



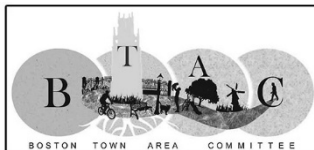
**Cubans and
Cognac**

**Deadly
Changes**

**Pretty Girls
Kill**



**BOBI Gig Number 28
Saturday 22nd August 2026
Blackfriars Revue Bar, Boston**



BOBI #28: WHO HAVE WE GOT LINED UP FOR YOU THIS TIME?

CUBANS AND COGNAC



Eagle eyed BOBI attendees may well recognise the name of

Cambridgeshire's Cubans and Cognac. Back in the mists of time – well, BOBI #12

at the Queen of Spades – a slimmed down incarnation of the band treated us all to an intimate set of acoustic renditions of the classic Rock tracks they are more known for. This time however, they are coming back fully staffed and fired up to plug in and blast out their take on classic and modern Rock acts from who they take their influences. Buffy Clyro, Foo Fighters and Alter Bridge are the sort of sounds from the current crop of Alt Rock/Rock outfits that you may find yourself thinking of whereas the more “classic” end of their record collections no doubt contains Bon Jovi and Aerosmith. Foot on the monitor Rock time folks!

<https://cubansandcognac.wordpress.com/band/>

DEADLY CHANGES



Hailing from Lincoln and heading here on the back of their second single being released out in to the wild, Deadly Changes are making their Boston

debut tonight. Front man James may be well known to the regular supporter of live music in Boston, playing for BOBI and Punk 4 The Homeless in various bands, as well as his solo set, but tonight a new outfit are in town and they are blasting out prime time, hard rocking NWOBHM complete with heavy riffs and gnarly, barking vocals. Angst, energy, shouting, high speed riffs ... Deadly Changes will be showing us a blend of classic Rock and Heavy Metal that will certainly appeal to those of you who enjoyed the BOBI Metal Specials with the

likes of Buried By My Heartache, Concrete Badger and Heartstrung before being inspired to rip the sleeves off your denim jacket and wear it over your leather one!

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nRac3lZ3uJc&list=RDnRac3lZ3uJc&start_radio=1

PRETTY GIRLS KILL



Youth Punk from Grimsby is how I've seen Pretty Girls Kill describe and that, dear reader, is exactly what we have in store for you with this up-and-

coming outfit from G-Town. A full band who have recently been slimmed down to a solo performer in the shape of Cameron, a guitar, a backing track and a clutch of energetic, enraged Punk Rock numbers that borrow as much from the likes of Green Day as it does the bedsit DIY Punks who did just that – did it themselves. A twenty-six minute, ten track, completely self-penned and produced album is all the evidence you'll need of that! After impressing the NTKO crew with raucous performances around the alternative hotspots of Lincolnshire, it's time for Pretty Girls Kill to make a Boston bow with BOBI!

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=OLAK5uy_kJfg6LxRFWIBGhjapFzaW5-l08wg3Qa3A

Wanna get in touch?

The BOBI website is your first port of call! Read back issues of Penny Dreadful, find the latest line ups and of course, buy tickets online.

<https://bobi.boston/>

Gadgie Fanzine is the Punk Rock zine that Marv has been writing since the 90s. Read reviews, interviews, articles and daft tales of misadventure, then order paper copies at the Gadgie Facebook page.

<https://www.facebook.com/Nowthengadgie>

Marv Gadgie Quite good ...

Now then gadgie,

As is well documented, I do love a good misheard lyric. We are going back to the 80s for a couple of belters this time out ... I saw a recent discussion recently where someone was suggesting that on that gazillion selling 80s tune by Dire Straits, that Knopfler fella sings about getting his *"money for nothing and his cheques for free"* which would be a weird thing to say I suppose. Money for nowt and cheques for nowt is pretty much the same thing, though I imagine all the hard work of becoming proficient enough on an instrument and as a songwriter so you can then be in in a band and then come up with songs and practice and what have you to the point of putting an album out and playing gigs and the likes ... hardly money for nothing is it, but cheques as well? I threw an old cheque book out the other day as they have pretty much become obsolete in this digital age like ipods (I wish my old one still worked, I really do), video players (Ooh! Have We got a video? YES! WE'VE GOT A VIDEO!) and land line telephones. We recently disposed of our land line telephone in Gadgie Towers as it was just sitting there being used about once a week when my parents call, so it went to that big *"technology we no longer use"* scrap heap in the sky with ipods, VHS machines and fax machines. It got me reminiscing about the days when the phone – and one with a wire, I mean, so you had to stand or sit next to it for the entire duration of the call – was your key link to the outside world. The classic kids left alone unsupervised caper that was linked to the humble telephone in the 80s was, of course, the prank call. Once when we all went to my class mate Pants' house to have a go on his new Sega Megadrive which, get this, you just plugged cartridges in to and the games appeared straight away, unlike our beloved ZX Spectrum where you had to sit and wait for

nigh on ten minutes for your game to load from a cassette and then it might not even work and you had to start all over again with fingers crossed and a second and sometimes third or fourth time before you got to have a go on Green Beret or Hyper Sports, we did just that. The idea of making a prank call – like in the movies and on telly and that – was Stozzer's because Pants not only had this futuristic games machine in his bedroom, which we didn't know at the time, sounded the death knell for the ZX Spectrum sadly, but he also had his own telephone! It was probably shaped like a burger or trainer or was see through or summat (c'mon, it was the 80s) and Stozzer had a good jape lined up, he promised us. Ringing a random number staring with 63 (the first two numbers for our hometown) and then picking four more, the other end of the line started ringing. We all sat giggling and going Ssshhh and giggling some more.

"Hello"

"Oh hello, is Mr Wall there?"

"Who?"

"Mr Wall."

"No sorry, I think you have the wrong number."

"Ah, OK, is Mrs Wall there then?"

"No, as I said, I think you have the wrong number."

"There are no walls there then?"

"No!"

"Well how does your roof stay up!"

Stozzer slammed the phone down and we all fell about laughing thinking it was absolutely hilarious. No, none of us had girlfriends but erm, where was I? Oh yes, misheard lyrics ... it turns out this numpty was incorrect about the seemingly open chequebook that Dire Straits were being afforded access to and it was, as everyone knows, the hasn't necessarily aged that well line, *"Money for nothing and your chicks for free."* I imagine the middle-aged axe wielder in a head band inspired countless other middle-aged men to don

sweatbands on their thinning bonce, double denim it up, slip on their white Hi-Tecs and pick up a guitar in the hope that they may too be getting free money and erm, “chicks” for free but, in the harsh reality of real life and the music business, got nothing of the sort.

A second misheard lyric though, that was

one of my own cases of one of those mad mondegreen moments revisited me at the gym recently. As I jumped about and lifted heavy things up and down, the playlist switched to one of those dreaded “80s Pop Song Given The Modern Dance Remix” tracks. The unfortunate victim this time out was Toto’s classic “Africa” which wasn’t really about the continent of Africa as far as I was aware, and neither was it about the Lynx deodorant with the “wouldn’t be allowed today” TV advert with all those dinosaur cave women taking their bras off and stuff ... it’s probably on Youtube but don’t watch it at work ... so anyway ... yeah, the famously catchy Soft Rock effort has the chorus that goes “It’s gonna take a lot to drag me away from you, there’s nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do, I bless the rains down in Africa ...” which surely anyone who has ever listened to music knows by now. It’s obviously all about being in love with his lady and erm, being in Africa at the same time or summat but I could have sworn, on first hearing, back in the day, that he was thinking of somewhere even further away than the Dark Continent. It appeared to me

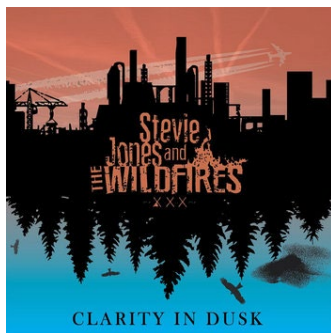
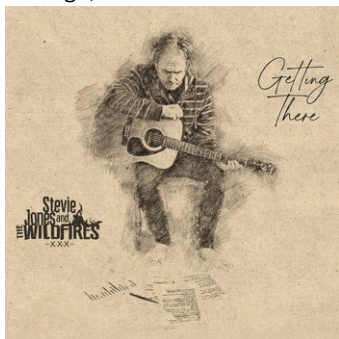
that the singer was suggesting that “... There’s nothing that a hundred men on Mars could ever do ...” rather than suggesting a rather large number. Nope, for me, he was suggesting that even if there were one hundred chaps all hanging about on the Red Planet, up there in space, he still would not be dragged away from his

woman. What a legion of one hundred random chaps milling about on Mars would have to do with preventing him seeing his love is beyond me to be honest and I can’t see it having much effect unless one of the Mars Men was her brother or something and she was, understandably, worried about it all and became a bit distant and that when they were together, but no it was “a hundred men or more”

couldn’t keep him away from his beloved, who may well have been one of those unpolitically correct women in a leopard skin bikini off of that Lynx advert, what with all the Africa imagery in the very dated video to this song. It was a different time the 80s wasn’t it?

Enough of this nonsense, what about some of the

tuneage that has been blasting out of the Gadgie Towers stereo of late courtesy of BOBI and other such grass roots, DIY music ventures? First up, remember back in July when we managed to pack away the stage set up for an early finish so we could all bez off and get home in time for the England vs Panama game in the World Cup? One of the most impressive acts that night was Stevie Jones and his two mates making up the Stevie Jones trio. The afore mentioned Mr Jones, heads out on the live music trail in a number of guises and this latest trio were showcasing songs from across the troubadour’s repertoire, including a hefty representation from his



STEVIE JONES AND THE WILDFIRES back catalogue. Mightily impressed was I and upon approaching the merch desk, was delighted to find that all CDs were going for a fiver so handing over a tenner I became the proud owner of “**Getting There**” and “**Clarity in Dusk**” CDs. Spinning the “**Getting There**” disc first, I’m reminded of the laid back, dusty highway, run down motel, sunset scenes that are gently evoked by the likes of Phosphorescent, yet once the first track is out of the way, things become more upbeat and although the style may get called Americana, there’s a much more English sort of feel to it, almost like a folky, fiddle free Levellers sorta festival fields in the summer with a cider sound going on. “*Threshold*” even suggests a countryside steeped in folklore and I weirdly think about rewatching *Detectorists*.

It’s now that I realise that the label Americana which we initially expected when Stevie and his trio rolled in to town, is a bit of a red herring. Brita-cana? 90s Britpop era bands who eschewed the boorish and/or cheeky chappy lads mag capers and instead went with the well-crafted songs approach of Paul Weller and his Wild Wood such as Ocean Colour Scene or Cast come to mind. Stevie’s distinctive vocals are very much suited to these lived in tales with “*Fourteen Days After The Supermoon*” being the stand out for me, as it was in the live set he treated us to. Our BOBI buddy Matthew Aylett would be a good bet to put on a bill with the Wildfires with his arm evocative and sometimes tender blues-y, acoustic fireside after an Autumn walk with a glass of Whisky tunes. The second disc I picked up – “**Clarity In Dusk**” – follows a similar pattern and the picture on the back of the case of the band stood on a woodland path

in what looks like a late Autumn day, all hoods up, worn out jeans and golden leaves on the floor suggests the washed-out ambience and atmosphere that follows. We are in the same classroom in the school of songwriting that gave us the likes of Del Amitri or Hothouse Flowers back in the 90s and 90s that straddled the middle ground between Indie/Alt Rock and chart friendly, unit shifting radio friendly pop rock and it’s a refreshing, organic sound with a hint of Folk singer tale telling, which again, has me thinking The Levellers

or Ferocious Dog (especially on “*Do Or Die*”) if they were stripped right down to drums, guitar and bass. You could throw in The Waterboys as well if you were that way inclined. What **STEVIE JONES AND THE WILDFIRES** are *not* – and this was a most marvellous surprise for us all, based on our incorrect pre gig assumptions – is a Tom Petty-esque,



Sprinsteenian Americana band, not that there’s owt wrong with that, but they are a UK band playing a very British take on the well-crafted, songsmithery tradition and hurrah for that. Highly recommended and if you sat in the pub waiting for the England match instead of heading to Blackfriars first, then you missed out. Fear not as now’s your chance to catch up! Find these two cracking CDs on **Bandcamp** along with plenty more by the look of it.

Change of pace for our next band, with the emphasis very much on “*change of pace*” and if you enjoyed the rollicking Rocking and Rolling of Chakra Shakers at last month’s BOBI do, you will recognise two of the **PLUTONIUM UNDERDOGS**. Sort of. If they took their weirdo 80s LA Punk via 50s B-Movie masks off that is. Kicking off their debut release, the very specifically titled “**Live at JT Soar May 23rd 2026**” with a Tina Weynouth-esque Talking Heads bass line

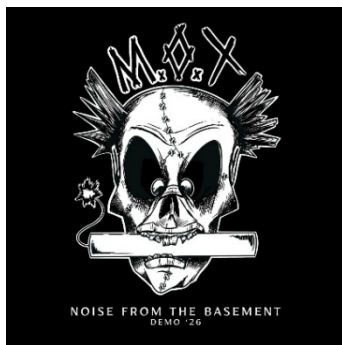
and strange Sci-Fi synthy shenanigans, you'd be forgiven for imagining that Devo were covering a Kraftwerk song. When the second song kicks off with more of the spooky UFO landing in a forest clearing carry on and a leering vocalist, you may also be forgiven for wondering what on Earth is going on. By the third track however, you may well be somewhat transfixed by the New Wave wonder that sees Jesse – formerly of Blatz back in the day and formerly of Scene Killers in most recent times – you can almost hear Jello Biafra in the sneering front man's deranged mad Scientist who has met the Aliens ranting, over further weirdo sounds like Suburban Lawns if they were the snotty, obnoxious little brothers of the B52s. Final track of four – “Plutonium Dogs” – is almost, I say almost, a Screamer-esque Punk song, again with that odd ball synth running riot over everything, as fellow Notts ne-er-do-wells No Peeling do so wonderfully, closing this fabulously peculiar No Wave New Wave Nottingham Wave oddity in fine style! Love it! Get it off their **Bandcamp** now! Go on then. Go get it before the Martians take you away.

A more conventional Punk Rock attack for our final foray in to BOBI related rumpus! Norwich hooligans **MINISTRY OF TRUTH** will be visiting Boston at the end of an Autumn tour come September and will hopefully have some of these “**Noise From The Basement Demo 2026**” CDs with them for you to spend your pocket money on. Taking things back to that grubby time known as UK82 where Punk Rock

disappeared from the pages of the mainstream media and took it's glue bags, cider swilling, spikes and studs mayhem underground with a harsher and blunter assault on the senses. The umpah, umpah, pogo Punk paving slab in the face sound of The Exploited and GBH are the ones to jump out straight away in the opening two clouts around the head, though track three “Anxiety” has something of an epic moment in the opening before more mucky

mangling of your ears. Rather averse to a tune, which is not a bad thing for this bluntest of styles, it's all great fun and I imagine they have a hoot over in Norwich with bands like Hotwired and co. Southcoast UK82 fans Abarzos are another more up to date reference, should you not already be convinced, though closing with “*I Believe In Anarchy*”, an Exploited

cover, I think it's fair to say that **MINISTRY OF TRUTH** (or **M.O.T.** for short) have pretty much nailed their colours to the mast! Available on **Bandcamp** though there will be a CD by the time they hit Boston next month. Up the Punx! **Marv Gadgie**



B-Fest Weekend Liz Hedgehog Reality

B FEST! Oh yeah! But let's start our tour of Boston.

Friday: Hedgehog Reality (Liz/Terry) went to the Savoy to see the new Odyssey film that

everyone was going on about. Matt Damon was looking pretty worn out but wouldn't you after ten years of fighting all those mythical creatures, the film is long - getting on for three hours but we



were never bored. We both really enjoyed the journey with the king of Ithaca. Go see it its worth the trip. Wandering up the road we realised we were being drawn towards Wethers so we duly entered and had a couple, along with some Haloumi fries and a chilli dip. Next stop was Blackfriars revue bar where an open night was in full swing, we were wholly entertained by some great poetry along with some acoustic sets. We have wanted to drop into the new Scala bar and that became our next stop by, we were pleasantly surprised to be welcomed by a young sax player who was booked for the night. We left our credentials with the bar lady and moved on and over the Bridge to the White Hart which had a covers band on and was crammed to the gunnels with merry-makers.

Saturday found us at The Pincushion where our friends and colleagues NTKO CIC (Dale and Ed) had organised an open mic, there was a great atmosphere and some great young acts sharing and performing their original music helped by the very talented Kath. A great pub and some fab food. Early evening found us at our local social club in Fosdyke, affectionately known as Fozzy's, where we put on a gig once a month, our guests this month being The Spekkoids. We wanted to ensure that everything was ready for their performance. We had a fab night with many of the locals attending, cheering and thoroughly enjoying the music on offer. Home just after midnight to swap equipment ready for B Fest.



**Backstage at B-Fest
Hedgehog Reality and Spekkoids**

Sunday dawns. Time for B Fest in the park. We arrived in the park 9.30 ish dropping off our gear at the green room and set up the BOBI info tent with the merch. Representing BOBI we (Hedgehog Reality) and the Spekkoids were given the 1 to 2pm slot to share so we arranged to do 5 songs each, keeping one in our back pockets in case there was time for another. We went on first to speak about BOBI and to introduce ourselves. The sound guys were Patchwork Audio, a very professional group who did a great job. On stage we had a ball, backstage was singing along, got the thumbs up from Fletch, which was nice and we were well received by the Boston crowd we even received a note from one saying how much he had enjoyed our original music. Next up came The Spekkoids who had the crowd swaying along, afterwards they said they were stoked

to have performed at their first festival. B fest was the highlight of ours and Spekkoids weekend, this was the first time Boston Borough Council had organised the festival and it didn't disappoint. The crowds kept coming, this was free entry, but you had to book your ticket. There was stuff there for the kids, they could use the sandpit, take part in dance and craft activities and watch displays put on by Blackfriars theatre groups. The beer tent was run by the Black Bull pub in Kirton and there were various drinks and food stalls catering for anything from the usual burger and hot dog to the more adventurous Caribbean jerk chicken or even a goat curry if that took your fancy. Well done Boston, roll on next year, keep an eye out for other stuff happening at the park later in the year.

Liz Hedgehog Reality

BOSTON ORIGINAL BANDS INITIATIVE UPCOMING GIGS

BOBI 29

Saturday 19th September
Ministry Of Truth (Punk)
Shotgun Marmalade (Ska Punk)
Vulgarithm (Riff Rave)
At Blackfriars Revue Bar



BOBI #30

Saturday 31st October
Ditch The Demon (Psyche Rock)
Burning Circus (Hard Rock)
Planet Cake (Pop Rock)
At Black Sluice Lock Cottages



BOBI #31

Saturday 28th November
Tiny Forehead (Garage Goth)
Alice Kat Band (Indie)
Broken Lungs (Noise)
**At Black Sluice Lock
Cottages**



Photos (Top to bottom):

BOBI #27: DALE, Chakra Shakers, The
Dynatronics. *Graham Campling*

BOBI #26: Drivelheads
Marv Gadgie

