

## **gig Review – 11<sup>th</sup> Feb 2007 – on [www.hubgigs.co.uk](http://www.hubgigs.co.uk)**

### **Southern Tenant Folk Union**

*Venue The Luminaire*

*Date 24 Jan 2007*

"To quote my fellow Luminaire virgin friend, "there's going to be some right haircuts here". He was right..."

The Luminaire is one of those venues that brings me to the instant opinion of loveliness. Makes me wonder why other venues don't scrub up a bit, put some effort into their décor. There's a cosy atmosphere and the stage is flanked by a big screen in case you are unfortunate enough to be at the back of a big crowd, or worse, behind someone with a fat head.

"Let us move out of the loos and into the venue, if we must..."

Not one to usually make a song and dance about a toilet, I am going to mention it anyway because it's worthy a mention. I liked the loos. I was tempted to hang out in there all night. A quietly humming mirror ball spins millions of tiny red lights around a room awash with a rich history. Many a band has been sugar soaked to these walls (well, their flyers have) and the cubicle walls bare years of graffiti; my favourite - 'myspace is shit' - can be found among many myspace addresses and 'I love Fred, he is well fit' type scrawlings.

Let us move out of the loos and into the venue, if we must. It's very trendy. To quote my fellow Luminaire virgin friend, "there's going to be some right haircuts here". He was right, many a hair perfectly scruffy, skinny-jeaned trendy walked through the door.

I enjoyed the pre-gig music, it was very Velvet Underground - always a good thing.

"His poems set to enticing music are hard to resist..."

Scroobius Pip got proceedings off to a fine start. His lyrics are excellent and delivered with style. I don't want to liken him to the Streets but I can't think of any other way to describe his London accented talk/rapping (there's probably an actual term for it that I am not privy to). Just Jack might be a more complimentary likening. Scroobius had me sold when he projected a Periodic Table and proceeded to rap about carbon and other elements whilst using a pointing device to distinguish the carbon from the oxygen. It was brilliant! I was most endeared, especially with his Dolly Parton's Nine to Five reworking, his poems set to enticing music are hard to resist.

"They inject their usual rampant energy into every song..."

Next up, the pesky Zetland Players. (I think they're following me) I won't bang on about them because they are lucky enough to have already been seen and reviewed by me, but suffice to say they are like a Kipling cake, exceedingly good. They inject their usual rampant energy into every song and, I think the mass turn out would agree, style

oozes from their every chord - and you can't hear a folk rendition of the Fresh Prince of Bel Air theme tune enough. They brought on some very talented guests for the last song, the infallible Nic Dawson Kelly and Dominic Weeks, both of whom can be relished on Myspace. Nic's 'The Musician' is just gorgeous and I recommend everyone immediately Myspace's both.

"The Union, as I shall presume I may refer to them, are upbeat and talented..."

I have banged on when I said I wouldn't. Allow me to move on to headliners Southern Tenant Folk Union. A fresh, unusual group sporting lots of unusual instruments which all compliment the concoction – violin, mandolin, banjo... Whoop for unusual instruments! Down with the boring old guitar! I jest, guitar lovers, I merely jest. The Union, as I shall presume I may refer to them, are upbeat and talented, they are a soothing, mellow nod towards gospelly folk. Gospelly? Look out, Shakespeare, there's a new creator of words on the block. One of my favourite soundtracks ever is the one for 'Oh Brother, Where Art Thou' and the Union are most evocative of this; it's a fun ride. I quite felt like a little jig.

by Kim Willis