There are particular things that gall me; enrage me; cause my composure to haemorrhage irrevocably; render me so unequivocally riled that it inspires in me the energy to travel to the ice floes of Atlantic Canada, pick up a club and beat a baby seal to death.  Vernon Kay would be one of those particular things.  Another would be people who say things like 'I know, but I was there the first time.'

As a contributor to both Narc and KYEO (and, goshed-darned it, as a fan of music) I have been to see many performers, many of whom were releasing albums when I was but a flutter in my old man's shreddies.  I can’t really be held accountable for this; I was born in 1985, against my will and a lot of great music has come out before, during and after.  What can I do?  A lot of the music I really enjoy belongs to the American Indie-scene of the late 80s/early 90s, though truth be told (and at the risk of sounding devastatingly un-hip) when I was growing up in the 90s I would likely be found tapping my toe to The Outhere Brothers rather than Sonic Youth.

Fortunately, for the whippersnapper, Johnny-come-latelys such as I, the 90s seems to be enjoying a resurgence in both the mainstream and the peripheral of today’s cultural subconscious. (hi-top sneakers, hipsters wearing Gameboys around their neck, Noel Edmunds back on the telly)     Music in the 90s was a swings and roundabouts affair, just like any other decade (though I say that as someone who was not, in all likelihood, there the first time around).   Heralding this new interest in the music of the epoch is Big Busy, a night which, thankfully focuses on ‘Alternative, Indie, Grunge and Dance’.  I say thankfully because whilst the 90s gave us some great alternative, indie, EDM and important hip-hop, it also gave us some absolute doggy-dog-shit.  I might have been ensconced with Scatman John circa 1995 but I am still qualified, if only with hindsight to say that for every Prodigy you had a 2Unlimited.  For every Soundgarden you had a Bush.  For every Jeru the Damaja you had a Lil’ Wayne.  Plus the 90s bore The Word, and nobody likes Terry Christian.

So Big Busy falls within that niche of well meaning revivalism

Music in the 90s was a swings and roundabouts affair, just like any other decade (though I say that as someone who was, in all likelihood, not there the first time around).  You had grunge, alternative, lo-fi, new strains of EDM and important hip-hop with something to say.  But I'm loathe to fall into that retrojunk-nostalgia-trip that so many do.  People who wear 'ironic' T shirts with Captain Planet on or compile 'you know you're a child of the 90s when...' lists.  Big Busy is not a revivalists wet-dream.  For every Prodigy you had 2 Unlimited.  For every Jeru the Damaja you had Coolio.  For every California Dreams you had a Sweet Valley High.  Plus the 90s had The Word.