

Brock stars

I was so excited yesterday to receive a letter from a record label, Crabphone Records, promoting the new album from Biscuithead and the Biscuit Badgers, a local band I've written about before but failed to explain properly on the grounds that their songs cover complex issues, such as land hermit crabs, cheese, flea beetles and Doug McClure, and, frankly, I found myself out of my depth.

No music executive has ever before written to me asking for my approval, which is entirely understandable given that I lost track of pop somewhere between Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders and Gay Dad, although the Biscuitheads apparently won an NME Best Band Name of the Week award in 2007. Given the astonishing inventiveness of modern band names this may have been a very thin week. But anyway, I did enjoy the press



EXTRA DIMENSION: A publicity picture of Biscuithead and the Biscuit Badgers which will look better through 3D glasses

release for the Badgers' new album, *Interspecies Disco*, for the way it starts in bland PR speak and then goes delightfully off-course. The band, it says, consists of "Virtuoso piano, delicious drumming, twanging ukulele, astounding vocals and a tuba, rooting round at the back like a mother elephant."