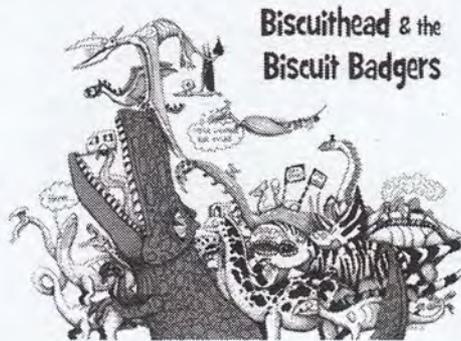


Dinosaurs Ate My Caravan



Biscuithead and the Biscuit Badgers Dinosaurs Ate My Caravan (Crabphone Records)

Anyone familiar with Leeds will be aware of the City Varieties Club, a beautiful Victorian music hall made famous as the venue of The Good Old Days, a BBC TV staple for over 30 years that attempted to recreate early 20th century live light entertainment for the modern masses.

Well, this heritage seems to have rubbed off on locals Biscuithead and the Biscuit Badgers, a quartet of moustachioed throwbacks who sound like they've just stepped off the set of Pennies from Heaven. Starting at the aforementioned music hall, mix with a bit of ukulele, Oom-pah, Charleston, Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, before adding lyrics straight out of a Monty Python sketch via the Natural History Museum, leaving you with something unique, surprisingly accomplished, not to mention exquisitely silly.

'My Mysterious Uncle' opens up proceedings, a lament to the creepy and seldom seen relative who only turns up at weddings and Christmas parties.... we've all got one. 'David Attenborough' eulogises the glittering career of the former head of BBC2. Then we're

treated to the caravan eating 'Dinosaurs' of the album's title before things get surreally sartorial with 'Tweed Jacket', as we're shrewdly informed that a pink shirt worn with the aforementioned garment makes one look like an antiques expert. The rockabilly shuffle of 'Triangle' informs the listener that it's 'perfectly natural to be equilateral', whilst the baroque 'Andrea's Arms' is the tale of a too-short armed woman driven to drastic measures. The remaining assorted subject matter whizzes by, never letting up on the eccentricity, culminating in the crustacean friendly 'Land Hermit Crab' and the curds and whey porn-fest of 'Cheese'.

In a parallel universe this band would be as big as Lieutenant Pigeon.

Mike Price