

Blue Suede News

CAMBRIDGE'S ROCK RAG

No. 19



50p

Blue Suede News

64, Humberstone Road,
Cambridge. CB4 1JF.
Tel. 355101

Editor: Graeme Mackenzie

P'boro Correspondent: Andrew Clifton
9, Church Rd.
Conington.
P'boro. PE7 3QJ

Contributors: Lyn Guy
Julian Hyde
Carl Tweed
Paul Christoforou
Martin Scott
Rob Baylis

Photography: Chris Hogge
Mark Simlo

Cartoon: Julian Dawson

Blue Suede News would like to congratulate regular contributor DAVE BRAGG on being appointed A&R Manager at Island Records - dealing among others with The Rain Parade and The Long Ryders about whom you first read in BSN, courtesy of Dave. He has very kindly offered to go on contributing occasional pieces to the mag, so Bragg's Bag will be back soon.

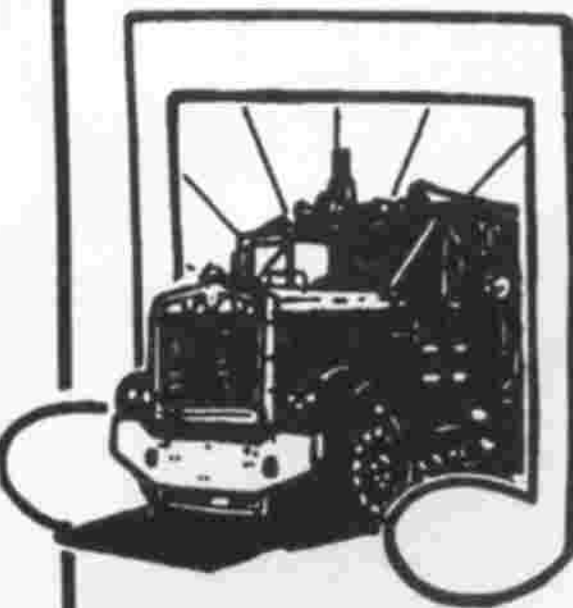
On a sadder note we would like to offer our condolences to The Exploding Hamsters on the loss of their percussionist, Geof Lowrie, who was killed in a car crash recently. His brother John was injured in the crash, and we wish him a speedy recovery and look forward to seeing him re-united with the band again soon. In the meantime the Hamsters are going on playing, with Tony Sheperd sitting in on drums, and are organising a series of benefit gigs for Geof's widow which we hope you will all support.

Talking of Benefit gigs, BSN would like to thank Melbourn Rock Club for organising the benefit featuring Colonel

Gomez, Strange Brew, The Light Blues and The Landlord Doesn't Know It Yet (a.k.a. The Radio Cambs Rockshow Band). It was a great evening of entertainment and the half of the proceeds that came to BSN were very welcome. Strange Brew were also meant to be headlining another BSN benefit, at the Sea Cadets Hall, but unfortunately due to an injury to their guitarist were unable to appear. Thanks anyway to them for organising it (under the aegis of COLIN HAZEL - thanks especially to him) and thanks to the bands that did play: Stormed, Kildares, Vanishing Point and New Swift (their last ever gig - good luck to them in their new ventures). Unfortunately not a lot of money was made as the place was only half full (why, you missed a good gig - four bands for only £1.50) and most of that was cancelled out when some kind person stole the editors jacket out of the dressing room - thanks a lot to you too.

You may notice the lack of a gig guide in this issue. I have been asked to write a weekly column, with gig guide, in the new Cantab "What's On & Where To Go" magazine in Cambridge, so it seems sensible to advise you all to read that for the up to the minute (well, up to the week) news and gig guide. It didn't exactly fit in BSN anyway since we went monthly (or six weekly as is often the case), and it leaves more pages here for the increasing amount of feature material I am being sent. So seek out the new venture - 20p on Thursdays from most newsagents in town, which has all the gen on Theatre, Cinema, Food, Travel and goodness knows what else; and, of course, the other varieties of music.

CAMBRIDGE ROCK shop



8 Burleigh Street Cambridge
Next to the new
"Grafton Shopping Centre".
Tel: (0223) 316091/65093

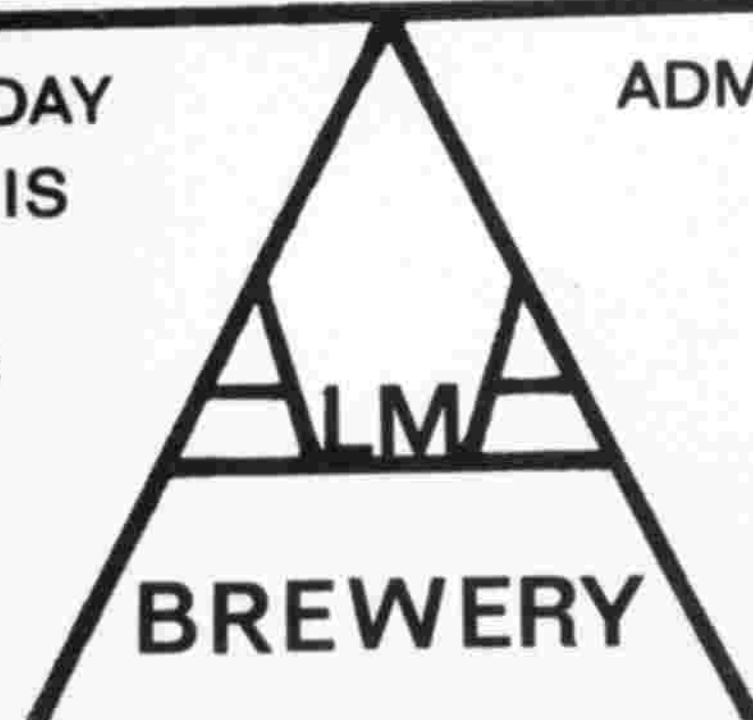
Electric and Acoustic Guitars
Amplification and PA Systems
Effects; Four Track;
Keyboards; Strings; Cases etc.
PA Hire; Part Exchange

ACCESS; BARCLAYCARD; H.P.

SATURDAY
NIGHT IS
LIVE
MUSIC
NIGHT

ADMISSION
FREE

REAL
ALE



BREWERY

RUSSELL COURT
CAMBRIDGE



THE DEVIANCE (above) are Dom Emery, Jim Scopes and John Thuburn, soon hopefully to be joined by an eminent local drummer. They have recently recorded the most impressive demo tape I've heard in a long while (produced at Spaceward by Mark Graham, with remixes by Jon Lewin) and at their lamentably attended last gig (only their third ever) proved that not only do they play well live (even without a drummer) but that they have a number of other good songs as well as the three on the tape. They manage to combine a somewhat electro-pop approach with some extremely robust bass and guitar playing - especially when singer Jim takes up his Rickenbacker to play rhythm to John's Knopfleresque solos - not that these are at all overdone. The glory of the band though is Jim's voice, and at about six foot five tall he dominates the stage with great presence and charisma, though still rather nervously. They certainly need the drummer, and perhaps a permanent second guitar; but I hope they can augment the band without losing the friendly and totally unpretentious togetherness that characterises them at the moment. I think they could just be the next in line from Cambridge to Katrina And The Waves for the glittering prizes of pop success. Judge for yourself when two of the tape tracks come out on the Peeved compilation cassette in the near future - and look out for more gigs soon.

THE PEEVED COMPILATION CASSETTE is nearly complete and will feature two tracks each from: Perfect Vision, The Detective, The Deviance, President Reagan Is Clever, Red Army Choir, Exploding Hamsters, Snap! Cabinet, Fever Garden, Flab, Colonel Gomez, Charlottes Party and Nick (Th'Alma) Winnington. In the meantime Peeved have released a live tape of P.R.I.C. recorded at the May Ball and called "Trinity Live" - on sale from Peeved at 46, Kimberley Road, for £1.50 or (probably) from The Beat Goes On at £2.00.

THE FRIGIDAIREs - still the best live r'n'b/r'n'r band in Cambridge - are losing drummer and founder member Rhydian Abbs (good luck to him in Switzerland or wherever it is he's off to); his replacement is likely to be one Duncan De Bondt, late of Andy Goes Shopping.

THE HAPPY HOUR threaten to follow up their many publicity coups (they made the Melody Maker without having played a gig!) by actually performing in public - on July 13th (they're not bothered by the competition they say), when they'll be supported by a special appearance of THE HOLY GHOST. The who - the spirit of Ed's past bands perhaps?

VOCALIST required by bluesy psychedelic pop band - ring Lui on 359836.

YVETTE is a singer looking for a group doing blues or jazz (Ella Fitzgerald style). Contact her on Cambridge 840114.

MICK CHELLY of P'boro band LEGEND wrote me a very nice letter welcoming BSN to P'boro. Apologies to him for forgetting to put his band on the back page - it is remedied in this issue, and I know how popular and busy the band are.

SNAKE has also written to me again, this time to tell me more about THE CIRCLE. I will try to do something on them in the next issue, especially if Andrew or I manage to get to their gig on July 6th, which sounds interesting. The Circle are playing with Hull band THE HOUSEMARTINS (it's an exchange gig) and the intriguing THE BIG J AND MR. LOCKUP at Stafford Hall in Westwood.

THE PLEASURE HEADS

Play again despite opposition.

JUNE 30th: The Crown (lunch)

LINK WRAY, SISTERS AND
SARNOS INFLUENCED.

"THE HEADS STILL SHOUT
AS THE REST SELL OUT"

ALSO ON JULY 6TH A CHARITY MEGA-GIG at the St. Ivo Centre, St. Ives, featuring: FILTHY RICH, COLONEL GOMEZ, STRANGE BREW, RHINEHEART, YOUR DINNER, TRUX, TALOS. The gig starts at 1.30pm and goes on to 12.00 midnight. Proceeds to Cancer Research, Hunts & Cambs Friends of Alms, The Buffalos.

KATRINA AND THE WAVES are currently in California, and soon to move on to Hawaii. Their single is now going down in the British charts, but went up one to No. 10 in the US; the album is at 28 in Britain and 25 in the US. For those of you who don't have it, their first album is available on import under the title of "Walking On Sunshine" (ATTIC LAT 1172) as is the second, "Katrina And The Waves" (ATTIC LAT 1198)- the Capitol album is composed of tracks (remixed) from these two. You can also buy Kimberley's and The Waves' early singles on the album "Bible Of Bop" (PRESS P2003), other demos and unreleased tracks on the mini-album "Shock Horror" (AFTERMATH SCOOP 1) and the two IDS singles, "Que Te Quiero" and "Plastic Man" - the latter not on any of the albums (SILVERTOWN STS 7).

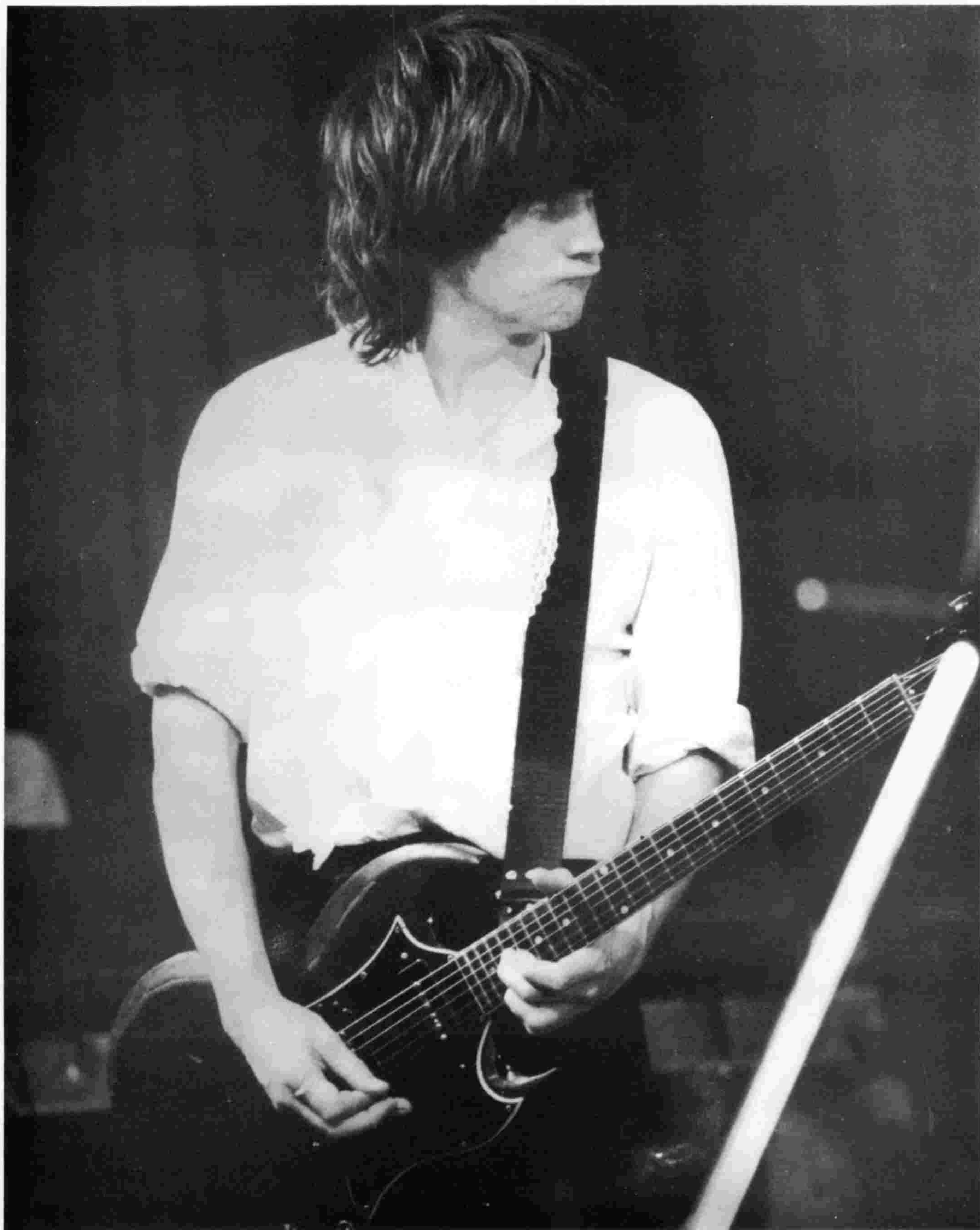
The pictures in the photo feature were taken by Chris Hogge at the recording of BBC Radio One's "In Concert" at the Paris Studios, Lower Regent Street, before the band left for America.

Spaceward Recording Studios:



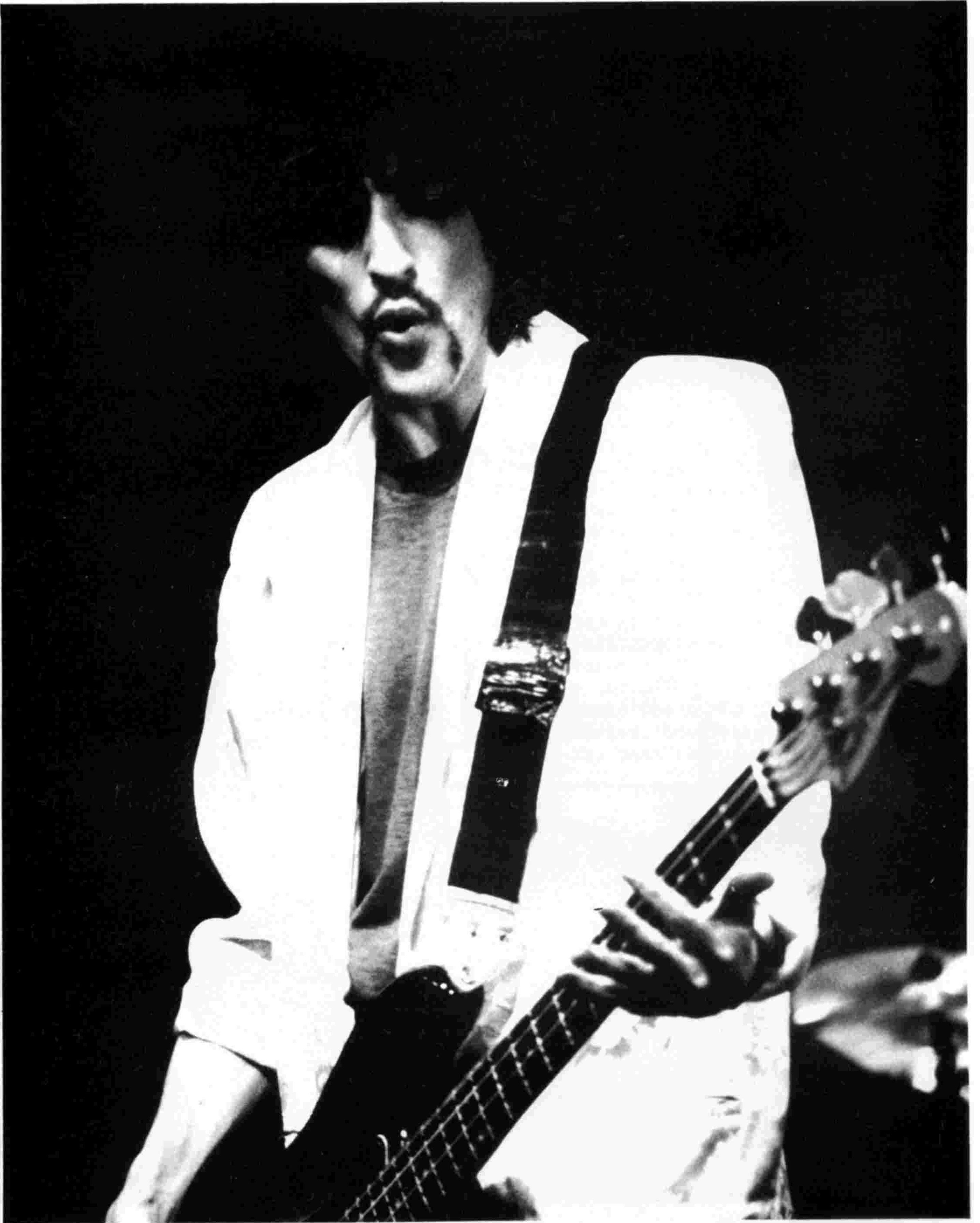
Close to Ely - which is not far from Peterborough, and even closer to Cambridge - the technology freaks have been at work. In an old village school has been created one of Britain's most advanced and prestigious recording studios. Here the stars come to relax in the rural surroundings while they make those hit records. But if Spaceward is now big business, it hasn't forgotten the local bands that were once its bread and butter. Between the big star block bookings they have time to spare, at special bargain rates, to help you with your demo tape or perhaps your first record. Consult the experts. For further information ring Mark on Stretham (9889) 600.

SPACEWARD STUDIOS, THE OLD SCHOOL, STRETHAM, ELY, CAMBS.

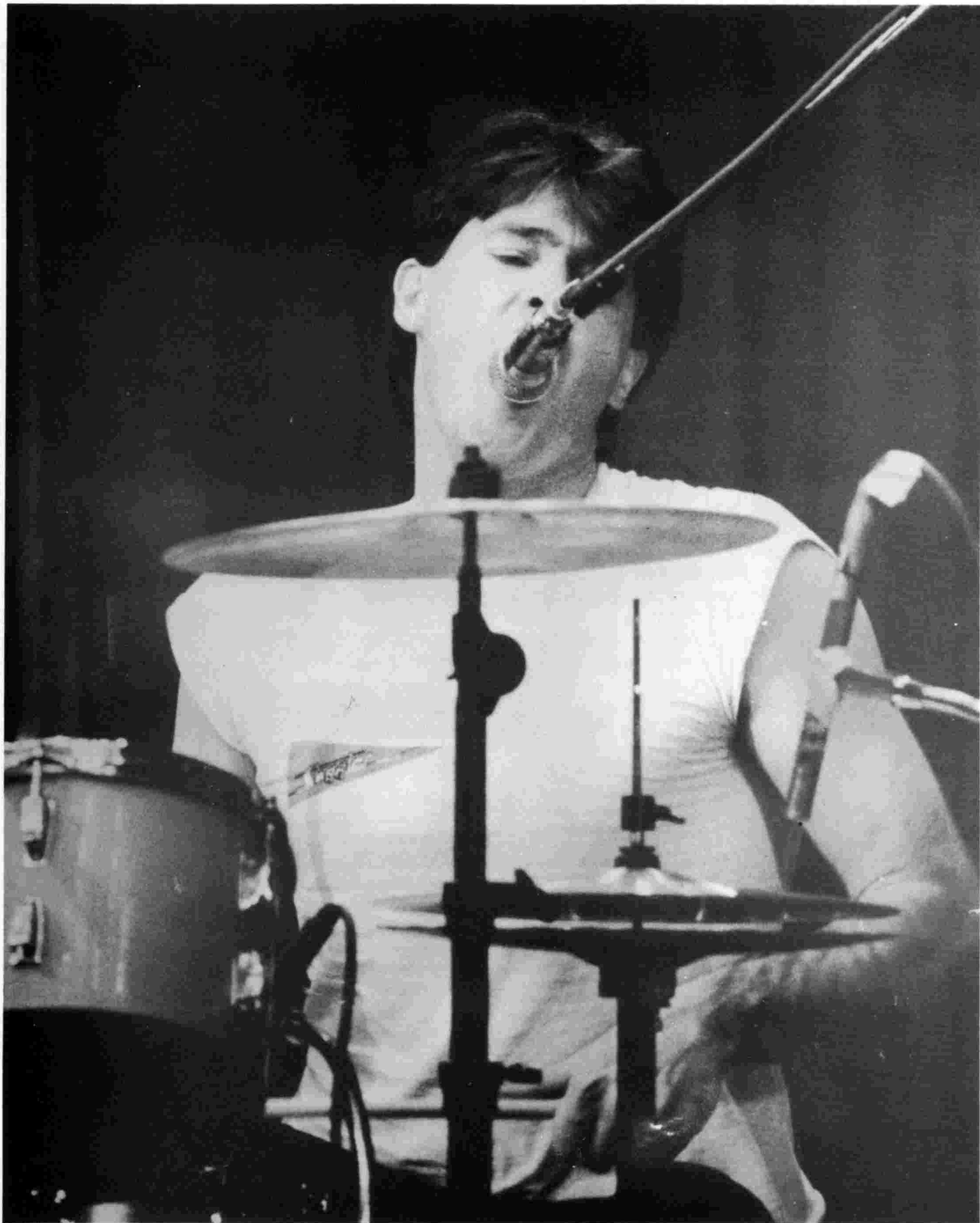


KIMBERLEY REW

KATRINA AND THE WAVES



VINCE DE LA CRUZ



ALEX COOPER



KATRINA LESKANICH

THE GREAT RAIN CHARADE

The Dead Hand Of Authority:

Time was short; the Rain Parade were only going to be in the country for a couple of weeks, and only playing a few London gigs - yet the man from the record company wanted them to play Cambridge. We could hardly believe it; but of course there was a catch - where were they going to play? Twenty years ago, no problem - the Dorothy or a dozen other places; ten years ago, still no problem - Lady Mitchell Hall; today, all problems. The Guildhall is booked up a year ahead; the Tech Canteen is restricted to a couple of gigs a term and the Corn Exchange is still a building yard.

Imagine my delight, therefore, upon visiting the Hills Road Sixth Form College and finding this marvellous hall. 400 capacity; excellent acoustics; not too far out of town - and Syd Barrett's old school as well; and it is for hire, in theory anyway. But time was short, so if it was to be done it had to be done through the Headmaster rather than through the County Council.

Headmasters will be headmasters, I suppose. Mr. Greenhalgh presides over one of the most academically successful institutions of its kind in East Anglia. But are its products, and the ornaments to his success, to be allowed to enjoy themselves there in the way that they choose after a hard day's work? Are the tax-payers who fund not only the buildings but Mr. Greenhalgh's job as well to be allowed access to this public hall? No, not if it's for rock'n'roll. When it came down to it, the prejudices of those parents or governors who might be offended (as Mr. Greenhalgh himself obviously was) by the association of the school with 'rock music' were more important than the legitimate entertainment of either the school's inmates or the rest of the city's youth.

Yet briefly it looked as if prejudice might be overcome - at a price. The school was being rewired at the time and the County Council had refused to pay for the installation of a circuit and sockets in the hall capable of dealing with modern amplified equipment. Indeed when the school's own rock bands performed a couple of weeks before they had to wire straight into the mains, so clearly something had to be done about it - if only to allow the Headmaster's Christmas Ball to go ahead.

Now to Mr. Greenhalgh, rock music is what he sees - when he can't avoid it - on Top Of The Pops, and what he reads about in the sensational papers. Sex, Drugs, Hooliganism and of course money; big money. No point in trying to tell anyone who doesn't appreciate - and doesn't really want to know - the difference between the big time in London, and provincial roc'n'roll. Mr. Greenhalgh was as convinced that fortunes were going to be made out of one gig in his little old hall, as he was that the school risked rampant rape, pillage and debauchery if rock came to Hills Road; so he wanted, for his school, his cut too.

And why not? I know that the education cuts are biting hard, and I appreciated the necessity of the rewiring - I would not have wanted to risk putting on a gig with an inadequate power source. So, not only did I not object to such a demand, I suggested a number of schemes whereby the money might be raised - including organising a benefit gig for that specific purpose. Such schemes, however, did include the proviso that the hall be regularly available thereafter for rock gigs - and that was something Mr. Greenhalgh was not going to accept. What he did have to accept, though most reluctantly, was that one commercial gig was not going to provide enough profit to rewire the hall - but I suggested that two might, just, manage it. So after a lengthy conference with the County Council representative, the electrician and the Vice-Principal (who, though no rock music fan, was very helpful - he having bothered to attend the school's own concert, had seen how inoffensive it really was) the Headmaster agreed to let two gigs go ahead on condition that the rewiring was paid for out of the proceeds of them.

That was at approximately 4.00pm. At approximately 7.00pm (after I had returned from spreading the word that the gig was on) my telephone rang; the headmaster had changed his mind. It turned out - though he didn't tell me this himself - that in the intervening time he had found another source of money for the rewiring, so he could let his prejudices (his concern for the reputation of the school, as he put it) rule the day.

What the Headmaster says, of course,

goes - there's no appeal. In theory the school hall remains a public building that can be hired - and that avenue will be further explored - but it seems unlikely that the views of the headmaster will be ignored by the County Council in hiring it out; and I'm sure the caretaker, who may well have the last word, knows whose views count for most in the school.

So much for not getting the hall; what about getting the band?

The Hidden Hand Of The Agency:

Ring ATB, said the man from the record company; tell them I want them to pull all the stops out on this one. Radio Cambridgeshire has plugged the Rain Parade, so they ought to play in Cambridge. Great. Well assuming we did find a hall, what then? Who or what is ATB for a start? "All Trade Bookings" as it turns out; a big London agency. Well I'd never dealt with such people before, and I didn't know exactly how they operated - though I had a fair idea what sort of sharks they were. So to the phone.

"Cambridge eh; ever promoted name bands before? No...." At that point I could hear his eyes light up with delight; another May Ball Committee lamb to the slaughter. Not quite; but I wasn't much wiser. How much will the band charge, I naively asked. He tried not to be specific; then said - after a spiel about hotel charges for extra nights in Britain, travelling expenses etc - about £500. (Later enquiries through an agent friend in London revealed the Rain Parade to be playing for about £250!) I knew it was over the top; but I didn't know by how much. I went away and sorted out the support, the PA and lights and other expenses before phoning back to say that £350 was the top limit possible. Having heard my budget - and accepted with alacrity the fact that BSN would (or I thought it would - I had a lot more to learn yet) make all of only £80 if we sold all the tickets - he agreed to a guarantee of £350. Stupid wasn't it; but then we were really keen to have the gig, and Trevor Dann, Andy Kershaw et al were all assuring me that it was bound to be a sell out. I wonder; exactly how big a name is The Rain Parade outside of Whistle Test and Radio Cambs Rockshow circles? Anyway the real bite was yet to come.

£350 guaranteed; to be paid - all of it - in advance! Is this normal practice I asked; oh yes, he said, when dealing

with somebody we've not dealt with before (my contact in London subsequently told me you never pay more than a third of a guarantee in advance). Well I had to accept it at the time. OK, all fixed? Yes he said - we'll send you the contract in due course and, by way of an afterthought he added, don't worry about the rider; the band only drink lager, and are mostly vegetarian. Thanks I said, somewhat bewildered. Of course I'd heard of riders, but I didn't really think they would apply at this level of business. But then I forgot this was an American band.

A few days later negotiations over the hall were still dragging on and the day for advance payment had arrived - unlike the contract. Well by now I had been put right about a few things by my friendly London agent, and - especially while the hall remained doubtful - I determined to pay nothing till I saw the contract. Just as well. When it did arrive, it - or at least the rider - was a revelation. Leaving aside the fact that I would not have got the money back if I had to cancel the gig for any reason, the rider demanded a PA that would have cost at least £200 (clearly written in America, said Roger of Star Hire; it bore no relation to the sort of venue the band would be playing over here), and the innocuous lager and nut hospitality demands (which were by no means exclusively vegetarian) added up to another £100. There went all the profit - and a lot more - as the agent would have known; but then why should he care, as he counted up his cut of £350.

As it happened the gig collapsed that very day - and even if the headmaster had not changed his mind, the price would have had to be renegotiated to take on board the rewiring of the hall (not to mention my crash course in promoting through London agents). The last straw came, however, as I struggled to find an alternative venue. Both the Sea Cadets and The Trolley Stop came into the reckoning - both holding only 250 people, compared to Hills Road's 400. When told how much smaller they were and that consequently the price would have to drop, the agent told me that he'd already talked to the record company about it, and that he would, of course, drop the price - by all of £50!

Restraining the urge to laugh down the phone I told him it would have to come down more than that, and I'd ring him back when I had budgeted for the new venue. When I did phone back, that particular agent was suddenly unavailable,

and another agent in the firm - curiously the one I was initially told was dealing with the Rain Parade - told me they would have to call the whole thing off because the band didn't have a work permit for any more gigs! In the new circumstances, he declared it wasn't worth the risk they were prepared to take if they made enough out of it to help defray the costs of the band's promotional visit. Nice of them to be prepared to take the risk in the first place, having assured me - the promoter, who I suspect might actually be liable - that they would get a work permit with no problems. Well at least this agent sounded as if he was being honest about it now. He is preparing a package of American bands, including the Rain Parade, for a tour in the Autumn, and Cambridge may see them play the Guildhall in October - courtesy of the Cat Club. My immediate reaction was thank God the Council will have to deal with them next time - but I reckon I've learnt a lot over the past few weeks, and next time (should there be one) I'll be prepared. Should you ever fancy being a promoter I hope you have been warned too.

The Helpless Hand Of The Punter?

The lessons of the above are obvious enough not to need me to point them up. The footnote to it, incidentally, was that when Ann Johnson in Peterborough tried to put them on there, forewarned by me of the pitfalls, the initial enthusiasm of the agency was quickly overtaken by a mysterious illness in the band that prevented them playing Peterborough that day, though not London the next!

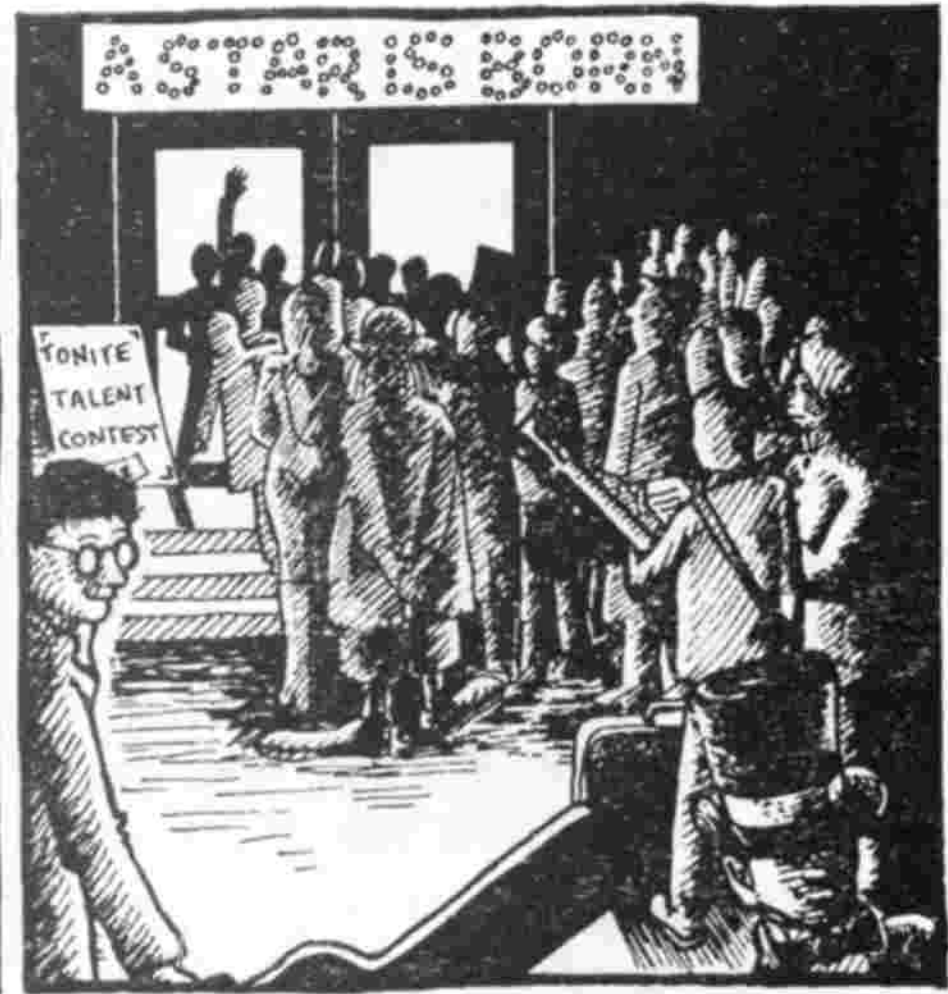
As for the poor punter in Cambridge, I hope you now know exactly why you didn't get to see the Rain Parade despite the barrage of publicity that must have thoroughly confused you. Forget the agent's tale, that's a cautionary warning for those who would swim with sharks; but try not to forget the Headmaster's tale, that concerns you. You have votes, and pens and voices; if you want rock'n'roll in Cambridge, use them, please. It may not do much good, but at least try; let's not declare ourselves helpless yet.

GRAEME MACKENZIE



The Rain Parade

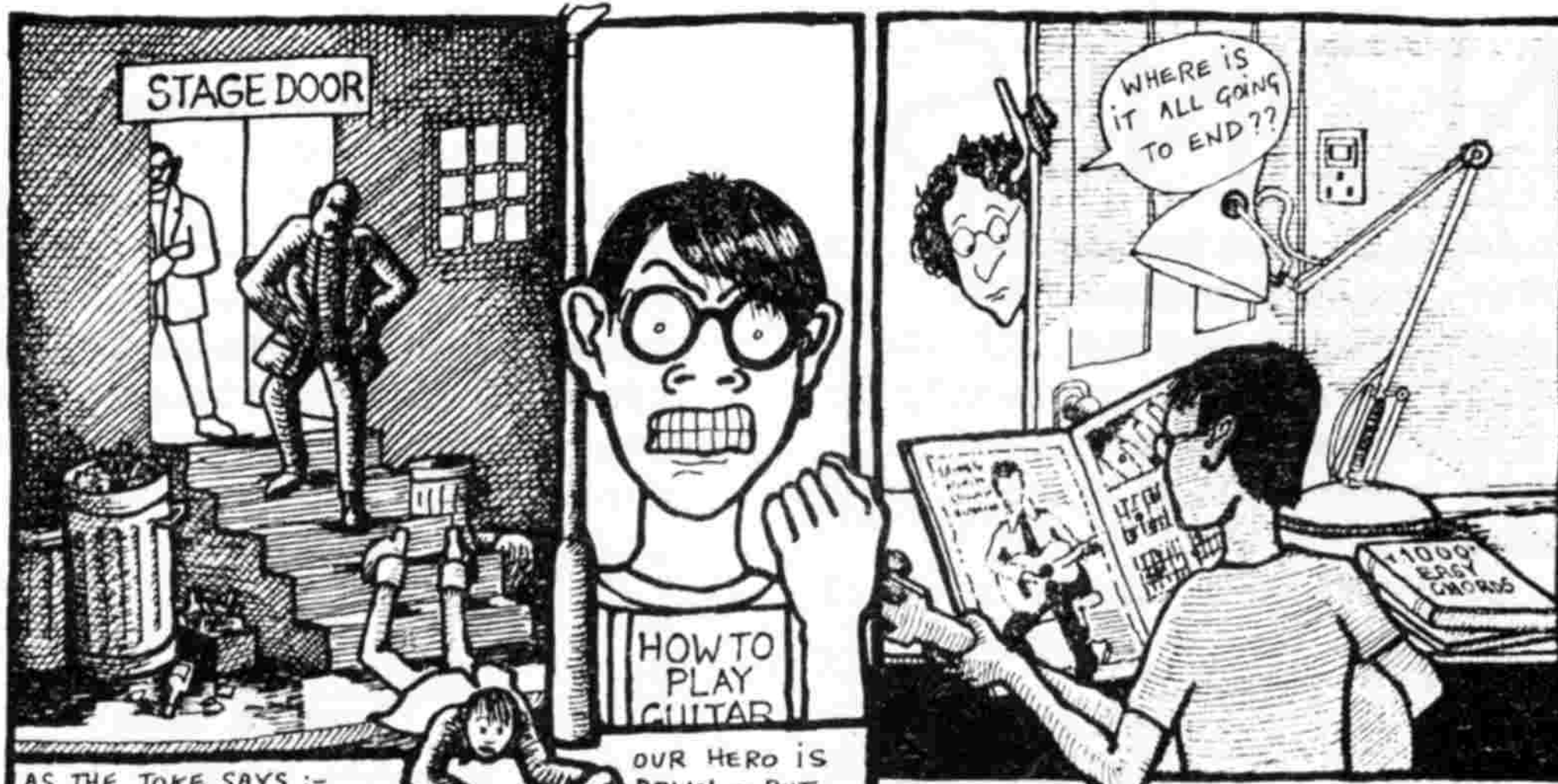
THE STORY SO FAR... OUR HERO JERUSALEM BROWN, BORED IN SCHOOL & MISUNDERSTOOD AT HOME, IS LOOKING FOR THE KEY TO A FUTURE... ON A WET MONDAY HE SAW.....



WHEN HIS BIG MOMENT CAME JERUSALEM PULLED OUT EVERY TRICK FROM HOURS IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR... BUT...



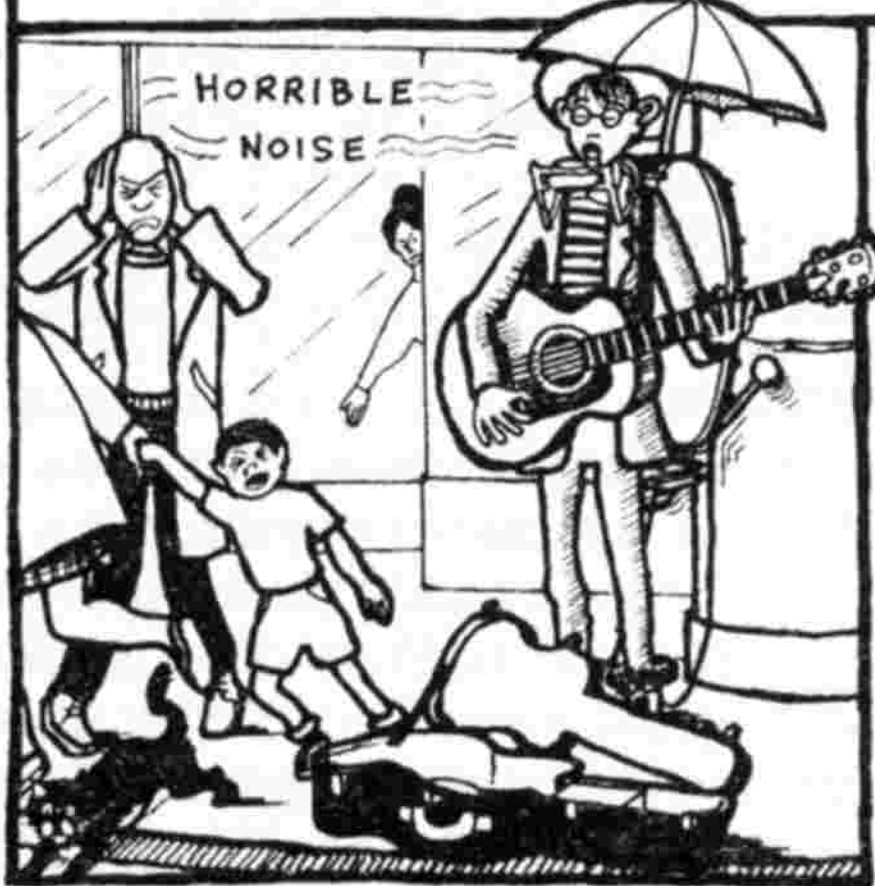
CLAPHURRAH!! APPLAUSE!! HOORAY!!



AS THE JOKE SAYS :-
 "HOW DO I GET TO THE ALBERT HALL ??"
 A. KEEP ON PRACTISING !!!

OUR HERO IS DOWN - BUT NOT OUT !!!

WHERE IS IT ALL GOING TO END??



WHO, INDEED, IS THE MYSTERIOUS (AND RICH) STRANGER??



"NORBERT..... I'VE FOUND HIM- WHO? -OUR NEW WUNDERKIND THAT'S WHO!! WHAT'S HIS NAME? HOW DO I KNOW!! HEY, KID..."

WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHAT?? BROWN ?? JERUSALEM ? YEAH NORBERT, JERUSALEM - THAT'S WHAT I SAID !! WERE COMING"



WE WANT TO KNOW!! WHO IS THIS KIND-LOOKING STRANGER - NONE OTHER THAN EDWARD BIGGE THE MEANEST MANAGER IN THE WHOLE, WIDE WEST END.



"I SEE IT ALL NOW. A GOLDEN FUTURE. YEAH!"

"NORBERT, BOOK THE STUDIO!!"

"NORMA, CALL THE PHOTOGRAPHER"

"MUSICIANS, WE NEED MUSICIANS..."

"TODAY: HERE J.B. - TOMORROW THE WORLD"



STAY WITH US J.B. WERE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.

AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING..... BUT, POP-PICKERS, WHERE WILL IT END ?? READ ON...

FANZINES

My first impulse was to harangue, in my usual over-the-top manner, the so-called enlightened section of the national music press that pompously claims to appeal to the intellect. However, wild generalisations are crude and inaccurate, so I will begin by qualifying my criticism. There are, of course, many hacks who are perceptive, knowledgeable and generally worthy of our attention. Unfortunately, the bad impression created by the puerile whining of a growing number of pampered music journalists also tends to tarnish the reputations of their more esteemed colleagues. An example that immediately springs to mind is of a moribund writer at the NME who thought that his denunciations of heavy metal and the new pop proffered by Kershaw and Jones was of interest to the readers. Isn't it about time this doddering old soul, and others like him, made way for those with a passion for popular music and an optimistic outlook on life in general? If it wasn't for the occasional pertinent article in Sounds, fanzines would rule supreme.

To get an inkling of the diversity of talent being ignored by the mass media, simply take a look at the plethora of fanzines which are available for inspection by the more adventurous amongst you. It's certainly true that many are grubby xeroxed efforts, but the best are state of the art examples of absorbing and informative magazines.

The following is the first of hopefully an occasional guide to the wonderful world of the fanzine:

SWING 51- No. 9, £1.50 inclusive of postage and packing. Cheques and p.o.s should be made payable to "Swing 51", 41 Bushey Road, Sutton, Surrey. SM1 1QR. The boast in the early issues of the magazine was that it was devoted to "folk, bluegrass and beyond". However, the last couple of issues have tended to move more towards the mainstream. For example, Issue 9 includes excellent pieces on Los Lobos and Flaco Jimenez. In case you are thinking the price is a trifle steep, let me assure you that your money will be well spent. It is immaculately printed and the size of an average paperback book in length; and the choice of artists covered is always refreshingly eclectic. Recommended.

OMAHA RAINBOW - No. 35. £1 inclusive p&p. Cheques and p.o.s payable to "Peter O'Brien", 10 Lesley Court, Harcourt Road, Wallington, Surrey. SM6 8AZ. Consistently excellent progressive country mag. The latest issue includes articles on ex-Burrito Rick Roberts, Rusty Young (poco) and John Stewart (featured in every issue). The best fanzine in the world!

THE PHOENIX LIST - A weekly newspaper for mods. £2 for ten issues. Cheques and p.o.s should be made payable to "Mark Johnson", Phoenix Society, 27 Sale Place, London W2 1PT. If you want a sample copy, send an s.a.e. No self-respecting mod can do without this four page newsletter. It gives up-to-minute news on gigs, records, modzines and mod runs. If you're keen to discover more about the most vital and exciting underground scene in the country you need the Phoenix List.

MONKEES H.Q. - Quarterly A5 fanzine. £1 for a sample copy. Cheques and p.o.s should be made payable to "Sue Costello", 40 Grange Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey. CR4 3SA. A bit on the expensive side for what you get, but it's the only place you're likely to read about what the ex-members of this fondly remembered band are doing. Apparently Davy Jones and Peter Tork are planning to tour together this year. For diehard fans only.

THE MUSIC NEVER STOPS - Free! Simply send your name and address to Alasdair Macdonald, Wildfield House, Clenchwarton, King's Lynn, Norfolk. PE34 4AH. and he'll put you on his mailing list. Fans of Hawkwind, Tony McPhee, the Damned and especially the Grateful Dead will find plenty to satisfy them.

PHILATELY - No. 4. £1 plus large s.a.e. A three issue subscription costs £3. Cheques and p.o.s should be made payable to "P.S.A.S." 21d Grove Park Road, London W4 3RT. Anyone with even only a passing interest in the work of Phil Spector will be impressed by this magazine. The highlight of the latest issue is a detailed article on the Righteous Brothers.

Some useful addresses:

Compendium Books, 234 Camden High St. NW1
Rough Trade, 130 Talbot Rd. W11.
Vinyl Solution, 39 Hereford Rd. W2.
Vintage Magazines, Brewer St. W1.

(the best place in London to find second hand music mags.)

CARL TWEED

MORE FANZINES

"I want to use as many cartoon strips and drawings as possible; feature books, films, TV etc. and out down on mindless band crap. Any music will be honest, hard, and anti-musician mentality. It should cover things that you can't read anywhere else. That's the aim."

That declaration was made by Stephen B. Hunter, the editor of a fresh fanzine entitled "Texas Hotel Burning". His is one of the four 'zines included in this roundup, in which I have decided to comment on those that I find both refreshing and informative. If irregular, they are an interesting alternative to the music papers or magazines. I don't attempt to provide expert comments on the topic of 'zines. In the heyday of punk rock I was barely of a record appreciating age and so have not actually seen an original copy of Mark Perry's "Sniffing Glue" or a school day's copy of Jamming! I do wish to lend support to the editors of the fanzines in question though, and hopefully I can do this by giving prices and addresses to BSN readers. Now down to the reviews:

TEXAS HOTEL BURNING - 25p; The Alangrange Kenilworth Road, Bridge Of Allan, Stirling, Scotland. Issue No. 1: This is an excellent debut. In the true sense of a fanzine, two enthusiasts write warm critical appreciations of the once innovative Scitti Politti and the much missed Saints. Both articles have the power to rekindle interest - mine at least. Leaning toward US and Australian bands that are often active here, there's a brief chat with whacky J. Richman, and a comfortable, comprehensive Go-Betweens interview. This 'zine highlights the understanding of a committed team and (although slightly impaired in places by grey printing) their skill in conveying appreciation. So give the fire more fuel.

RUNNING ORDER - 40p; 43 Kenley Road, Kingston, Surrey KT1. This is London based, the work of two and primarily deals with covering the 'new': "What we want to avoid is ending up like the music papers and writing about bands out of a sense of duty rather than any real interest." This 'zine has a very good grasp of the machinery of the music industry, and works angrily about marketing, prices and the like. Balancing that is an encouraging step-by-step guide to DIY recording. Alongside of the promising Pop Wallpaper and a 'rare'

interview with the intriguing 10,000 Maniacs are various European reports and music contact addresses. Probably solely worth it for the genuine 'Inside The NME' piece.

DEBRIS - 40p; Issue 6; 148 Great Western Street, Moss Side, Manchester M14. I have always tended to produce my 'zines alone. Debris, however, shows how gathering a team of like-minded people with discipline can work and result in the production of informed good fresh copy. Issue 6 for music chooses a cynical Marc Riley and a sensible Tracy and Ben. Jazz is presented in a very palatable way indeed. Literary reviews are important to this 'zine - they are very well constructed and are not simply hidden away at the back. Overall print quality is excellent with some particularly fine photography. (Flexi-disc is also included.) Tasteful and wise.

ALTERNATIVES TO VALIUM - 30p; Top Right, 46 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh, Scotland. The vibrant and acclaimed ATV captures that Scottish feeling honestly. Musically Issue 4 contains an interesting meeting with confused Lloyd Cole, and also claims the "last Orange Juice interview". Also provided are well planned and keyed up articles on politically based topics. Most impressive is the detailed interview with the 'betrayed' Peter Tatchell. The vigorous socialist is excellent when animated and the article captures that. The fine cover reflects the quality of the contents; so if you're thinking of buying the others why not grab this as well. You'll end up with a nice cheap package of lively alternative reading!

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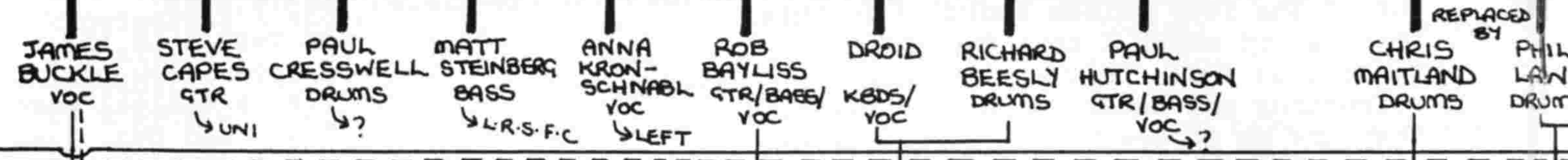
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HILLS ROAD BANDS

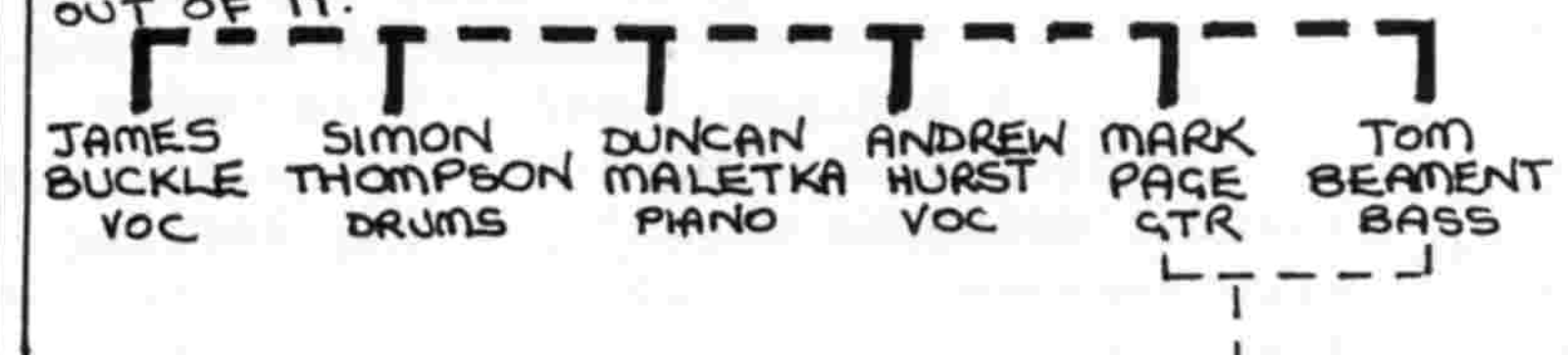
THE QUIET ROOM NOV 81- MAY 82
 HAD PREVIOUS LINE-UPS BUT THIS WAS THE ONE THAT PLAYED AT HILLS ROAD IN 1981. THE FIRST LINE-UP WAS FORMED ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON WHILE WATCHING SPECTRUM ON T.V. THEIR SONGS WERE PLAYED WITH AN EMPHASIS ON ORIGINALITY WHILST RETAINING MUSICALITY. LYRICALLY A BIT DODGY, BUT JAMES'S VOCAL STYLE MADE THE WORDS INCOMPREHENSIBLE SO NO-ONE GOT TO HEAR THEM.

THA'RAGA/VIEWING ROOM APR 82- ?
 PLAYED ONE GIG UNDER THE NAME THA'RAGA AT THE SEA CADET HALL. ANNA THEN LEFT AND THE NAME VIEWING ROOM WAS ASSUMED. THIS FOUR PIECE PLAYED AT THE BURLEIGH ARMS AND LINTON V.C.. THA'RAGA WERE TO HAVE PLAYED AT HILLS ROAD IN 1982 BUT ANNA WAS IN A THEATRE PRODUCTION THE SAME NIGHT AND NO-ONE WOULD LET THEM TURN UP AT 10:00 PM ON THE NIGHT AND PLAY THEIR SET. I DON'T KNOW WHEN VIEWING ROOM SPLIT BUT IT WAS SOMETIME INTO 1983. ANNA IS NOW AT A DRAMA COLLEGE IN READING.

FEEDBACK
 FORMED AFTER HAD TOO MANY A BET FOR THE HEAVILY INFLUENCED STAGE THEY FLARED JEANS THOUGHT OF THE CHRIS MAITLAND ER TIM WAS POTENTIAL. UNI TO PROVIDE

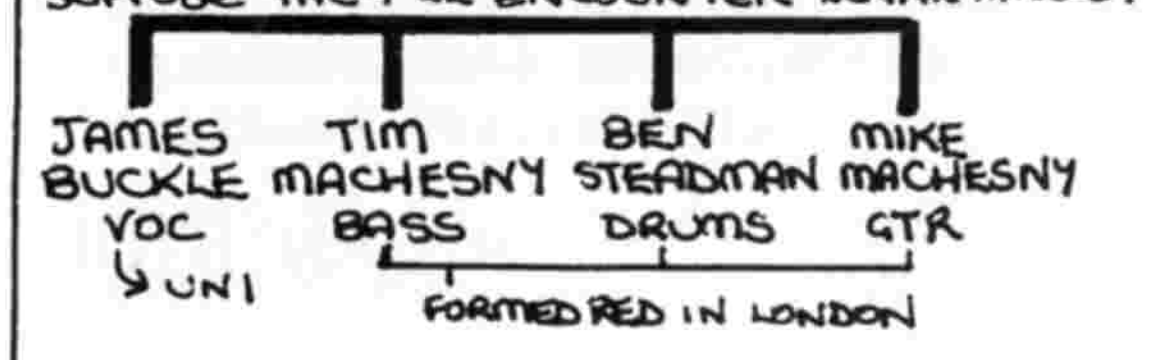


THE LATE DELIVERERS MAR 82
 FORMED FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE HILLS ROAD REVUE 1982. PLAYED THREE CONSECUTIVE NIGHTS SUPPORTING PURCELL'S "DIDO AND AENEAS" IN THE THEATRE! SPLIT IMMEDIATELY TO GO BACK TO THEIR OWN PROJECTS. THEIR MATERIAL WAS PISS-TAKES OF PUNK AND HEAVY METAL AND SONGS ABOUT HILLS ROAD APATHY. MARK AND JAMES HAD ALSO TRIED TO FORM A "SUPER-GROUP" OF LOCAL SIXTH FORM MUSICIANS TO BE CALLED "BREAKFAST", BUT ONLY TWO GET-TOGETHERS AND A VERSION OF LED ZEPPELIN'S "BATTLE OF EVERMORE" CAME OUT OF IT.



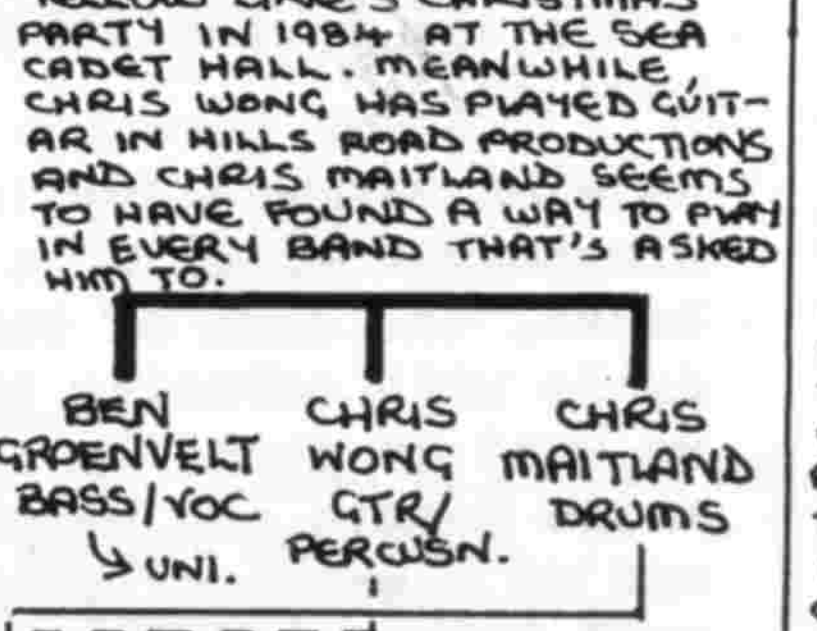
ZOOM#1 JUN 81- SEP 82
 FIRST LINE-UP, PLAYED NOGIGS.
 CHRIS GATES (BASS), CHRIS WONG (GTR), CHRIS MAITLAND (DRUMS).
 CHRIS MAITLAND :- "ZOOM#1 WAS A SORT OF HOLIDAY BAND. WE GOT TOGETHER IN THE VACS AND JAMMED TOGETHER - THEN SPLIT UP TILL THE NEXT ONE."
DAKTARI ?
 RICHARD BEESLY MAY HAVE BEEN IN THA'RAGA AT SAME TIME.
 DROID (KBDS/VOC), RICHARD BEESLY (DRUMS), CHRIS GATES (BASS).
 STRICTLY, ZOOM#1 AND DAKTARI SHOULD'NT BE IN THIS TREE BUT I SUPPOSE NOT MANY PEOPLE KNEW OF THE BAND OF THREE CHRIS'S.

PICTURE JUN 82- AUG 83
 AFTER THE DEMISE OF ASTRAL PLANE, PICTURE WAS FORMED BY MIKE, BEN AND TIM. THEY WERE A HILLS ROAD BAND BUT DIDN'T PLAY THERE. WHERE THEY DID GIG I DON'T KNOW; MIKE ALMOST JOINED STRONTIUM. I WONDER IF THEY KNOW THERE'S A SWEDISH HEAVY BAND CALLED PICTURE, AND A LONDON ROCK BAND CALLED RED - WHO ARE QUITE SUCCESSFUL. STILL, I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'LL ENCOUNTER LEGAL HASSLE.



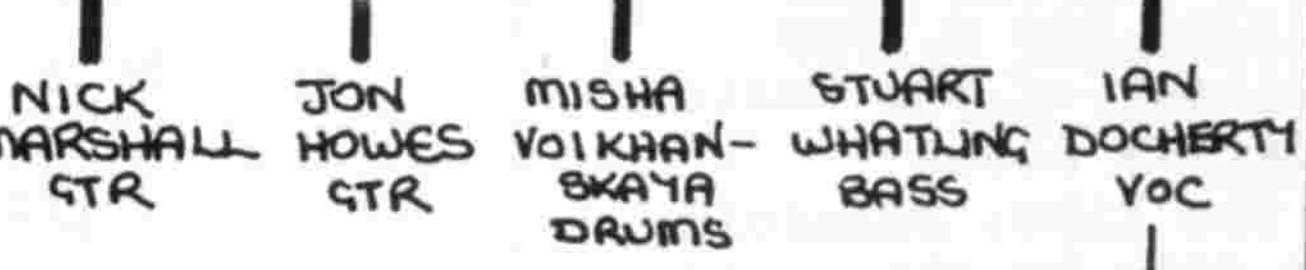
IF YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT THEN THIS IS THE PLACE TO START READING THIS. IN THE HILLS ROAD FAMILY TREE I'VE TRIED TO KEEP A CHRONOLOGICAL PROGRESSION THROUGH THE LAST FOUR YEARS OF THE HILLS ROAD BANDS. UNFORTUNATELY, FOR THE DESIGN PURPOSES IT HAD TO BE SPLIT IN TO TWO PARTS AND THE SECOND PART IS INFINITELY MORE INTERESTING SINCE IT COVERS THE PRESENT BANDS AND A FEW THAT ALTHOUGH TECHNICALLY AREN'T HILLS ROAD BANDS, DO HAVE CONNECTIONS. SO IN THE NEXT ISSUE YOU WILL READ ABOUT SUCH WELL KNOWN BANDS AS DOUBLE YELLOW LINE, THE DETECTIVE, SHORT STAY, ONE NIGHT STAND AND MONTREAL. IF YOU THINK THE HILLS ROAD SCENE IS BEING OVERKILLED REMEMBER WE IN SOME WAY PRODUCED PINK FLOYD, THE DOLLY MIXTURES AND NICK BARRACLOUGH?

ZOOM#2 OCT 82- SEP 84
 BEN GROENVELT JOINED FROM REET PETITE (WHO FEATURED MARC NOEL JOHNSON). PLAYED THEIR FIRST GIG AT HILLS ROAD IN 1982 AND STOLE THE SHOW. PLAYED AT STRAWBERRY FAYRE IN 1983 AND 1984 AND A SIMILAR THING IN NORFOLK. PLAYED NUMEROUS OTHER GIGS INCLUDING THE LOCAL AIR-BASES. THEY RECORDED A DEMO-TAPE IN A STUDIO NEAR HAMMER-SMITH ODEON BUT SURPRISINGLY DID NOTHING WITH IT. NEAR THE END OF ZOOM, BEN AND CHRIS REQUESTED FOR THE SU LYN BAND AND CARRIED ON AFTER ZOOM SPLIT FOR A WHILE. ONE OF THE FACTORS IN THE ZOOM SPLIT WAS BEN GOING TO UNIVERSITY. ZOOM REFORMED TO PLAY AT DOUBLE YELLOW LINE'S CHRISTMAS PARTY IN 1984 AT THE SEA CADET HALL. MEANWHILE, CHRIS WONG HAS PLAYED GUITAR IN HILLS ROAD PRODUCTIONS AND CHRIS MAITLAND SEEMS TO HAVE FOUND A WAY TO PLAY IN EVERY BAND THAT'S ASKED HIM TO.



IAN DOHERTY REMEMBERS OF THE ANON ON STAGE: "MISHA COULDN'T DRUM AT ALL; JON HID BEHIND THE P.A STACK DURING THE SET AND STUART WAS PLAYING BASS LINES TOTALLY IRRELEVANT TO THE SONGS. NICK WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO LOOKED VAQUELY INTERESTED IN WHAT WE WERE PLAYING."
 RICHARD TOFTS ON APRICOT SILK: "ALBERT DEMONSTRATED HIS LACK OF CO-ORDINATION IN FINDING THE MICROPHONE ON THE ONLY SONG HE SANG. HE PRODUCED A SOUND LIKE HE WAS HAVING A PICNIC ON THE M1, A SORT OF NNNNEE EEEOWWW SOUND."

THE ANON NOV 83- DEC 83
 WERE THE JOKE BAND OF 1983 IN HILLS ROAD. THEY PLAYED A SET OF COVERS AT HILLS ROAD - THEIR ONLY GIG. THEY GAINED RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE FOR PLAYING SUCH CLASSICS AS WILD THING, WAR PIGS AND ASSAULT AND BATTERY PART 2 (HAWKWIND) INCREDIBLY BADLY - EVEN THE PISTOLS "SUBMISSION" WAS AWFUL. THE ONE ORIGINAL THEY HAD WAS "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB" ARRANGED FOR GUITAR AND VOCALS, AND WAS HILARIOUS IN IT'S EXECUTION. ONLY NICK PLAYS HIS INSTRUMENT NOW - IAN HAS COME ON TO BETTER THINGS NOW - SEE PART TWO.



THIS FAMILY TREE MAKES BETTER READING IF YOU HAVE BOTH PARTS TOGETHER. SO MAKE SURE YOU GET NEXT MONTHS ISSUE.

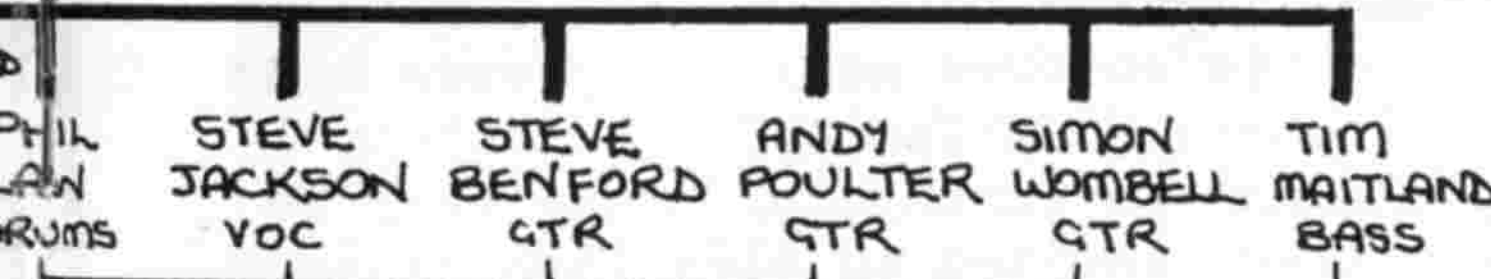
REPLACED BY PHIL LAW (DRUMS)
 PHIL LAW (DRUMS)
 FEEDBACK (PLAY SIX BOT GU TR A WA CHIE VIE TIM)
 PHIL LAW (DRUMS)
 CHRIS BEAUME (KBDS/B VOC)
 MARK MORE (SOME WERE WE S MENT DEFIN DON'T ANOTH THIS C WGEN AND TARIST HE GO COLLE HIS G)
 TOM B SUNSTO STORM AND H CHRIS INSTRU FORME AND A BETWE

SCENE

1981-85

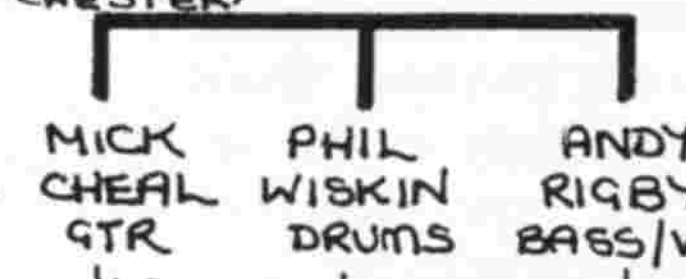
BACK #1 APR 81- SEP 81

AFTER A JAM-SESSION IN APRIL WHEN THEY DECIDED THEY HAD MANY GOOD IDEAS TO WASTE, SO THEY STARTED WRITING THEIR OWN. THEIR FIRST GIG IN JUNE. MUSICALLY THEY WERE INFLUENCED BY WHITESNAKE AND LYNYRD SKYNYRD. ON STAGE THEY LOOKED DECIDEDLY RIDICULOUS IN COWBOY BOOTS, HATS AND BLUE SHIRTS. (WHAT WOULD JON LEWIN HAVE SAID ABOUT THAT STAGE GEAR). THE FIRST GIG WAS PLAYED WITH PHIL MAITLAND GUESTING FROM THE AXE-BAND, AND HIS BROTHER PHIL AS GUESTING AS WELL. PHIL LAW CAME FROM BRUNEL UNIVERSITY TO PROVIDE A PERMANENT DRUMMER.



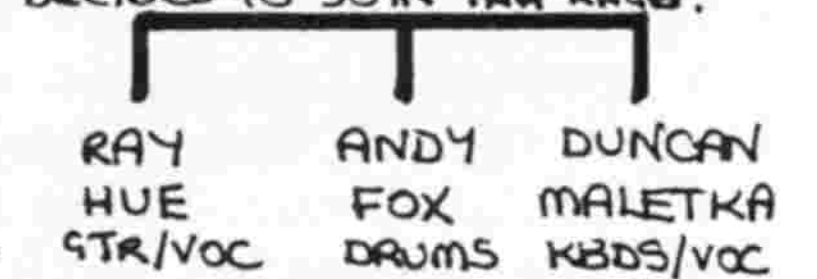
VALIUM 10 SEP 81- MAY 82

AN ACID-ROCK BAND? WITH BLUES INFLUENCES! THEY COVERED HAWKWIND'S "ORCONE ACCUMULATOR." PLAYED FIVE GIGS IN AND AROUND CAMBRIDGE INCLUDING SUPPORT FOR STRONTIUM IN NEWMARKET. SPLIT A WHILE BEFORE ANDY LEFT FOR MANCHESTER.



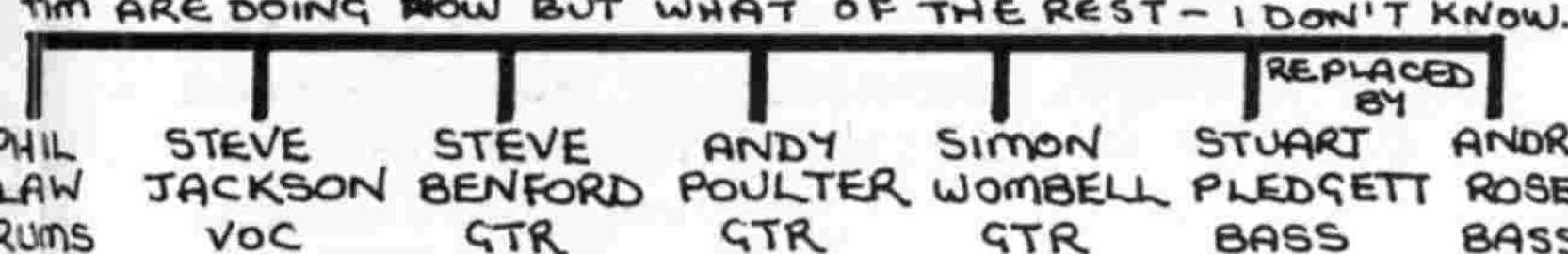
ANNO DOMINI DEC 81- AUG 82

GIGGED A BIT - SUPPORT FOR HONDO AND THE SOUND CELLAR. ALSO PLAYED AT STUDIO 54. RECORDED A DEMO AT SPACEWARD STUDIOS. AFTER THE SPLIT ANDY FOX GAVE UP DRUMS AND RAY HUE EVENTUALLY CAME UP WITH GUITAR TO BECOME A SHOP MANAGER IN IPSWICH. ROB BAYLISS AUDITIONED FOR THEM BUT DECIDED TO JOIN THE RAGS.



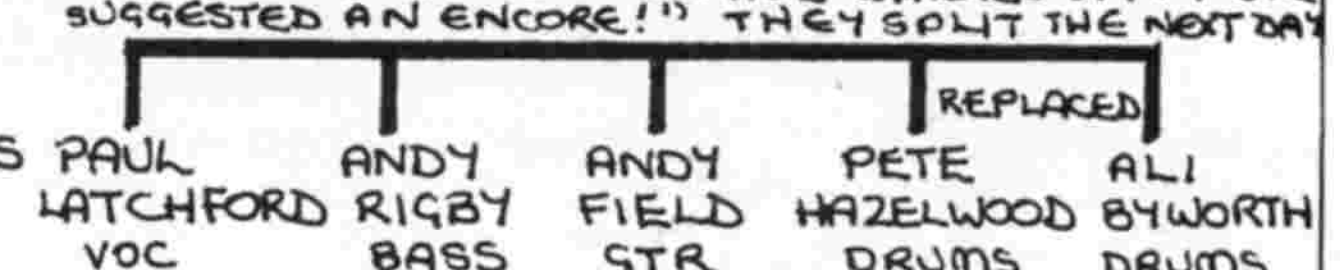
FEEDBACK #2 OCT 81- SEP 82

PLAYED QUITE A FEW GIGS INCLUDING HILLS ROAD, LONG ROAD SIXTH FORM COLLEGE ON THEIR OPEN DAY, THE SOUND CELLAR, BOTTISHAM V.C AND BRUNEL UNIVERSITY. STUART PLEDGETT GUESTED FOR THE FIRST GIG, KEEPING UP SOME SORT OF A TRADITION. FEEDBACK REFORMED IN APRIL 84 TO RECORD A TAPE "JADE" UNDER THE NAME WOODSIDE. LINE-UP WAS STEVE JACKSON, STEVE BENFORD, ANDY POULTER, CHRIS MAITLAND AND TIM MAITLAND. THE TAPE WAS REVIEWED IN ELECTRONIC AND MUSIC MAKER - "A GOOD REVIEW" SAYS CHRIS MAITLAND. WE ALL KNOW WHAT CHRIS AND TIM ARE DOING NOW BUT WHAT OF THE REST - I DON'T KNOW.



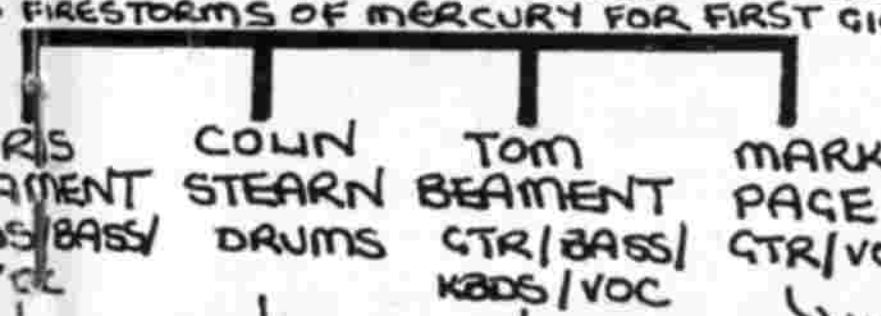
ELECTRIC MOON JUN 82- DEC 82

ALL NEVER GIGGED WITH E.M. BUT HELPED IN THE WRITING OF THE SET. HE WAS SACKED BY ANDY RIGBY WHEN HE CAME DOWN FROM MANCHESTER FOR A PRACTICE AND ALL DIDN'T TURN UP - SO HE WAS FIRED. PETE CAME IN FOR THE THREE GIGS THEY PLAYED, THE LAST AT HILLS ROAD - ANDY RIGBY REMEMBERS :- "PETE WAS SUPPOSED TO DO A DRUM FILL FOR 30 SECONDS OR SO, BUT WENT ON FOR FIVE MINUTES - IT WAS BLOODY AWFUL. ME AND PAUL WALKED OFF. PETE SUGGESTED AN ENCORE!" THEY SPLIT THE NEXT DAY.



FIRESTORM APR 82- JULY 83

THE LEFT HAND BAND. ALL FOUR IN THE BAND WERE LEFT HANDED AND THEY USED TO JOKE THEY SHOULD CHANGE THE NAME TO SINISTER - SINISTER IS DERIVED FROM THE LATIN SINISTRUS MEANING LEFT AND IS LINKED WITH EVIL. MARK WAS CLASSICALLY TRAINED ON PIANO, CLARINET AND GUITAR, TOM ON FRENCH HORN AND CHRIS ON KELLO. PLAYED FOUR GIGS INCLUDING SUPPORT FOR ANNO DOMINI, COLERIDGE V.C AND HILLS ROAD IN 1982. WERE CALLED FIRESTORMS OF MERCURY FOR FIRST GIG.



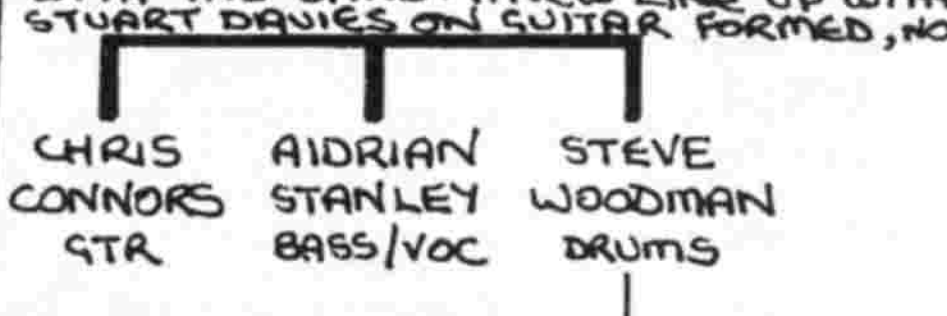
MARK PAGE ON FIRESTORM :- "IT WAS MORE FUN THAN A SERIOUS THING, BUT THE GOOD IDEAS CAME OUT OF IT. WE WERE A GOOD JAMMING BAND THOUGH WE SUFFERED FOR A LACK OF EQUIPMENT, ONE AMP IF WE WERE LUCKY! FINITELY IT WAS WORTH DOING."

DON'T MISTAKE THIS MARK PAGE WITH ANOTHER WHO APPEARS IN PART TWO. THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN OZZY OSBOURNE AND JESUS! HE IS A BRILLIANT CLASSICAL GUITARIST - BETTER THAN CHRIS WONG? HE GOT A DIPLOMA AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC IN LONDON FOR GUITAR PLAYING.

CHRIS BEAMENT ON FIRESTORM AND SUNSTONE: "THE PROBLEM WITH FIRESTORM WAS WE WERE ENTHUSIASTIC BUT HAD GOOD IDEAS BUT ME AND CHRIS COULDN'T REALLY PLAY OUR INSTRUMENTS. WHEN SUNSTONE WAS INTRODUCED WE COULD BUT THE APATHY AND ANTAICONISM TOOK OVER, MOSTLY BETWEEN CHRIS AND KUI"

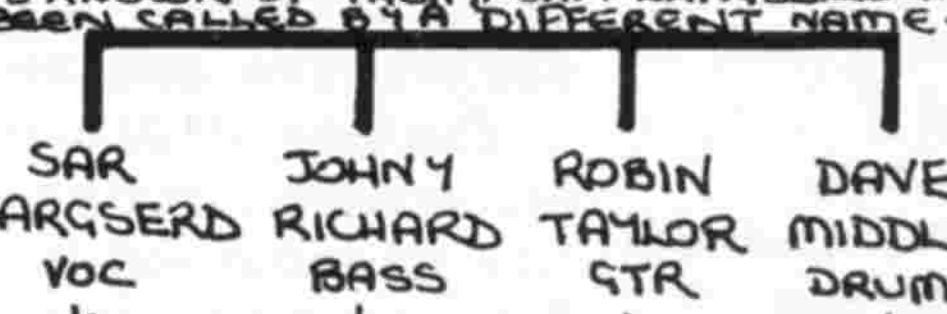
THE PLAZA MAY 82- APRIL 84

STARTED AS AN IMPINGTON BASED BAND AND PLAYED THEIR FIRST TWO GIGS AT THE LOCAL V.C. ALL THREE THEN CAME TO HILLS ROAD AND THE NEXT GIG WAS THERE IN 1983. THEY DID FOUR GIGS WITH DOUBLE YELLOW LINE AT CAUS COLLEGE CELLAR, TRUMPINGTON VILLAGE HALL AND THE SEA CADETHALL TWICE. CHRIS LEFT WHEN HE GOT PISSED OFF WITH THE BAND. A NEW LINE UP WITH STUART DAVIES ON GUITAR FORMED, NO GIGS.



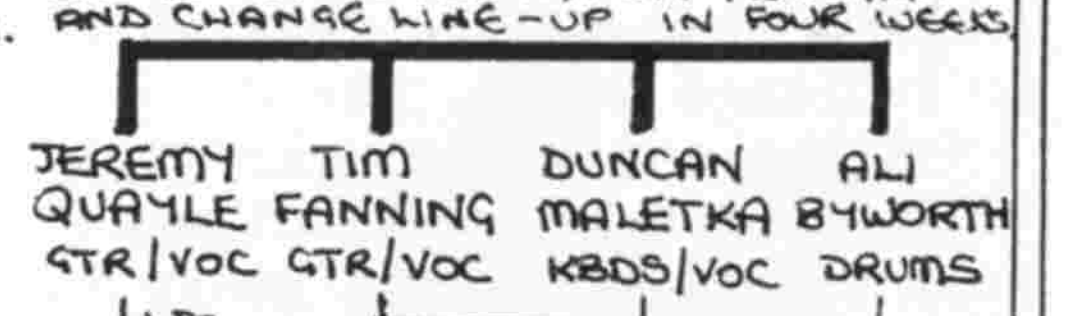
THE FINAL SCREAM #1 NOV 81- ?

A PSYCHO-PUNK BAND DOING IT FOR A LAUGH. NOT THE TIGHTEST BAND AROUND, NOR THE MOST MUSICALLY TALENTED; JUST HAVING A GOOD TIME. STARTED OFF PLAYING COVERS BUT EVENTUALLY WROTE THEIR OWN SONGS. I THINK THIS MUST HAVE BEEN THE LINE-UP WHICH PLAYED HILLS ROAD IN 1981, THOUGH THEY GOT THROUGH FOUR LINE UPS IN TWO AND A HALF YEARS. IN PART TWO THE FOURTH LINE-UP APPEARS BUT NOT THE MIDDLE TWO - NOT MUCH IS KNOWN OF THEM. SAR LARGSERD MAY HAVE BEEN CALLED BY A DIFFERENT NAME - I'M NOT SURE.



HORIZON #1 DEC 82

THE FIRST LINE-UP PLAYED TWO GIGS, AT COTTENHAM V.C AND HILLS ROAD IN 1982. AT THE FIRST MEETING TO ORGANISE WHICH BANDS WOULD PLAY AT THE HILLS ROAD GIG, DUNCAN SAID HIS BAND WOULD PLAY. HE FORMED IT A FEW WEEKS LATER! WHEN ASKED WHAT HIS BAND WAS CALLED HE LOOKED OUT OF A WINDOW AND SAID: "OH, ER HORIZON'LL DO." CAN'T BE MANY BANDS WHICH FORM, PLAY TWO GIGS AND CHANGE LINE-UP IN FOUR WEEKS.



HILLS ROAD LINE-UPS AT ROCK CONCERTS 1981-85

1981 - VALIUM 10, THE FINAL SCREAM, THE QUIET ROOM AND FEEDBACK.

1982 - FIRESTORM, ZOOM, ELECTRIC MOON AND HORIZON.

1983 - THE PLAZA, ZINC (DOUBLE YELLOW LINE), APRICOT SILK, THE ANON AND SUNSTONE.

POPPING IN PETERBOROUGH

ANDREW CLIFTON looks at Posh-Rock

HIS WIFE REFUSED's arrival on the Peterborough scene has been a model of how to launch a band. Many could learn from it.

The group decided from the start to play mainly their own material. Having practised a full set's worth they made a demo at Live Music which gained them bookings at The Crown, Peacock and Gladstone Arms. Late April saw the city centre saturated with eye-catching gothic posters, identical for all three gigs. Their tape also interested a local paper, The Mercury, who wrote a substantial feature on them before they had even played their first gig! Anybody with the slightest interest in local music could not have helped but be aware that something was afoot. But would they live up to expectations? Happily I can report that so far they have.

I didn't see them until their fourth gig, at the Norfolk Inn, upon entering which it was obvious that the band had already built up a substantial following ranging from Legend and Madoap Laughs regulars to the most spectacular punks.

His Wife Refused are not as avant-garde as their name suggests (it is taken from the first track of David Byrne's "Catherine Wheel"). Nor are they the gothic-punk band suggested by the posters. Their sound is quite contemporary though. For parts of their set the standard two guitars, bass and drums line-up sounds vaguely reminiscent of Orange Juice, The Bluebells or Aztec Camera; indeed, singer/guitarist Johnny Crawford hails from Glasgow and claims to have worked with Roddy Frame, although his lyrics remind me of Will Birch's. There is not a song in their set, from the amusing "It's Got To Be Me" to the disconcerting "Daddy's Home", that doesn't have a line that catches your attention; and not one overstays its welcome - three minute singles all.

They do cover New Order's "Age Of Consent" and "Love Is A Wonderful Colour" by Icicle Works - for which Johnny does some knob-twiddling on synthesiser; but really cuts loose with some 'real' keyboard playing later with "England After War" and "Stuck In Glasgow". Indeed a fifth member on keyboards or rhythm guitar could really add that final touch to give a fuller, well-rounded sound.

Their set closes with an entertaining restructuring of "96 Tears" during which the rest of the band take their bows: Noel Warner on lead guitar; Pat Barker on bass; and Lee Dash (son of Hedgehoppers Anonymous drummer Les) on drums. Already fans call out for favourite encores as if they were hits - "The Man From Yaxley" and "Johnny Longmuir" in particular - and they're now being invited to play local venues. Pat told me that after gaining enough experience on the Peterborough circuit they had hopes of breaking into London via Deptford, Noel's home ground.

Pressure of work prevented me from seeing or hearing much else early in May; I even had to miss Lonnie Donegan playing in the next parish. I made sure, however, that I went to every event in Hot Rock '85 - the weeklong festival held at the Key Theatre, organised by Andy Bellwood who used to run its Glasshouse club.

In fact the week started there Sunday lunchtime with regular visitor JOHN OTWAY performing a typically manic set, cartwheeling with guitar in hand, rolling on the floor triggering off synth drum pads tucked down his trousers in "Body Talking" and headbutting everything in sight in his notorious encore. A forte of his is performing songs like The Sweet's "Blockbuster" or BTO's "You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet" with mock singer-songwriter sincerity, highlighting the absurdity of their lyrics, and yet he can sing the occasional self-penned love song quite movingly.

Monday night featured EYELESS IN GAZA, ONE O'CLOCK GANG and SWIFT NICK. The ranting poet opened, but soon dispensed with the microphone and 'went acoustic'. Several vocalists during the week were indecipherable. Perhaps the vocals were too low in the mix some nights, but the bigger name acts were very clear, so I suspect poor mike technique in some cases. Swift Nick was better without one, although I found his poetry too derivative and hectoring.

The One O'Clock Gang rabbited on and on between songs, to no purpose as no one understood a word. The band includes former skids and Simple Minds; you could have guessed that quite quickly, and an occasional Big Country reference was



EYELESS IN GAZA

thrown in for good measure, but it's a big beefy bass-synth that gives their sound its individuality. They sounded very unlike their rather light and folky single "Close Your Eyes (Think Of England)".

Eyeless In Gaza too were rather different from the one record of theirs I own. It is dull, gloomy and little played (bought out of curiosity in a sale) whereas they were surprisingly vibrant and had a great deal of presence considering most of the music was emanating from their computer keyboards and backing tapes. I enjoyed them and although there could have been only about 70 in the audience, we made enough noise to warrant two encores.

The following night GENO WASHINGTON was equally enjoyable. He attracted a slightly bigger, predominantly middle-aged and American audience. They were

WATT THE FOX celebrated the departure (to cricket?) of bass player Andy Afford before probably the smallest audience they had played to in some time. They are one of this area's most popular bands, but only a handful of fans were present for their brief and unusually subdued set. When they appeared on the scene last autumn their versions of "War" and "Move On Up" brought them a mod following but this quickly broadened. Earlier this year Watt The Fox seemed on the verge of 'big things' with comparisons to Frankie being made; but a story oft-told in the city venues has them being badly let down by 'Tube' producers, and they don't seem to have fully recovered. If, however, you wish to be their bass player phone their guitarist Will Rodgers on Market Deeping 342254.



ONE
O'CLOCK
GANG

most appreciative of support act The Six who debuted drummer Richard Parish (ex-Third Party). Geno is not a great singer but he can put on a show. All the usual R'n'B standards were booted out with panache, each song preceded by either "we'd like to take you back to the '60s now" or Geno's explanation of what the blues lyrics were really about and a guffawing "wow, that man was a real pervert!" Lots of audience participation (on and off stage), stamping and clapping along. Straightforward fun and entertainment.

Wednesday was generally disappointing. I could hardly make out a word Eric Goulden sang when CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY performed, and as Wreckless Eric his lyrics were surely his major asset. MARC RILEY AND THE CREEPERS were only sporadically interesting; they had ideas but were amateurishly shambolic.

The evening also saw the debut of BLOW BY BLOW, formed by Ian Graham and Nigel Davis to try to recapture the promise shown by The Name before they fell out with Virgin Records in 1982. Puzzlingly (as Mr. Bellwood is their manager) they too were limited to a half hour set during which it was difficult to gain much of an impression, although "This House Hates Me" and "Unknown Soldier" were memorable.

Headliners were THE GREATEST SHOW ON LEGS, supposedly performers of the infamous balloon dance on 'O.T.T.' Strange, as an act called 'Odd Balls' had performed at La Scala in April, billed as perpetrators of the very same. The Key was onto a loser from the start. Blow By Blow finished by 9.00pm, and as I didn't think naked men with balloons worth a £6 taxi fare I left for the last



DAVISON
WOODS
BAND

bus. Across the car park from the Key people were pouring into Rinaldo's to see Edwin Starr do a PA (that's like being The Detective or Perfect Vision, but famous at the same time - singing to backing tapes). Apparently a great time was had by all, especially when the tape machine broke down and Edwin led a singalong of his greatest hits (including "War", as Watt The Fox ironically pointed out).

A couple of local groups cancelled their gigs on Friday night, correctly predicting that STEVE MARRIOTT'S PACKET OF THREE and THE DAVISON-WOODS BAND would be the biggest draw of the week. Davison-Woods did their usual laid-back early '70s West Coast set of CSN&Y, Buffalo Springfield and later Terry Reid material. This contrasted perfectly to the driving rock of Marriott's band, featuring Jimmy Leverton (ex-Fat Matress, Juicy Lucy, Savoy Brown etc.) on bass,

and former Humble Pie colleague Jerry Shirley on drums. They stormed through Small Faces, Humble Pie and blues favourites in vulgar heavy rock style, which initially shook the pre-pubescent mods further along our row; but they were soon caught up in the good-time atmosphere. For the second time in the week we were stomping and clapping along, but this time there were far more of us and we were chanting "All Or Nothing". Perfect end-of-the-working-week entertainment.

Only it wasn't the end of Hot Rock week, which sadly trickled to a close. Perhaps forty people saw JAYNE COUNTY on Saturday, and most of those, including myself, missed FIVE GO MAD IN EUROPE who were on unexpectedly early. I was extremely disappointed by INCA BABIES; either the sound engineer couldn't cope or they just couldn't reproduce their studio sound live. They were like a



STEVE
MARRIOTT'S
PACKET
OF
THREE

Village punk band trying to learn Birthday Party licks, but at least they had a sense of humour and joined in the dodgem car antics of the dozen fans who joined them on stage.

Jayne County's current act was a surprise; no Electric Chairs, but a table and stool, a screen to change behind, and backing tapes. It was a one-(wo)man low budget Bette Midler show. There was of course an undercurrent of sexual ambiguity, but Jayne does not try as hard to be a woman as almost any drag artiste, and once the opening song, "Man Enough To Be A Woman" was out of the way little reference to the sex change was made, and Jayne came across as a forthright comedienne in the contemporary U.S. mode. The songs from the new LP are rooted in '60s pop, especially girl groups. They seem too simple to be commercially successful, but they fit neatly into Jayne's current routine.

After enjoying WILD WILLY BARRETT in the Glasshouse with nearly 200 other people I returned on Sunday evening to what must have been the smallest audience of the week. Excellent roots reggae band STUDIO ROCKERS were performing to twenty odd people. "About par for the course" I scoffed; but then as they left the stage the front row of the audience climbed up on stage - it was Your Dinner, Rhythmic Itch and their roadies! They outnumbered the audience.

I don't need to tell you how good YOUR DINNER are, but I was also really impressed by RHYTHMIC ITCH. Unfortunately they only had time to perform four short numbers, but the unusual mixture of superb soaring vocals and percussive punk-reggae attack made me hope they play Peterborough again soon. Headliners FARENJI, containing former members of Warriors and Amazulu, are not exactly well-known even by reggae and African music fans. They played a very competent set hybriding the two styles, but they were upstaged in different ways by all three support acts.

I enjoyed every evening, but the attendance would suggest the week was unsuccessful. What went wrong? Andy Bellwood had organised successful concerts by collections of local bands in the auditorium before, so he must have felt confident that the same formula plus a better-known name headlining would draw the crowds. In most cases though the headliners were ex-names or only 'better-known' to small oteries. When most of the support acts can be seen for nothing in local pubs, it would not have seemed

worth the risk paying £3 to see them and someone you might find you don't like. The most popular nights were the most expensive though (£3.50) and the least popular the cheapest (£2.50), so perhaps the organisers should have booked bigger names. The advertising also needed improving; the posters were ugly and poorly drawn, with the bands' names featured nowhere near prominently enough. Whereas most of the local press previews were excellent, Hereward Radio - supposedly co-promoters - didn't mention it on any evening that week. Its DJs acted as comperes and were so embarrassing most nights that they were jeered off stage. On the final night one commented on the week's low attendance but, astonishingly, promised that there would be a bigger and better Hot Rock '86. Will His Wife Refused be headlining it?

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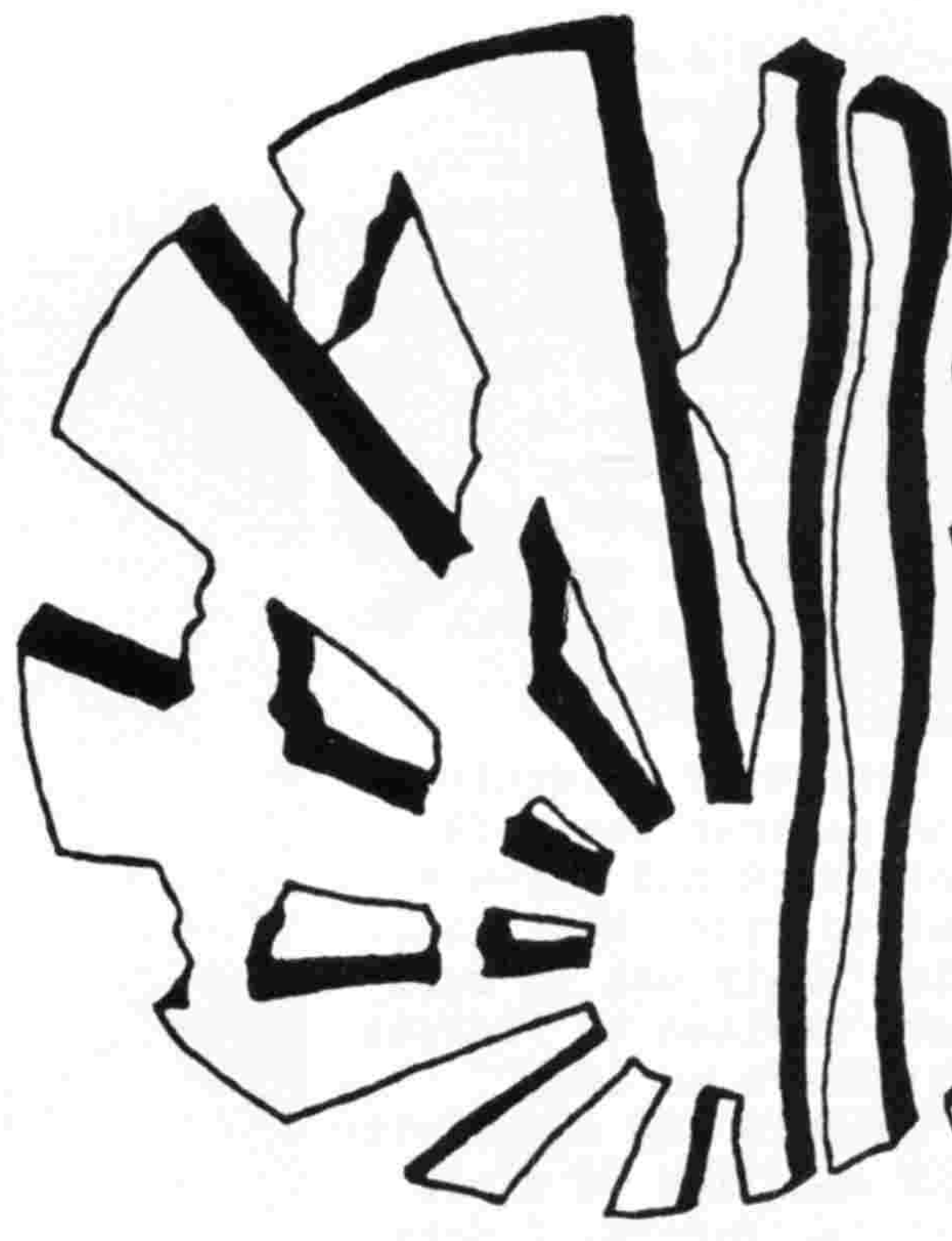
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THE DETECTIVE GOES WEST

Rob Baylis

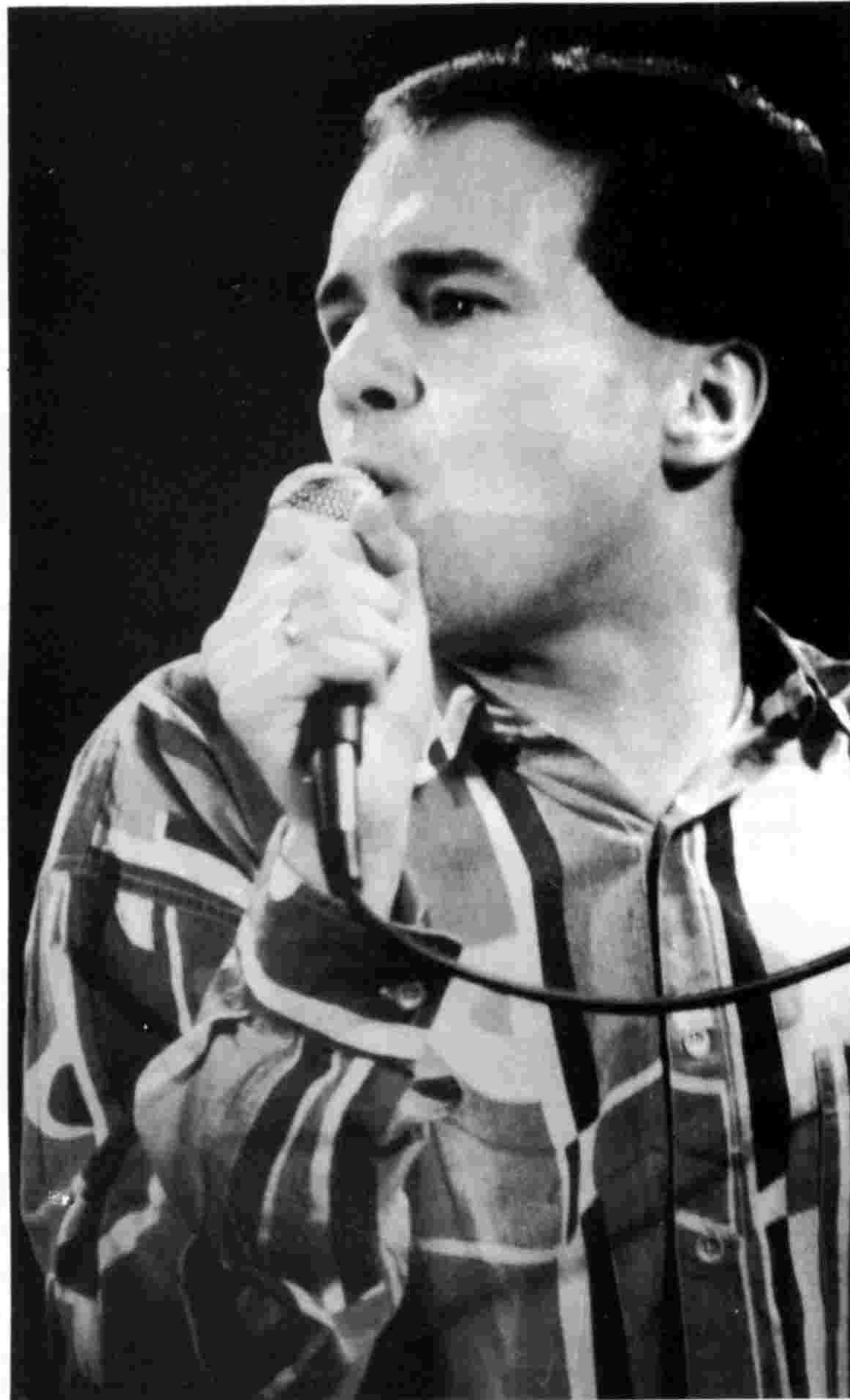
The Luddites, turncoats and lemmings amongst readers will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that I am packing up my tape machines and leaving Cambridge for a location not too distant from the subject of one of my songs (persons who walked out during our encore at the Rock Band Competition heat will remain ignorant). This does not, however, mean the demise of The Detective nor does it mean a change in personnel - Chris Maitland and I will continue to work together whilst also pursuing our individual interests.

The sole motive behind my relocation is to join my woman partner who left Cambridge for a job which had taken a year's unemployment to find. Most women are forced to follow their men in such situations so I have decided to redress that imbalance. It wasn't an easy decision to make, despite the negativity which Cambridge has excelled in since we won the Competition. Indeed, I have much to be thankful for and I hope that my return visits will go some way to some way to satisfying that part of me which will always belong in Cambridge. It is unfortunate that I should be leaving on a note of bitterness.

I hope that the City Council will not have been influenced by the Stone Age reactionaries who seem to have been much in evidence recently. The success of the Competition must be repeated next year with technology continuing to play its part alongside the more traditional elements of rock and pop. There's a big wide world beyond the county boundaries where music is created using machines that are regarded here as being instruments of destruction. Like them or not, these machines are not going to go away. I won't be surprised if there is a computer in next year's competition, rules permitting. After all, The Detective was not the only band this year to use backing tapes and there were others variously using drum machines and sequencers.

A criticism that may be made of the Cambridge music scene is that of apathy.

I have experienced this in the past when I have advertised for months wanting musicians and have had no more than one reply. (Then we are criticised for putting musos out of work because we are forced to use backing tapes!) It's a pity that the musicians that have



recently offered their services didn't do so when I was desperate for them. Nevertheless, their offers have been appreciated.

Perhaps the apathy on the part of the gig-goers (or do I mean non-goers?) is due to a lack of polish or originality in local music. Certainly, the insularity of the musos must limit cross-fertilisation of ideas - a vital ingredient for progress.

Thanks to everyone who has helped us through the night, particularly Jon Lewin who co-produced our session at Spaceward, the third Detective - Steve Hartwell of Peeved Records - and, of course, Chris Maitland for everything else.

Send S.A.E. to Peeved Records, 46 Kimberley Road, Cambridge CB4 1HH for their catalogue.

LIVE IN THE CITY?

HEROES - White Lion,
Peterborough



HEROES

No longer Plastic, Heroes are a band you love or hate it seems. They have a lot going for them; they look good, they play very well, and they have written a few excellent songs - and they have in Steve Jason a manager who's a master of the hype, and as one of Peterborough's top DJs and pop entrepreneurs has lots of opportunity to employ it on the band's behalf. Hype puts as many people off as it puts on, however; and good looks combined with talent naturally provoke as much envy as admiration - especially in provincial ponds like Peterborough (not to mention the puddle that is Cambridge).

It was Peterborough's puddles, and the rain causing them, that drove me into The White Lion when I should have been going down to The Key to see Eyeless In Gaza. I was an hour late - courtesy of British Rail - anyway, so I decided to stay put, sample the cider, have a chat with the landlord (who'd just become a proud father) and grapple with the problem of the Heroes.

The problem is the one touched on by Andrew in his review a couple of issues ago; the Heroes do sound so much like... well he said U2; I say Simple Minds, Tears For Fears, Japan (Tash's vocals on some songs anyway) and even Epic and Cambridge's own Roaring Boys (occasionally). Strange that, since I was talking to them about the ex-Models way up to fame before they started playing. I can quite see Heroes having similar things said about their music should they get signed to a major - though thankfully they won't have to endure the personal sneers at their education and family ties. Will they ever get signed? Well their current demo track "Chinese Whispers" is I reckon a hit for some record company - and apparently interest is being shown by at least one London label.

So what if the band remind you or I of other famous people - what band starting out didn't; and how many careers have been entirely based on such a talent? But there's no reason to suppose it's something Heroes won't overcome like most other bands. I won't say Heroes are the best band in Peterborough, since I've yet to see most of them. I won't even say they're the best I've heard on tape from there - and I certainly won't say they're going to be my favourite, since I prefer something a little rawer; but I do quite like them, and I will say that I'll be surprised to find a band with more commercial potential from that city. If, however, you are one of the many that hate them; albeit some other form of rock turns you on, I suspect you may be out of love with pop as it's played today anyway.

GRAEME MACKENZIE

ROARING BOYS - Marquee, London.

This as everybody who watches the Whistle Test must know by now, is the year in which Cambridge gets back on the national musical map. Katrina And The Waves are beginning to enjoy their much-deserved chart success, both here and in the States; Robyn Hitchcock is setting out for America with the prospect of a larger-than-ever cult following awaiting him and Andy White has signed some sort of publishing deal. So what has become of the band who, at the start of the year, seemed to be closer to success than any of the aforementioned local worthies? The answer lies in the murky depths of the watering-hole of the unacceptable faces of the music business, The Marquee.

Treading the boards which Clapton, Hendrix, Townshend et al have trod before you is no easy task. I find the best mental palliative is to remember that you are also about to follow in the footsteps of Woody Woodmansey's U-boat, John Coghlan's Diesel and the David Byron Band. Nevertheless, with a record company and management guest list the size of a menu on the Titanic, the Roarers (as they're known to their fans) had cause to be somewhat apprehensive. They have a lot to live up to, and a lot to live down. An absurdly lucrative record deal, more publicity than most new bands get in a year for their first single alone, a chart flop, and the inevitable backlash have put them in a very high-pressure situation. Their name has become a touchstone in the music industry for overkill and insubstantiality (as in "At least it's not as bad as the Roaring Boys", or "It could have been worse, we could have signed the Roaring Boys" - both actual quotes I've heard from people in the business). On the other hand, lots of people have a lot of money and (presumably) faith invested in them, and aren't about to let go of it easily; one failed single has dented, but not crushed their optimism. So the liggers were out in force to see what some dickhead at C.B.S. described on the TV as "a bloody good rock'n'roll band."

The Roaring Boys played much the same set as at The Guildhall a few weeks before. They started with a fast song, powered along nicely by Dave Larcombe's hyperkinetic drumming; he's improved greatly over the last year, and must be one of the best drummers Cambridge has produced in the last few years. The initial impression of the band is impressive: they're tight and very much in control, and they work hard on stage, especially Paul Michell, Tim May and Neil McColl, who basically form the front line of the group. Having ditched the baggy suits for tighter legwear, as recommended (apparently) by their A & R department, and curtailed the flowing pre-Raphaelite locks in favour of a tougher, punkier haircut all round; the band are obviously trying to avoid being seen as a Duran-like confection. A shame that their previous incarnation was captured for posterity on video; but compared to the costume and image changes they went through while still based in Cambridge and calling themselves the Models, this last one has been a minor course correction, rather than a full-scale about-face.

Paul pitched his voice fairly high for the first couple of songs, with the

result that it had a somewhat forced air of "rack 'n'rawl" machismo. He seemed to settle down later, and for "Strange Girl" relaxed into the deep and resonant tones of the bottom end of his range. The sound was generally good, although at times a bit amorphous, and the playing professional and tight throughout. However, there are some problems with this band which definitely need sorting out.

Firstly, one of emphasis: they need to decide whether they're a singing band or a guitar and keyboards band. If it's the former, Paul needs to be mixed louder, and the songs need to be arranged to give his voice more room to move: at the moment, words are indecipherable and lost in fussy arrangements. If, on the other hand, the strength of this band lies in its playing rather than its writing, Neil needs to find a stronger sound, and be given more time to stretch out in the manner of The Edge. At the moment, the band don't seem to know where their strength lies. I would suggest that it isn't in the lyrics, which are banal at the best of times, and often make no sense at all; that is especially true of the single, "Every Second Of The Day". A second problem is that they still give the impression of working very hard at having fun; it was noticeable at the Guildhall that Perfect Vision, despite their use of backing tapes, seemed more at ease and open to spontaneity than the Roarers. At the Marquee, everything was so arranged that very little room was left for inspiration to descend. In short, they aren't, at the moment, a bloody good rock'n'roll band; more a re-creation of what seeing one might be like.

The third problem is by far the most serious: this band hasn't got a songwriter. What I mean by that is that nobody in the band has an individual perspective, either musical or lyrical, which they feel a burning need to express. Listening to the Roaring Boys, one gets the impression that the songs have been written because the band needed songs to play, rather than because somebody felt the need to SAY something. The result of this is that there's not enough variety in the set: they play fast numbers which all sound alike, slow ones which sound like Roxy Music (notably "House Of Stone", the next single), and only two songs which break the mould: "Strange Girl", which is genuinely powerful, and a truly awful meaningful ballad with the entire piano part on a Revox hidden at the side of the stage, for which they score no points at all.

Anyway they went down okay, although not spectacularly well (one encore for a headline band at the Marquee being almost mandatory nowadays), and two girls got up on the stage at the end to dance. They have all the ability to put on a good show, once they've loosened up a bit on stage, and sorted the sound of the group out a bit. The question still remains over the heads of the Roaring Boys, however: will they manage to stay up there with The Waves, or are they destined to sink like the U-boat?

MARTIN SCOTT

STORMED - Strawberry Fair, Cambridge

It would be silly to pretend that I listened to every note of every band at the fair, and then try to review it all - there were far too many distractions on a sunny afternoon and a music filled evening to allow that; so here's my personal highlight.

I'd not seen this band since the punk days when they're then drummer stormed on to the front cover of BSN No 5 in one of James' best ever pictures. Stormed certainly have changed a lot since those days, though the punk ethos still pervades their appearance and their music. Now, however, it's not the guitar dominated thrash, but the drum dominated white reggaed sound of bands like the later Clash that spring to mind. Comparisons with Your Dinner are unavoidable, but there's less lunacy and more fervour in Stormed, and perhaps more politics too.

Mike's guitar playing remains inspired, and is matched by Stuart's, while Richard's bass blends effortlessly with the power of Chris Mann's dynamic drumming. As gigs at the Sea Cadets Hall and Emmanuel College later confirmed, the band's set at the moment is small but packed with goodies which are mostly home-grown. I particularly like "New Revolution" and "21st Century Girls" - both potential singles I reckon. As yet though the band don't even have a tape, so we only have the live performance to go by - but that's more than enough for me, because here's a band that creates all the atmosphere, feel and communication with the audience that anyone could wish for.

Warmed up by half a dozen varied, but all enjoyable (and hearable - excellent PA by Star Hire again) bands - including the best Perfect Vision performance I've seen (and enjoyed), and the irresistible joy of the Rover Boys - the audience were ready to go mad for Stormed. They were doing so - to their marvellous rendering of the Talking Heads' "Psycho Killer" - when their fervour was turned to fury as some drunken dolt lurched onstage, grabbed the microphone and proceeded to stagger about demolishing half the stage gear before the law came to 'escort' him out. I've never heard such a cheer from such a crowd for the police in my life. Well inevitably the spell was broken, but the band played on and recovered most of their impetus, to the cheers of us all. Even Colonel Gomez found Stormed a hard act to follow; that they did is another story, and another review.

GRAEME MACKENZIE

WALK DON'T WALK - Alma, Cambridge

Following the disappointment of the demise of the Wobbly Jellies in the middle of 1984, many local music fans will have been holding their breath in hopeful anticipation for a good splinter group to come crawling from the wreckage - the awit is over. Walk Don't Walk are not so much a spin off of assorted 'Jellies', but more a reincarnation of the previous ensemble with extra flavour, as many of those present at The Alma for their recent gig would surely testify.

Keith Legoy leads on vocals with a batch of all new songs. Gone is the female front line of old - and perhaps a lighter touch would be beneficial on one or two numbers (come in Lindsay Darvell, if you please). Vocals aside the band have a beefier instrumental attack than that of similar combos (Hamsters please take note). Where on earth have they managed to find a bassist with such virtuosity? Mark Jowatt is his name, and he plays the slickest bass lines this side of Level 42. With Jo Morris and Stuart Atkins playing super sax, Walk Don't Walk are a powerful force to be reckoned with. "No Water" and "Crossroads" are probably two of their strongest tunes with "Coming Up For Air" and "Goodnight" also worthy of attention.

Summertime is not quite upon us yet, but Walk Don't Walk already look and sound like the hottest band around, so catch them while you can.

PAUL CHRISTOFOROU

909s - The Alma, Cambridge

The Alma was a blessedly uncrowded, but nonetheless hot relief from the big top at Strawberry Fair. I don't suppose the band - or Nick the landlord - were so pleased at the paucity of punters, but the 909s nevertheless put in a sterling performance which they rated as the best and most enjoyable of their four gigs so far.

When Jon Ward left the Frigidaires the intention in teaming up with Pete Towers, Mike Lewis and Theo Slood was to build a big soul band, with keyboards and brass. However, half the brass section emigrated to L.A. and keyboard players are so rare (please note, any interested ivory-ticklers, there's lots of scope for you if you can boogie-woogie with the best of them), not to mention decent soul/blues singers, that the quartet decided to go it alone and stick to the rhythm and blues.

Any band that features the combined guitar talents of Jon and Pete, and a rock solid rhythm section like the old Out Of The Blue duo, can't go far wrong. Personally I'd travel miles and pay well over the odds to see Mr. Towers play the blues - there's nobody in the area to match him - and Jon's playing remains the essence of driving rock'n'roll power; but as he would be the first to admit, Jon's voice is not really strong enough to sing the blues proper. The best moments therefore are when the band are pushing out the up-tempo numbers, and perhaps when Mike and Pete are singing along too. Their theme-song - The Beatles' "One After 909" - proved an excellent encore, and with Jon powering the band along it was great to see the lately rather laid-back Lewis/Slood combo rocking and rolling in sweat once again. Even Nick, the demon jews-harp jammer couldn't keep up - and it's the first time I've seen him defeated, though it was a brave effort. Next time the 909s will play to a full pub - because you'll be there; if you like r'n'b you'd be a fool to miss it.

GRAEME MACKENZIE

FELCH BROS. - Dublin Castle, Camden.

When Telephone Bill split up, Cambridge lost some of its finest players as they moved to London in search of the elusive living wage. Now it can be revealed that not only are Gerry Hale and Richard Lee gainfully employed in the Bouncing Czechs, diehard denizens of the alternative cabaret circuit and Edinburgh Festival crowd-pullers, but that on their nights off from the Czechs they can be found, along with sundry other ageing

but game musos, regaling the less pretentious hostelrys of London with a mixture of rock'n'roll, country, funk and blues standards under the slightly suspect name of the Felch Brothers.

The style is relaxed and informal; this is unashamedly pub-rock. The songs range from Gerry's exquisite country fiddle workouts to a sleazy, leering stomp through Chuck Berry's "No Money Down" ("How come everyone in this band drives an M-registration Morris Marina?"), and include as a highlight Gerry's achingly beautiful version of Lowell George's "Willing".

It has to be said that this wasn't one of their better nights: the audience, though enthusiastic, wasn't as partisan as their home crowd at the Latchmere in Battersea, and the drum sound was little thin, taking away the impetus they usually get from their indescribably seeding-looking drummer Chico. Unfortunately, it's difficult to describe why, on a good night, the Brothers generate such a great atmosphere; they have a solid and agile rhythm section, an exceptionally exciting lead guitarist in Ronnie Carroll, and a good saxman. Fronted by Richard Piper, also from the Bouncing Czechs, they can be no more than competent, as they were here. But when the mood is right, the combination of musicianship, feel, humour and exuberance can take them out of the realms of the ordinary and into that exclusive club of bands who you'd go a very long way to see again.... Meanwhile, even on a bad night, the opening bars of "Willing" still send shivers down my spine every time I hear Gerry Hale's world-weary, yet resilient voice soaring over what can only be described as plangent guitars and mandolin. One of life's small but intense pleasures.

MARTIN SCOTT

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CAMETAL MATTERS

By LYN GUY

I HAD A DREAM! It's a dream, that with the help of a certain friend and my favourite band - Magnum - I have come close to realising. My dream was to get to know a major rock band and be able to travel around with them for a complete tour. Six dates, four as guests, backstage access on those four and the best week's holiday I've ever had later, I felt like nothing on earth. But with so many precious moments - who cares.

That certain friend and I saw our demi-gods at St. Albans, Tunbridge Wells, Birmingham, Hanley, Norwich and London. St. Albans saw me piloting my car down a motorway for the very first time - an event in itself - and getting lost trying to get out of the blessed place afterwards. What was best about that night was finally being able to sit down with Ollie - the fan club secretary - and get to know her. We were still in the

dressing room when the box office opened, so we were amazed when we saw the size of the queue. In fact, right through our six dates I was conscious of an increasing interest in the band. What was worst was discovering that they weren't selling tour jackets. We were devastated! Nevertheless, undeterred we set off again on cheapo rail tickets to find Royal Tunbridge Wells in the grip of a near torrential downpour.

I'd bought a copy of "On A Storyteller's Night" (their new album) during the intervening two days, so having learnt the new songs and arrangements, I was expecting a good gig. Once again we went along for the sound check, which is always an interesting experience as they sometimes turn it into a jam session of the like the fans never see. Afterwards, as we sidled out to find food and alcohol, Bob Catley (vocalist) gleefully said "Don't Get Wet!"



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Huh; by the time we got back my guest pass had run - causing comments about forgeries from the doorman. We'd decided to check out support act Multi-Story and were justly rewarded. So, as Magnum also played far better that night, we felt pretty contented - though tired, having been backstage for a good hour afterwards talking. Bob cheerfully informed us that we were mad, if not perverted. We just smiled and carried on.

Birmingham, being a home gig, was vital - it had to be good. For us it was brilliant. Admittedly a good dinner, carrot wine and liggering amongst the musos in the bar helped set us up with a vengeance. But, as soon as we saw Bob's cloaked figure onstage and heard an eerie voice speak the intro he'd shown us at St. Albans, we knew the gig was going to be something special. Their backdrop was up at last, and it was the first time they had used theatrics. Also the Odeon was packed, we had excellent seats and the show lived up to all expectations. To round off, our host for the night kept us up until 3am listening to Magnum bootlegs whilst we consumed more carrot wine.

Just don't ask me how we coped with Hanley the next day; I really don't know - but I do know it was the best gig of the week. After collecting our passes we went to chat with the vocalist and drummer of Multi-Story. They presented me with a copy of their tape which has been played frequently ever since. Then it was off to the pub where we met up with our other Magnumian friends. To be honest, it was the drinking and the presence of those equally hardcore fans that made the evening so fantastic. Part of the appeal of Magnum is the family atmosphere generated by the volume of fans that go to gig after gig.

Personally, Norwich was the 'big one' for me. As we had returned home the previous day I was driving there, and also had the job of interviewing the band for another magazine. The U.E.A. has a beautiful concert hall which is on two levels - at last, a venue I could get some decent photos at. Even though the band were obviously tired, the sound check provided some interesting moments. I wished I had my tape going as Tony Clarkin's (guitarist) dry brummy humour was crackling and they played a lovely bluesy jam. We had quite a few laughs out of that session. My interview went well and I spent most of the show wielding my camera, whilst Magnum played an excellent set and got a superb

reaction. We were very late leaving as we waited to say goodbye whilst they were kept busy signing autographs. I took a few photos in the dressing room and had my photo taken with Bob. He had been a great help throughout, arranging our passes and always willing to talk. My special memory is the look in his eyes as he said goodbye to me that night. His appreciation of my championship of Magnum was really obvious.

So it is with some sadness that I have to say their London gig did not come up to scratch. Musically it was perfect - which it had to be as it was being recorded. The problem was that the transfer from Marquee Club to Dominion Theatre didn't work. We both felt distanced from them; even Bob made a comment about the orchestra pit and the lack of audience contact. But all is not lost; Magnum return to The Marquee in June for three nights. It'll be like a homecoming, and I'll be there to join in the housewarming party.

REFERENCE

This section of the magazine is perhaps the most important - certainly in terms of its original purpose. By providing the information here we hope to put everyone in touch with each other to encourage more live music. Your entry is free, but it is up to you to let me know who you are and if your entry is correct.

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St. Ivo Centre - St. Ives 64601
 Territorial, Huntingdon - 51238
 Lord Protector, Huntingdon - 54720
 Angel, Ramsey - 813226
 Floods Tavern, St. Ives - 67773
 Manchester Arms, St. Ives - 62391
 Kings Head, St. Neots - Huntingdon 74094
 Danish Invader, Stamford - 4409
 Scarlet Pimpernel, Haverhill - 705888
 Springfields, Oakham
 Melbourn Rock Club - Royston 61725
Hinchingsbrook Social Club
 (Bookings - St. Ives 69260)
Waterloo, Huntingdon - 57199
 (Bookings - St. Ives 69260)
 University Arms, Sawston - Cam. 832165
 Plough, Haverhill
 New Age, Stamford

BANDSCAMBRIDGE

Katrina And The Waves - 314857
 Julian Dawson/The Flood - 323158
 Dolly Mixture - 355114
 Hondo - 211371
 Tranzista - 247802
Your Dinner - 210070/240034
 Perfect Vision - 313564
 Exploding Hamsters - 211992
 Sheer Khan/One Night Stand - 314772
 Between The Lines - 892736
 The Lonely - 351708
Frigidaires - 247136/316420
 Rover Boy Combo - 355702
 Paul Edwards/In Parallel - 212352
 The Detective - 68703
 Mandy Morton - 351033
 Toby Jug And Washboard - 240996
 Holders Heroes - 860638
 Worlds End Band - 246327
 Su Lyn - 313250
 2 The Limit - 845026
 Sahara - 68975
 Dr. Skull - 322438
Mac And White - 840436
 RT's Wasp Club - 357495
 Highway Express - 832664
 Light Blues - 211424
Snap ! Cabinet - 323571
 President Reagan Is Clever - 210343
 The David And David Band
 Ideal Dave And The Superb
 The Lovely - 276118
 Corsair - 247327
 David Speirs - 64543

Fast Friends - 841420
Double Yellow Line - Cottenham 50405
Montreal - 246045
Charlottes Party - 833202
Backlash - 315776
Short Stay - 350200
Orlando - 811053
The Deviance - 60124
D Notice - 246269
Strange Brew - 242172
Hazard - 358888 x2383
Studio 33 - 315776
The Claim - 352340
The Frieze - 276408
Stax Cadillacs
909s - 243144
All The President's Men
Compared To What
Dead Architects
A Primary Industry
Spot The Dog
The Force - 832843
The Herbs - 860665
The Kildares
The Nimrods
Doctor Soul
Rhythmic Itch
Session 57
The Promise
Wombat Radio - 62069
Stormed - 321885/327211
Russia - 69335
Family Affair - 315776
Celebrate Telephones
Glass Asylum
Smooth Shoes
The Vicarage
The House
Depending On The Weather - 313297

PETERBOROUGH

Heroes - 262125
US Connect - 234656
Redwood - 43749
Minor Arcana - 54473
The Blue Mist - 242320
Pleasure Heads - 68895
Rusty Steel Combo - 53080
Davison-Woods - 310746
Motivators - 44584
Cut 'n' Run - 314986
4 After 8 - 264551
5 Card Trick - 67601
The Madcap Laughs - 265800
Peppermill - 222939
Park Lane - 72646
Scampi - 240116
Force Four - 54635
Harlequin - 978 5581
Quadro - 45868
Revolver - 73069
Five Go Mad In Europe - 66049
The Circle - 62868
MFI
Desire Is Dead - 265456

Legend - 61854
His Wife Refused - 235985
Radar
Big J And Mr. Lockup - 234250
Studio Rockers
A Bit Slow - 72421

HUNTINGDON

Private Line - 73758
Dave King Band - 51490
Doctors And Nurses - 213438
Tyrade - 216660
Talos - 69747
Rhineheart - 58681
Jester Majestic - 69832
Crows Of Baghdad
Tablets For Felix

ELSEWHERE

Just Us - 0780 62214
Aqua/The Stretch - March 581608
Frantix - March 53947
Gizzagig - St. Ives 301066
The Six - Oakham 79683
NUJ - Ramsey 814854
Risk - Ramsey 813415
Rio - Bedford 212294
Sweet Leaf - 0536 83072
No Tricks - Sawtry 830387
What The Fox - Mkt. Deeping 342254
Iceni - Ely 74180
Colonel Gomez - Ely 740900
The Taxx - Corby 60245
Ocean - Corby 723539
Lloyd Watson - Holbeach 23334
Trux - Crafts Hill 31550
Real To Real - Crafts Hill 50271
Gothique - Crafts Hill 80926
Wigsville Spliffs - Newmarket 730094
Sancho Panzer - Newmarket 663867
Poet Painter/The Brink - Histon 4073
Camera Shy - Histon 3816
Vanishing Point - Histon 4504
Jailbreakers - Haverhill 62286
The Moment - Haverhill ?
32/20 - Oundle 72118
Cri De Coeur - Caxton 467
Giant Mice - 7099 25757
Care For A Waltz - Empingham 629
Agent - St. Ives 69260
The Happy Hour - Fowlmere 578
Mood Assassins - Comberton 3875
Karmen Jive - Comberton 3875
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