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THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

cover picture **RECLAIM THE STREETS** by Joel

ISSUE # 53



STREETS RECLAIMED

inside:

- discoverall:** Natacha Atlas • System 7 • AC Acoustics
Les Jumeaux • Yo La Tengo • Leech Woman
Echo & the Bunnymen • Contempt • Jimi Tenor
- friedalive:** Reclaim The Streets, The Hybirds,
The Old Angel rocks again.
- visuall:** ALBINO ALLIGATORS • PALOOKAVILLE
THE LOST WORLD: JURASSIC PARK
THE TAKEAWAY THEATRE CO.
THE MIKRON THATRE CO.

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SEPTEMBER Thurs 4th OPTIMUM / GEEK... Tues 9th MAGIC DRIVE / CINNAMON SMITH... Tues 16th THE SILVER APPLES / PLAINS OF AZUSA... Tues 23rd Metal Hammer presents PULKAS / MEDULLA NOCTE / REAL TV

firstofall:

cover: Reclaiming the streets photo by Joel Thomas

T.O.A.

The Old Angel public house is under new management again and they have started a newsletter, issue #1 being concerned with, appropriately, initials (explaining that T.O.A. stands for The Old Angel), the return of live music after a three month silence upstairs in The Chapel (now The Room) and the arrival of Rumpshaker djs playing in the bar every Sunday night. They also serve food, alcohol and scruffy people, and there is a juke box now which contains a compilation cd made especially for the pub featuring a number of local bands.

What a Bomber

The Bomb is a new club which opens in September on the site of the old Hippo Club on Bridlesmith Gate. Lighting the fuse is the indefatigable James Baillie with a programme which includes Psychonauts, Jon Carter, Jedi Knights for Beat Da Bomb on Thursdays, while Friday's Bombardment sees DIY rotating fortnightly with Heavenly Social and Back 2 Basics. Drop The Bomb on Saturdays brings guests djs like Andrew Weatherall, Nuphonic, Ashley Beadle and Idjut Boys. There will also be a cafe bar open all day and shit loads of weird stuff such as live music and people with guitars in the back room. A futuristic setting is supplied by Lief Interiors.

Abbey Park Festival in Leicester on Sat. 9th Aug. incorporates Peek In The Park, an all-day showcase of Leicester's underground dance scene. Artists will include The Zenmasters, Kong King, Freaky Bob & Joe 90, D.A.V.E. The Drummer, and The Soundscape Experiment.

Peterborough's Symptom have released their debut album Temporary Alien Residents on Little Fish Records. It rocks like a juggernaut, according to Martin James. The debut release by Automatic and Godsister Helen is out now on Cheshire Cat Records, available for £2.50 from Cazz Blase, 95 Clarendon road, Hazel Grove, STOCKPORT, Cheshire SK7 4NS (cheques) or Daniel Chapman, 19 Malvern Road, KNUTSFORD, Cheshire WA16 0EH (well concealed cash).

Twenty years after it first appeared, The Misfits' legendary debut album Static Age will be re-released this month on cd and vinyl along with five of their other albums, Collection, Collection 2, Die Die My Darling, Earth A.D. and Legacy Of Brutality, all on vinyl.

Having caused quite a buzz on the New York underground movement tagged The Now Wave, Lake Of Dracula's self-titled album, described as "an unprecedented melange of excitement and alienation", is out now on Skin Graft via Southern. Skin Graft's Sonny Erly explains how the Now Wave relates to the No Wave: "In the current age, a movement is nothing without it's catch phrase or identifier. These identifiers often do more to separate the various movements in music than to bring them together. We consider this a good thing. The No Wave tag has been assumed to distance ourselves from the mediocrity of music's current state. With the rise of acts like Green Day and The Offspring in the U.S., the term PUNK ROCK, once held so dear as a universal identifier of subversive music, has been rendered impotent. We are in debt to those who pioneered the Punk movement but our acts will not share the same space with much of the limp, lifeless music that is declared punk. NOW is a direct descendant of the NO WAVE movement, which originated in New York with acts such as the Contortions and Mars. Unfortunately as time passed, the NO movement picked up has accumulated far too much baggage to be considered relevant today. Both PUNK and NO are retro. NOW is now."

System 7's new album Golden Section is a psychedelic feast of freestyle beats and features Talvin Singh and a sax' cut by the late Don Cherry which originally appeared on Steve Hillage's solo album L. And watch out for some remixes of old Gong material as Mr. Hillfish comes out of the midi-suite and admits that he used to play guitar in a rock 'n' roll band.

Forthcoming releases on Roadrunner records include a Biohazard live album No Holds Barred (Aug. 25th); the third album from Life Of Agony is out in September; as is Shelter's new one Beyond Planet

Earth, and ex-Corrosion Of Conformity members new outfit Leadfoot debut with an album Bring It On to be released at the end of August.

Yo La Tengo's Sugarcube is the second single taken from their album I Can Hear The Heart Beating As One. The band were recently honoured whilst on a sell out tour of the states when the mayor of Minneapolis declared June 2 to be Yo La Tengo Day!

Red Tape Studios are currently recruiting for 3 one year Recording and Music Technology courses starting in September. From beginners to advanced, details available on 0114 276 1151 e-mail: redtape@dial.pipex.com Brix Smith will release her first solo project in almost six years this September. It's a four track entitled Happy Unbirthday and features a cover of Space Oddity as a prelude to a Brix-Bowie collaboration.

Recent Earache signing punk band English Dogs have now changed their name. Their new moniker is Janus Stark.

Following a European tour of sex, drugs, drunken debauchery and other shennannigans The X-Rays are rumoured to have split up. A spokesman for the band said "Well, we're not together at the moment." Events on the tour included at least one arrest and more than one broken heart, and possibly a few broken bones. Wahey! Rock n roll! Unfortunately this means they will not be appearing at Sam Fay's on Thursday 14th. However the gig will go ahead without them featuring Vitamin X and former Surf Creatures outfit Babe Magnet.

Would you like to go white water rafting in aid of the Anthony Nolan Bone Marrow Trust? Call Georgina on 0115 948 1098.

FREEFORALL

The winners of last month's Stella Screen competition are Mr. and Mrs. Worthington of Gedling. The correct answer was the Bradbury Building. They receive a pair of VIP tickets for the open air BIG screen showing of Blade Runner at Wollaton Park. The lucky pair also win one of the bottles of Archers Peach Schnapps we gave away in the Archers competition. The answers were obvious. The other lucky winners are H. Pacey of Sherwood, C. Wolfe of Radford, L. Yeoman of Sneinton, L. Flower of Hyson Green, S. Clarke of Carrington, G. McLeod of Victoria Park, E. McElveen of Sherwood, J. Marshall of Sherwood, C. Kitchingham of West Bridgford, Nottingham and M. Arnold of Woking, Surrey.

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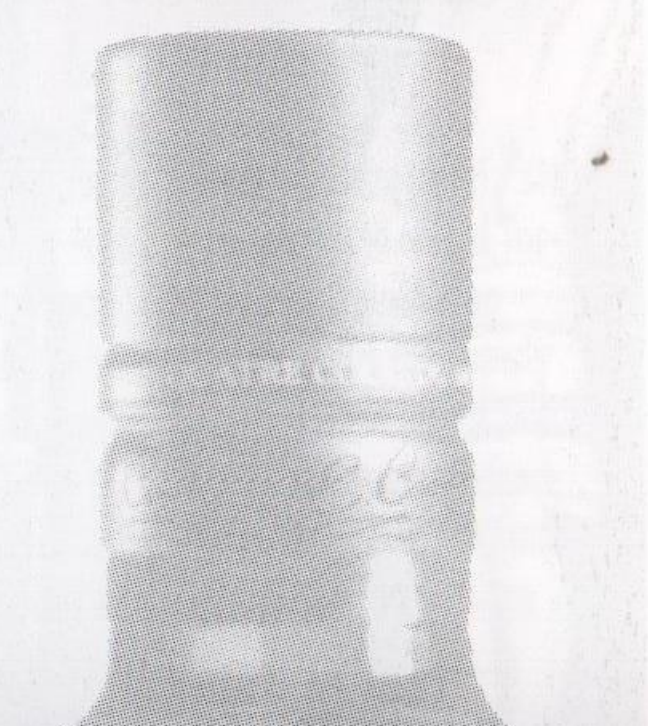
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Saturday 16 Aug
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8 & 10 Low Pavement
Nottingham

The Market Bar

Friday 22 Aug
9.00pm-12.00pm

16-22 Goosegate
Nottingham



visual:



THE TAKEAWAY THEATRE CO. Entertaining Mr Sloane Nottingham The Filly and Firkin

An intimate opening night for the Joe Orton play adapted for pub theatre. A flippancy sensuous comedy script flavoured with a serious underlying importance and completed by passionate moodswings projected from the stage with a ferocity I have not witnessed before in a venue of this size or nature. The set depicted an elaborately authentic 1930's front room parlour which felt like the extension of a lounge you could quite feasibly have your feet up in. The props ranged from a hat stand and gramophone to a sideboard furnished with a bong!

Although interrupted by an interval, giving you the chance to get to the bar, the continuity was upheld admirably and the gap was soon no longer evident as the small but intense cast threw themselves back into the surreal script with crooked humour and a bitter smile. The essence of the play lay in the spectrum of emotional scale encompassing every level from violent anger to sensuous seduction and from hiring to firing. The intensity was finally realised with the witnessing of a murder never before so genuine, leaving a hush over an attentive audience beset by an incredulous mood. A production with no boundaries and a tale of infamy sprinkled generously with insinuations and shenanigans. 15 out of 10.

Ady Harper

MIKRON THEATRE COMPANY If You Go Down To The Woods Today... Tales from Newbury By-pass Nottingham The Maze

A small company which shares largely by boat and promotes environmental awareness might seem overly P.C. until you are evening with them. Once drawn into Mikron's vision of the universe, any disbelief is charmingly suspended (from imaginary trees, of course). The four players portray a bewildering array of security men, politicians, Brew crew, protesters and housewives with a consistently human touch and frequent hilarity. During neither hour long set was there a single moment of awkwardness, which I was grateful for not having to forgive, unlike certain PC productions. From d'Onofrio's Carte-isms, impersonations, folksy ditties, farce and pathos, this quartet's enviable versatility illustrates succinctly who lost at Newbury — everybody. The winners were the audience and their theatre company.

Christy O'Neil

THE LOST WORLD: JURASSIC PARK

Whilst under interrogation the other day, I was asked "What's your favourite film?"

"Well," I replied "I've seen Jurassic Park fifteen times. I liked that."

"Yeah, it's a good film, but it doesn't have much of a plot."

"A plot? I must have missed that bit. I'll have to watch it again."

As well as giving a valuable insight into my social skills, this conversation sums up the attitude required to watch *Jurassic Park* and this its sequel. 'Cos it ain't about intellectual enlightenment. It's about dinosaurs. Love this film, love dinosaurs. I do and here are a few of my favourites: **COMPYSAUROS** Cute pack hunting snappers about the size of a toucan. The film opens as they gobble up a cute little girl.

STEGASAUROS A great debut from these bus-sized spikey-tailed wood stompers.

VELOCIRAPTOR Classic mini-T-Rex-on-speed from the first film. Lives on a staple diet of underdeveloped characters.

BABY T-REX Friendly now, but don't keep one in your house as in a year or two it will be bigger than your house. And you won't exactly be seeking alternative accommodation, if you know what I mean.

MUMMY AND DADDY T-REX The dialogue destroying parents. Daddy holds the island whilst Mummy takes San Diego.

TRICERITOPS Cameo role for this stampeding tri-rhinoceros.

RICHARD ATTENBOURGH Prehistoric beard hunting for cash.

Silliness aside, see this film or face extinction... or maybe you'll just evolve into a bird.

Johnny 'Harder Than Godzilla' Violent



PALOOKAVILLE dir. Alan Taylor

"I coulda been a contender... but all I'm left with is a one-way ticket to Palookaville"
—Marlon Brando in *On The Waterfront*

For Sid, Ross and Jerry the *Reservoir Dogs* audition did not go well. The call from Quentin never came and it was back to their hum-drum, hand-to-mouth existence as New Jersey's least successful criminal element. Despite plans made and plots hatched their attempts to earn that little extra are always thwarted through sheer incompetence or bad luck or their own benign natures. When wives, girlfriends, even dogs start demanding a decent standard of living the pressure begins to build and the hapless trio are forced to embark on their biggest job yet. Taking pointers from old black-and-white movies and the appropriate hardware from the shelves of the local toy shop, they run smack into Murphy's Law as everything that can go wrong does—in the most amusing, warm-hearted and wonderfully entertaining way. Inspiration for the film comes from the post-war writings of Italo Calvino and there is a definite European slant in the playful musical score, downbeat, atmospheric milieu and heartfelt characterisations. In their first feature, director Alan Taylor and screenwriter David Epstein both demonstrate great potential, while the three male leads, William Forsyth, Vincent Gallo and Adam Trese, all cast against type are quite superb. Downtrodden but dignified and full of self-mocking humour they are the forgotten dregs of the American Dream. Far funnier than recent smash hit *Big Night* and matching it for poignancy, this is a fresh, terrific film, small in scale but huge in heart.

HankQuinlan

One way tickets from Broadway to Palookaville from Fri 15th-Thurs 21st August.

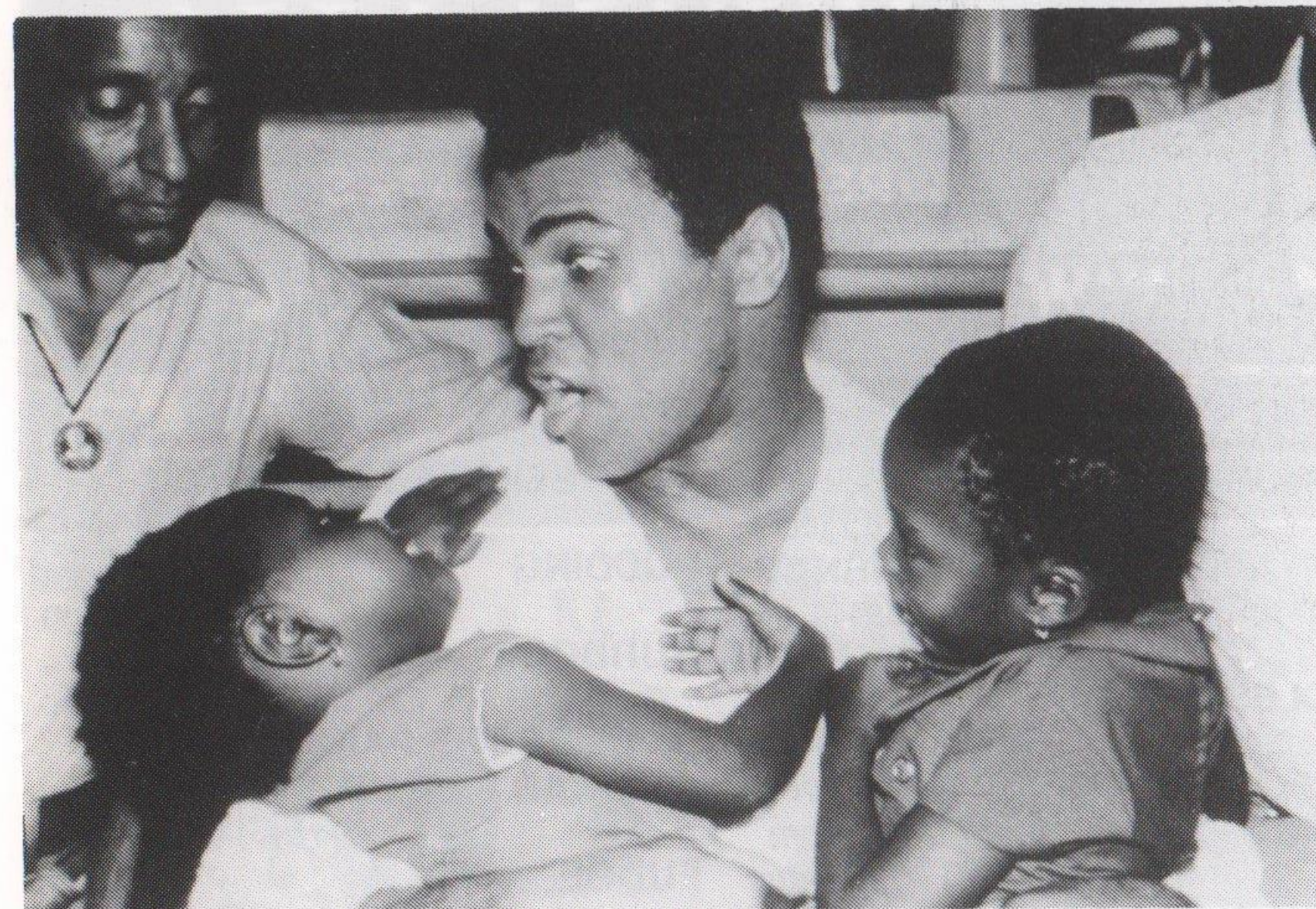


GET ON THE BUS

It seems only a couple of months since Spike Lee graced us with his timid take on telephone sex in *Girl 6*. Now he's wholly engrossed in *Get On The Bus*, a movie which fictionalises the Million Man March of October 1995 in Washington DC when a unique and unified collective of hundreds of thousands of black men met for a day of demonstrations, speeches and discussions on housing, jobs, pay, and crime. To its credit Spike Lee's film creates a great many noteworthy characters although, as they board the bus, they seem a disparate bunch. There's a father handcuffed to his delinquent son as a parole requirement, there's a cop who's seen too much fighting on the streets, an old man whose life has passed him by, a devout Muslim, film student and a bickering gay couple. To a certain extent these characters seem like mere ciphers in Lee's confrontation with one cause or another, but since the dialogue is refreshingly poignant you can go along with it. For sure, at times the film seems as boring as any coach journey, but the character of the old man, Jeremiah, gives the film a certain resonance as it unfolds. Spike Lee has never managed to eclipse the brilliance of *Do The Right Thing* and although *Get On The Bus* is one of his better films, it still can't quite match the well harnessed direction of his Bronx-based debut.

MA

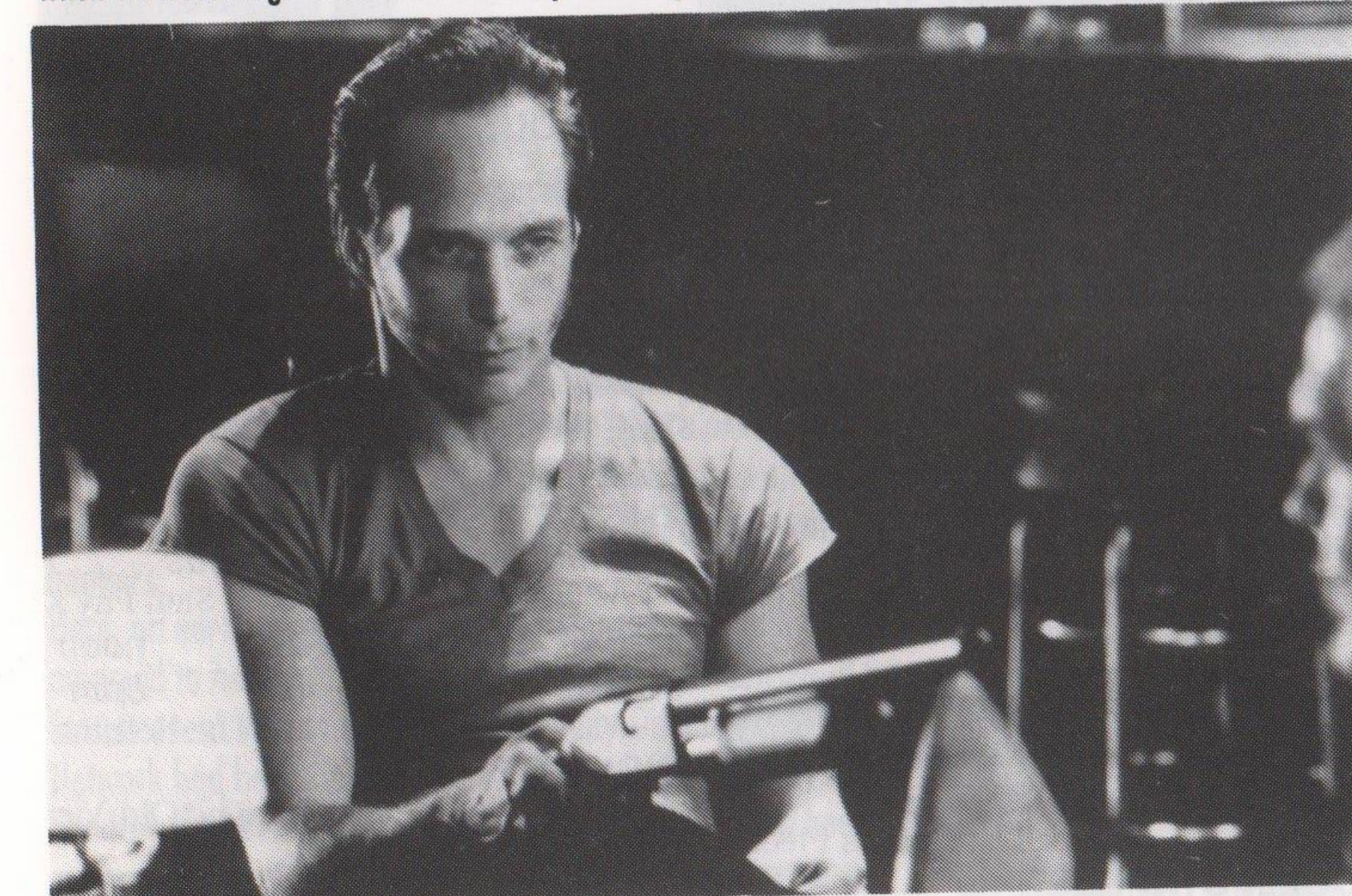
Get On The Bus at Broadway until 7th Aug.



WHEN WE WERE KINGS dir. Leon Gast

As Mike Tyson blows his top, biting off more than he could chew, there's no better time to remember when the world's greatest boxer, instead of being a dumb-ass convicted rapist, was a wise-cracking, politically active, awe-inspiring athlete supreme. Muhammed Ali's achievements went far beyond the confines of a boxing ring, unsettling white racists with his unquestionable sporting superiority, angering U.S. authorities by refusing induction into the army during the Vietnam war, and at every turn passionately promoting and redefining Black American culture. plus he did it all with wit, flair, style and imagination, capturing the attention of the world's media and holding it for as long as he wanted. Leon Gast's excellent documentary catches something of the man's spirit and, perhaps the defining moment of his boxing career, 1974's championship fight in Zaire, the famous Rumble In The Jungle. We see the preparation for the event, the training, the delays, the press conferences, the music festival (James Brown, B.B. King) and then the final war of attrition against the heavily favoured George Foreman. Writers Norman Mailer and George Plimpton who witnessed the contest first hand, and others such as Spike Lee put things in an historical context, and add astute comments on both Ali, and the somewhat dubious 'art' of boxing. Today he may appear a sad, tragic figure fit only for the sympathy vote, but nothing should ever distract from those turbulent and triumphant years. even people who hate boxing will be held by the intensity of the human drama. A fine film, and a fitting tribute to one of this century's greatest icons. When We Were Kings floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee at Broadway from 1st - 4th Sept.

HQ



ALBINO ALLIGATOR dir. Kevin Spacey

Kevin Spacey of *Seven* and *Usual Suspects* fame kickstarts his career as a director with this terrific, nice n'spicey New Orleans hostage drama. Matt Dillon, Gary Sinise and William Fichtner star as a trio of bickering, brooding inept crooks who, when fleeing the scene of a bungled robbery, inadvertently drive right through an FBI stake-out. Falsely believing they are the reason for all the police activity the three stooges duck into a seedy basement bar, Dino's Last Chance, and take hostage the owner, bar staff and customers. Relations between all, captors and captives alike, are at best extremely fraught and the tension increases when the chance of a clean getaway starts to fade as the cops close in looking for their original gun-dealing suspect. To survive, someone is going to have to sell their soul to the Devil. Christian Forte's screenplay is full of such little moral dilemmas that add greatly to the formulaic thriller elements and give the actors something real to bite on. With that and Spacey's obvious rapport the supporting cast, Faye Dunaway, Viggo Mortensen, Skeet Ulrich, Joe Mantegna and the ever wonderful M. Emmet Walsh pull off some great performances. Dillon though, in an undoubted career high, out-shines them all as a well-intentioned but desperate man driven to the very edge of insanity. The claustrophobic setting keeps the action on a very tight leash with only the cut-aways to the police outside interrupting events and, apart from one hilarious scene, adding nothing in the process. As director Spacey some neat, stylish touches but his strengths lie primarily with the actors and a strong, character-driven plot. This makes albino alligator the perfect vehicle for his talent and a genuinely impressive debut. Albino Alligator makes it snappy at Broadway Fri 22nd - Thurs 4th Sept.

HQ

FREEFORALLIGATOR

The new Kevin Spacey-directed film Albino Alligator opens on Aug. 22nd at Broadway. This month *Overall* and Electric Pictures offer you the chance to win one of two cds of the soundtrack scored by Michael Brook (on 4AD records) while for the runners-up there are two Albino Alligator / Southern Comfort lighters and two Albino Alligator / Southern Comfort key-rings. The question is: In which film did Kevin Spacey star along with Brad Pitt? Answers on a postcard to FREEFORALLIGATOR, Overall, PO Box 73, West PDO, NOTTINGHAM NG7 4DG. Closing date 30.8.97.

UNHOOK THE STARS

Nick Cassavetes' intelligent drama stars his own mother Gena Rowlands as Mildred, a widow who suddenly feels an intense loneliness in her ageing years. She finds comfort in the unlikely forms of neighbour Monica (Marisa Tomei) and JJ, her six year-old son in need of a baby-sitter, and truck driver Gerard Depardieu who drives into the movie under the appropriate name of Big Tommy. As usual Rowlands is on top form, the mother-son understanding clearly a help, and Cassavetes proves that directorial talent runs in the family. No doubt father John is well aware of his son's budding skills. *Unhook The Stars* is a debut of quiet power, moving and perceptive in its depiction of a woman finding new direction in her life. The film was first shown at the London Film Festival where Nick Cassavetes explained what it was all about: "The idea came to me when I went out jogging one day. I saw a young boy with his mother delivering things door-to-door. The image stayed with me and I came to the conclusion that sometimes mothers are neglected once their children have left home. Naturally, the very idea that a woman's life is over once the children have grown up is ridiculous but often that becomes a fact of life. *Unhook The Stars* is Mildred's story. it's about a woman about to undergo a reinterpretation of her life and it's not going to be easy for her."

MA

Unhook The Stars at Broadway, 8th-14th August.

MRS BROWN

Mrs. Brown stars Billy Connolly in an unusual but thoroughly believable role as Brown, the footman / stable hand to Queen Victoria (Judi Dench) and since getting on so well with the late Prince Albert is called for personal duties to to the Queen to help her overcome mourning her husband. Managing to gain Her Majesty's confidence, Brown flouts Royal decorum and manners and at the same time enjoys this newly gained power by the Queen's side, much to the irritation of the courtiers and members of the Royal Family. As in *The Madness Of King George*, the monarch's absence from public life gives Parliamentary advisers, notably here Disraeli, great cause for concern as those in Opposition call for her abdication. Brown then becomes involved in a dilemma between staying true to his queen and her decision to stay away from public life or imploring here for the greater good to return to a more public role in national affairs. Performances are strong, especially Anthony Sher as Disraeli in a film that thoroughly satisfies from start to finish. It's the sort of period drama that should do well in this country and the exchanges between Judi Dench and Billy Connolly give immense pleasure. they ma seem like an odd pair but put preconceptions aside and enjoy the delights of a film with worthwhile echoes of its predecessor *The Madness Of King George*.

MA

Mrs Brown holds court at Broadway, Sept 5th-21st.

UNFORGETTABLE

Renowned US thriller director John Dahl reunites with the gilded talents of Linda Fiorentino with whom he worked on *The Last Seduction*. On hand too is the glint-eyed *Goodfellas* star Ray Liotta who plays a highly skilled forensic pathologist, Dr. Krone, trying to find out what really happened to his wife, murdered in a crime over which he is still held in suspicion. Neurobiologist Dr. Briggs (Fiorentino) has discovered a new way of collecting past memories in spinal fluid and Krone wants to try out this memory transfer to find out what happened to his wife. The trouble is, so far it's only been tried out on lab rats. *Unforgettable* is the sort of thriller that boxes too clever for its own good. It spins a convoluted and unbelievable lab-based yarn that requires a fair amount of latitude. Naturally Liotta and Fiorentino lend some credibility and at least Dahl has come up with a novel and fascinating idea for a thriller.

MA

THE HAMMER STORY by Marcus Hearn and Alan Barnes

(Titan Books £24.99)
Whatever value judgements you place on Hammer and its assorted litany of tacky, irreverent exploitation movies, there is no denying the high quality of this lavishly produced historical retrospective. Glossily packaged and comprehensively researched, this is the definitive story of Britain's most successful film studio, with decade by decade overviews, a detailed analysis of more than sixty films and a complete filmography. Key films— *The Curse Of Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, *The Devil Rides Out*, *The Vampire Lovers*— are highlighted and the principal characters in the company's rise from obscurity— executives James and Michael Carreras, stars Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, director Terence Fisher— are given the attention they deserve. This book was obviously a labour of love for co-authors Marcus Hearn and Alan Barnes who were given unlimited access to Hammer's archives so readers can feast their eyes on a crypt full of rare posters, photographs and pre-production designs. If it seems slightly incongruous that these cheaply made, bargain basement films should now receive such an expensively mounted eulogy, then let us not forget that one man's trash is another's nostalgic treasure trove, and that adapting and updating the works of Stoker and Shelley is not as easy as it may first appear. Where Hammer took Universal's 1930's horror films as a blueprint and added Technicolor gore, sex and a sense of their own absurdity, recent 'serious' efforts from cinema big-wigs Branagh and Coppola have been unmitigated disasters. We should also remember that for a while there in the 70's the sight of a scantily dressed Ingrid Pitt in the late night Hammer horror slot was, for the average 12 year-old, about as exciting and erotic as it got. Expensive but for the true Hammerhead worth every penny.

HQ

THE SANDMAN The Wake by Neil Gaiman

(Titan Books £12.99)
In the aftermath of *The Kindly Ones* and the demise of Morpheus, Lord Of Dreams comes this elegiac post mortem; a monument to dreams and dreamers and a fitting epitaph to one of the greatest comic books ever published. The first three chapters focus on the funeral itself. Mourners and friends, old lovers and immortal enemies all gather together to remember and reminisce whilst in the background, lost and bewildered, a new Lord Of Dreams slowly begins to rebuild his realm. The final instalments look forward to a fresh, new life and back to other, older mysteries, encounters and acquaintances. Some questions are answered and more new ones posed, but ultimately *The Wake* concludes with dignity, grace and grandeur. Once again, Gaiman's storytelling is simply spellbinding, the dialogue sparse yet rich and eloquent. His work on the TV series *Neverwhere* was disappointing and over-boiled, but here in his true element he gives his characters space, allows their mystery to remain and revels in their compelling fascination. Artists Michael Zulli, Jon J. Muth and Charles Vess all contribute in their differing styles to the book's sombre, melancholic tone while Dave McKean's superb graphic illustrations as usual shape and form the whole design.

Anyone wishing to investigate *The Sandman* for the first time, however, would be well advised to seek out some of the earlier editions. So much that is here reflects previous storylines and the impact is thus sorely diminished without prior knowledge of the series and its coterie of beguiling characters. Everything changes but nothing is truly lost, and that which is dreamed can never be undreamed. Adieu, Lord of Dreams, you will be sadly missed.

HQ

FRIED CIRCUIT

AUGUST 1997
CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE FOR
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www.osl.co.uk/overall



FEVER at The Skyy Club

tuesday 5th

DAVID BOWIE Nottingham Rock City
THE VINYL JUNKIE Nottingham
Jazzology free before 11pm
Sam Fay's

EASY PIECES The Golden Fleece
THE TEDDY FULLICK QUINTET The Running Horse

HIDDEN TALENTS Ladies night The Skyy Club
JOHNNY JOHNSTONE The Bell Inn
JAZZ GROUP The Bell Inn

BLYTH POWER Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 6th

MIKE FORTUNE Nottingham The Old Angel
THE FAB FOUR Sam Fay's

THE RANDEES The Queen Elizabeth
COLIN STAPLES jam session The Running Horse

MEMBER / CATHODE NATION Leics The Charlotte

thursday 7th

TAMPASM / MILO £3 / £2.50 Nottingham Sam Fay's

EASY PIECES Chambers

EASY TIGER The Academy

DIGS & WOOSH Café Bleu

GOBLIN Britannia Inn

WHITE ROOM The Running Horse

PAUL & ANTHONY Tribute to Frank Sinatra The Maze

PSYCOTIC REACTION The Running Horse

COLOURSOUND Derby The Victoria

YMO & TUBBY Smokescreen Sound System The Future

WODGE Leics The Charlotte

friday 8th

MIND THE GAP & CATTACHEWDYANEWSHOES noon Nottingham Old Market Square
A MONTH OF BIRTHDAYS IMBISS The Old Angel

HARRY & THE GROWLERS The Running Horse
CACTUS JACK Britannia Inn

BRUCE DICKINSON Rock City
DEPARTURE LOUNGE The Skyy Club

WHOLE SOME FISH The Maze

saturday 9th

SHAMUS O'BIVION & THE MEGADEATH MORRISMEN 11am Nottingham Old Market Square
AMANDA / HELEN / LYNDASUZU giggle The Skyy Club

CORE Rock City
THE GOOD SONS The Maze

VIOLET The Old Angel

thursday 14th

ADVERSE Hearty Goodfellow

HANGOVER BLUES BAND The Running Horse

ROADHOUSE BLUES BAND The Britannia Inn

DELIRIUM / LUCAS Mansfield The Woodpecker

ABBEY PARK FESTIVAL over 60 acts see flyer Leicester Abbey Park

SWING HOLIDAY The Charlotte

PREGO Derby The Flowerpot

THE CALM / PUNISHMENT The Running Horse

THE VERVE Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 10th

SHAMUS O'BIVION Nottingham The Golden Fleece

LIME / MASSIN/WAVE/ SANSKAR Smirnoff Battle Of The Bands Sam Fay's

WHOLE SOME FISH The Running Horse

THE FOOTWARMERS noon

AKIMBO 8pm The Bell Inn

SIMON BLIGH Just The Tonic The Old Vic

SERVE CHILLED The Skyy Club

IAN BUXTON Derby The Dolphin

EDDIE READER & BOO HEWERDINE Sheffield The Leadmill

monday 11th

ACOUSTIC ROUTES Nottingham The Golden Fleece

THE HOUSE BAND The Running Horse

THE OMEGA BAND The Bell Inn

JAGUAR / HER ALIBI / STRETCH The Charlotte

tuesday 12th

EASE / HARPER/ RALPH Nottingham Sam Fay's

THE VINYL JUNKIE Nottingham Sam Fay's

MOOD INDIGO The Golden Fleece

TEDDY FULLICK QUINTET The Running Horse

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE The Bell Inn

EXTREME NOISE TERROR MEDULLA NOCTE PUNISHMENT Derby The Victoria

ETHANOL Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 13th

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS Nottingham The Golden Fleece

COLIN STAPLES jam session The Golden Fleece

THE FAB FOUR Sam Fay's

thursday 14th

BABE MAGNET / VITAMIN X Nottingham Sam Fay's

BADAXE The Running Horse

DIGS & WOOSH Café Bleu

KARL HEARD BAND Britannia Inn

CHRISTIAN & DAMIAN The Maze

BLUE MILLENNIUM / THE GENIES Derby The Victoria

friday 15th

AFTER THE FLOOD Nottingham The Running Horse

ADVERSE The Mill

SHUFFLE The Skyy Club

SURGEON / JAMES RUSKIN Fusion

PM SCIENTISTS Essance

FREEBASE / LOCKDOWN

THE PESKY ALLIGATORS Rock City

PUDDING The Maze

BURDOCK Britannia Inn

59 TIMES THE PAIN Chesterfield The Attic

ONE CAR PILE UP Derby The Victoria

FUDGE Leics The Charlotte

saturday 16th

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE Nottingham The forest Recreation Ground

MY FAMILY TREE / SAMOVAR Tribal Unity Symbiosis Marcus Garvey Centre

DIY / QUADRANT / THE EXPERIENCE noon - 10pm

DANA GILLESPIE BAND The Running Horse

FEVER The Skyy Club

WHISKY BEFORE BREAKFAST The Maze

MICK RUTHERFORD The Britannia Inn

BULLRUSH Rock City

THE HOUSE BAND Derby The flowerpot

BRIAN & THE TEENAGERS LIQUID GUN / MONGRILS The Victoria

sunday 17th

THE APARTMENT LOUNGE Nottingham Sam Fay's

EBB / SENSATION noon

THE BETTER PEOPLE 8pm The Bell Inn

SMIRNOFF BATTLE OF THE BANDS Nottingham Sam Fay's

THE FOOTWARMERS noon

JUBA 8pm The Bell Inn

RICKY GROVER Just The Tonic The Old Vic

MICK RUTHERFORD Britannia Inn

TIM GARD & DAVE WALKER The Golden Fleece

THE HAT BAND The Running Horse

THREE WHEEL DRIVE Derby The Dolphin

monday 18th

ACOUSTIC ROUTES Nottingham The Golden Fleece

LOST CAUSE The Running Horse

THE OMEGA BAND The Bell Inn

SUPER BALLOONMAN / SAIQA Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 19th

STARSKY / LOVELENDER Nottingham Sam Fay's

FECAL MATTER Nottingham Sam Fay's

TEDDY FULLICK QUINTET The Running Horse

WINTER WILSON The Golden Fleece

J. JOHNSTONE JAZZ GROUP The Bell Inn

DREAM DISCIPLES / MIND LAPS Leics The Charlotte

FRIED ALIVE!



RECLAIM THE STREETS NOTTINGHAM

"The Great British public are having a riot, sir."
— Policeman in reply to American tourist who asked what was happening during the anti-Poll Tax demo, London 1990.

"Oh happy day! oh happy day!" proclaimed the Mount Zion Apostolic gospel choir from their sunny Saturday morning slot on South Parade. But the Market Square's flock of fallen souls, who trudged by clutching blankets and Brew, were enticed by the alternative commotion beneath the Town Hall's gaudy banners.

Here, an earthy ruckus of drums and dancing feet had amassed to herald Nottingham's first major Reclaim The Streets event. A year earlier the Disability Direct Action Network had held the city's roads to ransom for two days via a handful of wheelchair activists. Police intervention had been minimal initially, and their early presence this time was low-key too. The tall, benign figure of PC 5301, accustomed to handling a dozen faces on local McDonald's demos, sweated patiently and waited for the opposition to move first. He wasn't kept waiting long, as the steamed up crowd moved out of Slab Square and ground slowly, inevitably toward Maid Marian Way. A number 37 Clifton via City bus saw the onrushing threat too late, tried to about turn the wrong way round the roundabout, but merely melted into the human ground swell.

Further up on Derby Road, several RTS banners fluttered overhead to mark the newly occupied ground. Sound systems piled out of a Richard's Self Drive hire van whose flanks paradoxically advised We also hire cars. The party began, observed by lounging coppers who struggled to convey the impression that they were not only in charge, but actually giving permission for all this to happen and could pull the plug at any time. Attempting to reclaim their street credibility, one or two even feigned enjoyment. Someone, having tired of the law's presence, off-loaded their phlegm in a PC's direction and sparked an irksome fracas that saw all the constabulary's traditional panic responses spill out. If this lot ever formed a team, they'd collapse faster than Forest and County combined.

The Clifton via City bus had long since trundled on, but the hapless owner of a paint-bombed, tyre-deflated Land Rover returned from lunch to find his vehicle log-jammed in the

melee. The driver, however, remained impassive in smart weekend casuals, and the most shockingly bright leather shoes ever cobbled. Immaculate he may have been, but was going absolutely nowhere. By 4.00 pm, the first casualties were beginning to sprawl in a sea of empty cans, mouths gaping open to the heavens. Eight riot vans had now gathered bumper to bumper on Canning Circus: "We've got the drinks in there," smirked one PC in response to polite enquiry. Drinks? Wine strained from sour grapes, one suspected.

And then it was nearly all over. The vans packed their stuff away and one last defiant march up Mansfield Road bemused the late shoppers who kept a safe distance behind the railings. Having been reduced to a containing role all day, the riot police had their senseless moment of glory and donned helmets and truncheons to surround the trucks on The Forest. The terrorist presence of a few hundred bods sprawled on the grass had worried them witless, and the music thumped no more. No-one, apart from the added Nottingham Evening Post, was fooled into believing that 1,000 people all turned up to protest about environmental decay allied to car usage. As a movement, however, RTS needs strength in numbers to make these occasions work. And ravers, who would blindly follow a sound system over the edge of a cliff, seek organised gatherings such as these for their own purposes. You hope that enough of them made the connection in Nottingham to justify the planning. You hope.

photo: joel Fish

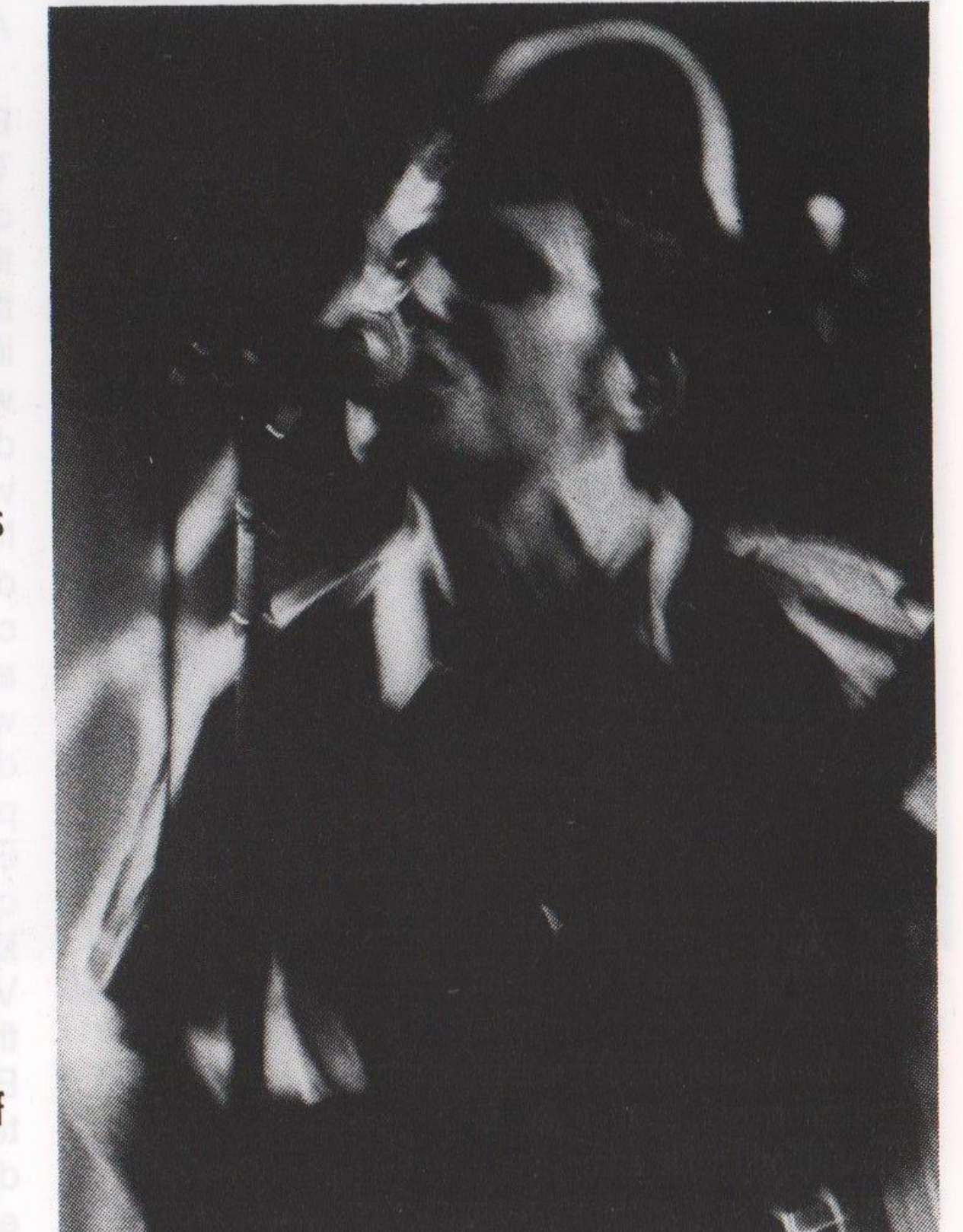
The Big Issue All Dayer Nottingham The Old Angel

One fine summer day an otherwise sleepy pub belled out the sound of life and lust. There they were, all the old, new and strange faces gathered together to assist in the resurrection of The Old Angel's infamous Chapel. No one really knew that the event was a benefit for the homeless but they paid their two quid with the minimum of fuss. Despite losing all their instruments in an overnight, through the wall raid, Planet Cake managed to start the party and rose to the occasion.

Christian and Damian's Turbo Cabaret, a variety show aimed at anti-coke heads, Shirley (who remembers Barry Manilow from the seventies) and anyone who likes flash frontmen, smart double bass players and hip hop dee-jays. They were loved from the off, their tour of Europe having paid dividends in terms of sickness. And then, for me, that dreaded moment. Catfish had previously set me up at Sam Fay's by pretending to be the worst band I've ever seen, then having a go at me for telling you all. This time they were awesome. Surging drum and bass, the virtuoso talents on guitar, sax and harmonica, bass, bongos and an inspired, energetic reggae frontman all came to frantic life after the opening roar from the

crowd. Stinky are in serious demand and Dean can be heard rapping for practically everyone. When you're hot, you're hot and fuck, is dean hot, only releasing his grip on the audience for one tune when he was joined by the beautiful vocal caresses of Rebecca. This particular combination undisputedly made the set for the thickening throng. Glycerine seemed to put a smile on the faces of the thrash fanatics, though some of their songs are of a more introvert, personal nature. It was the shared birthday of the bass player and drummer and they were both given a prezzie by their third member. He is a guitarist who sometimes kneels down and plays the foot pedals instead to great effect. The trio were tight as can be and well entertained those who remained in The Chapel but as an away band they were largely ignored in typical Nottingham fashion. Next time I think people will pay more attention. They were back up for Mangacide's set complete with roboscan and smoke (the only bit of visual effort made all day). As expected they knocked out a vivacious set made more exciting by the guest appearance of Dean who rapped to the heavy rock like they were made for each other. He even pulled in a lot more onlookers, making the small room even hotter, despite wide open windows. Their encore, welcome as it was, left most everyone thinking that the day had come to a conclusion. This was so predictable I wondered why Mangacide hadn't gone on last. Indeed later I overheard some cynic gleefully state "I hear there's a band dying upstairs." Unluckily for Polestar, who only managed to return a fraction of the crowd, this much was true. I couldn't bear to watch.

Sam Mansour and Christine Chapel



THE HYBRIDS Nottingham Sam Fay's

"For the first time in my life it's comin' good..." is a lyric that speaks volumes for a band who are history in the making. Sitting next to a 6K stack throwing out reams of utter future it strikes me that a huge part of The Hybrids live genre is the pure spontaneity of true jamming fuelled by the exaggerated caricature of the three-piece noise moulders from Nottingham. The Hybrids are quite likely the future of everything to do with the power of a crowd, of an extremely talented bunch of musicians and of an inhumane level of 4 by 12 speakers. The ability to retune your guitar after breaking a string in the first four bars, then walk through the next two tracks regardless of the fact that your machine head is weeping and produce a full-on, in-your-face degree of sound that makes your skeleton feel like it's not really in the right place—that is the power of The Hybrids.

"Feel the music..... I hear a standing ovation but it's not for me...." This is the futuristic karma of a bloke that has spent the last ten years or so working at a machine with a history of removing the operator's fingers. Pure bottle, that's the attitude it takes to mould the future of alternative commercial music today.

"It's taken a year to come to terms with the next phase of the band's sound. The first phase is over and all I can say is they haven't seen nothin' yet. Creating a scene for Nottingham is something I have come to terms with and the only thing that will stop it happening is the competition and egos that get in the way with a lot of bands." — Richard Warren (Guitar/Vox)

"It's weird to explain doing what we're doing but I've got into it and I'm fucking enjoying it." — Darren Sheldon (Bass/Vox)

"Stormer.... where's the bar?.... have you got any money?.... I've found the bar!...." — Louis Divito (Drums/Beer) Ady Harper photo: RobPitt

Overall presents

THE WRITING'S ON THE WALL

Everything You Wanted To Know About Flyposting But Were Afraid To Ask

August 1997
EVERYWHERE
open 24hrs

adm. free

A DIY Production

An article in a recent issue of *The Pulse* entitled *Poster Wars*, a brief rant regarding flyposting and obviously written from a promoter's viewpoint, prompted this response from a local promoter who for some years has played been an active part in the changing styles of promoting music in Nottingham. A promoter writes...

Several years ago I promoted a live music event for the first time. Using scissors, glue, a mechanical typewriter and prehistoric strip printer at Nottingham Community Arts Centre, I knocked up some posters and leaflets. Armed with some tack and sticky tape off I went around the city asking shopkeepers if they would kindly allow me to place a poster in the window. I sought notice boards in colleges and wall space in public houses. No-one seemed to mind that it was advertising an event in another pub. There was none of the attitude of competition and greed that is so prevalent today.

They call him The Midnight Stapler

More specifically, there were hardly any empty shops or derelict buildings during Thatcher's phoney boom-time, and there was no supermarket in NG7. Asda is surely the main reason for the present dereliction of Alfreton Road and Mansfield Road, with their current plethora of boarded up shops now favourite sites for the "midnight stapler" as the proprietor of a popular photocopying shop recently called me. He was wrong—I do it in broad daylight, best time being during rush hours, and have only been caught once. It went like this:

Me: "Good afternoon officer, can I help you?"
PC (not even bothering to get out of his car): "You want to be careful doing that."

Me (touched by his concern): "Why, in case I put a staple through my finger?"

PC: "No, in case you get glue on your clothes." And off he drove. He had better things to do than bust me for stapling a piece of paper to a piece of chipboard on a derelict building.

However, back when I first started promoting I did stick one poster outside an empty shop. Within two days the venue had received a letter from Nottingham City Council threatening a fine if it wasn't removed, (and I had only used Sellotape). From then on (because I had caught the promoters' bug, big time) all my posters were placed in legal and sensible places, and there were many of them. To me, flyposting was something that Communists, travelling circuses and boxing promoters did.



A site for your eyes

photo: Ralph Barklam

Flying tonight

That was before the advent of personal computers and House music, when it seemed that the design of flyers became more important than their content or even the event itself. And indeed, apart from their informative value these were often attractive and original works of art designed on computers, though many of them were scanned (ripped off) from the likes of Mandelbrot and Dali and even Tarot card designs and other occult symbols in childishy corny—some might even say dangerous—attempts to imply that some spiritual force was at work in this commerce; and some of them were distastefully gross and/or sexist. Some were just plain ridiculous like the one which featured the BBC test card! Yes, folks, everybody had a computer and was gonna use it. Apple Macintosh was laughing all the way to Silicon Valley and designers were laughing all the way the resource bureau.

But people began to confuse the map with the territory, collecting those psychedelic telephone directories for their own sake. A certain snob element came into play regarding the style rather than the content of these flyers, let alone the actual event itself and the artists/djs involved. Furthermore certain unscrupulous promoters would bill names of djs who were not confirmed to play, and even produce wholly bogus flyers advertising non-existent events with the express intention of selling useless tickets and laughing all the way to the coke dealer. When anally retentive Tory legislation like the Criminal Justice Bill drove dancing back into licensed nightclubs, Club Culture began to order flyers by the million. Printers in every corner of the country were laughing all the way to the paper merchants. Overall even started a Flyer Of The Month award in honour of the empowerment of the individual through the use of technology.

And as for posters, well, that was something that Communists, travelling circuses, and band promoters did. Unattractive designs in black and white advertising people with guitars to booze sodden hero worshippers? Perish the thought! Clubs made pretty flyers and distributed them outside other clubs to happy people with dilated pupils.

"There are two kinds of flyposting..."

During all this time there was a spate of illegal flyposting by some local bands and promoters. By this I mean pasting them to the bricks and glass of occupied premises and to what is quaintly referred to as 'street furniture'—traffic signal control boxes, telecommunications junction boxes etc. Fines were dished out and Nottingham City Centre Manager issued a circular to all venues threatening fines up to £400 plus a further £40 for each day the offence continued. The City Centre Manager, at that time Martin Garrett, also signalled his intention to pursue and prosecute either the band, the promoter or the venue concerned. (Bloody Lovely you have a lot to answer for since you added red food dye to your paste and neglected to use a brush, and indeed you were 'caught red-handed'.)

This really pissed me off because, for all these years, illegal flyposting was and still is being perpetrated by a professional organisation working on behalf of major record labels placing hundreds of A0 size posters on glass and brickwork with apparent impunity. These window cleaners in reverse arrive in a brand new Ford Escort van, park it on double yellow lines, take out a broom, a large bucket of paste and a ladder and get on with the job—in broad daylight!

So I phoned Mr. Garrett and asked him if he intended to prosecute Wet Wet Wet or the Royal Albert Hall (a particularly large advertising campaign at the time) or The Brand New Heavies or Rock City or Phonogram or EMI or Sony Music or any of the corporate giants who fund this activity, or was he simply picking on soft targets, impoverished local musicians who couldn't afford to buy advertising time on television or space in the Evening Post? At this point I must point out that I do not advocate pasting posters to street furniture or any other permanent fixtures or buildings which causes criminal damage. (Sweet Potato you have a lot to answer for, and indeed you have been fined £50 for taking a chance.)

Mr. Garrett's reply? "Well, there two kinds of flyposting..." Such hypocrisy, I can only presume, is born out of the fear of huge multinational corporations like, for example, Sony Music who could buy the City of Nottingham ten times over and still have change to throw another champagne party for another thousand people to mark the release of a another crap Gloria Estefan album and that Nottingham City Council would not dare to pursue any of the major labels or artists as such a (no doubt protracted) legal battle would bankrupt the city. Mind you, there would be plenty of derelict buildings to stick posters onto if that happened, so let's just assume that they leave the big boys alone for the protection of our city and besides, it keeps the street cleaners in work. Or perhaps they still remember their failed case against the Sex Pistols...

Have staple gun, will travel

What I was trying to put across to him was this. Flyposting is part of Rock and Pop and Club Culture. In most European cities there are large round concrete structures on street corners for the sole purpose of attaching posters in an organised and sensible manner (dedicated street furniture, what?). But what I find interesting is this: If multinational corporate record labels can afford to buy advertising on TV and in the national and local press, and in fact do so, why do they still use flyposters? They have some of the best marketing strategies in the world and if their marketing people decide that it is an effective way to advertise, who can blame us small time promoters for following suit? It is also interesting that cyberpunk promoters who also publish their own 'infotainment' magazines still feel it is necessary to employ flyposting to advertise gigs; and that nightclub promoters in particular, with their pretty coloured

flyers, extensive memberships and mailing lists, have decided that handing out flyers is no longer enough and have jumped on the flyposting bandwagon. This is the root of the naive 'you've covered up my poster' whinge in *The Pulse*, though the promoter/author has missed the point entirely. The reason I now go out armed with staple gun (I shot a pigeon with it once, which is wicked, I know, but ever so funny. I hate pigeons—no, actually I'm scared of them, something to do with Alfred Hitchcock.) as well as Bluetak (I have never used paste, it's messy and inconvenient, and my posters aren't that big anyway) is because all the shop windows and notice boards I once used have been colonised by scores of posters advertising one single club night each sometimes, as Pulseman rightly points out, months in advance. Posters multiply epidemically like coathangers or a disease. You find a friendly shop, put one up in the empty window and a week later that window is full of posters. Then the friendly shopkeeper receives his rates bill. He realises he's paying for you to have a free billboard to advertise your capitalist event. Since he too is a capitalist, he ceases to be the friendly shopkeeper and becomes the franchiser of window space. "50 pence a week, mate, and let me write the date on it". I like this method. It guarantees the space.

Watch this space

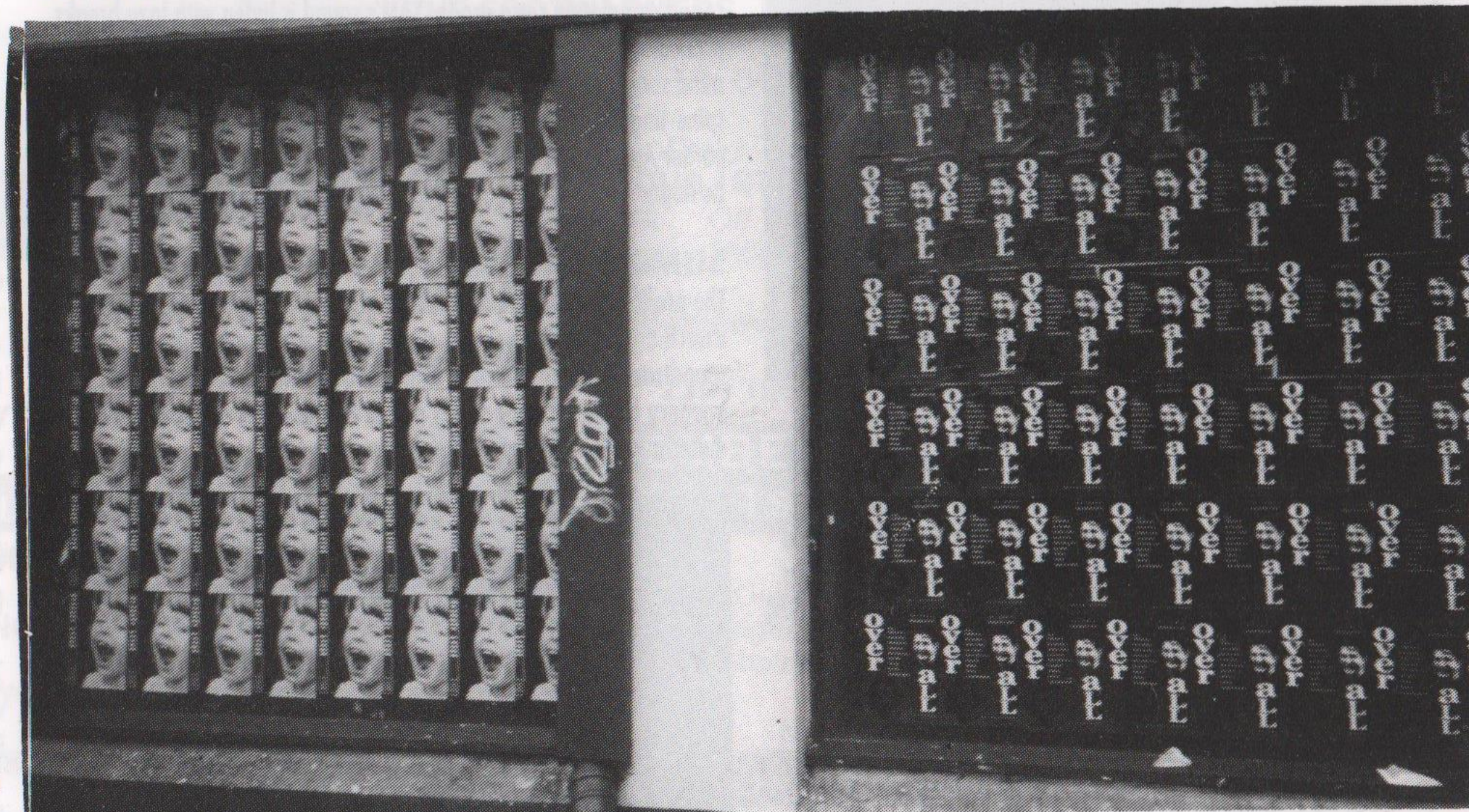
But finding such space became more and more difficult, so I moved on to fresh ground, placing posters onto boarded up shops and derelict buildings, (of which there were many after sixteen years of Tory government) and enjoyed months and months of being the only promoter to use such sites until along come all the copycats to hog those places too, now placing ten or so of the same poster in one place, (The House and Fusion and DiY you have a lot to answer for) and as for Tribal Unity's immensely arrogant campaign last year, it seemed as if someone pasted a continuous band of glue around the whole city and then had a paper chase. It's OK to name names, Pulseman, because they are on the posters for all to see, and the deal with promoting is to gain maximum publicity. The job ain't done until it's writ large across the sky although that's still no guarantee that your event will be a success. To speak of "angry undercurrents" and "violent situation" is a sign of desperation in the face of stiff competition and a glut of club nights. Why fall out about it, especially when you own a 'zine.? Promoting by it's very nature is individual and highly competitive, more so nowadays than ever before, but ultimately Jane and Joe Punter will choose where to go because she/he simply wants to go there that night, not because someone covered up someone else's poster. The same happens with pubs, shops, restaurants, cinemas, websites, holiday resorts—you name it, they don't flypost it. If they did they would be in breach of the Town and Country Planning (Control of Advertisements) Regulations 1992.

Thieves of space

Derelict buildings are an eyesore and that's not the fault of any promoter, unless they own one e.g. the Elbow Cafe on Mansfield Road, now the sole domain of posters advertising events at Rock City, on pain of the legal equivalent of hot pie and peas in your face, at least until it falls down—the Elbow, that is. I wonder if they have planning permission. Imagine if everyone were to flypost their own house. Hands up who thinks posters are an eyesore. Sorry, I didn't see a hand from Bostik, Solvite, Stanley, Draper, Canon or Xerox because they are busy laughing all the way to Office World (50 A3 b&w posters £3 inc VAT, Blue Tak 79p, staple guns £7.49, 1,000 staples £1.18). Now consider this. The neighbouring city of Derby operates a zero toleration policy towards flyposting under the



l-r: Covers of *Overall* #7 featuring the Mary Whitehouse Experience, covers of *Student Pages* and adverts for (ironically) 'The Wall', a Monday night rave event at MGM, Oct. 1991 on the old Tivoli theatre. Although placed there with the permission of the new owners, these adverts caused great concern in New York, New York even though it's long way from MGM. photos: Paul Kilbride



Unauthorized Advertisements Act (1974). There is no flyposting anywhere in Derby. They say that in Manchester, the mafia controls all poster, legal or otherwise, on pain of pain. You cannot put a poster up even for your gig, even in a shop window, without having your deejaying or guitar playing skills seriously hampered. Broken hands up who believe in free speech. Nottingham City Council and the local mafia are very tolerant of flyposters, particularly if printed on Lincoln Green paper. This is the "goodwill" that flyposting actually relies on, not any "code of ethics"—honour amongst the thieves of space, no less! So ultimately it's pointless for these outlaws of the walls to bicker when they have so much freedom.

Walls without walls

The next poster site to be colonised will have no walls. Soon posters and flyers will be as obsolete as that strip printer I used to create my first poster. Already, the Punter family have bought a new computer and modem and are surfing through the websites of various venues, clubs, artistes and record labels connected to the internet to find out what's on. People who have already met in cyberspace exchanging information about gigs and clubs and bands and djs will meet face to face for the very first time at the bar or on the dance-floor. What fun! But already there are unauthorised advertisements for gigs being posted on the internet, the perpetrating venue in this case being Rock City., who in a flagrant breach of netiquette, are sending out junk e-mail, or flyerposting. So, kids, get a computer, get a modem, gotta get yourself connected, the writing's on the wall...

Backs to the wall

The present City Centre Manager, the award-winning Jane Ellis, a nice lady who actually goes out there herself removing unauthorised advertisements, says she likes the method of stapling as this makes them easy to tear down. But paste is not a problem because she can always call on Mr. Price, Team Leader—Street Cleansing, City Of Nottingham Environmental Services. His team, bless 'em, are the guys who scrape off all those large posters put there by those record companies who should really be advertising in magazines like *Overall*, *The Pulse* and *City Lights* sending their editors laughing all the way to the printers. Super glue and epoxy resin however, really piss her off. In recent months she has been orchestrating a concerted effort against 'contract flyposters' with plain clothes councilmen on the streets keeping watch. But in the end, she doesn't care because the whole city will soon be protected by CCTV cameras and the situation will be closely monitored, and if there are indications that you are benefiting from such advertisements, the evidence will be forwarded to the Planning Authority who may take further action. After all, his city was built on sandstone, not rock and roll. In the meantime, I'll keep you posted.

The Five O'Clock Shadow

A meeting will be held at Nottingham City Council's Department of City Centre Development in the Council House on Thursday 21st August to discuss the matter of flyposting with a view to creating dedicated poster sites around the city. All promoters and interested parties are invited to attend. For further information call Jane Ellis on 915 5555.

demolition

reviews by Sam Manzour, Christine Chapel and Dael



STAIRWELL Beside Me + 2

Honky tonk piano pop of the most accessible variety. A very together band, all mod cons have been used to promote this demo, so I assume there's money behind this tight, commercial and chart-bound outfit. *Nothing New* stands out and could have you singing its praises for days. Top thirty something. **SM**
01332 608253 / 0116 277 3870

EASE Over And Under

A collection of short, sharp, punchy tunes with tight rhythm and a loose, young style. Obvious influence from The Small Faces, The Jam and early Frank and Walters resulting in a very Mod sound with a subtle hint of Ska. Confidently professional vocals with reactive backing vocals front the well structured songs that have a very Manx edge to some of the singing. Keep up the attitude. **SM**

ROB PETERS The Greater Sea

More depressing, sad ballads. It always happens when you leave a man alone with his acoustic. The addition of a violin makes it even sadder. I couldn't take any more by the third song so I can only assume he didn't manage to cheer up for the fourth. **SM**
Contact 0121 449 0129

POWERBURN Live Sessions (March 1997)

Pretty ballads, reminiscent of Hot House Flowers. Too damn soft! Should have a big following. **SM**
Contact 0181 986 4950

THE PROFESSIONALS Volume

She's So Wild is trite, while *Man* is a different proposition, instant while avoiding cheesy tags. *Cinnamon Kiss* pisses all over the first piece of nonsense. It kicks in beautifully half way through. **SM**
Contact 01332 840 849 / 0151 330 2960

KING MOB ECHO Sixpenny Millionaire

All these retro bands with sad all new to offer wear thin. Some times it's done well and everyone goes 'Yes!'. Other times it's just done. I don't see the point. **SM**

REZIN

Get ya wah wah's out. Solid band, could be better if the singer let rip and gnashed his teeth once in a while to get the flavour just right. The songs get softer and a little poorer towards the end, but very listenable and quite likable. **SM**

CONTRAST This Revolution +3

"This limp Revolution," as the song says...it's not for me. It's all very nasal. It's Ride with none of the conviction. Convincing psychedelic pop best describes *You Want It All*. Soft pop with cute hooks for *She*

Burns Me Down. But *Blinded* just doesn't want to end. **SM**

ASSASSINATION BUREAU

Previous Convictions

And the race is on! How fast can you play two chords and what can we get the crowd to shout at the end of each line. I'm sure there's loads of thirty-somethings eagerly waiting for this kind of revival, to recapture their youth and seriously consider losing weight to show us how to pogo. There are four parts to this very long 17 track demo. Maybe this is an attempt to show versatility and the few retro folk songs do suggest that there is at least one other side to these annoyingly prolific masters of a crap genre. **SM**
Contact 0113 271 8463

SUMO ARSE MAN Fake Rate

Nottingham's premier electro weirdy with the most picturesque sounding name delivers us another umpteen spoils of top class sonic explorations that make the rest of the East Midlands music scene sound completely retro grade. SAM's sound is laden with lazy breaks, pizzicato strings, freak percussive outbreaks and all manner of outer mind sonic activism, which mesh together resulting in the kind of spine-tingling, goose bumping atmospherics which *Autechre* and earlier *Aphex* so loved to evoke. As the name suggests, this guy could be huge. **Dael**

SUMO ARSEMAN Flavour / Balance

The prolific Sumo Arseman's fourth offering is a grandiose affair of church organ, ambient buzzing and gradually growing groove. It's the soundtrack to a non-existent film without which accompanying imagery it doesn't quite work, not as well as some of his previous material. Perhaps it requires hallucinogens. **CC**



SUS 4 Running Circles

Slick Goth, X-Ray Spex meets Siouxsie Sioux but musically oriented towards *Spear Of Destiny* / Southern Death Cult. But surely not! Correct me if I'm wrong. Probably huge in some circles. **SM**
(0181 357 2000)

JAMSHAKCLE Confidence Fiend + 4

I reckon they'd be alright if recorded properly, the singer is so weak in the mix that he has to strain and I'm not hearing them at their best. This reminds me that there is a now a quality recording of a new Catfish tune which has restored my faith in come-back champions. Back to Jamshakle... only time will tell. (0115 978 3468) **SM**

SHANTY

This is interesting. The first track *Duppy* is embarrassingly lame, complete with misplaced, retro vocals and trite guitar howls. Lobby is a little cleverer and almost modern. The key to this is simplicity, a half decent drum loop and almost up-to-date sounds with the voice wisely kept to a minimum. Final track *Pole Vaulting* is a shanty electro jam which has its place on the wallpaper, but it's early days. (01225 480446) **SM**

THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR SPARE DEMOS #14

1. Issue #10 of *Mad Monks Magazine* is out now and features Ten Foot Pole, The Misfits, Brian & The Teenagers and W.O.R.M.. There are also columns of reviews, news, UFOlogy, comics and bitter sarcasm. Free badge with first 100, it costs £1.50 from 40, Partridge Road, Routh, CARDIFF CF2 3QX.

2. *Real Overdose* is England's premier bi-monthly Punk zine, their June/July issue starring Panic and also featuring Stain, Done Lying Down, Raggy Anne and Apocalypse Babys, so only send punky demos to 64 Chatsworth Drive, Rushmere Park, IPSWICH IP4 5XD.

3. *Bus*Spotter #4* reviews Babybird, Cardiacs, Kenickie, Longpigs, Melt Banana, Sex pistols and Yummy Fur. They review albums, singles, demos and zines and it costs 70p + A5 s&e from Yogi, 170 Woodhouse Lane, BRIGHOUSE HD6 3TH. It also has Canadian distribution so our man in Vancouver who produces his own zine *What Exactly...?* (hi, Matt) can check it out for \$2 to Mandy, 5765 Yonge Street, TORONTO On. M2M 4H9.

4. *DEFINITELY CASUAL* is back and it's after you! For £1 + A5 s&e you can read about Speedy, Menswe@r, Courtney punks and more! It's put together by the sister of overcorrespondent Mischa (hi, Mischa) so demos to E. Gulseven, 70 Farley Road, Selsdon, S. Croydon, Surrey CR2 7ND.

5. *THE INDEPENDENT #3* features exclusives with Radiohead and Later With Jools Holland, Longpigs, Rocket From The Crypt, Jai Jai Noire, Snug and more. Send your demos, or if you want a copy of it 70p + 31p stamp to the Cottage, Nightingale Place, High Road, Cookham, Berks. SL6 9HY

6. Chip chomping, cider swilling, Tory trashing, Freeboy following, Swans supporting, Manics loving *R*E*P*E*A*T*, the longest running Manic Street Preachers fanzine ever and the only fanzine founded and co-edited by an 8 year-old, is on #8, the first issue not completed under a Tory government. But there's load in it apart from the Manics including exclusives with Beatnik Film Stars, Billy Bragg, The Beekeepers, Dodgy, Dweeb, Garageland, Kepone, The Supernaturals and Three Colours Red as well as reviews of gigs, albums, singles, films, demos and 'zines (including *Overall...*). So once again, send your demos to R*E*P*E*A*T, c/o Richard Rose, 7 Ferry Lane, Chesterton, CAMBRIDGE, CB4 1NT. For a copy £1.50 + 64p s.a. A4 e. (cheques to 'R. Rose').

7. *Iconoclast Glitter* is a new Manic Street Preachers fanzine and it wants things from you so send them to E. Sage, PO Box 41, MARLOW, Bucks. SL7 1GD.

8. So is *James Dean Bradfield 'zine*, a specific Manic fanzine for people who feel outnumbered by those who worship Nicky and Shaun, with pages even dedicated to James's teeth! A *Preach* too far? Find out by sending £1 +A5 s&e to Carly, 126 Old Highway, Hoddesden, Herts. EN11 0NL. Contributions (demos, teeth, etc) always welcome.

9. *ANISEED #6* also features the Manics, along with Faith no more, Travis, Mundy, Joli, Type O Negative and costs £1 + s&e from D. Lane, 8 Kerridge Close, Pendeford, WOLVERHAMPTON WV9 5LU.

10. So does issue #2 of *Paranoia*, this one compiled by Jenny, Doozer and Lisa who visit Nicky Wire Heaven, include Skunk Anansie and Placebo and provide reviews and collages. It costs £1.50 inc p+p or only £1.30 if you contribute (demos, reviews, teeth etc) cheques to 'Miss J. Wiles' 91 Wyre Drive, Boothstown, Worsley, MANCHESTER M28 1HN.

11. *BLIND YOUTH* fanzine #5 stars Geneva, The Needles, Pheno Element, The Leap and Spank. "Unsigned bands always reviewed and interviewed. Send us yer demos!" or send £1.40 to Adie Nunn, 29 Urquhart Road, ABERDEEN AB24 5LN.

12. *Snakebite City #6* is a compact fandisc containing 25 tracks, 25 bands for only £6.99 inc p+p featuring Spacemaid, Pullover, disco Pistol, PA skinny, Girlfrendo, Ex Boyfriends, Dizone, Twister and Carter USM to name some. New bands always wanted. Try a shop first but mail order cheques payable to Bluefire Music, PO Box 16, ALDERSHOT GU12 5XY.

Remember, it helps if you send photos and biogs. It is important to have decent black and white photos of your band, and all these names and addresses are potential contacts for gigs/swaps in their areas. Don't be lazy, don't be shy. Get out of town, make friends, invite them back. The game of life should get bigger and faster and funnier.

wednesday 20th

COLIN STAPLES

Blues Jam

Nottm The Running Horse

THE FAB 4

Sam Fay's

MARK TROPO

Café Bleu

SHAPESHIFTER / BAO-BABS

Derby The Victoria

MARK THOMAS

Northampton The Roadmender

thursday 21st

THE HYBIRDS / SOUTH

DJ MARK SPIVEY

Nottm Sam Fay's

DIGS & WOOSH

Café Bleu

THREE WHEEL DRIVE

Café Bleu

THE RAGTIME MILLIONAIRES

The Maze

DARLINGS

Britannia Inn

MEN IN BLOUSES

Leics The Charlotte

BOYSCOUT / LOW ART THRILL

Derby The Victoria

friday 22nd

KIRCHOV'S LAW

Nottm The Old Angel

INNES SIBUN

The Running Horse

DJ DK

Close Circuit

The Skyy Club

UK SUBS

The Boat Club

B.S.P.

Britannia Inn

13 CANDLES

Rock City

CHRIS SHERBOURN

DENNY BARTLY

The Maze

MINI THIN

Leics The Charlotte

DIGS & WOOSH

Derby The Blue Note

ORIFIS / SCATTERBRAIN

The Victoria

saturday 23rd

DIY / DEEP JOY / JOE BUHDA

SHABBY CHIC

Hyson Green Festival

The Skyy Club

MONKFISH / EASE

The Old Angel

THE NIGHTPORTERS

The Running Horse

A BAND CALLED BOB

Britannia Inn

THE FOLD

Derby The Flowerpot

CUM TO BEDLAM / FALLACY

The Victoria

DJ SIN

Carnival des Fantastiques

The future

BACK TO BASE

The Charlotte

MUSTARD

Chesterfield The Green Room

THE REAL PEOPLE / RIALTO

Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 24th

JAMSHAKCLE / SENZA MISURA

KAT FIGHT / 2ND MILLENNIUM

Smirnoff Battle Of the Bands

Nottm Sam Fay's

THE FOOTWARMERS

MIND THE GAP

noon

8pm

The Bell Inn

JEREMY HARDY

Just The tonic

THE CHRIS CONWAY BAND

The Golden fleece

HERSHEY & THE 12 BARS

The Running Horse

SERVE CHILLED

The Skyy Club

WOOLLEY & ARCHER

Derby The Dolphin

monday 25th

THE OMEGA BAND

The Bell Inn

OLD TENNIS SHOES / MORE

Nottm The Running Horse

ACOUSTIC ROUTES

The Golden fleece

SKA-BOOM / BABE MAGNET

THEE PHANTOM CREEPS

HOUSE OF ALICE / RAZOR FACE

the last all dayer

SIDEBOARD

Leics The Pump & Tap

THE RYKERS / BONE ED

Derby The Victoria

tuesday 26th

HARRY & THE GROWLERS

Nottm The Golden fleece

THE TEDDY FULLICK QUINTET

The Running Horse

THE VINYL JUNKIE

Jazzology

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

Sam Fay's

THE GIMP

Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 27th

COLIN STAPLES

Blues Jam

Nottm The Running Horse

THE FAB FOUR

Sam Fay's

DROWN / FURBRICKS

Leics The Charlotte

thursday 28th

STRAP ON SALLY

Nottm Sam Fay's

THE SLINGSHOTS

The Maze

DIGS & WOOSH

Café Bleu

THE PESKY ALLIGATORS

Chambers

UNKNOWN STUNTMAN

Leics The Charlotte

friday 29th

TONY MAY &

THE NEW EARTH BAND

Nottm The Running Horse

HALAL FEDAD

The Old Angel

EASY PIECES

Behan's Bar

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

The Maze

VIOLATION

Rock City

DISCO INFERNO

The Skyy Club

THE CHIHUAHUAS

Derby The Victoria

THE RATTLERS / PRÉGO

Off The Tracks

SHAMUS O'BIVION

Newark Howling Wolf Rally

SCREAM

Leicester The Charlotte

FUZZBIRD / ODDBALL

Sheffield The Grapes

saturday 30th

GREGG WRIGHT'S LEFT HOOK

Nottm The Running Horse

THREE WHEEL DRIVE

The Maze

DEEP

The Skyy Club

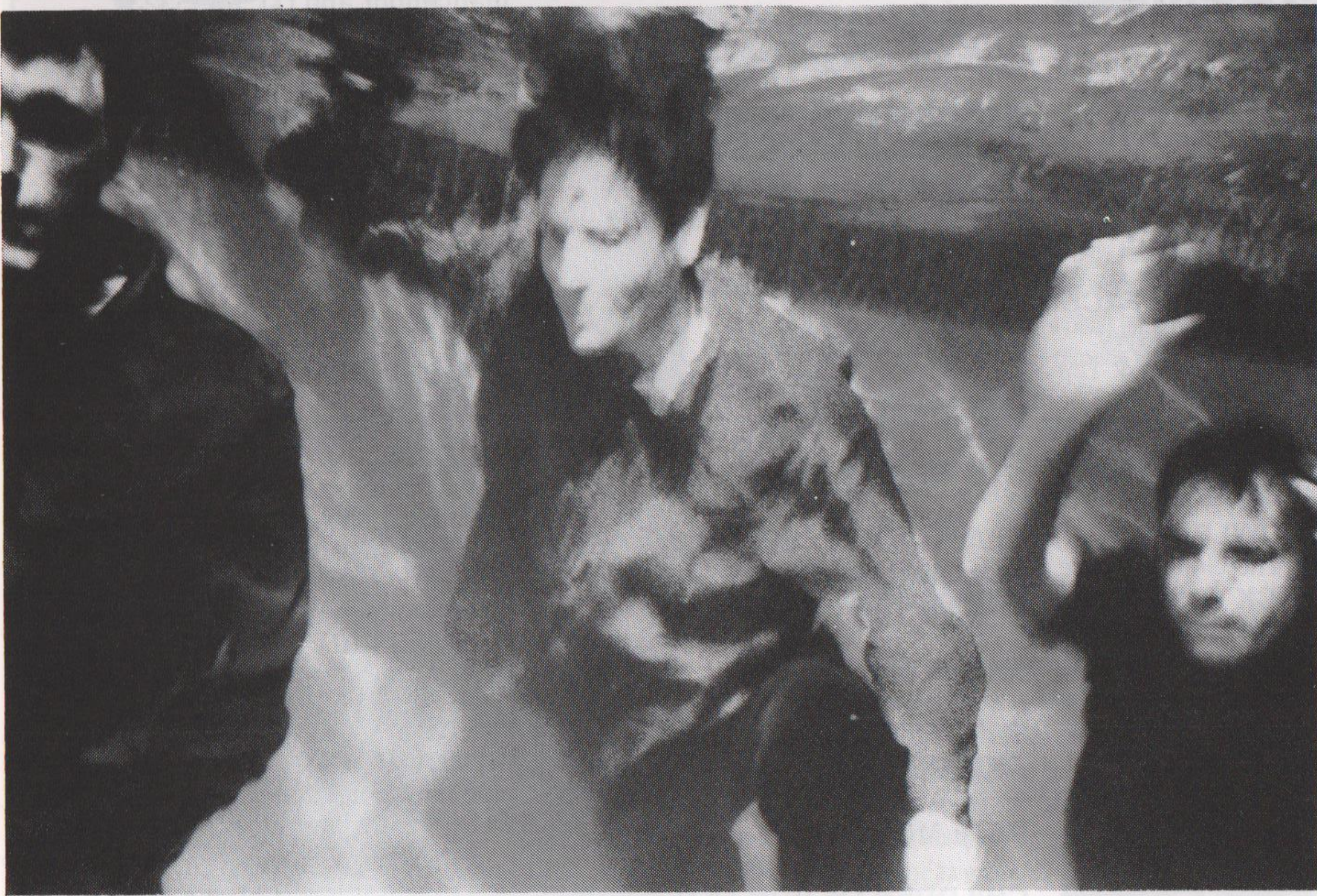
HERO-SHIMA

Rock City

MIDGE URE

Derby The Flower

discoverall:



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Kerouac - kicks joy darkness (Rykodisc)
Jack Kerouac died young, in 1969, before he had chance to appraise the growth of rock music over his beloved jazz. And the collection of modern pop icons lining up here to perform an assortment of his poems and excerpts, would all have militantly opposed the Vietnam war that he never had chance to reach sensible terms with. So if the effect of this modern tribute is akin to attending a devout poetry reading, then that's pretty much what it is. **Morphine's** dark, growling jazz sensibility would have appealed most to JK, and their instrumental opener is typically astute. **Michael Stipe's** gruff voice over stabbing Jaguar organ chords is effective, as are two original **Hunter S. Thompson** recordings in idiosyncratic earthy vein. But it's not until **Maggie Estep** evokes rock's velvety underground on the rasping *Skid Row Wine* that the fusion of beatnik poetics and eclectic electrics starts to emerge. It's a brilliant piece, with the lyric encompassing all of Kerouac's great paradox — "to be a millionaire and yet to prefer/curlin up with a poorboy of today." An original Kerouac take of *MacDougal Street Blues* is given a trippy beat by **Joe Strummer**. *Pearl Jam* do a spooky *Hymn* replete with guitar effects and **Juliana Hatfield**, **John Cale**, **Johnny Depp**, **Patti Smith** and **Thurston Moore** all participate with varying accuracy. The unspeakable tragedy of **Jeff Buckley's** recent death, and his appearance here, lends added poignancy to the project. There's other contributions too from such Kerouac contemporaries as **Ginsberg**, **Ferlinghetti** and **Burroughs**, but shockingly nothing from Gary Snyder. Perhaps he refused. What Kerouac would have made of the current artists and their dedicated interpretations is any fan's guess. The modern world encroaches subtly throughout, but the man's Spartan spirit remains intact. Kerouac's reputation wasn't built on his often erratic poetry, but on the greatness of four novels - the fact/fiction accounts in *On The Road* and *The Dharma Bums*, plus the deeply personal *Visions Of Gerard* and *Visions Of Cody*. These are still the best places to begin for Kerouac novices, but kicks joy darkness presents a worthy introduction to this writer whose work may seem to encompass a bygone age, but actually still speaks with the same divine clarity of vision. **GT**

NATACHA ATLAS *Halim* (Nation)

Last moon I fretted over the advance party's pandering to passé dance-floor whims; well, the main caravan's here and now I'm delighted to be basically fretless. Living up to living it up to *Diaspora's* awesome debut is one of them Herculean things but who needs care when she carries the world on her Mediterabian smoulders. Mutterings of inauthenticity begone, this be not musty museum, this be top pop. With the uptempo bits being more tautly structured and the downstream opi, um, lush and yet more delicate, machinery a distant clatter and human beings to the fore, it seems rumours of Natty nan bread's demise have been exaggerated. Ana I-masûl an wuqûi l-hadit, by me dops, another classic. Salâm.

CO'N

main pic.MORPHINE

Reviews by Sam Mansour, Gareth Thompson, Ady Harper, Christine Chapel, Christy O'Neil, Dael, Christy O'Neil, Hank Quinlan, The Fat Dead Nazi, Scotland Yardie and Mr. Jones.

accessible and outstanding track has to be the Old Skool rework of *Hello* by Darrin Friedman, George Morel and Carlton Carter. Much bigger than the rest of this dreamy back room beauty. **SM**

THE HAIRY THINGS *Uptight* (Stereo Heaven)

The sleeve notes mention that this is produced by Gerry Bryant, formerly of Mega City Four. The Hairy Things (another awful name) share the Mega's knack for writing catchy tunes, but there the resemblance ends. This excellent Hammond-driven mod pop with elements of the Small Faces, Charlatans and the Prisoners. The six-piece line-up works perfectly to create a truly enjoyable sound, unoriginal but completely rocking and unpretentious. I was humming Dreamworld for ages after only one listen. **Mr.J**

STONY SLEEP

Music For Chameleons (Big Cat)

I thought at first that this might be that album of Gazza Numan covers. No such luck. Stony Sleep (crap name, they should've called themselves Stony Street or Stony Stratford) have some cool songs with weird and whacky titles like *Jacob's Goat Addiction* and *This Kitten Is Clean*, and at times display an almost Sparks-like feel without sounding like them. The problem with this album is that it doesn't rock out enough; it's too polite, though interesting enough to warrant a listen, especially since they are all aged about twelve. **Mr.J**

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS *Tinderbox* (Spitfire Records)

From the ridiculous to the even more ridiculous, SLF's 1000th album has them sounding like a pub rock version of mid-period Manic Street Preachers. They also seem to have been inspired by funk metal (aargh!), hence the awful cover of Grand Master Flash's *The Message*. Time to take it off. **Mr.J**

YO LA TENGO *I Can Hear The Heart Beating As One* (Matador)

Mushy rock which takes influences from Can and Fleetwood Mac. Tends to the lighter, fluffier side of peace/love psychedelia. The thick sonic texture of *Sugarcube*, with off-key guitars laziness and understated vocals puts them alongside progressive 90's rock outfits. But the daydream feel of the majority of tunes places them in a dreary league of their own, somewhat between the Velvet Underground and spectrum, but not as experimental. Although there seems to be a different vocalist on each song, nothing stands out. It's all too MOR. Unfortunately a remix by seasonal techno pro's µ-jaz did little to increase my interest. no major breakthroughs but loads of scope. **SM**

CARTER USM

A World Without Dave (Cookcd120)

Carter are sounding like EMF without the the techno or energy and maybe listening to too much Pet Shop Boys. This is dire! The title track is a kookie quip classic, the rest, however, seem to have lost their bouyancy. Lots of lines that rhyme, singalong acoustic guitar and some strings. I know someone who would call this twee; and he's be right. Carter have seen the future and its camp-fires, desert island discs with no electro pop finale. Dull. **SM**

PANACEA *Low Profile Darkness* (Chrome)

It's music Jim, but not as we know it... the dark underbelly of drum 'n' bass at times almost unlistenable, at others utterly astonishing, this is the aural equivalent of your worst nightmares. Tune and melody have been extracted from the equation, and the remaining beats, bleeps and sonic bursts are twisted and contorted out of all control. This won't just annoy the neighbours it will give even your freaky, fun-loving techno mates top of the range migraine attacks. Anyone who thinks drum 'n' bass has gone soft with too many lightweight, jazzy excursions should investigate this immediately and prepare those brain cells and body limbs for the ultimate pummeling. **HQ**

LES JUMEAUX *Cobalt* (ITN Corp)

Les Jumeaux is the alter ego of Sheffield-based In The Nursery and *Cobalt* their second collection of seductive beats, whispered vocal lines and orchestrated electronic melancholy. The sound is dominated throughout by lush yet moody and emotive melodies while the rhythm tracks have a wide and welcome diversity, touching on the Mo Wax template and even approaching The Prodigy on the pulsating title track. The experiment in sound manipulation found in ITN's work on sound-tracks and film scores are here brought sharply into focus and fleshed out with some contemporary dubby dance beats. Old fans, however, will be far from disappointed by the craft and innovation on display, while new listeners will be even more beguiled by the album's sombre beauty and breathtaking scope. **HQ**



CRUSTATION *Flame* (Jive)

The original mix, understated, gentle and sublime. More sensual than St. Etienne were before they started slagging off nerds. Boy can this woman sing, the music allowing her ample room to seduce the listener. Mood II Swing pop in to groove it up in a mellow early evening, late night manne, reappearing on *Johns Borderline* (*Insanity Dub*) revisiting that timeless deeper house genre. Comprehensive mixes come in the form of *Freakniks*, *Spacer* and *Fucked Up*, exploring the until now overlooked jazzy, funky and dubby alternative routes of this beauty. **SM**

LOW ART THRILL

The First L. A.T. Album (Island)

A long, sealed polythene sleeve flecked with paint envelops a book of sorts and a plain covered cd is slit open in hopeful anticipation that the music of Low Art Thrill will be as different as the packaging. It is and it isn't, for it is rock 'n' roll Lou Reed style with David Bowie popness and super duper sexy low art lyrics. OK, so they're signed to a major and presented like a do-it-yourself art school act, but there's a certain otherness which makes Low Art Thrill quite compelling. **CC**

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN *Evergreen* (London)

It's common knowledge that the the early 80's were a bad time for music, Wham, Kajagoogoo, Bucks Fizz, Samantha Fox and The Steve Miller Band all having more hits than Mike Gatting. There were some exceptions and Echo & The Bunnymen were one of them. Part of the Liverpool scene which taught us all how to do it clean. After a decade of chart success and sell-out tours and they decided to knock it on the head. The good news is that The Bunnymen are back with a new album *Evergreen* and it's as if they've never been away. It's a bit like the missing link between what was good in their day and what's good now. Had they released this nine years ago it would have been just as good; this is pop music at its best. What keeps coming through is how perfect the songs, production and craft of the tracks are. McCulloch's effortless singing is held in place by the melodies and rhythms which became the Bunnymen's trademark. Sarcastic, loving, tortured lyrics are blended into the catchy choruses we knew and loved. It'll be interesting to see how many singles come of this album, as they all fit that criteria. The accountants at London Records must have been doing somersaults when they first heard this, as it's going to sell like Glastonbury tickets. **SY**

VAR. ARTISTS *You'll Never Walk Alone: The Hillsborough Justice Concert* (V2)

The music and artists captured on this disc take an unfortunate backstage stance on what represents the most hypocritical, frightening, soul destroying man-made disaster of this century and this blood stained disc will never make it to my deck. Everything the title stands for was destroyed in one afternoon of harmless sport, witnessed by millions of people and generated by one chaotic chain of events which originate back to one man's decision. A gate was swung wide open, and the historic flood of men, women and children quick-footed their way to their premature and unjustifiable demise. A perfect example of the non-existence of a god, and of the sometimes misplaced power vested in one man wearing the funeral director colours of the uniform of Queen and state. I personally witnessed every event on that particular day, 15th April 1989, along with a group of friends and relatives, one of whom, Paul Clark, I was at school with and to this day wished I could have been given the chance to know him better, but sadly he passed away. The lack of justice, the mighty presence of intense propaganda and the mortifying insults on the common person's intelligence that represent a large scale cover up, all this to save one man and his colleagues from having to stand up and defend their decision to let hundreds of people surge into an area already bursting at its concrete seams and caging in families that would soon be wrenched apart. I passionately hope that justice one day will prevail. **AH**

THE CRIMINALS

Never Been Caught (Lookout)

Snotty ass Punk rock from Berkeley featuring ex Blatz members and assorted MRR scenesters. Nothing tremendously original but it does have its moments: "woken up drunk and stumbled down the steps swaying with each step/stepping over people passed out who I've never met." (Morning After) I guess some things in punk are universal. NO Victim is a good anti-heroin rant and *Dial H For Homewrecker* had me thinking of Panic. This is not an essential record by any means but if you want to piss off the neighbours it will do the trick. **TFDN**

ALICE COOPER *A Fistful Of Alice* (EMI)

Some of the things I get to review are really off the wall. I mean, a live Alice Cooper album, fer fuck's sake! Anyway this is about as old school as it gets, the forty-something rocker belting through fourteen blood and leather rockers and not a filler track in sight. However, I do get a bit disturbed when the sometime golfer, doll decapitator and poor man's Iggy Pop sings about driving down to the lake to watch the "young girls" (*Under My Wheels*) and the problems of adolescence (*Teenage Lament*). Face it man, you've got your council bus pass and school's been out forever so give it a rest. (Actually, I found myself liking this more than I feel comfortable with.) **TFDN**

CONTEMPT *Shouting The Odds* (Bomb Factory)

This is one mean slab of vinyl from Nottingham. Telford and Wolverhampton. It puts the Protest firmly back in Punk's playground. This lp is angry as a bag of ferrets and the list of subjects upon which spleen is vented includes greed (*Materialism*), Politicians (*Full Of Shit*), mad cow disease (*Serves You Right*), and Man Utd fans (*Glory Seekers*). there isn't a bad track on this but my personal fave has to be *Blackpool* with the lyrics "forward through the nineties whether they like it or not, for some of us that old punk rock just never stops, it'll never stop". When it comes to gutsy street punk, this is the dog's bollocks. **TFDN**

UNION 13 *East Los presents...* (Epitaph)

Epitaph deliver the goods once more and add more diversity to their stable as this 3-piece blast their way through 18 hardcore classics with hardly a pause for breath, sounding at times like early *Youth Of Today* and at others like the bastard sons of Heresy. Half the songs are sung in Spanish, reflecting their LA background, and not understanding the lingo I can only wonder what *Basta Ya De Esplotar* means. On second and third listens (it refuses to leave my deck!) I notice a big Crucifix influence. An almost indispensable release, Hardcore kids, it gets better with every play, so what are you waiting for? Buy the fucker NOW!!! **TFDN**

GUTTERMOUTH *Musical Monkey* (Nitro)

Well packaged, well produced, tight and powerful punk rock from California with hilarious lyrics about, amongst other things, hunting (*What's The Big Deal?*), crap metal bands (*When Hell Freezes Over*) and fanzine fascists (*Musical Monkeys*). Sounding like Screeching Weasel one minute and The Vandal's the next, this is the ideal background music for a warm summer evening of skating. (Not that this reviewer skates— something to do with aerodynamics.) **TFDN**

CHINA DRUM *Fiction Of Life* (Mantra)

Power pop that veers close (but not close enough) to Punk territory. Imagine a sort of Leatherface/Beatles fusion, if you will. The title track is harder than the rest but it is steeped in wannabe chart herodrom. I don't take that much sugar in my coffee. **TFDN**

LEECH WOMAN *33"* (Alternative Tentacles / Invisible)

"SITUATION NORMAL— ALL FUCKED UP!" they scream in unison. Yup, it's heavy duty hubcap hammering hardcore motherfuckers Leech Woman with their debut. They are suffering, they are angry, and they cannot sleep which is not surprising with all this racket going on. It's like an alien battleship has crashed through time and space, entered the Earth's atmosphere, ploughed through a city and come to rest in a blacksmith's workshop where several people are bashing metal. As the first alien drags itself from the wrecked space vehicle one of the workers looks up. "Where's yer tool?" The alien reaches an alternative tentacle into the wreckage and pulls out a flight recorder. "Take me to your leader." The assembled workers break into song, Denis Potter style. "We don't need leaders! We have power!" they chant. "Get up! Get out! Change the world you live in! Fight back!" The aliens join in and Leech Woman is born. Contains nasty surprise bonus track 23. **CC**

ME FIRST & THE GIMME GIMMES

Have A Ball (Fat Wreck Chords)

And having a ball they certainly are, thrashing out in a punk style their all time fave oldies. Thrill to the fuel-injected versions of such classics as *Sweet Caroline*, *Seasons In The Sun*, *Nobody Does It Better* and *Rocket Man*. Top party fodder. Contains extra bonus bowling tips from the Gutter Punks. **CC**

DEATH IN VEGAS *Dirt* ep (Concrete)

Raunchy remixes of a rockin' track from their *Dead Elvis* debut album, sloyer mixing grunge and rap to effect. Contains 31 year-old sample from Woodstock, brought to the fore in full effect on the Mullet mix— well, it is Country Joe & The Fish— and the spooky Old Skool mix weirded out by Richard Fearless. Cool. **CC**

FULL INTENTION

Shake Your Body ep (Sugar Daddy)

Collection of 12" club mixes of Michael Jackson's disco hit. It's standard fare until Discotex Dirty Dub and the minimalist Downtown Mix. So... what's the difference between Michael Jackson and a Tesco bag? One's made of plastic and is harmful to children, the other one's for carrying your shopping home. **CC**

OPTIMUM *Love Junkies* (Aster)

A slice of bright breezy commercial electropop, a disco anthem and a moody, broody orchestral oeuvre. **CC**

BROADCAST *Work And Non Work* ep (Warp)

Warp's latest discovery's previous releases recompiled and re-released showcasing their slight and intimate sound, which fuses mellow breaks with Moog grooviness and fragile vocals all wrapped up in one lovely little package thats ideal for taking or re-enacting your favourite scenes from this life. **Dael**

JIMI TENOR

Sugar Daddy/ Take Me Baby (Warp)

Sleaze ambassador Jimi Tenor lets rip with another stormer from his excellent underrated Intervision lp. *Sugar Daddy* lays on lashings of corrupto pop with Jimi whining and crooning over a throbbing backdrop of archaic synths, while splashing his organ into action as he pleads "Don't let me down," coming across as tortured as Suicide's Alan Vega after a wretched night of cheap tricks and too tight 70's hipsters. The subversion continues with the superb trash of *Take Me Baby* with the lines "take me to the edge of explosion" and the anticipated event of a live climax. Fantastically trashy, Mr. Tenor is the audio equivalent of of an early John Waters movie... unmissable. **Dael**

THE WANNADIES *Shorty* (Indolent Records)

On the camper side of indie is a small, brightly lit stage where the Wannadies reside. I assume the stage is small because the lyric is about tall women finding the short singer unattractive. Ironically, instead of enjoying the predicament the *Livingstone Version* seems like a lament. The inclusion of a cover of *Short People* is the Wannadies using Randy Newman for an all out attack on the already vertically challenged. Quirky! **SM**

REDD KROSS *Secret Life + 4* (This Way Up)

I think we've got on to Eurovision song contest territory here. Good luck! I'm sure a rock cover of Abba's *Dancing Queen* seemed like a good idea. It becomes far more interesting by the third track *Follow The Header* with Pink Floyd's blend of ambient rock, filling out again the way Can might have done it and ending with the energy of Hawkwind. *It's In The Sky* returns to anthemic blandness. Very naff. Doing the Beatles bit on the last track *You Lied Again*. Works though! **SM**

BEN FOLDS FIVE

Battle Of Who Could Care Less (Epic)

I love this ep for its brevity. Three songs, 3.17, 1.33 and 2.02 mins. Catchy as fucking, popastic title tune, a cheeky cover of *Champagne Supernova* and a brilliant toe-tapping theme from Pyser to top it off. **SM**

EMBRACE *One Big Family* ep (Hut)

And its back to rock anthems. Unfortunately *One Big Family* has neither hooks nor staying power. *Dry Kids* could be a middle-aged Primal Scream with Kermit The Frog on vocals. On a high for *You've Only Got To Stop To Get Better* with the messy mesh of distorted guitars that has come to characterise this decade's rock tangent. **SM**

JOCASTA *Change Me* (Sony)

cute. A big sound that's not too cliché, again this is pop at its best. Not so punchy on *The Land Of Do As You Please* as on the outstanding title track. **SM**

DEAD STAR

Don't It Get You Down (Discordant)

Girly rock, singalong pop, mushy round the edges, solid in the middle. enjoyable but give me the insanity of Daisy Chainsaw any day. **SM**

STEREOPHONICS *More Life In A Tramps Vest* (V2)

Far too MOR for any serious cult following. They probably need to make it huge quickly to survive. But I'm not certain if there is much demand for slick 80's festival pop. Otherwise quite catchy. **SM**

THE DHARMAS Channel Hopper (Rhythm King) Great, groovy pop, excited organ and a self-satisfied, confident grin. Instant and fresh. When all the parts work, the fact that it's geared for the Top Ten becomes irrelevant. **SM**

POLESTAR Songs From The Wayside (ADR) It's a shame to go to all that effort to produce a cd only to end up with the quality of a dodgy demo. Uninspired. **SM**

PERIOD PAINS Spice (Zerex) It may well be that in truth Period Pains would give their right ovaries to be in the same position as the Sp-ee Girls, but this bitchy babes-eye-view 3-minute pop punk put down of the famous five—"you're just a bunch of sad old tarts, get a life for Christ's sake!"—is top entertainment. "You're not girls, you're women!" they spit disdainfully and no-one can argue with that coming from a group of teenage girls. Sugar and spice and piss and vinegar. **CC** My record of the month, this vitriolic assault on the Sp-ee Girls is not only good it's essential. Featuring some or all of the Zerex Girls (of *Keep Your Mouth Shut* fame) this record kicks at the very foundations of the manufactured cack that the music industry tells us we need. Having refused to drink fucking P-psi because of their latest marketing ploy I went home, put this on, turned up the volume, opened the doors, cracked a beer and rejoiced in being alive. **TFDN**

FOO FIGHTERS Everlong (Capitol) I haven't heard these before but it's exactly how I imagined—angst-ridden punk/metal grunge done umpteen times before. Would they have a deal with capitol if it wasn't for the Nirvana connection? **Mr.J**

SCARFO Alkaline (Deceptive) More precocious youngsters. I swear that one day a bunch of guitar-slitting foetuses will become the biggest sensation since Our Kid. This is typical indie/punky pop. Pleasant but forgettable. **Mr.J**

THE NICOTINES Planet X (London Records) Planet X has a great riff and sounds uncannily like a rocked up early Shamen (does anybody remember that great album *Drop*, before nasty disco-isms set in?) Yeah, I like this, punky but at the same time psychedelic. Yee-ha! There goes a sneaky Black Sabbath riff! **Mr.J**

THE HYBIRDS Take You Down ep (Heavenly) The blistering four track debut ep from North Notts, psychedelic, Brit-State Side rockers and Heavenly love birds, The Hybirds blend five decades of rock 'n' roll, a Trent End accent, perfect pop songs, and more attitude than an AK47 into a snarling concoction which serves as an aperitif of what is to come. All four tracks are worthy as singles in their own right but only go part of the way in capturing the sheer wall of sound which this trio manage to create live on stage. Warming up is *Seventeen*, a gentle, jingle-jangle affair which still manages to confront you head on with a passion that can only grow on council estates. Reeling fires up the second engine, and moves nearer the clenched teeth of a live performance. *Peter Take Me Down* breaks the Richter scale as they launch into an orgy of influences that span the afore-mentioned five decades of rock n roll, punk, scooterboy soul and a tradition of finely crafted pop songs. Two hearings later and you're singing along to the anthemic chorus that makes Sham 69 sound like crooners, and you're pogoing around the room like a demented budge! The final offering—*The Only Ones* (pt 2) is held together by a throbbing bass line that would earn Adam Clayton his next million! An awesome, unrelentless, torturing track about the desperation to get out of a one horse, dead-end, mining town. This track is nearest to the sound of the band live, high frequency distorted vocals through a megaphone go through you like nails on a blackboard. Catch them soon before you're paying the price of an album to see them. The Hybirds—the only ones. **SY**

THE PASTELS Unfair Kind Of Fame (Domino) The Pastels are obviously into their own thing as this sounds like nothing on Earth. Apart from, maybe, a mellowed out My Bloody Valentine which isn't surprising since one track is a MBV remix. Words like 'languid' and 'ethereal' come to ind, as do 'soporific' and 'boring'. It's 'relaxing' as well. **Mr.J**

SUPER FURRY ANIMALS The International Language Of Screaming (Creation) Oh dear, they seem to be taking things a little too easy. Going for 'sha la la's' and 'ooh-wee-oohs' in place of challenging rhythms, melodies and arrangements. Is this SFA going for broke and mass teen appeal, or just a phase that'll pass? Only time will tell. I hope they get harder. **SM**

PLACEBO Bruise Pristine (Floor) Fret scratching grows in the form of Placebo, having more of an effect than their name suggests. Whined and snarled like a wolf caught in a snare, with slow beats, spiralling LFO's and big bass for the One Inch Punch mix, these are death grooves for the gothically inclined. **SM**

WEAVE She Smiles (XMR 42) Sixth form sounding silliness with average production and awful vocals. At times irritating in its self indulgence and a tendency to drag on, especially *Talk Sense*. Other songs, *She Smiles* and *Gone Tomorrow* are tediously frivolous, if not whimsical. On a lighter note, good use of special effects and enough poetic variation—anything from "Loving you is like suicide" to "I'm so low, I've been jacking up in God's back seat"—to remind you of your love-sick teen years. Could be interesting to watch Weave develop further than this premature ejaculation. **SM**

OP8 feat. LISA GERMANO Sand (V2) Sand is a softly spoken, cleverly scripted conversation between a man and a woman. A cute arrangement includes mandolin, xylophones and distorted violin. 'Country Folk' could be its tag and its location the end of a film like *Thelma & Louise*. **SM**

SILVERCHAIR Abuse Me/Freaks (Murmur) The remix of *Freaks* is simply monstrous. Big, nasty, techno rock, seething industrial groove. Gigantic! **SM**

POSH Porn Star (Rhythm King) Soft, throw away, girlie punk including lines such as "I'm not a size queen but he fills my silver screen." Get the picture? **SM**

SHERE KHAN Midnight / NYC (Dedicated) Standard D&B with sublime mellotron swoosh and bubbly background, otherwise no better than anything else thrown up by the genre. **CC**

WORLDWIDE RAP with Flight Cap'n D? C.I.?

LEE RAMSEY RD Stile (Real Deal)
HOODWINK Trip From The Hip (Mute)
MC SOLAAR Paradisiaque (Parlophone)
IAM L'Ecole Du Micro D'Argent (Delabel)

COPONE'N'NOREAGA War Report (Tommy Boy)
WYCLEF JEAN The Carnival (Columbia)

IN THE BRITISH CORNER...

Lee Ramsey's second single, like his first, is easily one of the best UK hip hop records you're likely to find. Shame it sounds American. But maybe that's 'our' fault seeing as 'we' would rather spend our cheddar on US product than UK. Anyway, it's really a mini LP with it's 5 tracks plus 3 instrumental versions. The tracks that start each side, *The Cold Air Passes* (Through Me Tho') and *Soldiers Of War* (both featuring female rapper Tempa) are, as a colleague put it, "Karaoke Mobb Deep and Foxy Brown." The main track *If You Could Change* is a tale of the ghetto, a good tale. It's notable that at the end of it on the shout out Lee lets his Nottingham accent slip in when he says "St Anns." *Few Remain In The Game* with it's haunting UK feel is the the real main track and is real quality UK hip hop. But it's the posse cut, *Underground Session* that shows real promise with S.Fidel and J.Gold rapping in the style of round these parts. It's only let down by the straight up Mobb Deep chorus. Buy it. It's still real good. Hoodwink, also on their second, is some of that funkier fli fun rap isht us Brits come out with now and again. It ain't as good as their previous and even jollier *Done Like A Kipper*, but it's ok. Available in three mixes: Scissorkicks (Stereo MC's-ish), Widereceiver (Chem Bros-ish slow like) and the brilliant RJ mix that is a stripped down big beat-ish drum 'n' bass influenced (gentle) stormer. Is this the future of UK hip hop? Unrecognisable remixes or straight copies of the US?

IN LE FRENCH CORNER...

Fact: France has a very very lively Hip Hop scene that put's our to shame. Many acts are on major labels and 'chart hits' are as common as Mack. But the only french act anyboggia is likely to have heard of over here is MC Solaar, who's now on his third LP. His flow is slightly different, but he's still the smoothest Senagalese MC on the bloc. The new 'un is generally quite laid back with polished production by La Funk Mob an' dead popla 'ousers Motorbass. Standout tracks are the Diana Ross sampling title track, the peculiar Wonderbra, the disco funkied Les Boys Bantend and Les Temps Changent (Forget Me Knots), and the old Solaar some of us know and love of *Quand Le Soleil Devient Froid*. But it's the track *Zoom* that gives the game away. House. That's the feel of the LP, the

use of the samples and style of synths. Ok thez no thump thump thump, but it's definitely there. Which makes it a very nice, accessible album. IAM, also on their third are, shall we say, more "ardcore" (pronounced with a French accent). This triple lp doesn't have the astounding originality, humour and general dancefloor friendliness of their second *Ombre Est Lumiere* but it's still got it going on. It includes the current (import) single *La Saga* featuring Wu Tang Fam members Sunz Of Man. It's not the only track that'll mek you shout 'Yo Wu Tang! Yo Mobb Deep!', but it is worth noting their sound is summat they've had since that second quadruple, yes quadruple, LP way back in '93. Anyway other choice cuts are the booming title track, the strings infected *L'Empire Du Côte Obscur*, the cool take on G-funk *Un Cri Court Dans Nuit*, the posse cut *L'Enfer* and the epic 9 minute *Demain C'Est Loin* which is no choruses, just straight up rapping. A classic for '97. Mind you if you've one of those typical Brits abroad attitudes, ie "Yeah, but y'can't undastand a fookin' word they're saying, innit," I guess I've just wasted my time.

IN THA US CORNER...

Funny thing tolerance. How else would you explain the Wu Tang Clan's current LP debuting at No. 1? It's 1997 and who would've thought a crew, who amongst other things, specialise in violent lyrical imagery (?) and the usual bogstandard misogyny would knock U2, Boyzone, I dunno, whoever, offa the top spot. Which brings me neatly to *War Report* by CNN which has had a helluva lot of favourable press, as well as a major marketing campaign and as a result is selling quite well. On it is a track called *Parole Violators* which is censored towards the end of it in classic 'spin back the offensive word/words' rap fashion. Uncensored it goes something like this: "Yo we masked her / Painted the heat / Duck taping her / Gag her mouth so she can't scream / Start raping her / Can't call her / You won't miss her 'cos we're taping her / Raping her / raping her. I guess it's only a matter of time...." The saddest thing is that it took this album for me to realise rap had lost it's way a long time ago.

The Carnival is a breath of fresh air in any context. But I can't imagine anyboggia buying it tho' (OK, so I did) except maybe those who've got the single *We Trying to Stay Alive* and were impressed enough to buy the album. After all, he has a very good pedigree as Fugees member and producer. It's not that it's awful, tho' tracks like *Guantanamo* and *Gone Til November* do tread that very thin (white) line (don't do it!). But he is pretty wack singer, I think. Anyway, it's just that you would not believe how varied this album is. You've got y'reggae in *Gunpowder* (hey! featuring Robert Nestor Marley's backing singers!) and *Jaspura*, Calypso-ish Soca-ish Caribbean tings that are *Yele*, *Carnival* and *San Fezi* (all performed in French/Creole), the one with the Neville Brothers Mona Lisa, straight up hip hop *Anything Can Happen* (freestyle) and *Year Of The Dragon* (posse cut), the highly original opera sampling *Apocalypse*, the very funny courtroom based skits and not to mention the (sorry, but personally I think it's an all time classic) single. It's a good LP. A very good LP. But I can't imagine hop hoppuz buying it coz "It don't represent. Word", I can't imagine the pop fannuz buying it coz "It's too friggin' weird man." It could find a home with your roots music fans, but it won't coz it's rap music, "And we all know about rap music, DON'T WE?" It's worth a listen, buy it even. You'll honestly be amazed. Keep it real 'n' beggin' 4 da nine 7. I'm out like Ellen (but not that way).

D? C?

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