



## Perseverance

**Terrorvision, the band once described by Kerrang! as “spazzwank” are back, to prove that they put the ‘rock’ into ‘Britrock’**

On Saturday 16 April Leeds University will host the last ever gig by the band that in 1991 was described by *Kerrang!* as “utter nonsense” and “spazzwank”. Terrorvision were often held responsible for putting the fun back into rock. Over a decade later the band still has all its original members and has reformed to play a week of gigs across the country for the last time ever. But is the band still rock ‘n’ roll and was it wise to for me to meet guitarist Leigh Marklew in The Queens Hotel? Surely they’d rather their TVs weren’t thrown though any windows?

Most bands reform for the expected *final ever tour* because they could do with the money, but not so many actually admit to this. So thank god for honesty Terrorvision style.

“It’s no lie, a couple of quid can never go wrong but the main impetus was the DVD.”

Over all their years of gigging there was never an official DVD or video released of the band live, which considering their eccentric stage routine, is a wrong they wanted to put right.

“The label approached us to reform for the London gig [for the DVD] but we thought if we were going to go to the effort of reforming and rehearsing we

should do a week on the road, and when the promoters came up and said ‘we think you can fill these venues’, that was the clincher for me.”

The band last played together in Bradford in 2001, performing what was intended to be their last ever gig. “It was very emotional — it was an end of an era. We closed on ‘Oblivion’ and would have made a profit on that gig if we hadn’t had to pay for all the gear we wrecked. But it was good, especially on the recording as you can hear all the drums going.”

As a live act the boys are remembered for their extravert performances. Whether it was Tony’s taste in orange and green suits or the bands spraying Oxfam clothes silver, they were just different. Any chance they have got a little more serious over the past few years?

“We could never stand there like The Strokes and wear really sharp suits and look really cool. We were born to entertain. We grew up with 1970s glam rock music and a lot of people thought we were pushed into a lot of things, but as far as we were concerned the stupider the better.”

While Leigh admits that the band weren’t the best musicians in the world,

he puts some of the success down to how depressing rock music was back then.

“Rock music was severely miserable; *How To Make Friends...* went top 10 the day Kurt Cobain shot himself. Grunge was still very big so what we did struck a chord.”

‘Tequila’ is by far the band’s most popular song, peaking at number two in 1999. But soon after that they were dropped by EMI. “That was a strange time because right before that was released we knew the record company wanted us out. Then Mint Royale did the ‘Tequila’ remix, which Zoe Ball got hold

Glastonbury, along with selling out our gigs.”

Despite being a band that didn’t want to pigeonhole itself, Terrorvision did live up to some rock stereotypes. “I don’t think we felt like we had to chuck TVs out of windows but once you get a drink inside you, you believe the Lord of rock ‘n’ roll now deems you to write a pentagram in blood on a virgin’s back, snort cocaine off Pamela Anderson’s tits and throw a TV from a window”. Sadly Leigh wouldn’t let on which of the three they have actually done.

So all these years on are they still getting messages from the Lord of Rock?

**“As far as we were concerned the stupider the better.”**

of, and from her to Norman Cook — all of a sudden it’s at number two.”

Despite this success it wasn’t a high point for the band.

“The first reason is that it was a remix, and secondly because we lost our support from the label. But that song did pay my rent for the year. The high points were the first times we played Donnington and Reading, and playing

During our time in the bar of The Queens, Leigh did admit to recently listening to Joss Stone while doing the ironing but at the same time he was also bleeding through his shirt following a recent trip to the tattoo parlour — I think for the definite answer you’ll have to check them out at The Refectory on the 16th.

**Terrorvision play Leeds University Union on 16 April**

Q&A Blues Explosion

We find out where drummer Russell Simins stands on music, violence and living underground



Renowned for their huge stage presence despite being just a trio, the band formerly known as Jon Spencer Blues Explosion bring their distinctive blend of vintage R&B, classic rock 'n' roll and all sorts of contemporary shenanigans to Leeds this fortnight. We interrupted their lunch to ask them these important questions.

How would you describe the Blues Explosion's sound to someone who's never heard your music?  
Uh, I would say that we're a rock 'n' roll band. And... I don't know, man, that's a good question. Just kick-ass rock 'n' roll.

Okay. How would you describe the Blues Explosion's sound to someone who's lived underground and screams in fright at any kind of sound... even birdsong?  
Get out, man. So help you. This'll give you something to live for.

Does the current state of the music world fill you with a) hope b) despair or c) other?  
It gives me a great sense of hope, because there's always rock music in the world. Even though there's shit music, there's always great music too.

The Hives are playing the same night as you. What do you think of them?  
I really like them. They give me hope.

If you were really going to explode, who would you want to take with you? Could we suggest you do it when Jools Holland is close by?  
Take em out? I don't wanna take anybody out. The world's violent enough without me having to be more violent. I mean I have violent urges... but I just wanna play rock 'n' roll.

The Blues Explosion play Leeds University Union on 21 April

Introducing ... Duels

Your three-minute guide to who's making a noise locally



**They say:** Duels are vocalist Jon, brother Jim (guitar/backing vocals), cousin Katherine (keyboards/backing vocals) and mates Jon and Tim on bass and drums. Their fans, meanwhile, take their name from one of the songs: 'Young Believers'.  
"It's basically a song about small victories, having a little faith. And being in a gang, of course", Jim says. "As a band we all grew up in the mid-90s when there was this real excitement socially and culturally, a real sense of hope that the country was turning a corner. I think ten years on there is a sense of disappointment — but what it's led to culturally is a rebirth of passion at ground level, which is best demonstrated in the music that's being made at the moment."

**We say:** Duels were once known as sammyUSA which, let's face it, is a name worthy only of your 16 year-old brother's Green Day covers 'band'. Now they are Duels, however, and

their streamlined name and sharp image are much more fitting to their music. Take 'Animal', whose cheeky "Me animal, you animal" chorus and piping keyboards would have Damon Albarn bouncing around and ruffling his hair. Or the *Sergeant Pepper*'s-esque harmonies and vaudeville feel of 'What We Did Wrong'. If you think that you've heard quite a lot of this chirpy, XTC-influenced pop recently then yes, Kaiser Chiefs comparisons are unavoidable. The band even inspired the Chiefs' song 'Modern Way'; however, whilst the Kaisers have bounced their way firmly into the national consciousness, Duels were signed, then dropped by a clueless Island Records. Undaunted, they continue to win fans over as fixtures on the local scene, earning themselves an *NME* review which described them as "a pop band in the best possible way", with a glowing comparison to The Kinks' Ray Davies.

**What you can do:** Duels play Joseph's Well on 15 April, before heading off on tour with, yes, the Kaiser Chiefs. Check out [www.duelstheband.com](http://www.duelstheband.com) for news, downloads and other goodies. And go and have a word with any A&R people you see lurking at the back of their gigs — a second stab at stardom can't be far away.  
AB

Reviews Albums



**Abstrackt Keal Agram - Bad Thriller (Goom)**  
I never expected a revival of the epic, sibilant synth sound of Vangelis. It seemed far too eighties for anyone to want to resurrect. Then again so did leg warmers and mullets.

But that's exactly what's happening. Just ask M83, Cyann and Ben (in their proggy moments) and now Abstrackt Keal Agram, or AKA. If you can dodge their lasers and clamber over the awesome bank of Casio keyboards that is.

Not that Vangelis ever sounded quite this menacing. If he did, *Bladerunner* would have been better directed by David Lynch, with Rutger Hauer replaced by a dwarf who talks backwards. *Bad Thriller* is rather scary, you see — blank-eyed, oppressive and seemingly recorded in the dank cellars of some Parisian tenement.

This atmosphere is anything but accidental though, and isn't simply the result of throwing equipment at the amplifier and turning up the reverb. It's studied, in the way that Four Tet is studied, with each beat and bleep positioned with painstaking precision. If you took away the more aggressive bass-end synth noises, or those eerie strings, or that horror film kids' voice, it might even be pastoral.

'Moore Choice' shows this: a scratchy, music box melody concocted with guest performer Poor Boy. But it's only a minute and a half long, so no reprieve there. In fact, it's only a guest appearance from Goom labelmates M83 that offers any real light, their remix of 'Jason Lytle' introducing some sun-drenched optimism to proceedings.  
But if that all sounds a little down on AKA it shouldn't. Like Tarantino at his most ear-severingly brutal, or Lynch at his most nightmarishly hallucinogenic, once you're paying attention there's no quick exit. Compelling stuff.  
DJ

Reviews Singles

Testimony to the good old saying that the best part of a break up is the kiss-and-make up that follows, the original floppy-fringed likely lads, Bernard Butler and Brett Anderson, have buried the hatchet and, in the ensuing love-up, produced one hell of a spanking Suede flashback. Reincarnated in the shape of **The Tears**, their first single 'Refugees'



**Tom Vek - We Have Sound (Tummy Touch)**  
Tom Vek comes on like Graham Coxon's cocky younger brother, reluctantly shoved onstage with the Yeah Yeah Yeahs (or some such other such 'a la mode' scenesters). But better. Far better. Way better. Much, much better than that implies.

The beauty of it all is that, underneath the retro-cool, the (dare I say it) 'funky' bass, and the vocodification, there is, hallelujah, a SONG. A real life, fully formed SONG, and not just an idea, played over and over just 'cos some bloke with a synth came up with a half decent bassline and needed something to do with it. If you're looking for overgrown adolescent emotion, look no further: Vek has it all. Veering from balls-out swagger to rampant insecurity, the full gamut is taken care of.

Swinging from 70s disco beats to ambient nonsense, there's a constant underdog charm that runs from track to track. The perfect companion to the lonely bedroom-dweller and somehow, the perfect soundtrack to a night on the tiles.

Ladies and Gentlemen, meet your new saviour, because the geek shall inherit the earth, or at least the floundering music industry that we are confronted with. And this guy's a geek, full of latent regret and distant, hopeless romantic notions. 'If I Had Changed My Mind' sounds like The Crips, if The Crips were a five-piece and had Suicide's Alan Vega taking over the self-pity duties. The way he sets a dismal, lonely scene yet somehow fills it with promise is not only uplifting, it comes a close second to being life-saving. And Mr Vek throws himself into each and every track with an impressive amount of abandon. No bum notes. No filler. I kinda like this guy.  
Hayley Avron

(Independiente) is one thunderous, anthemic gust of wistful guitars and knockout choruses, with the know-it-all swagger of true art-rock veterans. Aside from refraining from knocking each other out, The Tears are pretty much re-reading the Suede script, which will give anyone who remembers Mr Anderson writhing around in leather trousers in his 'Animal Nitrate' days a



**The Evens - The Evens (Dischord)**  
You're not punk, and I'm telling everyone ... It must be hard when you're a legend of your genre and you wish to try something new ('Frog Chorus', anyone?). So what does Ian Mackaye — founder member of Minor Threat, Fugazi, and Dischord Records — do when he's not out to change the world and your eardrums? Like most forty-something old punks, he cracks out the acoustic guitar.

The Evens was how Mackaye spent his 2004 summer vacation, helped out on drums by Dischord labelmate Amy Farina, of The Warmers. So it's a boy on guitar, girl on drums, sound familiar? Despite the pedigree, this is closer to The Carpenters than The White Stripes, and closer still to the understated call-and-response vocals of NY anti-folk scenesters The Moldy Peaches.

At first glance *The Evens* would support a lot of cynics' arguments that behind a punk façade there's an old hippy (or, in Henry Rollin's case, a TV presenter) dying to get out. Certainly the stripped-down arrangements and world-weary vocals are more akin to Willy Mason and Conor Oberst — touted by many as this generation's Ian Mackaye — than his DC Hardcore upbringing.

But if the tempo may be alien to fans of Mackaye's day-job bands, the themes of the songs are reassuringly familiar: the lament of lost youth ('Shelter Two'), the ineffectualness of the US political system ('All These Governors') and police brutality ('Mt Pleasant Isn't').  
Whilst not being instantly appealing to the hooded-top-wearing Cockpit kid, this album is probably truer to the punk ideal than anything made by a Converse-clad young gun. It's visceral, political and dissatisfied: just with the added knowledge that shouting the loudest doesn't always mean you get heard. At least folk's not dead.  
James Thwaite



**I Am Kloot - Gods and Monsters (Echo)**  
Apart from a brief period of *NME*-endorsed interest in 2000, I Am Kloot have always been wallflowers at the British music party — alternately too romantic, too spare, too bitter or just too ordinary-blokeish to quite capture public attention. Unfair? Yes, but then what else would you expect from a band for whom frustration, boredom and underachievement are recurring lyrical themes? I half suspect that they like it, too — when they play live, they almost seem to be willing the audience to ignore them.

But in an era where seemingly perpetual underachievers such as Athlete and Snow Patrol can make it big on second or third albums, perhaps it's time for their turn in the spotlight. *Gods and Monsters* shows them to be a much more deserving case than the aforementioned two plodders, and not just for the fact that it continues to spray fine grey Mancunian drizzle over any lighter-waving moments.

The trio that make up I Am Kloot have always sounded just that: a trio. Instead of adding surplus fuzz or powerchords, their sound is taut, stripped-down and jazz-tinged, with every skinny guitar chord, bass note or hi-hat crash sounding utterly necessary. Here, they've added queasy, whirly keyboards and gentle piano without sacrificing the concise elasticity that made 2001's *Natural History* one of the best debuts of recent times. Although mainly mid-paced, it's far from diffident in tone, setting out in bold, icy stabs with 'No Direction Home' before pacing restlessly into ever-smaller circles with 'Gods and Monsters'. 'Over My Shoulder' rolls through more musical benign landscapes, but still sees singer Johnny Bramwell griping "I used to work at Night and Day / Nobody listened to a word I'd say". Methinks he could soon be bemoaning the opposite.  
AB

reason to be cheerful. Watch and learn, Brit pop-aping blazer boys.  
Still wiping the BBQ sauce from their chops after a successful stint at South by South West, **Hard-Fi** unleash their new single 'Tied Up Too Tight' (through Necessary Records/Atlantic). Giving previous single 'Cash Machine' a run for its money, 'Tied Up Too Tight' (with the obligatory "na na na na naaa" chorus *du jour* and grumbings about hometown

Album of the Fortnight...

Caribou - The Milk of Human Kindness (Leaf)



At time of change, then, for Mr Snaith. The London dwelling Canadian who brought us all *Start Breaking My Heart* in 2001 and *Up In Flames* in 2003 is no longer to be referred to as (sshh!) *Manitoba*. Thanks to a chap 'called' Handsome Dick Manitoba threatening him in all seriousness with court action for trademark infringement, he's changed his name. And Handsome Dick's a punk as well. Tsk.

This is not the only change either. While Snaith was no doubt serious about his music before, he was always tied up with the much more exciting business of completing a PhD in mathematics. This album represents his first as a full-time musician. Could this be the point at which it all goes horribly wrong; when we all discover that being distracted by his studies was the only thing keeping Snaith's head from disappearing up his laptop?

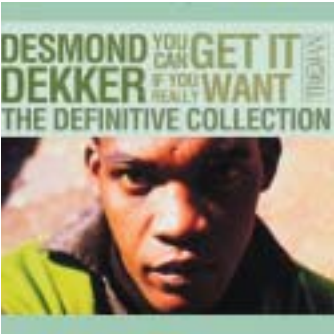
No, thankfully. As with the previous two albums, *The Milk of Human Kindness* is lushly orchestrated, wildly varied and innovative in a way that allows him to comfortably ride the same train as Four Tet and Prefuse 73 (no doubt it's got a smoking carriage), but it's also a very human album too.

He sings on five of the tracks, with 'Hello Hammerheads' even offering a chance to hear his voice laid bare with nothing but a simple acoustic guitar line to support it.

It's also very human in the sense that the whole album has a welcoming warmth to it — even the crazy burst of noise doesn't detract from the folkiness of first single 'Yeti'. And throughout the album, the drumtracks stand out because of the rough-edged, organic sound, despite using patterns as chaotic and headmashing as anything likely to come out of Squarepusher. A lot of boundary breaking, genre-defying, laptop-based music has an ultimately alienating feel to it, perhaps unavoidable in music produced mainly in solitude, but surely it also comes as a direct consequence of the artist trying so hard to innovate that they lose themselves.

*The Milk of Human Kindness* is the sound of a musician on top form — confident enough in his game to be daring, but not get so carried away that what he makes pleases only himself. Head in the clouds, feet on the ground, the result is a joy to listen to.  
DD





Desmond Dekker - You Can Get It If You Really Want (Trojan)

This is touted as the first ever truly comprehensive anthology of Desmond Dekker. Which seems like an astonishing claim — false, surely? But true enough, a quarter of an hour googling shows that no-one, up to now, has had the idea of collecting this reggae great's (many) hits, as well as early ska-based efforts, into a single release. We live in crazy times.

What makes this particularly surprising is that Dekker is, behind Bob Marley, one of the best-known reggae stars. Who doesn't know (and love) '007 (Shanty Town)', the title track 'You Can Get It If You Really Want' or the peerless '(Poor Mi) Israelites'?

Like reggae's other nearly man, Jimmy Cliff, Dekker is really a soul boy. His falsetto voice has a yearning, pained quality, which brings a poignancy to lyrics that, in the wrong hands, could sound trite. Who else could sing "get up in the morning slaving for bread sir, so that every mouth can be fed" and achieve quite that level of anguish?

In fact the pain may well have been real. If you've ever seen Dekker sing you'll know that he's quite the gurner. This is because when he first started to perform his teeth were in such a bad state he had to sing out of the side of his mouth. A habit he never quite managed to drop.

The two discs bring Dekker's material up to 1993, and, unsurprisingly, the standard isn't quite the same on the later songs as the period 1963 to the late seventies. But that's more a reflection of roots reggae generally losing its way during the ragga-dominated 80s and 90s. This is still a stand-out collection. And one of a kind, dontcha know. DJ

squeezed through a Scandi-rock, synth-pop mangle.

More tinkling electro weirdness abounds in **Kid Carpet's** crackpot world, with **'Your Love'** (Tired & Lonesome) giving us a teasing sherbet sour taster of the twisted fairytale twinkling that we can expect of his forthcoming album *Ideas and Oh Dears*. "I got your love stuck in my eye / I got your love shot in the door", he sings



Caledonia - Lost Balloons

Hailing from Halifax, Canada, Caledonia have quietly self-released one of the most impressive alt-country debuts in recent years. *Lost Balloons* is a sparsely tinted emotive feast, beautifully exploring themes of fledgling relationships, alcoholism and the subsequent fervid anguish. From the opening of organ-led 'Houses' to the mandolin-infused wizardry of 'Freedom', Caledonia's down-home techniques dot the landscape of simple countrified Appalachian music, all whilst passionately drawing upon the greasy, rugged plain that epitomizes the beauty of alt-country.

This is definitely heavy stuff; lyrics like "one whisky sour every hour to chase the boredom gone" in the serenely beautiful 'Roll up the Rim' expressing themes of depressive, dark beauty. The title track provides one of the only victorious moments: singer Steven Gates battles his own demons in a ring of dusty, lo-fi folk, ultimately injecting a newfound conviction that he "feels like drinking less and dancing more."

Still, there is an inherent darkness, possibly quelled from hours of Leonard Cohen or Wilco consumption, that raises *Lost Balloons* above most other outputs in the genre. Relying on simplicity — bare piano, acoustic guitar, simple progressions and solemn vocals — the quintet's 'less is more' approach actively engulfs gloominess, rather than passively implying it.

*Lost Balloons* is a sentimental spin cycle, soaked with symbols of lost love and the many bottles of whisky used to douse the pain. Sure, this is not a pick-me-up, but it is too melodically gorgeous to pass up. Sometimes you reach resolve by not resolving anything.

[www.caledoniatheband.ca](http://www.caledoniatheband.ca)  
Shain Shapiro

with childish cockney charm, like a playground rhyme that found its way into the hands of Tim Burton on a particularly grey day. He only buys records in charity shops and he just stepped off stage after opening for cheery lumberjack-shirted folkster Willy Mason, but don't be fooled; this bloke is warped, and it's beautifully ugly. AH

Listings

Reader information

Gigs are listed by date, rock and pop gigs first, then folk. Concs refer to concessionary price tickets, normally available to children, the unwaged, OAPs and NUS card holders.

Contributor information

Listings must arrive by 3pm Friday, 12 days before publication: **listings for issue 116, Wed 20 Apr-Thu 05 May, must arrive by 3pm Fri 08 Apr**. Include event type, event name, date, time, price, venue and a brief description. Fax 0113 244 1002, e-mail [listings@leedsguide.co.uk](mailto:listings@leedsguide.co.uk) or write to Leeds Guide, 30-34 Aire Street, Leeds, LS1 4HT. Listings are free but inclusion is not guaranteed due to limited space.

Rock and Pop Gigs  
Mondays

**Open-Mic Night** *Carpe Diem, Civic Court, Calverley Street, Leeds, 0113 243 6264 • 8pm • Free*

**Fear and Loathing** *Dr Wu's, 35 Call Lane, Leeds, 0113 242 7629 • 9pm • Free • Live music and DJs: bands playing at 10pm.*

**Jam Session** *The Wardrobe, 6 St Peters Buildings, St Peter's Square, Leeds, 0113 383 8800 • 9pm • Free • Weekly open-mic event in the cafe bar, encouraging new music and experimental styles. Hop on the Wardrobe stage!*

Tuesdays

**Pure Groove** *Firehouse, 9 East Parade, Leeds, 0113 242 9770 • 7.30pm • Free • Live bands.*

**Jam Session** *Grove Inn, Back Row, Off Water Lane, Holbeck, Leeds, 0113 243 9254*

**Wang Dang & Doodle** *Milo, 10-12 Call Lane, Leeds, 0113 245 7101 • Live blues.*

**Centre Stage** *Mixing Tin, 9a Albion Street, Leeds, 0113 246 8899 • 8pm • £4/£3*

**Tribute Band Night** *Quest, Westgate, Wakefield, 01924 382 569 • 9pm-2am • Free b4 10.30pm*

Wednesdays

**Live Bands** *Carpe Diem, Civic Court, Calverley Street, Leeds, 0113 243 6264 • 8pm • Free*

**Live Bands** *Dr Wu's, 35 Call Lane, Leeds, 0113 242 7629 • 8pm • Free • Live bands and DJs.*

**Unplugged Leeds** *Grove Inn, Back Row, Off Water Lane, Holbeck, Leeds, 0113 243 9254 • 8.30pm • An entertaining evening open to everyone (to perform or just to watch), featuring acoustic music, poetry and comedy. Contact them at [unpluggedleeds@aol.com](mailto:unpluggedleeds@aol.com).*

**Live Music** *Snooty Fox, Brunswick Street, Wakefield, 01924 374 455 • 7.30pm • Free*

Thursdays

**Going Down** *Bar Pacific, Swan Street, Leeds, 0113 244 9130 • 9pm • Free • Acoustic evening.*

**We Are You** *Carpe Diem, Civic Court, Calverley Street, Leeds, 0113 243 6264 • Monthly night showcasing local bands*

**Acoustic Night** *Cockpit, Swinegate, Leeds, 0113 244 1573 • 8pm • Free • Weekly unplugged session in the venue bar.*

**Live Music** *Duck & Drake, 43 Kirkgate, Leeds, 0113 246 5806 • 9pm • Free • Live jazz or rock/blues with guests.*

**Backstage Pass** *Mixing Tin, 9a Albion Street, Leeds, 0113 246 8899 • 8pm • £3 • Live acoustic acts.*

**Live Band Night** *Quest, Westgate, Wakefield, 01924 382 569 • 9pm-2am*

**Live Music** *Sandinista, 5 Cross Belgrave Street, Leeds, 0113 305 0372 • 9.30pm • Free*

**Live Music** *Snooty Fox, Brunswick Street, Wakefield, 01924 374 455 • 7.30pm • Free*

**Fuzzy Logic** *The Faversham, 1-5 Springfield Mount, Leeds, 0113 243 1481 • 10pm-2.30am • £3.50/£3 NUS & members • Until the Think Tank's refurbished, Fuzzy Logic's found itself a surrogate home.*

**Magic Moments Open-Mic Session** *The Primrose, 280 Meanwood Road, Meanwood, Leeds, 0113 262 1368 • 8.30pm-midnight • Donation requested • Weekly performance and open-mic night — come along and join in.*

Fridays

**Funked Up Friday** *Bar Pacific, Swan Street, Leeds, 0113 244 9130 • 8pm • Free*

**Live Music** *Dr Wu's, 35 Call Lane, Leeds, 0113 242 7629 • 6-8pm • Free*

**Live Music** *Snooty Fox, Brunswick Street, Wakefield, 01924 374 455 • 7.30pm • Free*

**The Headquarters** *The Primrose, 280 Meanwood Road, Meanwood, Leeds, 0113 262 1368 • 8.30pm-midnight • Donation requested • Band night, plus resident DJs.*

Saturdays

**Lights Down Low** *Bar Pacific, Swan Street, Leeds, 0113 244 9130 • 9.30pm • Free • Weekly funk and groove session. Bands may be rock or jazz/funk.*

**The Acoustic Revolution** *Dr Wu's, 35 Call Lane, Leeds, 0113 242 7629 • 3pm • Free • Live music from the best local singer-songwriters.*

**Live Music** *Snooty Fox, Brunswick Street, Wakefield, 01924 374 455 • 7.30pm • Free*

**Bad Sneakers** *The Faversham, 1-5 Springfield Mount, Leeds, 0113 243 1481 • 9pm-2am • £4/£3 NUS & members • Club night featuring live bands. See profile in Clubs.09/04:The Young Knives/The Cuts/O Fracas 16/04:The Vox/The New Black/A Kult Called Karianna.*

Sundays

**Live Music** *Brummells, Nunroyd Park, New Road, Yeadon, Leeds, 01943 873 459 • 8pm-12.30am • £3/£2 NUS • With a disco until closing time.*

**Live Music** *Duck & Drake, 43 Kirkgate, Leeds, 0113 246 5806 • Guest set 8.30pm-9.15pm, then open session • Free • With resident trio and guests — can be rock/blues or jazz.*

**Acoustic Music** *Sandinista, 5 Cross Belgrave Street, Leeds, 0113 305 0372 • 6.30-8.30pm • Free*

**Lazy Cafe** *Snooty Fox, Brunswick Street, Wakefield, 01924 374 455 • 1pm • Free • Afternoon session with singer-songwriters and bands.*

**The Sunday Sessions** *The Faversham, 1-5 Springfield Mount, Leeds, 0113 243 1481 • 12pm-12.30am • Free b4 7pm, £3 after • Resident DJs and live bands. See listings by day.*

**Sunday Afternoon Jam** *The Jug & Barrel, 56-58 Town Street, Stanningley, Leeds, 0113 257 6877 • Free*

Mon 04 Apr-Sat 09 Apr

**Love Shack: The New Pop Musical** *Grand Theatre & Opera House, 46 New Briggate, Leeds, 0113 222 6222 • Mon-Thu 7.30pm, Fri 5.30pm/8.45pm, Sat 2.30pm/7.30pm • Prices vary depending on seating. Phone venue for details. Concs available • Comedy musical featuring star turns from S Club's Jon Lee, Steps' Faye*