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If you're completely new to the scene, there may well be a lot of questions you'd like to ask. But you're probably unsure where to get the most reliable answers.

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They're very approachable and confidential and, what's more, aren't just there for times of crisis, but for all sorts of information and advice.

Some will be able to give you practical information about lesbian & gay community issues such as where the best local pubs and clubs are.

Others deal more specifically with sexual health matters such as HIV/AIDS and sexually transmitted diseases.

For example, for information on sexual health and HIV, you can call the National AIDS Helpline free on 0800 567 123 or the Terrence Higgins Trust on 0171 242 1010.

Alternatively, for more general advice (as well as advice on HIV and sexual health) you may like to ring the London Lesbian & Gay Switchboard on 0171 837 7324 or the Bisexual Helpline on 0181 569 7500.

Both are good places to get reliable information on safer sex and protecting

yourself and your partners. So you can choose which line you would prefer to call, whatever question you want to ask or issue you wish to discuss.

Any of these lines will also be able to give you details of your local helplines, or the address of your local clinic or drop in centre, where you can talk face to face with health advisors if you would prefer.

So, if you are unsure about anything, make a note of these numbers and give them a call.

After all, they're there to help you, no matter what's on your mind.



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CASINO DESPERADO**

ULYSSES GAZE

plus your chance to win some
HONG KONG ACTION CINEMA

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The gig guide for Nottingham.

cd and vinyl reviews:

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THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIENDSHIPS

Issue # 41 MARCH 1996

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firstofall:

Cover: **Ewan MacGregor**, star of *Trainspotting*, the film tipped to be the box office hit of the year. Made by the same team that brought you last year's successful *Shallow Grave*, the film follows the highs and lows of a group of heroin addicts in Edinburgh. Already the self-righteously indignant who haven't seen it are saying that nobody else should. Tough shit. A special preview show at Broadway sold out within a week but *Trainspotting* has its main run from Friday 8th March. See *Visual*.



HIPHOPTIMISM : **Stinky** (photo: Liz Black)
Reading Rap assassins **Killa Instinct** are about to release a three track cd entitled *The Penultimate Sacrifice* on Move/PHD. They aim this way in March with a show at Sam Fay's on Tuesday 12th. Shooting from the hip hop will be **Gunshot DJ Barry Blue** and **King Prawn**, the latest act from to Words Of Warning. With their distinctive concoction of Punk, Ragga, Ska and Hip hop, they've been called 'a sort of Rancid meets Rage Against The Machine' and 'EB & The System meets Dub War'. Having released a single *Poison In The Air* last year, a full length album is out at the end of February, both produced by Ace from Skunk Anansie.

Killa Instinct formed six years ago from the burning ashes of Total Fiasco and comprise DJs **Geta** and **Snyppa** and sole rapper **Bandog** aka Demon Child. Blending traditional British hardcore rap with horror samples and 'poison society'-induced lyrics reflecting the anger and frustrations of British youth, they have forged their own identity while the conformists follow market trends. A full length album *All Hell Beaks Loose* is scheduled for later in the year. Nottingham's own **Stinky** complete this unique Brit-hop package. Prior to that, Sam Fay's hosts a special show on Thursday 7th March featuring **Done Lying Down** and legendary Philadelphia quartet **Latimer** famed for their frenetic live shows. The reason it is special is because admission is FREE.

Ashtay Heart sounds like a film but it is the first cd release from Leicester-based label Sorted. Other releases have all been 7" singles including *Saturday Night Sunday Morning* by Nottingham's Performance whose track *Sixteen Hours* is included on this compilation. All eighteen tracks are by different artists, are exclusive to this release and include *Killer Alligator* by My Head's *Going To Blow Up*, *She's Got More* by Wrinkly Pink Catsuits, *Excavator* by Lazarus Clamp, *Irritating Dub* by Prolapse and *Gravity* by The Gonzo Salvage Company (RIP). It is available from Arcade and Selectadisc prior to national release. Mansfield rockers **Frontier** have just released an ep entitled *Don't Just Do Something, Stand There* and have been rewarded for their efforts with a support to 'stalwart AOR gods' FM who return to Mansfield for the third time on March 15th at The Oak Tree Leisure Centre. Joining them are popular local act **Vivid**. The event is being promoted by the **Sound Barrier** organisation who have started a weekly rock night at The Woodpecker every Saturday evening beginning March 16th. See listings
Nottingham five-piece **The Days** release their third single and debut album this month with Midlands dates to coincide. They appear at The Union Boat Club in Nottingham on March 9th.
Sheffield-based **Pigsix4** have completed their first album. *I Am The Chemistry* is out now on Lisbon-based label Simbiose, despite the band leaving the CD-R master copy in Nettos while shopping for beans.
Derby's **Emily Said** are back from a period of creative recuperation with new material which they will be performing at a series of gigs around the Midlands. See listings.
Heaven records have borrowed *Velocity Girl* from Sub Pop for a 7" single release. *Seven Seas/Breaking Lines*

has UK-wide distribution or is available mail order from Heaven Records, 110 Bridle Road, Burton Joyce, Nottingham NG14 5FP.
Following last year's *Bushbury Mountain* lp, **The New Bushbury Mountain Daredevils** have announced the release of their new album *Peace And Justice* featuring fifteen original tracks of bluegrass country roots on Enigma Records (ENI101CD). They play a number of UK dates during April (22nd Derby Guildhall) and May (3rd Chesterfield Arts Centre) prior to a sortie into Italy.
Stereolab make a welcome return to Nottingham on March 10th, with a gig at the Clinton Rooms bringing along with acclaimed Chicago genre-surfers **Tortoise**, whose new ep *Tortoise vs Mo' Wax* features remixes of their twenty-minute collage *Djed* by Unkle's Tim Goldworthy and the band's own John McEntire. With a new single *Ladykillers* from their new album *Loveline* (out 18th March) **Lush** embark upon their longest ever tour lasting throughout March. Dates in this neck of the woods are Sheffield The Leadmill (9th); Derby University (15th); Stoke The Stage (18th); Leicester The Charlotte (22nd); and Nottingham Meadow Club (30th).
Purveyors of crucial dub On-U Sound label is fifteen years old this year and to celebrate there will be an album *15 Years And More* released later in the year as part of a series of compilations featuring On-U's finest. There will also be some reissues of **Lee 'Scratch' Perry's** deleted works. In the meantime there is a new album from **Dub Syndicate**, entitled *Ital Breakfast* and due out on March 25th, while on March 18th sister label Pressure Sounds releases *The Genius Of Enos* which spotlights the work of Jamaican producer, singer and arranger **Enos McLeod** and features some of the artists he has worked with in his illustrious career such as Prince Far-I, The Revolutionaries, Soul Syndicate, and the Mighty Diamonds. Also planned are releases by **Jalal**, one of the original Last Poets.

Another Last Poet **Abiodun Oyewole** has his first solo album *25 Years* on the Rykodisc/Black arc series. Conceived and produced by Bill Laswell, who also collaborates on **Mutiny's** *Aftershock 2005*, a big bad funk album by the new crew of Jerome 'Bigfoot' Bailey, former P-Funk drummer who co-wrote *Give Up The Funk (Tear The Roof Off The Sucker)* with George Clinton. Other releases from Rykodisc include *The Lost Episodes of Frank Zappa*, a fans' must-have collection of favourite rarities compiled by the man himself involving material from 1957 to 1992 and featuring **Captain Beefheart** on five tracks. Then there's **Jesus Alemany's** *Cubanismo!* featuring piano great **Alfredo Rodriguez** on a journey to the heart of Cuban dance music with some of Cuba's top session men. The compilation *Shaken Not Stirred* features twelve tracks of loopy lounge music from the vaults of Hi-Fi recordings, the legendary label of the '50's and '60's, selections include king of exotica **Arthur Lyman**; the beast of the bongos **Jack Burger** and Dinah Shore's conductor **Harry Zimmerman**. Or try **Mem Shannon**, a New Orleans cab driver who plays with a top R&B band and writes songs about lost sleep, bad tips and how his wife watches too much Oprah Winfrey on his album **A Cab Driver's Blues**. All out now through Rykodisc. It is 50 years since the birth of Bob Marley and to

celebrate Trojan records are releasing a special box set of five picture disc cd singles of original versions by **Bob Marley & The Wailers** and four cover versions of each by various other artists making 25 tracks in all. New Mansfield venue The Woodpecker has announced the next heats of the Battle Of The Bands competition. On Weds 20th March **Motor City Miracle**, **Cheese Truck** and **Saigon Kiss** vye for a place in the semi-finals while on Weds. 27th **Esprit** and **Funky Rooster** battle it out with **Dums Dums**.
Plunderphonic improvisers **Stock, Hausen & Walkman**, have improvised their way into cyberspace. Still pictures and an audio recording from a performance in Derby's Montage Gallery last month can now be accessed on the Internet. The event was part of the Derby Jazz organisation's *Improvised Jazz* series in association with Griffin Internet. The next event, a performance by **Alan Wilkinson** on Weds. 7th Feb. is to be the very first live audio broadcast on the Internet in Europe. The still images are captured live by a digital camera and down-loaded. The site can be visited on the Internet at <http://www.griffin.co.uk.montage>.
Introducing a new competition—**Flyer Of The Month (apart from Overall)**—the prize is awarded for style, artwork, content, conviction, humour, sickness, slickness or maybe just 'cos we might get in free, though that's not the reason this time. This month's **High Flyer** prize goes to 'Dirty Stop Out' featuring a lurid Andy Warhol-style triptych of Hugh Grant's LAPD mugshot. Congratulations, you win some free publicity (for your flyer). If you would like to nominate your flyer for this award send it to the address below. you never know, we might even include the information in the listings.
The Radio Authority has invited applications for a new regional independent license for a totally new radio station to cover the East Midlands including Nottingham, Derby and Leicester. It would be broadcast to 1.5 million people. The authority believes the new station should cater for all tastes and interests and is inviting comments and views about local radio needs from people in the region, i.e. what sort of shows would you like to hear programmed. The license will be granted for eight years, so it is important that you make your opinion known, otherwise you might be stuck with someone else's. Write to the Head of Development, the Radio Authority, Holbrook House, Great Queen Street, London WC2B 5DG.

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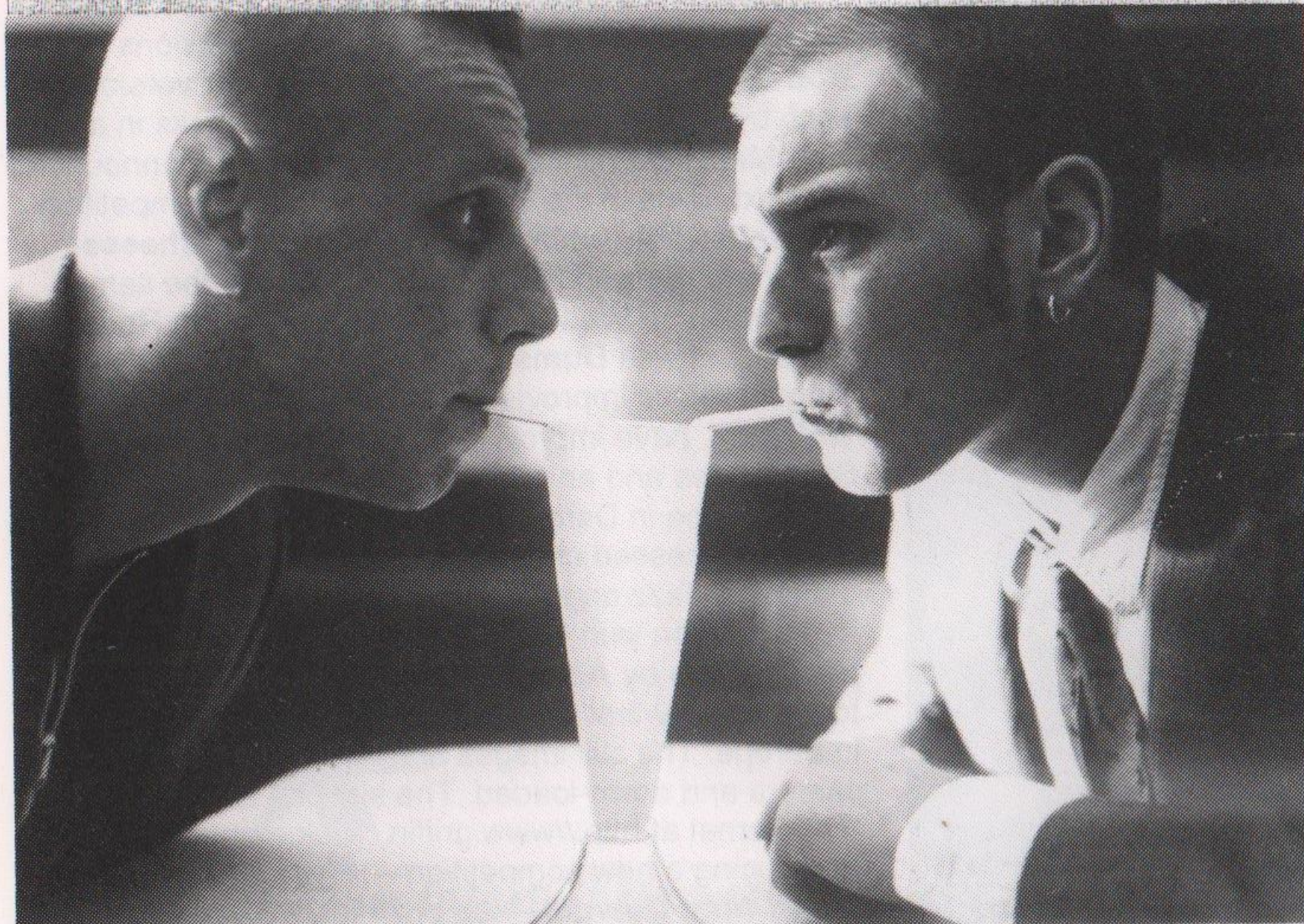
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visually:



TRAINSPOTTING (Dir. Danny Boyle)

This is it. *Seven*, *Heat*, *Casino* and *Desperado* notwithstanding, the most eagerly awaited film of the year has arrived. What's more it's British, it's brilliant and it blows away all the safe, smug competition in one 90-minute onslaught of hyper-real intensity and brash, bare-faced impudence. freely adapted from Irvine Welsh's drug-infused best-selling novel by the shallow grave triumvirate of Danny Boyle, Andrew MacDonald and John Hodge, *Trainspotting* crawls under your skin with a caustic yet blackly comic look at the highs and lows of heroin addiction. Set in Edinburgh's dark urban underbelly the film follows an assorted group of losers, liars, thieves and junkies who refuse to be classified as victims and attempt to escape from the drudgery of their everyday existence. Renton (Ewan McGregor), pumped up with nihilism but still retaining some charismatic appeal provides a cynical, scathing voice-over while his drugged up buddies include psychotic Begbie (Robert Carlyle), amiable Spud (Ewen Bremner), naive Tommy (Kevin McKidd), schoolgirl Diane (Kelly Macdonald) and the Sean Connery obsessed Sick Boy (Johnny Lee Miller). Bravely courting controversy, the film shows clearly what attracts these people to heroin and the almighty buzz it gives them. Crucially, neither does it flinch from the depressing downside involving OD's, opium suppositories and unsavoury toilets, disintegrating friendships, death and betrayal. Hodges blistering screenplay injects the novel's episodic structure with a dose of narrative drive and Boyle's impressively stylised direction only enhances its visceral humour. The actors all give stunning performances while the hip soundtrack—Iggy Pop and Lou Reed through to New Order, Leftfield, Underworld and Pulp, is both superb and perfectly suited to the story. Audiences in America blessed with a nauseatingly nostalgic view of this country will no doubt be nonplussed, but over here—tabloid press and Tory scum apart—we know better. For once you can believe the hype, *Trainspotting* really is as good as it gets.

Hank Quinlan

Trainspotting shows at Broadway, Nottingham from Friday 8th - Thursday 21st March.



DESPERADO Dir. Robert Rodriguez

A wham bang ketchup-in-your-face movie combining spaghetti western imagery with Hong Kong style action, *Desperado* is Rodriguez' big budget sequel to his impressive debut *El Mariachi*. This time Spanish hunk Antonio Banderas stars as the itinerant musician performing with poise and panache as he pursues a violent vendetta against a despotic Mexican druglord. The beautiful Salma Hayek provides him with fiery female support while Steve Buscemi and Quentin Tarantino, both big buddies of Rodriguez, appear in some of the film's more memorable sequences. The opening section in particular is handled superbly, cross-cutting between Buscemi's eloquent story-telling and Banderas' awesome first appearance. Sadly it promises far more than the film actually manages to deliver, as the monotony of each subsequent action sequence slowly becomes tiresome and predictable. The all-out assault on the senses which at first seems so impressive ultimately leaves you cold with its lack of substance and sentiment. Not bad, but not brilliant either. Despite its high powered ballistic shoot-outs, *Desperado* still lacks the manic humour and off-beat inventiveness of its superior predecessor.

Hank Quinlan

Desperado shows at Broadway until Thurs 7th March.

CASINO

The closing film at this year's London Film Festival, Martin Scorsese directs and writes the screenplay with co-writer Nicholas Pileggi which is all about betting in Las Vegas where Robert de Niro plays Ace, a powerful gambler who gets involved in a power struggle with another gambler Nicky (Joe Pesci). Ace has been given the job of running the highly successful Tangiers Casino for the mob with old friend Nicky offering support i.e. doing away with anyone who gives Ace trouble. Gradually they grow apart, particularly after Ace marries glamourpuss Ginger (Sharon Stone). When Ace's marriage begins to disintegrate and the law starts to catch up, Nicky begins to take over. There's plenty of verbal sparring between the two, plenty of heads getting smashed to pulp, one guy even getting his head crushed in a vice, in a film which could maybe have been called 'Good Fellas In Vegas'. Sharon Stone turns in a performance worthy at least of Oscar nomination, and the story is consistently engrossing throughout. But there is a feeling of having been down this road before with Mr. Scorsese and the film has to work hard to justify its almost three hour length. Personally, I'd seen enough after two, but ardent Scorsese fans will no doubt say different.

Matt Arnoldi

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

Hugh Grant, Alan Rickman and Greg Wise star in yet another adaptation of a Jane Austen novel, this one written by Emma Thompson who also has a leading role in the film as Elinor, the heroine who is pursued by suitor Edward (Hugh Grant). Directed by the Taiwanese Ang Lee (*The Wedding Banquet*) it tells the story of the Dashwood family, a story told not that long ago on BBC TV. There are also muslin-dressed roles for Imogen Stubbs and Kate Winslet. This is a lively adaptation, well played by the assorted company and as with *Pride & Prejudice* there's plenty of humour, men in dashing britches, romantic clinches and precious decorum and manners to observe. One criticism is that Emma Thompson seems far too old to be playing a sister to the young Kate Winslet, but *Sense And Sensibility* would be an admirable winner of any Oscars that are going; it is apparently in the running having recently won two Golden Globe awards. It's a pity the film which appears British is in fact American—Columbia put up the money for it and will no doubt be laughing all the way to the bank.

Matt Arnoldi



ULYSSES GAZE

Harvey Keitel stars in Theo Angelopoulos' three-hour epic as a Greek film maker returning to his home town after thirty-five years in the states. He decides to try and track down the missing three reels of the first film footage ever shot by the Manakias brothers in the Balkans and this involves him in a trail that will take him across the borders of many countries in the former Eastern block. On the way he keeps getting side-tracked by a former lover who turns up in several different guises and love takes over. This might sound obscure but after a slow and rambling beginning (the first 90 minutes!) the film improves immeasurably as it heads towards war-torn Bosnia with Keitel in a most unusually passive role. *Ulysses Gaze* picked up two awards in Cannes including the International Critics Prize. The best scenes are in the final 90 minutes (out of 177) when the film maker 'A' (Keitel) ends his search in besieged Sarajevo. There are some startling scenes here, particular ones shot in the mist when Sarajevo comes to life (the snipers can't operate due to poor visibility) and it's here that Angelopoulos' film is at its strongest combining scenes (with an admirable documentary feel to them) of hope, despair and drama in equal measures. He concentrates on depicting the film maker's quest to set his gaze on the long-lost reels, evoking parallels between his plight and that of Ulysses who also went on a quest. although the film could be more engaging early on, if you persevere you will witness scenes you are unlikely to see in any other film this year.

Matt Arnoldi

GAZON MAUDIT (FRENCH TWIST)

Sexually titillating menage à trois comedy starring Alain Chabat, Victoria Abril and Josiane Balasko as a husband and wife and lesbian lover who end up getting amorous together in various different combinations. the film is France's official nominee for Best Foreign Language Oscar. It begins well as domestic and homely wife Loli (Abril) gets to know butch female lorry driver Marijo (Josie Balasko) quite closely. Their relationship comes to light around the same time as the exploits of philanderer husband Laurent (Chabat) are revealed. Up to this point the film is neatly played and quite funny but it begins to fall apart as director Balasko decides to go the whole hog and allow for all sorts of sexual couplings. For example, Laurent and Mario get together in the classic scenario of a heterosexual man feeling sure he can do something for a lesbian when they get together on the bed. The film gets sillier and eventually ceases to be funny, leading to exchanges that are so wooden they could have come out of any soft-porn movie. a classic case of a comedy idea being flogged to death. But at least Abril benefits from being given a freer role to demonstrate her considerable talents.

Matt Arnoldi

At Broadway Fri 22nd-Thurs 28th March

THE WHITE BALLOON

Winner of the Camera d'Or at Cannes, this debut from Iranian Jafar Panahi is a charming tale about a young girl's frantic attempts to retrieve a banknote dropped accidentally through a pavement grating, so she can buy a goldfish in time for celebrations on New Year's day. They don't come much simpler but this is still a beautiful and deeply memorable film.

At Broadway 18th-20th March

HORSEMAN ON THE ROOF

The guy who directed *Cyrano de Bergerac* is behind this rip-roaring tale about an Italian horseman fleeing from Austrian Assassins in 19th Century Provence where the ravaging effects of a cholera epidemic are horrifically brought to the screen. At times visually stunning, Jean-Paul Rappeneau's new film is shot with pace and keen emphasis on action. the romance between the young man and Pauline de Theus (Juliette Binoche) is also well handled and appreciably understated, set as it is against a backdrop of disease which threatens not just the commoners but our hero and heroine themselves.

At Broadway from March 29th.

JOHNNY MNEMONIC

Androids and humans come together in this futuristic thriller adaptation of *Cyberworld* author William Gibson's short story, starring Keanu Reeves and Dolph Lundgren, about a bio-enhanced courier who is given vital information including a cure for a fatal disease in the future. Sadly it's not good; the jargon isn't too hot, the dialogue is cliché ridden and doesn't sound real, it's too violent, directed without style, humour or energy, and it is not easy to feel much emotion for Reeves' cold and expressionless hero. The film has done only moderately well in Japan and will come as a disappointment to fans of Gibson's writing.

FLOWER OF MY SECRET

Pedro Almodóvar's latest gives centre stage to Marisa Paredes, a 40-something writer of romantic fiction whose private life is distinctly turbulent. She has to struggle with a lover who first exasperates and then leaves her, a bickering mother, a sister with an unemployed husband, and a best friend who betrays her. It's an entertaining comedy with Almodóvar in lively form, providing an underlying message of what, fundamentally, brings people together and the trials and tribulations some have to endure. Paredes is particularly strong in a role that would have equally suited Victoria Abril.

At Broadway 13th-16th March.

THE MOST DESIRED MAN

This is the most successful comedy at the German Box Office of all time, very funny in a ground-breaking, zany kind of way. The film is all about a young man fancied by both sexes who decides he likes boys whilst going out with a girl. It's a farce reminiscent of a film called To Die For (not Gus van Sant one but the 1994 gay film). The jokes don't always come off but it proves that the Germans do have a sense of humour.

At Broadway 13th-16th March

CLOCKERS

Spike Lee's latest about clockers, sidewalk drug dealers who literally loiter with intent around the clock. Starring Harvey Keitel and John Turturro is essentially about two brothers and their relationship with a police detective. One brother confesses to a crime, the detective is convinced the other did it. Cue interesting dilemmas portrayed over rights and wrongs amongst cops and drug dealers in a reasonable but overlong Brooklyn-based thriller which at least has a snappy soundtrack even if you can't keep up with the dialogue.

THE TEMPEST (dir. Silviu Pucarete) Nottingham Playhouse

Every once in a while we're lucky enough to get a world class performance in Nottingham. Rarer still one as sharp as Silviu Pucarete's ground-breaking production, shrouded in magic, with Sycorax' pandemonium never far offstage. White is the colour, though in many shades; simple are the costumes, though appearing sumptuous; the set, though only a big turn-table with few props, appears magnificent. One of the most alarming talents on display was vast atmosphere created by lighting, music and words from such a barren stage. Unusually (for me) Shakespeare made sense. The accustomed confusion or boredom didn't feature. The many facets of the play all appeared in some guise or other. Prospero's unleashing of magic was captured in the music, echoing offstage or moving through the players as a ghostly string section. Ariel followed in as a spectral turquoise curtain, in one move half hiding, half revealing the stage, the gossamer shroud of supernatural mystique that shimmers through *The Tempest*. vast skeletons appeared, providing the bare bones for Prospero to cloak with sorcery. In among such deft touches were others of such crassness they were almost genius. Alonso, the worn, lost King appeared with a wheelchair for a throne, surrounded by a parodic entourage of courtiers in knickers socks. Ballgowns and Trinculo provided laughs later on. The musical recital pulsed beneath the spectacle and coupled with stunning use of the revolving stage delivered an exceptional performance. In a very pure distillation of artistic talent in which the simplicity of staging bewitched, enabling ceaseless intelligence to resonate in this interpretation. as the stage revolves so we are reeled into the sorcery of *The Tempest*. Effective, spirited— 'such stuff as dreams are made of.'

Jacob Morgan

V-TOL DANCE COMPANY Nottingham Playhouse

The acclaimed V-tol Dance Company staged their production *In the Privacy Of My Own...* in late January. The initial set up was equilateral, employing a converging backdrop and three dancers. The set ignited as it became embellished by a powerful, energetic, synchronised flashing of shaped electric light with accompanying digital sound. Presenting... stimuli, the ammo used by V-tol to ensure we are aboard their particular rollercoaster. Securing the content of their portrayal of heart versus desire strings, a second introduction was in store. A screen plummeted down from the theatrical heavens to cut off the existing set and provide cinematic access to some players with suspicious minds; and so the song went. Having created a new field of possibilities, the piece contorted to an adventurous, collaborative and ambitious weaving of multi-dimensional tools of expression. Co-sounds were from Ms. sultry who narrated with tarnished tones obviously the result of having been pulled through a particularly thorny emotional bush herself. Slick and weightless, the dancers' moves with accompanying breathy pulses and digital heartbeats could have been enough to captivate; but the thrill of the show was definitely based on what seems to have been an exciting struggle with the innovative content.

Sharon McCann

JO FAIRFAX Joule / JEZ NOOND Origin: 000 Nottingham Angel Row Gallery

A theme of dimension seemed to run through the months as Angel Row hosted current work by Jo Fairfax and Jez Noond. Rather than working out in Jez's gym, it was more like try to work out Jez's gym. Noond's *Origin: 000* represents a metamorphosis of the physical aspects of creating sculptural forms. Mentally sweating Noond produced an installation based on a combination of virtual and tangible experience inspired by the offerings of Computer Aided Design using gym equipment together with video projections. the quest is for knowledge with a desire for self-expression through the explored new medium. *Joule* by Fairfax uses holograms to explore the sculptural potential of light. His abstract images were derived from his research on the human brain. As for marks out of ten, at face value you could subtly imply that it is the challenge of the artist to accommodate the aspiring human eye with new technological possibilities rather than only to display an illustration of a passionate trip on a learning curve.

HUGH HAMSHAW-THOMAS Nottingham Byard Gallery

Walking into this exhibition is like making your way into a packet of Dolly Mixtures—virtually, of course. Although the sweetness is for visual consumption you can taste the colour (virtually, of course) of the varied systematic array of found plastic flowers displayed in this exhibition. They're a bit grubby so it's like eating a packet of Dolly Mixtures you found on the road on the way home from school, or in a graveyard if you took the short cut, which is where Hamshaw-Thomas obtained his sweeties. Philosophically he could get it together Alison Wilding as they have in common a feeling of morality in a flowery context. Looking at the exhibition further, other analogies spring to mind: window-sills, florists, a Dulux advert, join the flowery dots, Blue Peter on how to recycle old shampoo bottles... thus my link with the Wash 'n' Go advert. however, the labels for the individual pieces such as *Relic*, *Cadence Of Grief* and *Continuum Carpet Affirm* and redirect the aesthetic to the place and feeling of the artists findings. Watch 'n' Go is one way to describe the theme the artist has aimed to capture as he exalts the aesthetic qualities of the found objects.

Sharon McCann

BATMAN: THE LAST ARKHAM by Alan Grant illust. Norm Breyfogle (Titan Books £8.99)

The Dark Knight's darkest night in which the Caped Crusader becomes the straight jacketed patient in a solitary cell in Arkham Asylum, a high security prison containing some of Gotham's most notorious criminals. Unfortunately for Batman, he put most of them there. Worse still, there are some new rules for inmates as new boss Jeremiah Arkham takes over the asylum from his uncle Amadeus, the asylum's founder who went insane. The fear of hereditary insanity does not faze Jeremiah one bit in his pursuit of tailor-made cures for each patient, especially now one of them is Batman. But how did he end up there? Meanwhile in Gotham City, Commissioner Gordon is investigating a series of murders that bear all the trademarks of Mr. Zsasz, the city's most feared killer who does not discriminate between his victims—anyone will do. Trouble is Mr. Zsasz is in Arkham... and so is the Dark Knight. This graphic novel comprises issues 1-4 of the new Batman series, *Shadow Of The Bat* written by Alan Grant who has also penned *Judge Dredd* and *Strontium Dog* for 2000 AD. He describes illustrator Norm Breyfogle as one of the definitive Batman artists and his work here captures the tormented Batman at his most fearsome, cornered but not cowered, in a thrilling story with a twist in its cape. The Arkham series enables Grant to introduce new criminal characters, giving the Joker et al a break from the limelight and shifting the focus from Batman. Mr. Zsasz is the stuff of nightmares. Can the Caped Crusader escape from his dire straight jacket in time to prevent the murders of yet more innocent citizens of Gotham City? Does Commissioner Gordon know more than we think? Will Robin and Nightwing find the secret of Arkham Asylum in time to save Batman?

Christine Chapel

HONG KONG ACTION CINEMA Bey Logan (Titan Books)

With the imminent release of Robert Rodriguez' *Desperado* and John Woo's *Broken Arrow* starring John Travolta and Christian Slater set for the spring, Hong Kong cinema remains the hippest and hottest influence on the Hollywood action movie. *Hong Kong Action Cinema* then is a timely overview of the high-octane world of far eastern film making, tracing the genre's history and highlighting its major stars and directors. From Bruce Lee and the Shaw Brothers productions in the 70's through the ascendancy of Chow Yun Fat, Jackie Chan, Sammo Hung and John Woo in the 80's, right up to today's mixture of comedy, fantasy and fast-paced action, the book remains accessible and informative. Author Bey Logan certainly knows his stuff and although he rejects rigorous critical analysis in favour of an unpretentious chatty approach, his comprehensive guide through the murky waters of Hong Kong film production is handled with skill and care. the third most prolific film-making centre in the world, it is often the sheer number of films produced that can confuse and bewilder any aspiring Hong Kong film aficionado. Logan, however, pin-points all the key historic movies, emphasizes all the right names and gives praise where it is most due. A profusion of stunning photographs also adds immensely to the enjoyment and all round look of the book. Anyone whose curiosity has been aroused by the proclamations of Tarantino, or by the excellent bi-monthly extravaganzas at Broadway and would like to find out more, need look no further; *Hong Kong Action Cinema* is the book for you.

Hank Quinlan

FREEFORALL

We have a copy of *Hong Kong Action Cinema* to give away. You could be the lucky winner by answering correctly the following question: **What was the title of John Woo's debut American film starring Jean-Claude van Damme?** Answers on a postcard to Hong Kong Hank c/o Overall, PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham NG7 4DG.



It is possible to have some STDs (sexually transmitted diseases) without even knowing. So it's a good idea to go for a regular free check-up every six months at a Sexual Health Clinic (STD or GUM). Many STDs can be easily treated, and usually, the sooner they're dealt with the easier they are to treat. Also, don't ignore any signs of infection: lumps, sores or rashes around your genitals, anus

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FRIED CIRCUIT

MARCH
1996



KING PRAWN: skapunkragging it up at Sam Faj's with Killa Instinct and Stinky Tues. 12th

friday 8th

SPOOKY Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre

MESHUGGAH / HYPOCRISY Rock City

MICK PINI Running Horse

POLICE BASTARD Old Angel

COMBAT SHOCK/ MARKER Mechanics Arms

EAMON GETTINGS DUO The Skyy Club

GO TROPO Club Clandestino

DANZA CONTINUA Behan's Bar

EMERALD GOLD Leicester, The Pump and Tap

INFRADIG The Charlotte

KILLA INSTINCT The Charlotte

KING PRAWN The Charlotte

OMEGA Nottm. Bell Inn

YOUNG GUNS Sam Fay's

STEREOLAB/ TORTOISE Clinton Rooms

IAN SIEGAL Running Horse

CARWASH Ritzy

FBI / LITTLE SPIRITS Leics. The Charlotte

RED STRIPE Leics. The Charlotte

SOLAR RACE Rock City

TONY GLOBAL The Box

DEEP JOY/ PLANCK The Box

Rumpshaker The Box

THE DAYS The Union Boat Club

PERFECT HOUSE PLANTS Derby Pym's

THE CHARMERS Leicester, The Charlotte

CAKE Pump and Tap

CLAMBAKE / ODDBALL The Skyy Club

JOCELYN BROWN The Black Orchid

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND The Running Horse

THE LIZARDS Leics. Pump & Tap

wednesday 13th

BOB TILTON / STYLUS t.b.c. Nottm. The Old Angel

THE BEAGLES Filly & Firkin

THE FAB 4 Sam Fay's

COLIN STAPLES JAM Running Horse

LISTEN 4 THE NOISE Excessaweez Skyy Club

SILENT SCREAM / PARLOUR SUGAR & LUST

Battle Of The Bands Mansfield The Woodpecker

JEWELLERS EYE Leics. Pump & Tap

KOOKABURRA The Charlotte

thursday 14th

AGAINST THE GRAIN Nottm. The Old Angel

VERTIGO / EMILY SAID DAVIS/ DJ MARK SPIVEY

8pm -2am £2 adm. Sam Fay's

GUY BARKER & BAND Clive live O'Reilly's

THE CHOCOLATE GODS Rock City

HENRY ZED Running Horse

CHASER Filly & firkin

LOONA TUNA Skyy

CHEMICAL BOTHERS ANDREW WEATHERALL

de Luxe

tuesday 12th

KILLA INSTINCT KING PRAWN / STINKY

DJ BARRY BLUE(GUNSHOT) hiphoptimism 8pm -2am £3/2

Nottingham Sam Fay's

TEMPUS FUGIT Bell Inn

TECHNO TEATIME 5pm The Old Angel

COOL IGUANA The Golden Fleece

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ENGLISH DOGS

Leicester University
WYOMING / JEDI
The Charlotte

friday 15th

THE MANZAREK DOORS
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
EASE / BESWICK

The Old Angel
MIGHTY HOUSE ROCKERS
Running Horse

DECLAN
Mechanics Arms
DOWNTOWN

Sky Club
DANZA CONTINUA
Club Clandestino

FM / VIVID / FRONTIER
Mansfield Oak Tree Leisure Centre
LUSH

Derby University
DR. DIDG
Leics. The Charlotte

Pump & Tap
SPECTRAL NOISE

saturday 16th

FREAKZONE
Nottm. The Old Angel
FRANK DEMPSEY

Mechanics Arms
LIMEHOUSE LIZZIE
TOWER STRUCK DOWN
VOODOO SIOUX

Meadow Club
BAD BLOOD
Britannia Inn

Running Horse
WAMMA JAMMA

The Box
PHAT J/ PLANCK/
DEEP JOY/ D? C.I.?
Rumpshaker

THE LOVE GARDEN
TIN LIZZY
Mansfield The Woodpecker

Derby Pymm's
BRUCE HUNNISET BAND

Leics. Pump & Tap
JEWELLERS EYE

The Charlotte
STRANGELOVE

Lincoln The Falstaff
CABARET RATS
MY LIFE STORY / FRUIT

Sheffield The Leadmill
sunday 17th

THE SHOD COLLECTION
jazz fast break noon free
Nottm. The Old Angel

noon
FOOTWARMERS
JUBA
The Bell Inn

2-6pm
JAM SESSION
ABK
The Running Horse

lunch
DAVE GUY
POTEEN eve
Mechanics Arms

The Golden Fleece
THE SCHEME

The Old Vic
JO BRAND
Just The tonic
SERVE CHILLED

The Sky Club
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
Sheffield The Leadmill

monday 18th

Nottm. The Bell Inn
OMEGA

Sam Fay's
THE ROLLING CLONES

Running Horse
THE FRONT

Leics. The Charlotte
RAZORFACE / SCHEMA

Stoke The Stage
LUSH

tuesday 19th

MISSING FIDDLE
FRANKIE C. HESTER
Nottm The Golden Fleece

The Bell Inn
WAREHOUSE

The Old Angel
TECHNO TEATIME
5pm
DJ PABLO

8pm
jazz, funk, latin & tings 8pm-2am
Sam Fay's

Running Horse
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND

Leics. The Charlotte
PO! / SUPEREIGHT
HALF-TIME ORANGES

wednesday 20th

Nottm. The Old Angel
LOWER

filly & Firkin
THE BEAGLES

Sam Fay's
THE FAB 4

The Running Horse
BOA
Excessaweez
COLIN STAPLES JAM

Mansfield The Woodpecker
MOTOR CITY MIRACLE
SAIGON KISS CHEESETRUCK
Battle of the Bands 2nd Round

Leics. The Charlotte
NICK HARPER
WOLLY CRANE

Stoke The Stage
PAPA BRITTLE

thursday 21st

DUM DUMS / GOOSEBUMP
DJ MARK SPIVEY
£3/2 8pm -2am.

Nottingham Sam Fay's
TORNADO LOO

Old Angel
TOOTHsome

Filly & Firkin
OCTOPUS/ WEAVE
MOONDOG

Leics. The Charlotte
friday 22nd

Nottm. Old Angel
VERTIGO / SHARON

Mechanics Arms
TONY KELLY & KELLY'S EYE

Rock city
PARADISE LOST / TYLA

Running Horse
BIG DEAL

filly & Firkin
FIGGIS

The Sky Club
SMOKESCREEN

Leics. The Charlotte
LUSH / PAPAS FRITAS

Pump & Tap
THIS VIBRATION

saturday 23rd

Nottingham Filly & Firkin
MIND THE GAP

The Old Angel
RACETRACK / UNISEX

Britannia Inn
FIVE LEAVES LEFT

Rock City
THE MEN THEY
COULDN'T HANG

The Box
PORK CHOP / FLUX
Rumpshaker: Concrete 2

The Running Horse
FBI

Mechanics Arms
POTEEN

The Cookie Club
HULA

MILAN LAD DREAMS

Derby Pymm's
PSYCHASTORM

Leics. Pump & Tap
JOCASTA / PLAYER/ LITHIUM

The Charlotte
MARION / OCTOPUS

Sheffield The Leadmill
sunday 24th

noon
FOOTWARMERS

8pm
MIND THE GAP

The Bell Inn
JAM SESSION 2-6pm

8pm
IAN SIEGAL & THE SCORE

The Running Horse
THE SHOD COLLECTION

The Old Angel
jazz fast break noon free

Mechanics Arms
DAVE GUY
lunchtime

The Golden Fleece
RED START

The Old Vic
MANDY KNIGHT
Just The Tonic

Derby The Garrick
JOYRIDER

Sheff. The Leadmill
DUBSTAR

Notm. O'Reilly's
GIRLS VS BOYS
BRAINIAC / BOB TILTON

Sam Fay's
THE HORATII / MANUSKRIFT

Golden Fleece
DA DOG

The Old Angel
TECHNO TEATIME
Happy birthday,, Sean

The Bell Inn
TEMPUS FUGIT

The Running Horse
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND

Nottm. The Old Angel
wednesday 27th

Sky Club
GARBAGE

Filly & firkin
CINNAMON SMITH
Excessaweez

THE BEAGLES

Sam Fay's
THE FAB 4

Running Horse
ESPRIT / FUNKY ROOSTER
DUM DUMS Battle Of The Bands

2nd Round Heat 2
Mansfield The Woodpecker
COLIN STAPLES JAM

Leics. The Charlotte
SALT

Sam Fay's
WHOLEsome FISH
£3/2.50 8pm-2am

The Old Angel
FIGGIS

Running Horse
GRAHAM WALLER'S
PROPELLER

Filly & Firkin
THE PACERS

Sky Club
LOONA TUNA

Leics. The Charlotte
HEATHER NOVA

friday 29th

Nottingham Broadway-Media Centre
DRIVEme:/CRAZY

Mechanics Arms
DECLAN

The Britannia Inn
TIGHTROPE

Old Angel
MUGWUMP / HECKITAL

Running Horse
THE MIGHTY 45'S

The Sky Club
BREEZE

outings: lesbian & gay listings

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9502727

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St. Ann's St. Mainly women. Disco
Thurs and Sun. 958 0432

CLUBS

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MGM, Greyfriar Gate. 958 0555
Monthly 1st Monday. 9-2am. £4.

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The Old Vic, 22 Fletchergate.
Fortnightly Sat.women only. For
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Lace Market. 3rd Monday. 952 3264.

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Marcus Garvey Centre

MOTOR CITY MIRACLE
THE JONES'S / DAISY
Mansfield Arts Centre

Derby Darwin Suite
THE CRACK

saturday 30th

Nottm. Broadway
DRIVEme:/CRAZY

The Meadow Club
LUSH / MANTARAY

Mechanics Arms
HOOLEY & THE CRACK

Rock City
FIBRESTREAM

Old Angel
HARD TO SWALLOW
CAROL/CURL/ UNDERCLASS

The Running Horse
BORDERLINE

The Box
JAZZ SPIRIT / PABLO / PLANCK /
RYSZARD

Rock-a-bye Baby benefit
CHICKENASS / BADAXE
MICK RUTHERFORD

Britannia Inn
RUDE MOOD / BRYTER LATER

The Cookie Club
HULA

Mansfield The Woodpecker
MARTYN BROWN BAND

Derby Pymm's
BRAZZ

Leics. The Charlotte
TINY MONROE

The Bell Inn
GIRLS V BOYS / BRAINIAC

Sheffield The Leadmill
TRIBUTE TO NOTHING

sunday 31st

lunchtime
DAVE GUY

noon free
THE SHOD COLLECTION

2-6pm
JAM SESSION

8pm
OUT OF THE BLUE

noon
FOOTWARMERS

8pm
JUBA

The Golden Fleece
FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN

The Old Vic
MARK HURST
Just The Tonic



JUBA photo:Rob Pitt
Every third Sunday at The Bell.

APRIL monday 1st

FIVE YEARS OLD
GARY NUMAN
Rock City

Sam Fay's
ROLLING CLONES

The Bell Inn
OMEGA

Running Horse
IAN SIEGAL

Leics. The Charlotte
KOOKABURRA / SLICK 50

The Old Angel
TECHNO TEATIME
5pm

Sam Fay's
CATATONIA

The Bell Inn
WAREHOUSE

Golden Fleece
HOOKED ON FERRETS

Leics. The Charlotte
PETER &
THE TEST TUBE BABIES

Sam Fay's
DEAD JOE

The Running Horse
MIND THE GAP
EXCESSAWEEZ

THE FAB 4

Sam Fay's
COLIN STAPLES JAM

The Charlotte
THE BEAGLES

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BANCO DE GAIA *Kincajou* (U/PD)
SYSTEM 7 *The Power Of 7* (Butterfly)

The 'Stat's busy squidginess continues apace mixed by themselves or No Name's beatier mix. In the air the alien backlash is awaited with a Tribble o' nine tails. It seems that like Eat Satic, Banco de Gaia's custom of using guest mixers from an ever decreasing pool of increasingly popular guys makes them sound more alike than cross-fertilisation expectates. Having said that, Ron, the Speedy J mix of *Kincajou* is refreshingly angular. *The Power Of 7* is the exception to the maxim that collaboration dilutes. Seeing Derrick May, Youth, Paterson and Carl Craig all present and correct, even the return of the Hillage *Suite* series, presumed missing since 1979, three exquisitely segued technocoustic *Osmoses*, perfect for lazy DJs (and, Lord, I know) and Youth's *Mektoub* even Bambaloni Yoning for a nomination in '96. The proof is not in the pudding, it's out there somewhere.

PRAM *Sargasso Sea* (Howl)
MOUSE ON MARS *Ip* (Too Pure)

Now if this lot were let loose with some DJ's remix, what a hoot that would be. scratchy break-beats, canny drumming, loops from the Clanger moon, voices from the toddler punkette next door, real time and unreel time simultaneously lulling and pricking your waking dreams. Reinstate of mind. Sshtrrrrrwlooppsh... sondre un poco diminuendo... found myself driving through foggy, windy, soggy, dark, gritstone hell with Mouse On Mars my only umbilical to comforts of home. Chill comfort dyslexic dub blipped right out (there, somewhere). **Christy O'Neil**

THE MAGNETIC FIELDS

The Charm Of The Highway Strip (Setanta)
This record is so unlike anything else coming out of America (or anywhere) at the moment, that it would be worth championing even if it wasn't the cracker that it is. Imagine Merle Haggard dropping off a tape of his latest travel-weary road songs for Phil Oakey's electronic fingers to tamper with, and you have the soul of this fourth album from songwriter Stephen Merritt. The song titles may seem to leave nothing for the imagination (*Lonely Highway*, *Long Vermont Roads*, *Born On A Train*) but Merritt's countrified imagery and deep, dark voice rumble joyfully over a synth and percussive backdrop that recalls the great electropop swathe of a decade ago. It sounds an unlikely combination, but the strength of each simple melody and song construction allows room for Merritt to experiment and he does so with glee. Much of *Highway Strip*'s charm lies in Merritt's canny evocation of character and place. Hit the road with him now—you never know what's waiting out there.

GRANT HART *Ecce Homo* (World Service)

There's more to the legacy of Hüsker Dü than Bob Mould and Sugar, as ex-member Hart seems intent on proving. This is a live, solo acoustic recording of some of his finest songs, captured in front of about three bar-staff by the sound of the audience response. Yet as Mould seems to wreak extremes of increasing havoc from his amps, so Hart proves an intense, intimate artist here. He's no shrinking violet though, as the gruff, bruising opener *Ballad Number 19* proves. There's a rock poet's eye for detail too, captured memorably on the tender recollections of 2547, and a whole bagful of battered and moving melodies elsewhere. All fourteen tracks hold their weight with ease, and if it sounds like the record we thought Mould might deliver after his classic *Workbook*, we're being unfair to Hart whose own massive ability is very evident. One of the year's finest.

DAMON & NAOMI *The Wondrous World Of...* (Sub Pop)

This duo once comprised two-thirds of Galaxie 500, but nowadays have the good sense to commit themselves to recording wondrous things by themselves, with only the embellishments of producer Kramer. Following on from their debut, *More Sad Hits*, Damon Krukowski and Naomi Yang have created a writhing, mystical and devoutly martyred release that finds their voices in perfect complement and twisted harmony. Largely acoustic, with an often intense drive, these songs could cuddle up to Noel Gallaher's finest acoustic efforts, and yet maintain a searing detachment that both allures and warms. Subtle of melody and poetically phrased, songs such as *In The Morning*, *Forgot To Get High* and *Pyewacket* demand careful attention. "Γλυκείς Τραγουδείς," observed our very own Hellenophile Christine Chapel, which translates truly into "sweet songs". Sweet dreams too, good listener.



THE GERALDINE FIBBERS *Lost Somewhere Between The Earth And My Home* (Hut)

This first major release from the LA act opens with an ominous violin solo that unfolds into the crashing *Lillybelle*, full of barbed hooks and dark poetry. The violin continues to swirl beautifully in the background, like the frustrated ghost of a demented country session player. And thus we have the soul of these Fibbers in a nutshell, although their own description of this sound as "psycho-pacifier" music can be counted on, too. The melting psychedelics of *Marmalade* work suprisingly well although the arbitrary mass images of the histrionic *Dragon Lady* are less convincing. Better by far are the trippy *House Is Falling* with some luscious lyrical gems, and the dark waltzing *Outside Of Town*. Manic and mystical, it's one of the year's more intriguing releases although whether it proves too uncompromising for a debut remains to be seen.

Gareth Thompson
photo by Mary Scanlon

DAVID YAZBEK *The Laughing Man* (Humbug)
Yazbek is an American singer-songwriter in the genre's finest tradition. He's worked previously with the likes of REM, Robyn Hitchcock and XTC whose Andy Partridge produced two of these cuts. Coincidentally or not, Partridge's influential melodic touch seems to pervade throughout, particularly on the elated opener *Welcome To My World*. The word-busy *Monkey In The Middle* floods in next on spirited piano chords, before the dark and soulful *Mississippi Honeymoon* confirms suspicions that you're safe in the hands of a real craftsman. The attention to detail and depth of arrangements on offer are inspirational. Diversity of style produces the humbled ballad *The Wind*, a loopy metal pastiche (check that riff!) on *Pinocchio's Nose* and the jazzy inflections of *Tomorrow*. Often wilfully playful in the lyrical department, there's a cheerful dash of madcap to this intelligent and very likeable release.

TARNATION *Gentle Creatures* (4AD)

Tarnation are a quartet from America, but their real precious gem is singer/songwriter Paula Frazer whose priceless vocals fit her smoothly into 4AD's own gallery of great vocalists. Raised in the foothills of Georgia's Smoky Mountains, the young Frazer was steeped in her parents' involvement with gospel music before leaving home to join the San Francisco post-punk scene. However it's the former influence that has returned most to infuse these love laments with her own holy vocal presence and scattered, rural spiritual imagery. Her falsetto leap (employed for melodic gain, not technical effect) is startling on the faded, cracked opener *Game Of Broken Hearts*. In fact the first six cuts are so stunning you can scarcely believe one writer has pulled them all off, although the subtle, sympathetic backing of pedal steel and percussion does much to enhance the settings. Special mentions for the piercing ache of *Big O Motel*, the catchy camp-fire sway of *Burn Again* and the Stipey closer *It's Not Easy*. A mightily distinguished debut; grief has never sounded this intimate, nor sorrow ever tasted so bitter-sweet.

BUFFALO TOM *Sleepy Eyed* (Beggars Banquet)

Strange how critical appraisals for BT's new opus has ranged from those extolling the band's approach to guitar-driven, hoary rock 'n' roll, to others lamenting the group's lack of originality. Well, for sure they're not combing any new territory that Hüsker Dü and Dumtruck ain't trodden down before, but their supporters' argument that they do it with more finesse than most contenders holds some weight on the evidence of *Sleepy Eyed*. Opening cuts *Tangerine* (raucous and hooky) and the gorgeous *Summer* (wistful, melodic and husky) are little short of perfect for the genre, and followed by the wholesome *Kitchen Door* make for an imposing earful to kick off any release. Proceedings take a slightly less startling edge from there on in, although the yearning *Sunday Night*, with muted harmonica, stands out as does the weighty acoustic strum of *Twenty-Points*.

MOJAVE 3 *Ask Me Tomorrow* (4AD)

There's probably a limit to the number of deep and sophisticated records even 4AD can release in one year, but as long as the standard remains this high then who's complaining? The latest debutants to charm us are Mojave 3, whose guitarist/vocalist/songwriter Neil Halstead has probably been a fan of his new label's output for the past decade whilst reading romantic poetry and wallowing in Nick Drake. All perfectly reasonable pastimes in a Godless age, and if the aching *Sarah* fails to move you with its faultless delivery and sensual overload, then I give up, I really do. Opening cut *Love Songs On The Radio* shimmers with the golden haze of a Julee Cruise number whilst *You're Beautiful* recalls the aforementioned doomed Drake through lines such as "time my life to a fallen leaf" and a dark, clean vocal. Singer Rachel Goswell and cellist Audrey Riley both make potent contributions to the project which ends with the gritty, burning *Mercy* going out in flames of frustrated desire. A pretty good start on the whole, but it'll take more than just the label's usual devotees to lift them into higher stratas.

Gareth Thompson

RED SNAPPER *Reeled And Skinned* (Flaw/Warp)

How nice of the Red ones to compile their first three e.p.s (*The Snapper*, *Swank* and *Hot Flush*) into a snappy little 9-track cd. Anyone who caught their stint on the jazz stage at Glastonbury this summer will know that Red Snapper are the sole purveyors of a unique mish-mash of semi-hypnotic, upright bass-led, erm... Space Jazz—this side of Moseley, at least. That's not to say it's Whirl-E-Gig material, not by a long stretch. Despite the moochy, dubby undercurrents in places, generally the whole thing clips along at a fair pace, even quite frantic in parts. Notable features are the inclusion of neo-torch beatnik Beth Orton on two tracks, and the Sabres Of Paradise mix of *Hot Flush* is a real pearler. If you like a shot of Morphine, then you should definitely get your hooks into Red Snapper. In fact, if I were in a mawkish frame of mind I might even use the phrase 'the future of jazz', but I'm not.

Christian Reilly



DEEP FOREST *Boheme* (Columbia)
LOOP GURU *Amrita* (Nation)
TRIBAL DRIFT *Collective Journeys* (Chill Out)
BLACKSTAR LINER *Jeboah's Jaws*
TRANSGLOBAL UNDERGROUND *Interplanetary Meltdown* (Nation)
NATASHA ATLAS *Yalla Chant* (Nation)

Ethno dub's burgeoning continues apace with erstwhile innovators Deep Forest quantising and editing their source material 'til it squeaks in an overly clean sort of way like a long ad, enlivened only by Marta Sebestyen's brief trilling. Loop Guru, on the other hand, utilise their soundbytes with considerable style. Tribal Drift build from bleeps to dmm-di-di-dmm with powerful grace. Black Star Liner sound as convincing as most of the field on this brief outing, while TGU beat it up with their customary charm with hints of System 7 in the layering, while their chanteuse extraordinaire continues to blow all before her with further explorations of her anthemic stormer. All together now, Yalla-a, yalla, yalla...

Christy O'Neil

GRAHAM PARKER *12 Haunted Episodes*
Parker carries on where he left off, from his warmly genuine performance on BBC2's programme Later. *12 Haunted Episodes* is an intense work, as impassioned as earlier efforts but not quite so angry as *Squeezing Out The Sparks* was. Recorded near Woodstock with the help of session musicians Denny McDermott and Joel Diamond, *Episodes* is a ranging, varied work of which Parker can be rightfully proud. He may not be the angry young man that he once was, but he still manages to find enough happening in the 90's to get him rattled.

CABLE *Blindman* (Sony)

Sloppy melodic thrash. Cable sound as if they don't give a toss about their music. The vocalist sounds as if he's just woken up and the rest of them tear through the title track, like they've got ten minutes to last orders. All of this would be detrimental to them if it weren't for the fact that *Blindman* is bloody marvellous. Fuelled by one of those beautiful, eerie, morbid riffs that could have come from any of the last three decades and contributed to a plaintive cry for a chorus. Fine and dandy. *Hydra* unfortunately is tuneless tosh. And *Give 'Em What They Want* starts off with another stunning riff, but no decent chorus. However, check out *Blindman* it's a real treat.

STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT

The Gato Hunch (World Domination)
Manic hardcore thrash, fine if you like that sort of thing but it doesn't sound much different from a million other thrash lps. The lyrics are also the kind of rants you'd expect, e.g 'You're a sad, sad sucker and I'm a sick, sick fucker'. Yeah, and some.

DIRTY THREE cd (Big Cat)

Intriguing bluegrass/ country style rock played at snail pace with no vocals. nice harmonica and violin breaks, good stuff no doubt about it. But the tracks tend to stumble into nothingness, particularly *Kim's Dirt*, the aptly titled *Everything's Fucked* and *The Last Night* where they sound like any other pissed up hellbilly blues band on Mogadons.

REVELATION *Addicted* (Red Hot)

The lengths to which some people will go to be innovative... Revelation are a musical Frankenstein, a weird hybrid of ABC, Associates, Queen, Genesis and Jethro Tull with a vocalist who bellows like Bruce Dickinson on some tracks while on others he croons like Martin Fry. Forced, pretentious horrible noise recalling the worst elements of the above named groups compounded by piss poor prog-

rock tunes. Only *Witches And Wizards* stands out thanks to some neat keyboard touches. Give them their due though, at least Revelation are not mediocre, they are genuinely awful, at times hypnotically so, though not for more than two minutes at a stretch.

UNSOPHISTICATES *So Long*

Quirky pop stuff in the Stump/They Might Be Giants mould. Pretty dire to be honest. Clever but sterile and bana and it all sounds so dated. Crap title for a band as well.

MORNING GLORIES *Elizabeth* (Radar)

An awful nondescript rock band from New York make a mediocre 3-track CD with Kurt Cobain vocals. So what's new?

Mark Lawrence

PETER MURPHY *Cascade* (Beggars Banquet)

Now living in Turkey with his family, it looks like a bit of a holiday from Britain has done our Pete some good. After leaving Bauhaus he seemed to flounder for direction, and most of his solo releases lacked the previous genius. However, with *Cascade* he seems to have finally found his feet. Being a Bauhaus fan, I first thought it sounded a bit MOR, but the strength of the songs soon won me over. His voice is just as spine-chilling as it was ten years ago, but now it's developed into a supremely expressive medium, full of subtle nuance, but never over-stated. Each song is in itself an emotional rollercoaster, borrowing from many varied contemporary influences, but forming a satisfying whole. This is one of the best releases of the year.

LYCIA *Live* (Projekt Records)

I find the wisdom of releasing a live album from an electronic ambient group a little puzzling. When it is obvious that the sparse vocals are the only true 'live' instrument. Even so, this album provides an interesting cross-section of Lycia's music, a dark and expansive journey through the heads of California goth-types who clearly need more sunshine. Although at times one-dimensional, a powerful and assured work.

AT THE GATES

Slaughter Of The Soul (Earache)

Scare your parents with the third album from a band hailed as Sweden's successors to fellow countrymen Entombed. described as more melodic(!) than their previous material *Slaughter...* is an uncompromising exploration of suicide and is suitably morbid and vicious, vocals borrowing much from Carcass, keyboards adding a hint of originality. Sick songs for the sad.

VOODOO GLOW *SKULLS Firme* (Epitaph)

Imagine the Misfits with a brass section. However, *Firme* does have a lot to offer the hardcore enthusiast with a fresh and intelligent selection of compact stomping songs. They also have a sense of humour—a vital element for such a band. The brass starts to grate after a while but their energy and enthusiasm more than make up for that.



GAVIN FRIDAY *Angel* (Island)

photo:Mary Scanlon

A very summery offering from our Gavin, fluffy and ambient but spoilt largely by the stupid pseudo-female vocals he attempts. OK, he may want his new album to sound like U2 but that doesn't mean following Bono down the same mistaken path to deliberate castration. Even so, the additional tracks *A Thousand Years* and *Macushla*, which are sung properly, make it worth a listen.

AFTRAX *ep* (Novamute)

an interesting sampler offering a powerful range of both full-on techno and more ambient pieces. It's put together in a pretty traceable way but I'm getting tired of the lack of progression in the techno scene with the same limited range of samples combined in similar bland ways to the same ineffect. Evolve or die.

Richard Chambers

V. ARTISTS *Trance Europe Express Vol. 4*

Western scientists postulate that by the year 2025 the sheer number of compilation albums will form a mountain so high that the light from the sun will be reduced by at least 60%. Thus causing global catastrophe and a corresponding decrease in the world-wide sale of cheap sunglasses from Korea. The combination of these two factors will see the extinction of mankind and a severe reduction of new episodes of *Baywatch*. Fortunately *Trance Europe Express Vol 4* should make the forthcoming eco-catastrophe slightly more bearable. The packaging is as seductive as ever and the contents (a toe tapping 24 tracks) are uniformly excellent. The first track to kick you in the groin and run away laughing is *Synth Bt* by Fluke. It's a simmering, funky thing that will have you reaching for the volume knob. As will the frenetic bleepfest that is *Codpeice* by the snappily titled Bytesized Nuns. Appendage shaking continues apace with the haunting *Viper* by Rue East. The Chemical Brothers prove that behind all the hype there is some substance (ho-ho) with a wild track entitled *Life Is Sweet*. Honourable mentions also to Redagain and their bonkers rendering of *2 Live*. Lava Lava, Move D, Future Perfect and Underworld are all worth a listen or three. Neat. Here's the future, use it.

John Haylock

V. ARTISTS *The Moon Revisited* (Magna Carta)

It says on the sleeve, 'Thanks to Carter for what could be the best or worst idea ever'. That idea is to get a set of unknowns to perform note perfect renditions of the songs on Pink Floyd's *The Dark Side Of The Moon*. This could go down in history as the most pointless recording ever made, though a better job than Now That's What I Call K-Tel would have made of it. Why not just release the original, digitally enhanced and repackaged with the obligatory ex-DJ remixed bonus tracks for completists and anal retentives? The most remarkable thing about this album is that even the best ears in town could not spot the difference.

BRUJERIA *Raza Odiada* (Roadrunner)

Fierce, insurgent, ripsnorting guerrillacore from Mexican revolutionaries Brujeria. I don't understand the lyrics but I can assure you it's fighting talk, gringos. Some racist rabble rouser called Pito Wilson gets the brunt of their firepower in the first place but they don't let up. It's heavy without being hard, more gruff but seething with hate and anger. Watch out for them, my friends, they are desperate men.

ST GERMAIN

Alabama Blues (F Communications/Play It Again Sam)

From the Boulevard series, more exploration of jazz, house, blues, dub, hip-hop all rolled into one. Purists attracted by the title will recoil in horror, but this is the sort of music they should be playing in Ritzy. Six mixes but worthwhile (i.e. different from one another) including an eight minute 1965 mix all written, produced and mixed by Ludovic Navarre.

V. ARTISTS *Does The Word 'Duh' Mean Anything To You?* (Ché)

9-band, 18-track, 74-minute sampler of jangly, lo-fi pop made in Britain and includes many not or yet to be released tracks. It starts off wimpy with Dart, who should be further in, preferably at the end. It really kicks off with 18th Dye's *F*4*, an unreleased track from their Albini session. Magic Hour's two tracks are both laboured and jangly, but all hail Uresi Yatsura who sound like they're having real fun, both tracks recorded on 8-track, *Powerball* and *Black Hole Love* ("let's do it punk in the garbage truck") and a fierce onslaught of guitar noise. Back to jangly pop with The Bardots' two new songs then hooray for Slipstream remaining just the right side of lo-fi jangly with two gritty numbers *Come Back* and *Do You Have An Answer*. And so to the best and weirdest track, Bardo Pond's *Trip Fuck*. Originally released as a 7" it sounds like they're taking the piss out of The Doors. It's appropriately titled, followed by the equally glorious and out there *Vent*, taken from the cd *Bufo Alvarius*, Amen 29:15. I want to know more. Closely followed by Kirk Lake's spoken word *The Bug's Gold Tooth* and *English Presley* complete with atmospheric jazz backing. Kirk Lake evokes well contemporary attitudes with his situationist snatches of life, also deserves further investigation. Disco Inferno finish it off with their psychedelic pop song *Bleed Clean* but then jangle it away in the final cut.

V. ARTISTS *Nights In Heaven* (Sony TV/Columbia)

Disco Inferno is a track by The Trammps on this commercial compilation featuring "the party anthems" of a predictable choice of artists like Sister Sledge, Sylvester, Donna Summer, Bronski Beat, Take That, Banan..oh, bollocks, it's all bollocks.



FRIED ALIVE!

DREADZONE / BLACK STAR LINER Nottingham Trent University

It's been a while since I attended a big gig at the picaresque university but here we are in the refectory trying to forget about the kitchens, and exams and yellow T-shirted minders standing on the dining tables sniffing for druggy smells over the stale odour of school dinner. A line of giant Sivas with flashing Destroyer eyes and the chunky p.a. did much to compensate the senses, prompting sporadic outbreaks of dancing. The scene looked properly set for Black Star Liner's quasi-oriental music with obligatory holy chanting and dubtrabient overtones of *The Jawz* ep (hardly original but better late than never). So what a huge disappointment that any sensibility and subtlety was completely drowned in a mush of boring, pedestrian bass-lines, over used samples and a screaming echo-laden frontman with nothing to say. A load of hot air.

Luckily Dreadzone have far more substance, despite suspicions of fakery in the live arena. But they were very much alive tonight though still relying heavily on visuals and the audience's natural ability at self-hypnotism. But given the setting I noted with interest that it was the less well known numbers and the chunkier dubs rather than the singles which had the back of the hall moving. After a mid-set rendition of *Captain Dread* one of the band announced "OK, we're back" as if after a commercial break which, of course, it was.

Christine Chapel

ANGEL CAGE Nottingham Sam Fay's

When I saw how young and vibrant Angel Cage were I was scared shitless. They're even younger than I am (don't ask) and they immediately struck me as an all or nothing band, by which I mean, they'll give their all even if they get nothing in return. Singer Jean is short and cute, revelling in her ungainly stage manner and reluctance to play the role of a bombshell female singer— respect in abundance. Whether this band will get a real break or not hangs in the balance, but NMME wrote them off after one ep. Fools never differ. Now the album's out and the debut tour is rolling, I hope they eat their pompous, stuck-up words and choke.

Angel Cage play some of the crunchiest, scorching guitar noise I've heard in ages. The newer stuff moves out of Patti Smith territory and charts severe punk territory, resulting in a good balance of power and sheer overdrive which I couldn't help but dig. Common sense dictates that Angel Cage should get to scrawl their formula on history's wall like all the rest. I hope they turn out sunny side up, nicely browned.

Matt Burrows

CREATE! / bis

London Portland Street Albany

bis have been creating quite a buzz within the UK pop underground. Too many people for my liking are already talking a lot of hot air (or should that be crap?) about these three very, VERY young teenagers from Glasgow. This was their first ever English gig, their first ever London gig! Why are the kids here to check them out? Mainly because the underground does work. Word is out. What is all the fuss about? Well, three great tapes that have made my life a lot easier. Songs that wake you up in the morning. Music that will one day be found in the Top 40. Songs, tunes, lyrics, hooks, melodies and some more songs thrown in for good measure. Okay, sure they do have youth on their side, in fact they really shouldn't be in the pub. These are real teenagers, even younger than Ash and far better. Amanda, Steven and John look cute and hard. They play some of the best 90's fuel-drenched POP music that you'll hear all year. The song *School Disco* can already be put between *Common People* and *Girls And Boys*. It has taken Pulp and Blur years to be any good. bis only started playing gigs in the summer of 1994. They have time on their side, and they employ technology as everyone knows drummers are stupid tossers. A most wonderful band who should go all the way. Create! are still going strong. Whereas so many bands would've just given up, they get better and better. Great songs such as *Love And Hope*, *Come Inside* and *Now Is The Time*. People will have to take notice of that last song. For you who don't know, Kevin from Dum Dums joins Create! and he raps. It's manic and insane. Imagine the best bits of Rage Against The Machine and the essential parts of S*M*A*S*H. Awesome. Create! are still very much a band not to be missed.

Sid Abuse

MESSIN' WITH THE KID

Nottingham The Running Horse

There's not a Blues fan in Nottingham who will not agree that great things lie in store for Aynsley Lister. After wowing regulars at blues jams around Nottingham for the last couple of years his band Messin' With The Kid have arrived.

Taking the stage in a laid back but confident manner, Messin' introduce themselves the best way possible. Not with a garbled introduction or an embarrassed apology for being in the way of the punters' beer, but straight into the pain and anguish of *Crossroads*. *Texas Flood* follows and shows that Aynsley's voice, like a good wine, needs nothing more than maturity. It's easy for a band to fall into the trap of riding on one guy's talent, but the pedigree of Messin's backline holds up. Both Slim Steer on drums and John Abblitt on bass have recording experience behind them and do more than carry Aynsley's talent, they amplify and complement it. *Voodoo Chile*, *Scuttle Buttin'* and the ubiquitous *Red House* blend and tighten to bleed the blues dry.

Chris Carter

CABLE London Camden Dublin Castle

In case you didn't know, four-piece Cable hail from Derby and have signed a big fuck-off deal with Infectious Records— home to PWEI and Ash. They used to share a house with Bivouac and are actually a bit of alright. They expose their record collections, put them right under your nose to have a little sniff, then stop, start, twist, throw them around and kick you in the gut. You don't care, as you own most of them yourself. It would be unfair to claim Cable don't sound a tad American, but at the same time they do put their own British personality into the music. At least they don't want to sound like The Kinks or The Beatles (yawn). OK, so why have Cable got it, when others have failed in the past? Maybe it's the chemistry. The noisy-feedback-roaring vocal sound-bites are just so bleeding good; many have tried and failed. At the moment Cable have got it right with the feedback, the cool vocals and the funky and hard-hitting drums. To create awesome noise-pop sound-bites you need a bloody decent drummer; Cable have one. With songs like *Sale Of The Century* and *Give Them What They Want*, they are doomed to become a nationwide and then a world-wide name. Cable are ready to explode.

Sid Abuse

HELIOTROPE / IOWASKA

Nottingham Sam Fay's

A smattering of heads and dreads make up the crowd here to drink in the psychedelic vibes. At first IOWASKA resemble an acid heavy metal fashion show but improve with age and feedback and fly their colours impressively. Able to gauge the desires of their audience and shift accordingly, guitar/vocalist Sam and Flying V-wielding Gaemon dub, punk and skank it up till the quorn burgers come home. This is the fourth incarnation of Heliotrope and they travel through space and time all night with the skill and judgement of Captain Kirk but in the minds eye they are oversleeping in the dread bed. The latest line-up does not include guitarist Grant or psych/blues monster Kev Ellis who made the band the flower groove dub master that they were. Instead, the addition of ever so slightly fluffy co-singer Louise and vocalist Pat takes some of the space rock power away, leaving a more down to earth feel. It wasn't until halfway through the set that this new line-up relaxed into a common groove. On Gas Mark 11 with all guns firing Heliotrope could knock the multi-coloured spots off Ozricwind or Hawkentades but only the superb *No More War* complete with me and Pete as the Heliosteppers saved the night. Come back Kev and Grant, all is forgiven... or at least reform Dr. Brown.

Chris Carter

DUM DUMS Mansfield The Woodpecker

Week ending 24th of February 1996. Take That are no more. Jarvis Cocker steals the show from Michael Jackson at the Brits. The Woodpecker Battle Of The Bands competition is graced by the presence Dum Dums. Some excellent bands have passed through this Mansfield Woodhouse haven of rock 'n' roll talent, but none more talented than this tight four-piece fronted by 'the man with no name' (I later found out his name is Kev— say no more). Here is a frontman ready to take on all comers backed by three more who, together, are tighter than John Major. Influenced by Rage Against The Machine and Red Hot Chili Peppers, with an image that would have scared The Kray Twins in their heyday. Never have I seen such a large group of gig-goers remain in silence (applause apart), unless invited to speak, for the full duration of a band's set. One question springs to mind. Why are they not signed? Give me six balls on a Saturday night and I would put Dum Dums on the global stage they deserve. I have never heard of this band until tonight and I feel like I've been missing something. Their set was well balanced, saving the best, a track called Three, until the last. Dums Dums have passion, power, and more moves than Gary Kasparov.

There were two other bands trailing in Dum Dums' wake. Killing For Company were okay; Beyond Redemption were just that but both bands had my sympathy. Dum Dums cannot be followed. Needless to say they won this heat. Good luck to the bands who meet them in the next round! you'll need lots of it.

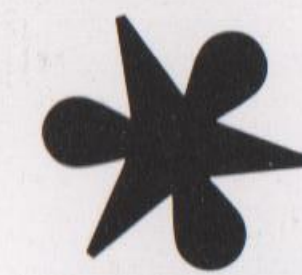
The Woodpecker Battle Of The Bands, sponsored by Labatts and Bandwagon Studios, continues every Wednesday until April.

Blue

BAD BLOOD Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn

Oakham rockers and Radio One's Rock Wars finalists Bad Blood's first visit to the TBI kicks in with the opening track of their epcd *Die Quietly*. Guitarist Dave Clark hides shyly behind the stage's well-positioned pillar, appearing to request that hard rock drinking man's tittle... a lager top! His hard man reputation is accentuated by his crunching ground glass riffs snaking around George's raw vocal technique. The set is littered with essential rock covers including *Killer On The Loose* and Sabbath's *Children Of The Grave*. The real steam driven rock injection comes from their self-penned kidney kickers from their forthcoming lp *Under The Skin Of The Weak*. Catch them while they are still easily accessible.

Chris Carter



Hepatitis B (hep B) can be either a minor, or a very serious infection. It can be passed on in a similar way to HIV, through unprotected sex and by sharing injecting equipment. But, hep B is easier to catch, including through rimming and oral sex. If you think you might be at risk from hep B you can get a free vaccination from a Sexual Health Clinic (STD or GUM). Make sure you complete the course of vaccination.

And, if you have had the vaccination more than five years ago, you might need a booster. It's the safest way to protect yourself against hep B. For further advice, call one of the helplines or you can phone the HEPS helpline on 0171 244 6514 between 7 and 10pm.

FOR MORE INFORMATION



and details of local services:
National AIDS Helpline
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