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JUNE 1994
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design: Chris Olley

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Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions,
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visual:



TOKYO DRIFTER

photo: British Film Institute

SHOTS IN THE DARK International Mystery and Thriller Festival 9-19 June 1994 Broadway Media Centre

It's back; bigger, brighter and better than ever...the annual *Shots In The Dark* festival returns to Nottingham in June with an impressive array of British premieres, exciting previews and exhilarating old classics.

After the success of last year, which really hit the zeitgeist with **Quentin Tarantino's** prestigious appearance, the festival continues its customary innovative approach with a number of short but intriguing film seasons. These include *Love On The Run*, a series of outlaw road movies (*Quai des Brumes* and *Badlands* on the 11th and 15th respectively are both recommended), *Slammer Chicks* (!) which features women in prison (*Yield To The Night* on the 19th stars **Diana Dors** as the condemned Ruth Ellis), and *Blaxploitation*, a selection of such seventies classics as *Shaft* and *Superfly* especially made by Mr Tarantino himself. However, I expect my favourite will be the two films by all-round Japanese mega-star **Takeshi Kitano**. *Sonatine* and *Boiling Point* (showing on the 14th and 19th) both add an oriental twist to the typical violent crime movie and should maintain the standard set by Kitano with the earlier and better known *Violent Cop*.

Another interesting aspect of the festival has always been its association with the unique crime writing convention *Shots On The Page*, and this year its special guest of honour will be cult hardboiled novelist **James Crumley**. On the 11th he will discuss his career with Programme Director Adrian Wootton prior to a screening of one of his favourite films, **Sam Peckinpah's** meditative and malevolent Mexican classic *Bring Me The Head Of Alfredo Garcia*.

The previews, by their very nature, are one of *Shots In The Dark's* most unpredictable though often rewarding features. Last year the highlight for me had to be the wonderfully raw *Laws Of Gravity*, while this time round the stand out attractions appear to be *The Last Seduction* a brilliant modern day film noir from the maker of *Red Rock West* **John Dahl** (17th); *Public Access*, a parable about the disturbing potential for media manipulation (13th); *The Chase* with hardcore heavyweight **Henry Rollins** playing a cop in pursuit of an escaped convict (11th); *Brain Scan*, for all the ultraviolent video game enthusiasts out there (10th); and finally *Killing Zoe*, which not only has the ubiquitous Tarantino as its executive producer but also features a somewhat familiar 'bank heist goes wrong' storyline. I think we all know what to expect from this irresistible little gem! (11th).

Even from this brief synopsis then it's obvious that the festival programme is packed full with a wide range of brilliant and electrifying films that anyone with an interest in the thriller genre really should not miss.

Hank Quinlan

For more information, including details of *Shots In The Dark's* other events - photography exhibition, video showcase, book readings with live musical accompaniment etc., check in the festival's own brochure, or simply call Broadway on (0602) 526611.

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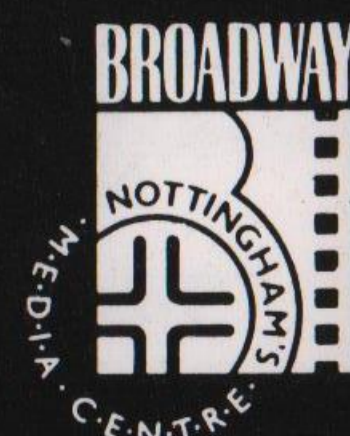
These are just some of the highlights....

- Sneak previews and premieres - *The Getaway*, *Shopping*, *The Last Seduction*, *Killing Zoe*, *The Chase*, *Final Combination* and many more.
- Special guests including **Quentin Tarantino** and cult American writer **James Crumley**.
- Blaxploitation season including *Shaft* and *Cleopatra Jones*.
- Tragic lovers in flight celebrated in 'Love on the Run'.
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Shots in the Dark Honorary Patron - **Quentin Tarantino**



GERMINAL (Director Claude Berri)

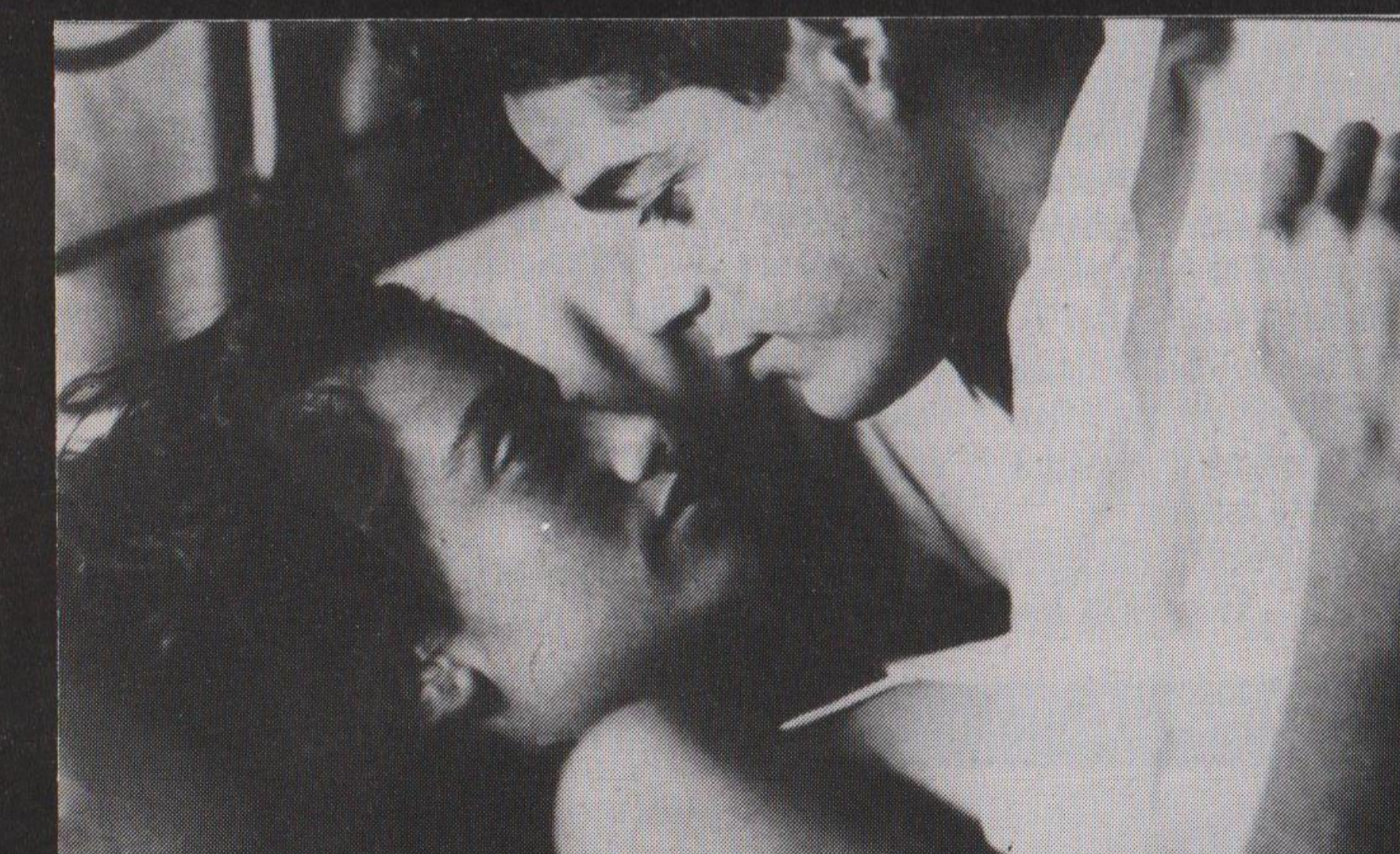
This is an accomplished, if somewhat stolid adaptation of Emile Zola's classic novel about a mining community in northern France during the Second Napoleonic Empire. Director Claude Berri, who was responsible for the popular *Jean de Florette* and *Manon des Sources* has crafted a visually astonishing film which accurately captures the hardships that the miners and their families had to endure—the inhumane working conditions, and the oppressive perpetual poverty. But it sadly fails to engender any real identification with the individual characters and their desperate plight. This isn't the fault of the actors, though. Political singer/songwriter Renaud is effortlessly convincing as the agitator whose passionate idealism incites his fellow miners to strike, while Miou Miou oozes anguish as the long suffering mother helplessly watching her family slowly being destroyed. As her husband the weighty Gerard Depardieu is the only disappointment, he simply looks far too well fed to be playing a starving miner from the late 19th century. Obviously his presence might have added a few more francs to the box office receipts, but surely France has to possess another actor who would have been better suited for this part.

Other potential drawbacks include the crudely made contrasts between the wealthy mine-owners and their impoverished employees, and the overwhelming sense of doom and despair that prevails despite the forced optimism of the ending. However, the film can be forgiven for all of this, firstly because it's such a refreshing change to see an historical drama from the perspective of the ordinary working class and not the pampered aristocratic elite, and secondly because life for the majority of people is pretty dull and depressing—just ask the local miners in present day Nottinghamshire how hopeful they feel about their future prospects.

Although *Germinal* is not a film to inspire any revolutionary activity or shock anyone with its vivid portrayal of human poverty, it is still an interesting, entertaining and provocative piece of work.

Hank Quinlan

Germinal shows at Broadway, Nottingham from Friday 20th May - Thursday 2nd June.



BELLE EPOQUE (Director: Fernando Trueba)

Already a winner of numerous awards including a recent Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film, *Belle Epoque* is an appealing romantic comedy that celebrates a forgotten age of freedom, optimism and unreserved passion. Set in the summer of 1931 it tells the story of Fernando, a young deserter from the Spanish army who finds sanctuary in the country estate of an elderly liberal painter, and love and amour in the arms of his four very lovely daughters. Brief, but emotionally intense, these carnal encounters take Fernando on a journey of self-discovery and provide the film with some of its best and most hilarious moments, whilst the acutely observed background details—the political instability, the crumbling Catholic Church—capture a country on the brink of chaos and civil war.

The performances from the ensemble cast are all very enjoyable and the gorgeous photography makes *Belle Epoque* a real visual treat but ultimately it is unfortunately let down by an overdose of nostalgia and the basic implausibility of the plot. From the beginning it is difficult to believe that all four sisters, one of whom is gay, would instantly be infatuated with the same man, or that in the 1930's Spain was a country of free, unpossessive, open love. Equally though, it's easy to get carried away by its bittersweet charm and romantic spirit, and in these *Belle Epoque* is both a pleasure and a delight, but if you expect something with a little more substance—and after its Oscar winning performance that seems only natural—then you'll certainly be disappointed.

Hank Quinlan

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MIDLANDS
ARTS

SOUTHWELL
GUITARS



THE BALLAD OF LITTLE JO (Director : Maggie Greenwald)

The critical and commercial success of Clint's *Unforgiven* has certainly brought about a renaissance of the Western as studio executives see an opportunity to make a fistful of dollars and film makers see the artistic possibilities of reworking old myths and debunking accepted conventions. Self-proclaimed feminist director Maggie Greenwald has attempted to do this with *The Ballad Of Little Jo* by bringing a welcome female perspective to a genre traditionally dominated by men both on and off the screen.

The result is an intriguing but strangely subdued film that follows the free spirited Josephine Monaghan as she is first disowned by her family, and then threatened by renegade soldiers, before finally deciding to disguise herself as a man in order to survive in the wild, west. Captured perfectly are the harsh realities of frontier life, the rugged beauty of the landscape, and the primitive attitudes of the people at the time. The performance by Suzy Amis as the vulnerable young woman determined to prevail and prosper in a hostile male world is at times less than convincing. Hesitant and uncertain where surely she should be brazen and confident, it's difficult to believe that she gets away with her masquerade for a single moment, let alone a whole lifetime. Also, and this comes as a surprise from a director like Greenwald, the film's other female characters are something of a disappointment; insubstantial and under-developed they can only hover about in the background behind their more interesting male counterparts.

Neither a total success nor an all-out disaster, and certainly not the powerful combination of classic western themes and contemporary feminist concerns that it potentially could have been, *The Ballad Of Little Jo* is a competent, enjoyable and entertaining film. The opportunity to be anything more meaningful was sadly wasted.

Hank Quinlan

MONSTER PRIZES!

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by Robert Marrero

The book traces the development of the horror film from the 1910 version of *Frankenstein* through to the 1958 British classic *Curse Of The Demon*. Fans of Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney, etc, will enjoy the detailed accounts of film productions.

Author Marrero possesses the knowledge and enthusiasm of a true fan and is spot-on with his critical judgements – for example the influence Of the silent classic *Nosferatu* and *The Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari*, the impact in 1931 of Universals *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*, and the impressive low budget B-movies produced by Val Lewton in the 1940's such as the original and haunting *Cat People*. And there's a vast assortment of rare and excellent

photographs, all nicely reproduced and including many of the original posters. To win

this book simply answer the following question:
Who plays the monster in the 1931 version of the film Frankenstein?

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FEARLESS (Dir. Petr Weir)

The twisted mastercraft of Peter Weir is once again evident in *Fearless*, his latest film which attempts to form a hybrid between the two dichotomies which have characterised his previous offerings; it is clear that Weir displays a frustration and a state of confusion as to which style or form best suits his skills; the art house credibility of *Picnic At Hanging Rock* or the mainstream bankability of *Dead Poet's Society*.

Middle America's housewife's choice, Jeff Bridges plays the character of Max Klein, one of only a few survivors in a plane crash in Los Angeles. Trying to come to terms with his experience evokes a feeling of personal defiance as Klein tries to understand his own existence when death seemed a more likely outcome.

The opening sequence of the film is particularly memorable capturing the immediate aftermath of the disaster; Klein emerges as a saviour figure, leading the walking wounded out of a cornfield where the crash took place in a manner which suggests total alienation from the physical trauma that the other survivors are clearly displaying. Klein then summons a taxi and checks into a hotel room and it is only here that there is a realisation of his situation: "I'm not dead." The structure of the film is to follow Klein's misguided response to his survival as he assumes a feeling of inevitability and creates his own death wish to prove his feeling of indestructibility. This involves such feats as walking across a busy American highway, confident in his survival and the more symbolic act of eating strawberries, in defiance of a childhood allergy which concludes the film with a cruel twist. The effects of the plane crash upon Klein's relationships are also addressed as he neglects his marriage in favour of a forged partnership with Carla (Rosie Perez), a working class Catholic girl with whom he finds true understanding as she is a fellow survivor. Being in the wrong place at the wrong time however is the only common ground for these two characters as they project an opposite response to being involved in a disaster; on a physical level Klein becomes fearless whilst Carla develops various neuroses whilst philosophically they debate their differences concerning religion and their beliefs in God after such an experience. This unlikely pairing develop into the ultimate in non-relationships; Klein declares his "overwhelming love", an irrational love, unknown to him, which has been created out of a mutual need for support. The discourse of the actual plane crash is not explored until half way through when at the crucial moment before impact, it is revealed that Klein becomes fearless prior to the destruction. "I'm not afraid" becomes an important statement in terms of understanding that Klein is in fact fearless not as a result of surviving the crash but as a consequence of being able to confront death. This becomes his motive throughout his many near misses. The role of professionals becomes a minor theme for *Fearless*, highlighting the importance of therapy after such a situation whilst simultaneously adopting a cynical view of the legal profession, mocking their financial motives. I thought that Klein's character was too focused; their was no identity outside of the crash narrative and it becomes difficult to relate to him as an individual who had an existence before his involvement with the disaster. Peter Weir deserves praise however for brilliantly balancing the two genres of an intense psychological thriller with an action movie.

Tricky Skills Jase

BACKBEAT

In the first instance the potential for an intriguing storyline in *Backbeat* seems rather limited; a musician, who can't play the bass guitar very well, goes to Hamburg with The Beatles before they become famous, meets a German girl, decides to stay and paint (not very well again) and then dies prematurely from a brain haemorrhage.

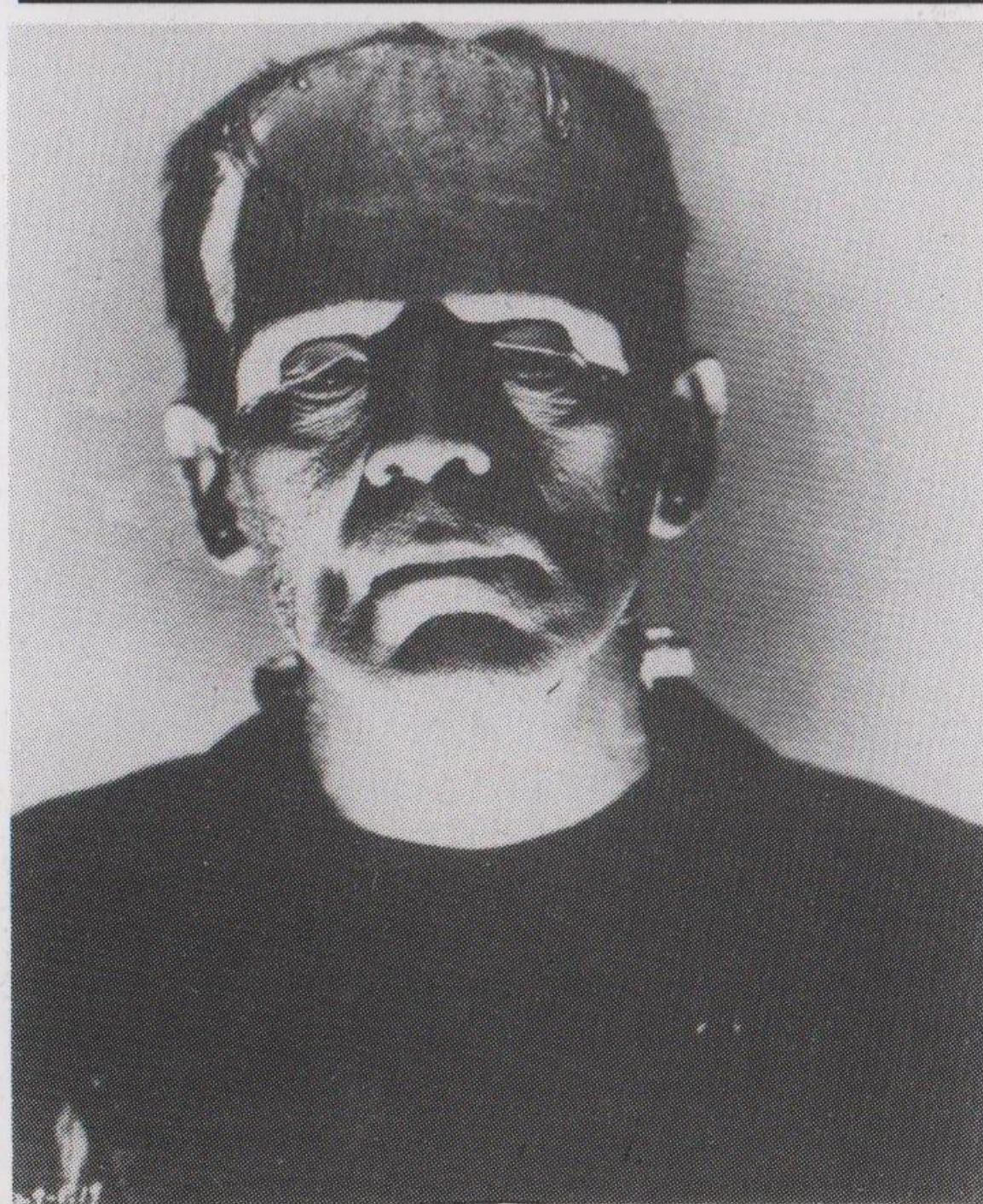
Stuart Sutcliffe's short period as 'the fifth Beatle' (c.f. any pub quiz) was characterised by a sense of conflict between his two great aspirations, music and art. This feeling of uncertainty as about his creative future is communicated by the use of many subtle references throughout; whilst John, Paul, George and Pete ('the sixth Beatle') are kicking some serious ass on stage, Stuart remains totally aloof, unaffected by the hysteria, calmly crossing his legs. As the film progresses with just a hint of artistic licence (loveable Ringo gets a cameo, pre-empting his entrance in reality by almost a year), Sutcliffe's artistic ambivalence transcends into a personal conflict. This part of the film is very successful, highlighting the emotional choice between Lennon (music) and Astrid (art), the original German Ice Maiden. The avant garde artistic world of Astrid causes Sutcliffe to make probably the most ill-fated decision in the history of popular culture—a place at German Art School instead of member of the most successful recording group of all time. Lennon's response to the art scene in 1960's Germany? "It's all dick."

A strong theme is the need for Lennon to forge an intense emotional relationship with a likewise male. Sutcliffe rejected the call, making the way for Mr. Thumbs Aloft himself; the history of The Beatles tends to ignore the fact that the original intentions were for a Lennon/Sutcliffe pairing to be the creative axis. I thought that it was also interesting that *Backbeat* flirts with the idea of Lennon's mistrust of the avant garde whilst paradoxically wanting to become involved himself. He is fascinated with Astrid's cultural domain yet waits a further ten years before he finally enters it via Yoko Ono. In *Backbeat* the fine line between factual representation and creative interpretation are taken a little too far; within the script are many surreal references such as "it's been a hard days night" of "I've been working eight days a week." The soundtrack is performed with a sense of 90's revisionism by a grunge supergroup under the masterful guidance of Don Was. Whilst sounding good on it's own, the spectacle of watching the actors mime their way throughout the stage performances is akin to sitting through a 1970's TOTP. Extreme case of 'out of sync'.

Backbeat concludes with a huge mistake—a sequence of patronising and redundant sub-titles: 'John Lennon was shot on December 12, 1980...' This particular irrelevant follow up to the plot of early 1960's Hamburg perhaps summarises *Backbeat*'s failings; Ian Hart delivers such a convincing young Lennon that the narrative of Stuart Sutcliffe and Astrid is reduced to a mere sub-plot of the Lennon story. *Backbeat* struggles to find any substantial worth out of Sutcliffe's brief career and manages to rescue itself by concentrating on those with the true musical talent instead.

Tricky Skills Jase

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(Don't forget to state which of the videos you'd prefer to win.)

During their recent visit to the Albert Hall in Nottingham, **Kristin Hersch** and **Vic Chessnut** took time out to talk about their latest albums.

Words by Gareth Thompson. Photo by Reuben T. Thorley



having been a rhythm guitarist for 10 years developing my own style, it was important to find someone who could follow the patterns I was trying to make. It was actually 4AD's idea, not mine, to release 'Strings' as part of the album's promotion."

The live performances worked well, with the album played almost in its entirety, although Hersch remained aware that the simplicity of the shows could have had drawbacks: "It's such an anti-gig format in a way with just me and Martin sitting there playing. But the audiences have worked so hard, listening and responding. I'm glad that people still want to hear songs."

Despite the lazy perception of her as being overly inclined to introspective writing, Hersch hates "the depressive tag. I don't believe in catharsis. Depression is not a good state to be in, although I have in a real sense lived all the emotions that you hear on the album. I think it ends in a positive way, finally stating that things are alright."

With husband, child and successful career all causing her obvious joy, Kristin Hersch may well be a happy woman.

Would You Like To Play With My Funk?

THE PSYCHO GROOVE MUTHAS have an appeal on many levels. On the brink of mounting a double-edged attack on the music world, as Psycho Groove Muthas they will be playing their stripped down, funky groove of the 90's in the more traditional music venues, while as PGM they are hoping to develop a club following. They are currently in the studio to record several tracks including the fabulous *Would You Like To Play With My Funk?*. They will be releasing a 12" White Label as a prelude to performing a series of live P.A.s at various clubs up and down the country.

PGM possess a phenomenal Feel Good factor—going to see them is practically cathartic, so happy do you feel by the end. Within the band each member has his part to play. Peter (singer/songwriter/ bassist) is very much the protagonist; Cliff (rhythm guitar) is the fiercely heterosexual one and Rikk is ever so slightly hapless with an apologetic nature but never-the-less appealing and to quote my friend Barrie, "a power station of a drummer". The three operate very much as a unit. When they speak, a concept will bounce from one to the other, each of them contributing a new dimension to the subject before the ideological ball is passed back to Peter to conclude. All three are mature and confident men; they seem to have individually reached the point in their lives where they've dealt with their egos and consummately respect each other's space. Their song-writing reflects this flexible and developed attitude; it's an organic experience that allows each member of the band to interpret and re-interpret Peter's ideas, and under his guidance fulfill their individual and collective strengths. Despite this all sounding really mellow, Peter's bass lines

incline towards the type that "rip your heart out". And although their live performances look relaxed and breezy, don't be fooled. A huge amount of hard work goes into making it all appear so effortless. PGM are proud and passionate musicians who are seriously committed but still manage to have fun. All three come from deeply religious backgrounds. Cliff and Peter sharing the common experience in their extreme youth of a formalised self-denying and self-effacing church.



VIC CHESSNUT

Don't offer this man the sympathy vote, or he'll come and butt your ass. Vic Chesnutt may well be confined to a wheelchair as a result of a teenage car crash, but his stark, plaintive guitar songwriting has rightly drawn eulogies from Michael Stipe (who produced his debut LP), Bob Mould and many others.

The accident happened when he was 18 and must, I ventured, have left a lot of time for bitter reflection: "Well, I may have been laid on my back for four months, unable to move or hardly talk, but during that time a lot of my musical and artistic theories gelled. The methodical beauty of music sort of seeped into my head, even though I'd been playing and writing for a long while before that. So I learned a lot from that time, and drew a fair amount of self-evaluation." Hailing from the Georgia backwoods, Chesnutt's regular gigs at Athens' 40 Watts Club caught Stipe's attention: "He just came backstage one night and said 'Wanna make a record?'. I said 'Yup' and we went off and did it. There's a billion bands in Athens now who ask how I got lucky, and I just say 'Well, hang around here, drink a few beers and maybe Michael might make a record with you'. And they go 'Yeah? Wow!'. Chesnutt's third LP, *Drunk*, has been released in Britain via Rough Trade. It was recorded on a Georgia farm "over a very spiritual weekend, a real primal screaming session." I suggest there's a beat, spiritual and blues-gospel inspiration driving his dark narratives, and the references please him: "Yeah, that's sorta what I hoped for. The songs on *Drunk* tend to work from the bad into good. I think there's a humour in there too, it's not all as downbeat as a first hearing might indicate." Far from it in fact. Before I leave (ten minutes later he was on stage) Chesnutt carefully scrawls 'Beer' and his signature on my copy of *Drunk* with his left hand. I ask him to play *Dodge*, from the new LP, and he draws happily: "Sure thing. I mean there's no set list, I just tend to do what feels right at the time. But if you wanna hear it, I'll do it."

And he did. Thanks Vic. Come back real soon.

They both appear intrinsically scarred by their own religion, but have managed to shrug off the repressive and divisive doctrines of their childhoods and have come to terms with God. From the pedantry and frustration of conventional Religion they have emerged articulate, humane and compassionate.

At times it's like talking with a bunch of hippies, so 'live and let live' is their collective attitude. Peter expounds a positive philosophy based on the belief that the beauty of creation is in its diversity. However disparate members of society may feel, Peter believes we all share the same hopes, dreams, fears and insecurities: "Ultimately, nothing is mutually exclusive," he adds emphatically. As the lyric from a PGM song goes: "Black or white, we don't care". They perceive us all as part of an intertwined human experience and feel that each individual should adhere to their own personal beliefs and that each should live their life the best way they can—sure there are frustrations but they feel it is fundamentally futile to fight injustice with injustice. They want to build bridges and music is part of their way of doing that; anybody who has detected a form of evangelistic politicism behind the funk is probably right.

The Psycho Groove Muthas have a lot to say and unfortunately just committing the act of writing words like 'sincere' and 'genuine' appears to negate them. But I'm going to do it anyway, because it's true.

All too soon it was over; the Classic milk chocolate biscuits had disappeared (courtesy of Rikk and Peter) and Cliff apparently turns into a pumpkin at 7 pm of a Sunday evening. Talking with PGM is therapeutic, compelling and fun and I hope you all get the chance to do it.

Roo Roo Magoo

Psycho Groove Muthas are signed to *Dreambeat Music*. For further info. call (0602) 245800 or fax. 245900.

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SHEEP ON DRUGS

Punter or Pundit?

It is a strange world that inhabits the minds of Sheep On Drugs. A B-movie world of chrome against flesh fetishism and chemical-addled angst. A trash detective novel where Slim Jim is spoonfed and Lolita is drop dead (gorgeous or otherwise). The end of May sees the release of Sheep On Drugs second album *On Drugs*. Using a similar approach to last year's *Greatest Hits* album, they mix fierce guitars and thundering techno and the finest adenoidal whine since that lad Johnny Rotten. It's an album that sneers at its adversaries as much as its enemies, spitting sarcasm at the occupants of their world. A world of imaginatively romantic junkie stories and art school drop-out sympathy.

Assembled en masse for the Sheep On Drugs press conference, the band were placed directly in the firing line of a group of journalists. Indeed a largely partisan attendance, we were what the band like to call 'punter'. Duncan, he of that infamous whine, sat to the right, Lee (guitars, samples, etc.) on the left, both flanked by what I could only presume were a couple of fanzine groupies who, in between buying the band drinks, shot daggers at anyone asking awkward questions. Sheep On Drugs, two alcoholic/ junkies, two groupies, an axe to grind and an excellent album to boot.

In the past the band's name, like many of their lyrics, hinged on that very British form of humour, irony. The 'sheep', we were led to believe, were the drug users, but now with an album called *On Drugs* are we to assume that the band themselves are the 'sheep'?

"We always were sheep - its like we've got this double bluff thing here" clearly Duncan has anticipated this question as he continues, "what it is...we've never taken drugs before this album and this was supposed to be a concept album....and we noticed it was a very nasty thing to do and other people were doing it quite alot....so we did it as well"

Someone's taking the piss I think. Obviously this is a stock Sheep On Drugs parry of a question they would rather avoid (or perhaps have been advised to avoid).

However the drugs issue is one which Duncan, a self confessed junkie of ten years, is very serious about.

"I was watching this documentary the other day and about half of the kids of fifteen in Britain take drugs. I took drugs at fifteen and I was the first person I knew to take drugs and it was a long time before other people around me started...and it was a very taboo thing to do, and that's why I did it."

But isn't the drug story a bit of an image thing, and hasn't your image in some ways got in the way of your music? retorts punter.

"What image?" Lee mumbles into his beer, screening the question with a jokey answer whilst Duncan decides whether or not he's going to offer a serious reply, a trick they employ all afternoon thus presenting themselves as quite a double act.

You know the image you've got, and the way you've been marketed. (Punter is insistent).

"Marketing's bollocks, we write music, we're not a circus side-show. It's all about the music, not the image." Lee is equally insistent.

However this last reply is questionable since image has clearly been very important to the band. Duncan, an ex-art student, has previously gone on record as saying how important the visuals and image are, and anyone who has seen their show would agree that it is a highly visual affair, employing tricks from performance art as much as rock'n'roll. But it's in the latter area that Sheep On Drugs clearly feel they belong. What they offer is a 90's version of that rock'n'roll thang. But isn't this a bit of a tired old cliché? Duncan leaps on this one with his usual laconic venom.

"What we do with music is the only thing which represents 1994...forget S.M.A.S.H. and all that shit...and techno's over,"

"We killed it with '15 Minutes of Fame'" interrupts Lee

"Art should be representative of the times and if you listen to techno of now in twenty years time, it will all sound the same. I mean just don't talk to us about techno, it's dead and buried."

So what do you think the way forward for music will be?

"Sheep On Drugs" they cry in unison with the attendant fanzine groupies (or is that sheep shaggers?).

But what can we expect from Sheep On Drugs in the future?

"More accessible, better music and more drugs...look I can get into any club in London and get bought drinks, I read the press, I can get into any gig free, so I know what's going on," Duncan's off on a roll "y'see I'm different to you people because like, I'm living on this edge, I can think freely and other people can't because, like, I was a counsellor for a year so I know how you people think...I've been in a mental asylum and I've been a junky for ten years...I know what I'm talking about....." (Duncan rambles on indefinitely about his rock'n'roll lifestyle for a couple of years)

"So basically your just up your own arse." accuses Punter, braver than ever. Duncan snaps back with mock aggression

"You think I'm up my own arse? Right, outside now!"

"Yeah, and cut your hair, hippy!" adds Lee, ever the joker.

Punter just laughs it all off.

Sheep On Drugs love contradiction. They indulge in it from one minute to the next. No statement stands as anything but a temporary thing, soon to be replaced by the next flurry of half truths, which the band believe in, 100% of course. Sheep On Drugs are all about contradiction. Their arrogance is quaint, like a pocket size re-run of the classic Sex Pistols V. Bill Grundy programme, as safe as nostalgia. Yet their music is unlike anyone else, and excellent with it. Not that my opinion would bother Sheep On Drugs who take compliment as criticism, too busy living that comic book vision of 100% rock'n'roll, wrapped up in their own distorted world.

Like I said, it's a strange world that inhabits Sheep On Drugs....but not as strange as the world which Sheep On Drugs inhabit. As for the sheep shaggers? Your guess is as good as mine.

Martin James (a punter)

On Drugs is released on Island Records on May 31st.

FREEFORALL

We have FIFTEEN COPIES of *Let The Good Times Roll* to give away, on either limited edition 12"; limited edition etched 10"; or C.D. To win one just send us the correct answer to this question:

What was the title of Sheep On Drugs' debut L.P?

There are five copies of each so please state your preference.

Entries to "Sheep On Drugs Freeforall" c/o Overall, PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham NG7 4DG.

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FRIED IN CIDER:

Time for the monthly headfuck. Firstly congratulations to all the ravers, squatters, sabs, travellers, punks and hippies who went down to London on 1st May to protest against the proposed Criminal Justice and Public Order Bill. The bill, if passed, will make a criminal offence out of peaceful protests, attending an unlicensed celebration, occupying empty buildings or opting for a travelling lifestyle. It contains laws which contravene international human rights and will result in innocent people being locked away in the newly privatised prisons. The next demo against this fascistic and repressive bill is a picnic on Saturday 14th May in Hyde Park, London.

On to things Punk: **Substandard** have a split EP with Leicester's **Nerves** out shortly on Fluffy Bunny records. **Creaming Jesus** (Gothic shit), **Skin Limit Show** and **Bloodboy** play Corby at Mr Bips (Occupation Road) on May 27th. Anyone wishing to go should phone Dave on (0602) 792540 or Tony 482232. Tickets inc. transport £5. Bloodboy are also playing the Narrowboat on 28th May. **Missing The Point** distro have set up at 9 Linby Close, Sherwood, Notts NG5 3HS. They have a huge selection of local and international punk stuff. Send S.A.E. for a catalogue. Jules who does the distro reports that the **Scraps** (from France) are coming over in July. Following their gig at the Old Angel with Rhythm Collision and the Harries, **Slumgang** have appear with the Nerves in Wisbech on Sat. 28th May. **The Varukers**, old time purveyors of hardcore punk play the Old Angel on 28th May (£2 door, £1.50 conc.). **The X-Rays** have an EP *Booze And Speed* on Get Hip records in late May, and are playing at Nottingham Trent University on Thursday 19th May as part of a huge gig with the likes of **Silencer** and **Back To The Planet**. Don't forget Ska Punk at the Gregory on 20th June with **Spithead**. Due to the extension of their European tour, **Rectify** have pulled out of the pre-Punks' Picnic gig on June 10th to be replaced by Devon Punks **C.D.S.** On the night of the Picnic, **UK Subs** are playing Rock Shitty and a squat gig is in the offing for the same night (don't ask me where). **The Punks' Picnic** is 2 o'clock on the Forest. **Blind Mole Rat**, the Poguerish punkys from Sheffield, have a new full length tape *Fast, Cheap and Easy* which is a real party down stomper (available from S. McIntyre, 10 Cranworth Road, Sheffield S3 9DT). To promote this tape BMR play Leicester Magazine (June 4th) (AFA benefit), Bradford 1 in 12 (10th) and Leicester Pump & Tap (30th).

I notice the Nazi boneheads responsible for trashing the Mushroom Bookshop were in court recently. Our court reporter says they were hilarious with half of them growing their hair and wearing suits and the rest in full Neo-Nazi gear. With the BNP and the NF putting up the candidates in the local elections, it is time to watch out. If you see them canvassing in your area show them how you intend to vote - with your (booted) feet. Nazis — Fuck 'em.

A couple of good 'zines to get are **Subversion** (W/Terminus/Oi Polloi/Armed Relapse/Pus/4 Past Midnight), 30p; and **Gusset** (W/Citizen Fish/AO53/Die Cheerleader/Couch Potatoes), 40p. Both can be got from 18 Addison Road, Birmingham B14 7EW. (25p P&P.) Last but not least **The Night With No Name** (punk attitude if not punk bands) bring us **Lydia Lunch** (spoken word show) and **Derek Raymond** (who recorded *Dora Suarez* with Gallon Drunk) at the Old Vic on 1st June. Oh yeah, I almost forgot - watch out for Hard To Swallow, raging punk at a party near you! Remember, Punk's Not Dread. **The Fat Dread Nazi**



FREEFORALL

We have a couple of tickets to give away for **Prong**, **Life Of Agony** and **The Obsessed** at Rock City on June 21st.

Simply answer the following questions and send to: "Prong" Freeforall, c/o Overall

First out of the bag wins.

Q1. Where are Prong based?

Q2. Who is Prong's new bassist and what band was he in before?



In early June a new and powerful phenomenon will explode on the unsuspecting Nottingham music scene. With more than a passing nod to the Ministry/Consolidated school of brutal Industrial thrash Skin Limit Show look set to pulverize all contenders with the release of their debut CD *Woundfreeze*. The CD, recorded in Great Yarmouth's Purple Rain Studios, for the Austrian Indie Label, Lethal Records (distributed by Nuclear Blast) sees Skin Limit Show benefit from the experience gigging with the likes of Optimum Wound Profile and Disgust have brought them. The songs, such as *Gegen* (anti-racist) and *Barrier* (a look at Bosnian Fascism) are as subtle as a steel toecap in the forehead and the ferocity of their approach - total commitment - underlines the anger the band feel about the fucked up state of the world. Following a tour of Germany and Austria in May there are plans to record a mini album with a new vocalist (after Bloody Kev's departure to Hard To Swallow) and then its back to Europe in October, taking in Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. There are no plans at the moment for a Nottingham gig (watch this space) but they are playing Corby on 27th May with Creaming Jesus/Krust/Blood Boy. You have been warned! **T.F.D.N.**

Fried In Cider Playlist

1. **Xerox Girls** *Rare Budgerigars Make A Comeback* demo (15 Penton Ave., Middlesex TW18 2NA)
2. **Total Chaos** *Pledge Of Defiance* LP (Epitaph)
3. **Slum Gang** Demo (12 Berkeley Court, Church Drive, Carrington, Notts NG5 2AV)
4. **The X-Rays** *Booze And Speed* demo (6 Dale Lodge, Whimsey Park, Carlton, Nottingham NG4 1DY)
5. **D.J. Hurricane/Dead Fucking Last** *America's Most Hardcore* LP (Wiija)

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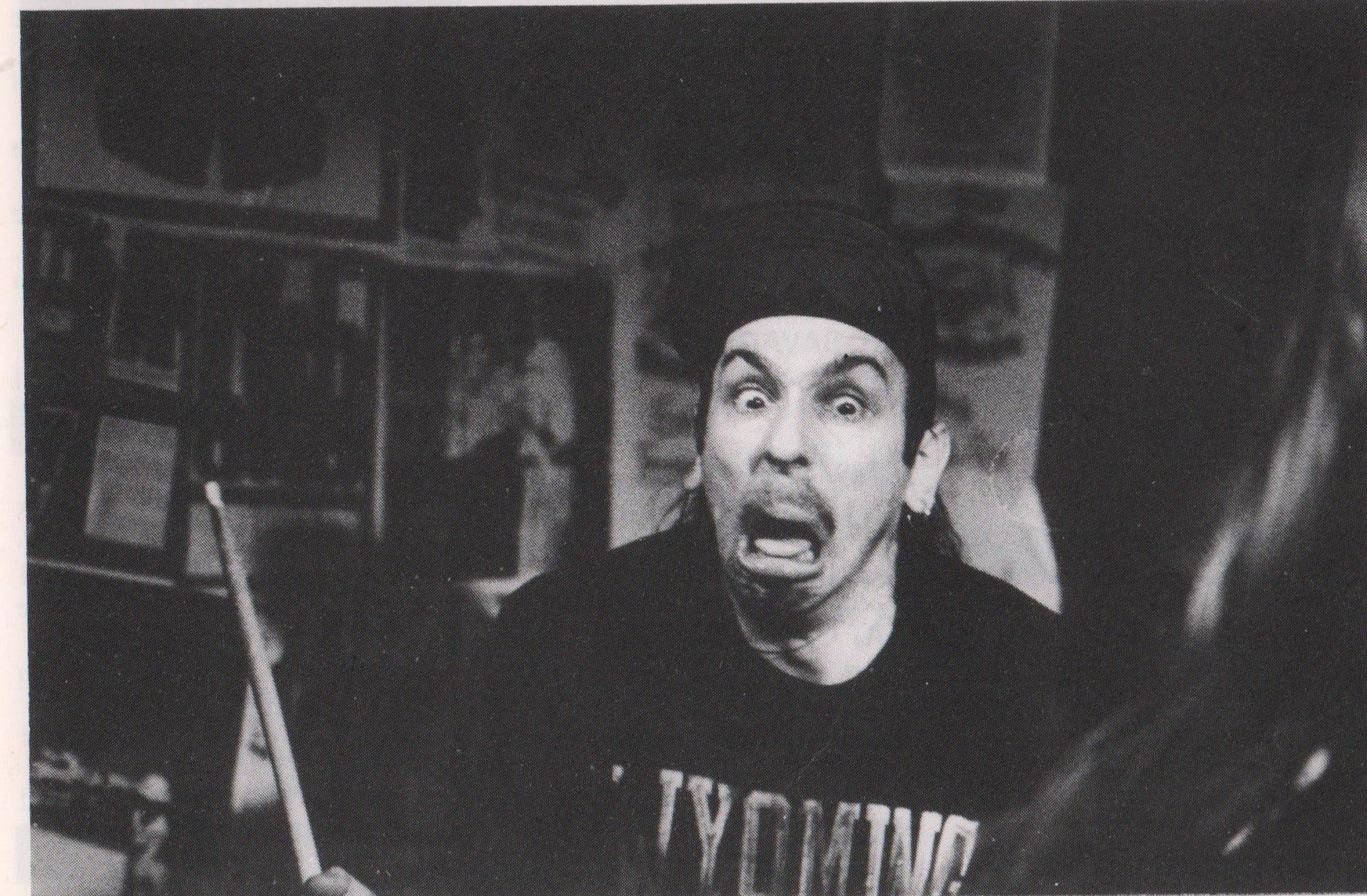
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friday 27th

THE VARUKERS Nottingham Old Angel

BUD BONGO Jazz In The Box
Z.G.T The Narrowboat

BILL SAVAGE Potters House

LEFT HAND THREAD The Running Horse

RED LION The Gregory

SCHEME Mechanics Arms

CATHODE NATION Derby The Victoria Inn

BOB TILTON / SILENCER Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell

BLACKBALL/ SPONGE Britannia Rowing Club

DAVE KING / DR. DEREK The Garage

BACKSTREET Derby The Victoria Inn

THE DEFECTORS Barton-U-Nedwood Top Bell

THE RAZORS Langley Mill Potters Club

INDUSTRY Leicester The Magazine

THE UGLY MUSIC SHOW unplugged upstairs

C-CHARGE £4/3 downstairs The Charlotte

THE FAMILY CAT Leics. University

THE X-TRACTORS Sheffield The Hadfield

CREAMING JESUS Krust / Bloodboy
SKIN LIMIT SHOW Corby Mr Bips

saturday 28th

KRUST/ BLOODBOY Nottingham The Narrowboat

THE NAVIGATORS 3-5pm
SAMSON 9pm The Running Horse

BILL SAVAGE The Potters House

POTEEN The Mechanics Arms

FLAVATASAVA Cookie Club

ALFREDO / ANDY ROBERTS The Garage

NOTORIOUS Derby The Victoria Inn

THE BACKSTREET BOYS Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell

HOTPANTS £6/4 Leicester City Hall Ballroom

SUN KINGS The Magazine

METEORS £5/4 The Charlotte

FAMILY CAT Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 29th

MARYN CAIRNS Nottingham Filly & Firkin

KELLY'S HEROES The Golden Fleece

TONY KELLY & MIND'S EYE Mechanics Arms

EIGHTY IN THE SHADE Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell

THE RAZORS Ambergate The Hurt Arms

UK SUBS Leicester Mosquito Coast

JUNE
wednesday 1st

JUBA Nottingham Filly & Firkin
LEON ROSSELSON Folk Against Fascism £2.50adv. The Old Angel

LYDIA LUNCH Rock City
DEREK RAYMOND Spokenword £6 adv. The Old Vic
COMPULSION

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE Loughboro' University S. U.

MARTIN PLEASS Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell

BABY CHAOS Leics. The Charlotte

HELIOTROPE Sileby The Fountain Inn

LENE FIAGBE Derby The Where House

CARIAD £2 8pm Victoria Inn

thursday 2nd

HORSE NATION Nottingham Old Angel

NO DICE The Running Horse

YELLOWBELLY Filly & Firkin

CHRISTIAN WOODYATT The Garage

THE FAMILY CAT Rock City

THE NINTH DEGREE Derby The Victoria Inn

DAEVID ALLEN The Where House

GROUND ZERO Leicester The Magazine

LISA GERMANO The Charlotte

DEAD AFTER DARK Royal Mail

BJORN AGAIN Northampton The Roadmender

friday 3rd

DUB SYNDICATE Old Vic

AUDIO ACTIVE £6.50 adv. Nottm. Marcus Garvey

THE 'A' BAND

THE START / FRIENDS OF.. The Old Angel

MOTIONLESS/SHIMMERFILM The Narrowboat

CARDBOARD BANDITS

REV. BROWN & THE EARLYBIRDS The Running Horse

BILL SAVAGE Potters House

HAIR OF THE DOGS The Gregory

JIM VINCENT Mechanics Arms

MARK M / PAUL TIBBS up above

SIMON JAMES The Garage

TREVOR WILLIAMS down below

CRY OF LOVE Rock City

JOHN MARTYN £8 adv. Derby The Assembly Rooms

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CLARKESDALE BLUE BEATS
Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
MR. SIEGAL
Langley Mill Potters Club
PSYCHASTORM / MR.KLEIN
Leicester The Magazine
THELONIUS LOVE EXP.
unplugged
WITHDRAW / SKYWARD
EXIT CONDITION
£2 downstairs The Charlotte
STORM THIEVES

Royal Mail
THE JOE PARKER BAND
Sheffield The Hadfield
JUSTIN ROBERTSON
Rise The Leadmill
EAT STATIC
Megadog £10 adv.
Northampton The Roadmender

saturday 4th

PRIMARY
Nottingham The Narrowboat
WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE
Filly & Firkin
WHOLESOME FISH
The Running Horse
BILL SAVAGE
Potters House
RETALIATOR
The Old Angel
EAMOND GETHINGS
Mechanics Arms
THE KALIPHZ
Rock City

THE ABSOLUTE
£1.50 Hearty Goodfellow
SAD / 31 FLAVOURS
PADDY MELON
HOUSE OF ALICE
£3/2.50 8pm - midnight
Grantham Gatehouse
JOOLS HOLLAND
£8.50 Derby Assembly Rooms
SYSTEM X

The Victoria Inn
PETE MITCHELL-SMITH
Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
Leicester Pump & Tap
BLIND MOLE RAT
The Magazine
BLUES & RAMBLIN
Royal Mail
KOOKABURRA unplugged
SLINKY / AVICULTURE
downstairs £2 The Charlotte
NO MEANS NO
Leics. University

RATTLE 'N' HUM
Sheffield The Hadfield
LUSH / BLESSED ETHEL
The Leadmill

sunday 5th

BIG DEAL
Nottingham The Running Horse
HANDFUL OF DARKNESS
The Golden Fleece
FRANK DEMPSEY & BAND
Mechanics Arms
SHERYL CROW
£7.50 adv Rock City
MURRAY THOMSON
lunch Carlton Old Volunteer
evening Nottm. Playhouse
BEER BELLY BLUES BAND
Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell

MR.SIEGAL £2 9pm
Ambergate Hurt Arms
THE FALL
Derby Assembly Rooms
THE KALIPHZ
The Where House
JEZZ LUTON
Leicester The Magazine
COMPULSION
The Charlotte

THE TOASTERS
Mosquito Coast
LITTLE BY LITTLE
Sileby The Fountain Inn
JEAN PIERRE LLABADA
QUINTET Sheff. The Leadmill

monday 6th

HIBOU DABAS
Nottingham The Peacock
UNDERSTAND / JACOBS
MOUSE / DEAD WRONG
£2 Leicester The Charlotte
MURRAY THOMSON
The Hadfield

tuesday 7th

HERBS
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
PALACE BROTHERS / HEN
Narrowboat
SHED 7 / BABY CHAOS
Derby The Where House
NORTH MEETS SOUTH
The Victoria Inn
THE CRAZY WORLD
OF ARTHUR BROWN
£4/3.50 The Charlotte
PELE /THE HUMPF FAMILY
Sheffield The Leadmill

wednesday 8th

WHOLESOME FISH
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
RISE
Old Angel
COLIN STAPLES jam session
Running Horse

THE START
Cookie Club
THE UNDERDOGS
Derby The Victoria Inn
TINY MONROE / LONGPIGS
The Where House
UNSAFE / MULE
£4.50/4 The Charlotte
NO RIGHT TURN
Sileby The Fountain Inn

thursday 9th

PRIMARY
Nottingham Salutation Inn
FOREHEADS IN A FISHTANK
DIVERSION
CHRISTIANS SMILE
Old Angel
MIND THE GAP
Filly & Firkin
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
The Running Horse
PELE
Rock City
TIM & LAURIE
The Garage

DICK GAUGHAN
3.50 adv Worksoop Regal Centre
TA'SSO
Derby The Swamp Club
NEVERLAND
The Victoria Inn

MURRAY THOMSON
Shardlow New Inn
AMERICAN TV COPS
Leicester The Magazine
CODINE / THE SPINANES
COPIUM £4.50/4
The Where House

friday 10th

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£3 Nottingham The Old Angel
HERBS/ DO NOTHING
The Narrowboat
MICKRUTHERFORD'S
BLUESOLOGY
BLIND DRUNK
£3/2 The Old Vic
BILL SAVAGE
Potters House

BIG DEAL
The Gregory
SOMETHING FOR
THE WEEKEND
The Mechanics Arms
YNGWIE MALMSTEEN
£8 adv. Rock City
FLAT CACTUS / BANNED
Filly & Firkin
MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
Derby The Victoria Inn
BLUES 'N' RAMBLIN
Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
YAMAN U
PIPPA CASEY BAND
Leicester The Magazine

MELISA FERRICK Upstairs
PELE/ THE HUMPF FAMILY
Downstairs £4.50/4 The Charlotte
THE DIZZY STARS
Sheffield The Hadfield
SARAH CHAPMAN / SULLY
Rise The Leadmill

saturday 11th

PUNKS PICNIC
2pm Nottingham The Forest
WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE
The Old Angel
TABLOID JOE
The Narrowboat
BLIND & DANGEROUS
The Running Horse
GETHSEMANE ROSE
Headway benefit 10.30pm-2am
The Hearty Goodfellow
BILL SAVAGE
Potters House

TOM & MARGO
Mechanics Arms
UK SUBS
£3.50 adv. Rock City
SUCH PERFECT LIARS
Filly & Firkin
FINKS DETROIT SPECIAL
Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
THEY GO BOOM
Derby The Victoria Inn
FOSSIL PARK EAST
Leicester The Magazine

HUNGRY WORLD unplugged
PALACE BROTHERS/ THRUM
£4/3 The Charlotte
PRIMARY
Worksoop Frog & Nightgown
SHEEP ON DRUGS
Sheffield The Leadmill

NEVERLAND
The Victoria Inn

sunday 12th

TWO LEFT FEET
Nottingham The Golden Fleece
THE MIGHTY QUINN
Mechanics Arms
MR. SIEGAL
The Running Horse

HERE & NOW
Derby The Where House
DAVE SMITH BLUES BAND
Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
ADAM HOLLYER
Leicester The Magazine
SWING HOLIDAY
The Charlotte
PLATFORM 4
Sileby The Fountain Inn
THE OYSTER BAND
rites of man
Sheffield The Leadmill

monday 13th

HIBOU DABAS
Nottingham The Peacock
CRAZY WORLD
OF ARTHUR BROWN
Derby The Where House
OUTRAGE
Victoria Inn
SHED 7 / BABY CHAOS
£2 Leicester The Charlotte
MELISSA FERRICK
Sheffield The Leadmill

tuesday 14th

COURTESAN
Derby Victoria Inn
LOOGA BUROOGA
ambient jam upstairs
FOOL / SWIF downstairs
Leicester The Charlotte
MELISSA FERRICK
Sheffield The Leadmill
REVEREND HORTON HEAT
London Harlsden Mean Fiddler

wednesday 15th

JOHN HEGLEY (& NIGEL)
7.30pm Nottingham Playhouse
EXCESSAWEEZ
Skyy Club
WIZARDS OF TWIDDLY
£4/3 Derby The Where House
DEXILLIUM
Victoria Inn

SPOKANE
Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
BLESSED ETHEL
KOOKABURRA
Leicester The Charlotte
BLIND & DANGEROUS
Sileby Fountain Inn

thursday 16th

GODSEND
Nottingham The Narrowboat
AVALANCHE
Old Angel
BIG DEAL
Filly & Firkin
MOOSE
The Garage
SHEEP ON DRUGS
Rock City
THE SHY TOTS
Running Horse
BLUESOLOGY
Hearty Goodfellow
EGE BAM YASI
Derby The Where House

BLUES 'N' RAMBLIN
Victoria Inn
ZZ BIRMINGHAM
Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
VIVID
Leicester The Magazine
BANG BANG MACHINE
8 STOREY WINDOW
The Charlotte

friday 17th

SMILE
Nottingham Narrowboat
WHITE KNUCKLE RIDE / GUN
Rock City
SEX TOYS
Filly & Firkin
OLD SCHOOL
Running Horse
FARLEY JACKMASTER FUNK
The Garage
SOUND AS A POUND
Mechanics Arms
COME TO BEDLAM
Derby Victoria Inn
REFLEX BLUES BAND
Leicester The Magazine
GEOFF OVERON / A SQUAD
The Charlotte

MATZ & LOVELEE
DIGS & WOOSH
Rise Sheffield The Leadmill

saturday 18th

MAZLYN JONES
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
CREATE! / THE X-RAYS
Old Angel
STEEL YARD DOG
Running Horse
KINKY MACHINE / T.C. HUG
Rock City
SONS OF ERRIS
Mechanics Arms
THE START / THE SHREDS
Narrowboat
SIGN OF JONAH
Hearty Goodfellow
TONY REMY
Derby The Where House
BLIND JUSTICE
Victoria Inn

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS
A.C. ACOUSTICS
Leicester The Charlotte
REAL PEOPLE / LONGPIGS
DEUS Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 19th

FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN
Nottingham Golden Fleece
ABK
Running Horse
PATTEN & KELLY
Mechanics Arms
LISA GERMANO
Derby The Where House
FLAME FOUNDATION
Victoria Inn
VIVID
Mansfield Town Mill
CONFLICT / THROB
Leicester The Charlotte
EXIT 23
Sileby Fountain Inn
MAZLYN JONES
Sheffield The Grapes
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
The Leadmill

monday 20th

HELMET
£7.50 adv. Nottingham Rock City
HIBOU DABAS
Free. The Peacock
JAM SESSION
Running Horse
BLIND JUSTICE
Derby Victoria Inn

tuesday 21st

PRONG
£7.50 adv. Nottingham Rock City
HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS
Royal Concert Hall
NELSON'S COLUMN
Filly & Firkin
VIVID
Leicester Uni.G.M. Hall
TINY MONROE
The Charlotte
HONKY / YO-YO
Derby The Where House

wednesday 22nd

BIG COUNTRY
£10 Nottingham Rock City
EXCESSAWEEZ
Skyy
WOLLY CRANE /JOHN ATKIN
RAY BUCKLEY £3 adv.
Music Therapy Workshop benefit
Derby The Where House
TWISTED KITES
Victoria Inn
VIVID
Sileby Fountain Inn

thursday 23rd

ETHEREAL
Nottingham Narrowboat
MIND THE GAP
Filly & Firkin
BLIND DRUNK
50p. Salutation Inn
SPITTING FEATHERS
Derby Victoria Inn
SUPEREGO
Leicester The Magazine
JAIL
The Charlotte

friday 24th

BIG DEAL
Nottingham The Gregory
GODSEND
Rock City
MIGHTY HOUSE ROCKERS
Running Horse
SCHEME
Mechanics Arms
LAURA SLEEPING
Filly & Firkin
R CAJUN
& THE ZYDECO BROTHERS
Derby The Swamp Club
THE RATTLESNAKES
Victoria Inn
NO BORDERS
Leicester The Magazine
SON OF...
The Charlotte

saturday 25th

ORANGE DELUXE
£1.50 8pm Nottingham Old Angel
MAXIAN ORIGIN
Filly & Firkin
POTEEN
Mechanics Arms

THE MICK PINI BAND
Running Horse
UNCLE VULGAR
Hearty Goodfellow
ENGINE
E. Mid. Airport Pathfinders Club
GRUMBLEGRINDER
Leicester The Magazine
TONY McPHEE upstairs
THE DELTAS / CARAVANS
downstairs The Charlotte

sunday 26th

ABK
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
Golden Fleece
MR SIEGAL
Running Horse
DECKLAN
Mechanics Arms
ENGINE
DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS
Derby Rockhouse
FABIAN'S TALE
Acoustic Leicester The Magazine
BASTINADO STEP
Sileby Fountain Inn
THE DYLANs
Sheffield The Leadmill

monday 27th

HIBOU DABAS
Nottingham The Peacock
PAUL YOUNG
£11 adv. Rock City

tuesday 28th

GALLIANO
£8.50 Nottingham Rock City
JAZZ JUNIORS
Filly & Firkin
TENPOLE TUDOR
£4 Derby The Where House

wednesday 29th

ATOMIC KANDY
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
VIVID
Beeston Durham Ox
MAUVE
Derby Victoria Inn
NO FX / GUNS 'N' WANKERS
DECADENCE WITHIN
£5/4 The Where House
DOGHOUSE RILEY
Sileby Fountain Inn

thursday 30th

VIVID
Nottingham Salutation Inn
MUTHA'S DAY OUT
Rock City
MICK PINI
Derby The Where House
ZZ BIRMINGHAM
Victoria Inn
SHALLOW
Leicester The Magazine
MAMBO TAXI / SUPEREGO
The Charlotte
BLIND MOLE RAT
HORACE X Pump & Tap

JULY friday 1st

ANATHEMA / AT THE GATES
DEARLY BEHEADED
Nottingham Rock City
DONALDSON-DORY BAND
The Gregory
LEFT HAND THREAD
Running Horse
ANDY SUMMERS
& JOHN ETHERIDGE
The Old Vic

SHIMMERFILM
Filly & Firkin
DAVE HOLE BAND
Leics. Wilbarston Hall
HELEN WATSON & BAND
The Charlotte

saturday 2nd

FRANK
Nottingham Hearty Goodfellow
JOYRIDE / SUMMERLAND
Narrowboat
NATIONAL POP WEEK
Filly & Firkin
HARBOURING MONSTERS
Running Horse
FAPY LAFERTIN
Old Vic

A CERTAIN RATION
Derby The Where House
ANDY WHITE upstairs
HEAVENLY downstairs
Leicester The Charlotte

monday 4th

WHOLESOME FISH
Nottingham Filly & Firkin
HIBOU DABAS
The Peacock
JAM SESSION
Running Horse
ROY AYRES £6 adv. 8pm
Derby The Where House
MAMBO TAXI
Sheffield The Leadmill

tuesday 5th

NOTTM. SCHOOL OF SAMBA
Derby The Where House
S*M*A*S'H*
Sheffield The Leadmill

wednesday 6th

THE HORATII
AVE MARIA
Nottingham The Narrowboat
SLYDE
Hearty Goodfellow
NEVERLAND/THE RATTLES
BEEKEEPERS/ SCUBAMAID
£3 Derby The Where House

S*M*A*S'H*
Stoke The Wheatsheaf

thursday 7th

S*M*A*S'H*
Nottingham Rock City
CHINA DRUM / POPE
Old Angel
THE MACC LADS
Derby The Where House
VIVID
Leicester Pump & Tap
MURRAY THOMSON
Hinckley Karn's



on y va qui
mal
y danse

mondaze

QUIDS IN The Where House
JAZZ INFUSION Cookie Club
AUARORA LIGHTS Hearty Goodfellow

tuesdaze

SERVE CHILLED Cookie Club
STUDENT NIGHT Ritzy

wednesdaze

TEENAGE RAMPAGE The Where House
INDIE GO GO Cookie Club
DUBTRANBIENCE Skyy
LA VIDEOTECH The Leadmill
THE MIDWEEK TONIC The Garage

thursdaze

BOOM! POW! The Where House
DAZZLE The Garage
AURORA LIGHTS Hearty Goodfellow
ROOTS & DUB Skyy

fridaze

SMASHED/ KISSING The Where House
JAZZ IN THE BOX Madison
THE GARAGE The Garage
RETRO NITE Cookie Club
SKUNK FUNK & JUNK Bellamy's
FRENZY Beatroot
ROCK 'N' RALLY Hearty Goodfellow
SESSO PURO The Zone

saturdaze

FUNKY COOKIE Cookie Club
HOUSE THAT J AZZ BUILT Beatroot
THE CRASH Hearty Goodfellow
GREASED NIPPLE The Garage
CLUB MIXES Bellamy's

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ULTRAVIOLENCE *Life Of Destructor* (Earache)

I suspect an air of cynicism. It goes like this: *Overall* review Ultraviolence. It's bound to be positive, *Overall* loves Ultraviolence. But that's OK, cynicism's cool. Except... Regular readers may detect what they see as nepotism and become dismissive (ignorant of the national journalists who heap praise on underserving acts while failing to mention that they live with them) when what they should realise is that every now and again, maybe the praise is justified. *Life Of Destructor* represents one of those times, which is why I, an outsider, have bullied my way into these pages in an attempt to be believed. Listen, rarely, if ever, will you have come across a record as brutal as *Life Of Destructor*. As uncompromising, as chilling, as empowering. If there could be such a thing as aural pornography, maybe this would be it, and if the current moral rabies towards so called 'video nasties' was ever to spread to music, then *Life Of Destructor* would be the proscribed list. I'm not talking here about the misogynist tendencies of Snoop Doggy Dogg, or any sort of lyrical offensiveness, but of an all encompassing visceral onslaught—Mortal Kombat for the ears.

It would be very easy here to propose some pseudo sociological theory as to the place such a record as this occupies amidst a crumbling national infrastructure, its reflection on a generation where power dominates, its ultimately fatalistic world view, or how it seems to be borne out of despair; but it would be crass, naive, and would miss the point. The record divides loosely into two halves, despite the recurring themes, even in the titles, which suggest (accurately) that it is strongest when taken as a whole. The first half has a degree of familiarity (from singles, Peel sessions, shit like that) and is an empowering 160bpm adrenalin rush. Play it in a Walkman round Asda, and you'll be glad you don't own an Uzi, or you'd be looking at 30 years. It's the second half that is truly remarkable, augmenting all of what's gone before with a sense of the (and I don't use the word lightly) epic. Despair, desolation and paranoia are added to the equation and what was exhilarating becomes exhausting. Another word not used lightly is masterpiece, which this may well prove to be. Ultimately, words become inadequate. Just listen to the fucking thing.

Mark Spivey

SHIP OF FOOLS *Guidance Is Internal / Diesel Spaceship 10"* (dreamtime)

"OK, space cadets, prepare to hurtle through the cosmos!" Ship Of Fools take their Viking probe through inner and outer space following the Yellow Brick Road to the Moon and beyond with a zero gravity cosmic groove, topped with extracts from NASA's breath-taking Appollo XIII mission, and advice from Dorothy Oz. "The inevitability of Space Migration can be seen clearly when we compute the trajectories of species evolution, of theology, of scientific progress, and social organisation. All these systems seem to point us upwards and away from the heavy pull of gravity." —Timothy Leary, *Neuropolitics*

Christine Chapel

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Alternative NRG (Hollywood Records)

I really wanted to like this *Greenpeace* compilation. Even the recording techniques are environmentally friendly with all the bands involved using solar power to deliver the live tracks herein. Which is all very commendable and proper but the artists included let the side down slightly. The likes of UB40, Midnight Oil, Annie Lennox and P.M. Dawn are all too mellow and unmemorable. The inclusion of L7 with *Shitlist*, Sonic Youth with *JC* and New King Of Kick by J.A.M. liven up the proceedings but the predominance of wishy washy middle of the road material far outweighs the good stuff. Concept: 10, Content: 1.

John Haylock

VARIOUS ARTISTS

From Out Of Nowhere (Survival Records)

Great things our way come; 18 tracks, 16 bands. Unfortunately 2 tracks come from the Hardons, but nonetheless 15-1 in Survival's favour. Sharon O'Connell once said "Lung have barely one pop bone in their entire body". Liar. *Swing* is an excellent pop song, albeit an industrial pop song. *Peril*, with their contribution *Exchange Rate*,

show us the possible outcome of a collision between Butthole Surfers, Test Dept. and a mixed bag of world music. *Bigger Than Jesus* produce a healthy slab of Punk/Metal with a tinge of funkiness in their song *Cash In Hand*. *Suicide* creep and score with some Slowmetal Hardcore entitled *Shades Of Grey*, and Masappel, *Cosmic Psychos*, *Real Cool Killers* and *Front End Loader* all flex musical and inflict pleasurable frontal lobe damage. If your bag is Industrial/Grunge/ Punk/Metal/ Indie/Pop or any mixture thereof, this CD is for you.

Eagle

BAD LIVERS *Horses In The Mines* (Quarterstick)

Bad Livers are a Texan trio with a nice line in bluegrass folk/pop. Accordion, banjo, and fiddle at the ready, they whoop it up through this 17 track cassette with admirable glee. The title track and *Chainsaw Therapy* are two stand-outs, and though the production's a bit tinny (it was recorded in a wooden shed, on an 8-track analogue) and the vocals indistinct at times, this'll do for now. Let's see them live over here, preferably with a support act like the Hillbillies From Mars.

Malcolm Lorimer



MORRISSEY *Vauxhall And I* (Parlaphone)

Growing up during the 80's delivered very few icons and even less truly memorable moments; one image still remains very strong, however. It's Thursday night and The Smiths are on TOTP ...again. What seemed like tedium at the time now conveys to me some form of mythical TV experience. In retrospect, The Smiths were probably the most challenging band for a lost generation and six years after their ugly demise, we are only just beginning to come to terms with how important they actually were as a release for teenage angst. The individual band members' career paths have since stuttered; Marr has produced quality whenever or wherever he chooses to make a contribution (which is all too seldom) whilst loveable Mozza initially carried on with a similar Smiths tradition and then managed to lose the plot, culminating in 1992's debacle with Madness at Finsbury Park. *Vauxhall And I* deserves to re-establish some much needed credibility, although I suspect that too much damage has already been done. In an open act of repentance, Morrissey publicly asks for forgiveness for his role in the demise of the Special Relationship; *Hang Onto Your Friends* speaks for itself. The innovative use of film soundtracks being sampled, as first established towards the end of *Rubber Ring*, is once again revisited and put to effective use on *Spring-Heeled Jim*. The standard criticism that is all too often levelled at Morrissey's voice (usually by ignorant bigots who are afraid to accept anything unusual to the norm) is now given a new paradigm in which to register the discontent; yes, Morrissey has developed some new styles in which to deliver his wit, used with particular effect on *Lifeguard Sleeping*, *Girl Drowning* sounding very much like that other happy-go-lucky likely lad, erm, Terry Hall.

Perhaps the only missing element from those heady days of glory as Salford's finest is the lively bass of Andy Rourke and the tight drumming of Mike Joyce. It is all too easy to overlook the manner in which The Smiths operated as a four-piece band rather than two twisted egotists at the front. Whether we will be blessed by a royal visit this summer and a Mozza appearance at Trent Bridge Cricket Ground (supporting the Chili Peppers), as has been strongly rumoured, remains to be seen.

The Boy With The Cricket Bat At His Side.

Tricky Skills Jase

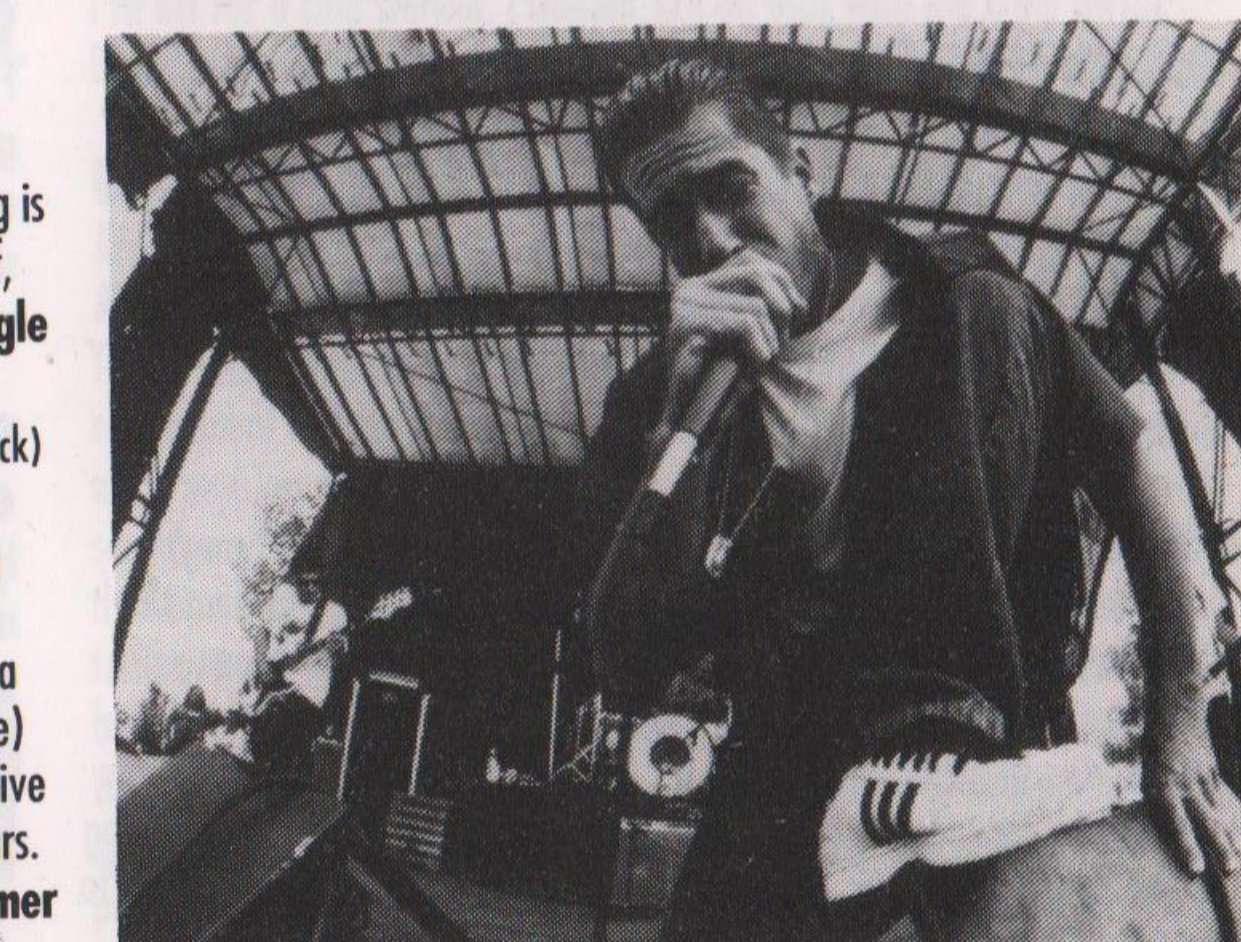
ROLLINS BAND *Weight* (Imago Records)

"There'll be another messiah right here next week" (*Icon*).

The follow up to *End Of Silence* does not let up the pace one bit. Hard, bitter and twisted, this is vintage Rollins. *Weight* is angry; check out the lyrics to *Civilized*, a song about the gun culture in America and the brutalization that follows. Coming from a man whose best friend was gunned down in a drive-by shooting, this is hard stuff. Rollins revels in his on edge soul searching angst "talking about all the hell you've seen, man I live there" (*Vol.4*). This is not an easy record to listen to, it asks too many questions to which I don't want to know all the answers; maybe there's a little Rollins in all of us. "When you start to doubt yourself, the real world will eat you alive" (*Shine*). There, I've reviewed a Rollins LP and not mentioned Black Flag once... oops!

ALICE DONUT *Dry Humping The Cash Cow* (Alternative Tentacles)

A sort of 'live best of comp.' with audience noise dubbed on from Kiss and Peter Dinklage records. The songs are already available elsewhere and the 'live' joke does wear a bit thin after a while. All of this will be available on video later in the year. This is for fans only.



HURRICANE/ DEAD FUCKING LAST *America's Most Hardcore* (Grand Royal Records)

Split LP between hardcore punk and hardcore rap. A project of Beastie Boys members D.J. Hurricane (Heavy-as-fuck rap with lyrics about racism and the L.A. Riots) and Adrock's new thrash band Dead Fucking Last. Hurricane was a bodyguard to Run DMC and his heavy, heavy rap reflects his experience. Highly recommended. D.F.L. are a different concept entirely. Total full on thrash a la Adrenalin OD/ early D.C. sound. Songs about slamming (*Think About The Ph*) and the straight 9 till 5 world (*U Don't Understand*). This is Punk as Fuck.

pic.above Dead Fucking Last photo:Eugene Gore
pic. left Bad Livers



PULP *His 'N' Hers* (Island)

Already being hailed in certain quarters as an instant classic, *His 'N' Hers* is Pulp's official debut, although previous minor releases have established their fan base. It's brash (and unmistakably English) pop, with wild visions from crazy heads and messed up beds flowing through Jarvis Cocker's poisoned pen. Repressed desires and breathless guilty scenes are played out over some pretty ordinary musical scores, but Cocker's anguished delivery is rightly the focus of Ed Buller's polished production. Maybe closer attention to the flesh and bones of their song structuring might have found me enthusing more, but there's no denying the impact that *His 'N' Hers* is about to have on a certain corner of the market; and after the length of time they've waited, Pulp deserve success.

Gareth Thompson

THE WALKABOUTS

Setting The Woods On Fire (Sub Pop)

Over an hour of haunting tuneful Rock with in places a folkish feel to them. This is their sixth album and shows a maturity which maybe takes some of the passion out of their earlier songs. Carla Torgerson's vocals still have a haunting quality and when she sets it against the more rockish vocals of Chris Eckman the effect is magical. Outstanding songs are *Nightdrive* and *Feeling No Pain* (Will you crash the engine of our ruin?). The more I listen to this the more I like it.

CODEINE *The White Birch* (Sub Pop Records)

Slow, very, very slow, painfully intense, tortured songs. Listening to this was like waiting to visit the dentist—you're already in pain and you know there's more to come. The sixth track 'Tom' made NMME Single Of The Week. Big deal, it made me change my cat litter. This is for masochists only. Aaargh, go away! If you woke up with a hangover and played this, you would hang yourself!

ARCWELDER *Xerxes* (Touch And Go Records)

The fourth album from this Minneapolis band who have abandoned their Grunge feel for a college rock R.E.M.-ish feel. *Down To The Wire* has a garagey urgency about it, almost Hüsker Dü but not quite. This band will go down a storm on the student circuit, having lots of chugga chugga guitar and no real substance. Powerful but non-threatening.

M.I.R.V *Cosmodrome* (Mammoth/Prawn Song)

Just what I bloody needed, a rock opera for the 90's. This is like the Residents doing *A Clockwork Orange*. Bloody strange, 12 songs with storyline running between them about a post-apocalyptic night club where kids shave their faces off for kicks. Each song is in a different style Jazz/Rock/Surf you name it they do it well. I can't help thinking of the Residents/Frank Zappa/Nick Turner and some of the weirder to emerge from 60's acid hell. This is a soundtrack begging for a film.

RODAN *Rusty* (Quarterstick Records)

"So bitter sweet, so alluring...and then a ten ton rusted plough drops on your head." This Louisville band are something unique. *Bible Silver Corners* starts out with a lilting new age acoustic melody which gently lulls you into a false sense of security...Suddenly BLAM, like meeting an arctic' full in your face. *Shiner*, angry tortured vocals and thrashing guitars, Punk rock counterpunch which works so well when set against the mellow, feel good first track. The third track, *The Everyday World Of Bodies*, bubbles along on a crunching guitar track with shouted vocals. A song about leaving the world outside. At the same time mellow and yet pissed off, a feeling that runs throughout the whole album one minute relaxed and loving life the next, fuck the world. A slice of life really. Oh yeah, and John Peel loves them.

The Fat Dead Nazi

MONSTERLAND *At One With Time* (Seed)

Here we have yet another compilation of odds and sods and this time it's Monsterland's turn and in their case its only a mini LP on a rather wondrous 10". The problem here though is that there is very little to separate this guitar trio from the middle-ground American guitar pack. No stunning tunes, no grand concepts, no innate grasp of now. I mean it's not bad, *Chewbacca* is a rather sterling little number, but non-committal is the only accurate reaction.

MADDER ROSE *Panic On* (Atlantic/Seed)

Pant-wetting anticipation is never good for one's objectivity and after the last Madder Rose album *Bring It Down* there were one or two people, myself included reaching that degree of fervour, because Madder Rose had presented themselves as doyens of New York, in a way that say only the Velvet Underground had managed previously. They meant something, they mattered. Now that *Panic On* is here, things are just that little different. They still matter but they don't command undeniable awe. There is still the New York sass but not the iceberg cool. Something is amiss and Madder Rose are not firing on all cylinders. There are some dandy tunes hanging out chewing gum on that street corner that is *Panic On* but they don't seem to have the depth of character that indelibly etches them on your memory. For the moment it will do but I for would liked to have seen it do something.

RENEGADE SOUNDWAVE

Howyoudoin (Mute)

It's a bit more like 'Whereyoubin' than 'Howyoudoin' as it's been some while since Renegade Soundwave have been out and about on our manor. Luckily they've still got that old school villain feel — big motors, shooters, squealing tyres and the Sweeney on their tail, it's the same sort of world that Squeeze visited on *Cool For Cats* but they've not just sat there blinkered for the last few years. I mean, there's damn near everything, dub, jazz, techno and rock thrown together here and it works. From the acoustic pomp and stomp of *Renegade Soundwave* to the vibrant cockiness of *Positive ID* to the warped dub of *Last Freedom Fighter* to the simplistic funkied out groove of *Bubbaluba*, *Howyoudoin*' is consummate. This is a record even Burnside would have respect for.

SISTER PSYCHIC

Surrender You Freak (Restless)

You know, I thought by now Seattle would have been drained of any new bands vaguely approaching quality by corporate vultures. Sister Psychic seem to have slipped through the net. Imagine Pearl Jam without the pretensions and with glints of melody and a very dry wry world view. That's the sort of world Sister Psychic inhabit. You may be thinking this is Kerrang! territory and you don't want to know but you'd be missing something because Sister Psychic know how to serve up songs with a side order of pop. *Velvet Dog* with its opening line of "I'm the ice in your scotch and soda" and *Kim The Waitress* raise smile after smile. *Little Bird* finds grooves that fuel the most drained souls and Sister Psychic charge the emotions with their honesty, emotion and lack of cheap gimmicks. Get psychic this summer.

Dave Ellyatt

GRIFTERS *Crappin You Negative* (Southern)

Funky, punky, rough and ready, supposedly excellent live, the Grifters give us this their third L.P. and it's a grower but despite the presence of a rampant diggerdoo on a couple of tracks they fail to experiment sufficiently and too many of the tracks have little or no identity, workmanlike. The next album will be a killer...probably!

POLVO

Celebrate The New Dark Age (Touch And Go)

Hailing from North Carolina in the U.S. of A., Polvo are an outfit you must check out. This seven track mini album contains some brilliant stuff, it's off the wall, fuzzy, busy and brimming with originality. Imagine a cross between Sonic Youth, The Comsat Angels and The Fall and you will be somewhere close. This is my first exposure to Polvo. I want more. They're out there man...why not join them?



RODAN

photo: Ewolf

VOODOO GLOW SKULLS

Who Is, This Is? (Dr. Strange)

Fast and furious funny punk with a brass section. A more manic Bosstones, this band are young and not too serious: "All the farmers want a hair-do just like me/ they blame my mom who used to roadie for MDC" (*Country Phuck*), and other songs about getting married too young and wasting your life and about kissing the boss's ass. A good laugh. Incidentally, Pat Substandard reckons the vocalist sounds like B.G.K. Who am I to argue?

JEFF BUCKLEY *Live At Sin-e* (Big Cat)

Jeff is the son of the ill-fated cult star Tim Buckley, from whom he has inherited a vocal talent that leaves me groping for new adjectives. Having opted to use the surname, he's bound to draw hecklers claiming that he's riding in on his father's fame, but surely the truth would have outed whatever name he'd tried to hide behind. And the truth is that Jeff sings and strums his electric guitar in holy unison. This 4-track CD was recorded at one of New York's folk Bohemian hangouts. Jeff's two originals echo the operatic rock phrasing that created Tim's legend, but they keep your attention firmly fixed. There's also a lovely, floating rendition of the French ballad *Je N'en Connais Pas Le Fin*, and an awesome take on Van Morrison's *Young Lovers Do*, scaling a tower of jazzy vocal expressions. His debut studio LP is out shortly, but indulge this for now.



MOXY FRUVOUS

photo: Sidney Tabak

Bargainville (Eastwest)

The continuing resurgence of young North American bands with old record collections interestingly parallels the wide berth given to English computer dance music by the US market. Moxy Fruvous, a Canadian four-piece, gather the finest threads of American roots music and weave a gladdeningly cheery and humane debut. Their close, watertight harmonies are bound to draw endless Beach Boys comparisons, but the strength of such melodious song-writing ought to knock the doubters over. They point fingers at Americana on *River Valley*, *Video Bargainville* and *Gulf War Song*, but elsewhere return to celebrate hapless adolescence in all its vain glory. It's a superb debut, but like The Beach Boys and many successful others, they'll need constant re-invention to avoid being left in the novelty zone.

Gareth Thompson

THE FALL *Middle Class Revolt (The Vapourisation Of Reality)* (Permanent)

The London ICA described Mark E. Smith as a "self-taught artist worthy of i depth public analysis". Pseudos Corner or what? After sixteen years and eighteen albums, The Fall still sound like a snotty Northern arty punk band. No two tracks are the same. Some drift by in a swirl of suppressed angst while others bellow furiously to be heard. *Hey Student* is punk sounding like Alternative TV, *City Dweller* includes the demand to get the Olympic crap out of Manchester. *Symbol Of Mordgan* has an interview with John Peel about a football match beneath a strange acoustic piss about. Two covers, *War* and *Shut Up* finish off a strange, disjointed record. Needs playing several times before it hits home. (They haven't changed, then. —Ed.)

The Fat Dead Nazi

SHARKBOY *Matinee* (Nude)

Which came first, the music or the title? It's strange but not only do the nicely rounded ten songs that are gathered here seem to sum up a rainy afternoon spent at the local flix, but so does the artwork, adding to the vivid scene being built in my mind. Only number two on the Nude album roster, this has lived up to Nude 1, the understandably hyped Suede and serves as a reminder that this label are choosy about artists. This is not only very good, but is also quite unlike anything I have heard of late. The result will send shivers down your spine as each song ends with the anticipation of what may ensue. Hard to label, they point-blank refuse to adhere to this quirk of the press. These are surely destined for greatness and even if this doesn't come quickly, they are at least safe in the knowledge that this status is deserved of them.

Nick James



STINA NORDENSTAM

Little Star (Telegram)

A solo female performer from Sweden, a most original voice and a collection of quite bizarre and eccentric lyrics. File under Björk. Unfortunately this is the type of populist and simplistic classification that Ms Nordenstam will inevitably have to try to overcome if she is also going to succeed in creating her own individual niche. Musical escapism in it's most beautiful form, hopefully the forthcoming second album will provide likewise erratic delights. Stina's vocal range in the opening few seconds leaves you with great optimism and expectations as to what she is going to be able to achieve and create throughout the duration; she fails to change gear however which is in itself no great loss, it simply adds to the mystique. Just when you think she's about to break down and cry, a sympathetic saxophone takes the lead whilst she regains her composure. The only true comparison with Björk is that they share the same video producer. For maximum comedy effect, check out Mark Radcliffe's piss take - *There was a fire in Lord's chip pan...*

Tricky Skills Jase

JOHN TRUDELL

Johnny Damas & Me (Rykodisc)

Trudell is a Native American activist-poet, described in his 17,000 page FBI dossier as "extremely eloquent". And given that his family were firebombed in 1979 "in suspicious circumstances", it's hardly surprising that this album contains some of the most convincing political music I've yet heard. What's more surprising is the sheer faith in humanity and optimism of these songs. Sound-wise it's an eclectic merging of the best bits of Springsteen, Quiltman's Native American chanting, and a full-on fusion of blues, rock, jazz and rap, all overlaid with Trudell's half-sung, half-spoken poems/rants. Produced by Jackson Browne, featuring the Graffiti Man band, Scott Thurston and Jennifer Warnes, this is an album well worth hearing.

JERRY JEFF WALKER

Viva Luckenbach! (Rykodisc)

Best known for writing *Mr Bojangles* way back when, this is a live album reuniting the personnel of his 1973 *Viva Terligua!* classic in a small Texas bar. The atmosphere's here in buckets, the audience is enthusiastic, and the band are clearly having a high old time, all of which carries over to anyone hearing this performance. Laid back, downhome, thinking Country-Goodtime music for aspiring Rednecks everywhere. Cry in your beer, shout 'Yee-ha, buckaroos!' and enjoy. Fight mental health, as Jerry Jeff himself says on here somewhere.

BUSI MHLONGO & TWASA

Babhemu (Stern's Africa)

One time vocalist with Osibisa (remember those Roger Dean logos?) makes a come back with her own 80's band, Twasa, for a first solo album. Nine songs of life, love and cash-registers in a voice capable of things most singers only get to read about in their own press-releases. The arrangements are modern studio affairs, but don't worry too much about the dreaded 'tasteful' synthesiser, bane of so many African releases in the West. This is a storming set of SA jive and soul, backed by a band most current funksters would kill for. Not bad at all.

ETOILE DE DAKAR

Thiaphatholy (Stern's Africa)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Wassoulou Sound Vol. 2 (Stern's Africa)

A pair of CDs from Senegal & Mali respectively showing the strengths of modern West African music from opposite ends. The Etoile release is a blast from the back catalogue, recorded in 1980, showing Youssou N'Dour and modern Senegalese music in the making. It's a raw and funky mix-down of Cuban, Wolof and American styles, and what emerges is wholly new and as fresh as early James Brown or 60's Jamaican Ska. *The Wassoulou Sound* focuses on the women musicians of Mali's Wassoulou region and couples names like Sali Sidibe & Nahawa Doumbia with newcomers like Saron & Teta Djibe. The ten tracks amount to an introduction to some of the most startling voices and irresistible arrangements in contemporary music. Try Sali Sidibe's *Gnaouman Ke La* for starters, then play until the CD wears out. Yes, that good.

Wayne Burrows

MOBY *Hymn* (Mute)

Wow, yes, exciting interesting techno with swirly bits and heavenly choirs. *All That I Need Is To Be Loved (House Of Suffering mix)* is a corker, kind of Ultraviolence meets Vangelis on Laurent Garnier's hallowed decks who indeed provides the *Wake Up* mix of the title *Hymn*. There's also a alternative quiet version, a lovely inner space splurge which sounds like it was recorded from a whale's inner ear. To the floatation tank, but no ear plugs, thankyou.

Christine Chapel

K KLASS *What You're Missing* (deconstruction)

In the current climate of over-classifying dance music, K Klass could well be considered 'strictly handbag' i.e. lots of people like their records therefore they are widely available and purchased. This is true of *What You're Missing*, a tune destined for the Top 20 to follow up the success which began, oh, way back when with *Rhythm Is A Mystery*. Credibility (for those who crave it) can be found in the latest of their *Pharmacy Dubs*; top mix goes to the *Universal '94 Mix*. Pass my handbag, please.

Mike Connor

THE GRID *Swamp Thing* (Deconstruction)

Ha! You thought you knew them all - Ambient House, Progressive House, Latino House and even Jazz House, well bollocks do you! Cajun House is set to make a big noise in a club near you. Swamp Thing is instantly addictive as well as being a top tune for the floor, you will not escape it so you may as well go and buy it.

Mike Connor

MUDHONEY/JIMMY DALE GILMORE

Tonight I'm Gonna Go Downtown (Sub Pop)

Mudhoney team up with and coming country star Jimmy Dale. Why did they bother? Why is it that when bands get a bit of success they start ego-tripping and trying to be seen as serious artists. This will, I suspect, be hated by both Mudhoney fans and C & W fans alike. A waste of time.

TYPE O NEGATIVE

Christian Woman EP (Roadrunner)

Doomy Gothic Rock which reminds me of early Sisters Of Mercy. If you wear tons of pancake make-up to cover your acne and don't come out during daylight you will love this! For Vampires only.

T.F.D.N.

MIRANDA SEX GARDEN

Peepshow (Mute)

Now that The Cranes have fallen further in love with The Cure, Miranda Sex Garden have decided to fill the gap but not in any twinkly twinkly way. Peepshow is hatred bitterly twisted through the ethereal plane. Truly a sonic cathedral!

JOE HENRY *Fireman's Wedding* (Mammoth)

So many people are saying that '94 will be the year that country music finally makes it in the U.K. The sad thing is that to most people, the country they'll find will be balding, overweight and reliant on AOR theatrics (stand up Garth Brooks) when there are gems just waiting to be unearthed. Joe Henry's *Fireman's Wedding* is just that an elegant story book of an EP brimming with characters and character. The title track draws you so far in you can almost see the bridesmaids flirting with the best man and that odd uncle drunk in the corner. *Hello Stranger* and *Stranger* are more traditional country fare, the first a hoedown and the second a lament that Elvis Costello would be rather proud of. The other two tracks *Dark As A Dungeon* (featuring various Jayhawks and Billy Bragg) and *Friend To You* provide proxy insights into the heart and the psyche. Joe Henry beckons you out of the city and into the country make sure you join him.

Dave Ellyatt

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS

Sexy Sam (Touch And Go)

Mutant, driving punk inspired riffing gives Sexy Sam an instant impact, its short, sharp and annoyingly catchy. You would be a fool to pass this by.

John Haylock

THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH

Everybody's Talkin (Go Discs)

Everybody's Talkin is one of those classic songs that sound great no matter who covers it. This version is nicely sung - but did Leonard Nimoy really do a version? Hmm - that could just disprove the above theory.

WHITEOUT *Starrclub* (Silvertone)

Whiteout's single is a kind of cross between the Byrds and a general 60's/70's mish mash together with a slight Stone Rose's undertone. And with those overgrown mop tops and dazzling white jumpsuits, indie starrdram beckons, no doubt. Or Daz adverts.

Eva Kowalski

DIG *Dig* (Wasteland)

Nirvana may or may not have expired with the passing of their legend, but it is bands such as these who will fight in earnest to preserve the grunge creation. Last year's Runt ep was a neatly packaged grunge scenario, it's big brother, *Dig*, is a collection of disjointed chords, bum notes and screamed vocals that will show the other kids not to mess with its sibling. In its playground this is King and measures up admirably against the kids twice its size. Step with caution, there's a new kid on the block. It's gets like me, with an inquisitive nature, who will enquire with a nervous stammer, only to get beaten shitless in response.

Nick James

COWBOY KILLERS/ DUB WAR

Split EP (Words Of Warning)

The gimmix: a one-sided, limited edition, screen-printed sleeve, 12" single. The music: The Cowboy Killers, hardcore wannabe American punkers from South Wales kick off with the ordinary *Anorak Man*, then after a deceptively straight intro, *Deeply Dippy* (yes, that one) explodes into a total speed punk rush. Hilarious. Dub War, who have just signed to Earache, offer a couple of bass-heavy out-takes from their *Dub Warning* mini LP.

MY DRAGONFLY

Cosmetics/ When? Where? Why??"

"kaleidoscope gazers/i speak to you in iridescent words/come, dance beside me in the snapekit of wires/eyes fixed in a billion shards of of glare/phosphorescing in the music's roar/steady yourselves for the invocation/ready yourselves for the invitation/to the hallucinogeneration."

Lovely rowdy rock of ages ago, three decades in fact, the Woodstock era, gloriously commemorating on purple-hearted vinyl the halcyon days before the discovery of heavy tangents like metal, thrash, hardcore and death.

Christine Chapel

SLEEPER *Delicious EP* (Indolent)

Dripping raw sex Louise Wener has the sort of voice people would die for. Musically punk rock circa 78/79 this would have been massive then and should be now. 'New Wave of the New Wave' - what total bollox this sort of music is too good to be written off us the next big thing. "We should both go to bed until we make each other sore" - Sleeper. It's enough to make you cream your boxer shorts. AAARGH I'm off for a cold shower. (Sleeper are on tour with the truly awful Blur but don't let that put you off).

The Fat Dead Nazi

URBAN SOUTH *Hard Times/Brain*

Damage/Those Who Can't Hear (Must Feel)/It's The U Know What (Nation Records)

The first cut *Hard Times* of Urban South's 4 track offering is highly reminiscent of the type of tunes Massive (formerly Massive Attack) were making a couple of years ago. This wouldn't be a bad thing but somehow *Hard Times* doesn't have the polish coupled with the emotion that Massive had. The raps are fittingly laid back but become very tedious very quickly. *Hard Times* has the ingredients to be excellent but lacks any real life or feeling so in fact sounds rather mediocre. *Brain Damage* is introduced by an interview with a BNP member spouting racist rhetoric (much props go to Urban South for giving people food for thought). The track kicks off with a serious piece of B-line and on the whole the musical side of this track is O.K. (a beeper beat would have produced maximum head nod). It's major let down is it's erratic raps (which carry on the theme of racism from a Black Britains viewpoint), these range from a quite good first verse, an average second verse, and a totally abismal third verse. *Those Who Can't Hear* opens up the second side in a rather unmemorable way, the break used is over used and the rap while technically good lacks any intensity whatsoever.

It's The U Know What is the final cut and stands out as my favourite. I loved the awkward pattern of the bassline and the piano and additional samples work beautifully. My only regrets are that the female vocalist isn't given more minutes as it could have made a top notch Hip Hop/Garage track. This EP has a great amount of potential but is let down y execution.

Ortha

dubTRANbience

A Supine Journey Through the Interzone with Dr. Martin



MAIN-lining

photo: Tom Sheeham

Tired of chilling out in the 20-by-20 surgery confines? Place the VR micro-set over your ears and eyes and come with me. By way of a 3D image at a resolution of 2K pixels and perfect digi-sound we enter the metaverse and walk among the Ninja overlords, the cheapo 2D mass produced body structures, spoon-fed Harry and the Lush Cybercranks. Out of the ambilounge and into the Space Cabaret (the most expensive piece of software in the interzone) to soak up some Dubtranbience.

By the bar, prima-zoids grasp guitars, disturbing the ambience with their feedback tones. At the core are **Main** whose album *Motion Pool* (Beggars Banquet) is a feedback-soaked exploration, looping the virtual light fantastic with its insistent, untouchable drone. It's multi textural tones matched only by **The Ecstasy of St. Theresa's Free -D** (Free Records) whose cross pollination of the seeds of guitarbience and flowers of trance create an aurasonic dreamscape, conjuring visions of scratched travels in Super 8. **Seefeel**, long since the champions of guitarbience return the fold with their first outing on Warp Records, called the *Starethrough* EP. It loses itself in the contemplative insistence of machinery, a million miles away from their disharmonious beginning on Too Pure. Speaking of whom, their latest signing **Mouse On Mars** come up meta-trumps with the *Frosch* EP. A headlong excursion in to the depths of trance, *Schnee Bud* grows into a swamp-dub of some magnitude. On the trancey tip **Hardfloor's Funalogue** (Harthouse) cries out instant

floorshaker with it's sloop-a-shoom bass tactics and quirky individuality. The title track standing out as a monstrous groove. Living in a world of dissonance **Air Liquide** take a blip-vert cut'n'thrust through a trillion images, from beauty to squalid with their album *Nephology* (Rising High). Layered voices splinter the trance terrain as a siren sings *Nephology's* lament. In the realm of heavenly voices **Moby's Hymn** is a massive, grandiose statement of spiritual worship whilst the 33.333 minute *Hymn (Quiet Mix)* is a work of sheer genius, leaving the 'newambientation' watching as this opus glides skyward on the wings of celestial cyber-angels. Not in flight however is the disappointing **Trance Induction** whose *Electrickery* (Guerilla) surfs the well used sine wave, offering little to the dubtranbience equation. Latest offering from hydrogen dukebox is *Beautiful Feeling* by **globo**. Slipping in the odd reference to Mars bars (personally, I never go there) and wine gums, it is a cross hatched, electro/intelligence fusion guaranteed to short the modem. On the world trance tip the self-titled **Ambush** (Eye Q) combines an African tribal rhythm energy with floating melody, creating a startling Euro-Asian-Afro jam with thumb piano welded to gamelan in a talking drum interaction. And finally a batch of compilation albums which should be essential hardware for zone surfers everywhere. *Trance Europe Express Vol. 2* (Volume) collects together a sound-byte dash through the hypothalamus. *En-Trance Vol. 2* collects together a fine selection of tribal techno trance grooves. Whether supine in a salt tank or gliding through the metaverse, *Chill Out or Die* (Rising High) caters for every mood— except meta-violence which is amply supplied by the bruising **Ultraviolence** whose album *Life of Destructor* (Earache) takes hard techno into uncharted territories, forcing me out of my digi-slumber and back into the surgery. Unplug the hardware before you leave. And make an appointment at reception for next month.

TEN ESSENTIAL DIGI-SURFERS

1. **Moby Hymn** (Alt. *Quiet Mix*) (Mute)
2. **10 O.S.T.** (Rising High)
3. **Invaders Of The Heart** *Becoming More Like A God* (*Secret Knowledge Mix*) (Island)
4. **Vapourspace** *Themes From Vapourspace* (Internal)
5. **Uzma** *Ella Ella* (Nation)
6. **Uzechit Plausch** *More Beautiful Human Life* (Apollo)
7. **Air Liquide** *Nephology* (Rising High)
8. **Hardfloor** *Funalogue* (Harthouse)
9. **Mothloop** *Gila Monser* (white)
10. **Loop Guru** *Plane Shift* (En-Trance)

BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE feat. JIMI HENDRIX

If 60's were 90's

JOHN BULLOCK *Hendrix* (Slip N Slide) Obviously this month's favourite for progressive house bods to rip off is none other than axe hero Jimi Hendrix. Oh dear! The sadly named Beautiful People sample old Jimbo's *Voodoo Chile* and *If 6 Was 9* to create a repetitive bass rumbled disco abomination and add a sampleless remix hoping that someone, somewhere might dig it! While John Bullock's *Hendrix* nicks bits from DSK and adds a cheesy fuzz guitar riff along with some geezer from The Aloof wailing a predictable "keep it pumping...yeah".

CAPPIO BROS *Caffeine 4 Daze 12"* (Stickman) Deep underground acid grooves from John Aquaviva's Canadian label. Four tracks of TB303 squelch funk with a respectfully authentic subterranean feel, hard edged beats (typical of the new stateside sound), and melodic without the manic speedrush. If you're a squidge lover, this will make you fall even deeper for that little silver box!

3 MAN JURY *Digital Autopsy 12"* (Slip N Slide) Slip 'N' Slide make amends after the mediocre John Bullock. This time it's Brit Acid which, despite dull programming of the 909 drum machine, reaches it's squelchoramic climax hardfloor style. The flip goes for a more progressive dance style. Dissectable!

RAMIN featuring E BASEMENT 12" (STV) 2 superbly racing trance offerings from Germany's all limited editions Save The Vinyl label. *State Of Suspense* thunders along at a hectic pace, oozing atmosphere and down right spacey weirdness, while *Synthetic Dream* swirls into an ever building cerebral odyssey. Rave at 45 or chill at 33!

BEYOND RELIGION

Bring On The Goodtimes 12" (BR)

With a title such as this you can guess the weight of it— light. Sounds nothing like the press release ('heavy garage dub'), it actually slugs along in an 'evolution' pop house way, not really anyone's cup of tea..

TEMPLE OF ACID

Vortex Virus 12"

(Aura)

Rising High's Casper Pound drops some mid tempo lysergic disco stomp (or should that read Lysergically Sonic Dance?) Flavoured with New York organ stabs and happy beats, while the flip is 13 minutes of hard hyperdriven acid trance. A bit like having your gonads waxed on a rollercoaster. Cross yer legs!

THIRD EYE

Morphic Resonance

(Save The Vinyl)

Out for a while but well worth a mention. Logic's more underground arm deals strictly with melodic world trance from the likes of Ramin who gave us *Branticket* and *Moonchild*, and Jaydee under alias as Greylock and Aircscape. *Morphic Resonance* is a frequently shifting Morse code ethnotrance excursion, from Ollie Olsen, (formerly a member of Max Q with fellow Aussie Michael Hutchence) which builds via didgeridoo warbles to amber nectar intensity. While *New Life* on the flip hypnotically tranports you to early morning drug-soaked Ibiza. Fair dinkum!

THE SPIRIT

Feel It 12"

(Logic)

Original title time! On the A side, a sample laden progressive disco throbber with full vocal, a dubbed out mix on the flip, but best of all the *FFM* remix which squelches at 130 BPM plus, with minimal use of vocal samples.

JUNOR VASQUEZ

Get Your Hands Off My Man 12" (Tribal)

'Top DJ Vasquez in camp as you like skippy house shocker!', deep, funky, bouncin' tune doing the disco 'doo', from this groovier than thou label, wiggle yer midriff and shake that toosh, girl!

OUTLANDER

Aural Scent EP

(Belgium R & S)

Belgium's Outlander returns with a double 12" package of space phased, smoky, dubby techno adventures of the armchair/floor cushion variety. 6 tracks of bush bonged brain boogie, one for the pot!

THE NIGHT SHADOW

Aquatic Park 12"

(Progressive Motion)

Every now and again something a bit weird propels itself out of Italy. *Aquatic Park 1 & 2* weigh in at 16 minutes in total, during which it takes you on a voyage through tribalism, spooky vocoder riffs, cabs style throbs and weirdy guitar solos. In the funkier way possible of course...tripped out!

STASIS

Circuit Funk 12"

(Peace Frog UK)

Steve Pickton's Stasis project returns with more 'Covent Garden' grooves; his input to Hertfordshire's Peace Frog label heralds a new era for electronica. Abstract, funky and completely Mensa friendly.

JEFF MILLS

Berlin/Late Night

(Pow Wow Trance)

Mr Techno (U/R) delivers two restrained Euro-inspired techno plates on this six track 12" while DJ Pierre 'wild pitches' the rest which ends up in bored stiff mode after 4 mixes of the same. Should have Pow Wowed before hand.

Duel

transcendental

LOVEmachine

Mental Man Machine Music

"**O**rgasmatronic is a collection of songs based on an obsession with us ending up in an automated age, an age where the realms of programmable sex etc. aren't out of the unexpected. I think we could end up with electric cities where people will become totally isolated, barring the telephone and the modem."

So says A.D., lead singer and samples fiend with 'out there' trance guitar groovers Transcendental Love Machine whose debut LP *Orgasmatronic* is out now. Released on the ultra hip Hydrogen Dukebox label, whom A.D. praises as being a company who "have the foresight not to worry about mixing dance beats with guitars", an ethos which has certainly caused some confusion amongst the musical purists who think they run the show.

"Unfortunately the world is full of dullard musical purists, who only seem to like one thing or the other, but the thing with guitars in dance music is you have to remember, quite simply, Chic used guitars when they were unfashionable in Disco music. But I still feel that if you can marry the excitement of dance rhythms and the energy of rock guitar, somewhere along the lines you're going to get something which will go down universally." And thus transcend those barriers which have appeared at every turn no doubt. Since their inception Transcendental Love Machine have played with people's expectations, with journals going to great lengths to put their music in a hole. All their releases (five singles so far) have elicited rave reviews with similarities being made to Underworld, Primal Scream and more recently in Volume the writer enthused 'if Iggy Pop had gone for acid (house that is) he'd have sounded like this'. But how does A.D. feel about these comparisons?

"Well, yes...Primal Scream I can see because they are such a musically diverse band, but Underworld seem to have taken a narrow band of sounds & made them work, they're not vastly experimental but they're channelled."



As I've already said 'narrow' is not a way you could describe the TLM sound. *Orgasmatronic* is a veritable jamboree bag of genre bending mayhem.

"The idea behind the album was a collection of texture and a sense of spontaneity which would be difficult to reproduce. So you have dub monsters like 'Transcendo' and at the same time you have the 'swampland spookiness' of tracks like 'Dragonfly'. The main thing is we didn't have a set manifesto of what the album should sound like but obviously our influences did play a part."

So who has influenced you?

"Well, Kraftwerk, early Human League, New Order and bands like The Who."

A refreshing list of influences in the light of the current apparent obsession with modern classical composers like Glass and Reich whom everyone seems to want on their desert island list. Indeed, it's A.D.'s lack of humility when admitting to influences which may be unfashionable to your average myopic fashion victim which acts as the best testament to TLM. Not afraid to pillage the past, their music may have an oddly nostalgic quality but has it's sights firmly set on a brighter & less rigid future. And speaking of the future what next for TLM?

"Our music's getting more sonic— bigger noises, bigger sounds. We're about to record with Jay Bennet who was the in-house engineer for Def Jam, so he can help us get closer to the noises that come out of the likes of Public Enemy...but where they're obviously hip hop, we'll be applying the approach to a more trancey beat so we end up with a much larger and deeper dubbiness."

Joe Nine

9-13 Goosegate, Hockley
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Transcendental Love Machine – plug them into your modem, put on your pressure sensitive 'sex suit', and phone up the partner of your choice & simply connect – electronic orgasms with a human touch.

Martin James

Orgasmatronic is on Hydrogen Dukebox (via SRD). Some of their back catalogue is still available via their record company; Hydrogen Dukebox, 81 Canon Beck Rd., Rotherhithe, London SE16 1DF



HYDROGEN dukebox



THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG RIBBON TEARS

Harlesden Mean Fiddler

Easter Sunday in a wet, cold London. Finding some breathing space betwixt Easter dinner, screaming babies and gargantuan chocolate eggs, I chanced upon Harlesden and a familiar Nottingham name. Ribbon Tears, invited as special guests of The Men They Couldn't Hang, took the stage before a capacity crowd. Opening with an echo guitar riff-laden 'Zep meets the early Bee Gees, they stormed through a fairly short set with growing confidence, closing with what can only be described as a 'dub bass love song' earning well deserved audience approval. The Men They Couldn't Hang had organised the evening as their 10th year celebration. With a lengthy career, and many songs to draw from, it was a long and memorable evening, twenty-five songs in two hours. Cush was in excellent form. Highlights included the opener *Ironmasters*, a superb rendition of Neil Young's *Harvest Moon*, the evocative *Green Fields Of France* featuring original bass player Shanne, and the boot stompin' *Walkin' Talkin'*. The crowd, including an inconspicuous Shane McGowan, left wet and dismal Harlesden satisfied. I can't ever remember an Easter being so good! **Matt Kebbell**

DISCO INFERNO

Leicester The Charlotte

I had high hopes. After all, Disco Inferno are one of the few rock bands who can even be mentioned in the same sentence as the word original. Their 'Love Stepping Out' single was such a perfect evocation of a summer Sunday evening in London that it virtually made trips to the capital redundant. The least I expected was an ever-shifting sprinkling of guitar and sequencer, dancing like sunlight on water, held together by stately bass and drums, as Ian Grouse intones his tales of love's survival in a hostile environment. What I got was a muddy clatter of treated guitar and unidentifiable samples, as three nervous musicians struggled vainly to stay in time. In the end it was a toss up who was most embarrassed, band or audience. It's probably unfair to draw any conclusions from one disastrous gig but I will anyway. Should Disco Inferno be attempting to play live until they can sort out their beat-up unreliable equipment, and a PA capable of coping with their dizzying array of sounds? Even with a traditional guitar, bass, acoustic drums format, they used to sound like no other band. It seems churlish to criticise creative ambition, but for Disco Inferno a step backwards may be in order. **David Leach**

FRIED ALIVE!

WHOLESONE FISH/ MUSTARD ROCK

Nottingham The Running Horse

Competent (adj.): Having sufficient skill; suitable for the purpose; qualified to testify.

Yes, Wholesome Fish are competent. They are not an exciting new discovery, having been together some 8 years. In that time they have stuck to a studied rate of evolution which has taken them on the steady $y = mx + c$ ascent to their present deserved position. Half-hearted praise? I think not. It is all too easy to be this year's, month's or week's (hello, ravers) thing but this bunch have been treading the boards from the former Yugoslavia to the Orkney Isles building up audience and acclaim over the years, proving that an attitude, talent and (heaven forbid) hard work pays dividends. Tonight they continued on this path to the stars. When is a record company going to wake up and make them an offer they can't refuse?

Mustard Rock represents the other end of the spectrum. Ha! No, not like that but presenting an act that relies on youth and immediate satisfaction. Starting the first of a series of gigs to feature guest musicians, they kicked off tonight with Doz on drums. Now I know all you die hards will writhe and froth at the muzzle at this idea but he was as good as he was tasty. Not imposing a sound, more accenting the now razor sharp sound courtesy of rehearsal time paid for by ETC Records and Cavey Music Plc. Yes, I was dubious but Doz done good, as did all the lads. What a joy to be able to hear the boy Jai for a change, visible as ever in satin shirt and red cape, Ninja-fighting his way into our hearts. (Are you sure Screaming J. Hawkins didn't tour here in the early 70's and leave something to nurture and love?). Jim in a lovely creation crocheted by his mum and the smouldering glam axe-man Morgan (don't even bother, Brett Anderson, you sad has-been) were in even better form than ever; yes I know what I'm saying: they were that good. What a show! A battle of the beards, Gordon Fish's full-grown lush, Jai's young, daring and getting more exuberant by the minute.

photot and words: **Will Irvine**

SILENCER / BOB TILTON CATHODE NATION

Nottingham Narrowboat

Cathode Nation play an original and refreshing blend of funky Hardcore/Punk. Their set went from mellow to intense moments, always supported by great basslines. They have almost become 'Journymen' on the local scene and deserve better, and aside from the singer/guitarist's brief liaison with Pitchshifter, Cathode Nation have probably never played to a large crowd. Hopefully this will change soon.

I kept expecting a 16 year-old Coke swigging W.M.M. to hardcore-skip past me but I guess I will have to be happy with the piss poor man's version of 'Youth Of Today' which are Bob Tilton. Their sound is predictably structured, unoriginal 80's D.C. hardcore. As for the between song dialogue, "my parents took my wings" or something, I hope you find them soon and fly your band away. Silencer were brilliant tonight and by the end of the first track it was evident who most of the audience were here for. (No disrespect to Cathode Nation). They've gone from being Nirvana clones to an organised, original, hardcore/grungey guitar band. I've seen their set only twice this year but can still remember the tracks. Their sound is tight (coercion between bass and guitar is excellent) and inventive. It's only a matter of time before they make it big, so check them out before you'll need binoculars to see them live.

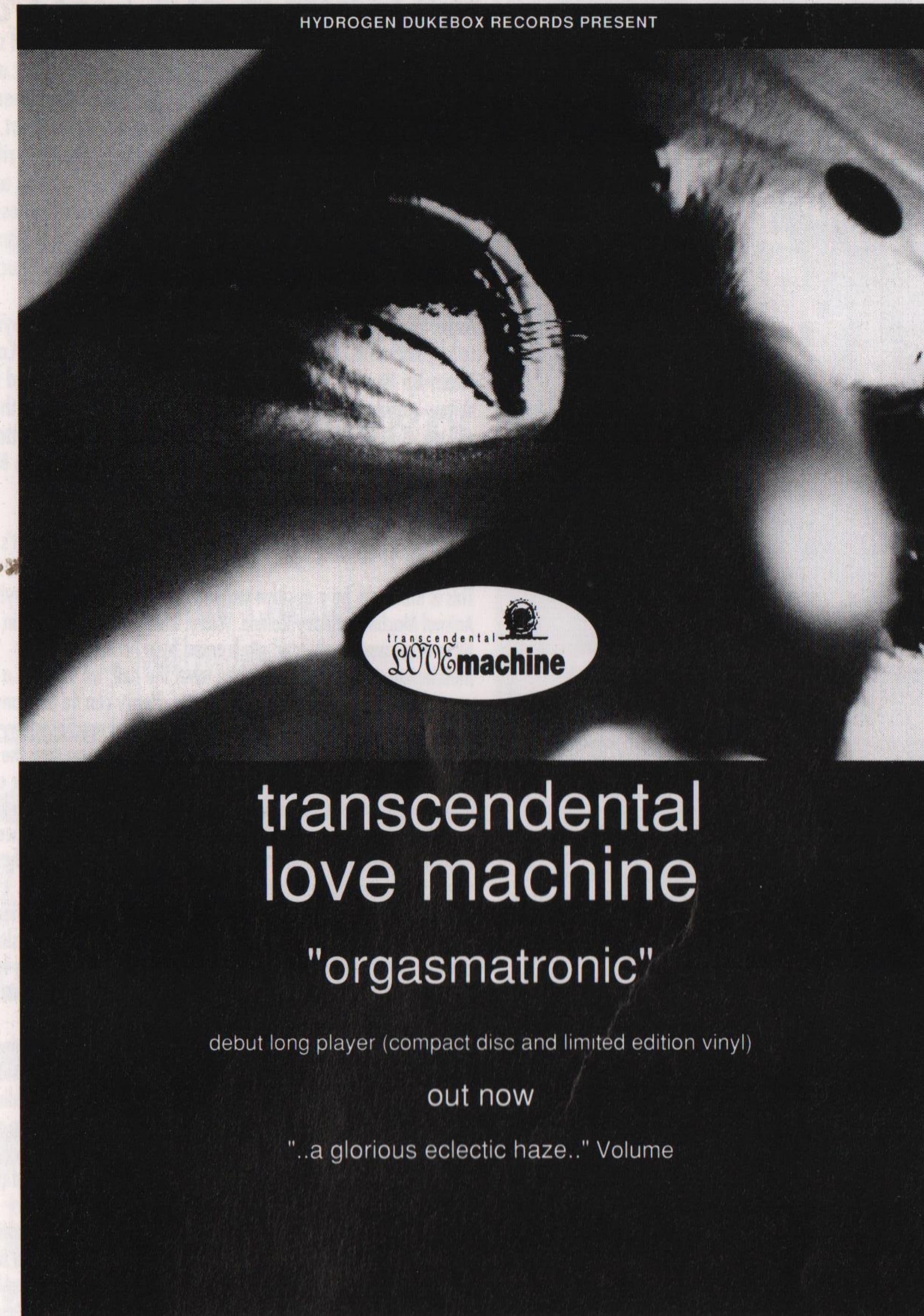
Monty

SILENCER
photo: Ralph Barklam



THE CLICK/ ARRIVAL/ RICHOCHE/ TICKLE/ TOTAL FREQUENCY/ K.I.D/ DARKMAN/ M.C.M Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre

We were promised the best jam of '94 and that's what we got...well almost. The night started off well with excellent DJ's and a good turn out, and at this point I was excited and expecting to be able to review a wicked jam, then the artists came on and all went quiet. The Click were the first to take the stage and display their ruff beats and lyrical skills. They were followed by Arrival who dropped a swing vibe, with live scratches, it was good, but the crowd were either too tired or too arrogant to give them the appreciation they deserve. After Arrival came the debut appearance of Richochet, who were again impressive, the audience still largely unappreciative. 3.15 a.m. and the crowd were still fronting. Mr Tickle took to the stage and delivered a mellow Hip-Hop track called *Mr Kinkleton*, due for release on 12" in mid June. This was a wicked tune, and the first time I had seen Tickle live, it was a refreshing change from the 'Bitch, nigga, 'ho' that most rappers are talking about. Total Frequency then entered the arena, and dropped a flat tune, all I can say about this is 'Bassline'. Having already heard K.I.D.'s new 12" I was pleased to see him perform two of the tracks from it, *We Not Tryin To Hear That* and *Fatal Attraction* (now available on a compilation album called *Raw Flavas*). Darkman was the surprise artist of the night, performing his new 12" *Yabba-dabbadoo*, a good track but a poor performance. The crowd were now totally motionless, could the headliner manage to move them? No. M.C.M delivered a full set, but still received no response. I hope Hip-Hop won't return to the days of leaning on a wall and fronting!! **K.W.**



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CAST/ORANGE DE LUXE Leicester The Charlotte

The massive Marshall stacks give the game away even before a string is plucked. Orange De Luxe kick ass with a grin-inducing hair-flailing intensity almost physical in its impact. Unfortunately the next few songs reveal that even if Orange De Luxe chose to play an Irish jig the temptation to end it with a guitar rock-out would prove too much. This approach would achieve greater effect if used a little more sparingly, but Orange De Luxe remain resolutely determined to boot my bottom into oblivion with each and every song. In the end they only avoid pub rock hell by virtue of guitar playing that owes as much to J. Mascis as it does to Eric Clapton. An injection of melody and a healthy dose of pretension would dispel their dull but worthy pub rock tendencies and see them rocking out in front of the heaving mosh-pit they deserve. First impressions do Cast few favours, looking as they do like first year engineering students out on the piss. Unpretentious in jeans and trainers, they bob their heads and grin at each other in an irritatingly muso-like fashion. I conclude that Cast are the Local Band from Hell and scan the audience for the inevitable girl-friends and relatives. But wait! Third song in they wake me up with a swooning, half-familiar melody which finally distracts me from how awful they look. Do you remember the last time you saw a band and failed to deduce all their favourite records within five minutes? It's a refreshing change, but it could just mean that Cast have a more varied record collection than mine, although I would guess (from their hair-cuts as much as anything) that if they are copying a cool band from the past, then they are getting it brilliantly wrong. It's not like Cast are startlingly original, or even self consciously weird, more that they seem to approach things with a different perspective. The guitars are a pleasant but unremarkable jangle, so most credit must go to the vocalist who sounds both melodic and individual. In the end I can't work out whether or not Cast are as horribly uncool as I think they might be, so I'll hedge my bets and suggest you check them out for yourselves.

David Leach

THE NAVIGATORS

Nottingham The Running Horse

There is a certain air of inevitability about it. Every Saturday people enter the Runner vowing "I'll just have a couple" and three hours later they stagger out reeling from a mixture of Guinness and Irish Folk. The session starts off mildly enough, a few old Irish and Scots songs *The Leaving Of Liverpool*, *Auld Triangle*, *Claire To Here*, *Holy Ground*, the songs go on, the beer goes down. A few people get up and do sets of differing abilities and enthusiasm but no-one seems to mind. The Navigators return for a second set, a bit more up tempo with plenty of audience reaction, clapping, footstomping and it's into the classics *Irish Rover*, *Flower Of Scotland*, *Rising Of The Moon*. The beer flows, the room explodes, the audience are singing along, laughing and generally enjoying the crack. All too soon it's over, the knackered bar staff who close for Holy Hour in order to prepare for the evening. It's over, you're hot, sweaty and a little drunk. Time to plan the evening and look forward to next week.

Dave (Up The Bhoys)

KERBDOG

Nottingham Rock City

After witnessing Kerbdog blow Therapy? off stage recently I was rather excited about this gig, held as it was in the intimate (claustrophobic) basement bar of Rock City. You should all be familiar with their brilliant debut album, and tonight the small but enthusiastic crowd were treated to a dynamite set consisting of what seemed like the entire album, opening up with a sonic barrage of second world war proportions they give us *Schism*, *End Of Green*, *Inseminator*, etc., titles which in an ideal world would be as familiar as *Stairway To Heaven* or *I Should Be So Lucky!* The set is relentless, Kerbdog don't believe in light and shade, they blitzkrieg their way into the encore which is naturally enough *Cleaver* and leave us clamouring for more. Don't let this band disappear into bargain rock obscurity.

John Haylock

JOHN BUTLER & RICK WILSON

Leicester The Charlotte

Two little boys had two little toys, each had an acoustic guitar. Yo John and Yo Rick, the Glimmer Twins from Diesel Park West, strumming away unplugged in the first of many similar events at The Charlotte. Passing over any reservations about MTV's motives in promoting the Unplugged series (i.e. the format sells Coke and Jeans), this type of arrangement is definitely more agreeable for some artists than others. The Diesels are certainly appropriate, all three of their albums containing true songs, so rich in melody and harmony of a West Coast feel that if anything, they would sound more finely tuned when played unplugged.

John Butler has grown up from being the Angry Young Man of Leicester to being, well, the Angry Old Man. The band's experience over the past few years in taking on the might of Corporate Rock (and just about winning) has resulted in an increased feeling of positivism, inspiring new material throughout the band's upheavals. In particular, 'Competition' was given an acoustic trial tonight, sounding full of angst and bitterness even in this friendly environment. In true Unplugged tradition, John and Rick honoured their heritage by paying respect to some of their influences - Moby Grape, Randy Newman, The Byrds and yes, their alter egos, Mick and Keith. The mix of well known covers and their own similar material blended smoothly and resulted in a lengthy set.

Tricky Skills Jase

JUNK CULTURE/SPIN OUT/BLACK BALL Nottingham The Old Angel

Black Ball have had only 4 rehearsals with vocals, suffered a dodgy sound check, been together a very short time and have a vocalist with much more than normal in the seat of his pants. The evening didn't bode too well, but against the odds Black Ball pulled it off. Their willingness to experiment with guitar sounds, supported by a very good bass and beat carried them. The first track was outstanding, the powerful guitar sound reminiscent of Godmachine or Helmet. Once the vocalist had emptied his underwear and realised he wasn't going to get pelted with rotten vegetables. The effect was as though he had overdosed on E numbers. As some chart tosser said, "things can only get better."

Spin Out are a 'fun' punk band. I smiled all the way through their set. It wasn't just that for the first time the Chapel floor was a writhing dreadlocked moshpit, or that the charismatic lead singer wore a rather nice shirt, or even that the bassist was tuning up while playing and still sounded good. It was that there was no pretension, No carefully garnered NWONW image. Spin Out won me over, their message is conveyed with humour, the pace and intensity of their songs swaying like the legs of a drunk who manages not to fall over. Excellent. As for Junk Culture, very good name, very talented, very Chilli Peppers. Very much time for last bus.

Monty

THRONEBERRY Leicester The Charlotte

What ever came out of Cincinnati? Is it famous for anything in particular, like California claiming the Beach Boys or Seattle, Grunge? There doesn't seem to be anything immediately inspiring about the place, but perhaps that's the reason Throneberry are so inspiring themselves, a direct challenge being thrown out by their music. A style developed as if looking at a mirror and taking into account both sides or, as it was put to me, music of peaks and troughs, but I felt that description could also apply in an adverse sense and might suggest that the performance was at times questionable. This wasn't at all the case and a better bench mark might be to refer to music of two extremes, on one hand the extremities of a nation into industrial heights, music of a working society, thick with smoke, sweat and toil, on the other side a soundtrack to bring this down to a more realistic level, after all it's only a job, don't take life too seriously. The response toward the audience was at first a little reserved, but this was soon lost as Jason, Sam, Paul and Steve realised they were amongst friends and started to relax, even at one point thanking those gathered for their appreciation, at which point applause could be heard, the retort came back fast from Jason, that's right give yourselves a clap, your so polite. This brought the miles down and it was as if you were gathered here amongst people you'd known for years and even the hardest cynic could not refuse to be won over. Not only did the music have a very familiar feel to it, but also the atmosphere created brought everything closer and the response that was made at the close of proceedings was from the stage, make my day buy a T-Shirt, placed in context this was a comment from a genius and all who left this evening I'm certain will not forget their encounter with this little peice of Kentucky.

Nick James



TRIPMASTER MONKEY *Leicester The Charlotte*

It's the American's who continue to dominate the underground music scene over here, bringing with them their raucous melodies with which to infect us. This is not to say that there's anything necessarily underground about these bands, it's just that others may be reluctant to admit that they're really quite good. Not even particularly well known in their native parts, this is half the joy; it's the opposite circumstances which breed problems. We should just let them get on with it, generating frenzied interest from nothing at all. With a crash of nineties American punk, it was clearly evident that Tripmaster Monkey knew how to put on a show. It's really good to see not only the evening's voyeurs appreciating a performance, but also the musicians getting something out of all the effort—the spring in the vocalists step was clear to see. The usual set had apparently been reversed. With the final climatic crescendo placed at the beginning, the whole performance seemed like a continuous volcanic eruption. The occasional lull allowed proceedings to cool off and for those present to reflect on what they'd heard, before once again showering molten lava, stinging with it's intensity. The name apparently taken from a literary work, leaves nothing with which to build an opinion, a cunning play as they know exactly where they're at. As with the name, beneath this exterior lies a deeper and more powerful meaning. Uncle Sam's soldiers are in fine form.

Nick James

ECHOBELLY/ PERFUME/NANCY REVERB *Leicester The Charlotte*

Nancy Reverb, oh how they want to be famous, but they're not going to do it this way; kitted up from Oxfam, soft pop songs with little lyrical content, and no staying power, they looked knocked after one track. Daydreaming was extremely infectious, and the only foot-tapper from a weak set. Gimmicks or not, Perfume were brilliant, weird backdrops, projections, joss sticks everywhere and buckets of dry ice. The single *Perfume* started mellow then grabbed you indecently. *Under The Arches* reeked of Suede, but who cares; the best track of the night. If you haven't seen them yet, check press for details. Echobelly didn't give a shit really, they know they're good and they have the attitude that it's just a job. Lovely Betty Boop image of Glam pop; ching ching guitars behind broken, wide mouthed vocals. The crowd only seemed to know *Insomniac*, and jumped around like the House Of Pain were dueting. But the album's on its way and should be a cracker.

James Spencer



KITTISSON HEADCASE & MSD

photo: Matt Fidle

FLAVATASAVA *Nottingham Bellamy's Bar*

A new local band, stifling heat, much anticipation. What did my senses receive for a quid? Passionate jazz piano evolving ever funkward, worldly rhythms, persuasive percussion flooded with a magical vibra phonic wall of sound, spiced with touches of Moog synth. A solid backline funk and skipped reducing all comers to nodding donkeys. The bass studied Jaco Pastorius forms before applying dub plate pressure, the big bone man providing big bone man soul. The band had obviously been told the meaning of a long and creative musical life—"Start not with a vibe but a tune, the rest will follow." An eclectic sound, the swirling psychedelic jazz flavour lingering most strongly. Joined by Kittison Headcase and MSD, they ended on the obligatory jazz rap. Bang. Locals faces staring through the window are burned. Many casualties. Free education. A wealth of material tonight, expect a flava that will ripen publicly this summer. More please.

Basher

BLUR/SLEEPER *Nottingham Rock City*
The majority of support acts are instantly forgettable, and serve only as background music while you do mental arithmetic at the bar. So it is with great pleasure that I draw your world weary, cynical eyes to the wonderful Sleeper. who turn out a short, sharp superb set, full of fizz-bomb guitars, itchy, punk-inspired riffs and heavenly vocals delivered by a young lady whose beauty and demure manner transform her into an instant indie goddess. Their latest single *Delicious* sums them up beautifully—a paean to lust and longing, not unlike The Pixies' *Gigantic* but better, much better.

As for Blur, if we must suffer tuneful pop songs with annoyingly catchy choruses, cheesy fairground organ interludes and Cockney knees-up Muvver Brown back-to-basics Britishness fronted by a skinny gurning geezer who the girls just love to death, then Blur will do. But The Kinks and the Small Faces did it much better.

John Haylock

ROLLINS BAND/DIG *Manchester The Academy*

"It's time to align your body with your mind, it's hero time, it's time to shine."

This is meant to be a positive statement of intent from self-styled Hot Animal Machine, Henry Rollins. Weird, how positivity comes in the form of a crunchingly loud gig fronted by a heavily tattooed muscleman with a psychotic stare; what the hell, we all need a little masochism every now and then. Maybe. Henry can do as many weights as he wants to toughen up his body and read as many philosophy books for his mind, but surely nothing can stop the onset of deafness which will result from a hundred-plus gigs a year at this volume. Guitarist Chris Haskeft advises everyone to wear earplugs—after the gig. However, soundman Theo reckons the kids were cheated because the mix wasn't quite right. Quite right? Right to do what? Make people lose control of their bowels?

The punters seem to enjoy it, merrily slamming into each other like the most slammed slamming things in a factory turning out slam dancers. One youth leaves with his nose splattered across his face and professional ligger and sometime comic Mark Lamarr gets thrown out after an 'exchange of views' with a drunken punk.

Rollins band have a new bassist, Melvin Gibbs, who has previously worked with Living Colour & Defunkt. All the material is from new LP *Weight* and disappointingly they've decided not to do any oldies or cover versions. Not even *Do It*, or *Lonely* or *Low Self Opinion* and definitely not *Six Pack*. All the material on *Weight* is the usual Rollins stuff, like alienation and depression and how all those horrid people out there are really awfully nasty, to a typical soundtrack of overloaded heaviness. They've also recorded a live improvisation album with sax man Charles Gayle. Sound dangerously close to Spinal Tap hippie bullshit? Could be, but they'll probably pull it off. Also, Henry is on the verge of completing 'Get In The Van', a history of Black Flag, yet another book from a gentleman who never stops working.

Dig, tonight's support dress like traditional slackers, messy styleless Yanks with a guitar assault. Their influences occasionally poke through the wall of sound, a little Mudhoney here and a touch of Tad there. Perversely most of the lyrics send a sly punch under the ribs of comfortable middle-class apathist chic. Many bands use two guitars, where do you go when you want to go one louder? Eleven! No sorry, three! Dig use three guitars.

They are loud, louder than the loudest loud thing in.....er, look go and see them, but take some earplugs OK?

Roland Gent

OPTIMUM WOUND PROFILE *SKIN LIMIT SHOW Nottingham Rock City*

SLS hail from Notts and contain members from CNS, Bloody Lovely and Pitch Shifter. Their sound is a brutal 'industrial' cross-over. Tonight is no exception. They seem to have overcome the technical problems which have dogged their previous live performances although the guitar was fairly quiet. The dialogue samples were clear (if not a little corny—Texas Chainsaw Massacre!) and the whiney effect of the lead guitar is very similar to Pitch Shifter, but as the guitarist was an original member he has the right to play this way. Singers Key and Alex hurled vocal hand grenades at a less than animated Rock City crowd and were well received. SLS have just signed to a small European label; good luck to them.

After the release of their 2nd album Optimum Wound Profile have been dropped by Roadrunner. Having seen them 4 times—their best performance was with Fear factory at the Marquee last year—I found this set disappointing. OWP play a similar style to SLS (two singers, sampling) and have been compared to Ministry. The better songs tonight e.g. *Down Mouth!* came from the first LP, but why were they so quiet? I easily conducted a conversation six feet away from the amps. It can't be easy playing to small crowds knowing you've just lost your deal, but OWP's commitment was commendable. The sad thing is they may have lost their best chance to do anything with this band, but E.N.T. could always reform.

Monty

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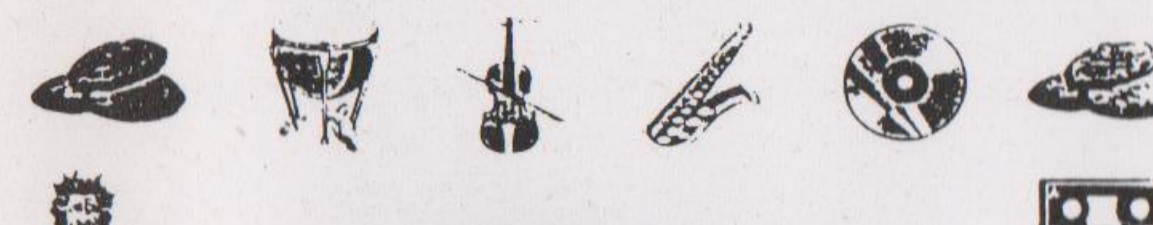
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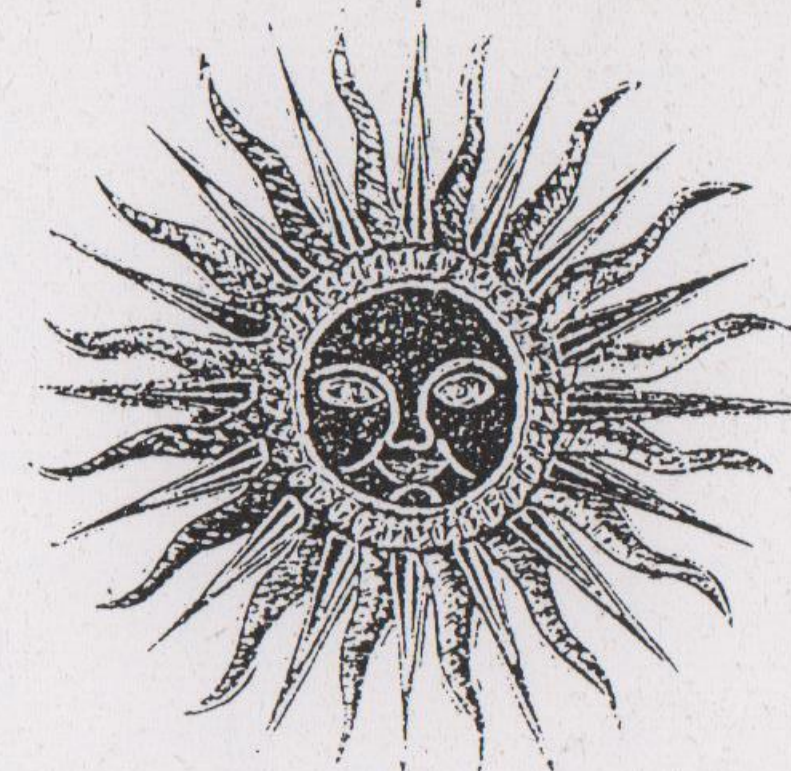
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