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overall
THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

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Thursday 1st August
PULLOVER
EASE THE KERRYS
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Tuesday 6th August
BENNET SUN
MONKEY ISLAND
adm. £2.50 (£2 concs.)

Thursday 8th August
Friends of...
LAHONDA adm. £2

Tuesday 13th August
Caged Bat presents
MANUSKRIP
NIGHT MOVES

Thursday 15th August
Techno Notice #12
Aura adm. £2

Tuesday 20th August
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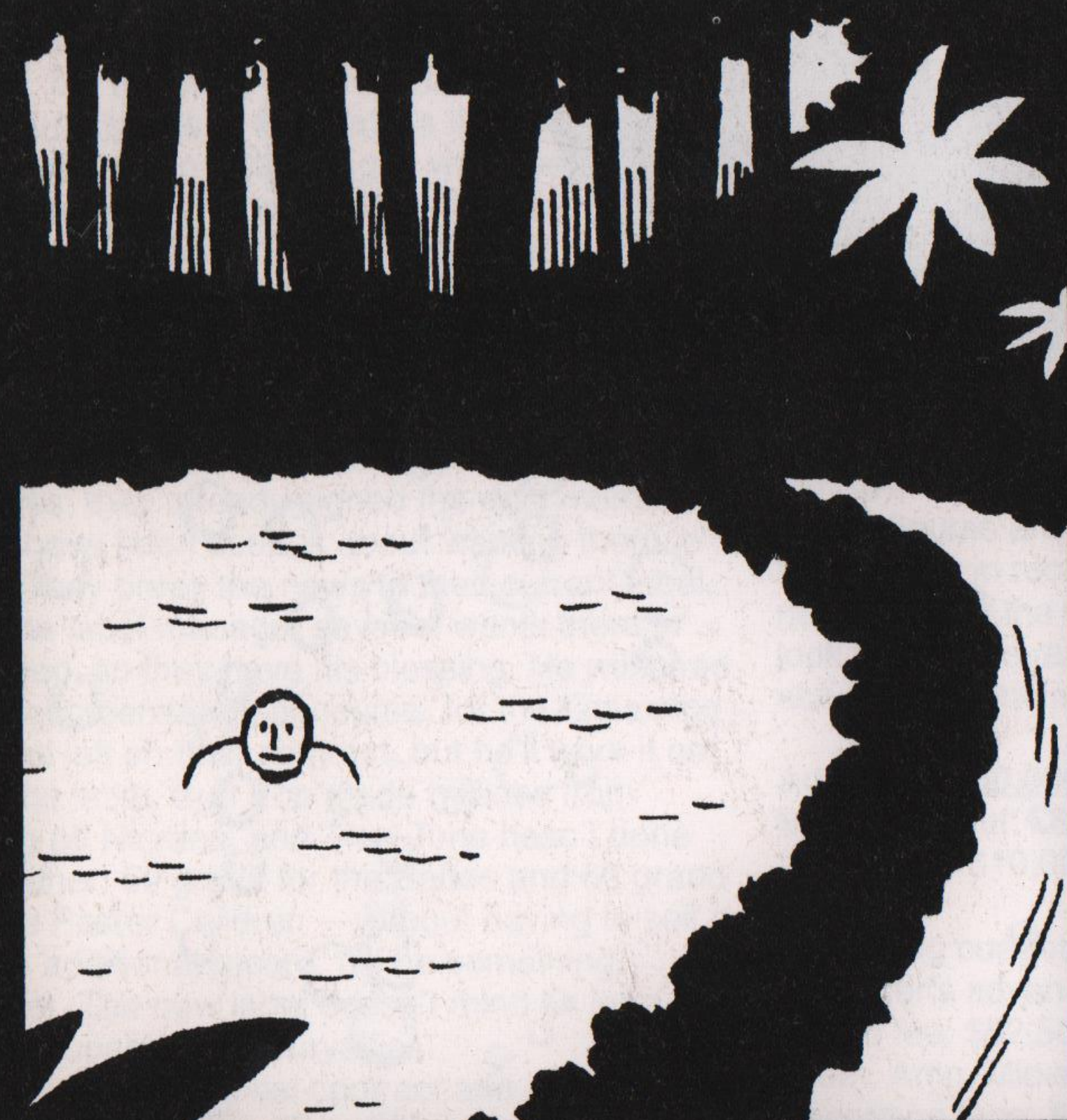
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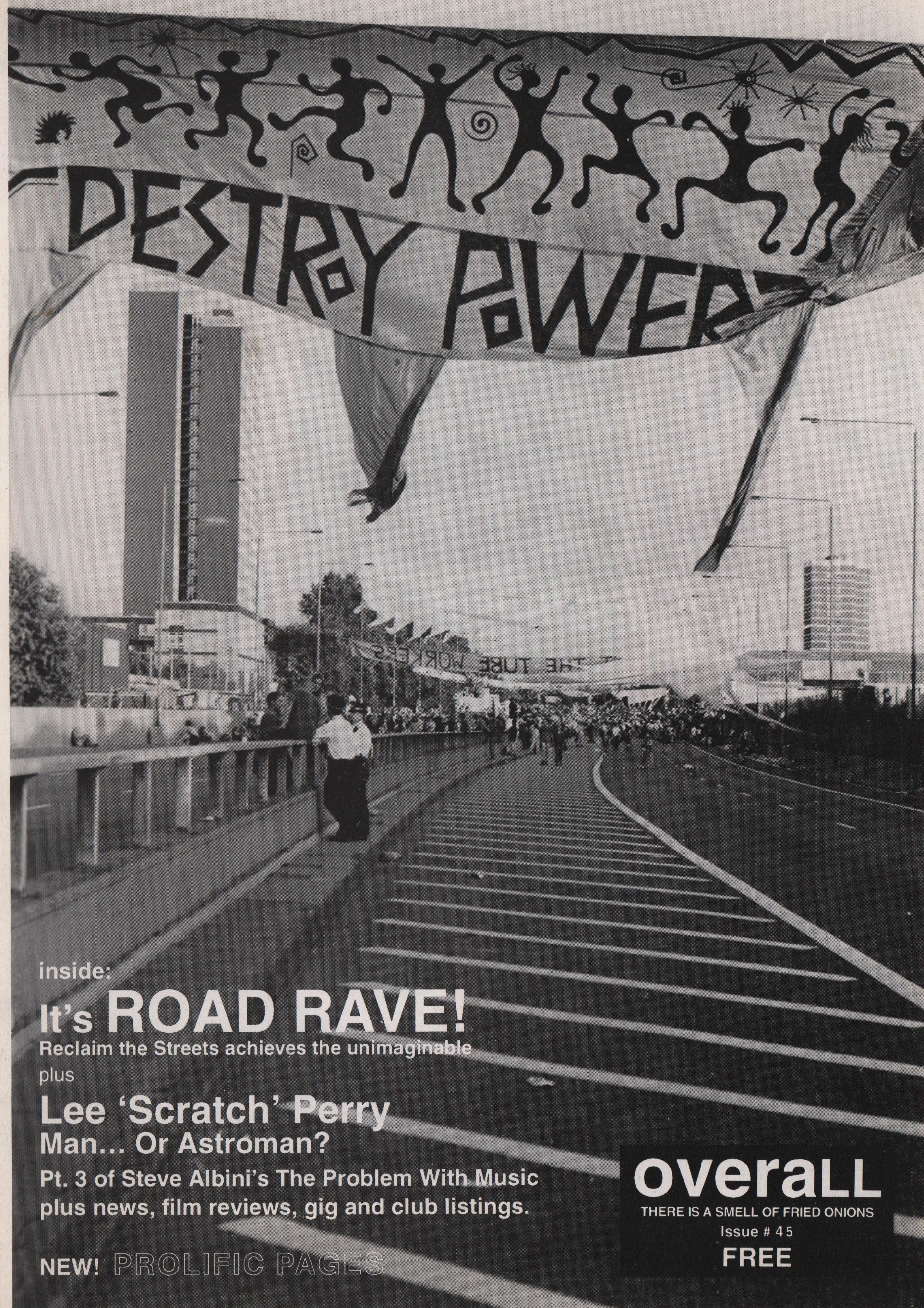


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inside:

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Man... Or Astroman?

Pt. 3 of Steve Albini's The Problem With Music
plus news, film reviews, gig and club listings.

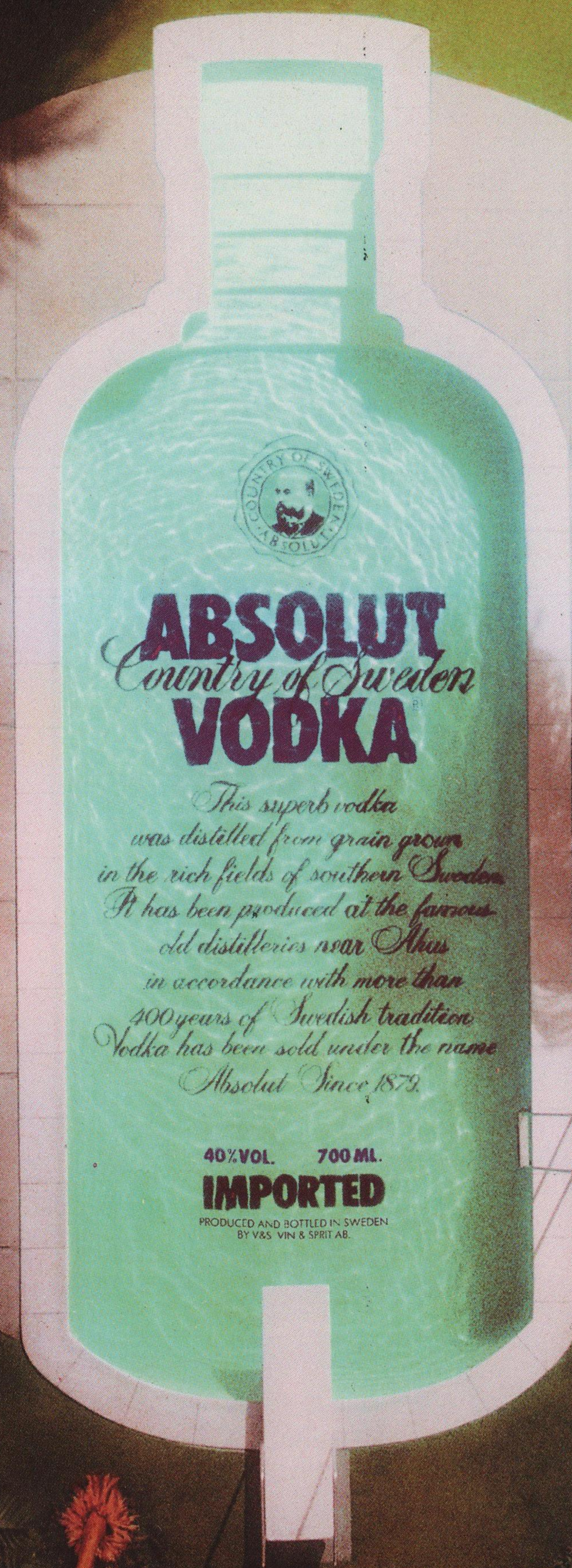
NEW! PROLIFIC PAGES

overall

THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

Issue # 45

FREE



ABSOLUT
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firstofall:

cover: **Reclaiming the M41**. See page 7.

photo by Mike Timmins

Bandwagon Studios in Mansfield have announced plans for this year's music summer school. Young people are invited to attend the recording, song-writing, dj-ing, music technology and rock school sessions which take place from Monday 12th- Sunday 18th August. Aimed at the 14-25 age group sessions cost just £2 per day. To book a place call Andy Dawson on 01623 422962. Bandwagon Studios are currently running a women's music project called Women and Music with workshops lasting up to eight weekly sessions continuing until the end of the year. Call Heather Wilson on the same number for more details.

Meanwhile Sheffield's **Red Tape** studios are currently recruiting for two courses. The Sound Engineering Course is a twelve month vocational course in all aspects of sound recording leading to employment in the industry. The Sound Recording And Music Industry Course is a nine month course in recording, MIDI, music business and production qualification equivalent to two 'A' levels. For further details call Chris Adams on 0114 276 1151.

Geordie punk trio **China Drum** release a new single *Wipe Out*. Previously only aired live, it comes with *Baseball In The Dark* and an acoustic version of *Biscuit Barrel* as a bonus cd track. Unusually there is also an extra track by someone else, namely **Rancid Hum** who present *Sleazeball* remixed by Empirion who were also responsible for a remix of Prodigy's *Firestarter*.

New releases from **Organ** fanzine's label Org include another in their series of split 7"-ers this time on lovely blue vinyl between **Rhatigan** and **Dream City Film Club** who have an ep due in August. Org tells us they're going to be the next big thing. Org also tells us about a new **Charlie's Angels** single, their version of Take That's *Whatever You Do To Me* with no less than 17 b-sides and that they have some gigs with Napalm Death!

"The Cheech and Chong of Hip Hop" **New Kingdom** follow up their *Unicorns Were Horses* sigle with their second lp *Paradise Don't Come Cheap* on Gee Street.

Pullover whose single *Holiday* is reviewed in this issue, have just signed to Big Life for a full cd release on their Starfish label at the end of this month with new tracks *In Every Season* and *Over You*. *Holiday* is loved here in the Overoffice especially for the line "I want to find out who I am... in a caravan".

Which brings me to Skegness, where a series of all-night parties are planned through summer at The Zoo @ Fantasy Island. Entitled *Wicked 'n' Wild*, this fortnightly Saturday event is organised by a collaboration of The Active Corporation, Inner Trance and C.N.D. and feature various big name guest djs as well as the inevitable two, **Nebula II**. See listings.

Arrival Press is putting together an anthology of poems about summer holidays. Editor Tim Sharp is inviting people to pen a poem or two about the scenery, the people, the weather or any aspect of their holiday. No more than two poems can be submitted, each no longer than 30 lines, and can be serious or humorous. Closing date is 30th September 1996, it's free to enter and royalties will be paid to a charity nominated by the contributors, so nominate a charity with your entry and send it along with a s.a.e. to A Distant Memory, Arrival Press, 1-2 Wainman Road, Woodston, PETERBOROUGH PE2 7BU. For more information contact Trudi Purdy on 01733 230759.

Dodgy are about to embark on a summer big



The Levellers release the *Exodus* ep this month, a four track taster from their forthcoming live album *Headlights, White Lines, Black Tar Rivers*, due out on China records 19th August. The album was recorded between September and December last year during their UK and European tours and a live video recorded at the Empress Ballroom in Blackpool will be released at the same time as the album.

photo: MelanieCox

top trip with a series of circus tent shows at various festivals. The big top comes to Derby's Markeaton Park on August 3rd. Support comes from **The Candyskins** and other guests to be announced. Dodgy's new album *Free Peace* *Sweet* is out now. See Vinolution.

Rumpshaker began in July '95 with a collaboration of Deejays Ov Perpetual Enjoyment, **D? C.I.?** and **Deep Joy**, and Phat Wax dj duo **Planck**. A year later it's still shaking rump in the same venue and now includes among the posse the funky **Pork Chop** and **Nail** who also produces fine Deep House on vinyl for dance labels Big D's Lounge and Strictly 4 Groovers. This weekly club night has since spawned a number of descendants including **Loungin'**, an excursion into jazz with **Pablo, Jazz Spirit** and **Ryszard**; there's also **Concrete**, their night of drum 'n' bass ("not because it's trendy but because it's on the cutting edge") which actually gets a look in most weeks. To say that musical boundaries are blurred on Saturday night in The Box would be an understatement. They are completely mashed down, the only constant being a healthy dose of chunky funk. Most of the djs are musicians (some even before becoming djs), Deep Joy and Pablo combining to form **Permanent Revolution**, a jazzy hip-hop drum 'n' bass type outfit, while Nail and Pork Chop make music on a hip trip hop tip, and a live acid jam by Nail and AE takes place on the infrequent **Techno Prisoners** night. Furthermore **Moodswingz** is an occasional night with Girlz On Deckz **Lynda, Suzie Cream Cheese, Hen** and **Jazz Spirit**. The newest Rumpshaker off-cut is **Buggin'** which brings in **Adam, Cas Roc** and guests for a fortnightly Friday night of Deep Deep House. An eclectic collection of nights with names, no? Rumpshaker rocks at The Box, Goldsmith Street, Nottingham. See listings.

Leicester Live '96

The 15th Leicester music festival at Abbey Park takes place on Saturday 10th August. This ever-growing event attracted 32,000 people last year with 35 acts playing across three stages, and this year is offering twice the number of acts on a total of seven stages. New to the festival are a cyberntent and café, stages hosted by independent Leicester record labels and venues, an alternative medicine and chill-out area and a live broadcast from the arena by Radio Leicester. Artists this year include **Perfume**, who headline the main stage; there will be two stages organised by local label Rideout records, bands on their main stage including the **Eugene James Band** and **Yellowbelly** while on their acoustic stage listen out for **Cathy Bonner**; the Sorted Stage will have Nottingham's **Performance** along with many up and coming

Leicester acts; The Network Marquee, organised by East Midlands Arts Regional Rock & Pop Network includes **Davis, Valve** and **Friends Of...**; and record label Stayfree also have their own stage featuring, among others, **Atama** and **Dead Joe**. The Abbey Park event is the culmination of a week-long festival with events at various venues around Leicester and incorporating the Caribbean Carnival on Saturday Aug. 3rd. **Leicester Live** is an increasingly successful annual event which has done much to enhance the profile of the city's musicians, technicians, music agencies and related businesses. Entry has previously been free but this year a token £1 will be charged on entry. That's less than two pence per act, and the beer is cheap, too.

Another value for money festival is the **Harvest Fayre** which takes place near Fishguard in Wales (23rd-26th August). Tickets are £40 for the four days, all proceeds to help clean up the oil spill. Acts include **Dodgy, Ozrics, Nik Turner, Dub War, Revolutionary Dub Warriors, Kangaroo Moon** and **The Dharmas**. For full details call their infoline on 01994 419323.

Greenall's Inns have sent us a press release regarding the demise of the **Narrowboat** in which Ken Buckley, described as their "Theme divisional director", says how sorry they are to lose the existing Narrowboat "with its famous associations with many rock fans and bands" i.e. the people whose money they have been taking over the years to help pay to convert it into a new bar with a drinking area "the size of Wembley football pitch." But we already have one of those—the Old Market Square. Let the bands play there instead.

The **Nottingham Wind Power Project** has produced the city's first *Directory Of Sustainable Energy*, a 64-page booklet of facts and contacts for local wind, solar and water power projects. S.A.E. to Nottingham Wind Power Project, 178 Mansfield Road, NOTTM NG1.

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visual:



TWO DEATHS

Nic Roeg's latest film is an interior-based affair which could make an equally good stage play; in many ways it would be better suited to a theatre. Michael Gambon plays a Romanian Dr. Pavenic, an obsessive gentleman who has his friends around to dinner whilst the revolution that overthrew Ceaucescu in 1989 rages outside. His guests include Patrick Malahide and Nickolas Grace. During dinner he relates a tale of obsession. It is about his housekeeper (played by the delectable Sonia Braga) whom he has been in love with for some time, who gives him sexual favours but not love. In return he looks after the man she does love who is paralysed and lies in bed upstairs.

Based on the book *The Two Deaths Of Senora Puccini* by Stephen Dobyns, Roeg's film is a drama which promises much as it unfolds but ultimately delivers little. Quite unexplained is why this woman has to have her lover permanently living in the doctor's flat in the first place. She gives no indication that she actually enjoys the arrangement which begs the question: why can't she and her invalid lover move elsewhere, thereby releasing her of the sexual obligation?

Little is made of the revolution which noisily inhabits the background. Perhaps Roeg is drawing an analogy between the doctor's obsession and set-up and Ceaucescu's dictatorship being overthrown. Destruction is taking place outside whilst Dr. Pavenic destructively tells truths about his friends inside, but it is not clear that the viewer is supposed to reach such a conclusion and one wonders if there is not a wider analogy to be drawn. So in the end, *Two Deaths* is a disappointment leaving too much unexplained and failing to convince in other ways. Roeg fans will be happy to see it and if you can make more sense of it please tell me more!

Matt Arnoldi

Two Deaths reaps rewards at Broadway, Nottingham , 9th-11th August.

AUGUST

Like *Country Life* a few years ago, *August* is based on Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* and is Anthony Hopkins' directorial debut taken from a screenplay by Julian Mitchell. Set in a country house in Wales in the late 19th century, the Davies household who are somewhat set in their ways are suddenly invaded by a couple of Londoners who are disruptive simply because they live life differently and put emphasis on different values. Among the cast are Kate Burton, Hopkins himself, Leslie Phillips and Rhian Morgan. The location is the Llyn Peninsula in North Wales, and one senses that Hopkins has chosen subject matter which appeals deeply to him. *August* won't pack them in but it is pleasantly done and an assured debut for Hopkins.

August makes a timely arrival at Broadway, August 16th - 22nd

MA

THE CROSSING GUARD

This film could so easily twinned for *An Eye For An Eye* as its a revenge thriller about a street-wise, hard punching jeweller Freddy Gayles (played by Jack Nicholson) awaiting the release from prison of a drunk driver responsible for the death of his daughter eight years earlier. Estranged from his wife (played by Anjelica Huston) Freddy spends much of his time in strip clubs and picking fights. When the drunk driver is released all he wants to do is rebuild his life. All Freddy wants to do is take it.

The film is written and directed by Sean Penn who was himself so moving as the senseless white supremacist killer in *Dead Man Walking*, and in many ways the question of guilt and forgiveness explored in Tim Robbins' film comes up again in this one. It's played out quite well, though the emotional ending is a touch overdone and the released driver seems to have no vices while Freddy is brimming with them. But Penn has produced a thoughtful and perceptive film which is considerably better than the ill-thought out *An Eye For An Eye*.

MA

The Crossing Guard goes on general release duty from August 16th.

DENISE CALLS UP

Following on from Spike Lee's mediocre phone-sex comedy *Girl 6*, Harold Salwen's *Denise Calls Up* is a telephone comedy about, upwardly-mobile thirty-something New Yorkers who spend the whole film talking on the phone and the plot is guided by their conversations. There's Linda who lays on a party which her friends are too busy to attend; then there's Denise, a bubbly outsider who contacts Martin having found out he was the donor of the sperm she has received from a sperm bank (shades of Woody Allen's *Mighty Aphrodite*). Obviously, communication is the key in Salwen's lively debut, the entire film constantly driven by telephone conversations, calls on hold and messages. It's a fresh if limited idea— after a while you begin to wonder if it wouldn't have made a better short— but while the warmest of the bunch, Denise, is around it keeps you interested.

MA

Denise Calls Up Broadway August 16th - 22nd

INDEPENDENCE DAY

There are several Earth-shattering thrillers on the way and this is one of them. Roland Emmerich (who brought us *Stargate* last year) directs a shocker about aliens out to destroy Earth on Independence Day. As in *Twister* there are decent special effects and the cast includes Jeff Goldblum, Bill Pullman, Randy Quaid and Will Smith who have to try and dodge the flying debris in a bid to thwart the evil sons of ET. The film has pleasant throwbacks to the *Alien* trilogy but is family oriented— even the pet dog escapes the first alien attack. The idea is good, the action interesting but it could have been more scary and more horror-oriented. As is the film is clearly aimed at the kind of audience who wouldn't want to see the canine killed.

MA

STEALING BEAUTY

Much in demand, starlet Liv Tyler (rock-chic daughter of Stephen Tyler last seen in *Heavy*) here plays the lead in Bernardo Bertolucci's latest about a young woman's sexual awakening on holiday with a particularly bohemian bunch (played by the likes of Sinead Cusack and Jeremy Irons) in the hills of Tuscany. Tyler plays Lucy who journeys to Italy expecting to fall in love with a young boy she met four years before when she was with her mother. Now her mother is dead and Lucy is alone and looking for the support of a potential loved one. The film is bound up with her romantic conquests in terms of whom she falls in love with and whom she doesn't. Audiences will be side-tracked— the entire cast end up nude by a pool and go to an extravagant party that seems to be arranged at a moment's notice; neither scene rings true. You might have expected a director of Bertolucci's standing to have come up with something deeper on return to his native Italy but this is a contrived and superficial film.

MA

THE TIT AND THE MOON

Spanish comedy directed by Bigas Luna (*Jamon Jamon*, *Golden Balls*) about a 15 year-old called Miquel and ten year -old Tete who both have a crush on voluptuous woman Estrilla who stands decoratively on stage whilst the man in her life, wild biker figure Maurice, performs unorthodox tricks like farting loudly to an audience who, mystifyingly, feel moved to cheer.

Essentially a rites of passage tale of appeal to testosterone-filled teenagers focusing directly on the fifteen year-old Miquel serenading Estrilla whilst young tete is obsessed with her breasts. Things come to a head when Miquel hops into bed with Estrilla to the annoyance of her lover the fart specialist. this is the sort of bohemian off-the-wall stuff that European film makers frustratingly often trot out and the best sequences are the beginning and the end, when villagers form striking human pyramids in the village squares. Bigas Luna proves once again that he is a very macho director interested in little boys' obsessions, sexual infatuations, mother's milk, breasts, balls and boys in love.

MA

THE CELLULOID CLOSET

A documentary focusing on the way on the way gay people have been portrayed in the cinema since the thirties. after a shaky start the film picks up on some funny and archaic attitudes which were well wide of the mark and describes how Hollywood censors tried to keep a strict control over what scenes were fit for public consumption. Narrated by Lily Tomlin it comes up to present day and includes coverage of films like *Cruising*, *Making Love* and *Philadelphia*. there are interview clips with Tom Hanks, Quentin Crisp, Tony Curtis, Susan Sarandon, Shirley MacLaine and Gore Vidal who are all entertaining but there is too much of an American writer unknown over here called Susie Bright. This is a refreshingly original documentary, its subject well discussed, but it's a shame that almost all the titles covered are American, even though the film purports to be a comprehensive study. Many crucial films of the late 80's and early 90's such as *My Beautiful Launderette* are glossed over in a collection of clips at the end. That apart *The Celluloid Closet* tackles an area worth highlighting and receives a limited cinema release before a showing on Channel 4.

MA

GIRL 6

It seems only a month or so since Spike Lee's last film *Clockers* opened but the UK Film distribution network is already set to bring us his next one. In *Girl 6* Theresa Randle plays an adress down on her luck who resorts to playing out roles in the phone sex business and finds to her surprise that she enjoys the manipulation game. Buffs will recall a similar character being used to entertaining effect in Robert Altman's *Short Cuts*. Also in the cast are Spike Lee himself, Isiah Washington, Madonna John Turturro, Quentin Tarantino and Naomi Campbell. *Girl 6* doesn't go very far. Spike says that women trying to make it in the acting profession can be exploited and that the phone sex business is seedy and sordid. Once these points have been made, only once does the narrative have a sense of drive behind it to make the film vaguely exciting, otherwise it flannels through 90 minutes. This subject matter could have made a tight short film but as it is it makes for an excruciating feature because apart from the odd good line not a lot happens as famous people appear then disappear in a series of cameos.

MA

LAST DANCE

The 'last dance' of the title is probably due to be shared by Cindy Leggett (Sharon Stone) a woman on death row and Rick Hayes (Rob Morrow), a cocky lawyer assigned to come up with a clemency plea after years of failed appeals have gone by the wayside. After a cold beginning, lawyer and prisoner learn to trust each other and after that romance takes over. Directed by Bruce Beresford *Last Dance* sounds like an ideal companion piece to to Robbins' *Dead Man Walking* and if Sandra Bernhardt's comments at the Academy Awards are to be believed, Stone might win an Oscar next year for her performance, having lost this year with her nominated performance in *Casino*. Also in the cast are Peter Gallagher (*The Underneath*) and Randy Quaid.

MA

BEAUTIFUL THING

Hettie MacDonald's film was the centrepiece of this year's London Lesbian & Gay Film Festival. It's an adaptation by Jonathan Harvey of a hit West End play about a gay romance between Jamie (Glen Berry) and Ste (Scott Neal), with funding from Channel 4. It packs a punch in places although the ending is a little too contrived.

MA

ADDICTED TO MURDER USA 1995 90 mins

(Screen Edge video)
From its cover photo and accompanying blurb you'd expect this to be a blood-splattered slapstick horror show in the tradition of *Peter 'Braindead' Jackson*. It's not. Instead writer, producer and director Kevin Linenmuth has taken a dry semi-documentary approach to the subject matter of serial killers, sexual deviancy and vampiric succubi, and unfortunately made a dull, disappointing film. There's plenty of pseudopsychobabble on display, but the script lacks the insight and dark satirical edge to really engage the mind or move the emotions. Best bit involves a chainsaw (naturally) and a vampire's perverse sexual obsessions, but there's little else to make you squirm uneasily inside.

Hank Quinlan



Centenary Cinema:THE GODFATHER dir. Francis Ford Coppola

Much, much more than just another Hollywood megabucks smash hit, *The Godfather* ingrained itself into popular mythology, spawned a catalogue of legends, anecdotes and unforgettable quotations, and effectively opened up American cinema in the 70's, ushering in a whole new generation of film-makers and actors. Coppola worked closely with author Mario Puzo on the script and together they constructed a sweeping, panoramic epic of family loyalty, betrayal and revenge. The attention to detail is meticulous and the elaborate design and stunning cinematography simply breathtaking. Marlon Brando was brought back from the dead for one truly momentous performance, while Al Pacino, James Caan, Robert Duvall and Diane Keaton all became overnight sensations. Criticism that the film glorifies the Mafia are probably quite justified but nothing can detract from the authority and richness of Coppola's artistry.

Of course, I'm telling you nothing new here. *The Godfather* has appealed so often on terrestrial TV that by now everyone on intimate terms with dear old Vito and the disreputable Corleone family. So why dispense with your hard-earned cash to see it all again? Because a film this impressive and awe-inspiring simply has to be seen on the big screen. At this point I think it best to refrain from making bad puns about " offers you can't refuse "... " sleeps with the fishes "... " you come to me on the day of my daughter's wedding " etc. etc. You know it makes sense.

Hank Quinlan

The Godfather is back in business from Aug 9th-16th at Broadway, Nottingham. The Godfather Part II the brilliant sequel which fuses dark melancholy with brooding menace follows in September. the conversation, Coppola's intense thriller exploring the world of electronic surveillance starring Gene Hackman also eavesdrops in to Broadway on Aug 11th.



Centenary Cinema: WAY OUT WEST

As Broadway Media Centre continues to celebrate cinema's centenary year, its monthly selection of audience favourites takes a trip out west for a fistful of cowboy classics. Wagon's start rolling with *Once Upon A Time In The West* (showing Aug. 3rd), Sergio Leone's stunning wide-screen epic, superbly scored by Ennio Morricone and starring Henry Fonda, Jason Robards, Charles Bronson and Claudia Canale. It's a tale with mythical connotations as the rituals of revenge and tragedy acted out by the central protagonists symbolize ancient battles between good and evil, future civilization and past primitive savagery. Next up (on Aug. 10th) is Sam Peckinpah's orgy of orchestrated violence *The Wild Bunch*. Duly famed for its slow-motion action sequences the film still packs a powerful emotional punch as old timers William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan and Warren Oates painfully acknowledge their anachronistic status. From the opening scene where a scorpion writhes in a sea of ants to the virulent embrace of death at the end the gang's callous brutality is underpinned by by a code of loyalty and a sense of dignity which seems completely at odds with the twentieth century. Counting Martin Scorsese among its most ardent admirers, *The Searchers* (Aug. 24th) is perhaps the finest of all John Ford's westerns. Made late on in his career it reveals a darker, much more complex side to the frontier legends and features a performance from John Wayne of considerable psychological depth. Driven by revenge and retribution, the film pushes his screen image to the limit and finds a flawed, fallible bent and twisted character who has more in common with the 'savage' Indian he despises than with the white settlers he seeks to defend. Completing the season are *Dances With Wolves: The Director's Cut* (17th), Kevin Costner's Oscar winning spectacular and *Fort Apache* (31st), the first of John Ford's cavalry trilogy starring Henry Fonda and John Wayne. Both are worthy of attention, though not in the same saloon as the first three. Those are masterpieces not just of the western genre but of cinema itself. the best "uns are westerns.

Hank Quinlan

photo: The Searchers. Courtesy of the National Film Archive

DERBY CENTENARY OF CINEMA

To celebrate 100 years of cinema, the city of Derby will be staging a three week nostalgia fest beginning 1st September. Promising to be a dazzling indulgence of movie magic the programme includes all-time classics, a host of sneak previews and premieres, and a number of ex camera activities. to mark the event's opening the East of England Orchestra will perform music from The Movies at a free open air concert in Darley Park, while on the big screen itself *Multiplicity* is one of the prominent attractions. Directed by Harold Ramis (*Groundhog Day*) and starring Michael Keaton and Andie MacDowell wryly explores the comic possibilities of cloning (as if one Michael Keaton isn't enough!). The closing film is Peter Greenaway's eagerly awaited newie *The Pillow Book*, featuring much of the month Ewan McGregor. It is hoped that the director will make a guest appearance at the Metro cinema for the film's special screening on Sept 21st. *Gone With The Wind*, *Citizen Kane*, *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *A Matter Of Life And Death* are among those films chosen by local cinema-goers as the greatest ever made, while silent classics *The Lodger*, by Alfred Hitchcock and *Son Of The Sheik* starring Rudolph Valentino will be shown with live musical accompaniment. A retrospective of Alan Bates' career includes three acclaimed films from the sixties: *A Kind Of Loving*, *Far From The Madding Crowd* and *Women In Love*, together with his most recent the grotesque which also stars Theresa Russell and Sting. Screenings will take place at cinemas throughout the city and the festival's own brochure will contain full details of times and dates. For more information call Metro Cinema on 01332 340170.

Hank Quinlan

BREAKING BREAD Nottingham Hyson Green Community Centre

Written and performed by Andy Barrett with Jeanette Caiger and Liz Smockkiewicz and commissioned as part of the New Art Works 'Inter Vivos', a series highlighting the plight of prisoners of conscience, *Breaking Bread* is an intelligent and gripping piece of theatre not afraid to delve into difficult areas.

The audience were invited to sit at a table as three performers tuck into bowls of cabbage soup. We too are served with this 'skilly' as *If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked A Cake* plays in the background. The performers begin to converse, sharing stories with us, arguing amongst themselves, and working through a decision about whether or not to embark on a hunger strike. The characters are emblematic yet constantly engaging through the use of rich yet darkly humorous language. Gobshite, the Cynic, explains why being imprisoned is possibly the best career move he has ever made, his awful work finally being given recognition. Cinderella, the Storyteller, immerses herself in crazy and poetic tales of beds running across territorial division lines, the emotions playing Poker in the stomach and islands where all the banished stories are sent. And Sweller, the Activist, describes the physical efforts of undertaking a hunger strike and argues her case for an active response to their imprisonment.

Although the piece is static it tears along as ideas pop into the air to be wonderfully illuminated before making way for another. Doughnuts are offered to the performers who leap onto the table to the strains of the Red Army Choir, offering heroic workers poses; the audience are given bread rolls and asked to break them to reveal hidden letters; Gobshite displays his ideal last meal, emptying the contents of a packed lunch and peeling a hard boiled egg as he imagines being strapped into the electric chair, *The End* mixing into David Cassidy's *Daydream Believer* before yet another moment holds the audience's attention. Beneath all this imagination the tension and despair of the characters continues to build and the central dilemma of the piece moves on. Which of these characters can be trusted? Which of these response, if any, is the most laudable when confronted by faceless brutality?

This was an enthralling hour, with excellent performances all round. Jeannete Caiger calm and forceful as she pits her arguments against the sardonic ranting of Andy's Gobshite, with Liz Smockkiewicz's Cinderella sitting in the crossfire entrancing with her increasingly fantastic tales. A reminder that issue based theatre needn't be an exercise in flag waving, Andy Barrett's work continues to impress.

Jack Knowles

RECIPES FOR PLEASURE Nottingham Broadway Café Bar

Combining a panel-led discussion on the subject of food and food writing with a three course meal, the accent this evening was on glorious indulgence. Citing sources as diverse as Plato and Elizabeth David and including a smattering of apocryphal anecdotes concerning the New Labour hierarchy the panel, led by Michele Roberts, guest fellow of the MA in Writing at the Nottingham Trent University, sought to examine how writers have tried to capture "one of the two great sensual pleasures."

Journalist Sarah Benton, novelist and biographer Paul Bailey and publisher and 'bon viveur' Steven Hayward each provided a taster of the kind of writing which stirs their appetites and between them conjured up an image of the preparation, cooking and eating of food as both a poetic and sexual act. The consensus was that the best food writers are those who manage to convey the pleasure inherent in the giving of a meal to others combined with the pleasure of indulging the senses in it. With the audience salivating in their seats, the focus moved on to the Café Bar for the accompanying three course meal cooked by Broadway chef Jeanie Finlay. Being a vegetarian (which if the sexual metaphor is pursued seems to brand me as some sort of fetishist) I didn't get to sample the pan fried fillet of tuna, but did enjoy a nest of wild mushrooms suffused with a rich creamy sauce accompanied by a tower of wild rice pricked with lemon grass. A preceding course of sweet and sour tomato soup and a dessert of strawberries sandwiched between small slices of sweet crepe and cream made up the rest of the inventive and sensual menu which pleasingly rounded off both the evening and the bellies of the audience.

Steve Shiel

THE SANDMAN: THE KINDLY ONES by Neil Gaiman

(Vertigo/DC Comics)

The final major story arc in Gaiman's critically acclaimed and award-winning *The Sandman* series *The Kindly Ones* is an epic tragedy full of enigmatic conundrums and mythical confrontations. Assembled from 13 separate issues this startling and stunning graphic novel follows the fate of Morpheus, Lord Of Dreams as he faces his final day of reckoning with the vengeful Furies. Characters and themes from early *Sandman* episodes return here with telling effect and Gaiman handles their elaborate emotional intricacies with great skill and dexterity. Additionally the collision between assorted ancient mythologies—Greek, Egyptian, Nordic— and Christianity's own tenets and creeds creates a backdrop of breath-taking beauty and imagination. Although Gaiman is currently pursuing other artistic directions (a one million dollar book deal has just been signed and sci-fi fantasy TV series *Neverwhere* is already in production at the BBC) it is doubtful whether he will ever match the eloquent artistry of *The Kindly Ones*. Oh, and the artwork from Marc Hempel, and in particular Dave McKean is a true delight.

Hank Quinlan

FRIED CIRCUIT

JULY/AUGUST
1996



MANGACIDE

saturday 27th

PORK CHOP / D? CI?/PLANCK
Rumpshaker Nottingham The Box
SWING KIDS
The Old Angel

GREG WRIGHT'S
from Los Angeles Running Horse
POTEEN
Mechanics Arms

SQUEALY / PINKY / AK
CRUCIAL RODENT
Elemental The Skyy Club
RHYTHM & SOUL PARTY
Hand & Heart

VOODOO SIOUX
Mansfield The Woodpecker
WIDE EYED WONDER
Leicester The Shed

RAZORBACH
Pump & Tap

sunday 28th

SHOD *jazz breakfast noon*
Nottm The Old Angel

FOOTWARMERS *noon*
AKIMBO *8pm*
The Bell Inn

FLASHPOINT
The Golden Fleece

ABK
Running Horse

NAVIGATORS *lunch*
PHIL JUPITUS *Mechanics Arms*
Just the tonic The Old Vic

monday 29th

OMEGA
Nottm The Bell Inn

CHAMPION FRANNIE
EUBANK The Running Horse

ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece

SKEETER
Leics. The Charlotte

tuesday 18th

THE CRIES OF TAMMUZ
EMMA CONQUEST/ DJ SIN
Caged Bat Nottingham Sam fay's
RIGHT SAID FRED
Rock City

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse

TEMPUS FUGIT

The Bell Inn

wednesday 31st

JAZZNOLOGY
Sleaze Nottm The Skyy Club
ROY DE WIRED
Behan's Bar

COLIN STAPLES JAM
Running Horse

THE FAB FOUR
Sam Fay's

SOURMASS
Mansfield The Woodpecker

AUGUST

thursday 1st

PULLOVER / EASE
THE KERRYS
Nottingham Sam Fay's

RAISE THE ROOF
Behan's Bar

JEWEL
Old Angel

SILENT EDGES
The Running Horse

MY HEAD'S GOING TO BLOW UP
/ VERY LITTLE ELSE
WRINKLY PINK CATSUITS
RAZORFACE
Leics. The Charlotte

SPEEDBALL
Pump & Tap

friday 2nd

VERITY BROWN
Nottm The Old Angel

OLD SCHOOL
The Running Horse

DECLAN
Mechanics Arms

FRISBEE / SOUR MASS
Filly & firkin

TOM PRITTY
Behan's Bar

THE ROLLING CLONES
Rock City

SKURAVI
Leics Pump & Tap

SMALL TOWN HEROES
The Charlotte

FLOOD
The Charlotte

saturday 3rd

ONE STEP / NAIL / PORK CHOP /
DEEP JOY
Rumpshaker Nottm The Box

POWER ARC
The Old Angel

FOUR ON THE FLOOR
The Running Horse

SUGAR & LUST
Filly & Firkin

RAGGITY ANN / THE GRIND
Rock City

SONS OF ERRIS
Mechanics Arms

KING PLEASURE
& THE BISCUIT BOYS
Riverside Festival

GENEVA
Mansfield The Woodpecker

DODGY / THE CANDYSKINS
£10/£8 Derby Markeaton Park

VICTOR
Leics Pump & Tap

PERFUME / PLAYER
The Charlotte

SENDER
Sheffield The Leadmill

WICKED N WILD *10pm-4am*
Skegness Fantasy Island The Zoo

sunday 4th

FOOTWARMERS *noon*
JUBA *8pm*
Nottm The Bell Inn

RADFORD ALL-STAR
JUG BAND
The Golden fleece

NAVIGATORS
Mechanics Arms

SHOD *fast jazzbreak noon free*
The Old Angel

CHICKENASS BLUES BAND
The Running Horse

BHUNDU BOYS
MAS Y MAS / JAZZ JUNIORS
Riverside Festival

WIDE EYED WONDER
Victoria Embankment

WIDE EYED WONDER
Mansfield Stockwells

monday 5th

OMEGA
Nottm The Bell Inn

BIG BROTHER
The Running Horse

ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden fleece

tuesday 6th

BENNETT / SUN
MONKEY ISLAND
£2.50 / £2 Nottingham Sam Fay's

WAREHOUSE
The Bell Inn

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
Replace the stolen gear benefit gig
The Golden fleece

wednesday 7th

HARE RAMSDEN
Sleaze Nottm The Skyy Club

AGAINST THE GRAIN
The Old Angel

COLIN STAPLES JAM
The Running Horse

THE FAB FOUR
Sam Fay's

DAVIS
Mansfield the Woodpecker

AVICULTURE
Leics The Charlotte

thursday 8th

FRIENDS OF... / LAHONDA
Nottingham Sam Fay's

WHOLESOME FISH
The Running Horse

friday 9th

IÖWASKA
Nottm The Old Angel

STUMBLE BROTHERS
The Running Horse

THE LAST COSMONAUTS
OPTIMUM
Filly & Firkin

SWAMP WALK/FORGODSAKE
Rock City

EAMON GETHINGS
Mechanics Arms

31 FLAVOURS
Leics Pump & Tap

ABOVE ALL
TUBESURFER
The Charlotte

saturday 10th

PLANCK / D? CI?/ DEEP JOY
Rumpshaker Nottm The Box

JUNGLE DJ CREW
MAJICK SPYDER
The Old Angel

COLD SWEAT
The Running Horse

JACK OF DIAMONDS
Mechanics Arms

PABLO / JAZZ SPIRIT
FEVER
The Skyy Club

CABARET RATS
Filly & firkin

THE MARTYN BROWN BAND
Mansfield The Woodpecker

PERFUME/ SKA BOOM
FRIENDS OF... / DAVIS
Leicester Live 96

THOMAS & THE TANKHRADS
Leics Pump & Tap

sunday 11th

FOOTWARMERS *noon*
MIND THE GAP *8pm*
Nottm the Bell Inn

SHOD *fast break jazz noon free*
The Old Angel

NAVIGATORS *lunch*
Mechanics Arms

GUT BUCKET BLUES BAND
The Running Horse

BIG BROTHER
The Golden fleece

COAST / COTTONMOUTH
Leics. The Charlotte

monday 12th

OMEGA
Nottm The Bell Inn

RED HERRING
The Running Horse

ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece

tuesday 13th

MANUSKRIFT
NIGHT MOVES / DJ SIN
Caged Bat

TEMPUS FUGIT
Nottm Sam Fay's

FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Bell Inn

TOOTHOSOME
The Running Horse

TOOTHOSOME
Golden Fleece

Welcome to Prolific

This section is produced by Prolific Projects, a media collective with the aim of taking on and beating the established media at their own game! We'll be publishing articles that won't be found in other papers and providing information that will be of genuine use for those interested in what's happening on the other side of the tracks. Obviously we'll have a few teething problems with the first issue, if you've got any suggestions or information for articles let us know.

A MATTER OF ENDS AND MEANS

Whatever happened to Anarchism after the Sex Pistols? Where did the COUNTERCULTURE disappear to after Morrison and Janis died? Class War true or False? And what in the name of fuck am I talking about? While we watched the Battle of Trafalgar unfold, we were being told about "The Men in masks", to cowardly to stand and fight, and once again Anarchism got branded along with Nachaev and all the other bomb throwing maniacs of the last 200 years. The recent capture of the Unabomber in the United States has further served to perpetuate "the states" idea that anarchists are mindless Utopia maniacs, hell bent on taking all our possessions from us in a jealous fit of foot stamping temper, the reality is vastly different. Contemporary Anarchism is ALIVE and well, it's all a matter of finding it. From the chaotic ramblings of Ken Kesey and Timothy Leary in the 1960's Anarchy and the popular culture of the last thirty years has had a rollercoaster but traceable ride to the present day. The late 1960's and early 1970's were littered with a number of emotive but largely unheard of bands who continued to profess the meaning of freedom as the "meaning of life", and as a result carried all the flak that comes with the post. German psychedelic avant-garders FAUST mixed hippydom with monstrosity on Virgin records for five unclaimed years, but are now recognised as one of the most politically progressive bands of that period, and are cited as influences by contemporary bands as wide ranging and THE CULT and LOOP GURU. In the late 1970's CRASS brought anarchism to England and actively pursued anarchist reality in Epping Forest in 1979, in an attempt to prove the inseparable link between anarchism and pacifism, of course the media ignored or smeared the whole project preferring instead to

concentrate on the broken nose vomit parties of THE CLASH and THE SEX PISTOLS. The 1980's and 1990's saw American grunge pioneers SONIC YOUTH trying to:

"...find the meaning of feeling good, and we're gonna stay there as long as we think we should..."

This brain crunching mix of noise and Anarcho-feminism carried over into the mainstream influencing NIRVANA and a whole host of other rock bands on the "grunge" scene. For a while it was back in fashion. More direct in approach but equally on the ball are current experimental artists NEGATIVLAND and CONSOLIDATED whose in your face mix of head-fuck and noise leaves little to the imagination but clearly demonstrates the idea in it's living breathing essence. Don't expect to hear these on your local juke box, but they are out there and don't expect them to lie down 'cos your parents don't like them.

On a more serious intellectual level there are a whole host of writers continuing the fight outside of the riot. Read anything by Noam Chomsky, Murray, Michel Foucault, Bertrand Russell, Herbert Read, Alex Comfort and it begins to become apparent that not only is anarchism alive but just as dynamic and vibrant as ever. The war never stopped, the battleground just changed, and it's up to each of us to stay alert and follow the route no matter where it takes us. More than ever before in an age of C.J.D. ozone holes, global warming, nuclear melt down and the wholesale strangulation of the planet on every frontier, the words of Paris 1968 seem completely appropriate: Neither gods nor masters; the more you consume the less you live; all power to the imagination; it is forbidden to forbid; be realistic: demand the impossible.

FULL-ON THE NEXT STEP

With the world in an increasingly desperate situation, the answer for youth culture seems to be drugs indulgence. Effort appears to be in relation to how many pills you can cram down your neck, in order to get "On One" in seconds.

Using the term "Party People" loosely, I consider myself amongst them. I hid away from conformity and normality with effervescence, and created a lifestyle based on state benefits and leisure commodity sales. Fortunately my situation has changed through my own diligence. Due to small state benefits and increased paranoia from drug related sentencing, I decided to equip myself better and break the cycle.

Now breaking the cycle is undeniably hard, we have few opportunities and very poor pay packets. But do not despair, among these animated, interesting images brought on by pills, powder and small squares of paper could be very constructive realities. Indeed they probably hold the key to prosperity and a fulfilled "Full On" life. When you break this cycle it does not mean that you have "sold out" but you have taken the fight to a new ring with better odds; a fight which can be a victory without addiction, which the state allows and if you go the distance you can win a decisive KO. As one of my mentors said and proved "you can do it for yourself!"

Did The Media Kill Leah Betts?

Ever since the media caught onto ecstasy they have harked on about the dangers of dehydrating after taking the drug. However what the media has not made clear is that it is fluid loss, (usually during long periods of dancing) that causes the situation to become dangerous. One of the effects of ecstasy is to imbalance the bodies thermostat so users are often unaware they are getting over heated this is compounded by an increased heart rate.

The media has made a big thing about drinking plenty of water if you take ecstasy. As a matter of speculation I could suggest that someone at Leah Betts party could of made a comment along those lines or that Leah herself remembered what she had read, heard, seen throughout the mass media. I do believe that whatever prompted Leah to drink glasses of water "one after the other"(*), it had something to do with the half truths in the press. What the press failed to mention (probably not enough research had been done regarding the issue) is that ecstasy can provoke the

release of an anti-diuretic hormone which impairs the bodies ability to produce dilute urine Leah had not been dancing all night, she had been sitting with her friends in her parents house. Giving evidence at the inquest into her death Dr. John Henry of Guy's Hospital and the National Poisons Information Service said about the 3 litres of water she had consumed: "this would have diluted the blood, causing the brain to swell and reducing the kidney's ability to pass water." Dr. Alistair Short who treated Leah said that she had died from "coning" of the brain, "this is when the brain swells and pushes down through the spinal cord, compressing vital areas, affecting the ability to breathe, regulate temperature and other vital functions."

Leah could still be alive if she'd had access to better drugs awareness information. It's about time the media printed the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, rather than going on witch hunts and moral crusades.

*I From Sarah Cargill (Leah's friend) at the inquest into Leah's death

For real information about drugs without the bullshit you can contact:
The National Drugs Helpline on 0800 776600
Institute for the Study of Drug Dependence on 0171 9281211

Prolific Projects

We're just a bunch of friends who decided to do something constructive with our spare time rather than whinging about how this or that could be better. We're about communication and networking with people that might have similar ideas. It's about striving to have control over your own life, to make moral decisions on a personal rather than national level. It's about a sustainable economy, ignoring the established routes to success and making your own.

We're looking to cross established media boundaries and create a multimedia communications network that means you don't have to rely on News at Ten to keep you up to date.

If you have any info, ideas, contacts, forthcoming events, campaigns, knowledge, skills etc. that will be of mutual

Prolific, 390 Alferton Rd, Radford, Nottingham, NG7 5NE
tel: (0115) 9702652

Forest Fields or NG7...

I live in Forest Fields. What does that statement conjure up in your mind? What does Forest Fields mean to you? Do you imagine crime and violence? Do you picture gangs of youths roaming the streets ready to mug or rape you? Do you see "Bloody Niggers and Pakis"? Do you see junkies ready to deprive you of your morality? Do you pity me for raising a family in such a pit of racial tensions, high crime and depravity? Well you shouldn't.

Forest Fields is a place with a large mix of cultures and beliefs. A place with talent and creativity. A place with energy, hopes and dreams. Looking out of my window I see Asia, Africa, The West Indies, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, England, Poland, Russia to name but a few. I see a thousand people from a thousand places with a thousand beliefs. I travel the world every day just by looking through my window.

And it is not just the world I travel. For different cultures are all bound by the same law. The law of time. I see babies learning now to be children playing, angst ridden adolescents, adults of all ages including pensioners. All ages with the same missions. Children experiencing life with fresh eager eyes. Adolescents wishing to be older. Adults wishing to be younger. Middle aged people looking towards retirement. Pensioners looking to their youth. All races the same. So you see I travel through time too.

Admittedly Forest Fields does have it's problems - as do all inner city areas - however, if the people could see what I see, its beauty would become more obvious.

Countryside Matters

There has been controversy about public money being spent to stop land owners producing food, on prearranged areas of land, known as set-aside.

This set-aside land lays out of production for the majority of one year at a time. This agreement between the government and the landowner, for a great deal of time now, has excluded the public, even though it is the public's money that is paying for it.

A relatively new scheme is trying to bridge that gap. The Countryside Stewardship Scheme is aimed more at conserving the landscape and wildlife, whilst helping people to enjoy it. And not before time!

These agreements have objectives (for up to ten years at a time) to sustain the beauty and diversity of the landscape and to improve the extent of the current wildlife habitats, and this may include public access to these areas if:-
-they lack existing public

rights of way.

-the land owner agrees to his/her contact to it.

This may also include new agreements to land access under the scheme. Although public access is not a requirement of the Country Stewardship Scheme individual agreements which allow public access may be given priority in obtaining these grants. This would hopefully encourage the landowners to provide more access to sites of natural interest.

Now it's up to you, the individual, if you enjoy getting away from this mad, mechanised society, even for a casual walk, do it. Contact your Local Council, Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, Countryside Commission, English Heritage, Tourist Board. The information that you seek about schemes such as above is available, though' sometimes with difficulty, so ask. You are paying for it, use it, but respect it.

CRITICAL MASS

Critical Mass is a two wheeled extravaganza extolling the virtues of pedal power. It's a craze that has spread throughout the nations car choked cities as a backlash against pollution, congestion and asshole drivers. The event is nothing more than a bike ride from A to B. However, unlike your communal garden, weekend jolly in the countryside, this takes place in rush hour in the most congested streets in the city. Obviously drivers take exception to being reminded that the fastest way to get home in rush hour is on a bike and having 100's of cyclist whipping past on eitherside of a gridlocked road is just rubbing their noses in it. This can cause some interesting encounters which often ends with both sides being awkward and lots of horn blaring, whistle

blowing and bell ringing all round.

Sounds like fun right? It is but the serious side is the issues it addresses, why should a lethal (in all sorts of ways) smelly, unhealthy, unsustainable, costly (that's why!), antisocial tin can dominate over one of the most efficient, cheapest, healthy and environmentally friendly modes of transport ever devised by the human brain?

So if you're sitting at home whinging about global warming, the high levels of asthma in children (1 in 5), the amount of countryside being ripped up for roads and complaining that the government isn't doing anything.... on yer bike mate, it's getting Critical.

Critical mass meet every 4th Friday of the month at 5.15pm in the market square

The Price of



Fairly cold, unexcited, restrained, unemotional, lacking zeal, cool. Distant, frigid, lukewarm, unwelcoming, cool. Shiny magazines, costing up to five times the average persons idea of the price of a cup of tea. Magazines that will help you realise just how uncool and square you are, whilst very gently licking your ego's ring-piece to reassure you that, "Hey, you're okay though, you're already cool you bought our magazine. The magazine folks, and the Media folk in general make billions a year from the 'cool' commodity, which works on the basic principle of screwing your vanity into submission and the concrete admission that cool equals popular, and popular means success and happiness. Then maybe one day, just maybe, if I devote my entire image and way of life to it, I may reach the standard of cool only reserved for 'Rock 'n Roll' overdoses, Hollywood blowjobs, soft drinks and Serial killers. You must shave and bleach. You must do your lines with a rolled up twenty. You must wear your sunglasses, sorry 'shades', at night and in the club, but in the day perch them on top of your head. You must wear that label with confidence, display that logo with peacock pride, your status and pulling power depend on it. You must pierce your genitals "because James Dean did" and besides "it heightens sexual pleasure and performance". You must know which Supermodels and Footballers are 'fit' and which are 'dogs' and 'donkeys'. You must know which films are 'in' or 'out' even if you've only seen the trailer. You must pretend that piecing together trailer clips from the T.V. is the same as reading the book. You must dance to what ever 'they' say 'they' dance to in New York. You must be full to overflowing with wild 'narco ' binge anecdotes, but never have any drugs of your own. With the price of the essential magazines, haircut, bleach, piercings, clothes (shoes, hats and shades included), club admission fees, club and pub drinks prices, Cocaine, 'E', Weed, etc. the total price of cool is estimated to be around five hundred quid a week. The actual price of cool is your truth and your SOUL!!!!

W.A.Y A.H.E.A.D

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KNEBWORTH PARK
Sat. 10th & Sun. 11th Aug.
LAST FEW TICKETS LEFT

Pulp
VICTORIA PARK,
WARRINGTON
Sun. 18th Aug.

METALLICA
NEC BIRMINGHAM
5th & 6th Oct.
SHEFFIELD ARENA
16th Oct.

CRANBERRIES
NEC BIRMINGHAM
Tues. 10th Dec.
SHEFFIELD ARENA
Sun. 8th Dec.

PRODIGY
WOLVERHAMPTON
CIVIC HALL
Mon. 7th Oct.

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Undercurrents

Television news. Boring. Irrelevant. Biased?
Undercurrents. Interesting. Relevant. Biased.

Never hear of Undercurrents? Well that's not surprising, it's an Underground (and rising) alternative news programme that's only available on video; hence it's lack of fame. Undercurrents was conceived during the M11 link road protest in 1993 by a small group of protesters who decided they'd had enough of the batterings they'd received from the bailiffs (literally) and the established media. Camcorders were already being used by both the police and the protesters for use in multimedia court battles so there was a glut of available footage. It made sense to actually put it to some use. A media collective called Small World Media had been set up just one month earlier and had successfully used camcorder evidence to stop the development of a golf course in Hampshire on common land. This coalition using Small World's new found experience and existing skills from within the group moved to counteract

Do you see yourselves as objective?
"Absolutely not. We're completely biased. We've always said that."

Paul O'Connor - one of the founder members of Undercurrents

the bias that they felt was evident in the media. The result was Undercurrents (1) a video showing the protest from the protesters point of view. By April '94 the Undercurrents team had provided footage to both local and national television news providers which showed for the first time what went on once the TV crews had gone home. The nation could see that perhaps the protesters weren't all thugs and trouble makers after all.

Since that time Undercurrents has been using video to raise public awareness of social and environmental campaigns and issues. Footage comes from independent film makers all over the country telling stories that no one else has mentioned. Raising public awareness has become an effective form of protest in it's own right.

The release of Undercurrents is a somewhat erratic affair (no. 5 was launched at the beginning of June) and the format changes to some extent. The average contents are at least an hours compilation of short pieces on

topics as diverse as an expose on dubious loans made by the World Bank and the squatting of Brighton's old court house. With a current distribution of 1200 copies each issue more and more people are waking up to current affairs beyond the TV set.

Obviously this isn't going to be the most objective journalism in the world but then again perhaps there's no such thing as the unbiased news report.

You can get copies of Undercurrents from:
Undercurrents Productions
16b Cherwell St.
Oxford
OX4 1BG
tel: 01865 203663

Or there'll be a showing of Undercurrents at

Cafe Bleu

390 Alfreton Rd, Radford

Every Tuesday starting with Undercurrents 1 on the Tues. 30th July

wednesday 14th

TILT
Sleaze Nottm The Skyy Club
THE FAB FOUR
Sam Fay's
COLIN STAPLES JAM
The Running Horse
ROY DE WIRED
Behan's Bar
31 FLAVOURS
Mansfield The Woodpecker

thursday 15th

AURA
Techno Notice Nottm Sam Fay's
FRANCIS
Behan's Bar
MARTYN BROWN BAND
The Running Horse
RALPH
Filly & Firkin

friday 16th

THE HARBREAKERS
Nottm The Running Horse
PATTON & KELLY
The Mechanics Arms
KELLY'S HEROES
Behan's Bar
FIGGIS
Filly & Firkin

RADIUM 88
Derby Victoria Inn
RED KROSS / HONEYCRACK
The Charlotte
STAN MARSHALL'S LAW
Pump & Tap

saturday 17th

PROJECTORS
Nottm The Old Angel
HOOLEY & THE CRACK
Mechanics Arms
STERN FUNK 'N' BEZ
Rumpshaker The Box
ADVERSE
Hearty Goodfellow

OZZY OSBOURNE
HONEYCRACK / KORN
Monsters Of Rock Donnington Park
WALKING ON ICE
Mansfield The Woodpecker
WHOLE SOME FISH
Leics The Shed

NEON / CALENDAR DREAM
The Charlotte
LOOM
Pump & Tap
SPACE / dWEBB / SPEEDY
SUPERNATURALS / SUN
Sheffield The Leadmill
WICKED N WILD
The Zoo Skegness Fantasy Island

sunday 18th

NAVIGATORS
lunch Nottm Mechanics Arms
SHOD noon jazz break fast free
The Old Angel
FOOTWARMERS noon
8pm The Bell Inn
AKIMBO
The Bell Inn
TIM DISNEY & THE SCORE
The Running Horse

DA DOG
The Golden fleece
WHOLE SOME FISH
Coalville Victoria

monday 19th

OMEGA
Nottm The Bell Inn
AINSLEY LISTER
The Running Horse
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece

tuesday 20th

WHOLE SOME FISH
DROP THE BOX
From The Shetlands Sam Fay's
WAREHOUSE
The Bell Inn
FOLK BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse
RED HERRING
The Golden Fleece

wednesday 21st

THREE DEEP
Sleaze The Skyy Club
COLIN STAPLES JAM
The Running Horse
THE FAB FOUR
Sam Fay's
THE DAZY AGE
Mansfield The Woodpecker
MANSUN
Leics. The Charlotte

thursday 22nd

DJ WALT
SWEET POTATO DUB DISCO
Nottm Sam Fay's
CHRIS CONWAY
The Running Horse
THE LEVELLERS
Doncaster The Dome

friday 23rd

OUT OF THE BLUE
The Running Horse
FRANK DEMPSEY
Mechanics Arms
SLAPPER
Filly & Firkin
RAGGITY ANNE
Leics The Charlotte

saturday 24th

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
Nottm Filly & Firkin
FRED ZEPPELIN
The Running Horse
TONY KELLY
Mechanics Arms

PLANCK/PORK CHOP/ D? CI?
Rumpshaker The Box
MAD / THE LAST MAGICIANS
ATHAMAY / DISTORCHOUS
PSYCHO TV
Goth Invasion £5 adv. Rock City
MOTHER NATURE
Mansfield The Woodpecker

SIDE KICK
Leics. The Pump & Tap
OLIVE
Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 25th

NAVIGATORS lunch
DECLAN eve
Nottm Mechanics Arms
FOOTWARMERS lunch
JUBA noon
The Bell Inn
SHOD noon free jazz breakfast
The Old Angel

RICJHIE RICH
& THE RICH BOYS
The Running Horse
BLETHERSKITE
Golden Fleece

monday 26th

BIG JOE TURNER & HIS
MEMPHIS BLUES CARAVAN
IAN SIEGAL / BORDERLINE OLD
TENNIS SHOES
THE OCCASIONALS
RUDE MOOD 11pm til late £6
Nottm The Running Horse
HAND ON HEART
Mechanics Arms

on y va
qui mal
y danse

mondaze

SUTTIN' NECESSARY /
JAZZHOLE
hip hop, swing, soul, jazz Sam Fay's
SENSE SURREAL
trip hop, funk, drum n bass
The Lenton

PLANET EARTH
80's disco The Rig
SHOOT!
garage, brit-pop, retro
Mosquito Coast

tuesdaze

JAZTEC
DJ Pablo. Sam Fay's
BRIT POP
Beatroot
STUDENT NIGHT
The Rig

FREAKSCENE
indie grunge hardcore The Lenton
wednesdaze
LE BÊTE DES BLEUS
D? CI? Café Bleu
SLEAZY
DJ Dave and live jazz acts
The Skyy Club

BEATLEMANIA
The Fab 4 Sam Fay's
BRAIN SALAD
DJs Das Uberdog & Doublevision
The Lenton

INDIE GO GO
The Cookie Club
BIG EASY
student night Mosquito Coast

ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden fleece
WOODYSTOCK
Mansfield The Woodpecker

tuesday 27th

BLTYH POWER
Nottm. Sam Fay's
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND
The Running Horse
TEMPUS FUGIT
The Bell Inn
MOOD INDIGOE
The Golden fleece

wednesday 28th

PINK TORNADOS
Sleaze Nottm The Skyy Club
COLIN STAPLES JAM
Running Horse
SUGAR & LUST
THE STRANGE
Mansfield The Woodpecker

thursday 29th

DAVE RICHMOND BAND
Nottm The Running Horse
FANCY / MANGACIDE
Fried Alive £2.50 / £2
Sam Fay's
OUT OF THE BLUE
Kirkby-in-Ashfield Millers

thursdaze

DJ Mark Spivey Sam Fay's
TECHNOTECHNOTECHNO
see flyers The Skyy Club
SERVE CHILLED AGAIN
Digs & Woosh Café Bleu
A LARGE PORTION
OF HELMET
Tatham, Congreve, Nesbitt,
Sankey De Luxe

JEUDI
Student Night Rock City
PHATHEAD/ FOR REAL
hip hop funk jazz The Lenton
THURSDAY NIGHT FEVER
70's & 80's funk Mosquito Coast

fridaze

BLUE SKIES AHEAD
Café Bleu
HOT LIZARD
Paul Wain, Gary Marsden,
Kitsch Club
BIG BANG / HAMMERED
Rock City

HOT BUTTER
dancefloor jazz Beatroot
RETRO
The Cookie Club
HOT PANTS
70's Disco Options
UNITY
Kitsch Club

saturdaze

FEEL GOOD
The Cookie Club
ALTERNATIVE NIGHT
Rock City
DEP. LOUNGE vsQUADRANT
Café Bleu

CUSH
house trance techno The Lenton
BRIT POP
The Zone
SPICE
Mosquito Coast

sundaze

GROOVE TOOB
house, trip hop The Lenton
SERVE CHILLED
The Skyy Club

friday 30th

MICK PINI BAND
Nottm The Running Horse
LOVE HATE
Rock City
ON THE FIDDLE
Mechanics Arms

EXIT
Filly & Firkin
STINK BUTTON
Leics. Pump & Tap
saturday 31st
CARNIVAL OF THIEVES
Nottm The Running Horse

POTEN
Mechanics Arms
BRUTUS / BLUEBOTTLE
Filly & Firkin
FEVER
The Skyy Club

HEN / JAZZ SPIRIT / LYNDY /
PEAK/SUZY CREAM CHEESE
Moodswingz The Box
TIN LIZZY
Mansfield The Woodpecker
WHOLE SOME FISH
Off The Tracks Beer Festival
Castle Donnington



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THE HAYLOCK INTERVIEW:

MAN... OR ASTROMAN?

JWH: Welcome To Earth. Why do you like playing on our planet?

Birdstuff: We don't. We never intended to crash-land here.

JWH: Do you find our Earthwomen attractive?

B: Yes!

JWH: Are you biologically compatible?

B: Unfortunately we are not anatomically correct. Sex is impossible.

JWH: Do they have music charts on other planets?

B: Yes, the Interstellar Top 5071134 Pop Sound Wave.

JWH: What do you do for recreation?

B: Experiment on Earthpeople's audio receptors.

JWH: Albin produced your Experiment Zero. Is he a) a little fluffy kitten; b) a hard bastard; c) A hard fluffy bastard kitten; d) an American bloke?

B: He's a little fluffy kitten.

JWH: What Earth music do you like?

B: Ventures, Spotnicks, Devo, Link Wray, B52's, Shadowy Men, Six Finger Satellite, Brainiac, Phantoms, Shadows.

JWH: You were on Mark Radcliffe's Show recently. Is Lard big on Uranus?

B: Not on mine!

JWH: Since you have the ability to see into the future, what will the next question be?

B: What will your next question be?

JWH: Incredible! How do you do it?

B: Sorry, I went backwards!

JWH: Are there any plans to increase the £3.75 budget for your stage set?

B: No, we are the lo-fi universe expanders of all time. We need no budget.

JWH: Is there intelligent life in America?

B: No, not even in the fifth dimension.

JWH: What propulsion system do you use?

B: Warp dimensional vectoring fuelled by a very unstable reaction between unknown chemicals and human blood.

JWH: Did you have anything to do with the Roswell incident?

Coco: Hey, careful... you are speaking about close friends of ours... let's move on.

JWH: Are your alien bodies sophisticated enough to digest complex Earth type nutrients such as chips and beer?

C: Yes, we are able to intake, process and synthesize the effects of Earth food... even the pleasure factor, so we dig it!

JWH: How's the tour going?

C: Very well by Earth standards despite your primitive transport system.

JWH: Is there a God?

Birdstuff: Yes, and he loves chips!

JWH: Does he like chips?

B: Come on, you're too slow!

JWH: Where will you be tomorrow?

B: Yesterday.

C: Yes, we are able to intake, process and synthesize the effects of Earth food... even the pleasure factor, so we dig it!

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B: Come on, you're too slow!

JWH: Where will you be tomorrow?

B: Yesterday.

Café Bleu

Drink eat and good music 11am -11pm Tues -Sun
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Thursday: Serve Chilled Again. Digs & Woosh
Friday: Blue Skies Ahead
Saturday: Departure Lounge vs Quadrant

pre-club warm ups 50 metres from Skyy Club
390 Alfreton Road (opp. Texaco garage)

"We left Jimmy [Cliff] and his musicians jamming in his garage beneath the palm trees on his front lawn, and made our way to the greatest of all record producers in Jamaica: the inimitable Lee Perry, nicknamed Scratch. The studio adjoining his house was called the Black Ark and had images of Haile Selassie and the lion of Judah painted around it in Rastafarian colours. Inside, Scratch together with Junior Murvin, the Upsetters and the Heptones were waiting for us. "Drum and bass, drum and bass," cried Scratch dressed in red boxer shorts, Rasta hat and yellow T-shirt. "That's the rhythm of the ghetto, drum and bass, with the lyrics of the street." — extract from *Beats Of The Heart*, a Channel Four book by film-maker Jeremy Marre and Sunday Times editor Hannah Charlton.

A TALE OF ORDINARY MADNESS

Lee Perry was and will always be one of those people worth dropping to your knees for whilst chanting that old cliché "We are not worthy". His contributions over the last four decades have earned him world wide recognition, yet at the same time he has suffered mainstream indifference. His earlier works, recognised by many as the cutting edge of the dub razor, are now subject to such market forces as mean a late introduction to his music makes for an expensive purchase, unless you are lucky enough to obtain a re-issue— which brings us to the good news. On U Sound, through their Pressure sounds label, have collected no less than twenty hard to find titles by our man and squeezed them together on one of those tiny, shiny cd thingys. Voodoo i sm celebrates Perry's mid-70's output, demonstrating that over the many turbulent years that go hand in hand with genius, he's been misrepresented by the usual oversights: only a singers name appearing on a record label; more acceptably groomed but less qualified personalities being interviewed and photographed for international consumption; but essentially because of the lack of common sense in the world.

Let's say you're a sensible person working for an international record company. You hear this reggae track which is tearing up the charts and it has a peculiar production— sparse, tuneful, spacey— yet still beautiful. Then because you are good at your job you realise that Police And Thieves is not just a flash in the pants. The man behind Junior Murvin's silk tie voice is the same guy who created the musical platforms which rocketed Bob Marley and The Wailers into orbit some years before. You'd also have discovered the massive collection of tunes emanating symbolically from his Black Ark studio, providing the ingredients for many successes both within and beyond his Jamaican locality... and you'd surely be tempted to get on a plane with a blank cheque and a tightly drafted but appealingly flexible contract— wouldn't you? Obviously you're not one of those notable companies which chose to ignore the continual development of new musical phenomena taking place in Jamaica during the seventies.

Voodoo i sm is not so much a 'Best of ...' more an introduction to the style of Scratch the dub master back in those days. Psalms 20 released as James Booms starts off with a swirling, organic, bass-heavy production featuring old skool dj mixtures of toasting and singing (all very commonplace now) showing clearly where these styles originate. From then on the journey is a mystic ride through Rasta-inspired harmonies mingled with tighter and tighter drum and bass rhythms. By putting both vocal and instrumental versions side by side you have a chance to really focus on the little subtleties of each track, as well as the ideas that tie them together in distinctive production techniques, with some melodies and effects repeating themselves on differing tracks. Like Studio One, Trojan, etc. this is time capsule music, hip-notically taking you back to a specific period in Jamaican history. It allows you to realise the extent of cross-fertilisation between the tec-Knowledge-y of poverty (simple machinery pushed beyond its limits and sell-by date) and those sounds easily achieved in the black box hi-tec-spec promising instant perfection in the modern studio...

...and as I sit opposite Biant, whose love of Scratch the upsetter and Augustus Pablo have caused me to disturb his rest and recuperation time (his bad back is making mobility and work difficult, but music like this has its own healing qualities) to consult with and listen to him. We reminisce, people, places, lps lent and lost, and I realise that even as the historic collection plays on, I'm not getting excited. Good and strong as the tracks are, Biant and I are talking about other Scratch tracks that would have been even more interesting to hear now. I find myself missing my long lost Super Ape album.

Impossible to put into words my first hearing of Underground Roots from Perry's Super Ape. A Saturday night back in '77/78? Sometime like then. I was the eager teenager arriving everywhere too early to marvel at the size of the bass boxes, the number of valve trays making up the amplifier, how much weed there was openly displayed in a little sack beside the record box. I wanted to sava 'da flava of every sound system ritual, from the unloading of the van with its running-cussing commentary, to the first few punters changing the atmosphere from pre-match warm-up into show time; and me leaned against a wall like paint, when something ripped out my heart and made it stop, a bass line that sent tremors up my rib-cage and made my teeth chatter. And all of a sudden I'm aware of how unstressed I feel; having taken the magic carpet ride offered by Voodoo i sm I am able to relax, stop being so tight-arsed and critical, and just enjoy. Lee and Jimmy are singing Rasta Train, Biant and I are grinning and rocking and On U Sound has done a good job. So I kinda end up where I started. Mash down by roots, Better Future by Errol Walker and African Style by The Black Notes are by themselves well worth the dosh, what can I tell ya? The guy works hard for a good result. The only important question in the end is— where's the vinyl copy?

Pablo



STREETS DON'T FAIL ME NOW

"Not much of a street party this year, is it?" sneered Police Sergeant Andy Brittain of the Forward Intelligence Team as a colourful, whistling throng a hundred yards away struggled to push back the fat blue line of riot vans and helmeted hogs. This was at 1.30pm on Saturday July 13th. For a while it seemed as though he had a point. The sinking feeling of being locked out of the stadium on Cup Final day— hearing the uproar but standing hopelessly by— was pervading those of us stranded on the inaccessible side of west London's M41 motorway section. By 3.00pm, however, Sgt. Brittain was gagging bitterly on his crass predictions as the almost impossible became real. The entire length of tarmac, stretching from salubrious Holland Park Avenue to the manic Westway flyover, had indeed become the pulsing epicentre of this most audacious of resistance festivals. Not for this year's organisers the easy target of Camden High Street on a Sunday afternoon. Oh no, comrades, let's stuff up the whole motorway system on a sunny midsummer Saturday this time. Indeed the planning was immaculate. As hundreds were gathering at Liverpool Street Station, convoys of vans and caterers began sneaking out of other prearranged hideyholes, lorries concealing sound systems pulled up on the M41 hard shoulder and a Critical Mass bike rally was gearing up to lead the whole procession in.

Thus road rage became road rave in a matter of hours, and as word buzzed around the capitol's disaffected and curious citizens, numbers swelled to over 6,000. Three sound systems pumped their repetitive beats mercilessly, enormous Reclaim The Streets banners hung in mocking splendour, 20ft tripods captured the top exit in Newbury-esque fashion and onion bhajis zipped out of catering boxes faster than could be exchanged for money. Someone, somehow, had even managed to storm in with a great pile of sand for the kids' play area. A beach? I mean, on the M41 motorway? Yes, rub your eyes again but it was still there. By early evening sporadic fights had broken out as the mountain of empty Red Stripe cans began to build alarmingly. Such incidents were few though, and broken up without the blundering aid of Sgt. Brittain or, indeed, any of his colleagues who by now were in deep retreat. A police helicopter fluttered overhead in a final desperate show of strength but it was akin to watching a caged lion slobber morosely behind steel bars. A potentially lethal force reduced to the role of weary spectator.

Veggies were still carting their burgers in by the box load — cooked up in the back of a nearby van and lugged over the highway's surrounding walls. By now the law was plumbing the depths of police logic and blamed the caterers for keeping the enormous rally in full swing: "Have you got a licence to trade there?" they barked, six hours too late. "No? Well if you push off then so will all these other people." Uh-huh Sarge, that's right. Veggies head off into the sunset Pied Piper-like and 6,000 insatiable party-goers follow behind.

Of course, it didn't happen like that. But on a day of such mighty miracles perhaps Sgt. Brittain really believed it might.

Gareth Thompson

Reclaim The Streets 0171 281 4627
Saturday August 3rd, Brighton, Beach Party on the streets: "We are not leaving until every car is a flowerpot."

afterall:

III. There’s This Band

There’s this band. They’re pretty ordinary, but they’re also pretty good, so they’ve attracted some attention. They’re signed to a moderate-sized “independent” label owned by a distribution company, and they have another two albums owed to the label. They’re a little ambitious. They’d like to get signed to a major label so they can have some security —you know, get some good equipment, tour in a proper tour bus —nothing fancy, just a little reward for all the hard work. To that end they get a manager. He knows some of the label guys, and he can shop their next project to all the right people. He takes his cut, sure, but it’s only 15% and if he can get the signed then it’s money well spent. Anyway, it doesn’t cost them anything if it doesn’t work. 15% of nothing isn’t much! One day an A&R scout calls them, says he’s “been following them for a while now,” and when their manager mentioned them to him it just “clicked.” Would they like to meet with him about the possibility of working out a deal with his label. Wow. Big Break time. They meet the guy, and y’know what —he’s not what they expected from a label guy. He’s young and dresses pretty much how the band does. He knows all their favourite bands. He’s like one of them. He tells them he wants to go to bat for them, to try to get them everything they want. He says anything is possible with the right attitude. They conclude the evening by taking home a copy of a deal memo they wrote out and signed on the spot. The A&R guy was full of great ideas, even talked about using a name producer. Butch Vig is out of the question —he wants 100 g’s and three points, but they can get Don Fleming for £30,000 plus three points. Even that’s a little steep, so maybe they’ll go with that guy who used to be in David Letterman’s band. He only wants three points. Or they can have just anybody record it (like Warren Tiers, maybe —cost you 5 or 10 grand) and have Andy Wallace remix it for 4 grand a track plus 2 points. It was a lot to think about. Well, they like this guy and they trust him. Besides, they already signed the deal memo. He must have been serious about wanting them to sign. They break the news to their current label, and the label manager says he wants them to succeed, so they have his blessing. He will need to be compensated, of course, for the remaining albums left on their contract, but he’ll work it out with the label. Sub Pop made millions from selling off Nirvana, and Twin Tone hasn’t done bad either: 50 grand for the Babes and 60 grand for the Poster Children —without having to sell a single additional record. It’ll be something modest. The new label doesn’t mind as long as it’s recoupable out of royalties. Well, they get the final contract and it’s not quite what they expected. They figure it’s better to be safe than sorry and they turn it over to a lawyer —one who says he’s experienced in entertainment law —and he hammers out a few bugs. They’re still not sure but the lawyer says he’s seen a lot of contracts, and theirs is pretty good. They’ll be getting a great royalty: 13% (less a 10% packaging deduction). Wasn’t it Buffalo Tom that were only getting 12% less 10? Whatever. The old label only wants fifty grand, and no points. Hell, Sub Pop got three points when they let Nirvana go. They’re signed for four years, with options on each year, for a total of over a million dollars! That’s a lot of money in any man’s english. The first year’s advance alone is \$250,000. Just think about it, a quarter-million, just for being in a rock band!

The Problem With Music
by Steve Albini

Their manager thinks it’s a great deal, especially the large advance. Besides, he knows a publishing company that will take on the band if they get signed and even give them an advance of 20 grand, so they’ll be making that money too. The manager says publishing is pretty mysterious, and nobody really knows where all the money comes from, but the lawyer can look that contract over too. Hell, it’s free money. Their booking agent is excited about the band signing to a major. He says they can maybe average \$1,000 or \$2,000 a night from now on. That’s enough to justify a five week tour, and with a tour support they can use a proper crew, buy some good equipment and even get a tour bus! Buses are pretty expensive, but if you figure the price of a hotel room for everybody in the band and crew, they’re actually about the same cost. Some bands (like Therapy? and Sloane and Stereolab) use buses on their tours even when they’re only getting paid a couple of hundred bucks a night, and this tour should earn at least a grand or two every night. It’ll be worth it. The band will feel more comfortable and will play better. The agent says a band on a major label can get a merchandising company to pay them in advance on t-shirt sales! Ridiculous! There’s a gold mine here! The lawyer should look over the merchandising contract just to be safe. They get drunk at the signing party. Polaroids are taken and everybody looks thrilled. The label picked them up in a limo. They decided to go with the producer who used to be in Letterman’s band. He had these technicians come in and tune the drums for them and tweak their amps and guitars. He had a guy bring in a slew of expensive “vintage” microphones. Boy, were they “warm.” He even had a guy come in and check the phase of all the equipment in the control room! Boy, was he professional. He used a bunch of equipment on them and by the end of it they all agreed it was very “punchy” yet “warm.” All that hard work paid off. With the help of a video, the album went like hot cakes! They sold a quarter million copies! Here is the math that will explain just how fucked they are: These figures are representative of the amounts that appear in record contracts daily. There’s no need to skew the figures to make the scenario look bad, since real-life examples more than abound. Income is underlined, expenses are not.

Advance: **\$250,000**
Manager’s cut: £37,500
Legal fees: \$10,000

Recording budget: \$150,000
Producer’s advance: \$50,000
Studio fee: \$52,500
Drum, Amp, Mic and Phase “Doctors”: \$3,000
Recording tape: \$8,000
Equipment rental: \$5,000
Cartage & Transportation: \$5,000
Lodgings while in studio: \$10,000
Catering: \$3,000
Mastering: \$10,000
Tape copies, reference CD’s, shipping tapes, misc. expenses: \$2,000

Video budget: \$30,000
Cameras: \$8,000
Crew: \$5,000
processing and transfers: \$3,000
Offline: \$2,000
Online editing: \$3,000
Catering: £3,000
Stage and construction: \$3,000
Copies, couriers, transportation: \$2,000

Director’s fee: \$3,000

Album Artwork: \$5,000
Promotional photo shoot and duplication: \$2,000

Band fund: \$15,000
New fancy professional drumkit: \$5,000
New fancy professional guitars (2): \$3,000
New fancy professional guitar amp rigs (2): \$4,000

New fancy potato-shaped bass guitar: \$1,000
New fancy rack of lights bass amp: \$1,000
Rehearsal space rental: \$500
Big blowout party for their friends: \$500

Tour expenses(5 weeks): \$50, 875
Bus \$25,000
Crew (3): \$7,500
Food and per diems: \$7,875
Fuel \$3,000
Consumerable supplies: \$3,500
Wardrobe: \$1,000
Promotion: \$3,000

Tour gross income: **\$50,000**
Agent’s cut: \$7,500
Manager’s cut: \$7,500

Merchandising advance: **\$20,000**
Manager’s cut: \$3,000
Lawyer’s fee: \$1,000
Publishing advance: **\$20,000**
Manager’s cut: \$3,000
Lawyer’s fee: \$1,000

Record sales: 250,000 @ \$12 = \$3,000,000
gross retail revenue. Royalty (13% of 90% retail): \$351, 000
less advance : £250,000
Producer’s points: (3% less \$50,000 advance) \$40,000
Promotional budget: \$25,000
Recoupable buyout from previous label: \$50,000
Net royalty: (**-\$14,000**)

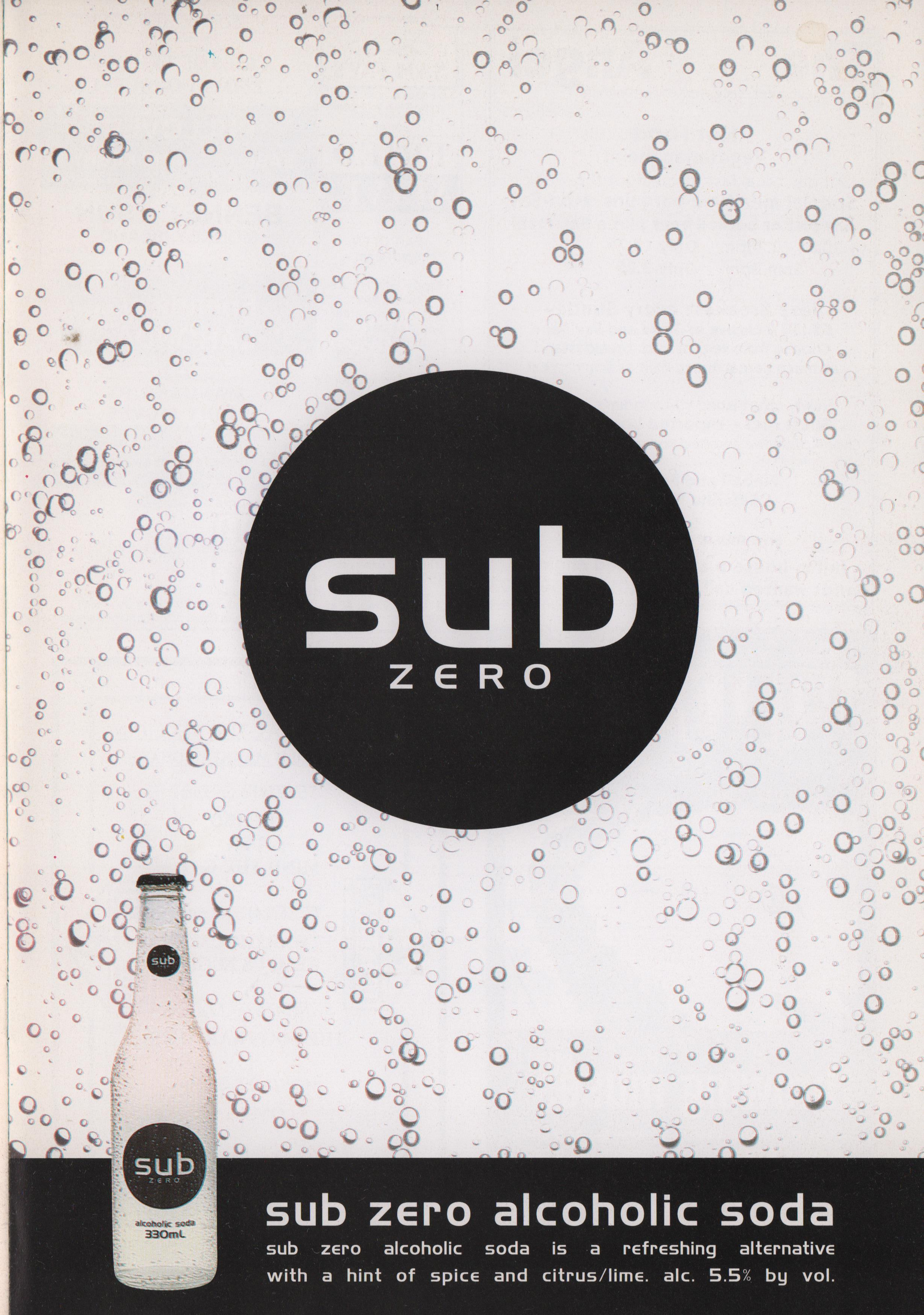
Record company income:
Record wholesale price \$6.50 x 250,000 = \$1,625,000 gross income. Artist Royalties: \$351,000.
Deficit from royalties: \$14,000
Manufacturing, packaging and distribution @ \$2.20 per record: \$550,000
Gross profit: \$710,000

THE BALANCE SHEET

This is how much each player got paid at the end of the game.
Record company: \$710,000
Producer: \$90,000
Manager: \$ 51,000
Studio: \$52,500
Previous label: \$50,000
Agent: \$7,500
Lawyer: \$12,000

Band member net income each: \$ 4,031.25

The band is now 1/4 of the way through its contract, has made the music industry more than 3 million dollars richer, but is in the hole \$14,000 on royalties. The band members have each earned about1/2 as much as they would working at a 7-11, but they got to ride on a tour bus for a month. The next album will be about the same, except the record company will insist they spend more time and money on it. Since the previous one never “recouped”, the band will have no leverage and will oblige. The next tour will be about the same, except the merchandising advance will have already been paid, and the band, strangely enough, won’t have earned any royalties from their t-shirts yet. Maybe the t-shirt guys have figured out how to count money like record company guys. **Some of your friends are probably already this fucked.**



sub zero alcoholic soda
sub zero alcoholic soda is a refreshing alternative
with a hint of spice and citrus/lime. alc. 5.5% by vol.