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Vol. 5 # 1 April 1995 FREE



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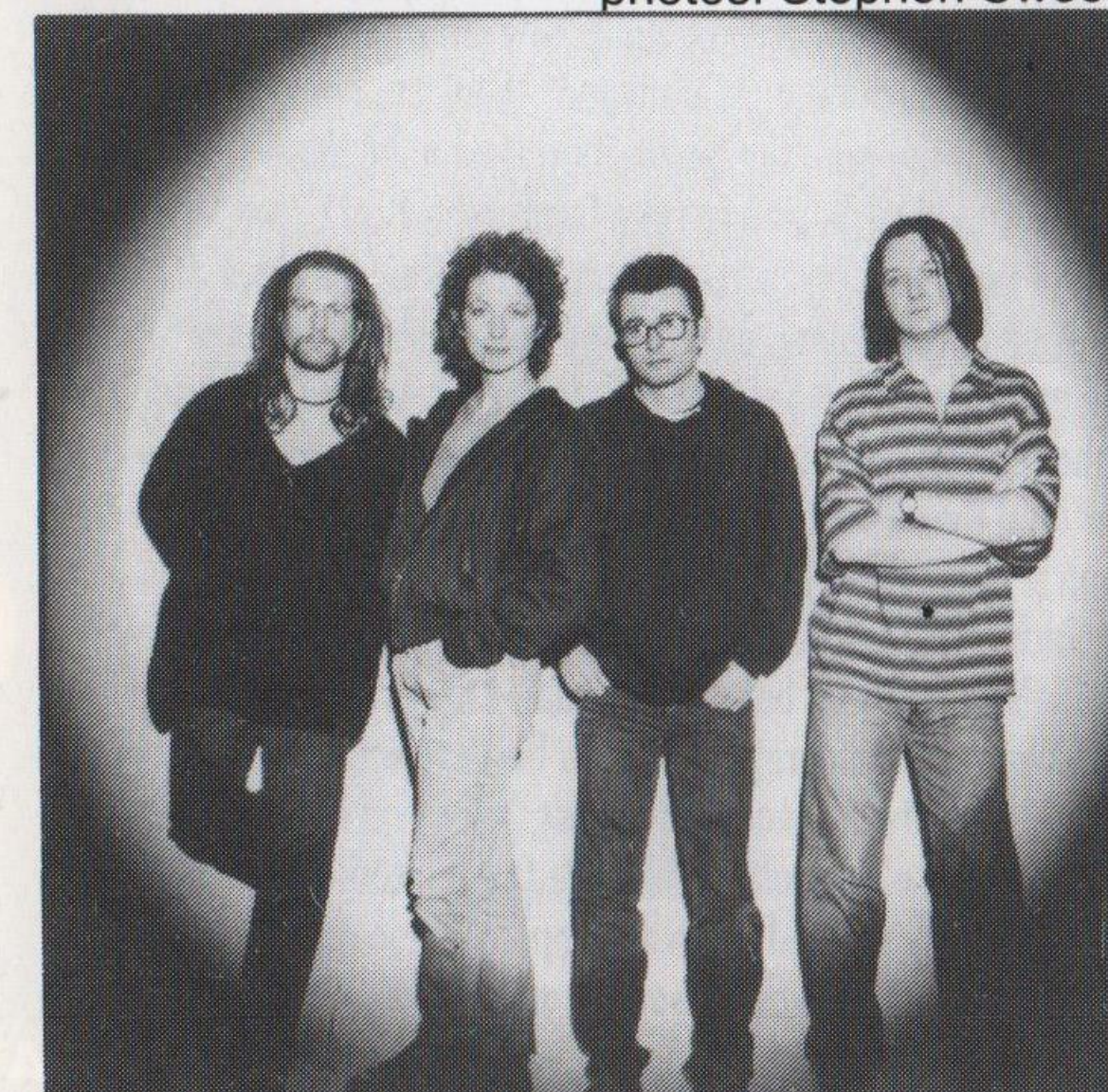
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firstofall:

cover: **State Of Grace**

photos: Stephen Sweet



It steam engines when it comes steam engine time. —Charles Fort

Following the release of their EP *Hello*, "a tremendous radio-friendly debut", ambient popsters **State Of Grace** are back from a national tour to promote their first release of a seven album deal with BMG (RCA). The album *Jamboreebop* is due at Easter. There's a single and album out in the States later in the year when they'll be "popping over for a few dates. We went to New York in June to meet RCA. It's taken this long to sign the deal," says drummer Tim, former member of the legendary **Bloody Lovely**. Tim also drums with **Skin Limit Show** who comprise other members of bands past and present including **Killing Floor**, **Pitch Shifter** and **Interference**. They unleash their visceral industrialised metal that would have Beavis clutching his crotch at Sam Fay's on Thurs. 13th April. Not for the faint-hearted, this gig kicks off a number of dates which will take the band to Germany in May, concluding with a mini album and cd single for Frontline Records. If your heart can handle that one, test it further on Thurs. April 27th when a cyberwar of monumental proportions (10k p.a.) is destined to give Sam Fay's its biggest rumble since the last train went over the viaduct. The evening's first protagonists **Interference** deliver programmed cybernoise terrorism brought to life through disturbing visual imagery. **Television Overdose** then enter the fracas, a sonic purveyor of nerve splicing hardbeat again with a four-TV screen white noise visual assault. If anyone's circuits are not sufficiently fried at this point, jack in to the Oliver Stone of techno, **Ultraviolence**, delivering Cantona-style break-beats like only **Johnny** "I'm not bothered about getting paid, I just want a big p.a." **Violent** can. Hence the ten kilowatts. Good job there are no neighbours.



Prior to then on Sat. April 8th **Code** (pic.) bring their more organic blend of made-for-stage atmospheric techno to The Skyy Club to help us celebrate **Overall's** 4th Birthday. Having just

released their first full length album *The Architect* through the most credible of techno labels Third Mind, **Code** can do no wrong. Pulsing instrumental masterpieces highlight **Code's** ability to manipulate moods in an unparalleled fashion. Expect an Out-Of-Body Experience. More ambient experimental music can be experienced at Bellamy's Bar on alternate Wednesdays when it is totally transformed for the *Eargasm 95* series. Opening your minds this month are **Nail**, **Tony Global** and **4'33"** (12th) and **Thrash** and **Kris Weston** (26th).

For those in the know, **Slamjamm** promise an evening of unique funky metal attitude (Sam Fay's, Thurs. 6th). Cited by Square Centre Studios as the best first demo ever produced there by a local act and already courting interest from majors, the Slamjamm explosion is imminent. Vile acoustic jazz trio **Shoddy Woddy** are finding new places for their distributor own brand concept of *Shod*. Now resident in the back room of Skyy Club on alternative [sic] Saturdays (see listings), they also appear at a special all-day event at Sam Fay's on Easter Bank Holiday Monday (17th) where they will magically shapeshift into **Excessaweew** for some less vile jazz. Entry will be free and the event will continue throughout the afternoon and evening with **The Shod Jocks Dave** and culminating in a **Wholesome Fish** hoedown until 11pm.

The first release of newly founded Nottingham label Cottage Industries is entitled *Man And Goat Alike* by **b.i.o.w.** On the subject of aural peccadillos, the band say: "...Hendrix ...Madonna ...computer games and new drugs.....all that's in us...". **b.i.o.w.** appear at The Where House in Derby on Tues. 11th.

Leicester's hard-gigging dub space rock outfit **Heliotrope** launch their new album *Green & Purple, Different But Equal* on their own Non Plussed Platypus label with a party at The Charlotte on April 23rd. Available for £4 from Ross Galbraith, 22 Halifax Drive, Leicester LE4 2GT.

Meanwhile BGR Records plan releases from Connecticut's **Brain Police**, Maryland's **Clutch** and **Leicester's** Tube Surfer. T:me recording is a comparatively established label. Their *em:t* series continues with a slice of time from the forthcoming compilation *emit 2295* entitled *in the extreme*. This time collaborates with author **Celia Green**, director of the Institute Of Psychophysical Research, author of a number of books concerning parapsychology and theoretical physics, most recently *Lucid Dreaming*. As well as this there are full-length albums out now from **Gas** and **Miasma**.

Do it Yourself artists' exhibition *Head Line* opened in Broad Street last month. Augmented by some slowspun grooves the 'gallery' had more of a party feel than an opening night. Indeed, there were so many people in attendance that it was difficult to view the exhibits, some of which were moved aside by visitors to make more room. This did not at all please the artists, one of whom could take the insults no more and resorted to a more physical expression of his talents. Meanwhile another visitor made the mistake of placing upon his head an elegant metal bowl resulting in his suddenly finding himself on his arse in the middle of Broad Street. Said one witness, "It was a blast!" Similar could be said of **Reef's** recent appearance at Rock City. With the indie kids already lined up three deep in front of the stage by 9pm it was obviously going to be a busy night. Obvious to everyone but The Manijment who omitted to erect the usual crash barrier. And sure enough half-way through the gig a young fan

was being crushed st the front so the security stepped in to help, only she refused to move away from her beloved Reef even if it did mean getting crushed. The gig was stopped but the kids refused to budge, chanting 'REEF! REEF! REEF!' as well as more specifically targeted oaths, allowing the venting of some long suppressed spleen from parts of the crowd. Incredibly The Manijment gave in and the gig continued. Another surprising evening. It also got a bit hairy at last month's *Eargasm* which proved to be a headache for the **Earache** posse. Spring fever, I assume.

More peacefully, in a vegetarian coffee shop style **The Alley Cafe** above Panface Records off Angel Row hosts among other musical sessions a weekly Wednesday afternoon in the company of **Deejay Ov Perpetual Enjoyment C.I.?** At *about 95bpm*, relax to all the finest hops like hip- and trip- and chill out world music. **D.O.P.E.** DJs also have a new weekly night called **Bonce** (a head of music) starting Tues. 4th at Beatroot, **C.I.?** and **Deep Joy** covering the dance music spectrum. **C.I.?** pops up again at Beatroot on Thurs. 20th with fellow **D.O.P.E.** DJs **Pablo** and **Jazz Spirit** along with the **Phat Plank** duo for the fifth in the *Loungin'* series of jazz, hip-hop, funk, latin and 'the rest'.

That medium sized venue that we all reckoned was lacking from the city has miraculously appeared in the shape of The Clinton Rooms, and a good shape it is too. It provides a new home for the **City & County Live** gigs as well as Derby's **Swamp Club** who plan to promote monthly Cajun events there, beginning with **R. Cajun & The Zydeco Brothers** (6th) and **Pierre Le Rue** (May 4th).

Merchants of mature man's pop **Sad** recently visited Bedford Irish Club for a gig with two local acts. The full line-up? **Sad**, **Hopeless** and **Grief**. Bet that was a jolly night.

MY DOG HAS NO NOES

Local canine celebrity **Sylie Dog** is aiming to stand for election in the forthcoming local council elections on May 4th, on a platform of free soft toilet rolls for the unwaged, dole for dogs, free tampons and contraceptives for all, Nottingham declaring itself an autonomous state and opting out of the C.J.A., grants for parties, and the muzzling of dignitaries who would be replaced by dognataries and dog lavatories. A party will take place at The Skyy Club on April 11th to raise money for the campaign, followed by an election Night special on May 4th. **Sylie Dog** will be available for photo oportunities.

Published by Paul Overall with assistance from Andrea, Scotty & The Fish, Monty, Hank Quinlan, Christy O'Neil and Dave (TFDN). Contributions from: Christine Chapel, John Haylock, Tricky Skills Jase, Steve Lawson, Matt Arnoldi, Dael, Dave King, Malcolm Lorimer, Mr. Jones, Gareth Thompson, Sarah Davies, Richard Chambers, Ewa Kowalski, Kellie C, Kath Bancroft, Milo F. Kelly, Christian Riley, Sid Abuse, Matt Burrows, Dave Ellyatt and Lucy Malpass.

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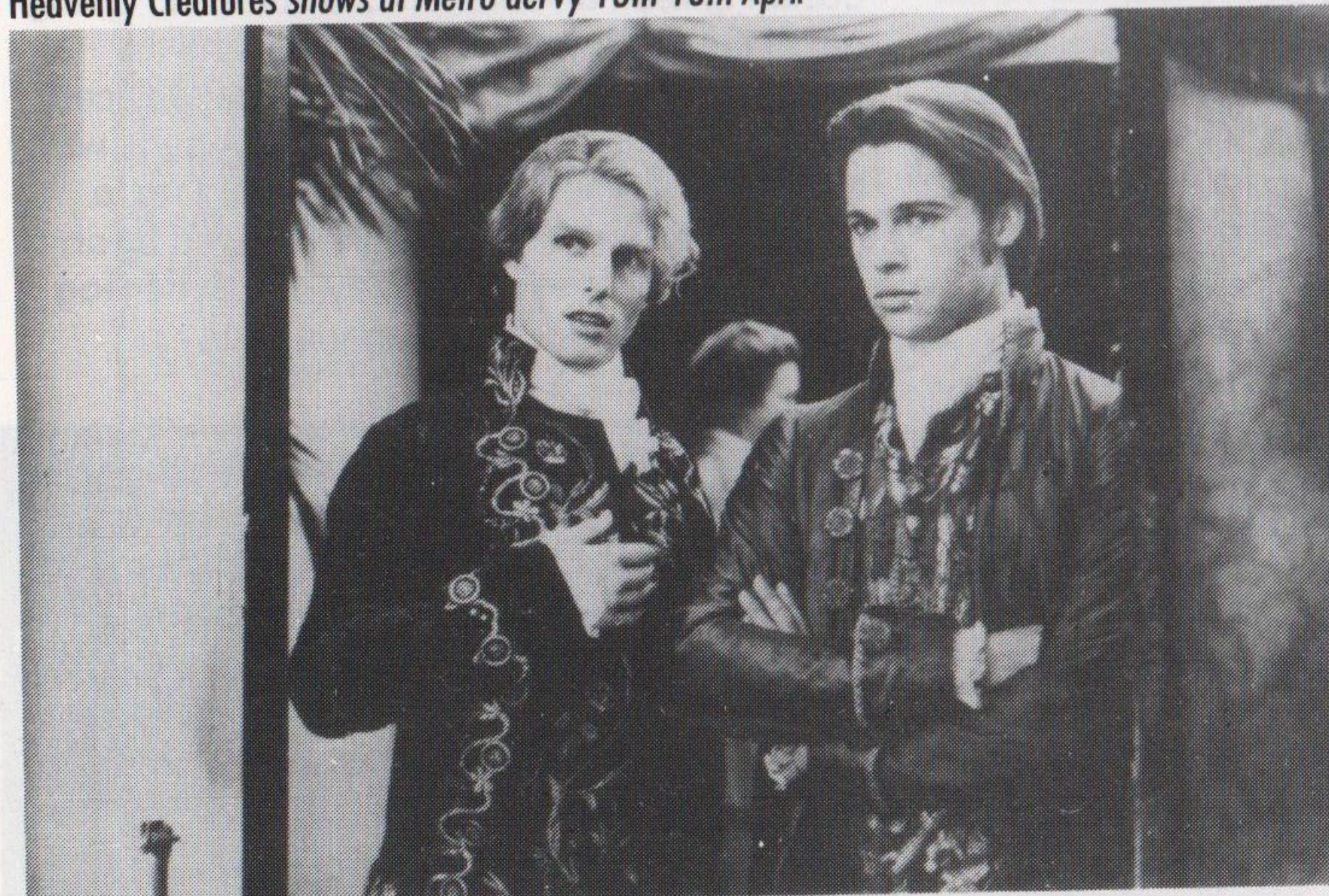
Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet

Heavenly Creatures creates the remarkable retelling of a New Zealand-based true story from the 50's about two teenage girls, Pauline Parker (Melanie Lynskey) and Juliet (Kate Winslet), who form a strong bond of friendship with each other and create a fantasy world of their own, the "4th Dimension", which is a metaphysical paradise called Borovnia where Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses act according to their wishes. They create an on-going, constantly evolving story which at times is vividly brought to life by director Peter 'Braindead' Jackson. The bond between them becomes all-consuming to the point where the girls become inseparable and feel that nothing else matters. This naturally alarms their parents who decide that they must separate the girls, because the friendship has become so intense they fear something unnatural must be going on. Pauline and Juliet though, have other ideas, and will stop at nothing, even murder, to preserve what they have. *Heavenly Creatures* is a wonderfully enchanting movie, sharply-paced, and well-edited. It is also bravely ambitious as a comedy with echoes of *Field Of Dreams* in its mixture of fantasy and reality, as well as being both chilling and disturbing, in a way that *Celia* was, in its unusual depiction of children who take matters to extremes. The ending is also strong and surprisingly hard-hitting after what has gone before. It is perhaps a minor blip that the film-makers chose to stop the film when they did. As it is, the two girls who are both still alive today, carry with them many secrets, even though it looks as if Peter Jackson and his team have done a tremendous job in bringing this magical film to the screen.

There are also some amazing special effects which are the product of Weta Ltd., one of the finest special effect teams down under and the beautiful performances at the heart of this film have not escaped the critics in the States, who are currently hailing Kate Winslet as the latest British treasure to follow the recent exploits of Hugh Grant and Ralph Fiennes. *Heavenly Creatures* is a truly memorable film which wowed audiences at last year's London and Venice Film Festivals.

Matt Arnoldi

Heavenly Creatures shows at Metro dervy 13th-16th April



INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE

Tom Cruise (Lestat) and Brad Pitt (Louis)

The much anticipated Neil Jordan (*The Crying Game*, *Mona Lisa*) film adaptation of Anne Rice's cult horror book is an entertaining if not remarkable piece of cinema. Sumptuous settings and assorted locations reveal the story of Louis (Brad Pitt), a reluctant, prissy vampire, retelling his two hundred year old life story to a zealous young journalist (Christian Slater). The story begins with Louis' seduction into the immortal world of bloodsuckers by the depraved vampire Lestat (Tom Cruise). Together they journey through the decades on a liquid lunch of Louisiana slave girls, affluent debutantes and small furry animals. Louis becomes a competent pyromaniac, and an unsavoury nuclear family is created when Lestat initiates Claudia (Kristin Dunst), a six year old Shirley Temple look-a-like, into their world of undead domesticity. Plenty of jugulars are gnawed and maidens ravished in this extremely visual production which which stays true to its original source but never quite captures its spirit. *Interview With The Vampire* makes an untaxing night out, but for the bloodthirsty among you the Mexican vampire film *Cronos* is a worthier option.

Sarah Davies

EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES

Dir. Gus Van Sant

Tom Robbins cult 70's novel gets the full Gus Van Sant treatment in this adaptation which finally makes it to the screen after being pulled back from distribution for re-editing. The slimmed down version (some thirty minutes have been cut) contains all the hallmarks of a Van Sant picture—creative narrative, impressive cinematography, cult figures such as William Burroughs and Robbins himself narrating—but is nowhere near as controlled or as skilfully stylish as drugstore Cowboy or *My Own Private Idaho*. The film follows the adventures of Sissy Hankshaw (Thurman) a former model for feminine hygiene ads. and "the best hitch-hiker in the world" thanks to her outsize thumbs. We are introduced to some weird, whacky and wonderful characters none more so than a New York debutante by the name of 'The Countess' (a wonderfully Camp John Hurt) upon whose advice she heads west to the Rubber Rose Ranch beauty retreat where where she finds love and revolution when it is taken over by a group of gun-toting, peyote-ingesting, Lesbian cowgirls. *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues* is a prime example of Van Sant's ability to rework gender and disability but whereas his exploration of these themes was bang up to date in *My Own Private Idaho*, they are left floundering here in the never never land that was the sixties. Not only that, but you are left with the feeling that he is not always in control of his material, for while the scenes in New York are handled with an assured ironic touch which confidently celebrates that which it sends up, as soon as the action moves to the ranch the whole thing falls flat, becoming muddled and ambiguous, leaving the audience confused. On the plus side the cinematography remains flawless and there are some nice comic touches, among them a wicked casualty of an advertisement shoot, and Lorraine Bracco's portrayal of Dolores, the peyote casualty to end all casualties. Both the Oregon countryside and Uma Thurman (who does what she can with the poorly scripted underdeveloped role of Sissy) look gorgeous throughout, and the film is accompanied by a clever soundtrack from K.D. Lang. Although by no means his best film to date, *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues* should delight all fans of Van Sant's work and is worth a look if only for Keanu Reeves cameo as a Native American Indian. Who said this man couldn't do comedy?

Kath Bancroft



PRIEST

An elderly Catholic priest wanders through the streets of Liverpool to deliver a five-foot wooden crucifix, ram-raid style, into the bay window of the chief Bishop's lair. This is the provocative start to *Priest*, directed by Antonia Bird and written by the author of *Cracker*, Jimmy McGovern. It's a light and dark tale which shouts its point of view on hypocrisy, inhumanity and faith, to name a few, loud and clear.

Father Greg (Linus Roache) is an idealistic and passionate young priest sent to work in Liverpool parish (previously resided by the now redundant ram-raider) alongside Father Mathew (Tom Wilkinson). Being a community spiritual leader is no easy task, especially when a teenage girl tells Greg in confession that she's being abused by her incestuous father. Greg is powerless to act, drops unsuccessful hints, and begins to question his own faith when he finds himself unable to denounce the child abuser under the secrecy of the confessional. To top all this Greg is a guilt-ridden homosexual, finding love and an answer to his growing loneliness in the arms of Graham (Robert Carlyle). *Priest* is a thoroughly enjoyable movie with some chilling moments and man recognisable faces. Watch out for grumpy Harry Cross.

Sarah Davies

S.F.W.

Or translated as "So Fucking What!" A US indie movie which tells the tale of three 20-somethings who are held hostage in a supermarket with several others who do not survive the ordeal. They do, and then they become media celebrities due to the extensive coverage of their actions on news media/US cable TV outlets nationwide across the states. The film has an admirable, punchy edge to it at the start and much of what it says about the media is strong, and leads to similarities with *Natural Born Killers*. It does outstay its welcome though, becoming decidedly tedious towards the end as it becomes more and more far-fetched. Directed by the promising Jefery Levy, with performances from Stephen Dorff and Reese Witherspoon, S.F.W. will arouse comment, but its title may be what audiences feel by the end.

Matt Arnoldi

S.F.W. shows at Broadway Nottingham until 6th April.

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Peter Cushing and Ingrid Pitt in *The Vampire Lovers*. photo: British Film Institute



FANTASTIC CINEMA Derby Film Festival 1995

A city wide film festival will take over Derby in May with a host of movie premieres, previews, special guests and events from the worlds of Sci-fi, Fantasy and Horror. Launching the extravaganza will be a prestigious premiere—possibly **Tim Burton's** eagerly awaited *Ed Wood*—at the UCI Meteor Centre while the whole event will culminate in an equally impressive preview at Derby's Showcase Cinema. The main centre of attention throughout the festival will be the Metro Cinema with its mixed bag of movie treats and celebrity turns. Topping the bill is a celebration of Hammer Horror featuring rare screenings of *The Vampire Lovers* (6th), *She* (6th), and *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave* (11th), and a very special question and answer session with cult horror queen **Ingrid Pitt** (6th). Ex-Timelord **Jon Pertwee** will also be on hand to introduce episodes from the *Dr. Who* TV series (13th), while Derbyshire-born **Tim Brooke-Taylor** will be reassessing the cultural significance of 70's comedy show *The Goodies* (13th). Other highlights include *Jan Svankmajer's* wonderfully surreal *Faust* (5th), a couple of classic horror movies from the 30's, *Vampyr* (8th) and *Frankenstein* (12th), and a series of animated Manga movies *Wings Of Homeamisse* (9th), *Legend Of The Overfiend* (12th), *Akira* (12th) and *Space Adventure Cobra* (14th). Strange, spooky and spectacular stuff and a must for anyone with a taste for the fantastic. For more information see festival brochure or call the Metro Cinema on (0133) 234 0170.



SUTURE (Dir: Scott McGhee, David Siegel)

A beguiling debut from American co-writers and directors Scott McGhee and David Siegel, *Suture* is an intelligent and stylish psychological thriller. Shot in stunning wide screen black and white and consciously toying with an audience's preconceptions the film also works on a philosophical level, examining issues of race, class, memory, self-image and identity.

At it's centre is Clay (Dennis Haysbert), a sincere and sensitive guy who is first befriended and then later betrayed by his long lost half-brother Vincent (Michael Harris). Undeniably evil, Vincent plans to swap identities with Clay and frame him for a crime that he has previously committed. A car bomb attack on Clay results in serious injuries and severe amnesia, and as he recovers everybody, including his psychiatrist assumes him to be the absent Vincent. Slowly though memories of his previous life appear in his dreams and the question of his true identity is only resolved in the final climactic show-down.

Highlighting *Suture's* themes and adding enormously to its impact is a brilliant and bizarre twist that has the brothers—in the 'reality' of the film almost identical in appearance—played by two very different actors, one large, heavy and black and the other small, wiry and white. It's a capricious conceit that won't appeal to everyone but is indicative of the film's bold and imaginative approach. While it effortlessly succeeds in being an excellent thriller it's the subtle ironies and intentional ambiguities that mark out *Suture* as something very special indeed.

Hank Quinlan

BANDIT QUEEN

This is the astonishing new Indian film about the life of India's most feared and famous female outlaw Phoolan Devi, who was badly mistreated as a child and young girl and looked for revenge in later life on the high-castes who abused her. It has aroused controversy, not least for the behaviour of Dewi herself but the film is true to life and graphically shocking. It won't be to everyone's taste but it is hard-hitting, its message intelligent and well-presented, and even though the whole thing could have been edited more thoroughly, this is still easily one of the best Asian films to come out for many years.

Matt Arnoldi

FANTASTIC CINEMA

FILM FESTIVAL

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Sci-fi and superheroes will invade Derby from 5th - 14th May 1995.

A host of movie premieres, previews, special guests and events from the realms of fantasy will take place at this city wide festival.

VANYA ON 42ND STREET (Dir. Louis Malle)

Chekhov revisited in the form of a rehearsal by a Manhattan acting group caught by director Louis Malle. Literary-minded cinema-goers will enjoy the strong performances from Wallace Shawn and Julianne Moore (last seen in *Short Cuts*) but may find it hard to follow at first. None of the performers are in costume or playing to sets, and the adaptation by David Mamet introduces American colloquialisms which occasionally wrangle with Chekhov's original language. But those criticisms aside, this is worth sticking with as it all comes together in the end.

Matt Arnoldi



MRS. PARKER & THE VICIOUS CIRCLE (Dir. Alan Rudolph)

Dispensing with the usual biopic approach to the lives of the famous in which significant events are singled out in a star-studded rise to fame and fortune, *Mrs. Parker & The Vicious Circle* narrows its focus and attempts to explore the true essence of Dorothy Parker and her associates at the legendary Algonquin Round Table. The result, however, is a fragmented and frustrating piece of work only held together by a sumptuous visual style and a stunning performance from Jennifer Jason Lee as the eponymous Mrs. P. Faultlessly, she captures the writer's famous barbed, cynical wit, her rasping drawl and the underlying tragedy of her unfulfilled potential. The film, though, often obscures essential details of her life and after a while the relentless parade of artists, writers and critics becomes repetitive, ultimately blunting its acerbic edge. Worth seeing for Leigh alone, *Mrs. Parker* may be a difficult film to enjoy but is one that possesses a powerful melancholy rarely seen in the cinema today.

Hank Quinlan

Mrs. Parker shows at the Metro Cinema Derby from 28th April - 4th May.

curtaincall:

Theatre Review by Iain Simons and Julian Hanby
Some of you may have heard (and some of you may even care) that **Forced Entertainment**, the so called bastion of contemporary theatre, have had their Arts Council funding slashed. This isn't entirely true; in actual fact they've had their income moved from revenue funding to project grants. This means that they now get funding for individual performances rather than just for existing; and if their most recent performance is anything to go by this is no bad thing. *Hidden J* is a melange of images held together by no more than their theatricality. The company play with notions of performance from and sincerity that range from a Best Man's speech to drunken exhibitionism at a party. But, considering the company's reputation for being at the cutting edge of British life, the piece seems completely irrelevant to contemporary society, and the humour (inserted at regular intervals to keep the audience awake) is of the Victoria Wood "isn't the name Scunthorpe hilarious" style, but presented without any of the affection for the subject that Wood exudes. A much more enjoyable evening was held at Djanogly City Technology College, with their production of *Little Shop Of Horrors*. Performed mostly by teenagers, the show had vast amounts of enthusiasm and zest—and the play itself is great too. **Djanogly** knew their audience who in turn loved it, so much so that three extra performances were scheduled to cater for the numbers wishing to attend. If professional companies invested as much effort in performances as Djanogly the world of theatre would be a much more entertaining place. *Little Shop Of Horrors* contained a number of performances that would have the pros up against the ropes, and the production values were excellent. Comparisons with Forced Entertainment might seem inappropriate but, even ignoring the massive difference in content, the evening at Djanogly was somehow much more exciting. The Haymarket Theatre in Leicester is a good bet for an entertaining night out. We were slightly disappointed with *Disappeared* by *Phyllis Nagy*; the performances had energy but the show as a whole couldn't decide whether it wanted to be a thriller or not. *Oleanna*, however, in the main house, was gripping and well performed, with a stunning set. The play is by **David Mamet**, writer of *The Untouchables*, and deals with a tutor and one of his students and the alleged sexual harassment that takes place in his office. The provocative debate which ensues as the female character begins to gain strength is most challenging—and Michael Douglas is nowhere to be seen. A different production of this well written play takes place at the Derby Playhouse throughout April. It will be interesting to compare the two. We also heard that Paf at The Haymarket was great, a real showstopper. Talking of musicals, *Cats* is coming to the Nottingham Theatre Royal in June for a couple of months, completing a prolific line up of dance in Nottingham for the season. The Nottingham Playhouse hosted a number of dance performances recently. *Raid* by *Shobana Jeyasingh* was a tightly choreographed and beautifully performed production, presented as a double bill with last year's success, *The Making Of Maps*. **RJC Dance Theatre's** *Shared Testament* was an enjoyable evening, but we felt that the performance sometimes seemed unwittingly to parody itself. In mid-April and May the council's sixth **Nott Dance** festival comes around again. It hardly seems like like yesterday that we were serving coffees at last year's festival and here we are this year previewing it. brochures are available containing most of the programme, with finalised info. due mid-April. We are keen to give coverage to smaller scale theatre so please send us any information about upcoming performances c/o Overall.



THE NOSE Nottingham Playhouse
Strolling across the Old Market Square one day, my progress was hindered by an enormous latex Nose, clad in a pair of eye-catching stripey tights. Has there been a rumour, on the dance-floor of De Luxe, that outsize nostrils mixed with orange chevrons were the order of the day, or was it a colossal publicity campaign by Nottingham Playhouse to entice local citizens to the World Premiere of Nikolai Gogol's short story, *The Nose*? The latter was true. Robert Bathurst plays the Collegiate Assessor who awakes one morning to discover the disappearance of one crucial part of his anatomy. Across town in the Barber's kitchen, said Nose is found loitering in a poppy seed bun, much to the horror of its new owners Ivan and Marsha. They decide to dispose of the renegade organ; not an easy task, especially when the Nose takes on a life of its own, harassing young women and climbing Russia's social ranks to the position of State Councillor, three grades higher than its unfortunate, noseless owner. This is an hilarious stage of Gogol's absurd satire on Russian bureaucracy, adapted by Alistair Beaton, who has written for *Not The Nine O'Clock News* and *Spitting Image*. Although it doesn't quite live up to all the hype, it's well worth a visit for all the extraordinary characters which inhabit Gogol's St. Petersburg.

Sarah Davies

Robert Bathurst and John Ramm

TRUTH IN COMEDY: The Manual Of Improvisation
by **Halpern/Close/Johnson**
SCENES THAT HAPPEN: Real-life Snapshots Of Teenage Lives
by **Mary Krell-Oishi** (All from Meriwether Publishing)
TROUPERS AND TRAMPS: One Person Plays by Rachael C. Burchard
A clutch of slim colourful volumes from America, the initially most inviting being *Truth In Comedy*, a genial, glossy handbook for would-be improvisers (and you thought it was all natural in-born spontaneity). For those whose young hearts quail at the mere suggestion of entertaining on your feet there are, it seems, certain pointers to trigger ad-lib capacities, buoyant American directions such as 'there are no bad ideas! the truth is funny! team spirit and togetherness!' Mike Meyers, Joan Rivers and John Belushi seem to have done OK by it, but if endlessly plucking material from thin air wears down your spirit, here's an idea: stick to a well-rehearsed routine. Or why not invest in a currently available writer...er, competitive rates on request, enquire within etc. ahem... *Scenes That Happen*, a collection of short plays for teenagers, reads like slightly more advanced Judy Blume and addresses such ordeals as school, bulimia, pregnancy, abortion and divorce—the usual day to day things. Aiming to reflect genuinely American youth angst, some of the scenes are poignant while some, on the other hand, carry you way over the nausea threshold into a gooey mire of high school schmaltz. *Troupers And Tramps*, twenty-two more plays are, we are told, not monologues but one person "apostrophys". 'Monologue', as the author justifiably explains, suggests a speech, an excerpt from a play or stand-up comedy; these scenes, though only employing one actor, are nevertheless complete short plays. Written with keen insight and perception, the collection provides a wide variety of parts for all ages and includes imaginatively written modern characters. Also, potential luvvies will be glad to note that the plays require the minimum of resources so kids, you really can put on the show right here.

Ewa Kowalski

JO BRAND Through The Cakehole
£10.99 1 hr 20 mins Certificate 18
If you like Jo Brand's recent T.V. series you will love this 'new' video — because it contains highlights from Jo Brand's recent T.V. series. But if you have only seen Brand live, you will be disappointed by the sketches. While they are well written, Brand's character acting is embarrassing; this is made all the more cringeworthy by the strength of the stand-up sections of the compilation. At 14p per minute, however, it is cheaper than a long distance peak rate call, and much more hilarious. Although that depends upon who you phone.

Iain & Julian

PAUL MERTON Live At The London Palladium (Polygram)
On TV shows such as *Have I Got News For You* and *Who's Line Is It Anyway?* Paul Merton can appear something of a comic genius. Reacting against the confines of a quiz show and taking the conversation off on totally oddball tangents, he is both inventive and funny. On this live video, though, he has to create the comic situation himself and the unfortunate result is a relentless succession of abysmal sketches and unfunny jokes. Stick to Angus and the soap ads, Paul, or get a new scriptwriter. Please.

RADIOHEAD 27 5 94 The Astoria London Live (Parlaphone)
Ignore the current, misguided marketing scam selling Radiohead as the 'new U2' and forget the low expectations that come with the live video format; this is a wondrous world of epic indie rock angst. Spirited songs played with a passion and given the quality sound they deserve. Tracks are taken from both *Pablo Honey* and *The Bends* and the former certainly sound better here than on the under-produced debut. Good stuff.

Hank Quinlan

FRIED IN CIDER:



GUTTERMOUTH

One of the most finely tuned punk rock bands I have heard for a long time are Guttermouth from America. With a sound like Offspring meet the Dead Boys this is the real McCoy. The band are: Mark 'Nature' Adkins (Vocals), Derek Davis (Guitar), Capt. James T. Nunn (Drums), Mr Scott Shelden (Guitar) and Cliff (Bass) The interview is with the drummer who is at his girlfriend's house in Denver, Colorado. He is having something to eat before getting ready to go snowboarding.

Q. Where are Guttermouth from and how did you get together?
A. We're all from Orange County, California and hang out around Huntingdon Beach. We were all at high school together, Mark and Scott were in loads of bands together. Eric lived nearby and we thought, 'what the hell?' and formed Guttermouth about 6 years ago. We played loads of back yards, parties, etc.

Q. What's the DI connection with Guttermouth, are you all Huntingdon beach surfers like them?

A. Dx lx are like, friends of ours and we did back-up vocals on Offspring's latest album so we thought, what the fuck, we'll bring in our friends on back-up, D.I. and Shaun Stern of Youth Brigade. We all surf now and again but it's not like the main thing in our lives.

Q. Nitro Records released the new album, why did you lose Dr Strange?
A. Dr Strange were good but with Nitro we have the ability to distribute far and wide. Nitro is owned by Brian of Offspring with Greg putting cash into it, trying to make a new Epitaph.

Q. Do you think it's important for punk labels to remain independent?
A. We all have different opinions about it, I personally see nothing wrong with using the majors to get across to a wider audience but some of the others disagree. Whatever, the music will remain the same punk rock. The average age of the band is 28 so we're not naive little kids any more.

Q. Is the track P.C. a sideswipe at San Francisco and MRR in general?
A. MRR are far too serious and they fucking hate us —we're too into having a good time getting drunk, fucking up.

Q. What's with the blue Mohawk fixation?
A. We think it's cool to have a Mohawk, I have one now and again, it's punk rock isn't it? But the uniform bit, that is funny, like the California nose ring and Mohawk thing.

Q. I love the track Asshole, especially the introduction, do you have a big nazi skinhead problem in Huntingdon beach?

A. Nazis are not a big problem around here but they used to be. Now and again a few will turn up at a gig but we make them feel unwelcome. We've made it very clear on the new record what we think of them. They hate us, we hate them.

Q. Your underlying message is serious, but on songs like Disneyland the irony is used to get a message across (in this case against logging companies).

A. It's great to get people to laugh, when they laugh and start to read the lyrics— but we're not that serious we just want a few beers and a good laugh. Enjoy ourselves, you can't be serious all the time.

Q. Can't We All Get Along with the lyrics "all we want is one more beer, to teach the world to sing in perfect harmony" is part of your food fixation. tell me more.

A. It's just about people trying other culture's food. Food will bring us together.

Q. 7 Seconds— eat together rock together?
A. Yes, that's it, how can you hate a person and then eat his food. Food is the great leveller.
Q. Reading the song lyrics to Jamie's Petting Zoo —what've you got against pets?
A. We've got nothing against pets, it's just punk rock hate, kill, die, GG Allin all the way, it's taking the piss— ways to kill pets. Most people laugh but some people took it seriously— more fools.
Q. What's the perfect punk pet, then?
A. Easy. A big mean tough dog with a spiked collar.
Q. What do the lyrics of the ska song Veggiecide mean?
A. Veggies are alright but I wouldn't want to eat one. This is another wind up song. Veggies take everything so seriously we wanted to turn the tables on them — have you heard a carrot scream? Veggies get so upset.
Q. What's happening about your European tour?
A. We're doing Europe with NOFX and England on our own. We'll see all the punks in Leicester.
Q. What bands have you played with and who do you rate in the U.S. at the moment?

A. Great bands out now include The Grabbers from Huntingdon Beach, The Grups from New Yawk and of course the Voodoo Glow Skulls.
Q. What do you think of the new popularity of punk rock— Offspring, Green Day etc. Do you think for some people it's just a phase they are going through or do you think punk is going to continue to grow?

A. It's hard to tell, we need harder stuff on the radio. I know punk's not going to die off it's getting bigger, there are literally thousands of punks in America at the moment. It remains to be seen how long some people will stay with it but it's always been like that. It won't lose it's teeth 'cos there's always gonna be young pissed off bands to kick the older bands out when they become fat and jaded.

Q. Derek is fairly anti-straight edge, what've you got against S.E.?
A. They're just little kids, militant little kids, we like beer, we drink beer and when they are old enough so will they.

Q. Finally, of the old bands who do you still rate?
A. The Vandals, Adolescents, Angry Samoans, Black Flag, GBH, Exploited—in fact we do Sid Vicious Is Innocent live.

Well, that rounded that up— but if they come near where you live, you've got to see them. Pissed Off Punk in '95
Up and coming gigs in April: Martin's birthday bash with **Coitus**, **Decadent Few** and **Bradworthy** (Sat. 8th, The Wheatsheaf, Ilkeston Road); **Drop Dead**, **Suffer** and **Marker** (Weds. 12th, The Old Angel, Stoney Street); NAFA benefit with **Slum Gang**, **Bob Tilton**, **Substandard** and **Nerves** (Mon 17th, Skyy Club); **Oi Polloi**, **Japs Eye** and **Short n Curlies** (Weds. 19th, Old Angel); **Naked Aggression**, **Slum Gang** and **Nerves** (Fri. 28th, Old Angel); **Aus Rotten** and **Suicidal Supermarket Trolleys** (May 12th, Old Angel); **Cowboy Killers** and **Worm** (date t.b.c. June). Bloody Hell, it gets better— more punk than you can shake a dreadlock at. If anyone is organising punk or garage events in the East Midlands, please let me know.

Two killer eps dropped on the mat, firstly **Mankind /Dirt** split ep, one band American, one British, both musically interchangeable. Good male/female punk rock assault attacking sexism and racism. Secondly **Final Warning's Eyes Of A Child** ep. Very Concrete Sox, powerful anti-nuclear polemic, and anti-authority anarchist stance. The guitarist could blister paint. Following the article in *Scootering* magazine late last year, the Mod revival looks all set for '95, front page of *NMME* and all. Sticky Records have released a blinder of an ep by **Syndicate*** called *Cinemascope*, a high energy dose of the Kinks meet the Jam. I know it ain't exactly Punk, but since when did Punk involve tunnel vision? Finally I'd like to thank all those who enjoyed the Overall Five-A-Side Footie. Book early for the next one. Onward to the millenium.

FRIED IN CIDER PLAYLIST

- 1 **GUTTERMOUTH** *Friendly People* (Nitro)
2. **DOWNSET** *Downset* (Mercury)
3. **RED AUNTS** *Number One Chicken* (Epitaph)
4. **FINAL WARNING** *Eyes Of A Child* ep (Tribal Warfare)
5. **SNFU** *The One's Most Likely To Succeed* (Epitaph)

The Fat Dead Nazi

Modern Times
by James Pymon

YOU KNOW, I THINK I'VE FOUND A REALLY EARLY REFERENCE TO 'THE NET'. LIKE FROM BEFORE IT EXISTED. DO YOU THINK IT COULD BE WHERE IT REALLY CAME FROM?

WELL, IT'S JUST DERIVED FROM AN ABBREVIATION OF INTERNET. EVEN I KNOW THAT! WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE READING? 'COSMIC TRIGGER?

YOU REMEMBER THIS BOOK? WRITTEN IN 1977 BY THAT MATE OF TIM LEARY'S ROBERT ANTON WILSON, THE SCI-FI CONSPIRACY-BAY AREA-POP-QUANTUM PHYSICS GUY?

YEAH, I KNOW IT. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START TAKING ACID AGAIN, ARE YOU? IT MIGHT BE DANGEROUS AT YOUR AGE.

SHUT UP. ANYWAY, WILSON MEETS ALAN WATTS, THE POP-BUDDHIST GUY'S WIFE JANO WATTS IN 1963 AND SHE TALKS ABOUT 'THE NET' WHICH IS, LIKE, JUNGIAN SYNCHRONICITY, BUT WILSON EXTENDS IT TO DESCRIBE HIS IDEA OF A, ER, 'GLOBAL CONNECTEDNESS'.

HMM, YEAH, I REMEMBER NOW. WASN'T WILSON'S DAUGHTER BEATEN TO DEATH IN REAL LIFE AND HER BRAIN WAS PUT IN CRYONIC SUSPENSION? AND WILSON FINDS A POEM SHE HAD WRITTEN CONFIRMING HIS BELIEF IN THIS 'NETWORK'?

YOU DO REMEMBER! YEAH, THE POEM WAS CALLED... ER... 'THE NETWORK' IN FACT AND IT WENT... ER... HERE: "LOOK INTO A TELESCOPE/ TO SEE WHAT I CAN/ SEE:/ BAFFLED BY THE SIGHT OF/ CONSTELLATIONS/ WATCHING ME." THERE, KIND OF AN ODE TO INTERACTIVITY?

WELL, KIND OF. SO YOU'RE SAYING THAT BECAUSE WILSON WAS HOOKED UP WITH ALL THOSE WEST COAST COMPUTER-TYPES IN THE LATE '70S THAT HIS TERM 'THE NET' WAS LATER ADOPTED BY HIS PALS FOR THE CYBERSPACE UNIVERSE?

YEAH. AND THAT, NOW, THE FROZEN BRAIN OF A 15-YEAR OLD HIPPI GIRL MURDERED IN OCTOBER 1976 IS WAITING TO BE THAWED OUT THANKS TO ADVANCES THAT WILL NO DOUBT HAVE BEEN MADE WITHIN A TECHNOLOGY SHE NAMED BEFORE IT EXISTED.

REAL SCI-FI STUFF YEAH, IF IT'S TRUE, THAT IS... ER... SOMETHING HOLD ON, SHE WAS 15 IN 1977? THAT VIRTUALLY MAKES HER OUR AGE. ONE OF OUR PEERS!

I GUESS SO. I HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY, BUT... YEAH.

WOW, SHE NEVER HEARD 'THE PISTOLS' ON VINYL.

WHAT?!!

>LOG OFF

FRIED CIRCUIT

saturday 8th

CØDE / SHODDY WODDY
DJ PABLO £3.50 (members £3)
Nottingham The Skyy Club

PAUL O'BRIEN & JOE MURPHY
Behan's Bar

RIFE / PROVOKE
The Narrowboat

THE GUESTS / SAD
The Rock Stop

SUSAN MELLARD & THE JAZZ JUNIORS
Café Metz 3pm

THE NAVIGATORS
BLIND 'N' DANGEROUS eve
The Running Horse

WONDERLAND / FREEDOM
Old Angel

THE LAST COSMONAUTS
WORLD TURTLE free
Filly & Firkin

THE TANSADS
WOLLY & RAY CRANE £4/3
Leicester The Charlotte

RAZOR BACH
Pump & Tap

BOO RADLEYS / 60FT DOLLS £7/6
Sheffield The Leadmill

BLACK TRAIN JACK
Peterborough Purple Haze

sunday 9th

FAST JAZZ BREAK
Jazz Breakfast noon Old Angel

THE FOOTWARMERS noon
MIND THE GAP eve
Nottingham The Bell Inn

MICK DUNNE lunchtime
Behan's Bar

ABK
Running Horse

FREAKLOUD
Filly & Firkin

LED ASTRAY
Trent Bridge Inn

MINGFIGHTERS
Mansfield Town Mill

KENNY WILSON lunch
Leics. Pump & Tap

LOS RACKETEEROS noon £1.50
Phoenix Arts

monday 10th

OMEGA
Nottingham The Bell Inn

SALLY BARKER
The Running Horse

SWING HOLIDAY
Leics. The Charlotte

BLACK TRAIN JACK
FITZ OF DEPRESSION
THE X-RAYS £5/4
Derby The Where House

ROBIN WILLIAMSON
The Guildhall Theatre

tuesday 11th

HORIZON
Nottingham The Bell Inn

THE PETE WILD QUARTET
Sam Fay's

TECHNO PIXIE / HUMANS
CLOSE TO ORGASM / DAN & BRENDAN / DIGS & WOOSH
DR. BOB. *Sylie Dog Party* party
The Skyy Club

C.I.? / DEEP JOY
Beatroot

B.L.O.W. / THOMAS RIBEIRO £5 adv.
Derby The Where House

wednesday 12th

C.I.?. a95bpm
afternoon The Alley Cafe

DROP DEAD / SUFFER MARKER
Nottm. Old Angel

NAIL / TONY GLOBAL / 4' 33" £2/1.50
Bellamy's Bar

EASY PIECES *Excessaweez*
Skyy Club

UTTER MADNESS
Rock City

LILY SAVAGE
Derby Assembly Rooms

MENSWEAR £5/4
The Where House

PROBE/FISH TATTOO PARTY
Leics. The Charlotte

DJ WALT *Sweet Potato* £1
The Fan Club

LOOP GURU / MALI RAIN £5 adv.
Northampton Roadmender

thursday 13th

SKIN LIMIT SHOW
STYLUS / CHOD / DJ PABLO Free adm.
Nottm. Sam fay's

THE FAB FOUR
Café Metz

WARSERGATE
Narrowboat

HIZIKI PARTY
Skyy Club

MISSING FIDDLE £2/1
Filly & Firkin

BRADWORTHY / LIFE
Old Angel

UTAH SAINTS
Rock City

ZIPPER
Leics. The Charlotte

SMILE BABY / DOG DRILL
Pump & Tap

friday 14th

CHEMICAL
Nottm. Narrowboat

HIGHLY STRUNG II
Café Metz

DEEP
Skyy Club

MIGHTY HOUSE ROCKERS
Running Horse

ECHO PARK
DEAD AFTER DARK Old Angel

TED POLEY'S BONE MACHINE / VIVID / FREE SPRIT / SKAID / DEARLY BEHEADED / PROVOKE / MUTINY *The Long Good Friday*
Rock City

INDIGO *Hot Butter*
Beatroot

DIESEL PARK WEST
Leics. The Charlotte

THIS VIBRATION
Pump & Tap

STEVE LAMACQ £3/2
Derby The Where House

saturday 15th

PSYCHO GROOVE MUTHAS
Nottm. The Hippo

NEVERLAND
The Old Vic

CRASH
The Rock Stop

SUSAN MELLARD & THE JAZZ
Running Horse



T. Spoon of Wholesome Fish
Sam Fay's Mon 17th April.

JUNIORS Café Metz

FOSSEY
Narrowboat

GED & DAMIEN / STEWART mmM £3.50
Skyy Club

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
DOWN AT ANTONES eve
Running Horse

STYLUS / MANNA MACHINE
Old Angel

SCARLET INSIDE
Filly & Firkin

THE MOODY BIRDS £2
Leics. The Charlotte

MOIST / THURMAN £5/4.50
Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 16th

FAST JAZZ BREAK noon
Nottingham Old Angel

FOOTWARMERS noon
AKIMBO eve
The Bell Inn

IAN SIEGAL & THE SCORE
Running Horse

STEVE PINNOCK & TERRY SWAN
Limelight Bar

JAM SESSION
The Gregory

HIGHLY STRUNG
Golden Fleece

VIVID
Trent Bridge Inn

FRONTIER
Mansfield Town Mill

KENNY WILSON lunchtime
Leics. Pump & Tap

monday 17th

WHOLESOME FISH
EXCESSAWEEZ
SHODDY WODDY
THE SHOD JOCKS DAVE 3pm. Free Adm.
Nottm. Sam Fay's

BOB TILTON / MARKER / SLUM GANG / BRADWORTHY
SQUANDERBUG All dayer
Old Angel

THE NAVIGATORS afternoon
Running Horse

OMEGA

Bell Inn
OI POLLOI / JAPS EYE / SHORT N CURLIES

Skyy Club
CARNIVAL OF DESIRES

Rock City
HELIOTROPE

Leics. Pump & Tap

tuesday 18th

BLUE HORIZON 8pm
Nottm. The Bell Inn

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG
Filly & Firkin

THE ALL NEW JOHNNY JOHNSTONE QUARTET
Sam Fay's

ONE STEP AHEAD / MR. C
DJ SKINS / G *Da Bomb*
Skyy Club

C.I.? / DEEP JOY *Bonice*
Beatroot

MAGIC CAR
The Golden Fleece

THE REAL PEOPLE
STEAMBOAT BAND £4/3
Derby The Where House

DEAD JOE £2
Leics. The Charlotte

GINGER / COLOURBUS
GRAVITY £3.50/3
Sheffield The Leadmill

wednesday 19th

C.I.?. a95bpm
afternoon The Alley Cafe

EXCESSAWEEZ
Nottm. Skyy Club

JULES / OI POLLOI
Old Angel

WARREN GEE
Rock City

BLYTH POWER
IDOL JUMES PLAYROOM £3
Derby The Where House

F*E*D / THE RAW £1
Leics. The Charlotte

thursday 20th

THE KEATONS
CLOCKWORK CRAZY
FRIENDS OF BRUCE
GROBBELAAR

DJ PABLO Adm. free. Bar 'til 1am.
Nottm. Sam Fay's

PABLO / JAZZ SPIRIT / C.I.?
PHAT PLANK
Beatroot

DJ WALT *Sweet Potato*
Skyy Club

BALTI BROTHERS
Running Horse

MISSING FIDDLE
Royal George

JOOLZ
Old Angel

SHAMUS O'B LIVION & THE MEGADEATH MORRISMEN Free
Golden Fleece

JAM SESSION
The Gregory

TAKEAWAY THEATRE CO. present *A Slice Of Saturday* for one week
Filly & Firkin

ANGEL HEART
Trent Bridge Inn

UNBOUND
Mansfield Town Mill

KENNY WILSON lunch
Leics. Pump & Tap

ROB CHARLES lunch. £1.50
Phoenix Arts

HELIOTROPE
The Charlotte

friday 21st

ENGINE / BAD GAS
Nottingham Narrowboat

SMOKESCREEN
Skyy Club

OLD SCHOOL
Running Horse

STRETCH
Rock City

PAUL OAKENFOLD *Joy For Life*
Beatroot

FINAL CONFLICT
Mansfield Groucho's Bar

BLOODFISH
Leics. Pump & Tap

THE MOONFLOWERS £4.50/4
The Charlotte

CAULD BLAST ORCHESTRA £6/4
Phoenix Arts Centre

HELIOTROPE
Derby Victoria Inn

saturday 22nd

DUM DUMS
DJ PABLO / SHODDY WODDY
THE SHOD JOCKS DAVE
Skyy Club

DAVID
Nottm. Rock Stop

AFTERMATH
Narrowboat

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
BIG DEAL eve
Running Horse

PSYCHASTORM t.b.c.
Old Angel

ROSETTA STONE *Graveyard*
Rock City

LEMONADE RAYGUN
Filly & Firkin

FLOYDIAN SLIP *CAMRA Beer fest.*
Mansfield Leisure Centre

PENTANGLE £5.50 / 4.50 adv. 8pm
Workshop Regal Centre

HEADSWIM £5/4
Derby The Where House

FRANCIS DUNNEY £6 adv. only
Leics. The Charlotte

ANDY BURDON *Café Folk* lunchtime
Phoenix Arts Centre

ABHIJIT BANNERJEE eve. £6/4
Phoenix Arts Centre

ENGLISH ROSE *Jam Trib.* £5 adv.
Northampton Roadmender

TINDERSTICKS £6/6.50
Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 23rd

FAST JAZZ BREAK noon
Nottm. Old Angel

FOOTWARMERS noon
JUBA eve
The Bell Inn

HARRY & THE GROWLERS
Running Horse

SHAMUS O'B LIVION & THE MEGADEATH MORRISMEN Free
Golden Fleece

JAM SESSION
The Gregory

TAKEAWAY THEATRE CO. present *A Slice Of Saturday* for one week
Filly & Firkin

ANGEL HEART
Trent Bridge Inn

UNBOUND
Mansfield Town Mill

KENNY WILSON lunch
Leics. Pump & Tap

ROB CHARLES lunch. £1.50
Phoenix Arts

HELIOTROPE
The Charlotte

CHINA DRUM
FLYING MEDALLIONS
TRIBUTE TO NOTHING
Sheff. The Leadmill

monday 24th

OMEGA BAND
Nottm. The Bell Inn

BADAXE
SALLY & THE SPIDERS II
ACCIDENT & EMERGENCY
SNEINTON ELVIS £1.50 adv.
Old Vic

MENSWEAR / POWDER £5 adv.
Leics. The Charlotte

HELIOTROPE
Derby The Brunswick

tuesday 25th

BLUE HORIZON
Nottm. The Bell Inn

SUNDOG
Golden Fleece

OFFSPRING
GUTTERMOUTH
Rock City

C.I.? / DEEP JOY *Bonice*
Beatroot

BOBBY HUDSON QUARTET
Sam Fay's

OPEN MIND SURGERY
AMETHYST
CRANIAL DISORDER £4/3
Leics. The Charlotte

wednesday 26th

C.I.?. a95bpm
afternoon The Alley Cafe

THRASH / KRIS WESTON 4' 33" *Eargasm*
Bellamy's Bar

THE JEFF HEALEY BAND £10 adv.
Rock City

EXCESSAWEEZ
Skyy Club

GENO WASHINGTON £5
Derby The Where House

BIVOUC / BESWICK CHARLIE £4/3
Leics. The Charlotte

thursday 27th

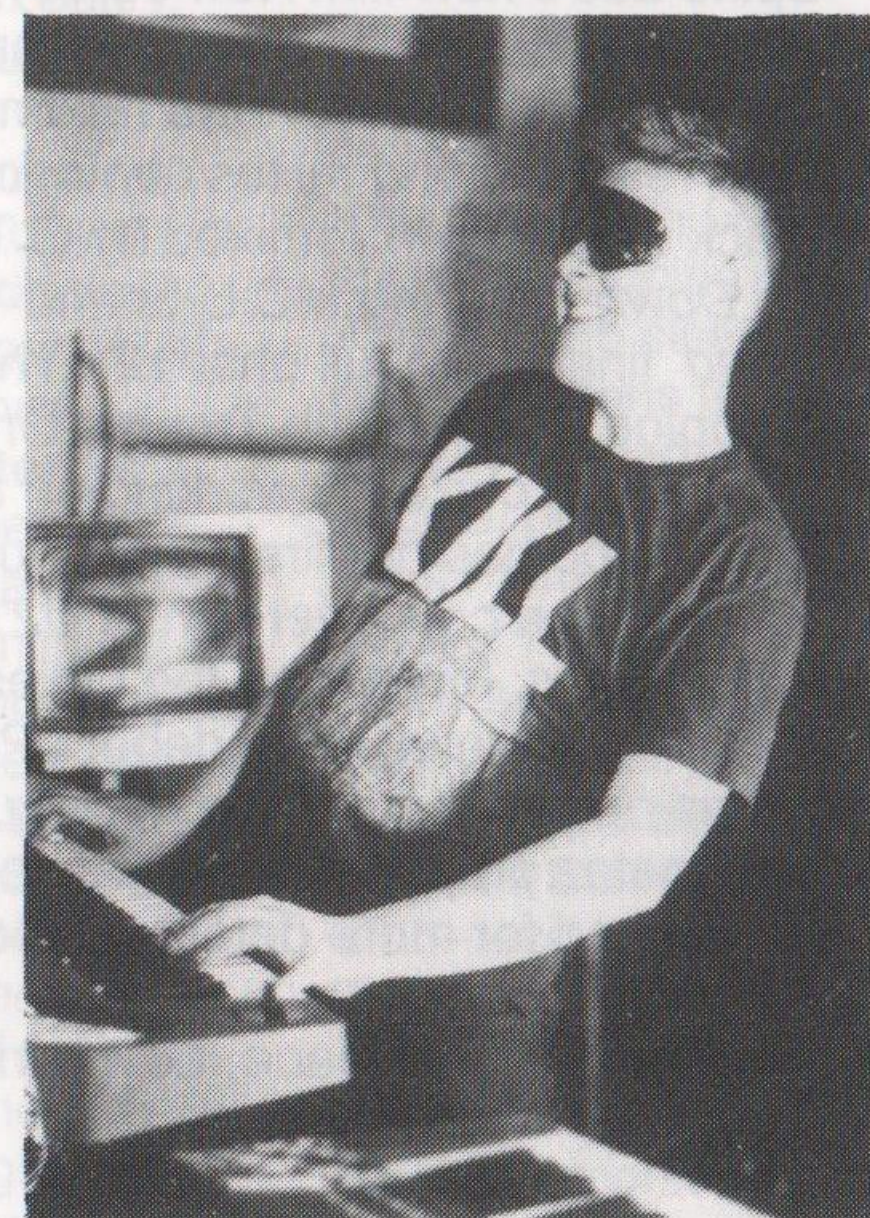
ULTRAVIOLENCE *TELEVISION*
OVERDOSE
INTERFEARENCE Free adm. Bar 'til 1am
Nottm. Sam Fay's

QUARK
Narrowboat

STOAT *Jeremy (Oxford), Andy (Melb. Aus)*
The Skyy Club

CROSSOVER
Running Horse

AZALIA SNAIL/ COPING SAW
Old Angel



ULTRAVIOLENCE photo: A. Lee

SHAMUS O'B LIVION & THE MEGADEATH MORRISMEN Free
Long Eaton Brannigans

CHEMICAL
Leics. Pump & Tap

NITZER EBB / TEST DEPT. £5/4
Derby The Where House

NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN
Sheffield University

NEVERLAND
Burton Brewhouse Arts Centre

friday 28th

LOOP TRIK
Andy Riley, Kes, etc.
Nottm Skyy Club

FRANCIS
The Gregory

LEFT HAND THREAD
Running Horse

MISSING FIDDLE
The Britannia Inn

NAKED AGGRESSION
SLUM GANG / NERVES
Old Angel

CLAWFINGER
Rock City

PABLO *Hot Butter*
CAKE
Beatroot

THE MACC LADS £5 adv.
The Charlotte

BANCO DE GAIA
CHILDREN OF THE BONG £8 adv.
Northampton Roadmender

saturday 29th

SLAMJAMM
Nottm. Rock City

SAMMM / STEVE MAXWELL mmM £3.50
Skyy Club

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
FOUR ON THE FLOOR eve
Running Horse

INFINITE MANTRA BAND
SQUANDERBUG
Old Angel

MARY CEILDH
KING LIGGER & THE BATHING BOYS
Rushcliffe Leisure Centre

ANNIE WILLIAMS
JEZ LUTON *Café Folk.* lunch
Leics. Phoenix Arts Centre

DJ WALT *Sweet Potato*
The Fan Club

TRUMANS WATER
GUZZARD
The Charlotte

RICH KIDS ON LSD
GOOBER PATROL £5/4
Derby The Where House

DELIRIUM
Chesterfield Le Montmartre

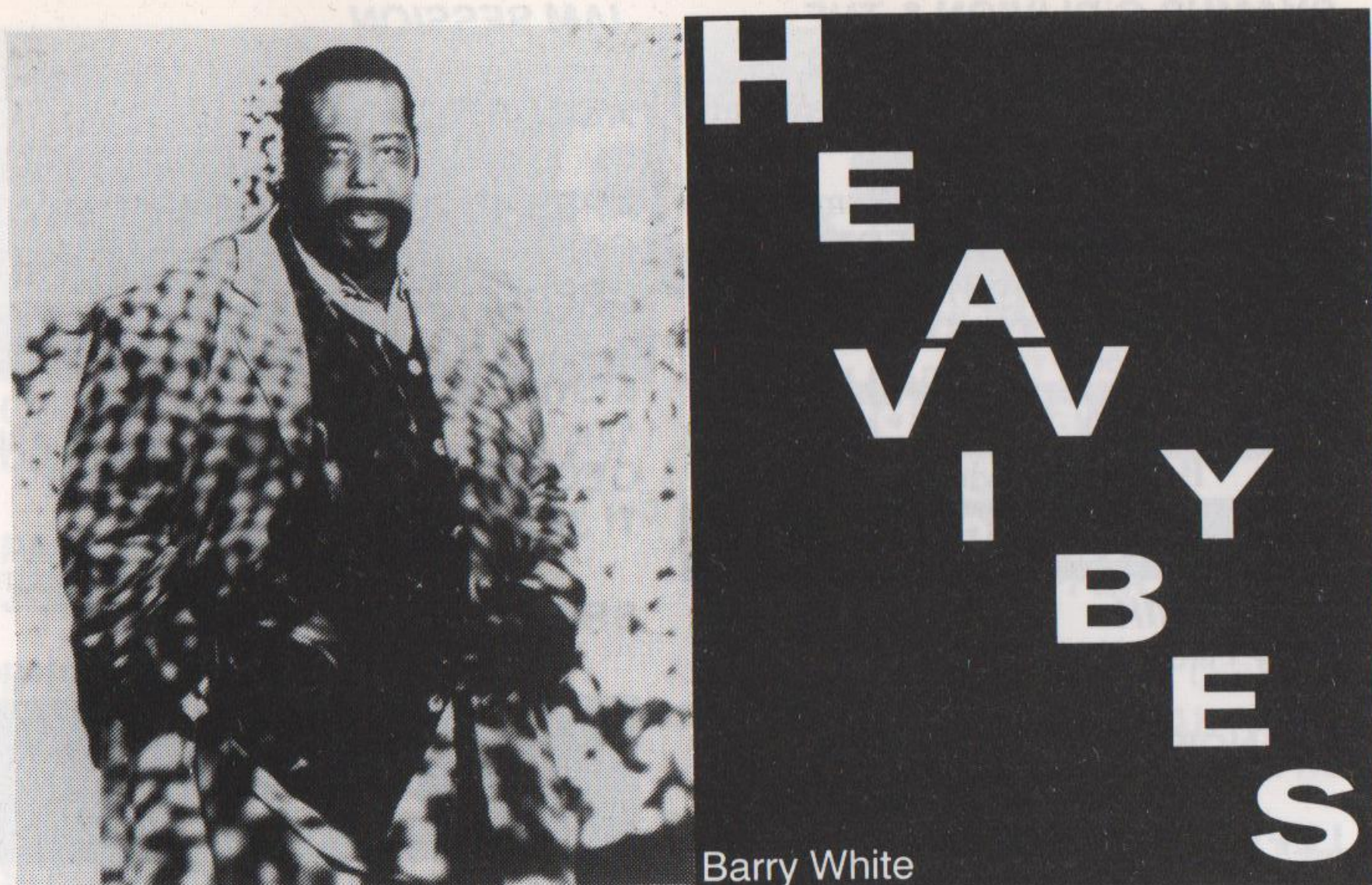
JULIANNA HATFIELD
Sheff. The Leadmill

sunday 30th

FAST JAZZ BREAK noon
Nottingham Old Angel

FOOTWARMERS noon
MIND THE GAP eve
The Bell Inn

THE QUEERS



Barry White

With the heady scent of spring in the air and a daffodil in our lapel we meet once again between the pages of **Overall** for our monthly portion of **Heavy Vibes** with the first of our regular competitions Before we get butt naked and roll around the floor with various pieces of vinyl attached to our funk buds we pay due homage to the Mad March Hare and ponder on the vexed question of why Nottingham, famous for it's own frolics in the forest, can't rise out of it's apathy to fill the only position of authority within the city, that of the dastardly Sheriff. Having commitments far too numerous to mention here, I for one will not be placing myself forward (is that a tear of regret in your eye? No? OK) but instead nominate the inspiration behind this month's first review, **Jasper The Vinyl Junkie**.

The reason being **Master Cuts Classic Funk 3**, twelve full length additive free chunks of funk set loose on the nation from the aforesaid Jasper's amazing (40,000 we are assured) record collection. Younger members of the turn-table may never have heard these tracks in their entirety but this is where the sample started. **The Meters** kick the whole affair off with the bass-driven *Just Kissed My Baby* and from there on it plays like a who's who of funk, **The Fatback Band**, **James Brown** and **Linda Lewis** deliver the groove as God would have intended, whilst **Larry Young's Fuel** original rare groove *Turn Off The Lights* contains the dirtiest bassline, most acidic keyboards and infectious sassy vocals from **Laura Logon** that many have attempted but few have managed to reach since its 1977 release. If you've never tasted the funk this comes spoon fed from MasterCuts.

With the next review it's possible that violence, not seen since the terraces in Dublin, may break out. **Ian Dewhirst**, a former MasterCuts compiler, with a taste of glory (Classic Electro, Salsoul and 80's Groove) has decided to go for goal with his own MasterCo (spot the difference) label. And if the label's first release *Rewind Selecta Lover Rock Serious Selection Vol 1*, is anything to go by he is national management material, and signed up from this penalty shoot out is the one and only **David 'Ram Jam' Rodigan**. Reggae DJ extraordinaire Rodigan has pulled together 12 alarmingly dangerous revival reggae classics. The perfect antidote to much of today's gun/sex lyrics, this is musical heaven from the first horns on **Rudy Thomas' Key To The World**, through the original DJ chatting of **Tappa Zukie** alongside **Horace Andy** on **Natty Dread A Weh She Want** to the pain of Louisa Marks *Caught You In A Lie*. Reggae has the habit of reworking soul classics and this album is no exception with *Walk On By*, *Betcha By Golly Wow* and *Lady Of Magic* given the Lovers Rock treatment.

With the amount of prolific material produced, past and present from the independent studios of downtown Kingston this series should keep anybody with a hint of romance in their blood busy for many a night.

With romance in the air, as it so often is, the main man for lurve, **Barry White** delivers the second cut from his *The Icon Is Love* LP/CD. Produced by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, *I Only Want To Be With You* has a little bit of help from Tommy D in the mix and background vocals from Anna Ross (Yo Yo Honey) and it works! A mid tempo groove sees Big Barry back on top, so to speak, lyrics like "Make me your freak, between the sheets" delivered with such potency that you can't refuse. The chorus, with Ms. Ross, is magically reminiscent of B.W.'s greatest works with The Love Unlimited Orchestra and will have you singing along quite unabashed. B-sided by the slightly more down tempo jeep-beated *Come On*, this release should keep the Child Support Agency busy for a few years.

If you haven't got the horn by now the first release in years from **Tom Browne** should have you standing up right and to attention. *Ghetto Horn* would not have been my first choice single from the LP/CD *Mo' Jamaica Funk*, a crazy crashing jazz rap track, but on the 12" it's been

given a life of its own, courtesy of remixes by UK funksters, **D Influence** and T.B. himself. A smooth, slightly retro groove with a bass big enough to build a city on *Ghetto Horn* flows in the mix. Tom Browne's trumpet has more room to speak and the background vocals make this a triumph of sophistication. The B-side holds a more left field jazz interpretation reminiscent of the better moments of Blue Note samplers **US 3**.

Final review goes to the ladies. Having been sold x amount of nubile female swing/soul acts from the US and our only answer to date is Eternal, Lawrence Johnson from Nu Colours is fighting back for the UK with the female trio, **T.R.U.C.E.** (To Reach Universal Cultures Everyday, yeeess! as Paxman would say). *Celebration Of Life* taken from their new import EP is a surprisingly good slice of New Jill Swing. Ruffer than their UK contemporaries, with tight vocals these girlz hold their own and come out, for me, as the UK version of Zhane, which hopefully can only lead to their success.

Combining the skills and dexterity that earnt me my swimming certificates I am proud to announce this month's **High Five**:

1. **DELANEY'S RHYTHM SECTION** *No Joking With Smokin* LP (Rhythm N Bass). Jazz grooves and street soul including funk version of P.E.'s *Rebel Without A Pause*.
2. **THE ROOTS** *Silent Treatment* (Geffen/MCA) Live jazz rap outfit given studio remixes by the Da Beatminerz.
3. **CAPLETON** *Tour* (Signet Import) Massive reggae track with Craig Mack and Tribe Called Quest Hip Hop flavas.
4. **RAJA-NEE** *Turn It Up* (Perspective/AMPM) Jam & Lewis in a party mood.
5. **C&C MUSIC FACTORY** feat. **PATRA** *Take A Toke* (Columbia) A slow slung groove dedicated to the finer things in life— don't choke.



COMPETITION TIME!!!

Having given you the full SP on what should be rocking your box, right about now it's time to get busy wid da freebies. **HEAVY VIBES** in association with **MASTER CUTS** have agreed that you deserve a chance to win a copy of Master Cuts' *Classic Funk 3* absolutely free, all you have to do is answer this one simple question... Who would you like to see as the next Sheriff of Nottingham, and why! Send your answers, with your address to 'Heavy Vibes' c/o 'Overall....', there are three CDs to be won, and the best answers will be printed next month.

Before I let you go here's a quick run down to sweat your local record dealer over. Every month seems to be greeted by a new sound track LP/CD from the states and March is no exception. Tommy Boy UK are making the most noise, and quite rightly so over the soundtrack to Spike Lee's new film *New Jersey Drive* with new music from the likes of Coolio, Heavy D, Jeru The Damaja, Redman, and Queen Latifah, it's gonna be tuff! Reviews next month.

New releases and mixes come for Warren G's *Do You See*, Craig Mack's *Get Down* remixed by Q Tip from A.T.C.Q., Brandy's *I Wanna Be Down* featuring MC Lyte and YO YO and Keith Murray's *Get Lifted* finally in a full phat 12". The UK also gets a look in, 11:59 dropping a bomb with *Trouble On My Mind* due mid March. Mica Paris, currently working on a new "street flavoured" LP for Cooltempo has her first single out since her departure from 4th and Broadway, a cover version of U2's *One*, mixes by Perfecto and The Ethnic Boys. More from the ladies across the waters Kut Kloss, Keith Sweat's prodigies, their debut LP *Surrender* is in the shops and sounding very soulful too. Finally, looking forward to summer, Guru's Jazzmataz project delivers it's second set mid-year. Stay tuned for more details. Good Luck with the competition.

Until next time, Peace, Love and Heaviness.

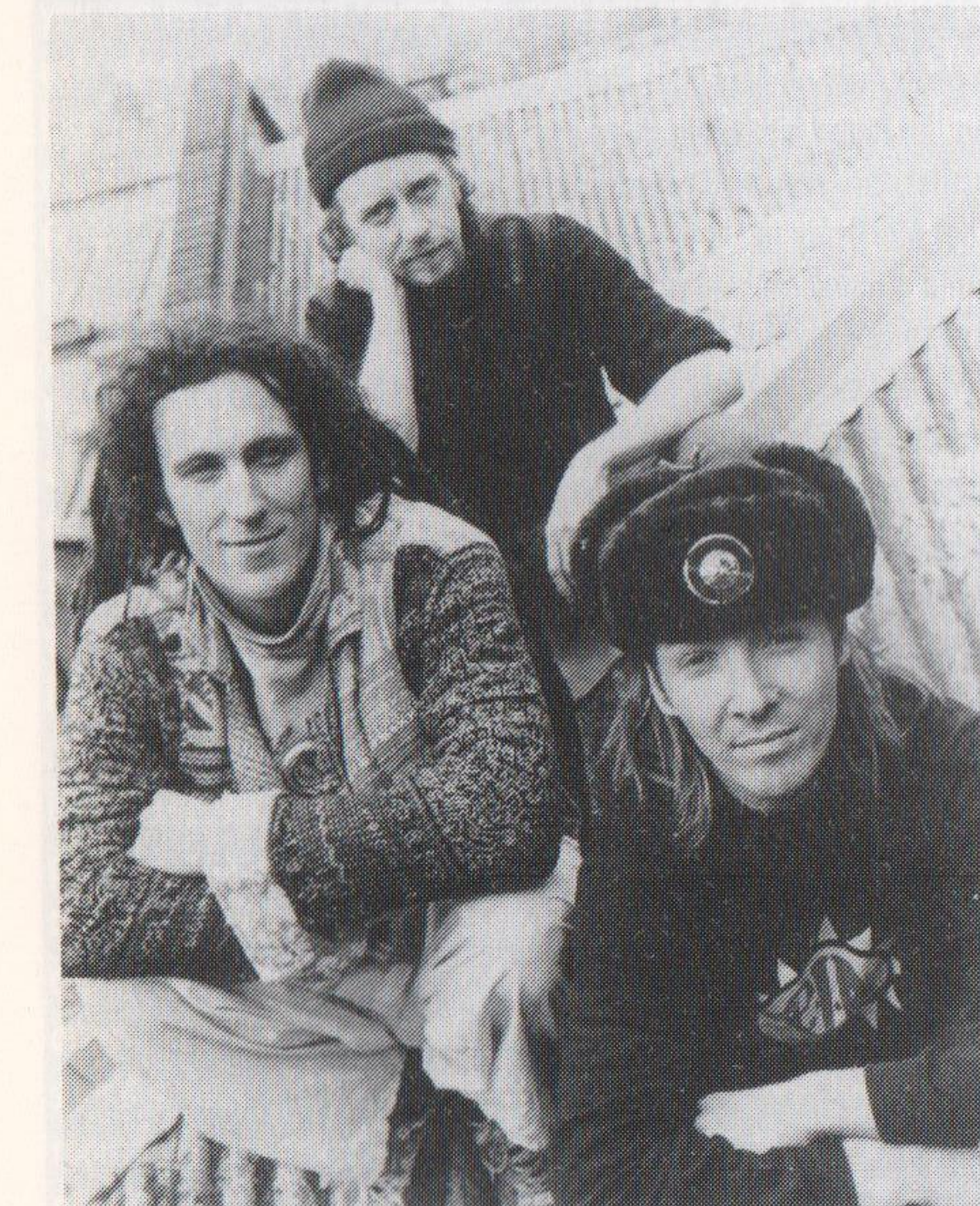
Dave King
for Peace Productions 1995

techno notice:

An overview of circuit funk and electronica

Welcome to another guide around the PCB, silicon sounds that abide this month. We have club details, vinyl ad cd reviews plus a competition to win the new **Leftfield** album *Leftism*, a collection of new and not so new reworkings of tracks by the duo that bought us the maligned sound known yesteryear as Progressive House! But first....

Pulse, **Spice-Lab**, **Aerotrance**, etc. gathered together sounds a promising collection. Once, however, through the shrinkwrap and my greedy cross-eyes dulled to dreary boss-eyes as the host of runaway sequencers modulated to a 140-plus bpm 4/4 beat. I am of course referring to the disappointing *Harthouse Chapter 4: Global Virus* compilation. The collection is saved only by the inclusion of **Koxbox** and **Resistance D** who's **Acid Vol. 3** and **Skyline** dabble with clever layering for a pleasing effect. If you're a Harthouse collector you'll no doubt already have this; if you're browsing, purchase their 12" releases with which they excel. ♦♦♦♦ **Tribal Drift** (pic. release *Belly* on the



lovely Camberwell label Chill Out, a ping-pong bass-toned digi-groover currently doing the rounds on the nations digital dance-floors, backed with the dub crust of Ants. It's neither tribal nor drifting but what's in a name, eh? ♦♦♦♦ **Latex**, dog-tags and tight butt boogying abounds on the screamer *Eurotic* by **Baby Doc** (UK Ascension), a juicy chunk of queercore fanning that gets the fluids flowing and heart rat rising on the camper dance-floors. Sultry, germanic intoning sees the temperature rise and the clothes come off. ♦♦♦♦

Coil, the band most responsible through their various sonic escapades for shaping directly or indirectly the likes of Aphex Twin, Bedouin Ascent, Wagon Christ and a whole host of UK and European experiments, launch their Eskaton label with **Coil vs The Eskaton**. A much sought after twilight trip into the underbelly of electronics. *Nasa Arab* and *First Dark Ride* weigh in at a healthy 30+ minutes for two wired sensory voyages that sound excellent at any speed. A remix album will appear later in the year mixed by **Scorn**, **Autechre**, **Scanner**, **Laswell**, **Tetsu Inoue** and others on **Sentrix**. Some top trancing leaps out from **Holy Language** feat. **Dr. Motte** who's *Energy* (Space Teddy) is a brightly bouncing 707-led funkster, flipped with the sky-scraping sunshine of *B-B-O-E* in a Detroit mood. This the first glimpse of Spring so far this year, uplifting and truly addictive. ♦♦♦♦♦ Superb sonic expeditions of the future kind can

be heard on **Meir's** *Formation* ep featuring electro avantists **Rug**, **Pseud-Feud**, **Meiux** and **Geiom**. All challenging the conformity of the 4/4 beat y chipping away at convention, creating a neu electronica. Purchase this for truly collectable off-world electronically astute grooves. ♦♦♦♦♦

M-Age finally release the mysterious hybrid of Artist versus Remixer LP *Under A Cubic Sky* (Rising High). A confusing and compelling collection which leaves you in the dark as to who does what. M-Age hail from Japan and that's as far as information serves. On the Remix front **Air Liquide**, **Caspar Pound**, **Influx**, etc. do the honours but just how much of M-Age is there is unknown. Either way its moods are served on a dish of abstraction and oddities ideal for feeding mind and body! ♦♦♦♦♦

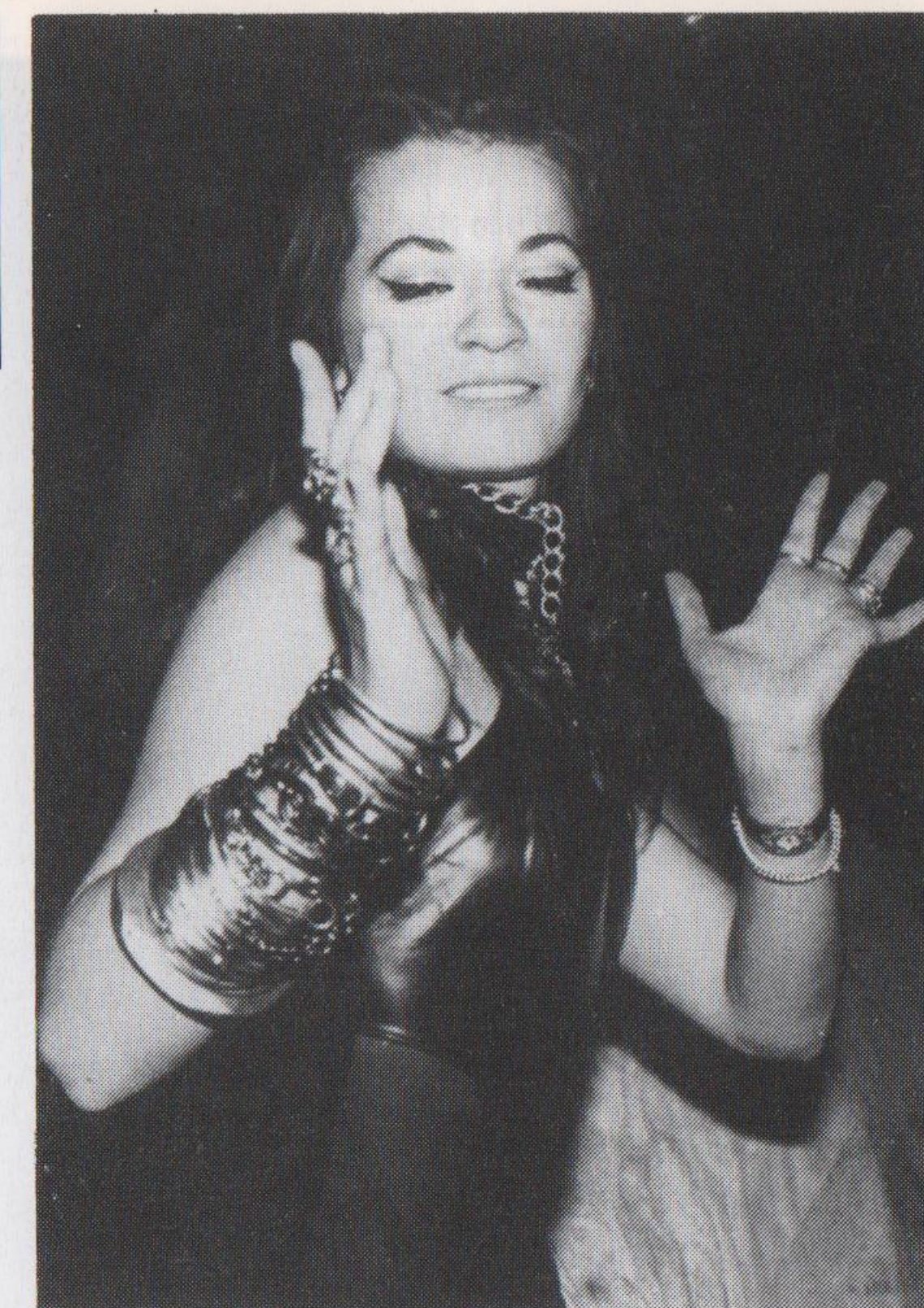
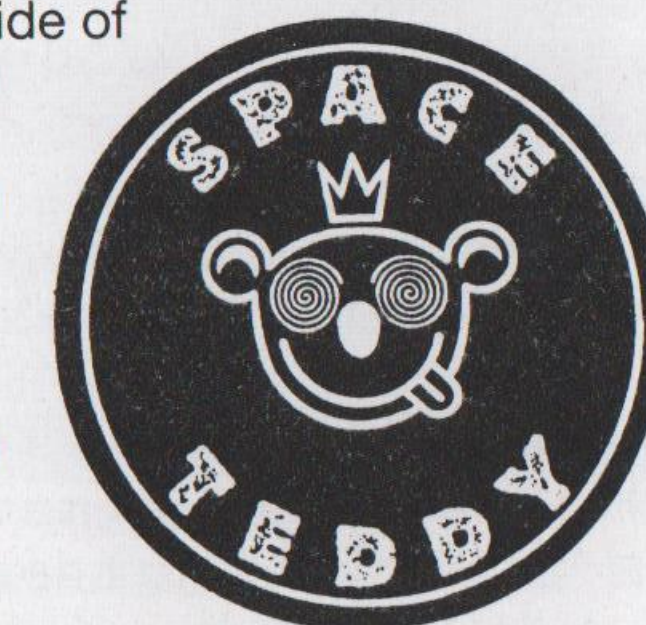
For those of you who tuned into Radio 3's eclectic *Mixing It* show comes *Mixing It* (Chill Out) featuring the most bizarre mix of artists, from the seminal *Didgeridoo* by **Aphex Twin** through to **F.S.O.L.**, **Holger Czukay**, **Sun Ra**, to **Björk's** *Anchor Song* remixed by **Black Dog**. It documents the diversity that made the show such an amusing off the wall idea. ♦♦♦

Code, (photo: Stefan De batselier) whose rock tech post-Shamanic stomp reached Nottingham recently, release the *Criminals* (Third Mind) a forge of digital synths and dance beats with 80's spectral loot in the mix. Vocal enhancements available in four glossy mixes. ♦♦♦

Competing for album of the month we have two of Germany's finest labels, Fax and Space Teddy. *Organic Cloud* is yet another seminal release from Fax, whose limited pressings of 1,000 ensure that the music is there for the right reasons. Behind the moniker is one **Tetsu Inoue**, an artist who can do no wrong. Starting with shifting, beatless ambience and developing into pure and advanced electronic dub the music evokes the majesty of the titles— *Journey To Ixlan* etc. — no cheese, less cliché and no flaky sitting on clouds. Miss this at your peril. ♦♦♦♦♦+♦

On the opposite side of the ring **Rob Acid** usually known for various demented acid excursions releases his first for Space Teddy, the lp *Dicabor*, an Odyssean voyage through halls of shimmering reverberance. Imagine a cross between Lull and Albert Hoffman in an analogue studio with dope-filled air conditioning— yep! this is the stuff. As proved with these two, Germany still rules the audiobahn, going deeper and further than most. Afterall, who else would dedicate a whole week of celebrations to the silicon beat, the festival of the Love Parade this year held in July? Don't decide, buy them both. ♦♦♦♦♦+♦

Plink Plonk's *Vapour Space* night continues on the last Friday if every month housed at the newly acquired The Site in London's Piccadilly featuring dubby, trancey experimental techno by the likes of **Colin Dale**, **Frankie Valentine**, Detroit's **Stacey Pullen** plus live experimental ambi-tech jams in the X-Lounge from **Rameses**, **T-Foe** and many more. The decor is as expanding as the music. For details contact The Weather Office on 0171 490 0385 or email: lulu@plink.demon.co.uk.



Vamping it up at Skyy photo: The Mong

On the vinyl front the Plinkys return on their supreme space dub techno tip with more slinky, sensual, bass-heavy grooves. This time on their blue side **Blue Goose** drops *Spirals* (Plink Plonk, Blue). As usual deep and dedicated, for admirers of the recent **Animus Amor 12"** And On, flip it over for the the *Kumo-Pacific* dub. Superb once again. ♦♦♦♦♦

Special thanks to Lulu, Dieter, Leigh, Pete & Lynne. Dael

FREEFORALL

Sony are kindly offering three copies of Leftfield's *Leftism* double album. To win a copy all you have to do is: **Name three of the special guest vocalists featured on the leftism album.** Answers on a postcard to Techno Notice c/o Overall, PO Box 73, West PDO, NOTTINGHAM NG7 4DG. Closing date 15th April

THE MELTING COUCH

- 1= **ROB ACID** *Dicabor* (Space Teddy)
- TETSUO INOUE** *Organic Cloud* (Fax)
3. **SCORN** (SCANNER Remix) *Night Tide* (Scorn)
4. **COIL vs THE ESKATON** *Nasa Arab* (Eskaton)
5. **OUAKARI** *Dust Tone* (Synfetsch/Downwards)
6. **VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Formation EP* (Meir)
7. M-AGE *Under A Cubic Sky* (Rising High)

TOE JAMS

1. **HOLY LANGUAGE** feat. **DR. MOTTE** *Energy* (Space Teddy)
2. **BLUE GOOSE** *Spirals* (Plink Plonk)
3. **KOXBOX** *Acid Vol. 3* (Harthouse)
4. **APHEX TWIN** *Classics* (R&S)
5. **TRIBAL DRIFT** *Belly* (Chill Out)
6. **BABY DOC** *Eurotic* (Rising High)
7. **SCORN** (AUTECHRE Remix) *Falling* (Scorn)

FRIED ALIVE!



photo: The Mong Crow

EAT STATIC

Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre

Looking remarkably like a sports and social club taken over for the night by a gang of itinerant extra-terrestrials, the Garvey warded it's way through an otherwise normal Wednesday evening. The sparkling Christmas decorations failed spectacularly to blend with the alien backdrops, so as long as you didn't look above head height it was just possible to imagine you were at The Restaurant At The End Of The Universe. Two hundred thousand pounds worth of leading edge SKAN p.a. meant you'd probably hear the gig if you were. Unfortunately Pan-Galactic Garglebasters were not on special, so contenting myself with a Red Stripe I set off to track down our alien funksters. Entering the dressing room, carefully noting the rider on the right, stiff on the left going clockwise, I positioned myself to take maximum advantage.

Eat Static are Joie, dreadlocked and mellowed to fuck, otherwise known as the Ministry Of Funny Noises, and Murr, chief sequencer and technical bod, twiddling and remixing Static's live set. Every night on the tour bus on a portable p.c. Joie's thing is a collection of vintage analogue keyboards, unlikely to produce the same noise twice. Eat Static are notoriously camera shy—the Mong Crow sulked in the corner while Joie explained, "this pop star thing just isn't what it's about. Our friends and people have real lives and real problems—it's difficult to spend time on the road in what is, when it comes down to it, fantasy land, when you're conscious of some very heavy life going on back at home." Murr continues while skinning up a one-paper "It's not easy living in a zone of major alien activity, never knowing if your best mate is really a close friend or a small, well disguised extra-terrestrial."

MEAT PUPPETS/ ALICE DONUT

Paris Arapaho

Surprise support of the night Alice Donut, who were fortuitously hauled in at the last moment to thrash out their rawk thang before sundry American skate-kids and a handful of somewhat disinterested Parisians. Noisy in the terrifyingly extreme, they're strangely reminiscent of the Manic Street Preachers, vis-a-vis their easy mix of punk-rock-mayhem and, erm, soft metal. But hey, cooler. The Manics don't have a huge, forty year old trombone-playing drummer called (for the night?) Moses. The Meat Puppets (Inc., to give them their full title) have risen from early obscurity thanks to Kurt Cobain's penchant for and subsequent recording of two of their tracks. The certain 'je ne sais quoi' which seized the crowd here tonight and whipped them into veritable stiff peaks of excitement was the disappointingly rigid rendition of Backwater which in France is enjoying the same kind of airplay and audience as Whigfield's *Saturday Night* is in Britain (Nothing wrong with that). Otherwise, a precious few of their own country classics, *The Sloop John B* and a certain *Ballad of Pee Pee* (penned by Paul Buttholes Leary) shone like proverbial nascent stars above the quagmire of trad-white-male-American-rock that splurged from the stage. Money maketh complacent. Or something like that.

Milo F. Kelly

PSYCHO GROOVE MUTHAS

Nottingham Sam Fay's

Unknown to me, PGM are from Nottingham! They are an odd concept, being more popular in France than they are here (*that's normal* -Ed.) where we get one gig from them. It soon became clear that they are just too chic for us Anglo-Saxons. The four of them provided solid entertainment. They perform tight, liquid funk which is immediately infectious. Their clean-cut look went well with their polished set, washing down in one slab of groove. Not since Kid Creole's *Wonderful Thing* have I been moved to jive down with such vigour. What's good about PGM is that they don't subscribe to type. They could play alongside George Benson, Earl Slick, or even Donna Summer. Let's just be content with a night at Sam Fay's that had a groove like no other night.

Matt Burrows

BLAGGERS ITA London The Garage

Once upon a time.... you form a band, you release a few records for a Welsh underground record label, then you sign to a major record label, release a mighty fine proper album, people come to your gigs, the band actually get better, everything was fine until, out of the blue.... the record label think not and you are dropped. It doesn't make a lot of sense to me. Or to you dear reader. Hey! Mr Major, ever hear the word 'develop'? I have to shake my head, throw my arms up into the air. WHY? Oh why?

Tonight.... Blaggers ITA were bloody brilliant, they confirmed that they are the new 25th Of May. Straight from the off they grabbed the crowd by the balls and whom! bam! the place started pumping. It seemed pretty obvious that Matty was totally off his face. Every other song, he found himself in the crowd. Christy somehow kept it all together, jumping around and pumping his fist in the air. "I bet Morrissey never stole a car," Matty beams as the band start to rip into a manic version of *Stress(s)*. After that it just got better with every song. Excellent dance but ever so powerful and hard songs. A very 90's sound. A street sound. Far more punk than These Animal Men who were headlining. Songs that got a big thumbs up: *Bad Karma* and *Oxygen*. "What you got to lose?" the pit chants during *Man Trap*. If we should lose Blaggers ITA then we have a hell of a lot to lose. This band are far too important to lose. They always (hopefully) keep fighting. Kill fashion. I hope we can somehow keep Blaggers ITA going. That makes complete sense.

Sid Abuse

RAGMOUTH FRED/ PAX/ UNCLE VULGAR

Nottingham The Hearty Goodfellow

Long hair and hippy threads, percussion and semi-acoustic guitar are the hallmarks of Ragmouth Fred. All very seventies, or so I thought but no, their songs and attitude are very relevant to nineties youth culture. Delivering a short but intense set of songs that highlighted the songwriting and playing talents of Ragmouth Fred. Pax are a covers band, briefly touching the sixties but rampaging through the late seventies and early eighties. They're young, energetic and possess bags of enthusiasm. Their musical roots being thrash metal punk, it surprised me how remarkably well their version of The Stones' classic *Jumping Jack Flash* adapted to this genre. A band worth catching.

I've always been wary of gimmicks and I'd been forewarned that Uncle Vulgar were all show and no substance. So it was no surprise to me when they all trooped on wearing tatty demo! suits and garish ties. The first two songs went over my head completely, though I couldn't help but notice the attentiveness of the crowd. However, by the third song, I was actually enjoying myself. Most bands are derivative and Uncle Vulgar are no exception but it's very difficult to pigeon-hole their sound. Their songs are melodic and have a haunting quality about them. One of the guitarists, Perry, said, "we're a pop band. We write pop songs." By the end of their set I was convinced that tatty demo! suits and garish ties are exactly what we need to make the world a better place.

Emma Jane Grady

DRUGSTORE Nottingham The Narrowboat

Dear Isabel,

You don't know me but we met on a previous occasion when you supported Echobelly late last year. You blew me away, I had to see you again, it was lust at first sight. You and your top teen chunky post-punk pop combo more than compensated for Velo Deluxe who, despite containing a much advertised ex-Lemonhead, just weren't focused enough (or perhaps it was because I was downstairs attempting play pool). Dearest darling Isabel, how do I love thee? Count the ways.... that cheeky little cover version about Vaseline which I first heard you perform on Mark Radcliffe's show, your cool drummer, those bouncy bass driven toons, the sexy giggles between (and during) the songs—the list is endless. Can't wait until we meet again, love,

John W. Haylock



photo: Chris Olley

CODE / GRASSY NOEL / JEZZABELL Nottingham Sam Fay's

Sam Fay's, Thursday nights' regular live music experience, probably Nottingham's finest venue because you can see great bands here, you can hear a great sound here and you can drink beer here until 1 am. Hear, hear! England marches on into the 90's, licences being extended, petrol stations in London selling beer, I even saw a flyer the other day saying 'bar from eleven 'till late!' Wow! Freedom at last, and still no signs of rioting in the streets or economic collapse due to national inebriation. We have a tunnel now and we're getting there.

Code, from Tonbridge in Kent, were described by NMME as "techno orchestration of the free and soaring variety." Sounds rather smart. I often find it easier to write about the kind of people that listen to the music rather than the music itself. Strange? Maybe, but the audience is an essential part of the music, for without an audience (a setting if you like) the music cannot realistically survive and therefore it ceases to exist. The audience acutely reflects the style, the attitude and the context of the music. If you think that's a load of bollocks then take tonight's first DJ as an example. DJ Jezabell plays Ambient music. The trouble is, Ambient music is not really music at all, it's a little scene of slack druggie people who have no attitude on the politics of this country and far too much money to spend on drugs. The swells and drones and underwater whale-like noises he is playing are about as entertaining as listening to cover versions of Cliff and the Shadows being played on a Hammond organ over the PA at Tesco. The word Ambience implies that this muzak has some sort of higher intelligence quota which reaches you on a kind of Zen spiritual level. Bollocks, it's just boring. OK, so there might be the odd bit of good ambient music about, but lets face it, in ten years' time when we look back we will realise that, basically, it was crap. Frankly, the first part of the evening is getting on my tits and I'm wondering where all the chilled out druggies are tonight, probably stoned at home (watching the telly) through lack of interest. That's a shame really because Code may have been just the band to kick some life into them. Code come on-stage and produce a solid form of techno, driven with the pace of a quickened heartbeat and coiled with electronic melody. They seem busy all the time, a kind of English Kraftwerk with all the gaps filled in. Code are great. No drugs, no pretence, not boring. They are taking techno by the underbelly and creating full and rhythmical soundscapes which feel live, sound human and buzz with electronic sparks. These four guys possess an energy which can be seen as well as heard. There must be room for the music of Code. It's not just good-time dance, it's not trippy 'E' emptiness, it's not lazy. It's Sci-Fi break-beat with analogue attitude.

Code finished but the evening was not quite over, there were still some records to be spun by DJ Grassy Noel. Well, I'm a fan! Playing music from Ween to Pinky & Perky, Grassy Noel is one of the few DJ's who has actually entertained me. Yeah, stylishness without style, simple and selfishly chosen music which made a refreshing change and broke down the modern myth that DJ's are (have become) artists themselves. Don't forget, a band is still a band and a DJ is still a disc jockey.

Roger Cloth

SENSER/SKUNK ANANSIE Nottingham Rock City

Skunk Anansie are very good, the perfect opening band. Skin (the 'skinny' frontperson) was keen to see more participation, and got it. They will be big and have the heart to deal with it. Senser have crept slowly out of the ashes left by the blowtorch that is Public Enemy and Rage Against The Machine fused in unholy matrimony. Rock City is packed and the bouncing boot-clad stompers stomp right the way back to the mixing desk, exploding in a whirlpool of mayhem as the opening torpedo *States Of Mind* is launched. The crowd is intense and compact, there is no respite for those who want actually to see something! Al-Sayed, charismatic, sharp, cynical, intense but controlled, possesses one flaw: he takes it all too far, to the point of insincerity. With a superb light show and the ever-reliable Kerstin to back him up, he relinquishes all to surrender to pathetic hecklers. Yes, they were "cocksuckers" but leave them to their fucked-up devices mate—there's the rest of us decent folk who are here for the show. The set was a bit stop-start, with instrumentals acting more as fillers than killers. *Switch* and *Eject* raise the spirits somewhat, but they are diluted a little too much by mediocrity. That is, until *The Key* provides the encore, which sadly came too late. And so it ended. Despite this evening's disappointment, I can't help but like Senser. They deserve much respect for rousing the tired adolescent hordes out of their slumbers, Chuck D style, and giving them a rousing slap in the face. If they can control their outbursts, they should be on to a winner. Love them or hate them, Senser have got time on their side. I'm sure they'll use it to their advantage.

Matt Burrows

SHED SEVEN Paris New Morning

It's hard to say anything at all about a band that make music you might want to drive to, but whose sound resembles a conglomeration of every white middle-class indie phenomenon you've heard since those heady days of C86. But unlike many of their counterparts (Ride et al), Shed Seven provide a kind of easy, ephemeral entertainment which is valid in its very disposability. They represent a return to the days when you went to see Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark because you *liked* them and you didn't give a toss that the cool kid in the class wouldn't have got out of bed for anything less than The Cure. You probably thought he was a bit ridiculous at the time—and you were right! So while we *could* spend our evenings with Royal Trux and Free Kitten, perhaps we should remember that sad little man with the black clothes and bad haircut and ask ourselves the following questions: Am I s/he? Did I become that misguided youth? Am I in fact still in bed as I read this, waiting for the next cool gig at The Charlotte? If you answered yes to one or (goddess forbid) more of these questions, then get up and get on down to a Shed Seven gig. ENJOY yourself! TAP your feet and JIGGLE your shoulders to the pure pop pearls from the album you were to scared to buy. SWOON at the singles and forget that Rick Witter has been singled out as a Northern ape who wouldn't know *cool* if it came up and offered him a contract. Remember instead those blissful, *private* moments singing *Speakeasy* in the shower and wake up to the exciting prospect of meeting at these gigs other out-of-the-cool-cupboard chums—including, indeed, such luminaries as French POP STARS, Indochine. Go, Shed Seven, GO!!

Milo F. Kelly

JUST THE TONIC Nottingham The Old Vic

Being a stand-up comic in front of a live audience is a funny old game. *Just The Tonic* is a real eye-opener onto this predominantly male sport. Each week consists of a compere (Roger Monkhouse or Paul B. Edwards), funky tunes courtesy of Kier, two billed comedians and an unknown dying for ten minutes of fame under the spotlight in the 'open spot'. Mix such good company with the befittingly seedy and smoky atmosphere in the Old Vic, stir in a couple of pints add a bit of tasty food and you can't get a better Sunday night out in Nottingham. So far this year we've been treated to the likes of David Haddingham, Ian Stone, Brendan James, Roger Mann and Stu Who. Yep, I'd never heard of them either, but don't let that put you off. After all, five years ago Jo Brand, Eddie Izzard and Bill Hicks were doing the same type of gigs.

Ian Stone was not afraid to make jokes about himself growing up in a Jewish school in North London. Naturally he was Politically Correct and funny too. On the opposite end of the scale the 'open spot' introduced us to the one and only hyperactive rock fan from Aussie, Brendan James. More smut and sniggering than you can shake a stick at and not averse to taking the piss out of us Pommies simply because we laugh at it! Londoner David Haddingham threw some hilarious one-liners at us as well as relating some good old shaggy dog stories. All three are stars in the making.

And what sort of entertainment can you expect from this weird species of man who paces up and down the stage determined to please? Stand up comedians always seem to suffer from a bad case of observational verbal diarrhoea with shaggy dog storyitis and love to engage in a bit of 'liaising' with the crowd—encouraging us to heckle and participate. You can even play the 'make a joke' game. Our trusty compere Roger Monkhouse commands us, the punters, to create a joke using the words 'Andy Cole' and 'Free Range Eggs'. All the entries are read and judged by audience reaction. The eventual winner? "You'd be ill-advised to teach your Grandma to suck Andy Cole."

Such is the tone of the whole evening. Here is my top five list of subjects covered by stand-up comedians to give you a feel for what you are in for:

1. Masturbation / Willies in any form.
2. Various illegal substance abuse.
3. The bachelor lifestyle including nightmare experiences in the launderette.
4. Picking on people in the audience who get up to go to the toilet.
5. Derby being boring and Nottingham being obsessed with shoe shops and Robin Hood.

Indeed, go to the Old Vic on a quiet Sunday night and you'll be sure of a surprise—especially if get up to go to the toilet mid-way through somebody's set, always fuel to a comedian's fire!

Kellie C

JEFF BUCKLEY Paris Bataclan

Oh my goddess, oh my goddess...Getting straight to the nauseating hyperbole, this is no doubt one of the most spine-tingling gigs I have ever attended. It's impossible to catch the movement on paper. The nearest approximation was furnished by the man standing next to me: *rien à dire* (although he modified this later and admitted that The Son Of Tim had produced within him a bizarre feeling that his teeth were detaching themselves and floating from his mouth. If metaphors can't render the voice in words, then neither can technicalities. Vocal pyrotechnics, acrobatics, the range, the power (to be silent, also), the perfection which somehow shouldn't belong to this world.... I could fumble all day. Listen to his father (rather than his own albums which fail to reveal, well, *anything*) and you might get half an idea. Then try to imagine a kind of scruffy, celestial, post-punk version. Then go to the gig....

There were really two sets tonight. Jeff plus band, which constituted unimaginably prickly, barely audible licks crashing into heads-down-feet-off-the-ground Punk Rock at regular intervals. *Grace*, another one of those surprising records which somehow find their way into heavy rotation o French radio and thus into the collective (un)conscious of even the Etienne Daho fans, transformed the rather large rugby-type in front of me into a head-banging, air-drumming, annoying git. And then Jeff *tout seul*, the mesmerising, coolly conquering hero. The man who can sing Benjamin Britten and *get away with it*; who can trawl through Leonard Cohen's *Hallelujah* and make you wish it would never end. (My next job is with Mills & Boone...) Do whatever it takes, sell your granny's soul to the devil, but get a ticket for The Next Time. Hey, and this paean comes from a woman who saw Bogshed in their prime, and recognises talent when she sees it.

Milo F. Kelly

The Artsist Formerly Known As Christian



BOB TILTON / SILENCER Nottingham The Zone

Let other pens dwell on song titles and chronology, this one doesn't care to. An overview is sufficient as the reader is insistently recommended to experience the tears, joy, heartache and drama that are Silencer and Bob Tilton themselves. OK, so I do have more than a passing regard for both bands admittedly, but it's rare for two gems such as these to be sharing the same stage, let alone to be living within two miles of me. I'm drawn away from an altercation with the bar staff by the pops and crackles of things being plugged in as Bob Tilton prepare to harangue and charm us all. Sprang! And they're off, losing it on stage in a most frightening way that say, Understand quite frankly wouldn't understand and could only dream of. But, there is a price to pay for this wanton disregard for drum kits,

guitars and personal safety as they pass the baton of continuity like an ill-trained relay team. Songs lead effortlessly into two hour tuning, sniffing and shirt rearranging marathons before the next round begins. Silencer have played better and worse before—dependability is an overestimated virtue—but never have they sounded this good; metre and dynamics wrapped tightly around a gruelling bottom end and cropped with delicate and driven chords, combine exactly as they should, to produce a creamy smooth yet heady noise. Ultimately the performance was flawed but it's often an exciting thing to see a man's reach exceed his grasp. For both bands the problem is essentially the same—Nottingham is yours and you run the risk from suffering the audiences' overfamiliarity; the M1 is there for the taking from the helm of a Transit van.

Manly Bannister

SPIRITUALISED ELECTRIC MAINLINE Leicester University

A good night for guitars. Whilst the 'legendary' (?) Chuck Berry was plucking out those time honoured three chord riffs over at De Montford Hall, Spiritualised Electric Mainline were engaging themselves down the road with a spot of high octave plank spanking with a touch of freefall space cadet drama thrown in for good measure. Spiritualised (this is as far as the Electric Mainline travels) are essentially stuck in a time warp; imagine the scenario that the rave culture emerged over a decade earlier and that the band had discovered the make up counter at Boots long before Wayne Hussey et al trundled in: Spiritualised would no doubt be at the forefront of a developing 'ambient goth' scene. You attend a Spiritualised performance to chill out, safe in the knowledge that you won't have to suffer the annoyance of a spotty fourteen year-old kid wearing a hooded top and a cheesy grin pestering you all night to neck some E's with him. A mosh pit is hard to locate. The audience remain seated on the floor throughout, transfixed, transcendental and alas, train-spotting; once the five-piece exit, the fan worship is directed towards the equipment rather than band members themselves. "Oh look, Kevin, an authentic Bon Tempi organ. I saw it first!" The Spiritualised sound is well suited to transferring over into the live environment. The recreation of a 60's garage band echoing through from a worn out vinyl recording reverberates around the venue, muffled with signs of mould growing around the edges. This sounds great for the guitars as they pan from left to right in the mix, usually colliding and becoming lost before they are given the opportunity to fester deeper still and penetrate our already confused consciousness. The vocals aren't so sympathetic to such haphazard treatment however, being continually drowned and lost as the guitars build up their wall of sound with a pace that the indie kids on roll-up duty fail to maintain. Everyone knows that the Song Remains The Same for Spiritualised. *Laser Guided Melodies* was a misleading title for their first album as the band are about as close to melody as Lennon and McCartney were to Jungle. What you are given instead is a sequence of chord changes, rather like listening to your next door neighbour learning how to play the guitar through a mute wall, which then climaxes with the obligatory guitar masturbation session towards the end. Did the earth move for you? Like all good sex, the pleasure was knowing that your partner had enjoyed the experience more so than you had. Spiritualised walked off for a smoke with a wry smile on their faces.

Tricky Skills Jase

BADAXE / SNEINTON ELVIS / ACCIDENT & EMERGENCY / CHRISTIAN & DAMIEN Nottingham Sam Fay's

Hair. There was a lot of hair around tonight. Long and ginger, thick and black, straight and brown, blonde and dreaded and, of course, short and curly. But who had whom by what? Well, Christian and Damien had themselves by theirs very tightly, in an double act which including a Portishead cover (fast work, guys), a version of *Purple Haze* (slow work but deliberate) and an outro of the theme from *Star Trek*. First out of four acts and the classless crowd were already screaming for more. Something was afoot. Rumour, that swiftest of evils, had already swept through the Whispering City with tales of nails in unusual places, and Accident & Emergency lived up to every soundbite. With their trolley full of menacing medicindustrial paraphernalia they were subject to the utmost scrutiny by members of the audience already well enough oiled to slip into Jimmy The Nail's tiniest orifice but unfortunately not as well qualified to judge the proceedings externally, so we may never know if Jimmy really did what he appeared to do, although the Kangol hammer/concrete slab/bed of nails gag appeared authentic, especially since the Chief Scrutineer was unable to extricate the Cabbage Of Proof from said bed. No wonder they wouldn't let him throw the hyperdermic darts into Jimmy's back during *Bullseye*. He might have hit a nerve. But despite the Doubting Stephens there is no doubt in my mind that the *Bucket Of Doom* is a truly awesome gag and an hilarious finale. Long live Shoddy Cabaret.

Badaxe arrived amid much fanfare, most of it created by themselves, and let's face it, when you are about to expose an audience to two hours of bad taste you'd better hype it good and proper. I was amazed by how many of the upright-on citizens in the crowd stuck around to thoroughly enjoy themselves. Further scrutiny discovers Chris Badaxe's knack for defusing doubters and hecklers alike whilst simultaneously lowering standards of decency to Toryan depths and murdering rock music into the bargain. I reckon an hour's worth is all you should take in one go, but then Badaxe have a secret weapon. "SNEINTON! SNEINTON! SNEINTON!" Equally primed and prejudiced, the crowd sings out it's praise for the King of Rock & Roll. The chanting heralds the hurried arrival of bar staff and hitherto disinterested punters into the part of the pub where the beautiful people hang out. Sneinton Elvis, in all his fringed white crimplene splendour, leaps forth into the abyss that is midway through a Badaxe show and reminds me of John Cooper Clarke's self-referential irony: "I suppose you're wondering how such a rich, baritone voice could emanate from such a frail, androgynous frame." But it does and despite being pelvically and otherwise challenged He jumps and gyrates and sings the King's songs and a few others besides but no-one notices the anomalies because Sneinton Elvis is Himself one. He earns an encore and gets used (but not abused) once more, between tampon testing and blow-up dolls, to break up the tedium of the Badaxe bad taste rock stop. Virginia Bottomley could hold her head up with pride at a Badaxe show, though I bet they would prefer to hold it up for her.

Christine Chapel

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS Nottingham Behan's Bar

Nestling incongruously beneath the skirts of the Forte Crest hotel, built in Dublin, and literally shipped across the Irish Sea in crates, Behan's serves the best pint of Guinness in the Midlands. As a venue for live Irish folk music it has few rivals, but the concept of Stiff Little Fingers unplugged? Be serious. As part of the St. Paddy's day celebrations, a benefit for Childline saw the assembled drinkers of Nottingham awaiting a flirtation with the unknown. Alternative Ulster was a little hesitant at first and then exploded with unbridled energy into *Gotta Get Away*. The bar vibrated to all the old faves—*Wasted Life*, *Harp*, reaching a peak with a version of *The Irish Rover* in a Force 10 gale. The lamps fell off the wall, my head exploded and there wasn't a dry throat in the pub. The crowd knew every song word for word, Bruce Foxton's killer bass-lines in perfect unity with Dolphin Taylor's drums. The crowd stomped the floor, the drink flowed and the crack was perfect. Given a choice between the intimacy of Behan's and the plastic terror that is Rock City, I know where I'd rather be. This is where SLF started and this is where they belong—back in the pubs.

The Fat Dead Nazi

DUB WAR Derby The Where House

Much is made of the fact that Dub War hail from Wales, to be specific, the epicentre of rock 'n' roll known as Newport. So it should be because here is a band which breaks down the walls of heartache (albeit with a sledge hammer) and you have to keep reminding yourself that these guys are not from L.A. nor an eastern European buffer state embroiled in internicine strife, but from next door, geographically speaking. A remarkable feat of ground-breaking tenacity has brought them this far. Their stance is exemplary, their music is the future, our loyalty is honoured. They kick ass and we are privileged. (Yes John, but what did they play?) Oh, shut up and buy Pain, the new album, and catch them live before the inevitable big time reduces them to shadows on calm waters. Beautiful.

John Haylock

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