

If you are looking for some club gear with a difference take a look at Griffin Laundry's new collection for urban living. Cut from natural fabrics, techno fibres and moleskin. Griffin's designs are an unlikely fusion of charcoals and gunmetal grey with neon and electric silver orange and green.

Designer Jeff Griffin has come up with a collection that will live past one season. Influenced by combat styling coupled with fine english tailoring, they are funky without turning you into a fashion victim, whose "this years fashionable sarong" is unlikely to live past the next techno-rave.

Although the collection has been designed for boys, they are unisex, especially if you want to look like Tank Girl, whose image is set to race up the wannabe stakes once the movie comes out later this year.

The collection ranges from perry collared U-neck knitware and combat pants to hooded zip-ups and 'must have' cobalt blue sheepskin jackets.

The collection, 'rugged yet refined' doesn't come cheap with shirts coming in at the £80 mark and jackets costing anything from £200 upwards. But they're boldly built to last and they definitely won't linger in your wardrobe as a fashion mistake.

For stockists contact Griffin on 0171 229 7993.

Hasi



Small Town Heroes

Sunderland rockers Smalltown Heroes are burning rubber on the road over the coming months promoting their new release, which as it happens is also the world's first CD-ROM single, Moral Judgement.

Never heard of them. Well you will because they've left the working mens club circuit to join the high life, where throwing TVs out of the window and downing crates of Jack Daniels is all in a days work.

They've signed to EG Music, home to Roxy Music and T-Rex, and they've scored a support with rock legend Jeff Healy, so you can see why dollars are rolling in their eyes already.

If you think the guys are some kinda techno nerds forget it. They don't own a computer between them, they're much more interested in thrashing their guitars and dripping sweat. The CD-ROM was apparently their record company's idea. The CD contains three tracks plus there's on-screen lyrics, in case you fancy a karaoke session, plus some video footage showing their high energy blend of raw rock n' roll to its full.

Tour dates:

april

- 16 Glasgow Barrowlands
 - 17 Leeds Town & Country
 - 18 Apollo Theatre Manchester
 - 20 London Shephers Bush Empire
 - 21 same
 - 22 Cambridge Corn Exchange
 - 23 Wolverhampton Civic Hall
 - 24 Bristol Colston Hall
 - 26 Nottingham Rock City
 - 27 Poole Arts Centre
- Hasi



Club Update Cardiff Tobias Peggs

The demise of "One of the best House nights in the country" has sparked off much debate. There are those who attack Spice Of Life grievors for not looking further than the Student's Union ticket-box listings for their entertainment schedule. Others, pointing to regular, glowing reviews in i-D, Mixmag et al, can justifiably wonder whether we'll only realise how good Spice was now it's gone. Which ever side of the argument you fall, there is one thing for certain. The death of Spice has created a whopping great hole in Cardiff's clubland.

The race to fill it is just about to begin. On yer marks, get set... Strange as it may seem, The Model Inn appears to be the current epicentre of clubbing cool. Well, make that pre-clubbing cool. The upstairs venue, rammed at about the 200 people mark, is now home to some of the most thoughtful 9-till-11 nights in town. The new funky house (Tuesdays) and hip hop/funk (Wednesdays) are promising beginnings for the exposure of minority tastes and, even if the punters have been a bit sparse on the first couple of weeks, both nights can take assurance from the amazing success of the Wind It Up crew's Thursday nighter. Word of mouth promotion has boosted the numbers of Wind It



Up from the initial cluster of friends to a situation where, due to safety regulations, people have to be turned away. Every Thursday is packed with beautiful people creating a happy vibe. The choons, though teetering towards the cheesy, are a vital ingredient in keeping every one up for it (not to mention the lollipops, handed out on a silver tray!) So much so, that the crew have branched out to take on Fridays. Keeping generally on a house tip, though mixing it up a little more (pushing towards the groovy techno boundary; dropping a lot of chunky, funky, American hip hop) the Friday nighter's full of interesting music and this seems as important as the

Thursday pull of interesting conversation. That might be just as well because the Friday punter seems younger and more 'Miss Selfridge' than on a Thursday, but if word spreads about the impressive flight case of twelves that lay behind the mixing desk, then a 'cooler' clientele is surely only weeks away. When Wind It Up started life as a pre-club last October, the main question was "what's it 'pre' to?" Thursday's at The Welsh Club were blanding out big time and The Hippo's policies (advertising DJ's that hadn't been booked, aggro security etc.) were turning that club into a no-go-zone. The answer to the question, for both the



Thursday and the Friday pre-clubs, is now a little more positive. The Welsh Club seems not to be fakin' da funk downstairs anymore on a Thursday whilst the music policy upstairs has definitely taken a techno tip for the better. (Hardfloor, Dave Clarke and David Holmes remixes now regularly ring around the most welcoming stone walls in the country.) The newly formed Grrrls Wiv Guns crew seem to have sorted out the Hippo's attitude problem and are preparing for some spectacular Thursdays. Kicking off on March 16 with Portishead collaborator, Andy Smith, Grrrls Wiv Guns then lay on a full two months of trip hop glory with The Dust Brothers, Palmskins Productions and DJ Food (from the Ninjatune stable) standing out as the ones-not-to-miss. Fridays have seen the Art College build on it's reputation for innovative and cheap clubbing by bringing in the Sacred Grooves crew on a monthly basis along with Uncool Promotions and their mix of Blue Note jazz and psychedelic funk. The 4 am licenses flaunted by The Astoria and The Hip'po are also a welcome additions to this city's Friday night options. The only negative vibe in town at the moment seems to stem from the growing number of straight girls 'having a look' at Club X (The Gay Club). The reason it's full of blokes in the first place is that they don't fancy women. Shocking as it may seem, the



influx of 'tuna' (X'er's derogatory term for these curious cuties) has got more than a few backs up. However, with Time Flies, advertising nationally and pulling in bigger names, (the last, sell-out, excursion at The Loop club featured no less than Jon Pleased Wimmen,) rumours of a Wind It Up full-on club night and tentative speculation about a new techno night at a city centre location, the numerous and diverse collective that is Cardiff's clubbing fraternity looks like it's going to be spoilt for choice in the very near future. What's good for Cardiff clubbers however, many not be

viewed so positively by The Student's Union. With it's flagship night sunk (along with a cargo reported to be worth £40, 000 per year) the Union will have to act quickly or face the fact that it's captive clientele will soon have discovered different seas.

"Drat, triple drat, curses and more drats"

In the early 70's Dick Dastardly's drat was the equivalent of Homer Simpson's doh. Every child under the age of 11 used it as a staple part of his vocabulary.

Many years ago there was a golden age of cartoons. A time when the Earth didn't need saving from the constant barrage of unfriendly alien invaders. A time when cartoon stars didn't make records or have their images plastered on everything from shirts to watches. A time when entertainment was the priority. During this period there was a cartoon which stood out from the rest. It was called the Wacky Races.

The plot was simple. Eleven cars tried to win a race. No superheroes, no extraterrestrial attackers, no expensive merchandising. Just wonderful, mindless diversion.

Each episode centered around the inept Dick Dastardly and his canine sidekick, Muttley. Each week they crookedly established a huge early lead. Each week they blew it. Some of their leads were enormous creating enough of a gap to win the race with several hours to spare. Dastardly was never satisfied though; he wanted all other

competitors stopped completely and he had plenty of time to do this. He had time to dig huge holes. Holes so big that it would have taken the entire manual workforce of a cable T.V. company a couple of weeks to dig. He had time to move gigantic boulders to the tops of hills.

He had time to rig up precarious bridges across raging ravines. He achieved all this alone, without the aid of man or machine. No feat was beyond him. (The fact that he was a cartoon character might well have been the main reason for this.) Dastardly was an evil man who wanted to win and he didn't care who got hurt in the process. Of course nobody did because it was, after all, a cartoon. Unsurprisingly, not everything went his way and soon Dick Dastardly's plans would come unstuck. The rest of the field had hidden talents which they would use to overcome the obstacles Dastardly placed in their

Professor Pat Pending.

This man was sheer genius. The pro-



fessor was rather stereotypical in appearance, white labcoat, balding on top with the remainder of his hair looking rather unkempt. However, he drove a phenomenal car that could metamorphose into a wide variety of highly unfeasible contraptions. Even more remarkable was the fact that it didn't have to stop to do this. Generally it didn't even have to slow down. Whatever Dastardly put in his path the professor negotiated smoothly

Penelope Pitstop.

Having a woman racing in what was, and still is, a male dominated sport was, at first glimpse, the first profeminist statement made in cartoon history. However, she was a Bimbo. A closer inspection revealed that she was far more interested in her lipstick than her gearstick. Her rear view mirror was generally used as a makeup aid. When she broke down she was unable to sort out problems because of the risk to her fingernails. The whole car was designed to maintain her outward appearance. The only reason she ever completed a race was

Peter Perfect.

Peter had an impressive elongated car which one suspects was more of a phallic symbol than a finely tuned racing machine. His only reason for racing was to gain the affections of Penelope Pitstop. Each time he had the opportunity Peter would assist



Penelope with her problems, often compromising his own position in the race, hoping to achieve compromising positions of his own. Apart from some mild flirting, he gained lit-

The Anthill Mob.

The Anthill Mob had the largest team in the race. There were seven of them and, for some reason, they all sat in the front of the car. Their car was big, black and old and far less refined than the others. The main method adopted to temporarily increase the speed of their car involved sticking their legs through holes in the floor and running

The Slag Brothers.

The Slag Brothers appeared to be two enormous hairy potatoes. They communicated with grunts and drove what appeared to be a large hollowed out rock. Despite paying scant regard to the aerodynamic and weight factors involved in racing, they generally kept up with the pack. They carried large clubs which were used to pound on the side of their vehicle and, strangely, it went faster.

The rest of the field included the Army Surplus Special a rather unlikely shaped tank, the Creepy Coupe which was a haunted house with wheels (styled like a Munsters on wheels) and the Arkansas Chugga-Bug which ran on the steam provided by the stove which it carried (modelled on the Beverly hillbillies).



Each episode ended on a remarkably similar note. Dick Dastardly would have a narrow lead coming into the home straight. He would attempt one last plan which would backfire leaving him stranded, inches from the finish line. He would sit alongside a sniggering Muttley contemplating his position..... "Drat and double drat".

The Wacky Races was far calmer than the laser blasting, power crazed death festivals that today's youth are force fed. It was somehow a relief to feel sympathy for Dick Dastardly who often cried at the end of episodes. Essentially the messages are the same. Evil will not prosper but will live to fight in next weeks episode. And we wouldn't have it any other way.

The Wacky Races Line-up.

- 0 Dick Dastardly and Muttley in The Mean Machine.
- 1 The Slag Brothers in The Boulder Mobile.
- 2 The Gruesome Twosome in The Creepy Coupe.
- 3 Professor Pat Pending in The Convert-A-Car.
- 4 The Red Max in The Crimson Haybailer.
- 5 Penelope Pitstop in The Compact Pussycat.
- 6 Sarge and Meekeley in The Army Surplus Special.
- 7 The Ant Hill Mob in The Roaring Plenty.
- 8 Luke and Blubber in the Arkansas Chugga-Bug.
- 9 Peter Perfect in The Varoom Roadster.
- 10 Rufus Ruffcut and Sawtooth in The Buzz Wagon.

