

purple munkie

[THE LEMON TREE, FRIDAY 11TH MAY]

It's been a strange week. On Monday, I saw a Securicor van being robbed. (Annoying computerised female: *'This van is under attack. Please call 999. This van is under attack...'*) We laughed. On Tuesday I had my accounting exam. Financial ratios, anyone? No, me neither. On Wednesday, we got our new staff uniform @ Safeway. Big green shirts, no tie, spiky hair - I felt like such a rebel! And how the kids did stare. On Thursday I had donuts thrown at me. Thanks TAR. On Friday I got my new tattoo - I hope everyone knows that by now, especially you, James. Then on Saturday (Yes, Saturday) I saw Purple Munkie. And I forgot to mention Nero of course. But we'll get to them later.

I have to admit, I'm a bit jealous of **Purple Munkie**. Not because they're from Elgin and they're actually better than my band (oh the horror!), and not because they're probably going to be very successful and sell lots of records. (And if Adie has her way, they will be records.) No, the reason I'm jealous of Purple Munkie is because they happen to have one of the best riffs ever, the sort you hear and think *'Fuck, why couldn't I have written that?'* The start of *Queens Of*, where the guitar starts playing that descending bit is one of those moments that makes you feel all tingly like on *Pink Maggit* at precisely 2:43. If there was ever a song from any band within a 64-mile radius of Aberdeen that screamed *'Fuck me, I'm gonna be famous!'*, this would be it.

The thing about Purple Munkie is, they don't need us. And they know it. Regardless of whether they make it to the main stage with Weezer or spend the rest of their lives playing Downtown USA - either way, the A in AUBL is hardly the Florida primary as far as they are concerned. So whatever I write is gonna affect Munkie's career by about the same amount as a tenner

is gonna have on my sobriety at The Lemon Tree. (Remind me to mention drink prices in a review at some point.) But I know that Alan Munkie, being the curious chap that he is, will be unable to resist having a peek at this. Just out of curiosity, to see what someone-he-doesn't-care-about-too-much thinks about a gig that isn't-really-that-important in the grand scheme of things.

So it's like this: apart from having written a super-duper song that has Dave Officer creaming his pants just at the thought of it, there are other reasons for liking the Munkie. Like for the super-fucked-up distortion sound they somehow achieve, best compared to a learner driver trying to change gear. Without using the clutch. At their heaviest, they are like a phatter version of Idlewild. Well Pete likes them, so they must pass the rock test. In fact, if Purple Munkie was a bodybuilder, it would have been disqualified by now for taking anabolic steroids. And thus have to live with the shame of having small penises for the rest of their lives. Hurrah! Actually, this is apparently a myth perpetuated by fat men so they can feel good about themselves. Oh well.

At the other end of the scale, Munkie can also be light as Maltesers, helped by Alan's nice singy voice - a less hysterical Matt Bellamy, though he (Al) would probably disagree. They trash their way through the first song, which, it is generally agreed, is a bit shit. Purple Munkie by numbers. The second one's better, but still a bit disappointing coming from the best thing to have crawled out of Elgin since The Wolf Of Badenoch. (Don't worry, Aberdeen readers, it's just another cultural reference for Alan's benefit.) It is not until *Slightly Out Of Reach* that the Munkie experience finally takes shape, and you suddenly realise '*Hey, these chaps are quite good, actually!*' Think *Everlong* by the Foo Fighters and you're nearly there. In a word, TUNE! (Sorry, the Elgin upbringing is coming through here.)

If I had to put a tenner (or in Lemon Tree terms, two drinks) on any local-ish band making it big, I would say Nero. And then Purple Munkie. And then Psycho A Go Go. That Adie Nunn knows a good band when she sees one. (We'll forget Eddie Speed & The Garage Bombshells.)

[STOP PRESS] *While I was typing up this review, I found something on AUBL that has forced me to totally revise the above paragraph. Aberdeen has a new super-group! To find out more, [\[click here\]](#)*

After a couple more top-speed tunes, we get to THAT song, and then it's time to go. Off to the Palace to get my nu-metal fix. By the way, you know when I listed the three bands most likely to make it big? I lied about one of them. But you'd never have guessed.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.