

**plan a  
psycho a go go  
hot mangu**

**[lava, thursday 28th march]**

Do you remember the scene in the South Park movie where Cartman gets an anti-swearing chip put in to prevent him from offending people? 'Fucking Jew. Ouch!' I have also had such a device implanted firmly inside one of my orifices and until I can afford a vindaloo, it's staying there. For the good of the AUBL's clientele, and indeed po-faced readers everywhere, the following words shall not be appearing in this review: lesbian, meatpaste, fist-fuck, mum, anal, felch, rim-job, paedophile, japs-eye, fun, laughter, opinion, sense of humour. Got all that? I sure wish I did. OK, anti-fun chip activated. Shit, I wasn't supposed to make jokes. Ouch! I can't say joke? Ouch! Right, before I get a severe dosage of electro-shock treatment, and not in a good way, I'll dispense with the j o k e s and get on with doing what I do worst: writing sensible gig reviews.

**Hot Mangu** consist of ex-Liber8 and Festr members rocking out with a Black Atom roadie and an anonymous drummer. They play funky old-school metal, which sounds like a cross between Black Atom and Festr. I would like to comment more on their performance, but one of the guitarists experienced technical difficulties during the set, and it would be impossible to judge them fairly in view of the extenuating circumstances.

**Psycho A Go Go** are their usual, crazy rock n' roll selves. Fast Johnny C still looks like a pirate and Johnny A Go Go still looks like, well, Johnny A Go Go. They play a new song, entitled something like 'Needs Must When The Devil Drives'. I could have sworn that Sonja had a similarly-titled song entered into The Eurovision Song Contest a few years back, but I could be mistaken - I usually am. And I'm not trying to be flippant guys - I'm only fucking with you, OK? The devilish track will soon be available on an Infernal Records compilation, for your interest. To be honest, Psycho A Go Go have probably

played better gigs, but I'm not going to criticise them when I can't play drums, do guitar solos or sing very well. I feel relatively certain, however, when I state that they are an entertaining band to watch. Again, correct me if I'm wrong here.

**Plan A** have an ex-Wildhearts member in their midst. Not being the greatest authority on The Wildhearts, I am not sure which member exactly - it could be the drummer, the singer or even the speaker stack for all I know. As I was waiting for them to finish tuning up, I couldn't help but notice the bass player. He was wearing a Dennis The Menace top and was older than a punk argument. My natural prejudices kicked in at this point, and I realised that I would be unable to review Plan A fairly if I continued to stare at him. I immediately turned my back on the stage, and tried to just listen to the music. It was no good though - the same, worn-out pub-rocker image kept creeping into my head. And so I am sorry, but I am again unable to review the band in question. I do know that people seemed to enjoy them - not that popularity is everything - and their songs were short and punky. When I say punky, I mean they contained distorted guitar and shouty vocals, I couldn't actually tell if there was any political content to the lyrics. If you are curious about how good Plan A actually are, I would suggest that you go and see them next time they are playing at a venue near you. If you'll excuse me now, I've got to go and write a self-effacing press release about my band. But before I go anywhere, I'm gonna go and shit that chip out - it seems to have been worn out already, as I haven't noticed any pain in the last couple of sentences, and I'm sitting at my desk with a massive hard-on. Of course, it must turning me on - pain for pleasure! Cancel rummaging through peanuts to remove the chips from my shit - this baby's staying put! Expect normal prejudiced reviewing service to be resumed next month, if I don't die first from overdosing on multiple orgasms. You can live in hope.

(Honestly) reviewed by Kai Sirius.