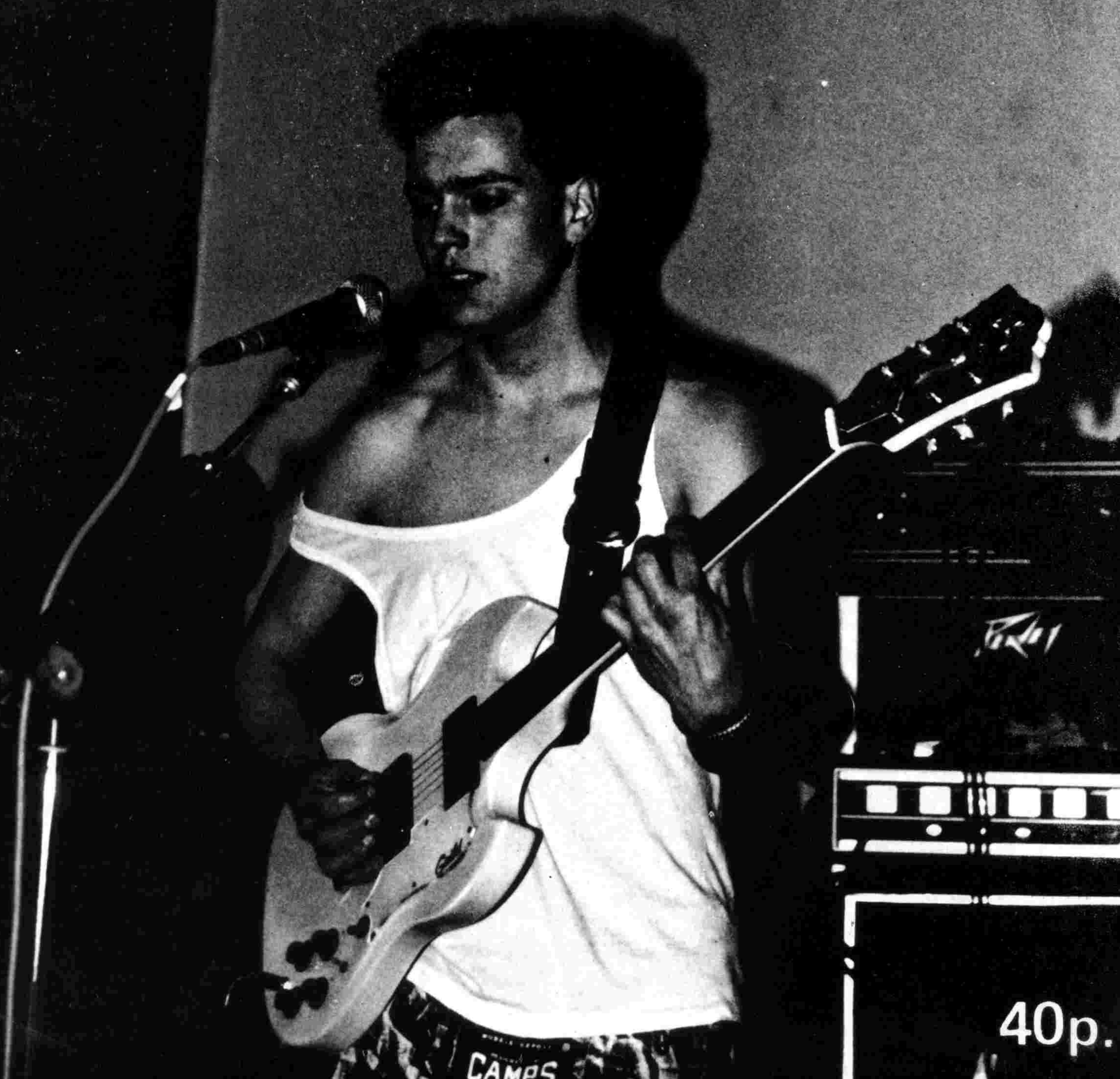


# SCENE AND OVERHEARD

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL ROCK RAG

STORMED—MOOD ASSASSINS—PLEASURE HEADS  
WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX.....AND LOTS MORE



40p.



## EDITORIAL

O.K.—the Summer's over, the kids are back to College, and Scene & Heard's back on the streets, with a new editorial team (Bye-Bye, Paul Attwood), old in body, but young at heart—the spirit of '76 still lives! This issue is full of what you've come to expect from S & H—informative, controversial, bitchy, banal, witty, shitty ... The discerning reader may notice that there has been a slight change of policy in this issue: we are becoming less parochial, and are now featuring bands who have little connection with the Cambridge area (of course, the fact that we have already featured most of the local bands of any import in previous issues has absolutely nothing to do with this decision!). Thus, Vanishing Point and Stormed drummer John Cornell tells us about his infatuation with Fuzzbox; and in our next issue one of our regular 'professional' contributors, Jon Lewin, of Making Music, chats with the Icicle Works. Also in the next issue we shall have a special contribution from ex-Clare College student Chris Heath (now Reviews Editor of Smash Hits)—an interview with Frankie goes to Hollywood (we'll print anything!).

And what's been happening on the local scene in the past three months? Well, if you live in Cambridge—very little: gigs have been dominated by the 'Establishment' bands—The Lonely, The Frigidaires, The 909's, The Light Blues Band. As I write these notes, The Frigidaires, are playing one of their fortnightly Friday night gigs at the Burleigh, to be followed by yet another appearance at the Boat Race in a couple of days—what next, may I ask: an interview in Scene & Heard? On the other hand, if you live in Peterborough, you've had the chance in recent weeks to see Gene Loves Jezebel, The Three Johns, Balaam and the Angel, Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, Peter Murphy, Bob Hope To Die; The Shop Assistants and The Mission will play there in the next few weeks. Even sleepy little Huntingdon seems a hive of activity when compared to Cambridge. Already our enterprising Council has lined up Lindisfarne—wow! I can hardly stifle the yawns.

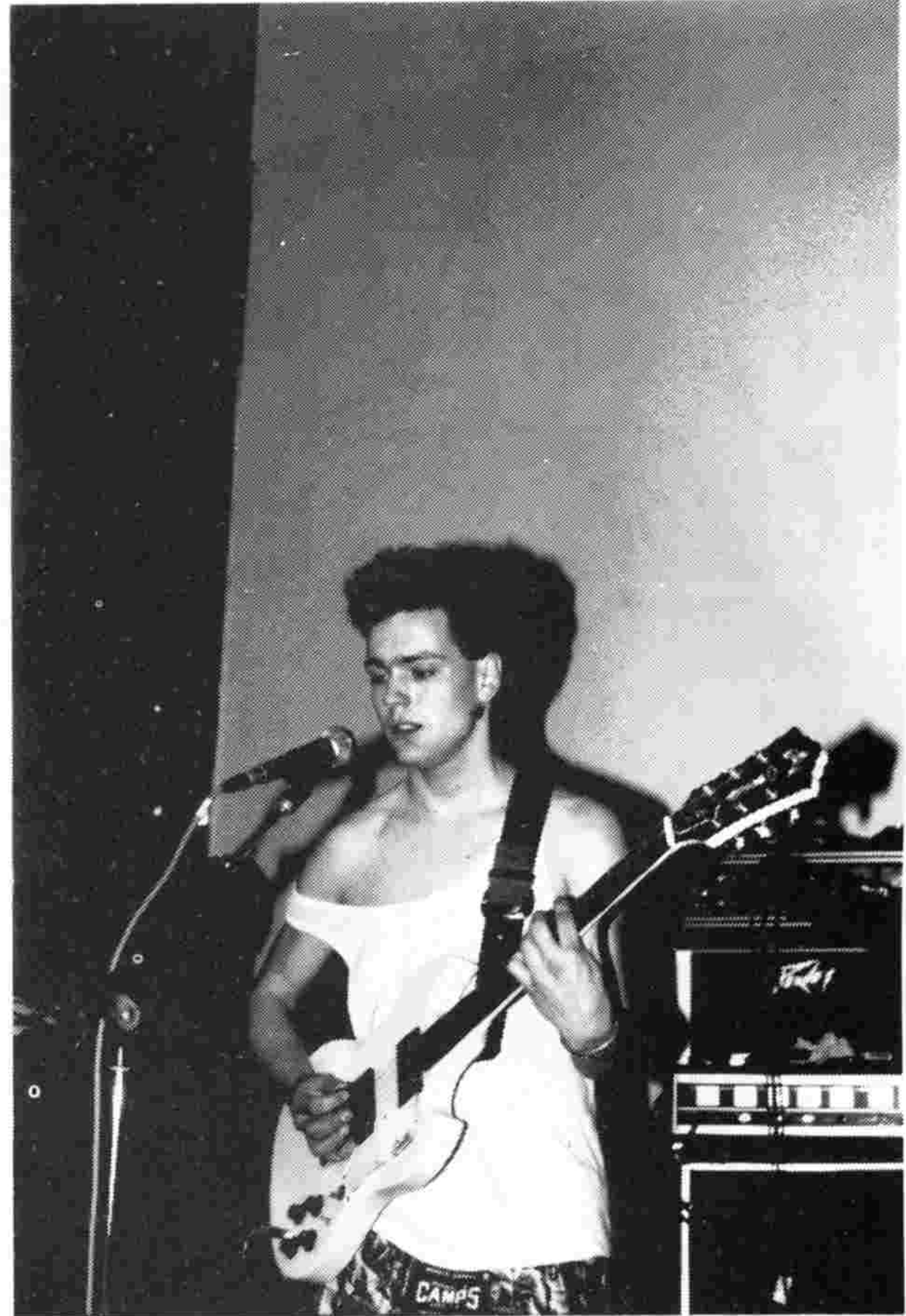
But enough of this prattle: let's get on with the show, and record our thanks to the landlords of the Burleigh, the Alma and the Boat Race for at least providing facilities for regular live music; and to President Reagan Is Clever and The Principle, two bands determined to lose their 'local' tag, for playing at our promotion gig for this issue—best of luck to both bands!

PHIL JOHNSON

The next issue of Scene & Heard will be out in early January 1987, probably to coincide with the 3rd Cambridge Rock Group Competition: contributions for the next issue should be sent to either editor by 30th November. The success, or otherwise, of this magazine depends on you: we want this magazine to reflect as wide a taste in rock music as possible. Don't wait to be asked to contribute—get your pens and papers out now, kiddies, and do the business: if you don't, we know who you are, and we'll be around, knocking on your door at an inconvenient time.

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IAIN HENDERSON  
PRESIDENT REAGAN IS CLEVER

Cover photograph by Paul Christoforou

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Special thanks to our man on the keyboard, Harry Davis, without whose blood, sweat and many tears this issue would not have been possible.

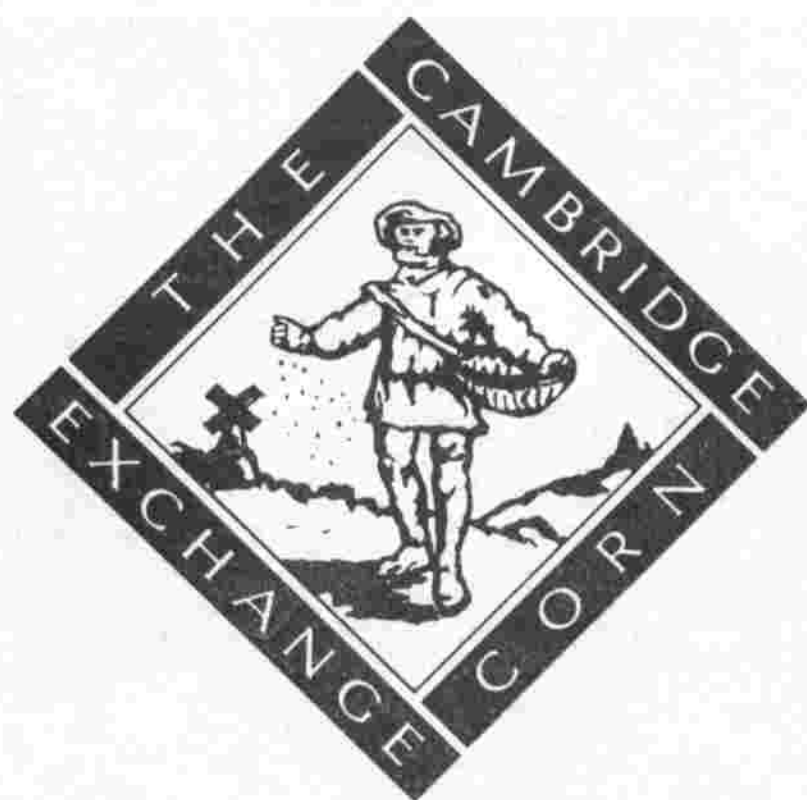
This edition of 'Scene & Heard' is dedicated to the memory of Richard Anthony Clark, 11.8.51-26.9.86.

### STOP PRESS

Bad news from Vagabond—It has folded, due to a lack of finance and support. Please consider our feature on page 12 a retrospective look at Vagabond's past



# THE CORN EXCHANGE



## THE GOLDEN DAZE OF THE CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE

Very shortly, the new refurbished Cambridge Corn Exchange will be opened to the public with a season of Gala Concerts. Although the increased capacity and better facilities will mean the arrival of 'top line' acts in Cambridge, it will never be as exciting as it was in its Golden Age; the late sixties through to 1977. In those heady days it was very spartan; no seats, minimal heating in winter, atrocious acoustics and toilets that looked and 'stunk' as if they had been bombed-out in World War Two! But the bands, and the music they produced, as well as the great atmosphere amongst the audience, overcame all the dire conditions and together produced the Corn Exchange's 'GOLDEN DAZE'. Many big names played there, some already established, and some on the way up. The Who, The Kinks, Genesis, Status Quo, Black Sabbath, U.F.O., Judas Priest, Barclay James Harvest, Rory Gallaher, Wishbone Ash, Thin Lizzy (R.I.P. Phil Lynott), Fairport Convention, Lindisfarne, Hawkwind, Golden Earing, Curved Air and Mott the Hoople (on the same bill as the Hare Krishna Temple!!), all played the Exchange. But it was not just the big names that made it so great, there were many lesser known acts whose memory will also be cherished; Country Joe McDonald, Spirit, Steve Hillage, Greenslade, Nektar, P.F.M., Syd Barnetts Stars, M.C.5, Man, Stray, Tir Na Nog, Son House, Slowhand, and Sha Na Na were also superb; and Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come (remember 'Fire') featured Arthur Brown himself acting the part of then Prime Minister Edward Heath turning into a Traffic Light!!!! And it was the Pink Fairies who probably played there the most, the ultimate Hippy Band, their gigs were a chaotic legend.

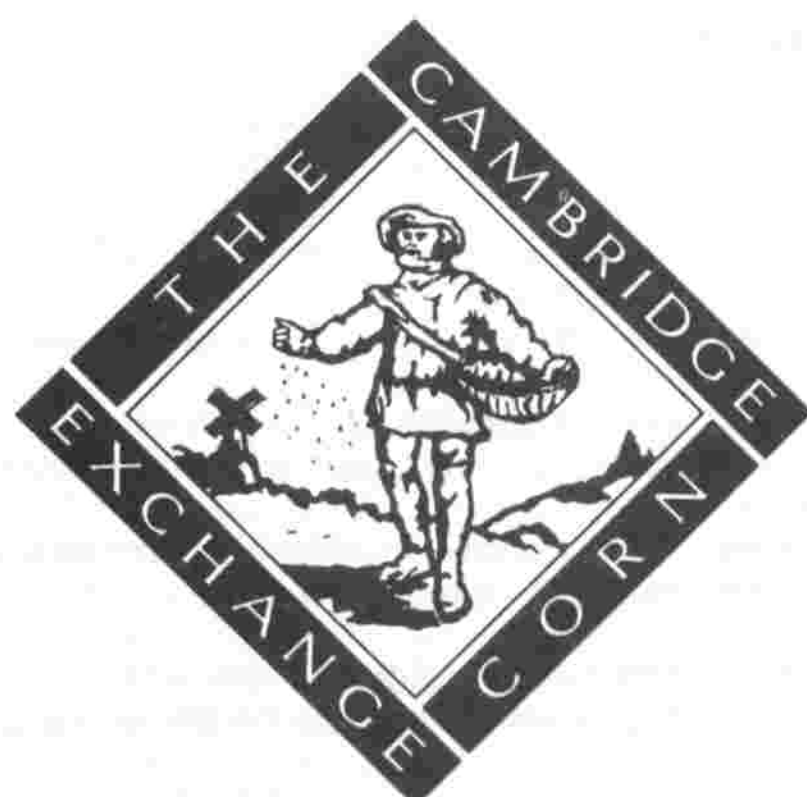
And then there was the audience, who would often start queuing up hours before the doors opened in sometimes appalling weather. Durint the ten years, that I attended gigs at the exchange, I never saw one act of violence despite the large Biker contingent. The only hassle was that one needed to be careful to avoid the comatose and copulating bodies as well as the beer-induced vomit on the floor when going to the 'Bar' or 'Bogs'!!

I found it ironic that the biggest imbibers of Dring & Drugs were American servicemen from the local bases, and it still chills me, when I think back, that one of these so-called 'protectors' of the 'free(?)', told me that he had on one occasion flown his Phantom Jet Fighter on half a tab of L.S.D.!!!!

In the late 70's Punk Rock came along, and brought the violence of the football terraces with it. Rock music had died at the hands of shallow manipulators, McLaren & Rhodes; and the overated Clash and Sex Pistols. When the Damned played the Exchange, the venue died, it was the end of an era, and those who had been there every week for a decade called it a day.

Lets face it, Rock was killed by Punk, and when you see today's so-called Rock & Pop 'Stars' bowing to the 'Royal Parasites' on T.V', you realise that it's beyond resuscitation!

JOHN HOWARTH



## THE CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE INTO THE FUTURE

After what must seem like an eternity, the Corn Exchange will be back on the scene again by the end of the year. For those too young to remember, the Corn Exchange was a fairly basic(!) hall used for roller disco's, beer festivals, fairs and rock concerts. Unforgettable evenings spent in the company of the Undertones, the Stranglers, the Damned, the Ramones, the Members, the Ruts, Altered Images and the Skids were common events, and their like will be again. The only difference will be in the facilities offered to both performers and punters. Backstage are decent dressing rooms, a stage of up to 10 metres deep, a Bose PA. A good lighting system with overstage bars and Eclipse Zero 88, 72 channel desk, including two follow spots positioned at the rear of the balcony.

To make the maximum use of the venue for rock concerts there is likely to be a two-price structure in order that the ground floor auditorium can be cleared of all seating so as to use the ground floor as it always was—an open area for those who wish to stand and enjoy the concert—while the balcony holding 489 with its fixed seating will be available for rock/pop fans who wish to sit and enjoy the concert.

It is hoped that the whole venue will take 1,470 in the audience, which should mean that for the first time for many years, in fact since the early days of the Corn Exchange, Cambridge will be on the major rock promoters circuit, as well as having major concerts promoted by its own Amenities and Recreation Department.

The bars, the dressing rooms, the quality of the lighting and the sound it is hoped will turn the old Corn Exchange into the sort of venue that lss the people of Cambridge will wish to use, and that artistes so far excluded from Cambridge for lack of a venue will want to perform in.

## ROCK GROUP COMPETITION

The 1987 Cambridge Rock Group Competition will be held in the Corn Exchange.

The six weekly heats will commence on Thursday 8th January, with the semi-finals on 19th and 26th February, and the Final on 5th March 1987.

Further details and application forms should be available at the beginning of November.

Bands entering will be well advised to notify S & H for possible inclusion in our next issue.



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# LET'S VIEW THE BANDS!

## MOOD ASSASSINS IN THE MOOD

I first caught an earful of Mood Assassins at Strawberry Fair '85, where I was instantly struck by the band's solid rock sound. Just over a year later and the M A's, led by David Gower, have altered their style to some degree. I accosted the band in order to get the low down prior to one of their live gigs recently.

A diplomatic man is Mr. Gower. He insisted he is singer and guitarist and plays some keyboards, as opposed to being called the lead guitarist. 'We don't like those horrible distinctions'. The other members of the band are Phil Dark (bass) Doc Def (his real name is Paul)—percussion. Simon—drums, and second guitarist Pete Robertson, who was not available for comment(s).



How long have Mood Assassins been going, and what sort of music are you aiming to play?

D.G. 'About 1½ years'.

P.D. 'Shit hot music. We started off being really serious about it, then we realised that was a load of shit'.

D.G. 'We're a radical funk band'

P.D. 'We used to have that solid rock feel, but we're trying to get rid of that. Doc and Phil put the funk in'.

What changes within the band have brought about the switch in emphasis?

D.G. 'We had a guy on guitar called Carlos, and now we've got Pete instead of him. Doc came along at about the same time and that's it'.

P.D. 'We're hypocritical about material, there's loads of stuff that's good, but it's a case of trying to get a contrasting set'.

P.D. 'It's not just that, it's what the whole band feels happy with'.

How close are you now to getting what you feel is required?

D.G. 'We've got a core—we need 3 or 4 more good numbers'.

Who writes the songs? P.D. 'All of us—we just sort of jam them, when we've got a gig coming up'.

D.G. 'We jam, we tape the jam, then we listen to it. We take the good bits out and we make songs of them'.

Who writes the lyrics?

D.G. 'I write the words'.

P.D. 'He changes them when we tell him to'

D.G. 'We want to be like 'A Certain Ratio''.

P.D. 'No, no we've all got influences, but we want to conjure up something that is ours so we can all enjoy what we're doing'.

Simon 'If we can cross all the things that we like then that will be ideal'

Are you an ambitious band?

'Sometimes' say Doc and Simon.

D.G. 'The potential is there—it's organisation and things like that'.

P. D. 'We're all fairly committed'.

D.G. 'Phil and I get into the studio quite a lot. Phil's setting up a studio in Kingston. We've recorded on it and the quality of some of the demos is terrific. It's like the Rolls Royce of eight track. If you know how to use an eight track then you don't miss the other eight tracks or whatever'.



How about making a record then?

P.D. 'Well eventually yeah, when we feel we've got the right song, and enough capital'.

D.G. 'We've got the video going in France which we made at World Video that's nothing to do with having lots of money'.

P.D. 'None of us have got any money'.

There's not a lot of money to be made is there?

D.D. 'Not in Cambridge. Cambridge is a cesspit'.

P.D. 'You can get by if you're careful'.

D.G. 'We've got our own publishing tied up that's one good thing and we get £130 every time our video is shown on French TV'.

'These are attempts at getting money and getting our name about'.

What about gigs?

Simon 'We haven't played very often but we've played more recently'.

D.G. 'We had a bit of a gap when we weren't doing anything'.

P.D. 'Because we lost our guitarist we went through a phase in the change over. We'll play gigs if we can find them'.

Would you say you'd built up a following?

D.D. 'There's me girlfriend, there's me pet dog'.

P.G. 'There are some people that always come to see us'.

Simon 'You see up until now we haven't been accessible so we're trying to be a bit more accessible so more people will come to see us'.

D.G. 'We usually get a fair sized crowd when we play the Burleigh Arms'.

You do seem to be trying to create a distinctive sound.

Simon 'We try to be interesting. We are trying to avoid your average Cambridge twangy guitar sound, I personally find that repulsive'.

Tell me about the song 'Guns to Africa'.

P.D. 'That was one of our first songs'.

Simon 'People like it, it's got catchy chords'.

P.D. 'It was topical at the time, Maggie (Thatcher) went on a tour of the East and Dave was inspired by the situation, Britain selling weapons, etc'.

Simon 'Don't take it too seriously, we're not a political band!'

How long before we have some recording from the Mood Assassins?

P.D. 'Because we've got the studio we will be able to do some recording, were still at an early stage with new songs, it should be soon though'.

D.G. 'I think we'll make some incredible recordings, we're good enough but we haven't got enough material'.

Will the band move to London if things take off?

D.G. 'We don't really want to move to London—we'll see how it goes'.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU



# THE PRINCIPLE

*Information:* The Principle formed in October '85 as The Domino Principle. They got through to the semi-final of the 1986 Cambridge Rock Group Competition, with some catchy lightweight pop songs. They've appeared on the 'Ways To Move' and 'If You Can't Stand The Beat ...' compilation tapes. Their live set consists of a relatively large number of covers, and their own songs cover a wide variety of styles. Their drum machine has recently been replaced by a real, human drummer.



*The beginning:* RAY (Mumford, manager) "I started doing some work with Claire, and when she introduced me to Steve (Buttercase), frankly I was really impressed with the guitar work. When I heard he was getting a band together, I went to see them, and that was it! Claire was really keen on fronting the band, and there was no question about how it was going to be done—it suddenly became a unit, as opposed to just working with the band."

CLAIRE (Brooker, vocals): "And we conned him into managing the whole lot of us!"

*The Music:* RICHARD (Laidlow, keys): "There's no fixed direction. We're not playing at being jack of all trades, it's just the way it comes out. It comes out as a pop number because it feels right when we're doing it. Simple as that."

STEVE: "Dynamics is what we're trying to get, from a shout to a whisper in one set."

RAY: "What we don't want is every number to sound the same; therefore as a song is developed, whichever way it goes naturally, that's the way it goes. We don't try to control it and say 'Oh no, that's not within our parameter of sound.'"

*Covers:* STEVE: "A lot of people actually do enjoy covers at gigs, and there's a lot of people who have to be catered for. I mean you could say you should be yourself, but no band is really: they wouldn't be in a band if they were just for themselves, they'd still be playing in the bedroom." . . . . .

CLAIRE: "The general feeling in the band is that we would like to get rid of the covers, but only when we can replace them with our own material that is strong enough to come in. We don't want to bring in half-baked songs just for the sake of it. That is the crux of the matter, that is why we do covers, because we want to entertain people."

STEVE: "The only covers that we are keeping at the moment are ones we've given our own interpretation to."

RAY: "The target within a fairly short space of time is to end up with a good evening's entertainment with no more than about four covers."

*The business:* RICHARD: "You have to produce a product that people want to buy, in order to do that you have to package it properly, you have to have a good product. We have the ability to package via Ray, who was a little bit of a star in that direction. It's up to us to perform the product."

CLAIRE: "I don't think it's a bad thing (having a manager). I do believe it's where a lot of bands go wrong, they lose direction. If you're involved in something you can think it's brilliant, but you need someone who is objective, to stand outside of it and say no, it's not as good as you think it is."

RAY: "I don't run the band, I feel that I'm part of it. I try to help what they do, not control it. I don't try to thrust influences on them."

CLAIRE: "We haven't got time to go out looking for gigs. We haven't got time to hustle people to listen to tapes, which is something Ray does exceptionally well."

RAY: "We want to be long term and develop ourselves, not to be packaged by some-one wherby we want to rebel against that packaging after we've had a couple of records out, a couple of hits and think, no, this isn't really us. We want it to be us that develops, and the record company takes us on in the form we want to be, or very close to it."

CLAIRE: "By playing live you are helping to structure your own musical image towards the public, your visual image as well, which is very important. You find out what works visually when you play live as well, which then transfers into what sort of photos you use for packaging, the inside of record sleeves, things like that. You find out what colours work live, for instance. You learn what colour structures work well. The one we're using at the moment is a very deep blue with pinky influences."

*The record:* STEVE: "It's recorded, it's just a matter of getting the pressing and packaging monies together. The A side is 'This is not a song by Talking Heads'. It's actually about somebody singing that to someone else. Me saying it is a girl at college who played nothing but Talking Heads; I said OK I'll write a song for us, this is not a Talking Heads song. It's not a standard single, the point is that it's a demo on vinyl as opposed to a general release. It'll be on release locally for the local following, but the main purpose of the single will be for the promotion of the band nationally, on vinyl instead of on tape."

RAY: "The B side won't be a throwaway, that's why we're still deciding on it."

STEVE: "There's more chance of it being played on the radio. We're not under any delusions, it's a very, very difficult task. We're just trying to make it as easy for ourselves as possible."

CLAIRE: "The general feeling amongst us certainly is that it's a more professional presentation on vinyl than on cassette, and that's the main reason why we're doing it."

STEVE: "It's not just the vinyl, the whole presentation's got to be right, and that's just a part of it. We are looking for a very much more professional presentation than a photocopied cover and a cassette case. OK that's alright for some-one like John Peel, who's just looking for the music, but when you're talking about somebody who's going to invest money in a product, they want to see a product that is commercially viable. It's like any business, you've got to cut through the glamour aspect and get behind the scenes and realise you're dealing with businessmen, and to impress businessmen you've got to have a sound business basis as well. No matter what your attitude to commerciality may be."

So you are commercial?

STEVE: "Yeah, we want people to hear our music, we want to make a career out of it, and those two things mean commercial."

*The Future:* RAY: "The thing is you'll probably find over the next couple of months the development in the band will be quite noticeable, because now we have a live drummer we're already playing all sorts of different things. People will be moving about instrumentally more. People will have more freedom to do that. There's more percussion coming in."

*The Last Word:* CLAIRE: "As long as we can be as good as the band on Eastenders, Ill be happy."

STEVE HARTWELL

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# WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX.....



WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT!, to use their full name, are a four piece female group from that big place in the Midlands. They are Vicky, Tina, Maggs and Jo, who is Maggie's young sister. In between appearing on T.V. and Radio shows, being on the front of almost every music weekly, and other such feats, they recently completed a successful national tour. I met them in Cambridge during the summer, but the story begins long before, in their home town of Birmingham.

## IN THE BEGINNING

Vicky, Tina and Jo went to school together so they knew each other from an early age. When they found themselves in a band with Jo's older sister Maggs, it was all a bit of a joke: they only did it for a laugh, with three songs (two of which were covers) and a set which somehow managed to last for half an hour. It all seemed to be such fun, only they didn't bargain on people actually *liking them!!!*. Before you could say 'splendiferous!' they were getting asked to play.

Time passed and they were signed to Vindaloo Records, who subsequently released an E.P. laughing at the fact that their debut record had sold in excess of 28,000 copies, and seriously threatened the GROAN UP charts, their popularity snowballed, and soon they were appearing on T.V. shows like Whistle Test, doing John Peel sessions and getting noticed by the Music press in

a big way.

This came as a well timed kick in the balls to all the cynics, critics, and general stick-in-the-muds who felt threatened by these four girls having a great laugh and doing 'very nicely, thank you', especially seeing as their future had been foretold as non-existent.

Fuzzbox are more performers than musicians, i.e. they excel themselves on stage rather than worry about Mark Knopfler-style production in the studio. People say 'they can't play, how can we take them seriously?' Well don't then, don't listen to the 'people say' mob, 'cos nine times out of ten they're full of shit! Find out for yourself, it's more fun!!

## DEAD BEAT AT DAWN

My first encounter with the Fuzzmonsters came one warm June evening, whilst trying to blag my way into the Jesus event. Admittedly, I'd gone cos I'd heard they were playing, and I was curious to find out what they were like.

After hanging around for ages, they turned up, and what struck me at first was how very young they looked!. Still, in the fullness of time I got to talking with Fuzzmanager, Patsy, and by maintaining a low profile and the time honoured 'I'm with this lot' reply when harassed, I managed to stay in. As the evening drew on I started chatting to Vicky and Tina about such profound things as, how long they reckoned we could stay on the Bumper Cars without being thrown off. I found them to be genuinely nice people, not manufactured pop stars with inflated egos dreamed up by some larger record companies as Flavour Of The Month. A very pleasant surprise.

When, at last they took to the stage, it was with anticipation that I waited, along with three or four hundred other people in the marquee. The set was good, very entertaining and got most of the audience jumping around and generally having a good time. When they finished the crowd literally screamed for more. No doubt about it, the act was different and a welcome change from the monotony of seeing other bands for the first time, and

with getting bored shitless. They did covers of 'Spirit In The Sky' and 'Fever', the former being far more entertaining than the Medics recent hammering of it—WHO??

Still the need for covers went out of the window with the three song set, as their own material sood up for itself. Overall it was them, and the sheer fun they seemed to be having on stage, it really is contagious. The rest of the evening was spent in the company of Vicky, Tina and Jo rampaging between the bumper cars and the bouncy castle. I lost my hat, Tina wanted a piggy back fight and Vicky giggled a lot. Still, like a Black Forest gateaux, all good things must come to an end. Time to go home. It was five thirty on a hot summer afternoon and Fuzzbox were half an hour late. Today, Emmanuel May Ball, and with memories of Jesus still fresh from a couple of days previous, I was anxious to see them again. In time they arrived, equipment was set up and sound checks completed, all in good time, and the girls returned to the dressing room. This time I managed to obtain a Fuzzpass courtesy of manager Patsy, so with the low profile dispensed with, I prepared for a good evening. May Balls being what they are, gross overindulgence and excess reared their welcoming heads and we were duly greeted, on my behalf anyway!.

Before long it was Fuzztime again so I made off to the main hall only to arrive too early and be confronted by the laughable spectacle of Mike Reid plus band in their dying moments (enough said). Finally Fuzzbox took to the stage and went through their set: unfortunately the audience didn't seem as responsive as at the last gig—stiffs, for sure. Polite applause was granted, though the girls didn't seem unduly bothered; they went about their act with the same zeal and attack. The two college gigs were after all well worthwhile!

I know Fuzzbox enjoyed them, as did a large number of other people including me. Hope they return next year.

## ON THE ROAD

Shortly after the Cambridge encounter, Fuzzbox set off on the Vindaloo Summer Special, a national tour backed up by (Vindaloo main man) Rob Lloyd's Nightingales and Ted (mine's a special brew) Chippington. On their journey around the country they played to full houses, getting out to a wider audience all the time. At Brighton, this included a managerie if Music Press persons, whisked away from their London offices by means of air conditioned coach to this windy outpost of their empire, only to pile off and let rip with flashguns ablazing as the girls emerged from the front of the venue with the rest of the Vindaloo contingent. Photo sessions over, I walked back across the seafront road with them and proceeded to get soaked via Maggie's watering can (props). On reaching the venue I was smuggled past a dodgy looking bouncer who was about to bounce me, when Patsy assured him that I really was with them. The gorilla backed off and I flashed him a knowing smile, like, Up Your's, matey.

On all the dates Fuzzbox headlined except for Manchester, where Ted took the final curtain 'cos it's his home town. After all the bands had done their stuff, they were all back on for a rendition of 'Rockin' with Rita' as a finale: this was the point in the proceedings where anyone within a glass's throw of the stage got well and truly flattened by the mass of a moving human sea.

On the last night, Nottingham, they did it three times—talk about going out with a bang!! Credit must, of course, also go to the



# ....AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT!

Nightingales and Ted, who did well to limber up the crowd and provide variety to the shows, When I first saw the Nightingales I wasn't astounded by their songs, but by the end of the tour I was humming them all the time, so on my return home I had to buy the album (it grows on you, try it.). Ted, on the other hand, was good at handling an audience full of people intent on shouting out the end of his jokes: no bother, he eats piss-takers for breakfast; 'bring your toy rabbits, kids'.

From Liverpool to London, Brighton to Brum, it was a good tour, and I think a successful one. Love 'em or hate em', Fuzzbox have arrived and are here to stay. Already they have been snatched up by the WEA wolf, and rumours abound with a European Tour early next year. As far as vinyl's concerned, 'Rockin' with Rita' didn't do as well as expected, but the story is that there is another single up soon.

So, there you have it, find out for yourself about this band. I'm sure that this is not the first time you have heard of them, and I'm positive that it won't be the last. I'll leave you to decide for yourself whether they are a really good thing or a waste of time. Until then, pay less attention to the packaging and listen to the voice. PRECONCEPTIONS. W.G.A.F.A.W.G.U.I.

Oh, and special thanks to them, for putting up with me on the tour, Cheers !!!!

STOP PRESS !!

New just in.

Rumours abound as to the future of the NIGHTINGALES.

With Rob Lloyd locked away, producing the new Fuzzbox LP, and Vindaloo spokespersons making absolutely NO COMMENT, who knows.

JOHN CORNELL





## TAKEN BY STORM(ed)

What is wrong with the Cambridge Music Scene now? It's almost as if there's a tall, thick imaginary wall of decomposed muso tastes, ever increasing in size: on one side, there are bands like The Lonely and The Frigidaires, with their ignorance of new ideas and regurgitation of old ones. whilst on the other side, we have the likes of The Vanishing Point, This Beeno and STORMED.



Stormed can justifiably claim to be the most popular band in Cambridge at present. Their manic stage act and visual presentation is second to none, whilst in Michael Michael they possess a greatly talented and versatile songwriter. Their style is an exciting blend of reggae and punk, and their set is filled with some great original songs, together with an unforgettable version of Talking Heads' 'Psycho Killer'. Stormed are also an extraordinarily busy band: they were playing gigs on four consecutive nights during the week that I interviewed them. They play regularly in Peterborough, Northampton and London, and have supported various big name acts, including John Cooper Clarke. The one thing they have not done, however, is to release a record or tape. I asked Michael Michael (vox) whether they were planning a vinyl release:

"I've never really thought about a record release or anything. This is only a personal opinion, but to release a successful record I think you've got to play everywhere but Cambridge. Cambridge is just an island—it's not linked in any way, like Birmingham, Manchester or London are. When we've played a lot more gigs in North London and East Anglia, then we'll consider releasing a record. We are playing out of Cambridge a lot now, and it's beginning to pick up. Why release a record now, like other Cambridge bands, and get totally disheartened when it doesn't sell? There is just no point!"

Are Stormed prepared to take on the big boys of the music business?:

"Yeah! We're ready for it. We want the challenge! The thing I always tell new bands is to get out of this town. The attention we got in Peterborough was tremendous. After almost every gig we've played, a promoter has approached us, asking us to play lots of different gigs."

STUART (Guitar): "Hereward Radio have been very good as well: we were featured 'in session' last Tuesday night—someone phoned up and said 'I've just heard three of your songs on the radio'."

JOHN, drummer with The Vanishing Point, has joined Stormed on a permanent basis, either playing drums when regular drummer Chris Mann is unavailable, or percussion. Having played with The Vanishing Point for some time in the area, he also has strong views on the music scene:

"The problem with Cambridge is that it is a muso circle: It's been said hundreds of times before, but it still stands. You've got all the old R'n'B bands—O.K., they all enjoy going up the Alma every Saturday night—but it stifles the local music scene, they think they've got the God-given right to push out all the other bands who aren't in their circle, and not give them a fair chance".

MIKE: "It's all so incestuous. The Alma is incestuous: it's full of guys who don't regard the young Cambridge bands seriously. We don't go around ignoring up and coming young bands—we help them with gigs and so on. If we're playing in London, and another band want to get on the bill, then we'd persuade the promoter to put them on the bill: we've got in with London bands, and we sometimes help each other out. The thing we find when we come back to Cambridge, with the Fine Weather Fayre and the Alma is that it's all so petty and incestuous. If anything is going to happen in Cambridge, it'll be through the young bands. I'm not young, but I like to see new groups coming about. I often go up to the Burleigh or the Boat Race to see new bands, and I'll help out with the P.A. if I can. I just wish these musos would give new bands a chance. I'm not going to hit out at Jon Lewin 'cos I've done that often enough in the past, but at least he knows how hard it is to get out of Cambridge: at least he had

a go! But why doesn't he help out new bands? What about Radio Cambridgeshire? Trevor Dann doesn't regard the Cambridge music scene very seriously—I talked to him about it and what I heard disgusted me. He said Stormed were insignificant—he doesn't even know what we do!"

What local bands do Stormed rate, then?:

MIKE: "I like a lot: I think there is a helluva lot of talent here. The standards are high! I'm not just saying this 'cos John's here, but I do like Vanishing Point, and Big Teetotal and the Half Cuts: they're good because they have humour! I think that stage presentation is an important thing. I like a lot of bands, especially the raunchy energetic ones. Unfortunately I have my dislikes as well—mainly being these boring old farts who keep reappearing in different bands!"

JOHN: "I quite like Freedom Faction (new band who played their debut gig a little while ago): they were certainly fresh. First gig—I think they did very well. Was Jon Lewin there? Was Pete Mitchell there? No. They were down at the Alma. It says it all, doesn't it?"

MIKE: "There is this instant light-up; Fuck this! Why doesn't he be a bit more adventurous for a change? You know, there are a lot of new local bands who could really benefit with some help from Jon Lewin—he just doesn't want to know. It's good to see Scene & Heard at these gigs. I have my criticisms there, though: coming across Paul Christoforou when he asked me to pose outside a van—I think I told him to piss off! I'm not going to pose—I'm just an ordinary down-to-earth bloke!"

JOHN: "He's wearing his stage gear now—can you be more down-to-earth than that?"

Some of Stormed's songs are politically orientated—is this important to the band?:

MIKE: "Some of the early songs are more politically orientated than now. I don't really look on it as political, though. If someone has a belief, then it doesn't necessarily mean it's political: it doesn't take a politician to say what's right and what's wrong! I think social awareness/ideas should be expressed. Some bands do it in a different way. The recent songs are a little more subtle: I don't think you can ram politics down people's throats. I'm more concerned about an act than politics. Gigs should be lively!"

Does being part of the Cambridge scene have any benefits?

MIKE: "We don't feel part of the Cambridge music scene in a way. We've probably played more gigs outside Cambridge than in. Recently we've played more gigs in Peterborough than in Cambridge. O.K., people talk, and our name crops up from time to time, but we're not really a Cambridge band."

STUART: "We hardly play here at all—it's just that we live here!"

Readers may have seen in the last issue an article by a member of the Cambridge Venue Group, explaining what CVG have done in the quest for a new centre for young people. Do Stormed think they have been doing a good job?

MIKE: "Not at all!"

RICHARD: "It's like a secret organisation."

MIKE: "No, they aren't doing enough. They are believing the Council too much. Some chap at the Guildhall invited the public to a meeting about the new venue, and no-one turned up; so they said 'ha-ha, no-one is interested': the fact was that they didn't publicise it! I think it's stupid to accept the suggestions of the Council: the Council knows nothing about the needs of the young people in the city. The CVG should take action, rather than waiting for the Council to do something. Things are slow here. The CVG haven't got any power or stamina: they just sit about and say 'oh well, the Council have suggested the roundabout on Elizabeth Way Bridge, or the Cattle Market,' If we're lucky, we might be given something out of the way—like the Chalk Pits! The CVG need to arouse some concern. Something should be done—a march, or something."

JOHN: "The wheels at the Town Hall grind very slowly—at least on this subject. There seems to be no desperation. Remember that fiasco on East Road about the squats? Supposedly, that led to the chat at the Guildhall. The problem is we are no nearer to getting a decent venue in this town!"

RICHARD: "In 1987, the CVG ought to be demanding that a venue be built in the next couple of months."

MIKE: "It can be done—the Council just don't want to do it: they are Conservative—full stop!"

Stormed are fiercely critical of the Cambridge music scene, it its broadest sense. They are also well aware of the string of failures that have come out of Cambridge, and are strongly determined to reverse that trend. Mike Michael has the final word:

"I don't care if a record company rep. says 'why don't you give up, you're crap!': we're going to give it a bloody good go. The thing about getting in the music biz is who you know, or persistent determination. we are going to carry on—we've only just started!"

PAUL ATTWOOD



## HEADS YOU WIN....

A year ago, THE PLEASURE HEADS were considered to be the joke band of Peterborough: today, they are poised to break through into the Indie scene in a big way.



The Heads are Pete E (vox/drums), Dean (vox/drums), Andrew, aka Donny (gtr), Mark (gtr) and Pete H (bass). How did they get together?

DEAN: "Four of us played together at school (Orton Longuiville Comp.)"

PETE H: "We were useless—none of us could play anything then."

DONNY: "But we're getting better!"

PETE H: "Mark was in Transmission (now Jilted Brides), but they slung him out, so we asked him to join us."

How did the alternating vocalists evolve?

PETE E: "When we first started, Dean used to sing, and then he switched to the Brides (Jilted Brides), 'cos they were going places, but he still played for us—but we didn't want him up front with two bands, so I started to make some vocals."

DEAN: "Now Pete sings most of them."

PETE E: "About 60 to 70 percent."

DONNY: "It's good to have two vocalists—it gives us different sounds."

DEAN: "The thing is I like singing, and I do that with the Brides all the time, and I like gigging, but this band comes first ... whatever!"

Anyone who has seen The Pleasure Heads knows that there is a very strong element of humour in their show:

DEAN: "We like a good laugh at our gigs. The humour is not contrived, it just comes out."

DONNY: "If the group are having a laugh and telling jokes, people get more for their money."

PETE E: "You've got to get a healthy mixture between playing good music, and entertaining. People aren't going to see you if you're po-faced."

DEAN: "We prefer hecklers rather than nothing at all. We got heckled in Lincoln, and got them involved—we got a bloke playing drums—he was better than us! Entertainment, that's the main word, really."

Six months ago the band were thinking of packing up. But then things happened ...

PETE H: "The main stroke of luck has been Andrew Clifton, really. He offered to put a record out on his Molesworth label."

PETE E: "We did sleep with him, though!"

DONNY: "A six-in-a-bed orgy!"

The recording of the single, Falling Man c/w Don't Fake It, was done free by a friend of Mark's doing a sound recording course at Guildford' all it cost was the petrol money to get down there. 550 copies were pressed initially, and the record received a

favourable reaction, locally (although not exactly over-played on the local radio stations). The next piece of luck happened at a pub in Bedford, in July: the Heads were supporting Leeds 'Indie' bands, The Wedding Present and Age Of Chance. John Peel was present at the gig, and the Heads took the opportunity to give him a copy of the single. The record has subsequently been given Radio 1 exposure on both John Peel and Janice Long's shows. And then the national music papers took it up ...

PETE E: "We're on a promotion agency. I phoned up a place in London, and sent them some records. They really liked the record, so they've got it reviewed in magazines like the NME, where it got to be Single of the Week, Record Mirror, No. 1."

PETE H: "Mark E. Smith reviewed it in the Record Mirror—he thought it was quite good ..."

PETE E: "And Brix said she fancied me!"

Another 500 copies have been pressed: so far, so good—what next?

PETE E: "The promotion agency gave a copy of the record to the bloke at Red Rhino, that's the main bloke, he runs it, and he's really impressed with it. They've got a label, Ediesta Records, with just two bands on it, us the Free Action from Hull ..."

MARK: "The second best band in Hull!"

PETE E: "... and we're both getting 12 inch singles released."

Studio time has been booked for recording three tracks, Hit The Ground, Holdin' On and Beside My Head, and the record should be in the shops during November. The Heads hope that the release of this single might open the door for a Radio 1 session, and/or a support gig with a big name band:

PETE E: "We might be supporting The Fall—the people who are giving our record a bit of plugging do The Fall as well, so they're going to get a gig for us."

On the local scene, the band are seriously considering entering the 1987 Cambridge Rock Group Competition, and are very keen to play Strawberry Fair (make a note, David Gowar).

By the time you read this article, there will have been a change in the Heads' line-up: Mark is going to college, and his place is being taken by a friend of his, Kev, whose style of guitar playing is quite different from Mark's:

MARK: "He's classically trained—he knows more than three chords!"

The Heads are not concerned that their overall sound will change:

DEAN: "We don't want to stay the same—we don't want to stand still."

These boys have their feet firmly on the ground. They recognise the fragility and fickleness of fame and fortune in the music biz: they still remember the time they had to change their name in order to get a second gig in Lincoln! They are amused by the number of people who appear to have changed their opinion of the Heads, following their media exposure. As the Heads frequently say ... "Funny, but true!"

PHIL JOHNSON

# BURLEIGH ARMS

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# CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

The Cambridge Folk Festival is an impressive event, which even at the thought of it, fills many with delight. The anticipation, almost breathless, who do we want to see? Who will amaze us who we've never seen or heard before?

For me, very exciting. For others, not so. It is hard to convey that enthusiasm to 'outsiders', particularly the people who consider it to be a celebration of 'finger-in-the-ear' music. Narrow-minded attitude, isn't it? I suppose that 'Folk' is a misnomer when you look at the breadth of musical styles on offer. However after 21 years you can't change your name.

There was plenty of folk music there too; Martin Carthy, Dave Swarbrick, Eavesdropper (more of these three later), De Danaan and more. Also it was a thrill when approaching the Festival, at whatever time of day, to hear jigs, reels and hornpipes wafting across the site. The absolute epitome of a folk festival.

Arrived at the site 6 o'clock on Friday and, programme in hand, made my plans for the musical adventures ahead. This started with THE BALHAM ALLIGATORS, who knocked me off my feet. Walking across the field towards Main Stage One it was 'Wow!' Country Music, Cajun, Zydeco and own songs. Great tunes, wonderful musicianship, danceable, happy, vastly enjoyable. Book them now: 01-354 5870.

This was the best possible way to start the weekend and JIM PAGE did nothing to dispel the mood. I cannot improve on Terry Stoodley's programme notes:

"The combination of Jim's poetry, wit, wisdom and musical ability is a product that is truly greater than the sum of the parts." There is nothing else I can add.



JOHN MARTYN

So to JOHN MARTYN and DANNY THOMPSON. Having heard John Martyn last year with a full band I was disappointed with this line up. I am not detracting from the musicianship and singing, though. The material and the performances ranged from ethereal to raucous, and all points in between. All in all delightful. One can never be bored by this man.

Which is more than can be said for BO DIDDLEY. A living legend he may be but unfortunately he knows that and seems to rely on it. He could have played nursery rhymes and the audience would still have loved it. OK, so it's a great sound that moves muscles, but it numbs the brain as well.

HANS THEESINK made a brief appearance with 'ole' Bo on slide guitar. I was most impressed and would like to have heard some more from him. However time didn't permit me to see him later in the evening.

Whilst we are in the legendary department let's talk of LINDISFARNE. These were far more genteel with their laurels—until 'Fog on the Tyne'. Bo Diddley Style indeed!

The played a good selection of their songs, from the oldest to the newest, all with verve and style. The audience, and the band, enjoyed every minute. I hadn't seen or heard them since they recorded 'Fog on the Tyne' and was pleased to hear that Alan Hull has lost none of his wicked, observant wit. For me, better value than Bo Diddy.

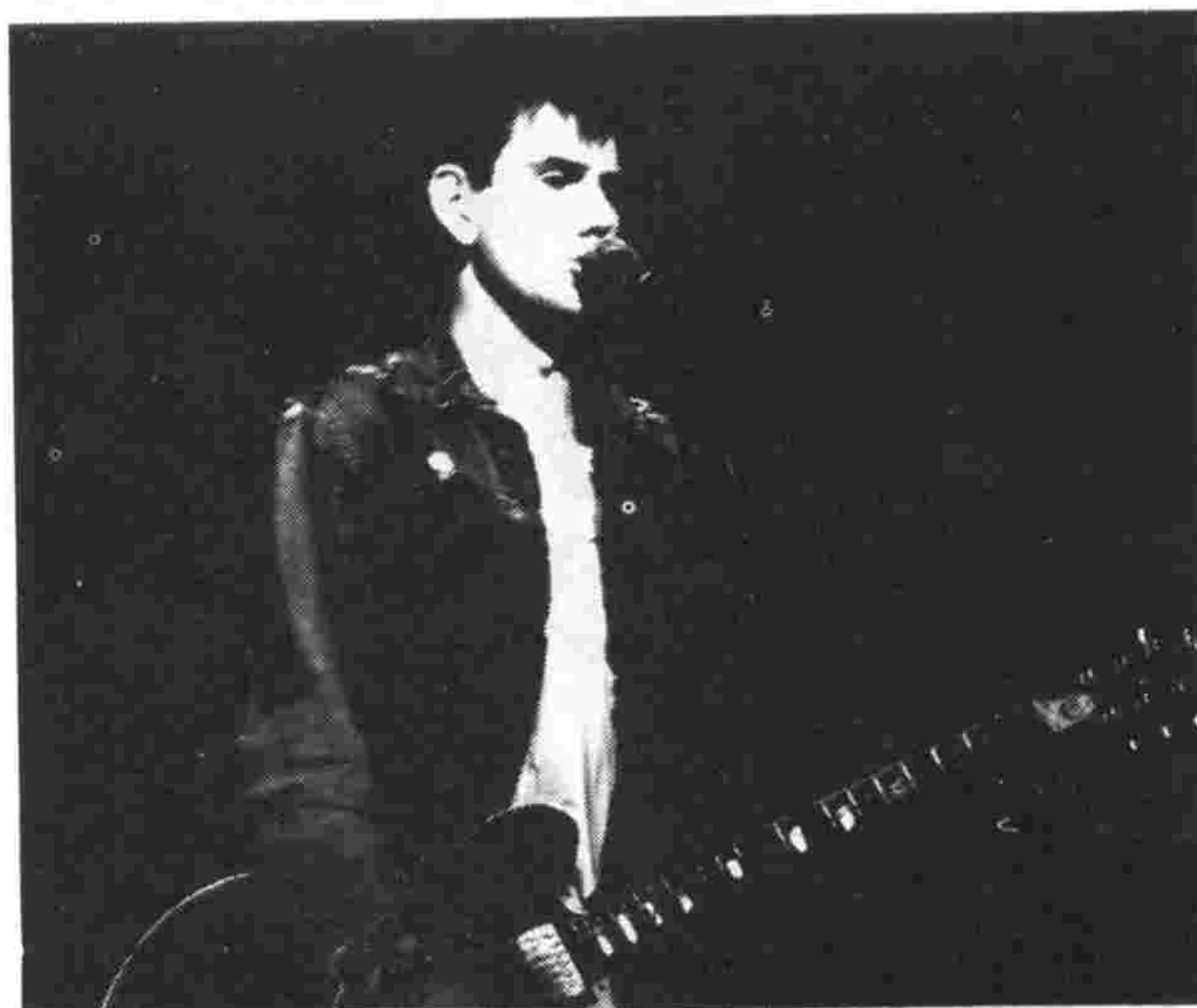
Now we've not yet heard anything of the folk acts, as promised earlier. So here goes. MARTIN CARTHY has made a place in English folk music which is truly his own. He is and always will be unique. Just as well isn't it? We need individual artists who stand by their guns regardless of fads and favourites. This man does just that. I saw and heard him at the 6th (my first) festival with Dave Swarbrick and here they both are again. Sixteen years later, fatter, more worldly wise and just as good.

Unfortunately, I still found WHIPPERSNAPPER to be disappointing. Too acoustic I think. However, they played their hearts out to a very appreciative audience. Ideal isn't it?

I've now let slip that I prefer highly amplified folk. So EAVESDROPPER appealed to me. It's a pleasant punch that amplification lends to traditional tunes and they gave me all I wanted to hear. However, bearing in mind that the 'jazzing-up' of traditional folk is not new. Indeed Mr Swarbrick was not a million miles from this in an earlier combo.

In the music world you will often find hype. We had two bands here who have both been subjected to that in some degree. They

were HOME SERVICE and THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG.



MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG

For the former you may have seen the large posters all over town advertising their recent LP. This made me very suspicious of what I was about to hear. I need not have worried. Everything the poster said was true. A line up combining brass, guitars, drums and keyboards, together with an excellent front man. Add to this a rare flair for songwriting; a real treat! See them at your pleasure. Miss them at your peril.

The latter band have been tagged, unfairly, I feel, as Pogue mark II's. Their musical arrangements are just as rampant but their songs are different—more socially aware. Billy Bragg would feel at home with them I felt. Their political stance was treated however with wit and not rammed down our throats. Highly recommended listening.

So far what I've discussed here covers a wide range of musical styles but... wait for it, there's even more to come. ('I don't believe it' says the exhausted reader.) Oh yes, it's true. Here comes FLACO JIMINEZ AND HIS SAN ANTONIO TEX-MEX BAND. 'Tex-Mex' is a form of music based around the combined influences of Austrian, German, Spanish and American styles. It comes, as you'll have guessed by now, from the Texas-Mexico border area. Add to the waltzes, polkas, cumbias, etc. a touch of the jazz musician's feel and you have a wonderful music. A music for dancing, singing, holding each other tight to. Even for crying to. I was surprised to find myself at one point reduced to tears by the sheer joy of their performance. What surprised me even more was how they won over an audience which consisted, in the majority, of people who had not heard of the music of Flaco. Many who I spoke to afterwards intended to buy his LPs on the strength of what they'd heard. Incidentally, Flaco is a nice man who gave an autograph to a lady despite being hot, tired, and in need of a drink straight after coming off stage.

There's one act I haven't mentioned. That's THE MCGARRIGLES. I had to leave them until last as there was no logical point I could introduce them elsewhere. They are totally unique with a style of singing, playing and song writing that no one else can come near, let alone match. They remind me of a family gathering in the front room round the piano. So relaxed and so natural. The best compliment they've ever been paid is the list of artists who have covered their songs. Linda Ronstadt, Maria Muldaur, Judy Collins to name only three. Truly 'Top of the Bill' in my book, and many others.

To sum it all up—one of the best festivals I've ever attended. Special thank you to someone who is very special to me for making it so.

For next year—Asleep at the Wheel and the Long Ryders, please.

DAVID WILSON ('Finger-in-the-Ear Correspondent')





# 1-3 AUGUST 1986

## CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL ANOTHER VIEW

As I left the Festival site, I had the definite but rather vague feeling that during the course of the weekend I'd hardly heard much actual folk music. This statement is difficult to explain, but has less to do with the definition of the musical styles on offer, as you might expect, than with the style of its presentation. What I was missing I think was the intimate atmosphere of friends making music together for the love of it, which is in my view what ultimately distinguishes folk music from other forms of music. (as a category.) I would like to see another stage, in character half way between main stage two and the club tent. This is possibly an impractical idea, but it might make for a smoother progression through the attitude layers of the folk music scene. Enough, what about the music? Most impressive in my view were John Martyn and Danny Thompson. They delivered two of the most flawless performances I have ever seen. Wasting no time in idle chatter, they got straight into the groove and stayed there, playing their seamless and mink-lined fusion of celtic, blues and jazz. Nothing was too long or too short or in any way clumsily expressed. Simply beautiful.

On the other hand The Men They Couldn't Hang seemed hardly a musical experience at all, more a sort of theatre of cultural confrontation. There have recently been signs that a new generation of young musicians are interested in adding a chapter of their own to the story of folk music, but there must be more interesting options than making a sound like an angry chainsaw, even if there is potentially a lot of money to be made out of making records for football hooligans.

Also a bit of a disappointment was Bo Diddley, who seemed like a clockwork replica of himself, workmanlike but with little enthusiasm for the job. A few weeks later, I saw local group the 909's at the Boat Race, and I'm afraid I'd rather spend my money on them anyway.

Much better value were Whippersnapper, Dave Swarbrick's latest venture, who played with virtuosity and vigour. The line up of two fiddles, guitar and mandocello or flute made a surprisingly complete sound. They have microphones built into their instruments which allows them to move about on stage with a freedom they obviously enjoyed. Partway into their second number on Sunday night the power failed, but it hardly bothered them at all; after the briefest pause they all sort of shrugged, came down to the front of the stage and carried on acoustically. This was a splendid treat for me as I was getting a bit tired of P.A. sound by that time. Though tight and professional, they were never slick or joyless. Hear them if you get the chance.

I enjoyed the McGarrigles a lot too. Their music was warm and friendly, but the real revelation to me was the space and balance in their band. I can't remember ever hearing a large electro-acoustic band make such a convincing and coherent sound. Not a hint of compromise anywhere.

Most wonderful human being award went to Martin Carthy who, despite moderate fame has stayed in contact with normal humanity, and shrugs off his status like so much irrelevant baggage. Carthy doesn't just play folk music, he seems somehow to embody its spirit. He entertains without recourse to the cheap tricks of stagecraft, and makes no pretence to any kind of special glamour or preciousness. Perversely perhaps I felt that it was precisely this that made him quietly outstanding.

Since I've started giving awards, I'd better give one to Flaco Jimenez for warming up that cold wet Sunday afternoon. Good time music and nothing but. Those Portugese explorers should have had this band along when they were looking for the north-west passage—they would have melted their own. After the mushroom cloud of pop, blues, and the clockwork rhythms and armchair angst of electro-pop, strong happy dance music with a little hint of pain, sadness or singles charts bullshit is slightly shocking, despite the fact the Tex-Mex is hardly a revolutionary style.

I was disappointed not to be able to spend more time in the club tent listening to the amateurs and semi-pros, and I missed most of the local artists who I've yet to get round to writing about. One man who stuck in my memory was (I think) called Michael Flynn, an Irishman whose roguish appearance belied a deliberate and sensitive musical talent. He played blues on the banjo, airs and jigs on the flute, and did a lilting recital of a story I couldn't follow, accompanied by bodhran (a sort of outsize tambourine without jingles that is played with a beater). Don't waste your time waiting to see him on top of the pops though, all you're likely to get is The Men They Couldn't Hang.

Lastly a word on local matters. You may perhaps be aware that the Cambridge Folk Club has had a bit of a venue trauma recently; Hopefully these will be resolved by the time this appears in print. September will have seen a move to Fridays at the Jolly Waterman on Mitcham's Corner, but at the time of writing, the long-term future remains unclear. Tuesdays and Sundays at the Geldart carry on as usual however. This seems like a good moment to express appreciation to the organisers of the local folk scene, whose only reward is the satisfaction the thing itself brings. Here's to them.

MARTIN BAXTER



KATE MCGARRIGLE



JIM PAGE



DE DANAAN



# VAGABOND PROMOTIONS

We are currently working towards either renting or buying our own premises to set up a facility for putting on large scale charity functions so that we can fulfil our potential for funding community-orientated projects which will benefit all the members of our community. This would involve promoting all forms of musical and theatrical entertainments for all age groups open to amateur and professional groups alike. We would like to be able to open this facility for three nights a week for live theatre, alternative cabaret, and live music all working towards raising funds for community groups and projects, with a further three nights a week being available for rehearsal space for these activities. During the day this facility could be used for pre-school and after-school playgroups, a meeting place for older members of the community, a drop-in centre for unemployed people, and overall a place where people can develop talents and skills relative to their own needs and those of their local community. People, for example, with industrial skills, whether unemployed or retired, could give a positive input by helping young people to develop skills which would assist them in finding employment. Now that we have opened our new offices in Norfolk Street (see appendices) we are working towards achieving full charitable status by the end of this year. When Vagabond began we had no outside funding whatsoever and, began an apolitical group, no affiliation with any political parties. This is the way things will stay. Our membership is steadily growing as is our support from many different sections of the community. Our ultimate aim is to build a 'live-aid' organisation in Cambridge, one that works with and within the local community raising funds for the people and the community groups that most need it, and we are looking to be around for quite a few years.

Click. (acting chairman)  
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THE MENCAP CHILDRENS PARTY  
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## VAGABOND PROMOTIONS

Proposed Outline Brief of Aims and Objectives of Vagabond.

Vagabond Promotions was set up at the beginning of this year by a group of volunteers as a voluntary organisation: to promote live musical and theatrical entertainment in & around Cambridge with the aim of combining this objective with fund-raising for local charities & voluntary groups currently experiencing difficulties with other sources of funding.

One of our overall aims when we began was to involve as many young people in the community in our organisation as possible in order to provide them with the opportunity to gain experience in promoting the forms of entertainment which they were most interested in and, by combining this with charity and voluntary work, enable them to build bridges between different groups in the community with a view towards working together to help those most in need



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# FOREIGN

Looking for an unusual, out-of-the-way gig? Why not try ... BERLIN!

There are few widely known Berlin bands, excepting, possibly EINSTRUZENDE NEUBAUTEN. But Berlin (West, once again) is actually a veritable hive of musical activity. Everyone in Berlin, as in London, is 'in a band' ... but few of these bands seem to emerge into the general public eye, or last for more than a few months. There are a few explosive bands, notable DIE HAUT and others up and coming such as CREDO NERO and MONA MUR.

Everyone plays West Berlin at one point or another; from England, America, Australia ... most merely pass through, but many stay or end up traversing between the 'clitoris' of the D.D.R. and their respective homelands; good old Mr. Cave and company, always guaranteed to create a stir, pop up at regular intervals. the TURBO-HYDROMATICS can often be spotted propping up sleazy bars, and the list goes on ...

None of the stuff sounds remotely like 'BOWIE-HEROES' (Extended yawn), so bollox to practically every bloody article or programme that's been made since those days and always manages to ingeniously come up with the recreated atmosphere of the days when IGGY and LOU could be seen staggering along the sidewalks with bottles of Vodka (obligatory trendy drink; also psychedelic—God knows what those Russians put in it) or one was likely to come across a tragic BOWIE contemplating THE WALL. It's about time we realized that no-one really gives a damn about the east surrounding Sin City, as in Sin City there are more interesting 'other sides' to draw inspiration from: the wall is *not* romantic, and the sound of Berlin *today* is the sound of NEUBAUTEN, the sound of the GRIND, the SCREW, the SLOG ... THE SWANS!

Hailing from New York, well travelled, well versed in the art of survival in both London and Berlin, they stood out a mile from most of the numerous bands I voyeured in LOFT, an alternative venue to the Iceum-sized METROPOL underneath it, where GRANDMASTER FLASH, PSYCHEDELIC FURS, BURNING SPEAR, etc. play. METROPOL is a many-tiered longstanding building smack in the heart of West Berlin, halfway between the Kudamm and Kreuzberg ... For bands who for one reason or another don't, can't or wouldn't want to play the actual Metropol, energy packed MONIKA DORING, notorious peacock zebedee of a woman, created 'LOFT', a smaller more Marquee-ish type venue where the music carries on flowing, thanks to Monika's irrepressible enthusiasm.

'There is method in their madness'

a teutonic voice screeched in my ear as, after about an hour of Ludwig Van blaring into the darkness of a darkly and mysteriously clad audience lurking in the shadows, the SWANS finally hit the stage. Method is one way of describing the steamroller sound that dominates the noise exuding from the stage. Since they first started for and a half years ago the lineup has changed quite drastically and the sound has mellowed (believe it or not, you out there who still insist 'time is money' is the nearest you'll get to Swans-go-disco, sounds like it was recorded at 16 rpm)

Double power builds up from two excellent drummers as Mike Gira launches into 'Coward' himself no longer bleak and black but reminiscent of Iggy circa 'raw power' era ... and raw power is what sparkles throughout the songs, forging the energy within their insistent melodies—soldering the set together the SWANS are visual satirists of themselves, guitars handled in true 'axeman' fashion, Mike 'we've groen more subtle' ripping himself open to give his all whilst writhing in the throes of 'A Screw'.

Notable addition is Jarboe, a female synthesist unlike any other: clad in a giant Durex, she forcefully lays down rhythms in a way that reduces most other synthesists to mere putty—she's essential as she is existential.

Now some would say that all Swans-songs sound the same, or simply block their ears to the onslaught unaccustomed to their brains, marshmellowed by too much *easy* listening—no way are the SWANS what one would call easy to listen to, but therein lies their beauty—when you start listening to the continual sparks that spring from the glowing coals being fuelled beneath the steamrollers, all sorts spring to mine—metal with no drills, tribal psychadellia, (Hard Dance Music),—labelled as 'New York underground band of the new flesh', they are in fact unclassifiable, but they *are* rock and roll of the eighties, they are fresh flesh and they're more than worth seeing.

Mike Gira aims to penetrate the mind and body—he is no preacher, he is an entertainer who lives 'rock and roll' as a lifestyle, as you have to when your fire comes from your core—'if you don't give your all you shouldn't be performing'.

The heavy satirical approach of the SWANS comes through in the tongue-in-cheekness of the songs, the humorous cynicism combined with sheer blatancy persistence and ... LIFE

Ron (drummer) reckons our cities are asleep. I tend to wholeheartedly agree. We need the SWANS and others like them to resurrect this rotting carcass!

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# RECORDS AND TAPES

## ROARING BOYS L.P. (Import only)

You can't help feeling sorry for the Roaring Boys: ever since those heady days of the early '80's, when student band The Models were winning over Cambridge town and gown audiences, Paul Michell has always had his sights firmly set on being a pop star. The band moved to London, changed their name to The Way Up, did a photo session for The Sun(!), had a brief 'will they/won't they sign' affair with WEA, changed their name to the Roaring Boys, signed for CBS, only to be put through probably the most blatant case of overhype in the history of pop music: even the Beatles would have been hard pressed to have survived such a handicap. The Roaring Boys, however, are mere mortals: their first single (and first track on the LP), a boppy but unexceptional pop song called 'Every Second Of The Day', briefly entered the top 100, and then sunk without trace. This inauspicious start turned into a minor disaster with their second release (and second track on the LP), 'House Of Stone' (a stronger song, but very derivative of B. Ferry/Roxy Music), which never got off the ground. CBS, determined to cut their losses, sent the boys on a world tour: they were well received in the USA and Italy, and the powers-that-be at CBS therefore decided that the release of the Roaring Boys' debut LP, already in the can, would be restricted to these two countries.

The LP encapsulates all that is good and not so good with The Roaring Boys: first of all, there is no doubt in my mind that CBS wanted these boys to be the next Duran Duran (or failing that, Spandau Ballet), certainly not the first Roaring Boys (for confirmation, look at the band's photos on the LP sleeve). LP Producer Glyn Johns, appears to have been given a brief to that effect. Secondly the LP highlights the Roaring Boys' major weakness—a lack of songwriting ability/inspiration: far too many of the eleven tracks on the LP are merely fillers. On the credit side, there is sufficient evidence to indicate that the Roaring Boys *might* have something unique, which, if fully tapped and approached in a sympathetic manner, might make the band a household name. 'All the time in the world', admittedly a long-standing favourite of mine from their Models days, is a faultless recording. 'How' and 'Strange Girl' certainly capture the flavour of The Models years (their androgynous period!). But is all this now academic? With the defection of Neill MacColl and Dave Larcombe to The Bible!, coming on top of all the disappointments, will there still be a Roaring Boys? Only time will tell: the nucleus of The Models/The Way Up/Roaring Boys, i.e. Paul Michell, Tim May, Chris Jones, Stefan Osadzinski, still remains. One thing is certain—the Roaring Boys do not have all the time in the world.

PHIL JOHNSON

## COMPILATION 1 LP:

Simon H. Fell (Bruce's Fingers Record Label)

This label has brought out tapes by Simon H. Fell's bands since 1983, including Lucky Jim, That Uncertain Feeling and Becket, plus a collection of his solo playing. They contained some intriguingly titled tracks (e.g. 'Prisoners of the Mysterious Master Mould', 'Big Bear's New Jerkin'), so it is surprising to see that Simon's debut vinyl release is (misleadingly) called Compilation 1, and is much more conventionally divided into parts 1 and 2. Fortunately the music is much more interesting, ranging from a sizeable 1950's-styled ensemble playing a piece that, in spirit at least, reminds me of Charles Mingus's 'Scenes from the City', to some rather free-form blowing. Interspersed amongst longer pieces are brief snippets of playing and birdsong, and substantial silences which appear to be part of the overall composition. Most familiar to S & H readers is probably drummer Tony Shepherd, although I particularly liked the guitar lines of Harborne. The LP can be obtained from 48 Normanhurst, Cherry Hinton Road, Cambridge CB1 4BJ, price £3.50.

ANDREW CLIFTON



## SOUNDS OF THE VIKING AGE: Carnyx (Archaic Tapes)

Even more off the beaten track is this tape, the first in a 'Music from Archaeology' series. Graeme and Wendy Lawson, under the name of Carnyx, try to recreate the music of the time with instruments imitating actual finds and surviving manuscripts. How accurate or typical the pieces are is debatable (if six songs survived the Industrial Age, how representative would they be?), but they make fascinating and, indeed, moving listening. The couple play lyre, panpipes and bone flute. Of particular note is 'Ut-Re-Mi', the tune that suggests the idea of the do-re-mi learning system. There is nothing precious about the music or its presentation; birdsong and 'market scene' recordings are added as backing—at first, I liked the idea, but it felt obtrusive by the second side. Anyway, it's on Archaic APX 851, tape only, I think at mid-price, available from Archaeologia Musica, P.O.Box 92, Cambridge CB4 1PU.

ANDREW CLIFTON

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**THIS BEENO**  
"HEAVEN"

A real gem, this. A five-song cassette that puts This Beeno right at the top of the pile.

The title track features wailing trumpet and layers of sliding, acoustic guitars; moulded into an excellent attack on the mundanity and drabness of life in provincial England.

'Out On The Wire', the most outstanding of these five songs, is beautifully, tragically evocative of the futility of war. Politically and emotionally direct, it overwhelms with the grace and power of Owen's poetry.

Entirely different is 'Guns About To Draw'. Powerful menacing rhythm, fuzz guitar and feedback... It is easily their most aggressive song, but also their least successful. The guitars are so distorted they become merely background noise, while the power of the vocal is dissipated by an over-use of reverb. Nevertheless, it is suitably short, and fiercely shows a wider side to their nature of which I hope to hear more in future.

Both songs on side two are slower and chiefly acoustic. 'Love's Got A Hold On You' is in the same relaxed style as 'Heaven', featuring a wonderful, uplifting melody; while 'Colours Of Change' is a fine, intricate ballad, belying the comic intimations of the group's name.

All the bands they remind me of are actually inferior to This Beeno. A remarkable local debut; wonderful in its own right. This Beeno are not only the best band in Cambridge, but among the most promising in the country.

BUY IT'

SAM TAYLOR

**"IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE BEAT"**

A Cambridge Compilation Tape (Peeved Records)

**THE DETECTIVE:** A sort of unpretentious, enigmatic Stephen Duffy, The Detective presents two more Quirky, bizzare pop songs; a young, English David Byrne, playing nice tunes on a Bontempi organ. Difficult to pinpoint, but easy to like.

**THE ACCELERATORS:** Unashamedly whorish and anachronistic in style, The Accelerators belie nostalgia by being real and genuinely spontaneous in execution.

**SNAP! CABINET:** Similar to The Go-Betweens, which is no bad thing. Particularly good on 'Mortified', when a sudden loud crash of emotional crescendo splashes into a cool, taut pool of tight trebly guitar and edgy vocals.

**THE HIGH TECH PAGODAS:** A simple melody made sublime by innovative arrangement of synth and guitar. Reminds me of Wire.

**PERFECT VISION:** These loved and hated local legends bow out in finely restrained style. Their almost ghostly version of the Buzzcocks' 'Everybody's Happy Nowadays' sounds like musical black humour, while 'Clockjacks' is like a synthesised classical Russian ballad; deliberately claustrophobic, constantly increasing the pressure.



**EXPLODING HAMSTERS:** I know it's common practice to glorify dead things, but I've never liked the Hamsters' predictable Latin funk, and I was ready and willing to desecrate these tame rats, but, to be fair, 'Red Letter Day' is actually quite good; cliché-ridden, yes, and their other track here is in a more usual vein, but I think 'Day' may just be enough to save their souls from eternal critical damnation.

**THE PRINCIPLE:** Blondie without the danger; The Passions minus their freshness... nice tunes, but all rather tired.

**GLASS ASYLUM:** Among the more original bands here, Glass Asylum grace both sides of a very worthwhile tape. Inventive yet accessible, these songs are excellent: 'Kill Me' is a glorious swirl of sound and melody, while 'Larne' begins as dream and ends as nightmare.

Available from Peeved Records, c/o 46 Kimberley Road, Cambridge CB4 1HH, price £2.50, inc. p & p.

SAM TAYLOR

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# ALIVE AND WELL

## THE FALL TALK TALK

Duxford Imperial War Museum 18/7/86

'Good evening. We are The Fall.' Here the pleasantries ended, and, dignified in their old age, The Fall lurched into a set consisting almost entirely of new material, and one which displayed only one side of their nature: The Frightening World Of The Fall. After a couple of years in the open, they seem to be returning to a wilful sort of isolation. Mark sounds as though he has gone out of his way to make this sound as inhospitable as possible; spitting into the smile of familiarity that has begun to greet their work.

They played with such intensity that the air became saturated with layers of feedback, Brix and Mark occasionally splitting the sound with an obligatory squeal. But for the most part they issued a dense, rhythmic soundtrack to Mark's repetitive rant, the content of his words a mystery in all the ferocity. The music is a sad regression from the textured, golden delights of their last album. Nevertheless 'Living Too Late' has already been mixed into a more thoughtful brew, and it would be stupid to ever write them off. Maybe not this nation's saving grace, but certainly one of its better institutions.

It is a shame that Talk Talk played after the Fall. Their pretentious, melodramatic pop ballads took the edge off The Fall's performance; and I would have enjoyed Mark's contemptuous aggression much more, having first witnessed the ENEMY.

SAM TAYLOR

## THE FRANTIX THE PLEASURE HEADS

The Glasshouse, Peterborough 18/8/86

The Pleasure Heads could be heading for something big! With an excellent debut single receiving more than a passing interest from John Peel, a certain amount of media hype, and a very large local following, this band certainly seem to be in a better position than most to reap the glittering prizes of success. Regular readers of S & H will remember that I plugged their single 'Falling Man' in the last issue; but I hadn't actually seen the band 'live' for several months, so it was about time I popped up to Peterborough to see how they were coping with their new-found fame. Not surprisingly, the Glasshouse was packed, with the prospect of seeing their favourite sons in action.

The support band were The Frantix (great name) who themselves command a fairly large following, and have just recorded their debut single (for Christ's sake, wake up Cambridge!). The Frantix are a conventional punk rock four piece: they played with verve and aggression, and certainly had a great deal of stage presence. The band possess a lot of strong material, including some radically-minded political anthems, interspersed with 'girly love songs', as lead singer Andy Frantic put it. Whether their political statements went over the heads of the audience was difficult to say, but the band certainly did not receive a particularly favourable reaction. It was ironic that the one song which did get a good reaction was a rather chaotic version of The Clash's 'I fought The Law'. Visually, the band have a lot going for them: the drummer vaguely resembles 'the wild man of Borneo'; the bass player could easily be mistaken for Frank Worthington, whilst the guitarist struts across the stage like a demented peacock. Andy Frantic oozes confidence, and even dedicated their closing song 'Ugly' to Dean Nicholls of The Pleasure Heads, much to everyone's amusement! All this belies the fact that the band do take their music seriously—it is refreshing that political statements can be delivered without an air of pretension: take note Morrissey, Killing Joke, etc.

'Hello—we are the exceedingly ugly Pleasure Heads!' The Pleasure Heads have certainly gained a great deal of confidence, and are a much tighter band than when I last saw them. Pete Elderkin (vox/drums) has mastered the art of audience rapport: I've never heard so many bad taste jokes before! This man has a wit that can cut the froth from beer. However, even he proved over-optimistic by unsuccessfully attempting to cajole the audience into doing a spot of dancing: this is a Sunday lunch-time, after all! The Heads are a band full of youthful spirit and enthusiasm. Songs such as 'Falling Man' are true pop classics, combining jangly melodic guitars most effectively with Dean's swanp-like vocals (Pete and Dean rotate from drums to vocals). The band have some great ideas, and offer a great deal of musical variety. They seem equally at home with either the pop harmonies of 'Falling Man' or the aggressive thrash-like 'Don't fake it'. For the last number, the band invited 'five young marauding youths' up on stage to sing the X-certificate 'Sarno Fever' with them. Suffice to say, the rest of the audience finally woke up and demanded more—the gig finished with The Heads playing 'Bad Moon Risin' with compare Ann Johnson (who loved every minute of it) on tambourine!

PAUL ATTWOOD



BRIX (THE FALL)

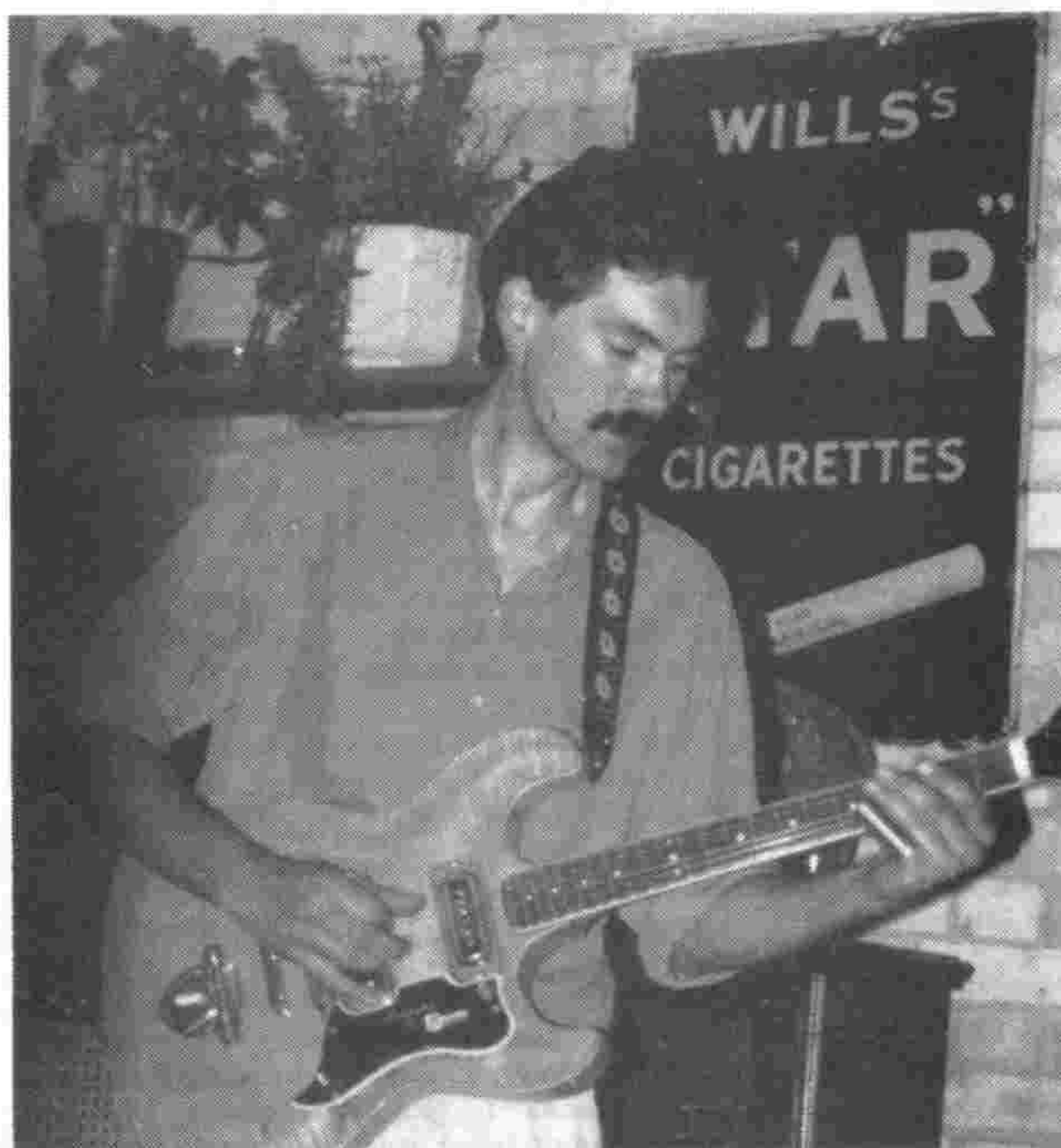
## THE 909's Boat Race 20/8/86

R & B being the tried and tested formula that it is, any band venturing into this area needs to have something a bit special to offer if it's going to be noticed. The 909's are excellent R & B players, and that's a good starting point, but the icing on the cake is their enjoyment of what they're doing. There weren't any budding super star egos in evidence, just five blokes playing tight, dirty licks.

The only really noticeable problem was with John's lead vocal, and that was a technical one since, due to the room acoustic, it could not be put far enough forward in the mix, resulting in John having to bellow in order to hear himself and nearly losing his voice by the break. The lack of clear upfront vocals was a flaw, but nothing to cut your throat over, since the band as a whole was well on song. The rhythm section was never less than tight and gritty, and although I appreciate that sax can be overdone in a set like this, their sax man always left me wanting more.

By and large I prefer the realism and humanity of the pre-war blues to the later go-faster striped R & B form, which rather lost its roots in the gold rush, but there was a special treat for me (and quite a number of others in the audience) when Pete Towers treated us to a fine and near authentic rendition of Robert Johnson's classic 'Come on in my Kitchen' to open the second half and lead into a storming and very classy set. I was impressed. Don't take my word for it though, go and see them sometime.

MARTIN BAXTER



PETE TOWERS (909's)



## FINE (wet) WEATHER FAYRE

The Cowley Site, Milton Road, 25/9/86

It may seem churlish to criticise the organisation of any event as worthy as this—raising funds for Band Aid—but I am a bit of a bastard, as The Lonely will no doubt tell you, so here goes: first of all, what dickhead came up with the name 'Fine Weather Fayre'?—if this wasn't an invitation for the heavens to open (which they duly did), I don't know what was. Secondly, if you're going to charge £8 admission, you need a big-name band to headline (i.e. a top 20 band): with due respect to The Bible!, a band for whom I have a great deal of time, they are not adequate headliners for a gig of this (intended) stature. I heard on the grapevine that the organisers had approached Depeche Mode, Elvis Costello, even Sigue Sigue Sputnik (bless their little fishnet tights!): fair enough, if they had been successful, then nobody could complain about the price—but they weren't successful, and they ought to have adjusted the price accordingly. Even if the weather had been fine, I doubt if the event would have been a financial success. Thirdly, advance publicity—was there any? It was obvious to the few of us who did attend this gig that a lot of people had put in a great deal of effort over a considerable period of time in organising this: but the average local punter (I hate that word!) wasn't aware of the event until about 2/3 weeks before it happened!

Enough slagging, now let's give some praise to all the bands who turned up and played, especially those who played on the Main Stage, and risked life and limb as the rain pounded onto amplified equipment ('Big' names, Jah Wobble and Wolfgang Press actually turned up, but buggered off without playing; Fire Next Time didn't even bother coming).

Late addition to the programme, THE MOOD ASSASSINS opened the proceedings with a typically aggressive set: David Gowar, a man of strong political/social beliefs, judging by the lyrics of his songs, was in a more than usual beligerent mood due, I suspect, to the weather, and the fact that most of us were ensconced in the beer tent.

The next band to brave the elements was the KEVIN FLANAGAN QUARTET (Kevin, an American saxophonist, and his drummer, Tony Shepherd, are also members of The Bible!—but most of you already know that, don't you?). Their brand of laid-back, cool modern jazz would have been unbeatable on a hot summer's day—on a damp, cold day like this, they certainly brought a feeling of warmth to the afternoon's entertainment. If I had Aladdin's lamp, and could be granted one wish, then I'd opt for the wish to play saxophone like Kevin Flanagan does: rumour has it that Robert De Niro modelled himself on Kevin for his part as an up-and-coming jazz saxophonist in the 1977 film 'New York, New York' (or was it the other way around?).



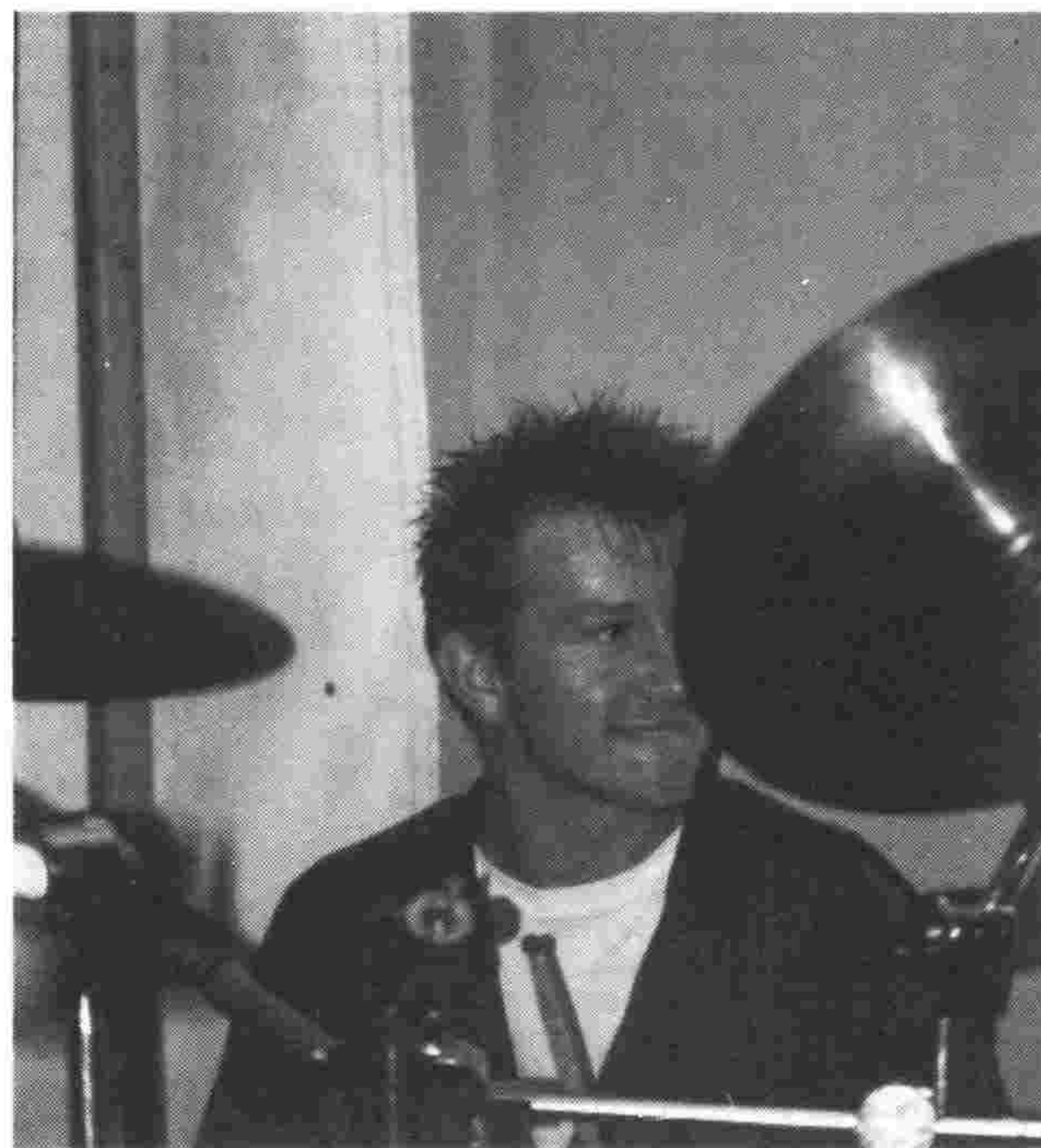
KEVIN FLANAGAN QUARTET

At this point in the proceedings, I went home for my first change of clothes (and dinner!), and missed an all-girl group whose name I don't know, but of whom Paul Christoforou summed up as 'rubbish' (but what does he know about music; he admits that he cannot appreciate the finer points of Fever Garden and The Glass Asylum). By now, compere Nick Barraclough had turned up (what happened to Andy Kershaw?), and introduced Cambridge's most popular buskers, DR SKULL & THE CROSS-BONES, just back from the South of France, where they successfully maintained the current popularity standing of the English abroad. They gave us their now well known scruffy versions of a cross section of rock classics, and were well received by the dozen or so people stomping away in the mud!

When asked what sort of music THE DAVE HOWARD SINGERS played, FWF Committee member and Spaceward Studios supremo Mark Graham, admitted that he found it difficult to pigeon-hole this band: when they started their set, I could understand why. Dave Howard (keyboards/vocals/Canadian?) and colleague Nick (drums) play a form of contemporary mutant/industrial music—a

tinge of early Cabaret Voltaire. Vocals are sung/shouted with lots of reverb, keyboards are played with imagination, and the drums, well, they just kept on pounding. This guy has a wacky sense of humour (e.g. "The next song is called 'One', it's about one, who is very near and dear to us all—his name is Batman!" or "We're gonna play another number called 'Fatted Whore from Labrador' it's not entitled that, but there's kids here. There's rain in Labrador—only went there once."). The band's finale was a superb demolition job of David Essex's 'Long Live Rock'n'Roll'—terrific! Definitely the surprise package of the day.

A further trip home for yet another change of wet clothing (thanks for the lift Richard Heeps), and then back to find that the Main Stage had been abandoned, and that the remainder of the day's entertainment would now take place in the Beer Tent. First on were headliners and current hopes for local-band-makes-good THE BIBLE!, coming on early because Kevin Flanagan had another gig later in the evening, in London. This was the first opportunity for a Cambridge audience to see the new extended line-up of the band, with Roaring Boys Neill MacColl on bass, and Dave Larcombe on drums. Their set, a nice balance of old favourites and new songs, was ecstatically acclaimed by a highly appreciative audience. For my money the highspots were 'Red Hollywood', 'Mahalia' and 'Blue Shoes Steppin'. If this band don't achieve the fame and fortune they deserve, then there's no justice!



DAVE LARCOMBE (THE BIBLE)

Because of the defection of Jah Wobble and Wolfgang Press, THE MOOD ASSASSINS were pressganged/volunteered to perform a repeat set: I particularly liked David Gowar's dedication of their first song 'Betrayal' to Jah Wobble—cynical, but apt! The current line-up of The Mood Assassins puts a greater emphasis on percussion, which, allied to their always aggressive guitar playing, gives them a unique sound—definitely one of the better (and one of the most underrated) bands in Cambridge.

The rest of the evening's entertainment was left fairly and squarely in the hands of some of the area's youngest and most promising talent: while Huntingdon's The Principle were setting up their equipment, Histon's wandering minstrel, RICHARD HEEPS, singer/songwriter of THIS BEENO, stepped forward and gave a solo performance of three songs from his band's highly acclaimed 5 track tape, 'Heaven'. This boy appears to have the same gift that Boo Hewerdine has, the ability to write classic pop songs: we'll watch his progress with interest!

The event, which will probably make the Guinness Book of Records as the only Band Aid gig to incur a financial loss, was drawn to a successful (from a music point of view) conclusion with a typically lively performance from THE PRINCIPLE, which belied the fact that this was their third gig in as many days. The addition of a live drummer has certainly given an extra dimension to their music.

Finally, a word about the printed programme: there were more names in the list of acknowledgements than there were people who actually attended the event! Included in the list were Simple Minds, The Cure, Billy Bragg: I'm curious to know what part they played in the organisation of the Fine Weather Fayre. I'm also curious to know what was meant by the wording within the FWF logo on the front of the programme: amongst lots of 'activity' words repeated over and over, and interspersed with the word 'fun—for example: Bouncing Castle Fun; Fire Eaters Fun—was 'lavatories fun'. Try telling that to the poor old sod who recently copped his lot in the Midsummer Common toilets!

PHIL JOHNSON



THE BLIND LEMONS  
Sea Cadet Hall 16/8/86



At a sparsely populated Sea Cadet Hall Blind Lemons' singer Jem invites the gathered few to get up off their arses and get down to the sound of his band. The B L's are a five piece Pop/R & B outfit, whose main distinguishing features are Jem's hat, which resembles the one John Lennon wore in 'Hard Days Night' and a female violinist called Sharon (well you don't get many violinists in local bands these days do you?). Looks they say can be deceptive and sadly this much has to be said of The Blind Lemons. Half way through their set they played a version of 'Wipe Out', a vibrant Sixties instrumental classic, which served only to prove just how lacking in inspiration the bands own songs are. The overall sound is solid, but the B L's miss the main ingredients of imagination and originality to a point where their appearance is virtually all they have to offer. There are thankfully one or two musicians around who would be glad to help this band out and add some sparkle to their performance. Despite their name, let's hope the Blind Lemons will look for them.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

THE JOHN SLAUGHTER BLUES BAND  
Jazz Night, Floods, St. Ives

I'd never been to St. Ives before—let alone to Floods—as must have been obvious to the young man whom I asked directions to the Pub. He was standing outside the Pub I was asking him directions to ...

It was Royal Wedding Night, but a fair number of people had managed to drag themselves away from their televisions to watch John Slaughter and Band deliver a set that was occasionally jazzy, but more often driving blues. As anyone who saw Robert Cray die a death at the NEC recently will agree, the Blues works best in dark, smoky clubs—and Floods fits the bill perfectly; combined with good acoustics throughout the room, this is a perfect gig for any local jazz/blues bands.

The set consisted solely (I think) of cover versions, but as George Thorogood never tires of explaining, these songs are so good to start with, why bother writing new material? The second guitarist started opener 'Sweet Home Chicago' with a bum note, and when that happens a band can either die a muddy (sorry—dreadful pun) death or shine. Zap, I almost needed sunglasses ...

There are two reasons why John Slaughter's band are so good—Mojo Mitchell is a fine singer, and a captivating and entertaining frontman; and J. S. himself is a dazzling guitarist, sounding truly authentic. In fact, he is so good that I can't quite understand why a second guitarist has recently been added to the line-up—especially as Mojo often plays as well: wouldn't a slide guitarist have been a better idea? It's still early days however, so time will tell if he is to contribute a greater part to the proceedings.

Songs? Classics all the way, from T-Bone Walker's 'Stormy Monday' to 'Early In The Morning' to 'Born In Chicago' (in 1921, Mojo?) to 'Caledonia' the band was superb.

This band *must* be seen.

RHYS WILLIAMS

MADRIGAL  
Ida Darwin Hospital 27/7/86

Regular S & H readers (and that should mean all of you!), will doubtless recall Phil Johnson's touching article on Ida Darwin Hospital gigs in Issue 3. I will not therefore reiterate the views or comments of our P. J., other than to say Sunday afternoon gigs can be arranged through Marie (telephone Cambridge 881242), or Theresa on Cambridge 881201.

My visit to I D H was occasioned at the invitation/insistence of Madrigal, a six piece outfit who cite their main musical influences to be Genesis and Marillion. However, judging from the slow haunting intro of their first number, I suspect one or two of the band may be into Hawkwind. Still, let's not keep playing spot the influence. Madrigal (as you've probably already guessed), play a brand of rock that belongs to the early Seventies, where bands such as themselves would be well advised to leave it. From their second number onwards somewhat obtrusive keyboards invariably over-rode the guitars and bass of each lengthy number.



MADRIGAL

The instrumental passages, particularly the saxophone, provided a welcome break as the band meandered in true Marillion fashion through a succession of tempo changes, which illustrated both their musical ability, and their lack of direction. The lead singer looks 'heavy' enough for this type of band, whilst the drummer treated us to one of those over-long solos that did at least justify his having such a gigantic kit.

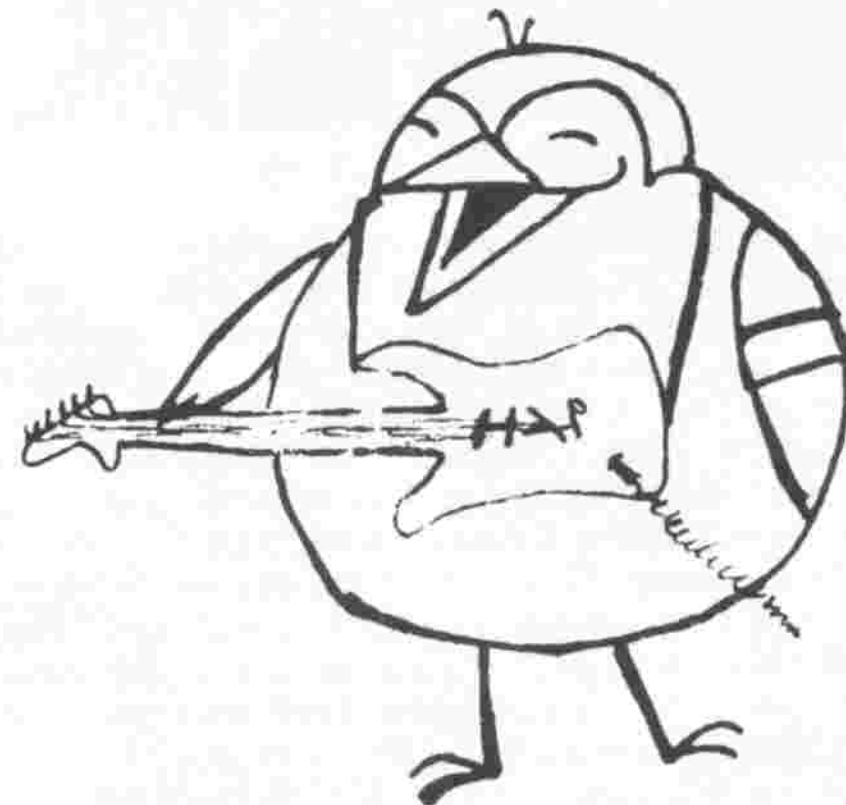
Only a few clouds of dry ice were missing from this gig, through the musical mist though one could detect an original rock band desperately trying to be seen, and heard!

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

BIG TEA TOTAL AND THE HALF CUTS  
Sultan's, Cambridge 1/9/86

The cellar is dark, the sweat is steamy and the smell of a thousand biryanis wafts menacingly downstairs. Yes, Sultan's is back on the map again in the capable hands of resident DJ Jeremy the Herb.—the only man with the audacity (and nerve) to segue Duane Eddy with the Banshees on the same turntable. An odd sort of place then to find Big Tea. Where at one point, the band members outnumbered their audience. Where the air was free but the alcohol certainly wasn't. And where immaculate coiffures were constantly under threat from an unbelievably low ceiling. Still, at the end of the evening, it had to be said that Big Tea could do no wrong, especially with the ever excited suedeheads at the front of the packed dance floor. Sultan's really could be a potential acoustic nightmare (all pillars and posts—like walking through an open box of matches) but the sound quality was surprisingly good. Their large line-up included a spirited clarinet, slappy double bass and snappy snare amongst other assorted instruments. Visually however the band are heavily reliant on Steve the voice and he really is a manic front person to watch. Walking, stalking, watching and waiting and possessed of the most evil laugh this side of the River Cam. Genuine entertainment from genuinely nice people. Big Tea are a fun band. Nothing more, nothing less. Laugh at them or laugh with them. Put another record on Jeremy.

DAVID F.







**THE FAITH BROTHERS**  
Bishops Park, Fulham Palace, London  
'Picnic at the Palace' 20/9/86

With the sun setting over Bishop's Park, The Faith Brothers take the stage amidst the cheers and screams of their South Harrow Fan Club and other loyal fans alike, which like a spark to a flame sets the tone for this F B gig. They dive (or is it 'Jive'?) straight into 'Even Tide (a hymn for a change)'. Not so much a hymn, more like an anthem. The F B theme tune no less, as it sends 'The Faithful' (excuse the pun) into a frenzied lunge towards the stage (via the inadequate wooden fencing).

'Stranger on Home Ground' sees the intro of Mark Waterman and Wil Tipper on sax and trumpet, along with Henry Trezise on keyboards, which really makes this group essential viewing as they break from the standard guitars and drum set up. 'Whistling in the Dark' again brings out the brass section to assist Billy Franks' ever forceful voice with this song of love and the ever present doubt associated with it.

Storming through 'Sunday (Rebel Soul)' the vocals of Lee Hirons and Billy Franks (the co-song writers) pronounce 'I am Rebel Soul, I need no blessing, from church or state, it is for them confessing'. Not a truer word spoken in church all day! 'A day dreamers' philosophy' sparks the literary to reach for their T. S. Elliot and William Blake classics, as if to bring out the poet and author in all of us.

The tempo drops as Billy goes solo with a new song entitled 'The Welcome Pain' which he himself dismisses as 'Tried once but never again', as the last chord is struck; probably due to the poor sound balance, rather than lack of commitment.

On to a classic rendition of Peter Gabriel's 'Biko', as Billy and audience alike try (and succeed?) to 'move' the masses in Putney just across the Thames. It's sung with a real depth of feeling and honesty for the South African Steve Biko; an honesty so rarely seen these days in many a rock band. With Steve Howlett giving the drum kit his all, and Mark Hirons thrashing away on acoustic guitar (trying not to open up old wounds from the previous Saturday's gig—whereby his white guitar was left covered in blood). It was another moving experience. It could almost have been Peter Gabriel up there on stage. Instead, it was Billy Franks, sweatbands still intact, calling for the crowd to back off to avoid crushing the girls at the front, as they charge into 'Storyteller', 'Country of the Blind' and 'Doctor (my eye)'. The band rush off stage to grab a beer from within the mansion-like house, which provides a back-drop to the stage, and then on like men possessed (or is it poised to make it big!); to fly through 'Newtown' an oldie of theirs, but a classic F B song all the same, and all the time would allow for. If you've got religion, you'd better have faith in these boys. Watch out for their second album cum the turn of the year—better still catch them live next time out, or be sentenced to confession for not doing so!

STEVE GILLETT

**THE WEDDING PRESENT**  
**THE AGE OF CHANCE**  
George & Dragon, Bedford 17/7/86

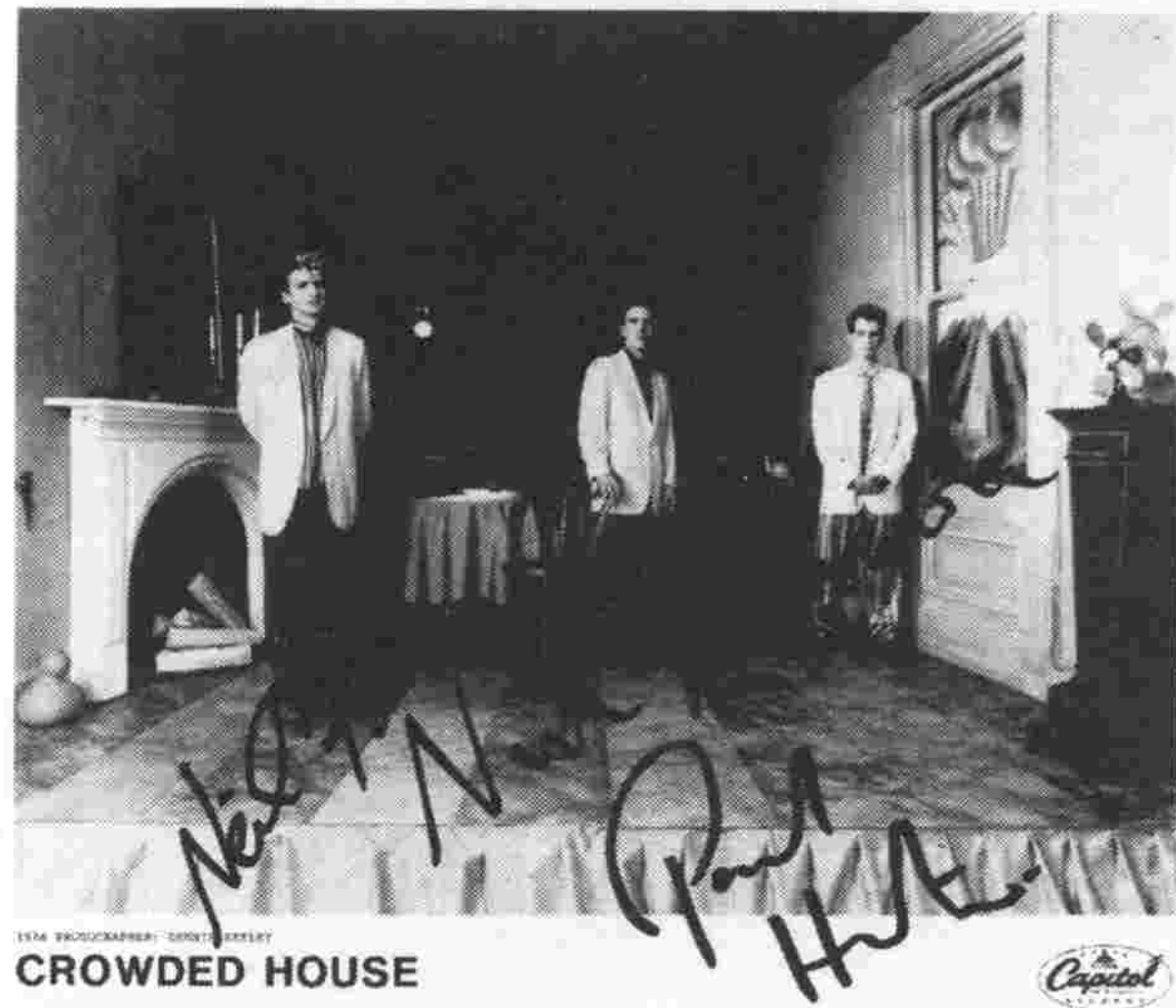
'FASTER' shouted the crowd, though this seemed barely possible in the light of the blistering, passionate pop songs The Wedding Present were playing. Their sound is dominated by a guitar noise somewhere between the raw discordancy of Big Flame and the jangly tunefulness of early Smiths, the slightly

coy vocals preventing the whole thing running away with itself. Appropriately, they ended a superlative set with a breakneck rendition of Gang of Four's 'I Found That Essence Rare'. However, despite some wonderful tunes and a 'spirit' in keeping with musical legends like the Undertones and Buzzcocks, the WP seem unlikely ever to penetrate the slimy depths of the charts. But this is true youth culture: bright, loud, fast and happy. GO OUT & GET 'EM, BOY.'

Even though these bands take turns at headlining, Age of Chance display an aura of greatness possessed by very few groups. They abound arrogance and energy, they are cynical but simultaneously positive: an act of defiance towards the blandness of pop's current sugar demons (sweet, sickly, and ultimately a force of decay and obesity). This band delights in describing itself in terms like 'SONIC BOYSTOWN'. Don't be misled. Age of Chance play furious, primitive R n R, fuelled by the thrill of Motown soul. Jan bangs the drums with somewhat less finesse and considerably more anger than a small child in a tantrum, an evil smile of pleasure flickering across her face when the sparks begin to fly. The 'sonic' guitar was barely audible in a distinctly murky sound system, and at times the melodies seemed to degenerate into a cacophony of enthusiasm—but this IS the age of CHANCE.

A positive noise in a Bedford pub. Perhaps there is hope yet?

SAM TAYLOR



**CROWDED HOUSE**  
Tower Records, London (Piccadilly Circus store)  
20/9/86

As fate would have it, my American friend and I had just wandered in off Piccadilly Circus on a Saturday afternoon to find the newly formed 'Crowded House' in, yes you've guessed it, a crowded record store, pitched somewhere between the music papers, compact discs and the lifts. With a backcloth of strategically placed album and singles sleeves, the three piece set out their stall to 'busk' to us the record buying public.

Equipped with acoustic and bass guitars, and side and snare drums, the trio are moulded around the songwriting talent of Neil Finn (ex Split Enz and other half of the great Tim Finn/Neil Finn Partnership that bought you 'Six months in a leaky boat' and 'I got you' amongst others).

Their songs ooze the injustice of misdirected and forbidden love, yet they're still smiling and 'splitting' jokes between 'soon to be classics' as 'Don't dream it's over', 'World where you live', 'Love you 'til the day I die' and more.

'Mean to me' was the signal for the eloquent voice of Neil Finn to let rip around such lines as 'I could not escape, a plea from the heart, you know what it means to me'. As we all know, love never runs smoothly, and so neither does their set which skips somewhere between romance and heartache, rejection and hope, and still comes up smelling roses. This is Aussie pop in true Split Enz style. This group doesn't signal the end of the Enz, just a glorious diversion, I'm safely assured 'Something so strong' winds up the set with such simplistic lyrics that pour their heart out, 'Love can make you weep, can make you run for cover, roots that spread so deep, bring life to the frozen ground'. The sweetest songs are always so simply put together. How true. There's even enough left for an encore, entitled 'Massive' (we think?). It caught roadies (yes roadies!), staff and music lovers alike dancing on the stairs and in the aisles. Yes, they gave commitment willingly and in return they brought smiles, applause and even cheers, from those who'd 'Scene and Heard' 'Crowded House'.

STEVE GILLETT



## HEAR AND THERE

With not too many shopping days left until the opening of the Corn Exchange, the City Council are not sitting on their laurels, or at least they were fairly active in July when they arranged THE FALL/TALK TALK gig at Duxford. Pity they lost out financially due to the attendance falling short of the 3,500 break even figure. The event only attracted about half that total. Could this disappointment be at least partly attributed to the unique advertisement which appeared in the NME, giving full details of the gig, but no date? Incidentally, Talk Talk's management put a ban on photographers which left us at S&H with only 50 pics of the band's performance to choose from for this issue! The men behind Talk Talk will without doubt be delighted to learn of the existence of a Bootleg tape which features the whole of their artists' concert recorded from the mixing desk.

On a smaller scale, maximum brownie points are in order for Georgina Day. For young Georgina organised Valentino Aid, a charity bash at St Ives Corn Exchange which featured Stormed, P.R.I.C., Flowershop and an unannounced appearance of CHILDREN OF SOME TRADITION, who, according to front man Jonathan Haynes are going to win next year's Rock Competition! Modest Jon also spoke of how his band have devised a kind of dial-a-disc in reverse to promote their forthcoming single 'Town to Town', where it matters most. Jon and the boys have been ringing round one or two record companies, playing their platter over the receiver, leaving a telephone number and hoping for the best—whatever next, the little rascals! This cheek is nothing however when compared to the Children's (former?) manager, Jeremy Day (he's Georgina's brother, so we'll take those brownie points back). Jeremy wrote to S&H a couple of days before Issue No. 4 went to print, and tried to kid us COST had actually been signed up by Polydor!

One person who really is affiliated to a major record company is Boo Hewerdine. Boo signed on the dotted line for Chrysalis, with other labels in hot pursuit, earlier this year. Boo's band THE BIBLE! made their TV debut at the end of August with a video that was filmed in Oxfordshire just 48 hours before it was screened on Channel Four's Chart Show. The promo for 'Graceland' was a full day (about 14 hours) in the making at a cost of £17,000 that's around £5,000 per minute for footage that may never be shown, at least in this country again. The message, therefore, for those who missed the original showing is 'You Will Never See Graceland(?)'. Staying on the subject of things that may never be seen (or heard), Jane Reck, former songstress with the now defunct Exploding Hamsters, has suggested her new combo may not make a live debut at all, tis a shame this, as the prospect of a band called HARRIET VEGAN AND THE COURGETTES was simply mouth watering.



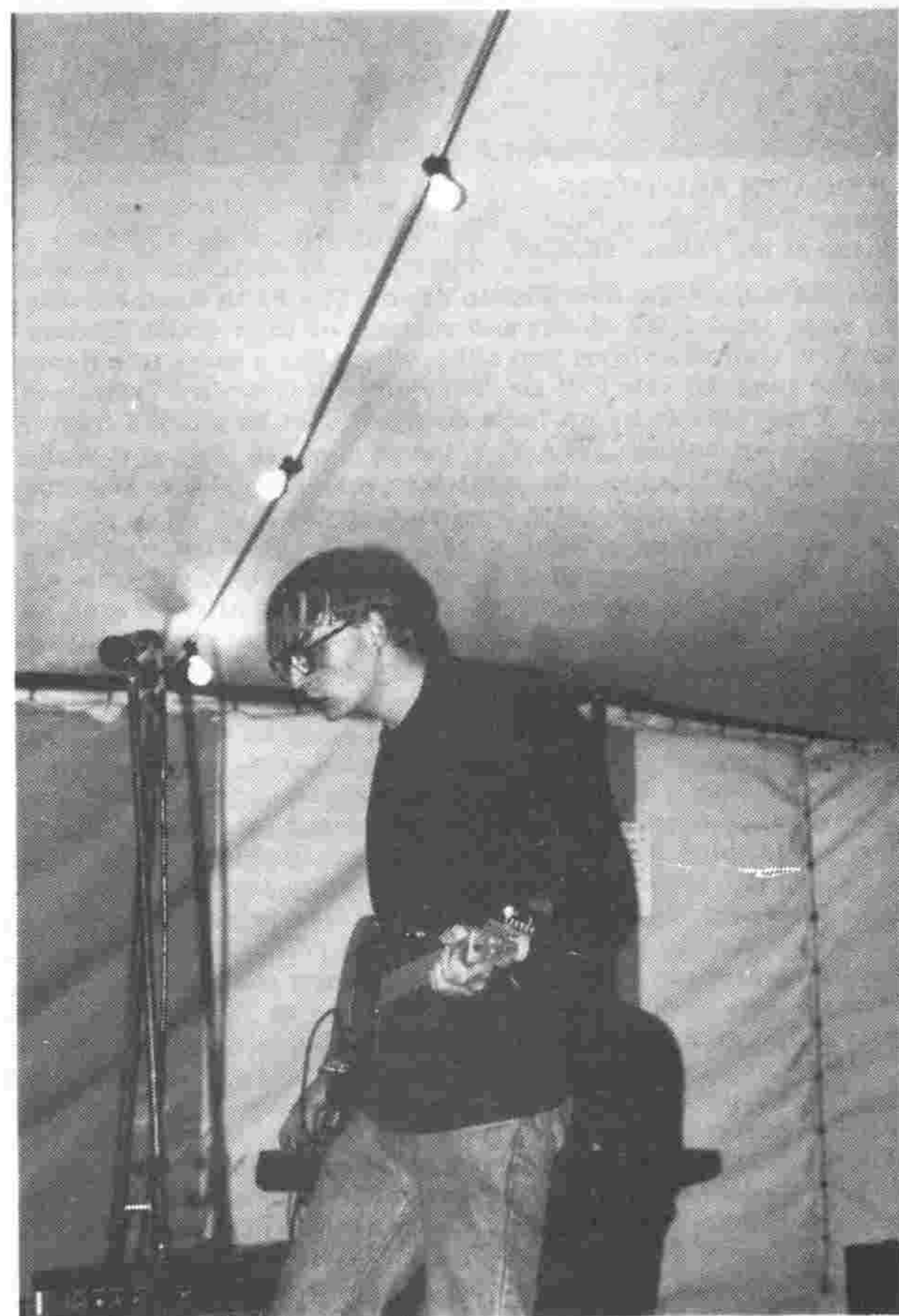
REFUGEE

Ely band REFUGEE breezed into town recently and played a couple of dates at the Burleigh. As expected, they brought a large proportion of Ely's 16-20's with them, just as they had for their appearance at the Rock Competition in February. However, it is still difficult to understand what their followers see in them—apart from their haircuts. Much more worthy of attention are FREEDOM FACTION, a trio comprising three local musicians, all with some previous experience who played support to This Beeno one night in September. FF nearly blew the roof off The Burleigh with an uncompromisingly hard hitting set of post-punk/material. This bunch also had a lot of supporters, which sadly is what Peterborough band THE PLEASURE HEADS were without when they played the same venue, with just 15 people in attendance—six more than were present for U2's first London gig! Meanwhile, CYPRUS BY MOONLIGHT put the word around, and handed out a few complimentary tickets in order to avoid the prevalence of a tranquil atmosphere at their gig. As for the band's performance, singer Andy Monk spent a lot of time apologising, but not for his band's blandness, whilst guitarist Daryl Everitt ensured that every song featured a 'jingle jangle' solo, as made famous in the Sixties by the Byrds. Perhaps Mr Everitt is either a descendant of Roger McQuinn, or a cousin to Ted Koehorst!

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU



CHILDREN OF SOME TRADITION



THE BIBLE

P	L	E	A	S	U	R	E	
				H	E	A	D	S
				Don't Fake It / Falling Man Debut 7" Single Molesworth HUNTS2				
Distributed by Backs and The Cartel								





TALK TALK  
Imperial War Museum, Duxford  
18th July 1986

My previous encounters with hippy-headliners Talk Talk were in the charts or on two albums, 'It's My Life', the Euro-hit, and the more recent 'Colours of Spring' the former being the more complete and memorable; its tremendous success obviously fuelled the efforts for the rather more indulgent stuff on the latter album, which I couldn't quite take to.

On to the gig: they opened up with their early '80's hit 'Talk Talk', which, even with the expansive line-up of Talk Talk '86, still lacked any of the polish of their later hits. They actually helped me quite a lot by sticking to numbers from the albums, as they reeled off 'Dum Dum Girl', 'Life's What You Make It' and the excellent 'Living In Another World' to a highly enthusiastic audience—yet the whole show was just a little too detached for my taste: huge stage, lights that seemed to go on and on, and very little audience communication. It became little more than a musical spectacle, and I was none the wiser about the band's personalities—a fault with many of the mega-heroes of the early '70's that the '76/'77 movement swiftly ended. Maybe the idea is impractical for bands of the status of Talk Talk, but then it may come down to them to change it. Come on lads, even just an acknowledgement to the audience would help.



Well, moaning over, I must say that I did enjoy the excellent dynamics of the performance, with some superbly enhancing effects from the lighting crew, making the whole thing much more worthwhile. The use of backing tapes for some of the more essential effects was admirably sparse and hardly noticeable, as all the percussion and keyboard work was actually played. Nice orbital stereo on it all, too, particularly on the excellent first encore 'It's A Shame' which lifted their followers on to a plane of excitement that was so high they had to come on again to calm them down: this they did with 'Renee', showing off the uniquely emotive range of Mark Hollis's voice for one final time. Worth the money? Yeah I suppose so.

STEVE BUTTERCASE

President Reagan Is Clever  
Imperial War Museum, Duxford  
18th July 1986

PRIC were actually up against it here, playing third violin to one of EMI's hottest properties (Talk Talk), and those aging punk creek-cruisers The Fall, but they coped well, and it was interesting to hear their 'grass roots' sound, as the engineers had apparently lost their now famous sequencer in the mix. I lost the 'Ostrich' introduction completely ('a song about manners' quipped Dave Hildick-Smith). In fact, through the first few numbers they seemed a little lost, and almost to be searching for familiar faces in the crowd, but to me, it was an opportunity to register exactly how well they would cope with the early rigours of minor success, should it come their way: with new songs like 'All The Things That Were Never Said' under their belts, That must be a possibility. Combining quirky melodic verses with an immediate chorus, it could have been early Spandau, or even the Smiths. Maybe it was the mix, but apart from that track, the others became samey and inevitable, without the spark of previous gigs. Shame. David Hildick-Smith leads this lot from the front, confidently and at times nonchalantly, with an aura of self-assurance that works to the band's advantage; he's also quite witty at times! Perhaps careful attention to certain aspects of his stage presence could round off PRIC into just the commercial act they are striving to be.

STEVE BUTTERCASE



TIM KEOGH (P.R.I.C.)





# GOSSIP, RUMOURS, & LIES!

## PETERBOROUGH VENUES

Andrew Clifton writes:

One hopes that the ever-increasing opportunities to play live in Peterborough stimulate more bands.

THE MANHATTAN BAR in Broadway now has bands on Sunday lunchtimes and Tuesday nights; the latter has been dubbed an 'alternative' night, to slot in between THE CROWN'S Sanctuary Club on Mondays, and THE TROPICANA on Wednesdays (but the agents' understanding of the term seem very suspect at present). THE NORFOLK INN will close for refitting during October, but when it reopens, it will cater for live music four nights a week.

As for the new GABLES, bands should contact Mick Chelly (0733-61854) to play there.

The homely PEACOCK (Fridays) and the PETER PAN (Saturdays) are also becoming regular venues once more, although the latter is very covers-oriented; phone Paul Chatham (0733-6099). THE HORSE AND GROOM, which managed to book some notable heavy metal bands earlier this year, is both diversifying its sound and becoming a more regular venue this autumn; phone Steve and Sharon Greenwood (0733-238636).

And, of course, my favourite, ST THERESA'S GASLIGHT CLUB starts up again in October with its mixture of all kinds of music and comedy. Phone John McManus (0733-314378) or Pete Chambers (0733-60856) for this one, especially if you are an unusual act.

Also of note is the OXCART (0733-267414), where the new landlord seems to prefer 'all-round' entertainers (sounds ideal for The Lonely: you can't get 'rounder' entertainers than them—new Ed.).

## GIGGING IN NORTHAMPTON

CIRCUIT 22 PROMOTIONS is the fastest growing live music Promotions Company in Northampton and the surrounding area. It is also the largest and only full-time operation available to bands in the town.

Run by Malcolm Hanson, Circuit 22 came into existence at the beginning of May, after Malcolm had organised two very successful concerts for Live Aid. The company is funded by the Enterprise Allowance Scheme, and many bands play for free to help build the company's finances, in order to establish more gigs.

Circuit 22 promotes every Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evenings at THE FIVE BELLS, Kingsthorpe, which is about to achieve status as a fully fledged Rock Club, known locally as Grannies Rockin'; the venue has a 400 capacity. P.A. and lights are provided by Circuit 22 at no cost to the bands.

Every Thursday from the beginning of October, Circuit 22 will be promoting gigs at the COLLEGE STUDENT UNION BUILDING, and has won many concessions from the College Committee, the main one being that all gigs are open to everybody. Capacity is 250, and Circuit 22 provides P.A. and lights.

THE GUILDHALL (capacity 600) is booked every month for local and outside bands to strut their stuff: the company has also sent proposals to THE DERNGATE CENTRE (downstairs capacity 250; main auditorium 500).

Currently Circuit 22 is promoting the Northampton 'Battle of the Bands' competition, with prizes of £500, £250, £100, plus goodies like Flight Cases, London bookings, etc.

Circuit 22 is keen to showcase any band from any area, and will issue enquirers with full details of the scheme and how new bands can use it to their best advantage. Bands must write in the first instance to Malcolm Hanson, Circuit 22 Promotions, 29 Springfield, Wootton, Northampton NN4 0HB.

## DID YOU KNOW?

Whilst Falco was No. 1 here in the Summer, British duo BRUCE AND BONGO were top of the charts in Germany, Austria and Switzerland, total sales taking them into the top three singles in Europe. 'Bongo' is in fact Dougie Wilgrove of Padholme Road in Peterborough. Together with Bruce Hammond he left the Royal Anglian Regiment (in which they had both been bandmen) in 1980, and they have pursued pop music careers in Berlin ever since.

The St. Neots based SHARP RECORDS have now moved their operations to Peterborough. Their current release is a 12-in. EP by a Bradford based band, THE PASSMORE SISTERS, who did a Radio One session for John Peel last year. The man behind Sharp Records, Pete Sharp, is looking to promote local bands on his label: interested bands should write to him at 126 High Street, Fletton, Peterborough.

ANDY WHITE, aka The Ghost of Electricity, turns up on vinyl again: his 12-in. single released a few months ago on Stiff Records, he now turns up on Decca with a new song called 'Reality Row'. A recent Janice Long session done by Andy showed him still to be in a Billy Bragg bag: those of us who remember Andy's College gigs still prefer the backing tapes and spoken vocals, rather than the current guitar/Dylan-esque vocals.

CHEOPS STUDIOS are currently undergoing renovation: our next issue will give full details of what new benefits there will be for local bands.

## LETTERS

### FEED THE WORLD — WE ARE THE WORLD

The hypocrisy of our so called 'caring' nation is, once again, pushed into the faces of the bland generation. Our wealthy, contented and slavering popstars have now done their bit for Africa and now wallow in self-congratulation and praise.

Lesson One—A nice tune sells records, nice safe words guarantee airplay and publicity. This soft option drivell has achieved nothing constructive for the starving Third World countries but elevated rock business egos in Britain and America.

How ironic then that the disgust and disbelief brought home in stirring photo news reports have once again been forgotten and left off of our screens. Of course there was The Wedding and the Queen Mother's incident with a fish bone.

Is this all? Is this the end of the caring and action to try and put a stop to this and other horrific disasters? Do we now sit back and totally forget what we have seen and get back to booking our summer holidays and organising caring little Band Aid concerts for fun?

We can do without this hypocritical attitude. A little cash or a few tons of grain are not enough—neither was our 'week of action'—a pitiful few days where we all thought "gosh, I never knew" and "where is Ethiopia anyway". But the guilt soon wore off didn't it?

The horror was put into the back of our minds by a series of worthless pieces of pretentious chart music by artists with bigger wallets than brains, bigger egos than hearts. Who could believe that the same celebrities who posed so moodily for the cameras would be out partying and lining their own pockets the very next evening?

No-one with a modicum of sense would fall for such cheap and nasty publicity stunts which accompanied the Band Aid projects, would they?

And yet the Fine Weather Fayre rears its ugly head in Cambridge on Bank Holiday Monday. And tickets only £8 each.

Band Aid?—stick them over your mouths next time folks.

LUKE WARM

**The Alma Brewery**  
Russell Court

**CAMBRIDGE'S PREMIERE MUSIC VENUE**

**ADMISSION FREE**

**SEE THE BEST BANDS IN TOWN  
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT**

Nick & Maggie Welcome You



# USEFUL NUMBERS

Accelerators - 328237  
 This Beeno - Royston 60775  
 Richard Berry - Stamford 52187  
 Between The Lines - 892736  
 The Bible! - 353137  
 Blind Mice - Saffron Waldon 30645  
 Camera Shy - Histon 3816  
 Children of Some Tradition - 0480 58440  
 Colonel Gomez - Ely 741016  
 Cri De Coeur - Caxton 467  
 Darkness At Noon - P'boro 232584  
 Desecrators - P'boro 232796  
 Double Yellow Line - 352370  
 Dr. Skull - 322438  
 Filthy Rider - St. Ives 66407  
 Flower Shop - Huntingdon 50124  
 The Force - 832843  
 Frigidaires - 247136  
 Glass Asylum - 276408  
 His Wife Refused - Market Deeping 33665  
 Hondo - 315909  
 In Flight - 327124  
 Indiscipline - P'boro 264156  
 Jack The Bear - Royston 61295  
 Jilted Brides - P'boro 265456  
 Legend - P'boro 61854  
 The Lonely - 246670  
 Montreal - 315776  
 Mood Assassins - Comberton 3875  
 Pleasure Heads - P'boro 68895  
 President Reagan Is Clever - 01-249 2941  
 The Principle - 0954 80150  
 Red Over White - Huntingdon 412036

RT's Wasp Club - 357495  
 Rumour Has It - 350006  
 Russia - 66438  
 Snap! Cabinet - 323571  
 Spike - 240349  
 Standpoint - 871516  
 Stormed - 321885  
 Strange Brew - 243424  
 Therapy - 843157  
 Trux - Crafts Hill 31550  
 Vanishing Point - Histon 4504  
 Wild Party Productions - 322879  
 Worlds End Band - 246327  
 2 The Limit - 845026  
 909's - 243144

PA Hire  
 Stavros - 245047  
 Skysound - 358644  
 Music Village - 316091  
 Flite Audio - 316094  
 Chings - 315909  
 Fuzzy - 870651  
 Star Hire - 0480 411159  
 Melbourn Rock Club - Royston 61725

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

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

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

Photography  
 Chris Hogge - 350799  
 Rosanne Holt - 249003

Recording Studios  
 Spaceward - 9889 600  
 Kite Studios - 313250  
 Skysound - 358644  
 School Hse Studios - Bury St Eds 810723  
 Stable Studios - Ware 871090  
 The Lodge - Clare 27811  
 Thatched Cottage - Bedford 771259  
 Makka - 66534  
 Lizard - 248877  
 Music Room - 0733 46901

# GIG GUIDE

## OCTOBER

- 26 Cb. Boat Race - Frigidaires  
 Pb. Gaslight Club - Ted Hawkins  
 Pb. Glasshouse (lunchtime) - Red Moon  
 Pb. Manhattan (lunchtime) - The Pleasure Heads
- 27 Pb. Crown - Laughing Mothers  
 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Lloyd Watson Band
- 28 Cb. Burleigh Arms - John Slaughters Blues Band  
 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Legend
- 29 Pb. Tropicana - The Shop Assistans/The Pleasure Heads  
 St. Ives, Floods Tavern - John Slaughters Blues Band  
 Harlow, The Square - President Reagan Is Clever
- 30 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Le Jour  
 Cb. Boat Race - Jeff Taylor's Blues Quartet  
 St Ives, Royal Oak - Richard Berry
- 31 Melbourn Rock Club - Tygra Myra  
 St Neots, Kings Head - Vigil Auntie  
 Cb. Burleigh Arms - The Frigidaires

## NOVEMBER

- 1 Cb. Alma - Worlds End Band  
 St Neots, Kings Head - Rough Mix  
 Cb. Sea Cadets Hall - Filthy Rich
- 2 Pb. Glasshouse (lunchtime) - Stormed/Darkness At Noon  
 Cb. Boat Race - Switch  
 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Session 57
- 3 Pb. Crown - The Last Salute
- 4 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Iceni
- 6 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Small Talk  
 Cb. Boat Race - The Force
- 7 Cb. Burleigh Arms - John Slaughters Blues Band  
 Huntingdon, Waterloo - Turnham Green  
 Melbourn Rock Club - Runestaff
- 8 Cb. Alma - Russia  
 Cb. CCAT - A Certain Ratio  
 Huntingdon, Waterloo - KGB
- 9 Cb. Boat Race - The Lonely  
 Pb. Glasshouse (lunchtime) - Frantix/Forbidden Testament
- 10 Pb. Crown - The World Service  
 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
- 11 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Colonel Gomez
- 12 Cb. Burleigh Arms - John Otway  
 Pb. Crown - 32/20
- 13 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Le Jour  
 Pb. Crown - General Command
- 14 Cb. Burleigh Arms - The Frigidaires  
 Melbourn Rock Club - Filthy Rich  
 Pb. Peacock - Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
- 15 Cb. Alma - Jack The Bear  
 St Neots, Kings Head - Rebecca Wolf
- 16 Cb. Boat Race - The Frigidaires  
 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Session 57
- 18 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Lloyd Watson Band

- 20 Cb. Boat Race - 909's
- 21 Pb. Wirrina - The Mission/Rose Of Avalanche  
 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Serious Business  
 Melbourn Rock Club - Kooga  
 Pb. Peacock - Mick Davison Band
- 22 Huntingdon, Waterloo - Filthy Rich  
 St Neots, Kings Head - Stone Angels
- 23 Cb. Boat Race - Jeff Taylor's Blues Quartet
- 24 Pb. ABC Cinema - John Cooper Clark/Minor Arcana  
 Pb. Crown - The Flowershop
- 25 Pb. Norfolk Inn - 32/20
- 28 Cb. Burleigh Arms - The Frigidaires  
 Melbourn Rock Club - Groundhogs  
 Huntingdon, Waterloo - Camera Shy
- 29 Pb. Crown - The Motivators  
 Huntingdon, Waterloo - The Flowershop  
 St Neots, Kings Head - Animation
- 30 Cb. Boat Race - Rhythm Method  
 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Session 57

## DECEMBER

- 1 Pb. Crown - The Acid Curse
- 5 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Mojo Mitchell Blues Band  
 Pb. Peacock - Colonel Gomez  
 Melbourn Rock Club - Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
- 6 Cb. Alma - Up In Arms  
 Pb. Wirrina - Hawkwind
- 7 Cb. Boat Race - The Frigidaires
- 8 Pb. Crown - Stormed
- 9 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
- 10 Pb. Tropicana - The Pleasure Heads/The Godfathers
- 12 Cb. Burleigh Arms - The Frigidaires  
 Melbourn Rock Club - Dr Skull & The Crossbones/  
 Touched/Grim Reaper
- 13 St Neots, Kings Head - Mojo Mitchell Blues Band
- 14 Pb. Glass house (lunchtime) - The Pleasure Heads  
 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Session 57  
 Cb. Boat Race - Dr Skull & The Crossbones
- 15 Pb. Crown - Ha Ha, Mr Wolf  
 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Red Moon
- 16 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Lloyd Watson Band
- 19 Pb. Peacock - Stormed  
 Melbourn Rock Club - Scrapyard/The Frigidaires  
 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Double Yellow Line
- 20 Pb. Crown - Davison-Woods Band  
 St Neots, Kings Head - Colonel Gomez
- 21 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Madrigal
- 23 Pb. Norfolk Inn - Legend  
 Cb. Burleigh Arms - Strange Brew/Don't Call Me Shirley
- 24 St. Neots, Kings Head - Vigil Auntie  
 Cb. Boat Race - Dr Skull & The Crossbones
- 26 Pb. Peter Pan - The Motivators  
 Cb. Burleigh Arms - The Frigidaires

As usual, we advise you to check the weekly gig guides in the local press (Cambridge Evening News (Tuesday)); Cambridge Weekly News (Thursday); Stop Press, Darts, etc.), and Local Radio (BBC Radio Cambridgeshire Sundays, approx. 11.30 a.m.). Thanks to Andrew Clifton for all the north-of-the-county information.



