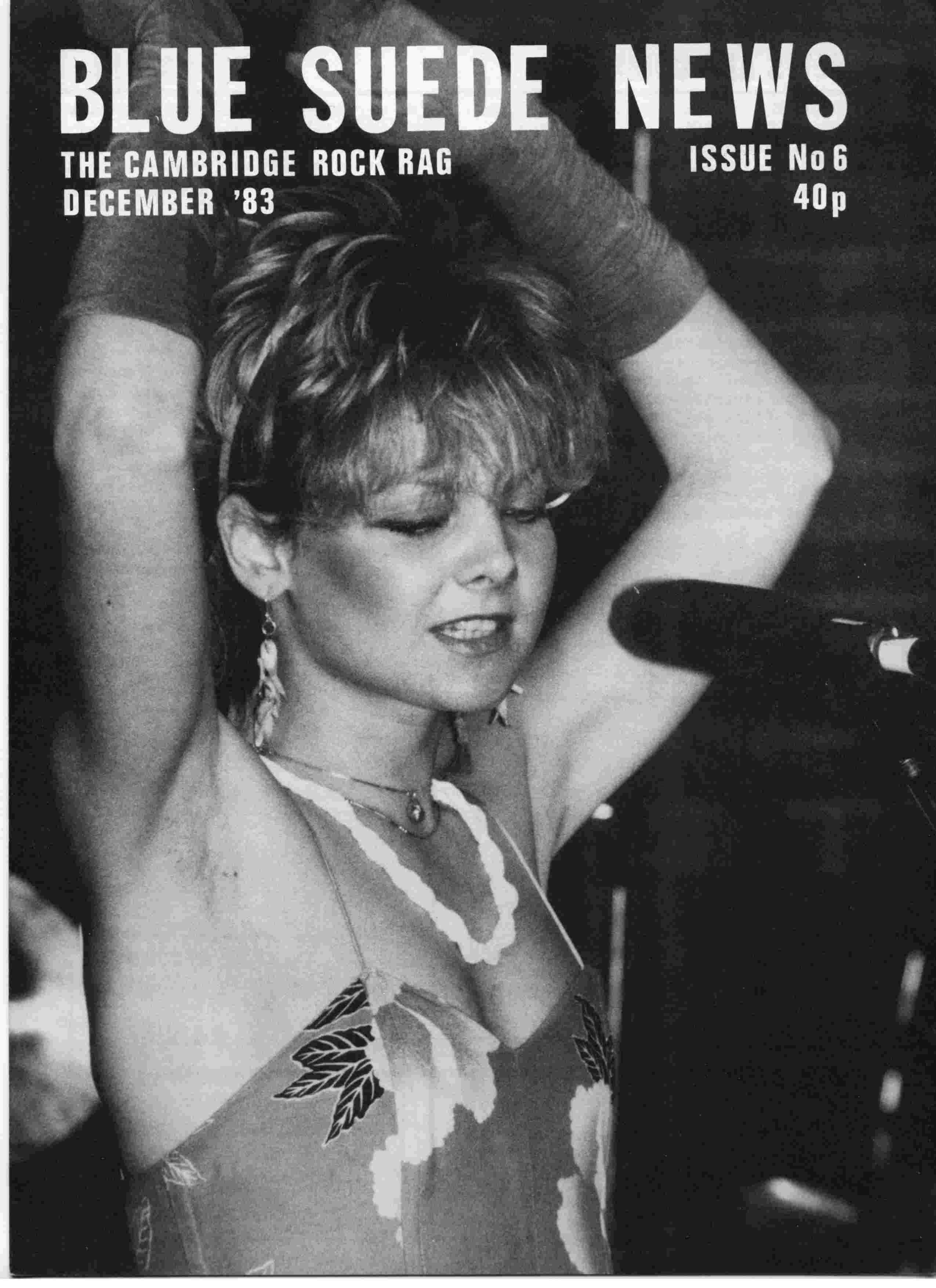


BLUE SUEDE NEWS

THE CAMBRIDGE ROCK RAG
DECEMBER '83

ISSUE No 6
40p



NEWS AND COMMENT

SUBCULTURE have plans to release another record in the New Year - their second, and apparently not so 'oi' as the last.

RONNIE THOMPSON'S WASP CLUB take their name from a Monty Python sketch which, so far as I know has nothing to do with the sort of 'southern boogie'/r'n'b that they play - and play very well. The guitar playing of Pete Harris is quite dazzling; ably supported by his brother Tim on guitar, Steve Betts on bass, Kevin Coatman on drums (and vocals) and Gail Grant on vocals/harp. Gail is from Chicago, but says his background is more in jazz and folk than the blues of his home city. Nevertheless he does do a solo acoustic blues set occasionally, and Pete can certainly play some mean blues on his battered old Fender - a far cry from the heavier stuff he was churning out with 754. Oh yes, I forgot to say that Gail also speaks Albanian!

PHOENIX have a new guitarist to replace Lee Adams (who is auditioning to join Trux). He is Mick Venning, who was once in Hazzard. The band are busily rehearsing for a mini-tour in January and February that will take them to places like Kings Lynn, Spalding, St. Ives and Peterborough. Full details in next issue.

33/22 in the person of Eddy Giacobbe their bass player, sent me an interesting letter saying how much they enjoyed playing in Cambridge the other week, despite a chapter of accidents on the way home that rivalled Andy's tale of the Bill on the road in the last issue. The rest of the band are: Rod Brattell on slide guitar/harp/vocals; Robin Chambers, lead guitar/vocals; Mick Austin, drums; Ken Stevens, percussion; and John Patience, saxaphones. Contact Eddy on OUNDLE 72118.

KEVIN BYRD is getting a new band together in London. He has teamed up with a witch called Rochelle Roux and is currently recruiting a band to back them on tour in the spring - maybe as support to MARILYN. This possibility comes about due to the fact that Paul Caplin, the guru behind 'Maz' so likes the demo of a song that Kevin has written, called "Let's Walk In The Fire" that he is going to set up a tape-lease deal for the record that he hopes to produce as well. All being well we should be able to see this new venture - to be called KOO KOO in March when they play the Cat Club.

SINDY AND THE ACTION MEN have leapt into Independent Labels Association Airplay guide at number 8, followed at number 11 by The Face. Katrina And The Waves meantime feature for the second week in the Bubblers section of the national airplay charts, which means that they are poised to enter soon - and judging by the dramatic increase in plays on Radio 1 last week it ought to be in next weeks airplay chart. Getting played is one thing of course, but selling records and getting in THE CHARTS is quite another. Already high in the Indie album charts however is the Soft Boys latest album "Invisible Hits"; it's just gone up to No.14. Everybody however has a long way to go to catch Shakatak who are pictured on page 2 of Music Week in Japan receiving gold discs for a million sales in that country alone in the year. Talk about a (red) express success story.

RADIO CAMBS ROCKSHOW returns on New Years Eve with two extended shows. The normal lunchtime spot is extended by half an hour, so it runs from 12 noon to 2.30pm; then we return in the evening at 10pm through to lam in the New Years morning. We shall be out and about in the radio car visiting parties and gigs so watch out and listen out then.

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KATRINA AND THE WAVES (above) will be recording a live performance for a video to be directed by Chris Tookey. He it was who directed ITV's "Revolver" (but does not in fact work for the BBC at all - my apologies to him for suggesting that he did). The recording will take place at the Shepperton Studios where the Whistle Test is recorded, on Friday December 30. There will be a coach going down for the early evening session and anyone interested in being present at what promises to be a memorable occasion should phone Alex Cooper on Cam 314857 for details. There will probably be a nominal charge for the hire of the coach, but it will not be expensive, and a great gig is in prospect.

HABIT OF PERFECTION are another new band who have written to me to announce their existence - in this case in the person of Simon Lindsay who was able to tell me some interesting things for the trees too. Thanks Simon. As for the band, well again I can do no better than quote what I am told about them: "The end result will probably fall between Howard Devoto and total pretentiousness."

FINAL SCREAM are making a record, which will be out some time in January.

THE GUILDHALL, yes the big one, is now officially open to hire as a rock venue. Needless to say the place is booked up months ahead for all sorts of other things so the chances of anyone putting on rock there are limited in the near future - but you never know; watch this space for the first news of it.

A FLOCK OF WILLIES have flown at last, and indeed are in perpetual motion up to and over the Christmas period. They consist of the following species: Ted Koehorst, guitar; Trevor Vincent, guitar and vocals; Martin Bond, guitar and vocals; Bob Jakins, bass and vocals; and Keith Pilsen, drums and vocals. Try the Alma on Christmas Eve, where you will also find The Light Blues and at least some of Andy Goes Shopping. Add an Adrian Chilvers up from London; mix a few drinks, and what do you get? Look at the family tree on the centre pages and guess; then dart out and join the festive fun!

THE WEBSTERS, although a London band may also be found on the same tree, for the reasons you will find therein. They play Stax type, soul type sounds, and are a very busy band down in the big smoke. Hopefully we will see them up here soon.

NEWS etc

THE LOVELY are a new band rising out of the ashes of Allergy, and according to my correspondent N.Plamer: "Whereas Allergy played pre-pubescent punkish thrash -badly, and were quite appalling really - The Lovely (including all of Allergy except the singer, and a lead guitarist added on) are a bit more musical, and we hope that this venture will be a bit more successful."

SPACEWARD STUDIOS had their picture in Music Week, the 'biz' mag, last week, following the descent of the Radio Cambs Rockshow on them the previous Saturday. The picture features Dave Stewart and Barbara Gaskin who are regular users of the studio, and that genius of the mixing desk Ted Hayton. Nice one Ted.

STEVE BREEZE got his picture in "Sounds" a couple of weeks ago with the much heralded new band formed by ex-Hot Rod and UFO bassist Paul Gray. The band is called SING SING and the other members are: Steve Nicol, also ex-Hot Rods (and One The Juggler) on drums; and 'Mad' Nigel Bennett, ex-Members, on guitar.

TRANSPARENT ILLUSION is one Roy Young who has made an album entirely by himself - with the aid of a synthesiser or two - called Still Human. It is available at the Beat Goes On for a mere £3; and apparently he also released a single in 1981, which he tells me was a double-A on Vortex/Nuclear. Unfortunately he omits to tell me the titles of that. Anybody wishing to find out more can contact him at: 2 Nosterfield End,
Castle Camps.
Cambs CB1 6TG.

STATE OF MIND, who play the Winters Strawberry Fair on Tuesday 20th December along with Storm, have sent me a tape recorded at Cheops. The quality of the tape, in terms of the reproduction of the music, is abysmal; and in between the apparently incomplete tracks one has to endure minutes of distant mutterings and heavy breathing. Whether this is an attempt to be clever and funny I'm not sure, but in fact it is merely tiresome and a less dutiful listener than myself (ie a Radio One DJ a national music paper journalist or a record company man) would have slung it straight in the bucket - which would be a pity since the music itself is in fact rather good. Sounding very much like Golden Earring (with echoes of

other bands from that era like Hawkwind, after whom one of the tracks seems to be named) they not only play very fluently but have a couple of excellent songs. Indeed I would go so far as to say that one of them, "Please Let Me Go" could be a classic of the genre. It will certainly be worth their while to make a decent quality recording of it; and if it is the cheap cassette alone that makes my copy so duff, please let me have a decent copy. The band are: Elvis on guitar and vocals; BJ on bass; Martyn on drums; and John on synth. Contact Martyn, Cam 316211 or Keefe, Cam 60460.

PERFECT VISION'S new demo tape on the other hand sounds crystal clear (done at the Kite Studios - congratulations to Roger) and is I think rather good. There are two tracks - "This Hook" and what I think is called "Great Figure", both of which are excellent songs; particularly the former, which like so much of their stuff cries out to be released from the rhythmic straightjacket they seem trapped in (by the drum machine alone?).

Though the lyrics speak of "my emotion, my excitement" there is precious little of either evident in only slightly less than usual deadpan style of vocal delivery. Real drums therefore are not the only way in which I think they could add some more dynamics to the music. But, having said that, on the other track I don't think it would make a lot of difference, since the mechanical feel imparted by the drum machine and vocal delivery seem to suit the menace of the subject matter - some sort of inescapable Big Brother/Godhead/Patriarch that devours its offspring. This time the bass drum beat is simply too loud in the mix. That is but a minor matter, however, since with some marvellously eerie synth sounds and great bass guitar playing by James (I assume) this track works extremely well - better than "This Hook" though I think it is the better song. Both need lots of listening to, and both reward such application - I hope they make it on to record soon.

BLUE SUEDE NEWS, 109 KING STREET.
Tel. Messages - 248341
EDITOR: Graeme Mackenzie
PHOTOGRAPHY: James Hall

Thanks to Liz for advertising help
and of course to all contributors.

Just imagine if they really were all dead...that the first pre-emptive strike had summarily, and in one fell swoop, dealt with all the anachronistic old dullards (do I quote someone here?) currently plaguing daytime radio. Not that I am referring to the types of an. o. dull. that Cambridge seems particularly beset by, but those that inflict their spineless interpretations of popular culture on the more gullible members of our society for the express purpose of massive financial gain. For instance, why is Cliff Richard still alive? Are the rumours of his android interior organs true, or merely exaggerated?

I have a theory: The reason people buy records by such turgid old wrinklies (is this a quote too?) as Yes, Genesis, Cliff, the Rolling Stones et al is that we are now living in the First Post Pop Generation. If Peter York had been intelligent enough to spot this phenomenon, we might have been spared the wastage of gallons of printing ink on the Sloane Ranger; the fact is that those old enough to have reached middle-age, parenthood, their 40s, etc, are of an age not to have known a world without popular teenage music/Youth Culture. These shameless and sagging masses have not grown out of the whims of their adolescence as was expected, and have carried on purchasing pop records oblivious to the whims of taste and sociology studies. This First Post Pop Generation has simply NOT GROWN UP; at least not in the way one might have wished.

Jolly fantasies on the deaths of my own personal bugbears aside (and it is true I once gave Katrina And The Waves a glowing review), I do not think it is feasible to blame the prevalence of a nostalgic middle-class and their offspring for the demise of such groups as the Birthday Party...

I saw the Birthday Party's last gig at the Electric Ballroom one balmy April evening. Their noisy mutant rhythm and blues changed the way I perceived 'pop' music entirely; they deconstruct the building blocks of song without bothering to establish any new logic to determine their rearrangement. The gaps and holes in their playing speak of a spontaneous creativity I have only rarely seen outside jazz. Of course it didn't work lots of the time, but when it did,

the effect was incredible to witness; 800 people (out of an audience of 1500) all moving up and down together. A very moving moment.

Support that night were SPK, who along with Einsturzende Neubauten and Test Department form the vanguard of the new Metal Music. These groups, whose hammering of pieces of metal and other products (usually waste) of the industrial society is very open to parody, may yet be our saviours. For those who are interested/involved in popular music's cutting edge may have noticed that numerous heroes of the alternative/left field have been moving up-market/to the right (musically and politically).

Take Cabaret Voltaire: Virgin Records did, for £1,000,000, which is a lot of money even in the grossery that is the Record Biz. The Cabs (as they are known to the cognescenti) used to make and produce all their own records in 8-track studios in Sheffield - and very interesting and imaginative they were too. They used to sell as well. Now they are with Virgin, they sell more records, but then they spend more money making them; and Virgin spend more money (much more) advertising them. And the music has not improved noticeably; it seems that, aware of the commercial pressures upon them, the duo have attempted to temper their imagination to fit the imagined audience - which is a stupid thing to do, and explains (up to a point) why "The Crackdown" is so bland.

This awareness of commercial pressures is responsible for the lingering death that is the Major Record Labels. These obscene and enormous organisations are run by the most paranoid collection of persons this side of Second Division Football team managers; the chief fear of every employee of every major company is that his rivals are about to sign the new Beatles. Consequently the incessant worrying about back-stabbing prevents the A&R departments from ever taking a sensible decision. In times of economic strife, this innate hysteria worsens, which merely causes a further decline in standards as only those theories proven to be successful are allowed to operate. Should any original talent be accidentally signed, clones are immediately sought by competing firms, thus bringing Gresham's Law into operation and devaluing any contribution the original had to make.

So, as groups like Cabaret Voltaire and the Eurythmics are sucked into the grinding machines of Big Business to be worn down to their lowest common denominators, the gap they are leaving at that end of the market fuelled by imagination, rather than finance, is being filled by the Metal bands. Their glorious ability to construct a horrible racket that you can dance to has endeared them to those listeners with brains between their ears (unlike the vast majority of those who buy records, who are, I am very much afraid, deaf - judging by their taste).

A new conservatism, a thickset austerity has washed through music this year; the cake of success is diminishing, so the struggle for even a crumb increases. This growing revisionism has even reached the Gang Of Four (one of the few groups who know how to pronounce "hegemony", even if they're not sure what it means), who released an LP of depressing banality - it makes Duran Duran sound like John Stuart Mill; where now the heady socialism of "Damaged Goods" and "Armalite" Rifle?

Further examples of the frightened self-repression of this year's music scene abound, particularly in performers' attitudes towards sex. Matters seem to have polarised between the androgynous disinterest of Boy George ("I'd rather have a cup of tea") and the ridiculous sex-and-death occultism of positive punk (ie Sex Gang Children); to me, these represent opposite sides of the same coin, as both repress or sublimate the sex urge by either ignoring it, or by concentrating on environment and ephemera rather than LUST (either hetero- or homo-). Thank heavens for Marvin Gaye and "Sexual Healing".

And David Bowie's "China Girl" video, which helped repair a lot of the damage done by his tour. Still it helps to know he's not perfect. Video increased its importance in this country over the year, but until we have a set point of access for music videos (like the USA's MTV cable channel) they will not achieve dominance of the British music scene. It's not enough for them to be scattered about between TOTP and superstore, as anything would lose its impact next to Mike Read at 9.30 on a Saturday morning, let alone Bob Dylan's new £500,000 masterpiece produced by Andrei Wajda. Video promo films, despite their long history (according to George Melly) are still in their nappies; groups seem torn between the twin

desires of wanting to see their every wart immortalised as they strum their sensitive guitars in "live performance", or the need to impress their audience with their Lash Olivier impressions. This dilemma can either be very funny or very sad, depending on whether or not you are a member of Sindy & the Action Men (have you seen their video?).

1983 saw the national music press (most of whose writers are the wrong side of 30) herald the return of the Guitar (aka the AXE) with the heady Highland glories of Big Country. My sympathies to Stuart Adamson (not just for looking like me) for being touted as the saviour of what is frequently described as "good old-fashioned guitar bands". Poor sods, when will they realise that there is no such thing as either "guitar" or "synth" bands; there are plainly and simply only groups (or bands) who happen to use particular combinations of instruments. If the guitar happens to be prominent, it may occasionally be useful to refer to the group as a "guitar" group, but it is NOT ON to announce the resurrection of yet another smelly corpse on these grounds. Stuart Adamson's playing has not altered since the days of the Skids, except perhaps to get louder; who cares if it sounds like a bagpipe, as long as it is pleasing to the ear?

Trevor Dann (the radio man) was moaning about how stimulating guitars were, and that the noise they made was "exciting". This man has obviously not heard DAF's LPs.

So much for 1983. Despite my disparaging description of much of what has been going on, I am tolerably optimistic about the "future of rock'n' roll"; as long as we can keep it out of the hands of such mega-millionaires as Paul McCartney and Michael Jackson (look what a mess they made of the past) we may get by in 1984.

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From Our Own Correspondent

I came accross a word the other day which has really set me thinking; so if you will indulge me for a few minutes, I'll try to pull a few strands together. First of all, what is rock music? If I open Broadsheet or the Weekly News I find "Rock Scene" and "Rock Page" which seem to be loose umbrellas under which we find all non-classical music which isn't jazz or folk. It also seems to be a slightly more precise term within itself, in that these rock columns subdivide the music into pop, reggae, heavy metal, rock, synth music, disco and so on. But of all these, 'rock' seems the least easily defined. Dictionaries are no help - "a large outstanding natural mass of stone"; or in the most up-to-date, "a simple form of jazz".

Leaving that aside, I delved into a different bit of the dictionary to discover that the suffix "ism" is used to form abstract nouns signifying a condition or system; that an ism is a doctrine and the word is usually disparaging; and that an "-ist" is someone who practices or follows an "-ism". Thus Marxism is the theories (supposedly) of Karl Marx, and a Marxist one who follows them - though why this is disparaging is beyond me (in theory); and racism is the belief in the inherent superiority of one race over another, and a racist one who believes it (I can see the disparaging bit here).

So we come back to the beginning.

Take the seemingly loose, undefineable term 'rock', turn it into an abstract noun signifying a condition or system, and you arrive at rockism, and finally "rockist" - the word in contention.

This word has just been, to my knowledge, coined by a young Cambs writer in Broadsheet. The fact that he used it to describe my band's rendering of a particular song is beside the point; I honestly think that if he had hit the first four letters under his typing fingers at random and added "ist", he couldn't have come up with anything less meaningful. He meant it disparagingly so he at least got that bit right. Slogans form instantly in the mind. Rock Against Rockism being perhaps the most amusing.

Emotive use of empty words has long been the prerogative of "angry young men", particularly at Cambridge, and who am I to deny them this youthful pleasure? Unfortunately for the writer, (I don't know who he is - he sensibly omitted his name) that one meaningless word turned an otherwise quite gritty article into a journalistic joke.

Not wishing to turn this column any further into a similar rehearsal of personal prejudices I will simply recommend all aspiring young journalists to join me in the use of the dictionary; wherein they will find "criticism" to be the art of judgement - not just the ability to decry.

A METCALFIST

BRAGG'S BAFFLER

OK it's Xmas again, and time for the first annual Blue Suede News/Braggs Bumper Xmas Baffler. Twelve Questions (One for each of the days of Xmas natch - don't miss a trick, do I?). All the answers are Xmas type tunes past and present, and you'll need both the artist or band AND song title. Simple really. A £5 record token awaits the author of the first correct answer out of the bag.

Entries to: BLUE SUEDE NEWS, 109 KING ST.

- 1. This group seem to be hanging around cafes; funny, I thought they might be tied up.
- 2. Looks like he's expecting snow this year.

- 3. At his age somebody should have told him by now.
- 4. So they're celebrating alone; perhaps they'd have visitors if they were cleaner.
- 5. This could hardly happen for the other 364 days; perhaps they could cast a spell.
- 6. Is he cold or unhappy? Probably cold when six foot under.
- 7. Seasons greetings to you too; but the fighting's not stopped yet.
- 8. Obviously they've flown away, otherwise you wouldn't have to get them back in time - so ask nicely.
- 9. She's dynamite, dancing around the decorations in your front room.
- 10. She's all alone; that's why it's so, so chilly.
- 11. My, oh my, all these people; and a happy new year to you too.
- 12. Seasonal stiff, dancing in and out (no, it's not Ian Dury).

THE BARRACUDAS

Carl Tweed

Jeremy Gluck and Robin Wills met at the Speakeasy, London, in 1977. A firm friendship ensued, as they shared a passion for 1960s garage bands from America. The obvious thing to do was to form a band of their own. They recruited David Buckley and Nick Turner, and started playing the London club circuit.

The Barracudas applied the garage band aesthetic to surf music. Crowd reaction to them was one of astonishment. It seemed incongruous to be singing about surfing in London; but it was fun. The band was making an expedient response to the depressing and precious sounds of most post-punk music.

Their first single was released in 1979. "I Want My Woody Back" was a surprisingly competent debut for a song that had been recorded in one day. It sounded like a cross between the Ramones and early Beach Boys. The guitar playing was pretty useless, but the strong vocals and solid Jerry Nolanish drumming made it stand out from the dross. It sold almost 4000 copies and brought them to the attention of EMI who signed them to Zonophone, an EMI subsidiary label.

Three singles followed in quick succession. "Summer Fun" looked set to make Gluck and Wills the Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman of the 1980s. It was a pop song in praise of fun which, like "Happy Together" by the Turtles, dispelled any misgivings the listener might have had by its sheer exuberance. Using an American radio commercial for the Plymouth Barracuda at the start of "Summer Fun" proved to be a brilliant idea. It got the discjockeys interested, and a minor hit was the result. The Barracudas even appeared on "Top Of The Pops".

"His Last Summer" was about a surfer who kills himself and was dedicated to Jan Berry. It featured great drums and keyboards, but failed to build on the success of the previous single.

"(I Wish It Could Be) 1965 Again" was a nostalgic, rowdy anthem to the last days of innocence in popular music. Towards the end of the song Gluck listed some milestones of American pop culture, taking in everything from "Shindig" to "Eight Miles High". As well as being a song about an era that had disappeared forever, it also marked the end of the first stage of the band's career. Their new songs conveyed a more uneasy mood.

Sid One of their first album, "Drop Out With The Barracudas", highlighted these more serious songs. "We're Living In

Violent Times" was influenced by the Dylan/P.F.Sloan folk-rock protest songs. "I Saw My Death In A Dream Last Night" owed its inspiration to the Electric Prunes. "Codeine" was a classic version of the Buffy Saint-Marie anti-drug song which had previously been covered by the Charlatans, the Leaves and Quicksilver Messenger Service. The major influence on all the new tracks, however, was the Flamin' Groovies who they regarded as the ultimate rock 'n' roll band. In an attempt to achieve a wall of sound they recorded the album at Rockfield studios which was where the Groovies had made "Shake Some Action" and "Now". Also, the cover showed them resplendent in typical Groovies garb. All this hero worship of the Flamin' Groovies meant nothing to the average pop fan. "I Can't Pretend" flopped as a single. Zonophone/EMI lost interest and the Barracudas were dropped from the label.

The rest of 1981 was a struggle for survival. David Buckley and Nick Turner left the band, the latter to join Stiv Bators and Brian James in the Lords Of The New Church. They were replaced by Jim Dickson (ex-Flying Padavanis) and Graeme Potter (ex-Little Roosters).

The psychedelic revival helped the band pick up the pieces. They booked a club called Eric every Wednesday night. "A Splash Of Colour", the compilation album of revival bands, included a contribution from the Barracudas.

In early 1982 they released a single on Flickknife. It came as a relief to discover that the turmoil of the previous year had not affected their ability to produce timeless rock 'n' roll. "Inside Mind" and the b-side, "Hour Of Degradation", were quite exceptional. Gluck's vocals exhibited a new maturity; his spine-tingling screams on "Degradation" have to be heard to be believed. Jim Dickson's bass playing was superb. The only disappointment was the absence of Turner on drums.

More personnel changes were just around the corner. In March 1982 Graeme Potter was replaced by Terry Smith (ex-Temper). At about the same time Chris Wilson (ex-Flamin Groovies) joined the band. This seemed like a strange career move for Wilson because he had been a lead vocalist and the Barracudas already had Gluck. His reasons were made known later in the year. He had no great desire to sing, but he was keen to take

up the electric twelve-string guitar again, which he had played in the early 1970s when he was with Loose Gravel.

Flickknife advertisements in the music press promised that the Barracudas would have an album out soon. Then, in an extraordinary move, they refused to provide the money to finance its recording. The contract with Flickknife expired and the Barracudas found themselves in the Wilderness for the second time in less than a year. The significant difference on this occasion was that the band were united. They decided to keep writing, play the odd gig and wait for the right record deal to present itself.

They eventually signed with Closer, a French label. Their second album, "Mean Time", came out in early 1983, having been recorded in October/November 1982. The wait was definitely worthwhile. The guitars of Wills and Wilson created a dense, unremitting barrage of sound. The songs were not as memorable as on the first album, but their execution was superior. The material ranged from the mid-sixties pop of "Shades of Today" and

the circa-1965 Byrds soundalike "When I'm Gone" to the atmospheric and slightly sinister "Dead Skin". The only cover was "I Ain't No Miracle Worker" which was originally recorded by the Chocolate Watch Band. Two of the originals were co-written by Wilson, and he also performed lead vocals on two.

A few months later Flickknife dug out some demos for the lost album and came up with the "House Of Kicks" EP; three tracks made just prior to Wilson and Smith joining. They were certainly of interest to collectors, but did not give a true reflection of the band's capabilities.

And that brings us up to date. A new album called "Live 1983" - an official bootleg - has recently been released which I have not yet heard. If it was well recorded, it could be a killer. Finally there is news of another change of drummers, with the new one being Empire who was in the T.V. Personalities and toured with Robyn Hitchcock after the Soft Boys split. I hope my enthusiasm for the Barracudas has inspired a few of you to go and search out their records.

SUCCESS SIXTIES STYLE

Kimberley Rew

This is how you made it in the sixties, according to these snippets from the long-defunct musicians' monthly "Beat Instrumental".

First get the right clothes. "The boys (Jimmy Powell and the Dimensions) will wear black roll-neck sweaters, wide white belts, black flared trousers and white boots. I'll wear something contrasting and we'll all sit on very high stools raving"!

Use hip terminology, like guitarist-six string operator; drummer-battery man; drums-skinned friends; amplifier-rectangular friend; tie-neck hosiery.

Get a gimmick, like an unusual instrument. "Jimmy Page is causing a sensation on stage with a guitar that changes colour. No-one knows how he does it, but the guitar has been known to change from red to blue to green, all in the space of one number."

Or an unusual stage act. "We (The Move) have chopped up stages, done fair old damage. If a management gets stropky we just tell 'em we'll send them some planks of wood through the post to do the repairs."

Predict the next big thing. "There are some excellent Egyptian songs which, if properly handled, could make the charts.

Their style of music in Egypt is really different. I'm talking of the genuine thing, not the so-called copies that groups are trying nowadays." (David Garrick)

Watch out for demon substances. "He (Wayne Fontana) seems to have kicked the Tizer habit. Now he's moved onto milk".

Succumb to megalomania. "I (Crispian St. Peters) don't think the Beatles have a real act - and I think mine is better.

I don't think all the Beatles songs are top-class - I think some of mine are better."

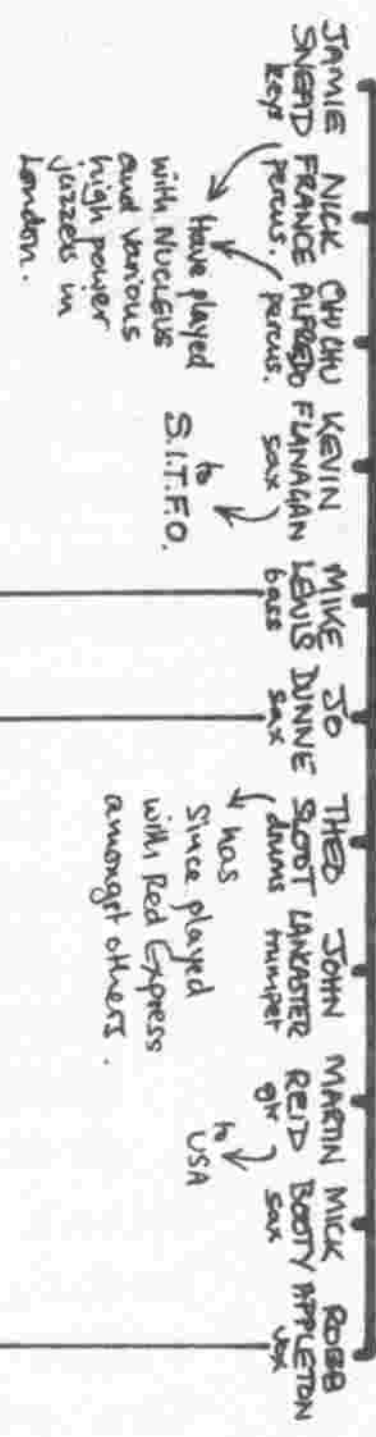
Go completely O.T.T. "Try listening to it (Joe Brown's 'Sicilian Tarantella') with closed eyes; the arrangement could easily make you imagine you're watching a mass of Cossacks jumping around."

Flip your noodle. "Just one or two close friends who I can trust implicitly are all I (Gary Brooker of Procol Harum) need. Plus the fairies, pixies and goblins. I'm not joking."

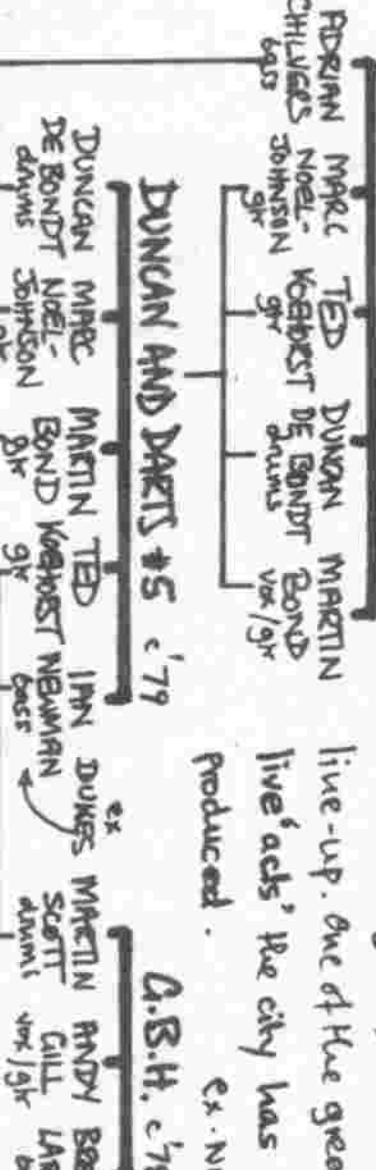
Finally, get disillusioned. "Sometimes on stage, when I (Francis Rossi of Status Quo) am singing, the words come out without me really thinking and my mind wanders to my nice warm bed and the hot water bottle where my feet go."

Unfortunately Duncan and the Darts never made it on to vinyl, but The Lonely have a track on the Cambridge compilation album "Honey for Tea" (Wump).

OUT OF BLUE # 3 c'79



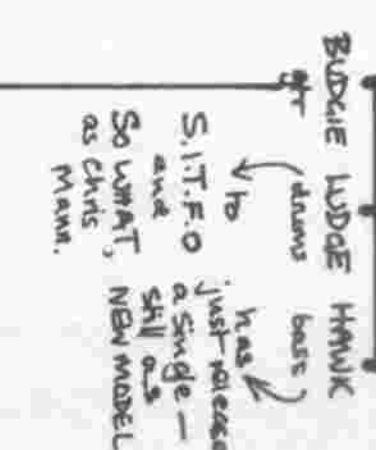
DUNCAN AND DARTS # 4 c'78



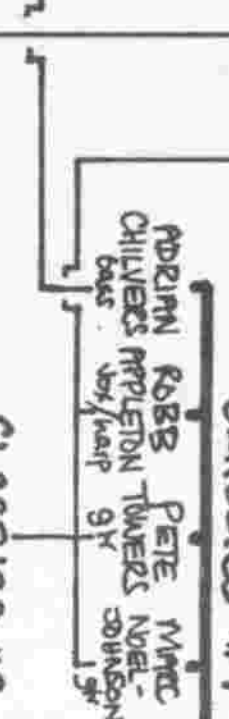
754 # 2 c'82



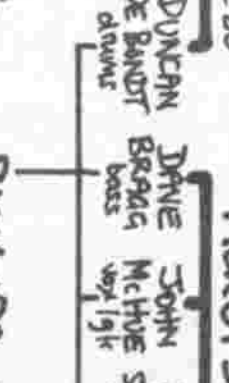
NEW MODEL c'78



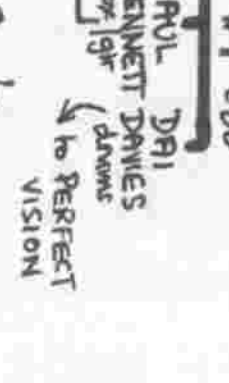
ROBB APPRETON BAND c'79



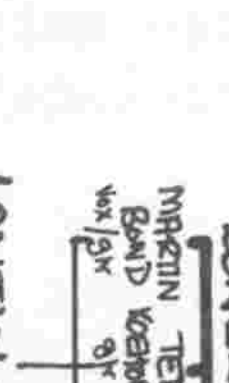
PICKUPS # 1 c'80



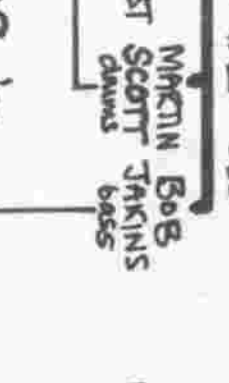
CLASSICS # 1 c'80



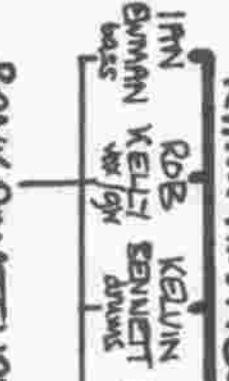
CLASSICS # 2 c'80



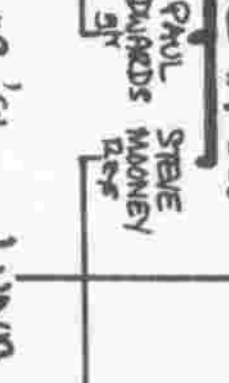
WEEK AT THE KNEES c'81



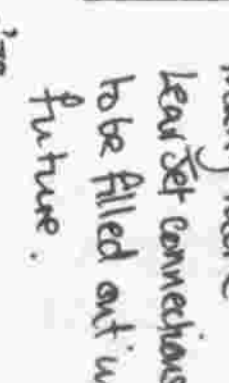
MODELS



BLUE ROUTES c'79



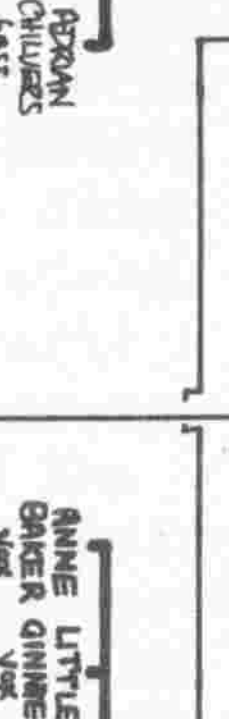
RANK AMATEURS # 1 c'80



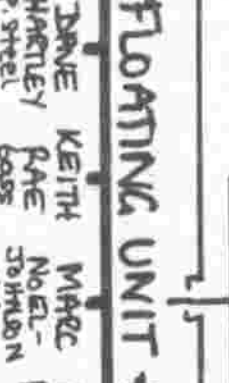
RANK AMATEURS # 2 c'81



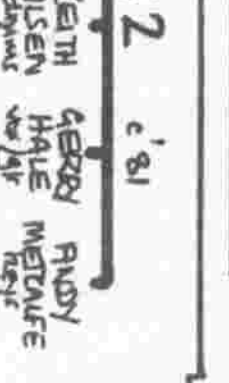
REAL TO REAL c'81



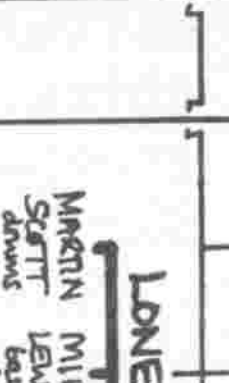
ANIMAL MAGNET # 1 c'81



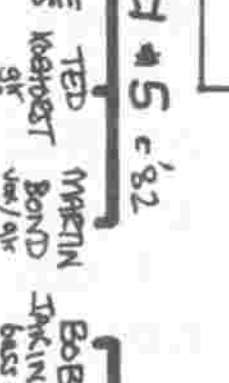
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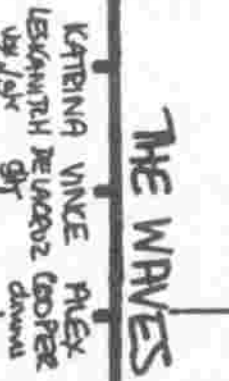
EXCEPTIONS '83



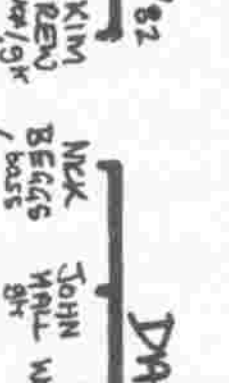
BARONS OF ALDOM '83



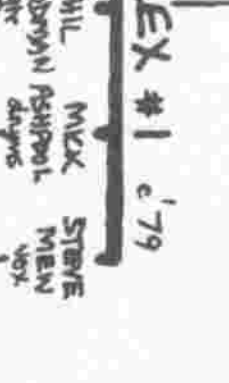
THE WEBSTERS '83



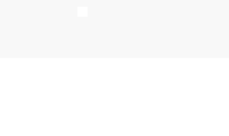
HOLDERS HEROES '83



THE LIGHT BLUES c'82-'83



A FLOCK OF WILBIES '83



This is the London comes - the exiles spt. The presiding genius is Paul Caplin who is involved in the launching of MERVYN (with help from Roger 'Gentleman' Jackson - see above) and may be about to launch Kevin Byrd and a whole called Rockelle Roux in pursuit as Kor Kor!

Unlabeled diagram showing members: KEVIN BYRD, PAUL RICHARD, KEVIN BYRD, PAUL RICHARD, KEVIN BYRD, PAUL RICHARD.

Unlabeled diagram showing members: PAUL RICHARD, MARTIN RICHARD, PAUL RICHARD, MARTIN RICHARD, PAUL RICHARD, MARTIN RICHARD.

Unlabeled diagram showing members: STEVE JOHN, JOHN SIMON, STEVE JOHN, JOHN SIMON, STEVE JOHN, JOHN SIMON.

Unlabeled diagram showing members: GERRY MICK, STEVE JOHN, GERRY MICK, STEVE JOHN, GERRY MICK, STEVE JOHN.

Unlabeled diagram showing members: MARTIN PHIL, PHIL PHIL, MARTIN PHIL, PHIL PHIL, MARTIN PHIL, PHIL PHIL.

Unlabeled diagram showing members: KATHA, PHIL PHIL, KATHA, PHIL PHIL, KATHA, PHIL PHIL.

©1983 Graeme MacIntyre

This part of the chart is very sketchy and I know there are many more lead set connections to be filled out in future.

The models are now called BOARING BOTS and busy in London searching for fame and fortune.

The Drex put out a single - "Sweeney clw Action Man" on WHAT? THE DAMAGE JOHN? RECORDS.

REVIEWS

SOUNDS OF THE SIXTIES - KELSEY KERRIDGE

This did not look promising. Four third division acts from yesteryear taking a break from the Working Mens Club circuit to bring the "Sounds of the Sixties" to the Kelsey Kerridge Sports Hall/aircraft hanger.

As this was a show, we had a compere; a nauseating prat whose patter was an inane mixture of double entendre, cheap jokes at today's pop scene ("what about Gay George and Marilyn then"), and predictable jokes about the ages of the night's performers. After informing us that Wayne Fontana would be unable to appear (reason unspecified), he introduced the Nashville Teens, who turned out to be a competent biker-rock band. Highlight of their brief set was a blistering "Mona", and "Tobacco Road" sounded as good as ever despite some grossed-out guitar playing.

Brian Poole was always one of the least talented of the Merseybeat bandwagon-jumpers; his hits being sanitised versions of great songs. Tonight he waddled on stage looking like an overweight Bruce Forsyth while his band (Tramline on the tickets, Black Cats in actuality) played with a bored semi-competence. We got the biggies; "Twist and Shout" (twice), "Do You Love Me" and "Candyman" (always a rotten song), as well as a couple of uninspired covers and a sub-Manilow dirge which (Gawd help us) will be his next single. Pathetic.

I'd expected good things from Dave Berry who has a sound reputation among r'n'b buffs. He certainly looked the part, moving well on stage and using his microphone as imaginatively as ever. His band was solid enough and the choice of material ranged from his hits to stuff like "Hoochie Coochie Man" and "Bopping The Blues". Unfortunately he sang excruciatingly flat, which completely ruined what might have been a useful set.

I've always had a soft spot for Mungo Jerry. I liked their attractively cheerful vulgarity, and in "Baby Jump" they produced a genuine pre-punk classic. Tonight they were thoroughly entertaining, sticking to familiar material, but letting a pleasant jugband/skiffle flavour temper their basically raucous rock 'n' roll. At least they looked like they were enjoying themselves (although I did catch Ray Dorset sneaking a quick look

at his watch). A good turn, but hardly a sixties band - their first hit wasn't until 1970!

The far from capacity audience enjoyed a good wallow; but I reckon Rick Nelson got it about right - "If memories were all I sang, I'd rather drive a truck.

PAUL AINSWORTH

MARZ - CITY LIMITS

The poster described Marz as "Prog/Rock"; so being a Rock fan I thought I'd take my life in my hands and go along. I am still alive, and I am also the proud owner of the said group's EP. This is a three song disc which is nice, but doesn't have the power of their live performance. "Daydreamer" is the best track, starting off in a whimsical fashion and finishing with some hard-hitting guitar work. Hardly surprising when you know it was written by the lead guitarist.

Marz had already started playing when I arrived and my feet started tapping whilst I was still at the bar. They play punchy, loud and reasonably heavy rock, using their own material as well as a smattering of well known covers. The first set was mainly their own material and was popular with the audience. I may be wrong, but I have a sneaking feeling that most of the punters were mates of the band; very few local faces were in evidence. That was the only disappointing feature of the evening, so if any heavy rock fans are reading this please take note - Friday night is heavy rock night at "City Limits". Howsabout giving it some support.

The second set was most definitely memorable. There were rip roaring renditions of "Paranoid", "Strange Kind Of Woman" and "Boom, Boom (Out Go The Lights)" to name but a few. The punters with the loudest voices were treated to bite size Mars Bars masquerading as missiles - this is what you get for shouting chorus lines. I don't remember which number it was in, but the drummer played a very enthusiastic solo, and the singer proved himself to be quite graphic during a song called "Handy Shandy". One poor faint hearted lady had to turn away with embarrassment; I was just glad he was only mimeing.

Let us hope that Marz play in Cambridge again because they are worth seeing, if only for a good laugh and a bit of a boogie. They were certainly considered worthy of an encore last Friday anyway.

LYN GUY

REVIEWS

AQUADANCE; RED GUITARS - CCAT CANTEEN

Aquadance have been playing in Cambridge for several years, until recently as Tranzista, and saturation advertising for their homecoming guaranteed a sizeable audience at CCAT last Saturday.

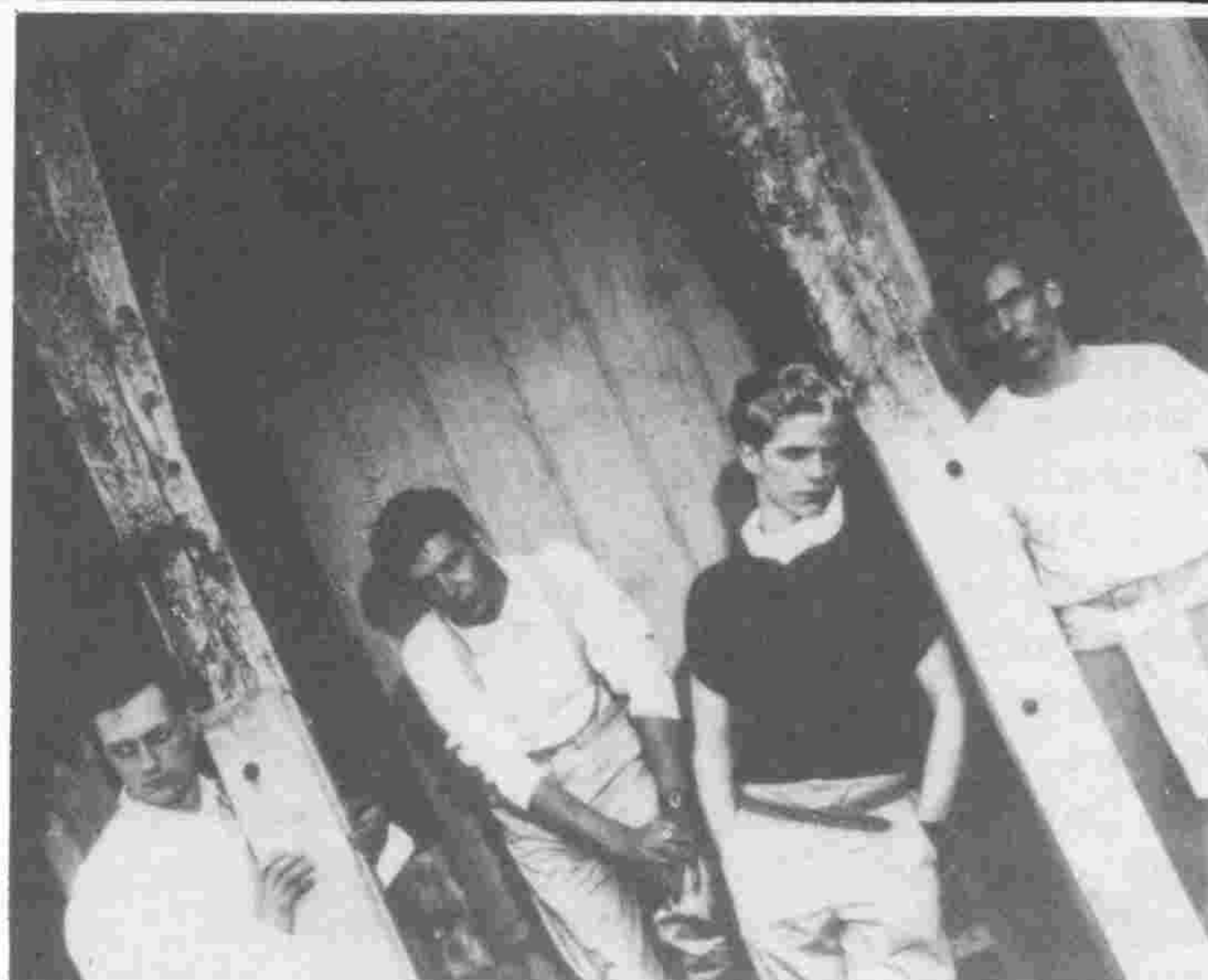
First on, however, were Hull's RED GUITARS. Despite situating themselves comfortably within rock's conventional instrumentation, they have managed to negotiate for themselves an impressive and refreshingly original style. They opened with their new single "Fact", the strident repetition of the vocal forced onwards by Hallam Lewis' stunningly inventive guitar playing - and while they never quite regained those heights until the encore (their first single "Good Technology") this was still one of the best sets I've seen for a long time.

I regret the safeness of some of their material - where they flex themselves towards the unusual, as on the singles, they are not only more interesting and challenging, but are simply better. Suspend your scepticism and at least listen to their 5-track 12" out through Rough Trade in the New Year, featuring the two previous singles; "Paris, France"; "Heartbeat Go(live)" and the excellent "Steel Town", all of which they played on Saturday.

How can I explain why I didn't like AQUADANCE? They were tight, well rehearsed; they play well, perform with confidence; the sound was good, the lighting professional. And they played a set of those nice solid pop songs; the ones where you set the scene in the verse and repeat something 'emotional' in the chorus.

It sounds just like the perfect pop band. The trouble is that they aren't - instead they are like someone's idea of the perfect pop band. They do everything 'right', everything to formula. There's nothing that makes them distinctly Aquadance as opposed to a hundred other bands with their hearts in their pockets and their eyes on the cash in the hands of those drooling teenagers. They have made such a good job of producing something marketable that there is nothing sufficiently different to be worth selling.

Not that they need give up, or take too much notice of this. While most of the successful bands providing the



AQUADANCE

blueprint for the Aquadance product have gained their positions through marketing skills and originality, there are also enough who earn a good living treading a similar path to Aquadance - Blue Zoo, The Fixx, Classix Nouveaux, even Kajagoogoo. One really strong song (I didn't spot one), one really good publicity stunt, one good set of photos, of clean teeth and false smiles, a new dance/hairstyle/lifestyle - if they can manage three or four from this list they may make it. And why not them rather than someone else? Like Red Guitars.

Well, one good reason is that Red Guitars try to say something that needs saying. (I'm not trying to set up Red Guitars as a perfect alternative - they are good but flawed - just using them as a hint of the alternative).

"take the profit out of war
we don't need it any more" ("Fact")

"we've got computers that can find
us friends
we know roughly when the world
will end"
("Good Technology")

I'm sorry if this offends those who feel that mixing politics and music spoils their leisure time. But while I believe that honest, critical, accounts of the personal, and even the trivial, have their place; denouncing the intrusion by wider concerns into leisure activities isn't a way of preserving that leisure. More likely it will give a helping hand to those developments which suggest either an overdose of leisure, or its permanent cancellation.

CHRIS HEATH

REVIEWS

KATRINA AND THE WAVES - FISHER HALL

You might be forgiven for thinking that this gig would be sold out; after all the band had just signed a major deal, and it was a benefit gig (for legal aid). A reasonable number of people turned up, but the Fisher Hall (circle?) was certainly not full.

I think enough has been said about people not attending gigs (particularly as readers of BSN are the sort of punters who turn up anyway), so what about Katrina and The Waves' performance? In one word, brilliant. I can't remember any gig where both the band and the audience have so obviously enjoyed themselves. The audience showed their appreciation by dancing or simply leaping up and down. The Waves were also having a good time; during one song Katrina and Kimberley were pushing each other around the stage, and Kimberley almost launched Katrina into the audience. The drummer deserves a mention not only for his playing (which was excellent), but also because he played the second half of the set in agony from a slipped disc.

The promised hordes of A&R people failed to turn up (surprise, surprise), but Richard Skinner and the bosses of IDS did, and by all accounts were very impressed. It's not difficult to see why, as despite all the fun and games (including having 20 or so people on stage dancing during their "Rock'n'Roll" encore) the music was immaculate. Let's hope some more turn up to their next gig (or just buy the single).

STEVE HARTWELL

SINDY AND ACTION MEN - CITY LIMITS

The focal point of any band is essentially the singer, and this ought to be especially so in the case of 'Sindy' and her 'Action Men'. But while the other members of the band could maintain complete involvement with their instruments and yet obviously be at ease with stage antics; it was clear that Sindy was far less happy about the whole affair.

During the instrumentals (and there were quite a few of these in the set) her inexperience and inability to relax was evident. Consequently I found her manner rather false and affected; she should have talked to her audience as she did to fellow band members.

Joining Sindy on stage were Action Man No. 1 on lead guitar; No.2 on bass; No.3 on drums; and No.4 on saxophone and flute. Collectively the band played a fast set - and one refreshingly free of cover version after cover version.

While it was nice to hear a saxophone, it was more unusual these days to see the inclusion of the flute on one number. While the saxophonist more than adequately coped with the usual rapid funky beat of the band, I was disappointed there was no chance for a slow, soulful solo - but then the band will probably argue that they are not a blues outfit.

When the singer has had more experience in playing live, I think she will learn how to relax and consequently give a much better performance. Her stylised manner of singing - almost talking at some points - will still contrast with the funky background, but should sound as professional and intentional as no doubt it should.

PHILIPPA HUGHES

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BRAGG'S BOOKS

Stuck for ideas for Christmas presents; don't know what to give or to get; can't really stand another pair of socks, handkerchiefs, or some really amazing aftershave/perfume that is supposed to do wonders for your sex life but only brings you out in a rash. Well if you take the advice contained within the following epistle you will have no difficulty in choosing a book from the amazing selection listed therein, and so gladden the heart of any rock fan.

Naturally as Christmas is approaching there is an absolute plethora of fan books about. Most of these are frankly not worth the paper they are written on, but they are regularly spewed out and bought by the masses - probably because they know no better. Out of this mire a few rear up - namely "Smash Hits Yearbook" (£2.50) and "The Rock Yearbook Vol.4" (£6.95). Both of these suffer from going to press well before Christmas - the year runs from August to August. Both have their merits. The Rock Yearbook because it acts as a memory jogger as to what has happened in the past year; and Smash Hits because it would be useful to look at in a few years to find out what the stars were doing - as well as stacks of other information, such as what the Joboxers' squat looks like!

For older readers there is Fred Dellar's "Where Did You Go To My Lovely?" (£2.95). This is a set of short essays on a whole selection of stars from the sixties - what has happened to them, and where they are now. John Platt, editor of 'Comstock Lode', has written a biography of The Yardbirds in association with Chris Dreja and Jim McCarty - plenty of pics, lots of words and also fairly accurate, which is a joy in itself.

A couple of books for all you budding musicians: "The Guitar Handbook" by Ralph Denyer, and "Rock Hardware" Ed. Tony Bacon. The former has lots of information about guitars, basses, chords, keys, chord sequences, repairs, technique etc. The latter overlaps slightly but is more inclined to the technical end - amps, tape recording, PA and so on. Both recommended as essential reading - even with Rock Hardware's picture of left-handed guitars which are all right ended!

For record collectors try "New Rock Record" (£5.95) which is jam packed with lists of practically every LP, musician

and band you've ever heard of. An essential buy - closely followed by "The International Discography of the New Wave" which, whilst only running from about 1975, does cover practically all New Wave, Independent label artists you can think of. It covers singles, albums, promo material, tapes, bootlegs, different mixes etc. There's also "The Encyclopedia of Hard Rock and Heavy Metal" (£7.95) doing a similar job for all headbangers. Then there's a history of Stiff Records; "Stiff, The Story Of A Record Label" (£3.95). It covers all Stiff releases, promo material, biopics and useful trivia up to about late '82.

On to the heavy stuff. Charlie Gillett's "Sound Of The City" has been revised and reissued, bringing it well into the 1970s anyway. This book is excellent and comes very highly recommended. It is nearly as good as "Mystery Train" by Greil Marcus - a collection of essays on his visions of rock 'n' roll; try and get a copy with the discographies in it.

Pushing the above for space on the bookshelves is "Uptight: The Velvet Underground Story" (£5.95) by Victor Bockris and Gerard Malanga. Not for the fainthearted. Both writers were involved with the band at its inception and it helps, therefore, to know a little about the band before you read the book; and, as the publicity blurb says, "This book contains many impressive pictures of the band wearing shades and tight black trousers"; which is as good a reason for buying a book as any I've heard.

Finally, we can't have an article on books for Christmas without mentioning Pete Frame's "Rock Family Trees, Vol.2". It tells you who played with who, when, where, why, what was released, and so on and so forth. An essential tome - and Volume 1 is still available if you have no already got it.

DAVE BRAGG

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FREE ADMISSION

1983 LOCAL

Graeme Mackenzie

Start with the statistics. There are currently 73 bands listed on the back page, and virtually all of them are gigging bands - although I'm bound to say that I have only seen about 31 of them myself; which leaves me lots to look forward to in the New Year, doesn't it??? Of those 73 bands about a dozen have got so far as to make a record and get it released, although there are another half dozen with stuff recorded, some of which will be coming out in the New Year.

73 bands is a remarkable enough figure for a city the size of Cambridge (some come from outside the city, but are still fairly local, and gig in the city from time to time), but is even more remarkable when you consider that at the beginning of the year there was virtually no where to play in Cambridge. Now we are luxuriating in abundance, with two regular pub venues (and perhaps the Burleigh will make it three); two readily available small halls (Sea Cadet and Fisher) and at last the big Guildhall as well as the small hall there. There are other places that put on gigs, like The Last Resort, Flambards, Pitts Wine Bar; and of course the colleges have regular gigs in the term. They may not all be open to the public, but for the bands they are more potential work - and what is more, work with a guaranteed audience, which is not often the case in the town. But whose fault is that?

We won't dwell too much at this season of charity and goodwill to all men on the nature of musicians, particularly in the closed world of Cambridge, but I will just repeat what I said in the pilot edition of BSN about underattended gigs: "It is not apathy amongst the fans that leads to empty halls, it is usually either music they do not want to hear - or gigs they do not know about." And in both cases the remedy lies with the band. With more venues, and so many bands, punters can afford to be choosy about the gigs they go to - indeed they cannot afford not to be, with the price of gigs going up at a time of recession. So if as a band you take yourself seriously (by which I do not mean you lack humour - I mean you are serious about success in your chosen sphere - as are for instance the Great Divide, a very amusing band on stage) you simply have to work hard at getting yourself known AND liked. If you are just in it for your own amusement, fair enough - but don't be surprised,

and above all don't go round moaning about it, if it is only you that you end up amusing.

1983 has provided not only extra venues to play in, but has also seen the arrival of a number of ancillary services to aid the aspiring band to get known. Chief amongst these I would obviously place BSN itself. Our circulation is slowly creeping up towards the 400 mark, and hopefully in the New Year when we get in to more newsagents as well as the record shops it will rise much more. Obviously however the people buying it are the rock fans that bands want to reach, even if as yet there are relatively few of them. I would like to think that many of the readers are also the musicians themselves; and I think they are - readers, but buyers? "Not likely mate. I'M a star about town; I get into all the gigs free (or I don't go; don't want to see that load of old crap anyway; they can't play like I can) so I'm bugged if I'm going to pay 30 or 40 pence to support some idiot idealist who wants to help provide some rock'n'roll for the masses. GIVE me a copy anyway though, just in case my

City Limits

Station Road Corner, Cambridge.

Wed. Dec. 21	<u>STEVE GIBBONS</u>
Thur. Dec. 22	<u>MIDNITE</u> (jazz/funk) plus DISCO
Fri. Dec. 23	<u>JOHN OTTWAY</u>
Xmas Eve	<u>FRIGIDAIRE</u>
Tue. Dec. 27	<u>BUZZARD</u>
Wed. Dec. 28	<u>TANGIERS</u> (jazz/funk)
Fri. Dec. 30	<u>TOBRUK</u> (prog. rock)
New Year's Eve	- to be decided -
Wed. Jan. 4	<u>FLYING HEROES</u> (modern rock)
Sat. Jan. 7	<u>PLAYN JAYN</u>
Wed. Jan. 11	<u>BOUNCING CZECHS</u>
Sat. Jan. 14	<u>½ CUT</u> (R & B)
Wed. Jan. 18	<u>RACING HEART</u>
Fri. Jan. 20	<u>TAKE IT TO THE LIMITS</u>
Sat. Jan. 21	<u>32-20</u> (R & B)

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND ROCKING NEW YEAR
TO ALL OF OUR AUDIENCE AND FRIENDS.

picture 's in it - well lend me it for a look at least - and if my picture is in it, well then you'll have to give me a free copy, won't you?"

I'd love to give free copies to all, but if I did it would last even less time than it may as it is. Maybe musos don't buy it because I'm rude about them; poor precious darlings. Well I'm not apologising - not until at least you start buying it. In the meantime, to those of you who do buy it - and indeed are always first in the queue for a copy insisting on paying, many thanks - you really are stars!


Well, having got that off my chest, what of the other outlets of rock info that have sprung up this year? Firstly the Cambridge Evening News have at last come up with a regular rock spot - and in Pete Mitchell a man who does seem genuinely interested and knowledgeable about the local scene. A pity that he cannot devote enough time to it, as he has to be an all purpose reporter too. Even more of a pity that the spot only appears fortnightly - a mere coincidence with our publication schedule I'm sure, despite the conspiracy theory afoot among certain friends of BSN. It's even more of a pity that the job of CEN rock correspondent did not go to a man who would have been delighted to devote all his time to it and produce a column every week. Jon Lewin may not be the most popular man in Cambridge rock circles, but at least he keeps his finger on the pulse full-time and writes very well. As it is he is relegated to a weekly column in the Cambridge Weekly News. That is very useful in itself - it

goes in to every home in the county, even if it is not always read. But for his pains, Jon does not get paid - and I can't believe the Cambridge News could not find sufficient to pay for one column a week if Broadsheet can. For those that don't know, Broadsheet is a student magazine - weekly - whose pages Jon graces with his most controversial columns of all. And talking of student rags, bands and promoters should never forget 'Stop Press' which goes free to all students and is the best method of informing the university of your gigs at a very reasonable rate.

The most exciting addition to the local rock scene this year is undoubtedly the Saturday Rockshow on Radio Cambs. Of course some rock music did get played on the station, and in Nick Barraclough and Frances Allen there were staff there interested in the local rock scene; but the prevailing ethos was, and is on the normal shows, that of Radio 2. Now, between 12 noon and 2pm on a Saturday there is a show exclusively devoted to rock, presented by a man - Trevor Dann - with contacts throughout the rock business at its highest echelons (and I might say a man with wide tastes in the music that allows him to play a good selection of records, instead of getting stuck in one trendy or outdated groove).


Trevor is there to play your music too; by which I don't only mean your requests (though there are not yet as many of them as there could be - you can phone them in if you're too lazy to write), I really mean the music you musos make yourselves. With a little help from the Cambridge music mafia, Jon, Chris Heath, Dave Bragg, Nick, Andy Metcalfe and myself (you too could be one if you actually did something instead of sitting there complaining about us

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M. McRAFFERTY'S THOUGHT OF THE WEEK



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- full of human interest now,
isn't it?

monopolising the local media - no closed shop here you know), Trevor is very willing to encourage local talent. Send us a tape and we'll play it; but make sure its a good one - not so much good music, after all we all disagree as to what is or is not 'good' (ie we all like different things), but of a good enough quality to broadcast. It really is now of more importance than ever to get into a studio and record a demo - or if you can't afford to, then to record on a decent machine (hired if necessary for the day) a good gig, if you are doing any. The chicken and the egg operate here of course, since without a tape you might not get a gig in the first place - but persevere and your chance will come. Then be ready to take it.

Taking your chance is the big thing at all levels of the rock biz - be it in getting a first gig; doing a special gig where you might be seen by lots of people (and even media and/or biz types); getting into a studio; making a record; getting it played on the radio, etc etc. Some of these opportunities will come along by chance if you keep at it - most of them you will make yourselves by keeping at it. Whether you take the chance when it comes depends entirely on yourselves - on whether you know what you want, and whether you have put enough hard work into the preparation for the day. There is no substitute for rehearsal - for getting your act together, whatever it may be.

Haven't I forgotten something, I hear

you say? What about talent? Oh, that hoary old myth. The only talent that really counts is the talent to take your chances when they come...isn't that so? Well, perhaps not entirely. If the lessons of this year amongst local bands are primarily about the luck of The Waves, and the self-publicising lunacy of the Great Divide - both leading to their chance - one has to say that both bands deserve the chance; and may make the most of it for three reasons that apply to both bands, and to anyone else who would follow in their footsteps: Firstly lots of good songs; secondly an individual identity instead of a slavish fashionability; and thirdly sheer hard work to make the most of those assets.

1983 was the year that opened up the opportunities in Cambridge. For those content to stay within the city boundary there is now plenty of chance for local bands to play, and for local fans to hear and see bands - and **not only** local bands. Above all the local scene is once again becoming linked back into the national scene, as it used to be back in the late sixties and early seventies. We may not yet have come up with a new Pink Floyd, but Cambridge bands are being listened to in the smoke-filled rooms of the national record companies; and discussed in the corridors of Radio One (often I am happy to say as a result of this magazine, quite a few copies of which find their way down to such places). Careful with that prediction Eugene...but 1984 might not be so bad after all.

PUNDITS' PICK OF '83

Trevor Dann

Albums: Malcolm McLaren - Duck Rock
New Order - Power, Corruption
And Lies
Paul Young - No Parlez

Singles: Tom Robinson - War Baby
Big Country - Fields Of Fire
The Imposter - Pills And Soap

Chris Heath

Albums: Eyeless In Gaza - Red Rust
September
Go-Betweens - Before Hollywood
Ben Watt - North Marine Drive
Aztec Camera - High Land, Hard
Rain
New Order - Power, Corruption
and Lies

Singles: Smiths - Charming Man
Friends Again - Honey At The
Core
Birthday Party - Bad Seed EP

Jon Lewin

Albums: Cramps - Off The Bone
Jah Wobble - The Snake Charmer
Robert Gordon/Link Wray -
Together
John Cale Live - Bootleg

Singles: Red Guitars - Good Technology
Peter Blegvad - Karen/Lonely Too
Birthday Party - Bad Seed EP

Dave Bragg

Dave Bragg

Albums: Rank And File - Sundown
The Three O'Clock - Baroque
Hoedown
Barracudas - Live

Singles: Smiths - Charming Man
Assembly - Never Never
Cure - Love Cats

GIG GUIDE

- Tue 20: ALMA - SU LYN BAND
GUILDHALL - WINTER'S STRAWBERRY
FAIR: STATE OF MIND +
STORM
- Wed 21: CITY LIMITS - STEVE GIBBONS BAND
- Thu 22: ALMA - MICK ABRAHAM
CITY LIMITS - MIDNITE
- Fri 23: CITY LIMITS - JOHN OTWAY
Letchworth Leisure Centre -
Dagaband
- Sat 24: CITY LIMITS - FRIGIDAIRE
ALMA - LONELY+LIGHT BLUES+AGS
SEA CADET HALL - "THE GHOST OF
THE AXE BAND PAST."
- Sun 25: Norwich Gala - King Kurt (?)
- Mon 26:
- Tue 27: ALMA - VIVA
CITY LIMITS - BUZZARD
- Wed 28: CITY LIMITS - TANGIER
- Thu 29: ALMA - LIGHT BLUES
- Fri 30: CITY LIMITS - TORBRUK
- Sat 31:
- Sun 1:
- Mon 2:
- Tue 3: ALMA - TOBY JUG AND WASHBOARD
- Wed 4: CITY LIMITS - FLYING HEROES
- Thu 5: ALMA - STRING SWING
- Fri 6:
- Sat 7: CITY LIMITS - PLAYN JAYN
- Sun 8:
- Mon 9: Ipswich, Gaumont - Pretenders
- Tue 10: ALMA - AMERICANS ON HEAT?
- Wed 11: CITY LIMITS - BOUNCING CZECHS
- Thu 12: ALMA - WORLDS END BAND
- Fri 13:
- Sat 14: CITY LIMITS - $\frac{1}{2}$ CUT

COMING SOON

BLUE SUEDE NEWS BUMPER BENEFIT BOP

"BEYOND THE LIMITS"

FEATURING

FRIGIDAIRE: ANDY GOES SHOPPING:

PHOENIX: HOLDERS HEROES ETC.

FRIDAY JANUARY 20. TICKETS £2

ON SALE NOW AT THE VENUE:

CITY LIMITS

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

Your views on BSN - yes your letters
printed; lets have some more.

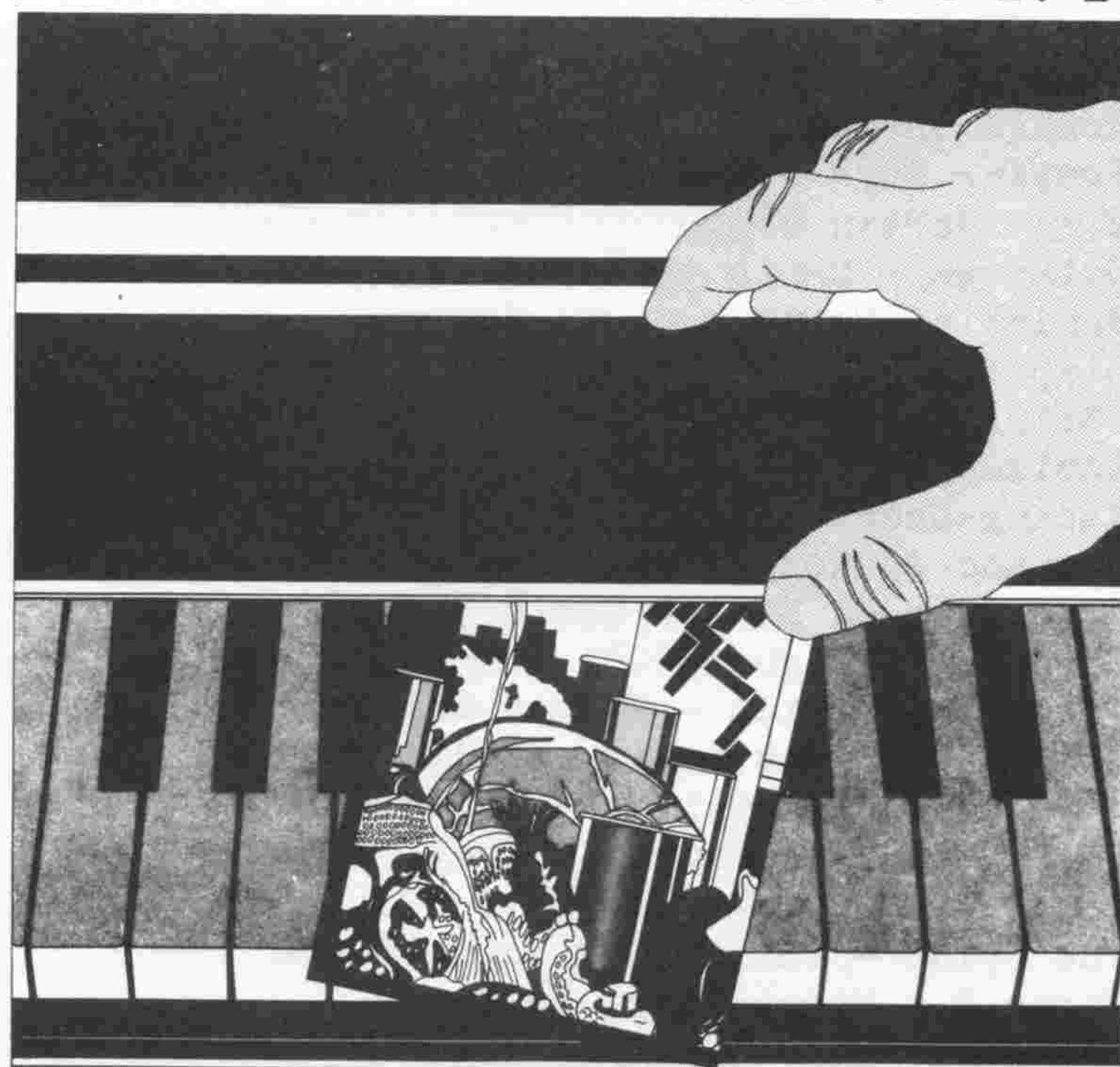
Carl Tweed on THE CHARLATANS - who? Find
out in the next issue: January 12th.

Streetlights

Stage Lighting

Bob. 151 Catharine St.,
Cambridge. Tel: 249594

THE LAST RESORT



Cafe - Restaurant - Wine Bar
The Last Straw
Cocktail Bar
Night Alight/Vol de Nuit
Discoteque

BANDS

Katrina and the Waves - Alex 314857
Dolly Mixture - Hester 355114
Great Divide - Ed Royston 60027
Aquadance - Ray 247802
Hondo - 211371
The Face - Paddy and Mark 313520
Sindy and the Action Men - Dave 8263875
Trux - Sue 93 31550
Subculture - Phil 242611
Wobbly Jellies - Keith 352125
Perfect Vision - Jon 313564
Frigidaire - Rid 355568
Andy Goes Shopping - Marc 316091
Toby Jug and Washboard - Trevor 68184
The Lonely - Ted 351708
Holder's Heroes - John 860638
Your Dinner - 211371
So What - 211371
S.I.T.F.O. - Mark 314366
Tennis - Roddy 840608
Zoom - Chris 355806
Pure Thought - Robb 68442
Phoenix - Steve 354917
Final Scream - Robin 323249
Worlds End Band - John 246327
Safety Valve - Dave Huntingdon 51490
Su Lyn - Roger 313250
Misbehaviour - Pete 351947
Rendez Vous - Murray 245455
Sahara - Quentin 68975
Neutral Vision - 0480 66088
Dr. Skull - Viv 322438
Storm (the Dorms) - Mike 521885
Ronnie Thompsons Wasp Club - Steve 357495
Roaring Boys - Paul 01 435 0843
Fax - Martin 68850
Gothique - Chris 93 80926
Vanishing Point - Gavin 829725
Slap Kat - Olli 355702
String Swing - Hugh 351455
Horizon - Tim Fanning Rm.514 YMCA 356998
Racing Heart - Nick 313292
Man Who Suddenly Fell Over - Chris 314038
Americans On Heat - Chris 314038
Chinamen - Hugh 350285
Flock Of Willies - Trevor 68184
The Light Blues - Nick 211424
Gigglesticks A.T.L.T. - Barry Prince, Fitz
20th Century - Mathew Lefroy, Trinity
The Code - Box 729 Kings
The Point - Philip Hartigan, Clare
Force 9 - Nigel Pink, Fulbourn
State Of Mind - Martyn 316211
Habit Of Perfection
The Lovely
32/20 - Eddy, Oundle 72118
Talos
Waso
Rockin 50s
Tutch
Energy

Sax Appeal - Alan, Ely 5236
13th Chime
Clay Dolz
Self Righteous Brothers
Exploding Hamsters
Personal Touch
Precious Little Idols
Senior Service
Dum Dum Boys
Rhythm Method
Dirty Mac And The Kerbcrawlers
Hall Of Mirrors

SERVICES

LIGHTS HIRE

Streetlights - 249594
Just Lites - (0954) 50851
Softspot 0223 244639
Mad - Peterborough 222914/41276
Clare JCR

P.A. HIRE

Stavros - 245047
Roger Chatterton - 313250
Dave Gonut - 0328 76394
Skysound - 358644
Cheops - 249889
Cambridge Rock - 316091
Mad - Peterborough 222914/41276
RECORDING STUDIOS
Spaceward - 9889 600
Kite Studios - 313250
Cheops - 249889
Skysound - 358644
School Hse.Studios - Bury St.Eds.810723

VIDEO RECORDING

Neil Roberts - 210320
P.T.V.Productions - 0480 61900
Spaceward - 9889 600

BARS

Outside Bars - 9889 607
Cam Bars - Mitch 60340

VENUES

City Limits - 60340
Alma - 64965
Burleigh Arms - 357021
Fisher Hall - 350018
Guildhall - 358977
Kelsey Kerridge Sports Hall
Sea Cadet Hall
Coleridge Community Centre
Arbury Road Baptist Church Hall
St. Mathews School, East Road
CCAT Canteen, Batman, Mumford Theatre
Man On The Moon - Jazz
Golden Hind - Folk
Rob Roy - Folk
Last Resort - Home of the Icon Disco
Pickerel
Flambards
UNIVERSITY HALLS - See article in BSN No.1