

No. 17

50p

SCENE AND OVERHEARD

CAMBRIDGESHIRE'S ROCK MAGAZINE

APRIL / MAY 1989

AT 10 PACES : BIG BLUE WORLD : MR. KITE
THE LONELY : THE BICYCLE THIEVES



CAMBRIDGE ROCK COMP. HEAT REVIEWS

FIRE FIRE



THE DISTANCE



I WILL NEVER FALL



KINGDOM COME



AT
10
PACES

Debut album available from the band and Andys Records

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the new, bumper edition of Scene & Heard - covering not only the six heats of Cambridge's Rock Group Competition, but also featuring nine band interviews, thanks mainly to the tireless efforts of Steve Hartwell, who interviewed six of the Comp. bands.

Mark Curtis, a regular contributor for some time now, has been invited to join our editorial board: next issue (out early June) will include his interview with New Model Army. Apologies once again to Pluck This for the non-appearance of their interview. Dez has promised to get it in for the next issue.

The winner of the Nuclear Assault competition which was held in our last issue was Paul Newman of Cherry Hinton, Cambridge. Mark will be sending the LP on to you shortly, Paul.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Flightpath Studios, Qualisound Studios, Minstrel Court Studios, The Alma Brewery, At 10 Paces.

PRINTERS

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Scene and Heard is available from the following outlets:

Cambridge:
The Alma, Andy's Records,
Market Passage Newsagents,
Music Village

Huntingdon:
The Rock Shop

Peterborough:
Andy's Records,
The Glasshouse

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COUNTY SCENE

No sooner have we printed an up-to-date photo of Peterborough's **WAR DANCE** (last issue), then we learn that the line-up's changed again. James Lord, their recruit from Infernal Death, has now left the band, and has been replaced by a newcomer to the local scene, Dave Norris. From the end of March to the end of April, War Dance will be touring Europe with Wehrmacht, but without their regular drummer, Mungo Shaw, who's still at College, and has some exams to sit. The band are holding fire on their deal with Belgian record company Hageland: apparently Roadrunner Records are also showing interest, and it looks likely that War Dance will be doing a showcase gig for them at the Sir George Robey in London.

GIZZ BUTT's joining The Stupids! Don't worry, you War Dance fans; it's not permanent. Gizz is signed up as stand-in for The Stupids' guitarist who can't make their summer tour of the USA.

Meanwhile, Gizz's partner in crime, **ANDY FRANTIC** is forming a non too serious hardcore band, featuring former War Dancers Matt Keys (drums) and Tim Head (vox). The name of the band? Tribe Of Yankees.

DAVE COLTON has sold his Music Room Recording Studios in Peterborough, so that he can concentrate on his new-found career as bassist with The Pleasure Heads. The studio's new owner has refurbished and enlarged the studio, and has also completely refitted the control room equipment, including a new desk and outboard rack, Baz continues to engineer, and is running the studios for the new owner.

THE PLEASURE HEADS go to the Elephant Recording Studios in London on 8th and 9th April to record their next single. You'll be able to see them in action in Cambridge at CCAT on April 14th, with The Cherry Orchard and The Floorshow, and on April 26th.

Huntingdon's **THE CHARLOTTEs** are recording their debut mini LP this month (April). They're using the Bristol recording studio which is used by The Flatmates, and the LP will be released just before summer, by Subway Records, The Flatmates' record label. The Charlottes have a couple of interesting gigs coming up in the Batman at CCAT: on 19th April, with The Rosehips, and on 26th April, with the James Dean Driving Experience.

One of the highlights of the recent gig calendar in Cambridge has been the series of gigs put on in CCAT's Batman by Alex Lines and Emma House, under the working title of **FAT'N'BULBOUS**. So far, we've seen Mega City Four and The Milk Monitors; Thrilled Skinny and Shrug; The Senseless Things and Snuff. While I have reservations about the likes of Mega City Four and The Senseless Things (flavour of the month?), Shrug, Snuff and, of course, Thrilled Skinny were well worth the admission price - and more. I gather that Alex and Emma are getting another fun-packed programme together for the summer term, with possibly visits from Hull's Death By Milkfloat, and Edinburgh's Jesse Garon & The Desperadoes.

Good news for Cambridge area headbangers - the **ROCK CLUB's** back in action at **MELBOURN** Sports & Social Club. Maurice McComb has started business again on Friday evenings - one per month - and his forthcoming gigs are: 21st April - The Frigidaires; 12th May - Engine and The Desmonds; 2nd June - The Hamsters.

Now new of forthcoming gigs at the Sea Cadets Hall, promoted by Mark Curtis and Tim Cole (collectively known as **STATUS PROMOTIONS**). On Saturday, 8th April, they're bringing The Macc Lads to Cambridge. Support for this gig was to have been Digitalis, but as bassist Chris Cutting has just left the band, they are not likely to be playing, and could well be replaced by Arcana. Admission is £3. On Saturday, 26th April, you can see the Sardines, Blind Mice and The John Waynes: admission price for this gig is £2.50.

Yet to be confirmed are Mega City Four and The Senseless Things (May 6th) and Nutmeg, Son Of A Nun and Shades Of Indifference (May 20th), but Ozric Tentacles and Bible John will be definitely playing there in July.

THE JOHN WAYNES, from the Northampton area, played at the recent Comic Relief charity gig held at the Peterborough Regional College. Organised by Sandra Dalton (S & H Contributor and Glasshouse compere), The Pleasure Heads, The Brides and the aforementioned John Waynes helped to raise £400. The only sour note of the evening was the cancellation of the bar, a last-minute decision taken by the College's Principal.

Five of the bands who failed to get a place in this year's Rock Group Comp. have recently been in the public eye, to a greater or lesser extent: **TRIBE OF DAN**, from St. Neots, made the headlines recently when they won the Eastern Regional Final of Musician Style '89: not only do they go through to the grand final in London, but also they've already won £2,500's worth of equipment. **MR KITE**, who have received a fair amount of coverage in this issue, are one of many local bands currently on the books of budding rock group manager, Sharon King. **SHRIKE** recently hired the ADC Theatre for a week of late night gigs. **(BUSY) MAKIN' PROGRESS** have played a couple of impressive gigs at the Sea Cadets Hall. Guitarist/singer Andrew Brading has strong musical connections: his dad and uncle are members of Calbridge's cult ceilidh band The Crofters. **THE COLOUR FACTORY**, from the Ely area, have been seen gigging in Peterborough. Their brand of power pop, in the same vein as Mega City Four and The Senseless Things, could make them a group to watch out for in the coming months. For these bands, and those others who failed to get a place in this year's Comp., there could be good news on it's way - it's strongly rumoured that, next year, all bands who enter the Comp. will be given an opportunity to participate: there's a suggestion that some form of play-off heats may be held at The Junction (the new venue). Quite how that's going to work out remains to be seen, but it sounds a better proposition than what's happening at the moment.

THE MULLAHS, who recently played a low-key gig in Cambridge (at Emmanuel College) are about to have their debut single released. They've been caught up in the backlash of the Salman Rushdie affair, for some Muslims have taken exception to their name. They also had a scare recently when drummer Simon Bishop appeared to have some sort of arthritic problem with his hands, but, having had fluid drained away, he appears to be OK now.

Further proof that **THE BIBLE!** are big business came at their recent gig in London, at the Town & Country Club 2. The gig was a sell-out, and tickets were exchanging hands outside for double their face value. The Bible's performance that night was one of the best I've seen from them for some considerable time. Local band **JACK THE BEAR** proved more than adequate support. Featuring new bassist Phil Darke (ex House Grinder and Mood Assassins) and assisted by Pluck This's Clive Lawson on fiddle, they played a rousing set of virtually new (to me, at least) material. Rumours abound of a potential record deal.

There's no doubt about the winner of this month's Dickhead Of The Month award - the landlord of the Rock public house in Cambridge was a clear winner. He made clear his intention of going all out for this coveted prize when he decided to cancel **PLUCK THIS**'s gig which was scheduled to take place there in March, on the grounds that he thought Nick Winnington of the band (and also mine host at the Alma Brewery) was conspiring with the Weekly News's Dez Glennon to suppress info on gigs at the Rock, to the advantage of the Alma. However, his real tour-de-force came a couple of weeks after that.

He'd booked Haverhill's innovative and quirky popsters **I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU** to play his pub, without having heard (or heard of) the band. When they were three songs into their set, he pulled out the plug, and accused them of taking the piss (presumably because they don't include a cover of 'Johnny B. Goode' in their set). He didn't even have the decency to honour the contract and pay the lads. All together now - one, two, three: "dickhead!!!"

PHIL JOHNSON



Tony Shepherd (The Bible)



Mark Goodier, Suzi Quatro and Tribe Of Dan

BIG BLUE WORLD



Peterborough band **BIG BLUE WORLD**, formerly known as *Le Tricot Rouge*, are perhaps not as well known in the south of the county as they ought to be, but they're up there with the likes of *The Pleasure Heads*, *War Dance*, *The Brides*, *As It Is*, etc. They gig regular in London and the Midlands, and they're planning to bring out a promotional single this month (April). Sandra Dalton and Dave Remnant arranged the following interview with the band, who are Stuart K (vox), Mick Rivett (bass), Ian 'Nobby' Clarke (gtr) and Jon Corkhill (drums):

Jon: Big Blue World's been going since May of last year, an offshoot of *Le Tricot Rouge*, which included Mick, myself and Stuart. We also had a guitarist and keyboardist, whom we lost last February (1988). We then took on Nobby as guitarist. Since then, we've been working as hard as we can to get the band on the road, gigging.

Mick: We're committed to the band and each other. As hard as you work - and we put in a lot of hours - it's what you get out of it at the end of the day that counts.

Stuart: Since the time that the old guitarist and keyboard player left, we've basically dropped all of the old *Le Tricot Rouge* material. What we're doing now is purely Big Blue World - that goes to show how much we've put into it.

If you've created your own music, then your actual performance is going to be a lot better, because you believe in it. I think you put a lot more into it, a lot more. Although people can get off on other people's music - and people do - you're not putting yourself into it. The emotional side is not as strong - it's second hand. We do 'Stand by me' occasionally at gigs, though, because it's a bit of a laugh; it's good fun to do.

Jon: Stuart writes the lyrics and we three write the music - it's always worked that way.

Stuart: I've always written. I write poetry, short stories: I write all the time - it's a good release. A few people have said a couple of my songs are like statements, and question whether that's the right way of doing it, that the songs should be more fun. I think the songs are fun. I've got to be up there, singing it, so I have to believe in what I'm singing, and if it does come out strong, like 'New York' or 'Winter skies', then that's a good thing because it's an expression of me - it's me up there, not me trying to be someone else. If any member of the band disagrees with my lyrics, then I have a rethink.

Jon: We'll be releasing a double A-sided single soon. We've chosen three songs, 'Deceiving myself' and 'Winter skies' on one side, and 'Deviation' on the other. The reason

we decided to do those particular songs is that 'Winter skies' and 'Deviation' are fairly raw songs which we feel portray the band quite well, and 'Deceiving myself' is a slightly more commercial song.



Mick: We're not really selling the record as such, we're sending it to record companies, management agencies and radio stations. It's not really for sales - it's to promote the band.

Jon: We've played London venues like *The Mean Fiddler* (supporting *Jesus Jones*) and *The Hype*, pulling in 200 - 300; sometimes in excess...

Mick:... but we want to play bigger venues like the *Town & Country Club* and *The Marquee*. There's no reason why we can't, as a support to a name band. Also, we want to get on to the *University and College circuit* - it's one of the main breeding grounds now.

Stuart: Our best reaction at out of town gigs has come from other bands. They've come up to us and said "what the hell are you doing playing here?" In a way, it's even better than having loads of people applauding us.

Mick: We do two jobs a day, really - you do 7 hours at work, and then you've got your band to sort out at night.

Ian: We obviously want to go full time, but we don't want to rush into it. We won't be quitting our jobs until it's really necessary.

Stuart: Without sounding corny, we all get along really well. Basically, it's a bit like a love affair, because when we disagree, when we have an argument, once we've had that argument, then it's over and done with. The main thing is the band and the music; and to let something like an argument stop that would be really stupid.

Ian: We need each other, not just as musicians, but as friends - it's not just professional.

Mick: Also, we don't share the same house!

Ian: We want to make it to the top, but having said that, I don't think we want to rush into it and become an overnight success. We want to go through the back street, play the *University circuit*. We want to live and learn: we want to go through the whole lot, and not become big before our time.

Mick: We want to play big venues, come across to a wider audience. Like Ian said, we don't want to be an overnight success, but to work to get there. In most jobs, you have to go through the hardships: we'll go through that, and then once we've established ourselves, we'll hopefully stay there.

Jon: We want to continue playing for years, and not just fade away after a couple of years, after a couple of albums.

Stuart: None of us are in the band for sex or drugs or to get drunk (except maybe Mick)! Personally, I just want to be respected for what I do best, singing and songwriting.



LARRY
NORMAN

LARRY
NORMAN

LARRY
NORMAN

LARRY
NORMAN

It is no secret that first and foremost I'm a heavy metal freak, teased about being the office headbanger, and once affectionately (cough) known as 'the hard lovin' woman' by those involved on Trevor Dann's Sunday Rock Show on BBC Radio Cambridgeshire. I wouldn't say I was proud of that moniker - amused, maybe - but I am proud to hold my head high and say my musical taste spans from Magnum to Megadeath!

All of which makes it somewhat surprising that I should be interested in a Christian folk artist such as Larry Norman, does it not? Bearing in mind that there is a rising movement termed White Metal in both the States (Larry's homeland) and Europe, headed by an act that claim their inspiration came from seeing Larry Norman perform, all becomes clear. The small, blond man I saw playing a moving, funny, enchanting set of his own blues/folk compositions was actually the first Christian rocker, and I'm told that with his band, he can pack a fair punch. When I met him after his show at the Corn Exchange last year, I asked him if he still played rock'n'roll.

Well, onstage, I don't have an awful lot of noise behind me. I usually have a band in Europe, but I'm not taking the band with me this time. Actually, I'm doing what blues artists did, which is folk music from their perspective... with one guitar. I can't sing any of my rock'n'roll songs, and I do completely different songs when I'm with a band.

Stryper, who claim you were their inspiration, have opened the way for many metal bands to come out in the open about their beliefs, and sing about Christianity within the context of heavy metal: how do you relate to that concept?

To me, heavy metal is just rock'n'roll sped up. I played with Stryper in concert once, and we decided, since it looked like the entire audience was heavy metal, that we'd just speed the music up. And they all thought we were a heavy metal band 'cos we came on and performed 'Why should the Devil have all the good music' and other rock'n'roll songs...briskly.

And Leviticus backed me on some concerts in America. At one concert (in a club that usually functioned as a strip joint!), 1500 people got up and danced to heavy metal, which is something I'd never seen. I like heavy metal, and I don't see much difference between it and rock'n'roll: it's just the way you scream.

Many of the current crop of White Metal bands have very strong images, in stark contrast to Larry's complete lack of image. He goes onstage dressed in jeans and a shirt, such as he'd wear on the street or at home, and in conversation emphatically eschews the trappings of showbiz. Having been signed by the EMI/Capitol corporation whilst he was still a minor, he'd eventually found himself in a position where he was getting divorced from his audiences - a development he obviously wouldn't tolerate. For a Christian musician, to be able to communicate his message, he must be able to reach out to the people that wish to listen.

Which is where I think Stryper, an horrendously commercial, industry-controlled unit, may be going wrong. Acts such as Bloodgood, for instance, have a decidedly intimate relationship with their fans - much the same as Larry. So, did he think the commercial aspect of some White Metal bands could work against them, by distancing the people from their message?

I think their make-up is distracting to an adult who thinks a boy should look like a boy. My son who is only two and a half years old is convinced Stryper are girls. I think it's distressing for some people to see boys wearing earrings, because there was a time when that meant you were either homosexual, or a sailor who'd been shipwrecked... and there wasn't any thought of wearing make-up when I was young. Maybe they just don't like their faces without it.

Born and bred in a predominantly black neighbourhood (he was the only white boy until his sisters were born, when he was still the only white boy! - this man sure has a sense of humour), Larry grew up with the blues and gospel hymns, which he found far easier to identify with than white churchgoers hymns. Yet in much of the USA, black blues and gospel are still considered the music of the Devil, as is rock'n'roll and heavy metal. Had he suffered from any church or evangelical opposition?

Jimmy Swaggart, who hates rock'n'roll, said my music was spiritual fornication. If he thinks that about my music, what must he think about Leviticus or Stryper?

How do you feel about that?

I just think that if people don't like the music, they're not gonna like it; and if they have a close personal relationship with god, then they must assume He's not gonna like it either. So they feel that White Metal / Christian Metal is disturbing to anyone except for teenagers, who are too ignorant to know that it's not music. But heavy metal has to be good, or people don't like it: it's not just a noise with people bashing around, and the people that put thought into it and do it well are going to find some respect from young people.

There speaks a parent who I'm sure will teach his children that they can rock'n'roll in the sight of God. A solitary figure, he made his audience laugh, cheer and become silent in the solemnity of prayer, exercising complete control. Yet off stage, he is a quiet, seemingly shy man of great humility that you couldn't imagine dominating a mere babe, let alone an audience of mature adults. I'd like to see him return to Cambridge with his band, as I'm sure a night of rock'n'roll Norman-style would be quite an event.

LYN GUY

Cambridge Rock Group Competition : Heat Reviews

HEAT ONE

When the first Cambridge Rock Competition was held in the Guildhall, there was some question as to whether an audience would turn up to watch the battle of the bands. The attendance of 300 at the first heat was a welcome surprise to the sponsors, who at that time were the City Council, supported by the local branch of the Musicians Union. Now in its fifth year, the annual Competition is a regular feature in the city's rather sporadic rock calendar. The heats generally draw crowds large enough to fill the re-opened Corn Exchange, and this year's event is sponsored by the commercial might of the National Westminster Bank.

Under the Action Bank's banners, **MEL'S KITCHEN** are the first band of the first heat. The sound system is unkind to them, and each song is interspersed with a monstrous buzz from one speaker. They play a somewhat indefinable guitar-pop with a hint of parka jackets, and their songs seem directionless and dissipated. This is the first time I've watched them with their new singer Martyn Sutton. Straining to hear him in the noise, I note that he has a voice not unlike the Housemartins' P.D. Heaton. This is probably a great asset to Mel's Kitchen, but tonight is not their night. **POSSESSION** find themselves on stage without their singer, who is overseas, it is said. Whether he has fled the country in order to escape the judgement of the Corn Exchange, I do not know. However, his colleagues bravely make the best of their predicament and turn out as a three piece. As if to compensate for the singer's absence, guitarist Steve Gibbs turns his instrument up to a level which drowns out the rest of the band. This kind of excess is an encouraging sign, I feel, and they set off promising great things. But this great swirling cloak of goth rapidly becomes tedious without a singer to wear it. The drummer's attempt to add vocals to one number does not lift them out of their rut. With the right front man, this band could be serious contenders; without one, they can only play a series of intros to songs that never happen.

BOYS'LL BE BOYS remind me of last year's success story That Saxe. They are working in the same area of good time salsa, and Head Boy Helen Davies tells us we are having a beach party. This requires a stretch of imagination too great for most of us in the Corn Exchange. At the moment, the band seem overwhelmed by the complexity of their arrangements, and Helen's cheerfulness is betrayed by her nerves. Still, the good thing about these Boys is that they know that pop music should make its audience feel better, and with practise they could be everything they set out to be.

The many members of **WILD BILL HARTZIA AND THE MALARIAL SWAMPDOGS** trail on to the stage with their collection of mandolins, accordians and other acoustic instruments. This is DIY folk-punk, and it's banged out with some exhuberance, although with not the same mania as, say, The Pogues or Cambridge's Pluck This. Wild Bill manage to tackle some serious subjects in their songs, without losing their sense of humour. The band dedicate a song to Edwina Curry, the mere mention of whose name these days is certain to draw a laugh from the crowd. This is a curious thing, for many politicians have resigned because they told a lie; but Mrs Curry is an uncommon example of one who did so because she came close to telling us the truth. James 'Cesspit' Anderton is another public figure to be favoured by the Swampdogs' scrutiny; indeed, many of the great man's insights are incorporated into song.

In contrast to the Swampdogs' good humour, **CHILL OUT** are a funk band in the worst sense of that term. There is a great deal of rapid chopping guitar, and lots of fiddly jumps and jerks in the rhythm. Their one redeeming aspect is in Mark Ablewhite, a brute of a singer who looks and sounds like Joe Jackson, and is undoubtedly the strongest singer in this heat. But, to my ears, this is a hard and unlovely musical form, played with joyless efficiency.

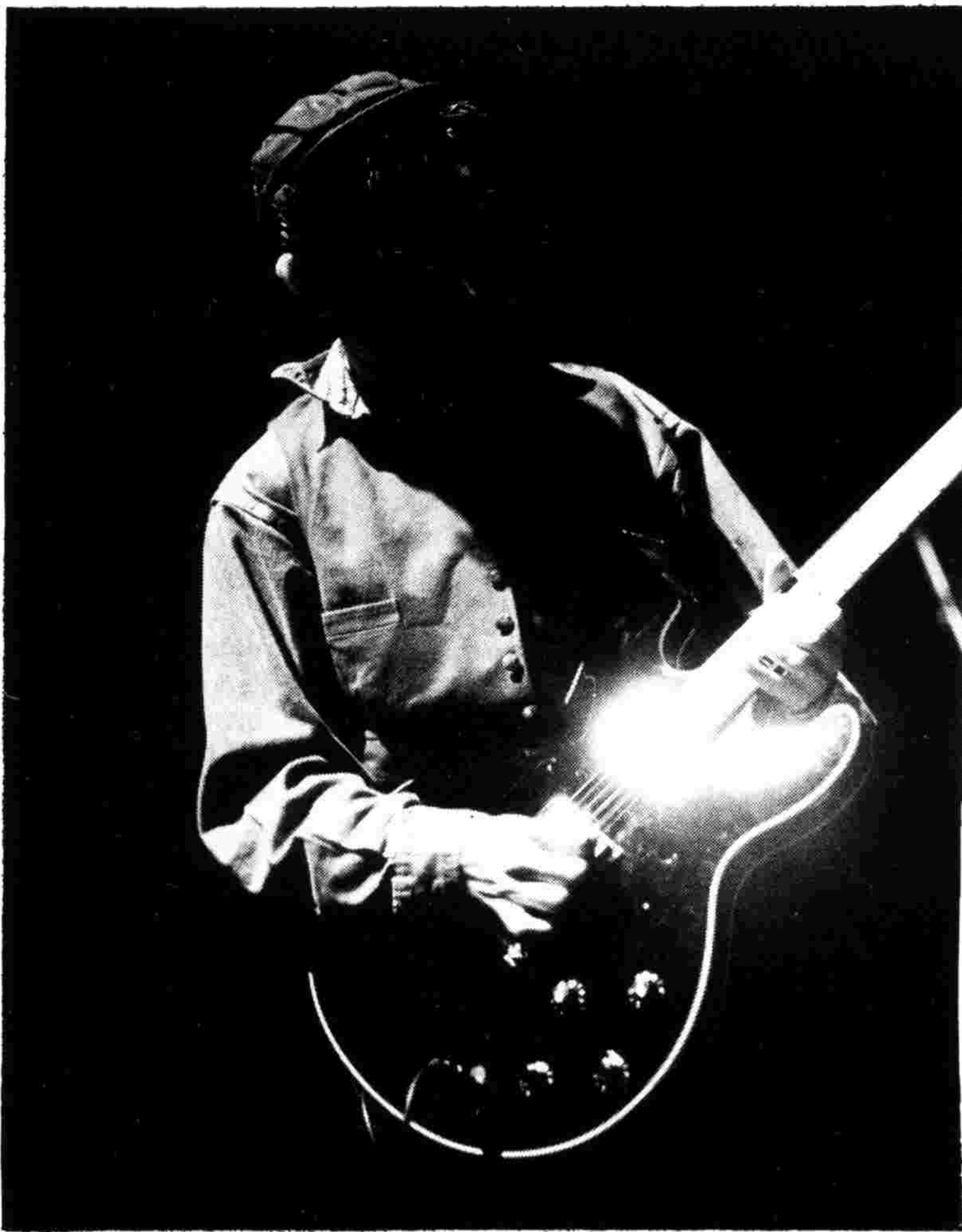
THE DESMONDS have tightened up their playing since last year, when I thought they were let down by their sloppiness. Now that they have pulled themselves together as a band, it's a pity the words are so difficult to hear.

The music is not sufficient to sustain interest by itself, and they need to work on putting across their lyrics if they are to convey their agricultural-world view to a wider audience. Then, with their matching caps and shades, they could be Fenland's answer to Devo.

With much support in the crowd, the Desmonds are a hard act to follow. **SHADES OF INDIFFERENCE** step out with their long hair and leather jackets, threatening some heavy metal revenge. Instead, they settle down to a rough and rowdy pop thrash, sounding very much like Vigil's Aunty. Is this the sound of St. Neots? They are disadvantaged by some fairly unmemorable songs, save for one - the last song of the evening: 'Taxi Driver'. Although it owes its debt to 'Wipe Out', it has enough sleaze and menace to stand out from the rest of their set.

The two bands selected by the judges to go forward to the semi-finals are Wild Bill Hartzia and the winners, The Demonds. For once I agree with the judges, for these bands have some ideas and vision about what they are trying to do, as well as the ability to put it across.

TOM WHITE



John Platten (Spin)



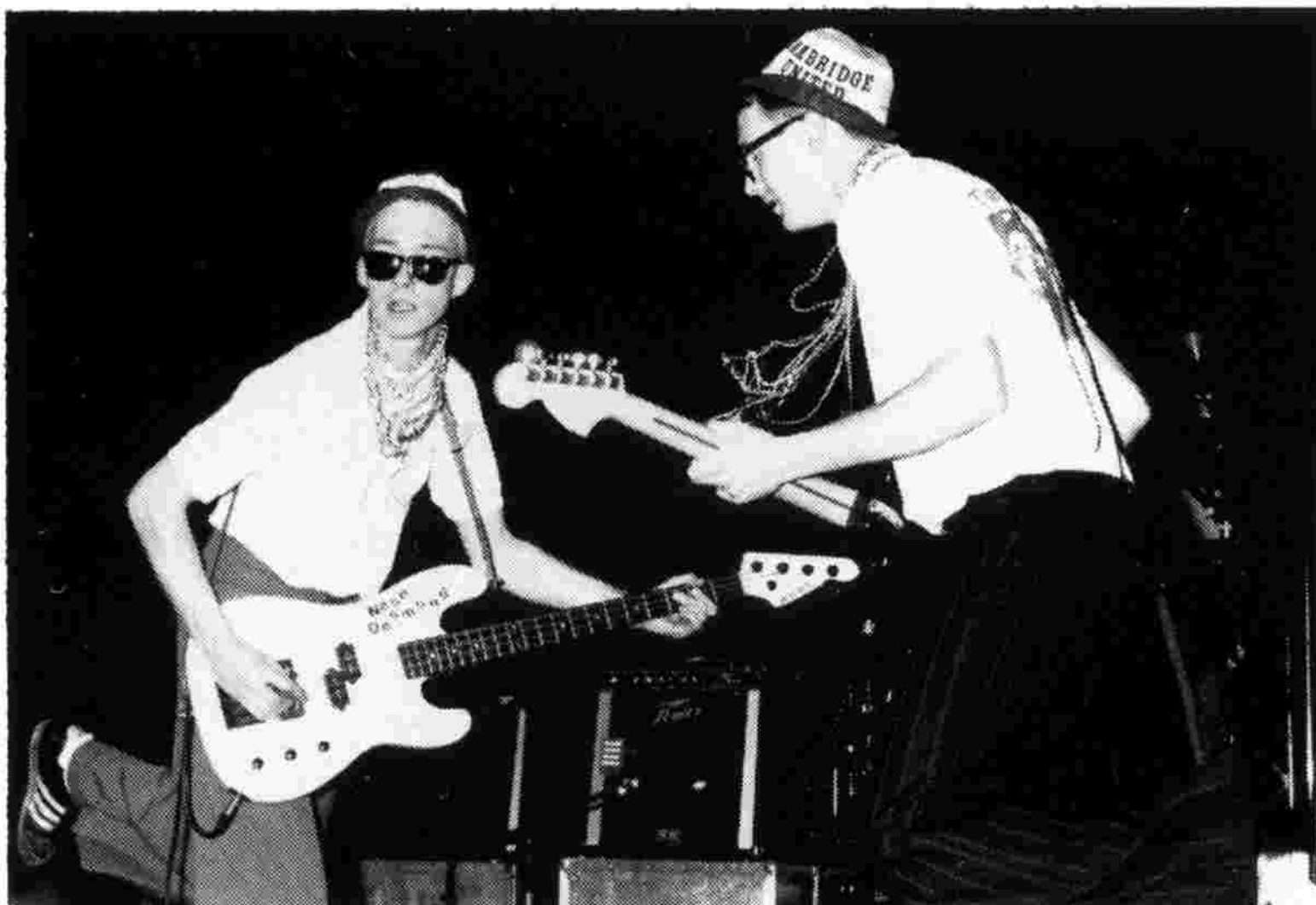
Warren Buckland
(Shades Of Indifference)



Zak Justin (The Flesh Mechanics)



Roger Hostell
(Mr Meaner)



The Desmonds



Helen Davies
(Boys'll Be Boys)

HEAT TWO

Things didn't look good from the bar: "lager or bitter?" yelled the bar-ape. "Lager" I screamed back, as the evening's first band had (to use Scene & Heard cliché no. 17) 'the unenviable task of opening the proceedings'. An immeasurable improvement from their shambolic days as the T.V. Messiahs, **SPIN** play twirling guitar pop songs. Even if the guitars are a little out of tune and the songs a little under-rehearsed, they sounded fresh and promising. Of all the bands playing, I think I'd have liked their record collection the best. The guitarist has a great cap, and they went down well.

'Fresh' was a word that did spring to mind when the exuberant heavy rock band **AS YOU LIKE IT** bounded on stage with their tight, catchy rock songs. Okay, so perhaps the singer has overdosed on the first Def Leppard album, and the multiple guitar ejaculations did prove a little weary, but they had great rock hairstyles and played a spirited rendition of one of the few really decent heavy metal songs, Van Halen's 'Jump'.

I was caught napping back at the bar when **THE FLESH MECHANICS** hit the stage. Essentially a greatest hits package of local musos (see preview for boring details), they overcome the embarrassment of a broken string with admirable dignity. The singer, a sort of pre-Cambridge Diet Marc Almond, strutted around the stage, even managing to squeeze a quick clothes change into the proceedings. You'll notice that I haven't actually mentioned the music yet: well, it's pretty hard to describe - sort of melodic Clash-style guitaring over new wave poppy songs, with a driving back beat. Great name though.

Back at the bar, things were getting worse: big fat ugly-faced monsters in black bomber jackets grunted seriously into walkie-talkies, and 'challenged' 14 year old girls to move away from the stairs. Things perked up when **AT 10 PACES** came on. All I knew about them was their connection with Cambridge's very own 'Colonel Tom Parker', Sharon King, and that there were mumbblings of record contracts. A six piece slice of American rock and country pie with a cream sauce of R.E.M., they were in a completely different class to all the other bands, and it painfully highlighted the sad state of local music and its bumbling amateurish provincialism - it was nearly embarrassing. The singer, a wild Michael Stipe lookalike, led the strange hotch potch of guitarists who resembled Lynyrd Skynyrd leftovers, trying to dress like Lyle Lovett and dance like ZZ Top. Their songs were brooding, weird evocations of dark cowboy Americana. Their last song 'Jesus Express' saw the singer take on the role of a fire & brimstone evangelical preacher, compelling the audience to be saved from this 'devil's music'.

Two girls in suspenders and mini skirts appeared in the wings, holding up banners offering salvation for 9 dollars and 99 cents (plus VAT), giving a strange nightmare circus atmosphere. They just couldn't lose.

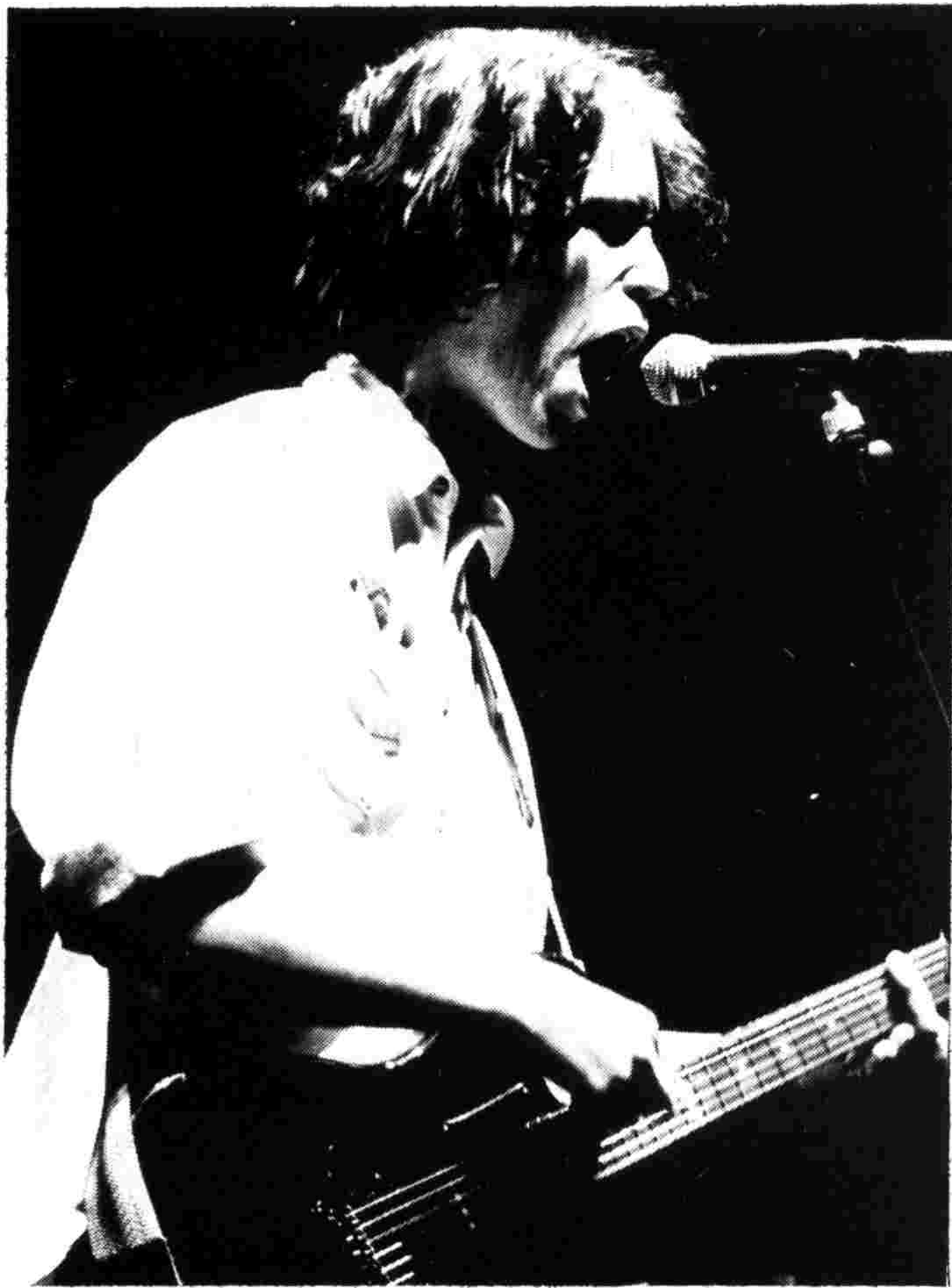
Whilst muttering to some bored old drunk that the breaks weren't quite long enough to get a drink in, **GLASS ASYLUM** peered out from the acres of dry ice gushing onto the stage. Featuring a line-up of drummer, vocalist and what could only be described as 'computer operator', they attempted to merge heartfelt Simple Minds singing with ice-cold synthesised waves of sound. I really don't know what to say about bands like this. Perhaps I could say they were good, but six years too late; perhaps I should launch into my long-winded theories on how total synth pop was ultimately an aberration in the long running saga of contemporary music, like a new sex toy is in the life of a married couple - flogged to death for a few weeks, and then left long-forgotten in a wardrobe drawer; or perhaps I should just bemoan the lack of a suitable category between homo sapiens and simian, in which one could bracket the beer throwing, gob spitting ignorants at the front, who brought a "cunt!" reaction from Glass Asylum's singer. The Weekly News liked this band.

Mystery band **UNSTABLE** drifted shyly onto the stage, comprising a sensitive, effete looking guitarist, so self-conscious that he kept hiding in the dry ice (who works that bloody thing?), and a smooth, tanned bassist, playing one of those horrible headless jobs (I wondered who bought those things!). The guitar string demon struck again, shortening their set. The bassist, forgetting to adjust the mic. stand down to his height, gave us an unintentionally funny, rather good neck-straining 'Lemmy' impersonation. They managed to get things together for their closing Cure-ish swirl, which cheered up the desperate to dance youngsters.

Things were at a real low back at the bar, when a grubby, chicken-tonsilled little character screamed "We're **MR MEANER!**", and launched into an attempted Tom Dalpra impression, minus the charisma, wit and parody (ironically, at that very moment, the Nutmeg frontman was actually being ejected from the building by two bouncers). Quite where these characters come from, I've no idea. Why are they playing this sort of music? What bands must they like? Why is there no clause in the competition rules to prevent them from entering? They were horrible. Too harsh, perhaps? A little unfair? Someone said that I should say "nice bunch of blokes, who are good at what they do." Okay, then, we'll leave it at that.

At 10 Paces won, of course, but Mr Meaner second? No, surely not! Judges, please, you've made a terrible mistake... the first of many, I mused, as a bouncer shuffled me out.

LESTER O. THATCH



Darren Walker (This Replica)



Richard Bath (The Brotherhood)



James Everard (Well Wicked Warriors)



Jason Smith (The Cherry Orchard)



At 10 Paces



Mel Smith (Black Candy)

HEAT THREE

Let's face it: this was the potential blockbuster, the heat to see - as over 1,000 people can testify. But first for a little abuse, courtesy of Mark Wretham, **VAMPCOW**'s Prince Charming. 'Mrs Clarke, your baby's dead' and other such unpleasanties littered what could have been a worthwhile 20 minutes. For when Mr Nice Guy did shut up, his band looked well capable of showing their metal (sic). Instead, the crowd were showered with aerosol spray, and it was goodnight from them. (Digitalis were to show them how to present this type of 'entertainment' in Heat 4). Enter **EXCESS X DELUXE**, direct from the computer age. Chris Williams' first band won the Second Rock Competition in 1986, but his latest bunch of drumless wonders are a far cry from the trendy pop of Double Yellow Line. The intensity of their keyboard-dominated songs, played at crawling pace for the most part (and with little co-ordination), left them floundering. There may

have been a half-decent song in there somewhere, but finding it was sure heavy going - so why bother? I swear I heard one thousand people breathe a sigh of relief when **THE BROTHERHOOD** took the stage and blew away the pretentiousness and inhibitions of the first two bands. Their injection of energy was just what the contest needed: pop music played with gusto - and a touch of soul, too. The Brotherhood's gutsy delivery was best exemplified by frontman Richard Bath, who yelled his lyrics with a mean defiance that is the very spirit of rock'n'roll. An excellent performance.

THE LONELY came well prepared for a showdown. Ten years of experience behind them, and starting with 'Born to be wild' riffs, it sounded more like twenty years. But good tunes can stand the test of time, and Ted Koehorst's still knocking'em out by the dozen. Poor Ian Docherty, another previous Competition winner (with Spiritwalk), had to dodge the beer glasses and the saliva while Ted executed his guitar breaks with technical proficiency and a grin. The raw and youthful **THIS REPLICA** brought us back to the eighties with their goth/indie pop. Having witnessed many a pub gig of theirs over the past year or so, it was most gratifying to see they'd progressed sufficiently to fill the vast expanse of the Corn Exchange with their sound, and captured the attention of the large crowd. Although This Replica gave it their best shot, there lurked the feeling that they would be edged out of the contest by the previous two bands.

The sound of **ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND** tended to get lost somewhere in the venue's acoustics. Regrettably, lyrics of appalling banality were audible, and highlighted the band's lack of direction. Many onlookers were happy to show them the way to go - by heading towards the bars.

THE MELTING MEN are a pleasant bunch of musicians, and are not too dissimilar in style to The Lonely. Whilst they delivered a reasonable set, it was a case of 'too little, too late'. Their choice of 'The letter', a 22 year old song which The Lonely invariably plunder, was a surprise, as the band have plenty of original material.

In the end, the vitality of The Brotherhood and The Lonely's know-how were proved to be the winning attributes on the night.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

HEAT FOUR

Back to the Corn Exchange for another heat. A pretty funny one, this one; checking over the bands, there's no one who really stands out - no one you'd think "yeah, they'll win." The hall was filling up when I heard that Deja Vu had swapped their heat place with Black Candy - a definite improvement for this heat.

FILTHY RICH are from St. Ives; my mum and dad saw them back in '61 - no, only joking, but they have been around for ages. The last time I saw them, they had an Angus Young-style dwarf guitarist, who was mock strangled by the singer, and blood or ketchup came out of his mouth and went on his shirt. Tonight they're plain good old boring heavy rock. "Look, it's Janine" someone yelled, and I realised they are comparing the band's inevitable 'sexpot' bimbo female to the famous Spinal Tap megalomaniac girlfriend - yeah, that sounds about right: a Competition Spinal Tap.

I'd never heard of **THE BICYCLE THIEVES** before. Looking alarmingly like University undergrads., they churned out jangly, indie-ish songs with very, very, very danceable Bhundu Boys African rhythms. They got a good reaction and were OK; but if you like your music dangerous and on the edge, don't look here - but your parents will probably like them. Very safe. At least **DIGITALIS** had some spunk and personality. Despite such a shitty name, they were pretty fast and exciting, and deserved to win simply for being the only band to actually get up and say what everyone thinks: "the Competition stinks!"; and drawing our attention to the plight of the previous year's winners: "their fucking singer got chucked out." Dalpra still dominated, even in his absence.

I'd seen **BLACK CANDY** before, once with the girl singer, and once without. First time they were OK, second time they were shit. Tonight they had some life about them, even if they did suspiciously sound like a Nutmeg with a female frontperson: but they were badly let down by the

guitarist's insistence on sticking the same old boring solo into every song for as long as possible. Apparently, their singer's "got a lot to learn about rock'n'roll": perhaps the guitarist's learnt too much. They were bouncy and fun, though. Best so far.

Any band that gets banned from CCAT by causing offence has got to be worth seeing, I thought. Whether **B.O.B.** stands for Bend Over Bitch or Boring Old Bastards, I don't know and I don't really care, for I'd forgotten what they were like even before they'd finished. A great let down. "A Burleigh band, lots of friends," someone said. What can they mean?

"Bland reggae": out came my inspired 2 word review of the **RESIDENT ALIENS**. They looked pretty old and sounded like they'd been around for years and years and years - session musos? If they had a funny vocalist, they'd go far in Cambridge.

THE WELL WICKED WARRIORS were struggling with Filthy Rich and Digitalis for the 'shittiest name' prize, as their Dave Vanian-like singer prowled and stalked around the stage. Forgettable weighty melodies played by a faceless backing band. Apparently students - they'll probably have more success in the City, or something.

Well, there you have it: a pretty rubbishy middle of the road heat really. No Choppers to dig or Floorshows to laugh at, although I suppose things could have been worse... Deja Vu?

Personally, I'd have liked to have seen Black Candy go through, but then that's only lil' ol' me. The judges chose The Bicycle Thieves as winners, and Well Wicked Warriors second. Oh well.

HAYDN FOWLER

HEAT FIVE

The first thing that really came to mind when I saw **THE CHERRY ORCHARD** was that sense of dynamics and structure in their songs which were made popular by Lou Reed. Coupled with some jangly guitar, it all made a rather pleasant start to the evening. Maybe I'm alone in thinking that they weren't so inspiring as I'd hoped. The attention they have been getting recently wasn't really justified... make of that what you will. 'Shinin' Cadillac', despite a teeth-grinding Americanism for a title, was their best song, and all in all, I suppose they deserved first place in this heat.

O-ZONE. One of my old teachers at Netherhall was in this lot! Mr 'Rolf' Hardy on stylophone, sorry, keyboards. To say this lot were disappointing would be quite an understatement. Before you all accuse me of indulging myself at the expense of someone who was once 'in charge', you're very wrong. Their singer can't sing, the lyrics were pretentious beyond belief (something to do with someone called Bridget and a hedgerow), the music banal, and they were all old enough to know better. Possibly the worst I have ever seen.

Marginally better than the last were **IZA BLUE**; uninspiring guitar breaks, no style in their songs or dress. 'Living on HP' was a rather embarrassing attempt, I suspect, at a social comment. Eminently forgettable.

Thrash metal time with **ARCANA**, and they came as a welcome relief to the last two groups of nowheres. I liked them and have done ever since they tightened themselves up. Their stage manner is appealing; they do what they do well, and they seemed to enjoy it all. More power to their elbow (hurr, hurr - musos everywhere)

Metal bands never get anywhere in the Rock Comp., and it's a crying shame. One of my fellow judges couldn't even appreciate the exceptional Vince Neil-like vocals of Julian, **HIGH TREASON**'s lead singer, who impressed us all with Axis last year. Honestly, the metal bands come on, play well, have a good time and get virtually nowhere, whilst other bands who get through may not be so worthy. Give the hard rock / metal / thrash bands a fair crack of the whip. It's sheer fallacy to say that metal is a minority interest, and so the judges will pick something more 'safe': most of the other judges don't want to know, and write the bands off before they start. Anyway, the songs were fine: lots of palm beating and dive bombing from the guitarist; the right look. Box standard heavy metal, maybe, but done well.

THE BURNING can all play; the singer sounded in places like a young Jim Morrison, and their guitarist looked like John Lennon. Only one thing needed improving to make them into something short of sheer (sic) magic, and that's songs. I think it's back to the rehearsal room to start plugging away: it'll come, I'm sure.

THE BOGUS RENEGADES got the crowd moving quite nicely: good songs, nice voice, and all in all, quite a respectable performance from last year's Best Young Band winners. Only one thing made me cringe with severe embarrassment, and it was the line "there's a catcher in the rye tonight", a rather inadequate synopsis of J.G.Sallinger's finest: a small point, I know.

MARK CURTIS

HEAT SIX

This heat was very varied, both in style and quality, featuring both the best and worst bands of the competition. **THE NIGHTJARS** made a very promising start, bursting forth in a big bubble of noise. The combination of the idiosyncratic vocals of John Lindsell (ex-Giant Polar Bears) and the remnants of Red Over White promised much, and delivered the goods in the form of 'Catherine', for my money the song of the competition. The other songs all had something going for them, but most of the time it was all too easy to spot the influence, which detracted from the undoubted quality of the songs. 'Don't be fooled' sounded like The Primitives, and elsewhere they sounded like The Wedding Present and The Bunnymen. An impressive performance, and if their influences were less obvious, they might have got further.

CHOPPER have refined both their material and its presentation in the last year. The basic sound is essentially the same, but the songs are longer (and in one case slower), although they still managed to get 9 into their 20 minute set. As usual, their stage act was very exuberant and they were lucky that their drummer didn't go off the stage with his drum stool during the first song. For once, Hugo's vocals were audible, but the speed of delivery maintained their indecipherability. They're still progressing, but their set lacked the novelty value that saw them through to the semi-finals last year. They are definitely the best of the local thrashers, bringing a distinct feeling of speed to their music which other bands lack.

Thrash has become fairly standard and respectable this year, but it's coming up against the same sort of prejudices as HM, in terms of doing well in the competition.

The biggest surprise of the night was **CROSSLAND**, who put in a well polished set of pumping rock in a very commercial Ultravox/Spandau style. They've certainly come a long way from the time some of them were in the distinctly dodgy Refugee (who played the second competition, not the first, as stated in our last issue's heat previews). They've obviously learnt to play a lot better and, more importantly, they've learnt to write good songs, with a strong feeling for dynamics. Like most of the successful bands in the competition they had a singer who could not only sing but also had that vital stage presence. A well deserved second place, and expect to hear a lot more from them during the next year - they could go far.

Clear winners of the Worst Band of the Competition award were **THE SENATORS OF SIN**, who obviously hadn't bothered to rehearse. To add to their problems, their singer couldn't sing and the songs were awful. It's a pity that bands like this enter the competition when there are plenty of others who would have taken it more seriously. Despite their poor performance, they got a good response from the crowd - even a stage diver - but was it all from their friends at Long Road 6th form college? They had some good ideas, though, and with a new singer and some practice, they could be quite good - they showed a lot more imagination than most bands.

Before most people had even seen them, **THE FLOORSHOW** were tipped to win the competition (on the basis of their demo tape and the musicians involved) and their performance certainly lived up to that promise. Part of the anticipatory build-up was orchestrated by the band giving whistles to people in the audience; a practice that will no doubt be frowned upon by the organisers, but it certainly generated a bit of excitement. They played rocking pop songs (the last one sounded

like Pat Benetar), and from the first they exuded the professionalism that could make them stars, if their arrogance doesn't bring them down. It can be a bit dodgy doing a cover, as it tends to show up the faults in your own material, but the Prince song was very well done: it was probably the highlight of their set,

but their own songs stood up very favourably by comparison. Unlike many other of the bands in the competition, they really made an effort to put on a show and their use of backing vocals was particularly effective. Deserved winners. Unfortunately I had seen **DEJA VU** last year and they hadn't improved. The band are very proficient (as they'd have to be to play this sort of progressive rock) but the singer's voice grates and the songs are awful, full of awkward time changes and solos, and lacking any tune. Their backing vocalists could all sing better than the lead singer. Like last year, they only managed to squeeze in three songs, and before they'd reached halfway through the first one, the hall was half empty. File under distinctly tedious.

Bringing up the rear and finishing off the heats were **INFLITE**. Their sound was very similar to last year's, treading the currently very popular middle ground between rock and pop. Instrumentally, they were very proficient, but the songs weren't really catchy enough to take them any further, and given that this is their fourth appearance (in one form or another) in the competition, it seems unlikely that they will ever do so.

Forty two bands have assaulted my ears in the last seven weeks, and unlike previous years, there have been no exciting new discoveries to offset against the hours of tedium. There were good bands of course, but they've all been going quite a while. Are there no innovative bands out there, or are they simply discouraged from entering the competition?

STEVE HARTWELL



Richard Turner
(The Bogus Renegades)



Debbi Jayne
(Deja Vu)



Crossland



Brian Tolworthy (Black Candy)



Juliet & Grant (The Floorshow)



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WILD BILL HARTZIA AND THE MALARIAL SWAMPDOGS



just show up and play; you don't have to soundcheck or anything. We don't have any great ambitions. We never really set, any of us, to form a band: we're just a jam session that turned into people offering us gigs. We essentially packed up at the end of last (academic) year because we were bored with it; we were just doing University gigs. None of us had the time, none of us wanted to make the time commitment we'd have had to put in to take it any further than that. We were only ever supposed to be a laugh band."

Apart from 'Wild Bill', Dan also performs under the name 'The Red Herring'.

"That's what I'm more into, really, I take that more seriously. Previous to the Rock competition we (Wild Bill) always used to do all covers of old folk songs, old Woody Guthrie songs, old workers songs, old union songs and occasionally skiffle songs, and then we'd put in the odd Roxy Music or Bill Withers covers just occasionally. The songs I do solo are songs I have written that are essentially vaguely comedy, vaguely socially conscious, but some of them are just silly songs. The general tenor of the thing is taking the piss out of things from a vaguely socialist perspective. For the Rock Comp., we, or rather some of us decided and persuaded the others that it would be a good idea to do original stuff, so we did some of the songs I do in my solo act, arranged for Wild Bill. I've done solo gigs in London and Brighton, and I did the Footlights tour last summer - that went round all of the country, but my contribution to that was fairly limited: I did 3 or 4 songs a night. I wasn't very happy about it. There's great things about being in a band when it all goes well - it's a good feel and all that - but the solo stuff is much easier to organise, and you don't have any problems of personal differences: you can choose exactly what you want to do. I'd like to carry on doing both of them really, you get different things out of each of them. The other thing is that the words to my songs are what I consider to be the most crucial and important part of it. If you play in a band, then for one thing, people can't generally hear the words, and for another, if people are dancing, then they don't care a toss about the words - which is fair enough. If you want to get the lyrics across, the best thing is an acoustic guitar or a piano. I am

quite angry about a lot of things, but I don't like doing that as a performance - being angry as a performance. I can't sustain it, I don't really want to rub people's noses in it. If you can make people laugh about problems and things, then you achieve both things - public awareness and entertainment.

My contemporary hero is Michelle Shocked, but my all-time favourites are Leadbelly and Woody Guthrie - mainly Woody Guthrie, but I'm getting into Leadbelly at the moment. And Dylan, of course: I was much more into Dylan as an adolescent than I am now. I prefer simpler stuff now: Dylan seems to go out of his way to make things very complicated, and throws in all these images which you don't know quite what they mean. I do like simplicity, I think it's a virtue in music.... also it's easier. My musical taste varies from the folk stuff, where the words are very important, to dance music - I like dance music a lot. I'm not very keen on rock music because I think it takes itself much too seriously. With folk music, its virtues are enthusiasm, making a loud noise and having a good time. It's a bit like punk, that's the way I see it - you do it, you have a good time, and it communicates itself.

'Bill Hartzia' is a disease in tropical countries. It's an infection that is passed on through snails; there's these little snails that live in water and mud, and they're a secondary host to it. It's actually quite a nasty illness. When we just had to think of a name for a one-off gig and I thought of it, it sounded funny and we've kept it. Since then, I've had grave moments of doubt as to whether we should use the name of a disease as a band name. My cop-out is that no one understands it, anyway, everyone just thinks it's very weird.

We've recorded various demos at various times, but nothing serious. We keep talking about getting it together to record a demo, mainly so we've got something concrete for ourselves. But getting 9 people together to do it is a nightmare. We'd all like to get something on tape, but it's never really been possible.

If you want to make money out of it, don't have 9 people in your band. You have a lot of fun with 9 people, but you just don't make any money out of it."

STEVE HARTWELL

They have the longest name and the biggest line-up in the competition, and came a surprise second in the first heat. Fortunately, I was not faced with interviewing the whole band, but spoke to their rather quiet leader, Dan Gooch (vox/gtr).

"It started off with three of us doing it, just over a year ago. We just used to jam in living rooms and bedrooms. Then people started asking us to do gigs, little ones then bigger ones, and then more people joined. Basically, if we found anyone who could play something which we hadn't got in the band, they were in. We've lost an accordion player and a drummer since we started, but generally we

just add people rather than substitute them. Everyone's from the University except Phil, who's from the Tech. It's all done by friends of friends.

We do actually sound better when we're not amplified, and we try to play acoustically when we possibly can. But unfortunately you can't really play to more than 30 or 40 people like that. The joy of it is that it makes rehearsals so easy. The drummer generally just brings a snare, so everybody can bring everything in just one hand; you don't have to bring amps, speakers, big drum kits, synthesizers, all that kind of rubbish.. It also makes gigging easier, and more fun really. If you're doing an acoustic gig, you

AT 10 PACES

At 10 Paces were the surprise winners of heat two, putting in a powerful and enjoyable set which got them a well-deserved first place. They have been going for about a year and have played just a handful of gigs in places as far apart as Edinburgh, Lincoln and London. All of them work at USAF Mildenhall, which poses some difficulties: they had to get special permission to play the heat, and their rhythm guitarist has just been transferred to the States for a couple of months.

Jesse J. (vox/acoustic gtr): We don't play on the Bases or anywhere right next to Bases, because we don't want to be known as a military base band. We want to disconnect ourselves completely from that. The thing is, they watch us. The one time we had a gig really close to here, we had 10 undercover agents show up, and we had to chase them all out.

Paul (drums): We're not doing anything wrong, it's just that rock bands are automatically labelled as subversive and drug users, and that's not what we're trying to do. We're just trying to make music, have a good time, and be successful. They're more bent on the fact of "let's suppress these guys." I don't understand it.

Jesse J.: Basically, we're a band without a scene; that's why we're trying so much now to get into the Cambridge scene, because it's lonely out here.

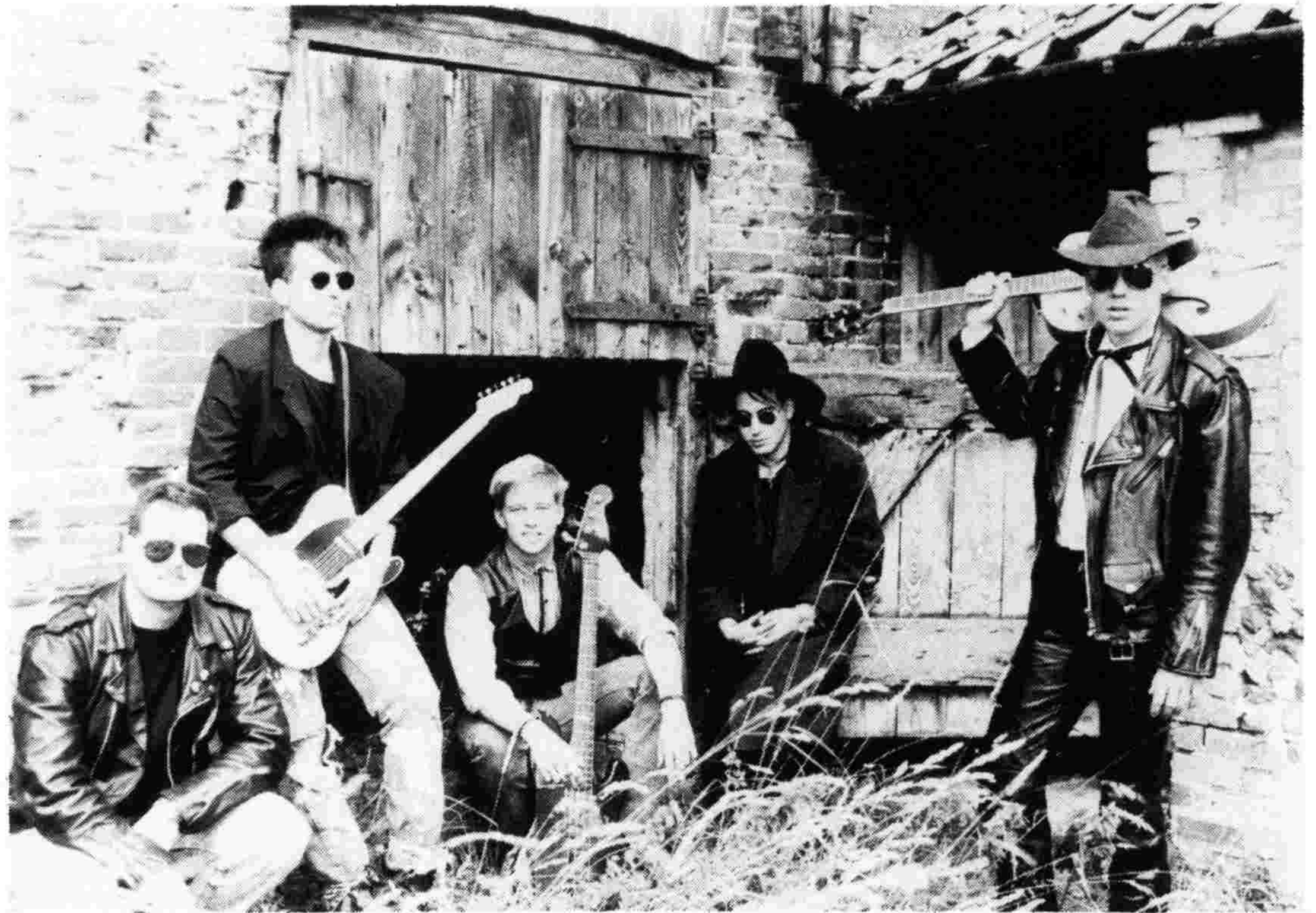
Paul: At first, the band was just an escape from work. We don't all work together, but we all work at the same Base. It's starting to blow up into something else that we all wanted to happen, but we didn't expect it to happen so quickly.

Dave (rhythm gtr): We refuse to compromise ourselves. We're just in this for ourselves; the fame and the fortune will follow on from it, if we just keep plugging at it.

Jesse J.: We're not trying to aim our music at one particular crowd: we're trying, slowly but surely, to aim our music at everyone.

Dave: We work individually as we can only get together at the weekends, so on the weekend we spend 12/14 hours practising and going over new stuff each one of us has written during the week.

Pete (lead gtr): We have a lot of original songs that I'm proud of, which we all mesh together on. We can't play as much as we would like, not with the schedules we have. It scares me to think what we could create if we had more time. We all



have backlogs of ideas we're all just itching to try.

How did the stage act come about: is it a parody of rock bands?

Dave: We've got this incredibly huge back beat from our drummer: with our first drummer, we didn't have any aggression in our music, but this guy hits the drums so hard, we've just got to crank up the amps and play. It's just a progression of the music; when you're on stage, you feel the music and you just do what comes naturally. That and then western image kind of comes from basically throwing round ideas and coming out with what we want to be like, what we want to portray ourselves as being. We aren't trying to portray some backwoods redneck hick from the south: we're doing it in a more of a romantic, Clint Eastwood way - a real western feel.

Dave: Like the guy came out to introduce us for the Rock Comp. and said "are you guys ready for some country and western", and the band looked at him and thought "what the hell are you talking about", and the audience is going "huh", and then we come out and hit the first chords for 'Radiation town', and "wait a second, this isn't country and western."

Jesse J.: I think we like to confuse people more than anything.

Dave: You can't label a band that

has a singer who sounds like David Bowie or that guy from Bauhaus (Pete Murphy), and guitars that are very rockabilly influenced, with a drummer who pounds out like Led Zeppelin - you just can't label us. *By the time you read this, the band should have released their first self-financed album, which they've recorded in London.*

Pete: It's only our second time in the studio environment. The first time was a demo tape which we did in Cambridge, and we didn't know what we were doing, so we put our trust in the engineer, and it didn't turn out the way we wanted. We see now that we've got to take more control of the final output.

Jesse J.: Our engineer this time used to do the sound for Elvis Costello. He knows so much, he almost produced this thing for us. The thing is, most bands with recording contracts get to take as many songs as we did into the studio for a month or two months and get to make sure it's right on, it's perfect. To try and get those 5 songs in the studio for 2 days - and hope that the album is going to sell and be a classic or whatever - is pushing it.

Paul: We had Chrysalis Records looking at us pretty hard for about two months, and then they said "we're going to talk to the Base and

see how much it is to get you out". Well, the Base charged too high a price, and Chrysalis said "no."

Jesse J.: They're still interested in us, and they want us to put out a record and see how well we can do. The thing we have to do in the next year is prove to them that we're worth it. We have to put out this album and push it and sell a lot of it, and then put out another one and do as many good gigs as we can, and just push, sweat blood for the next year.

Dave: We're going to put out a 7" in June. We're just going to go in a local studio and just do two songs the way we want to do them.

Dave: When I was a civilian living in Los Angeles, it wasn't easy. A lot of people think of America as everybody's got jobs, everything is peachy and rosy: well, I was pretty much in the street, starving. When I joined the military, it was to get a job, to get some education.

Jesse J.: We don't want anybody to think we're just a bunch of cowboys, rich American slobs - we're not; we're starving, basically. The cowboy western thing, we think it's funny: it's part of the show. We don't go on stage to wave the American flag, we go on stage to wave everybody's flag, and be us.

STEVE HARTWELL

THE LONELY

The Lonely are probably Cambridge's most enduring band, despite splitting up and reforming four or five times. The common nucleus is Ted Koehorst (gtr), Bob Jakins (bass & ex Wave) and Martin Scott (drums & Phonogram Records employee). Over the years, they've come in from a certain amount of stick over their old-fashioned songs (all written by Ted) and sound, but they were only prevented from featuring some of the new technology (eg. samplers) this time by the non-availability of a keyboard player.

Ted: We formed in 1979, and that was the result of me being disillusioned with another band I was involved in, Duncan and the Darts. The rehearsing stopped, and it was just "let's turn up and do it." You might be enjoying yourself, but the audience probably isn't.

Why did they enter the competition this time?

Ted: I did it primarily because when I tried to get gigs out of Mick Gray to play at the Corn Exchange, I was always met with the response



that he favoured the bands who patronised the Rock Comp. - that's what I was led to believe, anyway. So I thought the only way to play at the Corn Exchange was to enter the contest. We felt that if we were actually going to go to the effort of entering, we had to put on a good show, so that we weren't ejecting bands that couldn't get in through the lottery.

Martin: It wouldn't have been very fair if we got in and then just turned up without having done any rehearsals.

Ted: We got in three new members. Tim May (ex Roaring Boy) couldn't make all the rehearsals because of his job with the BBC, making Rhythms of the World programme. It was actually my girlfriend who found

Ian. I was saying it would be nice if we could find a vocalist with the power of Ian Docherty, and Cathy, being very direct, went out and asked him, and he said he'd love to do it. He's worked incredibly hard with us, and they're (Spiritwalk) still rehearsing in their new bass player. Up to the contest we were doing two rehearsals a week: it involved a lot of driving as Martin and Ian Francis



(the other guitarist) live in London, so we were rehearsing in Stevenage. It has to be said that there's not a lot of people our age who would put that sort of commitment in. I was pleasantly surprised by the other bands in the competition: like them or not, everyone had put a lot of work in.

The beer throwing:

Ted: I was a bit disappointed by the reaction of a small minority of the crowd. I was more worried about the safety factor: it could have been very dangerous.

Martin: You shouldn't throw things at people - it's not nice. He got beer all over his pedal board, which is mains connected.

Ted: I know it sounds comical after the event, but at the time, as everyone who's ever had a mains belt will know, it's not a laugh. I was annoyed and it was pointed out to the stewards, who didn't seem to take much notice.

Despite their enormous back catalogue, they decided to write three new songs, and use two other little played songs.

Martin: Of the five songs we did, only one was a love or relationship song. I think we probably covered more subjects lyrically than any other band in the competition. Considering we're supposed to be a



bunch of old farts who just hack out the same nonsense every time, I'm quite pleased we don't plough the same old furrow, lyrically.

Why do they keep going?

Ted: Because I enjoy it. I don't know that I'd want to do it professionally now.

Martin: Fame and fortune is all very nice, but if you take your hobby and turn it into a job, it takes all the fun out of it.

Ted: It would be nice to do it if it could be done on a straight basis, ie. you don't have to worry about how you're being marketed, and what bracket you fit into.

Martin: Inevitably you do, because there's always some tosser like me, screwing around with you!

Ted: When we started in 1979, we used to be ridiculed by all the punk bands. But now, most of them packed up playing years ago, married and they come along and watch us, and they say "when I was a snotty nosed teenager, I used to spit on you, but I really did quite like you, but it wasn't quite the done thing."



How long have you been playing?
Ted: 21 years this year: I played in a band when I was 15. Funnily enough, when I started playing, we used to play along to The Velvet Underground and stuff like that. It's not come full circle, but a lot of bands I hear sound like The Velvet Underground. We used to put a Hoover on, and chug along with that, with lots of feedback. I used to do that with Marc (Noel-Johnson). I'll listen to almost anything, and I still buy albums actively. In the early '80's, I liked the Comsat Angels, who This Replica remind me of a lot.

Martin: We like songs more than we like beats or trends.

Ted: You can't ignore the youth culture; once you begin to ignore them and dismiss them, that's the time you've got to stop, as far as music's concerned. It's no good saying it's just a load of rubbish. When I started playing I got an awful lot of help from the older musicians of my period, and there didn't seem to be the animosity that there is these days. It's a shame. Martin's going to try and help This Replica: they're going to send a tape to him and he's going to pass it on to the A & R department at Phonogram.

Martin: Considering they were by far the most popular band of the night with the crowd, they must have been gutted not to have got through. They were very pleasant to us.

Martin: It's nice to have music that engages your brain and emotions as well as your feet. There isn't very much of that about that doesn't have its roots very firmly in the '60's and '70's; which is great, because that's where we come in - it's no longer unhip to have your roots in the '60's and '70's.

STEVE HARTWELL

THE BICYCLE THIEVES

by Steve Hartwell



You may be wondering why we're talking to the Thieves so soon after the last interview (S&H no. 13): well, rather than direct us to the Well Wicked Warriors, they suggested themselves as suitable candidates for a good grilling - watch out, these student bands are ruthless! So it turned out that I spent an hour or so in the entertaining company of Simon (vox/gtr) and Simon (aka Si, gtr).

Simon: We all played football together on this rugby pitch. We found out afterwards that we didn't like each others musical tastes, so we thought we'd form a band: we thought that if everyone dislikes everyone else's musical taste, then it could quite well be interesting. Si's a bit of a thrash man, and I like Elvis Costello and the Beatles. Nigel likes the Rolling Stones and nothing else, really. After messing around for a long time, playing really mediocre, horribly meaningful songs that I'd written in my prepubescent days, we decided that this wasn't much fun really, and that we all liked the Bhundu Boys and that sort of thing. It was Si's idea to start playing African music. We did a demo at the end of last (academic) year, and we sent it off to a few big companies; as a joke, really, because that's what you do when you're in a band and you've made a demo. We got rung up by RCA, and the chap said "I like it, but it needs re-doing. Can I come and see you do a gig?" This was over the summer of course, and we weren't doing anything. He wouldn't

come and see us gig in Cambridge, so we decided it'd be best to cut a new demo and see how that went. I don't see how he could market us at all: we're not indie, we're not pop, we're not indie-pop, even. We're not African, we're not Mancunian. I think African bands are pretty popular, but that's mainly as a live phenomenon, not as record sales. I don't think the British public are very well acquainted with the African sound, despite its incredibly commercial danceability. Good African bands can play the same three chords for 25 minutes, and it sounds really good. We can't, so we impose the boring, rigid rock song structure on top of it. That's why people who like proper African music won't like us, because it's rather a debasement of it. It's fair enough for us to do it, because we can't do it any other way. We're getting a bit better now: we've started using two basses at once, with just one guitar. I think that sounds really good, that sounds almost authentic.

Si: I think it's good music, and I want to play it. If I thought us doing it would stop people being interested in the real thing, then I'd stop doing it.

Simon: As it is, most people have never heard African music. The demo we've just done sounds a bit twee, a bit flat, which is a great danger with this sort of music. Lush production is what is killing off the atmosphere of music.

Si: Popular music is crap; there's no way round it, because it is.

Simon: People are really nostalgic now for things that have got a tune: it's really sad, but you've got to go back to the '60's to find a song that's actually got a tune and an atmosphere, because it was recorded in a studio that had its own sort of feel. These days, everybody gets in the studio and is baffled by the amazing technical wizardry: you've got your samplers and your sound effects and stuff, and it's really exciting and good fun and somebody should do it, but not everybody. Studios these days don't have an atmosphere.

Si: There are some things that are popular and good, but most of the good stuff is on the outskirts of music. That makes sense really; once you take out the money, then people have got to be doing it because they want to do it. I like John Peel basically, and things nobody else likes.

Simon: I went to the Student Loans Demo, which was chaotic, and badly organised by Si - he wasn't there because he went to the wrong place or something. I turned up, and the whole band was supposed to play, along with Wild Bill - and one member from each band turned up! I'd written a song that morning based on Working Class Hero by John Lennon, but I changed it to Middle Class hero, and proceeded to announce some sort of diatribe against all these pseudo left wing people who come here and shout and scream about Lenin, and then go off and work in the City. It's all based on my own deep inadequacy.

I am the original middle class left wing hypocrite, and I don't deny it, and I said so at the very end of the song. We haven't pushed the political side, as we don't want the band to split.

Simon: Tim (sax) is a fairly recent addition, only since the end of last (academic) year. We brought him in to make up for our lack of invention.

Si: Rather than make up new songs, we get new people in.

Simon: Rather than change our musical direction, we kick them out again.

The Competition:

Simon: One plastic cup piddled onto the stage, but I like to feel that someone placed it there, and it got knocked over.

Si: That was definitely semi-thrown.

Simon: Personally, I thought we were going to disappear under a barrage of stuff. Plastic cups are amusing in some ways, but people spitting at you is really horrible: I don't think it's a particularly mature method of appreciation.

Si: The sight of all those people with Anthrax T-shirts, moshing away to these little African tunes - that was something really worth seeing.

Simon: We have the five pillars of wisdom who stand around and expect me to go ape-shit, and I've got to attempt to sing and play the guitar at the same time.

Simon: We're all third years and we're going to have to face real life any minute now; and pissing around in bands isn't part of it, apparently.

THE BOGUS RENEGADES



The Revenge Of The Bogus Renegades are essentially the same band as the Bogus Renegades that got no further than their heat last year, but still won the Best Young Band award. They may even win it again. In between the two competitions, they've lost two members and gained one.

Steve (drums): Garrie Fleet, our ex lead guitarist, is in The Flesh Mechanics now.

Giles (bass/backing vox): Crispin (keys) left the band to find a girlfriend, and didn't come back.

Richard (gtr/vox/songwriter): We've done a lot of practising, but not much performance. We've had a lot of troubles getting restarted after the Rock Comp. First of all, we were down to a three piece and we'd worked out all our songs for a three piece. We'd written a whole new set, got some gigs going and then everything fell apart. We got Jeffers back, and then we had to change style again. We had to write virtually a new set again. We've played quite a few styles in our lifetime.

Steve: We're a transitional band.
Richard: We started on rock'n'roll, then we did our teenybopper goth bit, then we went a little folky, and then to whatever we are now.

Jeffers (lead gtr): On your own, you sound a little Lou Reed-y, but because I'm there, it's changed slightly.

Richard: We're all happy with what we're playing, but it's not necessarily what we set out to play. *The sound, which seems to have been largely dominated by their lead guitarists, will almost certainly be*

changing again, as Jeffers is off to University in the autumn.

Giles: We got some new songs written, and then a couple of weeks ago, we decided to bring back two old songs for the Rock Comp.

Steve: When we played our gig at the Sea Cadets a few months ago - which was about the worst gig we've ever played, well, nearly the worst - I had an informative chat with the lead guitarist out of the Sardines, and that persuaded us to bring some old songs back.

How long have you been going?

Richard: Fifth birthday on July 19th.

Steve: Don't say that, or else they'll think we should be better than we are.

Richard: We should be, really. When we started, I was 12. They were 13. We started knowing nothing at all, and that's why it's taken so long, really. He took three years to learn how to play drums. We didn't have any instruments when we started.

Steve: It's surprising we're still together, really.

Richard: We've had two or three divergences for a month or so, but we've never had any big rifts. *When they first started, they played the Sawston Village College talent competition. As well as doing all the normal gigs, they've also provided music for local plays, once playing the Shadows.*

Richard: In the fifth year, we wrote down a massive list of names, and we put down votes as to what we thought was the best name. Everybody voted for the Bonedomes or something. We

realised that nobody really wanted the Bonedomes, and that it was some sort of freak accident. We just like the name 'Bogus', because it's a nice word, and it just sort of happened - there's no real reason, it's just a name. With the others having left, I didn't want to keep it exactly the same. People knew us by the old name, so it was stupid to change it and start completely from scratch. We've changed it a little bit, so hopefully people will recognise the name and realise there's been some changes.

Giles: We thought the press would pick up on the 'revenge' business and give us a write-up.

Steve: I intend to save up a bit of money, practise as much as I can, and make a living at it. Get famous, then rich, and then give money to charities and get a monkey as a pet. I definitely intend to become 'professional' at it.

Richard: I'm just enjoying it at the moment, and we'll just see how it goes. I'm doing nothing next year, so we'll give it a go then; see if we can get anywhere. It'd be nice to get in the charts.

Steve: We're not playing TOTP non-live; we've got to play live!

Richard: It's a big thing to say you're not going to do it just because of some stance against non-live music, because you're going to make money out of it, and your music's going to become more well-known. I always think we wouldn't do it, but I'm sure if we got that far, then we would if we got offered that opportunity, because you'd sell so many records from being on there.

Steve: But under false pretences.
Richard: But it's better than dying in obscurity, isn't it?

Richard: We went down to The Square, Harlow, a year and a half ago with the Sardines, where we met Dave (their non-manager). He came over and said "You're brilliant, and I'll give you a ring sometime." A lot of people say that to you, and I thought I wouldn't hear from him again. He rang up and he's come down to every gig since we met him. He used to work at The Square, and writes for some magazines down there; so if we're ever going to break out into a wider audience, we'd use Harlow as a stepping stone to London.

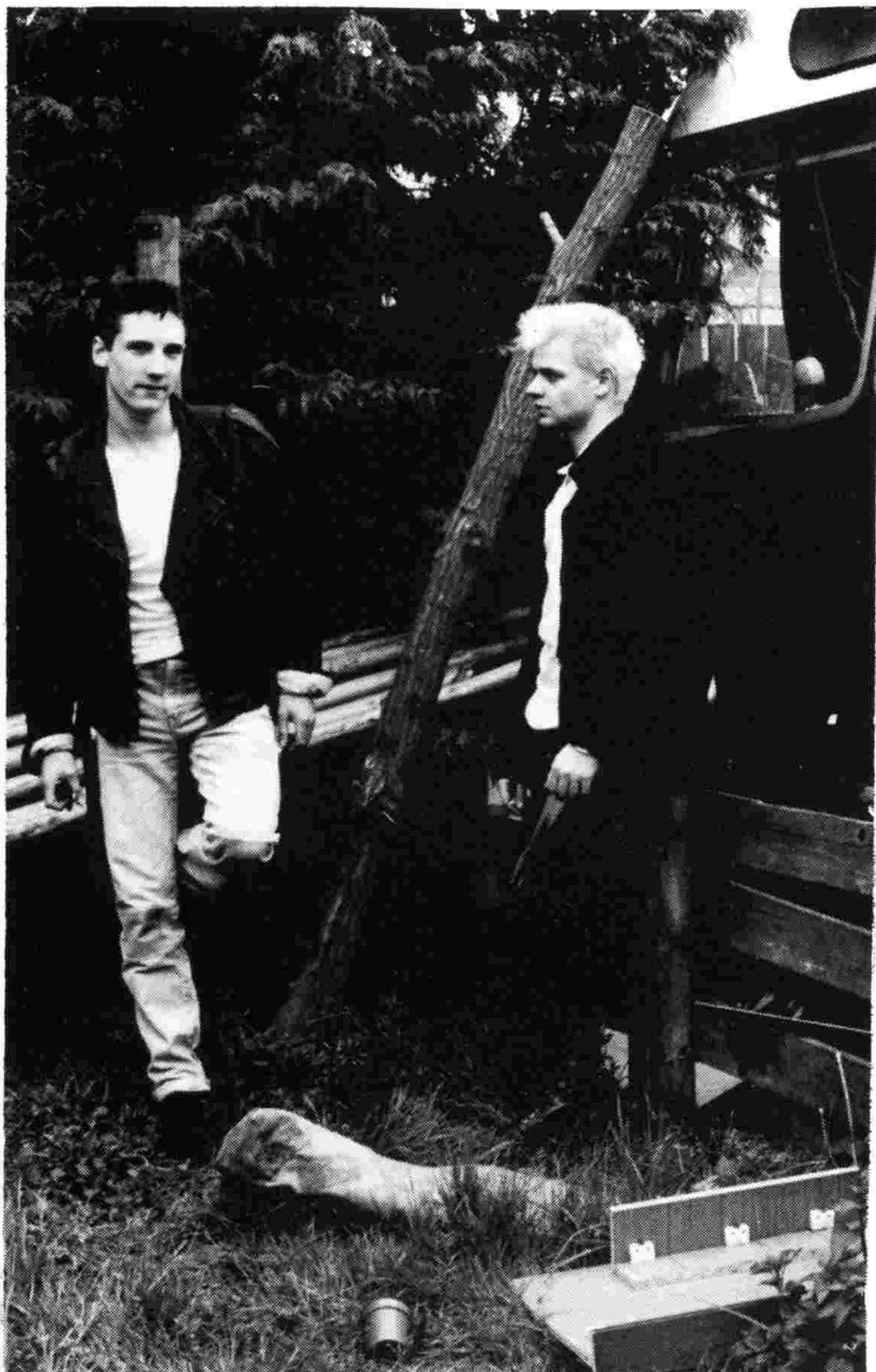
We've never done any proper recording. We've got hours of recordings done on a little tape recorder that we take down to practise, primarily for memorabilia, secondly to laugh at the harmony vocals, and thirdly to listen back to it and learn from it. We always think "we'll save up from this gig; we'll save up for some recording", but we always spend it. We made about £600 in the year when we did a lot of Burleigh gigs, but we didn't save a penny. There's a lot of work that needs to be done before we reach the standard of playing required for making a record.

Did they expect to get through their round of the Comp.?

Richard: We worked it out like a driving test: you think you should pass, but you don't expect to. We thought we had the capability of getting through, as it wasn't a particularly hard heat.

STEVE HARTWELL

THE FLOORSHOW



Jay and Grant

The Floorshow have been around for quite a while, but we haven't seen very much of them. So, what have they been up to?

Grant (vox): We've been writing and getting it together, recruiting and re-recruiting. We've only done five gigs, and three of them were in London. We've been in rehearsals and now we're ready. I doubt if you'll see us around Cambridge - we might do the Sea Cadets if we're forced to. We'll play the Corn Exchange; we don't mind that. We are a live band, but you can't play our kind of music without a stage: it's a show. We can play live at the Sea Cadets, but we can't put on a show.

John (drums): If someone offers us good live work, we'll jump at the chance, but we won't play toilets.

Grant: Hopefully, the line-up we've got now is permanent. Me and Jay (gtr) got it together and started looking for the other musicians; it took us quite a few line-up changes

to get the right lot. At first, we wanted to be singer and songwriter, but having John, Juliet (vox), James (keys) and Finn (bass), we're a band - everyone mucks in. We're happy with this line-up; it works.

Certainly the current line-up has quite a lot of experience: James and Jay were in That Saxe, John is ex-Stormed and Vanishing Point, and Grant will be familiar from his time with Vigil's Aunty.

Grant: We've done it all before, so we're all a lot wiser. We know what we want to do with this band, we know the direction we're going in. I went out and got the best from all the other bands. We've got the experience and the young blood. We're all good lookers. (and modest? - Ed.)

Grant: Everyone who plays in the band doesn't play for anyone else anymore, it doesn't happen. This band is serious, it's not a joke, so

we don't want people doing things like that: we don't want people to have steady jobs or things like that. We've got the members we need with the time and commitment. I spend most of the time doing it. We'll get together two or three times during the week to rehearse, and most nights we're doing something for the band. It's full time, there's no "no, I can't rehearse because of the job": it's more "I can't get over to rehearse because I'm so poor, because I haven't got a job, because I'm so dedicated to what I'm doing."

Grant: If someone had given me a grand a year ago and said "go on, get a record out", we'd have done it: but now we're a bit more wiser. There's no point in it if in six months there's still a pile of records left. That's why we just do demos, and demos for demos. We're never going to put anything out on vinyl unless it's progressive, unless it's going to go somewhere.

How would you describe your music?

Jay: It's good commercial music.

Grant: We like things that sound nice.

Jay: We're not into all this muso stuff. Doing jams as demo tapes, that's what a lot of people do, and think "I'm a really good musician", but it's boring.

John: If you're not original at the end of the day, it's boring, because you can be brilliant and play everyone else's stuff: but what's the point? Where's the imagination, the things that make the artist, where has all that gone?

Grant: People aren't looking for originality anymore; they're looking for a sound - and we've got a sound, and that makes us original. I think the sound is there, but it just needs perfecting. The only thing I think is wrong with it at the moment is the lack of rehearsals. It's just a matter of time now, and the time will come: it's nearly there. We compare that (the demo) with things that are on record, yet it was done in a couple of days in a dodgy studio.

John: As usual, we're up against a financial barrier. We've got to the point where the music is sound and all the material is good enough, and we haven't enough money to get into a good studio. It really does matter.

Grant: You can do anything nowadays; it just takes time and money, which you get from a major backer, ie. record companies. If people invest money in you, they want you to sound the best.

The Rock Competition?

Grant: We're only doing the Comp. because it's a laugh - it don't mean nothing!

John: It's a good opportunity. It's come at the right time, when the band wants to play to that sort of sized audience.

Grant: I take everything I do seriously, even if it's just a farce. I think it's diabolical that they can get a thousand people to each heat, and only give the band that wins £50, and the rest of them get nothing - that's just exploiting local bands.

Managers?

Jay: We've got one interested, but we're keeping him at bay.

Grant: We're not committing ourselves to anything until we're really sure about what we're doing. We've got lots of people that work for the band, and they do it without things written on paper: we're not having any of that, at least, not yet. **John:** You get forced into a lot of corners in this game. It's just a progression of going from one wall to another, and you've either got to sit at your wall and be happy with what you've got, or you've got to kick it down and go on to the next wall.

Grant: The Floorshow definitely won't be taken in - we're far too wise for that. We've got everything: we've got the music, the songs, the image, the show. It's just a matter of time, and we're not going to fuck it up.

STEVE HARTWELL



John Cornell

MR. KITE

We met Mr Kite when they were called MANTIS - neither name really turns us on, and nor, to be honest, does the music, which is more or less polite plod-rock with a strong penis-guitar bias. Nonetheless, Mr Phil suggested an interview, and, respecting his views, we complied: Mr Kite do, after all, have a couple of things in common with our band (Chopper):-

1. We once played together in Jesus College Party Room;
 2. We both use guitars and drums.
- Thus it was that we met the boys - Martin Hallmark (bass), Tony Willis (gtr), Owen Evans (drums), Rob Anstey (keys) and Matt Oakley (vox) - over cups of tea in somebody's room. Anyway, first things first...

Mr Kite: GOOD BLOKES. Wouldn't come up behind you in the pub and punch you in the head, that's for sure. Also, they are refreshingly unpretentious about their keyboard-orientated rock, conceding that it might be a little pompous.

Martin: Well, someone said we sound like we've got long hair.

Matt: We're against the run of feeling by doing skillful stuff and showing it.

Rob: It may be the keyboards, you know. A lot of people just hear keyboards, and think 'pompous!' Rob plays keyboards and is himself not a pompous person - he likes, for instance, Billy Joel. The band also react well when we probe them naughtily about their last S & H review - of their debut demo 'The Journey Begins' - a scathing and violent little epitaph that would be worth reprinting in full if we hadn't lost it.

Tony: The problem was that it was really just a rough tape for our fans, and it was reviewed alongside a lot of better quality demos. And yes, the guitar sound was pretty poor... Like an electric razor dropped in the waste-paper basket?

Tony: Well, perhaps...

Matt: It said we were "boys trying to be men". I mean, that's fair enough. We thought we were playing Wembley Stadium.

Martin: It was a bit stale, there was very little commitment.

All change now, though. Mr Kite strike you (almost) as A Band With A Future - ambitious, disciplined, keen to communicate, etc. etc. After an interesting selection of drummers

they found Owen, who looks like a librarian but is apparently the man for the job, having chased his dream of a 'technical' band through all sorts of Cambridge combos.

Owen: I am something of a rock'n'roll veteran, but there's more to drumming than going 'one, two! one, two!', you know.

Right with you there, Owen. What made you think the then-Mantis were the boys for you?

Owen: I was bored. I wanted to play in a band that was progressive, a band where I could get technical.

Hold your vomit right there, punk rockers! There's nothing wrong with playing your instrument well, and Mr Kite are red-hot musos (well, musos anyway), classically trained in the finest Swiss academies. At the time of the interview, they had been 'jamming together' a good deal, getting tighter and more accurate by the minute. Live, Tony the axeman tends to 'wank his plank' like a madman in tights, while Matt works himself into a bit of a rock'n'roll lather. Is there not a danger that such 'proficiency' will spill over into vile cock-rock showmanship?

Matt: If we've got any sex appeal, we'll use it, no problem. Why not? Why not indeed? IF you've got it, Matthew. Still, this worrying tendency towards sexy self-awareness is not shared by the rest of the band, who are a modest bunch of men. Are you a rich band?

Tony: We are massively rich.

Rob: We own about four colleges. The truth is, Mr Kite may be rich one day, because they make Marketable Rock Music and, we must confess, they make it pretty well. They dream of enormous venues where their sound can swell and become vast. The new demo is impressive (another production masterpiece from Qualisound. Long live Stephen Bottomley!), with Matt's voice, in particular, beginning to soar in a way that is almost attractive.

Mr Kite - they know what they like, they know what they want to do, and they know how to do it.

TOM and JAMES CHOPPER



Postscript from Mr Kite
"We've changed the name from Mantis to Mr Kite, a move which coincides with a change in our musical direction; 'Mantis' meant 'metal' to too many people - this is not what we were, and not what we wanted. 'Mr Kite' was taken from The Beatles' Sgt. Pepper album: "a splendid time is guaranteed for all, and tonight Mr Kite is topping the bill."

The music we now play has, to some extent, a root influence from the Beatles and the Stones. This means in effect that we are aiming at

simplicity and clarity in expression, coupled with a happier, bouncier tone to the songs, whilst maintaining a raw, energetic feel. Our patchy new patchy groovy patchy image has patches everywhere, even on our Y-fronts, and the goddess of rock management, the famous Miss Sharon King (Shaz to her friends), has been doing an excellent job for us.

In general, the whole thing gels together much better now, and judging by the audience reactions we've had, they think so too."

FLIGHTPATH STUDIOS



"The words of the prophet", Geddy Lee tells us, "were written on the studio wall". In the first of a series of articles dealing with recording studios in the region, I'll give you some idea, hopefully, of what's on offer, and it'll allow me to live out a rather peculiar fantasy of being a 'Which?' reporter.

The recording session is probably the single most important thing for a band. It costs, but the benefits are vast. A good demo will get you

gigs, put you on the way to a record deal, and give much-needed publicity for the band. So there's a lot at stake.

Situated in north east Cambridge - Teversham, to be precise - quite near to the airport (Flightpath... geddit?), FLIGHTPATH STUDIOS is a fair sized building at the bottom of a garden, heavily soundproofed, and is full of everything musicians need to keep from becoming bored: a positive Fisher Price activity centre

of samplers, Marshall amps, space echo, and something called a slapback scintillator, which I can only assume to be more at home at 38 Chesterton Road, rather than 2 Quy Cottages, Teversham....still, each to his own.

The studio is run by a rather jovial Tim Harding, who does all the mixing, copying, etc. etc. without ever getting upset if your guitarist wants to do that riff just one more time. I asked him if he ever got

pissed off with any musician, and he told me he came close once, when one singer (who couldn't!) thought that if he sung a piece enough times, one of the takes must come out right. "A bit like pigeon shooting with a flack gun", I agreed; "but they're the customer", Tim pointed out.

Speaking of customers, The Bible! rehearse there, Matt Maunder (late of Surfin' Druids) brings his band from Southampton University there, Infernal Death did two demos there, 'The Great Aids Rap' single was done there, Graham & The Mushrooms, Blind Mice and my old band, Paradise Street, are just a few of the groups that have recorded at Flightpath, and it's probably one of the most well-used studios in the area.

Recording/mixdown charges are £9 per hour (min. three hours); they have three package deals, or 'charters': 10 hours recording/mixdown, plus master, goes for £85; 10 hours recording, 4 hours mixing, plus master, at £100; and lastly 2 x 10 hour sessions plus master for £160. Tape copying from 60 pence each. Rehearsal time at £2 per hour. Phone Teversham (02205) 5213.

MARK CURTIS

GIG

MEGA CITY FOUR

The Peacock, Peterborough

It's quite remarkable that Mega City Four are actually playing The Peacock tonight. For those of you who have never been there, I can tell you that it's not likely to host the British leg of the next Bon Jovi tour; in fact you would be hard pushed to hold a meeting of the Trevor Weedhi Supporters Club there. That local entrepreneur Pete B. Sleight has actually booked the Faversham foursome just as they have hit the big time (see Peelite's festive fifty; NME readers' poll; indie top twenty; etc.) is a feat in itself, and the pub is predictably bursting at the seams. It is one of those events where the psychological aspect of the music plays a role: by this, I mean will the attention the Mega's are receiving at the moment bring an expectation for them to be the best thing since the Sugarcubes, and therefore a good chance they'll disappoint, or will this attention actually convince you that they are going to be great, even before you see them, so that they could fart down the mic. for 40 minutes and still leave you thinking "yeah, I know what they're trying to say." The lads are, however, untinged by such preconceptions: they merely string their geckars about their wiry frames and erupt into a shambolic set of three minute buzzsaw pop songs. The singer, veiled by a black mop of hair, smiles when bum notes are played, and exchanges laddish banter with a crowd, who hang on his every word, and the band, who exude a refreshingly carefree aura. The songs are of the classic pop/punk structure, and I'll have to be lazy and bring in the inevitable Buzzcocks comparison. The singles 'Miles apart' and 'Distant relatives' stand out, as do a couple of the slower numbers. I'm especially impressed with the dual vocal melodies, which come over well, despite the inadequate P.A. There is emphatic applause and much groovy dancing.

Mega City Four are one of the best bands I've seen at the Peacock, and their songs are very good, but ultimately, I'm disappointed - disappointed that such a conventional band who settle for safety rather than attempting innovation are being taken aboard by so many people. Pop can be taken further than this. Perhaps Mega City Four don't want to go any further; perhaps some people don't want the challenge. Who knows? It's a funny old game.

BOB BOB



REVIEWS

TAPES

THE NIGHTJARS

The Waiting Room Demo Tape

The Nightjars are effectively Red Over White with a new singer, John Lindsell, ex of the Giant Polar Bears. Like Red Over White, they have a very full sound, but the rather awkward - if right on - lyrics have gone and are now fairly standard pop fare. Live, the band's influences are very obvious but on tape the matter is less clear cut. It's mostly in the guitar indie mould of people like The Primitives, The Darling Buds and The Wedding Present, with an underlying hint of goth. Although there's no way that John can be described as a technically good singer, he does bring an intriguing sound to the songs, which more than compensates for his lack of ability (although he has improved since his Polar Bear days). Of the six songs on this tape, the best is 'Catherine', which has a really strong vocal hook and nice dynamics. How serious this band is must be open to question as David Fletcher (drums) is normally to be found playing bass for The Charlottes, and he doesn't appear in the group photos on the sleeve (which is very well put together). Another Flightpath recording, and full credit to Tim and the band for the production - it's easily up to 'professional' standards.

(Tape available from 16 Oatlands Avenue, Wistow, Huntingdon)

STEVE HARTWELL

THE BLACK SKY

War Chant Demo Tape

It's been an arduous and ongoing toil to try and establish the roots and the subsequent development of the gothic rock genre, and perhaps it will always remain a mystery. My guess is that God created it out of spite on a cold rainy Monday morning. That aside it's still hard to understand why bands devoted to such a forceful cult have, on the whole, failed to progress much further than their own doorsteps. Why did outstanding young Haverhill's Possession fail to sail through their Rock Competition heat? Why have so many bands like The Brides and, more recent, The Black Sky emerged from the sprawling Peterborough conurbation?

Indeed, The Black Sky have already secured a rather lively local following on the back of some prestigious support slots with the aforementioned crimped mentors The Brides. The Black Sky's 'War Chant' offers up 2 bruising goth tracks and 'Redemption', a gloriously evocative chunk of dreamscape, which quite sets them apart from their blood brothers. At once, 'Redemption' is simple, beautiful and downright sad. The lonely plaintive vocal "only you keeps me going on" buries itself deep in the subconscious and hangs effortlessly on the edge of a cataclysm of brooding uncertainty. Chorused bass fights with a delayed (out of sync?) hi hat, while guitars smoulder at a safe distance. The sort of thing that would have New Order ordering kleenex by the boxful.

The title track improvises on Joy Division's 'Warsaw' as an intro, unwittingly but deftly incorporating those amazingly metallised harmonics from Michael J. Fox's (No Problem At All) Diet Pepsi ad. It's an uptempo beast with obligatory multi-effect guitars, pumping bass, Napalm Death gravelled vocals, all wrapped up in a neat production job which remains anonymous on the sparse tape sleeve.

The closing track ('Sons') is no doubt an opus to the threat of nuclear war - strangely one of the sole causes which seem to strike sympathetic chords in the hearts of rockers across the country. Knee in the groin stuff from the city of overcast heavens.

(Available from Mark, tel. P'borough 238163)

LUKE WARM

THE BURNING

3 Track Demo Tape

At this point I would like to take the opportunity of apologising to Thrilled Skinny, whom I virtually wrote off solely on account of a weak single (an error far too common in music journalism today - slapped wrists, Lukey!), but whom having subsequently seen live a couple of times, sent me reeling home to reassess the entire history of rock, decide that the single still wasn't a patch on the live act, and that Thrilled Skinny are really a bunch of decent, warm hearted, well meaning blokes from Luton.

Running along the same thought process, I wish I'd seen The Burning in their Rock Competition heat before passing judgement on their tape with a vitriolic stab at outdated 4/4 rock. So, taken at face value...

'Contemporary' is a very vague word - passing as a substitute for artistic theft and a licence to use words like 'guitar' and 'rock' in a pseudo American accent. The Burning, a relatively new name on the Cambridge scene, describe themselves as 'contemporary hard rockers', thus leaving themselves wide open to flank attacks on influence and comparisons - the bane of every reviewer's life. On fir hearing, unbelievable though it may sound, it would seem that ex goth, glam metal bandwagon

-jumpers Balaam & The Angel played a large part in The Burning's lives, but further on, the influences are harder to define.

'Wildcat dancers', the opening track, is by far the catchiest of the trio on the wildly informative tape (nice calligraphy but no contact address, no line-up, etc. etc.). The song relies on the beefing up of basic powerchord pop, slung across some glistening cavernous drum sound. It's short, sharp and lyrically embarrassing, but held together by a powerful guitar break.

The contemporary Balaam influence (minus the originality of a recorder) is exposed on 'The assassin' with slow verse, faster chorus composition. With a lyric rhyming "infinite precision" with "binocular vision", it's astounding that The Burning have the gall to mix the vocals so far upfront and sung so seriously!

'Nowhere to run' is straightforward rock work-out with the mix perpetually teetering over an abyss of both emptiness and infinite depth. To answer Paul Christoforou's query (issue 16), yes, Nick Che'ale is as adept at playing his axe as he is at calligraphy. The question now must be to decide which trade he'd rather be plying.

LUKE WARM

THE FLOORSHOW

(Ouch!) Demo Tape

Making prophecies about how successful a band is going to be usually signals the kiss of death, so I'll just tell you that The Floorshow could be in with a pretty good chance. This is 'Ouch!', a brand new collection of songs from the main men of Vigil's Aunty, and some of it is rather good. The vocal textures are well catered for in the 'high frequency zone' but do lack range, particularly on a song like 'The same dance'. They're constantly 'up in the air', singing about "feeling love", "time flying" and "walking on air". Grant Norris' voice has always put a brave face on (with 'determination' and 'presence') when trying to get to grips with the old notes and octaves. He is frequently fumbling, arms pinwheeling to keep his balance and stay in tune. It's a bit like Pau Daniels trying to say "probably the best lager in the world" in that mighty Carlsberg voice. You can sense that it's anything but easy for him, but it's his resolution and vigour which sets The Floorshow apart from 'yer average band'. You see, The Floorshow are so SERIOUS: not necessarily about themselves, but about what they're doing. Even if the lyrics do dwell on 'hearts' and 'kisses', these carry considerable consequence - to the band, at any rate.

The songs are immaculately crafted into perfect pop formats: there isn't a single twang, bang or strum that shouldn't be in here, and they are arranged in a way that allows the melodies to build and build as every chord change and guitar break points the way. Speaking of which, Jason Little's guitar playing really deserves a review all of its own... Sometimes they are a touch too sweet, but this is not a problem because the music varies the pace and the - dare I say it - emotional demands of each. We want to hear more! This is the business, literally!

(Available from the band, c/o 2 Fletchers Terrace, Cambridge CB1 3LU)

CHRIS WILLIAMS

THE MELTING MEN

4 Track Demo Tape

You know, there have been times when I wondered how I could possibly have lived without certain songs; but this wasn't one of them. The voice of Roz Metcalfe has about as much depth and warmth as a puddle in November, and the inoffensive music causes little more than a ripple on its surface. The Melting Men sound as if they know what they would like to be - a chirpy yet serious contemplative sort of group, kind of Fairground Attraction meets The Pretenders on an unusually dull day. They mean well, but they mean well feebly, and these songs, sadly, are about as dynamic as a Ronnie Corbett monologue. Now who could live with that?

(Available from Chris Todd, tel. Histon 3450)

CHRIS WILLIAMS

MR KITE

3 Track Demo Tape

First impression is of a cross between Asia and Men Without Hats. It's usually a bad sign that a song instantly reminds you of someone else, but, fortunately, these impressions didn't last long, and 'Winnable war' had me singing along by the second verse.

Great chorus, amazing voice, brilliant lyrics.... hang on, 'In my love' has just started, and this one's even better! Is there no let up? Brilliant enough to impress a muso like me, and commercial enough to sell, sell, sell and sell (probably more suited to the American market than to the tasteless British public), 'In my love' has to be one of the best songs I've heard for a long time: it's up there amongst all-time classics like 'Only for you', 'Halfway to paradise' and 'Seagull'. The pace of this tape is incredible. 'Nothing else to say' maintains the standard, although it cannot improve it after 'In my love'. Interesting to note that this well mixed, produced and recorded tape is the first I've heard to come out of Qualisound Studios at Bar Hill - worth a mention, worth a visit!

VERDICT: Christoforou wants this tape back. I don't want to give it back.

(Available from Sharon, tel. Cambridge 811220)

IAN DOCHERTY

INFLITE

3 Track Demo Tape

Those of you who remember Inflite as the overly heavy metal men with the exploding stage set will be as pleasantly surprised as I am: they

have improved so much in the last 12 - 18 months. I managed to catch them at the Alma Brewery a while back, and was greatly impressed by their hard work, enthusiasm and feel for the music. These qualities have been transferred to a demo which is well worth a listen. The guitar playing has more thought and competence, the bass playing has been leashed and brought under control: result the band work better as a unit than the In Flight/Inflite of old. 'Original sin' has to be my favourite from this selection; everything works well here, and is topped off by a great vocal line and creative lyrics. They gave me a slight shock: the keyboard sound gives the impression that this is a Stranglers cover - not so, thank God.

VERDICT: Nine out of Ten. Thumbs up! More of the same, please.

(Available from Roger, tel. Cambridge 812526)

IAN DOCHERTY

ARCANA

Age Of Conscience Tape

I'm told that I'm the first person outside the band to hear the tape, and with such an honour bestowed on me, I'll be objective, and not complain that I'm reviewing another thrash metal band. Can't I review some jazz funk for a change? (No, you can't - Ed.) The first thing that strikes you from the first power chord is that the tape is astonishingly well recorded: down to Tim at Flightpath, I suspect. The mix is terrific - that sort of bottom endy guitar sound that Metallica have down to a tee. They're tight alright (almost half the battle won), but the drummer seems to be having trouble mastering both pedals on his bass drums. 'Eye of the dying' is probably the best number; the guitarist solos well enough, but loses it occasionally (he cross-picks on more than one string). I really like the reverse reverb underneath the chorus of the song... nice touch.

Oh, no - one of those steel strung acoustic intros on 'Krystalnacht', mercifully short. The rhythm part feels a little cliched in places; never use a new chord when an old one will do. This is the weakest track on the tape, and too long, at over seven minutes. 'Motive' has the best solo. It's worth listening to the rather embarrassing bass breaks dotted around the song: they sound too clean amid all that distortion. The title track had another acoustic intro, which wanders in here and there during what turns out to be an instrumental. The string bending is more reminiscent of Vim Fuego than Kirk Hammett, but the rest of the solos are eminently passable, albeit a trifle self indulgent. 'Sanity decayed' is one of the box standard thrash numbers that could be anyone: in a market like thrash, the sound has to be a bit more identifiable. Arcana are the more metal side of thrash. The lyrics are pretty banal, but no more than most. My major criticism is that the songs are too long, only one below four minutes. That's OK in itself, but

I'm not sure they have enough material to fill out all their songs into 38 minutes jazz odysseys - quite fun though.

MARK CURTIS

RECORDS

THE PRINCIPLE

Anything you like/Kimberley

Steerclear Records

Still coasting down that open road, with the music pumping out of the sun roof, come The Principle, sounding and seeming as keen and clean as ever. This is a pleasant enough single - atmospheric, well-produced, blah blah blah, and wrapped up in a rather spruce black and white sleeve. The music, however, sounds closer to a dull grey. There are tinkly piano bits scattered around, a bit like Simple Minds without the minds, and the songs rock and roll in real daytime radioplay fashion. They could be on to a good thing, but at the risk of sounding impertinent, The Principle don't wear anything particularly stylish, they don't say anything particularly clever, and the tunes don't wallop you into oblivion due to unstoppable brute power. I don't think anyone's going to get too excited about this. One could think of (more) suitable places for this melodic AOR; the American charts, for example, but whatever the indications are, that exit sign isn't here yet. Drive on...

CHRIS WILLIAMS

THE FRUIT BATS

Until the money falls out of the sky/Charlatan

Backs Records NCH 114

It's now some 10 months since The Fruit Bats launched their debut album. Their first 7" single features the LP's short, sweet but somewhat late lament to raking in the dosh. "All I want is luxury", sings Jane Edwards, cutely, hoping to catch the ear of any A&R man who's as sick of aceed as the rest of us, and wants to restore good commercial pop to the charts. And why not? Over on the B side, there's a real treat: 'Charlatan' was recorded live at a party (at least it sounds like a party), with lots of the band friends in attendance. Hence, we get saxophone solos and breaks over an absolute belter of a song, with a raucus chorus bellowed out by Jack The Bear's Steve Penn. The label credits The Fruit Bats for writing this gem, but I'm sure Boo from The Bible! once told me he wrote it. Buy the record yourself (limited edition of 500) and hear The Bats with balls.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

SPIRITWALK

Seagull/Child of the Northlands

Divart Records DANP 882

What's this then? An Italian job, or so the story goes. Ezio Lunedi's connections got Spiritwalk a deal in his homeland, which was to include a tour and the possibility of some TV work, as well as this single.

However, right from the off, these plans were fraught with problems. Firstly, Spaceward Studios lost the master tapes which had originally been recorded as part of the band's prize for winning the 3rd Rock Group Comp. some two years ago. Hence the tunes had to be re-recorded in next to no time, in the presence of two members of the Italian management company, who also produced the session.

Enter the Contract Killers. No, not the Mafia, but two of the group members themselves!

First, founder member Richard Tofts decided the whole deal was more than he could handle, so he promptly sold his bass and left. The subsequent acquisition of Ben Ashby, ex Double Yellow Line, turned out to be a disappointment of monumental proportions: he is believed to have played around (and I mean played around) two songs out of three scheduled gigs in the space of a few days, at the beginning of March. Spiritwalk's new bass man was plucked from the audience at one of the gigs, and was busy learning their live set, at the time of writing.

Worse was to follow: drummer Richard Beasley was not to be lured by the lira, either. Wishing to pursue an alternative musical career, he's set to embark on a course which would put him into the Session Musician league. Theoretically, if Spiritwalk were to advertise for an experienced hit man, they could get Beasley back again!

So, what's left is the record: 'Seagull' is old, at least to these ears, but well crafted in the best traditions of, say, Marillion, with the customary nod towards U2. 'Child of the Northlands' is a medium paced rocker which tends to stop and start a bit.

As a 'foreign' band, Spiritwalk probably have little chance of making an impact abroad without the additional back-up of their presence, should anything start to happen. The Pope is being kept in touch with developments.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

VIDEO

STORMED

Live! (52 mins.)

Funny how Mike Michael has seemed so content to disassociate Stormed from their home town.

Remember when they went on Radio Cambridgeshire's Rock Show and said "we're not really a Cambridge band"? Such comment has proved something of an irony, as Stormed have flown the local flag like no other band. Witness their legions of local followers the numerous charity gigs for town & gown, not to mention the longevity factor - five years and still together, albeit with a number of line-up changes. Stormed even tried to save the Burleigh for us, long after they'd outgrown the confines of Reg's front room: a noble effort, however, in vain.

It was the band's reputation for having a highly theatrical image, rather than their geographical origins, which attracted the Cambridge Video Unit for this joint venture. Recorded at the ADC Theatre one night in December last, 'Stormed Live!' is every bit as professional a product as anyone could have wished for. Using three cameras, the variety of angles and video reproduction is up to TV standard. Sadly, the sound recording does not match the visuals, hence the lo-fi echoey warblings of both Mike and Psycho Steve. The percussion and drums fare better: in fact, drummer Jim Crossley's contribution, providing the backbone of Stormed's rhythm section, is outstanding. All the old

favourites are here: '21st Century Girl', 'New Revolution', 'Tea Time', plus eight others. At the end of the show, Mike invites the audience, all clad in fancy dress, to join his crew

on stage and on film for a final fling to a glorious second version of 'Hums of Trinity'. It's a bit like the Mad Hatter's tea party set to music. Great entertainment and highly recommended.

(Available from Andy's Records, Parrot Records, Jays Records, The Grapevine Bookshop, or direct from the Cambridge Video Unit 6 William Smith Close, Cambridge CB1 3QF)

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

GIGS

REAL TIME

The Devonshire Arms, Cambridge

With both the Boat Race and the Burleigh recently silenced (The Boat Race is now back in action, on Thursday nights - Ed.), it can only be a good thing for Cambridge music that another pub venue is (re)opening for live music - especially one as loud and intimate as The Devonshire Arms (the newly revamped Midland Tavern as was). It was there that I caught up with Real Time (long-term S&H subscribers will recall Chris Williams' rave review of their demo in these pages last year), on their return to the back room, after a spell bemusing audiences in the farflung corners of the region with their original blend of electronic rock. The appearance of the 'stage' alone would suggest that they're no ordinary pub-thrash/r'n'b/ soul band (delete to taste): no drum kit, and computerised boxes in place of conventional backline, leading yer average punter to fear the worst, no doubt. New age? Experimental? S.A.W.?

From the opening number, however, (the sensurround darkness of 'Little people'), through the slow acoustic anthem of 'Nothing lasts forever', to the atmospheric dance pulse of 'Voodoo eyes', it was clear that this is a band about songs - avoiding the sterility of so much mechanised music, (merely!) using the hi-tech gear to produce a quality and richness of sound that would embarrass most local bands. Comparisons are only possible on a song by song basis, but include influences as distinct as Lou Reed, The Cure, Yello, Talking Heads, Pink Floyd and Magazine! ... the creative use of musical differences, perhaps? Ably enhanced by Dave's impassioned saxophone, Neil's swirling guitar textures and Tim's

wide-ranging keyboards, Derry's voice, acoustic guitar and imagery lead Real Time through two coverless sets of diversity and power. Encores of 'Highlights' - reminiscent of New Order's starkness - and the frankly frenetic 'Free energy' left the crowd calling for more, which is as it should be. Definitely a band to look out for, though possibly under the new name of....?

JIM CHYNOWETH

THE CHARLOTTE'S THE REG VARNEY EXPERIENCE

The Glasshouse, Peterborough

Peterborough's newest band, THE REG VARNEY EXPERIENCE, choose the Glasshouse for their debut gig. This band is made up of six people who appear to work in pairs: there's two guitarists, two singers, and a diminutive duo on bass and drums, sporting identical haircuts and names (Ken). Also, two of the six look a little out of place, when compared to their other four colleagues: one, a guitarist, is a gentleman of ample girth, and is nattily attired in a rather fetching tweed. He certainly wouldn't look out of place leaning across a snooker table. The other, a singer, looks like a refugee from one of



those greasy grebo bands which seem to proliferate in the Midlands. This aside, RVE gave us a raucous set of bluesy/ garagey rock numbers. They obviously enjoy what they do, and had little difficulty in conveying this to the smaller than usual Glasshouse crowd. All in all, a satisfactory start for a band that appears to be serious, despite its flippant name: to be continued? THE CHARLOTTE'S have been in existence for only one year, but the progress they've made in that short time has been quite remarkable, and their current confident performances make their tentative debut gig at Cambridge's CCAT seem a dim and distant memory. If there is a

problem for the band, then it's one of identity. To a casual observer, it's so easy to bracket them with The Primitives, Shop Assistants, Darling Buds, etc., and this is not helped by Petra's looks and 'girlie' voice. Even the song titles reek of the C86 shambling image: 'Are you happy now?', 'The happiest girl in the world', etc. etc. But to those who've regularly followed the band, there's an obvious metamorphosis underway: a strong psychedelic flavour is appearing in the set (usually the second half), typified by their closing number 'Love happy', which is anything but - a druggy, dirgy sort of song, which you'd normally expect to hear from the likes of Sonic Youth. However, The Charlottes are obviously aiming for commercial success, so this new



creative element may well have to be suppressed in favour of the immediacy of their lightweight thrashy pop tunes: a pity, really. PHIL JOHNSON

MR KITE THE BICYCLE THIEVES CHOPPER

Jesus College, Cambridge
This Cambridge University Rag benefit gig gave us an opportunity to embrace the splendid grandeur of Jesus College's Main Hall, a 'venue' little used, understandably, for events of this ilk. Sombre paintings of various notables, including Henry VIII and Coleridge, adorn the walls. The museum-like ambience of the hall is tailor-made for a concert of light classical music - definitely not for Jesus's (the college, not the man) favourite sons, CHOPPER. Self-critical of their disappointing performance in the previous night's heat of the Rock Comp., the Oxbridge boys were in fine form tonight. All the Chopper favourites are there - 'Suicidal Tendencies', 'Mr Shitface', and my personal favourite (for obvious reasons) 'Phil Johnson Shreds!' Frontman Hugo gets so carried away with his performance,



he cuts his mouth on the mic. and bleeds profusely. Guitarist Orlando has learnt quite a few new chords since last year, drummer James has picked up one or two of Chris Mann's traits, so Chopper now have the ability to expand beyond their basic hardcore style: they even threw in a pop song for us. For once, Chopper get through a gig relatively unscathed - no broken guitar strings, no wobbly drum seats, no fucked-up sound: definitely one to savour.

A difficult act for anyone to follow, and THE BICYCLE THIEVES were not helped by (a) a crappy sound mix, and (b) the absence of their saxophonist. Nevertheless, their African rhythms drew the best audience reaction of the evening, in terms of the number of people dancing. No one in the band would argue that this was not one of their better nights - so, if they weren't enjoying it, why didn't they get off stage earlier? Still, I'll put my money on them reaching the final of the Rock Comp.

You have to feel sorry for MR KITE - a bunch of really nice guys, not only were they unfortunate not to get a place in the Rock Comp., but also they play a brand of rock music which neither finds favour with the indie music-minded public, nor the TOTP set. That's no reflection on their abilities - they're more than good at what they do. It's just that what they do is, frankly, boring, as a 'live' concept. Their stage presence is virtually non-existent, but that's down to the confines of their music, as much as any individual inhibitions: you can't really go ape-shit to a song like 'She is in my love', can you, Matt? Having said that, the natural focal point of any band is the frontman, and singer Matt Oakley's stagecraft does leave a lot to be desired.

So, there you are: three bands with wildly differing styles, but with two things in common - they're all student bands; and they won't be here next academic year. You pay your money, and you make your choice.

PHIL JOHNSON



LISTINGS

Bands

Abraxas - Cambridge 64346
As It Is - Market Deeping 342254
As You Like It - Cam. 67566
At 10 Paces - Mildenhall 717900
Arcana - Cambridge 860460
Axis - Thetford 811801
Bible John - Histon 7112
The Bicycle Thieves - Cam. 355053
Big Blue World - P'borough 47294
Black Candy - Newmkt. 664638

Making Progress - Cambridge 276820
Mel's Kitchen - Cottenham 51255
The Melting Men - Histon 3450
The Moment - Ely 740244
Mr Kite - Cambridge 811220
Mr Meaner - Cambridge 834928
The Mullahs - 01-254-6543
Nutmeg - Ely 721761
On The Brink - Cambridge 263870
The Outworkers - Ashwell 2607
O-Zone - Cambridge 321696
The Pearl - Cambridge 324094
The Pleasure Heads - Pboro 48805
Pluck This - Cambridge 64965

Chris Hogge - Cambridge 350799
Tim George - Ramsey 812376
Steve Gillett - Cambridge 62560
Adele Heath - Pborough 263653
Rosanne Holt - Cambridge 249003
Giles Hudson - Cottenham 51204
Dave Kelly - Cambridge 494564
Serge Lenfant - Cambridge 63643



The Black Sky

The Black Sky - P'borough 238163
Blind Ambition - St. Ives 494004
Blind Mice - Saffron Walden 30645
Bogus Renegades - Cam. 842344
The Brides - Peterborough 71139
The Brotherhood - Cambridge 353006
Camera Shy - Histon 3816
The Charlottes - Huntingdon 50231
The Cherry Orchard - Cam. 243316
Chill Out - Crafts Hill 81882
Chopper - Cambridge 353754
Colonel Gomez - Ely 740900
The Crawthumpers - Cam. 65757
Crossland - Ely 664931
Cri De Coeur - Cambridge 833894
Curious - Chatteris 3010
Deja Vu - Newmarket 720090
The Desmonds - Cambridge 334394
Excess X Deluxe - Cam. 352370
The Flesh Mechanics - Cam. 321807
The Floorshow - Cambridge 211068
The Freedom Faction - Cambridge 60733
The Frigidaires - Cambridge 312694
The Fruit Bats - Fowlmere 578
Gangster - Huntingdon 52951
Geneva Convention - Cambridge 860470
John Hartley Band - Cambridge 68543
House Grinder - Cambridge 872348
I Thought I Told You - Haverhill 704452
Inflite - Cambridge 65048
Jack The Bear - Royston 61295
Legend - Peterborough 61854
Les Cargo - Cambridge 311356
The Lonely - Cambridge 246670
Mad Hamster - Cambridge 62730

Possession - Haverhill 702345
The Principle - Swavesey 80150
Quiet Life - Royston 838448
Real Time - Cambridge 352237
Rhythm Method - Hitchin 37587
Rhythm Touch - Cambridge 845283
Sardines - Cambridge 240953
Session 57 - Newmarket 750724
Shades Of Indifference - St. Neots 72145
Shine - Kings Lynn 673760
Spin - Cottenham 50423
Spiritwalk - Cambridge 214852
Stormed - Cambridge 65449
Strike Force - Cambridge 246958
The Sullivans - Harlow 37048
Surfin' Druids - Cambridge 860665
This Replica - Ely 721761
Thrilled Skinny - Luton 453385
Tribe Of Dan - St. Neots 405972
Vampcow - Cambridge 880798
The Voice - Haverhill 705371
War Dance - Peterborough 314703

PA Hire

Music Village - Cambridge 316091
NSD Sound Services - Cam. 245047
Pearce Hire - Peterborough 54950
Silent Running - Cambridge 891206
Skysound - Cambridge 358644
Sound Advice - Huntingdon 56642
Star Hire - Huntingdon 411159

Photography

Richard Brown - Cambridge 860801
Neil Carter - St. Ives 494303

Recording Studios

Avalon - Barkway 8805
Carlton - Bedford 211641
Cheops - Cambridge 249889
Flightpath - Teversham 5213
Kite - Cambridge 313250
Lizard - Cambridge 248877
The Lodge - Clare 27811
Minstrel Court - Cambridge 207979
The Music Room - Peterborough 46901
Quali Sound - Crafts Hill 82948
The School House - Bury 810723
Skysound - Cambridge 358644
Stable - Ware 871090
Stuarts - Huntingdon 830073

Lighting Hire

D Lights Design - Cambridge 844500
Fuzzy - Cambridge 876651
Just Lites - Cottenham 50851
Pearce Hire - Peterborough 54950
Soft Spot - Cambridge 244639
Star Hire - Huntingdon 411159

Venues

Cambridge

The Alma - 64965 (Nick)
Boat Race - 313445
CCAT Batman - 460008
Corn Exchange - 357851
Devonshire Arms - 311719
Man On The Moon - 350610 (Stan)
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 - 71139 (Pete)
Norfolk Inn - 62950
Oxcart - 267414
Peacock - 66293
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

Cambridge Video Unit - Cam. 241030
Neil Roberts - Cambridge 210320