As the grey skies herald the knell on possibly the shite-est summer since Bryan Adams first bought a guitar and decided to write an abortion of a song about it, Confusion Is Next brought to us exactly what we needed; a noisy wee bastard of a gig.  Bison Hunting provided the hot toddy of Frankenriffs and as the warm up act they got us all broiled and bothered despite the freezing cold temperature.  A fitting denouement to a balls-to-the-wall band that is sadly no more.

Speaking of hot fucks, We Are Knuckle Dragger then march (or is that mince?) out wearing florid and tantalisingly skimpy frocks.  I’ve had the pleasure/grave misfortune of driving WAKD on a lurid campaign around Blighty only recently.  Tonight however, whether it’s the flagrant transvestism or a bevy of bennies slipped into their Buckfast, Dragger are the best I’ve seen them.  ‘-20%...’, ‘Me’ et al are seared through like burning ice and new track ‘Shit Brickhouse’ signals the band’s filthy intentions following their dalliance with Mr Steve Albini.

Blacklisters have their work cut out for them.  Lead singer Billy probably wouldn’t look concerned if he woke up in Freddie Starr’s kitchen in the morning, wearing one of Knuckle Dragger’s dresses, with a bit of gyp up the old Gary Glitter.  He flounders around with studied cool whilst an umbilical mic coils around his neck.   The David Yow vocal is in flight for ‘Clubfoot by Kasabian' before ‘Trickfuck’ barges in like Rodney Dangerfield at a dinner dance.  Those present go batshit but their numbers are diminished; this night does not belong to the headliners from Leeds, but to the local boys.