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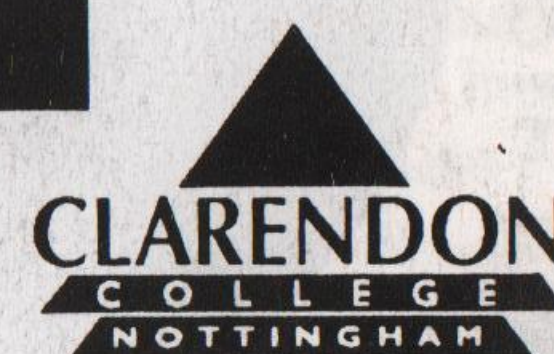
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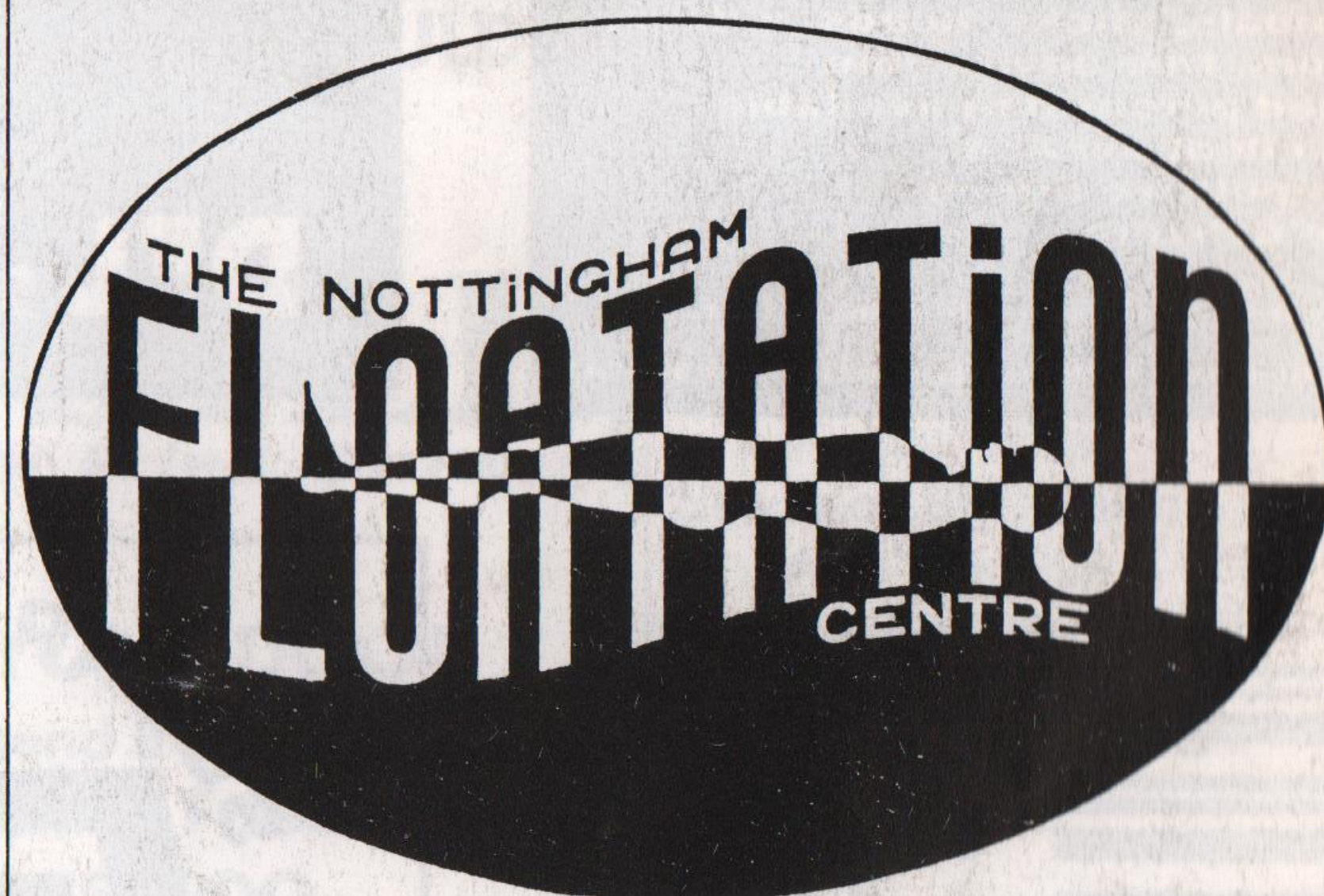
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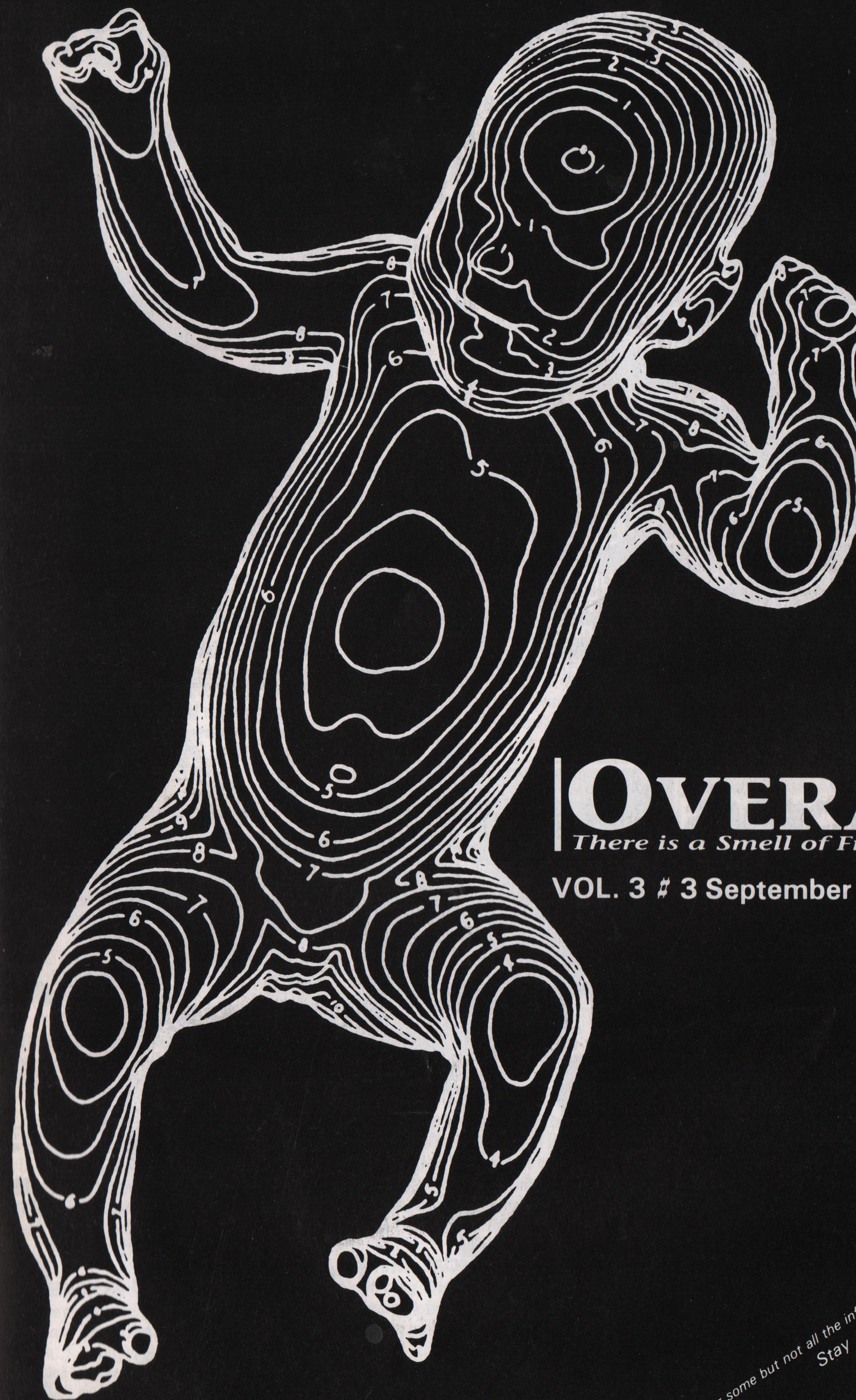
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There is a Smell of Fried Onions

VOL. 3 # 3 September 1993 FREE

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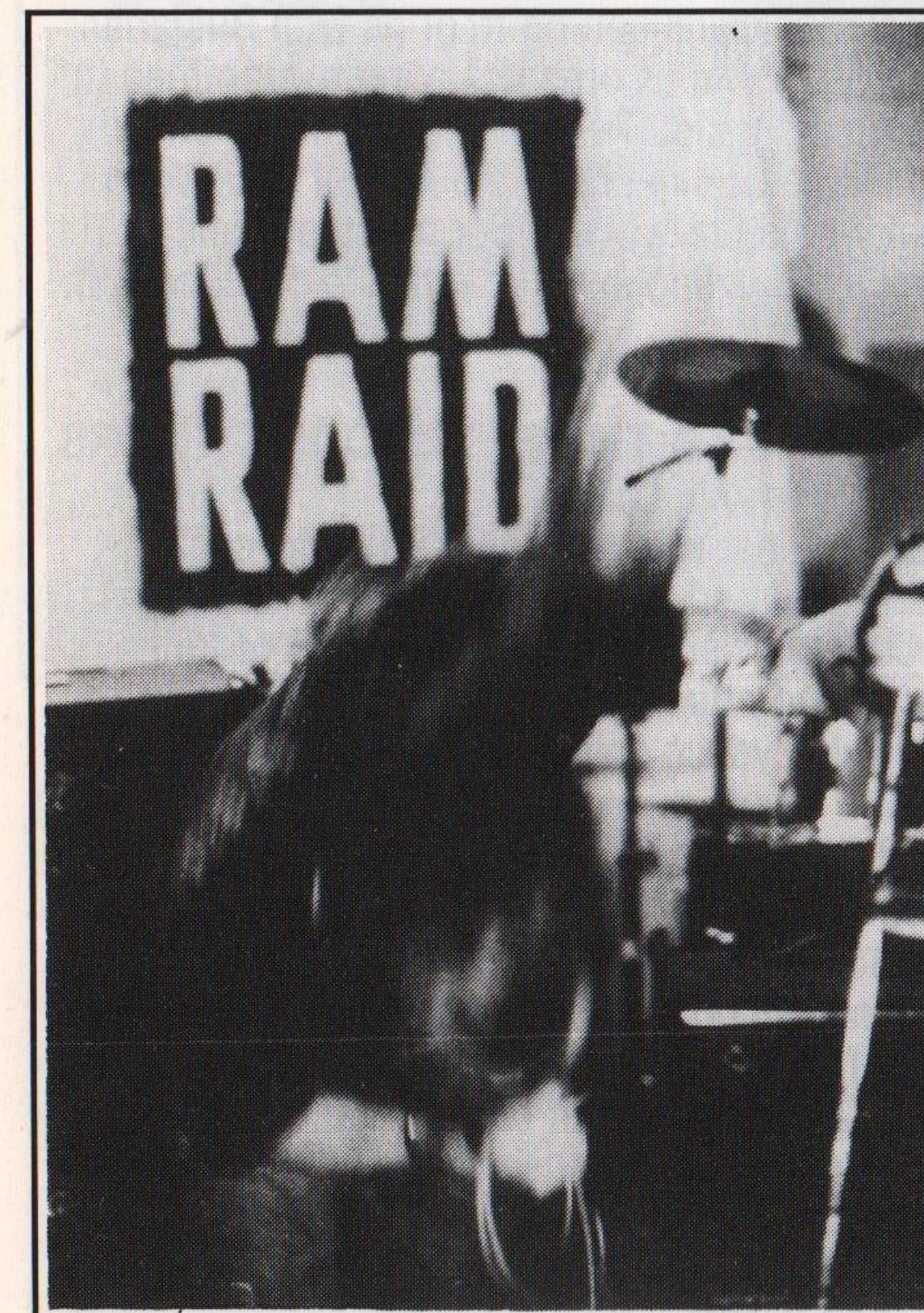
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demolition:



RAM RAID (pictured)
The Tricky Second Demo

The hideous mutant love riff spawned of Billy Idol and Gaye Bykers, Ram Raid have assimilated the Very Worst of Eighties Rock and condensed into a handy pub sized version. There's a fine line between good and bad metal, and this lot have careered right through the boundaries without a thought of stopping at Taste Control. Can't wait to hear the presumably even trickier third demo... that's if K-tel don't get to it first. 0602 761761

NATIONAL POP WEEK *Fire*

Crafted on the premise that nothing has happened in the glittering world of pop since 1985, National Pop Week weave a hackneyed tale in tones which swoop and swoosh ineffectually above a mudbath that rhythm forgot. National Pop? Weak indeed.

THE LAST COSMONAUTS *Mir*

Why the fuck did anyone ever bother to bring them down? David 0602 700743

THE RHYTHM ANGELS *Heart*

Mmmm, songs with wings. I'm a-groovin' in heaven, baby... 0602 703418

MUGWUMP *Shapes*

A substanceless nod at the pre-politicised Senseless Things, a hashed up Clash ('77) by numbers, Mugwump struggle with limited yet too obvious influences, painful guitar solos and a megalomaniac distortion pedal out to seek its own blaze of glory, with or without the band. At best, lacking. 0602 335164/333736

DIVERSION *Bush*

A three minute sonic supermarket dash, rushing frantically through that anthemic riff, 'Smells Like Teen (Yawn...)', nicking a few Mike Edwards vocals on the way and subjecting some Ministry drums to a day-glo beating. I think it's a joke...

BENDER *Minimum Requirement*

And our demos move swiftly through the times of yore to the Clash circa 1980... White-boy reggae of a spicy dubby variety, polit-pop that still manages to grab the parts so many others have grabbed before. Not bad at all. Del 071 485 6251

THE PET LEMMINGS

We Woz Pushed!

Not far enough for my liking... Quirky Brit pop, Madness at their very worst (did they ever get that bad?) God - I hate wacky even more than I hate dodgy brass sections and yup, the Pet Lemmings have a nauseating helping of both... See you at the next Freshers' Ball, people. 081 558 8742

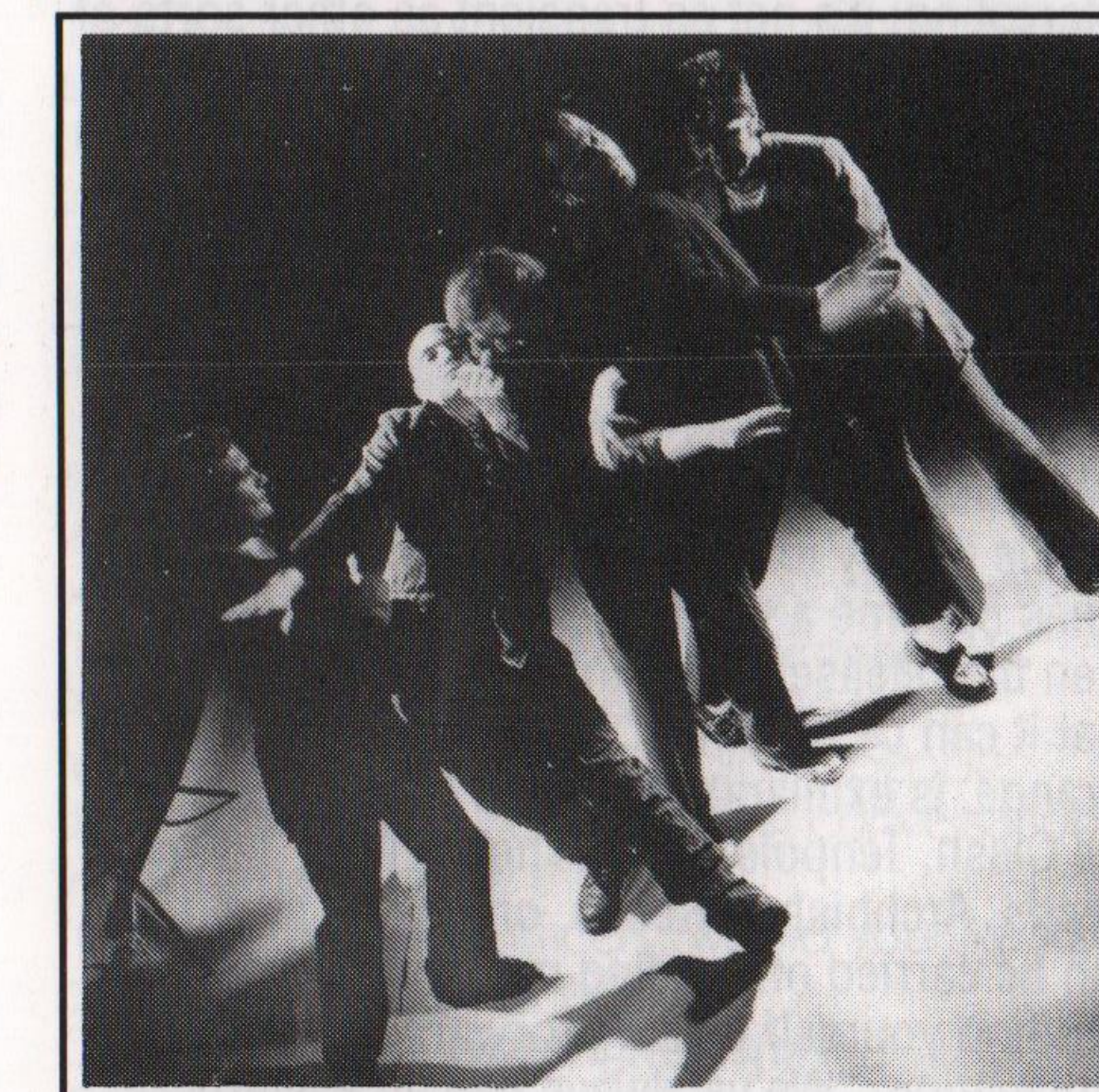
CATHODE NATION

Me, Travis and the Rain

I want to like Cathode Nation... The ideas are there, but sometimes sketchily executed. "My life as you" is a glimmer of excellence which, despite disappointing forays into the realm of predictability, shows them at their minimalist best. Punk Rock with potential. Matt Godfrey 0602 584379

CHATTERERMAN *Jigsaw*

Brilliance in the making... Time is still needed for the musicianship to ripen and blossom, but what the hell? Who needs more than a handful of chords and beats anyway, if they're used with all-essential imagination? The only valid point of reference is the Swell Maps, aching, grinding, repeating... A definite plus.



UNCLE VULGAR *To Get Stoned*

The plastic comb, nylon stockings and disposable razor only went halfway to making up for the dismal five minutes I spent listening to the quivery, nay, angsty vocals dance on a plinky plonky tide of inconsequence. File with National Pop Week. 0602 413200 (day) 226001 (eves)

SWIRL MONKEY

Strung Out (Eternal Spiral Mix)

Verging on the Freaky Realistic, sweet pop music for '93. Lizard 0332 365673

NEVERLAND

Doom Garden Jellyfish Blues

Sounding suspiciously like Richard Butler at an East End knees up daahn the pub... 0332 862340



PRIMARY

What It Means To Be Human

Hairy caveman rock, with all the subtlety and finesse of a biker in a tutu. Fazed vocals thrash their substandard wares in a supposed industrial stylee, booting in a touch of Helmet to please the other half of the Rock City crowd. They'll probably go a long way... c/o Daniel, 92 Robin Hood Ave, Warsop, Mansfield. NG20 0JD

Milo F. Kelly

FROM CRUNCHBIRD 2 CRACKFISH

I'll never know how many demos Crunchbird made as they seemed to have a policy of not letting anyone have them in the hope of selling more records when they eventually released one, which they didn't, bar an appearance on a Servo compilation. Still, they have quite a history now, having begun as a hardcore thrash band turned Chilli Peppers turned funky leaders of a scene that led them to a tour support with Defunkt. Now even Crunchier with Della having taken her sax and flute to spice up B.Vivid, and co-founder and frontman Martin off to start a record label, vocals are now taken care of by Nick the drummer who can rap, with backing vocals by Helen McDonald who is given full rein on the second track, *Urge (Big Mix)*, an ambient funk workout which proves the Crunchcollective is back—big time. The first of the two, *Trouble Every Day* is a rapped up Frank Zappa number. Well worth the rearrangement. (0602 502303)

SPANNERMAN *In Your Airear*

I haven't heard the like of Spannerman since Daevid, Didier et al were doing their thing on Planet Gong. Less hippy, more punk, the title is a hint of the highcrobatics that go with the live act. Whether audio or visual, Spannerman in full flight is a tea-party to savour. (Dan 071 252 4373)

Christine Chapel

HEX XEH

The recording quality is really muffled which is a shame as the music sounds pretty good, with sneering '77 style vocals. Hex are a two-men-and-a-drum-machine type combo a cross between the Stranglers and the March Violets with a bit of Venus Fly trap thrown in. Not many bands dare send such poor quality tapes around, but as I listen the music gets better with Nick Rapier standing out. But this tape isn't going to do HEX any favours.

Mr. Jones

FRET BLANKET *Curtainsville* (Atlas)

Fret Blanket have matured considerably over the last few months and seem more sorted somehow, heavier, intricate. Let's just hope they're not slaughtered on that musical meathook erected by the Bowie Fanclub...

absolutely folkall:



THERE'S a phenomenon rising on a national scale and at the risk of sounding solipsist it seems to be centred on the East Midlands. Another funk/thrashgroove thing it ain't. In fact ask local yokels who you'd think would know and the response is "ur, what? Is it?" It is. There's this fast and furious folky thing springing from the loins of these here shires and it's happening fast. So fast that the bandwagon is in danger of becoming overloaded, and it's heading straight at you with no brakes down a steep hill.

There have been many column inches lately dedicated to the goings on around the Swamp Club scene, and rightly so. Perseverance and a belief in the inherent strengths of cajun and zydeco is reaping rich rewards well beyond its Derby home. Furthermore Irish, Hungarian, Ukrainian, Scottish and Polish tunes among many others are being gleefully plundered, customised and generally souped up as only those within these shores know how, especially by the plethora of local bands to whom it seems second nature. For years, Kelly's Heroes, The Wholesome Fish, Buttermountain Boys and a handful of others have been ploughing an ever-widening but consistently deep furrow round these parts — alongside the Swamp Club and Leicester's consistently strong but introspective folk scene — creating a solid fanbase for raucous roots music. The mushrooming of its popularity was evident at Rock City's recent *Gimme Shelter* extravaganza with Derby's New Cranes kicking it out in a fashion which belied their roots as a Ukrainian Social Club act and a dress sense your grandparents would approve of, and Seven Little Sisters giving a Leveller and a Pogue a shot in the arsethey weren't expecting. Then Swamp on Tour at MGM packing 'em in, and soon to be regularly revisited at The Old Vic. And there's plenty more. What fuels this thing, the? Is it just a fad or something more lasting than that? A few words from the Swamp Club's John Elliot.

Overall: How did cajun go down in Derby when you first started the Swamp Club?

John Elliot: R. Cajun started in Derby about 12 years ago and no-one really wanted to know at first. They were playing very small places and it built up over ten years. Then about two years ago I was working with Chris Hall [R. Cajun accordionist and recent presenter of Radio 2's Cajun Routes] and we decided to open a permanent venue playing cajun music and see what happened, and it worked.

O: Since the breakthrough of the Levellers and previously The Pogues, a lot of bands seem to be looking where they can fit a fiddle or an accordion between their guitars and drums rather than working from the roots. What do you make of this bandwagon jumping?

J.E.: I think it's good that lots of different music is coming up through the scene. Anything that brings more people to the live music scene has got to be good.

O: Do you think that the music will have to develop in order to keep the attention of people who might move on to the next thing after a year or two?

J.E.: I don't see that it needs to develop because folk music of all sorts has been around for years and hasn't changed particularly. It's always been interesting; it's not as transient as other sorts of music.

Definitely a point worth making, but surely the surge in popularity well beyond the confines of a solid cult following has a more complex set of causes. For example the constant subliminal exposure to these tunes from early childhood with nursery rhymes, TV's Playschool, Rainbow and others, as well as kiddies advertising using simple catchy folk tunes. Through adolescence it has become a vaguely embarrassing genre; then the release of tension when it's realised that it can be hard, fast, quirky and downright strange, is exhilarating — and name dropping the Clash, Tenpole Tudor, The Pogues, Talking Heads, Archbishop Kebab, or anyone at random can be carried off lending much easy gravitas. You find yourself looking forward to the explanation, "We've always had an Eastern European folk dance element to our indie punk house funk thrash music," with the band furtively slipping in a quick reel where their middle eight used to be. However this is territory where you can get away with it; po-faced cool attitude is alien here. You couldn't get less fashionable than Morris Dancing, yet — perhaps working on theory that whatever is least hip now is going to come round with proportionate fury to become the epitome of chic — Seamus O' Blivion and pals devastate common sense with the whole pub caught up in a stick-banging jangling frenzy. The pagan roots of this music also have great appeal to the neo-Hippy youth masses, all that misty history fertility ritual sun temple sacrifice stuff tingling the tips of our ancestral subconscious (already well tapped in Techno Pagan territory) giving plenty of scope for musical fusions to come.

This fertile musical territory has the potential to nurture the kind of creatively flowering musical culture achieved in recent years only in the avant garde techno camp. Musicians have learnt to play to an almost computer-tight proficiency with the advent of various House fusions; and local musicians getting to grips with Bulgarian 17/13 time tunes organically reprogrammed to swing alongside Tibetan singing bowls and Chilean pipe slip jigs is the kind of brain food that would leave even your most left-field synapse-sizzling experimentalists drooling with greenery.

R. CAJUN & THE ZYDECO BROTHERS *No Known Cure*

Led by the traditional cajun interplay of fiddle, accordion and harmonica, this is a well recorded selection of a wide variety of tunes, cajun and otherwise, with a healthy proportion of lively Zydeco spicing it through to the last.

GHOTI *Pronounced Fish*

Roots with balls is what Ghoti appear to be pursuing, largely with self-penned numbers. The production isn't quite up to containing the energy of the performances and at the moment they're handling eight or nine instruments between the pair of them. When they get round to recruiting some sidekicks they should develop the band interplay needed to do justice to their talents.

THE FLATVILLE ACES *U Had Sum*

Up-tempo cajun stompers, almost entirely traditional tunes resuscitated and recharged with Jock Tyldesley's fiddle lead and voice.

WHOLESOME FISH *Wet 'n' Fresh*

Mostly recorded in a Pebble Mill Studio Session, this shows the Fish developing a peculiarly 'folk noir' style alongside some live favourites. Taking a broader perspective than most of the competition, their sheer musical depth should see them through when most others run out of ideas.

PALACE BROTHERS

There is no-one what will take care of you

This from East Midlands USA rather than UK, Louisville Kentucky itself and much that the place name evokes. Described as heart-wrenching deeper tunes as found only in the crannies of pig pits, its nasal keening tones and sparse soundscape would provide great cred for someone looking to deepen the REM/Neil Young section of their record collection.

BEARCAT CAJUN PLAYBOYS

R Cajun's Chris Hall and Flatville's Jock Tyldesley combine to lead a lean, mean path through Cajun roots territory.

BLIND MOLE RAT

Riotous Anarcho Punk folk mayhem, like The Sea without the Celtic mysticism, or the Levellers with more Clash-like punk adrenalin. Another accordion player and even a bit of floating anarchy period Gong, a lot more chaotic than most, 90's English folk music from the free festival wars.

SEAMUS O'BLIVION & THE MEGADEATH MORRISMEN

Very representative of their live set, with their Wurzels meet the Pogues, ribaldry leering through previously innocent sounding tunes and including the raving monster loony version of Another Brick in the Wall. Larf? Your round.

FRIED AT NIGHT



Photoof W. Fish and yee-has by Niggle

The new look **Jacey's Bar** (now 30% bigger!) reopened in July to a largely positive response from city slackers, slick suitors, pool players and posers alike. While some former regulars grumbled through their Becks that it wasn't like the old Jacey's and accused the developers of taking the name of the Lower East Side bar in vain, others settled comfortably into the tartan snug to discuss the matter demographically over a glass or two of wine. Would it become a pre-Ritzy warm-up environment, a Pre-wash for automatic front-loaders? A play pen for freshers' stale inanity come the long-stay tourist season in October? Or the place to be seen, a fashion show, a posers' paradise? A cattle market? A continental-style bar? A music venue? A pub even!?

The fact of the matter is that it was always all of the above. It's still Jacey's bar; there's just more of it now. It is a better environment than before, more space, more seats, more staff, more pumps, more pool tables, more and better toilet facilities. Shit, there's even a wooden toilet seat in the gents! (There were two but one of them went walkies within a week.)

It's about time all that money we've spent over the years were reinvested. We deserve better places of entertainment, and Jacey's is one of the few "alternative" pubs to have made any significant improvements recently. It's also good that places change; it allays boredom and prevents stagnation. And remember this: it's a public house, which means members of the public can go there, whoever or whatever they are.

A few other venues have also been adding to their *ambiance* recently. The **Old Angel** bar now sports a highly topical mural reflecting modern day culture. It features seven huge pints of Shippo's, to some a more attractive target than a dartboard, perhaps; and it's always good to see the art of excess given a free hand. Last year a nice p.a. system was installed upstairs in **The Chapel** for the use of bands and musicians.

Speaking of in-house p.a.s, the city's first **Firkin** pub, the **Filly & Firkin** (formerly The Yorker and for a mercifully short period of time The City Alehouse) on Mansfield Road now boasts a 3k rig complete with mixing desk and twin decks, musicians and DJs for the use of, built into a new stage in the function room upstairs. There's also a small stage downstairs in the bar which already hosts **Mind The Gap** for a weekly residency — real jazz for those feel jazz.

Another facility which seems to be back on course for some good old days is the Old Vic where, although the stage is in entirely the wrong place (a condition quite common in "purpose built" venues in order to keep the punter as close to the bar as possible —

photos by:
Simon Cunningham

compare the **Arboretum Manor** or **Bobby Brown's** craply-named Café) a storming gig was organised by **Wholesome Fish** and **Psychastorm** who commandeered the place for an evening and set up in the raised wine bar area at the far end (formerly known as 'the stage'), installed backdrops, camouflage nets and lights, thus totally transforming the venue and giving the

punters their money's worth. Who cared if you had to walk ten yards to the bar? Speaking of Wholesome Fish & Psychastorm, I joined enjoined the Fishmobile for a trip to **Fordham Park** for the **Deptford Urban Free Festival** in South East London. Having blown away all competition on the **Easycome Strawberry Acoustic Stage**, they regrouped in the nearby **Paradise Bar** on New Cross Road for a paying gig to earn the petrol money home. Imagine my surprise when, in the wee small hours, I came to and discovered that the bastards had left without me, but had taken my jacket (and my cool new **Colour Therapy** executive stress violet shades), thus leaving me stranded in SE 14 with no warmth and no money. No problem. Just go back to the festival site and find Psychastorm's nice warm bus. Unfortunately said bus was so well camouflaged that I couldn't find it, thus learning an unpleasant lesson in what it's like to be homeless and skint in the Big Shitty. Meanwhile the Fish had swum all the way to Watford Services before anyone realised I wasn't on board. And then it was only cos they'd run out of smokes and someone said to ask me. A guilty silence pervaded the inside of their warm, comfortable luxury tour bus. "I suppose this means we're not going to get a very good review," said a concerned voice in the darkness. Bollocks!

While on the subject of festivals, congratulations to the organisers of this year's **Rock & Reggae Festival**, invisible though they were on the day. I had the second best weekend ever in the fair city of Nottingham (bettered only by the **Rock & Reggae 91**). Posing as a programme seller I did some research to find out what ordinary people think of the event. A most telling conversation went something like this:

"Good afternoon, Officers. Would you like to purchase a programme?"

Considering that **Nottinghamshire Constabulary** prides itself on Quick Response, I was rather disappointed. "Come on, only 50 pence. Support your local Rock & Reggae Festival!"

"No thanks," came the rather sombre reply.

"Aren't you enjoying yourselves, officers?"

"This is the third year I've been on duty," replies one with all the humourless boredom he could muster.

"Really? Hey, it was good two years ago, wasn't it? When we had that all night party." The glint from behind my new shades was reflected only by a flicker of a smile. I tried the dangerous sell.

"50p to find out if there's a party this year?"

A comparative grin this time. "I just want to know if my favourite band are playing."

"Ah, who's that then?"

"I think they're called the Bloody Lovelies."

Nottingham's other Festivals paled into insignificance after two days on the **Forest**.

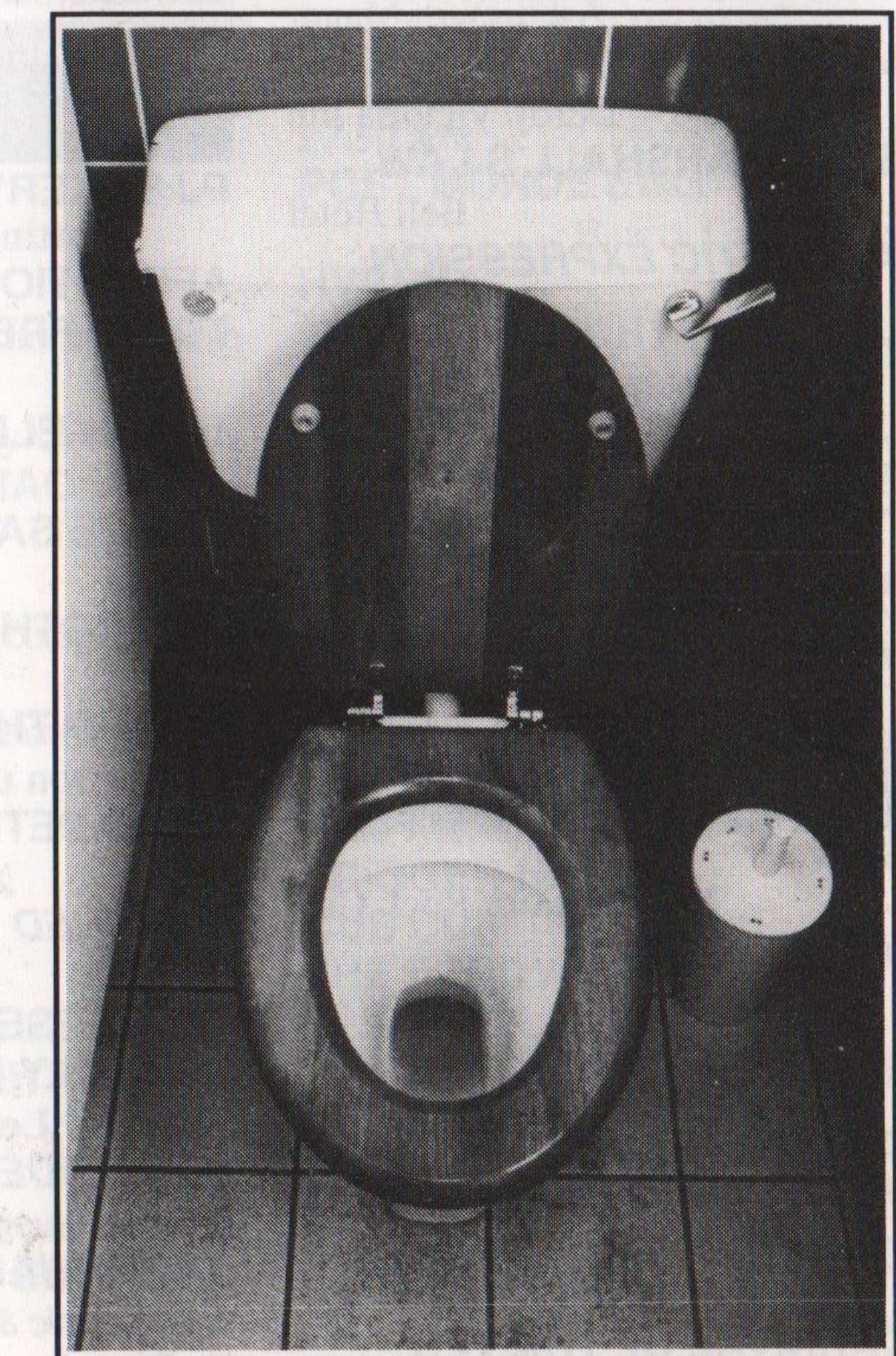
How could anyone not want this friendly,

freaky, funny festival permanently on the outdoor events calendar.

In fact I think it should be allowed license for six days. At least it would give people time to get over the shock of experiencing some real culture.

To the west lies **Wollaton Park**, wherein takes place the **Heineken Music Festival**. A slick, clean, nice event, I have to admit to thoroughly enjoying myself, but no more so than if I'd been within four brick walls, on four consecutive nights at the **Poly**, the **Uni**, **Rock City** and **MGM** respectively. And as for **Riverside Festival**, the city council should be sued under the Trade Descriptions Act. Festival?! More like **Goose Fair** in a straight line. Thank Goddess for a few lunch-outs jumping in the Trent, which act of folly brought six burly constables over to shield the public from view of such a disgusting and horrific act of drunken mountebankery. Even Riverplod steamed over for a slice of action, such was the drabness of Saturday afternoon. I bet they can't wait for the footie season to start. In fact they probably wished the Rock & Reggae took place in West Bridgford. By the time the first band appeared at 8 o'clock I collapsed from shock and had to be carried home, suffering from exhaustion through having to create my own entertainment for six hours. Which meant I missed the fireworks so, bollocks! I'm not paying my Council Tax.

The **Abbey Park Festival** in Leicester was yet another kind of festival, a squeaky clean and highly professional production bringing out the best in the bands, which contrasted sharply with the least enthusiastic audience I've ever encountered, apparently all self-conscious and scared that if they let their hair down their mates might take the piss next time they were down **The Charlotte**. Really a showcase for local acts, the event was nicely scuzzed up this year by the arrival of a raggle-taggle convoy from Nottingham to rejoin the **Great Radford Road Swindle Performance Marquee**, true to its ambient chaos policy and shoestring shennanigans as seen on the Rock & Reggae two weeks earlier. With a 'have megaphone will travel' attitude, two of the biggest mouths in Nottingham since Cloughie resigned, **Scotty** and **Paul Blah**, roused the adventurous to roll up for the Great Radford Road Swindle Experience. I believe a good time was had by all



The wooden bog seat at Jacey's

FRIED CIRCUIT



SCUM PUPS appear at the Filly & Firkin, Mansfield Road, Nottm. on Fri. 24th Sept. to open a series of gigs promoted by **Overall**. Formerly The Yorker, this venue has been refurbished with a stage and 3k p.a. Other acts in the season, which runs through to December include **Fathead, Blind Mole Rat, TVOD, Ultraviolence, Subtrance, Solid State Coalition, EB & The System, G.R.O.W.T.H., Dr. Egg, Rhythm Angels** and many more up and coming acts, plus a special tribute to the late genius of David Bowie. Support these gigs — support **Overall**.

SEPTEMBER wednesday 1st

FULL MOON
KELLY'S HEROES
Nottingham Running Horse

SOLOMON
Narrowboat

RAT THE DOG
Arboretum Manor

MICROCHIPS
Derby Victoria Inn

STAN MARSHALL'S LAW
Bell Hotel

ACOUSTIC EXPRESSION
Leicester The Magazine

THUD
Sileby Fountain Inn

CHAOS UK / OI POLLOI
Not your typical Americans #6/5

DAVE SMITH
The Charlotte

MARTIN JOHNSON
Barton u Needwood Top Bell

thursday 2nd

SAD
Nottingham Rock City

MIRACLE DRUG
Narrowboat

12" BANANA SMILE
Old Angel

DA DOG / SPEC B
VITAL PARTS

Irish folk/reggae poetry/comedy
Potters House

CARNIVAL OF THIEVES
Derby Victoria Inn

STRANGER THAN FICTION
ENDLESS

Aid Relief Overseas benefit

The Where House

THRUST BROTHERS
Leicester The Charlotte

THE NEW CRANES
NEVERLAND/KEVIN HEWICK

£4/3.50 The Charlotte

SAIGON KISS
Mansfield The Plough

friday 3rd

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
Nottingham Running Horse

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Narrowboat

TONY KELLY & KELLY'S EYE
Mechanics Arms

CUL DE SAC
Potters House

FLYTOOTH
Rock City

BEHIND THE BIKESHEDS
Barton u Needwood Top Bell

FINKS DETROIT SPECIAL
Derby Victoria Inn

SMASHED
The Where House

COLLAPSED LUNG
THE HOLY ROLLERS

£4/3 Leicester The Charlotte

NO BORDERS
Cajun & bluegrass The Magazine

DAVE SWARBRICK
O.T.T. music & Beer Festival

C. Donnington Park Farmhouse

saturday 4th

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm

UNCLE VULGAR eve.

Nottingham Running Horse

DA DOG
Old Angel

THE MIGHTY QUINN
Mechanics Arms

ASK ALICE
Potters House

THE MARY'S
Rock City

GET SERIOUS
Derby Victoria Inn

BOOGIE NIGHTS 10
The Where House

SCUM PUPS #3/2

The Charlotte

NRT / EDWARD II / SKIN THE
PEELER / ROSE AMONG

THORNS / MARCEL
MARCEAU SOUND

and others 11am - midnight

C. Donnington Park Farmhouse

BACK TO THE PLANET
POISONED ELECTRIC

HEAD / BLEED
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Sheffield The Leadmill

STROP
Sheffield Bloody Sheffield 9PM £1

The Hallamshire

sunday 5th

MARCEL MARCEAU SOUND
£1

Calverton Springwater Club

CHICO / RHYTHM LIZARDS
lunch

Nottingham Old Angel

CAP IN HAND lunch

MR SIEGAL eve

Running Horse

MICKEY FLEMING
Mechanics Arms

ANDY RICHARDSON
IAN DERBYSHIRE

Acoustic Session

Leicester The Magazine

ALICE DONUT
£3/4

The Charlotte

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
Sileby Fountain Inn

MICALLES
Barton u Needwood Top Bell

THE NAVIGATORS
noon-3pm

C. Donnington Park Farmhouse

THE DYLAN'S
MILLIONS OF HONEY

THE SEASIDE
Sheffield Bloody Sheffield #2.50/3

The Leadmill

monday 6th

THE STONED JACKS
Nottingham Running Horse

GEORGE'S JAM
Leicester The Magazine

ENDLESS
Derby Victoria Inn

KACHINA
ANGEL HEART

The Where house

AMATEUR BOMB SQUAD
LOVE BUTTON

Free

The Charlotte

tuesday 7th

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Nottingham Running Horse

SEAN RYDER & STELLA
t.b.c.

Derby The Where House

SMITHS MIX
Victoria Inn

SEX TOYS
INGENIOUS FIEND

Ilkeston Rutland Arms

HIGHLY STRUNG
Leicester The Magazine

wednesday 8th

JOHN MASLEN &
Nth DEGREE

Nottingham Running Horse

AARDVARK
Hearty Goodfellow

EDGE OF DARKNESS
Narrowboat

DOG HOUSE RILEY
Sileby Fountain Inn

NITRO EXPRESS
Barton u Needwood Top Bell

SWEET THURSDAY
Derby Victoria Inn

EMO PHILIPS
from £6 8pm

Assembly Rooms

GROTUS
DR. & THE CRIPPENS

(last ever gig) The Where House

PURE INSTINCT
Bell Hotel

thursday 9th

CREATE
Nottingham Hearty Goodfellow

KEROSENE
£1/1.50

Rock City

SUNSHINE STATE BAND
Old Vic

THE BIG MYTH
Derby Victoria Inn

RED KROSS
The Where House

SPLINTERED / HEROIN
£2/1.50

Leicester The Charlotte

RELEVANT ELEPHANT
The Magazine

THYROID SPEAKERS
Lincoln The Falcon

MURRAY THOMSON
Northampton King Billy

friday 10th

90 PROOF
Thurgarton Hazelford Ferry

OLD SCHOOL
Nottingham Running Horse

BLYTH POWER
Old Angel

DROWSY MAGGY
Mechanics Arms

MARSHALL LAW
£3

Rock City

JUST THE DUST
The Gregory

STUMBLE BROTHERS
The Hippo

DUKE LA RUE &
THE BLUE JUKES

Barton u Needwood Top Bell

DOCTOR DELVIN
BLUES BUSTERS

Derby Victoria Inn

HOWARD JONES
7.30pm £7.50 adv.

Assembly Rooms

SMASHED
The Where House

JON SPENCER
BLUES EXPLOSION

DRAGSTAR
£3.50/3

Leicester The Charlotte

MENTAL SEIZURE
The Magazine

SKETCHY / PIG 64
Sheffield Bloody Sheffield 7.30 £1

Spud Gun Club

saturday 11th

SEAMUS O'B LIVION
lunch

Nottingham Running Horse

STEREOLAB
Narrowboat

SCHEME
Mechanics Arms

PABLO
Hearty Goodfellow

COLLAPSED LUNG
£3

Rock City

GODFATHA
Hippo

HELIOTROPE
Leicester The Magazine

TAKE ME HOME / TALLON
/PISTON BROKE

AIN'T LIZZY
BANGKOK SHAKES

GONE TO POT / HYBRID
Children In Need all-dayer

£3

Shephed Rock House

BACK STREET
Derby Victoria Inn

PYG / ILLOGIC
Sheffield Bloody Sheffield 9pm

£1

The Hallamshire

RED KROSS / ERIC'S TRIP
TINY MONROE

The Leadmill

TELEVISION OVERDOSE
MEAT MACHINE

Westworld London Park Royal

sunday 12th

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
£1

Calverton Springwater Bar

JET STREEM WHISKY
Nottingham Running Horse

FRANK DEMPSEY
Mechanics Arms

CHICO / RHYTHM LIZARDS
jazz lunch

Old Angel

SKINNY BOP TRIO
Sileby Fountain Inn

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
Baron u Needwood Top Bell

CHUMBAWAMBA
BLYTH POWER

Derby The Where House

FRANK WHITE BAND
£2

Ambergate Hurt Arms

OWEN HUGH
lunch

JIM HARWOOD
poetry eve.

Leicester The Magazine

MEDICINE SHACK
Think Green

Granby Halls

WILD ORCHIDS
BLAMELESS

THE SUBTERRANEANS
Sheff. Bloody Sheff 7.30

£2.50/3

The Leadmill

MURRAY THOMSON
Northampton Race Horse

monday 13th

STONED JACKS
Nottingham Running Horse

HANS THEESINK
Derby Victoria Inn

THE LEVELLERS
Leicester de Montford Hall

SPIDA'S JAM
The Magazine

BJÖRK
Wolverhampton Civic Hall

tuesday 14th

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Nottingham Running Horse

ANGEL HEART
GONE TO POT

Ilkeston Rutland Arms

NEVERLAND
Derby The Where House

THE LEVELLERS
Leicester de Montford Hall

ROGER WILSON
The Magazine

US 3
DJ STOOKIE

£7/6

Sheffield The Leadmill

wednesday 15th

MARCEL MARCEAU SOUND
unplugged

Nottingham Running Horse

CONFIDENT TRICKSTERS
Hippo

KELLY'S HEROES
Old Vic

NOTORIOUS DAWSON
BROTHERS

Sileby Fountain Inn

JAZZ EXPRESSIONS
with Helen MacDonald

Barton u Needwood Top Bell

THE VISION
Derby Victoria Inn

TRUMAN'S WATER
UNCLE SHAM

t.b.c.

The Where House

BEHIND THE BIKE SHEDS
Bell Inn

JIM LAMPY
and the new Chapman Stick

Leicester The Magazine

thursday 16th

ED ANDERSON TRIO
JIM LAMPY / SINGLE BASS

Nottingham Old Vic

BIG BOY HENRY
blues from Carolina USA

£3

Derby Victoria Inn

THE HAMSTERS
The Where House

SCRRAWL / LINUS
£/2

Leicester The Charlotte

A BAND CALLED 'O'
The Magazine

OLD SCHOOL
Mansfield The Plough Inn

friday 17th

STUMBLE BROTHERS
Thurgarton Hazelford Ferry

BIG BOY HENRY
GARY IRWIN

DAVE PEABODY
American Blues night

£3

Calverton Springwater Bar

LEFT HAND THREAD
Nottingham Running Horse

BODY & SOUL
The Hippo

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wednesday 22nd

B VIVID
Nottingham Running Horse

SOLOMON
Narrowboat

RUNAWAY TRAIN
Arboretum Manor

THE CHETTLES
Hippo

R CAJUN & THE ZYDECO BROTHERS
Swamp meets jazz & roots

PISTON BROKE
Old Vic

MAD COW DISEASE
Sileby Fountain Inn

CADILLAC RANCH
£3/2 Leicester The Charlotte

WHERE'S KEVIN?
Barton u Needwood Top Bell

MIGHTY HOUSE ROCKERS
Derby Victoria Inn

DES'REE
Bell Inn

+ U.D.S.U. night upstairs
The Where House

thursday 23rd

B VIVID
Nottingham The Hippo

PETER PLATE
Keith Jafrafe

JAZZ JUNIORS
bok launch

SUE MELLARD
Old Vic

MAUVE
Derby Victoria Inn

THE CAREER GIRLS
Leicester The Magazine

DJF
The Charlotte

THE CADILLACS
£2

JOURNEYMAN
Mansfield The Plough Inn

friday 24th

LEFT HAND THREAD
Thurgarton Hazelford Ferry

SCUM PUPS
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

BLUES & DANGEROUS
Running Horse

PLASTIC PADDY
Mechanics Arms

DIRTY STRANGERS
metal CD night

GIFT HORSE
Rock City

VOULEZ VOUS
the other 'A' band

RON KAVANA
Hippo

FINKS DETROIT SPECIAL
Derby Victoria Inn

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
Barton u Needwood Top Bell

THE DTS
£3/2 The Charlotte

MICHAEL KATON
The Razors

ILLOGIC / ACHE
Mkt Harboro' Wilbarston Hall

SPUD GUN
Sheffield Spud Gun Club

saturday 25th

THE NAVIGATORS
3pm

THE JOURNEYMEN
eve

JIM VINCENT
Nottingham Running Horse

RUNAWAY TRAIN
Mechanics Arms

ROGER THE BADGER
Hippo

CHRISTINE COLLISTER
day

ANNA RYDER
eve £5

DJ BILL REDHEAD
Derby Victoria Inn

THE MARGARET THATCHER EXPERIENCE
The Where House

CATHERINE WHEEL
£4/3 Leicester The Charlotte

BABES IN TOYLAND
TRUMAN'S WATER

SINS OF THE FLESH
£4.50/4 Sheffield The Leadmill

SLBC
Sheffield Bloody Sheffield

JOHNNY MATHIS
£1 The Hallamshire

BLIND MOLE RAT
Sheffield Arena

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
Lincoln Duke Of Wellington

LUKE GOSS & THE BAND OF THIEVES
Melton Mowbray Noels Arms

sunday 26th

MR SIEGAL
£1 Calverton Springwater Bar

LUKE GOSS & THE BAND OF THIEVES
from £9 Nottingham Royal Concert Hall

CAP IN HAND
lunch

FRANK WHITE BAND
eve

DECLAN
Running Horse

CHICO / RHYTHM LIZARDS
jazz breakfast

WARLOCK
Old Angel

KONG
Sileby Fountain Inn

4 STAGE MADNESS
Leicester The Charlotte

MARTIN ANSELL
DAVE SUDBURY

THE RATTLES
lunch £2

GUY MALLE
eve £2

MAN / LOVECRAFT
Derby Victoria Inn

80 IN THE SHADE
The Where House

BEER BELLY BLUES BOYS
Barton u Needwood Top Bell

VARIOUS VEGETABLES
Blind Mole Rat / AFID

BLIND MOLE RAT / AFID
Sheffield Bloody Sheffield

STONED JACKS
£3/2.50 The Leadmill

monday 27th

ANATHEMA
SKIN LIMIT SHOW

STONED JACKS
Nottingham Narrowboat

jam session
Running Horse

SPUD GUN
Hearty Goodfellow

NEVERLAND

Derby Victoria Inn

ENGLISH DOGS
SPACE MAID

MAUVE
The Where House

BURTON ON TRENT ARKWRIGHTS
MAN

Leicester The Charlotte
MARK BURGESS

ex Chameleons
£4/3.50

Sheffield The Leadmill
tuesday 28th

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Nottingham Running Horse

CNN
t.b.c.

Rock City
KACHINA / COLD GIN

Ilkeston Rutland Arms
DROP NINETEENS

ANTENNA
ek Lemonheads / ex Blake Babies

Derby The Where House
SIRIUS

Victoria Inn
DES'REE

£6/5
Sheffield The Leadmill

wednesday 29th
EDGE OF DARKNESS

Nottingham Running Horse
VON DANIKEN

STRANGE AFFAIR
Filly & Firkin

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
Arboretum Manor

REIGN
Hearty Goodfellow

TEENAGE FANCLUB
£8 adv.

Rock City
STRANGER THAN FICTION

Hippo
MY DOG HAS NO NOSE

Beeston Greyhound Inn
CACTUS JACK

Sileby Fountain Inn
INDIGO BLUES BAND

Barton u Needwood Top Bell
MALPRACTICE

Derby Bell Hotel
MONKEY PUZZLE

Victoria Inn
thursday 30th

FULL MOON
THEATRE WORKS TOURING

presents "LIKE"
Nottingham Bobby Brown's Café

SENSE
PSYCHASTORM

£5 adv
Rock City

BURLESQUE
Mansfield Plough Inn

LEATHERFACE
t.b.c.

Derby The Where House
POINT BLANK

Victoria Inn
JEZ LUTON

Leicester The Magazine

OCTOBER

friday 1st

FATHEAD

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

NOTORIOUS DAWSON
BROTHERS

Running Horse
WAZBONES

ex Tigertailz
£3

Rock City
MR. SIEGAL

£1 Thurgarton Hazelford Ferry
SMASHED / KISSING

Derby The Where House
MIDNIGHT PUMPKIN TRUCKS

Victoria Inn
SQUEEZE

Sheffield City Hall
saturday 2nd

THE NAVIGATORS
3pm

MARCEL MARCEAU SOUND
eve

Nottingham Running Horse
CORDUROY / CLOUD 9

Acid Jazz night
Derby The Where House

BLIND JUSTICE
Victoria Inn

sunday 3rd

FRANK WHITE BAND
Calverton Springwater Bar

CAP IN HAND
lunch

MR. SIEGAL
eve

Nottingham Running Horse
CHICO / RHYTHM LIZARDS

jazz breakfast
Old Angel

THE CROPDUSTERS
THE BIG TRUTH BAND

Derby The Where House
THE RAZORS

Ambergate Hurt Arms
MEDICINE SHACK

Leicester Mosquito Coast
ERIC CLAPTON

Sheffield Arena
monday 4th

STONED JACKS
Nottingham Runing Horse

XENTRIX / PLAGUE
Derby The Where House

SQUEEZE
from £11

Assembly Rooms
tuesday 5th

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Nottingham Running Horse

SQUEEZE
from £11

Royal Concert Hall
A HOUSE / YOUTH CULTURE

Derby The Where House
THE LEVELLERS

Sheffield City Hall

visual:

ANGEL ROW

till 25th Sept

PTIKA NTULI
Boomerang To The Source

till 25th Sept

PAULINE BURBRIDGE
CHARLES POULSON

Joining Forces

ART FACTORY

till 12 Sept

MIXED SHOW
In Living Colour

BLACK VISUAL ARTS PROJECT

till 25th Sept

PTIKA NTULI
Boomerang To The Source

CASTLE MUSEUM

till 19th Sept

CHIMU CERAMICS
CHULLUS & CHIMPIS

22nd Sept - 17th Oct
MIXED SHOW

Women and Food
till 26 Sept

GEORGE LOGAN
Fruits of the Earth

ESTER HALLAM
Textiles

PRIORY GATEHOUSE

till 26 Sept

MIXED SHOW
4-Sight

DERBY CITY GALLERY

till 26 Sept

MIXED SHOW
Cityscapes

4 Sept-31 Oct
PHOTOGRAPHY FESTIVAL

EXHIBITION
9 Oct-7 Nov

BANDELO IYAPO & KAREN HAMMOND
Karibatik

LEICESTER CITY GALLERY

9 Sept-9 Oct

MIXED SHOW
Figurative Embroidery

21 Sept-2 Oct
NEK CHAND

Rock garden of Chandigarh
13 Oct-14 Nov

MIXED SHOW
Strike a light

6 Oct-13 Nov
MIXED SHOW

Black People & the British Flag

THEATRICAL

NOTTM PLAYHOUSE

10 Sept-2 Oct

THE PARTY'S OVER
Alan Bleasdale

16 Sept-18 Sept
CAPUCETTO ROSSO

Teatro Kismet
25 Sept

STAND UP CHERRY PYE
Amanda Whittington

12 Oct-16 Oct
MSM DV8
22 Oct-20 Nov
CRIMES OF PASSION
Philip Whitchurch

NOTTM THEATRE ROYAL

6 Sept-11 Sept

AN IDEAL HUSBAND
Oscar Wilde

13 Sept-18 Sept
PRESENTS FROM THE PAST

Richard Everett
18 Sept

AL ANDALUS
Antonio Vargas Flamenco

Theatre
20 - 25 Sept

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
Rodgers and Hart

28 Sept-2 Oct
A TRIBUTE TO THE BLUES

BROTHERS
NEWARK PALACE THEATRE

28 Sept

CYMBELINE
Compass Theatre Co

29 Sept
THE GREAT BRITISH

MUSICAL
1 Oct

ENNIO MARCHETTO
DERBY PLAYHOUSE

till 25 Sept

A SLICE OF SATURDAY
NIGHT The Heather Bros

1 Oct-23 Oct
THE LUCKY CHANCE

Aphra Behn
28 Oct-20 Nov

TWO
Jim Cartwright

LEICESTER HAYMARKET

till 11 Sept

ROCK HARD
16 Sept-19 Oct

THE DESTINY OF ME
Larry Kramer

Sept 22- Oct 2
UNLUCKY FOR SOME

Paul Tucker
LEICESTER PHOENIX ARTS CENTRE

3 Sept-18 Sept

LEICESTERSHIRE YOUTH
THEATRE FESTIVAL

17 Sept-18 Sept
KUDUDINI LAKHIA

COMPANY
Kadamb

24 Sept-25 Sept
PAN PROJECT

Changing Planes
26 Sept

TALVIN SINGH AND AZURE
HADES

3 Oct
NAHID SIDDIQUI Tihai

NOTTM BOBBY BROWNS CAFE

Sept 30

LIKE
Carl Anthony Plover

Jazz

in the

BOX

phat funky n' freestyle

NOW EVERY FRIDAY at
THE BOX £3 11-2

djs MATZ, LOVELEE, C.BREEZE, DARREL and

PABLO (sometimes)

HAPPY VIBES FOR '93



Alan Bleasdale

The Party's Over

Nottingham Playhouse

10 Sept - 2 Oct

FRIED ALIVE!

SOLOMON Nottingham The Narrowboat

I've got the muse baby, Solomon have got the notion — they've got it together and they're causing a commotion. Seldom has Nottingham experienced such muscle definition as provided by Solomon. The drummer was nice and twirly, the rhythm guitarist all unassuming and powerful (a potent combination), the lead guitarist had lots of flingy hair (on a sartorial note, this is where the band could do with an extra T-shirt) and as for the lead singer/bassist, well.....words practically fail me.....but not quite; don't be distracted by the sequinned holster thong — this man has a precious talent.

Photo: Jim Powell

He knows how to strut and strike a pose to devastating effect, but his stage histrionics fall well short of arrogance and I can't help feeling a girly, gushy admiration for him — he's irrepressibly charming, irreproachably charismatic and in the final analysis he's inspiration personified (see what I mean about gushy?) As the set progresses you increasingly appreciate the sheer stature of Solomon. These guys are so cool that the audience forget to be cool themselves and go refreshingly wild demanding encore upon encore. As the hoary old Whycliffe machine cranks up again, you begin to wonder why this band haven't been paid more serious attention. For all the muso types out there, if I really wanted to categorise Solomon I'd construct a sentence using words like rock and funk and eclectic and fusion. But they deserve more than a label. I think they're dead good, so go and see them and get into their groove — there's everything to it.

Ms. R. R. Magoo

MIRACLE DRUG Nottingham Old Vic

Miracle Drug the name says so much and you might expect even more. Can they offer the panacea to the terminally jaded? The answer is a simple 'no'. Although their latent ability is unquestionable, what they provide is not enough. Looking like style refugees from the new wave (better than flares but not exactly 'now') they preen and pose occasionally tantalising with "Creep" and "Take The Easy Way Out", but for the most part sounding like The Psychedelic Furs without the Bowie hangover. During his brief forays on to the stage, Kev Brown's sax playing adds another dimension. Uplifting and classy he serves to divert the listener from the song to this little chunk of bras nirvana. so back to the laboratory guys for further tests and experiments to see if the cure can be found and miracles can be performed.

Dave Ellyatt

MOONFLOWERS PRAISE SPACE ELECTRIC

Nottingham Bobby Brown's Café

It's been a bad day for the Moonflowers. All the way to Nottingham only to find their gig at the Marcus Garvey has been cancelled, but the promoter forget to tell either the band or the baffled management. To make matters worse it is a Sunday evening. Not being the kind who give up easily they start ringing around for help. Luckily the Overphone is manned and within an hour the gig is on at Bobby Brown's Café. With another hour to set up, soundcheck, promote the gig and maybe eat, this resourceful troupe are frantically driving around the city looking for a P.A. I ask the question, "Why bother?"

"Well, Nottingham's a pretty happening place isn't it?" Is it? How many Nottingham bands would go to these lengths, I wonder?

They finally strike gold on Bentinck Road. A well known local muso (thanks J.P.) manages to find a public address system involving a guitar amp, a wedge monitor, a spaghetti junction of leads and lots of sellotape. All knackered, lying about in his junk room. "Oh yeah, this is great - just what we need!" Out come the screwdrivers; sorted. And it's off to Bobby Browns, bearing amps, burgers and an ever-growing guesty. Meanwhile the Overphone has been doing overtime to rouse up an audience. (Well, someone has to promote the high times.)

Showtime. Various molluscs amble on stage. They fall in with some kind of dub/ska/Hendrix combination. The crowd go mild. I take a walk. By the time I get back, there is laughter. Praise Space Electric, faced with era vulgarum licensing laws, have thrown away the set list and turn to implicate the audience.

"We've only got fifteen minutes. Do you want a slow one, or a fast one?" asks the bassist in a Psychastormian Plymouth lilt.

"A fast one!" we all agree, especially a funny looking group going crazy at the front. A short time later the rest of the Moonflowers (for them is they) don fake butterfly wings and join their fellow iggly wiggles on stage.

This infectiously groovy group soon create a carnival atmosphere. As the band go into the jazzy opening strains of *Housework*, Nottingham's noddling dogs (guilty, Your Honour) have turned into full-blown Hippy Chicks. With only half an hour to perform, the Moonflowers make it short and sweet. Despite such limiting circumstances they put on an impressive show. The sax player (also the keyboard player, sometimes bass player) and the trumpet player (also percussionist) compensate for lack of 'mics by leisurely strolling around the venue, treating everyone to their sweet tones. Crust knows how, but they manage to pull off vocal harmonies as well. The bass hits me in the throat. They have cute dance steps. They have a cute violin player. Singer Sean takes his favourite chair for a spin around the dance floor. They have two drummers (one to buy the drinks, whilst the other regulates the groove, natch). Even so they still manage to keep it as tight as the Rock & Reggae festival budget. An ability which requires a lot of hard gigging.

They leave us with a grateful invitation, "There's always space in our bus for you". I watch them pack away, still grinning, often breaking into sporadic bursts of melody or rhythm. A member of the 'A' band suggests the sound of a band packing away as the concept for their next gig. We have a giggle and leave with a smile on our faces. "Get higher?" Yes I did, thanks.

Christian Chapel



Photo: Jim Saah

TSUNAMI

AR NUS (A Tribute To Sun Ra) Nottingham The Old Angel

A sleepy Monday evening is disturbed by the A Band who arrive for their tribute to the late Sun Ra to find that the booking has been overlooked. Consultation of the gig diary proves a "private" party and they're in. Roger the Sax breezes through the lounge in a pair of high-heeled boots, bright red flares, green silk shirt and shades. He looks great later on stage. A stalwart Neil Campbell is in town again, last wooed successfully for that apocalyptic Kool Kat gig. Dylan is sporting a celestial head-dress. Stream Angel is wrapping a leopard skin turban around his head. Andy is dressed in a wizard's robe, Dave Higginson, Barry Rothery and Spew make up the rest of the rauchestra. Stewart Walden, looking and acting like an excited little girl, is running along the pews in a stripey dress and even striper tights, which is fine since the Chapel is deserted save a few stressed executives up here for therapeutic reasons. Once exposed to this colourful midsummer pageant, they start to emulate the "artists" by jumping around, standing on the furniture, lying on the tables and generally letting themselves go, inspired by the infectiously uninhibited style of the fruitcake cabaret they are witnessing. Consisting entirely of covers from the eccentric 60's jazzfunk orchestra Sun Ra, the set includes *Angel-race I Wait For You*, *Fate In A Pleasant Mood*, *Outer Spaceways Incorporated* and *Theme From Stargazers*. And it just happens to be the best performanarchy the A Band have yet produced.

A-fficianados may be surprised to hear that they actually achieved a GROOVE! By 9pm they are all running around the room, animation alive, gleefully exclaiming, "Only 2 hours to go!" Not so. Grumpy and eventually tiring of the non-stop chaophony, and having no respect for the late Sun Ra, the manager sends the in-house doorman (who has a headache, bless him) upstairs to pull the plug. Ha! When did the A Band ever need electricity? They are given ten minutes to vacate or the police will be called, a delicious scenario but one which sadly fails to materialise. Banished from yet another venue but unfazed they carry on a chant of "space is the place" accompanied by the sound of packing away the equipment (another Ambition fulfilled!) which included tonight two saxophones, a cornet, two synthesizers and two keyboards. Next Stop Mars.

Christine Chapel

SMEAR/ MUGWUMP

Nottingham The Hearty Goodfellow

Wow, what a groovy night. Never have I enjoyed more a night at the Hearty Goodfellow. Mugwump kicked the ball straight into goal with a cover version of the Misfits' *She*. It would have even had Glen Danzig smiling. The rest of the set, however, was complete shit and my advice to Mugwump is: for fuck's sake, please give up soon. You're a load of boring bollocks. The band sound sloppy and are thoroughly unprofessional, and don't have an ounce of originality between them. At best they sound like a lame Screaming Weasel/NoFX and at worst four cocky piles of dogshit. Sorry guys, but that's the truth.

Matt Dunn



Smear were a revelation. Their intelligent, atmospheric music is a breath of fresh air in the stale arena of guitar rock. Their riffs are often tortuously ponderous, moving with the slow might of a rumbling tank but with the grace and wonder of a volcanic spill. As the steady force of Matt and Steve's bass and drums define the movement of their sonic behemoth, Ian's guitar and vocals burn with an impressive fire that flows like lava. Their fundamental approach is minimalist, with bass and drums supplying simple, steady lines which contrast well with the interesting array of electronic noises and guitar effects produce a complex construct which presents the listener with quite a sophisticated sound. Smear represent the new face of rock music; devoid of retro hang-ups, both brutal and sensitive - an apt reflection of modern society. Get Smeared as soon as possible.

John Micallef

TSUNAMI KOOKABURRA

Nottingham The Narrowboat

It was a pleasant surprise to have Tsunami playing in Nottingham (as opposed to Derby or Leicester). The support Kookaburra had some decent songs. I picked out the intro to *Igloo*. Generally lots of feedback to a thrashing guitar and a nice bouncy bass. Tsunami played much softer than I had anticipated. Songs like *Valentine* and *Sluggo* don't immediately beg you to listen but like all good things they find a way into your head and take over. There was a depth behind the frivolity, seductive but menacingly dark. 460 stood out head and shoulders as if built on itself. I detected both Dust Devils and A C Temple in the songs with Marine Girl vocals (listen to the sound of *Skinny* on their *Deep End* LP). They were out to enjoy their UK visit and inbetween spot on delivery of song after song they joked between themselves and the audience. Perhaps the last word goes to Jenny as she left the stage "That was fun!"

Michael Prince

DIESEL PARK WEST

London The Marquee

A final attempt from Leicester's forgotten homeboys to stand proud in the capital and raise two fingers high to the men in suits who were responsible for the demise of the Food/EMI deal. The perfect response from Big John Butler was to dedicate that difficult third album (probably the least problematic of all three in reality, though) as a reaction against rock's corporate hierarchy where youthful angst, individuality and creativity are expected to be sympathetic to the needs of middle aged business men, commercial 'units' and Pepsi cola. Not that the band have any desires to play the Corporate Waltz with the current crop of indie kids or pseudo Suedes; one has to strongly admire how DPW have adhered to their principles and stuck by their belief in the melody rather than attempting to engage in the now static mould of indie dance (hello Soup Dragons, hello Stone Roses, hey Jesus Jones! It's been a long time since that last hit single!)

An enthusiastic and notably large audience in the Maquee confirm that the band are not alone in their beliefs and that the decision to scale down events by signing to an independent (Demon) in order to keep creativity intact was the correct move. After we are treated in the opening harmonies on *Silver Girl*, the guitars take over as *Here On The Hill* and *Six Days To JuJu* (the last single) gatecrash the party. This does not mean sacrificing the melody for noise, however, as it would perhaps for other artists who find the task of performing well structured songs with a decent volume incompatible. Most of the set comprises of songs taken from the new *Corporate Waltz* album which, although has a theme of bitterness and mistrust of record company executives, does not necessarily equate to a rock standard being played at high volume in order to convey the overt anger felt towards the plight of the music industry. I was pleasantly surprised at how DPW managed to perform the slower and more acoustic tracks (*The Cat's Still Scratching* - new single- and *You Killed Sugar Ray*) within the live environment. For the well acquainted, there was just time to include in the encore tracks from *Shakespeare Alabama* (*Like Princes Do* and *When the Hoodoo Comes*) before we all depart with the reassuring feeling that Big John Butler and DPW are prepared to make a stand against the increasing influences of the corporate world on live music. Shame about the Swindon game, though...

Tricky Skills Jase

SPEAR OF DESTINY The Limelight, New York.

Imagine my surprise on returning from the bathroom (as they say in America) to find my student bedroom hero Kirk Brandon talking to my girlfriend. However, my pretentious pretensions of being a music 'journo' meant that my nose was not put out of joint enough to miss an interview opportunity. Kirk Brandon is pissed off. The recent tour of Britain was "...good fun, but the fans basically told us to fuck off by not buying the album." Consequently SOD have been dropped by their record label, got in debt, decided to end SOD and gone to New York with a new name in search of a new deal.

Tonight was the night they finished SOD, and it seemed to me that the band intended to make damn sure that they smothered it stone dead. Mistakes in live performances can often add, not take away, but coupled with a lack of genuine enthusiasm makes for a pretty dull show. However, a clumsily played version of 'Mickey' still managed to send a tingle down my spine. Brandon isn't bitter, he doesn't think the world owes him anything because he has a brilliant back catalogue. He just wants to play if anyone wants to hear. His new band, Elephant Days, opens at this club in two weeks. "Goodnight SOD," whispers Brandon at the end of this painful workout. He deserves more, I hope the public can give it to him.

Pete Bradbury

BLAMELESS

Sheffield Rattners Rest

For sometime I have believed the Sheffield music scene to be lacking two significant components: anything in the way of serious talent (with only a couple of notable exceptions) and a credible small venue, one with character, one that doesn't smother the sound of every young hopeful. If you agree with these sentiments, perhaps we've all been looking in the wrong places. Front Loaded were among the number of bands who played the Rattners Rest during (un)Sound City and were, by all accounts, the discovery of the week. In case you're a tad confused, they now go by the name of Blameless. The Spud Gun Club, running every Friday, considered it worth adding a Saturday gig to squeeze in Blameless again, and it soon became evident why. The four man line-up launched into the superb Suits Me with a confidence and vigour which seems to desert so many acts on stage. As the audience grew they treated us to a fine cover of *Waiting For My Man*, and the quality of the vocal was brought home by the obligatory acoustic *Sympathy*. Their closing number *Killing In The Name* was delivered with an infectious enthusiasm, which left most gasping for breath and the rest chanting for more. Happy to have been proved wrong, I finished my pint and stumbled off home. Look out for Blameless over the next few months and watch out for Spud Gun - it might just take your eye out.

Matt Smith

NOTTINGHAM SCHOOL OF SAMBA Nottingham Riverside Festival

The Nottingham School of Samba didn't bring the Rio sunshine to Riverside but by the end of their third set, as the rains began, the crowd had realised that this was a CARNIVAL and that if you want to hear driving rhythms which pulsate with energy and sheer verve, then this bunch are worth catching. Kept together by the heartbeat of the booming surdo section, the rhythm flows across you as shakers and snare accentuate the lilt that guarantees some part of your body is going to move. Bells and tamborims add

melody and aggression to the melting pot before the head hombre lets rip with his repenique, and it's as though someone has just pulled a 25 ft. cracker and the happiest sound in town has just been unleashed. A variety of styles and numerous exchanges between the repenique and the rest of the bateira ensure that there is just enough happening to keep you guessing. By the time the clouds began to move in to find out what was going on, the bateira were launching into a thunderous 'Rio' before switching on a beat into the slower 'Samba Reggae' and then back again. Wonderfully riotous stuff.

Arnold Lazarus

** The Nottingham School of Samba are quite a recent addition to the city's music scene and are currently looking for more sambistas to add to the bateira. If you are interested in playing Brazilia Carnival music then give Tom a ring on (0602) 588417.*

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APPLEMOUNTAIN
PIERRE BENSUSAN/ HANS REICHEL
DEIRDRE CARTWRIGHT BAND
DAVID STAROBIN
JAREK FRANKOWSKI
ARIANE PLUMEREL/ BRENDA BLEWITT
ERIK STENSTAVOLD/ DANIEL GORITZ
CLARE MAGS

2nd Nottingham Guitar Festival

Throughout the four day festival many of the guitar world's leading personalities came to perform, give workshops and take part in a discussion. Ali Farka Touré launched the festival at the Old Vic, with immense self assurance and a beaming smile. He is Mali's foremost musician and combines his traditional music with a blues style especially influenced by John Lee Hooker. Singing in a plaintive wailing voice, his long story telling phrases are accompanied by electric guitar, further subtle accentuations added by the Conga and the Calabash players. The music transmitted a warmth that surely touched everyone there. The next evening found Hans Reichel downstairs at the Old Vic improvising upon his own creations: a double-necked handmade guitar (one half electric, the other acoustic), and the Daxophone — a piece of wood mounted on a tripod and played mainly with a double bass bow (as well as an electric fan). The effect was fascinating, at times very musical and flowing, at other times very abstract and gestural. Meanwhile upstairs the Deirdre Cartwright Band played their own style of 90's Jazz Rock; guitar and saxophone led the music through interesting harmonic textures the driving force provided by the bass, percussion and drums. Topping the bill was Applemountain, a funky groove band consisting of Boone (vocals and amplified classical guitar), Tony Remy (on funky electric guitar), Fiona Shaw (Bass) and Frank 'definition of sound' Tontoh (drums and sampler). These must be among the best of current live dance bands and they are well worth looking out for.

The pace of events heightened up at the weekend. Of the ten morning events I attended the Hans Reichel Workshop - members of the public improvised freely while Dylan (A Band/Oozit), freaked out on a fire exit sign, much to Hans' delight. More locals took part in performance at an ad-hoc lunchtime session which included Single Bass and Curt Glance. In the afternoon Pierre Bensusan gave a special introduction to his own music, a synthesis of classical

and folk from around the world. Turkish, Scottish, African, Japanese, baroque, Jazz are a few of the distinguishable elements in a style which seems able to digest the best of all these heritages. He plays with a classical technique on an amplified acoustic guitar often using effects but always to heighten the beauty of the guitar's sonority. He specialises in the open tuning DADGAD which is also the name he has chosen for his personal record label.

The Saturday evening concert was a performance by David Starobin, a virtuoso player best known for his performances of music by contemporary composers. The first piece he played, the *Chaconne* by Lukas Foss (b.1922), is a good example of the atonal New York style with which he is associated. The first half of the piece builds up dynamic scalar passages which are then repeated on tape and counterpointed with rhythmic chorded sequences to form a logical development in the second half. He also performed de Falla's *Homenaje* (1919) and *Sonata, op.61* (1932) by Twina which gave us an opportunity to hear David's advanced technique in a more familiar context. The following day in his masterclass he talked about the innovative design of his guitar (made by Gary Southwell in 1992) which incorporates features such as a variable action level and a raised fingerboard. Clare Mags and Daniel Goritz presented material which gave Starobin an opportunity to reveal his depth of experience as a teacher.

B.J.Cole, Robert Fripp, David Starobin amongst other guitarists and enthusiasts met on Sunday to discuss 'Ways Forward' for the guitar. B.J. Cole took the opportunity to talk about his own pedal steel guitar, noting it as the only instrument able to produce a chord glissando. David Starobin mentioned the importance of reading as a daily practice, and Robert Fripp talked about his current electronics projects with the Orb. The 'Chamber Duos' concert took place in the afternoon. Brenda Blewitt (harpisichord) and Erik Stenstavold (guitar) played music by Ponce, Evenson and Dodgson, achieving an interesting blend of sound which contrasted the smooth bright tone of the harpischord with the soft vital tone of the guitar. The other duo was the 'Ten Strings Duo' of Belgium, playing Weiner, Piazzola, Smith Brindle and Jarek Frankowski who is also the guitarist. The Violinist Ariane Plumerel brought out the melodic details while Frankowski provided a sensitive and vital accompaniment.

An austere stage in soft light set the tone for this intense performance directed by Robert Fripp, who made waves of space age electronic tones against fast accented woven textures from the other members of the Robert Fripp Quintet. Intrusions and extracts of musical tributes served to provide contrast to this new age fantasy. Most recognisable of these pieces was *Apache* by the Shadows and one of the Fugues from Bach's *Art of Fugue*. Trey Gunn knocked out some intricate stick bass work using a percussive style with both hands. The performance had a quality of sonic brilliance and professional presentation that made it an exciting conclusion to an inspiring festival.

Neil Deakin

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PHOENIX FESTIVAL

As Phoenix's predecessor, Reading Festival (more a gig in a field than a festival,) had a reputation as an over-priced excuse to pretend to enjoy rolling around in a muddy field with thousands of indie kids, to a barely audible band, who may as well be drinking in the bar backstage and letting a DAT play music for all you can actually see. But the festival experience is all about, well, the EXPERIENCE. This is the manifesto which is pummelled into your head by everyone who does the festival circuit. Kind of like a mob of smiling people ordering you to "chill out", the festival experience is something you have to enjoy, so you can hold your head up high and say you've actually "been there, done that.....and bought the T shirt, a snip at £20." Reading of course, isn't a festival proper. People only go to Reading for the music. At Glastonbury, I am reliably informed by one of the many people currently studying for their degree's in the Festi circuit (note the real festival goer shortens 'festival' to 'festi' to underline superior knowledge), the music doesn't matter, it's the atmosphere that counts. Bullshit! Next year I reckon Glastonbury should book Fathead, 3 1/2 Minutes and the Monday night blues jam at the Running Horse to play continuously all weekend, and then see how many people turn up. Of course the obligatory git who has dug a tunnel under the fence will still be charging you a tenner for the privilege of using it "To get in for free". Thatcher would be proud. On the festival scale the Phoenix Festival was supposed to be somewhere between Reading and Glastonbury. An ordered event with a main stage and various sideshows aimed at everyone, not just Reading's indie kids or Glastonbury's nouveau hippies. Phoenix was going to be more like the European festivals, with villages, telephones (I still live in the twentieth century and am not prepared to pretend to do otherwise), God forbid there was even going to be adequate sanitation. In fact Phoenix was promoted from the outset as being something new. True it's aims were a million miles away from the free festival ethic but as a 'gig in a field' it was an exciting proposition; a strong main stage line up including George Clinton and the P Funk Allstars (at last after fifteen years I was going to see my man Uncle Jam), an even stronger line up in the Lime Lizard Stage. The cream of acid jazz, rap and hip hop in the Jazzterania Tent and the marvellous Whirly- Giggers in their own ambient, projection-filled enclosure. Only the Zine tent had a dull indie pub rock line up (saved only by the Buzzcocks). Furthermore there was bungy jumping (which certain E'd up members of GROWTH over-indulged in), a virtual reality machine (if you could find it), a comedy stage, even a cinema which was to screen *Jungle Book*, the finest film ever made. Sounds good? Well, since it was the sounds I was there for, (here comes the review) what of the bands?

Friday's anticipation was immediately dampened by the news that George Clinton had pulled out. Gutted? Well, yes I was. To make matters worse it was impossible to get into the Jazzterania area for Pharcyde. However the music on the main stage was loud, not like a normal festival, it was loud enough to be heard wherever you were. Whatever the tent. So it was back to the Phoenix main stage to witness Hole, armed and ready, run through a set of such magnitude that my spirits were once more raised. Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy attempted to make up for the ailing funkfactor only to fall flat on their butts, failing to get the crowd to "Yo, Yo, Yo" along. Hiphoprisy never seemed to me to be a jump around kinda thang, so in a sprawling field, it just seemed dull. The reworking of *Water Pistol Man* into stadium sized stomper only added lack-lustre to an already lifeless performance. A

quick sprint to the Lime Lizard tent where Bristol's finest divvies The Moonflowers were showing exactly why they will be a massive loss to the British music scene when they move to France. An effective and tight mix of every conceivable musical style, danceability, stupid clothes and humour to match. Lead singer Sean has developed an on-stage charisma that even Perry Farrel would find hard to equal. On-stage charisma or even presence is not something you can easily say when describing Sonic Youth, who despite releasing some of the finest moments in guitar pop history, were only a rambling ineffective shambles as Friday's main stage closers. However they did inadvertently prove to be the backdrop for an event which, although not large, proved to be a taste of an attitude which was to prevail throughout the weekend. As evening wore on, according to custom, people started to light fires. Not an unusual thing for a festival, indeed to some obligatory. Suddenly from nowhere Security Men appeared with fire extinguishers to douse the flames, and to many totally dampen the atmosphere. The fact of the matter was the whole site, including the camping area, had been designated a flame free zone. What? A festival without a toke round the camp-fire? Check the festival goers bible, the fifth commandment, just below "Thou shalt take thy spade and commit to earth thine own waste." It clearly states: "Thou shalt make flame and sit with crossed legs upon the soil, sharing thy spliff with thy neighbours." It's the law.

Saturday started early with the cocks crowing. Well in this case a band who were camped next to us shouting at the top of their voices in full, clearly enunciated pantomime tones "Oh no we're on-stage in half an hour, and I'm still stoned from last night," whilst the tent on the other side housed a gaggle of journo's arguing about who had reviewed such and such a tape first. Honestly! Now to dispel an illusion: To anybody who has ever thought that the Artists, Press and Guests area is bound to be more exciting — wrong! Don't believe anyone who might have told you otherwise, it's like sharing a field filled with FMB, Everett True and Gig Central writers. The only enjoyable thing about it was seeing clothes designer and part time singer Pam Hogg trying to keep up appearances (she must have got up awful early to keep so thickly made-up), watching Jim Bob (Carter USM) slowly dissolve into a dishevelled mess (even the 'almost famous' look rough when they've been camping) and getting approached by members of a certain Nottingham band to see if I could introduce them to Sheep On Drugs (a Tenner will keep me quiet, guys). Trooper of the weekend was Mary Mary (Hyperhead) who contained more drugs than the NHS compering an impromptu talent competition in Hyperhead's converted horsebox.

Once again into the arena, and another potential disappointment, the Jazzterania tent was full for Cypress Hill, I began to see a pattern emerging. If you want to see anything you like, come early. Undeterred, we wandered over to the Lime Lizard for the surprise of the weekend, Collapsed Lung, who played a humour-fuelled set of thrash rap including a rendition of Shabba Ranks' *Mr Loverman*, "Mr Lager man, Lager". Respect to Nottingham's finest soundman Drac here for the brilliant sound in the Lime Lizard tent all weekend. On the Phoenix main stage Fun-da-Mental defied those who questioned their prominence on the bill and ripped it up with their electric, eclectic fusion of bhangra, raggamuffin and hip hop. Throwing Nation Records entire stock of *Peace, Love or War* tapes into the crowd (fact) the vibe was now truly alive. Unfortunately the sound was noticeably quieter than the day before. Must have had complaints from the

neighbours. Over to the Whirly Gig Tent for Loop Guru whose single *Paradigm Shuffle* had barely been off the deck in the weeks prior to the festival. Unfortunately the Whirly Giggers were running behind so Loop Guru were not yet on. To my disappointment, when I eventually returned they were just finishing their final song. With the pending arrival of Jamiroquai the area around the Jazzterania Tent started to look like fall out from a record company convention with all the designer industry people roughing it for (this week's) Emperor's new clothes. As you might expect, the crowd loved every minute of the Jamiroquai set. Lapping up every drop of distilled funk. Cat in the hat and eco-man of the moment Jay proved that the only thing with charisma about him is Stevie Wonder as his band take you on a pedestrian journey through the funk scrap-book. Everything is in their sound, everything but originality. Believe me I don't condemn anybody for having influences, I just can't stand it when people have a lack of vision. As if to emphasise my point Gill Scott Heron took to the stage next and truly showed the upstarts what was what. Real 100% visionary funk. Come Sunday the aches of camping began performing centre stage of my back. Nonetheless I dragged myself to hear the wonderful Hyperhead play with their usual energy. Back on the rap tip, Credit To The Nation filled the Lime Lizard tent with so much attitude that it was hard to believe their age. Message-filled dialogues challenging racism, homophobia, sexism etc. but with such a youthful passion even an old cynic like me was moved to sing along "See no bullshit, hear no bull shit, speak no bullshit, diss 'em". Back over to the Whirly Gig area for Loop Guru's ambient set. After the disappointment of the previous day I was determined to see them. They weren't a disappointment. Not easy to sum up in words, their music deals in images, stories, the whole picture with sensurround world sound. I love this band. Back to the main stage and Yothu Yindi had cancelled. Another pattern? Shame I was looking forward to their blend of Aboriginal didgeridoo, Aussie rock and funk rhythms. And so back to the Whirly Gig tent for Sandira who played a cross between the North African/Moroccan vocals (on an Ofra Haza tip) of Sandira herself, dub-wise ambient techno and almost goth guitar proving to be another surprise. Look out for Sandira's records, and if you find them, let me know where. With the weekend nearly at a close I decided to climax with Sheep On Drugs. Well it's the kind of kitsch sexual innuendo that they've put to music, isn't it? Unfortunately their new and, I'm reliably informed, expensive gear (never stand next to anyone that sells equipment to bands, it's a guaranteed turn-off) wasn't working and, despite my patience and understanding, I just had to go. I guess they just couldn't get it up. A fitting end to Phoenix (not really a) Festival. Filled to the brim with disappointment (no P Funk, Consolidated and House of Pain were both dogshit), rife with rumour (how many people were killed in the so called riot?) but nonetheless a brave attempt to open out the festival to a wider audience. Sure there was plenty of complaining. Justifiably so when you consider the appalling toilets (this really doesn't have to be part and parcel with a festival, especially if you've just paid £50 to get in), the excessive prices for food and drink, you even had to buy water (by the cup, no bottles allowed). The ban on camp-fires was also somewhat draconian (a phoenix needs flame), as was the lack of camp-site facilities and after hours entertainment. As Vince Power pointed out in an article just before the festival "People expect more from a festival these days". Too right Vince, but you didn't quite deliver your full promise. Perhaps next year.

Biscuit Rat

allotment:

Apparently, the actor we all know and love as "Captain Birdseye" got his initial career break in British nudist films. But you're not interested in that, you want to read about rock music.

Unfortunately, I'm not that interested in rock music, but as Ian Drury said to me back in '74, "Oh, sorry mate". I was in a cubicle in the gents toilet of the Outlook Club in Doncaster at the time, and he'd barged in just as I was trying to fasten the safety pin which was holding up my flies. Of course, this was back when safety pins WERE safety pins, before they became fashion accessories, but even then Ian was wearing razor-blade earrings, Crombie, white shirt, narrow leg black trousers and hi-leg Docs. Yes, Ian Drury IS the Godfather of Punk! His band at the time, Kilburn & The High Roads, consisted of a drummer who came onstage with the assistance of crutches, a bassist about four feet tall, a guitarist who looked about six foot thirteen and Ian himself, who did the vocals on such lost classics as *Pam's Moods*, *Huffety Puff* and *Rough Kids* and percussion on a row of brightly coloured coconut shells.

They were dead good, much better than Siouxsie & The Banshees who we saw there in '77 and who left us wondering, 'what was all that crap', but not as good as the Doctors of Madness, who I saw several times from '74 to '76 and who never failed to leave me and my friends grossly entertained and totally in awe of this thing called rock, or at least, their interpretation of it. Kid Strange, vocalist, guitarist and songwriter, was that rare thing, A Stage Presence, A Star, and had got himself a band to suit his particular perverse point of view. Urban Blitz, the violinist who took the role of what would have been lead guitar in a more mundane pop group, and the bassist wearing only black pumps, American Tan women's tights and Frankenstein make-up, together with Kid and a drummer whose image has completely fled from my memory played a storm every single time I saw them, so much so that I bought both their albums, long since lost, of course. And what's more, THEY ALL HAD SHORT HAIR! They were, in fact, the OTHER GODFATHERS OF PUNK!

But whilst other pop people plod on, perpetually purveying the same old pap, Kid branched out, long before it was trendy and televised, into cabaret, burnt himself out with the effort of being too many steps ahead of the herd, and was last seen playing the man on the till in a porn shop in the really rather good film, *Mona Lisa*. There's just no JUSTICE in this world! Let this be a lesson to all of you fresh faced young pop things dreaming of being in your own band (or do you all dream of being characters in your own arcade game, these days?). One day you're up there, playing to adorning hordes like me, the next you're flogging Captain Birdseye's cast-offs AND IT'S NOT EVEN FOR REAL.

This month's gardening tip; if you're bothered with cats coming into your garden and scratching up your freshly sown seeds for a shit, find an old bicycle inner tube, cut it into appropriate lengths and leave these lying about the aforesaid seed beds. The cats will then give the area a wide berth because the inner tubes are mistaken for snakes. IT'S ALL TRUE!!

Phil Scorzonera.

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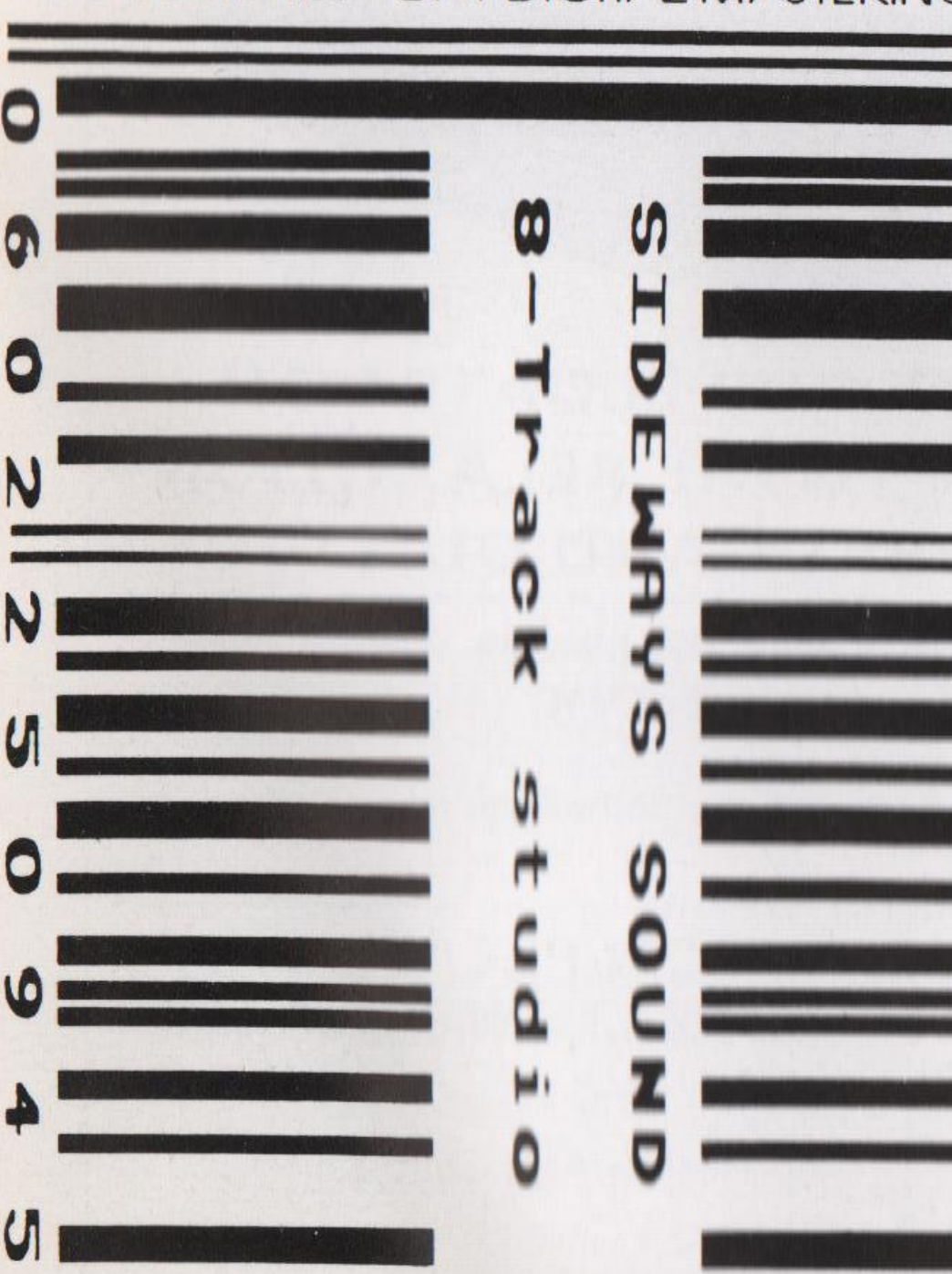


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