

+ WHAT'S THAT NOISE??

noisefest 2002 | the high stool |



What a fuckin blast from start to finish. Take a bow Limerick rock and roll scene. Noisefest 2002 kicked ass. For 2 days, the bands did their shit, the kids rocked, the bartenders crowd surfed, and I only got injured twice.

OK, here goes my inadequate scense over the 20 something bands that played:

Day 1: Queen Kong, from Cork, were a credible start to this festival of noise, cos they made lots of it. A Duo on mics with crazy shit coming out of a 4-track machine. A bit all over the place, and one guy wore fake boobs. A bit like the singer from (where's me jumpa)

Next were [R]evolutions of the Sun, ex members of Cork's halfmast, blasted out powerful hardcore, but I missed most of them due to door doing duties. Next on were Saibhir. I recognised the singer, having crashed on his floor once during a Tooth tour. They reminded be a bit of that 'I feel so alive' gospel metal crowd, POD. Kinda positive 'smell the fresh air in the morning' singing. Neat guitar playing. Got a bit helmetty here and there. Nearly got the crowd going, engaging frontman. The punters didn't look energetic yet however.

Next were the excellent Bastard Youth. When they played, it was official, noisefest 2002 has begun. I asked them how they'd describe their tunes, "punk, crust, rubbish" I think was their answer. Anyway, they played viscious 'come all ye' noisey punk shit. They welcomed all metallers who checked out the punk shit, and vice versa and played neck footsie with one or two of them. Top buzz. Great band. Deadly wha? The Swarm were the first Limerick band in the fest. And what a fucking show. Newly recorded CD under their belts, and now reduced to a 4 piece, The Swarm rocked. Strictly metal. Amazing drumming. The boy's double bass playing is sure to catch up on him with nasty hip arthritis in later life. Mick's guitar scythed the faces off all listeners. Paul's singing as great as ever. "Righteo" he says between songs. Kind of reminded me of 'Torture you, I like that, that's a good idea' resevoir dogs vibe. As if to say, "Righteo, here goes my voice to rip your heart out through your eye sockets." Fucking brilliant.

Giveamanakick, who I'm currently recording, had a great show. Obvious that folk had picked up their recently released single, with shouts as 'Darko philopovic' got an airing. The song known as 'Nooey' (may be up for rechristening) is for me one of the many No 1's in the man's repetoire. Rock and roll. Time was running short. Dangerfields were up next. They don't feel right without Cormak going mad out front. And Cormak was in the building, but he's just not in the band any more. But 15 85 second punk anthems were delivered with the usual excellence par dangerfield. "17 for ever... I believe in rock and roll." We then had to worry about a confused mother at the door of the venue, accusing us of encouraging underage drinking, who then got the guards to inspect the COMPLETELY OVERAGE High Stool crowd. Nice one mum. (Note; day 2 of noisefest featured all age gig at halla ide) Then came the headliners. Burn Hollywood Burn cancelled, but we got a late confirmation of Shelter, the NYC Hare Krishna straight edge melodic punk hardcore fantasticness boyos and girl. OK I'm gonna get this over with; the singer dude was preaching inner well-being and respect for mother earth, and meanwhile is sporting shiny Nike runner, made by a sweat-shop kid who worked 12 hours a day, 7 days a week, and Tiger Woods gets millions for whoring his head out to wear Nike hats etc... whatever. The AMC website was hopping with excitement at the news that Shelter were playing. And then the High Stool did hop with humans for their hour long set. Stage dives from the bar. Fucking mental shit. Mic being passed around taking turns singing into the it. Beautiful. Knackered.

Day 2: All ages show, Halla Ide. The show that nearly never happened. But did. Thank Christ it did. Went off a stormer. Kicked off with Tremorguard. Bob painted his tunes with heartfelt vocals. Dynamically they pretty much stayed on the near side of the all out noise line. Lots of the jangler moments reminded of Go Betweenish

shimmies, girl drummer Nina and all. Smashing Pumpkins cover thrown in. Cool start. Jetsol from Shannon honoured us with their presence next. Very impressive. Last time I saw a band this young this good was at the UL 24 hour band marathon seeing Tooth for the first time. They look like a polished skate metal band, but have deadly Clare accents! "We're from Clare by the way." The banter seemed to break the ice, and before long their all out thrashing had the muppets, sorry I mean, nice Korn hoody wearing young people doing a circle pit on the halla ide floor.

Note: Circle pit is a circle of love where mostly males beat the crap out of each other in a friendly way. Run around in a circle, bash into each other, help each other up if you fall. A great laugh, and 10 times safer than playing rugby!

They had a nice variety of song style. Trump card was the drumming I think. Can't go far wrong with a whizzkid inventive, tight, loud, brill drummer. Anyway, expect lots. Next up were Saibhir, who stuck around from the night before to play to the kids. Put on a good show. Energetic kids responded to frontman's jumping around the place. He even put the mic down and jumped around with them. Groovy. Then, what was supposed to be a Roper acoustic set (due to their drummer being sick), turned out to be the most rock tastic 'jam' of the fortnight. Brian Meaney, aka meaneyguts Barberskum and Seraphim drummer, sat in for the first time. And they rocked like bastards from belmullet. Full on, rap-rock number opener, with aggressive RATM vocals complete with a 'get the fuck uuuup!' roar, made for an explosive live vibe. After the first 2 songs, everyone including Roper kind of giggled to themselves, "this gig is kicking ass!" The mayhem continued for all of Roper's set. A Therapy? cover too. Spot on. A wierd funeral of sorts next, with The Unknown Truth's final gig, consisting of 1 song cos their singer was sick at home in bed. I liked TUT's sound, although all the (i.e. both) times I saw them they felt like a different band... Anyway with a gap in the schedule, I had given Limerick's old men who should know better, The Poke, a shout to play a quick 15 minute set. Fiona, Con, Liam, Stephen and Mickey de punks are let loose on the kiddies. To their delight the kids go for it. Mosh pits to the roar of The Poke. I've decided when Mickey, 1 of the poke's 3 vocalists, opens his gob to sing, he looks like a viscous dog. So there! But looking like a dog is good! Extra 'scare-the-shit-out-of-us' punk points!

To switch lanes next were Seraphim. They have a definite following about the place, which was evident at their gig in the Savoy the night before. Their music is powerful double girl vocal harmony driven song mojo. Went down well, but was a welcome break from the moshing duties. Roll on, oh yes, roll on Cork's 'Collapse-In'. This band features Sean and Vince from 10-Point Rule. Vince is the best vocalist in Ireland, said Mark boldly. He has his distinctive 'not broken yet' falsetto-ish high voice and his 'see-his-veins-pop' roar. He kneels down when he roars. It's just at the races. Connecting with the audience he says, "a lot of ye out there are pretty young, trying to figure out the world around you. At the age of 23 I still haven't figured out." You and the 200 year old turtle Vince. He also encouraged safer moshing, which got well far out with the Collapse-In hit list in full flight. Great stuff, check them out next time they get here. Wrapping up the all ages mojo were Fun Bobby. Their punk powerblast was greeted with great moshpitting. Apart from a bass drum that liked to go for a walk, could it be that Fun Bobby played their best gig yet? I dunno. Everything kicked ass. The caretaker of Halla Ide was really sound letting the gig go over by a 1/2 hour over time. My appeals for kids to take their rubbish home with them went unheeded. Little pricks! Anyway, hopefully it was a valuable experience for all the bands in an exercise that worked really well, and will hopefully see them organise their own gigs in the future.

So then, post gig exhaustion was killing me. I passed up my Noisefest slot, for some chinese food and essential chillax time at Mickey Martins. A move I later regretted. Fuck, I never played the noisefest. Oh well there's always 2005. I caught up with the High Stool mojo at The Kyboshi's amazing set, i.e. I missed Cubscoutdisco, The Poke, Collapse In and Weevil (fuuuuck, I missed Weevil). Anyway, The Kyboshi, who I'm recording as we speak, are rocking like racoons these days. Not for the fainthearted. Actually the best review is Damien's (of the Kids collective in Dublin) reaction when we told him, "They used to be Linchpin." "FUCK OFF" says Damien, shocked at how they've come a long way baby, since they played Dublin. Expect their release soon.

Next on were Dublin's Large Mound. They kicked off with their No Disco tune which sounds better live. Pretty fab. Twas their first trip to Limerick. A decent enough show. Some of it seemed a bit flat in places, or maybe twas my 'I can't take the noise anymore' destroyed ears from 18 hours of sound nausea. Not my ideal cup of drinking chocolate. Atrophy followed. Atrophy, who I'm recording at the moment (end of self plugs), kicked ass. Colm wore some long black priest gear which Korn lead singers wear. Max points for effort. Hit singles 'All about you' and the song affectionately known as 'the helmetty one' by Atrophy/Baitano fans, kicked ass and had the crowd singing along. 22, headliners par excellence. Well, par excellence and the inevitable 10 minutes of tuning before they started. Upon being tuned, it was off to the pool table, while the intro music played to don the costumes of toy cop helmet, pyjama bottoms, google-eye glasses, and Barry never stop wearing that executioner mask! 22 make the effort to entertain and it works. Martin's gob, when singing looks like it needs an apple to bite. Benny's borrowed bass betrays him temporarily begorrah. But the place goes mental. Benny breaks new ground, not handing a mic around to the crowd, but placing his bass around the necks of people in the crowd for them to lay funky notes down. Make no mistake, you are in the presence of greatness. The world is a far more beautiful place with 22. And then Barry smashed his guitar in half. And then we all fell down dead from the tiredness.

Thanks to the High Stool as always and Halla Ide, to all the bands, all the punters, and the AMC for not killing each other. Score! peace, love and exhaustion, mark

p.s. let hot press and the rest of the world continue to ignore the AMC epicentre of Limerick rock and roll. By the way, did we mention Avail are playing an AMC gig at the end of September? And the D4? And Fun