

Boston Original
Bands Initiative

50
PENNY DREADFUL
HALF
JUDGE

SINCE 2024



**Chekhov's
Gun**

**Only
Destiny**

**Hedgehog
Reality**

**Alice
Kat**

**Queen of
Spades, Boston**

BOBI Gig Number 3: Saturday May 25th 2024

BOBI 3: WHO HAVE WE GOT LINED UP FOR YOU TONIGHT?

HEDGEHOG REALITY (Fosdyke)

Hailing from the wilds of Fosdyke, BOBI's very own dynamic duo, Terry and Liz, have built up quite the back catalogue of catchy pop tunes with something of a peculiar twist. Two guitars, two vocalists and a backing track, 'tis a strange concoction that is equal part whimsy and part kitchen sink, bedsit pop ditties, which all makes for a fine, fun time for all involved. You want a *"for fans of ..."*? Well, it's not easy, but it has been said that the Hedgehogs bare a passing resemblance to Television Personalities or The Vaselines. You wanna check 'em out some more? Hedgehog Reality are regulars on that Youtube with live streams from deep within the Fens as well as gigging all over the

place, and now they make their BOBI bow!

<https://hedgehogreality.uk>

ONLY DESTINY (Lincoln)

Lincoln duo Only Destiny emerged from the backrooms and basements that was the UK's DIY Punk circuit of the late 2000s but have since become immersed in the blippery, bloopy and industrial crunching of 80s and 90s synth, electronic and industrial noises. If you ever wondered



what it would sound like if a bunch of Bad Religion fans decided to combine their love of early Depeche Mode with nail polish, power chords, programming synthesisers and heavy sarcasm, then you my

friend, have come to the right place. That place, by the way is an odd, dystopian place indeed. Welcome to the future!

<https://Onlyd3stiny.bandcamp.com/>

only
destiny

CHEKHOV'S GUN (Sleaford)

Sleaford five piece Chekhov's Gun are no strangers to the Boston alternative music scene. Having headlined two riotous gigs at The Eagle with Tiny Tim – one upstairs and one outside on a wintery October evening (it's a long story!) – they are back for a BOBI date. Sounding like they emerged from the 90s Grunge era, there's more than a hint of Nirvana, Alice in Chains and Hole, not to mention covers by Nirvana, Alice in Chains and Hole! The dark and moody dual vocals however, add a Gothic dimension to proceedings summoning up images of dank and dusty, cobweb filled corridors within the depths of a creepy castle atop a craggy mountain top. There's probably bats as well. Grab a pint of Snakebite and get in the pit!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HflYi7Whw2I>



ALICE KAT (Boston)

Singer songwriter Alice Kat will be well known to those of us that have attended recent Punk 4 The Homeless gigs in Boston where her charming acoustic tuneage has wowed the crowds. It's not just the

local Punks that have been impressed by Alice though as BBC Introducing East Midlands have also thrown some light on Alice's antics too.

A new album has recently been released to add to a prodigious back catalogue -

“Around The World And Back To You” is up now on all the usual streaming sites – which adds a full band sound in a wonderful throwback to those long, lazy summer evenings of the 90s spent listening to the Evening Session with a bottle of cider and not a

care in the world. I'm getting a Velocity Girl vibe and lawks, that's just fabulous innit? There might be a Jungle book cover too.

www.alicekat.bandcamp.com

LIZ
HEDGEHOG REALITY
... ain't life grand

While it's not all about the Money ...

Early on in our discussions we knew we had to come up with a model for BOBI. The reason for setting it up was not only to provide original bands with a venue to play. We wanted to be able to pay bands. Where was the money, dosh, cash, whatever, going to come from? A subscription idea was mooted but quickly dismissed. We concluded that if we wanted to pay bands a guaranteed £25, we would have to commit to putting our hands in our pockets, emptying our savings accounts, cutting our food bill, and doing without the occasional beer. We wanted to create a safe and friendly environment where bands would enjoy playing and where the audience felt welcome. Bobi was going to need a house PA, drum kit, lights, leads etc. I investigated the possibility of funding and found that Boston Town Area Committee were offering funding opportunities to projects which benefitted the inhabitants of Boston. Applying for funding is a bit of a minefield as the application must meet certain criteria which is set out in the BTAC assessment framework. (I'm not going to bore you with the endless paperwork.) As part of the assessment, and a necessity if we were to collect and pay out money, we had to open a bank account in the name of BOBI, (hands in



pockets). We had to provide a constitution and an equality and inclusion policy. Also, a list of equipment we were going to need along with all the costings. Our application was submitted in February 2024 and baring in mind BOBI gig #1 was on the horizon we set about acquiring the necessary equipment which we begged, bought, and borrowed (hands in pockets). Posters and flyers were printed (hands in pockets). By the time the March gig came around our pockets were rather empty and frayed at the edges with all the dipping in and out. Whether the application was successful or not we were determined for BOBI to be a success and we were prepared to go the extra mile and continue to put our hands in our pockets no matter what. In April we received the fabulous news that our application had got through the assessment process and was successful. We were awarded 1K which went into the bank, pockets have been reimbursed and has alleviated some of our concerns for the future. We will continue to look for funding and advise others in a similar position to do the same.

<https://hedgehogreality.uk>

KEV LOCKYER **... is it alright if I** **reminisce for a bit?**

I mentioned in the first issue of this august publication that the first proper band I ever saw was the Ramones. I grew up on the Isle of Wight. Famous for coloured sand, Queen Victoria's big old house and yachts. In the 1970s, when I was a nipper, to say that it didn't have a reputation for live music is to put it mildly. Not many bands played on the isle of Wight. Ok, so that is an understatement. Virtually no-one played on the Isle of Wight. The reasons are not especially difficult to work out. The population had an average age of (roughly) 87 and the kind of bands I wanted to see would be hard pressed to fill a garden shed. That meant to see a band, almost any band, we had to travel to Portsmouth and Southampton. For readers who, unlike me, don't have a 'O' Level in Geography, the Isle of Wight is an island. With, like, sea all round it. Which made any trip to the mainland, to do anything, a bit of a mission, involving trains and boats (if not planes). But Portsmouth and Southampton did have several venues and both of which could be got to, and back, by ferry with time to see a whole gig through to encore and beyond.

My first gig was at the Portsmouth Guildhall on 24 January 1980. The Ramones supported by the Boys. It was roughly six weeks before my 14th birthday. To this day, I have no idea how I was able to persuade my parents to allow me to go off to Portsmouth with a load of friends they did not know. It may (or may not) have helped that they had no idea who or what a Ramone was. But they did know that Portsmouth was a big city, that I did not know particularly well, and which (to use my father's immortal phrase) was "full of hairy-arsed



matelots". It was also a school night. But let me go they did and, as far as I can recall, without argument or hesitation. Clearly, they trusted me. Or something. I remember the gig vividly. It was loud. Phenomenally loud. I can remember being deaf for all practical purposes the following day at school. I also managed to get right to the front. In those days, there was no crowd barrier in front of

the stage. No serried ranks of bored looking security goons tasked with making sure that the seething masses were kept a good distance away from the musicians. You could literally lean against the edge of the stage, within touching distance of Dee Dee Ramone's plimsolls. When Johnny, Joey, Dee Dee and Marky came on stage,

there was a monumental crowd surge and I was lifted off my feet. DMs waving in the wind, I spent probably the next five minutes (long enough for three average Ramones songs) defying gravity and completely unable to regain the floor. When I eventually managed to do so, I spent the next 30 odd songs, through two encores, clinging to the edge of the stage for dear life.

Live music, you see. It makes indelible memories. **Kevin** co-hosts "The Our Limits" show on a Sunday evening on Endeavour FM. Have a listen online at:

<https://www.endeavourfm.co.uk/home>
or tune your radio to 107.0FM

SIMON **TINY** **FOREHEAD** **... have a** **banana!**

Open

mics and charity events are a vital part of bands cutting their teeth, and learning to put others needs and situations before



their own. BOBI loves both of these things, and Tiny Forehead started off at open mics. So- the headline here is open mics and charity festivals etc are great, are vital, and bands should do them. Please hear that. But conversely, BOBI is increasingly uneasy about the amount sprouting up and how no band gets paid, so basically the pub get free music, draws punters, and barely pays a penny. It's all part of the problem. I think pubs need to be more inventive and whilst we grudgingly accept that in the local scene cover bands pull more punters in, and pubs exist as businesses to sell beer, there has to be some altruistic vision involved here. What about hybrid nights so original bands support an Oasis cover band? Landlords are busy people but being proactive and seeking out markets- i.e. students, NHS workers discounts - is eventually a win/win. You just don't see that much evidence of pubs with music rooms being part of any solution. And (obviously, exceptions abound) many pubs don't do much promotion. Just flailing pointless occasional noises, like Sid Vicious' bass at live recordings. Economic meltdown and punters doing dumb stuff, The Tories have destroyed our country. Whether you vote right or left, it's a fact- deal with it. Their cheerful daylight corruption and pocket lining of course is emulated by business. It's a fact that indie venues close down weekly, we have lost 125 in recent months, whereas arena venues, enabled by ticket sales companies like Ticket Bastard, enjoy astronomical profits (158%) and give nothing back. And people pay their prices - recent examples being £240 to stand at a Pearl Jam concert! Have a look at MVT (Music Venues Trust) socials for excellent coverage on all this. I would urge you people reading this who love live music- please do something about this. Next time you want to pay eye watering amounts to see a legacy band at the O2 (and that's before the travel down there – the likely hotel, the meals) – why not spend all of that money over two months seeing BOBI lineups or an up-and-coming indie band at the Dog and Trumpet or

whatever? In real terms, wages have gone down, and since the rip off called Brexit, the cost of living is about four times what it was, with the poor getting poorer and the rich getting richer. Starting BOBI in one of the poorest wards in England was hard. We felt we couldn't charge more than £5 on the door because people couldn't pay more than that and the inevitable approx. £15- £20 for drinks for the evening. Most of BOBI punters are young, many are students, and there isn't the cash. But of course, that means bands get paid less. Unless we get uber numbers in the venue (and we plan to), there almost seems a cap on what dosh bands will see. We will continue to look into this, but one pitfall we are totally going to avoid is promoters paying for the gigs out their own pockets. The evenings have to pay for themselves, otherwise it's charity, and as good as charity is it should not be for bread and butter basics of living. And for me, the arts and crafts are as vital as housing and food and rare Cramps records. BOBI also has to save towards the plan of getting bands on a (minor to middle) record deal playing in Boston, so the BOBI bands can support that band and get exposure oxygen.

Some of this is a bit emotional. Kind of contradicting myself a little, I would say that the most important thing with all this is *"keep your love on"*. I'm committed to speaking my mind on what I want, when I want, if I want, but I also concede I'm often wrong and all the problems above ultimately involve humans with their own problems and sad stories and brokenness and humans are sacred and beautiful. Hope BOBI works, but I'm having fun whether it does or not. Up the punks! **Simon**

MARV GADGIE
... quite good!

Now then gadgie,

Do you remember your first gig? That amazing moment where you realise that going to see bands

and live music and all that carry on is absolutely well esh? My first “proper gig” was the mighty Northside at Middlesbrough Town Hall in 1990 but the one from my early gig going days, the one that left a real impression, was in the back room of a pub a few years later. Not unlike our BOBI gigs, The Black Swan, one of my hometown’s more infamous taverns, had an annexe out back that local bands would book out and play to their mates in and one Thursday night, my good friend Graham and his sister were heading down there for a point and a bunch of scallywags from the local sixth form’s band who were supporting someone from Whitby called Sludge Ghaut. Did I want in? Why not eh?

At the time I had discovered “Punk” in the old fashioned sense – Pistols, Sham, Clash et al – and was working my way through the Sub Pop back catalogue but this was my first exposure to the world of DIY or Unsigned or Underground or whatever and, wow, my eyes were certainly opened. Watching the home town band blast out a Rage Against the Machine-esque set, the place was packed. Loadsa the older and weirder lads from school decked out in Black Flag and Misfits shirts.



What was this strange new world? Nipped to the bogs to seg one off and I was confronted by a rather unusual sight. A great big, burly, bald fellow who was wearing nowt but skimpy wabs, stockings and suspenders and Army Surplus boots, painting his entire head white. A few sprigs of hair atop his bonce were wrapped in tin foil. **“Alright mate, just getting ready”** he nodded to me. Ready for what I wondered? He was the bass player of Sludge Ghaut. They opened their set with the leopard print singer jumping off a

table and the bass bod running in to the crowd. I’d never seen owt like it in my life. I was mesmerised. All the local band’s mates had gnashed off home leaving just the hardcore for the final band. Two older gadies having their “Dad’s midweek pint” tutted and wandered back to the bar. Me? I loved it and jumped about a bit and bought a 7” record off of ‘em at the end. Leaving, the two dads asked “You didn’t buy a record by them bloody idiots, did you?” Yes, I bloody did and up yours buddy. I felt a little prickly at his jibe and from that day onwards I knew one thing. I was a Punk Bloody Rocker.

nowthnegadgie@gmail.com

Facebook: Gadgie Fanzine

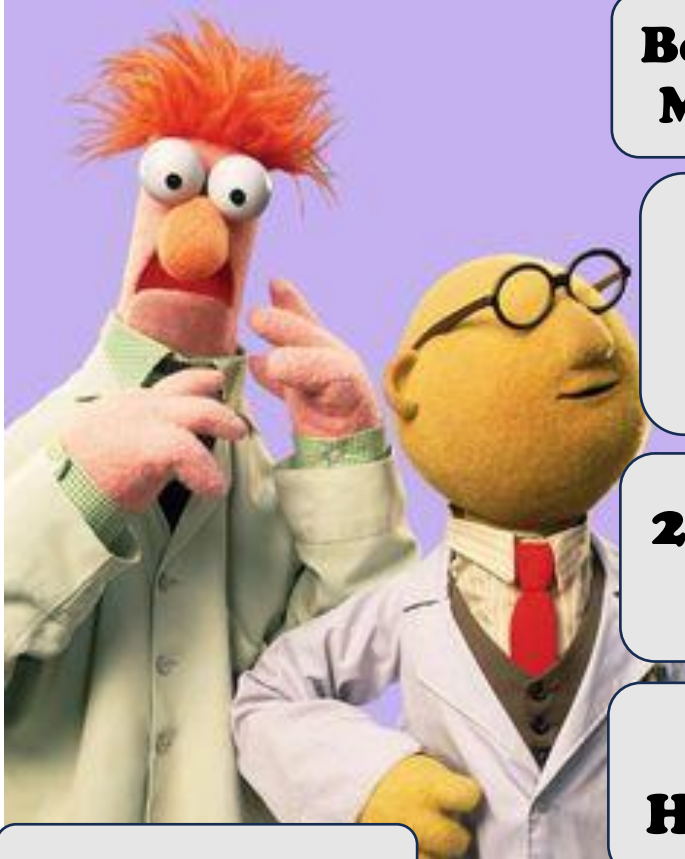
**Coming up next month:
BOBI gig Number 4**

**Bone Saw
McGraw**

**The
Shugs**

**2 Electric
Blue**

**The
Hangland**



<https://bobi.boston>

**Saturday 29th June 2024
At the Queen of Spades, Boston**