

No. 7

# SCENE AND HEARD

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL ROCK RAG

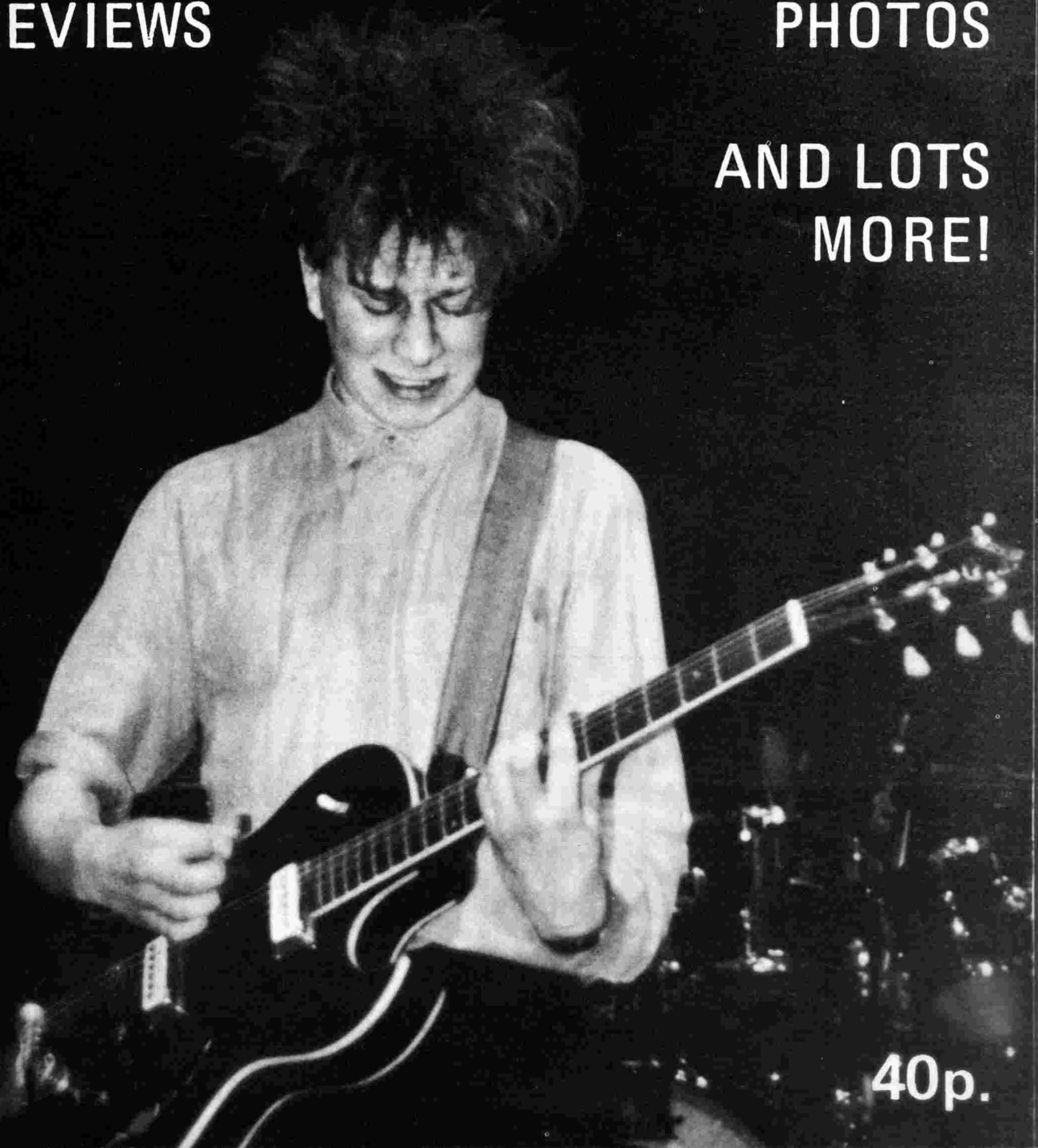
## CAMBRIDGE ROCK COMPETITION

HEAT REVIEWS

PHOTOS

NEWS

AND LOTS  
MORE!



40p.

## EDITORIAL

### A JUDGES VIEW

Here we are again; having arrived comfortably at issue 7, and cleared the first anniversary post with no trouble. Last issue concentrated at looking back at 1986 so now planted firmly in 1987, let's look at all the goodies in store for us - yippee !!

Not surprisingly, a great deal of this issues scribble concerns that world-stopping event; The Rock Competition, and having viewed it this year from a judges point of view, I'd like to think that I have a pretty good idea of what went on (though I'm sure others would like to challenge that). The 42 bands who were this year 'selected' to strutt their funky (or not so funky) stuff ranged from the embarrassingly abismal, to the impressively professional; so plenty of variety anyway. With my tender young years, and the help of Mr. Chris Williams (vocalist from DYL to you), the judging panel took on a much wider range of ages and possibly musical tastes, than in the previous years, which can't be bad. So for anybody bearing bitter grudges about the results so far, I doubt you could have got a more balanced panel, and anyway; if you can't stand the heat ...

Sir Trevor Dann himself (perhaps better known for his outstanding performances in 'The Landlord Doesn't Know Yet'), graces the final again this year to be MC (and chief bottle washer) - which leads nicely into mentioning the welcome return of his Sunday evening Rock Show - back again now with 50% extra absolutely free! Yes! The three hour weekly epic enables bands to air their studio material, and get local coverage, as well as tempting all of with an alternative to 'Songs Of Praise'.

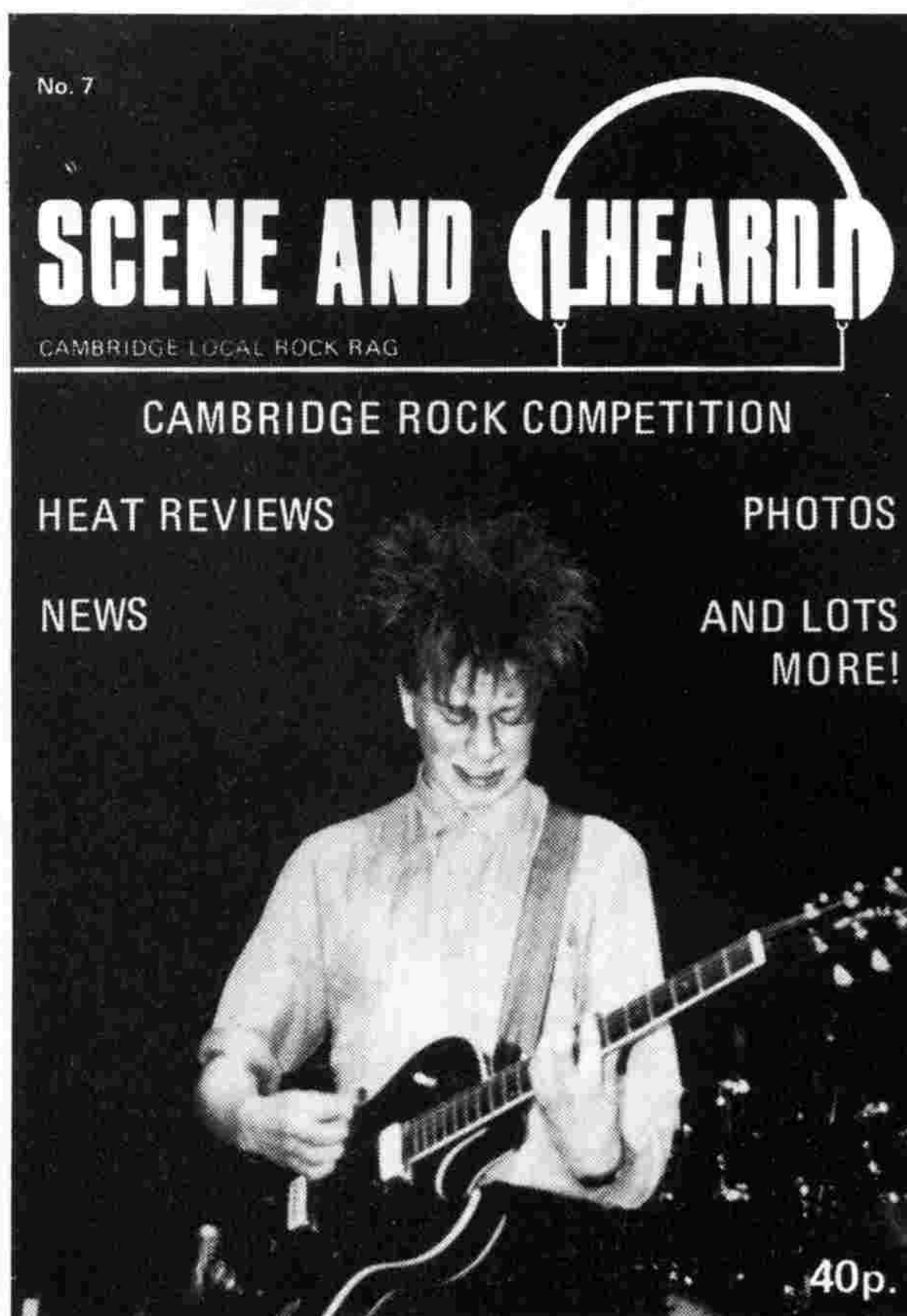
The Corn Exchange has served as a groovy change of venue for the Competition, and is already proving to be an adequate source of encouragement for 'bigger' bands to stop off at our humble city - Tom Robinson and China Crisis did their thing in February, but unfortunately The Icicle Works were shunted across the road to The Guildhall for their second performance in Cambridge - (what gives The Dubliners precedence over anything anyway?). The Icicles (?) were not beaten though, and delivered an excellent set.

Keeping on Cambridge's most eligible complaint [i.e. venues, or lack of] - The C.V.G. continue with their efforts to bridge the gap between the Burleigh Arms and the Corn Exchange, whilst the CCAT are also now showing a welcome interest in putting on more gigs. What with that and a Vinyl Ways To Move compilation on the cards, things are looking jolly rosy. So the time has come to stop complaining and go out and enjoy ourselves.

WENDY LLOYD

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SIMON SAGGERS  
THE HERETICS

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# THE SOAP SERIAL

## ROCK 'N' ROLL - THE MYTH EXPLODED

### PART ONE: Evolution

In the late 1940's 'Teddy Boys' already existed, but at that time they were looking for something, other than style of dress, that they could identify with. In 1952 they found it, when a young man called Gene Vincent and his band The Blue Caps first took the stage. When he bellowed at the audience: 'A wop bop a loo bop a lop bam boom, tutti frutti ...'; 'Rock'n'Roll' was born.

Vincent came from the East End of London, where he found a host of cellars and coffee bars full of young kids, like himself, crying out for his music. Word spread of this 'new music' and crowds became larger. Gene Vincent and The Blue Caps soon found themselves playing larger venues, further afield.

Someone who had been to several of the early gigs was 'Wild' Bill Haley, who was playing in an up-tempo country band, named The Comets. He persuaded the band to go and hear the Rock'n'Roll music and they agreed to adopt the style. Haley and The Comets got caught up in the pace and excitement of the music. The drummer, John 'Bama Lama, Bonzo Bonham' Laine, playing a fifteen minute solo, Bill took his Washburn semi-acoustic guitar and wrapped it around the microphone stand.

Rock'n'Roll was calling itself 'new' but it was more popularly, and perhaps more accurately called 'white man's music with the black man's beat', and as far as the white middle class parents were concerned, they could keep it. The Comets and Blue Caps were all white, but watching Bill's guitar antics was a coloured kid from Brixton.

The young Bo Diddly wanted to be a guitar man as well. In his attempt to play Rock'n'Roll guitar he developed a strange 'Shuffle' technique that was all his own. With his two friends Chuck Berry and Little Richard Penniman, on bass and drums respectively, he formed the Drifters. One night in a bar in Greenwich they saw and heard a guitarist called James Marshall 'Jimi' Hendrix, whom they persuaded to join the group. Suddenly, things began to happen. They were spotted playing at the popular 'Cavern Club' by Alan Freeman, who booked them on the spot, for his 'Oh Good' T.V. programme. Whilst on the programme they backed a singer named Cliff Richard who was so impressed he asked them to be his regular backing group. At about this time they changed their name to the Shadows.

Good news for them, but Rock'n'Roll had its bad news too. Glenn Miller and Buddy Holly were doing a touring Rock'n'Roll show, promoted incidentally by Alan Freeman. Glenn was in the charts with 'Hound Dog', Buddy's single 'I Wanna Be Your Man' had just dropped out. January 14th 1958 they played Manchester,

the following night they were to play Glasgow. They decided to fly, although the weather was appalling. Eddie Cochran, star of 'cult' teen movies 'Rebel Without A Cause', 'The Good The Bad and The Ugly' and 'Blackboard Jungle', was due to be on the plane but his fear of flying prevented him. He was killed, tragically, in a car crash on the way to Devon a few months later.

A young inexperienced pilot was the only one who could fly that night, even though the traffic controllers advised him not to. A few minutes out he was disorientated by flurrying snow, he thought he was maintaining a level course, but through his inability to read the meters he was in fact diving into the sea. The wreckage was never found.

The worst aspect of the business was its ugliness, because it was a business. The young performers didn't get the money, they just got the pressure. For some the pressure was too much. Julian Cope of the Walker Brothers, (there were no brothers and no one in the group was called Walker), fled to a monastery, but had to leave when it was laid siege to by hundreds of screaming young girls. Punk Rock was supposed to be the way out, supposed to be Rock'n'Roll's moment of glory. It turned out to be a moment of humiliation, and the business world just tightened its grip.


A group called Velvet Underground claimed to have invented Punk Rock. They took their name from a book by Edgar Rice Burroughs, ('Tarzan Goes Shopping'). Burroughs found himself popular among, and admired by, many of the young bands, although he himself had no time for the music. Other bands that took their names from his books include, (for the sake of reference), Steely Dan, Playne Jayne and The Naked Civil Servant.

Most famous of the Punk Groups was The Who, fronted by John Cooper-Clarke, with Pete Townshend on guitar, Keith Moon on drums and Dave Vanian Bass. The music, although it may have seemed wild, dangerous, threatening, even good at the time, in retrospect was just plain childish and bad. Very few of the lyrics had anything to say but one line did sum up the situation which was rapidly coming. 'Rock Is Dead, Long Live Pop.' They smashed up their instruments and left both the stage and the business, there was more money to be made as a bricklayer.

And so the businessmen had things just the way they wanted them, which in truth they always had.

NEXT MONTH: Pop - Music straight from the wallet.

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# ROCK COMPETITION

## HEAT REVIEWS



### HEAT 1

Something is rotten in the state of Cambridge. It used to be that young people formed bands to play music that their parents wouldn't like, to express ideas that were different from, and unacceptable to any other medium and audience. They did this in garages, sleazy clubs run by get-rich-quick merchants whose love of cash overcame their distaste at the so-called 'music', and on TV shows run patronisingly by middle-aged Oxbridge graduates with their eye on a job on a proper programme like Panorama. I have, unfortunately, seen the future of rock n'roll, and it looks depressingly like the present conformist, lacklustre, and frantically chasing its own tail. The people who come out of the Rock Competition best are the City Council; even the first heat was immaculately organised, running exactly on time. Sadly, all the Council's efforts were wasted on the lame bunch of bedsit refugees who made up the first evening of the competition.

Am I being harsh? First up were PLAYHOUSE, the only University band of the night. Hard to describe, since their 'original' numbers showed a sponge-like ability to absorb bits of such disparate acts as Duran Duran, The Smiths and Dire Straits, and then regurgitate them in soggy lumps. In their defence, I have to confess that the lamebrain on the sound desk prevented me from hearing any of the lyrics, so they might have held the key to all the secrets of the universe. They might, but I doubt it. A major redeeming factor for Playhouse, however, was an enthusiastic stab at the Stranglers' 'Go Buddy Go'; strange that a young band would pick a ten-year-old R n'B song, but it made up for the rest of their set. They looked nondescript, played averagely badly, they came, they saw, we yawned.



THIS SIDE UP

THIS SIDE UP proved that it is possible to reach the age of thirty and retain the bedsit sensibility of a fifteen-year-old, if not the charm. Somebody should tell them that we're not interested in the tawdry details of their love lives, unimpressed by the number of disjointed ideas they can bung into each song so it loses any semblance of flow, and not entertained by their stage act, which consisted of wearing their jumpers tucked into their trousers. The only good thing about This Side Up was Steve Linford's singing, which was bland but tuneful: back to the bedroom with the motor running, thanks.



COLONEL GOMEZ

Veterans of the first Rock Competition (and the second), on both of which occasions they reached the final, COLONEL GOMEZ were the only band of the night to have made any effort to entertain: John Devine looked as ridiculous as usual in full Hitler drag, and his brother Brian sported Union Jack boxer shorts and a cheesy grin. The spectacle of Gomez can tend to obscure the fact that they are a pretty good hard rock band; that may sound like damning with faint praise, but compared to the sensitive young men with nothing to say who made up the rest of the contestants, being a pretty good rock band is a major step forward. Fact one: Gomez can play, particularly the guitarists: it's rare to find a band where two guitars work in sympathy rather than in competition with each other, and this is one. Fact two: Gomez have grasped the seemingly self-evident truth that if you can't write good songs of your own, you should keep practising until you can, in the privacy of your own home; when you go on stage it is for the audience's benefit, and if your songs are shit, there are plenty of good ones by other people that'll do just fine. Fact three: the one original song that Gomez did play, 'High Action In Your Neighbourhood', was the most coherent, well-structured and memorable self-written song of the night - it flowed, it had a tune, and it wouldn't have been out of place in an AC/DC set: which is to say it was bloody good. Fact four: Gomez went down significantly better than anyone else. Fact five: the fact that Gomez didn't get through to the next round shows that the judges are as prejudiced against heavy rock this year as they always have been, and that they've got as much sense of humour as a road accident. Forget the DJ, hang the judges.

If Gomez left the audience in danger of enjoying themselves, any such possibility was comprehensively laid to rest by WALK DONT WALK. Starting by nicking your name from another (better) local band is not the world's greatest idea. Nor is having a tone-deaf bozo for a sound man; with the drums rendered almost inaudible, a guitar sound like watered-down spittle, and indecipherable lyrics, Walk Don't Walk had an uphill struggle. What one could discern of their set was a posey front man, some snatches of lyric about (I think) the evils of patriotism (Oh God, another spokesman for a generation, spare us ...) and some of the lamest white funk and reggae I've ever heard; these people couldn't find a groove if you gave them a Gap Band album and a map.

THE MULLAHS used to be bits of Louie Louie; this meant they had a few fans there. It was refreshing to hear some horns, which were tightly arranged, and saved them from complete mediocrity; Otherwise, with a singer sounding like Jimmy Somerville, and a vaguely Aztec Camera-ish ambience, they were noticeably wimpy; I have to come clean and confess that, if it weren't for the notes I made at the time, I couldn't remember a thing about the Mullahs. Whatever happened to the energy of youth?



THE MULLAHS



THE MELTING MEN

THE MELTING MEN, from (I think) Ely, proved to be a conventional two guitars, bass and drums pop-rock band; as their set progressed, they seemed to get less tight; a shame, as the first song had a pleasant Any Trouble-ish sound; the second number was called 'Throw Yourself On The Mercy Of The Lord', and at this point I began to have serious doubts: was this that most contemptible of things, a Christian Rock Band? Unfortunately the sound was still so bad, I couldn't tell. The lead singer was a plump little chap in a white jacket, leading to further Any Trouble comparisons; unfortunately, these weren't lived up to by the quality of the songwriting. Not a bad band, just a very ordinary one.

And finally (thank God) the last of the night, THIS BEENO. Richard Heeps is being touted as a fine young songwriter by certain contributors to this organ; not so young, though, at 21, and I'd say a mite overrated. He's obviously upset about something; quite what, the PA didn't permit us to discover, but I thought I detected something about brave young men going off to war; while I wouldn't argue with his undoubtedly right-on sentiments, does he (or for that matter, all the other serious young men parading their bedsitter images of '87 (more like '75)) really think we in the audience are too thick to have thought of these things ourselves? If so, what a patronising attitude; if not why do these people think we want to hear their platitudes-ridden musings? This Beeno stood out from the rest of the bands by having some sense of musical dynamics (i.e. quiet bits), and some unusual and tasteful trumpet playing. However, the constant preaching got tedious very quickly, and the total lack of humour in their set was not alleviated by the last song, where Heeps donned a pair of cardboard specs and a cardboard guitar. Memo to Richard Heeps: if you can't laugh at yourself, you look pathetic laughing at other people. This Beeno, incidentally came out winners of this heat.



THIS BEENO.

So what do we learn from all this? Apart from Gomez and This Beeno, all the original songs played all night sounded as if they'd been written by the same emotionally immature, self-important adolescent. There must be a draughty bedsit somewhere where he sits all day, churning out his tiny range of emotion in four-minute pop packages. For the music addict, they're the aural equivalent of coke cut with talcum powder: white, lightweight and curiously unsatisfying. Some of the people involved (Steve Linford, Piers Spence from Walk Don't Walk) are old enough to know better. None of them are young enough to be excused. It's warming to see the Council take these waifs and strays off the streets, but the first heat, at least, made me wish they'd given them some decent songs to play as well. Farewell, Gomez, you was robbed. This Beeno will make the final, This Side Up will be eliminated in the semis. The man from the Cambridge Evening News had them in first place: he should be relegated to compiling the Births, Marriages and Deaths column, since he obviously has all the musical taste of a tone-deaf sloth. I left hoping the rest of the heats would get better.

MARTIN SCOTT



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## HEAT 2

Despite sub-zero temperatures and heavy snowfall an audience of over 700 flocked to the Corn Exchange for this the second and potentially most exciting heat. Unfortunately the poor sound which has dogged the Guildhall over the years was strongly in evidence tonight. Apart from the larger-sized hall you could have been excused if you had thought that you were back in the Guildhall itself!

The first group to test the acoustics were synth/pop band LE JOUR who played irregularly throughout 1986 after an undistinguished performance in last year's competition. However, to my surprise, Le Jour have made a significant improvement over the last twelve months: no longer hiding behind synthesizers, they have added two good-ish female backing singers, and have a solid sounding guitarist who produced some very interesting riffs. The lead singer looked every inch a pop-star, and, unlike last year, the band seemed at ease with their music. Their enjoyment filtered down to the audience, whose response was very encouraging. Unfortunately, their song-writing let them down to a large degree, with some bland lyrics and poorly structured melodies. All in all a fair performance, but in a heat this strong Le Jour were always going to be non-runners.



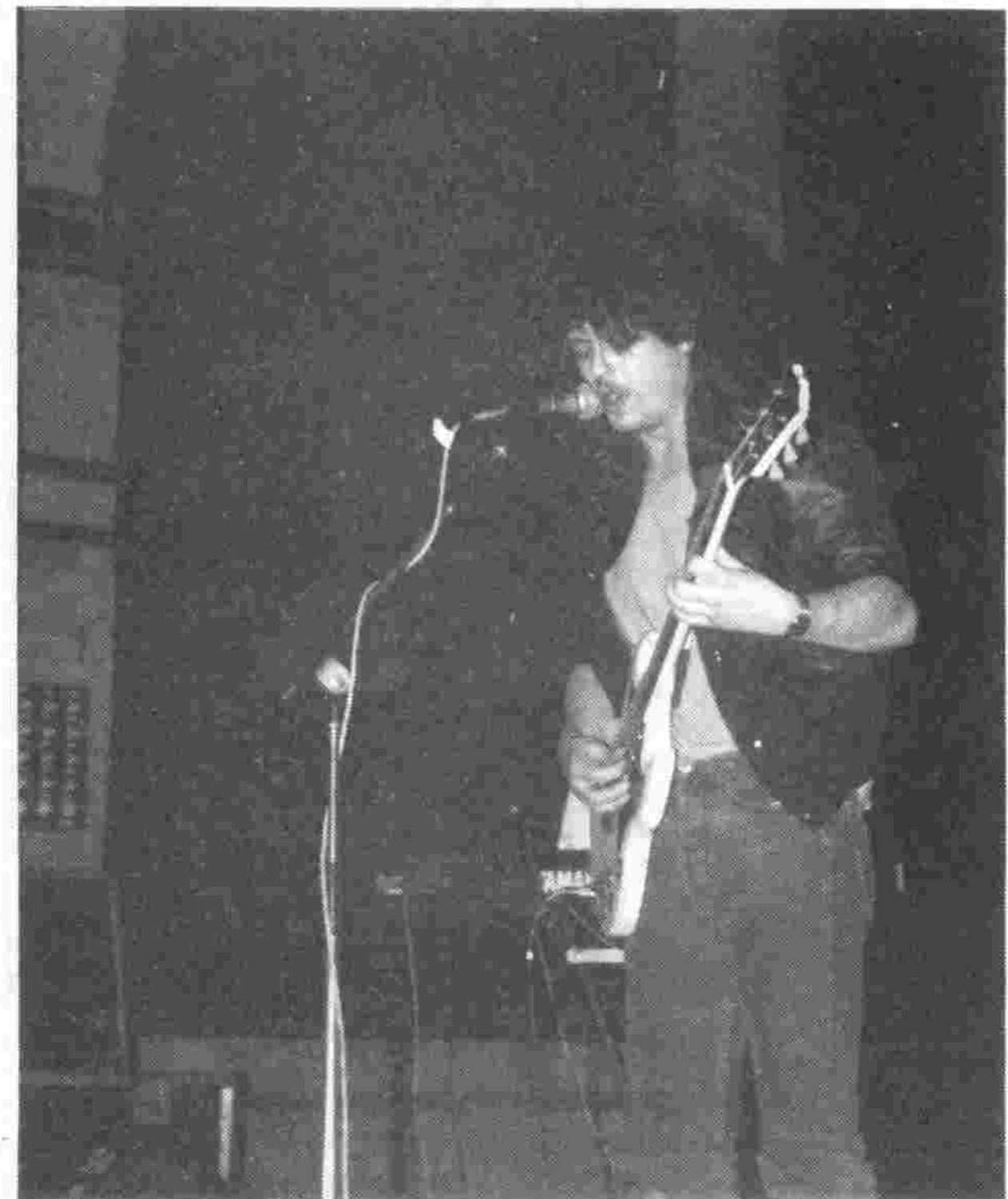
ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND

Next on were ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND, another band who have been playing in and around Cambridge over the past year. Described by S & H no. 6 as 'an insipid sounding combo with woefully banal lyrics', I was expecting to see a bundle of boring hippies prating about and generally providing an injection of boredom to the proceedings - I was not disillusioned! Adventure Playground played out-dated A.O.R with some of the most unadventurous lyrics I have heard for ages, from which the obligatory over-indulged guitar and drum solos at least gave some respite. Their female bassist had no less than six different colours in her hair - she was there, it seemed, for little more than decoration. I have tried to find a positive element from their performance, but what's the point? Adventure Playground are a truly ugly band in every sense of the word. (Tut, tut - Paul's getting really bitchy, now he's reached puberty! - Ed.)

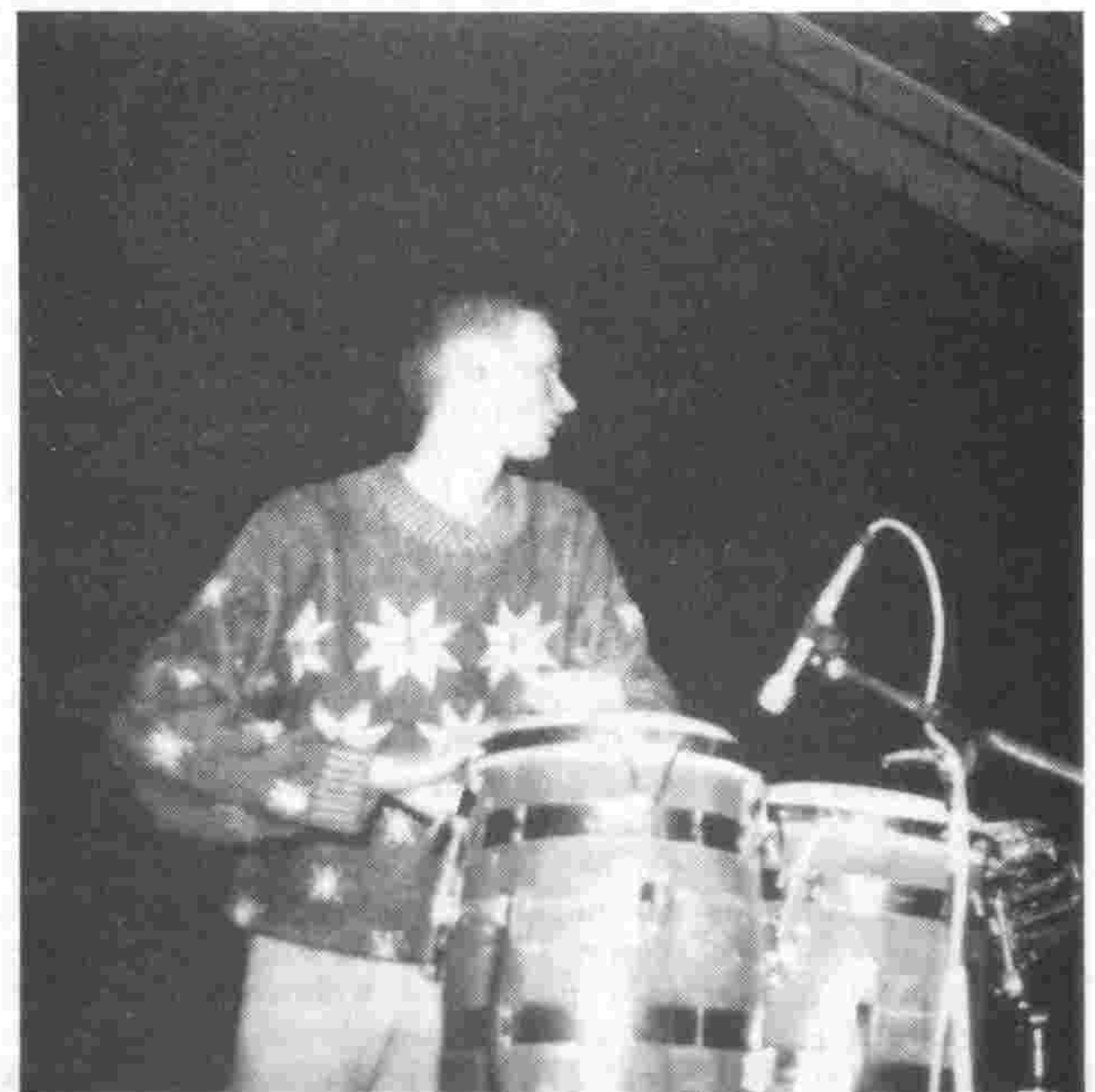
THE KRY, who were late replacements for No Dakota, made very little impact on the night. They were a typical 70's American 'rock (sic) and roll' band offering nothing new. The lead singer (a Springsteen clone) even faked an American accent whilst singing - a truly reprehensible crime. The tunes were simple and unimaginative and the drummer posed pathetically for an over eager photographer who crawled on stage in front of him. For some perverse reason the band seemed to enjoy inflicting more misery on the audience and finished their set with an appalling 50's 'rock and roll' number. They left the stage in silence.



THE KRY



IN FLIGHT



TON TON MACOUTES



BIG T-TOTAL AND THE HALF-CUTS

I had never seen BIG T TOTAL AND THE HALF-CUTS before, but I knew they commanded a large and loyal following. I also know that 'Psycho Steve' (the man with the evil laugh and whacky haircut!) was their front man - a treat not to be missed! The band consisted of Steve (known as Big T), two double-bassists, a saxophonist, Jon 'Boy' (Men from Uncle) on washboard, Jez (Surfin' Druids) on guitar, Paula on clarinet and Spike on the snare drum. Now, if you've ever seen these lads (and lass) down 'The Mitre' on a Friday night then you'll know they enjoy a drink or two, and it was obvious that tonight would be no exception! It soon became evident that Big T in particular had drunk rather too much Abbot Ale than was good for him. In a matter of seconds I forgot the turgidity of the two previous bands as Big T had his Half-Cuts took the stage by storm. Big T himself had obviously picked up some tips from Mike Michael of Stormed, and he dominated the stage with great charisma. The music was a

chaotic mixture of 40's and 50's R'n'B with most of the lyrics revolving around the drink! The audience loved them and it was not too long before they were dancing. Although the music was not original it was unfamiliar to the majority of the audience and therefore had a certain novelty value. This, combined with the excellent presentation of Big T made them sure-fire winners.

The fifth band were IN FLIGHT, another band with a fair amount of experience. This band were evocative of Genesis and played their music with a high level of competency. However, the band scarcely rose above the tedium of their chosen genre and their firework display at the end of the set did not endear themselves to me, for one. However, perhaps due to the average age of the audience, or the fact that music in Cambridge has hardly progressed from the 1970's, In flight received a highly enthusiastic response.

Next on were TON TON MACOUTES who, for my money, were the best band on the night, Their sound was a percussion-based hard funk, and with the dynamic Chris Mann they possess the most powerful drummer in Cambridge. Phil Darke and David Gowar, stalwarts of the local music scene, formed the nucleus of the band and as ever with Gowar the lyrics were of a strong political stance. The use of two female backing vocalists (straight out of a Bryan Ferry video) added extra depth to the sound and the music was both original and accessible. Dave Gowar's use of keyboards in the last song (CIA/John F. K.) was highly innovative. Ton Ton Macoutes are a band of the highest quality!

The final band to grace the stage with their presence were STRANGE BREW. This band have played in the area for the last three years and have gained a large vociferous following. They play powerful roc with more of a leaning to Heavy Metal than Punk, since the recent departure of bassist Martyn Saunders. However Strange Brew have not written any new, good songs for a long time and some unfortunate over-indulgent guitar solos didn't help. The band were more restrained than of late, and if they want to make any real progress they will have to alter their musical direction drastically - or face certain oblivion!

To no-one's surprise BIG T-TOTAL AND THE HALF-CUTS were declared winners, but, unfortunately, IN FLIGHT (of all people!) were runners up: Ton Ton Macoutes were not even in the top five. Quite what the judges were up to, no-one will ever know. It is even stranger when you consider that at least two judges claim to have voted Ton Ton Macoutes first!



STRANGE BREW

PAUL ATTWOOD



## HEAT 3

Heat Three, best heat, they said. Best bands, too. I remain unconvinced, even if I did quite enjoy myself.

I was cheerfully impressed by the new Corn Exchange, nice and clean with two bars, plenty of room, and adequate acoustics. A distinct improvement on both the old place and the Guilhall. But I'd forgotten the atmosphere most of all - all those sullen youths standing around sneering at the opposition, waiting for their mates to play. The Competition isn't a gig at all really - playing a truncated twenty minute set on the largest stage you've ever trod, in front of a largely hostile audience probably six times the size of any crowd you've ever played to before. Horrific.



THE PARODY



SHEIK THREW A WOBBLY

One way to react to such an environment is to stand stock still, rooted to the spot. You do this either to impress with your serious passivity, or because you're shit scared. I hoped THE PARODY didn't move for the former reason, but I suspect the latter; the most visually attractive thing about them was the bassist's mohican.

They used to be known as Grinding Halt, and I quite enjoyed their crunchy sound - putting saxophone melodies over washes of guitar and bass made them sound like early Roxy Music. Maybe they even have the potential to grow up to be the new Psychedelic Furs (lucky persons). But not this year.

SHEIK THREW A WOBBLY, (formerly Short Stay), had made at least one important breakthrough, as their name demonstrated: the best way to warm up an audience is by being funny. Big T Total do it, Colonel Gomez began their career doing it... as Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote, 'Laugh, and the world laughs with you'.

Unfortunately, humour in popular music has to go further than a stupid name. STAW all played their lumpy brand of white funk quite well, but they had less than half a song, and that had no tune. The judges were examining the Corn Exchange ceiling by halfway through their second number.



MADRIGAL

Third group were MADRIGAL, who were so irritating, I was driven to shouting abuse at them. I know I'm not always the epitome of sartorial elegance, but people with haircuts like those should be ashamed to venture out of doors without hats (I exempt the embarrassed looking bassist). Imagine Marillion playing Hawkwind songs, fronted by a singer who could be Fish's younger brother. The supreme irony came when drummer and singer swapped places, and it was revealed that the drummer not only had a better voice, but sounded more like the Marillion frontman than the lookalike. And the song he sang could have been a demo for 'Kayleigh'. Even my vociferous encouragements for them to return to 1973 where they belonged could not prevent them from departing with the words 'God bless you all'.

At least one group lived up to their name: SERIOUS BUSINESS, With Stav behind the mixing desk, the sound improved, and every instrument became audible - vital for such a technically proficient combo. Several parts of Double Yellow Line helped make up the numbers, though their not inconsiderable expertise didn't make too much difference to an already obviously accomplished group. I closed my eyes and imagined Level 42 playing the Corn Exchange - it wasn't difficult as Serious Business thrummed and slapped their funk/pop with such aplomb.





#### SERIOUS BUSINESS

They weren't perfect, and seemed to share their predecessors Zoom's weaknesses - the guitar breaks were occasionally scrappy, and I hate drum solos to death, but these Achilles heels could easily be covered by a little judicious thought. Simply play to your strengths, and leave out the bits you're uncertain of.

Best band of the evening, without a doubt, in terms of musicianship, professionalism, and even perhaps on songs. I don't like what they do much, but they are very good at it. Winners?



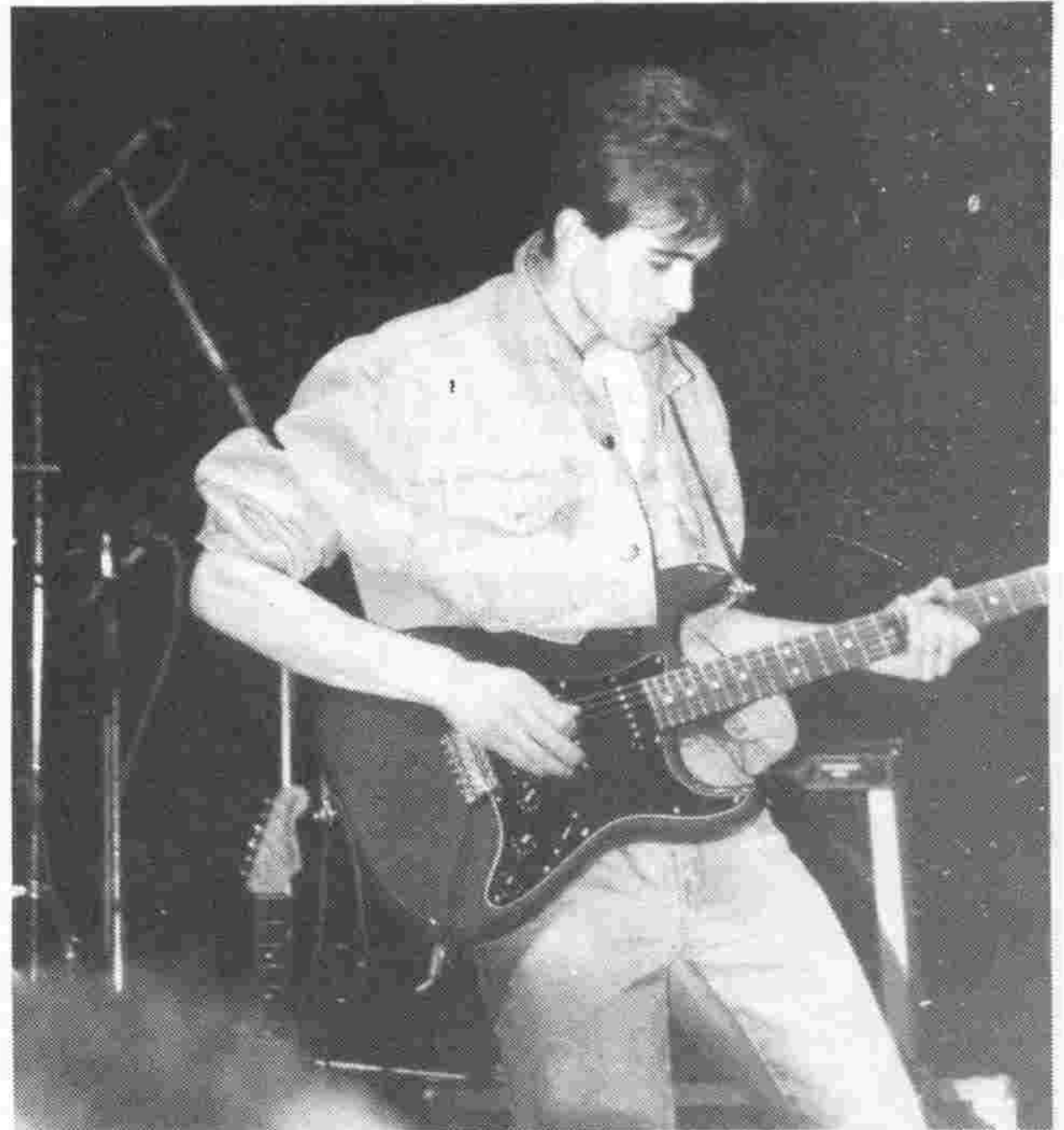
#### CRI DE COEUR

CRI DE COEUR have already had a single out, and it was the A-side of that they played first. It seems that the singer had a broken wrist and was unable to play guitar, which would account for a certain thinness of sound. I don't think it did. Their combination of guitar and keyboards is a dated one these days, particularly in the field of serious pop music, and they'll have trouble getting anywhere without changing their instrumentation fairly drastically. I did like their version of The Sweet's 'Hellraiser' though, and so did the judges, as they came second.



#### SURFIN' DRUIDS

The group who finished third came on next. I confess I was disappointed by the SURFIN' DRUIDS. Admittedly, it wasn't their fault the soundman dozed off in their first two songs, but there are inherent weaknesses in what they do. Sixties pop is not simply a matter of polo necks, Beatle's hats, and bouncy poppy beat songs; the SDs have those off pat. What they lack are the little touches - the harmonies, the confidence, and even the innocence. Revivalism is a tricky path to follow, and Jez et son cohorts should take care. The man himself has a nice line in Brian Jones guitar solos, and the songs are repetitive in all the right ways, but... More effort needed.



#### OBSESSION

Last group on is not a position to relish, as OBSESSION realised when they were cut short. La Voix by any other name, they came across as part of the new breed of unselfconscious pop prats, ambitious young men out to make a career out of pop music. Good harmonies, competent guitar, and an image that would do Saturday Superstore proud. But no songs.

That was it. Seven bands, and less of a headache than I'd suffered last year. The standard of musicianship is up this year, and there seems to be a shift away from the East Anglian tradition of young heavy rock bands - jazz/funk of the Level 42 kind seems to be the hip influence for the new breed of young bands.

It's all too squeaky clean for my taste - although I wasn't conscious of it at the time, I was missing the darker, dirtier, and crazier elements of modern music. Still, they've all got time to learn. See you at the final.

JON LEWIN



## HEAT 4

After the opening comedy duo of Derek Buxton and the soundman we got straight on with the worst heat of the competition. Musically there was very little to excite and technically the sound was very poor.

First up and setting the (grating) tone for the evening were AFTER SILENCE. Their main problem was a number of their instruments being out of tune. In the days of electronic tuners there is really no excuse for this. Still they played on regardless and treated us to a fairly uninspiring set of songs which made ridiculously small use of their female vocalist Claire Sommerville. Her voice sounded like Hazel O'Connor's but was even worse, so did their male bass player who did the majority of the singing. Their choice of 'Midnight Hour' as a cover seemed singularly inappropriate compared to the rest of their material. Still they're a young band so we can expect better things next year.



NUKE YOUR PARENTS

Fresh from a tour of Japan came NUKE YOUR PARENTS, a rather serious comedy band. They didn't smile, they weren't in tune so we had a rather grim time of it. They were Colonel Gomez without the tongue in cheek (one of them even took his trousers off). Clearly more thought had gone into the presentation than the music, so it was no great shock to learn that they hadn't got through to the semi's.



MY NAUGHTY LITTLE SISTER

MY NAUGHTY LITTLE SISTER were at least in tune but a set half filled with covers ('Each And Every One', 'Fortress Around Your Heart' and 'Echo Beach') was hardly inspiring. Their own songs were rather funky and seemed to be a vehicle for showing off the band's musicianship, which was of a comparatively high standard. The sax player looked like Max Headroom but we won't hold that against him.



SPIRITWALK



DON'T CALL ME SHIRLEY

From their first song SPIRITWALK exuded a confidence and a commitment to melody which was to shame every other band tonight. Their songs were in a similar vein to U2 and had a tendency to be a little too long for their own good. They were the most interesting band by a long margin and it was no surprise to find that they came first in this heat, which unfortunately is not saying much.

Fifth band on were STRICTLY PERSONAL who had an extremely domineering frontman in Mark Carrington. The music was completely unmemorable and funky. Mark couldn't sing so he 'rapped' his way through the set, his mouth being on a par with his ego and barely let the band get a note in edgeways. The termination of their noise was welcomed by all and things looked up slightly with the arrival of DON'T CALL ME SHIRLEY. Their first gig at Melbourn last summer was quite promising. Since then there have been some line-up changes and they now sound like a tolerably competent 60's rock band. Uninspiring but sufficiently musical to make the semi-finals as runners-up.

After the brief high of Don't Call Me Shirley came the almighty plunge to the depths with VISION. They burst with confidence and a hideous noise best described as prog. rock without the melodic interest. They left threatening us with a single, presumably under a different name as another band called Vision has a couple of singles out on PRT. Even better they could split up! Unbelievably Vision were placed third overall - surely some mistake!

STEVE HARTWELL

# THE HIPHOP

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## HEAT 5

After the disappointments of heat 4, any fears that this heat might go the same way were immediately dispelled with the appearance of BEACHED WAILS, making an entrance akin to that of the gladiators entering an Ancient Roman arena: they were given a tumultuous welcome by the Melbourn Rock Club regulars, banners and scarves waving in the air, with accompanying chants of 'Kerrmon Yew Wayills!'. Before they even started playing they must have become hot favourites to win the award for the best visual band: the eleven-strong Wails sported an assortment of wigs, hairnets, beerguts and shorts, with Gary Brown, resplendent in his narcissistically worded tee shirt, catching the eye with his gloriously coloured balloon-built coiffure – in fact, the most unobtrusive member of the Wails was the bass-playing gorilla! Although their music was not to be taken seriously (cover versions of Woolly Bully; Walk Like an Egyptian; Sailing; Wild Thing – all with appropriate 'Wails' lyrics), the fact that the musicians in the band are more than competent local rock musicians of long standing meant that you could not rule out the possibility of the Wails qualifying for the semi finals!

**MR. NASTY'S VERDICT:** Tired old rock songs played by tired old musos!



BEACHED WAILS

Second band on (with probably the dreariest name in the competition) were the COACH AND HORSES, again containing musicians of long-standing experience, currently connected with funk-biased bands such as Russia and Rumour Has It. Unfortunately, this band suffered on two counts; first they had the worst sound mix in the Competition to date, and secondly (and perhaps more important) they lacked a frontperson: in last year's Competition Russia suffered when their singer left them just before their heat, and this year the vocalist identified on their application form (Sarah Peck) was conspicuous by her absence, leaving the guitarist to fight a losing battle in trying to cope with the vocals – a pity, really, 'cos a couple of their songs sounded half decent.

**MR. NASTY'S VERDICT:** This band did nothing to alter my opinion of jazz funk music – it's boring!

On information gleaned from their application form, ZOO LOOK threatened to be an (almost) instrumentals-only band. Fortunately for them, they acquired a singer just before the start of the Competition, and although not possessing the greatest of voices, he at least gave the band an extra dimension. In the end, though, sheer youthful exuberance, rather than musical content or ability, earned them their place in the semi finals. In fact, bassist Richard Field was so full of beans that you might have suspected that he might have been at the Lucozade before coming on stage!

**MR. NASTY'S VERDICT:** Cocky bastards!

When introducing INDISCRETION, Derek Buxton remarked that they were definitely a contender for the best young band in the Competition, but in fact this quartet of 16 year olds turned out to be much more than that: a curious amalgam of HM guitar licks, funk bass, Springsteen-style vocals, Indiscretion oozed youthful enthusiasm and unassuming confidence which, allied to a set of useful songs, made them a safe bet for progressing to the semi finals. Bassist Jamie Jarvis, a very young looking 16 year old, is a thumb slapper very much in the mould of Davy Pollitt (it seems strange to refer to a 17 year old as the recognised local



COACH AND HORSES



ZOO LOOK

master of the genre of bass playing, but then the Serious Business/Double Yellow Line bassman is an exceptional musician), a stark contrast to the awesome presence of guitarist Mark Fowell, a man-mountain of a youth who seemed to have great difficulty in keeping his tongue in his mouth. It was no surprise when we heard that the judges voted this band the heat winners.

**MR. NASTY'S VERDICT:** I'm not saying anything derogatory about a band which has Guy the Gorilla on lead guitar!

After a surfeit of funk-based music, I was looking forward to what should have been a breath of fresh air provided by a band playing new wave music: unfortunately, DEMISE (a band whom I vaguely remember being impressed with in last year's Competition) were disappointing. Poor image, weak vocals, lightweight drumming and very ordinary songs were the obvious deficiencies in a lacklustre set: perhaps they ought to start gigging on a regular basis.

**MR. NASTY'S VERDICT:** Guilty!

However, the prize for Wallies Of The Evening was reserved for the next band, DOUBLE MEASURE, who describe their music as 'moder R'n'B' – surely a contradiction of terms? Imaginative, humorous, exciting – these definitely do not apply to this band. Their one half-decent song was a blatant rip-off of 'Walking The Dog'. Nothing more to say.

**MR. NASTY'S VERDICT:** These people deserve each other!



INDISCRETION



HALO OF FLIES

As I half expected, HALO OF FLIES turned out to be The Glass Asylum, but, surprise, surprise, with the addition of a real live drummer! For the first time ever, there were no backing tapes, no drum machine, no reverb on vocals - nothing but The Glass Asylum songs we have come to know and love. Subtle layers of melody, complex and varying rhythms, slightly surreal lyrics, these boys write pop songs for the 1990's. An added bonus tonight was the sound quality - a rare occurrence, as those of us who have attended Glass Asylum gigs know full well. Ironically, a seemingly unfortunate incident - the lights going out on the band - turned out to be a piece of good luck: the organisers decided to give Halo Of Flies one of the two 'floating' places in the semi finals, presumably on the basis that the incident may have affected their performance (the judges had placed them third in the heat). Whatever the reason, this gives you another chance to see one of the finest bands in the area, so open your ears and your heart to Halo Of Flies!

MR. NASTY'S VERDICT: I can't understand the mentality of people/bands who hide behind bogus identities!

PHIL JOHNSON AND MR. NASTY

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## HEAT 6

With each of the Rock Competition heats starting at 8 o'clock, the first band on often found themselves with the dual task of warming up the audience and making an impact. Such a fate befell THE HERETICS, despite the presence of their large following from the Hills Road Sixth Form College. Notwithstanding the young new wave band's drive and enthusiasm was apparent, and it appeared at least for a short while as though all those gigs (mainly at The Burleigh Arms) had been worth while. Unfortunately the band did not have strong enough material to sustain interest, and had to be content with third place.



MASQUERADE



STANDPOINT

The Heretics made way for MASQUERADE, one of only a handful of heavy rock bands to enter this year. 'Is anybody gonna get their rocks off tonight' yelled singer Gavin Reed, a quite vile character in split leather trousers. I was all a bit early in the evening to get excited over such vulgarities. Masquerade's competent but uninspiring mixture of Thin Lizzie riffs and other old rock cliches did no more than lull the audience into a state of motionless subdued silence.

Much inspiration was needed, and STANDPOINT were able to breathe some life into the proceedings. Greatly improved from last year when they were bereft of sufficient ideas to compliment the stage presence of vocalist Zak Justin. Standpoint '87 are stylish pop rockers (the band call it cake rock) with neat melodic tunes, they may not be gods gift to the local music scene as yet, but at least they're worth working on it.



THAT WAS NO SARDINE THAT WAS MY WIFE

THAT WAS NO SARDINE THAT WAS MY WIFE have not changed much at all during the past twelve months. Little alteration was required, Sardines assault this time round was full of the fervour and fury of prime time clash. Short sharp shots of R & B, played with passion by four men united in their quest for a semi final placing - Terrific.

THE PROPHECY should have called themselves 'Jamming With Bernie', for that's what they did for twenty minutes. The exercise seemed like nothing more than a workout for drummer Chris Mann who did all he could to prevent the band from falling apart. Bernie Doherty's vocals were close to inaudible. The whole debacle was Bernies's gesture to the local scene. He is a man with something to say, but he does not (at least on this showing) have the guile to present his case in an accessible way.

ITALIAN GAS had promised melodic power pop but delivered nothing of the sort. A surprise inclusion in their line up was drummer Andy Bor. Older readers may remember him from the Users, Cambridge's premier punk band circa '77. After a few minutes of feedback and little else I.G. emerged with a mess of a sound that made next to no sense. Somewhere in a song called 'Love Lies Bleeding' came the immortal lines 'I don't know what to do, I don't know what to say' - as if we hadn't guessed.

Rounding off the Rock Competition for this year were THE DEBUT, another new band. In an effort to kid the assembled multitude that they were something different, or worth waiting for, The Debut chose to make their entrance to an intro of keyboards. Sadly this stunt, so often used by name bands at real gigs, proved to be the highlight of the bands set. In fact, Sardines aside, it was almost the highpoint of the whole evening! The band's songs (?) were grossly underdeveloped and all sounded basically the same (awful).

Compere David Buxton arrived on stage as usual to state the obvious. Sardines first, with Standpoint also through to the semi finals as the night's runners up. Any other result would have been unthinkable.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU



THE PROPHECY



ITALIAN GAS

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**SCENE AND (HEARD)**

# LET'S VIEW THE BANDS!

## THE SCIENTISTS



The Scientists play warped, sexual Rock'n'Roll.

At their heart is Tony Thewlis' hellishly fuzzy guitar. In some weird way, his steady, on beat, flecking owes a debt to the fat funk of 'Sex Machine', or the clipped caresses of Prince's 'Kiss'. Add to this a heart-throbbing bass from Boris Sujdovic, Kim Salmon's echo-of-Elvis-meets-Jagger-in-Australia vocals, (with a sensitive heart!) and you're beginning to get there. His jangling bloozy guitar dischords and powerful drummer Leanne Chock completes the group. And make no mistake, The Scientists are a group in the fullest sense of the word. They belong together.

To the uninitiated, The Scientists may appear unapproachable, titles like Hell Beach; Murderess In A Purple Dress; Solid Gold Hell; Atom Bomb Baby; Rev Head; Blood Red River; forming a forbidding wall. However, easy access through their new album: 'Wierd Love'. A re-recorded greatest hits type package, it shows off the band to stunning advantage. Maximum ROCK 'N' ROLL! Give it a try!

I met Tony Thewlis at Karbon Records' Ladbroke Grove HQ. After narrowly avoiding the various drug pushers along the street outside, I made it to the inner sanctum. After some discussion on the state of Pop, I asked the slight, quiet guitarist whether he thought The Scientists are too abrasive or demanding, to find favour on a mass scale, in these bland times.

"It seems to have been like that for a long time", he replies. "In Australia, even during the punk thing, you never got to hear it on the radio, it was still on an underground level ..."

So would The Scientists be happy to work at that level?  
"No, we want to get above that level, but we're certainly not gonna come out with what anyone else is coming out with to do that. We'd like to be able to do what we do, and enough people like it to buy the records and to take us above that level. I'm not sure whether there are a lot of those people around, or if they just don't get to hear about us.

When you're a small band like us, it is difficult for people to hear about you. People get to hear about you through fanzines, which is really good, but it's like you were saying; the records not available very easily, none of which helps ..."

Did supporting Siouxsie and The Banshees help?  
"I think that helped. On the Banshees tour, there were a lot of young-ish people coming up to us and saying; Never seen you before, you're really good.

Some people, I think were following the Banshees around, but after a while they sort of transferred on to us! Asking for our autographs!"

Are you accomplished musicians?  
"We do know some stuff, but I don't think that's the point. It's knowing what you want to do, and doing the best you can. We're not that good, there are some things we really struggle to play. People say our stuff's simple and moronic, but there is a lot of thought gone into it."

Such as?

"Hell Beach is about the beaches in Australia, which are pretty bad if you're scrawny, or people like us, you go to the beach, there are all these girls around, and these big, hulky, Fosters drinkers get all the girls, and we get sand kicked in our faces! Then you go into the water, and there are all these horrible things, trying to eat you. The beach is supposed to be such a good place, and really it's HELL.

'If It's The Last Thing That I Do' is about feeling like Travis Bickle, which a lot of people would preferably want to do."

Do you?

"Yeah, and I think I could do it. Well no, I Couldn't when I think about it."

Who is the girl on the cover of 'You Only Live Twice'?

"That's Nancy Sinatra. There's a Nancy Sinatra Record called 'Country My Way', and that's the best record cover you've ever seen. It's just a photo of her, in that red and white striped top, and she's got these blue trousers on. Leanne's got a copy."

How is Leanne fitting in the group?

"Really well. The first gig she'd ever played was the first night of the Banshees tour!

That was in Preston, where there were 3000 people who hated our guts! They were spitting and throwing things. She stood up to that, so I think she's good enough to stand up to anything! Because she's only just started, she's not stuck in her ways ..."

Is your long quest for a drummer finally at an end?

"Yes. She is our drummer."

Kim writes most of the songs, is the only original member, and seems to be the driving force of the group. Do you mind?

"No. Because he's not a dictator. If he was I don't think any of us would work in a group with him. When he writes a song, he has the basic idea of where the song's gonna go, and the rest of us just seem to be able to fit in to that framework. But, yes, it is mainly his ideas."

Has moving to Britain had an effect on your music?

"I think so. 'This Heart' probably is a bit waffly. Since we've been here we have managed to cut out all the waffly bits. We seem to have more direction now."

What are your aims?

"We'd like to make lots of money. Every band would. They don't want to struggle. They'd like to have things like videos. I know I would."

Do you live a rowdy Rock'n'Roll lifestyle?

"No, its pretty mundane, actually."

You don't throw T.V. sets out of Hotel room windows?

"No, we'd have nothing to watch. We used to always be getting banned from Australian hotels for doing absolutely nothing. All these other bands would smash things, and they'd let them back, but we just watched T.V., and got banned!"

What's your favourite T.V. station?

"BBC1. Apart from the licence fee of course. We used to have an audio tape of T.V. shows, so that if a detector van came round we could say we were just playing this tape."

Do you belong to any scene?

"We do try and avoid comparisons as much as we can, and not let ourselves get stuck in a scene. We went out of our way to stop from being stuck as a garage band here, and we don't want to be part of any Australian scene."

Have you got any plans to go to America?

"We're releasing a record in America, so hopefully we'll be able to afford to go there and tour, and hopefully the record will do well, which will also build it up here again, 'cos England won't want to be left behind. We hope that'll happen to the Americans as well. and it'll keep going on and on until we're SO RICH!"

ADRIAN HORROCKS



# RECORDS AND TAPES

## THE PLEASURE HEADS

Holding On/Beside My Head/Hit The Ground (Ediesta Records)



THE PLEASURE HEADS

Recorded last October at Peterborough's Music Room, this 12" E.P is now in your shops - buy it! The Pleasure Heads are one of the most exciting live bands to emerge in our neck of the woods for some time, and their recordings to date have gone a considerable way to catching that live sound.

The first track 'Holding On', is the outstanding one: a typical Heads build-up - a solo, acoustic-sounding guitar, and then the punch in the guts as the rest of the band come in. But, unlike their live sound, they don't try to blast you out of the room with high-decibel thrash - they've thought about this, and have come up with subtle layers of well-constructed guitar sounds, the perfect foil to Pete Elderkin's Lou Reed-style vocals. A 3 minute classic!

On 'Beside My Head', the guitars are almost out of control, and the whole thing threatens to run away with itself, but Pete's vocals, almost laid-back, in comparison with the frenetic guitar sounds, keep a sense of proportion.

'Hit The Ground', with Dean on vocals, would appear to be a logical follow-up to 'Falling Man', and, indeed, the song is in a similar vein. The whole sound is very much low key, with the bass in the driving seat, until, suddenly, like an express train emerging from a tunnel, a tremendous rush of feedback engulfs you. The sound gradually subsides, the song's back on an even keel, but don't be lulled into a false sense of security - there's another train coming!

All in all, three excellent tracks. What is the most encouraging aspect is that, for a band with very little experience of Recording Studios, they have captured the essence of The Pleasure Heads sound.

PHIL JOHNSON

## THE KILLDARES - Nobody Loves The Killdares (Demos 1986)

Head : Stop, look listen : Eve is 4 E-V-I-L : Hey, Mr BOSS :  
Bad Lies : Messing up my mind : Haunted : She gives flowers.

The life of the Killdares was tragically short. Somewhere between February '85 and November '86 they probably played no more than 20 gigs, but quickly established a reputation for being a 'troublesome bunch'. On stage they were frequently foul mouthed and bawdy, and one could be excused for dismissing them as a bunch of ignorant toe-rags. The Killdares were definitely not the sort of guys that a girl could take home to meet mummy. They were banned from one local venue, despite their popularity with the punters, and another landlord wouldn't entertain them for fear of their over-zealous fans.

When they got it right The Killdares were a truly captivating live band. Unfortunately, they all too often seemed to be heading for



THE KILLDARES

self-destruction. For me it was their general instability which formed part of their unique appeal. The Killdares took risks and didn't give a shit whether they succeeded or failed; they were having fun (selfish bastards).

I also loved their demented brand of trash/psychedilia. However, despite their huge live appeal, I always doubted whether they'd manage to retain any semblance of sanity for more than a couple of minutes in the confines of a studio environment. Bands of their ilk seldom do, which makes these demos all the more remarkable. The early promise of The Killdares has been consummated. This tape displays a hitherto unseen maturity, resulting in 8 tracks of pure ecstasy.

This is THE ESSENTIAL KILLDARES, something which could not be said for many of the live performances. The bass and drums provide the backbone; a rhythm section to rival any in or around Cambridge. Nigel and Martin always provided the solid foundation upon which The Killdares built their best gigs. These demos are no exception, but it is the splendid guitar playing from Neil Palmer and Robin Taylor, and vocals of Neale Richardson which are the real surprise.

Live, the two guitars frequently appeared to be fighting for supremacy. Here they twist and turn, creating an intoxicating whirlpool of sound.

Neal's vocals frequently suffered from a bad mix, but he now reveals himself to be a talented, but sadly underrated vocalist. The songs themselves have real depth and provide a valuable insight into the band. The actual topics are no surprise (love, death, adolescence) but the lyrics are surprisingly strong and intelligent. Even I was stunned to hear them use words like miriad!!

It would be a tragedy if these songs were lost. A song of the quality of 'Haunted' should be heard by everyone. If the Cambridge Venue Group are looking for a real epic to include on their forthcoming LP they should look no further than this 22 carat nugget.

The Killdares, "in my dreams and in my thoughts" . . . Always.  
AMOS BREEZE

## THE FRANTIX So Damned Ugly

The first Frantix single comes on strong, a thunderous guitar intro with an overdose of reverb over the vocals. Pretty powerful stuff but a shame that it sounds like a hundred punk singles, circa '77. If you care to play the thing 3-4 times then the repetitive bass line might just catch on - sure the bands live following and John Peel will love it. Could even make 'Glue Sniffers Weekly' single of the month.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

# ALIVE AND WELL

## A CERTAIN RATIO AND SLAB! AT THE TECH

OKAY, I know it's a very NME thing to say the support band were cooler than the headliners, but in this case it was to these ears the unavoidable truth ...



A CERTAIN RATIO

I imagine most of the audience had, like me, gone along to see A Certain Ratio, those time-tested heroes of radical funk, and would probably, like me, have heard of Slab! (wish they'd drop the silly exclamation) only by reading John Peel's favourable review ages ago in the Observer. On any other night, I think ACR would have persuaded me to bop to their cut-and-thrust rhythms, dominated by their familiar toppy basslines and spare vocals. They certainly performed slickly, the sound was clear, and you could almost forgive the wanky 'get-on-down' comments between songs - if only they hadn't had to follow an act which seemed to take them on at all their own games (plus a few they hadn't thought of) and win.

From the moment Slab! started, with a rush of over-amplified, viciously-flanged sound, they drew me like a magnet to the front of the crowd - for here were musicians playing with authority to a set of rules far more extreme than anything I'd heard for a while (or ever, here in Cambridge). What they do is not exceptionally new - you could quickly sketch a genealogy that might include Chakk, 23 Skidoo, even Test Department (only more tunes), even A Certain Ratio (only more energy): but what made their music so grabbing was an exceptional sense of invention. Pounding drums and wonderfully fluid bass form a powerful support for a whole gamut of other sounds - meandering vocal (sometimes flat) fighting sax and trombone (full and fruity) fighting some of the most impolite and discordant guitar I've ever heard (a sheer delight - the best thing about them). The jaggedness of this assemblage (not so much wall of sound as wail of sound) is accentuated by sheer volume and chopped-in bits of music quoted on tape - Tibetan chant, Carmina Burana, god knows what else.

The overall effect is one of extreme hardness - not the machismo of heavy rock but the proper heaviness of a music machined together from sources as diverse as funk, industrial noise music, and the kind of risky vocalising that made early Joy Division so haunting. It also used to work for A Certain Ratio: but their current preoccupation seems to be with a set of performance values - smoothness, melody, professionalism - which mean that the slightest error, the merest bit of poor mixing stick out like a sore thumb. Music like that might just as well be on vinyl and only on vinyl, because ACR are not your theatrical extravaganza, exactly. They look like dull boys trying to dance.

Slab! on the other hand have no need to be worried by a less than brilliant sound mix or the occasional brush with technical imperfection: a certain roughness is built into the very idiom of their music. For that reason, they do not transfer (yet) so well to record. Their single Mars On Ice (on Ink Records, INK 1225) is a good taster if you crank up the volume but has tamed their live sound down too much. What made them exciting live was a

divergent tendency, a daring combination of unlikely elements that was welded together not by a predictable melodic underpinning but by willpower and it may take time before they can use a studio to the same effect as they do a stage. The trombonist's Paul Ruthford style bopping for the very pleasure of it, the guitarist's intensely concentrated expression as he wrings a shriek from his battered and taped instrument, and the vocalist's take-it-or-leave-it stance are just three things no record could hope to capture. I look forward to their forthcoming LP, to see if they can find a language that dares to dispense with the politesse of production as efficiently as their live playing dispatched the team-choreography of pop performance.

STEVE XERRI

## FROM POP STAR TO PLAYWRIGHT: HEY! LUCIANI

"You had your chances... Dr. Faustus" THE FALL chant at the apparent start of yet another gig, only difference being the setting (Riverside Studios) and the slightly unusual cossies. But lo and behold...



THE FALL

As they disappear, a strange figure dressed as a Pope appears behind a surreal cardboard window and luscious Mr. Michael Clarke whisks rhythmically across the floorboards, depicting the contortions that are impending. Much comical to and fro-ing ensues as a mafia guy sneaks past followed by an Alfred Jarry type character (later revealed as the incredibly hilarious Leigh Bowery). Ace thudding resonated in time to the next scenario; assorted commandos and officers leap around an enthroned chap sporting an eyepatch and foreign accent.

Somewhat confused and well bemused, the audience drift towards alcoholic supplements, many of them scanning their programmes for logical clues of the proceedings. In apprehension of the half to come I regurgitate the information that this is in fact a story of the life and times of some poor bugger (Pope John Paul 1st, 1870-1922) who only graced the Vatican staircase for one short month and died in dodgy circumstances, penned by manic Mancunian of longstanding genius, Mark E. Smith.

Having thus disconnected my thoughts, the second half took on more shape. Key words included "Mcriddler...Tudor...Windscreen...Room 335, Caterpillars, Speeding spaceships..." Fragments of various ethereal dimensions mingled with dry wit. Abstract news and statistical information combines, brings to mind the immortal phrase "Perverted by language" (although in this case it seems a case of "Corrupted by office"). Tuneful anger launches into "Bastard psychoanalyst" (and if you haven't guessed it already this whole setup is not a standard "Rock musical", but a sort of multi-media FALL musical.) Senses failing through ordeals of papal servitude, the Pope states that he "requires subtle intoxication to tolerate his similars" as he raises red liquid to his lips. Slowly but surely nightmarish memoir flicker across the video screen forming into a soporific death.

Whodunnit? there is no Absolution. The decision is up to you...

The cameo of "Luciani", though lacking a straightforward thread of continuity for the average theatre-goer, still manifested itself as a sight to pop the old eyeballs. Unfortunately it is already over, having run for a mere two weeks.

The book is available, and we can hope for an extended repeat in the future, if not a sequel sprung from the pen of our sauciest sociopolitical satirist.

BEATA BURN

## JACK THE BEAR

Burleigh Arms, Cambridge

The first time I saw Jack The Bear, I must confess that I felt a little let down: having read Valentine Breeze's highly ecstatic review of their debut gig on 13th February last year (S&H no. 2), I was expecting to see and hear something really special. Don't get me wrong - The Bears are a good band, but the sort of music they play - a hybrid of styles that influenced early rock'n'roll (folk, blues, be-bop), tinged with a touch of The Great Divide funk - is the kind that I can enjoy, without getting really excited about.

But the Bears are changing, almost imperceptibly, and, in my view, definitely for the better: their 14 song set at their recent Burleigh gig contained only three songs which they had played in their debut gig there, and many of the early funk-riddled numbers have now been replaced with quality pop songs like 'Excuses, Excuses', which you could be forgiven for assuming that it had come straight out of the Elton John Song Book. (Paradoxically, one of the 'new' songs which is now a permanent feature in the Bear's set is a latin-tinged re-work of a little ditty entitled 'You Gotta Pay Taxes', a song that has been with Gren Penn since his Dogma Cats days: in fact, it's a toss-up which is the older - this song, or the suit Gren wears on stage!).

Another plus factor in favour of the band has been the emergence of Graham Fuller both as songwriter and voice. The aforementioned 'Excuses, Excuses' is penned by Fuller, as is 'Dirty Linen' and 'Skin and Bone', two songs which betray his roots - Roots, Music! And any voice that brings to mind the likes of Jerry Lee Lewis and David Byrne is O.K. with me. Not bad for a guy whose previous claim to fame was as a tootin' sax man with The Great Divide, with the occasional 'finger in the ear' rendition of 'High Germany'!

Of course, this is by no means a one-man band - the contributions from Gren Penn and John the drummer are of equal importance - the speed of John's drumming for their rockabilly-flavoured 'Cadillac' has to be seen to be believed!

For a band whose (initially) stated aims were to look no further than having a good time on stage, and entertaining their audiences in the process, the Bears are about to follow the path taken by more ambitious bands, by releasing a 15-track LP! This is a brave venture on the part of a band that has been in existence for only one year and most of that spent gigging exclusively in the Cambridge area: one can only applaud such an initiative, and hope that it is a success, financially as well as artistically, not only for the sake of the Bears, but also as an encouragement for other local bands to follow their lead.

PHIL JOHNSON

THE BIBLE! The Hippodrome - Golders Green, London  
Radio One 'In Concert' - Recording 24th November 1986

An unfamiliar setting in which to see your home town heroes recording for posterity and much deserved praise (we hope) on the Radio One 'In Concert' programme. The theatre normally reserved for Radio Two recordings, orchestras and all, provides the six hundred or so seated fans of The Bible! and Martin Stephenson and The Dainties (who are also appearing), with a slightly conformist cross to bear when you consider most of them, myself included, would rather be up on our feet dancing or just getting a better view.

And so to the musical stage, whereupon, less restricted The Bible! opened their account with the recently released 'Mahalia' in all its glory. Kevin Flanagan's opening sax solo disposes of the early nerves (they may have had?) in the metaphoric cutting room bin; and together with Tony Shepherd's display of Shake, Rattle 'n Roll on percussion, gets the adrenaline pumping. Meanwhile the deceptively masterful voice of Boo Hewerdine weaves his tongue (and guitar) around such lines as 'I will sleep with my sadness, wake up before I hit the ground, I hit the ground'.

'Gracelands', the single which undoubtedly brought The Bible! to most of our ears' attention as well as the critic's hearts (or is it the other way round?); falls sweetly off the tongue - great rock 'n bop has never been so close to home, and so to 'Crystal Palace' (of South London fame) another crafted pop song in the making, I believe, 'A Slow Drag Down' brings the tempo down (as the title suggests), although the lyrics keep the pulse racing, before Dave Larcombe's drums and Boo's guitar, give an air of sophistication to the trail of a dream of fame, in 'Glorybound'.



THE BIBLE!

The combination of Tony's keyboards, Kevin's sax and Boo's lyrics give 'Walking the Ghost Back Home' enough soul, mystique, atmosphere and intrigue to make it a best seller had it been a book, and way above and beyond the reach of most mere mortals in the music biz.

'Winter Coat' is more of a pop(ular) ballad than 'A Slow Drag Down' (their own self confessed favourite), and acts as a pick-me-up, before The Bible! close their (session) recording with the effervescent 'High Wide and Handsome', with Constance and Neil on bass, Dave on drums, Kevin on keyboards and Boo on guitar, all extending themselves musically and vocally to send us all home ... 'High (as in High as a Kite), wide (as in Wide Smiles) and handsome (as in Pretty good sound!)'.

To judge for yourself, I hope you listened to The Bible! on BBC Radio One 'In Concert' on January 10th 1987.

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## LATIN QUARTER - RONNIE SCOTTS LONDON

Although billed as 'Latin Quarter - Travelling Light' this semi-acoustic show saw Latin Quarter here in strength six strong, absentee keyboard man Martin Lascalles relaxing somewhere in the audience. Renowned for its jazz status, the club was no doubt a coup for the band albeit filled to capacity far too easily for the likes of the promoter, I expect. "They could have played here for a month of Sundays". I hear someone mutter "Here! Here!" in agreement as I make no bones for being an avid fan of their musical talent, although not necessarily a supporter of all their beliefs and causes. Tonight's show, part of a mini acoustic tour of the club circuit whilst 'on leave' from recording their second album, see L.Q. showcase four new numbers, including their first song 'A Slow Waltz For Chile' written I imagine in the wake of their recent gig supporting peace and freedom in that nation, scene of much internal disturbance. Steve Skaith, lead singer/guitarist and playing member of a great songwriting team, is accompanied by Greg Harewood for "waltz" before the opening notes of "Radio Africa" sees the attractive Carol Douet and Yona Dunsford take the tiny stage. "Radio Africa" brings quiet applause, for her familiarity (for those not accustomed to LQ's full repertoire). Steve, joined by Carol and Yona on vocals (not just here to make up the numbers), for this song of plight in South Africa most notable tonight for its different arrangement.

Carol takes "The Men Below" on an anti-nuclear power crusade, in support of the poorly paid for whom most working class folk 'feel' for in the light of the miners strike. With Steve giving vocal support the song's laborious (excuse the pun) sound is given added strength and purpose (not as if Carol, hand clenched, needed any support!).

"Voices Inside" and positions are reversed, Steve taking lead vocals, with Yona and Carol giving accompaniment on keyboards and percussion, respectively, for their musical trek through inner self thought.

Unashamedly my favourite, "Eddie" hails back to the Falklands war still vivid in the minds of those involved no doubt, yet a million miles away from our thoughts, yet a vote catcher for Maggie at the time. All the same, Steve pursues the lyrics across the waters, whilst the percussion beat of the brass, and a 'timeless' triangle/solo played with superb subtleness by Carol, gives this track an emptiness and eeriness unsurpassed, and like a time bomb, ready to explode, "See Him", light entertainment in comparison, brings Yona's vocal attributes to the fore, whilst "Che Ghosts" (another song with roots from afar) sees the whole group, tight in musical formation, wind up this 'first half' in a fitting climax.

A brief interlude, influenced solely by the lack of time; and back on the stage Yona takes centre spot to deliver the excellent "Cora", a beautifully moving ballad; for once undrowned by keyboards and inconsiderate conversation; sung sweetly from the heart and soul, and much appreciated.

Steve takes his political rostrum for "No Rope As Long As Time" another strong anti-apartheid song, more up tempo than "Radio Africa", but decidedly more poignant and catchy, aiming to bring attention and action (albeit 100 years too late) to changing the South Africa we know today; making in its path many a reference to familiar people and places in many of its lyrics. Steve makes no apology for their political bias, and then admits to fear of being criticised for possible 'sell out' to love and romance as they swing into "Love Has Gone". Then quickly into another new song "Nightschool" pointing the finger, at the middle aged/middle class out for some social contact at education's expense.

In "Thin White Duke" we see and hear LQ at their very best. Steve, Carol and Yona alternating between vocal leads and instruments whilst Greg, Richard and Darrèn provide slick accompaniment on bass, guitar and drums, for this song full of David Bowie references.

"New Millionaires" illfated as a single, sees money take the spotlight, easy come, easy go they say, as Yona, heavily shrouded in percussion, explains with the opening lines.

And so to "Seaport September" seldom heard in their live set up, it's given a shot in the arm, not to mention a different arrangement. Punchy and full of vitality, a fitting finale almost but not before Carol and Richard execute a guitar based "Titles You Can't Hire". So at the evening's end LQ have entertained in



LATIN QUARTER

a vastly different style and format than normal, Steve Skaith taking the role of comedian, in lieu of political preacher (although he fits both admirably) I, and many a 'Penny for our thoughts' given to a worthy cause upon leaving.

PS If you find the semi-acoustic style to your taste, LQ will probably be releasing some 'live' tracks as forthcoming 'B' sides (from the recording of their gig at the Bass Cleff, London, 17.11.86).

STEVE GILLET T

AT LAST!

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C'est Nostalgie - The Hatbox Orchestra  
The Alma 1/1/87

Not being a regular supporter of Nick's Saturday night delights down at the Alma, what better excuse to drag myself away from such televised vulgarities as *Dynasty* than the prospect of some good ol' Roaring Twenties. So, having settled at a convenient table - (Yes! Seats at the Alma on a Saturday!), I was quite looking forward to their Hatbox Orchestra outfit, or rather half of it, which modestly calls itself 'C'est Nostalgie'. The other half was busy zapping it up at the Man On The Moon.

The Hatbox Orchestra are based in Birmingham - so why come to Cambridge? (Why indeed), well, it seems the man on the keyboards and with the rather unrewarding job this evening of geeing up the audience in between songs, is the brother of Graeme Mackenzie, he of the defunct 'Blue Suede News' (forerunner to this present gem). (We owe it all to Graeme - Ed.)

To front this evening's lineup of seven, and entice the audience with those oh so risqué numbers, was Miss Diana Descant. She warbled authentically through the obvious classics such as 'Stormy Weather', 'Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter', and of course 'The Charleston' - even achieving that excessive amount of vibrato synonymous with the starlettes of the Twenties and Thirties. Although she could have passed off vocally as Jeanette Macdonald, or any of those saucy ladies of that era, whom none of us have ever heard of, I was disappointed to say the least with her lack of adventure with her clothes. There was no chance of a shimmering gown of fragile pearls here; her long black dress was positively dowdy and would probably have suited Mary Poppins better.

Unfortunately, the Double Bassist was bagsied at the Man On The Moon, and we had to make do with a bass guitar which wasn't nearly so sophisticated - but he certainly didn't look like someone who used to play in WIZZARD! (which he did) - you remember; that ancient ancient weirdo band from the seventies who did strange things like paint their faces, but then again tonight he disguised himself pretty well by wearing smart tails and a white banded trilby - just like the other band members in fact.

In between the two sets, Sylvester Stomp took over, and I'm told he's a stand up comedian because I do admit to having dashed off for his 'Bit' feeling a touch peckish. Anyway, if your experience of stand up comedians is having accidentally come across Freddie Starr on the telly, then you have little inclination to sit through anything even half as painful, right?



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On a somewhat scaled down version of that famous international voyage of Phil Collins at Live Aid, Miss Diana Descant bid us good morrow and was whisked away to the distant reaches of the Man On The Moon to dazzle the punters there, probably bumping into Miss Melody who was on the return journey and about to commence her stint at the Alma. There was no enchanting dress for Miss Melody either, but her vocal duties were minimal anyway as the set favoured instrumentals - a selection from 42nd Street, which showed off the excellent brass section. Not forgetting the snappy drummer who is a fully fledged member of the National Youth Orchestra at the tender age of fifteen.

Nick was enthusiastic about this departure from the usual Saturday night entertainment, but unfortunately the attendance was somewhat reduced from the norm, and didn't prove to be a particularly economic move for him personally. But a thing like this takes a bit of time to build up regular support; we all know how long it takes apathetic Cambridge to find out what's good for them, and something different and good as this clearly deserves a second glance. So should they visit our town again to share their 'Nostalgie', check them out: I dare you.

WENDY LLOYD

TOM ROBINSON at Cambridge Corn Exchange  
Paranoia in the Darkness

In 1977, Tom Robinson had his first and most successful hit with '2-4-6-8 Motorway'. In the two following years, there were two LP's, and one track in particular 'Glad to be Gay' which became an anthem in the post-punk fervour that threw up the Anti-Nazi League and the Rock Against Racism movement.



TOM ROBINSON

The teenagers of those years, now in their late 20's, came to the Corn Exchange to see the current Tom Robinson Band. Tom Robinson: a genial but vital host; not burning but still smouldering; a man whose gay pride is a fact of life, not a flag of convenience.

They found time to play the recent 'War Baby' in each of the two sets, but the older songs drew the most affectionate audience response - 'Grey Cortina', 'Martin', and of course 'Motorway'. And most of all 'Glad to be Gay'. Two men standing near me in the crowd joined in the community singing: 'Sing if you're glad to be gay' - then took their girl-friends home for an early night. You might find that paradoxical, even suspect some laddish piss-take, but you'd be wrong.

In 1987, the concerns of the Anti-Nazi League have not gone away. The last decade has seen: racism entrenched but not repelled; capitalism in consolidation not crisis; and now the moral minority uses the AIDS threat to further its own injustice, fear and loathing. 'Glad to be Gay' is a parable for anyone who feels threatened in a world growing more dangerous every minute.

Sing if you're happy that way.

TOM WHITE

# MIXED BAG



CAMBRIDGE VENUE GROUP

Update report

by

Jay Taylor and Pete Ingram

Many people have been asking us questions about the progress of the Venue. Here are some of the most common questions with their answers.

Q. Is the Venue going ahead?

A. Yes. The City Council has included the sum of £250,000 in their 1987/88 budget for building the Venue on the Clifton Road Industrial Estate near Hills Road.

Q. When will it be built?

A. The C.V.G. are presently negotiating with the City Architects towards a design for the Venue. The aim is to achieve maximum flexibility with regard to the use of the space available. There will be many different activities going on in the Venue, and this requires that as many functions as possible are included in the design. There is a great deal of work to be done before the first brick is laid, and at the moment, the programme is such that building will begin early in October, with most of the structural work being completed by Xmas '87.

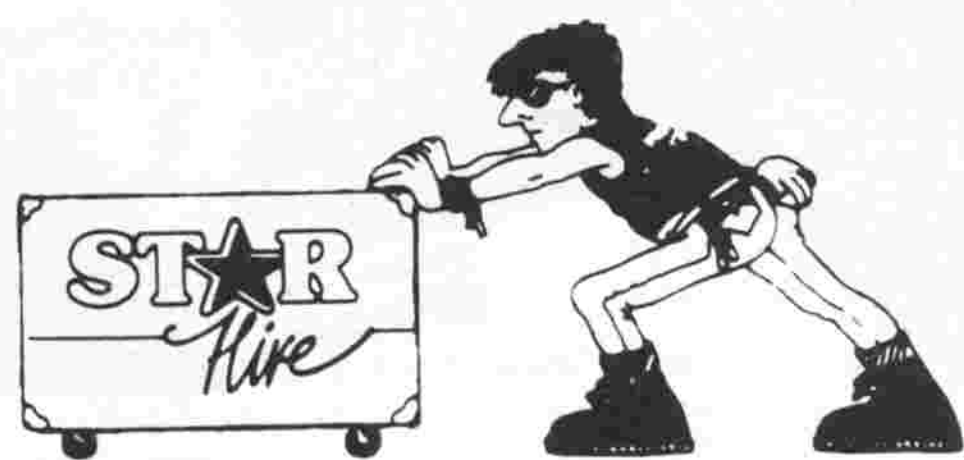
Q. How big will it be, and how many people will it hold?

A. The Venue will be equivalent to a warehouse unit covering 6,500 sq. feet or 600 sq. metres, and will be designed to hold approximately 350-400 people.

Q. What will go on inside?

A. This depends on you! Basically, if it is possible, and if there is a demand for it, it will happen in the Venue. At the moment the people involved are mostly musicians, with some involvement from video people and other visual arts people. There are plans to include a recording studio and a video editing facility, as well as the usual things you would expect to find in a music venue.

The point is, and it is a very important point, that if you belong to any kind of group that might possibly use what is essentially a large covered space, or if you want to start something, then the C.V.G. needs to hear from you NOW. This is so that your requirements can be planned for at the earliest possible stage. If you leave it until later ('I'll get involved when they start to build it')



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then you may well find that you are out of luck. The space is limited and so is the money. No matter how small or apparently insignificant, tell us NOW. The City Architects need to know all of the details as soon as possible. Remember, 'he/she who hesitates is lost' 'the early bird . . . etc., etc'.

Q. Is £250,000 enough?

A. Probably not, but it has taken about 18 months to get this far, and that is all we are going to get from the City. There may be more money available from other sources at a later date, but those people who insist that more money should be made available from the City are not only naive, but may also be jeopardizing the entire project. We all know that this is only a starting point and that it is up to us to make it better and bigger. By the way, if you have a father or mother who might be badgered into helping in some way - or aunty or granny or pet frog - then start badgering. Nagging and cajoling are acceptable ways of getting help; Violence is not.

Q. What's this about a competition?

A. We need a name for the Venue! Watch local press for details. Prizes galore!

Q. What's this about an L.P.?

A. Jay and I are asking the City to put up the cost of producing an L.P. to raise funds for, and to publicise the Venue Campaign. A sum has been approved in principle, and we are in the process of setting the details. There is a great deal of support for the project and it is looking very promising.

Q. How do I get my band on it?

A. Send us a tape to Jay Taylor, 7 Amblecote House, East Road. Enclose a S.A.E. if you want your tape back, and if you are already signed to a recording company etc, then send written permission to use the material. For more information ring Pete Ingram on Cambridge 323624.

## LETTERS

Dear Scene & Heard

I admit that I attended the first heat of the Cambridge Rock Competition, (on Jan. 8th at the Corn Exchange), as a supporter of one of the groups competing, but my companions and I did listen carefully and sympathetically to all the bands that played. We can only conclude that it would have made little difference to the result of the competition had none of them turned up to perform. The judges apparent lack of consideration, in making their judgements, of such factors as originality, real professionalism, and the attitude of the large and varied audience, leads us to believe that their decisions were made before the heat took place. We are by no means alone in this feeling. We hope that next year, the judges for the heats will be strangers to the Cambridge music scene.

Alison Reid, Cambridge

Well it's all a question of personal taste isn't it? For my money the Melting Men were the pick of Heat One, but I was glad the panel of judges recognized the talent of Richard Heeps and This Beeno. How about you Alison, you have not said who you favoured - could it have been 'The Sour Grapes'! P.C.

Dear Ed,

It seems that everybody I write about is splitting up - the Killdares and the Lonely have died. Perhaps I ought to write about some jazz-funk bands.

P.S. I don't agree with your views about the hardest gigging bands in Cambridge. You overlooked 'To Be Announced' who appear to have a residency at the Alma!

Phoebe Probe

Don't worry yourself about the Jazz-funk bands Phoebe, go and get us an interview with To Be Announced! I'm sure they can spare you a few minutes between gigs! P.C.

## HERE COMES THE JUDGE!



WENDY LLOYD

Scene and Heard stake their claim for the prize of prettiest judge at the Rock Competition in the form of Wendy Lloyd. Wendy (above) is shown making final adjustments to her reviews before going on the air with Cambridge Radio.

## NEWS

The C.C.A.T. Students Union have been active of late arranging gigs in both their Canteen and The Batman Room. Recent gigs at the Batman included Inde favourites Nighty Nighty and Attila The Stockbroker. Forthcoming attractions include Latin Quarter and Jack The Bear (March 14th) and Robyn Hitchcock and The Egyptians (May 9th), both in the Canteen. C.C.A.T. are also interested in booking local bands. Anyone interested should contact Adrian Blundell (Telephone 460008).

ABIGAIL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY is a compilation cassette of some of the best up-and-coming bands on the indie scene; amongst tracks by The Dentists, Martin Stephenson and the Daintees, Del Amitri, The Jazz Butcher and Hurrah! is one from the Herbs, now (sadly) defunct. Steve Hartwell reviews the tape for Scene & Heard in our next issue, but if you want to get a copy (only available via mail order) write to Ann-Marie Harrity, 68 Thorpe Way, Teversham, Cambridge, enclosing a remittance for £2.

Issue 8 Tape Reviews will include Red Over White, Big T Total, Blind Mice, Freedom Faction and the latest Peeved compilation, Rough Diamonds.

INTERNATIONAL HEROES, a Wisbech based duo, have attracted the attention of Tony Visconti, the man behind '70's albums by T Rex, David Bowie and Lou Reed. Visconti heard a demo tape made by the band (who have a contract with Southern Publishing), and invited Sean Wright (27) and Dave Maile (28) down to London for a meeting.

## WANTED!

David Thompson and Trevor Bryant (ex. members of Happy Hour) have now formed a new band and are looking for a youngish male singer. Anyone interested should contact David Thompson, 5 Rathmore Close, Cambridge. Tel: 214861 or Trevor Bryant, 491 Newmarket Road, Cambridge. Tel: 350272.

### THE WILDERNESS

Newly formed band The Wilderness are looking for a solid drummer (and possible a new name for their band!) anybody interested should contact Lui on Cambridge 359836.

Postscript: At the time of going to press the position of drummer with 'THE WILDERNESS' had been filled.

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 Children of Some Tradition - H'don 54338  
 Colonel Gomez - Ely 74016  
 Darkness At Noon - P'boro 232584  
 Desecrators - P'boro 232796  
 Double Yellow Line - 352370  
 Dr. Skull - 322438  
 Filthy Rich - St. Ives 66407  
 Flowershop - Huntingdon 50124  
 Freedom Faction 246269  
 Frigidaires - 247136  
 Glass Asylum - 276408  
 Heretics - Royston 43250  
 His Wife Refused - Market Deeping 33665  
 Hondo - 315909  
 In Flight - 65048  
 Indiscipline - P'boro 264156  
 Jack The Bear - Royston 61295  
 Jilted Brides - P'boro 265456  
 The Kry - Huntingdon 75105  
 Legend - P'boro 61854  
 The Lonely - 246670  
 Madrigal - 213927  
 The Melting Men - Histon 3450  
 Mood Assassins - Comberton 3875  
 The Mullahs - 242972  
 My Naughty Little Sister - 352241 (messages)  
 No Dakota - 332000 (messages)  
 The Parody - Crafts Hill 80918  
 Playhouse - 64563  
 The Pleasureheads - P'boro 68895  
 President Reagan Is Clever - 01-249 2941  
 The Principle - Swavesey 80150  
 Red Over White - Huntingdon 412036  
 Rumour Has It - 350006  
 Russia - 66438

Sardines - 240953  
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 Standpoint - 64041  
 Stormed - 65449  
 Strange Brew - 243424  
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 Melbourn Rock Club - Royston 61725  
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## VENUES

Cambridge: The Alma - 64965  
 Burleigh Arms - 241996  
 Man On The Moon - 350610  
 Midland Tavern - 311719  
 The Boat Race - 313445  
 The Cadet Hall - 353172 (Ev'gs)

Huntingdon: Waterloo - 0480-57199  
 Territorial - 0480-51238

P'borough: Crown - 0733-41366  
 Gaslight Club - 0733-314378  
 Gladstone Arms - 0733-44388  
 Glasshouse - 0780-65776  
 Norfolk Inn - 0733-62950  
 Peacock - 0733-66293  
 Tropicana - 0733-45545  
 Viva La Rock - 0733-46196

Melbourn: Rock Club - 95-61725

St. Ives: Floods Tavern - 0480-67773

St. Neots: King's Head - 0480-74094

Sawston: University Arms - 832165

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 Skysound - 358644  
 Spaceward - Stretham 600  
 Stable - Ware 871090  
 Flightpath - 85-5213

# GIG GUIDE

## March

9	Pb. The Crown	Hunters Club
10	Cb. Burleigh Arms	The Debut
	Pb. Norfolk Inn	Trux
11	Cb. Burleigh Arms	The Wood
	Bedford International	The Primitives
	Pb. Norfolk Inn	The Motivators
12	Cb. Corn Exchange	Cambridge Rock Comp. Final
	Cb. Burleigh Arms	Chicane
	Pb. The Crown	Eruption
13	Cb. Girton College	The Impossible Dreamers
	Cb. Burleigh Arms	Double Yellow Line
	Pb. Norfolk Inn	Wacky Backy Boogie Band
	N'Hampton Old 5 Bells	The Meteors
14	Cb. CCAT Canteen	Latin Quarter/Jack The Bear
	Cb. The Alma	Naked Lunch '86
15	Pb. Glasshouse	Frantix
	Pb. The Crown	The Crack
	Cb. Burleigh Arms	This Side Up
	Cb. Boat Race	Rhythm Method
16	Pb. The Crown	The Orphans Of Travo
17	Pb. Tropicana	The Fields Of Nephilim
	Pb. Norfolk Inn	Slap & Tickle
18	Cb. Burleigh Arms	Lone Street Dealer
19	Cb. Burleigh Arms	The Heretics
	Pb. Norfolk Inn	Legend
20	Cb. Burleigh Arms	Mojo Mitchell Blues Band
	Pb. Norfolk Inn	Lloyd Watson Band
	Hn. Research Centre	Red Over White/Giant Polar Bears
21	Cb. The Alma	Quadro
	Cb. Sea Cadets	Dble Yellow Line/Serious Business
	S. Walden Leisure Centre	Stormed/Real By Reel/
		Shoot The Moon/Sullivans
22	Pb. Glasshouse	Real By Reel/The Big Ocean Kick
	Cb. Burleigh Arms	Session 57
	Cb. Boat Race	The Frigidaires
	Pb. The Crown	Charlie Says Bollocks

23	Pb. The Crown	Swing
24	Pb. Norfolk Inn	32/20
25	Pb. Wirrina	The Strangers
	Cb. Burleigh Arms	Vigil's Aunty
26	Cb. Boat Race	Chicane
	Cb. Burleigh Arms	Wigsville Spliffs
	Pb. Norfolk Inn	Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
	Pb. The Crown	Nite Line
27	Cb. Burleigh Arms	The Frigidaires
	Pb. Norfolk Inn	Hire Em-Fire Em
	Bedford College of F.E.	The Larks
	N'Hampton Old 5 Bells	Xmal Deutschland/All About Eve
28	Cb. The Alma	Pleasure Heads
29	Pb. Glasshouse	Nutmeg/Indiscipline
	Pb. Tropicana	Energy
	Cb. Boat Race	Jeff Taylor's Blues Quartet
30	Pb. The Crown	Big T Total & The Half.Cuts
April		
2	Pb. Norfolk Inn	Small Talk
	Cb. Boat Race	Naked Lunch '86
3	Cb. Burleigh Arms	Serious Business
	Pb. Norfolk Inn	In Vogue
5	Cb. Boat Race	Dr Skull
	Hitchin Sun Inn	The Oyster Band
7	Pb. Tropicana	Shag Connors & The Carrot
		Crunchers/Poker
8	Pb. Norfolk Inn	Revolver
9	Cb. Burleigh Arms	Madrigal
	Cb. Boat Race	Rhythm Method
11	S. Walden Leisure Centre	Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker/
		Sardines/The Internationalists

Don't forget to tune in to Radio Cambridgeshire's Rock Show, every Sunday between 7.00 p.m. and 10.00 p.m. for the most comprehensive gig guide in the area (compiled by the Scene & Heard's team, of course!): Radio Cambridgeshire transmits on 96.0 VHF and 1926 kHz in the South of the county, and on 103.9 VHF and 1449 kHz in the North.