The sheer tour de force that is Eliza Neals and the Narcotics flew in from the motor city Detroit, Michigan kicked some serious ass with a blistering set of raw unadorned Blues Rock and blew out again having laid waste to the venue. The atmosphere generated by the trio was nothing short of primordial and basal in its construct, no unnecessary adornments here just authentic raw music that unleashed a threatening level of power.

Eliza Neals is I am reliably informed an Opera singer and that I can believe such is the incredible range and power of her voice and such is the control that she has over it, I am sure this lady can handle any type of music you care to mention. Tonight we were treated to a broad spectrum of her vocal ability as she moved through the register, soaring high and swooping low, illuminating the music with the depth and textures of her voice, a weapon on the one hand and healing influence on the other.

Eliza Neals is a born performer too and tonight Eliza captivated the audience with her interplay between songs and her moves and grooves. The thick mane of blonde hair swaying from side to side covering her face and the physical gyrations as she moved to the grooves of the music, at times a whirling dervish. Howard Glazer stood to Eliza's right and swamped the venue with a dense, brooding and menacing tirade of sounds conjured from his Gibson SGs. Heavy gauge rifffing, clipped savage lead breaks and a series of screaming solos permeated the set list. Neals and Glazer displayed a chemistry and telepathy that showed they are kindred spirits, when one led the other followed and vice versa, at other times they aligned their respective weapons of voice and guitar to threaten and attack with venom. The atmosphere generated by the duo and the guesting drummer hung heavy in the air as they plunged the depths developing a thundering aural sound. Detroit Drive and Breaking And Entering kicked things off at a furious pace, driving riffs from Glazer ripped off the SG and an early demonstration of Neal's unique almost guttural voice and the stark lyrics punched out.

Blind Faith's Can't Find My Way Home was just a jaw dropping and glorious epic, an evocative honey rich drawled vocal from Neals and languid sustained lines from Glazer the prelude to a tumultuous screaming solo that bled out in pain.
On original composition **You** the duo shone bright through the brooding atmosphere. **Neal** vocal reaching stratospheric heights in one breath and plunging the deep depths in the next, her body almost convulsing with the effort of reaching inside for the notes and power. **Glazer** was a study in crazed motion, a humungous extended solo that was built and built chord by chord sounding as though it was all fed through an echo chamber and then the beast was unleashed and the SG took hold of Glazer and made him conjure demonic sounds, venom spitting out.

Neal has sass and put that on display in the lascivious vocal thrown down on **Goo Go Glass** depicting the voyeuristic threat of those that use drones for illicit reasons. Glazer throwing shapes as he carved out a metronomic slide riven riff digging a deep groove.

To close out a superb set the band ripped through the snatch driven boogie of **Pretty Gritty**. More booming lead breaks laying under Neal’s howling vocal opening a path for a final scorching solo from Glazer. There was time and justification for an encore to bring the curtain down on another great night courtesy of Pete Feenstra.

Monday a School night and here I submit my homework.

By **Nigel Foster**