



CHRONICLE



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WILL FEST

H/C PUNK ROCK
CHILDREN
ENTERTAINERS

Writer || Bee Bop - Guilford July 2003

The Guilfest is not much more than an open air shopping mall. Selling counter culture wares to unaware and unenlightened lager louts who've crawled out from their London suburbs to **shake their beer bellies** to the not-so-nutty sound of Madness and other vintage acts. Aging losers resurrecting their once popular pop music for a nostalgic generation: **truly, truly dreadful sub-karaoke bilge.**

Alice Cooper, the Stranglers, the Undertones, these weren't appearing so much as **impersonating themselves**, it was like some disappointing episode of Stars in their Eyes. **Useless wankers!**

The younger school of rockfish didn't help to raise the levels of quality either. It was obvious to anyone with a working pair of lugs that the rest of the wanna-be bands have only been let near the stage because they're the nieces and nephews of some music biz gros-chats. They should all get together in one big band and call themselves the Nepotisms.

The anonymous pop performers **displayed an atrocious lack of talent when stripped of studio effects** and MTV theatrics but at least it pleased all the kids dragged along to endure the antique antics of their parents' youth.

Okay, okay, **enough whingeing!** Given that the main stages were a wash-out (apart from the wonderfully pointy, purple pyramid design of Wango's Travelling Stage) and that the security/police were such a heavy, oppressive presence down in the poetry and dance area, where was the fun to be found? The **Children's Area**, that's where!

Activities galore with every prepubescent taste catered for and, in the evenings, a whipcracking, ripsnorting circus sideshow with dub serenading from DSG. Saturday eve saw and heard the Crow Posse providing a soundtrack to battling dragons (from the masterful hands of super clown Potty) clashing, crashing crows (the Yogo Crow Show), ringmaster skills from tall Pete (www.bigtopmania.com) and finally a



wicker monster flailing and burning down to the cheers of the best audience of the whole festie.

Sunday eve saw an end to the festivities with a **carnival procession thru the sleeping festival** (interrupting all those emotive and oh-so-serious guitar strummers on the main stages) led by a jiggling witch (who's chalkboard bus with added kitten was the hit of the kids' area) and a **humongous black dragon** built by the lovely people who run the Green Dragon eco/mobile library.

The show climaxed with more fun in Pete's Big Top Talent Show with a chance for the kiddies to shout along with a full throttle DSG who were eventually **overrun and driven offstage by the cascading wave of spikey haired midgets**. It sounded so good there may soon be a DSG remix single with limited addition **"Bum! Snot! Fart!"** lyrics.

Or, then again, maybe not.

