

IF YOU'RE JUST COMING OUT, ASK A HELPLINE ABOUT ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING. INCLUDING SEX.

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.

If so, there is a wide range of local and national telephone helplines you can call.

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.



overall
THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS
Issue # 42 APRIL 1996
FREE

taking the bis



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

or mouth. You should get

prompt treatment. If you

don't, not only can they

get worse, but they could

increase your chance of getting

other infections, including HIV. These can get into your

body through sores and breaks in the skin. If you already

have HIV, STDs can further stretch your body's defences.

and details
of local services:
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free on 0800 567 123.

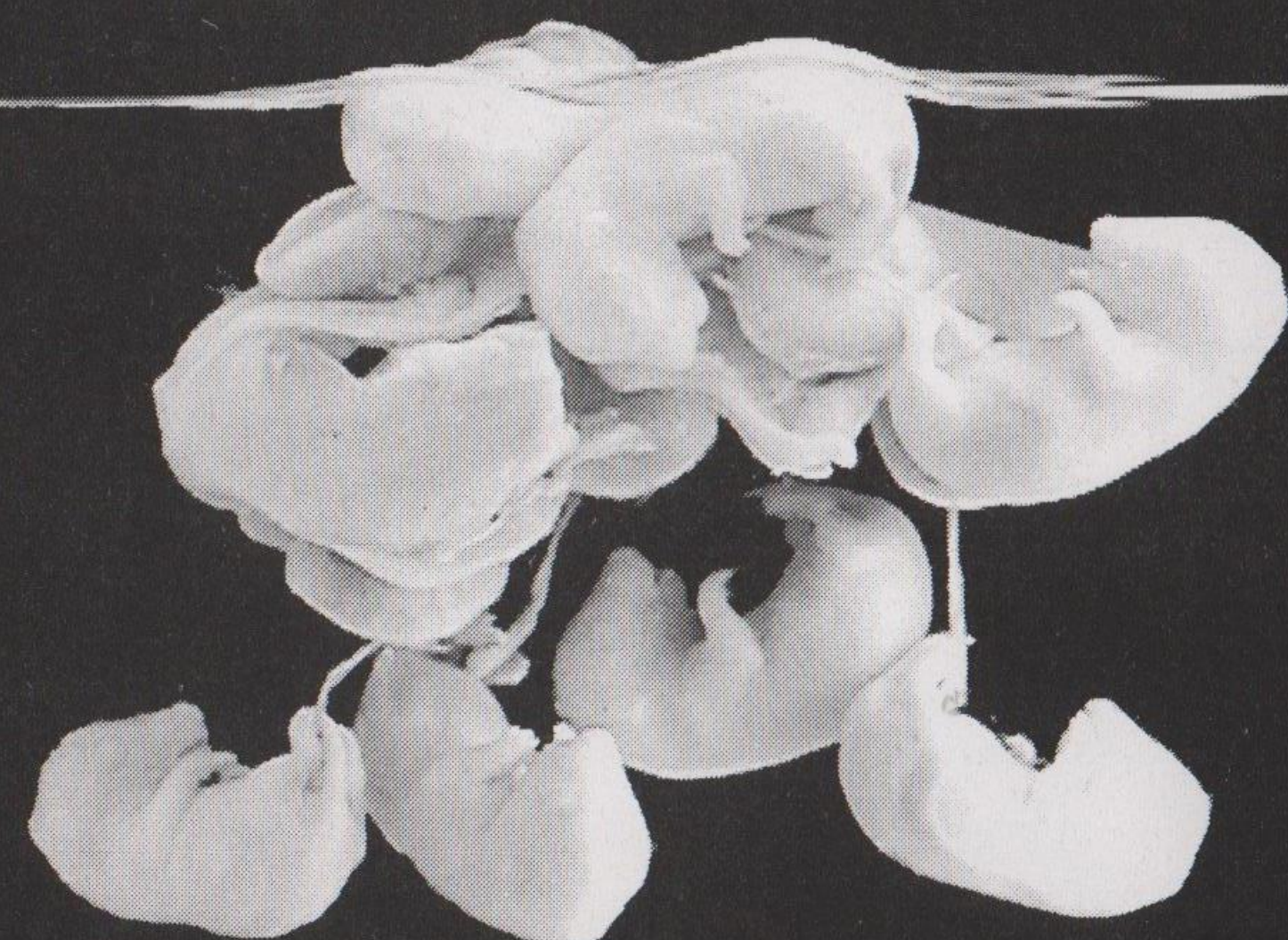
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firstofall:

cover: **bis.** See *Fried Alive*.

DANCE RHYTHM 2000 is a unique event featuring five of the very best local dance acts performing styles from Soul to Funk to Pop to Ragga. Top billing on the night is reserved for international soul artist **Whycliffe**, who's back with a vengeance! Regarded by many major label A&R departments as one of the finest soul/rhythm and blues vocalists in the country, he already has them queuing up with their cheque books.



Then there's **Rachelle Harris** (pic.) whose current single *Come Back To Me* produced by Angel Heart on a Polydor subsidiary label is flying high in the dance charts. The 'boombastic' **Mr. Versatile** is guaranteed to get the crowd on its feet with a repertoire which includes his popular white label release, a ragga version of the *Hokey Kokey!* **Psycho Groove Muthas** (PGM) are probably one of Britain's leading funk bands with a reputation for awesome live performances. Forget George Michael and lock up your daughters because the smooth and extremely talented **Alex Mann** will have pulses racing with his unique blend of soul and dance. Completing the bill will be Tyrone performing his new single *Missing You Now*. **Dance Rhythm 2000** takes place at Sam Fay's, Nottingham on Thursday 2nd May.



Nottingham's **Warser Gate** (pic.) are soon to release *Faces Faces Burning* on induce records, the follow up to their *Loaded And Shaken* single. They are currently in Square Centre Studios recording their debut album due out later in the year. **The Nottingham School Of Samba** have completed their recording session at the Square Centre and offer a full length cassette *Dynamica!* available from Selectadisc, Virgin and ETC record shops. They appear live at The Sky Club on April 27th.

Independence is a compilation on Leicester-based Rideout Records featuring five bands, two tracks each from the **Eugene James Band**, **Stormthieves**, **Yellowbelly** who include **Gaz Birtles**, sax player with the Beautiful South, **The Revolvers**, who have recently completed their debut album *Spin*, and **Cathy Bonner**, a singer songwriter originally from Northern Ireland also with a debut album *The Same Blood*. Having finally realised just what kind of people make up their audiences, **Badaxe** have announced an Equal Opportunities Offensive. Applications are invited from people regardless of race, creed, nationality, disability, age, sex, or responsibility for children or dependents and from lesbians and gay men, and particularly welcomed from people with good taste as they are under-represented among the fans. Apply in person to Sam Fay's (Thursday 11th with **Sneinton Elvis** and **Accident & Emergency**); The Britannia Inn (26th) or The Running Horse (May 2nd 'Will Try To Contact The Dead Drummer' gig), presumably the only venues left in Nottingham that will have them back. "The most thrillingly wonderful new band in Britain. Fact." gushed Vox. "A day-glow, teen-pop sensation" sucked NMME, "A Blur without the self consciousness", mused Scotland On Sunday. They're all talking about **bis**, a three piece from the southside of Glasgow who may be up for some kind of stardom with their punk, pop and electronics mixture alongside a truly Hollywoodian cast containing Sci-Fi Steven (guitar, vocals), John Disco (bass, vocals) and Manda Rin (keyboards, recorder, vocals) and a new drummer (drums). A fervent fanbase has developed since their first taste of gigging which started in Scotland in June '94, and two singles have kept them in the news. *The Secret Vampire Soundtrack* ep is out now.

Also emergent from the musical underground of Glasgow are pop-noiseniks **Urusei Yatsura** who release their new slab of fuzzpop heaven, *The Stunway* ep in April. It features *Kewpies* *Like Watermelon*, *Majesty*, *Sucker* and *Burriko Girl* on the cd. Their debut album *We Are Urusei Yatsura* will be out in May. They appear at Sam Fay's on Tuesday 16th April with **Backwater**, the Northern Irish two-headed beast of melody and dissonance who, following the *Supercool* single, release their second slice of Joy Division-inflected pop melancholia *Shady* on the Che label. Their debut album *Angels Are Cool* is set for release in May. Also from Scotland are New Wave Punk-popsters **Yellow Car**, who have just released their debut album *Auto-Erotica* on the Gift Of Life label, and **Buzzbomb**, originally a three-piece from Bathgate, West Lothian where no-one was interested in their unique brand of chainsaw Indie Punk, so they moved to Edinburgh, released a four-track cassette *Feel The Buzz*, split up, reformed and now release an ep *Here We Go Again*. Following the success of last year's singles *Conscious Thought* and *Submerge*, ambient/dance dub trio **Surge** release their long-awaited debut album *Emergence* on Diversity Recordings. Also on that label are groovy psychedelic popsters **My Drug Hell** who are putting the final touches to their debut album *This Is My Drug Hell* (due April 15th), and **The Rattlesnakes** who release a single *Wasting My Days* (April 22nd). Unlike all these debutants **The Mekons** are on their eleventh album. Entitled *Pussy, King Of Pirates* it's a joint venture with novelist Kathy Acker who wrote the lyrics to this bloodthirsty tale of innocence and obsession on the high seas. Available on Quarterstick records.

"A twisted and bizarre trip through the Texan

darkside," **Evil Mothers** are here to promote their latest release *I Fur* which is out now on Invisible/PHD. They play Rock City on April 11th supported by **Leech Woman**.

The newly-launched **Pi Music Exchange** is set to create the internet's most vibrant exchange and 'electronic venue'. Aiming to give unsigned UK acts international exposure. The exchange is providing a free service world-wide to internet browsers and covers gig and club guides, classified ads., charts, forums for all levels of music culture and, of course, music. For £25 artists can place ten minutes of music with graphics, band info. and gig dates for three months broadcast on the internet in real-time FM quality. Contact Paul Scott on (0171) 209 4241 or visit this virtual venue at <http://www.pi-music.co.uk>

Suttin' Necessary is a new night of hip hop, soul, jazz, swing and rare grooves on monday nights at Sam Fay's. There will be open mic spots for budding MC's as well as guest appearances. **Sunset Black** perform live on Mon. 15th and on the 22nd, artists from Nottingham's Represent records will appear.

WHAM stands for Wonderful Hucknall AM, a new radio station which will be broadcasting throughout the month of May. A 2 hour indie-based show every Saturday at Midnight will feature local artists. anybody wishing to have their music aired should send material to Nick Brown, 1, Mill Yard, HUCKNALL NG15 7AP.

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visuale:



SMALL FACES (dir. Gillies MacKinnon)

Following on from *Shallow Grave* and *Trainspotting* the flourishing Scottish film industry scores again with this absorbing coming of age story set on the volatile streets of 1960's Glasgow. At the centre of events are three troubled teenage brothers; Bobby, a screwed up embittered gangster, Alan, a sensitive aspiring artist and Lex, a 13-year old self-proclaimed genius torn between the other two's disparate lifestyles. An accident with an air rifle tips the balance and gradually, with grim inevitability Lex is drawn into a brutal, surreptitious world of gang wars and wasted lives.

In the role of this assured young reprobate, newcomer Iain Robertson gives a stunning performance while strong support comes from Kevin McKidd as a psychotic thug and Laura Fraser as the innocent girl caught in the middle of all the male bravado. Real life brothers Gillies and Billy MacKinnon who collaborated on the screenplay before dividing up their duties as director and producer have used their own experience of Glasgow's slums to give the film a raw fractious edge. Furthermore, beneath the implacable surface of adolescent violence some spiky Scottish humour helps maintain interest and the almost operatic musical score adds to its emotional resonance. The 'faces' may be 'small' but they're perfectly formed!

Small Faces shows at Broadway from Sat. 13th -Sun. 21st April.

Hank Quinlan



THE MOST TERRIBLE TIME IN MY LIFE (dir. Kaizo Hayashi)

Screened for a fleeting five minutes at last year's *Shots In The Dark* festival before a confusing absence of subtitles and subsequent incomprehensibility became all too clear, *The Most Terrible Time In My Life* finally gets a welcome and deserved release. A tongue-in-cheek parody of the private-eye movie genre, it stars supercool Masatoshi Nagase (*Mystery Train*, *Cold Fever*) as a Japanese detective caught up in a bitter all-out war between two rival gangs of Yazuka. As with many other eastern exports, director Hayashi explores the ritual of male relationships—love, death, honour, betrayal, etc. — but skilfully undermines any macho stance with subtle, incisive wit and humour. Best of all though is the dreamy black and white photography which heightens the film's 50's retro look and marks it out as something very special indeed. Cool, great and groovy.

Hank Quinlan

The Most Terrible Time in My Life shows at Broadway from 12th -14th April.

NIXON (dir. Oliver Stone)

Sympathetic bio-pic of Nixon's career starring Anthony Hopkins as Nixon, Bob Hoskins as J. Edgar Hoover, Powers Booth as Alexander Haig, Ed Harris as Howard Hunt, Mary Steenburgen as Hannah Nixon and Paul Sorvino as Henry Kissinger. At nearly three hours long it's good in places, not so good in others. Be warned, too, that director Oliver Stone is so sympathetic towards the impeached president that some may think him overly kind in his portrayal.

Matt Arnoldi

RHYTHM THIEF (dir. Matthew Harrison)

The latest from *Screen Edge*, the on-going series of innovative video releases, "Rhythm Thief" was one of the success stories at last year's Sundance Film Festival, winning Matthew Harrison the Jury Prize for Best Director. Made on the most minuscule of budgets, and shot in stark black & white with jerky *N.Y.P.D.*-style camera-work, the film is a raw, gritty tale of urban alienation and low life squalor. Set on the bustling streets of New York's Lower East Side, it follows the day to day, hand-to-mouth existence of bootlegger Simon (Jason Andrews), and his dealings with an assortment of dubious friends and deadly acquaintances. Harrison directs with impressive flair but is let down by an underdeveloped screenplay and dull enigmatic characterizations. His potential, though, is plain to see and a collaboration with Martin Scorsese on his next independent feature *Kicked In The Head* should see it fulfilled.

Hank Quinlan

GET SHORTY

A comedy thriller starring Danny de Vito, Gene Hackman and John Travolta among others, like *Living In Oblivion* it's a film about the making of a movie— who's going to write the script, who will be in the movie, etc. Travolta plays loan shark Chili Palmer trying to collect on a gambling debt in Hollywood who ends up having to get a film together with tough-guy Delroy Lindo. The film went down well in the States but has received mixed reviews in the UK. Basically it doesn't live up to the hype. It's not that funny and many of the supposed jokes revolve around people getting hit or being told where to get off in language your mother might not understand. But for those interested *Get Shorty* is directed by Brian 'The Addams Family' Sonnenfeld and based on the best-selling novel by Elmore Leonard. It won of a Golden Globe for Travolta as best actor (he's OK, but not that good!)

Matt Arnoldi



LA MADRE MUERTA (dir. Juanma Bajo Ulloa)

Spanish Gothic psychological thriller well received at London NFT's *Fantasm Festival* last year in which a character carries out a murder only to realise his act has been witnessed by the victim's daughter. Years later the witness, a mentally disturbed young woman reappears in his life and a twisted love triangle develops as the man cannot forget the girl who has figured in his earlier crime.

At Broadway Mon 22nd- Wed 24th and Metro, Derby 26-30th April.

Matt Arnoldi

TOY STORY

Toy Story has become a huge Box Office hit in the States reaching its \$30 million break-even target within the first few weeks. Produced by Pixar Animation studios, it's a triumph for the new-found skills in computer graphics imaging, used more than 500,000 megabytes of computer memory and took four years to make. In terms of plot, chaos reigns as toys come to life and Woody, a paranoid puppet cowboy is worried that he will be discarded while more modern toys are given the owner's attention. His fears are proven by the arrival on the scene of the lively superhero Buzz Lightyear. Buzz and Woody swiftly become rivals, but find a common foe in the form of mutant toys owned by Sid, the decidedly sadistic boy next door. With the well-known voices of Tom Hanks, Wallace Shawn and Tim Allen, the kids will love it and adults who have seen it love it too. Great fun, make no mistake!

Matt Arnoldi

DR. CALIGARI vs IN THE NURSERY

The Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari is a silent classic from the German Expressionist film movement. A story about a hypnotist who uses a somnambulist to carry out his murders, it employs stylised lighting and sets, distorted backdrops and camera angles to explore a dark world of psychotic paranoia. Though now dated somewhat, its surreal strength and originality still have the power to impress. In the Nursery are Sheffield's masterful exponents of sublime shadowy soundscapes. Often used for film soundtracks their music will be performed live to accompany this special screening.

Hank Quinlan

The event takes place on Sat. 4th May at the Metro Cinema, Derby. for details call (0133) 234 0170



ROBERT DE NIRO: THE MAN, THE MYTH AND THE MOVIES

by Patrick Hagan (pub. Robert Hale)

Mean Streets, The Godfather Part II, Taxi Driver, New York New York, The Deer Hunter, Raging Bull, The King Of comedy, Once Upon A Time In America...

From 1973 to 1983 Robert de Niro produced a body of work which remains unsurpassed by any other actor, living or dead. In collaboration with the great directors of the day— Martin Scorsese, Francis Ford Coppola, Michael Cimino, Sergio Leone— he created characters of complex emotional intensity and films of magnificent ingenuity and imagination. The depth of preparation for his roles was legendary while a reluctance to play the 'star celebrity only added to his allure and mystery. Since that time, however, things have become a touch erratic and the quality of the films uneven and unreliable. Perhaps a desire to broaden his appeal led de Niro to take some misguided career decisions, maybe his face simply became too familiar and his style predictable. Or maybe by the late 80's they just didn't make his kind of movie any more. Whatever, this is the reason for reading a biography of de Niro, to answer these questions and extract some salient information about a personal life he had kept inordinately private and confidential.

Author Patrick Agan, though, thinks otherwise, and his book quickly becomes a banal run through the actor's cinematic history, gushing from every pore with sycophantic praise and cock-eyed critical judgments. To Agan the public is the ultimate critic, so the insipid *Falling In Love* merits more attention than the acerbic *King Of Comedy*, and de Niro's brief cameo as Al Capone in *The Untouchables* rates higher than his breathtaking performance in the four hour elegiac gangster epic *Once Upon A Time In America*. His triumphant return to critical and commercial acclaim in *Heat* is unfortunately too recent an event to be included here, but as his career once again takes an upturn, let's hope somebody, someday writes a biography that his talent truly deserves.

Hank Quinlan

IN THE FRAME

In The Frame is a video competition for aspiring young film-makers. Organised by *Shots In The Dark*, Nottingham's international film festival and sponsored by Central Television the competition gives would-be movie makers a chance to see their videos screened during the festival. films should be on the subject of crime, mystery and thrillers, individuals or groups aged 25 or under may enter, and videos, which can be any style— drama, documentary or diary, should be less than 8 minutes long. The closing date for entries is May 10th and further details and entry forms are available from Broadway Media Centre, 14 Broad Street, Nottingham NG1 3AL tel. (0115) 952 6600/6611.

Shots In the Dark takes place Thursday 6th-Sunday 16th June.

DUNCAN McASKILL

University Of Nottingham Djanogly Gallery (until 28th April)

Is it worth the 25p stamp? Do I want an abstract drawing by Duncan McAskill sent postcard style to my home? A version incorporated from one of his *DNA* labelled canvas' maybe, but no, not particularly. It was a price however I did consider worth paying to assemble my chosen card into the larger scheme of things. To assume title of individual 'positioner' for the moment, filling in a square on a large gridded canvas to assist in completing the piece *Mail Ego*. and, OK, it will be quite nice when I receive my card through the post. To travel further down the exhibition space I considered it possible that this artist had problems grasping English Language at school. The due was in a series of drawings *Useful Verb*: (followed by a letter of the alphabet) resembling chalk marks on a school blackboard. As it happens he is dyslexic. But my attention was booked by the four large canvasses on the right as you enter. I recalled certain aspects of art education that can be made justifiably relevant, that is, staring out through windows. Duncan's *DNA* images look like he did them with the wicker blinds down— but! —only to create and bring to light some salient images. Alas, there is a more cosmopolitan connection: Manhattan, and a map of the city plans; where basic underlying structure remains the same but there is infinite variety within. thus the *DNA* link. The striking paintings are made by a process of layering in which a coloured ground is gradually overpainted by a series of horizontals in blue, red or black. A mesmeric, somewhat sinuous rhythm runs through them.

BEN NICHOLSON and WILLIAM NICHOLSON

Nottingham Castle Museum (until 28th April)

And, not forgetting that way back in, oh, about the 1930's, Ben Nicholson and his contemporaries Barabara Hepworth and Henry Moore were boarding the international art train, destination: avant garde. Observing at the time not just the still life but also cubist ideas, their arrival was timely enough to challenge the position of Paris and New York as the pre-eminent innovators of the time. The Castle is currently exhibiting some of the works by Ben Nicholson along with those of his father William Nicholson.

It is documented that Ben once said that one day his father would be known as the greater painter. So is this true? or did his father tell him he'd better acknowledge it or there would be no supper? After all his father wanted to be avant garde, too, but there just weren't the same opportunities when he were a lad. Well, visit the exhibition and study some of the evidence. In defining the successful qualities of a painting, in this case, in terms of absorbing the observed and retranslating its essence two-dimensionally; I'd say that Ben wasn't threatened with supper loss, but had more on his plate. He had to consider inspiring innovation and fight the cause. He was putting the visual language under the microscope for identification and restructuring. A long and intellectual process. Willy, on the other hand, did not uproot the traditional modes of enquiry but exercised his talent for discriminating and articulating light and colour, creating striking and vivid still lives which are reverent to the intrinsic properties of the studied objects.

So whether you call a spade 'a spade' or 'an object that requires manual instruction to guide its function, etc.' some interesting comparisons and worthwhile elements can be seen within the work.


JENNY FORD Nottingham Angel Row Gallery

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DAVID BISHOP Nottingham The Old Angel

Some visual innovation has been seen at the Old Angel, but I'm referring to the drawings on the wall, by Dave Bishop. A combination of geometry and humour, and the avail of an interesting character seemingly has led to these caricatures. As usual my favourite, which in this case is *Dreadlock Sally*, is the most expensive, aye, but still a bargain.


Sharon McCann

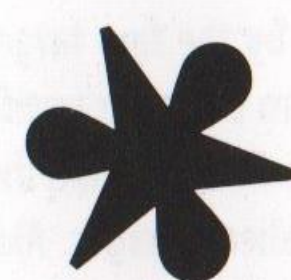


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Hepatitis B

VACCINATION, THE pros and PROS.

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.

and details of local services:
National AIDS Helpline
free on 0800 567 123.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

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SNEINTON ELVIS ACCIDENT & EMERGENCY

Tuesday 16th April

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FRIED ALIVE!



bis Nottingham The Narrowboat

"Good evening! We are bis from Glasgow, Scotland," spits Steven bis Hooray! this was their first England gig outside of London; it would seem that the word is out. bis raawwked like they have never raawwked before. they came out fighting and nothing, not even having their van broken into the night before could stop them, not even the power failure during School Disco. they took that in their stride and made a joke out of it. These three Glaswegian disco punks took Nottingham by the scruff of the neck, beat it up a couple of times and Nottingham wanted another good kicking. This time right around the head. It felt so good. Remember, bis raawwked, oh boy oh boy they raawwked. I'm not taking the piss. With numbers such as the opening Plastik People and the punk-out-in-your-face-missus of Public School, bis took no prisoners. "Go on, bis!" shouted a female from the bar and go on they did. No-one could stand in their way not even the very tall bloke down the front wearing an Orbital hat. Nothing stopped them. Remember, they raawwked.

So come on all you party raawwk people. It's time to purchase another can of silly string from your local newsagent. It's time to fart in the face of boredom. It's time to kill your parents. It's time to kill anyone over twenty-one. Old people are boring. The kids are our future and they wanna have FUN. For a night of FUN go and see bis and you will hear their disco punk raawk FUN. Songs such as Kandy Pop, Teen C Power, Kill Yr Boyfriend, and Secret Vampires make the perfect soundtrack to a night of drinking, puking and fucking. a night of FUN. Oh yeah, they raawwk, too.

Sid Abuse

GORILLA Reading The Purple Turtle

Sunday night, nothing on telly, no excuse not to o out and check out Derby-based Gorilla. Surprise, surprise... a few of the population of Reading did just that. It doesn't take long to realise that firstly, Gorilla are all wearing the same clothes/uniform, though nowhere near as showbizzy as Rocket From The Crypt; secondly, that they have trouble standing still; thirdly, that they are bloody good. Their music could be described as forward looking, intelligent raawk with delicious vocals plus the nice feel of an electric violin. To these ears it's mighty fine. Already having released two epdcs, both praised by the likes of Kerrang! and NMME, they seem to be doing it the old way. They tour and tour, supporting the likes of Beggars ITA, Shelter, and Napalm Death, all the time increasing their fanbase and making new friends. The Purple Turtle will never win any awards for being a great live music venue, but Gorilla didn't care. they got on with the job, giving us mind-blowing songs like *Acid Test*, *Diesel* and *Bulldozer*. Very, very impressive. Gorilla reach the parts most bands can only dream of reaching.

Sid Abuse

swoon, even bits you can pogo to. *I Wanna Be Your Baby* rips, Honey makes you smile, *Thrill Me*... well, it sure does thrill you. Everyone is smiling, dancing, having fun. the whole room has exploded and a stage invasion seems very much the order of the day. It all comes to a chaotic end with the kids on stage joining in the mayhem. Teenage boys are trying to shag the band whilst the girls are spraying vast amounts of silly string into the mosh pit. It's complete chaos and makes complete sense. It was fffffffuuunnn!!! In an ideal world Charlie and her Angels would be the biggest band. Tonight they were the best live band on planet Earth.

Sid Abuse

MESSIN' WITH THE KID

Nottingham The Running Horse

There's not a Blues fan in Nottingham who will not agree that tonight heralds the beginning of great things 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 back-line holds up. Both Slim Steer on drums and John Ablitt 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

SUGAR & LUST Nottingham Sam Fay's

A cool start is short lived due to the drowning of the vocals by very loud guitars after all of ten seconds. It is this volume from where they seem to collect their false confidence and which helps to cover their shallow 'messages'. Hinging on an Oasis/Stone Roses sound with an added flavour of Monkees, can their personalities carry it off? They do try, and a round for them for that, but one of only quiet applause. They appear to have no confidence in their own competence and seem conscious of some image they are trying to project. The lead singer's permanent attempt not to grin is more obvious than he thinks. This is a person incapable of being tongue-in-cheek. *You Are My Brother* sees the guitarist come to the front of stage. his voice is better and he has slightly more personality. But the guitar sounds are more of a joint effort rather than either one of them having anything interesting to play. Sugar & Lust— more pretentious than Little & Large but not as funny.

Jaq

THE MELONS Bedford Esquires

The Melons are from Nottingham. I'm not too sure if you, dear reader, actually knew that. Well, you bloody well should! Why? WHY? Because they are currently the best band to come out of Nottingham. Stop laughing and start believing. Tonight they ruled. True pros, they got in there and got on with the job. It didn't matter that half the band didn't turn up, oh no. It didn't matter that the stand in drum machine didn't know any of the songs, oh no! The Melons didn't give a shit. It was cool watching a band fall apart and yet being so together. It was sheer punk rock, getting up on stage having your go and pulling it off. Despite what happened. It could have been a lot worse, like The Legend could have joined in with the fun. You know what I mean. Song titles? Who cares? The Melons don't care. The kids don't care. Why should anyone care? For me all that really matters is The Melons are from Nottingham, their singles shine, they're a more stylish Helen Love, a one lady Cuckooland. Well, they are Damaged Goods recording artists after all.

There you go. At the moment they are the best band resident in Nottingham. They would drink The X Rays, Create!, Ultraviolence, Silencer, Dum Dums, Wonderland, Bob Tilton etc. etc. all under the table. Hard as nails, soft as soggy cheese, The Melons are the punk rock band from Nottingham for 1996.

Bedford knew it. Does Nottingham?

Sid Abuse



photo: Wayne A Hoercherl

PAPA BRITTLE

Nottingham Sam Fay's

They are back. After a year long absence recording their new album in Vancouver and remastering it without the Talk Radio phone-in samples which Nettwerk were too nesh to run with (I mean, who knew?), Papa Brittle return to touring with a new single *Stress Killer On The Loose*. And for Basingstoke's finest it was once again a game of two halves. Gregarious frontman Lloyd Sparks opts for a sedentary semi-comic spot, chair on stage, glass of water on a table beside him, as the band announce their juke-box style gig for this evening, allocating numbers to the set and inviting the audience to call them out at random, one to twelve. Who knows whether the audience actually had any control or whether Papa Brittle would have played the set in the order they did anyway? They were certainly convincing—"We've done that one," or a sudden dash for a different guitar. But that's not the point. As an ice-breaker it was pretty effective, especially as half the audience cowered peeping around the corner of the bar, fazed by the size of back-line and/or band and /or blistering shots of raging rock and seismic samples. Yes, Papa Brittle are larger than life and they know it. If they had wanted they could have scared the whole lot of them out into the freezing cold with a single roar—and they did bring a megaphone with them, just in case. But with the help of Lloyd's frustrated comedian persona, and despite the after-shock of each number, they wooed and cajoled the crowd and the curious until someone actually demanded that Lloyd stand up!

Papa Brittle ripped and roared but no sooner than you could say things were cooking with gas, The Frustrated Comedian cracked one of his bemusing anti-Tory jokes along the lines of "Gerry Adams expecting John Major to carry out a peace plan is tantamount to Hitler inviting Gandhi over to gas a few Jews". Qué? Luckily the lyrics of the songs show him to be intelligent and sensitive chap. The rest of the band don't seem to mind, in fact they were obviously enjoying themselves and it gives them a bit of a rest between percussive blasts or, as Martin Thomas put it in these pages two years ago, "...every shot at goal slowed down by the attendant manifesto." Nothing has changed, though at least tonight's cabaret approach puts it in perspective. Song number 8 (but not the eighth song, remember, although equally as slick, aggressive and on target), was preceded by a more successful but still bemusing effort. Perhaps sensing that the audience had swelled some on account of The Brit Awards on TV having just ended, we are treated to "Michael Jackson fucks them. Jarvis Cocker beats them. They were the same children!" Was it a coincidence that the promoter of *Just The Tonic* comedy club was down at the front? Nah, surely...

Christine Chapel

FRIED CIRCUIT

APRIL
1996



CATATONIA

photo by Gered Mankowitz

friday 5th
LEFT HAND THREAD
Nottingham The Running Horse
FRISBEE
Filly & Firkin
ELECTRALUX
The Old Angel
TONY KELLY & KELLY'S EYE
Mechanics Arms
BLOW HARD
Leics. Pump & Tap

saturday 6th
BRUTUS
Nottm The Old Angel
OLD TENNIS SHOES
The Running Horse
HARSH
The Thurland
SON OF ERRIS
Mechanics Arms
TERRORVISION
Rock City
SUICIDE BRIDE
Narrowboat
NAIL/ PORK CHOP/ PLANCK
Rumpshaker
The Box
D? CI?
Fever
The Skyy Club
TIGHTROPE
Beeston Boat & Horses
GENEVA
Mansfield The Woodpecker
THE PRISONERS / FREEZER
Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 7th
MAKE-UP/BLONDE REDHEAD
Nottm. The Narrowboat
JAM SESSION
2-6pm
BLODWIN PIG
8pm
The Running Horse
THE SHOD COLLECTION
jazz breakfast noon free
The Old Angel
FOOTWARMERS
noon
MIND THE GAP
8pm
The Bell Inn
SPITTING FEATHERS
The Golden Fleece
HOOLEY & THE CRACK
Mechanics Arms
SERVE CHILLED
The Skyy Club

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MANUSKRIFT/SKIN JOB/
REDEMPTION
Golgotha 3pm-midnight £6.50 adv.
The Rig
PIP/ PHIL SAGAR/ CAS-ROC
DAVE CONGREVE/ ADEE H PAUL
WAIN
Dance Trek 10pm-6am £5
Marcus Garvey Centre

monday 8th
HIDDEN TALENTS
Women's Cabaret & disco
Nottingham The Skyy Club
OMEGA
The Bell Inn
COLIN STAPLES
The Running Horse
DECLAN
Mechanics Arms
SUTTIN' NECESSARY
new hip hop soul night Sam Fay's
NEARVANA / VIVID VERTIGO /
FREAKZONE
£550 adv. The Zone
CATATONIA / SPACE
£4.50/4 Leics. The Charlotte
SKA'D FOR LIFE / RED STRIPE /
RAGGITY ANNE
FLOWERING HEADS
WHATEVER / MONDO KANO
THIS VIBRATION / ARNOLD
BOLT noon - midnight
Leics. The Pump & Tap

tuesday 9th
THE HIGH LLAMAS
LABRADFORD / DJ PABLO D?
CI? £4/3.50 doors 8pm
Nottingham Sam fay's
TECHNO TEATIME
£2 for pint and meal and music
The Old Angel
TEMPUS FUGIT
Bell Inn
IAN SIEGAL
Golden Fleece
ELEVATE
Derby Royal Bnqueting Suite
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse
OPEN MIND SURGERY
BLEEDING PRINCIPLE
Leics. The Charlotte
GONG
Sheffield The Leadmill

wednesday 10th
D? CI?
Nottingham Café Bleu
EXCESSAWEEZ
The Skyy Club
COLIN STAPLES JAM SESH
The Running Horse
THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's
DJ PROZAC
Bellamy's Bar
DUM DUMS/ CHEESETRUCK
Mansfield The Woodpecker
THE MEKONS / QUALM
Leics. The Charlotte

thursday 11th
BADAXE / SNEINTON ELVIS
ACCIDENT & EMERGENCY
Nottm Sam Fay's
DISTURBED
The Old Angel
THE STORM THIEVES
Running Horse
DIGS & WOOSH
Café Bleu
FRANCIS
Behan's Bar

EVIL MOTHERS
LEECH WOMAN
Death Trip
EMILY SAID
Rock City
COLOUR OF THE SOUL
Hyson Green The Vine
PSYCHASTORM / ODDBALL
Derby The Garrick
INTASTELLA / MY HEAD'S
GOING TO BLOW UP
Leics. The Charlotte

friday 12th
HEAVY JUICE
Nottm Filly & Firkin
MOVIEZONE
QUICKSPACE SUPERSPORT
The Narrowboat
D? CI?
Downtown
SOUR MASS
The Skyy Club
MÔTEL KINGS
The Running Horse
FRANK DEMPSEY
Mechanics Arms
DEPARTURE LOUNGE
vs QUADRANT
Café Bleu
THE LIZARDS
Leics. Pump & Tap
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
The Charlotte

saturday 13th
STIORM CLOUDS
Nottm. filly & Firkin
PLANCK / DEEP JOY / WALT
Rumpshaker
THE QT BAND
Running Horse
POTEEN
Mechanics Arms
DEP. LOUNGE vs QUADRANT
Café Bleu
TIGHTROPE
Britannia Inn
DOUGHNUTS / CONSUMED
The Narrowboat
D? CI?
Hula
The Cookie Club

NIGHT MOVES
DISTORTHAUS
Graveyard
SAIGON KISS
Mansfield The Woodpecker
JEWELLERS EYE
Leics. Pump & Tap
IMMEDIATE / NEON
The Charlotte
LONGPIGS / OCTOPUS
Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 14th
KELLY'S HEROES
Nottm. The Golden Fleece
FOOTWARMERS
AKIMBO
noon
8pm
The Bell Inn
THE SHOD COLLECTION
fast jazz break noon free
The Old Angel
JAM SESSION
2-6pm
AYNSLEY LISTER BAND
The Running Horse
TIGHTROPE
Derby Victoria Inn

monday 15th
SUNSET BLACK
Suttin Necessary
Nottm Sam Fay's
IAN SIEGAL
The Running Horse
OMEGA
The Bell Inn
SWING HOLIDAY / MAN'OLE
Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 16th
PIMLICO/ BACKWATER
DJ PABLO
£2.50 / £2
THE SCREAM
Nottm Sam Fay's
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Golden Fleece
WAREHOUSE
The Running Horse
THE MEN THEY
The Bell Inn
COULDN'T HANG
Leics The Charlotte
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
Sheffield The Leadmill

wednesday 17th
HOOTON / 3 CAR / PANIC
Nottm The Old Angel
THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's
D? CI?
Café Bleu
COLIN STAPLES JAM SESH
The Running Horse
DJ PROZAC
Bellamy's Bar
ROB / MARCUS / WALT
Newbury Protest benefit
Hyson Green Radford Arms
THE DHARMAS
Leics. The Charlotte

thursday 18th
CATONIA / SPACE/ DAVIS
DJ PABLO
£3
Nottm. Sam Fay's
WHOLESOME FISH
Filly & firkin
SKA BOOM
The Old Angel
ENGINE
The Running Horse
DIGS & WOOSH
Café Bleu
UNWOUND / THE DAWN
Narrowboat
KILLING JOKE
Rock City
MURRAY THOMPSON
Leics. The Pump & Tap
THE HIGH LLAMAS
LABRADFORD
£5
Leics. The Charlotte

friday 19th
POD
Nottm. Filly & Firkin
KELLY'S HEROES
Thre Golden Fleece
SEAL TEAM SIX
EXOCET ERECTION
The Old Angel
JACK OF DIAMONDS
Mechanics Arms
DEP. LOUNGE vs QUADRANT
Café Bleu
VICTOR
Leics. Pump & Tap

saturday 20th
RACHEL'S BASEMENT
Nottm. Filly & Firkin
PORK CHOP / DEEP JOY
SAM & JOHNNY
Rumpshaker
ENGLISH ROSE
The Box
The Meadow Club
D? CI?
Hula
The Cookie Club
KONFUSION
The Old Angel
CHICKENASS BLUES BAND
The Running Horse
DEP. LOUNGE vs QUADRANT
Café Bleu
MANFAT / SUFFER / REVOLT
IRON MONKEY / HEADACE
KITO
all day
The Narrowboat
FLOYDIAN SLIP
Mansfield The Woodpecker
RAGGITY ANNE
Leics Pump & Tap
UK SUBS
The Charlotte

sunday 21st
THE SHOD COLLECTION
fastbreakjazz noon free
The Old Angel
RADFORD ALL STAR
JUG BAND
The Golden Fleece
FOOTWARMERS
JUBA
noon
eve
The Bell Inn
VINCENT FLATT'S
FINAL DRIVE
The Running Horse

monday 22nd
OMEGA
The Bell Inn
SUTTIN' NECESSARY
Represent Records night
Sam Fay's
DAREDEVIL
Derby The Guildhall
BIG DADDY LOVE
THE GROOVE BOOTY
Leics. The Charlotte
THE DHARMAS
Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 23rd
LAZARUS CLAMP
Nottingham Sam Fay's
LEFTFIELD
Rock City
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Running horse
TEMPUS FUGIT
The Bell Inn
TIGHTROPE
Jacksdale Portland Arms
MOONDOG / VERTIGO
Leics. The Charlotte
KILLING JOKE
SEND NO FLOWERS
Sheffield The Leadmill
KD LANG
Birmingham Academy

wednesday 24th
EXCESSAWEEZ
The Skyy Club
D? CI?
Café Bleu
COLIN STAPLES JAM SESH
The Running Horse
THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's
DJ PROZAC
Bellamy's Bar
BEN-10 / THE SCENE
Leics The Charlotte

thursday 25th
ULTRAVIOLENCE
KISS MY AXE
£3
Nottm. Sam Fay's
IRATION STEPPERS
DJ WALT Sweet Potato
The Box
AB/CD
The Running Horse
EMILY SAID
Derby The Garrick
FLIPSIDE / FBI CREW
Leics. The Charlotte

friday 26th
SPITE / 4 LETTER WORD
Nottm The Old Angel
WAMMAJAMMA
Thr Running Horse
PATTON & KELLY
Mechanics Arms
CNS / PSYCHASTORM
MANGACIDE
Narrowboat
BABE CHAOS
Rock City
TIGHTROPE
Langley Mill Potters
FREELoadERS
Leics. Pump & Tap

saturday 27th
FRIENDS OF / TRIBUTE/ FFF
Nottm. The Old Angel
OLD SCHOOL
Running Horse
NATIONAL HEROES
MULDER / SUGAR & LUST
EAMON GETHINGS
Mechanics Arms
RALPH
Workshop Frog & Nightgown
FREAKZONE
Mansfield The Woodpecker
COLOURBURST
Leics. Pump & Tap
OCEAN COLOUR SCENE
Sheffield The Leadmill
LEFTFIELD
Sheffield Octagon
GREEN DAY
MR. T. EXPERIENCE
B'ham Aston Villa Leisure Centre

sunday 28th
FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN
Nottm The Golden Fleece
FOOTWARMERS
MIND THE GAP
noon
eve
Bell Inn
IAN SIEGAL & THE SCORE
Running Horse
The Old Angel

tuesday 30th
INVADERS FROM THE PLANET
PHUNK/ DJ PABLO
Funk fever 2
Nottm. Sam Fay's
FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse
WAREHOUSE
The Bell Inn
PUSHERMAN/ SUPERMODEL
Leics The Charlotte

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CLUBS
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Lace Market. 3rd Monday. 952 3264.

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Mon 7-9pm. 941 0652
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gay stocks and free copies of Pink
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outreach worker. Free condoms, KY,
dental dams, Hep B vaccinations
and all sexual/ drug use advice.
Copies of The Gai Guide,
comprehensive information booklet.
947 5414

LESBIAN CENTRE
Women's Centre, 30 Chaucer
St. 11am-3pm Weds. 941 1475
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Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays, 8pm,
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Mark, 961 6252 Chris.
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Nottingham NG1 3HW.



LEFTFIELD

The Platters that mattered in March
compiled by D? C.I.?

1. **RUBY** *Salt Water Fish*
2. **RUBY** *Swallow Baby*
3. **RUBY** *Tiny Meat*
4. **INTENSE** *The Sax Lick*
5. **SUNZ OF MAN** *No Love Without Hate*
6. **B.L.I.M.** *Can't You See*
7. **FUGEES** *Ready Or Not*
8. **THURSDAY CLUB** *Westway*
9. **PRODIGY** *Firestarter*
10. **SPACE** *Neighbourhood*
11. **NICOLETTE** *We Never Know*
12. **BEASTIE BOYS** *Brand New/ Nervous Assistant*
13. **MOBB DEEP** *Up North Trip*
14. **TEE NOISE** *Rockin' On/Mr W.R.*
15. **COURTNEY PINE** *I've Known Rivers*
16. **SHANTE** *Straight Razor*
17. **KING KOOBA** *Head Poppa*
18. **LORD FINESSE** *Speak Ya Peace*
19. **D.O.S.E.** *Plug Myself In*
20. **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL** *Walking Wounded*

Ruby gets the top 3 with the best tunes off the best dance album of '95/'96 (and you can dance to it). Other dance-floor trip hopper **Nicolette** comes up with her nursery rhyme type goods, **King Kooba** do similar. On a harder edge **Space**, **The Prodigy** (instrumental without that idiot Flint) and **D.O.S.E.** featuring **Mark E Smith** fill that Chemical Brothers gap. **Sunz Of Man** do their Wu Tang thang whilst fellow rappers **Mobb Deep**, **Lord Finesse** and from '93, **Shante**, keep it, real, is it? **Tee Noise** does it without lyrics. On the handbag drum 'n' bass tip **Intense**, **B.L.I.M.**, **Courtney Pine** and **EBTG** (special white stiletto award for them) keep it 'uplifting'. **Fugees** go for "what a really nice tune", **Thursday Club** try electro and finally the **Beastie Boys'** hardcore punk keeps folks from dropping off. D? C.I? is on a world tour of Nottingham this month. See listings

With real steel swords and even realler chainsaws, and fire swingers, **KISS MY AXE** are an explosive mixture of Mad Max and Highlander. Famed for their outdoor displays which include rocket launchers, trikes, raging rogue robots, exploding vehicles and even a helicopter, they present a unique action packed spectacular which explores the dark art of 'ultraviolence'. Sparks fly from swords, bodies fall in two before screaming chainsaws. Which is all a bit of a coincidence really as KMA will be providing a fitting display of aggro when they appear with **Ultraviolence** at Sam Fay's on Thursday 25th April for **Violent Night 2**. This sequel to the last mind blowing appearance by Johnny Violent will take up where that one left off — at about 400bpm, with his new album *Shocker*, a gabba bonanza of beats and bass pumped through the same big p.a. system as last time — ask anyone who was there. Admission is £3, show starts at 9pm.



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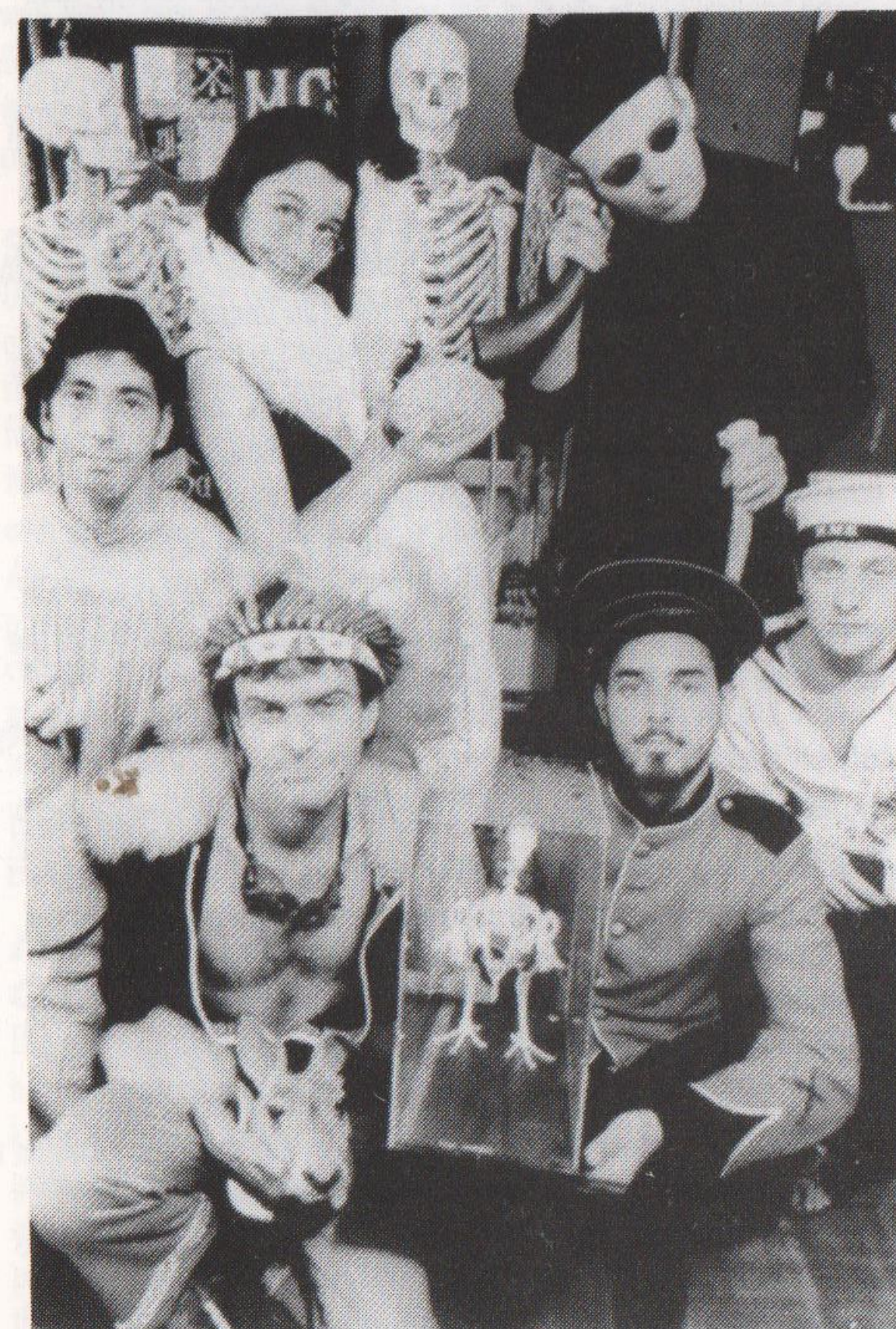
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**** Guest Beers ****

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booming bass? Thus the title track is a devotional fusion where ancient spirits of the East meet Wobble's rhythmic thrust. The Goddess is present in the form of Natacha Atlas on *A Love Song*, whilst the poppy mantra *Om Navah Shiva* is almost too delicious to bear. Elsewhere the strains of shoton, congas, saxophone, tablas and gongs not to mention Er-Ha, Don Shui and Bamboo Flute combine without conflicting. Rejoice! The Buddha is alive and well, and sleeping wherever the darkness falls on him.

SUZANNE LITTLE *Be Here Now* (Netwerk)

As the press release for this album possibly hit the Overshredder some time ago, I can merely inform you that Suzanne Little is Canadian (probably), talented (definitely) and rather beautiful (subjectively). Yes, it's female singer-songwriter-folky-rock time again, but the sharp drum programming on opener *Tragic Flaw* seems intent on dispelling any waifish illusions. The appearance of Chuck Prophet (ex-Green On Red) on guitars also points to a woman of substance at work here, and when her voice soars into gear on *In My Hands* you're reminded of Sinead O'Connor's sweet strength. *Tarantula*, with its bitter barbs, makes this connection further and Little's plucky banjo strums along almost ironically. Ghostly pedal-steel chords drift through the slow burning *Swept Away*, and the casual strum of *You* is simply lovely. Introspective lyrics abound, with room for variation there, but when sung with this level of understanding it seems churlish to criticise. Keep eyes and ears wide open for this woman.

Gareth Thompson

K'S CHOICE *Paradise In Me*

There appear to be two sides to this Belgian four-piece. Firstly their 'rock-out' side — loud, crashing guitars, crunching harmonies, tunes emotionally belted out with powerful crescendos, highs, lows and beats that make it impossible to sit still, making for loads of 'goosebump' moments (check out their last single *Not An Addict*, or the haunting *Iron Flower*). Then there's their mellow side, soft acoustic guitars, gentle, wistful melodies and poignant lyrics. What sets K's Choice apart is that they are equally suited to both styles moving between the two with seemingly no effort. And you can't argue with a band who (rather sensibly) point out, "When your pubic hair's on fire, something's wrong," can you?

YELLOW CAR *Auto Erotica* (Gift Of Life)

Excellent, cheery power-pop with a sprinkling of punk à la Mega City 4. nothing heavy, just song after song of catchy tunes, singalong choruses and simple but ironic lyrics (check out *Student Bastards* or *Drunken Rock Star*) which aren't meant to be listened to closely, they just add to the 'feelgood' vibe of the album. Worth a listen whatever you're into.

VELOCITY GIRL

Guided Stars And Zealous Hearts (Sub Pop)

If you're expecting more jangly indie pop you'll be pleasantly surprised by this album. It's great to hear a band who can produce this kind of music without getting boring and insipid. Guitar pop it is, but bland it ain't, with snappy tunes and melodic vocals, a good album to mellow out to.

SCHTUM *Grow*

Aaargh! It's Simple Minds back from the dead. Listen to the vocals and you'll see what I mean. This aside, I'm not really sure what kind of audience Schtum want to appeal to. They're neither punk nor rock, not really metal or industrial either. Maybe they were consciously aiming to be non-pigeon-holed but consequently this album is very bitty and trundles along without getting anywhere.

MANTARAY (Dead Dead Good)

Opener *Know Where To Find You* starts well but like the rest of this sampler it's let down by the bog standard indie bloke vocals (The Lightning Seeds model). Formula stuff I can see in the indie charts. they have fairly pleasant guitar solos I'll give 'em that, but if this was house it'd be 'handbag'.

HEADS APART (Feisty)

Someone has been listening to Green Day... but then Green Day listened to British punk bands. Pop punk Heads Apart sound like they'd be a great live band. The Rockabilly attitude of *Destination Nowhere* gets my vote. suspect device is the only dodgy tune of the four. If it was rap it'd be 'g-funk'.

D? C.I?



LUSH *Lovelife* (4AD) photo by Andrew Catlin

Something had to give to keep Lush's career on a forward footing, what with Britpop surging around their ears; and it has. Gone are the wispy vocals, buried under layers of guitar pedals, and in comes a new directness of approach combined with a cracking set of songs. Opening cut *Ladykiller* announces this welcome change with a crackling vengeance of barbed lyric and swinging melody. The same theme of love life disillusionment in general runs deep through the whole record, and if it does irk at times there's still a strength to songs such as *Heavenly Bodies* and the fab pair *500* and *I've Been Here Before* that amply compensates. Embellished by a supple cast including Jarvis Cocker, plus assorted brass and string contributions, *Lovelife* is the mature album Lush absolutely had to make. It's often stunning, especially the closing *Olympia*, and sensual enough to stir things chronically in the nether regions. Their best ever by a hundred miles.

Gareth Thompson

KILLA INSTINCT

The Penultimate Sacrifice (Move)

If Marly Marl (Roxanne Chante, MC Shan, Steady B. No? Oh well.) produced the Chemical Brothers it'd sound like this. British hip hop tends to fall down at the originality hurdle but a helluva lot of thought has gone into this. Killa's glimitty glamitty rap style stamps it a home grown product. No bitches, ho's or guns either. No More Need For Whispering could be the hardcore song of summer. If it was jungle, it'd be hardest.

PROPHETS OF DA CITY

Universal Souljaz (Nation)

I like me 'ip 'op 'ow it's meant to be made. In the language of the country it was made in. Not much South African on this LP, sounds yes, language no. So much for "Azania hip hop music" The Prophets are chameleons adopting adopting various rap colours. *Something Going On In My Head* is Gravediggers, *Wild Stylz* is Fu-Schnickens, *Tales From The Townships* is The Pharcyde. The outstanding tracks are the instrumentals *DJ X-Plodes vs Hit Pop* and the awesome electro boogie of *Planet Capetown*. Unfortunately the album is dogged by some swinge ragga type vocalist who floats in and out of the tunes like that geezer outta The Sugarbushes. Irritatingly. It's a shame that to be an international success you've got to speak the universal language, English. Native tongues would have improved the album. So much for liberation.

VAR. ARTISTS *Independence* sampler (Rideout)

The Levellers have a lot to answer for. Three of the five tunes here are The Levellers, and another by the Eugene James Band is as good as (that isn't a double meaning). The quality product here, and not because it's surrounded by shoddy goods, is Cathy Bonner. Country music is at its bet telling a tale. The wisest thing for Cathy to do is get herself offa this sampler and onto her own. She'll be lost otherwise. Remember that name: Cathy Bonner.

THE HUMPERTS *Live Forever Or Die Young* (all Epitaph)

WAYNE KRAMER *Dangerous Madness*
Comedy punk. Fortunately for The Humpers the songs live up to their titles. *Fast, Furious And Fucked*, *Losers Club* (which has an ace Mrs. Mills piano in the background), *Drunken Tank*, *13 Forever* (a cautionary tale of teenage drug abuse) and *Anarchy Juice* ("Get some anarchy juice and get high") are up there with Reeves & Mortimer. More conscious than comedic Bad Religion's music, like all good punk, goes in quick, gets the job done and legs it, leaving you la-la-la-ing. Wayne Kramer's most obvious reference is Neil Young. Tales from the (neighbour) hood and beyond. It has that small town America sound (like REM) that NMME told me about, but the metal funk-ish *Something Broken* and *Rats Of Illusion* has ambition whilst *Dead Movie Stars* is just dead weird. *Dangerous Madness* is that rare thing, a truly entertaining album.

D? C.I.?

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LOOP GURU *Catalogue Of Desires Vol. 3: The Clear White Variation* (North South)
Clear white? Some of this reminds me of Clearlight. There is a Second World in music and Loop Guru have their feet planted firmly in that territory as they reach for the stars. A spaceful dream of a work with alien voices, twittering birds and cool running water destined for chill out rooms around the globe and around the clock, so universal is the sound. Dubtrambient ethnofolk loops of desire from an Alhambra of an album, a real oasis compared with the 'boix vulgares' of Brit-pop. 'Scuse my French, but this is fuck on.

SCRAP IRON SCIENTISTS

Dreadlock Criminal (Race)
Hey, it's Big bad Pitch black Black Sabbath Brains Shifter— with dreadlocks!
"Oh yes, I'm a dreadlock, but I'm no criminal" they assert and the chorus goes "Dreadlox! Dreadlox! Dreadlox criminal, They call me a criminal ... cos I wear my hair in locks!!"
Now, I'm not entirely Miss Cosmopolitan Visits Brixton Every Week, but even in relatively rural Nottingham this attitude is a bit old hat (or should I say old tanner?). Which begs the question 'Are they taking the piss?' I hate to play Devil's Advocate but ...

Their official newsletter *The Iron* has a phoney interview where they set out the Scrap Iron manifesto, name-dropping every white rock band ever including the Beatles, not forgetting token black man Stevie Wonder, chuck in some politics (on behalf of the 'A Black Man Invented Rock 'n' Roll Then Led Zeppelin Ripped It Off' party) 'cos they really want to be the Black Papa Brittle. They also sound uncannily like Brujeria whom they fail to mention. But Brit-revolutionaries they ain't. They appear to have pissed off every band they've supported in London by being better, and caused Beggars ITA fans to sit down cos they were so knackered after the Scrap Iron set. Their all points covered bulletin ends with the question 'A song-writing drummer, that's Unusual' [sic]. So, is this a group of musicians recolonising their roots, or have they had their roots matted into dreads for reasons of fashionable decadence? and if so and they really are getting hasled for them, why not do what all the other nouveau crusties do and get the cut off. A black skinhead band , now there's a thought. There's no shame in remanufacturing your image to suit a record label. It's only like getting a new job. Look at Skunk Anansie.

Anyway, obviously Scrap Iron Scientists are brilliant at hyping it but can they cut the mustard? Well, they almost live up to it with the music. This is confident hard in-yer-face fuck off grungecore rock music played loud, fast and intense and it makes me want to scream "LOUDER! FASTER! INTENSER!" . And sure enough, the next two tracks, Who Killed Justice? and Asylum are two powerful cuts recorded live (in Camden). Appearing soon on a white middle-class dominated Moshpit TV near you.

THE SINDYS

Camp Launderette
Happy Days Go Go dancin rock'n'roll ripping off the 50's and 60's naivety, quiet one loud one, second rate Men At Work meets Teardrop Explodes derivative paranoia, all written by a man called Grae Wall.

THE RENTALS *The Return Of...* (Maverick/Reprise)
Ooh-woo-hoo-hoo fuzzy bubblegum grunge rockers supporting Garbage on recent tour. For some reason they remind variously of Psychedelic Furs, Gary Newman and Mercury Rev and are quite a groovy outfit.

MARTA SEBASTYÉN *Kismet* (Rykodisc/ Hannibal HNCD 1392)
Hungarian band Musikas have been on a mission to reconstruct and redignify the musics of the Balkans that have have fallen prey to time and centuries since long before the rusting of the iron curtain. Their success therein has propelled Marta Sebastýén and her crystalline crooning deservedly into the spotglare and in her recent forays with Deep Forest where she injected some much needed warmth into their contrivings, and with Towering Inferno's ambitious Kaddish framing her ideals and vocals synergetically, this lady has not to be found blinking. Now her sure touch on the rudder finds her finds her steering a course right around the fringes of Europe, an interpretation of Leaving Derry Quay the most striking to these ears with a refreshing lack of Blarney. Over to India via Greece, Bulgaria and Russia for a Hindi lullaby with some of the most exquisite fiddling in this dimension, nestling comfortably amongst other gems all deftly arranged by Nikola Paron. Right up there and along with Natacha Atlas the global crossover is pootin forth the kind of chanteuse that will hopefully blow the yardelling whordes of soul divas back into the size of the enclave they deserve on this planet.

Nigel Christy

V. ARTISTS *A Saucer Full Of Pink* (Cherry Red)
Pink Floyd have created some really top tunes, especially in the years before they became the jet-streamed prog-rockers wet dream at the time of *The Wall* album. So it was only a matter of time before the inevitable tribute album. Contributions come from the Who The Fuck Are They? school litter the collection with their cover versions. Have you ever heard of Leather Strip? Pressure Head? Meeting Euphoria? On the evidence before me they will remain in the shadows. I wouldn't be surprised if they do covers of them, too. More familiar names do better justice to the material, with Psychic TV's respectful and sublime take on *Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun*. Controlled Bleeding rebuild *Another Brick In The Wall* to great effect and Din put a dance angle on a fizzingly paced *On The Run*. Good stuff from Spahn Ranch, Helios Creed and even Alien Sex Fiend make this an interesting if not essential compilation. To no one's surprise best things here were both written by Syd Barret: *Lucifer Sam* covered by the Electric Hellfire Club and Eden's version of *Jugband Blues*. With a more imagination and a little less respect this album would have been better.

John Haylock

WVKEAF *Jump* 12" (White label)
Do you wanna get high? Worzel and Krusher join in with Johnny Violent for a fun-filled hardcore techno version of the Van Halen anthem. EVIL AS FUCK is scratched on the back but in fact it's a slickly programmed chartworthy 12" with a smirk. In fact, if it doesn't hit Top 40 I'll buy Johnny a meal. If it does, he pays.

CC

WHIPPING BOY
When We Were Young (Columbia)
None of your flippant lyrics here about being young, carefree and in love; this is a song laced with the gritty realism of adolescence turning to adulthood and the dark realisation that dreams don't come true. Over a deceptively simple tune Fergal's powerful but calming voice narrates bitterly cynical insights into a youth very different from the "we are young, we run green" variety. It leaves you feeling gloomily resigned but at the same time strangely uplifted and ends with the sobering "What might have been". Who can't identify with that?

Mischk

THE NEW BUSHBERRY MOUNTAIN
DAREDEVILS *Peace & Justice* (EMI)
An excellent, neat little Country Blue Grass Irish folkie yee-hah band and more besides which this 15-track cd amply illustrates. Each track is a little gem in its own way, especially *Best Thing*, the title track, *The Reel Thing* and the Dylanish *Black As Any Crow* with some fine, thoughtful lyrics to boot. It's lovely stuff, trouble is if you sit through the whole album at once it's a bit like having to eat a barrelful of your favourite pizza; just a touch indigestible. If you can't afford the cd go and see them live. better still, do both.

CORDELIA'S DAD
Mother Likes It Loud (Scenescof)
Cordelia's Dad are from Northampton, Massachusetts and can perform acoustic or electric sets. This is the latter, and like an early, thrashy REM there's a nice feel to this collection of tunes recorded live in various locations home and abroad. I particularly like *Song Of The Head* and *Rapture Bird* although the vocals are a bit indistinct.

CECIL *My Neck* (Parlophone)
Four fairly dismal, tuneless songs about necks from this absurdly-named band. only the title is worth a listen for its chunky Stranglers feel. the rest is sub-Menswear/Oasis drivel.

Mark Lawrence

I'M BEING GOOD *Hate Sturdy Buildings* 7"
Any band taking their name from a line in a Bobby Goldsboro song is just fine by me, never mind one that includes a sludge-rock tribute to that leather-necked Siren of the Seventies, Suzy Quatro. The music's pretty fine, too, in a sorta para-quasi-Yank fuck-me-in-the-ass kinda way, which may or may not endear this to those of you weened on Goo, or some such. Whatever, further proof that Brighton, from whence these hail, is the epicentre of Britain's Lo-Fi scene (not counting Hucknall, of course).

SMELL & QUIM / TAINT split 7"
On one side of this release you'll find S&Q's *Death Baby Fuck*, a slab of belching and tub-trouble that's bound to evoke memories of a sixteen-stone Ilkeston beer-boy amorously slavering lager 'n' kebab-flavoured gloop down your collar after last orders one cold drizzly November night. If that's not your exact idea of heaven (and why ever not?), then you might like to turn the disc over, where Taint's *Apidocere* is an internally-placed contact-mic' recording of the same paramour vomiting the whole lot up after you show him one of the collages of medical textbook, Japanese porn and old Black Sabbath promo' shots that you keep prepared in your handbag for just such instances like all quality erotica, this record ain't for the faint-hearted and is only available mail-order (329 Blackmoorfoot Rd., Crosland Moor, Huddersfield, HD4 5RA).

AVOCADO BABY
Queenboy And The King Girl ep
The sort of lipping pansy-boy shite that Penile McBall would probably have creamed himself over, were it not for his timely demise. You know the sort of thing; handmade, rubber-stamped sleeve, semi-inept guitar strumming, every song about a minute long and full of lyrics about slugs, sherbet fountains, syphilis and the like. Pah! They'd probably beat the shite out of the likes of Ted Nugent in a fight, but as this is Rock'n'Roll and not Thai Boxing, I cranked up *Wango Tango* on my hi-fi and frizbeed this out of the window.

LES JUMEAUX *Feathercut* (ITN Corp.)
Previously renowned for their pioneering electronic work as In The Nursery, Sheffield's Humberstone twins Klive and Nigel are now releasing material under the new monicker of Les Jumeaux. Supposedly a soundtrack without a film. Feathercut pursues and perfects their obsession with textured aural sound-scaping to create a stunning album of crystalline beauty. Plaintive piano melodies, surging, sweeping synths and downbeat bubbling bass lines All come together with a wonderful clarity and cohesion, suitably enriched by the occasional vocal from Dee de Rocha. Walking the tightrope between today's tripping techno sound and yesterday's experimental electro Les Jumeaux are bold and distinctive, *Feathercut* a dreamy, melodic masterpiece.

Hank Quinlan

JEFF WAYNE *War Of The Worlds* (Columbia)
The original double vinyl lp is available in Etc. Records for 60p, so the chances of anyone buying this cd are a million to one..... actually it's a scratch free, 20-bit digitally remastered using super-bit mapping (all the equipment used is credited in the little booklet that comes with it in this superbly attractive double cd package). There are also biogs of the major players, from Richard Burton, the journalist/narrator, through Julie Covington, David Essex, Justin Hayward and Phil Lynott and hey! there are even three new remixes including the hits *Forever Autumn* and *The Eve Of The War*. A lovely gift for anyone who can remember them from the juke box down the local (and now has a cd player).

FRIENDS OF DEAN MARTINEZ
The Shadow Of Your Smile (Sub Pop)
Ex-Giant Sand and formerly Friends Of Dean Martin, this is langorous cocktail lounge music. Play it while you wait for your date to ring the doorbell, or at five a.m when you come home blown out. At times it threatens to vie for the next Tarantino soundtrack but ultimately it's too laid back even to go to the movies.

MR BUNGLE *Disco Volante* (London)
Surprisingly unconventional music for London Recordings, art-rock some might call it, others avant garde, though round these parts it's known as Shod. Mr. Bungle rhymes with jungle but that's as far as it goes. They might be accused of taking too many drugs, with such arbitrary song titles as *Everyone I Went To High School With Is Dead*, *Chemical Marriage*, *Desert Search For Techno Allah*, *Ma Meeshka Mow Skwoz* but they really wouldn't be able to play like this if they were drug abusers. It's fast and racy, jazzy and melodic, manic and feverish, downright weird and wonderful.

AZUKX *Everything Is Everything* (Mantra/Beggars Banquet)
First track *Lift* owes much to Camel's *Lunar Sea*, but it's a worthy track all the same. *Tranquility* includes samples from the Appollo moon-landing though Ship Of Fools did it much better, sampling the one that didn't land... is there a theme here? Well, probably not, the rest of it is ethno-trancey tribal techno, all in all an interesting listen mercifully free of moronic four-four beating, even dropping in the odd folk tune.

Christine Chapel

PAW *Death To Traitors* (A&M)
The only major problem that arises out of making a stunning debut as Paw did last year with the album *Dragline*, is quite how to follow it. Expectations run high before the cd has even entered the machine. This Kansas based trio, the Fitch brothers (Peter on drums, Grant on lead guitar and vocals) and Mark Hennessey (lead vocals) still have plenty to offer however. *Death To Traitors* is a far more varied work than *Dragline*. The band still know how to thrash; the title track, *Swollen* and *Sunflower* are uncompromising, hard and abrasive in the same way that much of the first album was, but there are also some more melodious tunes, notably on *Texas* and *Last One* which contain debut lead vocals from Grant. Their influences include The Smashing Pumpkins, Tad, and the Allman Brothers, and if that's a contrast, much of Paw's sound is. Good value at an hour long, there's probably one or two tracks they could have left off, but there are still some outstanding songs, including the first three, *Built Low* and *Glue Mouth Kid*. More than enough to get your teeth into, if you like Bullet Lavalta and Hüsker Dü, and some memorable lyrics to boot.

Matt Arnoldi

COALESCE *002* (Earache)
Napalm Death-style thrash. The guitars are cranked up, you can't hear the words, and there are no tunes. Still that's the whole point of it. I'm not arguing, it's here if you want it, and Coalesce do it as well as anyone else, I suppose.

THE SOFTIES *It's Love* lpcd (K)
Songs that drift through a window on a hazy summer day. Typically influenced by Tracey Thorn or Heavenly/Tallulah Gosh. My fave is Alaska. For all their thorny sweetness they can stick they can still stick the knife in with such lines as "Some of my best friends are bastards like you" just when you least expect it.

Mark Lawrence

FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY
Hard Wired (Off Beat/Warner)
When Depeche Mode and Kraftwerk started the industrial and electronic music revolution of the early eighties, FLA and Skinny Puppy were perverting the sound of electronic equipment in a scary way. As some bands enjoyed commercial success through the early electro/futurist movement, FLA remained the heroes of the underground, artists, analogue, noise. 1992 saw them break through into the big time with the *Tactical Neural Implant* lp followed by *Millennium* in 1994. A host of other bands enjoyed success on the FLA wave. *Hard Wired* is a difficult call. Individual sounds are more polished but with arrangements of a very complex nature. It's techno-punk, intense, challenging, darkly moody and wholly electronic. *Circuitry* best illustrates this. *Hard Wired* will shatter the preconceptions some guitar fascists may hold about the strength of sequenced sound, and *Mortal* will one day be included in the classical music category. Frontline Assembly hold a dark, morbid fascination. Will you dare to listen?

Monty

ALICE DONUT
Pure Acid Park (Alternative Tentacles)
"Sitting in the sun / waiting for the millennium/looking forward to the end of time/you can find me here year after year/waiting for nothing all the time"
Yeah, well it becomes more and more topical as we approach the big 2-triple-0 and according to these 'New York nutters' "it don't mean a thing". This is the sixth album from Alice Donut. It's abstract psychedelic punk, in Mercury Rev territory with strange arrangements, busy instrumentation and far-out concepts. could the "revenge and passion" mentioned in *Big Cars And Blow Jobs* be a reference to a certain British actor caught in a compromising situation? If not *The Senator And The Cabin Boy* is more specific. *I Walked With A Zombie* is a classic poppabily number and things get plain silly after that.

LYDIA LUNCH & EXENE CERVENKA
Rude Hieroglyphics (Rykodisc)
"Will someone please inform the U.S. government that my uterus is not open to discussion."
That settles the abortion debate, then and as for the O.J. Simpson trial, well the jury got it wrong. I know because Lydia and Exene say so and if you argue they'll give you a hard time especially if you're a man.

Christine Chapel

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Punk Rock Jukebox (Engine/Blackout)
A collection of mighty fine American punk bands covering some mighty fine punk songs from yesteryear. Here you will find No Brain covering *I'm Against It* by The Ramones, Waterdog doing their version of *In The City* by The Jam, and Murphy's Law doing a brilliant rendition of *Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In* by The Rezillos. But two tracks which really stick out are the Chocolate Watchband's *I Don't Need Your Lovin'* performed here by New Bomb Turks, and Leeway doing their own interpretation of *Civilization Dying* by the Zero Boys. With twenty three bands pulling off surprisingly passable covers this album is for all punks out there, young and old.

SEX WITH NIXON lp (Presidential Recordings)
These Sex With Nixon chaps like to throw away the rule book. They decided to become huge in their native Vancouver before they would tour the rest of the world. Their last hometown gig was in front of 1200 people and they even flew in the Pale Saints to support them. Thus they chose to release this album before even a single. It's a very interesting and powerful debut album offering. Not just another band, Sex With Nixon play delightful guitar-powered punk rock which is more punk than metal, more rock than indie. They call it 'Porno Rock', perfect music to make love to. Now, let's see... you tried to get to see Foo Fighters at Reading Festival, you rushed out to buy that album by The Presidents Of America, you know every word to every song by Rocket From The Crypt. Then you need the Sex With Nixon album. Buy it now; become instantly cool. They are the best band in Canada by miles, a band who will one day be huge. Hurry while stocks last. A limited number are available for ten pounds (inc. p&p) payable to 'Kirk Worley' 7, Fernbank Drive, Bingley, W. Yorks BD16 4HB.

THE NEW BOMB TURKS *Pissing Out The Poison: Singles And Other Swill '90-'94* (Crypt)
The New Bomb Turks are one of the best live bands around. Those lovely people from Crypt have decided to celebrate this fact by releasing this excellent double vinyl album of some extremely rare Turks stuff and other swill which we, the Turks' worldwide army might not have in our collections. It is just truly great. If you haven't heard the New Bomb Turks yet then this is the perfect introduction. they should be back in the UK in '96, see you down the front. Will the X Rays/New Bomb Turks split 7" ever happen? That is the question.

RANCID *...And Out Come The Wolves* (Epitaph)
It's like punk never happened, or something. Rancid are the Clash. Arse! The Clash were the Clash. Remember how last year S*M*A*S*H were the Clash? Well like S*M*A*S*H, Rancid are neither the new Clash nor the new anything. Sure, they are a punk band, but so many punk bands out there can't write great songs or even put a tune together to save their lives. Rancid can. this is a great album of rally catchy, jump-up-and-down, sing-along songs. What else do you want? they are also one of the best live bands. If *Roots Radicals* or *Time Bomb* or *Olympia WA* don't get you moving then you must be deaf, dead or a Gene fan. just have fun, that's what really matters and Rancid know it. Come join the party.

SHEER TERROR
Love Songs For The Unloved (Blackout!)
Sheer Terror are apparently prime movers in the New York hardcore/punk scene. It's a bit limp in places but at other times in your face and a tad hard. Probably rip your face off in the live arena. With another 100 people going mental in the mosh pit, the music of Sheer Terror would be the ideal soundtrack.

CABLE *Down-lift The Up-trodden* (Infectious)
Aaahhhhhh! Yeeesssss! Derby's Cable just get better and better Maybe you saw them support Rocket From The Crypt in Nottingham, recently. then you will know that Cable are one of those rare bands who confirm that life is worth living. This is what they call a mini album because it only has eight songs on it. Have you noticed that these Cable lads are following their label mates Ash? Release a handful of singles, gig like buggers, put out a mini album, then world domination... Sadly, Cable are unlikely to storm the Top 40. Why? Mainly because they are too good. guitars that fuzz-fizzle, thumping drums, moving vocals, dynamics, music even! Old stuff has been recorded here, new ones squeezed out and live faves given an extra boost. A brilliant introduction to the band. It's good to know that there are people who refuse to jump on any media created bandwagon.

TEEN ANGELS *Daddy* (Sub Pop)
Made up from the ashes of the mighty Dickless, Seattle three-piece Teen Angels give you wondrous pro-punk noise with guitars that scream, vocals that scream, and attitude that screams "FFFFUUCKKKK YOOUU!!!" Fab. Excellent. Brilliant. Only one song over three minutes. This is one of the best debut albums Sub Pop will ever release.

Sid Abuse



THEY SHALL NOT (BY) PASS:

Newbury bush daredevils keep it (b) locked on 87.7 FM

Report by Gareth Thompson Photos by Kate

Blip, blip. Something is stirring in the once verdant backwoods of Newbury, Berkshire. Soundwaves are breaking beyond the leafy tread of wood elves and the grim march of dispossessed pilgrims. Something to be praised by dissident musicologists everywhere.



Tree FM, on 87.7 FM, is the official pirate broadcasting box of a protest so gritty and gutsy that the local sheriff's men are out scouring the scorched forests in search of said crusty crystal set. Two clues lads...it's buried under a pile of combat jackets somewhere along the eight mile route and it changes location constantly. So tune in, and whaddya hear? Natacha Atlas, sunny and sensual, breathing mystical into headsets and radios from Great Pen Wood up to where the Mary Hare camp (aka Hairy Mary, obviously) meets the existing bypass and two motorway junctions. Not bad facilities for a town the size of West Bridgford.

Music has been enterprising around the nightly campfires, accompanying the beanfeast gourmandise and ubiquitous marmite/peanut

butter slices. Away from the niggling network of penny whistles, there's been **Drybrook Dave** with his fire breathing-singing-leaping cabaret, numerous traveller groups with a fine flourish in Eurofolk, twoscore renditions of *The Burning Times* (pagan anthem popularised by Roy Bailey) and more drumming witches' ceremonies than a yearning heart can hold. Throw in **King Arthur Pendragon**, swirling cape covering a pair of Ye Olde 501's, and any visiting phantom from Heaven or Hades might reasonably wonder which century they'd stumbled back into. Special mention too for **Wombles On Schrooms** who dopped by in the early days of action. One misty January morning when crowds had disrupted work at The Chase, these merry insurgents clambered onsite and their jazzyfolk vocal strains of *All Good Friends And Jolly Good Company* filled the seething air with joyful irony. The fact that Overall was carelessly arrested again an hour later can't blight the memory of that scene.

Meanwhile back at Tree FM, tapes of propaganda interviews mingle with the Oysterband's rootsy opposition: "*Jam tomorrow, shit today*," indeed. At the roadside, piles of clothing begin to amass from evicted camps with battered belongings, smashed props, broken hearts, bruised spirits and someone's muddled forlorn teddy bear. Towering foul plumes of white smoke indicate the line of 'progress'. Blip, blip. Tree FM rages quietly on. The authentic sound of dissent on 87.7 FM. Don't touch that dial...

*A benefit gig for the Third Battle of Newbury takes place at The Radford Arms on April 17th, featuring Rob Smokescreen, and DJ Walt.



above: Baggage handlers at Newbury await the new conveyor belt.

top: Wombles On Schrooms (you can tell by their funny hats)

left: Goons move in on TREE FM's transmitter.

FRIED AT NIGHT TRAIN

A funny thing happened on the way to London. I have just accepted a friend's offer of a weekend of fun and debauchery in the capital city. I decide to take a train. Intercity, because it's fast.

I board the high speed banana on platform 5 and wait. And wait. And wait. Eventually the Fat Controller's mouth-piece announces further delay. No driver. I get me a can of lager and hum Wholesome Fish's *Trains* song until, after a total of 35 minutes it finally chugs off, only to reach Leicester where a further 15 minute delay is announced. I was by this time beyond consolation as I have missed friends and other important matters in London. But all is not lost. I have with me a box containing copies of Overall, for distribution in all the exciting places I am going to visit in the West End. Hooray! Something to do. The Royal Mail public house is situated just over the footbridge, so off I dash with a wad of magazines, over the bridge, drop them at the bar, and dash back to the station. Once back on the train (ha, you thought it would leave without me, didn't you?) I was keened up with adrenalin and so decided to continue distributing—on the train.

"Good evening, sir. British Rail apologise for the delay and would like you to accept this complimentary copy of Overall There Is a Smell Of Fried Onions, Nottingham's premier infotainment guide."

It went down very well and is a fine way to achieve random national dissemination; it was whilst contemplating this in the smoking carriage that a young woman sat down in the opposite seat. She asked if I was going to London. Yes. So was she. Had I been there before? Yes. Sophie was her name and she seemed to want to communicate so I asked if she would like to play a game. We decided on Hangman. She suggested TV programmes and she began with one which she said her brother had appeared on. It baffled me for a while but I just got it in time: *Crimewatch UK*. Sophie was sixteen years of age, had £9.63 in her pocket (she counted it on the table), had glassed her boyfriend in a nightclub the previous night and was not going back home. She had never been to London before but, she said, "I watch Eastenders". So she was going to be fine, wasn't she, kids? A real live statistic, eh?

Then a geezer across the aisle joins in the conversation. He has overheard Sophie's story and he is from the same town. He asks her who it was she glassed so she told him. Turns out he knew the guy. "Fucking hell! No wonder you're running away." So also, it turns out, is Simon. He has had enough. He is on his way to Heathrow and doesn't care where after that. He pulls an envelope from his pocket which he says contains money and a letter. His wife is not going to be pleased when she receives it. Nor are Sophie's parents when they find the note she left. Two bloody statistics in one carriage! I am feeling left out, not being a runaway or homeless.

British Snail finally delivers us to our destination and as we arrive in St. Pancras station Sophie spots the clock tower. "Is that Big Ben?" I am almost envious, but not quite.

I left the two runaways in the station bar and headed off into the Cokey Smoke. Simon is loaded and wants to take care of her. Lucky Sophie. I wonder whether he bought her a flight or a hotel room?

Christine Chapel



For the latest information and advice on HIV, AIDS and safer sex, you can ring one of the lines below. For a

range of free and confidential services,

including hep B vaccina-

tion and HIV testing, contact a

Sexual Health Clinic. If you'd prefer not to use a local one, you can find others listed in the phone book under 'sexually transmitted diseases' or genito-urinary medicine'.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

and details of local services:
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