

# antiproduct

## psycho a go go

[LAVA, FRIDAY 27<sup>th</sup> APRIL]

Gigs are a bit like buses really - you wait ages for one to come along, then when it does, you always get the one that stinks of piss and is full of screaming brats. You're actually much better off walking - did you know that walking a mile uses up the same amount of energy as running a mile? I don't quite understand that, I'm sure some government health official is winding us up. How, exactly, does that work? If you were Psycho A Go Go, of course, you would probably take the 'hoss', having been 'chased outta the country by the in-bred hillbillies, then hounded outta the city for being too damn funny-lookin''. Or so they tell us normal-lookin' city types.

Tonite's gig takes place at shiny new Lava (not Glow, get it right please) and the venue doesn't stink of piss, it's just that the sound is piss-poor. And the screaming brats are Anti-Product. But it's still a pretty good analogy, don't you think? Hang on, that's not right. The point I was trying to make, before all that other stuff appeared on the page, is that there were a lot of gigs happening at the same time on Friday nite, a bit like buses, OK? I meant to go see Deadloss @ Exodus, but got kind of held up at the *We Become Less* practice which Pete had somehow persuaded me to go to.

By the time I get to Gl.. Lava, Black Atom have done their thing, and **Psycho A Go Go** are in the middle of doing theirs. And god does it sound awful! Much as I would like to point the finger at Mr Go and his posse, the problem seems to lie more with the sound system, which sucks like a Dyson. Especially the nasty, cement-mixery guitars, if there is such a thing. Johnny looks quite splendid though, having ditched the leopard-print outfit and gone for more of a Methodist preacher look, albeit one who has downed several

bottles of moonshine and turned up at the wrong church. Good old Psycho G and 'Fast' Johnny C are also getting into the spirit of things, as is the other guy, who we'll call Big Huey D, just because we can. They try hard; they try really hard, but it just ain't happenin'. Me thinks I'm a-gonna be taking maself to the church of nu-metal to cheer maself up real soon. First, though, a few words from our non-sponsors, **Antiproduct**.

If I had to complete the tie-breaker and describe Antiproduct in less than 10 words I'd say 'Bis-on-Vicotin with the comic-book grotesqueness of Slipknot, will that do?' I've been promised mad theatrics from uv-friendly frontman Alex Kane, and I'm gonna want my money back if he doesn't deliver. Imagine getting a load of nursery-school kids and locking them in a padded room with a set of kitchen-knives, a copy of Kerrang!, some face-paints, a Terence & Philip movie, and some Pampers Wet-Ones. Antiproduct are all these things and more. The scary guy with the clown make-up smashes wine glasses off his head. The scary girl with the guitar has very long legs. The scary drummer looks like a white-collar worker who's just discovered snuff movies. The scary bass player cavorts about the stage in bondage trousers. And the scary keyboard player..... is just cute. Nice and nasty, good and bad, commercial and er, the opposite of commercial: That is the strange combination known as Antiproduct. Entertaining, in the same kind of way you can watch re-runs of Gladiators and then think 'Did I really watch that shit, when I'm supposed to be revising for an exam?' Which reminds me, I've got an exam in two days time, and I only came to university to print out some lecture notes. Doh!

OK, I'm going now, I'm backing away from the computer. Somewhere, somehow, this review seems to have slipped into the present tense, which is one of those things they always warn you about at school. If I manage to pass my exams and don't have to spend all summer doing re-sits, I'm going to learn how to write properly, and then everyone will take me seriously, and I can pretend I'm really clever, like Michael Subsist, who studies Philosophy and only dances to Papa Roach when he's drunk. I bet Al Munkie does the same, actually. Now there's a comforting thought.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.