

metrOREVIEW



MEREDITH MUSIC FESTIVAL

Meredith
Last weekend

IT COULD have been a disaster. After torrential rain on Friday, some of the paddocks that host the throng of campers for the annual Meredith Music Festival were mush. Cars were bogged and tents flooded. But on Saturday the downpour turned to a dribble.

Thousands of people had thrown caution to the wind and driven to Nolan's farm about an hour and a half from Melbourne for the festival. What began as a weekend of pure rock 13 years ago now had an eclectic line-up that included hip-hop and DJs.

But it was the dance accompaniments that added a point of difference to this year's festival. First the "ladies" came out with the quirky Sydney-

based electro-rockers Spod. Two women in jazz-ballet-style outfits bopped and twirled across the stage and the crowd soon followed suit. While Spod's music was not much chop, the dancers were superb.

But it was the one-man band Bob Log III and his dancing girls that stole the show on Saturday night. Dressed in his normal garb (tight lycra jumpsuit and a motorcycle helmet that hides his face and, armed with a decoder, warps his voice), Log proved a master of the slide guitar, while his feet controlled the drum beats. His music is fantastic, his lyrics are crass and his dancing girls are low-brow. Dressed in gold and silver jump suits, their arse-slapping, boob-jiggling moves were the envy of every woman.

The crowd was warmed up for Saturday by 2Dogs (two of Resin Dog's beat-boys), who started a dance-

ing frenzy by frantically mixed beats, live drums, scratches and raps into one all-out frenetic set. And for those mourning the loss of the rock pig sounds, there was the timeless Beast of Bourbon (pictured).

Through the wee hours of Sunday morning, Dexter and DJ John Idem took the diehards through to dawn. At 10am the people who had been able to sleep were woken by the soothing sitar sounds of Master Khalil Gudaz.

Rock took to the stage again at 1pm with Tim Rogers and his new band the Temperance Union (pictured). By this stage there was not a cloud in the sky and people were sporting hangovers, or renewed drunkenness, and many were already sunburnt. And two poor guys were still trying to work out how to get their cars out of the bog.

