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# SCENE AND **OVERHEARD**

CAMBRIDGESHIRE'S ROCK MAGAZINE

MAY/JUNE 1988

**WAR DANCE : ANDY WHITE**  
**THE MOMENT**  
**THE FLATMATES**  
**THE BICYCLE THIEVES**





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# CONTENTS

Andy White	4	The Flatmates	6
Stavros	7	War Dance	8
The Voice	10	James Dean Quartet	11
Post Industrial		Inter Galactic	
		Noise Structure	12
Steve Linford	14	The Moment	15
The Bicycle Thieves	16	Scene	17
Young Bands	19	Record Reviews	20
Tape Reviews	21	Gig Reviews	22
Strawberry Fair	24		

Welcome to this issue of Scene and Heard: it's the one we were going to call no. 12b!

So, what's happened since the last one? Well, first, Nutmeg have quickly followed their victory in the Rock Group Competition with some recording work under the guidance of Polydor's head of A & R, John Williams, no less. Well done, lads, enjoy your 15 minutes of fame, while it lasts.

Meanwhile, Double Yellow Line got fed up of being labelled 'previous Competition winners', and so they called it a day.

The City Council have at last given the go ahead for the building of the new venue: we can all therefore look forward to a new all-purpose built facility to fit alongside the Cambridge pub venues, where activities have been severely curtailed recently.

This year sees the 14th Strawberry Fair: even though I was invited onto the Selection Committee, this did not make me privy to the final line-up!! Still, let's hope it's a nice one, anyway.

**Paul Christoforou**

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Cover photograph of Nutmeg courtesy of Cambridge Evening News

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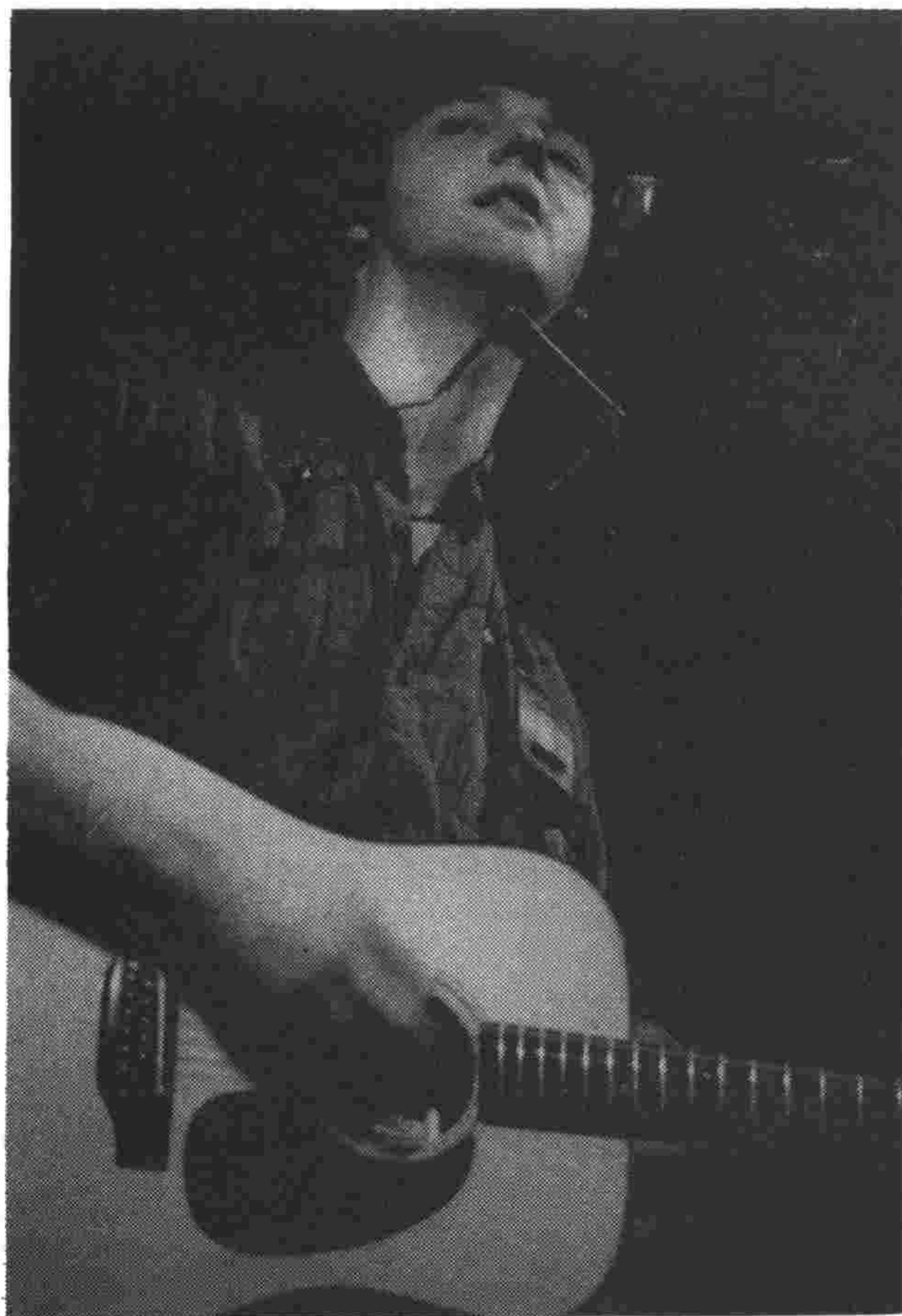
# ANDY WHITE

Andy White should be at least vaguely familiar to Cambridge audiences from his punk-poet performances as Andy Talking and The Ghost Of Electricity, whilst a student here. During his time at college, he appeared on a couple of independent compilation cassettes, and performed at the Edinburgh Festival. Before signing to Stiff, there was a live session on Radio 1's Saturday Live, where the move towards a folk sound was first evident. This has continued, and he appeared at last year's Cambridge Folk Festival. He has also recorded two L.P.'s for Decca, the second of which, 'Kiss The Big Stone', has just been released.

"Cambridge was a good place to come after Belfast. I mean a lot of Irish kids leave, and one of the ways you can leave is by being lucky enough to be able to continue your education. It's one of the passports for getting out.

The key to the records is that the first one is black and white and the second is coloured in, the letters are coloured in, and the picture on the back is in colour. 'Rave On Andy White' was concerned a lot with growing up in Belfast. It wasn't totally concerned with that, but it was all coloured by that, and it was quite black and white. The second record, I've been away, I've opened up, we had a little bit more time to do it, and there's loads of musicians on it. It's all opened up musically and lyrically, really.

I think the whole thing started when I recorded and put out 'Religious Persuasion', that's like day one for me: anything before that is not of any interest to anybody. I was in a punk band in Belfast, but it was nothing to write home about. I always think what I really wanted to do really came together when I recorded 'Religious Persuasion'. That was the first time I really wanted to go for it. I knew that was going to happen but I waited to find the right people to do it with, which took a while. I didn't ever go looking for a band or anything - I just knew they'd turn up. Rod, my producer



and piano player, he's my main man, and I've known him since he was at school. When we got together, that's when things really started to happen. We went up to Homestead Studios, near Belfast, and we've sort of stayed there ever since - which is great, and each further development in the music and everything is conditioned by us meeting more of the band. The first time there was just Rod, and then on the first album Brendan our drummer arrived, and the engineers were playing on it; it was a real family atmosphere. The second album has got loads of people on it; it's really swell, each time it sort of grows."

On 'Kiss The Big Stone', Andy is joined, amongst others, by Bruce and Pete Thomas from The Attractions:

"They've always been my favourite English band since they started. They were hanging out in London, and I met them and they were into the first album,

so I just said 'would you like to come over for a week?' Arty McGlynn's on it as well: he plays with Van Morrison's live band, and he's in Patrick Street - they're like a traditional Blind Faith; they're like a supergroup of all the traditional musicians. His wife, who plays the fiddle on the first track, is well known in Ireland; she's called Nola Casey. They're such fantastic players, those people, and they've got so much music in them, and if you ask them to play something a bit different, it stretches them a bit. They can really play well, and if you ask them to play a different type of music, it just brings out something else in them really.

I don't know how long I went round with the demo tape. You can't just send them, there's no point; you've got to go round and hammer on the doors. You've got to show them your face. Quite a lot of them were interested, but Stiff believed in doing

things very quickly: you'd bring them a tape which they liked and Dave Robinson (another Irishman) who ran Stiff would put it out in two weeks time. As the rest were humming and hawing and wondering about contracts, we went with Dave and he stuck it out really quickly. I was signed up to a publisher before that, with Chappells publishers; they gave me the money to record it. It was very cheaply done: we did the first E.P. in three or four days. Stiff demised just after the single came out; it was probably one of the last Stiff singles. As soon as everybody else realised that Stiff were going to sink, all the big record companies looked at all the people on Stiff and made very fast offers to them, and, again with money from Chappells, we'd gone and done the album because I always want to do that stuff nearer my home with musicians which I know. I know we can do it, I know we can put it out, and I know it can stand up with anything. It only took a few weeks; it's not a sort of Pink Floyd vibe. So we had it all ready for them, so Decca knew exactly what they were going to get, and I wasn't going to change it anyway. It was quite clear cut for them.

It's kind of four albums, and we've done two of them, so there's two more. Every July, they decide whether to pick you up or drop you.

The second album, we heard it sold 5,000 in the first couple of days: the last one ended up about 15-20,000 in Britain, and it's released throughout the world. In the most bizarre places you'll get a few freaks who'll go out and buy it. I hope this one will go well; I'm kind of proud of it, and I'm kind of proud that we retained a lot of the stuff from the first album, but changed it: it sounds very different to the first one, but it comes from the same place. We just let it grow, really, we didn't go mega or anything, we didn't go to L.A. or London to do it, we didn't get in a fancy producer to make it sound like Suzanne Vega or someone like that.

If a new band goes on the road, it requires a lot of backing from the record company. At the moment, we haven't got the cash. We're going to try and do that in the near future: they're all waiting to go out on the road. Up to now, I've gone out with my acoustic guitar because I can play anywhere at anytime with the minimum of hype or fuss or bother. I can go anywhere in the world like that. I went to America twice last year, which is an incredible, unbelievable experience: I mean, to go on the plane from Belfast to Los Angeles, it's like a different planet, you know. They're all laid back, they just cruise around in cars all day, taking drugs, listening to music loudly, and the sun's shining and everybody's smiling - it's a good laugh; you can't take it too seriously, or take it to heart too much. 'Tower of Babel' I wrote whilst I was out there in a hotel room. It was very affecting; we got a great welcome. At first, you'd be offended by how much trash there

is, but in the end you give in to it; it's really exciting, all the crap on the T.V. and the three million radio stations and all the huge signs as you



go down the street, huge buildings. It's all excessive, but it's very exciting, if you just give yourself into it.

Why I started off and still am touring on my own is because I'm not prepared to have the big hype record company vibe on it: I don't like that, I think it always looks fake. I've supported people whose first stuff has come out, and they've got 10 people selling merchandise, and nobody's come to see them. You should start off and work really hard on your own, and build it from there. I think it's working, and I don't think you'll hear another L.P. like 'Kiss The Big Stone' this year. I think we've found our voice on it. It's got 10 songs on it, but it's really only got one song on it. I always think of it as one song. It's got a thread, quite a strong thread, running through it. I don't think you have to know that to appreciate it, but there's definitely no other order those songs would go in. If you have a CD player (no CD, no comment), there's a song at the end, 'Come Down To The Sea', which is the first song, repeated at the end in a very, very different fashion, a very

gentle fashion. That is in fact the complete cycle; it's not incomplete with -out that, but we couldn't fit it on the record. The full cycle is on the CD. It's quite bare when I play live, but it's very focussed and the words are very clear, which I like. If you want to groove on the music, groove on the records. I listen to good people with good words and music: Dylan, Van Morrison, Elvis Costello, Lou Reed, The Waterboys, and especially instrumental folk music. You hear more of that alive, than on record. You've got to be proud of what you do. It would really hurt inside if you brought out something which you thought was even slightly fake. When you're writing songs, you don't ever think about anything like that; it's what you do once you've written those songs, that's the question. But as long as I can keep doing the records the way I want to do them, and progress in that way, I'm happy.

STEVE HARTWELL



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# THE FLATMATES

The tacky glamour of Sunday lunchtime at Peterborough's Millionaire Club, and the crowd have dragged themselves out of their beds to watch The Flatmates doin' up the house.

Faces are a bit hang-dog. Perhaps they're hung over, wondering what Mum's got for din-dins, or wishing they were at home, watching the Eastenders Omnibus instead.

This sea of indifferent mugs meant Debbie Flatmate, wiggling, skinny singer, had a job on her hands.

Despite lots of attempts to get the audience to move closer, it was a good few numbers into the set before the rabble were roused enough to push to the front, and mosh away like it was really Saturday night.

The Flatmates have been around for a few years now, but they still have that youthful exuberance (yuck!) of a brand new band.

Their songs might sound a bit too similar at times, but Deb's crystal-clear tones are appealing. And a cover of Olivia Newton John's oldie 'If not for you' was great - probably because it was barely recognisable.

The Flatties are really all about falling in love, being in love, and feeling happy quite a lot. But how long can they keep up this happy-go-lucky I love you lots stuff? Guitarist Martin reckons there's loads of room to develop their sound and mature.

An unlikely looking popstar, he's obviously an intelligent bloke, and he talks nineteen to the dozen - possibly a throwback to his days in an insurance company.

So what's the band's policy,



Martin - where do you go from here?

"It's not inconceivable that we can be in the top 40. I wouldn't mind us being classed as alternative mainstream pop."

And before I get a chance to mention the dreaded comparisons with The Primitives, he steps in:

"I can identify with The Primitives, but I don't think we're similar, though we are working in the same area."

A famed Bristolian, Martin was the lynchpin for the Subway organisation, and set up some of the city's better indie gigs. He's been linked with the likes of The Shop Assistants from the start. But back to The Primitives:

"We put them on 18 months ago, and Tracey was really shy. Then I saw them 3 months ago, and Tracey was like a different girl - talking between songs, but saying the same thing at every gig! That doesn't seem natural: somebody had obviously worked on them - they're a very different band now."

(Truly awful, perhaps?) But Martin says that The Flatmates don't need anyone to work on them:

"We can do all that ourselves. We don't need to be modelled!" The Flatmates may be going it alone, so to speak, but would they consider leaving their South West home for the glitzy trappings of London? Martin thought they wouldn't:

"Bristol's only 1½ hours from London. But it's far enough removed for bands to have their own identity. I don't like the London scene: it's far too superficial."

And he reckons lots of good stuff is coming out of Bristol right now.

But what of world domination? Well, not yet perhaps. But they've recently returned from Germany, where they

really impressed die-hard punkos GBH, whom they became pals with. Yet if the truth be told, Martin doesn't go a bundle on punk:

"I'm really put off people who live in the past. There's always so much to listen to in the present."

(At present, he's listening to quite a bit of Americana - The Pixies are a current fave.)

But he does appreciate that punk cleared the way for The Flatmates and their contemporaries, and still lists The Buzzcocks as a major influence on the band, even if he doesn't listen to them now.

The Flatmates first got together when Martin was joined by drummer Rocker, with Martin "trying to sing". Bassist Kath came along to watch them rehearse, and ended up a member. And Debbie thought she could do a better job singing than Martin. Rocker eventually got dropped in favour of Joel ("we didn't really want to throw Rocker out but...") and guitarist Tim is the latest to share the flat.

As I write, 'Shimmer', their fourth single, is still getting quite a bit of radio attention, and Martin readily admits they've pulled out all the stops for this one.

And he says they are glad they'd been together a good while before anything was expected of them, rather than being chucked in at the deep end with no experience, then expected to deliver the goods.

But The Flatmates are learning (and getting better) all the time. As Martin says:

"We're really excited about the future!"

The Flatmates are growing up - and fast! Catch them before they leave the bedsit and join the big property bracket.

STEPH McNICHOLAS

RE-ISSUED BY POPULAR DEMAND  
(NUTMEG'S DEBUT 12" E.P.)

NUTMEG

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THEY'RE  
GOING  
MENTAL



'Wild and inspired' (Music Week)

'Title of the month' (For the Record)

'Clash meet Ventures' .... 100m.p.h. raucous fun' (N.M.E.)

'Prince Charles via The Goons' (Underground)

ON MOLESWORTH HUNTS 3 THROUGH BACKS/CARTEL

# DON'T CALL ME STAVROS

" My name's not Stavros at all. Somebody, who knew me really well when Kojak was on T.V., said 'I keep on forgetting your name, what is it?', and I just said 'Stavros', and it just stuck from then on. Call me Neil or Bastard, one of the two, but NOT Stavros.

It was 5, 6 years ago down the Sound Cellar. I used to do a lot of engineering work upstairs in the Great Northern, and downstairs they wanted a P.A. to use for a load of local bands. With this other chap, we pieced some gear together, bought some, borrowed some. I was more interested in it than he was, and in the end I bought him out. It just took off for two years; it was really good, but I could see it was going to come to an end, so I started buying a lot more equipment so that I could be self-contained."

Whilst at the Sound Cellar, Neil worked with some famous (or soon to be famous) acts: "Marillion, Wang Chung, The Fixx, Blancmange, The Lotus Eaters, The Bible - Placebo Thing they were called then. Actually, they were brilliant, loved them. Also The Students - Jon Lewin's lot - Mungo Jerry, Bill Oddie and his band.

If bands are musically good and the audience enjoy themselves, then I normally enjoy myself, in my own special little way. I'm not as miserable at gigs as I used to be, because they've all been educated into the professional way of going about things. They used to rush on stage and start powercrashing and banging and jamming, and there we were, trying to set up the gear all around them. We get there early these days.

Every now and then, I work with a really good band; it could be a band I work with a lot, and you get one gig that's really magic, and all the audience love it and everything. I don't enjoy it on the night, I have to go home and sleep on it, and if I've got a warm feeling about it in the morning, then it was a good gig.

I do get nervous if I know I've got some complicated things to do. Normally with Serious Business that's pretty complicated; you've got to ride a lot of faders a lot of the time. I work better under pressure; if there's nobody in there, I'm useless. Two gigs a week is enough really, but that's all Cam-

bridge really needs. Everytime I do a Burleigh gig, I ring up Roy Castle and try and get him to do a record breaker, the most amount of equipment in a small place, but he never turns up. I don't put myself out to get the gigs at the Burleigh, bands just want me to do it.

I was doing a gig at St. Ives in the St. Ivo Centre and this bloke said to me 'where did you get all this gear from?'. I said I made it out of matchsticks, and he goes up to it, and he looked at it and he goes 'you didn't'; I said 'I did' and he believed me.

I'm a bouncer at Mothercare. Actually, I'm a director of C Audio. You know the amplifiers I use, I liked them so much I bought the company; I bought into it anyway. So I'm a production director at C Audio. I produce the pregnancy testing kits for the amps: it's not a bad game.

I'm not going to expand it anymore. I can't justify spending any more money on it, considering the type of bands that I work with." What about getting onto the countrywide circuit?

"I looked at it quite deeply and it's not quite right at the moment; a lot of companies aren't getting any work at all. A lot of companies work with just 2 or 3 bands, and if the bands aren't working, then they don't get any work."

Nutmeg?

"All the problem was with their old manager. They did a gig at the sixth form college, and two mikes and a mike stand got trashed quite badly. I came to an arrangement with their manager that I would just charge them the wear and tear, so it worked out just over half price for the replacement parts, and he agreed to it on the spot. Got home and he agreed to it there. He said 'we've got to have a band meeting about it'; they had a band meeting, and he got on the phone and said 'we're not going to pay it'. I said 'fair enough, I just won't work with you anymore'. That was 2 years ago, and I never thought anymore about it till recently, when I've been asked a lot about doing P.A.'s for them, and I've just been turning them down. Not because they trash the equipment, but I felt conned at them agreeing to pay for it, and as soon as they got to the safety of their own houses they said no, and



I didn't like that at all. I haven't made a big deal about it at all; I've just said I don't want to work with them - but now they've paid up, I love 'em! The band have done a lot of damage and I've suggested that they supply their own gear now: if he supplies his own gear, he'll look after it better, so now he only throws the mike 15 feet in the air and lets it drop on the stage, instead of 40 foot. I don't think it's a good idea that equipment should break down when you're working with a good band after you've worked with a band that's misused the gear.

I used to do all the Caroline St. Ivo Roadshows, but it got incredibly boring, playing the same records in the same order. After 18 months I gave the gig to Star Hire. I could have done the Rock Competition this year, but I couldn't get the time together. I think Star Hire did a brilliant job this year.

I did a Strawberry Fair 4 or 5 years ago and had mega trouble with the generator; it meant going out buying earthing stakes and things to reduce the noise. The bands were running onstage, really unorganised, and one band had dogs and cats run onstage with them. I didn't really enjoy that; I didn't really realise how much grief was involved. I reckon in about 2 years time I'll be ready to do another one".

Some facts and figures: the standard Sea Cadets rig takes two hours to put up, puts out 6 to 8,000 watts, and is worth about £20,000 - so don't quibble with the price next time!

The last words: "I could have been a jockey".

STEVE HARTWELL

A COUPLE OF ISSUES AGO, WE ANNOUNCED THAT PETERBOROUGH HIPPIY GOTHS, BOYSDREAM, HAD SPLIT UP, AND THAT VARIOUS MEMBERS HAD JOINED **WAR DANCE** AND **THE VOICE**. IN FACT, BOYSDREAM HAVE REFORMED, AND WE'LL BE HAVING AN INTERVIEW WITH THEM IN OUR NEXT ISSUE. BUT NOW, LET'S LOOK AT THE VOICE AND.....

# WAR DANCE



( l-r: Gizz Butt, Matt Keys, Andy Frantic )

The new big noise in Peterborough is WAR DANCE. Only in existence a few months, their debut tape called 'None but the brave' was playlisted by SOUNDS, and their next, 'Short sharp shock', is due any day. The word is rapidly spreading about their live act, and they have even opened the Sanitarium Club to promote their kind of music.

The band comprises Graham 'Gizz' Butt (gtr), Andy Frantic (bass) and Matt Keys (Drums). All have left - or even disbanded - apparently successful groups to form War Dance. I asked Gizz and Andy what they hoped to

achieve:

Gizz: To be part of a real band, playing real songs, having a real good time and a real success!!  
I enjoy being amongst musicianship which is creative and technically brilliant, but avoiding the trap of self-indulgence, which is the mistake I made with English Dogs. The material just shot over people's heads. I'd like the sounds we make to really affect our audience. When a band forgets the audience and becomes self-indulgent then it's time to nod off. I thought Matt's drumming in Boysdream was superb, but it still wasn't enough to save them from becoming tiring. Andy's ex band The Frantix and the other two bands I was in (The Destructors and The Desecrators) had some groovy songs but were let

down by the other members not giving a toss about their performance or contribution.

Andy: I think a point has to be made to shatter some illusions that prevail locally. The region seems content to sit back and pat its sacred cows on the head, and hold them up to be admired. When these bands are removed from their safe surroundings and exposed nationally, they're instantly second rate, due to lack of talent, practice, thought, everything. The fucking complacency is astounding. War Dance are about a good time, but we can appear on any stage in the country now and hold our heads up. We're not musos, we're strictly 1990's and we can destroy any band in this region head to head, and that's not open to negotiation.

Gizz: That's because, most importantly, we're all really close friends and everytime we're together there's something that simply clicks into place (and it's not Matt's willy, either!). We argue, too (good fun), which is better than bottling feelings up, don't you think?

Andy: The Frantix became a joke really: we had something when we started, but became really jaded later. That's not a slur on any previous colleagues, just something that happened. War Dance are obviously superior in terms of attitude, talent, songs, everything. We really have worked to get our shit together; it's only a matter of time before we break out. As far as Matt and Boysdream are concerned, there's no comparison, I'm sure he'd echo that.



For those who haven't heard War Dance yet, are there any groups you would like to be compared with, or who influenced you?

Andy: Ramones, Ramones, Ramones. That just about covers it. No, seriously, I still dig bands like SLF and The Clash as well as contemporaries such as Kraut, Husker Du, Anthrax, Bad Brains, Circle Jerks and Faith No More.

Gizz: Well there's plenty of influences really, but in their own way, most of them are one dimensional, despite being brilliant. Metallica (in my books, the Gods!), The Cult, Killing Joke, New Model Army and all the bands Andy mentioned, including the Sex Pistols. We're also into old shit like the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Kinks, Jimi Hendrix, and there were some great Motown songs, too.

Comparisons stretch far and wide really. Some of them are hilarious: I nearly shit myself when someone compared us to Hanoi Rocks! Andy: I argue with guys who offer up stuff like The Wedding Present, That Petrol Emotion and their ilk. These bands have hardly inspired a generation, and they pale in comparison. It's really

sad, but SLF performing at Xmas was one of the best gigs I've seen for a long time. That says a lot. Gizz: Matt listens to a lot of the new alternative stuff that grew out of 'The Cult' scene. That might seem strange, but it adds texture and dimension to our material. He's also into psychedelic stuff, being a drug-crazed hippy 'n' all: hope his mum reads that!

**The band have a speed metal/thrash/hardcore influence then?**

Andy: We've stolen good points from loads of them sort of bands, and put them together.

Gizz: Those bands are just so powerful, straight to the point, honest and aware. They are genuine bands, not some manufactured pop garbage. If you sieve through the blatant noisy thrash then you come across some cracking tunes without too much aggro. These guys have such a good texture and their delivery is aimed so you understand their message. They're so tight that they squeak! You just don't get that over here.

Andy: It stood out at our gig at CCAT in Cambridge. Again, all the bands had something fresh to offer, but we managed (I think) to

tread a line that prevented us from becoming one dimensional in terms of sound. People appreciate that. Having said that, I thought Infernal Death were really good.

**Didn't English Dogs share the bill with many of these bands?**

Gizz: Yeah, with Bad Brains, Toxic Reasons, Voivod, Possessed, and plenty in the USA, such as Youth Brigade and Nuclear Assault. I've met both Metallica and Anthrax, and the guys are all dead friendly, very genuine chaps. These bands don't possess the snobbery that tends to occur in other musical fields, yet they play so well. I hate these smartass jazz musicians who think they have the right to look down on us 'rock players' (!!): they're too busy being self-indulgent to care about their audience.

**So how do you see War Dance contributing to the genre?**

Gizz: Well, obviously we'd like to get through to the most people, but we don't want to get caught in the trap of playing in all styles, intending to win over everybody - because that doesn't work. Then again, we want lots of variety.

Andy: Like our first demo. Gizz: I don't think so. Andy: Bollocks, I do. **War Dance really seem to have taken off recently, but weren't there a few false starts?**

Gizz: We didn't settle until December. Before that we had a vocalist (Tim 'Give' Head) who couldn't handle it, and a drummer (Spike 'I don't like blow jobs, I prefer a good shag' Smith) who was too Welsh. Andy: Spike's a good bloke and a superb drummer, but his dogmatic approach to music lets him down. Tim wasn't dedicated enough. That's OK - it's his choice. They're just both hard to work with. 'Nuff said.

**But then you discovered Matt?**

Gizz: Yeah, we found him wandering around the ill-fated Moses Club, looking like a lost soul (like all the poxy ex-Still drinkers).

Andy: He's a convicted sheep worrier. We really had to work on him to get all the gothic crap out of him. He'll get well soon.

**And what of the future?**

Gizz: I want another guitarist.

Andy: I don't want to ever wipe my bottom again.

Andrew Clifton

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Out of the humdrum gothic repetition of Boysdream and the dated thrash of Frantix, three persons have created a unique resurgence of the punk ethos. Witnessing them is like a deja vu trip of pleasure. But this does not mean progression is out: on the contrary, they've reached beyond playing for the past, and have carved a unique niche in the present. So, armed with my trusty tape recorder, we set forth for the land of gothic beer boys (Peterborough to you), and located the persons responsible: Jules (gtr/vox), Dave (bass) and Badger (drums).

So, lads, how long have you been going?  
 Jules: We've been about since late '87. Me and Badger were in the Frantix and The Detours, but we wanted to get away from that sort of music. It was good, but people didn't take it as seriously as we did. Dave joined as soon as Boysdream split, about September.  
 You're not a very serious band, are you?  
 Dave: That's true; it's pop.  
 Jules: Yes, but it has messages in the lyrics. It's about having a good time, and not having to live your life for other ideals. A lot of our songs are romantic, in a way.  
 'Club'?  
 Jules: That's about a girl who goes to a nightclub, hoping to pick up a rock star, but she's just a girl next door: she ends up with the barman who pretends to be foreign, which is where the false German comes in.  
 Do you see yourself filling a gap on the local scene?  
 Jules: Well, we're unique now. At the moment, there's just either '60's garage bands or gothics: we don't want to be anything like that.  
 Badger: But it wasn't planned.  
 Dave: It just goes back to our musical roots.  
 Jules: At the first practice, we just had one song, and Dave said "yeah, punk rock!", so we tried to steer clear away from it, but it came naturally, so we thought "sod it, don't fight it", and here we are.

But is it too basic?  
 Jules: We went back to basics on purpose, instead of jumping too far ahead: we've got to get decent songs before complex ones.  
 Dave: That's what I've noticed with, say, War Dance: for me, it's too complicated - there's no basic tunes.  
 Jules: As I've said, we'll progress. The '77 sound came as a complete accident. No way was it planned; quite the opposite.  
 Dave: I think most people

see a new band, you should stand at the front as a matter of courtesy; if you don't like them, then OK, go to the bar. In Peterborough, we've found people start off at the bar - they just don't support their local bands. They may say to you later that they like you, but it's really horrible playing to an empty floor. We'd assumed we'd get the same reaction in Cambridge, but they really surprised us. And we did get an encore at our first Cambridge gig.

Would you contemplate moving to Cambridge?  
 Jules: That's a good point, but me and Badger have too much here. We prefer to keep our roots. Now we're only playing when we're ready. No matter how confident you are, mistakes can only be overcome with practice. every time: we've realised that now, especially if people from out of town are there when you play bad - it'll reflect on the size of the audience when you play in their town.

# THE VOICE



(l-r: Badger, Dave and Jules)

like us. Alright, they might think "oh, punk: this is dated", but it's not just that, and they do actually like it. I've never met anyone who hates it.  
 Can you convert this 'liking' into a decent following?  
 Badger: We've got a sort of following at the moment, but it's mainly mates.  
 Dave: The test will come when we play out of town.  
 Jules: We really liked playing in Cambridge, in that people are more friendly. When you go to

Dave: It helped with me knowing a lot of people in Cambridge, but their enthusiasm wasn't solely based on friendship: they liked us as well.  
 You haven't gigged lately: has Dave's move to Cambridge affected your progress?  
 Dave: It's a big pain, definitely, after a day's work.  
 Jules: Yes, it's affected our practice routine. The last Sea Cadets gig, when Dave had just moved, was a prime example, due entirely to lack of practice.

So you intend to play outside the area?  
 Jules: The best thing to do is just play gigs in different places: playing to the same audience gets boring after a while. We're trying to get gigs in Newcastle, also maybe Germany. You've got to put yourself about, even if you lose money.

Recording plans?  
 Dave: We're doing a demo tape soon, and that's the main thing.  
 Jules: Every one would like to have a record out, but we don't think we're good enough yet. We don't want to push ourselves too hard, too quickly, rush one out and then regret it later, when our direction has steadied. If you wait, it can make all the difference.

Armed with these poignant thoughts, we wined our way home, safe in the knowledge that The Voice (expect a change of name any day now) aren't about to forego their ideals and (more importantly) their duty to provide us (and themselves) with an integral reason for venturing from the comfort of the home (and home town). Receive their exuberant enthusiasm, and just get out there and have a bloody good time.  
 JEZEBEL (plus help from The Sweetest Thing)

# THE JAMES DEAN QUARTET

Another Thursday night... Eastenders was finished, and so was my packet of prawn cocktail-flavour crisps. Definitely time, I thought, to mosey on down to the country mansion inhabited by The James Dean Quartet's man of many talents, Jon Cheyne, to do a promised interview for Scene and Heard. Notebook in hand, I knocked on the door of the grand gothic building, set in acres of beautiful woodland. But here he was, grinning at me, and clutching a thick wad of used fivers. "Coom in, coom in," he purred in his gentle Scottish brogue, "you're the lady from S.H., aren't ye? We're all ready to do the interview for ye. Her's the cash. Five hundred quid is a lot to us, but we thought it was weruth it ta get into Smash Hits." Now hold on a minute, I thought, I'm from Scene & Heard, not Sma Shits: I'd better tell him he's got the wrong person. Hmm... money... "Yes, yes, that's me. Everybody's talking about you at the Smash Hits office. Bigger than Wham, you're going to be," I said, pushing the wad of dosh down my cleavage, like they do in the films, and settling down with my very best biro. O.K., JDQ - do your stuff...

NAME: Stumpy (vox/gtr)  
 HEIGHT: 6 ft.  
 HAIR: Smart  
 EYES: Gorgeous  
 AMBITION: To be the fourth member of Bros  
 COLOUR OF SOCKS: White  
 FAVE FILM: Giant  
 PREVIOUS BANDS: Auditioned for Bros

NAME: Adrian (gtr/vox)  
 HEIGHT: 6 ftish  
 HAIR: Dark  
 EYES: Nice  
 AMBITION: Not to be the fourth member of Bros  
 COLOUR OF SOCKS: White  
 FAVE FILM: Umm...  
 PREVIOUS BANDS: The Wedding Present

NAME: Jon (bass, drums, gtr, spoons: I'm a man of many talents, after all)  
 HEIGHT: 5ft 10, or 6ft 10 with baseball cap  
 HAIR: Long and luscious  
 EYES: Bloodshot  
 AMBITION: To be a male model  
 COLOUR OF SOCKS: Fluorescent  
 FAVE FILM: Spinal Tap  
 PREVIOUS BANDS: Yes, AC/DC

NAME: Phil (drums)  
 HEIGHT: Tall  
 HAIR: Natural blonde  
 EYES: Cambus blue  
 AMBITION: To be the ultimate sex symbol  
 COLOUR OF SOCKS: Don't wear any  
 FAVE FILM: Mutiny on the buses  
 PREVIOUS BANDS: Loadsabands



"Oh well, thanks a lot, lads. Look out for your bit next to the Patsy Kensit poster in next month's ish," I said, making a hasty retreat. Hmm, I thought, ex-member of Yes, ay? they weren't quite telling the truth there. But then, they don't need to: JDQ's stuff speaks for itself. Their funk-tinged songs have got a bite like an alsation, and, refreshingly, they don't take themselves seriously. Perhaps they are not destined to be around for a long time, but they were heads above most of their rivals in this year's Rock Comp for me. And, in a sea of musical dirge, they're a wave of inspiration. See them for yourself, and suss out what they are really about.

STEPH McNICHOLAS

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# THE POST INDUSTRIAL INTERGALACTIC

(or how to survive three nights in

The P.I.I.G.N.S. festival was certainly the first of its kind to hit the old smoke. The idea was to bring together an overall spectrum of noise, muzak, music, art, and, above all, atmosphere. The intrepid organisers chose the most dingy, dodgy, foggy venue they could get their hands on; the Club Mankind in Hackney, run by Nigerian skinheads who couldn't work out what hit them, but still managed to play out a crooked hand of poker.

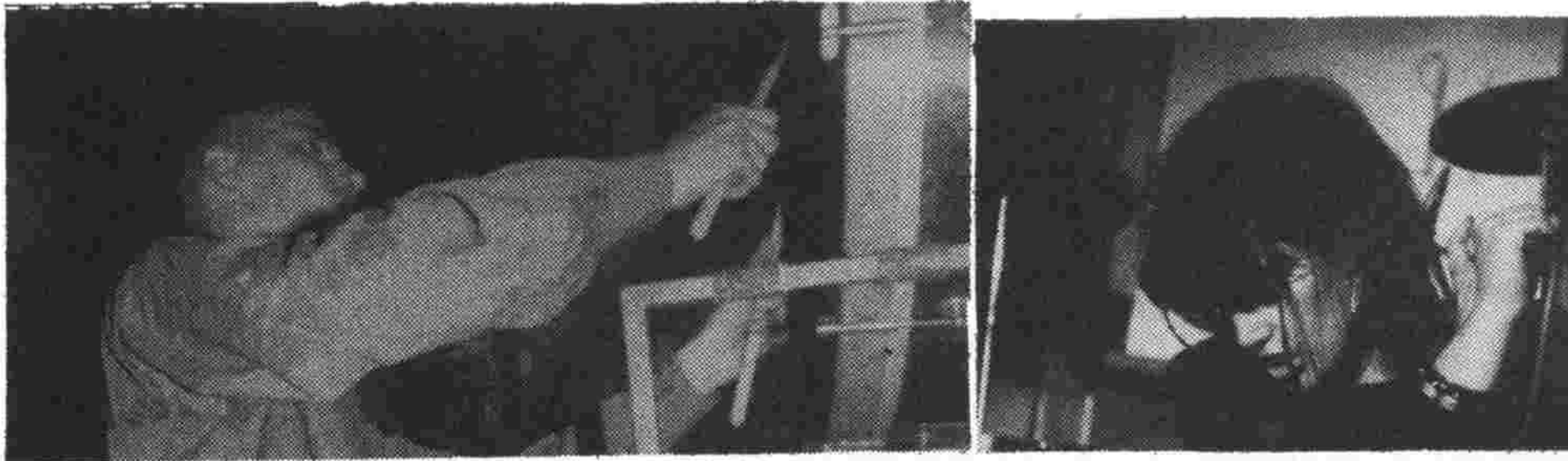
Light entertainers such

fighting for justice in a place where there was none to be had; or when BOURBONESE QUALK gave an exceptionally glowing performance, despite the absence of their usual mixer and the restrictions of an outrageously bad P.A. system. GREATER THAN ONE showered us with images of a third world war, extreme patriotism, that I assume was meant sarcastically... they could have done with more space, unlike the GRIEF who more than lived up to their name; if this is all the French have to offer, I'll stick to frogs legs, thanx very much.

become tiresome. Some idiot with a mop tried his best to create a washout, but was beaten.

The audience were either total dickheads or suave 'I've done it all, seen it all, had it all before' types. I blamed this on Hackney Council and the nearby Anarchist Centre; many still associate this kind of festival with TEST DEPT.; that could explain the presence of so many yobbos in such a small place.

Saturday: the final bash. Mr G.P. ORRIDGE appeared in a puff of smoke, indignantly asserting his position as inventor of the word 'industrial', and precognising the arrival of ZEV, who had been billed as playing on Thursday but had not been paid for his last gig in Germany, resulting in him having to hitch across the galactic. The moon was full and chaos abounded; the presence of an evil poltergeist, cleverly disguised as an Australian stage manager, only added to the confusion as, following Israeli chameleons, the talented TRIMEH, some drunkard lurched onto the stage from the car park, clutching a hastily put-together contraption, announced he was Nelson, and proceeded to play the theme tune from The Archers whilst screaming abuse at anyone and everyone (shame he didn't drill a hole in his head and let the shit come out). Relief was to be had upstairs where DJ KING THOR (Lord of thunder) span the



as VIC REEVES mingled with mindless metal morons; rock'n'roll diehards crossed steps with New Age improvisarios, as some strange remnant of post punk tradition encouraged punters to aim their festival puke at V. SUGATHADASA'S paintings; SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES marched forcefully across continual video screens.

This was truly a festival of extremes, momentarily blissful and revelatory, as when GERECHTIGKEITSLIGA presented tableaux that worked as visual and musical assault, stimulating the senses,

By Friday, MIETEK DYMNY, manic Polish sculptor, had been deported (into a pool of vodka-induced oblivion?) and the fumes from the truly industrial pigsheads, eyelssly abandoned by G.T.O., mingled assertively with the stale ash, sweat, beer. KIWISEX were a major disappointment; can they only handle house parties? THESE IMMORTAL SOULS, a mutation of Crime and the City Solution, created by the evergreen ROLAND S. HOWARD, and incooperating GENEVIEVE, EPIC SOUNDTRACKS, and HARRY X, showed that rock'n'roll will never die, and with the Souls about, never

# NOISE STRUCTURE FESTIVAL

Hackney without earplugs)

best amalgamation of discs from the past seven years to now and beyond, whilst lots of little boys frolicked on the teensy stage, trying to convince us they were 'performance'.

Life IS but a stage... ZING ZANG, part of the evolvment from Grossbritannischer Ungarischer Froschsaft, proved to be music to swing to; a nifty two piece featuring a voluptuous whip lashing rubberized space dancing and chanting into the cosmic ether; and our very own Chris Mann of HOUSE GRINDER fame, bashing his drums to some whacky backing tapes. I liked the anti-censorship videos, too. Then came NIKKI SUDDEN & THE JACOBITES, who appeared to have a statue of Roland S. Howard on stage with them, 'Desperate' massacring his drum kit into sweet submission, and Duncan Sibbald strumming some serious stuff. Nikki is a bit of a Johnny Thunders

syndrome, and isn't Johnny WONDERFUL! Now that Nikki's backing band is reaching the point of consolidation, he should be seen live at least once in a lifetime.

On the press release we had been told to expect music that created a sense of our 'pre-apocalyptic' times: by 3am Sunday I felt distinctly POST apocalyptic - the last few hardcore city mice strewn diversely around the bleak hall where final desperadoes OIL BLO KOTZ KLOTZ from Austria (who had manically been working out at makeshift benches throughout the festival) were making out, one of them suspended from the ceiling in self-imposed bondage, cable and fuses, firing pretty bolts of blue

at his naked arse whilst he did a passable impression of Rudolf Nureyev... the other lighting separate fires and dealing with the fusion of eerie sound waves... was this really happening? Did those who had left en masse know what they were missing? Would I get out of here alive? As one of the sleazy bouncers accidentally grabbed half my buttock, I knew I would, but I had to hurry before the organisers turned into bats. I hailed a pre-apocalyptic taxi, and hoped that the hermaphrodite would win the holocaust without encountering too many red spots.

Cat. A. Phrenick

GREATER  
THAN ONE

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# STEVE LINFORD

After the 1988 Rock Competition, at least two of the bands who reached the Final decided to call it a day. One of those was The Way - formerly named This Side Up - and I asked singer, guitarist and songwriter STEVE LINFORD why:

"I shouldn't think I'll be doing any live work at all, because it's just impossible for me. The reason I left the band was because of my other commitments. It got really sticky sometimes, with the band and the family and the business. I was just burning the candle in the middle and both ends. I think we achieved as much as we could achieve, in that you can be as hard-working and dedicated as you like in Cambridge, and very little will happen to you, unless you make the move to London."

Will the rest of The Way keep on keeping on?

"Graham (Allen - bass) and Ed (Hill - drums) will definitely carry on. They were finding their feet as a rhythm section. Graham was already interested in rhythm. He hasn't been playing bass for very long, in fact. That's surprising, because he was the best bass player in the Competition by a million miles. He wasn't just flash, he had loads of style. And he seemed to hit it off with Ed straight away, because Ed is a really rhythmic drummer. He's into percussion and lots and lots of different types of rhythm, and they get on really well, so they'll definitely be carrying on.

Jo (Tinker - singer) is open to offers. She's really keen and very young. She's got a brilliant natural voice. Our voices blended really well; she's the best singer I've ever sung with."

Tell us about the Final: how was it for you?

"We were put joint third in the Semi-final, and we were in an impossible situation. We couldn't win if we carried on doing the same set. The only hope was to change it in a radical way, so we put in a lot more upbeat numbers. We'd seen Nutmeg take song structure to a new low and thought, well bollocks, let's have a good time."

Speaking of Nutmeg..... "I can't see how, when you take that music out of that environment, how it's going to stand up. It's just third generation regurgitated rhythm and blues in the worst possible tradition. It just fell into place when I read they were from Soham.

The things I judge bands on is the level of songwriting. I thought the Surfin' Druids and That Saxe had good songs, but I didn't think any of the other bands had. I thought That Saxe were the best band in the Final, actually. I really liked them, because they were interesting, they seemed to be doing something fresh, and it was well presented. I liked the tunes, and the odd snatch of lyric that I could make out sounded quite interesting.

Jez Quale (of the Surfin' Druids) has got something. I don't think he's quite sorted himself out yet, but he's a young lad, and he's definitely got talent. There's nothing wrong with writing simple songs if you do it well, and you do it with interest, and you can take the song away with you and it stays in your mind."

And the Competition itself?

"They should have a pool of judges. They should change the judges so that it's not such a foregone conclusion. They should change the whole panel of judges for the Semi-finals, and then again for the Final. It should be easy to find five people to judge the Final: there are enough opinionated people around. Why not get a couple of punters on the panel? They couldn't make a worse mess of it!

The other thing is the awards at the end. Trevor Dann rushes out into the foyer, actively searching out the people who've won. You can tell who's won half an hour before they get to the announcements. They don't do it for Miss World, do they? They have all the contestants on stage, quivering in their bathing suits."

How do you view the rock press in Cambs.?

"To my mind, there isn't enough constructive criticism. A lot of people just say 'I hate this band' and take four hundred words

to do it. Steve Buttercase wrote a review in the Hunts Post which really slagged us off, and I just thought, why do we have to take this from a member of another band (The Principle), when we're in active competition with them? He said we were as interesting as watching paint dry, which I thought was rich, coming from him, because a more boring set of musicians you couldn't hope to watch.

The thing that motivates me about music is a very positive force, it's a thing that feels good to me, and these people who write bad things about other poor kids... I can't work out what it's all about."



You were involved with The Lonely at one time: how did that come about?

"I've known Ted (Koehorst) for years and years, because we're in the same business. I went along to a few Lonely gigs when Martin Bond was singing with them.

When I heard that Martin had left the band, I phoned Ted and asked for an audition. I went along and rehearsed with them for a day, and they said, oh, you've got the job. I rehearsed with them for about six weeks, and Ted kept coming up with all these songs. I've always seen

myself as a singer and a writer, but every time I came up with a song, it was turned down. That's why I left, because I thought my material was more promising than Ted's, basically."

So songwriting is the most important thing to you?

"The way that I approach rock music has always been through songs, through having something to say, and choosing to articulate it through rock music. I firmly believe that you can take a good song and do it in a million different ways, and it will still stand up. It's like the basic framework, you can't rub it out.

Chrissie Hynde is one of my favourite writers; she writes really intelligent lyrics. Elvis Costello would be another, and David Byrne. I've always thought that there is room for some intelligence in the matter. The best songs comment in an unusual way on those scenarios that happen through growing up. You can help people understand situations by pitching your comments in a certain way. You're not really helping anyone by telling them they're living a lousy life."

Will you still write songs without the band?

"I've got a four-track at home, and I'll be experimenting with that, probably with different musicians. I'll be enjoying myself, musically. I suppose I'll be horribly egotistical and just do things that I want to do, rather than try and accommodate a lot of other people's feelings.

I won't give up writing because I really enjoy writing, and it's something I can't stop doing. I'm always writing down on scraps of paper ideas for lyrics. It's the one thing in my life that I feel is a very natural thing.

I don't want to change the way I do it. I don't even want to collaborate with people, because it's such a personal thing. Someone asked me if I was interested in other bands doing my songs, and I said, yeah, that would be really great. What good is a song sitting on a shelf?

TOM WHITE

In these days of Cambridge's live venues dwindling, and the return of the Corn Exchange as a venue providing national names, it seems ironic to talk of microcosmic secluded worlds, where to be in a band means acclaim in the local press, playing to hundreds in a Rock Competition heat, and even being interviewed on local radio. That is, or was, the spirit of Cambridge music.... So, who are THE MOMENT? Can they be as popular as Stormed and Nutmeg if they've never played The Boat Race? Probably not....

What the bands reading this interview will want to know is how you have managed to sell records in the thousands, play three European tours, establish followings in Holland, Italy and Germany, but no-one's heard of you in Cambridge.

**Adrian:** we originally had a five-year plan. We're different from the muso bands in Cambridge because we don't come from Cambridge: It's just the biggest town near where we started. We're from Haverhill, out in the sticks, with no other bands to compete with; we escaped the Cambridge sound, and yet suddenly we're doing a gig called 'best of Cambridge'!

**Gary:** We used to watch the ska bands at the Corn Exchange, when the old clock was above the stage, and you could count the seconds till the band were on!

**Adrian:** That was great. That's all we knew about Cambridge. We did two gigs in Haverhill and Newmarket, and the next was at the 100 Club in London. Then suddenly it was a national thing.

**Robert:** Why play in Cambridge when you can play all over the place?

Was the 100 Club gig that big a turning point?

**Adrian:** Not immediately.

**Robert:** The first single deal came from that gig, and it was the single that got us noticed. The band we supported were on the same label, and this bloke saw us and liked us. We put him off for ages, waiting to get it right. He was Diamond Records on his own.

(Diamond Records were singly responsible for ripping off all The Moment's royalties. They also released a second single, "One, two, they fly!", without the band's knowledge. One born every minute...)

**Adrian:** He's not our favourite guy!

**Robert:** He's so misunderstood! He released the second single without us knowing! Chris and Gary saw it one day in the shops in Carnaby Street. We never saw a penny of it. We owe him a favour involving his kneecaps...

(The Moment's next single, "Poor Mr Diamond", is dedicated to their dear friend, and, sounding somewhere between Dexy's and The Beatles, should do well)

A lot of bands will be impressed by even releasing one single, let alone selling 5,000 of each. Did you get desperate about it?

**Robert:** We felt we were owed something. 'Poor Mr Diamond' is all about his act, and what a bastard he was.

**Chris:** It's a condemnation of small-time music business capitalism.

**Adrian:** At the time, we'd left the label, and were doing the album with another label called Rave Records. We'd been gigging for a year all round the country, and we had started to formulate a decent set which we wanted to keep, for us as much as anything, I suppose; we were writing new stuff all the time, and just wanted to keep it for good.

**Robert:** The best thing was just after 'The work gets done' (the album) came out: we did a gig in Scotland, and there were all these kids singing along, who'd never heard us before but had the album! You've got a lot of bollocks, haven't you? You follow your market.

**Adrian:** Yeah, but you have to. No-one's gonna knock on your door, are they?

What about tour arrangements, expenses, accommodation, promotion, all that stuff?

**Robert:** We never lost out. We had contracts to pay our way on all except the prestige gigs. When you play the little pubs in Scotland, there aren't too many A & R guys watching, so we still played those places, but made sure we broke even.

**Adrian:** It's a sad fact, but you've got to play down in London to get seen. this year we've been concentrating on new stuff and London gigs.

A European tour all sounds a bit glamorous: was it hard work?

**Gary:** No, we loved it.

**Adrian:** It was great because at nearly all the gigs we played, people had heard of us before. It was a big holiday, really.

**Chris:** One gig we did, when we came on there were all these drug-crazed skinheads leering at us. All out of their boxes and, having never heard of us, not very responsive. By the end of the gig they all loved us!

**Gary:** Yeah... we were selling drugs, though!

**Adrian:** The thing is that when you've got records out, people know what

they're getting. Rough Trade distributed the stuff in Europe, so people knew us.

The Moment have fond memories of their Euro-jaunts:

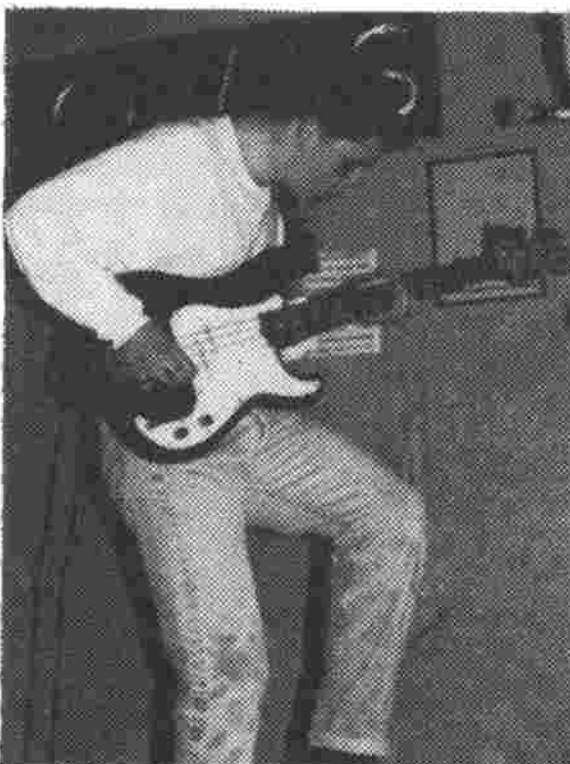
**Adrian:** We were well rock'n'roll. We once broke a hotel key!

**Gary:** Pure anarchy!

**Robert:** Snapped it straight in half!

**Adrian:** It was an accident. We said sorry.

**Gary:** We were the most normal band ever to gig in Europe. The press accused us of redecorating hotel rooms, we were so nice. We bought paint and wallpaper and everything.



**Robert:** If you're on tour, it is a laugh.

**Adrian:** We used to say 'This is Hamburg, we're the band, where's the venue?'

**Gary:** At one venue this transvestite had just stabbed a skinhead. We arrived to see this big bloke in women's clothes running off in stilettos. There was this weird woman cleaning up and the place was full of skinheads! Skinheads are universal!

**Adrian:** Once we met this big guy. He wasn't fat, just BIG!

**Gary:** We parked squint in the car park, so he picked the car up and straightened it!

**Robert:** He was massive. He wouldn't let us go and get a cup of coffee because of the skinheads. When we were playing, they all lined the stage waiting to get us, feet on the stage!



# THE MOMENT

**Adrian:** That's the closest we've been to getting hurt.

**Gary:** When you were on the rollercoaster in Vienna, you didn't wave to me: I was hurt then!

So what about the local scene: what do you think?

**Adrian:** What did it for me was when we were interviewed by Trevor Dann on the Rock Show, and he kept on about our hair!

**Robert:** So we asked him about his.

**Chris:** The Trappist Monk look!

**Adrian:** Actually, he was alright and the interview was OK, but then a week later, after we'd played a gig at some grotty Cadet Hall, some stupid cow on the Rock Show was slagging us off for pretending to be pop stars!

**Robert:** We got 350 people to the gig: none of the other bands got up to 50. Yet we got slegged off for being stand-offish.

**Adrian:** That summed up Cambridge for me. It was so stupid, a week after we'd had a good interview. That made my mind up - no more Rock Show.

**Robert:** No more Cambridge.

So, what would you like to be, a year from now?

**Gary:** A teapot.

**Robert:** A banana.

**Adrian:** Maybe a bit of indie chart success, or a couple of singles that I'm proud of: that will do me - as long as I'm enjoying it.

**Chris:** We're talking to an indie band label called Los Moments, who had Jesus Couldn't Drum and acts like that. They might take us on. They've heard of Wendy Lloyd....

**Robert:** A year from now, I just want to be able to say that I've met The Desmonds, or supported The Desmonds! I love The Desmonds!

**Chris:** All this from a band who were once introduced by Rick Buckler. Who introduced him?

**Gary:** His nurse. I was shaking his hand for three minutes, looking for an open window, before I realised who he was!

It can be noted that The Moment are a band apart. They play infectious simple songs with energy and some fun. They read George Orwell books like 'Keep the aspidistra flying' and write songs about them. They hate Diamond Records, and the owe the Cambridge scene absolutely nothing. They are also fun. 'Best of Cambridge' gig? They should have headlined!

STEVE BUTTERCASE

# CHOPPER INTERVIEW

## THE BICYCLE THIEVES

We first saw The Bicycle Thieves when they played with us in St. John's College. There we were, strutting around like Kiss, and fussing over our big muso equipment, when we were struck by the extreme tunefulness and brilliance of 'Taxi', with its 'wooorgh!' chorus, sung in close harmony by the lovely Nigel. It was an unexpectedly spine-tingling experience for a student band in a crap place with hardly anyone there. Fascinated by this strange idea of there being another good student band beside ourselves, we were only too pleased when Phil Johnson, Godfather of Cambridge Hardcore, asked if we could interview them. Certainly Phil!

We met them in Robinson College, where they were auditioning for a pair of miserable May Ball people. We asked Simon Dunsforth, co-founder and guitarist of the band, what it was like, supporting CHOPPER!

"Awesome! Warped factor 10! I was stunned by the enormity of CHOPPER! The gargantuan of Cambridge Rock! Loud, fast, tight" - and so on. But enough of this self-promotion.

The Bicycle Thieves line-up is: Simon Petty, guitar and singing; Simon Dunsforth, guitar; Nigel Bass, bass and 'wooorgh!'; Marc Drums, drums; and Mr. Saxophone on sax (we didn't get all their surnames).

We asked Simon Dunsforth (from whom most of the interview comes) for some background info:

"Well, my mother's Italian, my father's from Hull, and I was brought up a free-thinking socialist. Bicycle Thieves formed at the beginning of '87, and we've done eight gigs. A lot of hard sweat and industry has gone into this. We'll be recording in the Summer, with a view to a possible tour."

Hurray for bands who are recording in the Summer, with a view to a possible tour! (a small hint for CHOPPER fans there). Simon, your main influences?

"Well, the great D. Boon of the Minutemen, The Bhundu Boys, I suppose..."

No thrash?

"Thrash isn't the be all and end all of life, you know. However, I am contemplating



a vicious version of 'Touch me I want your body!'

The Bicycle Thieves' magical ingredient is the African influence which they bring to bear on Simon Petty's very English pop songs - "jealousy, greed and ham sandwiches" he said at some point in the evening. He likes Elvis Costello, so it was the other Simon and silver-throated Nigel who introduced the African groove, in the form of spindly guitar and Nigel's popping fretless bass, which he describes as "an amazing piece of co-ordination. The bass lines actually often just follow the guitar chords, and quite a few are stolen off the Bhundu Boys. Rostropovich is a strong influence."

On us, too. Marc Drums, what do you think of all this?

"I can't stand African music: I like reggae and punk."

Marc does karate and used to play in a punk band called Disease. As one muso to another, who are your drumming

influences?

"Billy Cobham, Keith Moon, Sly Dunbar... I greatly admire Def Leppard for their treatment of the one-armed drummer." You're speaking for us all there, Marc.

Enter Simon Petty, despairingly brandishing a drastically under-subscribed 'Stop The Clause' petition:

"I've got a question for you: if one in ten people are gay, how come less than one in ten people here signed this? Answer - because they're fascist wankers."

Simon's in a bit of a mood. When we ask him for a quotable quote, he says:

"Neo-grammarians."

Right... erm... and what's 'Taxi' about?

"Northern nightclubs and being young. Is that the sort of thing you're supposed to say in rock interviews?"

It certainly is. Now what about this song that goes 'I'm a bastard, you're a bitch'?

"That's about sexual politics."

Simon D., why didn't you enter the glorious 4th Cambridge Rock Group Competition?

"We didn't get it together in time. It would have been nice, but a lot of the bands were shit."

But isn't Cambridge a FAB SCENE for up-and-coming bands?

"I think it is, college venues being free and all that. But there seems to be a bit of a dead atmosphere. I don't know - I could be biased, speaking from the heart of St. John's College."

(He also had a fever at the time - get well soon, Si!)

What's your favourite drink? Coke, surely?

"Well, Coke have a very bad record abroad."

Simon then made us feel guilty about our love of Coke



by talking for 10 minutes about big business death squads in Central America. So you wouldn't support a CHOPPER Thrash and Coke Party, then (coming soon!)?

"Well, I wouldn't stand outside with a banner ... Roll on the first Nicaraguan Independent Coke Producer!"

Last word to Simon Petty: which do you prefer, thinking music, or jumping-up-and-down music?

"Jumping-up-and-down music for me."

Go and see The Bicycle Thieves and jump as high as you can.

JAMES and TOM



# COUNTY

# SCENE

Compiled by Andrew Clifton, Graham Gargiulo and Phil Johnson

There's plenty of vinyl by Peterborough bands out now. Top of your shopping list should of course be The Pleasure Heads' brilliant debut album 'Hard To Swallow' on Ediesta, reviewed in the last issue of Scene & Heard. It's also received very positive reviews on the radio and in the music press (and it's got my name on the back).

If you're of a funkier frame of mind, you will probably enjoy Watt The Fox's first release. In fact, they've now changed their



name to As It Is (why?). Their double A-sided 12" 'Someday will bring it out'/'Heartbeat' is another Music Room production and is on the Lemon label. Unless you knew the actual songs, I don't think you would recognise the recording as being by the same band. There's lots of percussion, some flashy guitar and even keyboards by the studio's Baz Vozz; it's a considerable contrast to their spartan live sound, but just as danceable.

I've not yet seen nor heard 'My house', the debut single of Lypbox, formerly Sharmh Sharmh (again, why the change of name; it's even worse when you



discover leader David Ivatt has changed his surname to Lypbox too). The band lost some fans locally when they sought publicity by walking the streets petitioning for the return of the death penalty. It seems fitting in this context,

then, that they have been signed up by Miles Copeland, notorious in the music and media industry for his right-wing views. He labels Lypbox 'thinking man's pop'. Despite its being released by IRS, the record shops I've visited haven't been able to track this one down.

Also quite difficult to track down is 32/20's album 'Guitar, guitar' on Shanghai. Their distributor is a small specialist so you're more likely to find the LP in a jazz record shop. 'Guitar, guitar' is an excellent r'n'b album, all the tracks being original compositions, despite titles such as 'Thunderbird' and 'I need a woman'. Most of the lyrics are witty, particularly the Coasters-sounding 'Stooge'. There is also an outstanding version of 'Australian love song', the track that caused David 'Kid' Jensen to recommend them to the legendary blues producer Mike Vernon, whose work particularly brings out the strengths of their distinctive percussion-augmented rhythm section.

If you like 32/20, you'll probably like another r'n'b release featuring local genius of the bass guitar, Colin Hodgkinson. It's called 'Peter York presents Spencer Davis and Colin Hodgkinson live together', a German import on the Inak label. It's an excellently-recorded digital reference edition which has in fact been available for a couple of years, but it appears to have recently been imported in considerable numbers, and sells at below normal full price.

Peterborough's most creative band, Sudden Sway, will release an album called '76 kids forever', which will be extracts from a soap/rock opera, which one can follow by regular Friday night calls 10pm - 4am on 0898-400200. Readers may find a rare interview in a new Peterborough fanzine called Shine enlightening. Then again, maybe not...

Those who enjoy rock with their Sunday lunchtime drinks will have been somewhat bemused by the antics at the Key Theatre Glasshouse Club. It was bad enough being caught out by early finishes due to matinee

performances in the auditorium (I know because I used to work on the door and had to explain to punters that the band they had travelled to see was just finishing), but recently the club has had to move to other venues such as Lady Lodge Arts Centre and The Millionaire. The latter was very much a desperate last minute move to save the promoters from losing sums in three figures. Fortunately, it was a success, resulting in a much appreciated and well-attended performance by The Flatmates. The Millionaire has some disadvantages (a stage very much at one end of a rather narrow room; no children allowed), but if Sunday opening hours are extended to 3pm, it would seem to the Glasshouse's advantage to change venues permanently.

Fortunately, another new club seems to be taking up the fight for indie music. Graham Butt and Andy Frantic of Wardance opened the Sanitarium at Peterborough



United's Posh Club in April. It is already building up an enviable reputation, and has booked Rubella Ballet, Into A Circle, The Membranes, Slutt and Gin Sling, and even Toxic Reasons. The promoters are eager to hear from local bands in a similar vein for support slots. Write to Graham Butt at 49 Medeswell, Orton Malborne, Peterborough PE2 0PA, or telephone him on 0733-230383, or Andy on 0733-314703.

Another chance for up and coming local bands might be a battle of the bands competition, an idea which local DJ and (self-) promoter Steve Jason has been floating. The first prize would be a support slot with Erasure at a big charity concert in the city this summer. Jason has taken credit for attracting Andy Bell back to Peterborough to raise money for the hospital he was born in. Radio Cambridgeshire listeners will remember that Andy was rather upset that all the big Peterborough venues turned down Erasure last year.

The

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And as summer looms over Huntingdon, Thursday nights should be a little less boring now that Steve Buttercase has organised a series of charity gigs at the Waterloo on five consecutive June Thursdays, all profits being donated to the Hinchingbrooke Scanner Appeal.

The Flowershop single episode finally ended with the release of 'Ten Foot Tall' c/w 'Far Away' on Molesworth Records, and they made a return to live appearances (after an absence) with a series of promotional gigs including the excellent Aids Aid with Stormed and Graham and the Mushrooms (now dubbed 'Stinkhorn'!!!), playing to a refreshingly packed and atmospheric St. Ives Corn Exchange.

A shroud of rumours and whisperings surround The Children of Some Tradition, involving matters of a close personal nature and hinting at the probable demise of the band, although how many times has this been heard before? It would be a shame, now that ex-Double Yellow Line svengali Tim Cole has more time to devote to managing the band, and even

more of a shame since the Children didn't do a 'That Saxe' and split just because they didn't win the Rock Competition.

The Giant Polar Bears parted with singer John



Lindsell after their support to The Weather Prophets at a well-attended Burtleigh gig, but look set to continue in one form or another, while The Principle are about to embark on a well-promoted glossily postered mini-tour, tying in with the release of an EP. They are continuing their lengthy discussions with MCA

(although it's a good job for the band that not all A & R men read the Hunts Post 'Rockspeak' column).

Erratic Huntingdon indie fanzine 'Fish On Your Head' suddenly re-emerged with issue no. 6, featuring Mighty Mighty, Sea Urchins, Nutmeg and others, and is available from the Rockshop and 15 Hawksway Lane, Needingworth, Cambs, 40 pence (plus postage and packing).

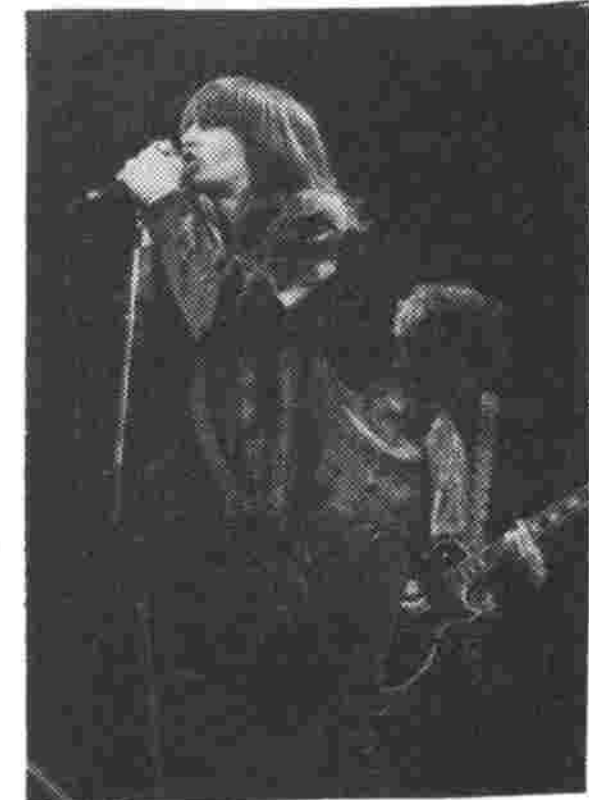
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The Cambridge scene's getting back to normal, in the wake of this year's high-profile Rock Group Competition - once again, attracting capacity attendances. Although the Final itself was a foregone conclusion, there was no doubt in my mind that this year's competition was the best yet - but there's still room for improvement: far too many groups play safe, staid pop music. What is needed is more of the Infernal Deaths, Choppers and Mushrooms - bands who, basically, don't give a fuck. For at least two of the judges (both co-incidentally heavily committed to this magazine), the highlight of the competition was the emergence of House Grinder, a band which emerged from the fertile imagination of local drummer, Chris Mann. We're all looking forward to the next

Compilation LP, a Sardines maxi EP, a Polar Bears single, a Principle EP, and LP's from the Fruit Bats and Jack The Bear, all in the pipeline.

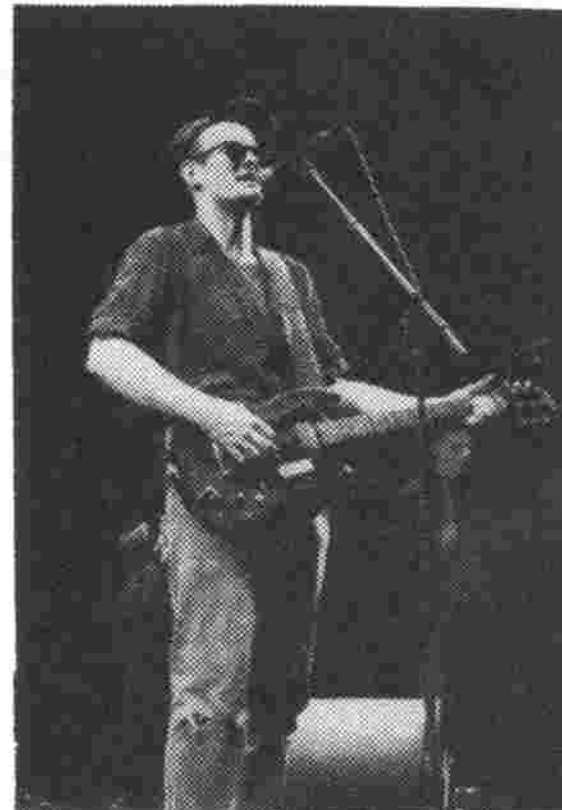
The Fruit Bats don't appear to be in any rush to release their debut LP: they obviously want it to be spot on, but it is almost one year since we reviewed the pre-mix tapes!

Nutmeg's music comes in for a bit of stick from Cambridge muso Steve Linford in this issue, but no matter what you think of their music, there's no denying that, on their day, they are the best live band in the region: if only they would get rid of some of those boring cover versions, especially



'Wild Thing' and the rock'n'roll medley! It'll be interesting to see how they fare nationwide, now that the Asgard agency are handling them. They've already had some decent support slots at the Mean Fiddler, and the latest rumour is that they may get the support slot on Hothouse Flowers' forthcoming tour. Anyway, best of luck to them, and the same goes to The Bible, who are about to promote their long-delayed second LP with an extensive tour.

Finally, Scene and Heard offer their congratulations to two local scribes who are making a name for themselves in the national music press: Calus College student Ben Thompson is now one of the regular features writers for the NME (the little toe-rag would never write for us though: I think that it's something to do with the fact that, in an earlier issue, we described his college band as a load of bollocks), and Be'ata Burn(ska), who has graced these pages (and, indeed, has provided two articles for this issue), finds time to contribute for the alternative music magazine, Underground, in between commuting between Cambridge, Berlin and London. So, keep those articles pouring in; who knows where it may lead to? (probably the waste paper bin!)



single, Chris!

As I write these notes, the sadly underrated Poppyheads are sitting proudly in the indie singles charts, nicely tucked in between The Wedding Present and The Weather Prophets - a moment to savour!

One of the most pleasing aspects of this year's Cambridge rock scene is the number of vinyl releases. Andrew Clifton has already made reference to Peterborough's output, but they are lagging behind Cambridge's seven single releases (House Grinder, Fire Dept., Nutmeg, This Replica, Flowershop, Poppyheads and The Bible) plus one LP (The Bible), with the Cambridge

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# TOO MUCH TOO YOUNG?

an insight into young bands in Cambridge

The Cambridge music scene does at present contain a remarkable number of young bands: defined by the Rock Group Competition as having an average age of eighteen or less, so it is that limit or thereabouts I shall use. The quantity of young bands playing in the Rock Group Competition this year was quite large; some 26% of bands there fitted this criteria. Last year, the figure was a fraction of that. Is there more to be had than just the pure thrill of playing music locally? So what do the young musicians want from such a pastime? How are they treated by other bands? pubs? promoters? Do they make a valuable contribution to the local music scene, or would they do well to wait until they were older and wiser?

The local promoters, pubs and bands seem to have hugely varying attitudes to the phenomenon. From my own experience, the Huntingdon-based band, Flowershop, with whom my own band, Paradise Street, played last year, split the money from a gig at the Waterloo 50/50 - we earned some £30 for around 25 minutes' playing time! However, despite such a fair deal, other bands may feel they are treated as a 'soft touch'. Many people I talked to certainly believe this to be true.

T.V. Messiahs singer Mark Dyer indicated that often the reviews that young bands receive are dismissive, ill-thought out and unhelpful. Their

ongoing row with Steve Buttercase seems testament to this. People may feel that young bands should be able to take criticism like any other band, but surely it is helpful, constructive comment that is needed at this stage, rather than the sweeping generalisations that plague much rock journalism at present.

Kevin Hart, drummer with Indiscretion, winners of last year's Best Young Band Of The Rock Competition told me that, although the award was a "great trip for the ego", he felt there was something missing: yet should there be a 'something'? He likened Indiscretion's situation to that of other older winners, i.e. Spiritwalk or Double Yellow Line - it makes little real difference if you win an award or not.

Toby Smith (Children of Some Tradition: 1986 Best Young Band winners) said again that the prize was 'disappointing'. His own attitude towards the new breed of young bands in the area seems altogether more enlightening: "there is a popular misconception that old bands are good / young bands bad" he pointed out. Were the Children ever conned? "If we were, we didn't know about it!" he laughed. From his own experience, he did feel that gigging was more worthwhile than sitting at home practising.

James Cupit (Hollow Land / Priests Of Vengeance) pointed out that many people were surprised how popular young bands could become (anyone who remembers Hollow Land's

large following will know what he means). He didn't feel that Hollow Land really tapped into their popularity - instead, they were left wondering whether they were worthy of such acclaim. James explained the value of the Burleigh Arms to all young bands in Cambridge, making it easier to get gigs. One wonders whether the City Council's licensing policy will destroy the opportunity for young bands to gig on their own, rather than be stuck bottom of the bill at another venue.

Nationally, a recent BBC Television programme 'Daytime Live' covered the TSB-sponsored National Young Band Competition. The winning band from the previous year and the competition organiser were interviewed: the band had made no real progress since winning the competition, but both the organiser and the band members explained quite explicitly that this was "not the point of the exercise". The more cynical amongst us may wonder the value of such a competition which provides (so it seems) little more than an advertising ploy for the TSB, rather than providing a valuable launching pad for young bands.

I talked to Nik Briski, talent scout for EMI Records, about whether there was, in his opinion, any conscious belief in the record industry that young bands needed to wait until they gained more experience. "No" he replied, "not really; look at the number of young people in the charts recently." But aren't they just a gimmick - singers made

famous through Australian soap operas and the like, already media stars? What about young bands who wish to make a less superficial career in the music business - any advice? "Just the same for the older bands: we want musical talent and, most important, good songwriting." Nik was anxious to point out that age was immaterial, yet one may suppose that good songwriting and musicianship are achieved through age and experience... Catch 22!

Are young bands simply a gimmick? We've seen the likes of Musical Youth, New Edition, Tiffany and Kylie Minogue attain chart success, but they had little more credibility than performing animals (and certainly less dignity!), providing little more than short term amusement to the consumer. Yet there are a few young musicians who have made contributions to rock (Jason Harris, bassist with New Model Army; Scott Halpin (19) who took over from Keith Moon after he collapsed at a Who concert), but these are too isolated. But young bands do provide a valuable training ground - the seeds of Genesis were sown whilst pupils at Charterhouse public school in 1966.

Anyway, the young band element in Cambridge does seem to be here to stay, and for those who have not yet seen them in action, you may be in for a pleasant surprise...

Mark Curtis

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. PAUL

Christoforou investigates The Bible's new LP

THE BIBLE : Eureka  
Chrysalis Records CHR 1646

After two years and two attempts, it's finally arrived. The Bible's second album. Eureka at last! Just to recap, a ten track platter produced by Pete Smith was all set for release towards the end of '87. At this point, however, Chrysalis hauled back their product, in the interests of fine art, of course. Enter Steve Earle, the proverbial singing cowboy and King of the new country. Mr Earle got the job without having any previous production credits on his c.v., and despite his alleged desire to work with certain other recording artistes, also from the Ensign publishing stable (it's in the H2O lads). The original plan for the band to record just three tracks, and have the remainder re-mixed, was also scrapped. What has resulted is a completely new album, the most glaring omission

from which is the title track. Regular readers may recall in my interview with Boo Hewerdine (issue 10) that 'Eureka' was singled out for attention, with Boo declaring "the idea with that song was to put a lot of silly jokes in...": one can only assume then that someone at Chrysalis failed to hear the funny side to the song. So on to what we do get. Side One commences with 'Skywriting', a dream of a tune which finds The Bible in their musical element, painting abstract images in watercolours. The exhilaration continues on 'Honey Be Good', a gem even in demo form. Here, the song starts with Tony Shepherd's haunting keyboard intro, then explodes into life. With drummer Dave Larcombe's solid thud behind him, Boo delivers his best vocal of the album ('Honey Be Good' is the proposed follow-up to the current single 'Crystal Palace'). The delicate cleverly phrased 'Skeleton Crew' is next, and we hear Neil

MacColl's first excursion to the Carribean: have steel guitar, will travel seems to be Neil's motto. It's when the band go trespassing back into Steely Dan territory that they come unstuck. 'November Brides' sees Boo lost in search of a decent lyric, with the band plodding predictably behind. Though, to be fair, Kevin Flanagan's soaring sax solo does help to compensate. Likewise, on 'Cigarette Girl', Boo merely sings in rhyming cliches, and thus does himself a poetic injustice. Paradoxically, the acoustic guitar and percussion arrangements create the ambience of something far more profound. Over on Side Two and 'Crystal Palace', now with added hook lines, will, by the time you read this, have either breached the lower reaches of the nation's pop charts, or left many people saying 'ah, The Bible, I'd like to hear more by them'. Back to the album, and 'Wishing Games' is a pretty standard

affair, a slight tune, pleasant and whimsical. Just as Side One started with three strong songs, there's a trio of goodies to finish. Firstly, 'Red Hollywood' is of great beauty and fragility: like 'albatross' with words - stunning. 'Tiny Lights', too, has great atmosphere, and some startling tempo changes. 'Blue Shoes', which closes the album, is something of a golden oldie to those of us who've enjoyed the band's live renditions of this wistful melody over the past couple of years. 'Eureka' is not close to rock and roll: instead, we have a selection of songs predominantly easy on the ear. Tunes of such politeness should reach an appreciative audience. It's certainly no surprise to find that the CD has two extra tracks. If 'Walking The Ghost Back Home' was the desert island disc, then 'Eureka' can be heard in the comfort of the airport lounge. See you in Hawaii. Neil?

# RECORDS

reviewed by  
CHRIS WILLIAMS

THIS REPLICA  
Tunnel Vision/Today  
Fenrock: FEN02

Tunnel Vision is the sort of song you might have heard from one of those excited young school bands once upon a time. A noise straining from the direction of the music room during the lunch hour. It sounds puerile, and unpleasantly so. The drums roll and boom around in a sluggish manner, occasionally blundering into a bungling crash of cymbals. For a supposedly 'upbeat' sort of song, there is not enough animation in the voice and not enough energy in the guitars. A washing machine would sound no worse in place of the artless humdrum noises from the keyboard.

The slightly more retiring flipside is handled much better, indicating, perhaps, that this is an area that This Replica would do well to spend more time in.

THE FIRE DEPT.  
Girl Girl Girl Girl Girl/Girl And  
A Hot Rod/Witch-Girl  
Kave-In: K1-001

This must be what they call 'an identity crisis'. The Fire Dept. sound like The Undertones and play like some kind of psychobilly band.... try singing 'Girl, Girl, Girl, Girl, Girl' to the tune of 'If You Wnna, Wanna, Wanna, Wanna, Wanna' in 'You've Got My Number': you'll get the idea. The material is designed for a short but fast life. Blunt and unequivocal: harmonies for hedonists!

AS IT IS  
Someday/Heartbeating/Wish  
Lemon: MRC 009

Three songs supplied by As It Is, two of which are as memorable as an Alliance Manifesto, and are therefore best played LOUD. The third is a delicate ballad, imaginatively entitled 'Wish': judge for yourselves. As It Is seem to draw on a '70's influence, much like Paul Weller did with the Style Council. But whereas Weller added new music to the old influences, As It Is only have old music, light jazzy calypso rhythms at one end, and powerful uplifting funk at the other (The Whole Point Of No Return and Internationalists by the Council would accurately delineate the above styles, and shows a remarkable similarity to As It Is).

There are no great tunes here, but it's partially compensated for by a knack for little extras thrown in, like the solitary background shrieks which come and go; and the delicate touches of brass and piano, which also help to beef it up. Surprisingly, what we're left with is a rather propitious single, despite its drawbacks.

THE BIBLE  
Crystal Palace/The Golden  
Mile/Bubblehead/The Slow Drag  
Down  
Chrysalis: BIBX 2

Oh my my.... (yet) another worthy collection of songs by Hewerdine, Shepherd and Co. Crystal Palace is different and arguably better than previous single tracks we have heard from The Bible. But is it the hit that they've been looking forward to? And does it matter? Probably not, and probably not. Although it may appear facile to say so, Crystal Palace just isn't

what hits are made of right now: if only they were.

The Bible are sounding a hell of a lot more assured now, and sure of themselves. It's almost as if they've grown out of the uncertainties and inhibitions which may have surrounded the (very good) debut album. Steve Earle's production lends itself skilfully, leaving the music stronger, with more depth. Boo's sensitive voice sounds lustrous, almost polished! In a world of dub, urban and bombay mixes, The Bible have kept their distance, and stuck simply to songs: there are three more here - an amusing acoustic ditty in Bubblehead; The Golden Mile, which flows gracefully to the accompaniment of rousing harmonica sounds; and finally a rather sullen Boo Hewerdine invites you on The Slow Drag Down, together with a sonorous bluesy guitar.

With the album in sight, the best is surely yet to come...

NUTMEG  
Why You Lie/I'm In The Mood  
Fenrock: FEN 01

Pleased to meet you; I think I've guessed your name. The J. Geils Band, Broken English, Aerosmith, and now Nutmeg have joined the ranks of imitating the most imitated rock'n'roll band of all time. It's easy to do, for some.

The austere nature of the tracks, coupled with the particularly coarse Dalpra cry, comes as some relief in this Stock, Aitken and Waterman regime in popular music. Sad days, indeed, when the only way to look forward is to look back. Nutmeg's second single, however, should not pass unnoticed. It is boorish, and unashamedly so. A coerce piece of production has somehow governed this (as we know) intractable band. The result is unmistakable, and confident, too. If only more people gave radio interviews like them.

THE POPPYHEADS  
Cremation Town/Pictures You  
Weave/Dreamabout  
Sarah: SARAH 6

Does David Barbanel (voice) mean to sound like that? Or is it the effect of one long stifled yawn? If you're going to yawn, yawn properly: I did. The guitar work is of a jangly Beatle-ish nature, and fairly inspiring at that. It is this which comes close to retrieving at least something from the rather latent tunes. But it's too little too late. A shame, because the songs are basically well written and recorded. Despite a brave attempt, what remains is something akin to drudgery, like toiling through very deep mud, and when it stops, it merges with the rest of the mire.

# LIVE

THE MAN FROM DELMONTE  
THE FREEDOM FACTION  
Sea Cadets Hall, Cambridge

A few months ago, we were shocked by the demise of The Freedom Faction, one of the most original bands in Cambridge. Nick (bass) and Jim (drums) then enjoyed (?) a brief abortive stint in FAITH, with Guy the guitar mini-pop and Paul 'just call me Astbury' on vocals. This sojourn, although creative in some sections, soon rolled backwards into the mire of Cult-rock, and after two unfulfilling gigs, fell apart.

Before we had received this news in full, Lewis had returned to the fold, turning over his guitar duties to Guy, in order to concentrate more on vocals (the weakest link in FF Mk.1).

Once again, we stand in the dark, surrounded by smoke, awaiting the entrance of The Freedom Faction. A new opener, 'The Leaver', has replaced the more puissant 'Insanity' (which comes next). The Illness Brothers move the crowd to dance to 'Haunted Man' and 'Diesel', and as we regain our stance after this onslaught, we are presented with FF's true potential, with 'Architect', where ascendant guitar and bass form a layer over Jim's drums, and is peppered with Lewis's poignant vocals. Having then slowed things down with 'Before I die' and 'Endless love', 'Hypocrisy Church', with its stop-start formula, forces its message home yet again, with ample crowd participation. Finishing with the anthemic 'We're all equal' and the much loved 'Annie', FF have regained their aims, and with the added flexibility and space provided by the addition of Guy to the line-up, their kinetic potential will surely come to fruition soon.

Jezebel

And so on to the headliners, THE MAN FROM DELMONTE. These Mancunians scrounged this gig by approaching local promoter, Colin Hazell, and convincing him that they were one of the country's top indie bands, and that they were well worth the two hundred plus quid they were asking for, on the dubious strength of having their current single floating about in the indie charts. Colin tried to hedge his bets by giving the support slot to the popular but musically incompatible Freedom Faction, but still lost money on the gig.

The Man From Delmonte's frontman announced their music as 'hi-energy faggot rock': well, I can't comment on the 'faggot' bit, but there was plenty of energy there, for most of the songs were played at a fast, boppy tempo, the tunes tinged with a few latin dance rhythms. But the thing that let them down was the ordinaryness of the songs - lyrically, they may be 'right on', but there was a noticeable lack of strong hook lines, so essential for this sort of music. It wasn't until the final third segment of their set that they really caught fire: 'Louise' came over stronger live than on record, and 'Casual friends' was, for me, the highlight of their set. On this display, The Man From Delmonte are an average third division indie band (they won't even make the play-offs), who would be hard pushed to compete with Cambridgeshire's top indie pop groups.

Phil Johnson



# TAPES

SHINE!  
3 track demo

If you'd been under the impression that Norfolk was overrun by obese turkey slaughterers, shouting 'bootiful' at every available opportunity, and a severely regressive casual set who still park their tractors outside the seedy nightclubs, prepare yourself for a shock.

Shine! hail from Kings Lynn, a town thriving on fish, but notoriously short on musical ancestry. The Nuclear Socketts put the town on the map in the early '80's with a couple of Peel-acclaimed singles, but Shine! are now attempting to redress the balance as frontrunners in the local indie-pop stakes. They were one of the best out-of-town bands to have graced the Burleigh recently, having made the A10 round trip of 120 miles to play in front of an embarrassingly small crowd of people (where is this demand for local live music?).

This 3 song sampler captures Shine's freshness, vitality and power, and basically leaves you breathless. Apparently recorded on a 4 track portastudio, it puts a lot of professional efforts to shame. 'You can't help yourself', their strongest live song, is the most obvious choice, owing much to The Wedding Present, Buzzcocks and the aforementioned Nuclear Socketts - a clattering, cascading, jangly thrash coupled with neat three-part vocal harmonies, still holding on to a sense of Norfolk individualism.

Unfortunately, this track sets a standard which Shine find hard to follow, and the other two songs fall into its imposing shadow. 'Empty heads ring hollow' is slightly slower, replete with vocals eerily reminiscent of Half Man Half Biscuit's better days. 'Out of touch' hangs round one simple guitar riff and builds into an addictively powerful crescendo.

Ten minutes of pure energy and spirit, and not one lyrical reference to sugar beet - shine on!!

TREVOR WEEDHI

WAR DANCE  
None But The Brave  
4 track demo

Graham Butt, as the more senile among you may remember, gave birth to the Blanks

(later to mutate into The Destructors) way back in 1981. Some seven years later, Gizz is still stringing the same chords together, back in the same studio, and playing the same dodgy Peterborough venues. In a last ditch attempt to climb above the much-hyped Pleasurehead phenomenon, his latest creation, War Dance, confine the cliché.

Drafting in Andy Frantic on bass was a good move - his voice on both lead and backing vocals (in particular 'Ghosts of Empires') is powerful enough to carry it above War Dance's high octane guitar charges. Their problems seem to lie in musical direction - Butt obviously leans to the thrash metal side of things but, despite some stinging guitar breaks, they jar on occasion with some of Frantic's funkier bass departures. However, the latter hints at some interesting future developments for the band.

None of the four tracks are outstanding - all played with power and precision, but lacking the spark of originality of Butt's earlier Destructors. Full marks again to Dave Colton on another immaculate Music Room production: catch him before he joins Stock, Aitken and Waterman.

TREVOR WEEDHI

ABIGAIL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY  
VOL. 2: Abigail Goes To Uncle Arthur's Pop Parlour  
19 track compilation tape

The term 'indie' has always been full of ill-defined boundaries and, at this moment in time, the indie chart covers a ridiculously wide range of acts, from Kylie Minogue to recent Cambridge visitors The Weather Prophets.

The second edition of the ABP tape itself takes in a broad spectrum of mainly unsigned talent from across the country, and presents them in a well produced package, under the collective indie umbrella. As one would expect with such a colourful variety, there's some glaring weaknesses, but, thankfully, some very positive sounds.

This Poison's 'Work out work in' jangles along happily despite being relentlessly pursued by the ghost of David Gedge's wrist.

Cambridge's sole representatives, our very own Poppyheads, get all melancholy with 'Dreamabout', and shamble timelessly into the subconscious.

The BMX Bandits, here a comparatively major band, show themselves to be the naive little schoolboys we always knew they were. 'Beat the

teacher' is a song so painfully sickly and full of self-indulgence, it completely screws up the parts other songs can't reach. These household luminaries produce a lyric that would make even Harry Enfield the new T.S. Elliot!

Elsewhere, The Rain sing about 'Brighton Pavilions' and show genuine flashes of inspiration, while The Raw Herbs (no obvious Cambridge connection) perform a wistful 'At my funeral', which has some neat little acid-spawned guitar hooks.

The highly fashionable 'The' prefix runs rife on side two: The Waltons, The Sullivans, The Morrisons and The House-hunters all contribute very pleasant but instantly forgettable little tunes that come across as half hearted and minimalist, to say the least.

Ironically, then, it's one of the lesser known bands that trashes Abigail's party and eats all the jelly. Metro Trinity (OK, so it's an awful name) blend a hard edged guitar with soft acoustic strummings and launch into 'Michael Furey', an ethereal and lifting piece talking of lost youth and innocence. Instruments drop in and out, but maintain subtle melody and brooding intensity.

A party, then, that Abigail would be proud of. If you didn't get invited, buy this tape instead, and re-live some of the finer moments

in the presence of the country's more independent indie bands. Here's to the third selection.

TREVOR WEEDHI

THE KORONAS  
Seven Popular Beat Instrumentals  
Demo

The Koronas must be a joke, they really must! The tacky green sleeve notes say "call it surf, skate, hard beat or just plain old punk - let me save you your time and money: just call it crap. It's awful. Seven almost identical instrumentals, probably recorded on a cheap cassette recorder in an empty hall (so much for "reverb driven"). Bass and drums wickedly mistimed and played with a total lack of co-ordination and imagination, clashing painfully with regurgitated Duane Eddy-style droning guitar riffs. Putting a Tenison Road address on the tape doesn't exactly lend itself to a package already reeking of student cleverness.

Referring to themselves as 'The men with the crappy guitars', The Koronas must easily win this issue's award for the biggest understatement. Pray that they never make it onto the live circuit.

TREVOR WEEDHI



Always professional

Nothing too big or too small

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# GIGS

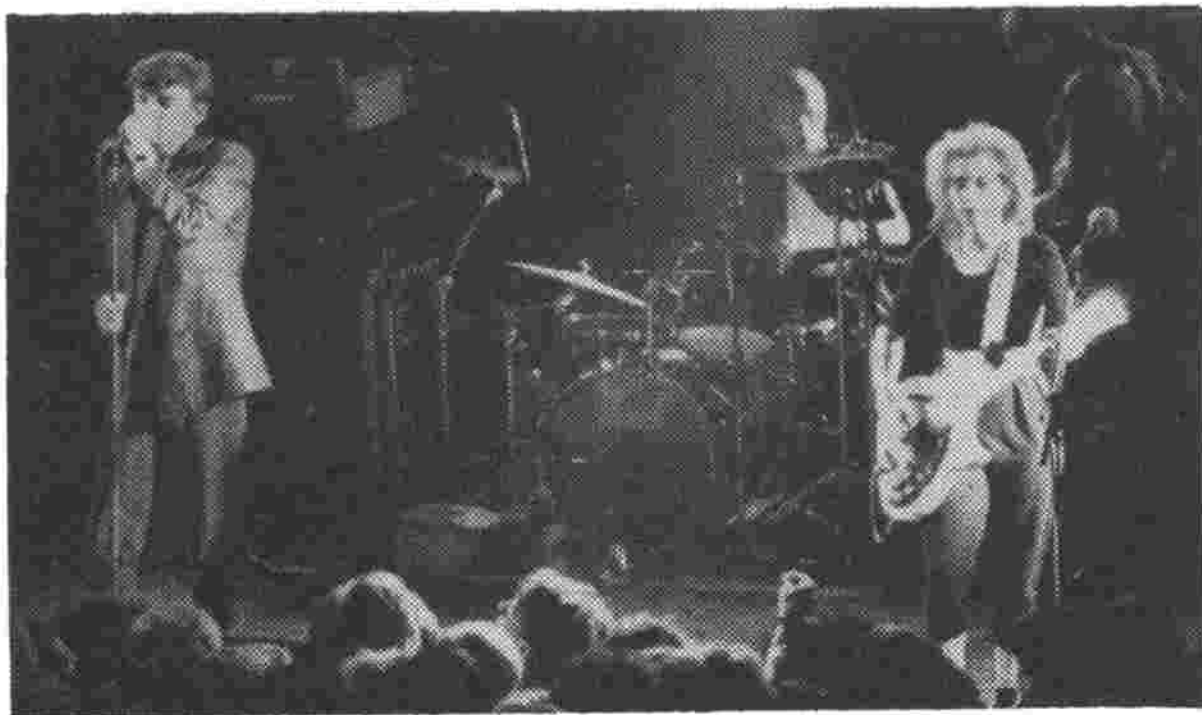
## THE FALL

Corn Exchange, Cambridge

It isn't easy to sum up a Fall gig with a few well chosen phrases. This is not a bad thing actually, but it does make life a tad more complicated for your reviewer.

Recent times have seen The Fall ease slowly but surely into a more commercial role. Those who have followed the band since the early days must have winced at the sight of Mark E. Smith discussing top twenty hits, the album chart, and generally denouncing the 'independent' ethic on T.V. recently. However, to their credit, The Fall have managed to make the transformation to the commercial market whilst retaining a good deal more credibility than bands such as The Sisters Of Mercy. And after ten years hard slog, I, for one, cannot deny them some degree of commercial success. In actual fact, their latest album 'The Frenz Experiment' contains a couple of excellent tracks.

Musically speaking, tonight's



performance in front of a capacity crowd was as good as one would have expected: a fitting climax to their short UK tour. The bulk of the material performed was from their latest album, including the wretched 'Victoria'. I was particularly impressed with the excellent guitar work of Craig Scanlon. This man, along with the enigmatic Steve Hanley (bass) represent the wonderful and frightening world of the Fall. In contrast, the pouting Brix (guitar) and Marcia (keyboards) represent the more acceptable (sexual) face of the band. One of the most vital elements of The Fall's work has always been the impression of a group of individuals pulling in different directions and, musically speaking, being at odds with each other.

The main mouth, Mark E Smith, remained his usual aloof self during the gig and not surprisingly seemed somewhat overawed by the amorous advances of a teenage female fan who climbed up on the stage. It is in the hands of this man that the future direction of the Fall lies.

In some ways, it was hard to believe that I was at a Fall gig. Tonight's performance, however polished and professional, lacked the typical Fall ingredients - the ex-party member poke in the eye. I would like to see Smith remove the band from Beggars Banquet, a label that seems intent on pushing the band in the direction of commercial success. A return to the more uncompromising approach of their earlier work is required. They never used to like preaching to the converted!

Paul Attwood

## THE MOMENT MEL'S KITCHEN THE BOGUS RENEGADES Sea Cadets Hall, Cambridge

After arriving slightly late for The Bogus Renegades, I soon got into their sound with a great cover of The Clash's 'Should I stay or should I go'. The hall was now filling up, and waiting to see Mel's Kitchen. They played a great set, with excellent guitar work.

Next on were Haverhill's The Moment, kicking off with 'Sticks and stones' and 'Karl's new haircut'. By now, the audience were electric, with many bouncing up and down at the front of the stage. New songs were played, and it was the drummer's first live appearance. The band were called back for three encores, and, surprise, surprise, Sid and Neil, ex-Markin' Time, appeared on stage, with Neil taking over on drums and Sid replacing Adrian on vocals, for a rendition of an old Makin' Time fave 'Take what you can get'. All in all, one of the best nights of my life. So jump on yer scoots an' keep them whistles blowin'.

Quadrophenic Chris

## MARTIN STEPHENSON AND THE DAINTEES Corn Exchange, Cambridge

Enter Martin George Stephenson, his trilby half-cocked, masking an ever-ready facial embrace, bringing instant applause from the partizan DD's (Daintee Devotees) before taking a swig from the 'Little red bottle' of the alcohol abuse variety.



"God bless ya", a greeting and a blessing quietly uttered in a mildly tempered Geordie accent which, tonight, delivers a melee of styles from country through folk to pop as well as a few unlabelled territories, with the minimum of accompaniment, or by an eight-strong cast of Daintees on strings, brass and keys.

From the Kitchenware stable that brought us Paddy MacAloon, Stephenson may not be as instantly recognisable as a master songwriter, but take away the musical backup and you have sheer poetry with an added

difference: the subject matter. From the womb to the grave and beyond, and all stops (high and low) en route, no8 subject, not even that great leveller, death, is too taboo to slip the attention of this mild mannered man, with a wit as sharp as his eye, and as quick as his pen.

Highlights of his set of a 'lifetime' took the form of extremes in the form of 'Caroline', where death at birth is so cruel; rejection in love is so hard to understand in 'Nancy'; counterbalanced by the effervescent 'Wholly humble heart' in which love takes precedence over casual encounters. As the man said "God bless ya", and, with head down, bows out before the word-perfect DD's with 'I pray': I do, too, that this retiring genius returns, for if you missed him, you literally haven't lived.

Steve Gillett

## THE SURFIN' DRUIDS THE DESMONDS THE HERBS Burleigh Arms, Cambridge

"This is the first time we've played together for three years" was all that announced the spontaneous, almost accidental, reformation of The Herbs, who, I hear from some of the older Cambridge gig-goers, used to be a popular band. Featuring the same guitarist/vocalist as tonight's Druids, they ran through a short set of sixties pop songs, warming up the crowd and hinting at what was to come: any band that plays Van Morrison's 'Gloria' is OK by me (even if it is The Doors' version), and their past appeal became obvious.

The Desmonds, apparently some sort of a 'greatest hits' of local 'serious' bands, were a comedy act that could be called unpretentious, if it wasn't for the size of their drumkit! Blending Beastie Boy chanting, ZZ Top arrangements, Status Quo posturing and Fenland fashion, they were an amusing lighthearted oddment, encouraging a positive reaction.

Harnessing the energy and life of those magic times when the Stones were releasing 'Jumping Jack Flash', Hendrix was playing London, and the Yardbirds were killing America, the first minute of the Surfin' Druids proved them to be more worthy successors to The Herbs. A classy, driving and enervating rhythm section powered the Druids through a fast paced, exciting set, the occasional stab of harmonica



and brilliantly rhythmic guitar outbursts from Jez adding the final touches to the exhilarating sounds. Witnessing Jez's performance, the Rock Competition's 'best guitarist' award seemed a joke, though perhaps predictable in these glamour drenched times. Relaxed, eclectic and stimulating, he was infinitely more interesting than the

thousands of technically perfect Van Halen virtuosos crouched loudly in the corner of every music shop, and he knew when to stop, too!

Refreshingly humble and down to earth, the Druids seemed untainted by that nauseating arrogance and pretentiousness that lays blatant in the smug smirks of contempt on the faces of Cambridge's own little self-proclaimed 'stars', when attending local gigs. Rave on Surfin' Druids.

Graham Gargiulo

## NUTMEG

The Mean Fiddler, London

Aah yes, Spring truly came to the Mean Fiddler tonight. No, not girly flowers and bunny rabbits. This was an evening where even the most stubborn cobwebs of 'pump up the volume-ing' and 'house' music were to be blasted from their crannies to make way for that seemingly antiquarian form of music and performance. Yep, real guitars and entertainment.

This was Nutmeg's second support slot here within a week (I can't really believe nobody's shortened their name to 'Nuts' yet, I really, can't...) and by ten o'clock the place was veritably squished full. Admittedly the vast majority were here socializing before the headlining Irish band, with the rest being mere Saturday night regulars quite content with 'getting down' to Taylor Dayne videos, and other such cultural delights. Nutmeg, however, hadn't safeguarded their performance with a coachload of fans to pad out what could have been an empty hall. Nope, this was Nutmeg vs the impatient London crowd. Which really wasn't going to be a problem.

Y'see, Nutmeg just don't care. From Tom's heartstopping gymnastics to Matthew's desperately cool attitude to a clearly out-of-tune guitar - hey, maybe I'll get round to tuning it for the next song, maybe not... it's all hassle-free.

They begin with some of their less aggressive numbers with Tom's performance verging on the demure: a clever ploy to make us all think the band were just no good. Phewee! nearly had me fooled lads! By the fifth song, though, the crowd was truly taken by this crazy Fenlander and his bunch of mates, happy to thump out some ripping songs; it's what Saturday nights were made for!

Clapping or showing any slight form of appreciation at these London venues can be thought of as getting unduly enthusiastic - but what's this? Serious outbursts of moshing amongst those forced to admit they're having rather a jolly time. 'In England...' causes the equivalent of a riot - and there's still more! Everybody's humming along to 'The Passenger' and 'Jumping Jack Flash', with a closing encore of 'Wild thang' (sorry; thing). A sumptuous choice of covers any road up, perhaps purely coz you're not supposed to do covers that fossilized - or good - anymore.

One would guess that Nutmeg made quite a number of chums that evening, with many folks just feeling pleasantly shook up by the whole simple affair. Forget all the NME music politics and naff, in-depth criticism - some of us like to have a good time occasionally! Of course I'm not going to try and tell you what to enjoy, but honestly, if Nutmeg don't get you a-tapping those toes, then you must be a fridge, or something...

Wendy Lloyd

## Bands

Abraxas-Cambridge 64346  
As It Is-Market Deeping 342254  
Axis-Thetford 811801  
The Bicycle Thieves-Cam. 355053  
Blind Mice-S. Walden 30645  
Bogus Renegades-Camb. 835527  
The Brides-Pboro 26546  
Brotherhood- Histon 3816  
Camera Shy-Histon 3816  
Catholic Boys-Cambridge 328992  
The Children OST-Huntn. 51161  
Colonel Gomez-Ely 740900  
Cri De Coeur-Cambridge 833894  
Curious-Chatteris 3010  
Deja Vu-Newmarket 720090  
The Desmonds- Camb. 334394  
The Fire Dept.-Cambridge 355456  
Fires In Arabia-Crafts Hill 80918  
Floorshow-Cambridge 211068  
Flowershop-Huntingdon 301257  
The Freedom Faction-Cam. 60733  
Fruit Bats-Fowlmere 578  
Geneva Convention-Camb. 860470  
House Grinder-Cambridge 872348  
I Thought I Told You-Hvrhll 704452  
In Flight-Cambridge 65048  
In The Pocket-Cambridge 880034  
Indiscretion-Cambridge 246195  
Infernal Death-Cambridge 880377  
Jack The Bear-Royston 61295  
James Dean Quartet-Cam. 322635  
The Koronas-Cambridge 355456  
Legend-Peterborough 61854  
Mad Hamster-Cambridge 62730  
Mel's Kitchen-Cottenham 51255  
Melting Men-Histon 3450  
The Moment-Ely 740244  
Nutmeg-Ely 721761  
On The Brink-Cambridge 263870  
The Outworkers-Ashwell 2607  
Paradise Street-Cambridge 244825  
Pleasure Heads-Peterboro 311376  
Pluck This-Cambridge 64965  
The Polar Bears-Hunt.412390  
Poppyheads-Camb. 351597  
Possession-Haverhill 702345  
The Principle-Swavesey 80150  
Quiet Life-Cambridge 838448  
Red Dilemma-Camb. 835527  
Rhythm Method-Hitchin 37587  
Rhythm Touch-Camb. 845283  
Sardines-Cambridge 240953  
Session 57-Newmarket 750724  
Shades Of Indiff'ce-St.N'ts 72145  
Shine-Kings Lynn 673760  
Sound Advice-Crafts Hill 82112  
Spiritwalk-Cambridge 214852  
Stand Point-Cambridge 64041  
Stinkhorn-St. Ives 69301

Stormed-Cambridge 65449  
Street Legal-Crafts Hill 80949  
Strike Force-Cambridge 246958  
The Sullivans-Harlow 37048  
Surfin' Druids-Cambridge 860665  
This Replica-Ely 721761  
2am-Madingley 210360  
Turn To Blue-Cambridge 214861  
Trux-Crafts Hill 31550  
The Wood-Cambridge 354635  
War Dance-Peterborough 314703  
Woolly Mammoth-Camb. 843211  
909s-Cambridge 243144

## PA Hire

Chings-Cambridge 315909  
Flite Audio-Cambridge 316094  
Fuzzy-Cambridge 870651  
Music Village-Cambridge 316091  
NSD Sound Services-Cam. 245047  
Pearce Hire-Peterborough 54950  
Skysound-Cambridge 358644  
Star Hire-Huntingdon 411159

## Photography

Richard Brown-Camb. 860801  
Chris Hogge-Cambridge 350799  
Tim George-Ramsey 812376  
Steve Gillett-Cambridge 62560  
Rosanne Holt-Cambridge 249003  
Giles Hudson-Cottenham 51204

## Recording Studios

Carlton-Bedford 211641  
Cheops-Cambridge 249889  
Flightpath-Teversham 5213  
Kite-Cambridge 313250  
Lizard-Cambridge 248877  
The Lodge-Clare 27811  
Makka-Cambridge 66534  
Minstrel Court-Cambridge 207979  
The Music Room-Pboro 46901  
QualiSound-Crafts Hill 82948  
The School House-Bury 810723  
Skysound-Cambridge 358644  
Spaceward-Stretham 600  
Stable-Ware 871090

## Lighting Hire

D.Lights Design 944-500  
Fuzzy-Cambridge 876651  
Just Lites-Swavesey 50851  
Pearce Hire-Peterborough 54950  
Soft Spot-Cambridge 244639  
Star Hire-Huntingdon 411159

## Venues

### Cambridge

The Alma-64965 (Nick)  
Boat Race-313445  
Burleigh Arms-316881 (Reg)  
Corn Exchange-357851  
Man On The Moon-350610 (Stan)  
Midland Tavern-311719  
The Rock-247617  
Sea Cadets Hall-352370 (Tim)

### Huntingdon

Three Tuns-53209  
Waterloo-57199

### Newmarket

Rising Sun-661873 (Paul)

### Peterborough

Crown-41366  
Gaslight-314378  
Gladstone Arms-44388  
Glasshouse-64296 (Harry)  
Norfolk Inn-62950  
Oxcart-267414  
Peacock-66293  
Sanitarium-230383 (Gizz)  
Wirrina-64861

### St. Ives

Floods Tavern-67773 (Stan)

### St. Neots

Cockney Pride-Hunt. 73551  
Kings Head-Hunt. 74094

### Sawston

University Arms-Camb. 832165

## Video Recording

Neil Roberts-Cambridge 210320  
Spaceward-Stretham 600

# Ricky don't lose

# THIS NUMBER

# STRAWBERRY FAIR

Don't forget Saturday June 4th when, for once in the year, you can REALLY go apeshit... take off your shoes and socks and worship the sun (or slush gleefully though the mud), cover every inch of bare flesh with paint, crayon or squashed strawberries.... wind through throngs of happily grinning people checking out copious stalls selling everything from silly T-shirts to whole meat hamburgers.... marvel at an organic teepee, get really pissed and listen to a vital and varied array of bands for free!!!

Despite fairs and festivals all over the country giving up the ghost, Strawberry Fair forges on through numerous trials and tribulations, and is set to hit with a vengeance on the aforementioned date.

This will be the fifteenth Strawberry Fair, which originally started in '74; one exceptionally fat year there were even two! It has always been an event sporting a good mix of kidsstuff, a chance for local hippies, craftsmen and traders to show off their wares, and a showcase for bands within a fifty mile radius.

Ah yes, I remember the days of Lear Jets and the Soft Boys! Thank goodness a festival such as this shows us a wealth of musical talent still abounds; it is not essential to go and starve in a garret in London to sound convincing, and that this town is crying out, like a patient in need of a heart transplant, for a decent, regular, CHEAP, well-organised venue that doesn't feature penguins at the door as a main attraction.

Bands strutting their stuff in the Rock Tent this year, starting at 2.30pm and carrying on till... who knows? are 3-D

Echo from Harlow; Erick, a hugely versatile five piece from Essex; local heroes Nutmeg; the live funk of Bhagwan Fresh & The Gurus Of Jive; Infernal Death, a thrash band from Cambridge; sampler maniacs House Grinder (featuring the best bassist in the universe, Phil Darke, among a well hard live line-up); old favourites Frigidaires; the groovy Freedom Faction; Real By Reel from Harlow, who have been compared to everything from Elvis Costello to the Beatles, actually use a Hammond Organ (!) and provoke 'heart wrenching emotion' by means of their punchy attack. I guess they're good to get down and boogie to. Zoom play jazz rock, and reformed for this gig - they boast one of the best drummers around, Chris Maitland. Hondo appear as the token reggae band, and then there's the Late Road Lunatics, who blasted the majority of the other demos into nirvana. One can call this 'punk jazz', but really it's just instant energy presented admirably with normal (!) instruments and a talented trumpeter. YO!!! Other entertainments, apart from the obligatory beer tent, are puppet shows, drama workshops, mime shows, even a scratch session in the entertainments tent; a marvellous children's area and a cabaret evening, also held in the ents tent (marquee) with the Strawberry Fair raffle, a surprise act from the London cabaret circuit and other groovy goings on.

There's also a folk tent (one of the highlights of the East Anglian folk year): too many acts to mention here, but including Witcham Toll, a trio from Grunty Fen who have a cosmic array of instruments,

electric and acoustic guitars; the notorious Paul Howard; guitar soloist James Eisner; multi-talented Jon Betmead; and the Catholic Boys, a five piece CCAT student band, said to have a strong Pogues influence and energetic radiance; and of course the Mayflower Folk Club who even have a folk MC amongst their bag of tricks.

If that's not enough there's also ongoing music on an outside stage, starting at 1pm and going on till 7pm or so, and featuring an even wider musical variety, among which is Gruppo Reflejo, latin jazz with a Spanish singer; lots of other jazz, saxophone and piano, acoustic guitar acts... the genial David Spiers, who has been a renowned Cambridgeshire musician of varying directions since the age of about 8... Andy Bowie, a lecturer from CCAT... and many other bits and pieces. For full details of the whole event, you can buy the official Strawberry Fair programme, also out now at Grapevine and other retail outlets (mainly in the dodgy area of Mill Road).

If you're up early enough and want to freak out students and tourists alike, rock'n'shock the town, a pre-fair procession will leave the main gates of Midsummer Common at 11.15am - a Chinese dragon, clowns, stiltwalkers and a giant earthball (?) will also be there, so wear your whackiest gear - I strongly recommend red with a hint of green.

Be there or be unfair!!! This event is here via the blood, sweat and toil of a few untiring individuals who make nothing other than a few premature grey hairs. Show those capitalist bastards that there IS life in this town!

Be'ata Burnska