

rising son quik tenesee kait my decaying leg

[EXODUS, SUNDAY 7TH OCTOBER]

MILFs are like baby pigeons really - you know they exist but you've never seen one. Well tonite, all that changed. Blair Quik's mum is in the building! And she's kinda cute. My girlfriend has me on a very tight leash. Instead of ogling mature women, I am forced to watch bands instead. Oh well, might as well write a review I suppose.

My Decaying Leg have lots of people with them. About 40 school-kids to be precise. Respect! And on a school nite as well. Their plodding nu-metal is unremarkable, though Neil ex-TAR can be an amusing frontman at times. At least they don't take themselves too seriously.

I can't remember what **Tenesee Kait** sound like because I talked through their set. I've seen too many bands this week to care about the average ones. Sorry guys.

Quik. Well what the fuck am I supposed to say about them that I haven't said before? Can't someone else review this band? I'll try and be more critical this time. I even know most of their lyrics. Oh help me god. They've still got some of the best riffs and a 'togetherness' that most bands don't have. Blair jokes about being a rapist, tells everyone his mum is a MILF and makes his Albyn fanclub swoon. Craig busies himself with trying to

remove even more mid-range from his amp - if Machine Head played skate punk, this is what it would sound like. Ben is (surprise, surprise) the Travis Barker of the band, intently focussed on his drumming. The songs from their demo sound strong, but so does the rest of their set. I honestly believe that there are no fillers in Quik's set. The arrangements are all very straightforward; verse-chorus-verse-chorus-breakdown-chorus, but then I'm not gonna put my hand up and claim to do things any differently.

The one problem with Quik's live show is that there are no surprises. It's as if they feel restricted by the conventions of the type of music they play. But then who's to say that the boundaries of skate punk can't be broken? When you see Blink-182 live, you know they're gonna be funny. You know The Dwarves are gonna be dangerous and The Vandals obscene. To be fair, most people don't go to see their favourite band every two weeks. Perhaps I'm suffering from Quik-itis. Ben rated this gig 6/10, he's probably right, though I'd give it an extra 1. Just for Blair's mum. They end with a ragged version of Fenix TX's *Ben*. Good song, should be tighter. Still the most commercially marketable band in Aberdeen. (That means 'actually, they're quite good.')

If they don't get any record company interest on the strength of their demo then I'm Pete Harper in a skinnyrib.

Risingson are a proper band. With proper equipment, a proper tour and even proper airplay. Good for them. They've got a distinctive trip-hoppy sound, more rhythm based than most bands. Shimmering guitar effects, phat beats, turntable scratching, hip-hop influenced bass lines, high-pitched vocals. The basic formula stays the same; starting quietly, then building up to a hysterical chorus with plenty of distortion and general noise. Risingson are a fine band. A bit arty in places; sometimes more directness is needed, but some killer tunes in there. *Evil TV* springs to mind. Thoroughly entertaining when they don't get lost within themselves. A band you could actually listen to at home, preferably in an open-plan, Feng Shui-ed luxury penthouse. Mmm, just think of running a nice hot bath and filling it with Matey colour-changing bubbles. Glass of champagne, couple of expensive hookers. Just pay them to get on with it, give yourself a bit of a hand shandy while you

watch. In the background, Risingson sing about machines. You yawn and press a button. A widescreen TV, occupying an entire wall, turns on. *Kerrang!* is playing Linkin Park for the 1,000,000th time. Ah, this is the life.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.