

point of origin

[LAVA, MONDAY 10TH DECEMBER]

To say that Point Of Origin's songs are simple would be something of an understatement. To say that they are the musical equivalent of a dribbling retard wearing a Tommy Tippee bib and a Celtic football top would be closer to the truth, though it probably isn't right to make fun of football fans in this context. At the risk of getting beaten about the head with a plastic spoon by a member of the Spastic Society, I would like to advance the theory that the group of artists known collectively as Point Of Origin, or *POO* as they are commonly referred to, have flagrantly attempted to fob off on us, the general public, a collection of 'songs' consisting of the same four chords in a different order addressing the all-too-familiar topics of girls and boobies and which are as intellectually advanced as the afore-mentioned disadvantaged person. What my theory cannot explain, however, is why the sloppiest So-Cal band in Aberdeen are so entertaining to watch, or how they managed to write one of the best sleaze-songs since The Ballad Of Chasey Lain. God, I love Quik!

Hang on, wrong band. But, y'know - they're all Blink-182 wannabes, aren't they? Just another boyband like Linkin Park. I remember a time when punk meant something other than 'display your cleavage', when punk was about standing up for what you believed in, despite getting ridiculed. It's all changed now, hasn't it?

Actually, Point Of Origin will be the first to tell you that they've had their fair share of ridicule for not being punk, for liking squidgy bits of the female anatomy and for generally being shit. But if POO want to tell people about their own 'heady' mixture of **politics**, with the emphasis on the **clit** (do you see what I did there?), then does that not make them a punk band? Well, maybe not. I wouldn't know actually - I'm new to this punk thing, I'm still trying to get a feel for it. Which leads me onto the subject of boobies. Puppies. Bazookas. Milk Ducts. Whatever you like to call them. Point Of

Origin are fond of these strange female drink dispensers from which they suckled many years ago. They want to share that fondness with us. Or rather, they want us to share our fondness with them, provided we have such attachments.

I could list many things that are wrong with Point Of Origin, but if you've seen them before, you'll know already. Despite their failings, however, I have a (misguided) belief that beneath all the shit, there's a great So-Cal band trying to get out. And on rare occasions, it does get let out to shake its tail and blink in the sunlight like a mistreated puppy, before being skelped round the head and kicked back down the stairs as Graham misses another drum fill. If Point Of Origin were a sexual experience, they would be a beautiful girl that turns out to be a TV when you get her home, by which time you're too embarrassed to say no. Or a dirty slut that gives great head but who would rather shit in your mouth and jerk off your little brother. The good and the bad come in one messy package with Point Of Origin, and like the 30-year-old cum stuck to the bowl of the boys' toilets at school, you get used to it.

There's nothing wrong with songs like *Different* and *Lazy Cunt*, but there's nothing especially right about them either. Guitar riffs are an alien concept to Point Of Origin, so instead we get Ryan playing his favourite four powerchords while Bob tries to play his guitar with his teeth, and fails miserably. They also have a tendency to miss out some of their best songs - what happened to the 60-second classic that was *TV? 'I started writing this song but then the TV came on.'* End of song. Sometimes, the simplest ideas are the best ones.

For tonight's gig, Craig from Quik is the stand-in bass player, and he acquits himself well - probably the best bassist Point have had so far. Ryan keeps his shirt on for a change, while Bob looks like he's wearing his dad's shirt - no change there. Graham is his usual, dependable 90% of the time, self. The only noticeable improvement about Point Of Origin in this, their comeback gig, is their new song. Bob's new song. Bob's sleazy new song. No-one does sleaze like Robert Knight and my girlfriend can vouch for that.

Sounding like a cross-between *Unchained Melody* and *Kiss Me Where It Smells Funny*, Point Of Origin's tender love-song *Bring On The Sluts* is a piece of twisted genius. The more serious-minded music fans out there may not be particularly impressed by lines such as '*Will you still love me in the morning? Get your fucking pants off, get your fucking pants off!*', but it certainly made me smile. Bearing in mind that a band that can write one great song will get a whole lot further than a band that can write 10 average songs, Point Of Origin could be onto a winner here. If *Bring On The Sluts* turns out to be their *Rollin'*, I'll happily be the misogynistic frat-boy that goes out and buys it. But if it comes with a dick (or should that be cums with a dick?) as a hidden extra, just don't expect me to suck it.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.