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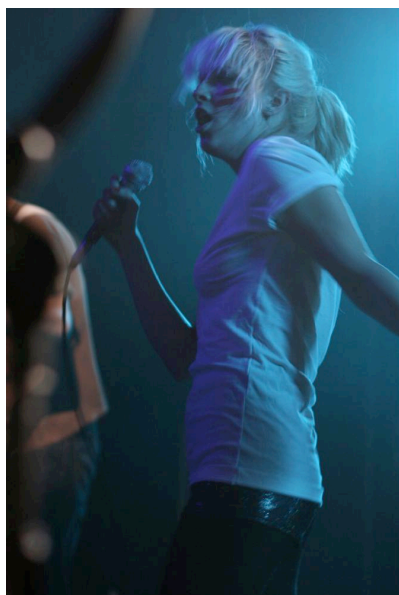
## Be Your Own Pet, The Scala, London

1st April 2008



As Be Your Own Pet's Jemima Pearl (vocals), Jonas Stein (guitar), Nathan Vasquez (bass) and John Eatherly (drums) explode on to the stage of The Scala tonight their closely packed young audience scream with excitement. Pearl plays up to the crowd from the off, standing in front of the drum kit to perform peppy aerobics-style warmup stretches before pogoing forwards to belt out a thrashy version of old B-side 'Spill'.

Be Your Own Pet corner the market in aggressive brat punk with big tunes and Jemima Pearl is a fantastic lynchpin. Her hordes of male fans would doubtless describe her as "super hot", but she's much more than that. Dressed in a white t-shirt and glittery hotpants over ripped tights, Adam Ant-style face paint daubed on her cheeks and white-blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail she's already visually arresting; add to this the fact that she's constantly in motion and you've got yourself one hell of an exciting performance. As she headbangs, jigs and shimmies her way around the stage she often knocks in to Stein and Vasquez, who hold their own with impressive jumps and cool poses.



Stein, who later entreats the crowd to "give the security guards hell!" in a fit of slightly redundant punk posturing, seems to take offence at the assembled photographers snapping away during the first few songs and douses us with beer. I stand at the edge, unscathed, watching as five angry men with (expensive) wet cameras glare up at him. The guitarist looks unsure for a second then carries on with his impressive guitar pummelling. Performing punk rock japes and railing against authority figures is what BYOP do, and a few damp photographers aren't going to hold them up.

New tracks Black Hole, The Kelly Affair and Twisted Nerve are great on record but live the songs are truly explosive, desperately fast and filled with youthful excitement. The guitars clang, the bass grinds and the drums roll as Pearl jumps, twists, yelps and spits out the fast paced lyrics, staring out wide-eyed in to the sweaty, moshing crowd as she roars furiously before careering round the stage again. The highlight of the set is a deliciously sarcastic 'Becky', Pearl entreating the crowd to "find the person that you love to hate, then take their hand and slap it across their face" before rasping her way through the schoolgirl murder anthem, hamming up the closing lyrics with a maniacal leer and posing breathlessly, hand on hip.

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