

Boston Original
Bands Initiative

50
PENNY DREADFUL
JUDGE
HALL
SINCE 2024

Soaper

future Theory

Blunt Scalpel

Slava B

**Queen of Spades
Boston**

**BOBI Gig Number 5:
Saturday June 20th 2024**



BOBI #5: WHO HAVE WE GOT LINED UP FOR YOU TONIGHT?

Soaper

A two piece, husband and wife team, alt-rock unit from Sleaford!

Soaper are a relatively new phenomena from down the road in Sleaford. Made up of Karina and James Palmer, who served time previously



together in Math Rock trio Bear Makes Ninja, Soaper have been wowing the world of Punk and Alternative Rock for three years now, not to mention an appearance on BBC Introducing. The sound the deadly duo make is firmly rooted in the Grunge era that was all the rage at the dawning of that wonderful decade known as the 1990s. Traces of early Nirvana stand out along with the later sounds of Soundgarden. Throw in a bit of pre-indie stardom Lemonheads and you aren't far off the sound of Soaper. They would be perfect touring buddies for that Australian pair who are ploughing a similar furrow, the wonderful Mannequin Death Squad, I reckon. With lyrics covering personal sentiments of not really understanding the world around you or, more pertinently, that world around you, not understanding you, Soaper capture the Grunge era perfectly but not in a totally retro way. There's a fresh and modern, dare I say it, anthem heavy pop twist to their tunes too. With a demo and a couple of singles behind them and a

growing reputation on the live circuit, their BOBI bow should be a hoot!

<https://soaper.bandcamp.com/>

Blunt Scalpel

Boston/Lincoln loons return to terrify the people of Boston!

The image conjured up by a name like Blunt Scalpel is exactly, I imagine, what this terror trio had in mind when naming their outfit. Plying their trade at the more extreme ends of Hardcore Punk and Metal, they were last sighted round



these parts playing an outdoor gig in October at The Eagle! Yes, that's right, it was exactly as you are thinking. A

freezing courtyard with wild punishing sounds being foisted upon the hardy souls that turned up! Taking their cues from chugging metallic hardcore and ramping things up to almost Power Violence levels of madness, it's pretty obvious that members of our mates Pothole are involved. The 'Scalpel however, veer in to the dark realms of Death Metal at times with throat shredding vocals and ear smashing extremes of noise not music. There was a time when bands like this played Boston regularly at the legendary Indian Queen and with Blunt Scalpel's appearance at BOBI #5 it looks like those times are returning! Hurrah for that.

<https://codswallop->

[diy.bandcamp.com/album/demo-2023](https://codswallop-diy.bandcamp.com/album/demo-2023)

Future Theory

Big skies and psychedelic alternative rock from Lincoln!

Future Theory, making their Boston debut, describe themselves as an alternative rock band with “*vehemently psychedelic tendencies*” and they’re not wrong you know? Numerous musical touchstones abound in their complex sounds from Progressive Rock to Grunge. Comparisons? Depends which track you are listening to: Pink Floyd one minute, Audioslave the next and then just to confuse you, maybe even a bit of Radiohead. Quite the concoction wouldn’t you agree? There’s a heartfelt, anguish in the distinctive vocals while cascading layers of sounds take you off up in the stratosphere. Guitars that chime and twinkle with a propulsive rhythm section, indeed, conjure up images of long straight roads running to a far off horizon beneath a vast sky in the wild untamed Fenland of Lincolnshire. While this may all sound very earnest and serious, you may be surprised to find that the band have a sense of humour with a number of videos out there, one that sees them cavorting about as spies! Future Theory will be whisking us all off on an epic journey up in to those big skies at BOBI #5 and you are all invited!

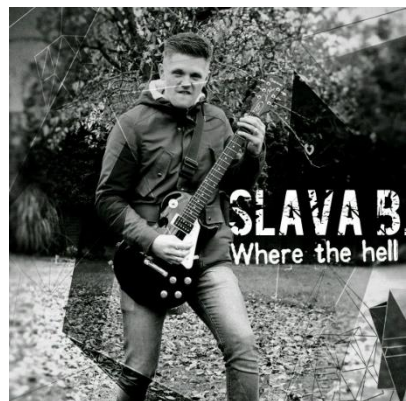


<https://futuretheoryband.com/home>

Slava B

The power of one from Wisbech!

A one man act from over the border in Wisbech is heading to Boston and bringing one of the most original acts you’ll see. A one man band who’s varied back catalogue of material defies identification in terms of genre. Go on, just have a listen. I assure you that just when you think you’ve got your head around it, you’ll be thrown a curve ball and realise you had it all wrong! Metal? Industrial? East European folk? Punk Rock? Ska? Dance? Searching through Slava’s many releases and subsequent reviews, all of these styles are mentioned making it impossible to describe his prodigious output. Slava B’s inventive work is never less than wildly eclectic, full of energy, attitude and above all originality. One man, a multi-instrumentalist, armed with his guitar, backing tracks and whatever else Slava decides to throw in to the performance, you know it’s gonna be like nowt you’ve seen before!

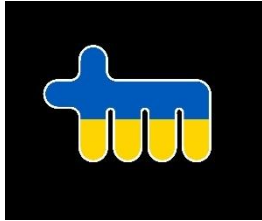


<https://www.youtube.com/@SlavaBofficial>

Terry's Talk

The right to speak ... whatever age

If you're an old git, you're often feel ignored. I mean, what does an old dude know anyway? Well,



for instance, if you're nearly twenty-four you probably know a third of what I do, at least experience wise. But I generalise, and that can be problematic. So, let's go back to the 70s. I left college having studied and just missed out on a distinction in Graphic Design. Before that I'd spent five years as an apprentice in print. At college I'd made friends with a guy who wanted to start a disco, and together we did. Street Discotek was its name. Most of the time it was just me so later on I bought him out, and then it was just me. He played bass for Stortbeat band The Gangsters and I was invited by their lead singer/songwriter to be their manager. We had a few plays on Radio One (Mike Read and John Peel) and released an LP (vinyl of course) which I lent to someone and never got back (they go for about £20 now). I still play their singles when I do the occasional vinyl disco.

So, on a Saturday night I was spinning the vinyl and playing top one hundred hits and disco music. On a Sunday I was doing security at London venues (I used to do serious weight training under a British team coach). Mainly The Lyceum in The Strand where Harvey Goldsmith was putting on mostly punk gigs with a few

Hammersmith Odeon gigs (Eric Clapton and Blondie to name a few) and Wembley Arena (with the likes of Bob Dylan and David Bowie) where it took seven of my fellow security guards to remove one of Ian Dury's Blockheads (they weren't playing that night).

Lots of memories. Like trying to eject Harvey Goldsmith from one of the boxes at The Lyceum (didn't know who he was). Being offered a can of coke by Paula Yate's at a Boomtown Rats gig. Refusing to let Mark Knopfler and the rest of Dire Straits into the dressing rooms after a Talking Heads gig (who'd flown over to promote their LP). Stopping Bruce Foxton (The Jam) from trying to get into a Blondie gig at the Hammersmith Odeon and the same night grabbing hold of a skinhead who wanted to get to the front (his arms were as big as my thighs!). Having Whitesnake's guitarist use my head as a footrest for one of his lead breaks (I was in the pit). Finally refusing to go into the pit at a Howard Devoto headline (it was always the final duty of the night) after Ed Banger was canned off the stage (full cans of lager) and therefore spending my time on the dressing room door with The Skids.

Move on to 2012 when I picked up a guitar and started performing with a few friends (one of which was my wife Liz) as 80's-centric band Phatt Knappii, then as a duo in 2019 performing purely our own songs, where I became co-founder of Uncovered – Promoting Original Music before getting together last year with Simon Langley and Marv Gadgie (and Liz, of course) to create Boston Original Bands Initiative. And here we are.

Sitting at the back at the last BOBI gig with the mixing desk and my vinyl decks in front of me, watching the eclectic mix of acts that we'd booked, I was struck by the talent that was being enjoyed by so few people. There were people at home with no idea what they were missing. A waste? Not at all. Even one person seeing something new is an experience for them and possibly another fan is born to spread the word of their discovery. My faith in humanity is always invigorated by the amazing musos at live gigs and specifically BOBI gigs (of course). Their help and generosity shouldn't surprise me, but it still does. That bands like Suburban Toys, who often support some big names, and even donated the mixer we now use, Viral Peach, who can earn a similar amount to covers bands, are prepared to play for so little (unless there's a massive crowd) is a credit to grass roots music. A shame that more people don't support BOBI gigs. But it's still early days. Rome, and all that. **Terry Hedgehog Reality**

Liz Hedgehog Reality A Letter to the bands

I thought I would write this letter on behalf of BOBI to the bands who have played at The Queen of Spades in Boston and to those of you who are yet to share your formidable eclectic music talents at the venue, just wanted to say you are all 'Bloody Awesome.' Thank you for your support we hope you will continue to give it. I just wanted to reiterate the vision we at BOBI



have. We set out to provide an environment where you/ your band can be seen and heard and basically be appreciated for what you do, for what all original bands/singers do, and of course we wanted you to be rewarded for your efforts.

We promise to pay you twenty-five pounds plus ten percent of any door sales. The four of us work hard to get info out there, printing posters flyers, fanzines and the social media stuff. It's not easy, but somehow, we are getting there. Money is always an issue, there is no profit to be made from a BOBI gig, breaking even is something we are sincerely looking forward to.

If you are performing at a BOBI gig, please be aware of the following and keep your friends and family informed. Bands/Singers understandably come for nought (obviously). Followers of artists, family/friends/groupies and everyone else must pay at the door, there are no freebies, basically we need your dosh.

There have been four very successful BOBI gigs to date featuring amazing artists, we are noticing that we are starting to gain a few regular followers which is what we are aiming for. BOBI 5 is approaching at breakneck speed, the date for your calendar is 20th of July. So, if you are coming to the next one or to any of the future BOBI gigs, please be reminded that the door entry is just a mere fiver. Definitely a bargain. It's a bargain! It's a bargain! Where else can you see **FOUR BANDS FOR A FIVER? FOUR BANDS FOR A FIVER? FOUR BANDS FOR A FIVER?**

Tickets are available online at <https://bobi-sumupstore.com/products>

Looking forward to seeing you at the next one. Cheers **Liz**

Marv Gadgie Quite good ...

What was the first record you ever bought? Mine was "*Wings of a Dove*" by ska pop, chart bothering, Nutty Boys Madness back some time in the early 1980s. Me and our lad had often asked our Mam if we would be allowed to buy a record after seeing some band or whatever on Top of the Pops but were always rebutted with "**No, your Dad says**

there a waste of money as they don't last very long!"

Misunderstanding our parental lack of enthusiasm for the classic musical format of a 45 rpm 7" single, our lad protested. "**Yes, they do! Them Beatles ones you have in the record cabinet are well old Mam!**" But alas, there was no budging. That is until one day we had a wonderful occurrence. On the packaging of the loaves of bread or cereals or something that we had been happily munching on for the last month, there was some offer for getting a single from that week's Top 40 for fifty pence or summat. Surely the short playing record embargo was to be lifted now and glory be it was!

Down town there was a shop named Gaye Dayes that sold all the usual greeting cards and gift type paraphernalia. A sort of precursor to those chains of shops that specialise in teddy bears with love hearts on and all

that carry on, we would never usually be seen in such an outlet, but they had one redeeming feature in amongst the tat infested shelves. Behind the counter were forty narrow little shelves, each numbered from one to forty and housing the single that was at that position in the Top 40 that week. The chart rundown on a Sunday afternoon was a big deal back then of course, taping yer songs and catching Bruno Brookes or whoever's voice at the start and all that, so folk would excitedly head down to Gaye Dayes, in the absence of a proper record shop, to bag their favourite 45 from the Hit Parade and today, for the first time ever, so were we!



The excitement! We were going down street to buy a record! There was a catch however. There was always a catch when

you were a bairn wasn't there? We had to do all the shopping first and we had to "be good". That would usually prove to be somewhat difficult for us two rascals. My brother for instance, had a peculiar habit of taking all the price labels off the products in Hinton's supermarket and sticking 'em on his face. Upon arrival at the checkout, the poor woman totting up our shopping had to check our lads chops to find out that this tin of beans cost 7½pence. No acting up though today. Nope, no chewing about at all. It must have been lovely for our poor Mother for a change to have us two reprobates behave like civil human beings for once and not like great daft "*hangallises*" as our Grandma would call us. We did ask what that meant and she told us it was a wild man who lived on

the moors. She often called our Grandad an *hangallis* when he'd been at the pub and bookies all afternoon and we pondered if she'd actually prefer it if he actually did live on the moors but anyway, we made it to Gaye Dayes! The record shop! Our first record was in touching distance.

To buy a record from Gaye Dayes there was a ritual you had to go through and our first go at it proved somewhat intimidating. You had to know which number in the charts your requested record was sitting in. The woman at the counter would ask you and then head to the appropriate shelf to procure your single for you. If you didn't know, and we discovered this later, she'd be well grumpy and have to search through every little pigeon hole in search of the one you wanted. It was our turn ... Mam pushed me forward.

***"Go on, tell the lady what you want,
like you said to me."***

"Hello lady."

"What number is it at love?"

"Madness please."

"What number is it at love?"

I looked at our Mam who, rolling her eyes in a *"I knew this would happen fashion"* reminded me and I blurted out the number. The record was fetched and handed to me in exchange for a coupon and a fifty pence pocket money piece and there it was. In my hands. My first record. My own record. It was mine and I loved it. The same scenario played out with our lad and he too had a record and he too loved it. How exciting.



The journey home was fraught with tense excitement. Guarding our newly purchased treasures with our life, we couldn't get home quick enough, and as if I need to tell you, upon arrival we had a big fight over who would play theirs first and got sent to our rooms to calm down whilst Mam put the shopping

away and made herself a cup of tea to recover from the ordeal of looking after us two idiots. Looking around the room, suddenly Whizzer and Chips comics and Star Wars figures and Panini Football sticker books seemed like the "old me".

The child like me. Old hat. I had a new thing. Records. Well, I had one. Eventually we were released from our incarceration and danced around the room all afternoon to *"Wings of a Dove"* by Madness and our lad's choice *"Watching You, Watching Me"* by David Grant. Over and over and over again. It was wonderful.

My collection went from that one Madness single to a few more over the next few years and then once I started doing a paper round, it grew even further before, well, before it started getting a bit silly. I have hundreds of the buggers now, yet that very first one still sits proudly in the vinyl cabinets of the Thrash Parlour to this very day proving beyond any doubt, that my esteemed brother was right all along. They do last a long time ... I've had that one for forty years now! **Marv Gadgie**

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**Coming up next month:
BOBI Gig Number 6**

**OLD BOY
OF THE
FENS**



**CORAL
SUN**

**TINY
FOREHEAD**

**ELECTRIC
VENDETTA**

**Saturday 31st August
Queen of Spades, Boston**