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THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

ISSUE # 56 cover picture **RADIATOR** by SEAN POLLOCK



GIG AND CLUB LISTINGS

FILM, THEATRE, BOOK, DISC, DEMO AND LIVE REVIEWS

VISUALL

NIL BY MOUTH
WILDE
WELCOME TO SARAJEVO
BEDDERS & PIKE
THE MYSTERIES OF SEX
PREACHER
KINGDOM COME
TALES FROM
THE BOOT CAMPS

DISCOVERALL

THE CRYSTAL METHOD
MOBY
BOB DYLAN
BLACK GRAPE
CREAM ANTHEMS
LL COOL J
STRANGELOVE
THE A BAND
CATHY BONNER

FRIED ALIVE

NOVA LOUNGE
FREEKSPERT
SILVER APPLES
POOKA
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

SOME BUT NOT ALL THE INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN MAY BE FALSE. STAY ALERT!

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Dubble Kreem

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JUNK with DJ Tony Global

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FLY (t.b.c) from 10th Oct

SOLA from 17th Oct

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with

Simon The Vinyl Junkie

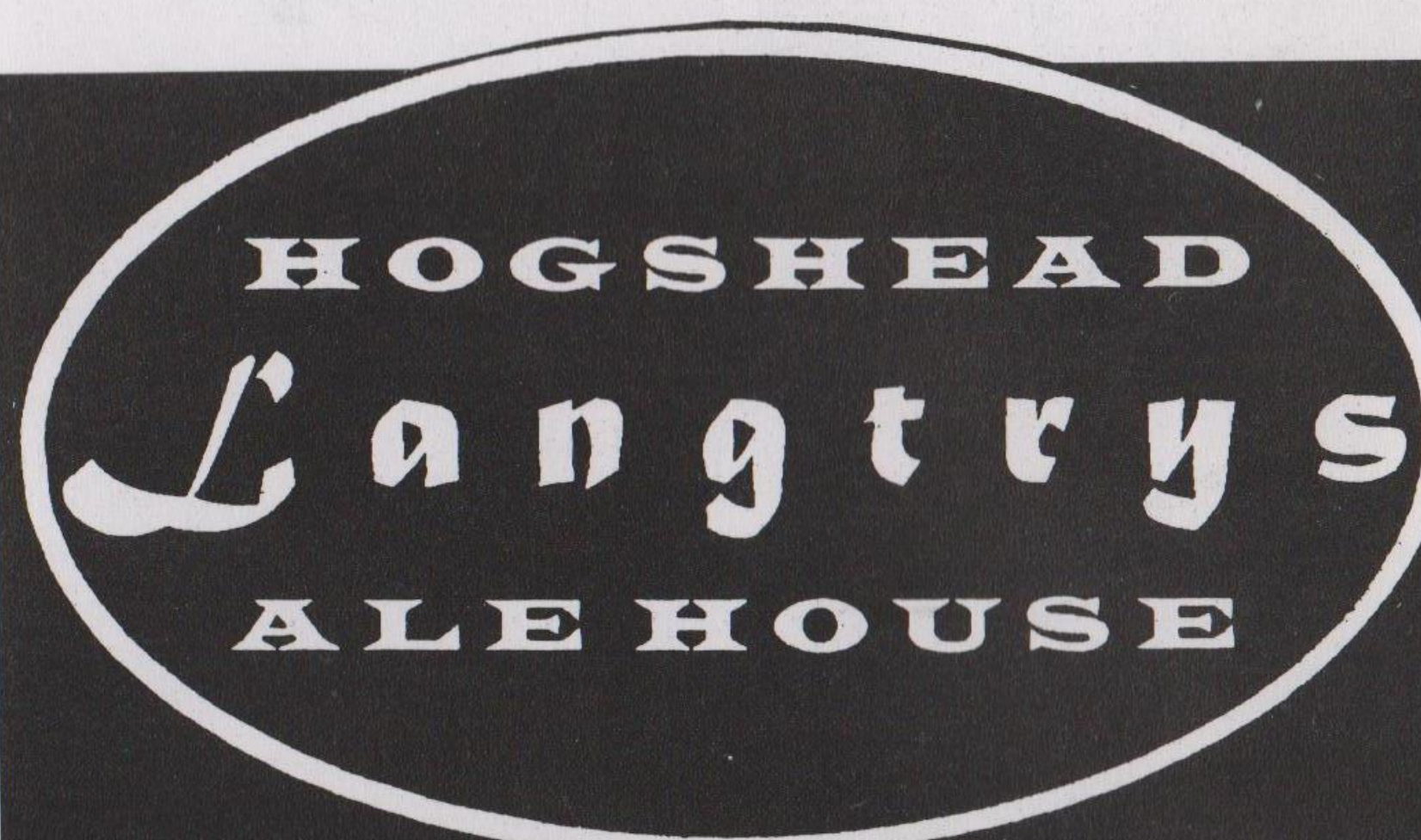
"Excellent mixing" PULSE MAGAZINE "Delightful" MIXMAG

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cover photo: **RADIATOR** who have been kicking up a storm at various warehouse parties on the underground London circuit including their own club-cum-home Out Real Studios in the East End. They originally set up home at the Out Real ware-house club in 1996 helping to put on the notoriously sweaty, dance-til-you-drop all-nighters until they graduated to playing live at them as well. The frenzied, supersonic Radiator live experience, infused with a concoction of Led Zeppelin, the Pistols and the M25 House scene, hits the road this month for a six-week long nationwide tour which brings them to Sam Fay's on Sun 23rd Nov.

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Published by Paul Overall with assistance from Alex McKenzie.
Contributions from: Gareth Thompson, Christine Chapel, Hank Quinlan, Matt Arnoldi, Dael, Ady Harper, Mischa Gulseven, The fat Dead Nazi and David Gregory. Special thanks to Chris The Resource, Graham The Printer and Nigel The Finisher.

Overall

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Nottingham

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► 11 Chapel Bar

Nottingham

Town House

Friday 12 Dec

6.00pm-9.00pm

► 8 & 10 Low Pavement

Nottingham



THE LONGEST DRINK IN THE WORLD.

visuale



NIL BY MOUTH

Gary Oldman's debut as a director is a gritty, hard-hitting portrayal of a family on the verge of a nervous breakdown in the seedier suburbs of south east London. Very much in the style of Ken Loach and John Cassavetes this is cinema verité drama with Kathy Burke giving a fine performance as the downtrodden wife of a violent, abusive and possessive husband (Ray Winstone) who takes who takes his fists out first to his drug-taking brother-in-law (Charlie Creed-Miles) and later to his own wife. Written by Oldman himself and co-produced with assistance from his long-standing friend and director in his own right, Luc Besson, *Nil By Mouth* contains four-letter words by the lorry load, but the streetwise dialogue is also chilling in its authenticity. As for the drama, this is awkwardly numbing edge-of-your-seat material which leaves you chilled to the bone and wondering what will happen next. Beneath the surface is the kind of frightening, powder-keg violence that could erupt at any point.

Oldman's debut is not all violence and bad language though, far from it. At times you laugh with the characters who can still poke fun at their own cheesed-off urban existence. Kathy Burke as the mother is central to everything, giving a brave, honest and thoroughly inspiring performance in the shadow of her pig of a husband. Shooting on location in Bermondsey and New Cross, Oldman the director has made the most of an intelligent score by Eric Clapton. He also keeps a tight grip on the expression of emotions and explores much of his own past in the process. Although his own father was not as violent as the figure portrayed by Winstone, Oldman's mother certainly had to make ends meet in much the same way that Kathy Burke does here. Oldman emerges with a most promising debut about how a lack of communication can disrupt a family, and if you are wondering about the title, *Nil By Mouth* has a most poignant explanation that is revealed towards the end of a thoroughly absorbing and true to life domestic drama.

Matt Arnold

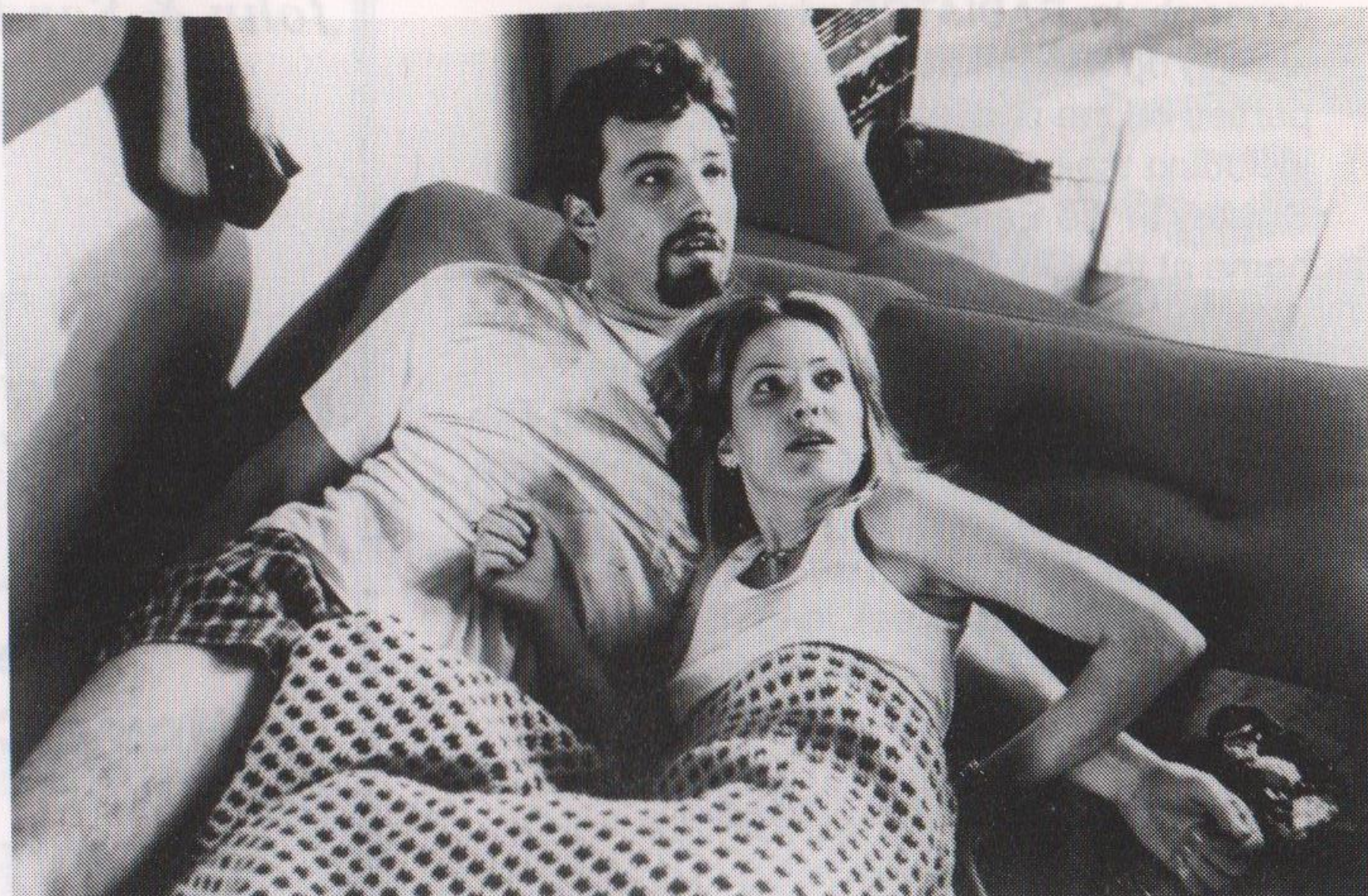
Take *Nil By Mouth* at Broadway from Friday 14th - Thursday 27th November.



WELCOME TO SARAJEVO

Michael Winterbottom, the young, talented British director behind *Jude* and *Butterfly Kiss* is currently in great demand. His latest film is an angry diatribe against the neglect shown by politicians of Western powers towards the Bosnian-Serb war which wrecked Sarajevo in 1992. Winterbottom attacks a head-in-the-sand policy, suggesting "politicians and public turned over to the sitcom on the other channel rather than face what was happening" on the other side of Europe. It suits a populist cinematic medium that loves to be able to apportion blame even if the reality may have been more complex. Plotwise here, Michael loosely bases his story on the real life struggle that ITN reporter Michael Nicholson made to adopt a young orphan in order to give her a better life in England. The Nicholson role here is a journalist called Henderson played by young Brit Stephen Dillane. Woody Harrelson pops up as a rival American hack prepared to dodge the bullets to get the best story whilst antipodean Kerry Fox tries to give support to the anguished Henderson. Emily Lloyd pops up too as a bright freelancer, a virgin in war reporting who manages to find a scoop in her capture of the concentration-like camps that starved prisoners of war. Where Winterbottom's film is at its strongest in its depiction of everyday folk going about their business. Local men helping another to look smart for the chance of a job in the Foreign Office; smiles as locals wolf down an omelette having long ago given up on finding eggs; a man dodging the bullets as he brings water through a no go area; and the cold depiction of a media frenzy of Press vultures descending on the sick and the dead minutes after another mortar attack leaves a hopeless scene of carnage.

Welcome To Sarajevo at Broadway Fri 21st Nov - Thurs 4th Dec.



CHASING AMY dir. Kevin Smith

Clerks writer/director Kevin Smith returns with this provocative yet poignant comedy drama about a young guy's obsessive love for a self-professed lesbian. Opening at a comic book convention we find Holden (Ben Affleck) and his buddy Banky (Jason Lee, not the pineapple-head who used to play for Forest) busy signing copies of their popular creation 'Bluntman And Chronic'. Fellow artist Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams) immediately attracts Holden's attention but later, at the female oriented Meow Mix club, his sexual aspirations receive a serious set-back when he sees her making out with another woman. Nonetheless Holden persists and friendship blossoms before he finally breaks down and tells her of his true feelings. A relationship ensues but problems with jealousy, confusion and Alyssa's promiscuous past provide a rocky path to the perfect romance. In supporting roles Dwight Ewell camps it up as an acerbic drag queen and director Smith himself returns in a neat cameo as Clerks' refugee Silent Bob. Certain elements of the film will obviously annoy PC perfectionists, and the primary point of view is undoubtedly straight, immature and male. However, Smith and his cast deal with the sexual politics in such a honest and humorous way that it soon wins out over any initial reservations. The resolution is disappointingly soft and contrived but elsewhere the dialogue is witty and irreverent and the characters credible and engaging. As a long time fan (current favourite is *Preacher*) the director is also very much at home in the whacky world of comics which forms an interesting and unusual backdrop. Apparently his next assignment is writing the words for Clark Kent and his Kryptonian superego in the new Superman movie. Step forward Silent Bob, it's time to save the world.

HQ

Go Chasing Amy at Broadway from Fri 28th Nov.

HOUSE OF AMERICA

Another Brit, Marc Evans, brings us *House Of America* in which a trio of jobless Welsh youngsters in spice up their drab existence with hopes of an American Dream and, more specifically, a call from Dad who seemingly left the family home to settle in America. A revved up soundtrack peps up this slice of life domestic drama in which the engaging Lisa Palfrey and Kurt Cobain lookalike Steven Mackintosh live out the adventurous life of Beat writer Jack Kerouac to make life in a small mining town in south Wales a good deal more interesting. Evans handles with dexterity scenes at the local pit where Mackintosh and fellow actor Matthew Rhys try to get jobs, showing how even their own mother is prepared to thwart whatever chances they have of making something of themselves.

On the downside, the picture never leaves the bleakness of their existence and is therefore a one-groove film where all the viewer can do is sympathise with the plight of these no-hopers for whom even a job is a seemingly impossible dream. On the up, though, is the fact Evans keeps a few decent surprises up his sleeve and produces some good performances from a small but promising cast.

MA

PHOTOGRAPHING FAIRIES

Like *Heavenly Creatures* this period drama invites you to believe in another world, a world where fairies exist. Before you dismiss this out of hand take note that a strong cast give satisfying performances in a film that is an undoubted triumph for British newcomer writer/director Nick Willing. In the story, photographer Charles Castle (Toby Stephens) loses his wife in tragic circumstances and becomes obsessed with the idea that there may be an afterlife and with it the chance for him to be reunited with his loved one. A picture given to him appears to show the image of a fairy. It could be a fake, but what if it actually shows something real? Charles abandons his daily portrait business to get to the heart of the matter and in so doing becomes inveigled in a world where, in country forests, those who eat a certain flower will be taken into another dimension. Is this for real or simply an hallucinatory experience. Willing leaves that question open-ended and a good British cast including the likes of Ben Kingsley, Phil Davis, Edward Hardwicke and Frances Barber shine in their respective roles. The nymph-like beings created by Ron Mueck are a delight to watch and certainly easy to believe in. Less credible is a funny scene later on in which Ben Kingsley chops down a huge oak tree in seconds with an axe that looks like it couldn't chop carrots. It's a momentary lapse in a rewarding film that sticks in the mind long after you've seen it.

MA

SHOOTING FISH dir. Stefan Schwartz

Shooting Fish is yet another best British comedy since *Four Weddings And A Funeral* and the sad thing for British comedy is that it's probably true. But then, *Four Weddings*... wasn't that funny either. The story of *Shooting Fish* centres around a couple of sadistic capitalists, American smart talker Dylan (Dan Futterman) and technical nerd Jez (Stuart Townsend) who will stop at nothing to earn or con or steal a few bob. Some of their antics are, indeed, quite funny such as Dylan's improvised sales pitch for a talking computer. But the problems occur with the idea that we are supposed to like these guys. Every plot device in the book is thrown at us, from orphanage childhoods to Down's syndrome (in fact sympathy for the handicapped is very much the vogue for Brit com characters—see *Four Weddings*... and *Truly, Madly, Deeply*) in order to make us root for Dylan and Jez in their Machiavellian pursuit of a stately home and posh love interest Kate Beckinsale. That cinematic cliché shot of raining cash (soon to be seen in *A Life Less Ordinary*) is thrown in as if we should drool at the sight of lots of money, despite the fact that we've seen it on screen several thousand times before. Had we been encouraged to dislike Dylan and Jez then perhaps we would have the best British comedy since *Life Of Brian* on our hands. But, as it happens, miles of futile footage are wasted on the desperate accumulation of likeable tidbits of our heroes' personalities in order to lead us to a happy ending which, frankly, leaves a foul taste in the mouth. Shame, because one or two bits of *Shooting Fish* are laugh out loud funny.

David Gregory

WILDE dir. Brian Gilbert

The long overdue biopic of Oscar Wilde has Stephen Fry aptly cast as the seminal witty man and accidental gay martyr. The film covers Wilde's life from the beginning of his marriage which produced two children, through his discovery of his homosexuality to his doomed love for the considerably younger man, Bosie (Jude Law), which would eventually lead to his imprisonment for crimes of obscene conduct. It is perhaps unfortunate that the film will not reach a mass audience due to its mixture of costume drama politeness and homosexual passion, since the role of Oscar as cultural revolutionary is as pertinent today as it ever was. The film gleefully illustrates the way in which he observed the hypocrisy within upper class society in the late 1800's with his cutting satire. It also dwells on Wilde's love of beauty despite it's sexual or class origins—a view which could not be understood by the court which convicted him. It eventually becomes a tragedy because the society who applauded the subversive in his work were to crucify him for it in his personal life.

Wilde plays more like a BBC Sunday night mini-series than a feature film. There's a lot of fake facial hair and stock actors wheeled out for the gig, not to mention some dodgy direction and basic studio lighting. All of these things detract from its supposed depiction of historical reality. Furthermore, the relationship between Bosie and Wilde dominates the film without actually delving too far beneath the surface of an intellectual older man in love with a belligerent rich kid. Having said that, Fry plays Wilde with plenty of aplomb and the man's life, although rendered somewhat superficial, is worthy of two hours of anyone's attention.

David Gregor

SMILLA'S FEELING FOR SNOW dir. Bille August

There's carnage, chaos and blood on the big screen as a classic modern novel is helplessly bastardised and butchered to death. Peter Hoeg's 1992 best-seller combines a complex whodunit mystery with the more profound exploration of identity, alienation and colonial fall-out. Its heroine Smilla Jaspersen, a scientist of Inuit and American origin, is a wonderfully created character; cold and insolent yet intelligent and resourceful. All of this and more, the film fails completely to capture. Copenhagen, Greenland and the arctic's icy landscapes provide an intriguing backdrop but the script and cast never convey the original's unique sensibility. The closest thing to that on film is perhaps *The Kingdom* by Hoeg's fellow Dane Lars Von Trier. If only he had been in the director's chair we could now be crying "masterpiece" instead of "commercial cop-out".

Hank Quinlan

Share Smilla's Feeling For Snow nationwide this winter.

VOLCANO dir. Mick Jackson

Dormant, dead, extinct. We all thought we'd seen the last of that terrifying 70's phenomenon the 'disaster movie' but thanks to ID4 it's back bigger, badder and more brain-addled than before. Once again good actors can ruin their reputations as dargs, cats and dumb kids are safely rescued while cliché-ridden formulae are endlessly repeated to farcical effect. Here downtown L.A. is threatened by an active volcano but it's daft lava not hot lava that flows flows from the molten mountain of celluloid. Keep away from children. If exposed seek medical advice immediately.

HC

THAT'S SEXPLOITATION: The Forbidden World Of 'Adults Only' Cinema by Eddie Muller and Daniel Farris (Titan Books £14.99)

From the 1930's to the 1970's this book chronicles the history of the Grindhouse and the intrepid entrepreneur who exploited the lust, loneliness greed and ignorance of the American public. Emphasising colourful anecdote over hard, critical analysis the authors take us from the early forms of erotic entertainment (sex hygiene movies and crazed dope fiends through the hybrid genres of the 50's and 60's (nudie-cutie, roughie, mondo) up to the birth of hardcore video in the mid-70's. Barely acknowledged and often ignored altogether in standard historical overviews, this book highlights all the key films and figures; *And God Created Woman* with Bridget Bardot, Russ Meyer's *The Immoral Mr Teas*, Linda Lovelace in *Deep Throat*, Marilyn Chambers in *Behind The Green Door* and Swedish oddity *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. For Muller and Farris though the most fascinating aspect of the story is that of the swindlers and sleaze-bags who sold their dubious product to the paying punter. The difference between what they promised in the packaging and posters and what was actually delivered was as great as you can imagine. Audiences in the 30's seeking out a sinful cinematic experience would be disappointed to discover that both *Forbidden Desires* and *Fools Of Desire* were actually all about venereal disease, and that *Maniac*, purportedly a study of clinical dementia, was in fact a 60-minute geek show featuring rape, nudity, women exercising in their underwear and a man eating a cat's eyeball. Also of interest is the chronic and at times absurd role played by censorship in the development of the Adult Only movie, and the obscurities which lie hidden in even the most reputable filmography (*Tonight For Sure*, a nudie-cutie from the late 50's, was apparently Francis Ford Coppola's first foray into film-making). Finally, telling their own tale of a different and very remote time are the hundreds of illustrations, movie posters, lobby cards, memorabilia and stills. They alone make this an eye-catching, if not entirely essential, purchase.

HQ

BEDDERS AND PIKE The Hard Graft Theatre Company Nottingham Playhouse William Younger Suite

Third time out for the newly formed Nottingham-based theatre company, *Bedders And Pike* was written by EMMY and BAFTA winning local writer Julian Kemp and is set in the toilets of a northern working men's club. Bedders and Pike are a comedy double act waiting to perform, and spend their time digesting, dissecting and arguing about the great mysteries of comedy and whether or not they're going to get their heads kicked in when they go before a very drunk and aggressive audience. Lightning quick dialogue and jocular interaction between actors generated a level of spontaneity which created a realistic atmosphere in the somewhat restrictively sized venue. The unintentional irony and comparison of crowd sizes in the play conjured up an intimacy with the audience and some irresistible, contagious laughter. With relatable glimpses of everyday life, the play's undertones were immediately accessible to the small audience. The artistic use of foul and abusive language was extremely funny and without the swearing would have lost a definite edge to a complete comedy that must be seen to be understood. Fucking ace.

Ady Harper

Sundays
12.15pm - 2.45pm
The Footwarmers

Sundays
8.00pm - 10.30pm
Mind The Gap

Blunt Juba

Mondays
8.00pm - 10.30pm
The Omega Band

Tuesdays
8.00pm - 10.30pm
Shod Collective

The Johnny Johnstone Band

25

YEARS OF

2433

at
THE BELL INN
in the
Old Market Square

NEW FOR
WEDNESDAYS
8.00pm - 10.30pm
Twenty Six Red

R 'n' B and BLUES
Espiritu
Flamenco/Gypsy Guitar Duo

KINGDOM COME Alex Ross and Mark Waid (Titan Books £9.99)

It's the 21st Century and time is running out for humanity. The superheroes have long since lost their sense of purpose, having no more supervillains to fight, and have begun to fight among themselves in a bid to take over the world. In a huge battle between Magog's forces and Parasite, Captain Atom is split open unleashing nuclear devastation which kills a million people and destroys the mid-west corn belt, the bread basket of the world. The battle is on to save the world. First on the scene is Wonderwoman whose prime task is to cajole a disillusioned Superman out of rural retirement. An army of superheroes must be assembled to fight a war for truth and justice. Naturally they all jump into the fray with the gritty determination and blind, angry self-righteousness. Could this final battle also be the end of humanity? This story is from the *Eseworlds*, the revisionist end of graphic novels where the usual rules don't apply, where heroes are taken from their usual settings and put into strange times and places. Enter the Batman, unmasked years before and now broken and battered from so many years of crime-fighting that his body is held together by an exo-skeleton. He gathers together the offspring of the current metahuman generation—only to do a deal with the lousy Lex Luthor who has joined forces with a middle-aged Catwoman and an aging Riddler...

In fact, in this apocalyptic tale with strong echoes of *The Watchmen*, there are more than one hundred superheroes, revamped and revised from DC and Marvel comics, after a series which took the world of comics by storm. Fully painted here by award winning artists Alex Ross, the characters appear in astounding colour and emotional detail. Join their witness Pastor Norman McCay and Spectre as they mingle silently among Captain Marvel, The Flash, The Green Lantern, Robin, The Ray, Aquaman, Hawkman, Batman, Superman, Wonderwoman and the rest, all on first name terms and facing a personal struggle between the human and the superhuman.

Christine Chapel

TALES FROM THE BOOT CAMPS Steve Claridge and Ian Ridley

It seems, these days, that everyone and his dog is writing a book about footie. It seems that the rise of the football fanzine and the "new laddish" attitudes in the world of journalism are responsible for a plethora of crap books. Titles like *Linesman—A Life On The Edge* and *I Was A Teenage Ball Boy* are everywhere with publishers using the ethos of 'throw enough shit at the wall and some of it will stick'. However, now and again a true gem emerges like *Fever Pitch* or *Children Of Albion Rovers* and this latest *Tales From The Boot Camps*. Footballing memories abound much as you'd expect from a player who has been at Bournemouth reserves, non-league Weymouth, Aldershot (where the club was so poor the players weren't paid for weeks and Claridge had to sell fruit and veg in the club car park after training), Cambridge, Luton (where he told John Beck to stick his training routine up his arse) Birmingham and Leicester City. That side of the book is hilarious and engaging, so don't read it on the bus because people tend to stare at you when you laugh out loud. But it's the story of Claridge's addiction to gambling and its inevitable consequences which provides a gripping sub-plot. "The gambling often controlled me, bringing misery far beyond the £300.00 or so I reckon I've done during my career." This is definitely a book of two halves, and the lad done well. Avoid the clichés, read this book.

TFDN

FRIED CIRCUIT

NOVEMBER 1997
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friday 7th

COLD CUT / HEX
Digital Clubbing
DJ VADIM / SIMON MU
Dubble Bubble
BULLYRAG
Rock City
THE VELDT
Filly & Firkin
THE GINMILL SYNCOPATORS
The Maze
BORDERLINE
Marquis Of Lorne
STONE
Derby The Victoria
VELVATONE / SYMPATHY JONES
Ralph
Mansfield The Old Library
FLAMING STARS / SURF
CREATURES
Leics The Charlotte

saturday 8th

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm-6pm Nottm The Golden Fleece
THE NIGHTPORTERS
The Running Horse
THE FRANK WHITE BAND
The Maze
SPEAR OF DESTINY
Rock City
THE JUG BAND
Marquis Of Lorne
CONDEMNED SOUL / ROACH /
CRUEL HUMANITY
666 night
Derby The Victoria
THE GOOD SONS
The Flowerpot
WISHBONE ASH
Mansfield Leisure Centre
YO LA TENGO / MOVIE TONE
Leics The Charlotte

sunday 9th

KELLY'S HEROES
Nottm The Golden Fleece
THE ROADHOUSE BLUES BAND
The Running Horse
BLURRED CLARITY THEATRE
Carnival
The Maze
DAFT PUNK
Rock City
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
BLUNT
8pm
The Bell Inn

SWING HOLIDAY
Leics The Charlotte
THE PAT MCCARTHY BAND
lunchtime
STOMP BROTHERS
evening
Marquis Of Lorne
A BAND CALLED FLYNN
Derby The Victoria
BULLYRAG
Sheffield The Leadmill

monday 10th

PIERRE BENSUSAN
Nottm The Running Horse
OZRIC TENTACLES
Rock City
THE OMEGA BAND
The Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece
VOGUE MINOGUE
Ritzy
SKA WARS
Derby The Victoria
STUMBLE
The Loft
TOM PAXTON
& CLIVE GREGSON
The Flowerpot

tuesday 11th

ULTRAVIOLENCE
INTERFERENCE
DJ MARK SPIVEY
Nottm Sam Fay's
THE BOOTHILL TOETAPPERS
The Golden Fleece
RACHAEL PENNELL
The Running Horse
JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
JAZZ BAND
The Bell Inn
KULE JAZZ
Langtry's
VANILLA POD / 1 CAR PILE UP
CONSUMED
Derby The Victoria
ERNEST JOHNSON DECEASED
The Dolphin
DUST JUNKIES / NO SANTA
Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 12th

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
Nottm The Running Horse
THE FAB 4
Beatlemania
Sam Fay's
PETE THE FEET
Marquis Of Lorne
THE BLUES BAND
Derby The Flowerpot
STRAPPING YOUNG LAD
Leics De Montford

thursday 13th

IN THE DARK
Expo
Nottm The Maze
THE PROFESSIONALS
Derby The Victoria
SCARFO
Union One
GLITTERBOX / MANBREAK / A
Leics The Charlotte
STRAPPING YOUNG LAD
Sheffield University

friday 14th

4 ON THE FLOOR
Nottm The Running Horse
PETER &
THE TEST TUBE BABIES
The Meadow Club
PLANET CAKE
The Lenton
THE ROLLING CLONES
The Maze

monday 15th

SPAWNY
Filly & Firkin
TWENTY-SIX RED
Marquis Of Lorne
ULTRAVIOLENCE
LEECH WOMAN
Derby The Victoria
MIDNIGHT RESISTANCE
Peek
Leics Starlite 2001
NICK HARPER
The Charlotte
THE CHIHUAHUAS
Chesterfield The Green Rooms

saturday 15th

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm
Nottm The Golden Fleece
EASE
acoustic set
The Maze
BLURRED CLARITY THATRE CO.
Carnival until 20th
Filly & Firkin

THE HAT BAND
Marquis Of Lorne
CHICKEN ASS BLUES BAND
The Running Horse
CELTARABIA
Derby The Flowerpot
PLAYER / THE DANDYS
Leics The Charlotte
GLITTERBOX / MANBREAK / A
Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 16th

DA DOG
Nottm The Golden Fleece
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
MIND THE GAP
8pm
The Bell Inn
THE BOB HUDSON QUARTET
lunchtime
STOMP BROTHERS
evening
Marquis Of Lorne
OUT OF THE BLUE
The Running Horse

NINE INVISIBLE NINJAS
OF THE APOCALYPSE
Leics The Charlotte

monday 17th

JOHN RENBOURNE
& JACKIE MCSHAY
Nottm The Running Horse
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece
THE OMEGA BAND
The Bell Inn
SURF CREATURES
Derby The Loft
DENISE PFEIFFER / THE GENIES
TWISTED KITES
Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 18th

SUPER 8 / SUGAR & LUST
BROMIDE
Nottm Sam Fay's
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
The Bell Inn
KULE JAZZ
Langtry's
GLEN N TILBROOK
Derby The Flowerpot
WHITE & COLLINS
The Dolphin
TAMPASM / FAST ORANGE
Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 19th

D? CI?
Nottm Café Bleu
DJ SIMON WHITE
Boogie Wonderland
The Maze
THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's
SUPERGRASS
Rock City
PETE THE FEET
Marquis Of Lorne

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
The Running Horse
THE CHIHUAHUAS
Derby The Eclipse
GLENN TILBROOK
Leics The Charlotte
LINDISFARNE
Newark The Palace

thursday 20th

DJ DAZZEE
Gift from the Gods
Nottm Essance
THE ELECTRIC EXPERIENCE
The Maze
WHITE ROOM
The Running Horse
BI-JOVI / EARTHWOOD
Derby The Victoria

friday 21st

SEX TOYS
Children In Need appeal
Nottm The Filly & Firkin
WHOLE SOME FISH
Marquis Of Lorne
KELLY'S HEROES
The Maze
GREGG WRIGHT'S LEFT HOOK
The Running Horse
LOUISE
Royal Concert Hall
RADIATOR
Sheffield Corporation
HYSTERIA
Derby The Victoria
THE TANSADS / HER ALIBI
Leics The Charlotte

saturday 22nd

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm
The Golden Fleece
THE WORLD IS OUR PICKET
LINE
Benefit for the striking dockworkers
5pm
The Old Angel

OASISN'T
The Maze
KELLY'S HEROES
Marquis Of Lorne
CARNIVAL OF THIEVES
The Running Horse
THE CRACK
Derby The Flowerpot
TOWER STRUCK DOWN
The Victoria
SPEAR OF DESTINY
Leics The Charlotte

sunday 23rd

RADIATOR / STYLUS
£2 8pm-11.30pm
Nottm Sam Fay's
DESPERATE MEN
The Golden Fleece
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
JUBA
8pm
The Bell Inn
GINMILL SYNCOPATORS
lunchtime
STOMP BROTHERS
evening
Marquis Of Lorne
THE FRANK WHITE BAND
The Running Horse
DR HASBEEN
Derby The Victoria

monday 24th

DA DOG
Nottm The Running Horse
THE OMEGA BAND
The Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece
DUBSTAR
Derby Assembly Rooms
SALTBOX
The Loft
GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY
ONE NIGHT STAND
Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 25th

MOTIVE / DOG TOMAS
Nottm Sam Fay's
THE GROWLERS
The Golden Fleece
CATBOY
Filly & Firkin
THE PETE WILDE BAND
The Running Horse
SWING HOLIDAY
Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 26th

TWENTY-SIX RED
Nottm The Bell Inn
COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
The Running Horse
THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's
SOUL ON ICE
The Maze
BADGER
Filly & Firkin
PETE THE FEET
The Marquis Of Lorne
SIX BY SEVEN
Leics The Charlotte
COLOURSOUND
Derby The Vic
THE PASTELS
The Loft
DR DIDG
Sheffield The Boardwalk

thursday 27th

STRAY
Nottm The Running Horse
DEEP JOY / MIKEY WILDING
On The Good Foot
The Lenton
CHEESE MACHINE
Filly & Firkin
STU MOSELEY BAND
The Maze
THE MR T EXPERIENCE
GROOVY GHOULES
Leics The Charlotte
THE EGG
Derby Union One
PLASTA SCENE
The Victoria
THE BACKBEAT BEATLES
The Flowerpot

friday 28th

THE JOHN MITZOROLLI
AXE EXPERIENCE
Nottm The Running Horse
DANNY & PETE
Marquis Of Lorne
SLIDER
Filly & Firkin
SKA-BOOM / THE GANGSTERS
Leics The Charlotte
SNUFF / CHOPPER
Derby The Victoria
LINDISFARNE
The Flowerpot

saturday 29th

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm
Nottm The Golden Fleece
AMANDA / HEN / LYNDY
SHABBY CHIC
SUZY CREAMCHEESE
Giggle #10
The Skyy Club
THE SLINGSHOTS
The Maze
THE STANDARD LAMP
until Dec 3rd
Filly & Firkin
SNUFF / CHOPPER
Leics The Charlotte
UK SUBS / ROAD RAGE
Derby The Victoria
WHISKY BEFORE BREAKFAST
The flowerpot
DUBSTAR
Sheffield City Hall

sunday 30th

WHOLE SOME FISH
Nottm The Golden Fleece
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
BLUNT
8pm
The Bell Inn
THE JON STRONG BAND
The Running Horse
LEON ROSSELSON
IAN SAVILLE
Look At It This Way
The Maze
MOTHER HUBBARD
Leics The Charlotte

DECEMBER monday 1st

THE OMEGA BAND
Nottm The Bell Inn
CARWASH
Ritzy
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece
BERT JANSCH
Derby The Flowerpot
THE KAISERS
Nottm Sam Fay's
SYMPATHY JONES
The Golden Fleece
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
The Bell Inn
KULE JAZZ
Langtry's

tuesday 2nd

ON Y VA
QUI MAL
Y
DANSE

mondaze

MONUMENTAL
Dj Mike Wilding
PLANET EARTH
80's disco
The Rig
CARWASH / V. MINOGUE
UNIVERSITY PARTIES
Ritzy
DJ CRAP
Sam Fay's

tuesdaze

FRIED ALIVE / JAZZNOLOGY
live bands plus resident DJ
Simon The Vinyl Junkie
Sam Fay's
SOLE JAM
The Cookie Club
STUDENT MANIA
Ritzy
PLAY
Indie/Brit pop
The Rig
BLEUSKOOL vs GODFATHER
Café Bleu

wednesdaze

PEEL ME OFF THE CEILING
Beatroot
THE FLAVOR
Skyy Club
DUBBLE KREEM
Djs Matt Shelton & Wrighty
Dubble Bubble
LA BÊTE DE BLEU
D? CI? / Mark Tropo
BEATLEMANIA
The Fab 4
Sam Fay's
BRAIN SALAD
Jungle
The Lenton
INDIE GO GO
The Cookie Club

thursdaze

UP THE JUNCTION
60's sounds
The Cookie Club
XCEPTIONS
hip / trip hop, house, techno, d&b
Whispers
BEAT DA BOMB
The Bomb
SERVE CHILLED AGAIN
Digs & Woosh
V.F.M.
Café Bleu
STUDENT NIGHT
De Luxe
JEUDI
Student Night
Rock City
HEDZ / FUNK SOCIETY
The Lenton

TOP BANANA
Pieces
MODERN LIFE
Sam Fay's

JUNK
Dubble Bubble

fridaze
DRUM SESSION
5pm
WHOOMPF / FLY / SOLA
SMOKESCREEN
ICC
monthly nights
Dubble Bubble
FLOPPY DISCO /
BOMBARDEMENT
fortnightly
DEPARTURE LOUNGE
The Bomb
Café Bleu

HOT LIZARD
Deluxe
BIG BANG
Rock City
LE FREAK
The Rig
HOT BUTTER / FRENZY
Beatroot
RETRO
The Cookie Club
RETRO INDIE
Pieces

INTERCLUB
The Essance
GNOME
The Zone
FLEXX
drum & bass
Whispers
DJ STEVE NORTH
The Arboretum Manor
FUNKY FRIDAYS
Lizard Lounge

saturdaze

VIBE
Dubble Bubble
DROP THE BOMB
The Bomb
FEEL GOOD
The Cookie Club
ALTERNATIVE NIGHT
Rock City
ROCK NIGHT
The Rig
NAIL & QUADRANT
Café Bleu
FEVER / WIGGLE
Skyy Club
GIDDY UP
house
RADIO
The Lenton
BRIT POP
The Zone
SONIC
The Essance
NO EGO
Deluxe
INDIE BEAT
Pieces

DJ MARK
The Arboretum Manor
sundaze
SWEET POTATO
dub & bass
DJ Earthpipe
The Lenton
HEAVY LOAD
RUMPSHAKER
djs
The Old Angel
JAZZ AT THE BELL
The Bell Inn
JUST THE TONIC
Comedy Club
DIMANCHE LE BLEU
Simon the Vinyl Junkie
Café Bleu

discoverall:

main pic. CATHY BONNER
opp. page: THE CRYSTAL METHOD
Reviews by Gareth Thompson, Christine Chapel,
D? C.I?, Hank Quinlan, Christy O'Neil, Tricky Skills Jase,
The Fat Dead Nazi and Mischa Gulseven.



CATHY BONNER *Same Blood* (Rideout)
BOB DYLAN *Time Out Of Mind* (Columbia)
Two artists at opposite ends of the career spectrum reveal much about their individual emotional landscapes here. One aspirant with her debut outing, and rock's most seasoned campaigner, offer us their hearts and minds with stark clarity. Of Northern Irish origin now resident in Leicester, Bonner may have her roots in countrified pastures — her stirring voice could hardly be more appropriate to the genre — but she's perfectly modern in directness of approach. *Something I Said* finds love washed up on the rocks with a chorus of instant rapport, whilst *Lipstick Heart's* gruff blast on child abuse has a compelling ring. *Miss Pretty Face* is barbed and lonely, *Hand On Your Heart* enters the confessional whilst the title track returns to family strife. The album cover shows Bonner seated in a launderette, and although she's washing much linen in public here these songs gradually work their own way out of the pain.

The photo on the back of Dylan's sparse cd booklet is the bleakest shot of the man ever used. Careworn and aged, this picture may divulge much about the reality of Dylan in 1997. Yet everyone seems in agreement that this is his finest, most engrossing work of the decade. But with shadows spilling out of every note, *Time Out Of Mind* evokes REM's *Automatic*... classic in its often portentous tone. Producer Daniel Lanois brings his hallmark atmospheres on board again, creating another sparse landscape with splashes of warm colour. Chiming, reggae-ish chords create an ironic foil for the dark growl of *Love Sick*, a stunning opener, before *Dirt Road Blues* careers off on a gospel train. But the overall spirit of regret, despair and nostalgia is too deepset to ignore, with a slew of finely wrought ballads. Central to the set is *No! Dark Yet*, where Dylan seems to consider his own death with equanimity: "Sometimes my burden is more than I can bear... Don't even hear the murmur of a prayer, it's not dark yet/But it's getting there." Scared, scarred or even calm in the face of recent health shocks, Dylan has somehow raised a fist in the face of complacency and given it his best shot for years. **GT**

ARCANTA *The Eternal Return* (Projekt)
One occasionally meets snifty individuals in Nottingham who claim never to have heard of *Overall*... and yet such irritation is offset when we receive material to review from as far away as Chicago. Just blown in from the Windy City is the Projekt label's latest release, Arcanta, which is the vocal creation of one Thomas Carlyle Ayres. Projekt, from the little we know of them, seem to be a kindred spirit to our own A4D and Arcanta's awesome wall of ancient incantation will probably fare better with the UK's more eclectic media. Ayres is the sole vocalist here, but he builds up harmony layers with power and precision. The simple, monastic structure of *Kyrie*, and the almost open-throat style of *There Is No God But God* sound like nothing you can recall a solitary singer offering up before, save for Sheila Chandra. Simple instrumentation on the likes of *Maya* and *Via Dolorosa* evokes Dead Can Dance at their most sombre, but Arcanta is essentially original in its glorious hybrid of sacred, classical and creatively modern aspirations. **GT**

of Liz Phair plays Madame Jo Jo's, a riproariously entertaining album which stands several listens and still makes you chortle, proving that radio is much better value than television. "And now eet ooz time to say 'Bye bye, Cha Cha Cabaret...'" **CC**

GRANDDADDY *Under The Western Freeway* (Big Cat)
"They like their downward scales," observed a pianist friend of mine as the title track's ghostly cascade fell slowly. So they do, this Californian group, and they also like incorporating pointers from classic American rock fields, although there is sufficient contemporary bite to suggest they've made it as far as Buffalo Tom, Dumptruck or The Miss Alans. Attempting to put clear water between themselves and other Creedence revivalists, Granddaddy go for strongly melodic phrasing with a plethora of keyboard doodlings under gutsy guitar licks. Add Jason Lytle's softly searing voice, pitched somewhere between Neil Young and Kermit the Frog, and the ride is on. *AM 180* bounces in with insistent organ lines after *Non Phenomenal Lineage* has claimed the sweetly deceptive introduction. *Collective Dreamwish* echoes the aforementioned Young with Countryish hooks, but there are sinister sharks swimming in this pool and nothing is so simple to convey. Grungey satire on *Summer Here Kids* gives way to the darkly catchy *Laughing Stock*, whilst the scattered narrative on *Everything Beautiful Is Far Away* nods to Stipe on top oblique form. A chorus of crickets under the freeway closes proceedings after several minutes' silence, offering a sly end to this strangely satisfying encounter. **GT**

BLACK GRAPE *Stupid, Stupid, Stupid* (Radioactive)
No shocks or surprises. Bez may have departed, Kermit hospitalised and new vocalist Psycho arrived but this is essentially the same mad-for-it, fucked out, fucked up mix as before. Every track exudes good time party vibes as guitars twang and huge dollops of brass blare out incessantly. Key words in Shaun Ryder's lyrical lexicon are "skanking", "cheeky", "fucking" and "masturbation" while sex, drugs and hypocrisy seem to be the overriding areas of debate. If it lacks anything it's that phoenix-like rise from the ashes that promoted *It's Great When You're Straight*... Yeah to premier league status. *Get Higher's* Reagan sample also sounds ridiculously dated — don't they know it's been more than a decade since dear old Ronnie was a potent target for political satire? Sure, it grunts, groans and grooves in all the right places but it's doubtful you'll ever grow to love *Stupid*... as much as its illustrious predecessor. **HQ**

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Cream Anthems '97* (Deconstruction)
Despite all the fears surrounding the 'Cult of the Super Club' (a door policy on a par with the Pearly Gates, VIP bars propping up granddad rock stars, crap drugs) these IKEAs of club culture do have a hefty mix of pulling power. Sometimes in the literal sense, as 3,000 clubbers rub their bits and pieces against each other every weekend; you get the impression that the concept of the club as a brand name is actually worth more to the promoters than a top night out itself. record bags, puffa jackets, websites, syndicated radio shows and, of course, compilation albums all guarantee that you can take away souvenirs and forever relive your 'experience'.

The battle lines that have emerged over the past year have taken the form of a north / south divide. London's own car bunker situated at Elephant & Castle set the scene during the early 90's. The coachloads of weekenders departing from the Midlands now have the choice of either mixing it with South London's finest or a short hop up the M6 to Liverpool's Cream, now celebrating its fifth birthday. A compilation such as *Cream Anthems* is perfect for providing a snapshot of club culture, late '97. It's value beyond this is in question, though I still regularly drop my *Now That's What I... Vol. 1* at all the best parties. This summer witnessed the arrival of Speed Garage in the charts. *Cream Anthems* is well represented with recent tracks by Ultra Nate, Chicane, Brainbug and B.B.E. all charged up to new levels off acceleration. Trainspotters may wince at the inclusion of such tunes as Olive's *You're Not Alone*, The Prodigy's *Breathe* and the Chemicals' *Black Rockin*... but they help sustain the tough act of balancing the underground with the Woolworth buyers. Slacker, BT, Underworld, Dario G and CJ Bolland all dip in and out of the mixes, allowing this double album to boast three No. 1 singles and fifteen Top 20 records. The two separate mixes are beefed up for extra credence by resident DJ Paul Oakenfold and Way Out West member Nick Warren. Perhaps the greatest achievement of clubs like Cream is that the size of such an organisation is able to put together a compilation like this that covers most ground. An essential to kick off all those house parties. The alternative would be, ahem, Stringfellows anthems. **TSJ**



THE CRYSTAL METHOD *Vegas* (S3)
With the band Filter they had a recent chart hit (*Can't You*) Trip Like I Do, from the movie *Spawn*. Their debut album is nothing like that single. They've been called the 'American Chemical Brothers', which really sells them short. Chem. Bros. and there ilk (there's loads) trade in breakbeat noise, whereas The Meths approach is more, I dunno, musical (not the *Oklahoma* variety). There are textures and layers to their songs ('songs' being a key word) which make it all more home listening friendly. Included are the singles *Busy Child* and the classic *Keep Hope Alive*. As for the rest, well, they do go down that 'we're a breakbeat dance act doing an LP so we'd best make it varied like by getting somebagger to lay darra sum vocals on summit as well as doing a couple o' slow tracks' road. And it has to be said the two tracks with Ms Trixy Reiss are pretty unsuccessful and fairly musically compromised (but *Comin' Back* is very catchy, a future single perhaps?). Fortunately the sloweeze are the complete opposite. You'll not find a lovelier final track than *Bad Stones*. Ignoring the two imperfections you have a well produced, intelligent modern dance album. **D? C.I?**

MOBY *I Like To Score - Music From Films Vol. 1* (Mute)
The closest I've ever come to buying Moby was when he went all grungey a couple o' years back, tho' he had made the odd tune that made me prick my ears up before, eg. *Go*, which included on this, I guess, 'retrospective'. Most of the tracks I've never heard, some movies I've not heard of either. Those that I do know (not that I've seen all of 'em mind) are *The Saint*, *Cool World*, *Heat*, *James Bond* and *Scream*. Basically, folks, Moby covers most music styles on this comp. There's even a guitar track which is a Joy Division cover (I think), as well as other non-dance genre items which include a couple o' 'choiral' tunes. It's a damn fine movie album. My personal fave being *Last Cool Hive* from *Scream*. The set is only let down by *Love Theme* which is too much like Mark Knopfler for it's own good. **D? C.I?**

LL COOL J *Phenomenon* (Def Jam)
Oh well, Looks like those golden years of LL (and the label for that matter) are long gone, eh? Today's LL has opted for the 'contemporary' flava: The Playa. The bass-line is from... well, I don't know but I do recognize it and so might you from some old funk tune (or more likely another hip hop track if yo' down with the funky fly shit money grip). The subject is, as expected, some fly female. But it's the b-side *Hot Hot Hot* which is more like the LL we (okay, I) knew and loved with it's Tom Tom Club backing (*Pleasure Of Love*). The subject? Some fly female. Well you can't have everything, eh? **D? C.I?**

PUFF DADDY & FAMILY *Been Around The World* (World Of Mouth)
Is Puff Daddy the Jive Bunny (remember him?) of hip hop? The karaoke king of rap? Well if there's one person who ISN'T doing the hip hop/rap scene any favours it's this idiot. Anyway, the formula: Classic sample: David Bowie's *Let's Dance*. Classic chorus: Lisa Stansfield. The product? Well, Puff is one of the wackiest rappers in the entire universe (how does he get away with it?) and as for the chorus sung by the notorious (ly dead) B.I.G., it's just plain embarrassing. It conjures up images of a Sunday evening in some grotty pub with some overweight (like B.I.G.) out of tune, out of rhythm townie on the mic' doing his best to impersonate Rochdale's favourite daughter. Burn this motherfucker. **D? C.I?**

ALABAMA 3 *Exile On Coldharbour Lane* (Elemental)
All rites reversed for a wicked take on Country Gospel Blues, tongue set firmly in cheek as they urge everyone to go back to church, lament that *U Don't Dans 2 Techno Anymore* ("808 and 303 ain't the friends they used to be"), and totally take the piss out of hippy ravers in *Ain't Going To Goa* ("There ain't nothing worse than some fool lying on a Third World beach wearing Spandex psychedelic trousers smoking god-damn dope and pretending he's getting consciousness expansion!") There's a groovy ballad entitled *The Night We Nearly Got Busted*, and they are joined by Test Department on the revolutionary *Mao Tse Tung Said*. But amidst all the fun there is an underlying message here about the tragedy of drink and drug abuse, loneliness and poverty, especially the socialist dialectic of *Bourgeois Blues* and the sad *Woke Up This Morning and Peace In The Valley*. This is one cool and classy album with plenty of surprises, so go out and contribute to cause of the Very Reverend Dr. D. Wayne Love, First Minister of the First Presleyterian Church of Elvis the Divine. Oh yes, I believe! **CC**

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Godmoney* (V2)
A real mixed bag of bands on this soundtrack to a Darren Doane film, ranging from the poppy hardcore punk of Guttermouth through the ska-tinged punk of Voodoo Glow Skulls, to the industrial grind of Stanford Prison Experiment. The big names are represented by the likes of the Rollins band, the Descendents and Down By Law. A compilation which promises much from the film. **TFDN**

GARY NUMAN *Exile* (Eagle Records)
Great music for the aftermath of a plane crash. **CC**



Tues - Bleuskool vs Godfather
Weds - Le Beté de Bleu
D.C.I (Rumpshaker)
Mark (Go Tropo)

Thurs - Serve Chilled
Digs & Woosh (D.I.Y)

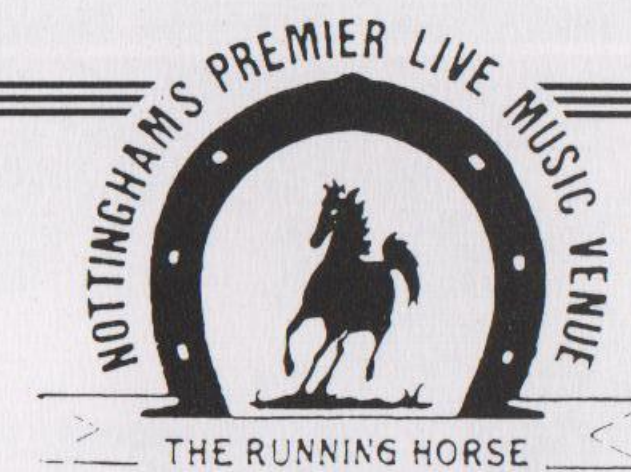
Fri - Departure Lounge

Sat - Nail & Quadrant

Sun - Dimanche le Bleu

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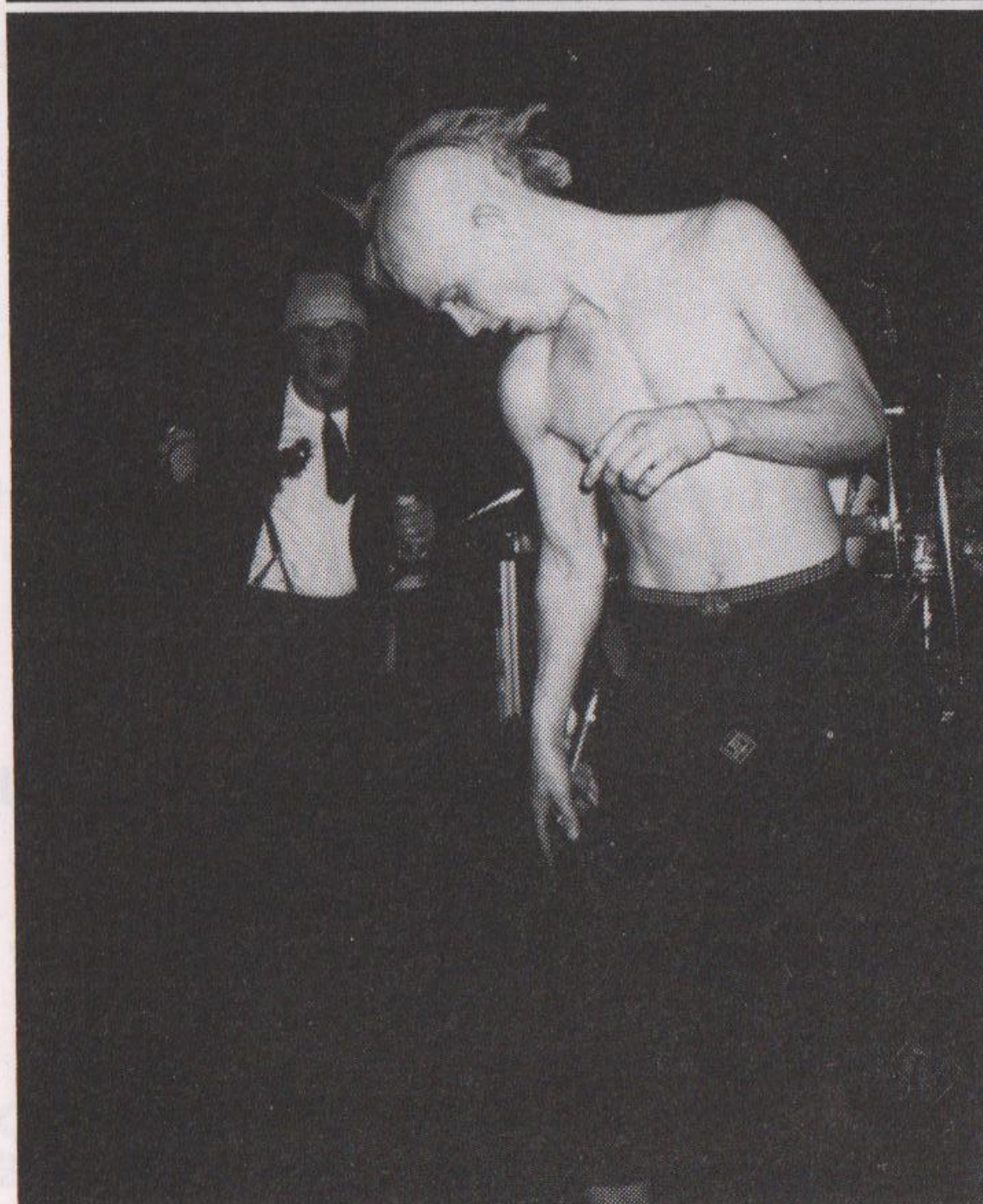
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FREESPERT / DRAGSTRIPPER Nottingham Sam Fay's

Names conjure up images and Dragstripper sound like they're a sexy, supercharged Cadillac cruising down the sleazy side of Sunset Boulevard. The tacky reality, however, has little to do with Hollywood glam. The female frontperson may possess an abundance of provocative charm but behind her the rest of the band plod earnestly down dead-end indie street.

Pedestrian is not a word that will ever be associated with Sheffield's Freespert. Crazy, psychotic, frenzied, fanatic, manic and monstrous are all much more apt. Their hybrid of Hip Hop and Heavy Rock rages not only against the machine but also against the twin evils of apathy and complacency. The brain-dead and boring are blown clean away in an all-out assault of wit, imagination and pulverising rhythms. Up front the attention is grabbed by two deranged and demented rappers, one a stripped-down punk and the other a suited-up nerd who together trade insults and guzzle gasoline like a classic comedy double act. Tune and melody may be scarce but the entertainment sure isn't as Freespert are whipped up and white hot.

Hank Quinlan

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN Nottingham Rock City hair, lips, big coats and cool arrogance. Ian McCulloch once had it all and on this showing still has it in abundance. Nothing Lasts Forever was a classic comeback single and the Bunnymen's epic guitar angst is well suited to today's RadioVerve world, but if during their absence the irrepressible singer had grown fat and bald, then this much vaunted reunion would have failed at first hurdle. As it is they saunter on stage, kick into Rescue and kill off any lingering doubts about dubious exercises in dewy-eyed nostalgia. The songs from their past are neither trashed nor pompously exalted but treated with respect and played with surprising passion and panache. The cutter, Killing Moon, Seven Seas, Villiers terrace, a venomous Back Of Love and corrosive Crocodiles all follow, interspersed with the slow-burning ballads from their latest lp. Will Sergeant's guitar shimmers and melodies spiral skywards whilst the chain-smoking McCulloch sways and sweats under an oversized fake fur coat. Annoyed by a heckler his cool poise is momentarily lost during a long, drawn out version of Do It Clean (one of the night's low points) but then regained for a magnificent rendition of Ocean Rain. Years ago the band played a pivotal part in my own personal history, now they are set to rewrite their own and stake a claim for the future. Stop? Never.

Hank Quinlan

MOVER Nottingham The Rig

A tight, well-rehearsed sound which unfortunately lacks real bollocks. The lyrics were indecipherable, the guitar compared to a cold, grey sky too far back in the mix and the rhythm section had little or nothing to say. Teenage Fanclub fans would like this lot. The vocals, although summertime light and joyous, were no real threat to the future of music but they did come close to a mod energy. Even more unfortunately they were billed on the same night as new pop gods Stereophonics played upstairs in Rock City.

Ady Harper



SILVER APPLES / WINDY & CARL / TACTILE Space Rock Night Nottingham Sam Fay's Full Moon September 1997

Due to unforeseen circumstances the Azusa Plane were replaced by Tactile, consisting tonight of Karl Blake (ex-Shockheaded Peters) on guitar and two 'industrial' bods. To say they were dreadful would not convey how unbelievably boring they actually were. One chap sitting on a chair playing loud, distorted electric guitar and the other two sitting on the floor doodling around with machines, there was some sort of electronic 'blip', presumably preprogrammed, that went on and on (and on and on). Despite faces of intense concentration, I could hear no evidence of them actually DOING anything, so I presume they were just sitting there gloating over their flash technology. Devoid of content or ideas, where's the Rock 'n Roll in this masturbation? Where's the passion, the excitement, the energy? I'm not freaked out by experimental music (I listen to far weirder shit than this every morning at breakfast) but this is not avant garde because it is neither challenging nor innovative, just dull and moronic, the industrial equivalent of Pub Rock from a band without the guts to show their faces, hiding behind their vile machines.

Windy & Carl, a guy and a gal, a guitar and a bass, created a beautiful, minimalist, drifting, shifting, throbbing, pulsing, delicious wall of treated sound—musical acupuncture, tranced out and supremely hypnotic. Subtle, warm and a lovely, uplifting experience, there were points where the woman sang but was strangely buried in the mix.

The Silver Apples consist of a drummer and two keyboard players, one of whom sings, the other using his own home-made synthesizer, an amazing looking contraption straight out of a Hammer film mad scientist's lab with wires spewing out everywhere. They made the most wonderful, sexy "Bloop! Bloop! Whiiiish!" noises but were no third rates Hawkwind/Ozric copy. These guys have been at it so long that they probably wrote the book on Space Rock, a rare and charming band with a totally unique sound and style, a driving beat, lots of psychedelic squidge and very well constructed songs. They even had the lunatic fringe up and dancing (yes, kids, you CAN dance to Space Rock) though maybe the lunar eclipse had something to do with it. "Whoooooooooooh!" and they were gone in a dazzle of moonbeams, leaving me blissed out and amazingly invigorated. Stream Angel In the late 60's Silver Apples were one of a handful of electro pop bands, and hanging out with Sun Ra, the Mothers and the Grateful Dead did their imagination no harm. However, after recording their third album, legal threats curtailed their progress and nearly thirty years passed before their reformation and, mind-bogglingly, an appearance at Sam Fay's. We hear off-beat pop songs underpinned by analogue pulsing and overlaid with noise generators wandering wildly, driven by some very solid drumming which was mixed unfortunately loud enough to mask the subtleties of the squiddy blipper. It was very much enjoyed by most of the audience whose black-clad tendencies betrayed the presence of avant bulshittery from far and yonder. Sounding out.

Christy O'Neil

THE HYBIRDS / SOUTH Nottingham Sam Fay's

South's swaggering brand of lightweight baggy guitar grooves amble carelessly from the p.a. With little stage presence, sixth-former dress sense and a few catchy numbers it is in essence like watching your mates' band's first gig... that is until former Flowered Up singer Liam Maher waddles onto the stage brandishing a cardboard cutlass and proceeds to 'dance' around wearily like a 10-year old Bez drunk on Hooch. During this brief rehash of the past (or 'cultural renaissance' as the more polite might put it) Maher stumbles across the length and breadth of the stage, tag in hand, mumbling indecipherably and waving his 'weapon'. Funny? Yes! Necessary? Certainly not! Once the Pugwash impressions are over it's time for The Hybirds, back on home ground after supports with Travis and Hurricane#1, to give the crowd a dose of mod-rocking beats. Avoiding their favourite trick of launching into prolonged jams, they power away smoothly to showcase tracks from their freshly completed debut album. Although the new songs are typically strong it's when the familiar sounds of Take You Down and the industrial frustration of new single Stranded appear that they really start to ignite the crowd. Unlike South, The Hybirds don't need props and gimmicks to get them noticed. Their songs do that for them.

Steve McLay

POOKA / NOVA LOUNGE / DREAM CITY FILM CLUB / THE BEEKEEPERS

Nottingham Sam Fay's

"Rock 'n' roll is the most brutal, ugly, vicious form of expression—sly, lewd, in fact plain dirty... a rancid smelling aphrodisiac... the martial music of every delinquent on the face of the earth..."

(Frank Sinatra, 1957)

Alas, if only that were true! Sadly, 31 years later, rock 'n' roll has become tired, lame and unforgivably DULL. And let's make one thing clear—I'm certainly not propounding the oft-held view that techno or rave music is more exciting or more revolutionary. But it's nigh impossible to do anything worthwhile in the 'Rock 'n' Roll arena' unless you come up with a completely new slant on it or are astoundingly brilliant at it (like Iggy pop, to whom Rock 'n Roll is his very BEING). Pale imitations just won't do.

The first two bands of the evening were good at what they do. The Beekeepers had a furious sound and attitude and certainly exuded a lot of energy, as they say in the trade. A kind of non-crusty thrash, they remind me a little of The Wildhearts.

Dream City Film Club were in that Birthday Party/Jesus & Mary Chain 'wall of noise' style (sample lyric "She's seventeen/know what I mean" repeated over and over again. Oh dear!) They weren't bad and some people really get off on it, but there must be a thousand bands in the country doing this kind of thing and I like bands to be special. By comparison the next two acts were certainly distinctive, having carved out their own niche. Nova Lounge (great name, I was expecting Gerry Anderson puppets!) were a pastiche (parody? tribute?) of seventies schlock like Barry Manilow and Barry White. Damian on double bass gives them a unique angle while lead singer and guitarist Christian has so much charisma and presence that I imagine some people see him as a cocky bastard. He has a great voice and certainly holds the show together. The third member mixes beats from records. It's a piece of piss to get a good beat going when you blatantly pinch it from someone else, in fact why have a DJ at all? Why not just bung all the beats onto tape? I mean, let's face it, watching somebody mix records is hardly the most entertaining thing in the world.

And finally Pooka who were a bit confusing, having for the first half of their set a drummer and bass player, then just the two of them on voices and guitars. The general consensus among people I spoke to was that the acoustic stuff worked better. I'm all for bands progressing and trying new things but "let's bung on a funky rhythm" has become a bit of a cliché. If they want to get rhythmic, I reckon congas, bongos or some ethnic/exotic percussion would fit in a lot more with the strange and haunting feel that Pooka project. The acoustic half of the set was astounding—very beautiful, ethereal pagan music which held the audience transfixed and spellbound as it shimmered and drifted and haunted your very core. There is nothing wishy-washy about Pooka, this is powerful music indeed. With only guitars and delicious harmonies they produce a BIG sound. Quite stunning, they left me with a warm glow inside. In all a thoroughly enjoyable evening and possibly the best two quid I've ever spent.

Stream Angel

KENICKIE Norwich Waterfront

I wasn't all that keen on seeing Kenickie after what was a pretty ropey appearance on TOP. Then again, I have been listening to them for ages so I scraped my cash together and consoled myself with the thought that it would cost a lot more in the future.

I was impressed by suppr act Ballroom. Their singer is so sexy and he knows it, but it was a pity we couldn't hear him above the bass. When Kenickie entered, I knew I needn't have worried. There is loads of talk about this shitty five piece being 'the girls next door', the Herb Girls or something. Oops. The Herbs was an excellent children's programme when I was young and Kenickie are a lot more like the girls I knew next door, though I wouldn't like to cross Emmy Kate (or any of them, for that matter). Then again...

Still a bit nervous of the attention they now receive (though no way can Lauren expect to go unnoticed in that dress!) they pulled off the show very well. To say "hit after hit" might be looking into the crystal ball a little too hard, but they believe it so why not? I wasn't too sure when John Peel called Come Out 2nite the "Teenage Kicks of the 90's" but I am now. Kenickie came out tonight and rocked. They flirted, they told jokes. It was a variety night! Impromptu songs included Happy Birthday by the audience and there was some general mucking about. Emmy Kate kept Marie and Lauren under control with the occasional reminder, "Let's play a song." Their final flourish was Lauren's favourite song (apparently), Abba's Money, Money, Money. Well, that's what they're out for and they look like getting it. Nice one!

Michael Prince

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