

If you're just coming out you need a good address book.

Turn to the listings in any gay magazine and you can make a note of the bars and clubs.

But where do you turn if you want to know about safer sex?

We can give you the basic facts, but for more detailed advice, make a note of these numbers. (If you're worried that someone else might see the names, you can always list them by their initials as NAH, THT and LLGS.)

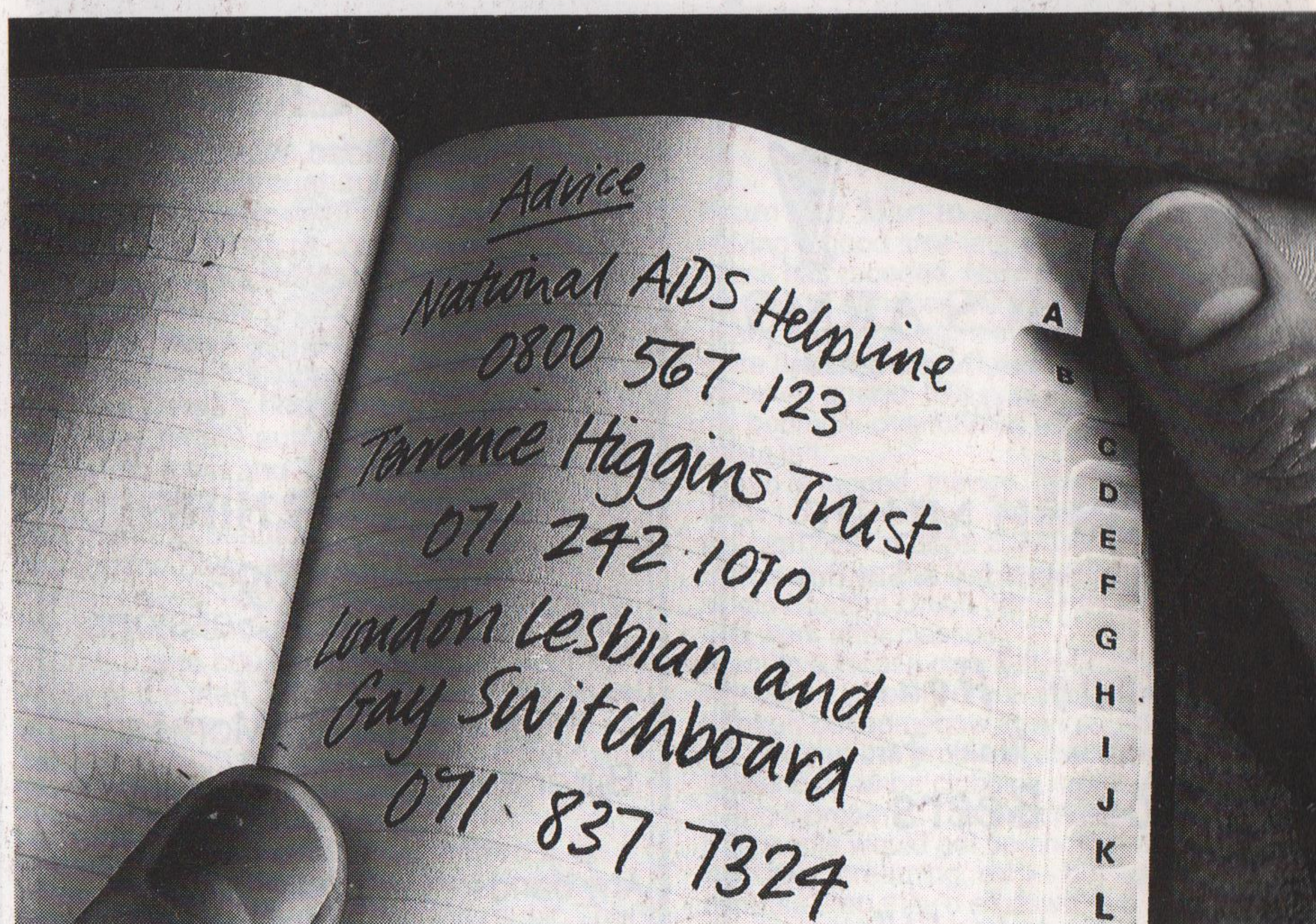
Whichever one you call, you'll get useful advice and information from people who are friendly and easy to talk to.

But what, briefly, does safer sex mean?

It's any activity where there's little or no risk of HIV transmission through exchange of blood, semen or vaginal fluid. That's why it's important to use a condom for penetrative sex with a woman.

But sex between men is often non-penetrative. For instance it might involve mutual masturbation which is safe as there's no risk of HIV infection through blood or semen being exchanged.

This can easily happen during unprotected anal sex, making it very risky for either partner. So if you have anal sex you should always use the strongest condoms such as Durex Ultra Strong, Mates Super Strong or HT Special.



It's a good idea also to use a lubricant, but always make sure it's a water-based one like KY Jelly. Never use anything oil-based like Baby Oil or Vaseline as this will damage a condom. If there's anything else you want to know about safer sex, call one of these numbers.

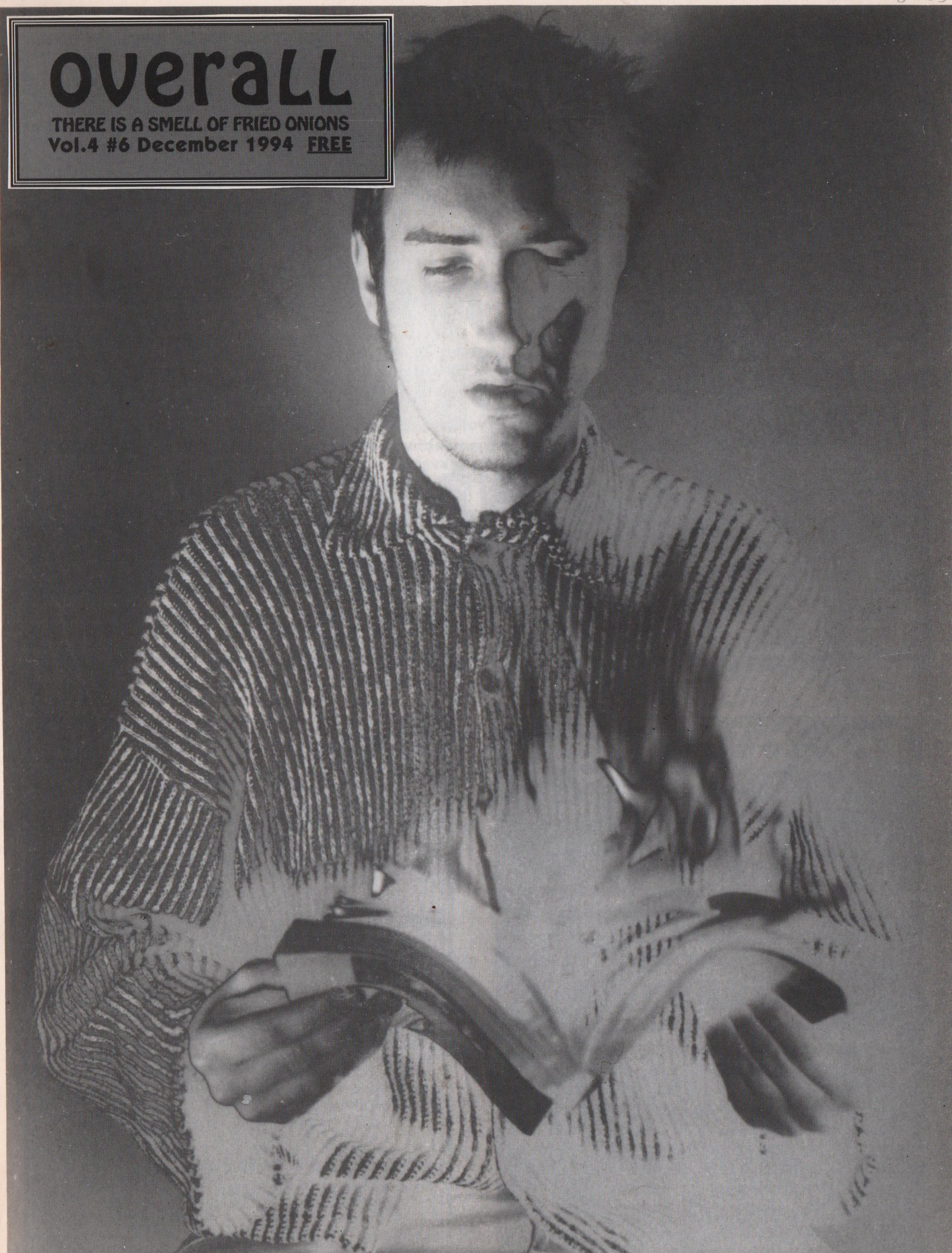
And keep them in your address book. It's very reassuring to know that help and understanding are just a phone call away. Call The National AIDS Helpline free on 0800 567 123, The Terrence Higgins Trust on 0171 242 1010 or London Lesbian and Gay Switchboard on 0171 837 7324. They can also give you details of local helplines and services.



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overall

THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS
Vol.4 #6 December 1994 FREE



FAHRENHEIT 451

Remember some but not all the information herein may be false. Stay Alert!

DUANE MARTIN LEON TUPAC SHAKUR MARLON WAYANS

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ABOVE THE RIM

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visual:



THREE COLOURS RED (Dir: Krzysztof Kiéslowski)

Initially disgusted by the eavesdropping activities of a retired judge (Jean-Louis Trintignant), Valentine (Irene Jacob) warms to the lonely, bitter figure and begins to understand the forces that have moulded him. In the same way he has earlier displayed his power of perception in giving meaning to the behaviour of those in his neighbourhood upon whom he eavesdrops. Why does he eavesdrop? Because he wants to get closer to the truth, he wants to understand mankind, though when through Valentine he realises his pursuit is merely vanity, he gives himself up to the police. In this, the final part of the *Three Colours* trilogy, Kiéslowski focuses on the lives of individuals preoccupied with personal problems and their attempts to gain control over them. Valentine's boyfriend, Michel, is away in England and their relationship is suffering from only being able to speak on the phone. Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), a young lawyer, is very much in love with Karin (Frederique Feder) and although he frequently passes Valentine in the street, they never notice one another. As Auguste's life begins to mirror the earlier years of the judge, so Kiéslowski emphasises the theme of destiny, and how ultimately mankind is powerless when attempting to influence future events. Already lauded at the Cannes Film Festival this year as the most powerful of the three films, *Red* with its echoes of *Blue* and *White* is a fitting climax to the trilogy, but do not be put off seeing it if you missed either of both the other two. Que sera sera...

Rick Maew

Three Colours Red shows at Broadway, Nottm 6th-13th Jan and at Metro, Derby 13th-19th Jan.

THE SHADOW (Dir. Russell Mulcahy)



"Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?"

Certainly not director Russell Mulcahy, screenwriter David Koepp nor star actor Alec Baldwin, as their big budget live action version of *The Shadow* makes painfully clear. The dark and destructive quality of the original character, popular on the radio and in pulp magazines of the '30s and '40s has been all but lost in a hopelessly erratic and woefully overwrought film. The cliché plot hardly helps matters, involving in its nonsense an oriental madman maliciously intent on enslaving the world, a dotty old scientist accidentally inventing the atomic bomb, and a telepathic daughter who dutifully provides the film's female love interest.

Though, as the villain's psychotic assistant, Tim Curry (pic.) is appropriately abominable, and some of the special effects also enhance *The Shadow's* illusory powers, there is little else, apart perhaps from the neat skyline shots of New York City, that stands out in the film. With more of Curry and less of the crimefighter's pathetic play-boy alter ego Lamont Cranston, *The Shadow*, despite its uneven tone and underwritten characters, could still have provided an acceptable 90 minutes of entertainment. But as a risible attempt to repeat the success of *Batman*, *Indiana Jones*, *Dick Tracy*, etc., it falls totally flat. Anyone interested in frantic action and comic book aesthetics should be well advised to look elsewhere—the high octane visceral violence of Hong Kong cinema for example—and forget all about this tedious mess.

Hank Quinlan

GERONIMO: AN AMERICAN LEGEND (Dir. Walter Hill)

A long-cherished project of maverick screenwriter John Milius, *Geronimo* is a sprawling epic Western that continues Hollywood's current obsession with the genre and its revisionist approach to America's cultural legacy. Focusing on the final stand of the renegade Apache warrior and his people's war of attrition with the US government, the film reveals the hopeless futility of their heroic struggle and by implication the ultimate horror of any "ethnic cleansing" programme. Wes Studi is appropriately impassioned as the defiant but doomed Geronimo, while his worthy adversaries include Jason Patric and Gene Hackman as sympathetic army officers, Kevin Tighe as a more brutal hard-liner, and Robert Duvall (excellent as always) as a veteran Indian tracker. Director Walter Hill gives the landscape a lavish grandeur and the ruthlessness of both sides is accurately captured. But the pace is ponderous and although the story engages the mind it significantly fails to move the emotions. Part of the problem lies in the way in which Milius and Hill have chosen to tell their historic tale. Filtering it through the eyes of the white cavalry officers and emphasising their role in events, they have not only capitulated to crass commercial considerations, but also reduced Geronimo to a bit-part in his own biography. The admiration that both screenwriter and director have for the Indian chief is not in question, but their attempt to reconstruct him as an all-American hero never delves deep enough into his character nor explains why he has remained such a revered figure. Though devotees of the Western will find much in the film to enjoy—the sumptuous cinematography, the violent confrontations and the tragic mythology—others would perhaps have preferred a little more Indian magic and a lot less self-indulgence in a white man's guilt trip. **Hank Quinlan**



Geronimo: An American Legend shows at Broadway, Nottm. from Tues. 27th-Friday 30th Dec.

SHALLOW GRAVE

A Scottish thriller produced through the funding of Channel Four, the Scottish Film Production Fund and the Glasgow Film Fund, and shot in both Glasgow and Edinburgh, *Shallow Grave* is the story three bright, successful young twenty-somethings, Juliet (Kerry Fox) a doctor, David (Christopher Eccleston) an accountant, and Alex (Ewan MacGregor) a journalist who all share an Edinburgh flat. As the film opens, the trio are looking for a new flat-mate and are prepared to be very choosy about who moves in. Prospective candidates are put through a sort of meat-grinding hell within the first few minutes, as the three of them take a perversely sadistic delight in embarrassing anyone and everyone mad enough to reply to their ad. For instance, Juliet asks one poor bleeder, "Why on earth should you think that we want to share a flat with you?" Eventually they find a new flat-mate, the mysterious Hugo (Keith Allen) but to say any more about the vastly entertaining plot would reveal too much. This is a gruesome and gory psychological thriller with a neat line in black humour. It also has some major surprises and a fine ending. The squeamish among you will be relieved to know that most of the gore is left to your imagination, so don't be put off by what appears to be a particularly messy-sounding title! The film has picked up rave reviews since its premiere in Cannes, delighting audiences at both the Edinburgh and London Film Festivals. It should do well at the box office too, and since there are so few British films around that we can get really excited about, we should rejoice when a good one like this comes along. It is due to open across the country early in the New Year.

Matt Arnold





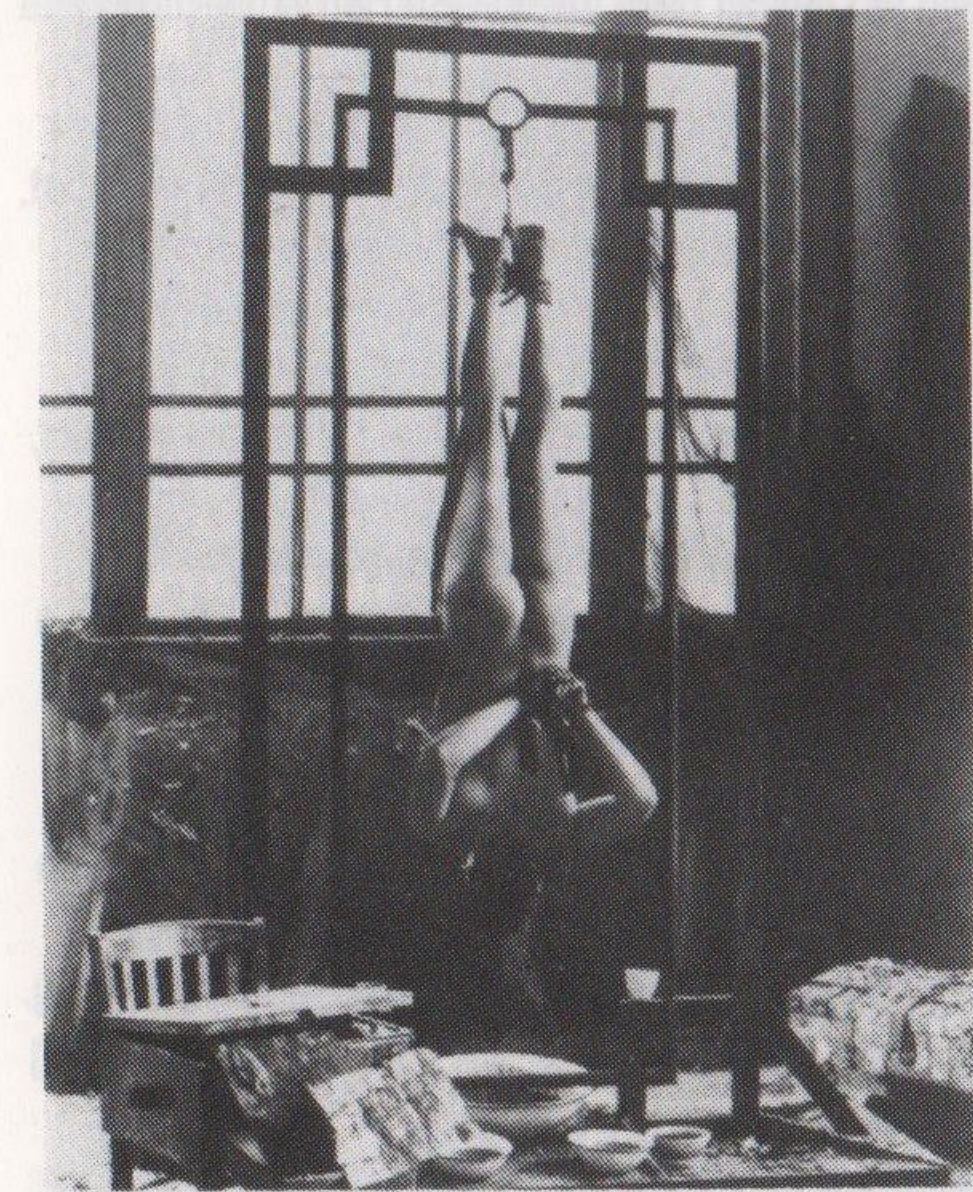
THE SEVEN SAMURAI (Dir. Akira Kurosawa)

Japanese director Kurosawa is one of cinema's truly unique talents and his films—especially the Samurai 'Westerns' that embrace the tragedy of Shakespeare and the desolation of Dostoevsky—have influenced and inspired a generation of film makers. Francis Ford Coppola, Steven Spielberg and George Lucas all acknowledge their debt to his artistic skill, while for their first Spaghetti Western together Sergio Leone and Clint Eastwood remade the marvellous *Yojimbo* as *A Fistful Of Dollars*. Indeed The Seven Samurai itself received the full Hollywood treatment in John Sturges' *The Magnificent Seven*, though that film failed to capture the grace and grandeur of Kurosawa's original. The plot however is practically the same as an elite group of professional soldiers are hired by a party of harassed villagers to protect them from a ferocious gang of marauding bandits. After some initial recruiting difficulties the six master Samurai, led by the ageing but artful Kambei (Takashi Shimura), and a seventh inexperienced farmer's boy (Toshiro Mifune) engage the enemy in a number of spectacular sword fights and dramatic cavalry charges. Played out in torrential rain on a merciless muddy quagmire, these action sequences take on such a heightened and savage significance that the only outcome possible is both terrible and tragic. Made in 1954 and now available in a brand new print, this is a rare opportunity to see one of Kurosawa's greatest achievements and one of cinema's finest masterpieces.

Hank Quinlan

The Seven Samurai shows at Broadway, Nottingham from Tuesday 20th - Friday 23rd Dec.

CRONOS (Dir. Guillermo del Toro)



A serious horror release likely to grab your attention is *Cronos* directed by Mexican Guillermo del Toro. This is a highly original vampire movie where the real star is a bug-like mechanical device with a life of its own. Manufactured by an exiled alchemist in 1536, it is discovered in a statue by antique dealer Jesus Gris (Fericero Luppi) who, upon investigating the object, places it in the palm of his hand and out of curiosity twists the knob on top. To his amazement (and ours) legs appear from the device and put a ice-like grip on his hand while another leg makes an incision into his hand. The intricate workings of the device are presented in fine detail as is the living organism inside. In keeping with other vampire movies the device gives its keeper the promise of eternal life in return for an inexhaustible

thirst for blood. Gris becomes addicted to the bug, leading to a truly amazing scene in a toilet when he greedily licks up blood spilt by someone having a nosebleed. It's a mark of Del Toro's ingenuity and restraint that he opts for a degrading men's room scene to bring out the gore rather than focusing on the inviting neck of some scantily-clad female on a four-poster bed. It's the sort of device of which David Cronenberg would approve. *Cronos* uses the vampire myth to create an ingenious and thoroughly absorbing tale likely to appeal to bloodthirsty fans awaiting Neil Jordan's new movie *Interview With The Vampire*. Not for the faint-hearted but fans of gore will love it. *Cronos* will show at The Metro, Derby Jan 20th-22nd.

ABOVE THE RIM (Dir. Jeff Pollack)

A US basketball drama which attempts to cash in on the popularity of both the sport and films that previously have done well on the subject, such as *White Men Can't Jump*. Directed by Jeff Pollack it's a familiar tale of a young man with talent, frustrated and desperate to make the grade, who mixes with the wrong guys, drug dealers who have a lot riding on the game and therefore pressure this bright young kid into doing things he would prefer not to do. Alas the film doesn't live up to it's promise and slamsunks to a pretty disappointing and unlikely conclusion. Not even close to the basket, guys.

Matt Arnoldi

JUNIOR (Dir. Ivan Reitman)

The massive Arnie and the pint-sized Mr. de Vito are reunited in a comedy following their lively efforts in *Twins* and are joined here by Emma Thompson in a trite but occasionally amusing tale about men having babies or, more specifically, Arnie having a baby. Thumbs up most certainly to Arnie—the scene of him in a dress and wig picking flowers in the meadow is quite unforgettable when you think of his *Terminator* roles, and although the film could have been funnier all round, it does have some good ideas and there are plenty of crazy goings-on to keep baby-boomer couples happy. Director Ivan Reitman just about gets away with it.

THE PAGEMASTER

Another film coming out especially to coincide with the Christmas holidays, this animated story starring Macaulay Culkin attempts to cash in on the enormous box-office success of films like *The Lion King* and *Beauty And The Beast*. But the film hasn't been worked on to the same high standards set by Disney, thus the plot tends to drag a little. Characters are made out of book subjects such as fantasy, horror and adventure with little thought behind them (why is Horror portrayed as a wimp?) and the only truly comic performer in the film, Christopher Lloyd is left on the sidelines which is a waste. It is also difficult for young children who won't have read many of the tales such as *Moby Dick* and *Dr. Jekyll* that come up in the film. I saw many mothers trying to explain the stories to their offspring whilst at the same time trying to keep up with the plot.

Matt Arnoldi



Tim Burton's THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Tim Burton's latest contains a darkly comic approach throughout and has some dazzling animation wizardry, as the ghoulish match-stick man and 'Pumpkin King' Jack Skellington, the lead character, is so won over by the joys of Christmas that he decides to kidnap Santa and provide his own sick version of giving 'presents' to children—from a coffin-shaped sleigh pulled by skeleton reindeer! The film compares favourably with Burton's previous efforts *Edward Scissorhands* and *Batman* and has some very funny scenes; but the songs are a slight let-down and you may find, as I did, that you get a touch weary of it all by the end, which is a pity because Burton has the ideas and the brilliant animation but can't keep our attention.

FREEFORALL

The OVERALL BEATWAX NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS CREW PACK COMPETITION Includes exclusive limited edition Nightmare Before Christmas tour jacket, Timex Watch, Cuff Links and T-Shirt. All you have to do is: **Name one of Tim Burton's previous films.**

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THE SPECIALIST

Sylvester Stallone is the so-called Specialist, a bomb-making assassin taken on by a revenge obsessed Sharon Stone to take out a Cuban-American crime boss's son and his two henchmen responsible for the deaths of her parents. Protecting this family is another experienced bomb merchant played by James Woods who, by sheer coincidence happens to be an old rival of Stallone. This is one of those glitzy brash American thrillers that is meant to be serious but turns out to be so bad it becomes unintentionally funny, so expect the 'grunting' Sly to be blowing up buildings with small amounts of plasticine (sorry, Semtex!) and look out for the shower scene—not because it's a turn on necessarily, but merely because the shower itself is almost as large as most people's flats! The Specialistsit opens at Showcase Cinemas on Mon. 26th Dec.

AMATEUR (Dir. Hal Hartley)

Hal Hartley's latest contains lively performances from Hartley regulars Elina Lowensohn and Martin Donovan, when an amnesiac (Donovan) meets up with an ex-nun (Isabelle Hubbert) who is convinced she is a nymphomaniac and can write decent pornography columns. So begins Hartley's latest ironic ironic and comically surprising attack on the American lifestyle which, as in his previous films, contains snappy dialogue, off-the-wall characters and eccentricities in abundance. Hartley fans may be disappointed as this film is not as adventurous as previous efforts such as *Surviving Desire*, *Trust* or *Simple men*, but if you have not come across his work before, you may well warm to his uniquely engaging and decidedly off-beat comedy style.

Amateur shows at Broadway from Jan 27th -Feb 5th.

TIMECOP

The less said about this the better. Jean-Claude van Damme stars in a *Back To The Future/ Time Tunnel* adventure in which he must go back into the past to rewrite events and thereby stop the nasty goings on of an evil senator, and also enable himself and his girlfriend to avoid getting killed. Confusing at times, not least because Jean-Claude still doesn't speak English that well and, of course, its brutal predictability trades on Van Damme's high-kicking physical talents. Fine if you like this sort of thing, but it's still not a patch on Woo's *Hard Target*.

EAT DRINK MAN WOMAN

Ang Lee's culinary delight is every bit as inventive as his previous effort *The Wedding Banquet* and should not be seen on an empty stomach otherwise it will have you drooling from the word go! The kitchen skills of Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung) are displayed as thrillingly as the noodle makers who made *Tampopo* such a memorable and mouth-watering success. Mr. Chu makes a meal every weekend for his three daughters who do not share his enthusiasm for food which to him is a metaphor for love, but he gradually brings them round to his way of thinking. Combine with a chinese meal, perhaps, but make sure you go to the restaurant first.

Matt Arnoldi

A GOOD MAN IN AFRICA (Dir. Bruce Beresford)

Actually someone has made a mistake and misspelt the title; it should read 'A Biliuous Pile Of Bastardised Shite In Africa. Kind of a cross between *Carlton-Browne Of The F.O.* and *Carry On Up The Khyber* but lacking the subtle penetrating wit of either. What a waste of talent, not to mention the valuable time of the audience.

Hank Quinlan

The London Film Festival 1994

There were about a dozen really outstanding films this year, and a roll-call of those greats would read like this: **Peter Jackson's** delightful but disturbing *Heavenly Creatures*; **Antonia Bird's** *Priest*; **Alan Rudolph's** *Mrs. Parker And The Vicious Circle*; **Frank Darabont's** *The Shawshank Redemption*, an American prison drama starring Morgan Freeman and Tim Robbins; the refreshing, Abba-influenced Australian comedy *Muriel's Wedding*; three US independent titles, *Clean Shaven*, *Fun* and the intriguingly-titled *Spanking The Monkey* which in fact is about incest between a mother and her son rather than monkeys; **Gianni Amelio's** follow-up to *The Stolen Children* called *Lamerica* about the large influx of Albanians into present-day Italy amongst other things (it's phenomenal!); **Louis Malle's** Chekhovian rendition *Vanya On 42nd Street*; *Shallow Grave* and a 'find' from Norway, *The Last Lieutenant* about a World War II Norwegian second lieutenant who in 1940 refused to surrender to the Germans and tried to rally up a force against them despite overwhelming odds. Many of these are due for general release soon, so in the next few weeks look out for *Heavenly Creatures*, *Mrs. Parker*, *Vanya On 42nd Street*, *Shallow Grave*, *Muriel's Wedding* and *The Shawshank Redemption*, all of which should open to praise in the New Year and are likely to come up in the next few issues.

Matt Arnoldi

SNEAK PREVIEW

There will be a special screening of *Shallow Grave* at Broadway on Sun 15th January. Director Dan Boyle along with producer Andrew MacDonald and writer John Hodge will be present to answer questions after the show.

SCRIPT GIRLS: WOMEN WRITERS IN HOLLYWOOD

To coincide with the release of **Lizzie Francke's** *Script Girls: Women Writers In Hollywood*, which traces the fortunes of female scriptwriters through the decades, the Metro Cinema in Derby is holding a short season of films showcasing some of their finest work. It focuses on four women in particular: **Jean Harrison**, **Virginia Van Upp**, **Catherine Turney** and **Silvia Richards**, who all enjoyed prominent careers during Hollywood's classic studio period. **Alfred Hitchcock's** adaptation of **Daphne Du Maurier's** *Rebecca* kicks off the season (Sun. 8th Jan.), followed in successive weeks by *Gilda* (Sun 15th), *Mildred Pierce* (22nd) and *Rancho Notorious* (29th). It is anticipated that Francke will be attending one of the screenings to talk about her accompanying book. For more info. see Metro brochure or tel. (0332) 340170.

THE LAST SEDUCTION (ITC, out now)

Linda Fiorentino delights in this scintillating adult black comedy directed by thriller twister John Dahl about a woman who takes off with her husband's loot and files for divorce from a country hide-out. Engrossing, funny and well played up to an ending which sadly borrows from both *Body Heat* and *The Crying Game*, but worthwhile up until then.

GRIEF (Dangerous To Know, out now)

All manner of sexual couplings are explored in a brash but moving comedy directed by Richard Glatzer about a small office clique who produce a risqué day-time soap opera against a back-drop of uncertainty, bitchiness and mysterious 'come' stains left on the sofa. Low-budget but certainly not low-key, this is a refreshing glance at the sort of relationships that Hollywood would conveniently rather ignore.

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (Electric, out now)

A 'did he didn't he?' father/daughter child abuse drama vividly brought to life by french director Aline Isserman. Naturally, I'm not going to tell you whether he did or not, but all is revealed in the end, although this film will keep you on tenterhooks until then.

THE TISWAS COMEDY CAPERS (ITC, out now)

Classic Comedy from the Saturday morning show that became a legend in its own right and arguably hasn't been bettered since. Plenty of anarchic chaos on view here as Chris Tarrant and Sally James take Michael Palin, Lenny Henry, Bernard Manning and Frank Carson to hell and back in the craziest ways imaginable. You barely draw breath between ducking from custard pies then hastily putting up your umbrella against the onslaught of Spit The Dog. degrading and thoroughly immature, this is *TISWAS* at its low-level best!



THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY by Oscar Wilde Adapted by Neil Bartlett.

Now' 94: Nottingham Playhouse

Published in 1891, Wilde's original novel tells the tale of Dorian Gray, a beautiful young Adonis whose portrait is painted by the infatuated artist Basil Hallward. Impressed by the image of youth and beauty, and influenced by the artist's flirtatious friend Lord Henry Wotton, the narcissistic Dorian naively states that he would sacrifice his soul if the painting grew old while he remained forever young.

As time passes this innocent wish is seen to come true, but Dorian's character takes on an evil quality and tragedy befalls those closest and nearest to him. Sybil Vane his fiancée takes her own life and Basil Howard his long-respected friend is murdered by the man he once so admired. Finally in an attempt to redeem himself he spurns the advances of Hallward's niece and attacks the picture which has hideously reflected his cruel and callous actions. Set in the 1920's and boasting some lavish period decor, Neil Bartlett's dazzling production focuses on a group of Wilde's friends and acquaintances who meet at London's Savoy Hotel to retell Dorian Gray's haunting story. Included in this fictitious gathering are editor and executor Robert Ross (Tim Pigott-Smith) who was entrusted with the manuscript of the celebrated *De Profundis*; boy-snatcher Reginald Turner (Bette Bourne) who often entertained the Café Royal crowd with his quick wit and flights of comic fantasy; respectable middle class Sidney "Jenny" Mavor (Paul Shaw) who betrayed Wilde at the Old Bailey; 'the boy in the guards' (Benedict Bates) who typifies the prostitutes working in the gay culture of the time; and finally, literary hostess Ada Levenson (Maria Aitken) famed for her big hats and brazen appearance, and her maid (Joanna Riding) who would accompany her on trips to Europe. In their dual roles as historic figures in Wilde's own life and as characters from the novel, the cast all give stunning performances. Particular impressive is Bates' evocative portrayal of Dorian, while Riding as the ill-fated Sybil Vane, Pigott-Smith as the unfortunate Basil Hallward and Bette Bourne as the delightfully amusing Lord Henry Wotton are all convincing and charismatic. Nicolas Bloomfield's original score, played live on stage by a seven piece orchestra, also enriches the mood of the play through a musical interpretation of the demise of Dorian's soul and portrait. Although perhaps initially confusing for those unfamiliar with Wilde's original story, the presentation is stylish, energetic and frequently funny. Neil Bartlett should be commended for such an intelligent and thrilling interpretation of one of Wilde's greatest works.

Mrs. Quinlan

THE PUPPETMASTER (Electric, due out 16 Jan.)

Movingly directed by Huo Hsiao Hsien, *The Puppetmaster* is a period drama story of a puppeteer used as a political tool by the occupying Japanese in wartorn Taiwan who eventually becomes the country's most famous entertainer. If you liked *Farewell To My Concubine* you might like to check out this film, and you'll be interested to know it compares favourably with *Kaige's* epic.

A SHORT FILM ABOUT KILLING A SHORT FILM ABOUT LOVE

(Tartan, due out Jan. 23rd)

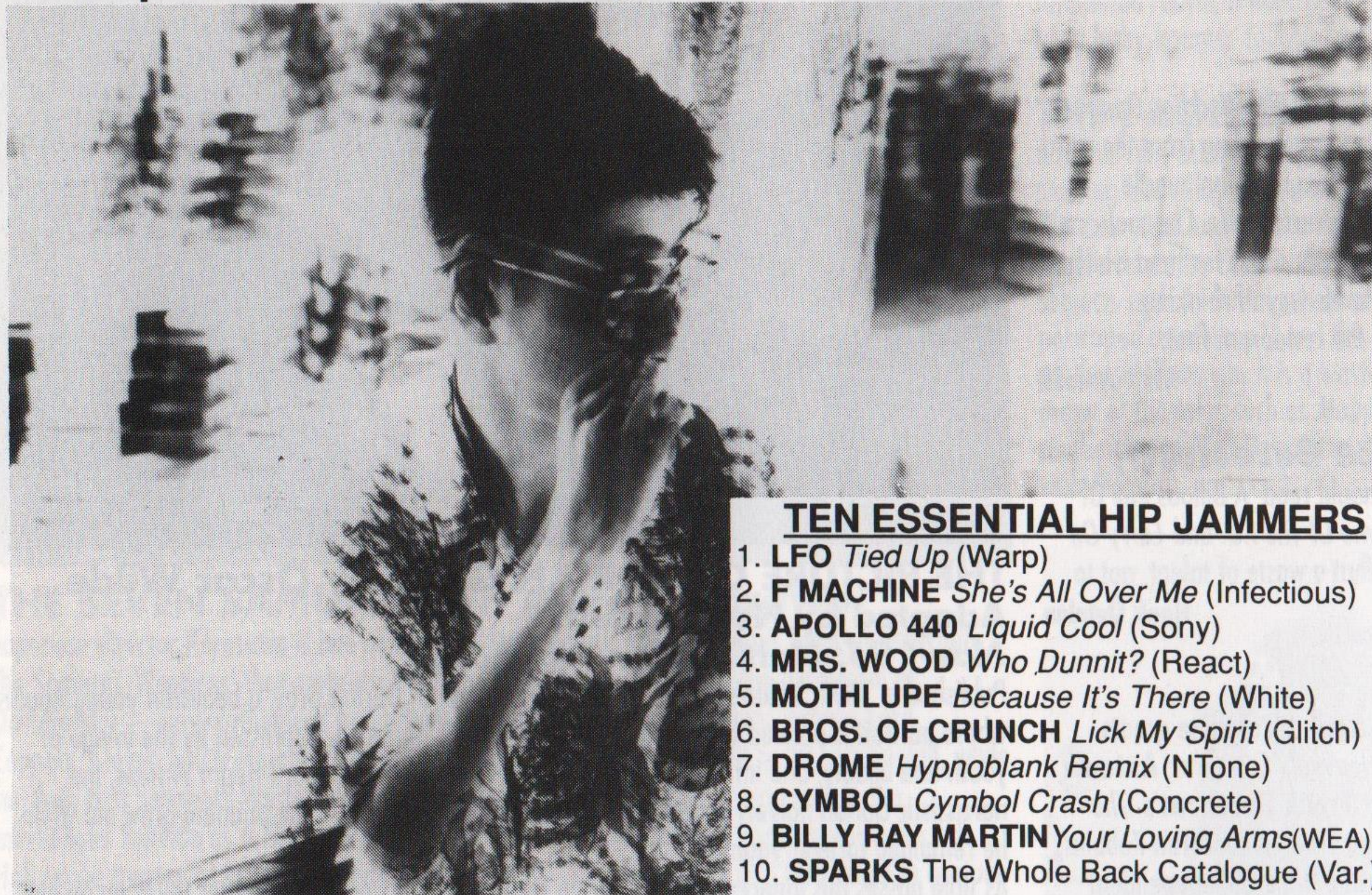
Before Krystof Kieslowski took on his trilogy of Colour films, *Blue*, *White* and *Red*, he was best known for his Decalogue collection, from which *A Short Film About Killing* and *A Short Film About Love* stood out. ..Killing is about the motiveless, cold-blooded murder of a taxi driver and subsequent hanging penalty that was metered out on the murderer, and ..Love is about a shy, inadequate young man who is befriended by a more experienced woman. Both are unusual but intuitive, well-told tales which received much praise on release, were shown in edited versions on TV but were even better in the longer versions on view here.

And finally..... news hot off the presses is that Tartan video are to launch a new label 'Retro Video' in February which will operate on an entirely separate basis from tartan's other releases. Retro will concentrate on purely on cult films and popular B-Movies and their first four titles planned for February release are *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, *Jailbait*, *Glen Or Glenda* and *Bride Of The Monster* (of which more in January). Due out slightly later (i.e. May) but on the same wavelength is Buena Vista's cinema release of *Ed Wood*.

Matt Arnoldi

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TEN ESSENTIAL HIP JAMMERS

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2. F MACHINE *She's All Over Me* (Infectious)
3. APOLLO 440 *Liquid Cool* (Sony)
4. MRS. WOOD *Who Dunnit?* (React)
5. MOTHLUPE *Because It's There* (White)
6. BROS. OF CRUNCH *Lick My Spirit* (Glitch)
7. DROME *Hypnoblank Remix* (NTone)
8. CYMBOL *Cymbol Crash* (Concrete)
9. BILLY RAY MARTIN *Your Loving Arms* (WEA)
10. SPARKS *The Whole Back Catalogue* (Var.)

Welcome back, interzone trippers, it seems like ages since last I dished out aural prescriptions to you meme junkies. Stick out your tongues. Ah yes, I can see you are all suffering from R.B.S. (Repetitive Beats Syndrome). So connect up quick, here comes your fix.

With the year's end upon us the buzz bytes most often bellowed across the portals of the hype-a-buzz clubmarket have been Jungle and Trip-Hop. Well, 'bellowed' yesterday, and whispered in embarrassed tones today—but who gives a flying back-stab? Not me, I come to praise the groove not bury it in genre-specific hyperbole. First through the supine-surgery door this month is *Nine Deadly Venoms* by **Depth Charge** (Vinyl Solution). A collection of Ninja kicks and Samurai sweeps, the album is a low down and dirty journey through the Hong Kong (plc) video underworld with a dub-lazy break-beat soundtrack. Depth Charge have been the main inspiration behind **The Dust Brothers** and **Mo' Wax**, so check it out y'all. Whilst on the subject of the much praised Mo' Wax imprint, their *Headz* compilation is sure proof that the adulation is worthy. Laid back and smokin'—the summer of '95 is just around the corner. A perfect inclusion in the forthcoming summer breeze is *Pick It Up Y'All* by **Justin Warfield** (WEA), the stand out dub mixes being from the aforementioned Dust Brothers, who rip it up with the phattest grooves. Totally laid back and spooky, the latest offering from Woob is a radical reworking of a track from the excellent **Em:t** album. Called *Void Pt. 2* (Beeswax) the track explores the darker tones of the travelogue. A rumbling dub track, a desperate jazz diva and a pocket full of dreams. Still on the travel front **The Aloof's** *Cover The Crime* (Flaw) combines clubwise progressive rhythms with eastern influences, and even a violin for good measure on one of the finest of this exceptional year. Another superb album release is from Nottingham's finest dubtrabient overlords **Em:t**. 3394 is a collection of obtuse reflections. At times a little uncomfortable, the skill behind the skill behind these cuts lies in the fact that they put twists in the tail of everything you thought you understood. More Brothers Grimm than Hans Christian Anderson. Another fine storyteller is **Mad Professor** whose *Anti Racist Dub: Black Liberation Dub Pt. 2* (Ariwa) shows

perfectly why he's the most sought after mix doctor just now. With a total reworking of **Massive Attack's** superb *Protection* (Virgin) album in the pipeline, the Prof. looks set to dominate the dance-halls in '95. Already in a position of domination is **Roni Size**, whose *Excer-Size EP* (V Records) contains the best slice of Jungle this year in the shape of *Timstretch* which also gets a major thumbs-up from my neighbours in the know, Debbie and Peter. So now you know! Also on the Junglist tip is the **More Rockers** debut album *Dub Selection Pt. 1* (More Rockers). An enthralling collision of Lovers, Dub, Soul and jazz this album looks set to burn bright on its '95 release. Other albums due for release in the New Year include **Tim Simenon's** *Bomb The Bass* (pic.) whose *Clear* (Island) mixes up the whole of the 20th century in one well funky bag. That same week sees **Galliano's** *A Step Further* (Talkin Loud) which takes the band away from the rockier style of their last LP and plants itself right at your feet in power dub stylee. Over in the 'could do better corner' **Autechre's** *Amber* (Warp) is a mismatch of redundant ideas—perhaps they should change their name to Lacklustre and perhaps Warp should get back on the beam. Also meandering through cul-de-sac-ville are those increasingly dull *Trance Europe Express* compilations. Now up to TEE 3 (Volume), the effect is not unlike reading the same story with different words. Which brings me back to story-tellers—none of this is planned, honest! **Transglobal Underground** have been a constant name-drop in these pages for the last couple of years, not least for their ability to drop a great groove through a chilling yarn. All is not well in the TGU camp however, as the *International Times* (Nation) album displays a band caught up in the confines of their own individual definitions on that catch-all phrase 'Global Music'. And finally, essential listening if you can track it down is the sonic sampler from Hydrogen Dukebox, *Machino Weirder*. Not to be confused with the recently released *Machino Weirder* compilation, this promo only collection shows the promise of this label to great effect. With the best offerings yet from **Globo** and **Transcendental Love Machine** and two superb newies from from Big Eye this album will be the one everyone will have 'once owned but it got nicked' in coming years.

Martin Thomas

TANGERINE DREAM

Tangents 1973-1983 5 CD set (Virgin)
Tangerine Dream are as fashionable as a wart on your dick. This must change as this lavish round-up of a decade of recordings for Virgin testifies; their contribution to the evolution of electronica is huge and incalculable. Here is proof, if proof were needed, that the current crop of space cadets, from Richard James a.k.a. Aphex Twin to The Future Sound Of London all owe a huge debt to the much maligned Tangerine Dream. Despite restricting its contents to the one decade, there is still a formidable body of work to draw from. The first three cds offer a random of studio and live work; in non-chronological order you get material from *Rubycon* (1975), *Exit* (1981), the neglected live album *Logos* (1983) and two tracks from their Virgin debut *Phaedra* (1974) which to this day stands out as one of the most cohesive and sensual examples of creative soundscaping ever recorded. The fourth cd contains soundtrack material, notably *Scrapyard* and *Beach Theme* from *Thief*, and *Creation*, *Betrayal* and *Search* from *The Sorcerer*. But it is with the fifth cd that the jaw drops and the accolades come faster than a virgin on his honeymoon. A total of ten previously unreleased tracks not one of which is less than wonderful. Founding member and relentless driving force behind the various Dream line-ups Edgar Froese should be made patron saint of all things ambient and afforded cult status immediately.

John W. Haylock

APOLLO 440 *Millennium Fever* (Epic)
PURE SILVER *How Do You Feel?* (Silver)
CODE *Cities EP* (3rd Mind)
MAGIC SKULLS *Transmission* (Spooky)

"Let me clear my throat!"

When a voice on **Pure Silver's** *Silver* cries this, it's almost as if he's speaking for the whole genre. With only a handful of notable exceptions, techno has been suffering from a collective blocked passage—or maybe its voice has simply broken. As you can see from these pages it's not faceless, and as you can hear if you listen, it's not (all) bollocks. It seems to have become interesting enough to write about as a music rather than a fashion/ movement/ phenomenon. Sonic pioneers have sorted it out for us homegirls. But back to **Pure Silver** and *How Do You Feel?* is a better guaranteed to alarm the unwary. This must be that Trip-hop stuff I've never heard about. (I still don't know what Jungle was.) **Code** take an altogether softer approach but are no less interesting for that. Chimingly charming, they were famous for fifteen remote minutes a year or two back with the memorable *505 345 675 Delta 9* and could hardly be accused of being faceless, since they once appeared at the Filly & Firkin—and the management approved of them! **Magic Skulls**, however, is a different story. Not at all clear in the throat department, this is the kind of crap which gives techno a bad name. It opens with the worst kind of cheesy chink chink, spells love I-u-v and develops into Goth. When the voice of gloom belches "Radio...." you realise it's that *Transmission* and you want to vomit. But thank Zeus for **Apollo 440**. These people have changed the rules. *Millennium Fever* is an album of many facets. For a start there's a version of *Don't Fear The Reaper*, at times they're a bit Holly Johnson (though I doubt if they ever gave a fuck what Frankie says), at times remind me fondly of time-travelling **Tim Blake's** *Crystal Machine* and at other times they're anthemic rave, and do a version of Keith Emerson's version of *America* from *West Side Story*. Nice. But it's that *Liquid Cool* track that gets me. (I warn you now that it's train-spotting time so if you suffer from Anoraksia Nervosa get the hell out of here.) You know that eerie saxophone and organ bit at the beginning? Well that's sampled from a track written by Gerry Mulligan called *By Your Grace* from the album *Gandharva* by Beaver & Krause.

"[It] was recorded live in Grace Cathedral [San Francisco] the evenings of February 10 and 11, 1971. It's an unbelievable cavern about 150 feet long and over 90 feet high with a 7-second decay time. It allows you to use the whole space as an instrument, which was our intent. Grace Cathedral lends itself to many things, but not to strong, punctuated rhythms...mostly because of the very long echo time. This fit perfectly with our concept of *Gandharva* in that it begins on Side One at a point of dynamically intense energy with the "Saga Of The Blue Beaver", and diminishes through the end of the second side with nothing in the ending of the last cut but the ambient sound of the cathedral itself."

What It All Means

Gandharva (from Hindu mythology) means the celestial musician. And it's a score from a non-existent film. — Bernard Krause

Yes, folks, a twenty-three year old sample. So now you know where pseudo-musos (not to mention pseudo-journos) source their stuff.

Christine Chapel

techno notice:

An overview of circuit funk and electronica



Remember back in 1988 when everyone danced like a geek cleaning windows to a stroboscopic groove? If so then **Emmanuel Top's** storming *Lobotomie* from the french Attack label (Novamute) is guaranteed to stir a few memories. *Lobotomie's* kangaroo groove builds hell fire style, raising nape hairs and God knows what else. Buy it! *****
Fifteen year-old **Paul Hannah** releases his debut *The Control EP* (Ferox), full of Derrick May / Pierre Style Detroit throwbacks—check out the sexy hip thrust of *Huron* for full on funk throb. ****

On **Aerobro's** *Tongue Like An Eel* (Rising High) **Jasper The Satellite**, 'Orb DJ' and general techno-case, uncurls cobra-like Hydra Hypnotics into a future-tech classic that this geezer can't keep his hands off, coupled with the demented *3 Bear Blues*. *****



Network's (pic. above) *Anechoic Conditions* (Novamute) has **Hans Weekhout** (20 Hz) throwing his condition across the water for the receptive Novamute, who quietly slip it out to an unsuspecting public—and it's mad! It rumbles along on top funk before getting all hot under the collar, reaching a cataclysmic crescendo akin to **Robert Armani's** *Circus Bells*! ****

Bedouin Ascent's (main pic.) *Science, Art And Ritual* (Rising High)—at last **Kingsuk Biswas (B.A.)** releases his long player—is the perfect fusion of jazz, techno, ambient and environmental textures. Show-casing the extent of his talent, mellow tech grooves slide effortlessly off the back of hypnotic head removers such as *He Is A She* while *Lost in Grass* and *Ancient Ocean* undulate with dreamy abstraction. *****

Stay Up Forever, London's underground techno label release the first 12" by artists not from the smoke. **D.O.M.** (alias **Leeds Microdot** DJ posse,) start an *Acid War* with a turbo resonant tracer that's cheeky without the cheese, ideal for Skywalkers and Vaders alike. ****
The Secret Life Of Trance Vol 4 (Rising High) is the fourth collection of trance epics from Rising High featuring new mixes of recent releases. **Sourmash's** *Pilgrimage To Paradise* gets the floor hot with a remix by the masters of the acidic groove **Hardfloor**, who as always do the right thing. **Air Liquide's** ethereal mix of Japan's **M-Age** rubs with Japan's finest export **Tanzmusik** for the exclusive *Container* a trippy psilosityn groove that raises awareness and temperature. *****

As reported last month Plink Plonk's sister label Electro Audio Response release **Nu Idols' Zim**, a full on adrenalin-fuelled funkster with rhythms tighter than a tic's arse, simple, infectious and deeply satisfying. Eagerly Awaited Releases to follow. *****
Plink Plonk itself puts the future of **Animus Amor's** *And On*, a superbly slinky space shuffle with a bumping bass line and resonant pads, in your hands. Their test release system means that some recordings may only be available for a short time, basically speaking, get this one while you can. *****

House-ing the column this month, **DJ Strobe** from Quark Records releases his UK debut on Ascension, under the slightly obvious **Euphoria** moniker. *Higher* (uh hum...) is of the cut-and-paste NY groove variety—hard, funky and sampledelic. ***

Neutron 9000's *Lady Burning Sky* (Rising High) is an album which slipped out quietly, without a sniff of press attention, and is surely one of the most beautifully kept secrets. With the title track scraping sine waves across a ping pong backdrop, top man **Dominic Woosey** succeeds in an over-hyped genre where others

TEN HEAD CLEANERS

1. EMMANUEL TOP *Lobotomie* (Novamute)
2. AEROTHROB *Tongue Like an Eel* (Rising High)
3. LFO *Tied Up Mixes* (Warp)
4. NU IDOL *Zim* (EAR)
5. TANZMUSIK **Container* (Rising High)
6. IMMERSION *Mick Harris Remix* (Swim)
7. PAUL HANNAH *Huron* (Ferox)
8. PLASTIKMAN *Marbles* (Novamute)
9. ANIMUS AMOR *And On* (Plink Plonk)
10. DOM *Acid War* (Stay Up Forever)

TEN FOR THE MELTING COUCH

1. BEDOUIN ASCENT *Science, Art & Ritual* (Rising High)
2. AUTECHRE *Montreal* (Warp)
3. PLASTIKMAN *Konception* (Novamute)
4. NULL & PLOTKIN *Aurora* (Sentrax)
5. CHILL OUT OR DIE Vol 3 (Rising High)
6. LASWELL & NAMLOCK *Psychonavigation* (Fax)
7. SCANNER *Laswell Mix* (Sentrax)
8. AUTOMATON *Dub Terror Exhaust* (Strata)
9. NEUTRON 9000 *Lady Burning Sky* (Rising High)
10. 3RD SEED *Last Rain* (Downwards)

fail (no names mentioned, S.V.!!) The dew tones of the 13-minute *Empire* leave you breathless, while *Indian Prayer* works a mellow trance groove into an asiatic mantram. ****

With *Amber* (Warp) **Autechre's** silicon travels take the scenic route, delving deeper and darker than previous emissions. *Montreal* evokes life on the autobahn with florian and half-heading for **T-E-E**, with *Silverside* ending the transmission in Kubrik-esque style....ohm sweet ohm. *****
LFO return with the multi-faceted *Tied Up EP* (Warp), a double pack of diverse mixes intoning *Do You Love Me?*, firing off on all synthetic cylinders. Check out the classic *Acid Mix* and the trippily mantric *Spiritualised Mix*, not forgetting the pure LFO techno sound of *Nurture*. A sound investment. *****

Chill Out Or Die Vol. 3 (Rising High) is the third and most influential of the series and collects some of the finest moments of recent past with exclusives from **Transform**, **Influx**, **RHC** and the excellent *Merge* from **Tanzmusik**, a Cocteau-ish primary soother, as well as **Bedouin Ascent's** episodic *Mammon*. A perfect balance between light and dark keeps this compilation a step ahead of the rest. *****

That wicked **Plastikman** returns with a long one. Warped, mellow and plain weird, is the simplest way to describe *Musik* (Novamute) which from start to finish is a voyage round Mr Hawtin's somewhat wired head. *Konception* is the major baby, booming with low bongs and a sultry acid line, sliding like sperm on a great egg race. *Marbles* rumbles like the baby sister of the previous *Krakpot*, dirty, low down and mesmeric. Vinyl saviours get the added bonus of a free 12" with the subterranean *Kiropraktor* and *Old Skool*—super. *****

Dael

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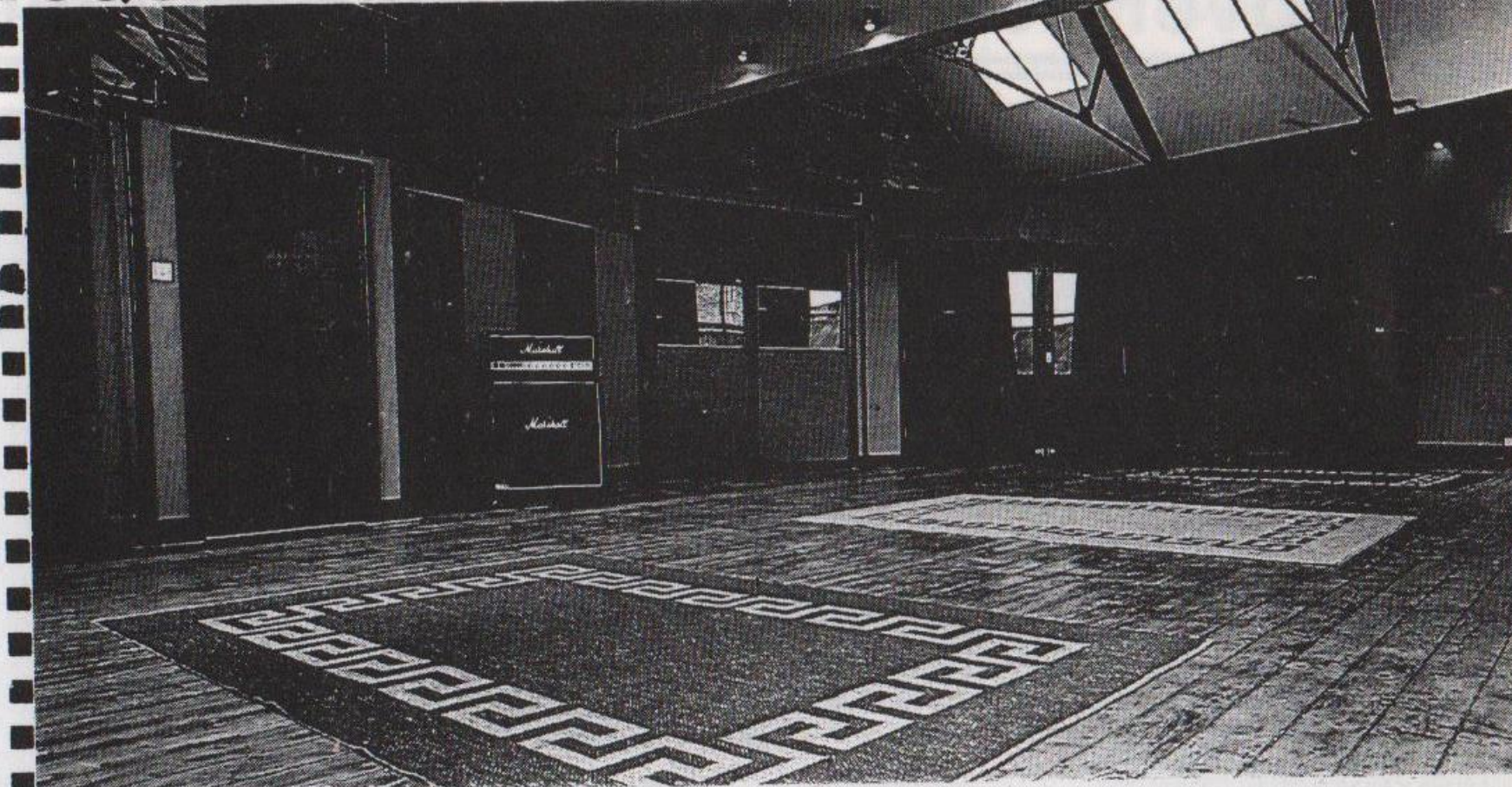
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FAHRENHEIT° 451: a burning desire

They won the **Gary Crowley Demo Clash** on BBC GLR, released **Carnival Round Face** and Steve Wright played it. They appeared on BBC TV, and did a session for BBC Radio Nottingham. They were performed at the **Heineken Music Festival** this year. They released another single, **Rollercoaster** and received more airplay. Fresh from performing at Manchester's **In The City**, they came along to play at **Sam Fay's**. Yes folks, we're talking about The Ribbon Tears, only they've changed their name to **FAHRENHEIT 451**. They have a lot to say, they are frustrated, they wish to be heard; so we adjourned to one of the railway carriages to find out what's on their collective mind.

Overall: What's In The City all about then?

FAHRENHEIT 451: What do you wanna know? It's in Manchester. It's good, it's alright, it's a pile of wanky A & R men getting pissed at the shite-hole Holiday Inn. Eight quid for two drinks! Seriously! On their expense accounts wanking off over about four bands they've already decided to sign anyway and not giving a shit about anybody else. yeah, that's about it, really. So it's good. There were loads of posters for every gig and there was one that said 'The Music Industry Sucks' or words to that effect and that about summed it up.

There was a great moment, I mean this is really a rock cliché, but I almost got shagged at the Holiday Inn—there was this gay A&R man, y'know, and he grabbed my balls—really, this is serious shit, I'm telling you. But it's alright, y'know, I'll do it! I would fuck John Fat Beast to get a deal! All of them!

O: Weren't there any ordinary people there?

F451: Yeah, there were about thirty people in the audience, of which maybe twenty were industry, and ten were down to earth ordinary people who buy records, who like music, y'know?

Is it worthwhile playing it?

F451: Anything's worth doing if it gets your name known. It's kind of good to do because you get to see...wankers, basically.... and decide for yourself that what everyone told you about the music industry is right. They're all wankers. But it's worth playing. It gives you confidence and it's nice to be appreciated... by wankers. The good thing from our point of view, I suppose, is that we were selected as a band to play it. So...somebody likes us somewhere. Out of all the bands...John Peel was involved somewhere, and a group of A&R men, journalists, radio...these kind of people, you know ...NME. Hopefully you're gonna get the name further up the fucking ladder, despite the A&R crap, but in terms of getting anything... I dunno.

O: What have you got to offer?

F451: Wicked fucking tunes, a bit of erm... look, we're too old to say "the future of music is us". What we've got to offer I think, in a nutshell, is just us. We're different from anything else that's going on. We're still a guitar band, we're not into dance music shite, we love rock music, I love Status Quo, I love D:ream, I love Take That, you know.... I don't give a shit about this music snobbery shit. I think we're just into a vibe. We're a cliché, you know. Put it this way, whoever signs us doesn't know it yet but we'll make 'em a lot of fucking money. That's what we all wanna do. Love gigging, love playing. It's out ambition to be corporate whores.

O: What about flogging the record?

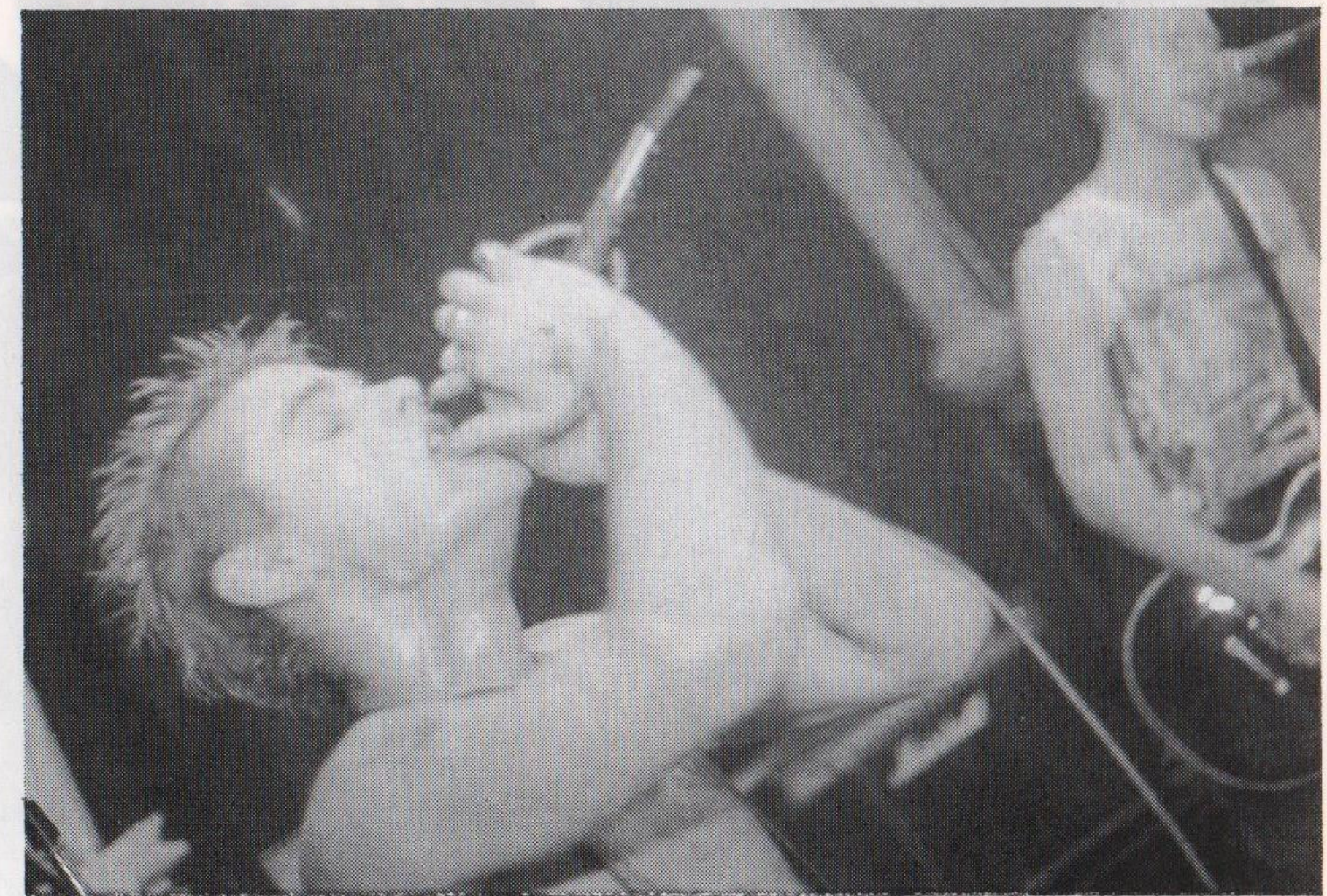
F451: Yeah, the record. Buy it. It's nice. It's got wobbly bits. Steve Lamacq likes it. John Peel likes it. Do we like it? Yes. Does Overall like it? Yes. So fuck the rest of the world then. But at the end of the day you've just got to keep going. Naomi Campbell's album sold 175 copies. She got a two million pound deal from Sony records! Music for the masses—don't you just love it? But we've got a lot going for us. If nothing else we've got a lot of options open to us. We've got connections with the KK Kings and all that. We're mates if you like. Yeah, we're gonna turn Gabba. Gabba's in. Do you know that the next music fad is Pissflap? Do you know that?

O: What else is happening?

F451: We're off on tour, a couple of dates with Wishplants, but most of them off our own backs. But maybe the reason why we're so frustrated is like, we did this gig with The Men They Couldn't Hang, brilliant gig and they went straight up to their agent and said 'book this band.' Six months down the line he started to maybe get us a few dates, but music changes in six months, you need to be more immediate you, know? If you like something, go for it. If you don't, tell them to fuck off. Go for what you like, get rid of the crap and fair enough if you're into us go for something else. Not wanting to sound pretentious but we're into the art side, but music is now into the money-making side. I think music has lost its facility for being an artistic outgoing for people to express themselves and unfortunately we're using it as our art medium, if you like. I'm not against making a few million quid on the way but that's the way we see it. It'll come round to us eventually, it will, there's no doubt about it. It's just a question of when. I might have a white beard by then—or a weirdbeard, even.

And you should have heard what they said when I switched off the tape recorder.
Christine Chapel

FRIED IN CIDER:



Hello, you spiky hoards. We aim to do for music what Attila the Hun did for the tourist industry.

Firstly **The Adolescents UK/ Haemmeroids/ Marker** gig that never happened. Having once asked at a **Mustard Rock** gig for "more bands like this" and having it explained to him that it was punk rock and that he didn't like punk rock, **Barry** (who once stated his rules for gigs as "no dope, no punks") insisted that he didn't mind. Now it seems he has shown his true colours again. Despite support from the managers of **The Hearty Goodfellow**, the Fat Controller vetoed the gig, decided that he doesn't want us punkys soiling his premises after all. So let's get it clear to avoid any future nonsense. Barry (Salutation, Hearty Goodfellow, Royal George) does not like Punks. Punks (Slum Gang, Substandard, Adolescents UK, Nerves, Haemmeroids etc., etc.) do not like Barry. Got it? OK.

One gig that did happen was the all-dayer at **The Old Angel**. Ten bands in seven hours proved that we are here to stay. **X Cathedra** proved to be the hit of the day with a blinding fusion of punk and ska. **Spithead** had the whole place moving enough to end up in the room beneath. **Mere Dead Men**, last-minute stand-in for **Rectify** deserve a special mention for their Penetration- style pogo music. Their new EP *Take What You Can* is out now on Weird Records, a snip at £2 from PO Box 69, NORWICH NR2 2RU. Up and coming gigs: **English Dogs / Short n Curlies / Suicidal Supermarket Trolleys** (Dec. 10th Manchester); **Angus Babysits His Younger Brother**, Nottm. Anti-Fascist Alliance benefit gig, bands t.b.c. (Dec. 12th, Nottm. Old Angel); **Nerves / Stalingrad / Baby Seals** (Dec. 15th, Old Angel); **The Sunshine Tours Chaos Outing** to Bradford for an all-dayer of pure punk rock mayhem (coach leaves Old Angel Dec. 17th. Tickets £4 from Andy of **Substandard** who are playing.)

A couple of good fanzines have arrived this month. Firstly **H.A.G.L.** (#25) with **Cock Sparrer, Distortion, Sloppy Seconds** and loads more from Trev, 57 Briardene, Burnopfield, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE NE16 6LJ. Then there's **Anal Control** (#3) with **The Business, Short n Curlies, The Fat Controller, English Dogs** and buckets more from Box 999, 26a Hookshall Drive, DAGENHAM Essex RM10 7BL.

FRIED IN CIDER PLAYLIST

1. **SHORT N CURLIES** *Nuts As Fuck*
2. **VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Punkorama* (Epitaph)
3. **THE BUSINESS** *Keep The Faith* (Century Media)
4. **BRUTAL JUICE** *I Love The Way They Scream When They Die* (Alternative Tentacles)
5. **WHITE FLAG** *Step Back* (Just For Fun)

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THE X-RAYS *Beer n Speed* EP
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The Fat Dead Nazi

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DJ Walt (Shaka Kandi) at Skyy, 22nd & 29th Dec. photo: Asher Williams

saturday 10th

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Nottingham Old Angel
SEAMUS O'BIVION
Filly & Firkin

TONY KELLY & KELLY'S EYE
Mechanics Arms

JUDE
The Narrowboat

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
MIGHTY HOUSE ROCKERS
8pm The Running Horse

NEVERLAND
Rock City

POTEEN
Behan's

VENUS / FRANK TARDIS
W. Bridgford Britannia Club
THE RAZORS
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

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Mechanics Arms

THE FOOTWARMERS noon
JUBA eve
The Bell Inn

NIGHTSHIFT

ZLATNI RAT
Mansfield Stockwells

ABK
The Town Mill

LED ASTRAY
Derby The Where House

RUTHLESS BLUES
Ambergate Hurt Arms

BACKSTREET BOYS
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

MY DOG HAS NO NOSE
Sileby The Fountain Inn

CHELSEA / PANIC
Leics. The Charlotte

monday 12th

DUM DUMS / CRUNCHBIRD
NAFA Benefit Nottm. Old Angel

TERRY SWAN & STEVE PINNOCK
Running Horse

OMEGA
The Bell Inn

THE DAMNED
£8 adv. Rock City

BLAGGERS ITA
TRAVIS CUT
Derby The Where House

BLOODFISH / HONEY
Leics. The Charlotte

monday 12th

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
Nottm. Golden Fleece

JOHN & LAWRENCE
Smokescreen Skyy Club

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Running Horse

R&B JAM
Old Vic

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE QUINT.
Sam Fay's

BEHIND THE BIKESHEDS
Jacksdale Portland Arms

CARTER USM
£8. Derby University

DETRIMENTAL / KK KINGS
The Where House

HUW LLOYD LANGTON
Leics. The Charlotte

SMILE BABY / GINGER
Chesterfield Montmartres

THE DAMNED
£8 adv. Sheff. The Leadmill

wednesday 14th

MIXMASTER MORRIS
ANTI TV Eargasm

BEARCAT CAJUN PLAYBOYS
jazz & roots mix Nottm. Bellamy's Bar

FLAVATASAVA / LOVELEE
The Old Vic

EXCESSAWEEZ / DAVE
Skyy Club

COLIN STAPLES
jam Running Horse

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
W. Bridgford Skylarks

SHADOWPLAY
Mansfield The Folkhouse

THE KERRYS
The Woodpecker

MIGHTY HOUSE ROCKERS
Derby Bell Hotel

MARTIN PLEASS
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

DETRIMENTAL
£4/3 Leics. The Charlotte

thursday 15th

WHOLESUME FISH
Nottm. Running Horse

WHOLESUME FISH / SAD
JUNK ORANGE / RINGSNATCH
£5 adv. Leics. The Charlotte

BLIND MOLE RAT
ESCAPE PARTY The Royal Mail

STEVE LAMACQ
ADAM MORLEY
£4.50/4 Sheff. The Leadmill

sunday 18th

BAND OF GYPSIES
Nottm. Running Horse

FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN
Golden Fleece

EAMON GETHINGS DUO
Mechanics Arms

CATHODE NATION
Old Angel

THE RATTLERS
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

STONED AT THE GROCERS
Derby The Where House

THE COUGARS
Ambergate Hurt Arms

BLOW
Leics. The Charlotte

ROGER MONKHOUSE
And Y Not Comedy Club

THE RAZORS
Mansfield Town Mill

JETSTREAM WHISKEY
Stockwells

monday 19th

AB\CD / AIN'T LIZZY
BURN / VIVID
Rock Ball £5 adv. 8pm till 2am

TERRY SWAN & STEVE PINNOCK
Running Horse

OMEGA
Bell Inn

DUMB / CARPETMEN
Wonderful Fall Old Angel

MICK PINI BAND
Langley Mill Potters Club

DUKE LA RUE
& THE BLUE DUKES
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

THE SEA / JUNK ORANGE
£3/2.50

PERFUME
THE UGLY MUSIC SHOW
unplugged Leics. The Charlotte

OUTCRY
Royal Mail

TASTY TIM / SCULLY
Rise £5/7 Sheff. The Leadmill

saturday 17th

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
HARRY & THE GROWLERS
8pm Nottm. Running Horse

ACME STRING BAND
THE NAVIGATORS
Old Vic

SONS OF ERRIS
Mechanics Arms

AUDREY / MONKHOUSE
Filly & Firkin

RAMLEH
Narrowboat

DUM DUMS
Old Angel

GLORY STRUMMERS
Rock City

DELIRIUM
Sutton In Ashfield Blue Bell Inn

WHOLESUME FISH
E. Mids. Airport Pathfinders Club

CARCASS / CUBANATE
£5 adv. Leics. The Charlotte

BLIND MOLE RAT
ESCAPE PARTY The Royal Mail

STEVE LAMACQ
ADAM MORLEY
£4.50/4 Sheff. The Leadmill

sunday 18th

BAND OF GYPSIES
Nottm. Running Horse

FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN
Golden Fleece

EAMON GETHINGS DUO
Mechanics Arms

CATHODE NATION
Old Angel

THE RATTLERS
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

STONED AT THE GROCERS
Derby The Where House

THE COUGARS
Ambergate Hurt Arms

BLOW
Leics. The Charlotte

ROGER MONKHOUSE
And Y Not Comedy Club

THE RAZORS
Mansfield Town Mill

JETSTREAM WHISKEY
Stockwells

monday 19th

AB\CD / AIN'T LIZZY
BURN / VIVID
Rock Ball £5 adv. 8pm till 2am

TERRY SWAN & STEVE PINNOCK
Running Horse

OMEGA
Bell Inn

PUNK PARTY

AOS 3 / BENDER / CHIN
£3/2 Leics. The Charlotte

TOM ROBINSON / TV SMITH
ANDY WHITE
£7 adv. Sheffield The Leadmill

tuesday 20th

MONKEY PUZZLE
Nottingham Golden Fleece

WHITE RIOT
Rock City Disco II

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Running Horse

BLUE HORIZON
Bell Inn

THE GRANDMOTHERS
...OF INVENTION

JOHN DA SILVA / THE TWINS
Derby The Where House

STEVE MACKNESS
Leics. Mosquito Coast

wednesday 21st

Jam Nottingham Running Horse
ALADDIN PAIN
Alternative Pantomime Old Angel

EAT STATIC
Marcus Garvey Centre

BUD BONGO / LOVELEE
EXCESSAWEEZ / DAVE
Skyy Club

THEY GO BOOM
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

CHEMICAL
Mansfield The Woodpecker

JUNK ORANGE / VIVID
ESPRIT DE CORPS
The Yard

MIDNIGHT PUMPKINS
Derby Bell Hotel

GLAMARAMA
The Where House

ARNIE & STUPID FRIENDS
Leics. The Charlotte

thursday 22nd

MOTHERS OF THE FUTURE
Nottingham Sam Fay's

SEAMUS O'BIVION & THE
MEGADEATH MORRISMEN
Running Horse

ALADDIN PAIN
Alt. Panto. Old Angel

FUZZBU / WALT
KING CUNDY & THE SHERIFF
IMMERSION SOUND
Sweet Potato £2 The Skyy Club

THE RATTLERS
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
Derby The Where House

80° IN THE SHADE
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

GALAHAD
Mansfield Town Mill

OLD SCHOOL
The Plough

SOFT TOUCH SAMBA BAND
Leics. The Royal Mail

DIESEL PARK WEST
£4/3 The Charlotte

friday 23rd

FRANCIS
Nottm. Old Vic

CHAMPION THE UNDERDOG
Running Horse

CHEESETRUCK
Old Angel

JIM VINCENT
Mechanics Arms

CHICKEN ASS BLUES BAND
Langley Mill Potters Club

NEVERLAND
£5 adv. Derby Assembly Rooms

AB\CD / STRANGE BREW
Leics. Royal Mail

THE CHARMERS
unplugged The Charlotte

THE BIRTHDAYS
ATOMIC KANDY
The Charlotte

PETE HELLER / SULLY
Rise £8/6 Sheffield The Leadmill

saturday 24th

PHAT WAX
£1 ticket only Nottm. Bellamy's Bar

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
BLIND N DANGEROUS 8pm

EAMON GETHINGS DUO
Mechanics Arms

DELIRIUM
Mansfield The Rushley

CHICAGO HOODS
Barton U Needwood Top Bell

DJ GUS
Leics. The Charlotte

DJ ADAM MORLEY
£5 adv. Sheff. The Leadmill

monday 26th

KELLY'S HEROES
noon Nottm. The Old Vic

TERRY ASWAN & STEVE PINNOCK
The Running Horse

SHAMUS O'BIVION & THE
MEGADEATH MORRISMEN
Golden Fleece

POTEEN
Mechanics Arms

JOHN (BREEZE)
FRAN (SMOKESCREEN)
Free Party The Skyy Club

OMEGA
The Bell Inn

tuesday 27th

BLUE HORIZON
Nottm. The Bell Inn

R&B JAM
Old Vic

FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
Running Horse

COUNTRY PARTNERS
Mechanics Arms

wednesday 28th

ALL SYSTEMS GO
The fight continues

COLIN STAPLES
Jam Running Horse

EXCESSAWEEZ
Skyy Club

ELECTRIC GYPSIES
Mansfield The Woodpecker

thursday 29th

CABALA
BLEEDING PRINCIPLE
Free Nottm. Sam Fay's

AFTER MIDNIGHT
Running Horse

DJ WALT (SHAKA KANDI)
KING CUNDY & SHERRIFF
ROB (SMOKESCREEN)
Sweet Potato £2 The Skyy Club

WILKO JOHNSON BAND
Derby The Where House

MARTYN BROWN BAND
Mansfield The Plough

MARK PRICE
Leics. The Bayou Club

BALAAM & THE ANGEL
FREE SPIRIT
£5 adv. The Charlotte

friday 30th

FOCTOR DISH
Nottm. The Old Angel

OLD SCHOOL
Runing Horse

THE MIGHTY QUINN
Mechanics Arms

BLIND N DANGEROUS
Langley Mill Potters Club

THE KERRYS
M'field Wd'house Portland Arms

MACHINE BREAKER
Leics. Royal Mail

MEDICINE SHACK
£3 The Charlotte

ALISTAIR WHITEHEAD
£7/5 Sheff. The Leadmill

saturday 31st

FLAVATASAVA
Ticket Only Nottm. Bellamy's Bar

THE NAVIGATORS 3pm
THE DT'S 8pm

THE NAVIGATORS
8pm The Running Horse

PATTON & KELLY
Mechanics Arms

WHOLESUME FISH / PABLO
ROB SMITH / BRIN
Skyy Club

R CAJUN & THE ZYDECO BROTHERS
Derby Assembly Rooms

THE RAZORS
NOTORIOUS DAWSON BROS
Leics. Bayou Club

DJ SOOKIE
Sheffield The Leadmill

HAPPY NEW YEAR

1995 JANUARY
sunday 1st

MICK PINI BAND
Nottm. Running Horse

THE FOOTWARMERS noon
JUBA 8pm

ROBESSE
Mind Your Shed Skyy Club

THE COVENANT
Mansfield Town Mill

NECTAR / BOOFY HEAD
£1 Leics. The Charlotte

on y va qui
mal
y dapee

mondaze

THE PANGALACTIC
GARGLE BLASTER
Skyy Club

HEAVEN & HELL
The Where House

JAZZ INFUSION
Cookie Club

AURORA LIGHTS
Hearty Goodfellow

BOUNCING BABIES
Ritzzy

tuesdaze

SERVE CHILLED
Cookie Club

STUDENT MANIA
Ritzzy

wednesdaze

EARGASM
Bellamy's Bar

GRANDSTAND
The Where House

INDIE GO GO
Cookie Club

EXCESSAWEEZ
Skyy

DOUBLE SIX
Beatroot

thursdaze

TEN
The Where House

DAZZLE
The Garage

AURORA LIGHTS
Hearty Goodfellow

LIVE AT SAM FAY'S
Sam Fay's

ANADINE
Beatroot

RETRO NITE
Cookie Club

fridaze

TUMMY TOUCH / SEARCH
The Staircase

BIG CHEESE PHAT WAX
Bellamy's

FRENZY
Beatroot

ROCK 'N' RALLY
Hearty Goodfellow

TITTER
The Zone

HOUSE NIGHT
Skyy Club

1. BREEZE / HOT BUTTER
2. INDIE FRENZY
Beatroot

SMASHED / GROOVE
The Where House

saturdaze

FAITH
Skyy Club

FUNKY COOKIE
Cookie Club

LIFE
Beatroot

THE CRASH
Hearty Goodfellow

CLUB MIXES
Bellamy's

ALTERNATIVE NIGHT
Rock City

DRIVE
The Fan Club

sundaze

MIND YOUR SHED
You're going home in a fuckin' ambulance
Skyy Club

AERIAL

A guide to groovy local radio
THE BEAT / BACK-A-YARD
BBC Radio Nottingham

Saturdays 7 till 11pm 103.8FM
MARK SPIVEY SHOW
Trent FM

Sat 10pm till 2am 96 FM
GLOBE
107.7 FM 24 hrs

HEATWAVE CR
87.9 FM 24hrs

MARK SHELTON
BBC Radio Derby

Sunday 4-6pm 104.5FM
JOHN SINCLAIR'S Friday FM
BBC Radio Leicester

7-9pm 104.9 FM
UNIVERSITY RADIO
NOTTINGHAM

term-time only 97.8 FM

THE 45 X 45 on 17.8cm of PLEASURE CHART

Greetings poplings! Who says the 7" record is a thing of the past? Well, it nearly was, until recently when our very own correspondent and dirty hoarder Christine Chapel was cruelly evicted from her home for refusing to turn the landlord's knob (on the door, you understand, to let him in). Anyway, we had a staff/house-cooling party there prior to helping move all her effects, and what should we find buried in a corner but almost a year's supply of lovely 7" (17.8cm) records! In fact there were 45 in all, just by coincidence, which she had smuggled from the office over the months with every intention of reviewing (honest, she says) but had somehow gotten buried under the clothes and books and shoes and tapes and paraphernalia of post-modern living. It is also very dark in her flat. So without further ado the (by this time rather tired and emotional) ensemble of house coolers decided to carry out emergency review procedures, rewired the hi-fi and sat down to a marathon binge of vinyl mania. "Fuck this," said the editor pulling a half-full can of Red Stripe from beneath an upturned plant pot, "we'll be here all night. Let's just compile a chart." Everyone agreed (except Christine who, disgraced, was in the kitchen unpacking the coffee machine) so a system of points was worked out and the Overhung jury formed into an untidy semicircle around the hi-fi and began judgement. Points were awarded to each side of each record from +5 to -5 for musical content with bonus points awarded for things like being from Nottingham, not being from Nottingham (e.g. being from Berlin, being Irish), coloured vinyl, being on tour, having more than one track on one side (both A, AA or B, or C and D sides were dutifully played), and for including stickers, sleeve design, being on Flower Shop, violence, and for being Johnny Violent (+3, so ignore that one). Points were deducted for being sad, making it rain, for being on the label which dropped Ultraviolence, dodgy sleeve designs, cover versions and for being girlies, boring etc. etc. These are the results.

ARTIST	Title	Points
1. JOHNNY VIOLENT	North Korea Goes Bang (Earache)	23
2. YOUNG DISCIPLES	All I Have In Me (Talkin Loud)	21
= REEF	Good Feeling/ Choose to Live (Reef)	21
= THE DIVINE COMEDY	A Drinking Song (Setanta)	21
6. PARALLAX	Bullet Proof Zero/ Escape to Poland (Mute)	19
6. REV HORTON HEAT/ SUPERSUCKERS	400 Bucks/Caliente (Sub Pop)	17
7. EGGS	The Govt Administrator/ Sugar Babe (Hemiola)	16
8. WASP FACTORY	Just Because/ Faking It (Ella)	15
9. KINKY MACHINE	Supernatural Giver/ Blue Polythene (Lemon)	14
10. DAMBUILDERS	Smell/ Shrine (Krunch!)	12
= LUNG	Swing/ Sub (Play It Again Sam/ Survival)	12
12. THE RIBBON TEARS	Yesterday/ Rollercoaster (Freeway)	11
= PO!	Grains of Sand EP (Rutland)	11
= LIGAMENT	Three Dimensional Pumping Heart (Flower Shop)	11
15. STRANGELOVE	Time For The Rest Of Your Live (Food)	11
= BUNTY CHUNKS	Muck For Skinheads (Noiseburger)	11
17. GONZO SAVAGE COMPANY	Real Scum Muses/ Poverty (Practical Payola)	8
= 67	Gadget/ Collapse (Southern)	8
= HUGGY BEAR	Dissthenic Penetration (Wiiija)	8
20. PORCH	Expectorant Iceberg (Alternative Tentacles)	6
= TINDERSTICKS	Untitled/ The Bullring (Quicksilver)	6
22. ROSAMOTA	FV3431/ Little Ways (Flower Shop)	5
= CATCHERS	Cotton Dress/ Dead Friends Fall (Setanta)	3
24. DIE MONSTER DIE	Slumber/ Pennies (Roadrunner)	3
= TALL	Sun, Sakes and Heroines (Servo)	3
= DELICIOUS MONSTERS	Snuggle/ Simulate (Flute)	3
= CELL	Fall/ Circles (City Slang)	3
= SHARON TATE'S CHILDREN	Just Another Simple Lovesong / Give It (42 Records)	3
29. TC HUG	Find/ Walnut Xanadu (Playtime)	2
= VOODOO QUEENS	Kenuwee Head/ Girl Solo (Too Pure)	2
31. TSUNAMI	Be Like That/ Newspaper (Simple Machines)	1
= FLATBACK 4	Syringe E.P. (Purely For Pleasure)	1
33. SMALL	Useless/ Chopsocky (Alias)	0
34. BEATNIK FILMSTARS	Lap Dog Kiss E.P. (La-Di-Da)	-1
35. 18th DYE	Dive/ Can You Wink (Che)	-2
= GENE	Child's Body/ For the Dead (Cost)	-2
37. AMERICAN TV COPS	Sleeper/ Thirst (Pest)	-4
38. SCUD	Po Face/ Pearl Necklace (BGR)	-6
= VELOCITY GIRL	Audrey's Eyes/ Stupid Thing (Sub Pop)	-6
= AIRES DALES	Baby America (Gutter Snipe)	-6
41. LEMON CURD	A Day In The University/ Nemo's Land (Scornflakes Zoo)	-9
42. LOVECHILD	Stumbling Back/ Six of One (City Slang)	-17
= SLIPSTREAM	Sundown / Sweet Mercy (Che)	-17
44. NIGHTBLOOMS	Never Dream At All / It's Allright (BGR)	-18
45. THE AUTEURS	Modern History (Hut)	-21

Next month: The Missing Demo Tapes of NG7.

vinolution:



SKINK *Deaf To Suggestion* (BGR)
Nottingham's own BGR label give us Langley Mill's finest. As it says "11 slabs of no nonsense industrial metal". Clear production courtesy of Alex Newport (Fudge Tunnel/Nailbomb) this rages like a good 'un. The drum sound makes me understand what the bodyshop at Dagenham must sound like — fucking hell. Outstanding track is *A Drug Called Religion*. The CD also includes the last single *Violence/100 Tons*. See them on tour with Fudge Tunnel soon. **TFDN**

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Brazilica* (Talkin Loud)
" " *Blue Brazil* (Blue Note)
A feast of latin jazz is unleashed this month, with the release of these two compilation albums. *Blue Brazil* is a collection of classic cuts heard on the hottest dance-floors, the stand-out track being the hard-to-get-hold-of *Aldeia De Ogum* by Joyce. *Brazilica* contains rarer cover versions of classic tracks such as Gilberto Gil's version of Sergio Mendes' classic *Roda*. Both double albums are excellent value for money, and a good starting point for those who like latin jazz but are unsure what to buy.

RYMES WITH ORANGE *Peel* (Pinnacle)
Rymes With Orange are Canada's no. 1 selling independent band. Their power pop riffs are as infectious as Beijing 'flu but there is little more to report. These tracks are so jolly it ends up pissing you off. Canadian culture has definitely infiltrated their music. Ask them to record their next record in sunny Notts and they would probably sound like God Machine. That aside, the cover of the *Small Faces* *Itchycoo Park* is quite groovy. **Monty**

STABBING WESTWARD *Ungod* (Columbia)
They hail from Chicago, have toured with Therapy?, Front 242, Primal Scream, reputed to be a gas live, this is their new offering, produced by one John Fryer who amongst other things has twiddled knobs for the much lauded Nine Inch Nails. Comparisons with Trent's stuff are not entirely unfounded, having similarly hard beats and relentless riffs. But the Stabbers do possess a certain indefinable something that separates them from the rest of the pack; perhaps it is their penchant for creating a mood (albeit a threatening one) or their ear for a good melody; whatever it is, the results make compelling listening. So get down to your local Mr. Branson shop and ask them to play you *Control*, *Nothing* or the title track *Ungod* on their infamous listening posts. I think you'll like what you hear. **J. W. Haylock**

BOLTHROWER *For Victory* (Earache)
If there is any such thing as a typical Earache release this is it. Starting with the instrumental fury of *War* straight into *Remembrance*, this disc gives you no breaks. Very like label mates Entombed this is brutal power metal (what would have once been called crossover). If you like Slayer you'll love *Silent Demise*. Incidentally initial copies of this come with a bonus *Live In Manchester* free CD. What more reason do you need? There you are — I didn't mention Games Workshop once.

PEGBOY *Earwig* (1/4 Stick)
Ex-members of Naked Raygun, The Effigies, Bloodsport and the Bhopal Stiffs produce a polished hardcore outing made more sterile by the overrated production of Steve Albini. Don't get me wrong, this is good mid-tempo American hardcore, the new Green Day fans will love it, but for me it all blended track into track after a few songs, it's almost too clean for it's own good. 'Revolver (an old Mission Of Burma track) and Blister are the outstanding tracks. The press release says "Pegboy...have weeded out all the noxious elements that virtually destroyed punk...perverse fashion sense, gratuitous violence..." Fuck that, it's part of the reason I got into punk in the first place. If you can't stand the heat.... **TFDN**



TELEVISION OVERDOSE *Turing Test* (Cyberworks)
At a recent TVOD gig I witnessed an amusing sight. A rather large, burly skinhead brushed by me uttering the words, "This band are scary." I barely had time to laugh before he was out of the door. TVOD's visual and sonic nightmare has begun. This record is a treat. Cyber art in the extreme, *Vertical Knife Edge* slices through your consciousness, while its pulse like hypnotic beat renders your body a vessel for industrial nightmares. Television Overdose skate across the barren landscapes of Skinny Puppy/Frontline Assembly but have captured an unmistakably unique sound. Watch for future Cyberworks releases. **Monty**

NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN *522 LP* (Sony)
A 22-tracker of B-sides, bits and bobs for £5.22 in an attempt to stifle the flow of extortionately priced japanese imports. Skimming through you'll find *Saturday Night*, *Faceless* and *I've Never Been To Me* (you know the one) to name but a few. These nice boys from the Midlands have even included two new tracks, *Wirey* and *Perfectly Rounded*. Safe, indie power pop is what the kids want; here's 22 tracks of it.

FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY *Millennium EP* (Roadrunner)
So FLA have grown their hair, are sporting motorbike jackets and have even switched to Roadrunner. Yep, drums that sound like drums and Metallica/Pantera guitar samples. Before you tech heads don your running shoes, *Millennium* really does put Nitzer Ebb and Cubanate firmly in their place. Leeb and Fulber have been making brilliant body music for thirteen years and this LP has a distinct *Caustic Grip* feel about it. The guitar samples just add a new angle to the aural chaos which FLA pioneer. *This Faith* sees them retreat to *Tactical days* — dark, sweeping synth pieces which give you goose bumps. A word: Don't listen to *Plasma Springs* in the dark.

DOG EAT DOG *All Boro Kings LP* (Roadrunner)
This debut by a band who defy classification is nothing short of excellent. They spring from a melting pot labelled 'Hip Hop, Rap, Hardcore and lots of Humour', a unique concoction which is gonna pack dance-floors. They have been mixing with Biohazard, Bad Brains and The Goats. *If These Are Good Times* and *Pull My Finger* are the outstanding tracks. They have taken the sound of New York and made the sound of Dog Eat Dog. Impressive.

SCARCE *All Sideways EP* (Big Cat)
Grinding, chugging, cumbersome rhythm guitar and lump hammer drumming hinder the tempo of these tired-sounding tracks. The female vocals on the title track are just what you would expect from a run of the mill indie band. On *It Was Dry Chick Granning* (ex-Anastasia Screamed) puts his foot on the accelerator a little — louder, faster and altogether a better track. Scarce have played with Grant Lee Buffalo and are touring soon.

SANGLADDER *Dissent EP* (Kill City)
Sandladder's debut is an impressive delivery. Great West Coast hardcore in the Style of small 23 and Arches Of Loaf. Powerful without being punk.

BEASTIE BOYS (Capitol)
This four tracker from the Beastie Boys just goes to show, if you're good it doesn't matter what the sceptics say. *Sure Shot* (the *Ill Communication* LP mix) opens, followed by *Mullet Head* — strictly hardcore. *Son Of Neckbone* sounds like a dodgy seventies TV movie soundtrack but this versatility is the basis of the Beastie's success. They're her for the duration so like them or fuck off. **Monty**

THE KEATONS *The Beige Album* (Dog Fish)
Beautiful garage pop from Welwyn Garden City, sort of *Fiction Romance*-era Buzzcocks. A more pop version of Swell Maps and of a certain John Peel fave. Garage pop has never been the motorway to stardom but following tours with Blur and the Boo Radleys, The Keatons seem to have at least made it onto the hard shoulder. This is a breath of fresh air in the face of over-produced, pre-packaged designer pop and soulless techno. Gimme more of this — music played by real people in sweaty clubs.

DEVOID *Songs Of Mass Destruction* (Energy Records)
Technotrash fusion of Napalm Death and The Cult. Singer Rob Stroud was an original member of Sex Gang Children and guitarist Tim Brichenon used to be in Sisters Of Mercy and All About Eve. The result: techno-Goth. Worth getting out of your coffin for.

SPOILER Crashpad (Matador)
Something For Nothing kicks off a scorching Low Rider of an album. Singer Lin sounds like a more gutsy Sleeper and guitarist Mark (ex-Live Skull) would be well at home in the Buzzcocks. At times (*4 Walls*) this reminds me of an up-tempo Patti Smith. *Crashpad* is a sexy blend of chaos theory and satin sheets.

KILL CREEK *St. Valentine's Garage* (Mammoth)
Kill Creek come from small town America (Lawrence, Kansas) and prove that geography is no handicap when it comes to emotional guitar-heavy power bursts. The fuckers are turning up all over y'shop. A cool album from the early REM school popular amongst baggy jumper and goatee indie students. This is just clever enough to assure them obscurity and hence hipness. Gary Crowley will love 'em. **TFDN**

HYSON GREEN WHOLEFOODS
sells
take away snacks....
samosas pakoras spring rolls
pasties sos/nut rolls
pizza quiche pies
vegan sweets....
fruit crumble flapjack
sugar-free cakes
chocolate cake
chilled drinks....
puddings fruit juice
strawberry/chocolate soya milk
a range of untreated bread....
granary wholemeal organic
rye barley brown multigrain
frozen veggieburgers sosages tempeh
tofu houmous miso soya yoghurts
free range eggs soya milk
plus a wide selection of...
beans peas lentils
grains cereals flours
nuts dried fruit
fruit and herb teas
herbs and spices
essential oils
72 radford road hyson green nottingham
tel 702056
a workers' co-operative



MARXMAN *The Cynic* EP (Talkin Loud)
Whassinnit? For The Cynic they ask. Well, to be frank and cynical, not much really. The beats are here if a little hackneyed, also the ubiquitous mosh mix. But those not concerned with originality will find this a pleasant listen as well as value for money at seven tracks. *Ager To Returner* is a cool, laid-back groove with a jazzy trumpet solo running through it. Good lyrics are their strong point throughout especially *Whose Side Are You On?* . If the only reason you don't like House Of Pain is because they are knuckle heads, then give this a listen. Oh, and there's a real guitar solo on the mosh mix. **Damage**

GOD BULLIES
Kill The King (Alternative Tentacles)
"You call me paranoid, I'm just trying to be aware"
—Neighbourhood Kid
Proving once again that there is no such thing as a typical Alternative Tentacles release, the God Bullies are a celebration of all things sick. You can hear the obvious influences (Birthday party, Butthole Surfers, False Prophets) and this album marks the advent of a whole new musical genre— Deathbilly. This fusion of swamp metal and psychobilly is fucking intense. *Pretty On The Inside* (dedicated to Courtney Love) is the sickest thing I've heard for yonks. I've got to see this lot live. **TFDN**

NEW MODEL ARMY
Vengeance 1994 (Abstract Sounds)
A re-release/remix, necessitated by the need to: "Agitate and organise, protest and survive. Kill the Criminal Justice Bill. " Slade The Leveller has long since refused to include this highly motivated track in the NMA live set, following the death of an audience member while it was being thrashed out during its original release. NMA train-spotters are able to recall the rare times when the need has been felt to play it, one such memorable occasion being at Rock City, 1988, in response to a dispute between the management and individual DJs. Any subsequent public responsibility for *Vengeance* concerns using the song to draw attention to the issues which Slade wishes to address. The '94 conception contains four new mixes plus the original. The Jungle beats on *Zion Train Right To Silence* mix are probably the most effective, linking the hard message with the ugliness and speed of that mix. The original message behind *Vengeance* was of the discrimination within the Criminal Justice System and in particular how organised drug gangs are able to exploit the law at the expense of their users. Ten years on this concern still exists although now it has been widened since the discrepancies brought about through the Criminal Justice Act will favour one group over another in all areas to which the Act applies. **Tricky Skills Jase**

ROSA MOTA *Asbestos Frenz* EP (13th Hour)
In your face chunky guitars give way to cutie girl vocals. *Asbestos Frenz* is essential. The Breeders and Pixies are obvious comparisons, but this London five-piece snare in the face of their contemporaries. Two fingers in the air— we can do it better. And they do. **TFDN**

NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEED
Red Right Hand EP (Mute)
Nick Cave, no introduction required. This LP is largely recorded ad lib and of course you can't tell which is a tribute to his talent. The two previously unreleased tracks, *This Is What Jazz Is To Me* and *Where The Action Is* were recorded when the *Let Love In* lp was in full swing. I could listen to these guys ad libbing passages from the Bible all day. Enough said.

SWAMP TERRORISTS *Combat Shock*
Best record I've heard all year. With their clinically aggressive sampled guitar wrapped in a sequenced barrage of eerie synth work, Swamp Terrorists make Ministry sound like pretenders. The vocals are hard, the music harder; this bombshell rests comfortably in the same league as Skinny Puppy's *Too Dark Park*. I am sure this warped duo have taken their recording equipment to hell to collect their sounds. These bass-lines could realign vital organs. Santa will be busy with this one. **Monty**

SENSELESS THINGS
Christine Keeler EP (Epic)
Christine Keeler, back when mini skirts and thigh boots could get you beyond the lobby. Sleaze, sleaze, it's all we see in the press, why don't we get any decent sex scandals? Is it because the Tories are so fucking ugly? But I digress. This is good pop punk bristling with hooks and harmonies, almost the Buzzcocks but not quite. *The Revivalist* reminds me of White Flag, well structured but urgent power pop. "And as for the good news, there is no good news" — *Driving on the Right*. Gotta say it: I love this. **TFDN**

ORANGE DELUXE
The Stripper (Dead Dead Good)
Orange Deluxe have been delving through the history of rock and have come up with a simple little number based on staccato rhythms and a cyclical guitar riff. *The Stripper* still has the odd connection with their previous outfit 5.30 mainly because an old mod never dies he just keeps going round in circles, bit like this.

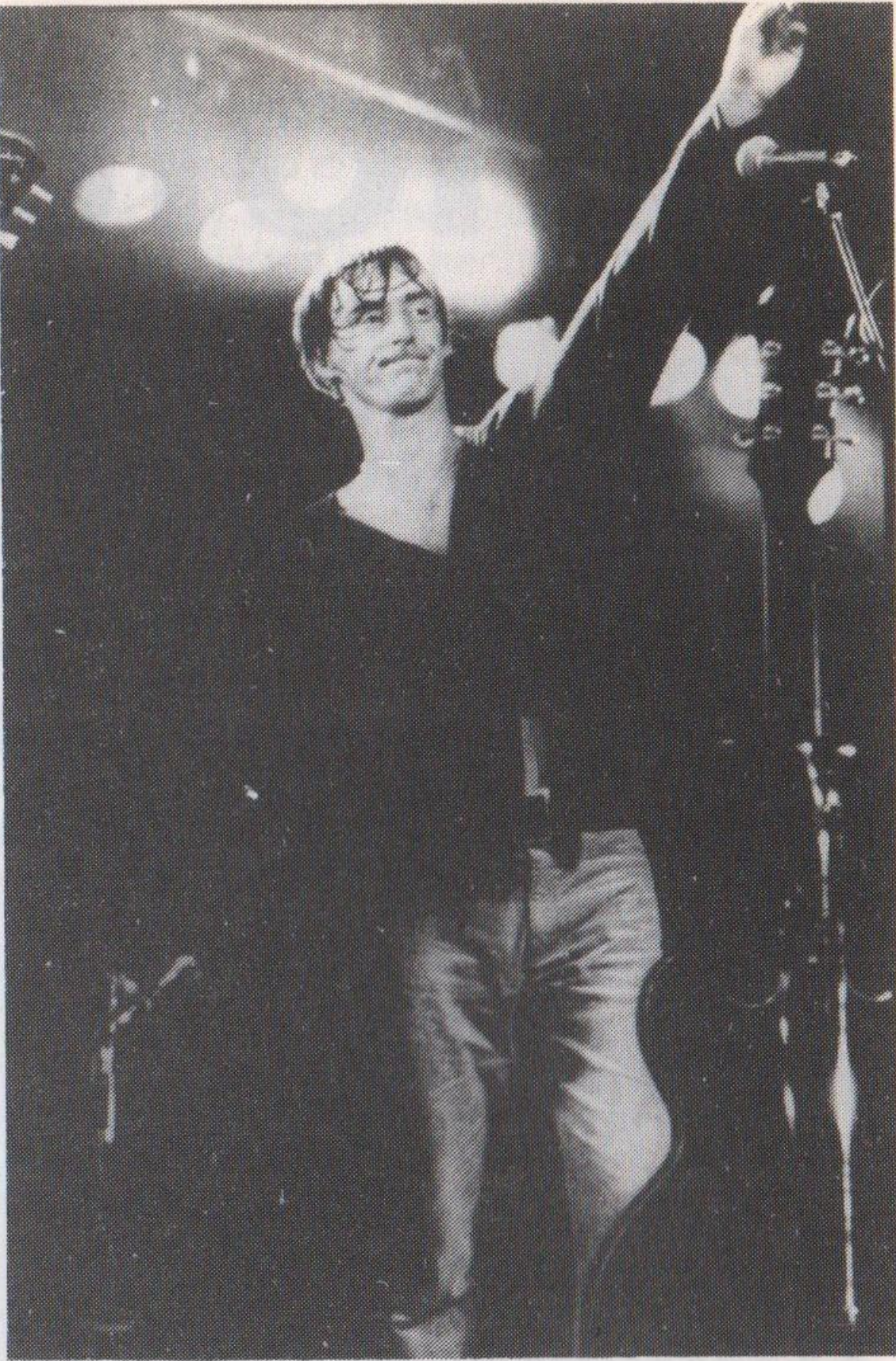
VELO DELUXE *Superelastic* (Mammoth)
Another US band, notable for the inclusion of John Strohm, ex of The Blake Babies, Antenna and occasional Lemonhead, who seem eager to capture the heights occupied by Dinosaur Jr and My Bloody Valentine. All they do manage is writing a half decent tune which they then proceed to dose liberally with feedback and distortion. It's not really going to set the world on fire. **Dave Ellyatt**

NEW ORDER *True Faith 94* (London)
All I can say is that the original was a classic and that this is a rare thing, a classic that's been improved on. There is more depth and breadth this time round and *True Faith* ends up truly welcoming. Oh and it's the obligatory precursor to the Xmas greatest hits package.

SISTER BLISS with COLETTE
Can'tgatan Can'tgetajob (Life's a Bitch) (Go Beat)
A funky feminist inspired dance-floor filler. No doubt this anthem came about as a response to the patriarchal world of clubs and in particular the (almost) men only dominated world of DJs. I'm not quite sure exactly who Sister Bliss or even Collette are but yo, brothers, I for one certainly wouldn't mess with them; the anger of the vocals competes only with the aggressive bass line leaving a deadly combination sure to scare off the most hardened womaniser. "The fridge is empty, the cooker don't work, where's my money?/ I can get a job, but I don't want a job, it's just a bitch!" Lyrics that would reduce Peter Lilley and his fellow right wing bigots into the sort of ideological and dogmatic outburst which reveals what total simplistic, uneducated and plainly unpleasant individuals that they really are. Seems like a suitable enough reason to buy it. **Tricky Skills Jase**

CARTER USM *Let's Get Tattoos* EP (Chrysalis)
A bog standard Carter single— funny, uplifting, powerful and, as usual, taking the piss out of conventional culture. features versions of These Animal Men's *Speed King* and David Essex' *Silver Dream Machine*. And *Turbulence* is about being trapped on a stricken airliner full of Cliff Richard fans. Fucking brilliant.

HELMET *Wilma's Rainbow* EP (Atlantic)
More a mini lp featuring five live tracks recorded in the Olympic Auditorium, L.A., culled from the album *Betty* due for re-release. Slow grinding like Black Sabbath and later Black Flag but there's enough variation to keep up the interest and after a few listens my head starts banging. too hard to be a commercial success though I heard it at Rock City and it seemed popular amongst the air guitars. **TFDN**



PAUL WELLER photo: Pennie Smith
Out Of The Sinking (Go! Discs)
Having spent most of his career trying to escape from the grandiose rock scene of the 1970's, 'Growler' Weller decides: No wait! Let's return, and tries to re-enter through the back door with a Led Zep inspired power song. In theory it all sounds totally incompatible; the Modfather trying his best to ride a Harley Davidson. But this is the post-rave age (or so I have been told). Old and dated distinctions such as Mod/Rocker have crossed all boundaries and a more mature Weller is all too aware of this and hence manages to produce a song which borrows the most effective riffs and beats from both worlds. When a recorded track is usually described as having a 'live feel', what is meant more than often is that the production is lacking. *Out Of The Sinking* does have a live feel, and the strength of everything about the single as a piece of music makes the need for a salvage production job redundant. Weller also manages to include a bit of humour with a cover of Sexy Sadie. The Lennon/McCartney interplay is missing but we still get the point. You'll get yours yet.... **Tricky Skills Jase**

TRIBUTE TO NOTHING
Can't Get Up 7" (Free)
Angst-filled teeny-boppers Tribute To Nothing are making waves. Definite DC Soulside feel to this. I wouldn't want to be the parents of these noisy Brothers. **Monty**

BRUTAL JUICE *I Love The Way They Scream When They Die* LP (Alternative Tentacles)
Hardcore from Denton, Texas this live album of gut-wrenching power punk is a real knee in the bollocks. I cranked up the volume and all the neighbours shut their windows and started practising Voodoo on little fat wax effigies. Tracks such as *Lashings Of The Ultra-Violent* (*Clockwork Orange* is a big influence) *Hardcore & Wine* (an ode to drunken punks everywhere) and *Whorehouse Of Screams* (God knows what it's about but it rages) make this a monster track of an album which is bound to become a classic. Buy this and fuck the neighbours. **The Fat Dead Nazi**

JAMIROQUAI
The Return Of The Space Cowboy (Sony)
Although I approached this album with some trepidation (second albums are usually disappointing) it was a pleasant surprise. Gone are the preaching lyrics (well, almost) and the feeling of over-intensity, to be replaced by an eclectic mix of funky, soulful tunes. Sporting a new drummer, the band seem much tighter and Jay's voice has a more relaxed, looser feel, as on Mr. Moon. despite the improvements in Jay's delivery my favourite track is the instrumental *Return To Arnhemland* with, as on their first album, didgeridoo as lead instrument. I doubt this new one will win them many new fans but its good to see an improvement. **Damage**



GOD: Hell
VARIOUS ARTISTS *It's All True* (Harp/Big Cat)
Harp records from San Francisco is a pop punk label releasing predominantly female Punk bands. This comp. features 2 tracks each from 7 bands, so in running order we have: **Flophouse**, Strident pop vocals over a Ramones like soundtrack. **Spokepoker**, 5 piece from San Francisco, producing a Folkish sound not unlike Sinead O'Connor; **Goldenrods**, UK band from Essex who have a laid back MOR feel, a bit out of place on a pop punk comp. The sound washes over you without leaving a trace; **Lovenotes & Lithium** from Portland, Oregon, upbeat, hook ridden power pop, Altered Images-ish vocals, *Up!* sounds like a sixties B-movie soundtrack with vocals from Boy George!. **Malibu Barbi**, San Francisco surf punk not unlike a female Agent Orange. Wonderful; **Tribe 8**, raucous punk Dyke band, punk as fuck and in your face. **Lucy Stoners**, NY-based no wave, almost Grunge, strange disjointed sort of Lydia Lunch at times, I like this especially *AssHole* which sounds like an out-take from Patti Smith's *Easter* LP. All in all a functional sampler which makes me want to hear more, as a good sampler should.

WHITE FLAG
Thru The Trash Darkly 1982/92 Compilation (Munster)
A Spanish 'Best of' comp. of L.A.'s White Flag, who have been going for simply yonks. 34 tracks spanning the last 10 years. Covers include *In The City* The Jam, *Hot Rails from Hell* Blue Oyster Cult, *I'm Down* and *Ill be Back* The Beatles, *Demolition Girl* The Saints, and *Hes a Whore* Roger Nielson. All done with power and style, not so much rip offs as reinventions. *Loaded*, *Instant Breakfast* and *Shattered Badge* — Punk Rock classics, i n your face, trying to snag you with bad breath!. Every track on this record sounds like a Jehovah's Witness who upon entering your house, smiles, trashes your living room, kills your dog and then tries converting you to Christianity. Pop with harmonies gives way to Punk rock with a baseball bat. An essential Punk compilation. **The Fat Dead Nazi**

SKY CRIES MARY
A Return To The Inner Experience
THE PSYCLONE RANGERS
Feel Nice (World Domination)
A brace of albums, from a new label World Domination and rather as expected both albums don't form part of a simplistic corporated identity or exist as variations on one theme. The Psychlone Rangers' *Feel Nice* is a brash, kinda hillbilly punk rooted firmly in the garage traditions so loved by the Stooges as bizarrely fixated as The Cramps, but in their case it's the trash culture since the 50's rather than the trash culture of the 50's. It's the manic buzz of *I Wanna Be Jack Kennedy* and the post Seattle rasp of *Christie Indecision* that stay with me and if you want them to stay with you shoplift a copy today. Sky Cries Mary are on an entirely different kettle of fish or should I say burner of incense, varying between warped psychedelia, including a version of *2000 Light Years From Home* to blissed out erotic, ethnic mood pieces. It's when they venture into ambient waters that the vision works, *Walla Walla* and *Ocean Which Humanity Is* are absolute gems but on the whole they are just too clever and at times too close to gothdom.

BABYLON DANCE BAND
Four On One (Matador)
Babylon Dance Band are one of those supposedly legendary outfits of the American underground, pioneers of the Louisville scene. Shame they sound so much like so many other U.S. guitar bands or maybe it's the other way round. They poke their heads above the mass on the spunky *When I'm Home* and the sparse *Resources* but generally sound only slightly more passionate than average.

GOD *The Anatomy Of Addicton* (Big Cat)
The credits on this read like a who's who of the more obtuse end of hardcore. Something like Pigface pushed to the outer limits of jazzcore eclecticism proving virtually unlistenable except to the trained psyche. Hell.

SALT OF THE EARTH
Pictures Of Living (Museum)
This self-financed first album is a positive opening gambit by Salt Of The Earth. Sounding something akin to what Crowded House would be like if they had grown up in an English northern town instead of on Antipodean beaches they let the tunes flow in a simple manner, rolling like the countryside, broad and spacious. They can twist and turn from a basic accoustic arrangement such as *Let Sleeping Dogs Lie* to pure cheeky pop on *Always One For The Underdog*; all the time held to their purpose by Colin Kennaugh's fine voice and wry lyrics. He has a talent for slyly adapting those everyday cliched phrases to his purposes that nigh on matches Paul Heaton's. If you like your tunes all grewed up without them having gone past their sell by dates then this one might just be for you, and hey they need the money more than the Crash Test Dummies. **Dave Ellyatt**
(*Pictures Of Living is available for £8 including p+p from John Salisbury, 17 Market St., Edenfield, Nr. Bury, Lancashire, BLO 0JB*)

FRANK BLACK *Teenager Of The Year* (4AD)
The former Pixie's second album may clock in with 22 tracks, but the fact that the total playing time is only an hour gives you a clear indication as to the brief, bursting point of many of the songs. Opens *Whatever Happened To Pong?* and *Thalassocracy* barely reach 90 seconds each, and kick off a slew of cool, corrugated rockers. It's by no means all the sound of fury though, and the Neil Young-ish (*I Want To Live On An*) *Abstract Plain* is sheer splendour, as are the jangly *Calistan*, poppy new single *Headache*, and bluesy bruisers *Sir Rockaby* and *Speedy Marie*. Black has clearly felt at liberty to experiment with texture and tempo on this release, and it's arguably his most ingenious hour to date, destined to convert many who found The Pixies' often relentless discord too much of a grind.

LUSH *Split* (4AD)
Oh, the tangled lives and troubled lovelines of young girls today. Lush's second major album release opens the door into a room heaving almost relentlessly with broken relationships and burning angst. Although Mikki and Emma share the writing credits individually, there's almost no telling the pair apart lyrically or musically. And yet it all works so well most of the time, with Mike Hedges' production bringing Bereny's voice closer to the fore, and controlling Lush's hallmark guitar cascade on the punky strut of *Blackout*, and the raucous, twisted *Hypocrite*. *Absolute* standouts include the glacial opener *Light From A Dead Star*, the pensive sway of *Desire Lines* and elegiac closer *When I Die*. Heavy going in places, but Lush are well worth weathering the storm .

BREATHLESS *Heartburst* (Tenor Vossa)
Heartburst is a compilation of some memorable moments from the four Breathless albums to date. Always an intriguing band, balanced somewhere between The Cure, Pet Shop Boys and Psychedelic Furs, Breathless have never quite risen to the cream of the scene in the way many predicted. Maybe a lesser involvement in their own production credits, allowing more outside influences to control the consoles, would be a start for there's no great indication of production progression on Heartburst. That said, there's scarcely a track on offer that doesn't stir the soul via Dominic Appleton's wistful vocal phrasing. With such vital songs as *I Never Know Where You Are*, *You Can Call It Yours*, *Pride* and *Always*, you sense that Breathless are some sensitive secret waiting to interfere with you. **Gareth Thompson**

AFRICANDO
Vol 2: Tierra Tradicional (Stern's Africa)
Following the international success of 'Trovador' last year, the inspired collaboration of vocalists and NY Latin musicians under Ibrahim Sylla's production continues on this CD. The first was a brilliant, seamless fusion and a dance-floor essential, and I've been looking forward to this ever since I realised that 'Vol 1 implied more to come. It's been worth the wait. If anything, this is actually better, the stand out tracks including 'Tierra Tradicional' (in both mixes) and the fresh-as-a-terrier-at-a-leg-convention take of 'Sabador', better known as 'La Bamba'. "It lifts your spirit as it moves your feet," says the blurb on the back, and for once the PR department is understating its case. .

MADILU SYSTEM
Sans Commentaire (Stern's Africa)
Zairean dance music has long been synonymous with Franco's T.P.O.K. Jazz in its various guises, and Madilu Bialu was one of T.P.O.K.'s regular vocalists until Franco's death in 1989. This solo set certainly has its moments, but at over an hour's worth the loping guitars and vocal subtleties can become a touch repetitive. Perhaps it would help

to know the language, hear the stories being told here, but to a monoglot listener it is basically a nice background noise on low volume, and a foot-tapper rather than a dance-floor monster when turned up loud. High quality recording and great musicianship, but nothing to really set it apart from the pack.

TRUE BELIEVERS *Hard Road* (Rykodisc)
The True Believers were made up of veterans of all kinds of US underground scenes, and were one of those bands, like Big Star (a claimed influence), who were plagued by set-backs during their brief existence and granted near-legendary status in retrospect. This CD pulls together over 70 minutes worth of their three-guitar American Rock 'n' Roll and covers all the bases you'd expect of a band covering the Classic US Rock terrain. At their best, on tracks like *Train Round The Bend*, *Wild Eyed & Wound Up* and *Rain Won't Help You When It's Over*, they're a blistering proposition, full of blues-inspired force and wide-open space. At their worst, they're another US bar band churning out power-chords to no great effect. I preferred the earlier rough edges to the later polished production, but if you're into the Great Tradition of American Rawk, they're well worth a few listens. **Wayne Burrows**

WORLD OF LEATHER *Silver* EP (Soundcakes)
The title is a slightly edgy pop song about a lost dog. Distorted vocals can't disguise the lack of ideas and the other two tracks *I Lose Myself* and *Season Of Love* are twee pop songs with little or no lasting effect. At times it sounds like The Beatles, at others like a bad version of Magazine. Highly disposable.
For a band that have seven (yes count them, seven) guitarists you would have thought that at least one of them would have been able to come up with a great riff or at least a great idea. Dull and turgid, and if you want a song about a lost dog you should check out Pav's *Jessie*. **Dave Ellyatt / The Dead Fat Nazi**

VANILLA TRAINWRECK
Be A Sunny Beauty 1" (Mammoth)
Despite a cripplingly unfunny newspaper cut-up sleeve, this manages to win me over. Kak guitar pop, yes, but wonderful slices of noise scattered around threaten to destroy the songs, much to my delight. I doubt if I'll play it in a year's time, but....

THE ELASTIC PUREJOY
The Elastic Purejoy (World Domination)
The Elastic Purejoy is a vehicle for Dave Allen (ex-Gang Of Four and Low Pop Suicide) to explore his angles and angels. Virtually abandoning his bass for the microphone, Allen has made a damned weird record, maybe the Phoenix sun has got to him, veering from the claustrophobic punctual abrasion of the opening track *If Samuel Beckett Met Lenny Bruce*, to lo-fi doodlings that owe more than a nod to Sebadoh (in fact Sebadoh's *Soul And Fire* along with Brian Eno's *Stiff* turn up as covers). Allen is blessed with vision and the determination to support it. What drives him? The answer lies in *An Element Of Doubt: "the stench of pop dying is gagging me, and I want out."* Fortunately this album doesn't have the smell of death, more a certain spring freshness— no, not like washing up liquid you fools, but like the green shoots of growth. **Dave Ellyatt**

YO LA TENGO *Shaker 7"* (Matador)
Shaker is such an amazing drone/song that I cannot believe that this is the first I have heard from them, despite albums etc. Beautifully simple, no drums, just guitar, vocals, organ and maybe 3 notes.

F.C. JUDD *MSE 7"* (Contrast Sound Productions)
It says on the sleeve "Lions/Aircraft" which was enough to make me buy it. Lovely DIY recording of mixed up/down cut/fucked to oblivion. Imagine your radio on acid. Light years of sound over 14 tracks. Listen to it at loud volume and wash up. Quiet it sounds just like rain.

DR GUMMI
Fuzz And Sway 7" (Vynil Communications)
If Ninjas made records, this is what they would sound like. DIY Casio hardcore with Jap noise screams and wheelee bin guitars. The sad lyrics on *Dr Motherfucker* sadly show that this is not a total piss take, but certainly worth a listen or six. Swedish apparently, which accounts for most of it.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Ghost Of A Rollercoaster (Shrimper)
Loads a lo-fi "stars" dock in with tracks which they think suit 'em best. Which brings this 7" badly down, a poor mixture of quirk pop and scary noise seem to be the ends of the spectrum. Jim Bishop's hypnotic locked groove, and the always okay-ish Sentridoh, ho-hum. **Spacehopper**



gets heavier and noisier. There's a truly inspired version of David Bowie's *Boys Keep Swinging*, Camus wearing his influences on his sleeve and guitarist Nick wrenching out screaming Fripp-isms. Friction are top of my list of bands from Nottingham to watch out for in '95. In fact they're the only one on the list.

Mr. Jones



ROY HARPER & NICK HARPER
Derby The Where House
At his last gig in Sheffield, Roy Harper's son Nick had announced that the sophisticated beggar himself was about to become a granddad. If this affected him at all it wasn't apparent at The Where House. Roy Harper still hasn't started acting like a grown-up. You're as old as your audience and the surprising majority of young people in the audience reflected his continuing appeal. Nick Harper made an excellent hors d'oeuvres, mesmerising the crowd with songs from his debut CD. (he did an excellent cover of *Guitar Man*).

More up-tempo than his father, and leaning more towards rock than folk. I wouldn't be surprised if he was playing similar venues on his own in a few years. After Nick, the front section of the audience sat down, forcing those behind them backwards, which led to cramped legs and a dilution of the good vibes. As good a place as it is, the Where House isn't the best choice for this kind of gig. However once Roy came on, it became easier to forget about the shortcomings of the venue, despite a few technical problems (but when aren't there any technical problems at a Harper gig?) By the time he played *One Man Rock & Roll Band*, sending waves of feedback blistering down the walls of the "corridor" (as he referred to the venue), people had relaxed. Nick then returned alongside his father to help with an epic version of *One Of Those Days In England*. The interaction between them was a joy to watch, Nick often taking the role of straightman as Roy rambled on between songs. Even though he concentrated more on the songs than on the chat, he still managed to cover a range of topics, including praise of the Anti-Bill riot, the use of tobacco (we can't all afford to smoke how you do, Roy!), condoms, porridge and "yodelling up a canyon". The atmosphere improved as the evening wore on, Nick performing some blinding solos (*Same Old Rock*), and we were even treated to an improvised version of the *Rainbow* theme tune during *Watford Gap*. He closed with *Highway Blues*, then returned to give a 'decent farewell' to the Where House, silencing the crowd with a hypnotic version of *North Country*. You could have heard a split drop. After an idealistic call for anarchy, telling us that "love is the wisest move", we shuffled out in a quiet daze. He may be as mad as a nail, but he's still Roy Harper. (photo: Darren York)

Richard Chambers

CONSOLIDATED/ DETRIMENTAL THE KALIPHZ

Derby University

Through outrageous fortune we arrived at the venue unscathed by Derby's notorious one-way 'system'. A good sign. The Kaliphz (pronounced Ka-leefs) were late substitutes for Marxman and, to continue the analogy, a fresh set of legs. You might remember them from their appearance on The Word earlier this year. Full of attitude, they put across their message over an uncluttered rhythm track, their on stage movements complimenting the vocal arrangements in such a way as to form a continuous cycle of sight and sound. Det-ri-mental go one louder on the attitud-o-meter with a live band including a mean axe-totin' bass-player who could out-stare Grant Mitchell with his eyes shut. Hip-hop beats, ragga-style bass-lines, full shred on the guitar coupled with hardcore rap and some cool percussion, make these one of the best and most original bands since, erm, Consolidated.

The much anticipated 'Uberalles' arrive. Treading the Right On path invites more criticism than other non-PC outfits. Being an activist doesn't pay. Most people are aware that this will be no ordinary gig. They'll have their chance to talk back and maybe they'll be heard on the next album. They open with *Tool And Die* (a little pun for engineers) railing against gun

laws in the USA with a conviction we've come to expect—there are no slackers in this band. Consolidated seem to be veering away from the technology which they initially used. They can no longer be pigeon-holed as 'industrial' even though the song remains the same; it's just the melody that's changed instruments. They play almost exclusively from their recent *Business Of Punishment* LP with one track from each of its predecessors including *The Indictment Of Typical Male*. A short film showing animals being abused to the tune of *Old MacDonald* gives extra impact to Cuttings' sentiments on vivisection and self-abuse. We are interrupted after this song by a peeved punter who feels threatened by security guards nearby. The band let him have his say over the p.a. but he is rattled into submission by an unsympathetic and abusive faction of the audience. One song later and we get 'our' say. This, as usual, proves to be a ridiculous bun-fight amongst the more aggressive/radical elements each trying to prove their left-wing credentials. A bored onlooker hurls his plastic pint-pot at the stage. If it were made of glass perhaps he would have stolen it instead. Everyone seems to want to have a go at everyone else, there's not much evidence of solidarity. Consolidated play encore with their own version (i.e. new lyrics) of *Voodoo Chile* and everyone leaves happily ever after.

Damage



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FRIED ALIVE!



JOHN COOPER CLARKE Leicester The Charlotte

A Mancunian post punk bard delivering alternative performance poetry, looking like a goth after one too many blood transfusions. Now there's a novelty. Well, it was back in the late seventies when super cool Johnnie first put his fingers into the electrical socket and the monster breathed life. 'Alternative poetry' has now turned full circle and there is perhaps even a stigma attached to this approach to writing. If you manage to rhyme 'hair wraps' with 'cat flaps' or possibly 'home-grown nought' with 'knit your own yoghurt' then hey, kids, we might just make enough impact to bring to an end this oppressive capitalist totalitarian state and we can all do our own thing. Get real. You will also alienate the many young people who may be most sympathetic to your message; but given the choice between an evening of MTV and some loser mumbling his way through a book of hippie shit, Sting, Bryan and Rod will win every time. John Cooper Clarke is all too aware of this; his set provided a refreshing backlash to the recent content reappraisal by the many artists surrendering to Political Correctness. Johnnie positively revels in the delights of drinking, smoking, lack of exercise and eating the wrong type of foods. We all do but he is brave enough to celebrate in verse such a naughty but nice lifestyle.

Being described as the 'first alternative poet' has obviously had an effect upon his work. Almost two decades later it is clear that the only alternative aspect to his act has been his appearance. His world perspective is perhaps slightly left of Bernard Manning but without offence. Jimmy Saville is also constantly referred to with "Thankyou very much ladies and gents, guys and girls" a plenty, although you are still unsure as to whether he is actually mocking the great Fix It man or simply talking in his normal manner. What I do like about John Cooper Clarke is the way that he has 'suffered' from the Bragg factor. His spontaneous heckling with the audience and the friendly relationship that develops actually engulfs the poetry—almost like watching TV for the adverts rather than the programme. Johnnie is a 'performance poet in the true sense; his Mancunian drawl is speeded up to such a pace that the communication system between him and the audience is similar to the delay that many speech programmes on the radio use to allow for obscenities. It took about seven seconds for a line to sink in whilst at the same time you were subconsciously taking in the next delivery. The secret, I think, is to be familiar with his work in order to get the most out of it. The majority of the audience were desperately trying to keep up and match his vocal performance on some old favourites. Enter The Dragon, exit John Cooper Clarke.

Tricky Skills Jase

TOFU LOVE FROGS THE FLOWERING HEADS

Ollerton Miners Welfare

Ollerton M. W. might seem a strange venue with its glittery ball and a stage which clearly had held a few Nativities, but by the time The Flowering Heads had warmed up, we could have been at a festival. Tonight the anarcho-folksters were joined by a guest badhran player, highlighting the fact that good as they are they'd be better with a drummer, adding an extra dimension to songs like *Heretics*, while clog-stompers like *Breakaway* and *Time To Go* could become real crusty classics with more percussion to entice people to the dance-floor. The semi-psychedelia of *One For The Injury* revealed their continuing growth and experimentation, and the screaming reels of Jericho packed the floor before the traditional knees up finale Yuppie scum. With time, perhaps extra personnel and a little sunshine, the Heads are going to flower into something beautiful. One band with definitely no personnel problems are Tofu Love Frogs. Numbering seven, they stormed on with *Blue Light*, sounding like a corn-fed Dead Kennedys. They certainly make the most of their available depth of talent, leaping between different musical genres with a style and efficiency so tight it's frightening. One minute it's like Lemmy has joined the Pogues (*In A Little Trouble*), the next they are the Clash, another The Levellers gone psychobilly. All these potentially disparate elements of their sound are held together by successfully by



KILLING JOKE Manchester University

As support act Heather Nova battle on despite sound problems and jet-lag, the mounting excitement is unmistakable. Killing Joke haven't toured much recently, but the reformed old trio of Jaz, Geordie and Youth turned out tonight. Not the most publicised of come-backs, but certainly important! As the opening chords of *Communion* ring out, Jaz has already established a presence, and the sound is intense. The set, predictably, is made up of mostly new songs from *Pandemonium*, with *Whiteout* and *Mathematics Of Chaos* sounding positively superb! Old was combined with new to great effect as they drew on old faves like *Love Like Blood*, *Psyche* and *Wardance*. Ironically, they came back for *Requiem*—leaving me thinking how glad I am to have them back. They're coming round again in January—be there or face Jaz Coleman's stare!

Matt Burrows

HEAVENLY/THE MELONS/AUDREY Nottingham Britannia Rowing Club

I don't know anything about Audrey but they helpfully provided a handout/biog/fanzine, so now I know that Twang wishes to "work in a fancy goods shop." Audrey are very new but their promise is considerable. They delivered a short but powerful set of some variety, mixing pure blissful pop with the catchiest hooks, along with harmonies Brian Wilson would die for. A joy to behold, 'and they handed out Opal Fruits. After Audrey, The Melons disappointed. In theory they are a great group: ex-Fat Tulips Sheggi's tunes with a new hardened attitude. But in practise, not helped by a muddy sound mix, they fell flat almost to the point of mediocrity. There is still a place for indie pop with girlie singers but The Melons, despite their vaunted media attention, may not be the ones to fill it. Heavenly, on the other hand, have carved out a niche for themselves and are leaping from being also-rans to contenders. They don't look like stars but they create a sound which could charm the birds from the highest trees. Lovely. God bless them all. And America loves them, apparently. I began the long walk home, sucking on my Opal Fruit I reflected on what a fickle beast pop music is. Then, as A.T.T.A. Girl began running through my head again, I decided that it didn't really matter anyway.

Nicholas Peters

OASIS Paris Cigale

Well, the devil and the workings of the cross-channel hovercraft conspired against me and ensured that the inestimable talents of G Love & Special Sauce and Echobelly remain forever in the shadowy depths of my great unknown. However, visitors from Manchester who had the good sense to take the plane and thus arrive early assured me of their greatness so we'll just have to take their word for it. Oasis barrelled on stage within five minutes of my arrival and pummelled an unwitting *Rock And Roll Star* into the turf. Shameless and proud, yes indeed. Optimisrn in the raw. Lyrical bravado which appears vacuous on paper ("I'm feeling supersonic, give me a gin and tonic") was somehow transfigured into a profundity which cried 'Yes! and I'll have one too, please, barman'. (You had to be there.) But aye, there's the rub. The same method, exhilarating in the first instance, was applied without discrimination to the rest of the set. *Definitely Maybe* succumbed and was crushed beneath the boot-stomping antics of the boys in blue Adidas. Even my new found buddies from Manchester seemed to flag and admitted that, had they not already been in Barcelona for the football (4-nil), then they would have regretted coming all the way to Paris to witness this erm, dare I say it, mediocrity. Jeez, the songs are seminal, and live forever is pure poetry on a pitch, something that I'll savour for many a month yet. But any tactical finesse perfected in the studio was rudely interpreted on stage with a thrashing and thudding that will do little for their aspirations to fly above the rest. But hey, I'm a cynical old sod and the uncountable numbers of British pop kids moshing at the front will no doubt tell me to take early retirement and go watch my garden (hmm, window box) grow. Maybe they have a point.

Milo François Kellé.

afterall:

MEDIUM MEDIUM

For some time now, *Overall* has been receiving missives and urges from various establishments to "do us a write-up", some even claiming to be that "medium-sized" venue which has been lacking in the city since the **Mardi Gras** closed. Funny thing is, these are outside of the city centre. This marked trend might have something to do with socio-economic factors like pricing or overcrowding, distance from home or just plain taste. Nevertheless, with the possible exception of the **Old Vic**, there does not exist a medium-sized (and by this I mean 300+ capacity) venue dedicated to regular live music. There's also the **Marcus Garvey Centre**, but weighing in with a legal capacity of 650, is just the other side of medium (some would say heavy) and has a confusing music policy, since it generally attracts people on a functional one-off basis for its famed all-nighters, rather than for any particular ambience possessed by the place itself. But another venue "south of the river" is the **Britannia Boat Club**, nestling on the banks of the Trent in the shadow of Trent Bridge and the new Trent End. Here once a fortnight lands the **TARDIS**, complete with plastic rocks for the feel of a genuine underground scene (from *Dr. Who*). Sensibly keeping to one event fortnightly, along with the diversity of the acts (**KKKings**, **Dum Dums**, **Heavenly**, **Heliotrope**, **Wholesome Fish**) means that the novelty won't wear thin too quickly, although if it was in the city centre I've no doubt it would be rammed nightly. In the past the Britannia Boat Club has played host to the legendary likes of **Rod Stewart**, **Rory Gallagher**, **Led Zeppelin**, **The Sex Pistols**. The **TARDIS** promoters, by investing revenue back into the music, equipment and decor, hope to attract more 'name' bands in the New Year. Although hoping to rival Derby's **Where House** and Leicester's **The Charlotte** venues, **TARDIS** is not quite the medium sized venue needed, nor can it offer the same facilities, but with its late(ish) bar and friendly atmosphere, it intends to fill the void between pubs and clubs. Further that way still is **The Manor** in West Bridgford, a long-neglected venue which once hosted Chumbawamba and The Ex, the ideal size and shape but 'too far out of town', though in the event of the City and County Councils becoming separate entities, one which the County might consider for their promotions. Nearer to town (5 minutes' walk from the Lace Market, in fact) is **Sam Fay's**, that place with the locomotive engine parked outside, just off London Road. This has a lot going for it in terms of size, and is licensed till 1am Thurs-Sat, hence it's claim to be neither a pub nor a club. However, it is best known amongst football fans for its live satellite coverage of matches and post-fixture piss-ups. But with a resident jazz band on Tuesdays, various live gigs on Thursdays and a resident DJ on Sundays it is gradually appearing on the mental maps of gig goers. Recent Thursday nights have included **Ribbon Tears**, **E B & The System**, **Crunchbird**, **3:6 Philly**, **Flag Of Truce**, **Whycliffe**, and **Friction**. Next year, *Overall* and *Atomic* magazines jointly plan a series of live events at **Sam Fay's** to raise some money for the **Terence Higgins Trust**. All the gigs will be recorded with a view to releasing a live compilation album. Bands confirmed so far include **Compulsion**, **Boasti**, **Poloroid**, **Orange Deluxe**, **Ultraviolence**, **Huge Baby**, **G.R.O.W.T.H.** **Television Overdose** and more. The series begins in January. Watch press for details. Meanwhile on the other side of the tracks, Radford in fact, the **Sky Club** has found a new lease of life. Not since *Dizzy* days has



THE OLD ANGEL: never ending mural

there been so much activity there. Having bubbled under throughout the summer with the **Excessaweez** extended family of friends and lunatics, it has become a fertile breeding ground for new liaisons of music and musicians, offering jazz, folk, dub, roots, dance, ambient and Soul in a variety of environments to suit most tastes. Not to mention **Denis's** happy smiling face. Get in the **Sky** for the authentic taste of **NG7**. Back into town and **The Old Angel** has had a bit of a face-lift, and let's face it—it needed one. With its beautiful new teak and mahogany bars, new pumps, guest ales, ridiculously cheap meals lunch and evening, extra fittings and gorgeous full length mural... who could live in a house like this? Most of the staff, apparently. **The Old Angel** has long been the place for spotting new and up and coming bands as they strut their stuff, and continues to promote live music in the Chapel. See listings.

The newest venue in town is **Behan's**, an Irish bar beneath the Forte Crest hotel on St. James's Street offering live Irish music Thurs-Sat evenings and Sunday lunchtimes. Then there's one yet to open which we mentioned a few months ago namely the **Tivoli Beer Restaurant**, promising to be a unique experience with its waitress service only and resident musicians. Due to open on 5th Jan. you can get a sneak preview by booking in advance for the nights of Dec. 31st, and Jan 1st and 2nd on (0115) 985 9598. There is also a function room upstairs with a capacity of 200, mainly for banquets and conferences but might be available for the appropriate gigs. And finally... up at Canning Circus, having led from the start **The Running Horse** is going to need the whip on the final furlong with two new venues jockeying for position just across the track. The **Rose & Crown** actually has a stage and is actively seeking live bands, while around the corner the **Royal George** is saddling up its function room and hitching the band wagon. Since no existing venue has closed down, and with **Shoddy Waddy** boldly spreading shoddiness where no shod has been before, (well, the **Newmarket Inn** anyway) and more and more nightclubs, particularly **Beatroot**, offering live music as regular fare—you're spoilt for choice really. And you can still pop over to Derby or Leicester to find out just how big "medium sized" really is. See you around. **Christine Chapel**

photo: Simon Cunningham

ORIENTALL

From Our Man in Japan

Having a good time in Fukuoka now the culture shock has receded. No need for your violet sunglasses to enhance the sunsets here. They are utterly breathtaking. It's still summer in Japan so there are clear blue skies and 20° C. I'm living in a wicked aparto: fifth (top) floor with a view from my bedroom overlooking Mt. Abura—it's beautiful! Japan is tapped, though. The Japs really don't know how to chill out. Perhaps this is related to the high cost of dope (£20 per gram). Fukuoka University has 20,000 students but there isn't a single Student Union bar. They all just go home and work after classes. Went to a House club last weekend. We wandered in really drunk and everything seemed familiar, but somehow strange. After ten minutes we realised the problem: all the Japs were 'pretending to be clubbing, but they weren't doing it properly. The dance-floor was quite mad but people would get up and go mental—dancing, screaming, etc.—but just for five minutes then they'd sit down and have a chat. For homework they'd been watching videos of "How The English Go Out And Have A Good Time" and what we were witnessing was a faithful representation. What a bunch of arseholes. It's surreal. You're in the west but everyone looks funny. It's as if I've stumbled across a section of the Brave New World, where someone has created a batch of hard-working ugly fuckers with no sense of humour. Thankfully the expat community make up for this by being absolute nutters. There aren't many of us though, probably a few hundred in a city of 1.3 million. There are twenty 'Gaishin' at my University and the Japanese can't stop staring at us. You get people coming up and asking where you are from. My reply is that I'm a 'Gaiseijin'—a man from Mars.

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