

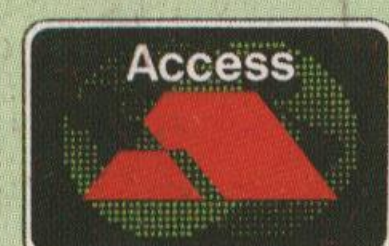


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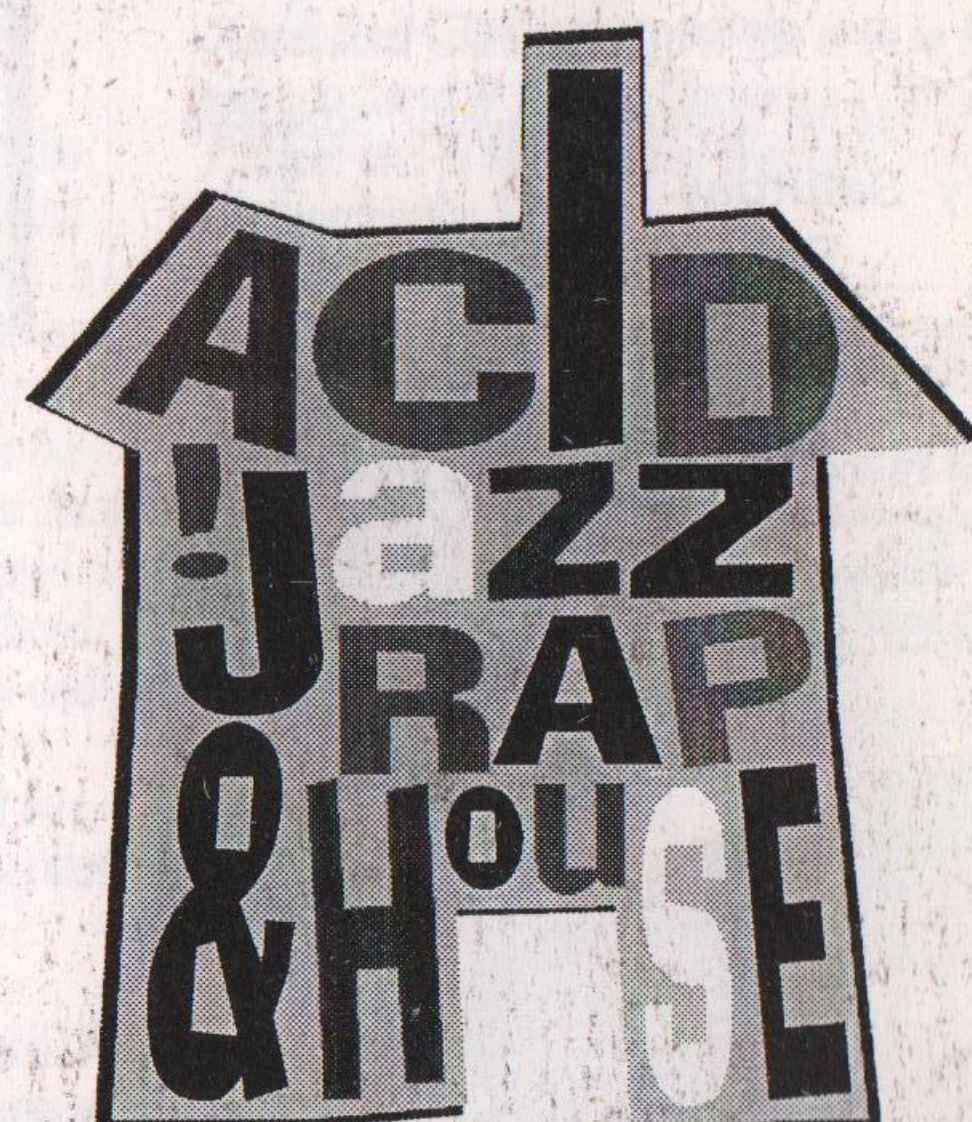
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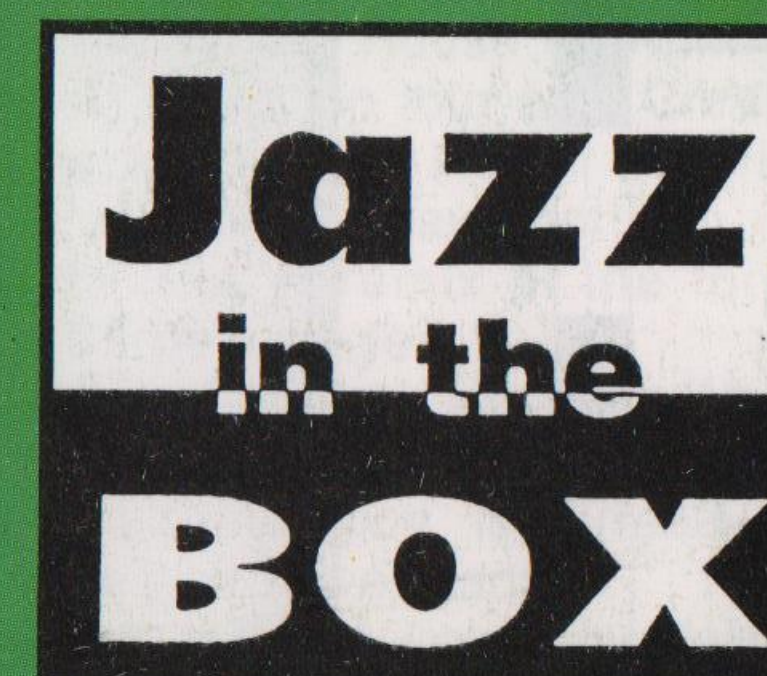
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firstofall:

RELEASES

World House architects **Loop Guru** follow up their *Sus-san-tics* EP with their debut album *Duniya* for Nation Records early April. And prior to the release of their album *On Drugs*, Sheep On Drugs release their first single of '94 *Let The Good Times Roll*, available from 3rd May, with limited editions of a purple 12" and a do-you-want-to-see-my etched 10". *Eponymous*, the long awaited album from **Crunt** is out on LP/CD under the hip Texas label Trance Syndicate, the first 800 copies on blue vinyl.

With a rather groovy picture of a what looks like a chilli pepper on the front, the latest album from **Eggs** is a 68 minute offering *Teenbeat 96 Exploder*. On the Teenbeat label and available on double LP, single CD or single MC, and embodying many different musical influences - i.e., ambient to early '70s disco.

The debut album by **Slant 6**, the band with the Chrysler Dodge engine name, is called *Soda Pop Rip-Off* on Dischord records. I wonder if the songs have 240 cubic inch displacement. Also on Dischord, **Hoover** have released *The Lurid Traversal of Route 7*. Mmmm, let me think about that one. Hailing from sunny California, **16** are a new band on the Bacteria Sour label. Their offering to the musical world is the 10" *Curves That Kick*, and the Japanese press have dubbed their sound as 'post-Helmet'. I'll leave it to your imagination. For **Jesus Lizard** fans who missed buying it in December, *(Fly) On (The Wall)* it is out again on 7" on Touch & Go. This time it's not on pretty coloured vinyl but is that essential little black number for true fans. Look out for the new album to be released in August.

On a new label (Quarterstick) but still around, **The Mekons** have singled-out the single *Millionaire* from the album of the same name to keep us hooked. Included are 3 bonus live tracks, and a classic cut from 1982's *The Mekons Story*. **The Lee Harvey Oswald Band** have been around since 1975 and can still get away with such eloquent lyrics as "Born to rock with a rhino's cock". The aptly named *A Taste Of Prison* (for those who know the group's past antics) is out on LP/CD on Touch And Go.

If you can't be arsed to don your wellies on a Saturday morning to help our friend Mr. Reynard, then the next best thing is to buy the Compilation CD *Bite Back* on Words Of Warning Records in aid of the Hunt Saboteurs Association featuring, among others, **Fun-damental** and **Citizen Fish**. Bite the bastards back and buy it. **Crabbladder** and **Slowjam** have released a split 7" *Powdertrout/E.G.P.F.* on the new Cardiff-based label Powertool.

Sexual Aesthetic Salon After School Skin Graft is a 7" and comic set from those Japanese cyber-punks **Space Streakings**.

Monsterland were formed in 1991 and have a new mini LP out on Seed Records. Entitled *At One With Time* it coincides nicely with their plans to visit the UK in April.

"Permaculture is a concept of cultural infinity where nature is the only combatant" according to **Black State Choir** (Pure Dope Can't Damage label) whose CD *Permaculture* is available now. Eight live tracks form the second release from Headdirt records, **Sweet Tooth's** *Crash Live* CD. Old timer **Elvis Costello's** new album is *Brutal Youth* on WEA. Elvis tours with **The Attractions** in July after headlining Glastonbury. Other WEA releases include **David Lee Roth's** album *Your Filthy Little Mouth*, while **Motley Crue** have croaked out the single *Hooligan's Holiday*.

Ex-Galaxie 500 frontman **Dean Wareham** is now with **Luna** whose album *Bewitched* is now out; guests including **Mercury Rev's** **Grasshopper** and the **Velvet Underground's**

Sterling Morrison. A not-to-be-missed single is the re-release of The Velvet's *Venus In Furs*. If you've seen Dunlop's new arty advert, you'll recognise it. Still on WEA there are albums from **Kingdom Come** - *Bad Image*; Various Artists - *A Tribute To Curtis Mayfield*, **Bob James** - *Restless*; and *Babble's The Stone*.

Salad's new single *On A Leash* is out on Waldorf records on April 5th. **NMME** quotes that they "swoop and crash, screech and wail with joyful abandon". Not your usual run of the fridge vegetables, they appear at the Derby Where House on Thursday April 21st. **The Where House** is behind **The Christians** rare "unplugged" concert at Derby's Assembly Rooms on Weds. April 27th.

Other highlights this month include **The Sandals** whose current album *Rite To Silence* will be aired at the Where House on April 16th. And **Collapsed Lung**, on tour with **Credit To The Nation**, headline show in their own right at the Where House on Sunday April 17th. Their next release will be a remix of the forthcoming **Inspirial Carpets** single.

Due to illness **Conflict's** gig at the Where House has been postponed until the 18th May. Their new album *Conclusion* is currently smashing through the alternative charts.

Honky have a single *Love Thy Neighbour* and are on tour at the moment. See listings. **Jacobs Mouse** have a 7" *Fandango Wide Wheels* out on Wiiiija (April 11th), and **Vanilla Trainwreck's** *Tiny Town 7"* is out on April 25th on Mammoth Records.

The Thirst/Sleeper 7" is the debut from Lichfield-based **American TV Cops**, who will be appearing at the Where House with **Swirlmonkey** on April 18th.

The God Machine's Robin has recently formed The Flower Shop Recordings, so far releasing 7" records by **Elevate**, **Rosa Mota**, and **EC Noise Mountain**, all in limited runs of 1000.

FROM DOGFISH WITH LOVE

Dogfish Records have released a 20 band compilation cassette. Successfully "reclaiming 'indie' as an attitude (not a musical style)", *From Dogfish With Love* features a truly eclectic mix of bands from all over Britain including **Buntchunks**, **Durango 95**, **Pinhead Nation**, **I Thought I Told You**, **Snog**, and Nottingham's very own **Bug**, to name but six. A bargain at £2, it is available from Dogfish Records, 6 Marshall House, East Street, London SE17 2DX. Tel: 071 252 6838/071 326 5060.

G.R.O.O.V.Y.

EB & The System, currently negotiating a deal with a major-backed independent label whom we can't name break the soundbarrier as support to **Hawkwind** on two dates in April prior to their next Nottingham appearance which will be at **The Old Angel** supporting **Solid State Coalition** on Sat. 7th May.

Guitarist **Victor Griffin** and drummer **Joe Hasselvander** will be playing with **Cathedral** when they support **Black Sabbath** on their European tour starting on April 11th.

Therapy?, whose first Nottingham gig took place upstairs at the **Hearty Goodfellow** less than three years ago, have been confirmed to appear at this year's **Monsters Of Rock** at Castle Donnington. It's a long way to Tipperary and all that. Other monsters appearing on 4th June are **Aerosmith**, **Extreme**, **Sepultura** and "cowboys from hell" **Pantera**.

overall

THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

APRIL 1994

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Tekton Motor Corps: Formula 1 techno
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TRIBUTE, BEAT SURRENDER, FRANCIS,
NIRVANA, SEEFEEEL, ATTILA

Published by Paul Overall with assistance from Georgie, Scotty, The Fish, Wayne Burrows, Gareth Thompson and Andrea

Contributors: Christine Chapel, Martin Thomas, Dave Ellyatt, Milo F. Kelly, NAFA, John. W. Haylock, Kani Bawa, Nick James, Hank Quinlan, The Fat Dead Nazi, Tricky Skills Jase, Spacehopper, Andy Catlin, Steve Lawson, Emma Barford, Syd Meats, Matt Shelton, Ewa Kowalski, Malcolm Lorimer, David Leach, Sarah Hyde, Rob Smith.

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"We make a music that shows the mental state the driver is in." = So Dr. Omo describes the music of Tekton Motor Corp., Slovenian techno outfit and Formula One freaks whose debut *Human Race Ignition* has just left the pits. "The arrangement is like a circle, you pass the same point over again and every time it's different."

Formed in 1990, their first live performance was at a festival in Ljubjanka. "We used one car engine and two bass players. Later we used thirty car engines." I splutter with amusement at the thought of it. So the fireproof suits aren't merely a gimmick?. "We didn't have proper fuel reservoirs, so wearing the safety suits is for protection. Our drummer collapsed because of the smoke and needed two days to recover." Tekton Motor Corp. certainly take their music seriously. Fans of Formula One motor racing, they approached tobacco baron Philip Morris who put them in contact with the McClaren team. "We co-operated with McClaren so I met Andretti in '92 when they tested Honda engines for the last time. We put the samplers and microphones in the pits and we were there for three days just to get three hours of material." This material has been duly mixed ("We test all our songs in a friend's Porsche.") and recorded on their first CD *Human Race Ignition*, the cover of which features a man-machine with pistons for muscles and a pump for a heart which was originally designed for Fina. They are currently negotiating with Renault for some new engines. I ask when they're touring Britain, thinking what wicked fun it would be to witness them performing at the Filly & Firkin. "It is impossible to do because the pollution is too much." explains Dr.Omo disappointingly, though future live shows (the next one is at a festival in Germany this summer) will include a video of the event. Besides, they'd never find a roadie.

FRIED IN CIDER

HA HA. Joke chant of the month, heard on the NAFA Demo: "He's fat, he's round, he's 6ft underground — Ian Stewart!" Right here we go, having had a gun put to head in the Running Horse, I have to do a Punk column. (*Surely 'Having opened my big trap about the lack of one' —Ed.*) Fair enough. So as this is going to be a regular feature I could do with some feedback. If you're doing owt in the Midlands of a Punk nature let me know. Things seem to be hotting up on the Punk scene here in Nottingham. **Substandard** have a new demo out which kicks severe ass. *BWC* and *Shithead* blew my speakers out. If you hate your neighbours buy this demo (available from 5 Gatling Street, Radford, Nottingham). **The Losers/Coitus** split EP has been out for some time so if you haven't got this yet you are a lame fucker! (From 706 Victoria Flats, Nottingham, NG1 3PG). Coitus sound close to Poison Idea whilst The Losers have a Motorhead feel to them. Any band that can sing "I drink weak booze, got cac tattoos, I really lose" deserve my respect. **Slum Gang** and **Bob Tilton** have both been in the studio recently so expect demos soon (come on, Lloyd, get your finger out). Slum Gang are touring soon with **Rhythm Collision** from the States. Local dates at the Old Angel in Hockley on May 16th also with the **UK Subs** at The Gregory (12th May). More gigs to look forward to include **Spithead** from Brum at the Gregory on Friday 20th May. Spithead have a demo *Kill Two Pigs With One Stone* out now which is very good skacore reminiscent of Culture Shock with very good political lyrics (available from Bob The Dog, 18 Addison Road, Birmingham, B14 7EW). June 10th sees **Rectify** at The Old Angel in a benefit for **Anti-Fascist Action**, so even if punk is not your cup of tea a bit of solidarity is called for. Talking of AFA they have a Benefit tape *Deliver Us From Evil* (available from P.O. Box 25, WEST PDO, NG7 6BW) comprising such bands as **Blaggers ITA** and **Chumbawamba**. **Skin Limit Show**, who comprise members of **Bloody Lovely/CNS** and ex-**Pitchshifter** guitarist Stuart are setting out on a 3 week tour of Europe end of May-early June. S.L.S have just recorded *Wound Freeze* for release in late April (available on all 3 formats from Lethal Recs of Austria). Bloody Lovely haven't split up yet and are playing a penultimate gig at the Rock & Reggae this year (if asked!) (*If it happens*. —Ed.) followed up by a *Final Gore Jest* soon after. Out of the ashes of Bloody Lovely rise the awesome **Hard To Swallow** (Raging Nasty Punk Fucking Rock) featuring members of **Cerebral Fix** and **Goy!** Any info., gigs or demos, let me know, c/o Overall. STAY DRUNK/STAY PUNK. **The Fat Dead Nazi**



REPRESENTing the community

Based at the ACNA centre in the St. Anns area of Nottingham, **Represent** is a new Independent record label set up to give underground music in Nottingham a voice. The company consists of producers Buhdha Brother Productions (Buhdha Hed), Viking/Microphone Murderer Productions (Viking and Parks), Darkers Productions (Michael Saunders) and Chizel Chiz Productions (Absolution). The label has released 2 EPs which are available in record shops around the country - the *Parks EP* and the *Ruffneck EP*. They also represent artists **MR.45** and **Kittison Headcase** who have just finished a successful tour of Germany and frequently visit London where the EPs are causing quite a stir. Other artists yet to appear on the label include **E.K.G.**, **D. Link**, **Absolution** and **I.Towa**. The two releases have seen club DJs, established radio stations such as Kiss FM and pirate stations throughout the country handling them like hot property, already eager for fresh vinyl from the label. The A side on the *Ruffneck E.P* features Mr 45 with *Radford (u get me)*. Radford is an area of Nottingham where **Earl Walcott** has lived all his life and saw what life in this area could be like when lines were not observed and, more importantly, when those lines were crossed. **Kittison Headcase's** advent into rap music was with a band called **A-OK**. Kittison was introduced, along with the band, to Buhdha Hed (producer, *Ruffneck E.P*), by a youth worker, Delroy Peterkin, who saw raw mad skills in Kittison and his fellow band members. After a few local, well received gigs, Kittie left the band to concentrate on his solo career. His tracks *You & Me* and *Done fucked up*, have been doing equal damage to the Hip-Hop world. It has shoved the *Ruffneck EP* into double A-side status turning it into a killer buy for t listeners of Rap. **Trevor Rose** started listening to his brother's Funk and Jazz fusion records back in 1981. A few years later he became a breakdancer, was one of those teenagers you saw performing on mats outside Shopping Centres, and went on to form a breaking crew called the **Assasinators**. He subsequently became a dancer with **MC's Logik**, the Nottingham rap band who scored a UK hit with *We're on a mission/ Get Involved* and *Peace & Unity* in Europe. The band went their separate ways in 1990 and Trevor taught at a Dance Workshop for teenagers in Carlton before hanging up his boots to re-emerge as **Parks**. **Parks** is the original B-Boy and the tracks on his EP carry that feel. *You can't play* and *B-Boy* are **Parks'** first releases, but he handles himself well and he is a very important link, within **Represent Records**, working alongside his brother Courtney who produced the *Parks EP* under the name **Viking**. *Represent Records* run a *Sounds For Success City and Guilds* course in *Studio Engineering*. You can contact them on 0602 245437.

vinolution:



JUNK ORANGE (photo: Asher Williams) **Elvis, Russia & Other Icons** (Future Junk) This debut release from Nottingham's seasoned aspirants proves every bit as virile as their live reputation could have presaged. It's imaginative (check a folky flute floating over gutsy guitar chords), melodic (strong vocals, deep delivery) and sufficiently varied within a power-pop format to command attention. *Mary Nevermind* and the ripping opener *Mogul* stand out as two tracks that could cheerfully stride into chartdom; there's a driving confidence on offer that suggests Junk Orange are aiming to scale the big stage.

Gareth Thompson

YES The Symphonic Music Of Yes (EG) While all the untouchables of 70s Prog-rock seize new credibility on the Ambient bandwagon, trust Yes to remind us why Prog became a cred-free zone to begin with. Yep, I'm afraid they're back, with the London Philharmonic and the London Community Gospel Choir in tow, to run through ten of their finest moments, even more overblown and ludicrous than you remembered them, piling on the pretension and muso overkill with an abandon that can only be described as awe inspiring. The Roger Dean artwork is as naff as ever, and the whole package is a timely warning against romanticising the past, especially a past recent enough to allow its bands to make yet more records. One for masochists and the band's immediate families only.

Wayne Burrows

KERBDog Totally Switched (Vertigo) Kerbdog are 'one exceptional band', they 'deliver titanium tough metal with shimmering melody' - so says the press release. Well that's not strictly true. Even though there's good riffs here, they still have the same fractured stop/start song structure of Metallica and Slayer. Snatches of melody break through but it's not enough. Apparently they formed in 1991, and covered songs by Sonic Youth, Loop, and Spacemen 3. How original, why couldn't you have covered songs by A-ha, Pet Shop Boys, Frank Sinatra, Kate Bush or Nina Simone. I'm sick to death of Indie/Thrash crustie bands in UNIFORMS being influenced by other Indie/Thrash crustie bands in uniforms. Same old elitist attitudes, some musical stance. God it's not music anymore it's like the bloody civil service. Listen to Björk, The Lemonheads, Prince, Ice Cube, people bringing in different aspects of various genres to their music. Drop your conservative blinkers, open your minds and do likewise.

Malcolm Lorimer

FLOP Whenever You're Ready (Frontier) First impressions are always important. It's so hard to recover from one of those starts - remember San Marino? I'm sure Stuart Pearce does. Flop however manage an auspicious opening largely because *Whenever You're Ready* is a splendid picture disc - bright and enervating - and they don't resort to tired A and B sides but to Woman and Man sides. And yes, feminists, Woman does come first. Inhabiting the country somewhere between the harmony of The Posies and the cheek of The Buzzcocks, Flop romp along chirpily, through improbably titled ditties such as *A Wylie* and *Mendel's Whitetrash Laboratory*, but it's the swagger of *En Route To The Unified Field* that really tickles your fancy. They seem to be prepared and able to tackle anything, but the real highlight is *Night Of The Hunter*. We are ready for Flop and Flop are almost ready for us. Invite them into your home, you'll find them entertaining company.

Dave Ellyatt

MORPHINE Cure For Pain (Rykodisc) It's only six months since Morphine's first album arrived over here, and already the second hits the racks. Not only have they sustained the promise, they've delivered an improvement. Tighter, more varied (from the mandolin-fuelled *In Spite Of Me* to the ambient *Miles Davis' Funeral*), every track hitting those tingly bits all over again. Jerome Dupree's sax plays off perfectly against Mark Sandman's vocals and slide bass to produce a sound that, to these ears, amounts to one of the most distinctive US imports since 4AD's Pixies/Throwing Muses double whammy back in ... oh, 1986. All I can do is recommend it.

JELLO BIAFRA & MOJO NIXON **Prairie Home Invasion** (Alternative Tentacles) It's scary, it's a scream, and it's a rollicking rollercoaster through the modern American dream...and nightmare. Rolling every country cliché into a pounding fireball, Biafra and Nixon sear sarcasm and hell-fire into your soul. The titles speak for themselves: *Atomic Power*, *Love Me I'm A Liberal*, *Mascot Mania* and *Plastic Jesus* to name four. The lyric booklet comes adorned with a slew of American press cuttings that'll leave you weeping with vexation, grief and disbelief: "Pentagon spending last year on unnecessary items due to inventory errors, \$40,000,000,000." Similarly, Biafra strips away the gloating gloss and leaves the States stranded in a heap of drifting dross. Have a nice listen.

TARA KEY Bourbon County (World Service) Some albums were made to be heard soaring through dusty cityscapes on bright afternoons. *Bourbon County*, a streetwise meeting of Lou Reed, and Suzanne Vega wearing steel toe-caps, is one of them. It's the first solo outing from Key, who was formerly with Babylon Dance Band and latterly Antietam, and features a cast of American indie musicians. With acoustic and electric guitars dualling and dog-fighting in the brash mix, Key's vocals tend to submerge slightly, but there's no mistaking her intensity, and the melodies begin to impinge. Arful, tough and tenacious, Tara Key will chivvy you out eventually. Don't mess with her.

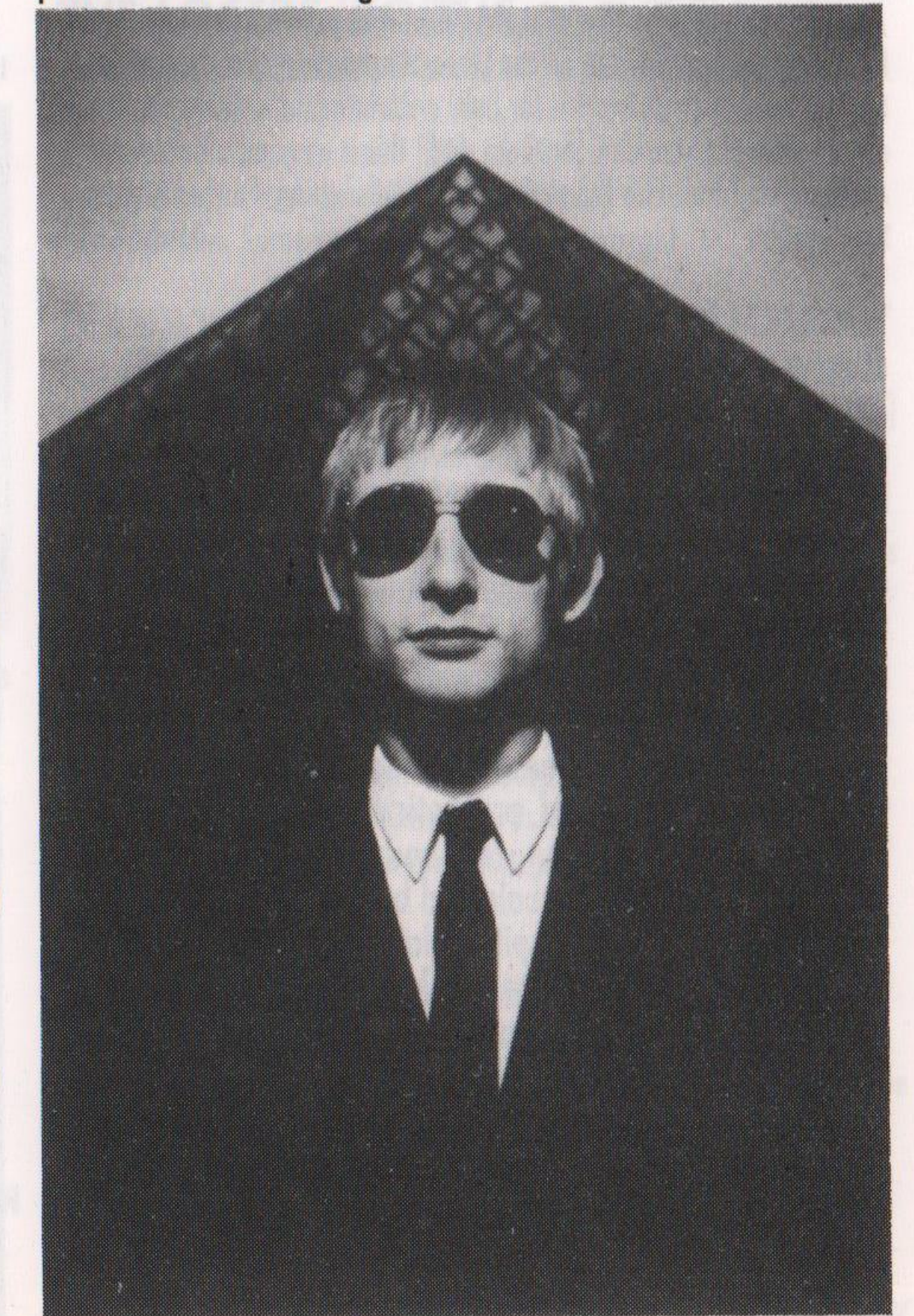
THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH *Miaow* (Go! Discs) Like a mad bat out of Hull, the Roald Dahl of pop - alias Paul Heaton - returns with more songs of the unexpected. His continuing bewilderment at the social and sexual follies around him again finds root in a lyrical set that often strives too hard for effect. Perhaps it's the realisation that, musically, The Beautiful South have veered close to cosy, all-round family entertainment that keeps Heaton chasing the wackiest song punchlines. So where the results can both amuse and grate, they seldom move. That said, the sublime, narrative opener *Hold On To What?* is about as good as pop music gets. It's also about as good as *Miaow* gets, although the album's quirky realms are entertaining if a trifle impassive. Heaton's scant musical resemblance to anything else remains his strongest asset, and saving grace.

Gareth Thompson

THE DIVINE COMEDY *Promenade* (Setanta) This act is the brainchild of musician/composer Neil Hannon, whose second outing finds him developing the mosaic, eccentric and eclectic themes of last year's Liberation album. Celebrating a mix of influences from Brecht and Nyman to Peter Hammill and mystic Beatles, the swirling orchestrations complement a nostalgic, humorous and freakish lyrical outpouring. Divine comedy indeed. From the verbose listings of *The Booklovers* and *Seafood Song*, to the sultry *The Summerhouse* and lilting *Drinking Song*, *Promenade* is a masterly recording that unveils its luscious charms by slow stages.

Gareth Thompson

photo: Kevin Westenberg



LISA GERMANO Happiness (4AD) Lisa Germano, a multi-talented singer and instrumentalist from Indiana, has already been critically acclaimed in the States, and now this revamped version of her debut album is finally out in Britain. Throughout all the gorgeous textures and subtleties of these songs, we encounter Germano in soul-searching form, gazing longingly through mystical, wistful adolescence at the dying world around her, like the kooky Adrienne Shelley in Hal Hartley's film *Unbelievable Truth*. Malcolm Burn's spacious production allows the acoustics of *Energy* and *Cowboy* to sparkle, and even gives breathing room to the punchy *Bad Attitude*, *Puppet* and *Everybody's Victim*. Germano's voice both soothes and soars over the shifting backing. There won't be another record like this until she makes the follow-up.

Gareth Thompson

Photo:Andrew Catlin



MARK LANEGAN
Whiskey For The Holy Ghost (Sub-Pop)
Lanegan's first solo outing *The Winding Sheet* was the dark ace in the Sub-Pop explosion, a stark emotional landslide of how bad things can get. In *Whiskey for the Holy Ghost*, the bad has gone to worse. It sounds like he's hauling his conscience over every mistake he's ever made, every weakness he's succumbed to. Whoever was bugging Robert Johnson has taken time out to crucify Lanegan. It starts with the grim gallows humour of someone whistling *Oh, What A Beautiful Morning* before sliding into *The River Rise*, which sounds like an *Astral Weeks* out-take but with no prospect of salvation. When he hisses "And to you who never need, go fuck yourselves, I need some room to breathe" (*Borracho*), it's the only time that the melancholy whips into a seething rage. From then on he's burdened by a despair he can't shake off, leaving him drowning in a life that's spiralling downward but doesn't ever seem to bottom out. It's pretty short on chuckles.

COUNTING CROWS
August And Everything After (Geffen)
Counting Crows' debut has sent America into a flurry of praise that stretches the usual high tide mark of bullshit signalling the arrival of this year's model. Their musicianship has been compared to The Band, and vocalist Adam Duritz's looped word-play and holy fool inflections are being mentioned in the same breath as the meditations of Stipe or Buckley. Mmmm, rarified company indeed and enough to set the alarm bells ringing. But it's OK, they deliver, and stand on the shoulders of giants in a dry season. It falls comfortably into the canon of classic USA rock with traditional tunes supporting the voice of little men with big dreams. Duritz's vocals save it from the AOR Lite-Roots of Del Amitri or Bruce Hornsby — a plaintively honest cry, lost between distraction and anguish. The choking sound of failure in his throat in *Round Here* might be one of the saddest moments of 1993, like a fractured ego washing up on the shore. The sad thing is that Miracle Legion have been doing this for over a decade and nobody's orgasmed a chequebook for them. Still, this is as good a debut as *Murmur*, and could be the start of a beautiful thing. Can we have a tour now?
Andy Catlin

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Ratae Nowhericus (Practical Payola PP003)
Taking a break from NME's playlist, the **Gonzo Salvage Company's** *Gravity* opens this compilation of Leicester-based bands. **Naz Tandori's** remixes of **Medicine Shack's** *Wild Scarlet* and *I Believe* make them sound like an upbeat Crowded House, providing companions to **Speedy Robinson's** melodic *Perfect Souls* and POI's ephemeral, harmonious *Little Ghost of Green Grass and When. Blotters On The Landscape's* *Life On A River* is a perfect background for those coffee table tomes. Gonzo Salvage Company return with the Swans-influenced, prophetic *Machines*. **Psychochannel's** offering, *Fear and Loathing*, is suitably paranoid techno, counterbalanced by **Simon Taylor's** *Night Flange*. *Wired* simmers despite its laid back beat: obviously Gonzo Salvage Company are the showcase band here. The compilation ends with **Bastard Slide Jim's** industrial *Kill All Grunge Bands* and French language samples.

Emma Barford
*Cassette only release from Leicester's newest record label, Practical Payola, 24 Severn Street, Highfields, Leicester, LE2 0NN.

HOLE (photo: Ellen Von Unwerth)
Live Through This (City Slang)
I must admit I wasn't looking forward to this, I mean Courtney Love seems to be on every bloody magazine cover except *Toad Fanciers Weekly*. Hype on this scale usually hides a lack of ideas, but not in this case. Does anyone remember *Destroy All Monsters*? If you do then this is for you. Best tracks are *Asking For It* and *Guttless* (where Courtney sounds for all the world like Patti Smith). Ignore the hype, this band are good.

ELVIS COSTELLO
Brutal Youth (Warner Brothers)
Elvis Costello's back to basics album widely heralded as his finest for some time, I obviously approached with trepidation. Checking out the band on this release: Pete Thomas/Steve Nieve/Bruce Thomas/Nick Lowe, its got to have something going for it. The first track *Pony Street* sets out his stall for the whole LP - its 1978 again, this could have been *Armed Forces/This Years Model*. It may be retro but it's head and shoulders above the crap coming out now as New Wave of the New Wave. *Kinder Murder* has the pissed off feel that made Elvis stand out back in the mid 70s. A pleasant surprise...give it a listen.

PICASSO TRIGGER
Fire In The Hole (Alias)
Quote from the press release: "Puke on kidz tits and say fuck to your folks". What can I say? - this is Punk Rock. The singer Kathy is pissed off as hell and her Siouxsie-ish vocals see saw over an abrasive buzzsaw backdrop. Obvious comparisons with the Lunachicks/L7 but this has something else. It's well produced with an intense sonic onslaught at once compelling and frightening. I want to see this band live. Another quote, from Thurston Moore: "Seattle's dead... Connecticut's where it's at... and North Carolina's Picasso Trigger." Who am I to argue?

BIVOUAC
Marked and Tagged EP (Workers Playtime)
Not quite as angst ridden as Sugar, more of a nod towards Buffalo Tom. Derby meets the Midwest and the result to these jaded ears is pleasant background music. Not threatening but not lost in the indie swirl. A band more for live viewing, this is a bit too overproduced for my enjoyment.



BIVOUAC

CARTER USM
Starry Eyed & Bollock Naked (A collection of B-sides) (Chrysalis)
I love this sexy slab of plastic. The lyrics are as amusing as ever with Carter's caustic wit and lateral thinking. The lyrics to *Commercial Fucking Suicide* are as anarchistic as *Conflict* at their prime, whilst *R.S.P.C.E* had me bouncing off the wall with its pure energy. I never quite took to Carter, now I think I can see the joke. Buy this fucker and smile. Remember "the Police are getting younger every day."

81 MULBERRY
South Anna River EP (Free Records)
'Play loud' it says. I did. It still sucks. Fucking hell, this is directionless wall of sound drivel with nowt to say. The second track *Fire Escape* has an early R.E.M. feel to it and provides the high spot of the EP. I still hate it...next!

The Fat Dead Nazi

THRONEBERRY *Sangria* (Alias)
Another band on Alias with a totally bizarre name. Throneberry have escaped from Ohio, good old Afghan Whigs territory and unsurprisingly enough there is a Whigs connection. Both Jason Arvenz and Paul Cowins appeared on the first Whigs LP *Big Top Halloween* and Greg Dulli has produced *Sangria* for Throneberry. The only problem is Throneberry just haven't the tunes to stay fast. *Touched*, the opener and previous single, is a veritable gem well worth trying to get hold of. It's self assured and almost cocky without being boorish and pompous. The rest of the album is just the supporting cast to *Touched's* star, solid, reliable and not letting the side down but never destined for the annals of history.

UNREST *Fuck Pussy Galore (And All Her Friends)* (Matador/Teenbeat)
Unrest have split and this is one of those 'collect the early doodlings on one LP compilations'. If you already appreciate Unrest it might be up your street, if you don't then it is highly unlikely this will change your mind and if you're undecided I suggest you stay undecided by not picking this up.

THE EARTHMEN *Teen Sensations* (Seed)
Australians, we love 'em don't we? Or so TV programmers have us believe and The Earthmen are of that ilk, (Australians not TV programmers). *Teen Sensations* is a sort of noisy, sunny, poppy, buzzsaw kind of record - a warm wash of nothingness that hangs there waiting for a wave of emotion. It's something that the Hoodoo Gurus have done much better, many times before. What do you mean you haven't heard their seminal *What's My Scene?* I can't object to *Teen Sensations*, it's just never going to mean much to me and probably not to you.
Dave Ellyatt



CELL *Living Room* (City Slang Records)
Produced by John Agnello (of Dinosaur Jnr production fame) and recorded in 16 days this is a powerful dose of American indie rock. Bristling with great hooks and catchy melodies this is latter day Hüsker Dü meet Neil Young. Outstanding songs *Fly* ("Born for a while/yeah I was alive/Now I want to...Die") and *Sad And Beautiful* ("All that rots and blooms/when summer comes too soon"). Cynical, world weary and fucked up. Good stuff.

THE WALKABOUTS
Good Luck Morning EP (Sub Pop)
A limited edition CD-single with two tracks off the new album *Setting The Woods On Fire* and two live tracks. The commercial and catchy title track would sound at home on Radio One. Not my cup of tea but I know plenty of people who would love this. Incidentally, *Findlays Motel* is crap.

SUPER SUCKERS
La Mano Cornuda (Sub Pop)
Rmonic powerful blasts of primal Punk Rock. Well produced, a better version of the Dwarves. Some of the tracks are so good they made me think of the Dead Boys. Songs about hard drinking, fast cars, sex and the devil. 13 songs in 26 minutes. If you like Punk with Bollocks. Buy this baby. It rips.
The Fat Dead Nazi

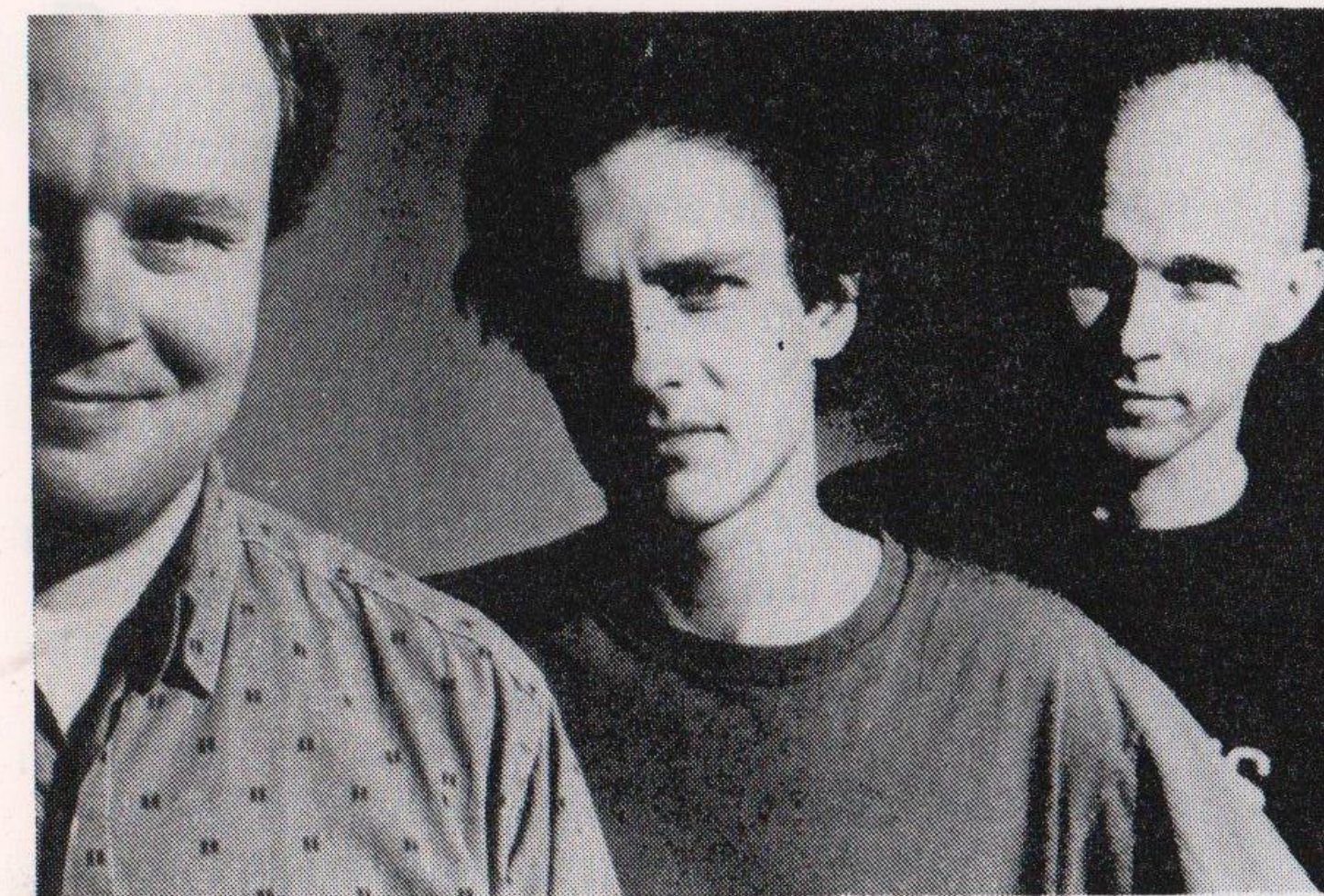


photo: Michael Lavine

PANTERA *Far Beyond Driven* (East West)
Several years ago that I would've put this down in horror, I didn't understand the language. But I persevered and on picking up a friend's copy of *Vulgar Display Of Power*, the bands last album, I became a hopeless addict. So much intent present in one place, the anger and aggression is frightening. I viewed the tag on the cover, 'Parental Advisory: Explicit Lyrics' with a skeptical mind, but on reading the enclosed lyric sheet I reevaluated this original opinion. My nose is still bleeding. This is awesome power metal at it's best and anyone with a nervous disposition should steer well clear. If euthanasia ever becomes an option this will be the prescribed treatment.

STEVE DIGGLE AND F.O.C.
Best of... (Cherry Red)
It was only last year that The Buzzcocks reformed, playing to capacity audiences and proving there was still call for the genuine article. This is a compilation that Steve recorded both solo and with his band Flag Of Convenience, in between the split and reformation of The Buzzcocks. I can't say that this will keep you riveted from start to finish, but it has it's moments as on *The Arrow Has Come*, an encounter with early-ish synthesisers, and the live version of *Keep On Pushing*. But after all this is more a historical document and will be considered worthwhile by all the fans still out there.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS *Get A Life* (Castle)
Another blast from the past, but this time it's new material which proves that they still have something to say. Only Jake Burns remains from the original line up, but this shouldn't detract from the interest. With Foxton (ex-Jam) on bass, Dolphin Taylor, drums and Dave Sharp of The Alarm standing in for the since departed Cluney on the current tour, this is going to make for some fireworks. With a diet of energy and gutsy guitars, this album can hold it's head high in the presence of any amount of new talent.

DAVID LEE ROTH
Your Filthy Little Mouth (Reprise)
I still rate David's live show as one of life's highlights, the best stage show I have ever been witness to. Along with that, he's managed to pump out some consistent albums, both solo and with Van Halen. *Eat 'Em And Smile* was a rollercoaster of blues, rock and comic moments that he has sadly failed to surpass, although as far as rock went 88's *Skyscraper* came close, but perhaps that was because Vai's guitar prowess was still present. Unfortunately this still fails to burn rubber, or at least the sort of rubber I'd expect of this supreme showman. A sequel to *Ladies Night In Buffalo* (the track), *Experience* comes closer than I've witnessed in his recent past to those triumphant days. But no matter how his subsequent guitarists have tried, they still fail to live up to the cheek of Steve Vai's mastering of the axe. The presentation faultless, they don't talk to you as was Steve's trademark. This will be a grower but what has he done to his hair? Looking more like a cross between Jon Bon Jovi and Sting, he'll be saving the rain forests next. Save your thoughts for those West Coast girls, David.

NINE INCH NAILS
Downward Spiral (Island)
What we don't understand in this life, we tend to write off as garbage, perhaps because we fear what we might find underneath the apparent confusion. This might be the ideal context in which to place the latest work from Trent Reznor. *Head Like A Hole* seemed so clear cut, just another rock single with an edge, but this is industrial Techno at it's most fearsome. Not just sound, but a collection of emotions. When Lennon wrote *Cold Turkey* he was expressing the feelings experienced by a drug user whilst drying out. Whether or not this was an objective, this expresses the rush, the surge of power and the craving all at once; the pleasure and the pain in one fix. The production techniques are nothing short of miraculous; to make sense of all that is present here is a remarkable feat. The perfect soundtrack to Orwell's 1984, society's evils told both lyrically and musically. For an author to produce such a document takes genius or a deranged head; loss can have been the only inspiration here. The line, God is dead and no one cares in Heresy would seem to sum up everything most neatly.

LUNA *Bewitched* (Elektra)
It's difficult to get away from all the comparisons that have been angled at Luna. The Velvets in the later sixties? Then again when you turn up supporting these on their reunion bash and with Sterling Morrison playing on two of your songs, *Friendly Advice* (or *Waiting For The Man* as it should be referred to) and *Great Jones Street*, it does not help expel these skeletons in the closet. But Luna, unperturbed by these comparisons, just got on with it. *Bewitched* contains all the memories that those around at the time will find relevant. Soothing vocals and guitars that recall the spirit of '67 effortlessly. Six strings played in a style once forgotten but now very much in vogue. With its laid back manner and easy going attitude this is an excellent album. NJ

HYSTERIX *Must Be The* (Deconstruction)
The thing about Deconstruction records is that whilst they are often predictable there is little doubt that they are predictably popular. To say that they're the Stock Aitken Waterman of the "dance-age" 90's may be a bit harsh but who else can you compare them to? The Hysterix track contains K-Klax mixes; one handbag, one hard dub as well as a *Flute In Space* mix (ahem?). Bonus track is a remix of *Talk To Me* by none other than Sasha (scream, scream!). Should do lower charts no problem. Uplifting, eh?
DJ Matz

SHARKBOY *Razor* (Nude)
Another hotly tipped band for '94. These also have the advantage, or disadvantage of being signed to Suede's label, Nude, they have a lot to live up to. Using cello and trumpet amongst the flow of things gives added interest and serves to set them apart from other hopefuls.
Nick James

CREATE! 7"
On The Move/Bright & Beautiful (Red Records)
Punk rock circa '77, but in these days of the New Wave of New Wave, success is more likely than it was a few years ago.



APOCALYPSE BABYS
Dance Till You Drop (Servo) 7"
And more so. Stiff Little Fingers, Undertones, Buzzcocks complete with oh-oh-ohs, it's all here. *Dance Till You Drop* is their *Blitzkrieg Bop*. And also The Skids. Asterix The Brat may one day end up presenting the 2010 version of 'The Big E'.

D.O.A. *The Only Thing Green/Folsom Prison Blues*
(Save Clayoquot Sound Benefit 7") (Alternative Tentacles)
Now I know why they call him Joey Shithead. "Let the BS fly"? A real punk would have said 'bullshit'. "The only thing green is the colour of money" they complain, like The Levellers without the spirit of folk, and you'd only break your clags pogoing. Well meaning Canadians, all proceeds from this record go to worthy environmental causes, but they're not going to save anything with this. As for *Folsom Prison Blues*, if you want to know how to do Johnny Cash, may we refer you to the Reverend Horton Heat?

THE LOSERS/COITUS Split 7" (Fluffy Bunny)
"I drink weak beer, got cac tattoos, I really lose." Thus goes *Loser*, followed by *I Don't Wanna Live*. Well, don't worry guys, despite the New Wave of etc., you won't have to. Punk is dead. I know because Sic Boy Hendrix told me while he was cleaning the window of a software shop. Same goes for Coitus. Weewuaarrgh!

ELEVATE *Judas/Red* (Flower Shop) 7"
First release from Robin God Machine's new label. Their narrated vocals over a wall of noise could be early Swans or Slint. Peely played their first EP in its entirety and personally phoned them to book a session. Well slick layers of noise with beautiful tunes sitting on them like a million American bands are trying to do, but who needs to cross the Atlantic when we've got this on our doorstep. A scorcher.

JALE *Promise/3 Days* (Sub Pop) 7"
Four Canadian women are in Jale so they can't have copied Radiohead, though the guitars on *3 Days* suggest otherwise, or a noisier Throwing Muses. If Kristin Hersh had not mellowed out and signed to Sub Pop instead she could be sounding like this.

ZENI GAVA
Disgraceland/Autobody (Alternative Tentacles) 7"
Zeni Gava have been going since '87, the line-up changing around guitar-kagemusha Kazuyuki K. Null who's worked severally with Steve Albino. Screaming industrial guitar à la angry AC Temple. I'd love to know what he's ranting about but our Japanese translator is away in Newcastle.

Christine Chapel/ Milo F. Kelly

CHILL EB
Born Suspicious (Alternative Tentacles)
Those artists such as Ice Cube, Snoop and countless others have become a little long in the tooth. The blatant flaunting of their chauvinism is wearing thin. Here is a guy who's moving back to the old rap values. The vocals stimulate the sort of aggression found in punk. Highly political, they paint a picture of nineties society, a place in which discrimination, both racial and otherwise, is rife. He has fused a ghetto vibe with samples and vocals to drive his message home with full force. This has been put together extremely well and should be listened to with an open mind, whether or not its to your taste.
Nick James

LOTION *Full Isaac* (Big Cat)
For some time now this has been monopolising the stereo only occasionally letting anyone else in and I've been going. 'I really must get around to writing the review'. It's not that I don't rate *Full Isaac*, just that I've been too captivated by it to waste time penning paragraphs. It's one of those minor classics that seem to be virtually exclusively American nowadays. It has one definite reason for meriting this accolade: for all the bands that have appeared recently making camp somewhere between Hüsker Dü and REM, few have had something to say or any real character. Lotion however have character. You only have to be on the receiving end of *Dr Link*, a coiled snake of a tune, or *Around*, that dreams wistfully whilst gazing into space, to know their waters genuinely run deep. Then again they deliver *Head* out from which pops Sugar and *She Is Weird City* which aside from being a gem of a song title is rather fine too. In fact Lotion, and *Full Isaac* as a whole, are rather fine. Check it out.

AFGHAN WHIGS *Debonair* (Blast First)
And what do we have here? A rather special 4-tracker two from the most sumptuous album of last year *Gentlemen*, a *Scrawl* cover and a Janis Joplin perennial. *Debonair* itself is awesome, one of the few songs that can claim to have united Motown and Sub Pop and got away with it. What more can you ask for, except perhaps the album for your birthday.

TC HUG *Find* (Playtime)
North Western guitar maulers having their first game on the rock 'n' roll pinball machine and managing to stay in play for a considerable while without racking up much of a score.
Dave Ellyatt



photo: Ted Drake

AMINIATURE
Depth Five Rate Six (Restless Records)
From San Diego Calif. Aminiature are a hard band to define; tight jarring bursts of noise, strange songs such as *Ouisghian Zodahs In Panopaly* and *Hiker Atlas*. Sometimes it sounds like Gang Of Four sometimes PIL sometimes Sonic Youth. It's a hard record to listen to as it comes at you from all directions, but after a couple of listens it begins to make sense.

PAUL WELLER *Hung Up E.P.* (Go! Discs)
Someone somewhere must like this. To my jaded ears it's a heap of acoustic shit. I used to respect Paul Weller and I had to listen to old Style Council and Jam records to remember why.
TFDN

8 STOREY WINDOW *I Will* (Ultimate)
Standard Rock single, standard Rock tunes. No frills, no surprises. ML



EGGS *Government Administrator/ Sugar Babe* (Hemiola) 7"

From a school of (Jonathan) Richmond, Virginia, these are two well-penned song of cute lyric and sad harmony. A bit of trombipulation provides a memorable tune on *Sugar Babe*. **CC/MFK**

JESUS CHRUST *I'm Nailed Right In* (Fudgeworthy) 7"

Limited to 2000 copies, this 7" is a breath of fresh air in the currently sickeningly nice US punkie scene. Piss poor sound quality brings down this babyish grindcore to the level of nothing more than hissy sludge. The crap concept 'We're so evil we don't like Jesus' has been painfully overdone in the past and Chrust add nothing to it. Needless to say, my nomination for the single of the year. 17 tracks of pure cool.

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Teriyaki Asthma Vol III* (C/z) 7"

Uh, rather too indie for my tastes, *Tree People*, *Dose*, *Mx-80*, fitting nicely into the designer wallpaper of my lonely bedsit complete with a pile of mouldy NMMEs. However the *Ween* track is a completely different kettle of distorted vocals and Casio beats. 'Long Legged Sally was a no necked whore' sorta makes this worth buying, but get it for someone else, and then tape it.

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Self Mutilation Vol. 1* (Hippy Knight) 7"

Quite punky in places as you'd expect, but still sticks firmly within the code of underground US agit-pop-punk. *Coffin Break's* crap name says more than I could about them in a constructive fashion. Same with *You And I* except that I can't be bothered to think of a witty put down. *Green Magnet School* who people have raved on about are guilty of having the worst production of the record, making the listener check for fluff every five seconds. *Jonestown* who, despite wearing dodgy 'Gosh, we're so flipping bankers honestly guv' clothes, manage to clock in with the best track of the bunch. In all not bad, but not good either.

JUST SAY NO *TESCO VEE'S HATE POLICE Fuck Straight Edge Vol II* (Staplegun) 7"

Yes, Yes, Yes! Tesco Vee! Wow, he's so cool and such a rock star. Unsurprisingly this sounds very much like the Meatmen. But is that a bad thing? Just Say No, who have the flip side, even cover a Meatman song. The concept behind this single is some sort of punx covers thing which shows a startling lack of imagination. Still, can't be helped. Buy for Tesco's sake, and put him top of the charts.

OLD FRUIT demo
That's What I Call Now Music (Fructose)
These guys do it much better, seventeen wonderful cabaret cameos of purposeful originality. From the first track *Dance Of The Sperm*, through *Bastard Octopus*, *Mr. & Mrs. Spoonhandle*, *Once a Moose Always A Moose*, *The Man With Three Heads* to the seventeenth track *Sunday In Hell*, Old Fruit take you on a trip by feeding you the distilled wackiness of Beefheart, Zappa, Einar Orn, Bogshed, Champion The Underdog, Daavid Allen etc. with hilarious arrangements and a range of styles of eclecticifying grooviness all fused funkily together with the precision of a satellite repair mission. This is what I call now entertainment. (071 582 3522).

WONDERLAND *Girlfriend*TM (Lo-Tek) demo
"They're alright till she starts singing," says another pair of ears across the room, taking the thought from my head. The techno bits are acceptable in a defeatist way, the punk "lo-tek", disney-esque, rap she can do, like Jane Bond (& The Undercover Men), and pop like a lo-fi Jack Rubies. Cheesily fascinating. (Jem 0602 242943 or Tim 705176)

HEADTRAUMA *Bitch EP* cassette
Anger. Foul anger and hatred seethes through the poor sound quality with the tension of death row. These guys are out to frighten and depress, in the hope that it will make them feel better. And screaming, beating, thrashing and generally MAKING SOME FUCKING NOISE with threatening lyrics probably has made them feel much better. "A piece to keep my peace" they beg on *Point Blank*. Dunno why they live in nice 'n' clean Hyson Green.

CLINCHER *God Damned Clinched* demo
Fuzzier in their intentions, Clincher sneer and snipe for more personal than political reasons. A Doorsy attempt at eerieness, "These Eyes Shine" suggests to me that Clincher would like to have the class of Idiot Joy, and the rest of the noise is because they haven't. Mass frustration can be fun, but not here. (0602 873206)

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE *Coitus et Medicamentis Debilitus et Live at The Mean Fiddler* demo

Braggy take *Abbey Road* (*Take Me There Oh Yeah*) opens this recording of My Dog Has No Nose's total entertainment satire system, including a passable pistake of Kraftwerk complete with "Warning: this disc is reversing" at runaway speed. Followed by the even funnier and well-deserved boot into the annual Do They Know It's Xmas Bonus Time? charity record. Then there's *Jak de Bhangra* (live), the all-in-one rap-rave-ragga-bhangra disco send up, leaving the roving raucous roots rip-off *Ships In The Day*. But not as clever as Old Fruit. (0509 416419) **Christine Chapel**

FRANCIS demo
Well, what a nice surprise, the cover and name have got run-of-the-mill indie written all over them. But when you put the tape on out comes a load of tinny home made Tamla Motown, all done on keyboards. Chock-a-block with bleeping horns, funky synth bass and vocals which remind me of an early Steve Marriott. Some of the lyrics are unintentionally hilarious, being the sort that Lenny Henry would sing as Philosphous P. Wildebeeste. All four songs composed and performed by one F.J.R. Oldham are deliciously tacky, with fab tunes, *Perfect Love* and *This Love Affair* being the two stand outs. Better than the real thing in the way that Gary Numan was a million times more fun than David Bowie, and New Musik were more fun than Depeche Mode. Someone sign this man up immediately. **Malcolm L.**

SLUMGANG demo
The new demo from the Slum lads is a blistering attack of Notts Punk Rock. The opening *Shotgun Wedding* takes no prisoners, hook heavy and catchy as pubic lice. Loyd's lyrics are bitter and thought-provoking, the harmonies on *Some Things Going On* are amazing. My fave track is *Back In Rags* which is a sort of *Born To Lose* for the 90's. Do yourself a favour, buy this tape, and buy Eddie a drink. Punk Rock. (46 Hartley Road, Radford, Nottingham NG7 3AD)

KRUST Demos #1 & #2
Krust (crap name) are originally from Corby, now relocated to Nottm. The band came first in Northamptonshire's Battle Of The Bands and this tape is from part of the £1000 worth of recording they won. It's powerful stuff, early Therapy? and Killing Joke-ish vocals. They have a gig (for Road Runner Records) at the Narrow Boat on 28th May. Worth catching before they sell out. (34 Vernon Park Drive, Old Basford, Nottingham NG6 0AF) **TFDN**

Back in December '91, inside the first full-colour *Overall*, was a double page feature (ah, those were the days) typically titled "Groove is in the Hearty".

It was a death-of-rave rant by one Martin Thomas, champion of Nottingham's then fledgling funk scene, "the scene which probably doesn't even realise it exists!" he exclaimed, going on to list Crunchbird, Dr. Egg, ("groovy, funky, smiling, buzzing people... and that was just the audience!"), Solomon (now Psycho Groove Muthas), Stak It Up, Vibes (now Absolution) and Weirdbeard. "Nottingham is dancing to a new groove. Let's face it, anything that can create queues to get into the Hearty [Goodfellow] must be more than a fad."

The following month we announced the *Start* gig, a "celebration" featuring all the above plus a jazz outfit called Swinging Affair, later to change their name to Mind The Gap. There was DJ Pablo "probably Nottm's most charismatic entertainer. His ability to mix the hardest jazz with the bootsiest funk has made his club nights essential late night haunts", Lovelee "[his] selection of Mondo Bongo beats and rare groove shows this to be an area of music growing at the fastest rate in Nottingham", and Mark Spivey "whose show on Trent FM has continuously been the best barometer for what's going to be big in clubs." (Martin again).

That *Start* gig was the only event featuring local acts ever to sell out at the Polytechnic. Amidst a wave of reviews, interviews and features in all the local press, coupled with A&R "interest", the scene that didn't even know it existed began to celebrate itself. Even the City & County Councils were joining in. *Overall's* first birthday party took place at their *Latin Rave* at MGM on April 1st. When Talkin Loud arrived in town for their first bash at Venus, it seemed they had merely come to complete the suit. That was two years ago. Six months later I could have sworn it was all a dream. Naivety, apathy and disappointment at the fact that none of the bands had been signed to a record label seemed to have destroyed the scene as quickly as it had realised itself. The Hearty closed and you couldn't get a support with Galliano for love nor money.

Then one of those peculiar yet ordinary things happened. Enter DJ Matz, the man who put the Jazz in The Box. A bright-eyed, stocky figure who has recently put on weight, Matz exudes all the self-assured confidence of an entrepreneur who has hit on a good idea in a field which he enjoys and is carrying it out with enthusiasm and style. I can't think whom, but he reminds me of someone. "At the end '92 I was offered a The Wednesday student night at Madison. I'd been buying acid jazz records since '86. I knew Tim [Lovelee] and asked if he'd like to come on board and put a night together." In those days downstairs in Madison was known as The BPI, Fifth Avenue or The Boom Boom Room, depending on who you were, which night you went and what door you went in. At that time there was a hardcore rave which wasn't doing so well, so a deal was struck with Madison. Jazz In The Box was born.

"The first night," recalls Matz, "the rave crew turned up as well. It was quite frightening. Their trucks were dwarfed only buy the guys who were driving them."

Seventy-two people turned up for that first night. "We did a month solid of Fridays. People weren't taking much notice. It was only when did the full colour flyers that they started paying attention. People were shocked!" This was down to Matz' past experience in marketing which gave *Jazz In The Box* "equal credibility" alongside rave flyers, although for a while, because DiY needed the venue, *Jazz In The Box* was moved to another venue on a fortnightly basis for a number of months. "In the end," continues Matz with a glint in his eye, "the dance night fell through and we were offered every Friday. By October '93 we were turning people away." That has remained the

situation ever since, and such was the success of the night that by November a sister night, *The House That Jazz Built*, began in the newly opened Beatroot club in Nottingham's historic (and I'm talking nightclub history) Lace Market.

What makes *Jazz In The Box* so appealing? "The idea was to play jazz, funk, rap and soul without too many boundaries. Acid jazz purists might not like everything they hear down there but I've been to other

jazz nights and they can be boring."

It's not unknown in The Box to receive requests for Metallica. "I've told the lads, 'Anything goes.' People have come to realise to expect the unexpected."

One such occasion was the club's first anniversary in January when Matz booked the fifteen or so drummers who make up the Nottingham School Of Samba. Matz describes the scene with relish. "We stopped the music dead and led them onto the dance-floor. Everyone was wondering what the hell was going on!" he laughs.

"But after the first number— whistle blown, drum roll and BOOM BOOM!— they went mad!"

With the large number of appropriate bands in the city, it's not surprising to find the occasional live act in The Box. Dr. Egg with MSD, for example, or the Psycho Groove Muthas. And Matz is always on the look out for new bands. "The Stak It Up, Bud Bongo, Dr. Egg scene is so incestuous. That's why Nottingham School Of Samba came along. Psycho Groove Muthas went down a storm as well." But Matz considers the main strength of the night to be the standard of the DJs, "Lovelee's mad, Pablo's...well, Pablo, and the younger DJs like Darren and C-Breeze are coming through really well. Some of the newer ones had never dee-jayed a few months ago! Some nights it's like a DJ's party with five or six lads trying to get on." If he sounds a bit like a football club manager it's not surprising, with a total of twelve DJs awaiting call up.

But this has enabled *Jazz In The Box* DJs to be at both the Leadmill in Sheffield one Friday night as well as in Nottingham, which Matz hopes to make a weekly event. He and Lovelee will appear there at a Mix Mag Party this month, which is an indication of how clubs and dance music are changing. And what about all the new 'dubtransient' world music that's coming out now?

"I think it's really good that all the different kinds of music in the world are crossing over. World Music gets bigger and bigger. But the DJs are going to have to work really hard. There's so much diversity coming in now. Whereas you used to have a 'jazz' or 'soul' or 'funk' night, now they are not only mixed by the DJs but mixed up on the actual records as well. I think there will be more nights like Jazz In The Box. People know that when they go down there it's a different night, a different sort of vibe. And people will dance to absolutely bloody anything! Me and Tim can't believe what Pablo gets away with."

Which brings us neatly back to where we started. The Groove may not be in the Hearty, but it's certainly in the hearts of all those bands and DJs who are still here and still groovin' in all the renewed, refurbished, renamed and replenished pubs, clubs and venues bidding for their talent, and nowhere more so than *Jazz In The Box*. "When you've been buying records since you were eight and worshipping music all your life, having your own club night is like running a sweet shop. The only thing that could replace it is playing No. 10 for Arsenal." Ah! Now I know who he reminds me of.

Christine Chapel

*Jazz In The Box every Friday in The Box.

The House That Jazz Built every Saturday at Beatroot. Matz and Lovelee play Throbbing Funk at the Mix mag Party on Friday 22nd at The Leadmill.

Photos: *Pablo boxed* by Jim Powell



fried circuit:

sponsored by



(0602) 784403



Photo: Tony Fisher Photography

BLIND MOLE RAT fresh from a two month tour of Germany and Poland appear at the Filly & Firkin on Saturday 23rd April.

monday 11th

BLAMELESS
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
BLUES JAM
Running Horse
HIBOU DABAS
The Peacock
RED LION
Hearty Goodfellow
TALLON
£2/1.50 8.30 pm
Hucknall Lord Byron
ECHOBELLY
£4/3 Derby The Where House
VIVID
Victoria Inn
PSYCHO GROOVE MUTHAS
Leicester The Charlotte

tuesday 12th

BIG DEAL
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Running Horse
SOUNDGARDEN
£9 adv. Rock City
SERVE CHILLED
Cookie Club
MAD HATTER
£1.50 adv. Ilkeston Kristies
HONKY
£4/3 Derby The Where House
GRIEVOUS ANGEL
Victoria Inn
'67/ FLAMINGOES
MANTA RAY
New Wave of triple bills £2.50/2
Leicester The Charlotte
MIKE PETERS & THE POETS
FREAKS OF DESIRE
£5 adv. N'ampton Roadmender

wednesday 13th

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
JAZZ JUNIORS
Running Horse
EXCESSAWEEZ
Canning Circus Red Lion
LA VIDEOTECH
£3/2 Sheffield The Leadmill
TEENAGE RAMPAGE
Derby The Where House
THE LEAST BIT
Victoria Inn
THRUM / SLINKY / ATAMA
£3/2
NEW TROUBADORS
upstairs Leics. The Charlotte
TAP ROUTE
The Royal Mail

thursday 14th

MIND THE GAP
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
BEAT SURRENDER
Old Vic
SKYSCRAPER
UNDERSTAND / HONKY
Rock City
BEAT CLUB
£4/3 9.30 Sheff. The Leadmill
'67 / FLAMINGOES
MANTA RAY downstairs £4/3
TOMATO upstairs
Derby The Where House
THE BACKSCRATCHERS
Victoria Inn
WISHPLANTS
SACK / ABSOLUTELY
£3/2.50 Leics. The Charlotte
ARBITRATOR
Royal Mail

FRAME FOUNDATION

Pump & Tap

JULIE FELIX
Mansfield Comm. Arts Centre

friday 15th

FRICTION
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
DOCTORS OF RHYTHM
Old Vic
SKUNK FUNK & JUNK
Bellamy's
JAZZ IN THE BOX
The Box
STUMBLE BROTHERS
Running Horse
JAIMZ GANG
Rock City

MCM from CAVEMAN
ARRIVAL / TICKLE / K.I.D.
DUSH / TOTAL FREQUENCY
Movement lesson 2
Marcus Garvey Centre

BIG DEAL
The Gregory

BILL SAVAGE
till midnight weekly Potters House
SCHEME
The Mechanics

HARLAN THE JESTER
Derby Victoria Inn

JULIE FELIX
Rushcliffe Leisure Centre

HEMP
Workshop Frog & Nightgown

DAEVID ALLEN £3.50/3 upstairs
MAHA World Music £4/3 down
Leics. The Charlotte

FABIANS TALE
t.b.c. Pump & Tap

TOM WAINWRIGHT / SULLY
Sheff. Leadmill

TONY MEAD
Sheff. Leadmill

saturday 16th

CLOWNHOUSE
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
XEROX GIRLS
CHOPPER / SLUM GANG
Old Angel

BLIND & DANGEROUS
£1 Running Horse

PATTON & KELLY
Mechanics Arms

BILL SAVAGE
till midnight weekly Potters House
HOUSE THAT JAZZ BUILT
Beatroot

THE SANDALS
£5/4 Derby The Where House

LE STAT
Victoria Inn

THE KREWEN
Leics. The Charlotte

HONEY CHILDREN
Royal Mail

JULIE FELIX
Workshop Regal Arts Centre

CREDIT TO THE NATION
COLLAPSED LUNG
CUS CUS £5 9.30 - 3am
Sheff. The Leadmill

sunday 17th

DICK PEARCE
Jazz House Nottm. Old Vic

MR. SIEGAL
Running Horse

DA DOG
Golden Fleece

DECKLAN
Mechanics Arms

THROBBIN BOB'S
BLUES BAND
Ambergate Hurt Arms

COLLAPSED LUNG
£4/3 Derby The Where House

DAISY CHAINSAW
£1 Leics. The Charlotte

monday 18th

HIBOU DABAS
Nottingham The Peacock

BLUES JAM
Running Horse

MAGNUM
adv £8.50 Rock City

FUSION
Hearty Goodfellow

SPEED LIMIT
Jam Session Derby Victoria Inn

HAPPY MONDAZE
Wherehouse

FOR LOVE NOT LISA
£2 Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 19th

DELTA RADIO
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
Running Horse

VIA THE MIND
Hearty Goodfellow

SERVE CHILLED
Cookie Club

ECHOBELLY
JULIE DOLPHIN / PERFUME
£4/3 Derby The Where House

THE HUGH STUART BAND
Victoria Inn

PRaise SPACE ELECTRIC
£3/2.50 Leics. The Charlotte

CHRIS CONWAY

Pump & Tap

COLD GIN
adv £1.50 Ilkeston Kristies
WORLD OF LEATHER
STRANGE TRACTORS
£4 adv N'ampton Roadmender

wednesday 20th

P J BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

EXCESSAWEEZ
Red Lion

THE BOURBON BOYS
The Swamp Club The Old Vic

ATOMIC KANDY
The Running Horse

SLYDE
Hearty Goodfellow

W.E.G.
Victoria Inn

THE DOUGH BOYS
BABY CHAOS
£4/3 Leics. The Charlotte

CORE
The Royal Mail

STATUS BLUES
Pump & Tap

LA VIDEOTECH
10-2am £3/2 Sheff. Leadmill

KERBDOG
£5 adv. N'ampton Roadmender

thursday 21st

MIND THE GAP
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

KELLY'S HEROES
The Old Vic

SLYDE
The Gregory

TALLON
£1.50 adv. 8.30pm The Old Angel

SALAD
£4/3 Derby The Where House

BLUES & RAMBLIN
The Victoria Inn

ORANGE DELUXE
Leics. The Royal Mail

DR BROWN
Pump & Tap

THE PINK FAIRIES
The Charlotte

friday 22nd

CAGE
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

TORI AMOS
Royal Concert Hall

HUGGY BEAR
BOB TILTON / OSCAR
£4/3.50 8.15pm Narrowboat

THE DOUGH BOYS
SILENCER / CHINA DRUM
The Old Angel

CODE:RED
The Gregory

OLD SCHOOL
The Running Horse

JIM VINCENT
The Mechanics

DK / PIP / EMMA (DiY)
JOHN / LAWRENC Smokescreen

JULES / TIM / MAX Black Box
Barrio Benefit £5adv 10 - 6am
Tennyson Hall

SKUNK FUNK & JUNK
Bellamy's

JAZZ IN THE BOX
The Box

BEARCAT CAJUN

Mansfield Arts Centre

THE MICROCHIPS
Derby. Victoria Inn

AB/CD
Leics. Royal Mail

SKYCLAD/ LETHARGY
OPEN MIND SURGERY
£4/3.50 The Charlotte

JED THOMAS BLUES BAND
Pump & Tap

BAND OF GYPSIES
L. Mill Potters Club

LOVELEE & MATZ
Throbbing Funk

DISCIPLE & SULLY
Mix Mag party at Rise £7 9.30-3am
Sheff. The Leadmill

saturday 23rd

BLIND MOLE RAT
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

BERLIN JAZZ SEXTET
HILDEGAARD TRIO
Old Vic

POISONED ELECTRCK HEAD
Rock City

GRUMBLEGRINDER
HEROIN
Old Angel

KELLY'S EYE
Mechanics Arms

STAN MARSHALL'S LAW
Running Horse

HOUSE THAT JAZZ BUILT
Beatroot

SEISMIC RING
Derby Victoria Inn

KEVIN COYNE
THRONEBERRY
Leics. The Charlotte

FABIAN'S TALE
The Magazine

MR. SIEGAL
Royal Mail

FRANKLIN'S TOWER
Pump & Tap

BEARCAT CAJUN
PLAYBOYS
Duffield Ecclesbourne School

KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION
SALAD Sheff. The Leadmill

THE MACC LADS
£7.50 adv. N'ampton Roadmender

sunday 24th

ABK
Nottingham The Running Horse

SEAMUS O'B LIVION & THE
MEGA DEATH MORRISMEN
Golden Fleece

THE MIGHTY QUINN
Mechanics arms

PURE INSTINCT
Ambergate Hurt Arms

NEVERLAND
Ashbourne Cary's Wine Bar

CLEAR / LAZY DOLLIES
FREEZER
Spud Gun Club £2.50 adv. 7.30
Sheff. The Leadmill

SOFT TOUCH SAMBA BAND
Leics. Royal Mail

KENNY WILSON
lunchtime Pump & Tap

BLYTH POWER
The Charlotte

monday 25th

LAST COSMONAUTS
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

HIBOU DABAS
The Peacock

BLUES JAM
Running Horse

SPEED LIMIT
Jam Session Derby Victoria Inn

KEVIN COYNE
£4/3 The Where House

TRIPMASTER MONKEY
SLIPSTREAM / SPINE
Free Leicestershire The Charlotte

BABY CHAOS
PRESIDENT BUSH
£4 adv N'ampton Roadmender

tuesday 26th

WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Running Horse

SERVE CHILLED
Cookie Club

TELEVISION OVERDOSE
Leics. The Charlotte

COMPLEX
8.30 £1.50 adv. Ilkeston Kristies

THE WALTER TROUT BAND
Sheff. The Leadmill

wednesday 27th

EXCESSAWEEZ
Nottm. Canning Circus Red Lion

PJ BAKER'S BLUES BRAND
Filly & Firkin

KELLY'S HEROES
NOTTM. SCHOOL OF SAMBA
STICKMAN / FEELERUB
HARMANIA
C.I.T. benefit Old Vic

FUN DA MENTAL
£5/4 Derby The Where House

THE CHRISTIANS
Unplugged £8.50 adv.
Assembly Rooms

HECTOR'S GHOST
Victoria Inn

DEAD AFTER DARK
Leics. Royal Mail

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
The Charlotte

CUD
Sheffield University

LA VIDEOTECH
The Leadmill

thursday 28th

MIND THE GAP
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

DR TEETH / BLACKBALL
JUNK CULTURE
Old Angel

SLYDE
Long Eaton Prince Of Wales

ZZ BIRMINGHAM
Derby Victoria Inn

FUN DA MENTAL
The Where House

NEVERLAND
Assembly Rooms

ANGER HEART
Leics. Royal Mail

F-NIKS
Pump & Tap

HUGGY BEAR
PROLAPSE
£2/£.50 The Charlotte

friday 29th

YELLOW BELLY
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

DA DOG / GHOTI
Old Vic

WAR COLLAPSE
THIS EFFECT
Old Angel

NOTTM SCHOOL OF SAMBA
Jazz In The Box

LEFT HAND THREAD
Running Horse

RIVER DOGS
Rock City

FLAVA TASAVA
£1 Skunf Funk & Junk
Bellamy's

SCHEME
Mechanics Arms

SIGN OF JONAH
Derby Victoria Inn

THE RATTTLERS
Langley Mill Potters

FOSSIL PARK EAST
IAN DERBYSHIRE
Leics. Royal Mail

CIRCLE OF HANDS
Pump & Tap

KING KURT
THE FRANTIC FLINTSTONES
£6 adv. The Charlotte

PULP / PRAM
£6 adv. 7.30 Sheffield University

JACKMASTER FUNK
SULLY Rise
MARK JONES
Throbbing Funk £6 9.30-3
The Leadmill

saturday 30th

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG
JON BECKETT benefit for the
Romanian sewer children £1
Nottingham Filly and Firkin

FRANCIS
Old Vic

LE STAT
Running Horse

NEVERLAND
Rock City

EAST 17
Royal Concert Hall

PSYCHASTORM
Old Angel

POTEEN
The Mechanics Arms

THE JOURNEYMEN
Derby, Victoria Inn

ARK/GREEDSVILLE
Leicester, Royal Mail

THE NEW CRANES
Sheffield, The Leadmill

sunday 1st

STRANGER FAYRE
Nottingham Filly & Firkin

MR. SIEGAL
The Running Horse

EAMOND GETHINGS
Mechanics Arms

THE D.T.S
Derby The Hurt Arms

K K KINGS
K day party The Where House

WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE
Newark Festival



monday 2nd

HIBOU DABAS
Free Nottingham The Peacock
D:REAM
COMANCHE PARK £9 adv.
Derby Assembly Rooms
PERFUME
£1 Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 3rd

KELLY'S HEROES
REDSTART
8pm-midnight £2.50 adv
Nottingham The Zone
FOLK, BLUES AND BEYOND
The Running Horse
VICTIMS FAMILY/ GROTUS
Derby The Wherehouse

wednesday 4th

EXCESSAWEZ
Nottingham Red Lion
SUDANESE WITCH HUNT
Filly & Firkin
VOGUE MINOGUE
The Zone

ME
£3/2 Leics. The Charlotte

thursday 5th

MIND THE GAP
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
XC-NN
£4.50/4 Leics. The Charlotte

friday 6th

JUNK ORANGE
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
REV BROWN
& **THE EARLY BIRDS**
Running Horse
SKUNK FUNK & JUNK
Bellamy's

JAZZ IN THE BOX
The Box
STRANGER FAYRE
Loscoe Sir John Warren
ABDUL TEE-JAY'S ROKOTO
The Africa Beat Leics. Y Theatre

saturday 7th

SOLID STATE COALITION
EB & THE SYSTEM
G.R.O.O.V.Y. £2 8pm Old Angel
TONY McPHEE
& **THE GROUNDHOGS**
Nottingham Running Horse
MA HA
Filly & Firkin

HOUSE THAT JAZZ BUILT
Beatroot

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
Melton Mowbray Noels Arms
SALAD
THE CHURCH OF ELVIS
£4/3 Leics. The Charlotte

sunday 8th

ABK
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
REV BROWN
& **THE EARLY BIRDS**
Ambergate Hurt Arms
HACKNEY HOMELESS FEST.
Hackney Clissold Park

visual:

ANGEL ROW

till 23rd April
PETER CALLAS
Men Of Vision
SHAHEEN MERALI
PHILIP CHAMBON
Channels, Echoes, Empty Chairs

BONINGTON GALLERY

till 16 Apr
MIXED SHOW
Old Object, New Subject
16th May-4th June
ANNE LIDYAT
Beyond The Shadow

CASTLE MUSEUM

30th April-26th June
MIXED SHOW
With Your Own Face On
HEATHER CONNELLY
Silk Screen Hangings
BEATRIZ BOLSTER
Sculpture

PRIORY GATEHOUSE

8th April -8th May
WENDY STEVENSON
Paintings
11th May-5th June
NIKKI McKAY
Without Vertigo

NEWARK MILLGATE

18th April-21st May
MANDI CHANDLER
Stoneware Ceramics
23rd April-21st May
Guinness packaging & design

RUFFORD CRAFT CENTRE

19th April-5th June
MICK CASSON
Ceramics

UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY

9th April-8th May
PAULA REGO
Nursery Rhymes
GURMINDER SIKAND
Wonderings I n Paint

14th May-19th June
MICHAEL PORTER
Landscape Painting

DERBY CITY GALLERY

till 8th May
MIXED SHOW
Defiance: Art confronts disability
16th April - 29th May
MIXED SHOW
Double Take

LEICS. PHOENIX ARTS

16th May-20th June
IAN KIRKWOOD
Abstract Paintings Pt. 1

LEICESTER CITY GALLERY

till 16th April
MIXED SHOW
Buttons
till 23rd April
MICHAEL PLATT
African American Art
from Washington D.C.

26th April-21st May
IAN KIRKWOOD
Abstract Paintings Pt. 2

theatrical:

NOTTM. PLAYHOUSE

till 23rd April
PYGMALION
George Bernard Shaw
26th - 30th April
THE MAN WHO...
Peter Brook & Oliver Sacks

5th-21st May
SHAKERS: THE MUSICAL
Jane Thornton & John Godber

NOTTM. ROYAL CENTRE

5th-30th April
ME & MY GIRL
6th-9th April
SLEEPING BEAUTY
20th-21st April
BOLSHOI OPERA

3rd-7th May
MACBETH

CLARENDON THEATRE

19th April
LOW FIDELITY
Peta Lily & Co.

17th May
THEATRE FROM THE STREETS
Cardboard Citizens

VICTORIA POWERHOUSE

23rd April
BENIN
Kokuma Dance Co.

POTTERS HOUSE

14th April
TEECHERS
John Godber

DERBY PLAYHOUSE

till 23rd April
AN EVENING WITH
GARY LINEKER
Arthur Smith & Chris England

7th-30th April
SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME
Frank McGuinness

6th-28th May
BLOOD MONEY
The Heather Brothers

DERBY GUILDHALL

9th April
ED ALLEYNE JOHNSON
14th April
ANNUAL MUSIC HALL SHOW

LEICS. HAYMARKET

till 16th April
THE QUEEN & I
Sue Townsend

20th-23rd April
THE TALKING CURE
Holly Hughes

21st April-7th May
THE LAST YANKEE
Arthur Miller

LEICS. PHOENIX ARTS

5th-6th April
THE MAGIC FINGER
Open Hand Theatre

7th-9th April
WICKED YAAR!
Royal National Theatre

4th May
MANIFESTO
Volcano Theatre

17th May
UPFRONT COMEDY CLUB

literal:

BEESTON LIBRARY

14th April: *Henry Normal*
28th April: *Muhammad Yusuf*
12th May: *Stafford Ashani*
Mbala

26th May: *James Berry*

BROADWAY MEDIA CENTRE

12 April: *Tony Sewell*
Pete Kalu
17th May: *Selima Hill*
Maggie Hannan
David Morley

NOTTM. PLAYHOUSE

15th May: *Ken Campbell*
15th Jun: *John Hegley*
22nd Jun: *Benjamin Zephaniah*
Jean 'Binta' Breeze

NORTHAMPTON ONSIGHT

till 15th April
VERTIGO
From A Great Height

FOLK FEAST 2

KELLY'S HEROES
RED START
TUESDAY 3rd MAY

at
The ZONE
Lr. Parliament Street Nottingham

8pm-midnight

£1 a pint
beer and lager

£2.50 adv. £3 door
Tickets: Victoria Box Office, Selectadisc,
Way Ahead, Golden Fleece

ROYAL TAKEAWAY

23 Goosegate, Hockley, Nottingham

0602
50-50-70

Try our freshly baked Traditional or
Tandoori **Pizzas** with a variety of toppings
prices from **£2.80**.

Or perhaps you'd prefer our mouth-watering
Kebabs - Donner, Seek, Tandoori Chicken
and others, all served with salad in Pitta bread -
prices from **£1.70**.

For something simpler try one of our **Jacket**
Potatoes with a filling of your choice - prices
from **£1.00**.

We also have a delicious selection of stuffed
Nan, as well as Samosas, Bhajis, Garlic Bread
and soft drinks.

Telephone **50-50-70** or call in at
23 Goosegate, to place your order or
collect a priced menu which includes details of
free deliveries and available discounts.

Open
5pm until late Sunday-Wednesday
11.30am until late Thursday-Saturday

THE CHARCOAL BRAZIER

Eat in or take away

23 ALFRETON ROAD
CANNING CIRCUS
NOTTINGHAM

You've tried the rest
Now ring the Best

10% student discount !

Tel. (0602) 424066

THE TEA ROOMS

53 Maid Marian Way, Nottm.

NOTTINGHAM'S
NEWEST BAR

OPENS
THURSDAY 14TH APRIL

OPEN ALL DAY

SERVING FOOD
LUNCHTIME

THE WHERE HOUSE presents
at **assembly rooms**

in the
**DARWIN
SUITE**

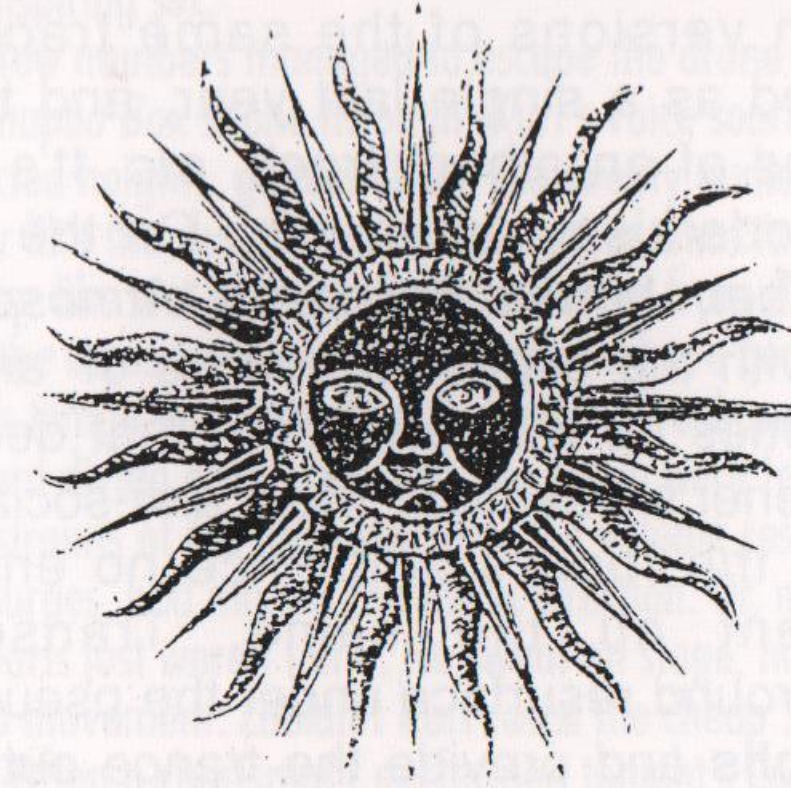
27th April
THE CHRISTIANS £8.50 adv.

13th May
THE OYSTER BAND £5adv.

24th May
EAT STATIC £6 adv.

Info.: 0332 381169. Tickets: Way Ahead,
Darwin Suite, Selectadisc, BPM.

boom shanka



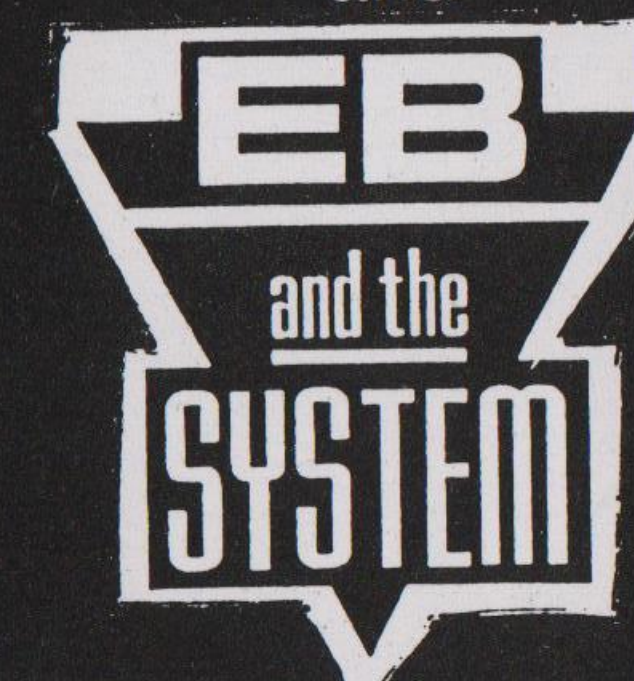
FOR NEW AND SECOND HAND CLOTHES,
JEWELLERY, CRAFTS, GIG TICKETS,
POSTERS, IMPORTED ARTIFAX,
UNDERGROUND COMICS
AND MUCH MORE

21 Bentick Road, Hyson Green, Nottingham
Opening Times 10.30-5.00 Mon-Sat



have a fucking good blow with SOLID STATE COALITION

and



The Old Angel

Stoney Street Lace Market Nottingham

SATURDAY 7th MAY

Adm. £2 (one price fits all) 8 pm

Clark Sutherland Entertainment presents
at the **Old Vic**
Fletcher Gate Nottm.

SUNDAY 15th MAY
SQUEEZE Unplugged!

an acoustic evening with
GLENN TILBROOK
all the Squeeze classics and a few surprises
with full support Adm. £5

Sat. 28th MAY
legendary Rock n Roller
JOHN OTWAY

crashes into town
support from **DAN DONOVAN**.

£5 adv. Bar till 12.30
Tickets from Way Ahead, Selectadisc, Old Vic.
Credit Card Hotline, 0602 483456
Further info. 0602 537755
The Old Vic, Fletcher Gate, Nottingham.

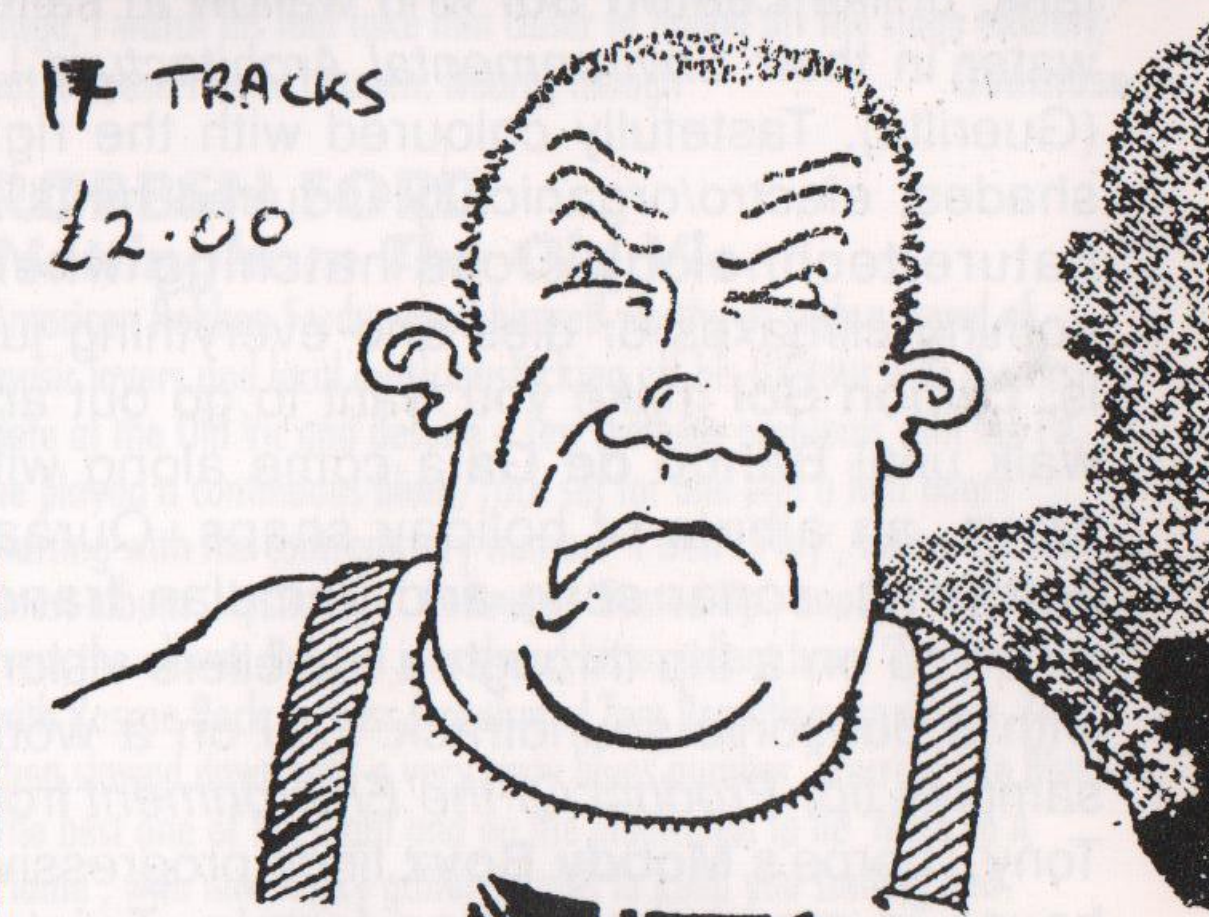
EAST MIDLANDS

ANTI-FASCIST

ACTION

17 TRACKS

£2.00



**DELIVER
US FROM EVIL**

P.O. BOX 25, WEST PDO, NG7 6BW



dubTRANbience

a supine journey on the ambient couch with Dr. Martin



Banco De Gaia Berlitz the living room

Photo: Asher Williams

Enjoying the view from my ambi-lounge recently I noticed the CD player flashing an insistent rhythm of orange and green. Lost to the reason why, I was forced from slumber to check out the sudden disturbance in my environment. The CD had finished. This meant one thing; a new CD and perhaps an alternative decor to enrich the experience. But what choice? Of the recent glut of ambience come to sponge our living rooms with peachy textures, the stand-out has to be **Emit0094** from those groovy people at **T:me Recording**. Not ones to run with the pack, **Emit0094** mixes armchair chilling with out-there jazz abstraction in an evocative smart drug cocktail. A compilation of forthcoming album acts, **Emit0094** shows a clear way out of the cultural cul-de-sac in which **Aphex Twin** is forced unhappily to dwell. On his *Ambient Works Vol. 2* (Warp Records) he lucidly dreams a series of textureless blank walls leaving the listener begging for artex. Also on Warp, but infinitely superior in the home decor stakes is one time Cabaret Voltaire member **Richard H. Kirk's Virtual State**. A cornucopia of intricate design, the view from the arm chair is of a myriad of sound-byte moments of lament and eternal decay. Not for Kirk the laidback floatation tank, unlike **Lemon Sol** who wallow in salted water in their *Environmental Architecture* LP (Guerilla). Tastefully coloured with the right shades, electro/organically induced hints at nature/technology cross-hatching where nothing climaxes or dies and everything just is. **Lemon Sol** make you want to go out and walk until **Banco de Gaia** come along with *Maya*, an album of holiday snaps. Quraan bellowing, sonar song and gamelan trance take you on a trip through a travellers visions with a dubsonic soundtrack. Still on a world samples tip, *Product Of the Environment* from Tony Thorpe's **Moody Boyz** finds progressive house in more challenging terrain. Twisted processed ambience is paralleled by Pygmy songs and South African folk tunes which create a startling collage of outer and inner world musics. Best of the cross cultural

design however must go to **Loop Guru** whose excellent collection *Duniya* (Nation) concocts a heady brew of Balinese grooves, Moroccan tunes and a veritable Whirling Dervish of tribal colour schemes. Meanwhile over in Europe (and definitely still within the confines of the world) **Resistance D's Ztrings Of Life** album does little for the colour scheme apart from adding a touch of chrome and brooding strings. Not a n essential album in the living room. Busy painting the same room in the same colour are those lovable baldies **Orbital** whose recent Peel Session contains the nth versions of the same track they released as a single last year, and the nth versions of an album track, etc. It's called post-modernism, apparently. On the Rising High label, **James Bernard's Atmospheres** plays with the expected notions of 'ambient' and comes up with an album that demands the listener's attention. Most anti-social as it affects the room's ambience no end. But excellent all the same. Transglobal Underground resurface under the pseudonym **Heliopolis** and provide the trance out whirly groove of *Kintamani*, putting new patterns on my favourite wallpaper. Meanwhile giving a new coat to the woodwork are **Insides** whose *Skinned Clean* is a pure blissed out vision of gamelan trance ebbing and flowing through the skin's translucent layers, pulsing at the membrane. Hope they don't mess up the gloss work. Top decor tip has to go to **Full Moon Scientist** whose *Old Man River's Crying* (Hard Hands) takes a dollop of mournful blues vocals, mixes in a dash of deep dub congo groove, and melts it into a lengthy ambi-outro, creating a colour scheme bloody-minded in its eclecticism. And finally electric eclectic warriors **Transcendental Love Machine** release their long awaited LP *Orgasmatron* (hydrogen dukebox) which is a gorgeous slice of trance with revved up guitars, and these strange things called vocals! Just what the doctor ordered. On your way out make an appointment at reception for next month.

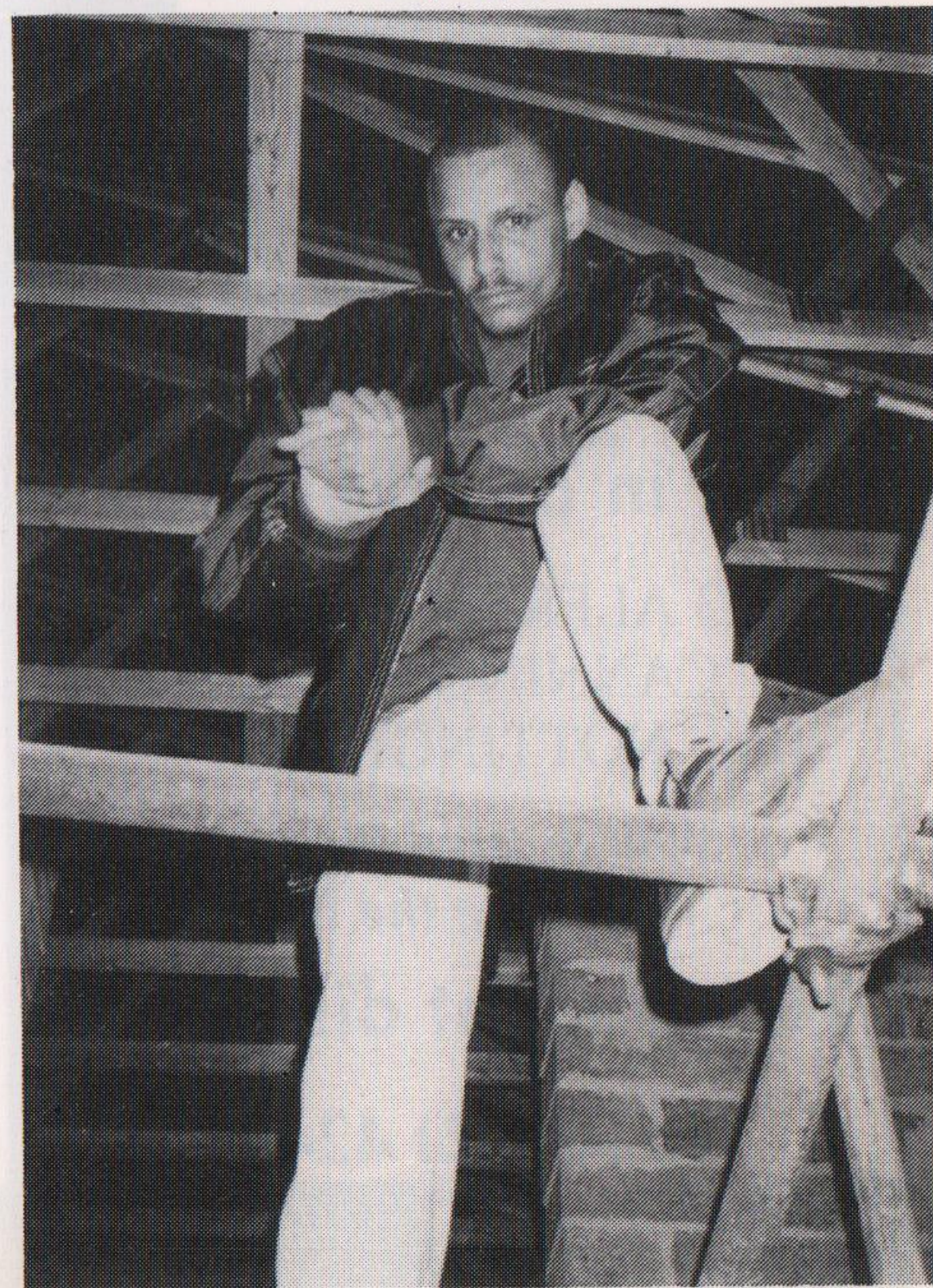
TEN ESSENTIAL COUCH FILLERS

1. *Old Man River's Crying* - Full Moon Scientist (Hard Hands)
2. *Huichol* - Neuro Project (3 Beat)
3. *Soul Catcher* - Richard H. Kirk (Warp),
4. *Just Out Of Africa* - Moody Boyz (Guerilla)
5. *Harlam* - Coco Steal + Lovebomb (Emit)
6. *Full Moon Ritual* - Robert Leiner (R & S)
7. *Transcendo* - Transcendental Love Machine (hydrogen dukebox)
8. *Complete Nonsense* - James Bernard (Rising High)
9. *Gamelah (dub 3)* - Banco de Gaia (Ultimate)
10. *Sarangyang Broadcast* - Urban Gamelan (white)

HIPHOPTIMISM

Movement: Lesson 2 "Hip Hop, Swing, Soul and Ragga Jam" is **Nottingham Anti-Fascist Alliance's** first major musical event of the year. It features local DJs and artists including rap act **K.I.D.** (just signed to to Kold Sweat Records) and ragga homeboy **Dush** who has another 12" out on the streets. With headline act **MCM** from Caveman, **Movement: Lesson 2** will serve as a springboard for similar events throughout in the year which will include jazz, indie, punk, rave and even folk nights! The year's highlight will hopefully be a summer anti-racist carnival or festival.

Shoot The Gift is a collaboration of various DJs and artists including **K.I.D., Mr. Tickle, Total Frequency** and **Styly Cee**. K.I.D. and producer B-Rok will be releasing an LP and singles throughout 1994. The first release by K.I.D. will be on the compilation LP *Raw Flavas* and will showcase his excellent . The crew's DJ is Styly Cee who features heavily on K.I.D.'s forthcoming album and also hosts Nottingham's wickedest Hip Hop show on Heatwave Radio **Arrival** consists of Gary, Rene and Karl, aged 19-20, a three part harmony group of various styles of black popular music such as swing, soul and a new form of style called Hand-Banging Hip-Swinging, which is a blend of P-Funk and Hip Hop loops with strong harmonising vocals. Although the biggest underground music in Nottingham is Hip Hop, the strange thing is that there are no regular club nights. Despite the number of DJs and bands like K.I.D., Total Frequency, 3:6 Philly, there is still an overwhelming glut of House nights. Guava Crew have had a good response. It's just backward club promoters with a fast-buck mentality ignoring the Hip Hop vibe. Hopefully '94 will see some changes so to all you promoters and nightclub managers—"wake up and smell the coffee!" Peace to the people. **Dave**



FRIED ALIVE!



Smashing Punk Things

Photo: Asher Williams

BEAT SURRENDER Nottingham Arboretum

Reminiscent of a sweaty club bordering on the image of punk meeting new wave, the sounds were right only this time everyone knew the words. Indeed a tribute to The Jam it was, and throughout the set heads nodded, shoulders swayed and feet tapped to the recognizable rhythm of Beat Surrender, a Nottingham group too young to have been there originally, but who probably spent hours being influenced by older brothers. They certainly brought back many memories of my days on the road following a trio of angry men, dressing in snappy suits, marvelling in awe at their every word. The set was packed with favourites like *Start*, *David Watts*, *Going Underground*, *News Of The World* and others. Luckily some were repeated through the encore which finalised brilliant renditions of *Eton Rifles*, *Strange Town*, and *Modern World*. The list is endless as are the memories and without a doubt this was a fine tribute. Only one criticism lads: just as the temperatures rose the tunes slowed down. Excellent version of *That's Entertainment* and without a doubt *English Rose* lyrically is superb, but we needed excitement and certainly didn't want to stop. We were down in the tube station at midnight, and we will be again.

Rob Smith

SPACEMAID/HEADSHRINK Lincoln Oddfellows

I need a new pair of eardrums after Headshrink. Something about their appearance had me expecting a set of throwaway grungy thrashy stuff but I was in for a pleasant surprise. There was serious energy here, but at the same time a variety of rhythms not heard since the progressive rock era. In a kind of Nirvana-meets-early-Genesis-fusion, songs were almost hypnotic at times but with a constant kick up the arse from a pneumatic bass and drum attack that kept the whole thing moving along. If this band don't deserve some serious media attention then I'm a page 3 girl. Spacemaids' singer thought she was Wendy James, which spoiled things a bit. They had some good songs which could be worthy Top 20 entries given the right sort of production, and this I guess is what they are aiming for. My brain kept adding vocal harmonies for some reason. The band seemed to be trying to portray some kind of whacky image which they don't really need. If they concentrate on the songs, we might be seeing more of them in future.

Syd Meats

NIRVANA Pabellon de Real Madrid

Shock horror! Super-group storms stage and no one notices! Tonight's gig contained the expected swathes-of-guitar-cum-vocal-snarl ingredients, the Nirvana mittel-Amerika rock hallmark, with horribly bland results. Although nobody expected a revolutionary aural assault, the tired rendering of the songs' minimum contents, the visible lack of effort, of presence, of guts, all contributed to the resultant uninspired and uninspiring set. A scant few numbers managed to escape the drone dragnet. *Heart-Shaped Box* shone through, Kurt's voice soaring to unexpected heights, guitars lifting the sweaty audience from the floor like the skin on custard, dropping them ten feet away to splatter like wet sponges. Several classics from *Bleach* also rose to the occasion, marking what should have been the concert's tempo, but actually only forming freak peaks on a downward diving graph. Perhaps the group were fettered by the constraints of the microstadium, the volume restricting power surges, bad mixing confusing direction. Or, more likely, their hearts just weren't in it. No sweat on stage, no fingers bled, no movement: couldn't Kurt resist the cheap Spanish smack? Often a charismatic performer, tonight's Cobain was in the human statue/mime vein. Voice and guitar trailed painfully out of tune at the ends of lines. The bass sounded flat and hollow, like a poor Spike Milligan sound effect (man hit in face with sock full of cold custard, etc.). The atmosphere was soulless, shadowy, sapped of vitality. What of the audience? In a studio they'd have been told to get lost and to try again tomorrow. In a rare incidence of repartee, the magnanimous Mr Novoselic treated the crowd to the accolade that they were "fantastic...spastic," as he teetered on the stage, grinning smugly. A thousand volts up their arses and the same could be said for this Led Zeppelin of the '90s. The Ks and companions dribbled inconspicuously back on for an apathetic encore of *In Utero* hits - the crowd moved but was not moved. Another hit was given an insipid run through as Kurt, bored, shuffled his feet once or twice without the energy to flick his Emo Phillips mop from his eyes. Shock horror! Monolithic rock giant rests on it's laurels! Nirvana really should change drugs or change jobs NOW.

James Styring

S*M*A*S*H Nottingham Narrowboat

Jim Morrison once said, "When you laugh at my performance you are in fact laughing at yourself." Tonight it's a good job I can laugh at myself because, to be honest, tears were close at times. A couple of hundred keen young bodies descend on the Narrowboat, eager to taste a piece of NWONW action. Like starry-eyed sheep we flock, convincing ourselves that we're on to something. By the end of the night many a fine soul will have contradicted themselves. S*M*A*S*H's nationwide tour has taken in obscure towns which haven't seen action since Peter Frampton was the housewives' choice, and this, in part, is where they are going wrong. S*M*A*S*H obviously think they have a lot to say (hence the confrontational T-shirts they parade), so why limit their message to crowds so small? Tonight they could have had Rock City bursting at the seams, and probably will when they return in May, but S*M*A*S*H are so limited by this kind of arena. The right-on rantings rebound off the walls of this tiny hall straight back into Ed's gaping mouth. If they come across as being insular then it's their own fault. Events become humorous after a while, what with Sal's jolly scary face-pulling antics and Ed's '77 mid-air kicks, but this tragi-comedy comes to a head when some confused child scales all three feet of the stage and leaps for all he's worth. Not very far he flies and crashes into the navel of someone in the front row. It seems to sum them up perfectly. S*M*A*S*H profess to sing soul music, music for the mind and body. However if Sal's persistent gurning and Ed's muted feminist spiels amount to soul music then Haddaway is Marvin Gaye incarnate. They'll improve for sure, because unlike the other groups in their supposed genre they can actually play, but like the others they're going to have to start putting the music before the image because at the moment they're not far short of a comedy act. Remember S*M*A*S*H suicide is painless.

Sam Metcalfe

GLENN BRANCA Sheffield The Leadmill

Guitar bands are on the way out, but guitar orchestras are about to take over the planet come the millenium, just you wait and see. When it happens, Glenn Branca will smile a little smile and perhaps he'll get inaugurated into The Rock 'n' Roll Hall Of Fame. Hallelujah, that'll be the day...day that will. For those who have missed out, this man's been doing it for a decade-and-a-half now - symphony after symphony of massed electric guitars, and percussion. Ex-members of his orchestra include Thurston Moore, Lee Ranaldo, and Rudolph Grey. Tonight at the Leadmill, we get *Symphony No.8*, followed by *Symphony No.10*, each in two movements. (By the way, for them as wanna know, there's a drummer, two bassists, seven electric guitarists, and ol' Greying Temples himself as conductor). First movement, a wall of noise far above and beyond what many people can physically bear, only intricately melodic at the same time. The guitarist at stage left gets really into it, and he breaks a string. Second movement, same noise, and just a bit less melodic. We're smiling, Glen's twitching his leg like a young Elvis Presley used to do, except I'm not sure he was conducting an orchestra at the time. That guy stage left breaks another as string. *Symphony No.8* is tremendous, but I guess you had to be there; the records aren't as good as the total experience of seeing it. *Symphony No.10* starts up, with one of the bass players switched on to Casio keyboard for the first movement. By now my head is feeling strange, several people have left the building and gone home for a lie down. Before the final movement the string-breaking guitarist changes over to a 'flying V' effort, the music begins suddenly, as usual, and everyone gets carried away. Branca kicks his music stand across the stage, I watch his feet take him closer to falling off the stage entirely, but it doesn't quite happen. Nearly, though **Goatnose**

ROBBEN FORD Nottingham The Old Vic

American Robben Ford proved himself worthy of such a crowd of music lovers and local musicians kicking off his UK tour with the first date at the Old Vic and despite a few teething problems with the PA, he played a continuous blues/rock set for one and a half hours starting with the contradictory number 'I Don't Play', taken from his latest album 'Mystic Mile'. Following 'Busted Up', another lively track from the album, Robben introduced his excellent band 'The Blue Line' with Roscoe Beck on bass/vocals and Tom Brechtlein on drums. Things then slowed down with a very tasty blues number 'Worried Life Blues'. The best one of the night and on the album has to be 'Moth To A Flame', with nice funky guitar sounds to keep you smiling and bopping. We would have been dancing if there was room to. The night certainly didn't sound like a first date of a tour. The band had obviously worked hard together to produce such a quality performance and their enjoyment of playing shone through.

Kani Bawa



WHOLESOME FISH /IDIOT JOY/CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG / MUSHROOM HEAD
SHEIK YERBOUTI:A TRIBUTE TO FRANK ZAPPA *Nottingham The Old Angel*
The Chapel was rammed for the first of what is bound to be many post-Bowie Firkin tribute gigs. Zappa fans and lookalikes abounded - actually it was hard to be sure although at at least 4 droopy moustached, long haired chappies were in attendance. The catchy refrain of "do you actually know any Zappa tracks?" was to be heard whispered on significantly more than one occasion. However, not to be disheartened, Mushroom Head appeared in a cloud of velvet suits and were Zappa, or at least they wore the moustache. Having never previously heard a single note by this cheery band of funghi, judgement can only be passed on their translation of a number of Zappa classics (so I was told). Anyway, they were great - particularly the besuited bewigged bass player who earned more than a couple of lusting sighs from my companion; was it that wig, or was it the sequins? Champion the Underdog are funny. We laughed. Zappa reformed into CTU's unmistakable style was brilliant and the set only dampened by the fact that someone had glued half the audience to the floor by their arses before the gig. We would've danced with you Joe, honest, but there just wasn't room in the kennel. Did Idiot Joy really want to be there? Their normally hypnotic power was unfortunately diminished by their arrogance, the band insisting on shoving in a quick track of their own. OK, so they came to life at this point, but slightly inappropriate, don't you think, lads? I was amazed to learn that Frank had in fact been a major shareholder in Lever Brothers, or at least I assume he must have been judging by the number of times we had to endure their rendition of the Jif Microliquid advert. Funny first time, though the Idiots did at least succeed in prising some of the bums off the floor and, OK, Zappa at times did sound truly joyful. Joined by Matt Marks on keyboard, Wholesome Fish stormed away with the show, having a laugh with "Bobby Brown", and creating a massive groove with Motherly Love, though after an Angel Curry and a gallon of Becks, the evening finished in a heady mix of electrifying Zappa lead banjo and the hypnotising sway and stamp of a crowded Chapel paying homage.
Ms. Central Scrutinizer

AFGHAN WHIGS
London Highbury Garage
The Afghan Whigs aren't an instantly likeable proposition. Three distant musicians and a sicko up front who claims to have copped the whole soul legacy, but still wants to have it both ways by playing loud guitars. Doesn't look good, does it? Well, they make me feel like I haven't since Thin White Rope's kiss-off and single-handedly restore my faith in guitar rock. They let the edgy and brittle sound of *Gentlemen* rock a little more, so the doubt evaporates into a rage that Dulli barely bothers to contain. His thoughts linger around his dick-led failures until the self-disgust and loathing come soaking through his skin and fill the venue. The covers of *When Doves Cry* and *Dark End of the Street* are inspirational enough to make you wonder if they could reclaim the music from *Casualty* and make it a troubling exorcism of angst and regret. Not so much the Midas touch, as the morbid one. The Whigs now have a confidence and style that will leave them way ahead of the competition this year. From retard to debenoir, they've arrived. It's the first time in months that I've really cared about what's been happening on stage and it makes me wonder how other groups have bothered to drag me out of the house. Later on we find that Marha Reeves was meant to do a guest-slot, but they didn't need her. Sassy, sexy, sleazy, they've got everything already.
Andy Catlin

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER
Leicester The Magazine
Poetry as the New Comedy as the New Rock and Roll; if this latest muse theory is to be taken seriously, well then so should the good man Attila who is successfully combines all three styles. The current popularity and media interest in poetry needs to be viewed with some skepticism - the spectre of a pub full of ex-Karaoke Kings all wanting their fifteen minutes is not sufficient evidence to declare a cultural revolution. Sure, get up and have a go but also be prepared to separate the authentic from the counterfeit. The Magazine, however, is a venue which does promote genuine talent, hosting a weekly poetry session of which Attila's appearance must be seen as something of a literary coup.

An understanding of Attila The Stockbroker's tenets can perhaps be best located within his new philosophy with which he tried to indoctrinate us — a five year plan for Zen Stalinism; the political, social and cultural consequences of this policy would accept Billy Bragg into the House of Windsor, force the Alarm to reform and make John Othway the new England Football manager. Radical ideas indeed, but then what's the alternative? Back To Basics was shown up as the Emporor's New Clothes with the lyrics of Attila's opening song actively encouraging three hundred or so Tory MPs to follow recent trends and experiment with plastic bags as a new form of headwear, thus enabling the Zen Stalinists to take control in the resultant by-elections. Such instant response to current issues is one of the appeals of Attila's hybrid of poetry and music. Ah yes, but performance art shouldn't be political otherwise you won't satisfy the masses. Maybe, maybe not, but it did occur to me that there's a major difference between the approach of Attila and the bastions of the Establishment that are so viciously attacked within his work (Thatcher/ Murdoch/Maxwell/High Court Judges/Royalty/and erm, Ian Botham); Attila is able to recognise that he hasn't got all the answers (just most of them) and furthermore, it is possible to ridicule the lifestyle of social groups that you may see as similar to the general cause. "The only problem that I have with travellers is that of a personal hygiene nature." I soon started to believe the hype - I had always thought of music as being unique in that it was the only live form capable of generating a common feeling or emotion within a collective of people. The most evocative moment of the evening came when without introduction or explanation, Attila simply read out a poem about the death of a close friend. Seeing individuals around me trying to hide their sadness; I turned away, trying not to notice but the public grief of Attila became apparent and then I realised that it was alright, that the tears were not a sign of weakness but recognition of a tragic event. The three domains of Poetry, Comedy and Music clearly have their own well defined parameters and boundaries. Attila The Stockbroker has individual talent in each genre, so much so that he can freely float in and out of each role, making the distinctions seem less vague. His message is to be aware of the possibilities for change and not to be afraid of new ideas (Brighton and Hove Albion notwithstanding). Once a football obsessive, always a football obsessive.
Tricky Skills Jase

COCTEAU TWINS / SEEFEEEL
Nottingham Rock City
Finding myself in Rock City for the first time in years it's reassuring to find that mid-eighties alternative club vibe intact. Perfect for kindling a little nostalgia in the company of The Cocteau Twins. But not so great for Seefeel whose music sounds suspiciously danceable even to these uninformed ears. Tellingly, the ageing Cocteau's audience remain motionless, arms folded in traditional rock support band pose. OK the feedback is *Loveless* period My Bloody Valentine but the bass and rhythms owe more to ambient dance. I don't know, maybe we just don't have the right drugs, unlike the totally-off-his-tits bass player, who stomps, headbangs, twirls his guitar round his head, and gurns frantically, much to the embarrassment of the shoe-gaging guitarists. This man's on-stage antics would get him sacked from AC/DC. Confused baldies in the audience head for the bar and order 'a pint of whatever he had'. Back in the eighties we used to think that indie icons such as The Cocteau Twins, Morrissey and The Cure, existed as an alternative to the stagnant mainstream, and yet here they all are in 1994, content to satisfy the expectations of their partisan audiences. Surely edge and intensity don't have to be sacrificed in the name of longevity. REM and New Order, to name but two, have managed to develop. Maybe The Cocteau Twins have driven down a blind alley by having such a definitive sound. Or maybe they are just hiding behind effect pedals and a peculiarly talented vocalist. Looking on stage for evidence, only Liz Fraser seems to be involved in the music, the laddish guitarists content to smoke and grin sheepishly in the background. How do they expect to carry me away when the greatest visual distraction is the chewing gum rolling around inside Robin Guthrie's slack jawed mouth? As yet another insipid guitar wash peters out I am reminded of that old cliché that you only really need one Cocteau Twins LP. After tonight you can make mine a single.
David Leach

SMALL 23/ ARCHERS OF LOAF
Nottingham Old Vic
Small 23 play derivative American indie rock with neither the songs nor the self-assurance to mark them out from the pack. Surplus to requirements, they plough an overcrowded furrow. Whatever possesses people to look so crap, all in the name of some ironic undergraduate joke is beyond me— although if you were going to form a band called Archers of Loaf you might feel obliged to have a shite haircut to complement the name. Unsurprisingly Archers of Loaf play their songs with a permanently raised eyebrow. When the singer says "Let's rock" it's such a double bluff he virtually disappears up his own arsehole. The strange thing is that they do rock with an impressive amount of conviction, given their jokey nature. But after 20 minutes of jerky atonal free-forming and semi-melodic stuttering thrash, you may find that humour is their only saving grace, provided of course that you can stomach a certain amount of smug college kid wackiness. Do you remember Stump? So do I, unfortunately, and I don't like to be reminded. For this crime against aesthetics I am forced to conclude that Archers of Loaf are merely the soundtrack for spag-dancing indie train spotters.
David Leach

AIN'T LIZZY
Nottingham The Running Horse,
They may not have been Thin Lizzy but they certainly sounded like them, the vocalist sounding a dead ringer for Phil Lynott. They brought with them stage lighting and a smoke machine and created an atmosphere just like any named band would do. Earlier the venue was packed solid with Thin Lizzy fans, but as the night went on, people feeling claustrophobic started to leave, making way for headbangers. The set started with the number *Jailbreak* followed by *Emerald*, *Southbound* and *Rosalie*. In fact we'd forgotten just how many hits Thin Lizzy had, until numbers such as *Don't Believe A Word*, *Black Rose* and *Boys Are Back In Town*, were belted out. There was continuous music with hardly any talking in between numbers, giving us our money's worth. Ain't Lizzy are an excellent cover band, but how long can they go on? At the moment, they are at their peak.
Kani Bawa



PRIMAL SCREAM
Nottingham Rock City
Primal Scream are riding on an extraordinary wave at the moment. Transforming themselves from indie obscurity to trance-dance darlings of the press, they re-invent themselves once again, coming on like the n theory this may not seem particularly revolutionary, but in an age of overdrive hype and shallow pretence they have rediscovered the gut-wrenching dynamism of the Cocteau Twins, the good time ethos of the Faces, and married these to nineties technology to create startling and genuinely life-affirming songs. Tonight they kicked off with the brilliant single *Rocks Off*, the meaty Jailbird, and proceeded with a choice selection from their latest album *Give Out But Don't Give Up* and all the best material from *Screamadelica*. The small and delicately formed Bobby Gillespie, despite looking decidedly the worse for wear, gives his all, and Denise Johnson, sharing vocal duties, was incredible. A faultless performance all round. Altogether now: 'It's only Rock n Roll, but I like it, like it, yes I do.'
John W. Haylock

CYPRESS HILL
Wolverhampton Civic Hall
If I could just ignore the words this would be great. Unfortunately, Cypress Hill's fuzzy addictive beats and sing-song nursery rhymes are hiding a lethal cocktail of guns and drugs that sucks the worst out of its audience. Oh, sorry, have I come on all prudish and serious? I'm sure I'd find it hilarious if it wasn't so scary. The venue is a heaving swamp of testosterone where everyone gets to play a sinister homey for the night, tooled up and blunted. No big deal, I never asked for realism in pop. You get to play bi at Suede, deranged at Kristin, stupid at Neds; its part of the grand fantasy of a gig. But getting 1000 adolescents ready to cock the hammer is just bloody stupid. We're talking about killing people here, not popping down the shops for a pint of milk. B-Real's rambling diss of Kid Frost and The Source magazine is hardly the most substantial reason to get the A to the motherfucking K. Great, a room full of G's having a major dick fantasy, boyz and their toys. There's no doubt that gang life in South Central is violent and nihilistic, but it means shit to 99% of this audience. Cypress Hill, Ice T, Snoop et al are the musical equivalent of a Hollywood gangsta movie with low morals, poor role models and big action set pieces. Its the lowest common denominator and that's why they're both so incredibly successful. Its the same old story of hip-hop having the best beats, the greatest voices and the worst rhymes.
Andy Catlin

THERAPY? / KERBD OG
CREDIT TO THE NATION
Nottingham Rock City
I was all fired up, as this promised to be a rocktastic triple header. I only caught the tail of Kerbdog's set, but what I did witness impressed me enormously. This punishing band from Ireland were rock hard and certainly merit further investigation. As much as I enjoy Credit To The Nation on record their live set, despite starting off promisingly soon began to pall. The political correctness quotient soon went into overdrive. It's all very well repeating ad infinitum "respect due to women", "respect due to this and that" etc. but what about respect for a good tune?! I'll be the first to admit that Therapy's new album *Troublegum* is mighty fine but tonight, apart from a startling version of Joy Division's *Isolation* and the new single *Trigger Inside*, much of their set sounded lumpy and monotonous. I wanted them to move mountains but on tonight they would have had trouble moving a small piece of grit. Perhaps they're getting bored.
John W. Haylock

POSIES/MAGNAPOP/FLOP
Wolverhmppton Wulfrun Hall
On paper this looked a rather excellent bill. Young upstarts Flop over for the first time to promote their exuberant but obvious album *Whenever You're Ready*. The manic pop punk of Bob Mauld and Michael Stipe's mates Magnapop and the warm blissful harmonious Posies. In reality it was one of those, oh well not bad type of soirées. Flop hurled at their cheeky ditties willy nilly with something of a scattergun effect. Only the bizarrely titled *En Route To The United Field Theory* hit between the eyes. They just didn't know how to project themselves and inspire us. Magnapop, last time I saw them, had me mouth agape wishing I was 16 again; this time they just weren't firing on all cylinders. Even Ruth their psychotic guitarist seemed strangely subdued and this time I couldn't but notice Linda Hopper's flail-your-arms-around-uncoordinatedly school of dancing. Magnapop though do have the odd blistering tune up their sleeves— *Garden*, *Merry* and *Slowly Slowly*, and are probably the honorary American members of the new wave of new wave. One word describes how I felt about the Posies. Disappointed! *Frashing On The Beater* seduced me more easily than Emmanuelle Seigneur nibbling my earlobe but tonight it was like taking somebody to bed and finding out they were boring. I suppose I can return to the earlobe nibbling at *Frashing*.
Dave Ellyatt

RINGSNATCH/MUSTARD ROCK
Nottingham Hearty Goodfellow
I love a good loud fight, don't you? That's exactly what's being presented here tonight, two 'top' local bands battling it out for the title 'MILLIGAN SINNERS', and of course, Best Band In Nottingham. In the red corner, last year's champions Mustard Rock, praised in these pages and elsewhere. But first on are the new challengers Ringsnatch, lacking in youth, maybe, but rather good at hammering nails in my head. WOW! And check out those songs- *I'm Sick Of You*, *Seasons In The Sun*, *Honey*, *BB Gun*, and *My Coa-Ca-Choo*. They filled the blue corner with a wall not seen since the days of Phil Spector, or possibly Black Sabbath. The singer prowled every inch of that metal floor, effortlessly dismissing the pitiful attempts at heckling from a sad youth clamouring for attention. Said youth was then given the chance to sing with the band, and after a few seconds of mumbled crud he was back in nonentifityland. On with the show, on with the hammering. Ringsnatch had to contend with a wandering bass drum, but luckily the drummer has long legs and did the splits without missing a beat. True genius. Ringsnatch finished us off with a twenty-minute belter, the very excellent *BB Gun* by the very excellent Happy Flowers. Oh, my head. The band ended and got drunk. Mustard Rock were desperate to win this contest. They missed most of the first set, rounding up friends for support. And they'd even painted their faces blue for the first time in months. What a shame the 'mics were playing up. Compere Andy Williams tried his best to sort things out and keep the audience happy by singing a medley of his old hits. Fault made good, the band began with *Rick Alessi* and nobody danced. Song after song, and still no dancing. Finally, *Bring On The Spangly Dancers* got them grooving, the crap heckler and a chap called Sick, even an old bearded lunatic boogied with his daughter. But The Rock have lost it, frankly, their spazz-twitch appeal has worn a little thin, and they should re-invent themselves or stop. At the end of the night, a show of hands revealed that Mustard Rock had assembled more friends than Ringsnatch, and so claimed the contest.
Goatnose

FREE SPIRIT
Nottingham Arboretum Manor
It was national No Smoking Day and you could really tell.....with everyone in sight puffing on an extra pack in hot-headed two-fingered defiance. Tonight was Free Spirit's first gig, and apparently Sony, Polydor, Warner Chappell et al were scattered around the audience, poised, with pints. And we did have such a nice sporty type warm-up, England v. Denmark live. Hmm, football? How lovely. TV in pubs? The revolution starts here. Free Spirit got off to an enthusiastic and slightly theatrical start which tied in with the band's fairly striking image; lead singer Jedd utterly follically challenged, the drummer newly peroxided, they're a bunch of hearty good-lookers and lively to watch — no mumbling into the microphone here, matey. Free Spirit's sound isn't exactly straightforward rock; there's a rock edge to it but they seem to have a grunge-bordering-on-strumping-indie element which shows possibilities of a wider appeal than a hardcore rock band would muster. A showy, lively and short set, if they didn't get signed on the night they will be by the time you read this. I can feel it in my tonic water. And a free spirit would go very well in that.
Ewa Kowalski

FRANCIS
Nottingham The Old Vic
It's obvious this guy means business. Brass section and flute spread across the side stage, drums on the dance floor and the various guitars and bass further forward, and the gents' toilet— positioned in between stage and dance-floor— closed. As the first number opens the colourful band members break into a big-band funk intro, then drop into a groove so smooth our ringlet-haired funkster is likely to slip over as he runs on stage. *I Wanna Know* is a catchy pop/groove thing with a simple, but memorable hook that grabs the crowd immediately. Francis stomps, jams, and writhes through various numbers, more memorably *Crazi*, *Raindance* (pure groove) and *Perfect Love* (classic pop/funk, check that sax solo). The bass throbs, and the permanent grins of the band prove they're having a good time. The packed room was a little withdrawn but still showed enthusiasm at the end of each number. The funky horns and guitars would be enough to make James Brown "get up offa that thang!"
S. Arnold

SHIMMER/MOTIONLESS
Nottingham Rock City
I'd begun to lose faith in modern music. After witnessing S*M*A*S*H on Tuesday night these two unassuming bands were like a breath of fresh air. Gone were the posing, pouting and pretensions associated with the NWNW lot, and it was refreshing to see a group actually enjoying themselves. No riot-induced happenings or tortured artists here. Rock City on Thursday night isn't the easiest gig in the world, they don't exactly serve empathy at the bar and Pop Kids can be cruel sometimes. It's alarmingly early when Motionless arrive on stage and they're alarmingly young and good looking. A would-be groupie makes it clear that it's not the music she's interested in when she yells, "Get your knob out." Thankfully none of the young troubadours on stage complies with her request. Motionless are an extremely brave group of people. Their stand-in vocalist announces that their regular singer left them in the lurch just a few days before this gig. Just to pigeon-hole them extremely early in their career, Motionless have a sound akin to some of the newer Ride tracks. Add in a touch of grunge guitar and a pinch of Smashing Pumpkins, mix them all together and listen for twenty minutes. One thing's for sure: Motionless won't be standing still for very long. Quite why half of the already small crowd disappear in time for Shimmer is like trying to explain the appeal of Noel's House Party. Their name fits them beautifully, for Shimmer play gliding indie-pop, a sort of mix between The Smiths, The House Of Love and maybe even Lush. They care not that they're playing to a near empty hall, and those that are left are singing, dancing and generally causing havoc, and it seems that almost immediately as Shimmer arrive they sadly disappear. I, for one, hope it's not for good.
David Leach

VOODOO QUEENS
Birmingham Edwards No. 8
So many theses have been written on the Voodoo Queens raison d'être that I shall not even try and bother here. Basically all you need to know was that *Supermodel Superficial* was a rather excellent set opener and it went downhill faster than a four man bob after that.
Dave Ellyatt

visual:

Lily Tomlin and Tom Waits in *Short Cuts*



SHORT CUTS (Director Robert Altman)

After the cool cynical gloss of *The Player*, maverick director Robert Altman returns with *Short Cuts*, a panoramic portrait of life in the suburban sprawl of contemporary Los Angeles drawn from eight short stories and one poem by the late Raymond Carver. Set to a rhythm of jazz and blues, the film features an assortment of characters including cops, cellists, pool cleaners, party clowns, chauffeurs, doctors, and TV commentators in a complex collection of haunting tales and everyday human dramas. One of these involves a young mother who simultaneously gives phone sex to her clients and changes her baby's nappies, while another follows a group of guys on a fishing trip who discover a dead body floating in the water. Others vary in tone and mood between the humorous, horrific and romantic, but all have in common a concern for real working people, their despair and loneliness and difficult troubled relationships. Not all the stories are totally successful — some veer off on interesting tangents while others fizzle away to nothing — but it's the absorbing way in which they've been woven together that makes this such a compelling film. An intellectual high-class soap opera if you like. Also on the plus side are strong performances from a variety of cool stars and hip names (Tom Waits, Tim Robbins, Lily Tomlin, Lyle Lovett, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jack Lemmon, Chris Penn, Julianne Moore etc., etc.) and, recalling the multi-faceted films of the '70s with which he originally made his reputation, the fluent artistic flair of Altman himself. Maybe at over 3 hours it's a touch too long, and maybe there's not enough violent action to satisfy today's average teenage audience — see the films unprecedented double zero rating on Channel 4's 'real people review The Movie Slot' (Ha!). But ignore all that. *Short Cuts* is a brilliant and inspired piece of film making. Don't miss it. **Hank Quinlan**

MY LIFE (Director: Bruce Joel Rubin)

Bruce Joel Rubin, who wrote the screenplay for 1990's big bucks box office smash *Ghost*, makes his directorial debut with *My Life*. Starring Michael Keaton and Nicole Kidman this is the story of a self-important PR executive with terminal cancer, who films the final few months of his life in an effort to communicate with his unborn son, who he believes he will not live to see. With lots of cute parental advice, superficial soul-searching and repressed guilt trips this is an obvious and crude attempt to manipulate the emotions. Keaton is so annoying it's agony just waiting for him to die, while Kidman's anaemic performance has all the presence and personality of a slug. Obnoxious and sentimental Hollywood shit, *My Life* is to be avoided at all costs. **Hank Quinlan**

SHADOWLANDS (Director: Richard Attenborough)

After *The Age Of Innocence*, *The Piano* and *The Remains Of The Day*, the current vogue for clipped anguish and repressed desire continues with *Shadowlands*, based on the real life relationship between author, academic and devout Christian C.S. Lewis, and the fiery American poet Joy Gresham. An emotional tale of faith, passion and regret, the film follows the odd couple from their awkward first encounter, through to their perfunctory marriage, and final moments of joy and sorrow. For the reticent and inexpressive Lewis, it's a journey of self discovery. Trapped by a lifetime of convention and conformity, he only realises the depth of his feelings for Gresham after she has been diagnosed with bone-cancer. And, despite the predictable sentimentality that aims for the tearducts, this is the film's life-affirming message — that a commitment to true love, through the pain and happiness, is worth making. For Lewis, this involves the painful loss of his old, inadequate faith, and replacing it with a greater, more profound one. This development is conveyed superbly by Anthony Hopkins in yet another outstanding performance. The film itself is not a total triumph, but is far better than the average British period piece or Hollywood weepie, and contains a depth of understanding and emotion. Recommended. **Hank Quinlan**

CARDBOARD CITIZENS

Stop The Rot, Squat The Lot Nottingham College Street Centre For Performing Arts

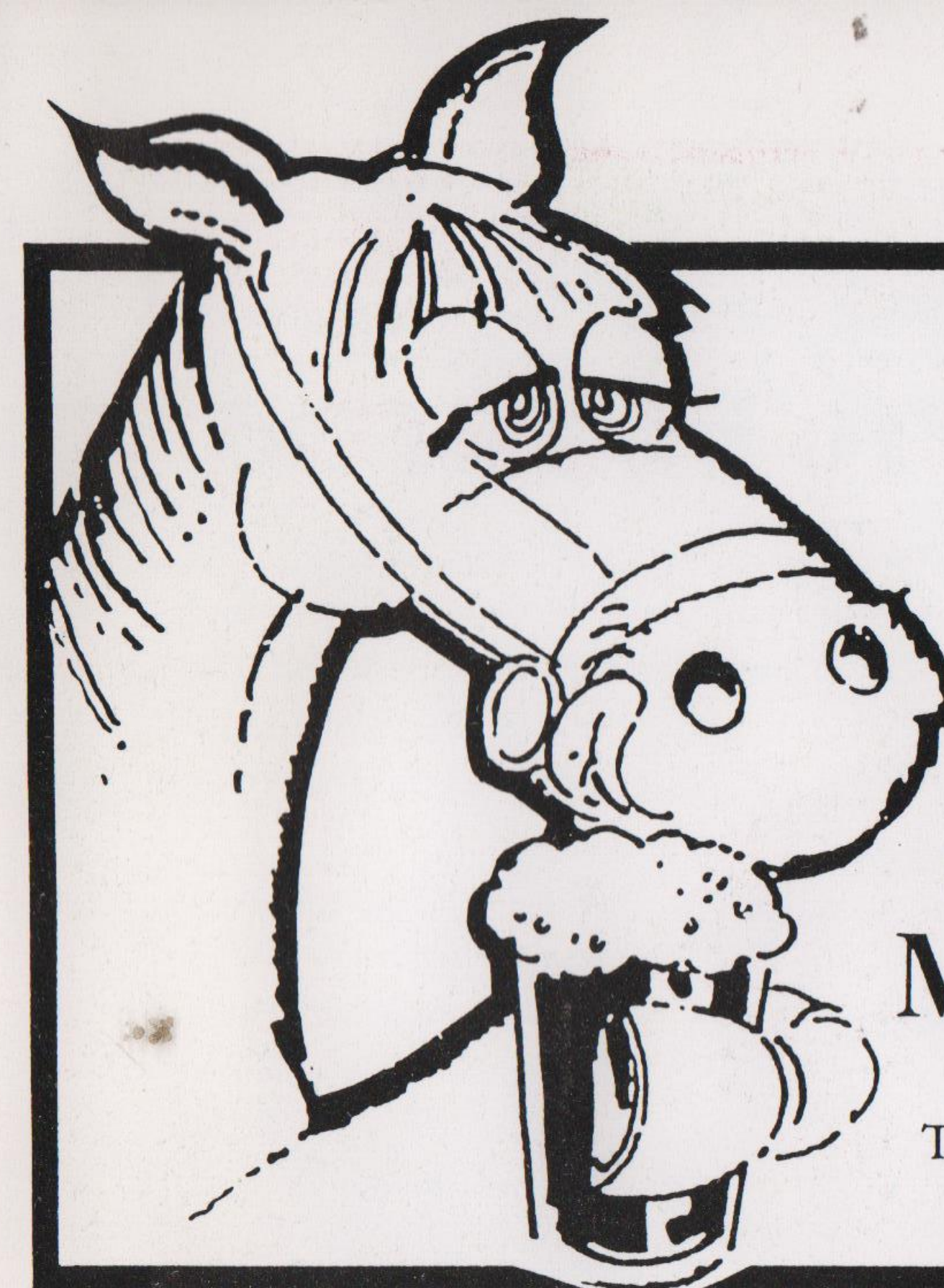
Brought to Nottingham to coincide with the Sleep Out in the square, *Stop the Rot* was unrelenting, painfully truthful and brilliantly performed. The members of Cardboard Citizens, a group assembled by director Adrian Jackson from workshops advertised in hostels and day care centres in London, have all experienced homelessness. The script was written within the group from personal experiences. It is a simple tale, the life of Julian (later to become Spider), and the effect of sustained victimisation and child abuse on the quality of his adulthood. Julian is initially shown in Wandsworth prison, an angry and deeply screwed up individual. The play then leads the audience through snapshots of Julian's life. Julian aged five with step dad Derek having an hilarious time playing gorillas. A sickening moment for the audience when it became apparent that Derek had changed the rules. The story continues and Julian's formative experiences are exposed. The Sunday school teacher who tells young Julian that pictures of Gorillas with huge penises are not to be drawn, the victimisation at school, the mother who won't listen and the ever predatory Derek. Julian resorts to burning the house down and ends up in Borstal. Emerging as Spider he runs away to London, attempts to find somewhere to live relegating himself homeless. The story comes full circle and he lashes out on a passer by who offers him sympathy. Performed as a 'forum' piece, a method invented by Augusto Boal and best described as interactive theatre, the audience was offered the chance to see the play a second time and asked to intervene at any time when they felt that by assuming Julian's role they could change the outcome. The second run which allowed the audience to dissipate the emotive effects of this challenging and disturbing play, brought home the gargantuan effort required to counter the

Nottingham Playhouse is in the full swing of George Bernard Shaw's ever popular rags to riches tale *Pygmalion*, an all-star production with Josie Lawrence (ex-*Whose Line Is It Anyway?*) and Christopher "James Herriot" Timothy. It runs till April 23rd, and marks the last production to be mounted under Pip Broughton's Artistic Direction. Legendary theatre director Peter Brook brings his first production to be staged in England for 11 years to the Playhouse for four nights between 26th - 30th April. The show is a version of *Oliver Sacks' The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat* (previously staged as an opera by Michael Nyman) which concerns obscure neurological dysfunctions and the people who suffer from them. Should be interesting. The Playhouse has also announced its Summer Season, which begins with *Shakers - The Musical* (May 5 - 21), a co-production between Jane Thornton and John Godber scored by Rex and Harvey Brough (ex-Betty Boo, Definition Of Sound). *The Maly Drama Theatre Of St Petersburg* follow, in a bit of a contrast, between 24 - 28 May with two productions to follow their sell-out *Gaudeamus. Brothers and Sisters Parts 1 & 2* alternates with *Stars In The Morning Sky*. The latter concerns a group of prostitutes during the 1980 Moscow Olympics, the former boasts a 40-strong cast. An ambitious venture. June 2nd-4th, the acclaimed *Umoja Theatre Company* follow last year's *The Nine Night* with a new production, *Two Can Play*, a comedy set in 1970's Jamaica, written by Trevor Rhone. *Roundabout's* version of *Rumpelstiltskin* runs from 10th-25th June, and between 13th and 18th June a project called *Dirty Realities* will be running in an as yet unspecified "city centre shop unit", which will feature an all-local cast in a celebration of black culture in Nottingham. Names involved include local hero Dave "Stickman" Higgins, and music will be drawn from local rappers, ravers, soulsters, jazzers, funksters and youngsters. Keep an eye out for details of the final venue, to be announced soon, or call the Box Office on (0602)419419. **Wayne Burrows**

inevitable effects of abuse. It also provided the audience with a platform of debate, the question posed: What would be the most positive outcome for Julian? On Friday an audience largely made up of social workers somewhat disturbingly concluded that Julian would benefit most by joining their ranks. They missed the point, the answer was written on the face of almost every member of the cast and afterwards confirmed, they all agreed that joining Cardboard Citizens, becoming an actor and articulating their own experience was one of the best things that had ever happened to them. **Sarah Hyde**

*Cardboard Citizens return to the area in May and can be seen on Tuesday 17th at Clarendon Community Theatre at 7.30pm and in Mansfield at Westfield Folk House on Wednesday the 18th.

Photo: Phil Polglaze



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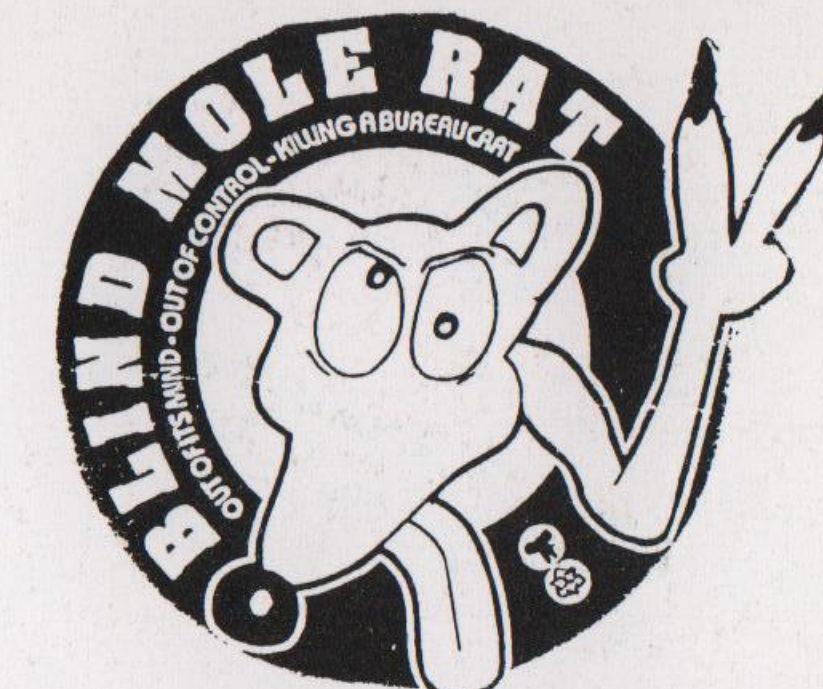
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