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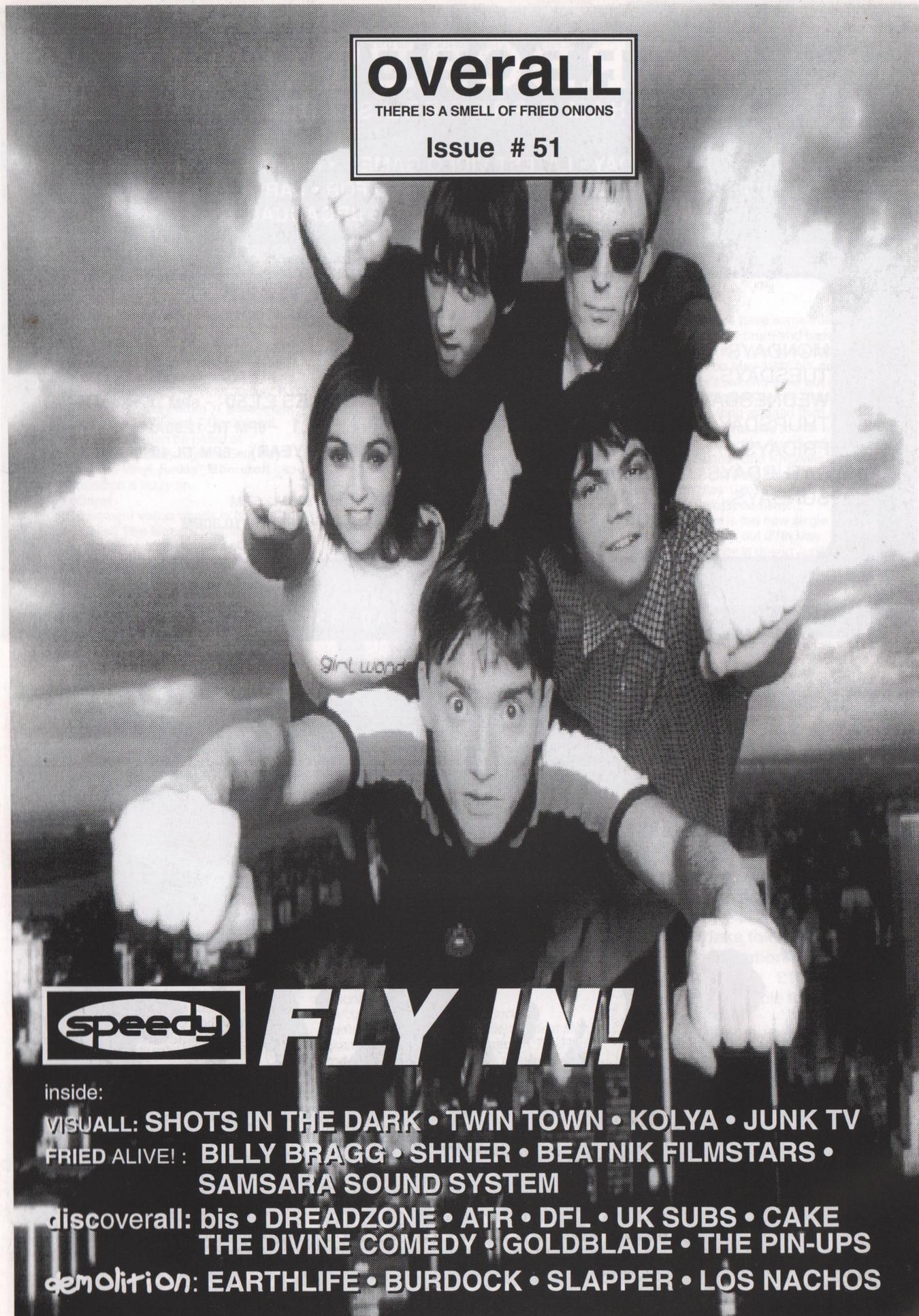
The Great Northern Close, London Road, Nottingham

SAVAGE DESIGNS

overall

THERE IS A SMELL OF FRIED ONIONS

Issue # 51



speedy FLY IN!

inside:

VISUALL: SHOTS IN THE DARK • TWIN TOWN • KOLYA • JUNK TV
FRIED ALIVE!: BILLY BRAGG • SHINER • BEATNIK FILMSTARS •
SAMSARA SOUND SYSTEM

discoverall: bis • DREADZONE • ATR • DFL • UK SUBS • CAKE
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cover: Speedy fly in to Sam Fay's on Thursday 27th May.

Press releases come with all degrees of bullshit, hype; some of them even contain hard information. And some are pretentious as fuck, like the one accompanying **Sumo Arseman's** latest effort entitled *Substruction And The Reality Of A Mutant Hybrid*. "A Globular structure, peppered in iron spikes burning blue, indigo and red, from within an opaque crystal casing. A fierce yellow streak, splitting the night sky from horizon to horizon, dripping pink and orange sparks of electrically charged rain. An inverted scarlet and gold tornado disappearing through a bright, white pin-prick hole in the black echoes of space... these are a few of my favourite things."

The other side of the coin is represented by the following message scribbled on the back of a cash receipt. "Yo good album comin out by a local d.j. Simon Moorcroft "The Vinyl Junkie" it happens to be on the jazzy drum 'n' bass + hip hop tip. Check it out its wicked." Occasional previews of this album can be heard at **Jazzology** every Tuesday night at Sam Fay's where **Simon The Vinyl Junkie** Moorcroft can indeed be found on a jazzy tip.

Life is a cabaret

A new entertainment venue opens in Nottingham this month. Called **The Maze**, it promises non-mainstream late night entertainment six nights a week. Situated behind The Forest Tavern pub on Mansfield Road, The Maze will be running a programme of live cabaret acts every Friday and Saturday night, live bands every Thursday. It opens at 10pm each night until 2am, and there will also be live classical music every Sunday lunchtime. See listings.

Arnold & Carlton College runs a national competition to find Britain's top sequencer this summer. Judged initially by demo tape, finalists will be invited for a day of keyboard to keyboard contest. Prizes include *Cubase* software. Entrants should send original compositions, in any style but of no more than two minutes duration and in a clearly labelled audio cassette to: **Cubase Competition, Arnold & Carlton College, Digby Avenue, NOTTINGHAM NG6 3DR.** Closing date for entries is Friday 20th June.

JOHNNY VIOLENT MUST DIE

About a year ago **Alec Empire**, German producer and member of **Atari Teenage Riot** phoned Earache recording artist **Johnny Violent** expressing an interest in working on a collaboration with the "Tarantino of techno". However, since Johnny's recent visit to Germany on Earache's successful **Harder Than God** tour, Alec seems to have changed his mind. In a recent radio interview he accused Johnny of being a fascist and is rumoured to be making a record entitled *Johnny Violent Must Die*. This is understood to be a take on the Johnny Violent anthem *E Heads Must Die* from the **Shocker** album. When **Overall** asked him for a comment, Johnny replied "Who won the war, anyway?". Meanwhile he continues work on the next **Ultraviolence** album which will be titled *Killing God*.

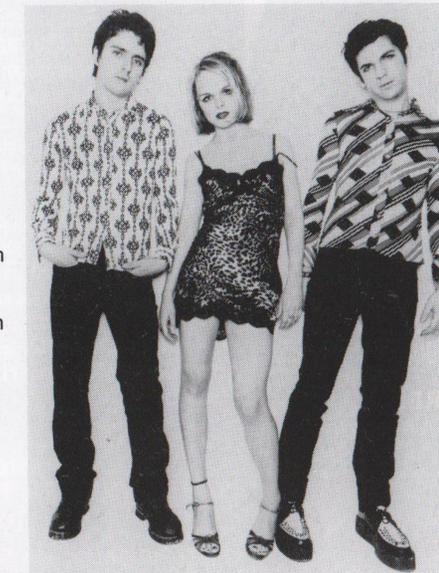
Nottingham raging rock outfit **Gridlock** play at Bradford Rio's on Saturday June 21st. A coach party is being organised by the band and anyone wishing to join them should contact Trent Mathon, 12 Ash Court, Southcliff Road, Carlton NG4 1HB.

Derby's **The Beekeepers** follow up their successful single *Do You Behave Like That At Home* with a UK tour in May. Catch their live

sting at Stoke (Wheatsheaf 11th); Loughborough (University 15th) and Derby (Assembly Rooms 17th). A third single for **Beggars Banquet** titled *Lunar* will be released May 12th.

Bandulu come to Nottingham this month on the **Monumental** tour. Supporting them will be "King of Dub" **Jah Shaka** making a second Nottingham appearance in the space of a few weeks when the Monumental tour arrives at the Marcus Garvey Centre on 17th May along with Ghana's six piece African Reggae fusion act **Kenté**, who also appeared at Sam Fay's earlier this month.

Peelie faves **Ism** are a Liverpool-based five piece mixing elements of techno, break-beat and drum and bass. They have just released their *Turtle Z* ep on I-Shen, a remix collaboration with the Power Steppers (Zion Train). They are touring in June with an appearance at Sam Fay's on June 12th.



Posh gimmick

Push indie pop trio **Posh** have a series of three cd releases in May 19 and June. Each cd slots into a 'poshette', a collectors item limited edition of 1000 numbered copies. Authentic Cornish surf band with a funk rock twist **Rootjoose** release debut single *Can't Keep Living This Way* as they embark upon the **Beavis And Butthead** tour.

Another new act on the way up is **Hoodwink**. Straight outta south London they combine the rawness of Black Grape, the attitude of the Beasties and the wild style rap of The Kaleef. Catch them live at Sam Fay's Tues. 3rd June. **Placebo's** new single *Bruise Pristine* on Hut records is released in May to coincide with a national tour.

Mercury releases this month include **Manataray's** new single entitled *Patient Man*, taken from their forthcoming album *The Reds And The Blues*, and **The One** release their second single *That Thing You Do*. Then there's **Tony Toni Tone's** brand new single *Let's Get Down* a swing-funk groove featuring rapper **DJ Quik**, taken from their 1996 album *House Of Music*.

Speedy's new single *Time For You* is out on Boilerhouse records May 12th with an album to follow in summer. Meanwhile a UK tour brings them to Nottingham (Sam Fay's, 27th May); Leicester (The Charlotte 28th) and Sheffield University (June 2nd). Old school rappers **The Jungle Brothers** return with a single on May 12th and album (26th) entitled *Brain*.



When **Martin Met Martine** is the new single by Oxford's **The Bigger The God** who appear live at Sam Fay's on May 15th as part of a UK tour to promote the record. They will be joined by Nottingham rising stars **Ease** and Leicester's **Stretch**.

Dedicated records have some interesting things on the way. Mellow drum and bass from **Shere Khan** comes in the form of his debut ep *Midnight/NYC* on May 19th; NY noise mongers **Skeleton Key's** second ep is out now, their last release for Dedicated before making an album for Capital; the long awaited third album by **Spiritualized** arrives this month with the informative title *Ladies And Gentlemen We Are Floating In Space*; and Knoxville, Tennessee guitar pop trio **30 Amp Fuse** release *Punk Virtuoso* on May 19th from their album *Saturday Night At Atomic Speedway*. *Beautiful Dream* is the new single from **World Party** on Chrysalis out 27th May. Their next album, *Egyptology* is due in June. **The Dharmas** have a new single *Channel Hopper* out May 12th on Rhythm King. Catch them this summer at a festival near you. Self-acclaimed pioneers of 'pop noir' **Box Office Poison** have a new double-a sided single *Teenage Sex / Alien* on Future Legend Records, 2nd June. their debut album *Beyond the Twilight Zone (Music for The Twenty-First Century and Beyond)*.

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Overall

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visually:



SHOTS IN THE DARK '97

Now in its seventh year, Nottingham's unique crime, mystery and thriller festival will take place at Broadway Media Centre from Thursday 5th to Sunday 15th June. Tarantino-type star attractions are absent this time but the line-up of previews, classic seasons and TV events looks the strongest ever. Here, **Hank Quinlan** scans the small print and selects some of the festivals outstanding attractions, while for a more detailed run down consult *Shots In The Dark's* own brochure or call Broadway direct on (0115) 952 6600.

PREVIEWS AND PREMIERES

A hit and miss affair as always, though this year the quality appears to be unusually high and the chances of seeing a dud film pretty slim.



SMALL TIME (June 9th). Screened in embryonic form at last year's *Shots*... and now beating all corners in the unmissable stakes, this exuberant comedy is a warts-and-all look at low-life crime on the mean streets of Sneinton. Stealing all the plaudits is Nottingham's own Renaissance man Shane Meadows, the film's writer, director, producer and star, while the supporting short *Where's The Money Ronnie?*, a bizarre cross between Mike Leigh and the Keystone Cops, is the funniest 10 minute slice of celluloid you'll see all year.

UNFORGETTABLE (7th). John Dahl and Linda Fiorentino, director and star of previous *Shots*... smash *The Last Seduction* return with a tense psychological thriller imbued with futuristic Sci-Fi overtones. Goodfella Ray Liotta also stars as a forensic pathologist desperate to prove himself innocent of his wife's murder, and driven to inject himself with an experimental memory inducing drug. It works, and that's when his problems really begin.

ALBINO ALLIGATORS (6th). Kevin Spacey's directorial debut takes your typical hostage drama, adds three desperate, on-the-run bank robbers, turns up the heat with some disturbed hostages, and then brings the tension violently to the boil. The strong cast (Matt Dillon, Faye Dunaway, M. Emmet, Walsh and Joe Mantegna) are all superb, the screenplay highly inventive and the atmosphere dripping with sweat. Don't miss it.

TOUCH (15th). The crazy hypercritical world of modern American religion receives a surprisingly gentle send-up in their easy flowing film, based on Elmore Leonard's book and adapted and directed by Paul Schrader. Christopher Walken, Bridget Fonda, Tom Arnold and Gina Gershon all star.

GROSSE POINT BLANK (14th). Professional hit-man John Cusack has a mid-life crisis at his 10th anniversary high school reunion. Minnie Driver is the old love he left behind all those years ago, while comic's Dan Ackroyd and Alan Arkin add greatly to the anarchic fun.

NEWS FROM THE GOOD LORD (7th). Easily the most eccentric and bizarre of the previews, and quite possibly the best, this brilliant debut from director Didier Le Pecheur (adapted from his own novel) is an ingeniously crafted black comedy. Christian Charmentat and Marie Trintignant star as a devoted brother and sister who hit on the idea that we are all characters in God Almighty's latest novel. From there, it's only a small step in twisted logic to unaccountable crime, kidnapping, murder and the most outrageous blasphemy. Audacious, original and absolutely unmissable.

HIT ME (9th), **THIS WORLD THEN THE FIREWORKS** (13th). Both adapted from novels by the late, great crime writer Jim Thompson, *Hit Me's* battery lacks the essential, emotional charge, but sparks fly with... *Fireworks'* stylish take on erotic obsession and lethal con games. Billy Zane stars as an amoral grifter, Gina Gershon his incestuous sibling and Sheryl Lee a contradictory, repressed cop.

NIGHT FALLS ON MANHATTAN (11th). Power, corruption and lies in the NYPD. Sidney Lumet directs, Andy Garcia, Richard Dreyfuss and Ian Holm star in this tense court-room drama.

MAXIMUM RISK (8th). Legendary Hong Kong action director Ringo Lam's U.S debut, unfortunately stars Jean "I can't act" Damme, but still manages to burn the corners with a barrage of bombs and bullets and unfeasibly large body count.

PERFECT LOVE! (PARFAIT AMOUR!) (11th). A dark brooding tale of doomed love from French director Catherine Breillat.

DARKLANDS (7th). Pagan ritual and human sacrifice in post-industrial Wales. A Wicker Man for the 90's.

PALOOKAVILLE (12th). The amiable, everyday misadventures of three low-life criminals, with lots of warmth, humour and surprising insight into their hard-up, hand to mouth existence.

THE ELIMINATOR (13th). Tacky, trashy hyper-violent fun from Ireland, riotously ripping the piss out of every action adventure genre on the planet.

THE DEATHMAKER (14th). The dark terrifying confessions of 20's serial killer Fritz Haarmann, translated from the original stenographic recordings and enacted with compelling horror. Not for the squeamish.

Also; **HEARTS AND MINDS** (6th), **CAUGHT** (7th), **HOUSE OF AMERICA** (8th), **MURDER AT 1600** (10th), **PUSHER** (12th), **PERSONS UNKNOWN** (15th), and **TIMELESS** (15th).

SHOOTING SEASONS

STATES INVADERS: THE GREAT AMERICAN CONSPIRACY
Open up America's nightmare box and out jumps the enemy within— malignant, poisonous, insecure and paranoid.

THE CONVERSATION (6th). Gene Hackman proves there's madness in his method, eavesdropping on obscure conversational snatches in Francis Ford Coppola's brilliant star burner.

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE (7th). Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh and proto-Iron lady Angela Lansbury all star in John Frankenheimer's Cold War thriller, shot through with hallucinogenic fantasy and sharp political satire.

THE PARALLAX VIEW (10th). High anxiety as journalist Warren Beatty investigates the sinister Parallax Corporation in Alan J. Pakula's complex conspiracy thriller. Never better, this is the way Beatty could be remembered if that damned gigolo image didn't keep getting in the way.

Also, **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS** (6th), Don Siegel's original 1956 classic, **THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR** (9th) with director Sidney Pollack and star Robert Redford on top form, and **FELLOW TRAVELLER** (13th) from the pen of Nottingham's highly esteemed Michael Eaton.

PULP ROYALE:

AMERICAN CRIME FICTION IN FRENCH CINEMA.

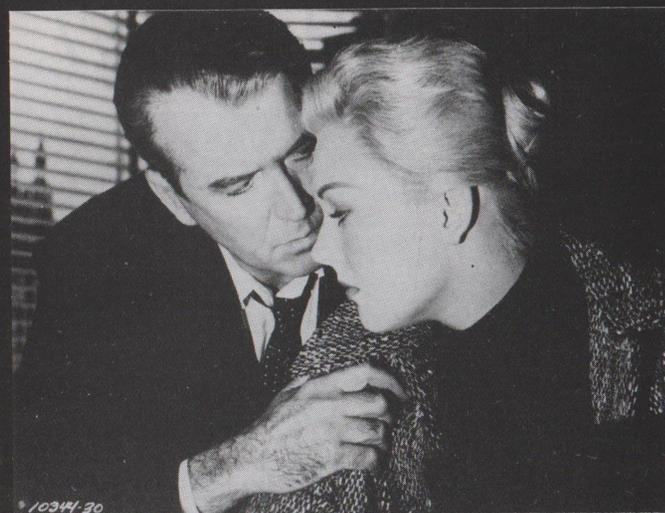
In the 40's, French film critics invented the term film noir, then in the late 50's directors such as François Truffaut, Claude Chabrol, Eric Rohmer and even the more radical Jean-Luc Godard took their love of the American crime thriller and formulated the French new wave—a perfect example of cross-cultural procreation.

LE SAMOURAI (11th) A cool slice of European film noir starring the enigmatic Alain Delon as a ruthless assassin. Jean Pierre Melville directs with meticulous attention to detail and the atmosphere is icy-blue.

PLEIN SOLEIL (12th) Dark games of murder and manipulation are played out in this wonderful adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's novel *The Talented Mr Ripley*. Delon again stars, sun-tanned and stripped down to his shorts; he's far too sexy for his shirt.

TIREZ SUR LE PIANISTE (7th) Guns, girls and gangsters, and one lonely pianist (Charles Asnavour in a stunning performance) all collide together in this tragi-comic classic. For director François Truffaut this was only his second full-length feature, but he was already a master of his craft.

Also; **SERIE NOIRE** (8th), **THE MOON IN THE GUTTER** (6th), and **BOB LE FLAMBEUR** (13th)



VERTIGO (Dir. Alfred Hitchcock)

Star Wars may be receiving all the media hype as well as warming the hearts of all sad, nostalgic thirty-somethings, but by far the best re-release of the moment is Alfred Hitchcock's 1958 psychological thriller *Vertigo*. James Stewart stars as a neurotic detective, haunted by the suicide of one woman and obsessively attempting to mould another in her image. Hitchcock manipulates events with a meticulous, almost malevolent eye, while the eerie San Francisco landscaper Bernard Herrmann's exceptionally moody score, and outstanding performances from Stewart and the stunning Kim Novak, all make for an utterly compelling and mesmeric experience. Modern day flash-bang effects have their place but they really can't compete with this level of cinematic artistry. Without doubt one of the finest movies ever made.

Hank Quinlan

Vertigo reaches dizzy heights at Broadway, Nottingham from Friday 23rd - Thursday 29th May.

OUT OF THE DARK:

CRIME, MYSTERY AND SUSPENSE IN GERMAN CINEMA

A short abridged season spanning 70 years of Germanic moviedom. Alles ist gut. **ASPHALT** (8th) A rare gem of the late silent cinema, this is a spellbinding tale of crime and erotic allure. Also, marking it out as a festival highlight is the live musical accompaniment from Sheffield's celebrated kings of the melancholic synth *In The Nursery*. Moody magnificence is guaranteed.

M (13th) and **THE TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE** (15th). Two remarkable films from Germany's premier director Fritz Lang, made before he, and other exiles from Nazi oppression such as Billy Wilder and Ernst Lubitsch fled to freedom in the U.S.A. *M* features Peter Lorre's finest ever performance as a child murderer on the run from both sides of the law, while...*Dr. Mabuse* is a forboding allegory of Hitler's regime in which the lunatics really do take over the asylum. Goebbels instantly imposed a ban and Lang wisely took that trip across the Atlantic.

Also; **LOVE IS COLDER THAN DEATH** (14th) Rainer Werner Fassbinders bleak but stylised debut. **NIGHT OF THE TWELVE** (9th), **KNIFE OF THE HEAD** (10th), **DR. CRIPPEN ON BOARD** (8th), and **HAPPY BIRTHDAY TURKE** (15th).

TVOD

THE PRISONER: ARRIVAL + FALL OUT

British television audiences were stunned when *The Prisoner* was first broadcast thirty years ago and this is a fantastic opportunity to see the first and last episodes of a cult tv classic. Creator, star and occasional director Patrick McGoohan explored to the full his surreal, paranoid fantasies and the result was a bizarre assertion of individuality against an all-seeing, omnipotent state. No. 1, No. 6, The Village and all those creepy giant balloons entered the nation's consciousness and have remained firmly embedded there ever since. Some elements have obviously dated but, with our city centres now under constant video surveillance and our names on innumerable computer databases, much of it is still very, very relevant. All together now, "I am not a number, I am a free man!"

Remember that the programme is always subject to last minute alterations and additions.



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TWIN TOWN photo: Paul Chedlow



TWIN TOWN dir. Kevin Allen

A giddy spiral of revenge drives this raunchy, black comedy which combines the frankness of *Trainspotting* with the blasé brutality and off-beat exchanges of *Pulp Fiction* and sets them on location in the underbelly of South West Wales. Swansea is the "pretty shitty city" in which the action begins with bongsmoking, joyriding freaks, the Lewis twins (played with downbeat but stoned glee by real life brothers Rhys Ifans and Llyr Evans) clipping the wing of a BMW which happens to belong to a bent copper. Said copper Terry (Dougray Scott from *Soldier Soldier* and *The Crow Road*) and his mate Greyo (Dorien Thomas), hitherto small timers, are about to become involved with shifting large amounts of Columbian Marching Powder in cahoots with local kingpin Bryn Cartwright, roofing contractor and chairman of the local Rugby Club. Meanwhile the twins' dad Fatty Lewis falls off a ladder and breaks his leg whilst doing a job for Cartwright. Bryn refuses to pay compensation and the twins use their drug addled imagination to devise a wicked revenge. Cartwright in turn employs the services of Terry and Greyo to find the perpetrators and punish them accordingly. As the cops do longer and longer lines of coke, and the twins find more and more imaginative ways of smoking cannabis, things escalate to chaotic and sinister proportions, and it is anyone's guess as to who will turn out the biggest Charlies— or a proper dopes.

Twin Town is total rock 'n' roll and funny as fuck, the humour derived from showing the non-postcard picture of Wales, especially in the Lewis family. The twins are a modern British version of Cheech & Chong, dopey, disaffected, don't-mess-with-us drop-outs, while sister Adie (Rachel Scorgie making a promisingly sassy film debut) is a receptionist at a massage parlour and part-time hooker. The juxtaposing of Terry, a Scot, with Welsh partner Greyo, allows for a fair bit of amusement. But Welshploitation this is not, and any jokes made at the expense of the Welsh are presented in such a way as to be the target itself. Which is how comedian Keith Allen, brother of director Kevin, manages to get away with playing a sheepshagger on magic mushrooms. **Christine Chapel**

KOLYA

The subtitled Czechoslovakian film *Kolya* is likely to get an extended cinema run on the back of winning this year's foreign film Oscar. A mark of that achievement is that it pipped Patrice Leconte's *Ridicule* to the finish post. In *Kolya*, Czech musician Frantisek Louka plays a cellist who plays at funerals and restores the writing on gravestones. Short on cash, Louka indulges in a little 'green card' activity with a young Russian woman. They create a false marriage, he gets money, she gets papers, and her son Kolya ends up on his doorstep when the lad's guardian grandmother falls ill and later dies. Since the film is largely concerned with the unexpected but eventually touching bonding that grows between the shy Kolya and the womanising cellist Louka, it seems wholly convenient that the boy's mother cares not two hoots about her son, until Director Sverak decides to wrap up things at the end. By then, he has largely run out of a plot, having exhausted countless scenes where Kolya is allowed to be touching, cute and funny in equal measures. That's not to say that there aren't things to admire in Sverak's third feature but ultimately one has to question his motives for making the movie. You end up pleased to have been in *Kolya's* company but slightly cheated that there is not more substance to the film. **Matt Arnoldi**
On your doorstep Fri 9th-Thurs 22nd May

DONNIE BRASCO

Back to the 70's and the nefarious activities of the Mob in Mike Newell's mafia thriller, in which Al Pacino dons a porkpie hat as Benjamin "Lefty" Ruggiero, a Mafia old-hand continually put down by his shadowy bosses. He spends most of his time bashing open stolen parking meters for a few nickels. He works for medium 'Big Cheese' (Michael Madsen) and introduces to the rest of Madsen's Mob pals new boy 'Don the Jeweller' aka rookie wide-boy Donnie Brasco (Johnny Depp), a bright kid who, unbeknown to Lefty and the others, is really FBI agent Joe Pistone. He returns to his private life at irregular intervals, a wife and children whom he neglects in favour of his career, as his undercover work changes him from a pleasant easygoing chap to a loudmouth, opinionated surly type. Although he gets to like what he does and the loyalty and friendship of the Mob, he wears a wire tap every day and rests uneasy in the knowledge that his work could bring about an early grave not just for himself if he were discovered, but for his newfound friends too. It's *Goodfellas* with a twist, basically, though based on a true story. Pacino fulfils his infectiously talkative charmer role as two-bit Mafioso Ruggiero and Depp works himself into a sweat as double agent Donnie. Directed by Mike Newell (*Four Weddings And A Funeral*), the dialogue is sharp, the period setting sound and there are genuinely moving scenes as the full impact of Donnie's undercover role come to light. Most refreshing is the downbeat portrayal of Mafia workers going about their business as Newell intelligently captures that occasionally brutal and stark existence. **MA**

BIG NIGHT

There have been some decent food movies over the years such as *Tampopo*, *Babette's Feast* and *Eat, Drink, Man, Woman*. Now joining that group is the well-observed Italian drama *Big Night*. Co-directed by actors new to the art of directing, Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott, both take roles in their own movie, too. It's about two Italians, Primo and Secondo, a restaurant team. One cooks, the other manages at The Paradise, an Italian eating-house suffering from a lack of customers. Across the street, the enterprising Pascal (Ian Holm) runs a rival business, a classy and busy restaurant which benefits from the tunes of a live singer and a smart doorman. It leaves the naive Secondo jade with envy. With Primo intent on sticking to his loss-inducing but mouth-watering risotto, Secondo falls for the advice of rival Pascal: set up the restaurant for a select party, that is 'big night' of the title; Pascal will invite his friend and jazz supremo Louis Prima and with the local press invited, that will put The Paradise on the map and attract customers through the doors. Will the plan work? That would be telling but until you find out, just watch your tummy rumble as the boys produce a gargantuan feast Italian-style. **MA**

Big Night is on the menu at Broadway 30th May - 4th June

MARGARET'S MUSEUM

Something of an oddity is Mori Rensen's Celtic love story set in the late 1940's. It's about a deep passion that grows between a dumpy looking Helena Bonham-Carter as the permanently runny-nosed Margaret McNeil and a rugged gentle giant Jimmy (played by unknown Craig O'Lejnik) who reluctantly returns to work in a coal mine when other jobs fall through. It seems only a matter of time before a mine with an accident record like this one will record one more and that Jimmy will be in some way involved. As in brassed off, a complete community revolves around a pit, depending upon it for economic existence. As in *Breaking Waves*, a deep love develops between a manual worker in a dangerous job and a natural village girl with wild passions and a strong self will. However, *Margaret's Museum* goes off on a weird and gory tangent as Margaret pickles some stomach churning objects in jars. Based on Sheldon Currie's short stories, Ransen's film stays faithful to the the written word and is at its strongest when depicting the grim conditions of the coal face, but away from there it's a wayward Gaelic concoction with no inspired dialogue and little to get excited about. **MA**

Margaret's Museum pickles your fancy at Broadway Fri 9th - Thurs 15th May

JUNK TV Nottingham Broadway Cinema

The video underground presented a showcase of thirteen short films assailing the mainstream movie industry head-on with cheapness. With production budgets ranging from £6 to the heady outrage of £500, most adhered to the motto of Marv Movies' opening six minutes *What Is Music*. Forget the quality, feel the width, this first film dragged a distinctly irreverent narrator (and audience) through the jargonised ghetto that is boys' music. Jungle DJ Swifty Shifty dismissed all sonic contenders with snappy "it's not jungle" put downs whilst jazz bohos, rock-out fret wankers, B-boys, indie kids and silence embracing Hindu gurus defended their respective noises with dubious arguments and facial hair.

Voyeur was a twenty-minute Charla films production which took the show into more complex territory by presenting the interlinked stories of four people and their involvement in voyeuristic obsession. It consisted of a disturbingly vicious argument, leading to a hit and run, an imaginary lost cat and an apathy-bombarded director collapsing all over the Market Square. *Voyeur* writer/director Simon Wilkinson also presented *Epic*; thirty seconds of Super 8 shot on one frame a day to document a year's changes in facial hair, baby growth and a wildly animated background. Animation was further represented by the Fribblers Frank's fifteen minute *City Life*. Set in a dayglo toy world menaced by a brutal oppressor who sucks up creatures through his neck, the film succeeded in carrying you into its parallel universe of demented babies, psycho slinkies and mad Moog moments.

highly original, mind altering moments abounded and continued with the Animal Nations production *Kangaroo Island*. Based on a story by Blaster Al Ackerman, it depicted the increasingly hallucinatory visions of a caffeine over-doser leading (through his vertiginous, rambling voice-over) to a White House dinner party, trout down jockstraps, Jackie Kennedy and big bubbles of coffee oozing from a forehead scar the size of a deer's rectum.

With additional films featuring the Octopus group miming to a BBC horror effects cd, a table top cabbage left around Prague filmed by Jim Boxhall, adventures of a nude ghost from Albany Road and Adam Rickwood's story of three drug-addled weekenders' encounter with a severed hand, titled *Highway 61 Revisited*, it soon became apparent that as much could be achieved with £20, a modicum of enthusiasm, technical nous and working brain cells as with £10 million, a collection of mobile collagen/silicon implants and a resurrected cornball script.

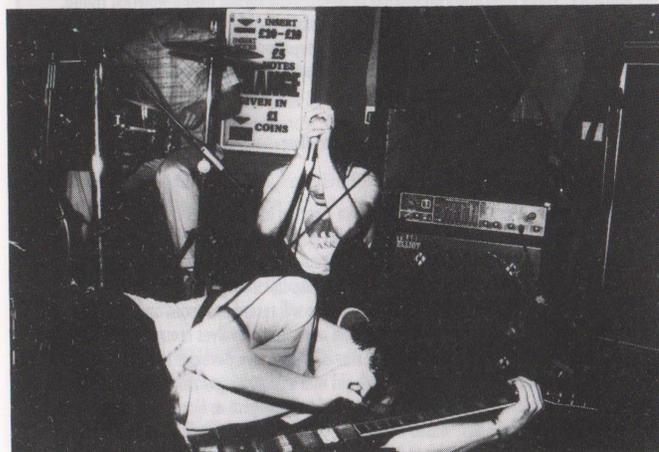
Multiplexers beware: junk TV has arrived to claim your children with wild ideas, blatant enjoyment and a minimum of blockbuster hype. 1-0 in the Star-less Wars. **Steve Steele**

SEX AND ZEN & A BULLET IN THE HEAD

Stefan Hammond & Mike Wilkins (Pub. Titan books £12.99)
Published as an introductory guide to Hong Kong's incendiary Action Cinema, this could soon become a dated historical retrospective if the end of Britain's colonial rule has the expected negative effect on the territory's film production. Some leading figures such as John Woo have already left for greener, if artistically poorer pastures, while others wait anxiously to see what will happen when the fateful day finally arrives. In the meantime, this informative and well written book tells you everything you need to know about the world's third largest film industry. The big names—Woo, Jackie Chan, Ringo Lam, Tsui Hark—all get individual career profiles, but beyond the Kung-Fu stereotypes and fast-action flicks there are subsequent chapters on supernatural fantasy, occult horror. Chinese-style film noir and ass-kicking female fighters. Also adding greatly to the book's enjoyment and acknowledging the tacky, unintentionally funny side to these films are the samples of mangled, mis-phrased subtitles: *The Tongue Is So Ugly; Let's Imagine It To Be Tom Cruise or What Is A Soul? It's Just A Toilet Paper ???!* At times the author's emphasis on plot description at the expense of in depth analysis becomes a tad tedious, but the range of films covered is hard to beat, and as an overview of the genre, I've seen nothing better. **HQ**

FRIED CIRCUIT

MAY
1997



BOB TILTON appear at Sam Fay's Tues. 20th photo: Chris Olley

monday 12th
JOHN RENBOURNE
Nottingham The Running Horse
THE OMEGA BAND
 Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
 Golden Fleece
BOOT
Derby Sgt Peppers

tuesday 13th
HIDDEN TALENTS
Ladies Night
Nottm The Skky Club
JAZZ NIGHT
 Running Horse
JOHNNY JOHNSTONE'S
JAZZ GROUP
 The Bell Inn

JUMBLE SALE
 Golden Fleece
GOLDBLADE
MONKEY ISLAND / FOKKEWULF
 Sam Fay's
LOSER KISS
 The Mill
WHITE & COLLINS
Derby The Dolphin
THE SUPERNATURALS
Sheffield University
STEVE HARLEY
& COCKNEY REBEL
 The Leadmill

wednesday 14th
COLIN STAPLES JAM SESSION
Nottm The Running Horse
EVAN PARKER / BLACK SUN
 Angel Row Gallery
BLAG
 The Mill
THE FAB 4
 Sam Fay's
HIGHLY STRUNG GUITARS
 Pizza Express
THE EGG
Leics The Charlotte
PLACEBO
 De Montfort Hall

wednesday 14th
COLIN STAPLES JAM SESSION
Nottm The Running Horse
EVAN PARKER / BLACK SUN
 Angel Row Gallery
BLAG
 The Mill
THE FAB 4
 Sam Fay's
HIGHLY STRUNG GUITARS
 Pizza Express
THE EGG
Leics The Charlotte
PLACEBO
 De Montfort Hall

wednesday 14th
COLIN STAPLES JAM SESSION
Nottm The Running Horse
EVAN PARKER / BLACK SUN
 Angel Row Gallery
BLAG
 The Mill
THE FAB 4
 Sam Fay's
HIGHLY STRUNG GUITARS
 Pizza Express
THE EGG
Leics The Charlotte
PLACEBO
 De Montfort Hall

thursday 15th
Nottm The Running Horse
THE BIGGER THE GOD
EASE / STRETCH
 Sam Fays
JESUS JONES
 Rock City
PHILLIP WASE TRIO
BEN MARTIN
jazz consortium
 The Mill
LUSH LIFE
 The Maze

thursday 15th
Nottm The Running Horse
THE BIGGER THE GOD
EASE / STRETCH
 Sam Fays
JESUS JONES
 Rock City
PHILLIP WASE TRIO
BEN MARTIN
jazz consortium
 The Mill
LUSH LIFE
 The Maze

thursday 15th
Nottm The Running Horse
THE BIGGER THE GOD
EASE / STRETCH
 Sam Fays
JESUS JONES
 Rock City
PHILLIP WASE TRIO
BEN MARTIN
jazz consortium
 The Mill
LUSH LIFE
 The Maze

friday 16th
CARNIVAL OF THIEVES
Nottm The Running Horse
JOYLAND / SOUR MASS
 Old Angel
THE AVENGERS
 Sam Fay's
DESERT STORM
 Skky Club
VON WINKLER'S
BAVARIAN BAND
 The Maze

friday 16th
CARNIVAL OF THIEVES
Nottm The Running Horse
JOYLAND / SOUR MASS
 Old Angel
THE AVENGERS
 Sam Fay's
DESERT STORM
 Skky Club
VON WINKLER'S
BAVARIAN BAND
 The Maze

friday 16th
CARNIVAL OF THIEVES
Nottm The Running Horse
JOYLAND / SOUR MASS
 Old Angel
THE AVENGERS
 Sam Fay's
DESERT STORM
 Skky Club
VON WINKLER'S
BAVARIAN BAND
 The Maze

THE BEEKEEPERS
 Assembly Rooms
THE WANNADIES
THE WARM JETS / WESTPIER
Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 18th
OUT OF THE BLUE
Nottm The Running Horse
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
AKIMBO
8pm
 The Bell Inn

THE SCHEME
 The Golden Fleece
MANGACIDE / MY FAMILY TREE /
ODDBALL / SHINER / SLIP ON
SOUND / FAT DIGESTER /
PERMANENT REVOLUTION /
STINKY
The Beef #2 noon - midnight £4
 Sam Fays

SERVE CHILLED
 Skky Club
CLASSICAL SUNDAYS
noon - 3pm
 The Maze
IAN BUXTON
Derby The Dolphin
THE KREUTZER QUARTET
Hucknall Lovelace Theatre
RAGGITY ANNE / ROADRAGE
FATAL DOSE
Leics The Charlotte
MARMALADE / LAZY DOLLIES
Sheff The Leadmill

monday 19th
FOLK NIGHT
Nottm The Running Horse
THE OMEGA BAND
 The Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
 Golden Fleece
PAULUS & P
 Pizza Express
THE FAB 4
 Yates's
FASHION
Derby The Dolphin
SPACEMAID
SACK THE DRUMMER
Leics The Charlotte

monday 19th
FOLK NIGHT
Nottm The Running Horse
THE OMEGA BAND
 The Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
 Golden Fleece
PAULUS & P
 Pizza Express
THE FAB 4
 Yates's
FASHION
Derby The Dolphin
SPACEMAID
SACK THE DRUMMER
Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 20th
JAZZ NIGHT
Nottm The Running Horse
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
 The Bell Inn
CURFEW
 The Golden Fleece
THE MAKE - UP / BOB TILTON
 Sam Fay's
POLESTAR / BILLY LIAR
 Filly & Firkin
HYDROPONICS
Derby The Dolphin
SYMPOSIUM / YOU AM I / A
Leics The Charlotte
MYRO
Sheff The Leadmill

tuesday 20th
JAZZ NIGHT
Nottm The Running Horse
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
 The Bell Inn
CURFEW
 The Golden Fleece
THE MAKE - UP / BOB TILTON
 Sam Fay's
POLESTAR / BILLY LIAR
 Filly & Firkin
HYDROPONICS
Derby The Dolphin
SYMPOSIUM / YOU AM I / A
Leics The Charlotte
MYRO
Sheff The Leadmill

wednesday 21st
COLIN STAPLES JAM SESSION
 Running Horse
PARKER
 The Mill
THE FAB 4
 Sam Fay's
HIGHLY STRUNG GUITARS
 Pizza Express
PLAYER / KOOKABURRA
Leics The Charlotte

thursday 22nd
THE NEW BUSHBURY
MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS
Nottm The Running Horse
2ND NATURE
 The Mill
CHRISTIAN & DAMIAN
 The Maze
THE ROYALE ROOTS BAND
 Sam Fay's

thursday 22nd
THE NEW BUSHBURY
MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS
Nottm The Running Horse
2ND NATURE
 The Mill
CHRISTIAN & DAMIAN
 The Maze
THE ROYALE ROOTS BAND
 Sam Fay's

friday 23rd
THE JON STRONG BAND
 The Running Horse
KARMA TO BURN / HANDSOME
 Rock City
DAVEANGEL / DJ MUSHROOM /
PFM
Fusion
 The Essence
THE ROLLING CLONES
 Sam Fay's
DEPARTURE LOUNGE
 Skky Club
CRANKED
 The Mill
THE VERY GOOD
ROCK N' ROLL BAND
 The Maze

friday 23rd
THE JON STRONG BAND
 The Running Horse
KARMA TO BURN / HANDSOME
 Rock City
DAVEANGEL / DJ MUSHROOM /
PFM
Fusion
 The Essence
THE ROLLING CLONES
 Sam Fay's
DEPARTURE LOUNGE
 Skky Club
CRANKED
 The Mill
THE VERY GOOD
ROCK N' ROLL BAND
 The Maze

friday 23rd
THE JON STRONG BAND
 The Running Horse
KARMA TO BURN / HANDSOME
 Rock City
DAVEANGEL / DJ MUSHROOM /
PFM
Fusion
 The Essence
THE ROLLING CLONES
 Sam Fay's
DEPARTURE LOUNGE
 Skky Club
CRANKED
 The Mill
THE VERY GOOD
ROCK N' ROLL BAND
 The Maze

saturday 24th
W.O.R.M. / BLACK RAG
Derby Victoria Inn
THE CHARMERS
Leics The Charlotte
SOLAR RACE
N'ampton Roadmender
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm
Nottm The Golden Fleece
BIG JOE TURNER
 The Running Horse

saturday 24th
W.O.R.M. / BLACK RAG
Derby Victoria Inn
THE CHARMERS
Leics The Charlotte
SOLAR RACE
N'ampton Roadmender
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
3pm
Nottm The Golden Fleece
BIG JOE TURNER
 The Running Horse

sunday 25th
ROADHOUSE BLUES BAND
Nottm The Running Horse
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
JUBA
8pm
 The Bell Inn
THE STORM THIEVES
 The Golden Fleece
WILD WILLY BECKETT
& THE PSYCHO SURGEONS
 Sam Fay's
CLASSICAL SUNDAYS
noon - 3pm
 The Maze

sunday 25th
ROADHOUSE BLUES BAND
Nottm The Running Horse
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
JUBA
8pm
 The Bell Inn
THE STORM THIEVES
 The Golden Fleece
WILD WILLY BECKETT
& THE PSYCHO SURGEONS
 Sam Fay's
CLASSICAL SUNDAYS
noon - 3pm
 The Maze

sunday 25th
ROADHOUSE BLUES BAND
Nottm The Running Horse
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
JUBA
8pm
 The Bell Inn
THE STORM THIEVES
 The Golden Fleece
WILD WILLY BECKETT
& THE PSYCHO SURGEONS
 Sam Fay's
CLASSICAL SUNDAYS
noon - 3pm
 The Maze

monday 26th
FOLK NIGHT
Nottm The Running Horse
THE OMEGA BAND
 The Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
 Golden Fleece
MERC / BURDOSA
 Sam Fay's
THE LUSH LIFE DUO
 Pizza Express
BOOT
Derby The Garrick

monday 26th
FOLK NIGHT
Nottm The Running Horse
THE OMEGA BAND
 The Bell Inn
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
 Golden Fleece
MERC / BURDOSA
 Sam Fay's
THE LUSH LIFE DUO
 Pizza Express
BOOT
Derby The Garrick

tuesday 27th
THE CALLING
BOOM BOOM MANCINI
Leics The Charlotte
SPEEDY / ODDBALL
Nottm Sam Fay's
JAZZ NIGHT
 The Running Horse
JOHNNY JOHNSTONE'S JAZZ
 The Bell Inn
MARILYN MANSON
 Rock City
DEEP JOY
Spectrum
ZEPHYR 6
Derby The Dolphin

tuesday 27th
THE CALLING
BOOM BOOM MANCINI
Leics The Charlotte
SPEEDY / ODDBALL
Nottm Sam Fay's
JAZZ NIGHT
 The Running Horse
JOHNNY JOHNSTONE'S JAZZ
 The Bell Inn
MARILYN MANSON
 Rock City
DEEP JOY
Spectrum
ZEPHYR 6
Derby The Dolphin

wednesday 28th
HIGHLY STRUNG GUITARS
Nottm Pizza Express
BODYCOUNT feat. ICE-T
 Rock City
THE FAB 4
 Sam Fay's
COLIN STAPLES JAM SESSION
 The Running Horse
ELCKA / PALIGAP / NECTAR
Leics The Charlotte
GRETCHEN HOFFNER
N'ampton The Roadmender

wednesday 28th
HIGHLY STRUNG GUITARS
Nottm Pizza Express
BODYCOUNT feat. ICE-T
 Rock City
THE FAB 4
 Sam Fay's
COLIN STAPLES JAM SESSION
 The Running Horse
ELCKA / PALIGAP / NECTAR
Leics The Charlotte
GRETCHEN HOFFNER
N'ampton The Roadmender

thursday 29th
CRISIS / ALL LIVING FEAR
Caged Bat
Nottm Sam Fay's
BOOT
 The Old Vic
GO TROPO
 The Skky Club
THE GINMILL SYNCOPATERS
 The Maze
J.C. JUNIOR
 The Running Horse
SO FUNKY DAMN!
Leics The Charlotte

thursday 29th
CRISIS / ALL LIVING FEAR
Caged Bat
Nottm Sam Fay's
BOOT
 The Old Vic
GO TROPO
 The Skky Club
THE GINMILL SYNCOPATERS
 The Maze
J.C. JUNIOR
 The Running Horse
SO FUNKY DAMN!
Leics The Charlotte

friday 30th
BLISS
Nottm The Filly & Firkin
ALAMO LEAR'S BLUESVILLE
 The Running Horse
CONCRETE
 Whispers
THE AVENGERS
 Sam Fay's
DJ DK / CALLUM
Closed Circuit
 The Skky Club
FREAKS OUTING
ARNOLD BOLT
 The Maze

friday 30th
BLISS
Nottm The Filly & Firkin
ALAMO LEAR'S BLUESVILLE
 The Running Horse
CONCRETE
 Whispers
THE AVENGERS
 Sam Fay's
DJ DK / CALLUM
Closed Circuit
 The Skky Club
FREAKS OUTING
ARNOLD BOLT
 The Maze

saturday 31st
THE RAZORS
Nottm The Running Horse
ALBERT ALCHEMY
EARL OKIN
 The Maze
HARSH
 The Monastery
THEARTRE OF HATE
 Rock City
MORPHINE
Sheff. The Leadmill
CLUB O
Leics The Charlotte

saturday 31st
THE RAZORS
Nottm The Running Horse
ALBERT ALCHEMY
EARL OKIN
 The Maze
HARSH
 The Monastery
THEARTRE OF HATE
 Rock City
MORPHINE
Sheff. The Leadmill
CLUB O
Leics The Charlotte

JUNE
sunday 1st
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
MIND THE GAP
8pm
Nottm The Bell Inn
DENIS' BIRTHDAY PARTY
Free adm.
 The Skky Club
THE HAMSTERS / BLISS
Sutton In Ashfield Sutton Centre
FISH
Sheffield The Leadmill
ALISHA'S ATTIC
N'ampton The Roadmender
SUBCIRCUS / LYNXY
THE PECADILLOES
Leics The Charlotte

JUNE
sunday 1st
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
MIND THE GAP
8pm
Nottm The Bell Inn
DENIS' BIRTHDAY PARTY
Free adm.
 The Skky Club
THE HAMSTERS / BLISS
Sutton In Ashfield Sutton Centre
FISH
Sheffield The Leadmill
ALISHA'S ATTIC
N'ampton The Roadmender
SUBCIRCUS / LYNXY
THE PECADILLOES
Leics The Charlotte

monday 2nd
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
Nottm The Golden Fleece
FOLK NIGHT
 The Running Horse
THE OMEGA BAND
 The Bell Inn
PAULUS & P
 Pizza Express
CINNAMON SMITH
BRONCO BULLFROG
FREEWAY
Leics The Charlotte

monday 2nd
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
Nottm The Golden Fleece
FOLK NIGHT
 The Running Horse
THE OMEGA BAND
 The Bell Inn
PAULUS & P
 Pizza Express
CINNAMON SMITH
BRONCO BULLFROG
FREEWAY
Leics The Charlotte

tuesday 3rd
HOODWINK
Nottm Sam Fay's
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
 The Bell Inn
JAZZ NIGHT
 The Running Horse
TRIBUTE TO NOTHING
99 YEARS
Leics The Charlotte
JUMBLE SALE
Derby The Dolphin

tuesday 3rd
HOODWINK
Nottm Sam Fay's
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
 The Bell Inn
JAZZ NIGHT
 The Running Horse
TRIBUTE TO NOTHING
99 YEARS
Leics The Charlotte
JUMBLE SALE
Derby The Dolphin

wednesday 4th
PAULUS & T-BONE
Nottm Pizza Express
THE FAB 4
 Sam Fay's
COLIN STAPLES JAM SESSION
 The Running Horse
LABRADFORD / GANGER
THIRD EYE FOUNDATION
Leics The Charlotte

thursday 5th
ZION TRAIN / BUD ALZIR
Nottm Sam Fay's
EASY PIECES
 The Maze
EASY TIGER
 The Academy
DAVID DEVANT
& HIS SPIRIT WIFE
Leics The Charlotte
JOHN OTWAY
Stoke The Wheatsheaf

Tamation

Mr ad or
MIRAN

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 also available, their acclaimed debut
Gentle Creatures
 playing live in Nottingham
TUE 10th JUNE at The Old Vic

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 London Road, NOTTINGHAM
 Tel. (0115) 941 8560

Tuesday 13th May
 The Night With No Name presents
GOLDBLADE
 Monkey Island Fokkewulf £3.50 ADV

Thursday 15th May
the bigger the god.
 + EASE + STRETCH adm. £3

Sunday 18th May
 THE BEEF all-dayer #2
 noon - midnight 7 bands 4 DJs see separate flyer for details

Tuesday 20th May
 The Night With No Name presents
THE MAKE-UP + BOB TILTON
 £4 ADV.

Thursday 22nd May
THE ROYALE ROOTS BAND
 PLUS GUEST ARTISTS

Sunday 25th May
Wild Willy Beckett & The Psycho Surgeons adm. £2

Monday 26th May
MERC featuring Nottm. Forest's Paul McGregor adm. £4

Thursday 27th May
speedy + oddball adm. £3

29th CRISIS ... June 3rd MANGACIDE / SHINER / HOODWINK ... 5th ZION TRAIN ... 6th LA Doors
 ...10th KING PRAWN / MEDULLA NOCTE / HARD TO SWALLOW ... 12th ISM

discoverall:

main pic. bis middle ATR right Finlay Quaye
Reviews by Sid Abuse, Sam Mansour, Gareth Thompson, Uppvåxt Full, Mischa Gulseven, Christy O'Neil, Christine Chapel and The Fat Dead Nazi



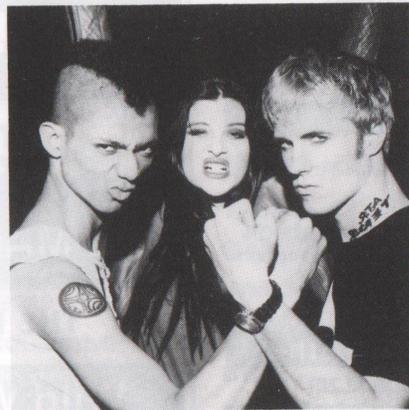
bis The New Transistor Heroes (Wiiija)
I feel a bit sorry for bis. They came along a couple of years ago, full of youth, energy and originality, hailed as starting something of a music revolution. Everyone loved them, especially the music press. They even appeared on *TOTP* and the world bowed to their teen-c power and bopped to their catchy disco tunes. Then something went wrong. Suddenly it was the "in" thing to hate them, to slag off Manda Rin's squeaky voice and call them sell-outs for turning twenty. The new darlings, dweeb, didn't last long either. Discopop with drum machines was receiving a definite thumbs down from the Press, who had moved onto some other scene, so the world believed it. Mischa says: why? bis are still doing the same kind of stuff they always have, and for once we can be sure that this band won't be making a "change of direction" and thank god for that. The world needs bis for getting ready to get out, for singing along, for putting you in a good mood. And no, it doesn't all sound the same, except that it's all brilliant disco music. Who cares how old they are? They never promised to stay sixteen forever. bis are a lot more sussed than people give them credit for and they deserve to stay on top. It's a shame the fickle nature of the music industry won't allow it. **MG**

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Organ Radio 1: Why Suzie Can't Go Swimming—A Taste Of UK Hardcore* (ORG)

Blimey! Essential. On the whole, compilation albums suck but there isn't a dull or boring moment here. A brilliant introduction to five very strong UK hardcore bands. First up are the mighty **Pulkas**, a fucking great band recently signed to Earache and will make Earache a lot of money. With the power of Machinehead and the groove of RATM they'll show the Yanks a thing or three. Debut album out in 1998. If I was Earache, I would hold it back as long as possible so it'll sell 100,000 rather than just say 30,000. Pulkas rule!
Next, **Travis Inc** now called **Applecore** because of legal action from indie-by-numbers band Travis. From Swansea, they play a sort of harder Radiohead (of all bands). Great voice, great songs, their demos are even better. Some say they sound like Feeder but they are miles better than that. These Welsh kids are going to make someone a lot of money, even more than Pulkas. If Travis Inc (Applecore) aren't signed by August, I'll eat my hat!
Here come **King Prawn**, with their frantic rap 'n' roll. A good band who tour like buggers and have been to Nottingham a few times. Southend in the area. **Pepperman** give you a groove-based sort of hardcore. RATM would be a lazy reference point. All baggy pants, bum chains and hooded tops this is good stuff.
Finally, the hardest looking band to come out of Reading...EVER! **Glueball** play a frantic flavour of noise that gets you moving within seconds. Earache hard. Nice use of samples. This is a great album. Believe. Contact: Unit 205, The Old Gramophone Works, 326 Kensal Road, London W10 5BZ, UK 0181 964 3066, e mail organ@organart.demon.co.uk Dist by Pinnacle. **SA**

MOCKET Bionic Parts (Punk In My Vitamins? Records)
Mocket are equally as good as the Peechees. American bubblegum (s)punk rock for the masses, hopefully. A three piece who make one hell of a racket for a three piece, hailing from Olympia; yes, it sure does have that Olympia feel to it. Audrey Mocket works at K, which says a lot. I think they have a lot in common with Huggy Bear, Bikini Kill, N.O.U, Cupid Car Club and even bis. A raging, very cool album. Contact: 505 Washington Street, SE15, Olympia, WA 98501, USA. **SA**

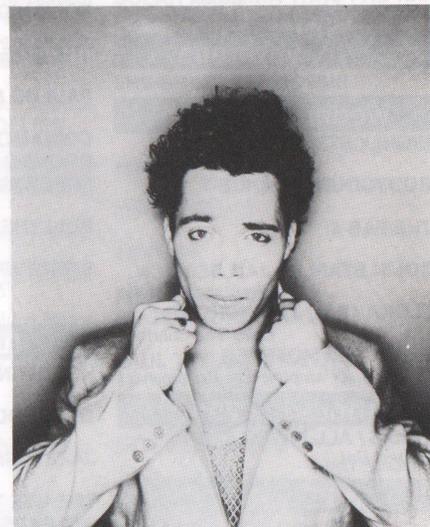
UK SUBS Peel Sessions 1978-79 / Quintessentials
Twenty years and forty-eight records later The Subs reach Q on the trail to alphabetical domination. Check it out—since *Another Kind Of Blues* Charlie and the lads have stuck to their alphabetic formula. What we have here are two different sides of the band with almost twenty years separating them, the *Peel Sessions* showed the faith John Peel had in the band, even offering to release their first single himself before City records snapped them up for a Punk-hungry public. The versions of the classics, such as *Tomorrows Girls*, *CID* and *Emotional Blackmail* are powerful and well produced and as guitarist Nicky Garret says are "like looking at two sculptures of a model by the same artist but each from different angles". Indispensable for any punk fan. *Quintessentials* is a more modern, but no less significant, version of the same line-up as the *Peel Sessions*. Lyrically a lot more political the UK Subs have lost none of the fire and passion of the early days. Dealing with issues as diverse as multinational corporations (*Media Man*), homelessness (*Squat 96*), police violence (*Killer Caps*) and waking up with no money and a hangover in Mexico (*The Day Of The Dead*) this album just rocks from end to end. For me, though, the best track is *Dunblane*. ("After Dunblane how can you hold a gun and say that you are innocent"). A highly recommended slice of Punk Rock, play this to all the gits who think drum and bass is a relevant form of expression. **TFDN**



ATR The Future Of War (Digital Hardcore)
Is this really the same band that once sampled Sham 69? Whatever, they are now so thrilling, inspiring and NOW! that it fucking hurts. Everyone who is anyone seems to be name dropping this band these days—a band that have only played something like six gigs in the UK...EVER. This album is so vital, that I order you to run down to your local record store and buy two copies. Fucked up and mad gabba punk for the year 2001, this is music to piss off your happy house treads, music that your parents will really hate. Atari Teenage Riot reach parts that other bands will never reach! Twelve songs and not a boring second here. Easily already one of the albums of the year. They make the Prodigy sound like Cast. Digital Hardcore mail order contact: Amaretto, An Der Kappe 69, 13583, BERLIN, Germany. **SA**

CAKE Fashion Nugget (Mercury)
They might be The Might Be Giants, especially vocally and are at times quirky, percussively colourful and seriously groovy with clean bright production. *The Distance* is punchy and instantly likeable. The use of brass on the moody *Friend Is A Four Letter Word* opens up all sorts of potential directions for future projects. *Open Book* and *Daria* are lyrically inspired although the year 1982 means bugger all to me. *Race Car Ya-Yas* is insane and short. Their cover of *I Will Survive* is simply wonderful. A long awaited male rendition of an anthem delivered in an adorable lack-lustre style. Again the trumpet is a sure fire addition. The bass, funky as fuck and repeat listeners are assured. *Sticks/Shifts And Safety Belts* has that hill-billy Yee-ha! feel—crap but it still makes you smile. That off key quirkiness re-emerges on *It's Coming Down* another album high point *Nugget*. *She'll Come Back To Me* and *Italian Leather Sofa* leave me a bit cold apart from the bass and trumpet duet at the end of the latter, which breaks into a tasty jam. *Sad Songs And Waltzes* closes the 14-track album in a tongue in cheek manner. Elvis Costello did a similar job on *Good Year For The Roses*. A very fine album! **SM**

THE FILTER QUEENS (Scaly Aliens)
Inspired, thoroughly modern version of the standard *Secret Love*. Couldn't have opened with anything else. Beautiful vocals and stunning arrangement. Seductive trip-hopish sensuality oozes from *UH-HUH* with a sparse bass arrangement that'll bowl you over in your more tranquil moments. By the third track, *Girls*, you slowly realise that what you're hearing is easy listening for the nineties. *Everyday* is a little too ordinary for my liking, weak and wet. *Platinum Dreams*, *Anchor Me* and *Original Skin* are all beautiful ballads that could easily have you falling asleep. For soft-hearted lovers only. Completely inappropriate for anyone else. **SM**



SMOG Red Apple Falls (Domino)
Maybe the name's ironic, for there's nothing remotely smoggy about Bill Callahan's poignant, sparse songs. His clear and intimate voice hovers over the dearest backings formed from guitar, piano, lovely French horn and pedal steel. *The Morning Paper* and *Blood Red Bird* cross a Drake/Cohen threshold of sensitivity, whilst *I Was A Stranger* fairly bristles along by comparison. *To Be Of Use* returns us to starker tones, before the title track slopes by with a bluesy gait. Callahan's apparent obsession with scarlet fruit surfaces again on the dark poetry of *Red Apples*, underpinned by crepuscular piano patterns. Throw in a lyrical range from obscure to the confessional, and you see how SMOG deliver a rare kind of beautiful noise pollution. **GT**

PETE HAM 7 Park Avenue (Rykodisc)
This singer/songwriter from the popular 60's act Badfinger was only twenty-seven when he hanged himself. Years of sly swindling from the music industry's rapidly emerging tycoons took their final toll on Ham. What this intriguing collection does is gather up some unreleased home recordings which display an unaffected sincerity and craft. The era's trademark flanged acoustic guitar, and double-tracked vocals, are at the fore but the writer's tuneful poetics remain undiminished by time. And for authentic atmospheric check out the creaking chair on *Weep Baby* as Ham sits and croons. Outstanding songs include *Catherine Cares*, *Hand In Hand* and *Sille Veb*, but it's the closing pair of *No More* and *Ringside* that reveal the man's final personal demons. And what of Ham's contemporary relevance? Listen to him alongside Oasis, Cast or Doggy and all becomes clear. **GT**

SUGAR PLANT After After Hours (World Domination)
This Tokyo duo clearly have an eye on the West from the evidence of this release, designed to soothe the listener returning from an after hours club. Comparisons with Mazzy Star etc. are all very well, but Sugar Plant have out-ambienced even Hope Sandoz's ethereal efforts. This really does flow in a seamless state of deep trance, with soft chiming guitars underpinning dreamy voices that hint at sweet melody. Bizarre lyrical revelations—"I know everyone won't be killed suddenly by thunder/But I like it so much"—do little to straighten the picture but such titles as *Drifting*, *I Hate Morning* and *Freezy* tell their own hazy story. Even nicer would have been an infusion of their own culture into the proceedings. Eastern-tinged ambient indie? Now there's a thought, Mr Peel. **GT**

NIKOLA PAROV Kilim (Hannibal/Rykodisc)
MORPHINE Like Swimming (Rykodisc)
Monitoring unusual instruments on albums has long been my personal fad. And just when you think there's nothing new left unrecorded, along comes Parov's ensemble replete with caxi caxi, gadulka, ud, kaval and gayda in tow. But there's also enough guitar, sax and keyboards along to lend more familiar overtones on a truly ethnic fusion of resources. Parov is a Bulgarian steeped in traditional music, and opening track *Anonym* has a fittingly East European swirl of gaiety. The jazz showcase *Trance Danubius* finds Irish wizard Davy Spillane appearing on Uilleann pipes, and again on the folksy *Mayo Woman*. Not only does Parov write quality music, but he's got a fine intuition of which instruments to use for best effect. The glorious oboe solo on *The Diva's Smile* exemplifies this understanding admirably. It's difficult fourth album for America's Morphine, after three releases that took their lousy trio of slide bass, sax and percussion about as far as possible. The sound is fleshed out rather more here, certainly snappier, and often more commercial. Opening cuts *Potion*, *I Know You (Pt. III)* and *Early To Bed* crest slickly along with Dana Colley's baritone sax wringing out some glorious melodies that lodge in the memory. A more improvised feel sets in with *Wishing Well* and the title track, but it's essentially another strong set of dark grooves and dusky tunes. **GT**

THE DIVINE COMEDY A Short Album About Love (Setanta)
The current high priest of pop cool delivers a comparatively straightforward sound, following his first two elaborate efforts and *Casanova's* fussy pomp. Not that it's exactly unplugged, mind, with a 30-piece orchestra in tow, but there is a new clarity and refreshing ease to these seven songs. In *Pursuit Of Happiness* wears a typically melodic face, with accompaniment kept to a minimum. But it's on the rightfully popular *Everybody Knows (Except You)* that Hannon delivers his second finest pop creation to date, just shaded by the debut album's unforgettable *Fear Of The Pollen Count*. Each track sweeps by with an almost apologetic elegance, and if this is the sort of stuff he can chuck out between major projects (although the release was shrewdly timed) then roll over Beethoven, the new court composer is here to stay. **GT**

NUNO Schizophrenic (A&M)
Ladies and gents, in our veritable metal history archives lurks a file named "Extreme"; remember if you will, Gary, Nuno and "Pat" who blessed us with such intolerable dross as *More Than Words* which became the metallers' Sombre Moment for ever after. Extreme disappeared from whence they came (and not a moment too soon) but lo! Nuno (pronounced 'noon') has made a Comeback. In an attempt to persuade people to buy this, his first solo "outing", there is a photo of a stunning, sultry blonde on the cover. Open it up and... get this! It's him! In a wig! What a scam, eh? But to the music. Imagine Billy Corgan has been abducted by Aerosmith and is forced to lend his slightly weedy voice to a selection of over ambitious, over emotional soft rock "numbers" with the "help" of some nifty voice distortion, the occasional gargle with razor blades and some "awe" inspiring widdly guitar solos to distract your attention from the sheer banality of it all. Nuno, this is all so passé. Please stop. Stick with the sultry blonde idea and take up a career in modelling. You know it makes sense. **MG**

THE MISFITS Evilive
Before I start, let me justify what I'm about to write by saying I'm a Misfits virgin. Twirly gothic writing, songs called *Night Of The Living Dead* and *Devils Whorehouse*, so when I open the inlay to find a drawing of some creature holding its eyeball, by some character named "Pushhead"... why am I not surprised? Furthermore this is a live recording which means all the songs have a really ropey quality. This could be any old punk band shouting randomly into a mic" on the stage at The Wheatloaf. It may be a vital part of any fan's collection but it won't win them any new ones. The Misfits Tribute album is a different story. It's amazing what a little production can do and although I was deprived of a track listing, this is a much better way to ease yourself into the band. **MG**

WAYNE KRAMER Citizen Wayne (Epitaph)
Kramer's third album for Epitaph and this time he's brought in Don "Out Come The Freaks" Was to co-produce and co-write his new epic. WHY? you tell me, bubba, 'cauz this sucks! Sure, Kramer's a good guitarist, one of the all-time greats, but this is essentially a rock album peppered with... tapeloops? samples?hypnotic beats?? So much for new technology, huh? Has this guy never heard of the MC5? **UF**

DEAD FUCKING LAST Grateful... (Epitaph)
Cool: you slip the cd in and the player registers one track at twenty-five minutes. Now, that's how to do it, no gaps. Basic U.S. hardcore from the East Coast circa '82-85. Wasn't Adam Yaugh in this band prior to the Beastie Boys? Anyway, as far as hardcore goes this isn't bad. If you have a spare half-hour before going down to the pub, slap this fucker on, turn it up and get in the mood. **UF**

SICK OF IT ALL Built To Last (some major label)
Aaaaaarrggghhh! Angry pissed off vocals strait outta the sewers of Noo York! These hardcore-jies have been doing this for ten years now, and they haven't changed since signing their souls away to a major! Real tough fuck-you rhythm section keeps the tempo going right to the last note. I know it's on a major but if you overlook that fact, this is still a great hardcore album. **UF**

ONE HIT WONDER Outfall (Nitro)
I don't know much about these guys except they're from California (Long Beach, perhaps?) and probably wear baggy shorts! It's a pretty competent album of hard punk-pop with some good, searing guitar riffs here and another driving rhythm section which don't let up for a minute. Decent. **UV**

ANOKHA Soundz of the Asian Underground (CIDM 1120/SZ 341-2)
From what I've heard of Asian music in its pure form (which, incidentally, often comes from the stereos of taxi drivers in and around Nottingham) Drum and Bass sounds as if it were designed specifically for it. I can almost hear the entire Asian continent shouting "Hey, those are our rhythms!" Well, rewards sometimes come slowly and 1997 seems about bloody time. This cd is a monster smack in the gob, aggressive, passionate and the most intelligently thought out blend of East/West dance-floor mayhem yet, absolutely irresistible on any sound system. For those of you already in the know and just patiently waiting for the nod from the record buying public, it features: Talvin Singh, State of Bengal, Lelonek, Future Soundz Of India, A.R Rahman, Amar, Equal 1, Osmani Soundz, The Milky Bar Kid and Kingsik Biswas. Some things sound right and this sounds so very, very right! **SM**

BLUE NOTE Club Culture (EYE CD001)
Why is it that break beats work so well. And why is it that Acid Jazz and Ninja Tunes always stand out like a jester at a wake? You know how you pick up a cd of a particular genre ('cos of the names and labels) and outwardly explode with enthusiasm! Then, by about the fifth track you're inwardly bored shitless. Well, this album may well restore your faith in consistency. Just press play and let it explode on your behalf. A quick role call of the artists for those of you who need reassurance: Interference, DJ Food, Parlour Talk, The Funky Finger, The Reel DJ's, Dirty Beatniks, Blaze, Doc Scott, F.S.O.I. M.F.O.S., Hightower Set, The Shanti-ites, and Paint. Essential dance compilation. Funky as fuck and then some! **SM**

ROC Cheryl
Electro drums and spacey vocals combine within an original over-the-top trip hop vibe with a strong techno element. There's an interesting sequence which would fit into a quality mix and amusing 80's drum pattern with choice vocal sampling designed to please those off their heads. Cool and clever like Leftfield, Cheryl is like a really free spaced out MC. The remix on side B makes you laugh out loud with a not quite cheesy then hard 'n' chunky beat, vocals funny, punky, strange and cute. Not so cute is the tastefully underplayed funky techno on side B entitled *I Said What I Said*, remixed by DJ Tempest. Wicked repetitive beats with a pure underground feel. Can't stop dancing! **MB**

CRUSTATION Purple 12" (Zomba Records)
The latest chapter in Trip Hop cross-over. This time the vocals tend towards the Suzanne Vega, with all the innocence of a child. The 12" master mix hugs you with a warm, wet, dub bass and whispers sweet nothings. Surprisingly, A Tribe Called Quest mix doesn't quite match up, while La Femme D'Argent mix may be one for the charts, and Mr Scruff's mix is cheeky, whimsical use of 70's strings and fat bass. It's got that *I Dream Of Jeannie* feel, if you know what I mean. Lovely. **SM**

808 STATE Lopez (mixes) 12" (ZTT)
The No Regret mix sounds like U2 on speed, and Brian Eno, a man I've looked up to for almost two decades, let them down with an uninspired dull mix which suggests he must have knocked it out without giving a toss. With a quick flip, it's on its back and you're presented with a big chunk of fleshed out funky beats that piss all over the other mixes, courtesy of the Propellerheads. Saved by the B side, *Hard On*, which would sound mad on a huge p.a. **SM**

PRIMAL SCREAM Kowalski (Cresced 245)
Subterranean Techno blues warbling through astro static. Don't just bomb the bass, distort the shit out of it. I'm just so happy that it isn't another *Movin On Up*. Primal Scream have been into the chams of space and come back with their most fucked up alien to date. This is Radio Kowalski and it crackles, cranks and ploughs its way through your cranium on a sheet of titanium, and 12 tonnes of plate reverb. Primal Scream, thankfully, never make their task an easy one, and polished commercial rock/pop just seems to jar with their sensibilities. They are fucked up and we want them to stay that way. Colossal! **SM**

URBAN TRIBE Eastward 12" (Mo Wax)
One from the last year which may not have been picked up on. Carl Craig enters the Trip Hop world throwing in scratchy samples, distorted beats and sub bass drones. Spot on Trip Hop scatch. He then goes on to prove that Ultramarine's brand of ambient dubs didn't pass him by either. Solid mixes by 4 Wave/Steve Patan and Will Bankhead firming up the B side. **SM**

18 WHEELER Grease (remixes) (Creation)
See, this is what happens when you take a more leisurely pace towards mass appeal—cracking remixes! There appear to be two mini industries under the name of 18 Wheeler. One is a happy-go-lucky pop band and the other is a platform for new and not so new remixers. This time the the standing ovations go to Wide Receiver for the dark, chugging trip-hop beauty of a Heavy Goods mix although the pitched down vocals don't work so well, and Bentley Rhythm Ace for an outstanding, dark funk trancer Bra mix of *The Ballad Of Paul Verlaine*. Mad as a loon! Take the vocals away it sounds great at either speed. **SM**

LAND OF OUR MOTHERS Tra Di Di (V2)
Celtic drum and bass with Welsh vocal sadly overlooked for the sound track to *Twin Town* but never mind, these drum and bass heads of the valleys have located the sweet, jazzy end of the genre until Alan Emplage's foreboding *Nasty It Up* mix carries on to the jungle and Ray Keith's Rolling Dub dries it out completely. A separate track, Brad, is a Sheep On Drugs style ranting industrial affair. A cool ep. **CC**

THE MYSTICS Dead (Fontana)
Radio edit of *Dead* with a faint indie-rock flavour which hangs around for the listening then vanishes, is far out-shone by its mellow dance remix. An Eastern feel with good use of female vocals which echo the Eastern theme. *Laziest Girl In The World* is a Brit-pop ballad with a swirling of wispy guitar effects. **SM**

THE DHARMAS Living For Today (Rhythm King/BMG/Arista)
Sounds like The Charlatons on the radio mix and Primal Scream on the heavy mixes. Where's all the folk gone? **CO'N**



GOLD BLADE *Strictly Hardcore* (Ultimate)
This is a power-packed, energetic rock 'n' roll track guaranteed to get you dancin'. By far the best way to take them is on record since their over-the-top stage "act" will both frighten and irritate you. MG
Gold Blade appear live at Sam Fay's Tuesday 13th May

SKELETON KEY ep (Dedicated)
Why is it that when you hear an acoustic intro it's odds on there will be a heavy chorus? Why does no-one do it the other way round? CO'N

PINKIE McClURE *Hedonistic: Transglobal Underground remixes*
Sounds like TGU with a different vocalist. Good but... CO'N

MEXICAN PETS *Supermarket* (Blunt)
I don't know about you but I seem to spend half my life in supermarkets. Oh blimey! Mexican Pets are another one of those guitar bands that you really can't put your finger on—a mix match of this and that. I'd love to shove this cd right up the arse of Mr Crisp Packet Kula Shaker. They are Irish, of course. Bet they play the Attic daily. Don't fucking Kula Shaker suck? I bet Mexican Pets don't do Deep Purple covers. The lead singer gets excited and that is good enough for me. Contact: PO Box 4427, Dublin 4, Ireland. SA

PASSION STAR *To Be The One* (Granite)
If you want to see the Stranglers at Ritzy three years ago, and caught the support band Material Issue, then Passion Star are for you since they do sound like our answer to Material Issue who come from America. Passion Star are four young kids from Birmingham who seem to be playing all over the country at the moment. I bet they are good live. Odds on they have never heard of Material Issue and this is a pretty cool debut of guitar pop with style and class. Good voice, good lyrics. Contact: Water court, 36 Water street, BIRMINGHAM B3 1HP. SA

CRISPY NUTS *Crispy Nuts* (Cowpat)
Calling all fans of the X-Rays! Crispy nuts are from Japan and will now take the crown from Teengenerate. They sound like the Ramones on speed. Very cool, well worth buying. Send £2 p&p to "B. Shrimpton", Kingswood Lodge, Swan Bottom, GT Missenden HP16. SA

PIN-UPS *18* (Pin-Up)
Oh my word. OH MY WORD!!! Second single from the most important UK teen (average age 15) rock 'n' roll band for years, now signed to Deceptive records (home to Elastica). They are ready to either blow it big time, or to become one of the most exciting bands in the country. Their gigs have become legendary. The only band to make Radio One DJ's pogo! Chaotic, violent, stupid, rapid, fast fun, 18 is the song for every teenager. It's all over within two minutes and contains one of the best lyrics for years—"Play with your mum if you haven't got a girlfriend". Also here you will find the already classic *Kill Your Parents* in which the drums sound like they are on fire and the bass kicks you in the teeth. Plus *Come For The Ride*, which will silence all the critics, sounds like Pink Floyd having a fight with Joy Division. If you hate them, then good. They are the band for everyone under 18, a band that all the old farts really hate. Hooray! Remember, pop pickers, everyone thought the Manic Street Preachers were a complete joke in 1990. Roll on the Brits. SA

DISCO PISTOL *Saturday Everyday* (Zerox)
Surprisingly excellent debut single from Reading based Disco Pistol. Their demo's were shambolic, bedroom four-track fun. *Saturday Everyday* is a super-sexy-sonic-blast of a POP! song. Live, they sound a bit too punky. Here, they have it just right. Spend! Spend! Spend! will have you singing along in seconds. Completely trashy, stupid, true POP! and (shock horror) it's not proper music, is it mate? Buy it by the dozen. Nearly as brilliant as the Spice Girls. SA

RED MONKEY *Do What You Feel (Feel What You Do)* (Slampt)
Pete and Rachel Slampt's new band. Ace! A wonderful punky-spunky seven inch vinyl only on record. 18+ is the best song here. Great drum sound! A bit like International Strike Force, but slightly more meaty. A very cool record.

SALLY SKULL *Running Kind* (Slampt)
Edinburgh in the area. Aren't three-piece bands the best? Well here is another one to add to the list. *Mean Woman* is the best song here, a more primitive and fucked off Tiny Too. Blimey! SA

INTERNATIONAL STRIKE FORCE *Soeur...?* (Slampt)
More ace songs from the great ISF. If you haven't checked them out, what are you waiting for? Their album is now on cd. This 7" is ace. Why aren't they all over the music press? Oh I don't know. What is wrong with this country? International Strike Force go GO GO GO GO GO GO!!!! UK! WAKE THE FUCK UP! All three 7" singles are released by Slampt who have been spending the money they got from EMI/Kenickie. Great artwork, great label. BUY! Cheques payable to 'Slampt' (sterling only) £2 (UK) £2.50(Eur) £3.50 (World) Postage included. PO Box 54, Heaton, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, NE6 5YW, UK. SA

FREEBOY *But I Am* (Groovy Cat Sounds)
Oh yes! The debut proper release by Freeboy. They live in Cambridge, look like freaks, but at times play great uplifting quirky guitar-POP! One day, maybe soon, they will shine like Silver Sun. They already have a lot more to offer you than the likes of Grass Show or the Supernaturals. Jason is a human mushroom and surely that is good enough reason to go down to HMV and purchase a copy. Contact PO Box 12643, London SE3 9ZT. Dist. by Shellshock. SA

SYMPOSIUM *Farewell To Twilight* (Infectious)
All hail the mighty Symposium, the kings of perfect tune. The sublime harmonies, the sparkly, beautiful choruses, the unlimited glitter-soaked perfection—can it get any better than this? MG
(Symposium appear live at Rock City June 2nd).

MUNDY *Pardon Me* (Epic)
Who is Mundy and what does he want? He seems to come from the late eighties school of music along with the likes of the Waterboys and Aztec Camera, favouring acoustic guitar played in a rockin' kinda way, the listener friendly tune, and one of those choruses that reaches every crevice of your brain and sets up home there. It's inoffensive and dated so don't expect to see him gracing the cover of NME. MG



DAVID DEVANT & HIS SPIRIT WIFE *Ginger* (Rhythm King)
DDAHSW publicly draw attention to the consequences of (ahem) the permanent bad hair day (which will probably become some kind of psycho-anthem for redheads everywhere) in what is probably the first song ever written tackling this highly taboo subject. As well as this achievement the tune is top, a punchy little disco number with weird keyboards only ever heard before on Rachel Stamp records. But guys, er... have you seen your own hair lately? MG

3 COLOURS RED *Pure + 2* (Creation)
I remember The Skids' *Into The Valley* and also a little girl who thought it was the best thing since *Tiswas*. I bet 3 Colours Red can't. If they could they may have dropped the a-side *Pure*, unless they are looking for jobs as tv presenters. But wait, I haven't dismissed them quite yet! *Throughbreeze*, a weighty paced-down rocker, is far more in tune with the current state of rock credibility. If they need a vehicle to cruise them through the next decade, then they should stick to this Range rover and not the clapped out Mk. 3 Escort (it's not even a Capri!). Fake apology is a fake apology, reminding that they are sticking unfortunately to 'old wave' and drainpipes. SM

GRETSCHEN HOFNER *Crow In Heels* (Poppy)
Ahead of the album *Maria Callous* comes a new ep. Gretschen Hofner are a wacky four-piece (bass, drums, strings and psychodramic guitar, whatever that be!). They are a cross between The Auteurs and They Might Be Giants, combining punchy lyrics and a hybrid of different melodies. The result might grow on those with more eccentric, off-the-wall tastes. MA

LINOLEUM *On A Tuesday* (Lino Vinyl)
Recalling the hardness of Radiohead or The Heart Throbs at their best, Linoleum provide a satisfyingly clean, hard-edged finish with their new single *On A Tuesday*, an engaging combination of erupting guitars and female vocals. Having recently supported Tindersticks and with a debut lp put together in Boston USA with Radiohead's producers, Linoleum should find plenty of indie followers this summer if this single is anything to go by. Watch them fly. MA

GENE *Where Are They Now?* (Polydor)
Gene return to the scene with this single taken from their second album *Drawn To The Deep End* which came out last month. The cd version contains an extra track, a passable cover of REM's *Nightswimming*. A worthwhile single, *Where Are They Now?* captures Gene in relaxed, melodic mood, providing a flowing guitar tune that you only wish could go on longer. Look out, too, for a cd release of four tracks recorded live at the band's recent rousing Royal Albert Hall show. Currently on tour of the USA and Canada, Gene return to UK shores in June with a series of festival shows lined up for August. MA

SCARFO ELO (Deceptive Records)
After the memorable release of their first single *Skinny* on the Fierce Panda label in 1995 and a mini-lp that same year for Deceptive, Scarfo were forced to withdraw from the British indie after their drummer, Al was run down by a car. Thankfully he has made a complete recovery and Scarfo return with an impressive in-year-face medley of fast guitar rhythms, staccato vocals and Al's pounding drums. The single ELO has nothing to do with the 70's rock combo your mother might have listened to; instead you have a marvellous mixture of energy, guitars, rapido beats and layered vocals. MA

DREADZONE *Earth Angel (William Orbit/Arkarna Mixes)* Virgin
Dreadzone return with a line-up which is starting to look increasingly like a reformed Big Audio Dynamite since the recruitment of Patsy Kensit-ex Dan Donovan means that three of BAD's original members are now present and correct. But this single is so oriented towards the remixes that it's difficult to discover what sort of difference he has made. Of those mixes, honours are pretty much shared, although for me Arkarna (who superficially seem a strange choice as their own records are always better when mixed by someone else) take it by the nose. While William Orbit turns in a well-crafted, relaxed groove, Arkarna up the bpm count (from about 120 to 148, if you're interested) while splattering dirty dirty great breakbeats, 303 noises and distorted vocals all over the bloody place. MS

ISM *Turtle Z* (Totem)
Well, it's a crap name, obviously. But it rocks, although it rocks like Motorhead rather than, say, Underworld, so I hereby define a new genre—thrash trance metal. All four tunes on this ep rattle along like a pre-privatised train, all frayed seats and rumbling undercarriage. It decides where it wants to go and heads straight there, no detours, no sightseeing, no quick BLT in the buffet. MS

DOUBLE 99 *R.I.P. Groove* (Satellite)
Talking of new genres, London is currently home to what's being termed 'Speed Garage' and if you want to know what that means, track this single down. The bass line rolls, the beats cut up rough, the melody is nagging and insistent. It's not as radical as it could be, but is a welcome evolutionary step, coming just as House and Garage were becoming stale and uninspired. MS

demolition

Reviews by Sam Manour, Michelle Blower, Andy Harper and Steve Grant

EARTHLIFE *Life On Earth +4*
One time Earth The California Love Dream, Earthlife are true rockers. They even turned down an album deal with Roadrunner. The thing is, I've always thought that depriving yourself of the chance to be heard was a silly, self-sacrificial gesture. On the other hand, if they said they had turned down EMI or Virgin I'd be more impressed. Forget the rep. and respect to Black Sabbath, what about the music? Earthlife have seized the legacy of the late 60's/early 70's shattered rock dream. no longer pissed off by staid attitudes and and besuited gents with cropped hair, their generation have turned down accusations to the men and women who pollute and ravish nature's gift of green grass and clean air. Strung out ethical sentiment set to musical narration, that ebbs and flows through delicate guitar picking moodiness and heavy, chorused exclamations. Not the most innovative bands to have graced our company but a damn fine example of music that fills a sparsely occupied niche. SM

BURDOCK *Come As A Guest, Leave As A Friend* cd
A sublime collection of short, punchy tunes oozing bags of attitude, great melodies and a well varied sound. From the off you realise you've got your hands on a disc that is quite likely to force you in the nearest pub before you get anywhere near the polling station! Lynam (guitar and vox), really does not give a flying fuck about much at all and yet he still manages an effortless, early Weller-esque vocal with an occasional celtic verve wrapped around great lyrical pronunciation. This has obvious depth and feeling and is all conveyed in a comedy poet vibe for extra zing. Lucky breaks permitting, Burdock could one day be talked about in the same breath as Buzzcocks, Frank & Walters, The Jam and the Undertones. The percussion in particular is in a league surely to be remembered. The beauty of this 11-track cd is the mixture of influences, which leaves you wondering where it's at. You feel like you've heard it before in an early Jam album yet it has original hand-crafted quality usually reserved for Sub Pop releases. Burdock are unsigned but perilously close to 'making it', with Capital Radio playing this demo album four times a day and claiming absolute brilliance on their behalf. Cor blimey, gunvor. Get on the bus, go see 'em and buy their album, 'cause Vespas are on their way to Brighton Beach once more.... AH
Info/gigs/albums 01773 603675

SLAPPER cd
Following the launch of their eponymous album, Slapper are currently promoting their bright melodic pop in the area. *Felicity* raises unpleasant thoughts about teeth braces; *Suit* rocks to the truism "If you haven't got a suit you won't have the clothes for a wedding..." and the groovy *Carry On* gives ample opportunity to realise drummer/vocalist Ian's heavy breathing talents. Boz's bluesy guitar and Zac on funky bass complement the song-writing creativity as the trio break away from the fashionable blow-your-ears off mould and define their own Slap-Pop. (0115) 912 3143 SG

IMAGINEERS *Remember + 1*
Produced to sound like *I Am The Walrus*, but it's come out as a corny 60's pastiche with a sad, faintly George Harrisonesque whiney guitar. I think it's really awful. But I wish them a little luck. SM
(contact Shadowplay: 0161 881 1438)

GRIDLOCK *A State Of Grace*
And then there was Gridlock. Think of all the cliched metal riffs, simplify them, give the singer some white spirit to fuck up his voice, and what have you got?...Gridlock. Not my cup of cheap cider. SM
And then there was Gridlock. Think of all the cliched metal riffs, simplify them, give the singer some white spirit to fuck up his voice, and what have you got?...Gridlock. Not my cup of cheap cider. SM

LOS NACHOS *Flavour Country*
The first short track captures that Mexican/Shadow sound you would expect from a band called Los Nachos. *Ambush In Terror Gulch* returns that South American feel with a riff that sounds just like *These Boots Are Made For Walking*. In fact, the longer the tape plays the more it sounds like they were influenced by 60's beat music. References to the Cramps and Bad Manners don't go amiss either. Light on vocals but great fun. Picture yourself riding through the Arizona desert on a horse in a ten gallon hat (that's you, not the horse). Then, picture yourself chasing megalomaniac bad guys in an Aston Martin, dressed like James Bond (that's you, not the car). SM

POLESTAR *Clear Black Dawn*
It says on the sleeve, "file under popular: pop group". However, I would dispute this categorisation as I can't imagine how they could become popular. File under unknown: pop groups. SM

THE CALLING
Dark intro to *These Are My Gods* then enter unexpected high-pitched vocals with all the intonation of Billy McEnzie soaked in reverb. It's that anthemic Gothic rock thing that sounds dead dated, but sort of works. *Escape* reminds me of early Marillion/Queen or even the Alan Parsons Project. Soft, slick, regressive, progressive rock. Contact: PO Box 255 Northants NN6 9ZY SM

JEREMIAH VEIN
More of that west coast jangly guitar stuff with Erasure-esque vocals? Judge is far too MOR for my liking. *Pregnant Fish* is seriously catchy but the only problem is that they remind me of The 4 Of Us and they got really tiresome very quickly. Good pop music. SM
Contact: 01246 271 090

HOOFUNG *001*
Sparks for the Nineties? Synthesized and squelchy soft Cockney glam with a four to the floor on *Just Say Know*. A bit too much like Suede on Hell, and (trust me on this one) that's a really cheesy ending. By the third track, *Dog*, I thought I was listening to the Small Faces when they were all still at school. Contact: Jake 01273 278 071 SM

JOE BEAGLE *Space To Shine*
One man and his acoustic. And then he hit me is two chords, a Tommy Steele narrated monologue, then when he's run out of things to say he makes stupid noises. Ummmm!!! *Drying* isn't as good as Syd Barrett at his waist. On *Space To Shine*, Joe has a go at singing and suddenly you realise why he tends to avoid it. Quite funny but really terrible. SM

JUMBLE SALE (Plastic Cabbage)
You know how Blur sounded spot on when they released *There's no other way?* Well Jumble Sale have captured the sound of Blur when they got shit. La la la...in the country...crap! SM

THE WORKHOUSE
The thing is, if it sounds fresh and new I wouldn't compare it to other bands. But when a band has nothing progressive to say then I can't help it. Sounds like Big Country but not as catchy. Contact Peter: 01923 268 129 SM

NOISEGATE
Good use of techno noises, spicing up otherwise straightforward college student bedsit moroseness. But it returns that pitiful 'the worlds been really bad to me' feel that characterised 80's indie. Having said that, *Airbag* does throw me a cheeky wink. It has a great hook. SM

MIND CANDY *Super Statesman*
Paul, this tape was shagged out. But from what I could hear it was a sparks sounding, funky psychedelic pop thing. I have a feeling that it would raise a lighthearted smile if I could hear it on vinyl or CD. SM
Happy pop.

THE GRACE NOTES
Hey, this is interesting. A progressive new wave band, using techno to make it a little more spooky. Sadly, the vocals seemed to have learned nothing from the 16 year absence new wave has endured. This promo has big bollox much meaner and thumping than its ancestors. Almost exploding on *Mr Mean*, we now have a choice of possible roots; industrial, new wave or techno punk. I bet they sound massive live! Contact: 01792 461 548 SM

THE HAT BAND
Who can I name drop? Tom Petty, Bob Dylan, The Animals(ish)...This is white blues, the sort you could catch in dozens of Edinburgh pubs. If it doesn't sound like *The House Of The Rising Sun*, or a Yardbirds harmonica soaked cover version, it's still saying...Woke up this morning...boy I got the blues. Contact: 0115 9229 135 SM

SLAPWAGON
Unpretentious yet uneventful, dull guitar-based tunes but interesting lyrical useage. "I'm just a dummy, a stupid stupid dummy....." ??? (0115) 987 1469 MB

THE SUNLIGHT EXPERIENCE
C'mon lets go to Goa with Seeds, danceable/listenable and very Underworld. *Hazy* is a lazy live and studio-based composition incorporating traditional, acoustic guitar, vocals and sampling with a mellow sixties vibe. *Mercy* has a groovy Beck retro sound with breakbeats, flute and soft overlay of vocals yet drifts upward too much towards the dreaded mainstream. (0151) 727757 MB

ROGISH *Chunkadelic*
Punkish but lacking extremes, it says nothing. Fuck all, mate. absolutely nothing except these lads enjoy being in a band. (01909) 482819 MB

BULLYHEAD *Wunderkinds*
Head-nodding rock avec REM overtones progressing onto rougher, screechier little numbers. Oooh, I like it rough but it ain't tough enough. Pub? (01332) 607625 MB

SNORKEL *Doug's Dead*
Nice 'n noisy alternative punk, obscure like Crunt but vocals suddenly mutate from American stoner kid to 'ey up me duck' Midlands, the latter songs merging into the grey, murky, common denominator that is the *Overall* demo collection. (01623) 20620 MB

JOHNY DELUXE *A Star For Emily*
Young, neo-alternative with enthused, off-beat attitudes, a sweet ballad *Once In A Motor Car*, and characterisation like the story-telling of Blur. (01792) 474782 MB

THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR SPARE DEMOS #12

1. **SMOKIN' TROLL RECORDS** is an independent label trying to the fresh and exciting, up and coming bands currently creating a scene in the U.K. Currently available on Smokin' Troll are the debut albums from Raggitty Anne and Apocalypse Babys. They are looking for other bands worthy of a public hearing. Are you one of those? Send demos to Smokin Troll c/o 14 Clarence street, NUNEATON, Warwickshire CV11 5PT.

2. **ABUSE** #14 contains interviews with The Pin-Ups, Period Pains, Disco Pistol, Girlfrendo, Mogul, Travis Inc, Cuckoo, Gel, and it could contain your band one day. But get this...
ABUSE #13 was to be the last issue of Overcorrespondent Sid Abuse's fanzine, but... well, let him tell it in his own inimitable fashion. "The Abuse posse has died. Too many fights. Too much beer. Too many drugs. Some people lost the plot. Some people are real wankers. Ha ha. Therefore Abuse #14 is sadly nearly all me-me-me. Therefore if any one out there would like to write something for Abuse #14 (out June) then please do - if it's good it'll get published. Blimey! I've also got a new job. I'm now A&R consultant for Arista/BMG. I'm their token punk/indie/old skool hip-hop/gabba kid. it's a laugh. They can't work me out. I like money so I do two jobs. the A&R thing is a piece of piss. Therefore Abuse needs your demos/7"s. Tell your mates, your mum, the local band down the pub. Uncle Sid Abuse needs your demos/7"s. If you have a problem with me working for THE MAN then fuck you. We have been making bands famous for five years. It's about time I got paid. I need a holiday."
That's the spirit! Send this man what he wants. Send him your spare demos. Send him a fiver crossed "Beer Token" or send him £1 inc. p+p, cheques payable to "Steven Siddle" PO Box 2168, READING Berks. RG1 7FN.

3. **HERE BE MONSTERS** #12 features interviews with the X-Rays, Gas Huffer and The Psyclone Rangers plus the usual fanzine stuff. It costs 80p inc. p+p, (coins or stamps preferred, cheques and PO's to "C. Roberts") from Clive, 36 Folly Fields, WHEATHAMPSTEAD, Herts. AL4 8HL.

4. **STAGEDIVE** #9 features the likes of Jawbox, Girls v. Boys, Brainiac, Swingin' Utters and can be obtained free of charge by sending an A5 s.a.e. to PO Box 303, IPSWICH IP2 8ED. Or you can check out their website on <http://www.stagedive.oaktree.co.uk/>

5. Send them to **Overall there Is A Smell Of Fried Onions**. We promote gigs as well as praising/taking the piss out of your efforts. The demo pile is dwindling since editor Paul Overall insists on all new writers doing the *demolition* job instead of letting them have all those groovy cds and he makes us go to see local bands when I know he can get us guests at Rock City, the selfish bastard. CC

FRIED ALIVE!



BILLY BRAGG Nottingham Rock City

The night before the election and Bragg is on form. They say comedy is the new Rock & Roll, and in keeping with this the Barking bard, who made his money with a guitar, gave a routine that would have gone down well at any comedy club. Billed as The Blatant Electioneering Tour, the party faithful turned up in numbers for the Singalonga Billy routine that is the hallmark of a Bragg gig. Having had most of my record collection stolen by Bill The Burglar a few years ago, and not having the necessary funding to finance all the replacements, it's been some time since I spent an evening in with Billy Bragg. Tonight's show told me to tape my mate's collection as soon as possible.

Bragg's success was built on finely crafted songs. Songs you can sing along to in the car, in the bath, or with the party faithful and the man himself, and that's what we did as he trolled through his back catalogue. A few numbers from each album, songs of anger and resolve over injustice such as *Power In A Union*, and songs that empathise with you and cuddle you as you lay awake coping with a broken heart. Levi's *Stubbs Tears* and *The Man In The Iron Mask* are all interspersed with his new comedy routine; the politics and the traditional jovial heckling from the crowd. When told to "Fuck off" by a member of the audience he answers, "Oh! That's the Anarchist Party over there—that's your manifesto isn't it?"

It's fair to say Billy Bragg is like Guinness: you either love it or hate it. Tonight, the night before the Eighties finally came to an end, we loved him. For anyone who's suffered in heart, mind or pocket over the last 18 years; anyone who's had to sit and watch it all go by because their names weren't on the guest list, anyone who's had to sell themselves short to get by; adjust their principles to survive; who's had to watch as the country was anally fist fucked by a corporate money making machine—take heart. As Bragg said "We will win. The compassionate, caring people will win. The day will come when we are measured by our intentions, our hearts, not by our BMW's and big houses. Where success is compassion and love, not competition and greed."

Scotland Yardie

BEATNIK FILMSTARS Nottingham The Filly & Firkin

From start to finish the Beatnik Filmstars punched out one after another hard, fast pop song. Few were more than two or three minutes long but each stood out individually with some hook, whether a Cyril, a riff or a rhythm. This Bristol-based five-piece include (most of the time) three guitars, though occasionally one or other guitarist would crouch over a bizarre board of electronics in the corner of the stage and produce strange synth sounds. Either way, they were gutsy and to the point, had plenty of ideas and managed to avoid a mushy, overcrowded sound, even when all five members were playing full-on. The Beatnik Filmstars' third album is released on Merge records in September.

John Thomas

STEREPHONICS Rock City Disco 2

All the new guitar pop bands seem to be from Wales. Stereophonics on Richard Branson's V2 label, are one of them. Other features include tall, stooping bassist, drummer keeping it together in the background and short-haired singer/guitarist very much leading the show. (Sound familiar?) A short, straight set included a number of good songs but some unfortunately indistinguishable, beginning with guitar and continuing without break or memorable hook. One Oasis-sounding song was a disappointment but others, especially the single *Local Boy* 'In The Photograph' were excellent. Although neither new nor spectacular, I'd grab the chance to see Stereophonics again... supporting Manics, maybe?

John Thomas



second guitar but didn't add much and the rest of the time he stood playing roddie side stage (I thought you graduated from roddie to rock star...). Although well played with a good sound, Soundgarden have done it all before and there was a weak and sterile feel to it, not helped by the lead singer's continual apologies for having 'flu. Still, the crowd loved it, but I won't be rushing out to buy the album.

John Thomas

FUNCHQ Leicester The Charlotte

FUNCHQ (silent Q) are four blokes who gave me the impression that they could not possibly take anything seriously. They did not have a set ready to play to an audience, and when they arrived on stage they gave their barmy crowd a mocking rendition of Tease Me (originally by Chakademus and Pliers). They performed it very well although I'm not sure that the audience had prepared themselves for such a bizarre launch to the set. They went on to play a song called On A Sunday, in which the lyrics were painfully disorganised, since Rick was blatantly making them up as he went along (e.g. *On a Monday Dan shuts up playing the drums*) while Justin just kept making his heavy metal hand gestures to show how 'ard he is. Nevertheless, the large crowd loved them, especially when Rick pulled a Thundercats sword out of the back of his shirt and shouted a long HO! while pointing his plastic weapon to the sky, just as Thundercats might. FUNCHQ managed to excite their bouncy audience with only five songs. Only one, *Stressed*, was anything heavy while the rest were what I would describe as colourful summer songs.

Lucy Barker

MARVEL Leicester The Shed

The first official performance of a band who have been together for only two months, and already they have written twelve songs between them. The main songwriters being Jim Warner (guitar + backing vocals) and David Jackson (vocals and guitar). The set lasted over two hours and consisted of a staggering seventeen songs, which was too much for some people (particularly those who could no longer stand without assistance). Each member of the band had plenty of opportunity to show us their talent. Ben on drums power-charged into an impromptu drum-break between *Breaking The Waves* and *Suede's Trash*; Jim stole a chance to show off when Matt sang his own *Needle Fixation*, my personal favourite and a truly mellow little tune, crammed with moody low characters and only an utterance of spirit. Lloyd on bass had his opportunity near the end of the set in *Quicksand Crimes*. Co-written by David, Lloyd and Ben it's a positively charged sound, filled with plenty of funk vibes from Lloyd's bass. *What's On Your Mind?* is quite the opposite, mainly because David was singing and not Matt. When David's voice comes out to play everything seems much more definite. David kindly dedicated this song to his mum who was propping up a wall at the back of the room. Towards the end David, Matt and Jim sang an unaccompanied harmony which silenced the entire room. Impressive.

Lucy Barker

SAMSARA SOUND SYSTEM London Pent Dragon

Late March and I found myself in an orthodox Jewish community in north east London. As it was the closing hours of the Jewish sabbath I was treated to a multi-directional procession of costumed holy men in amazing, huge, fluffy hats and wigs. But I had a feeling I wouldn't be meeting any of them where I was going. Through a few dodgy side roads, round the back of some vacant warehouses, up a few concrete steps, a quick frisk and we were in. Out of the cold and into a large steam room, no messing about, that all too familiar bass rumble invading chest and stomach cavities sending your heart into controlled panic as you fear you might not be able to take it. Then the pounding assault of 160+ bpm four-to-the-floor kicks acting as the 'on' switch to your below the belt limb motor. 1997 and the rave goes on. A mixed mass of Londoners and clued up Europeans are gathered for the sole purpose of dancing themselves to a natural euphoric high and sending out positive vibes. In this hyper-energetic environment drugs were of no importance which meant you could have an awesome night without the long, dark, stomach churning come down and mid-week blues. Full on trance may well sound crap on your domestic hi-fi, but in this environment, nothing had quite an effect.

Sam Mansour



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