

Mr Vast from Liverpool/UK (meanwhile based in Germany) presents his weird stories, his electronic sound-world, his absurdic costumes and provides best entertainment.

It's sounds like George Clinton and Rick James meeting Ween and Monty Python to play No Wave, Folk, Dance and Whabble. Not crazy enough ? Take this: Mr Vast supported such acts like The Residents as well as Melt-Banana and would do the same for Madonna, hah !



Prediger, Poet, Performer, Mystiker und Sänger

Mr.Vast ist zurück und meldet seine Stimme beim Amt für Rundfunkfrequenzvergabe an.

Seinen Sendeplatz verdankt Henry Sargeant alias **Mr.Vast** fortan, seiner fabelhaft unverschämten Stimme. Diese ist stets unerhört, herzerwärmend und gleichzeitig zynisch.

Sargeant bedient sich der dreisten Mittel, die in der Werbung Anwendung finden. Extreme Präsenz, Sonorität und Eindringlichkeit. Die Musik bewirbt **Mr. Vasts** Stimme, und diese

bewirbt die Absurdität und Widersprüchlichkeit der Existenz. Die Kampagne ertrinkt letztlich im Diskurs, und wir schauen dem Monster dabei gerne fußwippend zu. Übrig bleibt ein reichbebildeter Raum mit Wurmlöchern, Astgabeln und sonstigem Wildwuchs.

Der Wizard of Vast spaziert elegant durch Text und Raum. Sein Text ist stets im Fluss. Er ist kein Rapper. Und diese Tatsache macht ihn gut.

Touch and go, die Single des gleichnamigen Albums, beschreibt das Vergebliche im Festhalten. Einmal berührt und für immer verloren. Dass wir dann dennoch das grinsende Plattencover in der Hand halten, und es bei uns bleibt, ist Teil der Widersprüchlichkeit.

Nachdem das Debütalbum „Grivious Bodily Charme“ von 4 Produzenten zusammengestückelt wurde, klingt das zweite Album nun wie aus einem Guss. **Mr.Vast** setzt nun auf seinen längjährigen Begleiter und Produzenten Alan Boorman. Die beiden spielten bei den legendären Cack-o-phonikern von **Wevie Stonder**.

Wie der Name Mr. Vast nahe legt, lässt sich das Ding nicht einengen.

Der Legende nach träumte ein Mitbewohner von Sargeant. Als Sargeant die Tür zu seinem Zimmer öffnet weil er im Schlafe wildfiebrißig fabuliert, wacht er auf und zitiert ihn mit den Worten: „Don't get Vast with me“ aus dem Zimmer. So also wurde der Stern geboren.

Groß ist das Feld das Mr.Vast beackert, klar die Stimme, und einzigartig der Sound den Alan Boorman seinen Reglern entlockt.

Da ist dieser unbeschreibliche Dreck, der jedem Punk, möge er noch so lauthals schreien, verwehrt bleiben wird. Klebrige elektrisierende Beats bumsen mit schimmernden Motten aus Motown Tagen. Mr.Vast ist ein kluger Hahn. Stets erhört, jubelt er uns irrsinnigste Weisheiten unter.

Mr. Vast ist Live eine unübersehbare Erscheinung mit einer Garderobe aus der Hölle. Er tritt als Tunnel oder dreckiger Schneeball auf und überschüttet seine nassgetanzten Fans nicht nur mit Reimen, sondern auch schon mal mit Mehl.

Der Stimmprozessor mit irrsinigen Effekten, verleitet ihn auf der Bühne dazu Geschichten zu erzählen, die er ohne die Klangverfremdung so niemals erzählt hätte.

Nehmt also die Augen vom Türspion und öffnet dem Wizard das Tor!!!

Mr Vast – releases

2016 »Touch & Go« - Cack Music

2014 »Grievous Body Charm« - Spezialmaterial

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MR VAST - 'TOUCH & GO'

Vast is back - and he's lost the fucking plot.

Wevie Stonder frontman and perennial cabbage enthusiast Henry 'Harry' / Mr Vast is back on the menu and all up in your grill with his new offering, 'Touch & Go'. Stripping down production duties to Wevie's long-suffering, soil-papped one man "beat gardener" Al 'Percy' Percival Stonder QC, the duo take us on a bewildering journey through seven shades of sonic shinola to the furthest acceptable reaches of musical tact and decorum - AND BEYOND.

Employing various live instru-mentalists, the general sound is post-post-Wevie-Cack™ - refined, honed and tightened inside a boiling pair of frightening sports briefs and packaged for the most pendulous of 21st century audio lunchboxes. We can generally expect the unexpected with anything Wevie-related, and quite how Vast manages to confound even fairly open expectations remains one of life's most irritating mysteries. But confound them he does, with panache and stupidity.

Touch & Go launches the album with a sheer blast of hot, heaving funk and immediately establishes new and highly energised territory. A squealing helium maniac goes bananas over driving bass and hard break, like Liquid Liquid stripped to barest essentials and employing the services of the local paranoid village idiot, as vicious bleeps and analogue warbles take over and result in a thumping, classic Chicago acid grumbler.

Problems with the Light is not 'Thriller' but then what is? A primo funk belter out of nowhere, lyrics voiced by a basso profundo Rasputin. The groove is laggy and lolloping, the filthy malfunctioning bass and irresistible jizzmatic synths casting savage arcs over the beat. This is the EARWORM MOTHERLODE.

The Sting introduces a note of calm after the initial opening double salvo, lulling us with a simple guitar riff and heartwrenching clarinet line over the top. This shift to sudden solemnity and sincerity is jarring and brilliant, reminiscent of the Sun City Girls' extremely poignant 'Charles Gocher Sr' as interpreted by Oliver Postgate via Scarfolk. Few songs about the death of bees are so moving or nostalgic.

Smudge Cabin is a frenetic clod of genuine lunacy and natural successor to 'Ecstatic Caravan' on Vast's last opus. Like a heavily camped-out B52s, the instrumental version of this track really ought to accompany one of Super Mario Kart's Koopa Beach stages - a holiday advert for a seaside resort where Second Life ghouls are mashed out of their tits on bad drugs, grinning but dying inside, like Cliff Richard's eyes.

Golden Tooth has a fragile, dribbling Marc Bolan impersonator crooning a dirty love song and trying to woo Nicola Sturgeon, having ingested an industrial strength mogadon. A psychedelic trip around the inside of the Bron-Y-Aur cottage gives way to string section and an angelic female vocal drifting in from the aether... before a crippled guitar solo by Eddie

Van Halen arrives direct from his porno nursing home for retired alcoholics.

Back to the Buffer breaks in as an ultra-slick "erection section" groover. "Just like you" - NOT like Karen Carpenter, more akin to a constipated dwarf - we have a slo-mo 'Hot Rats' workout filtered through Funkadelic and west coast portamento G-Funk synths. Expressive drum breaks, brassy honk, paranoid Buddhism and a stunning female vocal launching into orbit.

Split the Difference clears the air with a phasing drumpatch, and a thundering beat underpinning a staccato chainsaw snap and surging bass drop. R&B stylings and shimmering bleeps morph into a righteous bangfest of aggressive lasers and general chaos. This is Vast's 'Brag of the Subgenius', but self-deprecating and pulsating with high crossover potential.

Testify wins the prize for the oddest song of 2015 by some distance. The loose snare shufflebeat drives a completely hatstand fable about the etymology of the words "testify" and "testicles". The speaker is a sweaty, bad preacher champing at the bit for filthy references and ponderous double-entendres. German schlager music or straight-laced oomph? Kris Kristofferson's 'Convoy' driving around the Bull Ring in Birmingham on unleashed dodgems covered in pigeon guano.

Inner State - A cock! A bell! A heartbeat! A sylvan ambience! Pumping on a creaking mattress! Is this a Hawk and a Hacksaw dosed up with rank cider and quacking out a ripe old polka? One charlatan's opportunistic sex acts are recounted over Balkanised brass, accordion and increasingly militaristic flute band march. The track also contains the longest note ever held in the history of all recorded music. A whooping Bacchanalian ritual of pure filth, laughter and unbridled joy.

Bottlenose - the year's best lament for a lost ancestor dolphin. Adopting a theatrically posh persona not seen thus far, Vast comes across here as the Great English Eccentric, a modern-day Robert John Godfrey or Robert Calvert speeding out of his own mind. Wait, there's a 'Stairway to Heaven' woodwind section, murky banjos, a clippety-clopping rhythm and Western stylings. As with so many august ditties penned to aquatic mammals, this track ends with a 9-iron.

And so the work concludes. Vast is back - was there any plot to begin with? SMOKE ON HIS MINDGARDEN, for you will receive many hidden rewards.

Mr Vast – releases

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MR VAST – shouts from the press

(english / german)

‘Vast is back – and he’s lost the fucking plot’ – so warns the press release. Given Vast’s past output, that’s quite a claim, so I brace myself for something truly unhinged. Personally, I’ve long maintained that plot’s overrated, and on the evidence of ‘Touch & Go’, I’d say Mr V hasn’t so much lost the plot as torn it up and swallowed it, along with a handful of assorted drugs and a litre of tequila. But then, all the evidence says he’s a nutty bugger, so it could just be how he’s wired. The album flies off with lead single and title track ‘Touch & Go’ a wibbly-wobbly manic funk spasm that bums Prince with a cattle prod as it bumps and grinds dementedly. It’s perhaps the most sensible track on the album.

If the hyperactive electro groove of ‘Smudge Cabin’ collides with some dizzy synths and a surf guitar break sounds like a complete aberration, then the pun-laden daftness of ‘Testify’ is deliberately bollocks and exits as the very essence of ‘cack pop’. Because, for all its knowing naffness, both lyrically and in its use of budget Casiotone sounds, it’s clever in its wordplay and is, ultimately, a deceptively decent tune disguised as a budget hoedown.

The piano-led ballad ‘Golden Tooth’ rocks a mellow country vibe, and it’s back to 80s electroclash on ‘The Sting’; ‘Split the Difference’ comes on like Har Mar Superstar, a sleek soulful exterior providing a smooth sheen for some snarkey as fuck lyrics. If you think theatrical oompah and a self-help relaxation track with a twist shouldn’t feature on the same album, then perhaps this isn’t the album for you. But if you thrive on incongruity that goes far beyond postmodern hybridity, then Mr Vast is your man. Half smart-arse, half plain weird, wholly unpredictable, ‘Touch & Go’ is as whappy as hell, for sure, but the execution is far from cack-handed.

8 of 10 Stars (Whisperinandhollerin / Christopher Nosnibor)

Kendal's 'most bizarre musical performer' Mr Vast releases second album

A MAN claiming to be Kendal’s “most bizarre musical performer ever” is releasing his second solo album next month.

Former Queen Katherine School student Henry Sargeant moved to Germany in 2005 to pursue an acting career, but by that time had become involved in music as the frontman of experimental band Wevie Stonder, who went on to have two Maida Vale sessions and were often played by John Peel. Now living in Leipzig, he took a break from music to become a dad but returned in 2012 with solo project Mr Vast.

These days his alter ego Mr Vast is well underway and the second album (which he funded himself with earnings as a voiceover actor) comes out on November 6.

Mr Vast’s style defies labels but can be broadly described as ‘absurd electronic dance music’.

‘Touch & Go’ is billed as “a bewildering journey through seven shades of sonic shinola to the furthest acceptable reaches of musical tact and decorum - and beyond.”

It’s certainly not for the fainthearted, with tracks featuring everything from “a dribbling Marc Bolan impersonator crooning a dirty love song and trying to woo Nicola Sturgeon” to a “lament for a lost ancestor dolphin.”

A review from The Quietus states: “Most songs follow an orthodox verse-chorus pattern, and are instrumentally rich. They are also in that comedy-not-comedy twilight zone where little on offer explicitly qualifies as ‘a joke’, but where nearly every line betrays a finely-honed talent for absurdism.”

After leaving QKS Henry went to Carlisle art school and then onto university in Brighton to study Performance Art. He then moved on to Wales where he obtained a grant from the Anthony Hopkins Foundation to complete his acting training there. Henry will be touring ‘Touch & Go’ from November onwards, and is hoping to return to Kendal for a hometown show. His stage performances, we are assured, are ‘not just a person and his laptop,’ but ‘a lot of crazy costumes, weird stories and excellent entertainment to make people dance’.

(The Westmorland Gazette / Katie Dickinson)

»It was touch and go for a minute there I thought I was a goner for certain / The sun was shining bright outside but I couldn't open the curtain / It was touch and go for a minute there I thought I was a goner for sure / The chance of a lifetime stood outside, and I couldn't open the door« – mit diesen Worten beginnt das neue Soloalbum von Henry Sergeant alias Mr Vast, unter anderem aktiv als Sänger der britischen Elektronik-Dadaisten Wevie Stonder. Humor der schrägeren Art ist auch das Thema von »Touch & Go«:

Wenn Sergeant etwa den Text des Titelsongs in seinem hysterisch überdrehten Rap-Stil vorträgt, bekommt die geschilderte Abfolge von Nahtoderfahrungen und anderen Unannehmlichkeiten eine morbide Komik, die einem immer nur knapp im Hals stecken bleibt – dafür ist der Bass viel zu funky. Groove und intelligente Albernheiten kombiniert er ebenfalls sehr erfolgreich in »Problems With the Light«, an anderer Stelle erinnert er zu Country-Klängen an die etymologische Herkunft des Worts »Testify« – Männer im alten Rom leisteten ihre Schwüre mit einem beherzten Griff an die testiculi ihres Gegenübers. Nicht allen Titeln gelingt die Balance zwischen stilvoll geschmackloser Musik und haarsträubenden Texten gleichermaßen gut, zwischendurch möchte Mr Vast vermutlich einfach nur Nerven. Doch selbst das beherrscht er virtuos.

(hhv-mag.com)

Mr. Vast hat wieder zugeschlagen. Nach seinem formidablen Psychporockelectronica Erstling im Jahr 2013 hat er nach seiner Single *Touch & Go* Mitte des Jahres nun sein gleichnamiges 2. Album am Start.

Und die Tatsache, das Single und Album den gleichen Titel tragen, sagt schon einiges aus.

Denn auch auf dem Album setzt er die funky Auslegung zunächst mal vor. "*Touch & Go*" habe ich in seiner Gänze bereits im Review zur Single beschrieben. Diesen knalligen Stil setzt **Mr. Vast** dann auch zunächst fort. "*Smudge Cabin*" vermischt straffen Talking Heads Funk mit 80s Sounds zum perfekten Popsong. Darauf folgt die funky und sehr electronica lastige B-Seite der Single, "*Problems of the Light*". Hier werden die verrückten Psych und 80's Visionen des **Mr. Vast** perfekt mit modernen Beats und Electronica zu einem Hybrid aus Moderne und Oldschool vermischt.

Nach diesen modernen Klängen verwandelt sich **Mr. Vast** im Anschluss in eine Inkarnation von Johnny Cash und Elvis in "*Testify*", einem waschechten Countrysong. Wippender Bass, glasklare Steelgitarre und dazu dieses tiefe Timbre aus dem Grab.....

Aus welchem dann wahlweise die Beatles oder Blur auferstehen. Denn "*Golden Toth*" ist ein kleines akustisches psychedelisches Lied, aus dem die Stimme Syd Barretts zu erwachen scheint und dann verschwommene Egitarren, verhuschte weibliche Vokals und.....ach treibt doch einfach weg zu diesem Psychpopsong der besonderen Art. Und macht was immer Ihr wollt zu dem geilen Gitarrensolo am Ende.....

Was sicher ist, ist als **Mr. Vast** Euch mit dem knallharten Electronicasound von "*The Sting*" postwendend aus Euren feuchten Träumen wieder rausholen wird. Knallige Beats, aggressive Schübe modernen Spacegothrocks mit viel zu warmen weiblichen Gesangsparts holen Euch schon aus Euren pubertären Träumen raus.

Das nach diesem Exkurs natürlich wieder etwas völlig anderes kommen muss, ist **Mr. Vast's** Anspruch, und so kommt mit "*Split the Difference*" eine seltsam poppige Mischung aus Stevie Wonder, Prince und....Pink Floyd? Auf jeden Fall eine vom Schlagzeug getriebene Ballade mit herrlicher weiblicher Stimme, grandiosem Bass, herlichem Keyboard und viel zu kurz.

Dahinter stellt man dann eine nach Walzer klingende DIY Produktion mit verhallten Gitarren und nach den Cleaners of Venus klingende langsame, Popgitarrennummer, ach ich hab keine Ahnung wie ich dieses wunderbare Gebräu nennen soll. The Beatles meet Syd Barrett....

Das hiernach Bläser einsetzen und in "*Bak to the Buffer*" einen mit Flöten und Brassounds verzierten Song intonieren ist doch wohl logisch. Der Wahnsinn des **Mr. Vast** ist vorhersehbar, das man ihn nicht vorhersehen kann. Bendet wird das Album mit einer Ballade gefertigt aus unwirklich wirkenden Keyboards und naiem Gesang der an XTC Songs erinnert.

Nachdem ich zunächst ein wenig enttäuscht von diesem Album, war muss ich nun, nach dem 4. Oder 5. Hörgang sagen, das es sich wahrscheinlich um **Mr. Vast's** Sgt. Pepper Album handelt. Auf *Touch & Go* werden unglaublich viele Stile sehr unkompliziert zusammengesetzt und zu einem eigenem, Ganzem verarbeitet.

(Musikansich / Wolfgang Kabsch)

„...schleudert Mr. Vast sich und seine Zuhörer durch No Wave, Folk, Dance und Wabble. Bei allem exzentrischen Humor, der seine Texte auszeichnet, degradiert er die Musik nie zum Backing für musikalische Scherze. Monty-Python-P-Funk, wobei die Absurdität so strahlend leuchtet, als würde sich Mr. Vast jeden Tag zum Fünf-Uhr-Tee mit dem weißen Kaninchen ein Löffelchen MDMA gönnen.“ **WESTWERK / Hamburg**

„... und genau diese Exzentrizität wohnt auch der ersten Soloplatte des Frontmanns von WEVIE STONDER inne. Würde ich sagen, hier blitzte neben diversen Psychedelic-Pop- und Elektro-Spielereien auch jener absurde Humor auf, den man von THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, Monty Python oder Derek Meins kennt, wäre das gelogen. Denn die Wahrheit ist; Diese Absurdität blitzt nicht ab und zu auf, sie strahlt und glänzt durchgehend irre, als würde sich Mr. Vast jeden Tag zum Fünf-Uhr-Tee mit dem weißen Kaninchen ein Löffelchen MDMA gönnen... **OX-Fanzine**

“...Most songs follow an orthodox verse-chorus pattern, and are instrumentally rich. They are also in that comedy-not-comedy twilight zone where little on offer explicitly qualifies as 'a joke', but where nearly every line betrays a finely-honed talent for absurdism. In this regard, Mr Vast takes his place in a continuum which includes the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, Zappa (of course), Ween (very much Ween), almost wholly forgotten Chicagoan duo Emperor Penguin, Matt Berry's Opium album and James Ferraro...” **THE QUIETUS**

„Liebe auf den ersten Take: Der Einstiegstrack »In terms of ease and speed« ist köstlicher Kaugummi-Funk, irgendwo in den glorreichen Zeiten eines George Clinton oder Rick James (indeed!) angesiedelt. Vielleicht auch mit einem Hauch Zappa (diese Baritonsaxophon-Riffs!). Allerdings geht es dann ganz anders weiter, zum Glück auf andere Weise gut...“ **SKUG**

Weird of the Day: Mr. Vast, “Ease and Speed”

It's fitting that today's weirdo, Mr. Vast, looks a little hungover in his promo photo. He's from Germany and presumably that entire country is a bit bleary-eyed today after celebrating their historic World Cup win.

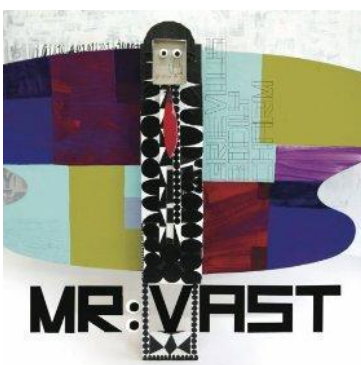
It's also fitting that the track we're going to share from Mr. Vast is called “Ease and Speed,” because that pretty accurately describes how the Germans dispatched Brazil yesterday. He's actually got [weirder music](#), but “Ease and Speed” just seemed too timely to pass up. Plus the video is jam-packed with the kind of green-screen tomfoolery we just never tire of, and Mr. Vast comes on like a groovy cross between Gary Numan and [Mr. B the Gentleman Rhymer](#). It's good shit.

[**Update:** Turns out we're full of shit and Mr. Vast is English. But he's based in Germany. And the shit we wrote about the World Cup is funny, so we're leaving it. Sorry, Brazil.]

weirdestbandintheworld.com

Mr. Vast

THE QUIETUS / Noel Gardner : Mr Vast - Grievous Bodily Charm



When Frank Zappa posed the question *Does Humor Belong In Music?*, in the form of an album title, he created a springboard which enabled hundreds of music journalists to open their reviews of 'amusing' albums by lazily referencing that same album title. And if you liked the way I had my cake and ate it with that preceding sentence, and came off as a bit knowing and twatty, then you might also enjoy the debut album by Mr Vast. His real name is Henry Sergeant, he's a Briton living in Germany, and if you've encountered his music previously, it'll have been as a member of IDM's cabaret wing, Wevie Stonder. From their name onwards, Wevie Stonder's apparent raison d'etre was to be as annoying as possible, like a bee inside your car or an itch inside your skull.

Arguably no more so than, say, The Shadow Ring or Ceramic Hobs or other venerable goofs who invariably get dubbed "English eccentrics"; Wevie, though, stood out by being signed to Skam Records, which meant they (or, at least, their releases) mingled with Boards Of Canada and Gescom and other folks who were very keen to be taken seriously.

And so to *Grievous Bodily Charm*, which employs electronics here and there but is by no reasonable definition an 'electronic album'. Most songs follow an orthodox verse-chorus pattern, and are instrumentally

rich. They are also in that comedy-not-comedy twilight zone where little on offer explicitly qualifies as 'a joke', but where nearly every line betrays a finely-honed talent for absurdism. In this regard, Mr Vast takes his place in a continuum which includes the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, Zappa (of course), Ween (very much Ween), almost wholly forgotten Chicagoan duo Emperor Penguin, Matt Berry's *Opium* album and James Ferraro. Which, if you've been reading this with misgivings already, should just about confirm to you that you're going to hate it.

Much sport is to be had on *Grievous Bodily Charm* trying to figure out who, if anyone, Mr Vast is trying to parody. 'In Terms Of Ease And Speed' ("*Skipping through the tripwires / Rolling up the hills / taking lots of liberties / To lots of little pills*" – in case you missed the pun, like), which opens the album, is a sort of boisterous music hall funk, coming off like a less *refined* Ian Dury. Which is saying something. Its lyric "*The bankers are on holiday / On all of your accounts*" is one of the few indications this album might have been written or recorded in the last five years. Not in itself a problem, or a mark against Mr Vast, but some of the presumed targets for his cheerful zings are not exactly chained to the cutting edge.

'Process Of Illumination' tries out budget early-90s chart dance beats and inane relaxation-tape rhetoric: the only act I can envisage Sergeant having in mind for this one is The Shamen. Moving inexorably towards the current century, featherbrained compilation-ready chillout a la Groove Armada's 'At The River' is subverted for 'Elemental', which rhymes "sangria" with "angrier" and is about taking your partner on holiday in order to murder her. Mike Skinner is put through the Derek & Clive & Limmy pasta machine for 'Where I'm From', probably the album's most Wevie-like track and the conclusion to an indulgent-by-design 61 minutes. Immediately before it is 'Sticky' ("*can't move my feet... Venus fly-trap*"), which has rave hoovers and Prince vocals; I can't help but question the need for a jestery Prince takeoff at any time in history since Lenny Henry had a sketch show on the BBC.

So why, over the last two months or so, have I returned to *Grievous Bodily Charm* more than nearly every other late-spring album to cross my radar? Well, not only does it house a damn colony of earworms, they're the kind that, post-listen, seem so inexplicable as to tempt you back – just to confirm that you didn't devise them yourself, perhaps during that drooly state of morning lucidity just after you hit the snooze button for the first time. In my head, several times a day, I bark to myself "BUTTER BOTH SIDES, OR DON'T" – this being the concluding lyric to 'Buttercyde', a sort of disassociative industrial pop stomp. This has taken me no closer to understanding the thought process which places those words into a song.

Although Henry Sergeant has a thespian background, as far as I know he's never made an actual living out of his sense of humour; as such, it has likely not escaped his attention that people like Tim & Eric and (especially) The Mighty Boosh have become very famous by this means. There are fleeting moments where one can imagine a BBC3 commissioner nodding approvingly, which is as bittersweet as it sounds. "I was growing gills and webbing / But I still had sex appeal," is the choice couplet of 'Atlantis', which doesn't stop it being very easy to imagine it being sung by Noel Fielding.

Perhaps it's best to conclude by focusing on Mr Vast's most esoteric stylings, if this selfish bastard reviewer doesn't want him to be *appropriated* by the vulgar world of student-friendly TV comedy. 'Henry The 8th' begins with Sergeant, or perhaps the character he's chosen to inhabit here, wondering "Why are the bitches always best in bed?" in his Duke Of Stripecyblazerington posh voice, before an impressively cretinous metal riff enters the fray. Before *Grievous Bodily Charm* entered my world, I knew of no songs which dually channeled Peter Wyngarde and prolific Ohio sludge metal group Sloth. Now, I know of one.

THE QUIETUS / Noel Gardner