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- PURE IRISH SPIRIT -

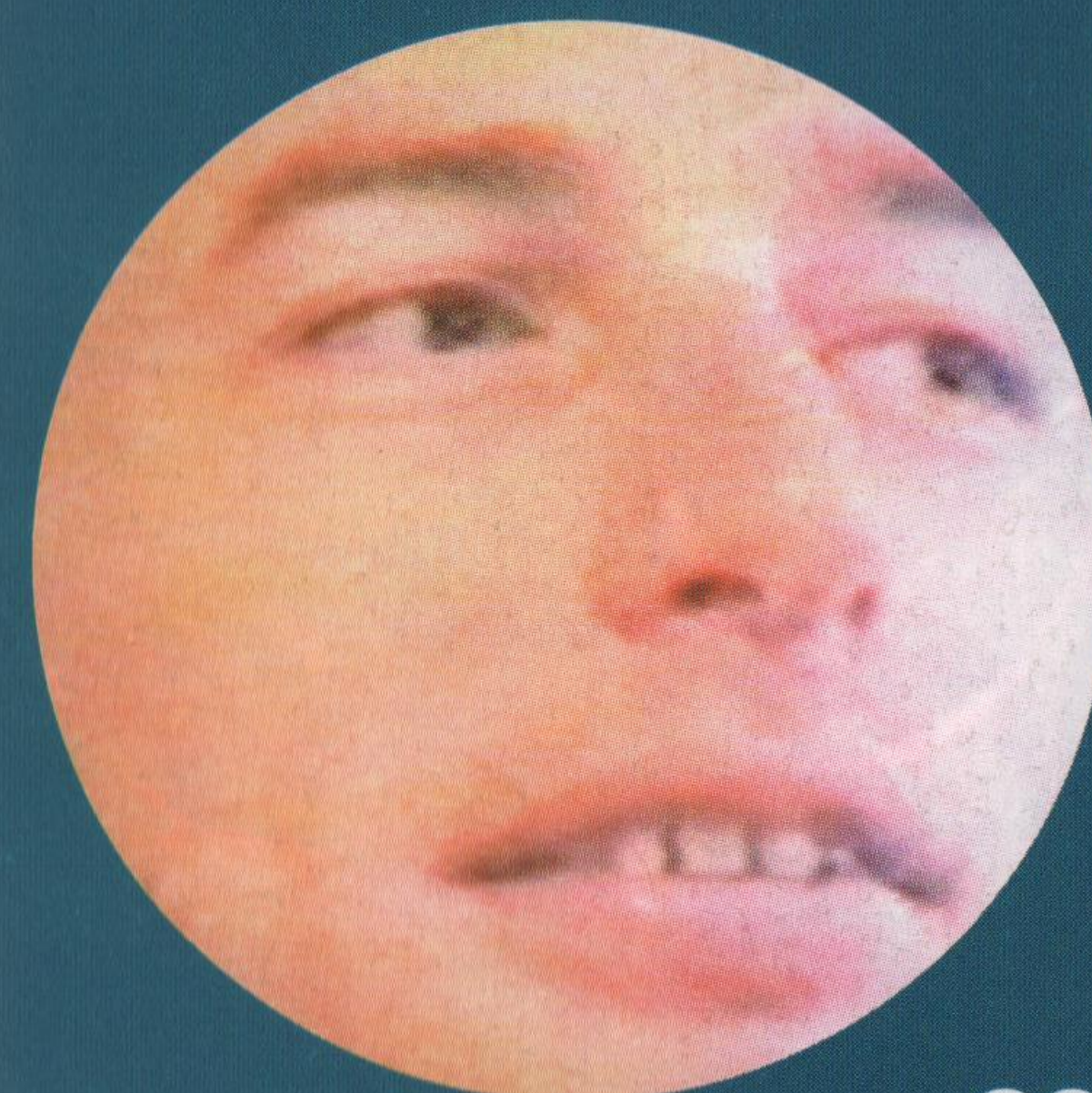
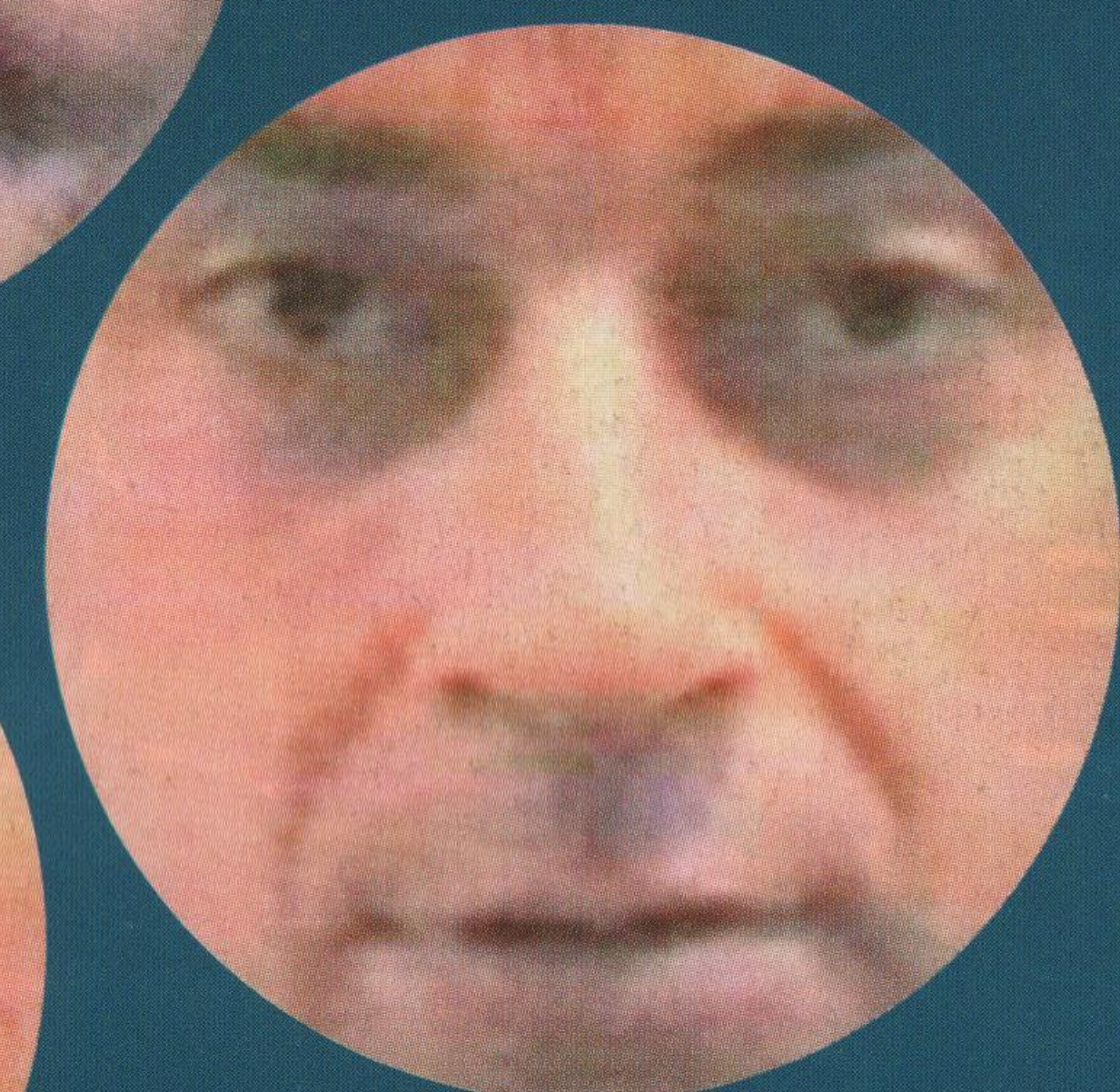
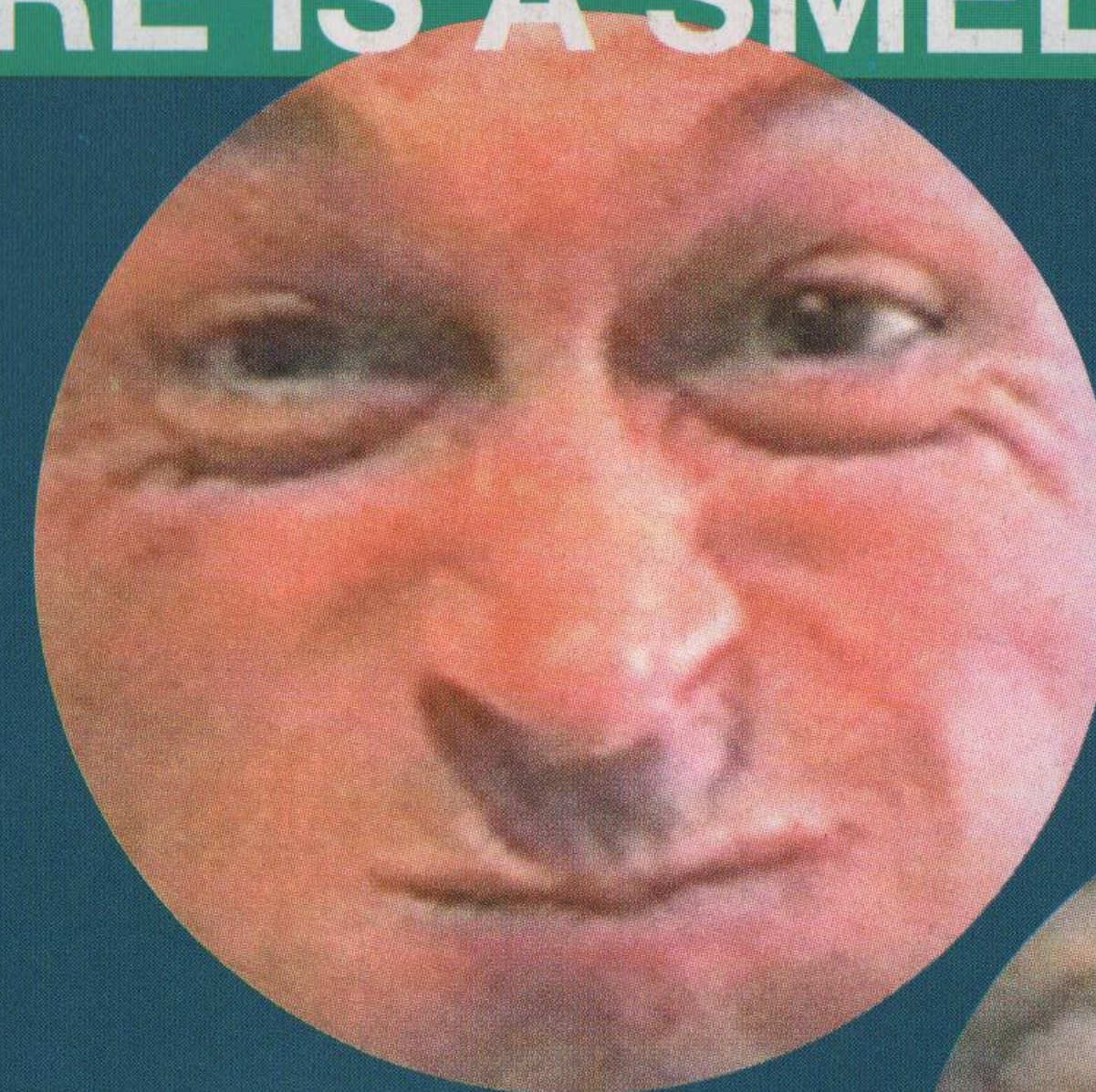
overall

ISSUE # 57

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THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

SHOD BALLS!
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE



NOW 97 FESTIVAL REPORT
COMPETITIONS - WIN A CASE OF HO!HO!HOCH
PLUS A CLUB D'OR PRIVILEGE CARD
PLUS A GUBBINS HAT!
GIG AND CLUB LISTINGS
FILM, DANCE, BOOK, DISC, DEMO AND LIVE REVIEWS

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

W W : S i n z i n g : C o : u k



GINZING

Korean Ginseng, Brazilian Guarana, Schizandra, Taurine,
Muir Puama and Wolfberry

FREE FOR ALL!

Hooper's Hooch, the country's leading leading flavoured alcoholic beverage, is making a massive investment in the British comedy scene which is guaranteed to bring a smile to adult faces up and down the country. The £7m campaign, focusing on comedy includes the sponsorship of the new Channel 5 'Happy Hour' on Monday nights at 10pm, as well as the sponsorship of the first ever UK Comedy Store Tour. The tour will offer the opportunity to see first class comedians and join in the great tradition that we lead the world in — laughter. The Comedy Store Tour will also launch the "**Stand Up For Hooch Award**" aimed at giving new talent a chance to hit the big time. To celebrate the launch of the campaign, a new limited edition cranberry flavoured alcoholic drink, **Ho Ho Hooch**, will be available nationwide until the New Year. Linked in with the comedy theme, the new Ho Ho variety features a series of different laughter lines designed to spice up conversation during the festive season!



To toast **Hooch's** comedy turn, **Overall** is offering the chance to win 5 cases of the new Ho Ho Hooch.

All you have to do to win is tell us which of the following catchphrases was made famous by the comedians Vic Reeves and Bob Mortimer:

- a) nice to see you...to see you nice
- b) shut that door!
- c) you wouldn't it lie...

The first five correct entries will each receive a case of **Ho Ho Hooch**. But don't be glum if you're unlucky this time round, remember — every bottle of **Ho Ho Hooch** has a "laughter line" to put a smile back on your face!

Send your entries on a postcard including a telephone number to:

Ho Ho Hooch Overall Hooch Competition,
PO Box 73, West PDO
Nottingham NG7 4DG
Closing date Fri 19th December.
Entrants must be aged 18 or over.

The only thing you should not be without as the club season reaches it's Christmas peak is the only club card that counts — **Club D'Or** — and we have 20 to give away to our clubbed up readers. **Club D'Or** is the privilege card that allows you to cut out those chilling queues and go straight to the front at over 100 of those oh-so-hard to get into clubs and nights across the UK including the Leisure Lounge, The Gardening Club, Lakota, Love To Be @ The Music Factory, The Canal, The Tunnel, Progress @ Eclipse and many more. And for those staying closer to home it covers The House, Club 22 /Deluxe and Fly at Dubble Bubble. So, for all you would be queue jumpers out there, get with it and enter our competition. If you don't win, don't worry — one year membership to **Club D'Or** is available for a limited time only at £10.00 [normal annual membership fee £20.00] by calling the freephone hotline number 0800 731 6114 — it will be there for Xmas. With more and more clubs participating and exclusive member events and promotions planned for 1998 this card is a must. We have teamed up with **Club D'Or** to offer 20 lucky readers the chance to win a free card. Just answer this simple question:

Which Mediterranean island is visited by thousands of clubbers each summer?

Answers on a postcard to **Club D'Or Competition, Overall**, PO Box 73, West PDO, NOTTINGHAM NG7 4DG. Closing date 31st December 1997.

The winner of our Louise Soft & Gentle competition was Miss Sue Burridge. Ten runners up will receive some sweet smelling Soft & Gentle product and a Louise cd.

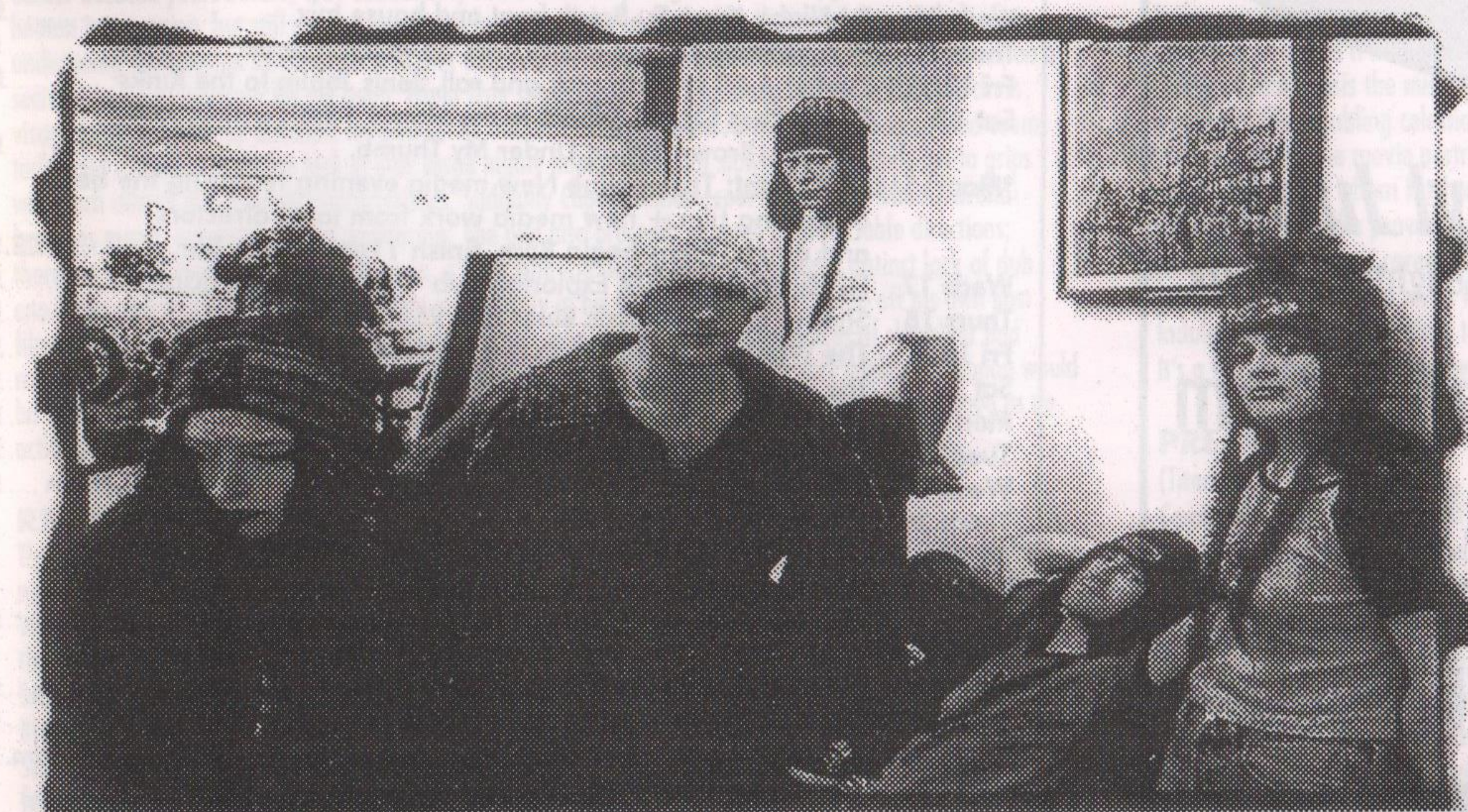
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HURRY WHILE STOCKS LAST!



But if you do find yourself out in the cold, how about a getting a trendy new hat? We have three expensive hats to give away in the **Great Gubbins Head Gear Giveaway**. All you have to do is pop into Gubbins Shop at 10 Goosegate, Hockley and solve this riddle:

Who from Sesame Street can keep you warm this winter?

overall

THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

PO Box 73, West PDO,
Nottingham NG7 4DG

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SAM FAY'S
The Great Northern Close, London Road, NOTTINGHAM
TEL (0115) 941 8560 <http://www.innotts.co.uk/~samfays/>

Tuesday 9th December
THE DELTA 72 + 20 MILES*
*feat. Judah Power of the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion
£4 adv / £5 door

Tuesday 16th December
THE DRUNK JUICE PUPPIES
funky punk 8.30pm adm. £2

Sunday 21st December
PAP
POST-APOCALYPTIC POWERGROOVE adm. £2
featuring members of The Shit Collective & Mind The Gap

Tuesday 23rd December
JAZZ NOLOGY
with DJs Simon the Vinyl Junkie and Robbo
9pm - 2am adm £2 free entry before 11pm
acid jazz latin, soul funk, reggae trip hop drum 'n' bass

Tuesday 13th January
GRIDLOCK

Tuesday 27th January
KAT FIGHT

Sunday 8th February
THE HIGH LLAMAS

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

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NEW FOR WEDNESDAYS 8.00pm - 10.30pm
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R 'n' B and BLUES

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Flamenco/Gypsy Guitar Duo

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DECEMBER DIARY AT THE MAZE

Weds 3	Da Dog The Chieftans meet Santana!	£2
Thurs 4	Motherhip 70's acid jazz funk: Average White Band, James Brown Prince	£3
Fri 5	NOT OPEN TO THE PUBLIC	
Sat 6	Pesky Alligators REM, Costello, Talking Heads, Alanis Morissette, Pogues	£4
Weds 10	DJ Night: Kung Fu Break beat and house mix	£2
Thurs 11	M.P. O'Reilly Relaxed sounds from the local songwriter	£3
Fri 12	Zephyr 6 All woman rock and roll, Janis Joplin to the Kinks	£4
Sat 13	The Rolling Clones Tribute to the Stones - Satisfaction, Ruby Tuesday, Brown Sugar, Under My Thumb. . .	£4
*Mon 15	Film Night: Trampoline New media evening featuring the best of exciting film + new media work from local directors and artists. Films begin 8pm, finish 11pm + Late Bar.	£2.50
Weds 17	DJ Night: Boxed UK Exploring dub + Shug The Magician	£2
Thurs 18	Shades of Blue Classic Blues and R&B	£3
Fri 19	The Wholesome Fish High-energy World Fusion	£4
Sat 20	The Shod Collective An infective blend of jazz, funk and dance music	£4
Mon 22	Late Bar, Cool Sounds — Free to Members	£2
Tues 23	DJ Night: Boogie Wonderland Simon White from Carwash	£2
Weds 24	Kellys Heroes Irish Dance your way into Christmas. Bar until 2.30am	£6
Thurs 25	CHRISTMAS DAY CLOSED	
Fri 26	BOXING DAY CLOSED	
Sat 27	Slowhand Tribute to Clapton - Layla, I Shot The Sheriff, Wonderful Tonight, Presence Of The Lord, Hand Jive and more	£4
Sun 28	CLOSED	
Mon 29	Late Bar, Cool Sounds — Free to Members	£2
Tues 30	Late Bar, Cool Sounds — Free to Members	£2
Weds 31	The Wholesome Fish + Special DJ for a New Year's Party. Bar until 3am.	£6

* NO MEMBERS' DISCOUNT ON THESE NIGHTS

DOORS OPEN 10pm OPEN UNTIL 2AM

Overall in conjunction with Sam Fay's present

JAZZ
nology
with

Simon The Vinyl Junkie

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DRUM 'N' BASS ACID JAZZ REGGAE LATIN
HIP-HOP SOUL FUNK HOUSE + LIVE BANDS

VISUAL



TIBETAN FREEDOM CONCERT

THE TIBETAN FREEDOM CONCERT

Imagine if a neighbouring country invaded your nation and killed over 1.2 million people—a quarter of your population. Imagine if that country built huge, chemical-spewing factories that ruined the beauty of your land and polluted your precious earth, water and air. Imagine if they took away your places of worship while your beloved religious leader was forced to flee the country. Imagine if your sister was subjected to forced sterilisation. That's what China has done to Tibet, virtually without reprisal, for almost fifty years. The *Tibetan Freedom Concert* film documents the historic shows in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park in 1996, and the repeat of the whole exercise that took place this year on New York's Randalls Island. Both of these events were organised by The Milarepa Fund, an organisation founded by Beastie Boy Adam Yauch, dedicated to the promotion of universal compassion and non-violence. Nice work if you can get it. "The objective is to stop human rights abuses," says Yauch, "and the only way is to let more people know this is going on so we can put pressure on our corporations and our government to convince the Chinese government to give Tibetans their freedom." This film certainly has its failings, if in content rather than values. It is clearly over half an hour too long, and there is only so much that any sane individual can suffer of the moronic Yankee rock posturing from the likes of Rage Against The Machine, Red Hot Chili Peppers and Smashing Pumpkins. The combination of 'exploitative' camera angles and the whole setting (i.e. a field) stir up unfortunate memories of Woodstock, but Bjork, Foo Fighters and the Beasties are compelling to watch, and the sound recording is made from an on-stage perspective rather than the usual whooping crowd effects. A piece of propaganda it may be, but I believe in the power of any communication to educate about a situation that doesn't fit the agenda or interests of most UK media. See the film, boo when Eddie Vedder comes on, ponder at the resemblance that the baseball hat wearing American youths caught on camera bare to Beavis and Butt-head ("Tibet? Isn't that near Texas?") and then go away and think about this massive abuse of human rights. **Tricky Skills Jase**

FACE/OFF dir. John Woo

After misfires and false starts, the Hollywood money-men have finally shown some faith, sat back and let actionmeister extraordinaire John Woo light the incendiary cinematic touch-paper. The result is a pulsating extravaganza packed with astonishing stunts, savage speed-boat chases and stunning stand-off shoot outs, head-to-head. Like other Woo classics (*Hard Boiled*, *The Killer*) the action revolves around two men, polar opposites in personal morality, but drawn together in an intense, almost mythical conflict. This time, instead of Chow Yun Fat and co., John Travolta stars as the obsessive FBI agent Sean Archer along with Nicholas Cage as demented terrorist bomber Castor Troy. There is bad blood between the both of them because years earlier because years before, Troy accidentally killed Archer's young son. Now Troy has been captured and beaten into a coma, but still no-one knows the location of the bomb he has just primed to explode. So, undergoing the latest in laser surgery, Archer assumes his adversary's facial features and embarks upon a secret mission to infiltrate his old gang. When Troy snaps out of his deep sleep he appropriates Archer's visage from the lab and attempts his own act of undercover retribution. At first this face-swap idea seems tacky and contrived (and the lack of scar tissue highly implausible) but slowly the two leads get to grips with each other's idiosyncratic characteristics. Suddenly Cage is honest, cool and laconic while Travolta becomes manic, mischievous and murderous. The plot also proceeds in some unpredictable directions; there's a brutal, brilliantly designed prison, a twist with the ticking time-bomb and a distinct lack of dub one-liners and jingoistic propaganda. Woo is obviously in his element, brazenly ripping off his own past films—black suits, white doves, twin hand-guns etc., and staging virtuoso set-pieces of slaughter and mayhem. On the downside, the running time could easily lose ten minutes and only a hillbilly baboon would be surprised by the final happy family scene. But nothing's perfect and in 1997 *Face/Off* is as good as an action movie gets. Sometimes, it's even better. **Hank Quinlan**

REGENERATION

The latest film from talented British director Gillies McKinnon is based on the first Booker prize-winning novel by Pat Barker in his *Ghost Road* trilogy, with a screenplay by Alan Scott. Set during the First World War, *Regeneration* shows the pointlessness of trench warfare when thousands of lives are sacrificed for the capture of just ten or fifteen feet. Leaving this private hell in 1917, officer and war poet Siegfried Sassoon (James Wilby) is sent to an experimental psychiatric hospital where he is treated by Dr William Rivers (Jonathan Pryce), who believes soldiers should relive bad experiences as a form of therapy. Sassoon meets other patients including mute working-class officer Billy Prior (Johnny Lee Miller) and fellow poet Wilfred Owen (Stewart Bunch) and since he feels that the futility of the current war strategy needs to be exposed, an influential Army Medical Board recommend that he be kept within the hospital confines in order to silence him. Gillies' film shows Sassoon's regeneration as a human being, and Dr Rivers' struggle with his conscience as he helps men to recover only to be sent back again to the frontline. The film remains slightly static within the Craiglock country medical home but it is a thoughtful drama which vividly interweaves scenes of hell from the trenches with scenes from home. **Matt Arnoldi**
Regeneration takes place at Broadway Fri 9th - Thurs 22nd Dec.



KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING

KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING dir. Robert Birman

A splendid adaptation of George Orwell's 1936 semi-autobiographical novel which stars Richard E. Grant as an aspiring and poverty-stricken poet at odds with an age of rigid conformity. This eccentric bard rejects the safety and comfort of a career in advertising and instead pursues his own artistic ambitions. However things don't quite go to plan and the result is a perilous existence full of pot-holes, part-time jobs, publishing wrangles and painful rejection slips. Only his sensible, though long-suffering girlfriend, played by Helena Bonham-Carter holds things together as Grant rages vehemently against society's inequalities and the ultimate symbol of middle-class smugness—an aspidistra plant in the window of a suburban semi. Both stars are in great form, the pragmatic Carter a perfect foil to Grant's vitriolic outbursts and Withnailian wit. The period details also impress Alan Plater's script sparkles with dry humour and insightful observations. The film stays close to the original storyline so there can be no complaints from literary purists as it satirises and attacks Britain's class-conscious society and the pretensions of being an 'artist'. It may not be Orwell's most celebrated work but in cinematic form it more than matches any previous adaptations. **HQ**
Keep The Aspidistra Flying at Broadway from Fri 19th December.



IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE dir. Frank Capra

Smug cynics and hard-boiled critics may cringe at the overripe sentimentality but there is no denying the emotional pulling-power of this marvellous Yuletide tale. James Stewart, of course, stars as George Bailey, a suicidal small-town family man who gets another chance thanks to an angel who shows him how the world would be if he hadn't been born. The charismatic cast also includes Lionel Barrymore as Bailey's evil nemesis the miserly Dr. Potter, the beautiful Donna Reed as his lifetime's love, and Henry Travers as the bumbling celestial life-saver Clarence Goodbody. All are perfect in their roles, particularly Stewart who in one movie portrays the familiar amiable hick philosopher and the previously unseen paranoid neurotic whom Hitchcock would later exploit in *Vertigo* and *Rear Window*. Ironically, when first released in 1946 the proved unpopular with post-war audiences and ominously signalled the end of director Frank Capra's career. Only repeated television screenings rescued it from obscurity as successive generations were raised on its Never Never Land nostalgia and heartwarming homespun idealism. Indulge in this Christmas-time treat and you too will believe in a better world. **HQ**
It's a Wonderful Life at Broadway from Fri 5th-Thurs 18th Dec.

PREACHER: Proud Americans by Garth Ennis and Steve Dillon

(Titan books £9.99)
Comics are supposed to be just an adolescent fad. Like acne only with better pictures and no pus. You grow up, get a life and put away those childish little pleasures. Well, that's the theory, anyway, but *Sandman*, *Sin City* etc. prove otherwise and *Preacher* is most emphatically a brutal, blasphemous, ass-kicking adult experience. As his ardent admirers are already aware, earlier editions have seen our anti-hero Jesse Custer lose his faith, merge with a half-angelic, half-demonic spiritual being, blowtorch his demented in-bred family and embark upon a search and destroy mission to find God. This time he's slugging it out with God's secret army The Grail, their bulging, behemoth All-Father, an exiled angel and the unstoppable, merciless Saint Of Killers. Exchanges between Custer and his gun-toting girlfriend Tulip show great insight and compassion while the origins of his Irish vampire friend Cassidy amazingly take us back to 1916 and a brilliantly concise analysis of the Easter Uprising. Writer Ellis and artist Dillon spin the plot out with great precision, taking the time to fully develop their characters in revealing, evocative conversations then turning up the heat with criss-crossing, action-packed intensity. Questions of faith, hypocrisy, friendship and honour are asked and the Preacher's reply is frequently violent, often hilarious and always disturbing. State of the art entertainment for the mature reader. **HQ**



NOW 97

: AN OVERVIEW

“The Theater of Rigor,” said Kansas Byrne, “is the ultimate expression of human artistic potential, an aesthetic system in which the performer is no longer bound by the limitations of being merely an ‘actor’ or a ‘dancer’ or a ‘musician’ or an ‘artist’ but becomes, through the disciplines of his art, a creature which transcends such arbitrary divisions, an ‘actordancermusicianartist,’ a creature of as many dimensions as there are dimensions of artistic expression. Visionaryprophetvandalcriminalgymnastloverpoetgraffitistcookdesigner...; by becoming the master of every discipline, he or she thus transfigures art into true spontaneity of expression: the artist capable of self-expression in any medium he or she feels will best convey that expression. That’s the Theater of Rigor. That’s why Kansas Byrne is a Raging Apostle and not just another tlakh producing pieces of performance art for Witnesses to coo and tut over. Kansas Byrne is a Raging Apostle because the Compassionate Society is not interested in transcending divisions, breaking boundaries. Because boundaries, divisions, are what the Compassionate Society is, at the core, at the heart. Divide and rule. Caste and conquer.” **Ian McDonald — Out On Blue Six**

That was then, in fact it finished yesterday, this is *Now*, a festival which targets, markets and strokes an already converted receiver yet masquerades as a festival which “aims to showcase the best in current live art—performance, new theatre and dance—and to establish this vibrant and vital work as stimulating and accessible entertainment for a wide audience”. Oh p-leaase! Nonetheless, “this requires overcoming the preconceptions of live art being pretentious, elitist and difficult; these views are not valid, nor are they born out of experience”. So, if you have never experienced the world of theatre either as a consumer, practitioner (preferably both) or from any other perspective, then you are in no position to comment? How elitist can you get?! It’s like saying, “Sorry, mate, I know you say Hitler was a bit of a dodgy geezer, but so what? It’s not like I was there, is it?” Well, I’m sorry but in this instance I was there and the fact is, it is. It is pretentious, elitist and often inaccessible to the average person on the street who, it can be argued, is frequently portrayed within productions in both patronising and offensive terms, often with little wit and depth of “experience” evident! How ironic. How does this state of affairs occur? Does it always have to be like this? What can we do to redress the balance?

If profiling works by and for Joe Public proves difficult, contentious and frustrating, how can we address, assess and implement a feasible plan of action to overcome, for example, obstacles of consumerist lack of interest, weighted funding bodies, incestuous selection panels, limited, restrictive venues, and so on?

The role of festival management is obviously a foundational factor in this matter. Their objectives and aims must constantly be reassessed and if necessary adjusted in accordance with festival policies. Why, if they claim to be “a dynamic festival of live art, performance, dance and visual art from some of the brightest emerging artists in the UK” are most of those ‘bright young things’ from Trent University itself? Hey, it’s like an extension of your degree, man. First you get onto *Expo*, then move onto *Now* and if you have a mate on the election panel then even better. What? You *are* the selection panel? Jeez, and there was I thinking I had it all sewn up being the production manager!! Facts, folks! Plain facts.

Four years ago, *Now/Expo 93* posed the following: “What can festivals achieve in terms of arts and artists developments, and do they live up to it? Whom do they benefit and how?” — queries which grow in significance year by year. And whilst I can understand that only too often “what looks good on paper” is a prerequisite of obtainable funding, let’s not lose the real McCoy in the processed systemisation of it all.

If *Outsiders* is indicative of the incredible sea of quality work/s which subliminally and spasmodically surface, then grab the fuckin’ lifeline or we’ll all drown together in an outdated, outmoded, superficial slick of slop. I’m not saying that to have validated balls in Art you need to ‘run away from home’ or reject *informative* education; it’s not as simple as that. But it seems to help to *ground* works in a way which the conveyor belt of academic, high faluting, analytical, ivory tower middle class slop cannot reach. After all, the proof’s in the pudding and perhaps the likes of “outsider art” is in fact insider selves. Think about it.

Over to the offerings.

SIMON MILES *Empire State Human*

Angel Row Gallery

I actually walked straight past this piece and up the stairs to something far more exciting and which lived up to it’s press preview. It was only after having asked gallery staff where the “visual

arts/performance novel” was taking place, that I realised that the rather statically cluttered wooden “mirror of life” fixated in the foyer was indeed Miles’ work. And where was this “urban shaman” who reputedly “visits his symbolic site everyday”? nobody knew. He hadn’t been seen. A veritable astral planer indeed. So I trotted back down to investigate. Upon closer inspection, a tall wooden construction with gaps in between forming a “pattern”, (of Life, I’m sure) into



ULTIMA VEZ

which various stereotypical, clichéd iconographical elements had been ‘randomly’ stuffed. Apparently a piece which breathed the very essences of “madness and psychosis” yet all it seemed to say was ‘undiluted clutter, unfocused mess’. So, if you look like crap and feel like shit, then check out the doctor as psychosis awaits.

INGENIOUS CREATOR: Outsider Art Angel Row Gallery

“A celebration of the ingenuity and creativity of people who exist at the margins of society, who do not consider themselves to be artists and not for any financial reward”. Yep, and they had more bollocks in their technically diverse strokes of ink, gouache, biro, felt tip and various other media than the most rehearsed, analysed and regurgitated works presented by a lot of ‘real’ artists. Valerie Potter’s black ink on paper, *Hail, Hail To Those Who Try And Fail ‘96* contained startling scenes and images from crying embryos eating themselves, to tears, hell and yellow submarines ensconced in a foreboding atmosphere of systemisation and unhappy people surrounded by Death. The creator herself, who does not like titles and does not regard her work as Art, suffered a mental breakdown which, ironically enough, began at university, subsequently spent periods of time in a psychiatric hospital. In her works she seeks “to fly beyond the borders of what we should do or what we should be to home into a common current of creative power and not allow the twentieth century to reduce us into passive cyphers”. Potter’s skills at transferring her incredible insight to the dark recesses of ‘madness and psychosis’ left no stone unturned and did so with excellent clarity. Crisper than crisp.

ALBERT LOUDEN’s *The Man Who Had No Time To Look 1981*

captures in a painfully succinct manner the too often nonchalant attitude of the human race to the suffering of the individual. Using a delicate medium of watercolour enhanced by a light stroke, he savagely magnifies our social and humanitarian inadequacies. a woman falls from a building and a man

hastens past. This is Louden’s depiction, yet it couldn’t be closer to the truth. Louden, born Blackpool 1945, seeks to create “internal landscapes” where one can enter a journey of “self-seeking awareness”. An assessment of the self. Doesn’t look good, does it? Ironically, due to commercial ‘success’ Louden has been persuaded that he should no longer be considered an Outsider and is now being coaxed ‘into the fold’. Gotcha, didn’t they mate? And if his PR shot is

anything to go by, he doesn’t look keen! So major respect to the late Victor Musgrave and Monika Kinley who have been collecting Outsider work since 1981. Outsider art equals *art brut* equals raw art. Full on!

SARAH TUTT *Escalera Exchange Arcade*

A vibrant piece which held a mirror to the tourist industry’s stereotypical perception of all that is Spain. With a farcical astuteness enhanced by the knowledge that Spain itself projects this imagery, Tutt created an atmosphere of carnival through colour, stylised movement, film and looped, pre-recorded text—“*Won’t you help me with my Spanish lesson?*”. Wearing a traditional red and black Flamenco dress, she and two other women travelled the length of the arcade in what could only be described as a choreographed funeral procession, a lone trumpeteer in formal dress solemnly leading the way. The arcade itself, with its architectural grandeur and city pomposity was a perfect setting for the enormous pink satin staircase placed in its centre, upon which the focus remained. The piece, however, was marred slightly by a lack of volume for such an airy space and the near loss of its trump card to an oversight of direction, for housed within the staircase were little spyholes of film. The flickering imagery of an iconic madonna, spanish jewellery and so forth wre tempered with the human element of lipsticked mouths and black, cold eyes. It had been the natural curiosity of kids which had drawn the audience to the staircase. They went, we followed. For a “new work for European city centres” it was interesting to note the ‘small and bijou’ converted audience, whilst the public passed by... bemused. Each time I visited it was the same. Oh well, I’m sure there are converts everywhere, so no worries.

YUM LOO Da Dada Dada-Dada

Victoria Studios Powerhouse

“Guaranteed relief without having to think at all”!? You’re joking, aren’t you? From the bingo cards to the looped text to double entendres and verbal trickery to manipulate the sold-out house, from the Machiavellian Joker to the Pavlovian lighting of sculptural

movement, this show was packed! Some would say too packed, and yes, it did have its indulgences like piss, shit and general toilet humour (always guaranteed to get a laugh from student viewers) but it had good strong direction and script with which to facilitate our understanding of any deviant meanderings, e.g. the simple but effective repeating of the last line of a scene upon re-entering its parameters. A tool to relocate the viewer. Generally, an excellent display of performing from the four lads, particularly the Elizabethan farce sketch (spot on lighting effects) where posture was all important. The monologue given by Simon Wills was terrific in terms of isolation and build-up of pace and movement. His deconstruction of text was impressive to watch and highly amusing. Nice one. The piece did, however, become predictable in terms of the loops and the rise and fall of pace/tempo, which was fuelled by an apparent lack of a plan B, in case no-one shouted ‘House!’. Consequently it went on too long, but nonetheless a clever and well executed piece of work.

SEAN-TUAN JOHN O, *Brutus*

Victoria Studios Basement

A slip of a lad, with a sliding, winding, sexy style of movement incorporating club, contemporary and classical forms took us on a journey of juxtaposed images in juxtaposed lives. Full of hedonistic insecurities and verbally calm crudity he projects and reflects, with the aid of prerecorded film and evocative music, upon the highs and lows of Brutus and August Jones. But where ordinarily a few technical slips can be overlooked, on this occasion, not so. He created such atmospheres it seemed sacrilegious for them to be technically marred, yet this occurred profusely. Whether it was the bad timing of lighting fades, or too high a volume of FX, it became a pain in the arse. Under-rehearsed, inept, or what? For this piece we had to work, nothing was handed on a plate. It was easy to be taken with the superficial gracefulness of it all and not focus on the subtleties, nooks and crannies of the paradoxical lives depicted. Ego and alter ego vying for position in an ambivalently ambiguous world. A show full of pathos, melancholia and deconstructed madness, sometimes a Smiths-riden angst, yet presented in a subliminally imaginative way. Check this guy.

ULTIMA VEZ

Seven For A Secret Never To Be Told

Over at the Playhouse Ultima Vez performed an eccentric, eclectic, unpredictable and very physical dance show. *Seven For A Secret Never To Be Told* included some breathtaking visual moments. One such was where a dancer suddenly rolled a strip of vivid colour across the floor, another the end of a piece which was accompanied by huge feathers plunging from the air to stick into the floor, remaining upright as the dance continued. The theatrical elements were slightly bizarre, including dancing sausages, rubbish bags and fish. An entertaining evening which managed to touch on both light and darker moments to maintain an aura of mystery and an element of surprise.

ASSAULT EVENT COMPANY *Speed*

Victoria Studios Powerhouse

As it says, “Now it’s here now it’s gone, adrenalin rush cartilage crush, mph bpm.” And there it was, fast, sharp, urban vernacular from the MC Queen of Pop, zip pan contemporary movement evoking emotional streetlife imagery with skateboarding action shown on screen. This show was tight, tight, tight! Without frippery, unnecessary indulgence or surplus of any sort, he sliced up a lifestyle and showed its guts. Tender roughness, interdependence, marginalisation combined with infrastructural awareness. Choreography reminiscent of la-la-la human steps—strong, acrobatic, high impact energy—was well executed. “Trashcan candy man”, we know him well.

CORNELIA HESSE-HONNEGER

After Chernobyl Wallaton Park, The Yard Gallery

A delightful (whitewashed walls, hessian floor) gallery where I and the attendant were promptly told to “be quiet and stop behaving like children” when we were busily being stimulated by Honneger’s work. Apparently that was not to be tolerated. By the way, that is one sick attendant! I thought I was bad as a kid, what with cutting claws off dead birds and making them into ear-rings but no, she went better, taking great pleasure in delicately plucking all the legs from spiders which she then lined up in a row to watch them furiously rotate. Of course, cruelty transcends all gender and the exposure of cruelty, whether direct or otherwise, also transcends gender. One such exponent is this rather awesome Swiss artist Cornelia Hesse-Honneger. Disguised as a slightly bumbling middle-aged lady, she’s as sharp as the customised tools she uses to illustrate mutated bugs. This is a powerfully motivated woman on a mission, no grey areas, no flinching. Hierarchical scientists label her hysterical (surprise, surprise, isn’t that the word men specifically use when they are out of their pathetic depth?) and discard her findings as circumspect and non-valid.

Whilst the lack of acknowledgement from the scientific community doesn’t surprise her (indeed it “gives her the strength to go on”), the

response from the public has been overwhelming. This has prompted her to encompass a wider audience with her findings, for as she says, “I document the horror which has only begun, and I continue to because I hope that the horror will be seen by others. Perhaps I also document as I do because this senseless deformation compels me to.” You have been warned! If you missed it you missed out.

DRAGON LADIES

The Grotesque Burlesque Revue Victoria Studios Powerhouse

Not what was advertised but it was well awesome with innovative subject matter, visual content and an appropriately bizarre script. Marisa Carr performed to a partially filled house with dexterity and flair. Mind you, you would need flair to pull off some of this, notably Violet Rose’s lewd and provocative choreography. It was terrific to see such visually imaginative costume design which functioned practically, sequentially and aesthetically, particularly the pierced tongue hanging from her crotch. The partnership of Amanda Moss as visual director, and Marisa Carr as performer/choreographer, no doubt. Like a dose of the clap, indecency and general debauchery flowed through the script—“*feel what you paid for the comical whore, your wet undergarments are curiously sore.*” A sadly realistic yet wickedly warped, provocatively inventive interpretation of the lives of three female “entertainers”.

DESPERATE OPTIMISTS *Stalking Realness Sandfields Centre*

I was looking forward to this and frankly was disappointed. With a video monitor and the usual on-stage decks, the Optimists, (you’re right there), attempted to use the blur of memory to create and recreate atmospheres/environments inclusive of text, movement and so on. Aysms! Long-winded, repetitively predictable trickery of secure, monotonous tones, punctuated by long, loud screams of “FUUUUCK!” (for example). Having had an initial impact of surprise, it quickly dissipated. Yes, the show did “give contemporary issues a hard time”. It also gave me and my uninitiated friend a hard arse and stiff back who, incidentally turned to me at the end and intuitively said, “What a load of bollocks that was” but hastily added, “bit boring for me, mind, not coming that often.” Nah, right first time mate.



GOB SQUAD

GOB SQUAD *Close Enough To Kiss Waverley Studios*

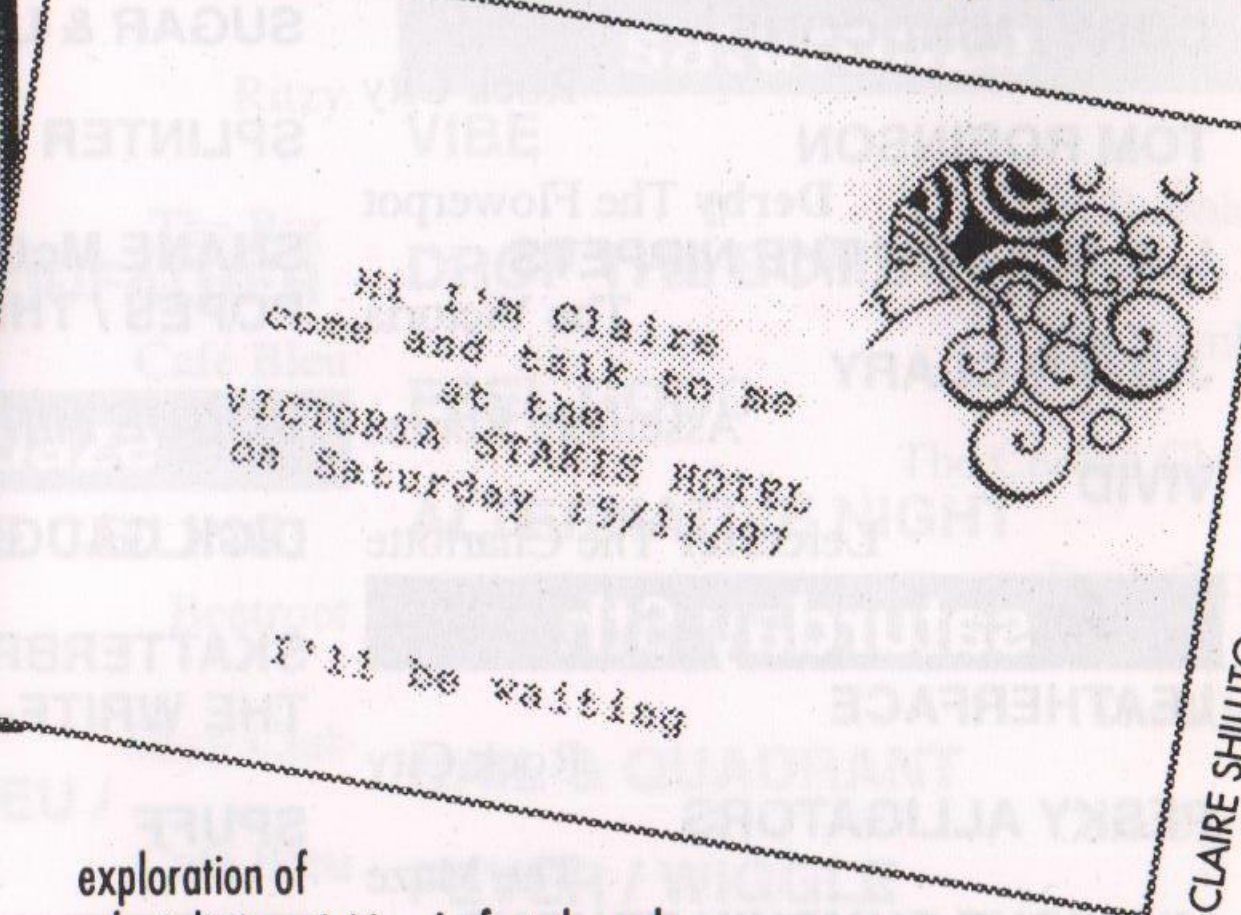
Great, innovative set, smart use of technology with which to aid direction of traverse setting, choreography slick and contemporary, ditto the music. All brilliantly married together. Such a shame that the company still relies heavily on subject matter which pokes fun at the ordinary person. After all, what’s wrong with wanting “a new pair of curtains” or being happy and content in marriage? This wasn’t as how about “a cautious search for identity”. It was a flagrant piss-take of Joe Public. All the obvious calibre of the company will mean nothing if heads don’t come outta arses. new curtains closed. ‘Nuff said.

We now move into the *Expo* zone, kicking off with **Max Factory’s** *Scream (Stay Seated)* in Victoria Studio basement. Staying seated was not what I wanted to do. “An unmissable night of magical confusion and glittering failure” read the promo. Well, it would have been weasy to miss, and the only “glittering failure” was that of the selection panel. Conveyor belt fodder for conveyor belt viewers, whereas **Lisa Wesley’s** *The Unattainable Wedding Reception*, at Bonington Gallery, was a show with attitude, but more to the point with something to say. A powerful performance given by both Wesley and Blackwood with unnerving calm and extensive flexibility. Sunbed Kissed Steve, Carol, Glen and Office Wanker were played out before us with full stage directions and change of costume done on set. Their deadpan approach to reading instructions, implementing directions and so forth, made the intervening scenes all the more poignant and ironically bitter sweet. The voyeuristic rustle of costume changes highlighted a sad reflection, that people watch others’ misfortune yet remain unmoved, uninvolved. A refreshingly serious piece portraying the intricacies and complicated webs of relationships. Speaking of relationships *Romance Is A Ticket To Paradise* at the Powerhouse, but apparently not on this occasion. I mean, what utter fuckin’ dross. Girl

power on the tech shit, and all that, but Christ, wait until you’re at least focused on what you are trying to say (whether in gratuitous Japanese or not) and don’t waste people’s time and money. Back to the conveyor belt people and over to **Low Brow White Trash** with, funnily enough, *Low Brow White Trash!* With curt, succinct text —“hung like a horse and stiff as a girder” (you wish), the performance offered was both interesting and potentially powerful. Good use of space, within the ‘cage’ and an appropriately evocative solitary lightbulbs. However, as the pace increased, and the script dictated an intensity of emotion, the performer failed to meet the challenge.

Consequently the show died and never quite hit the mark. Oh yeah, the psychiatric/social worker bin—obvious subtext, better without it. Nice try, but relied too heavily on the effective set. No emotion, no soul, no point. And whilst we’re on the subject, have you ever wanted to know exactly what the point of *Expo* is? How about an “intense and buzzing showcase full of new ideas and relevant work which attracts large audiences from the UK and beyond” Where? When? Oh, you mean like on Saturday 15th, the last day of *Expo*, right? Well, “intense” is putting it mildly. The idea was to ‘check in’ (obviously from the UK and beyond) book tickets, and so “the day runs smoothly it is very important that you see the performances you have booked into” (that would be handy) “and turn up on time—so synchronise your watches”! Yeah, right. So said the flight schedule which the FOH kindly thrust into my hand amidst the chaos of Bonington departure lounge. Of course, what you didn’t know was that this was, in fact, a pre-haul exoneration by the control tower in the event of you missing any connecting flights due to unforeseen circumstances. This might mar the provision of “a supportive framework for emerging artists to realise and execute projects in a professional and appropriate context.” Geddiz? If ya don’t synchronise yer watches, leg like a blue-arsed fly all over TU’s campus and then some, you’ve fucked it. Nothing to do with the apparently prevalent practise of late starts and bad co-ordination, of course. Now, I don’t possess a watch and neither did most of the people I asked, so with the godsent aid of the Victoria clock tower, I began the long haul up and down, in and around, everywhere but in a cohesive pattern of travel to see “relevant work”. And just how relevant can you get with Jim’ll Fix It?, a little colonial s/exploitation in the Arboretum —sounds relevant, hmm? Maybe even familiar?! No such luck. Instead, an under-rehearsed,

poorly directed, sloppy show disguised as a serious juxtapositional



CLAIRE SHILLITO

exploration of colonialistic activities. In fact the only person exploited was the sadly misguided Lisa Watts herself. Free peepshow—what performance? And if you didn’t get to peep into Room 510, Stakis Hotel with **Claire Shillito’s** *Hi, I’m Claire*, then you missed out on one of the best (and there weren’t many) shows in the festival. You travelled the lift alone, walked the corridor and searched for her room. Illicit affair, illegal dealings, bizarre murder scenes, which will it be and you feel all three as she opens the door. Authoritatively, deftly, she gets you into bed beside her. So now what? Within the space of seven minutes, Shillito became everything from confidante to control freak, from insecure victim to outlandish whore, and cunningly dragged you along with her. A one to one show—or so you thought. Check that bathroom, the door’s not shut. An extremely clever and sensitive show with fresh, fresh, fresh execution. Go, that girl! Yes, there were lots of other shows/happenings and whatever else you want to call them, but none which bore the hallmarks of Shillito nor the gentle irony of **Darren Bourne’s** *Silting Down*. Let the man speak for himself. “The intellectualisation of Art is all fine and well for those who want to ‘play the game’ but it is too limiting and not the whole story. With silting down, I tried to avoid this and to some extent I succeeded in reaching a wider spectrum of viewer and not just the chosen few. “Now where have I heard that before? In a nutshell, then, what is the main aim of his work? “Positivity is my main aim. I want people to leave uplifted, empowered. I try to avoid cynicism, it’s fun to play with but doesn’t really lead anywhere. It’s a human right to be creative and to benefit in every sense from that creativity both for yourself and others. This is what I hope to reflect in any future work.” Nutshell, Darren! Nutshell! **Joyce James**

FRIED CIRCUIT

DECEMBER 1997

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CLAWFINGER appear at Rock City Sat 13th

friday 5th

DJ PATRICK FORGE
Sola Nottingham Dubble Bubble
SMALL WORLD Filly & Firkin

SHUT UP The Old Vic

SKELETON CREW The Running Horse

CORE / MINDCORE Rock City

TOM ROBINSON Derby The Flowerpot

L.A. DOORS / THE NIPPETS The Victoria

JULIAN CLARY Assembly Rooms

VIVID Leicester The Charlotte

saturday 6th

LEATHERFACE Rock City

PESKY ALLIGATORS The Maze

MIDNIGHT PUMPKIN TRUCKS The Old Vic

JUBA Dubble Bubble

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE 3pm-6pm The Golden Fleece

THE ED MARTIN BAND The Running Horse

NO MORE HEROES Derby The Victoria

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG The Flowerpot

ROBYN HITCHCOCK The Charlotte

TIM KEEGAN Mansfield The Woodpecker

sunday 7th

FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN Nottm The Golden Fleece

EMBRACE Rock City

FOOTWARMERS noon The Bell Inn

MIND THE GAP 8pm The Old Vic

WOODY BOP MUDDY Just the Tonic The Running Horse

ALAMO LEALS BLUESVILLE Dubble Bubble

EARTHLIFE Dubble Bubble

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM The Running Horse

CATO / REYNOLDS Derby The Loft

CUFF / MONTROSE AVENUE The Victoria

WIDE EYED WONDER Leics The Charlotte

GROOVE BOOTY Leics The Charlotte

thursday 11th

M.P. O'REILLY Nottm The Maze

HARSH The Old Vic

THE HOAX The Running Horse

SIX BY SEVEN Dubble Bubble

MOVER Sam Fay's

THE HYBIRDS Rock City

EZZ / C-LUKE G-Lock Whispers

SUBMARINE Derby Bar 121

HI-ON MAIDEN The Victoria

ALL LIVING FEAR The Charlotte

EMMA CONQUEST The Charlotte

monday 8th

SUGAR & LUST Nottm Filly & Firkin

SPLINTER The Running Horse

SHANE MCGOWAN & THE POPES / THE CROCKETTS Rock City

VOGUE MINOGUE Ritzy

DICK GAUGHAN Derby The Flowerpot

SKATTERBRAIN THE WRITE-OFFS The Victoria

SPUFF Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 9th

EASY PIECES Nottm The Golden Fleece

THE DELTA 72 / 20 MILES £4 adv. Sam Fay's

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE JAZZ GROUP The Bell Inn

TEDDY FULLICK QUINTET Running Horse

KULE JAZZ Langtry's

COME FLYING Filly & Firkin

THE PASTELS Derby The Loft

ORIFIS / 10 INCH FREAK / FLYASH The Victoria

ARAB STRAP / NECTAR Leics The Charlotte

BEAT GLIDER Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 10th

TWENTY-SIX RED Nottm The Bell Inn

DJ KUNG FU The Maze

MOOD INDIGO The Old Vic

THE FAB 4 Sam Fay's

sunday 14th

MOOSE ON THE LOOSE Nottm The Golden Fleece

GRAHAM NORTON Just the Tonic The Old Vic

THE FOOTWARMERS noon The Old Vic

JUBA 8pm The Bell Inn

THE HOWLERS The Running Horse

ALIVE Dubble Bubble

INNER FAITH / ESHER Derby The Victoria

THE PEACOCK PAGE Newark The Navigation

COAL CHAMBER Sheffield The Leadmill

monday 15th

THE OMEGA BAND Nottm The Bell Inn

ACOUSTIC ROUTES The Golden Fleece

FOLK & ROOTS The Running Horse

DJ SIN X Pieces

CABLE / AC ACOUSTICS TWINKIE Derby The Loft

PROFESSIONALS / STUMBLE The Victoria

SOUL CELLAR Leics The Charlotte

BENNETT Sheffield University

tuesday 16th

THE DRUNK JUICE PUPPIES Nottm Sam Fay's

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE The Bell Inn

THE TEDDY FULLICK QUINTET The Running Horse

KULE JAZZ Langtry's

JUNO Leics The Charlotte

GRIDLOCK / ROACH Derby The Victoria

STAIRWELL Bar 121

wednesday 17th

BOXED UK Nottm The Maze

SHUG THE MAGICIAN The Old Vic

THE JAZZ JUNIORS The Old Vic

MACHINE HEAD / ENTOMBED Rock City

MISERY LOVES COMPANY The Rig

TRAVIS The Bell Inn

ESPIRITU Sam Fay's

THE FAB 4 The Running Horse

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM The Lenton

DJ DEEP JOY benefit for Satpal Ram Leics The Charlotte

STASH / 99 YEARS COMIC BOOK HEROES Leics The Charlotte

STAIRWELL / EVEN DAYS ONE MINUTE SILENCE Derby The Vic

thursday 18th

SHADES OF BLUE Nottm The Maze

COMIN HOME HIGH The Old Vic

BOOT The Running Horse

SANTA CRUZ Sam Fay's

RALPH DOG The Charlotte

ONE STEP BEHIND Derby The Victoria

FUGAWI Bar 121

TRAVIS N'ampton Roadmender

friday 19th

WHOLESOME FISH Nottm The Maze

VINAL YEARS The Old Vic

GREGG WRIGHT'S LEFT HOOK Running Horse

DEARLY BEHEADED FREEBASE Rock City

DAVID HOLMES / JON CARTER The Bomb

KELVIN ANDREWS Heavenly Jukebox Leics The Charlotte

CLUB O Derby The Victoria

saturday 20th

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE 3pm Nottm The Golden Fleece

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE midnight The Maze

MEL JAYS The Old Vic

HARRY & THE GROWLERS The Running Horse

ONE MINUTE SILENCE Rock City Disco 2

NOVA LOUNGE Vibe Dubble Bubble

JUDGE JULES / TALL PAUL Gatecrasher Sheffield Republic

sunday 21st

PAP Post Apocalyptic Powergroove Nottm Sam Fay's

BUZZ & SAM COLLINS The Golden Fleece

THE FOOTWARMERS noon The Bell Inn

BLUNT 8pm The Bell Inn

FOUR ON THE FLOOR The Running Horse

PROJECT PITCHFORK SISTERS OF MURPHY Rock City

PERFORMANCE Dubble Bubble

SCHISM / SHEEN Leics The Charlotte

CARNIVAL OF THIEVES SYLPH / ROOSTER Derby The Victoria

monday 22nd

CREAM OF NOTTM DJs benefit for the Liverpool dockers Nottm The Skyy Club

DJ SIN Spook Fletcher & Firkin

ACOUSTIC ROUTES The Golden Fleece

FOLK & ROOTS The Running Horse

THE OMEGA BAND The Bell Inn

SUPERCREEPS / SIENNA Derby The Victoria

SOUNDTRAX Bar 121

CATHODE NATION
MY HEAD'S GOING TO BLOW UP
MEMBER Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 23rd

JUMBLE SALE Nottm The Golden Fleece

DJ SIMON WHITE Boogie Wonderland The Maze

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE JAZZ GROUP The Bell Inn

THE TEDDY FULLICK QUINTET The Running Horse

SIMON THE VINYL JUNKIE Jazzology Free before 11pm Sam Fay's

GORILLA Derby The Victoria

SOUNDTRAX Bar 121

MARVEL Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 24th

KELLY'S HEROES Nottm The Maze

THE FAB 4 The Bell Inn

BUES JAM XMAS PARTY The Running Horse

RUNAWAY TRAINS Newark The Navigation

saturday 27th

SLOWHAND Nottm The Maze

THE RANDEES The Old Vic

POLSKA Dubble Bubble

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE 3pm The Golden Fleece

HARRY'S XMAS PARTY The Running Horse

FUDGE Leics The Charlotte

RAGING AGAINST THE MACHINE Derby The Victoria

sunday 28th

THE FOOTWARMERS noon The Bell Inn

MIND THE GAP 8pm The Bell Inn

SHAMUS O'BIVION & THE MEGADEATH MORRISMEN The Golden Fleece

THE EUGENE 'HIDEAWAY' BRIDGES BAND The Running Horse

COMIN HOME HIGH / STARSKY Dubble Bubble

LEFT HAND THREAD Newark The Navigation

ZEPHYR 6 Leics The Charlotte

wednesday 31st

WHOLESOME FISH Nottm The Maze

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE PHAT J Dubble Bubble

ESPIRITU The Bell Inn

THE FAB 4 Sam Fay's

CONNIE LUSH & BLUES SHOUTER The Running Horse

SCOTT LORIMER / LEE WHITEHEAD Derby Bar 121

TODD TERRY/DERRICK CARTER JON MARSH/MARK MOORE Gatecrasher/Backto basics/Love tobe Sheffield The Music Factory

ON Y DA
QU MAL
Y
DANSE

mondaze

SPOOK Gothic, industrial, e.b.m., ambient Fletcher & Firkin

X DJ Sin Pieces

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

KULE JAZZ Langtry'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

LA BÊTE DE BLEU / DESELECT CAFÉ BLEU Café Bleu

BEATLEMANIA The Fab 4 Sam Fay's

BRAIN SALAD Jungle The Lenton

INDIE GO GO The Cookie Club

DJ CRAP The Arboretum Manor

thursdaze

DAGOBAH SYSTEM / 3 WOMEN & A RECORD BOX The Skyy Club

UP THE JUNCTION 60's sounds The Cookie Club

HARD UP/ G- LOCK Whispers

BEAT DA BOMB The Bomb

SERVE CHILLED AGAIN Digs & Woosh Café Bleu

V.F.M. Ritzy

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 ICC

5pm WHOOMP / FLY / SOLA SMOKESCREEN Dubble Bubble

monthly nights FLOPPY DISCO / BOMBARDEMENT The Bomb

fortnightly DEPARTURE LOUNGE Café Bleu

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

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

RADIO Beatroot

BRIT POP The Zone

SONIC The Essance

NO EGO Deluxe

INDIE BEAT Pieces

DJ MARK The Arboretum Manor

sundaze

SWEET POTATO The Lenton

JAZZ AT THE BELL The Bell Inn

JUST THE TONIC Comedy Club The Old Vic

DIMANCHE LE BLEU Simon the Vinyl Junkie Café Bleu

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIVE Dubble Bubble

discoverall:



MARTYN BENNETT

MARTYN BENNETT *Bothy Culture* (Rykodisc)
V. ARTISTS *Utom: Summoning The Spirit* (Rykodisc/The World)

Born in Canada, but with a musical upbringing in Scotland, Martyn Bennett incorporates traditional instrumentation with samples and programmed beats to create an organically techno equation. Put crassly, contemplate Planxty crossing swords with The Orb in a Buddhist monastery. This all results in the opening piece *Tongues Of Kali*, a remarkable fusion of Asian samples, dub ambience and Celtic folk. Indeed, the beautiful scenic photos in the cd booklet could be from Butan or the Highlands. Equally, the canny snapshot of Bennet himself reveals the multicultural young man in an instant. Elsewhere, *Uol the Doudouk* incorporates a fretted Turkish lute and Islamic pipes with the magical intensity of early Fundamental, whilst *Joik* introduces Scandinavian Shamanic chants into the maelstrom. Other tunes lean more heavily on ancient Scottish foundations, yet the modern world encroaches surely but subtly throughout. Brilliantly conceived, with space for each sound to breathe where others would have crammed every potential silence. More quality packaging from this ever attentive label encases a recording made in the T'boli region of the Philippines. The indigenous T'boli people have guarded their heritage for centuries, but face increasing threats from the domineering lowlands. In fact one of the original guides for this recording was recently murdered in a dispute over land rights. What emerges here though is one of the most remarkable of all field recordings. Producer Manilete Mara has captured an array of sounds and locations — a lute by the hearth at daybreak, flutes in the rainforest — plus songs and pieces performed for sacred and informal occasions. Their culture, less obsessed by soundbites and instant gratification, is able to express its music with a mantra-esque quality, where contemplation through repetition is so much more achievable. **GT**

SPACE MONKEYS
The Daddy Of Them All (Factory)
"Here, behind the windows of Manchester, there is an insane love of football, of celebration and of music."

Quite why no other Mancunian act had seized upon Eric Cantona's famous tribute to the "rebelliousness and vigour" of the city's youth is baffling. But to find his quotation printed across this audacious and precocious debut seems entirely natural. Introducing, then, Richard McNevin-Duff, a young man mad with words and music at the head of this quartet. Incorporating beats and samples into a hail of songs from the Stone Roses/Oasis school of arrogant anthems, Space Monkeys are clearly aiming high. Some marvellous melodies — notably the absurdly good *Sugar Cane* single, the wistful *Inside My Soul* plus stadium swayers *Let It Shine* and *Sweetest Dream* — are balanced by a few backfires on the teen anthem theme. *Ready For The Rampage* and *We Are The Supercool* (the latter absolved by more sweet catchiness) try too hard to swagger and so merely bluster. Elsewhere, opening cut *Acid House Killed Rock 'n' Roll* and the closing *March Of The Scarecrows* burn with anger, irony and precision. Huge potential in need of a little fine tuning. **GT**

PEGBOY *Cha Cha Da More* cd (Quarterstick)
What a storming, anthemic album of pure American skatecore this is. Of course, I'd expect nothing less from the bastard offspring of Naked Raygun. The mid-80's hardcore assault is offset with melodic, catchy Government Issue-style rockish harmonies although the lyrics are intense, personal and bitter. To me the upside of touring would more than compensate for the pitfalls but Pegboy are worn out and

main pic. Martyn Bennett
opp. page: Polvo
Reviews by Gareth Thompson, Christine Chapel,
Hank Quinlan, Christy O'Neil, Tricky Skills Jase, The Fat
Dead Naz., The VinylJunkie and Mischa Gulseven.

disillusioned. In *Dangermare* the pressures of endless touring seem too much to take: "last song I write/last song that I sing tonight/I'm sick of caring/got no rhythm in my head/not a song has gone unsaid/I've done my daring" This theme is returned to in *The Pantry Of The Mountain King*: "It's eleven o'clock/and I don't feel much like playing/My body rocks/I don't feel alright". Aah, you poor little bunnies. You should try the machine life of the factory slave before you start moaning about the life you have. Fucking hell, most of your audience would trade a limb to do what you do. Good punk, but it's time to stand back and take stock. **TFDN**

NOFX *So Long And Thanks For The Shoes* cd (Epitaph)
Fat Mike and co are back and if you've heard them before this won't disappoint you. It's the eccentric mix of Hardcore Punk, Latino rhythms and Tijuana brass. Wholly enjoyable and danceable, it attacks the critics of bringing Punk to a wider audience (*Punk Rock Elite*) and the joys of actually making a living out of what enjoy (*The Desperation's Gone*). The lyrics are still funny and slightly left of centre: "I wanna tar and lynch the KKK/I wanna pull and shoot the NRA/I pay the lobbyists to kill themselves / I wanna dose the DEA". Although this breaks no new ground it still makes me want to smile. But is that enough? **TFDN**

VAR. ARTISTS *Lounge-a-Paloza* (Hollywood)
'Lounge' music for me describes either the sound of a Playstation screaming full on, or perhaps in days gone by, TOTP fighting to be heard against the sound of a Hoover sweeping under your feet. Times have changed. Your very own lounge is now the epicentre of sophistication and a burgeoning cultural revolution is coming up from under the shagpile. Or something. The Lounge scene developing in London right now is taken very seriously by the misfits and Martini swigging culprits involved. Ben Folds Five's re-working of The Flaming Lips' *She Don't Use Jelly* comes the closest to providing a much needed comedy theory to rationalising Lounge. This hypothesis falls flat though when you realise that Ben Folds Five's entire career output is but one big Lounge joke. Except they aren't aware of this yet. Where Lounge works is to completely transfer a classic song into a different context. It becomes clear that Soundgarden's *Black Hole Sun* is a masterful piece of songwriting. No, really — it has to be to withstand the Lounge treatment given by husband and wife team (alarm bells ring), Steve & Eydie. Elsewhere, Polly Harvey seems totally out of her depth, Edwyn Collins' crooning confirms that he is the King of Croon for the entire district of Midlothian, Pizzicato Five prove that the basic concept of mixing up beats fails to translate over to Japan as they make a real hash of a stop, start rhythm, and James Taylor Quartet, well, JTQ stroke their beards and everyone turns away as usual. Perhaps I'm overlooking something here but I just don't get it. This collection of oddball songs could easily be marketed as a compilation of the one-off outtakes that many bands predictably choose to encore. This is very much the case with Fun Lovin' Criminal's parody of 10CC's *I'm Not In Love*. Don't call them Lounge though. Be honest and call them 'We've got nothing left in our set'. Next in this short lived series promises to be 'Bedroom' music, which is an album of songs that fails to make the bloody obvious connection between the upstairs room and horizontal jogging. I'm looking forward to the Outdoor Dunny scene myself, which is founded on the sincere premise that it's all a load of crap. **TSJ**

JOHN LENNON *Lennon Legend* (Parlophone)
Choosing this moment to release a John Lennon collection spanning the whole of his solo career is certainly interesting timing. It is widely recognised that (*What's The Story*) *Morning Glory* introduced a new generation to the Anthology series. The choice of picture on the front cover of *Lennon Legend* is one that has no doubt been analysed in depth by Gallagher Jnr as he seeks to perfects the image. Need to read a few more books first though, Liam. Maybe the favour can be posthumously returned by the old master, as a much needed damage limitation push is urgently needed to rescue the stodge of *Be Here Now* in time for the Christmas rush. Marketing aside, it's certainly worth updating your Lennon vinyl for the digitally remastered value, this being the only compilation available on CD. Lennon possessed a voice that was naturally rough, but one that was also capable of delivering the sweetest of ballads. A track like *Working Class Hero* pulls off the remarkable feat of combining both these features to leave you with the coldest of impacts. Many of the songs on this compilation highlight perfectly the physical pain that he was clearly putting himself through to polish his tonsils and reach the vocals without taking away any inner passion. "That bloody woman" had her claws all over Lennon's solo output, but then this was his own personal choice. Mental suffering also plagued him during the period that

covers most of this collection. *Mind Games*, *Whatever Gets You Thru The Night* (with top pop pal Elt!) and #9 *Dream* convey his life-long quest for peace of mind. The fascinating Lennon conundrum is of course where would he have positioned himself in the corporate 90's music business had he survived? Evidence on his last recorded output *Starting Over*, *Woman*, both contained here) suggest that his true radicalism was being displaced by the ageing process taking place gracefully. Thankfully not at such a severe pace as old 'Slippers' McCartney. Paul & George don't particularly rate the achievements of Oasis. This is fortunate as their endorsement would further alienate the pop kids and bring on board the establishment. John remained cool until the end. *Lennon Legend* documents how an iconic figure remained a radical in his politics, his personal life and his overall vision. **TSJ**

ADAM F *Colours* (Positiva)
Adam F has been showcasing many of the tracks lifted from this debut for over two years now, gradually building up respect and recognition from diverse partners ranging from Metalheadz to The Big Breakfast. Timing is now perfect for the big push in these strange days of Mr Size and his Mercury. On offer is a potted history of Jungle and the many deviations and directions that the DIY ethos has grown into over the past few years. Jazz hooks are looped, 70's disco vocals are sampled and stretched out. Without warning the whole experiment explodes into a fierce drum 'n' bass free for all with the ghost of Miles Davis taking on the role of spiritual band leader. Recent Top 20 outing, *Circles*, is the distorted sound of South London Pirate Jungle kicking through into the mainstream, and scaring the pants off any non-converts who plead "sing us something catchy with a nice tune then". No chance. Back to your Finlay Quay, mate. The overall feel of *Colours* though is certainly more reflective. The appearance of Tracy Thorn on *The Tree Knows Everything* is a blatant effort at filtering into the crossover market. Either that or self-justification for labelling the music 'intelligent' drum 'n' bass (Tracy did go to University, after all...). *Colours* is one of the few drum 'n' bass records that works well as an entire album. It makes just as much sense listening to it from start to finish through your headphones with a cup of hot chocolate and your feet up, as it does banging out a 10KW ear bleeding system. This album will stand out as one of the breakthrough essential records of '97 that will go a long way in making Jungle become accepted yet still remain dangerous. People shouldn't be surprised when such a modern sound as 'Colours' pushes through. What is more confusing should be the litter of 60s wannabes that still generate attention as we move ever forwards. **TSJ**

THE ELEVATORS *Linoleum* (Odor 2,0 cd)
A 9-piece jazz band who started out playing in hotel lobbies and sex parties in their home city Helsinki, Finland. The album is like a 90's take on a 60's soundtrack with the kind of production that sounds like Acid music, not Acid House with 303's but more spaced out pass me da LSD jazz. I think music has improved with technology and this jazz for '97 proves it. **STVJ**

V. ARTISTS *Invictus Unconquered*
Hotwax Molten Gold
The Music Merchant Story (Deepbeats)
Deep Beats continue to bang out classic R&B soul classics at a dramatic pace. Having recently secured the rights to the Holland & Dozier back-catalogues, these three releases concentrate on a wealth of hits the producers were to churn out after leaving Motown records. The Invictus label is possibly the more famous of the three, having successful hit runs from the likes of Chairman Of The Board, Parliament, Freda Payne etc. Over the twenty-two tracks on show here the magic unfolds. (9)
Hotwax were no slackers either. Sister label to Invictus, the mainstays of the stable included the Supremes' rivals Honeycone, Laura Lee, 100% Proof and The Flaming Ember (most famous for *Westbound No. 9*; not quite as instant as the Invictus set but no poor relative. (7)
Last but not least, the third label set up by the Holland/Dozier partnership in 1972, Music Merchant is probably most famous for spawning top northern soul classics *Sliced Tomatoes* by The Just Brothers and *Love Factory* by Eloise Laws. But also included here are the first sides by The Jones girls before going on to international stardom under the guidance of Gamble and Huff in Philadelphia at the back end of the seventies. There is also Brotherly Love who could have been a serious contender for the Jackson Five crown. Albeit only lasted for five years, the label was responsible for no less than two dozen single releases and a few albums. This cd catalogues the wealth of product turned out in such a short period. (8)
With many more deepbeat releases in the pipeline, the re-issue label is doing a grand job making hard-to-find product now readily

available. Forget your Mastercut albums which bit and bob around for one off collectable ditties, Deepbeats provides the history lesson. **PN**

EXIT *Set* (Ché/i)
This is as minimalist as they come, two lengthy tracks of "ambient" droning without incident. While that may very well be the idea it's still boring and I wouldn't even recommend it for insomniacs because it has an irritating effect, too. **CC**

STRANGELOVE *Strangelove* (Food/Parlophone)
'That difficult third album' syndrome has now reached the extent where some bands can only come up with a self-titled release, such is the pressure on the creative juices. For Strangelove this minor linguistic point is not a problem. They are one of the very few groups whose name actually describes the type of music they're making, the other obvious example is Twisted Sister. Strangelove have ditched their image of nouveau Goths purveying delicate melodramas in favour of heavy blues rhythms combined with hideous tales of indie squalor, all performed by social misfits crawling out of the swamp. A Strangelove indeed! Current single *Freak* is a particularly sexy little number with a bass heavy hook pouting for your attention throughout. Fashion chain Red Or Dead picked up on the track for their current TV campaign and, in true Victor Koyam style, they liked lead singer Patrick Duff so much they bought the whole package. Patrick took to the catwalk during London Fashion Week where he ended up semi-naked with the word FREAK emblazoned across his torso in lipstick. That's something you don't see Elton John doing very often. It seems as though Strangelove have exchanged their previously well publicised narcotic indulgences in favour of directing all their energies into making a grand album with a hidden songwriting depth. This is a truly classic record. **TSJ**

U.S. BOMBS *War Birth* cd (Hellcat)
First off I'd like to say the packaging is great, its like a small gatefold album cover with inner sleeve and lyric sheet, a necessity for a band who's lyrics matter in the way that those of U.S. Bombs matter. Three albums down the line from their debut in 1995 the sound has beefed out and now fulfils their earlier promise. *War Birth* is, no messing, the best bloody Punk Rock record I've heard for quite a while. It nods at Johnny thunders, waves to the UK Subs and tells Social Distortion 'this is how Punk should be'. It really is that good; it gives Elvis the finger (*The king's fucking dead/fat man on a throne/dead in his piss/that's how I'm gonna go/the king is dead and Punk Rock lives*) on *Rocks In Memphis* and spits at the MTV generation on *No Company Town* (born in the middle of a useless generation/ we never gave a fuck about a suicide nation). Quite frankly it doesn't get any better than this. Vibe la Punk **TFDN**

H2O *Thicker Than Water* cd (Epitaph)
Singer Toby Morse wears his influences up front in this New York Hardcore band. There's his obvious Sick Of It All fixation which, as one time roadie for them, is inevitable. Following a debut tour with Sick Of It All and CIV and American gigs with Rancid, The Mighty Mighty Bosstones and No Doubt, it is not surprising to find elements of these bands. *Try is 7 Seconds* and *This Time* is Minor Threat. The Marginal Man cover, *Friend*, is a dead giveaway. All things said it is an enjoyable slice of contemporary NYHC. **TFDN**

THE DWARVES *...Are Young And Good Looking* (Epitaph)
I don't know about the title, they are buck naked but that isn't the same thing. anyway, what we have here could have come from the mind of Tesco Vee. From the Black Sabbath-ish *Unrepentant* to the surf punk *Everybody's Girl* this is a rollercoaster of a record. At times The Dwarves seem to have a Jesus fixation that would make a Goth blush. *Demonica* sounds like The Sisters Of Mercy, *I Will Deny* is an hilarious Venom piss-take (at least I hope it's a piss-take otherwise The Dwarves need locking up) and *You Gotta Burn* is a note-perfect Cramps. I'll leave the last word to the AC/DC style track *We Must Have Blood*. "It's not that we don't love you/ It's just that we don't care." **TFDN**



EX-MASS BOLLOX

SALT 'N' PEPA *Brand New* (London/Red Ant)
ALL SAINTS *includes the hit singles...* (London)
Fluffy commercial soul quite listenable up to the fourth track (the Chili Peppers penned *Under The Bridge*) but they eventually prove devoid of all but sweet voices and formulaic pop, throwing in another cover on the way, Labelle's *Lady Marmalade* to keep you listening. Salt 'n' Pepa's successful formula is little different but with added vocal rap and rhythmic syncopation. It takes off on track 8 *Gitty Boy* with it's disco rap roots rolling ahead of more grooves. A case of best stuff saved until last preceded by more commercial considerations. Presents for the kids and straight members of the family. **CC**

V. ARTISTS *And The Beat Goes On Vol. 4: 34 Classics of the 60's And They Danced The Night Away Vol. 2 32 Classic Disco Hits* (Polygram/Debutante)
HANK MARVIN & THE SHADOWS *play the music of Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice* (Polygram TV)

What, the beat went on AND they danced the night away? So what's new? But four volumes of double compilations of 60's classics with no other apparent criterion for choice is stretching things a bit too far cos they won't fit back in place again. Between Gene Vincent's *Be-Bop-A-Lula* and The Velvet Underground's *Waiting For The Man* it stops at some funny places like Conway Twitty and Marvin Rainwater, though cd 1 ends with the great Lonnie Donegan and his Skiffle Group. Cd 2 looks at the flipside of the sixties with The Band, Traffic, Cream, Manfred Mann The Mindbenders and the above mentioned Velvets. *And They Danced...* is still on Vol. 2 and so passes the title test and remains in disco heaven and A-side territory with The Jackson Five (what, two mentions for them in one issue? Must be Christmas.) Chic's *Good Times*, Sister Sledge's *We Are Family*, Shakatak, Donna Summer etc. Much more groovy and guaranteed to please all but the discerning members of the family. But as for Hank & Co cashing in on *Cats*, evicting *Evita*, holding up the *Starlight Express* and chasing with *The Phantom Of The Opera*, making mere Shadows of their former selves... **CC**

ABC *Beauty Stab* (Mercury)

I never realised just how much they sound like Roxy Music or Spandau Ballet, even digitally enhanced with extra bonus tracks. File next to Gary Numan. **CC**

SHANE RICHIE *The Album* (Polygram TV)
TV lack of personality Richie delves into his record collection and picks the tracks he's been singing along to whilst looking in the mirror all these years with a view to having a useful Yule in the vain hope. "I'm Gonna Make You Love Me" he croons hopefully. One for the family couch potato. **CC**

SINGLES & EPs

CRUSTATION *Purple* (Jive)
The debut single from Bristol-based Crustation is more dub-heavy than we have come to expect from any of the other South West trip hop crowd, without ever breaking sweat and entering into the great unknown of bone thumping 100% roots dub. Rather like smoking herbal highs — you want to indulge, yet not full on. Still, this works better than any of the other recent efforts to commercialise dub (Echo Dek), and the vocals have a wonderful innocence throughout. Useful mixes by A Tribe Called Quest. **TSJ**

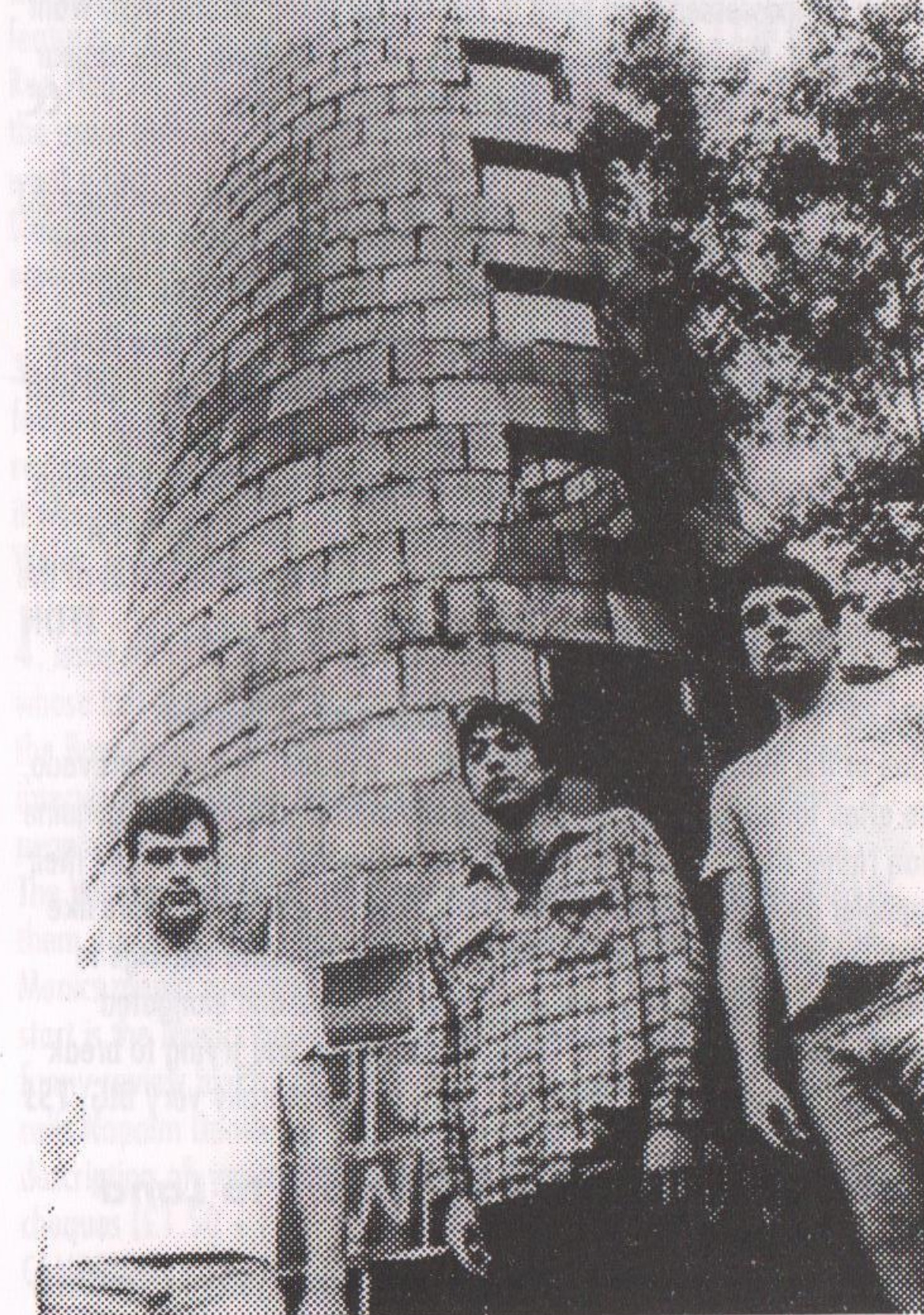
WAY OUT WEST *Ajare* (deconstruction)
Re-released and remixed by Brothers In Rhythm after three years, *Ajare* is a siren of a reminder from the dark days when techno, breakbeat and garage were all amalgamated into the hooded top hell known collectively as 'rave'. The ten minutes on offer this time round thankfully reflects the diversity in dance music at the moment, and all roads lead to the garage with this mix. **TSJ**

ETHER *She Could Fly* (Parlophone)
This second single from the 'fifth generation of the Welsh pop / rock alliance' (interesting movement) has Ether dipping in and out of singalong melodies, supported by full on guitar solos with ease. The type of arrangement that Bush would die for, and hopefully, one day will. The fairground organ is a nice touch, and the lyrics are ambiguous enough so as not to draw unnecessary attention to the unfortunate analogy between the lead singer's girlfriend and a feathered bird, Ho! **TSJ**

DUSTED *Deeper River* (Cheeky)
Hip friends in even hipper places has ensured that this Rollo connected track came to the attention of Danny Boyle. It's inclusion in the running order for *A Life Less Ordinary* comes as the final *Morph* sequence is played out alongside these suitably angelic vocals. The Original 7" edit tragically overlooks the Salsa feel paraded in the Full Version. **TSJ**

MY LIFE STORY *You Can't Uneat the Apple* (Parlophone)
Further evidence that Jake and the rest of the gold lamés are fast becoming the 90's Beautiful South for Camden. This is no bad thing as Paul 'Ron Dixon' Heaton has pocketed over a million by selling his covert socialist ethos to an unsuspecting and gullible middle class. My Life Story seem to be pulling in the same direction with this gem of urban balladeering. All sang with a slightly limp wrist, naturally. **TSJ**

SEX-O-SONIQUE *I Thought It Was You (Salt City Orchestra remixes)* (tfrr)
In total four mixes of a House tune, my favourite being *Herbie Rides Again*, a simply funky mix which dropped in at the right time could rock da house. The others contain some smaples of two geezers from a film and *Funk It Up* has electro voices. The 12" mix features some pussycat screaming yer face every 8 beatz. **STVJ**



POLVO

POLVO *Shapes* (Touch & Go) photo: Robert Weston
Birds tweeting, a car engine laboriously attempting to fire up, fat trebly guitars and a haunting vocal — this ain't no ordinary record, mate. They describe themselves as "alarming, charming and unmistakable". Well, they are certainly on their own island. Bongos, sitars and bags of space give a truly Eastern flavour which then erupts into Cossack-like rock, fuck me. **AH**

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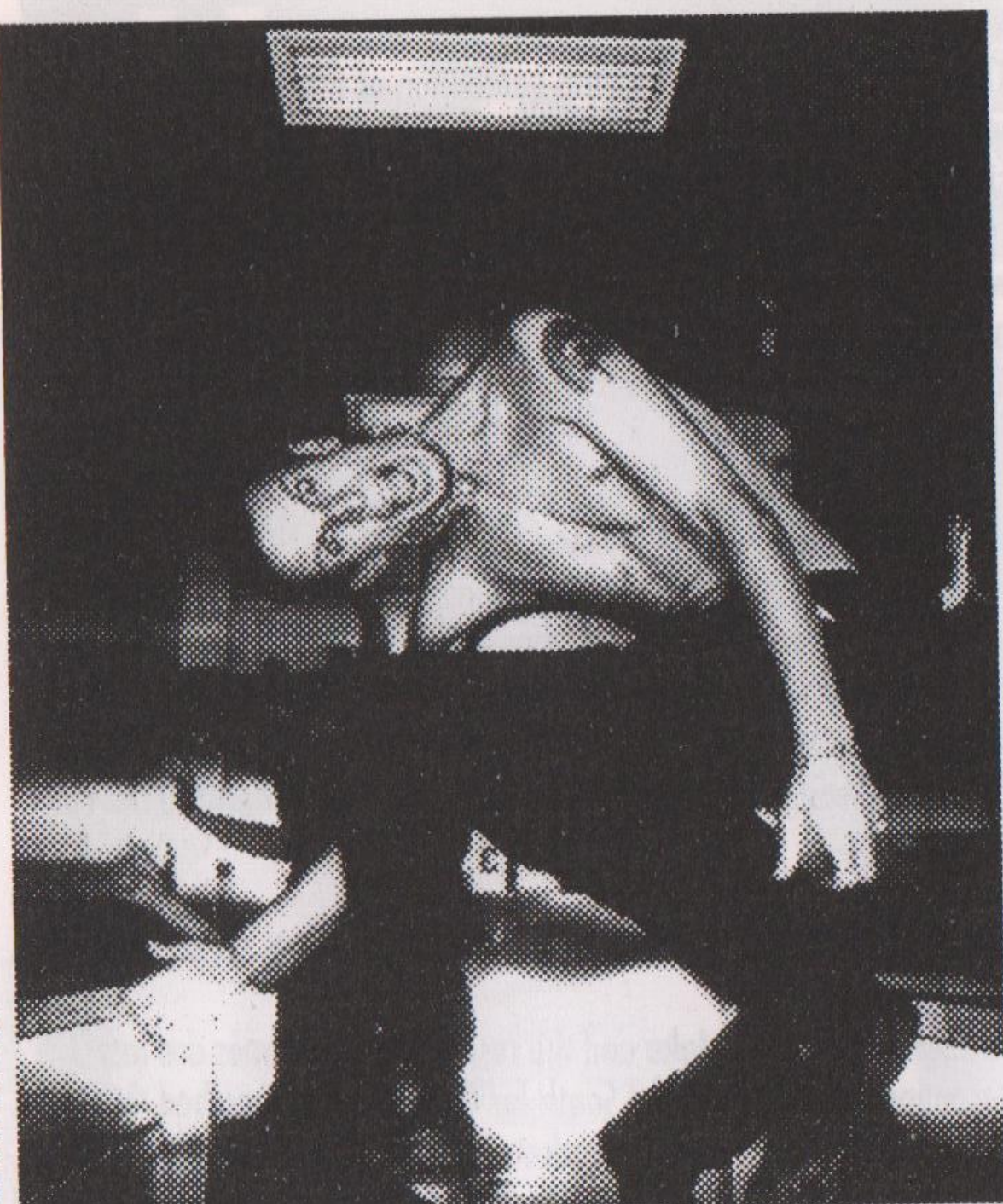
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CLAWFINGER *Biggest & The Best* (Coalition)
Big, brash and boastful, this highly positive raging rock/rap crossover have buckets of bollocks. There are four versions here including a godhead remix and a Pitchshifter de-mix featuring MC Stinky which is darkened down and spooked up no end. If you think The Prodigy are leading the techno assault on rock audiences, well Clawfinger are already there waiting for them and are going to be massive. Heavy as it gets, like Brujeria meets RATM, this is the kind of record that will be played on both floors on both indie and rock nights at Rock City forever and a day, with everyone shouting along "What's wrong with being self-possessed?/No point in settling for being second best/Want the biggest, the best/better than the rest!" ad infinitum. They appear live there on December 13th. Miss it and you're a wuss. **CC**

FOKKEWOLF *Deathray* ep (Deadly Beefburger Records)
Nottingham, which has produced some classic Punk Rock n Roll over the years, comes up with another stormer. Comparisons with The Saints, The Damned (first album) and (most obvious) the New Bomb Turks, abound. Kicking off with the chaotic, infectious *Time To Kill* with its nod at Chuck Berry, into the balls out destruction of *Hanging Around* (imagine if the Beach Boys had been born in Detroit) through the X-Rays' speed *Death Ray* to a less than reverential cover of *A Hard Rains Gonna Fall*, this ep is the dog's bollocks. In the words of the Humpers, it's fast, fucked and furious; get it now! **TFDN**

DUB PISTOLS *Best Get Better* (Concrete)
One of the many attractions of Big Beat is that the masculine bravado, so often found in rap lyrics, has been replaced with a sense of genuine fun rather than aggression. Pity the poor Dub Pistols, then, when their sampler decides to sequence the title of this track to sound more like 'I'm the best in bed'. Barry Ashworth and the collective manage to hold down a cheesy 80's soul rhythm, a strangled and elongated guitar riff and a mini Gospel choir, all competing and trying to break through the fuzzy beats. Which, of course, are naturally very BIG. **TSJ**

THE SUPERNATURALS *Prepare to Land* (Food/Parlophone)
In years to come musicologists (aka primary school recorder teachers) will debate how, in the late twentieth century, it was possible to to compose a four minute outburst of musical arrangements that comprised only three chords. SIR Paul McCartney had the genius to write *Mull Of Kintyre* and Scotrockers The Supernaturals have recorded a whole album around this craft. *Prepare To Land* starts off as a rallying cry to get off your backside and become involved in all types of naughty militant activity. The Mike Oldfield style keyboard solo midway through calms things down a bit. **TSJ**

GOLDIE with KRS 1 *Digital* (ffrr)
It is easy to forget that Jungle has been ducking and diving for four years now, yet even overtly commercial 'choons' like this still sound genuinely dangerous. The introduction of KRS 1 to the scene is a masterstroke proving that there are still new extremes in which to lead. *Digital* doesn't set trends, it anticipates them. Nosebleeds all round. Only available for one week, this track will probably be deleted as you read... **TSJ**

ASH *A Life Less Ordinary* ep (Infectious)
Ostensibly the track lifted to promote the soundtrack of Ewan McGregor's most recent movie, Ash hereby offer as good a value an ep this side of REM's collector's items. The main song is a corking stomp of feedback, gnashing chords and a sweet killer melody. Elsewhere they cover Ween's kooky *What Deaner Was Talking About*

with acoustic aplomb, adding the breezy *Where Is Our Love Going* and the charming, youthful narrative of *Halloween* into a cracking quartet of tracks. Onwards and upwards for Tim Wheeler and company, who now number guitarist Charlotte Hatherley in their ranks. **GT**

THE CROCKETTS *Hello And Good Morning* (Blue Dog)
This is great!! OK, so their name teeters on the tightrope over the Sea of the Decidedly Dodgy, and it starts off in an unpromising rock ballad genre, but...!! The chorus of the first track *Will You Still Care* explodes into spurts of angry paranoia which is so out of character with the style of the song, so unexpected that it's brilliant. The other tracks are also ace; both energetic and original, something sorely lacking in far too much music these days. A way above average band who, I bet, would be ace live. A name to watch out for. **MG**

GLITTERBOX *You Can't Live On Mars* (Atlantic)
Great name but any band whose singer sounds like Michael Stipe could not be even vaguely glittery. Having said that, this pisses all over anything by R** with it's screaming choruses and loud, fuzzy guitars which mean it, mean. But by far the best one here is *Motorcycle Song*. Certainly worth a listen. **MG**

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DEMOLITION

reviews by Christine Chapel, Ady Harper, Jim Mansfield, Dael and Monty.



STYLUS

All has been quiet on the Stylus front for some time due to the band's equipment making making unforeseen guest appearances in the pawn shops. So, a big 'fuck off' to the thieves and a warm welcome back to one of Nottingham's most underrated bands. This 3-tracker smells like Sonic Youth, slaps the Butthole Surfers and respectfully embraces the Stooges. The production enhances the garagey feel the songs possess. *Hey Louise* is a stormer. **Monty**

SUMO ARSEMAN #6

It seems that hardly a week goes by without a new addition to the now well established SAM sound. His creepy and at times unsettling blend of other world electronica covers more ground than most artists ever achieve in the entirety of their career, seeps in and out of your imagination with its cascading transistor rhythms and murky analogue tones. It can only be a matter of time before the demand for live appearances arrives. If it has already then where? If it hasn't, then why not? The truth, as they keep on saying, is "out there"! **Dael**

JAMSHAKCLE

After my criticism of the quality of this demo in an earlier issue, Jamshackle were straight on the case, re-recording this 5-tracker, and I was right. Justin Brown on worldly vocals and big clean bass is joined by lovely sounding names Phil Ogley on guitars, James Trickey on drums (which could be louder) and Dave Oddy as producer. They chop and change tempo and mood smoothly. It's progressive, similar to Marillion when Fish was their frontman. (Incidentally, the same Fish was to play The Rig recently but the lanky sod was too tall for the stage.) Jamshackle are poetic and melodic and at times the lead guitar is stilted but when they get going any ambition they may have is well founded. **SM**

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE *Timeless*

One of their more laid back grooves from one of Nottingham's best known jazz combos. Since starting out as a stoned musicians' in-joke (originally 'Shoddywaddy'), they have gained much ground over the last few years earning themselves more than one weekly residency in town. They have also been known to complement the odd club night, successfully wooing surprised clubbers with their sensuous, intoxicating vibe. This one track demo is disappointingly, tantalisingly, shoddily short, leaving me wanting more—like a calp, for example. How about it, guys? Get your shod together. **CC**
Get Shod every Saturday afternoon from 3pm-6pm at The Golden Fleece, Mansfield Road. Free admission.

CONTRAST *Blinded*

Biog. claims of "revolutionary with a smile" songs are well founded. Very soundly built tunes, throwaway lyrics and catchy guitar dialogue probably ensure commercial success, though a bit weak in parts. Not for the bloody-minded. **AH**

FRIDGE

With its summer anthem vocals and distinct 6th form sounds this will easily pull bookings. It may not be ground-breaking but it's a sound that would sell records and lift your spirit when it's pissing down. **AH**

THE NEW BREED

Dark, punky vocals, funky bass, heavy cymbals, crunchy guitar and story book lyrics make for a competent recording full of promise. **AH**

STASH *Archetype*

A fine blast of what is universally known as Brit Pop, with a dark, chilling, rippling underside. As good as the music and vocals are, the lyrics such as "I'm a revolution in your mouth" and "Tie me up with leather, strip me down. I am universally around" (!?) could only have been written by your archetypal art school wanker. So I guess they've proved their point, really. 0181 674 4024 **JM**

THE SQUIDS

Ooh, what charming gentlemen these Squids are with their solo voice accompanying piano bollocks. 9755577 (day)/ 9722630 (eve) **JM**

SLUGOVEN

"Nothing a good dose of salt wouldn't sort out," remarked Jo on first hearing this, but any band who dedicate a song to Gamston Safeway has to be given a further listen. I was glad I did. An atmospheric, laid-back beat with a good female vocal line gives Slugoven a definite edge over more mainstream contemporaries. I'd like to see this band at an open air summer festival, about mid-afternoon, with the first beer buzz kicking in. I'm sure I wouldn't be dancing on my own. 9811308 **JM**

STROPPY

Bloody catchy-tuned annoying buggers. One listen is all that's required for Stroppy's little ditties to stick in your head only to be regurgitated through your mouth at unfortuitous moments. pretty good and they sound a bit like Shed 7. Feel free to send them Smash Hits-style questionnaires as they guarantee to respond to anyone who encloses a s.a.e. 7, Trinity Close, Pound Hill, Crawley RH10 3TN. **JM**

LIAM DUFFY *Then And Now*

To call Liam Duffy a journeyman folk singer is a bit like saying Michael Palin is gets about a bit. He is that and so much more. Liam has lived and worked the length and breadth of Britain and Ireland as a trawlerman, farm labourer, factory worker, soldier and deckchair attendant. The one thing that unites the diverse strands of his life is his love for traditional Folk music and his desire to spread it to all he meets. Despite a dodgy hip and arthritis in his hands Liam still manages to travel far and wide playing Folk festivals and busking to make ends meet. Indeed his love of busking has led him to lock horns with authority on many occasions, most recently in Barrow-In-Furnace where a local Conservative councillor described buskers as "beggars". Naturally Liam rose to the defence of the music he loves through the pages of the local paper. "I remember the faces of every busker I saw when I was young in the Gorbals but I can't remember the face of a single councillor." He went on to say, "The general public are really superb, people like to hear live music. If they didn't I would be as well sitting at home."

On *Then And Now* we hear the fruits of Liam's musical experiences. From the standards such as *Wild Rover* and *Jessie James* to the less well known *Mingulay Boat Song* and *Goodbye Boaze*, his lilting tenor and battered 12-string add poignancy to an atmospheric tour of musical heritage. **TFDN**

Available for £5 from 8, Juniper Court, Forest Road West, NOTTINGHAM NG7 4EU.

THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR SPARE DEMOS #15

1. Musicians / music makers always required for collaboration (distance no object) with improviser extraordinaire, and cassette label impresario *Stream Angel* (A-Band, Gay Animal Women, Lazarus Link-up etc. Weird shit to Stream Angel, 18a Addison Street, Arboretum, NOTTINGHAM NG1 4GY. Send s.a.e for catalogue.

2. "The UK's premier street punk rag" *Control* is on issue #8 which features Punks In Prague, Terminal Heads, Casualties, 1234 Records, Red Flag 77, Riot Clone, The Crack, UK Subs plus news, reviews and the usual bullshit so send punk rock demos and £1+29p s.a.e if you want a copy to Control, c/o PO box 999, 26A Hooks Hall Drive, DAGENHAM, Essex RM10 7BL. Punks on the net visit www.kontrol.demon.co.uk or E-mail stu@kontrol.demon.co.uk

3. Ten Foot Pole, The Misfits, Brian & The Teenagers and W.O.R.M. all feature in issue £10 of *Mad Monks Magazine* along with news, reviews, UFOlogy and bitter sarcasm. Send demo then £1.50 to see if it was reviewed to 40, Partridge Road, Roath, CARDIFF CF2 3QX, Wales. Free badge with first hundred orders.

4. Issue #9 of *R*E*P*E*A*T*, the Manic Street Preachers fanzine in whose last issue I spotted a review of the legendary Phil Murray and the Boys From Burry, comes with a free 7" split single and an exclusive interview with Sid Abuse. Oh, and they also speak to some other people like Stereophonics, Jaguar, Period Pains, Dub War, Disco Pistol, The Wildhearts and U2's Yatsura. There are live reviews of most of them, too and loads of record and zine reviews, not to mention the Manics mania running throughout, with even a board game where the start is the Manics house and the end is the gig, and there's a dead funny review by Phil of Earache's sampler *Earplugged 2* in which he calls Napalm Death the "Phil Collins of metal" and gives a spot on description of yer average metal head. Dorritos, donations, sweets, cheques (£1.50 + 73p s.a.e) to R. Rose, 7 Ferry Lane, Chesterton CAMBRIDGE CB4 1NT.

5. *Mother Records* continue their proactive search for new bands, this time their scout in Scotland would like to hear from you. Send tapes to Justin Livesley, 31 Kersland Street, Hillhead, GLASGOW G12 8BP.

6. Established indie alternative club promotions company Wild seeks unsigned bands for a new label. Send demos to Ian Greaves, Wild, Suite 204 The Old Gramophone Works, 326 Kensal Road LONDON W10 5BZ or ring 0181 964 2939.

7. There is even a fanzine directory which lists prices, addresses and general information as well as reviews of every imaginable fanzine. Called *Zita's Zine Directory* it covers all musical tastes so if you'd like a copy write, enclosing £1 concealed cash and an A5 s.a.e, to Zita, 6 Corrybeg, Templeogue, DUBLIN 6W, IRELAND.

FRIED ALIVE!



HOWARD SHOD

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

Nottingham The Golden Fleece

J-A-Z-Z. That word seems to be thrown around a bit too freely these days; as if bunging a trumpet or sax on top of any old pre-programmed nonsense or four-four beat somehow makes it 'jazz'. So how refreshing to come across the genuine article. But if we're talking about the Shod Collective, we're talking 100% authenticity. Their music captures the heart and soul of this great musical tradition and does not just doodle about with surface fripperies. The line-up consists of sax, clarinet, flute, vocals, drums, bongos, Fender Rhodes piano (which, strangely enough, seems to veer into Sun Ra territory), as well as TWO bass players, one electric and one stand up, which could end up sounding rather cluttered but in fact works remarkably well. They glide effortlessly from cool and mellow grooves through funky upbeat numbers to tender and delicate moments and all out bongo fury. The quality of the musicianship is astounding. All of them are undisputed masters of their respective instruments and are probably one of the best live acts of its kind the country.

Let's throw in another word that is used a bit too freely these days—PASSION. I am awestruck at the commitment these people have to their music. We are talking a three hour set here, and it remains fresh and delicious throughout—a great fun, party atmosphere.

So if you ain't caught them yet, this is happening every week at 3pm and is billed as an "afternoon nightclub". Unless you are one of those perverts who likes football or shopping, there's no finer way to spend Saturday afternoon. Get with it! **Stream Angel**

SUPER 8 / SUGAR & LUST

Nottingham Sam Fay's

Sugar & Lust were quite simply excellent. They showed themselves able to flirt with the likes of the Jesus And Mary chain, My Bloody Valentine and Ash, whilst at the same time sounding like none of them. There's nothing fragile or brittle about their sound, a combination of buzzing guitars and haunting space age keyboards that leaves you wanting to explore their galaxy. My only complaint is that their singer looks a bit too much like Bobby Gillespie for my liking, though

Sugar & Lust are a lot more fun than Primal Scream. Their debut single *Not A Girl* is out in January.

Super 8 are your typical 4-piece and seem to fit quite nicely into the Radiohead/Verve current craze. They have a solid set including a couple of gems *Lately* and *Network South*, and although they may sound like any number of indie rock bands around, unlike some I could mention Super 8 prove that it's all to do with emotions rather than going through the motions. Judging by tonight's performance, stardom could be only months away. I know they think so: "You'll be telling your mates about this gig," the singer proudly boasts. If nothing more then self-belief could sell singles this lot would be up there challenging Oasis. **Garry Norman**

SASHA AND JOHN DIGWEED

Gatecrasher Sheffield The Republic

Heaving pulses of masterful mixes poured from the decks for five furious hours of limb-jerking shadow boxing on a night when nobody wanted to be anywhere else. As sweat steadily worked its way out, good feeling worked its way in throughout the entire 1500 beautiful people on hand to witness a huge night of sound and light. Now, nobody is saying that he's greedy or anything, but the punter who found himself on a golf course after quite clearly walking through the gents toilet door and brushing past sheep and chickens should be left with a large helping of three day-old bubble and squeak come the next afternoon.

Huge names at the decks and a huge, well organised club provide a formidable dream-team for hardcore clubbers which was only let down by the presence of Neanderthal gorillas in suits left to run the cloakroom area with Nazi-style efficiency, Necessary? I don't think so. **Ady Harper**

ZOVIE:FRANCE vs AUTECHRE/ NEOTROPIC/ PROTEAN Adventures In Modern Music Nottingham Essance

Billed as "a night of the very best in experimental electronic music", this event threw up some very mixed feelings in me. Whilst I can't pick fault on a musical level (indeed all the acts were remarkably good producing some fine, innovative and intricate avant garde soundscapes), what began as an event which had captivated my attention in fact became an endurance test.

Why do some promoters seem to think that the audience will be happiest if all the acts are stylistically as close as possible? Am I alone in wanting variety? What's enjoyable for an hour can become boring after two hours and irritating after three. So, by the time the act I had been looking forward to most, Zoviet France, came on, all the bands had blended into one electronic mush and I was totally fed up with electronic avant garde music and just longed for something a little bit different, like maybe a "real" instrument, or whatever.

My major bone of contention with these technology-obsessed bands is that watching someone kneeling on the floor doodling with DAT machines is not entertainment. When I was a nipper, and went to see a "weird" band, at least they would show a film, albeit it usually cliché nonsense but hey, it was a laugh. Maybe all these acts think they are above such things but if you ask people to turn out on a cold night and pay money you should give them something to see. These bands might just as well have sent a tape; they didn't really need to be there. Nor did I. I like this kind of music, but because of the lack of visual presentation, I could have stayed at home and listened to it on cd without having to pay £4 entry and club prices for a drink; and when I got bored I could have rolled myself a little number (and put on some different music). **Stream Angel**

FRIED AT NIGHT

A hectic Autumn Season of flyposting on behalf of a few who cannot be named respectable clients as well as some more personal concerns was rudely interrupted one evening by two plain clothes police officers who took it upon themselves to take personally a few posters placed opposite their outpost at Canning Circus. Chasing me Sweeney-style down Ilkeston Road in their Vauxhall Nova, they screeched to a halt beside me and jumped out waving their warrant cards. "Stop! CID!" shouted one of them. "Are you taking the piss?" A brief socio-economic discussion followed, posters were confiscated and within two weeks new legislation was passed which made me wonder about all the illegal things I could do that carry a fine of less than £1,000.

Such considerations passed through my mind as I stood behind the mixing desk at Rock City feeling the mushrooming effects of a few Liberty Caps whilst watching the Daft Punk show one Sunday night. Ironically the first person I bumped into that evening was Sic Boy Hendrix, a daft punk if ever there was one, but what a floorshow he had blown up, involving a sex doll dressed in full lingerie which he wellied into the audience as the Daft duo's silhouettes slipped onto the stage. 'She' spent the first ten minutes of the show being tossed around willy-nilly by the tourists in the mosh pit. Attention was eventually regained by Daft Punk with an entertaining set which musically consisted of twiddling about then launching into a belly-banging bass-line to cheers of recognition. Without trying to be anything ground-breaking or even original they were particularly entertaining as they played with their machines (and the audience) to a backdrop of computer-controlled moving pictures with stop-motion dancers and a show-stopping bit of visual fx which drenched the stage in flames to a sample of a bonfire crackling and spitting.

The following night in the same state of mind I saw a different light show in the same kitchen, for I was off to see the hippies, the wonderful hippies of Ozric Tentacles. But first a quick jaunt into the Running Horse where jazz guitarist extraordinaire, Pierre Bensusan is... well, only just warming up, as are the most hushed and reverent audience I have ever seen in the Runner who stand mesmerised, moving only to whisper across the bar for another pint. An equally static audience awaited inside Rock City, sitting cross-legged on the dance-floor like good little nouveau hippies who have all had a spliff before they came out.

Strange then that The Electric Groove Temple are on stage kicking up a well wild and organic cocktail of tunes and technical skill that none but the most fixed stoner could resist. But resist they did, settling instead for the sight of Ozrics John doing the dancing for the lot of them. The Electric Groove Temple are one hell of an act whose live music is as tight as techno but groovy as a grapefruit. The perfect act to guide you onto the soaring sweeping cosmic carpet ride that is Ozric Tentacles (though billed by Rock City as Ozric 'Tenticles'—almost a balls up, eh?). Ozrics (with an 'A', of course!) are perfectly complimented by Tristan's twin Solar 575's, a veritable Fruit Salad of a visual show taking the musical trip to another dimension as a worm-hole opens and transports us to a galaxy far far away... well, it was only as far as the stage but if you stared long enough it did seem to be a quite a long way off...

Another day, another lightshow, this time supplied by the combined efforts of Jim the Lights, Pagan Flame, Roger Leech Woman and the Johnny Violent Dancers, all contributing a little bit of chaos to the grand scheme of things. It's Tuesday night, the location is Sam Fay's, the occasion Harder Than Godzilla starring Ultraviolence. This time the visuals are real pyrotechnics including two fire acts, both eating it and swinging it, and that steel pole cat Roger sending up the usual showers of sparks with his anglegrinder. Jim provides some 3D effects with several square metres of modern muslin and minimalist projections of a raygun, lightning and the like, plus a few flashes from the in-house rig. Add 10k of Atomic p.a. and a good time was had by all but the support act Interference who rumbled and grumbled through the night full of hot air (well, there was a lot of fire) and unsigned act self-importance. Billed as the "Now 97 Festival Fringe" (the first and only event in it) this was generally agreed to be the Quentin Tarantino of techno's best ever gig. This was followed by Jazznology with the very versatile Simon the Vinyl Junkie who conjured up a set of hardcore and gabba from his (ahem) jazz collection, thus inventing a new genre—Gazza music.

By 'very versatile' I mean, who should turn up at Café Bleu the night after but Simon the Vinyl Junkie chilling the mid-week mayhem with a cool set of groovy laid-back tunes, the gabba records replaced to collect dust until next called upon. Feeling adventurous (still) I decided to check out the more exotic wares behind the bar and discovered Calvados, an apple brandy from the Busnel district of the Pays d'Auge and, even better, a refillable bottle full of UFO's (unidentified floating objects) bearing the legend 'MAMA JUANA: La Gran Potencia'. Upon further investigation Café Bleu's ever helpful host Rick explains that it's a cough medicinal herbal tea and liquor infusion of bark, bay leaves, eucalyptus and chillies (though I still see UFO's) from the Dominican Republic said to be an aphrodisiac. I can't say I noticed any immediate effects but then I had been out on the razz for four consecutive nights, but a few days later... well, that's another story. Fried for now. **Christine Chapel**

CLOTHING JEWELLERY FASHION ACCESSORIES STORM WATCHES LIGHTERS 60's AND 70's MEMORABILIA SUNGLASSES BAGS SHOES SCARVES BODY PIERCING GIFTWARE GREETING BODY JEWELLERY CARDS RUGS BEDSPREADS CANDLES INCENSE AROMATHERAPY OILS CRYSTALS TAROT CARDS POSTERS ALCHEMY AND HEAVYMETAL WARE CLOTHING JEWELLERY FASHION ACCESSORIES STORM WATCHES LIGHTERS 60's AND 70's MEMORABILIA SUNGLASSES BAGS SHOES SCARVES BODY PIERCING GIFTWARE GREETING BODY JEWELLERY CARDS RUGS BEDSPREADS CANDLES INCENSE AROMATHERAPY OILS CRYSTALS TAROT CARDS POSTERS ALCHEMY AND HEAVYMETAL WARE CLOTHING JEWELLERY FASHION ACCESSORIES STORM WATCHES LIGHTERS 60's AND 70's MEMORABILIA SUNGLASSES BAGS SHOES SCARVES BODY PIERCING GIFTWARE GREETING BODY JEWELLERY CARDS RUGS BEDSPREADS CANDLES INCENSE AROMATHERAPY OILS CRYSTALS TAROT CARDS POSTERS ALCHEMY AND HEAVYMETAL WARE CLOTHING JEWELLERY FASHION ACCESSORIES STORM WATCHES LIGHTERS 60's AND 70's MEMORABILIA SUNGLASSES BAGS SHOES SCARVES BODY PIERCING GIFTWARE GREETING BODY JEWELLERY 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