

Flight 19

Liber8

Sirius

[the lemon tree, saturday 3rd august]

While I am more than happy to review my performance in bed (crap, just for the record), I get a bit shy when it comes to reviewing my performance onstage. So if you don't mind, we'll skip past Sirius and get straight to Liber8. Do I detect a palpable sense of relief on your part? Me too. I hate fucking my girlfriend onstage; reviewing it would be a nightmare of minuscule proportions. So, **Liber8**. 60 seconds into their opening song, it becomes apparent that the most adored band in Aberdeen (Billy fucking Shears excluded) are so far ahead of the chasing pack, they've almost become rock stars, but without the record deal. It's only a matter of time before the inevitable occurs, and until then they may as well hone their stagecraft in the backwaters of North East Scotland. The good things about Liber8 we already know – Kris can leap like a salmon; 86.3% of the time they're tighter than a zip-tie pulled around an old man's flaccid penis before feeding him a bottle of Viagra; they have more great riffs than I have odd socks with funny-looking stains on them and lyrically they're more engaging than a whore being pimped on a 'No Sin, No Fee' contract. But what about the bad stuff, the bits that excitable 14-year-old females forget about because they are so overawed by Kris' ability to play a Richie Sambora-esque solo while brushing his hair and blowing a kiss at his girlfriend's sister? Well for starters, at least half of Liber8's new songs are too long. Is it really necessary to repeat that enormous bridge for a third time? Also, the band these days seem to spend half of their time swapping and tuning guitars. This is because Kris likes to thrash his instrument, and why not – the guitar *was* designed to be domestically abused by its domineering owner after all. But when your axe starts to sound like a parrot having a premature ejaculation halfway down *Valentine Road* and there's still ten minutes of the song to go, you know there's something wrong, and it's not the guitar that's being the bitch. Still, interruptions aside, Liber8 are almost

certainly the best band of the nite in terms of song quality, and Steven's stage presence is awesome. I think Kris may have had a quiet word in his ear before the gig. Either that or he borrowed some of Terry's 'gum-powder'. After all the commotion of Sirius and Liber8, the stage is cleared in preparation for **Flight 19**, who tonite are a proper headlining band. They have a merch stall that sells t-shirts and CDs. They have their own banner and badges. They have cordless guitar systems and photographers and cameramen and people to wipe their arses. They even have a fan who has travelled down from Shetland to see them, for fuck's sake. As is customary at Lemon Tree gigs, the soundman turns everything up for the headliners and starts doing his job properly. In terms of sound quality and tightness, Flight 19 are unmatched. If I didn't know better, I could have sworn they'd been given unlimited free rehearsal time in a £12-an-hour studio. The only terrorist threat that forces Flight 19 to the ground is their songs. 9/10 of them are root, to be quite frank. Well, maybe not root, but certainly blander than an in-flight movie. Why? They used to be so good; what happened? Do you remember *5 Cups Later?* That was fucking ace. That was a fucking Lear jet in comparison. Of the newer stuff they play, only *We'd Get On Better If You Weren't Such A Bitch* is as strong as the old stuff, and the song isn't even that new. They're nice guys though, for what it's worth. It's just a shame their poppity-punk goes kerplunk.

So there you have it – there's Sirius, predictably unpredictable, a little rough around the edges and centre but fun in a masturbating-in-the-shower kind of way; there's Liber8, predictably brilliant, a little rough and interrupted around the edges; and there's Flight 19, predictably note-perfect but about as innovative as a British Airways cheese sandwich. Which of these three bands will get famous and have their dicks sucked by fine ladies? Bet now!