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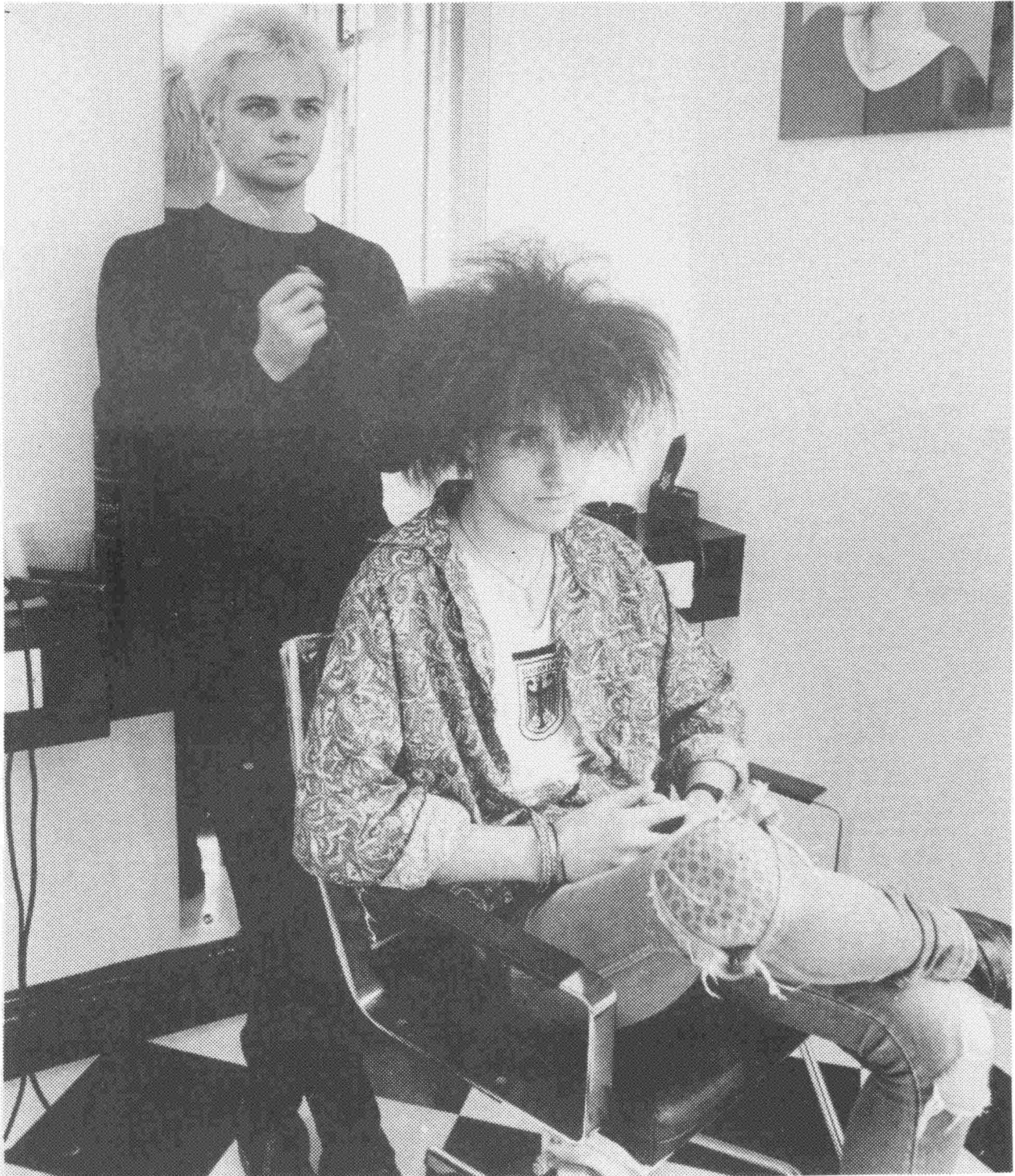
SCENE AND

HEARD

CAMBRIDGESHIRE'S ROCK MUSIC MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER / OCTOBER 1987

VIGIL'S AUNTY - HOLLOW LAND - THE MISSION



“mirror, mirror. on the wall...”

editorial

Now I know why Steve Hartwell jacked it in! 1.45am, frantically trying to write an editorial for issue no. 9 (and typing it while I think of something to write!)

Well, first of all, thanks to the contributors, without whom there'd be no magazine. Thanks also to our advertisers, who help to keep the price of the magazine down. Incidentally, talking of price, we've had to put it up to 50 pence, 'cos our regular (cheap) printer's gone bust, so we're having to pay a little more for having it printed: hence the do-it-yourself look about Scene & Heard.

Dh, yes, we've got to say goodbye to Wendy who's au-pair-ing for a year somewhere near Boston - that's the Boston in the States! Good luck, Wendy, see you next year.

Finally, thanks to our two featured bands for doing our promotion gig, and helping to keep S & H solvent.

PHIL JOHNSON

The next issue may be out at the beginning of November; let's set a deadline for contributions by 20th October: all submissions considered, especially interviews with Huntingdon and Peterborough bands!

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TYPING
Phil Johnson

PASTE UP
Phil and Sara

LAYOUT
Phil Johnson

(ad)mission!



WORLD CRUSADE '87 - not incense and peppermints, but velvet and tulips.

Setting: Metropol, West Berlin.
Beverages: Tequila and 20-year old cognac.

"Did you see 'Miami Vice' the other night? They used one of our records as part of the soundtrack!"

From underneath a big black hat (in time becoming a much copied trademark) and obligatory black shades, the pallid face of closet exhibitionist Wayne Hussey veers in my general direction. Rose lips pout into a toast, celebrating the first year of survival for himself and the other three Missionaries, bassist Craig, drummer Mick, and ex-Red Lorry Yellow Lorry guitarist Simon. Let me remind the uninitiated that The Mission sprung from The Sisterhood that sprung from The Sisters Of Mercy (R.I.P.). With The Mission, former Sisters' guitarist Wayne grabbed frontman status, leaving Mr. Andrew Eldritch getting creatively drunk in dodgy Hamburg bars.... so rumour has it. In July '86, they signed to Phonogram; this year, 'Wasteland' rode high in both the commercial and independent charts.

Wayne doesn't trust people who don't drink (a welcome encouragement for another tequila!), is the proud owner of true gypsy blood (enabling him to relish life on the road), and would like to live in a castle "somewhere in the North". He casually lets slip that the "Pigeon Toed Orange Peel" is his favourite London club, and that he would like to produce not a record, but "a baby, were it biologically possible" (Hippie!).

To rocket from a first gig in Alice In Wonderland to a world-wide tour of mega-venues (and fill them) in a mere year is no mean feat. Do they preach any particular 'mission', as some of the esoteric posters might suggest?

"Only that of music and creativity: we try and be realistic about love, sex, life.... you can't go around with your head in a grey cloud. The Sisters were probably more contrived: with The Mission, things are more pruned down in a way, but no less meaningful than fantastical. We tend to wear our heritage very loudly..."

In the same way as that tiny white skirt you have on?
"Ahem. We have... an extreme sense of the dramatic, and image is almost a form of self preservation. Our records stand as a testament to the music. Live gigs are essential and usually fun, although I often feel like something out of 'Spinal Tap' "

This would seem to prove my theory that most bands are mere cliches of caricatures of themselves and each other.

"Well, our lyrics often actually turn cliches upside down. There's so many silly sayings in the English language - for instance, 'you can't have your cake and eat it': how can you NOT have your cake and eat it?"

Aha, so you believe in this 'positive negativism' theory?
" 'scuse me? That's too complicated. I believe in individualism, and in respect for yourself"

At this point I'm subjected to a laidback twanging soundtrack from Wayne's guitar (so they don't play with tapes after all!).

"Maybe music does have the power to change people. I'd like to think that it had more power than the press, anyway" (Craig seems to be worried that I'm an undercover 'Sun' reporter... in Berlin?!)

So then the next few months are going to be spent touring. any particular plans, ambitions?

"Living out our fantasies - something we're more or less able to do. Have you read 'Hammer Of The Gods', that Led Zep book?", Wayne says with a grin, "I'd like to think of us becoming like a seventies album band" Well the photos certainly fit that theory.

Everything seems to be running smoothly around this lot: all I have to add is that I've never seen such a spellbinding lightshow as at a Mission gig, or as many multi-coloured tulips in one dressing room. Hippies of the eighties unite!

BE'ATA BURN

a night on the tiles with vigil's aunty

I had already been forewarned that St. Neots boasts a record-breaking number of pubs per square mile, so perhaps it was only natural that Vigil's Aunty saw fit to acquaint me with a fair selection of them during my evening on the town with them.

However, first things first: the evening began round Vig's rather petite 'house', where he seemed to have spent the day beating ice out of the fridge with a baseball bat, helped out by a few obliging friends. They'd taken time out from this joyous entertainment, though, to catch snatches of Vig's mum, Linda Taylor, on telly, singing backing vocals at the Prince's Trust Rock Gala at Wembley. She's currently on tour with Go West, having turned down an offer made by the mighty Fish, to help out on Marillion's tour.

But then it was down to The Woolpack, and, Crucial Brew in hand, Vig made a start on the vital band history: Vigil's Aunty began last September, when Vig and Grant decided it was high time they formed a band - like you do. Undaunted by the fact that neither could actually do anything, they settled on singing and playing bass, "coz that's easy". They knew of this Jason fellow whom they lured round to Grant's house and persuaded to strum a ditty on his acoustic. The result was a mindblowing classical melody: Jason was in the band. The next contender for Vigil's Aunty was a chappie called Bassen, who took a shot at rhythm guitar; but, sadly, it seemed that he was rather crap, so they slung him out. They managed for a while drummerless, but one evening in the pub, Grant pointed out to Vig this guy at the bar who was apparently a v. good drumperson, but (and this, as Vig explains, was a serious consideration) he was sporting a rather unhealthy looking curly back perm: this was Jamie. Vig was adamant that such a haircut would never want to play in their band, but Grant had a word with Jamie (also taking the piss out of him somewhat) and they reached an agreement that if he were to join the band, they'd play a plentiful number of Simple Minds' covers, and Grant (who poses in real life as a hairdresser) would gladly perm his hair for him on a pretty regular basis. Grant took the liberty, however, of cutting off all Jamie's hair. They also persuaded Jamie that by simply joining their band, they'd instantly produce out of thin air a job, women and money for him: he didn't do too badly either when, in his first week of being a Vigil, he moved in with Grant, found a job AND "pulled a woman". Bell turned up a week before the first gig, after being asked "do you wanna jam with us?": he did a quick sesh during 'Wild Thing', but somehow managed to become a fully fledged Vigil. After the loss of Bassen, Claire (Grant's sister) came along to play keyboards, to fill out the sound. The final line-up of six was complete.

Throughout the conversation, it had been intriguing me why Vig was the chosen being to bear the band's name: "inevitably we began looking for a suitable name, and I was quite enthusiastic about 'Vigil's Aunty' which Grant also thought was pretty 'jack' " (V. A. expression of approval). Vig had already claimed his copyright, though, and would only permit the use of his suggested name if everybody agreed to refer to him as 'Simon Vigil' from then on. His real name of Simon fell by the wayside, however, and it became Vig. That appeared to be the end of the entire story, for at that moment Cameo's 'Word Up' burst out of the speakers, thus inviting Vig to utter his 'jack' of approval once more. Cameo as an influence, perhaps? Apparently not: Vig sees their sound more reliant on the lines of Clive Dunn, Orville (along with lovely Keith Harris) and hip popster Joe Dolce - a little surprising, perhaps.

If you haven't already noticed, Vig is the intelligent party in the band, bearing an impressive 12 O-levels. It wasn't all plain sailing however, as his interests lay very much elsewhere; during his Metalwork O-level, he recognised the urgency to leave halfway through, if he were to get to The Sisters Of Mercy gig on time.

Vigil's Aunty have already played a few gigs in London, and have at least one more during the summer. "We were in fact supposed to playing Covent Garden this evening; a concert in aid of kids with cancer. It all arose through Sam Brown, who's signed to A & M Records: we met her at this show biz party in London recently, when we were recording (whereupon Vig had a heavy name drop sesh for rather a long time). Anyway, we were eventually advised to pull out due to too much trub with the organisers". 'Advised'?; sounds suspiciously like managerial authority to me. "No, Vigil's Aunty don't have a manager as such, we just, er, know people". At that point, Vig saw it fit to get a smidge cagey and shut up: a rare event, it seems.

And so we tottered off to the King's Head, second home for most of Vigil's Aunty (indeed it houses their rehearsal base - a building round the back). Whilst Vig replenished our stock of Crucial Brews, I spoke to Lesa, who lives in the same house as Grant and Jamie. Lesa's role in the band, whilst not as musician, seems to be a very important one: loyally appreciative of all their gigs, and a bit of a mother to the band. It seems that Lesa is also the person most shouted at when things go wrong, and in between gulps of Pernod, Grant attempted to sum sum it up: "Lesa looks after the sausages, plants and goldfish" and is also, it appears, much in demand for her lasagne. As if that wasn't enough, she also bears the task of ferrying the band and their equipment all over the shop. Lesa's list of laborious duties was cut sharp, however, by the yelps of laughter coming from the bar. The barlady had found a novel way of smashing a hole in the side of a pint glass, so that the unsuspecting punter poured his entire pint chestwards, a discovery much admired by Vig, who was taking great pleasure in giving Jamie the lager treatment.

Lesla also has a behind-the-scenes part in lyricwriting: "Grant writes good lyrics, but..." At that point, Vig returned, armed with Crucial Brew, and ready, as always, to interrupt: "Grant writes naff lyrics; so bad that I had to BURN THEM!", causing Vig and Lesa to embark on a heavy reminis sesh about a Grant song concerned with 'being a man' and 'having a gun if you want one', or something just as Billy Idol-ish.

A glance out of the window informed us of the rather unexpected arrival of Jason, which sparked off comment by both Vig and Lesa about how Jason is the quietest and the best musician in the band. Lesa said that although she loves them all, "Jason is the nicest - you just have to get him out of his quietness". He also seems quite famed for being 'completely mental' in rehearsals, but as dramatically shy onstage.

So how about the King's Head itself? "It's a great place to gig", says Vig, "I mean I don't want to slag off the Burleigh, but it's hard for us to get any atmosphere there; and the stage's too small for us to go properly mental. The King's Head capacity is less than the Burleigh, but the stage's bigger, and with the home crowd who always support us, it's a really enjoyable gig. You need as much room as poss, you see, when you're like me, and need to run about and POSE a great deal. I'm definitely in the band to add to it: I can't DO anything, but I have to add, visually and charismatic-ally (!)".

But enough of this folly: time to grab our hats, and all aboard in Lesa's car in search of the Globe. While another Crucial Brew was concocted, Vig explained how the Globe was formerly a jazz club, and although situated out of town, used to be packed: we were virtually the only customers. Before I tackled Jason, Claire decided to volunteer Grant's musical origins. As a cute 7 year-old, he sang in the Bedford festival, and



he obviously has more control over his fame now than then, though, for he ended up running off the festival stage, crying "mammy, mammy". It apparently took some time before he managed to refrain from hurling his dinner on the floor, when questioned about the sad event. "He was also a choirboy", says Claire, "but he's not religious anymore".

And so to Jason, whom I cornered at the bar, and who immediately confirmed that he's different from the rest of the group: "I'm not completely different, I just don't get as pissed or mental as them". Jason is very much the creative part of the group: "I do most of the songwriting, and nearly all the lyrics; like 'Call Out'. I enjoy the serious side of the band, getting down to the business of writing and playing. I socialise very little with the group. It's not in my character to go up front and do the show: I just stand behind and play the music".

Do you prefer the bigger gigs, then, or playing to a more 'intimate' number? "Personally, I prefer the bigger gigs; then again, I don't like the lack of control sometimes coming from bigger gigs. It's so easy to become unattached from the audience: I don't like the no man's land that some bands make between them and the audience". Unlike Vig's idea about the band's influences, Jason has his own personal favourites: The Psychedelic Furs, Spear Of Destiny, and specifically The Edge from U2.

For some unexplained reason, at the arrival of Jamie back at the bar, I was hurriedly prompted to ask him who had directed the Rocky and Rambo films, the answer going something like "Tarby". Jamie was also persuaded to confess his favourite all-time song: Joe Dolce's classic 'Shaddappa ya face'. It wasn't quite clear how these earth-shattering revelations should lead on to a general discussion

about why Jamie finds it necessary to adorn himself with Grant's wardrobe (underpants, T-shirt, shirt AND trousers), or why this should lead on to comment on dirty clothes and The Young Ones; ah well....

9.44pm, and still completely light! Whilst everybody rambled on for a bit about the following day being midsummer's day, Vig offered to explain the development and maintenance of his rather tall haircut: all you need to do, it seems, fact fans, is wash it (obviously not TOO much), place the palm of the hand somewhere on the head - this I didn't catch completely - get out the hair-spray, and apply whilst indulging in some violent scrubbing of the hair. Simple really.

So after my much appreciated lesson in hair care, it was off to Ye Old Sunny, a rather quaint bevendo joint with particularly low ceilings. Vig hit the bar again (literally, I'm afraid), and returned whinging about the severe amount of hassle he'd just received from the barlady, for knocking the glasses off with his hair. After Jamie's noble performance earlier, it was a pity he didn't seem too keen in partaking in the Smash Hits section of the interview: he didn't recognise the obvious importance of discovering which is his favourite window on Play School. Vig, however, was happy to oblige with the answer of the dodecahedron window: it seems that when you're in a 'certain state of mind', it's 'really mental'.

Bell chose this moment to turn up at Ye Olde Sunny. Why the name 'Bell'? - it seems he has some origins with the old Bow Bells, so it's quite sensible, really. Bell seems to be a constant source of envy within the band; at least, his generous parents are, anyway. Bell cleverly wangled all his equipment out of them, on the pretext that if he didn't get a guitar and amp together pretty smartish, then he'd be thrown out of the band: a cunning strategy.

Time to waltz off to The Wrestlers. Grant, however, considers it wise that he doesn't go: he apparently gets a touch paranoid about everybody wanting to thump him on a regular basis - surely not! The Wrestlers is obviously a sister 'hole' of places in Cambridge like your Monroes: plenty of telly screens, thumping loud disco music, and a generous helping of lecherous glances into the bargain. Not the sort of place I would have envisaged Vigil's Aunty socialising in, but Vig seems happy to turn out there occasionally.

Our round trip of St. Neots took us back to the King' Head pub, and after a swift half, it was a hectic drive back to Lesa's, Grant's and Jamie's house, and time to see THAT video. A video company in London recently took interest in the band's 'aesthetic' qualities, and offered to finance a shoot for them. In the end, two takes of the video emerged, both of the track 'Paris', and which both seemed to involve much frolicking about in the middle of a field: the band take up their poses, enigmatically swathed in capes and a plentiful amount of make-up, giving Wayne Hussey some severe competition for lipstick dosage. All very strange indeed.

Grant returns with several mugs of tea; a wise move for us all, no doubt. The Vigil's Aunty family album is ushered my way; a veritibly concise source of memorabilia for the band, containing snapshots of gigs right back to September last year. Having exhausted the piccy collection, however, Grant pounces on the splendid idea of commencing a Young Ones vid sesh. He has to be content with a rather lonesome party by himself, though: everybody else has hit the sack. Perhaps his choice of Pernod all evening was the wisest choice of all ...

WENDY LLOYD

A few months ago, the two Roberts, Lilley and Tinkler, brought the newly-signed Weather Prophets to a poorly attended Guildhall; a month later, they promoted a gig at the Sea Cadets Hall, featuring The Wishing Stones and Biff Bang Pow!

ALAN MCGEE is another link between these two events: he is a member of Biff Bang Pow! and manages The Weather Prophets, as well as running Creation and Elevation Records.

Talking to Alan by the Cam prompted me to ask him about that wet skeleton in his cupboard, H₂O:

"I'm glad someone's finally brought this up, as I keep seeing it in the gossip columns. I was in the group from February to May 1978; it's now 1987, and people still say to me 'you were in H₂O', and unbeknown to anybody else, the guitarist out of Lloyd Cole and The Commotions was in H₂O. Lots of famous people were in H₂O, but I was in it for three months, 9 years ago, and yet it still haunts me. At that particular point, they were into The New York Dolls; they weren't trying to be Young Americans, David Bowie... The band started wearing make-up and things, and I just thought 'this isn't for me', so I left."

Shortly after leaving H₂O, Alan formed a band, The Laughing Apple, and moved to London:

"We were fed up because the Glasgow scene was so cliquey, and at that point, there was no Primal Scream, there was no Jesus And Mary Chain. It was just like shit: the best you could get were The Cuban Heels, and they were DIRE. I came down to London in 1979 because I was interested in punk, and I wanted to come to England to do music. I played in The Laughing Apple for two years, and we released three singles that did absolutely nothing on our own label."

One of the other members of The Laughing Apple is Andrew who plays in Biff Bang Pow!, The Revolving Paint Dream and Primal Scream. Strangely enough, all these bands are signed to Alan's Creation label:

"We were running a club called The Living Room, and that was getting quite successful, but it started properly when I took a £1,000 bank loan. Creation really got going at the beginning of 1984; we put out one single before then and it died (The Legend!: '73 in '83). It took me about a year to recover all the money. Jerry Thackeray (The Legend!) went into a sulk for about a year because he didn't become a pop star through it."

To date, Creation has released 41 singles and 15 LP's:

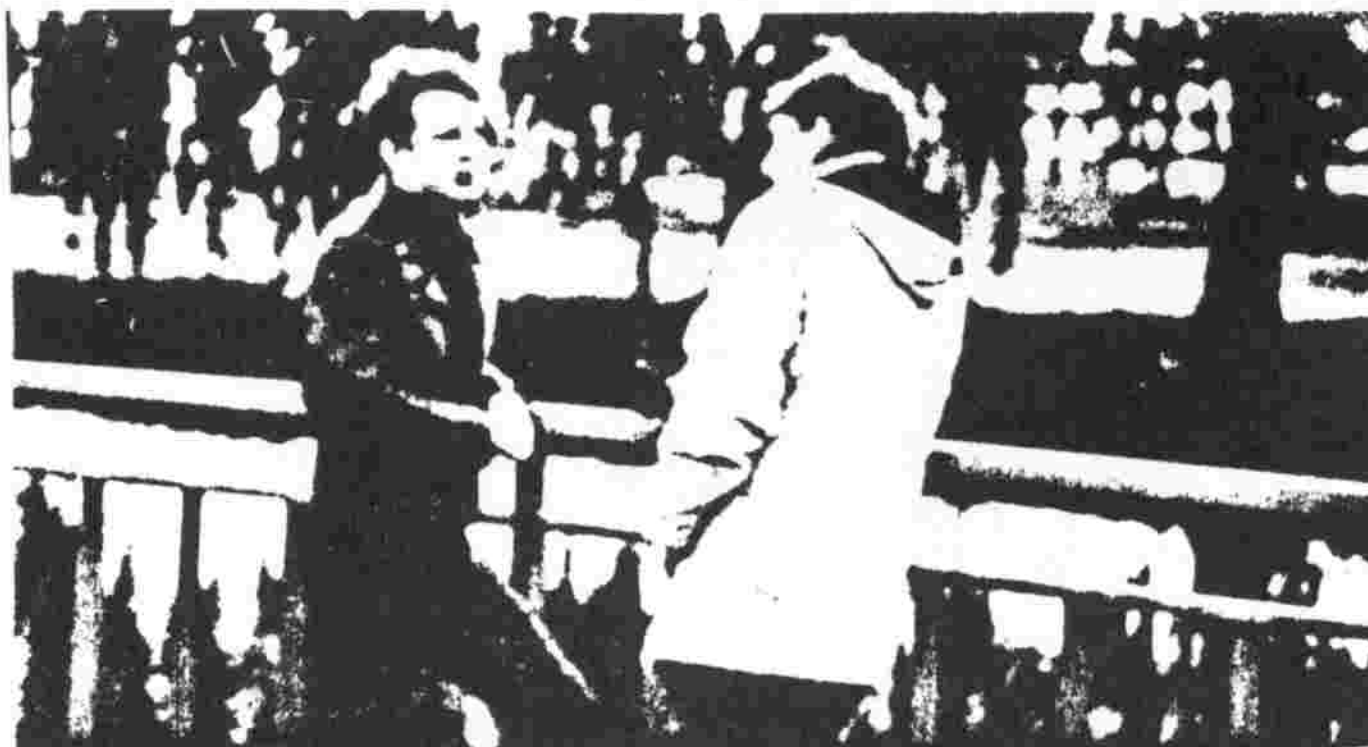
"We lost money in the first two years, not huge amounts, maybe about twenty grand or something. You've got to remember that I managed the JAMC: I got more than £20,000 out of that. The money I made as manager funded the indulgences of all the groups I liked, but finally, Creation, in its third year of business, is starting to make money."

All the Creation acts have an image of being leather-clad tough guys:

"Everybody thinks I'm telling people what to wear; I don't tell people what to wear or anything. My favourite groups are The Doors and Iggy and stuff like that, and you tend to wear what your heroes wear. It's pretty shallow, I know, but there you go. I think the leather thing is made too much of: every so often it comes up in interviews and I keep on thinking maybe we should stop wearing leather, but why should we, because we all like it."

A strong smell of hype pervaded the release of 'Chernobyl Baby' by Baby Amphetamine on Creation:

"What it was, I went into the Virgin Megastore, and I'd seen these girls, and I just thought it'd be a funny idea to get them to sing on a heavy metal hip hop record: it was just a sense of humour thing. I don't know what they're doing now: it was never a serious group, they were just dumbos basically - they were really thick, and it was just a good laugh to do it."



"Elevation came about because Creation wasn't getting into the charts, and we had to try to sort it out, because I'm limited in the funding that I've got. At the time, I'd just put 'Some Candy Talking' in the charts through Warners, and they basically decided to give me my own record company."

So why set up a new label?

"I'd like to think Elevation would last a long time and be really good, but I wouldn't ever risk Creation to Warners, because Creation's too precious. Major record companies are so fickle that in three years I could be out of favour. In twenty years time I still intend to be doing Creation. Elevation will last as long as Warners are willing to fund it. I wanted to spend thirty grand making The Weather Prophets' Album; I didn't have thirty grand, but Warners did, and they gave me the money."

"Every major, Go! Discs and Mute and all the others are all just basically channels for records to come out, whereas Creation is quite idealistic. No matter how much people laugh at me, I am trying to change people's perception of pop music. I want to get away from production standards. I agree that there should be producers, and that records should be produced to a certain extent, but not to the extent that they are in the '80's: that's just disgusting. That's why I think American music is in a lot of ways healthier than English music. Groups like REM and The Replacements come away from produced sounds, and that's what, hopefully, Creation is about. It's produced cleanly and clearly, but it's not over-produced; it's not clinical. It's hard to pinpoint our ideals, but it's basically honesty; that goes through the music to the people involved with the label."

One reason that Creation has such a high media profile, compared with other similarly successful labels, is that it has two publicity officers, and spends £1,000 per month on record pluggers. Some people would regard pluggers as a rather unethical extravagance:

"I'd defend it to the death. It's a completely ludicrous idea that you've got to pay someone to take your records up to a DJ to play them, but that's the reality. Whether Creation employs one or doesn't, it would still happen. It would just mean that we wouldn't get our records played. That's one of the things I've set out to stop and destroy. The thing is, I can only stop things like that when I've got more power. When I was managing the JAMC, support groups always got full use of the P.A. I'm not going to name the group because I like them, but their manager, if you're supporting them, gives you 50% use of the P.A. That to me is fucking horrible; a clichéd '70's attitude. The reason I can say that people were getting 100% when I managed the

JAMC was because I was in charge of that situation. If my record company does get big enough, if it gets so much money they cannae stop me, I'll try to change it. At the moment, I don't mean anything, because my turnover is not even a million pounds a year."

"I'm a thorn; the music business does not love me...."

... turn to stone(s)

BILL PRINCE, a one time music journalist (under the name of Bill Black) and ex-member of The Loft, is frontman with The Wishing Stones. Whilst ex-Loft colleague Pete Astor is enjoying the limelight as leader of The Weather Prophets, with major label backing, Bill is still releasing records on his own Indie label, Head Records.

"The Wishing Stones have been going since last September. We did a single called 'Beat Girl', and we've just released another one called 'New Ways'. We did a few dates last year on the back of the first single, culminating with a support for Felt at The Boston Arms. Then in the new year we got the Microdisney support. We laid low for a bit, recorded the single, and we've just come out to start promoting it now."

"It's quite a short time, and we've done a fair amount. The drummer, John Wills, I met in connection with another band which, quite fortuitously, split up just as mine was forming, although I take no blame for that. They were called The Servants."

Karen O'Keefe, on bass, was found by Jeff Barrat (Wishing Stones manager and co-owner of Head Records) "who suggested she would be good, and she was. We had a guitarist, Seth, who was on the single we've just recorded, and did all the dates up until these. He's now departed, and a chap called John Niven, from Scotland and a band Celebrate Texas, is standing in as permanently as we can make it, but obviously he's got commitments to his own band. He's doing all these dates with us, and we'll play it by ear and see how realistic it is to have him. I'd be happy for him to work on an almost part-time basis. I write all the stuff, and we can rehearse and record as three, but we obviously need a fourth member for live gigs."

So how did Head Records come about?

"This band, The Servants, was the first release: literally, the label was formed to put out a record by them. They were seen, and were seen to be good, and it was ridiculous that they weren't signed. They weren't on vinyl and so many other bands were, for no apparent reason. So we did that, and it just seemed like a good idea at the time. Since then, we've had a record out by a Glasgow band, The Submarines, two Wishing Stones singles, and there are a couple of things in the pipeline." (since the interview, Head have released a single by Loop)

Bill is a member of Head almost "by default, in the sense that Jeff and I saw The Servants, and he was keen to set up the label. At that stage, I wasn't keen to record; I was basically having a year's sabbatical, writing songs. I can see what it would look like: get Jeff to set up a label and then I'd be made when it's time to record. I can honestly say that that wasn't the greatest motivator; The Servants were the greatest motivator. Now I really am a sleeping partner, and Jeff does all the legwork."

Does it make money?

"Does anything make money?: no. We're just juggling money the whole time. There is no direct financial input now; certain things get paid for by the distributors, but that's not enough to keep the ball rolling. It's just ticking over, but that's nice, because we're not in it for the money, but it'd be nice to have some. With a lot of Independent labels, it's 'let's get a roster, then we can put out a compilation L.P., and get a licensing deal': we never had that sort of gang mentality. It was like, 'is that a good song, yeah, let's put it out' and if we don't put out another record by them, so what? And so far, and I'm keen to keep this up for as long as we possibly can because I don't see it being done a great deal anywhere else in London, and that is debut releases by bands. It makes your job a million times harder, because you have to sell each band from scratch."

Who are you selling to?

"To people who are not satisfied with something that's

been recorded cheaply for the sake of it, and packaged cheaply for the sake of it. There's a lot of inverted snobbery about it, and that's somehow more valid, because it's crude. The bottom line is the song."



Is there any reason why all the bands so far featured on Head have been 'guitar bands'?

"The sort of bands that play gigs tend to be guitar bands, because it's simpler, and they're the sort of records I listen to. We'd love to find the new Suicide or anybody who works in an unorthodox way, but as most of the bands we like and see are guitar bands, that's the way it's gone."

The break-up of The Loft:

"It was a funny period, as 'Up The Hill And Down The Slope' had done the business, as they say, and there was a lot of interest. I must admit that the chronology of events around that time are a bit blurred, but there was one major talking seriously. They wanted to play a typically cunning major label gambit, which was for us to release a third independent single. They said, 'don't worry, we'll pick it up after three weeks, and if you don't believe us, we'll give you the money for it now.'; so they get the kudos of picking up a hot independent band, without the risk if it stiffed a big one after one week. We were too busy splitting up."

"We get called Sixties revivalists, told rock is dead, and asked why we are doing this when we could be making rap records and using drum machines. Actually, I think it's quite a revolutionary approach these days to actually write a song and not rely on a cracking drum beat. People point records to me, Wiseblood, Foetus and things like that, and say that's really different music, and I say 'no it's not', because if you peel it all back, it's 5 Star underneath: the safety net of that modern dance sound is there. When you don't take the prevailing safety net, you open yourself up to all sorts of (usually revivalist) criticism. It's not some sort of bowing down to the god of Sixties guitar music. It's the actual sound I like, it's the approach I like."

"What I enjoy most is writing songs that stand up on their own. If they're any good, they're strong enough to take a bit of a battering, so why not road test them a few nights a week, and really put them through it. I do enjoy playing live, but it's everything that goes with it that's a pain, like driving everywhere. We haven't played enough to know what it's really like. Three weeks with the Microdisney's was quite hard work; we were sleeping on floors, and two of us were doing the driving. There was a flat agency fee, but that doesn't really cover your expenses. Hotels are out of the question. You can just about survive."

If it's so bad, why be in a band?

"Sentimental reasons: it's quite a sentimental thing to be in a band."

Rock and roll. Phew!



- the new religion?

On a recent visit to The Crown in Peterborough, I accosted Hollow Land (who were playing support to Jilted Brides and Freedom Faction), with the hope that they would be willing to tell me all the gory details about the band that I've been dying to know for ages. They began by pretending to find the whole affair incredibly boring, but soon turned out to be amiable chaps and quite keen to talk about themselves. Apart from Jason,



who is the quiet one, they weren't short of things to say.

All four members of the band (Gary - vocals & keyboards; James - guitar; Jason - drums; John - bass) admit to having been in various short-lived bands before joining Hollow Land.

James was in a band called Secret Garden, who played one gig at Melbourn Rock Club:

James: "We were so punk, we were doing 'Anarchy In The U.K.' deliberately out of tune."

How long ago was that?

James: "Oh God! That must have been about two years ago. I was still doing my 'O' levels at the time."

Gary: "James was born with a guitar in his hand. He came out of the womb with one!"

James: "Yeah, but just one of those little ones with four strings."

John: "Me and Jason were in a band at school, but all we did were cover versions. We just did every Cult song there is."

Jason: "We did about three gigs; discos and things like that."

Gary: "So, my past history... I played a gig at the Town Hall in Peterborough in '84 (a loud groan of 'how many times have we heard this one before' interrupts him for a second) with Jilted Brides and The Circle, to about two hundred capacity crowd. That was me singing with two girls on synthesisers and a backing track on tape."

That was it until he finished college in 1985, when, under the pseudonym of The Vision Aspect, he played one gig at The Man On The Moon.

Gary: "I had like an ironing board with one keyboard and a little tape player, and I did this one gig to about five people. Mike Michael was there, though, but didn't seem too impressed: just stood at the bar looking very moody."

But how did Hollow Land actually get together? How did they meet? Well, are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin...

Once upon a bonfire night, James and a friend of his, Sue Halsey, went to the fair on Midsummer Common. Dizzy and intoxicated after a combination of roundabouts and alcohol, they came across a tall, dark stranger beaming in their general direction (for 'tall dark stranger' read 'budding young pop star, Gary').

When James realised that Gary had his eyes firmly fixed upon Sue and that he was remaining three paces behind them, ready to pounce, he set off on his five mile cycle ride home (obviously in an attempt to arrive before midnight lest he turn into a pumpkin!), only to be greeted on the doorstep by his irate pyjama-clad father.

Meanwhile, to cut a long story short, romance blossomed between Sue and her Prince Charming, and one night in The Cambridge Arms, she officially introduced James and Gary to each other. They got on like a house on fire and decided to form a band. So, Hollow Land was born, thanks to Sue Halsey, and they all lived happily ever after

Jason and John were then recruited. However, until about two weeks before the band's first gig, they were not sure who would be taking the vocals: originally, Iain Collins (Melting Men) was to be the singer, but that fell through, and Gary agreed to give it a try. (Also, they had considered using a drum machine to begin with, but eventually decided upon a real live drummer in the form of Jason) Their first gig was at 77 Searle Street, on the occasion of Sue's house-cooling party.

Hollow Land always open their set with the song of the same name. The Chicken/Egg question: which came first, the song or the band's name?

James: "We started practising in a Searle Street back room and we were really stuck for things to do, so we went off to the Children's Library and started reading."

Gary: "There was this book called The Hollow Land, and there's a poem in it. The first verse of the song was ripped off from that poem, and we just wrote the rest ourselves."

James: "We had quite a few other suggestions for the name..."

Gary: "... but we got stuck with Hollow Land because we already had the song."



John: "And we did have a gig coming up pretty quick!"

As far as their image is concerned, Hollow Land appear to be trying to find a balance between pop and goth; judging by the size of their following, they have been very successful, not leaning too far in either direction.

Gary: "Hollow Land sounds vaguely gothic, although I don't like to use that term, with the drum machine especially, so we thought aha! we'll stick with this. But the next couple of songs came out really awful and poppy."

James then burst into a song entitled 'Butterfly Girl', but is swiftly silenced by Gary. I couldn't tell whether he was more worried about the song itself, or James' singing. James has admitted that he can't sing to save his life.

So they have made a conscious effort not to drift too far into the poppy scene, and yet make music that people like, and can dance to. Many people have said that they think 'Selfish Waters' is one of their best songs; it was, apparently, written quickly and at the last minute for one of their Burleigh Arms gigs. For this reason, the band used to think it one of their weaker numbers. None of the band seem to like 'Sideways Head' too much, but people going to gigs have said that they like it, and 'Crash' is another popular dance number that I can see Hollow Land keeping in their set for quite some time.

James: "No-one said that they liked 'Resurrection' though, and we think it's really good - so goth, it's unbelievable."

They are considering the possibility of dropping 'Dead Heart', one of Gary's oldest songs, from the set because people don't appear to be interested in songs which they can't dance to and use the time for going to the bar and getting in the next round of drinks.

The two newest songs, 'Obsession' and 'Fatal Kiss' (both excellent), are mid-speed, as opposed to slow or up-tempo.

So they do consider the opinions of their audience very carefully, and the main aim is for everyone to have a good time.

The band think that it is very important to have strong, memorable songs:

James: "Any song that hasn't got a basic hook-line is totally rejected."

Although they may feel that it would be nice to do more slower numbers, or something more musically interesting, they are fully aware of the limitations that the venues and audiences in Cambridge impose upon them.



Gary: "Some stuff would sound really good on tape, but we can't get away with doing slow songs at the Burleigh. People just want to get hot and sweaty."

James is the person initially responsible for writing the music, and then they fight it out between themselves at rehearsals. Having started in this business by learning to play classical guitar and attaining grade 5 theory, James is quite capable of putting it all down on paper, too.

Gary writes nearly all the lyrics, but denies having any particularly poetic tendencies. However, some of his lyrics are occasionally flowery and romantic:

Innocence fades with the shadows,
Shadows fall as the day decays,
And I watch the night sky burning scarlet,
And I close my eyes
As she kissed the flame.

(The Fatal Kiss)

Gary: "Whether odd lines mean anything or not doesn't matter, so long as the song has an overall feel to it. Have you ever listened to an instrumental track and sort of hummed odd lines over the top? You probably haven't, but I do it all the time."

James: "Some of your lyrics are really pervy!"

Gary: "Well, maybe a bit..."

James: "Yes, well what about stuff like 'my fingers dance across your skin (which) is soft as you take me in'! I mean, if that's not pervy..."

When you take a look at the band and listen to their music, there are some obvious outside influences. The Cure and The Sisters Of Mercy being the most noticeable ones. John and James also like The Jesus And Mary Chain: James: "Yeah, at one time we were going to form another band and be the Indie band of Cambridge, doing Soup Dragon covers!"

One band that they all speak highly of is The Bolshoi. Look out for the inevitable red and black T-shirts at

Gary: "Basically, they're just playing at being pop stars, and why not? The fact is that you can't get away with that in Cambridge; the Burleigh Arms is just too small, and people would point the finger and say Ha! Pretentious! I'd love to play somewhere a bit bigger than the Sea Cadets Hall.

The classic feeling is going on stage and feeling better or above everybody else. I don't like the theory that you should be equal with the audience - that Paul Weller syndrome: you're either a star or not."

The band was started just for fun, but at the same time, they think that anyone in a band who tries to say that they're not out to become superstars or make lots of money must be lying. There are no definite plans for the future, but they have expressed an interest in entering next year's Rock Group Competition, having chickened out of entering this year's at the last minute, due to lack of material.

It is also highly likely that they will shortly be going into the Flightpath recording studio, to put a couple of tracks on tape: they are adamant that anything recorded will be quite different to their live sound:

James: "So many bands just sound the same on tape as they do live. I mean, The Parody tape was brilliant - 'Fade To Blue' especially, because they changed it a bit - but the rest just sounded like one of their gigs."

James is due to go to University after finishing at Hills Road, but is planning to take a year off first.

James: (with tongue firmly in cheek) "To get a bit of fame in - be the pop stars we deserve to be!"

Hollow Land are one of Cambridge's more hard-working bands: there was an occasion when they played three times within one week. Another admirable feature about them is their willingness to participate with other local bands in an alternate headline/support format. This they have done with both Flowers To Burn and Red Over White.

Gary: "I like Flowers To Burn - I think their songs would go down really well on tape, and I think it's a shame that they don't do as well as they should. Big name bands get away with doing lots of slow numbers - why shouldn't they?"

James: "If you compare Flowers To Burn with The Sisters, then we're like The Mission, where people can get pissed and enjoy themselves."

Are there any other local bands that they particularly like?

John: "Stormed are great. They're the only really original band."

James: "Brilliant - I think they deserve to get any record deals and stuff because they're excellent."

Gary remains unconvinced.

There seems to be an influx of young bands in Cambridge that hasn't been there before. James puts this down largely to the powerful influence of Rosie Lant at Hills



Road, who has helped and encouraged the likes of Indiscretion, Spirit Walk and also Matt of The Surfin' Druids:

James: "I think that the jazz funk scene has died out now."

Hollow Land are just one of this crop of new bands emerging at the moment:

James: "But I don't think that you should put us down as just another Gothic band, you know."

They're not - Evangelists for a new religion in the Cambridge music scene? They are good - very good, and they're getting better all the time. Keep at it lads!

SARA

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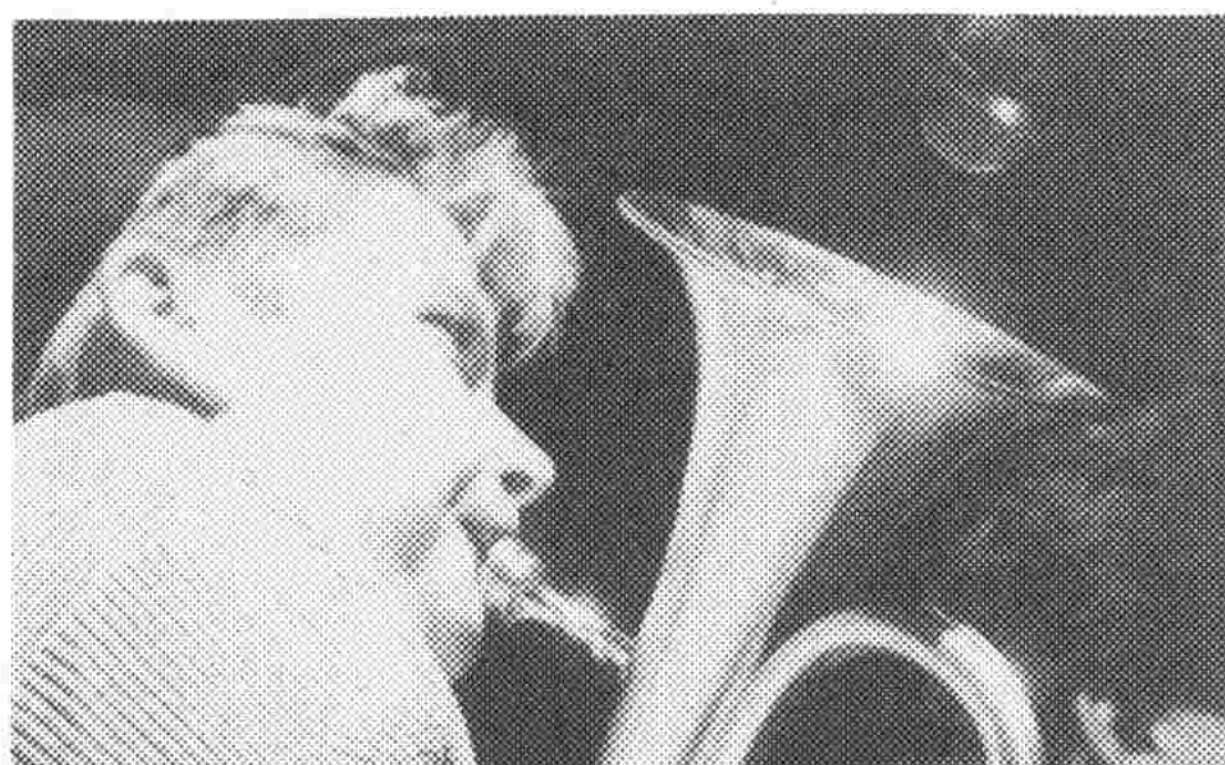
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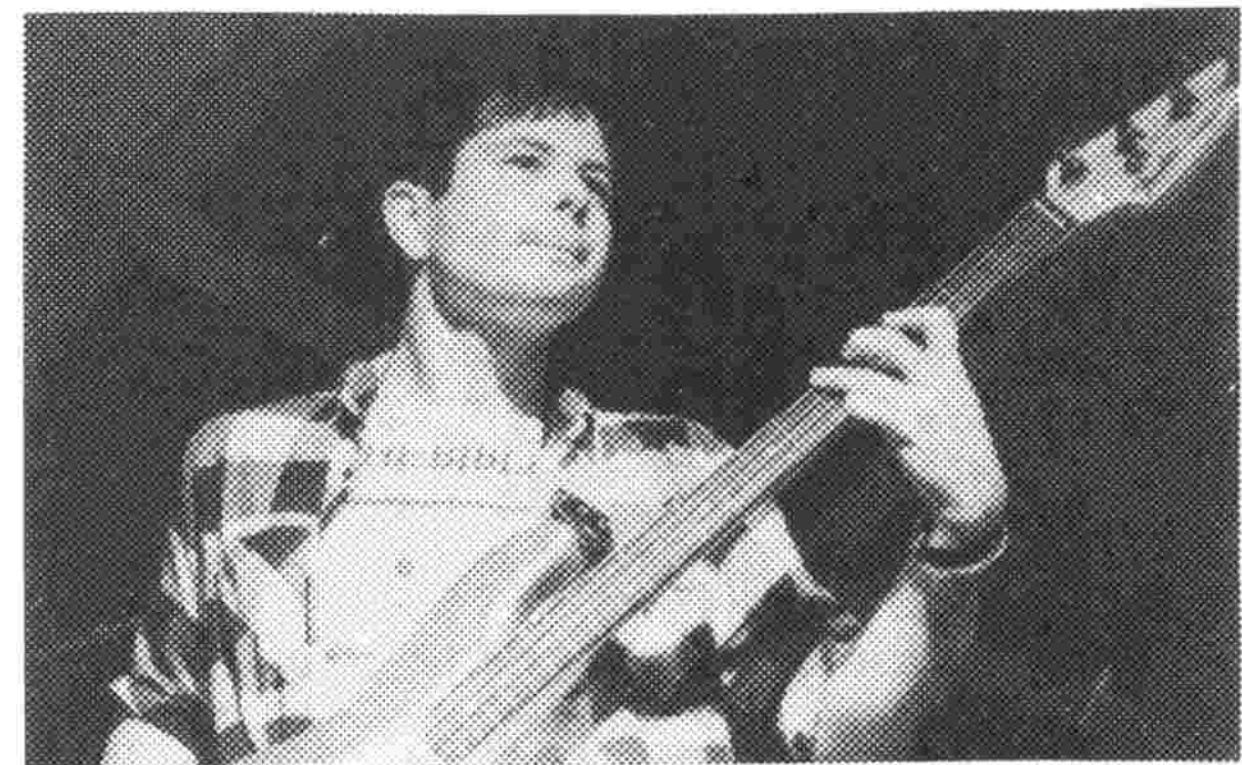
JO GO PUBLIC "relentless rhythmic style"



MOOD ASSASSINS "limp-sounding"



THE INTERNATIONALISTS "political sentiments"



THE BIBLE! "fine pop tunes"

Yes, Folkies, it's the beginning of August, and time to sit in pools of mud, pay extortionate sums of money for food, and pretend that we really do like the taste of real ale; it's time for the Cambridge Folk Festival.

Thursday night turned out to be one of the best bits of the weekend. The Club tent played host to the Cambridge Poetry Festival. This event was, as far as we know, given no official recognition or publicity, hence an audience of less than a hundred; we only discovered it by accident! Featuring an extremely pissed-off Attila The Stockbroker and an experimental jazz-accompanied beat poet, it provided a perfect start to the festival.

The irate Attila was amazing: playing Albanian thrash metal on an acoustic bazouki, ranting socialist verse ad infinitum, and generally threatening to kick the City Council's and Ken Woollard's heads in at every opportunity, he took the tent by storm. For a man who's just played to thousands at Glastonbury, this must have been a bit of a come-down. The highspots came with a raucous rendition of 'Libyan Students From Hell' and a song about a dead cat. Full praise to Grapevine Books, who seemingly promoted the event.



TERRY O'FLAHERTY (COLLABORATION)

Friday saw events in full swing, the beer tent packed with pot-bellied hippies and buskers; just to get a drink meant enduring three choruses of 'The Wild Rover'! Musically, it provided some surprises and disappointments.

Both Beau Soleil and Collaboration proved more than I'd bagained for, rocking the crowds with electrified versions of Zydeco and Irish tunes respectively. The Cajun/Zydeco bands here never fail to surprise, witness Le Rue's performance the next day.

Both Maire Ni Chathasaigh / Chris Newman and John Prine were, to my mind, disappointing. There was no doubting that the former's excellent harp and guitar playing proved far too academic, lacking the spontaneity needed for a good live act; in other words, they were boring. John Prine's set was too ordinary and dull for me, yet a lot of people seemed to like him: perhaps I'm not a true country fan yet!

Saturday saw even more Abbot consumed than the day before; nice to see the Robin Hood had put their prices up to rip us off even more! The sun was still shining; what's more, it saw the first set from Michelle Shocked.

Well, I suppose the person that many people had come to see was Michelle Shocked. After only one appearance on 'Whistle Test', her amazing 'Texas Campfire Tapes' L.P. became a regular feature in the Indie charts. Her rushed rise to popularity seems to have had the effect of making her even more shy: you almost expect her, at the sound of applause, to say "Shucks, what're y'all clappin' fer?".



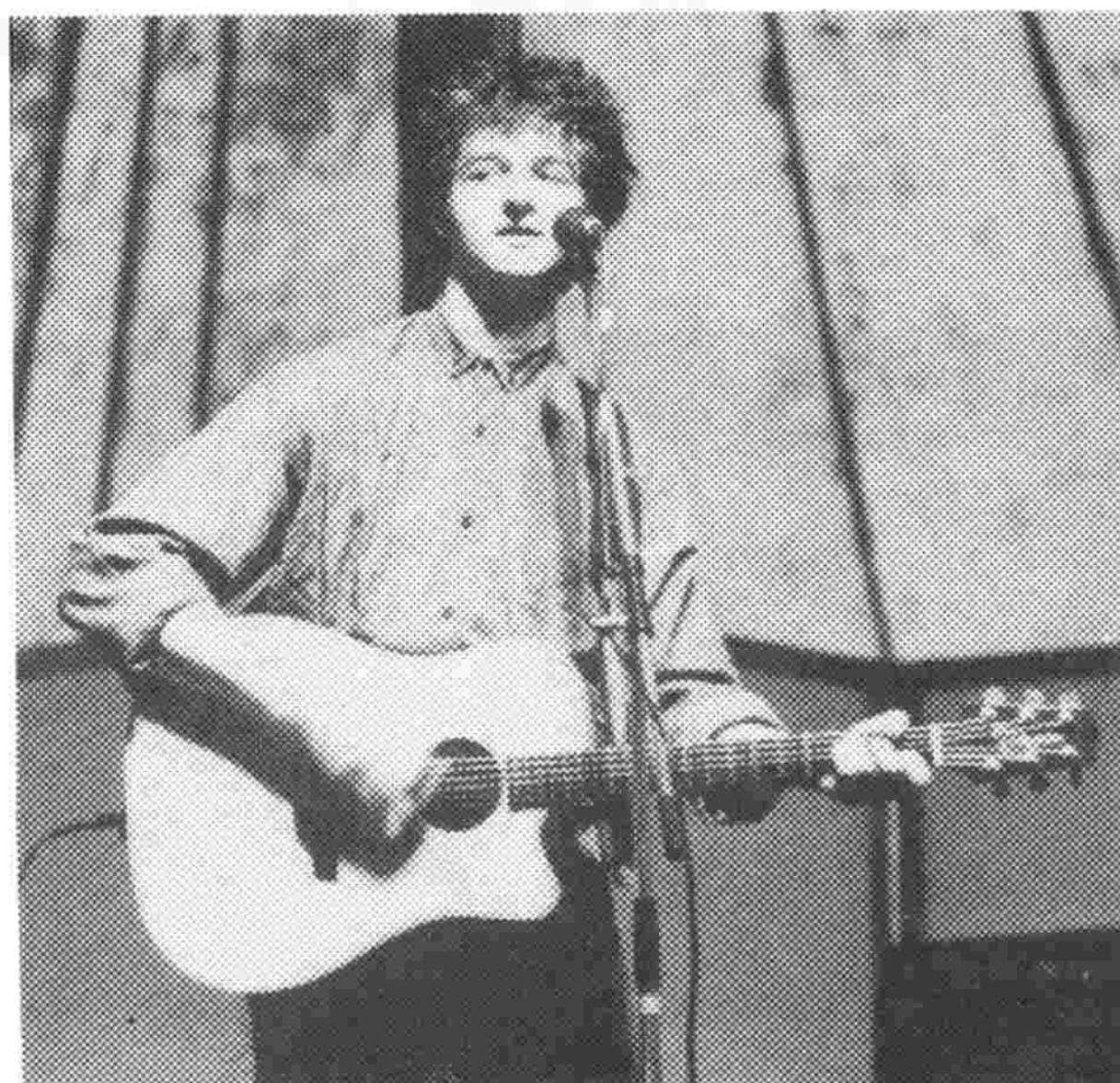
CHRISTINE COLLISTER

Her first appearance on Mainstage One was marred, I think, by nerves, more than anything; but two sets later, including a surprise package in the Club Tent featuring Michelle on Mandolin and (almost) on fiddle, she seemed to have calmed down, and played about half of the material from The Campfire Tapes, alongside some new material, including 'Graffiti Limbo', a true story about a young black graffiti artist, who died at the hands of a number of New York Transit cops.

All in all, Michelle Shocked turned in a brilliant performance. She also wins, in my book, The Dinkiest Performer Award; and I really can't close without using the words "Apple Pie"!

The Albion band brought eternal bliss to all Mike Oldfield fans, which does not include me! Their bland and dated middle-of-the-road set was like a fish out of water, nothing like the English folk rock that they used to play.

Andy White was given the hard task of following Michelle Shocked in the evening, and managed it rather well.



ANDY WHITE

Delivering a powerfully mature set of protest songs in the early Dylan/B.Bragg mode, he brought the message of his songs firmly home, especially 'Religious Persuasion'; yet he seemed to lack some of the originality of The Ghost Of Electricity, his former incarnation.

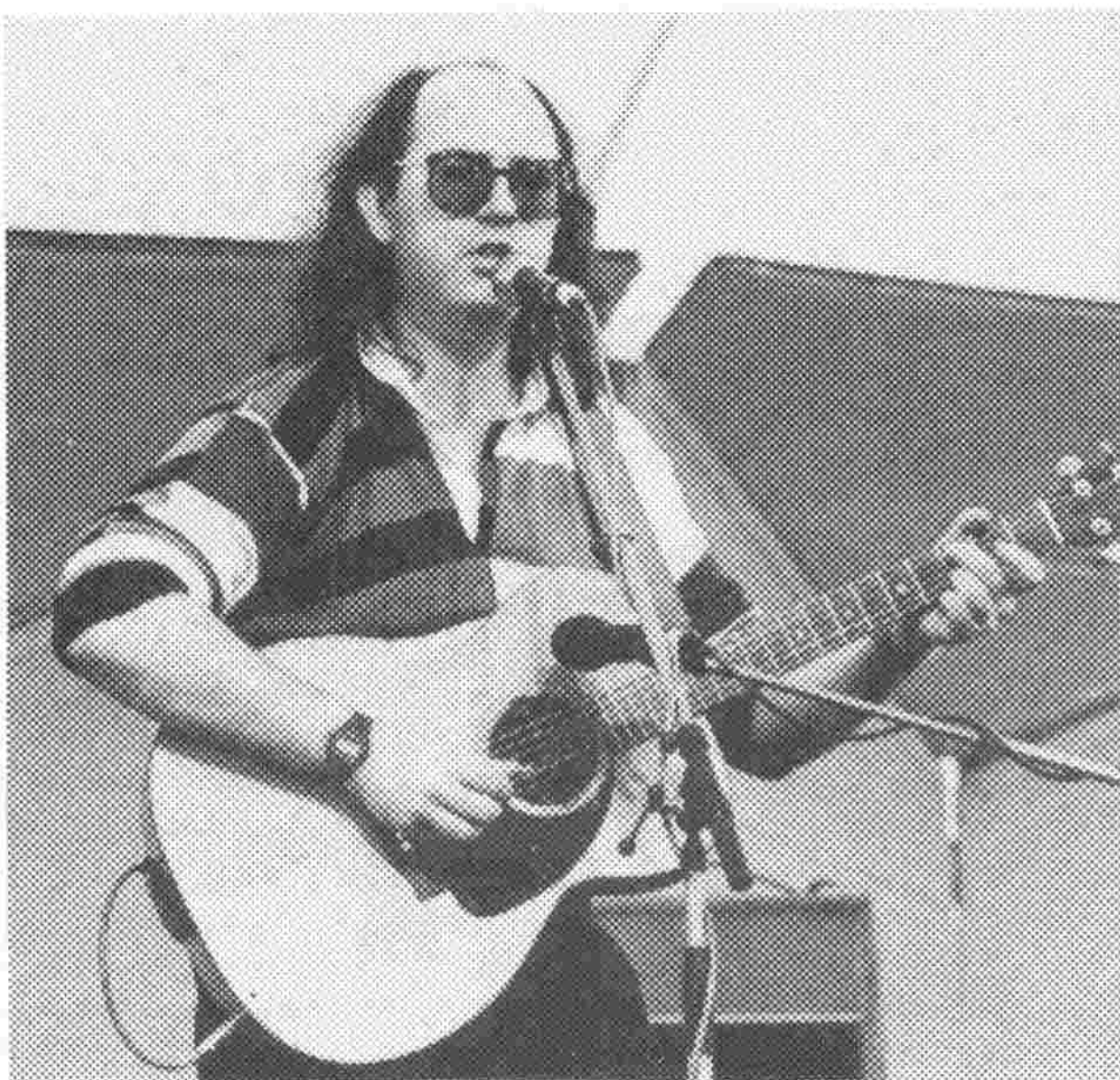
Dick Gaughan's cutting Scottish ballads struck home with a sympathetic audience, the overtly political 'Fifty Years From Now' going down particularly well.

Despite the fact that it was now pissing down with rain, and my mind was on the state of our tents, I still enjoyed Paul Brady's set. Owing little to folk, though a lot to Ireland, his professional AOR was still welcome.



JOHN PRINE

Sunday morning and Cherry Hinton Hall was transformed to a mud bath. Wearing shoes was impossible, going bare-foot only marginally better. I was, however, amused to find Cambridge's own superstar, Gary Brown, Burleigh barman and Strange Brew singer, guarding a mound of what seemed to be the result of a leaking public convenience!



CLIVE GREGSON

An afternoon in the Club Tent proved well worthwhile; some of the impromptu acts surpassing the best of the professionals. Acts such as Johnny Crescendo and the Baby Cucumbers were of particularly high standard.

Kimberley Rew's guest spot with someone we didn't know (who incidentally played the mandolin like Jimi Hendrix plays guitar) was welcome, as was Steve Phillips' blues guitar. Julian Dawson made the best of the depleted audience, a mass walk-out taking place after Michelle Shocked.

Brendan Croker and The Five O'Clock Shadows got the audience to their feet with an unusual mix of blues with African overtones, yet it was Ted Hawkins who stole the show. His set was indescribable; the pure simplicity of his songs with the sourfulness of his voice won the hearts of everybody: an almost religious feeling swept the tent. Refusing to leave the stage, winning two encores and having to be dragged off by Andy Ker-shaw, he could have played all night.



RICHARD THOMPSON

I wonder if the Folk Festival is getting more mainstream every year, or maybe I am just becoming more and more of a diehard folkie. At any rate, the likes of Mary Coughlan seem to me to be leaning a little more towards Bette Midler than Bessie Smith.

Her band were extremely polished, which perhaps more highlighted her own raunchiness and sex appeal. This was featured heavily in quite a few of her songs, which seemed to be about either drinking or picking up boys in bars, or both (though I should point out that there are those to whom this spells bliss, and Ms. Coughlan is obviously one of them). Her jazzier numbers were, for my money, where she seemed a lot more comfortable. And she did finish with a superb rendition of 'Ain't Nobody's Business What I Do', for which I can forgive her almost anything.

The Furies provide a fitting climax to the weekend, playing jigs and reels at breakneck speed, moving into the classics such as 'The Wild Rover', and providing us with a much-needed singalong.

All in all, an extremely enjoyable weekend.

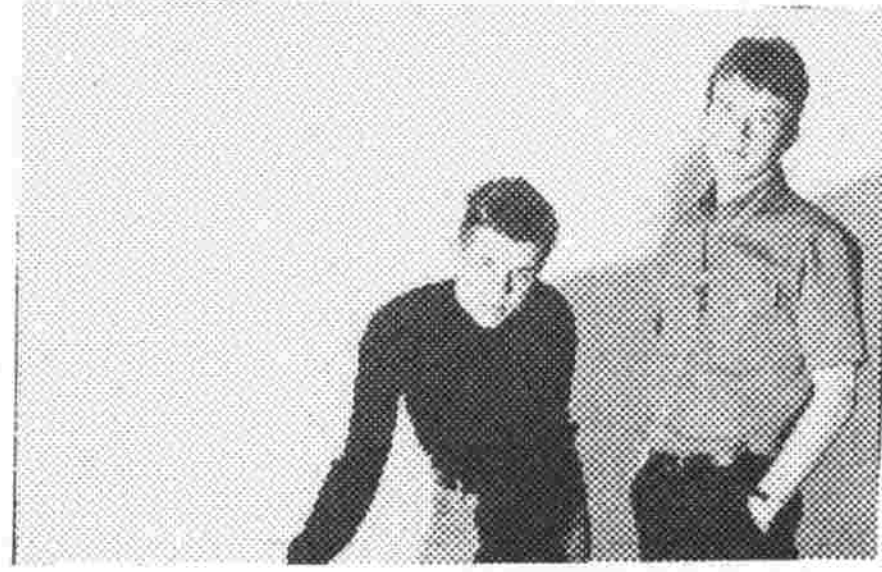
county rockscene : cambridge

Well, they say the old ones are the best, and the addage was proved at the end of June when Ted Koehorst brought the return of the jangle to the Alma, in the shape and sound of The Lonely. Ted so enjoyed himself, as did the rest of the band, which included Martin Bond, one-time vocalist of The Lonely, together with assorted Frigidaires, that he has since repeated the dosage on a grander scale at The Boat Race. What's more, Ted even managed to entice Kimberley Rew away from Katrina and the other Waves to play, too. Not that Kimberley's adverse to extra curricular activities these days, as he proved at the Folk Festival, when he teamed up with Julian Dawson for a couple of numbers. Apparently, Capitol Records don't rule the Waves to the extent which one might expect. This means that a third Katrina & The Waves L.P. is NOT in the offing.



Kimberley Rew

Meantime, most other action has centred around the Sea Cadets Hall, where The Moment took a break from all those European tours and tight recording schedules to visit us in July. Unfortunately, they were a great dis-



appointment to many, even though their most loyal fans took umbrage to criticism levelled at their heroes. All I can say is that I went along, hoping to see a band of some originality and talent: I didn't - so I said so.

Speaking of talent, The Landlord Doesn't Know Yet are very keen to admit to their lack of same, so why go and prove it at a sparsely populated Sea Cadets Hall, sandwiched between Vigil's Aunty and Strange Brew? Answers on a postcard, please; and keep a second postcard handy to inform me as to why the C.V.G. invited Trevor Dann and co. to play at their all-important gig at The Corn Exchange at the end of July, but failed to notify Standpoint (who were booked for the original SPIKE gig) of their intention to axe them from the event? As it turned out, the occasion proved an absolute triumph for Vigil's Aunty, but did little else for the other five bands on display.



Cross Talk

BURLEIGH ARMS

MAIDS CAUSEWAY, CAMBRIDGE

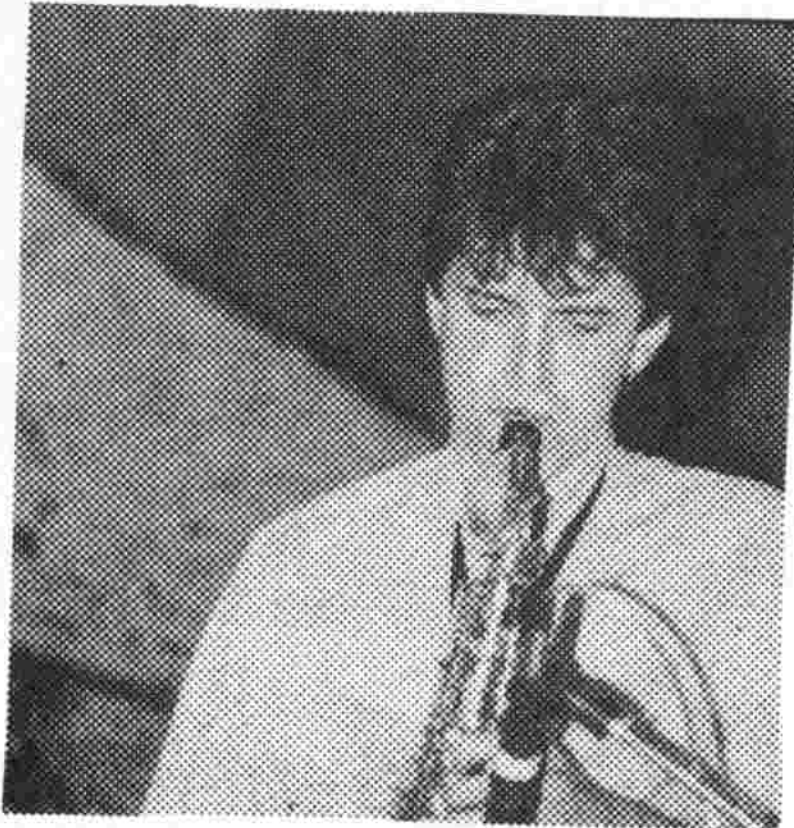
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BANDS ON 5 NIGHTS A WEEK

CHECK PRESS FOR GIG GUIDE

Some bands took to the great outdoors to gain exposure (and a sun tan). Firstly, Hondo, whose manager was non too happy with my co-editor's description of his unit as 'expensive reggae' in his Weekly News column, played for free at the Peace Picnic on Jesus Green in June, and most exhilarating they were, too. The same weekend saw Cross Talk present their brand of jazz funk in front of a mixed audience of foreign tourists and sun-seeking, locals by the river, in Silver Street.



James Free, saxophonist with Shoot The Moon, got an unexpected (sax) break when he was asked to play the solo for 'War Baby' with Tom Robinson in Saffron Walden. My thanks for the lift back home that night to P.A. man, Stavros, whose contribution to the local music scene does not go unnoticed.

Finally, Wild Party Productions thought they'd be trendy, by releasing 'The Great AIDS Rap', a rather vulgar but danceable single. Air-play difficulties with The Rock Show ensured several angry letters from Wild Party man Lee Gillett. He thought that the listeners should have had the chance to judge for themselves. Does this mean that Lee will try out the AIDS virus for himself? His song advocates 'masturbation for the nation' as an alternative to the dreaded disease. Write something else, Lee - that's what your right hand's for!

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

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H949	Eventide Harmoniser	H1665
H910	Eventide Harmoniser	9832
FL201	Eventide Flanger	20750
DS201	Drawmer Gate	
PCMF1	Sony Digital Processing Unit	650128
B710	Revox Cassette Deck	12384
122	Tascam Cassette Deck	
Guitar	Stratocaster Fender	
U87	Nuemann Microphone	40625
U87	Nuemann Microphone	30046
U47	Nuemann Microphone	4339
KM84	Nuemann Microphone	26227
KM84	Nuemann Microphone	24099
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county rockscene : peterborough

For many reasons, the local music year seems to parallel the academic one, so now seems an appropriate moment to look back on 1986/87. This last 'year' saw more Peterborough venues hosting live music than for some time. Unfortunately, the selection of bands seemed to dwindle in inverse proportion. The same few appeared regularly, sometimes in four different pubs in the same week. Most play MOR and rock standards, or R'n'B. To some extent, the lack of variety is the fault of the handful (if that!) of booking agents who service the pubs and clubs.

The Crown in Lincoln Road and The Ship in Oundle were the only pubs consistently showing some adventure in their bookings. The latter attracted some interesting London bands, whereas The Crown continued its specialist gigs (heavy metal on Thursdays, alternative on Mondays or Fridays, new talent Sunday lunchtimes).

The Gaslight Club, on Sunday nights, introduced alternative comedians and cabaret, other unusual acts, and names like Ted Hawkins and Andy White, as well as offering a stage for local musicians who were too esoteric to be booked elsewhere. Come Spring, though, and the bills became rather repetitive or unreliable. The recent cancellation of the Le Rue gig was ominous.

The Glasshouse continues, but that too is changing. It beat off competition from four other Sunday lunchtime venues through the winter, only for the Key Theatre management to press for a predominantly MOR format. Whether the Glasshouse can survive on this diet when most of these acts can be seen free elsewhere in the week is doubtful. Sadly there were some closures too. The worst loss was the Tropicana discotheque, apparently to become a restaurant.

Rinaldo's did occasionally put on live music, and had an in-house band called Sharmh Sharmh, who have now changed their name to Lypbox (which begs some obvious questions!), and acquired Curiosity Killed The Cat's discarded manager. A string of largely non-existent gigs has appeared in two editions of Sounds, together with the 'news' that "vocalist/activist David Lypbox is currently campaigning for the reinstatement of capital punishment for child murderers". Last month, they called off a gig at The Crown when only six people turned up to hear their undistinguished brand of disco pop. Sounds also claims that they have released a single 'Their Living Hell'. On both occasions in the adjacent column, there has been news of Jilted Brides' tour, promoting their 'Bad Vibes' E.P., which at the time of writing still has not been released, although I understand it was pressed some months ago. Some of the Brides' dates seemed fictitious too, but new lead singer Nic Poenicke has apparently been ill, resulting in some cancellations. Guitarist Steve Crosby has also organised gigs in and around the county for Crown 'alternative' regulars such as Indiscipline and Sin Of Sacrifice, and has released cassettes by them on his own label, Groovy Vibes; they haven't been easy to buy, though.



Steve Crosby

At the beginning of 1987, much was expected of two new bands, Boysdream and Le Tricot Rouge; both seemed right up-to-date with the trad rock/alternative crossover much hyped in the music press over the winter. They gigged frequently, and gained considerable followings. Both however had vocalists who sang out of tune. Le Tricot Rouge advertised for a new one, and haven't been heard of since. Boysdream persisted even though the flat singing was highlighted in a review of their demo cassette in Underground.

Another more original hybrid - 'Gary Moore meets Depeche Mode', according to Steve Buttercase - were Darkness At Noon, who performed a handful of acclaimed gigs before singer/guitarist Paul Chester moved to Kent and formed a similar band. DAN's percussionist Keith James Billson has gone on to form The Sleeping Beauties.

A sad loss was His Wife Refused. They started two years ago as a hard-edged eloquent (and for want of a better phrase) power-pop band, but line-up changes steered them towards funk just when I believe their original sound would have gained them an Indie recording. Their excellent songwriter Johnny Crawford is performing solo under the name of Jock Roskolnikov; drummer Lee Dash has joined Khiss Khatsu (formerly Future Shock/Force Four, the Tropicana disco's regular band); and bassist Steve Moore is updating the rhythm section of the re-formed blues band, The Madcap Laughs. Other ex-HWR alumni are putting together other bands, too.

The city's top punk bands have also disappeared. The Frantix released a badly-cut debut single and fell apart, whereas Graham Butt



Graham Butt

broke up The Desecrators, after a superb farewell gig at The Glasshouse. He also disbanded his better known group The English Dogs. Graham intended to form a much more melodic unit that would be a serious contender for major label signing and popular success: he had names pencilled in (including Andy Frantic), but he had trouble finding accommodation in the city for some of his new sidemen, and is now advertising for new members (tel. 0733-232796).

So largely, it has been a lacklustre, even depressing, state of affairs of late. There are a few beacons, though. The Pleasure Heads should release their second Ediesta E.P., 'Treasure', any day now, and chances are that they will record an album before Christmas. They continue to be one of the most entertaining live bands on the Indie scene; almost certainly the funniest. It is a pity (albeit understandable) that they are cautious about playing in London.

The most successful local band have been Sudden Sway, despite changing record companies from WEA/Blanco Y Negro to Rough Trade. There has been a tendency by some to suggest that now they work most of their time in London, they are no longer a Peterborough band: this is simply not so. Their publicity emphasises

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Pleasure Heads must burn

that they are from Peterborough, and knowing this adds considerably to an understanding of their creations. The idea of the 'New Town' and all it implies have influenced their work way back to their late '70's punk roots, when they were known as The Now, and released a single, 'Development Corporations'. They are currently touring various big city arts centres and galleries with their exhibition, a creation of a city of the future, in which they are performers in a 3-D jukebox.

ANDREW CLIFTON

THE POPPYHEADS: Postcard For Flossy E.P.

The Poppyheads - the most promising new college band of last term. They are a captivating live unit, but unfortunately their transition onto vinyl (flexidisc) is not as smooth as they might have hoped.

The first song 'The Sun Shines Forever' is the best track on the E.P.: it is bright and refreshing, and David's impressive voice combines effectively with the female backing vocals. It is a simple, melodic tune which is very catchy. However, the quality deteriorates from here on. The next song, 'Changes Yesterday', is stodgy and repetitive, and the poor recording sound very harsh. I get the impression that the recording of this E.P. was very rushed, and that little imagination has gone into it. In places, it's like a live performance captured on vinyl: the Poppyheads should have made better use of the technology available in the studio, and should have tried to add something different to their live sound, instead of simply recreating it. This music IS difficult to record, and retain the excitement and urgency of a live performance. Even the best group of this genre, The Shop Assistants, couldn't quite make the transition onto vinyl. It's a shame really, because I admire The Poppyheads for their positive attitude and spirit. Who knows, with the help of a good producer they could come up with THE definitive pop package. The talent is certainly there, and time is on their side.

PAUL ATTWOOD

The 'Postcard For Flossy' E.P. is free with 'Are You Scared To Get Happy?' fanzine, available from Matt, Garden Flat, 46 Upper Belgrave Road, Bristol BS8 2XN, price 50 pence plus large s.a.e.

CRI DE COEUR: The Outsider L.P.

On receiving this tape, I was pleasantly surprised to find it so alluringly packaged, even though the sleeve was reminiscent of previous Morrissey designs, and owed something to Lloyd Cole for the very readable lyric-layout, I had already decided that I would enjoy hearing it.

As for the content, anyone who has come in contact with Cri De Coeur (live or otherwise) will have no difficulty in remembering the rousing charge of the opening song 'Age Of Reason'. However, the following track, 'Paul', fails to maintain the energy initiated earlier, and becomes as lost as the character in the song. 'Drift On The Shore' wanders past with similar effect, but if nothing else, it does exemplify the quality of the voices fronting

this group. The title track has a memorable opening, and holds strong throughout. One factor contributing to this is the lyrics: the line "he's gonna hit, then run like shit" is, quite simply, exciting to hear. 'Darling Be Home Soon', the last song on side one, fits in well with what has gone before, although not written by the band, and is probably the best song on the album.

Some may find the intimacy of 'Living On The Edge' (the opener to side two) appealing, but, for me, it gets a little too passionate. It finds Cri de Coeur sounding more than ever like The Jam, with a 'Scrape Away'-style talkout. A lot of good ideas are not enough to rescue 'Rain On England', a song that deals with life on the dole. The subtle and effective use of Stephen Rowley's keyboard playing is, however, noteworthy. 'Sane Calls' is one of those songs that keep you waiting for something to happen, but before you know it, the song is finished. 'Smile' sounds as if it could have been penned by Billy Bragg. It has a mood which is cheery - "as long as you've got breath" - and Cri De Coeur have certainly got a lot of that. It is 'Rise To The Mountain Top' which completes 'The Outsider': with so many references to oceans, fields of wheat, and mountains, one half expects Bono to step in, gasping for breath.

Cri De Coeur have settled for a sound from which they rarely stray far. This is not necessarily a bad thing, but it does mean that it is down to the songs (as opposed to the sounds/effects) to be magnetic enough to attract the listener time and again. With the possible exception of 'Age Of Reason', the melodies of the eight other original compositions on this album are rarely this attractive. The tracks are, nevertheless, thoughtfully written and arranged, with none of the empty repetition so common in pop songs. When repetition is used, it is there to augment the impact of a message in the words. It is refreshing to hear a voice sounding so honest with this, and for Cri De Coeur, that is essential. 'The Outsider' is worth looking into.

CHRIS WILLIAMS

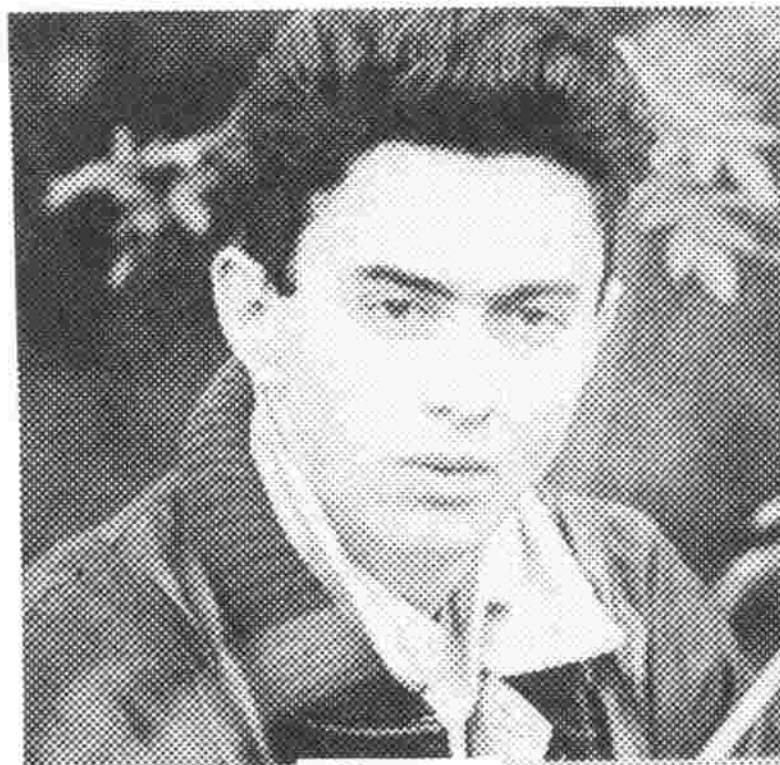
THE FRUIT BATS : Millions L.P.

"Here comes the rain and the snow, and the silence I don't know"

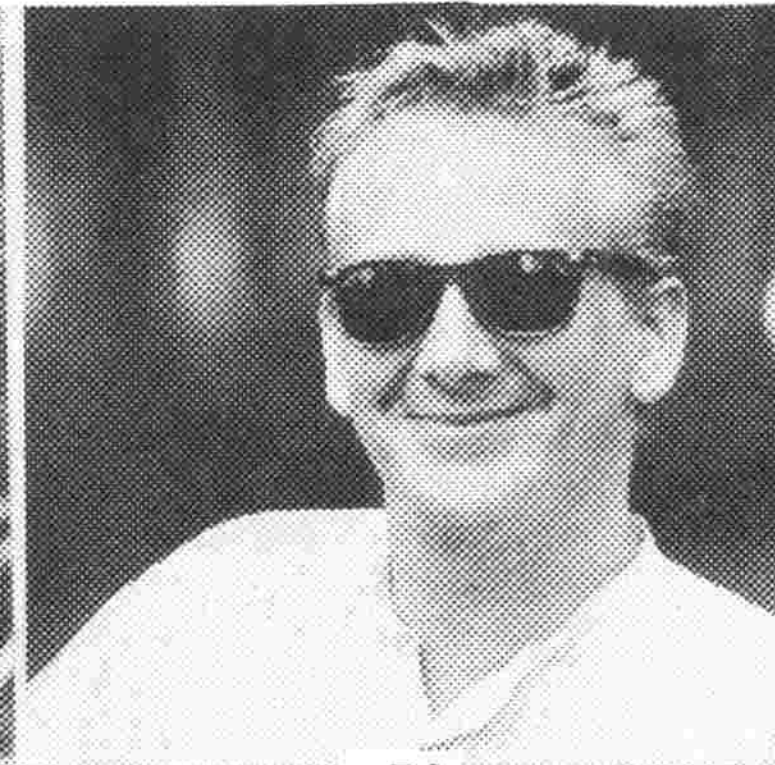
The absence of Mundo Harbud from the Cambridge gig circuit since the demise of The Happy Hour has been something of a mystery; contrary to rumours circulating, he has NOT joined a monastery.

MILLIONS is proof that he's been busy songwriting in his Cayman Island Studios in Thriplow, in between taking long vacations in The Green Man pub, consuming large quantities of alcohol and playing pool with various members of The Bible! and Jack The Bear. With both these bands now having achieved well deserved recognition, it would have been easy for Mundo to drive sideways up a one-way street into oblivion. Instead, he's bided his time and got together a band, the nucleus of which is himself (drums), ex-Happy Hour colleague Chris Hogge (guitar), and Jane Edwards (vocals).

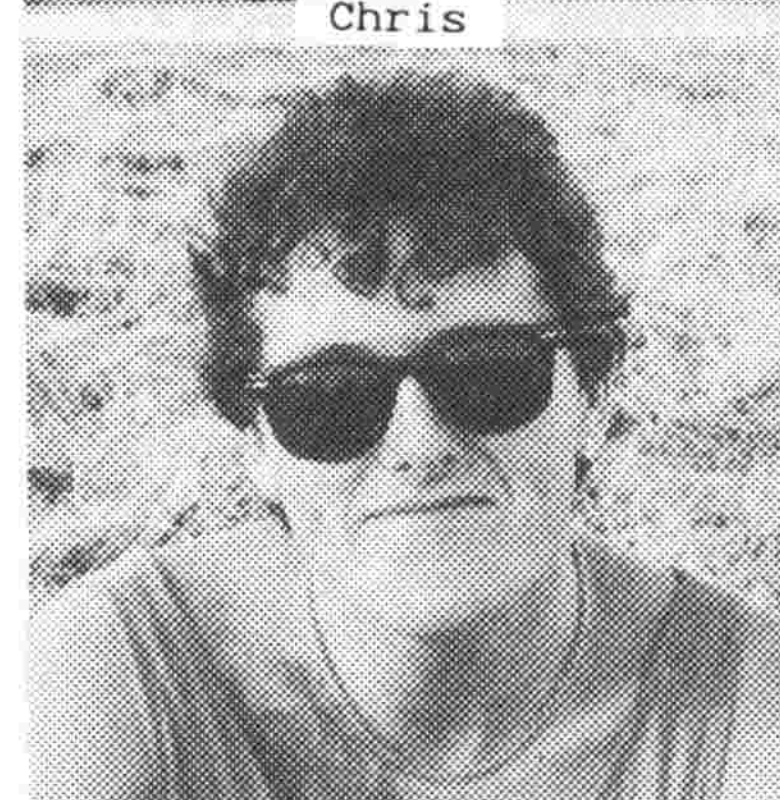
This 10 track soon-to-be-released (I hope) debut L.P. is not a token gesture in the wake of 'Walking The Ghost Back Home' and 'Bearfootin': in fact, 'Millions' contains some of the freshest purest pop to have emerged from Cambridge for many a year. Although the contributors (including various members of The Bible! and Jack The Bear) are experienced and established musicians, there is an endearing naivety to most of the tracks.



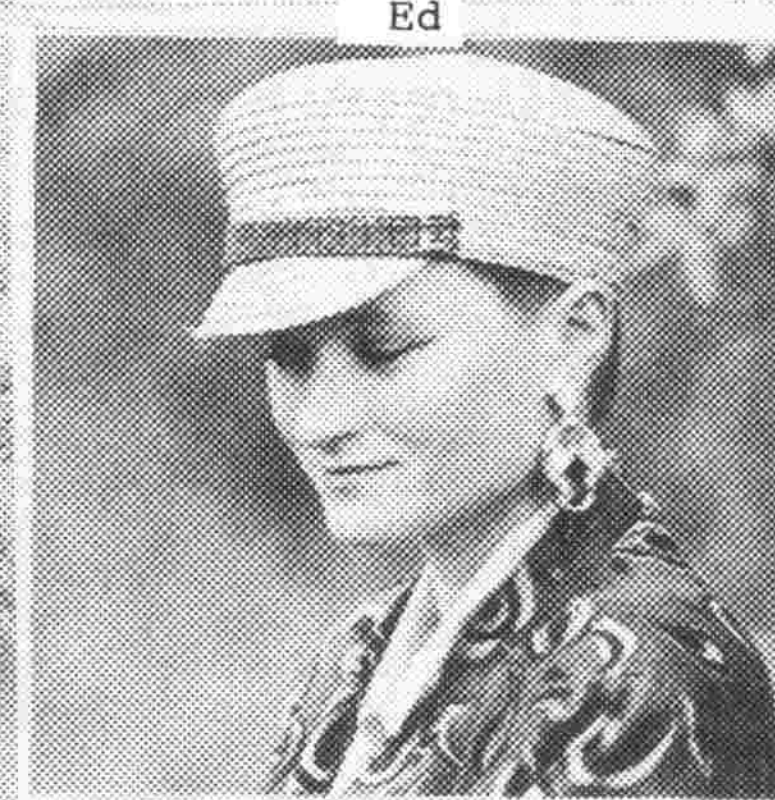
Chris



Ed



Darrell



Jane

Jane Edwards has always been recognised as a fine singer, but I doubt whether she has ever been in better voice than on this L.P. It is her strength as vocalist which carries the weaker moments on 'Millions'. Her voice quite simply oozes SEX, whether it be on the essentially English classic pop of 'Orange And Pink And You', 'Back In Festive Road', or the old Great Divide song 'Charlatan'. It is 'Charlatan' which closes the album, and shows how The Great Divide could have progressed. It is THE song which could have given them the hit that eluded them: ironically, all five of the final Great Divide line-up play on this track.

There were a lot of sad faces in Cambridge when The Great Divide split: three years on and we now have three fine bands instead of the one - that can't be bad. Meanwhile, Fruit Bats, I point the finger at you - let's have some gigs... NOW!

AMOS BREEZE

BLUE LIZARD RHYTHM : AFTER THE SHAKE-UP demo tape

Nice one! Yet another Makka Recording, this tape has six imaginatively-mixed tracks laid down by a bunch of lads who obviously enjoy what they're doing. Unusual rhythm combinations (mainly blues and reggae) produce fresh, interesting noises that sound as if they belong to the 1980's - which is more than can be said for many local groups. In James Graham-Maw they have a singer with a highly distinctive sound, sometimes reminiscent of Simple Minds' Jim Kerr, or on other occasions of Green (Scritti Politti). But what really distinguishes BLR from the rest of the pack is Malcolm Watson's haunting harmonica playing. Malcolm appears to be a protege of the Larry Adler School of Harp Players (remember him, kiddies? I thought not), and this style is particularly effective on 'After The Shake Up', where his intro evokes images of a Clint Eastwood spaghetti western. 'Bellyful', a song with a traditional blues feel, is memorable not only for Malcolm's input, but also for James' involuntary cough - the most obvious faux pas on a recording since Ben E. King's premature ejaculation on The Drifters' 1958 recording of 'There Goes My Baby'. I'm looking forward to seeing this band in the near future.

PHIL JOHNSON

STORMED : Beau Terry/The Burn/The John Song

STORMED are apparently VERY popular locally, but I ain't ever been to any of their gigs. I have heard a lot about them, though - they hate nasties being written about them, and bite the bollocks off journalists who do. I've seen various members of Stormed walkin' through the city centre: they're an ugly looking bunch of bastards, and people tend to give them a wide berth. Hardly the sort who'd help little old ladies across the road. I have also heard Stormed being interviewed on local radio: they came across as a right bunch of pompous wallies. I didn't like them, and I never thought that I would actually buy their record, but I have, and therefore feel entitled to talk about it. The first thing I noticed was that it SMELLS - the sleeve is a real pongo, and knowing of Stormed's sense of the bizarre, it is probably intentional. The sleeve is also artistically striking in its pink and black gloss. As for the vinyl, well it's pretty damn ethnic: choppy, primitive dance rhythms permeate up my nostrils and make my head explode. These three tracks are all highly infectious, resulting in an irresistible urge to move (or scratch? Ed.). It's easy to understand why Stormed have become the archetypal Strawberry Fair band, and possibly the most popular live band in Cambridge. Their hybrid reggae(ish) sound is highly ENTERTAINING, whether the listener is sober or pissed. As for the lyrical content: 'John doesn't like me, he thinks I'm wierd, John doesn't like me, he thinks I'm a queer' sings Mike

Michael. This is the man who one day will probably stand as Mayor, and win! Until then, he and his band will continue to entertain, and entertaining they most certainly are. I was asked to review this platter 'cos those who've seen the band reckon it's lackin' something. Well, I can only judge the vinyl, and without wishing to go over the top, I feel it's the best record to have been released in Cambridge since 'Give it to the Softboys' EP. Three words sum it up - totally fuckin' amazin'!!!! Enough said; now go and buy the vinyl and GROOVE.

DIGBY PROFIT

THE WOOD : 5 track demo tape

THE WOOD are a somewhat unique College combo: their ability to write and perform songs which reflect a wide taste in music of the pop/rock kind (and to maintain a fine balance, making them neither too bland nor too inaccessible) gives them a potentially wider audience appeal than that of most local groups. Add to this their visual image (as with most bands, the focal point is the singer; in this case, a confident and compelling chanteuse by the name of Siri) and their live clean sound (which displays a tightness not seen in College bands since those halcyon days of Red Army Choir), and you begin to wonder why The Wood do not have a larger following.



Anyway, back to the demo: recorded quite some time ago at Makka, these five songs give you a good idea of the breadth and variety in their music, ranging from boppy pop (Surrey Street Market; Going Down) to the more bluesy rock (I Must Say Goodbye; Burial). But the track which gives you the best indication of the direction The Wood are now veering towards is 'Forest Flower', a slow, burning number in which Siri's impassionate vocals are complemented by strident, twangy bass lines, shrill discordant guitar noises, and powerpack drumming. Catch them next term.

PHIL JOHNSON

alive and well ?

TWO THE DARK

Port Out Starboard Home, Peterborough

TWO THE DARK's debut gig was played before an enthusiastic audience at the Port Out Starboard Home on London Road, a fine place for live music, despite the ornamental wagon wheel which partly obscured the group from our gaze. This new group contained at least one familiar face to Peterborough music lovers, and the combination of two guitars, bass and drum machine was put to good effect: it was good pop music, with some interesting rough edges and guitar noises thrown in. As a result, the music was always energetic, rhythmic and never dull, although the singing was a little swamped at times.

Rhythm guitarist Peter Betts clearly knows the virtues of 'twang', and he, with an exciting bassist, provide an excellent foundation for front man Ian Holden (ex-Ha Ha Mr. Wolf). It will be interesting to see where they go from here. They have an enthusiastic following and enough potential to take on larger venues and audiences. Being neither predictable nor easy to label, they could and should develop a very broad appeal.

Without doubt, Two The Dark are a group to watch.

SEAN HAYWOOD-SMITH

ERASURE - SPIRIT WALK

Corn Exchange, Cambridge

AIDS is the big star of tonight's show; or more accurately, the evasion of AIDS. The dread letters, the sickness that dare not speak its name, is leafleted to us as we wait in the lobby. Fresh-faced youths offer 'Safer Sex' on T-shirt slogans; a girl sells condoms from a pail; and the stage DJ incites us to pay "at least 20p" for a lapel badge, in the way a vicar raises the bidding at a church hall auction.

First on are Cambridge's Spirit Walk. They have played better each time I've seen them since they won the Rock Competition, leaving those U2 comparisons behind. Tonight is an important gig for them, and they match the occasion splendidly, playing tougher than ever.

The first we see of Erasure's Andy Bell, he is solo, and wearing an accordion for protection. A short, teasing introductory croon, then Vince Clarke energises his terrace of synthesisers, and the electronics take control. The opener is the current hit 'Victim Of Love', and it's followed by a previous one 'Doesn't Have To be That Way' (but how sad and how tragic those titles sound in the face of the pathetic breathless victims of the big disease you've seen on your T.V. screen). Andy reveals his ringmaster's red jacket and his bulgy black leotard, and the crowd is loving it.

Apart from the vocals - supported by two backing singers - and a trace of guitar wielded by Vince, virtually every note is played by a synthesiser, sequencer or some silicon driven thing. It's interesting to consider how much musicianly feeling can be put into playing, when so much is outside the immediate control of the performers. How can Erasure on stage do more than simply produce their records?

In a sense, all this is secondary to the Erasure issue, because their great strength is in the songs - simple, catchy, danceable tunes held down by a relentless drum-machine heart-beat. That's what keeps the audience on its feet from the beginning to the end of their set.

But is there any mood or feeling to be squeezed out of their lifeless machinery, or is the whole thing too de-humanised, too technical to tango?

At one point, Andy Bell introduces each synthesised voice: "drums!... piano!", as if a drummer and pianist were actually sitting and playing next to him, instead of some program from Vince's laboratory. And that's when you realise why Erasure were exactly the right act to play this benefit for International AIDS Week. Because everything you've been told about AIDS - by the men from the Ministry, by police chiefs with prophetic vision, by chirpy talking heads on chat shows - threatens human intimacy with mutual fear and suspicion; so the sound of Erasure is systematically purged of the human touch. They play pop music that keeps its (rubber) gloves on. This is (you might say) pop music that wears a condom.

TOM WHITE

THIS SIDE UP

Burleigh Arms, Cambridge

At one point, singer and guitarist Steve Linford describes his life as "good times, bad times and the boring bits in between". That's a well-justified quotation, because it describes acutely the strengths and weaknesses of This Side Up in this year's Rock Competition.

Since that time, line-up changes and rehearsals have brought to the band the discipline needed to bring out those strengths, chiefly the strength of their material.

At the Burleigh Arms, This Side Up are in support slot, and struggling for the attention of an apathetic audience, drawn by young OMD clones Turn To Blue. The surprise walkout of a keyboard player just two days earlier



threatens to beat them down. For the three people and a dog who drag themselves away from the bar, they deliver a set of crafted pop, starting coldly, but warming with the singalong 'Ooh Girl'. Steve Linford's nervy intros betray the confidence of his lyrics, and more instrumental breaks would be a relief from the dense wordiness of his songs. But the best is saved for the end, and a powerful vocal delivery of the sullen 'Forgive And Forget'.

This Side Up have made great progress since their indifferent Rock Competition performances, and I am intrigued to see if they will continue to do so.

TOM WHITE

STORMED - VIGIL'S AUNTY - HOLLOW LAND - RED OVER WHITE
Sea Cadets Hall, Cambridge

The chance to see Stormed and Vigil's Aunty, two of the best and most popular live bands in the area was an opportunity eagerly snapped up by your reviewer. Supported by the highly-rated Hollow Land, plus Red Over White, champion of many good causes, this gig was really something to look forward to.

The Sea Cadets Hall is not my favourite venue, and on a hot evening (as this one was) it can be unbearable. The sound always seems to be distorted, and it was not particularly surprising that the start of the gig was delayed by half an hour, due to some prolonged sound-checking. What was annoying, however, was Red Over White's tendency to spend five minutes tuning up between songs: their set, therefore, lacked any real momentum. On the plus side, they have some good songs up their sleeves, notably 'No Shame', and they write intelligent hard-hitting lyrics. However ROW are rather too self-conscious to be taken seriously - enough said!

Next band on were Hollow Land: it was the first time I had seen this band, who have been likened to The Cure, and are rated by some as the best new group for ages. However, I feel that this title is slightly undeserved and somewhat unfair on Hollow Land. Their set was interesting and showed a fair amount of promise, but unfortunately Hollow Land haven't quite mastered the songwriting technique yet. Their songs are, on the whole, undeveloped and, in places, uninspiring. The band are a competent bunch of musicians who more than held their own against an unhelpful P.A. - a big credit in their favour. They signed off with a robust cover version of Iggy Pop's/Sisters' '1969', and judging by the antics of the audience, they have already garnered themselves a modest but lively following. True, they are similar to The Cure in some respects, but it is foolhardy to put a label on a band so early in its career. What they need most of all is time to develop their ideas and musical direction away from any hype or fuss. Give them another twelve months and their early promise could be realised. However, I feel that the Robert Smith comparisons could become a millstone around their neck.

The next forty minutes spoke volumes for all the good things in music. When Vigil's Aunty first started gigging late last year, they immediately breathed new life and spirit into our then flagging rock scene. Vigil's Aunty are not an original band: they do not believe in camouflaging their influences. They contribute riffs from a diversity of sources, but which gel nicely with the songs, without ever overstepping the confines of pop music. Tonight their best songs, 'The Dream' and 'Paris', are executed in superb fashion. As a live act, you'd be hard pushed to beat Vigil's Aunty: they are visually exciting, and frontman Grant is a born entertainer. With Simon, his extrovert sidekick, they dominated the stage with great charisma. They even find time to slip in a couple of covers, notably a superb rendition of Black Sabbath's 'Paranoid'. Yes, Vigil's Aunty have all the essential qualities that can lead to pop success. What more can I say? Totally awe-inspiring!



Headliners Stormed were making a fairly rare local appearance. Still a Cambridge band, despite what Mike Michael would have you believe, there were mutterings of a record deal a few weeks ago, but this has apparently now fallen through. Stormed's line-up has changed somewhat since the band became so popular back in 1985. Chris Mann has now been replaced by John Cornell (ex-Vanishing Point and This Beeno) on drums, and Psycho Steve (Big T Total) also adds his presence, making up the current five-piece band. I don't mind telling you that Stormed used to be my favourite local band, but tonight there

is not nearly enough variety in their set - for me, at least. Despite having played virtually the same set for a couple of years, Stormed can still justifiably claim to be the most popular band in Cambridge. The music sometimes takes second place to the excellent stage presentation of Mike and Steve. A Stormed gig is a magical hybrid of powerful music and street theatre. I feel that if Stormed weren't so visually exciting, their popularity would have waned ages ago. They have a handful of good songs, but unfortunately of late, Stormed gigs are becoming a touch too predictable, which leads me to believe that they are now a spent force. It's almost as if they feel that they have found a successful formula, and are going to stick rigidly to it, come what may. I feel it would be better if they started to probe other areas, and be a little more adventurous. However, they went down well with their fans, and I dare not admit to not liking them... already I can see an angry crowd gathering outside!

PAUL ATTWOOD

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND - HUNTERS CLUB
Woolwich Coronet

Xmal Deutschland are a strange enigma of a band. They started off in a big way in 1982 with their 'Incubus' single and the unique 'Fetisch' LP, and they've rarely faltered. Through 'Qual', hiccupping slightly with 'Tocsin', regaining their stance with 'Sequenz', and now driving the stake home with the excellent 'Viva', they've main-



tained a solid stream of songs bursting with spirit and originality. Inversely, as this process has developed, the audiences have waxed and waned to the extent that we encountered a hardly full Coronet.

Unfortunately, as is usual nowadays, we first had to suffer another band with the sad chain of thought that the louder the music, the more force it purveys. This time it's in the guise of the Hunters Club, sacrificing tunes and melody for loud noise: it merely shows them up to be as untalented as they undoubtedly are. We retire after a few seconds to the reasonably quiet oasis of the bar.

After our liquid sojourn, Xmal take the stage, bursting into the eyes and ears of all present with the grace and vigour we've come to expect. They've now concentrated their efforts: Wolfgang and Fiona (bass and keyboards respectively) provide melodic exchanges, pushed on by the constant surges from Manuella's guitar, and held aloft by the pumping of Peter's hands and feet. But this merely provides a backdrop for Anja, as she soars and whispers, interweaving her voice with the instruments, and dancing across the stage.

Though all of the 'Tocsin' material has gone, they still hit us with golden oldies in the form of 'Boomerang' and 'Qual' (with Manuella leaving off guitar for a spate of drumming). Renewing our acquaintance with these songs reminds us that their present excellence is well-founded (albeit hidden) in their earlier tracks.

Xmal have shown themselves to be fully in control of their direction, pacing their progression to perfection, and I for one hope they can keep this up.

JEZEBEL

(Xmal Deutschland recently announced their decision to call it a day, and to go their separate ways: a pity, really, for they were the archetypal classic Goth band. I'm thankful that I saw them a couple of times on their last UK tour: Auf Wiedersehen, pets. Ed.)

storytime

A.P. STOTT'S GUIDE TO POP STARS AND OTHER CELEBRITIES

ROD STEWART

Rod Stewart has acquired (and totally undeservedly) a reputation for being tight-fisted. Only last Christmas, he presented me with a solar-powered digital calculator. I find it extremely useful when out shopping, to make sure that those young girls on the checkout (who are so often called 'Tracey', and are busy discussing their boyfriend called 'Gary' with the girl on the next cash register) get the right total. Unfortunately, last Thursday I wandered behind a large pyramid of Persil Automatic, and the calculator memory was wiped out, so I had to empty the trolley and start again.

No, I'm wrong, it wasn't Rod Stewart, it was my nephew Brian, but I'm sure Mr. Stewart isn't mean.

SIOUXSIE SIOUX

I was once almost engaged to a girl called Susan. She took me home to meet her father and ask his permission to marry her. We stood before him. I with my bicycle clips freshly polished, as he sat by the fire in a rather magnificent leather-bound armchair, and he looked me up and down. He then turned to his daughter:

"What do you want to marry this cripple for?", he asked.

"But, Daddy," she protested, "he isn't a cripple."

He looked deep into the fire, picked up a beautifully turned brass toasting fork from the Companion Set, and turned it slowly and thoughtfully in his hands. It looked to be of good quality metal, and had not the trace of a weld. I was just about to remark on this, when he thrust it deep into my thigh.

"He bloody well is now," he said.

I only saw Susan again once, briefly, as I was wheeled down to the Operating Theatre.

"I would send the fork," she said, "I shouldn't call at the house."

I have never been engaged to Miss Siouxsie Sioux.

ELTON JOHN

The hot news at the moment is the split between Mr. Elton John and his good lady wife, Renate. I must confess I have known about it for some time, for the good Renate has been staying with our Parish Vicar, the Rev. Anthony Blackburn, for the last two weeks.

He has been looking after her, and keeping the gutter press away. Old Lewin the gossip has been telephoning him almost daily, trying to get a piece of tittle-tattle, but the Reverend Anthony hasn't let anything out. I asked him if I could call and entertain her with some tricks from my Jeffery Daniels Magic Set, but he said no.

Last week, Renate and the vicar came out to our local public house, 'The Derek And Dominoes'. They played crib with Christopher Heath, the Church Warden, and myself. It was during this game that Renate unburdened herself. Chris Heath took notes on the six of diamonds, but unfortunately threw it in, in the next round.

The evening was spoilt when Geldof started shouting his mouth off: his Guinness-sodden mouth cut through the air like a pick-axe, and the Reverend thought it was a good time to leave.

DAVID BYRNE

Mr. David Byrne is a well-known practical joker: who could forget the occasion when he put a John Peel Whoopee Cushion under the seat of Mrs. Mills in the organ loft? He almost brought the Waitangi Day Service to an abrupt halt; our Church of St. Clive Of The Blessed Electric Tricycle has rather echoey acoustics.

He has also collaborated with Mr. Brian Eno (whom I shall deal with in more detail later). It was one such collaboration that was almost his undoing: I refer, of course, to the prank they played last Harvest Festival. The parents of young Aled Jones were given several sleepless nights, and David Byrne only retained his position on the second pew with the donation of an undisclosed sum to the Church Roof Fund.

letters

Dear Paul Christoforou,

I really can't understand why you're writing or claim to be writing a four letter review of the band The Moment. I went to see the band on Saturday 18th July on the basis of the coverage they've been getting in the local papers and radio.

I really didn't expect what I saw - it was BRILLIANT! The atmosphere was just so alive and buzzing which hasn't been in Cambridge for a few years.

All types of people were singing and dancing throughout the set, myself included.

Shame on you!

Nicki Southerby



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 The Sullivans - Harlow 36743
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 Surfin' Druids - Cam. 860470
 That Saxe - 0763-62272
 This Side UP - Cam. 63267
 Tour De Force - 0954-82534
 Trux - Crafts Hill 31550
 Vigil's Aunty - Hunt. 73963
 Walk Don't Walk - Cam. 353459
 The Wood - Cam. 327173
 909's - Cam. 243144

P.A. HIRE

Chings - Cam. 315909
 Flite Audio - 316094
 Fuzzy - 870651
 Melbourn Rock Club - Royston 61725
 Music Village - 316091
 N.S.D. Sound Services - Cam. 245047
 Skysound - 358644
 Star Hire - Hunt. 411159
 Stormed - Royston 60648

LIGHTS HIRE

D. Lights Design - 944-500
 Fuzzy - Cam. 876651
 Just Lites - Swavesey 50851
 Melbourn Rock Club - Royston 61725
 Softspot - Cam. 244639
 Star Hire - Hunt. 411159

VENUES

Cambridge: The Alma - 64965 (Nick)
 Boat Race - 313445
 Burleigh Arms - 241996 (Reg)
 Man On The Moon - 350610 (Stan)
 Midland Tavern - 311719
 Sea Cadets Hall - 352370 (Tim)

Gt. Shelford: De Freville Arms - Cam. 845139

Huntingdon: Three Tuns - 53209
 Waterloo - 57199

Newmarket: Rising Sun - 661873 (Paul)

Peterborough: Crown - 41366
 Gaslight - 314378
 Gladstone Arms - 44388
 Glasshouse - 65776
 Norfolk Inn - 62950
 Peacock - 66293

Melbourn: Rock Club - Royston 61725

St. Ives: Floods Tavern - Hunt. 67773

St. Neots: Kings Head - Hunt. 74094

Sawston: University Arms - Cam. 832165

VIDEO RECORDING

Neil Roberts - Cam. 210320
 Spaceward - Stretham 600

PHOTOGRAPHY

Chris Hogge - Cam. 350799
 Rosanne Holt - Cam. 249003
 Giles Hudson - Cottenham 51204

RECORDING STUDIOS

Carlton - Bedford 211641
 Cheops - Cam. 249889
 Flightpath - Teversham 5213
 Kite - Cam. 313250
 Lizard - Cam. 248877
 The Lodge - Clare 27811
 Minstrel Court - Cam. 207979
 The Music Room - P'boro' 46901
 The School House - Bury 810723
 Skysound - Cam. 358644
 Spaceward - Stretham 600
 Stable - Ware 871090

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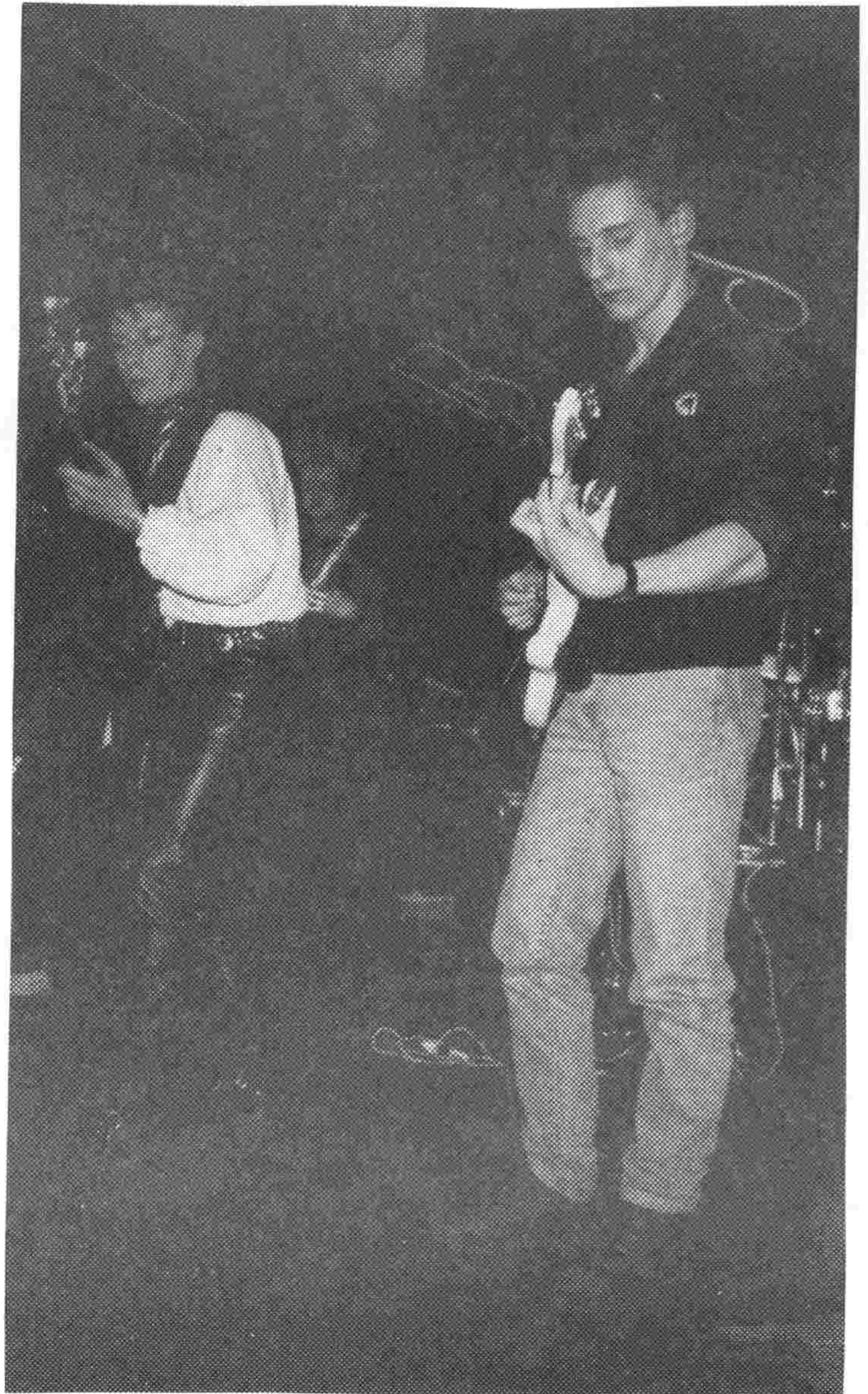
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For full details phone (035 389) 600
The Old School, High St. Stretham, Cambs. CB6 3LD

pictures



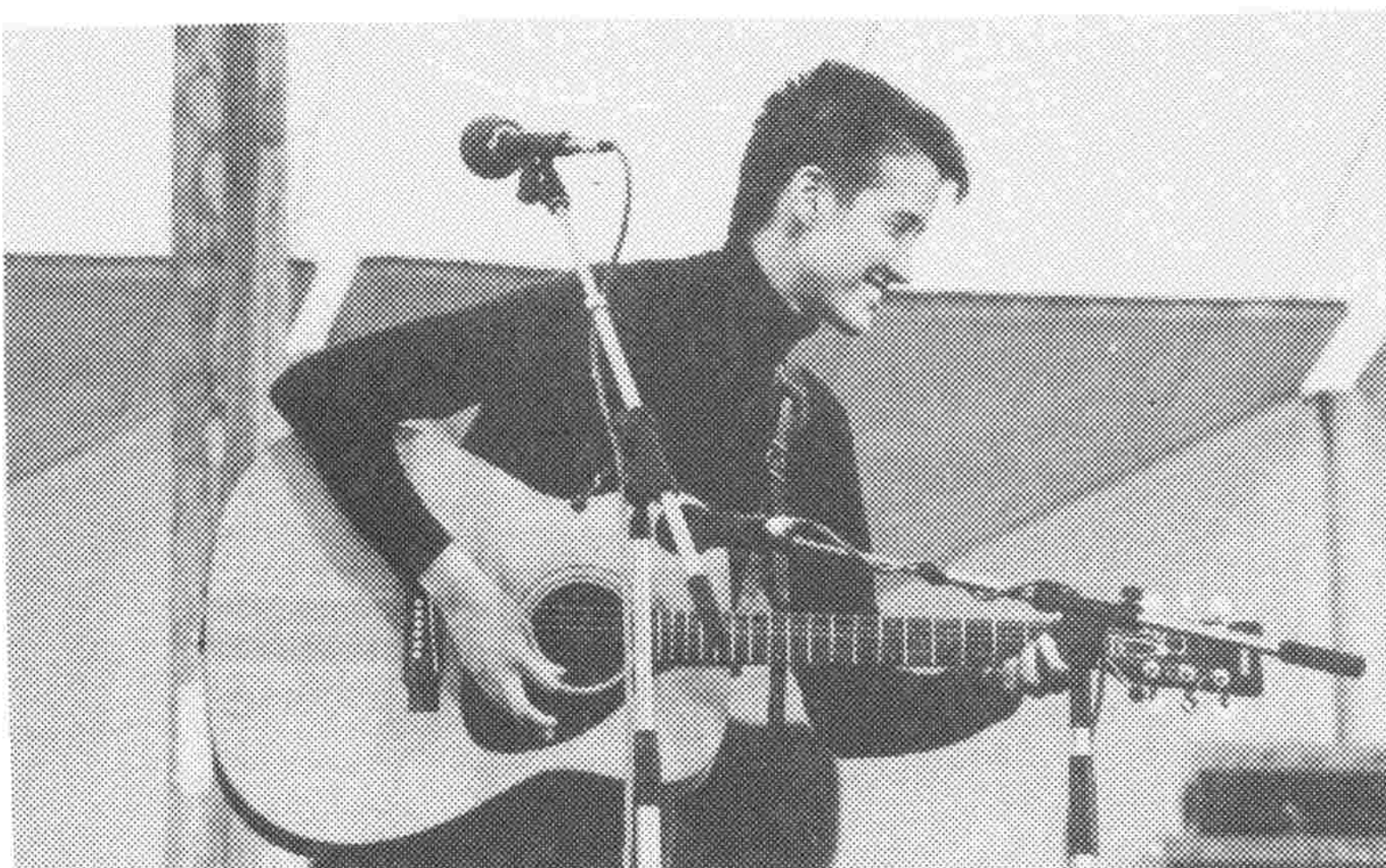
Gary (Hollow Land)



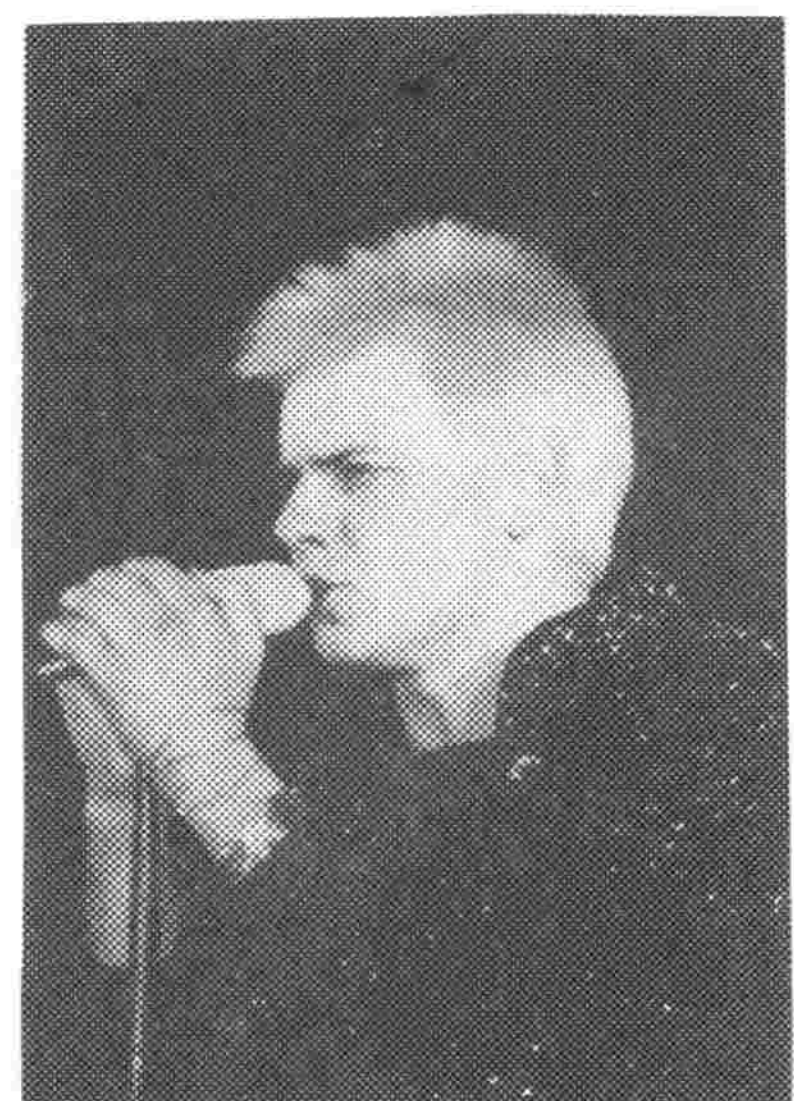
Bell and Jason (Vigil's Aunty)



Simon and Grant (Vigil's Aunty)



MICHELLE SHOCKED



Grant (Vigil's Aunty)