

go north fudgenite

[the lemon tree, monday 6th may]

In a rare case of professional journalism, I've decided to review Go North Fudgenite while it is actually taking place. What? Yes, I am as shocked as you are at the whole debacle, but believe it or not, this is how it works in the real world, or so I've been told. If you thought my reviews sucked before, just check this baby out...

It's 8:30 and Lift are two songs into their set. Looking around the venue, I count 25 people, though maths never was my strongpoint; it could have been 26. Take away the other band members and guest-listed people and you get 15 paying guests. Well that should cover the costs of at least half the glossy Go North fliers that have been handed out like free condoms in Aberdeen for the past week. So much for promotion working, then. If my band were this unpopular I would kill myself. You've got a gig at The Lemon Tree in your hometown and there's one pissed mate nodding along at the front of the stage? Fuck that for a game of tiddlywinks - I'm going into politics instead. If I can't meet 15-year-old girls through playing in a band, I'll find them some other way. Lift look like four slightly obese men in their late twenties playing indie music. And unlike that hot 'chick' I pulled while on holiday in Thailand last summer, appearances aren't deceptive in this case. Sounding like a cross between Bends-era Radiohead and Geneva, Lift favour the soaring vocals and trebly guitars approach. It sounds quite nice, but that's about as good as it gets. I have a sneaky feeling that Lift are destined to end up in the reject bin within a year or two, but hey - it's nothing to be ashamed of guys. My own band will probably be joining you there before long, together with Gareth Gates and Nickelback. Incidentally, does anyone have a clue what the lyrics are about in a typical indie song? All I can ever make out is 'O-h-h-h-h-h-s-h-e yeahhhhhh' and that's it. I mean, Blink-182 aren't lyrical geniuses, but at least you can work out what they're saying in their songs. Which leads us nicely onto Subsistence. If Aberdeen's self-proclaimed primo rock beasts were any further away from the Blink school of girls, they would be teetering

on the edge of the world itself. Subsistence offer much for the discerning palate, but three chord tricks and dick jokes do not feature on the menu. It's easy to be experimental - anyone with a hairdryer, a guitar and some baby toys can make a noise. But if bonus points were awarded for creating a neighbour-waking racket, my girlfriend would be the coupon queen by now. As Spinal Tap correctly pointed out, 'There's such a fine line between clever and stupid.' Subsistence, fortunately, stay on the right side of that line. Dynamically, their music tends to follow the Nirvana loud/quiet approach, with Michael screaming like a jilted housewife when the loud bits come around. Subsistence's song arrangements are something else however - all nasty time changes, discordant riffs and strange guitar effects. *Pumpkin Heads On Pogo Sticks* is a head-fuck of a song, probably best enjoyed while on mind-altering drugs. *Watching Me Now* is the closest Subsistence get to verse-chorus-verse-chorus radio friendliness, whereas the two newer songs aired are about as commercial as a hermit growing his own weed deep inside a Brazilian rainforest. Wazzak's drumming sounds immense, and the whole Subsistence experience is a pleasure to watch. Now all they need to do is to find some people willing to share in that unique experience.

I have a personal bet with myself that Martin from Deadloss Superstar will break a string tonite. He doesn't which goes to show that a) He was being more restrained than usual and b) I'm a shit gambler. Less shambolic than usual, but almost as enjoyable, the newer, sleeker Deadloss are a joy to watch. New songs and tighter playing seems out of place in this band, even more so than the wine glass Brian is drinking from. *Stars* sounds epic tonite, like a bizarre collaboration between Kyuss and Lift. The Deadloss set ends in a flurry of mic stands and cigarette burns; anything less and I would have demanded a refund. There were no guitars being attacked by power-drills tonite, but in every other respect, Deadloss Superstar earned their muthafuckin' middle name.

I had heard great things about Degrassi, probably via Degrassi themselves. Apparently they had managed to sell out all 450 tickets available from The Lemon Tree and that tomorrow they would indeed be conquering the world. Well if they did sell that many tickets, someone must have printed the wrong date on them judging by tonite's poor turnout. The crowd might have been

shite, but the band were still eager to impress. Looking like a cross between The Strokes and Cooper Temple Clause, Degrassi jump about the stage with an enthusiasm not usually associated with post-rock bands. The first two songs are largely instrumental, and while pleasing enough, they hardly capture the imagination. It gets better though from then on, and just as I am considering taking a walk, Degrassi explode into a thrilling climax of noise, replete with dangerously-low bass frequencies. How they make such a racket I really don't know, but it sounds great in a 'My ears fucking hurt' kind of way. More songs like that please and maybe those lazy punters will turn up next time.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.