

this girl

liber8

sirius

[dr drakes, thursday 18th july]

God she's lovely, and all the guys agree. It's sad but true - we've been standing in one spot for half an hour, just looking at the barmaid in The Bobbin. Suddenly, I feel a figure beside me, her sweet breath on my cheek, whispering those sweet nothings in my ear: 'So, you're interested in my flowback then?' Flowback?! Jolting around I see Kai, Aberdeen's filthiest pervert bar one, standing beside me. 'Erm... yeah,' I say, half disorientated from my daydream, 'I'll lap it up.' Kai looks puzzled but gives me a little grin. Somehow, things always go wrong for me at the pub.

A few days later I decide it would be wonderfully clever to write a review of Sirius, the band for which Kai holds guitar and poses a lot. I am however suspicious that with the power he holds he may indeed edit or remove anything insulting I might say about them. Now, here's my challenge to you Kai: if you want these pages to be as hallowed and tasty as their namesake, you won't tamper with my review.

So, the first band of the night were **Sirius**, taking to the stage and opening with a right...

... like pishflaps....

...cool but....

... drummer's T-

shirt, which read Flange Felcher.

...I really liked the start of the set....

....as the wanton destruction continued I thought they...

..and..

..like a fist in the ass.

... slackening off a bit.

....and that was what I thought. I really didn't want to varnish the performance. You, the reader, deserve to know the truth.

Next up were **Liber8**, three guys who're frequently hyped as 'Aberdeen's Best Band', a title which clearly establishes them as... sorry, Liber-who? Guys, you should feel aggrieved by such small-minded attitudes and remember that you're every bit as good as really good, proper bands. Tonight their emotional rock, punk, or whatever it *exactly is*, manages to shine through despite more technical fuck-ups than the Aberdeen City Council's planning department.

Sometimes it seems that even the most experienced gigolo can get tangled in a bra strap while trying to Liber8 the client's boobies, but more importantly, he should still continue with a good ribbing. Liber8 *do* manage to cut through the shit and deliver their package, and who cares if it's in the front or back, or if there happens to be more than a few cries of 'whoops' along the way? Overall this was one performance as messy as... ... without the carnage of... ...but what the hell? Liber8 rock your ass, and it's always a treat.

Talking of rock, we must now talk of touring bands and how to stand like one when they appear onstage. Whenever a band makes the effort to come to our City I get this awful feeling that the audience turns into those shopkeepers from *The League of Gentleman*. 'Ah, but this is a LOCAL venue for LOCAL bands, it's not for the likes of you!' And so the audience stands with their arms folded, and a stern 'I dare you to impress me' atmosphere fills the place. Before you know it, you think you're living in Dundee.

This Girl take about ten minutes to cut through the barrier and when they do, it's worth the wait. They're an entertaining band with attitude and are actually worth listening to as well. They play fast songs and jump on stuff, and those observations are far more important than anything else I can say about this, or any other band. Fuck it, I'm just a punk guitarist on an ego trip, intent on talking about myself – I've got no real interest in music. I usually pray that someone else reviews a band so that I can steal their intelligent comments, regurgitate them and take the credit next time. So for once I'll just stand on my own feet and give you one simple thought: This Girl should come back to Aberdeen for our good, not theirs.