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THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS
Issue # 43 SEPTEMBER 1996

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ONE NIL DOWN: a shot in the park

inside:

ENNUI and other sleaze

Fried Circuit: gig and club listings

Reviews **Live:** Reading Festival, X Rays, Friends of...

Discs: Longpigs, Dodgy, Soundgarden, Dream City Film Club, Dweeb...

Johnny Violent on the joys of video games

Cinema: **Fallen Angels**, **A Time To Kill**, **The Last Supper**

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Thursday 12th September

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adm. £2.50

Tuesday 17th September

TILT
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Tuesday 24th September

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firstofall:

cover: **ONE NIL DOWN:** Nottingham's other finest Live at Sam Fay's Thurs. 12th
Yet to experience that open top bus ride through Hit City, **Half Man Half Biscuit** desperately announce the release of their epcd *Eno Collaboration* on the Probe Plus label. The song is taken from the ill-fated Music For Bike Sheds project which found itself with a flat tyre during the Dusseldorf boffin seminar when His Eggness indicated that he wasn't in the slightest bit interested in working with third rate Scouse chancers. The cd contains three other tracks: *C.A.M.R.A. Man*, a snipe at real ale bores; *Get Kramer*, which is about getting Kramer; and *Hair Like Brian May Blues*. An new album is out this autumn. Half Man Half Biscuit appear live at Sam Fay's on Thursday 5th September.
North London electric-dub blues trio **Baby Fox** have released a new single on Malawi records entitled *Curly Locks*. Originally a big hit in Jamaica for Junior Byles in 1975, this hugely influential track was one of the first productions to emerge from Lee Perry's Black Ark studio's in Kingston.
Warser Gate have released their debut album on Rafter Records. Entitled *All My Hates, All My Hang Ups*, it is available for £6.50 inc p&p (cheques to 'K. Flynn') 206 Westdale Road, Gedling, NOTTINGHAM NG4 4FT.

Longpigs release a single *Lost Myself* on Mother Records on Sept 23rd. They appear at Northampton The Roadmender (Sept 26th) and Sheffield Hallam University (29th).

Following the release of their *Forget Nothing* lp, **Lazer Boy** visit to Nottingham this month with a gig at Sam Fay's on Tues 24th Sept. The band includes various members past and present from **Coping Saw, Bear, Spoonfed Hybrid, AC Temple and Cud**, prompting *NMME* to describe them as "a veritable super group of sour-faced sonic surrealists". Cool. *Forget Nothing* is available on Freck Records Cat. # cd FRR 021.

Blow Up is a club night in London which pioneered Brit pop a few years ago, soon became bored of it and, despite adverse press, began an easy listening night with djs **The Kaminsky Experience**. Founder **Paul Tunkin** has compiled an album of what we here at Overall call "Pablo music". Entitled *Exclusive Blend Vol. 1* it comprises tracks from KPM music library sound-tracks composed by obscure sixties/seventies TV/film soundtrack writers such as **Keith Mansfield**. These are the *Mission Impossible* and *Huggy Bear* themes that never made it. Cat # Blow Up 006.
Better Read Than Dead is a benefit album for **AK Press**, an anarchist publishing company and distributor of left wing extremist and subversive literature. AK Press publish and/or distribute books by writers and publishers including Henry Rollins, ReSearch, Jello Biafra, Crass, Noam Chomsky, Chumbawamba and Creation Press. The project is to try to raise the awareness amongst people who are into the music that there are books that go hand in hand with the scene they are into. Artists who have donated tracks, mostly new, live or previously unreleased, include **Pitchshifter, Napalm Death, Papa Brittle, NOFX, Chumbawamba, Beggars ITA, The Levellers**. All proceeds to AK Press. "No animals were killed or hurt in the mixing of this record (except for Fat Mike's dog who got a sound kicking after he pissed all over the master tape).

Following the hugely success of *Trainspotting*, *Marabou Stork Nightmares* is the latest work by **Irvine Welsh** to be adapted for the stage. First produced by the **Glasgow Citizens Theatre**,

this new production is again adapted by Harry Gibson, the man who brought *Trainspotting* to the stage. He describes *Marabou Stork Nightmares* as "Acid theatre". The play plunges into the the comatose brain of Roy Strang, a hooligan whose memories of a chaotic Muirhouse childhood intertwine with fantasies of a surreal Africa. Irvine Welsh continues his exploration of violence and the causes of violence in a story rich in appalling incident and gut-wrenching humour with a soundtrack especially created for the play by a local DJ. It contains strong language and scenes of explicit sex and violence, of course, so it's not suitable for parents. The play opens at the Haymarket Theatre in Leicester on 20th September and runs until 12th October.

Chumbawamba play a one off date at The Dome in Doncaster on Friday 30th August. The gig is a benefit to fund the appeal by a Sheffield graffiti artist imprisoned for 'criminal damage'. In March this year 23 year old Simon Sutherland was sentenced to an incredible five years imprisonment for painting graffiti art on several sites around the city of Sheffield. On Legal advice he pleaded guilty to all the charges against him but when passing sentence the judge said he was making an example of him and that the five year term reflected public opinion. Most of the graffiti had been carried out on derelict and now demolished buildings but during the trial Sheffield City Council claimed that each site had cost over one thousand pounds to clean up. Some of the sites were demolished and Simon's work remains on others, yet Sheffield City Council claim that the clean up cost £7,000. They also claimed that Simon's work was responsible for the poor health of Sheffield residents and had prevented business from investing in the city.

None of Simon's graffiti art contained abusive or offensive language, most of it was in out of the way locations and he had a policy of never tagging private property. He had already decided to leave graffiti behind and try for a place at a local art college. He took his portfolio to court but the judge refused to look at it. Despite a probation officer's report recommending a non-custodial sentence, the judge decided a five year sentence was more appropriate. Sheffield City Councillor Francis Butler agreed. "Five years is the right sentence," he said, "a step in the right direction." Obviously he doesn't mind paying towards the huge cost of keeping Simon in prison, nor the fact that many far more serious crimes which leave the victims' lives in ruins, can attract much lighter sentences. If you would like more information about the case contact the **Free Simon Sutherland Campaign**, 18 Wentworth Road, Jump, Barnsley, South Yorkshire S74 0JY. Messages of support can be sent to Simon Sutherland RR1591, HMP Netherthorpe, E Wing, Brough, North Humberside HU15 1RA.

Following the success of their debut album *Paranoid And Sunburnt*, which sold over 200,000 copies in the UK alone, **Skunk Anansie** release a new single on September 16th on One Little Indian. Their second album *Stoosh* is out October 7th and an extensive UK tour follows during November.

Ben Elton's satire on movie violence, *Popcorn*, will have its World Premiere at **Nottingham Playhouse** this month. *Popcorn* will be the first collaboration between two of Britain's foremost producing theatres Nottingham Playhouse and West Yorkshire Playhouse. Originally written as a play, it has since been developed into a novel, which has become number one bestseller since its publication in August. The leading character, Bruce Delamitri, is an Oscar contender for his 'designer violence' film "Ordinary Americans" who finds himself playing host to real life serial

killers Wayne and Scout. *Popcorn* rips the veneer off the American dream to find a culture of disposable violence driven by an insatiable media. In a society addicted to murder it examines whether there really is such a thing as a responsible person. Ben Elton and director Laurence Boswell will give a post-show talk about the development of *Popcorn* on opening night Thursday 12th September. The play runs until 12th October and tickets are available from Nottingham Playhouse box office. Tel (0115) 941 9419 for details.

The 3rd annual **National Poetry Day** takes place on Thursday Oct 10th. Putting poetry in the spotlight again with a wide range of programmes broadcast on BBC TV and radio, the nation will choose it's favourite poem. In fact there will be poetry everywhere and don't think you'll be able to avoid it because there will be poems in the street, on cinema screens, during theatre intervals, even coming out of your fax machine and, in a particularly gratuitous way, displayed on scoreboards at sporting events. Ha! Here's a poem.

GOVERNMENT GUITAR WARNING

They should print a safety warning
On every new guitar
In case of operator fault
Like hoping-to-be-a-star
This machine may lead you
To a yawning empty space
Where all your dreams and money
Will vanish without trace
It may cause inflated ego
It may dislocate your brain
It can make you very boring
It can make you very vain
You may find yourself in places
Where you didn't want to go
With a lot of sordid people
Whom you didn't wish to know
You may wake up with a headache
With no memory or cash
With a former seaside donkey
And a disappointing rash
You may find the music business
To be very very bad
As surprising and as welcome
As a blow-job from your dad
You'd be safer with a hobby
You should take up Origami
In fact you'll do less damage
If you join the British Army

Martin Newell

Café Bleu

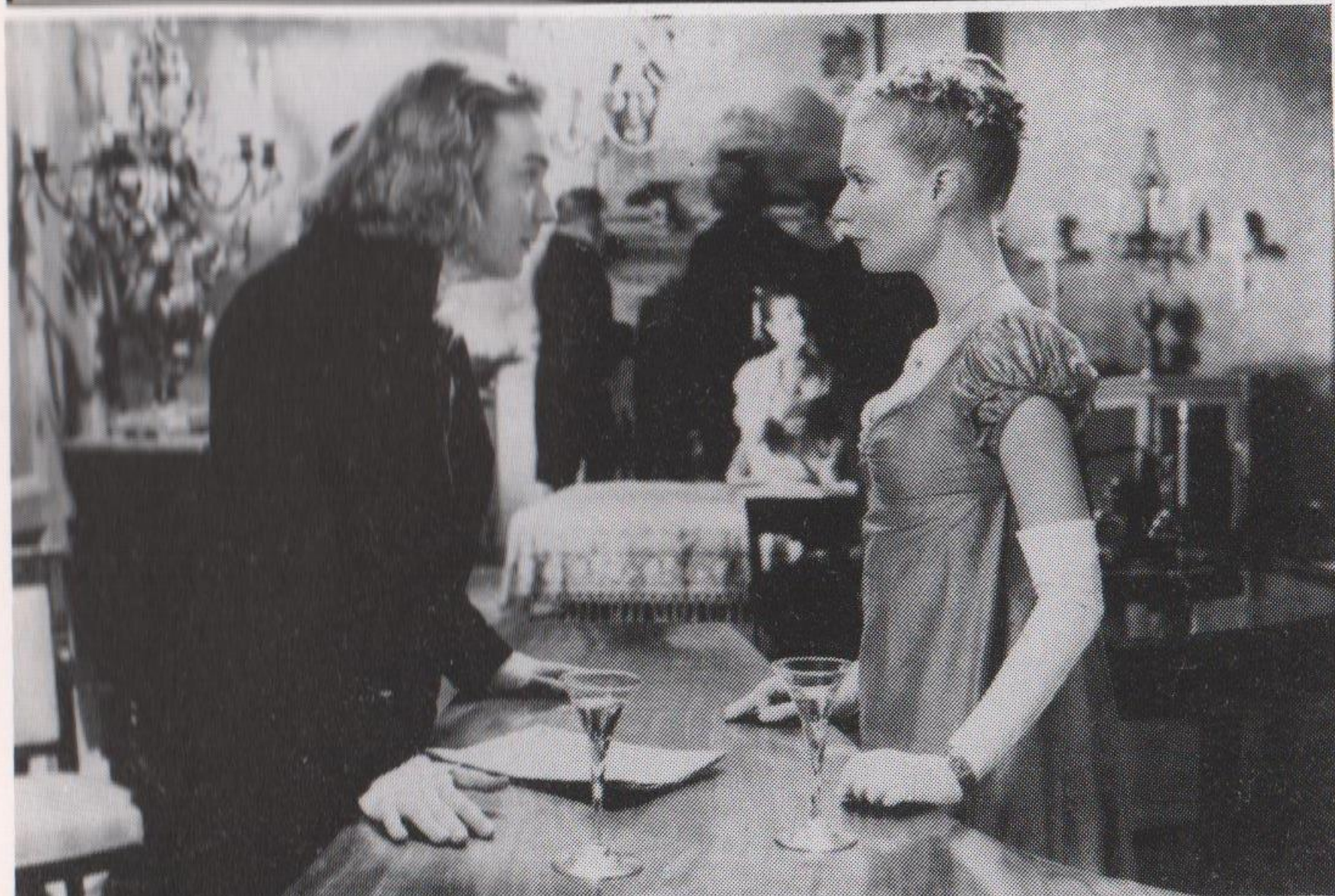
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visual:



EMMA
Adaptation of the Jane Austen classic ahead of ITV's on the box, which is already attracting pundits suggesting Gwyneth Paltrow is a hot favourite for an Oscar for her portrayal of Emma. She is good to the point where you hardly notice the American accent alongside her British counterparts Ewan McGregor, Alan Cumming, Greta Scacchi, Polly Walker, Juliet Stevenson (who steals the show in a short but decidedly sweet role), new boy Jeremy Northam as male lead Mr. Knightley and, from New Zealand, Toni Collette (of *Muriel's Wedding* fame) as Harriet Smith. *Emma* was filmed on location in Dorset and Wiltshire and was written and directed by Douglas McGrath, best known as the co-writer of Woody Allen's *Bullets Over Broadway*. *Emma* is as good as, if not better than, *Sense And Sensibility*, delightfully played, funny and a beautiful period piece paying close attention to detail. It's an obvious winner from start to finish especially for fans Jane Austen's books and their adaptations. The story, about a matchmaker's woeful attempts to bring people together, is contemporary enough to fit agelessly alongside Woody Allen's social comedies. Recommended.

Matt Arnoldi



A TIME TO KILL

John Grisham's *A Time To Kill* is his latest to receive the blockbuster treatment. At the helm is Joel Schumacher and an all-star cast includes Sandra Bullock, Samuel L Jackson and Kevin Spacey. Set in the American South the film has echoes of *Mississippi Burning* with the Klu Klux Klan resurrecting their movement and burning crosses again. Matthew McConaughey plays white lawyer Jake Brigrance defending a black man (Jackson) facing charges for the deliberate killing of two rednecks who raped his ten year-old daughter. Sandra Bullock plays a law student assisting the heavyweight prosecution team led by a cool and assured Kevin Spacey. The film raises the question: If your daughter was raped would you deserve a mercy plea for taking justice into your own hands? Would a plea of insanity stand up for a killing carried out in anger? Then put yourself in the American South where justice may not always be dished out fairly if two whites have been murdered by a black man. *A Time To Kill* is a powerful, riveting film with good performances from all of the cast. Matthew McConaughey suddenly thrust into the limelight as the greatest 'bit of rough' since Paul Newman, is excellent as lawyer Brigrance, with the highlight being his final court summing-up, with the cinema ticket on its own.

MA



THE PEREZ FAMILY

Indian director Mira Nair's latest is a heartwarming romantic comedy about a boatful of Cuban immigrants wishing to settle in the States. Marisa Tomei and Alfred Molina play Dottie and Juan Raul Perez, hopeful settlers in Miami's Little Havana. Since Perez is a common name it is not long before they meet others called Perez and thus a family of sorts is born as passing strangers with the name Perez become supposed members of their family. Dottie is indebted to Juan Raul for the assistance he has given her, and Juan Raul wants to kiss and make up with separated wife Carmela (Anjelica Huston). Marisa Tomei (*My Cousin Vinny*) is wonderfully engaging as the sexy and feisty Dottie and Anjelica Huston is also lively as Carmela. Molina and Tomei work well together and there are some delightful supporting performances, too. Although the plot occasionally seems contrived, the script is sharp and amusing with several funny moments and Stuart Dryburgh deserves a pat on the back for the beautiful photography. *The Perez Family* leaves you with a smile on your face when you reach the final credits.

The Perez Family disembark at Broadway Fri 27th Sept - Thurs 3rd Oct.

MA

ANTONIA'S LINE

A Dutch film that deservedly won an Oscar, directed by Marleen Gorris (*A Question Of Silence* and *Broken Mirrors*), *Antonia's Line* is about a family's struggle to survive over several generations throughout the 20th Century. The story is told by an old woman, Antonia, who is just beginning the last day of her life (she has decided it is time for her to die) and the story focuses on the strong-minded women who dominate the relationships that form Antonia's extensive family. Composed in a neatly tragi-comic style, well-edited and with much humour this is a European film, recommended because it has something to say, says it in 90 minutes even though it covers a lot of ground in that time and is a film without pretension and with more than a few surprises.

MA

MULHOLLAND FALLS

Lee Tamahori's follow-up to *Once Were Warriors* is a copy of the kind of Raymond Chandler B-movies that were big in the late 40's to early 50's. Nick Nolte, Chazz Palminteri, Chris Penn and Michael Madsen play stylish detectives known as 'the hats', LAPD's elite, glamorous, no messing anti-crime unit who are on the trail of the mysterious murderer of a young girl. A great cast includes Treat Williams, Jennifer Connelly and John Malkovich and the film was written by Pete Dexter (*Paris Trout*) and Henry Bean (*Internal Affairs*). The plot is complicated the film lacks real interest apart from the fact that a star is always in view and it will mainly sell on the back of its superb cast list. The plot keeps you guessing but if it was meant as a copy of those B-movie plot thrillers, the originals were too good to be bettered.

MA



THE LAST SUPPER (Dir. Stacey Title)

Putting extra crunch into the traditional Sunday lunch, five graduate students take a firm stand against right wing extremists and embark on a PC exercise in extermination. Homophobes, misogynists and anti-abortionists are all invited to the group's flat for dinner only to find ultimate fulfilment as tomato fertiliser. Cameron Diaz, Annabeth Gish, Ron Eldard, Jonathan Penner and Courtney B. Vance are fine as the five vigilante chefs while first time director Stacey Title skilfully balances outrageous black comedy and scathing social satire. *A Shallow Grave* with American seasoning.

The Last Supper is served at Broadway from Fri 6th -Thurs 12th Sept

FEAST OF JULY

A worthy adaptation of an HE Bates novel in which a young woman disowned by a man who breaks his promise to her. she takes to the heath, ends up giving premature birth to a baby which dies, and in a weak, dishevelled state she reaches a village where a family takes her in. That's the first five minutes of a particularly absorbing period piece in the style of Thomas Hardy. Starring Embeth Davidtz as Bella, veteran British actor Tom Bell, the dashing Greg Wise (*Sense And Sensibility*) and *Game On* star Ben Chaplin, *Feast Of July* is a joy to watch and a tale that grabs you early on and plays out well to a fitting denouement. Davidtz and Chaplin give strong performances, in the central roles and there are some memorable supporting roles, especially Gemma Jones as the mother who lets Bella know that her respect must be won if Bella is to become a part of the family. Period adaptations are in right now, and this is one of the best around at the moment.

MA

HOLLOW REED

British director Angela Pope's new film was produced by Nik Powell and Steven Wooley's Scala Productions with part-funding from Channel 4. In the lead roles are Martin Donovan (star of many of Hal Hartley's films) and Ian Hart (*Land And Freedom*) as a gay couple who have brought up a young son and find themselves facing a custody battle with his mother (Joely Richardson) and her partner who unbeknown to all is physically abusing the child. Written by Paula Milne, *Hollow Reed* is a sensitive tale focusing on the dilemmas in such a case as the child becomes a pawn in the tug-of-love struggle between four adults who all have their reasons for wanting to bring him up. As a feature film it doesn't quite work. It has more of a TV film feel to it focusing on the central dilemma, in this case child abuse, but giving us very little background to characters. We have to accept that Donovan is a doctor, Richardson a nurse and her partner a sick individual. Donovan and Hart as the gay couple are particularly unconvincing, but *Hollow Reed* has topicality on its side and explores genuine issues.

MA

At Broadway 20th-26th Sept.

PHENOMENON

With echoes of *Starman* comes this poignant tale about George Malley (John Travolta), an ordinary man who overnight becomes highly intelligent. If that sounds a tad far-fetched prepare to suspend disbelief because in the hands of director John Turteltaub audiences should be able to believe that George simply goes out one night and is quite literally hit by a shining star. Alien life appears then to bestow upon George his new found intelligence and while at first this seems a useful attribute, soon George becomes alienated from all his friends. Played with considerable conviction by a good cast, (Robert Duvall, Forest Whitaker and Kyra Sedgwick) *Phenomenon* is a satisfying movie with an emotion-filled finale. It also continues the ever-growing rejuvenation of Travolta's career.

MA

Centenary Cinema: APOCALYPSE NOW (Francis Ford Coppola)

The biggest, baddest, most beautiful war film ever made, *Apocalypse Now* was also a folly of epic proportions which survived an extraordinarily chaotic production to become a bona fide modern day classic. Hurricanes, Harvey Keitel's abrupt dismissal, Martin Sheen's near fatal heart attack, Marlon Brando's 'horror' at being filmed and Denis Hopper's drug dependency all contributed towards an escalating budget and high anxiety at the studio. Somehow Coppola won through and the final result remains as a magnificent testament to his strength and tenacity. The plot, transposed from Joseph Conrad's *Heart Of Darkness* follows a battle-scarred U.S. army captain as he journeys up a river of death to assassinate a renegade colonel currently waging an unauthorised war in Cambodia. Highlights, of course, include the *Ride Of The Valkyries* helicopter attack, the awe-



inspiring bridge of fire and the chilling arrival at Colonel Kurtz' base camp. Vittorio Storaro's lush camera-work captures everything perfectly and Coppola directs with unparalleled sweep and spectacle, creating a corrosive, hysterical, hallucinogenic nightmare. Wow! *Apocalypse Now* ends up at Broadway on 14th Sept.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE ANIME MOVIE GUIDE Helen McCarthy (Titan Books)
I'll come clean and admit that my knowledge of Anime is limited to a well-worn copy of Akira and the occasional rendezvous with C4's late-night animation slot. Author Helen McCarthy, however, is the UK's leading expert having previously published *Anime! A Beginners Guide To Japanese Animation* in 1993 and edited a bi-monthly magazine *Anime UK/FX* since its inception 1991. This new book reviews and rates over 600 films and OAV's (Original Animation Videos) and arranges them in chronological order from 1983 to 1995. Major films are picked out and placed in context of the genre's overall development while McCarthy makes a point of acknowledging the source material— often the original Manga comic book— and its broad diversity covering crime, romance, science fiction, history, folklore and sport. Her writing style is clear and informative, perfectly suited to this type of book, and there's an enjoyable enthusiasm for the subject matter alongside a well-balanced critical perspective. Not for everyone but a must for fans.

Hank Quinlan

THE MAKING OF INDEPENDENCE DAY

by Rachel Aberly and Volker Engel (Titan)
OK, the film is a hoot, plot-holes and pro-American propaganda aside, up there on the big screen *Independence Day* is a blast. Down here in its pint-sized paperback version the making of a movie legend seems a somewhat drab and mundane experience. File under Crap Merchandise Memorabilia.

HQ

VIDEO GAMES

RIDGE RACER REVOLUTION (Sony Playstation)

Picture the scene— you are the hottest developer (Namco) for the hottest next gen. console (Playstation). Your flagship game (*Ridge Racer*— older readers may remember) was a total smash and gamers worldwide reached orgasm as they witnessed the power of Playstation. The ingredients for Ridge Racer were as simple as virtually any classic video game— ground-breaking graphics and sound immerse the player who is within an hour or two totally addicted to the game play and will then play constantly for at least a week. After that they will lovingly return in search of a high score from time to time. You are Namco and your sequel is *Ridge Racer Revolution*. You maintain the ground-breaking graphics and sound— overlooking the fact that they are no longer ground-breaking— and fuck up the playability totally. No more power slides, no more adrenalin rush straights. Oh, but as the video game press trumpeted, you can play as three 'boss' cars and drive a buggy. Piss off. Whether this game is aimed at Sony's beloved drugged-out clubbers or at 5 year-olds is unclear. However, it is obviously aimed at morons of some description. Are you that moron? £45, please. 13%

Johnny Violent

video game reviews cont'd over...

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Hank Quinlan

...from previous page

ALIEN TRILOGY (Playstation)

Big shout out to Probe for sending us this game, but will you be rushing out to buy it? As *Doom* clones go, *Alien Trilogy* is one of the best. Sensibly discounting the first and third Alien films, AT goes for a big guns with gorgeously oppressive graphics and sound. So oppressive is the atmosphere generated, that the editor of this magazine urinated on the sofa before completing stage three—on easy level. My wet patch, was of a different nature because I trounced this motherfucker in two hours. Actually that's a lie. AT's difficulty level is pitched just right—3 days on easy, 5 on normal, 7 on hard. Slight gripe—no additional ending for the hardcore person, but we have learnt to expect that. 81%

(Tip: type in "1G0TP1NK8C1DB00T50N" as password for infinite weapons/level select.)

FIRESTORM: THUNDERHAWK 2 (Playstation/Saturn)

This game is so old that I could have bought it for you as a Xmas present. And now tears of nostalgia roll from my eyes as I tell you that this must rank along *Drop Zone* as one of the best shooters ever. You are a helicopter pilot and you must fight drugs barons, tin-pot dictators, pirates, Iraqis, and Serbians the world over. In a helicopter. But this is no ordinary helicopter (!). This is a year 2000 helicopter with AGM-214 Firestorm air to air/ground missiles, MK-3 Penguin anti-ship missiles, FFAR rockets, MK-88 cluster bombs, MK-84 500lb bombs, RCS233 anti-runway bombs. And a chain gun. And you get to shoot trains that look like Hornby trains (oh my god, I'm so upset!) and big Hercules style aeroplanes (you don't understand how I feel!) and... oh no! Stop me! Stop me! Nothing will ever be this good again. 93% (Tips: 1. Take out a mobile missile launcher. A little man will emerge and run off up a hill. Shoot a nearby tree. Pretend the little man has emerged from the tree. Shoot him and — hey presto! — Newbury-bypass-protester-massacre-simulator. 2. Your mission is to protect a United Nations aid convoy in former Yugoslavia. Shoot the convoy—go on, go on! They look dead realistic and they have UN signs on them... go on, go on, shoot them, shoot them! 3. On one particularly important mission, a humorous American voice-over instructs you that "the Jordanians have established a forward command base in the Jabal Wadi, a desert canyon several clicks west of the border. This base is currently under siege from Iraqi troops. Your first job is to escort supply helicopters to the base and destroy the Iraqi triple-A and SAM sites along the route." Shoot them! Shoot the supply helicopters, shoot the supply helicopters. Shoot them now! When I first did this my stitches had to be surgically removed. Oh yes they did! Time it for added fun.

QUAKE Shareware version (PC)

Speaking of fun, I don't see there is any in playing games on PC and these are my reasons. 1. Most PC owners work with them. People who play where they work are weird. 2. You'll get backache sitting at that office chair. 3. Configuration bollocks. 4. PCs powerful enough to run a game with *Quake's* requirements cost £1,000+. One fifth of that buys a machine with better graphics, and you can play it on TV. Yes! Instead of being crouched over a tiny monitor you can play it on the telly. 5. If you have any self respect, you will crash your £1000+ set up with beer and ash, anyway. So what's the point? 97%

If you disagree with the above and wish to own the (admittedly awesome looking) *Quake* shareware version on CD-ROM, then write in to me c/o **Overall** naming five *Doom* clones. Closing date 20th Sept.

Johnny Violent

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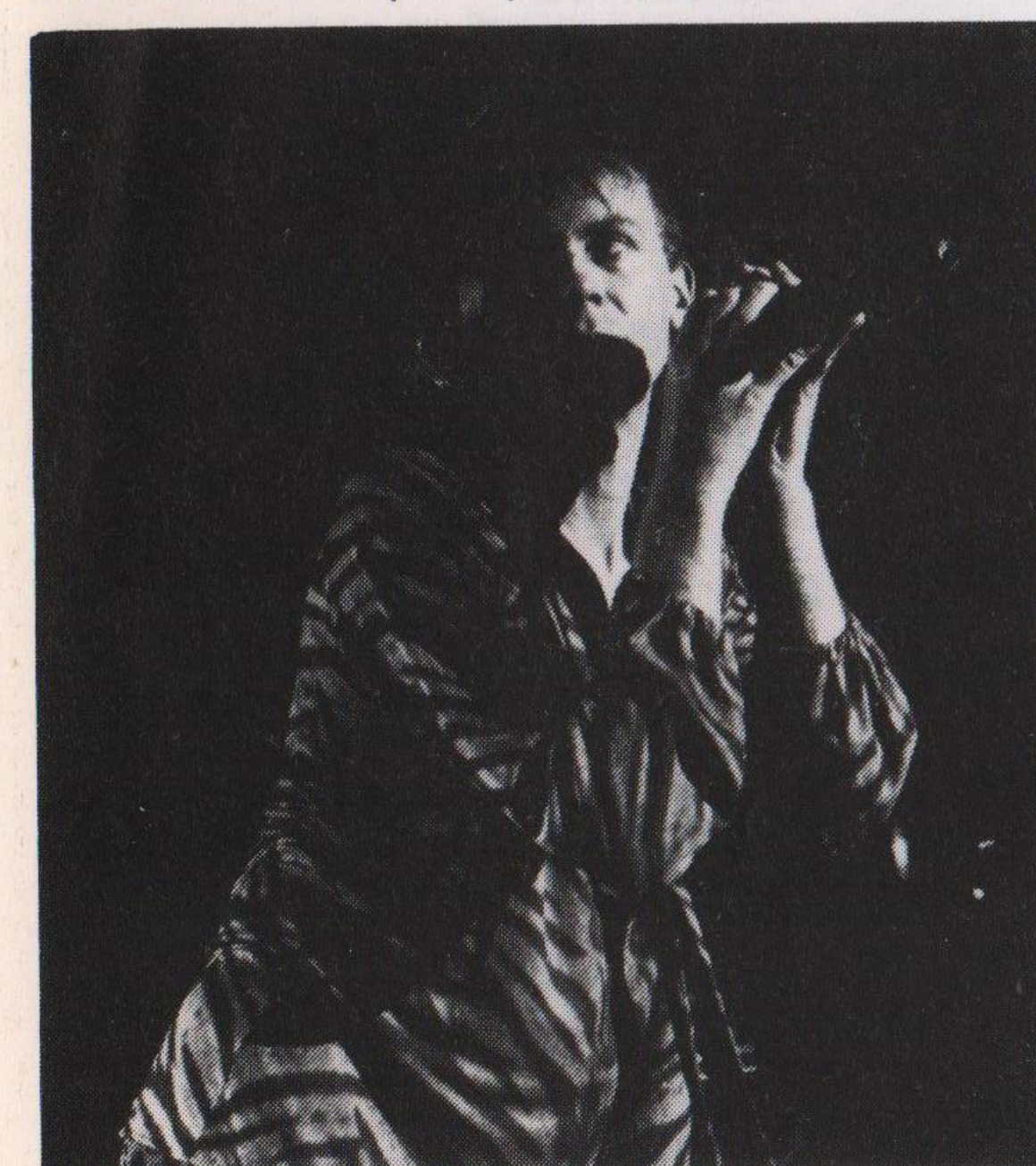
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SUBWAY STUDIOS
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NG7 3JL

FRIED ALIVE!

READING FESTIVAL '96

...And the bands played on. And the rains rained on. Summer seemed somewhat off the agenda, sitting car-bound in the parking lot, listening to **Billy Bragg's** reassuring tone singing songs about "slay-vuh-ree". However things were rapidly set fair for change. As the skies cleared marginally, **Dodgy** appeared and suddenly Gods and Goddesses were palpable in every pore and the Devil had gone with the clouds to town. Opening with *In A Room* there was no containing the band of the moment as they gave a generous airing to their cracking new *Free Peace Sweet* album. The aching sway on *If You're Thinking Of Me* had the couple in front eye-gazing and chewing each other's mouths something chronic. I grew itchy and moved further into the throng, but blow me if *Good Enough* didn't have the same effect on the next couple who blocked me view. Lord knows what they were getting up to in the crush stage-front. Pushing further in I bounce along to the wondrous strains of *Found You* and a sweetly poignant *Staying Out For The Summer*. Clean as a whistle and twice as bright. Good to see the Dr Marten's tent packed solid for all the up and coming acts. Octopus pulled some lovely melodies out of the ether with brass and harmonica bursting through neatly. **Mansun** went down a storm too, so I'll pass no personal judgement there...



The last time I encountered **Julian Cope** was out in the frozen Newbury murk as he drove around the by-pass camps dispensing cheer and packets of miso soup. Then he was all but invisible behind mufflers, cape and scarves. A few miles and months down the way he took to the main stage resplendent in a tight, body-hugging lycra dress and yellow boots. The contorted psychedelics of *Safe Surfer* kicked in and Cope was irresistible. He called the bouncers "insecurity men", kissed them à la Cloughie, rolled the stage camera around his groin and lapped up the glory like the loveably shameless tart he is. *Try Try Try* bounced out a treat and he roared home with *Reward*. Whoever placed a dense throbbing sound system next to the NME tent deprived about a third of the audience inside from a fair earful of the sounds on stage. (It was Super Furry Animals—Ed.) Not that **Space** cared for such obstacles as they breezed through *You And Me Versus The World*, *Kill Me* and *Mr Psycho* with brimming confidence. With a defiant throng surging towards **Garbage**, it was over to the Comedy Tent where a hypnotist had the usual array of willing cases on stage who duly saw ghosts, marched, giggled at nothing and acted the mad conductor with faces inscrutably blank. Those who fear for the social or moral implications of such antics may like to consider the compere's ability to make himself invisible to the participants. Imagine pulling that stunt inside Lloyd's Bank...

Abroad early on Sunday morning I clocked all the faces lolling half in half out of wavy tent flaps. The muddled trenches were spottier yet, under gunmetal skies, as I searched in vain for the green karmic spaces of *Glasters*. Reading however is eternal, infernal Babylon. It's the hard-bitten festival that went down 'pit at the age of twelve whilst the cousins grew up in rural splendour. "Come on you lovely punters, get yer money out," encouraged one chirpy retailer at 8.45am. On a Sunday as well...

Noon found **Earl Brutus** on NME's stage with biting riffs and a revolving Pissed Off sign. They eventually kicked at and collapsed the

stage-set around them before departing with a cheery "good morning". Amateurish tosh or a gross parody of the industry itself? It's becoming harder to tell the difference.



Over at the main stage they'd thoughtfully spread on the damp ground a mass of straw which predictably ended up stuffed playfully down shirts, trousers and in assorted hair displays. However it made for comfy sprawls during **Tracy Bonham's** set which she opened with a curious violin piece. Four subtle strings were quickly swapped for six electric ones and some blasts of sturdy rawk. The sun finally donned its Access All Areas pass to favour us with some drying warmth, as Tracy kept things cranking (and cranky) with one about insomniac sharks.

Back in the tents, and **3 Colours Red** picked out some punky power pop with precision harmonies. Outside, **Moby** played the fastest songs ever written, yet found time to invite Kelly from the audience on stage to sway through the slow bits on *Every Time You Touch Me*. Yet a glance at the souvenir posters of only five or six years ago showed the variety offered then by the Mean Fiddler stage. Crying out for something a bit different, it was good to find **Tortoise** occupying NME stage with a hazy set of jazzy, ambient techniques that went down a deserved storm. They'll grace many a more intimate venue than this one. **Gene** on the other hand were made for the big occasion, and their king size anthems of love and loss made light of the central arena's size and conflicting rushes of sound. Great vocals, the new material sounded good, but the golden Olympian ultimately reduced everything in sight to emotional rubble. Band of the day. The stampede which descended from the tents to the stage area at 7.30pm when **Ash** appeared kind of questioned the point of buying an expensive weekend ticket and then lolling around under canvas all day with the radio on. There was so much to rush around and see. So the three-piece played their hearts out, and if they appeared a touch limited to the impartial ear then the thrilling rush of *Oh Yeah* overcame much. En route to uncover the cheapest veggie burger on site (two quid, if you fancy competing) I was seduced into NME by the sensual sound of **Baby Bird**. Best voice of the festival and a mental note is made to hear more.

Sonic Youth may have left many a sixth-former dazed and terribly confused, but they were still accorded a fine reception. However the anticipation valve was full to bursting when **The Stone Roses** finally appeared. Aziz Ibrahim may have been a nervebag beforehand, but he's faithfully learnt John Squire's trademark licks and with a swelling keyboard/organ sound in tow the Roses are necessarily revamped with added flair—and flares. Ian Brown was mainly silent throughout (save for mucho-out-of-tune singing), but the two questions he put to the crowd—"Was he right to play with us?" (about Aziz) and "Will you take that Union Jack down?" (to a tosser)—both met with no response. Sure Aziz can play the part, but Squire was such a terrific songwriter with a cool line in rock riffery and angst lyrics. Such qualities may yet prove inimitable. And finally the Monday morning crawl through Reading centre, where the more enterprising townsfolk had set up stalls outside their houses vending cold drinks and home-made cakes as the hordes straggled by. Well, it was a Bank Holiday.

Gareth Thompson

above left: Julian Cope: photo: Nick J. Williams
above: Tracy Bonham

NILON BOMBERS/VALVE/FRIENDS OF...

Nottingham The Narrowboat

Fiends Of... are musically and literally Britpop in DMs; they play pop with an edge and by using saxophone and keyboards display a much-needed originality amongst the sea of guitar bands. The songs have more feeling and attitude than your archetypal Britpop, often expressing angst amidst a mess of guitar noise; and the energy and enthusiasm they give off from the stage is really infectious. "We're gonna play some pop songs for you," announces the singer/guitarist of local trio Valve and hence they proceed to treat us to thirty minutes of snappy pop tunes, catchy singalong choruses and even one or two potential anthems. *Take Me Down* is still going round in my head! Valve have the 'it' so many others are striving for. Rarely have I been quite so impressed by a band I've never seen before. The songs are just the right length and made for dancing. I was bobbing about moronically, grinning inanely all the way through. Just brilliant. See or regret.

Nilon Bombers have built up quite a following in London but their reputation doesn't seem to have spread much further afield. They have their own brand of 'mature pop' which is absolutely compulsive listening; the songs vary in mood and pace but still show the same clear talent for song-writing. It's all there—tunes, harmonies and lyrics you can identify with. Nilon Bombers are one of the best up and coming bands around. **Mischk** Valve have changed their name to *The Highbirds*. *The Narrowboat* has been demolished. These two facts are not connected.

CABLE / SYMPOSIUM

London Camden Dublin Castle

Symposium have a lot of mates; the venue is packed to the verge of being stupid. Their mates are out to have a good time and a good time they shall have. Wait a minute... how many people are stage diving? Is this the Dublin Castle in Camden? Apparently yes. Symposium are indie-pop-bollocks of the highest order. Fair is fair, they do it pretty well, and seem always to enjoy themselves; they are young and sort of sexy and the lead singer feeds off the crowd like he hasn't eaten in days. If this was your first ever gig you would have thought they were very, very good. But there was a definite chill coming from the stage because the cliché Symposium, ££'s gleaming in their eyes, lack any sort of style, personality or individuality. They are a false band who want too much to be famous and sell 100,000 albums. Sadly they are odds on faves to do it, or to become the next Thousand Yard Stare. One thing is for sure, this five-piece band of the Highest Order of Indie Pop Bollocks will never change anyone's life, which is a shame and a crime. There are a dozen or so other new Teen Bands who are more worthy of your attention and money. Cable, on the other hand, are definitely deserving. Being one of the hardest working bands in the UK seems to be paying off: people turned up to see Cable play. Wayhey! They were completely chaotic tonight, on the verge of falling to bits. wonderful stuff. Kids at the front were going silly and the lead singer of symposium was joining in the fun. If you don't know yet, where have you been? Cable are from Derby and play a great punky-guitar lo-fi (ish) sound bite noise, of course; only the best sort of noise! And they will change someone's life. People seemed genuinely happy afterwards—a result.

Sid Abuse

THE X RAYS London Camden Underworld

The X Rays hate London, I'm told, but London seems to love them. People were bouncing up and down and (shock!) enjoying themselves; and let's face it, how can you not enjoy yourselves at an X Rays gig? Ninety per cent new stuff and, baby, it sure did sound mighty fine. Riff city; X Ray heaven, Gaz going ape shit mental in true Gaz style. Ace! The X Rays are too good at what they do. No grumbles from me except they could still be faster. Ha ha. I've heard rumours that Mr. Violent has offered them his remixing services. Also, they refuse to play *Wuss* live even though it's their best song. The X Rays are too bloody good and great to (still) remain a bit of a secret. If you like them, then stop whispering and start shouting, as Mr. Radiohead once sang.

Sid Abuse

GREG WRIGHT'S LEFT HOOK Nottingham The Running Horse

A buzz of anticipation is apparent tonight for a gentle giant here to play a few of his favourite things. His immediate presence commands the stage and with a voice reminiscent of Savoy Brown's singer, Greg Wright delivers his Left Hook with superb power and control. *Cross Cut Saw*, *Blues At Sunrise*, an excellent version of *The Beatles' Come Together* and his own tunes such as *Nocturne* and *Or Die Trying* show off his world class talent to a packed Runner. He has the Robert Cray touch combined with Stevie Ray brilliance and the sweat from his brow landing on guitar strings makes the instrument cry out beneath the man's mastery and talent. Even our own Ainsley Lister looks on in awe as Greg, Mick Broadbent on bass and Keith Line on drums show us how it should be done.

Chris Carter

FRIED CIRCUIT

SEPTEMBER
1996

friday 13th

ILLEGAL EDGE Nottm. The Old Angel
LOUIS J. CARRU The Running Horse
LINES Filly & Firkin
ADVERSE Britannia Inn
EAMON GETHINGS DUO Mechanics Arms
THE COMMANDMENTS Behan's Bar
JOHN MIZAROLLIS BAND Rock City
LIZARDS Leics. Pump & Tap
THE GODFATHERS The Charlotte

saturday 14th

MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE Nottm. The Old Angel
BLIND 'N' DANGEROUS The Running Horse
PATTON & KELLY Mechanics Arms
TRACER Filly & Firkin
NAIL/PORK CHOP/CAIN & ABLE The Box
LOVE ISAAC'S REGGAE MAHA The Old Vic
RUDE MOOD Britannia Inn
DELIRIUM Trent Bridge Wurlitzer
JUMP / UNBROKEN SPIRIT Mansfield The Woodpecker
PSYCHASTORM Leics. Pump & Tap
THE TRASH CAN SINATRAS The Charlotte
POOKA The Running Horse
KERBD OG / FINE Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 15th

SHOD jazz breakfast noon-3pm Nottm The Old Angel
NAVIGATORS Mechanics Arms
FOOTWARMERS noon
JUBA 8pm
JAQUI / PLANET CAKE The Running Horse
UNDER TWO FLAGS Smirnoff Battle Of The Bands
KONFUSION Leics. The Charlotte
EASY PIECES The Golden Fleece
TIM DISNEY & THE SCORE The Running Horse
GELATINE \ NECTAR Leics. The Charlotte
MIKE PETERS / SID GRIFFIN Sheffield The Leadmill

monday 16th

SAM 'MEAN LITTLE BOMBER' PAYNE acoustic blues Nottm. The Running Horse
OMEGA The Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES The Golden Fleece
USUAL SUSPECTS Leics. Pump & Tap
BACK TO BASE Leics The Charlotte

SNUFF / FLYSCREEN Sheffield The Leadmill
KERBD OG Northampton Roadmender
tuesday 17th
THE BEAGLES Nottm The Golden Fleece
TILT / DJ PABLO live drum 'n' bass Sam Fay's
GREY NOTE The Bell Inn
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND The Running Horse
FABIO / KEMISTRY & STORM The Running Horse
DOC SCOTT Sheffield The Leadmill
MC CLEVELAND WATKISS Sheffield The Leadmill

wednesday 18th

THREE DEEP Sleaze Nottm The Skyy Club
THE FAB 4 Beatlemania live Sam Fay's
COLIN STAPLES JAM The Running Horse
THE JONES' Mansfield The Woodpecker
MURRAY THOMPSON Leics Pump & Tap
ORANGE COTTON The Charlotte
THE HARBINGERS The Charlotte

sour mass

thursday 19th
ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION Sheffield The Leadmill
DJ WALT Sweet Potato Nottm Sam Fay's
RUDE MOOD The Running Horse
WIDE-EYED WONDER Rock City
PASSION STAR Rock City
EXIT Leics Pump & Tap
WALL OF SLEEP / RAZORFACE The Charlotte

friday 20th

RADIUM 88 Nottm The Old Angel
AYNSLEY LISTER BAND The Running Horse
OPTIMUM Filly & Firkin
ORAN MORE Mechanics Arms
SPLINTER Britannia Inn
TYLA GOES ELECTRIC Rock City
HOUSE OF ALICE Leics Pump & Tap
JOHN OTWAY / MAN'OLE The Charlotte

saturday 21st

PABLO / JAZZ SPIRIT Nottm The Skyy Club
FEVER The Old Angel
JUNGLE DJ CREW The Old Angel
FIGGIS Filly & Firkin
HOOLEY & THE CRACK Mechanics Arms
MINDCORE Rock City
EASY STREET The Woodpecker
RESTLESS Leics The Charlotte
SUPER FURRY ANIMALS Sheffield The Leadmill
OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 22nd

INFRADIG / RADIUM 88 Nottm Sam Fay's
ENELLEN / RALPH Smirnoff Battle Of The Bands
SHOD jazz breakfast noon-3pm The Old Angel
FOOTWARMERS noon
MIND THE GAP 8pm
NAVIGATORS The Bell Inn
ABK Mechanics Arms
PHOENIX The Running Horse
THE LEVELLERS Golden Fleece
FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN The Charlotte

monday 23rd

IAN SIEGAL acoustic Nottm The Running Horse
OMEGA The Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES The Golden Fleece

tuesday 24th

MULDER / LASERBOY Nottm Sam Fay's
DJ MARK SPIVEY The Running Horse
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE The Bell Inn
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND The Running Horse
ZARABANDA The Golden Fleece
RED SNAPPER The Golden Fleece
DJS NIGHTMARES ON WAX Sheffield The Leadmill
WAX LYRICAL / CHANTELLE Sheffield The Leadmill
KULA SHAKER Northampton Roadmender

wednesday 25th

CURLY WORLD Sleaze Nottm The Skyy Club
COLIN STAPLES JAM The Running Horse
THE FAB 4 Sam Fay's
THE LEVELLERS Derby Assembly Rooms
THE KERRYS Mansfield The Woodpecker
DELIRIUM The Early Doors
TIGER Leics The Charlotte

thursday 26th

CONEMELT techno notice #12 10pm-2am £4 Nottm Sam Fay's
EARTH THE The Old Angel
CALIFORNIA LOVE DREAM The Running Horse
GREG WRIGHT'S LEFT HOOK The Running Horse
THE STEVE GIBBONS BAND O'Reilly's
TIM DISNEY & THE SCORE Kirkby In Ashfield Millers
IAN SIEGAL & AYNSLEY LISTER Leics Pump & Tap
THIS VIBRATION Leics Pump & Tap
ELCKA The Charlotte
SOUR MASS Sheffield The Hallamshire
LONGPIGS Northampton Roadmender
THE TRACEYS Stoke The Wheatseaf
THE LEVELLERS Stoke Hanley Victoria Hall

friday 27th

SPECTRAL NOISE Nottm The Old Angel
ALAMO LOUIS' BLUESVILLE The Running Horse
HOG'S EYE Britannia Inn
ON THE FIDDLE Mechanics Arms
HARSH Filly & Firkin
RAZOR BACH Leics Pump & Tap
JOYRIDER The Charlotte

saturday 28th

HEN / JAZZ SPIRIT / LYNDY / PEAK / SUZY CREAM CHEESE Nottm The Skyy Club
Wiggle Too The Old Angel
IMAGINEERS The Running Horse
THE CRAWDADDIES The Running Horse
POTEEN Mechanics Arms
CAPITAAN Rock City
DELIRIUM Sutton In Ashfield Market Tavern
HARLAN THE JESTER Mansfield The Woodpecker
THIS VIBRATION / IMMEDIATE Leics The Charlotte
KULA SHAKER / SPACEHOG Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 29th

NAVIGATORS lunch
FOOTWARMERS noon
AKIMBO 8pm
SHOD jazz breakfast noon-3pm The Old Angel
SHAMUS O'BIVION The Golden Fleece
LUNGE / CRAVE Leics The Charlotte
ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT Sheffield The Leadmill
LONGPIGS Sheffield Hallam University

monday 30th

DAVE ONIONS acoustic blues Nottm The Running Horse
OMEGA The Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES Golden Fleece
GALLIANO / LAMB Sheffield The Leadmill

OCTOBER
tuesday 1st

HELIOTROPE / IOWASKA Nottm Sam Fay's
DJ PABLO The Running Horse
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND The Running Horse
GREYNOTE The Bell Inn
RACHEL The Golden Fleece

wednesday 2nd

HARE RAMSDEN Sleaze Nottm The Skyy Club
THE FAB 4 Sam Fay's
COLIN STAPLES JAM The Running Horse
HELIOTROPE / IOWASKA Derby Band Chapel

on y va
qui mal
y danse

mondaze

SENSE SURREAL trip hop, funk, drum n bass The Lenton
PLANET EARTH 80's disco The Rig
SHOOT! garage, brit-pop, retro Leics, Mosquito Coast
ROCKNIGHT The Zone

tuesdaze

open jazz and free music Sam Fay's
DJ Pablo. Leics, Mosquito Coast
BRIT POP Beatroot
STUDENT NIGHT The Rig
FREAKSCENE indie grunge hardcore The Lenton

wednesdaze

LE BÊTE DES BLEUS D? C!? 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

thursdaze

DISCO TECH DJ Mark Spivey Sam Fay's
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, Kitch Club
BIG BANG / HAMMERED Rock City

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

THE DUB CLUB

Derby, Sgt. Peppers

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 / LOVE The Skyy Club

saturday 5th

HUMAN JUNGLE Nottm The Old Angel
THE HIGHBIRDS Rock City
BUILT FOR COMFORT The Running Horse
ADAM / AUDREY Filly & Firkin
TIGHTROPE Britannia Inn

KENICKIE Leics The Charlotte
WORLD TURTLE / GRACE Stoke The Wheatseaf

sunday 6th

FOOTWARMERS noon
JUBA 8pm Nottm The Bell Inn
SHOD jazz breakfast noon-3pm The Old Angel
NAVIGATORS lunch Mechanics Arms
HEADWOUND / BAD BLOOD Smirnoff Battle Of The Bands Sam Fay's
AIRBORNE Sam Fay's
RED START The Golden Fleece
THE MIGHTY 45's The Running Horse

LEVELLERS

friday 6th

666 PACK / IRON MONKEY Nottingham The Old Angel
ACRIMONY The Running Horse
WAMMA JAMMA PT. 1 Mechanics Arms
JACK OF DIAMONDS Rock City
SKIN Behan's Bar

KELLY'S HEROES The Golden Fleece
MY HEAD'S GOING TO BLOW UP Leics. The Charlotte
THE GIMP Leics. The Charlotte
monday 9th
SNAKEY JAKE JOHNSON acoustic blues Nottm. The Running Horse
OMEGA The Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES The Golden Fleece
MANGACIDE Leics. The Charlotte
tuesday 10th
REDEMPTION/ROBED IN DESIRE Caged Bat Nottm. Sam Fay's
FOLK, BLUES & BEYOND The Running Horse
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE The Bell Inn
DA DOG t.b.c. The Golden Fleece
wednesday 11th
TILT / DJ DAVE Sleaze Nottm. The Skyy Club
THE FAB 4 Sam Fay's
COLIN STAPLES JAM The Running Horse
APOCALYPSE BABYS Mansfield The Woodpecker
KONFUSION Leics. The Charlotte
thursday 12th
ONE NIL DOWN Nottm. Sam Fay's
VIM The Old Angel
THE HAMSTERS The Running Horse
HARSH Filly & Firkin
ALAN BARNES / BRYAN SPRING QUARTET Thurland Hall
SOUR MASS / SLAPWAGON Hearty Goodfellow
TIM DISNEY & THE SCORE Kirkby In Ashfield Millers
LIZARDS Leics. Pump & Tap
KERBD OG / NEW YORK LOOSE The Charlotte

saturday 7th

JUNGLE DJ CREW Nottm. The Old Angel
WAMMA JAMMA PT. 2 The Running Horse
SONS OF ERRIS Mechanics Arms
PLANCK / DEEP JOY/ D? C!? Rumpshaker The Box
KERBD OG Rock City
MONKEY GRIP Britannia Inn
HELLRAZOR Mansfield The Woodpecker
WIDE-EYED WONDER Sutton In Ashfield Market Tavern
REKO REKO Leics. Pump & Tap
THE CHARMERS The Charlotte
CARTER USM/ BENNETT Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 8th

SNORKEL / DOG MASK Nottingham Sam Fay's
LUPIN SPIRES Smirnoff Battle Of The Bands
THE DETONATORS The Running Horse
FOOTWARMERS noon
AKIMBO 8pm The Bell Inn
SHOD jazz breakfast noon-3pm The Old Angel
NAVIGATORS lunch Mechanics Arms

discoverall:



RACHEL'S
Music For Egon Schiele (Quarterstick)
Egon Schiele was an Austrian painter whose often explicit and erotic work offended the stuffy establishment at the turn of this century. Here, the artist's brief life (he died aged 28) and work are commemorated and given expression on this strikingly beautiful recording by a modern classical act from Louisville. Rippling piano lines combine with lush, expressive viola and cello sweeps to create varying moods of despair, romance and uncertainty around the characters and events in Schiele's life. Superbly executed, the general ambience may often be akin to that of an arthouse foreign film soundtrack, but the group's stated belief that certain things can only be expressed through musical sound is given full credibility here. For those seeking some serious soul release.

DODGY Free Peace Sweet (A&M)
The only vaguely dodgy aspect of this group's third outing is the oddly crass title. If their intent is to hone us in to the carefree hippie vibe that permeates this minor classic, then rest assured that the music does all the talking. But where to begin? There's not a dull moment to be found here, starting from when the stabbing synth lines of Intro melt into sweet acoustic chords on the mightily catchy In A Room. For sure there are deafening echoes of yesteryear, but can the world ever really have too much classic pop and rock music? By the time they've breezed through *Trust In Time*, *You've Gotta Look Up* and *Good Enough* the answer is a resounding 'no', and Dodgy are revelling in their ability to pull all their influences together into a powerful, positive roll. The sultry acoustics on *Ain't No Longer Asking* and *One Of Those Rivers* find the band in more expansive mood, and indeed the confidence with which Dodgy allow themselves the luxury of some lengthy numbers here demonstrates deserved self-belief. Listen to the sweetly wondrous *Found You*, and try telling me they won't be headlining Glasters when it next re-opens for business.

ASHLEY MACISAAC
Hi How Are You Today? (A&M)
Of course there's nothing new in the combination of traditional music with other seemingly incompatible forms, but self-proclaimed "fiddle slut" MacIsaac manages to consider some new slants. He may be steeped in the finest Cape Breton traditions, but opening track *Beaton's Delight* Strathspey finds him throwing in a few 'subliminal suggestions' to enliven proceedings. The marvellous *Sleepy Maggie* which follows sees the fiddler scraping away underneath a beautiful Celtic rap and break-beat drum programming. Throw in some dobro, wurlitzer, bagpipes, string quartet plus any number of guitar textures, and you begin to understand how the mind is working here. The heavy-folk-rock on *D-con-STRUCK-tion* may offer nothing more pioneering than early Runrig or Oysterband releases did, but the thrashy crunch of *The Devil In The Kitchen* takes things an audacious step further. Not that it's all so deliriously irreverent or daring. *MacDougall's Pride* incorporates the aforementioned string section beautifully. *Spoonboy* is a spoons-driven selection of tasteful dance

tunes and *Sad Wedding Day* reworks the old chestnut *She Moved Through The Fair* with grace. There's even time for Nova Scotia's Sub Pop act *Jale* to appear on the gutsy *What An Idiot He Is*. Just the thing to restore Scottish pride after Wembley, Gascoigne, 1996 and all that...

JALE So Wound (Sub Pop)
Reviewing *Jale's* debut, *Dreamcake*, a criticism was the sluggish production that didn't allow the layers of harmony to strike through, or the guitars to fully rock out. These criticisms are often relevant here again, although the strength of material on *So Wound* almost fully compensates where it didn't with *Dreamcake*. More than just an *Elastica* out of Nova Scotia, *Jale* are capable of innovation as well as the pure pop sensibility that makes such cuts as *Ali*, *Hey Hey* and *All Ready* such a treasure. The road-weary *Drag* and rasping *Tumble* also stand out in a pretty strong set but you suspect they're a cracking live act having difficulty working out their strengths in the studio confines. There's still a great deal to come from them, but maybe a change of location, and certainly a change of producer might be beneficial at this stage.

MATT KEATING Candy Valentine (Alias)
American writer Keating has a heartfelt line in classic, winsome American country pop. On the bittersweet, self-reproaching *That Kind Of Girl*, the singer wonders why he always falls for the type who "likes *Smashing Pumpkins*/she'd smash one on your head." Spraying around observations such as "I met her blowing smoke rings/ At the *No Smoking sign*" lend Keating's melodic strummings an endearing twist, and for a young man he's unashamedly old school. Not that it's all such sobering introspection. *Emily* drives along with a firm poppy warmth, and the title track is a real chiming beauty. This is only a mini-album, but expect a lot more fine thoughts to come from Keating's furrowed, fevered brow.

GODHEADSILIO
Skyward In Triumph (Sub Pop)
Repetitive grunge drone guitars distorted vocals ranting like a demented Mark E. Smith which doesn't really become interesting until the seventh track *Buttress Of Solitude*; that's supposing your patience lasts past the tedious, annoying preceding track. The final track *Skyward In Triumph* indicates where they may be heading, a title track not so strangely tucked a way at the end since it would be a good point of departure for a follow up album. Should have released these two as a single and dumped the rest.

PIGSIX 4 I Am The Chemistry (Simbiose)
Chemistry indeed. *Pigsix 4's* with soft, dreamy vocals and violin sitting silkily over a burbling amitech backdrop, intimate, breezy and melancholic. So I have no idea why they go under such a grunting, truffle sniffing moniker.

bis This Is Fake D. I. Y. (Teen C)
Another offering from one of the best new bands to come out of Glasgow for many a year... no, rub that out, bis are one of the best new bands in the country as I'm sure you know. However, sadly *This Is Fake D.I.Y.* won't be such a big Top 40 Smash as their awesome Top 30 smash *Kandy Pop*. Now, if they had released the third track here *Disco Beat* then Amanda, Steven and John would be pissing off Mark Goody Bags again. I love bis, I want them to be huge, it's just that they have the annoying habit of putting their best tunes on the b-sides or stupidly limited one off singles. Oh well. I guess that is the beauty of bis. *Disco Beat* could be a massive hit. I thought that's what it was all about. Hey! Let's raise a petition for the re-release of *School Disco*, a Top Ten hit without even farting. Bleeding kids! **Sid Abuse**

NO FX Heavy Petting Zoo (Epitaph)
To be quite honest, except for the title, there is little difference between this and previous albums. The NO FX Drums are out again in full force, as are the speed-punk guitars and vocals to match. What can I say? It's not bad just very, er, NO FX. One for the fans.

ANIMALS THAT SWIM I Was The King, I Really Was The King (Elemental)
For a band who seemed previously to aspire to a Tindersticks level of deadpan pessimism, there's a surprisingly poppy feel to this album. *I Was The King*... is full of great, dare I say, catchy tunes e.g. *A Good Christmas* while the lyrics, the Animals' best feature, are laden with razor-edged irony about everyday life, but with a sense of humour rather than falling into the trap of cynicism. Apart from being some of the funniest you will hear, the beauty of the lyrics is their simplicity. They read into a story with no effort to make them rhyme (*The Greenhouse* and *Kit-Kats & Vinegar*). It's not exactly 'summer music' but it definitely deserves a place in everyone's collection.

GROOVE GHOUIES
World Contact Day (Lookout)
Approach with caution any band who are trying to be the musical equivalent of the Addams Family (apparently they think it's like, funny, or something to chuck rubber bats around at their gigs. Add the Beach Boy style music and twee lyrics and feel your patience threshold drop. For the piece de resistance the singer the most irritating voice you will ever hear in your life that you begin to think they are doing it on purpose to add to the 'wacky' feel. If you can listen beyond the first five songs, I salute you.

COMPULSION
The Future Is Medium (One Little Indian)
Compulsion mark their return to the music world and it ain't bad at all! There are a few sorry moments when they appear to turn into Honeycrack, but for the most part they stay the right side of heavy metal and treat us to a snappy collection of pop-rock tunes. The guitars churn fuzzily, the drums pound as relentlessly as they did all those years ago, and who could forget Josephmary's great line in gravel-voiced angst? This is just about their best collection of material to date: all the tunes harbour a catchy hook somewhere and Compulsion's style is grungy enough to set them apart from the general janglefeast of today's indie scene without sounding dated. Welcome back!

SAMMY Tales Of Great Neck Glory (Fire)
Laid-back tunes of the slacker variety with a bluesy feel from the sharp-suited Sammy; apologies for saying it again but they do sound like Pavement, right down to singer Jesse's lazy drawl. This isn't bad thing and someone has to carry this can since Pavement went all weirdcore on us. So for fans who couldn't quite keep up, look no further.

SWIMMER Petits Pois (Sweet)
Off-beat four-piece present an album snappy pop tunes which you couldn't exactly call overproduced. The singer's voice is distinctive in a Blur-esque Cockney kind of way, if a little painful to listen to at times.

THE POPGUNS Á Plus De Cent (Tall Pop)
This album displays a refreshingly original synthesised brand of pop with a definite 80's feel courtesy of the keyboard and drum machine; from their more upbeat tunes to their mellow moments, it really works. That the first song is in french, whilst slightly limiting its singalong potential, doesn't detract from from their undeniable talent as tunesmiths. Also check out their brilliantly laid-back cover of Lou Reed's *Can I Kick It?*

SFA Solace (We Bite)
Hardcore hate-thrash vitriol from New Yorkers SFA which does not make for easy listening, every song full of aggression, intense punk with lyrics that are anti-justabouteverything, not so much sung as ranted and screamed with grating anguish. A sort of punk Pantera. To the bitter and twisted cynics amongst you, this one's for you.



LONGPIGS
The Sun Is Often Out (Mother Records)
Debut albums don't come much better than this. Unfortunately the Longpigs have somehow become entangled in the web of Britpop, implying generous helpings of strumming guitars, simple feelgood lyrics, oodles of mass appeal and the regulatory tambourine. But while the Longpigs' dark, mature sound completely removes them from this, it also neatly sidesteps the doom and gloom of solitary bedroom pop through their big tunes and Crispin's anguished vocals over a sea of guitar noise. Check out *Lost Myself*, *She Said*, *Sally Dances* and the brilliant *Elvis* which uplift rather than depress; then on the other side of the coin is the beautifully poignant acoustic track *Over Our Bodies*. *Altogether The Sun Is Often Out* displays the Longpigs' undeniable talent and potential.

THE JOYKILLER Static
The Joykiller blast out fast pop-punk tunes which very often cross the border into summery rock 'n' roll territory and even regress into good old trad. punk sounding as if it came straight out of the 70's. Probably the friendliest sounding punks you'll ever hear. They give the impression that beneath their well 'ardness they're nice blokes really. If you're looking for something a bit different this is a brilliant album which caters for all aspects of Punk Rock.

DIMITRI FROM PARIS Sacre Bleu (Yellow Stereo)
Don't wanna sound like a disc spotter, but its on me fave label. Anyway, its an album for lovers of music. It could easily have been done by half a dozen different people as, pretty much, no two tracks are the same. What unifies this, dare I say, masterpiece is its diversity. You have crazy latin (yes latin is crazy, but this is crazier): *Sacre Francois*, *Un Womens Paradis* and the fantastic *Une Very Stylish Femme* (I'm sure that's a Lauren Bacall sample in it). 80's funk: *Free Ton Style*. Stylish Trip Hop (not that boring British shit): *Reveres* and *Un World Mysterious*. A TV theme for a non existent Cop show: *Dirty Larry*. Summat jolly with cow bells and whistles: *La Rythme Et Le Cadence*. Summat that can only be described as French (though the whole album has that feel anyway): *Par Un Chemin Different*. And, well, comedy: *Nothing To Lose* (a piss take of St Etienne?), *Le Moogy Reggae* (awful) and the awe inspiring *Monsieur Dimitri Love De Stylophone*. If you love music you'll love this. Buy it whilst stocks last.

SOUNDGARDEN Down On The Upside (A&M)
My history with Soundgarden goes all the way back to the album before this 'un. I got *Superunknown* on the strength of *Black Hole Sun* (*Spoonman* is alright-ish). I was a bit cautious about this one 'cos I hadn't heard any of the singles. Basically what I look for in a 'grunge' album is classic tracks. Ones that'll stand up with the best: *Would?* by Alice In Chains, *Jeremy* by Pearl Jam, *Plush* by Stone Temple Pilots and *Black Hole Sun* obviously. There is one, of a different kind in the tripphop (honest!) *Applebite* and also in the American indie-fuelled *Dusty*. But whilst Chris Cornell can sing, he doesn't always use my preferred style. Which definitely isn't the 'rock banshee'. Thez too many tunes here spoiled by that and thus make *Never The Machine Forever*, *Blow Up The Outside* and *Burden In My Hand* not as great as they could've been. Also it robs me of *Overfloater* being 'tha shit'. The album also seems a step back in style (not that I'd know, like!) with punky hardcore tunes like *Ty Cobb*, *Never Named*, *No Attention* and the dead good *An Unkind*. Musically ace, lyrically weird (but then only Eddie Vedder makes sense) and vocally blowing hot an' code.

WILLI OPITZ Wine
Collectors of esoteric music will no doubt be rushing out to buy the latest cd from Willi Opitz. An Austrian wine maker, last Christmas Eve Herr Opitz recorded the fermentation process of 14 different wines, from the rhythmical *Red Trockenbeerauslese* to the Japanese flute music of *Pinot Blanc Spatlese Trocken* and the alien nattering of *Gruner Veltliner Trockenbeerauslese*. I wonder what Herr Opitz would have made of the 60's performance artist who urinated into a galvanised bucket from the top of a six foot step ladder. Performances were often delayed owing to the uncertain timing of the act.

ENNUI The Two Sides Of Sexual Cynicism (The Corrupt Recording Company)
Self-professed "musical sodomists" Bohemian mini-orchestra Ennuï are a band who dare release a double b-side 7" as a follow up to something called *Je Suis Un Imbecile*. Well, they get away with it because they're good. *Bad Lover Blues* is a perverted Tom Waits/Crystal Gayle duet kinda thing while the other b-side *Cultural Tourists* is Pigbag meets Tindersticks with Gary Moore on electric mandolin thrown into a steamy and suggestive slice of eclectic eclair. One day you'll be able to say "I was sitting downstairs in The Old Angel when Ennuï played upstairs in The Chapel for free". Never mind... *Two Sides Of Sexual Cynicism* available at your local independent record store. cat. # Corrupt 001.

COCO & THE BEAN Killing Time (Mantra)
Following the success of last year's *Western Ways*, this is another slow groove jazz thing with a surreal touch. Six versions of one track raise my eyebrows in suspicion, but these are so varied as to deserve all the different titles. Skip through *Fah*. *FC* the straight version for radio (you'll hear it enough anyway, when it's a hit) and cut to *Chee-C Funka* the funny, funky scratch mix, slow down with *Qureysh* remixed by EH? 1 touching on drum 'n' bass and on to *Shan Dancer*, the downright weird one from outer space. *Co-eternal Beam* is the heavily dubby one complete with demented laughter and the most absorbing, Roxanne Erskine's vocal so deliciously, tantalisingly, sensually, slowly it's mesmerising. Amidst all the strangeness her voice is as reassuring as a loved one's photograph in a far away crisis. **Christine Chapel**

PLACEBO 36 Degrees (Elevator Music)
Catchy but razor-edged guitar pop which you'll be humming forever after one listen. Can't say the same for the b-side *Dark Globe* is a mellow acoustic number that wouldn't stand out in a crowd and Hare Krishna is, as the name suggests, all sitars and bongos too bizarre to describe.

TELSTAR PONIES
Does Your Heart Have Wings? (Fire)
I thought at first it was a misprint but, no, the a-side really is thirteen minutes long. Except nothing happens for the first two and a half, then a strange moaning begins to float from the speakers (beware listening when you're stoned or you might think God is speaking to you) followed by a bit of noise and squeally guitars stadium rock-style. By now you are three minutes in and wondering what it's going to do for the next ten. The answer comes soon. It does it all again except the squealy bit adopts a Pink Floyd feel and goes on and on. Telstar Ponies *appear live at Sam Fay's Tues. 12th November*.

JOYRIDER Another Skunk Song (Paradox)
Catchy pop/rock from an Irish three-piece who seem incapable of writing a crap tune. *Another Skunk Song* has all the ingredients: a riff that grabs you and doesn't let go; a chorus you won't be able to get out of your head. Listener friendly harmonies, even the all important guitar break; and there are bands releasing singles far worse than the tracks on the b-side. Obtain their album *Be Special* for more of the same.

THE LONGPIGS She Said (Mother)
Reissued and reworked, this was the single that initially earned them the recognition they deserved. It is a musical masterpiece, a tune to which you can sing your heart out with lyrics that mean something, layers of guitars which crash in then fade out in all the right places, as well as a few blood curdling screams from Crispin. But for some reason this version has a wussy fade-out instead of the mess of feedback on the original, so seek the latter.

THE PLATTERS THAT MATTERED IN SUMMER BY D? C.I.?

1. JULIE LONDON *Fly Me To The Moon*
2. DIMITRI FROM PARIS *Une Very Stylish Femme*
3. MORCHEEBA *Tape Loop*
4. RUBY *Salt Water Fish*
5. AMBERSUNSHOWER *Walter T*
6. COCO AND THE BEAN *Killing Time*
7. NEW KINGDOM *Unicorns Were Horses*
8. LORD FINESSE *Underworld Operations*
9. HEATHER B *Sendin' 'Em Back*
10. DJ ZINC *Who Is It?*
- 11.
12. ACACIA *Hate*
13. EMPIRIA *Narcotic Influence*
14. INSTASTELLA *The Past*
15. HYENAS IN THE DESERT *Die Laughing*
16. SOURCE DIRECT *Secret Liaison*
17. NONCHALANT *Have A Good Time*
18. RUBY *The Whole Is Equal To The Sum Of Its Parts*
19. 808 STATE *The Chisler*
20. ADAM F *Aromatherapy*

Julie London (yes, offa the car ad on tv) has the unique honour of being my number one even tho' I haven't got it (yet!), and have you noticed that the beginning is exactly the same as *Break On Through by The Doors*? No? Well you'd do well to remember that one. Dimitri is in a similar latin-ish vein (handbag latin? Isn't it all?). Great songs (as in they've got good singing in) rule this months chart. Dancefloor tripping by Morcheeba (a great re-recording of the album track), Olive (dead good Monkey Mafia mix, but give the Doc Scott remix (which reaches the dizzy heights of boredom) a miss), Ambersunshower (Alanis Morissette, so much to answer for, which is no bad thing) and Coco And The Bean (good enough to... eat). New Kingdom kick ass in an otherwise predictable rap world. Hip Hoppity and more traditional are Lord Finesse (featuring the brilliant Marquee—girlfriend ought to kick that Finesse to the kerb and go solo), Heather B (tha shit), Hyenas In the Desert (on Chuck D's New label) and Nonchalant (giving us that layyyyyyyyy baiaaaaaack summer flayyyyyyyva). Ruby still hang in there (show me a better alternative and I'll show you empty space in me chart). Hip hop jungle comes from DJ Zinc (or should that be breakdance drum 'n' bass?), the Meat Beat Manifesto mix of Empiria proudly presents jungle techno (ok, its like a Papua New Guinea Part 2), Acacia do a lovely hardstep, E-Z Rollers give Instastella a Dubstar drum 'n' bass sound and Source Direct is 8 and a half minutes of drum 'n' bass, with... style and grace. Trippopy 808 State stay in and still stand out as a rare original as does Adam F's drum 'n' bass. Mind how you cross the road now....

Dael

Mischa

D? C.I.?



GREENHAUS: Steve Bellamy (left) and Frankie D

MOVE D *Cymbelin* (Warp)
Deep Space Network's David Moufang steps out from his own Source imprint to present a 4-tracker for the mighty Warp. *Cymbelin* is charged transistortech that is as innovative as it is minimal. 4-tracks of splendid, spacious thought-provokers.

SYMPLETIC *At Long Last* (Warp)
Also new on Warp is the long-awaited ep from Mark Broom under the monicker Sympletic. *At Long Last* combines some Deep House tech repeater grooves of high quality and hilarious titles. If you are a fan of the labels Pure Plastic, Ifach and Trelik, you will love this.

FUNKSTORUNG *"108"* (Music Aus Strom)
delirium records bosses Michael Fakesh and Chris Deluca team up to unleash a new imprint of freestyle electronica. Music Aus Strom (another translation for electronic music) aims to release stripped down freestyle electronica with releases limited to around 500 per issue. Musically *"108"* is a laid-back mixture of transistorised rhythms and haunting melodies in the Aphex / Autechre vein, proving that intelligence doesn't always have to be artificial.

Z.Z.INO *Accelerate* (Reload)
Another superb release from Reload, this time it's label manager Marc van Campenhoot delivering a UR/X101 techstormer with a fierce cowbell-rattled K.Hand remix which once again proves that 'dis gal rox!

SPACE DJZ *Harmonic Distortion* (Reload)
Bandulu lads Ben Long and Jamie Bissmire alter ego jump country for their first release on Belgian Reload label, the first fruit being *Harmonic Distortion*. Four gritty and deep loop tracks without a trace of their distinctive alter ego style. Excellent.

VAR. ARTISTS *Proper 2.0* compilation (Proper)
Ever prolific Proper release its second compilation this time concentrating on exclusive unreleased tracks by the likes of Anorak whose funky, fuzzed-out 909 groove *Operation* flips out with all manner of programme dynamics, Dj Hyperactive's hyperminimal, militant marching groove locks with a building loop before the fantastic l alias Atom Heart with his weird and out-there as usual and curiously titled *Monofon Hippie Base* hits home. Other mentions to Fr d Gianelli's *Mental Patience* and Co-Jack's *Assigned Counsel*. An essential album for anyone's collection.

ACID FARM *Silver Spiral* (Proper)
Also on Proper are Acid Farm's Mexican mescaline grooves come to fruition with an album's worth of acid jacks and the guarantee "They'll do your head in". Superb and further proof that Proper has the props.

GREENHAUS *Don't Be Clever* (Eurobeat 2000)
Further fierce cuts come in the form of Greenhaus alias Steve Bellamy and Frankie D, on the newly formed Eurobeat 2000 label. This *Don't Be Clever* ep, like their long-running club nights and celebrated compilation releases, is full of hard NRG tech grooves for harder floors.

Dael

THE LEVELLERS *Exodus* (dep (China)
Nice intent n'all but why do the becrusted ones persist in hanging their lofty ideals on such turgid dirges. The greeny folky bits are submerged under under Fairport Quo licks and they seem to aspire only to the tizzy heights of simple minds' arrss end of of the already tired and buried end of the celtic folk rock spectrum. So protest, flypost your lobby your local bobby, sock it to them, post a severed dreadlock, but don't give up until the Levellers succumb to our demands and stop hassling us with this oppressive tat.

DAVID TORN
What Means, Solid Traveller? (CMP)
Just another experimental guitar looper stailing from hateside mayhaps? But niet! No excess of fruitless noodling or fretwork here. Indeed nicht. Mellow liquid approaches to storm tossed scattergun wang blip version and shafts of flash thunk lend afterglow to the return of limpid ocean drifting. a wordlessly strong narrative and essential loosening, if you like that sort of thing. Da.

GENESIS P. ORRIDGE with **SPLINTER TEST** featuring **LARRY THRASHER**
The Fractured Garden (Invisible)
Obsessive Derby estate agent and ex-prog megastars in horticultural A&E, A&E, A&E, A&OM. One ought to recommend the old darkened room treatment but I engorged it while sunboozing. The offbeat loops and parantingoid spleen venture still made me come over all giddy. "Boom! we're finished. They've named us."

Christy O'Neil



JOHNNY VIOLENT *Shaker* 2cd (Earache)
Long-feared full-length album in which Johnny enlists the help of various friends and acquaintances in taking the piss out of the listener, Gabba, the equipment he creates it on and label boss Digby Pearson. It is as funny as it is slick, as cool as it is sick, and sure to attract the wrong kind of salutes from those who wish to humour him. With sleeves notes dutifully explaining the subject and bpm of each track, (e.g *The Hardest Gabba*. "Subject: This is not intelligent techno. Fuck intelligent techno.") and final track *Burn Out* is the ultimate piss-take ("Subject: World Record Attempt. BPM: 200 - 20,000,000 ") winning the world record for the greatest anti-climax in the history of electronic music.

Cd2 contains one continuous Violent mix by djs Lenny Dee and Rob Gee, the DJ Dave, Ph nki and DJ 3DOM. Great stuff.

SPRING HEEL JACK
Million Shades... (Island/ Trade 2)
I'm glad they don't start to really go for it until track 4 because the first three are superbly jazz chilled rhythm... then even track 4 redeems itself after a minute of dodgy techno. Still, there are many changes on this album. It's drum 'n' bass, Jim, but not exactly as we know it.

REEFUS MOONS *Roar* (Insect Eye)
Reefus Moons is a one man band who releases home-made records, sleeve note on this fourth one claiming "this album was made by accident". Well, fortune shines on the brave, the production is ace on this accidentally lovely, laid-back, psychedelic album of spaced-out, funny songs (" *My girl can count to three/ she's so interplanetary*") and track titles like *I Like Myself* and *I Want To Fly*; *Solar Face*; *Heaven Is In The Mind*, and so on in a whimsical Syd Barret way. Traditional trip music. Info: R. Stephens, Insect Eye Records, 12 Emmerson Street, Heworth, YORK YO3 OXH.

HAWKWIND *Future Reconstructions: Ritual Of The Solstice* (Emergency Broadcast System)
Collection of some of Hawkwind's finest tunes remixed by some of today's finest new talents including Knights Of The Occasional Table giving the treatment to *Sonic Attack*; Astralasia's beautiful take on *Spirit Of The Age*; Zion Train steam up *Damnation Alley*; The Advent's power disco dice-up of *Sonic Destruction* and (ha!) Utah Saints big-style fuck up of *Silver Machine*. Traditional trip with a modern twist.

DREAM CITY FILM CLUB
If I Die, I Die (epcd (Org)
What's with sleaze, then? Is it suddenly 'in' ? The jazz night at Skyy Club has recently changed its name to *Sleaze*, we have just had a visit from Ennui bragging about their unworthiness and sleaze credentials, and here we have Dream City Film Club who in some 'zine writer's imaginary graffiti are are the sleaziest band in the world or, even better, " so sleazy even the Daily Star hacks shrug and walk on". Singer Michael John Sheehy has a voice containing all the drama of David Bowie crossed with Patti Smith as he delivers lines like " . . . and he wonders if his mother's womb was a drunk tank. . . if the milk from her breast was poison". (*Piss Boy*) to an exciting backdrop of insistent guitar and frenzied drumming augmented by horns. And when he slurs forebodingly on *Teenage Wife*, " *I wanna. . . corrupt your innocence. . . and cheapen your life*" I believe it. It sends a shiver down the spine 'cos it sucks me in so as I don't want to leave their world. Still, I've always been attracted to sleaze. Seedy ep indeed. Cat. # Org 023.

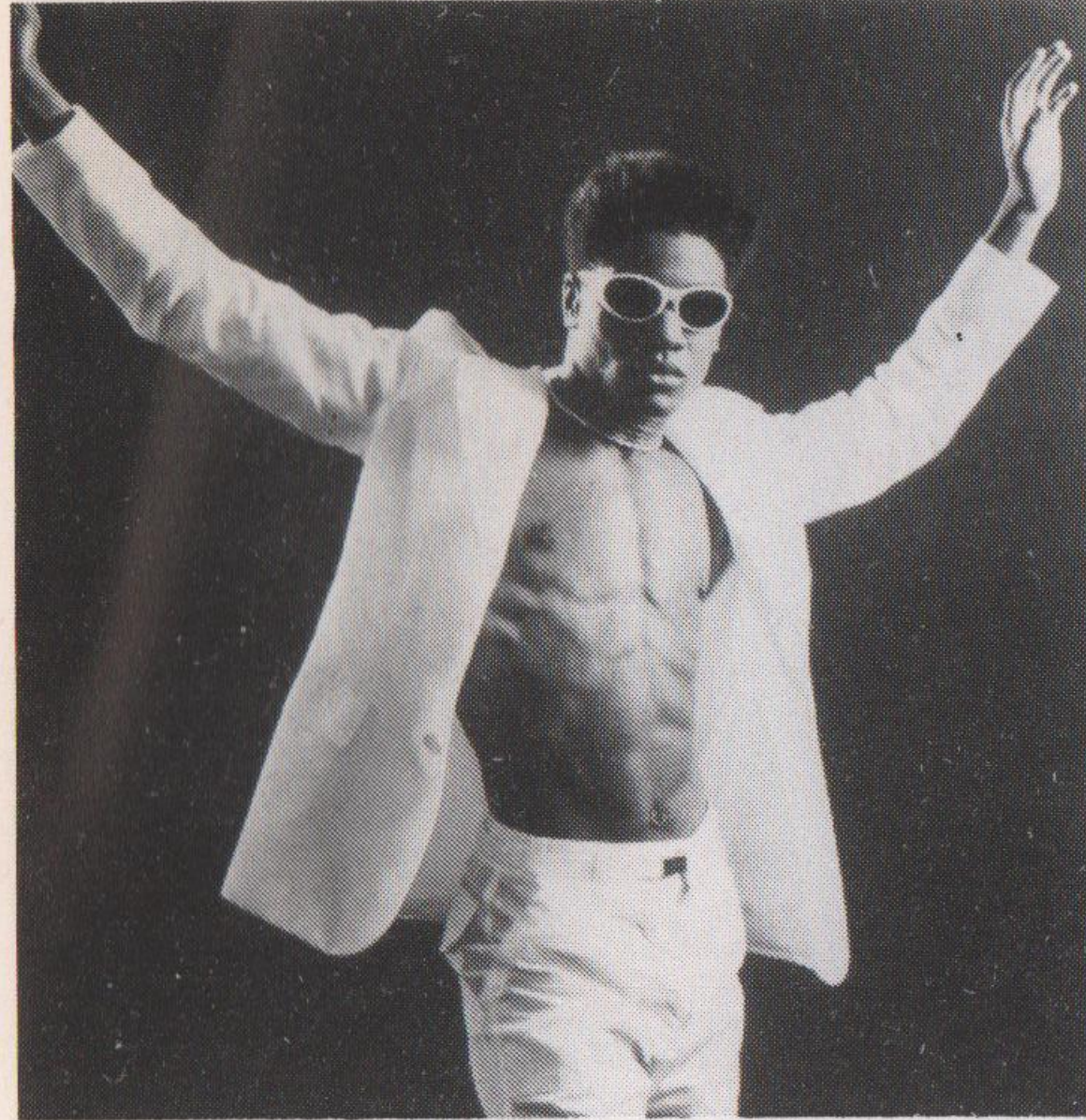
Christine Chapel

MICKEY HART'S MYSTERY BOX (Rykodisc)
Former Grateful Dead drummer Hart has undertaken some strange projects in his time. He once took a group of inner-city Bronx kids into the wilderness to make their own drums and commune with Mother Nature. And his latest wheeze seems no less ambitious. Setting the lyrics of Robert Hunter to some stunning melodies, Hart has gathered a worldly cast of musicians together, and handed vocal duties over to the wonderful black women's group The Mint Juleps. The end results of this labour of sheer love are often awesome. Opening song *Where Love Goes* (*Sito*), struts with a rolling rhythm over which the voices seam in beautiful harmony whilst packing a weighty punch, too. Velvet-fisted vocals, indeed. *Down The Road* finds Hart intoning the verses, encountering Joe Hill, John Lennon and Jerry Garcia on the way in a moving tribute, with the Juleps serving the chorus up sumptuously. Elsewhere, *Sangre de Cristo* would do Peter Gabriel more than mighty proud, and an appropriately experimental *Elegy For John Cage* zings along with verve. They close proceedings with *The Last Song*, swinging off into the sunset, and also providing a lyrical summary of this captivating record: "*Take a stack of rhythm parts/And pump them full of thunder/Two parts lightning in the dark/ And one part naked wonder.*"

Gareth Thompson

BLACKFIRE ep (Wowoka)
All members of the Benally family, Blackfire is a native American Din  trio born into the heart of a political land dispute area called Big Mountain on the Navajo nation. Billed as the first ever American Indian punk rock band but more like American Gothic until they drop in little ska swamp number like *The Very Things* speeded up called *Fence* which separates *Painkiller* from *Dark Desire*, and its only with *Wall Inside* that they begin to sound punky, but its still too slow.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA *Dune Buggy* (Columbia)
Wow! Quirky Americans with twangy, out of tune guitars, nice singing voices and vivid lyrics. Amazingly there is a version of Buggles' *Video Killed The Radio Star*. They cannot be serious.



MIDI EXPRESS featuring **ANTHONEY**
Fade To Grey (Labello Dance)
A soul disco rendition of the Visage electro plop hit but it's not the kind of song you could really do that with. I don't know about his Gary Glitter meets Eraserhead image but Anthony was recruited by two anonymous djs who hide behind the name Midi Express to be their front man (in case it doesn't work out, I suppose). Could they be Red Jerry and Pete Wardman? Anyway Visage main man Steve Strange says he's flattered.

BLUE BOMMER *Dub* ep (Nation)
Explodes immediately into speaker-spanking dub and drum 'n' bass, the two parties arguing for dominance one minute then settling down to live happily ever after only to build up the tension for another squabble but you let them go on with it because you know they love each other really. A marriage made on Earth whereas the appropriately titled *Headspace* is one made in Heaven.

KULA SHAKER *Hey Dude* (Columbia)
Another fine single more in the vein of their first *Grateful When You're Dead*. How many more of these do they have up their tie-dye sleeves? Plenty, apparently. Good on 'em.

Christine Chapel

MELANIE GARSIDE *She Knows* (Echo)
Having been lost for too long in the noise and dirt of London, Mel surfaces again with this single. Gone is her famous hairdo but the songs the songs are still the perfect vehicle for her charismatic vocals. *She Knows* is a bouncy little song but the others, particularly *Build Me A House* find Mel pushing in the direction of Tori Amos. *Something and Snowshoes* are darkly self-indulgent and less radio friendly, reminding me of Bomb In Atlantis with some wonderful percussion. A maturing selection of musical gems. Mel, do you still have a copy of Overall #11?

Michael Prince

REVERSE *Stagnant/Fuelled* (Damaged Goods)
Their debut 7" (17.5cm) was a classic. Sadly, this one isn't, though it's still pretty good, just lacking the balls and spunk of the former. Already one of the better UK punky-pop-guitar bands, they are not far behind their American peers, either. If you like this sort of thing, Reverse never let you down. Contact PO Box 671, LONDON E17 6NF

dBh Face/R.M.K. (Dedicated)
Boring mid-late eighties New York style(d) hardcore from Liverpool. It's 1996 not 1986! Apparently they are all 17 years old. dBh you should be ashamed of yourselves, musically dated and dull and anyway, everyone knows that Southend On Sea is the place to be for 90's UK hardcore.

HELEN LOVE *We Love You* (Damaged Goods)
Helen seems to release a record every week. Sure, she and her band are an acquired taste and they even play gigs now. Too shy — she fainted at her first London gig — or too clever, Helen used to refuse to play live. Anyway, *We Love You* has already been played on daytime 1FM; a slight surprise but Miss Love is a pop star already, if she really wanted to be. After all, she has always made great, cute, pop records which should be heard by a wider audience and I'm sure she always will. *We Love You* is a wonderful, silly POP! song, no more, no less.

MOGWAI / DWEBB split 7" (17.5cm) (Che)
Mogwai suck! At last, a band from Glasgow that suck! How far up your own arse. . . ? So thank god for Dwebb and their delightful space-pop-punk blast from planet Fun. Buzz song lifts you up, makes you feel great and puts a big smile on your face. If you think Dwebb

sound like bis you must be a sad old fart who writes for *Melody Maker*. Essential, but I doubt if you would play the Mogwai side more than once.

SOLAR RACE *Resilient Little* (Silvertone)
Surprisingly passable, huge improvement on their last single that leaves you hungry for more. The future is looking brighter for Solar Race.

CUCKOO *Non Sequitur/More of Me* (Clique)
Really-really-good-band alert! Hailing from Derry, Cuckoo create some blooming impressive guitar pop. It's a mix of early Radiohead/Ash/Pixies or something. Fresh sounding, not a million miles away from what Strangelove do, and not as annoying as OTT. Cuckoo are far more classic, have a style of their own and shine live. One to watch. Contact: 2 Northland Villas, DERRY BT48 N. Ireland.

RHATIGAN /DREAM CITY FILM CLUB
split 7" (17.5cm) (Org)
Happy is taken from Rhatigan's awesome album *Late Developer*. If you haven't heard that album you really should. It will be considered a classic in years to come. Rhatigan give you a sort of PJ Harvey/Portishead messed up with a Sonic Youth/Beck guitar back-ground. Dream City Film Club are causing a real stir within the London underground. Pure sex, pure filth, pure sleaze, some have gone so far as to say this is the band for '96. It's a Birthday head-fuck whilst having a blow-job by Gun Club. Contact: Unit 205, The Old Gramophone Works, 326 Kensal Road, LONDON W10 5BZ

AMERICAN TV COPS *Turbulence #5* (Starfish)
Back at last. All had seemed quiet in the TV Cops camp, but it seems very active now with a proper record deal in the bag. I think this is their third record release, the first one for Starfish/Big Life. It's a cracker, a brilliant guitar stomp of a record, a nod to the Buzzcocks/Only Ones but fresh and thrilling. Of course, all the trendy arses will hate them because they aren't cool or plastered over *NMME*. Yawn. Kill the fashion police. This is a great record and their aren't enough gggrrreeaatff records around at the moment.

THE DHARMAS (Rhythm King)
This band have doing the business within pissed-up student circles, not surprising since The Dharmas are a sort of pop-folk band and they do it well. Therefore if you are a pissed student I guess you will be dashing out to buy this.

CHICANE *Just Not Sorry* (Human Condition)
Their press release claimed that they were younger than Ash, but if you look at the photo of them on the back you would agree that this is a lie. Chicane look all of twenty-one, but that aside, they do come up with a spunky pop guitar sound which grows on you. nothing new but it has an edge to it. By jolly, there are a hell of a lot worse bands out there. Contact; 120a West Granton Road, EDINBURGH Scotland.

SPACEMAID
The Girl Who Sold The World (Big Star)
Oh yes! This band once claimed that they would sell a million records. Oh yes!! They seem to have been around for years. They are from Hull and play girl-fronted guitar pop. Clich  city. Pretty impressive, actually. They sure do grow on you. However they'd better put their skinny little arses into gear if they are going to sell a million. Ha ha ha, bands don't you just love them?

OVERHEAD *Further Than Her* (Jawbox)
Another band form Norwich. Sssshh. Norwich could be a happening city. Apparently these boys are young buggers. Brownie points all round. It would seem that Norwich is continuing to produce indie thrill galore bands. A more accessible Magoos as there might, just might, be a song fighting to get out of the noise organ feedback. Most likely to confuse your average Sleeper fan. Yowser!

PENTHOUSE *Le Stunt*
COUNTRY TEASERS *Get Away* (Butchers Wig)
Hey! Aren't split singles really cool? Yes! They bloody well are. Okay then.... Penthouse deliver their North London Rock and Blues, dirty and full of sleaze. Country Teasers are from Edinburgh. Crypt recording artists. Give you a slice of throwback rock n roll influenced blast, from yesterday. A wonderful split 7".

IMPERIAL TEEN *You're One* (Slash/London)
Forget that Imperial Teen is really a side project for some bloke from Faith No More. Imperial Teen deserve to make their own mark. As this single is a great piece of West Coast American pop. Perfect. You're most likely to forget the song within months, however when you hear it for the first time, or on the radio or at a gig then you instantly fall in love with *You're One*. Ace.

Sid Abuse

DWEBB *No Hit Wonder* (Damaged goods)
These kids don't hang around. Their third release, in so many months. If you have been hiding in a cupboard for the last three months, then you might not know that Dwebb are a bloody godsend. they are young, they are sexy, they are great, they piss off old people. they some of the best POP!-fuelled music that you will hear all year. No Hit Wonder shows the band in full flight. A slightly more polished sound than earlier recordings. Extremely well produced, that is they recorded this single in two days. It's a great POP! song. *R.E.T.A.R.D.* , their oldest song sounds a lot fresher and instant here. Their chaotic *Taken Punk Anthem* is a classic and will be played at clubs up and down the country. Dwebb have recorded yet another essential record. Grandad get with it. Dwebb are definitely one of the bands for 1997.

FOIL *Reviver Gene* (13th Hour)
Is there no stopping Scotland in 1996? Foil hail from the land of bis but just happen to sound absolutely nothing like those disco punks. Foil play uplifting power(ed) guitar pop with big fat hairy bollocks. Foil are a bit like Buffalo Tom playing with Bob Mould on a sunny Sunday afternoon. i think that should convince you.

THE NEW BOMB TURKS
Stick It Out (Fat Wreck)
Another 7" single from the mighty New Bomb Turks. How many now? Must be nearly twenty-five. Blue vinyl. Raging rock and punk. This band will become a familiar name within the next twelve months. Just about to release their third proper album. The boys have just been picked up by Epitaph. apparently the new album is a classic. I'm not surprised. This 7" single is ace. The New Bomb Turks at their best. Raging in your face punk and roll for beer drinkers everywhere. Good to see that they have introduced keyboards on *Never Will*. Hooray. Brilliant version of *Job* by The Nubs.

Sid Abuse



AMBISONIC *Mobilised* (Nation) photo: Rebecca Marr
Perfect soundtrack to lazy summer afternoons which oddly recalls Prince, of all people, when he drove majestically down Alphabet Street. The beat is lazy, cool, funky and infectious and the vocals snazzy, jazzy snippets of fun. Ambisonic cruise in style.

V. ARTISTS *Schtumm Browser* (Jealous)
7-track sampler, two pieces from Avatar and Ultravert and three from the aptly named Kitchen Cynic. Synths whoosh and beats bubble but nothing spikes your drink or stirs you from slumber. The basic ingredients are there but it needs a little longer in the oven.

Hank Quinlan

THREE FISH *Laced* (Epic)
A quite interesting acoustic, percussive backing track is ruined by an over-sincere vocal. The second track also begins well until the singer comes in. Lose him.

DAREDEVILS *Hate You* (Epitaph)
This band features Brett Gurwitz, formerly of Bad Religion, obviously going for a more commercial sound. It's OK but I've heard it all before.

SOUNDGARDEN *Pretty Noose* (A&M)
There's a strange noise on this single like helicopter rotor blades working out whether or not it is supposed to be there is the most interesting thing about it. Turgid, heavy, metal complete with 'orrible screeching singer.

WEEN *You Were The Fool* (Flying Nun)
Those whacky Ween boys return with a Country rock number so bland and commercial that they must be taking the piss. the next song *Piss Up A Rope* is a delightful little ditty of which the late Frank Zappa would have approved and will endear them to feminists everywhere.

THE WILDHEARTS *Red Light-Green Light* ep
The title track is a fine stomping mixture of '73-style glam and '77 punk, but the rest reminds me of those grebo bands around in the late 80's— Crazyhead, that sort of thing.

AUDIOWEB *Into My World* (Mother Records)
...plus pointless remixes, collision of dance rhythms, heavy guitars, soulful vocals and inevitable rap. Tedious but potentially huge.

OCTOPUS *Saved* (Food)
Saved is a glorious psychedelic pop song that ought to be a huge hit.
Mr. Jones

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ENNUI SOUND

Self-styled 'musical sodomists' Ennui are a mobile party of sleaze 'n' cynicism, a Bohemian mini-orchestra groping its way through the arse end of showbiz because they're old enough to know that that's where you have to start and there's only more crap on the way up. And they fucking love it as **Christine Chapel** found out when she went to meet them at The Old Angel one sleazy Saturday in June.

Ennui's of sleaziness is vocalised by singer Phil's vulgar sarcasm, which leaves you cringing as often as laughing. His fake orgasmic on-stage antics had me laughing out loud for it's sheer effrontery. His constant putting down of himself, other band members and the group as a whole whilst on stage provoked the geezer next to me to shout "Don't be so negative!" A positive heckle, I suppose. The band includes one Julie Andrews on sax and flute who occasionally joins in a sexy duet with Phil, a cartoon Crystal Gayle to his perverted version of Tom Waits backed by a bunch of Nick Cave dolls. One of these later straddles over a prostrate Phil who moans and writhes in over-the-top sexual frenzy. His missus must be feel very proud if he fakes his orgasms as well as this with her. Despite all the shenanigans Ennui are a competent outfit. Their former bass-player left to join Ozric Tentacles, and a friend returning from abroad upon discovering this was heard to ask "What are you doing with them? You used to be in a good band!" There is also a local connection since Phil was once upon a time an occasional member of the Nottingham-based Jazzmanian Fruitbats, a busking group formed from the ashes of the Iranian Teaspoons. Their legacy was alone carried by banjo-player Tim Spoon to Wholesome Fish whose Maggie's Farm song was included in their set as well as Train Driver which, lo and behold, appears in perverted (of course) form at the end of Ennui's set. Phil confesses that he makes bets with his girlfriend as to which members of the Fruitbats are still alive, but is pleased to hear that they all survived. Basically, this man has a degree in sleaze. Before they went on stage I delved a little into the Ennui ethos.

CC: How come it's such a big band?
Phil: "Because we're so spectacularly talentless on our own."

Julie Andrews: "This is the mobile version. Tonight there are six of us but usually we're a nine piece."

Phil: "We've got a brass section called The Devils Horns Blues Orchestra. The real idea behind it is that big Scott Walker thing, that you can get a massive great big band... I always had these absurd fantasies about singing in front of an orchestra and crooning. So we're trying to create in some way that massive great big sound."

CC: You have a 7" single. Are you signed to a label or is it your own?

JA: "It's all totally self-financed and self-managed. The only help we've got is a distribution company working for us. We couldn't have released it without them. No one will touch us until we prove that we are marketable."

Phil: "No-one'll touch us anyway! Quite factually, it's never going to happen. There's too many of us, too kooky, too wanky, too up our own arses..."

The rest of the band join in this litany of humility with cries of "Too old! Too sleazy! Too drunk! An insurance liability!"

Phil: "The record companies won't take us on because they're afraid of what we'll do to their secretaries."

CC: Why the title?

Phil: "The reason it's called Two Sides Of Sexual Cynicism is because the lyrical concerns are mostly of a sexual nature. We're all fucking old, and through age you acquire wisdom and through wisdom you acquire those sexual natures that dictate everything you bloody do. Cultural Tourists is about... we transposed it to Bangkok but we went over to France last year supporting The Stranglers and we enjoyed the company of many lovely Fifi's and Labettes. Each line dictates each member of the band's sexual perversion."

JA: "Alleged..."

Phil: "The b-side is about how crap you are at that sexual perversion. Timmy likes pregnant girls, he likes to feel a bit of meat beneath his vegetable."

Phil: "There's another side to our sleaziness. There's a romantic side as well and we're gonna release another single with masses of strings on it about how much I love my missus."

CC: Why have you got orange fingernails?
Phil: "Because I'm wearing an orange shirt."

JA: "So why do you have green on the other hand?"

Phil: "Because I've got a green shirt in the van!"

•The Two Sides Of Sexual Cynicism are available (allegedly) from your local independent record shop. Cat.# CORRUPT 001.

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