

maple
deadloss superstar
lucas

[drake's, saturday 30th match]

So it's the last band nite at Drake's before the doctor takes over and prescribes a new venue. I feel like I should write a review, not to mark the monumental occasion, but just so I've got something to do while I'm sitting in bed waiting for the post-coital erection to die down. Until then, it makes a convenient surface to lean my notepad on. Like a condom that's been re-used until the cumulative cum is dripping out the top, the venue filled up slowly but surely. Even the bands who seemingly existed only on messageboards managed to show themselves, and got spectacularly drunk on the novelty of being away from a fetid computer-room for a few hours. Like the six-fingered in-bred hillbillies that we are, representatives from every band in the Aberdeen 'music scene' got together for one glorious family fist-fuck, culminating in grandma having a stroke. Of grandpa. A few things were certain before a single out-of-tune note had been played: Deadloss Superstar would trash the place, Maple would just be Maple and I would write a review filled with more sexual references than a semen-encrusted Daily Sport.

Lucas are a band of whores. If a social-worker played 'experimentally' with as many groups as Kenny does, he'd be in jail by now. Like hitching an anorexic girl's legs behind her head, only to watch them snap into pieces, sometimes it's possible to spread yourself too thinly. Lucas have been going for five months, and have as many songs. That ain't much, so it's just as well they're good. As the axe-murdering, vocal-wringing frontman in the band, Kenny is the focal point. The other guys do just fine, but it's him you want to look at. (Incidentally, the fact that Lucas' singer subscribes to all the porn channels might explain why new material has been slow in coming. And who can blame him?) The band's Pixies / Fugazi influenced punk-rock sounds good, with only *Reduced To Clear* bagging itself an 'average' sticker. Another good Aberdeen band then. Fuck it, who'd have though so much good music

could exist in a city full of shit? But like fisting your girlfriend only to discover the wristwatch you thought you'd lost forever, good things can appear in the strangest of places.

'Good evenin ladies and mutha-fucking gentleman. We are Deadloss Mutha-Fucking Superstar!' screams Brian. Ah, that'll be **Deadloss Superstar** then. Swearing isn't big or clever, but it's quite funny. Deadloss are good at being funny. If Martin looked any younger, he'd be picked on by the first-years at the school he works at. If Craig smoked any faster, he'd wear his lungs out. Oh wait, he already has. Deadloss Superstar understand the meaning of the word Entertainment, something a few other bands could do with taking to heart. It doesn't matter that Martin's snapped another string and Brian's telling bad jokes, because everyone's pissed and having a good time. For the record, two thirds of Deadloss's songs are pretty good, while a couple are suspiciously mediocre, but are still filled with more charisma than a convention on 'Supreme Self-confidence'. Pogo is playing his last gig for Deadloss. It's a shame, cos he was the only one who could actually play the songs. I'll miss the sight of him solidly plodding his way through the elongated outro to their set, while Martin and Brian writhe about on the floor like upturned woodlice. Watching Deadloss Superstar is like receiving an enema - something you really should experience at some point in your life, even if they do hit the occasional bum note. (Sorry.)

Maple calmly weave their way through the detritus left behind by Deadloss and turn the amps up to 'surf-rock'. If a nodding puppy in the back of someone's car could talk, it would request Maple. You already know the songs - everyone does. Diesel, and the one that sounds a bit like it and the other one that's also quite similar, but totally good in its own way. A suitable band to close the proceedings at Drake's, suitable for all the family without slipping into Staind-style blandness. If the dying Drake's could have had one last wish, I imagine it would have requested a session of cunnilingus. I can safely say that the combined tongues of Lucas, Deadloss Superstar and Maple did all that and more - they even rimmed its shit-hole and made it squeal. I hope I go out in a similar fashion.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.