Nº 7 · SPRING 2026 · FREE



PINK NOISE

Lena Ros of Hollín on three chords and a borrowed amp · The poster wall behind the Lavadero · Every gig until June

EDITORIAL

HELLO AGAIN

Seven issues in, and this is the first one printed in two colours. The copy shop on Calle Ancha bought a second-hand press with two drums in January, and the owner said she would run us off a test at cost if we promised not to ask for gold. So: black, and a pink that looks like a highlighter left in the sun. Under a bar's lights it glows. Hold it up and see.

The scene had a strange winter. The Lavadero lost its licence for six weeks over the noise, two bands split, and three new ones played their first gigs in a garage on the industrial estate because there was nowhere else. Then the licence came back, the garage stayed open on Sundays, and March was the busiest month we have counted since we started counting.

This issue is about the people who kept it going. Lena Ros of Hollín talks about learning to play on a guitar with five strings and an amp borrowed from her uncle. We walked the alley behind the Lavadero, where every poster since 2019 is still on the wall under the newer ones. And the listings run to June, the longest we have printed.

As always, the zine is free, it is made by four people on a kitchen table, and anyone can send us a review, a photo or a complaint. The address is on the back.

In this issue

+ Three chords and a borrowed amp: an interview with Lena Ros
+ The wall: seven years of posters behind the Lavadero
+ Every gig until June



INTERVIEW · LENA ROS, HOLLÍN

THREE CHORDS AND A BORROWED AMP

Hollín have played eleven gigs, released one cassette and sold out of it twice. Their guitarist and singer, Lena Ros, is nineteen. We met her in the café opposite the Lavadero on a wet Tuesday.

How did Hollín start?
With a guitar that had five strings. It was my uncle's, and he lent me his amp too, as long as I gave it back when I had my own. I still have it. I learnt three chords from a video and wrote a song with them the same night. It was terrible. The second one was less terrible.

Who else is in the band?
Iker on drums, who I met at school because he drummed on every desk, and Sara on bass, who answered a note I left in the record shop. Her note back said she

had a bass but had never played it. That was fine. Neither had I, really.

We were bad for a year, and nobody minded. That is what a scene is for.

What was the first gig like?
Twelve minutes long. We played six songs, two of them twice because we forgot we had already played them. There were maybe thirty people and they were all our friends, so they shouted for more, and we did not have any more. We played the first one again.

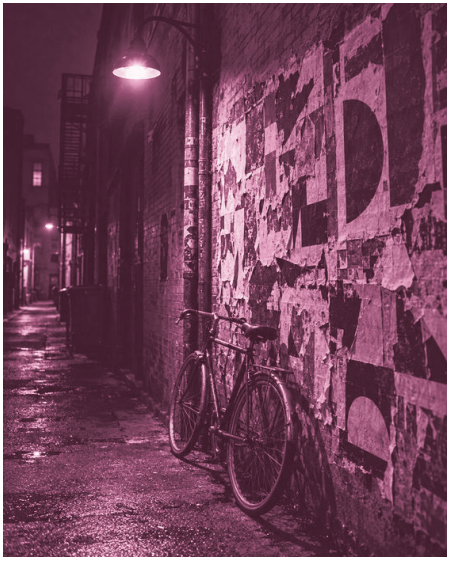
Why cassettes?
Because a cassette costs us one euro to make and people keep it. Nobody keeps a link. We recorded it in Sara's grandmother's living room on a Sunday when she was at her sister's, with blankets on the windows. You can hear the clock on track three.

What does the scene need?
Somewhere to play on a Wednesday, for bands who are not good yet. Everything is on Fridays now, and on a Friday you have to sell tickets. We were bad for a year, and the Lavadero let us play anyway, and nobody minded. That is what a scene is for: being bad in front of people until you are not.

What next?
A second cassette in May, and a gig in another town, which would be our first. We do not know which town yet. Any town that has a bus back.

SCENE

THE WALL



The wall behind the Lavadero, March.

Behind the Lavadero there is an alley with no name on the map. Everyone calls it the wall. Since the venue opened in 2019, every band that played there has put a poster up on the bricks between the back door and the bins, and nobody has ever taken one down.

So the wall is a record. Under the posters for this spring's gigs are the ones from last autumn, and under those the ones from the year before, back to the first: a photocopied sheet for a band called Lunes that played to nineteen people on a Monday in October 2019. A corner of it still shows near the drainpipe, if you know where to look.

The paste is flour and water, cooked on the venue's stove. The posters are mostly photocopies, a few are screen prints, and one, for a gig that never happened, was painted straight on the wall in 2022 and has been pasted over eleven times since. In the rain the top layers peel and the old names come back for a week.

The owners have been asked twice by the council to clean it. Twice they have said they would think about it. We hope they keep thinking.

LISTINGS

EVERY GIG UNTIL JUNE

April

- **Fri 3** · Hollín, Ciervo · the Lavadero, 21:00, 6 €
- **Sat 11** · Las Bajas, Polvo Fino · Garaje 4, 20:00, free
- **Wed 15** · Open stage, any band · the Lavadero, 20:30, free
- **Fri 24** · Marea Roja, Lunes (reunion) · the Lavadero, 21:00, 8 €

May

- **Sat 2** · Cassette night: Hollín launch · Sala Norte, 21:00, 7 €
- **Sun 10** · Matinee: three new bands · Garaje 4, 18:00, free
- **Wed 20** · Open stage · the Lavadero, 20:30, free
- **Fri 29** · Polvo Fino, Los Grillos · the Lavadero, 21:00, 6 €

June

- **Fri 5** · Summer fair: eight bands on the river bank · Paseo del Río, 17:00, free
- **Wed 17** · Open stage · the Lavadero, 20:30, free
- **Sat 27** · Pink Noise party, issue 8 out · the Lavadero, 21:00, 5 €

Wednesday open stages are new this spring, and they are what Lena asked for. Any band can play three songs; sign up at the bar before nine. Bring your own leads.

Listings are free. Send us the date, the bands, the place, the time and the price by the first of the month, and we will print them if there is room. There is always room.

REVIEWS

HEARD THIS SPRING

Hollín, *Cinta uno* (cassette, self-released)
Eight songs in nineteen minutes, recorded in a living room with blankets on the windows, and it sounds like it, in the best way. Lena Ros sings as if the microphone had been switched off and she wanted to be heard anyway. “Cinco cuerdas” is the one everybody shouts along to at gigs; “Reloj” is the quiet one, and you can hear the clock. Sold out twice. A third run is promised for May.

Polvo Fino, live at Garaje 4, 8 March
The garage holds sixty if nobody brings a bike. Polvo Fino played to about eighty, with the door open onto the car park and the drummer’s brother holding the cymbal stand up for the last three songs. New songs, slower and longer than last year’s, and better for it. The bass player has started to sing, and should keep going.

Marea Roja, *Lejos* (seven-inch single)
The first record on vinyl from anyone in town for years, pressed in an edition of 150 in pink, of course. The A side is the song they close with; the B side is a cover of a song nobody could name, and the sleeve does not say. It was gone in a weekend. Ask at the record shop: they kept five back.

Open stage at the Lavadero, 18 March
The first Wednesday open stage, and nine bands signed up. Three of them had never played anywhere. One played the same song three times, and nobody minded.

PINK NOISE

Pink Noise is made by four people on a kitchen table and printed in black and fluorescent pink on a two-drum press at the copy shop on Calle Ancha. Free, issue 7, spring 2026. Write to hola@pinknoise.example. Pink Noise, the Lavadero and every band and person in it are fictional. Photographs generated with diffusion models.