

psycho a go go

masamune

mexico set

bench

the 44's

[cancer research gig thursday 23rd may, dr drakes]

The 44's hail from Glasgow and are a six-piece ska-funk band in the style of RX Bandits.

How they manage to sound this tight after only two gigs, I'll never know.

Evergreen guitarist Iain Thomson is The 44's main axe-man, and boy can he play!

4 songs into their set, he is rudely cut off, however, by a recalcitrant guitar amp.

4 songs into their set, the band start jamming while the amp in question is given a good kicking.

Still, that's what happens when you fuck with 'weegies, isn't it?

Bench are another band that I have never had the pleasure of seeing before.

Everyone who's spoken about them has mentioned the words 'Muse' and 'Radiohead'.

No-one, however, mentioned how crap their drummer was, or how uninspired the guitar playing was.

Could do better, I'm thinking.

Here's hoping the next band are a bit more interesting.

Mexico Set sounds like the name of a Gomez b-side, which is a disturbing thought.

Even the drummer has geeky hair and glasses, though to be fair, he *is* a drummer.

X-rated indie whining exits from the speakers and I know it's time for me to exit too.

It can get stifflingly hot in the Doctor's surgery, and my piles can't take it any longer.

Could there be a duller, more insipid band ever to have (dis)graced this venue?

Of course not; David Gray would never play anywhere smaller than the Exhibition Centre.

Still, at least they were in tune, unlike the band that preceded them.

Everyone else seems to be a bit bored by MS's monotonous misery as well.

Take their set Mexico - you're welcome to it.

Masamune are another of Al Chivers' experimental post-rock, ...Trail Of Dead style bands.

And this incarnation don't suck, which is a pleasant surprise.

Sounding like Fugazi, Sonic Youth and a host of other discordant guitar bands is nothing new.

After all, the aforementioned ...Trail Of Dead seem to have done alright from imitating their idols.

Masamune, however, stay on the right side of that fine line between experimental and crap.

Unrehearsed they may be, but the songs come across well largely due to Al's intense vocal delivery.

Neil, of Hooker's Green #1 'fame' is a good drummer, I am pleased to report, with an unusual hitting style.

Ending in a flurry of arms and legs and mic stands, Masamune are a much-needed wake up call.

Psycho A Go Go herald a return to 'proper' songs, with choruses and everything.

Starting off with *Needs Must When The Devil Drives*, they're keen to showcase their shiny new tunes.

Yelling like a Jack and coke-fuelled evangelist at his congregation, Johnny disseminates the gospel of rock 'n' roll.

Converting the heathens becomes a problem, however, when G's amp is ex-communicated from the church.

'Hell Yeah!' shouts Johnny in a desperate attempt to bring it back to the fold.

Only the amp isn't listening, and neither is the restless crowd by this point.

A replacement is brought in, however, and G is allowed to have another shot at his *Swamp Boogie* solo.

Get Tattooed, a brand new Psycho number, is reminiscent of Judas Priest's *Breaking The Law*.

Old-school metal given a rock 'n' roll makeover.

Good Psycho A Go Go gigs are more fun than a hamster and a tub of baby oil.

Oil was sadly missing on this occasion, which might explain why it hurt a little.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius