



feedback

BLACK MOUNTAIN

Beck's Music Box, Perth

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Epic psychedelic music lovers **Black Mountain** are the kind of band that every baked and miserable high school drop out should have in their record collection next to the porn stash and bong. Harking back to a time when 'heavy metal' was still synonymous with 'inspired', Sunday's live installment from the overwhelming Vancouver collective proved that they really are the real deal.

Far from the '70s rock rehash they could quite easily have become, the gracious and genuine four-piece is as much a band of its time as it is rooted in its musical history. Centered on timid vocalist and tambourine-wielder Amber Webber, the gallant guitar riffs and torrential bass were foiled by the modest demeanor and ethereal vocal tremolo of someone resembling a docile modern-day Janis Joplin. Meanwhile the synthesized keyboard not only lifted the band's sound out of the

past, but into the unsettling future of the impending squall of noise to come. What made the band so much more impressive though was their modesty and good humour, all the while substantiating the awe-inspiring musical implications of the natural wonder that is their band name.

Taking from the stage and leaving a devoted many within a soothing bubble of tingling (and a little damaged) eardrums, it seemed like the performance was over before it began, even though they'd more than fulfilled their set-length quota. It's not often that one comes across a four-sided LP that runs for 60 minutes, only to think that it was too short, and rarer still to watch a two-hour prog-rock performance and feel as though it should have gone for twice as long. Needless to say, Black Mountain is a band more than worthy of their distinction.

STEPH KRETOWICZ