

Smiths in Lerwick

Saturday night's Smiths concert at the Clickimin Centre was a great success, centre manager Mr Andy Mayers said this week.

About 700 people turned up to see the band, and although this was a little short of the 1000 maximum capacity, Mr Mayers still considered it "a very good turnout."

Mr Mayers was suitably impressed with the interest shown — to the extent that the centre would almost definitely be trying to bring up another big-name band. Although there are no certain plans, it is likely that the next band brought up would have "a little broader appeal".



Clickimin Centre staff and the Smiths relax on Saturday before the evening's concert which was attended by about 700 people. Photo: Malcolm Younger

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SCALLOWAY NOTES... by J. R. Nicolson

The urgent need for office accommodation at Blacksness was again discussed by members of Blacksness Pier Joint Committee at a meeting in Lerwick Town Hall last Friday. It had earlier been suggested that one of the temporary buildings removed from Scalloway school could be re-erected on the pier to accommodate LHD, but the chairman, Major Bill Anderson, explained that no action had been taken on this proposal. It had been discovered, he said, that the cost would be around £30,000 and considering the short life of such a project — probably no more than five years — it was clearly not value for money.

Mr Walter Scott reiterated the need to avoid piecemeal development and he advised the committee to wait until it can accommodate all its harbour users in one block before trying to satisfy just one user. Mr Jim Irvine suggested that the committee should again look at the site already chosen for a permanent building. After a lengthy discussion members accepted his proposal that the council's design staff should investigate the possibility of erecting an office for LHD and the Shetland Fish Producers Organisation as the first phase of a development which will eventually accommodate the Mission and other clients.

The committee approved of a report by the SIC director of ports and harbours calling for the engagement of a full-time handyman/boatman. It was explained that a part-time employee had been appointed prior to the delivery of the harbour launch and that he had resigned on 17th May and all attempts to engage a suitable replacement had failed. Due to increased fishing activity and the rise in the level of commercial shipping Scalloway needs three full-time employees with additional help from Sullom Voe during busy periods. The recommendation was accepted and the director was authorised to recruit a suitable person as soon as possible.

The question of harbour dues occupied most of the meeting and led to the resignation of Mr Walter Scott who for several years has represented the payers of harbour dues. His resignation was accepted with regret. After he had left the meeting it was pointed out that no-one had done more than Walter Scott to build up Scalloway as a commercial port (see separate story).

The revival in this sector dates from the mid 70s when Messrs A. S. Fraser became involved in the export of frozen fish to America. Since then that firm, of which Mr Scott is now a director, has established links with several other shipping companies and attracted more ships to Scalloway, among them the Blikur which calls once a fortnight on her way from Farøe to Denmark. A letter from Scalloway Com-

munity Council, protesting at the drastic rise in charges and the way they were introduced, was read at the meeting and several members again voiced their concern. It was agreed that the matter should be referred back to the ports and harbours department urging them to pursue whatever means possible to reduce the charge and also to bear in mind the unique nature of the Blacksness Pier Joint Committee.

A new hairdresser

Mrs Jane Phillips, who for more than two years has carried on a hairdressing business at New Street, closed down at the end of last month. She is sorry to have to take this step but feels that her young family need her at home. She wishes to thank all those who have given her their support over the last couple of years.

Fortunately men and women in Scalloway will still have a local hairdresser. Mrs Caroline Behling is now working from her home at Kirk Park as a temporary measure until she can get suitable premises. Caroline has lived for the last 12 years in Florida and for five of them has worked as a hairdresser. She and her husband, Peter, with their son and daughter, have now decided to make their home in Shetland. Peter is no stranger to these islands since he worked for a year at Scatsta with US Coastguard. He is now working with the Hydro Board as an electrician.

Evening classes

The winter session of evening classes got under way this week with classes on computers by Maurice Smith of Sandwick and benchwork by Colin Goodlad from Burra. Two further classes on offer are craftwork and flower arranging, but so far not enough students have enrolled for these to proceed. Both were very popular last winter and it would be a pity if they have to be withdrawn. The minimum number for a class is eight and if anyone is interested in either of those subjects he or she should get in touch with Scalloway school as soon as possible.

Church centenary

One of Scalloway's most important buildings has just celebrated its 100th birthday. It was on 18th September 1885 that the building now used as a school gym hall was formally opened as a UP Church, its first minister being Mr W. Falconer.

The United Presbyterians were extremely active in Scotland in the second half of the 19th century. They had been formed

in 1847 through the union of groups that had left the Church of Scotland in the 18th century because of disagreement over patronage — the practice that allowed wealthy landowners to appoint ministers to local parishes. After 1847 the UP Church, the Church of Scotland and the Free Church of Scotland were of similar strength in many parts of the country, each claiming to represent the soundest traditions of Scottish Presbyterianism.

The UP Church negotiated for union with the Free Church between 1863 and 1873 but had to break off negotiations because of the persistent opposition of a small majority within the Free Kirk. Negotiations were resumed in 1897 and the result was the formation of the United Free Church of Scotland in 1900. For nearly thirty years Scalloway's UP congregation continued to hold their separate services until the next merger took place when they returned to the fold of the Church of Scotland.

During the Second World War the disused church found a new role as a canteen for servicemen. After the war it was bought by Shetland Islands Council and has played an important role in the life of the community as a rather inadequate gym hall as a meeting place for Guides, Brownies and other groups.

None of these developments could have been foreseen that Friday afternoon in September 1885 when Rev D. Webster from Kirkwall addressed a large gathering, taking as his text 1 Kings 6 and verse 7. Newspaper reports of the ceremony refer to the builder as Mr Williamson from Lerwick. He clearly did his job well since the building is still in quite good condition considering its age.

Scalloway's new policeman

Police Constable Stephen Mardon and his wife are this week settling in at the police house. PC Mardon, who comes from Easter Ross, has been three years in the force and has already served one in Shetland being stationed at Brae. He says he is looking forward to his new job and to meeting the people of his extremely large beat which covers the whole Westside as far as Sandness and includes Scalloway, Trondra and Burra.

Brownies in action

Scalloway Brownies are to take up the challenge from the movements headquarters to make and sell cups of tea at 10p each, the proceeds to go to Save the Children Fund. The price is significant since each cup of tea

will provide one nourishing meal for a child in the poorer countries of the world. The teas will be available in Scalloway museum each Saturday in October starting tomorrow afternoon followed by a morning session next Saturday, 12th October, an afternoon session on the 19th and a morning one on the 26th.

Sale of work

A sale of work, held in Scalloway Youth Centre last Saturday afternoon by the Association For Children with Heart Disorders, raised just over £200. Part of this sum came from the raffle of a beautiful dressed doll donated anonymously. Mrs Ann Napier, secretary of the association, wishes to thank all those who helped to make the sale such a success.

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Glorious moments that sum up a great festival



It was a magic door, a door with two sides. On one side were fiddles, dozens of them, accordians, concertinas and Peerie Willie's guitar slicing through the lot like a fretsaw. There was the Director of Finance for Shetland Islands Council in full clown make-up, a Labour councillor likewise, and in the distance the Albion Dance Band playing their odd mixture of heavy metal and Anglophile Jimmy Shandisms.

But through the magic door, the sounds of blues, rock and soul ruled as a few brave ones, having overdosed on jigs and reels and hornpipes, hammered out a glorious counterpoint to this bow-and-string laden festival.

That was the let-your-hair-down artists' party on Monday night. A similar contrast came at the guitar workshop on Sunday, when the awesome sight of Elvis Costello accompanying our own Dodo on some classic country and western songs brought about an impressive collision between Shetland and Western and pure pop.

Of such glorious moments are great festivals made. But let's go back to the beginning . . .

Thursday morning, and I found myself trying to combine the roles of accredited *Shetland Times*, *Folk Roots*, *Scotsman*, *Press and Journal* and *Melody Maker* journalist, performer, craft stallholder and fan.

The story of how the *St. Clair* nearly didn't sail and the ensuing promise to hold a benefit concert for the striking seamen on Wednesday in Aberdeen was buzzing around the Festival Club at Islesburgh. Elvis Costello's lost bag — he initially refused to leave Aberdeen airport until it

was found, and it turned out to be in London — provoked a whole series of imitations, involving a Labour councillor donning dark glasses and growling "Where's my bag, then?" to all and sundry.

The ferocious skirl of the Lerwick Pipe Band ("why can't they play outside? We'll leave the windows open" said one pallid person) beckoned the artists towards the opening ceremony. Every visitor played one song or

Tom Morton gives his personal view of the Eighth Shetland Folk Festival.

set of tunes, and the prevalent tone of fiddle fury was set.

I'd managed to get the record stall set up amidst a forest of knitwear, chain mail, porcelain, crystal, lace and other unlikely objects, then found myself, somehow, on a bus bound for Cullivoe, my first ever venture into folk festival performing.

We pulled out of Lerwick in one of the most brilliant spring days I've seen in the isles, a thoughtful silence prevailing for the most part. The voice of an Englishman speaking in home counties Shetland dialect saw us across the Lang, Kames with some "I say, doo kenzz, old chap" type utterances.

Visiting cameras whirled and clicked at the scenery, then it was over on the Yell ferry in millpond conditions. Up to Cullivoe and soup and sandwiches in the superb new hall, then out with the guitars and the nervous

twitches until gig time.

Seven thirty pm, and Davy Steele plays one song before introducing Danish/Irish folk band Ashplant. Classic Irish folk music, well played and full of verve, despite the huge crack in the guitarist's Martin, courtesy a baggage handler in Glasgow. The audience, incredibly warm and enthusiastic, demand more, as they do for every single act. I go on, worrying about how contemporary country and rock'n'roll will go down, only to find myself buoyed by the infectious enjoyment of the Cullivoe crowd. Geordie youngsters Spektacle Cases really do the business with a highly unusual but exciting and accessible set of traditional and modern folk tunes, and as the efficiency of the bar staff seems to increase as the night progresses, Simon Nicol proves that solo guitarists can make the switch to solo singers easily and successfully.

But the night belonged to Sean McGuire. As he came on stage with Eileen Hunter, a silence of



Eileen Hunter and Sean McGuire prepare to impress.

Photo: Malcolm Younger



Shetland Musicians have a tune. From left to right are: Davy Henry, Tom Deyell, John Johnson and Fair Islander Stewart Thomson.

Photo: Malcolm Younger

Mighty miffed and most fiercely insulted

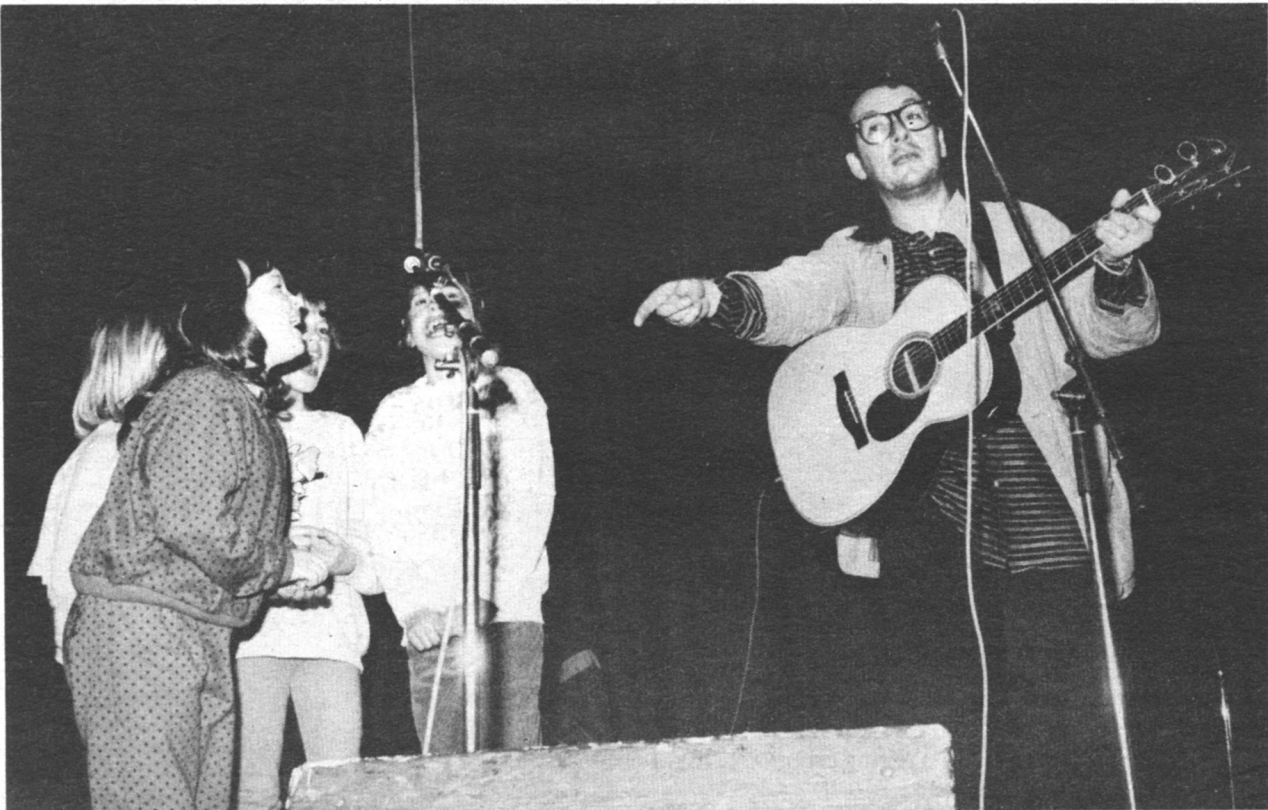
Mr Kieran Murray of Dunrossness was mightily miffed when he telephoned the National Union of Seamen's office in Aberdeen at the weekend to enquire if the *St. Clair* would be leaving on Sunday.

He was informed that the boat would go on Tuesday, to take the folk performers to Aberdeen for their NUS benefit concert on Wednesday. "The official told me that we should be grateful to

them for allowing Elvis Costello to come up to Shetland, because we didn't have any musical talent at all up here. I was quite insulted", said Mr Murray.

The *St. Clair* set sail on Tuesday, carrying the folk performers back to the mainland — apart from one star.

Elvis Costello and his wife Cait had flown back earlier in the day.



Elvis Costello with his backing group, the Clickiminettes, at Friday's children's concert.

Photo: John Coutts

Quotable quotes

"My God, it's like London — they're wearing modern clothes!" — *Ashley Hutchings of the Albion Dance Band.*

"It's been brilliant, but it would be good to see it opening out a bit — maybe bringing in some African and South American bands." — *Danny Kyle.*

"The night is young, the jury's still out, and I think it's a rotten trick to close the bar on Sunday afternoon." — *Simon Nicol.*

"It's been great. Some elements of the festival I've not really been able to really come to terms with. If it had been an American folk festival maybe there would have been more common ground for joining in with the informal sessions, because that's where my music stems

from. Next year, we'd thought of going on holiday to Bergen and Orkney as well as Shetland." — *Elvis Costello.*

"It was two empties that were thrown — lager. Some people have no taste. But despite the collision at the FPC, my face is unmarked, and I remain bruised but unbowed." — *Jimmy Paton.*

"The English have no real folk heritage of their own — they just steal from the oppressed, Celtic nations — the Scots, the Irish and the Welsh. They're still oppressing us." — *An anonymous punter after hearing the Albion Dance Band.*

"The show must go on." — *Malcolm Green, on the "singer nearly has baby on stage incident."*



Fiddling for the connoisseurs, as lesser mortals' bowstrings burn . . .

(Continued from page 13)

total awe and reverence fell. His set was staggering, a display of fiddle virtuosity which broke all the rules, re-inventing fiddle music for me, someone who has never been o'er fond of scraping horsehair on gut. He treated his fiddle with something approaching contempt, in much the same way (forgive me, purists) as Keith Richards



Simon Nicol holds a chord while Malcolm Younger snaps.

hammers his Fender Telecaster. His fiddle is simply a tool for the communication of his talent, his speech-preventing illness highlighting the joy and savagery of his playing, though for many in the audience, the emotion was just too much. Tears were shed,

and when Laurence Tulloch presented Sean with a plaque "to express the appreciation of the people of Yell" there was hardly a dry eye in the place.

A scintillating dance later to the superb Cullivoe Dance Band was followed by much hospitality (the artists' "survival packs" all contained an official warning against over-indulging in "Shetland hospitality" prior to going onstage). Then it was bed for a hour or two before the bus left for Lerwick at (gulp) 7.30 am. By 10.00 am the artists were all nursing their hangovers in the Festival Club.

I spent the day selling records (a surprisingly large amount, though there were complaints from some craft exhibitors that business was anything but brisk), and caught some of the sessions in the club. Stunning was the only word for them. Where else could you catch some of the world's best musicians trying their damndest to outplay each other? By the end of the day, the sound of fiddles was beginning to appear from unlikely places. I went for a swim and still I could hear them, underwater.

Friday night, and for Brian Nicolson and me the Garrison saw us in the invidious position of going on after Elvis Costello and Spektacle Cases and before Sean McGuire. Costello was bril-



The excellent Spectacle Cases, pictured by Malcolm Younger on-stage at the Garrison.

liant, astonishingly warm and friendly, with new songs like "Let Him Dangle" proving that the old power of poignant word-smithery was still there.

Star quality is writ large upon the Costello on-stage person, but again the night belonged to Sean McGuire. Some found his performance rather too much to take. A few members of the audience didn't understand why he was not speaking to them, and perhaps the emotional high of Cullivoe the night before and non-stop sessions had drained him a little. It was still very impressive.

Back to the club for a by now obligatory fresh orange and lemonade, then home, perchance to sleep, certainly to dream of fiddles, fiddles, fiddles.

Next day was spent selling
(Continued next page)

Fair dinkum!



Ewan Thomson of Fair Isle has a tune.

Sessioneering at Islesburgh



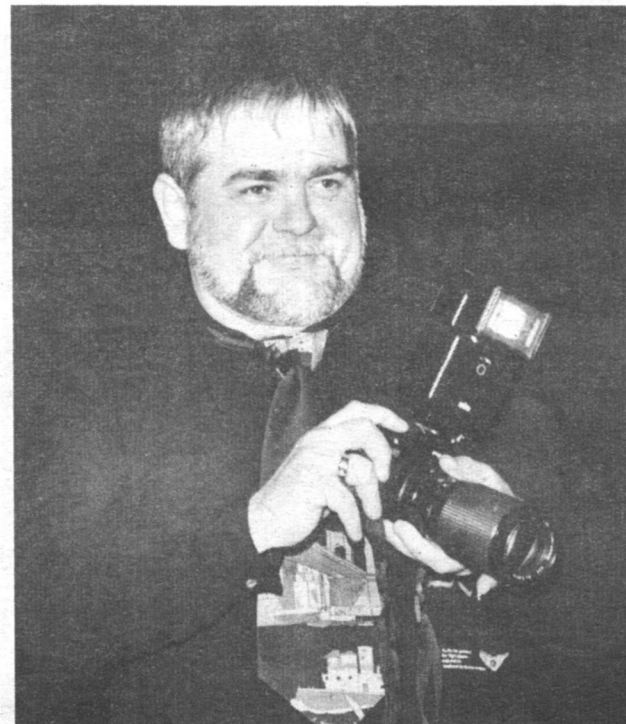
Hom Bru's bellyful

The many local artists made a significant contribution to the festival and none more memorably than Hom Bru, whose "belly tappers and shunters" performance at Cunningsburgh caused more than indigestion.

Sights not seen in the isles for many years were visible, as the bare stomachs of the band — Davey, Gary, Peter and Ivor became "musical" instruments for one song. "It beats bodhrans, anyway" said guitarist Ivor Pottinger.

Much music making in the darts room at Islesburgh during one of the week-end's informal sessions. At some of the sessions, astonishing combinations of the likes of Peerie Willie, Sean McGuire, Kevin Burke and Jackie Daley played.

Photo: Malcolm Younger

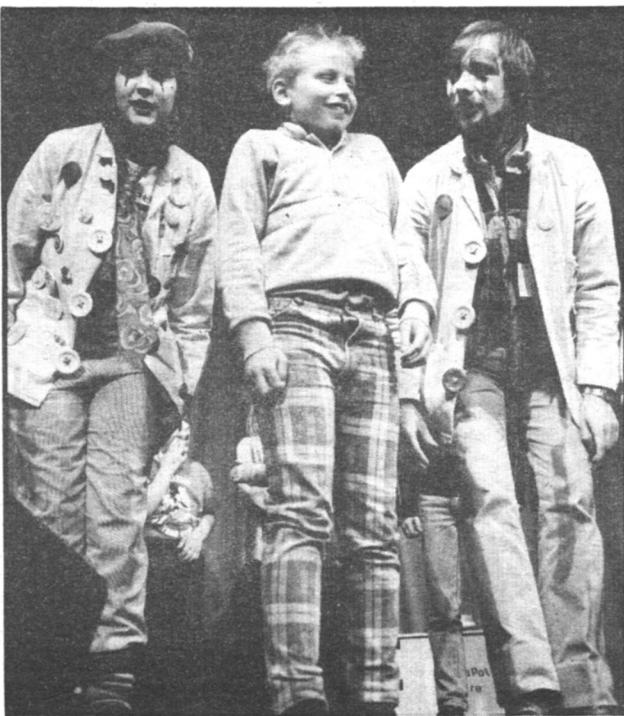


Left: Elvis Costello in action. Above: Danny Kyle snaps at someone during the opening ceremony. Right: Penny Callows bows her cello.

Photos: Malcolm Younger



Bruising your partner's feet to the sounds of the Albion Dance Band



Tosspot Theatre and a suspicious "helper".

Photo: Malcolm Younger

(Continued from page 14)

records, taking in a few sessions and finally staying in at night to watch the Eurovision song contest on TV. Suddenly, all those fiddles seemed infinitely desirable, compared to the unutterable garbage on display in Dublin. My wife went up to the Fraser Peterson Centre, where over 400 people heard the artists struggle with an abysmal sound and a small but moronic element in the audience who appeared to be stupidly disruptive.

Costello's charisma, predictably, triumphed, though the other artists had a harder time coping.

Sunday shook itself awake rather slowly. The afternoon concert saw Costello again defeating the horrible conditions of the Garrison (something must be done about this place) while the night belonged to the foyes.

I was saving myself for the next night's party, so left the Islesburgh foy early. But not before I'd had a chance to hear Jim and Marysia, where superb

guitar work and great vocals ended up being rather less than the sum of their parts, due to a rather throwaway, cabaret-ish attitude. Enjoyable, though. Strung Out were good but fiddles. Pierre Laporte and Gilles Lossier were good but fiddles too, though the French Canadian approach was significantly and enjoyably different.

And so we come full circle, back to the Monday night party, harder to get into than a Shetland Islands Council meeting on anything interesting, it was simply the most wholly enjoyable bit of the festival, because I didn't have to sell records, perform, or even report. I even danced to the Albions, for which God may forgive but my dancing partner's swollen and bruised feet probably won't. Too much enjoyment's bad for you, though, so I quickly hopped in a taxi and head Voe-wards, a smile on my face, an Irish fiddle tune in my head and a great desire to listen to the Rolling Stones in my heart.



The guitar that burned up every competition in sight. Willie Johnson and the famous 'Pearl of Great Price'.

Photo: Malcolm Younger



The Tosspots, Danny Kyle and a host of fans after the Clickimin children's concert.

Photo: Malcolm Younger

Silence is 50 pence

The Albion Dance Band's visit to Haroldswick in Unst ground to a halt in mid set, much to everyone's horror, when a power failure plunged their electric sound into silence.

Their sound engineer was busily dismantling his mixing desk in search of the fault

when a member of the hall committee came up with the answer. "We thought £2.00 worth of 50 pence pieces would be enough in the meter ..."

A swift collection of 50 pence pieces from the assembled multitude, and the concert once more burst into life.

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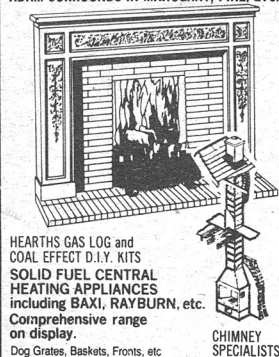
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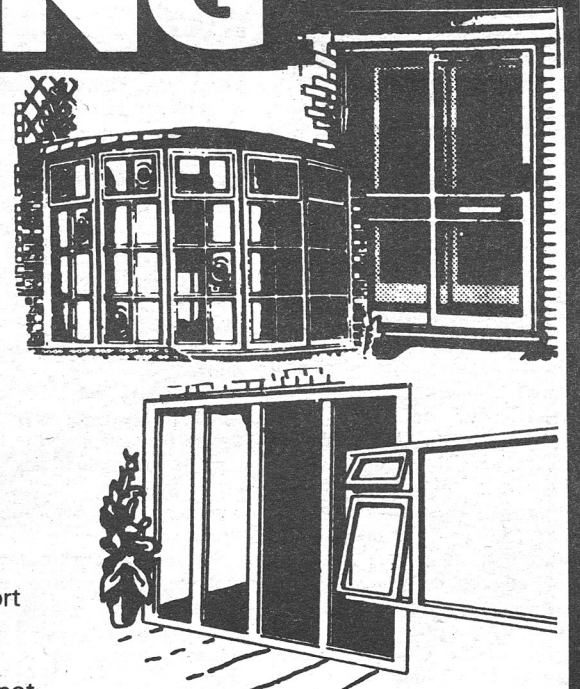
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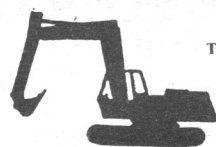
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Runrig sell out at the Clickimin



The six members of Gaelic rock band Runrig are pictured outside the Shetland Hotel in Lerwick before their local debut sell-out concert at the Clickimin Centre. They played to a capacity audience of 1200 for about an hour and a half, coming back on stage for two encores by popular demand. Their support band was the well-known local group Hom Bru.

Photo: Malcolm Younger

Action group meeting

SHETLAND Action Group for the Mentally Handicapped held their annual general meeting last week and a new committee was elected. They are: chairperson, Mrs Thelma Leslie, Tingwall; vice-chairman, Mr Billy Smith, Sandwick; secretary, Mrs Zandra Gilfillan, Levenwick; treasurer, Ms Sandra Pearson, Lerwick; committee members, Mrs Anne Napier, Lerwick; Mrs Maggie-Bell Halcrow, Cunningsburgh, Mr Jack Priest, Scalloway. Mr Peter Malcolmson, Shetland Islands Council's

director of social work, attended the meeting and told members that Laburnum House is to become a centre for profoundly handicapped people in the isles. He said it should become operational later this year.

Three Shetland ladies are running in the London Marathon on April 23rd and they are seeking sponsors to help them raise money for the Action Group. Sponsor forms are available from Anne Napier, 12 Bruce Crescent, Lerwick. Telephone Lerwick 2592.

Mission repair cash

THE GRANT which the Shetland Churches Council Trust want to give to the Lerwick Fishermen's Mission amounts to £10,000 and not £50,000 as reported in last week's *Shetland Times*. The money is for fixing the roof and other repairs.

Together for 40 years



Ruby wedding celebrations for Jimmy and Winnie Robertson of Wethersta, Brae.
Photo: Cecil Hughson

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Sorted: The keenest fans were there in good time on Tuesday.

Photo: Keith Morrison



Family pack: Pulp keyboardist Candida (hooded) with a small selection of relatives outside the Clickimin just before the gig. From left: Candida's boyfriend Pete "Mansell", Jenny Bradley, Lauren Thomson, Gwen Anderson, Candida's dad Rex Doyle and mum Sandra Voe and Rita Williamson.

Photo: Keith Morrison

By John Robertson

Pulp — Clickimin Centre. Tuesday.

INTO our dreariest summer for years beamed a ray of sunshine — one Jarvis Cocker, the perfect pop star.

In fact, basking in the glow of pop royalty, the crowd soon turned the Clickimin into such a cauldron that body steam was raining back down off the roof. Yeuch. But it reminded everyone what it's like to sweat buckets.

For Pulp fans there was probably never a night quite like it. For the less partisan music fan it was a novel experience and the chance to get a piece of the kind of action hogged by the big cities.

Thank you Candida. You have done us proud.

All through the gig she skulked in the shadows, high up behind the action. But at the end she was scooped into Jarvis' arms, down to the front of the stage to speak to her people: "Thanks for coming. Hiya Caroline." That was it. She was off — not one for hogging the limelight our Candida, unlike someone else in the band...

But a minute later they bounced back for an encore of *Disco 2000* and *Babies*, the song from *His 'n' Hers* which helped break them into the mainstream.

Then suddenly the fantasy was all over. Lights on. Back to reality. Nowhere else to go.

Much earlier, outside the main door of the centre as the crowd filed in for the show, a hooded Candida had stood with her mum, the actress Sandra Voe. They greeted old friends and the dozens of cousins and kent faces who made the pilgrimage to see their latest famous relation in action.

The celebrity pair were also busy ensuring that everyone who should be was on the guest list. And it was some guest list.

When the stage manager emerged, to say that the support band Chin was going on, the VIPs filed in to watch Candida's brother Danny Doyle do whatever it is you do with record decks when backing rap musicians.

What we got was a bit of a live first for Shetland. Was it that old Clickimin curse that caused the muddy sound — or that sad pop pecking-order rule which dictates that warm-up acts have their mix unmixed? Chin's dreadlocked crazies seemed to split the crowd down the middle. There were those who went for it full scale and those who thought it was shocking. Shockingly bad or bland, depending.

Yet the band drew perhaps the most enthusiastic reception of their short career to date.

Soon the bar was empty and for the first time the hall began to look more like a sold out gig. Still loads of room at the back though.

With probably half the 1400 punters on the tender side of 18 the biggest worry facing the swarms of security men was nippers being crushed underfoot.

And then there was the fainting. Long before Jarvis showed his face handfuls of 10 or 11 year olds were being evacuated with heat and emotional exhaustion.

On Bressay the sheepdogs probably woke with the high-pitched yowls which greeted Pulp's arrival on stage. Perhaps the shrillest, loudest human noise ever in Shetland?

Launching into *Mis-shapes*, Jarvis was holding nothing back. Limbs akimbo, spindly gesticulations — every histrionic in the book. "He's like a giant green bean," said a mother of four suddenly discovering she rather liked Pulp.

Next came *Do You Remember The First Time?*, *Monday Morning*, and *I Spy*. So carried away did he become at one point that he elegantly tossed his guitar over his shoulder, sending the poor beauty crashing to the floor.

More singles and favourites came and went including *Some-*

thing Changed and *Sorted for Es & Wizz*.

They even played a new song for the first time in the world, *Help The Aged*, written after a boozy night at the Edinburgh Festival. Not so good. Perhaps not to be heard again?

Jarvis' inter-song musings were a bit hard to make out. Not due to volume but mush. Rock music seems simply to be doomed to mush in the centre.

When he asked how many in the crowd were Candida's cousins everybody's arm shot up. "Oh. Are you all gonna buy her a pint then?" said the great one.

Then at the end of the set the British teen anthem of 1995 *Common People* sent everybody stagewards once more for one last shot at going bananas — until the encore.

Back at the Queen's Hotel, where some of the band stayed, £2000 worth of champagne was reputed to be chilling nicely alongside the best Shetland smoked salmon.

But Candida's family also laid on a big spread of Shetland hospitality in Trondra, far from the madding crowd.

Six hours later one of her cousins was climbing in his bedroom window, sorted for sleaze and fizz, no doubt.

SMIRK'S VIEW



Justice for Jarvis fan



From a bumper entry to *The Shetland Times/Shetland Arts Trust Pulp* competition the eventual winners of the pair of tickets were Eddie Barclay (jnr), Sandhoull, Sandwick and his sister Maria. Maria had been one of the disappointed fans who had queued for six hours at the Clickimin Centre in June only to come away empty-handed. But she was happier on Tuesday when arts trust assistant administrator Jacqui Clark (left) and assistant arts officer Emma McCartney presented her with her prize. More than 60 people gave the correct answer to the question posed: *Where did Jarvis spend the night after his bother at the Brits?* The answer we were looking for was: *In the cells*. All answers in a similar vein were included in the draw as were those from entrants who said that he later went to a Justice for Jarvis party staged by comedians Bob Mortimer and Vic Reeves.

Photo: John Robertson



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Boiled and squashed to a Pulp

PRAISE came from all quarters on Wednesday in the wake of the Pulp experience.

"They came to have a good time and they did," said Clickimin Centre manager Shona Robb on Wednesday. Staff and their helpers had enjoyed themselves too, she added.

Despite the intense heat and boisterous crowd only one girl needed to be taken to hospital in what an ambulance spokesman described as "a very minor incident".

In total 33 concert-goers, with an average age of about 14, had to be treated for the effects of heat and over-excitement.

Ms Robb praised the First Aid team which was out in force. "I couldn't give them enough praise. They were fantastic."

Red Cross public duties officer Jimmy Jamieson had 18 helpers on hand and they were kept busy.

He said some of the fans who had been forced to take a breather had simply come with too much clothing on for the sweltering heat inside. "It was just more than they could cope with," he said on Wednesday.

But he reckoned more than 90 per cent of the "casualties" recovered quickly and returned to Jarvis. "It was just a case of cool them off and let them back in again," he said.

The worst period came about 10-15 minutes into Pulp's set when Mr Jamieson said fans were arriving for help "just like flies to a sticky paper".

According to Ms Robb, efforts had been made to keep the centre cool during the day because a hot gig had been anticipated. But she said the centre's ventilation was not up to the job required of an effective air conditioning system. Some fans complained of ag-



Historic or hysteric? 1400 go wild on Tuesday.

Photo: Keith Morrison



Jarvis preaches...

Photo: Keith Morrison

Wish comes true for Candida as band make history

CANDIDA Doyle's wish came true. She finally brought Pulp and Jarvis Cocker to the people of Shetland.

For once Britain's most northerly outpost was firmly marked on the London-obsessed map of pop — Lerwick was staging the most important gig in the country and celebrating a rare moment in Shetland pop history.

Along with Blur and Oasis, Pulp make up the three big noises in the British pop industry today — at least this year.

It was back in February that Shetland Arts Trust was approached about helping pull off a big gig with "a household name". Immediately Pulp were the candidates being whispered about in the trust offices in Pitt Lane.

But the secret stayed safe enough for four months as the plans were put in place. Rumours abounded but nobody was confirming anything or it could all have fallen through.

Then in June the ticket sales were finally announced and the gig was promptly postponed because Pulp could not get back from Shetland to Ireland in time for another concert two days later. How often do people fail to realise just how remote the islands are?

With a new date set and 1400 tickets sold out instantly after an all-night queue, those who had any interest in the Pulp phenomenon sat back and waited.

"I think it has cost us money to do it. But not too much," Jarvis admitted on Tuesday at a hastily arranged press conference in the Queen's Hotel.

The night before there had been anxiety among fans and some of Candida's family in Shetland. Fog had shrouded Sumburgh Airport and Jarvis might not have made it in on Tuesday to join the rest of the band after staying on longer at the Edinburgh Festival. Pulp without Jarvis?

But the singer arrived on cue in the early afternoon on Tuesday and promptly got stuck in the airport's revolving door with his minders and determined reporters on the scent of a scoop or two.

Candida was busy visiting her countless Williamson-connected family members and was nowhere to be seen at the press conference. So Jarvis had to do all the talking, as usual.

Struggling with his post-Edinburgh Festival hangover, he tolerated a string of questions from the pack of national reporters whom he had been sur-

prised to see on the islands, given the total absence of press passes and Pulp's wishes for a low key gig.

He said Pulp's experiences had made them favour playing northern places. "The further north you get the more people seem to be up for having a good time. There's a Viking boat parked outside my window. Maybe there's going to be some rampaging going on."

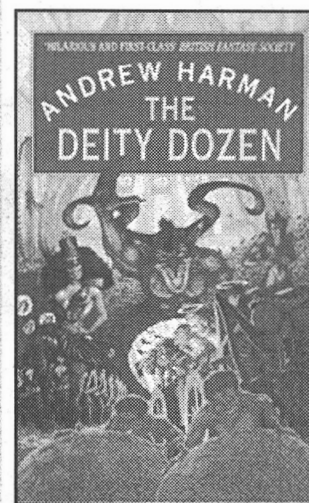
Shetland to him had meant itchy jumpers his mother made him wear but he thought a nice Fair Isle tank top might suit him. But his first impressions had reminded him of Iceland: "No trees and stuff."

If he had been marooned on the islands after the gig he was hoping for a bit of a laugh and perhaps a pagan ritual or two. "I would like to stay a bit longer but we've got two big shows on the mainland at the weekend."

Another meaningless media encounter was over. Down to business at last.

With the show fulfilling expectations it was time to party again. The next day he was off again — but with a little bit of Shetland forever implanted in his odd little pop star brain.

summer reading

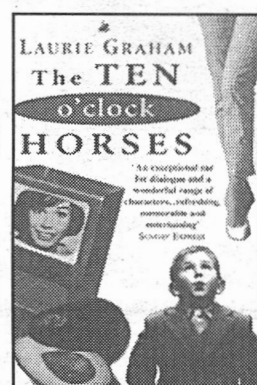


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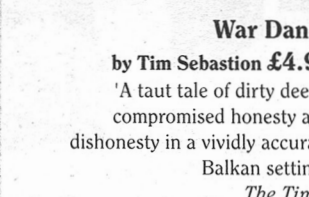
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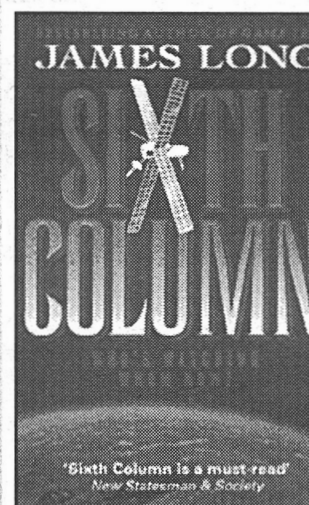


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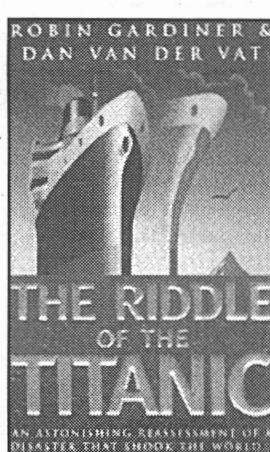
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Radio 1 bowled over by reception

FANTASTIC, brilliant, incredible, pretty good, a'right. These were just some of the Shetland expletives which described the visit of chart-topping, bound for super-stardom, band Idlewild to Shetland last week.

So what was a band as well known as Idlewild doing in our neck of the woods? Well a mass of BBC types, including acclaimed Radio 1 DJ Steve Lamacq, descended upon Shetland last Wednesday to broadcast over six hours of live radio from the islands as part of this year's BBC Music Live productions in conjunction with Shetland Arts Trust music development project, and a live performance from Idlewild was just part of the equation.

Lamacq presented his first two-hour show from Radio Shetland's studio in Pitt Lane, which included interviews with Alan MacLeod, presenter of XS-All Areas for the local station and Suppository Business, who were to perform live the following evening as part of the main event in Lerwick's North Star.

The expletives from the lads when they heard that around 12 million listeners normally tune in for the show cannot be repeated in a family newspaper.

The six-hour Thursday night event kicked off at the very non-rock 'n' roll hour of 6.30pm with an under-18s concert featuring Idlewild and London based

support act Ikara Colt, who were also in Shetland especially for the occasion. Around 180 young people provided them with a frenzied reception and the bands were genuinely bowled over with the reaction they got from the young audience. Dozens could still be found hanging around the venue doors long after the concert, brandishing band photos in the hopeful search for autographs.

The main four-hour Radio 1 show went on air at 8pm with Steve Lamacq broadcasting from the upper floor of Mooney's Wake, while the live, sold-out, concert in the North Star, also broadcast nationwide, kicked off with Suppository Business playing an incendiary set of their own material in front of an already large crowd.

The local lads certainly did themselves more than proud and are now justifiably waiting with baited breath to see if anything further comes from such widespread exposure. Hopefully T in the Park already beckons, if Steve Lamacq gets his way that is.

They were followed by London's Ikara Colt, who have been likened to Sonic Youth or, more recently, the White Stripes – a bit of a dubious comparison. Wild, yes and possibly not to everyone's taste but they certainly amassed more than a few new fans by the end of their raucous set.



Idlewild play to the nation live from the North Star.

Photo: Heidi Pearson

But everyone was really there for Idlewild, who recently charted highly with their new single You Held the World in Your Arms. The atmosphere was already fully charged as Steve Lamacq took to the North Star stage to introduce the band,

while the Shetland crowd certainly gave it their all, volume wise, for national radio.

Already massive in the UK and America, Idlewild showed just why they are one of the hottest acts around and are bound for stellar things when

their new album is released in July. Concentrating largely on well-known back catalogue material, plus the new single of course, they went down a storm with the crowd, who by this time were packed in front of the stage in euphoric frame of mind.

Idlewild obviously take much of their influences from bands such as The Smiths and early REM with lead singer Roddy Woomble certainly sounding like Morrissey on more than one occasion during the evening, but that should probably be considered a strong point. "Boy, whit a gig, we need more o dis," one punter observed. That just about summed up the general reaction to a pretty unique event.

Music development officer Davie Gardner, who co-promoted the event with Radio 1, said: "The whole thing was a terrific success from all our points of view. Radio 1 showed they truly are a national station by coming this far north with such a high profile programme and bands. They were delighted with what we have to offer here, especially the quality of the equipment to produce such shows and the quality of bands such as Suppository Business.

"More importantly they were bowled over with how the show went and the way they were treated by everyone they met while they were here. From a marketing point of view the amount of positive publicity we got from being so directly involved in six hours of high profile live national radio can only be guessed at, but needless to say it's the kind of publicity money can rarely buy."



Steve Lamacq introduces Idlewild to the screaming crowd in the North Star.

Photo: Heidi Pearson



Idlewild swamped by adoring autograph hunters after the under-18s show.

Photo: Heidi Pearson

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WHAT'S
NEW

Hands in the air as the audience soak up the atmosphere.

Photo: Keith Morrison

Franz find form just in time

BY NEIL RIDDELL

GLASGOW rock stars Franz Ferdinand played two shows to a packed audience at the Whiteness and Weisdale Hall on Monday night.

A matinee show for under-18s at teatime – for which Franz Ferdinand donated the proceeds to Turning Point, a UK social care charity – was followed by an energetic performance from young Shetland act Black Bic Biro, having been hand-picked by the band for the prestigious support slot.

Alex Kapranos and company then returned to the stage for an 80-minute set which, after a slightly slow start, was readily lapped up by the vociferous crowd.

The local three-piece, frontman Reuben Quinn, Jim Bevington and John Gair, marked the occasion by releasing their debut EP on the same day and were in buoyant mood from the off, showering the crowd with glow-sticks as they came on stage.

The set, refreshingly consisting entirely of original material, easily sustained the interest of the capacity crowd throughout with the group displaying a dynamic energy which, allied to some well-honed spiky punk tunes, added up to an impressive racket which seems to be very much in touch with the musical zeitgeist.

Happily, the group were not afraid to stray from the rigid guitar, bass, drums format either, introducing Shetland's young fiddler of the year Miriam Brett to provide string accompaniment for one tune. Singer Quinn, whose father Jimmy also helped out on keyboards, then stepped aside from the mic as another mystery guest was

drafted in to contribute vocals to an epic, near-spoken word track.

Black Bic Biro fittingly ended their set with the lead track from their EP, *Peggy Sue*, which had their numerous fans enraptured. The track's variation on the loud-quiet-loud format, the highlight of the four-track CD, influence-wise recalled most closely the Arctic Monkeys and the night's main attraction.

Growing anticipation then turned to excitement from the audience as Franz Ferdinand hit the stage at 9.30pm, but the early stages of the performance saw the group not quite hitting the heights one might have expected, with some putting it down to their very presence in the hall being almost surreal.

Having emerged into the spotlight four years ago, the group have only recently resurfaced following a well-earned year or so out of the spotlight, but on Monday night's evidence the break seems to have stultified their vibrancy to a degree.

From opener *Cheating On You* there seemed, to this correspondent at least, to be a slight spark missing from the performance, at least relative to previous live outings witnessed in 2004 and 2005.

It was only four songs in with a vigorous version of *Michael* that they began to sound like the formidable four-piece which has acquired the status of arguably Scotland's foremost rock act.

While it is always hard to gage fresh material on first hearing in a live setting, it was the plethora of new songs the group showcased that represented the biggest drawback.

The slightly more muscular material is heavily reliant on the angular guitar-based sound that they have mined so successfully in the past, but some of the new numbers came across as dull facsimiles of former glories.

That is not to say the crowd did not greet the band with open arms; nor should it take anything away from the achievement of promoter Davie Gardner in getting such a high profile act to perform in the isles. Indeed, Franz Ferdinand are a popular group to match the stature of the very top rock bands to have played in the isles, right up there with Pulp and the Smiths.

And in fairness, they did hit their stride towards the end of the set, inspiring the 400-plus crowd to sing along to the jingle-jangle of *Walk Away* and bounce along to the nagging riff of *Take Me Out*, while debut single *Darts of Pleasure* and its b-side *Van Tango* packed more of a punch than some of what had gone before.

The encore saw the affable lead singer Kapranos, who appeared to struggle vocally to a degree throughout the show, engaging the crowd in a communal clap-along, but again one or two of the new songs presented strayed rather too close to the same-y end of the indie-pop spectrum.

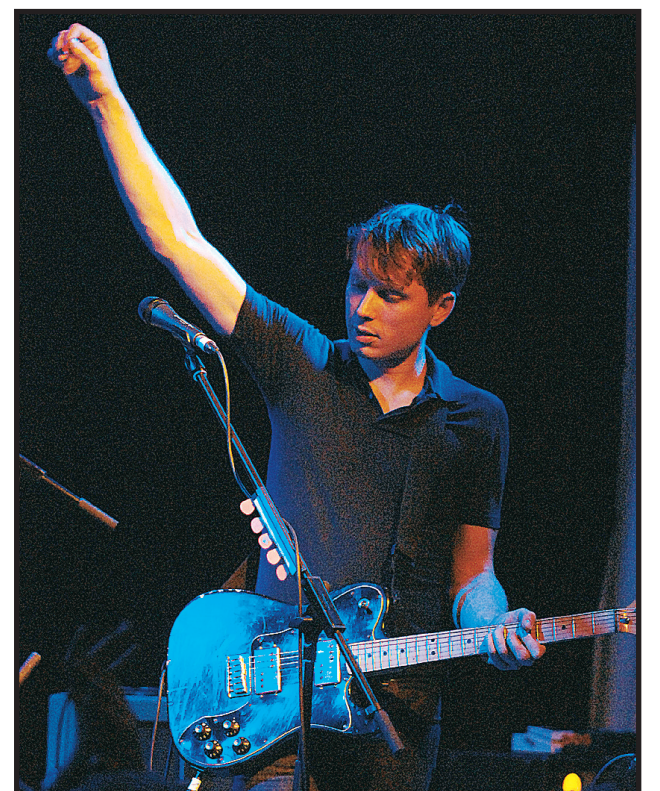
It was only with a euphoric, extended version of set-closer *This Fire* that Franz Ferdinand really moved into fifth gear, the gig concluding with three-quarters of the band engaging in a spot of crowd-surfing and being carried around Whiteness and Weisdale Hall in what was an undeniably triumphant ending.

n.riddell@shetland-times.co.uk



Drummer Paul Thomson keeps the beat.

Photo: Keith Morrison



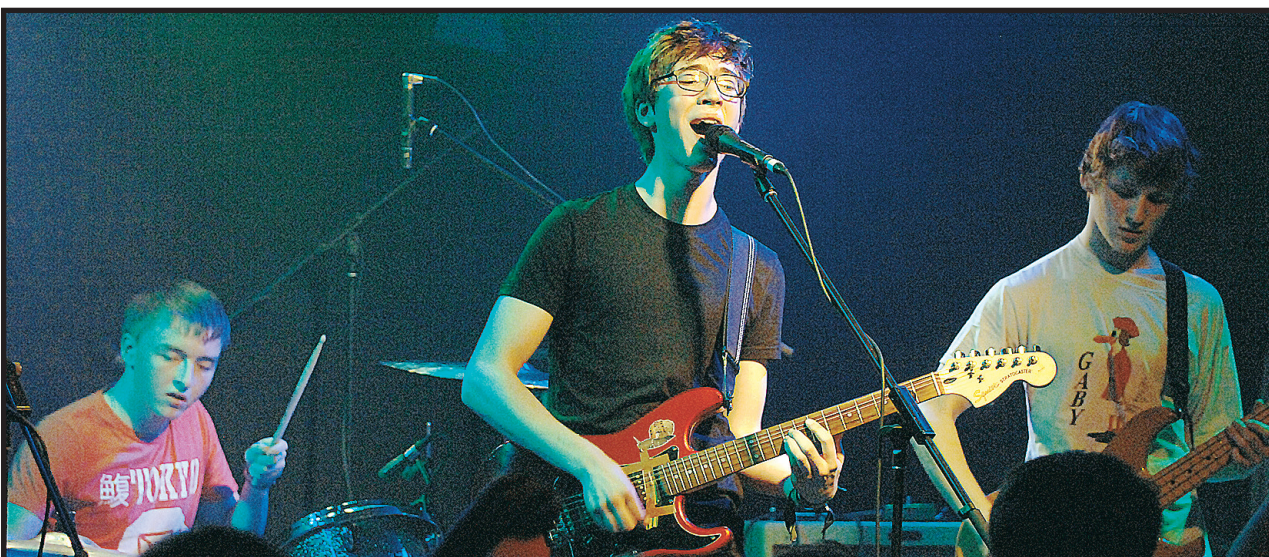
Alex Kapranos blasts out the songs.

Photo: Keith Morrison



The crowd go wild.

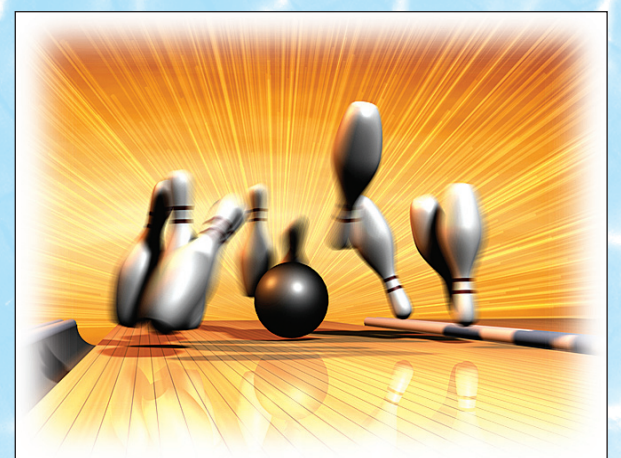
Photo: Keith Morrison



Black Bic Biro in pride of place as they support Franz Ferdinand on Monday.

Photo: Keith Morrison

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Tumultuous applause as fans are treated to hits and new songs too



Mumford and Sons in action.

Photo: Dave Donaldson

By LOUISE THOMASON

After a few expectation-filled weeks, the much heralded Mumford and Sons gig took place on Wednesday night.

Punters had started queueing outside the Whiteness and Weisdale hall from around 6.30pm and after the doors opened an hour later the hall filled with excitable music lovers, young and old.

There was a good natured buzz about the place as the crowd waited as patiently as they could for the show to begin.

Support act Rachel Sermanni soon arrived on stage to cheers and whistles from the audience, and did well to play over the by now boisterous crowd.

Starting her set with her track *Bones*, her performance was a beautiful beginning to the night's music, though her soft and melodic voice may have been better suited to a quieter setting, the guitar at times lost in the din of the hall.

Her vocals were clear and strong, however, and her set, including the upbeat *Burger Van Song*, got a good response.

The wait between her performance and the main act seemed an age and had an interesting effect on the eager crowd, who were so impatient they gave the band's roadie, setting up the instruments on stage, a good cheer.

To tumultuous applause, whistles, cheers and foot stomping the four strong Brit-winning band finally appeared, launching almost directly into their first track.

After a second more subdued tune, lead singer Marcus Mumford spoke to the audience, telling us the band were very pleased to be in Shetland and that they had "heard a lot about you from the shipping forecast [sic]".

In their hour-long set, the band played various tracks from their multi-platinum selling album *Sigh No More*, including *Roll Away Your*

Stone and *Little Lion Man*, which the crowd enthusiastically sang along to.

They also "experimented" with a few previously unheard tracks, which also went down well.

Throughout their set the good humoured band seemed genuinely happy to be playing such a small venue, and it was quite heartening to see such a commercially successful band performing their music so passionately.

Before long though it was all over, but not before Marcus Mumford asked the crowd whether the band could come back, to which he got a massive roar of appreciation.

Comments from audience members included, "they sound as good here as they did at T in the Park" and more questionably, "They sound like Runrig . . . In a good way!"

Organiser Davie Gardner of Atlantic Edge Music services said



Support act Rachel Sermanni.

Photo: Kenneth Shearer

the night had been a huge success.

He said: "I was very, very, happy with the way it went off completely trouble free, it was good to see so many young folk singing along to 'real' songs in a world of so much contrived music."

Asked whether the band had also enjoyed themselves, he said: "Very much so, they were knackered at the end of it but they really enjoyed the response from the crowd. They were completely enamoured with the place and folk."

Bull terrier ran amok in children's play park

An aggressive dog may have to be destroyed after running amok in a play park, jumping and snapping at a five-year-old boy.

A man tried to distract the Staffordshire bull terrier away from the child after it lost control in August last year. But it turned and chased him instead.

In court on Wednesday Keri Butler, 30, of Nederdale, Lerwick, admitted failing to keep the animal under control when she was looking after it on its owner's behalf.

She also admitted failing to appear in court on 23rd February.

Procurator fiscal Duncan MacKenzie said a number of children were in the area when the dog was let loose.

"The dog was chasing and barking aggressively at the children, who ran away from it and were considerably frightened. They were crying and scared," he said.

"A five-year-old boy was crying with the dog jumping and snapping at him."

A witness contacted the police while her husband went out and chased the dog away, Mr MacKenzie added.

"That wasn't easy, because as he went out the dog turned its attention to him, and began barking at him and chased him back to his own garden."

The court heard Butler did not, at the time, accept she had done anything wrong, and thought it was a "trivial matter".

"I understand she still has the dog," said Mr MacKenzie.

Sheriff Graeme Napier described Butler's antics as a "gross neglect of her responsibilities".

He insisted: "I have to consider whether it's appropriate to destroy the dog."

However defence agent Tommy Allan said Butler had been "picked on" by local youths who had left her garden gate open and allowed the dog to escape.

He said Butler had purchased a bolt with a view to locking the gate, but had not yet had it secured.

"She accepts that, given she knew people were opening

her garden gate, she should have kept more of an eye on the dog within her garden."

He said he had seen references for the dog's "good character", and added there were no injuries as a result of the incident.

The court heard the SIC's environmental health department had sent three letters to Butler concerning the dog.

But the sheriff was not best pleased about Butler's past failure to attend court.

"For somebody whose dog it isn't, she seems to have an awful lot to do with the dog," he said. "I wouldn't like to have been the person who tried to chase the dog away."

He deferred sentence until next month, calling for background reports to be prepared. He released Butler on bail.

The sheriff added: "I will ask the fiscal if I can get more information on the dog, because I am considering its position."

Sheriff warns man to stay away from former partner

A man has been warned to stay away from his estranged partner after repeatedly hammering on her front door in the early hours at the weekend.

Ross Adamson, 23, of Cummingsburgh, became paranoid that his victim had a new man at her Gulberwick address when he went uninvited on Saturday morning.

He was abusive and threatening, shouting and demanding access.

Lerwick Sheriff Court heard on Monday that Adamson had failed to accept the relationship was over.

Procurator fiscal Duncan MacKenzie said Adamson had attended unannounced at 1am on Saturday.

His victim contacted the police who, on attending, persuaded Adamson to go home. But he returned at 7.20am to demand entry again.

"He has this deep-seated paranoia that she is seeing someone else, and that there was someone else – a male – in the house at the time. There wasn't," said Mr MacKenzie.

Defence agent Tommy Allan said Adamson had not made any threats, although he accepted the "inappropriateness" of his actions.

Calling for reports, Sheriff Graeme Napier deferred sentence until 23rd March.

He released Adamson on bail, but warned him to stay away from his victim.

Trial date fixed after alleged thefts in Lerwick are denied

A regular court attender narrowly avoided being held on remand when he appeared in the dock this week.

Martin McLean, 37, of Norgaet in Lerwick, denied stealing various items from cars in the town's St Magnus Street and Viking Bus Station on 3rd March when he appeared at Lerwick Sheriff Court on Monday.

Trial was fixed for 2nd June, with an intermediate diet on 4th May.

However procurator fiscal Duncan MacKenzie was against granting McLean his liberty in the meantime, citing his "consistent" record of offending and tendency to breach court orders.

"He's a thief who will continue to steal if he's at liberty," he said.

Last year McLean persuaded the sheriff to change the terms of his curfew order to allow him to visit the chip shop at night.

Defence agent Tommy Allan said McLean's restriction of liberty order was almost complete.

Mr Allan told the sheriff: "You've dealt with his unorthodox approach to life and time-keeping, but nevertheless he does have a fixed address and his record is not the worst."

Sheriff Napier told McLean his case was "marginal", but granted him bail.

Town vet declared bankrupt

Lerwick Veterinary Practice may have to close after the owner was declared bankrupt this week.

Vet Jim Tait, who has run the practice from the Commercial Road premises since 2003, said he has been having problems for the last two to three years but that recently things had "come to a head".

The second outbreak of foot and mouth disease had played a part in drying up work, he said.

Combined with the end of the scrapie plan, which saw sheep being tested for the hereditary brain disease and many hundreds destroyed, this has meant a drop in work which the vet has been "struggling" to cope with.

Mr Tait was served with a civil action by HM Revenue and Customs on Tuesday. He said that as yet he does not know what the future will hold for the practice and the six staff who work there.

He said: "At the moment I've been told to continue, I don't know any more than that."

The premises has housed a veterinary practice since the late 1970s, and was previously known as J A Edwin Moar under Lerwick vet Edwin Moar.

Mr Moar worked as a vet in various locations in the town for 42 years.

He said he hoped the practice would find a new proprietor and that having two practices running would be preferable to just one. The other practice is the Westside Veterinary Surgery, which is operated by the Nicolson's out of Bixter and Scalloway.

He said: "It depends if they get somebody who is willing to take it over. It would be a big blow if it closed down."

"It used to be a one man practice many years ago, but that has changed with the massive increase in pet ownership. I do feel it's always healthy to have competition in the community."

"In my opinion it should be a viable practice; I do think it would be sad if it completely closed."

'Bully' has to pay up

A Latvian "bully" who assaulted his ex-girlfriend was told to pay her £250 in compensation at Lerwick Sheriff Court yesterday.

Sergejs Davidenkovs, 28, of the town's St Magnus Street, admitted pushing his victim to the ground and punching her on the head to her injury on 11th December.

The court heard a row had broken out between the two after she had refused to attend a works night out with him, as neither of them were employed with the firm hosting the event.

Davidenkovs became annoyed with her reluctance and assaulted her.

Sheriff Graeme Napier told him: "I am imposing a compensation order in favour of the lady you assaulted. She should not have been subject to your bullying, which is what it amounts to."

He warned Davidenkovs would be facing jail if he failed to keep up with his payments.

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artsentertainment

Country legend Kris transfixes faithful fans at memorable Clickimin concert

■ For many it was show of the year in the isles

■ They ‘wheehed’ and applauded throughout

It was certainly a great achievement by Davie Gardner, empowerer to the world for all *Shetland* television things, to secure the talents of one of the greatest country singers.

That man Kris Kristofferson was in Lerwick on Monday night for one of only two Scottish gigs.

At 77 and with 28 recordings under his belt, Kristofferson’s 1,000 tickets for his concert at Clickimin had sold out in 45 minutes. Country and Western music is still a big sound in a lot of hearts in the isles.

For many it was the show of the year and for some serious fans a very important evening indeed, seeing a heart throb in the flesh, even though his career in films is seen by some to have been a bit inconsistent.

They were queuing by 5.30pm even though the doors were just to open at 6.45pm for the true living

legend at Clickimin. The veteran star swept into town with a pack full of poetic love songs, sure to tug at the heart strings.

Not since the time people camped overnight for the Frank Williamson’s sale had a “happening” caused such reverence in town. Over a thousand folk had come to pay homage, one woman in the queue – which at one stage was nearly reaching the campsite – said she had come out of “curiosity” and had heard he was “hirplin” a bit.

Kristofferson’s honest songs can, unusually, appeal to the feelings of the reserved male as well, in that theatre they call love. And how can we forget his poignant references to the culture of drinking, which he gave up in 1976.

Local actor made good, Steven Robertson, joyfully said it was “surreal” to be home, working on *Shetland* and seeing Kristofferson.

Support act for the evening was Roddy Hart and the Lonesome Fire, just down to a pair of flames in this instance.

This duo of young dudes were always going to be on the coat tails of the main attraction. “Fellows – hang on to your women,” Hart told

the assembled crowd, hinting at the phenomenon to follow.

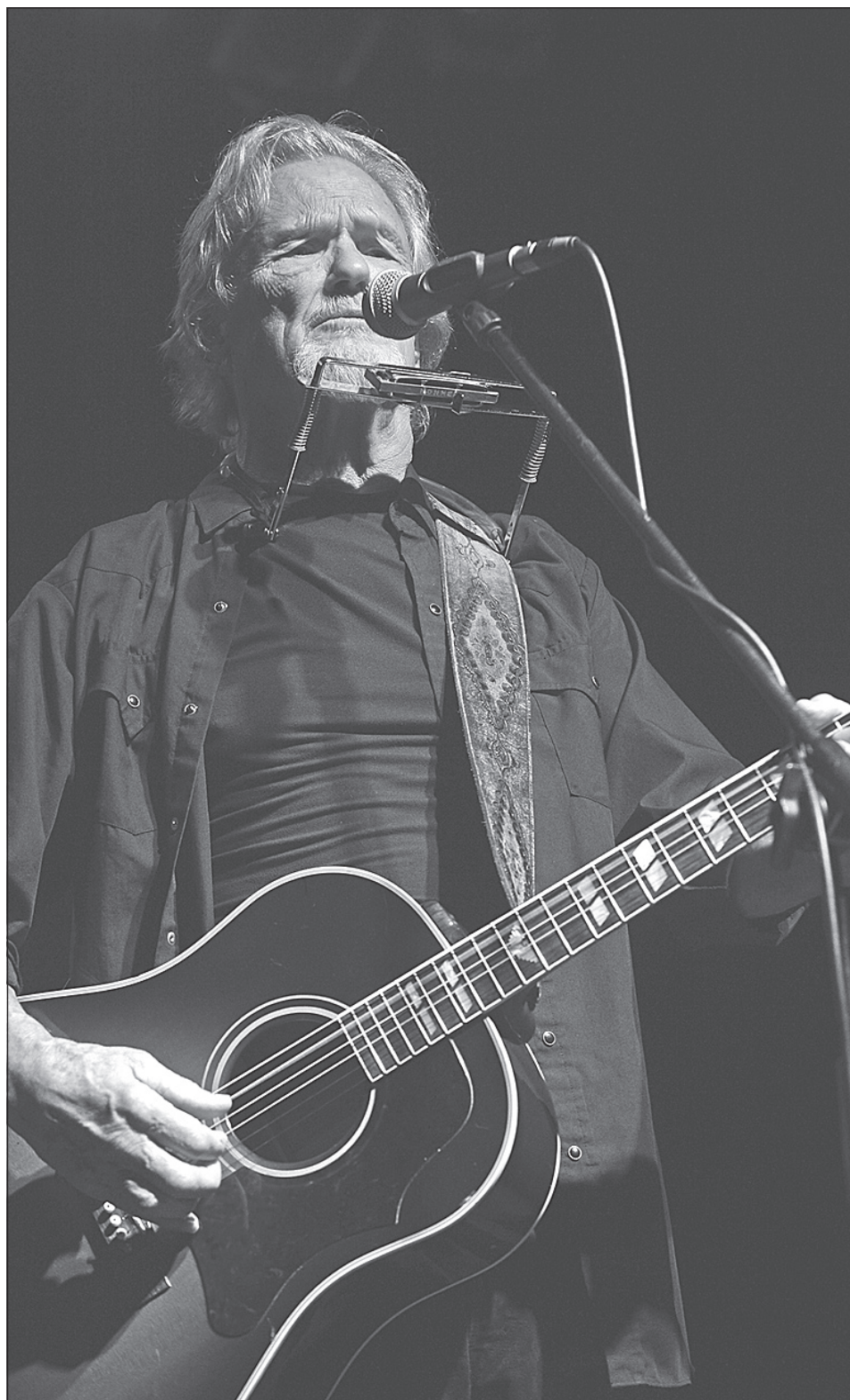
These Glasgow guys reminded you of a blend of the city’s Blue Nile with touches of the Everly Brothers and Crowded House thrown in. The acoustic couple contented the audience, but it was a crowd squirming in their seats for a man, and most importantly his songs, that for many had been part of the emotional backdrop of their lives.

Kristofferson joined them on stage briefly as back up for one song then went off again to the worried gaze of some.

And then there he was, all on his own in that amphitheatre that is the Clickimin main hall. You had to pinch yourself, and he even looked like Kristofferson, still with a starry twinkle in his eye.

Guitar slung low and with harmonica and holder, aka Bob Dylan, he effortlessly and gently rolled out the iconic songs. It was hard to pick any one song out – he must have picked them all a few times by now – on a lyrical red carpet of love lost and won.

The ecstatic audience at times couldn’t quite believe where they



Kristofferson effortlessly rolled out the classic songs.

Photo: Dave Donaldson

were, and “wheehed” and applauded in recognition of one classic after another. It was almost a Johnny Cash “San Quentin” moment.

A local solicitor close to me reckoned the guitar was a bit out of tune. But as they say, “frankly I couldn’t give a damn!”

Some songs ended sooner than expected but it didn’t matter, and his voice was maybe not as sharp as it once was. But the sheer quality and sincerity of songs of the affairs of the heart, hewn from a rollercoaster life including hard living and Hollywood surmounted the vagaries of time.

His songs were strewn with some great lines: “disillusioned dreamer who’ll never love again”; “this may be our last goodnight together”; “please don’t tell me how the story ends”; “there’s something in a

Sunday that makes your body feel alone”; to name but a few.

He played for an hour and a half, joined by the Hart boys at the end for a three-part harmony gospel song.

“Freedom’s just another word for nothing left to lose” seems to mean more as Kristofferson contemplates his own mortality. The son of an air force general, he was a golden gloves boxer, read literature at Oxford University, a captain in the army, helicopter pilot and even a floor sweeper at Nashville Studio before stardom beckoned.

He prefers music to acting and says his true legacy are his children. He has always tried to be honest with his song writing, otherwise he sees no point, he tells the crowd.

His songs have been described

by one critic as a “slew of emphatic incisive gems”. He’s happy to be happy and grateful to be grateful.

One of the technicians involved with setting up the gig told me in Clickimin’s Muckle Cafe that he was really just a nice bloke.

At the end of an enchanted evening, the audience were clapping and foot stomping with great gusto, in a great barn of a hall, stuffy but warm with the emotion of those present for a spirited show.

A woman when leaving told me she thought he was still “silver tongued”, but stopped short of “devil”. Another said: “I’d cross da rod for him!”

Kris Kristofferson is a man still at home in his songs on the road again. Who would have thought the road would have led to Shetland?

Stephen Gordon



Roddy Hart and Lonesome Fire joined the man himself on stage for a couple of numbers.

Photo: Dave Donaldson

Anderson band to pop up as indoor buskers

Contemporary Shetland rockers The Donald Anderson Band embark on a new initiative this weekend.

The band aims to bring live music to a wider audience with their first gig as part of their “Pop Up Buskers” tour.

The gig will take place in the Hay’s Dock Cafe at Shetland Museum between 1pm and 4pm on Sunday. There is no fee but any donations will be split between Shetland MS Society and band’s recording fund.

The concept for the initiative came from Germany where a circuit has been set up for bands to perform live.

Band spokesman Rick Nickerson said: “It’s like busking only its indoors. The number of venues in Shetland where bands can play has drastically reduced over the years.

“There was a time where a band could play three or four times a week at local venues. We felt it would be good to try this concept out to see if we can not only raise funds for good causes and build up some finance to record our next CD but also attempt to encourage more venues to put on live music.”

Gigs will be announced about a week in advance through the media and on the band’s Facebook page.

Small guitars ... but plenty are coming

Ah, the musical enigma of the ukulele ... I had an uncle once who was very keen on George Formby.

I also have a distant vision of beauties strumming this very handy sized mini-guitar shaped chromatic sound box (it may be small but it has a big musical heart) on an idyllic island – a South Sea island to be “Pacific”.

The American Cliff Edwards was another famous exponent; known as the voice of Walt Disney’s Jiminy Cricket in *Pinocchio*. Even George Harrison was known to be keen on the small instrument, where thin agile fingers are an advantage.

Tonight, the second of two nights at Mareel’s auditorium, you’ll have a chance to savour the delights of an ensemble of these instruments, bonsai guitars or faro-patch fiddles as they are also known. Some of these four-string things are bigger than others. A world tour is an easy option with this instrument as hand luggage.

Tonight our own archipelago will have the pleasure of the company of the Ukulele Orchestra of Great Britain, or UOOB for short. Will they be “uooing” in style, I wonder.

There are eight in the fray, with a variety of ukes, as they are fondly known. The eight appear with one instrument each and just play and sing. There are no gimmicks, no tricks, no vocal capers or jiggery pokery.

It’s probably the repertoire that will amaze and beguile; it defies categorisation from old jazzy swing songs to the classics and heavy metal – it’s all here with an emphasis on fun.

There’s an anarchic punky thread to their musical shenanigans and the group is well travelled, one of their most unusual gigs being when they were asked to accompany two camels to dance.

Speaking on the phone on Wednesday, main man George Hinchliffe said they’d been as far

north this year as Spitsbergen where 60 per cent of the population turned up.

They don’t take the entire blame for the renewed interest in the world of the ukulele. But they think the orchestra’s globetrotting has “percolated” down through the popular consciousness.

George is looking forward to sampling some “Cullen skunk”, playing their version of Jimmy Shand’s *Bluebell Polka* along with some Adele and Junior Walker and the All Stars, and maybe having a photo opportunity at Sandwick’s Carnegie Hall having played the one in New York.

George sees the orchestra as being like the “pencil and paper” of music, to the “oils and watercolours” of a classical orchestra, with all other mediums in between.

Whatever, it’s a chance to sample something truly musically different with a “cheap and cheerful” stringed instrument.

Stephen Gordon

artsentertainment

High energy performance shows reborn Big Country's quality has not faded away

■ Revellers put on show which rivals headliners

■ Guitarist Watson says band wants to return

It may be rock and roll, but I'm not sure spitting a swig of water over the crowd was quite the right way for Big Country front-man Mike Peters to endear himself to Saturday's audience at Mareel.

The spot lights illuminated Peters' projectile spray as it arched over the heads of some of the band's most devoted followers who had found their way to the front of the crowd.

This was Big Country's first venture to the isles in its long history, so there were potentially fans who have waited a long time to see them here.

But while the sprouted water may have dampened heads in the crowd, this unusual, spontaneous gesture, didn't dampen their spirits.

They came to hear a good gig from the distinctive Scottish rock ensemble, which is dining out on the success of its ninth studio album, *The Journey*, made after the rebirth of Big Country following the death in 2001 of much-loved lead singer Stuart Adamson.

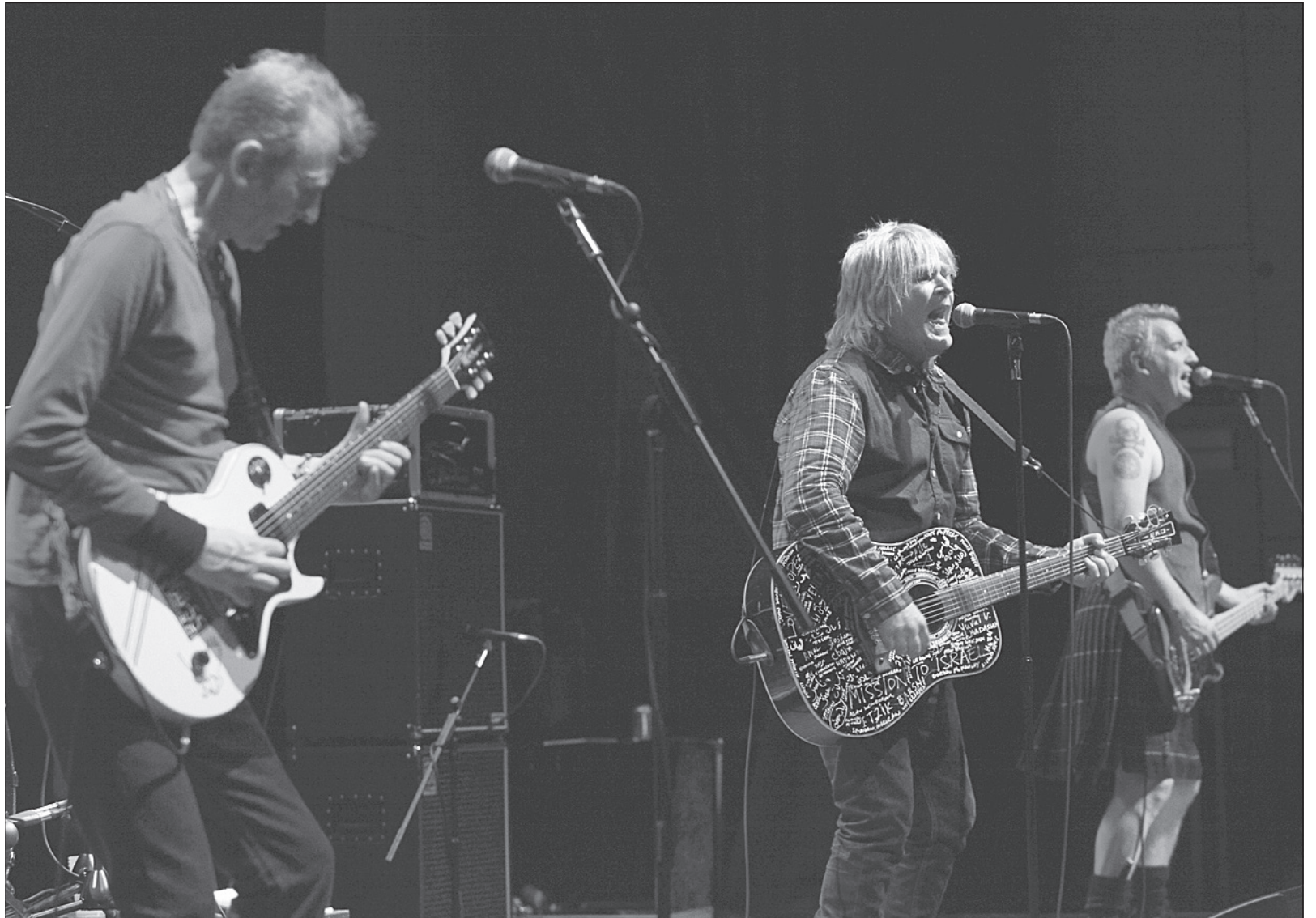
They did not leave empty-handed.

But first, a word or two on The Revellers, which proved a warm-up act does not need to play second-fiddle to the main attraction. The local ensemble played an energetic 50-minute set which, many believed, was easily the equal of what followed. One observation was that the crowd would not have been disappointed had The Revellers played after Big Country.

As it was there was quite a delay between The Revellers completing the support slot and Big Country emerging.

Eventually, Peters led his men on-stage, though, to a loud and appreciative applause. The old classic *Harvest Home* was the first of almost 20 hits, and proved enough to keep the feet stomping at the front. It showed the kind of pace and energy that would ultimately come to characterise the night.

In fairness, it may have taken a little time for the band to fully grab the crowd's attention, but the mood



Big Country (from left): Bruce Watson, Mike Peters and Derek Forbes.

Photo: Mark Burgess

changed as soon as the anthemic *Look Away* began. Big cheers gave rise to a sea of arms reaching skywards. Other well-known classics, including *Wonderland* and *Fields of Fire*, kept them there.

Chance stood out as being powerful, poetic, and poignant. If you have never heard this wonderful old number, seek it out on YouTube. Seasoned Big Country fans will have been glad to have heard it at Mareel.

The boys left the stage after an hour-long set. But that was just a tease and they were back in time for an ever-familiar big drum solo, which led into the band's signature sign-off, *In A Big Country* – although that, in itself, only led to more music, more dancing, and louder cheers.

Clearly Big Country enjoys a quality that has not faded since the Dunfermline band's formative years in the early eighties.

Offering his goodbyes, guitarist Bruce Watson – who has been with the band from the start – admitted this was their first trip to Shetland.

"...And it aint going to be our last," he proclaimed, to loud cheers from the audience.

As for me – as someone who, arguably, failed school exams because of the distraction of Big Country on the eighties tape-deck (thanks a lot, guys) – I may well return when they do.

I'll stay well back from the front, though ... Just in case.

Ryan Taylor



Some of the adoring fans sing along during Saturday's performance.

Photo: Mark Burgess

Second Vigor book puts focus on relationships

***No Skylarks Sing* by Millie Vigor published by Robert Hale price £19.99**

No Skylarks Sing is the second book in the trilogy charting the life of Catherine, the strong-minded heroine who made her home in Shetland's Deepdale valley, and focuses on the trials of family life.

Catherine, originally from the south of England, struggled to be accepted in the tight-knit community when she first arrived as a new post-war bride, as depicted in the first book *Catherine of Deepdale*.

More than a decade on, Catherine has other concerns, ones which will be universally recognised.

For Catherine's relationship with second husband Norrie is breaking down.

What started as a love affair, very welcome after the loss at sea of the fisherman husband who brought her to the valley, becomes a source of resentment. And with three younger children joining the son from the first marriage, the life she thought she wanted turns into a trap.

All this is very accurately drawn in *No Skylarks Sing*. Few women (for Vigor's work would principally appeal to women)

could fail to relate to the disillusionment of marriage to a drink-sodden man slumped by the fire in oil-stained overalls. Especially, that is, when a handsome stranger enters the valley. Catherine, the hard-working and hitherto dutiful wife, falls prey to his rather blatant approach – which would be classed as sexual harassment nowadays but was considered commonplace in the sixties. And who wouldn't, with his "fresh smell of pine, damp earth and pine needles crushed underfoot."

As well as forbidden flirtation, for which she pays a heavy price but which is ultimately resolved, Catherine has to deal with her eldest son's desire to go to the fishing – the very profession that had claimed the life of his father. But after a scare this too turns out satisfactorily and life on the croft carries on, to be continued in the final part of the trilogy.

No Skylarks Sing is a briskly-paced novel which keeps the reader turning the pages. It is easily digestible and the marital rows are realistically portrayed.

The handsome stranger incident, however, is pure fantasy and is less convincing, but still an enjoyable read,

even though the outcome is all too predictable.

As with the first novel in the trilogy, there are some niggling inconsistencies which would be apparent to Shetland readers. It would have been quite unusual for anyone apart from the doctor or the minister to have a car in that era, especially as the remote Deepdale valley appears to be on a direct bus route to Lerwick. And the croft house certainly would not have had a shower, yet Norrie is at one stage "showered and changed" ready to go out.

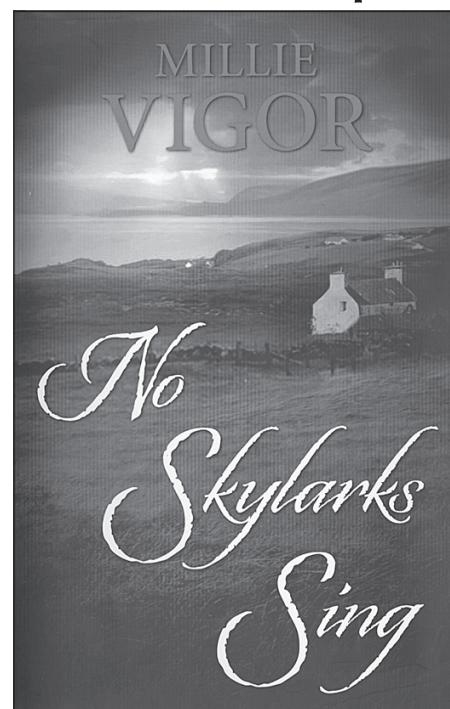
There is also very little explanation as to why the valley became so cosmopolitan in the pre-oil era.

Some of the language, too, is not of its time – no-one said "chill out" or "bring it on" in the early 1960s.

However the story would work very well as a TV drama. It has plenty of action with some set pieces which would be visually stunning, and a cast of strong and colourful characters.

The third book of the series has already been written, and 86-year-old Mrs Vigor is to be congratulated on her impressive achievement.

Rosalind Griffiths



Reflections of Dr Jazz

Morag Mouat and Diane Leggett are in the chair for Give Us A Tune tonight, then on Monday Steve Davidson and Gary Peterson are back with Oota Da Cans, showcasing the best in folk and world music.

Their CD of the month is the Battlefield Band's new release. Dr Jazz returns on Tuesday and he'll be reflecting on the recent visit of the Scottish National Jazz Orchestra and has news about a new workshop.

On Wednesday Jane Moncrieff and Eunice Henderson are delving into Shetland's Larder, and will be pulling out some exotic highlights from their trip to the Fortnum & Mason Food Awards and visiting Scotland Best Chip Shop.

Thursday night is the Books Programme where you can hear Mary Blance speaking to some of the winners of the Shetland Library Young Writers Awards, and a couple of the authors that visited the isles during Word Play 2013.

LA-based Tunstall still a rock chick with attitude, as Clickimin punters discover

Pulsating show but a pity about the sound mix quality

Fine support from up-and-coming youngster Beattie

It was one of those ‘have to go to’ gigs. But this was working – somebody’s gotta do it, as I informed the many folk I encountered as the night went on.

I queued with the rest, amid the midges, even though it was a standing gig so there’s no “best seats”. In the end a wall to lean on would suffice.

My knowledge of Fife’s KT Tunstall – like many in the crowd? – extended to “Woo Hoo!” and her hits *Black Horse* and *the Cherry Tree* and *Suddenly I See* from about 10 years ago.

Once a regular rock chick with attitude, she’s now living in Los Angeles “where even the dogs have guns” she informed us. She was obviously very popular with the Shetland crowd who had seen the gig moved from Mareel to the “Click-em-in” due to demand.

The venue has the capacity – but atmosphere or character? It is, after all, a sports centre.

Callum Beattie, a fresh-faced singer-songwriter was the support act and he set the evening alight with a groovy green guitar.

Unbelievably, he is on his first tour but let rip with a string of gutsy tunes delivered in a compelling style.

There was admirable passion in his songs like *Some Heroes Don’t Wear Capes* though it was a bit early for his attempts at a singalong.

Then it was time for KT with her band from LA – was that Lerwick and About? The lineup was KT on guitar, keyboards, and a cracking rhythm section of drums and bass.

To ensure the audience got going KT, jokingly explained that one of her technical people had a button which transformed Tuesday evening into a Saturday night.

She was at pains to tell us she had not been changed by her rock ‘n’ roll lifestyle – she still tied her own shoe laces, and proceeded to demonstrate this standing on one leg. That’s no mean feat, or is that feet?

She did have glam silver “breeks” and what looked like boxing boots which ably helped with her char-

acteristic bobbing up on down on stage. She is a past master of pogoing. And she had a roadie passing her guitars – if that’s not rock ‘n’ roll what is?

She admitted she was a chatterbox and was keen to engage with the audience. She hadn’t seen Shetland the TV programme, (“wir Davie ‘ll no lik dat”), but she loved the ponies and “landing on the road at Sum-burgh”. She had tweeted earlier in the day: “There will never be enough Shetland!”

Among the favourites she played quite a few new songs like *It Took me so Long to Get Here, but Here I am*, which she admitted it was a long title. The new songs seemed heavier than material we’re familiar with.

Unfortunately, the sound mix did not make the most of her brilliant voice and the words came out rather indistinct at times.

Some of the most successful numbers were when it was just KT singing with her guitar, but this did not deter the Shetland audience with its insatiable appetite for music and “havin’ a guid time”.

At one stage a mass of mobile phones were waving with the torches lit. I can remember the days of lighters being swung in appreciation.

KT’s hits came and we had the famous tambourine and even the underrated kazoo, which can be an asset to any self-respecting Up-Helly-A’ squad.

She played a decent length set with bouncing enthusiasm and the crowd got their encore after much foot stomping and whistling.

She surprisingly played Simple Minds cover: *Don’t You Forget About Me* as part of her farewell, which took me back Edinburgh a long time ago when they were the support band.

There was an air of nostalgia at the gig with KT still putting on a pulsating show. And she managed to push the “Saturday night magic button” ably supported by Beattie. He’s definitely one to watch in the future.

Stephen Gordon



KT Tunstall’s powerful delivery was a hit with the crowd at the Clickimin Complex.

Photo: Stephen Gordon

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Phones aloft the crowd take directions from KT Tunstall during her performance at the Clickimin on Tuesday night.

Photo: Kevin Jones

Singh puts a live vocal score to old *Drifters* film

A touring performance bringing together the disparate ingredients of beatboxing and herring fishing will launch in Unst on Wednesday.

The performance, entitled *Following the Fleet: Drifters*, will see London-born sound artist Jason Singh providing a live vocal score to the 1929 silent film *Drifters*.

A second performance is also due to take place in Lerwick on Thursday as part of the 10th Screenplay festival.

Drifters, by the acclaimed Scottish filmmaker John Grierson, is a documentary which follows North Sea herring trawlermen through their dramatic daily routines as well as the industry’s struggles between tradition, modernity, technology, the environment and nature.

To tie in with the themes of the film Singh will tour his show around Scotland’s former major herring fishing ports.

The performance will combine live vocal sound effects, voice manipulation, beatboxing and live sampling to create an exhilarating cinematic experience.

As well as the semi-improvised live performance

accompanying the 40-minute film, each public event will include an opportunity to hear more from Singh about his score and some venues on the tour.

Local performers will be invited to share songs and stories from the community’s fishing traditions to complement the event.

Singh will also be delivering workshops with secondary school students, which will aim to inspire, create discussion and encourage participants to explore their own voices, culture, local histories and music technology.

They will be guided through an introduction to beatboxing by learning how to vocally recreate drums, percussion, natural phenomena like the sea and wind and also more experimental vocal sound effects.

Singh said: “I’m really excited about the *Following the Fleet* tour.”

He added: “I’m keen to see what people will make of a live beatboxed score to a silent film.

“I’m also really looking forward to running workshops as it will give people the opportunity to explore their own voices in new ways and it will also give me the chance to meet, share and explore with new communities and cultures.”

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Shakespeare's Sister
I Want the One I Can't Have
What She Said
Nowhere Fast
What's the World
The Boy With the Thorn in His Side
That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore
Stretch Out and Wait
Frankly, Mr. Shankly
Bigmouth Strikes Again
Still Ill
Rusholme Ruffians (with (Marie's The Name)
His Latest Flame intro)
Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now
Meat Is Murder
This Charming Man
Hand in Glove
Miserable Lie

ELVIS COSTELLO

1ST MAY 1988
SHETLAND FOLK FESTIVAL

Leave My Kitten Alone
Let Him Dangle
Comical Priest
Another King's Shilling
Shipbuilding
New Amsterdam
You've Got To Hide Your Love Away
The Big Light
(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love And Understanding

RUNRIG

31ST MARCH 1989
CLICKIMIN CENTRE, LERWICK, SHETLAND

Only The Brave
City Of Lights
Protect And Survive
Every River
Rocket To The Moon
Precious Years
The Cutter
News From Heaven
Siol Ghoraigh
Eirinn
The Only Rose
Tear Down These Walls
An Toll Dubh
Pride Of The Summer / The Twenty Five
Pounder / Smalltown
Dance Called America
Cnoc Na Feille
Skye
World Appeal
The Times They Are A-changin'
Hearts Of Olden Glory
Loch Lomond

PULP

13TH AUGUST 1996
CLICKIMIN CENTRE, LERWICK, SHETLAND

Mis-Shapes
Do You Remember the First Time?
Monday Morning
Live Bed Show
I Spy
F.E.E.L.I.N.G.C.A.L.L.E.D.L.O.V.E.
Something Changed
Help the Aged
Sorted for E's & Wizz
Common People
Disco 2000
Babies



These gig set lists are compiled from either the review, as listed by fans on www.setlist.fm who attended the concert or from surrounding tour dates.

IDLEWILD

30TH MAY 2002
THE NORTH STAR, LERWICK, SHETLAND

(I Am) What I Am Not
Little Discourage
You Held the World in Your Arms
I'm a Message
Idea Track
These Wooden Ideas
American English
When I Argue I See Shapes
Century After Century
I'm Happy to Be Here Tonight
Rusty
Stay the Same
Roseability
In Remote Part / Scottish Fiction

FRANZ FERDINAND

24TH SEPTEMBER 2007
WHITENESS & WEISDALE HALL, SHETLAND

Cheating on You
Anyone in Love
Michael
Can't Stop Feeling
The Dark of the Matinée
New Kind of Thrill
Walk Away
No You Girls
Take Me Out
Van Tango
40'
Ulysses
Darts of Pleasure
Turn It On
Outsiders
This Fire

MUMFORD & SONS

9TH MARCH 2011
WHITENESS & WEISDALE HALL, SHETLAND

Roll Away Your Stone
Awake My Soul
White Blank Page
Timshel
Lovers' Eyes
Little Lion Man
Lover of the Light
Dust Bowl Dance
The Cave

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

30TH SEPTEMBER 2013
CLICKIMIN CENTRE, LERWICK, SHETLAND

Shipwrecked in the Eighties
Darby's Castle
Me and Bobby McGee
Here Comes That Rainbow Again
Closer to the Bone
Best of All Possible Worlds
Help Me Make It Through the Night
Casey's Last Ride
Nobody Wins
Feeling Mortal
From Here to Forever
The Circle
Loving Her Was Easier (Than Anything I'll Ever Do Again)
The Heart
You Show Me Yours (And I'll Show You Mine)
In the News
Duvalier's Dream
Come Sundown
Billy Dee
The Promise
Sabre and the Rose
Jody and the Kid
Broken Freedom Song
They Killed Him
The Pilgrim, Chapter 33
I Hate Your Ugly Face
Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down
The Silver Tongued Devil and I
For the Good Times
To Beat the Devil
Please Don't Tell Me How the Story Ends
A Moment of Forever
Why Me

BIG COUNTRY

12TH OCTOBER 2013
MAREEL, LERWICK, SHETLAND

Harvest Home
Return
1000 Stars
The Journey
Restless Natives
In a Broken Promise Land
Look Away
Home of the Brave
Chance
Another Country
Wonderland
Fields of Fire
Lost Patrol
Last Ship Sails
Inwards
In a Big Country

KT TUNSTALL

23RD AUGUST 2016
AT CLICKIMIN CENTRE, LERWICK, SHETLAND

Little Favours
If Only
Funnyman
Evil Eye
Maybe It's a Good Thing
Other Side of the World
State Trooper
Hold On / Walk Like an Egyptian
"Tambo"
Black Horse and the Cherry Tree / Seven
Nation Army
It Took Me So Long to Get Here, but Here I Am
Feel It All
Saving My Face
The Healer
Run on Home
Fade Like a Shadow
Suddenly I See