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Dixie Fried Live at King Tuts

Posted on February 4, 2013 by ivorywheels

December, and the cool cloud of smoke masking the doorway of King Tuts is as welcoming as ever. What am I in the mood for? The kind of Southern blues rock that the West of Scotland seems to do well, and Dixie Fried do it very well indeed. Craig Lamie and John Murphy form a tight two-piece consisting of dirty guitar (Lamie) and steady drums (Murphy). The constraints of such a set up being what they are, Dixie Fried's sound is grounded and steady, pounding and clear, yet with the supreme balance of virtuosity and down-home principles so often at the heart of music in the great American tradition.

With a set that comprised of mostly brand new material, the band displayed all of the charm that is to be found on their debut self-titled album, where 'Red Light Dreamin' and 'Big Sur Callin' both showcase the secure musicianship between the two men. Murphy's beat and Lamie's licks take off when they need to, the kind of tune that lifts an appreciative audience to merriment and beyond. 'Gram Jam' holds the key to successful popular music itself, that is to say, it's the song you wish you had written, can't believe hasn't been written before and, as such, belongs to the ages.

'Gram Jam' is masterful: Lamie's guitar and vocals guide us through the expressions of the lyrics as if we were watching some vast landscape pass slowly through the window of a rolling boxcar; tense symbols and bass drum accentuate the melancholy of creeping through the flat geography of endless plains; the train moves again when the boys kick it up a notch, and the audience do to.

As so often is the case with exceptional live music, it's not so much the notes that are being played, but the notes that hang around in the ether. For a two-piece, Dixie Fried fill the room more than most Americana bands you're likely to see. There is no screwing around, no wasteful jams and not one nuance out of place. However, you could be forgiven for thinking more musicians were present. During every song (usually in the sobering moment between the applause for the previous number and the collective grooving to the next) it suddenly struck me that there were merely two musicians performing before us.

With a set placed between London hipsters Nimmo and the Gauntletts, annoying indie-folk heartthrob Calum Beattie and plain crazy klezmer alcoholics Molotov Jukebox, Dixie Fried tore down the curtains and rattled the walls with the most authentic and enjoyable set of the evening.

It takes a brave pair to come out and play a stellar set comprised almost completely of new tracks, but Dixie Fried have the soul and the God-given gumption to pull it off. Future recordings of the likes of 'On Shotgun,' 'One Night in Vegas' and 'Too Weird to Live, Too Rare to Die' are awaited with great anticipation, and your humble reviewer counts himself very lucky indeed to have heard them tested out before an audience.

Their self-titled debut album is out now and presents listeners with an authentic live sound. It's on Big Rock Candy Records (a fine home for many of Scotland's best folk, rock and blues artists), so you know it's good. Go buy it, put on your favourite Levis shirt, kick back with a bottle of Wild Turkey and immerse yourself in the band that hold the mirror to all that's fine and true in the crowded world of transatlantic grooves. You can thank me later.

Dixie Fried will be playing at The Big Joint in Glasgow in aid of Yorkhill Children's Foundation on May 25th, and you can order their album here: