

QUIK

EXODUS, SATURDAY 24TH MARCH

OK, AUBL scum - may I have your attention please! It is with great regret that I must report the tragic death of my talented sidekick Alan Munkie. He was attacked on Belmont Street last night and beaten to death in a flurry of wallet-chains. According to eyewitnesses, he was jumped by a crowd of skateboard-wielding kids outside Elementz; the poor guy never stood a chance. One swift blow put an end to his short, beautiful life. By the time the police arrived, a rabid flock of pigeons had reduced his corpse to mere bones. Then, as a final insult, they shat on his Weezer t-shirt. So did the pigeons. In the cold light of this morning, it has been suggested that the kids were inspired by the words to a Linkin Park song which goes *'Everything you say to me takes me one step closer to the edge, and I'm about to break'*. The band's forthcoming gig at The Lemon Tree has been cancelled as a mark of respect. Friends said *'It's what Alan would have wanted.'* As soon as I heard the news, I knew what I had to do. I phoned the Box Office and got my tickets refunded. Then, with a heavy heart, I sat down and began to re-write the Caffeine review. I had suddenly remembered what Alan's final words to me were on that fateful day - *'Kai, tell it as it really happened. For the band's sakes, please.'* Wiping a tear from my eye, I sat down and began to type as fast as I could. And here it is: the Caffeine gig, the way it really happened. But first though, an apology:

A long time ago, when Linkin Park were still practising their dance routines, I promised those nice Quik guys that I would review their gig with Caffeine, and give them an honest opinion of it. And so I did. Sort of. But somewhere along the way, I got a bit distracted. Fuelled by another night in front of the computer and an endless supply of Babycham and lemonade, I started to go a bit mad. The last thing I remember, I was in Amadeus, dancing to Bon Jovi and shouting at everyone *'I'm in a band, you know!'* I awoke the next morning inside a wheelie bin on Exchange Street, my hands covered in blood. What had happened? My head hurt like fuck, and I had lost my flick-knife. I crawled out, and tripped over some police tape that someone had left there. Fucking donut-munchers, why couldn't they be more careful? I staggered home and collapsed into bed, still caked in blood. When I finally

regained consciousness, it was dark again. I looked at the clock on my stereo. 18:01. Shit! Suddenly, it all came back to me - How I'd promised Ben that I would have his review ready by tonite, and how he was coming round at 7 to pick it up. If it wasn't ready in time, I knew he'd kill me, just like he did with Big Bad. There was only one guy who could save me. I picked up the phone and dialled M for Munkie. It was time to eat indie pie. Somehow, I had to get him to help me, or I would be SoCal stew by morning. I begged and I cried and I even offered to burn all my nu-metal singles and in the end my persistence paid off. Al would write the review in exchange for my specially numbered Belle & Sebastian 12". It was a high price to pay, but it was worth it. Alan Munkie saved my life. And now, it was time to carry out my share of the bargain. Perhaps in death he would discover the happiness that so eluded him in life. Hmm, that sounded a bit corny didn't it? Sorry, my eulogies could use a bit of work here. It's not my fault though - I've never even killed anyone, for god's sake! Not that I remember, anyway...

OK, let's move on to better things. Like So-Cal, man. Like, rad, dude. Ah, those crazy Quik guys - don't you just love 'em, with their crazy speak and their mad enthusiasm? No, you say? Come on, these guys rock, you can't hate them. What, they suck Blink-182's cock? Aw, that's a bit harsh. I love Blink-182. Oh, hang on, I get it - we use message boards around here, so we have to pretend that we're better than 'the kids', which means professing our love for all things lo-fi, is that right? At The Drive-In? Yep. Pavement? Yep. Shellac? Who? OK, that's taking it a bit too far, but I get the picture. Blink-182 are bad. They write songs with nice happy choruses (or is that chorii?), and they make wank jokes. How immature! And they have the audacity to call themselves punk! The little shits, they should be beaten with a blunt object! Hang on, wasn't this supposed to be the nice review, like Good Cop, Bad Cop? (Only in reality, there is no Good Cop of course.) Oh well, guess I'd better say some nice stuff. Like this: I like Quik. They make me happy. They play short songs that rock in a SoCal kind of way, and their sound is really tight. Ben drums nicely and gets all red in the face like he's just been caught shagging by his fifteen-year old girlfriend's dad. (Only kidding man!) Craig does guitar and is a bit shy, except for when he's doing his big silly smile thing for the cameras. He plays some cool little SoCal solos and even does good backing vocals. As for Blair, the band's FNG, he does a good job of singing *and* playing bass at the same time. Also, it has to be said - that guy's stage presence really takes the Biscuit. Sorry, that's two lame jokes about Quik, I must try harder. Yeah, Blair jumps around

a lot, so that whenever I take a foto of him, it looks as if his eyes are popping out of his head. Maybe they are, though it could just be my camera. Quik's best song is a slow/fast one called *Fool*. It's ace. The crowd are loving it - so's Jimmy B, for what it's worth. The only criticism I would make is where are the jokes between songs? And where are the songs about shagging mums and animals? Get it sorted guys, we pay good money to see a SoCal band, we want some filth, OK? If we wanted fluffy bunny rabbits, we'd go see the Anal Punishers. Of the new songs Quik play, the best one is *Do I have A Choice*. Though I can't remember what it sounds like right now. (Cue '*that's cos they all sound the same*' and other snide remarks.) If SoCal were a drink, it would be orange juice. And if Quik were an orange juice, they'd be Sunny D. (Californian, of course.) Rumour has it that these guys are playing Drakes with a somewhat pithier punk band on April 25th. Could be interesting. I would check it out, if I was you. *[Editor's note - sorry Subsist, Eminence, Caffeine and Pete: I had to cut you out, this new gig reviewer of ours rambles on a bit. Don't worry though, we'll slag him to fuck when his own band finally plays.]*

Reviewed by Kai Sirius