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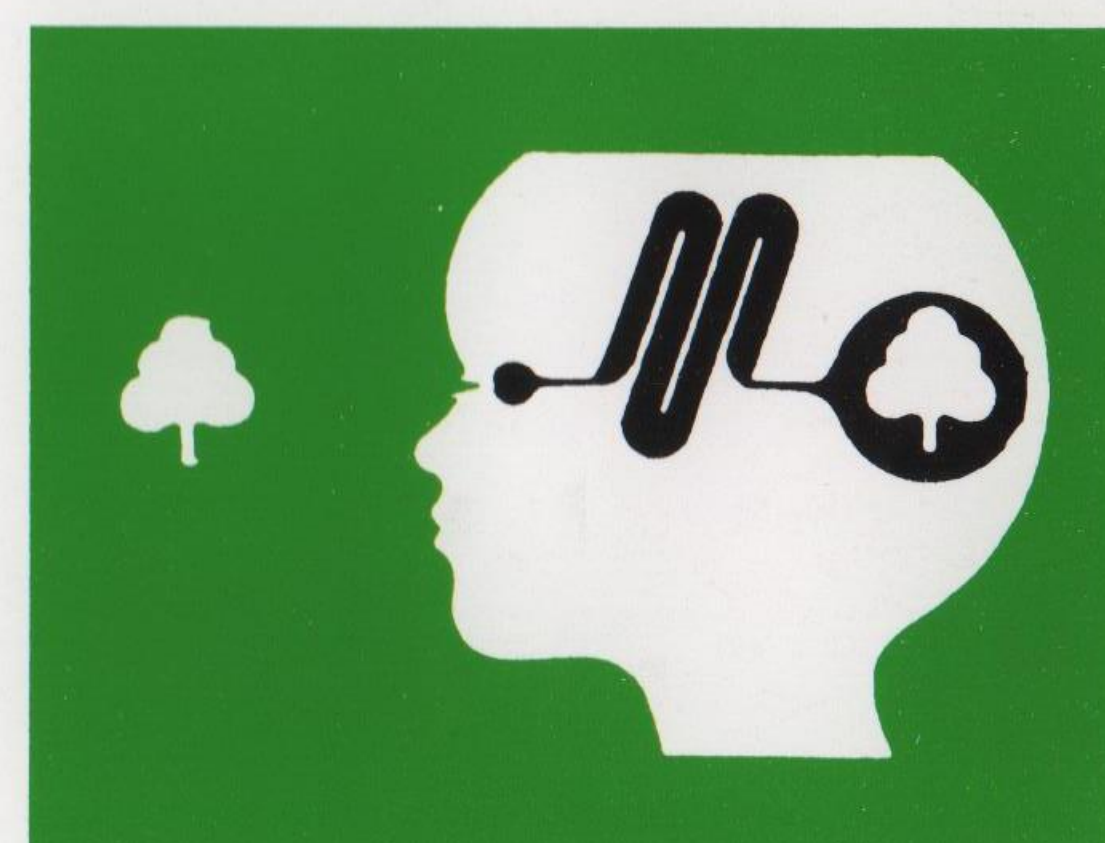
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FIRST of ALL



SCUM PUPS ALBUM & TOUR

Leicester's finest grungy youths finally release their much anticipated mini-LP 'Baby Kill' on Sychophant Records this month. To coincide with the release they will be playing a series of dates around the country supporting Crazyhead. If their recent gigs are anything to go by, the London date at the Kilburn National with the Senseless Things should have a list of accompanying liggers which reads like a who's-who in Fraggie rock. Next chance to see the Pups in Nottingham will be on March 7th at Rock City. Rough Trade have already placed a hefty order for the Alex 'Fudge' produced LP which is reviewed in **DEMOLITION** on page thirteen.

FUDGETUNNEL DIVERSION

Contrary to our report in last month's issue of Overall, Fudgetunnel will not be going on that American tour. Apparently the chance of a full European tour (including a date at Rock City) with Brazilian metal thrashers Sepultura proved to be a far greater enticement.

GIGS IN THE THAMES VALLEY

A live music promotions and management company based in Reading called 'GIG' have contacted Overall with regard to Nottingham area bands supplying them with demo tapes for gigs in Reading and Oxford, and potential swaps with their roster of groups. Anyone interested should contact: Peter Whitehead, GIG, 3 Reeds Avenue, Earley, Reading RG6 2SP.

NEW JACK CITY

Now available is the debut vinyl release by The One Eyed Jacks. To promote it they will take to the road throughout March including dates at Derby Warehouse on Friday 27th March and at Nottingham Old Angel on Saturday 28th March.

BUSKAROUND

the British Red Cross is looking for talented members of the public to take part in their exciting new fund-raising campaign. The Red Cross Buskaround will take place all over Britain during Red Cross Week, 3rd - 9th May, raising money to support vital work in the local community. Interested parties should contact Frances Brace at the local Red Cross branch on 0473 831229 in order to register.

NEW VENUES

News has reached us of a new 250 capacity venue at the Grantham Arts Centre. Apparently they intend to make gigs a regular event depending on the success of the first gig on Friday 20th March which will feature Plastic Crabs, Thyroid Speakers and Ahab. Admission is a mere £3.00 so get along and support the night. Any bands interested in future events should contact: (0476) 593966

Whilst here in Nottingham the Imperial on St. James's St. begins a series of Wednesday night live gigs in it's c. 150 capacity back room. The gigs kick off with the Wija Grunge War, featuring The Action Swingers from New York. See listings for details.

overall

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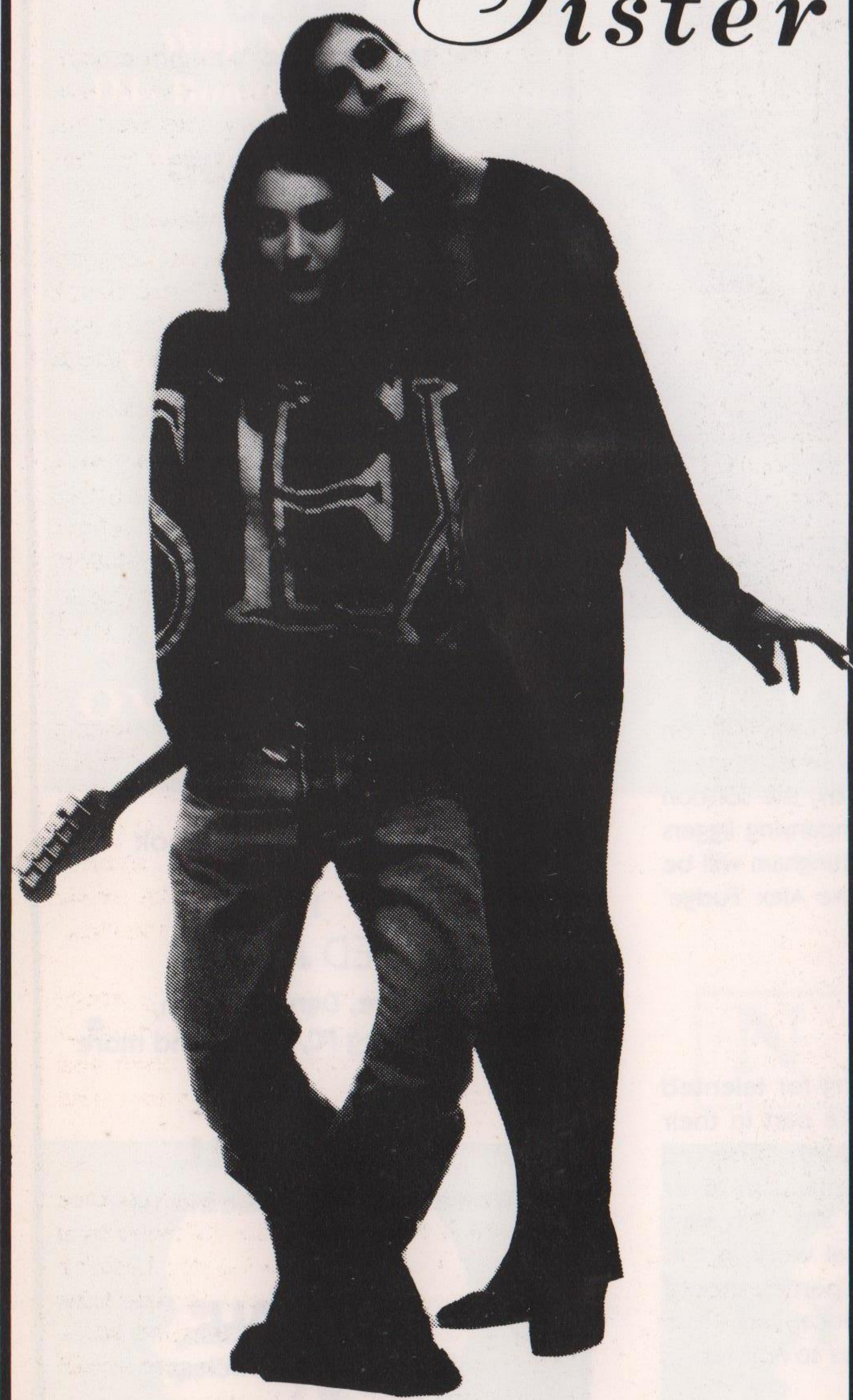
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Cover: Hens of Stak it Up by Jim

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Way Ahead Records, Selectadisc, Victoria B/O
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NEW ALBUM

Hormonally Yours

OUT NOW.

"Out we jumped in the warm, mad night, hearing a wild tenorman bawling horn across the way, going "EE-YAH! EE-YAH! EE-YAH!" and hands clapping to the beat and folks yelling; "Go, go, go!" A bunch of coloured men in Saturday night suits were whooping it up in front. It was a saw dust saloon with a small bandstand on which the fellows huddled with their hats on, blowing over peoples heads, a crazy place;"

Jack Kerouac 'On The Road'

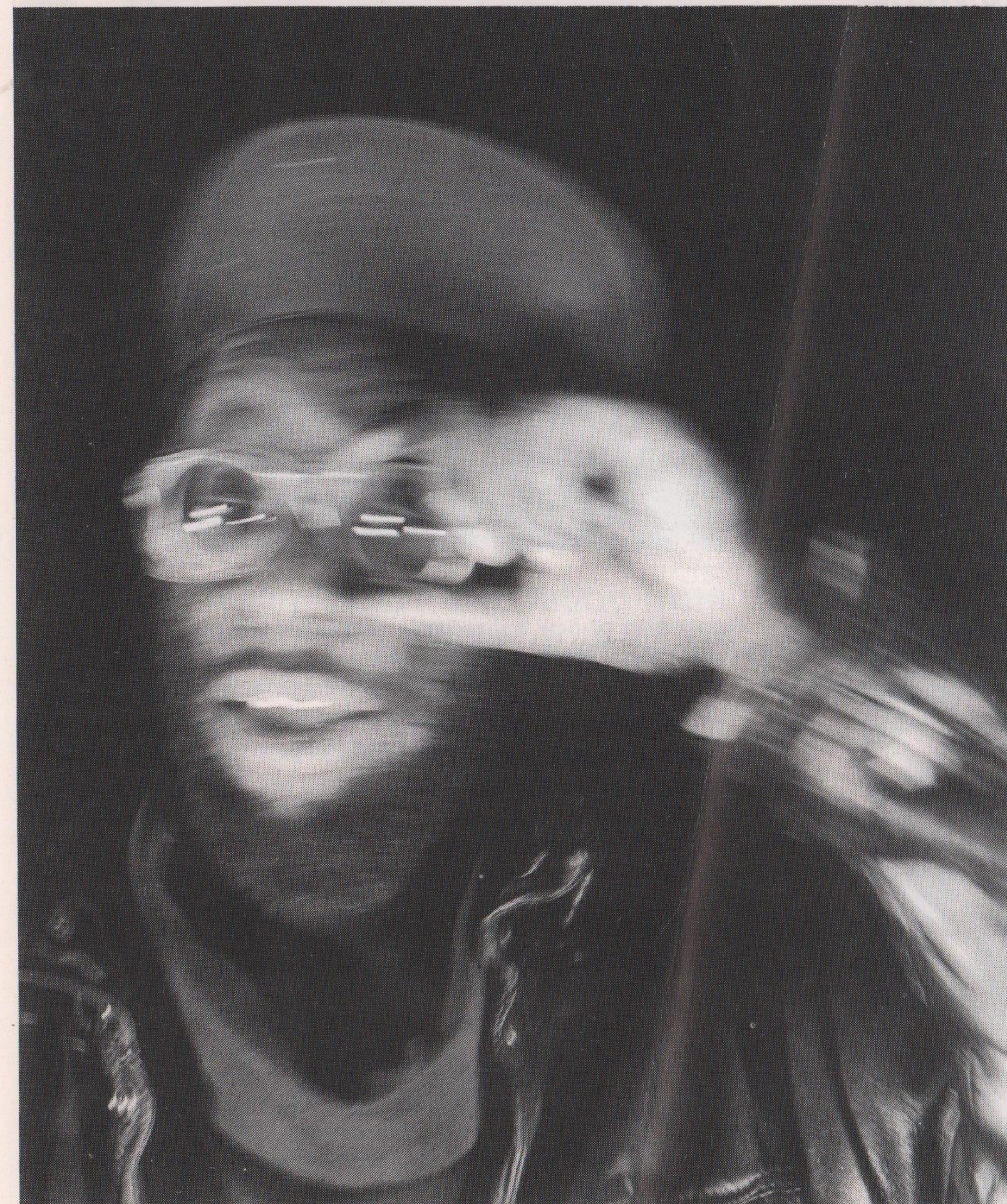
A typical Friday or Saturday night and you find yourself accidentally trying to dodge your way through the teeny ravers on St. James's Street. You wonder whether the 'Imp' in Imperial refers to the average (under) age of the milled punters. Having successfully negotiated your way through the the milieu (eyes down, no visual contact necessary) you find yourself standing by a skate shop wishfully dreaming about what it must be like to be able to afford all of the essential fads in life. "A mountain bike would be nice, but then so would world peace. Sod it I need the mountain bike now though!" Suddenly you are coaxed out of your dreamstate by the distant sounds of jazz whispering up and down Maid Marian Way. On the opposite side of the street you can just see the source of the music but it looks like a dodgy old pub so you just dismiss it. You're on a mission, a quest for pure pleasure and the last place you feel like checking out is the unlikely surroundings of the Hearty Goodfellow. You find yourself being inexplicably drawn to the place anyway and notice with an all-pervading sense of disbelief that there is a queue of people waiting to get in. A queue? For the Hearty? People don't even queue for the Kool Kat! So you join the line eagerly awaiting entry and eventually find yourself being spirited upstairs.

You have now entered the purple-glittered world of D.J. Pablo. Full to the brim, busting at the seams, the whole place bopping and sweating. Welcome to Positiv Pablo Power. But what is it that creates this energy? The obvious answer would be the music; but perhaps more importantly it's the man playing the sounds, sending out the vibe and working the audience. Given the same five records most D.J.s would be able to get the people dancing, but only Pablo can make people jump, jam, hug, smile, sweat, shimmy and bop, before he's even got the third record on. Unlike most of the current crop of D.J.s, Pablo doesn't get caught up in the hip and the happening, preferring the communicative power of music to the elitism of the white label.

Pablo has always inhabited the world of music. Surrounded and nurtured by his parents passion for the song, it's never been a case of him moving into music, more one of music moving into him. As a D.J. he first gained a level of notoriety in the early eighties when Jazz was enjoying a brief half-hearted revival. At the time he was hooked up with a collective known as the 'Rave D.J.s', the word rave having always previously had jazz connotations. Playing a much more purist collection of sounds than you might expect from him these days he recalls the period with a certain amount of fondness, "It felt as if we were really changing things, that people were actually taking notice". This apparently ever growing scene turned out to be little more than just another short lived hype in the eyes of the increasingly fickle press.

With the current revival in interest in all things jazz however Pablo has been criticised by elitists for selling out. He views this as a case of them missing the point. Through his club nights he is aiming to broaden peoples' horizons and open up doors for the uninitiated to the world of black music. Thus he might be just as likely to play blues as he is to play hip hop. The result invariably has been to demystify and break down the traditionally cliquey aspects of the jazz genre. Indeed by mixing up all of these different yet inter-related styles whilst using jazz as a basis many people who have previously felt threatened by the inherent snobbery associated with jazz have subsequently had a rich and extremely rewarding world opened up to them. Pablo feels that what he is doing is symptomatic of the current musical climate. "People," he suggests, "are more open to different styles with crossovers becoming more acceptable." But isn't he just a little wary that this current rebirth, which already seems more style than substance based, will die out in the same way that the early eighties scene did? "So what if it does happen. At least no one can ever take away the fact that you might have come to one of my nights and gone away saying 'Yeah, I enjoyed dancing to that'. Nobody can ever take away that

POSITIV PABLO POWER



memory." If the Hearty nights are anything to go by plenty of people who couldn't give a toss about what's fashionable this week are unselfconsciously taking up the jazz thing without being restricted by the style messiahs. Of course there may be a case of tokenism going on with many people, but at least those people are having their attitudes stretched, no matter how slightly.

The beauty of Pablo's nights stem from the fact that so many different types of people regardless of age, colour or image regularly attend. Indeed such is the warmth of emotion generated that there has never been any trouble at the club (bye-bye Brian). There is a sense of unity at Pablo's nights which is a rare thing. Surely this is down to his almost Performance approach to the task which, coupled with his enigmatic personality, elevates the usual pathos of club paranoia ('am I wearing the right clothes?') to a state of unselfconscious pleasure. He doesn't care what you look like, dress like or listen to because at some point in the evening you're foot is bound to tap, you're going to want to dance and then, when you do, he's got you!

So you leave the club well and truly Fish Fried and wander through town, past the clubbers complaining about having to pay ten pounds to get in somewhere because some faceless D.J. with a name you simply must remember was playing a variation on the usual selection of sounds. You amble past the gothic children complaining about how such and such a bouncer has just beaten their mate up for handing out a flier in the club, and how the D.J. was crap because he played the Levellers all night. You pass a group of lads in suits complaining because they haven't pulled again and they haven't got enough money for a curry. But you don't care because you've been Clubbed to Life again. For the paltry sum of £1.50 you've had the best Saturday night you've had all week and you're elated.

Pablo extends his D.J. talents to the massive surroundings of M.G.M. on April 1st for the much anticipated Latin Rave, featuring Negrocan, Afrobloc and DJs Yu Fe Danse, Bongo Go, and of course Pablo on a good sound system at last!

CLUBBED TO LIFE Hearty Goodfellow

You knew it was going to be a good night when you heard it was Pablo's Mam & Dads Wedding Anniversary. There they were (as they are every week) gyrating their 60 year old bones in celebration.

The uninitiated fill the bar area, hugging their beers - the hardcore fill the dance floor and Pablo fills their ears. There isn't room to fart. Butts collide and the vibe is good.

A musical roller coaster rising from a Jazz Latin Be Bop plunges into funk, calypso, dub reggae, rare groove and soul, before, arriving back at a funky jazz service station, leaving you breathless, sweating, unable to predict whats next - yet hungry for what will be served.

Suddenly you realise that you are dancing to jazz! - and the great thing about it is - anyone can! Before long, the bin 'Eds at the bar feel the vibes and are dancing. Faces previously seen working out at more trendier joints have come for the music and are swinging with the earliest apostles.

DJ Pablo is everything that's healthy about music in Nottingham - breaking musical barriers and traditions, bringing black and white, students and locals, visitors and natives together.

The mood changes - 1957 Jamaican blue beat SKA is the next big dip, followed by a thunderous late 70's Dub Reggae bassline that makes your liver quiver and your loins ache, before the vibe flies unleashed into a '70s funky flute and percussion that would leave them breathless at Venus.

A musical mishmash, an organic rave, a celebration of black music or just sheer energy? - call it what you like - it's the biggest vibe in town. The basement is open for food, the piano is wheeled out and a chilly chill-out zone manifests itself.

Before long the party is broken by the most ridiculous licensing hours in Europe - the crowd make a noise and won't go till there's one more track. Someone announces it's the DJ's Mam & Dads wedding anniversary - the crowd cheer. Someone else yells "Speech, Speech". Turns out it's Pablo's old man! He makes his speech in deepest Sneintonian Patois; "You young people - enjoy yourself and live to love". More applause then we realise Pablo's left the best to last, and we are lost in a calypso rave without a single bleep - DJ Pablo; 'Extacy - without the E'.

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Available from B/O Tel: 021 780 4133 (subject to £1.25 per ticket booking fee) all major Credit Cards accepted.
Tickets for both shows available by personal application to Way Ahead Nottingham and Derby. (subject to booking fee).



Recognition of new appreciative audiences is happening fast for Talkin' Loud. Gilles Peterson admits that sending Galliano to do Nottingham gigs in 1991 was an experiment which paid off. Now two new signings K-Creative and Perception have hit the town with Peterson himself testing the water and taking to the decks.

K-CREATIVE / PERCEPTION Venus

Into the depths of the whiter than 'Persil White' Venus for Talkin' Loud's eagerly awaited return. Culture vultures and stylenicks alike beat their labour pained strains towards the fully realised 're-birth of cool', the child awaited with 'messiah-like' adoration. Air truly pregnant with expectation, claustrophobic with knowing glances and 'Stone' poses. Freshly laundered on the outside, sweating bullets on the inside. Talkin' Loud back in town to nurture the attitude, spread the word and keep the faith. Tonights offering, K-Creative and Perception are packaged as the 'new school', the '92 sound and don't we just love the bands already. After all their joint single is superb and, of course, it's on our favourite label.

K-Creative took to the stage and served up a stylised session of well chilled funky jazz with a self assured, if a little uninspired, jazzrap vocal. Kicking up a mighty groove the band (sans bass) shimmered through the dance floor, putting all the right beats in all the right places. And here lay a problem. Despite their excellent and inventive single the band come over as a studied unit, a most pastiche of, dare I say, early eighties 'white soul boy' jazz-funk in the style of Shakatak.

Perception, being an addition of three singers to the existing band, plough this furrow deeper still. Adding a slightly glitzier showbiz air to the proceedings; they possess good, yet hardly astonishing voices, again dealing wholesale in clichés. When K-Creative once again took the stage, by now sufficiently loosened up, they finally found that unselfconscious groove, showing occasional flashes of brilliance with a less workmanlike approach. A success? Who cares! If enough people made mental notes beyond trite elitist fashion trips, then surely this thing can only grow. With the response to the sounds spun by Gilles Peterson then maybe the Summer of '92 could well see the dawning of the era of the Jazz Rave. But would the 'heavy metal rave' lads be able to handle it and was tonight just a case of preaching to the converted.



"Talkin' Loud - inspiration from the past, feet firmly set in the present; with eyes to take minds into the future".

That's how the promo goes, but Talkin' Loud's long term vision has paid off early. After a brief spell of chart domination in late '91, Talkin' Loud are on the road again, this time promoting the next phase of Funky '70s influenced Jazz Hip Hop artists.

When the acid jazz movement was bubbling under two years ago, Phonogram approached DJ Gilles Peterson to set up and run a jazz influenced dance label. Talkin' Loud was the result. He admits that he had perceived the project differently to the record company. He wanted a jazz oriented creation with dance influence, Phonogram viewed it predominantly as a dance project, not wanting the word 'jazz' to appear in the label's title.

The original intention was to sign pure jazz artists Julian Joseph and Wayne Shorter. However, dance and rap influences won through in the form of Galliano, Young Disciples, Omar and Incognito. Artists signed had already stamped their mark on the existing scene via the Acid Jazz label or through the emerging alternative club scene.

"It was good to be able to sign artists who would have received no more help from Acid Jazz".

Criticisms have been levelled at Gilles for signing such obvious artists and those he knew on the scene. This criticism he finds easy to handle, "Any movement starts with a core, be it punk, new romantic. In the case of acid jazz it centred around Dingwalls and alternative dance clubs". It was in this environment that he was DJ and promoter. Two years on Gilles Peterson believes Talkin' Loud have got it right, "I feel good that none of the first bunch of bands signed have been dropped. This is uncommon in the record industry".

There has, claims Gilles, never been an underlying 'plot' to Talkin' Loud's progress, although an emphasis is placed on developing their artists. This contrasts with the acid jazz label which brought jazz musicians together for short term projects - more typical of the live jazz attitude. The only outstanding exception being the Brand New Heavies.

Although no 'plot' is in evidence, the ethos is clear when listening to the music, "The bands we sign understand DJ culture and music".

This influence is understandable. Peterson is one of the new breed of DJ's who have found themselves in key positions in the recording

industry along with, for example, Paul Oakenfold and Dave Dorrell. Sacked from the much troubled Jazz FM for playing peace records during the Gulf War, Peterson described the station as "an inevitable catastrophe". He now DJs at KISS where he feels "spiritually at ease" with the younger station and it's freer tastes.

Seeing Talkin' Loud as the first step for a potentially appreciative audience he says "Talkin' Loud fits between dance culture and jazz. Obviously we can't put out acoustic quartet recordings but it is an initial step for those looking for a different angle on club culture".

The theory is spelled out on Talkin' Loud 1990 sampler by Steps Ahead, "You gotta hear Blue Note to dig Def Jam", Gilles explains, "When I got into jazz it wasn't through pure forms such as Coltrane or Parker but occasionally at clubs I would hear a Grover Washington track, these experiences build up and open doors".

The success of the bands Gilles originally signed emphasises the benefit of empowering a figure immersed in the scene to act as a catalyst to realise a collective vision.

Gilles can already boast uniting Galliano with Roy Ayers, Steve Williamson and Julian Joseph and in the future he would like his young jazz influenced players to collaborate with Wayne Shorter and Herbie Hancock.

Already the Talkin' Loud project has influenced other record companies, CBS signing Des Re and 4th and Broadway's Ronny Jordan are examples. "A year ago you wouldn't have heard a Miles Davis standard receive airplay on Radio 1 or reach the charts".

It seems clear that Talkin' Loud's attitude and mix of slower dance beats and a more funky 70's influenced jazz style looks set to dominate the 90's sound. As the gamble starts to pay off we may see purer forms of jazz grace the label.

Although Talkin' Loud artists and their audience have been predominantly London-based Gilles sees the past half-decade as a consolidation period for a transient scene which emerged in Britain, in Manchester in the form of the jazz defectors Kevin Curtis, ACR and Kalima in the early 80's. "The scene lived in London for a time, now I see these acid jazz influenced scenes cropping up all over the country".
Dave Stak it Up

VISUALL

BARTON FINK

Directors: The Coen Brothers

The Coens, those nice young men who answered Barry Norman's dull questions about this movie so politely and respectfully, and who create such shocking, violent, horribly impressive films are back. This time they look at greedy adolescent Hollywood through the eyes of a callow, 'voice of the common man' playwright who looks, significantly, like a physical amalgam of the two brothers themselves.

After his tenement-set smash hit play, Barton Fink is lured by the promise of big bucks to Hollywood to imbue a B-movie wrestling picture with 'that Barton Fink feeling'. He books into the Hotel-from-Hell, with corridors that stretch to infinity, a waxy bell boy, and, apart from the sweating wallpaper, no visible sign of life as we know it. He then proceeds to stare at the blank paper in his typewriter.

In between blocks, the rookie writer is summoned before the monstrous, roaring, Studio Head, a megalomaniac who disconcertingly combines bombast and grovelling debasement, and Barton becomes painfully initiated into the slick and sick ways of Hollywood. In the process he encounters a sozzled genius of American literature (Scott Fitzgerald or William Faulkner, take your pick) heaving with operatic gusto down a toilet, and endeavours to get personal with this fellow writer's personal assistant. He also makes contact, somewhat reluctantly, with his next door neighbour, an ostensibly cheery, born-again insurance salesman, and a genuine slab of 'common man' who becomes, or so Barton believes, the only friend he has in Hollywood.

Then two-thirds of the way through the film, when Barton is still stuck at the opening - tenement-set - credits, events unwind to distract him from his writer's block, and both he and the audience wake up to a different movie. From here on expect those squirm-in-your-seat moments that the Coens do so well, and plenty of good old fashioned hellfire and retribution.

Slow, enigmatic, fierce and funny, Barton Fink will delight connoisseurs of the Coens. But a film which is essentially about the process of writing, Hollywood's schizophrenia and a monster raving loony, is unlikely to enamour the casual film goer. One thing's for sure - Roseanne will never be the same again.

PRINCE OF TIDES

Director: Barbara Streisand

Have you ever noticed that in many American films the psychiatrist is really just an upper class detective?

In movies of this kind mental illness is not a messy, degrading, disintegration of the personality - hell no! It's cute, eccentric and lovable, like in The Fisher King, or mysterious and sexy, like Gregory Peck in Spellbound. The story is always a quest, with crime, clues, red herrings, villains and heroes. The film sets out to 'solve' the problem of madness, and always does, usually with irritating triteness...."Did you by any chance see your girlfriend's face blown off?". "Well as a matter of fact I did. Gosh I'm so glad I got that off my chest Doctor; looks like I don't need that frontal lobotomy after all!"

Flashbacks are crucial in these films, and they all lead to the mother of all flashbacks - the one that reveals the nasty cause of it all. Nutcase solved.

Another aspect of movies like this, is that your mental / sexual / spiritual - you name it - problems are solved either a) on the couch, or b) in the sack, or c) both if you're lucky. Nick Nolte in Prince of Tides, a film in this self same tradition, is lucky,...



Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for the audience. As soon as the soundtrack opens with a multitude of soaring strings, you know you've got 140 mushy minutes of reconstituted emotion (otherwise known as BIG Hollywood movie) stretching ahead of you like a vast treacle swamp. Love, hate, guilt, pain, life, death...and that's even before the opening credits have finished.

Tom Wingo (yes Wingo) is a man in a lot of pain. His brother's dead, his sister Savanna (yes Savanna) is nearly dead, he hates his mother and his father, he's out of work, his wife's having an affair and, would you believe it, there's something nasty lurking in his past. Well, that's the first ten minute accounted for. Enter Inspector, I mean Doctor Lowenstein (Streisand). Lowenstein can feel his pain a) because she's a superb power-dressing psychiatrist, and b) because he rants and raves like a madman. Together they discover that nasty thing that's been lurking deep down inside of him...

Crassness, clichés, the inevitable "How do you feel?" couch-side manner and Barbara's atrocious white tights aside, there's a pretty good story lurking deep down in the turgid bulk of Prince of Tides. A story which requires deft, impressionistic touches reflecting the vulnerability of the human mind; not a can of dulux gloss paint and a six inch paintbrush. Pity.

Theodora

PROBLEM CHILD TWO

Director: Brian Levant

I for one didn't bother going to see Problem Child One (did anyone?). Following in this tradition you can bet your giro I will not be going to see Problem Child Two either. Give him and Curly Sue too a good slap.

Actually this blossoming of paedophillic desire movies thinly disguised as 'cute kids 'n' dopey parents' comedies is the most bizarre genre re emergence of the 1990's. It seems Hollywood's obsessions for the early part of this decade will centre on serial killers and shagging children.

At a multiplex cinema near you.

JR

DEATH RACE 2000

Director: Paul Bartel

Hey old timers. Remember those dim and distant times before video? In those days a pubescent's rites of passage included 'sneaking in to see an X'certificate film at the movies'. Well, Death Race 2000 was the first time I 'did it', and from then on I was hooked.

This is rarely screened satire, long out of video release, and easily the best thing stallone has ever 'acted' in. The evil Rambo and the good Grasshopper compete in a gruelling road race where extra points are scored depending on the number (and quality) of the people they run over. Bask in hit and run fun.

Screening at the Metro Cinema
Derby (0332) 40170 Fri 13th, Sat 14th March 11.30 pm.

JR

STAR TREK VI - The Undiscovered Country

Director: Dr Spok

Boldy going where no bath chair has gone before, The Star Trek crew are back - older, balder and none-the-wiser. After the dubious delights of previous 'Trek' films, it comes as a minor surprise to herald 'The Undiscovered Country' as an enjoyable romp through the warped factors of 'Trekkie Land'.

Supposedly (ho hum) the final instalment in the series before the crew collect their, er, Enterprise Allowance, the 'Undiscovered Country' of the title refers to - hey! - Peace. It seems that the ugliest bunch of treacherous aliens this side of the Tory party, the Klingons are in big trouble. Said Klingons - who all look like they've been dragged through a meteor storm backwards - have been messing around with their planet; you know, over mining, bugging up the ozone layer and general free-economising so that their galaxy has only got 50 years left. Yikes! Enter James T. Kirk and the gang. Can the dastardly Klingons be trusted or will Kirk and co. leave them, er, clinging on to civilisation as they know it. What do you think?

More mugging occurs on screen than downtown on a Saturday night but it all adds to the entertainment so long as you remember to retrieve your brain on the way out of the cinema. For maximum enjoyment, do your good deed for the day and take a Trekkie along with you - you'll be guaranteed simply minutes of fun as they explain the workings of the Starship Enterprise gear box, give you a crash course in 'How to speak Klingon' and lose their anorak under the seat. Beam them up Scotty.

Hopsie Pike

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Director: Charles Shyer

Mid-life (or middle class) crisis hits Steve Martin in the form of his daughters extravagant wedding plans to a spoilt Beverly Hills rich kid. What could have become a nightmarish comedy of jealousy and class conscious error, soon relaxes into a 'feel-good' state of sentiment. Do white weddings and soppy vows bring a tear to your eyes or a lump to your throat? If so, you'll love this movie.

Martin Short (3 Amigo's, Innerspace) injects some life into the proceedings, as the camp 'wedding designer', but his performance falls dangerously close to racist/homophobic territory. Only Diane Keaton's kooky, spaced-out role as mother of the bride (played as if on day-release from a de-tox clinic) saves the day.

If you are a fan of Steve Martin's earlier comedy vehicles, you'd do best to avoid yet another middle of the road, melodramatic sit-com that comes in the wake of ROXANNE and L.A. STORY. Instead, I'd recommend you catch the 1950's original with Spencer Tracy and Elizabeth Taylor next time it appears on Sunday afternoon TV.

Chris Cooke

broadway

m a r c h

Sun	1	3D Double Bill (PG) Barton Fink (15)	4.30 8.30
Mon	2	Barton Fink (15)	6.00/8.30
Tue	3	Barton Fink (15)	6.00/8.30
Wed	4	Barton Fink (15) Dekalog 5 & 6 (PG) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Thur	5	Barton Fink (15) Dekalog 5 & 6 (PG) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Fri	6	Barton Fink (PG) Tenue De Soiree (15) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Sat	7	Barton Fink (15) Tenue De Soiree (15) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Sun	8	Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! (18) Barton Fink (15)	3.30/6.00 8.30
Mon	9	The Art Of Animation (PG)	6.00/8.15
Tues	10	The Art Of Animation (PG)	6.00/8.15
Wed	11	Toto The Hero (15) London Kills Me (18) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Thur	12	Toto The Hero (15) London Kills Me (18) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Fri	13	Toto The Hero (15) London Kills Me (18) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Sat	14	Toto The Hero (15) London Kills Me (18) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Sun	15	Hal Hartley Double Bill (15) Toto The Hero (15)	4.30 8.30
Mon	16	Diva (15)	6.00/8.30
Tues	17	Diva (15)	6.00/8.30
Wed	18	Death In Brunswick (15) Dekalog 7 & 8 (15) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Thur	19	Death In Brunswick (15) Dekalog 7 & 8 (15) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Fri	20	Death In Brunswick (15) Raising Arizona (15) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Sat	21	Death In Brunswick (15) Raising Arizona (15) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Sun	22	Metropolis (PG) Death In Brunswick (15)	3.30/6.00 8.15
Mon	23	Matador (18) Romero (15) + speaker - OFB	6.00/8.15 6.00/8.15
Tues	24	Matador (18) Romero (15) + speaker - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Wed	25	Matador (18) Tetsuo (18) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Thur	26	Merci La Vie (18) Tetsuo (18) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Fri	27	Merci La Vie (18) Tetsuo (18) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Sat	28	Merci La Vie (18) Tetsuo (18) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Sun	29	Let Him Have It (15) Merci La Vie (18)	3.30/6.00 8.30
Mon	30	Merci La Vie (18)	6.00/8.30
Tues	31	To Be Announced	

box office (0602) 412536

Free Cinema Tickets !

Be one of the first four people to turn up at the respective Box Office with a copy of this Overall magazine and claim a free pair of tickets to the film of your choice at Broadway in Nottingham or to 'Barton Fink' at The Metro Cinema in Derby.

gigs'n'things forthcoming events

SAT 22 FEB	MANIC STREET PREACHERS & special guests	£5.00 ADV	MON 16 MAR	THE NEWCRANES	FREE
SUN 23 FEB	R.D.F. & special guests	£4.50 ADV	SUN 15 MAR	THE AUSTRALIAN DOORS & special guests	£7.00 ADV
MON 24 FEB	CREAMING JESUS	FREE	SUN 22 MAR	THE SOUP DRAGONS	£5.50 ADV
SAT 29 FEB	CURVE & special guests	£5.50 ADV	SUN 22 MAR	THOUSAND YARD STARE & special guests	£5.50 ADV
SUN 1 MAR	EDDIE IZZARD	£4.00 ADV	SAT 9 MAY	OZRIC TENTACLES & special guests	£6.00 ADV
MON 2 MAR	REV HAMMER	FREE	SAT 23 MAY	KINGMAKER & special guests	£5.00 ADV
SUN 8 MAR	SHAKESPEAR'S SISTER & special guests	£8.00 ADV	SAT 30 MAY	GALLIANO & special guests	£6.50 ADV
MON 9 MAR	XYSTER	FREE	SUN 31 MAY	CUD & special guests	£6.00 ADV
SAT 14 MAR	DAISY CHAINSAW & special guests	£5.50 ADV			
SUN 15 MAR	THE FALL & special guests	£7.00 ADV			

GENERALLY DOORS FOR ALL SHOWS OPEN AT 8pm. SUPPORT ACTS USUALLY START AT 8.30pm WITH THE MAIN ACT FOLLOWING AT 9.30pm. IF IN DOUBT PLEASE TELEPHONE 0602 476725. NO REFUNDS UNLESS CONCERT IS CANCELLED.

TICKETS IN NOTTINGHAM AT:
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TICKETS OUTSIDE NOTTINGHAM AT:
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derby: b.p.m. records
loughborough: pineapple
leicester: b.p.m. records
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FRID ONIONS

THE SECRET A&R MAN'S BALL

Think as you drink as you dance.

OK- so you went along to the 'Start' gig and saw some cool Nottingham bands doing the business. Yes, you thought, things are happening in the city. True, but you are only listening in mono. The other faction of Nottingham bands will be out to win your hearts at the Narrow Boat on March 7th, with The Secret A & R Man's Ball. There are musicians around here who can entertain without copying "The Word", who can make you dance, sing (or anything) and still hit you with intelligence, wit and originality: think as you drink as you dance. So drag your weary bodies down to Canal Street around mid-day on the 7th and treat yourself to a day of stimulation with eight bands who might just expand your horizons. For a recession bustin' £2.50 you'll get TABITHA ZU cooler and sexier than Daisy Chainsaw.....THE WAITING LIST where Neil Young hits Bleach head on..... the wild but melodic MANNA MACHINELeicester's fine export PO! with a sound halfway between PJ Harvey and 10,000 maniacs.....SUDANESE WITCH HUNT who will slap you in the face with a keyboard assault force pushing a singer who gives a damn.....THE RELEASE featuring glam heart-throb Boris for all you Cure fans.....TOM'S GHOST mutating from a punky rock past to a strange and twisted new pop sound with a hint of Steely Dan. All linked together by MIKE "HAPPY SUNDAYS" SIMPSON - a smile a wink and a loud "Piss Off!" This is Nottingham '92. Be there or start auditioning for Top of the Pops. It's your choice.

One outfit who won't be there, possibly because they hail unashamedly from Derby, possibly because they've been in hiding for a year or two, but probably because they don't need to be, are the ONE-EYED JACKS. Arguably the Midlands' premier popsters, last spotted at the Porterhouse in Retford supporting The Jack Rubies (yes, that long ago), this gritty, groovy foursome are back in action. Find out why they attract as many punters as the Wedding Present (at the Where House they do) when they appear at the Hippo on the 18th and the Old Angel on the 28th.

The Swamp Club Cajun Festival, a three day celebration of Cajun culture featuring the best UK bands of the genre and a special guest flown in from Louisiana, USA, takes place at the Empire Ballroom on Station Approach in Derby, March 27th-29th. As well as ten acts, three stages and three bars, other attractions include cajun cuisine, dance workshops, records, T-shirts and DJ King Gordon. Tickets for individual events (see listings) are available

from Oasis and BPM in Derby and Selectadisc in Nottingham, or you can obtain a money-saver for the whole weekend.

SNAKES ALIVE

Saints be praised that on best night of the year for jiggling and reeling - St Patrick's night, Tuesday March 17th - we've got something much better than hard pews and warm tea to uplift us. The classic Kelly's Heroes join forces with Cajun/Celtic anarcho funsters Wholesome Fish at my favourite venue - The Marcus Garvey Centre. There should be no snakes present, but if Paul McGrath can play for the football team I dare say I'll be made welcome. Provided the Garvey can serve the Guinness fast enough it must be a good crack. At last the chance to dance, and my pick for gig of the month.

The City & County series continues in March with more sitting down, but a Chesterfield seetee and Boddingtons at the Manor sure beats the Congregational Hall. Wednesday March 4th sees the return of Danny Thompson's Whatever. He played the last ever jazz gig at the Old Vic. Given his innovative reputation, frankly I was disappointed in their adherence to the tired jazz convention of a succession of solos with few strong collective blasts - sure sign of a band getting to know each other. Good at the corny jokes and cockney banter though, and maybe they'll do more together this time.

The following week (March 11th) sees the Kafala Brothers from Angola at the Manor supported by one of my favourite local bands, The Laughing Deckchairs. African music has been one of Nottingham's best bets for a good night for a number of years and I don't suppose we'll be disappointed.

My pick for jazz gig of the month would be the Ed Jones Quartet a week later (March 18th) at the Manor. While he's more than familiar with the classic jazz saxophone repertoire his newer material shows an adventurous spirit. Backed by a strong trio and hailed by 'The Wire' as 'A real find' you could catch one many are tipping as the next big name in British jazz.

City and County's nights at the Manor draw to a close with an interesting one that could get overlooked as we all lick our lips in anticipation of the unmissable Latin Rave. Mouth Music are at the Manor on March 25th. Anyone who reckons to get us dancing to a mutant hybrid of Gaelic Folk and Afro-pop must be worth checking.

The Latin Rave at M.G.M. on April 1st should be the gig I've been itching to see for several years. April fool if you miss it.

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CAMEL / UV : demo

Ex-32's Gill sings a few sweet pop classics on this whimsy - and - hit - single sandwich, sequences of silliness playing an unlikely game of hide and seek with Ultraviolence bass-lines of a more pressing nature.

ANTISEPTIC BEAUTY Speed EP / Fauna

Two cassettes produced by Steven Lawrie of the Telescopes, the first a preview of their maybe to be released Speed EP, which flies in the face of fashion, guitar backlash whipping the mind. The second, entitled "Fauna" more licks your ears, gliding on another trend. You can't hear the engines on this one. Speed pop, ambient pop, both deserving attention.

A (Limited Edition of One) Part of the Monster

Great rumbling transports of delight, the goods are on board this one, alright. Four items from A's rolling stock of greatest hits recorded live at the Canning Factory, "Don't You Worry" shows the 'A'-mind concentrated into a thunderous cloud of percussive guile, stopping at all stations in the clatter and bustle of "Train Tickets". On the other side of the tracks, "Reel 4" keeps up the momentum with whistle blowing ferocity, guitars stoking the boiler till the engine piles past the buffers and comes to a Silver Streak-style slow motion grinding halt on platform 15 (Minutes, Famous for).

LEGEND QUEST

The Dungeon of Targ-Athu. (Virtual Reality)

The skeleton in the closet of technology arrives in Nottingham and rises up like the Hydra's teeth. In another universe I am killed by a virtual sword. Go back two killer-bytes. This is the first facility of it's kind in the world. What is most impressive is the totally interactive network which allows you to enter the computer environment with your friends; see, hear and converse with them or swap weapons or watch each other's back for sword-wielding demons and killer spiders. For a membership fee you may obtain a personal key that will get you back into the maze wherever you left off the previous time. And since you don't half look a dickhead from the outside, it makes a great spectator sport. You have 240 seconds to comply.

SCUM PUPS

Baby Kill LP (Sycophant Records)

Here come Leicester brats Scum Pups, full to the brim with brash arrogance and endearing naivety. With a 'take home to your Mum' politeness, they kick more ass than an elephant on amphetamine.

Opening track 'Baby Squad' storms a slow pounding energy. Anger on the edge, never quite losing it. Cute and petulant 'Get a Life' is

DEMOLITION



CHORDS : Angellust (cassette)

Of the E-minor variety A C Temple meets Black Sabbath in a stop-start mega-thrash-louder-the-better frenzy of such power and panache that it makes me wonder. I wonder what's all the fuss about American bands when musicians this good live next door in Europe. I wonder why it's not available on vinyl. I wonder how soon Chords can come over here to perform. I wonder how many AC Temple gigs Chords have attended in their home country, the Netherlands. Worth setting up a record label for. Demo of the Overall year.

let loose off the leash, canines to the jugular. At times the album is a little too adolescent boy/girl fantasy pop with enormous guitars but this is more than made up for by the wonderful 'Liver Shiver'. The only thing that lets down the Alex 'Fudgetunnel' production is the thin and wispy drum sound. If this offering is one of a band showing growing pains then their next fully fledged album promises to be a monster. Sign them to the same label as 'Chord'.

DANTRAX

Something in Between (Demo)

Though still hanging onto its rock influences, 'Dash' is the funkiest of these three trax penned by Danny Merriman of Bilboro, 'Something In Between' is just that, saved by the guitar solo, spoilt by a whistling piano. 'Just Woke Up', my fave, although unoriginal jazz rock with a latin flavour, just carries me away to a time of liking Stanley Clarke, The Weather Report, mid-gong etc.

WEIRDBEARD

Rave Off: Cassette (Bang on the Door)

Fresh from their success at START Weirdbeard offer this funky great accompaniment to speed-skating, wacky acid guitar riffs aping the once bigger rave sound. Displays an obvious predilection for seventies funk with tendencies towards early eighties white-boy

dance music. Music for fans of the Higsons and Haircut 100? Confuse your heart? Mine too. Good luck in the five-a-side. Howzat?

THE MILLERS

demo (Bandwagon)

Another newbie from Mansfields prolific charity studio, this by Ilkeston noise-pop 3-piece who sound like they are trying too hard to sound like all the other bands who sound like each other.

THE NEW CRANES: demo

Excerpts from the forthcoming mini-LP of one of Derby's biggest live attractions. The Cranes will be promoting this material through a series of live dates in March and April and on the strength of this I urge people to see 'em, buy it, and see 'em again.

MY JEALOUS GOD

Off The Ball (Cassette)

MJG have bite, which is why their debut album 'The Idiots Ball' was released last month, on the premise that no-one who buys it can remember the Beatles. Those who can should be amused.

fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit

sunday 1st

CLIMAX BLUES BAND Derby, Where House
ABK lunch Running Horse
TONY CROSBY'S STRANGER BLUE eve. Running Horse
BARRY WHITE £14. Royal Concert Hall
NEBULA 2 .3pm. All-dayer. Draycott, Jesters, Tudor Court Hotel
THAT UNCERTAIN dead dead good. Free. Nottm. Uni., P.B., Buttery
FEELING £4 adv. Poly.
EDIE IZZARD "Blasphemy" at The Dance Factory. £3
ANDY CARROLL Limelight Bistro, Playhouse
MAXINE DANIELS

monday 2nd

REV HAMMER Free. Poly.
PHOOKA acoustic all-fem. band. Britannia Inn.
RUNNER JAM BAND * Running Horse
SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY DUKES £8 adv. Rock City

TONY COFIE BAND cookie clu.
ONE-EYED JACKS Burton-on-Trent, Appleby
DARKSIDE £3. The Where House
STRANGER THAN FICTION Bobby Brown's

tuesday 3rd

SERVE CHILLED CREW* cookie club
CROWDED HOUSE £8 Royal Concert Hall
DEGREE 33 £1. Narrow Boat
JETSTREAM WHISKY Bobby Brown's

wednesday 4th

DANNY THOMPSON'S WHATEVER Arboretum Manor
BEYOND THE OBVIOUS Hearty Goodfellow
THE BLUES BAND £9. Royal Con. Hall
THE FUZZY FELTS Bobby Brown's
LOOKING FOR ADAM Old Angel
CATHERINE WHEEL £3/£1. Where House

thursday 5th

BERNARD WRIGLEY Duke of Cambridge
LOANSHARK Running Horse
OCTOBERINE TROPICAL FISH INVASION ILLINOIS with projections. £1.50 Narrow Boat
THE CHANGE Mansfield, The Plough.
THE OUTRIDERS Goldsmith St., BPI

TAUREA Old Angel
MONTY SUNSHINE BAND £4 .Manor House

CLIMAX BLUES BAND THE BLUES DOCTORS £4.50. Where House

THE OCCASIONALS * R'n'B at Bobby Brown's
STU ALLAN "Altitude" at Lo.

friday 6th

MELAENA SPEEDBALL fireball projections. Magoo p.a. £2. Narrow Boat

PSYCHASTORM FLOORED Old Angel

JOE 91 later at The Hearty

FAMILY GO TOWN Nottm Uni. P.B.

LEFT-HAND THREAD Running Horse

KELLY'S HEROES late bar. Arboretum Manor

GRAHAM PARK & friends "Inside Out" at Venus

D-ROK Rock City

DK JACK PEZZ "Bounce" at The Dance Factory + Serve Chilled lounge. £4.

saturday 7th

TABITHA ZU THE WAITING LIST MANNA MACHINE TOM'S GHOST SUBLIMINAL SUDANESE WITCH HUNT MIKE SIMPSON "Secret A & R Man's Ball " noon till 11pm. Narrow Boat

PINSKI ZOO £4/2. Where House

THE NAVIGATORS * 3pm. Running Horse

BADAXE eve. Running Horse

DANNY RAMPLING ANTHONY BRYANS taste "Fruit" at Venus

SCUM PUPS Rock City

STRANGER THAN FICTION Old Angel

sunday 8th

MIDLAND JAZZ QUARTET Derby, Rhode Island Exchange

RAY PERRY lunch. Running Horse

HARRY & THE CRABS eve. Running Horse

CRUNCHBIRD Crunchvibulation. Uni., P.B.

SHAKESPEARE'S SISTER £8 adv. Poly

RAG 'N' BONE MEN £1. Where House

TOMMY SAVILLE QUINTET Limelight Bistro, Nottm. Playhouse

JOHN KELLY "Blasphemy" at The Dance factory

monday 9th

ISAAC GUILLORY JOHN REMBOURN £5 adv. "Raw Folk" The Brunswick, Derby.

THE AUSTRALIAN DOORS £6 adv. Rock City
XYSTER Free. Poly

CHAOS UK £3.50. Where House

tuesday 10th

POWER OF DREAMS THE ONE-EYED JACKS £4. The Where House

EGYPT P.A.D.D. (ex-Dumpy's/Budgie/C'dhogs) (ex-Loud) Old Angel

FUDGE TUNNEL + SEPULTURA like they said, "the Main Stage". £7.50 adv. Rock City

wednesday 11th

ACTION SWINGER LOVEBLOBS (ex-Pussy Galore/Unsane/Sonic Youth) £4/3.50. Imperial

PHOOKA lounge. Britannia Inn

SPLATTER Hearty Goodfellow

KAFALA BROS. LAUGHING DECKCHAIRS £5/3.50. Arboretum Manor

RAZOR BLADE SEX Narrow Boat

PJ HARVEY £3/1.50. Where House

JACK DIGS & WHOOSH "Bounce" Leicester, The Fan Club., £3

thursday 12th

BOURGEOIS ZOO Duke of Cambridge

JONAH FISH Running Horse

THE GLORY BOYS Narrow Boat

FUTILE COATS Mansfield, The Plough

SLAUGHTERHOUSE 5 BPI

FRICTION Old Angel

MARSHALL'S LAW Free. The Where House

TOP BUZZ "t Altitude" at Lo

friday 13th

THE BANTU BEATS (from Zaire) £4. W. House

HURT Old Angel

UNDER THE SUN Narrow Boat

SOLID AIR Running Horse

STEVE PROCTOR JOHN KELLY PAUL WAIN SEAN JOHNSTONE RALPH LAWSON "Better Days" at Venus

CHUMBAWAMBA CREDIT TO THE NATION £4. The Where House

ALLISTER WHITEHEAD "Positive Zone" The Dance Factory

saturday 14th

DAISY CHAINSAW love, love, love your £5.50 Poly.

MAN ON THE EDGE eve. Running Horse

MANNA MACHINE Narrow Boat

fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit

ANDY TINSEL BAND Arboretum Manor

ANDY WEATHERALL MIKE PICKERING more "Fruit" at Venus

NOSFERATU Rock City

SASHA G-Spot at Lo

sunday 15th

HARRY & STEVE lunch. Running Horse

RED ABOUT CHICAGO eve. Running Horse

SUGAR SHACK Uni., P.B.

THE FALL £7 adv. Poly

JOHN OTWAY £3.50 Where House

MEL THORPE Limelight Bistro, Playhouse

monday 16th

LISA STANSFIELD £12.50. Royal Con. Hall

THE NEW CRANES Free. Poly

CLAYTOWN TROUPE TERRORVISION £3.50. Where House

FIONA BARNES Bobby Brown's

tuesday 17th

CURVE £5 adv. Leics. University

MEGA CITY 4 MIDWAY STILL £5 adv. Rock City

KELLY'S HEROES WHOLESOME FISH MARCO CONTINUA 8pm - 12.30 £4 adv. W. Indian Cavaliers Sports & Social Club

GREEN PARTY party. Narrow Boat

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS Old Angel

THE HIGHFIELDS Bobby Brown's

wednesday 18th

FULL MOON

THE CHUFFINELLES "Shana Sound" at SKYY Women Only. 9.30 pmt.

TOP BANANA Stakkedupcrunchvibin' Amnesty Internaturall Benefit gig. Hippo

WHITE ROOM THIN NOT FAT Narrow Boat

ED JONES QUARTET Arboretum Manor

ONE-EYED JACKS Hippo

SAIGON KISS Old Angel

PELE £3/1.50 Where House

MIRROR SESSION Hearty Goodfellow

thursday 19th

CITIZEN FISH JOE 91 Narrow Boat

UNDER THE SUN Meadow Club

THREE SECOND RULE Running Horse

HUMAN CRISIS Mansfield, The Plough

SHAKE APPEAL CORRUPTION Old Angel

THE HEALERS t.l.c. Where House

friday 20th

UNDER THE SUN Yorker

MARCEL MARCEAU Running Horse

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS Narrow Boat

PLASTIC CRABS THYROID SPEAKERS AHAB £3. Grantham Arts Centre

THE DAISY CHAIN Arboretum Manor

CHERRY FOREVER EARTH Old Angel

DUB FEDERATION ANDY WEATHERALL DK PEZZ "Bounce" The Dance Factory Serve Chilled lounge.

ADRIAN SMITH & THE UNTOUCHABLES (ex-Iron Maiden) £4. Where House

SOLE ASYLUM Rock City

saturday 21st

NATIONAL POP WEEK Narrow Boat

STAN MARSHALL'S LAW eve. Running Horse

DARRYN EMERSON SONNY "Fruit" at Venus

THE JETS THE RHYTHMAIRES + others. Rockabilly all dayer. £8. Where House

BLUE EYES Rock City

sunday 22nd

JAZZ EXPRESSIONS JOHN SANDERSON HELEN MACDONALD Derby, Rhode Island Exchange

THOUSAND YARD STARE £5.50 adv.

UNDER THE SUN Britannia Inn

HARRY & THE CRABS eve. Running Horse

ROY HARPER £7. Where House

TRILOGY Limelight Bistro

monday 23rd

JAKE THACKRAY £5.50 adv. Derby, The Brunswick

MOUTH MUSIC Arboretum Manor

BLEACH CRYSTAL INJECTION £3.50. Where House

RIDE £6.50 adv. Leics., De Montford

TONY COFIE * cookie club

tuesday 24th

LOVE/HATE THE FOUR HORSEMEN £7 adv. Rock City

SKATE DRUNKS Narrow Boat

THE UKRAINIANS (ex-Wedding Present) £4. The Where House

wednesday 25th

JETSTREAM WHISKY The Imperial.

thursday 26th

MIDNIGHT POACHERS Running Horse

MARMITE SISTERS Narrow Boat

STUMBLE BROS. Mansfield, The Plough

WHOLESOME FISH Arboretum Manor

BIG FISH LITTLE FISH Old Angel

JAIN FAITH BPI

TREVOR BURTON BLUES BAND t.b.c. WhereHouse

BLUE MAGNOLIA JASS BAND £3 adv. W. Bridgford, Manor

friday 27th

BUTTERMOUNTAIN BOYS CRAYFISH FIVE £5 adv. 8pm. Swamp Club

ABK LEFT HAND THREAD Integrate Rock Benefit Arboretum Manor

ONE-EYED JACKS MOUTH £2. Where House

PSYCHASTORM Narrow Boat

SERIOUS LOVE ADDICTS THIS RAGGED JACK they're back. Old Angel

BABY ANIMALS t.b.c. Rock City

Continued on Page 18

LIVE !

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WEDNESDAY NIGHTS

11th *

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25th

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mondays

"LIVE JAZZ" with TONY COFIE	cookie club
"RETRO"	Hippo
"MONDAY MADNESS"	Jamie East. Lo
ALTERNATIVE NITE	The Rockhouse
STUDENT NIGHT	Derby Ritzy
"HOUSE PARTY"	New Celebrity Roadshow Dj Scratch. Hollywood Nights

tuesdays

"SERVE CHILLED" DIY DJs	cookie club
"TICKLE"	Kool Kat
"HIPSHAKER" DJ GARY S.	Hippo
"STUDENT NIGHT"	Ritzy
"THE GROOVE FACTORY"	Valentino's
"MONDO BONGO"	Chaplins
"BOOM"	They've gone funky at MGM

wednesdays

"TRASHY"	Kool Kat
THE HYPE	Blue Note
"DCHE STUDENT NIGHT"	The Where House
"NO ROOM FOR SQUARES"	Madison's
"EUPHORIA"	DJ Jez. Dance Factory
"RAMPANT"	Dance Faction. Rock Sticky
"STUDENT NIGHT"	Chaplins
"JAZZ NIGHT"	DJ Pablo. Hippo
"HYPE"	From The Rhode Island Exchange to Paradise
"PYRAMID CLUB"	60's-90's+. Chaplin's

thursdays

DDI *** DIZZY*** DYSTOPIA*** DNA***	1st, 2nd 3rd and 4th weeks respectively at SKYY
BPI	Bulbapsychestute
DJ FERGUS	hardcore rave The Yard
"GROOVIN" **	Kool Kat
"UP TEMPO" with DJs MATT & GRIFF	Hippo
"UP"	Venus
"BLESSINGS"	Linda No Name cookie club
"CHAMELEON"	Michael Davies Happy Hour till 2 Blue Note
"ALTITUDE"	Techno. Lo

"GYRATION"	Chaplins
"THE ASYLUM"	Hollywood Nights
"R'N'B CLUB"	Bobby Brown's Cafe.
"SOUP KITCHEN"	Michael Davies and Confusion at The Dial

fridays

"WEETABEAT"	DJs Nick Rogers and Fergus Mansfield. 9 till 2. The Yard second helpings till 7am at 44 Belvedere St. Guest DJs inc. Grooverider, Mickey Finn, Fabio and Sasha.
"ZEST"	
"BOUNCE" ** with the DIY CREW	The Dance Factory
"CLUBBED TO LIFE" by DJ PABLO	HGF
"STUDENT NIGHT 2"	Ritzy
"THE CLUB"	Blue Note
"FRENZY"	Pete Beckett. Kool Kat
"THE BISCUIT BOX"	up front toons and techno grooves with DJs Gershwin and Ben Nevis. cookie club

"SOUL & REGGAE"	DJs One Step, Klassique, President, M & M Twins.
"CRUNCH"	DJ Spivey Leics. Fan Club
"LOVESEXY"	soul. "Lo" at The Dial
"IT'S A JAZZ THING"	Bobby Brown's Cafe

saturdays

"CATALONIA"	rave. "Lo" at The Dial
"FISH FRY"	Pozitiv Pablo Power. HGF
"SKIN"	X-rated. Blue Note
"THE POSITIVE ZONE"	featuring DJ Fatty, JB and The Buhdha Bros. The Dance Factory
"GREEN ONIONS"	The Where House
"SLAP" ** "FISH" **	Kool Kat Kool Kat
"FUNKY PEOPLE"	cookie club
"UNITY"	Rave FM DJs. Chaplins
"FRUIT"	Paul, Christian, Tim, Laurie & friends.Venus

sundays

"LATIN BREAKFAST"	Rikki Martinez Band at the Old Angel
"SOUL SUNDAY"	Homity and Thin Man. !2 til 3 Radford Arms.
"RECESSION SESSION"	Live bands.Free P.B., University
"BLUE"	Osborne till 12. Bobby Brown's.
MIDLAND JAZZ QUARTET	and guests. LimelightBistro, Nottm. Playhouse

"BLASPHEMY"	Fatty, Evil Eddie, Christian & Allister. Dance Factory.
"BASEMENT"	Dean Webster,Buhdha Bros., Jay B, Osborne, Daniel.

all events weekly except
** denotes fortnightly event
*** denotes monthly event

It seems that one or two major developments
on the Derby club circuit are set to instil new
interest for the coming summer.

The Dial Bar has since 1985 enriched the
nightlife of Derby as an entirely original and
stylish venue. Housed in a grade two listed old
printers building, soaked in character, the Dial
has a somewhat laid-back atmosphere and
caters for an independent (but not necessarily
'indie') crowd. Thus the Dial has always had the
'feel' of a nightclub. On Thursdays, Fridays and
Saturdays starting March 6th it will become
more of a club with a 1.00 am weekend
licence. To rejuvenate the bar, extensive
refurbishment is planned, involving the creation
of a dancefloor at the far end of the building.
Increased custom will result in the gallery
opening again. Admission to The Dial will be
free and at the end of the night cheap
admission to the Lo club may be obtained.

The Lo club (upstairs, above the Dial), also has
a later license, this one untill 2am. The club has
managed to continue it's successful momentum
since opening a year ago. On Saturdays, the
new 'G-spot' night has pushed the hardcore
techno to Thursdays (Altitude) and plays only E-
type rave. Sasha will be in control on 14th
March, Laurent Garnier having made a slight
detour on his way to the Eclipse last month.
On Fridays, the popular 'fusion' nights sees
Russell D playing garage/soul with the odd
Talking Loud vibe. Russell D is moving 'the
Hype' from Paradise to the Blue Note, starting
with the Carl Cox date on the 4th. A more
central venue should make this night well
established in the future.

For the alternative/indie crowd on Mondays, a
large student following flocks to Ritzys or the
Rockhouse. A future addition to this will be the
Monday Madness night at the aforementioned
Lo club. At the moment the seminal Thursday
night at the Blue Note is still going strong with
Saturdays still popular, but with Michael Davies'
defection to the Dial on Thursdays this may well
change.

Flyer Of The Month goes to the Kool Kat for
their Bubble flyer which floated into the Overall
office mid-Feb, in the form of (nearly) 99 red
balloons. Top marks for originality and frivolity.
Who said they were just full of hot air?

Spotted at Venus on the Talking Loud night
were various Eggs tirelessly hounding label
supremo Gilles Peterson with demo-tapes,
flyers and small talk. However, they were finally
pipped in the cool stakes by Dave Vibes who
produced the all important cigarette lighter for
Gilles' tab before he'd even put it in his mouth.

If you want us to review your band call
us on 0602 240351. Feel free to send
reviews to PO Box 73, West PDO,
Nottingham NG7 4DG



START!

At last, after all the talk here was
'START'. A lot was at stake for many
people; with various official types as
well as the capacity audience to keep happy.

Since SLA, to the disappointment of many,
had cancelled due to illness, this meant 4
bands on the main stage, interspersed with
the various DJ's. These were unfortunately
hidden away on the balcony and
subsequently went unnoticed and treated as
background music. More should have been
made of their ability to warm up the crowd!

Swinging Affair played an early and late set
upstairs in the bar. Reminiscent of their past
Thursday night appearances here, they
created a lively jazz atmosphere playing to a
packed room.

Postponement of the start time meant that
that stage area no longer had the stigma of
shark infested water. Once people had a few
drinks they were actually standing in there,
waiting for the live music to commence, which
helped when Weirdbeard finally appeared on
the stage; they needn't have feared they were
walking blindfolded along a plank off the
ships' deck. Mind you, they had come fully
prepared for being dropped into the cold
sea, with the Beards Motley Crue style
pyrotechnics. The blinding explosion certainly
made people look - even if it was just because
they thought the stage gear had blown up.

With his Butlins Redcoat style homely charm,
singer and MC Paul Beard was in control of the
audience, though I can't say the same for his
dancing legs, which definitely have a mind of
their own.

Down below them, people were surprisingly
unafraid to dance and join in so early in the
evening: a good sign. The sticks of dynamite
could probably have been better used on
some band members' nether regions to make
them move and look up. If they had done,
they would have realised just how much
people were enjoying their music.

Next up were student faves Vibes. Although
from the sound of chattering, and numbers of
people still battling for the bar, they had
coolly wandered onto the stage unnoticed.
Individually, they are great characters but all
seeking the spotlight at the same time made it
appear too hectic in parts.

Not confident enough to take the stage and

grab peoples' attention and say 'Hey, we're
on stage, so listen', their sound is not yet big
enough to use the buzzing atmosphere here
tonight. In a more intimate setting, their cool,
calm and loose jazz vibes would have worked.
But as it was, a laxative did not seem to be
what tonights' audience was after.

Crunchbird stomped on stage like a herd of
elephants into a loud and kicking set. I put it
down to the beer they were drinking
backstage.

Since their last appearance at the Poly in
November, they seem to have undergone
some rather surprising transformations.
Making her debut tonight (there's nothing like
being dropped in at the deep-end), was
singer and saxophonist Della. If the sound mix
for her playing and vocals had been better it
would have instantly put paid to any
suspicions that 'DeaconBlueitis', (tried and
tested round these parts) was catching. In
fact Crunchbird have turned smartly slick in
their old age both visually and musically. The
songs they perform are still of the most hard-
hitting and funky but there's definitely a
smoother edge creeping in. This pushes out
the 'pseudo-Chilis' label, they are however, by
no means less committed to entertaining the
audience. Congratulations must go to bassist
Alex, for sticking with tradition and baring his
chest (and tattoo) in true L.A. style.

Last on the bill were Stak It Up, who quickly
picked up and carried on the party
atmosphere that had been brewing all night.
One minute they would completely lull the
audience into a smooth jazz groove, just right
for a bit of horizontal perv-dancing. Then they
boost the pace, delivering a sharp skip around
your face to bring you back to dancing in a
more respectable vertical position. The crowd
were so into all this that some paid more
attention to their own fancy footwork than to
Stak It Up. Still, it all adds up to good fun.

This was highlighted for all concerned when
members of the other bands cordially invaded
the stage in true panto-finale style. The next
15 minutes of pure, spontaneous jamming and
grooving, made sure the night had been a
celebration and not a talent competition.

Woe betide any of you who left early, or were
not there at all (Hey, it sold out - Absent Ed).
Tonight was a positive start in proving that
underneath all the bitching, Nottingham is one
groovy city.

saturday 28th

PETE KING Pymn's, Clock Yard

STUMBLE BROS eve. Running Horse

BEARCAT CAJUN PLAYBOYS £3. lunch. Swamp Club

R. CAJUN & THE ZYDECO BROS. £5.
FLATVILLE ACES 8pm. Swamp Club

MANNA MACHINE Narrow Boat

ALLISTER BREEZE "Fruit" at Venus

ONE-EYED JACKS Old Angel

THE BRILLIANT CORNERS £3/2.50.
SURF ROOM The Where House

BLOODY LOVELY Bloody Rock City

TEDDY FULLICK & FRIENDS £2.50/1.50. Netherfield,
Holgate Theatre

sunday 29th

HARRY & STEVE lunch. Runing horse

TONY CROSBY'S STRANGER BLUE eve. Running Horse

THE CAJUN ALL-STARS Big Easy lunch. £3.
Swamp Club

J.C. GALLOW & THE BOAT £4 adv. 8pm.
Swamp Club.

EDWARD II & THE RED HOT POLKAS t.b.c. Where House

PETE KING Limelight Bistro,
Nottm. Playhouse

tuesday 31st

CITIZEN FISH ZYGOTE £3.50.
Where House

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23rd Bleach
24th Ukrainians
27th One Eyed Jacks
28th Brilliant Corners
31st Citizen Fish

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BUSHFIRE / PSYCHASTORM
B.P.I.

Bushfire created a lasting impression on their previous and first visit to Nottingham by storming Bobby Browns with an hour and a half set of pulsating dub reggae. The stage was set for a repeat evening of crucial rhythms and thumping basslines at the BPI.

Bushfire managed to squeeze in their own customised PA system and lighting rigs, succeeding to create an atmosphere of expectancy. Psychastorm, supporting, worked hard at their own self-styled 'moshfunk', but found a mainly reggae audience unappreciative of their obvious potential and more concerned with getting into a crucially chilled out frame of mind. Amazingly enough Bushfire strode through the venues sound problems by simply turning it up and creating a numbing dub sound which got the whole place moving. They mix classic Wailers, Culture type vocals with a heavy Dub Syndicate type backbeat to create a mesmerising brand of dub reggae that envelopes the whole audience. An incredibly long set, they were still playing at two o'clock and I'm sure would have been quite happy to continue around the clock.

Bushfire have been travelling and gigging for several years now and are well known around Southend way (of all places!). It's not often that this style of music played with such verve, enthusiasm and professionalism can be appreciated live, especially in the centre of Nottingham. So here's to the next triumphant return of the one and only, I and I, Bushfire!

Mr Baby

SNAKES ALIVE!

City & County Jazz and Roots
Arboretum Manor

The first gig in the City and County Spring Jazz and Roots Season (Feb 5th) suffered a knock with trumpet star Harry 'Sweets' Edison cancelling due to dental problems - bit serious for a brass player. I went anyway for stand-in Kenny Baker, who can't compete on the chic with a legendary black American jazzier, but at least he's still got enough teeth despite his 70 years. His suit didn't look much younger and the place wasn't exactly packed - the mature jazz generation don't get around much anymore - but the Manor's Chesterfield settees are wonderfully comfortable and so was the music. The man played trumpet, cornet, flugel horn, sang, cracked jokes and I ain't complaining.

A chance to check Britain's other jazz camp two weeks later (Feb 19th) with Orphy Robinson and his band representing the Courtney Pine/Jazz Warriors generation. This was music with a great deal more power and urgency. Orphy didn't push himself forward, very much playing the band leader and letting the wonderfully muscular rhythm section and the flute, keyboards and kora soloists pick up the plaudits. A good crowd and a good atmosphere, though even at six foot tall I struggled for a view given the crazy staging. But it's great to see a diverse crowd talking,

FRIEDALIVE

relaxing and enjoying strong jazz without getting po-faced about it.

The Kathryn Tickell gig (Feb 12th) missed the Manor at the band's request and switched to the Congregational Hall. They then had the cheek to say they encouraged dancing! Playing jigs and reels and airs with pipes and fiddle, accordion and guitars there could be no doubting their musicianship. But I found the whole thing a bit twee and it left me cold - literally. The only band I've seen the really suited the hall were Sweet Honey in the Rock. Now that was a night!

Bob Sharpe

DRAW / NATTIE THREADLOCK
The Narrowboat

One of the most influential bands of the 1980's was Spacemen 3, without whom we'd have no Loop, Telescopes, Ride nor countless others. These bands had identities of their own, unlike Nattie Threadlock who blatantly copy the Spacemen, even similarly covering the MC5's 'Starship'; pleasant enough for a while but in no way memorable. Wise up lads and think for yourselves.

Hailing from Rushden a dreary little town in Northamptonshire, draw mix up sixties psychedelia and heavy rock with today's indie-dance sound and create a massive maelstrom of sound which is irresistible and soon gets people dancing. Joyous, spontaneous dancing, the same sort of vibe I felt at Bushfire's show at BPI, as opposed to contrived posey goth arm waving or macho moshing.

Draw are a great band. Go and see 'em before they get snapped up by one of the many record companies chasing them.

Mr Jones

SUGAR RAYS / JAIN FAITH
Old Angel

I really like free gigs. I think all gigs should be free. Despite the obvious impracticality of this suggestion it would mean that you can go and see any band and not feel obliged to stay (unless of course they're your mates) From the band's point of view they could see it as a triumph if more people saw their encore than their intro. However, bands should never in this recessive climate be exploited and be tempted to pay for the privilege of playing. with the Sugar Rays there were certainly more people in for the finale than the start.

Jain Faith, the support band from Birmingham, gave a competent performance with plenty of waa waa and ride like swirls. The Sugar Rays seemingly approach every gig as if it is both their first and last, storming into their set with

great enthusiasm. They've got a few good Buzzcock type riffs, a few catchy melodies but mostly they've got a sense of enjoyment. the two brains behind the band 'Jumping Jack Gaz' on lead guitar and 'Mr Tamborine Man' Stuart Coop are the most active on stage while the five piece pump out songs (note no covers) like State of our Union, Cut me Up and Distortion.

Despite the very poor sound quality, which made the vocals almost un audible, and a new bass player, the Sugar Rays appeared to be appreciated by the audience. The Sugar Rays bring to mind a spirit of '77 and will be around to crank out plenty more no nonsense guitar pop. So watch out for those stickers!

Mr Baby

DEMO AVAILABLE "State of Our Union"
Contact COOP (0602) 430646

SULTANS OF PING F.C.
Nottingham Poly

You've heard it all before. It sounds like the Fall or it sounds like Half Man Half Biscuit or it sounds like any other band you want to name, but that is not the point.

Knowing what to expect is the point of the Sultans of Ping FC. You know the name so you know football is important, you've heard 'Where's me jumper?' so you know the lyrical content isn't exactly the stuff of PHD theses. If you know they are from Cork, Ireland, and you understand the links between that part of the world and this part of the world and the role that football plays in the forging and maintenance of those links, then you know that this is one gig that the band will want to go well. If they remember one city more than all the others on this tour it will be Nottingham.

The tour bus left London early to arrive in the city with time to visit the City Ground before sound check. The only specific request made of the promoter was that if possible he should introduce the band to the editorial staff of the Brian and Niall took to the stage in the garribaldi. The third number tonight is 'Give him a ball and a yard of grass' a tribute to Nigel Clough - 'He's a nice young man, he's got a lovely smile'. This could have been a homecoming.

Not that it was. If there is one thing that can be said of the increasing success of Monday nights at the Poly it is that too many people are taking it all too seriously. You can see them, not getting into it as much as they would with what they probably call a 'proper' band. You can hear them in the bar; "Well yes it's all very funny but its doesn't really stand up to dialectic analysis, I didn't even get some of those jokes." Despite phenomenal support from sections of the audience, the across the board response to the Sultans is more muted

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than they deserve.

They do what they do very well - 'My brother knows Karl Marx', 'I'm in love with a football hooligan' and the aforementioned 'Yard of grass' are songs to entertain, to make you laugh. You're not supposed to take it all seriously. Pop music isn't serious. The Sultan's of Ping FC came to Nottingham and gave it their best shot. Much of Nottingham had left its sense of humour at home. Nottingham let them down.

(St. Étienne)

JOE 91 Old Angel

Apparently no-one knows how to work the heating in the Chapel tonight which is a problem as it is 0° outside, and 1° inside so you'd think everyone would be looking forward to a bit of a bounce to keep warm. Well the band bounced a bit, especially latest addition Chris on vocals, who showed us why he's there on "Walking on the Wild Side of Life" but still hasn't worked himself fully into the set.

It stayed cold in the Chapel through three or four tracks of reggae-style ordinariness, before the band got warmed up, the audience lagging behind as usual. I bet some of the musicians that pass through here would donate gonads to find an audience already dancing when they come on stage. Strangely enough it was the old familiar Joe 90 theme and a soaraway instrumental loosely based on Spencer Davis' "I'm a Man" that broke the ice before Joe 91 got down to the business of doing what they do best, playing psychedelic dub reggae in the style of Hawkwind meets The Upsetters. Roll on summer.

Christine Chapel

FLOORED Bobby Brown's Cafe

Fronted by the third (and increasingly enigmatic) singer in six months, Floored take the stage tonight buoyed up by the prospect of playing to a full house of like-minded bohemian souls very much on their side.

And they're right to be - newcomer Shaun doesn't put a foot wrong - he's completely rewritten the words inside ten days and he acts up in all the right places ("They're gonna crucify me," he hams as the band launch into 'God' - has he been at the Scooby Snacks perchance?). "What a fruiter!" exclaims a passing wag. No, I'm not entirely sure what he meant either, but under the circumstances it seems to make sense. Shaun's bouncing all over the shop, for the first time Floored have found themselves a singer who fits the job description.

"Fucking signable!" is the reaction of another fan, halfway through the first song, 'Trust'. OK, so it was their manager, but she's as surprised as anyone at the pair of lungs on the bearded boy wonder (!).

It's not all perfect: the two new songs ('Murder' and 'Shimmy') sound woolly and

FRIEDALIVE



unfocussed, but we can forgive them that - they were only written last week after all - and with as much work as the other songs have seen over the last few months, they'll be righted in no time. 'Cool' is my favourite, dubby basslines and wheeling feedback breaking up into crashing noise and back again.

As usual, they wisely curtail the set after just six songs, surely a much better proposition than watching a band going through the motions and dragging a set of unknown songs out over an hour or so, that's strictly for bands with passionate followings who know all the words. Mind you, the way things are going it won't be long before Floored can afford to be indulgent as hell, judging by tonight's healthy response. They leave the minuscule stage to a thousand (almost...) cries for more, but they're not listening. Floored are far too cool for encores.

Tony Morley

ONE LOVE DENNIS BROWN, FREDDIE MACGREGOR, BERES HAMMOND AND ANDY TOSH Nottingham MGM

For live music that moves every person in the room, no matter how big the crowd, there's nothing better than Roots Reggae direct from Jamaica, and there's no better reggae show on the road than the one that hit Nottingham's MGM on Feb 10th.

Little or no advertising pulled a capacity crowd, all ages, all styles, all dressed to

impress. This was going to be one to remember.

But then, so long after the death of Bob, in this age of electric drums and wild-man rappers, could they still pull it off? Were the beautiful sounds of Jacob Miller, U-Roy and Peter Tosh just one phase in the fast paced evolution of reggae, from ska to lovers to rockers to roots to toasting, or is their sound as alive and well as ever?

The 808 band, beginning a four hour plus set, were pumpin' from the first beat. Michael Fletcher's bass shook the walls and floor and Desi Roots layed the foundations of a real heavyweight concert with his sweet tones before taking backing vocals and keeping it moving all night long.

"Out of the backbone of the father comes the son". 808 kicked into action and Andy Tosh's 'Remember Peter' showed us that the spirit of the Wailers was more alive than ever. But where was he?

Remaining hidden for the first song, he could not have sounded more like his father. Yellow flowing robes and yellow silk tribal hat dominating the stage, his entrance showed us that he might sound like Peter, but he is as he put it "the original man - straight from the father".

Blending Peter's songs with his own "in celebration - the son has got to keep the message of the father living on" the young pretender moved from 'Can't Blame The Youth' to a medley of 'African' 'Equal Rights' 'Don't Look Back' 'Legalise It' and a breathtaking "Johnny Be Good".

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It was a big night with plenty to come.

The lady's man moved things up a gear with the classic 'Standing In My Way' soon after Andy had departed. Beres Hammond - short, bespectacled, wearing a black beret and full beard - had a voice that sent the crowd into fits.

808 changed their style totally, somehow getting an ever heavier bass which took the dancehall melodies into new realms, the only way it can be played.

The ladies were having a night of it, whooping, screaming, dancing, singing. There was a humming in the air and things were building up to fever pitch.

Soon up came the man Freddie MacGregor, The High Priest of Reggae Music. He greeted his huge welcome with the classic 'Africa, Here I Come' and yet again the whole place jumped up a step into real pumpin' action. Everyone - in the balconies, on the dancefloor, by the bars - was moving. Many were singing along, and the hum started to become a buzz. We had entered the twilight zone and this man's voice was transporting us into other worlds.

Dreadlocks stanked next to couples in their fifties, posses of beautiful women moved around the hall to get the best positions and the air grew thick with the sweet vibrations of Jamaican rhythm.

'Big Ship' brought the house down, with an extended chorus from the audience alone, followed by 'To Be Poor I A Crime' and after a full set, just when he could have carried on singing to us forever, he was gone.

From the High Priest to the King himself.

The boy who was recording with Coxsonne Dodd at Studio One at the age of 11 was announced to us as 'the man who has been singing longer than any other in reggaeland' before The 808 Band played a tantalising medley of the songs which were to come.

The spirit of Bob was the spirit of all rastafarians, and true to his culture, land and music, Dennis began the set of the evening with a tribute 'In praise of the emperor high Haile Sailaissa I. Jah Rastafari'. We had arrived.

In bright white silk shirt and red trousers he almost glowed like the light was coming from within and the happiness he exuded spread throughout the room. It was like the crowd had been saving a little extra and now there was no holding back.

'Harder Than The Rest' and 'Promised Land' were Roots Reggae at it's best followed by the funky 'Stop Your Fighting' with upbeat melody and heavy dub beat.

His voice was like nectar to the ears and as the set built up the crowd mellowed into a mood of steady, pulsating dancing, all as one and the band seemed to follow the King of Reggae as if by telepathy, bringing it down for impromptu solos, pumping it up for a spontaneous start to the next song.

Dreadlocks past his knees now, the boy turned man has every quality which made him the star he was in the early days and the style, grace and spirituality that will take him and reggae forward into the future like there was no tomorrow.

Because the Reggae message holds more truth and meaning today than it has ever done before.

TORI AMOS Nottingham Poly

Had we used the same pictures as the Melody Maker we might have found ourselves in a half full hall tonight. As it is the crowd is of a more than healthy size - a mere sixteen days after finding herself on the cover of Overall Tori Amos is in a 'play your cards right and big-bucks-mega-stardom is yours' situation and this is probably the last chance we'll get to see her standing up.

Tori, of course, is sitting down. Apart from a black Yamaha and a bottle of mineral water the stage tonight is as bare as her soul. As minimalism in showbusiness goes the whole evening is suitably understated. Preceded by classical music, her entrance is completed quietly and it's on with the business. First off 'Little Earthquakes' gets the electronic plinkety plonk treatment and most of the tracks from the album of the same name get an airing sooner or, as is the case for 'China', the current single, later. In between the spoken words are short and sweet.

Sitting centre stage wearing what might well be a swimming costume Tori seems assured and confident. In the deep end of the swimming pool of pop that is Byron Refectory she is certainly not out of her depth. And that is much of the problem tonight. It's all too slick, there is no spontaneity. Probably the best vocal performance to grace this venue is taken for granted in a headlong rush through the album material, broken only by bizarre and unnecessary departures into the world of cabaret. 'Whole Lotta Love' and 'Sentimental Journey' both have their place somewhere, but not tonight, not in this show. Even the harrowing acapella tale of rape 'Me and a Gun' seems to flow over the audience and towards those people who, even when they've paid five quid to get in, can afford to stand and chat in the bar - don't they realise liggins' done in the upstairs bar? When she goes she goes quietly, returning gratefully to encore and disappear into the night.

MYSTICALL

Your Stars for March

Aries

What will be, will be - communications could come adrift, because of your usual bull at gate tactics, there's a rustling in the undergrowth, so keep your ear to the ground, it could well be to your advantage.

Taurus

Emotional hassle is afoot - mainly for you lovely earthy Taurus ladies, who are quite able to cope with most things if you are the steady Eddie type - but the excessive Taureans, watch out for over indulgence.

Gemini

After the split personality of last month, now is the time to get yourself together, gather your thoughts and really decide what you are going to do - at least for a few days so we can all have a bit of peace!

Cancer

Not much can shake you out of your shell. The appearance of being calm and collected is a good camouflage, but your cup runneth over this month and trying to contain it could lead to a hernia - fluffy bunny, cosy rosey.

Leo

Saturn may restrict you in your personal affairs - learning a few lessons never comes easy to a know-it-all. The more evolved Leonian will take them on board and get rich quicker, emotionally and financially.

Virgo

Oh slippery slope for what one wishes to attain - some back tracking is called for along with quick mental manoeuvres. Don't gamble - and howl at the full moon on the 18th. It will make you feel great.

Libra

The beginning of emotional contentment is in the air. You romantic Librans will find unexpected windfalls around the corner, you steel hand in a velvet glove types will get your fingers melted - Ha!

Scorpio

Social Life should go with a swing, and vibes at home will not rub you up the wrong way too much. Pluto still has some surprises for you, so don't rest on your laurels, be vivacious.

Sagittarius

A chance or two to get some of your wishes fulfilled. Long term travel plans will see you up as the thought of spreading your wings begins to dog your heels once again. Money could prove elusive.

Capricorn

The heavy planets are still stomping through your sign - diffuse and sudden changes - no real tangible stuff to get your teeth into. You climbers will have to rest up for a while - there'll be a kick start after the full moon on the 18th.

Aquarius

For you 28 - 30 year old Aquarians a humdinger of a month, well a pretty crazy year ahead really, but this month seems to get the ball rolling. For the rest of you it will be no slouch either, Saturn is rumbling through your life.

Pisces

Success, which is not something you particularly ascribe to your life, will weave its heady threads around you, all part of life's rich tapestry - a happy month in general for those with dreams - and which Piscean hasn't.

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HYSTERICALL

All hail the caring nineties! Gone forever the strutting spandex cock, the 'bitch-magnet', the touring personification of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll... Yes indeed! The new decade, we are told, brings with it the 'new man' - he who according to popular myth cooks, cares and patronises us no longer with his shallow worship of our more external qualities. He likes us for our minds! He listens to PJ Harvey, buys all the Hole colour vinyls, reacts angrily to accusations in the national press that his fascination with Courtney Love and Katie Chainsaw is more easily traced to that undusted corner of his spring-cleaned attitude (the thrill of the male voyeur watching woman as victim of her own sexuality) than to his appreciation of a new female and language.

So if the myth is true, and many would have us believe it, then why does 'rock music' (for want of a better cliché) remain one of the last bastions of male exclusivity? Leaving aside the question of female artistes, for that would easily provide 'lush' fodder for another article in its own right, why do these male 'feminists', these supposed forward-thinking, anti-conformists so fear the intrusion of women into the concrete infrastructure of the music industry? Female promoters, managers, lighting and sound technicians are the novelty rather than the norm. Rumours abound as to the number of significant male figures she has plied with her sexual favours in order to

achieve her position; if she does a good job, she often suffers a vitriolic backlash from those men who perhaps enviously regret that they are not doing the same... And of course, how many knowing looks are exchanged if she's less than successful? Anyone could have told you that she wasn't capable of the job in the first place. (A word of warning here: remember, one bad gig as a female, and a convenient reputation will be immediately attached)

A large proportion of men in the music industry seem to have a problem with women who are women, those who refuse to comply with the paradigm that sexuality immediately equates with strategic flirting (why do men always assume that our sexuality is directed at them, for their appropriation?), that attractive equates with groupie and confidence with 'bitch'? Not only is she accused of doing the job in the first place to meet these self-proclaimed sexual icons, but if she allows herself to care that the band, as people, have a good gig then it has been said, and I quote, that she was testing the water, 'going around the band until she found one that would give her a good shag'.

Perhaps the problem would be solved if we could dissolve the mystique of 'band' as a concept. Musicians should command no greater respect than say that of a writer, but as soon as four sixteen-year olds pick up some cheap Woolworths guitars and begin to practice in daddy's garage, they confer upon themselves, as a collective, that peculiar aura so common to this and many other forms of

male bonding. Is the 'band' the musical equivalent of dressing up in a uniform?! There are exceptions of course, on both the male and female sides, but the average band needs to realise that any misguided reverence a female promotor once had for them is soon dispelled after weekly displays of petty arrogance and post-gig body odour! If she does choose musicians as her friends/partners, it's because these are the people she most frequently mixes with, in the same way as accountants no doubt count other accountants amongst their close friends. Any bands out there: don't fool yourselves that it's because we want a share of your 'glory' or want to be seen with the 'right' people. You may set yourselves up as some all-powerful sexual elite, but don't insult us any longer by presuming that we judge you with your eyes! Don't believe your hype!

I can already foresee the letters arriving to tell me of the all too prevalent backstage pass phenomena amongst some women, and on the other hand of the efforts of bands such as Consolidated to constantly re-assess their conditioned attitude towards women. The point being made here, however, is that until the phallogentric nature of the music industry is destroyed, woman, because of the sheer numbers opposing her, will be forced to assume the role of secondary being to the musician; the role of the onlooker. If the main players of the game, including the bands, took a long hard look at the near impenetrable image they have created for themselves, then perhaps we could take the first step forward. Jooce

We know about homelessness and we're tired of it - it's a discomforting matter; is our fatigue derived from the frustration regarding the scale of the problem (related to our lack of real power to do anything about it) or are we feeling a little bit bored by it? Yes, it's terrible; 'they' should do something about it, but essentially by the time you've digested the viewer-friendly, bite-size chunk simplifications, served by the self-declared purveyors of quality news coverage, you surely have a vague degree of awareness. Isn't that enough?

Then you go down town and one of the more irritating manifestations of the problem has the audacity to remind you. Of course, you saw it coming; you've been identified as a likely target and someone's honing in on you to deliver the sucker punch. Not only that - they want your money. But they're dishonest; the likelihood is that they won't even have the decency to to mug you. No, they'll ask you. How low can they get? They deliberately provoke you into feeling that momentary flush of guilt as you lie about the change in your pocket.

Let's face it though, you opted for guilt - it was ten pence cheaper and you know a bargain when you see one. Besides, they were only after your money; do these people have no appreciation of how tasteless it is to be reminded about homelessness and its accompanying poverty when you're on your way to part with your disposable income in the traditional fashion?

So should you give? It's a near certainty that most of the time you won't. Let's face it, giving perpetuates the situation; the problem is vast, what difference can you possibly make? You're relatively powerless and that's something else you don't like being reminded of. Those that could help don't and although you may find that unacceptable, you implicitly accept it and collude with the philosophy that people are expendable. You didn't mean to, somewhere along the line it just happened. We each ponder the matter and establish considered reasons why we shouldn't give, allowing us to override the probability that we don't really care too much.

For one thing, how can you possibly believe that giving someone a small amount of cash on the street will really help them? You're going to have to trust this person to spend the money on food / a cup of 'tea' / a bus journey - and they might not. Perhaps you should demand to see a receipt upon the completion of their purchases?

But only the other week you were espousing doubts about giving to the latest seven hour guilt-a-thon (as you sat rather awkwardly in your front row seat, persistently being



reminded that you didn't pay to get in to this charity bash) because you couldn't be sure that the 'very big number' in front of you, being applauded regularly as it increased, would be going to those who really needed it.

So here's your chance. There, in front of you, is someone who's desperate enough to beg you to give them money, to help them to deal with their poverty, and you know that you are going to walk away feeling either marginally guilty or, worse still, like a sucker who's just been had in full view of everyone else. Of course, if the latter happens you'll at least be able to grind your teeth in the knowledge that half a dozen other potential targets were able to glide past in your slipstream - as you thoughtfully provided their decoy.

The thing is that I don't really know whether you should give or not, but don't be so sure that you do either. If refusing to give on the basis that this will eventually prompt real change is your view, then I hope you're right. I hope that history will record such refusals as a part of the strategy which tackled homelessness, because for now people will continue to be taken to court, under

legislation from 1824, for being 'idle and disorderly' or 'incorrigible rogues'; people will simply be discarded.

In fact, if you're not throwing your spare change at the problem, then I trust that you're actively contributing in some small way towards its long-term solution, rather than channelling your efforts into excusing yourself for not giving.

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AFTERALL

DATE RAPE

It's been hard to pick up a newspaper or switch on the TV or radio news without getting in the face coverage of date rape. It's taken a long time for this particular social phenomenon to enter every day vocabulary. But for thousands of women rape by apparent friends and colleagues has been a part of every day life for years. As monogamous courting and marriage dies out, rape within marriage is finally criminalised and more women feel able to speak out, the statistics may well appear to show an increase in incidents but date rape is nothing new. This is more than just the latest cultural invasion from the United States. It happens here now because it always has happened here. In the States date rape has long been a major social and political issue. Long enough for Hollywood with Broadcast News to have gotten in on the act.

The Mike Tyson trial has brought the issue to the fore once more and the once stifled voices of womens' groups and rape counselling organisations that have been trying to raise the alarm are being given access to the media and the legislators at last. The media may now accept that they could and should have done more sooner rather than later. But is everyone doing all they can to highlight the crime and to work towards its eradication? Men must learn that no means no and those who have power and influence over men must force that message home until men stop.

So what of Nottingham? If you believe what you hear (and why not?) then date rape in Nottingham is as common as anywhere else. If you believe what you hear then students are both victim and perpetrator on an horrific scale. If you believe what you hear then several women University students have suffered in the past few weeks; one woman the victim of gang rape by eight male University students who may or may not have been members of one rugby team or another. But worse of all, if you believe what you hear, then the University managers are aware of all the reported incidents but have elected to cover up, to protect the good (?) name of the University at the expense of justice for the victims and punishment of the perpetrators. Maybe they feel that attracting nice middle class kids and nice industrial investment to Nottingham University wouldn't be so easy if parents and industrialists knew about the rapes. They are right.

If any of this is true and we are not stupid enough to say that it is (someone in a pub, or on a bus or somewhere we can't remember told us) then the University managers are demonstrating a disgraceful 'all boys together, keep it quiet and it will go away' attitude.

They don't understand that it's the all boys together ideal that gets us into this situation in the first place. They don't understand that date rape won't go away and it won't be kept quiet. Above all they don't understand that their own attitude contributes to its longevity as a social menace in all our communities.

Keeping rape quiet will not stop men raping women. Men will not stop raping women so long as they can get away with it. If there has been any sort of cover up then the University managers must not be allowed to get away with that. It would be even harder to fill places and raise funds if the parents and industrialists knew about the rapes and the cover up. Shame!

UBERALLE

In a lot of respects Germany is a hell of a lot more sorted out than England.

For a start the social security payments are 4 times or so more than they are in the UK. The government invests a whole lot of time and money into art and youth projects. The beer is really brilliant - strong, clean and cheap! Also the Germans are really into live music, especially if it is American or English, and they pay well!

All the above reasons are why 'Every New Dead Ghost' tours here once or twice a year.

On this particular tour we travelled from Flensburg which is on the Danish border, right down to the Swiss border, playing an ace place called Ravensburg.

On the down side of German culture, most home grown German bands are pretty sad. The exceptions are 'La Mort De La Maison', 'Arts & Decay', 'Razzia', 'Garden of Pleasure', 'Kiwisex', 'Spermbirds', 'Sweet William' and 'T A H L'. The big selling musical force in Germany is this thing called 'fun punk' which is purely and thankfully a German phenomena. If you can imagine a Bavarian umpa band crossed with 'The Toy Dolls' on amphetamines, then you're getting close. It's awful stuff which sells tons of records. One band who shall remain nameless sold two million copies of their first LP! In Germany alone! Not one copy sold outside of the country.

Another big down is the much mentioned skinhead/nazi problem. I have been to Germany eleven times and have only ever come across nazis a couple of times. On this trip we only saw non-fascist, non-racist skins who were really sorted. Punk rock anarchism bit really deep here and most of the alternative scene revolves around punk /

anarchy / autonomy in some way or other. the whole thing reminds me of the UK mid 80's before the rise of crustyism. Fascists are just not tolerated by 99% of young Germans. That is not to say, however, that there is no problem. Have faith in the young punks of Germany. Whilst in Ravensburg I asked about the skin problems and was informed in no uncertain terms that 'there are no skins here anymore! They have been eradicated!'

Whilst on the anarchy scene we visited some brilliant squats. Some even had a venue attached and a school for the kids. Take a leaf out of their book UK hippies! There was a pride about the whole scene which would never cause them to say 'have you got a Deutsche Mark mate!'

On the goth/alternative side the whole movement is in its infancy and most gothy types are only about fifteen or so. The blokes have short hair spiked up 'Cure' style and wear black baggy pantaloons-like trousers with pointy boots. The impression I got was that it may be 'kiddified' at the moment but you can see real scope for development. The old always laugh at the young until the old lose their credibility and the young upstarts take over. That's what's happening here in Germany. The main alternative magazine 'Zillo' sells seventy thousand copies each month and has done three sampler cds, all of which have charted in the German indie charts. The last one was at number two while Nirvana was at number one.

Despite its downsides, I recommend Germany as a place to spend your next holidays.

COMPETITIONS

An elephantine response to the competitions in the February issue. If ever you need evidence of a recession, one look at the scramble for free Broadway tickets should do the job. This month you can see films for free in Nottingham and Derby but you'd be well advised to be pretty quick making your claim.

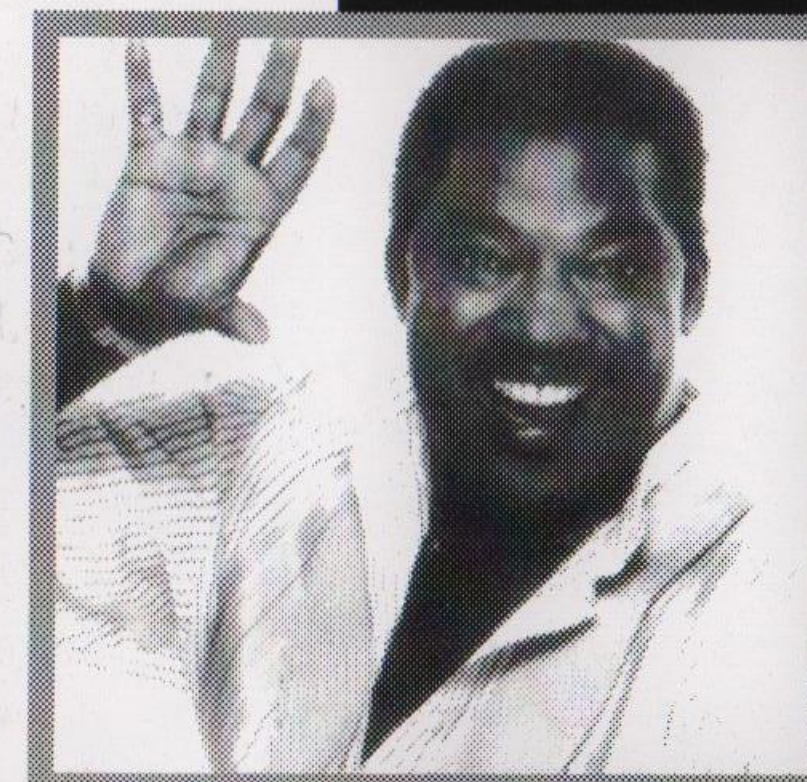
We also have five copies of the Skakespeare Sisters album "Hormonally Yours" to give away as they possibly become the first band ever to play Nottingham Poly whilst at number one. The big question is ; How many top ten records have Siobhan and Dave Stewart had between them? Answers on a postcard to the normal address.

We now have around fifteen team entrants for the five-a-side tourney. Any late comers should let us know of their intention to play by the 15th of March after which date and venue details will be sent out. Flick to Kick!

Elephant beer and T-Shirt winners should have received a congratulatory missive by now. The goodies are on their way. The winner of the beer at START was Kerry. Congratulations!

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

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