

[DECENT] **X** p o s u r e

[the **AUBL** guide to getting naked @ a gig venue near you]

DRAKE'S BAR

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WHERE'S IT @? Castlegate, at the end of Union Street. It's one of those cobbled, wind-blown public squares that the council has dreams of transforming into a rich cultural tapestry of trendy art galleries and tapas bars, a place where one can bask in the warmth of the setting sun, take a sip from one's litre of Stella, and think *'Isn't it great being European!'*

WHAT LIKE? Take a look at your penis. (If you're a girl, have a quick squint at your boobies.) This is how small Drake's Bar is. The word 'inadequate' springs to mind. However, size does not matter here, for the staff @ Drake's have done an admirable job of squeezing a lot of (young) drinkers into a very tight space. Play your first ever gig here in front of ten people and you feel like a rock star! Go on, piss on the kids! When you're up on that stage, you're invincible, immune from prosecution.

WHAT CAN I EXPECT? Expect many strange words of wisdom from Dave Dixon, the man who has seen it all before. Your *'I'm a scary hardcore muthafucka with tattoos all over my head!'* routine won't impress him. Lots of local bands do their thing here, usually on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. There is also an open DJ nite in the lounge every Monday, hosted by the Fudge guys. Bring along your 80s TV theme-tunes CD and play it, basically.

SO WHAT'S IN IT 4 THE BANDS THEN? The novelty of playing to a packed venue. About £40. Maybe a lock-in if you're really lucky. Plus some Hawaiian surf-guitar music sung in Japanese, just to put you off when you're sound-checking.

THE (FUCKING) **A;** The 'famous' Dave Dixon cocktail is available behind the bar. Could you wish for anything more?

WHY WOULDN'T **U?** Don't play the bandit machine. Just don't, alright? And don't look in the cupboard beside the stage. It's scary, you don't wanna go there.

THE **B**OTTOM

LINE: :o) :o) :o) :ol(out of 5)