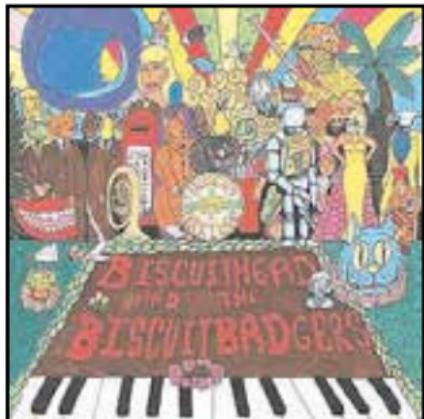


Biscuit Head and The Biscuit Badgers *Thought Porridge*



Perennial favourites at Rode Hall's Just so Festival, the Biscuit Badgers are so endearingly eccentric in a very British way that they should be on postage stamps. The music is well crafted and arranged but fundamentally daft, with an array of instruments that could be serious but of the Badgers; the lyrics are works of genius. A child genius, maybe, but genius nonetheless.

They are observations on life made by someone who spends longer than most of us observing life. *Terrible And Edible* is about living in the land of giant vegetables ("Who knew that the celery is violent? / Peas are stealthy and silent / Beans, well they are broad and they will crush you."

Model Railway reflects on model railways and how everything is perfect in their world, except "If a fly should land there would be a fuss / It would be the size of a hippopotamus".

Then there are the scientific songs. *Venus Fly Trap* is not amusing in any way, other than being a scientific description of the plant set to song. Sample lyrics: "An insect attracted to the trap / By nectar secreted / Along the inside edge of the lobes..." and who knew the lifespan of any individual trap "is usually limited to three closures." The chorus — of course — is "Venus fly trap / Venus fly trap." Then there is speculation on who invented the tube, the benefits of sending a bison as a Valentine's Day gift and our favourite of all, *Mournful Colouring Book*. We guess this would go over the heads of most children but it's an inspired idea: faced with shelves of adult colouring books meant to relieve stress, Badgers imagine a dark version "Colouring a crow pecking at a dead nun/ A penguin with no friends" or "A child in a hole / With a burst balloon" (simply in a hole not being enough) or a lawnmower killing a well-loved pet. Obviously this book comes with one felt pen, black.

Being realistic, this album is for people who have seen the band live or are going to see them live but the world is better for it. Out on the Crabophone label, Crab 04.

JMC