

# point of origin

## my decaying leg

### 10 easy wishes

[LAVA, TUESDAY 15<sup>th</sup> JANUARY]

It's tough being in a band; the constant criticism that gets thrown at you on a daily basis, when you only said that your band was gonna blow all the other bands away and that your ex-bassist was gay. You practise, you write some songs that you think are great, you think of a good mum joke to tell when your drummer's fumbling around for his sticks and you play a set at Lava. And then, you know what happens? Someone called 'Anonymous' goes on a messageboard the next day and says that you're a Blink-182 rip-off, you can't do harmonies to save your life and the mum joke wasn't funny. ('Anonymous' people spend all their waking hours on message boards because their own mothers died when they were very young, spit-roasted on a knitting-needle while pleasuring themselves. The trauma can cause feelings of resentment later in life, often directed towards those who are enjoying their lives. See also 'old punks'.) But then the trauma of being in a band is nothing compared with the death threats and crows' feet sent through the post that you get for daring to write an opinionated review of such bands. 'They paid you to say that!' 'How many times have you reviewed that band now?' 'You're too critical / uncritical.' 'What would you know about this type of music, you pretend you're a punk.'

Well sorry. Just trying to give people an idea of whether a band is worth seeing or not. And to give the bands some feedback themselves. Plus it gives me a chance to air my over-inflated ego. Sorry, I'm feeling bitter this month, my royalty check from the AUBL hasn't arrived yet - they owe me £30

for that last review I did. (That's why I write so much, I get paid per word. Um. Yellow. Lorry. That's another three pence.)

Anyway, at the risk of losing all the credibility I've been building up from years of dick-sucking, I'd like to mention that there's an Aberdeen band who are hotly-tipped to win the 'Worst Band' category in the Fudge Awards this year. Which is weird, cos this band have got a song that is better than anything ever written by Quik, Liber8, Contra or Sirius. In fact, if you really wanna know, it's the best song I've ever heard from any local band, with the exception of 'Queens Of' and perhaps 'The Monkey Song'. But before I speak about this eighth wonder of the world, I'd better do what I'm here for and review the rest of the nite.

10 Easy Wishes, My Decaying Leg, Point Of Origin - it sounds like an emo convention. Songs about love and 'feelings'. Teenage girls crying. Backpacks. I'm afraid not. There's songs about love all right, but only of the sleazy kind. And there's songs about feelings as well - the sort you get from a hamster and a tube of KY. That's about as emo as it gets. Most of the evening is taken up with Alkaline Trio punk rock (10 Easy Wishes), rock & roll in a nu-metal style (My Decaying Leg) and melodic 'girl' punk (Point Of Origin).

**10 Easy Wishes** sound like they should be a Jason Donovan song, but are slightly better. Young, dumb and full of mum's dinner that she insisted they ate before going out. If they'd only played for half as long, 10 Easy Wishes would have been twice as good. Still, at an age that would have most rain-coated men raising a casual eyebrow, there's plenty of time to write more songs. I've been dying to do this for ages, so here goes: If I could improve anything about this band, I would would like to see the following things granted:

More continuity between songs

Better hairstyle for the bassist

No Green Day cover (it's a good song, but not here)

Tighter vocal harmonies

Some movement from the bassist

Interesting introductions to songs (not just 'This one's called...')

A couple more good songs

Tighter playing

Guitars that are in tune

Songs with good verses

And there you have it; my 10 Easy Wishes.

The real surprise of the nite is how damn good **My Decaying Leg** are. They've always been an entertaining band to watch, but tonite their songs sound immense *and* Neil is cavorting about the stage with a paperboy's bag, which somehow adds to the occasion. Guitarist and songwriter Andy Morris riffs and finger-taps his way along while his mum watches proudly, and I proudly watch his mum. Not only that, but he can also do growly vocals, thus proving to be more multi-talented than a Swiss Army Knife. The real centre of attention, however, is Neil, whose unorthodox singing and demented stage presence prevent My Decaying Leg from being just another school nu-metal band. Portlethen Academy - take notice!

**Point Of Origin** are also in great form tonite. It's possibly their best ever performance, though critics will be quick to point out that this isn't saying much. The sound in Lava is unexplainably great (Did I ingest too much Ketamine before I went out?) and Point's playing is tighter than Britney Spears pretends she is. Bob (sporting a nice new guitar, but the usual naff clothes) is on top form, introducing every song with its own special title; 'This one's called 'I may be a tiny elephant but I've got an enormous trunk''. 'This one's called 'I may be a small plumber but I've got a large pipe''. Graham's drumming is spot on, and even Ryan only stops a song once to tune his guitar. The songs themselves sound good; perhaps Point Of Origin have more good songs than people give them credit for. There's a couple of duff tracks in the middle of the set, but then if we wanted perfection, we'd have gone to see Linkin Park. (Insert your own snide comment here.) It is still true that Ryan's chord songbook is missing a few pages, and Bob's 'understated' guitar parts are repeated in 90% of the songs (who's the Lazy Cunt now?), but Point Of Origin's humour and enthusiasm always shines through. And then there's

the small matter of that rather good song we mentioned earlier. Who'd have thought that Point could come up with such a gem? If 'Bring On The Sluts' was a porno, it would have everything; lesbians, fist-fucking, horses, your mum. And lyrically, it just about does. The Daily Express readers on AUBL might not see the funny side of lines such as these, but it certainly makes me smile to hear Bob's refrain *'So bring on the sluts, cos there's never enough girls who like dick, oh it makes me sick when girls who are nice won't take my advice and leave me alone cos I need a fucking slut'*. If a radio-edit of this song was possible without removing the warm sentiment contained within (or rather, the warm sediment), 'Bring On The Sluts' would be a number one hit in 33 countries. But then success, as Purple Munkie have discovered, is not synonymous with good or even amazing songs. It's about... actually, I don't know what it's about. For me, bringing my girlfriend to orgasm is success. If Point Of Origin never play another gig in their lives, they've still done more for me than Tool or The Strokes ever could. Remember last year, there was a rock-a-billy act who were voted 'Worst Act' in the Fudge Awards? They're doing alright now, apparently. If Point get signed next year, I'm wanting a blow-job from this. And Ryan; you can swallow it.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.