary times because people do seem to be getting more politicised and more cynical in a positive way as aposed to the negative cynicism of the last decade. The Riot Grrrls are a good example of this."

As was the excellent mayhem caused by Huggy Bear and friends on *The Word*. Live television being used by the people to air the views of the normally silenced. This is what I call interactive television. In one flurry of potentially revolutionary activity, youth TV producers where reminded that people are not a homogenised mass whom they can continually abuse, but a thinking, feeling collection of different peoples. I have to agree with Mary that there is hope in the air. People are becoming increasingly politically aware as the underclass swells to proportions the government can't ignore. But I would have to argue with Mary's views that we should switch off the TV and read a book because this revolution will be televised. But rest assured when the media moguls take the youth away from the Janet Street Porters, Mary will be the presenter of TV anarchy and youth deconstructed. In the word of someone who epitomises the part of corporate industry in cultural domination, the times they are a-changing. Mary Mary and people like him are a changing too. Or is this just hopeless idealism?

FRIED ALIVE



Raging against the ice cream van (l-r Tom, Timmy, Brad & Zack)

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

Nottingham Disco Two

Rage Against The Machine came to Nottingham with already high critical praise. Both national weeklies seem to admire them. Mark Goodier has described them as the "future of rap 'n roll", Tommy Vance on his Friday Rock Show claimed that in the 14 years of doing the show, RATM were the "toughest" band he has ever played. When the band appeared on the Word, they were amazing, dangerous and exciting. Hang on here a minute. There is nothing 'special', 'radical' or 'new' about them. They produce a rap/core/funk/metal thrash noise. It has been done before. It has been to Nottingham before. Many have tried it and failed. Their debut LP is pretty "tough", loud guitars and hard drums, however the lyrics are a bit tame. They argue that they are a political band. You can only say "Fuck You" so much. Zac calls himself an 'urban street poet', but his lyrics are simple and somewhat straight to the point. Is this good? Maybe it does get the message across. Okay, maybe they are a political band. Are they real? At some points Zac does come across as real. At times he seems angry. Is he still real? Zac sounds a tad like Henry Rollins. He doesn't have the muscles, the tattoos, nor maybe the brains. Henry is real. With Zac it is still debatable. Has he really lived all the crap he raps about, as he suggests he has? The boy is only 22 years old after all. Hey! What do I know. I'm just a white kid who hasn't lived and knows nowt.

What I do know is that music doesn't change a thing. It never has and never will. No government has ever been brought down to the sound of a guitar. Zac can rant and rave until his head falls off, but he will not frighten Bill Clinton or change the world. He can make you think, he might change individuals or their ideas. I would argue that he was playing to the already converted. We know the world is crap. Did he have to remind us? I wanted to forget. Oh bugger it. This was no time to have an argument with myself. I'm off down

the front to jump up and down, wave my locks around and lose some weight.

The ski-hat-USA core-band-T-shirt-flannel-shirt-shorts-baseball-boots posse are out in force. Disco Two is not the best place to see a gig. The ceiling is low and the stage is even lower. We will just have to make the most of it I guess. Rage Against The Machine were good, very good. *Bullet In The Head* got the show moving. *Know Your Enemy* kept the kids pumping. *Wake Up* didn't make us fall asleep. *Fistful Of Steel* was a slap in the face. *Killing In The Name* was the highlight of the set. The way the song builds up and then slows down, holding the crowd at their mercy, playing with their bodies. It seemed to bounce around the small venue for several minutes. RATM are managed by the same people who handle L7 and Faith No More, and, like them have given us an interesting debut LP. The cynical side of me thinks that they'll go down the same street i.e. become mundane, predictable and awful. For now I'm glad I came. I'm not too sure about next time. **Sid**

HALO

Nottingham Trent University

This is Halo's third gig in a week and the previous two appear to have been cosy rehearsals in comparison. Tonight, Halo shine as bright as angel's appendage, only you half expect to see demons swimming from their amps. Halo are a band of kisses and bites. They whisk up rolling stromboli one minute, tear the fuckers to bits the next. Eggshell fragility and rainstorm dynamics are packed with a sculptor's sensibility into each song. Caroline's voice wraps up razorblades in cottonwool — "Some people think highly of you until their back is on the floor" — and Dave, with earnest concentration, squeezes seven shades of euphoria from his guitar. Particularly impressive is their handling of Galaxy 500's *Tugboat* and the almost hallucinogenic *Hand Me Down*. The cynical can keep their "whimsy" and their "ethereal" because, in truth, Halo are far too

innovative to be anchored by lazy tags. If you want reference points think Luna, Mercury Rev, Bark Psychosis. If you don't, think infinite potential. This band have a flute for godsake! Go see this band and then form your own record company to house them. Halo have crowned a very beautiful season.

Vanessa Parody

THE CROPDUSTERS SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS LEMONADE RAYGUN

Nottingham Rock City

It's a pity to waste paper just to write down what fuer'n Muell the LEMONADE RAY GUN produced when they played the Rock City on Weds 24th. Drummer: take drumming lessons! The rest should go and rehearse for at least zwei Ewigkeiten. I was quite happy when they finally went off the stage.

Next were SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS, who are (erraten!!) in fact not seven little sisters, but a couple of friends (to be precise: six friends). As soon as I had put my earplugs in, I was able to hear some nice folk music. Some truckdriver-drove-along-the-highway-until-found-his-chick-she-was-working-in-a-shabby-old-bar-at-a-truck-stop-folk-music. The right music to think about the reasons for living in Nottingham (there are none — at least I can't think of any good reasons).

Why the hell, I thought, am I sitting around at OVERALL's office instead of driving down the Highway 69, a Budweiser in one hand and the music turned up right to the upper end of the scale. In short: not my kind of music, for it depresses me.

Depression. Agression ... talking of AGGRESSION, the CROPDUSTERS were fucking brilliant. Pure aggression turned into pure POWER! Yeah, that's definitely the music to be played live. At least it should be played really loud, so don't buy the record unless you have at least 2 x 200 Watt and the room to turn them up to Vollast. And deaf neighbours. So, all you folks out there who really are into real powerful, folky punk music — look out. And if you see a sign saying 'Cropdusters — live!' you should spend all your money to get to the gig and see them LIVE!

R. Tuesday

THE MIGHTY GORGON

Nottingham The Box

Walk in to a wall of bass. There hasn't been this much pa in the "Boom Boom Room" since Bushfire played. Movement Culture People. *I fusilli bucati lunghi*, multicoloured, vibrating, revolve around the venue, superimposed over Rob Sirius' "ethnic" collection. Coming from the north with my face to the south/this yere Natty Dread know what him talkin' bout. For once Nottingham lives up to its reputation for ratio of men to women. It's equal, and what concentrated beauty! The city's nightlife has never been so good. *Serious and dangerous*. Smells plastic, petrol and static pervade The Box as Rob works against the bass to keep projectors on an even keel, lighters lighter still refill. *Natty plant up a vineyard/natty plant it in your backyard*.

"What a vibe, man!" declares Winston as the ceiling threatens to cave in the connection to the chain-with-a-name of Madison's. From upstairs beckoned by the bass come curious customers. *Next door neighbour go insane/I don't want to know your brain*. What a show! Fuckin' smokin' or what? As John Peel once said, "It made your trouser legs vibrate in a most disconcerting manner." Must be why the doorman stood on the stairs all night.

Christine Chapel

BENDER

Nottingham The Old Angel

The last time I saw Bender was in The Chapel, billed below two other bands whom they made look embarrassingly amateurish. So I was eager to see them again. I couldn't help wondering if enough people had heard of them to come along and with the support band pulling out at the eleventh hour, the place seemed virtually empty at nine thirty. What a difference thirty minutes makes! The band went on at ten. The place was crowded. The first song was a great introduction to Bender's music, strong chords, positive sounds and beautiful vocals, all surrounded in a tight, dancey beat. The second song kept up the pace with a gentle and harmonious melody line backed by the solid sound of the band.

Bender pitch in at The Old Angel. Photo: Ralph Barklam
A few members of the audience held a good natured shouting competition aimed at the bassist (who was hidden behind the amps). Soon they settled down to appreciate what was obviously a band in full flow. Forty minutes of fun passed all too soon for both the crowd and the band. Bender were loud tonight, more relaxed and loose than I remembered them being before, but this lifted their music to new heights, and by the reaction of the audience it won't be long before I have a chance to enjoy another forty minutes. It's not often you see a band with so much potential and so many genuinely good songs.

Ralph Barklam

MATERIAL ISSUE

Nottingham Ritzy
This three-piece Chicago based outfit are a pretty big name back home, they've been together for seven years, signed to Polygram three years ago and are not ashamed to say they're a pop band. I would go further and call them a power pop band. They are totally unfashionable, do not fit into current trend or fashion genre of music. They do not care, they are quite happy doing what they do best: being a fab pop band. They were impressive, a lot louder, rougher rougher and more ragged than their recorded material. Jim and his band are completely different in the live arena; you could tell that they really get off on their music. Hey!, they even enjoyed themselves. This support to The Stranglers was their debut appearance in Nottingham. At first the thirty-somethings did not seem too keen. Far more interested in expanding their beer-bellies or telling tales of 1977, when music was music. But Material Issue have been there before and kept pumping out such numbers as *What Girls Want*, *The Next Big Thing*, *Who Needs Love?*. Okay, they do sing a lot about girls — what do you expect from a pop band? The old audience start to clap. Some of the balding men even dance. The boys won the battle. Americans know how to write and play a greta pop song. They give you a sound somewhere between



Sweet and Kinky Machine, but fresh and a lot more interesting. Another on the list of bands who are trying to keep the pop song and pop music alive. Sid

TELEVISION OVERDOSE ULTRAVIOLENCE HYPERTRASH

Nottingham The Kool Kat
Early arrivals should be forgiven for thinking they had stumbled upon a synthesizer and keyboard exhibition. The usual gig trappings like guitars and drums were nonexistent. Still, soundchecks that consist of programming a computer are preferable to the annoying bashing of a drumkit and all that "one, two" bollocks.

Surrounded by the visual excesses of unsigned band self-importance Hypertrash rolled their positively unfried circuits out before an impressed yet still diminishing crowd. Musically reminiscent of the lounge band in every sci-fi film, Hypertrash took us on a pedestrian journey through the polite but angry terrain of Nitzer Ebb and that pop dash known as technotechnotechno. Best song of their set contained the unfortunate chorus of "I will not sell out to anyone", made even more unfortunate by the dedication to that well known international news conglomerate *Overal* and the fact that the music seemed totally fixated with selling out. Ultraviolence didn't waste any time. Setting up on the floor in front of the stage in four minutes flat, donning wrap-around reflector shades to match his "Kill Me" T-shirt and "severe" haircut, and barbed-wired keyboards, he scowled at the audience and poked at his DAT. High rush hi-tech spat samples from *Blade Runner*, *Twin Peaks*, *I Spit On Your Grave*, etc., while this one-man theatre of hate leaned over his keyboards and spat invective at the audience. His truncated explanation "This is a DAT, this is a song" and ridiculous gurdy voice belied his image until he leaned forward and screamed "COME ON! I'M GONNA BURN YOUR CRANIUM!" Nasty little fucker when he's roused.

Hardcore Motherfuckers at last made sense of the bizarre proceedings. "It must take a genius to make hardcore techno that you can't dance to," muttered a cynical guitarist standing next to me, no doubt envious of Ultraviolence's recording and publishing contracts. Nevertheless people threw themselves around with suitable shapes and texture. The most astounding thing to me is that the guy managed to keep a straight face. Another quick change over as the club's official keeper of time paced the floor awaiting the return of the nostalgia he could feel safe with. Television Overdose scorched brains with a ten minute nausea inducing wall of white noise and sampled chaos, and that was just their intro. Film music to your worst nightmares, the regular indie kids started to walk into to the room, horrified by the lack of real live instruments, eagerly awaiting the disco yet oddly transfixed. As the volume grew, the beats ground on the indie dinosaurs struggling on with the notion of how you're supposed to dance, and struggled more with the notion of this new independence. Television Overdose stirred a brutal trance which cut a laserblade through the retro frenzy and set cybor visors on a vision of tomorrow. The future was never so bright.

As the event was running late the set was cut short, the best stuff, I suspect, being saved for the next time. It was around this time that the in-house DJ began apologising to "regulars" and assuring them that "normal service would be resumed as soon as possible". I looked around and everything seemed normal to me, the club "regulars" consisting of a bunch of sheep on grants, skulking downstairs, hiding away from those nasty "hardcore motherfuckers" upstairs. When "normal service" was resumed, it consisted, (believe this because it's true, sad but true) of a Simon and Garfunkel cover at which said sheep flocked upstairs victoriously. The promoters looked on with gleeful eye. "We apologise for the temporary break in the 60's, that was the 90's."

No wonder Ultraviolence get's angry.

Christine Chapel

PANTERA GRUNTRUCK

Nottingham Rock City
I could tell this was going to be a mental gig when I walked through the doors and saw some stage diving before the gig had even started. Gruntruck had a surprising sound. I liked their first song until someone told me it was their fifth; every song seemed to go chunk, chunk, thud, which bores the crap out of me, but the crowd liked it; half of them were on the stage while the other half were waiting to catch them. Pantera came on to an already bashed up crowd, but with tracks like *Walk and This Love*, they couldn't go wrong. They created a great atmosphere, even hitting one of the bouncers in the face for giving a kid grief. I even hurled myself off the stage a few times. The encore was *Cowboys from Hell*, which everybody was waiting for. The set was short, which is a pity, but they did promise to come back later in the year. Round up: Gruntruck SHIT, Pantera DRIBBLE..

Martin Atherley

THE GOD MACHINE

Leicester The Charlotte

Formed three years ago in San Diego, The God Machine are here on the fifth date of a European tour promoting their recent album *Scenes From The Second Storey*. Upwards of two hundred noise hungry fans had gathered to greet them. Not having heard any of their material before I didn't know what to expect. Was I disappointed? NO! The band proceeded to bombard us with the loudest 'Industrial Grunge' I've ever encountered. The music was filled with an air of impending doom, but clichéd The God Machine are most definitely not, spontaneity being the key word to their music. It was great to see a group develop such a rapport with the audience, the wit coming thick and fast from the stage whenever there was a break in the music. The audience were not only bombarded with the noise produced by these three guys, but also found spiritual enlightenment in music that certainly has no relation to any matters of religion.

Having arrived not knowing what I was to encounter, I left very much a devoted follower of the three now "Too English to be American and too American to be English", a fact uttered by vocalist Robin during tonight's set.

Nick James

RADIOHEAD

Leicester The Charlotte

Radiohead hail from Oxford and have been together a year and a half. This is the fourth time they have played in Leicester, twice here and once at Leicester's University as support to Kingmaker. Before tonight's set I asked singer/guitarist Thom, how he would describe their sound. I received a simple reply, "It's not indie, it's whatever people conceive us to be." Influences range from Japan to Joy Division and a strong musical favourite of the band is Queen. The tour so far has gone very well, with most of the dates selling out. I had the opportunity of hearing Radiohead's current EP *Anyone Can Play Guitar* several weeks before it's release and I must confess that I voted the single a 'miss', but on subsequent occasions it grew on me and I found myself looking forward to tonight's set with growing anticipation.

Radiohead stepped upon the stage to a crowd of feverish fans who had waited patiently for the Oxford quintet to perform. The moment the first note was struck it left no doubt that an evening of great promise lay ahead. Powerful guitars led a sound of epic proportions with Tom adding eloquently to the mix with his vocals. The crowd certainly got what they'd come for with an atmosphere that seemed to exceed a venue of this size. The 9 songs in tonight's set were performed with the energy that they demanded and it's easy to see why the tour has been so well received. I'm sure a visit to Leicester will be on the cards for the next tour, most certainly playing bigger venues. Keep an eye out for the debut album *Pablo Honey*. Nick James



WITH NOEL MCKOY

Tuesday 26th May. The Where House

A-BAND/ COW REBELLION/ COMPACT YOUGIT MACHINE

Nottingham The Hearty Goodfellow

A night of mixed fortunes, this, for the keen gig-goer. First up were the A-Band, often written of in these pages with affection and otherwise. They have to be seen to be believed, the most unappealing bunch of balding beatniks and teds, aged

hippies, dishevelled crusties and out and out weirdos I have come across outside of a particularly arty farty Late Show special on Eastern Bloc Jazz, but even the music on that programme was more listenable than the assorted bleeping, honking, farting, howling jazz-wank noises which dribbled from the stage for the 15 minutes or so before the landlord mercifully pulled the plug. They have an album out soon, apparently, but I won't be first in the queue. An ugly scene was developing following this mercy killing, defused by Cow Rebellion's vocalist who, displaying a maturity beyond his years, stepped up to the mike and soon had everyone laughing with a stream of original, witty jokes in the good old fashioned music hall style. The young, hip audience were very taken by him, and Cow Rebellion's ensuing set carried me along, too. Sharp, driving, guitar-fuelled rock, immaculate pop sensibilities with a dangerous, nineties edge. Just what we need more of in this decade of endless cover versions and overblown, pretentious twaddle. Which reminds me, I was unable to catch any of the song titles as the aforementioned rabble made a point of hanging around the front of the stage, obscuring the view and sound and making pathetic attempts at heckling these young lions of rock. Take less dope before your next "performance", chaps. After a short break, barely enough to get our breaths back after Cow Rebellion's relentless onslaught, Compact Yougit Machine took the stage with a very visual act, making good use of props without being dependent on them, at times reminiscent of Der Plan or early '80's Residents. Musically they displayed a keen sense of humour coupled with restrained menace, a difficult combination to pull off, but with a little more live experience and better equipment I'd hold out high hopes for them (send us another tape, lads).

Finally, a bonus. Thanks to the A-Band being so crap, Cow Rebellion were able to play a second set!! By this time, the audience were leaping around with such gay abandon, and I had consumed too much Theakston's XB, that I'm afraid I remember little. God, they were good, though. The rest is silence.

Barry Rothery

TH' FAITH HEALERS / MAMBO TAXI

Leicester Princess Charlotte

Mambo Taxi were welcomed by a very healthy-sized audience. It wasn't hard to see why when they kicked into their energy driven set; the sheer power emitted by this four girl, one guy outfit was astounding. Their sound was punk, and this coupled with the presence of the four girls on stage was something that the crowd greatly appreciated, but which the drummer, Graham, I believe found more than a little overpowering at times; see them and you'd understand why. Hailing from London and signed to Clawfoot Records, they could sure make a lot of noise. With their first single due out soon, only one thing is left to be said — ignore them at your peril.

Consisting of four members, London group Th' Faith Healers formed in early 1989 with Roxanne (vocals), joining six months later. The music press, in their wisdom, have just recently decided to place their sound in the 'grunge' category, this being something the band have reservations about, preferring people to listen to their music and draw their own conclusions. As their hard-edged sound bit through the atmosphere, it came as no surprise to the 100 or so fans. Roxanne proceeded to bombard this noise-hardened audience with her grinding vocals, throwing her hair across her face so frequently that she became of almost anonymous appearance. The music consisted of an array of disjointed chords that filled the Charlotte to bursting point, only relieved by the short breaks between numbers. Eight songs, including several masterpieces of noise, hit with the force of a steam train. In this environment vocals were soon lost and it was easier to let the sound pound your senses and become lost in wave after wave that rushed over you. The set concluded in an extravaganza of decibels titled *Spin 1/2* that had one member of the audience up on stage, trashing his head to the music in a ritual of spiritual proportions.

Nick James



An A-typical Audience preparing to leave



VISUALL

ON THE LEDGE by Alan Bleasdale

Dir: Robin Lefevre (with: Gary Olsen, Dearbhla Molloy, Mark McGann, Jimmy Mulville) **Nottm Playhouse till March 20th**

NEW THINGS TO SEE AND DO

An initiative is underway to promote the work of Afro-Caribbean artists living and working in the East Midlands. The **Black Visual Arts Project** (BVAP) is based at the ACFE Education Centre in Hyson Green and is developing a resource base and a series of touring exhibitions. Interested artists should contact Beverley Sterling on (0602) 244611 for details. The BVAP is also involved with the **Benin Arts & Culture Project** which will be running as part of **Springboard '93** between **March 20-27**. A group of artists from the Benin Kingdom will be in Nottingham working with local youth & community organisations on collaborative works to show alongside artifacts from Benin City at the Castle Museum later in the year. Benin ceramicist **Tony Ogogo** will also be featured. Details from Andrew Chetty on (0602) 476202.

Nottingham has work by **Helen Chadwick** & **Michiko Kon** at Angel Row. Chadwick, best known for her sculptural photography & obsession with viscera & body fluids, will show three bronze *Piss Flowers*, castings made from the patterns left by, guess what? — urine in snow. She will be answering for her actions at 4 pm on **March 29** when she gives a lecture on her work at the gallery. Ring (0602) 476334 for details. Michiko Kon is one of a new wave of Japanese women photographers, and her surreal black & white images include a disproportionate number involving items of clothing made of fish.

Derby City Gallery hosts a major show of 80s and 90s British Sculpture (**March 27-May 9**). Featuring many big names, and set to take over not just the City Galleries but other sites around Derby, it sounds well worth a visit. Turner Prize nominees **Alison Wilding**, **Tony Cragg** & **Richard Deacon** feature alongside up and coming talents like **Cornelia Parker** & **Stephen Hughes**.

Fetishists in Leicester may be interested in **Lesley Mitchison's** mixed media show at the City Gallery from **March 27 - May 9** in which the corset is given a good going over. *Scrutiny Of Constraint* is a mix of documentary & artworks which should satisfy the most demanding student of obsolete women's underwear. Is the Nottm. *Evening Post* out to get **Nottm.**

Playhouse? Asuspiciously large number of letters slagging off the programme as too extreme and not What The People Want (as if there's not enough Australian Soap at the Royal Theatre) have appeared in its pages. So far, no sightings of alternative views have been made, and **Visuall** would be intrigued to know whether letters not conforming to **Thee Bailiff Whoremans** line are being binned, or do they simply not get any? The Post is (as ever) whining up the wrong tree. The Playhouse isn't radical enough. Do I sight the beginnings of a debate here? Finally, news has reached **Visuall** of mysterious banana-telephone hybrids infesting the walls of the **Real Art Café**. These are believed to be harmless, and will be taken back into custody by their maker, **Philip Sagar** on Sunday. They will be replaced by **Stephen Craighill's** "bright, lively abstract paintings". The Café can be found at 24 Heathcote St, behind the **Drum Depot**.



Alan Bleasdale is best known for work like *GBH* and *Boys from the Blackstuff*, which combined sharp political insight with complex, layered plotting to achieve a fusion of realism, entertainment and shit kicking unlike anything else currently produced. He is also the author of such cardboard satires as *No Surrender* and this, his first new work since *GBH*. Funny as it is, *On The Ledge* simply doesn't hold water as a script. It promises a great deal, a "wildly humorous vision of a city going to Hell", no less, but delivers little more than a kind of "Carry On Up The Towerblock" with pretensions. The basic premise is that two lovable Scousers (Mark McGann & Jacob Abraham), two heavies (Paul Broughton & Alan Igbon), a suicide (David Ross), and numerous others all wind up on the ledges of a near-derelict Liverpool towerblock for various (mostly) unrelated reasons. The problem is that each character is so obviously representative of a social group that the word 'character' is perhaps putting it too strongly. Not only are they all stereotypes, but dated and unconvincing ones at that. Of the main characters, Mal (Dearbhla Molloy) is too vaguely defined to merit the sympathy we need to feel for her as the play's main representative of good, her ex-lover Shaun (Jimmy Mulville) so implausible and dated a baddie that he's reduced at the play's climax, watching Liverpool burn, to a fifth-form reject of a line like "Let them eat stale cakes and broken dreams". He also wears a cream double-breasted suit and uses a cellphone.....say no more. Moey the fireman (Gary Olsen) is the best defined and most plausible character and his comings and goings on an impressive crane-lift, trying to rescue the rest of the cast, provide him with plenty of scope for some wildly cynical rants and one-liners. These, along with some acutely observed speeches by other characters, ensure that the first half of the play passes quickly and hilariously: there are some serious laughs here, couched in some extremely ripe language. The warnings about this are well founded. The first five minutes contain almost as many "bastards" as the Conservative Party national register. In the second half, unfortunately, the whole thing falls apart. Instead of playing his cardboard characters for laughs, we are expected to feel for them and become involved in the actual struggles between them. Even Moey, having given up his cynicism to join the others on the ledge, ends up talking sentimental nonsense about the old days. Christopher Ryan is thoroughly wasted as Mal's inadequate married ex', and much the same can be said for the whole cast. Some distraction is provided by the very impressive set, on which the cast is required to fiddle with numerous safety devices to ensure they don't fall off, and by Nick Chelton's superb lighting, which comes into its own at the play's end with lurid orange flames engulfing the city, police cars, fireworks and helicopter searchlights everywhere. By then, unfortunately, I for one had ceased to care very much about the outcome.

Wayne Burrows

DRACULA

(Dir: Francis Ford Coppola starring Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder, Keanu Reeves) Thanks to the gothic master Francis Ford Coppola, Count Dracula, that old charmer with the pocket fangs is making a comeback in a big way. Boobs, blood and extended incisors (in that order) proliferate in what is set to become one of the biggest movies of 1993. And while it never really gets to grips with either the horror or the sex, as an entertaining two hours plus of sheer escapism, it is hard to fault. Cary Oldman takes the lead, with Winona Ryder and Keanu Reeves as main supports, while Sadie Frost makes a memorable screen debut as one of Dracula's seriously excited brides. But the film really kicks into gear with the appearance of Anthony Hopkins as the decidedly weird yet ultimately heroic Professor Van Helsing. While the sets are invariably clichéd and the acting, excluding the excellent Oldman and Hopkins, just slightly more than adequate, the "Gothic Overload" dial remains firmly in the red throughout and, for once, you really do find yourself rivetted to the seat. You all know the story and, OK, the ending could have been better, but this is without doubt a movie to be seen on the big screen. **Simon Bennett (Orange)**

MALCOLM X

(dir: Spike Lee, with Denzil Washington &c). *General Release from March 5.*

Given the huge amounts of it flying around the release of this film Spike Lee may yet live to regret making *Don't Believe The Hype*, the virtual theme tune of *Do The Right Thing*. At least the hype is for once behind a film worth seeing and, let's face it, a mainstream Hollywood extravaganza with a decent budget based on the life of a marginalised black radical with some seriously anti-establishment views is a remarkable movie in anyone's book. Given the context, it's also quite surprising that the twin temptations of watering down and blind hero-worship have been resisted. Explicit preaching is avoided until a five-minute postscript, which if anything dilutes the implicit message of the film itself. This is a faithful retelling of the Alex Haley/Malcolm X Autobiography, from the brilliant 1930s Harlem sequences, depicting Malcolm's first career as a gangster in very loud suits, through his conversion in prison to the Nation Of Islam, and his role as its key public spokesman on his release. Denzil Washington plays Malcolm as first a hedonistic, jazz-age hipster, surviving the depression and the underworld on wits, style and nerve, then later as the charismatic, sober-suited, driven individual who built the Nation Of Islam into a force to be reckoned with before being betrayed by it and, eventually, assassinated by its followers. All this passes at a brisk pace, and the three hours seem like a lot less. It's a portrait of a man on the sidelines of America, chucking petrol-bombs into the fray and trying to change it, a man capable of saying Kennedy had it coming, saying it loud, and refusing to retract it in the face of outrage. The risk Spike Lee took in making this film has paid off better than most expected, and the film deserves to succeed in its role as a flagship of



RESERVOIR DOGS Starring Harvey Keitel/Tim Ross

Dir.: Quentin Tarantino

It's rare for a director's first film to generate so much interest and praise from the press, certainly the last was Soderburg's *Sek, Iles and Videotape*. Question is, of course, does the film survive the acclaim. *Reservoir Dogs* is one of those films that lives up to everything that's been written about it. Just in case you don't know, it's set in the immediate aftermath of a failed diamond heist, mainly in the warehouse where the various members of the gang reassemble and attempt to figure out who stitched them up. Unusual is that there are no female characters apart from one just long enough on screen to pull a trigger and get shot; this is a film that's packed with violent, macho, stupid characters. Hell, the film's practically got *BO*. Once you're past the cartoon style violence, and language that's fruitier than a barrel of Five Alive however, what you're left with is a stylish and hilarious black comedy set against a background of some of the trashiest seventies music around. Okay, so there are no great advances in style or technique, but the slick, punchy story is more than adequately served, and the actors to a man are convincing. *Reservoir Dogs* is a witty, clever, and funny film that bodes well for the future. Guaranteed to be one of the most talked about films of the year, and worth every word. It'll be interesting to see what Tarantino can do with a budget.

Sean Kelly

Reservoir Dogs shows at Derby Metro Cinema Fri 26th March - Thurs 1st April.

black film-making, if only to ensure that we get more like it in the future. Just imagine: if *Malcolm X* earns megabucks, every studio in Hollywood will follow suit. Who's for Angela Davis? Stokely Carmichael? Marcus Garvey - The Movie? **Martin Thomas**

THE PUBLIC EYE

with **Joe Pesci, Barbara Hershey**

Unusual tale of a nocturnal 1942 New York tabloid snapper who earns his brass by taking pictures of freshly murdered corpses. Joe Pesci plays the dedicated photographer who is always one step ahead of the police and the opposition; but not content with taking vivid snaps of dead people he wants to go one step further and "catch the moment" — photograph people as they are being killed. Set against a backdrop of mob warfare, this watchable yarn about The Great Bernzini is set almost entirely at night and often has quite a moody feel. Slow motion photography is used to good effect and Pesci, as usual, turns in a convincing performance, ably assisted by Hershey.

HONEY I BLEW UP THE KID

It had to happen I suppose, only this time in reverse, with the kid getting bigger instead of smaller. Industrial Light and Magic provided the special effects but this bombed badly in the States and is suffering the same fate this side of the pond.

TOYS

Barry Levinson's bizarre story stars Robin Williams as toymaker trying to prevent his uncle from converting the family toy factory into an arms factory. Deserves to be a hit for its inventiveness if not for the originality of the film's trailer.

DAMAGE

A film being hyped purely along the lines of the sex scenes between Jeremy Irons and Juliette Binoche. Likely to follow in the footsteps of *The Lover* to box office oblivion.

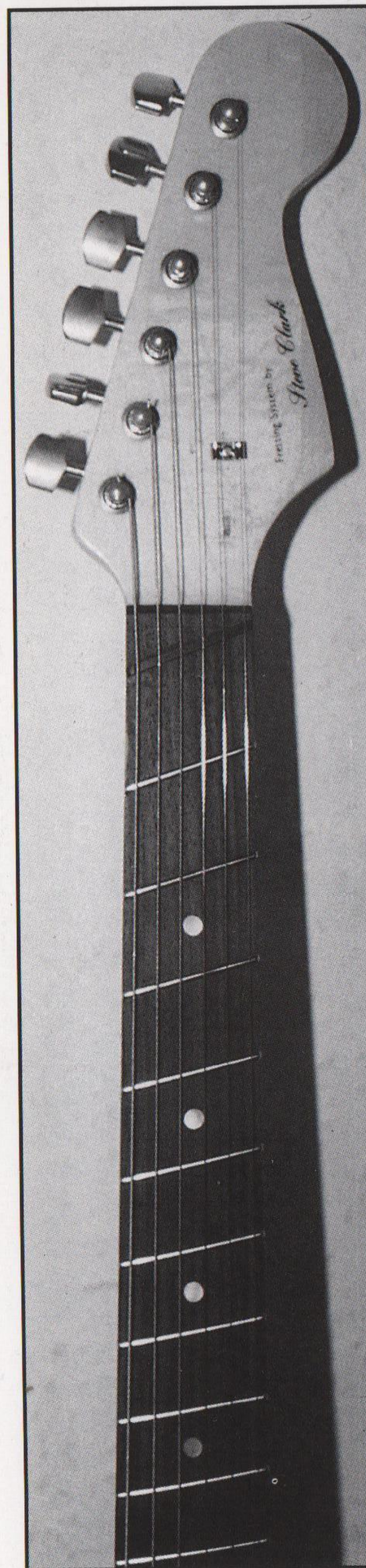
HONEYMOON IN VEGAS

Nicholas Cage and James Caan star in a side-splitting comedy about a man who loses his fiancée in a poker game. Screwball antics which feature the unmissable Flying Elvises troupe.

(Orange)

GUITAR TREK

What's got a short neck, a normal body and frets at an angle? No, not one of our obscure competitions but a new version of that mainstay of musical myth, that machine of popular consequence, that which causes ravers to run a mile and rockers to run amok — the guitar. I recently heard on the good ole' grapevine that the know-how of Nottingham had invented a new guitar. Well bugger me, I thinks, must be Powerchords again. People shouldn't take computers so seriously. How wrong I was. Imagination is one thing but it can't beat pure vision and solid craftsmanship. It turned out we were talkin' guitar technology not being attempted anywhere else in the world. 'Ere, 'ave a go on this.



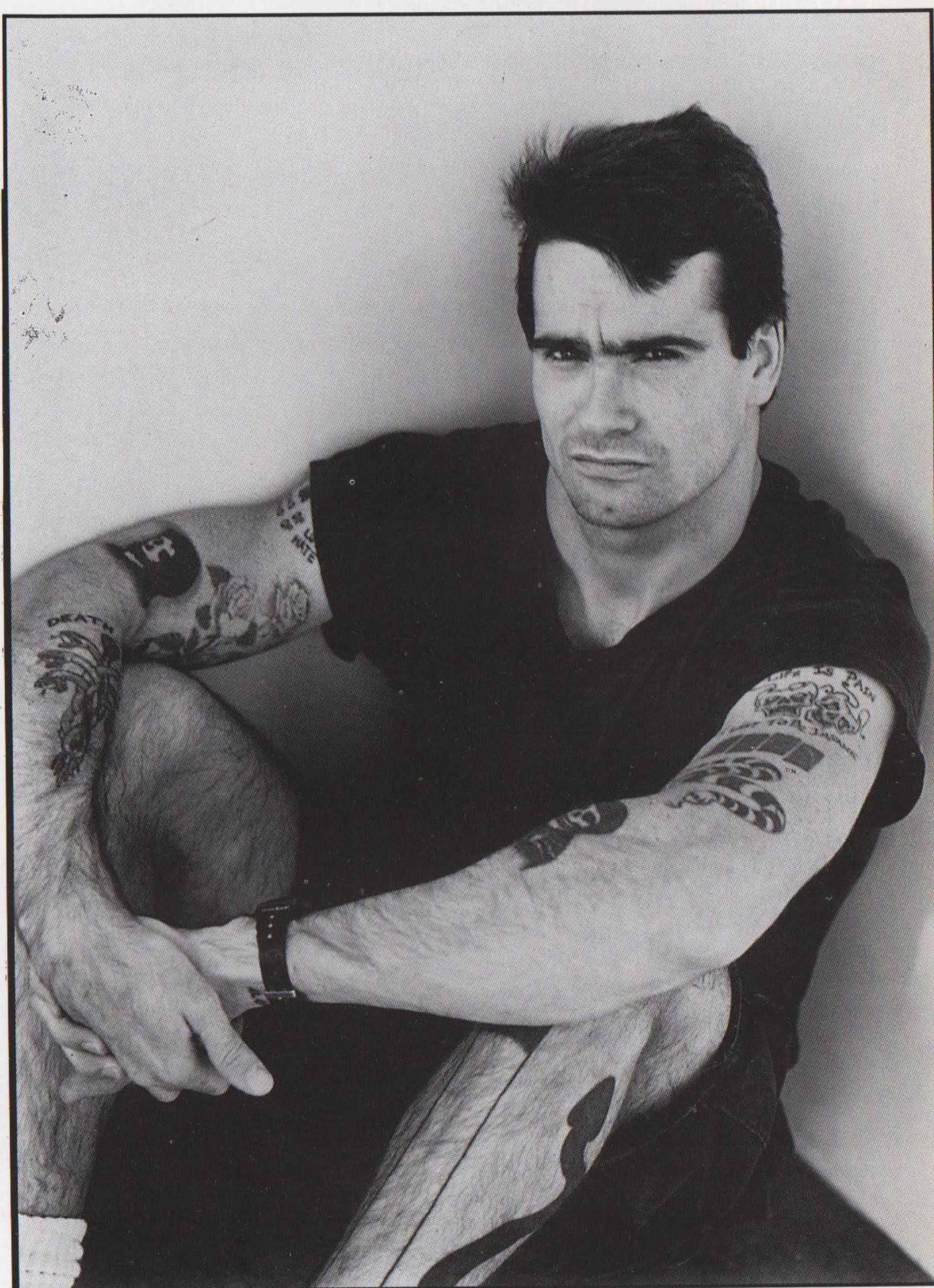
A guitar is born

Nottingham's finest players are passing it around some of Nottingham's finest smokers) and all agree that it is easier to play. Steve himself can't swear to this. "I'm left-handed so I find it harder — that's why I need people to try it out. I just hope it catches on. To me it seems logical."

Christine Chapel

Steve Clarke is a guitar louthier. That is to say that he mends them, rebuilds them, customises them and even tunes them for you. Well now he's invented one. I met him at an informal weekly workshop somewhere in NG7. A group of guitarist guinea-pigs are gathered to try out the new device. What makes it so different? The first thing you notice is that the frets are all slanted, fixed into the fretboard at an angle. "In fact," explains Steve, "all the frets are at different angles. You can actually change the angle of the first fret and change them all correspondingly to suit the individual hand. And each string has a different scale length — about 20mm shorter — but that can be altered to suit any player. Normally, if the frets are square you draw a cross to centre the dots. But this one has a compound radius fingerboard...." At this point I had to admit that I've never played a guitar in my life, but the intrepid reporter in me tried this new one and I know enough to say that it's easier not knowing how to play this one than it is the other sort. For a start it requires less effort. So how come nobody thought of it before? "There's been slanted frets on Rickenbackers before, but they were all at the same angle, which was OK here," (demonstrates with fingers at top of fretboard) "but it was difficult to get your fingers at the right angle here." (fingers lower fretboard) "It was back in the sixties but it didn't catch on. They couldn't sell it so they dropped it. There are a few around still, mostly in America. It's really a matter of if people like it." Meanwhile the guinea pigs (some of

LITERALL



HENRY ROLLINS *Nottingham The Old Vic*
Henry Rollins is famous for his intense personality. His stage shows consist of him screaming in rage at the abuse and humiliation that destroyed his childhood and robbed him of spiritual well-being. His angry rants at injustice wrapped in a parental hate complex extend to the rest of the world. Rollins' music expresses these feelings of bitterness, alienation and isolation, the recent *The End Of Silence* album being testimony to his emotional frustrations, spitting out vitriol with a finely wrought vehemence surrounded by suitable sounds. Tonight Henry Rollins is a completely different man. For this is a spoken word show and sees him alone with a microphone and a packed room where he is completely at ease as he delivers his material in a friendly, conversational style. His approach is anecdotal as he relates humorous stories from his past, telling tales of various mishaps and misfortunes to delight and amuse. He retains an air of affable charm throughout, endearing him to us, exposing a pleasant aspect of his personality which the public rarely sees. Rollins proves himself to be a witty, charming and intelligent individual as he goes on to provide personal views on contemporary issues which are extremely lucid and praiseworthy. He is still self-deprecating and produces a whole catalogue of evidence to prove how big an asshole he is, but the audience only love him more for the honest exposure of his faults and failings. This great truthfulness makes him a success tonight as we identify with those imperfections that make us human. Rollins becomes solemn and withdrawn as he expresses his grief at the loss of a good friend, and as he pours out his heart speaking of the agony it caused him, we sympathize with a man who is showing us his soul. Rollins opened a few eyes with his words tonight, and probably a few minds too. J.M.

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(Alternative Weeks) • Thursday - Live Music
• Friday - Live Music
• Saturday Evening - Live Music
Sunday Evening - Harry & The Crabs
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