

# fishstock

[thursday 2nd may, lava]

Fishstock was always going to be special, as special as the man himself, by all accounts. There would be happy moments and sad moments and every other emotion in between. What we didn't bargain on getting was jelly thrown at us from a prosthetic leg and one of the best nites of entertainment ever to be put on at Lava. Fishstock is one gig I won't be forgetting in a hurry, but I'm going to write about it anyway, because as one soft rock band once opined, 'I don't want to miss a thing.' If you weren't there, you missed a lot, more than I could ever describe in a few hundred words. But then even if you had turned up on the nite, you probably wouldn't have gotten in - half of the 300 tickets were snapped up in advance from 1-Up, while the rest disappeared on the nite quicker than free Strongbow at a music festival. My girlfriend and I arrived just in time to catch the last of the tickets and the last of Risactonia's set. It was only 8 o'clock, yet Lava was already filled to bursting with kids and mums and dads and everywhere you looked there was someone wearing a Fishstock t-shirt. 'Book them and they will come' had been the prophecy, and it had been fulfilled just like something out of a geek movie. Wazzak and Andy and the rest of the Leg's hard work had paid off like a successful drugs run over the Mexican border; all that was left was to enjoy the fruits of their labours.

**Risactonia**, from what I caught of their set, were sounding damn fine. On a good day, they can be crushingly brutal and effective, like swatting a fly with a sledge hammer. Let's hope they don't leave it so long till they next play here - even the kids seemed to appreciate Risactonia's assault, like a spanking from their peroxide step-mum.

**Quik** go down equally well - they're not as busy, but are dirtier and have more staying power. Bizarrely, each new song they write seems to be longer than the previous one - at this rate they'll be prog punkers by the time their Carjack single comes out! It's only a matter of time now before they cover all 18 minutes of NOFX's *The Decline*. The newest of the new tracks, *It Happened Again*, contains more hooks than a Peter Pan audition and is the sort of Quik track that makes metal fans nod their heads slightly, while trying not to get too carried away in case anyone accuses them of liking skate punk. Tonite the song is dedicated to Fish, and why not - the gig *is* in his memory, lest we forget.

**Contra** find themselves in the middle of a week's residency at Lava, or so it would seem. Their ska-tinged racket goes down like jelly and icecream, peaking with the Rancid-riffed beauty that is Red Beret. Gerold can play guitar. Jim can play Bass. And the drummer can play drums. All better than your average punk rock band. What more could you want?

Nothing, except for **My Decaying Leg** of course. Tonite, above all, is their nite, and no-one is going to steal their thunder. As soon as the cloak-shrouded figure of Neil Wazzak shouts 'In 1965, this was the sound!', Lava erupts and all heaven breaks loose. The Leg sound immense tonite; heavier than the other three bands combined and - not surprisingly - more intense than ever. Dave has returned, for one nite only, on second guitar, while Andy has discovered the joys of having a cordless guitar system. He runs around in circles and finger-taps himself into a frenzy until he accidentally clobbers Wazzak with his instrument. On the other side of the barrier, the atmosphere is equally intense. Mini-moshers are hurled into the pit from all sides like shit into a blender, while the stench of sweat is just as endearing. By the time Dave has hurled leg-fulls of jelly at the audience, the club looks like the results of a gay orgy while on laxatives. Pity the cleaners who spent the next day wiping the glutinous discharges off the monitors. While chaos unfolds in the moshpit, a large

foto of Fish watches over the band, a reminder of what the evening is all about. *Trip* is particularly poignant with its Metallica-esque bass solo, faithfully reproduced live by John, the boy with the unenviable task of filling Fish's oversize boots. Seeing the Leg live again is a reminder of just how great this band can be; five guys having fun, making a lot of noise and singing about beer. Fish, they did you proud.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius