

b-movie heroes

psycho a go-go

point of origin

film 28

[lava, friday 26th july]

I'd never seen **Film 28** before this evening, and I still haven't. I heard them though from upstairs, and they were good. What I can tell you is that they have a female singer and that their guitarist, Tom, used to be in an ace Elgin band called Mystical Sparrow. The rock/metal four-piece ended their set with an epic outro; next time I'll make a point of watching.

Point Of Origin's last gig, at Drummonds, was great, but tonite they are decidedly average. For a start, the sound is muddier than Jacoby Shaddix in the last Papa Roach video (and it doesn't get any better for Psycho A Go-Go) plus there are too many mistakes. *Bring On The Sluts*, which would normally have pissed on every other song performed in the venue tonite, is about as polished as a lump of coal, and equally dirty. Ryan doesn't even perform his trademark jump that heralds the start of the second verse. It's not all bad though, and *Radio Song* sounds good, given a second listen. It's pop-punk at its poppiest, like a less annoying version of Ash's *Shining Light*. The real thing that's missing tonite is the humour. On a good day, Ryan and Bob are an unstoppable comedy duo, but tonite they deserve to be booed off stage. I remember a Point gig at Lava in which Bob decided to thank his parents 'for having sex that one time back in 1982.' When Point Of Origin aren't on form, I just can't get it up.

Psycho A Go-Go, despite their gruelling gig schedule of late, aren't any better. Johnny looks cool in a black and red shirt with stars across it, and the band are tighter than ever, but that's about it. I don't like *Rock And Roll*, I've decided, and they don't bother to play *Heartbreak City* and *Born In Vegas*, two of their best songs. It ends well though, with live favourite *Hot Dang In Tha'*

City, a tune that would get the Godfather of Soul dancing, if he hadn't already fallen asleep during their set.

Just when it looks like being an evening of mediocrity across the board, and I'm wishing I'd stayed at home to watch Big Brother, The **B-Movie Heroes** arrive to show their label-mates how it should be done. Sphincter-stretchingly tight, and more colourful than a bag of Skittles, they deliver to us 40 minutes of consistently good punk-rock, like 3 Colours Red without the slow numbers. SOS was one tune that stuck in my head, as well an impromptu jazz interlude that proved that not all Southern bands are as humourless as the Head of School at my university. They could have cut a couple of songs out and I wouldn't have complained, but overall it was just a relief to see a band that sounded good (perhaps James Brown was the soundman tonite, as the latter also seemed to be asleep for most of the nite) and loved what they were doing. Plus I forgot to mention the fact that they have a cool name. So at the end of the day, Point and Psycho were evicted, Film 28 walked and B-Movie Heroes ended up with the 70 grand. They wish.