

SCENE AND OVERHEARD

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL ROCK RAG

PERFECT VISION — THE CRAMPS — WORLDS END BAND
PRESIDENT REAGAN IS CLEVER — JACK THE BEAR
CHILDREN OF SOME TRADITION — THE BIBLE



2 EDITORIAL

Here we are again! Firstly thanks to Jack The Bear and This Beeno for playing the gig and a special thank-you to Reg for letting us have the Burleigh free of charge again. As you can see this issue has a lot more contributors than issue 2. However we still need people to send in articles for future issues as there is nothing worse than a fanzine which is dominated by just two or three writers. We also welcome local bands to send in their demo tapes for review. We promise every one will be reviewed - for better or for worse!

Issue two has now virtually sold out. Over four hundred copies were sold in the first month. In our opinion this issue is even better than the last one - and hopefully Scene & Heard will establish itself as the best and biggest selling fanzine in East Anglia. PS. The editors offer a reward for information leading to the capture of Phoebe Probe!

The people who will openly admit to responsibility for this travesty of the English language are:

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All opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the writer and not necessarily those of the editors.

Issue 4 will be out on July 24th, copy deadline 7th July. Get scribbling!



GOSSIP, RUMOURS, & LIES!

Peterborough could have three COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVALS over the August Bank Holiday. The City Council withdrew their financial backing of local musician JED FORD, who created the Festival, and backed the Kruger Organisation from Sussex, who already claim to have booked Tammy Wynette. Jed decided to set up an alternative Festival, as he claimed to own the Festival name. Then, to both sides' surprise, WENDY LANE, a former colleague of Ford, announced that she was so upset by the way Kruger and the Council were operating that she was going to organise a cheaper, all-British C & W show!

Jed's a happy man at present, though: his snooker song 'Boss o' the Black' has been released as a single by the BBC, who plugged it mercilessly throughout the World Championship fortnight. Chas & Dave's 'Snooker Loopy' is higher up the Charts, but Jed should be able to set up a Festival on his PRS income alone!

LEGEND have at last released a single on their own label, 'Bob Marley Lives'/'I'm Special'. The A-side is a perverse choice, the only reggae tune they play, the lyrics comprising of Marley titles. The B-side is much more representative of their R & B-based style. Both songs were written by leader Mick Chelly, who said that the tracks were laid down when the band was a 5-piece, but they have been overdubbed by the remaining trio, Mick, Bill Pauley and Rob Hackett; sounds a strange thing to do. Anyway, Mick's happy with a trio, claiming that it allows them to practice more quickly and to perform more of their own material. I thought that the single fell short of their live sound, and, considering that they have it to promote, Legend have featured little in the gig guide in recent weeks.

It's good to see that Vince Clarke and Peterborough's Andy Bell, ERASURE, have garnered critical approval of their new single 'Oh L'Amour'. Look out for the new L.P. on Nute.

ENGLISH DOGS, featuring another Peterborough lad, Graham Butt on lead guitar, have an E.P. 'Metalmorphosis' out on Under One Flag Records. Meanwhile, Graham's other band, THE DESECRATORS, have had a track selected to appear on a compilation E.P. by Oxford's Waterfall Music.

And finally, THE PLEASURE HEADS have a single 'Falling Man'/'Fake It', scheduled for release in June.

A very busy band at present, THE TURNING POINT changed their name from Force 12 to avoid confusion with FORCE 4, who in turn changed their name to FUTURE SHOCK, when they competed in a televised band competition at the Hippodrome in London. They scored the highest points in the heats, but came a close second in the Final, in April. Meanwhile, the highly promising new duo CULTURE SHOCK have decided to avoid confusion by changing their name to DARKNESS AT NOON.

Andrew Clifton

RECORDS AND TAPES

THE BIBLE!

The band's debut single (7") 'Graceland' (new version)/'Sweetness', on Backs Records, should be in the shops any time now.

PRESIDENT REAGAN IS CLEVER

The release of PRIC's debut 12" mini LP is delayed, due to cutting problems, but it should be out within the next three weeks.

FLOWERSHOP

New Huntingdon band Flowershop have recently been recording at a studio in London. The fruits of their labours are contained in a 4 track cassette, available from Peter Hoskins, 12 Kings Gardens, Huntingdon for £1.50 (inc. p. & p.).

RED ARMY CHOIR

RAC have produced a sumptuously packaged 10 track cassette, containing all their best known 'live' numbers: it's available from the band, c/o 9 Newham Terrace, Newnham Rd., Cambridge for £2.50.

A new issue of A NEW KIND OF KICK, an excellent albeit occasional fanzine produced by Adrian from Balsham, should be on the newsagent's racks in early June. Issue 4 features John Otway and The Scientists, amongst others: highly recommended.

PAUL HUE, of Hondo, has started a company named CHING AND I PROMOTIONS. He is planning to promote Cambridge bands nationwide; if your band is interested, you should send him a demo tape, photograph and info about yourselves. You can contact him at 5 Haymarket Road, Cambridge.

JEZ QUALE of The Herbs has another iron in the fire; he's teaming up with ROBERT McLEAN (double bass), to play 'authentic rockabilly' under the name of THE SIDEWINDERS.

IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF ROCK 'N' ROLLS, IS YOURS THE CHEESE ONE? IF SO, YOU NEED —

BREADHEAD and the TIMEWASTERS

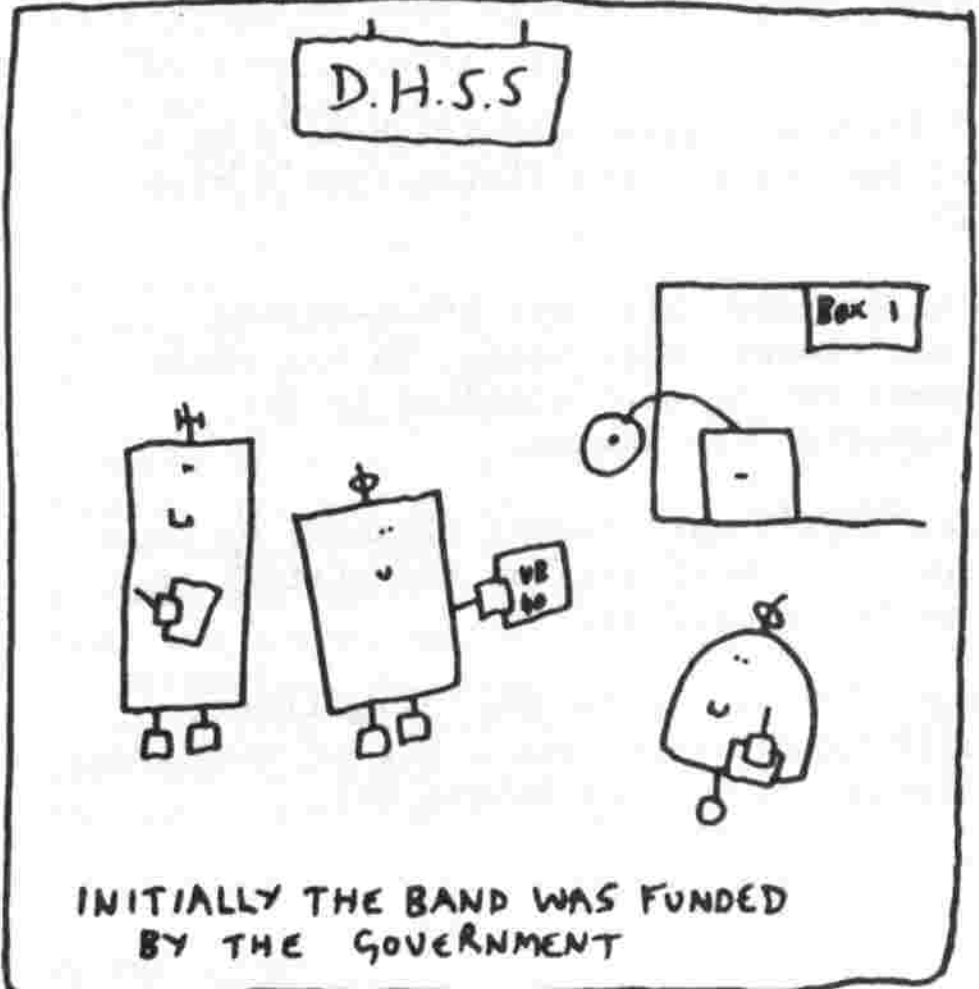
ROCK STAR'S SURVIVAL KIT!

READ ON....



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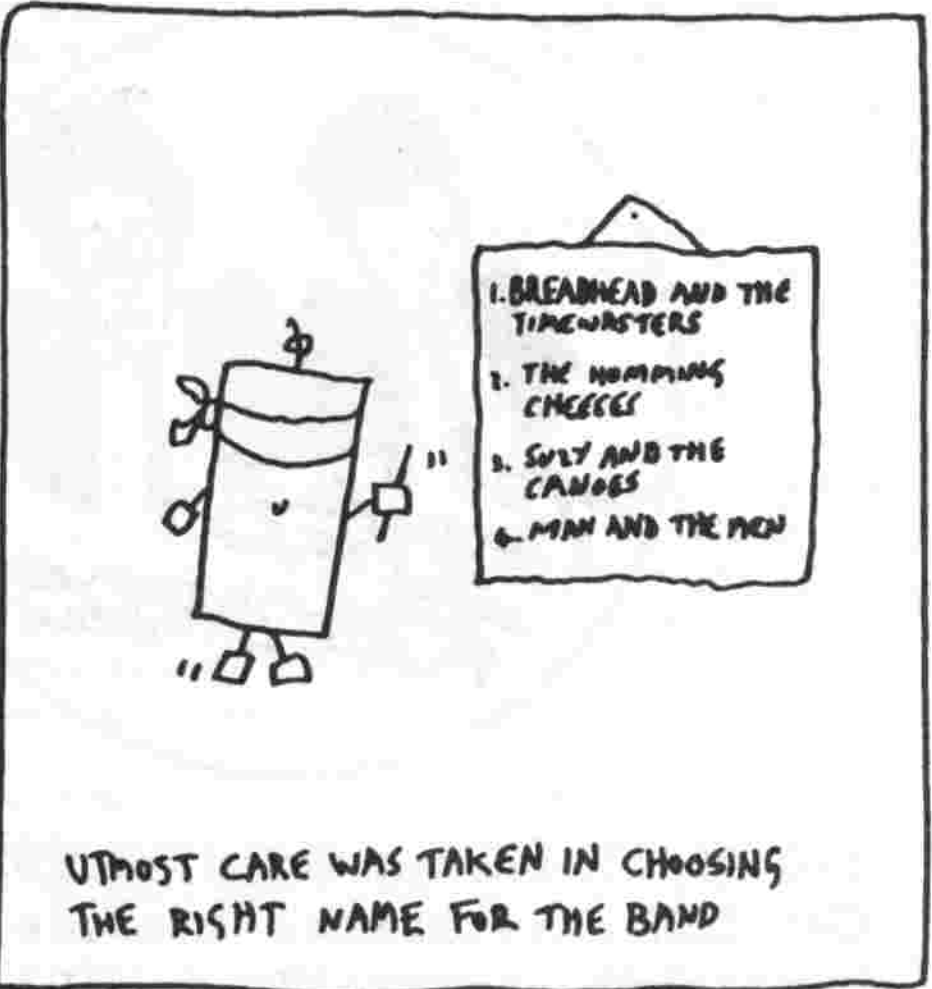
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INITIALLY THE BAND WAS FUNDED BY THE GOVERNMENT

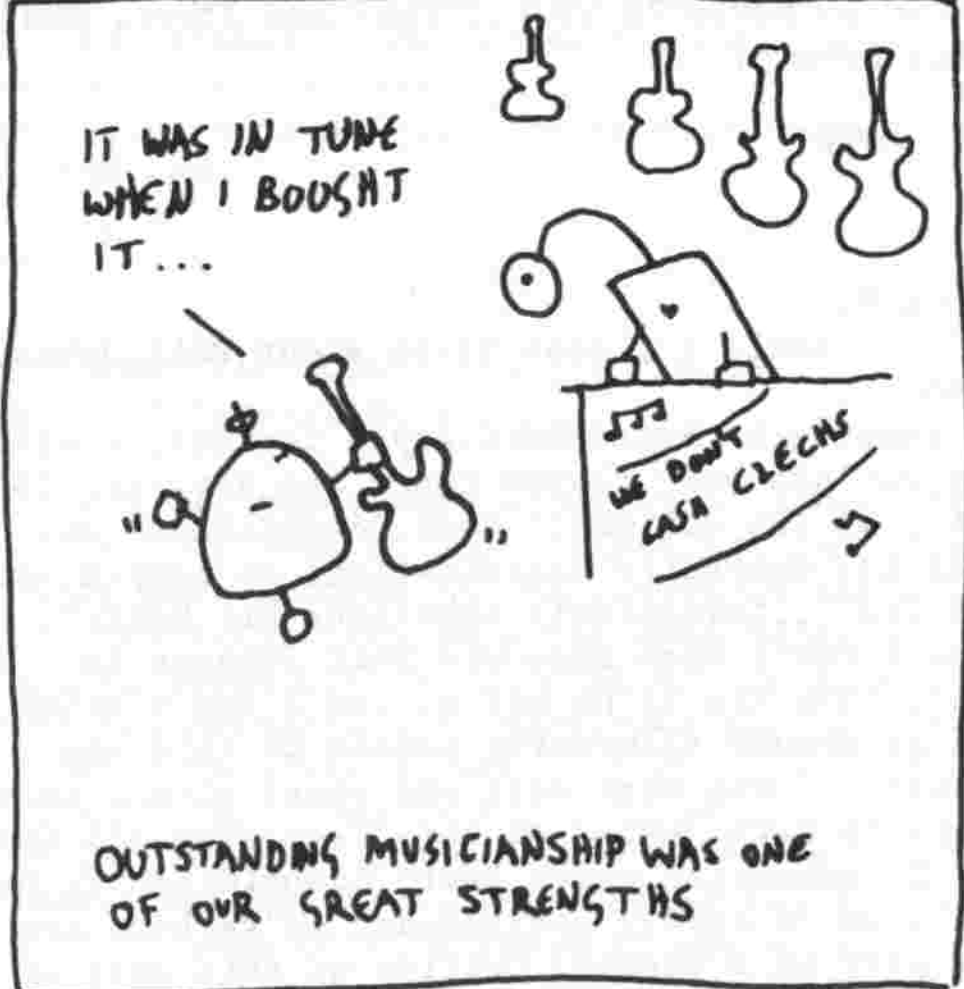


REHEARSALS WERE INTENSIVE



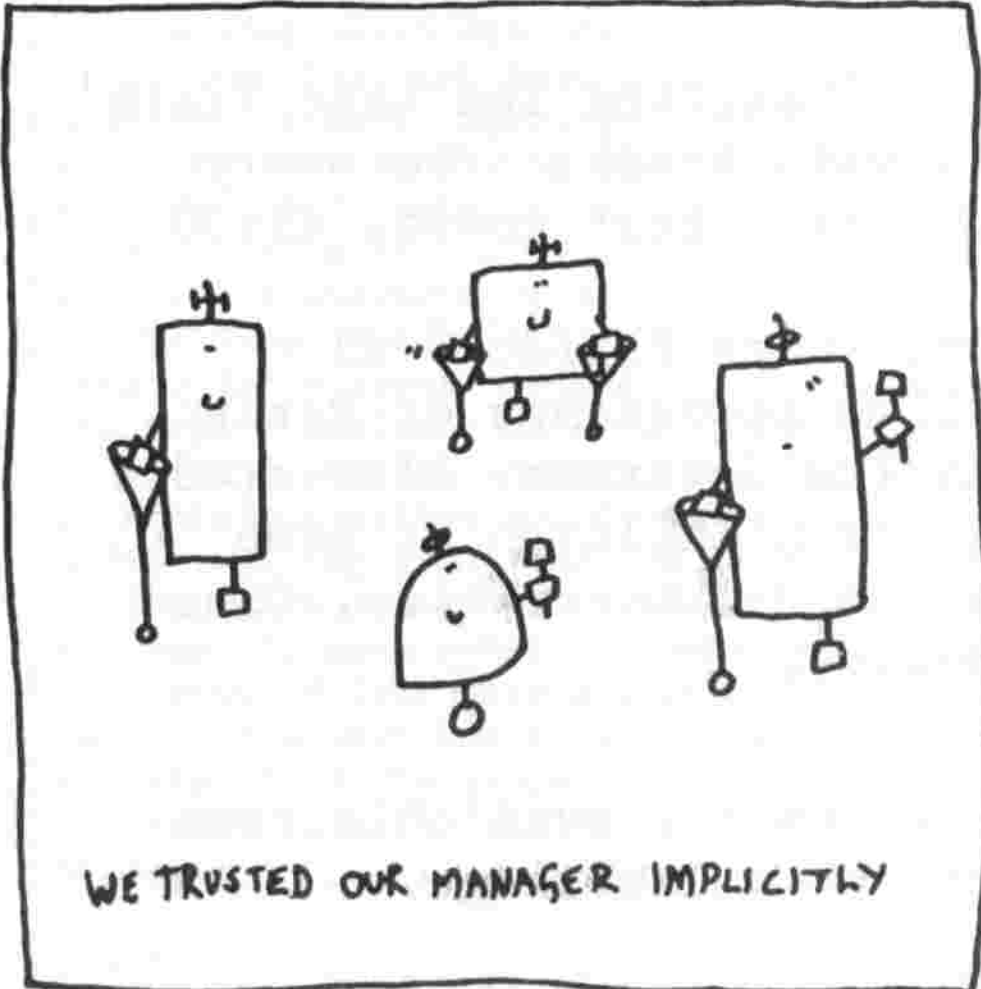
UTMOST CARE WAS TAKEN IN CHOOSING THE RIGHT NAME FOR THE BAND

- 1. BREADHEAD AND THE TIMEWASTERS
- 2. THE HOPPING CHEESE
- 3. SWLY AND THE CANOES
- 4. MAN AND THE MEN

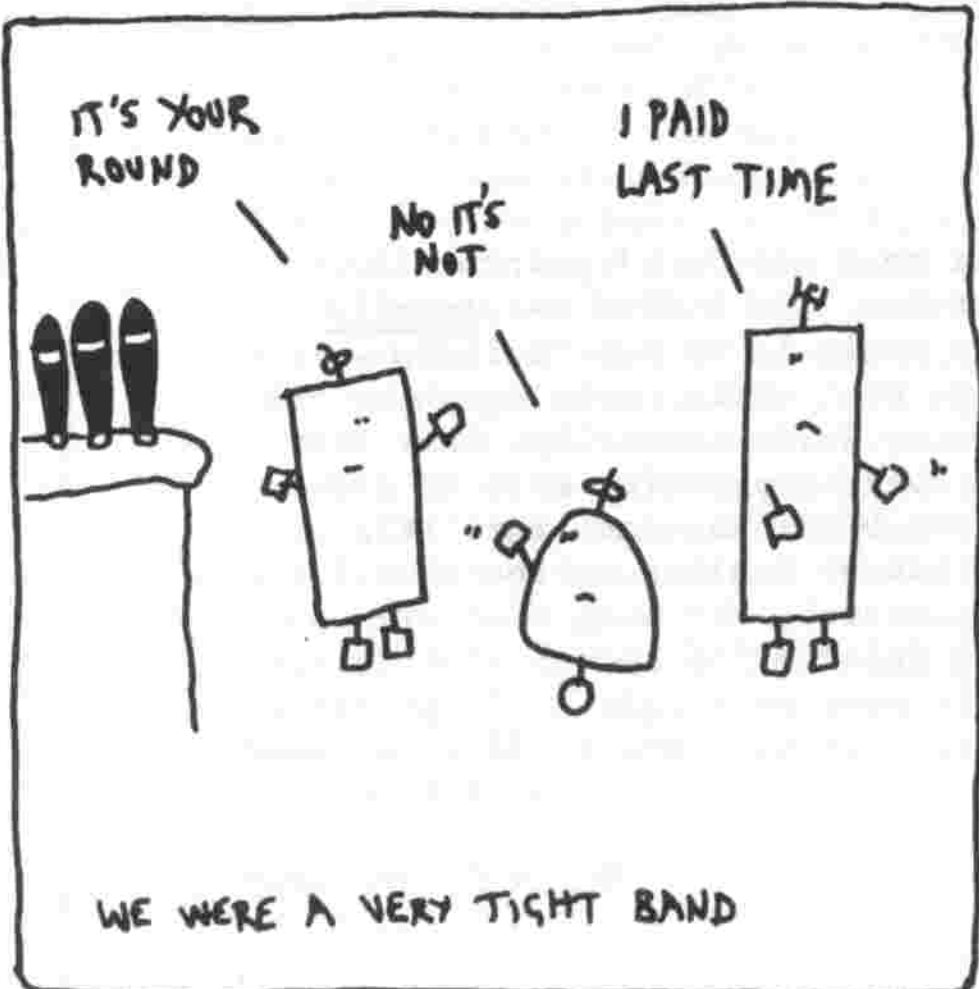


IT WAS IN TUNE WHEN I BOUGHT IT...

OUTSTANDING MUSICIANSHIP WAS ONE OF OUR GREAT STRENGTHS



WE TRUSTED OUR MANAGER IMPLICITLY



IT'S YOUR ROUND

NO IT'S NOT

I PAID LAST TIME

WE WERE A VERY TIGHT BAND

Bitch, Bitch, Bitch...

LIFE AIN'T SO EASY WHEN YOU'RE A GHETTO CHILD...

It's so good to have a local fanzine, feeding and encouraging local musicians, that it almost seems churlish to criticise the arbiters of local taste who write for it: almost, but not quite. A few contributors to 'Scene and Heard' no. 2 display alarming tendencies towards a ghetto mentality, which would like local music to restrict itself to catering to the tastes of a small number of people in a small part of the world. 'To try to compete with the Big Boys of the record industry is to invite failure' says Steve Xerri. If Steve sincerely believes that the range of music available through the established record companies is so limited, surely that's an argument to compete harder, not give up without trying? And since his own band have just released their third record through the established record industry, national distribution and all, shouldn't aspiring local musos do as he does, not as he says? Perhaps more worrying is the tendency of both Steve and Paul Attwood to dictate to bands what they should play, more explicitly and negatively than the record industry would ever do: Attwood's attack on La Voix was mind-boggling in its arrogance, and incredibly naive. I'm not a big fan of what La Voix do, but to call it 'trivialising an art form' is ridiculous: the music they, and indeed all the bands in town, make has got nothing to do with art, nor does it need to have. A good band is good whatever you call it, and however many bad ones exist. Equally, to suppose that 'anything original and interesting is oppressed' in Cambridge ignores the fact that the local council recently provided a stage for 42 local groups to reach a large audience, that two pubs put on new bands during the week, and that the only oppressing going on is done by people like him trying to discourage things they don't like; much as right-wing governments do around the world. If a band can't attract an audience, nobody owes it one, which is why Julia Graves can pop her musical clogs as much as she likes: 'wilful neglect by local musos' sounds like the whining of somebody just discovering they haven't got the talent their ego would like them to have. In short, Paul and Steve, don't dictate, create!

MARTIN SCOTT

Dear S & H,

could I please write about Phil Johnson?

Re. S+H 2:

He resorts to Broadsheet-style tactics, slating off a band who had only played their 2nd ever gig (SOUL FACTOR 2 at the Guildhall Rock Competition) and he carries out character assassinations on people viz myself (eg "...singularly obnoxious Ric Moore") - listen, I don't even know who Phil Johnson is - I wouldn't know him if he bit me and I don't think he should go around slandering people in this way - I will be honest - I was most hurt and upset when I read this - he seems to have jumped on the "lets slag off Soul Factor 2" bandwagon which Radio Cambridgeshire began. Christ - we've hardly started and we've been put down - please give us a chance! Critics of this sort do nothing to help music in Cambridge.

Richard Moore

Phil Johnson replies:

Let's take up Monsieur Ric on a couple of points: (1) I've never met Maggie Thatcher, and I find her totally obnoxious; (2) my taste in music is my own business - I couldn't care two monkeys what Radio Cambridgeshire have to say about Soul Factor 2 (incidentally, what did they say?). I went to the Rock Competition with no pre-conceived opinions about the band: the fact that this was only their second gig had no bearing on the sterility and blandness of their music. Finally, it's 'libel', not 'slander'!

A LOOK AT THE CONTRIBUTORS (Do they mean us??)

Steve Hartwell - the editor, the main man. A stick insect with hush-puppies (it's simply not true -the Ed). Steve's clothes are acquired from the local salvation army hostel dustbin.

Paul Christoforou - Paul's voice has been breaking for the past 15 years. His taste in music is only surpassed by his leather jacket.

Paul Attwood - a real cool dude. Paul is so modern he hates everything old, including last week's thing.

Phil Johnson - the oldest swinger in town will still be going to gigs when he gets his bus-pass. His daily intake of 'philisan' keeps him active both on and off the job!!

Steve Xerri - if Steve was green and Irish he'd be a leprechaun. Front man for Perfect Vision (you'd miss him at the back!)

Amos Breeze - Breeze spends his days brown-nosing amongst several well-known local bands. In his spare time old droop snout can be seen standing in for Concorde at the Imperial War Museum.

Chris Hogge - Cambridge's most famous flasher. He once lost his specs during a photo session and mistook an Iguana's elbow for Boo Hewerdine.

Jon Lewin - thought by many to be the illegitimate offspring of a silk handkerchief and a jar of vaseline. Jon is sort of famous - but so is Roland Rat.

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'Swim While You May'

Records And Tapes

SOUL FACTOR 2 : Demo Tape

A band whose name and sounds are completely new to me. I am reliably informed that SF2 consists of Ric Moore and Kevin Ludwig, both ex PRIC. I remember PRIC for Kevin's rather convincing and somewhat over the top mime on a regional talent TV show some months back.

Apparently SF2 entered the recent Cambridge Rock contest, but didn't make it beyond the first round. This demo, which I assume to be the first, gives some indication as to why: the 3 trax 'Soul Fires', 'Cloudy Days' and 'So Far Away' show Moore to be a more than competent musician (he plays all the instruments - not simultaneously, naturally) and Ludwig to be a talented vocalist.

The songs themselves are promising, catchy at the time of listening, better than the fodder heard on daytime radio. Unfortunately, like that fodder, they are all too easily forgotten once the tape has finished.

There is an abundance of ideas on the tape, perhaps too many. The songs have vocals and instrumentation competing for supremacy, especially on 'So Far Away', with its opening reminiscent of a merry-go-round, and sharp tempo changes. 'Soul Fires', the strongest track, reminds me of a Coca Cola ad. It and the other songs are commercial, but overall, the tape doesn't quite take off.

It suggest that this is a band still in its infancy, working out their ideas, looking for an identity. The next few months could see a rapid improvement, a change of direction, and maybe even a change of name for SF2: I would like to hear their next offering. Meanwhile, this one confirms that SF2 are no bad thing, but hardly the stuff from which legends are made.

AMOS BREEZE

FILTHY RICH 4 Track Demo

Having found Filthy Rich to be one of the finest purveyors of heavy metal in the Cambridge Rock Competition, the chance to review this four track tape was taken up with some enthusiasm.

Armed with very little information on the band, except to say they come from St. Neots and rarely visit Cambridge (well, at least not in a musical capacity), the volume on the stereo was turned up high and the neighbours evacuated.

The first track 'Stocking Cat' captures their live energy well and is a continuation of their style of performance featured in the Rock Competition. It makes a good vehicle for the lead singer's powerful Gary Moore-ish vocal as well as having an interesting bass line. The song's obligatory lead guitar break is long enough to make you sit up and take notice without entering into boring excess, as employed by certain other HM bands.

'Armed For Action' is my personal favourite, the number being 'pure heavy metal'; "Music is my ammunition, guitar is my gun, Gonna tear this place apart. C'mon let's have some fun." It cracks on at a rapid pace until an effective tempo change in the middle. Unfortunately, the tape came to an impromptu end around the guitar solo but I picked up the main part of the song which was, in my opinion, highly favourable.

If the first two tracks were traditional HM then side two marks a change to a more conventional rock approach showing Filthy Rich's versatility. 'Don't take my love away' could be described as a rock ballad which just fails in that it is rather repetitive, despite the vocalist's attempts to add extra life.

The final track 'Shadow Play' seems an obscure choice for a cover, indeed but for a helpful note on the tape I wouldn't have recognised it as being such. It is in a similar style to the previous track, using a persistent guitar sound, but this time to better effect, giving a more mellow sound.

There are so many HM bands around these days that you need to have something extra to be remembered. On this count Filthy Rich get my nod of approval for this very good effort and I look forward to hearing further material from the group.

Meanwhile an appearance in Cambridge would not go amiss.

SPOCK

PERFECT VISION: "TONGUES OUT" Mini-LP Backs Records NCH MLP 9

'Tongues Out' is a great leap forward for Perfect Vision. It is coloured by a variety of sound and depth of feeling which easily overshadows the underproduced, uncontained emotional and aural violence of their previous two records.

From the driving, muscular growl of 'Hole In The Soul' and 'Kick', through the hallucinatory quirks of 'Impossible Blue', to the glorious dynamism of 'Scratch & Howl', the music is at once thrilling and original.

In the potent 'Damnation' loose chunks of fleshy guitar anchor themselves around a skeleton beat while Jon Lewin utters a dark, vengeful curse upon the whimpering Morrissey. 'Engines' flickers like a candle, sublime yet breathtakingly simple; echoed nightmarishly in its ugly sister-song; the seventh and final track on a record which finally begins to tap the band's true potential.

THE BIBLE: "WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME" Mini-LP Backs Records NCH LP8

"Let's go driving in my new car..." croons Boo amidst a sweep of melodic guitars, "...over a cliff onto the rocks below". Beneath these passionate pop harmonies lies something slightly unsettling and ironic.

The songs are, with a few exceptions, lilting acoustic pop classics; pleasant, yearning and easy to pigeonhole.

However the record's warm, soulful character does have a sharper edge, particularly on "Jackie Kennedy" where Boo's tense vocal hangs on a taut snare/choppy electric guitar core.

The joyfulness of 'Mahalia', the classic passionate chords of 'Graceland', the heartstopping open spaces of 'Kid Galahad & The Chrome Kinema': songs that sound like your heart's desire.

"You should have seen us...We were magnificent". They were. You can.

SAM TAYLOR

Children Of Some Tradition - Kissing Camels Short Stay - Belligerent Beat Demo

Here are two new tapes from a couple of contrasting bands. Firstly, Children Of Some Tradition, who have captured their performances at the Cambridge Rock Competition for posterity. The only let down being the quite appalling sound quality of most of the seven tracks on offer. However, the undeniable strength of this young bands material shines through despite the technical drawbacks. 'Town To Town' is particularly worthy of note with some great lyrics - "No job, no money, no home, no hope as far as you're concerned, we ain't even here." Words that sum up the plight of the unemployed, from a band whose members are not yet old enough to sign on! 'Last Resort', 'Strange World' and the sole studio cut, 'Boy With No Head' illustrate COST's talent as a new wave outfit to be reckoned with. The spirit of '76 lives on.

Short Stay were fianlists in last years rock contest, where they were heavily criticised for sounding disjointed, some even felt the band were totally inadequate. 'Belligerent Beat Demo' is not, as its title suggests, engaged in any kind of conflict. In fact, Short Stay have produced a surprising selection, three quirky songs, with lots of odd noises running through each, notably some wonderful sax breaks that turn up when they are least expected. 'Free?' and 'Steamroller' are short and concise, whilst 'Industry' goes on a bit. The band have made good use of studio facilities here, and this product sounds better than your average 'demo' recording. Live gigs have been at a premium for this band. Will Short Stay hit back with a vengeance? Only time will tell.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

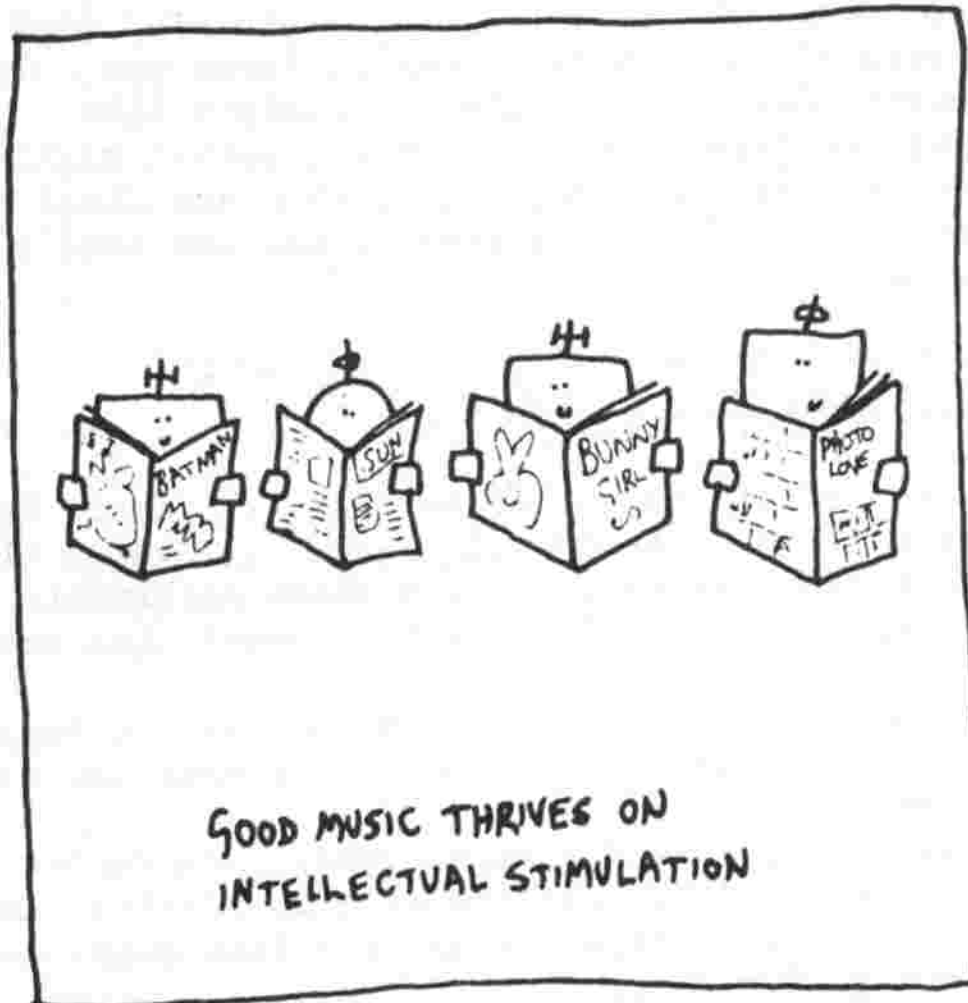
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PRESIDENT REAGAN IS CLEVER:
"FROM THIS TO THAT"
Hyena Records HAHHA 001

An ambitious release from young Perfect Vision fans. Not as distinctive as I had hoped but nevertheless a very promising debut.

PRIC have the happy knack of being able to combine serious lyrics with dancable tunes. The five tracks on this record are all accessible - subtle pop songs featuring wailing guitars and powerful synths. The best track on this mini-album is 'These Walls' - a haunting melody showing PRIC at their irresistible best. The only slight blemish is 'The Wheel'. The guitar for once is almost silenced and PRIC put far too much emphasis on a rather ponderous synthesizer.

However thumbs up to PRIC for going out and recording this without a record deal. It's great to see local bands adopting a more positive attitude than before!

PAUL ATTWOOD



IDA DARWIN HOSPITAL GIGS

One Sunday afternoon, a few weeks ago, I cycled over to the Ida Darwin Hospital, on the outskirts of Fulbourn, to have a look at the re-vamped GLASS ASYLUM, making their first 'public' appearance with the new line-up. Gigs held at Ida Darwin are for the benefit of the mentally HANDICAPPED residents (the mentally ILL are further up the road, at Fulbourn Hospital), but I am sure that if the Ida Darwin staff are given adequate notice, then members of the general public would be quite welcome to attend (current thinking on the care of these people is that it is best done through integration into the local community, rather than isolating them in institutions like Ida Darwin, the more the general public 'know' about the mentally handicapped, the easier it will be for the acceptance of their placement in local communities).

Once you accept that the majority of the residents have the mental age of a five year old, then you can overcome the sort of 'surprise' I experienced, when a young man of indeterminate age (ages of the residents are very difficult to estimate) sat on my lap, put his arms around me, pressed his cheek against mine, and hugged me - what else could I do, but reciprocate those feelings? I must confess that I spent as much time watching the residents, as I did to Glass Asylum: each of the residents had his/her own characteristic way of moving to the rhythm of the music - even those who were seemingly sunken into the depths of reclined wheelchairs managed to twitch arms and legs - but one thing they all had in common was their air of uninhibited joyfulness - something the rest of us could well try to emulate.

Although several of our local bands have already played there, the Ida Darwin staff are always looking for new bands for their Sunday afternoon gigs (the hospital can pay bands in the region of £60-£80 for their services): you are guaranteed excellent stage facilities, a large hall and an enthusiastic audience - do yourself a favour and give a call one evening to either Teresa (Cambridge 881201) or Marie (Cambridge 881242).

PHIL JOHNSON

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Beyond Thunderdome, Plenty, Car
Trouble, AND MANY MORE...

PUBLIC HEALTH WARNING

HAVE THE HERBS BEEN AND GONE.....?

Regular gig-goers and followers of the local scene may have noticed an increase of late in a most unhealthy and unwelcome trend. I'm talking about the antics of the recently formed 'Prancing Idiots Gyrrating Society', who shall, hereafter be referred to, however unaffectionately as 'Pigs'.

Please do not feel this article has been written in a moment of idle flippancy. What members of the aforementioned organisation are doing is having an adverse affect on your enjoyment of gigs. Everybody can appreciate the fact that young people need to let off steam. However the manner in which this 'exercise' is currently being taken can not be tolerated any longer. The 'Elbow Dance' for which the 'Pigs' take up lots of valuable floor space, pushing and shoving with no regard for each other, and even less for the rest of us, must be stopped now! Other people do not go to gigs with the intention of keeping one eye out for 'Pigs' at the risk of the other one, and why the hell should they? Likewise, why should 75% of an audience be relegated to the back or the sides of a pub venue, such as The Burleigh Arms in fear of receiving an elbow in the face, or the spillage of their pint, courtesy of a few inconsiderate morons.

There is thankfully an answer to this problem. The solution lies with the bands themselves, who, when seeing examples of blatant stupidity in front of them, should, instead of kidding themselves they are simply witnessing the ultimate adoration from their fans, stop the show and condemn the culprits for actions before continuing.

One final message for the guilty parties, in future can we please look forward to having the pleasure of your absence!

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

Absolute Beginners

Perhaps "Pathe News" should have made a token re-appearance with that ever crowing cockerel taking a major role in this parody of nostalgia from the late 50's.

A paltry acting performance by David Bowie certainly earnt him some corn, if not respect, as a money spinning business tycoon. Not then the sort of film for which Oscars are nominated. Nevertheless, there were some pleasant performances from Messrs. O'Connell and Fox and from Patsy Kensit, who rightly or wrongly reminded me of Shrimpton (a model girl from that era).

This simple, but melodic trip down memory lane was contrived to run a movie parallel with recognizable characters and events of the period. A shame that the majority of the audience attending on opening night at the ABC had not even been conceived in time to understand the comparison. But, if they were detached from the films overall message, then they had after all come for a two hour musical video with tracks by Bowie, Ray Davies, Style Council, Sade Adu and others. Even here, one could be entitled to feel a little cheated, with some of the best material like Style Council's classy 'Have you ever had it blue' being cut short, and I am told that the Elvis Costello tracks were rejected altogether. Bowie did himself justice musically with the title song, and Ray Davies came along with an amusing and cleverly put together ditty pleading somewhat comically for "A Quiet Life". Sade, whom I rate very highly as a performer, provided her own brand of rhythmic melancholy, but must surely start to explore a different avenue in her songs, or run the risk of producing a stereotype image, which could all too quickly fade into oblivion.

Overall, this presentation of boy meets girl, loses girl, makes money and gets girl back, whilst singing and dancing along the pavement, will probably not save the British Film Industry, and not stay as synonymous with 1958 as the long hot summer of that year.

MALCOLM AYRES

Picture the scene just eight days before Issue 2 of S & H was due to be launched. The writer was gleefully putting this wonderful mag into bundles of 50, ready for the big day. What a delightful front cover, a great action shot of Jez Quayle from the Herbs, the band whose forthcoming gig at the Burleigh Arms was to benefit S & H. Let's not of course forget Strange Brew, their contribution to a fine night's entertainment was also being anticipated with relish.

Back to the Herbs though, with whom all was not well. A report from what may have been the bands penultimate gig at the Perse School, by regular gig goer, Sue Halsey told its own story:

The last ever Herbs gig? Maybe, but if the split lasts, then I'm not sure if they went out in style.

The event was organised by Ben Cawdry and Justin Meggits, both Perse pupils. Over 200 people turned out, mainly to see the Herbs, it seemed.

First on were Nutmeg, an extremely eccentric, slightly seventies rock band. Many people remembered them from the Rock Competition as vocalist Tom flung himself erratically around the stage, and then proceeded to jump from the balcony. They finished their varied set with the now familiar 'In England They're Going Mental'. Definitely must be seen to be believed.

Next were Double Zero who apparently did not want to be paid anything for their performance. They provided a repetitive collection of Heavy Rock instrumentals, which went on a little too long for my liking. Was this the result of Jez and Adam arriving back late from the pub?

When the Herbs finally took the stage, their moderate following, myself included, had assembled at the front. It was the first and maybe the last time I seen them as a three piece. And far from taking it seriously they chatted amongst themselves through a set which sounded more like a jamming session. One or two Herbs favourites were left out, 'Gloria' being the most entertaining song of the evening.

Two nights later, on arriving to see the band at the Burleigh Arms, we were thoroughly disappointed to learn that overnight, as it were, they had decided to go their separate ways, for reasons best known to themselves. Many of the despondent followers changed venue to the Boat Race, for what apparently turned out to be a good evening with The Killdares.

So, sorry to hear about the split, lads. It was a shame you had to let us down - let's hope you get back together soon.

Still all bands their good nights and their bad. Our worst fears however seemed to have been confirmed, when Reg from the Burleigh telephoned to say the band had split, and that they would not therefore be fulfilling either of their two scheduled appearances at his venue. A shell shocked editorial trio from S & H hastily arranged a meeting to deliberate over the prevailing circumstances. First priority was to get a bands eye view of the situation. Luckily for all concerned, Jez was sitting at the bar at the Boat Race the night the bad news broke, where he was accosted by two thirds of the S & H hierarchy who conveyed their disappointment to him. Possibly swayed by his appearance on our cover, not to mention the double page spread inside, Jez agreed in principle to make one final appearance subject to the agreement of the other two members of his band.

On the night of the bands "farewell" all three of the Herbs seemed to have changed their tune. Drummer Paul was first to hint that 'this really might not be the end' whilst Adam insisted this was the Herbs final appearance at the Burleigh Arms, as opposed to being their final appearance. Adam also expressed a certain dissatisfaction with the arrangements for previous Burleigh gigs, claiming that the Herbs had been "ripped off" on occasions. Meanwhile, Jez confirmed that two lucrative bookings at this years May Balls would certainly have to be fulfilled.

It seems therefore, despite recent events, the Herbs are still as alive and well as they ever were, and that there are times in rock music when general uncertainty can be the one thing that you're sure of!

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU/SUE HALSEY

TALES OF THE 'UM + AHH' WORLD...

So - you want a record deal, got your demo tape? What's the next step? Go to London, see all the record companies? And come back with a contract, lots of money, future No. 1 record, recording in Nassau. Forget it, who the hell do you think you're kidding, frankly nobody but yourselves. I think it's about time a few home truths were explained about the wonderful wide world of entertainment as exemplified by the record industry. As an aside I first should explain that I'm referring to the bigger record companies that inhabit this fair isle and those of its colonies (both former and existing). The smaller ones are one isle of sanity within a quagmire of appalling vacuosity, so let's hear it for Zippo, Creation, Rough Trade, Demon, Factory, and so on. By all means go to them and remain forever ideologically sound and somewhat short of cash. The big money still, and probably always will, rests with the large companies. Who are almost all, to a man, divisions of larger, probably multi-national companies who also have other interests in hifi, television, films, video and electronics (usually involved in "defence" contracts from obliging governments - and you can interpret "defence" in any way you choose).

OK, so you've decided that you don't want to go on your own and have gone to the majors. Right, the first thing that has to be pointed out is that as far as numbers are concerned you are most unlikely to be signed. The average large company gets between 10 to 100 demo tapes a day, everyday, of every week. They might sign 2 or 3 bands a month, or less. So you've got no chance, frankly it is very likely to be you who isn't signed. Well if you can put up with that how about getting an appointment with an A+R man. Fat chance. Most A+R men are some of the laziest, ignorant, inadequate, vacuous people you could ever find. A lot of them fell into the job without any suitable reason, they do not, repeat not, know a lot about music. Sure they can talk about deals, points, triple platinum, etc. etc. They might well have had backstage passes for Springsteen or been at the Stones launch party but do they know about Game Theory, Shop Assistants or The Nomads? Like hell they do. All they want is enough money for the next line, BMW or designer sunglasses. You think I'm kidding, try holding a coherent conversation with them. A lot of them are old, or failed musicians, they are out of touch with music. That's why they suddenly panic when they think they hear some big new band on The Tube or Whistle Test. Usually a band that vinyl junkies, or Peel or Kershaw have been aware of for a long time, and probably passed over last year. They are paranoid that that band will be the next big thing and somebody else will get them so they go round in decreasing circles to sign

some heap of wombats turd for mega bucks. If you don't believe me hands up all those who've heard of Sique Sique Sputnik, or what happened at MCA with Chakk. Do I tell the truth or do I tell the truth. A+R men are also extremely gullible, they don't have particularly good judgement which is why someone who is a good manager can pull the wool over a record company's eyes. Their reasoning is unsound, you tell them something often enough and they'll believe it. You want examples? well there's Chakk or what about a certain "local" band who've given another 50% of their signing fee (which was c.£300,000), so that's about £450,000 and they haven't had a hit yet, in 2 years. OK so they might break in the States, but what do you think. The easiest way to succeed is to get attached to a decent management team, if you can put up with the dubious chemical and sexual practises that seem to prevade many. Mind you if you are already so inclined what are you waiting for, go down to London fast, your future awaits. Also, those telephone no. type signing fees are just hype. It is possible to get money, lots of money by a normal person's standards, but by the time you've taken off management percentage, recording fees, tour support, new gear, clothes there is usually not a lot left. So if you don't make it first time and get enough to pay the company back, by the time the 2nd single/album has flopped somebody can be owed money and want it back or if you're lucky will cut their loses (so you don't have to pay it back, you (the band) haven't got it anyway because it's all gone on management percentage, tour support etc etc.). Either way it's the band who lose. OK so I've not painted a particularly nice picture, quite frankly a lot of the music biz stinks and does not follow normal practices and ethics, but if it's what you want I wish you every success but don't say I haven't warned you. And finally it's not all the record companies fault. After all we buy the crap they sling out. OK so they treat us with contempt by thinking that somebody will buy it but the trouble is somebody does. Thank God it's not me, so it must be some of you. So next time think before you buy a record, when the next Sique Sique Sputnik comes along, do you really want them? If all, or even some of you, were more discerning when you parted with your money the record companies would soon wake up, perhaps even get some people in who've got some degree of taste, God knows they need them. So the future is in your hands, either way, and I wish you the best of luck.

D. P. KLEIDER

ex fanzine writer, semi pro musician, sometime A+R man who would rather forget about his brush with the seamier side of the music business.

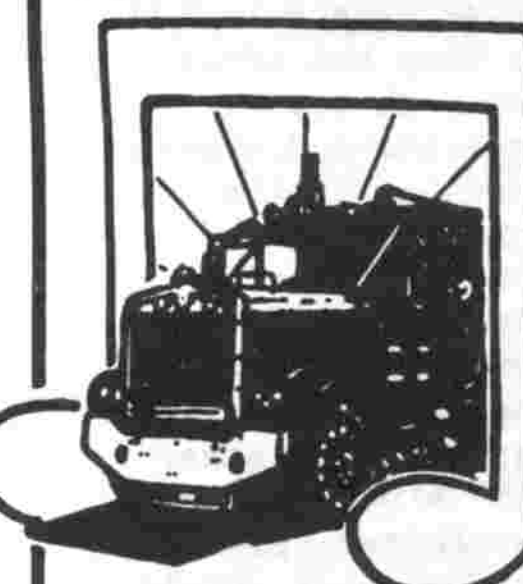
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Children Of Some Tradition

Many moons ago, I strolled into the Hinchingsbrooke School music block and spent a lovely afternoon tinkering with the triangles and the Bontempi "synths". As the sky darkened (surely a coincidence), a young chap by the name of Jonathan Haynes walked in with his chums in tow. They were "in a band, baby". Brillo! They were called A New Beginning and they were WADICAL, with a song called "politically minded" about "the patheticness of govt." and a guitarist who could play 'Seven Seas', over + over + over again. They covered Clash songs to beef out their set and made a noise at the school disco. They were also complete crap....

Time passed. Jonathan Haynes and his friends lay low and A New Beginning discovered to their surprise that they weren't. In a stroke of genius, they stopped covering Clash songs and started to write their own numbers. Changing their name to the Children Of Some Tradition ("the first name was too pretentious"), they ventured out and played to an audience comprised mainly of school friends in early '85 at the Kings Head in St. Neots. The gig was enthusiastically received, though to be honest I didn't pay much attention. Then followed a period of inactivity as exams loomed and parents leaned. In the summer, the band went to Reel Studios in London and put down a four song demo and Christ! it was ace. My toes tapped to toons that would soon be driving the hordes wild - 'The Last Resort', 'Town To Town', 'The Boy With No Head', 'White Hate' - snappy Bunnymen/Bragg-esque songs which were a definite change of direction, though still retaining the punky edge of old. In early Sept. I went to see the Children (as cool people now called them) in rehearsal. They were getting better all the time and wound up playing the James gig in Huntingdon later that month. After a relatively inert period the catalyst loomed which really set things going, the 2nd Rock Group Comp. I saw them at the final, and was stunned - tight, powerful and dynamic, they demolished the audience and looked set to win - only the result spoilt it - 2nd fiddle to plop like Therapy?! Great new songs were paraded - 'Strange World' and 'Jewel Box' being the best - and "oldies" had new life breathed into them. A whole new contingent of Cambridge fans was formed and the band have gigged numerous times in the area. So the inevitable question is - what next? Rumours abound of Stiff offering the dotted line, but the band have been coy about that. What is for sure is that the Children appeared on 'Look East' as part of the CVG venture and now face the first milestone of their career - the Scene + Heard interview!

I went to see the band in rehearsal early in May and spent a few silly hours in the company of Phil Green (bass), Toby Smith (guitar), Adrian "mouth" Pace (drums) and Jon Haynes (vox). And in between the rock 'n' roll wisecracks we managed to slip a few half-decent questions in....

As said earlier, the Rock Group Comp. had a lot to do with the Children's current success - how important do they feel it was - to themselves and bands in general? "Everything" is Toby's answer. "I don't think we'd be anywhere without it" adds Phil.

The Children came away with the best Young Band award, but ironically, bearing in mind the category they won (ie. skint, struggling band) they came away with a trophy only - the only band at the final to leave with no extra money. Were they irritated by this?

"Well we got nice keyrings!"

"I don't think any band there was good enough to pick up the prizes they were offering" says Phil again, a sentiment expressed by others in the group.

"The whole thing was difficult though - just to judge music is" continues Jon, and what comes next for the band? "we're signing to Stiff!" he exclaims.

Aha! Rumours abounded in S + H no. 2 about this Stiff business - is it all hype? The band deny this vigorously. Toby explains, "After the final, this Nick Stewart (Stiff person) came up and started talking to us and the bloke from President Reagan Is Clever said he would have given up his prize to have him that interested in them - he was really interested in us and he talked to us for about ten minutes and we were taking the piss out of him + everything...."

"Then he said 'I'm Nick Stewart from Stiff' and we all went aaaah!" says Jon "Overall though, I really enjoyed it and it's done a hell of a lot of good for us - more than for bands like Strange Brew for whom it was just another gig."

The band agree that the Comp. established their reputation - and opened up new areas for gigging. How did the subsequent shows go in Cambridge?

"With Strange Brew, we were playing to their audience, and they didn't like us, and most of them had come to see the Herbs" says Jon. "At the second one, no-one was there!" carries on Phil "but they weren't publicised."

Do they think there was any novelty value in this "youth" thing people kept going on about?

"Well, we're not amazingly young - 12 or something" says Toby, Phil adding "I don't think we act like a young band - we haven't got a daddy manager or anything like that." "We're rock and roll baby!" adds their "manager" Jeremy Day (who made the perceptive comment on bands earlier "It all depends whether you're good or not" - maybe their daddies would be better.) "We've done it all ourselves" says Phil "no 'daddy' Tim Cole manager like Double Yellow Line...I think it's pretty stupid. He makes all their decisions and its a sign that he's only in it for the money because he's managed other bands before...you can't plan your career, if we're offered gigs, we may or may not do it. We're just enjoying ourselves."

And what of the whole issue about Cambridge in general? The City's inhabitants seem to be a rather dismal bunch - always droning on about how lousy the venues are and how everyone else has retarded musical tastes...I don't think the venues are crap at all" says Toby, "I think the whole place is generally quite good - I enjoy playing there!"

"I think the music scene's really good too" adds Jon, "there's some aspects of it that I don't like though. That band Fever Garden for instance - I don't see the point of that attitude where you say we'll play for a few years until we finish at college and then piss off.."

Some things seem to have got to the band. Most of them seem to involve Double Yellow Line. Phil feels their victory was a function of hype, saying "Trevor Dann told us we'd come back next year and win - it's similar with DYL last year - almost preplanned...they're not really good at being popstar + commercial." "It would be OK if he was really hunky and gorgeous like George Michael" says Jon, "but he isn't. I mean, how can you sing 'I'm on a sex mission' when you look like a fuckin' rat?" This provokes gales of laughter and "put that in" from the rest of them.

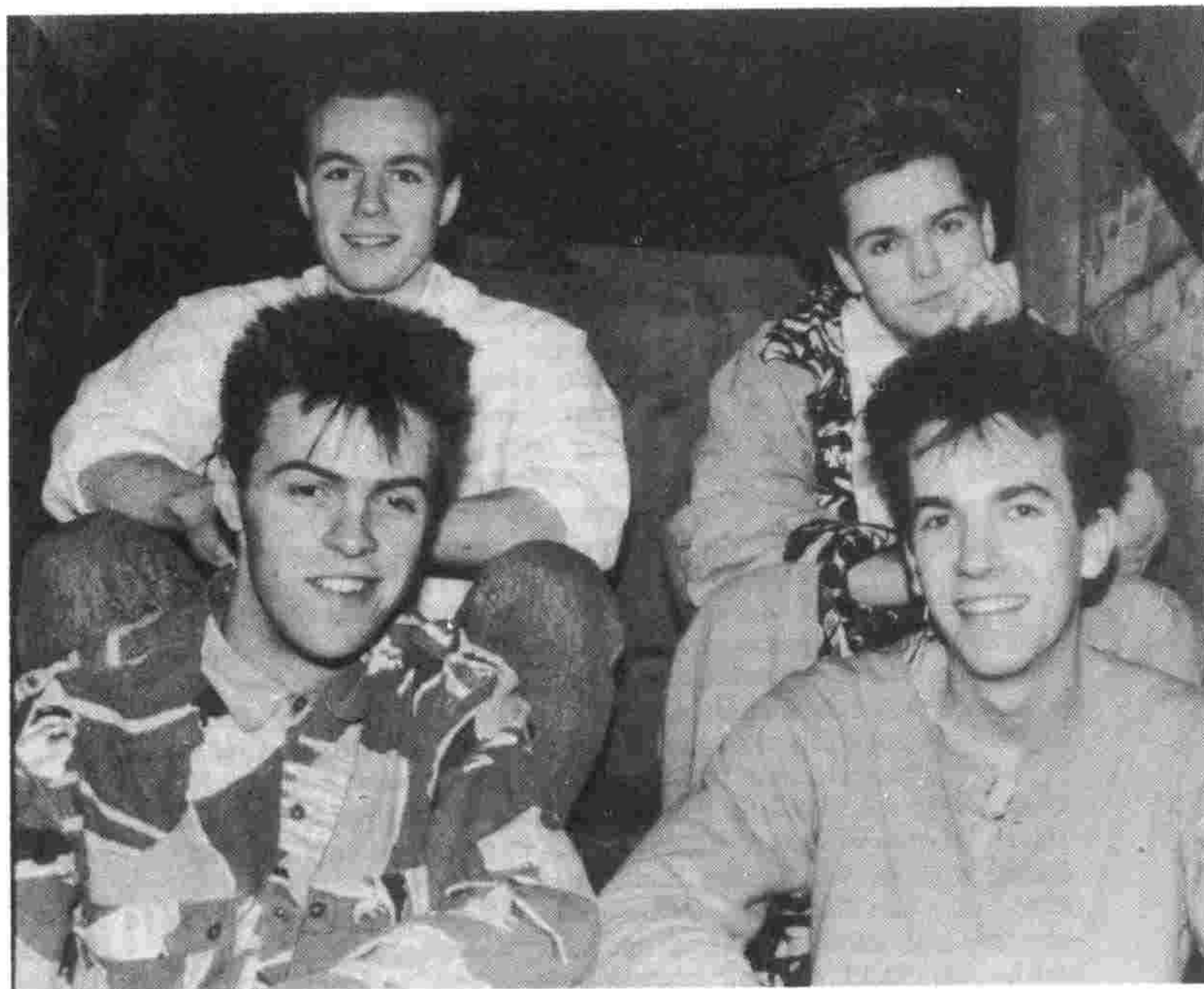
Other bands? Phil thinks President Reagan are brilliant and Perfect Vision get a fair comment, "they're too similar to Depeche Mode though". Vanishing Point seem to be well liked, but the real faves seem to be Huntingdon band Flowershop. "We love 'em!" - who have supported the Children on most of their recent outings. Is this the start of a wave of bands from the town then? "No, nobody can be bothered." says Phil.

Any plans to release a record? "Yeah, if you've got £500!" says Phil. Adrian was in The Blue Mist and apparently has bad memories of records. "Our boss was really interested in the idea of financing it, but he pulled out" adds Jon.

As a musical unit the band are tight - if lacking in musical ability - the whole sound is held together by Adrian's excellent and interesting(ish) drumming. The area where they excel in is acidic, punky-ish pop gems - no covers in the set, even though they did a version that Day of James's 'If things were perfect'. In fact, the band remind me more than anything of a punkier, more rhythmic version of James - something NOBODY else agrees with. Jon admits though that "I really liked the singer from James - brilliant he was. I've copied him a lot!" Jon's boss may have chickened out of paying for a record, but anybody with cash to spare should think about it. Loads of the songs sound like dead catchy singles - 'Strange World', 'Jewel Box', 'Last Resort', 'Deed Not Forgotten', and a new one 'Hawker Siddley', like the theme from 'Captain Scarlet'. And are the songs the product of the band's innerturmoil, intellectual torture, personal crises etc.? "I got the inspiration for 'Hawker Siddley' off the back of a matchbox" says Jon.... The song which stands out, though, as a true potential hit is the utterly catchy 'Town To Town'. Ignore the demo of this song, hear it live. I think it could become the band's anthem. Visually, the band are less than enthralling, though I think this stems from the tiresome task of playing their instruments. Still Sique Sique Sputnik wouldn't lunge for their wardrobes (a major plus!) As Jon says "Phil wears shorts, Adrian's from Burtons, Toby's mummy buys his clothes....I'm from Oxfam!"

The Children will be lying low for the next few months, but will be playing the trash night at Huntingdon Fisher Hall on June 21st. Go and see the band if you get the chance, you won't be disappointed. The group are a nice bunch of people playing catchy music - refreshingly optimistic about the area's musical future. I think they could be big. As Jon says "Maybe the others aren't like this, but I'm stuck in a shitty job and really want to make a go of it." Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the Children Of Some Tradition!

10 President Reagan Is Clever



Museli. It's 2am and ½'s of President Reagan Is Clever are unwinding from a successful anti-apartheid benefit gig at Trinity Hall with a fix of museli. Not the typical behaviour of musicians but then PRIC are not a typical band. In the year and a half of their existence they've achieved more than most local bands manage in their entire career. They've appeared on telly, reaching the final of Anglia's City Sounds competition where they were beaten by a string quartet, they came second in the Cambridge Rock Group Competition and have just released a record on their own label (Hyena). Why do a record?

Dave (vox/keys): "Basically we thought lets do a demo and then we thought rather than do a tape let's put it on a record because we thought maybe it's more impressive. We don't just want to sell it here (Cambridge) really, it'd be nice if possible to get it played on the radio and get it spread a little bit." The record is well recorded, if under-produced, but for a first attempt at serious recording it is remarkably good. They intend it to be the first step on the ladder of success, as Tim (bass) says "It's serious and it's long term and we all frown."

Iain (guitar): "I wouldn't call it careerist."
Tim: "We're not careerist prostitutes."

It must be pointed out at this stage that Tim had had a few drinks too many. In the past year or so their music has moved further and further away from the pop mainstream but they haven't sacrificed accessibility for credibility. They are frequently compared to Perfect Vision, which is "more valid than saying we sound like Spandau Ballet" (Dave). Only one song, 'The Wheel', sounds anything like Perfect Vision, as Dave explains: "it was the first time we actually experimented with using a sequence to drive the song, the similarity stems from the, not exactly atonal, but Eastern style guitar riffs and the fact that it was keyboard sequence and drum machine and Perfect Vision is the only local band doing that."

Dave: "I never quite know how people take our name, whether they think we're just trying to be smart. The idea was, for a start, a statement was a rather odd thing to call your band. You have the power, right, whatever you call your band, people have not very much option but to call you that. It appealed to our sense of humour that people would have to say when referring to us President Reagan Is Clever. We're a trifle worried about the name from the point of view of the record and selling it in view of recent events. It's funny whilst he's innocuously calling Charles and Diana Chas and Dave but the joke is somewhat lost when he's blowing things up."

"Are you going to ask us about politics?" demanded Tim, with a suitable threatening manner. Despite a loud chorus of "Oh No" from everybody else he carried on "We're an apolitical band, that's a paradox."

Iain: "Basically we're ideologically unsound, you know"
Tim: "Come the next election, we all vote for the hippy, but we don't vote against the music, that's nothing to do with it. The thing is, right, you get bands who what they do is political music and ours is not political music, it's music." The band certainly has political convictions but don't feel the need to express them through the music although the lyrics do hint at political subjects.

Dave: "I don't like being too boringly obvious about things, but then again you risk nobody having a clue about what you're going on about."

Tim: "Not that it matters to a lot of people."

Dave: "It's quite difficult to get people to hear the words you're singing anyway, particularly live."

Tim: "The words aren't a load of old knob, they do mean something."

However what they mean depends on who you talk to: "The Devil in drag" in 'The Wheel' is, according to Tim, Maggie T. but Dave disagrees, "No, no, he's joking."

Tim: "Ostrich is about girls."

Dave: "No"

Iain: "This is typical of Tim, the general statement like, you know, about the band and everyone goes argghhh and then he goes 'That's what I think'."

Tim: "The bit I wrote in Ostrich is about girls. 'Lock, Stock and Barrel' is about ..."

Iain: "We're all going to go argghhh in a minute, he's going to say girls again..."

Dave: "It's about how the band feels about its situation right at the moment..."

Tim: "about jobs...About management consultants offering our friends £15,000."

Dave: "No, it's not about that..."

Iain: "That doesn't come into it..."

Dave: "It's about the fact that we don't quite know what we're doing and what's going on..."

Iain: "We know what we want to do."

Tim: "But we don't know what we can do."

The song is also about nepotism and the old boy network.

PRIC have come in for a lot of criticism for their drummer, Justin, playing along to a drum track on tape. He doesn't need a guide track to play in time, he just uses one to keep time with the keyboard sequences which are also on the tape. The keyboard parts are on tape because Dave can't play synths and sing at the same time. Dave: "The most annoying thing about it is that you get criticised for it but it's incredibly difficult for a drummer to keep in time with a set drum track."
Tim: "Very few drummers can play along with a drum machine and still sound good." The drumming on 'The Wheel' is probably the most imaginative you'll hear in Cambridge featuring a mixture of live drums and drum machine, which works exceptionally well. They are looking for a way of getting rid of the tapes but so far they have found it impractical.

In the last issue of Scene & Heard Jon Haynes of Fever Garden was very critical of PRIC. Tim: "The only thing we're going to say about Jon Haynes is that he auditioned to sing with us once, we have nothing else to say." Well almost nothing. Tim: "I'd rather be a prostitute than get up onstage and wank. I'd rather let other people enjoy themselves rather than get on stage and say look at me I'm going to enjoy myself."

Dave: "I actually think that Cambridge gets really slagged off within itself about the amount of talent that's here. Everybody seems to say 'Oh God there's no talent here, nowhere to play etc' but there's lots of bands, there's lots of talent. It's perhaps dispersed a little and if some of it from a couple of bands got into the same band it might produce something good, but there's lots and lots going on."

One final question Tim, "What will you be doing in twenty years time?" "Playing in a band, I'll be playing bass in a pop band."

STEVE

(TALK TO ME LIKE) BOO HEWERDINE

"Out of the strong came forth sweetness" might well strike us as an unlikely state of affairs, but that's what it says in the Bible.

The last few months have seen the emergence in Cambridge of our very own Bible! (with that vital distinguishing exclamation mark), a band centered on the partnership of Boo Hewerdine (ex-Great Divide) and Tony Shepherd (ex all sorts of things from Wobbly Jellies to jazz with Andy Bowie), in itself an unlikely state of affairs at first glance: but the result has been the making of a quality LP, WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME, on which the talents of the two blend seamlessly. Listen with one ear, and sweetness is exactly what will strike you as Boo's graceful, haunting vocals insinuate themselves and you will find yourself humming that chorus 'you will never see Graceland' to yourself all week, as I did... It is not till later that the full strength of the music develops, as you realise that the gentle melody is wrapped round a denial - you will never get the heaven you want. Strange and doubtful Bible, this. And from that first song on, what we hear about is a series of failed visions, missed glimpses, and lost opportunities, offset by the promise of release from troubles moment by moment through music ('Mahalia') or love ('She's My Bible').

This spectacularly well played music does to my mind run the risk of veiling too efficiently beneath its craft and pop subtlety the more disquieting quality of the lyrics, and though he likes the idea of the words acting as a delayed time-bomb inside the music, Boo certainly talks of his project in terms of risk: "I wanted to make a soft record; I wanted to see if I could get away with it and still put all the angst and so forth into it...I'd never written bare-faced love songs before and I still think that's a challenge even after thirty years of pop music."

His ability to weld and control opposites is a characteristic which those who saw the quiet offstage Boo transformed by a loud checked suit into the Great Divide's manic jumping-jack will quickly recognise: but Boo is himself aware of the danger of letting his effort run in too many directions: "I know a fault of mine can be that I like to write in so many styles that it can end up like a K-Tel LP." There are two major factors which prevent this from becoming a sheer mess, or a love of changing horses for its own sake - careful thinking, and Tony Shepherd.

The partnership thrives on a creative tension, with Tony telling Boo "when I'm fouling up", introducing the jazzier aspect which has surfaced on the album, and all but relinquishing the drumming to Roaring Boy Dave Larcombe in favour of keyboards - while Boo pushes Tony "towards making more row". So how do their songs come about? "I could sound very pretentious here ... it's like in film, an odd camera angle or some situation that will stick in the back of my mind until a title adheres to it, then a tune will adhere to that, or some chords...I've never written a lyric down in my life. I'll have got this structure and sung it over hundreds of times, and a line will stick on each time, until it's finished." And how important is Tony's contribution? "Very important, because I don't rate myself as a musician, so I need reassurance quite a lot of the time - not from the germ of the idea (that often happens even before I pick up an instrument or think of a title) but in the finishing, crafting process... I'm not a natural musician - Shepherd is, and he's taught me such a lot, enlarged my musical vocabulary."

It is not, though, simply a question of steady Shepherd reigning back wildman Hewerdine: control is something which concerns Boo, too. "I always think that if you're going to have a successful group you should have some sort of master plan...". Part of that plan for this phase of Boo's career lies in working in groups of songs, with a loose system that certainly provided consistency on the album. "There was a set of rules that seemed to fit into this bunch of songs and one of them was using names as trigger-words to spark off in people's minds, but that was just a style of the moment... 'King Chicago' sounds to me quite an intriguing title; it's quite an onion of a song, you can just peel bits off - but it's not that bare-faced over what it's about."

That could sound like a recipe for obscurity - even a way of burying the violence of your themes under the surface smoothness? "I know what they're about, but

funny enough some people have sussed them: a girl I know sussed that 'Kid Galahad' is about the way you tend to exaggerate through nostalgia the way you were in your youth. So I didn't feel I'd been obscure." I have wondered about the fact that so many of your trigger-words are the names of Americans - Jackie Kennedy, Mahalia, Elvis... "I've got my pat defence line - all the references do make sense, because people sitting in grotty bedsits in Hull or wherever do see America coming into their rooms through the TV. I don't think it's escapist...the songs tend to be about personal relationships and it is amusing and perfectly credible for a bloke from Cambridge to be singing about America because we're pummelled with it all the time."

Self-deprecating as a musician ("When I was a child I wanted piano lessons but my teacher wouldn't teach me because I was tone deaf"), Boo is strong in the defence of his songs - and he steers his way neatly through many other apparent contradictions, revealing himself as someone who enjoys live playing: "I find organising gigs a bit of a pain, but I love playing live - I go berserk. But I get so nervous at the prospect that I have to get other people to arrange it for me", but also dislikes some aspects: "I don't like it when the music doesn't hit home...or if I get self-indulgent or precious...or if it's a shambles, but then no-one does, do they? And I don't like the way people stand and watch the people 'up there' on stage...I'd quite like to go round to 40 people's houses and play to just them." Again, he relishes the intimacy of studio work: "I quite like being cocooned with my own ideas - it's a bit like smelling your own farts." but senses that there may be more magic to be had in live performance: "you've only got your guitar and your gob to cope with...if something goes wrong you can pull something out of the bag and surprise yourself". And while he wants to get his music heard by a maximum number of people, the kind of indie success that would financially enable him to continue producing and recording batches of his songs is more important than TOTP megastardom - not that he's afraid of, or even against, fame on a big scale. As he puts it himself, "I take this seriously but I'm pretty relaxed about it; if someone said 'I'll put you on TV if you'll take your trousers off', I'd say no."

A complex creature, then, nimble-minded and happily shuffling and re-shuffling the pack. For myself, I look forward to hearing whether he will invert things on the next LP, which, he says "is going to be raucous and more hard"; I look forward to seeing what kinds of strength will come forth from the sweetness. In the meantime, I suspect fame may come knocking on his door sooner than he thinks...

STEVE XERRI





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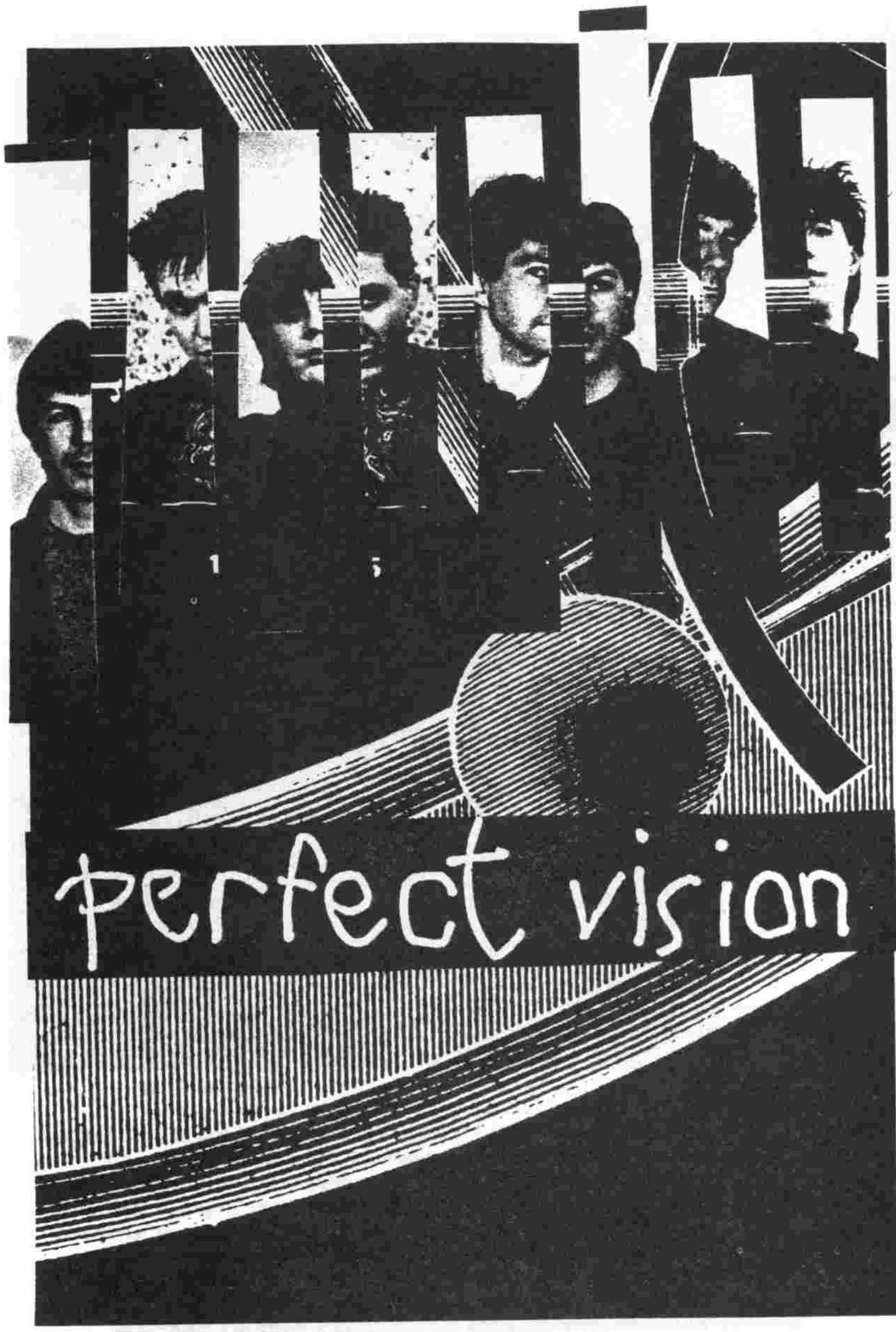
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Perfect Vision have a problem. It's not enough to be big in Cambridge anymore - they have to think about being big everywhere. However I am informed that Perfect Vision aren't about to 'sell' themselves in the pursuit of commercial success.

Steve Xerri explains: "I can see us being quite big in a 'cult' sort of way but obviously we will never be a band like The Police. I can't imagine Perfect Vision ever being a mega stadium rock band. As we all have full-time jobs it's very difficult for us to find the time to promote the band - it's a problem but we need the money to keep the band going. It's something of a vicious problem."

Jon: "There is this great rock and roll myth that you have had to be unemployed and starving to be a real group - it's a load of balls! We'll be happy as long as people continue to buy our records."

Perfect Vision have recently released their debut album. Entitled 'Tongues Out' it was recorded at Strand Studio in London and follows a break of over a year since 'Co-incidence' their last single. I asked them whether they feel it's their best recording to date?

Steve: "Yes we are much happier with this one! The songs are stronger and it was recorded much quicker than before. Obviously there is still room for improvement though!"

Giles, the third member of Perfect Vision present has strong feelings on the subject: "More thought has gone into it and we had an excellent engineer in Bob Taylor who helped a tremendous amount. He was very creative. A lot depends on your attitude before recording - we were very confident about this one!"

Jon: "No disrespect to Spaceward but with our last single we had serious technical problems there. We ended up losing six hours out of forty-eight!"

Giles: "Strand was altogether less like an enormous studio. At Spaceward you are surrounded by all this mega-gear and you sometimes feel as if you have to live up to it."

Jon: "That's a good point."

I pointed out that they had been together now for nearly six years without really threatening to explode. Is 'Tongues Out' make or break as far as commercial success is concerned?

Steve: "It depends what you mean by commercial success."

Giles: "We view it as if a major label is going to take an interest they will do it now. I'm not convinced that it will sell in it's thousands but I see no reason why it shouldn't do at least as well as our two previous records."

Steve: "We've been pushing it to the radio stations. Several independent radio stations have welcomed it with something approaching open arms. They've said they remember the last one which is always very gratifying - whether it's true or not I don't know!"

Perfect Vision have never been really popular in Cambridge. They often face hostile criticism, usually of a personal nature, from bands and gig-goers alike. Does it worry them?

Steve: "It upsets me when it's hostile and mindless. For instance people say that we are like Joy Division and we aren't! There just seems to be blinkers on people's ears, if that's such a possibility and that upsets me."

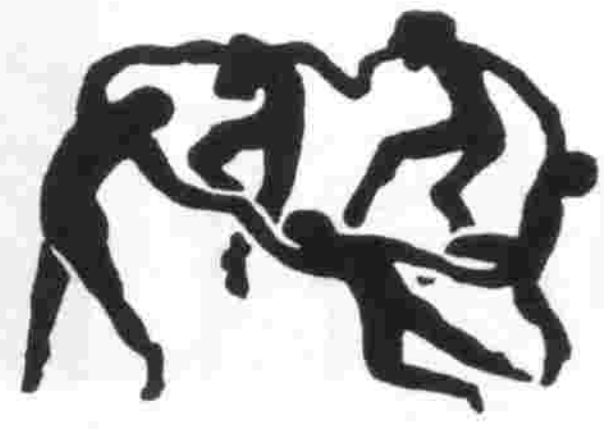
Giles: "There is no point entering into this inter band slugging."

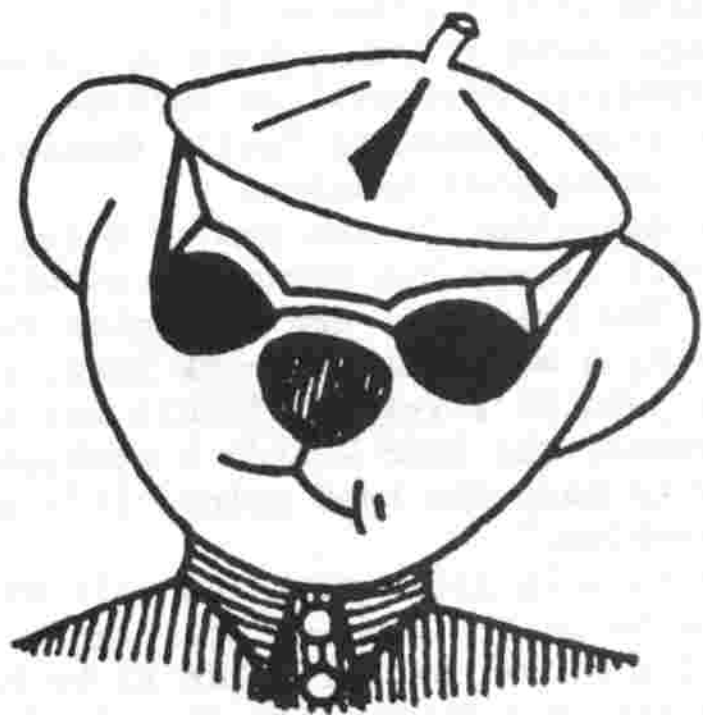
Jon: "The situation is made a lot worse by my writing for the 'Weekly News'. I don't think what I write has a bearing on Perfect Vision - but it does. When I attack a band the only way people see they can get back at me is by attacking Perfect Vision. Perfect Vision isn't my expression - it's four people and I'm only a quarter of it."

Steve: "I don't think I'd ever slag a band off in public - I'd only praise the one's I did like!"

Giles: "We like President Reagan Is Clever!"

PAUL ATTWOOD





JACK THE BEAR

JACK THE BEAR - BARE ALL (well almost)

The card read 'If you go down to Wandlebury Woods today you are sure of a big surprise. But bring some honey' signed 'Jack The Bear'.

So armed with a pot of Gales I ventured into the domain of the three cuddly quadrupeds known as Jack.

Jack are gigging bears, occasionally venturing out of the woods into Cambridge to sell their wares at the Bearleigh Arms and Alma Bearery. But are they like the Wombles? Well no, but they do support worthy causes such as Greenpeace and Magpas. Their pedigree is impressive. If there were a Crufts equivalent for bears they would win it. Steve and Graham were formerly with The Great Divide, those eccentric funk popsters who changed their image more often than their underpants. Jack's drummer Hewitt, although relatively unknown as a skin basher, was also quite famous prior to joining the band: Many who attended Great Divide gigs will recall a noisy, young sod constantly shouting for Ed to 'give us a song'. That has now stopped, only to be replaced by a flasher mac which he wears both on and off stage.

Jack The Bear formed October '85, playing their first gig on 13th Feb '86. "You know how difficult it is" says Steve, "finding the right name. We were called The Racketeers until 3 hours before that first gig." All three were glad they had changed it. "People remember Jack The Bear."



Graham had hoped to start the Bears earlier. Following the debut gig last summer of one of their old cohorts Boo Hewerdine, Graham suggested to Steve that the time might be right to form a band. Steve declined. He was already involved with Millions Flea, a conglomerate of well known vocalists from in and around Cambridge, some twelve in number, who eventually gigged maybe twice. Steve: "Rehearsals were odd. We couldn't all rehearse at once so we spent most of the time playing cards." Steve had always hoped that the Great Divide would develop into an American disco soul band. He might have been joking. I couldn't tell. Anyhow they didn't, and as there was also little chance of that happening with Millions Flea, Jack The Bear were formed.





But they are hardly disco either. More like an oddity - a reviewers' nightmare. Reviewed in some quarters as blues, funk in others. The Bears disagree, feeling their music owes more to skiffle, albeit a high octave hybrid form, delivered with more than a spoonful of eccentricity. Steve: "We cut across most music forms". I would not argue with that. But when I registered concern that their live set might appear too diverse to those hearing it for the first time I was sat upon, leaving me in no doubt that they believe they have a clear, coherent direction.

What about the bass or lack of it? Were two guitars and drums presenting a handicap?

"I get pissed off with people who say we haven't got a bass player" snarls Steve, "We don't need one, although we might get a euphonium."

But will Graham ever blow his saxophone again? G: "Well I'm keeping my mouth in, but it's just not workable live. We'd like to experiment during recording sessions, maybe use a lot of horns."

Ah yes, the recording sessions. They've already put 3 songs down on 4 track - Sweet Companion, Cadillac and Put Down Your Pistol - all band originals, the last they regard as "a real ripsnorter." G: "We intend to use the demo to get more gigs, nothing more. We would like to do the College circuit outside Cambridge and already have fingers in a few pies." Graham's experience here is useful. He's a veteran of the folk club circuit, having supported such famous folk as Robin and Barry Dransfield.

Eventually they would like to record a proper demo, with a view to releasing some vinyl, but the thought of having to deal with those "bastards of the record industry" fills them with abhorrence. They would much prefer to deal with someone like Derek Chapman of Backs Records who they regard as "an approachable human being."

Understandably Steve, who has most experience of and some bad memories of record companies is not too bothered about records, feeling that Jack The Bear ought to be more an expression of enjoyment. However, he accepts that he will "follow the flow" should the others push for a record release.

So far gigs have been encouraging, but they don't think they've done a great one yet. They put the audience reaction down to mass hysteria, with what seems like half the population of Melbourne turning up. Steve: "It was quite a shock after that first gig when I thought this might be serious. I had hoped to avoid all that for a while."

Gigs haven't been exactly well publicised, the band relying on promotion by word of mouth. They admit that they need a manager/promoter. They have someone in mind. A lady called Sophia who might be just the ticket. Capable of giving them a kick up the arse when they need it.

And the fan club. Well, Hewitt's dad Warwick is the founder member. He attends every gig and dons a beret and shades (as featured on their posters). Graham and Hewitt are immensely proud of Warwick. Steve too, although he would "shit himself if everyone came dressed like that." G: "We did think of having Goldilocks along to gigs! It hasn't happened yet but who's to say... We would also like everyone to bring a bear to gigs!" Ah, a bear necessity?

So do the punters expect them to dress as bears? Steve: "It shouldn't be necessary. No-one expected the Beatles or Monkees to dress like their namesakes."

He's right of course. But there is no doubt that Jack The Bear have captured the imagination of the gig going public. They may not be original, but they are good honest fun. The final word from Steve: "Anyone who comes to see Jack The Bear will have a fiiiine tiiiiime!" Never argue with a big grizzly with a pot of honey!

AMOS BREEZE



THE VANISHING POINT

Vanishing Point are an unusual band in an all-too-usual position. That position comes from being a band who, in a place which doesn't hum with the power and hip hypeability of London, Manchester or Edinburgh, have been working their music to the bone for the year they've been together (from the time when 3/4 of the old Vanishing Point recruited Dave Middle from the newly-defunct Final Scream), "getting our name about", writing, recording, playing - and latterly promoting - gigs: all of this has gained them a loyal following in Cambridge, but leaves them at a crossroads - how to go further and get their stab at the Big Time?

There are several important factors that set them apart from many other bands in Cambridge, though, including some of much longer establishment. One is their music itself, a fire-and-steel blend of melody and energy, in which it is often the rhythm section that leads the song, while the guitar churns and swirls an atmospheric backdrop to the dip and swoop of the vocals. Onstage, singer Dave is the mobile focus, a Cheshire Cat backed by the dark concentrating presence of Martin Cornell on guitar and fringe, John Cornell attacking the drums with delight, and Gavin Langford playing the enigmatic bassman to a T. There is an attractive seriousness in their performance, what they see as "controlled energy": but this evident thoughtfulness, and the occasional brooding quality of the music and their appearance (they wear lots of black onstage and off) have led to them being labelled Gothic Punks (Jon Lewin) and 'too cool to smile' (that odious rag Broadsheet), both charges which, when I spoke to Martin, John and Gavin (Dave was in London), they were keen to refute.

Are you Gothic, John? "Well, everyone gets pigeon-holed, but it's unfortunate we're put in that particular bracket, because it's totally untrue apart from the fact that I might have black crimped hair (laughs) ...none of us go round wearing upside-down crosses and black capes. We laugh at that sort of stuff."

But you do have a dark image? Gavin: "Well, we all grew up out of punk music, didn't we?" That makes you 'too cool to smile'? G: "I think that when you're onstage concentrating on what you're doing...what would you smile about? We're not a laughing band, we're serious. If we see something funny, we laugh - we've got a sense of humour, fuckin' tell...None of our performance is premeditated, it's all spontaneous."

J: "We're all normal people, we're not going to get up on stage and switch on the grin and say 'Hi y'all'."

Do you reject that kind of performance? Martin: "Yes, all that Show Bizness!"

So how would you describe yourselves? J: "The music we play is not contrived; it's what comes out in the garage (where they rehearse)...we don't go looking for smart little hook-lines...there are so many things that go into it, it's like a good cake mix - Granny's special - it's that extra thing, you don't know what it is but it's in there somewhere, and that's what I think we've got. I don't think we're being arrogant by saying that - it's going to take a lot of work to get it out to a wider audience, but I think there's something there."

Their attitude to their audience, in Cambridge and elsewhere, and to the effort which, despite their busy year's achievements (including a three-song recording session in a 24-track studio which they now regard as "good experience" but "not polished enough") they feel they have still to put in, further distinguishes them from some of their contemporaries in Cambridge music. Their first commitment is to the sheer joy of playing - J: "When we first formed, all we wanted to do was to get a set of 9 or 10 songs as soon as we could - not rubbishy songs - so we could start gigging."

New songs quickly followed, tired or weaker ones were weeded out, performance rather than cold rehearsal sharpened the playing, and all the band now relish those gigs where everything comes together, such as their recent Guildhall appearance. J: "I just wanted to stay on; I felt really at home up there."

Their enthusiasm doesn't blind them to difficulties, though. On the local level, they recognise that there are too few venues. But they have shown real determination to get over that - no whingers, these. M: "That's

the thing that annoys me about all these bands moaning about places to play in Cambridge. There are more places in England! You know; just up the road...everyone knows there are only 3 places in Cambridge, but who's going to do something about it?"

Employing what emerged as a sort of watchword during the interview - GET OFF YOUR ARSE - Vanishing Point have done something, promoting gigs at the Sea Cadet, giving varied entertainment very cheaply - 4 or 5 bands for £1.50 (J: "We don't want to screw money out of the people who come to see us"). This care for audiences at home is important to them but, as Martin puts it, "We don't want to be the band who appears at the Burleigh every other week". This has led them to their other strategy for avoiding the 'no place to play' syndrome, travelling to London, Ipswich, Northampton and elsewhere, not always playing to packed houses either, but with the satisfaction of knowing that they're not languishing in the far from splendid isolation Cambridge bands often choose. So is Cambridge just a rehearsal for the Big Time they look to? M: (vehemently) "No, it's not! No, oh come on, that's not being fair, is it? You can't say that..." J: "It's our roots, though it sounds corny; it's where we're starting from."

And where do you hope to be in another year's time? G: "Hopefully, if the last year's anything to go by, we'll be busy - maybe a deal - and some vinyl out."

Fiercely determined to play at home and away, to secure a bigger and better future for their music without losing sight of more immediate goals, Vanishing Point are realistic about the obstacles they have met - and will continue to meet - in the shape of promoters, A&R men, and other assorted hooligans the music business seems full of. It is their belief in their music which keeps them going.

J: "If we had all the friends in the world and still hadn't got anywhere, then we'd pack up and go home. The fact that we can't get into these tightknit little muso circles in London, and yet we're still trying and we still will be trying a long time from now if we're not in there, I think that's very healthy, because the bigger the challenge, the more appealing: we've got no delusions of grandeur, we at the moment are just another Cambridge-based band, with a lot of potential - without being arrogant about it."

Arrogant they aren't - confident, yes, but full of surprising modesty. It is typical of them that when I asked if they had any final thing they wanted to say, it was not a self-advertising remark they made, but:

"All our friends around us are a help to us, specially Alan and Tony (who drives us); thanks to everyone who comes to see us and all the people who help us out. Not enough can be said for them."

So I'll do the advert: go and see Vanishing Point - few other bands round here can sparkle and buzz like they can: likeable boys, great noise.

STEVE XERRI

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THE WORLD'S END BAND



THE WORLD'S END BAND are by no means newcomers to the music scene - they have been playing in Cambridge for the last three years. Surprisingly, during this time they have received very little recognition. Nothing has been written about them, and they have never been reviewed, so this article is by means of an introduction. The interview took place in a small room (around 4m x 4m). Jani, the rhythm guitarist, built this soundproof room for the band to practice in - which they do about twice a week, sometime for hours, but usually until the oxygen runs out and they are forced to come up for air. JOHN COOK, lead singer and guitarist, writes all of their music and lyrics. Each song tells a compelling story, and encourages the listener to concentrate on the words as well as the melody. Their style of music is such that they place the emphasis on recovering the relaxed sense of performance which the '70's captured. "So much of today's music is unnecessarily intense" John concludes. The World's End Band think there is one major factor missing from '80's music, and that is humour. "The '80's are too serious: they've got too many people standing behind synthesizers looking mopey as hell, too many people dressed in black, looking like the world's just fallen down around them, talking of misery". What the band are trying to give to their music is "a bit of black humour.... but we do like to smile at ourselves and with the audience, rather than saying 'we are the band, you are the audience, and we're gonna entertain you', we would never do that" says John. They have a total of 914 songs, all of which are swimming around in John's head, because he doesn't read or write music. The whole band relies solely on his memory. Each member of the band were involved in music during their school years, performing in a wide variety of bands, from punk to rhythm and blues. John used to live in Aylesbury, which had four local bands, and, according to him, they were "The Truth, who charted; Howard Jones, you don't have to say anything about him; Marillion, they were our local band (Fish uses the same W.H. Smiths as I do!); and John 'really free, really free' Ottway". DAVE COOKE, the band's bassist, is from Romford, but has lived in Cambridge most of his life. When asked about his past, he became too modest to comment, so John spoke for him. "In the '60's, Dave was a member of The Phantoms, one of the first bands in Cambridge ever to cut a record". He left with the Phantoms to go to Sweden, and while over there, he appeared on TV, radio and records, and, as John put it, "he was a little star over there". He even supported the Beatles at a gig they were playing in Hamburg - and he has a backstage photo taken with them to prove it!

JANI ALTOMONTE and TINO BARRESI both originally came from Sicily. Both of them have been in other bands before joining the World's End; 'Satalite', a dance band which lasted 1½ years, and then 'Messina', which was formed in early 1983, to which John joined. Jani was the lead vocalist in both of these bands, and although he's the World's End Band's backing vocalist, the band are proud to be able to say that they have "a stronger backing vocalist than most bands have as a lead singer".

When asked how the name was decided on, John replied "I wrote a song in 1982 called the World's End Band Parade, and then another one called the World's End Band Cabaret, and I always said that if I ever had a band, I would call it the World's End Band".

The World's End Band play Cambridge regularly, and also make frequent appearances in Harlow and Haverhill, where they have a much larger following. Unfortunately for the band, they have a small following in Cambridge; this is perhaps due to the lack of advertisements and posters around the town itself, because, as John put it, "I was arrested on Mill Road bridge for putting up posters, and six months later I was summoned to court. I didn't go, and they fined me £1, and my accomplice £1, for holding the pot of paste!"

During the recent Rock Competition, the band got through their first heat and made it to the semi finals, but unfortunately they didn't make it through to the finals. However, when the awards were given out, the World's End Band received an award for the best bassist, for which David was presented with a cheque for £50. They also received (and without doubt deserved) the award for the band with the most potential, receiving a Rauch DVT 50s amplifier, valued at £575. They felt that this award was as good as, if not better than, winning first place. At the moment, they are on the lookout for a manager to boost their confidence and enthusiasm. In our opinion, they definitely deserve the break they have been striving for, for so long. "So far, the only breaks we've had, have been in our strings!"

JACKIE HAWS and CATHERINE EADES



The CRAMPS

I don't remember how I came across The Cramps - they suddenly seemed to be just...there, up with The Ramones, and all those other bands that make music important to me. Their sly wit and intelligence crept up on me shortly before the greatest hits LP 'Off The Bone' was released. OK, so I came to them latish in their (and my) careers, but I still rate The Cramps streets ahead of all the other psychobilly noisemongers; not only did they seem to be genuinely crazy (always an advantage), but they had a wit and sense of humour singularly lacking from all their copyists.

That Sunday night at Hammersmith Odeon was the first time I'd seen them live - and as if that wasn't reward enough in itself, I had to interview the band backstage afterwards.

The gig was excellent. The addition of bass player Fur, a particularly sassy (dodgy word, but it fits) looking Hollywood punkette named after her fur bikini has made The Cramps stronger than ever musically. They played the whole of the recent 'A Date With Elvis' LP (better by far than 'Smell Of Female' in my opinion), plus numerous other graveyard smashes. Drummer Nick Knox was solid and unswerving behind black Ray Bans and a big grey Gretsch drumkit; Fur chewed gum and wiggled; Ivy looked sultry, and played magnificent rockabilly guitar; Lux threw himself around, climbed up the PA, poured wine everywhere, and took his 'Raw Power' gold lame trousers down. Best gig this year - no contest.

Backstage after the show (good phrase, eh?), I hung around waiting for a writer from another magazine to finish his twenty minutes. Which gradually became thirty five.

Eventually I was shown in to the unprepossessing dressing room, and introduced to The Cramps. By this stage, though they were all still wearing their stage clothes (including Ivy's harem pants, which were a constant source of distraction) they'd almost finished their cold supper. Post-gig, 40 minutes after the group have finished a three night stint in a large venue is not the best time to attempt an interview. But The Cramps could not have handled my intrusion more politely, or have been more pleasant. So I did the interview.

VENGENCE RECORDS: the band's own label on which they released their first singles.

Ivy: "We always used to open our sets with 'The Way I Walk', and close them with 'Surfing Bird', but after we'd gone to Memphis to record the songs, Robert Gordon released his versions. But we said let's still put them out, in vengeance - hence the name of the label."

SUN STUDIOS: where Elvis and The Cramps both did some of their finest work. Though not together.

Lux: "A living hell - the cokes were 5c."

Ivy: "The studio was just magical - boreholes in the ceiling from Jerry Lee Lewis..."

Lux: "We met Sam Philips there..."

Ivy: "He happened to be there because the shrubbery had grown over the board outside, and he was there with a hedge cutter to trim it away from his name."

Lux: "He had grease all over his hands!"

BASSISTS?: Fur is the first regular bassist the band have had. And the addition of bass on record has improved the sound.

Ivy: "What a pain. Nothing's changed about our music since Fur started playing with us. She could be permanent..."

Fur: "If I don't get fired!"

Ivy: "I played bass on the album."

Lux: "It really isn't a matter of importance to us, having a bass player."

LINE-UP CHANGES?

Ivy: "We've been through a real cavalcade of swashbucklers. We were looking for something really special, and we've had a real parade of wimps..."

THE CRUSHER? One of my favourite Cramps' songs.

Ivy: "A wrestling song"

Lux: "It's by a band from Minnesota called the Novas; there was a wrestler called The Crusher who sang the lead vocal with them. We bought the record someplace we were playing, and did it live the next night without ever having played it before."

CHEIRO'S BOOK OF NUMBERS? This features mysteriously on the cover of the current LP.

Ivy: "It's a book Elvis used to buy by the boxful to give to his admirers - it's the autobiography of a yogi - it's something you'd get on a date with Elvis, and if it's good for Elvis, it's good for us. That copy on the LP sleeve has a bullet hole through it."

Lux: "These books are very important to me...I haven't read them but..."

There's a 12 o'clock curfew at Hammersmith Odeon. Which is why my interview was curtailed halfway through. Which is also why I got to ride back to the hotel with the band in their specially imported from the States tour bus to continue the interview there. Which is how I got to see the post-gig rituals the fans indulge in, which involves hanging around the stage door in the biting cold waiting not just for autographs, but to give scribbled notes of satanic lust to their heroes (Fur laughed it off). Somewhat conventionally, Spinal Tap was on the video, though Lux claimed that it could have been made about them - or virtually any other rock band. Back at the hotel (phew) Lux and Ivy changed into casual clothes (can you be bothered to be outrageous an hour before bed?) and rejoined me round the cassette machine.

RECORDING?

Lux: "Half the vocals on the album weren't overdubbed."

Ivy: "It's hard to get the same dynamics on record as on stage."

Lux: "We do it pretty live, except when it's too fucked up."

LIFE IS SHORT & FULL OF STUFF: a lyric and philosophy.

Lux: "So what else is new? I'm always concerned about my words, cos I'd feel real stupid standing up in front of a lot of people singing something I don't believe in."

INTERVIEWS? It's now one o'clock in the morning, and I'm refusing to go home...

Ivy: "We had 17 in one day, all asking why did you call it 'A Date With...'"

Lux: "We still don't have a good answer, Nick, our drummer rang my room at 2am - hey Lux - why did we call it that?...He's a real bundle of laughs."

THAT HAPPY UPDRAFT THAT WAFTS ME HITHER: a lyric, and poetry.

Lux: "We wrote those lyrics in a Mexican restaurant in LA...over-active imagination; ideas come from anything, like old movies, jokes."

Ivy: "There's something about restaurants..."

Lux: "I still have all the pieces of paper I wrote lyrics on, from Human Fly on."

ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG PLAYER?

Lux: "Listen to old records and try to understand the feelings that were going on...try and understand what was great about rock & roll, or the mid-sixties, not just copy songs or fashions but try to understand what was happening in culture at the time. Great rock & roll is timeless, whether it's 20 years or two years old. I think all these HM bands who use Les Pauls should be made to listen to and learn Les Paul's compositions - which are amazing, and complicated, great and subtle, and so much better than anything being made on those guitars now."

There ended the cassette. No time to tell you about the ghost of Del Shannon's 'Runaway' haunting Lux and Ivy's hotel room in York, or of Fur's planned trip on the Jack The Ripper London walk/tour, or of Nick Knox's (silent throughout the interview, but a nice guy nonetheless) romantic plans to bring his girl to Europe and marry in Paris.

But I can tell you how charming, helpful, and interesting they were. Which at first seems inappropriate, in view of their image. But think about it for a while, and it all begins to make sense.

JON LEWIN

By kind permission of MAKING MUSIC magazine (free from your local music shop)

FOLK MUSIC IN CAMBRIDGE - A BEGINNER'S GUIDE

STUPID PREAMBLE...

While all the world and aunties cat appear to trundle happily on, thrashing the life out of Fender copies, and trying to get a drum machine to do something that sounds interesting without half a ton of reverb and quadraplegically panned reverse pre-echo, the jolly old folk clubs hide meekly in the backstreets, last refuge of ageing peacefreaks and bearded guardian readers. Trus or False. Discuss.....

Because Folk music is widely perceived as a musical backwater of little significance, the social identifier of lamebrains and oddballs, the music listening public has a general tendency to keep it at arms length and musicians suspect that to become publically associated with it would be professional suicide; it's a safe bet that anyone found in a 'folk' club is not there to up their trendiness rating or identify with a glamorous elite.

SENSIBLE SECTION

All of which probably tells you nothing new. My researches (what?) indicate however, that there are quite a lot of people in Cambridge who would enjoy the occasional evening of 'folk' music but don't know where to go, which artists would interest them or, in some cases, that there is any here at all. In fact there are two regular folk music venues in Cambridge. Both of them are clubs that meet in pubs (Tolly for those who are concerned).

Both clubs meet weekly, and each has its own character. The Cambridge Folk Club meets on Fridays in an upstairs room at the Golden Hind in Milton Rd. This is a pub that has nothing to lose by one of those face-lift jobs we all know and love. It is big, dingy and unatmospheric, especially the room in which the club is held. However the hardworking efficiency and friendliness of the organisers achieves the impossible and creates a congenial enough atmosphere. The quality of the music is good, occasionally superb, and there is a very open minded attitude to what is or is not folk music. The Mayflower Folk Club, which meets on Tuesdays at the Geldart in Sleaford St. is further from where I live and so less familiar to me. The atmosphere here is much more intimate, and since events take place in normal bar surroundings, it is a lot easier to get to know the people and a more relaxing atmosphere for performers. Older readers who remember the Ancient Druids before demolition will recognise the faces behind the bar. English and Irish music makes up a much greater proportion of the diet than the Golden Hind, but is of comparable quality.

Both clubs belong to a regional federation which, by coordinating bookings, manage to put on well known artists that they would otherwise be too small to afford. These 'guest' artists therefore are often well worth seeing. When the clubs are not presenting a guest, they hold what are called 'singers nights' or 'sing-arounds' at which local players and singers, good, bad and excellent, roll up and contribute a song or tune. Both clubs have regulars who are sufficiently good to ensure a worthwhile evening, and a fair supply of occasional visitors who provide variety.

Guest nights are, of course, the best bet for the uncommitted, but early arrival is advised as space is limited and you don't want to be left standing outside like a wally do you? On singer's nights the audience is 70 or 80 percent performers, and smaller as you might expect. Of course if you play anything approximately folky, (somewhere inbetween hey-nommy-no and jazz) the opportunity is there for you to have a bash yourself (twiddles, tweets, honks and warbles also acceptable). You can always do an incognito reconnaissance before committing yourself, if you are shy or dubious about your talent.

Sparing no expense, here is your Scene and Heard guide to forthcoming events:

MAY

- Fri 23rd Golden Hind - singer's night
- Tue 27th Geldart - singer's night
- Fri 30th Golden Hind - Spring Chickens
"Folkability" trio: Guitar, double bass and percussion. 2 guys and a gal. They play original material and have a sense of humour.

JUNE

- Tue 3rd Geldart - singer's night
- Fri 6th Golden Hind - singer's night
- Tue 10th Geldart - Nick Dow: solo artist. Mostly traditional songs but also some contemporary material.
- Fri 13th Golden Hind - Knowe O'Deill: Duo of longhairs from Orkney who play cittern, guitars, bass, whistle and banjo and play mostly traditional Scottish and Orcadian (Orkneyish to you John) songs.
- Tue 17th Geldart - singer's night
- Fri 20th Golden Hind - singer's night
- Tue 24th Geldart - Paul Metsers: Contemporary singer/songwriter from New Zealand several of his songs popularised in this country by Nic Jones.
- Fri 27th Golden Hind - Eddie Walker: Highly accomplished traditional blues and ragtime guitarist from Middlesborough(!). Very experienced and well respected performer who also plays original material.

Evenings at both venues start at 8.30. Also note that on Sunday nights at the Geldart there is a regular informal session of Irish music. Your chance to get sloshed to the strains of fiddle, banjo and accordion etc. - recommended.

World tours, official openings, TV appearances etc. permitting, I shall endeavour to root about among the local folk musos, and report shock horror findings next ish.

Be good to your ears (and mine)

MARTIN BAXTER

BURLEIGH ARMS

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ALIVE + WELL?

MARCH VIOLETS
Guildhall 3/4/86

The pre-gig publicity warned that the March Violets had spent much of their career as a support to the Cult. So it is no great surprise that the Violets wall of sound is constructed in a similar way to that of the Cult - wedges of fat flanged guitar are laid thick on the melodramatic rhythm section, but topped out with Cleo's post-Siouxsie vocal.

Under the weight of this all-drums-and-trousers treatment, most of the songs were pummelled into the same crash-thrash. There were signs of a more individual sound in some slower songs, such as 'Chasing The Dragonfly' - but even here they strayed dangerously close to Simple Minds' 'Waterfront' territory.

Their experience and confidence shows in the visual sense they display on stage; this is clearly a band that takes itself seriously and is looking for a future. But they will have to come up with more robust material - and come out from the shadow of their influences.

TOM WHITE

Being an old March Violets fan and having seen them in the past I attended this gig with apprehension expecting to be disappointed, but instead was pleasantly surprised.

The main reason for this apprehension was the recent change in leadership, Simon being usurped by Cleo who, despite being thrown in at the deep end in 1983 by joining as a backing singer five days before touring with Danse Society, has now seemed to fill the supposedly unfillable gap left by Simon's departure in early 1985.

A very good set by the support band, The Bolshoi, who have recently come to the notice of the media, and rightly so, got the audience moving leaving the Violets little to do.

Old Violets tracks such as Snake Dance, Dragonfly and Into The Sun were interspersed with their new tracks and apart from a very unusual version of Grooving In Green their playing style hasn't changed much. Neither to a point has the singing, as Cleo's backing vocals were always an integral part of the Violets songs, leaving only a few moments where Simon's dark, grating voice was sadly missing.

Overall, although their audience size hasn't changed much (always being relatively small), their type of audience has and this will definitely prove to be the main factor for the March Violets to gain popularity in the future.

SWEETEST THING

SARDINES IN RED STRIPED DRESSES
Burleigh Arms

It is always interesting to chart the progress of local bands following the Rock Competition. Sardines in Red Striped Dresses you may recall, got as far as the semi-finals of this years contest.

Ironically, it was one of the bands that contributed to the Sardines exit, Therapy, who they supported at a poorly attended gig at the Burleigh Arms recently.

The bands self description as a post punk R & B unit seems pretty accurate. They certainly play with a lot of aggression, sounding similar to early Clash. Most of their songs, which presumably come from the pen of rhythm guitarist, and ex-Rapier, Paul Weston, are short and sharp. The opening number 'Perhaps it's for the better' burns with the kind of fury and desire for which Messrs. Jones and Strummer were once so highly acclaimed. Lead vocalist, Tim Whyley may not have the greatest voice on earth, but he is at least adequate. In any case, the man sports one of those cropped hairstyles, and thus looks every bit as menacing as his band sounds, so I for one am not arguing!

Besides the protest of songs like 'The General', Sardines maintain a sense of humour illustrated best during their parody of Motorhead, a song entitled 'Motormouth'.

For their pains Sardines drew polite applause from the small audience. Attendance at any subsequent gig is recommended, for if another war breaks out, these guys are sure to get the call up!

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

THE MEN FROM UNCLE
Boat Race 9/4/86

Violent haircuts! Fans in shorts! People going crazy and being restrained by the barmaids! This can only mean one thing gore hounds...the Men From Uncle! Four chord-hungry demons hot from the pages of the Beano with poison in their guts and fire in their fingers. In other words another bloody psychobilly band.

Why is it that bands like this always leave me in two minds? Coming from the Meteors school of silliness, TMFU are tacky, trashy and great fun, hooting on like the Beach Boys with ferrets down their trousers and making jokes no-one could hear. Yet as the band squealed, scrunched and thrashed through their perfectly incompetent set, the entertainment value eventually began to pale. Music is like theatre in some ways and you can only go and see the St Neots panto so many times. So it is with psychobilly - the Men know what they want to do and do it very well, providing all present with a fun evening (incl. myself). However, is it unfair to say that I craved some individual streak, some spark of originality? The Cramps shot it through with sexual sleazy wit, the Birthday Party or Gun Club (to stretch the point) made it EVIL. The Men From Uncle just churned out the same lovable old guff and I left in a good mood but unsatisfied. In short, they are nothing special, just muzak to be mindless to.

So what have the band got? Firstly, they have a very good singer in John, a sort of Alexei Sayle/Suggs mutant with an endearing drone, inaudible banter and a suit which fitted much too well. Guitar and drums contrived to form a relentless backbeat (the guitarist is the one who holds this lot together) and they have a stunning bassist who hid. And the songs? Well, the PA was awful, but they were probably about aliens and fat girls and they were tight trash numbers which I liked a lot. One thing which spoilt the set was the choice of covers, 'Stepping Stone' and 'Brand New Cadillac' being only marginally less dull than 'Freebird', but I spotted an exquisitely butchered version of the best psycho number ever 'Escalator'. They say you can tell a lot from a bands choice and interpretation of covers but doing the ones the Pistols did is a bit obvious, and Xeroxed punk is just boring. This made it depressing to see the covers get the best reaction from a fairly inert crowd, but that's just rock 'n' roll, huh? Still, the Men showed their influences very clearly tonight and in the end I thought they were jolly fun. So my advice to you pop pickers? Check out the Men From Uncle if you want a laugh, but if you're short of cash you can borrow my copy of 'Curse Of The Mutants'. Get Down!

LUKE KELLY

THIS BEENO
Burleigh 2/4/86

A world away from the savage bass-driven grudges and hairstyle neurosis lie one of Cambridge's latest offerings:- This Beeno.

'Variety is the spice of life', as they say, and This Beeno are an enticing beacon of simplicity proving that conventional pop can be fun - in the right hands.

This Beeno are still young and this gig was far from technically correct but their set was brimming full of vitality and exuberance - features sadly lacking in these parts. Anyone who has seen the band will know that melody is of great importance to them. Sometimes it's fast, sometimes it's slow, but it's always melodic. For such a new band they have a wealth of good songs. Their set was forty minutes long but included seventeen songs. The most impressive being 'Love's got a hold on you' and the highly inventive 'Gatling gun'. Shades of Lloyd Cole perhaps but This Beeno's songs are more diverse. Personally I think they are more similar to Cambridge's own Fever Garden.

However This Beeno's sound is distinguished enough to create its own atmosphere for the audience. Kill ugly pop and go and see them!

PAUL ATTWOOD



This
Beeno

THIS BEENO/THE GLASS ASYLUM
Burleigh Arms 23/4/86

Paul Attwood reviews This Beeno's previous gig at the Burleigh elsewhere, but I must mention that the band has now been augmented by a cellist (excellent) and a backing vocalist (reservations on this): definitely a serious contender for the title of The Most Promising Young Band In The Area, currently held by The Children Of Some Tradition.

The Glass Asylum are a different kettle of fish: with yet another change in line-up (their third in the space of a year), Glass Asylum are Andy (guitar), Tim (vocals) and, making his debut tonight, Simon (bass), with drums and synth provided on backing tape. What has not changed is their (relative) inaccessibility: still the same complex song structures, intricate drum patterns, echoey submerged vocals (a pity really, for with titles like Christine Keeler, Ocean, Paperfish, Jerusalem, there are obviously some interesting lyrics swimming about in their murky pond of sound). All this does not imply criticism on my part, merely an explanation as to why Glass Asylum fail to capture the attention of the casual punter: their cause is not helped by their naive attitude on stage - there were far too many embarrassing silences between numbers, when attention was given to guitar tuning or backing tapes, and when confronted with a demand from a punter for 'Johnny B. Goode', Tim's terse response of "fuck off" is not likely to win them many new friends (on second thoughts, perhaps it might!)

What did come over well was their obvious enjoyment of each other's company on stage. Andy's continued growth in confidence and technical ability in handling guitar, Tim's persona of angst and vulnerability, Simon's physical presence and fluidity of bass patterns, all these factors augur well for the future. A difficult band on first hearing, but well worth persevering with.

PHIL JOHNSON

KATRINA AND THE WAVES
Mean Fiddler 18/4/86

Allowed out the studio after recording their second album for EMI America, and faced with a severe case of sour grapes from the UK record-buying public, (a combination of resentment at the band's success in America, and bleating adherence to the idea that there's something clever about being unlistenable), the Waves might have viewed their return to the UK stage with some trepidation. In fact, the house full signs were up an hour before they took the stage, and having bust a gut trekking round the colonies all last year, there was no danger of the band not coping with their first gig for a while. They look the same as before: neat but unassuming, with the focus very much on Katrina and Kimberley, with the rhythm section getting on with the

job in hand in true British Blues Boom style. There's something refreshingly classical about the simplicity of everything the band does, from the structuring of the songs (they start, say what they've got to say, and finish), through the stage presentation (no embarrassing pleas to clap one's hands, or desperate enquiries as to one's readiness to rock, get down, or party), to the way they can write basic pop-rock songs with words that go beyond the habitual cliches of the genre; the Waves do what they do better than anyone else, treading a tightrope between fun and seriousness and never falling off into mindlessness or pretention. And if that sounds too much to think about at a rock 'n' roll show, how about settling for a damn fine bop with brains?

They opened with a new song about Birkenhead garbage-pickers (who else could do that without shrouding it in metaphor and mystery?), a rolling stomp reminiscent of Kimberley's old 'Stockport, Cheshire', characterised by Alex Cooper's patented 'nail yer head to the floor' bass and snare drum attack; the man is positively savage. As the set progressed, the material was split roughly fifty-fifty between the first album and the new stuff. Despite dire predictions from people who had heard the new LP, I woke up the next morning singing 'Stop Trying To Prove How Much Of A Man You Is', and wondering how come it's taken all this time for a band to address the topic of male machismo with such deft humour and accuracy. Katrina was singing beautifully; she doesn't have the warmth of an Aretha, and I suspect that the current single 'Is That It?' is a touch too chest-beating to be a hit here, where what passes for 'soul' is mostly the modern black equivalent of the crooners, but I'd put her in the same league as Annie Lennox and Joplin vocally. In terms of stage presence, hers is more low-key and natural than either of them, and less striking, but where Joplin had to work hard to be one of the boys, and the tension of maintaining that stance tore her apart, Katrina can deal with an audience in a way that neither exploits her sexuality, nor denies it. She's been criticised for being too 'sensible', but that's the sort of comment that comes from people who can only accept talent if they can look down their noses at an artist for some personal failing; see Joplin, Thunders, Jim Morrison et al. I say sod 'em all, this is the right stuff!

If this were 1966, kids would be scrawling 'Kimberley Is God' on subway walls; as it is, he's one of the very few guitarists around today who aren't recycling somebody else's style, be it Eddie Van Halen, the Edge, Mark Knopfler or Adrian Belew. As a non-guitarist, I can't dissect his playing, I can only commend his melodic invention, restraint and genuine energy to anyone thinking of learning the instrument as an object lesson in musicality and true rock 'n' roll spirit. Besides, anyone who looks like Wilko Johnson's mischievous kid brother has got to be OK. By the end of the second encore, the place was heaving with people moved to dancing despite the lack of space. I went home with ringing ears and tapping toes. Gig of the year so far, no bother.

MARTIN SCOTT

NEW ORLEANS MARDI GRAS
Arts Theatre 30/3/86

The cast:

Max Collie Trombone and Master of Ceremonies.
Cy Laurie Legendary revivalist clarinet player - his Soho jazz club boasted 7000 members.
Ken Colyer Cornet and Guitar. A dogged purist, he is an inspiration at his best.
The Rhythm Aces World champions of New Orleans jazz: cheerful and competent - the Barry McGuigan's of Hot Music.
The Saints Marching Band The same faces - different paces. Old time melodies on parade.

When the Arts Theatre played host to Max Collie's Mardi Gras Show a capacity house thoroughly enjoyed an evening of traditional jazz. I use the word "Show" deliberately for this form of music is not usually staged in this way. We were promised a "Breath of the old South" and the set, with its gas-lamp and New Orleans street names, conveyed a certain atmosphere.

Max Collie, trombone, leads a spirited little band who work their way through New Orleans standards with taste and a deal of sympathy for the idiom. They also feature one or two changes of costume, togging up banjoist Jim Macintosh as a brolly-toting Marshall for a Parade Band sequence. Under the bright-toned lead of Cornetist Phil Mason, they swing from classic counterpoint to tight mainstream harmonies.

It is pleasant, comfortable and predictable. But something out of the ordinary is discernable when Max brings on the "Gov'ner", Ken Colyer. In poor health and slightly out of favour a few years ago, Ken is now enjoying something of a renaissance. A neat, pale figure, his tartan waistcoat would not disgrace a Riverboat dandy. Diffidently he approaches the mike and slides easily into "Curse of an Aching Heart". Without blowing loudly or noisily he changes the whole sound and rhythm of the band. The ensemble now hews closer to the old time collective improvisation style of Bunk Johnson and Mutt Carey. To my ears it's good - full marks to the Collie men for being able to adapt. As Ken works his way through his set I fancy that we are nearer to the core of his talent than for some years. No spectacular soloist he, but a man who guides from below and within. Nice but so easy to miss the point.

In the Theatre every show has to have a Star and the star tonight is Cy Laurie. Slim and nimble, silvery haired, strikingly handsome in his white jacket and black bow tie, he looks the epitome of the veteran matinee idol. But the clarinet is still young at heart, straight from the hard-reed Chicago School.

Accompanied only by the rhythm section, Cy applies his fierce and dirty tone to ballads - 'September Song' and tunes culled from the Johnny Dodds Washboard Band repertoire, 'Piggly Wiggly' - 'King of the Zulus' - a sprightly outing for the drummer on the latter confirms an earlier impression of brilliance.

Later we get a demonstration of Cy Laurie's own ensemble talents - very outgoing for a man who once quit the scene to go and study meditation in Rangoon!

The programme contains a spot for some Parade Band Music - no Mardi Gras would be complete without it. However, the Saints Marching Band is too small, lacking the necessary extra brass and reeds for the full sweep and power of this exciting form. They simply sound like a jazz band in march time. Still, as they leave the stage and strut their stuff through the audience, it is instructive to hear instrumental tones off-mike.

Back comes Ken Colyer with his acoustic guitar for a clutch of the blues and work songs he loves so well. It dawns on me that the soul of his cornet work might lie in the old vocal blues harmonies. Perhaps that is where he gets the peculiarly personal flavour of his playing.

The fellows play us out with one of those "Everybody on stage and blowing" finales we used to get in the old days. It's been great to see ol' So and So again.... then it hits me - this is no New Orleans Mardi Gras but an evocation of the Hampstead, Harrow and Soho clubs of the Fifties, where we were trying to hang on to the Twenties! All very fine, but jazz will have to slough off its predilection for nostalgia if it is to appeal to the younger listener.



THE LONELY - a Cambridge Institution: Cheapo Music at a Fine Price
Man on the Moon 27/3/86

If THE LONELY were a family pet, we'd have done the humane thing ages ago, by having them put down to prevent further suffering (to us, not them). Unfortunately, this band has been allowed, even encouraged, to continue to inflict on us (for far too long) their brand of Byrds/early-period Eagles country rock. One number into tonight's first set, and my attention was already beginning to stray: forget about the music (quite easy!) and let's concentrate on the individuals. Take bassist/vox BOB JAKINS, for instance; what's running through his mind as he goes through the motions? Was he thinking about the missed opportunity of living the lifestyle of a rock 'n' roll star, had he stayed with Katrina And The Waves, instead of working on the market, selling Andy's records? And what about drummer-cum-record company executive MARTIN SCOTT? Here's a man who struggles through Easter holiday traffic, taking 3½ hours to get from London to Cambridge, plays in front of a couple of dozen people, and he still smiles?? This is the guy who stumbles through the Gig Guide on Nick Barrowboy's Sunday morning radio show - Scottie even forgot to announce this gig! This leaves the leader of the pack, 'Uncle' TED KOEHORST, and his soul brother, Cambridge Rock Shop person MARC NOEL-JOHNSON, currently assisting the band on a temporary basis. I've no doubt that in the dim and distant past, these two (then) cherubic-looking guitarists were the innovators of the Cambridge music scene. Today we see two middle-aged men, heavy-jowled and overweight (no doubt as a result of good living in the 1980's - who said that austerity rules in Thatcherland?), playing the same riffs they were doing 10 years ago. Maybe their lifestyle accounts for their musical complacency - the hunger is no longer there.

However, there is a glimmer of hope for the future of THE LONELY:

- a) both vocals and guitar are much more at home with blues-based songs (I love it when you play dirty, Ted!), so perhaps they should put a greater emphasis on this type of material;
- b) an injection of new blood (vocalist, and a second guitar or keyboards person) would benefit the band;
- c) as both Ted and Martin are receptive to contemporary music, they ought to try to fuse modern ideas/structures into the traditional LONELY sound.

The gig? Undemanding, melodic rock, played with consummate professionalism - a typical LONELY performance.

PHIL JOHNSON



Red
Army
Choir

RED ARMY CHOIR
Trinity Hall 26/4/86

OK, PRIC may have got the girls screaming, and STORMED may have driven the punters into a boppin' frenzy, but the real quality music of the evening was provided by those boys of the alternative Kings College Choir. RAC do not like their music to be pigeon-holed, and tonight's set showed exactly why: their endearing mixture of melodic jangly-guitar pop songs (Funny Old World; Sarah Wednesday; Trick Of The Light; There Were People), plus those funky rhythmic numbers normally associated with RAC (When You Lied; Think I'll Go To Bed; Harry Dean - an ever improving song, presumably inspired by Harry Dean Stanton's classic line from the 1984 cult film REPO MAN: "ordinary fuckin' people - I hate 'em!") had an overall feel of a laid back late night jazz session. For my money, the highlights of the set were their Velvet Underground treatment of Abba's 'Dancing Queen' - RAC's version always gives me goosebumps - and the lazy soul sound of the closing number 'Ghetto', where Noj's trumpet solo shows his love for 60's soul music.

Whilst the personable Noj tends to grab audience attention, let us not forget that this is a band firing on all four cylinders: drums (Trevor) and bass (Mark) provide one of the tightest backdrops around, while Andy comes up with some of the classiest guitar riffs this side of PERFECT VISION's Giles. What more can I say? Shit hot!

PHIL JOHNSON

THE CHILDREN OF SOME TRADITION
THE FLOWERSHOP
Burleigh 25/3/86

The Flowershop is a name conjuring up all sorts of complex images and intricacies. Their name was somewhat misleading, however, as they nervously went through a series of out-dated poses and overworked cliches (circa 1977). Their lack of togetherness made painful viewing and the energetic sense of fun this type of music cries out for was sadly lacking. Their main problem was their female vocalist who only managed to steal a glance at the audience during the last song. The guitarist was the only member of the band who looked at all interested in what they were playing. Definitely not recommended!

The Children, full of youthful exuberance were a totally different proposition. Doubtlessly spurred on by some very 'loud' dancing they moved through their short but powerful set with verve and energy. Their best track, 'Town To Town', was even introduced as an 'old favourite' - and most of the band are still at school! It was this sort of innocent precocity that made The Children so refreshing and they danced 'til they dropped. The band have some very strong material already and have lyrics that actually mean something. I like them alot but then again I'm only an old rockist! (but too young to remember punk - the ed).

PAUL ATTWOOD

VANISHING POINT
Sea Cadet Hall 22/3/86

At the Sea Cadet Hall, The Vanishing Point cut through with an edge of genuine passion. Their aggressive and uncompromising set signalled the beginning of an era of excitement lacking from the Cambridge music scene of years past and present.

The Vanishing Point gave sweat, energy, colour - music to dance or trance to, they delivered from the hip.

John Cornell is Point's backbone, a fiery inventive drummer with enviable stamina. Gavin Langford on bass certainly exploits his full and strong potential. He assaults rather than plays, using his bass more as a lead guitar.

Next in line is vocalist Dave Middle. Young, demented and icy, his eyes dance in a tantalising yet tormented manner as he performs such songs as 'Stalie', 'O Woman', and "if you're old enough to remember" 'Harmony In My Head' (Buzzcocks).

Guitarist, Quacks, plays some quite superb solos and melodies during songs, which I'm sure the audience would appreciate more if his guitar was turned up. Despite this, he has a natural ability to weave the guitar sound, knitting together the other musical components.

The Vanishing Point are a strange magic ritual. Their music re-energises and excites. Who knows, with Lady Luck smiling over them that big break could be just around the corner.

ALAN ANDREWS

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FLOWERSHOP
RED OVER WHITE
CHILDREN OF SOME TRADITION
The Territorial, Huntingdon 28/3/86

This showcase for 3 of Huntingdon's top rock bands, reinforced the need for a regular venue in the town. Around 200 people queueing in the rain at the Territorial is a very encouraging sight indeed.

Flowershop, apparently playing only their second gig, were exceptionally competent. Rumours of their having just one song were quickly dispelled, as they powered through a fast and furious set. Flowershop are a severely hyperactive drummer, an angry charismatic bassist/vocalist, a zombie guitarist who seems to play the same funky chords but which have the annoying habit of sounding OK. Completing the line up is a tall girl singer who admittedly sings on a couple of songs but swishes around moodily on the others doing little else. They reminded me in places of the Redskins but don't take my word for it - go and see them for yourself. An excellent start to the evening.

Next up were Red Over White, "Huntingdon's finest" according to Trevor Dann. Tonight, sadly missing a second guitarist and suffering from their fair share of mike problems, Red Over White fired a volley of angry, raw, politically spiked songs to a receptive if somewhat partisan audience. Richard Dreyfuss lookalike Tim Brooks on guitar and vocals, must be one of the most promising new musicians in the area. He took the crowd through a social nightmare with songs such as 'Murderous Schools' condemning the state education system, and 'Gibraltar' (all about the aristocracy). Other songs condemned Thatcher and drugtakers - powerful messages reinforced by a razor sharp guitar and very tight bass and drums. For some sad reason, Red Over White chose to drop their anti-fur/animal rights anthem 'No Shame', in favour of some dubious re-arranged cover versions. A minor point perhaps, but this was definitely a different and vastly improved Red Over White than that which graced the halcyon Perfect Day at Hinchingsbrooke last September.

Headliners Children Of Some Tradition have come a long way from that September afternoon. The Children were really backing a winner from the start - home ground, home support etc etc, but they really are a joy to behold. Jon Haynes is an incredibly visual and enigmatic frontman, dominating and using every inch of the miniscule stage. In comparison the rest of the band move very little but for their age, play exceptionally well. Since they acquired a drummer who can keep time, COST have improved ten fold and become virtually a household name. Commercial? Yes, but definitely the group who would have won the Rock Competition (had it not been fixed). They performed a restrained set, very similar to that witnessed in the Rock Competition, but nonetheless songs full of melody, intricacy and, on occasion, meaningful lyrics. 'Last Resort' and 'Town To Town' were devoured by the fan club, while 'Jewelbox' must be the best thing they've ever written. The Children played their hearts out and deserved their encore, but for reasons still to be revealed, chose to play 'Town To Town' yet again. They can't be short of material already surely?

These three bands will go a long, long way. The support is there, the talent is there, the enthusiasm is there. Where? Huntingdon you ignorant bastards.

LUKE WARM

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THERAPY
Burleigh 28/3/86

Good Friday at the Burleigh provided a good evening's entertainment - even if it wasn't exactly all as Therapy had planned.

Finalists in this years Rock Competition, they produced a set of loud, brash music which what it lacked in style, was made up for in enthusiasm.

The somewhat later than advertised start of 10pm ensured that the notorious Burleigh Arms sweatshop was at steaming capacity and opening the set with 'I told you' heralded the start of a smoothly run first half. Unfortunately, it was not to be maintained throughout the set.

Audience enthusiasm matched the band's high spirits as halfway through the particularly short set saw the now predictable "Herbs" originated dancing break out with what could only be described as a handful of over excited, selfish onlookers taking the floor and leaving the remainder of the large audience who didn't want their jaws broken obliged to take to the walls.

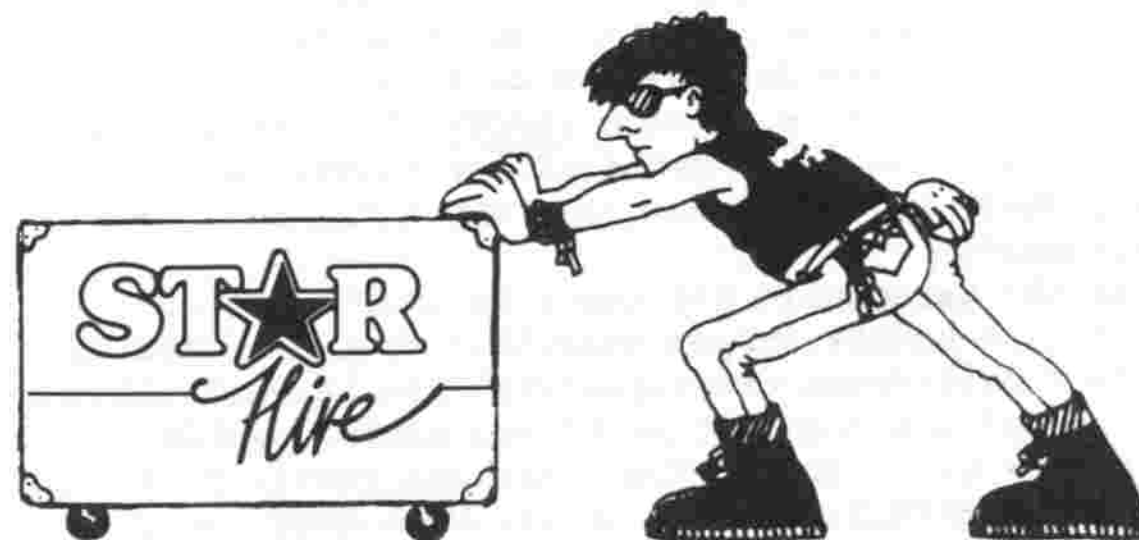
This was not only annoying for those who had come to see the band but also for Therapy who ran through a rather eventful cover of 'Next to you' which saw bassist Stuart Adams hopping frantically between duff mikes due to audience interference with the stage.

"Hard days night" was an interesting cover and an effort at salvaging the shambles after the raucous dancing, but continued sound problems forced Stuart and Simon to bawl down the same mike.

Encoring with a distinctly FGTH version of 'Born to run' seemed a lively note to leave the gyrating audience. However, Therapy seemed intent on rectifying our earlier punishment of 'Next to you'. By this stage the equipment, along with Therapy, was exhausted and they went out with Stuart Adams' voice sounding like it was fed through a vacuum cleaner.

Once Therapy begin to control their audience reaction to anything uptempo - especially when confined to the Burleigh - then their tight punchy songs will establish them as a Cambridge band well worth seeing.

WENDY & HEATHER LLOYD



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COMPETITION ①

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SCENEWORD

COMPILED BY H. WRYNECK.

ACROSS:

1. LOCAL ROCK MAGAZINE (5,3,5)
8. HOW LONG BAND.
9. IF TWO BANDS WON THE ROCK COMPETITION.
10. RULES THE WAVES.
12. TIBETAN BUDDHIST PRIEST.
13. TO RUN IN THE U.S.A.
14. FRENCH EXISTENTIALIST.
15. SEALED WITH A VERY LOVING

KISS (ABBREVIATION).

17. THE DRIFTERS' ROOF (2,2)
18. NOT ONLY BUT....
19. MUSICIANS MAY BE FOUND IN THEM WHEN NOT GIGGING OR IN THE PUB.
22. QUO IN THE SUN.
24. TRADITIONALLY, IN BRIGHT SPIRITS (!).
25. LIVE MUSIC TIME AT THE ALMA.

DOWN:

1. RURAL RECORDING ROOMS (6,7).
2. LOCAL MUSICIANS DO THIS OUT WITH THEIR LIVING.
3. COLLECTION OF ICELANDIC SONGS.
4. MEMBER OF 'SPORTY' LOCAL GROUP.
5. CUT WITH A GUITAR.
6. WHAT SOME MUSICIANS CALL THEIR MUKK (6,4,3).
7. THE LANDLORD IS NOT AWARE AT PRESENT
10. FLOWER POWER GARMENTS.
11. SANTANA'S SUPREME BEING.
16. HEARING ONLY BAD NEWS (5,1-ABBREVIATED).
20. ONE IS NOT ENOUGH FOR FEARS.
21. WHEN THE PUBS AREN'T CLOSED.
23. TO THE BEAT.
24. COLLOQUIAL PERFORMANCE.

1st Prize - £5 record token and a Scene & Heard T-Shirt.

2nd Prize - 5 Scotch tapes and a Scene & Heard T-Shirt.

3rd Prize - Scene & Heard T-Shirt

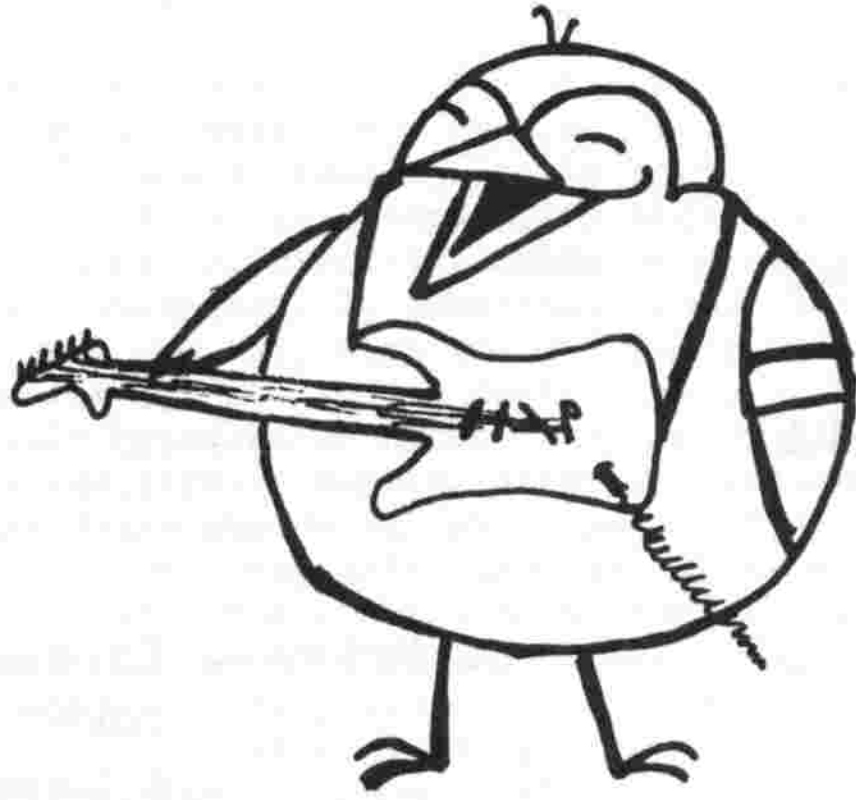
To win one of these prizes, send your completed (or nearly completed) crossword to Paul Christoforou, 53 Kingston Street, Cambridge.
Closing date July 1st.

COMPETITION ②

The Lodge Studio (situated in Clare, Suffolk) are offering one free night session at their 24 track recording studio as the prize for this competition. All you have to do is answer these three simple questions:

- 1) Name three of the four members of Perfect Vision?
- 2) Which band were runners-up in this years Rock Competition?
- 3) Who played at the first Scene & Heard benefit gig back in April?

Entries should be sent to 'Competition', 17 Gunning Way, Cambridge, CB4 3SQ.
Closing date 1st July 1986.



GIG GUIDE

MAY

- 23rd Burleigh - Louie, Louie
Melbourn - Frigidaires
- 25th Burleigh - John Slaughter Blues Band (lunchtime)
Glasshouse - Perfect Vision (lunchtime)
Crown - Odds 'n' Sods (lunchtime)
Cresset - Steeleye Span
Gladstone Arms - In Vogue
Oxcart - Rutland Rockets
Boat Race - The Lonely
Melbourn - Strange Brew, Colonel Gomez, The Force,
Dr Skull + the Crossbones, This Beeno,
Eddie + the Crabs, Landlord Doesn't
Know Yet.
- 26th Burley on the Hill Show - Care For A Waltz, Rutland
Rockets, March to the Grave, Booze Bros.,
+ Red Moon.
Boat Race - Dr Skull + the Crossbones
- 27th Gladstone Arms - Thunderchild
- 28th Beaton's, Stamford - March To The Grave
Crown - John Slaughter Blues Band
Floods, St Ives - Turning Point
Burleigh - By Moonlight
- 29th Gladstone Arms - Rhythm Method
Crown - The Union
Boat Race - Worlds End Band
Burleigh - Frigidaires
- 30th Waterloo, Huntingdon - Turning Point
Burleigh - Mood Assassins
Melbourn - Ugly
- 31st St. Neots Kings Head - Trux
Alma - The Principle

JUNE

- 1st Glasshouse - Double Yellow Line (lunchtime)
Gladstone Arms - Rutland Rockets
Boat Race - The Frigidaires
Burleigh - The Heretics
- 3rd Gladstone Arms - The Margin
- 4th Floods, St. Ives - Feet First
Boat Race - Geoff Taylor Blues Quartet
Burleigh - Louie, Louie
- 5th Gladstone Arms - The Waiting Hour
Boat Race - Amadeus Boldwicket
- 6th Waterloo - Sovereign
Burleigh - The Lonely
Melbourn - Rebecca Wolf
- 7th Waterloo - Darkness At Noon
St Neots Kings Head - Quadro
Alma - Robyn Hitchcock + the Egyptians
Strawberry Fair, Midsummer common - The Barhibilies,
Dr Skull + the Crossbones, Dr Soul, The
Herbs, The Lonely, Spinal Chord, The
Killdares, Rumour Has It, Icení, Stormed,
Sunugal, Mood Assassins, Apes In Control,
Vanishing Point, Hondo.
- 8th Boat Race - The Sidewinders
Glasshouse - John Otway (lunchtime)
Gladstone Arms - Indiscipline
Oxcart - Motivators
- 9th Crown - Hunters Club
- 10th Gladstone Arms - Hard Road
- 11th Crown - Mick Davison's Blues guests

- 12th Burleigh - President Reagan Is Clever
Boat Race - Soul Trader
Kings College - Misty In Roots, 3 Mustapha's, Red
Army Choir. £9
- 13th Burleigh - Rumour Has It
Melbourn - Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
Jesus College - Flesh For Lulu, Screaming Blue
Messiahs, We've Got A Fuzzbox and We're
Gonna Use It, Rip Cage, Attila The
Stockbroker. £12
- 14th Alma - Dr Soul
Fisher Hall, Huntingdon - Perfect Vision, President
Reagan Is Clever, Vanishing Point, Flowershop
Crown - 32/20
Waterloo - KGB
St Neots Kings Head - Madcap Laughs
- 15th Boat Race - Dr Soul
Glasshouse - Len Bright Combo (lunchtime)
Gladstone Arms - Lloyd Watson Band
Oxcart - This Beeno
- 16th Crown - Ha Ha Mr Wolf
Churchill College - That Petrol Emotion, ACR £10
Sidney Sussex College - Terry & Gerry, Dave Kelly,
The Lonely £15
- 17th Gladstone Arms - Bash Street
- 18th Boat Race - In Flight
- 19th Boat Race - Amadeus Boldwicket
Gladstone Arms - 32/20
- 20th Burleigh - Therapy
Melbourn - Touched
Waterloo - Icení
- 21st St Neots Kings Head - Colonel Gomez
Alma - Rover Boy Combo
Fisher Hall, Huntingdon - Men From Uncle, Killdares,
Children Of Some Tradition
- 22nd Glasshouse - The Lonely + Only On A Sunday (lunch
time)
- 24th Gladstone Arms - Rick Howlett Blues Band
- 26th Gladstone Arms - Lifestyle
Boat Race - Feet First
- 27th Oakham School - March To The Grave
Waterloo - Rebecca Wolf
Burleigh - Montreal
Melbourn - KGB
- 28th Alma - President Reagan Is Clever
St Neots Kings Head - Rebecca Wolf
Waterloo - This Beeno
- 29th Glasshouse - The Bible & Darkness At Noon (lunch
time)
Boat Race - Dr Skull
Gladstone Arms - KGB
- 30th Gradpad - PRIC, SPIKE, Frigidaires, This Beeno,
Dr Soul, Feet First. £6.50
- ## JULY
- 1st Gladstone Arms - Hire 'em & Fire 'em
- 3rd Gladstone Arms - Stormed
- 4th Waterloo - Turnham Green
- 5th St Neots Kings Head - 32/20
- 6th Glasshouse - Energy (lunchtime)
Gladstone Arms - Slap & Tickle
- 8th Gladstone Arms - Wackie Backie Boogie Band
- 9th Crown - Hire 'em & Fire 'em
- 10th Gladstone Arms - Icení
- 11th Lady Lodge Arts Centre - The Amazing Mr Smith
Waterloo - Terry Taylor's Hot Dogs
- 13th Gladstone Arms - Trux
- 15th Gladstone Arms - Switch
- 17th Gladstone Arms - Next
- 19th St Neots Kings Head - Icení
- 20th Gladstone Arms - Darkness At Noon
- 22nd Gladstone Arms - Eddie Scratch & The Crabs
- 23rd Crown - Colin Hodgkinson

USEFUL NUMBERS

27

Accelerators - 328237
This Beeno - 871516
Between The Lines - 892736
The Bible - 353137
Blind Mice - Saffron Walden 30645
Camera Shy - Histon 3816
Children Of Some Tradition (0480) 58440
Colonel Gomez - Ely 741016
Cri De Coeur - Caxton 467
Julian Dawson - 323158
Deviance - 60701
Dr Skull - 322438
Double Yellow Line - Cottenham 50405
Exploding Hamsters - 63172
Fever Garden - Hugh 333200
Filthy Rich - St Ives 66407
Flowershop - (0480) 50124
The Flying Patrol Group (0480) 63541
The Force - 832843
Frigidaires - 247136
Glass Asylum - 276408
The Herbs - 860665
Hondo - 315909
In Flight - 327124
Jack The Bear - Royston 61295
The Lonely - 246670
Louie Louie - 242792
The Lovely - 860618
Mac and White - 840436
Montreal - 246045
Mood Assassins - Comberton 3875
Perfect Vision - 313564

President Reagan Is Clever - 328823
The Principle - (0954) 80150
Red Over White - (0487) 822832
Rover Boy Combo - 355702
RT's Wasp Club - 357495
Rumour Has It - 350006
Snap! Cabinet - 323571
Spike - 240349
Stand Point - 316945
Stormed - 871319
Strange Brew - 243424
Therapy - 843157
Trux - Crafts Hill 31550
Vanishing Point - Histon 4504
Worlds End Band - 246327
909's - 243144

Recording Studios

Spaceward - 9889 600
Kite Studios - 313250
Cheops - 249889
Skysound - 358644
School Hse Studios - Bury St Eds 810723
Stable Studios - Ware 871090
The Lodge - Clare 27811
Metronome Studios - Chatteris 3949
Thatched Cottage - Bedford 771259
Makka - 66534
Lizard - 248877

Photography

Chris Hogge - 350799

Video Recording

Neil Roberts - 210320
PTV Productions - 0480 61900
Spaceward - 9889 600

Venues

The Alma - 64965
Burleigh Arms - 316881/241996
Man On The Moon - 350610
Guildhall - 358977
Sea Cadet Hall - 353172 (evenings)
Midland Tavern - 311719
Boat Race - 313445
Melbourn Rock Club - Royston 61725

Lights Hire

Just Lites - 0954 50851
Softspot - 244639
D. Lights Design - 844500
Paul Vincent - 0462 894732
Star Hire - 0480 411159
Fuzzy - 870651
Purple Hire - 0462 894732
Melbourn Rock Club - Royston 61725

PA Hire

Stavros - 245047
Skysound - 358644
Cheops - 249889
Cambridge Rock - 316091
Fuzzy - 870651
Star Hire - 0480 411159
Purple Hire - 0462 894732
Melbourn Rock Club - Royston 61725
Flite Audio - 316094
Chings - 315909

MEMBER
APRS
ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSIONAL
RECORDING STUDIOS



SPACEWARD STUDIOS

For full details phone (035 389) 600
The Old School, High St. Stretham, Cambs. CB6 3LD

8 Strawberry Fair - Sat 7th JUNE 1986

This year sees the thirteenth Strawberry Fair, to be held as usual on Midsummer Common. In keeping with tradition, events start with a procession through the City centre around noon, followed by a huge variety of entertainment on the common.

Music always plays a major part in the event and this year a record number of bands, 64, applied to take part. The lucky fifteen represent a fair cross-section of musical styles, so there will be something for everyone. The re-introduction of the outdoor stage, for the afternoon session should prove beneficial to all concerned - provided the weather holds out!

It should be remembered by all, aside from the bands playing for free, the fair itself is run entirely by volunteers, to raise money for local childrens charities. For the first time the organisers are bringing out a twenty page programme priced 25p. Please buy their publication in order to support the event.

THE LINE-UP

Bands:Afternoon:Outdoor Stage

12.30-1.05 - The Barhillbillies

Lighthearted bluegrass combo, should go down well with a lunch time pint (or two).

1.10-1.45 - Dr Skull & The Crossbones

Led by the incomparable Viv Raynor this lot played all day at last years fair! In many ways Dr Skull epitomize what events like Strawberry Fair are all about. If you've never seen them busking outside the Grafton Centre or a thousand and one other places, where have you been?

1.50-2.25 - Dr Soul

It will be interesting to see how this bar room blues/soul band adapt to the great outdoors.

2.30-3.05 - The Herbs

The popular surf/pop/garage band, whose very existence has been in question recently play their first Strawberry Fair.

3.10-3.45 - The Lonely

Despite having been around for seven years this is the first Strawberry Fair appearance for The Lonely. With musical influences drawn from the Sixties Ted and the boys should feel at home in this setting.

3.50-4.30 - Spinal Chord

Odd combination of traditional instruments, played in a less than traditional manner. Apparently the bands fiddle player has just been elected to Cambridge City Council!

Bands:Evening:Main Stage

4.45-5.15 - The Killdares

The nearest thing to an authentic Sixties garage band in town, start the evenings entertainment.

5.20-5.50 - Rumour Has It

Funky, soul influenced soul outfit who seem to cram more people into the Burleigh Arms than most. Good singer and outstanding saxophonist within their ranks.

5.55-6.25 - Iceni

Time for a touch of heavy metal, from the only band on show that also entered this years Rock Group Competition.

6.30-7.00 - Stormed

Stormed's manic stage act went down very well at last years 'fair'. Their appearance at this years event was however in some doubt at the time of going to press.

7.05-7.35 - Sunugal

Large ensemble, lots of african reggae rhythms. Most members of the band form part of Hondo (and vice versa).

7.40-8.10 - Mood Assassins

Solid rock unit with a sound every bit as menacing as their name suggests. Mood Assassins do not play too often. Their lead guitarist and vocalist David Gower headed the Strawberry Fair selection committee which guarenteed them this gig at least!

8.15-8.45 - Apes In Control

Off-shoot of the now defunct Your Dinner. Stage act is just as amazing.

8.50-9.20 - Special Guests (to be announced)

9.20-finish. -Hondo

Seem to be back after 2-3 years of inactivity. One of the most popular live acts ever to emerge from Cambridge bring Strawberry Fair '86 to a close.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU



The Killdares

KEY THEATRE

GLASSHOUSE

ROCK CLUB

Noon - 2pm. Membership £1 (to Sept.)

Admission 75p. Members' children Free

May 25	Perfect Vision
June 1	Double Yellow Line
June 8	John Otway (£1.50)
June 15	Len Bright Combo (£1)
June 22	The Lonely and Only On A Sunday
June 29	The Bible and Darkness At Noon
July 6	Energy

Cambus service 151 leaves Cambridge at 10.25 am, via Huntingdon 11.10, arrives P'boro 11.50. Starts back 2.10pm. £2.50. (Use Woolworths bus stop in Bourges Boulevard).

Bands: send demos, records, info to Andrew Clifton, 9 Church Road, Conington, Peterborough PE7 3QJ.