

PSYCHO A GO GO

EXODUS, THURSDAY 15TH MARCH

Psycho A Go Go. What can I say? Wildhearts wannabes. Hopelessly irrelevant. Poor man's Guns N' Roses. More comedy than The Anal Punishers. Voted worst band in Aberdeen. Long-time enemies of Sirius. And I, Kai Sirius, am about to review them. Yes! I am in command here. I can rip Johnny's band to pieces, and there is FUCK ALL he can do about it. (I'm gonna use lots of swearwords in this review, as I think Psycho Ago Go would approve. Basically, FUCK = ROCK. I'm also gonna spell his band name wrong as often as possible, just to piss him off.) A few deft strokes on this keyboard, and Pyscho A Go Go's career could be in ruins!

It is probably worth mentioning that this not Psychco A Go Go's gig. It is Capdown's. But [*assuming Chris Tarrant voice*] you don't want to know about Capdown do you? No, you want to know about Psycho A Gogo!

I like rock theatrics. Slipknot masks. Stonehenge. Kurt Cobain in a wheelchair. Wes Borland's make-up. Mart Deadloss with a power drill. It's all good. Unless you're an indie fan, you don't want to see a band that dresses like your parents. Image is good. So hats off - literally - to Psycho A Goo Go for trying to walk it like they talk it. (Or should that be the other way round?)

According to Johnny, Phsyco A Go Go are from Tennessee, USA, and they are here to rock us poor indie kids who've never seen a proper band before, a band who play their own instruments and use distortion and stuff. Actually, his real name is Kris (spelt with a K, check it!) and he produces the Robert Gordon University newsletter. In *Aberdeen*. So there would appear to be a slight discrepancy there. Sorry, if that's spoilt it for anyone. I feel as if I've just told a four-year-old that Santa Claus doesn't exist. But let's pretend that they really are American, OK? Cos that would at least explain why they talk in American accents between songs.

What Psiycho A Go Go desperately want is for you to love them. And they want you to love them because they ROCK! Hell yeah! In fact, make that a Fuck Yeah! In Psycheo A Go Go world, Rock is everything. That's cool though, because even I - despite being an alleged

ladyboy - can appreciate Rock. The trouble is Psycho A Go Go's definition of rock is cowboy hats and whisky chasers. Er, no. Jock-rock maybe, but not proper rock, which I always thought was more to do with the music.

Ah, the music. Psycho A Go Go sound like Guns N' Roses. They probably also sound like The Wildhearts, but I wouldn't know, having never had the pleasure of listening to them. Even though it's not my thing, anyone can appreciate the genius of songs like Paradise City, with its feel-good chorus and obligatory air-guitar ending. So how well do Psycho A Go Go do stadium-rock? Well they've got the talent, anyway. Guitarist Steve is perfectly capable of working his way across the fret board without even glancing down, and their drummer is equally good at doing his drum thing (you could learn something from him, Pete). Meanwhile, the bass player plods away dependably beneath his cowboy hat. And as for Johnny, well... Johnny A Go Go is wearing shades and leather trousers and another fucking cowboy hat. He leaps about on the stage and sometimes off it as well, and sings about white carnations and pick-up trucks and other suitable rock subjects. He swings the mic stand like any proper front man should. He beseeches us to join him. Some of us do. Bonus points for starting a brief mosh-pit.

Johnny is getting warmed up. He is dancing like a madman, rolling about in his leather trousers on the dance floor. Mrs A Go Go is enthusiastically taking pictures. It must be said that they are a compelling band to watch. Johnny has decided that he is going to swing from the ventilation duct overhead. Like a spoilt brat, he persists until he is finally makes it up there. *'Mummy, look what the scary man did!'* we all cry.

In true Psycho A Go Go style, they finish their set with a cool riff, nicked straight out of Sweet Child of Mine. *'Rock that, Aberdeen, Motherfuckers!'* shouts Johnny. We smile politely and clap our hands. 10/10 for effort. The songs could use a bit of work though. Now which band does that remind you of? Perhaps Sirius do have something in common with Psycho A Go Go after all. Remind me never to listen to The Wildhearts, please. I wish to remain proudly ignorant of their (undoubted) talents.

Hang on, didn't I say this review was gonna be full of swearing? Shit, fuck, tit, cunt, motherfucker. OK, Can I go now?

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.