

Sunday: Drink up

Mike MacEacheran struggles with six pints ... and the FF-word

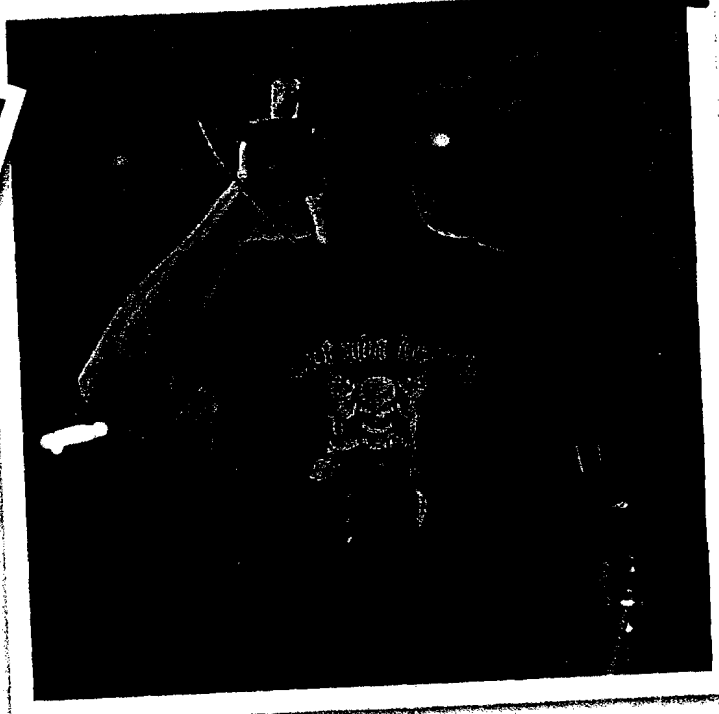
JUST don't mention the F-word. Or, rather, the dreaded FF-word. If it slips out, then every A&R executive worth his tartan fish fingers will come bounding along, game for more Glaswegian art rockers with a taste in orange ties. Alex Kapranos, the cod-faced Robin Hood of Dadaist indie-pop, and his gang of merry men have started the Jock Rock Revolution in record company land and the poor unsigned are about to be made rich. But T Break can provide darts of a different sort of pleasure, doing more than simply growing a pencil moustache and making music for girls to dance to. Get the cheque books out, grab a beer, and just don't mention you-know-who.

In the dark of the T Break tent, the first pint is not going down well. Dingwall has never been known to rock in the 200-odd years of its existence, and unfortunately, it's not about to start now. **The Cinematics** are sexy as hell and deserve to be in your kid sister's poster collection, but the matinee show of generic rock proves to be as inspiring as their decidedly un-cinematic name. Gaining impressive radio credits from emaciated



From left, clockwise, Red Bee Society, Allegro, Certain Death and The Cinematics

Photographs: Daniel McFadden Lynne Rentfrew



indie-Skeletor Steve Lamacq is one way of proving your chops though, and if you've ever wondered what happened to Pugwall's curly-haired bass player String Bean then you need look no further.

Pint two, and on bounce **Certain Death** with tattoos, trademarked T-shirts and kilts. Fife's given Scotland golf and coastal villages and can now be blamed for this. Sounding like a fight between a heroin-powered tank and a black pudding supper. **Certain Death** paste The Bloodhound Gang, **Motorhead**, and **Sepultura** onto dolls of the New Kids On The Block. A self-proclaimed boy-band from hell, they are the Chippendales of Death Metal and will truly take you out. With concrete hits like Jug-a-licious and **Dickheads**, they fuse together Jock Rock and prank

metal to create their own majestic genre, which should be dubbed Jonk. Forget NYC - these days it's about KDY, so let the Kirkcaldy Jonk revolution begin. Golfing good-guy thrashers? Possibly. Next year's main stage? Certainly.

Somebody was bound to suffer during a bad pint, and sadly, the finger of fate points to a band from Perth. Even though camp is definitely the new rock (take The Darkness and the Scissor Sisters, for instance), **Allergo's** metal simply cannot fill the wellies left behind by **Certain Death**. Despite having a soothsayer-voiced, star-shaped singer who writes as if possessed by the ghost of an Anne Summers rabbit, and songs such as *This Side Of Goodbye* that sound like Billy Corgan's granny falling down a lift shaft, there is an infectious malaise amongst the audience. The man next to me thinks that they're called Allergy and something about them gets up his nose. Auf achse! (Bless you). A throat sweet sponsorship deal surely beckons.

Pint four welcomes **Red Bee Society**. There's a muddy whiff of Jeff Buckley, a splash of Velvets, a stroke of Belle And Sebastian, a drizzle of Pop Art and the suspicion of a higher intelligence at work. An onstage cellist moves her bow and the audience buzzes in sweet harmony, the waspish singer has a honey-rich tone and

Two Cops proves to be the Queen Bee of the set. And, there's plenty of room for bad bee jokes. Buzzin!

The FB Collective are a rhythmic, Beastie Boys experience, fronted by four rubber-lipped MC's with Morningside beats to bounce off. Their eclectic sound has echoes of House Of Pain and slack-jawed hooligan Shaun Ryder, and stood side by side, Edinburgh's answer to Goldie Lookin' Chain are 40 feet of pure hippy-hop pleasure.

Poor Old Ben indeed. It's pint six and it's been a long day. But don't let that put you off, as they've brought their toy accordion, pipes, and a

flute, and are Scotland's answer to the Hair Bear Bunch. Their Americana farmyard pop is simply adorable. Yes, they need more oil on the tractor wheels, but Ryan Adams and Jackson Browne would definitely give them a big thumbs up. And recent single *Another Day* is the best thing to come out of Lewis since the footage of Billy Connolly dancing nude round the stones of Callanish.

See Scotland? It doesn't need another FF. The future is already rumbling. The future is calling for the Jonk revolution. And, after all that, there wasn't even a need to mention Franz Ferdinand, was there?



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