

capdown

5 knuckle

quik

dynarod

[LAVA, THURSDAY 6TH SEPTEMBER]

Fuck. Fuck, Fuck, Fuckity Fuck Fuck! And indeed FUCK. Why did this sort of thing always happen to me? And just as I was getting ready to go out! I'm supposed to be going to see some band called DynaRod. They're playing at Lava tonite, and are apparently quite good, in an early 90s rock kind of way. I'd put on my lucky CK boxers and just finished spiking my hair when tragedy struck; I noticed the wet patch.

It had happened before, but never as bad as this. What had started out as a small moist spot was now turning into a trickle, and I knew that before long it would be gushing everywhere. How embarrassing; I thought the problem had been sorted out for good last time. If I left now, the bed would be soaking by the time I got back, and there was no way I was gonna sleep in the mess. There was only one thing for it; I took out my fone and called Dos Dedos.

I knew the Dos Dedos guys pretty well; it was them I'd called out last summer after my attempts at cutting a hole in the toilet-bowl for that full-on 'shit-in-ma-moo' experience failed dismally. There was Marcus, the nerdy looking one (though they all looked a bit nerdy to tell the truth) and then there was Chris, who was the sort of guy you knew would rather be sat in front of a computer screen eating pizza and plotting the downfall of the American government. Steve was a big guy, he never said much but you could imagine that if he was to play in a band, he'd be the drummer.

Probably something to do with the way he kept dropping his spanners. If he wasn't a plumber, Ross could easily have been a teenage joyrider from Barnet; he just had that look. Nice guy though. They all were, even if they did drink me out of coffee every time they came round. I left them fixing my water-pipe and hurried down to Lava - I didn't want to miss **DynaRod**. Apparently they sounded like Alice In Chains mixed with Soundgarden and had super-low bass frequencies. I was intrigued.

The band took to the stage wearing matching black t-shirts, each one inscribed with the DynaRod logo. You could almost have mistaken them for workmen who'd taken a wrong turning on their way to renovating the Wodka Bar.

'Hi, we're DynaRod', said the singer shyly. The guitarist adjusted his glasses for the first of many times and then launched straight into a phat, meaty riff that grabbed you by the neck and forced you to nod along, much like a mum who's taken her son to an Eminem concert and doesn't want to be seen to be enjoying herself too much. Yeah, you might need to read that sentence a couple of times.

[moving into the present tense now for some reason:]

The singer is really getting into his frontman role, screaming into the microphone and lurching about the stage. The bass player is more interested in his FX pedals, but the crowd are loving it. Wow! DynaRod are so much better than their workmanlike exterior suggests. A couple more tunes, a bit more movement (in fact any movement at all would be an improvement) and DynaRod could prove to be one of the best bands to come out of Aberdeen since... oh work it out! You know what bad joke I'm gonna use.

Quik. Some people like them. Some don't. Some people couldn't give a rat's ass what they're like, though these same people have probably not attended a gig since Crass played the Bull & Gate back in '82, the year that punk died. Seeing any band after that would just be a letdown.

Several things occur to me while I'm watching Quik for the 100th time; Craig is a damn good guitarist; Blair writes great pop/punk songs; Ben's drumming is like a punk version of Pete's - twice as fast, but equally tight and

reliable. He gets the job done without messing about. If only all drummers were like that.

Quik will probably get signed in the next 18 months. They've got loads of ambition, not being content to play Drake's week in week out like some bands, and - in *Time To Go* and *In A Haze*, they're starting to get the songs. Just wait and see. Could we get more continuity between songs though? That would be nice.

The main support act this evening comes in the form of **5 Knuckle**, who hail from Bristol or some other equally exciting place. They play Rancid-style ska-punk; fast and furious, the way it should be. Their singer looks like a cross between Justin from Rixactonia and Chris from Coldplay. I'm sure you wanted to know that. Go and see them next time they're in Aberdeen.

There is a school of thought that goes '*Ska music is a load of badgerswank.*' While I wouldn't quite agree with that touching sentiment, I think that when ska music is done averagely, it's pretty boring. The first time I saw **Capdown** they were good. The second time, at the SECC, they were a bit average. OK, so the SECC has a shit sound system, but I reckon they also had too much saxophone-masturbation going on. Tonite, however, Capdown are better than good! The new songs are great and they sound tighter than a First Aberdeen bus driver. There's also a nice balance between the ska and the punk. And it's occurred to me that beneath the Bob Geldof hair, singer Jake is a goodlooking guy. Wahey if you're a skanky lady! Plus the guitarist has a mohawk, just like Chester from Linkin Park. (Apparently it's cool when reviewing bands to compare them to Linkin Park, especially if they sound nothing like them.)

The crowd are enjoying dancing in strange ways and trying to discover what a circle pit is. You wouldn't have this much fun at a Strokes gig! (But don't tell the NME in case they come round and assassinate me for such blasphemy.) Admittedly, Capdown could have cut 20 minutes off their set and I wouldn't have complained, but then my ska-punk side is full by now, and so is my bladder. Time to go home and see if those Dos Dedos guys have fixed my water-works.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.