

# Mp3 Toasted Heretic - Now In New Nostalgia Flavour



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Recorded on a dodgy 4-track with toy instruments in 1988 and 1989... two classic albums of early Irish lo-fi. Short, funny, twisted, literary. Fronted by novelist Julian Gough ( Juno Juliet). And featuring the famous "wiggly guitar" of Declan Collins... 21 MP3 Songs POP: Quirky, POP: British Pop Details: DOUBLE ALBUM : LIMITED EDITION "Toasted Heretic are the Withnail I of music..." -Pierce Healy of The Dirty Pictures, 2006 FROM WIKIPEDIA: "Toasted Heretic's songs were decidedly outside the mainstream: comedic, obscene, irreverent, anti-corporate, intellectual, and absurd. Gough's flamboyant showmanship contributed to the image. While effortlessly borrowing from Vladimir Nabokov and Stephen Spender, the band found Frank Zappa, Camper Van Beethoven and Rabelais just as influential. In perhaps the band's best-known song Galway Bay, Gough sings: The sun goes down on Galway Bay The daughter goes down on me Her dad's not due till one or maybe two And I'm as happy as I'll ever be." NEWS, MAY 2006: Lawyers for Tayto crisps are still in discussion with Toasted Heretic, with both sides trying to resolve the ongoing dispute over the sleeve of Now In New Nostalgia Flavour. The earlier demand from Tayto to "withdraw and destroy all copies" has been moderated somewhat. More news as it comes in... BACK TO THE ALBUM: Well, after fifteen years of constant, unrelenting effort, Toasted Heretic have finally released Now In New Nostalgia Flavour. Long-awaited is too small a word for it... Now In New Nostalgia Flavour contains both of Toasted Heretic's impossible-to-get, legendary lost cassette albums, "Songs for Swinging Celibates" and "Charm and Arrogance", each on their own delicious disc. This is their first time EVER on CD, and bonfires will burn on the hill-tops from Spiddal to Seattle in celebration. Or, as Ireland's leading newspaper, The Irish Times, said recently: "Once again, we can swing to the sounds of "Sodom Tonight", "Very Naughty Party", "LSD (isn't what it used to be)", and "Love Theme from 'Yeats: The Movie'"... Let's face it, if - like Julian Gough - you'd written such timeless lyrics as

"The sun goes down on Galway Bay / The daughter goes down on me", then why would you bother writing any new songs?" -Irish Times, 2005 All the early classics are here in their original form, as recorded in Neil's living-room... There's also a 48-page booklet, containing a full-colour illustrated history of the band, with lyrics, rare photos (many of them extremely embarrassing) and behind-the-scenes stories by the band members themselves. (We've reprinted some of those reminisces further down this very long page...) Neil tells of how he recorded the albums, using a toy drum machine made by the people who make Barbie dolls...Aengus shares his photographic secrets (they involve bubblegum)... Julian tells you how to record and release an album for 400...And the mysterious Declan puts down his guitar and speaks, at last! What about? Why of course: guitars. It also contains a Nude Centrefold, for the ladies. And for some of the gentlemen. The beautifully remastered CDs use Sony's new, retro-look black vinyl finish. You will want to lick (and possibly eat) them, they are so yummy. We have spent so much money on this splendid reissue that we may well go bust and be put in prison and die there like dogs, but it is worth it because we love you and want you to be happy. Buy it now! Indeed, buy two, and give one to the next lovely, broken-hearted person you meet, it will cheer them up and save them from despair and possibly death. Oh, yes and tell your friends as well. (Our principle on "piracy" and copying stuff remains the same as it always was: copy this album for your poorer friends, and make the rich ones buy it.) "Much beloved of the NME, the Heretics would, in a parallel universe, have been as big as the Smiths... This CD reissue of the Toasties' Songs for Swinging Celibates and Charm Arrogance cassette albums demonstrates that Gough was capable of Morrissey-esque moments of genius." -Hot Press magazine, selecting Now In New Nostalgia Flavour for the Hotlist, September 2005 TOASTED HERETIC : A HISTORY (This is extracted from the 48-page illustrated booklet that comes with Now In New Nostalgia Flavour. So are the personal reminisces from the band members which follow.) Once upon a time, in Galway city, in the West of Ireland, there were two little boys called Neil and Declan. They liked Pop Music, and so they began to write Pop Songs together. To their surprise, they found it was as easy as falling off a log. (There is a nice photo in the booklet of Neil and Declan, age 10, falling off a log...) Their friends Aengus and Breffni soon joined them. Now they were almost a Band. But they still didn't have an egotistical buffoon to stand at the front "singing" and making an awful fool of himself. "Wait a minute," said Neil one day. "What about Julian?" Everyone cheered, and their friend Julian joined the band. (Julian later became an Internationally Acclaimed Literary Novelist, but was at this point a teenaged egotistical

buffoon.) The band practiced in Neil's livingroom, and wrote more songs. Soon they were good. They played their first Gig on the back of a lorry in the Salthill Festival Band Competition, sponsored by Harp Lager. Toasted Heretic did not hold with alcoholic liquors. Julian drank a nice pint of milk during the gig, and lectured on its many health-giving properties. They did not win the competition, but they were VERY, VERY GOOD, and exciting, and came off stage intoxicated with adrenalin and vowing to do this for the rest of their lives. And so they set out to record an album... and another album... and another... and another... and they travelled to such places as London, and Paris, and New York... and they knew the love of beautiful women, and the manly companionship of strong, silent men... and they had many adventures, some of which are in this little booklet. On these two albums, Toasted Heretic are: LEAD GUITAR: Declan Collins DRUMS: Neil Farrell SINGING: Julian Gough BASS GUITAR: Aengus McMahon RHYTHM GUITAR: Breffni O'Rourke Later, when Breffni left, Aengus took up rhythm guitar and Barry Wallace joined on bass. HOW TO DO AN ALBUM FOR 400 by Julian Gough, singer and novelist. We were all on the dole. Ireland was banjaxed. I worked, that summer, in an old Jesuit seminary in Spain, teaching English to the children of the rich. I returned with 400, and opened the Toasted Heretic bank account. We would record and release an album. For 400... We recorded it in Neil's living room, on cassette. Neil's mum made us tea whenever we stopped. Gareth did the sleeve, for 20. (He offered to do it for nothing, but that didn't seem fair.) We printed a few thousand inlays for 240. Just the red and blue, to save 40. We drew in the yellow by hand. We hadn't enough money left to mix the album onto a 1/4" master tape. So I found the RTE studio in Galway, walked in, and asked could we use their mixing desk, to mix our album onto 1/4" tape. Their tape. Amused, they rang Dublin and asked Ian Wilson, the producer of the Dave Fanning Show, to officially book us in as a Dave Fanning session. We mixed the album to 1/4", they made another 1/4" copy for Dave Fanning, and gave us our precious reel... We had a master, and Dave could play us on the radio. Now we just had to make a lot of albums. But we only had a hundred quid left... As the bank account emptied and we still had no album, I would lie awake at night, pouring cold sweat. Vinyl was far too expensive (you had to pay for metal pressing plates), CD even more expensive. Cassette, then. So we had a hundred cassettes made, for a hundred quid. But we had no distribution... So I asked would they take some in Gateway Books on Quay Street. Face out, strikingly sleeved, they sold well. Then Star Records took them... Then, to Dublin by bus, and Comet Records in Temple Bar took fifteen... We sold the first hundred, paid for two hundred more, sold them, paid for 400...

Dave Fanning was playing us, and reading out Neil's address! Five pound notes came through the post! We'd send them a cassette and a free packet of Tayto. Soon, we had enough money saved to record another album. Back into Neil's livingroom... His mum put on the kettle. The room was full of love. And Toasted Heretic began to record Charm Arrogance... -Julian Gough

**WARNING - THESE ALBUMS ARE EXTREMELY LOW-FI** by Neil Farrell, drummer and producer. These two albums were originally recorded onto good old fashioned Cassette Tape, the People's Tape, not your fancy reel to reel or inch wide multitrack tape. So this means that although now it is on CD, there are a lot of expensive frequencies missing. But never mind, what they lack in frequency, detail and transparency they more than make up for in attitude. And hiss. The albums were recorded in 1988 and 1989 in the "Burnt Stakehouse", my front room, on a wonky 4 track cassette based portastudio ( a Tascam 244) which affectionately became known as "twitcher", due to the servos getting shorted, causing the play/record head to twitch in and out of position randomly. We think this was caused by tiny little mites which we would see occasionally running around the controls. One minute you are playing a song, the next a track is being wiped clean of a lovingly crafted guitar or vocal recording. Or drum track... Aah, the patented Heretic drum sound, how to describe it? Rain against my window? A Tayto bag being whipped gently by a shoe lace? It was in fact a "Synsonic", a toy drum machine with bashable pads, made by Mattel (famous for their Barbie dolls). The Synsonic was quite nasty but really cheap like everything else on the album (55 new). The icing on this sonic cake was plugging it into an old record player with a tiny built-in speaker. Dec had ripped the needle out and replaced it with a 1/4 " jack for input. The result was distortion-tastic, as long as you didn't mind regularly having to "pretend" to put on a record after it switched itself off, thinking it had finished playing a record. The whole recording process had the feel of a "Make Do" children's TV program. Julian's xylophone (7.99) came in a shiny happy blue plastic case, and had the advantage of being able to remove the keys you didn't plan to use, so you couldn't hit them by mistake. Our rubberband sounding bass guitar for Celibates was an ordinary guitar tuned down. And Julian's microphone... well, he took a job in Supermacs in Eyre Square for a week so he could buy a proper, 60, microphone, but was traumatised after the first day. He went back the second day just to see was it really that bad, and it was, so he left, and bought a horrible red microphone with no brandname for 30 instead. Thus was Celibates slowly chiseled, with unpromising tools, into the living granite in 1988. And then, in 1989, on Charm Arrogance, we did it all again, but better. And, somehow, produced what is almost certainly the cheapest

classic album in the long history of pop... -Neil Farrell It's exactly 20 years since cult Galway band Toasted Heretic played their first gig, on a truck in Salthill, and were denounced in the local papers for blasphemy. Fronted by internationally successful novelist Julian Gough, they went on to release four albums of the most literate, witty and intelligent songs in the history of pop, from early classics like Sodom Tonight to their top ten hit, Galway and Los Angeles, and played their lunatic literary rock to acclaim and bemusement (and shouts of "Libel!") in London, Paris and New York... They hadn't been sighted since the early 1990s, when their rhythm guitarist Aengus McMahon disappeared from a train en route to a gig in Austin, Texas. (He met a woman, they hopped off the train at her stop in Dallas, got married, and had four children). Now, Toasted Heretic return, to finally bring out the lushly packaged double CD, Now In New Nostalgia Flavour, which contains their first two legendary, impossible-to-find albums Songs For Swinging Celibates and Charm Arrogance. Both were originally recorded in drummer Neil Farrell's living-room. Well, his parents' living room... Hugely acclaimed and hugely influential, but only ever available on cassette, distributed by post and through bookshops, Toasted Heretic's early albums pioneered an Irish, home-recorded, anti-industry aesthetic which has since gone mainstream with the success of such bedroom masterpieces as Damien Rice's O. Guitarist Breffni O'Rourke has since become a professor of Linguistics in Trinity, Aengus McMahon an award-winning photographer, and singer and lyricist Julian Gough an internationally successful novelist, published from Sweden to Japan. "One reason we took a decade off was so I could revolutionise the novel," says Julian. "I've spent the past seven years writing my masterpiece, it's just finished, and I think I've done it. But it's very lonely work, and it's brilliant to get back on stage with Toasted Heretic. Pop music will always have this advantage over novel-writing: no matter how well you're writing your novel, excited women never throw their underwear at you." SO MANY PHOTOGRAPHS... by Aengus McMahon, guitarist and photographer. Ah, the photographs. So many photographs. Where did it all start? Well, it was the bubble-gum. Bazooka Joe bubble-gum, to be precise. It was 1979. I bought the gum, saved the wrappers (ten of them, I think), and sent them off with a postal order for 50p (to England). Back in the post, nine weeks or so later, came my very first camera. It was a thing of beauty. Well, it was a thing of plastic, but I treasured it as if it were gold. Finding myself in the music business sometime later (after university took a dim view of my non-attendance at lectures, failures at exam-time, and the less than believable accounts presented to them by the Photographic Society), it was only natural for me to record the events of the band on camera. It was easy enough to take photos of

the other guys: in the van, at rehearsals, during sound-checks, or just asleep in their beds (Neil...) ...but there came a time when we needed 'band shots'. What to do? I couldn't fathom any other photographer doing the job, so I just did it myself. Lots of long cable-releases, lots of setting up the shot and running around to get in myself before the 10 second timer took the picture. Lots of cut-off heads and lots of blurry Aengus. What started out as fun eventually became my business and the photos I take now feed the kids and pay the mortgage. But I still get the greatest buzz out of looking at the photos that I never got paid to take. Yours in bubble-gum, Aengus (Bass player, guitar player, photographer father of four.)

mcmphoto.com A RANT ABOUT ALBUM LENGTHS Each of these short albums is on its own disc. Why?

Because human beings can only concentrate for a maximum of 45 minutes. Ideally, thirty-something minutes. And when people concentrate, artists have to raise their game. Vinyl albums could fit a maximum of 45 minutes of music into their grooves. Result? Golden age of albums. CDs can fit 74 minutes. Result? Shit albums, decline and fall of the music industry, and the rise of global terror. But let us not end this page on such a stern and negative note. Let us end with some lovely lyrics... Some lyrics from the album Charm and Arrogance... (Disc 2 of Now In New Nostalgia Flavour) YOU MAKE GIRLS UNHAPPY She looked at you, walked past, and asked the next stranger directions Contrary to your belief girls don't just want erections You make girls unhappy You've got all the girls money can buy It's fewer than you expected, why? 'cause you make girls unhappy Stockbrokers want to break your stocks Oxfam will not feed your ox Aunties knee you in the rocks 'cause you make girls unhappy SOME DRUGS Some drugs make you funky, some drugs make you twitch Some drugs take your money and some drugs make you rich Some drugs raise revenue, some drugs don't Some drugs will do anything, some drugs won't Some drugs make you better, some drugs make you worse Some drugs lead to half completed dream-induced romantic verse Some drugs give you pain, some drugs cure it Some drugs give you so much pleasure you just can't endure it Some drugs take your money, some drugs give it back Some drugs make you so damn beautiful, some drugs turn your teeth black Some drugs kill your cancers, some drugs give you worse ones You can get some drugs in public houses, more drugs when the nurse comes Some drugs make you handsome, some drugs killed your mother People tend to have some, one way or another Some drugs make you ugly, just look at your father They may say they love you, but you know they'd rather some drugs HERE COMES THE NEW YEAR Here comes the new year Oh no, not again I've been playing Ziggy with my friends Neither keen on dying nor on being bored A year of careful

hand-stands On the high-board. I don't want to get up I'm tired of everything I've watched the  
pornographic film I've worn the wedding ring The kitchen's full of food I do not want to see Downstairs  
there's a letter for me. Things to be and things to do Nothing that I want to Read a book or write my own I  
fumble with a telephone I wish that I was not alone My little girl is far from home Here comes the new  
year. I talk too much, I bore my friends I bore myself then bore my friends again Here comes the new  
year. LOST FOUND Got an album and a book I wanted, Look around, everybody's haunted By the  
thought that nobody will miss them, Ah, I just want to kiss them. Hate their jobs and hate themselves,  
Little bottoms stuck to shelves Nobody will ever love them Oh, but I think highly of them. Here is contrast,  
here is variety Here are the necessary evils of society. I am pride, they are shame In their garden it shall  
always rain. I am arrogance, they are mock humility It has come to pass, their opinion of their ability. I've  
been lost and I've been found Wandering the underground... I got on a train to get out of the rain And I  
found a girl like me. I am happy as a tree, I've found a girl like me. We have arrogance and charm, these  
people cannot do us harm, How they hate us, how they scowl Laying it on with a trowel. La la la la la...  
Laying it out on a tea tray How they fibrillate when we say La la la la la la la... L.S.D. (isn't what it used to  
be) The sun goes down like honey, like money like rain The boy who took the credit, is the boy to blame.  
On your three-figure mushroom debut Heaven knows what got into you Did he turn to liquid too? I don't  
wanna know. LSD isn't what it used to be You're growing tiresome and I'm growing up Listen sometime to  
the useless things you say Why don't you listen sometime. We have known each other Since we were ten  
I'm too tired To begin again... I never believed in love I once believed in you You called me uncool How  
true. DROWN THE BROWNS Their mother had children and, thinking she should She attempted to love  
them, but my God who could? Kill your children, Mrs. Brown Do your bit for Tidy Town Remove your  
white trash from the gutter Melt your sons for soap and butter And every time I take a bath, I'll think of  
Malachi and laugh And I'll recall each punch and boast, as I spread Martin on my toast. Drown the  
Browns Their father had squatters' rights in three prisons Their mother, when conscious, could not make  
decisions Imbibers of cider and pre-teen joy-riders Sharpening screwdrivers, as I made a glider Which  
they later smashed, in woodwork class They stole all the tools but they still didn't pass. Drown the Browns  
CHARM ARROGANCE Very broad of shoulder, slightly less of mind Here is the boy she left behind His  
the behind she left before she met me.. honestly And he says "Hey", and I say "What?" And he says,  
"What cha got that I ain't got?" And I say "Pardon?" and he says "Hey! What's she see in you, anyway?"

And I say "Well, I'm sexy as hell, I'm an excellent lover and reasonable cook, She likes my wit, and the way that I spit And she adores the narratorial voice of my book Her love of my lyrics is only surpassed By her great admiration for my vocal inflections She approves of my charity, complexional clarity Dress sense, intelligence, all day erections Delights in my habit of quoting from Nabokov Can't get enough of my Old World gentility, Thinks that my sketches of local latches, Show an exceptional technical facility, Found it charming that on my disarming a recent intruder at four in the morning I fined him his trousers, wallet and gun, let him off with a warning, and forgot to tell anyone... Some, if not all, of these characteristics Lead to her lipstick's being on me." YOU CAN ALWAYS GO HOME Beware of your dreams, they just might come true Oh, these are wild, wild times As what I wanted turns to what I do And I am King... of nursery rhymes. You can always... go home You can always go home. If I'm really so bad If I'm really so cold You can always go home. And why not a few lyrics from Songs For Swinging Celibates too, while we're at it? (Songs For Swinging Celibates was Toasted Heretic's first album, and is therefore Disc 1 of Now In New Nostalgia Flavour. Why are we quoting lyrics from the albums in reverse order? Because we like Charm Arrogance the best...) SODOM TONIGHT It's so nasty out there, it's perfectly horrid People walk around with numbers on their forehead All of the prophets are moving out of town The lambs are being slaughtered as the abattoir falls down Well we'll have to spend tomorrow in Gomorrah But baby, Sodom tonight Oh, all the dirty bookshops are full of revelations They're crucifying winos in the railway stations Mouths full of dust, they've got eyes full of mud Deep down town they're turning whiskey into blood A guy with holes in his hands, waving a Bible Runs under our window, naked, screaming 'Libel!' The whore on the corner has her red dress on Back from a weekend with her mother in Babylon Well the bread's turned to rock in the bread-bin It's getting dark awful early, shall I turn on the light? Well we're gonna have to spend tomorrow in Gomorrah, Begorrah, but baby Sodom tonight VERY NAUGHTY PARTY Ah weirdos and thickos bigots wackos On smack and on crack and on Balkan tobaccos Giving hand jobs in toilets and head on the stairs Wall to wall mattress and there aren't any chairs They haven't any Pepsi and I've lost my comb This is a very naughty party and I think I'll go home Very naughty party... this is a very naughty party... This is a very naughty party And I wanna go home The music is loud and dreadfully depressing Young ladies in black are slowly undressing Young boys mumble lines like "I've nothing to lose" Sniff Ajax and sneeze and then puke on their shoes I can't bear to see scenes of such degradation So I turn my attention to the girl and alsation... Children these days, I just don't understand



As I'm trapped by a girl who drums in a band I merely asked quite politely for a small glass of water She must have misheard... if she were my daughter... What on earth is she doing, the excesses of Rome Have nothing on this, Christ I'd better go home How she can do that with only one hand Is something I'll never ever ever understand And what on earth is he doing, why he could be my double Oh dear it's a mirror, I'm in serious trouble The floor is unspeakable, the ceiling is scummy I can't take any more, beam me up mummy... GALWAY BAY Well, I'm in the bay city and I'm sitting pretty pretty And you're pretty pretty and you're sitting on me And I'm pretty witty and you're itty-bitty And isn't it a pity the city can't see The sun goes down on Galway Bay The daughter goes down on me Her dad's not due till one or maybe two And I'm as happy as I'll ever be You're so cute in your birthday suit And I'm so cool in mine I could play all day with your exotic fruit If you didn't have school at nine I'm the kind of boy that fits into your bed You give me everything I ever wanted You're the kind of girl that fits into my bed I'll give you everything you ever wanted BLACK CONTACT LENSES All you ever wanted was to write a song as perfect as "Take the Skinheads Bowling" but of course you never did Ah, you would have settled for a lifetime in that lover Who swapped you for another and much inferior kid You lost most of your money and your tan and your muscles On your last trip to Brussels with your Italian pet And you didn't get laid and you didn't get paid And you haven't even made a good song of it yet And all the words she wrote to you were spelt wrong or were lies And she bought black contact lenses when you said you liked her eyes BOUNCING OFF THE BOULDERS She waited for me once, beneath a dead tree To tell me by moonlight, she'd never loved me I was surprised, though I should have suspected as much Since she'd stolen my wheelchair, and broken my crutch And as she dumped my body, over the cliff I said to myself, "I wonder if..." I said to myself, as I began to descend "I wonder if this could perhaps be the end" I wondered aloud, as I bounced off the boulders "Has the burden of love been removed from my shoulders?" I pondered aloud, as I bled on the sand "What she's trying to say here? I don't understand" I said to myself as my blood stained the sea "Now what could it be that she's saying to me?" THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE MINE The spirit is weak, so she adds a little vodka Goes to bed, perchance to sleep Count the men who've been there, then she counts the cost Pretty cheap She murmurs "Everything I touch turns to me and says 'Can I stay?'" She says "I feel fine The best things in life are mine" She says "God, I'm wrecked" She is perfectly correct She says "And sometimes I feel so young And sometimes I feel like this But the best things in life are mine Oh yes.."

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