

YOU FAB BASTI!

● Don't say it too loud, but the antidote to 'jangly indie wank' is from, erm, *Norwich* and is called BASTI, a so-called medical term you probably don't want to know about. STEVEN WELLS makes modern history by becoming the first journalist in half a decade to break Stude Town UK's quarantine. Camera Anglias: HARRY BORDEN

You read the Morrissey interview, and you puked angrily at a feeble ego rampant. But you've never reviewed the singles. You've never waded through acres of black plastic wasted by millions of dullards who are still pumping out insipid, self-referential, defeatist Sub-Moz la-la pop. They would not lie down and die.

Jangly Indie Wank is the disease. Basti are the cure. Why Basti? "Why Basti what?" Why the name Basti? Complete silence. For f—'s sake! It's the most basic question in the book!

"Um, we've no idea really, we can't even remember who thought of the name . . ."

"Isn't it a colonic enema?"

"It's a yogic enema . . ."

"You take a small tube, bamboo or metal depending on how pure you are, you shove it up your arse, you squat over a bowl of water and you suck it up using your stomach muscles and then you squirt it all out again . . ."



Journo-hating student-baiting bottom-irrigating Basti!

Uuuuuurgh! Bastards! The Basti track 'Buddy', consisting of the line "He's ma BUDDY!" and other nonsense, played non-stop on the NME record player, caused The Codgers from Conservative County to moan and writhe and stick their wrinkled fingers in their filthy unwashed earholes and beg for some Van Morrison or Elvis (hasn't made a decent record since 'Armed Forces') Costello. Convinced they're some ragingly

witty US post-hardcore band, I jump at the chance to go interview them in their home town. Tickets in the post they sniggered. Tickets to *Norwich*. Bastards!

Why aren't you American? "I wish we were, they got Cobs" for \$11 . . ."

"I think if we were American then we'd miss the cultural fascism that we respond to . . ."

You think this country is in the grip of cultural fascism? "Yeah — like all the decent

action movies come from America, the TV, the sitcoms . . ."

So what you're saying is that American culture is superior to British culture. How is that cultural fascism? You play American instruments, you wear American clothes that black kids were wearing four years ago . . .

"Um, yeah . . ."

This is Basti's first 'proper' interview. They have a lot to get off their chests. They hate:

1. Flaming music journalists (BORING!)
2. Students who haven't learnt to wash up yet (YES!)
3. People or students who smell
4. EMF, who ripped them off
5. Wendy James and The Farm
6. Flaming music journalists who are all ex-students 'n' frustrated musicians anyway and who are always like trying to get them to slag off other musicians who they actually have massive respect for. Bastards!
7. Sitting on the toilet and 'fisting'.

Do you mean, like, y'know . . . wanking?

"No, y'know. Fisting!"

And Basti sit there and they wriggle their fingers. There's bugger all else to do in Norwich 'cept on market day, 'course then there be the pigs to shag and patronising music journalists to put in t'stocks and pelt with dried hogs-knobs.

Basti like:

1. Playing football and washing.

"When we started Norwich was just full of jangly indie wankers. Loads of ex-students, it was dreadful . . . People come to see us live and they just say — what on earth are they doing?"

why is he sporting a "three boxed hat"?

"I dunno, it's just some words that sounded good . . ."

(boring . . .)

So why is he your buddy?

"He's not, it's just a good word . . ." (boring . . .)

Look, creep, don't give me this art-school shite! Tell me what the song is about!

"It's not about anything really. It's just some words that sound good over a rock song . . ."

(BASTARDS!)

Basti were formed as an antidote to the flower frocked, lispin hello Nigel-hello Jeremy, twiddly dee, lisp lisp lisp Fotherington Thomas purposefully ineffectual, wilfully feeble jangly wank SHITE that was 'indie'.

"When we started this city was just full of Jangly Indie Wankers. Loads of ex-students, it was dreadful."

What don't you do when you interview Basti? You don't mention The Higsons or The Farmers Boys or The Serious Drinking.

So what about The Higsons or The Farmers Boys or The Serious Drinking?

"F— the f— off."

Basti inform me that Norwich, when they started, was like London Without Attitude, a bolt hole for all the feebs and dweebs and inaddos who couldn't cut it in t'big city and thought fug it why don't I do a doss course at Norry Poly AND join a band with footballers' haircuts and guitars held at chest height who pretend

to be working class by singing about 'birds' and 'soccer'.

As a result, Norwich was put into quarantine by the music press, me and acelelman Harry being the first to have penetrated its red brick wastes for over half a decade. We survived. Jangly Indie Wank is the disease, Basti are the cure, the antidote, the yogic enema. What do they sound like? Hmmm, they sound like Jesus Jones and EMF and Blur . . .

"Jesus. F—ing journalists, if they can't decide what you sound like you don't get f—ing reviewed . . ." and Ride and Happy Mondays and Jackdaw With Crowbar and Skinny Puppy and Delta 5 and Motorhead and Helen Keller's Iron Lung . . .

"I mean, music journalists are lazy scum — always making these dumb comparisons . . ."

But Basti, semi-rural musical enigma and soon to be an ultra trendy — "Oh, are you into The Stone Roses still? I'm a BASTI-MAN meself!" — name band dropped from scabby lips of unflabby love kids everywhere, are best summed up with a phrase snatched from within the very depths of one of their recorded hysterical monologues about how everyone and everybody else in the world is a total bastard and don't print that 'cos it'll make us look stupid.

"People come to see us live and they just say — what on earth are they doing!?"

"And we got ripped off by EMF."

Bastards!

* No, we haven't got a clue what they are either.



Basti (l to r): Howie, Stevie, Karin, Paul, Mark, David and Ian. Yogic enemas ahoy!

SO, BASTI, six boys and a woman, creators of the strange and fascinating LP 'Basti' and the intriguing EP 'BSP' which features a cheeky versh of 'East River', by The Brecker Brothers, featuring extensive samples of the Brecker Brothers' version of 'East River' (ARE YOU STILL WITH ME? Good!) — sat here in yo' cute split hood and fur-lined snorkel orange mini-parkas (orange!), yo' baggy flares, yo' shades and yo' expensive American plimsolls — the question IS . . . Who is this "Buddy" and