



---

PUBLICATION: LOADED  
COUNTRY: UK  
DATE: JUL 1996

DESCRIPTION: REVIEW OF "SUNDAY BEST"



# SLACK SABBATH

## Clapham gets into its Sunday Best

Sunday night and we're outside The Tearoom Des Artistes, for a night called Sunday Best, with DJs Rob Da Bank and John 'Dirtbox' Tyrrell, veggie food and some "freeform breakbeat ambience". It sounds like some dodgy mates of Dr Mick are up for a bit of vinyl in a beatnik joint full of peace in deepest Clapham, south London. What's more, there's no windows, just a wall of hardboard scrawled with graffiti, which reads: "Yes We Are Open!"

Charlie the photographer is getting nervous. (*No wonder, he's with you Rowan - ed*) However, once through the gap on the side of the building it all goes a bit *Alice In Wonderland*.

First off there's a bloke selling mustard. "Hi, I'm Mustard Man," says the bearded one (*Social venom alert - ed*), "and these are the best preserves in London." But before he can hold our attention with his free, hot

smothering of generosity, we smell delicious cooking and spot a queue-free bar. Reaching for his invisible beret (*See what I mean - ed*), Charlie is straight to the Budvar and orders two plates of pasta. This tastes even better than it smells, with lettuce so crunchy it puts cornflakes to shame and a sauce like someone's vegetarian mum used to make.

At 10.30 we're still downstairs, enjoying an easy-listening version of 'Eleanor Rigby' coming from the Sunday Best session up above. It costs 99p to get in and once past the radiant Linda handing out the pennies change, we find ourselves in Timothy Leary's bedroom (*AKA your natural habitat - ed*).

It's smoky, dark, and up on the Tudor roof hang pieces of transparent material reflecting scenes from super eight projections. George Harrison circa *Sergeant Pepper* is up next to a fat

bloke on a six foot skateboard, in front of a pigeon with a cherry in its gob, while around the tables the 20somethings are eating, drinking and playing your classic board games. In the '50s, hepcats were about jazz, sex, drugs and hitchhiking, whereas this lot look content with anything from breakbeats to Bacharach, decent beer and a tight game of Connect Four.

A couple of wild ones have been let loose tonight: the '80s dancing queen complete with gold disco belt, dancing between two projectors, and the middle aged Patrick Moore eyebrow clone, clapping his hands like a good Christian. As time goes on, the quality music starts crossing from trip hop to jungle. And at midnight the Man Parrish classic 'Hip Hop Be Bop' gets them off their arses and up for a dance.

Andy, one half of the Light Surgeons, responsible for

the trip art projections explains: "We start in a different corner every week and build something too strange to put into words!"

He's almost right. Up on the ceiling a field of grazing cows appears next to gangsters jumping out of a Cortina and...

(*That's enough Social Venom - ed*).

**ROWAN 'STILL LEARNIN' CHERNIN**  
*Sunday Best, every Sunday, The Tearoom Des Artistes, 697 Wandsworth Road, Clapham, London. Doors 8-1. In the summer months the leafy back garden adds to the ambience. Entrance is a piddling 99p. Tel: 0171 498 7025.*



PHOTOS: CHARLIE HOLDING

**Rob Da Bank's Loony Toons**

- 1 **Barry White** 'Love's Theme'
- 2 **DJ Food** 'Turtle Soup' (Wagon Christ mix)
- 3 **Faze Action** 'In The Trees'
- 4 **La Chatte Rouge** 'Ecouter'
- 5 **1979 FA Cup Final Theme**
- 6 **Adam F** 'Circles'
- 7 **Boom Bass** 'Foxy Lady'
- 8 **Jose Feliciano** 'Light My Fire'
- 9 **Air** 'Modular Mix'
- 10 **Lonnie Liston Smith** 'Mardi Gras' (Carnival)