



CRAIG SHEFFER  
MEG TILLY  
ERIC STOLTZ

# Sleep with ME<sup>18</sup>

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AUGUST ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH PARIBAS FILM CORPORATION AND REVOLUTION FILMS JOEL CASTLEBERG PRODUCES

CRAIG SHEFFER ERIC STOLTZ MEG TILLY "SLEEP WITH ME"

WITH DEAN CAMERON TODD FIELD THOMAS GIBSON PARKER POSEY ADRIENNE SHELLEY SUSAN TRAYLOR TEGAN WEST JUNE LOCKHART

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PRODUCED BY MICHAEL STEINBERG ROGER HEDDEN ERIC STOLTZ DIRECTED BY RORY KELLY

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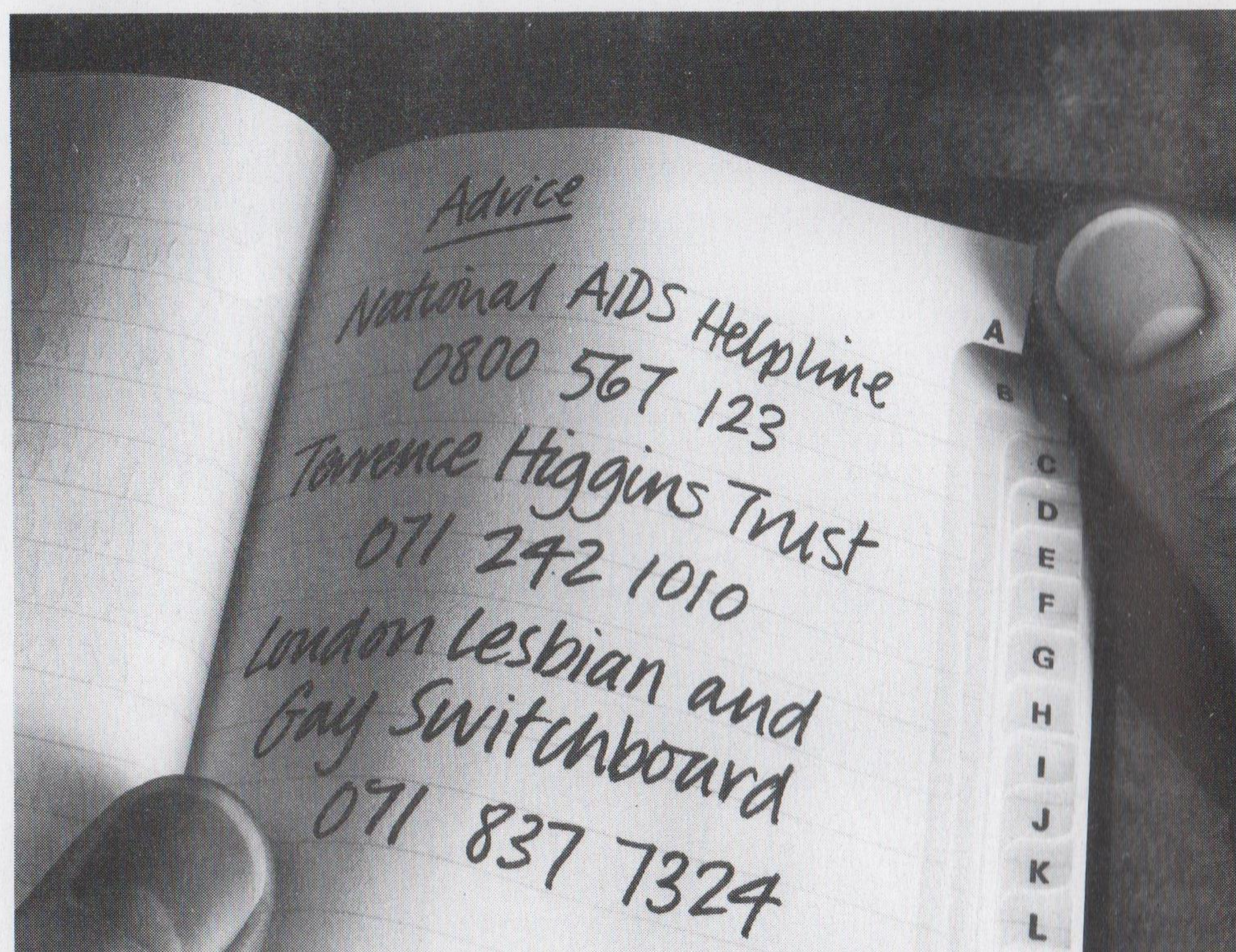
This can easily happen during unprotected anal sex, making it very risky for either partner. So if you have anal sex you should always use the strongest condoms such as Durex Extra Strong, Mates Super Strong or HT Special.

It's a good idea also to use a lubricant, but always make sure it's a water-based one like KY Jelly. Never use anything oil-based like Baby Oil or Vaseline as this will damage a condom.

If there's anything else you want to know about safer sex, call one of these numbers.

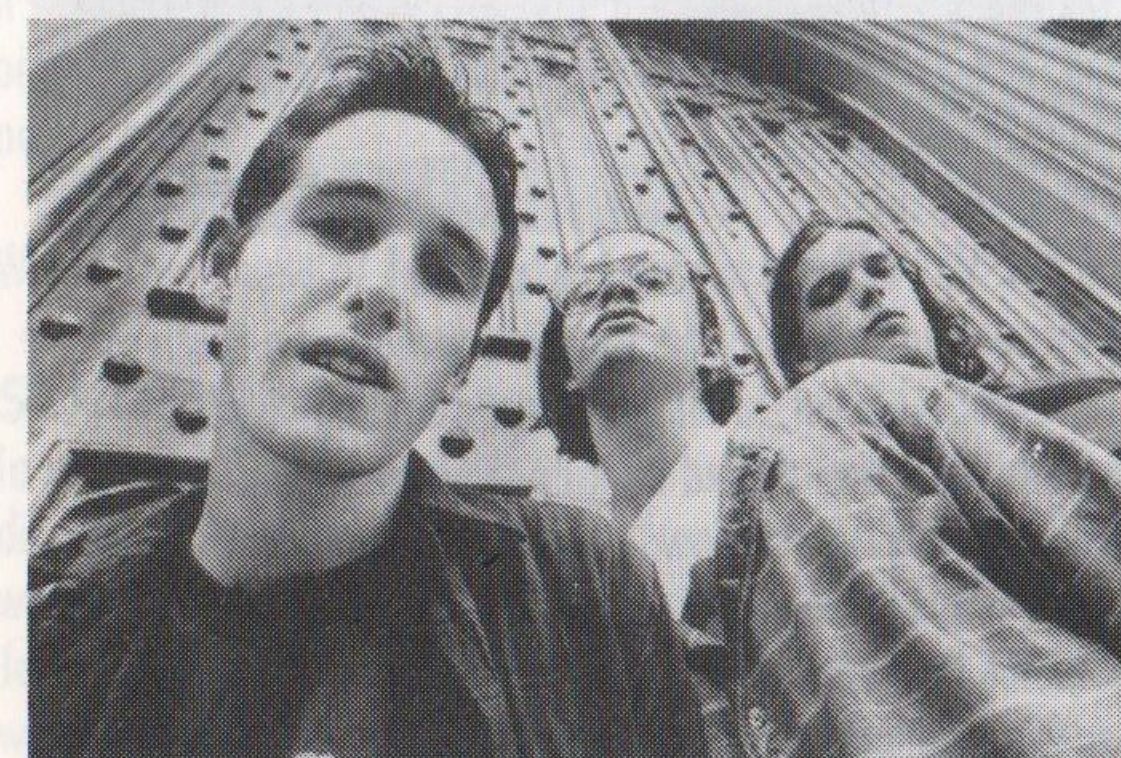
And keep them in your address book. It's very reassuring to know that help and understanding are just a phone call away.

Call The National AIDS Helpline free on 0800 567 123, The Terrence Higgins Trust on 071 242 1010 or London Lesbian and Gay Switchboard on 071 837 7324.



## firstofall:

**Fun'Da'Mental** start a UK tour to promote their new single *Gold Burger* on Nation Records (see listings). **Echobelly's** new single *Close...But* (Fauve records) 12" version comes in a plain white bag with free sticker, poster and badge. This month sees the UK live debut of Canadian acoustic Collie-lovers **Courage Of Lassie** and their new album is *This Side Of Heaven* on Beggars Banquet. Leicester's **Vivid** have earnt a support with top rockers **Skin** at Rock City on Mon. 7th. **Thunder** are rolling back into the UK during December and have a new album due for release in January. Still on the bad weather front **The Storm Thieves** release a new album on the Oblong label called *Endless Freefall*. Conversely, *Can't Get Up* is indie kings **Tribute To Nothing's** debut release on Free Records — true teen spirit. Cut to the present and **Andromeda Strain** release their 12" *Idol* on Pinnacle Records. "Weird shit indeed" are **Crazy Gods Of Endless Noise** whose mini album *Inflatable Geek* is now out on their own Blind label (10", CD, MC). 'Little Miss Dynamite' **Brenda Lee** is back on tour and on vinyl with the imaginatively titled album *The Very Best Of Brenda Lee - With Love* (Telstar). The Cult's first album in three years is in the shops now called, er, *The Cult* (Beggars Banquet) and is alleged to be a totally different, softer sound (possibly due to **Ian Astbury's** loss of hair length). Hard hip-hop politicos **Consolidated's** new album *Business Of Punishment* brings commotion to the dance floor once again (Derby University Nov. 18th). 21st Nov. sees the release of **LFO's** 12" *Tied Up* on Warp Records while a beautifully packaged CD *Live Code* by **Front 242** is already out on Play It Again Sam. **The Jesus Lizard** not only feature on the soundtrack of the film *Clerks* but have a tour of the UK this month. Four-piece **Delicatessen** have now released their debut EP *Inviting Both Sisters Out To Dinner* on their Starfish label. **Sulphur** have been compared to **Suede** (but then who hasn't?) and have a mini-album out on Rhythm King records. **Uncle Pat** is the third single by Irish popcore



combo **Ash**, (pic.) out on Infectious Records as a limited numbered 7" and a three track CD single, with their debut (mini)album *Trailer* to follow. **Slipstream's** *Your Presence* is out on 7" on Che Records. **Danielle Howle** is returning to the UK to entrance crowds with her emotive vocals as support to **Indigo Girls** (see listings). Named after the female Portuguese athlete, **Rosa Mota** tour this month with a recently released EP *Asbestos Frenzy* (very topical, eh Boots?). An "electro-orgy of musical delights" *Sea Of Tranquility* is a compilation album out now on the Echo label. **Gag** have brought out their second 7" *The Thing I Loathe But Still Ignore* available for £2.50 from Hemiola Records, 35 Barnborough Street, Burley, Leeds LS4 2QY. Midlands-based psychedelic band **The Herbs** have secured a release deal for a CD this winter, with a tour in Spring. Swedish singer/songwriter **Idha** has a new 4 track EP out entitled *A Woman In A Man's World*. **Sidi Mansour** is an ambitious melting pot of musicians including **Robert Fripp** and **East Bay Ray** marking their respect to the 71 year old

'Mother of Rai', **Rimitti** (see Vinolution). Out on Absolute Records. *The Symphonic Music Of The Rolling Stones* features eleven classic Stones tracks performed by **The London Symphony Orchestra** and featuring vocals from, amongst others, **Michael Hutchence** and **Marianne Faithfull** — out now on RCA Victor. Nottingham's very own **The X-Rays** release their new 7" EP *Booze And Speed* on Lowlife Records 21st Nov., with their *Bellingham /Trashed 7"* on U.S. label Get Hip records becoming available in mid December, import only. Soak up the Rays at the Narrowboat 11th Nov. with **Spitfire**. And new label Zung Records have released the debut album by Nottingham's Chod. Entitled *Dudley Dorite Wristwatch* it's described as some chaotic hybrid of Primus meets Ministry with a unique angle.

### WHERE THE \*\*\*K?

Derby's happening nightclub The Where House and Nottingham's hipening label Station K have joined forces to present **Soundklash '94**, a series of multicultural events aiming to take the Sound of New Asian Kool to, er, Asians, many of whom have yet to hear the good news. Beginning mid-November through December, Soundklash will feature some of the best acts from the "biggest underground movement in this country since punk rock and 2-tone." Track the pulse of multicultural Britain n with: **Alaap**, Southall based originators of UK Bhangra who haven't played in Derby since selling out the Assembly Rooms back in '87; **Safri Boyz**, signed to BMG and currently the best-selling UK Bhangra outfit in the history of the universe, a new album *Get Real* follows their successful *Bomb The Tumbi*; **KK Kings**, cultural crossbreed fusioners of Bhangra, trance, hip-hop and dance music. New EP *Trance Delhi Express* out soon; **The Sahotas**, managed by **Miles Copeland**, recently toured UK with **Aswad**; **Fun'da'mental**, fronted by **Propagandi**, their aggressive, political hip-hop has earned them the tag of 'Asian Public Enemy', currently promoting their new single *Goldburger*; **X-zecutive**, top Asian DJ posse from London who provided the *X-tra Hot* series of remixes for the Multitone label; **Detrimental**, full on ragga hip hop experience with acclaimed new single *Babylon*; **Tony Sewell**, freestyle martial arts world champion fuses high kicks and wicked beats; **MC Nikki Bains**, the 'Asian John Peel' and spokesman for the UK Asian dance scene; **Amarjit Sidhu** is one of the leading visionaries of the UK Bhangra explosion, main promoter at Birmingham's Dome Nite Club, the man behind the hit *Kamlee* series, and compere for the big **Soundklash!** on Weds. 16th Nov at Derby Ritzy. See listings or phone 0332 381169 or 0602 414488 for details of other events.

Non-Asian Kool attractions coming to the Where House include **Dollface** (Nov. 9th) **Steve Lamacq** (11th), **Alice Donut** and **Schwarzenegger** (13th), **Big Town Playboys** (19th), **Citizen Fish** (20th), **Gene** (28th) and **Carcass**, **Cubanate** and **Skin Limit Show** (Dec. 6th).

**Bandwagon Studios** are pleased to announce a weekend course in 'Multi-Track Recording' on 12th-13th November, which will give an introduction to 24-track studio recording for only £35 (£12 conc.). There are only 10 places so ring Sue Crabtree on (0602) 535092 a.s.a.p.

### ICED UP

Winners of the **Carlsberg Ice Beer Competition** are Holly Pacey, Sneinton; Paula Taylor, Bobbers Mill; Emma, Radford; S. Eriskay, Hyson Green, Nottm. The correct answer was Elephant Beer.

**Stop Press:** **Ultraviolence** to support **The Orb** at The Limelight, New York 7th Nov.. Ha ha ha!

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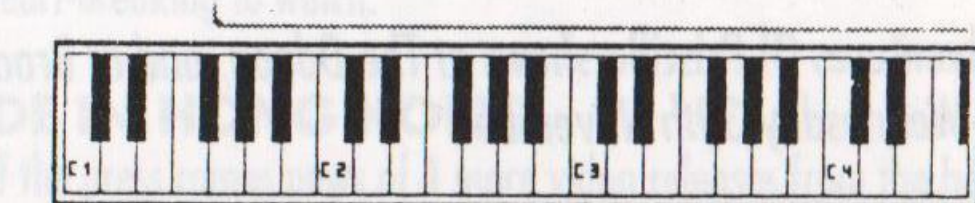
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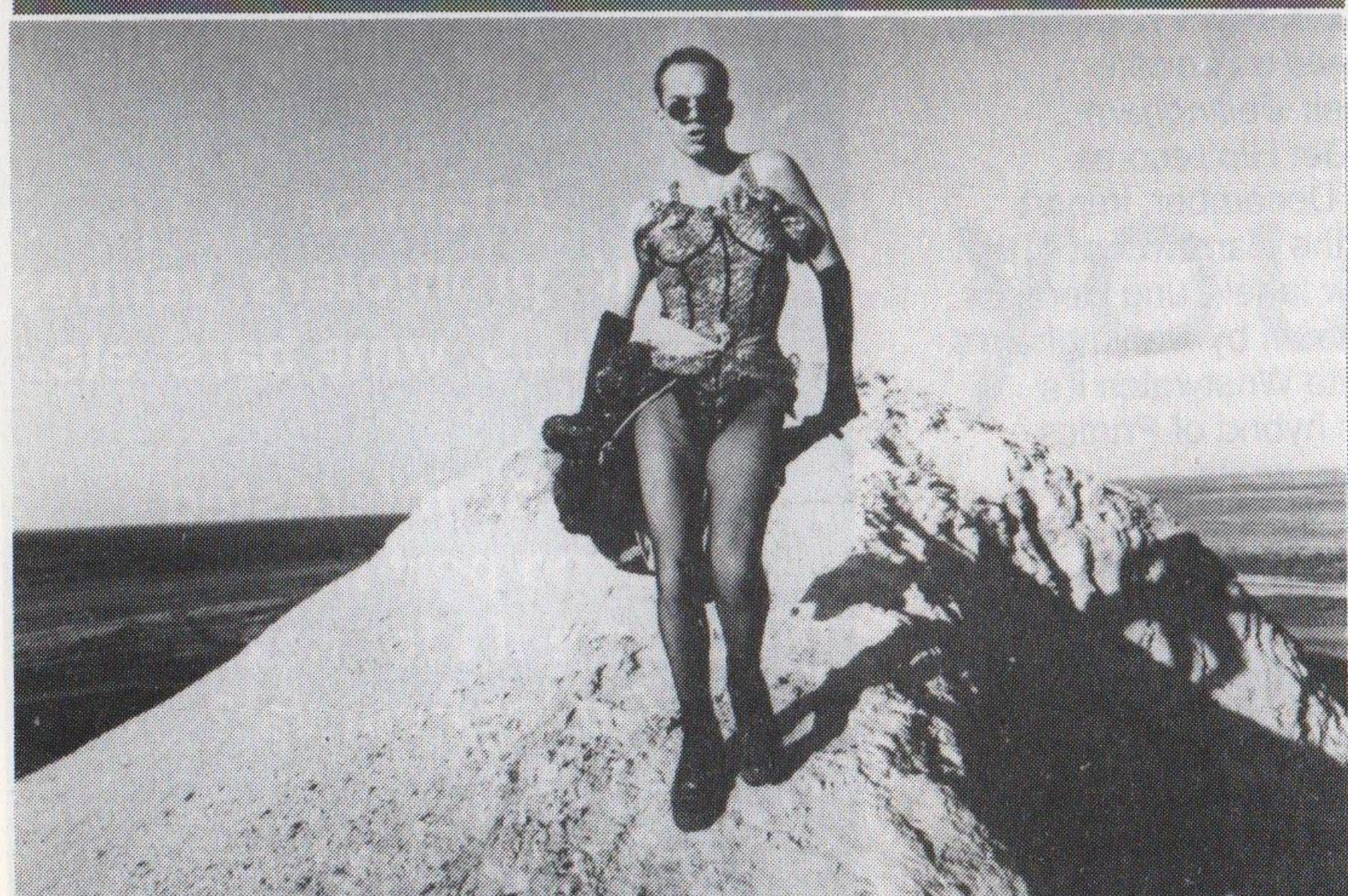
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Overall  
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# visual:



## THE ADVENTURES OF PRISCILLA, QUEEN OF THE DESERT (Dir: Stephan Elliot)

Armed with a flotilla of feather boas and fabulous frocks, three deliciously wicked drag queens set out on a riotous trip across the outback of Australia from their spiritual home of Sydney to the isolated outpost of Alice Springs. Performing artiste Tick (Hugo Weaving) is the driving force behind the excursion, arranging the distant date in the desert and then enrolling fellow transvestite Adam (Guy Pearce) and ageing transexual Bernadette (Terence Stamp) into his outrageously camp dance troop. A pink bus called Priscilla provides them with an appropriate means of transportation while cultural clashes with a catalogue of loutish locals, prejudiced provincials, and astonished aborigines furnish the film with a number of memorable, if predictable comic moments. Each of the bitchy trio also has their own more personal reasons for attempting the journey: Tick to confront his hidden heterosexual part, Adam to fulfil a boyhood dream and Bernadette to recover from a recent bereavement, and these added elements flesh out the bare bones of their pantomime characters. Unfortunately sentimentality wins out in the end, when an unbelievably well adjusted young boy appears on the scene, but apart from that 'Priscilla' has much to recommend it; striking cinematography, wonderfully witty one-liners, excellent performances (particularly from former *Neighbours* heart-throb, Pearce), and pertinent points about personal freedom and self preservation. There are also some divine dance sequences that benefit from a classic disco soundtrack, enormously excessive wigs and a ton of heavy duty industrial strength make-up. The absence, despite the overt subject matter, of any explicit gay sex scenes implies that commercial considerations were high on the list of priorities, but 'Priscilla' is intelligent enough to take on board relevant political issues ("AIDS fuckers go home") without alienating a mainstream audience. High class, cross-dressing fun.

Hank Quinlan

The Adventures Of Priscilla shows at The Odeon, and at Broadway, Nottingham from Friday 25th - Wednesday 30th November.

## TO LIVE (Dir. Zhang Yimou)

Yimou's latest, *To Live* bears many similarities to Chen Kaige's *Farewell To My Concubine*, as it covers the turbulence in Chinese history from the personal perspective of people who had to live through it. In the film, Gong Li plays Jiazhen, a young girl who becomes entwined with Fugui (Ge You) in the early 1940's. They get married but then find their marriage comes up against the severest pressures. Jiazhen's husband has a compulsive addiction to gambling which leads to devastating consequences as he gambles all he has and loses. The couple grow apart, Jiazhen is forced to take on other jobs, whilst Fugui fights for the Nationalists against the Communists in the Civil War of the late 40's. They meet later in life, and try to make their marriage work a second time. *To Live* is a beautifully told tale, with fine emotive performances, particularly from Ge You as Fugui, who is able to convey a tough resilience and a sense of optimism throughout, despite the hardships he constantly faces. The Chinese authorities weren't impressed with Yimou's film and his thinly-veiled criticism of the Chinese hospital system in the 50's must have had something to do with that. Despite the fact that the film has been warmly received in the West since it's Premiere in Cannes, the Chinese Government have recently imposed draconian measures on both Yimou and leading actress Gong Li, limiting their ability to move freely in the West and keeping a closer eye on what they get up to in China. This is a great shame as Yimou had found favour with the Government with his last film *The Story Of Qiu Ju*, and things now appear to have taken a turn for the worse. Yimou may need help from key cinematic figures in the West, to help ease the restrictive measures placed upon him, although it remains questionable as to whether anyone in the West has enough influence to make the Chinese Government show any leniency. Yimou appears to have overstepped the mark, but it remains frightening to see the consequences of one individual's brave attempt to justifiably criticise the affairs of the State.

Matt Arnoldi

Showing at the Broadway, Nottingham, 9th - 15th December.

## SLEEP WITH ME (Dir: Rory Kelly)

Yet another take on the old love triangle theme *Sleep With Me* is a subtle examination of modern sexual moves among the bewildered twenty-somethings of contemporary L.A. Sarah (Meg Tilly) is at the centre of the storm, torn between her husband Joseph (Eric Stoltz) who she recently married, and Frank (Craig Sheffer) his life long best friend who fervently declares undying love for her. Set around a series of dinner parties and poker games, this tangled relationship is slow to develop and, thanks to the input of six writers, uneven and erratic in quality. The film's one highlight is a brief but wonderfully energetic cameo from Quentin Tarantino, taking a break from his directorial duties to deliver a delicious diatribe on the homoerotic qualities of *Top Gun*. For the rest of this dysfunctional romantic comedy it's mostly hit-and-miss, with incisive humorous moments standing side-by-side bland and indifferent characterisations. Tarantino's titbit aside, *Sleep With Me* is starved of the necessary inspiration and imagination needed to make it more than just another average film, and ultimately is symptomatic of the recent lack-lustre output from America's independent cinema (*Bodies, Rest And Motion, Reality Bites, Threesome*, etc.). Competent, but never compelling.

Hank Quinlan

'Sleep With Me' shows at Broadway, Nottingham from Friday 18th - Sunday 27th November.

## L'ENFER (Dir. Claude Chabrol)

In Claude Chabrol's latest, Francois Cluzet plays a man tormented by jealousy to the point of insanity as he continually imagines that his delectable wife Emmanuelle Beart is up to sexual shenanigans behind his back. What entertainingly begins as a 'Is she? Isn't she?' puzzle, ends up merely as a study of torment where in the end you begin to question whether the woman would really stick around in the first place when her husband is being so unreasonable. It seems tedious after a while, but Beart fans may be interested to know that she acted this role in a post-pregnancy state, and her breasts are therefore shown to be much larger here (although 'shown' is the wrong word here, since you never physically see them.)

Matt Arnoldi

Showing at Broadway, Nottingham, 28th -30th November.



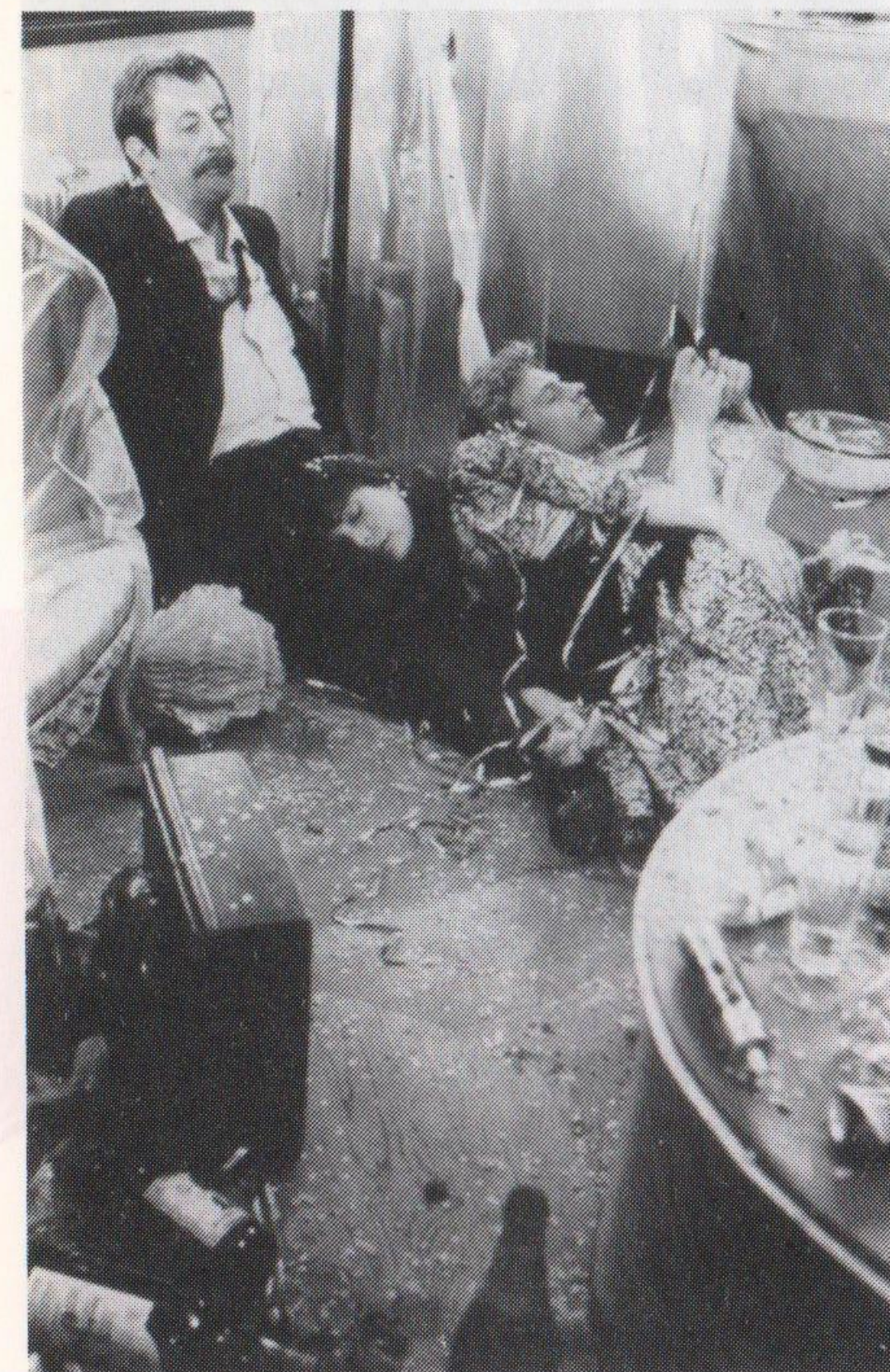
## THE HUDSUCKER PROXY (Dir: Joel Coen)

From *Blood Simple*'s sinister suspense through to *Barton Fink*'s fanatical fervour the Brothers Coen have consistently created films of remarkable wit, intelligence and stunning visual invention. In fact the pair's peerless reputation is only sullied by their singular lack of commercial success, although this didn't deter big time Hollywood producer Joel Silver from investing a cool \$25 million in their latest magnum opus *The Hudsucker Proxy*. Suitably set in an idealized version of 1950s New York, and borrowing quite brazenly from those classic screwball comedies of the '30s and '40s, the film is a marvellous amalgamation of comic fantasy and corporate satire. Indeed it's sheer exuberance enthalls right from the start as the naive Norville Barnes (Tim Robbins, pictured), fresh off the bus from Muncie, Indiana and all fired up with enthusiasm for his brand new job at Hudsucker Industries, is instantly entangled in the twisted schemes of it's supercilious vice-chairman, Sidney J. Mussburger (Paul Newman). Anxious to retain control of the company following the untimely demise of it's founder, the Machiavellian Mussburger moves young Norville upwards from the mailroom to the boardroom as part of a devious plan to depress it's buoyant stock. Intrepid reporter Amy Archer (Jennifer Jason Leigh in a near perfect impersonation of Katharine Hepburn) investigates this rapid rise to prosperity, but is powerless to help the hapless Norville in his hour of need. However, Mussburger's insidious scam soon begins to backfire all by itself, as the idiotic idea that got Norville his job in the first place, ("you know....it's for kids") turns out to be the hideously successful Hula-Hoop!

Supplementing this central storyline and personifying its battle between good and evil are an angelic old clock-keeper and a monstrous mute signwriter, while all about a wonderful assortment of cartoon caricatures light up the screen. Additionally the script is vibrantly verbose and the set design and cinematography — it looks like a cross between Terry Gilliam's *Brazil* and Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* — simply superb. Criticism could be levelled at the cardboard quality of the characters and the insignificance of all it's surface gloss, but there's only a few films released this year (*Pulp Fiction*, *The Last Seduction*) that can match it's breathtaking brilliance. For movie-making of the highest order, *The Hudsucker Proxy* is not to be missed.

Hank Quinlan

The Hudsucker Proxy shows at the Metro Cinema, Derby from Fri. 4th to Thurs. 10th Nov.



## WILD TARGET (Dir: Pierre Salvadori)

After the most inadvertent of early encounters, adolescent delivery boy Antoine (Guillaume Depardieu) is reluctantly engaged as apprentice and heir apparent by Victor (Jean Rochefort), a brilliant but ageing assassin. Attractive con artist Renée (Marie Trintignant) is set to be the pair's first target together until their plans badly misfire and instead they find themselves unexpectedly protecting her from their former employers. Further comic complications ensue when the unholy trio flee to Victor's family home and the professional's veneer finally cracks as doubts begin to arise about his dubious and deadly career. Loaded down with a large dose of deadpan black humour and some subtle but striking performances, the film is a sheer joy from start to finish. Each character is a wonderful comic creation and the script by first time writer/director Salvadori constantly sharp, witty and poignant. Proving that language need not be the barrier that it so often is, *Wild Target* must be the funniest and most original French comedy since *Delicatessen* and really should not be missed.

Hank Quinlan

Wild Target shows at Broadway from Mon. 21st to Thurs 24th.

## STALINGRAD

In most war films to date, when a German soldier is shown to disobey orders, he gets sent to the Russian front. In *Stalingrad* we see just why that was such a severe punishment. Director Joseph Vilsmaier shot this realistic war film on an epic scale, so we experience the cold, the hunger, the grim conditions firsthand as a war of attrition takes it's toll. The trouble with the film, however, is that it's not engaging on an emotional level. We may find *Das Boot*, *Platoon* and *A Midnight Clear* moving, in a way in which *Stalingrad* sadly is not and that in itself is a pity, because there is clear evidence that a great deal of work has gone into this film. War fanatics will no doubt find enough of interest, though.

Showing at Broadway, Nottingham 15th-17th November.

## I LOVE TROUBLE

Nick Nolte and Julia Roberts play rival journalists who "love trouble". They begin in competition with each other, only to find a need to settle their differences and help each other, when wicked deeds need to be exposed. Formula stuff really, and there's sadly not much to get excited about. The director should have watched better films on the Press such as *Broadcast News*, *The Paper* or *Newsfront* beforehand for tips, because this one just wastes both talents and ideas.

Matt Arnoldi

## FEAR OF A BLACK HAT

A black rap spoof in the style of *Spinal Tap* and not to be confused with *CB4* which tried to do the same thing and was the poorer brother of this one. *Fear Of A Black Hat* is at times really good, and is well worth checkin' for the take-off of PM Dawn at the end — it sure is wicked!

## CORRINA CORRINA

Forget the lousy title and schmaltzy idea of the film which is that Whoopi Goldberg has to play a housekeeper in the '50s who can get a daughter over the sudden bereavement of her mother, and enjoy the decent playing of the assorted company, Goldberg, Ray Liotta and rising child star Tina Majorino whose abilities put the Culkins to shame. A good one to take the kids to!

## FRANKENSTEIN

It will be difficult to ignore the razzmatazz that is bound to surround the opening of Kenneth Branagh's latest, a rendition of Mary Shelley's novel with De Niro heavily disguised as the creature, Branagh playing the creator and a cast of thousands of well-known faces to look out for (i.e. Tom Hulce, Trevyn MacDowell, Ian Hol, Aidan Quinn, John Cleese, Helena Bonham-Carter to name but a few!) As the opener for the London Film Festival and with simultaneous European and U.S. premieres, Branagh has boldly stepped where many horror directors have stepped before, but this big budget update of a classic is better than *Dracula*, has plenty of stomach churning moments as Branagh makes up his patchwork bodies, and De Niro as the creature, or the "sharp featured man" as it states in the press credits, is excellent. Well worth the trouble.

## IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

No doubt it could, and it's referring to winning the National Lottery, which this film is all about and (would you believe it?) comes out just as the lottery starts in Britain — fancy that! Rosie Perez and Nic Cage play an ordinary couple forced into sharing lottery winnings with waitress Bridget Fonda in a gentle whimsical comedy enlivened by the caustic tongue of Perez.

## KILL ME AGAIN

A welcome re-release for John Dahl's first film, following his recent success with *The Last Seduction*, his third. This is a thriller starring the Kilmers, Val and Joanne Whalley together with Michael Madsen and as is common in many of Dahl's films, it's a story about people chasing after some gangland loot, and has plenty of twists although you may find that you get a touch weary of them by the end.

## ZERO PATIENCE

A brash AIDS comedy that may shock and certainly entices, as Canadian John Greyson provides his own personal view of AIDS history, which is touch more risqué and butchly brazen than those portrayed in *And The Band Played On* and *Philadelphia*. For plot, a Victorian sexologist constructs a museum display on AIDS origins, only to be stopped in his tracks by Zero, a character who returns from the dead. This stylised and original comedy definitely won't appeal to all, but it may certainly lighten the lives of some.

Matt Arnoldi

## PULP SELECTION

Winners of the *Great Overall Pulp Fiction Competition* were as follows: Sal Golden of Mapperley Park, A. Corbett of Bramcote and M. Garner of Attenborough, Nottm. all won a pair of tickets to see the most talked about film of the year. T-shirts (sorry, not signed by Quentin Tarantino after all, will Hank Quinlan do?) went to Sarah Hann of Sneyton, Nottm., Andy of Greenwich, London and Lucille Blackband of Manchester. CDs of the soundtrack were won by G.J. Borland of Gotham, Mike Craven of Old Basford and S. Davies of Mansfield Rd. Nottm. Pulp Fiction received its UK Premiere at Shots In The Dark '94 at Nottingham's Broadway Media Centre.

Winners of the three copies of *Peter Cushing's Monster Movies* were D. E. Crofts of Lenton, lucky Mike Craven of Old Basford and Peter Seymour of Derby. The author of *Frankenstein* was Mary Shelley, who wrote it while staying with Lord Byron at Newstead Abbey.

## VIDEO RELEASES

### JOHNNY ROTTEN

#### NAKED (dir: Mike Leigh)

Johnny is all the shit inside of me that is slowly eating away at my soul. He is the maggot-infested corpse of the cynical, self-obsessed 80's, living out its final days in a nightmare of its own making. Johnny is a zombie lost in the night of the living dead, and feeding off the kindness and compassion of others; a bloodsucker who will betray your dreams and then bleed you dry. Johnny is a stand-up comedian who has carefully and deliberately strapped himself into an electric chair, and is now debating with Jesus Christ about the benefits of throwing the switch. In an effort to save Johnny, Christ is appealing to his sense of morality and human decency, but after only a moment's consideration, Johnny has decided that these are virtues he does not possess and promptly changes places with Christ. Immediately afterwards, Channel 4 offers him his own six-part comedy series. At any time Johnny can be both horrific and funny, or brilliant and bitter, but he is not real, he is only a character played by the actor David Thewlis in the latest film by Mike Leigh. *Naked* is the raw underbelly of contemporary British life, and it is anything but sweet. Trapped by the mistakes of the past and haunted by a future without hope, Johnny is everybody's nightmare and everybody's abject failure. Somewhere inside of us all, a hell is breaking loose.

Hank Quinlan

#### AND THE BAND PLAYED ON (ITC) due out Nov. 7th

Whilst *Philadelphia* and Hanks picked up the Oscar plaudits, an equally good AIDS drama largely went unnoticed. This strongly cast film (Matthew Modine, Alan Alda, Richard Gere, Sir Ian McKellen) may seem overburdened with it's task, i.e. to tell the history of how Aids was first brought to the public's attention, but it manages to attack the indifference of both governments and the world's media, whilst at the same time conveying the panic and confusion within gay groups rocked by this new disease in the seventies.

#### TENCHI MUJO/MOLDDIVER (Pioneer) £12.99

Episodic Japanese Anime titles (Animation basically already popular in Japan now given their first launch over here. Stunning visuals, slightly pedestrian plots, and the pick of the two is *Molddiver*, because it concerns the actions of a Superhero in 21st century Tokyo and will remind you of *Marvel* comics heroes. Much to admire for those who are into seeing animation the way the Japanese see it.

#### SHOAH (Connoisseur) £50

At 550 minutes long and spanning the length of four video tapes, Shoah has to be both one of the longest videos available, and is also the most comprehensive study of the Holocaust made to date. Claude Lanzmann's film may be of interest to those who were struck by the depravations on view in *Schindler's List*, itself not yet on video and a film criticised, surprisingly, by Lanzmann. If you're interested in the subject matter you may find many of the first hand accounts on view here heart-breaking to watch.

#### MADE IN HONG KONG

Hot off the press comes news of 4 more video releases from the home of Eastern cinema violence. Firstly, two Jackie Chan movies *Drunken Master* and *Snake In The Eagle's Shadow*, coupled with a title previously unavailable in the West, *Five Venoms*, and for good measure the decidedly venomous Chow Yun Fat turns up in the John Woo classic *A Better Tomorrow 2* in which Fat plays a gangland boss who takes on a triad gang with predictable results, only just watch how he goes about his business — Jean Claude Van Damme eat your heart out!!!

#### LONDON FILM FESTIVAL 1994

If you've got friends in London, it may be worth paying them a visit during the dates of the *London Film Festival* (Nov. 3-20). On view are several new films including Luc Besson's *Leon*, Hal Hartley's *Amateur*, Cannes hits *Eat Drink Man Woman*, *Exotica*, *I Like It Like That*, *Dear Diary* and *Muriel's Wedding*; there are a few astonishing US indie titles such as *Super 8 1/2*, Gregg Araki's *Totally Fucked Up*, Sundance hit *Spanking The Monkey* and Mark Malone's *Killer*, and at last some British films to shout about such as Danny Boyle's *Shallow Grave*, another showing of Roddy Doyle's *Family*, and Renny Rye's *Midnight Edition* in memory of Dennis Potter. Details c/o 071 928 3232.

Matt Arnoldi





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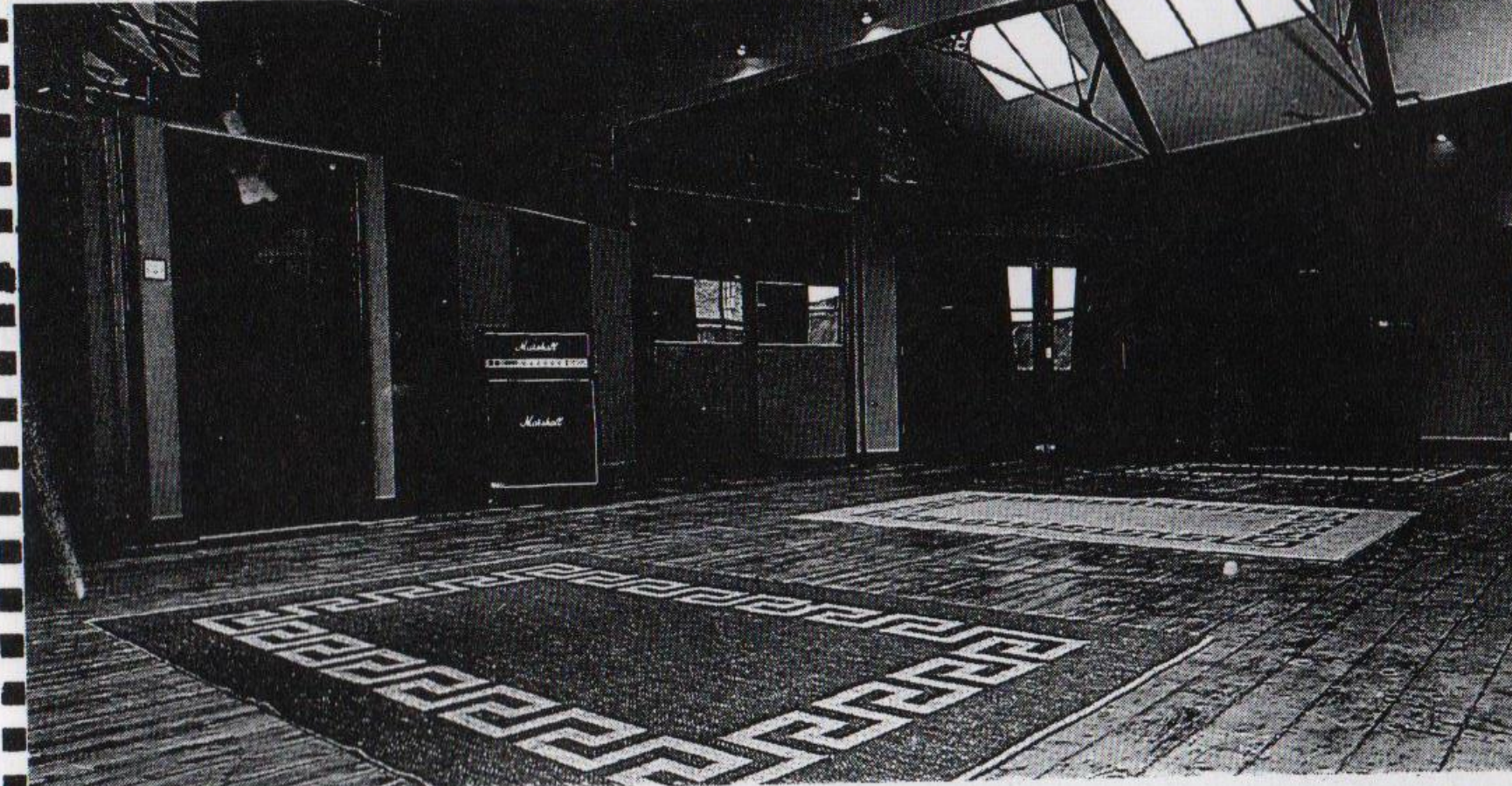
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**FRIED IN CIDER:**

**PLAYLIST**

**NO FX** *Punk In Drublic* (Epitaph)  
**SUBSTANDARD** / **NERVES** *Split EP* (Inflammable Material)  
**OFFSPRING** *Smash* (Epitaph)  
**BOLTTHROWER** *For Victory* (Earache)  
**SUPERSUCKERS** *On This Couch* (Sub Pop)

Talk about dead, there have probably been more punk gigs in Iraq than in Nottingham recently. But that's about to change. Following last month's *Punkathon* we have **Sad Society** and **Short n Curlies** at the Hearty Goodfellow on (Nov. 5th, 8 'til 2am). Also at the Hearty (Dec. 11th) is a **Loyd Slum Gang Punk Rock Disco** featuring the **Adulscents UK** (*Splodgenessabounds* without **Max Splodge**). Dec. 3rd at the Bowling Green in Wisbech sees **Sonny** putting on **The Suicidal Supermarket Trolleys** with **PMT** and the **Shrinking Violets**. And there will be a **Fried In Cider Punk Rock Xmas Party** so watch this space. **Slum Gang** have been back in the studio so expect a new demo soon, though gigs may be harder to do 'cos **Pog** sold his drumkit and bought some *Star Wars* figures. Talk about getting your priorities wrong. The local answer to **Billy Bragg**, **John Bald Foto** has a new cassette called *All This And A Letter From The Landlord*. This political acoustic stuff reminds me a bit of **Attila The Stockbroker**, especially **PC Dickhead**. Available for £1 from 75 Peveril Road, Beeston, NOTTM. NG9 2HU.

Talking of dickhead policemen, congratulations to all the ravers, travellers and punks who went to the **Anti Criminal Justice Bill** demo on Oct. 9th. To quote one demonstrator: "There is a real belief that we can stop this crazy Bill like with the Poll Tax." People should go to the next London rally and support the people who have been arrested for fighting for their civil liberties. Remember, under the Bill, if you have a different view from the government and stand up and say so, you will be a criminal. As **Michael Howard MP** said at Brighton "This is only the beginning." You'd better believe it Michael.

Two books I've come across which I've got to recommend. Firstly, from the author of *Defiant Pose* and *Pure Mania*, comes *No Pity* by **Stewart Home** and is another headbutt aimed at the normal literary world. A landscape of sexualised violence, anarchists, Riot Grrrls and destruction. In the spirit of **Richard Allen's** *Skinhead*, this had me gasping for breath; it doesn't just knock you down, it stomps on your face afterwards. If it's high art you're after, go to Dillons—they won't stock *No Pity*.

The second book is *The Pride Of Lions* by **Joolz** (pub. Bloodaxe). **Joolz** looks at everyday life and holds it up to the light, as each of her poems analyses the bleak urban reality of life in the '90s. Again this isn't high art or the stuff of suburban coffee tables, this is the stuff of the council house and squats where real people live. The best of **Joolz** stuff comes from the run down north—Bradford 1994. There's nothing poetic about it but the images she creates refuse to go away. Look into the faces of strangers in the pub and you will see echoes of **Joolz**' poetry. It's grim, depressing but above all it's real. That's about it for another month. I hope the rumours of a **Clash** reunion tour in the new year are true, but it will probably be £100 a ticket (new boots and contracts). If you've got owt you want to say, a comment about punk in general or owt, write to me c/o Overall. If you send me owt racist remember to include a home address. Oi oi.

**The Fat Dead Nazi**

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The **SUBSTANDARD** Interview  
In a world where too much punk is being played by spotty anorexic ex-trainspotters with all the aggressiveness of a ball of wool..... well fuck that, real punk with spiky hair and attitude is back and next month Nottingham punks **Substandard** release their vinyl debut, a split EP with Leicester's hardcore heroes **The Nerves**. I thought I'd try and find out where Substandard were coming from. Now read on...

**Q. How long have the band been going? What made you start?**  
**ANDY:** About four years..we got some cheap gear and thought we'd have a go.

**Q. What have been your best gigs and why?**  
**ANDY:** Derby picnic was smart mainly because of all the Manchester punx who bleed so well.

**Q. 'Two Nations - Panic Stations' sounds well angry. In what way do you think this bill will affect punks in general?**  
**ANDY:** It affects everyone - and people shouting about "it's stopping our right to party" does us no favours — it's a bit more than that, isn't it? Besides, I hate rave!

**Q. What do you think is wrong, if anything, with punk rock in 1994.**  
**ANDY:** Nothing —apart from punk rock— you know, the NME, media type punk rock revival?

**Q. Who writes the lyrics? They are heavily political, aren't they?**  
**ANDY & SEAN:** We all do, including Bjorn from Germany (ex-drummer) who wrote 'Rostock' as he has first hand experience of all the nazi shit that's gone on over there. Basically we all sing about what we think about.

**Q. What bands influence you? Can you, for instance, see Substandard going metal in the future?**  
**ANDY:** Bollox. We will always play punk and stay shit because that's what we mainly like and enjoy playing; but having said that there are five band members with varying tastes.

**Q. If a young kid showed signs of getting into punk how would you encourage/discourage them?**  
**ANDY & SEAN:** We'd buy them a beer, let them know about gigs etc. and introduce them to all our mates — unless they were complete wankers.

**Q. Seeing how Substandard have a hardcore punk rock audience (hello, Manchester) do you think this puts off a potential audience who may be alienated by a bunch of bloodstained nutters leaping about.**  
**SEAN:** Yes, but so what? The Manchester lot are willing to travel a good distance to see bands. The music is only a small part of the scene. We can still reach other people by other means.

**Q. What can you see Substandard doing in 5 years' time?**  
**ANDY:** Playing shit fast noisy punk— maybe. Sean can't remember 5 days ago. Does that answer you question?

**Q. What future plans do you have?**  
**ANDY:** A few gigs, a U.K. tour with Defiance (ex- Resist) in the spring and hopefully Europe if no-one writes the van off before then. And so ends the Substandard Interview. See you down the front.

**The RAMONES Interview**

It's been twenty years now since the Ramones first gave a 1-2-3-4 and sent audiences into a state of Hyper Punk ecstasy. What caused them to form in the first place?

**JOEY:** Ramones got out as a reaction to main stream disco shit. Simply, we had to create something different. It was 1974, probably one of the most critical years of Rock 'n' Roll history.

**TFDN:** Did you have day jobs back then?

**J:** I worked in an art gallery for a while. Johnny was a construction worker. Tommy was a producer and Dee Dee cut hair or something like that.

**TFDN:** Where did the name Ramones come from?

**J:** Believe it or not we got it from a name Paul McCartney used when staying in a New York hotel, ya know Paul Ramone. Dee Dee found out and kept the surname. So we wanted to have a sense of community, us and our audience— The Ramones.

**TFDN:** What happened to Dee Dee and Richie?

**J:** Dee Dee wanted to become a rap artist you know: Ga-Ah-Ha-Uh-Oh...(Joey does a very bad rap) like most of the black guys in New York. He wasn't putting enough time into the band, he didn't rehearse regularly...it was obvious that he didn't want to play this kind of music any more. But it's ridiculous what he wants to be. To me, it's the thing that the black people are doing better than white people. Dee Dee Ramone is not a rap singer. He's not LL Cool J or a guy from Run DMC. Richie's wife made him quit the band. She wanted him close to her and she didn't let him go touring with us. I think she wore the pants and he wore a dress. Marky was there around all the time, he was a Ramone in waiting.

**TFDN:** What's your fave Ramones L.P. and which is the worst?

**J:** It's hard to say. Well I like 'Too Tough To Die' then 'Leave Home', 'Rocket To Russia'....the worst?! It should be 'Subterranean Jungle' as we don't often play it at gigs.

**TFDN:** What was the best gig you ever saw?

**J:** I guess it was The Who in 1967...the first time they played N.Y. A classic.

Yeah, that's about it. Joey's fave food is pizza, so now you know.

**The Fat Dead Nazi**



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**FOLK BLUES & BEYOND**  
Nottingham, The Running Horse

**R & B JAM SESSION**  
The Old Vic

**BLUE HORIZON**  
The Bell Inn

**BIG BOY HENRY**  
Mansfield, Community Arts Centre

**ROB NEWMAN**  
Derby, Assembly Rooms

**RAINGARDEN**  
Leicester, The Magazine

**LUNG / CATHODE NATION**  
The Charlotte

**wednesday 9th**

**ASTRALASIA**  
Nottm, Marcus Garvey Centre

**SUNS OF ARQA**  
Nottm, Marcus Garvey Centre

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3pm

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8pm

Nottm. The Running Horse

**JETSTREAM WHISKY**  
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**FREEFALL**  
Old Angel

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lunch

**MICKEY FLEMING**  
eve

Mechanics Arms

**THE FOOTWARMERS**  
noon

**JUBA**  
eve

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**DICK GAUGHAN**  
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MONO CHERRIES Leicester, Pump & Tap  
BRIAN KENNEDY/BILLY RAIN £4/3 The Charlotte  
GREY LADY DOWN Royal Mail

ORPHEUS / POINT BLANK Lichfield, Tudor Arms  
NEURASTHENIA  
INTERFERENCE  
BOIT UNIQUE Stoke Sutherland Arms

### friday 18th

BANCO DE GAIA Nottm, Marcus Garvey Centre  
THE FUREYS £10.50/9.50 Royal Concert Hall  
BID DEAL Running Horse

MOTIONLESS Narrowboat  
CHEESE TRUCK Bellamy's Bar  
THE PET LEMMINGS Filly & Firkin  
TONY KELLY & KELLY'S EYE Mechanics Arms  
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ZZ BIRMINGHAM Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell  
MARTYN BROWN BAND Mansfield, Grouchos  
WHOLESOME FISH Chesterfield, Arts Centre  
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JOHN COOPER CLARKE  
JOOLZ £5 adv. Leicester, The Charlotte  
ATOMIC KANDY Pump & Tap

THE BHOYS Royal Mail  
JON STEVENSON / SULLY Rise Sheffield, Leadmill

### saturday 19th

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm  
KILLING TIME 8pm Running Horse  
WHOLESOME FISH Nottm, Britannia Rowing Club  
SLAM Narrowboat

ORPHEUS / POINT BLANK Old Angel  
FREEFALL Filly & Firkin  
JACK OF DIAMONDS Mechanics Arms

HEAVY JUICE Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell  
APOCALYPSE BABYS Mansfield Wdhse Portland Arms  
EVA LUNA Leicester, Pump & Tap  
SHOOTYZ GROOVE/DJ YESS  
D-CRIME featuring WAVEY C £3 The Charlotte

SEISMIC RING Royal Mail  
FUN'DA'MENTAL PHROPHETS OF DA CITY £4.50/4 Sheffield, Leadmill  
HUSTLERS HC  
TRANSGLOBAL Northampton, Wulfrun Hall

SUNS OF ARQA  
SONJA KRISTINA Worcester The Northwick  
sunday 20th

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FRANK DEMPSEY eve Mechanics Arms

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STEEL YARD DOGS Mansfield, Stockwells  
SEISMIC RING Town Mill  
MIGHTY HOUSEROCKERS Ambergate, Hurt Arms

CITIZEN FISH  
SKUNK / DR. BISON Derby, The Where House  
KENNY WILSON Leicester, Pump & Tap  
STROP The Charlotte

GENE / SHRIEK £4.50 Sheffield, Leadmill  
SKIN Sheff. Uni.  
STORM THIEVES Boston, Axe & Cleaver

### monday 21st

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PINNOCK & SWAN Running Horse  
THE ALMIGHTY WARRIOR SOUL Rock City

JUNE TABOR Guildhall  
GOATS DON'T SHAVE Leicester, The Charlotte  
THELONIUS FREELOVE EXP. CHRIS CONWAY Pump & Tap  
FORCED ENTERTAINMENT Sheffield, Leadmill

### tuesday 22nd

ADVERSE Nottingham, Filly & Firkin  
BLUE HORIZON The Bell Inn  
RHYTHM & BLUES JAM Old Vic  
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND Running Horse  
STUMBLE BROTHERS Jacksdales Portland Arms

FUN'DA'MENTAL / KK KINGS  
PROPHETS OF DA CITY £5/4 Derby, The Where House  
ORPHEUS / POINT BLANK Stoke, The Stage  
ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION/ TRANSGLOBAL Northampton, The Roadmender

NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN Worcester The Northwick  
UNDERGROUND  
DOOMSDAY CONVENTION Royal Mail

NEON LEON/SULLY Rise Sheffield, Leadmill  
HUSTLERS HC  
TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND Sheff. Uni.

### wednesday 23rd

ANDY HAMILTON'S JAMAICA BY NIGHT jazz & roots mix £7.50/5 Nottingham, Old Vic  
STEAM KITTENS Filly & Firkin  
EXCESSAWEEZ Skyy

COLIN STAPLE'S JAM Running Horse  
SUCH PERFECT LIARS Whistle Stop Cafe  
BLIND JIF LEMON Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell  
SALAD / THROW THAT BEAT Derby, The Where House  
COP SHOOT COP £4/3.50 Leicester The Charlotte  
CARLTON COLE Pump & Tap

### thursday 24th

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE Free. Bar til 1am Nottingham, Sam Fay's  
CATHODE NATION  
BLACK BALL Old Angel  
WHOLESOME FISH Running Horse

GORDON GILTRAP upstairs  
PETE KING jazzhouse downstairs Old Vic  
OBVIOUSLY FOR BELIEVERS Mansfield, Horse & Jockey  
ESPRIT DE CORPS The Plough

THE ROOTS Derby, The Where House  
BLOOD FISH Leicester, Pump & Tap  
CHRIS CONWAY'S TALKING FISH The Magazine

JOHN OTWAY £4/3.50 The Charlotte

CHARLOTTE'S ROOM Royal Mail  
friday 25th  
PSYCHASTORM Nottingham, Old Angel  
SEX TOYS Filly & Firkin

SOUND AS A POUND Mechanics Arms  
CHICKEN ASS BLUES BAND Running Horse  
MICK RUTHERFORD'S BLUESOLOGY Old Vic

SHAMUS O'BIVION Heanor, Loscoe, Sir John Warren  
APOCALYPSE BABYS Mansfield Wdhse, Portland Arms  
MR. SIEGAL Langley Mill, Potters

THE BON TEMPS PLAYBOYS £5 adv. Derby, Friary Hotel  
PIG 64 Leicester, Pump & Tap  
THE GUANA BATZ £6/5  
OWEN HUGH Unplugged The Charlotte

FRED SHAW  
DOOMSDAY CONVENTION Royal Mail  
NEON LEON/SULLY Rise Sheffield, Leadmill  
HUSTLERS HC  
TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND Sheff. Uni.

### saturday 26th

MADASADAM Nottingham, Old Angel  
WHOLESOME FISH Filly & Firkin  
EMPYREAN Narrowboat

NAVIGATORS 3pm  
THE HARPBREAKERS 8pm Running Horse  
JOHN COOPER CLARKE  
ELLEN JOHNSON £5 upstairs  
FLAVATASAVA downstairs Old Vic

SPEARHEAD Derby, The Where House  
PSYCHO GROOVE MUTHAS Leicester, The Charlotte  
ANOTHER LEVEL Pump & Tap

MALICE Royal Mail  
ELECTRAFIXION / PELE  
NUBILES / SALAD  
DETRIMENTAL £6/5 Sheffield, The Leadmill  
THE SAW DOCTORS Octagon

ORPHEUS / POINT BLANK Worcester, Northwick Theatre  
sunday 27th

NAVIGATORS lunch  
PATTON & KELLY eve Mechanics Arms  
THE FOOTWARMERS noon  
JUBA eve The Bell Inn

T-REXSTASY £5 adv. Nottingham, Old Vic  
MR. SIEGAL Running Horse

EIGHTY IN THE SHADE Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell  
SCOTT D Mansfield Woodhouse, Angel Inn  
SMOKE Stockwells

JETSTREAM WHISKY Mansfield, Town Mill  
VINCENT FLATT'S  
FINAL DRIVE Ambergate, Hurt Arms  
JOHN COOPER CLARKE Derby The Where House

SALAD £4.50/4 Leicester, The Charlotte  
HAPPY LANDINGS Melton Mowbray English's Bistro  
ROGER TAYLOR £8.50 adv. Sheffield, Leadmill

### monday 28th

STEVE PINNOCK & TERRY SWAN Nottingham, Running Horse  
GENE / SHRIEK Derby, The Where House  
HANK MARVIN & BRIAN BENNETT £12.50 Leics De Montfort Uni.  
HAPPY LANDINGS Leics. Windsor Suite

### tuesday 29th

RHYTHM & BLUES SESSION Nottingham, Old Vic  
HANK MARVIN & BRIAN BENNETT £14/12/10.50 Royal Concert Hall  
FOLK BLUES & BEYOND Running Horse

DUKE LA RUE & THE BLUE JUKES Jacksdales Portland Arms  
BLUBBER / GUAGE / TWINKY Derby, The Where House  
GENE £4.50/4 Leicester, The Charlotte  
THE SAW DOCTORS De Montfort Uni.

PUNT & DENNIS Sheffield, City Hall  
KING KURT Leadmill

### wednesday 30th

THE LAST COSMONAUTS Filly & Firkin  
EXCESSAWEEZ Skyy  
EDWARD II jazz & roots mix £5.50/3.50 Nottingham, Old Vic

HANK MARVIN From £10.50 Royal Concert Hall  
THE SAW DOCTORS Rock City  
COLIN STAPLES JAM Running Horse

SERIOUS HAT BAND Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell  
ONE STEP BEHIND Madness Tribute Derby, The Where House  
THE CAST/ NEON £3/2 Leicester, The Charlotte

### DECEMBER thursday 1st

ADULESCENTS UK Nottingham, Hearty Good Fellow

GAEL FORCE upstairs  
JAY DENSON QUARTET downstairs Old Vic  
SEAN HUGHES Newark, Palace Theatre  
THE PASTELS/AVICULTURE £4/3.50 Leicester, The Charlotte  
THIS AIN'T JACK Royal Mail

WHOLESOME FISH London, New Cross Paradise Bar  
friday 2nd  
OLD SCHOOL Nottingham, Running Horse  
WHOLESOME FISH The Gregory

BLIND & DANGEROUS Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell  
TIN LIZZY Mansfield, Grouchos Bar  
ENSEMBLE DEL DOPPRO BORDONE Retford, St Swithins

MIGHTY HOUSE ROCKERS Langley Mill, Potters  
NAN VERNON £3 Leicester, The Charlotte  
SUN DOG Royal Mail

### saturday 3rd

KELLY'S HEROES Nottingham, Old Vic  
CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG Filly & Firkin  
THE NAVIGATORS 3pm  
MICK PINI BAND 8pm Running Horse

FINGERPRINT CIRCUS Narrowboat  
MY DOG HAS NO NOSE Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell  
SHADOWPLAY Mansfield, Grouchos Bar  
WRESTLESS £5 Leicester, The Charlotte  
MIKE KAHN Royal Mail

### sunday 4th

NAVIGATORS lunch  
TOM O'DWYER eve Filly & Firkin  
THE FOOTWARMERS noon  
JUBA eve Mechanics Arms

THUNDER £10 adv. Rock City  
SPITTING FEATHERS Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell  
GOATS DON'T SHAVE Derby, The Where House  
MR. SIEGAL Ambergate, Hurt Arms

### monday 5th

STEVE PINNOCK & TERRY SWAN Nottingham, Running Horse  
THIS AIN'T JACK Filly & Firkin  
OMEGA The Bell Inn

STRANGELOVE Derby, The Where House  
PROLAPSE £3/2 Leicester, The Charlotte

### tuesday 6th

THE FOUR BROTHERS Nottingham, Old Vic  
FOLK BLUES & BEYOND Running Horse  
CARCASS Derby, The Where House  
HANDLE WITH CARE Jacksdales, Portland Arms

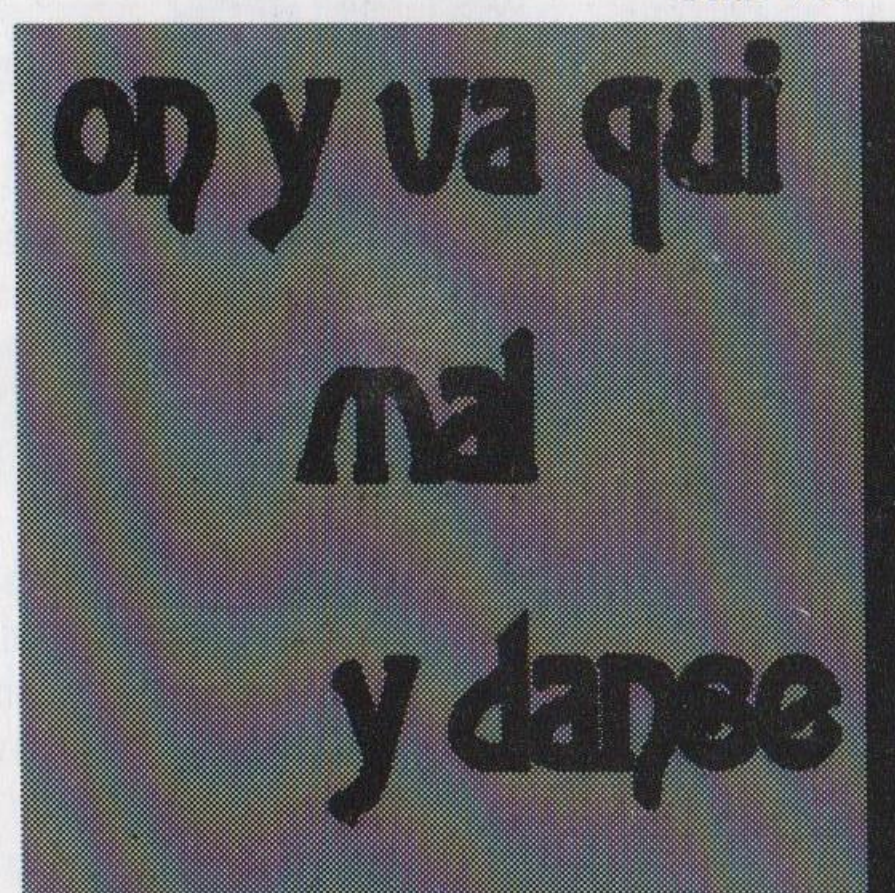
### wednesday 7th

ENSEMBLE DEL DOPPIO BORDONE Nottingham, St. Peters  
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS  
OUTCAST BAND Old Vic

SMILE BABY Filly & Firkin  
BLUE HORIZON The Bell Inn  
COLIN STAPLES JAM Running Horse  
FLAG OF TRUCE Barton-U-Needwood, Top Bell  
THE SELECTER £5 Leicester, The Charlotte

### thursday 8th

BLIND MOLE RAT/ SPITHEAD Free adm. Bar 'till 1a.m. Nottingham, Sam Fays  
RICHARD HALLAM TRIO Old Vic



### mondaze

HEAVEN & HELL The Where House  
JAZZ INFUSION Cookie Club  
AUARORA LIGHTS Hearty Goodfellow  
BOUNCING BABIES Ritzy

### tuesdaze

SERVE CHILLED Cookie Club  
STUDENT MANIA Ritzy

### wednesdaze

EARGASM Bellamy's Bar  
GRANDSTAND The Where House  
INDIE GO GO Cookie Club  
VIBRATION Skyy

POWER FM NIGHT Staircase  
DOUBLE SIX Beatroot

### thursdaze

TEN The Where House  
DAZZLE The Garage  
AURORA LIGHTS Hearty Goodfellow  
KING CUNDY'S HOUSE OF ROOTS Skyy

ANADINE Beatroot  
RETRO NITE Cookie Club

fridaze  
TUMMY TOUCH / SEARCH The Staircase  
BIG CHEESE PHAT WAX Bellamy's  
FRENZY Beatroot  
ROCK 'N' RALLY Hearty Goodfellow  
TITTER The Zone  
SMOKESCREEN GO TROPO / DEEP SKYY

1. BREEZE / HOT BUTTER  
2. INDIE FRENZY Beatroot  
SMASHED / GROOVE The Where House

saturdaze  
FUNKY COOKIE Cookie Club  
LIFE Beatroot  
THE CRASH Hearty Goodfellow  
SPIRIT / ? The Staircase

CLUB MIXES Bellamy's  
ALTERNATIVE NIGHT Rock City  
DRIVE Fan Club

AERIAL  
A guide to groovy local radio  
POWER FM 102.5FM 23 hrs  
THE BEAT / BACK-A-YARD BBC Radio Nottingham  
Saturdays 7 till 11pm 103.8FM

MARK SPIVEY SHOW Trent FM  
Sat 10pm till 2am 96 FM  
GLOBE 107.7 FM 24 hrs  
HEATWAVE CR 87.9 FM 24hrs

MARK SHELTON BBC Radio Derby  
Sunday 4-6pm 104.5FM  
JOHN SINCLAIR'S Friday FM BBC Radio Leicester  
7-9pm 104.9 FM  
UNIVERSITY RADIO NOTTINGHAM 97.8 FM





# vinolution:

photo:  
Kaydeebie/Darenote

## KYLIE MINOGUE

*Kylie Minogue* (Deconstruction)

In which Kylie discards the pop ephemera of adolescence, cuts the umbilical cord of corporate industry manipulation and discovers the real world, a world of fast sex, dubious drugs and random violence. She brings this new found perspective to her new LP on which she has elicited the patronage of various prestigious left field luminaries, namely J. Mascis from Dinosaur Jnr, assorted members of Sonic Youth, the legendary Patti Smith, and she's also managed to get Brian Eno to produce eight of the nine tracks. The songs themselves veer from angst-ridden confessionals of self-doubt and loathing to brutally frank accounts of unrequited love, in particular *I Gave You A Gobble, But You Still Fucked Off* is an incredibly accurate and moving account of a doomed relationship, this track features Ivor Cutler on spoons and backing vocals. There's also a song about the insidious evils of sexism called *I'll Do The Dishes* in which she focuses on patriarchal oppression in a capitalist society, this seminal track finds Frank Black trading licks with Billy Corgan from the Smashing Pumpkins, her vocal performance on this track is reminiscent of Janis Joplin in overdrive.

Astounding, as is the gentle acoustic *Take Me From Behind* which finds Kylie expressing her hopes for world peace and how in the meantime she likes to be taken from behind, the lyrics say it all "*Do the bump and grind...take me like a doggy....do it till I'm groggy*"...she's obviously been listening to a lot of Nick Drake and this is the track which features Lou Reed (rumoured to be her new lover) who contributes some fine controlled feedback and sublime backing vocals. The arrangement is by Philip Glass.

John W. Haylock

## NEIL YOUNG

*Sleeps With Angels* (Reprise)

It's becoming increasingly difficult to come up with superlatives for Neil Young. After the drought of artistic inspiration that plagued his late seventies/early eighties output, he's now hitting the mark more times than should be possible for a veteran of his age (let's get the ageist stuff out of the way a.s.a.p...age is no barrier to creativity...unless your name happens to be Eric Clapton or David Bowie). This is an incredible album for a number of incredible reasons, that plaintive wail of a voice still elicits the emotions, that laconic distorted fucked up guitar still finds notes and textures that can be heard nowhere else on the planet. The backing vocals courtesy of long time cohorts Crazy Horse are beautiful and Neil's lyrics, sometimes naive, occasionally perceptive, have now evolved into a maturity that has been born of dark experience. The title track contains all that is great and good about his work: it's less than 3 minutes long, alludes to Kurt Cobain's suicide, and is devastatingly poignant with it's eerie almost whispered vocal and a guitar figure which sounds like an over-amplified imploding electrical charge with extra reverb, probably. And what of the trademark solos? How about a chunky six minute simmer on *Blue Eden* or the marathon fourteen minute slow burn on *Change Your Mind*. Heaven! *Safeway Cart* is a Dylanesque lyrical ramble as is my personal favourite *Trans Am* all destined for the 'classic' category...here then is more proof of Neil's renaissance and inevitable elevation. Amen and out.

John W. Haylock

## KEPONE Ugly Dance

A fine, enticing mixture of punk 'n funk which at times is tight as fuck, and then sounds as if everything's going to fall apart —but never does. Every so often an unwelcome Chilli Pepperism creeps in but I can forgive them that as metal is kept to a minimum. I know comparisons are boring, but people won't try anything new, so names like NoMeansNo, Fugazi and Supersuckers come to mind, but make up your own minds. Oh yeah, at times they sound like Gang Of Four, which can't be bad.

Mr. Jones



## MANIC STREET PREACHERS

*The Holy Bible* (Sony)

13 tracks from Welsh rockers, which sound as if they haven't progressed one iota, since their last 'epic'. If you love them you'll know what to expect and you won't be disappointed, for the rest of us it's the usual plethora of formless guitar work-outs, so mundane and lacking in sparkle that to listen to the whole album in one go is, quite frankly, a minor ordeal.



## PORTISHEAD Dummy

(Go Beat)

Portishead come on like a left field 90's urban blues band. But they have a curious early 80's feel about them, with touches of Carmel and the Au Pairs here and there. That said they make a hell of an interesting noise. *Mysterons* sounds like a cross between early Devo and Lydia Lunch and *It Could Be Sweet* is a dead ringer for a Sade song, only better. The rest is a bizarre mismatch of jazz, hip-hop and electro shimmers, that sound distinct, but lack depth and colour. Still *Dummy* is a promising debut.

Malcolm Lorimer

photo:Mark McNulty

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

*Harthouse Compilation Chapter 3* (Eye Q)

Commendable eurocompilation of ambient dub, dance rave stuff, although hardly innovative compared to other like releases. Anonymous keyboard work-outs, band names etc. But that's half the fun of it. One track seems to merge into another, with much the same techno rhythms, although the Arpeggiators', *Innerself* is a gorgeous moody standout.

Malcolm Lorimer

## ECHOBELLY Every One's Got One

Despite the hype, Echobelly are a competent, but really quite ordinary 90's rock band. Smiths and Suede-style guitar thrashes combine with Morrissey like melodies (no wonder he likes them so much). But where they really score is in the eerie beauty of Sonya Madan's vocal delivery. Almost off-hand yet very effective. They have the 'feel' but only *Today Tomorrow Sometime Never* and *Give Her A Gun* really stand out. Nevertheless Echobelly are still a cut above most of the competition.

## FAITH OVER REASON Easy

(Big Cat)

I have rather warm memories of Faith Over Reason's first forays into our consciousness so this second album should have crept into my heart but it hasn't. *Easy* was produced by Stephen 'mad as a fish' Mallemus of Pavement and he has removed a large portion of their wistfulness and whimsy replacing it with barbs and brittleness. This in turn ends up distracting you from Faith Over Reason's strength, Moira Lambert's lush, lilting voice. When Moira shines through, notably on the more simplistic, spacious songs such as *Work Hard* or *Too Soon*, Faith Over Reason could almost challenge Kristin Hersh for the beautiful kookiness crown but for the most part 'tis not to be. Faith Over Reason were always a whimsical English band and Mallemus, a Californian for all his love of The Fall and Luton Town F.C. does not fully understand the qualities of Englishness. It's just not cricket.



## SACK You Are What You Eat

(Lemon)

Well if you are what you eat my heart must be pumping pesto sauce round a body consisting largely of ice cream, chocolate and various chinese dishes. Then again we all really know we're flesh and blood and Sack too seem to know their own mortality. Shaped by a distrust and disgust of the Catholic church and the demystification of Southern Ireland from the romantic to the bitter, Sack come flying from their corner, more venom and bile driving them than even The Fatima Mansions possess, guitars chiming like The (pre AC/DC) Cult injected with the oppression of a race. It's a powerful and passionate brew which cannot be ignored. The singles *What Did The Christians Ever Do For Us?* and *Indian Rope Trick* with it's uncompromising opening line "If I'm gonna kill somebody it might as well be you" are the two tracks that immediately register but there is a rare depth to almost every song here. Bitter and twisted, but then so is their world. Be very grateful for angry young men; be very grateful for Sack.

photo: Valerie Phillips

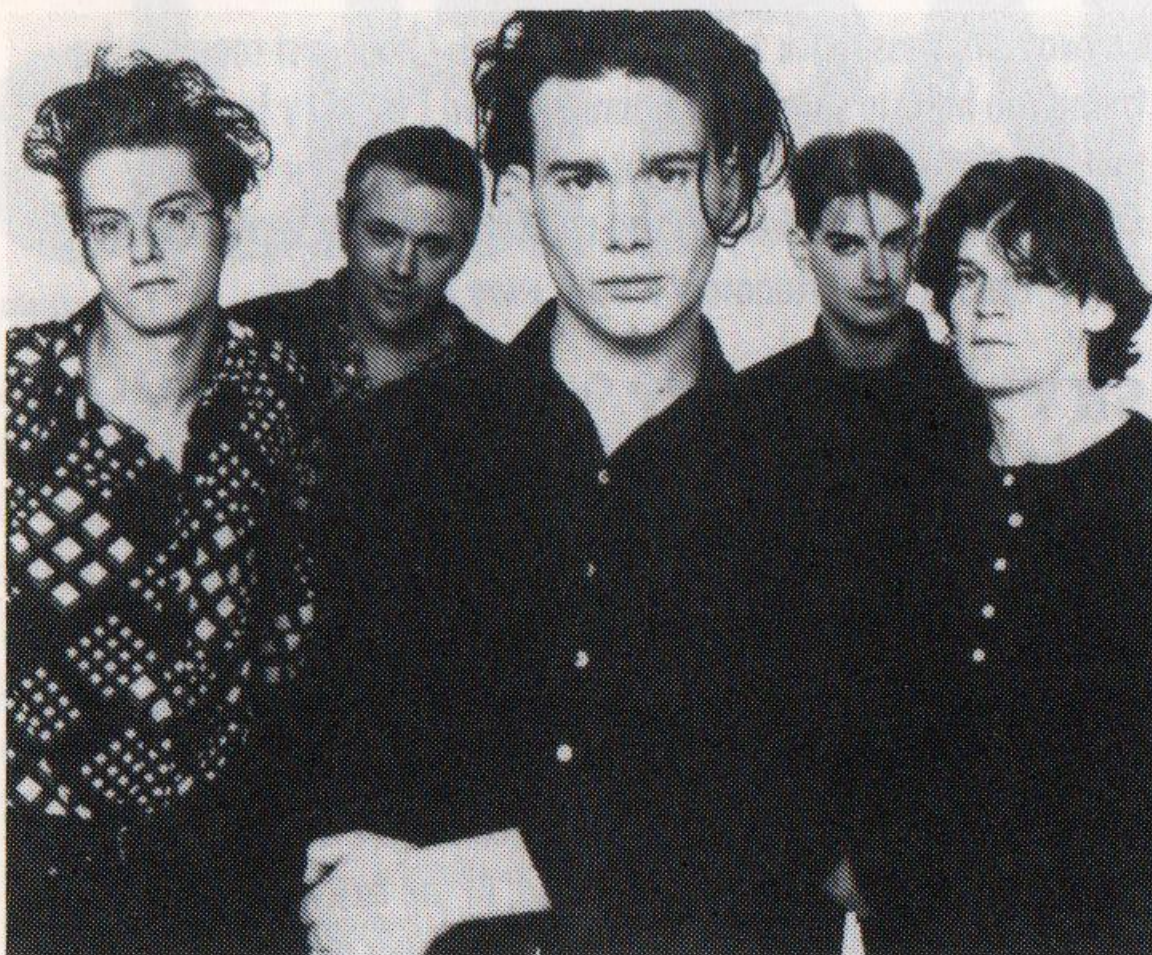
Dave Ellyatt

## PIZZICATO FIVE Five By Five

CD (Matador)

The sleeve tells us that this is an introduction to "Japan's coolest combo." Quirky, with samples from James Bond and cinema organs and a surreal cover of Bacharach and David's *Japanese Boy*, might be clever but not very interesting.

Rob



## STRANGELOVE

*Time For The Rest Of Your Life* (Food)

Strangelove have a nice big sound and the singer has that kind of melodramatic range of inflections (reminiscent of Jarvis Cocker or Nick Cave) which, while having a sort of feeling of foreboding, would also not sound out of place in Las Vegas. Quite promising, really.

(photo: Gavin Evans)

## ZIPPER Stupid And Supreme

A pale ghost of NIN with a cheaper synth and an even punier sound. Electro-rock with a popping, bubbly drum sound that just doesn't work, I'm afraid.

Gil

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

*Pop...Do We Not Like That* (Too Pure)

This is a 10 track sampler highlighting the good, the not too bad and the downright no-hopers. To be fair there are only 4 tracks that spoil the party, the other 6 are spiffing. Party poopers include Pram, Minxus, Laika and Moonshake; don't bother committing their names to memory, there's no point. The party hats go to *Stereolab* with a sublime track from 1991 called *Superelectric*. *Seefeel* give us the spaced out *Plainsong*. *The Voodoo Queens* get all worked up with *Supermodel/Superficial*. *PJ Harvey* give us the familiar yet still kickin' *Sheela Na Gig*. But perhaps the best track here is the surging, riffastic *Don't Jones Me by Th' Faith Healers*. (Trainspotters may wish to know that this track is previously unreleased). So, in an age of compilation overkill this one ain't too bad at all. Lend an ear.

## BANG BANG MACHINE

*Eternal Happiness* (Ultimate Records)

Competent acoustic driven pop-rock, with pleasant enough tunes and reasonable production. If I don't sound very enthusiastic it's because the whole thing left me stone cold and only *Give You Anything* stood out to my ears. It's not helped by the clumsy lyrics scattered around the inner sleeve, like "*My love, a love that sickens, all I feel is pain, though heartbeats may quicken*". Still, if this interests you, they're on tour with 8 Storey Window, which sounds like a perfect match to me.

## DIE KRUPPS Crossfire

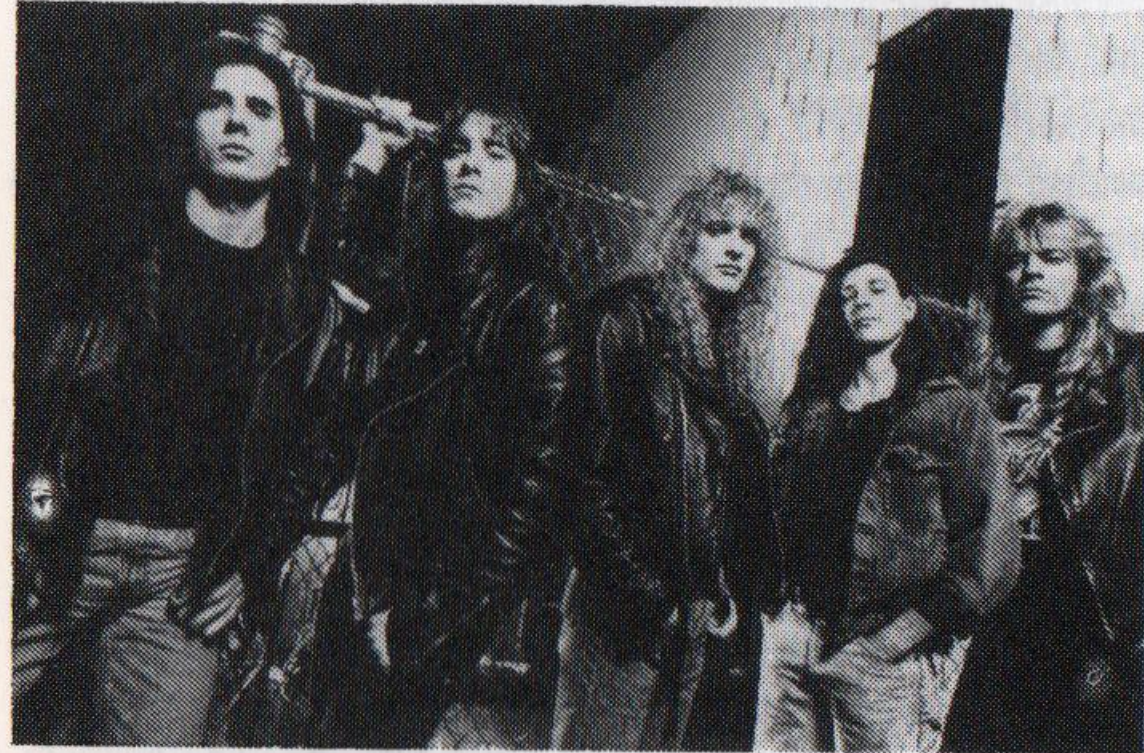
EP (Rough Trade)

4 tracks of powerful anti-fascist polemic and grinding chaotic post-punk anthems. Dedicated to the destruction of nazis, *Fatherland* is mean and moody and means business. The remixes of *Crossfire* by Jim Martin of Faith No More boom out of your speakers featuring contributions from the likes of Carcass, Revolting Cocks and Andrew Eldritch..

## DECADENT FEW

*They Shoot Children/ Heaven To Hell 7"*

The latest 7" from Fluffy Bunny records. If you remember Penetration you'll love this. Melodic soaring punk rock that could be from the glory days of '78/'79. It makes a change from the thousand Discharge clones around today. *They Shoot Children* is about a kid dying from a plastic bullet. *Heaven To Hell* is about date rape. The true face of punk in '94.



## ANNIHILATOR Bag Of Tricks

(Roadrunner)

Interesting fact: Randy Rampage of Annihilator used to be in Canadian punk band D.O.A. That is about the only interesting thing about them. 16 thrash metal (sub Metallica) tunes, according to the label previously unavailable and rare material. What that means is 4 'live' tracks, 3 demo versions, and various out-takes from before the *Alice In Hell* LP. For pure spinal tap their version of AC/DC's 'Live Wire' takes some beating. 'Phantasmagoria in hell' — I ask you!

## VELOCITY GIRL !Simpatico!

LP (Sub Pop)

*!Simpatico!* could have been *Parallel Lines*, Velocity Girl could have been Blondie. This is pure unadulterated power pop, uplifting, addictive and gorgeous. The perfect summer album, listen to this as you sit in a traffic jam on the M1 and you'll believe you're in Newquay. Hang ten!

## COCKSPARRER Guilty As Charged

(Bitzcore)

Quite simply perfect. Vintage British street punks bring out the long awaited follow up to *Shock Troops*. This is the best punk I've heard for ages. Kicking off with *Get A Rape* — "*you promised us a country fit for a Queen, but the Queen doesn't have to pay*" into a song about not giving a fuck when you're young and then *Bird Trouble* dealing with getting married and losing your freedom "*You'll lose all your mates, for a wife, a mortgage and a job*". *Don't Blame Us* is about inner city violence, *Roads To Freedom* about chasing your dreams no matter what. *Last Train To Dagenham* is about trying not to miss your stop on the last train home when you're tired and emotional. *Central Heating* is sort of a 'carry on plumbing' — hilarious. *Strip* lets the side down a bit but *Crack In The Mirror*, about getting kicked out by the missus for coming home drunk, doesn't leave a dry eye in the house. *We Know How To Live* — "*Sid Vicious did it his way and I did it mine*" — knowthatmean, guv? Finally the best disc for far too long ends with *Even Tough Guys Need Someone Some Times* with the hilarious line "*when you're at a party/ and he's puking in the bin/ you're trying to remember/ what you ever saw in him*". Story of my life. Why won't Radio One play it?

## THE SWEET Live Breakdown

(Receiver)

Re-live the immense stupidity of a by-gone era. Glam pioneers The Sweet trundle out eleven of their 'classics'. *Teenage Rampage*, *Ballroom Blitz*, *Blackbust* etc guaranteed to set your platform boots stamping. No package information about when and where this recording was done but the crystal clear sound quality leads me to believe this was not the glory years but possibly Brian Connolly and .....still a good laugh though.

## GARY NUMAN Here I Am

(Receiver)

A strange comp. this with live out-takes and studio remixes. It sounds like a last minute cash in complete with *Are Friends Electric?* and *Beserker*. Sorry but this is crap New Romantic bollocks. Stick to flying, Gary.

## PRESSURE 28

*Get Ready/UpYours 7"* (Helen Of Oi)

Hailing from Oswestry in Shropshire P28 are an Oi Scooterist band that remind me of The Oppressed, being both stomping and catchy. *Up Yours* is one of the best tracks I've heard since the glory days of Blitz.

## BRAINDANCE Streets Of Violence

*The Blind Lead The Blind EP*

*At Full Volume 10"* (Helen Of Oi)

Peter And The Test Tube Babies/Exploited street punk. Furious blasts of pissed off punk rock from Norwich. Songs about war, suicide, serial killers and drugs; there's even a song about the Battle Of Culloden! (Death wins). Turn this up full blast and bounce off the walls. This is the sort of music the media would have us believe died years ago. Wanna bet!?

## CAPO REGIME Drug Craze

EP (Helen Of Oi)

Basic (recorded in someone's front room) raging garage punk from the Isle Of Wight. The lyrics to *Junk* say it all "*Bring back soap, bring back squats, fuck off poser I don't give a toss*".

## ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

*Howsa Bout That 10"* (Helen Of Oi)

More 4 Skins/Cocksparrer skinhead stomping. Lyrics about getting pissed, having a laugh (*Happiness Is A Loan*) and football (*The Spirit Of Bobby Moore*) proving that there is more to skinhead than Nazi boneheads and glue bags. True skinheads are too sussed for that shit.

Helen Of Oi Records is dedicated to releasing street punk records at a time when the major labels ignore their existence. To quote Bob, the label founder "If we can keep the labels and everything else that's part of the scene run by people with an interest and love of punk we can't fail".

The Fat Dead Nazi

## WIRE Pink Flag/Chairs Missing/154

(EMI)

These three brilliant albums are now available on C.D. and they belong in your collection. Let me try and persuade you why. *Pink Flag* (1977) contains every permutation of the 3 chord trick known to man plus a few that aren't. It is by turns intense, funny, carousing, intelligent and stooped (plus approximately 23 other superlatives that I haven't got the space to list). Listen to *Lowdown*, listen to *Ex Lion Tamer*, listen to *Surgeons Girl*, listen to me, this is an evil debut album which has within its heart the promise of future brilliance. With *Chairs Missing* (1978) the flower unfolds and brilliance hits like an oncoming train. The constraints of punk are severed. Wire change the rules, it's an album suffused with surreal lyrics, a seemingly bottomless pit of inventive riffs and hocks; witness *Heartbeat*, *Outdoor*

*Miner*, *I Am The Fly* and *French Film Blurred*...classics all.

Three albums into their career with *154* (1979) they maintain the quality control: they jettison the chaff, streamline their sound, pin it down and squeeze out moments of pure pop genius. The sheer beauty of *Map Ref 41°N 93°W* and the icy perfection of *I Should Have Known Better* encapsulate perfectly the mood of the whole album which remains the pinnacle of their collective creativity. After *154* the flame flickered, the band began to pursue solo projects, (Colin Newman in particular remains consistently intriguing). But never again matched the inventiveness and originality of these their first 3 albums. All 3 CD's come with bonus tracks, making a grand total of 59 ditties, not one of which is filler. What other bands could boast that? Wire, Isalute you.

John.W.Haylock

## CREAMING JESUS Hamburg

EP (Jungle Records)

4 tracks, two from the *Chaos For The Converted* EP and this is a lot more punk than I expected. *Hamburg* is about walking the Reeperbahn with a hangover in search of drugs. The best track *Cable Land* includes an out-take from the Clash's *Safe European Home*.



## MADBALL Get It Off

LP (Roadrunner)

Quote from the band: "So many bands have been influenced by hardcore, but the music never seems to get its due. Anthrax started running around using the word 'rush' and got paid, meanwhile the scene that they stole it from always struggled; people should do their homework and check out the roots. We want to keep the style true." Fucking right. Including 3 ex-members of Agnostic Front, Madball kick in the walls of sterile metal. This is what hardcore should sound like loud, angry and pissed. *Get It Off* is a scream of fury in a world that doesn't care.

## ENGLISH DOGS Bow To None

LP (Impact)

"Like the rebel on the cover, we must never submit to those who seek to oppress us!" — B.Hoofar.

Grantham's answer to GBH are back. After years of trying to be a serious metal band English Dogs return home, drag Wakey out of his caravan and back into the studio. This is great, back to basics punk including new versions of *Psycho Killer*, *The Fall Of Max* and *Left Me For Dead*, as well as a new set of classics *The Hanging Wanker*, *Criminal Juvenile* and *Barnaby Hoofar*. My only question after hearing *Balloon* is : what the fuck are they on? Welcome back.

## OFFSPRING Smash

(Epitaph)

A new dose of melodic punk rock from California. 14 tracks of stop-go catchy hardcore, highlights being *Nitro* and *Come Out And Play* (about lads taking guns into the classroom). The Digidits cover, *Killboy* *Powerhead* would get a dead man dancing. Yet more shit-hot punk.

## RANCID Let's Go

LP (Epitaph)

Ex-Filth and Opp Ivy members come up with drunken ska punk of the best kind. 23 tracks of jerky stop-go hardcore with bouncing ska breaks. *The Ballad Of Jimmy And Johnny* expresses the problems of ska punk — "*Jimmy listens to ska/ Johnny listens to Last Resort*". Too busy fighting amongst ourselves, punk and ska do mix well, check out the Mighty Mighty Bosstones. Play this disc at any party, it goes well with beer and cider. Punk for the '90's.

## MACHINE HEAD Burn My Eyes

(Roadrunner)

Machine Head from Oakland, CA. are a mix of Sepultura and Discharge. Angry, violent, emotion filled blasts of pure power, this is far better than most of MTV so-called metal and probably won't make it outside of the thrash core ghetto. *Death Church* sounds like The Varukers, so I like it.

## THE EYE CAMERA Deathrow Tales

A collaboration between a German film-maker and a London born musician to give the listeners the feeling they are caught in a 'high tech film noir dream escape' may raise a few eyebrows, but listening reveals a pretty ordinary record. Rock based music (the type your dad listens to) with the tendency for self-indulgent fret-wanking ruin some of the tracks. But this does not mask the fact these guys are competent musos with attitude. Scardinelli is not afraid to push the camera in the face of contentious issues, his dissection of New York's homeless problem hits the mark on *Why*. The way he attempts to sonically describe the seedier side of life in the electric city works well and live shows would probably be a treat. Synth work enhances the moody feel. A potential classic if you forget the dodgy tracks.

Monty





**BOOTSY COLLINS** (photo: Diem Jones) & **THE NEW RUBBERBAND** *Blasters Of The Universe* (Rykodisc)

An all new mid-price double set from a man whose place in legend is assured and on going, *Blasters* is exactly what you'd expect and desire from this neck of the woods. It beams in from a world of it's own in over a hundred minutes of tried and tested, no-nonsense, satisfaction guaranteed funk. From the first track onwards, you see exactly where Prince's best ideas came from, and anyone considering buying his latest would do well to give this houserom instead.

Wayne Burrows

**GUIDED BY VOICES** *Bee Thousand* (Matador) Kicking off with one of the most bizarrely endearing lines "Sitting out on your house watching hardcore UFOs", *Bee Thousand* is the voice of the off-kilter to say the least. Guided By Voices are in fact a bunch of 30-something schoolteachers (and to think the most radical of my teachers was into Springsteen) from Dayton, Ohio better known as home to The Breeders. There is the odd similarity between the two, most notably the ability to marry the obtuse to the melodic but GBV are more extreme and more (the Americans would say) out there. On *Smothered In Hugs* and *Mincer Ray* the expression 'lost the plot' springs to mind, but mostly it's an album of quirky moments of exasperation. Not an essential document but without doubt an intriguing outing.

Dave Ellyatt

### ANIMALS THAT SWIM

Big swirly guitar riffs, Beatles/Lightning Seeds melodies and déjà vu vocals in the style of Jarvis Cocker/Marc Almond create a pleasant listen. The lyrics are witty, which separate this band from a lot of indie trash around at the moment. They can play and the album is well produced. Stu thinks the second track is a happy/sad song. *Animals That Swim* are on the map.

Monty

### CORROSION OF CONFORMITY

*Deliverance* (Epic) If you like Black Sabbath you'll love this, the vocals on a few of these tracks sound like Phil Lynott. The press release describes them as "Kings of punk/metal cross over"; on repeated listening I can find precious little punk and a shit load of metal. If you are interested in such things (I'm not) it was like a trip down memory lane: pure mid 70's bollocks, the very reason punk happened in the first place.

### PEACE LOVE AND PITBULLS

*Red Sonic Underwear* (Play It Again Sam) Completely in your face, hardcore industrial thrash from Denmark. This stuff rages big time. *Warsaw* is the outstanding track sounding like Sepultura with chainsaws instead of guitars. Layer upon layer of powerful slam-dancing chaotic mayhem. I can't praise this enough. Not for the faint hearted.

### SPACESTREAKINGS

*7-Toku* (Skin Graft Records) Recorded by Steve Albini in Japan this is a weird mish mash of influences. The backbone of this band is Captain Insect who's rapid fire programming produces a razor sharp synth attack. This is what happens when a generation of computer fiends are left to play in a studio. Basically the lunatics have taken over the asylum. The songs are all Japanese, translated hilariously into English—I mean *Surf On The 7th Beat* and *Norzue Thriller Car* for fuck's sake. Great packaging as well. Go on, take a chance on summat different.

### LUNGFISH *Pass And Stow* (Dischord)

Produced by Fugazi's Ian Mackaye this is what I suppose must be considered a standard Dischord release these days (I prefer the glory days of Minor Thread and Teen Idles; why do punk bands seem to mellow out the older they get?). Anyway this is a swirling maelstrom of post punk sensibilities. It only really came alive on *Computer*, the 6th track, but repeated listenings found me enjoying it more and more. I don't know where Lungfish are coming from or even where they are going. All I know is "If momentum is your pleasure....take me to your leader." Idiot vehicle.

### NO FX *Punk In Drublic* (Epitaph)

Love 'em or hate 'em NO FX are going to be huge. They've been around for years and deserve the success they are now getting. An Indie release (Epitaph is the label of Brett Lober ex- Bad Religion—the one with integrity) *Punk In Drublic* is seventeen tracks of high energy multi-layered punk rock. The lyrics are hilarious "Don't wanna chill, don't wanna sit/don't wanna hear no hippy shit." —Jeff Wears Birkenstocks? "He'll puke on you, he'll fuck your mom, he'll smoke while huffing gas....hell, he was even more punk than me." —Punk Guy ('cos he does punk things). The outstanding track for me has to be *The Brews* a song about the "Fairfax ghetto boys, skinheaded Jews" with the chorus "We're the Brews, sporting anti-swastika tattoos/oi oi we're the Brews, Orthodox, Hassidic, O.G. Ois". All in all the best disc of the month and certainly the one I would play to someone just getting into the scene.

The Fat Dead Nazi



**RIMITTI Sidi Mansour** (Absolute/Silences)

Cor that's a winner—stick some septuagenarian slapper from Algeria with some Western wizardry and that'll fool the coffee disc cognoscenti, wonnit? How delicious to be foolish. The french Silences label has earned respect in musical genre-bending circles for their output of (relatively) unusual eclecticism, generally in the avant world jazz sector, and mostly of very high quality. This particular item of Gallic gastronomie finds its ingredients from even further afield than usual adding Frippertronics and Chilli Flea into a rich Californian sauce. The rub here is that one wonders what these tracks sounded like at the studio in Paris when the Algerian musicians drummed and thrummed their slinky grooves around the forceful yet controlled singing of Rai veteran Rimitti, who's been at it since the thirties and seems to have got the hang of it. The addition of rock instrumentation over in L.A. gets heavy-handed at times, no blame to Flea nor especially to Fripp who flips some lovely angles, rather blame the boffs with the digital stuff. Kraut globe-trotting roots collaborators Dissidenten have encountered similar marital difficulties, though assimilating and steeping in the culture they draw from lends their music a rites of passage quality which softens the culture collision. Although not as jarring as seventies rock classical outings, it seems that there needs to be some kind of musical intermediary between its organic pulse and its quantised counterpart, a missing link hinted at by the likes of Jah Wobble and Suns Of Arqa. Actually, if you ignore the cheesy synths this is a great record; to fully appreciate the main course, hold the sauce.

Christy O'Neil

### CREAMING JESUS

*Chaos For The Converted* (Jungle) *Chaos For The Converted* is Creaming Jesus' third album and this time they've roped in Dave Fridmann of Mercury Rev fame to twiddle the knobs (or perhaps in this case to twiddle the twiddle). Chaos is a messy morass midway between the deliberate overwrought bleakness of goth and the black heart of industrial noise. Yet again my argument that industrial is the new goth seems valid: Ministry, the new Sisters and Nine Inch Nails, The Mission, Bauhaus finding no comparison largely because nobody has got cheekbones akin to Pete Murphy.

Anyway I digress, back to the task in hand. Chaos just seems to be trying too hard to shock and intimidate and I'm sorry but any record that includes songs entitled *Transcendental Maggot* or *Celebrity Cannibalism* is more likely to end up in the comedy section than the horror classics. Unfortunately it's not even that funny.

### SKY CRIES MARY

*This Timeless Turning* (World Domination) This Sky Cries Mary's second album is something of a marriage between three decades; the artschool rock of the 70's, the bleak mystique of 80's goth and the sonic exploration of 90's ambience. It all blends in to create a superbly intoxicating heady brew, à la *Vuh* or a superfluous exercise in pretentiousness, most notably the single *Every Iceberg Is Afire*. Sky Cries Mary seem to be at their most potent when they push themselves to the limit. At the extremes of psychedelia such as *Stretched*, the intensity truly bleeds. The truth of the matter is that *This Timeless Turning* is the chronicle of an acid imagination, with each track being a trip, and as we all know you get good trips and bad trips.

Dave Ellyatt

### STABBING WESTWARD *Ungod*

They hail from Chicago, have toured with Therapy?, Front 242 and Primal Scream, reputed to be a gas live, this is their new offering, produced by one John Fryer who amongst other things has done knob twiddling duties with the much lauded Nine Inch Nails. Comparisons with Trent's stuff are not entirely unfounded, they do have certain similar elements, hard beats and relentless riffing to name but two. But the Stabbers do possess a certain indefinable something that separates them from the rest of the pack; perhaps it's their penchant for creating a mood (albeit a threatening one) and an ear for a good melody. Whatever it is the results make for compelling listening. Do yourselves a favour, get down to your local Mr. Branson shop and ask them to play you *Control*, *Nothing* or the title track *Ungod* on their infamous listening posts I think you'll like what you hear.

John W. Haylock

### XYMOX *Headclouds* (Zok)

Not strictly techno, and I ain't complaining, it includes a version of Wild Is The Wind which made me think: If David Bowie hadn't tried to hang on to his lost talent, not aberrated with Tin Machine, and kept up with the technotrend, he could be making music like this. Yet less than a year after the Bowie Tribute at the Filly & Firkin, when Wholesome Fish stopped the show (which made a change from the management doing it) with their incredible ska version ("Ska? We thought it was reggae...must've played it too fast."), here is the techno version. But I digress, and any road up me duck, who better than (Clan Of) Xymox, with their gothechno bastard offspring of New Romantics meet Ravers, 80's synth pop meets 90's midi-oriented cyberspaced out underground. (Actually it's not underground in Nottingham it's fucking everywhere as is Goth so tell Selectadisc to order an extra pint). Also there are vocals and vocal samples, including Patrick Magoohan as *The Prisoner* (guess which famous statement). It's like two timelines have collided except for the outstanding January which is a soaring piece of experimental music. This record has far more texture than your average 12" of jockeyfodder, and there's also an extra disc with a total trance out Club Mix of *Spiritual High* (plus two cheesy retro flipmixes). So not wishing to start a trend, or change editorial policy even, but 9/10.

Christine Chapel

### STRANGELOVE

*Time For The Rest Of Your Life* (Food) Yeeehaaaah! Let's hear it for the return of the double vinyl album, stunning guitar-driven songwriting and the strange world of Strangelove. I delved in randomly at Side Three. It opens with the punchy *The Return Of The Real Me* and then swoops down into *All Because Of You*, picked out on golden acoustic strings. The rumbling intensity of *Fire* (*Show Me Light*) that follows just begins to show you the mark of this outfit, driven by a restless vision. By the time the swirling *Hopeful* signals the end of the side, you've guessed that every track on this outing is going to be an ear-grabber, and so it proves with the mighty closer *Is There A Place?* getting top marks. So at this point you just jumble the discs, and flip them over again, and again...

### A.R. KANE *New Clear Child* (3rd Stone)

Already glorified in certain other journals, *New Clear Child* is the third album by this project, and is certainly a damn cool listen. Arty without being self-conscious, this is breezy, dreamy pop with an unintrusive sense of shuffling rhythm and cautious instrumentation. Lyrically sensual references to "sugar calm and silver blisses" and "soft, silvery-feathered kisses" abound, to create the sensation that you really ought to be getting into a bit of fecundity whilst listening to this record. Each piece drips with sunny invention — rather like Bark Psychosis greeting The Beach Boys — and it's no surprise to see David Byrne (who instigated the album's production) among the credits. Their talent is obviously inviting good company, so come and dive in — the water feels just fine, man.

Gareth Thomson

# dubTRANbience

Zooming to the top of the the pile this month comes Nova Mute's greatest asset **Plastikman**, who at last unleashes *Plastique*, a mind bending electro throbbled acid slider, backed with *Freek* a voodoo chicken funk'd tribal groove, and *Ethnik* without one single obvious sample. From these early examples November's *Musik* LP will be must. From the outer reaches of Planet Plastik to the accessible Planet Dog. *Feed Your Head II* continues the crusty rock trance formula with ethnic samples and shifting resonance, completing the picture. Everything fits just as you'd expect, with the exception of **Opik** whose *Travelling Without Moving* goes the distance into slightly new ground, supplying the pedigree... Feed Your Dog!! Orbiting light years away is *Electronic Dub* (Rising High) coupling **New London School Of Electronics** and **Air Liquide** for a deep forage through analogue's past. The beautiful and engulfing moods swing via I.f.o. pulses to Detroit's past, making this one of the electronic albums of '94. **Air Liquide** separately released the *Space Brothers* EP (Rising High) a techno/hip hop/trance combination with Mary's new age San Fran ramblings on the *Twice Zero is Zero* and blowing space bubbles on the superb *Imago II*.

*The Dope* EP by **Positive Science** (Asension) is truly smoking with the weed stomping *Swamp*, throbbing nicely above and below the furry bits. They also re-appear remixing **Caspar Pound's House**, along with **Hardfloor**, who mix a 303-less skip groove. Also on Asension, **OBX** return with *It's All We Know* (*Tripping on Air*) yet again mixed by the inexhaustible **Positive Science!** I've missed the deep tones of Plink Plonk for a while but their return is heralded by the insistent depth of the **Auranaut** with *Interactive*. Mixed as usual in true technical Plink Plonk style. Expect great things to come from their new sub-label Electro Audio Response promising a wealth of innovative harder edged european techno... more as it happens. **Szygy** unfold their *Morphic Resonance* LP shaping electro-ambience in a future old world style, explaining the origins of collective world consciousness for off world couch heads. Harder stuff comes from their *Omnitude* EP. A trans-eastern expressway headed for the smouldering *Jericho* via the throb of *Osiris* and the kling klang of *Omnitude*. Red Red Groovy get a citric cluck funk groove by **The Hypnotist** that's climactic with no short cuts, fusing acidic chickenfeed splashes with solid beats on *Another Kind of Find*. Yesteryear's **Beatmasters** remix *Erasure* into a deep house dub duo on *I Love Saturday* (Mute).

**MLO** release *Winborne* (Rising High) remixed diversely by the likes of **Wagon Christ**, **Space Time Continuum**, **Star Fungus** and new boy, 16 year old **Daniel Pemberton**. **MLO's** mix slinks breathlessly into intensified undulating trance for an Odyssey voyage into space. **Wagon Christ's At Atmos** EP fuses his familiar futureretro funk, somewhere between hi-tech and geeky restaurant music, and as usual taking a path away from the herd.

The deepening depths of ambience continue with the excellent **Sine Lab** whose *Aucassan* and *Papoose* exude an ethereal beauty, injecting an unusual intimacy beyond the ambient genre. An album is due for release on Downwards later in the year. Don't miss it. Last but not least, Germany's Superstition label hooks up with Rising High for the release of Europe's current trance anthem **Basic Gravity's Rajah**. Whirlwind rhythms and a stonking fat bassline makes for a truly irresistible groove.

Dael

### FIVE SONGS SUNG BY FOUR VOICES

The fifth song taking the form of a combined quartet of the previous four individual voices. For far 5: East Fate 4. Still with us? Edward Barton, self-proclaimed bard of the North West, T-shirt tycoon and the moving player behind Opus III is once again responsible for this infectious a capella project. Barber shop style this is not, more of a half completed exercise in beautiful songwriting, giving the lead for any budding bedroom DJs to complete the performance with a similar treatment to that given to *Tom's Diner* by D.N.A. Before the harmonies of "plagiarism!" are hastily arranged, fear not as Mr. Barton even suggests on the sleeve notes possible BsPM for each track. Titles such as *Searching*, *Everything Will Be Perfect* and *Welcome To The Garden* indicate the general theme for the EP — a quest for a personal utopia, which, in their present mode, all five tracks easily achieve. But I have my reservations once the inevitable backbeats are introduced by some young oik wearing a hooded top. Leave well alone!

### THE SABRES OF PARADISE

*Wilmot II* (Warp) To simultaneously release Andy Weatherall's dub drenched reworking of the original Wilmot on the same day has removed the instant appeal that the Wilmot concept has provoked; Weatherall's interference with the hook line, relegating it to a division below the dub, leaves Wilmot II losing the Sabre's original infectious message in this dub translation. The whole purpose of releasing different mixes is to sustain an interest in a dated track, but first you need to sell the original— unless you're a postmodernist that is. Weatherall however does disprove traditional dub theory, namely that dub always sounds shit hard when you're under the influence and feeling it through a sound system, but you never find yourself whistling and remembering it whilst delivering the milk. The total ambience of Wilmot's last skank on side B does all of the above, multiplied to the effect of ten times more, yet still manages to somehow succeed where the dub fails.

Tricky Skills Jase

### THE BIG EYE *The Enormous Silence Of Beech Trees* (Hydrogen Dukebox)

Machino weirdos Big Eye are back from wherever to join the dukebox stable with a stormer, more dub than trance, and that all encompassing feeling that there's something out there in the woods.

### LION ROCK *The Guide / Don't Die Foolish* (deconstruction)

"All distortion is intentional," proclaims Justin on the label with Discordian sloganeering mystique. But then this is a "dubplate". What that means these days I dunno, and King Cundy would refute it entirely, but he's apparently taken a leaf from the dubtrantient book of machino weirdos and it also causes me to think how much we still owe to the BBC Radiophonic Workshop, because Dr. Who (for it is he) attempts to bring the TARDIS through cyberspace. Top sonic warble.

### FKW *Laura Palmer's Theme (Twin Peaks)* (PWL)

A once beautiful theme now given the disco treatment for the sake of Toyota tellyselly time, thus losing all its sweet melancholy. Pointless, although it's a damn sight better than a lot of other technification, and anyway: X Files! X Files!

### HED *Reigndance* EP (Ultimate)

Debut from London trance dance trio takes a while to really get going but once it does there's no stopping the wild galloping rhythm (Neil Sparkes of Transglobal Underground), relentless dub bass, and spacey vocals from Kerry Mason. Non-purist, there's even some guitar on it. Remixers also make their debuts, namely Children Of The Bong and DJ Monkey Pilot & Saracen.

Christine Chapel

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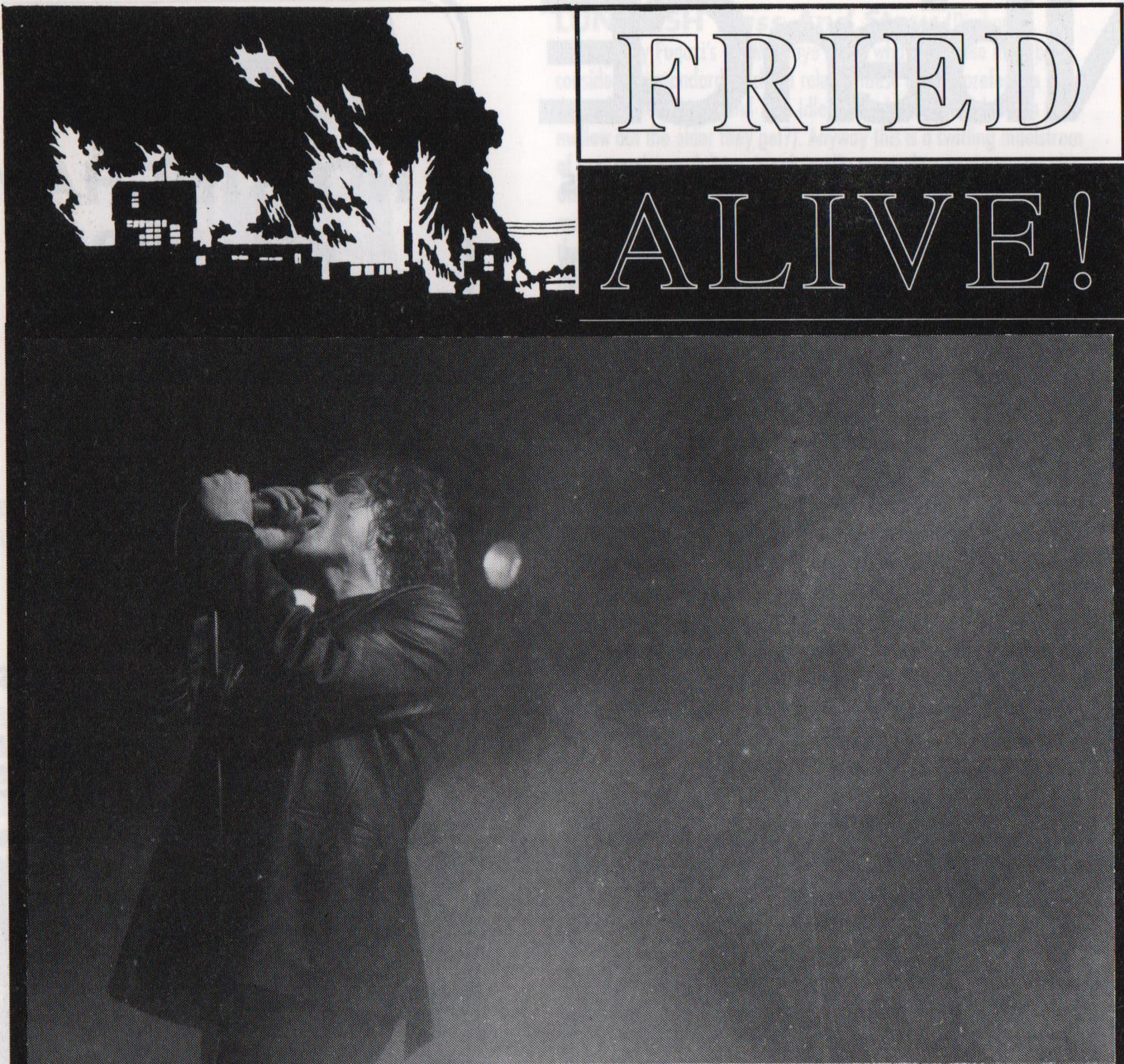
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Weird Scenes inside Rock City

photo: Chris Olley

## THE AUSTRALIAN DOORS Nottingham Rock City

"We want Jim! We want Jim!" On to the stage comes "Jim", leather clad, looking sharp, slightly wasted, no beard, not dead, not Morrison. But who cares? The Fat Junkie is dead, true sailing is dead but the music ain't over so don't turn out the light there's a million people out there who weren't even born when the Lizard King did his thing, they weren't even alive (she cried) when he crawled into the bath and died, but don't they love him madly anyway? Strange days these; four Australians recreate the sound and experience of a Doors concert with American accent and biography dialogue: "Hey, there ain't nothing better than a New York joint!" The question is: Are they any good. Fact is we don't know if they're any better or worse than the originals, we just close our eyes and hear the records..loud. What is happening on stage looks close enough, I guess. The real truth is that the words of Jim Morrison and the music of the Doors have remained a part of pop and youth culture because of it's rebellious and candid lyrics which question the validity and guide-lines given to us by our parents, religion, government and media, combined with the dynamics of good pop tunes. They continue to appeal to that part of a disenchanted generation which feels the need to stick two fingers up to authority. This is what makes the Doors' music so enduring. Can I hear my children shouting "We want Kurt!" ? Perhaps not. The message of the Doors was presented through the persona of Jim Morrison, to a generation of young people crying out for change. Although Morrison was self-destructive, he seemed happy in his own destruction and managed with ease to jump off the gravy train and leave the record industry to move to Paris and write poetry. Cobain on the other hand let himself become the leader of Grunge, and Grunge had become a music and fashion industry whose original message had been turned from rebellious guitar-rock into a consumer product left dead on a generation of slackers who couldn't be bothered to change anything. Will our children's generation be happy with that? I hope not. Oh show me the way to the next whisky bar.....Yours Alan Partridge

Roger Cloth

## WHOLE SOME FISH

### Nottingham The Running Horse

There's always something a bit disconcerting about arriving at a gig just as someone lurches through the door, vomits buckets, and lurches back into the boozier...and it was only the sound-check. A heaving mass of humanity vied for position and comfort—after all they were the band. The beer flowed as assorted losers, misfits and reprobates filled the pub. A smattering of dogless rope heads, the odd fading punk, an assortment of affable hippies and folkies—oh, and the drunken businessmen in the corner. This had all the makings of an above average Runner gig. The band kick off with what sounds like a sea shanty followed by a few reels; people were up and dancing (which in the Runner seems to consist of a few uncoordinated heel-toe taps, spinning around a few times, waving your hands in the air like a windmill in a hurricane and staggering back to the bar trying to ignore all the people whose pints you have spilt). The Fish varied between Rock, Folk, Irish and more sea shanties, even doing what sounded suspiciously like *White Riot*—Cajun style. Even a fat fool like myself attempted a devastating broken bulldozer dance, but people were laughing so who cares. The audience hung on to the rollercoaster as the Fish had stolen the brakes. A french café version of *Anarchy In The U.K.* ended the gig awash in a sea of beer and bodily fluids. What a stormer.

The Fat Dead Nazi

# FRIED ALIVE!

## BLINK London The Borderline

The fact that the lead guitarist wore a T-shirt emblazoned with the words "Young and trigger happy" said it all. Blink are indeed a young, precocious bunch. An energetic foursome (lead guitar, bass, drums and keyboards) who supply bags of effort, some reasonable indie beat-filled melodies, and plenty of songs to get your teeth into, even though the songs themselves haven't been developed much beyond an initial idea. Best of the bunch are current single *Cello*, rousing finisher *This Is Not My Fault* and the slow number *Precious*, introduced sardonically with the warning "If anyone gets out their lighters and waves it above the head during this one, we'll meet you on the corner afterwards and kick your head in!" Plus points for not giving an encore (leave the kids wanting more), minuses for occasionally sounding like the Milltown Brothers, there was promise shown here even if they're probably well aware that they've got a long way to go yet.

Matt Arnoldi

## THESE ANIMAL MEN

### Leicester The Charlotte

Not so much as a concert, more of a reunion atmosphere; you enter the school playground, circa the Summer of 1979. Nottingham Forest have just embarrassed the whole of Europe, claiming the European Cup at their first attempt and you swap Football '79 stickers with your mates, all cloned out in 70's Adidas tracksuits. Let's do the time warp again. The team make an appearance on the Council House balcony. Yet more Adidas tops, but our heroes are able to flaunt their clothing with so much more style than their mere followers. But wait, a dirty guitar chord echoes around you and only then do you realise that These Animal Men may give the impression of a 70's football team, but Kenny Burns, Larry Lloyd, John Robertson et al they most certainly are not. The youngsters have quickly learnt all the old tricks, knowing exactly how to act like major pop stars almost overnight. In particular the much used Transfixed Goldfish Stare (which Ronnie Wood is still trying to master) is carried out to perfection by all four band members giving the impression of a state of perpetual orgasm. Let me on that stage. TAM have been unfairly compared with the D.I.Y. punk scene, rejoicing in the values of getting off your arse and having a go, irrespective. But they are in no need for any irrespective clause in which to fall back on. The pace of the set combined with the feeling of absolute uncertainty as to what might develop reminded me of watching the early Manics when they were still Generation Terrorists. Yet TAM somehow manage to evoke the destructive spirit of Richey Manic, prior to the attack of his inner demons. Yeah, *The Kids Are Alright*, *Away From The Numbers*; (*This Is*) *The Sound Of The Youth* however will constantly be in need of an update and TAM have succeeded in completing the task for the current generation. This achievement may not seem that remarkable but when almost everybody else around them have been reduced to the destruction of techno, it is actually quite fresh to discover that the old can be made to sound like the new. In a word, T.A.M. are Poppers and hey, they have so much energy that they've pushed me to the cliché.

Tricky Skills Jase



## THESE TRANSFIXED GOLDFISH

photo: Pat Pope



## THE SANDALS / PRESSURE DROP / DANNY RED / MANASSEH SOUND SYSTEM Derby The Where House

Starting the show at 9.30 came Danny Red. Signed to Columbia records, this lot treat us to a blend of progressive ragga and dub, clearly saying something with a serious bass in yer face attitude. but the lacklustre audience were just not oiled well enough to get into the sound; or maybe it was the perpetual myth that the first band on MUST be crap which kept people hanging on to the bar. Either way the Danny Red gang were clearly frustrated, even trying a bit of storming jungle stylee sound and some punter participation..... Danny Red: "Derby, do you want some jungle out there?" Derby: " ". I guess Derby's still in the outback somewhere. Trying a new approach to bring us back in from the cold were Pressure Drop whose wise lead singer, upon appearing centre stage, proclaimed, "Move closer all you people at the bar; it'll still be there tomorrow but I won't." Nuff said. The audience shuffle up a bit and the band warm us with some nice 'n' traditional roots and reggae. Last time The Sandals visited The Wherehouse you couldn't move for Nike gazelles. Tonight we had the same mesmerising film loop backdrops, the same hypnotic feel, even the same material—all differently arranged and performed—but where were the cool and hip Acid jazz posse this time? Tucked up in bed with a Save The Seal Yearbook, no doubt. You see, despite the name, The Sandals are a mere shadow of their former desert-wellied selves. Gone are the sideboards and safari suits; here are the weird and wonderful purveyors of progressive jazzy, danceable dub. The potent mixture of synthesized and wind instruments, the use of three distinct vocalists and the madness in their faces made a set Paul McKenna would yearn for. Weird. By 1.30am, after a good hour and a half feast of sights and sounds, I was convinced The Sandals are going to save us from the boredom of dub and the cheesiness of handbag. However, live music is hard to come by at the moment, and even harder to win an enthusiastic audience compared to nightclubs—especially, it seems, in Nottingham. Even The Sandals were aware people had to travel twice to derby to see them, so with their goodbyes they promised to play in Nottingham. But where could they play with the same opening hours, prices and choice The Where House can offer?

Kellie C

## ULTRAVIOLENCE

### Nottingham Beatroot Club

A normal Monday night in Nottingham's historic Lace Market, all was calm and quiet. Suddenly a flock of pigeons sprang into the air. This is not right, there must be some major disturbance. It seemed to be emanating from the Beatroot club. As I got closer I soon became aware (painfully aware) that the sound was making window frames and masonry creak. I entered. The sound grew louder, more intense, was it a bulldozer? No. An earthquake? Possibly but probably not. I then chided myself, how could I have been so ignorant? Ultraviolence was playing, the man they call the hardcore motherfucker, sonic bastard. Any reasoning was bludgeoned from my skull. Knowing I could do nothing but twitch to the hardcore beat, I did. Zero melody, total blast bass, repetition to the point that you think you will never be released from the hard beat, until mercifully Johnny sends another shard of bass to his grateful Droogs. I placed my glass on the floor and watched the vibrations carry it from my reach. This was too much. He hurts with a sound. I mused at the crimes his mother must have perpetrated to be gifted a son such as he. The set died down and I made my way out, trudging clumsily through pigeon shit coated pathways.

Monty

photo: Andrea Lee



## GALLIANO

### Japan Fukuoka Crossing Hall

To see Galliano in (ahem) jazzin' Nippon was an exciting prospect - and the door tax was a snip at £35. The Japanese haven't quite managed to embrace (copy?) our house scene, due to a chronic lack of drugs. However, the Acid Jazz bandwagon burgeons forth — though getting Stoned Again costs £25 a gram. This event, I supposed, was going to be a big one.

Unfortunately, it was not one of those of which I shall reminisce in years to come. Fukuokan funksters refuse to get sweat on their ersatz 70's denim. They couldn't quite comprehend the actions of the few westerners present, who were freaking out for Queen and country. This shortfall in atmosphere was not helped by the confused tempo of the gig. Galliano should keep to playing a set of two halves: an initial mellow warm-up, then mad tunes for afters. Similarly, the changes of pace during *Prince Of Peace* resulted in carnage. So I got that ecstatic musical buzz during but a few fleeting moments, when I was expecting to OD for two hours. One wonders whether Fukuokans can ever get that feeling. More research needed, I think.

Neil Riley

## KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION

### London Astoria 2

It had been almost a year since KoD played London, so levels of anticipation were high. Not that it worried the Kitchens; steaming into opener *What Happens Now*, it was as if they'd never been away. *Drive That Fast* followed, and interweaved with oldies were promising newer songs from *Cowboys And Aliens*, which were decent enough on a first listen, with a real rebel-rauser of a song saved for the encore. Lush were there, as were old friends the Popinjays, and a good time was had by all. The only disappointment being that the time sped by and before you knew it, it was over. Such elegant guitar strumming and the honest thoughts of lead singer Patrick are always well worth going out of your way for; I wish they would tour more often.

Matt Arnoldi





What do you do when you've released your debut LP in early 1993 and it proved to be by far the best album released that year? When it was an album which re-defined hip-hop more than any other record of its generation? When it was a record which in just over 70 minutes offered as coherent and complete a microcosm of 90's America as has appeared in any medium? How do you follow it?

When the album in question is *Tricks Of The Shade*, you are **The Goats**, and the record only scratched the surface of your capabilities, what you do is release a second LP which attempts to break down a whole different set of barriers.

With *No Goats, No Glory* The Goats have lost Oatie (one of the three original rappers) and introduced their long standing live band. They have taken a whole new set of risks, and frequently go off the rails as a result. It is nowhere near as successful as *Tricks Of The Shade* — but then very little is — but is admirable because it is brave, adventurous and restless. Ask **Madd** (who along with the quietly brooding Swayzack fronts what is now an eight-piece band) how he sees *No Goats, No Glory* and you soon realise that you aren't involved in an interview. What you get from Madd is a near flow of consciousness — part monologue, part lecture, part thinking aloud....

So what is the difference between *Tricks Of The Shade* and *No Goats, No Glory*?

"This record is us as a band, as a unit, as a family — we wrote it together, did a little jazz on it, did a little rock on it, and we did some straight up hip hop on it — and if you want to look for another hip hop band that's out there doing that stuff there aren't too many; there's the Beastie Boys and the list ends right there. We didn't want to make a 'Tricks Of The Shade Part 2'. On this one we wrote about ourselves, what we do when we hang out, what pisses us off. With the first record we were taking on the responsibility of the world on our shoulder, to inform people, to be like an encyclopedia. This time we want you to put the thing on in your car and drive round and have a good time; it's a much more relaxed record. It's there for you to enjoy the music and the lyrics, more than 'I've got to think about the oppression of Native Americans while I'm listening to this'. Although we didn't think we were beating you over the head with it last time, we didn't want to be anywhere near it this time. When you open the new record you'll see that we have a list of organisations — numbers and addresses where you can call [sadly, all America — but you do discover the address of the White House in case you ever need it], and that's where our political thing went on this record."

See what I mean? Ask him about the first LP, why it was so sample-based when there was already a band in existence, and he's off again. "Tricks Of The Shade" is the way we wanted it at the time. We had all these [sample] loops, we looped ourselves, but when we played out, we wanted to do it as a band. We tried it three times with a DAT, no band, just to get the exposure and we hated it every time. That record is exactly how we wanted it to be, we wanted the beats, we wanted the sound of hip hop, so they tried to promote us as a hip hop group, but that's not us, we're a band, so we ended up playing to a rock audience. A real hip hop audience doesn't want to see a band — if there's a band, they're not gonna go. Rock audiences expect to jump up and down and that's kind of our vibe, y'know. Our vibe is a very energetic one, our music's hard — so that's the kind of people we fit to. I don't know why, I consider us to be a hip hop band. We do nothing but rap."

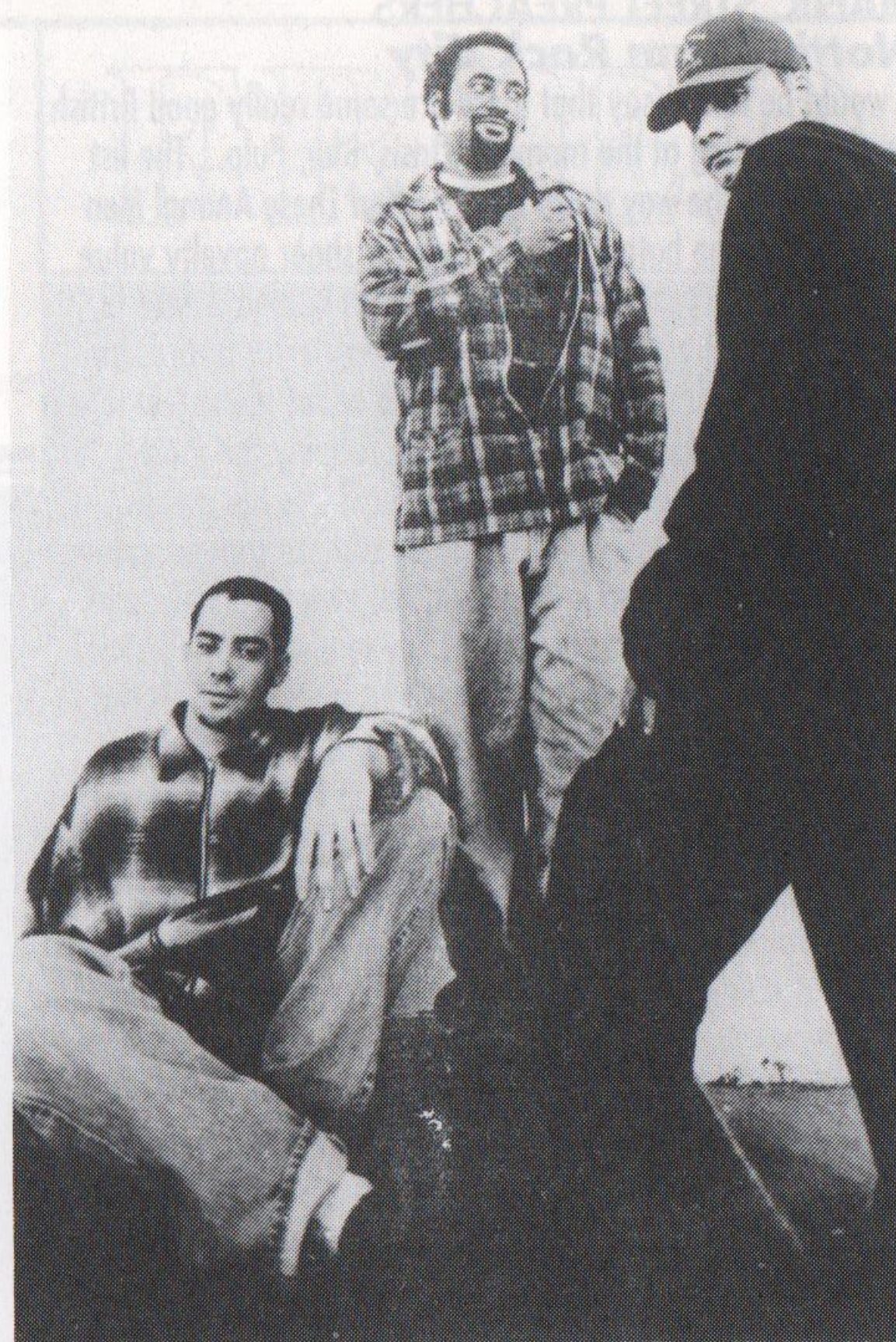
## the goats

But a large part of what you do lyrically seems to be against the grain of the accepted rap ethic. "We listen to a wide range of music, and when it comes to hip hop we listen to the hardcore stuff, but we don't like to rap about that — 2 Pac, you know? — because I don't believe in rapping about that stuff. I grew up in that kinda shit, but I don't see any need to glamourise it, cos that shit sucks. And not too many people who rap about it seem to tell you that it sucks. They seem to tell you how fat they are, and how glamorous it was, you know I had this many knives and I sold all these drugs. Sometimes they say 'times is hard, and I got to do this to survive', and then the next sentence, it's like, 'I busted him in the eye' or something stupid. So we try and stay away from all that, there's no reason to glamourise that at all."

But the new LP, doesn't entirely avoid politics, it just personalises it. "Yeah, it's more about us, we kinda stayed within ourselves on this one. When me and Swayzack wrote 'Mutiny', the original title was 'Mutiny On The BNP'. The whole song's about nazis, and they're made up stories, but they're based on us. It's a real angry track about going down to Mississippi and shooting nazis. I don't have a gun, but if I did, those are the only people I'd shoot — nazis and politicians."

And, just for a moment he pauses — long enough to remember that *Tricks Of The Shade* ends with the shooting of George Bush, before he's off again, covering his favourite Chicago house tunes, drugs, the Beastie Boys, English food, and all manner of unrepeatable gossip. Cynics would say that the change in direction that is *No Goats, No Glory* is a failed one, that The Goats are suffering from the departure of Oatie. Maybe they are, but when your debut is as complete as *Tricks Of The Shade* you have to follow it with something radically different. The Goats had the intelligence to realise this, it's an intelligence which is evident throughout *No Goats, No Glory* and it's an intelligence which means they will remain challenging and important for as long as they continue to make records.

Mark Spivey



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