

BLIND MELON
Emo's, Houston



Friday, October 2

THE NAME could be any one of a fistful of puns. Or it could just sound cool. The sound is a perfect balance of Los Angeles and that currently oh-so-hip

North West city by the sea.

Guitarist Rogers Stevens sways back and forth nervously, as if waiting for a cataclysm about to crush us all – one that only he can see. The rest of the band certainly don't seem to be aware of it. Six-stringer Christopher Thorn, bassman Brad Smith and skinsman Glen Graham are just jamming like there's nothing but rosy tomorrows ahead. Frontman Shannon Hoon flashes from nervous energy to vacancy to exuberance in less than the blink of an eye – but with vox that never waver. He's not as soulful as some, but has enough raw emotion to see him through any battle which may be ahead.

'Dear Ol' Dad' comes across all jangly and tense, with 'Holy Man' being the musical equivalent to a somehow accessible and completely sensible crucifixion. Mid-tempo numbers like this and 'I Wonder' are the real gems. They could be singing about dogshit, and it would still seem like a celebration!

It is the effortlessness with which this band turn what are potentially nothing but four-minute jams into rabbit punches of songs that sets them apart from the competition. They could crush the legendary immovable force without even noticing.

CHRIS SMITH

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