

DELIVERANCE NIGHT

THE LOFT, TUESDAY 13TH MARCH

Music journalists are wankers. Everyone knows that. Take the NME for instance: one minute they're sucking off U2 and Noel Gallagher at their shiny awards ceremony, and the next minute they're bigging up some piece of indie-shit with a catchy loser tag attached to itself i.e. *Terris*. Then they go on to congratulate themselves: 'Aren't we avant-garde, we put an unsigned band on our cover that no-one had heard of.' No you're not. The reason no one else did it is because they know a piece of shit when they smell it. And the reason the NME is shit at promoting new bands is because they are incapable of travelling further north than the Camden Monarch. On the rare occasions that they do dare to venture elsewhere, they spend the whole evening at the bar, talking loudly amongst themselves about Badly Drawn Boy and what they'll be missing on Banzai that night. Then, on the journey home, they scribble down some half-arsed version of events and make up the rest, usually including the words FUCK in BIG LETTERS, because it makes them look hard. Take heed Sam Addison.

Feeling rightfully outraged at this whole state of affairs, I decided that something had to be done. What if I was to go one better than the NME, and actually review Deliverance Night a whole six hours before it was due to start? And then see how much of it I got right. Yeah! Fuck promoting local bands - it's not as if I'm getting paid for this!

So, I find myself sitting in McDonalds™, listening to the Backstreet Boys™ and eating my Chicken McNuggets™. What can I say about the **Anal Punishers**, tonight's special 'comedy act'? In three words: funny as fuck! In more than three words: Imagine how Slipknot would sound if they didn't take themselves so seriously. The three anonymous members wear strange animal masks, and refuse to reveal their true identities. (Rumours abound as to who these hideous creatures may be, but these are so far unsubstantiated.) The Anal Punishers play a song called *Slow Entry*. They also have a backdrop that keeps falling down. We try to feel their pain, but all they offer us is a scone.

Next up are **The Gents**. A proper signed band, so they must be good, eh? Actually no. Oscar Wilde would probably have called them badgerswank, and who am I to disagree with a

man who saw such excrements on a regular basis? I go to the proper gents and have a pee. Sadly, this proves to be more entertaining.

It turns out that **Eminence** are unable to play tonight due to in-band fighting. Apparently, guitarist Patrick walked in to find his mum and a hermaphrodite junkie in bed with Eminence drummer Kevin. I am disappointed, as I was looking forward to seeing one of Aberdeen's finest young bands, still uncorrupted by the filth of rock n' roll. Never mind, we still have the delights of **Josephine** to cheer us up.

The last time I saw this band, they sucked. Both Mark Nicol and Al Nero have been saying good things about them however, so being the kind-hearted person that I am, I decide to give them a second chance. Guess what - they still suck! Sorry, but they really do. Not because they are indie, but because they are whiny, shitey indie and they all look so damn miserable. I did listen without prejudice, but my ears just turned off after a while.

I think **Kelebeck Butterfly** are on stage just now. The trouble is, I can't hear any of their songs. They are very quiet. I cough slightly, and everyone jumps. Heads turn and look at me accusingly. 'Shhh', they say. I obediently tiptoe to the back of the venue, and stay there for the remainder of their set, my tail tucked obediently between my legs.

After what seems like a very long time, **Evergreen** come on. You know how Eveready batteries are like an inferior version of Duracells? Well these guys are the same, sort of a shitter version of Everclear. I feel as if I'm listening to the Evening Session. Hmm, five bands in and still nothing to get excited about. Even Pete has given up on air-drumming. I feel sorry for him, and I consider asking the band if they could fit in a cover of *Rolling* to cheer him up.

It's OK though, because **Subsist** are on next. They will cheer up the sad *We Become Less Like Red By Choice* one. And indeed they do. They shout and have distortion that is way too loud, but it's OK, because my ears are begging to be deafened, just so they can remember what a proper band should sound like. Guitars too loud? Check. Falling mic stand? Check. Runny eyeliner? Oh yes, we've got it all. And some hecklers who go by the name of Fudge. It really is a fine end to a crap evening.

One finished review and I still have four hours to spare until the gig starts. Damn I'm good! I could really get into this rock journalism thing. Now where did I put that NME job application?

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OK, so here's what really happened. I am walking down Union Terrace on my way to the gig when a man approaches me and offers to sell me some pot for £2. I look at it suspiciously, but it smells real enough. 'I tell you what, mate, how'd you like some of these instead?' He produces a packet of small white pills, and holds them up for all passers-by to see. Valium. I politely refuse. I'm not really needing any anti-depressants. After all, I'm on my way to see some of my favourite bands playing live! I love this city!

The Loft looks like, well, a loft. But whereas a proper loft would probably contain, amongst other things, the remains of a brew-your-own-home-made-beer kit, this one actually sells proper beer, but at £2.25 a pint. Looks like I won't be getting pissed tonight then.

The Anal Punishers are on first. They are pretty much as my pre-review said they were. But their nice banner (People = Jobbies) actually stays up. They are fun!

Evergreen are a rockier version of Everclear (or I could just be making this up), but with Ruud Gullit for a singer. They do harmonies and stuff. 'Can I get a bit more vocals in my monitor?' asks Ruud. 'Can I get a bit more guitar in my monitor?' asks the little guitarist. 'And can I get a packet of Monster Munch and a 10p mixture?' asks the bass player. Or something like that. They look very serious. They are a bit dull, until Ruud Gullit decides to transform himself into Zach De La Rocha. And then Evergreen are ace. They suddenly turn into a funkier version of Rage Against the Machine, complete with cool Tom Morello solos. I like them now. More of this stuff please!

It turns out that **Eminence** *will* be playing after all, so their differences must have been settled. They probably agreed to take turns with the hermaphrodite, or something like that. They treat us to their usual high standard of playing and jump around a lot. One of their songs is called *Still Waters Run Deep* (?). Shit name, but good song. A bit like Eminence really - crap name, good band. They should lose one of their guitarists though.

The Gents. Crap name... actually OK band. They sound kind of lo-fi, like Mogwai with more vocals. They also have a TV on stage, which is a nice touch. Something to keep your

eyes on when you're bored of looking at the band. They have a song that starts off like *Girls & Boys*, but without the cheerfulness. Someone out there likes The Gents. It's just not me, that's all.

The problem with having six bands plus DJs fitted into one evening is that it drags on for ages, much like my gig reviews. I go to Sizzlers for a drink. Bon Jovi's greatest hits are playing on VH-1. It is nice and warm. I don't want to go back to The Loft to see more indie bands, mummy...

This is probably just a Sirius thing, but bands that look bad always put me off before I've even heard them. **Josephine's** singer is wearing the sort of suit your dad probably got married in back in 1982. And the guitarist has a haircut so bad, it's almost fashionable. But not quite. They play guitar pop. And they play it well, but are let down by their singer, who is convinced that he is Mark E. Smith. Sadly, he isn't. Actually, Mark E. Smith is probably better looking than this guy. There are not many people left in the building by now.

By the time **Kelebeck Butterfly** come on stage, it is late. People are yawning. Only DJ Gav and MC Ned are still going, fuelled by beer and cigarettes and a jingle that goes '*Welcome to Fudge and rock with your cock out. Welcome to Fudge and rock with your cock out. Welcome to Fudge and rock with your cock out. Welcome to Fudge and rock with your cock out.*' Ad Infinitum. (Is that how you spell it?) Kelebeck are drunk, and you can't blame them. They play nice songs for nice people. I hold Nicola's hand. It's that kind of music.

Having spent the last five and a half hours listening to indie bands, it is a relief when **Subsist** finally come on. I need some rock to wake me up! They start playing their opening song, you know - the one that goes 'doo-doo-dee-dee-dee-da-da-da-daa-daa-da'. Well, maybe not. It sounds great. Subsist jump around a lot. In fact they jump around a bit too much. Michael's guitar stops working. They finish the song, but that's it. The chances of Josephine being able to lend them a seven-string are unlikely. But hey - at least we can go home now!

So, here's the verdict: Deliverance Night was good, but there were too many bands, too many songs, and definitely too much alcohol for Al Nero. And I think I preferred the first review. I bought the pot, by the way.

Reviewed by Kai Sirius.