

greyskull

7 stone under

[LAVA, MONDAY 18TH MARCH]

I love **7 Stone Under** like an incestuous uncle bouncing his niece on a throbbing erection. They remind me of a diarrhoeic slut being rimmed by her ned-boyfriend – sludgy as fuck but criminally under-rated. While some bands are content to eke out a virtual existence on messageboards, sneaking out of their sweaty bedsits every so often to play to a handful of old men in Drake's, 7 Stone Under have quietly gotten on with the task of doing what they do best – churning out thunderously low riffs that take the best bits from Nirvana, Soundgarden and Kyuss and throwing them into a big melting-pot of rockness, stirring occasionally and throwing in the odd herb or two, if you know what I'm saying. And I think that sentence takes the record for the longest thing I've seen since the Pamela and Tommy Lee video. If 7 Stone Under could be summed up by a song, they would be performed by a boxed-out-of-his-tits Afroman lamenting '*We were gonna write some new songs but then we got high.*' Just as well the ones they've got are great. 'Into The Void' is a particularly fine slice of grunge cheesecake, with the rumbling double bass drum being the digestive layer on the bottom. Add in some chocolatey guitars, a creamy bass line and a cherry-like chorus and you have a creation that should have Sarah Lee reaching for her P-45. If only 7 Stone Under knew how to promote themselves properly, perhaps more people could experience their delightful stodginess. And if they actually recorded a demo, well - I know I would listen to it twice a day, and even once on Sundays with the volume turned down. What 7 Stone Under really need is a manager, and one who doesn't take a smoke.

Greyskull are worth mentioning for several reasons, some of them even musical. The singer looks like Slash rifling through Sum 41's 'Pain For Pleasure' wardrobe. Their roadie looks identical to Chesney Hawkes, even sporting a remarkable blonde mullet. Greyskull have a song about 'fucking a girl in the ass'. If doing a Welsh chick up the wrong 'un could be set to music, this is just what it would sound like. This band were probably raised wearing Metallica bibs – no-one should be able to play this fast, not unless the first three years of your life were spent sucking on mum's milk while she ingested vast quantities of speed. If Risactonia make you want to jump around Lava giving devil signs and raping nuns on the way home, Greyskull are the perfect soundtrack to such a clerical assault. Halfway through the set, one of the guitars dies of string failure. The second guitarist reluctantly passes over his axe and retires from the action. My girlf speculates that guitarist one got to stay because his hair was longer, and she's probably right. I know I always judge a punk on how spiky his hair is, and a goth on how bad his eyeliner is, and a post-rock fan on... no, I don't think I'll go there. The redundant guitarist, not to be outdone, air-guitars his way through the remainder of the set, and produces some impressive fret-work. Rock points are lost later, however, when he is observed dancing to Weezer at The Palace. Still, if goths can love Britney Spears and punks can love Iron Maiden, I guess hairy metallers should be allowed to, well, let their hair down from time to time. Next time these guys do their speed-metal thing at Lava, go and bounce with them. It's not nu-metal so it's OK to admit liking them, you listnin' kids? I'm not a proper punk and I have a Linkin Park patch on my jeans and I once saw Britney Spears and Eminem so I'm gonna say I like Greyskull too, cos right now I need the street-cred like Justin Timberlake needs horse-porn. I bet he never even got to pop her, why else would you dump a chick with breasts like space hoppers? Even I've gotten further with Britney, but then I've got a good imagination. That's why my favourite position is doggy-style.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.