

## **7 stone under**

**[demo review]**

Generally speaking, I only write reviews when I have something I really want to say about the band / record / female orgasm I've just heard. That's because I'm all about me - I don't actually give a shit about the music, it's only there to serve my evil interests, namely promoting ME and everything else that revolves around my all-important world. Sometimes though, I transcend my shallowness and put pen to paper simply because I want you good readers to know about the great band I've been listening to. You see, Quik don't really need me telling them that they played a good gig - there's enough people doing that for them as it is. 7 Stone Under, on the other hand, are a different kettle of tuna. Their idea of promotion is turning up on time for the gig they're supposed to be playing. For 7 Stone Under, time passes not in seconds, but in spliffs. And in the time it takes to make up a few posters and put a message promoting your next gig on AUBL, at least five fat biftas could have been rolled and reduced to roach. Actually, the 7 Stone Under way of doing things is starting to make a lot of sense - for my own band's single launch, I'm seriously considering hot-boxing my flat and inviting everyone round. Fuck carrying guitar amps to Lava - that shit sucks like a newly-divorced housewife.

And so it is that after years of playing virtually the same set at every gig, 7 Stone Under have brought it upon themselves to record a CD of their songs, so that we can enjoy their noise from the comfort of our own homes, and never have to watch them open to another sparse crowd at Lava again. Sounds good to me. Their untitled debut recording features six tracks, good sound quality and is available from One-Up for only £4. What more could you ask for? OK, so my copy has a hand-written tracklisting and no CD label, but we'll put that down to early production problems. The front cover does feature a tasty blood-spattered painting, which more than compensates for the sparse liner notes. But what about the songs? I believe that was the purpose of this review, before I got side-tracked like a paedophile passing a playgroup.

**Something Of The Void** is the one you all know; 'I've got to get out', punctuated by gnarly double kick-drum beats and a thundering bass line. It translates to CD pretty well, but lacks the meaty goodness of the live version. There's nothing wrong with a Pepperami, but given the choice, you'd go for a Wideboy, wouldn't you?

**To All Of The Demons** is a quality track, possibly 7 Stone Under's finest moment to date. Listen to the two guitar parts at the start - they go together like an electric toothbrush to a clitoris, and the end result is almost as satisfying, or so my girlfriend tells me. (She knows more about guitar parts than I do.)

**Porphirian** and **Cronos** are also fine chunks of down-tuned grunge - claustrophobic at times, but then I've always enjoyed putting my head in a Farmfoods carrier bag and jerking off.

**Seven** (which is actually track five) doesn't generate a semi in the same way that the other tracks do, but is fine enough, like watching Titanic just to see the bit where Kate Winslet gets her tits out. And what a fine pair of breasties they are!

**Outro/Jam**, which is tagged onto the end of the CD, is a lot better than its title would suggest, and is a nice way to round off the previous 20 minutes of angst-ridden rock. I like this CD, and I listen to it a lot. But then this is the same guy who thinks Point Of Origin are 'a bit under-rated'. Hell, if you've read this far you might as well go out and buy the damn thing. It sure beats beating your meat in front of a computer screen all day. Even I like to take a break sometimes. 30 seconds on, 30 seconds off. Wank on, wank off.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius