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THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

Vol. 3 #8 March 1994 ABSOLUTELY FREE



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Some but not all the information contained herein may be false. Stay Alert!

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Saturday 30th April
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firstofall:

The **Cosmic Charlies** make their debut appearance in Nottingham this month with a three hour tribute to the **Grateful Dead**. Their past live achievements include the infamous Castlemorton rave in 1992, and Glastonbury (where they'll be again this year) in '92 and '93. Cosmic Charlies shows feature a full liquid lightshow to enhance their authentic psychedelic atmosphere. Fans from all over the country converge on their fortnightly London shows, and the current line-up plays material from the entire Grateful Dead repertoire. They have a tape available, and a fanzine called the *Cosmic Charlie Chronicle* which also contains current Grateful Dead info that costs £3 for 12 issues from 128 Colchester Road, Leyton, London E10 6HD. Having just returned from a series of shows in Europe and London accompanied by the legendary Merle Saunders they appear at the Old Vic: on Saturday 26th.

FIRKIN NEWS

During Easter Bank Holiday weekend the **Filly & Firkin** plays host to a series of charity events to raise money for the *Nottinghamshire Macmillan Nurse Appeal*. Macmillan nurses are specially trained to help patients cope with cancer-related problems and to provide support for their families. All proceeds from the weekend's events will go towards the fund, whose target this year is to raise £50,000—the cost of one nurse's three-year training, after which the NHS guarantee the post in perpetuity. Any bands/musicians/etc. willing to provide their services voluntarily on Fri 1st, Sunday 3rd and Mon 4th April should call Nottm. 472739 and ask for Paul or Alan. All participants will receive free refreshments. A sponsored walk to the top of Mount Snowdon will also take place on the Sunday morning.

Venue One, a newly established VIP Club Tour company, are organising monthly visits to top London nightspots. On Saturday 26th March, the venue will be **Camden Palace**. This Grade A listed building is one of London's top nightclubs, with its theatrical history lending it a distinctive appearance. A three-tier balcony overlooks a large dancefloor with three bars. **John Sanderson**, DJ Of The Year 1990, quit Stringfellows for Camden Palace. He says: "What most clubs lack, the Palace has. It's an interesting place with an atmosphere to match. I play a range of music from hip-hop to house, rave to ragga, swing to salsa, with a full light and laser show." Camden is one of London's most innovative areas, free from West End commercialism, with a wide range of interesting pubs. April 30th sees Venue taking in **The Limelight**, on Shaftesbury Avenue, to experience *The House Of Joy*. The club is inside an ancient, converted church. A maze of passageways lead you down spirals, across galleries and up staircases to encounter a different experience on each level, plus a 'chill out' bar. They promise no chrome, no mirrors and no bow-ties, but you can expect dance, house, garage, soul and swingbeat. Prior to The Limelight, you can choose between a trip around West End bars, or a visit to **Los Locos** Beach Club, where cheap drinks have been arranged. See advertisement.

ROCK FOR SHELTER

Basford Hall College students on the Rock Music Business Course are organising a charity gig for Shelter at Nottingham Trent University - hopefully on March 11th, featuring three local bands, Big Red X, Affliction, and Mick Rutherford's Bluesology. Ticket outlets include ETC Records, Mansfield Rd, Nottm. Contributions, support or sponsorship of the event can be arranged with Chris Carter at ETC Records on 0602 590926.

The Derby Swamp Club are now at the Friary Hotel, Friargate, Derby. They hope to eventually take over the building, and present a multi-purpose arts venue for Derby. If you want to join the Save Our Swamp project, they can use volunteers, skilled or not. The club's Cajun Festival will run from March 24th-27th with music, dance and instrument workshops. A free festival brochure is available. Contact: The Swamp Club, Swamp PO Box 94, Derby DE22 1XA. Phone: 0332 332336.

RELEASES

Nottingham's jazzy souly funky B Vivid have changed their name to **Junk Orange** (pic.) in time to release a CD under that



name during March and play three dates in town. See listings. Leicester's **Tall** have released their debut 7" single *Sun, Snakes & Heroines* on Servo Records and available nationally. And in Derby celtic rockers **Neverland** celebrate St. Patrick's night with a launch gig at The Where House for their eponymous debut album, ten tracks available on CD or cassette **Kerbdog**, on tour with **Therapy?** in the region during March, release their debut LP, *Cleaver*, on Vertigo this month. The philanthropic **Molly Half Head**'s debut single arrives this month on 10", CD and a special limited edition 7" available for a mere 99p on production of a UB40. A tour of the country with free admission to every gig finds them in Derby (The Where House, Fri. 4th) and Leicester (The Charlotte 8th). **Urban Species**' jazz rap can be assessed on record with the release of the album, *Listen*, out late February on Phonogram. **The Inspiral Carpets**' new album, *Devil Hopping*, is out on March 7th. **Sidi Bou Said** serve up the fifth single, *Thing*, from their *Brooch* LP on Ultimate in March. **Aphex Twin** has lucid dreamed up another album of customised techno, *Selected Ambient Works Vol. 2*, available from March 7th on Warp Records. Slovenian motorcycle freaks **Tekton Motor Corps** are revving up for *Human Race Ignition* out in March on Dreamtime.

overall

THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

MARCH 1994

5

demolition

Fabians Tale, Cherry Forever, Bender, Burdock, Bloody Lovely.

6

vinolution

Bark Psychosis, Sleeping Dogs Wake, Slaughter & The Dgs, Barkmarket, Afghan Wigs.

9

FRIED CIRCUIT

gigs, clubs, theatre, visual arts, gay & lesbian listings.

13

visuall

Playhouse and Powerhouse
Bodies, Rest & Motion
A Bronx Tale

16

FRIED ALIVE

Mind The Gap, Various Vegetables, Engine, Tindersticks, Voodoo Queens, Friends Of...

18

Dr. Timothy Leary's

Declaration Of Evolution

Our answer to the Criminal Justice Bill

Published by Paul Overall in association with Clark Sutherland Entertainment. Editor: Gareth Thompson Contributors: Christine Chapel, Dave Ellyatt, Milo F. Kelly, Malcolm Lorimer, Wayne Burrows, Sid. John. W. Haylock, Chris Carter, Mr. Jones, Kani Bawa, Nick James, Hank Quinlan, Torch, DiY, Matt Moss, Sugar Kane. Photos: Rob Pitt, Ralph Barklam Special thanks to Chris The Resource, Graham The Printer and Nigel The Finisher.

Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions
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Nottingham NG7 4 DG.

Please note our new telephone number

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Advertising and editorial department: 538333.
Classifieds: 534777
Subscriptions £12 a year payable to "Overall".

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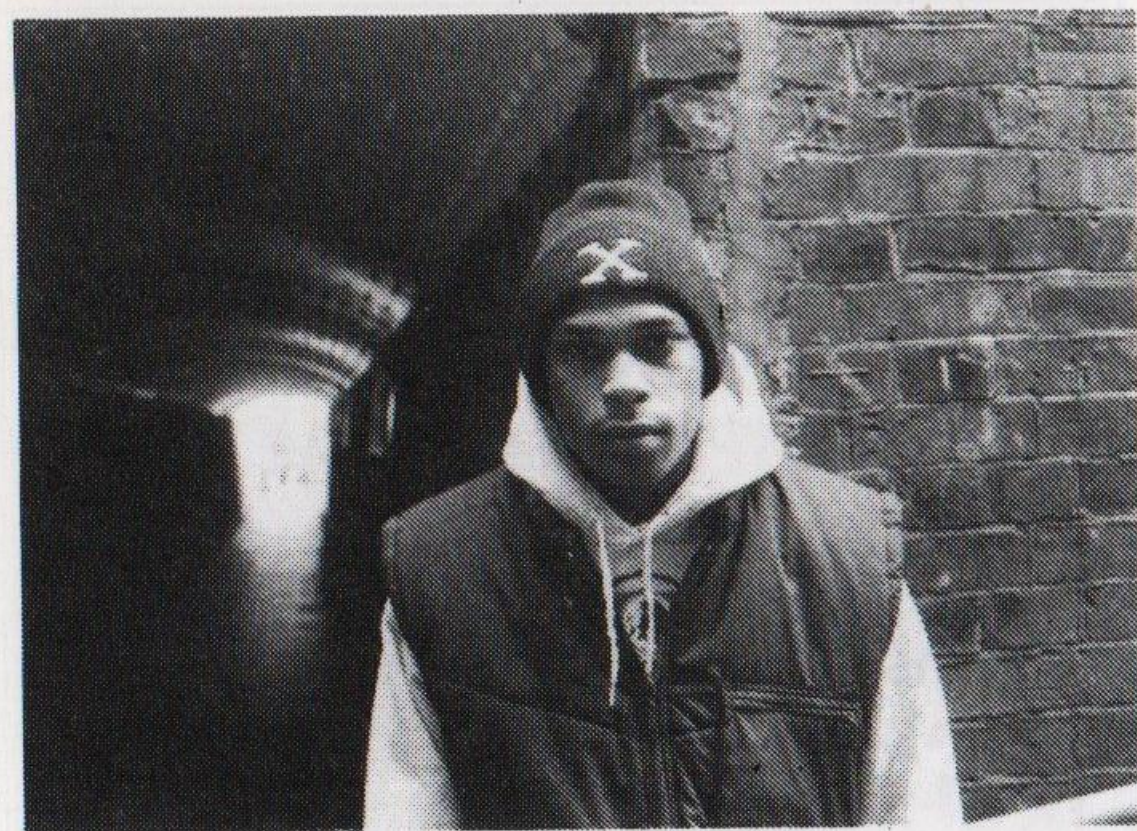
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Beatroot



New label Attitude Records live up to their name with their first signing, **MCM** from Caveman (pic.), whose EP *I Got Soul* is now available, licensed to Grapevine in the UK and to BMG for worldwide distribution, with an LP due in April followed by a tour of Germany as support to **Gangstarr**. Basingstoke's (other) finest, **Papa Brittle**, confront the System with their *Status Quo* EP featuring five versions remixed by **Jack Dangers** of **Meat Beat Manifesto**. Out 7th March, as is Scandinavian rap metal act **Clawfinger**'s new single *Warfare*. Creative, innovative, uncompromising Nation Records have two mid-March releases. Firstly **Transglobal Underground** offer new mixes of *Earth Tribe* and *Slowfinger*, both lifted from their excellent debut album *Dream of A Hundred Nations*. A new single is due in April with an album to follow in June. Join the transtribal trance dance at The Marcus Garvey Centre Fri. 4th March. Then there's TGU's lead singer and dancer **Natasha Atlas**' debut solo single *Dub Yalil/Yalla Chant* featuring collaborations with **Kevin Haskins** of **Love & Rockets** and **Walid Rouissi** who provides traditional Tunisian wailing, creating world-dance fusion at its best. Eclectic is also the password for **Transcendental Love Machine**'s *The Machine Mania EP* mixing ambient trance with a burst of guitar. Out on March 7th.

WHO'S THERE
Forthcoming attractions at Derby Wherehouse include **Baby Chaos** on March 2nd. Hailing from Stewarton, Scotland they made their tv debut, whilst unsigned, on The Late Show. Last summer they signed their 'fierce guitars and brazen rhythms' to East West Records, via ex-Happy Mondays' manager **Nathan McGough**. March 22nd brings the multi-layered fusion of **Banco De Gaia**. This project provides an outlet for the solo work of instrumentalist **Toby Marks**. Now signed to Planet Dog Records, BDG have toured their blend of dance and ambient tracks extensively, including appearances at London's Megadog and Whirlygig clubs. The following night finds **The Sea** arriving. Last year they notched up 126 gigs, including a support slot for **Back To The Planet** and their own 40-date Bumpstart Party Tour. Last November saw the release of a debut single, *Welcome/Damage*, on their own Carp Records. They send love and kippers, and promise not to leave you standing. Derby-born **Kevin Coyne** comes home to play the Wherehouse, on April 25th. Musician, author, playwright, painter and poet, Coyne has long held a dedicated cult following for his distinctive songwriting and raw, emotive vocals. As well as releasing some 30 albums, including the classic *Millionaires & Teddybears*, Coyne has composed for the cinema and theatre. He now lives in Nuremberg, where he was awarded the 1991 Prize for Culture.

boon shanka

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SQUARING UP
Following the success of the Overall/Square Centre competition to find the best unsigned act in the country to receive three days free studio time (winner to be named next month) the Square Centre have announced the formation of a new production company. Using the combined experience of various producers, managers and engineers, Square Centre Productions are actively seeking bands with a view to working with them in the studio, leading to "album development deals" for successful acts and eventual recording contracts. The requirements are quality, talent, originality and commitment. Demos etc. to The Productions Dept., The Square Centre, 389-394 Alfred St. North, Nottingham NG3 1AA.

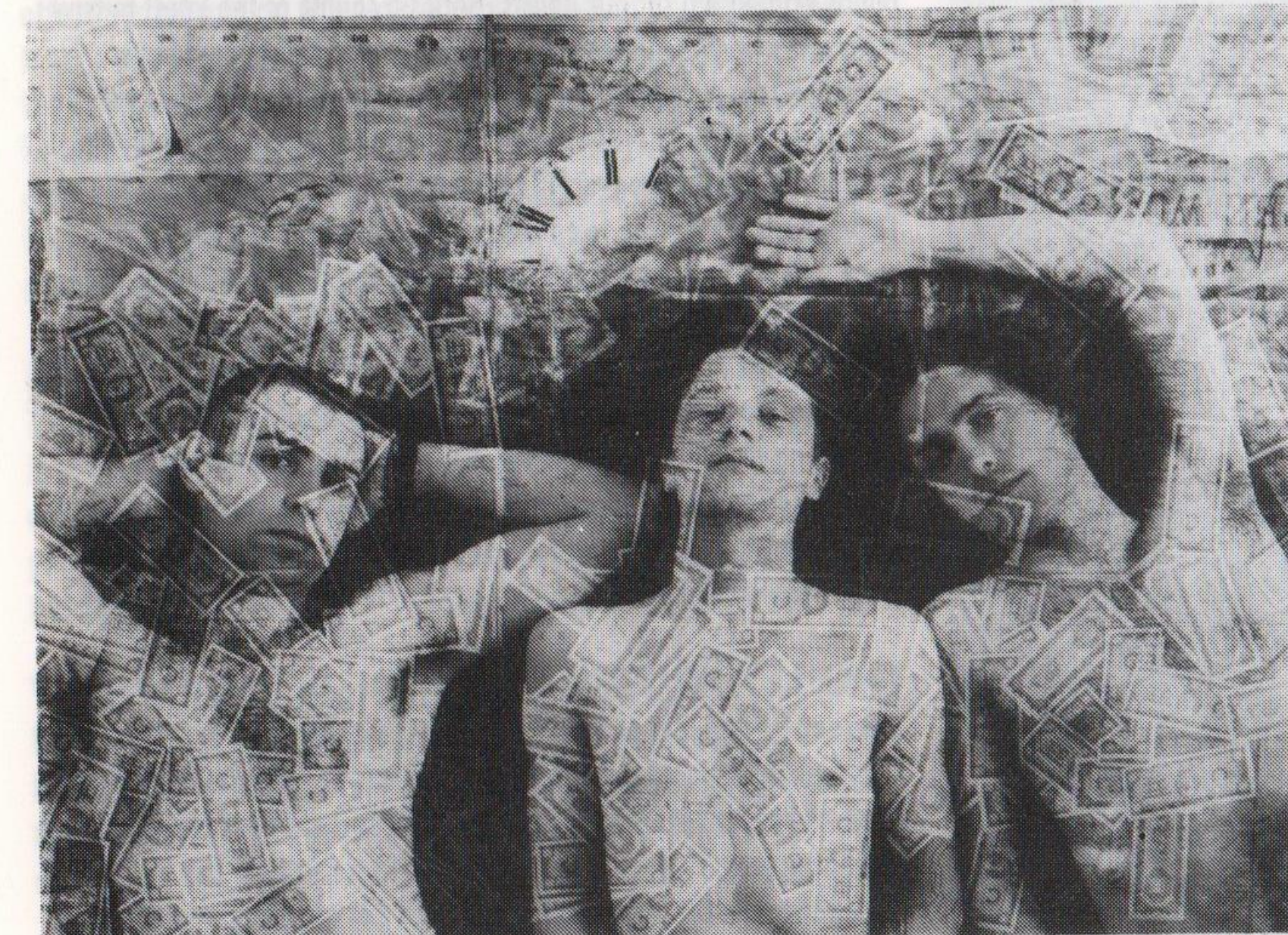
ALL SYSTEMS NO
On Friday 25th March DJs from DiY, Smokescreen, Go Tropo, Breeze and Floatation will be joining together for an event called All Systems No to raise awareness of the effects of the extremely prejudiced Criminal Justice Bill, expected to be sleazed through Parliament by the middle-aged menopausal malakas who claim to govern this country. To describe it as Draconian would be an understatement. It includes the abolition of the "right to silence", the introduction of non-bail detention for 10-13 year olds, electronic tagging and the reintroduction of prison ships. It will make huge sections of the young into criminals for trying to enjoy themselves or finding somewhere to live if homeless. If this becomes law, you may be arrested not only for attending a free party or festival but even for simply waiting for such a gathering. It will give the police powers to put up road blocks and control traffic within a five mile radius. You could also be arrested for squatting, hunt saboteuring, trespassing, and failing to leave land. Trespass, which for 900 years has been a civil offence, will be made a crime against the State. In short, you could be arrested for damaging a blade of grass. There is not enough space here to list the whole despicable range of infringements upon the rights of peace-loving people. Get down to the Marcus Garvey Centre on Friday 25th and find out what you can do to help prevent unlicensed fun from becoming illegal. If the government doesn't trust the people, why doesn't it dissolve it and elect a new one? See page 18.

- OVERPLAY: Frying Tonight**
- 1. TEKTON MOTOR CORPS**
Spiral Emotions White 10" (Dreamtime)
 - 2. M.C.M. from CAVEMAN**
Got Soul EP (Attitude/BMG)
 - 3. TRANSCENDENTAL LOVE MACHINE**
The Machine Mania EP (Hydrogen Dukebox)
 - 4. NATASHA ATLAS**
Dub Yalil/Yalla Chant (Nation)
 - 5. TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND**
Earth Tribe/Slowfinger (Remixes) (Nation)
 - 6. PAPA BRITTLE**
Staus Quo EP (Netzwerk Europe)
 - 7. DUB SYNDICATE**
Echomania LP (On U Sound)
 - 8. LEE PERRY**
Time Boom X De Devil Dead CD (Trojan)
 - 9. LISA GERMANO**
Energy CD track(4AD)
 - 10. LEE HARVEY OSWALD BAND**
A Taste Of Prison (Touch And Go)
 - 11. KRISTIN HERSH** *Velvet Days* (4AD)
 - 12. BACK TO THE PLANET**
Human Error (remix) (Progressive)
 - 13. FABIANS TALE** (demo)
 - 14. SLEEPING DOGS WAKE**
Swan Song (Hyperion)
 - 15. VIC CHESNUTT** *Drunk* (Texas Hotel)
 - 16. THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH**
Good As Gold CD single (Go! Discs)
- Compiled by Paul and Gareth

- TORCH TOP 20 FLOORFILLERS**
- 1. HARDFLOOR**
Into The Nature (remixes) (Harthouse)
 - 2. RED PLANET**
Long Winter Of Mars (UR)
 - 3. RISING SONS**
Afghan Acid (remix) (Extortion)
 - 4. LIKE A TIM** *Freak Funk* (Djax-Up-beats)
 - 5. TECHNO GROOVES** *Mach 9* (Stealth)
 - 6. IN SYNC** *Rat Catcher* (Irdial)
 - 7. CAPPIO BROS**
Caffiene For Daze (Stickman)
 - 8. VAPOUR SPACE**
Gravitational Arch Of 10 (remixes) (Intellinet)
 - 9. PATROL** *Dome Twister* (ODP)
 - 10. ESSENCE OF NATURE**
Blue Lotus (Harthouse)
 - 11. C&J PROJECT** *Coming On* (UFK)
 - 12. SCAN 7** *Pathway Through Time* (UR)
 - 13. AUDITIV EXPERIENCE**
Cosmic Trip (Resonance)
 - 14. STORM** *Cloud Fall* (Djax-Up-beats)
 - 15. THE BORG**
Probability Of Finding Earth (White Label)
 - 16. STASIS** *Circuit Funk* (Peacefrog)
 - 17. SPEED JACK** *Storm* (R&S)
 - 18. PROGRESSION**
Reach Further (Sorted)
 - 19. GROOVE CONTROL**
Zero Gravity (Music Man)
 - 20. SANTONIO** *Deep Cover* (Cyren)

Compiled by Scov for Torch.

demolition:



AVIDA DOLLARS: uninspired guitar porridge Photo: Tracey Holland

IDIOT SAVANT *Amorphous Identity*
Grinding guitars and a battering beat herald the world of Idiot Savant, replete with avenging angels and vision quests. It's a well presented thrash demo. (Jamie, 78 Wandsford Grove, Marfleet Lane, Hull HU9 5TL.)

KING GRIN *Smiles*
Recorded at home on a 4-track, and agreeably cool it is too. Openers *Groovy Thing* and *Who Do You* are classy rock, and if the whole delivery has a deep 60s grain surging through, there's sufficient quality here to suggest that King Grin have serious intentions to compete. The soft acoustic shuffle of *Since You Came* promises much. (0533 717882.)

BURDOCK
Strong lyrical entry and clear, Weller-ish vocal delivery on the opening song *Harveys Oak* hook you straight into Burdock. Concise, chiming guitar chords and confident melodies promise a fair amount from this act. (0773 603675)

SKINFlick PRODUCTIONS *Skin & Bondage Corps*
Looking at the titles on this well-packaged demo's inlay - *Slit Yer Throat*, *Filth* and *Scum* - forewarn us that this duo play a snarling hybrid of industrial metal with a smidgen of techno thrown in. It's well in yer face but without a tune in sight. There must be so many bands doing this kind of stuff at the moment, but despite my misgivings this tape comes recommended.

A GLURK TROLLING *Um Yes I Know*
Trolling go mainstream? Well not quite, but the thrashings of before are replaced by a more streamlined sound where the occasional Fall-ism creeps in. The production is decent, keyboards sound wiggly and warbly and a good rhythm section makes a difference. Songs like *Nice And Old* and *Ladders* display bizarre humour, and vocalist/guitarist Pink Single-Fud has rock- eccentric potential. Some of the songs get a bit monotonous and the odd lyric is highly dodgy. My fave is *Homeboo* where, over a slow groove, a deadpan voice recites a homebrew recipe for disaster. Mad as you like.

SHE SCREAMS
"Recorded at home 'cos we're skint," proclaim the sleeve notes. If that's the case they must have some reasonable gear as the quality's not too bad. The first two tracks tend to meander along without direction, but on songs three and four the band decide that they want to be The Rain Parade, which is fine by me. (0865 63878)

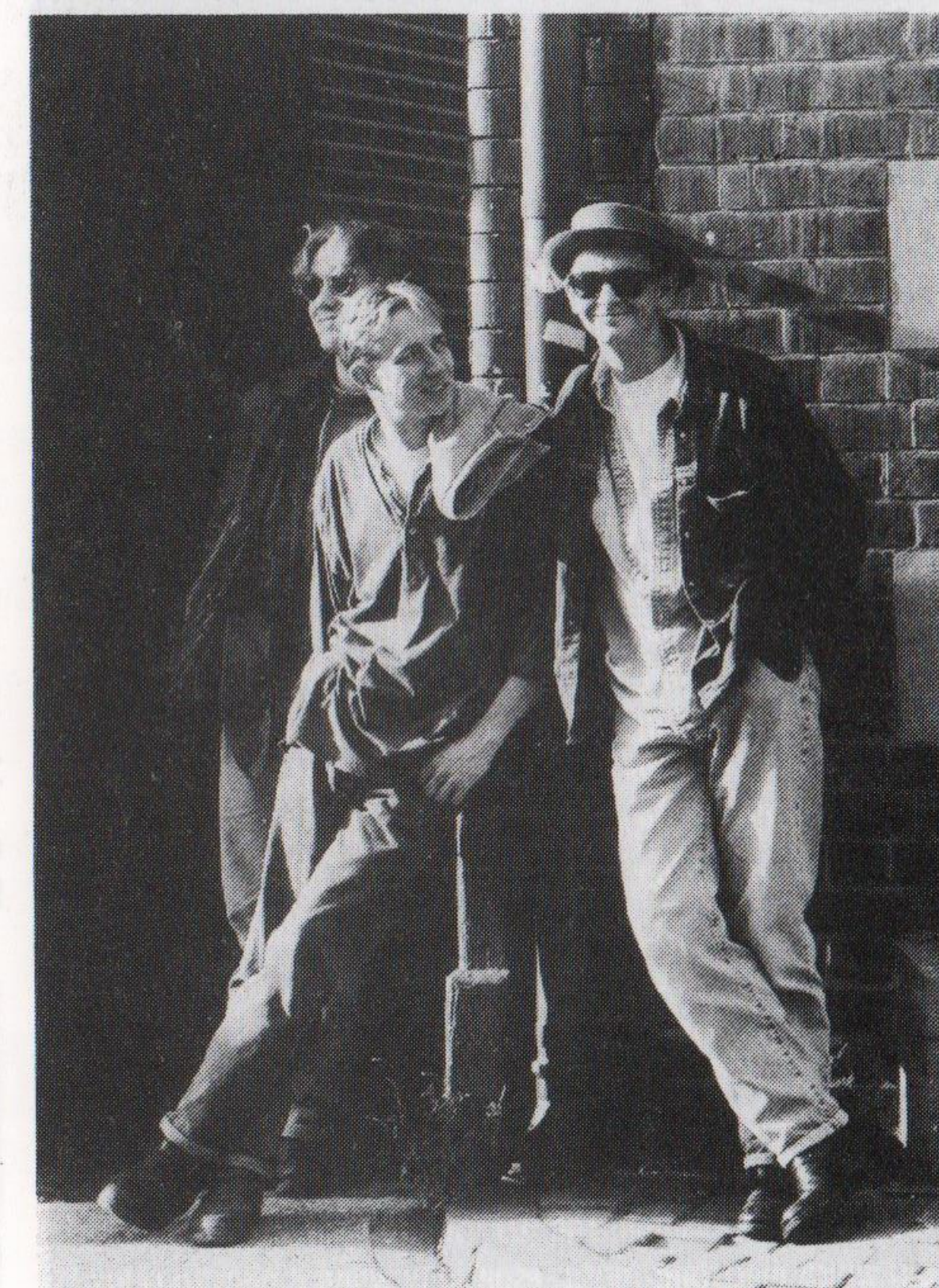
YETI GOOSE CREATURE *Attractive Mongrel*
If only. Silly name does not an interesting demo make.

CHERRY FOREVER
This is more like it. Feedback-drenched geetar stuff which doesn't let noise get in the way of melody, a bit like Sonic Youth or My Bloody Valentine, with a singer who occasionally sounds like a daemonic Feargal Sharkey. I think I'll hang on to this one.

FABIANS TALE
This one must win the Overall there is a vast amount of leader tape award. When the music eventually starts, we get pleasant, inoffensive but ultimately bland folk/rock. One for Levellers

fans, but beware, there ain't no fiddles here. Off with it! (0533 707316)

BABE RAINBOW
Girly-fronted band playing non-descript indie pop/rock. Axes roar at times And it got my foot tapping, but it's very unmemorable. The press release mentions Pearl Jam and Transvision Vamp, a combination that sounds too horrible to contemplate. (0256 27424)



SOLID STATE COALITION
Grimy rap, like a cross between Onyx and the Chili Peppers, but the ones to watch, apparently. (0602 584940)

THE SWAY Silk
A morass of stadium-sized, black, shoddy, moth-eaten Goth. Makes the Mission sound like the Mission. Good on yer, lads, etc. (666 081 959 3987)



FLIPTOP HEADS Bangalore Addicts 2
Jingly jangly wishy washy bollocks that should have died when Marr divorced Morrissey. Apparently Jamie can't reveal his hobbies "for fear of prosecution", Sprock likes "doing superfast keyboard solos with one hand whilst rolling a cigarette with the other", Carl likes "playing with computers", and Rob likes "womens bottoms...black clothes and Big country". Ash's hobbies include "kicking and battering the fuck out of his drum heads and making large amounts of sawdust around his kit." Need I say more. (0602 637052)

FRANK Spanner EP
EP my arse. The first note was interesting, but from then on it was downhill all the way. More shoddy Goth and horrible echoe-e-e-y vocals. Gene Loves Jezebel loves Ian McCulloch loves Ian McGaskill. (0602 817855)

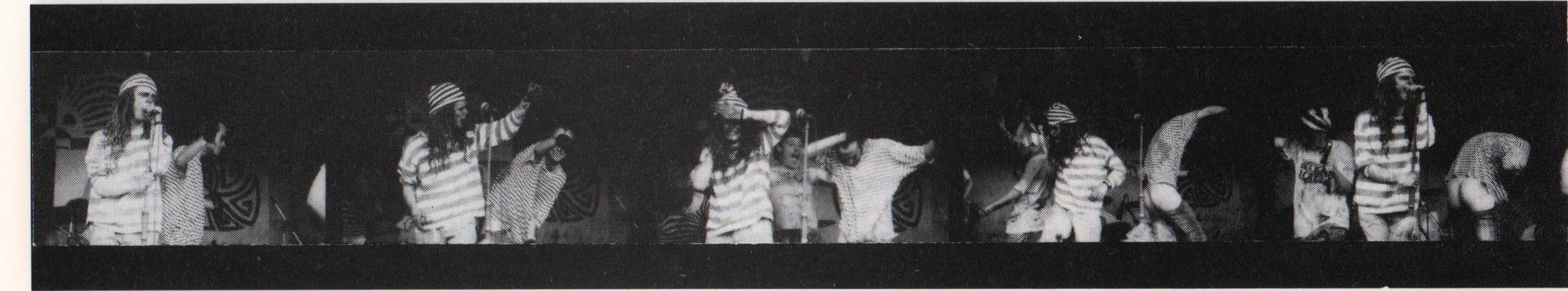
BENDER Live At Harlow
Smart. Fugazi-style riffs make dubious forays into the world of Ska along the lines of Senser and RDF, then plummet into glorious MONSTROUS METAL MAYHEM. A fine blend of multi-culturalism. King Tubby meets the Upsetters meets Dischord. (081 341 6417)

PURGE Concieve[sic] and Execute
Toying with Nazi discourse is a dangerous game (viz. "Cleanse The Filth", "Scum Of The Earth"). If "weakness is a crime", then so is getting cheap thrills from rather sadly obvious imagery. Another inadequate bedroom techno junkie who'd wrap his mother up in barbed wire to get on Amphetamine Reptile.

AVIDA DOLLARS
This sounds like it could have been recorded on the car stereo of my powder blue automatic Chevette. Not a tune in sight. Uninspired guitar porridge. (0742 332390)

YY MONKEY
Not a straight line in sight. Yes, it's Curve incarnate (ho ho ho, readers, you know what I mean.) (081 343 0143)

BLOODY LOVELY *Headcheese & Eggmeat* (Lovelyville)
What has happened to these strip-teasing, Chucky Child's Playing kings of punk pantomime and splatter satire? Could it be that they have finally shed the never-changing leopard skin of bloody punk, invisible beneath their matted, splattered exteriors and gone bloody grungey? Or have they gone bloody unplugged, Sy's *Jimmy Hill* being the only notable track. Anyway, none of it bloody matters any more 'cos they've bloody quit. Expect the obligatory reunions at the Rock & Reggae and other blank holidays.



Bloody Lovely: Bad moon rising no more. Excuse for more Bloody gratuitous photos provided by Rob Pitt

Christine Chapel

Milo F. Kelly

vinolution:



TRANSCENDENTAL LOVE MACHINE (pic.) **The Machine Mania EP** (Hydrogen Dukebox)

NATACHA ATLAS **Dub Yalil/Yalla Chant** (Nation)

TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND **Earth Tribe/Slowfinger** (Nation)

APHEX TWIN **Selected Ambient Works Vol. 2** (Warp)

SASHA **The Qat Collection** (deconstruction)

Ambient? I remember the work of Brian Eno who caused this glitch in the first place with his Music For Lounges, Lifts, Lobbies and the Like; and of the tubular contraptions he builds at home down which he sends a single musical note to be recorded at the other end in its new and unique shape. (Who needs midi?) Basically this type of music is like a computer — no use unless you have an application for it. If you buy it in Mushroom Bookshop it is called New Age music and you play it to babies to give them sweet dreams, or to aid meditation or, even better, to send yourself to sleep, dreaming of nograv sex and space migration and falling, falling, falling. Three years ago, DiY began a radio show on Sunday Night and a club night on Tuesdays called *Serve Chilled*, especially for all those who had been raving it up non-stop since the previous Thursday and needed rehabilitating into sedate society for a day or two before starting again. The music was relatively "ambient" after all that Hectic House, but they never forgot that people wanted to dance. In fact these days the title "Serve Chilled" is a bit of a misnomer. It gets hot in there. American techno, y'know. But playing your average Sonic Cathedral of Pulsating Swirls and Swishes music would mean that the ideal place for such a club night would be in a church, or an unusually comfortable Coffee Shop of the type which aren't allowed in this country (yet). Two circumambient new nights have begun recently. *Pure Ambience*, fortnightly at the Box plays trance, atmospheric and mood music, but they know this is not enough to create an atmosphere, so add the all important projections and backdrops, in comes Television Overdose to play a live set and to keep it interesting, it seems, you are forced into producing a multimedia event. Good. Over in Derby at the Where House the same is true, where the arsenal of antique attack has been replaced by a battery of Visual Display Units booting out images from the fourth dimension to accompany the best of....(see flyer for long list of amb...er, tech....er, midi-oriented acts). It's called *Andromeda Strain*, subtitled "ambience night". Well, at least everyone knows what it means, and there's no point getting clever when you're trying to sell something in Derby. It would appear, therefore, that three years after the DiY crew began toying with it, the era of Brain Machines and Smart Bars has arrived in the East Midlands. And there are (praise be to Yalla) alternatives. Top of the tip goes to Transcendental Love Machine for being brazen (a.k.a. eclectic) enough to open with such a scorching guitar riff (hey, clubland rock!) and then to sing lurve lyrics so that yeraverageclubgoer would dive for the nearest exit screaming "Aargh!Guitars!" only to be led gently back to the dancepit assured that everything is alright by the epic *One Thousand* on the flip. No such genre-bending from Sasha, though. From Minimal Qat to Animal Qat to Vegetable Qat, Sasha has made a successful transition from DJ to pseudomusician. This one holds the interest as it has that all important element of drama without which electronic music, especially when it aims to relax, can be so boring. Put him up there with the KK Kings. Then there's the multidimensional Transglobal Underground who continue to make total and complete nonsense of the stubborn remains of racial and religious disharmony with their theme to an imaginary 'Road To...' movie. And zooming in on the belly dancer, thrill to the exotic sound of Natacha Atlas mapping the world with her own arranged marriage of first class second world third eye global clusters. So, *Ambient Works Vol.2?* Music For Floatation Tanks. Surely the best way to hear this type of music, floating naked in a solution of Epsom salts with head back, eardrums picking up the underwater speakers so that the top end appears to be coming from inside your head and the bass from all around your body. But don't you go taking me seriously, now (well, not all at once, anyway). The point is that the tools of hedonism have never been so finely turned as they are now, and if, every so often, it all gets a bit much, you can still bunk over the wall of your favourite private park and share a spliff with the stars. And if you listen carefully you will hear the ambient sound of the universe itself.

Christine Chapel

KRISTIN HERSH (pic. right)
Hips And Makers (4AD)

Within her head revolves a little world, and nothing is quite as it seems. An album of voice, acoustic guitar and piano may seem innocent enough, but below the still water lies a well of grief where swimboth goldfish and sharks. Thus, even the piano nursery-rhyme of *Beestung* finds Hersh imploring "tie me up with the twine in your eyelight." Michael Stipe makes a typically show-stealing appearance on the stunning *Your*

Ghost, and cellist Jane Scarpantoni (whose work includes Bob Mould and 10,000 Maniacs) cuts deep swathes on the trembling *Velvet Days*. Hersh takes an Appalachian folk song, *Cuckoo*, and propels it with some furious strumming, but throughout there's a latent presence of anger and betrayal, crying out for self-compassion. Deep and mysterious, *Hips And Makers* is certainly an ocean worth wading into. A solo tour in March could prove just as fascinating.

Gareth Thomson

ERIC'S TRIP **Love Tara** (Sub Pop)

ST JOHNNY **Speed Is Dreaming** (Geffen)

The North American guitar underground continues to throw up more bands clamouring for our hearts. Here's a couple of the latest missives from distortion pedal heaven. Eric's Trip are Canadian and have nobody answering to the name of Eric, but even more importantly sound nothing like Bryan Adams - though they do have an odd little song about sacrificing everything for love, called *Anytime You Want*. They veer haphazardly from delicate acoustics to malignant guitar noise without ever sounding like anyone paid much for the recording. At times they hint at a financially, but not culturally, bankrupt baby MBV. Not bad at all.

St Johnny are a different matter; they've got bigger budgets and a thumbs up from Thurston Moore. Pourquoi? All I thought was they sound like The Fall playing Sonic Youth songs when Mark E Smith had had a lobotomy. Mind you, they get a brownie point for entitling a song *I Hate Rock And Roll*.

THE LOUD FAMILY

Slouching Towards Liverpool (Alias)

I've been itching to say this for ages, but this mini-album really is a game of two halves. The triumvirate of studio tracks are bright, energising romps - pure cheery American pop recalling The Lemonheads or Big Star, whose *Back Of A Car* gleams gloriously here. The three live numbers, hampered by poor recording, disappoint. A bad case of an indie label scrimping, and making a mini-album out of what should've been a single.

DRUGSTORE

Modern Pleasure (Rough Trade Singles Club)

Here's a little gem worth tracking down. Isabel Monteiro implores like Marianne Faithfull and the song does more than just make Mazzy Star jealous. The B-side, *Ascending*, is a bitter piano lament that travails the subconscious for long forgotten feelings. Here's something for '94 to get excited about.

RANCHO DIABLO **Plan B** (Mute)

If they're on *Plan B*, then Plan A must have failed. Having heard how weak *Plan B* is, I'm not surprised. Drab, mid-paced light industrial.

SHRIMP TRACTOR

The Shrimp EP (Shrimp Platters)

Very much a DIY independent thing pressed on vivid pink vinyl. Quite satisfactory, and possessing a wry sense of humour.

TORI AMOS **Cornflake Girl** (East West)

I used to happily defend Tori against all-comers who suggested she sounds like Kate Bush because her songs 'mean something'. Now she does sound like Bush, and she's going on about breakfast cereals. Weird.

PASSION FRUIT AND HOLY BREAD

Jonah Was A Big Fish (Splendid)

This is unbelievably un-'94, swirling between up-tempo shoe gazing and The Stone Roses take on baggy. Overblown, and possessing more than one steal from prog-rock.



Photo: Andrew Catlin

LISA GERMANO (pic. right Photo: Andrew Catlin)
Inconsiderate Bitch (4AD)

Cool as you like, 4AD's new worldwide signing showcases her effortless talents on this limited edition set of re-mixes. The tracks are from her LP *Happiness* out in the Spring, and recall the trippier phases of Prince or Jane Siberry, distinguished by Germano's fluent, countryish violin flourishes. The mandolin-driven *Energy*, and spooky (*Late Night*) *Dresses* are personal faves, but this is all excellent, eclectic rock, heralding a nascent star worth following. Talented bitch.

BLESSED ETHEL **Rat** (2 Damn Loud)

The second single from Malvern's noiseniks, and the CD contains their first, *Dog*, as well. A distinctly obnoxious number it is too. They've understood The Pixies' concepts and Anglicised them for their own purposes, with a drum sound like a biscuit tin. Bets being placed on the third single's title; *Cat* (2-1), (Gnu) 12-1...

WHITEOUT **No Time** (Silvertone)

Why are so many Glaswegian pop bands pop historians? There's Primal Scream, Teenage Fan Club and now Whiteout. The difference is that Whiteout bring little new to their history lesson, and one switches off. Click.

SLEEPER **Swallow** (Indolent)

Another band to whom The Pixies and The Breeders are the true deities. *Swallow* sort of hangs out, not doing much, like a bored teenager gazing into space on the street corner.

SUB SUB **Respect** (Rob's Records)

We all remember *Ain't No Love* - one of the best dance tunes of the age, and meritorious of an astounding follow-up. *Respect* is not that tune. It's okay, but not what we want or expect.

TRICKY **Aftermath** (4th & B'way)

So laid back it's positively horizontal, but never forgets to be a song. Martina's soulful, honeyed voice glides gracefully over minimalist backing. One for the early hours.

BANDIT QUEENS **Scorch** (Playtime)

This lot are supposed to reside in the 'new-ragers' genre. *Scorch* is a sight better than the *Dirt And Soul* EP, but still sounds like PJ Harvey without either the venom or the blues.

Dave Ellyatt

BLAGGERS ITA **Abandon Ship** (Parlophone)

Crunching in with bright, brassy synth riffs, this ode to the homeless rises arrogantly above most rap offerings by delivering the sort of cocksure chorus that kicks the door to your brain open and squats permanently. Expect their roaring debut LP for Parlophone in the Spring.

BARK PSYCHOSIS (below. Photo: Alastair Thain)

Hex (Circa)

In America, controversy rages over a *Valium*-type drug, widely available, that can cause sinister side-effects. Any soul seeking release into celestial kingdoms, where drugs - often the prop for a weak imagination - have no rightful place should delve into *Hex*. This Bark Psychosis debut offers seven pieces (to call them merely songs would offend) that send the inward eye spiralling through fiction and creation. A snatch of guitar melody here, a sweetly discordant trumpet there, and a wholly believable spectrum of musical responses from strings to samples. And if occasionally the creativity droops into abstract indulgence, it seems more deliberate than merely devoid. They veer into Blue Nile-ish pop terrain on the opener *The Loom*, and current single *A Street Scene*, but close with the spacious, hypnotic throb of *Pendulum Man*. It was released on Valentine's Day, with unconditional love.



MY DYING BRIDE

I Am The Bloody Earth (Peaceville)

Doomy chords, twisted violin and guttural vocals from a hellish depth hint that My Dying Bride won't be playing your parents' silver wedding bash. Unless, of course, you're the offspring of Lucifer and Hecate. No doubt this gothic monstrosity of sound has a rightful place and following; just don't invite me to any promotional sacrifices.

SLEEPING DOGS WAKE

Sugar Kisses (Hyperion)

Whoever, or wherever, these three Sleeping Dogs are, they've certainly made some bizarre record. Imagine Julee Cruise meeting Cocteau Twins on the dark edge of ambient grooves that suddenly burst into a broadside of beats. Add some glittering verse to Karin Sherret's seductive siren vocals, and the picture brims with colour and shade. It's the sort of release that, unfairly, stereotyped 4AD's image, and whilst *Sleeping Dogs Wake* bring nothing new to the genre, songs such as *Waiting For Night*, *Sailors Of Yesterday* and the heavenly *Swan Song* brim with melody and mystic devotion.

EMPEROR OF ICE CREAM

William (EP) (Blow Discs)

Those, apparently, informed evening shows on Radio 1 can't afford to ignore this. Ripping in with confidence and class come this new Cork City band who've already created a rightful stir back home. The name, by the way, comes from a novel by Irish writer, Brian Moore. Catch the Emperors on tour soon with Sultans Of Ping FC. The Irish are coming...again!

VARIOUS ARTISTS **Progression - Raise Funds For Rape Crisis Centres** (Progression)

Rape Crisis Centres need donations because they're all independently run. Apparently the powers-that-be reckon rape problems don't exist on the scale that RCCs claim, so funding isn't forthcoming. After all, a new Asda is far more solicitous. This compilation features assorted curiosities - unreleased, lives, demos, re-mixes - and includes *The Shamen*, *The Godfathers* and *Loop*, plus up to 17 others if you get the CD. Pick of a good bunch are *Back To The Planet*'s punchy, choppy *Human Error* (re-mix), *Wednesday Child*'s cool and classy *See Through Me Eyes* and *Big Ray*'s dark, chugging *Evergreen*. They've all contributed freely - and well they might - so the rest is up to you. Investigate.

Gareth Thomson

CORNERSHOP **Readers' Wives** (Wijja)

Top stuff - their best to date. A wild drum beat intro and the lyrics are ace. Excellent sleeve, too, for a perfect 7" single.

FLAMINGOES **The Chosen Few** (La La Land)

Not half bad for a band who've been together under a year. Indie pop, but for now they don't merit a capital P. It's good, but good may not be enough in '94.

ELECTRIC ELEPHANT **EP** (Vinyl Life)

The whole feel is bloody strange. Think of lo-fi, tape loops, old equipment etc. The impression is that they're not trying to be weird, but like making strange, different music. I like her voice a lot, too. Hard to define their sound.

£1.50 from Vinyl Life, 11 Primary Close, Belper, Derbs. DE56 1FU.

FLEXIHEAD **Mine** (Voice Box Pax)

His voice reminds me of Skyscraper and the music is angryish Mint 400/Peach. On the edge of metal, yet a hundred miles away. Not bad at all. Contact: *The Attic*, 1 Georges Quay, Dublin 2, Republic Of Ireland, £2.50 (inc p&p) cheques to "Vox Box Pop".

THRONEBERRY **Touched** (Alias)

Touched is a great guitar pop song, simple as that. Really great. Check it out and see what I mean.

CRUNT **Sexy** (Insipid)

An amazing debut 7" with 'classic' written all over it. Riffs and vocals worth killing for. Crunt is the new band for Kat of Babes In Toyland, and her husband. Electric white punk blues on two powerful songs. Very cool.

FABRIC **Colossus** (Whole Car)

Straight edge hardcore punk. A bit ropey in places, but likely to rip your head off live. A sort of UK Down By Law. I'll keep my ears open and report back later.

FLINCH **A Dummy To Love** (New Ground)

I rushed to buy this after seeing them live. Flinch are a good new band out of nowhere. Indie guitar-pop of the first order that really sticks out. A mix of Tabitha Zu and Tsunami.

GUIDED BY VOICES **Big School** (City Slang)

More weird, wonderful noise out of somewhere in the USA. The voice wins you over. If you like Trumans Water, Pavement et al you might love this too.

Sid

BLUE AEROPLANES

Broken & Mended EP (Beggars Banquet)

BARKMARKET **Promotional EP** (Beggars Banquet)

MEDICINE **Never Click** (Beggars Banquet)

Devoid of wit, tunes, charisma or anything else that makes a good pop band, Blue Aeroplanes extol mediocrity as if it were a positive virtue. And these four rambling, uninspired tracks are exactly what you'd expect from them.

Barkmarket offer a profoundly depressing rap/metal concoction. All four numbers offer the same vocal rant and cranked up guitars. Another gem from Beggars.

However, Medicine deliver three sublime tracks, reminiscent of The Byrds with hints of majestic Cocteau Twins moments. *Never Click*, *Wble*, and a cover of The Beach Boys' *Til I Die* are all excellent, with spiralling melodies and melancholy vocals. Highly recommended.

RICHARD DERBYSHIRE

When Only Love Will Do (Dome/EMI)

Four-track CD from former lead singer of Living In A Box. The title track is gutless, soporific tripe, but *A Good Thing* has some lovely touches in the chorus. There are also two pointless remixes of the originally great *In A Box*.

NUTTIN' NYCE **In My Nature** (Live)

Neat little club single from all girl rap trio, has 'hit' written all over it, didn't need five remixes. Nice while it lasted.



THE LEE HARVEY OSWALD BAND *A Taste Of Prison* (Touch And Go)

Solid tunes all the way. Everything you could ask for. On track 2 there's 1-2-3-4 counting in to loveliness, but before you know it - maracas, garage-tight tunefulness, zooming guitars, a chorus to keep our grip, cowbells and then a grinding halt like a stylus slide. Hypnotic rhythmic bits lead to guitar heaven, bleed to vocals and then neatly cut off. All the way there are fragments to cherish. Lou Reed meets Jello Biafra. First thing in the morning, or late at night - it doesn't matter. It's lovely.

PAVEMENT

Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain (Big Cat)

A few changes have been made in Pavement's camp since 1992's *Slanted And Enchanted*. Mad drummer Gary Young was replaced with the saner shape of Steve West, and the whole musical/lyrical show was cleaned up to the point where only two of the new tracks sound anything like what we might have expected. The single *Cut Your Hair* has got the ants of glorious pop down its pants, and *Range Life* is akin to The Lemonheads—country & western drawing as much from America's rural heritage as *Heaven Is A Truck* grasps from New York's coffee houses and *Gold Soundz* draws from smoky cabaret clubs. This is a Greyhound bus ride through the USA heartland: "We got deserts, we got rivers" Malkmus proclaims, but he's also got the concrete rivers. Struggling with an all-American identity, *Crooked Rain* assimilates the best, and shreds the worst, of Stateside rawk - slicing it up and sandpapering it down to achieve the near-as-dammit perfection on offer here.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS

Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone?

CD (Receiver)
Slaughter formed in late 1975 and reached their apogee with such bands as The Buzzcocks, The Drones and The Fall in their home-town of Manchester. This CD contains the albums *Rabid Dogs* and *Live At The Factory* delivering 20 wonderful tracks that sound strangely reminiscent of Johnny Thunders, and Seattle's finest export The Sonics. So as much as we cherish the lads from Wythenshawe, I'm afraid that in these days of the New Wave Of New Wave, some of the Old Wave Of New Wave aren't as New Wave as the original promise of New Wave Of New Wave. Yeah?

HAZEL *Toreador Of Love* (Sub Pop)

Hailing from Portland, Hazel are on the brink of something big. But this LP isn't the one to transform them into megastars. As witty and insightful as it is in places, *Toreador* stops short of moving you. We await future offerings with our fingers crossed.

UZI *Sleep Asylum* (Placebo)

100% seminal apparently. This re-release from the Boston quartet has provoked much interest due to singer Thalia Zedek's new home in Come. Never really heard outside the US, *Sleep Asylum* is like Patti Smith circa *Horses*. Eerie garage punk fighting against ever-encroaching technology. Listen, but remember this: what was undoubtedly horribly original in its day has been eaten alive by innumerable progeny, rendering it little more than commonplace. Perhaps Uzi, with their bleak lyrical landscapes, already knew this.

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Stars And Lives—The Great Collection Vol. 2* (Rosebud)

Rosebud have acquired much that is worthwhile, but this compilation is just the U-bend under their sink. Take Katherine and her *Leçons* - sort of Zappa without the irony; or Swam Julian Swam with *En Regardant Pousseur Les Fleurs* ('Watching The Flowers Grow'), which is better than watching the paper dry as elsewhere on this LP; or Welcome To Julian, whose *Secret Song* threatens to transform into a Dexy's Coureurs de Minuit and make a cross-channel bid for the Blur monopoly on brash, quirky pop. The other tracks are mainly glossy accompaniments to the dinner parties of middle-aged record company execs...

THE MARRIED MONK

There's The Rub (Rosebud)

This act do to music what Mike Leigh did to suburbia in *Life Is Sweet*. Behind the facade of normality lurks everything we don't want to think about. Mania, obsession, addiction and the devil himself, threatening to erupt and shatter our sad complacency. So we encounter earnest vocals and guitars and polite percussion, but beneath the innocence lies a lyrical landscape speaking the truth that cowards commonly call madness. Given the sadness threading through each song, we must assume that the gift of vision is no easy blessing, but rather "an illness we're all affected by." Pavement and The Violent Femmes are valid here not only as musical references, but also as old friends from the asylum.

LUCIE VACARME *Milky Way* (Lithium Records)

Sonic cathedrals of anglophobic, subterranean, ambient guitar noise - "vacarme" = din, racket. The French lyrics exude an impenetrable sensuality that My Bloody Valentine would sell their pedals to the devil for, but don't be fooled; this is no easy womb. Complacency has its guts shredded when Dinosaur gee-tars thrash and wail in "Immobile" and the phantasms of The Buzzcocks bash down the church doors in *Kelly Kiss*. A rather perturbed 6/10.

The French Connection: watch out for Les Rita Mitsouko, and Les Thugs (excellent hardcore from Angers).

Send demos/vinyl etc to: *The Weirdo CTP Radio Show, Boris Sagit, 10 Place Pol Lapeyre, 13005 Marseille, France.*
For more info: Jean-Emmanuel Dubois, *Come Together Productions, 54 Alderson Road, Highfield, Sheffield S2 4UD. (0742) 508936.*
Rosebud Records, 10-12 rue Jean Guy, 35000 Rennes, France.

THE AFGHAN WIGS *Debonaire* (Blast First)

Hints of Motown are again evident as their unmistakable sound and superb songwriting create another awesome song. Their formula could be dismissed as retro, but when a ditty sounds this good, who gives one?

TRUMAN'S WATER

Godspeed The Punchline (Elemental)

Dreadful, self-indulgent crap, at times reminiscent of Gong and The Mekons, who were never as bad. This is real *Twilight Zone* suburban jerk-off stuff. A bunch of guys, probably half-pissed, standing in their bedrooms or garages without a care (or a song) in the world. Eighteen pointless tracks of incoherent garbage, one of which features someone eating crisps!

Malcolm Lorimer

TEKTON MOTOR CORPS

Spiral Emotions/Champion 2nd Part/Turning Wheel 10" promo (Dreamtime)

It steam engines when it comes steam engine time and it combusts when it comes combustion engine time. Ne pas traverser plus la piste! This is rock 'n' roll techno that revs up along side Ultraviolence and glances coolly sideways before leaving him standing on the grid. Above the racetrack a mean machine, above the bike a tannoy, above the tannoy a helicopter. Appeals within wheels. Speed is of the essence here, and even at 33rpm it moves at schnell pace. Time is your life. Yes, it takes me back to Daavid Allen's Continental Circus 'cos there hasn't been a decent motorbiking soundtrack since then. Until now, that is. Fucking riding or what?

From the forthcoming LP/CD *Human Race Ignition*. (Dreamtime KTB 11).

JOE SATRIANI *Time Machine* (Relativity)

This latest release from American guitar virtuoso Satriani is a bumper collection of live stuff (from his last tour) and unreleased studio pieces - 28 tracks spanning over 140 minutes on two CDs. Satriani has earned a reputation as one of rock's most innovative contemporary guitarists and *Time Machine* can only enhance this. All the studio items, apart from the meandering *Woodstock* jam, will appeal to guitar fans, being flash, sensitive and aggressive by turns. But it's on the live material that he really excels, displaying great fluidity and the ability to improvise endlessly. So why we have to suffer a drum solo is beyond understanding.

ENGINE ALLEY *Switch* (Mother)

Funny how their name conjures up connotations of industrial grunge, when this new single is more glam Waterboys territory than Ministry or Helmet. It won't change the world, but helps make it a better place to be. Their live set should be a glam-rock riot racket of a night if this is anything to go by.

CORNERSHOP *Hold On It Hurts* (Wiiiija Records)

Despite its short playing time (just under 35 minutes) this debut album from Cornershop deserves your attention. It's raw, basic, primitive and I love it. It makes up in passion what it lacks in length, and the hype surrounding the band seems justified. There's an abundance of creative ideas, not least in the lyric department where you're left in no doubt as to their personal and political grievances. Give it a whirl - you won't be disappointed.

John Haylock

PLAY DEAD

The Company Of Justice (Jungle CD)

Back in the early 1980s came a glut of punk-influenced bands who would later be labelled as 'goths'. Taking their cue from the likes of The Banshees and early Anis, these acts were preferable to brainless pantomime glue-rockers such as The Exploited and UK Subs. Gigs by Sex Gang Children, early Sisters and Play Dead were exciting celebratory affairs - 'positive punk' as the music comics dubbed it. Play Dead were one of the best, and *The Company Of Justice* (originally recorded in 1984) is a fine album, now available on CD. The too smooth production is offset by heavily flanged guitar, pounding tribal drumming and vocalist Rob's strong voice. They had a strong understanding of funk, pre-dating the rock/dance crossover scene. Sadly, they influenced a lot of uninspired imitators who still plague us today, so maybe they've got a lot to answer for...

Mr Jones

VIC CHESNUTT *Drunk* (Texas Hotel)

Oh, the folly of youth: at the age of 18, Vic Chesnutt was left partially paralysed in a drunken car smash. He re-learned the guitar by super-gluing a pick to his plaster-casted arm. Ten years on, and Chesnutt was being lauded and produced by Michael Stipe in Athens, Georgia. *Drunk* is Chesnutt's third LP, and first official UK release. It reveals him in the finest dark, growling tradition of deep-South story-tellers, lyrically recoiling from his own predicaments one minute and casting a cold eye on the *Bourgeois* and *Biblical* the next. The raw textures are probably derived as much from the recording location (a remote farm) as from the sparse instrumentation. It's the sort of record that REM tried to deliver on *Fables Of The Reconstruction*, but failed through uncharacteristically poor material. *Drunk*, however, is a triumph of haunted sound and human spirit that should strike a discord in many a gruff heart. He's on tour in March, supporting Kristin Hersh in an unmissable double bill.

Gareth Thompson

DAN DONOVAN *Trashbone Thang*

(Sticky)

First solo effort from ex-Tribe Of Dan frontperson, and a sad to sum up. A rough garage-blues affair with enough give to groove at times, plunge through depths of half-serious emotion at others, then throw in native American chanting and after-hours jazz for good measure. 'Moonchile' plunders the sequencing from AC Marias' 'Just Talk' and 'Big Enough Baby' is Ray Manzarek's organ at its funkier. This album deserves your time.

Wayne Burrows

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The COSMIC CHARLIES (pictured here with Merle Saunders) play a three hour tribute to the Grateful Dead at The Old Vic on Saturday 26th. Adm. £4 (£3 conc). 8pm till 1am

MARCH

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FOLK BLUES & BEYOND

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BOOTHBY GRAFFOE

TIM VINE/ROBI N INCE

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ROBBEN FORD

Old Vic

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SAVOURNA STEVENSON

TRIO/ TAFFY THOMAS

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JUNK ORANGE

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Arboretum

THE SOUL SOCIETY

Arboretum

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AOS 3

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TRANSGLOBAL

UNDERGROUND

BANCO DE GAIA / DIY DJS

£7.50 adv. 10pm-4am

CODE:RED

Britannia Inn

SCATTER

Narrowboat

WOMACK & WOMACK

£8 adv.

WARP SPASM / KONFUSION

N'ampton Roadmender

CORE

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BUD BONGO

Filly & Firkin

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Russ & Jose

Bounce Rocadero's

GREAT IMPERIAL YO-YO

£1.50 8pm

HELITROPE

Loughboro' The Greyhound

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GRUMBLE GRINDER £4/3

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Unplugged Leics. The Charlotte

REV BROWN

& THE EARLY BIRDS

Langley Mill Potters Club

ANDY CARROL / SULLY

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TROJAN HORSE

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STRANGER FAYRE

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Golden Fleece

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CALENDAR DREAM

SWING HOLIDAY

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Rock City

WHOLESONE FISH
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t.b.c. Old Angel

THE AVENGERS
Old Vic

WONDERLAND
Narrowboat

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Don't Dip Dazzle The Garage
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DEFUSED
Jazz In... The Box

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SWIRL MONKEY
Old Angel

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
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THE AFRICAN BEAT KING
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FABIANS TALE
Pump & Tap

DUB WARRIORS
£4/3

THE CHARMERS
Free The Charlotte

BLIND & DANGEROUS
Langley Mill Potters Club

PETE BRAMLEY / SULLY
Rise Sheff. The Leadmill

JEFF BUCKLEY
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TRANSGLOBAL
UNDERGROUND

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Megadog 8pm - 2am £8adv.
N'ampton The Roadmender

saturday 12th

A.D.
£3.50 Nottm. Rock City

BREEZE / WARSER GATE
Narrowboat

WEJ
Filly & Firkin

DR. EGG
Old Angel

WHOLESONE FISH
Old Vic

MOTHER EARTH
EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES
£5/4 Derby The Where House

PENTANGLE
£6/4 Leics. Phoenix Arts Centre
THE WILDHEARTS
Leics. University

THE EXPERIENCE
Hendrix Tribute band £.50/3

NEVERLAND
£2 Unplugged The Charlotte

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
Wolverhampton Civic Hall

HOT PANTS
£6/4 Sheff. City Hall

ULTRAMARINE / HONKY
£5/4 The Leadmill

sunday 13th

JEREMY HARDY
Laffer Café £5/4 Nottm. Old Vic

HANDFUL OF DARKNESS
Golden Fleece

THE COMMODORES
THE SUPREMES
Royal Concert Hall

HEROINE
LICHTENSTEIN GIRL
Free Leics. The Charlotte

IAN COGNITO
TIM VINE
£3/2 comedy

Derby The Where House

PETE MITCHELL-SMITH
Ambergate Hurt Arms

THE WILDHEARTS
Sheffield University

monday 14th

RED HOUSE
Nottm. Fily & Firkin

GLORIOUS / TALL
Free

TOMMY COCKLES
MAN WITH THE BEARD
comedy £3/2

Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 15th

STEWART LEE
KEVIN ELTON
PAUL TOMKINSON
£1 adv. Nottm. Trent S. U.

ARCHES OF LOAF
SMALL 23
Free split single to first 75 people

Old Vic

SERVE CHILLED
Cookie Club

THE BLACK SCORPIONS
Derby The Where House

THE REVS
Lincoln The Falcon

wednesday 16th

VIKKI CLAYTON / RICK
SANDERS/ FRED T. BAKER
Nottm. Old Vic

WHOLESONE FISH
IDIOT JOY
CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG
MUSHROOM HEAD
THE CENTRAL SCRUTINIZER
FRIENDS OF L. RON
HUBBARD
Frank Zappa tribute in aid of CIT.
Old Angel

DEFUSED
Hippo

EXCESSAWEEZ
Red Lion

ARCHES OF LOAF
SMALL 23
£4/3.50

NEW T'ROUBADORS
£1 Leics. The Charlotte

thursday 17th

BABY CHAOS
£2/1.50 Nottm. Rock City
DA DOG St Patrick's night special
Trent University

MIND THE GAP
£1 Filly & Firkin

NEVERLAND
TOWER STRUCK DOWN
£4/£3 Derby The Where House

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
Leics. The Charlotte

FABIANS TALE
Royal Mail

THE FLAMINGOES
Lincoln The Falcon

ULTRAVIOLENCE
Kentish Town Bull & Gate

friday 18th

CITIZEN FISH
ZION TRAIN / FEELERUB
Nottm. Marcus Garvey Centre

ATTACCO DECENTE
BABY DOC
Old Vic

JUBA
Fily & Firkin

CALLUM / PEZ / PIP
SIMON WHITE
Bounce Rocadero's

DOGMATIC
Old Angel

BIG DEAL
The Gregory

TYKETTO
SHOTGUN SYMPHONY
Rock City

DANNY LA RUE
Derby Assembly Rooms

A.D.
TUBESURFER
£3 Leics. The Charlotte

TROUBLE IN MIND
Langley Mill Potters

SMOKIN' JO/ SULLY
£5 Rise Sheff. The Leadmill

saturday 19th

CHILDREN ON STUN
£3.50 Nottm. Rock City

SIGN OF JONAH
Narrowboat

WHOLESONE FISH
Filly & Firkin

CRACK BABIES
Old Angel

THE KREWEN
ATTACCO DECENTE
Unplugged £2 Leics. The Charlotte

THE COMMODORES
THE SUPREMES
Lincoln Ritz

COMPULSION
DAISY CHAINSAW
£4/3.50 Sheff. The Leadmill

sunday 20th

THE VERY GOOD
ROCK 'N' ROLL BAND
Nottm. Filly & Firkin

THE SCHEME
Golden Fleece

GLENN TILBROOK
FABIANS TALE
£5 Leics. The Charlotte

WOODY BOP MUDDY
STEVE BEST
£3/2 Comedy club

Derby The Where House

monday 21st

THESE ANIMAL MEN
Derby The Where House
DISCO INFERNO
£2/1
WOODY BOP MUDDY
STEVE BEST
£3/2 comedy
Leicester The Charlotte

tuesday 22nd

EVE'S TATTOO
Nottm. Filly & Firkin
SERVE CHILLED
Cookie Club

BANCO DE GAIA
CHILDREN OF THE BONG
MICHAEL DOG
Minidog Derby The Where House
KEROSENE
VARIOUS VEGETABLES
£2 Leicester The Charlotte
FABRIC
Lincoln The Falcon

wednesday 23rd

EXCESSAWEEZ
Red Lion

THE SEA / DUB WAR
£3/4 Derby The Where House

BANCO DE GAIA
MICHAEL DOG
£5/4.50 Leicester The Charlotte

thursday 24th

JOHN COOPER CLARKE
WHOLESONE FISH
DAVE BISHOP / MC SCOTTY
Nottm. Old Vic

MIND THE GAP
Filly & Firkin

FRANCIS
The Gregory

DONE LYING DOWN
EMPERORS OF ICE CREAM
Rock City

THE BOOTLEG BEATLES
Royal Concert Hall

NAIL / FLOATATION
Brainticket 3 The Box

KEROSENE
VARIOUS VEGETABLES
Derby The Where House

THE SEA
Lincoln The Falcon

COMPULSION / SHED 7
£3/2.50 Leicester The Charlotte

friday 25th

DIY / SMOKESCREEN
BREEZE / GO TROPO
FLOATATION
ALL SYSTEMS NO
Anti-criminal "Justice" Bill event
9pm - 6am

Nottm. Marcus Garvey Centre

NECTARINE NUMBER 9
MAGIC CAR
Hyson Green Old General

WAVE
Filly & Firkin

FOCTOR DISH
Old Angel

MIGRAINE PICNIC
t.b.c. The Gregory

BUS STOP
Old Vic

JUNK ORANGE
Narrowboat

KEVIN COYNE
Derby The Where House

saturday 26th

THE COSMIC CHARLIES
Grateful. Dead tribute 8pm-1am
£4/3 Nottingham Old Vic
DEFUSED
House That Jazz Built

Beatroot

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG
Filly & Firkin

BAD SOUL
ORANGE DE LUXE
Old Angel

SCUM DREGS
Narrowboat

KINNCK'S CLUB CLASSICS
Derby The Where House

AOS 3 / PSYCHASTORM
£3/2.50 Leics. The Charlotte

FABIANS TALE
The Magazine

THE GRID / OPIK
£5 Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 27th

ANAGLYPTA Q UINET
Nottm. Filly & Firkin

KELLY'S HEROES
Golden Fleece

THE RUBBER BISHOPS
HELEN AUSTIN
£2 comedy club

Derby The Where House

STEEL CITY BLUES BAND
Ambergate Hurt Arms

NICK REVELL
The Ghost of John Belushi Flushed
My Toilet £6adv

N'ampton Roadmender

monday 28th

WORLD TURTLE
Nottm. Filly & Firkin

COMPULSION / SHED 7
£4/3 Derby The Where House

THE RUBBER BISHOPS
HELEN AUSTIN
£3/2 Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 29th

EVE'S TATTOO
Nottm. Filly & Firkin

PRIMAL SCREAM
Rock City

SERVE CHILLED
Cookie Club

REV HAMMER
Derby The Where House

DISGUST
Lincoln The Falcon

wednesday 30th

THE FLATVILLE ACES
Nottm. Old Vic

SHAMUS O'BLIVION & THE
MEGA DEATH MORRISMEN
Running Horse

VELVET CRUSH
PERFUME
Leics. The Charlotte

TOP JIM & THE RHYTHM
KINGS
Derby The Where House

MOSCOW STATE
ORCHESTRA
Assembly Rooms

thursday 31st

MIND THE GAP
Nottm. Filly & Firkin
RED LINE
The Gregory

MIKE PETERS
Leics. The Charlotte

CONFLICT
KUBRIK
£5 Derby The Where House

BAD ACTORS
BOLSTER
Lincoln The Falcon

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\$ John Renbourn

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8.00pm Guildhall Theatre Box Office telephone: (0332) 255800

APRIL friday 1st

HAPPY BIRTHDAY OVERALL
NOW WE ARE 3

DK / NEIL MACEY
STONE / LEE SIMPSON
A MAN CALLED ADAM
Bounce Nottm. Rocaderos

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG
Filly & Firkin

PEER PRESSURE
Narrowboat

SMASHED
Derby The Where House

THE GUN CLUB
downstairs

POOKA
unplugged £3/2

Leics. The Charlotte

saturday 2nd

REV HAMMER
£3.50 door Nottm. Rock City

ELECTRIC GYPSIES
Filly & Firkin

WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE
t.b.c. Old Angel

POWERTRIBE
Narrowboat

BOOGIE NIGHT S
70's disco

Derby The Where House

R CAJUN & THE ZYDECO
BROTHERS
Boston Axe & Cleaver

PSYCHOGROOVE MUTHAS
York Fibbers



serve chilled tuesdays diy dj's digs & woosh and guests
£1.50 members £2 guests 11-2 cookie club pelham st

THE MAGIC CAR & NECTARINE NUMBER NINE
IN PERFORMANTS



at THE OLD GENERAL
Redford Road, Nottingham
Friday 25 March
£2 8:00

UDSU/THE WHERE HOUSE presents

THE LAFER CAFE Comedy Club

Every-Sunday 8-11pm £3/2

Sunday 6th Martin Soan/ Charmain Hughes

Sunday 13th Ian Cognito / Tim Vine

Sunday 20th Woody Bop Muddy / Steve Best

Sunday 27th The Rubber Bishops / Helen Austin

+ Alternative Bingo Kari-Joke Caption Competition
The Where House 110a Friargate Derby Tel. 0332 381169

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- vegan sweets....
- fruit crumble flapjack
- sugar-free cakes
- chocolate cake
- chilled drinks....
- puddings fruit juice
- strawberry/chocolate soya milk
- a range of untreated bread....
- granary wholemeal organic
- rye barley brown multigrain
- frozen veggieburgers sosages tempeh
- tofu houmous miso soya yoghurts
- free range eggs soya milk
- plus a wide selection of...
- beans peas lentils
- grains cereals flours
- nuts dried fruit
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- herbs and spices
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tel 702056

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literature. J.M.S. Asbury £5.95
each. 2 for £10. "Check it out or
give one to your granny and fuck
her head up." —Overall Dec. 93
12 STRING Yamaha guitar—
recently serviced. £150 o.n.o.
Trace Elliott bass cab. (15" spkr.)
£150.
CARLSBORO 150w bass head.
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Give me £1000 and I'll give you
my secret.
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Musical instrument tutors
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bass..... all levels, all areas.
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THINK AND THINK, it's not an
idea until it's discussed.
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24hrs. Ha Ha.



visual:

ANGEL ROW

till 12 Mar
MAGGI HAMBLING
Towards Laughter

BONINGTON GALLERY

28 Feb - 19 Mar
DAVID WILKINSON
MARY MCINTYRE
House and Garden
8 Mar - 16 Apr

MIXED SHOW

Old Object, New Subject

CASTLE MUSEUM

Closed for refurbishment till 1 April

OLDKNOWS GALLERY

till 5 Mar
MIXED SHOW *Colour And Place*

PRIORY GATEHOUSE

till 5 Mar
MIXED SHOW
Are You Sitting Comfortably?

UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY

till 3rd April
ALAN DAVIE
The Quest For The Miraculous

9th April-8th May
PAULA REGO
Nursery Rhymes
GURMINDER SIKAND
Wonderings In Paint

DERBY CITY GALLERY

12th March - 3rd April
MIXED SHOW
Local Arts Festival

26th March - 8th May
MIXED SHOW
Defiance: Art confronts disability
16th April - 29th May
MIXED SHOW
Double Take

LEICESTER CITY GALLERY

till 12th march
MIXED SHOW
Other People's Shoes

till 5th March
LUBNA CHOWDHARY
Metropolis

9th March - 16th April
MIXED SHOW
Buttons

19th March- 23rd April
MICHAEL PLATT
African American Art from Washington D.C.

LEICS. PHOENIX ARTS

till 6th March
MIXED SHOW
Figurative Embroidery

7th March - 11th April
LOUISE CULLEN
Paintings

theatrical:

NOTTM. PLAYHOUSE

till 19th March
OF MICE & MEN *John Steinbeck*
24th March - 23rd April
PYGMALION

George Bernard Shaw

26th - 30th April
THE MAN WHO...
Peter Brook & Oliver Sacks

NOTTM. ROYAL CENTRE

till 12th March
ASPECTS OF LOVE
Andrew Lloyd Webber

13th March
Midland Academy Of Dance & Drama

15th - 19th March
ROMEO & JULIET
Northern Ballet Theatre

20th- 21st March
REEVES & MORTIMER

25th March
SEAN HUGHES

21st - 26th March
RETURN TO THE
FORBIDDEN PLANET

Bob Carlton

28th March - 2nd April
ALFIE
Bill Naughton

CLARENDON THEATRE

24th March
FRANK EINSTEIN
Green Ginger Micro Theater
19th April
LOW FIDELITY
Peta Lily & Co.

DERBY PLAYHOUSE

1st - 5th March
THE BOTTLE GARDEN
Molecule Theatre

till 19th March
LES LIAISONS
DANGEREUSES

Christ opher Hampton

25th March - 23rd April
AN EVENING WITH
GARY LINEKER

Arthur Smith & Chris England

DERBY GUILDHALL

15th - 19th March
CALAMITY JANE

21st - 26th March
PRINCESS IDA

2nd April
ODESSA & THE MAGIC COAT

LEICS. HAYMARKET

1st - 5th March
CLAIRE'S STORY
Jenni Mills
BEAUTIFUL THING
Jonathan Harvey

till 12th March
MISERY *Simon Moore*

9th - 26th March
HEDDER GABLER
Henryk Ibsen

24th March - 16th April
THE QUEEN & I
Sue Townsend

LEICS. PHOENIX ARTS

6th March
ISLAND VOICES

13th March
THE MODULATION
Ray Lee & Harry Dawes

18th - 19th March
PANTOMIME
Derek Walcott

22nd - 23rd March
THE KOSH
Klub Anima

SHEFFIELD LEADMILL

1st March
LAID OUT LOVELY
Emlyn Claid

7th March

THE END OF
TEDDY HEDGES

Natural Theatre Co.

8th March
NEITHER EITHER BOTH AND
Gandini Juggling Project

14th March
LOW FIDELITY
Peta Lily & Co.

21st March
BOY
Altered States

22nd March
JUNGLE IN THE CITY
Jiving Lindy Hoppers

literall:

BEESTON LIBRARY

3rd March: *Brian Patten*

17th March: *Catherine Byron*

31st March: *New Voices*

14th April: *Henry Normal*

28th April: *Muhammad Yusuf*

BROADWAY MEDIA CENTRE

2nd March: *Slavenka Drakulic*
& Gilda O'Neill

8th March: *Island Voices*

24th March: *Labi Siffre*

12 April: *Tony Sewell & Pete Kalu*

outings:

lesbian & gay listings

DAILY

GATSBY'S

Huntingdon St. Two bars, mainly men.

ADMIRAL DUNCAN

74, Lower Parliament St. Pub/disco Late bar Thurs-sat til 1.15am. £1. Mainly men.

TRIANGLES

N. Sherwood St. Lesbian & gay bar popular with women. Open till 1.30am Fri-Sat. £2/1

THE FORRESTERS

St. Anns Street. Mixed pub popular with lesbians.

NERO'S

St. James's Street. Nightclub Open Weds.- Sat. 10-2am

MONTHLY

MGM

Greyfriar Gate. 1st Monday. 9-2am. £4. Mixed.

WOMEN'S CENTRE

30 Chaucer St. Lesbian disco 1st Saturday.

LIMITED EDITIONS

The Yard, 61 Westgate, Mansfield. Last Monday. Coach from Gatsby's 10pm. £3 inclusive.

OTHER

MUSHROOM BOOKSHOP

10 Heathcoat St. Large lesbian and gay stocks inc. free Pink Paper and Overall Magazine

THE HEALTH SHOP

Broad St. Free health care with gay outreach worker. Free condoms, KY, dental dams, Hep B vaccinations and all sexual/drug use advice.

NOTTM. BISEXUAL GROUP

Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays, International Community Centre, Mansfield Rd.

NOTTM. GAY & LESBIAN YOUNG PEOPLE

for under 26's. Meets weekly. Call 502028 Thurs. 7.30- 10pm.

OUTRAGE!

Meets ICC 1st and 3rd Tuesdays. 7.30pm.

NOTTM. LESBIAN & GAY SWITCHBOARD

Mon-Fri 7-10pm. 411454

LESBIAN LINE

Mon and Weds 7-9pm. 410652

E. MIDLANDS STUDENT LGB PHONELINE

Mondays 8-10pmduring term. Call 514999 for info., advice or confidential chat.

NOTTM. AIDS HELPLINE

Mon- Thurs 7-10pm. 585526

AIDS INFO. PROJECT

8, Eldon Chambers, Wheeler Gate Drop-in Mon 11-3. Tues. 5-8pm. Women and children

Weds. 9.30-1pm. Tel. 411989.

BODY POSITIVE

Weds. 7.30-10.30 pm. 581555.

visual:

NEVILLE'S ISLAND by Tim Firth (with Tony Slattery & Jeff Rawle)

Four businessmen, on an Outward Bound course forced upon them by their employers, manage to get themselves hopelessly lost, and after crashing the boat they'd unwittingly stolen on rocks around a small island in the Lake District, also find themselves marooned, with no food, very little team spirit and quite a few misconceptions about their own abilities to survive. Neville (Rawle) begins by trying to read straightforward instructions as cryptic clues, and seems an affable, if not entirely suitable or able leader for their group of four. Those he leads are Gordon (Slattery), a cynical yuppie determined to trash all group efforts with sarcasm, Roy (James Fleet), a born again Christian with dark secrets involving an unmentionable mental illness, and Angus, a middle-aged, middle-class, Mr. Average who bears the weight of crushing fantasies in which his loyal wife makes passionate love with a shelf-stacker on the bread counter at Sainsbury's. The plot revolves around their efforts to survive, and trivial events like the loss of a half-eaten sausage or the arrival of an egret take on disproportionate significance in their suddenly upturned world. The audience is at first sympathetic to Gordon, whose constant mockery of the obvious failings of his companions makes for some great one-liners and rants, but as Gordon's weaknesses are exposed, and the strengths of the others emerge, the sympathies shift. Roy's breakdown, and his disappearance into the trees with a machete stolen from Angus' absurdly well-stocked rucksack, is the pivot for all this, and as the situation becomes more desperate, so the characters deepen. The conclusion brings in a note of surreal symbolism that sits ill with the convincing realism of what precedes it, but since this one false note is the final scene, it doesn't detract from the entertainment and laughs provided by the rest. My only real criticism is that, though superbly written and acted, and convincingly staged, this was essentially a television play writ large, and failed to use the live-ness of a theatre in any way, a bit of a shame when everything else worked so well.

Wayne Burrows

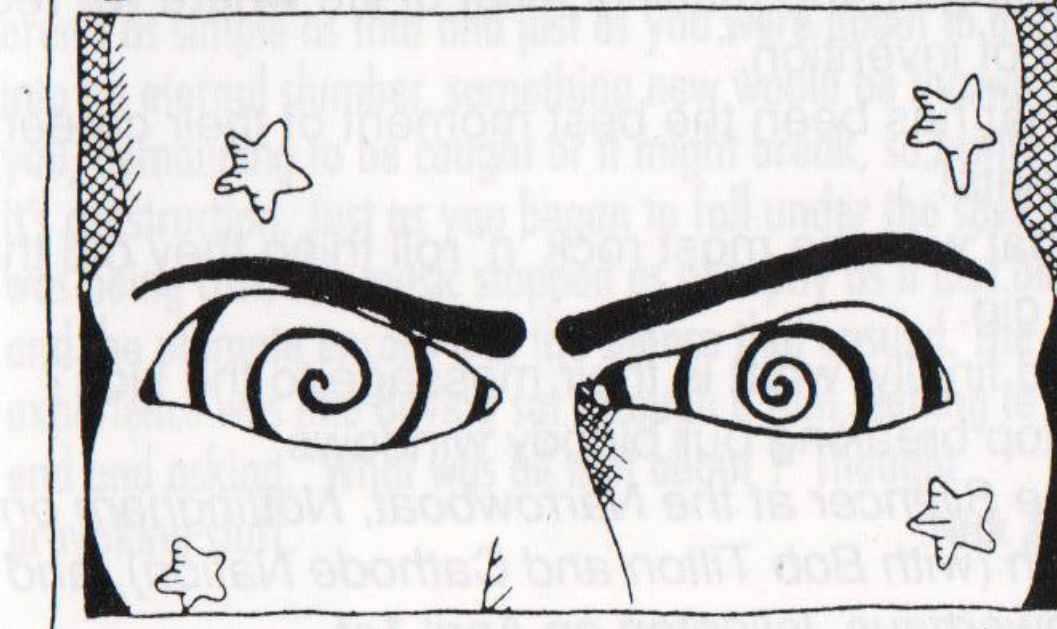
RAY LEE & HARRY DAWES THE ENGINE ROOM

Victoria Powerhouse Studios.

Ray Lee & Harry Dawes are a pair of musical absurdists spawned by this very city, and their first performance, *The Modulation*, combined strange black and white film footage of bakelite radios and pylons with Hendrix-style Stylophone antics, indifferent plotting and bizarre dances with microphones and speaker-cones that produced, rather surprisingly, genuine tunes from pure feedback. Short, at around an hour, and packed with variety and incident (and new ways to play the trombone), this was an assured and intriguing show with too many moments forcing themselves immovably into the memory to list them all here. A palpable hit. It would be nice to say the same of *The Engine Room*, but their attempts to surprise their audience and do theatre differently badly backfired, despite some nice projection effects and one or two visual puns (like placing smaller and smaller figures in faked perspective on a railway line). *Tales From Under The Bullet Train* gave two British student-types Japanese names and biographies, wedding outfits and a banal, repetitive script which they proceeded to not-act in noncommittal voices as though they were as bored as I was. I did begin to wonder whether this might be real rather than affected. It's a shame, because it is work like this that gives experimentalism a bad name, and puts much of its potential audience off seeing it more than once. A palpable miss.

Wayne Burrows

THE EYES HAVE IT!



IMPROVE YOUR LIFE WITH PSYCHIC ENERGY! THAT'S THE CLAIM OF ROT FELTHAM, 37 OF GARSTANG, LANCASHIRE. SAYS ROT, 'JUST STARE INTO MY EYES AT NOON TODAY, AND YOU COULD UNLOCK THE KEY TO A BETTER LIFE. I WAS AN UNEMPLOYED SALES REP UNTIL A FREAK ACCIDENT'

Tony Slattery and James Fleet in *Neville's Island*. Photo: Gerry Murray



BROADWAY WRITERS

A season of readings and discussions with contemporary writers from all fields kicks off at Broadway Media Centre on March 2nd with Slavenka Drakulic, Croatian journalist, essayist and author of "How We Survived Communism And Even Laughed", who shares the bill with Gilda O'Neill, whose work includes an oral history of popular culture and novels such as "Whitechapel Girl". The Island Voices tour arrives next, as two East Midlands writers (Walde Selassie & Annie Dalton) join forces with two from Jamaica (Michael Mbala Bailey & Stafford Ashani) following a cultural exchange project last year. Find out what we made of each other's habits and preoccupations on March 8th. Labi Siffre, best known as a songwriter and performer following "Something Inside (So Strong)" in 1987, promotes his first book of poems, "Nigger", on March 24th. Of the title he says: "You don't have to be Black to be a nigger - there are many kinds of nigger in society and the experiences of some of them are reflected in these poems." Tony Sewell, author of "Jamaica Inc." and "Garvey's Children" doubles up with Pete Kalu, whose play "Afrogoth" mixed Yoruba mythology with Vampire legends, and whose first novel, "Lickshot", concerns BNP-style terrorists who hold the Black population of Manchester hostage with a race-specific bomb. "Only one man can deal with the threat, and that's Chief Inspector Ambrose Patterson, a black cop with a gun to match his attitude..." Find out what happens on April 12th. There's a bit of a lull until May 17th, when three poets featured in Bloodaxe's "New Poetry" anthology appear to read and talk about their work. Maggie Hannan, David Marley and Selima Hill have all built reputations for themselves lately, and they should cover a wide range of bases when they arrive in Nottingham. All performances will be held in Diamond Cable Cinema 2, info from Broadway 526600.

EEK! #1 by Gareth Howell

A disturbing element of fear and loneliness runs through this observation on contemporary society, an A5 format graphic novelette by a Nottingham based graphic writer who gives a little nod to *Nod's Dream* (see *Overall* Vol. 3 #6) in the centre spread "space is ace" frame by frame zoom out, which acts as a light break between part One, which begins in a nightclub and ends in tears in a bedroom, and Part Two, which begins in a telephone box and ends in fear in a bedroom. It's a crazy world out there.

Christine Chapel

EEK! #1 & #2 are available from Selectadisc, Boom Shanka, Forbidden Planet and Fantastic Store.

THE SEDUCTION OF THE GULLIBLE

A History of the British 'Video Nasty'

by John Martin

When two ten year-old boys abducted and murdered a small child in Liverpool, one of the reasons proffered for the awful crime was the video film *Child's Play 3*. I doubt whether anyone knows the reason for the boys' wretched behaviour, but I'd bet it's far more complex than the televisual sight of a ridiculous horror film with puppets. It seems that whenever a violent crime is reported, out come a host of rabid right-wingers of the Whitehouse ilk, wagging fingers and making tenuous links between watching videos and committing murders.

There isn't one study I know of that has given substantiated evidence to this equation. And a swift glance at the British crime rate since 1983 (when so-called 'video nasties' were outlawed) shows that violent crime has nearly tripled in just over a decade. No other country in Europe makes such a neurotic fuss about horror/thriller films than Britain. This would be laughable in itself, were it not for our increasingly dire censorship record.

John Martin's fascinating book illustrates this excellently, presenting each of the films banned in 1983, and a catalogue of the fines and jail sentences handed out to dealers and distributors. Dealers, ordinary men and women, many of whom had just set up their businesses, were dragged through the courts to be fined - sometimes on three separate occasions. Several distributors were also forced out of business, with the loss of many jobs.

The excuse for this judicial barbarism was an official attempt to stop the distribution of horror and thriller films, nearly all of which had been cut for the English market. Indeed many had been shown on the British cinema circuit with the old 'X' certificate. Guy Hamilton, head of Video 2000, was taken to court for distributing *Nightmares In A Damaged Brain*, and given an 18 month jail sentence. This film had been trimmed by 34 seconds, and had recently been shown at London cinemas. The British Board of Film Classification could have categorised all of these films for video release, and thus prevented such occurrences.

Ten years on, and censorship levels remain unchanged. Hundreds of titles, including *The Exorcist* and *Straw Dogs*, have disappeared without explanation. Many more are cut or hacked to pieces. Worse still, as with the acclaimed *Reservoir Dogs* and *Bad Lieutenant*, some aren't given video releases at all. Even now there is talk of a new act which, if passed, could remove all horror/thriller films from the shops, and leave us with a state of film censorship almost identical to that of a communist state like China.

Martin's book is a timely reminder of the damage done in the name of censorship. Video-watchers, cinema-fans and film-makers stand to be the ultimate losers if things don't change in the near future.

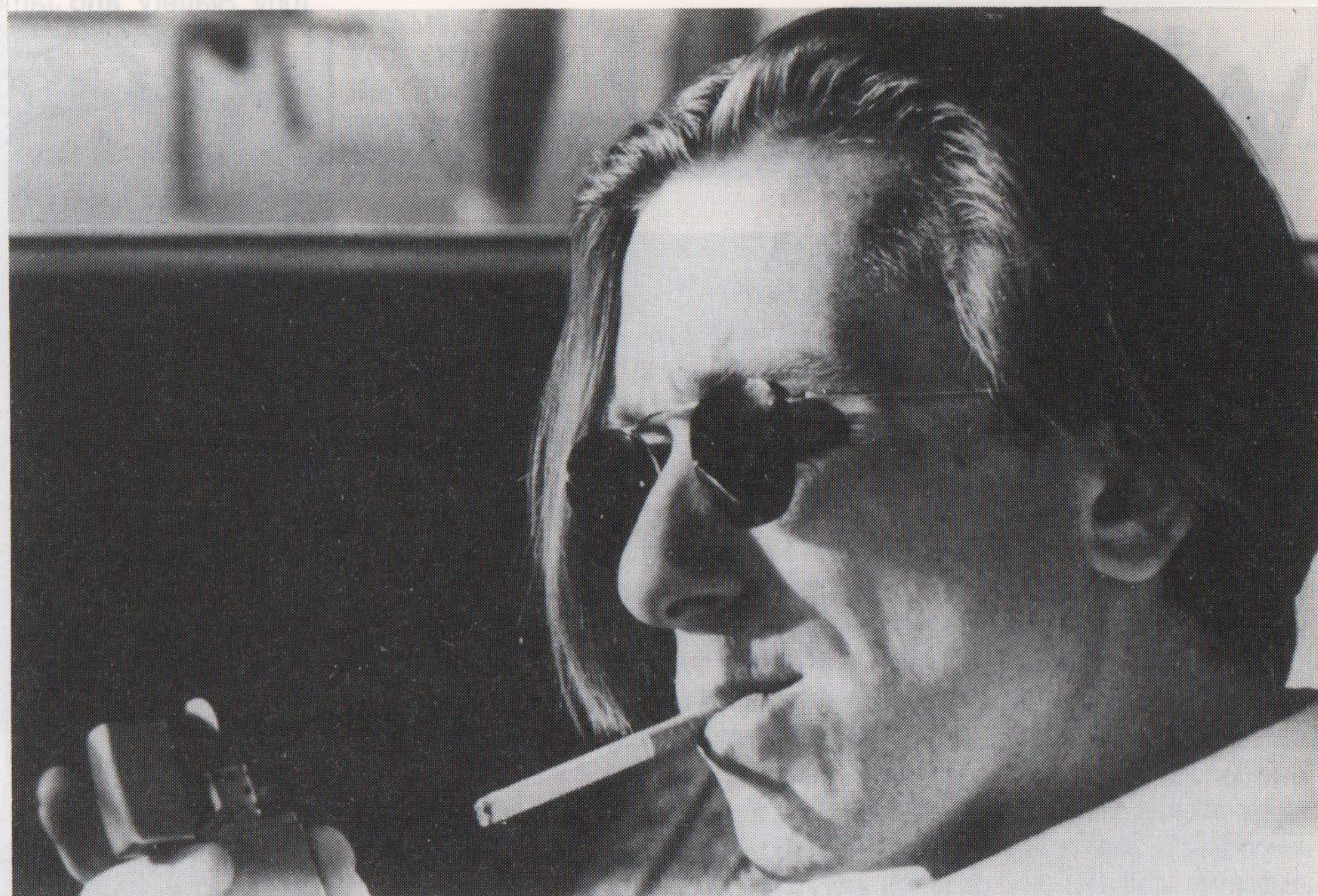
Malcolm Lorimer

THE CELESTIAL PLANISPHERE

Tomas J. Filsinger (Great American Puzzle Factory) It glows in the dark! It's fun! It's scientifically accurate! No, it's not a condom, though it might be just as effective because it's a one-thousand piece jigsaw and every single piece is the sky. Not only that, but to make it even harder it's the sky at night. And to help you match the pieces constellations together, the stars and galaxies are luminous. So you have to do it in the dark! Well, I thought the World Map(Peters' Projection) was hard, but this takes the biscuit. I had to use a magnifying glass on the picture, too. However, it was most a satisfying bit of detection and also highly educational with it's little map of the Solar system in between the two hemispheres (northern and southern), and outlines of the constellations depicting the figures which the ancients thought they saw when they cast an eye to the heavens unrestricted by the glow of city lights. And there's a key to the nearest galaxies and magnitude of the stars, and a bit which shows you where the Galactic Centre lies. So if you ever get lost on your astral travels, you can go and ask directions. Hey, I've never reviewed a jigsaw before!

Available from Jigsaw World, Victoria Centre Nottingham.

Christine Chapel



BODIES, REST AND MOTION (Director: Michael Steinberg)

Tim Roth (pictured above), the coolest and most psychotic British actor, stars alongside Bridget Fonda, Phoebe Cates and Eric Stoltz in this comic tale of disillusioned lovers and dead-end lives in a downbeat Arizona town. Together with an unusual, haunting soundtrack and some nicely photographed cacti, it's the energy of Roth's performance that provides the film's most enjoyable moments. However, although it poses some interesting questions about relationships, *Bodies, Rest & Motion* reflects the lives of its characters by remaining a strangely unsatisfying and unmoving experience.

Hank Quinlan

Bodies, Rest And Motion shows at Nottingham Broadway till March 3rd.

A BRONX TALE (dir: Robert De Niro)

For his directorial debut Robert De Niro predictably, but wisely, returns to the Italian-American community of the Bronx that he, and his long-time collaborator Martin Scorsese, have portrayed before in such classics as *Mean Streets* and *Goodfellas*. Indeed, it is the depth of De Niro's personal experience, and his obsession with authenticity - the clothes, cars and music are all excellent - that makes *A Bronx Tale* such a compelling piece of work. Set in the 1960s against a backdrop of gang violence and racial conflict, the film charts the growing pains of a young adolescent as he is torn between his honest, hardworking father and the charismatic neighbourhood crime boss Sonny. Newcomer Lillo Brancato excels in his role as the troubled teenager, and Chazz Palminteri (who also wrote the screenplay) gives a fine performance as the intelligent, ruthless wiseguy.

De Niro's presence as the concerned father adds weight to the moral integrity, and a wonderful assortment of low-life characters provide the film with several comic moments.

Despite minor reservations regarding the under-developed female characters and a somewhat sentimental ending, this film is certain to give De Niro's career a timely boost after a number of recent disappointments.

Honest, moving and powerful, *A Bronx Tale* is highly recommended.

Hank Quinlan

SILENCER: on the toilet of life

Emerging from a cocoon cowshed in Wales, Silencer headed east and followed the Sneinton star to the cultural hotbed that has spawned Bob Tilton and Cathode Nation.

Then followed the obligatory two years of grotty gigs, having the van torched and watching the equipment blow up. Now, this present spate of well-attended, much lauded gigs has pushed them into an unsuspecting public's face. With a gig at London's Powerhaus imminent, and a national tour in the making, Overall has seized the occasion and discovered that, to Silencer, "peanut butter has always meant a lot to us. But it has to be crunchy, as smooth tends to stick to the roof." And where do they see themselves in about two days? "Sitting on the musical toilet of life where we receive our gift of invention."

What has been the best moment of their career?

"Pants!"

What was the most rock 'n' roll thing they did this week?

"A gig."

And finally, what is their message to the kids?

"Stop breaking our bloody windows."

See *Silencer* at the Narrowboat, Nottingham on March 18th (with Bob Tilton and Cathode Nation), and at the

Powerhaus, Islington on April 1st.

For more Silencer info phone: 0602 705981.



FRIED ALIVE!



HOWARD'S BEAUTIFUL

Photo: Ralph Barklam

band's most focal point, but there's a rattling good keyboardist and rock-ribbed rhythm section creating substantial waves around Mills' fluent strains. Word is fast getting around about this act, so arrive early, before 9pm, to be sure of catching the whole set for a mere pound.

Gareth Thompson

BLUE AEROPLANES/ A HOUSE

Derby The Where House

Blue Aeroplanes, I came to praise thee. Tough! I want to talk about A House. Funny how you avoid bands with crap names, only to discover later how brilliant they are. This is the case with these Irishmen. I imagined them to be dour young men with a penchant for maudlin self-indulgence. What I didn't expect was the best support act I've seen in ages. Fronted by a singer who resembled a young Woody Allen with Mr Bean's dancing ability, their songs were short, sharp and memorable. Imagine The Clash crossed with Saw Doctors - but don't be put off by that. They had a gorgeous female tambourine basher, and an un-smiling bassist with receding hair. They also contain a certain indefinable quality that commands attention and deserves undying devotion, unlike Blue Aeroplanes who developed serious engine trouble and failed to take off.

John W Haylock

EB AND THE SYSTEM

London King's Cross Water Rats

They were good tonight, but they always are. Things didn't flow quite as they usually do, but by the end of their brief set they were getting there. Most people were well impressed. Not surprising really; this is a band that Overall has supported for the last 18 months. EB dug deep into their bag of potential hits, and they came thick and fast. The fab *Agony*, the thoughtful *Colours Of Freedom*, the blooming excellent *Last Tribe*, the imminent hit *Mind* and the pop-fuelled *G.R.O.O.V.Y.* By the end, people were demanding more and the A&R men present actually seemed happy. About bloody time too. EB And The System are taking hip-hop on a development trip - always a step ahead of the rest. Essential music for the '90s.

Sid

PAUL RODGERS

Nottingham Rock City

For those whose memories stretch further than Take That's last single, the name Paul Rodgers is an evocative one. From 1969-73 he fronted Free and his distinctive bluesy vocals graced seven LPs. But after four years the band split amid much personal acrimony. This prompted Paul to form Bad Company, of whom the less said the better. He left them in 1979 and kept a low profile until late last year when he released an album of Muddy Waters cover versions, with guitar input from Jeff Beck, Slash, Gary Moore and many others. To promote the album, and indulge in some nostalgia, a short UK tour was arranged. Yes, that's John Bonham's son on drums and yes, the guitarist was in the awful Toto, but this doesn't constitute supergroup status, or impress your humble

MIND THE GAP

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

Something's stirring upstairs at the Filly, and it's not just the sediment in your Firkin beer. Every Thursday night a large, joyous crowd gathers for the best value gig in town. A mere quid is asked by Mind The Gap, who then regale you with an evening of jazzy gymnastics that proudly defies definition. The only constant element to these Thursday outings is quality, for the set (with guest participants) changes regularly. Deadbeat, downbeat, upbeat and beatific, Mind The Gap run a gamut of jazz expressions past you with a humility too seldom found in the genre. The sweet-dream-melody of Howard's *Beautiful* can melt a wintry heart, whilst the obsessive refrains on the belting *Naxos* often find the audience flinging off their inhibitions in a dance frenzy.

Saxophonist Howard Mills may be the

reviewer as easily as it does the fawning audience. Apart from *Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl*, the blues standards were treated self-indulgently without subtlety or restraint. Much better was the Free material, standing the test of time, such as *Fire And Water*, *Mr Big* and *Little Bit Of Love*. But the downside was the predictable airing of old Bad Company standards. Still, the crowd lapped it up, proving there's no accounting for taste. Just look at the popularity of Noel's House Party.

John W. Haylock

THE MISSION Nottingham Rock City

The Mission and I never saw eye to eye in the past. They always struck me as bombastic and phoney, and the last time I saw them live did nothing to alter that opinion. So with great regret I must inform you that tonight they were superb. Was it the beer? No, I was sober. Was it the drugs? No, I couldn't afford any. Was it because they did great covers of The Stooges' '1969' and Neil Young's 'Like A Hurricane'? I'm afraid so. Was it because they did a killer version of 'Wasteland' and won me over with anthemic renditions of 'Butterfly On A Wheel', 'Deliverance' and 'Beyond The Pale'? Again, the answer is yes. Please don't tell anyone, but tonight The Mission made an old man very happy.

John W. Haylock

BARK PSYCHOSIS Leicester University

A band who refuse to be tied down, a group who defy labels, the billing for tonight's performance described a combination of orchestral dub rock, moody jazz and oceanic ambience. When it came to listening, the experience drew comparisons such as ambient Courtney Pine, Acid Punk, or a new Talk Talk for the nineties. The later of these descriptions was probably the most accurate, but as soon as you felt comfortable with the identity you'd applied, the sound would change and cry for a new definition. One thing was for certain, the hypnotic tempo was enough to send listeners to sleep. But as always, things aren't as simple as that and just as you were about to drift into an eternal slumber, something new would be thrown at you, demanding to be caught or it might break, so brittle was it's construction. Just as you began to fall under the spell that was being cast, the music stopped as abruptly as it had began and the ultimate encore was the silence that ensued. The experience was like having sat through a film, getting to the end and asking, 'What was all that about?' Thought provoking stuff.

Nick James

THE VOODOO QUEENS

ANIMALS THAT SWIM

Leicester The Charlotte

The first support were fucking awful. Local to Leicester I won't even put them to shame by disclosing their name, they know who they are and that's punishment enough. An ounce of talent among them would've been an improvement. Noise when placed in the right context is great, but when you can't even play this doesn't stand a chance; were they taking the piss? Following this farce, the Voodoo's had to assume they still had an audience to play to.

Salvation was at hand, a second support and one the band had chosen to tour with, Animals That Swim. It's a bloody good job too, as to swim out of the pit the last act landed them in was gonna be quite a job. This they did with style, rescuing what little may have still been left. A vocalist who not only contributed the lyrics, but also kept the band together as the rhythm section. This looked strange, as he stood at the head of the group, the drum kit before him. Who cared if the vocals may have seemed slightly adrift, the timing was there and the overall feeling was very good. To pull off this sort of miracle took a very special band.

It was close to ten and, the initial shock forgotten, they had come to see what all the fuss was about riot grrrrs and all that supposed chocolate. So on came the Voodoo Queens, fast and frightening. This was the first date on their national tour and it took time for Anjali and her crew to feel at home, however this was in front of 200 or so grrrrs and guys; had they expected this sort of inquisition? Would their inquisitors dare question these girls' morals? If they did Anjali would eat them for breakfast, she doesn't take any shit from uninformed spotty waifs, male or female. But they pounded through the set and soon found comfort, sparring with their audience at available opportunities, a rapport that many bands can't seem to master. Was all the hype, the fuss warranted? They have a little way to go yet, but perhaps it was the early point in their tour that caught them out. The anger is there and in all the right places, the music simple, the lyric complex; let them strive and we will listen.

Nick James

BRONTE BROTHERS

Leicester The Charlotte

The Brontë Brothers are a four piece, they bear no relation to the famous sisters of the same name and they come from Leeds; well almost. Frontman Mark Creswell, a talented chap, not only contributes guitar and vocals, but also provides the song-writing genius. I was informed, before having heard them, that their music is American roots, with a little Afro-cajun thrown in. This description drew a little trepidation, having learnt they dwell in the same city as comic strip super band, Cud. When the music started this anxiety was wiped away, such was the experience. Both the songs and music were extremely consistent, similar to the sound that Paul Simon was chasing on *Graceland*. This would make the transition from small venue to large auditorium with ease. These were Professional musicians with a capital 'P', and they all seemed to be getting off on what they were doing as much as the meagre audience were and appreciation was shown.

It's great to stumble upon a group that you can rave over with such conviction; I shall return.

Nick James

TINDERSTICKS/DRUGSTORE

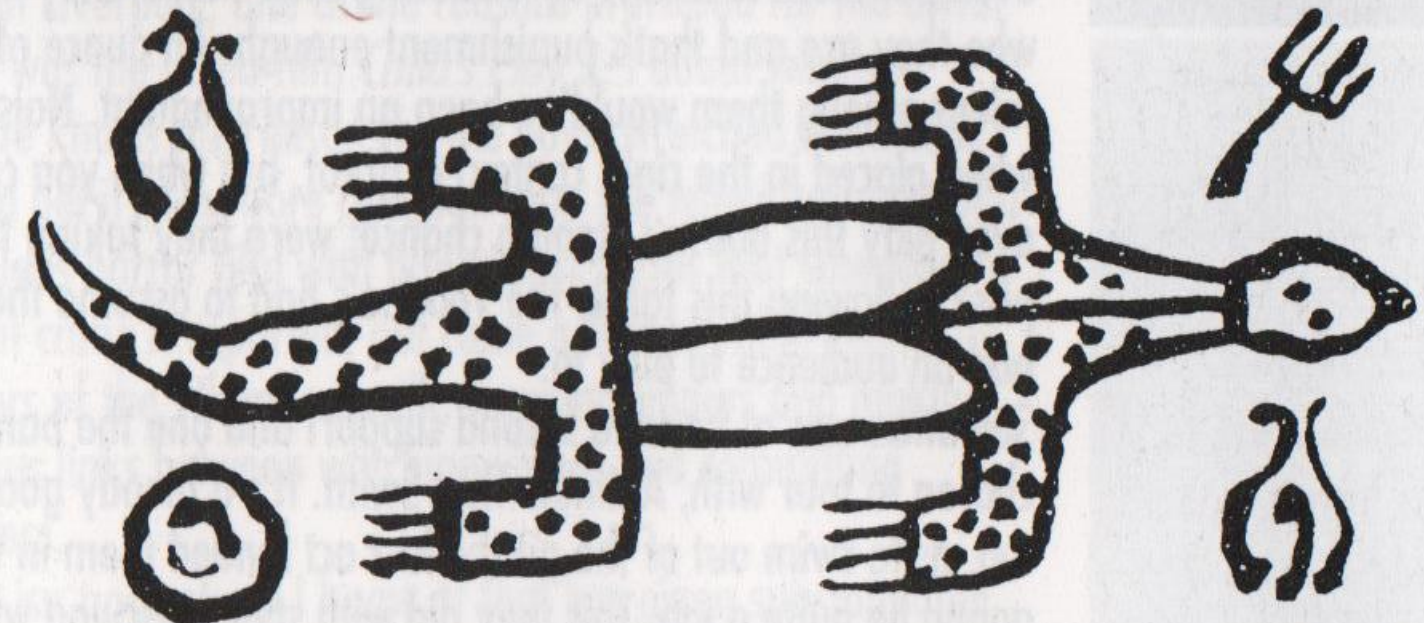
Derby The Where House

Drugstore are an interesting proposition, purveying an eclectic chemistry. An international fusion (one Brazilian, one American and an Englishman) they make an individual noise, highlighted on the two singles they've stuck out. At times they wander into poetic territory like *Madder Rose* or *Mazzy Star*, but Isabel's ravaged, impassioned voice recalls the bitter desolation of *Marianne Faithfull*. Their demeanour is one of cool control, as if they've harnessed their demons to be released on the rest of us. Venture in and get your prescriptions kids.

Tindersticks are entirely different. As many around these parts remember their days as *Asphalt Ribbons*, expectations are high and they just aren't met. Stuart's impersonation of Nick Cave, and the band's depiction of café culture gone morbid deadens every sense. The level of conversation rises and people declare themselves bored. Soporific.

Dave Elyatt

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FIN Reading After Dark Club

Already master crafters of graceful and moving songs, Fin are damned good at what they do. Forget those Suede and Auteurs comparisons, tonight they sounded more like a cross between Buffalo Tom and Radiohead. Fin have already been picked up by Geffen Records, who can expect to sell a lot of this band's records in the coming years. They also have the advantage of boyish good looks. The lead singer may well be seen as a sex symbol for 1994. He leans and poses like a modern Jim Morrison, and a far sexier Eddie Vedder. This is not a band to sulk to. They can make you feel that life is worth living, with uplifting songs that have a twisted lyrical edge. *Narcissus* (the next single) is the weakest number aired tonight, but they have instant classics up their sleeves for a later date, such as *Give Me The Gun* and *Twice My Size*. They even left out some of their essential songs such as *Strange Behaviour* and *Lolita*. On this performance alone Fin are already a special creation. The future is theirs for the taking.

Sid

SUDANESE WITCH HUNT SKINFLINT PDF

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

Duo, backing tapes, video monitors and, er...?

Well, the guitarist was dead cute, the drum machine was tight, but the singer never looked at the audience. Instead we were treated to video samples of *Barbarella* and *Mad Max II*. Then more of the same, until just when it was almost unbearably monotonous, we got tame clips from pathetic blue movies. Skinflint PDF had one fan, and even when she told them to get off they made it still worse with an unsolicited encore. Talk about 'empathy with your audience', These guys never even got a smile or a nod, let alone a clap. Sorry, lads, but if you wanna make the earth move, learn how to make that connection.

Sudanese Witch Hunt's initial impact was strong. The sound, lights, smoke, image, anger and presence were captivating for a little while, but after the surprise came eventual boredom. Even good stories get tiring after the sixth hearing.

Matt Moss

FRIENDS OF CHILD MURDERERS

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

Q 1. Why would a band pick a name like *Friends Of Child Murderers*?

A. To be oh-so controversial. (NB: if your band was crap, and your music was diarrhoea, a shite name really would be the only answer).

Q 2. Why do 'all things bright and beautiful' turn up to hear a band who have nothing to say?

A. To talk amongst themselves during the music (and clap in those inconvenient intervals, of course).

Q 3. With so many brilliant bands playing in Nottingham, why do we just go to those gigs where all our stupid 'friends' go?

A. Because it's oh-so conservative and safe.

Q 4. With 30 Nazis attacking a city centre bookshop, and the Tories attacking the NUS, why pretend nothing is really happening?

A. Because we can't see beyond Seattle, the vice-chancellor and our cut-price posters.

Q 5. If you had to write a review of this band, what would you say?

A. Background music, (Graham) Taylor-made by pretentious wankers for wide-eyed innocents who, having nothing worth listening to and will remain oblivious to reality and their power to change it.

Matt Moss

ENGINE Nottingham The Running Horse

With their large following of rockers packing the venue, Engine brought a dynamic stage-show from Merseyside. Full of energy, Wad (guitar/vocals) and Yozzer (bass) danced continuously around the stage, while Ape, who couldn't decide whether to stand up or sit down to his drums, had us in stitches with his flat cap and his facial expressions recalling Norman Wisdom. They were very tight, which is not surprising as there has not been a change in their line-up since forming in 1979, and the range of influences from AC/DC to ZZ Top was apparent in their performance and music. In their time they have supported some great names, amongst them Hawkwind, Canned Heat, John Otway and Dr. Feelgood. This current tour continues around Europe to coincide with the release of their CD *Autowreck*.

Kani Bawa



VARIOUS VEGETABLES Leicester The Charlotte

Seldom does a band contain four guitarists who not only appear amazingly competent in their trade, but also sound confident in their material. Rarer still is the sight of such a fresh-faced drummer, who at the age of 14 has to seek permission from school prior to an excursion outside his native Sheffield for evening gigs. Phew, rock 'n' roll indeed.

Various Vegetables are not your average mass-manufactured, bare-chested, curtain-hairstyled cutie teeny-boppers; credit also the record company for not actively encouraging such potential marketing. The band's ability to mix the rough and smooth demonstrated that teenage sex gods with attitude are infinitely preferable to a possee of sad clones with miserable haircuts. That didn't prevent a glance towards Take That however, with a spontaneous burst of synchronised group dancing. The lead singer managed to lose a plectrum in all the excitement, yet still performed magnificently. And the girls at the front were queuing up to lose their virginity. More arrogance than your average sixth form band, and no Levellers t-shirts, Lloyd Cole lyrics, painted DMs, silly fringes...

Tricky Skills Jase

FLOWERING HEADS/ WORM Mansfield Labour Party Club

This gig was organised to promote awareness of the government's foul schemes to halt the activity of hunt saboteurs. Sadly, Michael Howard couldn't find his way north of Hampstead to explain the plans, but Worm from Chesterfield made a short and profitable journey south to ignite the evening with their gnashing punk anarchics. Flowering Heads may be a new name to these pages, but the genuine warmth of the crowd's response suggested we'll not ignore 'em further. Although the shuffling danceability of their folksy set gave the assembled plenty to jive to, there was a latent, misty melancholy to several of the early numbers that was hugely appealing.

Mansfield's maverick sab-leader Nigel clambered on stage (to the ritual chant of "you fat bastard") to bellow and belch his way through *Fuck Off Yuppie Scum* in dulcet monotone. Despite a great roar of approval at the end, the cheeky chump thankfully left it at that, and allowed the Flowering Heads to continue a glorious romp home. Catch them now, while they're still dreaming in such bright colours.

Gareth Thompson

JETSTREAM WHISKY

Nottingham The Running Horse

Vox and Marshall amps stacked and buzzing, Pearl drumkit sparkling, guitars eagerly lined up and Rolling Stones circa '68 creating the atmosphere. This must be a Jetstream Whisky event. The band sat almost bored in a corner as a steady trickle of fans arrive on this freezing evening. They take the stage aided by their trusty smoke machine, and kickstart proceedings with *Gloria*, transporting you back to 1966. Singer/guitarist Richard Warren promises an evening of original material, and what hits you is that they are completely in love with the music and sound they create. In this case arrogance is productive. Initial applause is sadly lacking, but is increased by the wonderful *Mr Love*. Maybe as the ale slips down it gets easier to appreciate live bands, or maybe the sparse audience begin to realise the excellence of Jetstream Whisky. Okay, so it's retro, and some songs tend to sound like standard 60's covers, but the delivery is superb. The night's best song, *Black Magic*, sways from jazzy blues into prog-rock as it should be heard. This is a band who belong in smoky clubs where the walls drip with appreciation. *I Ain't Got No One* grabs the attention with its moody

magnificence, and the night becomes an exercise in a band managing to give itself over to a less than packed audience. Tracks from their current CD single, such as *Recognition* and *Someday*, prove that this trio can produce raucous psychedelics live, as well as in the studio.

A blistering version of Cream's *White Room* closes the night.

Chris Carter

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG/MARK GWYNNE JONES/JON BECKETT

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

Singer/songwriter Jon Beckett played an interesting and original set as the buzzing throng amassed.

Mark Gwynne Jones then lifted the curtain on a world where The Brothers Grimm collide with a nuclear age, before Champion The Underdog came prowling, growling and howling their warning. The fence we're sitting on is not as safe as it looks. Joe Dog ripped his heart open - he thinks he's "in love with a pig". CTU seem to get even groovier as they progress, and the audience approved this by creating a dancefloor to wag their appendages at some reggae in 7/4 time.

Rumours about CTU splitting are clearly untrue, but who started the one about an Underdog being a skeleton in Virginia Bottomley's closet?

Sugar Kane

PEARL HARBOUR

Nottingham Filly & Firkin

Pearl Harbour were an unpleasant surprise, a bit like a sickly burp! Their bassist was a racist joke who managed a hat-trick of own goals, stabbed his band in the foot and scuppered the whole shebang. We gave them a chance but they blew it. Most of the audience left after 15 minutes before the management pulled the plug on them and the whole debacle. Any remaining bystanders were left with only a bad taste in the mouth. Oblivion here they come.

Matt Moss

timothy leary's

declaration of evolution

When, in the course of organic evolution, it becomes obvious that a mutational process is inevitably dissolving the physical and neurological bonds which connect the members of one generation to the past and inevitably directing them to assume among the species of earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them, a decent concern for the harmony of species requires that the causes of the mutation should be declared. **We** hold these truths to be self-evident that all species are created by God different but equal, that they are endowed, each one, with certain unalienable rights, that among them are freedom to live, freedom to grow, and freedom to pursue happiness in their own style. **To** protect these God-given rights social structures naturally emerge basing their authority on the principles of the love of God and respect for all forms of life. **That** whenever any form of government becomes destructive of life, liberty and harmony, it is the organic duty of the young members of that species to mutate, to drop out, to initiate a new social structure laying its foundation on such principles and organising its power in such form as seems most likely to protect the safety, happiness and harmony of all sentient beings. **Genetic** wisdom, indeed suggests that social structures long established should not be discarded for frivolous and transient causes. **The** ecstasy of mutation is equally balanced by the pain. Accordingly all experience shows that members of a species are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, rather than to right themselves by discarding the forms to which they are accustomed. **But** when a long train of abuses and usurpations, all pursuing invariably the same destructive goals, threatens the very fabric of organic life and the serene harmony upon the planet, it is the right, it is the organic duty, to drop out of such morbid covenants and to evolve new, loving social structures. **Such** has been the patient sufferance of the freedom-loving people of this earth; and such is now the necessity which constrains us to form new systems of government. **The** history of the white, menopausal mendacious men now ruling the planet earth is a history of repeated violation of the harmonious laws of nature, all having the direct object of establishing a tyranny of the materialistic, the aging over the gentle, the peace-loving, the young. **To** prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

They have maintained a continuous war against other species of life: enslaving and destroying at whim fowl, fish and animals and spreading a lethal carpet of concrete and metal over the soft body of earth.

They have maintained a continual state of war among themselves and against the coloured races, the freedom-loving, the gentle, and the young. **Genocide** is their custom. **They** have instituted artificial scarcities denying peaceful folk the natural inheritance of earth's abundance and God's endowment. **They** have glorified material values and degraded the spiritual. **They** have claimed private, personal ownership of God's earth, driving, by force of arms, the gentle from their passage on the land. **In** their greed they have erected artificial immigration and customs barriers preventing the free movement of peoples across the land. **In** their lust for power they have set up systems of compulsory education to control the minds of the young and to destroy the wisdom and innocence of playful children. **In** their lust for power they have controlled all means of communication to prevent the free flow of ideas and block loving exchanges among the gentle. **In** their fear they have instituted great armies of secret police to spy upon the privacy of the people. **In** their anger they have coerced the peaceful young, against their will, to join their armies and to wage murderous wars against the young and gentle of other countries. **In** their greed they have made the buying and selling of weapons the basis of their economies. **For** their own profit they have polluted the air, the rivers, the seas. **In** their impotence they have glorified murder, violence and un-natural sex in their mass media. **In** their aging greed they have set up an economic system which favours impotent age over the living young. **They** have in every way attempted to impose a robot uniformity and to crush variety, individuality and independence of thought.

In their greed they have instituted a political system which guarantees rule by the aging, and forces youth to choose between plastic conformity or despairing alienation. **They** have invaded the privacy of the young, the coloured, the dissident, by illegal search, unwarranted arrest and contemptuous harassment. **They** have sown distrust by enlisting an army of informers.

In their greed they sponsor the consumption of deathly tars and sugars and initiated draconian punishments for the possession of life-giving alkaloids and acids. **They** never admit a mistake. **They** unceasingly trumpet the virtue of greed and war. **In** their advertising and in their manipulation of information they make a fetish of blatant falsity and pious self-enhancement. **Their** obvious errors only stimulate them to greater error and noisier self-approval. **In** their greyness they force the gentle to wear uniforms and to look the same.

They are bores. **They** have taken leave of their senses and become prudish machines. **They** have no sense of humour.

They hate beauty. **They** hate sex. **They** hate creativity. **They** hate life.

We have warned them from time to time of the inequities and blindness. **We** have used every available appeal to their withered sense of justice and righteousness. **We** have tried to make them laugh. **We** have prophesied in detail the terror they are creating. **But** they have been deaf to the weeping of the poor, the anguish of the coloured, the rocking mockery of the young, the warning of the poets.

Worshipping only force and money they listen only to force and money. **But** we shall no longer talk in these grim tongues. **We** must, therefore, acquiesce to genetic necessity, detach ourselves from their uncaring madness, and hold them, as we hold the rest of God's creatures, in harmony, life-brothers: in their excess, menaces to life.

We, therefore, God-loving, peace-loving, life-loving, fun-loving men and women, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the Universe for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the Name and by the Authority of all sentient being who seek to gently evolve on this planet, solemnly publish and declare that we are free and independent and that we are absolved from all Allegiance to the United States government and all governments controlled by the menopausal, and that grouping ourselves into tribes of like-minded fellows, we claim full power to live and move peaceably on the land, obtain sustenance with our own hands and minds in the style which seems sacred and holy to us, and to do all Acts and Things which independent free men and women may of right do without infringing on the same right of other species and groups to do their own thing. **And** for the support of this Declaration of Evolution with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, and serene confidence of the approval of generations to come, in whose name we speak, do we now mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Sacred Honour.



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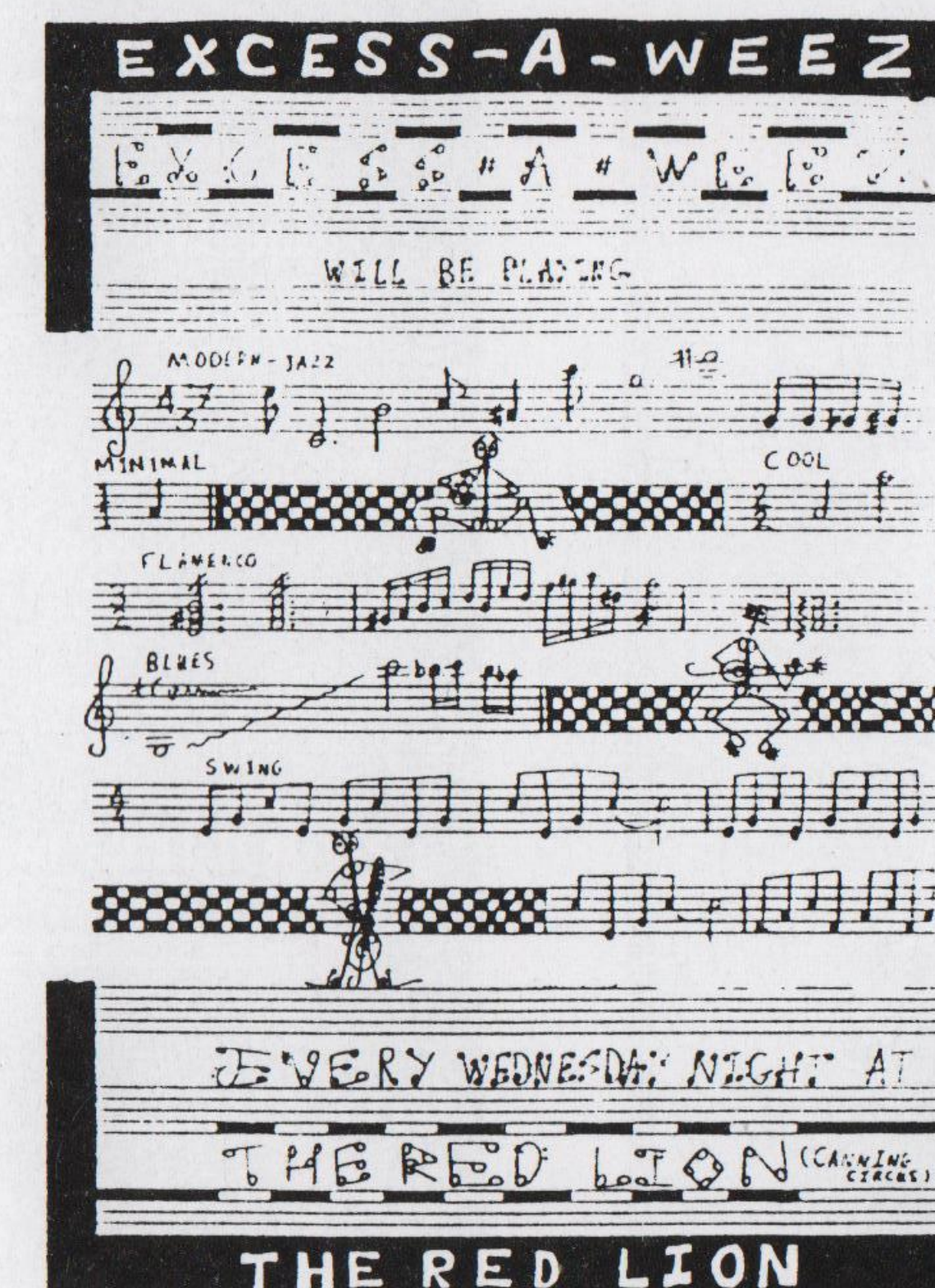
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