

**dustbyte**

**quik**

**khalmsinn**

**stuka**

**EXODUS, TUESDAY 10<sup>th</sup> APRIL**

The following extract is taken from the official code of practice drawn up by the Very Important Association of Gig Reviewers Anonymous, better known as... actually, work it out - it's not that hard :-)

According to Paragraph 6, subsection A:

(i) When reviewing bands, particular care should be taken to avoid using any of the following; sarcasm, irony, bad language, colloquial speech, digression, repetition, repetition.

(ii) Criticism of the bands is strictly prohibited. Remember, positive reviews equals happy bands and happy fans - provided they have any, that is. All this happiness will result in more advertising space being sold in your publication. VIAGRA hereby denies any responsibility for Toploader's current success.

(iii) At no point should the reviewer attempt to use humour. It should be reiterated that reviewing is a serious business, and flippant remarks could prove damaging to a band's career prospects. This may result in legal action being taken by the guilty party(ies) to recover loss of earnings and damage suffered to their reputation.

(iv) The reviewer should remember that it is not his or her opinion that should be expressed – it is that of their employer and the band's PR officer.

(v) In the event of the band(s) in question playing indie music, the above rules do not apply.

Well thank fuck for that! Cos I would rather watch Pete Harper defecate on a Japanese rent-girl's face than have to narratively suck the wideboy cocks belonging to **Stuka**. They are the indie equivalent of walking through the St Nicholas Centre and hearing *Let It Be* in muzak form for the

100<sup>th</sup> time. And it all started so well, with a nice jingly-jangly riff that made me think '*These guys are Brit-pop, but it does have a cool groove to it in a 90's kind of way.*' Actually, I was probably thinking '*Why are there no people here, I feel like a sad loser standing on my own.*' But then, just as the drums are building up and I'm waiting for everything to kick in (I had taken some dodgy-looking ecstasy tablets earlier on, sold to me by that same guy on Union Terrace) it kind of never happened, like when you put the TV on late at night and there's a woman in the shower and you think you're gonna get a look at her puppies, but the camera cuts to another scene. To summarise: Stuka promised the Stone Roses, but they gave us Eskimo Blonde. Yeah, they could make nice sounds with their guitars, but so could Jimi Hendrix, and he's dead. What? Sorry, what I meant to type was... oh, you know what I'm trying to say. This is why Stuka are shit:

1. They wear denim jackets.
2. The singer holds his pint while he is singing.
3. If you say their name in an Aberdeen accent, it sounds really coarse, as in '*Gabriel Batistuta*', as in '*Suck my root, doll.*' Ned-talk, basically. Which is a flimsy basis for slagging off any band, but I don't really care. My VIAGRA membership ran out last month, and I can't be arsed renewing it. Swearing's too much fun.
4. They don't like Linkin Park.
5. Their songs are also shit, by the way.

Ben comes up to me and agrees, saying '*Indie's dead, anyway.*' The boy is right. Yeah, long live SoCal! No, it's true though – it just sounds sooo last century. Did you know that my mobile phone has recordable ring tones? Yeah, I'm really into that Limp Bizkit right now, they wrote this cool song called *Faith* – the singer dude actually says '*Get the fuck up*' in the middle of it! I didn't know there were bands that used language like that, it's ace. You wanna come shopping with me this weekend, I'm gonna get some of those baggy jeans, maybe a red baseball cap as well. Is it better to wear it forwards or backwards?

So yeah, as you can see, I ain't gonna admit to liking a band that don't use distortion and break stuff. Still, at least there were only about 10 people including myself who had to endure the spectacle, or lack of. They could at least have tried to entertain us visually, like **Khalmsinn**.

Strange bunch of guys, are Khalmsinn. What is it with shit band names tonite? They look a bit like, well, Sirius – think girly t-shirts pulled over skinny bodies, but they only half manage to pull it off. Sorry to get all standoffish here, but they just don't seem to wear them as well. This is possibly due to the shockingly bad haircuts that each band member seems to have. The drummer (whose t-shirt reads '*never judge a girl by her t-shirt*', oh, how ironic you guys are!) has a mess of floppy curls piled on top of his head. Not only that, but he's ginger. (Apologies to Ginger Wildheart, and other nice ginger people around the world.) The other problem with K (let's just call them that) is that they think they're really cool and outrageous for what they're doing. Sorry, but it's all been done many times before, even in red-necked Aberdeen.

They do have their good points though. The singer has a good voice. The guitarist plays some nice little riffs. And they sound a bit like My Vitriol, which isn't as bad as it sounds. They also play a cover of *Mama Mia*. The last couple of times I saw them, I thought it sucked. But tonite, I like it for some reason, possibly because it is nice and cheery, unlike Stuka. K are alright I decide, they have lots of energy and jump around, even though there was hardly anyone there. The singer has too much respect for his mic stand, though. He could do with taking some lessons from the Johnny A-Go Go / Terry Sirius school of microphone stand abuse. After all, it's only a lump of metal that gets in the way when you're singing. Go on, beat the shit out of it! The mic stand is your bitch. Treat it like one, and it will love you, in a submissive kind of way. Which is what you want, really.

It is also what **Quik** want – '*Please love us, we play SoCal and we're really good, did we mention that we're mates with Caffeine?*' Much as I like these guys (love is a bit too strong a word to use here, it might confuse people), I don't know if I can be bothered reviewing them again. I'm feeling

mean tonite. Ha ha Ben – you read this far and now you’re not gonna get your band reviewed!

Moving on then to tonite’s headliners – **Dustbyte**. Anyone heard of them before? Nope, me neither. Apparently they rock, which sounds promising. And as it turns out, they do indeed! They lurch into the first song, all distortion and drums and loudness, everything up to 11. The guitarist breaks a string within the first 20 seconds. Amidst all the noise, however, it doesn’t matter. Dustbyte have an air of desperation about them. As in ‘*signed-band-no-one-knows-please-like-us-or-we’ll-get-dropped-did-you-know-we’re-sleeping-in-the-back-of-the-van-tonite*’ type thing. They inform us that their Dundee gig the night before was shit. Well fancy that. They sound like Nirvana mixed with And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, but heavier. So they pass the rock test. But are they any good? Um, sort of. There’s some tunes hiding in there somewhere, like *Ladyboy*, for instance. I don’t think the audience are too impressed, though I can’t really tell, cos they’re standing behind me. And I’m not exactly pressed up against the stage. If I was a schoolteacher, I would probably tick the box marked ‘*Could Do Better*’. If there is such a box. (In reality, of course, it *means* ‘*your child is a little shit*’, but we’ll ignore that.) There’s one thing I forgot to mention about Dustbyte - their bass player. Their female bass player. She has everything you’d expect from a rock girl – pretty face, lots of eyeliner, dark hair, dog collar. The sort of girl that never smiles, but inside she’s saying ‘*Yeah, I know I’m gorgeous, now will you stop staring?*’ Ben is drooling over her, though I tell him off, as she is far too old for him. It’s OK though Ben, don’t cry! You see, I’ve got a little treat for you – I’ve decided to review Quik after all! You lucky guy, I bet all the other AUBL bands are so jealous reading this. [Editor – No, they’re saying ‘*Shut the fuck up Kai.*’]

Last time I saw Quik, at this same venue, they were great. Tonite, there’s not even half the crowd there was then, which doesn’t help their cause at all. The songs are as tight as ever, pretty much what you’d expect from a SoCal band – lots of power chords and fast drumming, with the occasional bass solo thrown in to break things up. Some more riffs would be

nice, but hey – they’re sounding good, probably the most entertaining band of the night. In keeping with the whole list thing, here’s what I like about Quik’s performance:

1. Ben’s drumming sounds really good. It could be down to the magic of his Tama drum key he was telling me about before the gig. I just nodded, and smiled politely. *‘Yes Ben, it looks very nice.’*
2. They play a Green Day cover. Well come on, there was hardly anyone there.
3. Blair makes some jokes in between songs. He’s getting there.
4. There is no 4, but did I mention that they’re playing with Sirius soon?

Here’s what I don’t like about Quik: Ben is wearing David James (some footballer guy) signature boxer shorts. It’s a long story, I’ll go into it in some other time. There are also – don’t laugh here – a couple of their songs that sound a bit similar. Only a couple, mind, not all of them.

Craig has this little solo in one of Quik’s songs that sounds a bit like the melody from Titanic – you know, *My Heart Will Go On*. Nero would have copied it note-for-note if it was their tune, just for a laugh, but then that’s Nero, isn’t it? Though Al isn’t a big Quik fan, I seem to recall. Neither was Alan Munkie, god rest his soul. Or Adie. Must be an Alphabetty thing. If I was a Nitro Records guy, however, I’d be nodding along to Quik’s music, and going *‘Yeah, I like their shit.’* But that’s because I’d be Dexter Holland, and I wouldn’t have to write gig reviews for a living. Sigh.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.