

# Blue Suede

CAMBRIDGE'S ROCK RAG

# News

No.12



40p

# Blue Suede News

CAMBRIDGE'S ROCK RAG

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Front Cover: Mary Hannigan of Phoenix taken at the Blue Suede News Benefit gig at City Limits - taken by Barclay Arnott.

BSN is available at the following outlets: Andy's Records, Mill Rd and the Market; The Beat Goes On; Parrot Records; City Limits; The Alma; Bakers Newsagents; Cambridge Rockshop; CCAT SU Shop; Alternatives.

BSN is going monthly - which in effect it has been for the last couple of issues - for the summer period. If the demand is there, and if therefore we can afford to, we may return to a fortnightly format during the busy autumn months. The extra time over the summer will allow us to experiment with the layout and presentation - and give us time to go out and get some material of more general interest than the strictly local stuff that we have stuck to until now. All suggestions welcome.



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THE NEXT BSN will be out on the 1st of July - and thereafter on the first of each month until further notice. Remember, please, the best way to ensure a regular rag is to persuade people to advertise in it.

Also, please contribute if you have anything to say.

DOUBLE YELLOW LINE have a gig at the Sea Cadet Hall on June 16th.

THE FACE and the WOBBLY JELLIES singles are out - and the former got played on Radio One's Peter Powell show, during the 5 45s spot, probably because it is produced by the Great Divide. There's even talk, in Wimp circles anyway, of Radio One sessions and interest in the band at Island Records who consider them as marketable! Meantime back at the ranch my correspondent on the Andy's market stall tells me that the Wobblies are outselling the Face, and that Paul Edwards - that is to say In Parallel - is outselling all the other local product, including the Divide despite their having been in the 'also featured' Radio One airplay listings for two or three weeks. Where's the follow up to "Money And Time"? Strike while the iron is hot lads. And soon Perfect Vision will be joining the throng of local product on vinyl.

THE LOVELY have sent me a four track demo tape recorded at the Kite Studios. Remember The Quads' "There Must Be Thousands" - well The Lovely's first track is called "Millions" and has a similar vocal feel to it, although the guitar is nowhere nearly so prominent. Indeed the whole tape is rather bass dominated, at least on my cassette copy. The final track is an instrumental called "Thunderbirds Are Go" in the best late '50s, early '60s traditions; but the outstanding track is called "Money Is Everything" - and it is outstanding. Like all the tape the playing is not always brilliant - the band are all still in their late teens - and the production leaves a little to be desired, but this is an excellent song and an interesting arrangement; I long to hear it properly recorded, and to put it on the BSN compilation album, should that ever appear. The band are: Richard Merrell, bass and backing vocals; Michael Barber, guitar and backing vocals; Jonathan Stanley, lead vocals and drums - and songwriting. The tape also comes with full details of the band, and pics - very helpful. Contact Richard on 276118.

# NEWS AND COMMENT

KATRINA AND THE WAVES have just embarked on a massive (nearly 50 date) tour which has started in Canada and will take in a brief visit to New York before coming back to Europe. They will cover Britain from Culdrose in Somerset to Kinloss in the north of Scotland, before moving on to Germany for nine days - then back to Britain for more dates to take them up to the middle of August. That's what I call hard work; another reason why they deserve to succeed. Their debut album on Silvertown should be released in a fortnight to coincide with the opening of the British leg of the tour - and the single off it should be either "Walking On Sunshine" or "Do You Want Crying?", both of which are excellent - the latter marks the arrival of Vince as a songwriter, and is the showstopper in their current live set. Local fans will be able to see them at the Rugby Club in Ely on June 23 - supported by The Lonely and the E-Types. Those of you rich enough could also catch them at two May Balls - St. Catherines on June 19th and Darwin on June 22nd. BUT for all you ordinary loyal Waves fans I'm delighted to say that the band insisted on doing a Cambridge date for you - and what is more they have offered to make it a Blue Suede News benefit. So make a note in your diary - Wednesday June 20th at Fisher Hall, Katrina and The Waves, with special guests The Lonely, and compered by one Nick Barraclough who will doubtless regale us with a song or two as well. Tickets will be £2.00 in advance (and on sale in about a weeks time from Andys, The Beat Goes On etc) or £2.50 on the door if there's any left on the night. Start at 8.00 and finish at 12.00 midnight - see you there.

THE LONELY will have on sale that night (and at their other gigs) a 15 track tape compilation album of their own material over the last five years. It's called "The Lonely Years" and will cost a mere £2.49. If you want a copy now and can't get to a gig I expect it will be on sale through Andy's Records in due course - but try applying to the man himself, Ted Koehorst on Cambridge 351708.

MARIAN found her band through the pages of BSN - none other than the new band THE LATE BREAKERS that I mentioned in the same news columns last issue.

GIANT MICE are a band from the Newport area, all aged between 17 and 21 of whom I had good reports from Bob Mardon when he lit a show they did around there with other local bands. Their tape finally arrived at Radio Cambs and is currently being assessed by Jon Lewin - read his periodic demo tape reviews in the Cambridge Weekly News. I can tell you however that the band consist of: Mark Jackson, bass; Gary Hunt, lead guitar; Mark Wilson, vocals and Bob Porter, drums. They can be contacted via Elaine Jackson on 40599. Apparently there is quite a flourishing little scene around Newport, with a number of bands doing gigs together at the Village Hall organised by one Ian Mountbridge - another band Bob said to watch for are The Brothers Grimm.

THE JAILBREAKERS have written to me, in the person of Wild Mick Cox. He starts by telling me of the demise of the Rockin'50s, of which he was presumably a member (please let me know who else was in that band), and that he and the drummer, Paul Rivers, have formed a new Rock'n'Roll/Rockabilly outfit called the Jailbreakers. The other members are Steve Bottomly and Graham Buxton (which is how they instantly leap into the newest family tree - see the centre page of this issue). Mick says that the Jailbreakers' covers are brought up to date with the aid of modern technology, and that they also have material of their own which is becoming very successful. See them at Bumpers on Histon Road every other Thursday, and the Globe on Newmarket Road the alternating Sundays. Contact Mick on Haverhill 62286.

STABLES at THE KINGS HEAD, ST. NEOTS is a new venue for rock bands on Saturday nights. Please send a tape or date of live performance to Jeff Taylor, 51 Parkside, Little Paxton, St. Neots. Tel. St. Neots (0480) 73758.

SHORT RANGE ORDER who are you, if indeed you exist. According to Sounds of a few weeks back you are a Cambridge based rock band who released on May 1st a single called "JMT Suck It And See".

HAZARD, a band based somewhere between Milton Keynes and Freckenham in Suffolk have a new drummer called Bian Mitchell and a great desire to do some gigs around here. Contact Jon Beadle on Newmarket 751687 or John Wilks on Milton Keynes 660880.

THE WATERFRONT is a new club at the Last Resort on Monday nights. Its aim is to bring together every aspect of Cambridge youth for an evening of varied entertainment, including not only a disco, run by no less a person than Dave Bragg himself, but all sorts of alternative entertainment as well - such as street poets, bands, mime artists, fashion shows, jugglers, fire-eaters, acrobats and anyone else who wants to try and perform for the masses. It's not expensive to get in - and the first couple of weeks have been very successful. Any enquiries to Fiona on Cam 66466 ex.336, or Alex on Cam 321083.

ZASPERELLA, having done their bit for charity, may now be unmasked. The girl with the leader of the pack voice was of course Jane Edwards. The winners of the competition - which raised £78 for charity - were: Marten Rae, Jani Altimonti, J. Ebbon and P. Droy. Steve of Cheops who organised the competition (and himself donated free studio time as a prize) would like to thank the following for also donating prizes: Cambridge Rock, Millers, Garon Records, World Video.

ALAISTAIR FREEBORN is in a band in St. Albans that would like to come up and play in Cambridge. Any bands that would like to discuss sharing or swapping gigs in both cities can contact Alastair at: 1 Rose Walk, St. Albans. Tel. St. Albans 51440.

TRANZISTA are back, Aquadance has sunk. Still without a permanent bass player the band have nonetheless, as I reported some time ago, been recording in Kenny Jones studio down near London. Initially Kenny was also producing the sessions, but they ended up getting the man drafted in to play bass (when Chris Plummer of the Wobblies was not available) to produce them as well as they were so impressed with his grasp of what they wanted. He is none other than Warne Livesy, who close students of The Waves tree will recall played with Alex and Chris Hamburger for a while after Kimberley left to join the Soft Boys - a fact unknown to Gary and Andy until I reminded them. The results of these various collaborations are a couple of excellent tracks called "So Uncertain" and "Scared To Death" - the former an uptempo big-production number with Kiki Dee, and the latter a good contrasting ballad.

SAMURAI will be unveiling their new name AND their debut single at their Sea Cadet Hall gig on June 9th along with NUJ. The single is called "Last Generation c/w The Lady's Dance".

PETERBOROUGH VENUES: Andrew Clifton has kindly sent me a list of venues in Peterborough that is a little more comprehensive than was Janine Booth's a couple of issues back, along with more information about the local bands. I will pass on the band information in the next issue (all of this is really in preparation for a Rockshow from Peterborough which we hope to bring to you soon - i.e. as soon as Radio Cambs can afford it!)

Pub Venues:

Crown Inn, Lincoln Rd. New England -  
41366  
Gables, 1170 Lincoln Rd. Werrington -  
77666  
Gladstone Arms, 124 Gladstone Street -  
44388  
The Heron, Stanground - 41480  
Norfolk Inn, Lincoln Rd - 62950  
Oxcart, Oxclose, Bretton - 267414  
Peter Pan, Easton Ave - 41388  
Postillion, 121 Chadburn Centre, Paston  
Ridings - 71228  
Silver Jubilee, Heltwate, Bretton -  
262470  
White Lion, Church Street - 43547

Larger Venues:

Cresset Centre, Bretton Centre, Bretton  
- 265705  
Wirrina (Roller Skating Hall!), P'boro  
Embankment - 64861  
St. John's Hall, Mayor's Walk,  
Ravensthorpe - ?  
Focus Youth Centre, Chestnut Avenue,  
Dogsthorpe - 64894  
The Fleet, Fletton - ?

Stamford Pubs:

Danish Invader, Empingham Rd - Stam 4409  
Scotgate Inn, 5 Scotgate - Stam 54079

Thanks a lot on behalf of all the Cambridge bands who are now going to rush off and get gigs there Andrew, and happy birthday for the other week.

SOUNDING OFF is back on Radio Cambs. This is Nick Barraclough's Round Table and can be heard on Sunday mornings at 10 o'clock. Nick would love to hear from anyone (especially non-musicians) who have opinions about modern pop music - and can express them beside Nick and Ted Koehorst. Wasn't Sonia good on the opening show a couple of weeks ago - watch out Annie and Janice!



CRI DE COEUR (above) have entered their song "The Age Of Reason" in the Labour Party's Song For A Better Europe competition and, at the time of writing, it has been shortlisted along with four others - who knows by the time you read this it might have won the first prize of £2,500 or the runner up's £500. In either case Robert Reid, the band's manager, tells me a record will follow.

ROBYN HITCHCOCK is about to re-emerge from the shadows of Captain Sensible (see him on the inner sleeve of the Captain's album in penguin suit!). No less than two solo albums are due out in the next couple of months - one electric and one acoustic, to cover all age ranges apparently! Meantime he is getting back into shape for live appearances - Soft Boys revivals too?

## TOBY JUG CONFESSIONS

**Steve Brooks**

I used to have these dreams of the Toby Jug And Washboard Band appearing on Crackerjack or winning Blue Peter badges for our contribution to healthy family entertainment. Somehow with time and age my concept of entertainment has changed, unfortunately for the worse. I must admit that I revel in the fact that every time Toby Jug perform, new barriers in bad taste are broken down. I take pleasure in telling people how bad the gig was.

It is a fact that when we first started it was 80% music and 20% comedy. Now this has reversed, but I don't really know whether the humour we inflict can be called comedy. It certainly doesn't fit into the rules of what is meant to be funny. Yet people laugh almost to the point of pain, you can ask anyone who has experienced it. Maybe they recognise themselves and their own perversions up on stage. A

private fact that I have never admitted before is that I always feel sad and very guilty the day after each gig.

I know the band juggles with emotions and I'm sure the appeal of the show is that the audience leave feeling that they have been put through an emotional liquidiser. But I am torn between wanting acknowledgment for being an ordinary person and a purveyor of sick humour.

Our last gig at City Limits was not well attended. Yet this did not stop us from inflicting pain on people. I am not only concerned about what I might do on stage but concerned for the victims of our humour. At the City Limits I was shocked, and I had created it. To have the power to incite an audience to commit obscenities is very frightening, yet no doubt I will continue to use each performance as a mental laxative. My advice is don't bring your mother.

# BARRY McGUIRE

Carl Tweed

Those most lethargic and objectionable of creatures - the middle-aged rock stars - are beginning to stir from their winter hibernation. A casual glance at their bank balances will no doubt make many of them decide to go on tour and screw a few more bucks out of the hordes of impressionable fans.

The Bob Dylan and Santana package looks likely to be the major attraction. However, they will be facing strong competition from a non-rock source, as the well known American evangelist Billy Graham will also be doing his utmost to blitz Britain during the summer. I confidently predict that we will be bombarded with newspaper and television reports about his visit. It is an irrefutable fact that this man is gifted when it comes to the art of media manipulation. He won't be satisfied until he can proclaim on syndicated TV that he is now more popular than Jesus Christ. Christianity may well be one of the few doctrines with something positive to offer but, like a lot of people, I find Billy Graham's approach to proselytizing faintly distasteful. My interest in his forthcoming sojourn to these shores is focused solely on one of the supporting players - none other than Barry McGuire, immortalised in the Mamas And Papas song 'Creeque Alley': "McGuinn and McGuire still a-gettin' higher/In LA you know where that's at." He will be appearing at Newmarket Tattershalls on July 12th.

Unlike many of his bloated contemporaries, whose minds have been addled through drug abuse and infantile degenerate behaviour, Barry McGuire deserves out total respect for keeping his sanity in a business where there is always someone waiting to stab you in the back - and for placing spiritual values above materialism. Whereas Dylan soon dropped the gospel songs when his financial advisors told him it was a bad career move, McGuire has stuck to his beliefs through thick and thin. To most people he is probably only remembered, if at all, for "Eve Of Destruction", which is very sad because he has a fascinating history.

In the early sixties he was in the New Christy Minstrels, one of the many groups that were performing sanitised, emotionless folk music for the ignorant masses who ran a mile from the more traditional and politically motivated singers such as Woody Guthrie, Pete

Seeger, Phil Ochs, Dave Van Ronk and Ramblin' Jack Elliot. Although financially rewarding, it wasn't doing the credibility of a serious young musician much good, so he left them in early 1964.

The story of his discovery by Lou Adler - the producer and owner of Dunhill Records - is probably apocryphal, as it sounds too much like the myth of being plucked from the obscurity of Schwab's Drugstore by a Hollywood mogul and transformed into a filmstar overnight. Apparently, Adler was watching the Byrds play at the LA club Ciro's. His attention was grabbed by a charismatic, long-haired wierdo dressed in furs. After being informed that he was a musician and minor celebrity of the burgeoning underground scene called Barry McGuire, Adler moved in and signed him up to Dunhill. A week later he was recording "Eve Of Destruction", the ultimate pop protest song, penned by P.F.Sloan who had previously written for Jan and Dean and caught the fag-end of the surfin' craze as a member of the Fantastic Baggys, along with his songwriting partner Steve Barri. The fear young Americans felt about the possibility of nuclear war was eloquently captured in Sloan's apocalyptic, over-the-top lyrics and McGuire's distinctive, gruff vocal delivery which oozed righteous anger from every syllable. The singles that followed simply tried to copy the successful formula, and the indignation soon became dissipated through repetition. The record-buying public wanted a more subtle approach.

The self-proclaimed leaders of the new fashion were the Mamas And Papas. Barry McGuire played a significant part in the launch of their career. The Mamas And Papas arrived in LA in early 1965, to discover that their old friend McGuire was at number one in the pop charts with "Eve Of Destruction". He was only too pleased to introduce them to Lou Adler, and as a consequence of that meeting they were hired to supply the backing vocals on McGuire's second album. Adler particularly liked the Mamas And Papas' contribution to "California Dreamin'", so McGuire's lead vocal was replaced by Denny Docherty's, a flute was used instead of McGuire's ubiquitous harmonica, and the result was the debut hit single by the Mamas And Papas.

The reason why the records of McGuire, the Mamas And Papas, the Monkees, Simon and Garfunkel etc stand up so well today is because the naivety and exuberance of the singers and songwriters was combined with the sheer professionalism of top LA sessionmen like Joe Osborne and Larry Knechtel. McGuire continued to use these master musicians on his later gospel albums. The directness of the lyrics may have registered as too shallow and unquestioning for the non-believer to get much out of them, but the musicianship was capable of creating

something truly worthy of the term 'inspirational'. The album "C'mon Along", for instance, included contributions from pedal steel player Al Perkins and banjo picker extraordinaire Doud Dillard.

This guy has worked with so many great musicians over the years that he could form a backing group to rival Emmylou Harris' Hot Band when James Burton was still with them. Unfortunately, as yet I have no details about who he will be playing with. If I hear any news, BSN readers will be the first to be told.



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## THE MOODISTS

The Birthday Party are dead; long live the Moodists. And so write those who reckon they know the next best thing. One Australian band dies, let's go and find another...and the spotlight this week falls on the Moodists: Formed in Melbourne by Dave Graney and Steve Miller, both late of Mount Gambier in South Australia; aquired a bassist and Clare Moore; recorded "Where The Trees Walk Downhill" for AuGoGo Records(hello Bruce Milne); lost bass player, gained Chris Walsh; recorded another single, "Gone Dead/Chad's Car"; lauded in the NME; recorded mini-album "Engine Shudder"(AuGoGo there, Red Flame here); added Mick Turner; moved to UK; released "The Runaway" as a single; released album "Thirsty's Calling".

So comparisons are odious and can lead to false conclusions, but the nearest to the Moodists for most of you out there are the Birthday Party. Not perhaps as unharmonic, anarchic or discordant, but close cousins to the same stark sound. More accesible perhaps, but still attempting to force through or even

shatter the boundaries placed around rock music as defined by most of the teen pap that assails the masses throughout their daily routine - masses who aren't willing to extend one foot over the line of what is defined as listenable music (defined by those who wouldn't care if music died tomorrow) in case they might hear something that could change their oh so banal and tedious existence.

The starkness and baseness of the Moodists' sound conjurs images of desolation and hopelessness - scattering wedges of guitar about an insistent simplistic punching bassline and drum beat. Some have called the Moodists a garage band, but for safety's sake don't go near the garage - it's more likely to contain the cars that ate Paris than a solid gold cadillac.

DAVE BRAGG

## Spaceward Recording Studios:



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**IN THE INTERIM:** Our heroes move into their first studio - the now legendary premises in Victoria Street - for which they build most of the equipment themselves. Spaceward is a mecca for local bands; and its fame begins to spread.

**IN THE PRESENT:** Its fame having spread far and wide, Spaceward has set up its present spacious studio in Stretham, near Ely. There the big name bands now come to them and Gary and Mike have recruited a team of high class engineers to cope with the big block bookings. BUT, our founding heroes, along with Joe, Ted and Mark have not forgotten where they started.

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THE MOODISTS

## WHERE ARE THE PRAWNS?

McKinley Morganfield

Something stirs in the once placid and muddy waters of the little pond that is Cambridge. Where once lay a stagnant pool left by the ebbing of the Floyd-tide of the late sixties, suddenly there is a growing lake of endeavour - a veritable inland sea, first made possible when the new wave breached the barriers set up in the early seventies, but since fed by a fresh spring of local optimism.

In the clear waters thus created can be discerned numerous species of fresh bands swimming around, feeding on the plankton of new ideas - and, as ever with these creatures, on each other - as they seek the elusive channel to the big sea of success. Before they find it however many will perish in the jaws of a host of local predators that inhabit the still dark depths of the pool. Some of these are fish too; some are crustacea; and some are probably little more than coral polyps waving their organs gently in the current to give an impression of life where really rock rigor-mortis has set in many tides ago. Collectively this shoal of largely parasitic creatures should probably be called the mediaquatics - and they certainly deserve a little closer scrutiny on behalf of all the young fry who may soon swim into their watery clutches.

Better start with the Suede since he asked me to write this. It seems he was pleased with the response to my dissection of the blues last time, and wants me to intrigue you again. I hope he doesn't regret it (so do I - Ed) when he comes to type this up; but if these views come as news to him, then it's news he ought to have had a long time ago. Having a tentacle in most of the rock pies in the city (like the Cat Club and Radio Cambs) our editor is something of an octopus on the scene - a likeness highlighted by his tendency to obscure the nub of the matter in a cloud of ink and verbosity, which he doubtless hopes will be excused by the kindness of his intentions. He doesn't, or shouldn't, need me to tell him how little gratitude there is going in the rock biz, and if he wants this magazine to stay afloat he's going to have to brighten up its image - a little more imagination and a little less regimentation would make it a more exciting catch for the fans.

Netting a News you will find you have trawled up more than one kind of cephalopod. Flitting in and out of its

pages - and those of Stop Press and the Town Crier - like an elegant and streamlined squid is that determined campaigner against rockism, Chris Heath. He may find it harder to take his campaign into the deeper seas of pop where the coherence of such an ageist and elitist concept will be harder to defend than among the student shoals he swims with now. Indeed I fear he will need to develop into one of marine legend's giant squids to stand a chance against the aquatic dinosaurs of reptilean rock and reputation.

Less contentious, and more colourful - like a freaked out cuttlefish - is psychedelia's special correspondent in Cambridge, Dave Bragg. Musician though he is, fellow performers need have no fear of being devoured by this creature, since he feeds exclusively on vinyl and rock facts - fish turned human even.

Among the Cambridge crustacea are the multi-mediaquatic Metcalfe - a high profile Suede columnist and broadcaster with a peculiarly ovine bent to much of his work. Sea-cows and sea-horses I have heard of, but sea-sheep? No, unblushably lobster-like Metcalfe marches in where other fear to tread - and hardly ever ends up in boiling water. But the nice thing is that fellow musician though he also is, he doesn't like to use his critical claws on other local bands - even as he once again contemplates the enchanted pool in the walled garden of stardom that may await him as Marilyn's sideman.

Chief crustacea in Cambridge ought to be the pop correspondent of the Evening News - another musician I believe; but who really knows? He is more elusive than his columns, which appear irregularly, but regularly regurgitate the news as revealed elsewhere. Maybe he doesn't choose to be a hermit crab; but if not, it's about time he took his shell and broke it on the Editor's desk demanding a proper pop service for the paper's younger readers.

Back on the radio waves, Sunday morning's "Sounding Off" features those two purveyors of light blues relief that I was so cruel to in my last column. Since I'm writing this to condemn the practice of confident columnists savaging tender young talents on the local scene, perhaps I should spare these two delicate flowers of the seabed any further disturbance. I mean, would it be fair to describe the local legend as a whale

beached in a pond he has outgrown? Worse still, how could I suggest that while at least the whale still rocks from time to time - though whether to try and swim free, or simply to remind us all, by the ripples he raises, of his existence I know not - by contrast his colleague, coral-like, has long since hung up his (blue suede?) flippers in favour of a purely ornamental, though very entertaining, radio role. No it would not be fair - though it might be true; in which case...but I shall not insist upon it. Let Neptune alone judge the creatures of the deep. Who then would be Neptune here?

Perhaps not the dolphin Dann who has long since shown how to leap out of the training pool and away to fashion his fishy fortune elsewhere. Now he has returned to help open up that channel to the outside ocean for those who see their place in it too - and at least he has the courtesy not to say, on air anyway, how many of the the local fish he has to listen to are cod.

No such inhibitions restrain his rock show protege - the shark who would indeed be Neptune here; and on the basis, no doubt, of the perfect vision required of an aquatic predator. It should be unfair to condemn John Lewin's rock writing on the basis of his band; it would be, if he didn't use criticism of his band as a reason to crucify other critics' own work. Once again, as with so many rock journalists, the desire to be a starfish himself inevitably colours his views on other bands - especially those more popular than his own.

Why a shark? Because he's sleek and charming at first glance - until he bares his teeth. And when he uses those teeth - his cruelly cutting, though undoubtedly brilliant prose - it is to devour some local band who are fun but old, or young and therefore not yet together, as another literary lunch to sustain his journalistic ambitions. It's so much safer, and easier to entertain, by being destructive instead of constructive - as real 'critics' are.

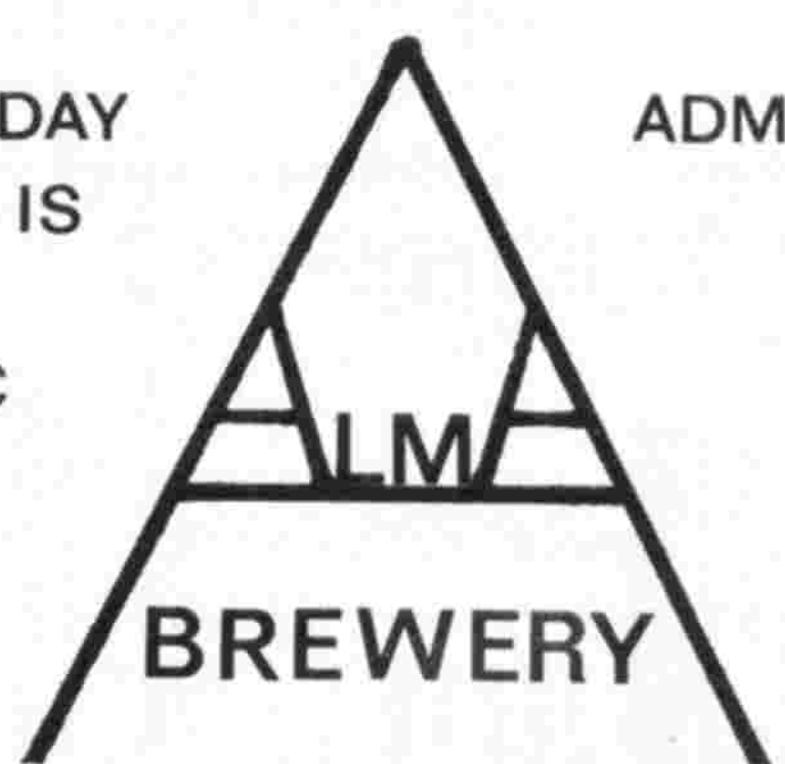
What's worse, however, is that Lewin is so nasty about it. His contempt for Cambridge and for everyone's efforts but his friends, is expressed with a sneer that is the real reason why a shark springs to mind. If you think I am jumping off the deep end now, then it's probably because you haven't read his Broadsheet columns - as if the Weekly News and the radio, where he feels

he ought to restrain himself a bit, were not bad enough. The editor of this, now thankfully largely Lewin-less mag, assures me that really he is quite a nice bloke with some useful things to say. Maybe he is, to those whom it suits him to be; but that is no excuse for his attitude to everyone else. It may not be entirely 'honourable' for me to mount this attack under a pseudonym, but then I'm not - and frankly I don't wish to be the butt of another outpouring of the retaliatory spite that will even now be welling up inside our precious peer's offspring. He'll want to retaliate because it hurts to be criticised - and that hurt is quite natural; it's what you do to others John, and if you insist on dishing it out, you'd better learn to take it too. But do you really have to behave like the rock writers equivalent of all the hooray-henrys whose hereditary aristocratic arrogance still blights so much of Cambridge University life?

I don't wish to torpedo anybody's ambitions, but let's be clear. The Cambridge music scene is not going to be the little Lewin's Belgrano, with its musicians as shark-fodder for the ambitions of the admiral's son. If he must be a conqueror then let him swim out into the ocean proper, where he obviously feels he belongs anyway, and there do battle with the other carnivores of the cruel sea.

Meantime in Cambridge it's time not only the musical fish, but also the pawns of the business - the fans who prefer to enthuse about bands than to knock them - rose up to the surface of our little pond, there to swamp the sound of the mediaquatics with a resounding cry of "here we are - power to the prawns."

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(OFF PANTON STREET)

# FRIGIDAIRIES

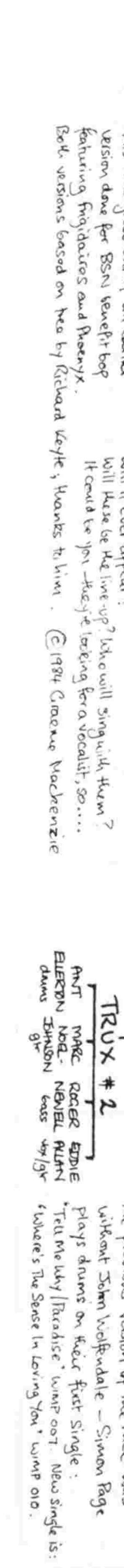
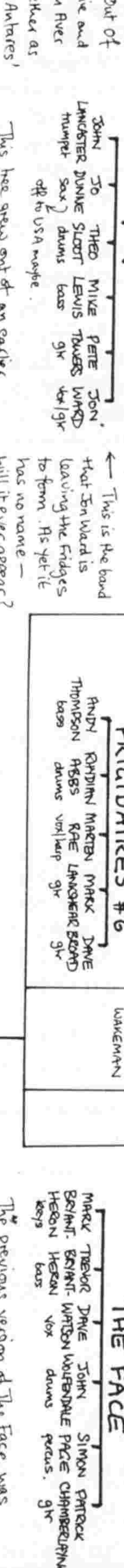
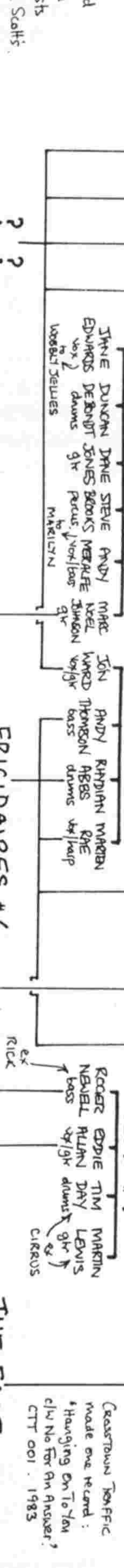
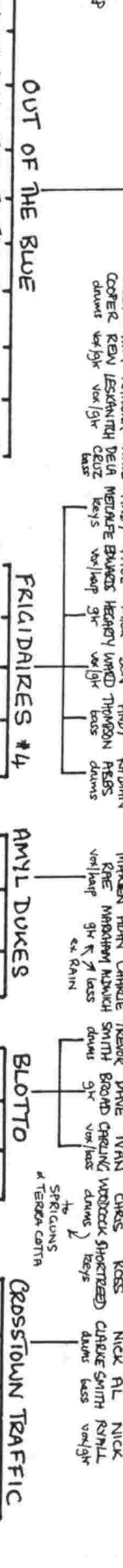
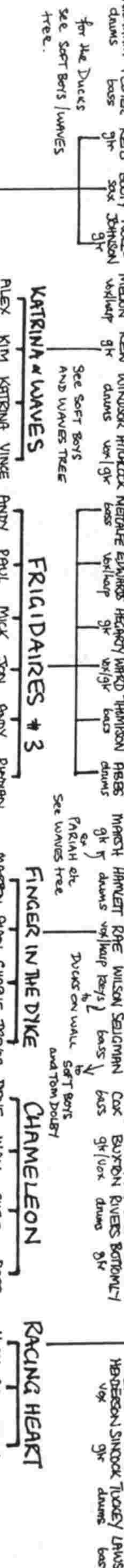
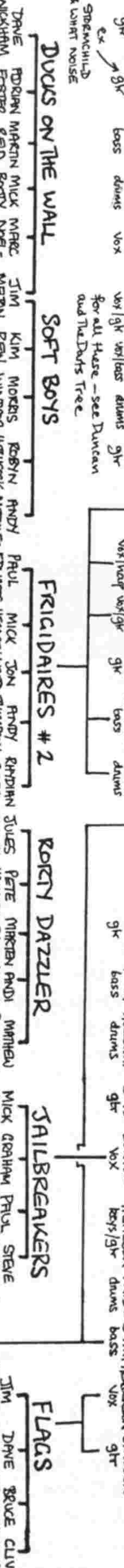
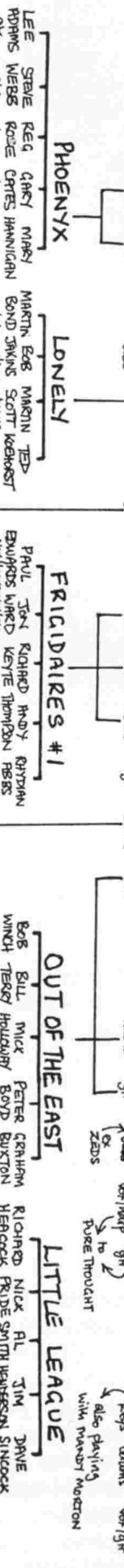
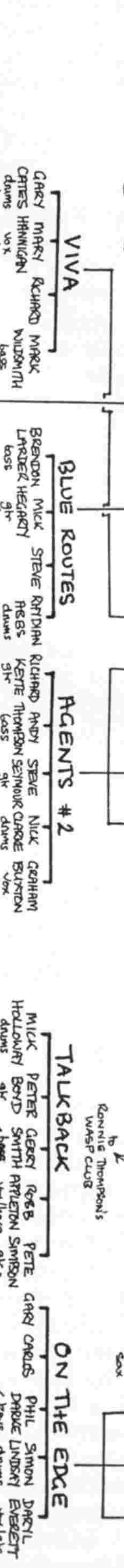
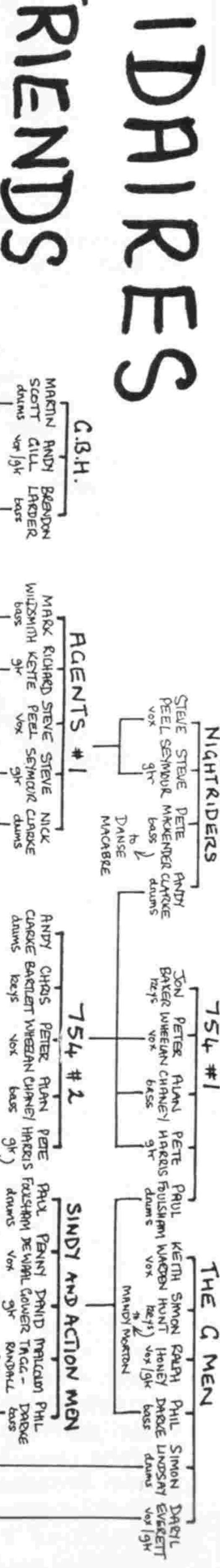
# AND FRIENDS

The Frigidaires have not, as yet, recorded anything.

A number of bands on this tree have however - especially for the Cambridge compilation album, on WIMP RECORDS, called 'Honey For Tea' - 1982.

754, The Lonely, The Agents and Sindy And The Action Men are on it. Watch out for 'I'm Lonely' in the autumn.

Nick France and Chu Chu have played together as a rhythm section for jazz artists in places like Ronnie Scott's. At the same time as 'Out of the Blue', they + Janie and Kevin (along with Vin River on bass) played together as a jazz band called 'Antares'.



## BRAGG'S BOOKS

THE CLASH - A VISUAL DOCUMENTARY by John Tobler & Miles. £3.95. Omnibus.

Two of the more senior rock journalists produce a book on the Clash, not by speaking to the band themselves, but by culling and compiling past interviews with the band. Putting aside the doubtfulness of this practice, you've got a thinnish book, plenty of photos (none of the new band, but some of the early band with Keith Levine), and a fairly comprehensive history. True, it's interesting and it appears to be fairly accurate, but I think it would have been better if the Clash had been interviewed. And if my memory doesn't fail me John Tobler gave the Clash a verbal pasting in a Radio One interview a few years back, which could explain the omission. Another moan is that none of the photos have captions, so you've got to guess what they actually refer to. I wouldn't buy the book myself (I don't like books which stick rigidly to one band anyway), but I wouldn't complain about being given a copy.

THE DOORS - John Tobler & Andrew Doe. £5.95. Proteus.

Another book on, supposedly, one of the best bands of the past twenty years. John Tobler is a lifelong fan of the Doors and has interviewed them in the past. Now, along with Andrew Doe, he has written one of the better books on the band. Close enough to present an accurate view, but not involved enough to show the sycophancy that tends to pervade Danny Sugerman's "No One Here Gets Out Alive".

Jim Morrison still comes over as one of the world's grade A arseholes; but the guy probably was a genius (according to others - such as UCLA lecturers) and this definitely seems to have affected his outlook on life and the way he treated the people around him - even those close to him. His boorish behaviour nearly split the Doors at least once - Densmore almost walking out during a rehearsal. His moods also seemed to be in proportion to his legendary consumption of alcohol, drugs and other assorted stimulants.

Anyway, it's a good book, if a little thin; the discography and post Doors listings are useful, as is the list of film appearances - I don't suppose there's any chance of Grenada showing

the Doors at the Roundhouse, or the "No One Here Gets Out Alive" film. (T.Dann, is this your department?) Also, at last, finally, Tobler seems to have buried the 'is Jim dead or alive' rumour that he's been holding onto for years. As far as he's concerned he's gone. Since the doctor on the death certificate can't be found; Jim's wife Pamela OD'd in 1974, and they're the only two who really knew anyway, I think that finally caps anybody's faint hopes.

AN IDEAL FOR LIVING: A HISTORY OF JOY DIVISION AND NEW ORDER - Mark Johnson. £5.95. Proteus.

At last the appearance of a book that, if my memory holds true, has been threatening to appear for the past year or so. The wait has had to be worthwhile for this would appear to be the book on Joy Division/New Order (although for the moment I can't think of any others!) A chronological history of the bands, from the inception as the Stiff Kittens/Warsaw, through Joy Division, Ian Curtis' demise, and on to the present with New Order.

Each relevant day is listed with its events - a gig, new record, recording, first airing of new song, and so on. Discography, TV appearances and unofficial releases serve to make this book extremely comprehensive. But I must admit to being mystified by the inclusion of certain pieces of prose by Nietzsche, Burroughs and others. I'm afraid, simple scientist that I am, these leave me cold at the best of times, but within the context of this book their relevance eludes me. That aside the completeness, and the many photographs do make this a necessary, albeit thin, book. A documentary on one of, if not the most, influential bands of the late 1970s and early 1980s.

## Streetlights

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## AGS TAPE

If you are an ambitious, young musician based in Cambridge it can't be very encouraging to know that your talents will probably go unnoticed outside the local area. You only have to look at the chequered pasts of the people in Andy Goes Shopping to realise how tough it is to break out of the Cambridge cul-de-sac. Marc Noel-Johnson, for example, has been an active participant in the local scene for nearly fifteen years. When I asked him how many bands he'd been in, even he didn't know; he had to consult the Duncan And The Darts family tree! His masterly slide guitar playing dominates this demo tape. If he'd had the good fortune to be born in California he could very well have ended up competing with the likes of David Lindley for lucrative session work on albums by Browne, Ronstadt, Cooder etc. Instead he's playing competent, occasionally inspired but ultimately pointless covers of over-familiar old chestnuts like K.C. Douglas' "Mercury Blues" (previously recorded by Steve Miller and David Lindley).

True, Andy Goes Shopping manage to imbue some of the covers with renewed exuberance, due in part to the slightly white funk feel created by the drums and percussion line-up. Although not in the same league as Richie Havens and Sam Clayton, comparisons with Little Feat are almost inevitable. Marc's blistering solo lifts a monotonous, pedestrian version of Richard and Linda Thompson's "Bright Lights", and his sterling efforts are little short of outstanding throughout the tape. I think it was John Peel who said he gets worried when bands start covering Chuck Berry



ANDY METCALFE

songs. I approached "Memphis" with some trepidation. In fact, it isn't as bad as I expected it to be; I particularly like the unusual vocal arrangement which reminds me of the Beachboys. The radical reworking of "I'm A Believer" is less successful; that marvellous, cascading tune is chopped about too much for my liking.

Special mention must also be made of Jane Edwards. She has a gorgeous, quintessentially English voice. I can imagine her crooning to a sparse folk or jazz backing. Her only solo vocal is on "Every Little Thing" which is by far the best song on the tape. This is the closest Andy Goes Shopping gets to a modern, commercial pop sound. I would suggest handing over more of the vocals to Jane, and for Andy Metcalfe to write some more songs. Am I right in thinking "Victim Of Your Love" is the only original? It has a catchy chorus, but would have worked better with Jane on lead vocals. Next time then let's have more originals, and more of Jane. It could be a winning formula.

CARL TWEED

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## REVIEWS

### BLACK SYMBOL/YOUR DINNER - Fisher Hall

After seeing Your Dinner at the CND benefit at the Guildhall I went along to Fisher Hall three days later expecting to see an enjoyable set. They were, however, much much better than that.

It has been said that whites can't play reggae, and although UB40 disproved this myth, the Dinners totally dispell it. However, apart from reggae they can also play other types of music. Their set included "Jumping Jive" type swing, and ended on an excellent afro-rock number which had the entire audience dancing.

Your Dinner have got to be one of the most original, innovative bands currently playing around Cambridge. Chris and Mark provide a good solid rhythm section over which Johnny and Neil were able to play some delightful pieces of music. Demmy, with his almost manic style of vocals, has got to be one of the best front-men I've seen for a long time; he could teach many of the local musicians a great deal about the art of performance and how to play to a crowd. They so obviously enjoy what they're doing, and surely deserve that elusive contract. With the right breaks and more London exposure they must have a good chance of landing one.

The headline band were Black Symbol, a seven piece outfit from Handsworth. They play a good solid roots reggae, very much in the Aswad style. Their lead singer, the aptly named Fat Man, is another natural performer with a wide range of vocal techniques, from an Eek-A-Mouse type whine to a deep voiced Chambers Brothers style. He is complimented by the excellent voice of the female backing vocalist. The rest of the band are all fine musicians, with a good tight rhythm section and an excellent keyboards player, producing some delightful pieces of dub.

As with all good reggae gigs the set bulit steadily in strength from its solid beginnings to a highly charged finale, where the band were joined on stage by two extra 'toaster' style vocalists. Among my personal highlights was a very good drum solo ( a thing I usually find tedious) and a cover version of Bob Marley's "Get Up, Stand Up" which was different enough that one did not make comparisons with the original. After the way they got the audience behind them I would like to

see them somewhere like the Brixton Academy with a capacity crowd.

All in all it was an excellent evening, despite the usual disappointing size of audience (especially in view of the half-price entrance fee for those with a UB40). It was also surprising that the audience was at least 90% white, which must have been an unusual experience for Black Symbol.

GORDON SMITH

### ERIC GOULDMAN & BAZ MURPHY - City Limits

In 1977/78 Eric Gouldman, then known as Wreckless Eric, was riding on the crest of the new wave with his stable mates from Stiff Records, Ian Dury and Elvis Costello. Wreckless Eric released a string of pure pop singles during that period that should have made him a top ten star. However his discs did no more than become juke box favourites, thus sparing W.E. from 'the big time'.

So to City Limits on a Wednesday night. Who goes to City Limits on a Wednesday night? Well on this particular evening precisely fifteen people. This actually made the tiny venue appear large. An unenviable feat very few can claim to have achieved. Aply assisted by Baz Murphy, a keyboard player late of Blue Orchids Eric strode on stage with both acoustic and electric guitars, plus harmonica. The two resembled a pair of buskers singing for their supper, though this is not to say that they were not reasonably enjoyable throughout.

The songs, all new to my ears and all presumably E.G. compositions, were well crafted in the best pop tradition - and well received by the audience. Two that stood out in particular were "Lady Of The Manor" and "Teardrops" - the former being preceeded by a witty anecdote on suburban life, an area of presentation I feel E.G. might do well to develop. He came accross with an aura of casual, almost flippant, abandon.

At the end of the forty minute set Eric rushed off stage obviously disapointed with having played to so few punters. This I feel was mainly due to the poor advertising - after all as Wreckless he packed the Sound Cellar twice a couple of years ago. On this evidence it's difficult to tell where Eric Gouldman is going now - but I sure hope he gets there.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

## REVIEWS

THE ENID + DOUBLE YELLOW LINE - Sea Cadets

The night was Tuesday and I went along to witness the first of a two night stint by a band who have a very devoted Cambridge following. It is this very (nationwide) devotion which keeps The Enid functioning, as their music is for 'the people' in every sense of the word. The Enid are a self financed institution whose aspirations are to put people on the path to awareness through music; their music is written in such a way as to create a sympathetic medium in which the listeners' imagination can flourish. Thus they hope that those who take the time to listen will learn to be individuals and see the world - in all its wickedness and beauty - through their own eyes rather than that of of the media. The band have rejected the modern musical 'establishment' as being insular and manipulative, which is why they produce their own albums, run their own organisation and shy away from record companies and the music press. More detailed information on this radical and highly individual band can be obtained from The Enid, Claret Hall Farm, Nr Clare, Sudbury, Suffolk - send an S.A.E.

But to the concert itself. Double Yellow Line comprises four local lads who are Nick Maunder, lead guitar; Ben Ashby, bass; Simon Bishop, drums; and Chris Williams, vocals. They describe themselves as medium rock with a little funk and reggae, and they play mostly original material. They opened at 8.30 to a slightly sparse audience - the Sea Cadets was about two thirds full, which I am told was also the case on Wednesday. The rhythms were very jerky and the band struck me as being more "funky" than "rocky". Chris' vocals were very clear, occasionally enhanced by the use of echoes, but Nick's guitar sounded rather too "tinny" for my taste. Even though Double Yellow Line are not my cup of tea I felt they played well and with confidence - in spite of pre-gig nerves - and they were enthusiastically received by the audience, thus making a good warm-up act. The numbers which impressed me most were "Old Antique Shop" with a definite reggae feel, "Time" which was an instrumental of rock mien, and the very funky final number "Walk On By".

And so to The Enid, who were greeted with resounding cheers. Their sound is really BIG, almost symphonic - though when you listen really carefully you can detect the use of pre-recorded backing tapes, a necessity when you consider there are only three musicians. The function of these tapes is to present a total sound without interfering with their onstage persona and involvement. But remember, what you actually see is "live". Appearing were Robert Godfrey, keyboards and vocals; Stephen Stewart, guitars and vocals; and Chris North, drums. Robert is the writer, Stephen the technician, and Chris the transitory member of the band.

I have seen The Enid before and liked them; but this time I really listened - and it almost blew my mind. Their music speaks to you, and you only have to open your mind to experience the emotions expressed. "Cortege" fired my imagination, producing visions of a medieval procession and festivities; "Raindown" - which is about war - built up to a huge crescendo which expressed anger and evil; "Evensong" - about waiting and saying goodbye - was slow and wistful as was "The Byword". This song tells of how the word "love" has lost its meaning through overuse and it sounded terribly sad and yearning.

These and the other numbers were greeted with lots of enthusiasm; the audience - a mixture of hippies, bikers and yer average music fans - loved it. I definitely enjoyed the experience far more than last time as I was not being crushed to death, and also Robert's tendency to verbosity between numbers was very much less than in the winter of '83. So your scribe enjoyed the two encores as much as anyone else. I doubt if many other bands would dare to present such songs as "Heigh Ho" (ever seen "Snow White"?) and "Land Of Hope And Glory", but The Enid do and as ever they went down an absolute storm. As I also gather Wednesday night was a good one it would seem that the two night stint was a winning ploy. So well done and thank you to Tim Cole and everybody else who helped bring The Enid to Cambridge again.

LYN GUY



## REVIEWS

### THE CAMBRIDGE CROFTERS - Lady Mitchell

Musical folk, us Guys! sometimes we even listen together. We'd planned a family outing for April 27th. The venue, Lady Mitchell Hall; the occasion, the Crofters' Ninth Annual Concert. However, the Grim Reaper claimed daughter Lyn - before you ask where to send the flowers let me point out that the "G.R." in question was holding forth at City Limits, and it would seem a good time was had by all.

Me 'n 'er Mum stuck to our original intention and went to hear The Crofters, those masters of presentation. This band has been around for some twenty years and on the right night can build something magical. This was one such time.

Take the opening for example.... It was a good fifteen minutes after "Curtain Up", assorted members of the group were still wandering amongst the audience chatting amiably. Then, from somewhere behind me the first a'Capella notes, sudden as birdsong - and we were away into one of those rousing Chorus-cum-Round things at which they excel. Having ably aired their vocal chords, five fatherly choristers skipped nimbly backstage, whilst a lone 'spot' settled on the melodeon player. It takes a bold man to make a touching utterance at a moment of joviality. "The Lark In The Clear Air", taken sensitively, worked wonderfully well. The stage gradually filled with musicians. This night the band was nine strong - personnel varies with the occasion - which meant that we were in for a Crofters mixture of song, solos and dance tunes.

The band is a pretty fair hand at the sort of formation dance tunes beloved of Ceilidh patrons. The harmonies are wide, couched firmly on a tasty bass guitar. They range right through to the emotional but never sentimental violin playing. The two veteran fiddlers are unobtrusive but effective, offsetting neatly the flamboyant 'pipes and keyboard duo'.

Names? I can rarely remember them! and any way, as I said before, number tends to vary; strength never. Cornerstone and lynchpin of the band rests in the beautiful voices of the Brading brothers and the strong, folky tones of Dave Benford and Andrew Kendon.

Material ranged from songs by Bill Caddick and Ewan McColl, a dash of "Anon", a touch of "Trad", a soupcon of the familiar. It was topped off by a magnificent Pibroch from the battlements of the gallery which runs round this excellent hall. The piper dons full tartan for this kind of moment. We did our bit too in the sing-along numbers. With encores the concert ran well over time. But that was not surprising for this was music-making for the joy of it as distinct from music from the joy of making it! We're fortunate that both kinds can be found.

P.S. Crofters 'keyboards' comprise Accordion and Melodeon!

JOHN GUY



1449kHz/207m; 103.9VHF Stereo  
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Sirs: Never in all my years of listening to the wireless have I heard such unadulterated rubbish as that purveyed by the nasal drone of Trevor Dann each Saturday lunch-time on Radio Cambridgeshire, encouraging our young people to listen to jangly guitars and artificial pianofortes. What is the BBC coming to with these lists of jigs each weekend; don't musicians give concerts anymore? Surely there are more important matters to discuss than who played with a Mr. Floyd in 1969? What has happened to melody? All I hear are strangely named groups making odd noises, like the Cocteau Twins - and could you point out to Mr. Dann that the surname of Elvis was Presley not Costello....

THE ROCK SHOW 12.00 - 2.00pm  
SATURDAYS - FOR DISCERNING LISTENERS

## REVIEWS

### LEE KONITZ - THE BLUE BOAR HOTEL

There was a marvellous happening in Cambridge on Sunday the 8th of April. Thanks to the Cambridge Modern Jazz Club, in association with the Blue Boar Hotel, a new music venue was established in the city.

Lee Konitz, the cool school altoist from America, played the first gig. Lee has worked with many 'greats' over the years - Miles Davis, Gil Evans, Gerry Mulligan and Charlie Parker, to name just a few. His long flowing lines and full bitter sweet tone was entrancing. His playing was an example of how not to play over the top while still being musically dynamic.

He is touring Europe with pianist Harold Danko. The band was completed by Dave Green (bass) and Trevor Tomkins (drums), a respected British duo who have toured with many visiting Americans.

To some people the highlight of the evening was in "Play Fiddle Play" during which Danko played the open strings of the piano - a novelty technique that Chick Corea exploited a few years ago. Danko put it to spellbinding effect by using the bass as support. My own favourite was Konitz's sinuous interpretation of the standard ballad "What's New".

Throughout the evening Konitz's reticence on the use of the mike was noticeable, reflecting his sensitivity about the way the group was working as a whole. He doesn't present himself as a front man with a trio behind him - he likes to give the other musicians an opportunity to develop the music from within themselves.

The programme offered a wide selection ranging from standards like "What's New", "All The Things You Are" and "Stareyes" to Chick Corea's "Windows", and a variety of compositions by Konitz and Danko.

Add to the talent of Konitz and Danko the tasteful and inventive drumming of Tomkins and the solid reliability of Green's bass and it all adds up to an unforgettable musical experience. A superbly attractive evening both visually and audibly, helped by Bob Mardon's lighting, and Jazz Services Sound.

The Cambridge Modern Jazz Club is run on a non-profit making basis by a committee of four, helped along by many well-wishers. Particularly

invaluable financial help is given by Eastern Arts.

The club meets on Fridays at "The Man On The Moon", Norfolk Street, where the best of British jazz can be heard each week. A forthcoming attraction at the Blue Boar is the Ronnie Scott Quintet on June 10th. The club is particularly pleased that the new venue will give them the opportunity of bringing to Cambridge visiting top musicians from abroad, particularly America.

VAL WONG

### DAVE GILMOUR - Hammersmith Odeon

One of Cambridge's most distinguished exiles re-emerged from the shadows again a few weeks ago - though not of course in Cambridge. It was nice however that David Gilmour chose to make his solo debut in London at the manageable size of the Odeon instead of giant wastes of Wembley or Earls Court as Roger Waters has chosen to do later this month.

The theatre was packed, and there were plenty of Cambridge faces - as well as Floyd and Gilmour families - in evidence. Indeed the audience was notably elderly by rock standards, and generally well-heeled to judge by the standard of dress. Gilmour himself came on short-haired and paunchy, showing all the signs of good living. It's rumoured that the album and gigs have appeared because he's short of money; but despite the proliferation of Greek Island houses and yachts that seem follow Floyd-type stardom, it seems unlikely that money could be a problem when "Dark Side Of The Moon" alone is still selling 80,000 copies a year!

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I wonder how many copies of Spy v Spy Billy Bragg will be selling in 10 years time; right now I hope he was getting well paid for the show - because he certainly didn't get a fair crack of the performing whip. Half an hour barely gave him time to tune up, let alone come to terms with an audience that had grown up with the multi-media excesses of the Floyd. But the man and his guitar were winning just when he was pulled off to make way for...a 25 minute interval; time for the roadies to dismantel Billy's back-line! Then, at last, the stars came on.

Were they worth the wait? Indeed yes. Gilmour's own material came accross much better live than on the album, and the band were excellent - especially Ralph Ravenscroft on sax, who almost stole the show. It's a measure of Gilmour's confidence that he allowed the band to shine so - but then, as he said after the gig, he'd recently seen Bowie with a bunch of nobodies, and when Bowie took a breather there was nothing else to the gig. There was plenty to this gig; 2½ hours of music and colour for the cameras of MTV, and a second encore that Gilmour seemed genuinely surprised and moved to be called back for - but it was a deserved reward for all the hard work that had obviously gone into the show. Nobody worked harder than the drummer Chris Slade, who was marvellous; and Mick Ralphs on second guitar not only played well, but apparently was responsible for getting the band together too.

For a long time I was struggling to think who Gilmour reminded me of, with his new style and shape. My first thought was the cricketer Bob Woolmer; but eventually the rock similarity came to me - it was Bill Haley. He even had the kiss-curl unintentionally hanging over his forehead; though he is taller than Haley, and probably not as podgy. If only Haley had learnt to progress in his music he might have gone on longer and have appeared a little less silly than he did still trying to rock around the clock at the age of fifty. Though there is actually a harder edge to Gilmour's show than has been apparent in the Floyd's music over the last few years, he is nonetheless trying to grow old gracefully; and in the process producing something that, if I had to describe it to a French fan, I might not be able to put a label on, but about which I would have to say: "Ce n'est pas le rock 'n' roll, mais c'est magnifique."

GRAEME MACKENZIE

## NOT THE GIG GUIDE

No gig guide in this issue since its date of publication is even now not entirely clear. Also while we are monthly its difficult to be complete when so many gigs are arranged at the last moment. Don't forget Jon Lewin's pretty comprehensive weekly guides in the Cambridge Weekly News and on the Radio Cambs Rockshow at about 12.20 Saturday lunchtimes. If you the readers think BSN should have a gig guide then write and tell me.

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HH BASS MACHINE; 1x15 Bass Bin - mint condition; only two gigs: £75 ono. Phone Mike Cam. 243144

THE QUESTION MARKS (see the tree inside), i.e. Jon Ward's new band are looking for a singer - R'N'B/Soul type material. Contact Theo on Cam. 313768

DON'T FORGET:  
 KATRINA AND THE WAVES  
 Fisher Hall. Wed. 20<sup>th</sup> June.  
 8.00 - 12.00. BSN Benefit.

## BANDS

Katrina And The Waves - Alex 314857  
Dolly Mixture - Hester 355114  
Great Divide - Ed 9582 578  
Tranzista - Ray 247802  
Hondo - 211371  
The Face - Paddy & Mark 313520  
Cri De Coeur - Robert 09544 467  
Trux - Sue 93 31550  
Wobbly Jellies - Keith 352125  
Perfect Vision - Jon 313564  
Frigidaires - Rid 355568  
Andy Goes Shopping - Marc 316091  
Toby Jug And Washboard - Trevor 240996  
The Lonely - Ted 351708  
Holders Heroes - John 860638  
Your Dinner - 211371  
So What - 211371  
S.I.T.F.O. - Mark 314366  
Zoom - Chris 355806  
Pure Thought - Robb 68442  
Mandy Morton Band - 351033  
Final Scream - Robin 323249  
Worlds End Band - John 246327  
Safety Valve - Dave 0480 51490  
Su Lyn - Roger 313250  
Misbehaviour - Pete 351947  
Rendez Vous - Murray 245455  
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Neutral Vision - 0480 66088  
Dr. Skull - Viv 322438  
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R.T.'s Wasp Club - Steve 357495  
Roaring Boys - Paul 01 435 0843  
Fax - Martin 68850  
Gothique - Chris 93 80926  
Vanishing Point - John, Histon 4504  
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 240996  
The Light Blues - Nick 211424  
Gigglesticks ATLT - Barry Prince, Fitz.  
20th Century - Mathew Lefroy, Trinity  
The Point - Philip Hartigan, Clare  
Force 9 - Nigel Pink, Fulbourn  
State Of Mind - Martyn 316211  
32/20 - Eddy, Oundle 72118  
Samurai - Phil 314772  
Sax Appeal - Alan, Ely 5236  
Habit Of Perfection  
The Lovely - Richard 276118  
Talos - Olaf 0480 69747  
Tutch  
Energy  
13th Chime - Tim Cole 93 50405  
Clay Dolz  
Self Righteous Brothers  
Andy Talking And The Ghost Of  
Electricity - 65925

Exploding Hamsters - Fish 315495  
Personal Touch  
Precious Little Idols  
Senior Service  
Dum Dum Boys  
Albert Tatlock's Barmy Army  
Dirty Mac And The Kerbcrawlers  
Hall Of Mirrors  
De Gulpa Twins - Andy 276408  
Total Onslaught - Jim Barrell, 9 Field Way  
Double Yellow Line  
New Electric Sex Dwarfs  
Spoons  
Loan Sharks  
Fast Friends - Darren 841420  
Poet Painter - Richard, Histon 4073  
Adverse FX  
The Brink - Andrew, Histon 4073  
Plaza  
TBA - Nick 63885  
The Catch - Trevor 0440 704278

## LIGHTS HIRE

Streetlights - Bob 249594  
Just Lites - 0954 50851  
Softspot - 244639  
Mad - Peterborough 222914/41276  
D. Lights Design - 834212  
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  
Stable Studios - Ware 871090/870520  
Hyperion Studios - Clare (0787) 278111

## VIDEO RECORDING

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

## BARS

Outside Bars - Tim 9889 607  
Cam Bars - Mitch 60340

## PHOTOGRAPHY

Lowlife Photography - James 321260

## VENUES

City Limits - 60340  
The Alma - 64965  
Fisher Hall - 350018  
Guildhall - 358977  
Kelsey Kerridge Sports Hall - 358977  
Sea Cadet Hall - 353172 (evenings)  
CCAT Canteen, Batman, Theatre - 312518  
Man On The Moon - Jazz  
Golden Hind; Rob Roy - Folk  
Cow And Hare, Lode - John 812405