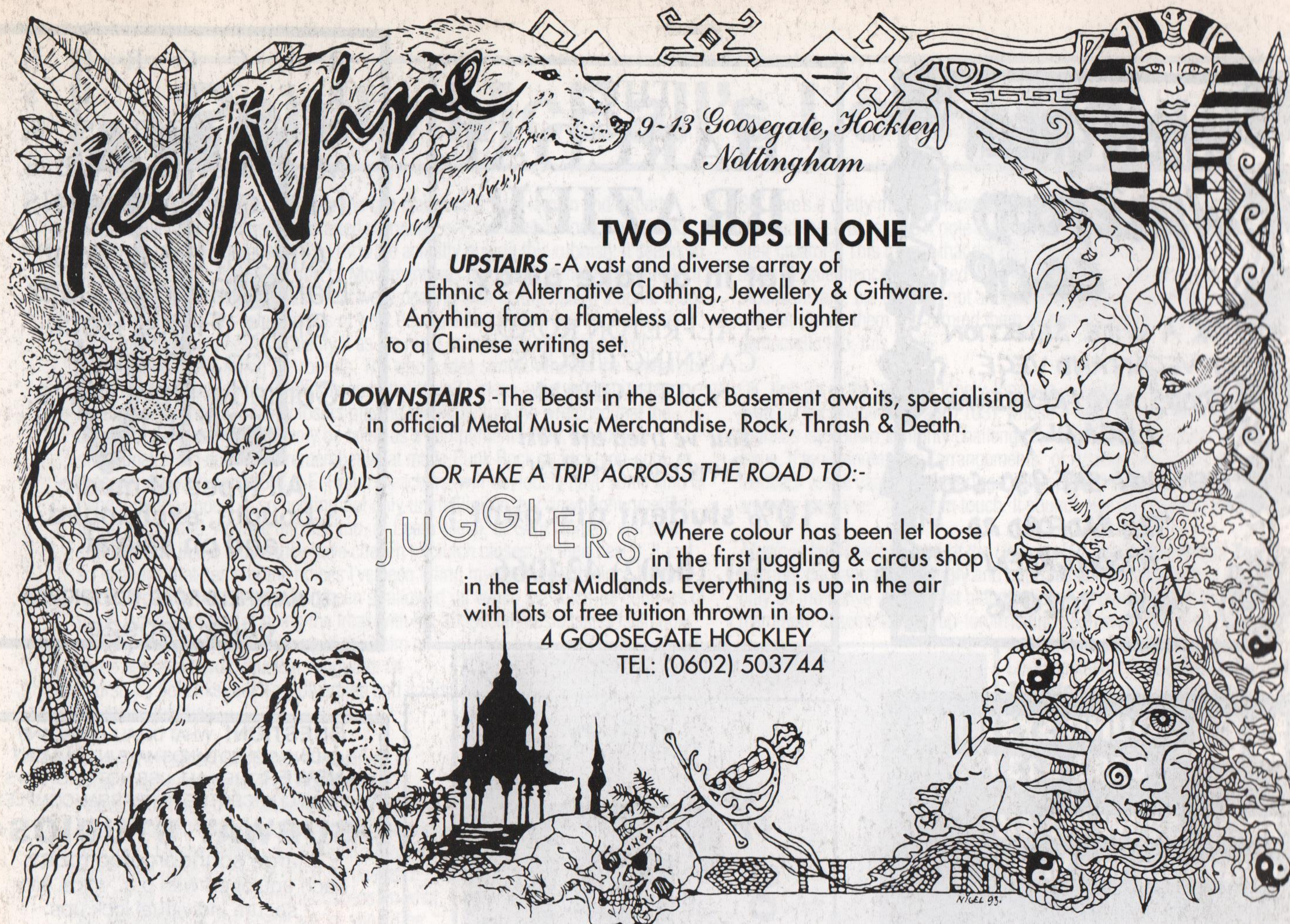


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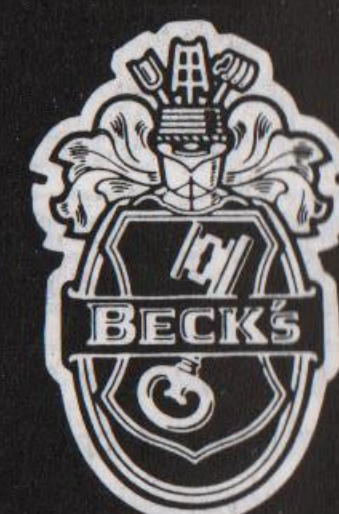
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OVERALL
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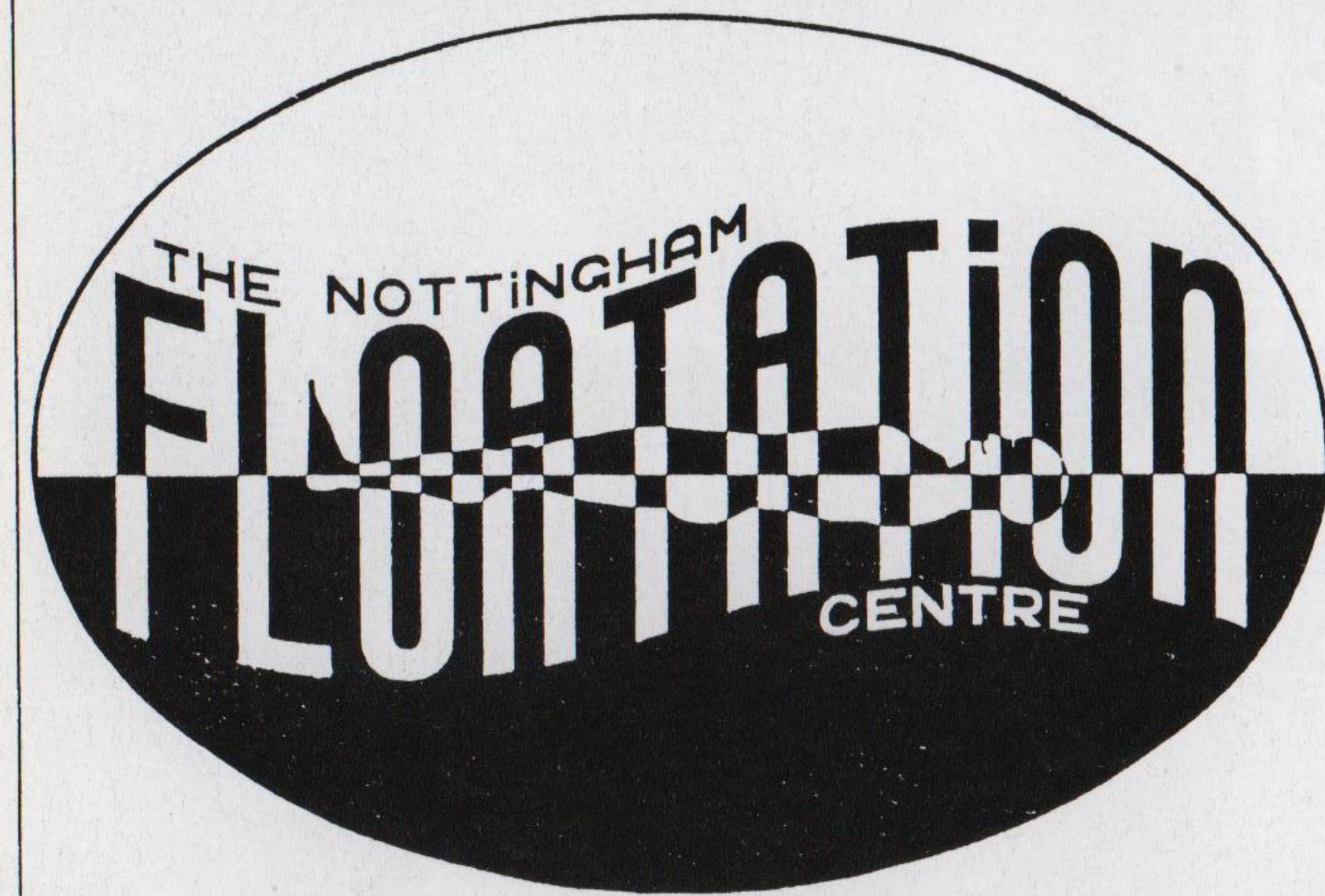


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NOVEMBER GIGS

Friday 5th 8pm CO-CREATORS

Formed in spring of '91 from the split of ska/funk pioneers Ruff, Ruff and Ready, Co-Creators are a dance band in every sense of the word. A rhythm-based groove-funk outfit, seven musicians including keyboard, congas, percussion, didgeridoo and four vocals, their show is a sweaty, theatrical and visual treat. The music is all original drawing on their influence and love of Hip-hop, Latin/Afro, Ska and Reggae rhythms.

Experienced and lyrically fresh, their songs are about everyday life, politics and the environment. Unrestricted by musical barriers they are free to cross, mix and explore. Band On The Wall in Manchester recently hailed them as "the most gob smacking, foot stomping bunch of musical maniacs I've ever come across."



Saturday 6th 8pm

SUNS OF ARQA

Suns Of Arqa have released a string of albums over the last ten years, working with luminaries such as Adrian Sherwood (On-U Sound) and Alex Patterson (The Orb) and other musicians all over the world, but have only recently started gigging regularly. Every gig is different and with a massive repertoire and constantly changing line-up they seem more like a collective than a band. At the moment they are working with Astralasia and a group of musicians from Delhi, India. Their current live set is based on solid tribal beats with African, Asian and European melodies, and features Country Culture and Kwasi from C-Charge in a hark back to their collaborations with Prince Far-I. Suns Of Arqa will send you on a trip through Indian raga, Gypsy Flamenco, Irish Jigs and reels, Tribal African and Aboriginal music, bound together by thundering heavy dub reggae. (£3/£2)

Saturday 13th 2pm - 10pm OVERALLDAYER late £3/£2/£1 early A Tribute To The Late Genius Of DAVID BOWIE

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THE EARLY STUFF

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Friday 19th 8pm

NEVERLAND

Derby-based Neverland are one of the best Celtic Rock Folk groups this side of the Great Rift. Their versatility with mandolin, flute and pipes adds fizz to their vocal contribution. Mixing folk and rap with influences as diverse as the Ozrics and Metallica, they have gained a large following in their home own and have recently returned from a tour of south coast universities and a support to Mega City 4 at Derby University. (£2/£1)



Saturday 20th 8pm GONZO SALVAGE COMPANY (pic)

Bass, guitar, drum machine, samples and computer generated images, Gonzo Salvage Company attempt to take you to another planet. Only their lyrics are most certainly about this one. Optimistic guitar themes and breakneck drum patterns create a powerful and hypnotic, grinding and biting, inviting and violent set. Or as Sam Taylor put it in NME: "...like the Sex Pistols for a Bladerunner generation. Their music is deliriously sad but uplifting; the songs are geek punk anthems for teenagers with angst and a sense of humour. Unpretentious, uninhibited, this is the suede for people who always knew Bowie was an asshole." (£2/£1)

Cover: PINSKI ZOO Photo: Shaun Hills



Friday 26th 8pm PINSKI ZOO

In the late 60's and early 70's the history books of jazz acquired a new term — 'fusion'. Under the influence of Miles Davis, John McLaughlin and others, jazz musicians began to work directly with the rhythms instruments and attitudes of rock music. Ever since then, with increasing sophistication, there has always been a fusion scene in the U.K. Few bands have developed a fusion music with the same rhythmic drive, attention to harmonic detail and originality as Pinski Zoo. The brain-child of saxophonist Jan Kopinski, the band's music unites angular and seemingly endless flows of melody with heavily accented out-funk rhythms. Yet for all the accessibility and immediacy of their music, Pinski Zoo have maintained an almost anonymous presence by allowing their music, like most rock groups, to be identified under a group title, a factor which has undoubtedly contributed to their near-cult status in the U.K. Along with Jan, drummer Steve Harris, keyboard player Steve Iliffe and bassist Wesley Bingham are superb musicians whose effortless manner with breakneck speed and melodic undulation of the writing contributes greatly to the excitement their sets induce. Pinski Zoo consolidated their reputation with a series of fine recordings on the Jazz Café label. *Rare Breeds* made it into the indie charts and *East Rail East* received rave reviews in the jazz and national press alike. Their brand new CD *De-Icer* including tracks recorded live in Austria and New York will be available for the first time at this event. (£3.50/£2.50)

OVERALL

There is a Smell of Fried Onions
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Tel/fax 0602 240351

Published by Paul and Wholesome Fish
with assistance from Will.
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Photos: Tony Fisher, Rob Pitt, Shaun Hills
Special Thanks to Chris the Resource, Graham the Printer, Nigel The Finisher.

vinolution:



SPELL *Seasons in the Sun* (Mute)

Rolling church organs, country pickin' guitars, gruff male talk-overs and the saddest of reverb-laden girl backing vocals, death, love found and love founded, this is my kind of music. *Season In The Sun* is the first venture from Spell, the unlikely combination of Rose McDowall and Boyd Rice. Wasn't she in Strawberry Switchblade? I hear you ask, well, yes, that sounds plausible enough, but Boyd Rice? Did he not release as Non, a record with several holes in the middle to allow a choice of varied renditions of the same disk? (Got a Black & Decker and a bored afternoon? Go on give it a go with all those records that you were going to take to Selectadisc). Is he not the head of a Satanic Church, a dabbler in Nazi imagery and the drinker of the pint of puke at the Jim Rose Circus (reputedly)? Yes, the one and the same but also a great lover of classic 60's pop. And so it was after a chance encounter in a Tokyo hotel that this truly great record came about. I had long wondered why no one had been so inspired by Terry Jacks into doing their own version of the Brel track that gives this album its name, or why no one could cover *Johnny Remember Me* without taking the piss, or why only the most overplayed Lee Hazelwood songs were ever given reference to. I suppose it boils down to the sad fact that although all these are well enough known no-one, until now that is, is prepared to stand up and say 'This is not some laughable pop aberration from down the years but the very stuff of Western Youth itself.' Compare *Girlfriend In A Coma* with *Johnny Remember Me* for example. The former, reasonably sad and poignant but still shot through with a distancing cynical humour, the latter a no-holds-barred attack on the tearducts, a little lacking in subtlety perhaps but then how would you treat hearing your dead girlfriend's voice rising out of the mist on a storm swept night on the moors? There is the misguided view doing the rounds that pop music is valuable and as such should be intense and worthy — high art if you like. Nonsense. It should be emotionally unstable, disposable and over the top, like youth itself. This record is a celebration of all that. What would you rather do, sit down and coolly evaluate that it's not all as bad as you think, or get indulgently drunk and depressed and have a damn good cry?

Will Irvine

ONE DOVE *Morning Dove White* (Boy's Own)

Morning Dove White is the debut album from One Dove, a Scots trio with a female vocalist who have been around for a couple of years. One Dove seem to be forging a likeable line in soft dance music, Dorothy Allison's lilting silvery tones purr over cascades and bubbles. *White Love* (so good they re-mixed it twice), their most commercial single release to date, is among the best tracks on the album which include the great trembling warbling *Sirens*, the nearly up-tempo melodic *Breakdown* and the 3 1/2 minute wonder, the echoey skin-tingling *Why Don't You Take Me*. *There Goes The Cure* and *My Friend*, a slightly iffy instrumental let the side down a bit. One Dove are a fresh appealing band and *Morning Dove White* should bring them deserved credit and more widespread commercial success.

PAUL WELLER *The Weaver* (Go! Discs)

The Weaver, if you believe what you are told, is a massive live favourite among people who still go to Paul Weller gigs, or rather concerts. Perhaps it is better live, recorded it does nothing for me, pretty much like everything Paul Weller has been doing for what seems like far too long. It's difficult not to be critical when you recall what Paul Weller was once capable of and other tracks of this EP *This Is No Time* and *Another New Day* are really dreary, dribbly, damp squibby type things. There's also a cover of Neil Young's *Ohio* which I don't rate much either. *The Weaver* is probably the best track here. Probably.....

Ewa Kowalski

REDD KROSS *Lady in the Front Row*

(Bug Music)
As far as I can see, supporting Teenage Fan Club dressed as Glam Rockers back in 1991 did them more harm than good. But like Starclub before them, the Beatleist trick sometimes catches with a perfectly listenable pop result. And this is exactly what we have here, pure, fantastic, delightful, guitar driven indie pop.

Mike W

ALTERNATIVE T.V. *Live at Rat Club '77*

(Obsession/Jungle)
I approached this CD with a certain amount of dread and wasn't surprised to find that it's totally abysmal. Tuneless guitar-based bashes, gruff vocals, par for the course in '77, this particular punk rock concert was taped on a mono recorder and apart from die-hard fans it's hard to imagine who this would appeal to, so dreadful is the quality. Why bother putting it on CD?

ATV were the fag-end of punk, lacking the sublime melodic power of the Stranglers, the authority of the Pistols and the Buzzcocks' great pop soundtrack. There are some witty interludes where Andrew Perry harangues members of the audience. Otherwise this release has no redeeming features (© John Micallef - Ed). Anyone interested in this period would be far better off with compilations of the above mentioned acts which are all available on CD. "How much longer?" Perry rants half-way through. My sentiments exactly.

Malcolm Lorimer

CONFLICT

These Colours Don't Run/

Climbing The Stairs AA 7" (Mortarhate)
Seething with anger disgust and loathing, Conflict's little piece of vinyl makes Thom's lament sound pathetically selfish in comparison. The difference is that the sadness aimed at the kids by Radiohead will reach it's target while Conflict's "fucking common sense" rant, *These Colours Don't Run*, will never be heard by the indifferent bastards it rails against. This is Conflict's first recording in four years and first 7" since '85. The AA side, *Climbing The Stairs* is a nightmarish skank whose content might be effective in reaching some of the right ears. Only this latter track will be included on their forthcoming album *Conclusion*.

RADIOHEAD *Creep Live USA EP* (Parlaphone)

The deletion of the expletives ("fucking") without even bothering to paper over the editing cracks spoils this acoustic version of the brilliant and once independent *Creep*. I also miss the bit where the other guitar crashes in at the beginning of the chorus. This special limited edition numbered (mine is #1478 for any trainspotters) gatefold sleeve packaged edition of Thom's lament is worth it just for this track. Since *Anyone Can Play Guitar* inspired me to take up said instrument, (and the fact that my ex left me a Washburn in lieu of the rent and she hated Radiohead), I am now learning to play this song. How appropriate. I suppose next I'll have to start a band so I can have that bit where the other guitar crashes in. Hey, it's just come on the radio!

Christine Chapel

CARTER USM *Lenny and Terence* (Chrysalis)

Most definitely the best thing these two rather unhumorous cretins have come up with, though it has taken them four studio albums to do it. All they have to do now is lose the shorts and all the other super-cool college student gimmicks, and they could be accepted as being half decent. So what if it is a little bit Mary Chain it's better than Blood Sport for All.

Mike W



JIMBOB AND THE OTHER ONE

Photo: Ed Sirrs



TINDERSTICKS *Tindersticks*

(This Way Up)
The Tindersticks, apparently, are originally from Nottingham, yes that's NOTTINGHAM, though they've since upped sticks and headed elsewhere. Their eponymous debut album is in fact an awesomely sprawling epic 22-tracker double album taking in previously released singles and including recent indie top tenner *City Sickness*. Packaged with a lavish, richly hued cover painting of a Spanish dancer, *Tindersticks* is a highly creative and distinctive record; deliciously malicious deep vocals reverberate over a fistful of musical moods and styles ranging from violin strings to snag your heart-strings ballads, leading to songs which take your hand and pull you back in time and then whisk you back again

and dump you outside a Hammer House of supernatural organ music. There's a definite 'from another era' feel to this group, starting with the foppishly attired canvas like group photo/painting on the sleeve, leading to the 'sepia' sound of the hissy *Marbles* and on to the final flowery track *The Not Knowing* which has an almost Jacobean-like oboe intro. But don't get the wrong impression, *Tindersticks* are no hearts and flowers soppy lot, their antidotal 'rant and racket' groove is pretty strong stuff; Tyed is a right sinister little number, *The War Blues* is a bit of a tuneless farrago and they're not averse to slipping in the (gasp!) odd rude word or two. A couple of the tracks aren't even your typical out and out 'song'; *Marbles* and *Paco de Renaldas Dream* are more dialogue/poetry read in time to an instrumental backing. As far as the lyrics go, they can get mildly self indulgent and euphuistic, any stronger and they'd be a bit trying but as a package it works, it's, well, quaint. Not in the euphuistic dialogue mood? Try *Tea Stain* and *Tie Die*, two terrific tasters of *Tindersticks*' eerie unearthly spectral organs; or *Her* with its flamenco style guitars echoing the Hispanic cover influence. *Tindersticks* is a severely innovative album, and the *Tindersticks* are WEIRD, wonderfully weird. A chocolate box album assortment of hard, soft, disembodied and dust-sheet-over-the-antiques centres. Keep them by your Tinderbox at all times.

Ewa Kowalski

DROP NINETEENS *National Coma* (Hut)

So the kids are back, well, more or less, since mainman Greg Ackell has gutted the band in the interim. The replacements are as sickeningly photogenic as Take That or Worlds Apart and we conspiracy theorists consider this deliberate. Drop Nineteens photo-spreads on bedroom walls shock! But the proof of the pudding's in the listening eh, kids? We let the music speak for itself. Unfortunately, despite all the crypto-intelligent song-titles (*Rot winter*, *Superfeed*, *Franco Inferno*) it says nigh on nothing. *National Coma* limps along about as exciting as and lively as my car in the morning (anyone want to buy a Peugeot?), stuttering and spluttering. I am left stoically unmoved wishing they sounded even half as good as they look. Avoid.

RICK ASTLEY *Body And Soul* (RCA)

So, our Rick, as Cilla might refer to him has mellowed with age. Gone are the high-NRG pop belters a la *Never Gonna Give You Up* smooth baritone-voiced soul. Rick has grown up, become a father and, it would appear, taken control. The first two being understandable; the latter a true achievement for an ex-Saw Puppet. There is depth, emotion and, although he is no Otis Redding or Marvin Gaye, a fair amount of soul on this album. The most plausible label you could pin to his lapel would be a male Lisa Stansfield, who I fact co-wrote a couple of tracks including the lustrous *Enough Love*. The two tracks that stand out though are the bright *The Ones You Love* and the impassioned, desperate *Every Time You Go Away*. I can't say I really admire this record but the man deserves a friendly pat on the back for it.

AIMEE MANN *Whatever* (Imago)

Anyone remember Til Tuesday's pristine pop that bounced around joyously in the late eighties? if you do, you'll remember Aimee Mann their vocalist. This is here first solo excursion. With a multitude of musicians (most notably Roger McGuinn) and even more instruments drawn into the fray, *Whatever* is masterfully clever without venturing anywhere near the pompous. She has a wry talent for writing damn good pop songs with despairing and biting lyrics. *I Should've Known* and *Could've Been Anyone* superficially seem playful, but in reality are bitter, regretful and accusatory, the latter attacking an ex-boyfriend who actually co-wrote the song. At other times she plays it down, relying on acoustic guitar and little more, bringing in more melancholia such as *4th Of July* and *Jacob Marley's Chain*, or sounding truly plaintive on *I Know There's A Ward*. This is an excellent album with few peers. Chrissie Hynde might have made it had she not gone off doing dodgy duets with UB40 and a certain Ms. Bush had better watch the inside track.

Dave Ellyatt

BLINK *Going To Nepal* (Lime Records)

I loved one of their earlier singles *Is God Really Groovy?* with it's bouncy naive postapocalyptic groove. This, however, I just don't like. Can't get into it, it's just too clean and nice. Like an ex-student's idea of what a student listens to. Like Top Man's grunge collection. Too clean. But it's still worth buying because it includes *Is God Really Groovy?* on the CD anyway.

Martin Thomas

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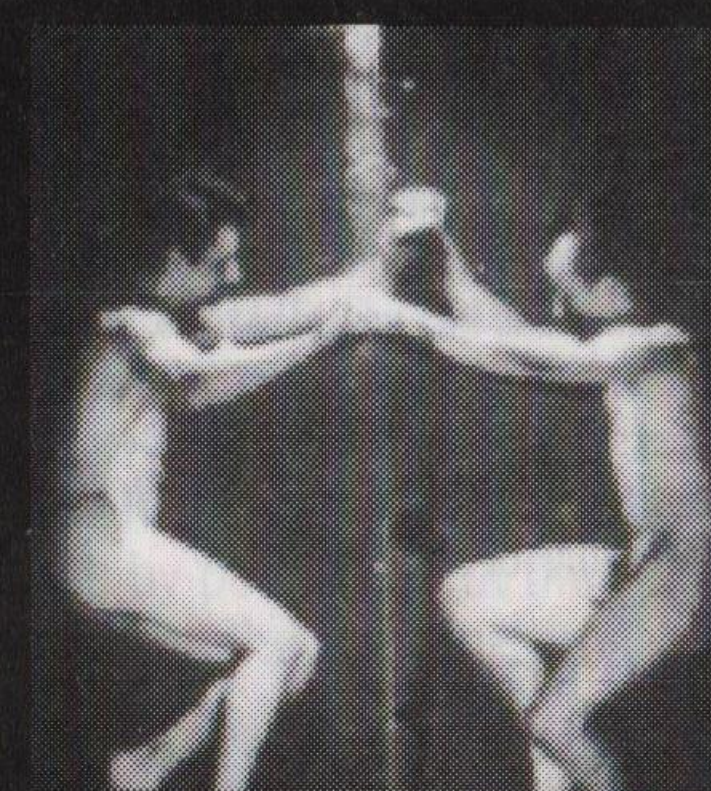


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MOBY Ambient (Mute)
When relatively large mammals like whales or humans make love, the post-orgasmic effects upon the opposite sexes are quite different. Whereas in the male endorphins are released which cause drowsiness leading to sleep, the release of sperm into the female causes her to become more awake. Consequently the poor male is biochemically committed to rolling over to sleep after mating. Whales are monogamous, some being known to have kept the same partner for over fifty years, although it is not uncommon for them to sleep around. They are incredibly smart and can recognise humans in the water by sonar scanning, reading the position of organs in any individual. They are also accomplished acrobats, often showing off for the benefit of tourists, and can carry out synchronised moves from as early an age as six weeks old, swimming and dancing with their parents in a complex but continuous ambience of loops and whorls.

SUB:TRANCE demo
Whales have names based on their physical characteristics, but somehow, possibly due to the natural empathy between them and humans, also exhibit personalities and behaviour correspondent with their given names. Hence Splash (so named after markings resembling two exploding water droplets on the underside of his tail fin) likes to splash around a lot, while Nicky (after a nick on the dorsal fin) has a habit of nicking the fish which other whales have shoaled together. Trunk has no tail at all and therefore cannot swim, but is helped along by other whales even up to distances of ten thousand miles and is never wanting for food.

SKIN LIMIT SHOW demo
I recently saw a film called Razorback which contained many similarities to Moby Dick, only it was a giant rogue pig. In days of yore (about 150 yores ago) men used to hunt whales and in fact still do, but not to the extent of the slaughter which continued for over a century. The oil of whales was used to light the towns and cities of the western world for over a century. An American whaling company called Lever & Lever, based in South Africa, made a huge fortune out of killing whales. A major shareholder in the company was Hitler's Germany, and much of the profit from the slaughter of whales was invested in World War 2. There were by products from whales which nobody could find a use for until it was discovered to be a detergent. Soap was invented and with advent of radio, kitchen sink dramas were written for the sole purpose of inserting adverts for soap powder. When subsequently television took over as a mass medium, these dramas continued their purpose which is why to this day I FUCKING HATE SOAP OPERAS. Christine Chapel

MUSTARD ROCK
Do You Regard Yourself As A Sinner?
Already hailed as the best band in Nottingham, though I would take that to mean 'most exciting', having seen them live where they are best served. Witness the antics of the boy Jai which, along with the understated instrumentals and v. funny lyrics, makes for an hilarious night out. Johnny Ha Ha and We are Ninjas particularly. There is material to be moulded here. Bring on the spangly talent scouts.

CRAZY BEAT DEMONS
Uncontrollably Funki Object (demo)
And so they are. This exciting live recording makes me want to be there. The lack of diversity isn't such a bad thing since the whole idea is to have fun and dance non-stop, and the CBD posse seem to have hung up their trainers for a career a stodge (single-minded people can do anything at all). Each track is a full-on attack of frenzied funk-ed-up rave abandon. (0827 287228).

DESTINY RANCH demo
Initially suggesting standard pub-rock, it quickly improves, redeemed especially by the third track, a belting riff and a three-chord sequence identical to one on AC Temple's *Baby Seals* (but without the panache). Christine Chapel

CHAMPION THE UNDER DOG
Tightrope/Up and Alive demo
I've watched the re-runs of Champion the Wonderhorse, and noticed how the dog called Rebel does all the work and gets none of the credit. What a sad premise for a band and what a crap demo! *Tightrope* makes you feel as if you're being pushed down the stairs and into the path of a poll tax riot and mugged by rabid revolutionaries on roller-skates. Worthless Shite! *Up And Alive* isn't reggae, It's deformed, disjointed and undanceable. Matt Moss

THE SASPA TABS demo
Give the impression that they are quite happy being an alright band, the sort of band not willing to give up their day jobs, sign on the dole and live a life of dreams, doomed to play your local public house for the rest of their living years. They could set the world alight if they wanted to but that's up to them. (0602 868584)



THYROID SPEAKERS: radiating charm

THYROID SPEAKERS demo #3
Back again, Grantham's finest. After a month long tour of Germany this three-piece went back in the studio and the result is a bigger, experimental, rough sound, in places quite challenging. The brilliant Get In There and Johnny James are prime examples of their new and developing sound. It is clear that they don't really care; if you don't like them—then fuck you. Thyroid Speakers are still a mighty fine band. Let us pray that this will always be the case. (1, Elms View, Great Gonerby, Grantham, Lincs, NG31 8LR).

CREATE! On The Move demo
Pop songs ahoy! This three piece West Bridgford band produce wonderful music: simple guitars, throbbing bass-lines, foot-tapping drums. One moment jumping up and down, the next listening to the words. Create! sing about everyday events which even you, dear reader, can relate to, all contained in a three minute unit. Create! confirm that pop isn't dead.

SWIMMER Faking It/Boxes demo
A 7"—only band (hooray!) Swimmer have been making minor ripples from the centre of the big pond of London with rather magical in places art-wanky noise of the best quality. Think Pavement, Palace Brothers, lo-fi, Shimmy Disc, 7" singles. Swimmer are doomed to play the Narrowboat, brought to you by those people who run the joint with no name evenings. (071 254 1056) SID

THE DIVINE COMEDY Liberation demo
"The Divine comedy is Neil Hannon, that's all." Actually that's not all... Liberation offers 13 songs, all catchy, camp and theatrical. Their most important ingredient is humour. Songs like *Bernice Bobs Her Hair* and *The Pop Singers Fear Of The Pollen Count* must be taking the piss, but we are forced to take them seriously because of their smart charm. The Divine Comedy is pop, poetry and pretensions at their best. Rachel Allen

STARLESS demo
What is it with boys sat in suburban bedrooms playing with their computers? First Ultraviolence and now Starless. But there the comparison ends. Starless is slow, pondering and depressing yet involving and wholly listenable. At a time when computer music seems capable of little more than 180bpm bass and snare lines with silly noises over the top, here comes someone who can change a chord (what's a chord?) put in melody and harmony, sing along to it and come up with something once called atmospheric. Touches of Japan aside it is a refreshing use of a medium that seems by and large to have wandered down just one possible path, a pity given the great scope that digital music should have opened up. Hopefully Starless will go some way to redressing the balance. Will Irvine

Photo: Joolz

THE FLOATATION TANK
Nottingham The Floatation Centre
From what I remember of the film *Altered States* I was expecting something more metallic and industrial than these warm and official rooms in the Healing Arts Centre. Thankfully there is nothing more industrial in sight than a hi-fi and hot shower. The welcome is warm to begin with as our host for the afternoon, Richard, explains pleasantly and informatively about procedure. This is no Mickey Mouse outfit, but the professional approach conveys a convivial atmosphere, which is just as well because Richard is about to suggest that I remove all my clothes. But not to worry, after a thorough instructional guided tour I am left to my own devices save a reassuring presence two rooms away, contactable via a two-way microphone in the tank. The tank itself is no way like that coffin in *Altered States*. It's separate room like a small swimming pool in a large cupboard. Hey, it's even got underwater speakers and you can take your own tapes if you so desire. Ambient is the watchword here. Or whale song. I know a man who speaks Whale if you need any advice. Once in the womb water I float lightly at the surface, ambient music soothing me gently into the mood. I can now turn out the light, by a switch placed a convenient arms length away. The intro music fades after a time and away I go, the nearest I may ever experience freedom from gravity. I can smell incense though have no idea where it is coming from. I relax. Physically the sensation is warm and wet and enjoyable, not as good as good sex but better than bad sex; but be careful not to thrash about because you are floating in a solution 98% salt and if it gets in your eye it stings and spoils the enjoyment, though there is a handy towel just outside the door, though if your meditation is interrupted for any reason, it doesn't take long to get back into it because there are no other stimuli. Turning slowly around in the pool, I made sure I was completely disoriented. And disoriented for that matter. Keeping still, a cocoon of water, body temperature, forms around me. Now then, therapeutic as it may be to lie in such a state, more can be assimilated from a few minor exercises like breathing deeply and stretching slowly. I can feel every muscle and joint and tube and vessel and organ and fibre. It makes me smile. I can hear myself grinning. I can literally see the tension calving away from me and spinning off into the darkness like so many small demons. A proper sensational experience. Without any idea of linear time I decided that was enough and no sooner did I begin to feel bored than the outro music was piped through the underwater speakers. I had a little chat to Float control mainly out of curiosity to see if it the microphone was on. It was (he had heard me fart). I had been in there almost an hour. It seems my body clock is working OK despite my brain, which functions much better now. I was totally mellowed out for two days afterwards. Christine Chapel

FREEFORALL
For a free float at the Nottingham Floatation Centre just answer the following question: Who directed Altered States? First three callers to answer correctly on 0602 528228 after 6pm win one hour in the tank absolutely FREE!

In celebration of their receiving an advance from Shimmy Disc, we have decided to start a new column of Compact Youguit Machine sleeve notes as we think they should be shared. Also we need to replace Johnny Violent's Techno Revue as the Boy Wonder is now busy living up to a five album deal with Earache Records. Furthermore Ultraviolence and CYM hate each other.....

Photo: John B. Martindale

COMPACT

1. MEMORIES "Memories leave me alone, I don't want to end up like Oliver Stone." This track asks the question, 'should a band write autobiographical lyrics?' The Oliver Stone bit is there simply because it, er, fits. If you are trying to forget something how can it help to have a permanent record of it in the form of a song or a stupid demo?

2. ZEBRA CROSSING "Zebra crossings must piss you off, you have to wait while I walk across." A song demonstrating our hatred of the exploitation of the capitalist society we live in. The proletariat's only chance of attack against the might of the amassed bourgeoisie is by walking across zebra crossings slowly, making the fat factory owners wait in their cars.

3. SAILORS "I love you baby." A song, boy meets girl, girl falls in love with female sailor, boy begs her not to leave through this seductive song; meaningless.

4. SMILE "Smile, er smile, don't be sad." Even though society has gone through a terrible process of devaluation, we should always look on the bright side of life.

5. FASCISM "It cannot be beaten by fascism, etc, we will beat it." Originally written for the Forest Fields Anti-Fascism thing, but we couldn't be bothered to send it. This was Spacehopper's baby, he played it once at a party but got beat up for making pro-Hitler comments in irony later on. He filmed the entire incident and it is now called "Life, what a wanker,eh?"

6. GET ME SOME BREAD "I don't understand this at all, I don't like brown bread, but I love it more than you." Assuming that bread can be seen in terms of relationships, this song basically outlines our feelings on the subject. i.e. we don't understand why we have sex, we don't understand why we eat bread. We don't like brown bread because it is good for us, we only have sex with girls who are bad and are going to bring us down to their level. But even having sex with good girls, or boys for that matter, is better than having sex in the same relationship for two years.

7. WHAT'S THE PLAN? "What's the plan? (times at least 20)" Have you noticed the number of bands who have now suddenly turned into 'grunge' bands just to cash in on the market? Well it makes us sick because we're not very good at being a grunge band.

8. WHY ME? "I was walking down the street and something strange happened to me, my leg fell off, why does this always happen to me?" Sometimes when every possible thing goes wrong we are prompted to ask the question, how could I possibly deserve this? This song basically says, 'don't worry, you deserve everything you get because you are a little bastard.'

9. WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE? "Where have all the flowers gone? You can understand most of the lyrics..." Based around a poem by a poet we forgot the name of. This song is meaningless and crap really, but... it's got soul man, if you know what we mean.

10. I LOVE U "Yes it's true we love you". One of our many attempts at doing a love song without including the words: we're not taking the piss, honestly.

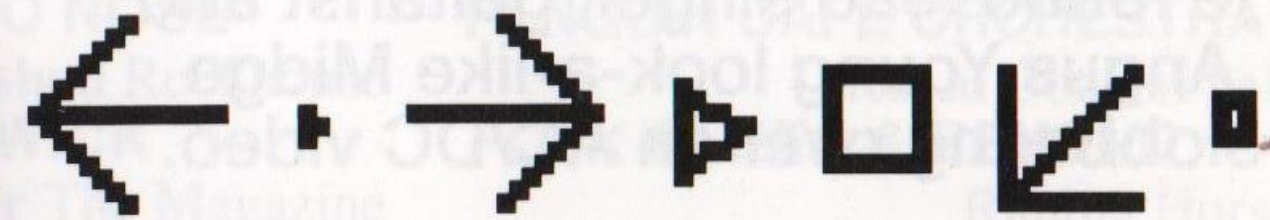
11. GIRLFRIEND "I ain't ever going out with her again, fuck her etc." You can understand a lot of the lyrics again. One of those teen angst songs you hear all the people who had too many spots as teenagers complaining about. To them: tough luck, matey, we like them.

12. MORNING PT. 1 "Er, I don't feel very well, my legs aren't working etc. A song about getting up. We don't mean it in the way you are thinking either, mate. Shaver by Braun.

13. TUNA SARNIES "No more tuna sarnies (x20), but I'm not the sort of guy who's bothered by the sort of snack I eat." A song which addresses the problem of starvation. People are starving in different countries, but we are picky eaters. What is the mentality?

When I Grow Up I Want To Be a Serial Murderer (demo)

YOU G I T



14. PAUL "When my friend Paul was very little he wrote a poem that goes like this: if you're hot or you're cold, if you're hairy or if you're bald, eat Weetabix! — Paul Hardy. That pretty much says it all. P. Hardy sadly passed away last week.

15. BASTARD MOTHERFUCKER "Bleagh, blearghh, mumble etc, I hope you children eat estate agents." A song best described as 'angry', but aren't we all sometimes?

16. CHEESE RANT "How could you do this to me? I loved you etc." Another Spacehopper song, a love story which he terms highly personal, hence we have no idea of the lyrics. But please, if you recognise any of it about yourself then write and tell us. We need a laugh...

17. GOODBYE MY SWEET LITTLE MOONCHILD "Improvised stuff about cupboards, yes I love you repeated several times, my sweet little moonchild." How can we explain what this is about? It's about everything and nothing, how our minds change so quickly.

18. TENSE AND AWARE "No understandable lyrics." Another one inspired by poetry, about the war I think.

Check out the cool little 'Bleep' at the end as the machine broke.
19. SPITFIRE (Instrumental) The only song Spacehopper and Vode admit listening to on tape. The sample is taken from a Sunday morning radio show.

20. I DON'T WANNA LOVE U, I JUST WANNA FUCK U Lyrics written by Max Ehrmann, from 'The Desiderata of Happiness', unavailable for publication. The song is basically about how what we say we are thinking contrasts greatly from what we really are.

21. S. HUSSEIN IS THE NEW GOD "He's dead good, I wanna fuck him up the bum, Hitler was the new messiah, etc" A joke religious sect we have started, claiming that Saddam Hussein and Hitler (were) are new religious idols. According to the reasoning: Jesus was killed because of religious differences between himself and the rest of society, so was Hitler and so is S. Hussein.

22. WE SHAG TECHNO FOR BREAKFAST Our attempt at doing techno.
23. I DON'T WANNA END UP LIKE YOU "You never bought me anything, you bastard etc." A song which asks 'why should we respect our parents?' Being brought up in a capitalist society, it's inevitable that we have an economic perspective on everything and if our parents don't spoil us enough in our eyes, we think they're crap.

24. BUTTS ARE PLAYING THE PHOENIX (Instrumental) A song celebrating the fact that the Butthole Surfers are playing the Phoenix Festival this year.

25. I'M NOT THE PERSON YOU MESSSED WITH LAST WEEK "I'll rip your head off, eat you, kill you, etc. because I'm not the person you messed with last week. etc." Yeah! Our 'hard bastard we've been working out' song, so go suck eggs.

26. I GET X MANY CHICKS NOW I'M GAY 'You can hear the lyrics' There is so much social stigma attached to being 'alternative' these days that this is often a true statement. We have often seen this sickening piece of social activity taking place.

27. JUST CALL ME JIM One speaker song Erm, It just speaks for itself really, it does.

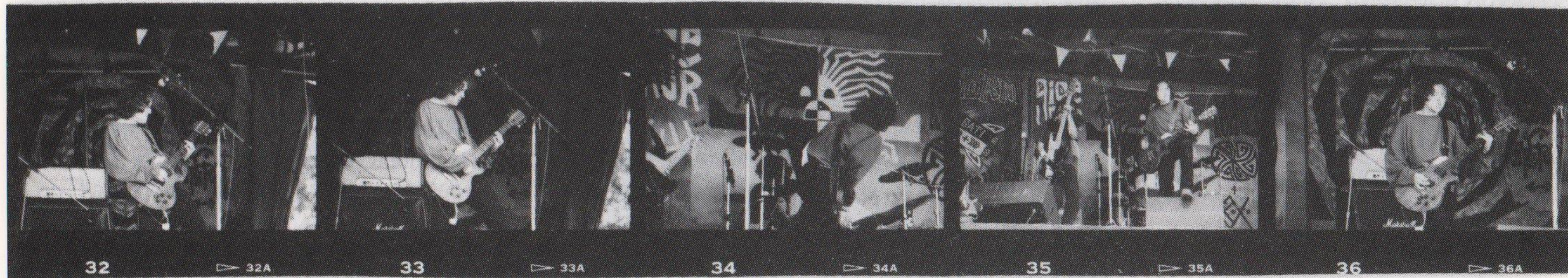
28. HO HO Work it out for yourself.
Next Month: Side Two
For recordingsto accompany these sleeve notes ring Simon on 0602 634077

NEW DOGS with OLD TRICKS

Having just released a new LP *Sonic Sculptures*, a fine collection of guitar-driven monster riffs, rumours are rife that the Scum Pups have grown up and turned into rock dogs before our very eyes. Martin Thomas went down to darkest Leicester to investigate. He found lead singer, guitarist and Angus Young look-a-like Midge slobbering over an AC/DC video.

Scum Pups

strip of poses: Rob Pitt



About that AC/DC video.....

"We're gettin' more and more into a rock thing, we're gettin' more and more pretentious about what we're playing. We've always liked what we've done but we were always trying to be, like, full of this coolness, but now we've just done so many tough gigs and that, playing all these shit hole places and the songs that we had were gettin' more and more rock with those cheesy rock endings y'know, so our writing's gettin' more and more that way with a real piss-take element. I really like it when people don't get the joke, that's one of the best things about being in a band, it's your gag."

The 'G' word.....

"I think we've just about ridden this grunge thing. We'd released a record before that happened, we were called Brit Core then, next they called us grunge and now the press calls us post grunge. But all the Pups is is three guys playing fuckin' distorted guitar rock but what ever it gets called this week, whatever it gets called next we'll just carry on doing what were doing and what we've always done. I mean we use a lot of technology with Mark [Spivey] in the studio, drum loops and samples, but we use them subtly. We're not like one of those bands that try to be American, trying to sound like Soundgarden or whatever, but when it comes down to it the Americans nicked it all of us in the first place. They nicked it off Sabbath, they nicked it off all of the Midlands bands like Zeppelin and Deep Purple and all that. There's definitely a heritage of bands in the Midlands. Grunge is a load of bollocks. We're a part of that heritage."

Sonic Sculptures.....

"There won't be a better album recorded on that budget by a British indie band this year. It's got a bit of something for everyone in it. It's got these fuckin' monster riffs, sixties pop tunes, acoustic ballads. There's stuff like Glitter which is out and out stomping 70's, like the Sweet or something. When we were making up this LP it was like a pressure valve for everything I wanted to get on it, instead of waiting to move on to each bit we just got all our influences and jammed in one LP in six days flat. I think we did a phenomenal job really."

Babykill (their debut album).....

"It did the job really, I mean we were only babies when we did it. The good thing about Babykill was it was a real bedroom job y'know, I mean £500 to record you first LP, we just fuckin' went in there and did it. We weren't deadly serious when we did it but now we've become bitter and twisted cynics."

That lead singer arrogance bit.....

"Too many bands are just retentive in the scheme of things, so serious all of the time. I mean, we like to swagger about stage and put our feet on the monitors but that separates us from a bucket load of bands that are our peers. We get up there and act like utter arseholes for forty minutes, but like.....entertain people."

The big time.....

"We've done our crap gigs, we've done our trailing around the circuit for years, we've done struggling with the records, we wanna get a big bus, go to America, get tattooed and take loads of drugs. It pisses me off that nowadays it's not cool to like excess, I hate this indie thing in Britain that's like 'we wanna stay hip and just put singles out' — fuckin' crap! I want to sell as many records as I possibly can. I mean, I reckon people are stupid to turn down deals just 'cos they're with major record companies, I'm not saying that you won't get your fingers burnt, more like here's my fingers burn 'em."

Midge is every bit a star, he told me. But it's that very quality which almost begs the question 'why isn't he yet?'. He plays like a star, talks like one, in fact he just talks. Full stop. But there's no denying he's got definite charisma. And so what if people simply put him down as arrogant, he'd probably have a thing or two to say about that too. Honesty is a rare thing these days, and Midge is nothing if not honest.....unless he's taking the piss that is. One thing is for sure, *Sonic Sculptures* is a mighty album which should put the Scum Pups up there where they deserve to be, dripping with groupies, covered in tattoos, feet on the monitors.

• *Sonic Sculptures* is available now on Stay Free Music.

FRIED CIRCUIT

sponsored by



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SUB:TRANCE appear at the Filly & Firkin on Friday 12th with SOLID STATE COALITION

monday 1st

WHOLESONE FISH
Nottingham Trent Uni.

SPIDA'S JAM
Running Horse

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
Filly & Firkin

CARWASH
Ritzy

INSTANT KARMA
Leic. The Charlotte

BMX BANDITS
Derby The Where House

tuesday 2nd

STUDENT NIGHT
Nottingham Ritzy

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Running Horse

BOWLFISH
Lincoln The falcon

SIRINU
Leicester Phoenix Arts

TAR / SPINE
The Charlotte

B4 TIME
Ilkeston The Rutland

wednesday 3rd

JOE WALKER'S ZYDECO
BAND

Nottingham Old Vic

FIGHT
£8 adv. Rock City

THE PALACE BROTHERS
Narrowboat

KELLY'S HEROES
£2 Running Horse

BLISTER
Filly & Firkin

MURRAY THOMSON
Beeston The Durham Ox

B4 TIME
Shepshed Rockhouse

THE FAMILY VCAT / ME
Derby The Where House

STUMBLE BROS
Bell Hotel

MICK BECK & TONY MARSH
unsafe sax £6/4

Leicester Phoenix Arts

ENERGY ORCHARD
ABSOLUTELY £3/2

The Charlotte

thursday 4th

THE AGE
Nottingham Trent Uni.

FRICTION
Disco 2 £2/1.50

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG
Art Exhibition The Kennel Club

BUSHFIRE
Old Vic

TROJAN HORSE
Old Angel

MIND THE GAP
Filly & Firkin

DJ LOVELEE
Hearty Goodfellow

SPITHEAD
Lincoln The Falcon

WHOLESONE FISH
Derby The Where House

MURRAY THOMSON
The Green Man

BEN ELTON
from £7 Assembly Rooms

BABYFACE
Shepshed Rockhouse

BMX BANDITS / 18 WHEELER
£4/3 Leic. The Charlotte

JUNE TABOR
£5/3.50 Mansfield Arts Centre

THE FAMILY CAT
Northampton The Roadmender

friday 5th

SESSO PURO
Nottingham Ritzy

CO-CREATORS
£3/2.50 Filly & Firkin

MR. MEANA
Disco 2 £3/2

WEJ
Rock City

Old Angel

THE DOSTOEVSKYS
Old Vic

OLD SCHOOL
£1 Running Horse

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
Shepshed Rockhouse

PO! / KEVIN HEWICK
Leicester The Magazine

HEADRUSH
£3/2 The Charlotte

saturday 6th

SUNS OF ARQA
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

GUNSHOT / COMPULSION
Rock City

TUSCANY FRUIT BATS
Old Angel

CAP IN HAND
3pm

MARCEL MARCEAU SOUND
eve £2 Running Horse

McCOY featuring Noel McCoy
Derby The Where House

KINGMAKER
University of Derby S.U.

CUM TO BEDLAM
Shepshed Rockhouse

MURRAY THOMSON
Leicester Uni. Villers Hall

CLOSET QUEEN
Queen tribute £5 Leicester Uni.

THE FRANTIC FLINTSTONES
Rock'n' Roll night The Charlotte

sunday 7th

KELLY'S HEROES
Nottingham Golden Fleece

JOHN OTWAY'S BIG BAND
MURRAY TORKILDSEN

£5/4 Old Vic

MANGAL SINGH
Diwali gala '93 £5/3 6pm

STAN'S MARSHALL LAW
£1 Running Horse

BLIND & DANGEROUS
£1 Calverton Springwater Bar

WHOLESONE FISH
Leicester Mosquito Coast

MAMBO TAXI / BLINK
£3/2 The Charlotte

PURE INSTINCT
Ambergate Hurt Arms

monday 8th

THE MARIONETTES
NOSFERATU

INCUBUS SUCCUBUS
£4.50 adv. Nottingham Rock City

OYSTER BAND
THE RATTLERS

£5 adv. Old Vic

SPIDA'S JAM
Running Horse

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
Filly & Firkin

MAMBO TAXI / FRICTION
GRANDMA ROACH

Derby The Where House

MILLTOWN BROTHERS
Leicester University

THE FAMILY CAT / ME
£4.50 The Charlotte

tuesday 9th

NEVERLAND
£2/£1(NUS,UB40)

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

STUDENT NIGHT
Ritzy

TINDERSTICKS
Old Vic

PENGUIN CAFÉ ORCHESTRA
Royal Concert hall

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Runing Horse

SHAME
Ilkeston The Rutland

NOSFERATU
INCUBUS SUCCUBUS

£3/2 Leic. The Charlotte

VARIOUS VEGETABLES
t.b.c. Lincoln The Falcon

wednesday 10th

ANTHRAX / CLAWFINGER
£9 adv. Nottingham Rock City

EDWARD VESALA'S
SOUND & FURY

Nottingham Congregational Centre

GHOTI
£1 8pm Running Horse

PEARL HARBOUR
Filly & Firkin

PULP
Derby The Where House

GRANT LEE BUFFALO
University of Derby S.U.

DAVE RICHMOND
& THE ROADHOUSE TWINS

Bell Hotel

SLOWDIVE
£5 adv. Leics. The Charlotte

MURRAY THOMSON
Sheffield Jolly Buffer

thursday 11th

THE SEA
Disco 2 £2/1.50

Nottingham Rock City

MIND THE GAP
Filly & Firkin

THE CAGE
Old Angel

SHANA SOUND
9.30 pm Women Only SKYY

DJ LOVELEE
Hearty Goodfellow

BLIND MOLE RAT
Lincoln The Falcon

THE HARD ONS
ATARI TEENAGE RIOT

Derby The Where ouse

TAKE ME HOME
Shepshed Rockhouse

BLAGGERS ITA
£4.50 Leic. The Charlotte

MURRAY THOMSON
Ashby de la Zouch White Hart

BUFFALO TOM
Northampton The Roadmender

friday 12th

SUB:TRANCE
£2(£1 conc.)

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

SESSO PURO
Ritzy

Sponsored by The MUSIC INN 30/34 Alfreton Road Nottm. (0602) 784403



DR. EGG
& THE LOVE SPECIALISTS
jazz in the box
THALI

Madison

THE FYREBIRDS
£3/2 Disco 2
LEFT HAND THREAD

£1 Running Horse

PEZZ / DARRIUS / JON

LAWRENCE BOUNCE £5

Rockadero's

HANDLE WITH CARE

Shepshed Rockhouse

PROLAPSE £2

Leic. The Charlotte

GWEN DICKEY

Derby Ritzy

saturday 13th

WHOLESOME FISH

ULTRAVIOLENCE / MUSTARD

ROCK / RINGSNATCH

SWANC / FRIENDS OF

GRAHAM TAYLOR

Tribute to the late genius of David

Bowie. £3 Overall-day

Happy 29th Birthday Paul Overall

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

HANDLE WITH CARE

£1 Running Horse

AIN'T LIZZY

Old Angel

DJ PABLO / VINYL JUNKIE

Hearty Goodfellow

SAMPSON

Shepshed Rockhouse

BUFFALO TOM

£5.50 Leicester Uni.

KING KURT / THEE WALTONS

Rockabilly night £6 The Charlotte

CARWASH

Derby Where House

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE

Victoria Inn

PHIL MILLER / FRED BAKER

Derby Jazz £5/4 Pymms

TINDERSTICKS

Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 14th

RED START

Nottingham Golden Fleece

SOLOMON

The Angel

MR. SIEGAL

Running Horse

THE SAW DOCTORS

£8 7.30pm Leic. De Montford Uni.

URBANIZED 2

£6/4 Phoenix Arts Centre

TEXAS

Leicester Uni.

THE DT'S

£3 / 2 The Charlotte

REV HAMMER

LORRY FREE LOVE / THE SEA

Derby The Where House

monday 15th

GEORGE THOROGOOD

£10 adv Nottingham Rock City

SPIDA'S JAM

Running Horse

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND

Filly & Firkin

LENNY HENRY

from £8.50

Leics. De Montford Hall

TINDERSTICKS

The Charlotte

ROY AYERS

CARL STANLEY GROUP

Derby The Where House

MURRAY THOMSON

Sheff. The Hadfield

tuesday 16th

STUDENT NIGHT

Nottingham Ritzy

HAWKWIND

£8 adv Rock City

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND

Running Horse

RIDERS ON THE STORM

£4 / 3.50 Ilkeston The Rutland

DEACON BLUE

Leic. Granby Halls

CHRISTOPHER HOBBS

Plays Erik Satie £5/3.50

Phoenix Arts Centre

THE JAYHAWKS

Derby The Where House

wednesday 17th

JOE LOUIS WALKER

& THE BOSS TALKERS

Nottingham Old Vic

JIMMY BARNES

£9.50 adv. Rock City

TUSCANY FRUITBATS

Filly & Firkin

JOHN MASLEN'S

Nth DEGREE

Running Horse

INSTANT KARMA

Johnn Lennon trib. band

Derby The Where House

PHIL HARMONIC

BLUES BAND

Bell Hotel

MURRAY THOMSON

Leics. The Blackbird

ROBYN HITCHCOCK

ARCHIE ROACH

£5 / 4 The Charlotte

MAZLYN JONES

Sleaford Miller's Wine Bar

DEACON BLUE

Sheff. City Hall

thursday 18th

SMEAR versus Dr. TEETH

The city's worst bands slog it out in

Disco 2. May the best wand bin.

Nottingham Rock City

MIND THE GAP

MAZLYN JONES

meanwhile at The Filly & Firkin

BURDOCK

Old Angel

ONE EYED JACKS

last ever gig. Booo! Why give up?

Derby The Where House

MURRAY THOMSON

Hinckley The Barley Sheaf

SAIGON KISS

Shepshed Rockhouse

SAD

Chesterfield Queens Park Hotel

PULP £4.50

Leicester University

REV HAMMER

THE FISH BROTHERS

£3 / 2 The Charlotte

friday 19th

NEVERLAND

£2/1.50

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

ORIGINAL SINNERS

and last night's leftovers £3/2

Rock City

RHINO

The Old Angel

SESSO PURO

Ritzy

REVEREND BROWN

& THE EARLY BIRDS

Running Horse

SHEA

Shepshed Rockhouse

SAD

Lincoln Duke of Wellington

BLIND MOLE RAT

whom the companies fear

Leics. The Magazine

QUICKSAND

HEADCLEANER / WITHDRAW

£4 / £ The Charlotte

saturday 20th

CAP IN HAND

3pm

MICK PINI eve. £2

Nottingham Running Horse

GONZO SALVAGE COMPANY

£2/ £1. Another great gig at the

Filly & Firkin

SAVAGE HOUSE WIFE

SOME MEN

Old Angel

CEMENT

your friendship for £3 at Rock City

VINYL JUNKIE

DADDY 2 STEP

Soul Groove Hearty Goodfellow

BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS

Derby The Where House

POWERMAD

Shepshed Rockhouse

THE ENSEMBLE OF THE

CENTRE FOR MICROTONAL

Music of the New London

Chamber Choir £5/3.50

Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre

THE STRAIGHTJACKET FITS

THE BATS

THE JPS EXPERIENCE

£3 / 2.50 The Charlotte

BLIND MOLE RAT ?

Sheffield Broomspring Centre

sunday 21st

FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN

must smell pretty bad

Nottingham Golden Fleece

STAN MARSHALL'S LAW

£1 Running Horse

PETE THE FEET

R'n'B Jam Old Angel

SLOPPY SECONDS

GUNS 'N' WANKERS

KUBRIK

Derby The Where House

JAZZ EXPRESSIONS with

HELEN MACDONALD

£3/2 Derby Jazz

MARIA McKEE

Leicester University

RADICAL SPANGLE

SUNDIAL / IDAHO

£2.50 / 2

The Charlotte

SAD

Grantham The Malt Shovel

monday 22nd

LIBRETTO

acoustic set 9pm

Nottingham Hearty Goodfellow

SPIDA'S JAM

Running Horse

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND

Filly & Firkin

1000 YARD STARE

Derby The Where House

URIAH HEPP / NAZARETH

Headbanger's Ball

GUNSHOT / UNDERSTAND

£3.50 / 3 Leic. The Charlotte

tuesday 23rd

STUDENT NIGHT

Nottingham Ritzy

THE APPLE STATION

Filly & Firkin

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND

Running Horse

PEARL HARBOUR

Ilkeston The Rutland

FMB / BIG BOY TOMATO

AVICULTURE

£3 / 2 Leic. The Charlotte

ROBIN HITCHCOCK

& THE EGYPTIANS

Derby The Where House

PAUL MERTON

£11.50 / 9.50

Lincoln Ritz Theatre

wednesday 24th

PAUL WELLER

DREAM THEATRE

Nottingham Rock City

JO FREYA'S "PERJURING

LITTLE WHORE"

Old Vic

FRANK WHITE BAND

£2

Running Horse

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS

Filly & Firkin

BRIAN POWELL

Talkin' loud presensts

t.b.c. Derby The Where House

BAND OF GYPSIES

Bell Hotel

DOMINIC KIRWAN

£8.50 / 6.50

Lincoln Ritz Theatre

1000 YARD STARE

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SLIM PLIPS



NEW ALBUM
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Photo: Matt Anker

It ain't what you BOO it's the way that you...



BOO RADLEYS

The Boo Radleys are:

Sice... vocals and warpos, Tim... bass, keyboards and smashing Grange Hill impersonations, Martin... guitars, vocals, keyboards, falling over, Bob... whisky

The band met: At a Ride gig, and were so blown away by the maximum impact NOW! of the situation that we had to form a group. Tee Hee NOT!

Were you pleased with the reception of 'Lazarus' and 'Everything's Alright Forever?' I don't remember. Was I invited?

New material coming up? A new album, 'Giant Steps', released August 17th, big new tracks that all sound like French Fancies and we all know that sound, right?

Nice anecdotal touring horror story? Being stuck in the middle of Idaho for twelve hours ripped to the tits on acid and fine whisky and scanning the horizon for witches while discussing, using telekinesis, who was going to brave the cowboy truckers in the truck-stop.

What are you listening to at the moment? Bob Dylan/Rollerskate Skinny/Crosby, Stills and Nash/Th' Faith Healers/The Dandelion Adventure/Army of Lovers/Hüsker Du/The Beatles/Human League/Public Enemy/Manic Street Preachers/Teenage Fanclub/Beach Boys/ Buffalo Springfield/Moose/Spiritualized/Dinosaur Jr/Delicious Monster/St. Etienne/John Lee Hooker/Nick Cave/Hole/East 17/Swervedriver.

Favourite item of clothing? One woolly bivouac hat (v. smelly.)

Biggest fan? The gelongi g x 1000 (best to get the 1989 model.)

Best moment in career? I haven't a career, but in the last three years I'd say The Flamin' Lips e.p./discovering Tim Buckley/Pavement/my girlfriend/R. Crumb/Manic Street Preachers/Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy/L.S.D./Miles Davies... Yup, life is sure good sometimes.

Most interesting person you've come across? Three flame-haired crypto-mechanics on the corner of Ninth and Fairchild on the lower east side of New York who spoke as one, each taking a turn to say a word. They took me to a South Vietnamese for cabbage and then ran out without paying. When I had stopped laughing they had gone.

Ideal Boo Radleys venue? Pete Thompson's mansion, Barton-on-Humber with Prince and Moonshake as support and Vanessa Paradis on the rider.

Favourite TV? Cheers. Television is a new age electronic vampire along with Sega sapping our young ones with all kinds of midi weirdness. Suede or Sega? Toe jam and Earl gimme gimme.

General hair care routine? Treat it with all the hatred that is commonly reserved for curly hair until 17, then straighten it for two years and cover it with a big hat. After it starts falling out, don't wash it for months then cover with another hat until completely bald.

The Boo Radleys have the last word and it is... Boo Radleys against Fascism.

Ewa Kowalski

visual



Head Start is a free year-long course for people with ambition but no experience who want to break into T.V. Based at Intermedia's purpose built training centre in Hockley, the course offers ten places a year for people who have been out of work for 6 months or more and teaches all aspects from camera operation to production management and script development. Equal opportunities are a key part in selection criteria with a training allowance, child care allowance and training by freelancers from Central, the BBC and commercial companies. The application deadline is December 10th and there is an open evening on 23rd November at 6.30pm. Intermedia is an equal opportunities organisation and is based at 19 Heathcote Street Nottingham Tel: (0602) 505434.

NEWS

It's November and the Conservative councillors are calling for censorship, so it must be **NOW '93**. Kicking off on bonfire night (Nov 5) with **Erik Hobijn's Dante Organ** (strap flamethrowers to the roof of the Council House and stand well back) and ending with *Rhythms Of The Globe* "a post rave-culture art work" lasting 36 hours at the refurbished Station House on London Road (Dec 3) featuring **DIY, Julie Hood, Project Love** and a formidable array of state-of-the-art computer and video equipment, the festival looks set to be as intriguing, infuriating, controversial and occasionally inspiring as ever. Highlights (excluding the above) include ex-DV8 member **Nigel Charnok's Original Sin** (Clarendon Community Theatre, Nov 6), ECM recording artist **Edward Vesala's Sound & Fury** at the Congregational Hall (Nov 10), four newly commissioned installations at the Old Shire Hall under the general heading of "Rites Of Conviction" (Nov 12 - 19), **New Mexico Rep's Sacred Journey** at Victoria Powerhouse (Nov 11), the return of **Neil Bartlett in Gloria's Night After Night Pt. 1** (Victoria Powerhouse, Nov 16), **Forced Entertainment in Club Of No Regrets** (Clarendon Community Theatre, Nov 8), **Desperate Optimists in Hope** (Victoria Powerhouse, Nov 30), and the multi-faceted overview of Live Arts and strange happenings that makes up the **NOW '93 Exposition** (Nov 26/27). There's more in the listings, and more to come here. Such as the two major presentations at **Nottingham Playhouse** this month, starting with **Phillip Whitchurch's Crimes of Passion** (til Nov 20), a new version of Zola's *La Bête Humaine* starring (of all people) **Sam Kelly** of 'Allo 'Allo fame. Amends to the French or just versatile? We must wait & see. Also at the Playhouse is **Robert LePage's** version of Shakespeare's *Coriolan* in a multimedia **Quebequois** production: already hailed as a "masterpiece", and its creator credited with "inventing a new theatre", it looks well worth a visit (Nov 23-27). *Coriolan* also serves to conveniently mark the Playhouse's 30th birthday, as the theatre opened with **Tyrone Guthrie's Coriolanus** back in 1963.

DSS MACHINA/KIERNAN McKOY ROBERT OVERSON STEVE NOBLE TRIO Victoria Powerhouse Studios.

Victoria Powerhouse, down in the Student Wilderness of Shakespeare Street, is an under-used venue. And when someone does promote events there its potential as a small-scale theatre/music venue becomes strikingly evident. So it's hats off to Simon Will & Donna Rutherford for their Tuesday night double bills of Live Art/New Music events there this past month. DSS Machina (a Forest Fields based collective) kicked off with "Barcode", an unclassifiable hybrid theatre piece with ultra-surreal overtones. A man and a woman waste each other's time in a consumer- nightmare future by arguing pointlessly, finding babies in Hoover-bags and praying on a Twister board above a cardboard cut-out of the Pope. There's a McGuffin of a plot concerning a misplaced garden gnome, but "Barcode" is mostly an excuse for weird humour and off-kilter satire. Excellent. Jaqui McKoy is a woman blessed with a hurricane-force voice, and together with pianist Sam Kiernan Lewens, she executed a short set of jazz/blues derived music in "Songs for short people". A killer "My Funny Valentine" turned out to be the high-light of a set that strove a bit too hard for Political Correctness to be truly thrilling. A lot of talent but lacking in bite and that all important sense of risk. Robert Overson's "Recreation" lacked a certain something, too, as our man wandered around a stage containing a chair, a beatbox and three empty suits delivering a monologue that seemed to be implying that we're all dying of media-led boredom, but never got very specific about it. Patchy was the word here, but there were some great lines nonetheless. Best of the lot, though, were The Steve Noble Trio who managed to do total-free-impro-jazz-type-thangs with a drum kit, tuba, scratch mixing desks and electric guitar, all played with the inevitable unlikely "found" utensils (eg: tape measure, toy ray-gun, whoopee cushion & electric drill), but unlike many before them managed to sound incredible throughout. The Clangers on acid one minute, Hendrix in toyland the next, and Tom Waits feeling a bit silly thereafter, their fifty minute set/performance amounted to a mind-blowing experience with a walkout quotient of just three people. I want the tape. Still to come in this season are Semblance with "Obituary" and The Orchestra of Dreams (NOV 9). Hard to recommend a better taster for NOW '93.

Wayne Burrows

The Royal Centre features one or two events of note in November, too. Not only are the **Kronos Quartet** appearing with kora genius **Foday Musa Susa** as part of NOW '93 (Dec 2), there's also **Paul Merton** (Nov 14) and an apparently startling merging of **HG Wells' The Invisible Man** reputedly worth seeing for its special effects alone (Nov 29-Dec 4). Enterprising locals **Julian Hanby & Iain Simons**, collectively known as **The Wet Arts Company** have *Meanwhile* at the **Bonington Gallery** (NOV 17) and *Jonah's Living Room* (scaffolding, light, sound & jelly) at the same venue (Nov 20).

Lastly, again under the NOW '93 umbrella, comes a short season of sessions at **Broadway. To Camera** (NOV 13) features short films to music by the likes of **David Byrne, Sonic Youth & Michael Nyman**, and *Naked City* (Nov 20) is a compilation of work by New York's underground film-makers.

Neil Bartlett and Nicolas Bloomfield
"Night After Night" NOW '93
Photo: Mike Lay



Lumi Cavazos and Marco Leonardi in LIKE WATER FOR CHOCOLATE Dir: Alfonso Arau.

Apparently the most commercially successful Latin American film yet made, "Like Water For Chocolate" is a delightfully unhinged trip through the life of Tita (Cavazos), a young Mexican girl trapped by a family tradition which forces the youngest daughter of a family to become a virtual slave to her own mother. Her true love, Pedro (Leonardi) is fobbed off with her sister, whilst Tita bides her time in the family kitchen preparing sumptuous meals which mysteriously transfer her own feelings into those around her. Thus do we see her sister's entire wedding party in tears, her whole family on the verge of orgasm after eating a rose-petal sauce, and (years later) yet another wedding party heading lustfully into the bushes after a taste of her stuffed avocados. The tale revolves around her tribulations at the hands of a somewhat dysfunctional family, and her eventual bedding of Pedro (after some thirty-odd years of longing and trying) once all obstacles are dead and gone. That this sublime moment ends up killing the pair of them (an overdose of pleasure) and concludes the film in fine style is not a surprise ending revealed here to spoil the fun. It's a movie full to bursting with detail and observation, with a typically Mexican feel for mixing the serious point with absurd humour and OTT plotting to produce a sumptuous and inventive movie best not seen on an empty stomach. Highly recommended. *Like Water For Chocolate* runs at Broadway until 4th Nov.

Wayne Burrows



FRIED ALIVE!



BLIND MOLE RAT: Pied pipers of rebellion

BLIND MOLE RAT Nottingham Filly & Firkin

What's happened to this country? The Tories have punched us in the teeth, kicked us in the balls and stabbed us in the back.....and then let the fascists in the back door. Blind Mole Rat find us dazed on the ground in the middle of a brawl and help us to our feet. Enthralling, invigorating and irresistible, these pied pipers of rebellion led me grooving onto the dance floor they'd erected on the graves of toppling tyrants. Fish with teeth, Blind Mole Rat have a commando accordion, sten guitar, a stabbing, slashing violin and a bass player who's sampled the magic of George Best and Mohammed Ali. Their mesmerising delivery, excellent songs, focussed lyrics and motivating rhythms struck home with a vengeance. The next day, however, helicopters, dogs, horses and truckloads of riot police managed by the skin of their teeth to protect the squirming nazi sewer rats who'd holed up in the BNP bunker. Next time!

Spartacus

CLOWNHOUSE Nottingham Filly & Firkin

The Firkin p.a. was put through it's paces tonight and passed the test. Clownhouse are putting on a show and they have the talent to do it. I've always thought their individual talents wasted on this kind of music especially after their pathetic CD, but it all made sense tonight. It's drummer Mark who keeps it all together, less of a clown than the dick up front, more of a power-house. The grungey bass player Dominic isn't given half enough to do while the former Minister for Rock & Pop grimaces gracefully on guitar. But about that frontman. Nowhere near as good a vocalist as he sounds on the CD, but as a clown Harry does a thorough job. Dressed in Clownhouse uniform (shorts, mountaineering socks and bover boots) he plays his shorts like nobody's business. Well it shouldn't be but he makes it so by dropping them every now and then, baring his arse at hecklers (not that he needs any prompting) and informing them "it's not very pretty at the moment cos I've just had a dump." Then there's the microphone in the pocket trick. The overall effect of this cabaret rock act is hilarious, the more so because, looking around, 90% of long-haired faces are so utterly serious. Clownhouse are fun, and if you ignore the arsing about you'll find proper musicianship.

Christine Chapel

*Clownhouse have since changed their name to Quango.

Photo: Anthony Fisher Photography

BAD BRAINS/ THE GOATS DOG EAT DOG Sheffield The Leadmill

Crossover's been the thing for a few years now, Bad Brains were playing with Rastafarian hardcore punk in the late 70's when today's young pretenders were knee-high to a slapped bass. Today they've funk-metalled and rapped almost into the mainstream without ever compromising. OK, so they've had splits, jail terms, reformations, three singers, and even now—YIKES! a WHITE MAN on drums. Dr. Know and Earl have kept the beat alive and deserve success where many others would have been beaten down. Maybe it really is Jah that keeps I and I alive. Tracks from the new album *Rise* were enough to raise the congregation, but old thrashers like *I Against I* and *Rock For Light* had the punters pogoing punky style, then snapping into skanking with *The Youth* and *Getting Restless*. The Goats mix it up too, and what a joyous jumping, rapping, jazzy punky bluesy bunch of piss-artists they are too. These nutters don't need to sample 'funky drummer', the one they've got already will do nicely. That's where so many rappers lost it, unimaginative samples and no tunes; the Goats happily throw anything into the mix and see what comes out. *These Ain't The Pigs You See On TV* sounds like it was nicked from Ice-T; then they mellow out with jazziness; heavy metal rears its head with a wanktastic guitar solo and break into an impromptu shout of "I'm so bored with the USA!" Not your typical American? Not your typical human beings, more like, sent from Planet Mental where everyone behaves like cartoon characters. Dog Eat Dog are from New York and play generic grindcore thrash with shouty vocals which is saved from dullness by a horn section. More brass and less thrash is what's required. I wonder if they know they named themselves after a song by those Kings of Cool, Adam & The Ants? All three acts ended up on stage for a mass punky reggae funky display of shouting, drinking and falling over. Bad Brains singer Israel declared the Leadmill to be the House Of Love. House of Fun more like!

Roland Gent

DEAD CAN DANCE London Kentish Town Forum

With their current album, *Into the Labyrinth* exploring flavours of Moroccan melody and rhythm, Irish folksong and Scott Walker-style melodrama, Dead Can Dance have gained long overdue critical acclaim. This their only UK date on the current tour, in the unlikely surroundings of The Forum, was in many ways a celebration, a chance for the 4AD old school to remind us just how good that label used to be (I mean, Red

House Painters? Get real) and a rare opportunity for the audience to see a live performance. Dead Can Dance are not however a band that you can stand and watch, they're not a band you can dance to, even in those Middle Eastern percussive sections. If Dead Can Dance were Pink Floyd or the Orb they would employ overblown light shows to create spectacle. But their music, already so visual in content, should be spectacular enough. Well, yes it is in the comfort of your own home, but sharing the experience with a few hundred dedicated smokers, shuffling uneasily on the spot, chewing their nails, because the band had requested a smoking ban during the performance, does not make for an ideal ambience. And then to make matters more difficult the bar was also shut throughout the show. Ouch. So after the the chilling opening songs where you marvel at how no other band can quite reach the parts that Dead Can Dance reach, having immediately attained an aural peak from which they never seem to stray, their apparent perfection only becomes their greatest imperfection as it highlights the cracks every where else; in short, the alcohol and nicotine craving audience soon become restless. That a band should need perfect surroundings for listening pleasure renders them strangely brittle in the clumsy fingers of the live gig. And how frail a creature Dead Can Dance would seem to be. Having always flirted with the schizophrenic effects of two personalities tugging at the framework, each brings unique qualities which alone attain levels of such pure poetic beauty that when the duo collide the results are often breath taking. However with the spotlight acutely focused upon Brendan Perry and Lisa Gerrard it was painfully apparent the extent to which the pair are travelling down different roads. He down that path of the despairing torch singer with an ear for a folk song and a need for recognition, she down a solitary path of self obsessed exotic melody. Both ultimately so distantly cold, so self consciously melodramatic that instead of leaving the show with a new dimension added to their music, you leave with the feeling that something has somehow been taken away. And head straight for the pub.

Martin Thomas

CRANIUM HF London The Marquee

The after-venue Megatropolis Club bears all the markings of that trusty old Dog ethic. An acid-soaked, multi-fluorescent coloured orgy of peace, love and pass the spiff type facade where things are free, but very expensive, and anything goes as long as it's progressive or hardcore. It's a haven for the stationary traveller who has been turned on to clubland where it doesn't matter what you look like unless, of course, you dress wrongly. You see, fascism trickles down every path in sneaky disguises, which is why it is so important when people try to shake things up. So when Andy Weatherall sticks guitar feedback into the mix and knocks trendy clubland off it's platform boots it doesn't matter that he is forcibly removed from the turntables, what matters is that he's kicking against the pricks. Hydrogen Dukebox is a label that understands just how many pricks there really are. Flying in the face of the quick buck they are breaking new territories with a stable of acts who know no boundaries, exploiting the dance floor with rocking irony. With two excellent singles under their belts Cranium HF exist on that seedy tightrope where William Burroughs-fixated youths nonchalantly glorify deprivation for greater cred points, good copy and also to show just how clean and arty Sheep On Drugs really are. Mixing pulsing Belgian beats with wailing, over the top and at points nauseating guitar, the clubbers looked on dazed by this temporary interruption to their vinyl fix. As if someone had changed the flavour of the smoke machine people were forced to realign themselves with the atmosphere, think about what they were hearing, stretch the limits of their audio repertoire and embrace a new concept. Knocked off balance by this different beat the crowd worked hard at regaining their equilibrium until a yobbish lout in a kiss-me-quick hat took to the microphone and poured his non-charisma over the musical fire. It felt like you were being cheated. How could something so good suddenly become so mediocre, dragged down by one man's egotistical guttercrawl. Cranium HF are a powerful, and at times awesome story, unfortunately saddled with a clumsy narrator.

Martin Thomas



THE BREEDERS (pictured) URGE OVERKILL / LUSCIOUS JACKSON Nottingham Rock City

"Does anyone know if Sherwood Forest still exists?" A boring, unoriginal and clichéd question from the similarly inclined Kansas City 'grunge-rockers' Urge Overkill. Theirs was music by numbers—proficient but dead, apathetic and plastic. Like, the only way to get to Britain was to form a shite but acceptable rock band—know what I mean? Apparently students and the music papers that fawn to them love this band. Pity—any encouragement might persuade them to keep on playing. In answer to their question: Did Robin shit in the woods? No urge, kill 'em.

Which brings me to Luscious Jackson whom I missed completely due to Rock City's ridiculously early starting time, rolling the first support on at 7.30 pm. What are we supposed to do? Abandon the tradition of a pre-gig drink in a place with reasonable prices? And what happened to the usual post-gig disco? I was hustled out of Rock City by 11.05—just after last orders. Big venues treat gig-goers more and more like a factory-line product by the year.

Fortunately I enjoyed the Breeders. Otherwise I would have felt cheated out of an evening. It works well, these two sisters from Boston; Kim Deal and her sister Kelly who only recently gave up the security of a full-time job as a computer analyst to pick up the guitar, join a band and savour the delights of the touring. circus. The easy rapport between the two gave their whole performance a familiar and cosy feel. They were having fun with us. The sound, predictably, is very Pixies, but having said that they have newness of their own. The set was shambolic at times, including their cover of *Happiness Is A Warm Gun*. At one point Kim went over to show Kelly which bar chords to play next, and a lot of songs seemed to finish just as they got going. This is either laziness or an acute quit-while-you're-ahead sense of timing. I prefer to think it a mixture of both: they were just playing what they enjoyed. Slightly puzzling was the rather sour expression held by bass-player Josephine (on loan from Throwing Muses)). She had a frown you could stick a stylus in. Maybe she always looks like that, maybe the sister lark was getting to her. Kim Deal's a bit sexy really; all that attitude and chain-smoking and a big crocodile smile. Her voice switches nicely from husk to little girl squeak. There is an appealing rawness about her and her band's music. Her sister sounds pretty much the same. The Breeders are having a lot of fun after an initial gestation period. Let's hope they spawn some more bouncing babies. Miss T.

TOOL / PAW HEADSWIM Nottingham Rock City

Headsnail have no identity of their own, their sound a messy hotch-potch of all the Seattle metal bands—I smell a little bandwagoning here. And the addition of a swirling keyboard is completely out of place. Paw were also a disappointment. Much hyped of late, despite all the recent accolades they came across as just another tired rock band trying to hitch a ride on the on the fashionable grunge truck to indie-kid land. Apparently yet another band who are 'purposely minimalist' i.e. they can't play. Trite, uninventive and mediocre. Luckily Tool finally stepped forward to save what was rapidly looking like a depressing night of crap bands as they grabbed the audience by the throat and proceeded to throttle us all into delightful oblivion. Their potent energy is so massive as to be unavoidable. Their riffs more a giant ponderous, stalking beast than a collection of guitar sounds, their rhythms move with an awesome might all their own. An idiosyncratic band, Tool sound and feel unique which certainly helps to express and paint in dark shades the the moods with which their songs are coloured. The sombre, doleful almost melancholy vocals blend perfectly with the sinister undertow of the bass and drums which drag you down with complex staccato rhythms forcing you into the flow of their spastic, juddering dance. Atop all this are guitar lines so powerfully chunky, so big yet sometimes so subtle, that the bewitchment is complete and you are spellbound. Tool are the most vibrant and potent of the new metal acts and their shows an experience not to be missed. Succumb to the undertow, beautiful music awaits you below.

John Micallef

REG HOLDSWORTH Nottingham Jacey's Bar

Jacey's is awful bright. Call me old fashioned if you will, but it takes all the mystery out of socialising if you can see the people you're talking to too clearly. Perhaps they might consider reducing the wattage or switching a few lights off to enhance the ambience.



TOOL: Tooling about

Anyway, Jacey's was shinier than ever, as Reg Holdsworth—that celestial celebrity from that starry, starry ornament of that business we call "show"—made a guest appearance there; For the purpose of this piece Reg will be referred to as Reg, not the more prosaic Ken Morley we know him to be in real life, who needs reality? Actually at one point during the evening, when my friend was becoming bitterly frustrated at not being able to secure Reg's attention and get herself the autograph she had set her heart on, I suggested she shout out an experimental "Ken," thinking this would prove an effective way of distinguishing herself amongst the myriad of people shouting "Reg." So "Ken!" she cried (she's very biddable), "KEN!"—but not a flicker—Ken wasn't there, only Reg. But I'm getting ahead of myself. When I first discovered that Reg would be appearing at Jacey's I felt somewhat flummoxed; what would he "do"? I was of course completely missing the point, icons don't do, they just are. As we all know Reg is as camp as Christmas. A little while before he appeared, the D.J. had played The Human League's "Don't You Want Me Baby" and I had convinced myself that this was transparently Reg's theme tune. Disappointingly it wasn't, so I had been like a coiled spring for some time before he materialised. It must be said that Reg was a bit of a tease; he kept us waiting and longing for just long enough for our suspension to peak and then... there he was, and we were

tumultuous with happiness; for one evening Jacey's lost it's cool and the atmosphere was positively chirpy. So Reg came amongst us; he started off with a couple of gags which were frankly rather lame, but he was collectively forgiven for this initial let down and our original concern was soon forgotten in the autograph frenzy that ensued. I had been a tad dubious when I first clapped eyes on the hurly burly minders who shadowed Reg, but again I was missing the point. Reg didn't need protecting from us, we needed protection from ourselves; people can get very competitive about autographs, can't they? I loved him lots, bless him, he gave all of himself in potentially awkward circumstances and he was everything we wanted him to be.... our Reg. Finally here is a tip for our readers. When you are getting ready to go out on a Saturday night, tune into Radio Nottingham's show The Beat on 103.8 FM (obviously take the necessary precautions of drawing the curtains firmly and dimming the lights just in case anyone should catch you listening to Radio Nottingham—but I digress). They give away lots of stuff on this show and some of it is actually worth having. I was listening in last Saturday (for perfectly valid reasons which shall remain obscure) and I phoned up twice to enter the competitions and I won twice—Hurrah for me. There are really only two credible explanations for this phenomenon:

- (1) No-one else is listening.
- (2) The same sad people listen in each week and enter the competitions every week, so when someone new 'phones up they let you win to encourage you. Either way you're a winner and you get the booty. Readers need not worry about any further competition from me—I'm giving up while I'm ahead!

Ms. R.R.Magoo

CREDIT TO THE NATION Nottingham Rock City

Imagine the country ruled by an eighteen year old from Birmingham with total respect for all. This is what the majority of the crowd appear to be in favour of, but MC Fusion and his dancers don't so much let you make up your own mind as ram it down your throat. It's not hard to see why after the recent election results in Millwall. This is how we need it though, action and unity through music. It's been said many times before but now it's harder than ever to ignore. On to the songs then. Disturbingly we get Call It What You Want (the one with that sample) twice as if it's what we need to get moving. Credit should have more faith in their other songs—Tangled Web and lady Needs Respect are just as well received. However, Pump Your Fist causes the most excitement and easily became a highlight. The set and attitude differed little from those displayed at this year's Rock & Reggae, but now Credit To The Nation have more power and influence. Let's hope they do the right thing and use it.

Rachel Allen

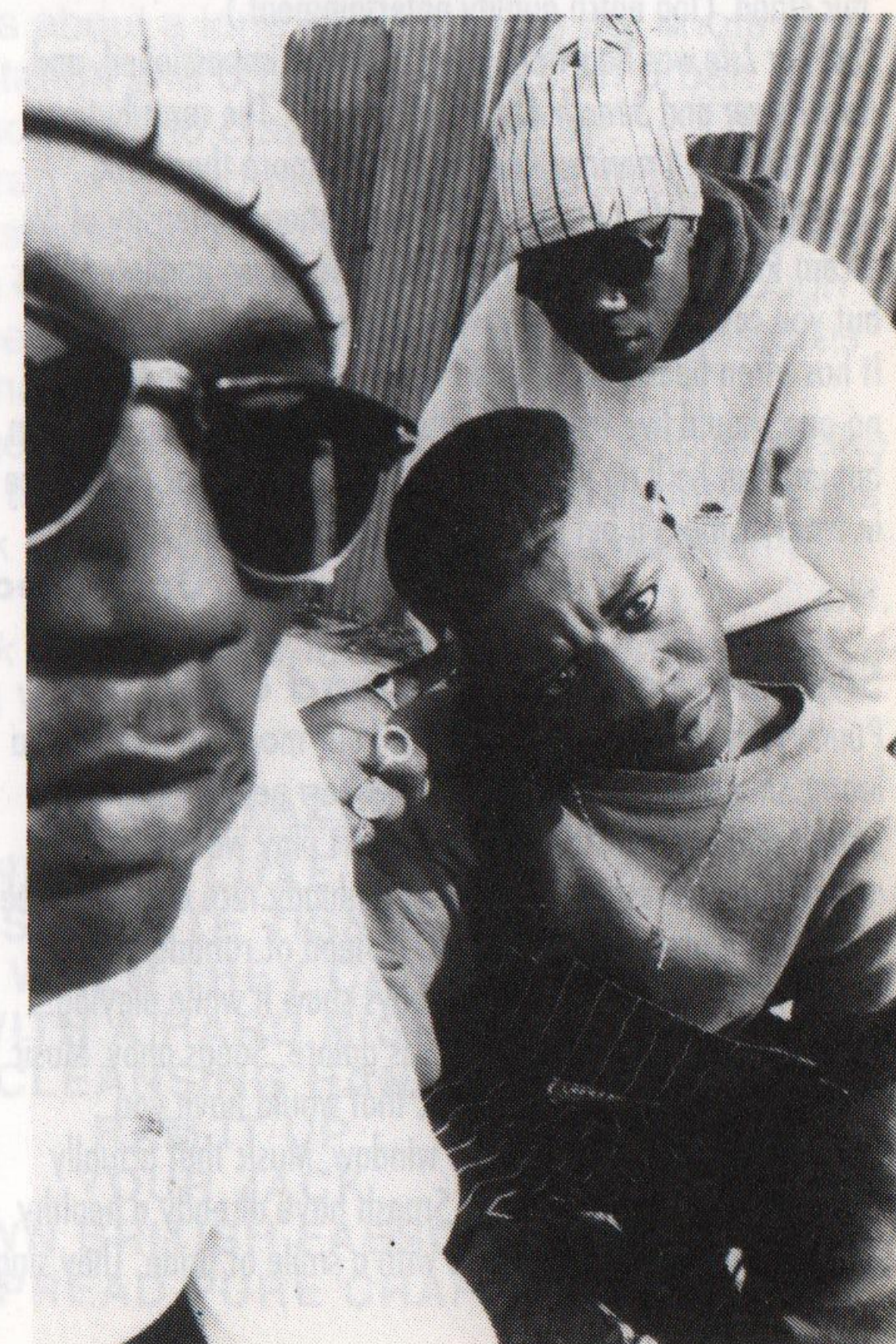
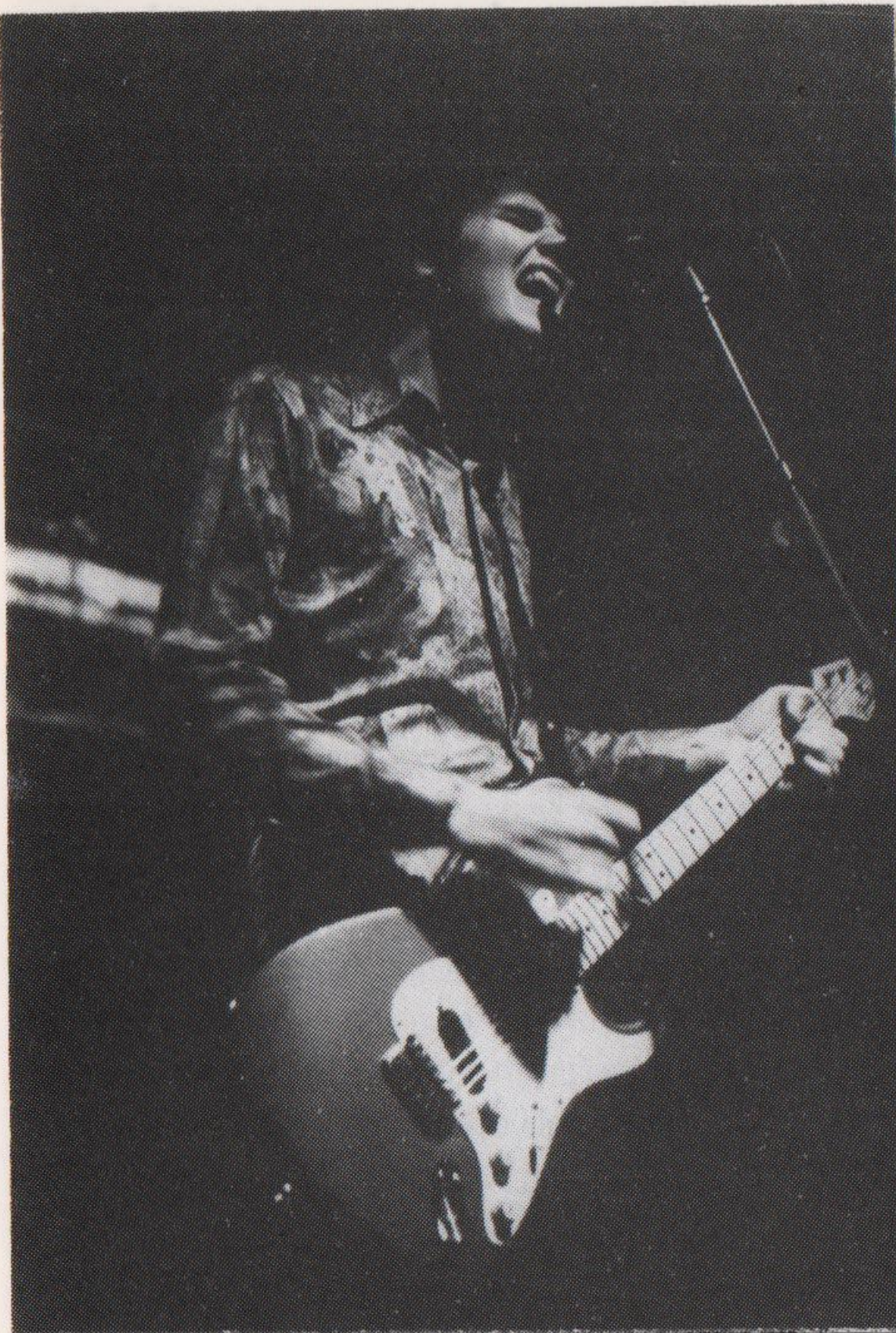


Photo: Roger Sargeant

CREDIT TO THE NATION



Smashing Billy Corgan Photo:Chris Olley

even more vitriol into his songs, then I'm all for them. The lull in *Silverfuck* gave way to strains of Corgan singing unaccompanied, "Why don't you just shut your fucking mouth? You'll be dead soon and I won't care!" Beauty! indeed, but the point at which the Pumpkins crashed back in from "Somewhere over the rainbow...why oh why can't I?" twisted your brain round 180 degrees inside your skull. Insurpassable. "I know what you're thinking; the band rocked harder on the first album — and you'd be right!" Whoops! MC James Iha, "Jus' kidding!" This after they had played *I Am One* then *Siva*. Hell, they were going to play *Gish* song for song too. No such luck. They did an Opportunity Knocks clapometer style vote for the last song, Rhinoceros, thanks, no doubt, to the "No Nirvana" Late Show performance. On this show Smashing Pumpkins are the greatest band in the world right now.

IGGY POP *Köln*

By the time Mr. Pop bounced on stage swinging his arms around and shouting "Do it, Motherfucka," the crowd were undeniably on his side. Hostile audiences are not something that Iggy Pop has to deal with these days. Iggy has a reputation as a confrontational performer, and the rows of smiling faces do not seem to have dissipated his aggression. He 'hits' off the sound of his own music in much the same manner as James Brown, and despite appearing a little tired of limb in this performance (he is nearly fifty), he still refuses to give anything less than 100%.

Another bonus was the liberal scattering of Stooges music, played by a young and very Stooge-sounding band. As I said, this was not a top pop performance, but we did get some delightfully grotesque displaying of his skinny body, some clawing fingernails into his chest, a couple of dives into the audience and the beating of at least four Germans with the 'mic stand. (Top notch quality entertainment.) *Lust For Life* was heartfelt, *The Passenger* impassioned, and *Raw Power* and *Search And Destroy* scary. The contributions from his new *American Caesar* LP were more than valid. Tonight Iggy didn't quite reach the emotional intensity of his recent Rock City performance, which was pure undiluted Pop; but you couldn't ever call this man safe.

It has often been stated, and I'm a firm believer in this, that no-one should live their life without seeing Iggy Pop. And I'm hoping that he'll do just that—BLAM!—go Pop! right there in front of me. I'll bet he's never thought of that!

Uncle Ned

SMASH *London Bull and Gate*

Punch your hands in the air, shake your mop top, pogo like a loony, sing along and scream. This is how people react when Smash play. Salve, Edward, and Robert play with an anger and passion refreshing to witness. A bloody nice change to see a band who are really pissed off. Instead of ranting and raving in between songs, these boys show it while playing. Stop and start. Stop and start. Riffs galore. Songs ahoy. Music that you can make love to. Music that would have you throwing a brick at the nearest window. Music that actually means a lot to a lot of people. Smash have already a healthy following who wear the T-shirts with a smile of pride. They sing

SMASHING PUMPKINS *Nottingham Rock City*

"D'ya wanna hear a story that happened on the M6 the other day?" James Iha seems to have relaxed somewhat since the competition of a set never before performed and, more than likely, never to be performed again. "There was this little old man with a hatchet..." Yeah, and I know just how his victims felt. Jimmy Chamberlains drum rolls started the proceedings, acting as an early warning for the sonic assault of *Cherub Rock*, a song wrought from titanium with a soft centre. The Pumpkins were showing signs of graft though, working as if they hadn't played these songs a million times before, which we know they have. D'arcy's bass sounded wooden, Chamberlain's bass drum 'mic was touching the skin and popped sporadically like Michael Ryan at a duckshoot. Normally this would have irritated, but somehow it gave the show an edge, guitars going out of tune Billy Corgan grimacing at the mistakes, was almost personal, intimate. This could have been an early gig in the band's career, but hell, they are a young band, just with a style, power and professionalism that belies their experience. What then? Why was this show unique? The highly acclaimed *Siamese Dream* album was being recreated song for song, in order, from *Cherub* through to *Luna*, barely time to nod to the seething audience. Corgan showed his notorious intolerance of boisterous crowds, or inattention to his songs, almost like a teacher. Go on, Billy, tell 'em. Give 'em lines, make 'em say a million Hail Marys. Now I hate gig twats as much as anyone but when they result in Billy Corgan injecting

Alec Willets

and scream. Jump up and down like dogs on heat. Clap and yell. Invade the stage at given moments. They treat the band like stars already. They know that they are onto a winner. Why? Well, imagine the energy of those early Manic Street Preachers singles; believe that a band might just equal the sheer brilliance of 5.30 in the live arena; think of a group who are already a million times better than Kinky Machine. In twelve months time, SMASH should be huge. Their debut single, released on their own label, will be much sought after. Three songs very powerful are featured on the seven inch and display the qualities of above. People started going loopy from the opening of *Drugs Again*—surely one of the best B sides of all year. The shout along Real Surreal and the heart warming but at the same time sad *Revisited No 3*, were played to the max. The venue nearly crumbled to the floor. During a mammoth version(both in length and volume) of *Self Abuse*, the band and the audience go crazy. Bodie, Salve and Edward wrestle with their 'mic stands. They fall over but keep the song going. The fans are lying on the stage. It all ends up in a wall of sound. We were left speechless, stunned and shaken.

SID

BABY SOUTH *London Bull and Gate*

I would usually applaud any band who have a whole bag full of ideas but Baby South seem to have too many at the moment and are not really sure where they're heading. In parts they are a young and primitive version of Jesus Jones, then they give the game away, and you just get that feeling that they are some of the bastards who put Miles Hunt in the top ten. Next they suggest that they are an up to date bunch of kids, by employing a sampler/keyboard. Isn't this just a few years out of date? (Ref. EMF 1991). That aside, Baby South just about pleased me. The numerous young faces bouncing around at the front seemed to really enjoy them. *MR LA* is a nice little ditty, a bit of a dance stomper, the same with *Looking Pretty*. The jewel in their set was the last song, *Pole Position*, an industrial-guitar thrash affair. A song that would have their hardest critic dancing. I did! Baby South are still developing, looking for their own sound. If you are under 18, then you will love this five piece band from Brighton. They might never set the world on fire, but you don't care because you will purchase their records and their T-shirts.

SID

NIGHTBLOOMS/ MADDER ROSE *Leicester The Charlotte*

Nightblooms have rightfully gained a showpiece opportunity on the prestigious Madder Rose tour through a simple but highly effective musical formula. The female vocals coupled with the female bass player present us with a series of delicious harmonies. Not a tape machine to be heard either as both singers compliment each other throughout. The funky guitar thang on the other side of the stage provides a medium rare grunge factor. With an almost Bandwagonesque musical attitude the male guitarist makes a respectable effort to silence the girls. This is an equal opportunities band, however, and the mix of West coast vocals continually ploughed through by the rhythm is adjudicated as a harmonious draw. Occasionally the attention is unexpectedly focussed solely upon the vocals as they interrupt the set to sing unaccompanied, an all too short excursion which simply must be put down on vinyl or Costly Disc. The highlight of their set came when we were made aware of the purpose of the third stage microphone. During a particularly heavy plank-spanking session from the vocally silenced guitarist, in what I presume was a moment of spontaneity, the third microphone is used to shout into. Nothing grammatically recognisable but a much welcome throwback to a Joey Ramone 'No Shit' attitude. After consideration of the musical direction which Nightblooms are taking, it is perhaps no coincidence that they should feature alongside Madder Rose. I found little difference in the substantive content within both bands: highly unique, recognisable female vocals and a beefed up guitar, both held together by tight bass and drums which, though not individually inspiring, contribute successfully by a absence of egocentric tendencies.

The drum is used particularly successfully by madder Rose as the vocals land in time with the bass pedal, producing a stunning bouncing effect, usually reserved for the enjoyment of the bass. Thus Madder Rose seemed more comfortable with their melodies, and benefitted from their additional danceability. The audience of astute advocates of quality music/pissed-up first year students reacted well to the speedier numbers, especially the speedier ones. We were thanked towards the end for being patient and our reward was to delight in the new single *Swim*. Like Nottingham Forest, Madder Rose are presently pushing hard for promotion and I see no reason why within a year they should not be playing in the Premier League alongside Suede, Manics etc.

Tricky Skills Jase

LEATHERFACE / RAMRAID *Derby The Where House*

Some snippets of advice to Ramraid: learn to begin and end songs —three could easily be made out of one; only play the saxophone when fitting; lose the metal riffs and solos; change some of the band members (not the cool bassist though); don't nick hooks from other people; carry on in a lighter direction. Leatherface seem to play here every six months and a smaller audience than normal got all they wanted—the usual bursts of hardcore frenzy with hidden tunes — *Not A Day, How Lonely*, and my favourite, *Do The Right Thing*. People should listen to Frankie's lyrics (if they can), he's more sensitive than you'd imagine. We also get the mandatory cover of *I Can't Help Falling In Love* (but no *Message In A Bottle*). Leatherface seem to be widely misunderstood, but respect is due.

Rachel Allen

SCUM PUPS / MUSTARD ROCK *Nottingham Filly and Firkin*

Familiarity breeds contempt and Mustard Rock were a refreshing novelty that just got boring towards the end. The Scum Pups were solid powerful grunge rock nonsense effortlessly tumbling onto last years bandwagon. It has to be said that the flamboyant female phenomenon that fleetingly graced the stage to introduce the first act certainly stole the show for me. The extravagance she invested into her kazoo fanfare was stunning, but when her beguiling Alice in Wonderland charisma took to the dance floor the stage was left wanting. If you were at Overall's showcase gig you'd know exactly what I was talking about.

Matt Moss

literal:

UFOs THE FINAL ANSWER? UFOLOGY FOR THE 21ST CENTURY

Edited by David Barclay and Therese Marie Barclay
Blandford Press

This new collection of essays, from an impressive list of learned scholars and experienced ufo researchers, could well provide definitive solutions to the perennial mystery of the ufo phenomenon. This fascinating study, contains a myriad of critical and scientific approaches to the problem, in an attempt to achieve a clear, accurate picture of the state of ufology and its implications for humanity. From historical perspectives in the chapter by Arthur Tomlinson (which traces the presence of ufos through mankind's history), to more factual and coldly scientific methods employed by K.W.C. Phillips in *The Psycho-sociology of Ufology*, or even Dr R.W. Shillitoe's foreword (a clinical psychologist's perspective), the facts and argument presented are staggering to say the least. Each chapter contains a plethora of interesting, precise and mind-blowing data that to choose any detail would detract from the hypothesis. Yet it is engaging and easily accessible, not too crowded with technological or scientific jargon, making it a most riveting read. Although all the contributors are passionate believers, it is presented in such a way that it does not attempt to preach to the unconverted, but simply lays down theories and statistical evidence in the manner of individuals who merely want to find plain truths in a labyrinth of misperception and conjecture. Whatever your attitude to ufos this book is more than an eye-opener; it will open your mind to cosmic ideas you thought were never possible.

John Micallef

FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER

Edited by Sara Boyes Stride

In her foreword to this inspiring collection of poems by contemporary women writers, Sara Boyes states that such compilations do not marginalize women's writing. I agree with her. While these poems possess a strong sense of the female identity, their beauty and passion ramifies into an aesthetic pleasure anyone can enjoy. The book takes its title from a poem by Karen Whiteson, whose forceful, mythical and often violent images of creation capture succinctly the fact that only women know the true pain of physicality. Her use of mythological figures gives her poetry a deeply historical perspective which highlights the perennial nature of her themes. Drawn from the eternal wells of human emotion, Whiteson's writing is both fantastic and painfully real. Another poet I enjoyed was Cherry Smyth, whose poems resound with a wonderful tenderness, yet are tinged with the sadness of having to constantly battle against archaic ideology. Her poem *Coming Home* expresses with admirable honesty the feeling of alienation when returning to a stagnant, unchanging, familial atmosphere. Smyth expresses perfectly the confused, contrasting torrent of emotions in such a situation when she says:

*Coming home is like dying
And coming back from the dead
All at once.*

Tina Fulker's poems are brilliant, sometimes satirical attacks on chauvinistic stupidity. Her attitude is damning, delivered with an astute and intelligent invective that makes them a joy to read. Her recent death means that the world has lost a gifted poet. Finally, Patience Agbabi's work impressed upon me the true potency of femininity, especially in an adverse and oppressive situation. Her poems are replete with a womanly strength, unflinching in the face of such oppression as racism and imperialist ideological dogma. In particular the poem *There's Gonna Be One Hell Of A Storm* crystallizes the frustration and anger we must feel at this corruption as the poem swells to become a rallying, almost revolutionary, war cry spurring us into action. When Agbabi writes "*i am a woman, about to erupt like a volcano*" we can only stand back in awe. Magnificent! This book is packed with many more inspiring writers whose work shines with poetic brilliance and deserves the close scrutiny that only a personal reading can give. A book that will enrich and edify. J.M.

THE MISSIN' LINK PRESENTS DOCTOR MADDVIBE'S COMPREHENSIVE LINKOLOGY

By Angelo Moore

This is a collection of poetry and prose by lyricist and sax player of L.A. ska-rockers Fishbone. Some of these pieces appear as lyrics to Fishbone songs dating from as far back as *Love and Bullshit* up to the present day. Alot don't. I suspect it would only be a must to true Fishbone disciples but is an engaging read by anybody's standards. It gives a very thorough and frank account of the Missing Lnk's feelings on racism, spirituality and social corrosion in L.A. (or City of Lost Assholes as Angelo puts it), punctuated with interesting cartoons and pics of the man in question (and what a beauty he is too). Angelo tells me that Fishbone merchandisers won't let him sell this gem, but if you get the opportunity to accost the Fishbone frontman at a gig near you, he'll be happy to oblige.

Rocket McTavish

Considering that John Major is at an all time low in the opinion polls, and England have been beaten by the USA at football, and the great man himself is now in retirement, and has been considered for decades to be the people's choice to manage England, here is a wee poem based on wishful thinking:

TAK TAK TAK # 6

Ghostworm by Ann Quin / *Mean Point of Impact* by B.S.Johnson/ *saturday in the park* by Peter Plate
Timeless Postcard by Keith Jafrate

Ann Quin and B.S.Johnson were major figures on the experimental edge of British fiction in the late 1960s/early 70s. Both died twenty years ago but their work still feels innovative today - Johnson's radical over-turning of the conventions of the novel, and Quin's disturbing imagery stand out against the predictability of much modern fiction. Johnson was a film-maker and poet in addition to writing prose. Most of his considerable body of work has been published by now - Nottingham based press *Tak Tak Tak* have chosen the poignant *Mean Point of Impact*, a tale of the building of a cathedral intercut with orders to and thoughts of a gunner in a World War 2 British artillery battery — an amusing and bleak juxtaposition. Ann Quin was hailed as *the most naturally and delicately gifted novelist of her generation*. Her published novels include *Berg*, later made into the film *Killing Father*. *Ghostworm* was left unfinished at the time of her death and thus doesn't have the completeness of other work, but it does display her remarkable talents, written from the viewpoint of a woman whose deceased lover's ashes she is addressing. The scene shifts to New York, where the character spends a week feeling distinctly out of place, before planning to go to New Mexico to see a presumably different lover.

The contributions of San Fransisco-based storyteller Peter Plate and Southall-born Keith Jafrate experiment with language in different and perhaps less self-conscious ways. Peter Plate's *saturday in the park* is about a lone sniper taking pot shots at a San Fransisco police station and brilliantly evokes an urban summer night with its scents and craziness in the air. Keith Jafrate's measured prose comes across effectively in *Timeless Postcard* - scenes like a brutal attack outside a youth club, a nightmare dash carrying armloads of belongings through crowds of people, a meeting where polite but assertive gestures are being made with the biscuits.

Economy with language is evident in all four writers, who all make their words count, and the whole collection is very readable. This is the sixth *Tak Tak Tak* anthology and is a welcome addition to their catalogue.

I.R.

To obtain a copy of *Tak Tak Tak 6* send £5 plus 50 pence postage to BCM TAK LONDON WC1N 3XX

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Enoch Bowel

Penile McBall's Lo-Fi Revue

Having had my attention drawn to the fact that several well-known and hitherto respectable record shops have started carrying Lo-Fi sections among their stock, and that a growing number of The Kids are actually buying this rubbish, it seems to be just about time that some sort of Movement was made of it, if only to discredit it and hasten its demise. After all, what we're dealing with is, ultimately, a home-made form, ignoring all accepted values of what equals Good Music, and produced in such minuscule editions to qualify it as the most pointlessly elitist bunch of horseshit currently doing the rounds. The whole idea stinks. Where's the appeal, the glamour, the shaggability of all this aural halitosis? I mean, who wants to listen to scabby recordings of scabby losers playing music so fucking wretched that the description "scabby" could only be taken as a compliment? Well, any of you unfortunates old enough to remember what made Punk Rock so fuck-you-cool, or those of you with smart G.C.S.E. History teachers, will obviously have some kind of handle on the appeal of something not only unintelligible, but downright repellent to the uninitiated. Anyone into Techno, or Death Metal, or Gary Numan, will take similar pride in the music they have chosen to clutch closest to their hearts. It just so happens that some of the noises I've been filling my ears up with since I-Don't-Know-When have now gone and been swallowed up within the catch-all confines of Lo-Fi, so that instead of being the freak with the antisocial music tastes I can now proudly trumpet myself as being at the helm of some new and heroic musical vanguard. Of course it's bollocks, but it's a diversion and it fills the space just fine.

So, what's it all about, this Lo-Fi business? What constitutes the idiot plunge from Hi-Fi Heaven down to Lo-Fi Pandemonium? And who is so full of self-loathing to actually want to take this dive? Maybe before I get round to actually expanding upon the last of these pertinent, I should lay down some contentiousness on what the parameters of The Scene are, or should be. Of course, there's no hard, fast rule for defining what is and isn't Lo-Fi, but I'd suggest a checklist for those of you still somewhat green to this, erm, happening new scene;

(i). Recording quality should be nothing other than as low-grade as the equipment can muster. Some fabulous things have been done to music through the use of such extraneous no-nos as hiss, distortion, tape-stretching and bad editing. If a recording ain't got any of these desirable attributes then it's Hi-Fi, durbrain, and very much The Enemy.

(ii). Not only should the music be registered badly, but the delivery should mortally offend musos and Simply Red fans alike. Musicianship can only be tolerated if a correspondingly vast decrease in recording quality is demonstrated, and even then only if we're feeling very generous indeed.

(iii). Just as all instruments and singing should be rendered unmusical, they should, moreover, want to sound that way. It's the over-riding desire to be unlikeable that really makes a lot of this stuff.

(iv). The presentation of all this is important too. Just as all the saps who drowse along to all that 4AD syrup like to have their dose wrapped up in a tastefully nothingish 23 Envelope sleeve, we, the scuzz-obsessed Lo-Fi buffs, demand that our music be packaged sympathetically. If you've cottoned-on that this means bad printing, absence of layout skills, preferably even amateur hand-made sleeves, then you're smarter than I thought.

(v). Wilful obscurity is obviously de rigueur, and copies of true Lo-Fi shouldn't really run into double, heaven forbid treble, figures. It's the lure of exclusiveness; just ask any trainspotter.

(vi). Format is the point at where the major schisms in the movement are occurring. Some are all in favour of **Sentridoh** CD's and LP's, whereas others say Lo-Fi should only be documented on cottage industry cassettes. I side with the latter argument. I received a whole load of great mess-up CD's and records from the likes of **Richard Youngs**, **The Gerogerigegege**, **Suckdog** and **Heazlewood**, but I've absolutely no intention of reviewing them here. They can all go fuck themselves; Tapes are where it's at! After all, what can you do with a CD when you're bored with it other than smash it up with a hammer? With tapes, this option is always open to you, along with the more practical, yet cowardly, act of taping your own rancid tosh over them.

So, here's a pretty much random skim through the sort of things that keep me amused these days. You'll note that the glut of these tapes are available only from their creators. This means that not only do you get to have personal contact with these people, hence are forced into realising what a miserable bunch of shits musicians are, but if you're not altogether impressed by what you hear then you can write or phone them and remind them of their miserable-shit-ness. It's downright democratic too, this Lo-Fi.

OK, first up is the obvious lonely-loony-in-a-bedsit, one **Kostas D'Lary** (hey! he's even on the phone; 091-2367103), whose 3-hour ramble through *Hits of the Eighties* lays down a mighty challenge for Most Difficult Music To Get Through this issue. If ten-minute-plus "arrangements" of *Agadoo* or *Clouds Across the Moon* for feedback and a cappella mutterings, interspersed with snatches from the originals are your bag, then, uh, get in touch. It sounds like he could do with a friend.

Music is the Healing Force of the Universe! Or so runs the title of **Tea Kulture's** offering, packaged appealingly and unprofessionally in a wad of detritus that can only be indicative of the most blandly dissolute personal habits. The music itself is mammoth assemblage of top-fun irritating segments from a record and tape

collection that could even define a certain 90's Lo-Fi aesthetic; **G.G. Allin**, **John Coltrane**, **The Stooges**, bad country music, etc., and is almost certain to have all yer dopesmoking mates falling about in bladder-loosening fits of giggles. This I can only surmise. I just have hard drugs'n'cider mates who take this kind of thing like medicine every morning. Send some mixed herbs to 7 Woodside, Madely, Cheshire, CW3 9HA, and they'll probably send you one of these veryniceindeed articles back.

Sentridoh are probably way too well-known to please Lo-Fi purists, but their *Most of the Worst and Some of the Best* tape would be a more-than-acceptable replacement for all the Len Cohen albums currently languishing in the collections of most prospective converts. You could weep to these songs of masturbation and Bryan Adams fixation if you so wished, and, yes, there are the obligatory herb references to keep some folks amused. I think you can probably buy this one in Woolworth's.

Bag is the title of a distressingly badly-made tape by the aptly named **Spew**. Beyond that sentence I can't think what more I could possibly say about it, or what more you could possibly need to know. It was my favourite tape about a month ago, but now I've taken to listening to the sound of my own fridge instead. **Spew's** a nice girl, and probably wouldn't mind

this a bit, so give her a bell (0602-625655) and ask her if she's seen any puppies lately.

Following the make-em-laugh, make-em-cry, make-em-wait dictum that never failed the likes of Charlie Dickens, I've saved the best till last. Nottingham's finest, **Mustard Rock**, (0602 412098) have released a small number of their latest tape, *R.O.C.K.E.* among the piffing ant-like populus of the city. Not that any of you turkeys really deserve such a thing, but they've been philanthropic enough to do it all the same. Of course you're all of you already completely familiar with their entire repertoire, so I'll only mention that this tape is No Sell-Out of their well-established neo-gumby teen-angst stance. The likes of *Ultraviolence* would probably offer felch-favours to the equally past-it A Band for the level of testosterone-fuelled abandon on show here.

I could go on, but word-count is running over. It's not difficult to see, then, that not only is Lo-Fi a transparent fake, a con perpetrated by a bunch of bored third-rate writers, and a deadening bore, but also The Future Of Western Music. So, Overall competition; fifty quid to the first dork through the door with a Mustard Rock tattoo.

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