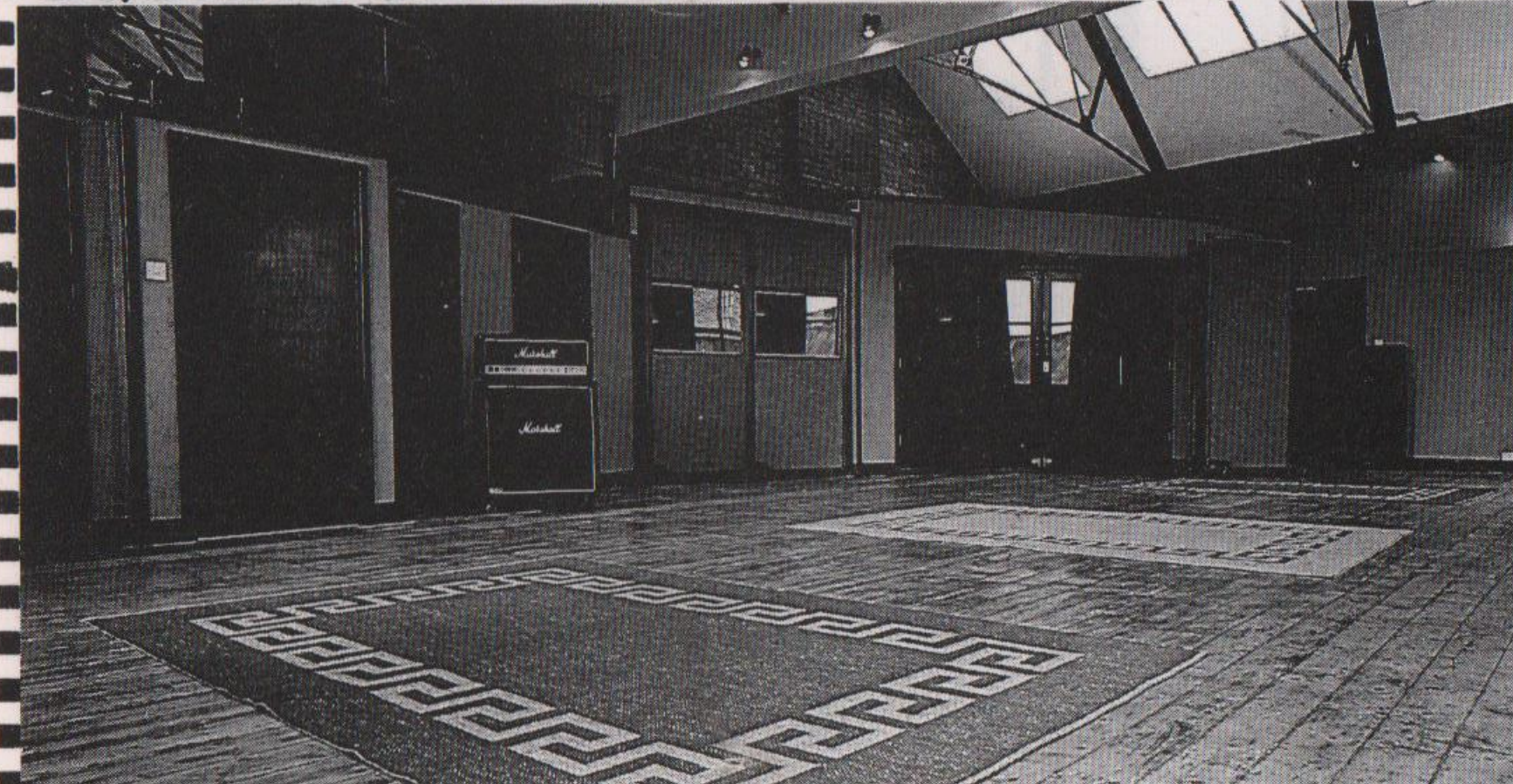


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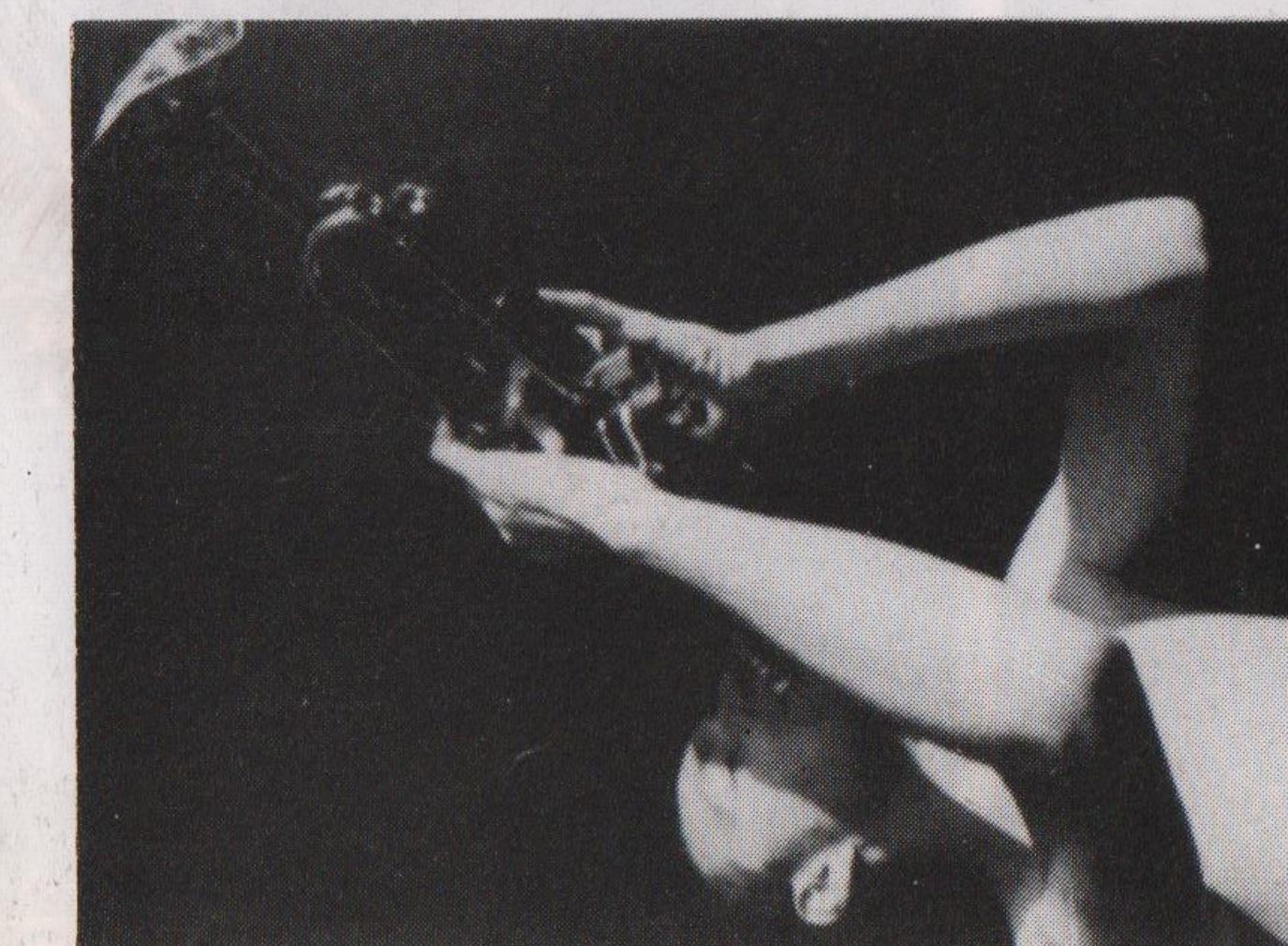
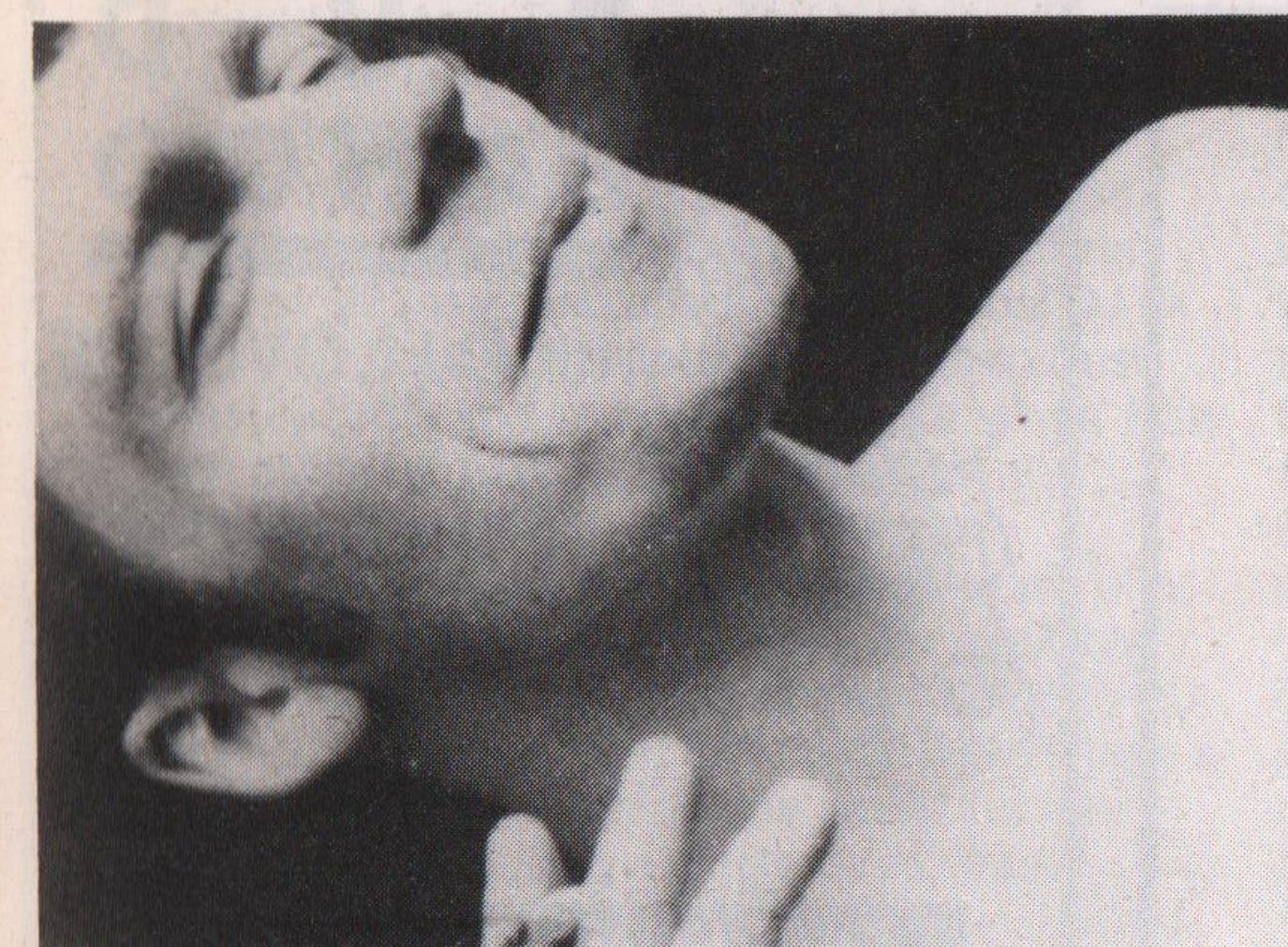
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THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

Vol 4. No. 3 JULY / AUGUST 1994

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NEW RELEASES

July finally sees the release of *Life Of Destructor*, the debut album by **Ultraviolence** on Earache records. Let **Johnny Violent** take you "on a journey to the darker side of the mind" with this killer robot concept epic. And for those aren't used to the cerebral toll, a little 7" called *Johnny Is A Bastard* also on Earache provides a light workout before the big game. **Cosmic Baby** have released an album called *Thinking About Myself* on Logic. Described as 'techno with attitude', **Cranium Head Fuck** have their EP *Summer Rain* out on Rising High. *Kaleidoscope Summer* is **Outside's** fourth single on Dorado 19 records. New **Chapterhouse** album *Blood Music* is hoping to get into your system when released by Dedicated on August 23rd. **Hole** ask us to very kindly *Live Through This*, an album on City Slang records. Don't be dull, be **Vivid**, Leicester groovers whose CD EP is available now. *Your Body's Callin'* apparently for **R. Kelly**, his latest single on Jive records. *Je M'aime* by **Anna Wildsmith** from **Sow** brings you her narcissism on CD only on Hyperium records. On Swallow records is the new CD from **Ta.sso**, that foot-stomping, yee-haaing Cajun band from Louisiana. Two bands with albums released on Elemental records are **Linus' Yougli** and **a.c. acoustic's Able Treasury**. The Network/Play it Again Sam label sees the proud rerelease of **Papa Brittle's** first album; *Obey, Consume, Marry and Reproduce*, contains 4 new tracks which were not on the album for the Agit Prop label in '92 (see *Vinolution*). International DJ Of The Year **Paul Oakenfold** has signed to East West records and completed a debut single *Rise* with producer partner **Steve Osborne** and featuring new British rapper **Hawkeye**.

Tindersticks have announced the release of a special live album which will only be available from their fan club. Send £5 and an S.A.E to PO Box 1872, London W10 5ZS. **S.M*A*S'H** have a debut mini-album of the same name out now and will be producing a single for Hi-Rise records in July, while other bands with releases in the offing this summer include **Ozric Tentacles**, **Back To The Planet**, **Manic Street Preachers** and **Mantaray**. "Fuckin' awesome" is how Buzz Factory have described **The Gonzo Salvage Company's** debut single *Poverty* which is now out on Leicester-based Practical Payola records. They'll be supporting **Codeine** on their UK tour this summer. *Classic Selection Vol. 3* is the latest mixture of unreleased cuts and old favourites by **Dub Syndicate** on On-U-Sound records CD. A special double A sided 7" *Sale Of The Century/Hydra* is out now by **Cable** on the Derby-based label Krunch!

The X-Rays have a new 7" single out now on Get Hip records, and also distributed in America. Following the *Dither* EP on their Chocolate Fireguard label **Kava Kava** have signed a two album deal with Delirium. The first is due for release in December. Berlin-based return to England in July for a series of dates throughout the country. Their latest single *Dive* is available now on 7" only. Also on Che records, **Slipstream**, featuring ex-Spiritualized **Mark Refoy**, release their debut single *Sundown*. **Ligament** are the latest signings to The Flower Shop (project of Robin of **The God Machine**). Lest you miss one of their rare live outings, *Thank You For My Pumping Heart/Hang Jawz* and *Ligamentary Canal 65* see release in July. Mail order enquiries to: Unit G, 44 St Pauls Cres., London NW1 9TN. **Electrafixion** reunites **Ian McCulloch** and **Will Sergeant** (both ex of **Echo And The Bunnymen**) for the first time since '87. **Rodan** who pull out of the **Phoenix Festival** due to the growing ill-health of singer/guitarist **Jason Noble**, will return to these

shores late this year; you can hear their debut Peel Session on 23rd July. **Jesus Lizard** have been confirmed to play the main stage at Reading on Sunday 28th August. This will precede the release of their new studio album (30th August) *Down. Here I Am* is essential listening for all you fans of that 80's pop phenomenon **Gary Newman**! 3 of the 15 tracks are live, including such gems as *Are Friends Electric?* and *Your Fascination*. Also out on July 25th on Receiver Records is a live album from 70's rockers **The Sweet**. Many old favourites are there including *Blockbuster* and *Ballroom Blitz*. Another compilation to look out for from July 25th is *In Paradise* a 20-track offering highlighting the talents of Jamaican Reggae & Soul performer, **Jackie Edwards**. Coinciding with this but in complete contrast is Trojan's release of *Slum In Dub*. Recorded at the height of the dub era in 1978 it features some of the best known sounds from **Gregory Isaacs** and can be heard for the first time on CD. Warp records release their *Artificial Intelligence II* double disc compilation, featuring Seefeel and Autechre among ambient others. Vinyl purists are in for a treat with a free 12" to complement this limited edition package. To tie in with this Warp Records have also released *Motion*, a 40 minute animated film which attempts to define 'an area of consciousness normally inaccessible to the waking brain'. One of the classic R&B outfits of all time unveil their first ever live album on September 6th, when Elektra release *The Isley Brothers Live*, featuring such classics as *Fight the Power* and **Sly Stone's** *Thank You Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin*. **East Midlands Arts** have produced another *Rock and Pop Guide* containing details of a range of topics concerning various aspects of 'the biz'. For East Midlands a free copy can be obtained by sending an SAE no smaller than A5 size with at least a 36p stamp. For those outside of the region the cost is £3.50 (inclusive of p&p)-cheques to be made payable to 'East Midlands Arts'.

Head Like A Rock, the long-awaited album from **Ian McNabb** (pic.) is released by This Way Up in



July and follows hot on the heels of the single *You Must Be Prepared To Dream*. As part of their July tour **World Turtle** will be playing the *Filly and Firkin* on 26th to promote their new CD *Haze*, on Cyclops Records. **The Farm** are back, complete with new label, new hairstyles and a new single and album, and set out this summer with an extensive tour of the US. A new single from **Seal**, *Kiss From A Rose*, taken from his No. 1 album *Seal*, is the follow-up to *Prayer For The Dying* and will be accompanied by the obligatory mixes by **Adamski**. There have been great reports about **Elvis Costello & The Attractions'** US tour, where they've been giving their new album *Brutal Youth* (WEA Records) a good airing. **Eddi Reader's** eponymously-

overall

THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

JULY/AUGUST 1994
FESTIVAL SOUVENIR EDITION

Cover: CHUMBAWAMBA

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(TFDN) and Emma-Maria.

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Martin and Nick James, Dave Ellyatt, John
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OBVIOUSLY FOR BELIEVERS

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named second album is out now on WEA, following various dates throughout May and June. Other forthcoming WEA releases include...*Sky Valley* (handled by **Chris Goss** of **Masters Of Reality**) by **Kyuss**...*Get Up On It* by 'King of New Jack Swing' **Keith Sweat**...and *Three Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* by jazz/rhythm trio **Bela Fleck & The Flecktones**. Singles to look out for on WEA are...*Call Me* by the much-lauded **Me'shell**... *You Tripped Every Step* by the perennial **Elvis Costello**, featuring three previously unreleased tracks... *Tales From The Hardside* from havoc-raising rap metal rockers **Biohazard**...*A Little Bit Of Love* from **Hope**...and *Pick It Up Y'All* from **Justin Warfield** with remixes by **The Dust Brothers**, **Funkmaster Flex** and **David Holmes** to boot! Also out now are **Dwight Yoakam's** *Fast As You...* in sunshine mood, **Deee-Lite** with *Picnic In The Summertime*...dueting with **Hope Sandoval** from **Mazzy Star**, **Jesus & Mary Chain** with *Sometimes Always* ...and a debut from current dance darling of the Euro charts **Ice MC** with *Think About The Way* (Bom Digi Digi Boom).

Liverpudlian doomsters **Anathema** are busy recording a new album for Peaceville, entitled *Rise Pantheon Dreams*, as well as offering a limited edition coloured vinyl 7" *The Sweet Suffering* through the Peaceville Collectors Club, and their *Pentecost III* EP is out on Peaceville in September, while labelmates **At The Gates** promote their third album *Terminal Spirit Disease* throughout Europe. Meanwhileon Sister label Dreamtime **Ship Of Fools** "conjure the forgotten rhythms of ancient tribes, transfixed by the pulse of cosmic mantras" with their new album *Out There Somewhere*. On Noiseburger Records is the *Head Duck* compilation tape featuring diverse offerings from twelve (British) bands. Already a snip at £2 (inc. p&p), it could be yours for a pound if you buy the new **Bunty Chunks** 7" EP - so original you need to own a copy! - for £2.50. All payments to 'Scott Osborne' at Noiseburger, PO Box 6355, London, N15 6PD.

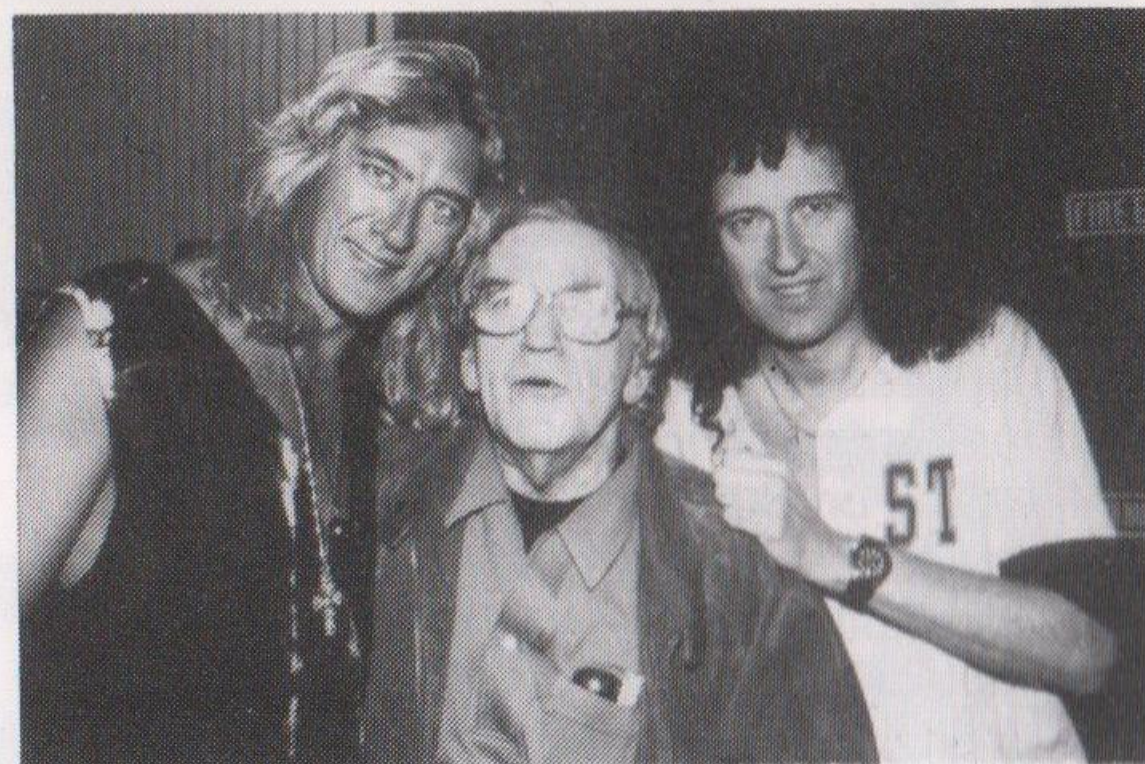
The debut 7" single by **Bender**, *People's Army/Moon Walking* is available on limited edition red vinyl from Words Of Warning Records, PO Box 119, Newport, GWENT, NP9 7YD UK and costs £2.50. **Headswim**, fast emerging new rock outfit from Essex, who released their limited edition EP *Tense Moments* in June, have an album scheduled for August. Catch them at Rock City July 23rd and Leicester University (27th).

Following *Ungod*, the debut album by Chicago-based industrial euphonists **Stabbing Westward**, their single *Nothing* in early August, precedes a main stage appearance at Reading and a tour in October.

New releases on Sub Pop are...*The White Birch* from a slow and intense **Codeine**...*Setting The Woods On Fire*, sixth album from folkily anecdotal **The Walkabouts**...*Diary* from recent signings **Sunny Day Real Estate**...CD-single *Noel, Jonah & Me* by Portland, Oregon duo **The Spinanes**...*I Can't Stop Smiling* on 7" and CD by the cutely sassy **Velocity Girl**...and 140893 available on 7" and CD by harmonic all-girl quartet **Jale**.

Newly-formed Zung Records sees its first release with a CD/LP by Nottingham-based **Chod**, recorded here at The Square Centre. Working at Zung is Nottingham's **Dave Parsons**, formerly of The Warehouse Company and Ron Johnson Records. Dave is also forming a label called *2tr* in partnership with **Tim Andrews** of the Square Centre and have been discussing releases with **Wholesome Fish** and others of that ilk. Raucous roots demos to the Square Centre. Incidentally The Square Centre are looking for a studio manager. If you can sell call Nottm. 414488.

In honour of 'rock guru' **Alan Freeman** (pic. with Joe Elliot and Brian May), Polygram TV release *Rock Therapy*, a hand-picked compilation of



'classics' chosen by 'Fluff' himself. From **Jethro Tull** to **Def Leppard** and taking in all manner of lovingly-tressed artists along the way, this a rare treat for fans of spandex trousers.

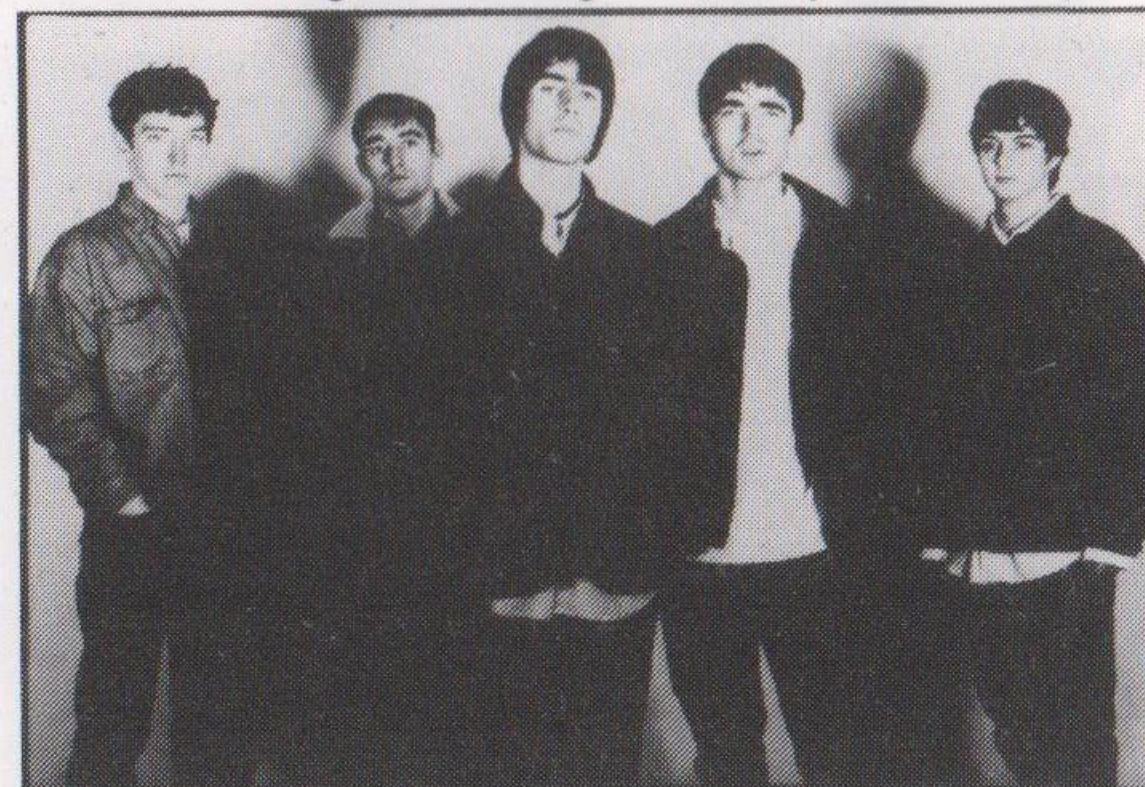
Catcher's debut single on Setanta Records, *Cotton Dress*, and the follow up single, *Shifting* are both available by mail order from Setanta, 130 London Road, London, SE1 6LF, £2 per 7" (inc. p&p). Cheques/POs payable to 'Fergal Hickey'.

The vehemently unroasted-on-an-open-fire **Vic Chesnutt** (last seen at over here with **Kristin Hersch**), will be bringing his surreal misery ("bitterly funny" NMME assures us) to Europe this summer. This will include a number of headlining dates across the UK in July and August. Meanwhile, Vic's second album, the **Michael Stipe**-produced i, is released in July by Texas Hotel/PLR on CD only.

NEXT OF ALL

Beau Jocke & the Zydeco Hi-Rollers appear at The Swamp Club, Derby on Friday 29th July. For the uninitiated, Zydeco, the black music from Louisiana, is a heady mix of Blues, Cajun, African, Caribbean, and Soul. This is one of only two dates in the UK this year for what is fast becoming the hottest sensation in the Deep South! That ever popular display of sci-fi, high camp and high heels that is *The Rocky Horror Show* will be Playing at the Leicester Haymarket from 28th July to 3rd September. Tickets available from the box office on (0533) 539797. Happy third birthday to *The Where House* in Derby whose new celebrity DJ night on Mondays continues with Dunstan from **Chumbawamba** on the July 18th. Upcoming highlights there include the return of is **Gil Scot Heron** (19th), **The Sultans Of Ping** (24th) and **Everything But The Girl** (Aug. 2nd).

OASIS (pic above) embark upon their fourth tour this year with their second single *Shakermaker* in the charts. A five-piece from Manchester, Oasis like to do things their own way. Rather than plodding the usual path of courting record labels, managers and agents, they hitched up to



a club in Glasgow a year ago and told the promoter they would burn down the building if he didn't give them a gig that night. It worked and it just so happened that in the audience was the president of Creation Records, Alan McGee who, in a fit of anachronistic fff performance em there and then. They subsequently went into the studio, where they wrote and recorded their debut single *Supersonic* in eight hours flat. went straight in the independent charts at No. 1. However, if anyone is considering a similar tactical short-cut to fame, bear in mind that Oasis are the best British rock and pop band for at least two decades and that Andy Copping

might shove hot pie and peas into your face if you threaten to burn down Rock City.

FESTIVAL

The Stranglers, **Big Country**, **Girls School** and **Neverland** are but some of the acts lined up for the **Annual Pentrich Rock & Blues Custom Show** which takes place near Ripley in Derbyshire on Friday 29th and Saturday 30th July. Camping facilities available.

On Sat. 30th & Sun. 31st July, the Forest Recreation Ground is the venue for the first **New Music Festival and Fair**, one of a number of newly proposed events vying for a permanent place in the outdoor events calendar to replace the defunct Rock & Reggae festival. With a number of local acts including reggae sound systems and street sounds the event runs from noon till 10pm both days.

Over in Leicester the **Abbey Park Festival** is all set for Saturday 13th August. It runs from noon until 10.30 and for the first time will feature bands from outside Leicester. Confirmed headliners are **The Senseless Things** supported by **The New Cranes**, **Headrush**, **Slinky**, **Kookaburra**, **Psycho Groove Muthas**, **Junk**, **Zipper**, **Platform 4**, **Neverland**, and **Storm Thieves**. For further info. call 0533 620611.

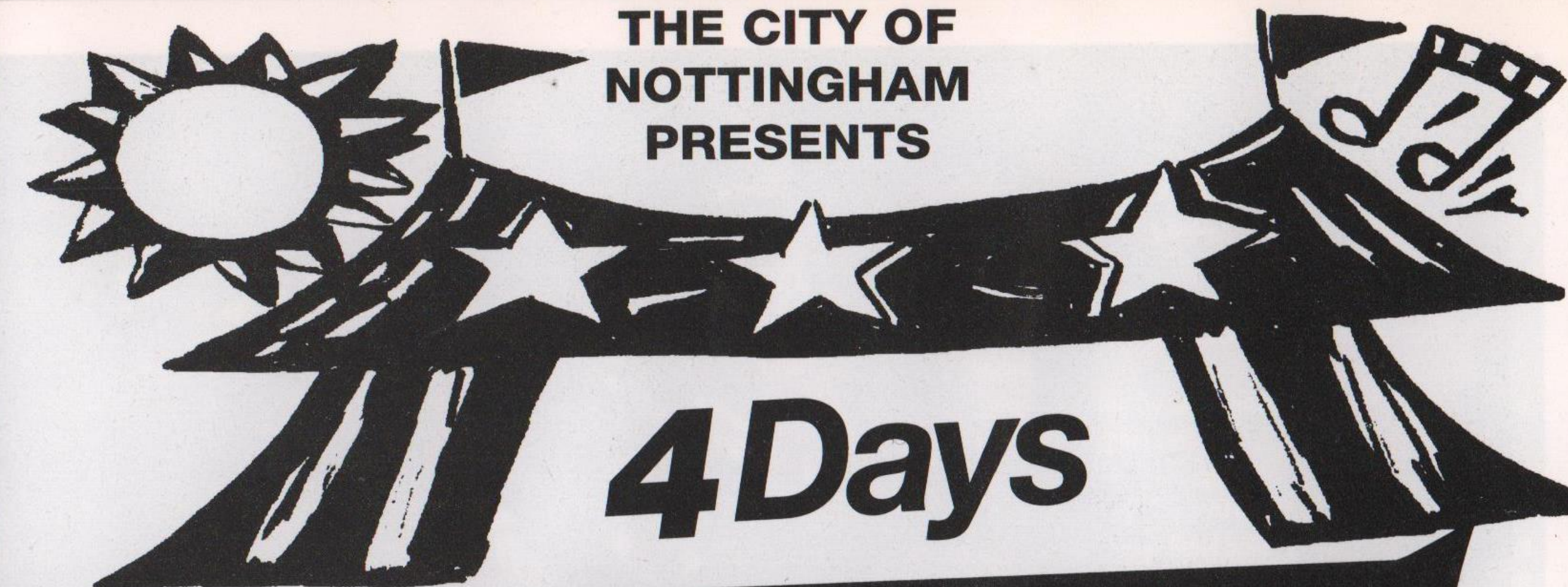
Not to be confused with Abbey Park though taking place at the same venue is the **City Of Leicester Show**, a two day event with fun for all the family. It takes place on Sunday 28th and Monday 29th August with special guest stars from the Sates the **Average White Band** closing proceedings on Monday evening. Sunday's acts include **Rare Future**, a jazz rap rave band from Nuneaton, top UK Bhangra band **Baharr**, and **George Melley & the National Youth Jazz Orchestra**. Monday's line-up is completed by **Golden Starr**, one of the UK's top Asian pop stars, **Malkik Singh**, currently No. 1 in the Asian pop charts, **The Notorious Dawson Brothers** with some country blues, **Kenny Ball & His Jazzmen** and the ever popular **New Cranes**. Call 0533 704007 for further information.

The 6th **Off The Tracks Music & Beer Festival** at Park Farmhouse, Castle Donington, kicks off with an informal musical session on the evening of Friday September 2nd and runs till Sunday 4th's 'Hair Of The Dog' lunchtime session. In between these, the main Saturday event from 1pm till midnight features **The Whisky Priests**, **No Right Turn**, **The Rattlers**, **Tower Struck Down**, **The F.O. S. Brothers**, **Seven Little Sisters**, **Gael Force**, **The Mean Town Blues Band**, **Spokane**, **North Meets South**, **Attaco Decente** and **Michael Shipway**. Camping, caravans and hotel available. Tel. 0332 384518/833673 for details.

Apna Arts 7th National Festival Of Asian Music & Arts, Britain's premier National Festival Of Asian Music & Arts will be held at the prestigious Nottingham Castle Grounds. on Saturday 13th & Sunday 14th August The festival will have one main stage as well as utilising the bandstand as an 'alternative' performance area.

The festival will provide two days of live performances by international, national and up-and-coming artists in the area of dance, music and drama. A colourful spectacular festival providing the best in performances from the diverse cultures of South Asia. Bhangra, Ghazals, Qawwalis, Classical music and Rap, including Fun Da Mental and KK Kings, are some of the highlights of this year's festival. Further details are available from on (0602) 422479.

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Harry Stephenson **Five Go Off In A Caravan**

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R. CAJUN & THE ZYDECO BROTHERS

Swamp Club co-founder Chris Hall formed the band over ten years ago and were the first to introduce British audiences to Cajun music. Taking the traditional music of the Louisiana swamps and combining it with the heavier African Caribbean rhythms of Zydeco, this band have sold out venues all over the country earning themselves the title of 'Britain's Number One Cajun Band'.

R. Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers have without doubt played a major part in developing the popularity of cajun music in Britain. Their music features the wide variety of styles which have become their hallmark. Tracks such as *Cajun Special*, *Fi Fi Poncho* and *Ten As Ev Ten Auras Plus* belt along in traditional Cajun fashion. Slower waltzes like *Les Bon Temps*, *Convict Waltz* and *Green Oak Tree* offer a contrasting mood, and roaring Zydeco work-outs like *Why You Wanna Make Me Cry*, *Zydeco Cha Cha*, and *Bon Ton Rouler* blast home R. Cajun's irresistible dance message. Along the way they throw in exciting reworkings of well known classics like *Sea You Later Alligator* and *New Orleans* plus Zydeco/Cajun crossover numbers like *Café Chaud* and *One Lonely Room*.

Their reputation has now reached the point where they sell out venues all over the country, and in their Derby home town they regularly play two nights in a row to over 1000 fans and still turn people away on the door. So don't miss the opportunity to see them live at the Heineken Music Festival.

GOATS DON'T SHAVE

Since getting together in the summer of 1990, Goats Don't Shave have become one of the most popular bands ever to come out of Ireland. Last year they stole the show at Glastonbury (with the biggest audience of the year at the Acoustic Stage) and Cambridge (a crowd so large it blocked the site entrance for an hour), and played sell-out tours of British Universities and Irish concert halls. Their appeal is practically universal. Goats Don't Shave's main song-writer and lead-singer, Pat Gallagher (he also plays guitar and banjo) has been heavily involved in all types of music —ranging from Irish traditional to hard rock— since early childhood, and he met the others through a job as part-time barman in the Goat's home-town of Dungloe, County Donegal. The other members of the band are former plumber's apprentice Jason Philbin on fiddle and vocals, former fisherman Sean Doherty on vocals and guitar, bassist Gerry Cole, marine engineer Declan Quinn who sings and plays mandolin and whistle, drummer Michael Gallagher, and on keyboards, Charlie Logue. Like Pat, Jason comes from a well-known County Donegal musical family, and is the latest in a long line of champion fiddle players. The sound Goats Don't Shave make is unique. Mix a hefty measure of self-penned classy pop with a jigger of jigs and reels, spice it up with some intelligent rock and voila! a highly potent mixture ensues.

The name Goats Don't Shave comes from Pat's time dispensing the far-from-amber nectar. One day he urged a scruffy local character to get off home and make himself more presentable. "But goats don't shave, do they?" the man replied. As a reward for his canny interpretation of the laws of nature, the grizzled features of the man in the bar were later immortalised on the cover of Goats Don't Shave's debut album *The Rusty Razor*, which shipped Gold on release. Their first EP *Las Vegas In The Hills Of Donegal* stayed in the Irish Top 20 for 14 weeks. *London's Time Out* magazine recently described the band's highly infectious sound as: "music for the nineties...the excellent Goats Don't Shave kick acoustic pop up the arse and they leave you screaming for more".

LARA A. KING

With appearances at The Mean Fiddler, The Borderline, Upstairs at the Garage and The Powerhaus to her credit, Lara A. King is fast emerging as one of London's most dynamic and charismatic performers. Her eclectic style, which draws on a natural talent to create insightful lyrics and uplifting melodies, has established a refreshing precedent in the realms of the singer/songwriter. A unique and stylish performer who offers a spirited blend of vibrancy and sensitivity, Lara A King is a welcome presence at the Heineken Music Festival.

MY LIFE STORY

Consisting of a classically trained string section and a traditional pop backbone, My Life Story are a 12-piece band fronted by "Alfie in Las Vegas", "a bold, dramatic balladeer" (NME) Jake Shillingford. A blend of "indie music and fifties grandeur" (Encore magazine), their creation was a calculated move to produce a sound that they describe as "Less Sinitta, more Sinatra". With both classical and pop elements in place, My Life Story have one vision—to write the greatest Bond theme ever!

THE RIBBON TEARS (pic. right)

After forming early in 1990, Anthony put The Ribbon Tears on hold to live in Los Angeles, where he met Hungarian refugee fashion designer, Adrienn Hoffmann with whom he formed a company called Freeway 101. In November 1990 the band reformed in Nottingham.....

In March 1992 they signed a two single deal with Goldfish Records, were featured in October on *Outlook* magazine's compilation cassette, and by November had completed their first UK tour, made their first TV appearance, were included on a compilation CD and performed an acoustic session for BBC Radio Nottingham's *The Beat*.

In January 1993 The Ribbon Tears' track *Dreams* was voted Demo Clash winner for 2 weeks running on Gary Crowley's BBC GLR London show and received a very favourable NME review in May of that year. August saw the nationwide release of their *Carnival Round Face* single, which gained regional radio play-listing on 26 radio stations as well as several on Radio 1.

In December '93 the band recorded the first single *Rollercoaster* for their own label. This is due for release mail-order and gigs only from July '94, so if you're lucky you'll be able to buy one at the Heineken Music Festival.

YEAH JAZZ

Yeah Jazz don't play jazz. Instead, they play a splendid mix of acoustic roots pop in the mould of, say, Deacon Blue combined with the live excitement of The Levellers. Formed in Uttuxeter in 1985, Yeah Jazz signed to the Upright label, releasing two singles, including their classic *This Is Not Love*. The record was played constantly on Radio One FM, and evening sessions for Janice Long and Simon Mayo gave Yeah Jazz the profile to get snapped up by Cherry Red in 1987. One critically acclaimed album, *Six Lane Ends*, was released, several records were 'Single of the Week' in the music press, and the band became the hip name among students and C-86 indie kids. And then it all turned a little sour. After long legal hassles, Yeah Jazz finally managed to free themselves from the Cherry Red prison sentence, and went back to their Staffordshire base to regroup, rethink, and now return with a harder underbelly. Drummer Fred Hopwood and accordion player Dave Blant, recruited from R. Cajun and the Zydeco Brothers, have given Yeah Jazz the complete picture. The band are now more confident than ever and this is reflected in newer, bitter-sweet songs about broken romance, passing years, missed chances and a sense of loss and weary recognition for a no prospect future. There is room for a laugh and a smile though, with other songs that are upbeat and fresh, tinged with Celtic splendour. Songwriter and vocalist Kevin Hand is one of this country's most underestimated songsmiths, parading the art of story-telling and songmanship with poignant and shrewd observations of life, left open for you to climb in and offer your own interpretations. Ray Davies and Morrissey are comparisons that spring to mind. Live, Yeah Jazz give the uninitiated something to hang their hats on, with blistering versions of Van Morrison's *Brown Eyed Girl*, and The Jam classic *Down In The Tube Station At Midnight*.



THE SEA

Hailing from S.E. London, The Sea are part of an underground scene that has spawned such bands as Back to the Planet, Senser, RDF, Ruff Ruff & Ready and The Co-Creators. In 1993 they notched up a total of 126 gigs which included a support tour with Back to the Planet and The Sea's own *Bumpstarty Party* Tour which lasted 6 weeks with around 40 dates which took in every part of the UK and Ireland and was well attended everywhere.

November '93 saw the release of their self-financed debut single *Welcome Damage* which managed to get to No. 18 in the Indie charts single despite very little attention from the press.

A large part of the band's success is down to their determination not to get sucked into any bullshit where their business is concerned, not always an easy task where the music biz is involved, but such a determination has led them to set up their own record company Carp Records, their own publishing company Polluted Music and to set up their fanzine Fishy Tails.

The Sea will hit you with a tidal wave of good musicianship, humour, anger, passion and energy.....they will not leave you standing!

Heineken Music FESTIVAL

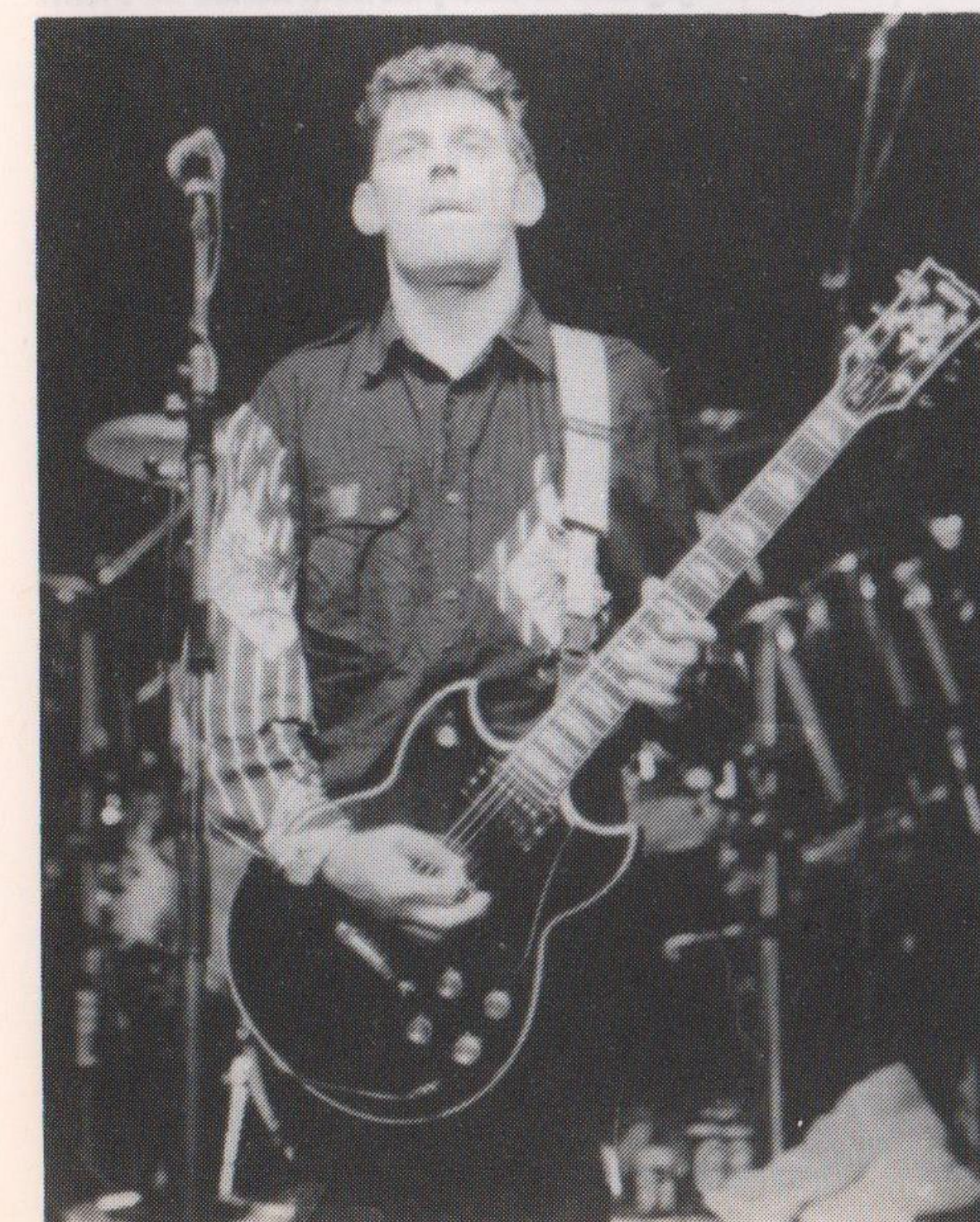


THE HEINEKEN MUSIC FESTIVAL (21st-24th July) returns to its "spiritual home" Nottingham for the fourth consecutive year since the very first event took place here in May 1990, making Nottingham the only venue to have stage the event every year. This year's four days of free live music opens with **Stiff Little Fingers** headlining Thursday night along with **The New Cranes** from Derby, **The Coal Porters**, and Nottingham's **Silencer** and **Atomic Kandy**.

On Friday 22nd, topping the bill will be Liverpool band **The Christians**. A live experience not to be missed. Also on the Friday bill are **Aimee Mann**, and the funky reggae of **Edward II**. Completing the bill are local hero **Whycliffe**, **The Dharmas** and **Son Of...** Saturday 23rd is the **Melody Maker** sponsored 'indie' night featuring quirky popsters from Leeds, **Cud**. Joining them on the bill are **Chumbawamba**. Also appearing on Saturday are the up and coming **The Sea** and **My Life Story**, as well as Mancunian hopefuls **Marion**, plus **The Chettles**, **The Ribbon Tears** and Australian acid-jazzers **Directions In Groove**.

Roots music takes to the stage on Sunday 24th. **Tom Robinson**, who headlined the first ever Heineken show in Nottingham way back in 1990, will close the weekend. Also appearing will be energetic folk-rockers the **Oyster Band**, Donegal's **Goats Don't Shave**, the lively African dance of **Abdul Tee-Jay's Rokoto**, and the stomping cajun sounds of **R. Cajun & The Zydeco Brothers**. **Seven Little Sisters**, **Yeah Jazz**, **Harry Stephenson & The Growlers**, **Lara A. King** and **Five Go Off In A Caravan** complete the weekend bill.

Further information can be obtained by dialling the Heineken Music Festival Information Line on (0891) 222 459.



New Order through to Billy Bragg, Lou Reed, and The Clash. They've toured extensively, and their "blistering" (Stage and Television Today) live artistry has made a major musical impact on audiences in five continents.

Central to the band's work from day one have been the sharp lyrics of Ian Telfer (fiddle player), and the unpredictable energy of John Jones (accordion and vocals). Add to this the powerful and creative guitar of Alan Prosser, the strange hairstyle and rhythmic potency of Lee Partis on drums and Chopper on bass and cello, and you have a line up which created the highly successful *Deserters* album ("REM with balls") and remains unchanged on Holy Bandits. Produced by Levellers producer Al Scott, Holy Bandits brings together all the best aspects of the Oyster Band's work to date, fusing power pop, acerbic lyrics, inspired rhythms and the band's incandescent Celtic spirit, to create an explosive studio expression of the band's explosive live energy.

So if you think you wouldn't listen to the Oyster Band because of some preconception about folk, it's worth recalling that the Oyster Band smashed every comfortable category in the musical book the day it created an audience to start slam-dancing at a celidh. Which has got to be good, especially if you don't give a f**k about f**k.

THE CHRISTIANS

The Christians began their career in Liverpool 8 years ago and feature the brothers Garry and Russel Priestman. Before adopting the family name, Garry and Russell were members of a vocal group called Equal Temperament, along with three other brothers.

It was at a recording session with Liverpool-based band It's Immaterial that Henry Priestman, a former member of both It's Immaterial and The Yachts, first met the brothers. Three of the brothers dropped out to pursue other ambitions but a firm bond was formed between Garry, Russell and Henry, a bond that eventually created the biggest selling debut album on Island Records. Following three top 40 singles, the debut album simply titled *The Christians* was released in October 1987. It entered the charts at number 2 and became a million plus seller. This was soon followed by two more top 40 hits. In October 1988 The Christians released their own version of the Isley Brothers' *Harvest For The World* which shot to number 8 in the singles chart. December 1989 saw the release of the top 20 hit single *Words* and in January 1990 their second million plus selling



album *Colour*, entered the charts at number 1, confirming their status as one of Europe's premier acts.

In September 1992 The Christians released their third album chart success, *Happy In Hell*, featuring the top 40 hit, *What's In A Word*, *Father* and the Gil Scott Heron classic, *The Bottle*. All these tracks are available on their subsequent Best of... album. The group's unique soulful vocals and infectiously catchy pop songs incorporate elements of Nineties soul and dance music yet still maintain that trademark Christians sound. Building on their string of successes over the last six years they have a new maturer philosophy and a reassessment of their own music which has led to a diverse range of songs.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

The band who put the 'P' into 'Punk Rock', Stiff Little Fingers have been around since 1977, the year when punk really exploded onto the British music scene. Named after a Vibrator's song title, the band that brought you the classic *Alternative Ulster* have now a slightly different line-up, since their disbanding in 1983 and reforming (due to popular demand) in 1987. They now consist of the original members Jake Burns, Ali McMordie and Dolphin Taylor, with the addition of former Jam bassist Bruce Foxton and guest guitarist Dave Sharp of The Alarm, but make no mistake, their music is as 'in yer face' as it always was.

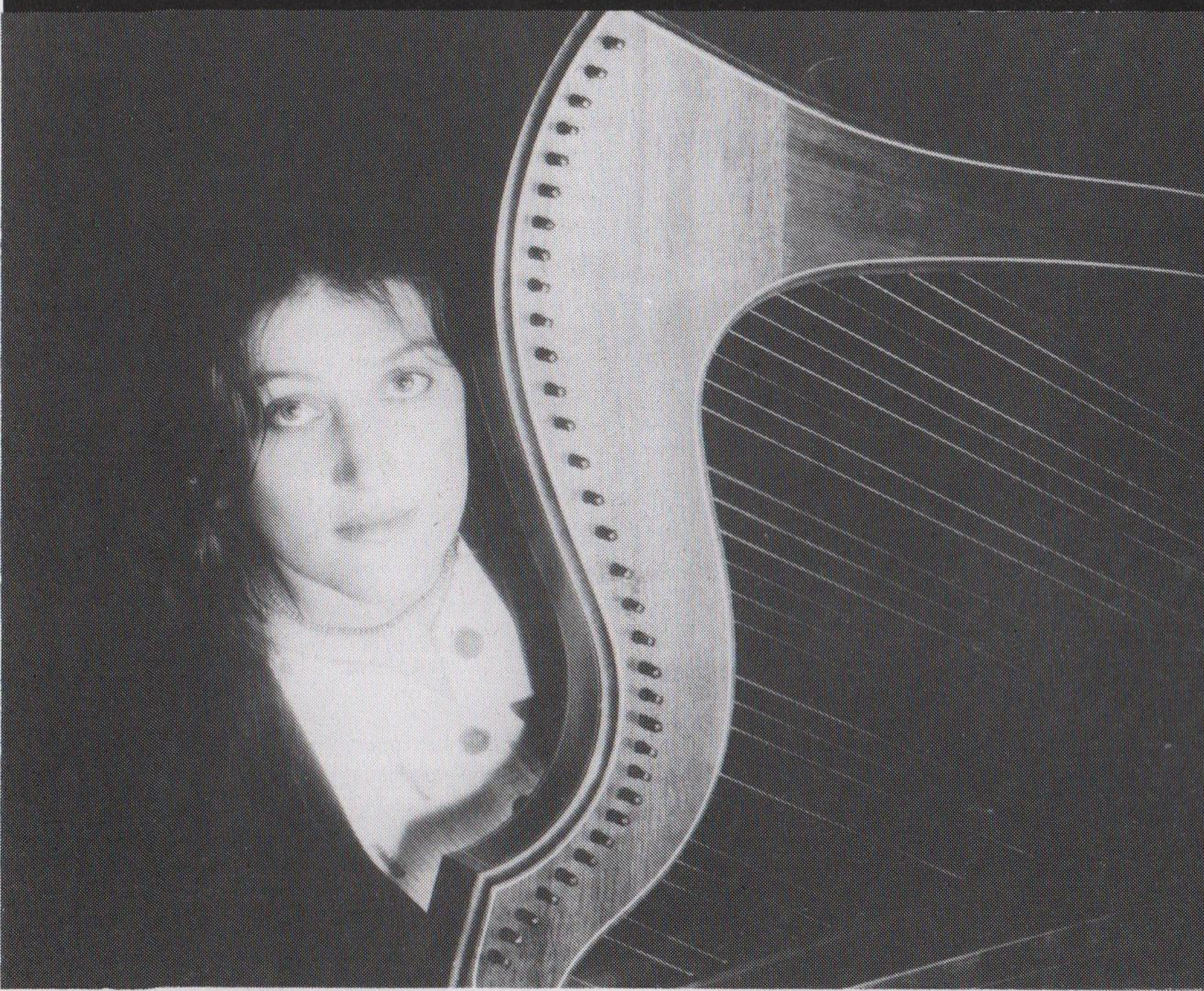
JAKE BURNS of SLF.

SID GRIFFIN & THE COAL PORTERS

After moving to Los Angeles from his Dixie hometown Sid Griffin formed the USA's first post-punk psychedelic band the Unclaimed, whose sole release now fetches a small fortune in collectors' shops. Then Griffin formed the Long Ryders, whose shotgun wedding of Country and Western to Punk energy took them to the top of the USA's college alternative charts and made them Europe's second leading independent band behind the Smiths. In the UK the Demon Record's release of their classic album *Native Sons* propelled the boys onto the cover of the NME and several appearances on *Whistle Test*, to say nothing of touring Europe repeatedly, top to bottom, inside out. During this period Griffin's long-awaited biography of the late Gram Parsons appeared, kickstarting both a Gram Parsons revival which continues to this day and Sid's career as a serious pop writer. After the break-up of the Long Ryders in 1989 Sid Griffin began appearing as a solo acoustic performer and shortly thereafter he formed the Coal Porters, a five-piece electric rock 'n' roll band. In 1990 they toured Europe for the first time with Billy Bragg and Natalie Merchant of 10,000 Maniacs. In 1992 their first recording, *Rebels Without Applause*, appeared.

Now The Coal Porters have a new album out, *Land Of Hope And Crosby*, which features some bold new Griffin material and powerhouse playing from the likes of ex-Rockpile guitarist Billy Bremner, Chris Caravas from Green on Red and Kevin Harris, most recently the drummer for Dr. Feelgood. Besides touring with the Coal Porters, Sid also gives concerts as a solo acoustic guitarist in intimate venues worldwide where his passionate singing, tall tales and wonderfully human songs make him a warm and humorous performer.

absolutely folkall:



JAZZ & ROOTS MIX Nottingham The Old Vic / Marcus Garvey Centre

The *Jazz & Roots* season opened with **The Bearcat Cajun Playboys** (now The Bearcats) and their stepdance friendly swampy workmanship, and followed up with the utterly excellent **Caravanseraï**, seen busking in last years *Parks & Pavements* extravaganza, mixing East European tunes with humour and proficiency. A difficult act to follow but **Dick Gaughan** is a man qualified to do exactly that, which he didn't unfortunately. Decrying the worldwide effects of nationalism while plugging the SNP undermines the integrity with which he usually rouses his rabble. Meanwhile over in Lenton **Annie Whitehead and her Experience** seduced the chosen few with silky jazz grooves which found overdrive with its African inflections. The rest of you missed some keystones from the **Penguin Café Orchestra**, **Jah Wobble's Invaders Of The Heart** & **Carla Bley's Big Band**; shame on you. **Billy Jenkins** got snowed off but **Savourna Stevenson** made it, along with story teller **Taffy Thomas**. Story-telling is a much underrated art being brought back to life with intelligence, charisma and wit by the likes of Robin Williamson of the Incredible String Band. You know the one about the anoraking train-spotting fact-riddled, deneeboramus with the power of oratory John Major. That's Taffy Thomas, that is, and furthermore he bored us torpid when we could have been spellbound by the ridiculously gifted harp-playing of Savourna Stevenson. **Martin Taylor** plays all sorts of tunes with great skill on his jazz guitar and, er, that's it. Local hero **Vikki Clayton** with **Ric Sanders** & **FT Baker** charmed as usual with her oft compared voice, underrated guitar-playing and contagious bubblyness, and a week later **Guy Barker** brought all sides of the great jazz divide together with disarming ease. The ladies dominated most of the game last season but the chaps got a couple of consolation goals towards the end. Do yourselves a favour, pick up *Jazz & Roots* listing for the autumn and I'll see you at the multicultural sexual Old Vicual. Mines a quart.

BLEATHERSKITE demo
Debut of Da Dog's Steve Benford's other band. Earnest English folk leaning too much on the twee side, unless of course you like that sort of thing. Perk it up there. (0602 678117)

TRANSYLVANIAMANIA
Crazy Balkan folk tunes driving a different path, a heady exotic headspin thing, and live they are even better. (071 732 1416)

THE PINK DANDELIONS Magic Garden
Brummie folk poppers could name-check Robyn Hitchcock and The Waterboys. Catchy hooks, listenable lyrics and a willingness to experiment with arrangements which I hope they take with them when they get the break they deserve. (021 772 7936)

SAVOURNA STEVENSON (pic. above)
Cutting The Chord (Eclectic Records)
Scottish folk-jazz harpette who finds Danny Thompson alongside Aeolian airiness slipping in and out of eclectic yet flowing melodies and rhythms. *Geniously* finding new territories for the harp, and I'm always a sucker for variations in five. Sheer excellence.

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS Daedalus CD (SLS1)
Recorded before the rancorous departure of vocalist Barry Mullin this five track CD represents, in retrospect, a band in transition. Having evolved from Dom Milne's North and South, Jacey's Bar Stalwarts Of Yore and purveyors of New Wave Soul, with the addition of acoustic instruments this sees their live folk stomp transferred faithfully onto CD. With a well engineered, but predictable celtic rock soundscape, and the inclusion of the well worn *Star Of The County Down* it feels maybe too familiar, but then maybe that's what the hippy kids want. Mullins' barking probably won't be missed as much as Milne's more accomplished song-writing, but there's more room for the musicians to express their talent after this safe debut.

THE NEW CRANES Crown Of Thorns (Red Recs)
Having evolved from a tweeby Ukrainian social club act into one capable of levelling the score with SLS in their hometown at Rock City, The New Cranes are on the verge of breaking through. There are enough familiar landmarks here to make sure the folkettes don't feel too far from safety, but it sets the alarm bells ringing with its level-headedness. However, this 3 track CD will be loved by the converted. (0332 332686)

NEVERLAND Spiral CD
Neverland's cassette demo was highly praised in these inches not so long ago, so their debut CD release saw breath being bated. Al Scott of Levellers & Oyster Band CV at the helm gives it the shimmering tower of sound thing with pacier arrangements than hitherto and I'm frowning and biting my lip. The threateningly looming grind that underpins their gigs and other recordings is polished into the distance. The tightrope taught *Ragged Gary* has been smartened and brought to attention. Maybe it'll grow on this producto-luddite, I want to like it, but what sets this band apart has been diluted and I hope in future they'll play to their own strengths rather than others weaknesses. Still, the best debut locally in the genre. (0524 843499)

It's been all go in the funny old Doric column we call Folkall. The last few months have seen no bounds, and leaps, with local f'rock acts consolidating their profiles in the concert hall as well as in the studio. It's been so crazy, there was no time to tell you that the time has come, walrus like. One is currently discussing many things with our local folk luminaries especially in the vicinity of **The Golden Fleece** on Mansfield Road. Since the appearance of the new stage from the dust of renovation, the place has been steaming and heaving and other fun ideas. Sunday night has been a regular focus for sometime now but Tuesday nights are a new and terrifying breed. As always, it's free to see the band but now there's a Happy Hour 9-10 and free food. Blink, rub, pinch, yes... free food. It's also the main lig for all the folk hunks and hunkettes from bands in the vicinity. **Seven Little Sisters**, **Seamus O'Blivion**, **Hand Of Darkness**, **Kelly's Heroes** and others are regulars, on and off stage. More gossip later from the place to be on a Tuesday night, except for the other place to be which is the **Running Horse's Folk Blues & Beyond**. The floor is (mostly) open to all comers who are willing to have an acoustic go. You'll find a ready made audience for your noodling ambitions, and maybe even ready made partners in rhyme. You'll find out so much more in a bit coz..... Much information has been withheld for the launch of an absolutely full scale Folkall. In depth interviews with the major movers in the E. Mids folk & roots scene and all the usual tabloid accoutrements, although some of your bands out there ain't gonna getcha deserved blurb unless we get your bumpf. Send music, paper, pics, arbres de famille and bribes to the usual Overawed. Do it now.

Christy O'Neil

BEARCATS Cajun Tracks CD BCAT04
This is Derby's Swamp Supergroup. As with other R. Cajun-type releases the performances and recording are well executed, and there's a fair variety of Cajun styles in the 70 minutes here. There are encyclopaedic histories of all the tracks and band members and the entire presentation is authentically and testingly Derbyville. If you think it's enough to be faithful to the original in Cajun music it's a marriage made in French — sometimes.

EDEN BURNING Mirth & Matter (FFG)
It's so easy to take a side-Stipe at this, but does that mean sounding like an REM covers band is intrinsically bad? Well performed, and excellent string quartet bits but there's an irresistible murmuring of plagiarism which comes between me and enjoyment. The guy even looks like him. Out Of Mime All Too Matic For You People? (0242 222481)

BARRA Barra
All those who were disappointed by All About Eve's change of direction after their debut can cease your eternal longing, searching, flowing and dripping. Here it is, manna in your hair, acoustic shimmerings with a hint of raunch and a voice to cap it all. You may be blissfully undisappointed. Or not.

CARAVANSERAI Pig
Careers around Eastern Europe in truly plunderous fashion with clarinet, French horn, fiddle and accordion icing a rich but firm cake with disarming grace. And they're from Leeds.

Christy O'Neil

pic. CARAVANSERAI



visual:



THE SCENT OF GREEN PAPAYA (Dir. Tran Anh Hung)
The Scent Of Green Papaya is not your usual film about Vietnam. There are no helicopters, no Vietcong, no napalm explosions. Instead, first time film-maker Tran Anh Hung takes us into a different Vietnam, a world in which he mixes both his childhood memories and the experiences of everyday life for vietnamese women into a story about the complex nature of love. Set in 1950's Saigon, the film traces Miv (Lu Man San, age 10, and Tran Nu Yen-Khe, age 20) who comes to the city as a child to work. It is whilst working as a servant in the household of a Saigon family that Miv receives her first lessons about love, friendship, betrayal and courage. She also develops a strong attachment to one of the brothers, for whom she works as a young woman. Hung won the 'Camera d'Or' at Cannes with this film, which is a visual treat capturing perfectly both the innocence and awakening of childhood. The theme of the ambiguity of love is subtly handled, maybe too subtly at times, but nonetheless serving to emphasise the things Hing has to say about love's freedoms and entrapments. Although its slow pace and ponderous attention to detail can get a bit irksome, this portrait of a gentle people in a land soon to be ravaged by war is both lyrical and moving. Recommended.

Kath Bancroft

M. BUTTERFLY (Dir. David Cronenberg)
In this adaptation of David Henry Hwang's successful Broadway play Jeremy Irons stars as Rene Gallimard, a French diplomatic functionary serving in Beijing in the 1960's who develops a passionate obsession with the chinese opera diva, Song Liling. Unaware of hir double deceit - Liling is not only a spy for the Communist regime but also a man masquerading as a woman - Gallimard becomes increasingly infatuated with the romance and mystery of traditional China and progressively isolated from his own western upbringing. This leads to the disintegration of his career and then to a trial for treason at which his is finally forced to confront the truth about his relationship with the singing secret agent. Ultimately it is not Liling herself with which Gallimard is in love but rather the oriental vision of beauty and wisdom that She represents. That John Lone's portrayal of a woman is somewhat less than convincing only highlights the fact that the Frenchman's desire is built on a foundation of fantasy and self-deception. Where *M. Butterfly* actually fails to maintain its credibility is in the drama surrounding the central couple — Gallimard's wife, friends and embassy colleague are only of momentary interest before they disappear totally without trace, whilst the on going Cultural Revolution and impending war in Vietnam are dealt with in a perfunctory if not derisory way. How a director like Cronenberg, the master of the modern psychosomatic horror movie, came to be involved with this production in the first place remains a mystery. You can't blame him for wanting to diversify but here, in the first film he has made outside of his native Canada and only the second from someone else's script, events seem out of his control. The usual sharp focus is blurred around the edges and the single-minded obsession so characteristic of his best work is often buried beneath a sentimental surface gloss. Long-term Cronenberg fans need not despair, however, as apparently his next project is to be the big screen version of Brett Easton Ellis' sicko best seller *American Psycho*. Now that I've got to see!

Hank Quinlan

DAENS (Dir: Stijn Coninx)
Similar in theme to the recent *Germinal* this impressive historical drama set in the 1890's stars Jan Declair as Adolf Daens, a committed and charismatic catholic priest struggling to bring about greater social equality in the highly industrialised Belgian town of Aalst. Delivering sermons and writing articles denouncing the hideous abuses taking place in the area's textile factories, Daens quickly becomes both a source of inspiration to the oppressed workers and irritation to the assorted authorities. These ecclesiastical big-wigs, reactionary politicians and avaricious industrialists all conspire against the preacher in an effort to curtail his growing popularity and political influence. Supporting his cause is the resolute young machinist Nette Scholliers, brilliantly played by Antje De Boeck in her first screen performance, and an erratic

THE LAST SEDUCTION (Dir. John Dahl)
Originally created by screenwriter Steve Baranik and brought deliciously to life by actress Linda Fiorentino, Bridget Gregory is a 90's update on the classic femme fatale of film noir. As the pivotal force in director John Dahl's latest film, she is also a sophisticated, sexy, supercool bad-ass bitch. Totally amoral and shrewdly calculating, she is without doubt one of the most thrilling and fascinating female characters to be seen in cinema for years. Pitted against her formidable talents and looking inadequate in comparison are the film's mixed bag of male protagonists. These include Bridget's estranged husband Clay (Bill Pullman), who desperately attempts to track down his wife after she absconds with the proceeds from a lucrative drug deal, and naïve insurance man Mike (Peter Berg), who falls for her beauty but fails to see the darker side of her devious scheming. The intricate plot twists and turns in unexpected directions and, by the end of the film, one member of this eternal triangle is dead, another is in jail, and the third is very, very rich. The violence is kept unusually low-key, letting the razor-sharp dialogue, scintillating performances and tight script create a tension all of their own. Certainly the tone is darker here than in Dahl's previous cult hit *Red Rock West*, but its acerbic sense of humour and fixation with small town Americana is cleverly retained. Even without Fiorentino's dazzling star turn, *The Last Seduction* would still be a daring and distinguished thriller; with it this must be one of the films of the year.

Hank Quinlan

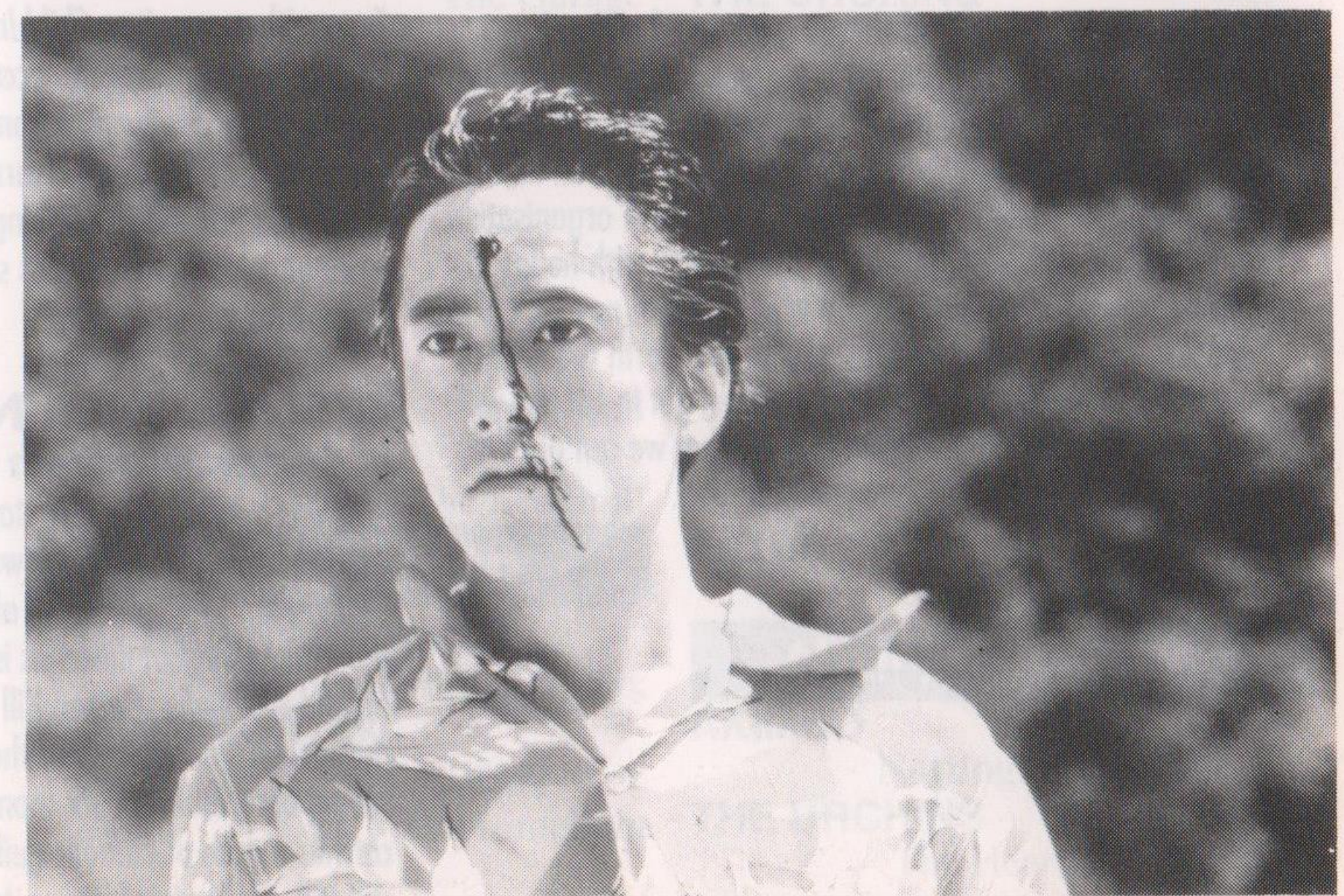
pic. left: Linda Fiorentino as Bridget Gregory.
The Last Seduction shows at Broadway Friday 19th-Thursday 25th. Aug.

alliance of socialists, liberals and long suffering labourers who are constantly harassed by a bullying foreman and threatened by violent right-wing extremists. In it's vivid depiction of these turbulent events the film not only recalls a more contemporary Milieu but also reveals a much harder and more incisive edge than might have been expected. Elsewhere *Daens* does lose its grip slightly with some trite and all too obvious black and white characterisations, and a protracted narrative that would have benefited from a little judicious pruning. Also the conflict between Daens own religious beliefs and his political ideals that results in a crisis of faith, is, even though it's an issue of central importance, unfortunately underplayed. Which is regrettable, though not at all fundamentally damaging as *Daens* still retains a rare and compelling power. Recommended.

Hank Quinlan

SONATINE (Dir. Takeshi Kitano)
Shown as a preview at the recent Shots In The Dark festival *Sonatine* is a strange and startling Japanese gangster movie that fuses together the genre's existing conventions with the distinctive and obsessive concerns of writer, director and star Takeshi 'Beat' Kitano. Large doses of deranged humour and dark melancholy resonate next to sudden staccato bursts of violence, creating an unnerving but enthralling visual experience. Kitano himself gives a powerful performance as Murakawa, a troubled Yakuza boss sent with an assortment of hoodlums to the island of Okinawa to sort out a vicious and destructive gang war. Once there, their initial plan soon falls apart and after becoming a target for a number of murderous attacks the group is forced to relocate to an isolated coastal retreat. It's here that the film develops an almost dreamlike quality, as the hard man pose is dropped and more time is spent on absurd practical jokes and childish games than on any thoughts of retribution. When the violence finally and inevitably resumes the characters have changed almost beyond recognition, with a warmth and vulnerability replacing the cold brutality of before. As a stylishly constructed thriller *Sonatine* has a beautiful symmetry and as an examination of one man's tortured psyche is terrifically tense and taut. The frenzied and abrupt shoot-outs also possess a similar economic restraint — the opposite of John Woo's choreographed carnage but just as forceful and effective. Obviously an awareness of contemporary Japanese culture would add to anyone's appreciation of the film, but it's not essential, as 'Sonatine' is just so utterly audacious and incisively cool. Don't miss it.

Hank Quinlan



Sonatine shows at Broadway, Nottingham, from Friday 29th - Sunday 31st July

FREEFORALL

Win!Win!Win!Win!Win!Win! PETER SELLERS: A FILM HISTORY

by **Michael Starr** (Pub. Robert Hale)
This is a comprehensive look at Peter Sellers' career, analysing each of his films from 1951 onwards and providing a host of interesting anecdotes, behind-the-scenes information and contemporary criticism. Though the format gets a little repetitive it's great to dip in and out of, and an added bonus is the interview with Blake Edwards, director of Sellers' four *Pink Panther* films, which reveals a darker and more disturbing side to the actor's life. This month we have four copies of this book to give away. Simply tell us the name of Sellers' famous bumbling inspector. Easy! Answers on a postcard to Dr. Strange Hank c/o Overall, PO Box 73, West PDO, Nottingham NG7 4DG.

* Winners of the four copies of Vintage Monster Movies in last month's 'Monster Hank' competition, whose correct answer was 'Boris Karloff', were Clair Craven of Old Basford, Nottm; David Chain of Radford, Nottm; Andrea Lee of Victoria Park, Nottm; Steve Robinson of Mablethorpe, Lincs. Copies of *Vintage Monster Movies* are on their way to you.

THE GETAWAY (Dir. Roger Donaldson)

Doc, a top-notch ex-con, is released from jail to pull off one last job. He gets set up, grabs the cash and, together with his partner Carol, takes flight across the country with the inevitable consequences. *The Getaway* is big on action and a lot of fun; it has a fair few 'name' actors — Alec Baldwin, Kim Basinger and James Woods (excellent as usual) — and a reasonably entertaining script from Walter Hill (who also wrote the screenplay for the original). Michael Madsen does his amiable psychopathic slob routine. and the whole thing is slickly directed by Roger Donaldson. That's the good news. The sad news is that this is no great improvement on the original 1972 version, which boasted Steve McQueen, Al Lettieri and Ali McGraw who between them were far more gritty and believable than Baldwin, Madsen and 'the most beautiful woman in the world'. There was also a sense of fear, confusion, and sublime tension courtesy of Peckinpah's masterly direction, three factors totally lacking in Donaldson's remake which, incidentally, despicably plays safe by casting Baldwin in the title role instead of James Woods, who would have brought a real sense of danger and excitement to the proceedings.

Malcolm Lorimer

Calling all future film makers. I am a recent graduate with a degree in film and video production techniques. Since leaving school, I have done a couple of non-media related jobs which I've loathed, and have despaired (almost) at the distinct lack of opportunity available to those starting out in out field. Well this is what I've got in mind to do about it; I wish to start off a small commercial production company to be run on a co-operative /collective basis. The idea will be to pool and share resources of all kinds towards the objective of producing a commercial feature film independently and try to get it marketed and distributed ourselves but there's just one problem; I can't do it all on my own and indeed, I shouldn't, if I'm in a collective organisation. So, am I the only newly graduated film maker with heaps of ambition or am I in the midst of a whole load of new Coppolas, Scorceses and Spielbergs who are worth the chance they have so far been denied? If I am then get in contact with me immediately at the address below so that we can get the ball rolling. I hope to hear from you all soon.

Yours sincerely,
Theodore Odeluga
48 Gilbey Road, Tooting, London SW17 0QF

THE SRIIBLINGS AND DRIBBLINGS FROM THE MIRRORED CONCEPT OF THE HEXAGONAL ROOM

by **Chris York**

Basically, what we have here is a HEAD PAD. Each page contains an empty frame and a random phrase (e.g. 'creosote essence of the truancy officer', 'the delirious fish sang with odious overtones and laughed in the face of injustice' and so on) which may or may not suggest "a drawing painting poem essay short story," or one could simply "transpose ones thoughts into the blank space". There are possibilities for a bizzarre parlour game like Pictionary On Acid, or perhaps at a later date you could analyse what you have scribbled and see if you were in fact influenced by the oblique blurb. It comes in a loose leaf format so you can rearrange the pages (48 of them) in preferred or random order, and you get a free pencil with it. 'Meanwhile the delegation was frowned on by the horny toad who sat deftly on the throne of absolution.'

Christine Chapel

Available £4.95 from Culture Vulture, Goose gate, Nottm.

CHILD IN TIME: The Life Story Of The Lead Singer Of Deep Purple

by **Ian Gillan** (Smith Gryphon)

Rock, that raucous, tumultuous beast, has spawned many a die-hard madman and Ian Gillan is a hardy-perennial prime offspring. Numerous rash and wild-eyed maniacal stunts always make great recall for rock biogs and 'Child In Time' is no exception.

For the most part, Gillan comes across as a genial, if narcissistic, so-and-so with more than a streak of the incorrigible old reprobate, living, by his own admission, "a life of huge debauchery." Pre- and in-between Purple days, his bands included Episode Six, Gillan and a memorable stint with Black Sabbath, not so memorable for Gillan in as much that he had great difficulties memorising Black Sabbath's "illogical lyrics", but doubly memorable for one world tour, played to a backdrop of an immense fibreglass Stonehenge, complete with dwarf, which, he acknowledges, was classic spoof grist for the mill for those jocular mickey-takers, Spinal Tap. "I have since always avoided driving past Stonehenge," admits Gillan, understandably. Absurd incidents abound in Gillan's career, highlights include sharing blood with a male Gypsy dancer in the Lebanon, throwing trussed up 'friends' out onto busy motorways, taking a copious leak in a journalist's handbag (ouch) and — a personal favourite — waking up on the roof of a tall building in Kuala Lumpur with a fat prostitute and cockroaches in his mouth. All too common events in Gillan's rollercoaster life which progressed from small time band to one of the 'foremost progressive hard rock bands.' Along the way was the narrowly-missed lead in Jesus Christ, Superstar, a near-fatal illness (hepatitis), departure from Deep Purple, inevitable bankruptcy, and finally reunion with Deep Purple, the band "I'd rather slit my throat than work with...again," a comment that will no doubt haunt Gillan for many a music article to come.

Even with a co-writer, *Child In Time* is a breezy, easy and slightly prosaic anecdotal account but, thankfully, you need be neither deep nor purple to enjoy an entertaining afternoon's worth of reading. But be warned, do not expect earth shattering, thought provoking literature; this is, after all, the work of a man who reckons some of his "very best stuff has been written on napkins."

Ewa Kowalski

IT'S ALL OVER NOW by **Mandy Smith** (Blake)

"He was a millionaire pop star. She was a virgin in a gymslip. He had bedded a thousand women. She went to bed with her Teddybear." Yes, folks, I'm afraid the press release is better than the book, but then this is a sordid story best told in tabloid headlines. *He* was Bill Wyman. *She* reckons she'd never heard of him before they met and that they were seeing each other for six months before they shagged. *She* catches a dose of Catholic guilt and loses a lot of weight. *He* is still Bill. *She* is now famous, too. *What* a pile of wank.

Christine Chapel

THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR SPARE DEMOS #3.

1. **ABUSE FANZINE.** Run by long-serving Over-correspondent Sid, who was championing the likes of Carter, Radiohead, Smash and EB & The System before NMME had even heard of them. He writes exactly what he thinks of your efforts in a constructive and straightforward way, then distributes the results at gigs all over the country. Contact **Sid Abuse, 17 Heron Island, Caversham, Reading, Berkshire RG4 8DQ.** from where you can also order a copy of Abuse for £1.50 inc. P&P. When any of the above named acts are on tour allow 28 days for delivery.

2. **INDOLENT RECORDS,** the label that brought you Sleeper, want to hear from unsigned acts in this area, especially now that we've told them how brill you all are. Contact **Ben Wardle, Indolent Records, 69 Fulham High Street, London SW6 4JW.**

3. **Oye!**, a new Belgian fanzine will review your stuff. Contact **Koen Devogelaere, Gen. Lemanstraat 14, 3500 HASSELT, Belgium.**

4. **HYDROGEN DUKEBOX,** South East London's coolest exponents of out there, no limits dub-ambient-trance-electronic-anthemica-technologica are searching for hidden talent. If you create music with the circuitry of dance technology, maybe even using primitive guitars and perhaps some vocals, (there are no rules) contact us yesterday. send your demo and a brief thesis on why you are the future of the underground to: **A&R dept, Hydrogen Dukebox, 81 Canonbeck Rd., Rotherhithe, LONDON SE16 1DF.**

5. In a similar vein, **AMBIENT CITY** is a unique new concept in radio. Based in the Sound Gallery of the The Finnish Museum Of Contemporary Art, Helsinki, Ambient City broadcasts in periods of 21 days non stop 24hrs a day during each four seasons of this year. The first one began 1st May. The programmes consist of new material, DJ tapes and live spinning. Rare and unreleased material, new mixes and versions are welcome, and the original material is transferred to R-CD (recordable compact disc), and played by computer controlled CD music editor for a continuous flow of music. All material will be licensed for broadcast only, and all rights will remain with composers, and the license contracts will be cancelled after the project which ends in December when all will be returned (earlier if required). A budget exists for paying composers and DJs royalties. Contact **Ambient City, SAHKÖ-recordings/Tommi Grönlund, Rehbinderintie 3, 00150 HELSINKI, Finland, Europe. Tel: +358 0 638848 fax: +358 0 628870.**

6. **DECEPTIVE RECORDS** home of Collapsed Lung and Elasticaand latest signing Shriek, are always on the look out for othe rbands. Contact Tony, Deceptive Records Ltd. 130 London Road, LONDON SE1 6LF.

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wednesday 20th
THIS AIN'T JACK Nottingham Filly & Firkin
JIMMY BARNES Rock City

SILENCER / MOTHER BUD / CHEESE TRAP Narrowboat

REV. BROWN & THE EARLYBIRDS Barton-U Needwood Top Bell
DOWN BY LAW Derby The Where House
DON'T TELL MAMA Bell Hotel

GOOP Leics. The Charlotte
WORLD TURTLE The Royal Mail
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS £7.50 adv. Northampton The Roadmender

thursday 21st
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS Nottingham Wollaton Park
BOB TILTON / DEAD WRONG The Old Angel
UNDERBELLY/ DREAMSTATE The Narrowboat

STEVE PINNOCK & TERRY SWAN Unplugged
KELLY'S HEROES The Old Vic

MIND THE GAP Filly & Firkin

AKIMBO Café Royal
R.D.F./ CHUMBAWUMBA (members of.) ANL Benefit
Derby The Where House

NAN VERNON Leicester The Charlotte
BEHIND THE BIKESHEDS The Royal Mail
THE RIBBON TEARS Pump & Tap
WORLD TURTLE Sheffield The Pheasant

friday 22nd
THE CHRISTIANS Nottingham Wollaton Park
BIG DEAL The Gregory
MIDNIGHT RIOT The Narrowboat
GRUMBLEGRINDER The Old Angel
LEFT HAND THREAD The Running Horse
THE SHANKS The Old Vic

CONFERNES The Mechanics Arms
BUJU BANTON Marcus Garvey Centre
DUKE LA RUE & THE BLUE JUKES Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
EARL JACKSON & THE RHYTHM MEN Ilkeston The Crown

THE D.T.'S Langley Mill Potters Club
ANGEL Derby The Blue Note
DRIVE LIKE JEHU Leicester The Charlotte
ELYSIAN FIELDS The Royal Mail

saturday 23rd

CUD / CHUMBAWAMBA Nottingham Wollaton Park
FRANK The Narrowboat

HEADSWIM Rock City
SPLINTERED / HEROIN The Old Angel
THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
JON MASLEN'S The Running Horse

NTH DEGREE eve
THE AVENGERS upstairs
MICK RUTHERFORD & BLUESOLOGY The Old Vic

downstairs
THE SCHEME The Mechanics Arms
LEMONADE RAYGUN Filly & Firkin
LEE FISHER / JOHN WILDE The Garage

NITRATE EXPRESS Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
MR. GEOFF OVERON Unplugged
THE KLING-ONZ Leicester The Charlotte
THE WALTONS The Royal Mail

HELIOTROPE The Royal Mail

DODGY Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 24th
TOM ROBINSON BAND Nottingham Wollaton Park
STEVE PINNOCK & TERRY SWAN The Limelight

KELLY'S HEROES The Golden Fleece
THE NAVIGATORS lunchtime
DECLAN evening
The Mechanics Arms

ABK Filly & Firkin

BIG DEAL The Imperial

BEERBELLY BLUES BAND Barton-U-Needwood Top Bell
2 FAG MIX Mansfield The Town Mill

SULTANS OF PING F.C. £5/4 Derby The Where House
ALL THIS FOR NOTHING The Garrick

WALTER HARPMAN BAND £2 Ambergate Hurt Arms
SPLINTERED / HEROIN Leicester The Charlotte

FATIMA MANSIONS
MEDICINE Northampton The Roadmender

monday 25th
GONZO SALVAGE CO. Nottingham Filly & Firkin

TOOL £6.50 ad.v Rock City
STEVE PINNOCK & TERRY SWAN

The Running Horse
WITHDRAWAL / DEAD JOE NERVES Leics. The Charlotte

BURST CUP Sheffield The Hadfield Hotel
MARION The Leadmill

tuesday 26th
WORLD TURTLE Nottingham, Filly & Firkin

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS The Golden Fleece
NORTH MEETS SOUTH

THE RILEYS / IRIS / CARIAD Derby The Where House
YELLOWBELLY / ZIPPER JOYRIDER Leics. The Charlotte

VIC CHESNUTT Sheff. The Leadmill

wednesday 27th
EXCESSAWEEZ / DJ 'DAVE'
DJ ZON THE KNIGHT SKYY

EVA LUNA Nottingham The Filly & Firkin
THE URCHINS The Pelican

E.R.N. The Hearty Goodfellow

HOUSE OF PAIN Rock City

THE CHETTLES Derby The Where House
THE D.T.'S The Bell Hotel

HEADSWIM Leicester University

SLYDE Sheffield The Pheasant

thursday 28th
AKIMBO Nottingham Café Royal

THE URCHINS The Hearty Goodfellow

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AOS 3
SEDITION / 1 BY 1
EX CATHEDRA / SWINE FLU

OIL SEED RAPE
DUST DEVIL / THROB

IRIS
GORILLA / NEVERLAND

WORLD TURTLE
Northampton

friday 29th
DONALDSON-DONAY BAND
WIDE EYED WONDER

THE URCHINS
BLIND 'N' DANGEROUS

SOUND AS A POUND
13 CANDLES / GETHSEMANE
ZODIAC MINDWARP

BEAU JOCQUE
& THE ZYDECO HI-ROLLERS
JIM 'SHAFT' RYAN

SLINKY / THE CUT
KOOKABURRA

THE DEFECTORS
ANDY, BORIS & KEITH
PRIMARY

VIVID
satursday 30th

MIRANDA SEX GARDEN
CRY / EVA LUNA

GONE TO POT
POTEEN

FLOWERING HEADS
JOHN MACREEDY
MARK COX

THE READY EDDIES
THE STRANGLERS
BIG COUNTRY
GIRLS SCHOOL/NEVERLAND

CABLE
Benefit gig - on stage 4.30pm
JASON ROBELLO
& CARL STANLEY GROUP

SEISMIC RING
EYES ON PARADISE

GODSEND
KONFUSION / DR. SHOCK

MURRAY THOMSON
SULTANS OF PING F.C.
18TH DYE

sunday 31st
GOATIE
BIG DEAL

THE NAVIGATORS
MICKY FLEMING
LEFT HAND THREAD

DO NOTHING
EIGHTY IN THE SHADE
MARTYN BROWN BAND
MEANTOWN BLUES BAND
TWINKLE

TUBESURFER
TRUCK BUNNY
SHRINKING VIOLETS

AUGUST
monday 1st
TERRY SWAN
& STEVE PINNOCK
18TH DYE

ROB JOHNSON/PIP COLLINS
COURTYARD MOTH
LETHARGY

THE TENANTS
tuesday 2nd
FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
CAROLYN HESTER
SILVER/THE FLAMINGOES
FRANK WHITE

wednesday 3rd
COLIN STAPLES
SPLATTERPUNKS / CHAIN
JOHN BECKETT
BILL SAVAGE
PAULA ROGERS
LEONARD ENGLISH
EXCESSAWEEZ
DJ 'DAVE'
STAN MARSHALL'S LAW

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SILVER/THE FLAMINGOES
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JOHN BECKETT
BILL SAVAGE
PAULA ROGERS
LEONARD ENGLISH
EXCESSAWEEZ
DJ 'DAVE'
STAN MARSHALL'S LAW

COURTYARD MOTH
USURPA

thursday 4th
MINDTHE GAP
AKIMBO

RAGGITY ANNE
THE KITTENS
ARK

Leics. The Royal Mail
THE PALADINOS / SWIF

friday 5th
CLAW
GONZO SALVAGE COMPANY

THE MICK PINI BAND
TRULY MADLY DEEPLY
TWO'S COMPANY
LORD OF THE BLUES
MOTHER MARY

THE ROYAL SNAKES
BEHIND THE BIKESHEDS
RUBY TUESDAYS

DELICIOUS MONSTER
BLUBBER

VIVID
satursday 6th
RIVERSIDE FESTIVAL
KELLY & O'BRIEN

THE NAVIGATORS
LEFT HAND THREAD

TABLOID JOE
PSYCHASTORM
MARTIN HALLMARK
QUARTET

COUSIN IT
EARL JACKSON
& THE RHYTHM MEN
MEAN TOWN BLUES BAND
MARCH TO THE GRAVE

THE CHARMERS
THE ATLANTICS

sunday 7th
RIVERSIDE FESTIVAL
DA DOG

THE NAVIGATORS
LEFT HAND THREAD

TABLOID JOE
PSYCHASTORM
MARTIN HALLMARK
QUARTET

COUSIN IT
EARL JACKSON
& THE RHYTHM MEN
MEAN TOWN BLUES BAND
MARCH TO THE GRAVE

THE CHARMERS
THE ATLANTICS

sunday 7th
RIVERSIDE FESTIVAL
DA DOG

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THE ATLANTICS

sunday 7th
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DA DOG

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PSYCHASTORM
MARTIN HALLMARK
QUARTET

COUSIN IT
EARL JACKSON
& THE RHYTHM MEN
MEAN TOWN BLUES BAND
MARCH TO THE GRAVE

THE CHARMERS
THE ATLANTICS

THE NAVIGATORS
JIM VINCENT

THE CHAPTERS
MR. SIEGAL

STRANGER FAYRE
unplugged

MALPRACTICE
BAND OF GYPSIES
BLOCKHEAD

FREeloadERS
KETTLEWITCH

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
ADVERSE

GBH
CRUSADERS

wednesday 10th
EXCESSAWEEZ
DJ 'DAVE'

THE CRUSADERS
WAYNE HENDERSON
& WILTON FELDER
THIS VIBRATION

thursday 11th
MIND THE GAP
USURPA

AKIMBO
HEADSWIM
DISCWORLD

CORE
VELLOCITY GIRL
DONE LYIN DOWN

64° CLOUDY
OASIS

friday 12th
USURPA / DREAMSTATE
SKIN

OLD SCHOOL
RIGHT NATION
SEX TOYS

TONY KELLY & KELLY'S EYE
BAND OF GYPSIES
THE HERBS

THE NAVIGATORS
LEFT HAND THREAD

TABLOID JOE
PSYCHASTORM
MARTIN HALLMARK
QUARTET

COUSIN IT
EARL JACKSON
& THE RHYTHM MEN
MEAN TOWN BLUES BAND
MARCH TO THE GRAVE

THE CHARMERS
THE ATLANTICS

sunday 7th
RIVERSIDE FESTIVAL
DA DOG

THE NAVIGATORS
LEFT HAND THREAD

TABLOID JOE
PSYCHASTORM
MARTIN HALLMARK
QUARTET

COUSIN IT
EARL JACKSON
& THE RHYTHM MEN
MEAN TOWN BLUES BAND
MARCH TO THE GRAVE

THE CHARMERS
THE ATLANTICS

sunday 7th
RIVERSIDE FESTIVAL
DA DOG

THE NAVIGATORS
LEFT HAND THREAD

TABLOID JOE
PSYCHASTORM
MARTIN HALLMARK
QUARTET

NIGHTMOVES
sheff The Hallamshire
satursday 13th
FUN DA MENTAL
Nat. Festival of Asian Music & Arts
Nottingham Castle Grounds

SONS OF ERIF
JET SREAM WHISKY

THE NAVIGATORS
BLIND DRUNK

CHEESE TRUCK
MOTHER BUD

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG
DESTINY RANCH
SUCH PERFECT LIARS
Chesterfield Eagles Bar

SENSELESS THINGS
Abbey Park Fest. All Day Free
Leicester Abbey Park
SOFT TOUCH SAMBA BAND
Royal Mail

sunday 14th
KK KINGS
Nat. Fest. Of Asian Music & Arts
Nottingham Castle Grounds
HANDFUL OF DARKNESS
Golden Fleece

CACTUS JACK
EAMON GETHINGS DUO
Mechanics Arms

FREAKZONE
CHICKEN ASS BLUES BAND
Ambergate Hurt Arms
VIVID / MAUVE
Derby The Garrick

monday 15th

tuesday 16th

wednesday 17th

MAGIC CAR
EXCESSAWEEZ
DJ 'DAVE'

thursday 18th

JONAH FISH
CNS
TOTAL FREQUENCY
Narrowboat

AKIMBO
SUCH PERFECT LIARS
Mansfield The Plough
MIDNIGHT PUNPKIN TRUCKS
Derby The Garrick

SONS OF EL ROACHO
Sheffield The Hallamshire
friday 19th
GIRLS SCHOOL
+ Rock All-nighter
Nottm. Rock City

LEFT HAND THREAD
GYPSY
AKIMBO
THRUSH PUPPIES
HOSE
SOUND AS A POUND
Mechanics Arms
THELONIOUS LOVE EXP.
YELLOWBELLY
Leics. The Charlotte
THE RAZORS
Royal Mail

GBH
sheff. The Hallamshire
satursday 20th
FINX DETROIT SPECIAL
Nottm. Running Horse

THE AGE
SIRUS
JACK OF DIAMONDS
MOTHER GONG
Leics. The Charlotte
STATESIDE
Royal Mail

sunday 21st
MR. SIEGAL
Nottm. Running Horse
STEVE PINNOCK
& TERRY SWAN
Golden Fleece

THE MIGHTY QUINN
JET STREAM WHISKY
Mansfield Town Mill
FILTER / HEADSPIN
SWIRLMOKEY
Derby Tbe Garrick
GBH / NERVES
Leics. The Charlotte

monday 22nd
PUZZLEJUG
Nottm. Filly & Firkin

GBH
Leics. The Charlotte
thursday 25th
MIND THE GAP
Nottm. Filly & Firkin
SLOPPY SECOND
THE X-RAYS / SLUM GANG
Leics. The Charlotte

VIVID
Derby The Garrick
friday 26th
KILLERS
Nottm. Rock City
STEELYARD DOGS
Running Horse
JET STREAM WHISKY
Filly & Firkin
THIS AIN'T JACK
Narrowboat

SONS OF EL ROACHO
Sheffield The Hallamshire
friday 19th
GIRLS SCHOOL
+ Rock All-nighter
Nottm. Rock City

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VIVID
Derby The Garrick
friday 26th
KILLERS
Nottm. Rock City
STEELYARD DOGS
Running Horse
JET STREAM WHISKY
Filly & Firkin
THIS AIN'T JACK
Narrowboat

FRANK DEMPSEY & CO.
Mechanics Arms
GOATS DON'T SHAVE
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
Leics. The Charlotte

satursday 27th
FRANK
Nottm. Britannia Boat Club
SEAMUS O'B LIVION & THE
MEGADEATH MORRISMEN
Filly & Firkin

RETALIATOR
Hearty Goodfellow
3:6 PHILLY
Narrowboat

POTEEN
Mechanics Arms
WE PEOPLE
The Monastery

sunday 28th
DECLAN
Nottm. Mechanics Arms
KELLY'S HEROES
Golden Fleece

TAUREA / OUR/ GRIND
Mansfield Town Mill
LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS
Derby The Garrick

monday 29th
THE NAVIGATORS
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
Running Horse
JACK OF DIAMONDS
Mechanics Arms

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We have three
STABBING WESTWARD
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Simply answer the following
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Joh Fryer produced Stabbing
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Answers on a postcard to
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THE GIRL

Tuesday 2nd August
8pm.
£8 adv.
The Where House
Friar Gate Derby

Tickets available from:
BPM / Way Ahead (Derby)
Selectadisc /WayAhead
(Nottm.)
BPM / Rockaboom (Leics.)

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Friar Gate Derby

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THE WHERE HOUSE
presents
EVERYTHING BUT
THE GIRL

Tuesday 2nd August
8pm.
£8 adv.
The Where House
Friar Gate Derby

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vinolution:



PAPA BRITTLE *Obey, Consume, Marry, Reproduce* (Nettwerk/Play It Again Sam)
It's too easy to be cynical about Papa Brittle. Any band who can thank "consumer revolutionaries everywhere" and keep a straight face is leaving itself wide open. When you already have Rage Against The Machine and their Hollywood revolution, railing against late trains and the Citizens Charter seems pointlessly ineffective. But that's unfair. Taking easy pot-shots at any band as unflinching in their political conviction as Papa Brittle achieves nothing. In fact the most surprising thing is that, for all their head-on militancy, Papa Brittle have made a Jesus Jones album. A one trick, guitar soaked techno-fest of sledge-hammer polemic and gutbucket rage, *Obey...* abandons deftness and subtlety for unrelenting defiance. It's a largely humourless affair, but that's revolution for you. It doesn't always work. At times *Obey...* sinks into empty-headed preaching, reheating the same vacuous kneejerk we yawned at ten years ago. There's a fine line between hip contrivance and clumsy rhetoric, and occasionally Lloyd Sparks' lyrics walk the wrong side of it. But when it does hit home, *Obey...* is simply unstoppable. Potentially disposable dancerock fodder — *Status Quo, Heist Your Mind* — is elevated to incendiary levels by Sparks' inflammatory presence; similarly the laid back, uncluttered *Jesus In A Limo* and the surprisingly muted finale *Twisted And Feckless* provide thankful respite from the breakneck rant. Sure, Papa Brittle aren't the first band to use music as a political medium, and consequently 'Obey...' says nothing new. But as a statement of intent — a call to arms in an increasingly apathetic world — this defies argument. Fifth generation insurrectionists Papa Brittle may be, but as far as debut albums go, this one sets a convincing agenda. **Dave Everley**

ISENGARD *Vinterskugge* (Peaceville)
Apparently this is the solo project of Fenriz (who?) from the Norwegian band Darkthrone (why?). Dear Fenriz, why on earth did you do this, it's not big and it's not clever, you are sat immovably on the wrong side of the genre they call HEAVY METAL. File with Spinal Tap. 11 out of 10.

RED RED MEAT *Jimmywine Majestic* (Sub Pop)
The new era of Sub Pop is apparently well under way, but if this record is anything to go by they will never surpass the glory days of Mudhoney and Nirvana. It's not a flawed record by any means but it just doesn't grab you the way former releases did. It's probably unfair to talk about the band and the label in the same review, but as a coherent piece of music it's just not very good. Sorry.

CRUST *Crusty Love* (Trance Syndicate)
Very analogous to the Butthole Surfers, which is hardly surprising as Crust are signed to the label founded by the Butthole's King Coffey. Crust roar into life with Painsville and from then on it's uphill all the way. Just imagine if Tad and Big Black decided to join forces, listened to *Trout Mask Replica* by Captain Beefheart and a couple of Ministry singles solidly for three months, took large amounts of narcotics and then recorded an album. This is the world of Crust. Songs (and titles) such as *Chlamydia Is Not A Flower*, *Dealer Mike* and *Lesbian Weekend* are truly astonishing. Listen to Crusty Love and you will love Crusty Love.

Milo F. Kelly

FLOUR *Fourth And Final* (Touch And Go)
Shifting between crap pop and semi-industrial beats this is a muddy collection of songs with no discernable direction. A grating and annoying selection of repetitive riffs do not lighten the load of the hapless listener. I was unable to find a redeeming feature. The singer whines a bit like the bloke from Jane's Addiction, but is that necessarily a good thing?

SUBMARINE *Submarine*
The distant downbeat melancholy of most of this album left me cold. The two more uptempo tracks "I Can't Be Satisfied" and "Never Be Alright Again" were OK, driven by some quite nasty guitar, and there's a nice bassline on the opening track. The rest of it, however, meanders haplessly along, sluggish and ponderous. After a while, the CD began to stick and I had to give up on it. This did not make me too unhappy. **Gil**

BLINK *A Map Of The Universe* (Parlophone)
Blink are currently on tour supporting Crowded House and on the evidence of this brilliant debut they should be headlining a tour of their own a.s.a.p. They have an abundance of annoyingly catchy toons and sarcasm aplenty in the lyric department. Immediate comparisons with C.U.S.M. are inevitable but misleading. Unlike Carter, these guys don't overstay their welcome with laboured clichés and one dimensional musicianship. The album kicks off with *It's Not My Fault* and is typical of much of what follows; a song with a slow build up of chiming guitars, punctuated with lung-busting bellowing vocals, and underpinned by disarmingly gentle choruses. There are 13 tracks here, none of which are less than perfect and a handful fall into the 'bloody wonderful' bracket; these include *Going To Nepal*, the anthemic *Everything Comes Everything Goes, Is God Really Groovy* which is as great as the title suggests, and a demented all systems go number *Fundamentally Loveable Creature* which is both funny and rocking. If you've got a ticket for Crowded House be prepared for a 'Support Band Blow Headliners Away' scenario. **John Haylock**

KILLDOZER *Uncompromising War On Art Under The Dictatorship Of The Proletariat* all formats (Touch And Go)
BLEURRGH! KERRUNGE! SNARRRRLLL! (sorry to launch into Lester Bangs speak, I was so overcome by this album I couldn't help it). Killdozer, one of the funniest bands on the planet have reformed and the World is already a better place for it. They always sounded to me like a bunch of middle-class midwest kids playing a mutant punkgrunge version of the so-dumb-it's-good heavy metal that obviously made up their musical diets as teenagers; Grand Funk Railroad, Black Oak Arkansas (they even throw in a cover of Black Oak's moronic *Hot 'N' Nasty*) and Kiss bassist/vocalist Michael Gerald's vocal style owes a lot of Kiss mainman Gene Simmons. Killdozer are well back on form with this bonecrushing nonsense which makes the likes of Nirvana and Pearl Jam sound emaciated. Most of these songs are supposed to have revolutionary communist overtones but I reckon the band are taking the piss. This is splendid stuff with ridiculous titles like *Knuckles The Dog* where they lurch headlong into a Sisters Of Mercy riff making no effort to disguise it. Essential.

BEDHEAD *What Fun Life Was* (Trance Syndicate)
This is great. I'd never heard of Bedhead from Dallas, Texas but I can't stop playing this. Imagine truly laid back guitars and hushed vocals that build up and burst out into torrents of feedback and some of the wildest drumming in some time, kind of like the bastard offspring of Keith Moon and Rat Scabies. It's all very melodic despite the thrashing and the nearest comparison I can find is an american version of Spiritualized. Yeah, lovely haunting stuff. I need more!

MULE *Wrong* mini LP, all formats (Touch And Go)
Growling, menacing funky hardcore stuff with a huge Beefheart influence. The press release says that they come from Detroit which must make them hard. This album has the same effect as ambient dub - great while it's on but try and remember it afterwards. Gimme Bedhead or Killdozer any day. **Mr. Jones**

HELIUM *Pirate Prude* (Matador)
Helium are yet another one of those products of the great American underground's consistent musical chairs. Singer May, the owner of both an evil growler and a breathy soprano, previously trod the boards with Autoclave, while Brian and Shaun used to power (the rhythm section of) Dumpster. *Pirate Prude* is their first real foray into the big bad world bar a couple of self financed singles and it's quite sexy but not consummate enough. *Baby Vampire Made Me* and *I'll Get You, I Mean It* hint at what is to come, tantalising in places, but there's not enough here to make *Pirate Prude* compulsory. One thing to note though, hip US mag 'Sassy' called them 'cute' so that's probably good enough for NMME to get excited. Nothing that breaks new ground is included, no curios that you haven't heard before, it's just a rose tinted nostalgia piece. You know what you like on Virgin, you probably already own it. This is to Virgin what semi-detached suburbia is to architecture.

PASSION FRUIT & HOLY BREAD *Crush* (Splendid)
Well it's better than the last one in that it's not just a pastiche of the passe. It's just limp and uninspiring, shame really as I rather like their name. **Dave Ellyatt**



DIE MONSTER DIE (pic. above)
Withdrawal Method LP (Roadrunner)
With female vocals sounding a lot like Courtney Love this band have power and intensity. Urgent riffs over a bulldozer rhythm section with more than a nod to The Doughboys, is an easy to listen to dose of what was once called Grunge. The lyrics are a bit baffling but I suppose some will call them arty. *Vagina Dentata* was to be the title of the album but the P.M.R.C. objected so the band caved in although the track is one of the high spots of the album. None too challenging but enjoyable in its own way.

BLACK TRAIN JACK *You're Not Alone* (Roadrunner)
A straight edge outfit from New York not unlike a latter day Stiff Little Fingers. Melodic pop punk which threatens to explode but never quite manages it. This is a perfect example of a band who want to cross over to a college audience without losing their punk following. I hope they know what they are doing because their cover of Steve Miller's *The Joker* is the worst thing I have heard for ages. The press release compares them with The Ramones, Johnny Thunders and the MC5 but in reality they're not in the same league - yet! Get a drink down yer, lads.



Mike D, Ad-Rock, MCA. photo: Ari Marcopolous

BEASTIE BOYS (pic. above)
111 Communication (Grand Royal/ Parlophone)
Boy, this is a mishmash of different styles. Bursting with a feel good attitude it embraces hard-as-fuck rap (*Sure Shot*), instrumental ambience (*Futtermans Rule*), chilled out laid back surf rock (*Transitions*) and, for this reviewer the high spots, pure Punk Rock (*Tough Guy*) and blazing New York Hardcore (*Heartattack Man*). You can't put this album in a neat pigeon hole, it lays you down, caresses you and then jumps on your face. Gone are the days of *Fight For Your Right To Party* this is more mature and not as throwaway. Surprised? Not me. I always knew they had it in them. Bring on the tour.

DRIVE LIKE JEHU *Yank Crime* (Elemental)
Nine tracks from ex-members of Pitchfork/Night Soil Man and Rocket From The Crypt, this mini -album explodes with intense bursts of post hardcore Sonic Youth type noise. Abrasive and at times akin to fingernails on a blackboard this is unpleasant yet compelling. I reckon these would be a killer live and the Sub Pop crew will lap this up. They sound angry and committed about something but I'm buggered if I can figure out what. Lyric sheet please. Despite that and the feeling you've just popped in for a post-fight coffee with Tyson I did find myself listening to this again and again.

NEUROSIS *Pain Of Mind* (Alternative Tentacles)
Way back in 1987 Neurosis brought out this their debut album on U.S. Indie label Alchemy. Now A.T. have cleaned up the sound and re-released it. If you got into Neurosis on the last couple of albums you'll probably hate this. This is basic thrash punk sounding like Christ On Parade and DOOM. To quote the press release: "The songs are all originals, although in a more basic punk rock style than we are used to." Fuck that shit, this is the real stuff compared to the formularised bleakness they've released since. If you like your punk hard, angry and in your face this is for you. I hear Jello Biafra was beaten up by punks in L.A. the other day; well, if you must shit on the people who put you where you are today, what do you expect? Vive La Punk.

THE COCKNEY REJECTS *The Best Of...* (Dojo)
"Freedom? There ain't no fucking freedom!" and it's cropped hair and big boot time again. East End yobbos The Cockney Rejects had their 10 minutes of fame back in 1980-1981 and all the high spots are here. *I'm Not A Fool*, *Bad Man*, *Where The Hell Is Babylon?*; these street punk oi anthems still pack the punch they did when I was a kid. *The Greatest Cockney Rip Off* reached No.21 in the charts and saw the band on Top Of The Pops (also getting them banned from the BBC after they beat up The Lambarettas back stage). The band's football terrace-style punk reached the pits when *I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles* hit No. 35 to coincide with West Ham's F.A. Cup Final in 1980. Thankfully this compilation does not include the later shit the Rejects released in an effort to cross over to the Iron Maiden crowd. For me the Cockney Rejects were 1980. Oi oi, mate!

EAT STATIC *Implant* (Ultimate/Planet Dog)
Imagine the scene; dawn is easing it's first tentative fingers of light beyond the standing stones. Various strangely clad forms gyrate and writhe on the damp grass. The enhanced colours strain your overloaded senses. Suddenly an ice cold shaft of light penetrates the orange sky; all eyes look heavenward. A pulsating rhythm throbs into your core, your very bones vibrate, you lose yourself in psychedelic electronic oscillations.... Yep, stopped again. Eat Static started three years ago as Ozric Tentacles' 'techno off-shoot'. This is the follow up to *Abduction* — No. 1 in the indie charts in June '93. *Implant* is a concept album about interplanetary travel. Beautifully packaged and well layered, this is the disc to play when you just don't want to get your head together. Maaan!

TIMESHARD *Chrystal Oscillations* (Ultimate/Planet Dog)
Check out the Eat Static review. Both of these discs are interchangeable. If anything Timeshard (ex Radio Mongolia) are a bit rougher around the edges. From Liverpool, they are veterans of the free festival circuit. This is just pure dance music for the chemically challenged. Each track oozes effortlessly into the next. No thought, just instinct. With tracks such as *Secret Song Of The Sea* and *Cosmic Carrot* this is a warning to us all about overindulgence in drugs. They really fuck you up!

18TH DYE *Done* (Ché)
Take a dash of Suicide, a pinch of Television, add a touch of Killing Joke, mix in a gallon of German beer and pour into 18th Dye. This three piece form Berlin combine tenderness with the steel knuckle in a velvet glove. Songs about sex, cars, guilt and scars combine with an anarchist political sense. The band are well known for their anti-Fascist work and have also toured Europe with Ride, L7 and New Bomb Turks playing over 180 gigs to date. The last single *Whole Wide World* is the outstanding track on this but, fuck it, they're all good.

IVY *Lately* (Seed)
More pop, five tracks including an Orange Juice cover *I Guess I'm Just A Little Too Sensitive*, Ivy come from New York and their debut single *Get Enough* had critics wetting themselves. Quote NMME Single of the Week: "Dominique breaks hearts across Adam and Andy's ebullient musical backing and the whole slips into your subconscious with the grace of either candy floss or a razor blade". Fucking hell.....and I thought it was shit cutesie-little-girl-lost vocal sound like Mary Poppins! Oh well, in the morass of soundalike pop it takes something else to grab me by the balls...Velocity Girl for instance.

VANILLA TRAINWRECK *Mordecai* (Mammoth Records)
Post punk from Raleigh N.C. The guitar fires shards of light over a heavy doomy black pounding beat. At its best (*Pearl*) this reminds me of Magazine, at its worst (*Quagmire*) Nirvana. Recorded at Smart Studios with L7/Smashing Pumpkins producer Mr Colson this has a clear and urgent sound and on the slower songs (*Lie Detector*) the raw emotion oozes from the speakers. The more I listen to this the more intense it feels. They even drop the pose and rock out at times (*Sister*) where they sound almost like the Stooges.

INCH Stresser (Seed)
New band formed by Stimy of San Diego hardcore band Sub Society and featuring members of Helicopter and Forced Down. With this sort of pedigree you'd expect something a bit special. Don't believe it, this is a band taking themselves too seriously. The ideas are there - multi-layered thrash guitar, cool down slow bits, but somehow it doesn't quite come together. It's a pity because some of the songs sound as if they should be good but never actually deliver. They come close with *Surprise* and *Oxidizer* but at the end of the day something is missing. Any band with a song called *Kermit The Hostage* must have some promise. I can't wait for them to actually deliver.



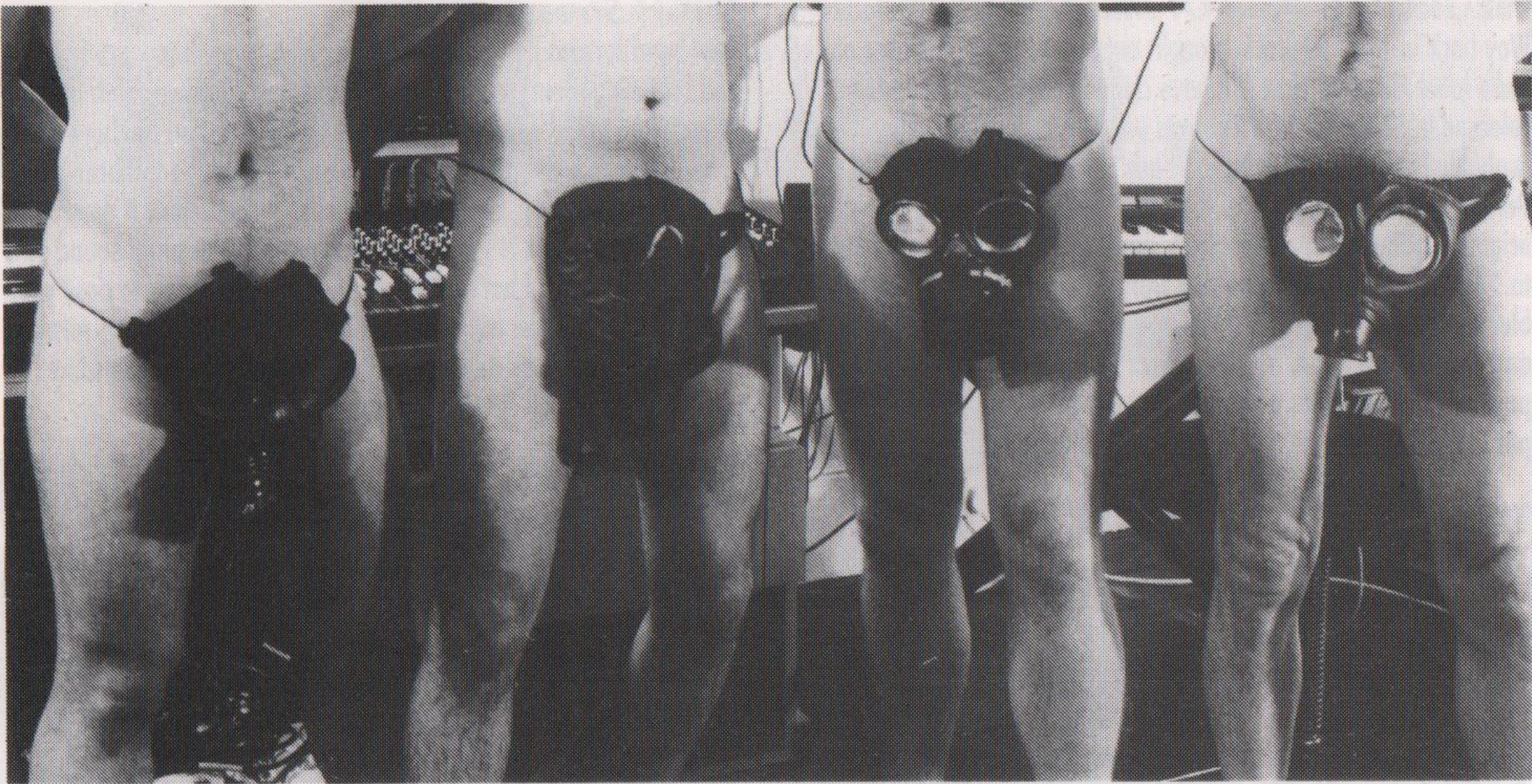
LIFE OF AGONY (pic. above)
This Time It's Personal (Roadrunner)
Life Of Agony have progressed from straight on hardcore (Agnostic Front, etc) into a sub-Sabbath metal band. Alright, they've still got the hardcore edge especially on *Through And Through* but methinks they take themselves a wee bit too seriously. The lyrics deal with cheerful stuff like frustration and suicide. Anyway sending Keith Caputo to a voice coach has turned a shit-hot Hardcore band into a second rate thrash metal band. It's a crying shame.

DOG EAT DOG *All Boro Kings* (Roadrunner)
This is the second disc by New Jersey's Dog Eat Dog and what a fine one it is. It manages to fuse hardcore, hip hop, metal and even reggae (courtesy of Darryl Jenifer of Bad Brains). At times this is like the Beastie Boys, at others the Mighty Mighty Bosstones. *No Fronts* (the single) rants: "no trucks, no soap box politics, no guns, no blunts, we kick this just for fun", reminiscent of Run DMC with the American D.I. There are no rules, no laws, just fucking good fun.

BRAIN POLICE *Drain* (BGR)
The new Nottingham label formed by Fudge Tunnel's Dave Riley. Debut CD from new London Connecticut band Brain Police and if this is an example of BGR's release policy, give me more! There are obvious comparisons with Nine Inch Nails and Prong but it stands up on its own. Hard Industrial rage not dissimilar to Skin Limit Show. Best tracks are *Like A Bullet* and *The Bastard's Sick*. Let me just moan about the lack of info on the sleeve. Lyrics would be useful at times. Other than that keep up the good work. What about local bands?

PRONG *Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck* (Epic)
I guess I'm a bit spoiled when it comes to Prong, I've loved em since their *Primitive Origins* and I suppose I was expecting some sort of mainstream/metal sell out bollocks, but it just shows how wrong you can be, for *Snap Your Fingers...* is still hardcore. Admittedly there is an industrial twinge to it and at times it sounds like *What's This For* era Killing Joke (I was trying to avoid the KJ comparisons as being a bit too obvious, but fuck, that's what it sounds like). *Another Worldly Device* is more Noo Yawk Hardcore full on thrash assault whereas *Prove You Wrong* is metallic and bombastic. *Beg To Differ* the final track is more heavy fucking metal — two steps forward, one step back. Cynical commercial exploitation award of the month must go to Epic for releasing a CD one week after this release with four different mixes of *Snap Your Fingers*. Why?

The Fat Dead Nazi



THE NATURISTS (photo: Sue Oriss)
Naked In the Rain EP (Interactive)
A fall of electric water cascades over a corrugated cliff, fish scream and the mountain coughs. An elevator rises from the spray. Attached to a cable beneath is a guitar which the elevator is dragging through the water. It stickles back. Over comes a electric storm dub. They say it is best heard naked, so I tried it and it works —it brought goose bumps out all over me. Scratched in the run off grooves it says "Torville and Dean are naturists".

JOHNNY VIOLENT feat. **Gil Savage**
Johnny Is A Bastard 7" (Earache)
After all the stress of conceiving and executing an album as Ultraviolence, Johnny reverts to his Overall sign for a whimsical flaut with 7" vinyl and his friend Gil Savage who screams the title and "Pull The Trigger!" on the flip of this death-trip techno teaser. It's as subtle as Kurt Cobain's chosen exit, and Earache have sensibly pointed out on the sleeve that this is not included on the *Life Of Destructor* CD. The inner sleeve is decorated with Johnny Violent's Techno Revues to remind us not to take it seriously. In one of them Johnny stated, "I can't help but hope that Gil becomes a junkie, a prostitute and a corpse for what she did to me." **Christine Chapel**

WAIT FOR LIGHT (Tow Records)
Joy, joy and more joy. A wonderful record from this Chicago four piece, even though most of the tracks could have been penned by a certain Alex Chilton a few years back. Nevertheless, Wait For Light do have a style of their own, amalgamating influences such as The Only Ones and Teenage 'Big Star' Fanclub which are noticeably evident on the opening track *Longest Winter*. The formula does change slightly on *Gum Song*, *Misfit* and the very Buffalo Tom-ish *Invisible*. An eminent record. Wait for Light, I most definitely will. **Milo F. Kelly**

PINHEAD NATION
Where's Herne Bay? (DogFish)
EMPORER OF ICE CREAM
Skin Tight (Blow Discs)
Pinhead Nation have an ace name, a neat line in strangulated vocals, and a two-line song from hell.
Emperor Of Ice Cream have a shite-awful name, hail from the same town as the Sultans Of Ping, and are in possession of at least three minutes of trashily addictive, hip swivelling rock 'n' roll. Which just goes to show that you should listen to a record more than once before you review it.

KINKY MACHINE
10 Second Bionic Man EP (Oxygen Records)
Kinky Machine — gooby sub-glam losers too club-footed to be Suede and too stupid to be the Manic Street Preachers — return after an eighteen month hiatus with more of the same. Actually, *10 Second Bionic Man*, a plaintive paean to the guilt of premature ejaculation, is loud, spunky (arf, arf), and brimming with nervous guilt ("Please don't tell anyone", squeals singer Louis). Which is exactly three times as good as it promised.

TINY MONROE *Cream* EP (Laurel)
Four tracks of the sort of uninspiringly seamless indie rock that usually sets the American chicken-in-a-basket college rock scene alight. Only lead track *Cream Bun* goes anywhere, swinging from muted hypnotone to swollen chorus and back again; the rest amount to little more than weak-kneed exercises in indie karaoke. Ultimately, it's hard to give a shit about Tiny Monroe.

PORTISHEAD *Numb* (Go Beat!)
Remember those scenes in *Twin Peaks* where the weird dwarf sidles across the screen to the strains of some oddly sinister jazz. Well, *Numb* floats in exactly the same vicinity. Hip-hop beats, backwards loops and an eerie organ are softly united underneath an effortlessly perfect lone female voice. Someone somewhere is making the film of this song, and it's probably David Lynch. **Dave Everley**

OPUS III
When You Made The Mountain (PWL)
This is a bright, poppy, accessible dance track so no surprise there and it's not half as hypnotic as *It's A Fine Day*, though the vocals do have a certain ethereal quality.

BLESSED ETHEL *2 Minute Mind* (2 Damn Loud)
Oh well, I had my money on their next single being called 'Cat' after the first two were *Dog* and *Rat*, so *2 Minute Mind* will make the bookies happy at least. In fact in a strange sort of way it makes me happy, too. Loud, proud and most certainly afraid of nothing.

STABBING WESTWARD
Violent Mood Swings (Columbia)
Black Americans who have taken more than a leaf out of Nine Inch Nails' book. Frustrated and frustrating. **Dave Ellyatt**

BARK PSYCHOSIS *Blue* (Circa)
Like an artist who blends colours, Bark Psychosis blend musical styles. It would be a sin to classify *Blue*. After listening to this track 20-30 times I still can't pin its addictive quality. The dreamlike, almost melodramatic, sound of the keyboards washes over you. This fused with the softly whispered vocals induce a beautiful state of calm. The high point is the last 30 seconds, an inspired piece of keyboard. *Blue* is not a new colour, but a remarkable one. **Monty**

BANG BANG MACHINE
Give You Anything (Ultimate)
Give You Anything is one step up from novelty and borders on throwaway indie pop. Basically Bang Bang Machine have made a whopping mistake: why didn't they release *Justine*, the tucked-away third song? It's a tremendous track, a miraculous mystic wah-wah marvel...are they bloody deaf or wot? **Ewa Kowalski**

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
Harp (Castle Communications)
History lesson time. When the first Irish immigrants arrived in the USA the locals slagged them as 'dumb Harps'. The title track of this EP is vintage SLF angry, raw and loud. Jake Burns' vitriolic lyrics spot on as usual: "*The ghettos almost full now/it's time for trash to move uptown/and the sight of beggars/on the streets must really get you down*" (are you listening, John Major?) "*Now I'll turn my anger on you/for the decency you lack*". *Shake It Off* sounds like an out-take from the *Go For It* album and *Not What We Were* would not have been out of place on *Nobody's Heroes*. All this stuff was recorded back in 1983 with Bruce Foxton on drums. It sounds just as powerful today.

VELOCITY GIRL *I Can't Stop Smiling/Marzipan* (Sub Pop)
Wowee! A pure pop band with edge. Fuzzbox guitar, abstracted melodies and soaring harmonies. Given air play this would be a sure summer hit combining that feelgood pop sensibility of surf bands with a Blondie-like city beat. If you hear these songs at breakfast, you'll be humming them all day. I look forward to their full UK tour in August if they're half as good live. 'More tarmac - less sand', Connor. **TFDN**

UZECHT PLAUSH
More Beautiful Human Life LP (R&S/Apollo)
Fill up your floatation tank and slip into a more comfortable world with Paul Shütze's first R&S/Apollo offering. The sensually supreme *Human Life* offers visions of the past and future, traversing synthethnics, *Blade Runner* shaftscapes wrapped with rhythmic resonance, and seamless cerebral symphonies. An album of themes beyond the 'cosmic' criteria of lesser mortals that will age better than you or I could dream of.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Chill Out Classics Vol. 1 (Chill Out)
A novel idea this, collecting various past classics, selecting the most soothing and repackaging for a completely new audience. Chopin, Satie, Mozart and Debussy rub with the familiar Voix Bulgares. Surprisingly apt.

TRANCE PARENTS *Family Album* (HOS)
HOS collect the finest moments from Kinky Roland's *Transparence* trancetech explorations, forming a photo montage of burble funk and Mensa mesmerics, rolling rumbling and frequency phasing celestials. From the sublime slinkiness of *Child Five*, the Detroit throw-backs of *Child Six* and the string-soaked sensuality of Paul Van Dyk's *Child Two* remix. This is techno of the highest order—funkin' excellent.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Merciless World Of Trance LP (HOS)
Britain's HOS label drops the techno plates again, this time with a double compilation of Deutsch/Anglo trance. Oliver Lieb *Paraglides* over 12 mins of arpeggiating hypnotherapy, Thomas Hehl Mann as Drax bundles you aboard the Trans Europe Express on three 'Test Tubes', Art Of Trance flick a surreal 303 boing, POB's *Strata* flexes mesmeric muscle producing drain-piped rumble ripple funk before Juno Reactor mix up the progenic *Transmissions* for a transtech finale.

WAGON CHRIST
Sunset Boulevard EP (Rising High)
Wagon Christ's trampolining *Gone* sees techno return to the avant garde. Electran's bleeping groove whips up a Kraftwerkian snow storm, while lapping up space milk on Herbie Hancock's Moog shuttle!

AFFIE YUSSUF
Smoke, Strobes & UV 12" (Inertia)
Hardtrance may not be the only thing that's pumping at Frankfurt's Omen Club, if reports of DJ Sven Vath's sexual activities are to be believed. So if Hardfloor brings his performance to a climax, then Affie Yussuf's octave phasing hooks laden with acid undergrowth must surely play a part in the foreplay.

SUN ELECTRIC *Aaah* LP (Bel Res)
The ubiquitous Thomas Fehlmann pops up again co-producing Sun Electric's ambi-tech excursions. *Aaah* moves along the minimal swooshing path splashed with percussive shards. *Lone Sloane* slides breathily into ambient territory a la Uzecht Plausch spacyly weaving a sub-aquatic web. *Spin Out & Mellow* slides along in an isolationist vein, before the 13 minute Glass-esque flow of *Entrance* mutates to hi-hat hopping which drifts effortlessly back into its original frame. Bronze yourself with Sun Electric.

AQUATHERIUM *Full Moon* (X-Plisit Vinyl)
San Francisco DJ Brendan McCarthy crosses Dr Who with Jaudee while lounging on Neptune. Transporter glides, cool gong tones & floating vibes tickle the trance pants making this a welcome edition to anyone's box of trips.

TIN TIN OUT *The Feeling 12"* (Deep Distraxion)
Handbags ahoy! Deep Distraxion's oily Anglo/Italian bouncin' disco trance funks its way to organ riff heaven, with pearl pink lippy & stiletto slink. "Where's me sling-backs?"

CABARET VOLTAIRE *The Conversation* (Res/Plastex)
Cabaret Voltaire's filmically titled *The Conversation* shifts through ambi-synth scapes and Detroit techno leanings, paying homage to Coppolla & Buñuel over 2 hrs 11 mins. *The Message* offers a drive through motor city, with sampled monologues replacing Malinder's vocals throughout. *Exterminating Angel* and *Night Rider* bask in the shade from *The Heat*. Disc two epically stretches over 53 minutes. Not the Cabs album but an interesting diversion until that day. **Dael**

FRIED IN CIDER:



"The end of pleasure is pain"
Hey ho, let's go; it's been a hectic month what with one thing and another. Problems in Manchester led to unprecedented policing of t'*Punks Picnic*. Just imagine how much crap they will be able to give us when the **Criminal Justice Bill** is law.

On to punky matters. **Decadent Few** have anew EP out on Fluffy Bunny Records (who are changing their name to **Inflammable Material Records**, 9 Linby Close, Sherwood, NG5 3HS) and will also be releasing a **Nerves/Substandard** split EP soon. **Consumed** have a new demo of strong melodic SLF/Social Unrest-sounding punk available from Mike, 37 Stoneyford Road, Sutton In Ashfield, Notts. NG17 4DA . You'll love Consumed if you like Peterborough's Monks Of Science who are now called **47 Tzars** and should be appearing with the **Crack Babies** soon. The only punk gig confirmed for July is on the 9th at the Bowling Green pub in Wisbech with **Suicidal Supermarket Trolleys, Short & Curlies** and **Substandard**. Up and coming **Punks Picnics** include Edinburgh (July 30th with **Oi Polloi** and **Diatribes** afterwards) and Derby Arboretum Park (6th August). Nottingham artist and poet **Dave Bishop** (aka Lord Biro, whose line drawings are currently on exhibition at The Old Angel) staged a one man protest against John Major during his failed electioneering visit to Nottingham recently. Brighton Council had just banned an exhibition of Dave's work on the grounds of it being "too political" and "not suitable for display to all members of the general public. A spokesman for Brighton's Labour-run council admitted this was because the works were "too anti-Tory." Keep up the good work, Dave.

A couple of good 'zines this month include *One Way Ticket To Cubesville* (articles on Junkmail, Blyth Power, Useful Idiot and a special Oi Polloi action figures set) available from Bradford Resource Centre, 31 Manor Row, Bradford, BD1 4PS ., and **Zips And Chains** (articles on Bad Religion, Fugazi, DOA, MDC and loads more) this 'zine is a gem, available from Darrio Adamick, LP 153 19 00142 Roma, Laurentino, Italy. Send him a quid and you'll get the zine, patch and loads of stickers - yeah and it's in English. Right, not a lot of news this month, I'm too busy watching the boys in green in t'World Cup. Keep the info. coming in, see you at Stiff Little Fingers, Heineken Festival, Wollaton Park, Thurs. 21st July.

- PLAYLIST JULY '94**
1. **STIFF LITTLE FINGERS** *Harp* EP (Castle Records)
 2. **MASH M** *Vol. 24* tape (1 in 12 Club, Albion St., Bradford, BD1)
 3. **NERVES** Demo (59 Western Rd., Leicester)
 4. **CDS** *Tempo Tantrums* tape (c/o Old Forge Cottage, Rushford, Lamerton, Tavistock, Devon, FL19 8BY.)
 5. **PRONG** *Cleansing* LP (Epic)
 6. **HEADACHE/RECUSANT** split tape (same address as Mash M)
- And now an interview with **SLUMGANG** (Photo:Sonny) who are PUG SLUM - Drums/Vocals; ED THE KID - Guitar;

LEE VAN CLEAVER TIM - Bass; and er, LOYD - Vocals/Guitar

Q. *How long have the band been going? What influenced you to start a punk rock band when everybody knows Punk is Dead!*
A.Well, we'd been plugging away as a metal/indie/pop (delete where applicable) band for a while getting nowhere then we heard that Nirvana got signed and that punk was 'in' again so we thought we'd 'punk out' and get ourselves a record deal. No seriously we've all been into punk and played in punk bands for 8-9 years or so, and Slum Gang's just a continuation of that (we started around April '92).
Q. *You have played with some large bands, what was your fave gig and why?*

A. But none so large as you, Dave! Actually Pug's a large band on his own...but I think the most well known was UK Subs. Mind you Whitney Houston supported us during a rough patch in her career, she actually wrote 'Back In Rags' for us, now look at her — sell out!
Q. *What future plans do the Slums have?*
A. We'll be getting some 2 litres in I should imagine. I'm trying to get us back over to Europe later this summer, finishing our second fucking demo—Jesus, people have kids in less time! We've basically gotta get something out on record, probably a 7" single or EP, one, to leave an indelible stain on the annals of Punk Rock and two, 'cos promoters, especially in Europe, don't seem to give you any credibility otherwise. God knows why, considering the amount of under-produced ill-thought out Punk seven-inchers littering the land).

Q. *What can you see the Slums doing in 5 years time?*
A. We'll be getting some 2 litres in I should imagine. (Pug will either be declared an independent state or dead of a heart attack, Ed will be drinking lighter fluid and rummaging through bins, Tim will be in nick and I'll still be a drunken loudmouth on me soap-box about Punk Rock). I dunno, probably still playing storming sets and getting paid £11.42!

Q. *What, if anything, is wrong with Punk in 1994?*
A. Still people getting into the music via Greenday/Screeching Weasel etc. and not having a clue about the D.I.Y. or basic "political" attitude of Punk; still letting bands use the Punk scene as a 'gig circuit' 'til they get agents/get signed; too many bands/punks content to re-hash the past (do we really need yet another Discharge?); clichéd anarcho rulebook attitudes; washed-up old bands reforming for the dosh; people content to conform to their own little cliques where their music/lyrics/appearance come as some sort of formatted package...I could go on. Having said all that I think Punk's healthier than it's been in a while, despite the unwelcome attentions of the music press like the NME 'Britcore' thing a few years ago) and the majors sniffing about following Nirvana's signing). Nottingham and Leicester Punk scene seems to have a real buzz about it at the moment, I love it!
Q. *Do you think CDs and music business technology in general will kill Punk?*
A. The CD argument is too complex to discuss briefly — I hate 'em though! The music business may try with their hype and fake indie labels, but punk/genuine underground movements are too large world-wide to kill now. Vive le Punk!

Q. *If young kids started showing an interest in Punk, how would you encourage/discourage them?*
A. If they were interested encourage to come to gigs, give 'em some demos, zines, soap and beer! (They should be set for a life of mayhem then, but if they looked like they were gonna grow up crap get Pug to take 'em to see some puppies, ha!)

Q. *Do you see the New Wave of the New Wave as having any future outside of a media fad. What bands on the go now do you like?*
A. Yes, it's a fad. A 'movement' around what is basically indie 'punk'. Sounds a lot like original New Wave 'punk' to me anyway sometimes). Good bands usually survive hype anyway so if there's anything decent in it we'll still hear them in a coupla years). Too many bands I like so I'll leave it to newer 'small' bands: Nerves, Piggie, Short 'n' Curlies, Substandard, Health Hazard, Big Boy Tomato, Another Man's Poison.
Q. *Anything you'd like to add for the edification of the non Punk world?*
A. I s'pose the 'outsider's' view of Punk is every band going "Aaarghh! Fuck! Smash the State!" (Hello Substandard!) which is only a small part of the many-headed beast that is Punk '94. There's a lot more to it, everything from can't-get-it-out-your-head melodies to solid power, energy, emotion, humour with a fair dash of other musical styles mixed in. Most of all, this stuff is played with conviction, honesty, by people who really believe in what they're doing and having a fucking scream doing it! Try it, you might even like it.
Slumgang: proud purveyors of Power Packed Punk Pyrotechnics. Loyd answered the questions in between swigs of the amber nectar— that's cider you Aussie fool. **The Fat Dead Nazi**

* Slumgang demo is £1 ppd from 12 Berkely Court, Carrington, Nottingham NG5 2AU. For gigs, etc., Tel: 0602 625199.

STOP PRESS Overall Punk Presents....FREE GIG **SLUMGANG, THE NERVES** and **SPOO UPS** AT THE Hearty Goodfellow 26th July 7-11PM.



FRIED ALIVE!



SAD Grantham The Gatehouse

Photo: Andrea Lee

Now I expressed serious doubts about spending a Saturday evening in Grantham, partly because it's not a very cool place to be and partly because every night is Fight Night in Grantham and I'm a bit of a scaredy cat. Still, as it turned out the most bizarre event of the night was when Barrie made friends with a black Labrador during the obligatory pre-gig drink, which animal turned out to be an ex-police dog and surreally enough it was old and was called Bill - so there you go. Anyway, SAD are now a 3-piece and they haven't so much lost a guitarist as gained a new dimension. Sloughing off the fourth member of the band has acted as a catalyst, changing all kinds of everything about SAD who have emerged revitalised and rejuvenated. SAD have lost the slightly stolid guitar sound of before and this has musically and emotionally (up)lifted them. The new improved SAD sound is more perky and quirky and everyone seems to be having more fun; everything is less dense and there's more room for them to explore the unabashed popsy side of their material. The physical loss of their "lead" guitarist has lent SAD an emotional and musical unfetteredness which is so infectious that it encourages the crowd to shrug off the potentially inhibiting school disco feel of the venue and get down to having a seriously good time. There's something here for everyone (incidentally at this juncture I'd like to point out that Grantham punters are incredibly bouncy; they positively skipped and bounded onto the dance floor like a bunch of adolescent Cocker Spaniels on speed and danced their pants off with glee, which is quite odd really because SAD aren't a hugely dance-y band), all the material is essentially melodic but some veers towards pop, some veers towards indie and some careers violently in the direction of fast and furious guitar powered NWONW which satisfies the punkette who sadly remains at the very core of my being. Ultimately all the positive stuff from the previous SAD incarnation remains; they still look lovely and exude enormous energy, but they've possessed themselves of a new vigour and purpose with the line-up change which, within a more relaxed and less tense framework, has conversely given them a new strength and power. Go and see for yourself, it's got to be worth it.

Roo Roo Magoo

Nottingham Punk Weekend Pt. 1: SUICIDAL SUPERMARKET TROLLEYS DECADENT FEW/ SPITHEAD/ CDS/ NERVES

Nottingham The Old Angel

To begin with, this was the gig that nearly never happened. Thanks are due to the staff at the Old Angel who resisted Notts Police pressure to cancel the gig (see *Fried In Cider* for the full story). Despite the problems it was obvious this was going to be a great gig. First up were local (Leicester) hardcore heroes The Nerves who blasted through a twenty minute thrash punk inferno, including all the classics we have now come to love — *Feeler*, *Flush It*, *Mansize*, etc. They achieved the unthinkable at the Old Angel, and had people dancing at 8 o'clock, before they were even pissed! Nice one, lads. Next up Devon Punkies C.D.S. continued the mayhem with their mixture of UK Subs/Dr & The Crippens-like punk, 30 minutes of pogoable uplifting funny punk. The Manchester S.C.D.S crew loved em and the sweat started to flow in earnest. They ended on the Subhumans' *Til The Pigs Come Round* to almost unanimous praise. More! More! A change of tempo and Skacore heroes Spithead throbbed through a well intense set of political culture shockish festi-punk. The Dread-heads loved it and silly dancing abounded. *Utopia Is Shit*, *Just Making Traffic*, *Have You Seen My Lungs?* *They're Not As Pink As They Once Were*. John, Scott and Paul (sounds like Thunderbirds, don't it?) produced an even higher sweat level on the already sodden dance floor. After a short pause Decadent Few lurched on stage for a tight melodic set. The new EP (out now on Inflammable Material) was given an airing as was their old stuff — they've been going for bloody decades. Once more the dance floor was alive with epileptic mayhem. I missed the beginning of the Supermarket Trolleys due to arguing with a jitter about whether he could bring his dog into the venue! Having told him to give his bloody dog a goodbye kiss it was back into the fray for more Anarchy and Chaos. *Beer* was played twice with the chant along (easy to remember) chorus belled by everyone as the Trolleys put the crown on a fucking amazing night. Police pressure for a prompt ending meant only a short set but what we got was electric. Don't split up, you're too good for that. Clearing up the debris, I was amazed at the way the gig had gone, no trouble, no fights just a great night of powerful Punk Rock. Every punk in Nottingham seemed to be putting up out of town punks in readiness for the picnic, proving that unity is more than just a word. Thanx to Loyd, Hippie Dave, Jules, Martin and Graham without whom.... oh, you know.

The Fat Dead Nazi

JOHN HEGLEY (AND NIGEL) Nottingham Playhouse

Disenfranchised poetry for a disillusioned Generation X. Tell it like it is, John: Observations from a sociology graduate, prior to postmodernism deconstructing the syllabus. The re-discovery of Luton Town, only to find that the previous paternal culture of the Mad Hatters' has grown up so that a new post-structuralist discourse dictates the team selection as the simulation becomes more important than the game.

"Eric Cantona,
Eric Cantona,
A banana without a na is a bana..."

A notion of a nation which consists of an auditorium full of dog fanciers (not in the literal carnal sense, you understand), exchanging compliments on styles of spectacle frames and rejoicing in the gathering of a collective of purveyors of quality shirts. Tell it like it is, John. These embarrassed muttered rumblings plot their course around such landmarks, often becoming momentarily distanced, only to rejoin the route via an alternative opening gate. If Hegley were to take his music seriously then he would find the perfect outlet using the hesitant, one beat behind the rhythm delivery of reggae. Of course he doesn't though, preferring a quintessential English folk tradition — a hybrid of *Greensleeves* meets the village idiot. Speaking of Nigel, Hegley and his pal have taken the concept of a double comedy act to a new dimension: One man and his dog. Nige is paraded on and off the platform, groomed (in a pair of glasses, of course), told to sit and thrown the lead as he performs his only vocal contribution to the evening — "a little number which addresses the misery of a human existence." Cheers Nige. Hegley then attempts to take such tales of misfortune further still, developing a quite brilliant monologue warning of the dangers of Fat Pat (the occasional Cubist painter), her studio loft, the weekends in Cumbria (with Fat Pat/Mrs. Phelps (an elderly lady with whom Hegley courted as part of a Fantasy Relationship League)) and the villain of the saga, Boris, the Norwegian. Tell it like it is, John.

Tricky Skills Jase

TOP VALLEY FREE FESTIVAL

Nottingham Top Valley Comm. Centre

There were jugglers, a bouncy castle, 'Veggies', clowns, dancers, face painting and miscellaneous activities all combining to help us celebrate the community centre's second anniversary. Sign Of Jonah kicked off the musical contributions around mid-day. They're presentable, professional and pleasant but a bit too M.O.R., A.O.R., and predictable for my taste. Sold were only a week old, just hatched but already almost fully baked. Accidentally slightly endearingly out of tune. So young and so promising!

Pitman Brown sprinkled words of wisdom and enlightenment to those who gathered forth to listen to the people's poet. Stranger Fayre with their haunting vocals and timeless folksy flashback music seemed somewhat surreal. Sweet and spooky. Champion The Underdog were the headlining trio and, with their rebel songs and Spartan sound yet again proving to be victorious, it's hard to believe they've only been gigging for six months. Now a three piece, now a six piece, they were joined on stage mid-set by a percussionist and the irrepressible Mr. Versatile who took control of the mike. An itinerant saxophonist lingered by the speakers front stage occasionally sprinkling added spice to C.T.U.'s infectious grooves. This was a punky-reggae birthday party that glistened in the sunshine and had people dancing in the street two blocks away. This band go from strength to strength. Earl King was delivering laid back lovers rock as I left to catch the punks picnic on Forest Fields. He sounded fine but his backing tapes were frigid compared to C.T.U.'s stonking skanks. By the way, the P.A. people deserved a pat on the back and let's hope Top Valley Community Centre invite us all again to their party next year -Criminal Justice Bill permitting, of course.

Sugar Kane

THE MIGHTY HOUSEROCKERS Nottingham The Running Horse

This Black Country-based blues band have headlined all the major UK Blues Festivals and were top ticket sellers at the Kendal Jazz festival last November. They have also received nominations in the British Blues awards, made a live video and just released another album on the blues label Red Lightning. Top of the British Blues charts last year, the band is fronted by one of the finest guitarists around, Les Wilson, whom Texas Blues magazine called "the best interpreter of Jimi Hendrix". He shows his influence of Buddy Guy, Albert King and Steve Ray Vaughan and with Dave Sutherland on bass and Tom Farnell on drums, they produce a thundering performance of masterly blues and boogie, played with skill and considerable humour.

Kani Bawa



TENPOLE TUDOR Derby The Where House

photo: Andrea Lee

Derby on the eve of a rail strike. Ireland v Mexico is on the box, the weather is hot and humid. What am I doing here? Edward Tudorpole, star of stage, screen and currently filling Richard O'Brien's underpants on *The Crystal Maze*, is bringing his one and a half-hit wonders Tenpole Tudor to a sparsely populated Where House. A few beers later and the prospect is looking a tad brighter — a decent punk rock disco blasting out Discharge. Finally the moment arrives, the drummer, the bassist, and the guitarist, (who, incidentally, looks old enough to be Charlie Harper's dad) hover in the wings as the arch-loon himself takes centre stage. Clad as what seems to be a Country and Western Henry VIII, Eddie launches into some really bad barn dance music. Thankfully after a couple of songs the rest of the band stagger on and it's *Throwing the Baby Out With The Dishwater*, followed by *Wunderbar*. Tudorpole is everywhere lurching about the stage, legs and arms flying in all directions as the band push out a greatest hits package. Songs come and go as the dancefloor shakes. *Swords Of A Thousand Men* has what is by now an exultant crowd stomping for more. The Grand Finale, *Who Killed Bambi?*, complete with dance moves from the film. Absolute chaos. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

The Fat Dead Nazi

THE OYSTER BAND Derby The Darwin Suite

A difficult choice had to be made. It's my birthday, do I choose the much-lauded Levellers or the comparative obscurity of The Oyster Band? (Both playing in Derby tonight). I chose the latter, quite simply because on past experience the Oysters have proved to be one of the best live 'folk' bands I've ever had the privilege to witness. Since their formation seven albums ago in 1986 they have gone from strength to strength and their live shows have earned them a formidable reputation. If you hold any preconceptions prepare to dance all over them because here is a band who make the F-word acceptable. (Folk, that is). Vocalist and demented accordion player John Jones stalks the stage like an extra from Terminator II, whipping up a storm on numbers like Cry Cry, Gone West and Quiet Night In. Ian Telfer on fiddle plays his heart out and imbues the proceedings with a Celtic air...Star of the County Down is a highlight. Tonight I counted 24 numbers (trainspotter!) and the gig flew by, we were left drained and convinced that here is a band that deserve more than most some of that critical acclaim that their contemporaries The Levellers are currently revelling in. (Speaking of The Levellers they were to be seen on the balcony overlooking the stage during the encores...they were visibly impressed.) For the encore we get a sterling version of I Fought The Law in which we all change the chorus to "...And We All Won!" Let's hope that in the light of the Criminal Justice Bill that this is an omen. If you don't get off your arses the next time the Oysters are in town, I will personally come round to your domicile and read you some of my poetry. You have been warned!

John Haylock

Tsunami/EGGS/RODAN Leicester The Charlotte

Good value for money this one, three talked-about U.S. bands on the same bill. Hooray. First up are Rodan, and if you thought that any band named after a ridiculous creation from a Japanese monster movie must be good, in this instance you'd be right. Rodan hail from Louisville Kentucky, home of Slint and the Palace Brothers, and at times sound a helluva lot like Slint mixed up with the twisty quirkiness of Nomeansno. Their album *Rusty* is tremendous, but these songs sound even better live, especially the lengthy *The Everyday World Of Bodies*. Fine stuff, and because they're on first they get to play longer than everyone else! Going back to Japanese monster movies, isn't there a band doing the rounds called Godzilla? This could start a new craze in band names: Mothra, Anguirus, The Smog Monste? And who remembers Destroy All Monsters? Eggs, no doubt promoting a new albumen (sorry) are OK, but not memorable. The trombone playing makes a change, but that's about all.

Last time I saw Tsunami I found them twee and nice. Not so tonight, they've really toughened up the sound, and while they're hardly Killdozer, they sound all the better for it. They create a splendid din veering from hard pop to songs with a more sinister edge. In fact I was so inspired that I reverted to my teenage years and pogoed around like an idiot, after which I felt about 148 due to various aching limbs. Still, it was fun at the time.

Mr.Jones

SHEEP ON DRUGS Nottingham Rock City

I came as a cynic and left, not necessarily a convert, but certainly impressed. On record Sheep On Drugs leave me cold, and their low-life scuzzball image seems about as convincing as a Tory Party promise but on tonight's evidence they almost make sense, putting on a theatre in extremis, with an over the top garish light show, imaginative back projections and big moves married to relentless hard techno beats, a guitarist who doesn't know the meaning of the word stationary, a vocalist who thinks he's related to Iggy Pop and has an annoying habit of spraying his half naked body with black paint. The vibe is totally in yer face love us or leave us. The small but perfectly formed enthusiastic crowd chose to love 'em. If this is pretentious rubbish at least it's entertaining pretentious rubbish.

John Haylock

THE KHAN BAND Nottingham The Running Horse

The Khan Band are a blues/rock outfit from London who having had a recent change in line-up, proved they are still just as popular with the Running Horse crowd. They played a set of original material, some sounding familiar, perhaps because they were the catchy tuneful numbers you could join in with. The youngest, an 18 year old Greek female with masses of hair, plays excellent guitar. The extremely energetic bass player moved around on stage, as if he were a guitarist and with a headband tied around his long hair, wearing a long black coat revealing part of his bare chest and wearing mid-calf length boots, he looked like someone from a Glam Rock band. Halfway through the set he gave Mr Khan, the talented vocalist, a break by singing a rock number. Mr Khan, who can certainly hold a note, looked very relaxed with his cowboy hat and his artistic movements, and sharing jokes with the audience he was quite a showman. The band finished the night with *On The Road Again* which was appropriate, as they are now off to tour America and deserve every success.

Kani Bawa

PASSION FRUIT & HOLY BREAD CORNERSHOP / THE FAMILY CAT Nottingham Rock City

Very food-and-vitals-influenced mixed bunch on the bill tonight, with Passion Fruit and Holy Bread, a young, mournful, indefinite-Ride sounding band kicking off the proceedings. Their last song, not very cheerily entitled *Losers*, was in fact their best, and technically the group are quite competent. The songs on the whole are a bit underdeveloped but, with a bit of fattening up, moderate indie success could well be on the cards. Next up were Cornershop and, judging by the reaction of the audience I was probably the only person present who rated this band at all. Cornershop got a terrible response from a very sulky audience, examination blues definitely getting the indie kids down tonight. However, zithers and feedback rock together with sloganistic lyrics and the King's sideburns made fairly entertaining stuff, maybe a couple of songs about overdue essays would go down better, who knows? Nevertheless, the show must go on, and on came those loveable old scruffs, The Family Cat. Most of their set was taken up by new album material which was no bad thing as *Magic Happens* has some great tracks. Finest songs included Hamlet For Now, a Bard-style reproduction melancholic little stormer, Nowhere To Go But Down, a gutbusting rock blockbuster and jaunty uptempo singles Wonderful Excuse and Airplane Gardens. All in all though, a rather apathetically received night with the strangely endearing yet splendid live Family Cat coming out best. This is what happens when you have Lesley Judd on your side.

Ewa Kowalski

THE SMELL OF REEVES & MORTIMER Nottingham Royal Centre

A two night run, both sold out and stacked to the rafters, shows that the one-time cult status of this duo has gone thoroughly mainstream. Not, though, by watering down the formula. The addition of Charlie Chuck's 'Uncle Peter' character to the proceedings has not only created a most unlikely star, but perhaps tipped parts of their set (those in which he features) further than ever from expectations of alternative comedy. In fact, Reeves & Mortimer aren't 'alternative' in the slightest: tonight is a good old-fashioned music hall variety programme in the (albeit warped) tradition of Morecambe & Wise or Laurel & Hardy or even, at times, The Marx Brothers. Granted that we had seats so far above the proceedings onstage that Bob Mortimer's bald-spot provided several moments of amusement (see what you miss down the front?), but once we'd adjusted to the aerial view, the show had us in stitches. Basically a straight transfer of the TV show to stage, featuring all the same characters (Booze f' Baby, Otis & Marvin, Les Petomaines) and material in the same vein: Ian Davenport, the intellectual Spiny Turtle lecturing on the ancient boreal forests of the Scottish Highlands, Charlie Chuck's anti-gags concerning making a cup of tea for a dog, or buying a cream bun, Les Petomaines' sophisticated Viz Comic routines, and "The lass out of 2 Unlimited dropping a cannonball on our winning dried Frenchman..." So it goes on, and frankly, you either find it gut-wrenchingly funny or a completely ridiculous and stupid waste of time. I laughed my cotton M & S boxer shorts off, as did the rest of tonight's regularly erupting full house. The heirs to the crap ITV variety show were on fine form tonight, and Charlie Chuck, incidentally, stole their show.

Wayne Burrows





TELEVISION OVERDOSE/ S.L.B.C. Nottingham The Old Angel

I don't quite know what to make of S.L.B.C. The keyboard appeared to claim most of the responsibility for the music and the rest of the band looked to be pretending to play, apart from the trumpet player (yes, trumpet player). SKA Techno is a strange but successful concept. It seems really popular at the moment to mix guitars and synths, Swirl Monkey spring to mind, but S.L.B.C.'s sound lacks bite. The slides and light show preserved a little interest.

Once again, hardbeat terrorists TV OD emptied a venue, this time the Angel. This is not because they are a bad band, in fact quite the opposite. Musically they've progressed massively since the release of the Optic Burst E.P. It's because they are not a traditional live band. There appears to be no focus or stage presence, just three guys behind a bank of electronic equipment and two TV sets bearing grim images. This band let their music do the talking, uncompromising like Front 242's heavy moments. TV OD are pissed off and this is their catharsis. If you want indie pretension of a singer diving around watch MTV.

TV OD provide a bleak glimpse into our future. Those that left early were the losers.

Monty

DUM DUMS/CREATE!/THE X-RAYS Nottingham The Old Angel

This was not a good night to hold a gig, Ireland were opening their World Cup campaign, and the TV room was packed. The X-Rays play their punked-up pop with the usual haste. Their tape suggests that they have some good songs, but they lose it live somewhat.

All I knew of Create! was that "they're a bit like the Jam", and indeed they are. They have some excellent melodic but aggressive pop songs. I must remember to listen to *Setting Suns* again.

Finally, the Dum Dums, three excellent musicians (although we all know that is no guarantee of a good band) with a charismatic and striking frontman. Their "less-out-there Chili Peppers" crashing with a hard-edged Living Colour sound is genuinely exciting, great songs with none of the usual musical extravagance associated with this sort of thing. They finish with a version of Cameo's *Word-Up*, more funk than the current Gun single but not quite the masterstroke Rollins was playing on his recent tour. The Dum Dums are certainly the best new band I've seen in Nottingham for years.

Rob

PRONGHORN Bournemouth Mr. Smiths

Friday night and the hottest hillbilly come cajun band on the South coast, captivated a crowd with a Hoedown so intense the mother of all Hoedowns would've orgasmed. Pronghorn's set opened with *A Girl I Left Behind Me* and from that moment on there was certainly no looking back. Led by a break-neck speed fiddle, from the first 'Yee-hah' to the last, the tightness of the seven piece arrangement did not relent for a second.

The combination of styles delivered was ambitious and it worked. A blend of Louisiana swamp cajun, Irish and Ukrainian folk, ending the night with a fast and furious rendition of Happy Home just for those who enjoy a good stage dive as much as a foot-stomp. The instrumental line-up of fiddle, mandolin, melodeon and banjo supported by a strong rhythm section has got to be seen to be believed. Finally, my dance-weary feet had to carry me to my happy home with just time to pick up a tape of the band live, and pause for thought. The question is not so much 'Will Pronghorn pick up where the Cropdusters left off?', but 'How far will they take it?'

Mike Scott

MASH M / RECUSANT / SARCASM NERVES / HEALTH HAZARD Leicester The Magazine

Upstairs at the Magazine, hot, sweaty and definitely Punk Rawk. Tonight it plays host to the Bradford 1 in 12 club tour, which means more body piercings and unusual hair cuts than yer average traveller camp.

First up Mash M, discordant bursts of agit prop political punk. Raw, abrasive and angry, they worked hard for a smattering of applause and suffered from a poor sound mix. Definitely a case of first band syndrome. Next it's Bullshit Detector revisited with Recusant. This band have been locked in a cupboard for ten years listening to CRASS/DIRT albums, and the result is pure anarcho punk. Dual female vocals work well over the megasolid rhythm section. I really enjoyed this blast from the past and somehow anarcho protest punk seems more relevant in the face of the fascist public order bill. Kick back, question, disobey!

Following an all too brief breakdancing session, Sarcasm step into the breach. Fast as fuck bursts of sore throat hardcore which left me colder than a lamb chop at a vegetarian picnic. Someone must like this stuff but I feel it's been done before, and better. Not so the almighty Nerves, who deliver U.S. style hardcore punk. In an all too short set, including Antidote and Mau Maus covers, the Nerves transformed the tiny dance floor into a whirling pit of insanity. This band just get better and better. Straight forward, no nonsense Punk Rock. The kids love it! Finally Motorhead, no sorry Health Hazard, the missing link between punk and metal. Heavy and fast with Mandy's vocals sounding like a female Lemmy. Again the dance floor is in danger of landing in the bar downstairs. The energy level reaches dangerous heights leaving us hot, sweaty and happy. When your grandkids ask you what you did in the war, just mention Health Hazard.

The Fat Dead Nazi

LEFT HAND THREAD Nottingham The Running Horse

Make way for the dancers! This 8-piece were crammed onto the stage, with 2 keyboards and a 3-piece brass section including music stands, and though there was little room to manoeuvre, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves and brought out the dancers amongst us who boogied in front of the stage.

There was great laughter and communication with the audience. Not the band they used to be, the new line-up, just 5 months old, is an R&B/Soul band, playing a varied set which had our feet tappin' to numbers such as *Mr Pitiful*, *Little By Little*, *Take Me To The River*, *Bad Footin*, *Off My Mind*, and *Too Tired*.

Kani Bawa

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIA JEAN 'BINTA' BREEZE Nottingham Playhouse

This was the second in a short season of Literature events at the Playhouse under the 'Rhyme, Rhythm & Rap' banner, but in the event this had about as much to do with 'Literature' as my trousers. Binta Breeze is one of the pioneers of Black Performance Poetry in England, and she did actually put one or two poems into her set. On the whole, though, they were so riddled with cliché ("Like Patience Strong with mangoes," someone said) that it was fortunate that the bulk of her time was spent regaling us with between- poem introductions and stories about life in Jamaica, Shabba Ranks gigs and getting up in the mornings. Some of this was entertaining, and though a bit on the folky side, a passable way to spend an hour. When she proceeded to enlighten us politically, things went rapidly downhill. Nelson Mandela should forgive Winnie, and the only reason he won't is because him and de Klerk have it all sewn up as "a male power thing", was one choice item, and the repeated injunctions to "understand?" seemed completely patronising to an audience obviously sympathetic to her general outlook. The sense of a 70's pioneer stuck fast in 80's right-on platitudes, and struggling even to sight the 90's looming up, was almost palpable.

Benjamin Zephaniah ditched the pretense of a Literature event altogether and brought his band on for a full-scale reggae gig. That the Playhouse isn't cut out as a venue for such goings on didn't take away from the fact that they were pretty good for a few numbers. There was much posturing and mucking about from the lead guitarist and bassist, Zephaniah's dancing was fun, and the beat had the authentic depth that made you want to dance about. By the fourth number, the doubts were setting in. This was pub-reggae. It wouldn't last five minutes in the 90's dub scene, where sonic experiments are turning over whole preconceptions of the possibilities of sound and technology, and making intrinsic political statements (viz. Nation Records' recent output). Lyrically (the man is, after all, a poet) the songs were predictable and repetitive. By the end, when Zephaniah declared that he was going to end his set with *Free South Africa* (this several months after Mandela became President in the first Free Elections), the jury had decided. Two endangered specimens, from the genus '80s Radical Performer', were finding it impossible to let go of the old clichés and scapegoats and floundering nostalgically in the mid-90's. No one can take away from these two what they've achieved in the past. But given the vision of their successors, and an awareness of the ways in which the rules have changed and the stakes risen, their brand of right-on crowd-pleasing seems well past its sell-by date.

Wayne Burrows

UK SUBS / SLUMGANG CANDY SNATCH Nottingham The Gregory

Lack of advertising and an outrageous entrance price kept the turnout low, but those who stayed away missed a treat. Three generations of Punk Rock were involved. First up teenage Peterborough band Candy Snatch, tight, infectious punk rock with hooks and hormones. God help us when they get older. Next the Slum Gang, hook heavy, harmonised, good time Punk with a capital P. If they wore long pullovers and stared at the floor more the NMME would love 'em.

Finally old granddad Charlie Harper steamrollered through the greatest hits— *Stranglehold*, *Warhead*, *Live In A Car*—they all got an airing. The band have just returned from an eight week tour of the old Soviet Union taking in Croatia on the way. Charlie just lives to play and the Subs are firstly a live band. Pogo-ing returned to Nottingham with *New Barbarians* and *C.I.D.* Finishing in front of a breathless audience with the Guns N' Roses fave *Down On The Farm* Charlie could surely retire on the G.N.R. royalties but as the poster said: UK SUBS ON TOUR FOREVER.

The Fat Dead Nazi

UNDERSTAND/KERBDOG/HELMET Nottingham Rock City

Missed Understand, understand they were good, my loss, no worries. How much longer do I have to keep name dropping the arse-kickin', riff-totin', well oiled metal machine that is Kerbdog? Come on, get wise, if you dig your guitars on stun go and see Kerbdog immediately. Helmet tread similar ground but have the addition of a lead guitarist who regularly punctuates the proceedings with bursts of fluid runs, he's also responsible for the vocal chores, which are a lot more user-friendly than is typical for hardcore. They raid the rock vaults of yore and thrash well worn riffs into submission to create a new hybrid in the process. *Clean*, *Iron Man* (not the Black Sabbath one!) and the new single *Biscuits For Smut* were highlights in what proved to be a fine set.

Check out their new album *Betty*, mine's lime green and dead nifty.

John W. Haylock

FRANCIS



FRANCIS Nottingham The Old Vic

Boy, can these guys play! An hour and a half of foot-stomping, hand-clapping funky tunes and still eager to carry on. The main man Francis ripped out some serious guitar solos on *Crazi* and *Slammin'*, the PA was a lot better than the last time he was here, the drums and bass solid as a rock and guitars so funky that the crowd just had to get on their feet. Highlights included *Raindance* (with an extended jam), *27 Cherry Lane* (easily a summer hit) and *Perfect Love* which even included a chance to duet with the man himself, which a guy bravely did, much to the appreciation of the packed house, and got a free T-shirt for doing so. Not only talented but generous too.

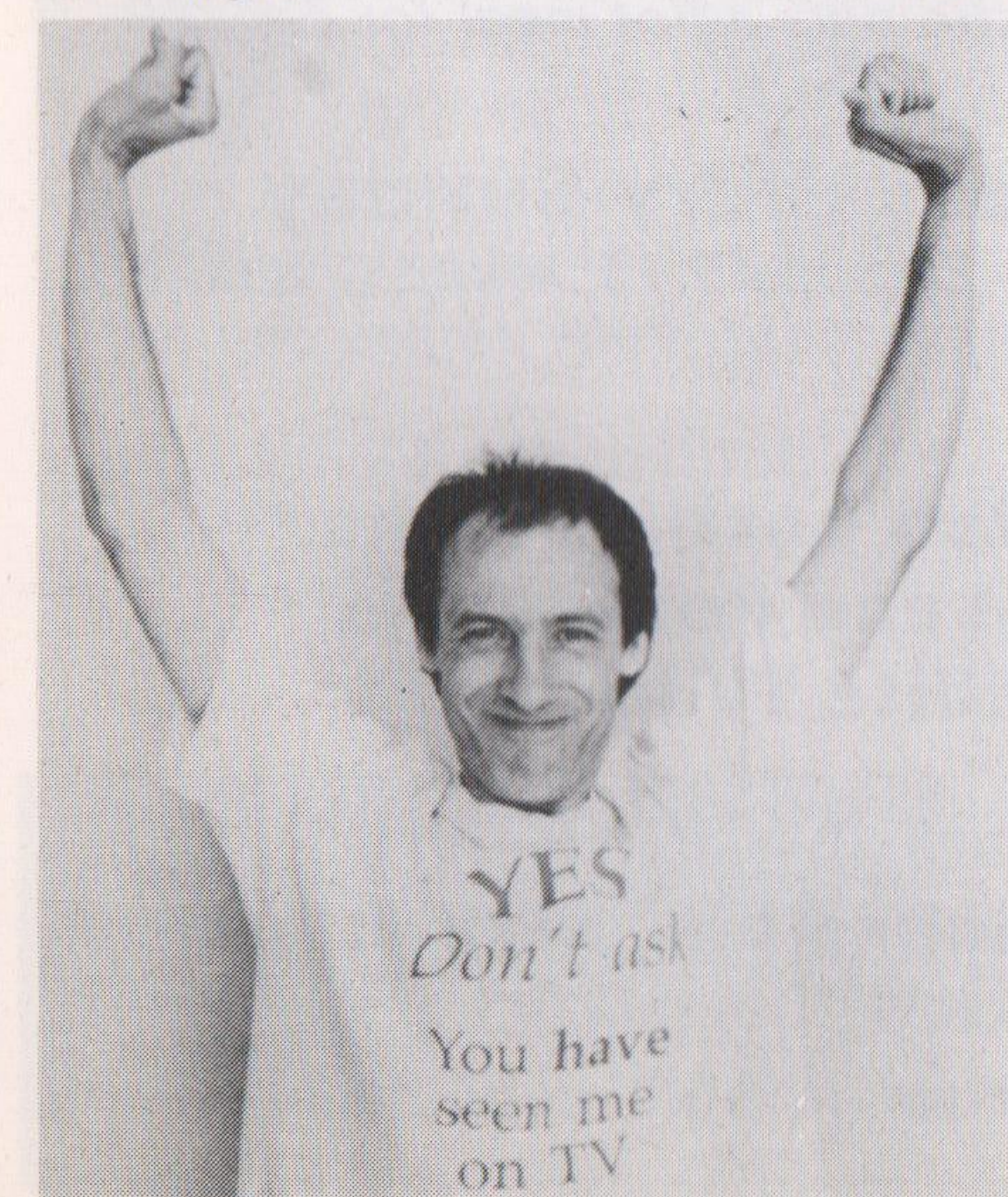
S. Davies

JOHN OTWAY/ ATOMIC KANDY Nottingham The Old Vic

In my many years of gig-going, I've never seen John Otway. So when a friend offers to buy me a ticket (Cor, baby, that's really free) how can I resist. Arrive at the Old Vic to find it pretty full, the audience very good-natured and easy to please, which means they happily get off on the tired old pub rock doled out by Atomic Kandy. They played *Whole Lotta Love* (I mean, please) and possibly the worst version of *Gloria* I've ever heard. Come back Patti Smith!

By the time Otway comes on, I'm ready for anything and he doesn't disappoint. Backed by a long haired refugee from Iron Leppard, we get a good run through the Otway back catalogue. First up is *Really Free* ("my hit" he proudly proclaims) followed by *Beware Of The Flowers*, *Racing Cars* (*Jet Spotter of the Track*), *Cheryl's Going Home* and other punk rocking classics. Otway is on top form, leaping around like a man possessed, doing cart-wheels, swinging the mic' about and shoving it in his mouth. This is what the audience has come to see, a spectacle, like watching the local nutter after he's had a few drinks. I find this rather sad, and although he goes along with it, so I suspect does Otway. So many of his songs are classics, like the aforementioned Punkawunkas, and ballads like *Geneve* and *The Middle Of Winter* are truly poignant and moving, like the more sensitive side of Ian Hunter. Otway is one of the most likeable performers I've ever seen and if there was any justice in the world he'd be a megastar.

Mr. Jones



Nottm. Punks Weekend Part 2: THE PICNIC

Nottingham The Forest

"Oh what a great experience, my house is full of deviants."

—Subhumans

Saturday dawns amid a debris of fools. 9am and it's down to the off for a hangover cure. Every square inch of my flat has some fool lying groaning in it. Punks from as far away as Tavistock and Manchester drag themselves back to sanity (sort of) and it's off to the pub for a pre-picnic livener. All over Nottingham similar scenes are taking place. By about 2pm the Forest is starting to fill with spiky hair and cider bottles. The only arrest of the day takes place when one Manchester lunatic decides to redecorate a yellow car in the Park & Ride with a black marker pen; this while dozens of Police are patrolling the area. Bloody idiot. Ghetto blasters appear and sandwiches, beer and cider are passed around. By 3pm, approximately 200 punks are relaxing in the sun, swapping fanzines and addresses. Unlike Manchester, the Nottingham Police have the sense to watch discreetly and the atmosphere is one of a large party. A half-hearted game of football takes place with people from as far away as Edinburgh and Belfast. There's a positive, if drunken, good vibe in the air and the picnic ends gradually as people stagger off to prepare for the UK Subs gig that evening. (Due to high police interest after the Manchester picnic, it is decided to cancel the squat gig).

Rock City is not the best of venues with its Neanderthal bouncers and crap DJ but the Subs blitz through 90 minutes of high energy Punk Rock. All the classics and some powerful new numbers, but don't ask me what; by this time I was well doomed. Usually judging a good night by how many bruises I have in the morning, on Sunday I needed a bloody wheelchair. * Next Punks Picnic at Edinburgh on July 30th and Derby August 6th. See you there. If anyone hears of any others, let me know c/o Overall.

The Fat Dead Nazi

YNGWIE MALMSTEEN Nottingham Rock City

Oh dear oh dear, there's a bloke on stage who is fatter than Ozzy Osbourne, who is dressed like a reject from *Wayne's World II* and who makes Barbara Cartland look positively youthful. And he won't stop playing his bloody guitar. If you're expecting constructive criticism, read no further. Yes, it's the easily pronounceable Yngwie Malmsteen (that's Swedish for 'big-headed git who thinks he's God's gift to plank-spanking')...and look! He's brought along some of his mates, all of whom indulge in tedious lengthy solos at the drop of a hat. Tonight's crimes against humanity award must go to the muppet on acid who is the drummer (was that a drumkit or an orbiting weather satellite?) who thought it would be fun to subject us all to a futile exercise in prolonged tub-bashing. I showed my appreciation by going to the toilet, but he was still at it when I came out. What had I done to deserve this?

I watched in disbelief as a handful of sadoes at the front lapped it up and just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, Yngwie and his motley crew murdered Hendrix's *Spanish Castle Magic*. It was awful. Yngwie then went on to play his guitar for another hour (again).

John Haylock

SACK Leicester The Charlotte

Compulsion compelled to cancel; hit the Sack. Not quite. An encouraging gathering of New Wave of New Wavers accepted the alternative, a local showcase for Sack. Sack are the Old Wave of New Wave reincarnated and unlike the current crop of new pretenders, they don't take themselves too seriously. They gained my approval in the style stakes (which beneath the NMME gloss, this is basically what the NWONW scene is all about); any band which can boast an outrageous quiff, a shaved head (and the varying degrees of length in between) plus a fair collection of assorted moleskin trousers are giving off more than enough attitude vibes for my liking and rest assured, not a tight fitting Adidas T-Shirt in sight. This was not an overt fashion statement, simply a pragmatic response to the size of the lead singer's beer belly. The comparison has to be made with that other loveable tub of lard, Buster Bloodvessel both in appearance and stage antics. Musically however, Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee were separated at birth. Whereas the ska driven sound of Mr. Bloodvessel is complemented with lyrics of total nonsense, Sack had a psychotic feel to them; *If I'm Gonna Kill Somebody Then It Might As Well Be You* was a truly frightening experience, the statement being continually directed towards individual members of the audience behind a simple but effective riff of power chords, Bob Mould style. This macabre moment took place very early on in the set and had the effect of achieving my total concentration, partly in fascination, more probably in trepidation, half expecting an axe to be stashed behind an amp. The comedy continued however, including an attempt at Yogic Flying (Natural Law Party styleee). Despite all the claims that this particular technique is responsible for a 10% decline in all reported crime in Merseyside, I still wasn't convinced and whilst I gave the impression of being in on the joke, my eyes were all too aware of the possibility of a chainsaw being substituted for a guitar and a new level of audience participation being achieved.

Tricky Skills Jase

THRONEBERRY

Leicester The Charlotte

Whatever came out of Cincinnati? Is it famous for anything in particular, like California claiming the Beach Boys or Seattle its Grunge? There doesn't seem to be anything immediately inspiring about the place, but perhaps that's the reason Throneberry are so inspiring. 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. 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. All who left this evening, I'm certain, will not forget their encounter with this little peice of Kentucky.

words and pic. Nick James



Over in the U.K. to promote the new album *Cleansing* and single *Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck* **Prong** took time off from a hectic schedule, Radio Nottingham, photo session for Kerrang!!, etc. to talk to **The Fat Dead Nazi**
What follows is, like Prong, not for the faint hearted.



Ted Parsons, Tommy Vctor, Paul Raven, John Bechdel. Photo: Marty Temme

The Fat Dead Nazi: For those who maybe haven't heard of Prong before can you give me a run down on the band's history.

Tony Victory: "There have been two stages of Prong, our semi-professional stage starting in about '86 out of CBGB's in New York, putting out 3 indie records, and then we signed to Epic Records. We've been constantly on tour since 1990, before that we all had day jobs and never really toured. I worked at CBGB's as the sound man. We've been through a couple of line up changes, now we've got Paul Raven ex-Killing Joke."

TFDN: Going back to the CBGB's scene of '86, Agnostic Front, Ludichrist etc., is any of that scene still going on? What's the N.Y. scene like now?

TV: "The innovators of hardcore, Cro-mags, Bad Brains, Agnostic Front, Kraut, seem to have been forgotten about. Then we have bands ten years later coming out with the same style of music. They seem to be more mainstream popular now. It seems a bit retro to do that kind of stuff, Prong has always wanted to move ahead."

TFDN: So you don't think what ABC No Rio is doing now is as relevant as what CBGB's was doing then?

TV: "The hardcore scene's really small in New York, there's a lot of different scenes within the hardcore scene, Prong never seemed to fit into anything. I mean we played with Ludichrist and that but we also played with more seminal bands such as Blind Idiot God."

TFDN: So how did the deal with Epic come about?

TV: "We were actually looking for an indie deal, talking to Roadrunner and Caroline Records and all Epic did was offer us \$10,000 more than they did. At that time all our records were self-funding, both 'Primitive Origins' and 'Force Fed' we paid for out of our own pocket. John Loder pressed them up at Southern Studios. We were then able to capitalize on those records by signing to Epic, there has been bad things about it, but after 2 releases with Epic they've finally given us the budget to do a serious record, 'Cleansing'."

"The advantages of signing have been mainly financial, however the prestige amongst street level fans tends to go down because you're signed to a major label. It wasn't the done thing back then, now everyone gets scooped up by the majors and there's no real indie scene, especially in the States."

TFDN: Is this tour just the U.K.?

TV: "No, we've just come back from Europe. It was a little bit disappointing, the best part of it was France, we'd never played France and I got to do some sightseeing. The gigs were small, it's a new market to us."

(Beer break. Talk about the Helmet gig the night before splitting the potential audience — bad planning somewhere.)

TFDN: In what ways has your audience changed now, has it gone more metal or more mainstream or what?

TV: "The audience is really young now, we keep rejuvenating our audience, we never really got the metal crowd. We're more for the Nine Inch Nails/Living Colour type crowd."

TFDN: Paul Raven's joined now and I notice your new single sounds like earlier Killing Joke, was this your intention when he joined?

TV: "All Paul's added is his heavy bass sound, we were designing a lot of songs that were very K.J. orientated, an extremely heavier version of Killing Joke, that's what we were aiming for without losing the Prong sound. We contacted Raven, he's really into metal, he just seemed to fit in, he's been with for over a year now."

TFDN: With regard to the new single 'Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck', what is the point of releasing a follow up featuring 4 different mixes of the same song a week after the first release, isn't this a bit of a cynical move expecting fans to buy both?

TV: "That's the label man, we haven't got a grip on what the English label is doing, they're not really good at promoting Prong. I can't understand their strategy. I mean they're the experts, we make the music, we have quality control over that, they do the marketing."

TFDN: Do you like it like that?

TV: No, I mean if you let them go ahead with their own ideas they do some really bizarre things, you have to hassle them not to be stupid, I've learnt that after two major label releases. If you please the product managers, the art people, the media people you can regain control, but we're based in the States and the U.K. people are hard to get through to." (Paul Raven walks in)

PR: "If they had got some fucking idiot to re-mix it I'd be pissed off but these re-mixes will put us into areas Prong don't normally go, down the clubs, etc."

TV: "What they're doing is combining what's contemporary with a proven formula. Prong is hard edged and we see these as a vehicle for exposure, artistic statement across a different medium, clubs etc. It's funny we did the re-mixes but the DJs picked up on the LP mix and went with that. They ignored the others."

TFDN: What projects do you have outside of Prong?

TV: "I've been working with J.B. and Raven on Whelp but outside of that there's no time. Prong is a full-time job. It's a bit draining."

PR: "There's a danger you'll spread yourself too thin."

TV: "The tour continues and then a support of Pantera, no breaks."

PR: "More songs to write."

TV: "The record has a lot of momentum so we've got to go all the way with it. In England if a record doesn't take off straight away it's finished, in the States you can play it for a year before it breaks."

(More beer trying to explain to Americans what cod roe is, and the interview draws to a close.)

FREEFORALL

This month we have three vinyl copies of **Prong's** new album *Cleansing* to give away. Simply answer the following question.: **Which heavy metal band will Prong soon be accompanying on a world tour?**

Answers on a postcard to 'Cleansing' c/o Overall PO Box 73 West PDO Nottingham NG7 4DG.

Furthermore we have three signed CD copies of Headswim's latest album. Last month **Headswim** appeared at a certain major festival and made rock history both by opening the new second stage and also by being the first band without an album release to play the festival. **What was the name of that event?**
Answers on a postcard to 'Headswim', c/o Overall.

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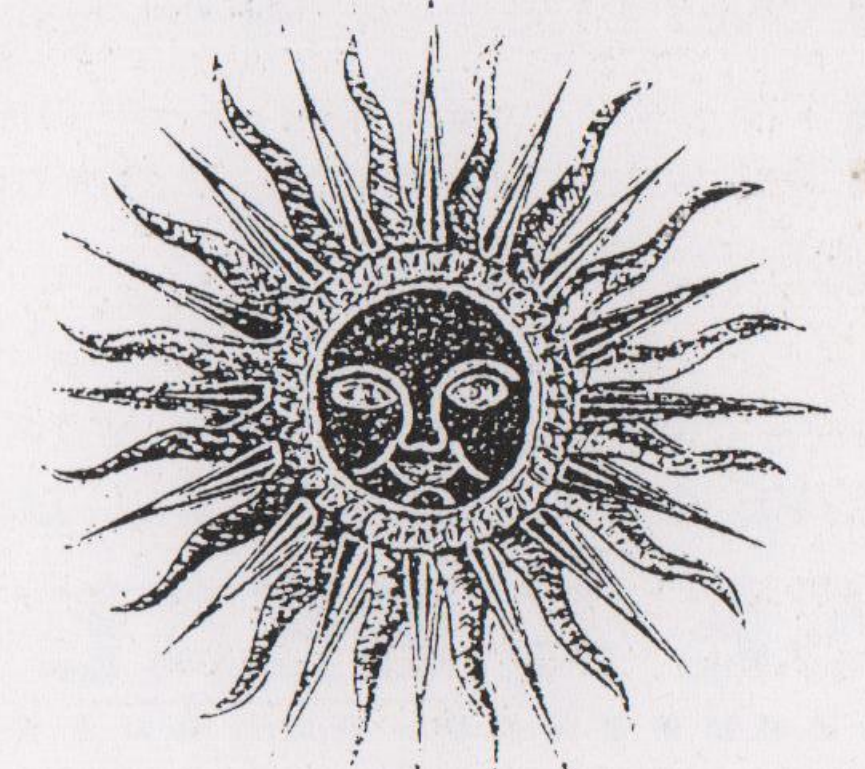
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