THE NIGHTINGALES

Hysterics

Hey ho hum. The Nightingales are one of the bands in England. This is a sin. "Hysterics album, packed with originality, variety and Tingly guitars,bumpy drums,pacy trash chord dune tunes. Scruffy dressers play scruffy so time people will listen to "Hysterics" in th "Transformer" is admired today. "Bachelor La make my heart glow and lips smile. Screw up y limbs and shudder as rushes of adrenalin and free run of your body. "Cgggggrrrrrrrrrrr FA-

One of the saddest factors about the music ... that the Nightingales are never likely to receive mass aclaim. Too honest and open for the smooth path, not aggresive enough for the identi-kit pop rebel so take it from me listen to the Nightinggales before you are knocked down by the up and coming torrent of pop pap the majors have planned for Nineteen Eighty Five.

Party day

Party Day NEW Single "Spider"

"Party Day are back, armed with a widows bite in the Form of "The SPIDER" "The Spider is a thorn in the side of sterility." So Says The Press Release.

Back with vengeance and determination. "The Spider" is rough, chilling and posseses more sharp raw edge than a timber mill saw.

Currently Featured in ROUSKA ROUSKA, W+Apologies, Leeds Other Paper, Chicken Wardance, some national coverage would NOT be undeserved.

If they're gigging near you go + see them.

Yo Ho Ho Ho AND A BOTTLE OF RUM....

PARTY DAY.

Leeds.

As Yorkshire miners attempt to save the doomed coal industry Barnsley's PARTY DAY are busy pumping fresh healthy music into anpther collapsing facade. April 1985, the Smiths and New Order tour with Genesis and U2. Party Day man the decks of the Good Ship Gallup - with this youthful trio at it's helm there's no way the sinking ship will go down.

Throaty vocals and lusty punching drums packed tight with Joy Division guitars and Cure bass lines, they fly their loud flag with bold cheek. Armed with broad grins and lumpy cardigans they cull excitement from raw spindly riffs, enthusiasm crashes about wrecklessly. The songs are rough and challenging, a kick in the kidneys for most of today's flowery fabricated "alternative" pop. "Glasshouse", mingling with other more thorny numbers, flows with rhythm and confidence, Carl yelps and the audience sways. Their repertoire is vast, their following strong. [NOTE strange South Yorkshire dance with vulgar similarities to lobster mating ritual]. Not one impatient call for their excellent debut single, "Row The Boat", tonight they don't need to play it. Three moptops dragging their own distinguishable sound through a hall of influences, they are the first band to effectively include three instrumentals in their set on a long a time.

Once they have rid themselves of the Joy Div/Cure shadows that dog their tunes Party Day have the ability, wit and enthusiasm to go far. "Bleed Me" full of the most positive aspects of the band brought a fine close to the night. Through the many hi-hat waverings stalked a bass line so promising I shuddered, with the scraping guitars and frantic drumming accelerating, chilled visions of the Buzzcocks, Ruts and the Jam flashed across my mind, one final cymbal smash and Party Day left. Hoist the mainsale Cap'n Ahab and watch these boys come crashing forward.

305 Words.

James Brown.

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