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# NIGHTSHIFT

Oxford's Music Magazine

Free every month. Issue 159 October 2008

# Gimme Shelters Shelters Oxford's metal storm erupts. - interview inside

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### HEADCOUNT HAVE SPLIT.

The local punk-metal veterans called it a day last month after almost a decade together. The perennial Nightshift favourites were always the most authentic punk noise in Oxford, with a malevolently melodic sound that took in Killing Joke, Adam & The Ants and Therapy? as prime influences. Headcount released three albums, 'It's Business Doing Pleasure With You', 'Die Monkey Die' and 'To The Point', working with the likes of Marco Pirroni from Adam and The Ants, and Raven from Killing Joke along the wav.

Foul-mouthed frontman Rob Moss told Nightshift, "Yeah. Headcount's dead cos we got fucking bored playing to no-one and then we finally realised what everyone else has known for the last nine years - people don't like fat noisy c\*\*\*s. But we're all friends and are actually going to try writing songs that we actually like and might enjoy playing, if we can get Stef away from the dinner table long enough. So Headcount's dead, but we're not, if you know worra mean. We're going to try and get a few copies of the album sold by doing a free single download and make a demo available of the last Headcount song written which, in my opinion, was one of the best things we did. Not that anyone would care!"

YOUTHMOVIES release a new EP on the legendary Blast First label on 3<sup>rd</sup> November. 'The Polyp EP' features five brand new tracks plus a remix of 'Magdalen Bridge' by Jonquil's Hugo Manuel. Other guests on the EP are Portland, Oregon poet Adam Gnade, Joe Shrewsbury from 65Daysofstatic and Blanket's Vicky Steer. Full tracklisting for the EP is, 'Magic Diamond'; 'Sad Trash'; 'Thazn'; 'Become An Island'; 'Magdalen Bridge' and 'Polyp'. The band head off on a nationwide tour to promote the new CD, calling at the Oxford Academy on Thursday 13th November. Adam Gnade is support for the tour. Tickets, priced £7, are on sale now from wegottickets.com

THE REGAL launches a new weekly live music club night this month. You! Me! Dancing! takes place every Wednesday night, 8.30-late, featuring some of the best up and coming bands around. October's line up features This City (1st); Data.Select.Party (8th); Rolo Tomassi, Xmas Lights and Ivy's Itch, plus Youthmovies DJs (22nd) and Pulled Apart By Horses (29th). Visit www.the-regal.com for more details.

IN A VAGUE ATTEMPT to catch up with the 21st Century, Nightshift can now accept demos from Oxford acts online. We held on to our old wax cylinder and compact cassette player for as long as we could but it seems that young people today prefer to email a MySpace or BeBo link rather than go to all the effort of actually posting a CD. So anyway, if you want your tracks reviewed by our famously even-handed demo panel, send a link over, clearly marked Demo for review, to nightshift@oxfordmusic.net. We will, of course, still be accepting CDs. And bribes. But proper ones, mind, none of yer cheap, tacky chewy sweets and stuff.

### BBC OXFORD INTRODUCING

are set to release a special CD of James Bond covers in aid of Children In Need later this year. Show presenters Dave Gilyeat and Tim Bearder approached a number of Oxford acts to contribute and the album, entitled 'A Quantum Of Covers', will feature Xmas Lights, The Family Machine, Witches, Maria Ilett, The Epstein, Sikorski and Eleanor Glynn, 50ft Panda, Boywithatoy, Stornoway, Straightjacket and Borderville, tackling assorted classic Bond themes. The album will be on sale in time for the annual BBC Children In Need appeal and should be available on iTunes. As ever, don't forget to tune into **BBC Oxford Introducing** every Saturday night between 6-7pm on 95.2fm. The dedicated local music show plays the best new Oxford releases as well as featuring interviews with local and touring acts, news, demo reviews and a gig and clubbing guide. The show is



WINCHELL RIOTS, A Silent Film, Stornoway, Raggasaurus and The Half Rabbits head the On A Saturday series of gigs at the Academy in November. On A Saturday is a collaboration between Nightshift and Oxford's leading gig promoters TCT Music, and aims to showcase the best up and coming bands in Oxford in a series of high-profile shows. The shows, which take place every Saturday throughout November provide a great mix of established local favourites and many of the best new acts to emerge on the scene in recent months. The full line-up is:

Sat 1st The Winchell Riots + 50ft Panda + Elapse-O Sat 8th Stornoway + The Keyboard Choir + Alphabet Backwards Sat 15th Raggasaurus + Confidential Collective + Loose Grip Sat 22th A Silent Film + International Jetsetters + Motion In Colour

Sat 29th The Half Rabbits + Tristan & The Troubadours + Spaceheroes Of The People

Tickets for each show are priced £6 and are on sale now from wegottickets.com or direct from the Academy box office.

available to listen to online all week at bbc.co.uk/oxford

YAKUZA STUDIOS is a threeman video production company based in Oxford. They have made music videos for a number of Oxford based acts including, Confidential Collective, Greenacre, Xmas Lights, Mounted Insanity Cannon and DJ Fu Vs Jungle Drummer. Yakuza are currently looking for videographers to join their production team, and also in working with wide range of tbands and artists with quality recordings who are interested in obtaining promotional music videos with high-end production values. For more information please email them at info@yakuzastudios.com or visit

www.yakuzastudios.com.

VIDEOSYNCRATIC on Cowley Road are still keen to sell CDs, vinyl and DVDs by local bands. All Oxford acts are welcome to take their stock along to Jon at the shop.

# A quiet word with LIGHTS



### METAL IN TO FLESH. FUTURE FACTORY

brutality. Screaming. Always the screaming. All is pain. But you love it. You love it because it's the sound of Xmas Lights and you've got your head stuck in the speakers so you can experience it all one louder. Up to eleven, and beyond.

### XMAS LIGHTS ARE A METAL BAND THAT

have moved so far beyond standard metal and hardcore noise making that they've become a force for pure musical violence: squalling, virulent guitars, spasmodic time changes, punishing keyboard drones and, yes, the screaming. Brutal, yet intricately textured, Xmas Lights write industrial symphonies that take you through brooding, doom-laden ambience into sharp, unexpected passages of hysterical violence that feel like you're being attacked by a crack-ravaged cyborg during a country picnic.

### IT IS TWO YEARS SINCE NIGHTSHIFT LAST

featured Xmas Lights on the cover. Back then they had just released one of the most incredible, powerful CDs by any Oxford band, 'The Threat Level EP', magnum opus so expansive and ambitious they couldn't perform it live without employing a full orchestra. Since that time the band has changed half its personnel, while retaining its commitment to epic, explosive noise-making and is now about to release a full self-titled debut album on their own Sleep Is For The Weak label. Never once, in those two years, though, have Xmas Lights been surpassed in the heaviosity stakes by another Oxford act. Put it this way, if the CERN Large Hadron Collider really had created a black hole large enough to suck planet earth into oblivion last month, the BBC highlights would have featured Xmas Lights as the soundtrack. Do we really want to meet these people? Well, we survived the last time, so why not.

### FIRST A BRIEF CATCH-UP ON WHAT'S

happened since the end of 2006. Disappointingly the band members who have left weren't

butchered, eaten or incinerated, Bassist Simon Tierney left to become a dad, guitarist Luke followed, before the band parted company with vocalist Marco Ruggiero due to musical differences ("The largest issue we had was that of melodic vocals: Marco was keen to add more, whereas we wanted to lose them entirely. We felt melodic vocals suddenly become lead vocals, as opposed to being one-sixth of a musical tapestry - but less pretentiously than that sounds!"). In their places came bassist Matthew Mooney, guitarist Charlie Cunningham, and, perhaps most significantly, vocalist and electronics wizard Nick B, formerly of local metal faves Centre Negative. This trio have teamed up with remaining drummer Dave McDonald, guitarist James Gray-King and electronics chap and vocalist Umair Chaudhry. It is this new combination of Nick and Umair that makes Xmas Lights such a startling live proposition, the pair hunched over their keyboards either side of the stage, screaming their lungs out in crazed tandem, while James contorts himself and slashes at his guitar, as the listener tries to work out where the hell each sound is coming from, all the while being sucked into a heavenly hardcore

### IT'S TWO YEARS SINCE WE LAST MET.

how has the band changed musically in that time? JAMES: "The biggest thing I guess is that with every change in personnel it has helped us reflect on what Xmas Lights is and should be and get people on board that share that vision, so we are slightly more defined and slightly less compromised now. We have added much more electronics and with the addition of a second guitar we have been able to lose the melody in the vocals and have that be taken up with a more dynamic guitar interplay." DAVE: "Musically, there is a lot more going on in Xmas Lights songs than there was two years ago. This came across in the mastering process of our album. There are about four different masters knocking around and we've finally, just in time, settled on an album that we agree on."

The arrival of Nick has obviously brought an influential new element to the band; how in particular has this affected the band's live sound and how the album was recorded?

JAMES: "With Nick we were after losing the notion of being a five-piece with a vocalist and wanted to become simply six musicians. His electronic-aided take on vocals has really helped us achieve that. Equally he's a pushy bastard, so we get a lot done!"

UMAIR: "It has created a situation where live you don't have a clue where the noises are coming from, they just batter you left right and centre." And how has Nick found working with Xmas Lights different from what he was doing before? NICK: "I hadn't performed live in nearly seven years, not since my days as a small boy in Centre Negative, and bit parts with Coma Kai, so getting back into the habit of that was a big shock, though incredibly satisfying. In that time I've been a studio-hermit, either doing other projects like Mounted Insanity Cannon with my brother, or my day job making sounds for video-games, neither of which really involve working in such a sizeable group of musicians, all with different approaches to this kind of thing."

Despite Marco's departure, Umair is currently working with his old singer on a new side project, which is reviewed in this month's demo pages.

UMAIR: "The project's called Monday Morning Sun and came out of a desire to make beat driven music with trippy, dubby elements. We were listening to a lot of artists at the time which inspired us, like King Tubby, Portishead, Lycia, Scorn and My Bloody Valentine. I play guitar and sing, Marco sings and plays bass. Vocals-wise it may sound similar to some moments of early Xmas Lights, or comparable to bands like Joy Division and Swans."

### AFTER HITTING US WITH A COUPLE OF

incredible live shows with the new line-up at the start of 2008, James left the country for six months to work with a charity in Kenya. Xmas Lights subsequently performed a handful of shows without their lead guitarist, offering up a different, even more electronics-led, and more atmospheric version of themselves. How have James' experiences in Kenya affected him?

JAMES: "As an experience it was unparalleled. Living by yourself in the middle of the bush and everyday working with the people in tiny villages gives you a new respect for things. I think I probably have less tolerance for trivial things now and that has moved through to my attitude in the band too. Musically I wrote a lot of very multilayered things and it really helped to give me a greater sense of dynamics than I had before; I learned to appreciate small things building to a larger whole, rather than just having *uber*-fast cool, complicated guitar parts in everything!" How do the band feel about the gigs they did in James' absence?

NICK: "It was inevitable with one less guitar, that the electronic elements from Umair and myself would present themselves more in the live mix. Though it certainly did sound pretty sweet. I hope as a result we find a midpoint between the sounds, keep the intensity of dual guitars, but make sure the electronics stand out as key element of it all."

CHARLIE: "The electronics were more prominent and they can sound dark; Umair is a dark man with dark intentions, I'm scared to be on my own with him."

MOONEY: "I feel the electronic path was more due to Nick and Umair finally combining their attributes, rather than James' absence. You can hear that already on the album."

UMAIR: It's already taking on a life of its own on the album. It's like we've been swallowed by electronics and noise, it won't be long until we start sounding like the last Skullflower album!"

### NEWCOMERS TO XMAS LIGHTS

would undoubtedly be hit first and foremost by the band's brutality and musical confrontation, and yet there is still room for humour. Some is buried deep, in Nick's lyrics, while track titles like 'Salad Bar Sneeze Guard' suggest a daft observational humour. JAMES: "The humour always is and always will be there. I think it is impossible to be serious all the time and be a true reflection of being a whole person, the trick is to do honest music, and that encompasses every element of being people."

NICK: "I've never really been a big fan of lyrics in general, let alone ones with a meaningful message, unless it's really well done. I've accepted I'm no poet, so as a result most of my vocal tends to be gibberish, nonsense, or just sounds that my mouth made that I thought were pretty cool. If I do ever pop in a lyric or two, it tends to be about pretty tongue-in-cheek stuff. I couldn't even guess at Umair's approach to his vocal or what it's about, as I'm pretty sure he couldn't guess mine. But I like it that way. We're both going on about different things, two different stories. Someone listening may try and follow both of us, to work out what it's about, only to feel even more confused. That makes me chuckle."

### THE ALBUM FEATURES EIGHT TRACKS

over 35 minutes. Previously you might have had single tracks lasting 20 minutes, notably the gloriously expansive 'The Threat level Is Orange', which reached number 3 in Nightshift's end of year Top 20, yet the album itself feels like it runs almost as a single piece – so have Xmas Lights become less epic or more so?

JAMES: "More so! By a mile! Basically the album is one track as we see it. The track breaks mark convenient stop points between moments. That said, it was written to be listened to in order in its entirety every time. We have also become better at reigning in ideas to get the most from them sooner.' NICK: I think we managed to recreate the live show quite well in the album, making sure to avoid pauses between songs wherever we could. It's always nice to not give the audience a chance to breathe until the set's over. I always like writing things short and snappy, rather than big and epic. Some of the guys prefer it the other way round. I think we found a happy medium with the current stuff. UMAIR: "The album for me feels very epic, especially with the inclusion of the last track, 'Electric Sheep', which traverses through so many moods and riffs that you feel like a new plateau of epic-ness has been reached. We've not turned into Queen just yet, though.

Where do you see the music going from here? NICK: "As much as I love this new album, it still is made up of a lot of tunes that, although modified, were part of Xmas Lights way before the current line-up. The next one will be the first release to feature tracks written from scratch by all the current members, and so I'm excited to hear how that'll turn out."

DAVE: "You can hear the development even while listening to the 35 minute album." UMAIR: "I see the music diversifying more, slowly progressing songs with intense harmonies and more electronic based songs structured around beats and samples."

### XMAS LIGHTS DO STAND OUT QUITE

spectacularly from the rest of Oxford's musical output; do they see any kindred spirits in town?

JAMES: "Well, sound wise we stand out a lot from lots of people, but I believe our attitude and approach to songwriting places us very firmly as an Oxford band. We adore Radiohead; Youthmovies have always been a favourite and overall the whole scene is pretty inbred always. Basically we drink in The Star as much as the next band, we just get to break more on stage!"

NICK: "It's definitely different to what it was seven years ago. Though I think I prefer what Oxford is putting out now. The bands have realised Oxford is quite a prominent player in the UK these days, with more of us able to break the national scene. So as a result everyone's trying harder at what they do, and the quality of music keeps getting better and better. It's great having the likes of Confidential Collective, This Town Needs Guns, Clanky Robo Gob Jobs and Youthmovies, being some of your favourite bands, and also being your neighbours from two doors down."

JAMES: "But thankfully not from three doors down. They were less good..."

### ANALMOST PERFECT EXAMPLE OF

how bands can combine guitars and electronics without compromising either, Xmas Lights are, perhaps, typical of the ambition and vision of Oxford's best bands. If they were forced to dispense with either their guitars or electronics?

JAMES: "Couldn't do it! We'd be a whole different band; one I wouldn't want to be in." CHARLIE: "The electronics: Umair and Nick are complete tossers."

JAMES: "What Charlie said!"

Arch brutalists, they are beyond doubt the heaviest band in Oxford. If Xmas Lights registered 10 on the musical brutality-ometer, who do you reckon would go up to 11? DAVE: "Rolo Tomassi."

UMAIR: "I can never decide between Converge and Napalm Death, so I think it would have to be a split. Above that would be Swans' first album on 12."

'Xmas Lights' is released on Sleep Is For The Weak'. They play at the Regal on Wednesay 22<sup>nd</sup> October with Rolo Tomassi. Visit www.myspace.com/xmaslights2 for tour dates and tracks.





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# RELEASED

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# A SILENT FILM 'The City That Sleeps'

(Xtra Mile)

It's not great a revelation to say that Oxford excels in breeding bands with a musical ambition that goes beyond a stolid three-chord chug. Doubtless it's something to do with all the academia in the city that Oxford has produced the likes of Radiohead, Youthmovies and Foals. In the case of A Silent Film it seems to be the abundance of grandiose architecture and wide open spaces that is reflected in their music.

This debut album from the band feels like it's been a long time coming – partly because we knew and loved them back when they were Shouting Myke – but listening through its carefully-orchestrated eleven tracks, it seems like it's an almost obsessive search for perfection that's taken the time. The attention to structural and textural detail is immense, Robert Stevenson's sweet, soaring voice (not unlike Ultravox's Midge Ure at times) and stately piano slotted into Lewis Jones' swirling guitars with almost mathematical precision, while the unobtrusive introduction of marimba



or cello offers the same satisfaction as placing the final piece of a jigsaw into place.

None of which is to say 'The City That Sleeps' is a stylistic triumph over substance; Rob's lyrics might appear more literary than emotive but the almost classical feel of the music as a whole tugs at your heart in a different way. Like Snow Patrol, A Silent Film seem intent on marrying their artier leanings (check out the video to 'Lamplight, with its

echoes of new romantic excess) with a desire to fill vast stadiums with a sound that can shift a million units (they couldn't dispute the occasionally similarities between themselves and Muse and Keane). Either that or they simply can't help writing Radio 2-friendly anthems however hard they try.

Wide of wingspan, A Silent Film are a delicate, sometimes ephemeral band. Rock and roll excess in its accepted forms wouldn't suit them, but they punch skywards with a vengeance on songs like 'Julie Jane' and 'Gerontion'. Still, they sound most at home on the more brooding 'Sleeping Pills', or the introspective 'Aurora', which closes the album.

Unlike so many of Oxford's musical successes, A Silent Film's scope sets them apart from the underground straight away. They sound like they're built for success from the off, rather than some kind of chance breakthrough. 'The City That Sleeps' sounds like the accomplished third album from an established stadium act, rather than the debut outing of an as-yet unknown troupe of hopefuls. They've built their palace; now they must hope the tourists flock to admire it. They will.

Dale Kattack

# THE KEYZ 'Superstar Gazer'

(Own Label)

With a wacky biog on their website, coupled with kerrazy, private-joke-infested pen pics of the band members, the deliberately (we hope) misspelt name and lyrics like "I want my super monkey fish badger-shaped-cat" barked over a mix'n'match hotchpotch of 70s pub-rock, Two Tone and Hoxton indie, the temptation is to kick The Keyz' debut four-track EP around the room in the vain hope that some of the pain magically makes its way through the ether to the band themselves. Because they've annoyed us now, right from the start. But then things get worse. The cheesy Specials-by-way-of-Chas'n'Dave stomp of EP opener 'Monkeyfish' soon gets replaced by a lumpen, plodding form of soft-centred soul-rock that seems to suck any vestige of hope from the room, causing the listener to be invaded by nightmares of nights trapped in provincial battle of the band semi-finals, watching cheery, beery musicians swap knowing grins as they build up to a climactic cover of Toploader's 'Dancing In The Moonlight'. Extended guitar solos and electric piano noodling replace anything resembling proper tunes and the whole episode

is a triumph of proficiency over character. Congratulations.

Dale Kattack

# **INTERZONE NOISE** 'White Noise'

(Eyeless)

A follow-up to his recent 'Interzone Recordings' release on Eyeless a couple of months back, this album is the work of local producer Die Funkt. Treading similar minimalist territory to the last one, there are excursions into trance, deep house and dubby techno, but essentially it's dark, electronic mood music that appears to owe pretty much everything to Plastikman and Dave Clarke. Which is no bad thing, even if can make it sound ten years out of date at times. When it works best, the carefully-nuanced electro ambience pulses like a distant steam train before sliding into hollowed-out sci-fi horror soundtracking, or simply the sound of an android trimming his hedge. Elsewhere there's the feel of experiencing a rave through several layers of sleep. The synth drones and undulations drift in and out of focus, the beats switch from harsh and brittle to

muffled thumps, but at seventy minutes long, the album falls into the frequent trap of indulgent drifting, simply chasing the shadows of Kraftwerk's 'Trans-Europe Express'. You could easily strip twenty or thirty minutes away from 'White Noise' and end up with a decent album of dark-edged ambient electronica.

While Richie Hawtin and Dave Clarke threw techno into skeletally stark relief with their work n the 90s, this too often feels like retreading all too familiar ground.

Victoria Waterfield



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# THIS TOWN NEEDS GUNS

### 'Animals'

(Big Scary Monsters)

With their rinky-dink, jazz-inflected math-pop and song titles like 'I'll Forget About You Throwing That Rock Cos That Dance Was Kinda Funny', it often felt like This Town Needs Guns were a knowing pastiche of Youthmovies, Foals et al. with their clever nods towards the American (particularly Chicago) alt.rock underground. But the band's longevity and hard work proves otherwise, and on this debut album, they've even reined in the titles to single-word tributes to various mammals. 'Pig' and 'Elk' display admirable brevity; the most indulgent they get is 'Chinchilla' (although perhaps 'Quetzel' is being obscure for the sake of it). They've reined their music in too. From their early releases when their epic pop intentions put them up alongside Fell City Girl, This Town Needs Guns have nestled into a more selfregarding sound: Tim Collins' guitar work spangles gently over easy rhythms, while Stuart Smith's voice is full of dreamy resignation and odd string flourishes fill out the sound without sounding grandiose. The press release makes no bones about their debt to Don Caballero and Owls and 'Animals' has a polished, ornamental feel to it, as if it exists solely for you to admire its intimate intricacies and smooth surfaces. Tellingly TTNG' biggest advocates are other local musicians, with an attention to detail



prevalent throughout the album.

But TTNG's main failing is laid out in the first song, 'Chinchilla', which starts to fade out, promising some kind of explosive return, only to shrug and die away. The rest of 'Animals' is similarly lost in contemplation, twinkling along with no urgency and, crucially, little variation in texture or pace, and while Stuart's voice can be strong and emotive, he lacks range and often it's impossible to tell what he's singing, so a key element of the band's sound is effectively lost. That said, there is an almost effortlessness to

much of what TTNG do and their refusal to bow to the usual loud/fast cliché is admirable.
Ultimately, you wonder if This Town Needs
Guns' legacy will be best served by the number of other musicians it draws in and influences, as with the likes of Tortoise or Make Believe, to whom they themselves look. The slow, steady

rise and rise of the band, both in stature and musical accomplishment, suggests that whatever the release of 'Animals' may bring, their story is still unfolding.

Ian Chesterton

### MR SHAODOW 'Grime'

(Own Label)

Having set his bench extremely high with 'Look Out, There's A Black Man Coming' and 'The British Are Coming' last year, we expect great things already from local rapper Mr ShaoDow; thankfully this new single delivers. Instead of settling into a lo-fi, minimalist style, he's teamed up with producer Offkey for 'Grime', moving into funky electro house and a dancefloor-friendly sound that doesn't detract from his full-throttle, lyrically sharp rapping.

'Grime' takes a swipe at say-nothing, reputation-obsessed grime MCs (the accompanying video, up on YouTube is excellent) in ShaoDow's trademark manner. As with 'Look Out...', 'Grime' makes a serious point with humour and a chorus you'll struggle to shake off. Musically it's a big step up for ShaoDow and lives up his promise in last year's Nightshift feature that he wants to move into new musical territories. Such ambition, coupled with is inherent rapping capabilities, could take him any place he wants to go and make him Oxford's least likely breakthrough artist.

Ian Chesterton



# the port mahon

### Live Music in October

**3**<sup>rd</sup> Michael Wright + Desmond Chancer + Padma + Conscripts

4th Quickfix Presents...

6<sup>th</sup> Arctic Circle + Ladybird + The Mountain Parade

8<sup>th</sup> Oxford Improvisers

9th Fight The Bears

10th Dirty Boys Presents...

11th Strawhouses + Guests

12th Zangryus + Sacred Divide

16th Frankie's Whisky Night

17th Three Blind Mice Presents... Maria Ilett + We

Aeronauts + Tristan and the Troubadours

18<sup>th</sup> Ear Popping Candy

19th Black Powder

23<sup>rd</sup> Burning Legacy presents: Girl Riot Feat: Baby

Gravy + guests

24th Not Too Shabby + 14Ten

25<sup>th</sup> Sunny D Alright + Picnic Now + Motion In Colour

29th Dirty Boys Presents

30th Club Playthings

31st Off Field Presents Hellfest with N-Zyme +

Frogspawn + Die\_Funkt + David K Frampton + Foetus 502

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# **OCTOBER**

Friday 3rd

### JOANNE SHAW-TAYLOR: The Bullingdon

What Duffy has done for soul, maybe Birmingham's young guitar sensation Joane Shaw-Taylor can do for the blues, and show that a young, white British girl can match the American old-timers. Coming on like a cross between Stevie Ray Vaughan, Bonnie Raitt and Dusty Springfield, with a great sultry vocal delivery that matches her muchadmired guitar playing, Joanne started playing at the age of 14 around her native Black Country clubs and was performing at Ronnie Scott's by the time she was 16. Discovered by Eurythmics' Dave Stewart, she spent the summer on tour with him, Candy Dulpher from Prince's band, Jimmy Cliff and Parliament's Mudbone Cooper in the supergroup D.U.P and has also played alongsoide Bill Wyman and BB King. And now she looks set to join the ranks of the UK's blues elite, teaming up with Grammywinning songwriter Kevin Bowe and set to take on the American market. With barely a hint of hype, just a string of enthusiastic reviews across the blues press, she's started to build a big UK following, mostly a much younger, more female-orientated crowd than blues attracts in this country. But so laidback and assured is she, you'd think she'd been doing this for decades.



### WEDNESDAY 1st

### THIS CITY + RUPERT & THE ROBBERS:

The Regal – The Regal launches its new Wednesday night You! Me! Dancing! Indie club night with angular post-punk dance-rockers This City, coming on like a cross between Bloc Party and At The Drive-In.

**OPEN MIC SESSION: The Temple** 

### THURSDAY 2<sup>nd</sup>

THE SUBWAYS: The Academy – Buzzsaw guitars and screaming are still very much the order of the day from Welwyn Garden City's finest export, whose second album, 'All Or Nothing', has just been released. Having been forced to take time out due to serious throat problems, singer Billy Lunn could have been taking it easy but with the demise of his relationship to bassist Charlotte Cooper he's got plenty to get off his chest and the band have spent the entirety of the summer blazing a noisy path through the festival circuit. Butch Vig took over production duties for the new album so it's unsurprisingly heavier than their debut, but the odes to loves old and new also bring contemplation and respite from the garage-grunge power storm.

SKYLARKIN' with J-STAR & HONEY BROWN: The Academy – London DJ and producer J-Star guests at Skylarkin's weekly club night, mixing up old skool hip hop, rocksteady, dub and reggae.

### ALAN TYLER & THE LOST SONS OF LITTLEFIELD + THE MARMADUKES: The

**Bullingdon** – Former-Rockingbirds chap Alan Tyler brings his lo-fi acoustic country to Moshka's club night, drawing inspiration from the likes of Townes Van Zandt and Waylon Jennings. Local alt.country rockers The Marmadukes support.

### **CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford**

Community Centre – Oxford's longest-serving open-mic club continues to give floorspace to all manner of singers, musicians, performance artists and storytellers. Tonight's club features a special guest set from Rusalnaia, the dark-folk project featuring local singer Sharron Kraus and Pennsylvanian songstress Gill Chadwick.

**50ft PANDA + THEO:** The Cellar – Rifftastic hard rocking from noisy two-piece 50ft Panda, plus experimental loops and feedback-heavy post-rockers Theo.

HEY NEGRITA + THE DRUG SQUAD + MATTHEW ORD: The Jericho Tavern – Gravelly blues, country and Americana with nods to Creedence Clearwater Revival, Warren Zevon and The Band from London's Hey Negrita, plus ska-punk hoe-down fun from The Drug Squad.

**OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon** 

### FRIDAY 3rd

### JOANNE SHAW-TAYLOR: The Bullingdon

– Birmingham's young blues-rock and soul guitar sensation – *see main preview* 

**DEADMAUS: The Academy** – Progressive house and minimalist techno from the Canadian DJ who came to prominence with cult debut 'Faxing Berlin'.

### KLUB KAKOFANNEY with MARY'S GARDEN + MARY BENDYTOY + THE ROUNDHEELS + THE NEW MOON: The

Wheatsheaf – A right bunch of Marys down at Klub Kakofanney tonight with portentous Eurogothsters MG returning to action along with spiky industrial-grunge loons MBT. The only sure result is that it'll be entertaining. A reliably mixed bill of noise is completed by bluegrass and folk trio The Roundheels and acoustic pop fellas The New Moon.

### PHIL WILSON + THE REPEATS + MEGAMOOG + ALPHABET BACKWARDS:

The X, Cowley – Formerly frontman of 80s brass-heavy jangle heroes The June Brides, tonight's Swiss Concrete club sees Phil Wilson's first full band gig for over 20 years, having jacked in his job to rediscover his musical leanings. Dubbed The Golden God Of Twee, it's a badge he now wears with pride. Joining him tonight are local indie poppers The Repeats, San Francisco electro-pop cuties Megamoog and rising Oxford starlets Alphabet Backwards with their playfully ebullient indie pop.

### QUENCH + ARCHIPELAGO + KNITTING FOG + JOEY NIGHTMARE: The Jericho

**Tavern** – Anthemic Christian rocking from Quench, plus downbeat electro-pop from Archipelago and jangle rock from Joey Nightmare.

### MICHAEL WRIGHT + DESMOND CHANCER + PADMA + CONSCRIPTS: The

**Port Mahon** – Acoustic folk singer Michael Wright headlines, with after-hours jazz and blues from Desmond Chancer and jazzy hip hop types Conscripts.

**DUGOUT:** The Cellar – Soul, rare groove and funk club night.

BACKROOM BOOGIE: The Bullingdon – Classic funk, soul and r'n'b every week. SHAKE: The Academy – Count Skylarkin spins a goodly selection of funk, reggae, soul, rock'n'roll and jazz dance every week.

**GET DOWN: The Brickworks** – Weekly disco, Latin and funk DJ session.

### SATURDAY 4th

STATUS QUO: The New Theatre – It's that time of year again when the veteran rockaboogie crew return, like Banquo's ghost on repeat play, for a two-night stint, still rocking it up in a manner that shames too many new bands, and, being the most successful UK singles band of all

time, armed with four decades of classic hits, cult favourites and songs from their more recent, return-to-form albums.

new rave-cum-electro-rock hopefuls support.

ARCTIC CIRCLE + LADYBIRD + THE

MOUNTAIN PARADE: The Port Mahon –

**ROOTS MANUVA:** The Academy – Rodney Smith shows off his lyrical magic – *see main preview* 

INNERPARTYSYSTEM: The Academy – Stadium-sized electro-emo and dance-rock with nods to Depeche Mode, NIN and My Chemical Romance from Pennsylvania's rising stars, recently signed to Island Records.

TRANSFORMATION / TRASHY / ROOM 101: The Academy – Three-in-one club night with classic and contemporary indie hits at Transformation, trashy 80s pop, glam and disco at Trashy, plus hardcore, metal and alternative noise at Room 101.

**SIMPLE: The Bullingdon** – Funky house club night.

SOCA SLAM: East Oxford Community Centre – Sounds of the Caribbean tonight with a mix of soca, reggae, calypso and dancehall. SCOOBY DON'T: Black Horse, Kidlington LEE DAVIES & FRIENDS: The Temple

### SUNDAY 5th

STATUS QUO: The New Theatre – Second night of the rock legends' mini residency.
FRIENDLY FIRES: The Academy – Welcome return to town for St Alban's finest after their sterling showing at the *NME* New Noise tour earlier this year, mixing up Talking Heads and Gang of Four's post-punk funk pop with 70s disco and traces of nu-rave. All delivered in pocket-sized anthem nuggets. Go on, let yourself go – have a dance.

ACOUSTIC OPEN MIC SESSION: The Red Lion, Kidlington

STRANGE VINTAGE: Folly Bridge Inn – Classic 60s rock covers in aid of Sobell House Hospice.

### MONDAY 6th

RICKY COO & THE HOOLA BOOLA

**BOYS:** The Bullingdon – Hammond-driven 50s and 60s-style rock'n'roll and r'n'b from the Midlands-based singer, harpist and saxophonist and his latest band.

WHITE LIES + POST-WAR YEARS: The Academy – 80s-styled indie types with a wardrobe full of black clothes and the odd Editors CD or five in their collection. Warwick's



new rave-cum-electro-rock hopefuls support.

ARCTIC CIRCLE + LADYBIRD + THE

MOUNTAIN PARADE: The Port Mahon –

Cute, fidgety lo-fi electro-pop from Bristol's

Arctic Circle, plus shambling Pastels-styled indie
from Ladybird and expansive alt.folkies The

Mountain Parade.

**THEN WE TAKE BERLIN: The Jericho Tavern** – Jangly indie-punk in the vein of The Kinks and Libertines.

### TUESDAY 7th

**ENTER SHIKARI + P-DEX + SAVING AIMEE: The Academy** – Rave-metal heroes

bring the noise – see main preview

CAJUN DANCE PARTY: The Academy –

Quite a misnomer for a band, since north London's teenage indie bouncers aren't Cajun at all, but you can dance to them, particularly if you're fond of a spot of fresh-faced, bountiful classic indie jangle that mixes up bits of Orange Juice, The Smiths and The Cure, but with a smile on its face. And a violin. Violins in pop are good. Cajun Dance Party are good. Smile. Enjoy yourself. Go on. Do it.

JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Keyboard player Howard Peacock and his band are tonight's guests at the free weekly live jazz club.

ANNI ROSSI + ROLLIN HUNT: Baby

Simple – Quirky Minnesota singer, viola player and occasional tap dancer returns to town, with a maverick, inventive approach to pop-classical-electronica crossover that stretches from Joanna Newsome, through Lena Lovich to Laurie Anderson.

### WEDNESDAY 8th

STACEY EARLE & MARK STUART + EASY TIGER + KATHLEEN HASKARD: The

**Bullingdon** – Steve Earle's kid sister and her husband bring their own brand of country, blues and Cajun folk to town, with echoes of Woody Guthrie and Johnny Cash and June Carter.

**DATA.SELECT.PARTY: The Regal** – You! Me! Dancing! club night with Foals-like mathpop crew Data.Select.Party.

SAM ISAAC + STORNOWAY + THE JOE ALLEN BAND: The Jericho Tavern – Full band gig for the Malvern singer-songwriter at tonight's Coo Coo Club, Isaac's plaintive but upbeat electro-folk pop unsurprisingly lends an ear to Get Cape, Wear Cape, Fly, to whose Mannequin label he's now signed. Add in some sweet Bright Eyes-style musings and the lad, who earned his dues playing tours of living rooms and barbecues, is a DIY pop hero in the making. Support comes from idiosyncratic local pop romantics Stornoway and emotive singersongwriter Joe Allen.

CHARLES HAYWARD: The Port Mahon -

Time for a genuine drumming masterclass tonight as former-This Heat and Camberwell Now sticksman Hayward shows just how far you can go with a kit. Having worked with everyone from Phil Manzanera and Everything But The Girl to Laura Logic and The Raincoats over the past 30 years his wildly inventive streak shows now sign of diminishing and his recent solo work, involving percussion, electronics and vocals is experimental but accessible. Tonight he's performing solo as well as with members of Oxford Improvisers.

FREE RANGE: The Cellar – dubstep,



Saturday 4th

### ROOTS MANUVA: The Academy

With the release of new album 'Slime & Reason', is there anybody out there still arguing that Roots Manuva isn't the UK's finest rapper? Eclipsing even his breakthrough debut 'Brand New Second Hand', the man once known as Rodney Smith, brought up in Stockwell, the son of a Jamaican Pentecostal preacher, has made a collection of songs that screams Hit! at every turn, taking in funk, soul, reggae and r'n'b along with forays into gospel and electro. And by working with up and coming producers like Metronomy and Toddla T, he's stayed well ahead of the game, even as he declares his desire to collaborate with James Blunt. The feelgood party mood of the music is, however, often at odds with Roots Manuva's rueful world outlook, often bleak lyricism and that rare thing, rap existentialism. It's his perceptiveness and ability to turn it into such powerful rhymes, though, that put him on top of the pile and make him a real contender as heir to Rakim's throne. Now into his 15th year as a rapper he's worked with everyone from Leftfield, U.N.K.L.E and Gorillaz to Mica Paris and Mr Scruff and quite possibly, somewhere along the line, invented grime. Any young British rapper will have to work some special kind of magic to catch up with him.

drum&bass and more.

**OPEN MIC SESSION: The Temple** 

### THURSDAY 9th

### RACHEL UNTHANK & THE WINTERSET + NANCY ELIZABETH: Holywell Music Room

 Northumbrian singer and cellist Rachel and her all-female band head out on tour after the success of recent Mercury-shortlisted album 'The Bairns' – see main preview

GABRIELLE CILMI: The Academy – Aussie jazz-pop songstress in the mould of Macie Gray and Amy Winehouse, out on a headline tour after supporting the likes of Sugababes and Nouvelle Vague and riding high on the success of Top 10 hit 'Sweet About Me'.



Tuesday 7th

# **ENTER SHIKARI:** The Academy

Taking pot shots at Enter Shikari is a bit like complaining about kids kicking a football against a wall rather than playing chess: it was never meant to be clever or meaningful. If anything, St Alban's hardcore-cum-rave warriors are simply the 21st Century English version of Linkin Park (or, if you want to be really anal and show your age, the logical conclusion of a crossover style pioneered by Senser in the early-90s) so chin-stroking appraisal really isn't the order of the day. Instead it's all about getting in the pit and flailing around wildly to the band's ready mix of screamo guitars, rave synths, vocal chants and screams and euphoric hooks. And The Kids love it. Enter Shikari became only the second unsigned band to sell out the Astoria and have spent the interim selling out tours and playing wild festival shows ever since, releasing a pretty impressive Top 5 debut album, 'Take To The Skies', on their own label along the way and winning a fistful of NME and Kerrang! awards into the bargain. And now they head off on tour again, coinciding with a new rarities and b-sides album, 'The Zone', and you can bet each and every date will be a complete sell out and a frenzied barrel of fun for all concerned. The band's critics, meanwhile. would doubtless take a ride on Blackpool's big dipper only to complain there was no Proust to read on the way round.

### SKYLARKIN with THE NEXTMEN: The

Academy – Beatmakers Brad Baloo and Dom Search return to Skylarkin with a mix of classic soul and disco, funky beats and old skool hip hop, having worked with Public Enemy, Pharcyde and Blackalicious.

**GENERAL BOVINE & THE JUSTICE FORCE 5: The Cellar** – Superhero-obsessed Spinal Tap-like old-fashioned hard rocking from General Bovine and his hairy gang.

FIGHT THE BEAR: The Port Mahon – Hard-gigging Shropshire indie-rock and ska crew.

CROSSHEADS + JUNE THE BAND +
INSPECTED BY TEN: The Jericho Tavern –
Abrasive gothic electro-rock and industrial dance
from Crossheads, plus classic indie rocking from
June and riff-heavy melodic rocking from

promising newcomers Inspected By Ten.

BLACK HATS + VON BRAUN + SPIRAL 25:

The Hobgoblin, Bicester – Ebullient indie

The Hobgoblin, Bicester – Ebullient indie rocking with a Supergrass vibe from Black Hats, plus angular post-rock from Von Braun and dark, narcotic groove rocking from Spiral 25.

CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre

**OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon** 

### FRIDAY 10th

**SLIDE:** The Academy – House music club night with guest Nic Fanciulli.

BLAKFISH + SHAPES + DIAL F FOR FRANKENSTEIN + I AM THIEVES: The

**Port Mahon** – Melodic post-hardcore rocking in an At The Drive-In vein from Birmingham's revitalised Blakfish, out on tour with angular noisemongers Shapes.

THE DRESDENS + TO THE BONE + SEROTONIN: The Wheatsheaf – Truly

ferocious garage and grunge rock mayhem from The Dresdens at tonight's Quickfix club, plus virulently guttural hard rocking somewhere between Pixies and Motorhead from Bolton's Org-signed To The Bone.

**MOODY BLUES: The New Theatre** – Justin Hayward, John Lodge and Graeme Edge continue their symphonic soft-rock odyssey.

**BOSSAPHONIK: The Cellar** – Live jazz

THE SHUDDERS + RED BULLETS + SEVASA + CUTE LOONY: The Jericho Tavern – Folky rocking from Swindon's

THE MIGHTY REDOX + THE PETE FRYER BAND + FILM NOIR + THE HEADINGTON HILLBILLIES: The Magdalen – Festival funk and psychedelic rocking from The Mighty Redox at their monthly residency, plus regular chums.

BACKROOM BOOGIE: The Bullingdon SHAKE: The Academy GET DOWN: The Brickworks

### SATURDAY 11th

THE STREETS: The Academy - In which the once unassailable Mike Skinner gets his final chance to impress following the charmless (okay, let's be honest, truly fucking awful) 'Hardest Way To Make An Easy Living' album, wherein the former documenter of urban working class life starting talking about smoking crack with pop star girlfriends and just how terribly difficult it was to be, like, famous. Skinner's fourth album, 'Everything Is Borrowed' promises to cover more exotic and universal subject matter, but early hearings suggest no great move away from the geezerish conversational formula that made 'Original Pirate Material' such a gem. Still, he's promised that the next album, one he says will be the last Streets album, is going to be inspired by Bladerunner and Lou Reed's 'Berlin', so maybe all is not vet lost.

### JONQUIL + THIS TOWN NEEDS GUNS + THE GREAT ESKIMO HOAX: The Academy

 Joint headline show from two of the rising stars of the Oxford scene. Jonquil's eclectic blend of alt.folk and post-rock produces a great, cinematic sound and plenty of genuine singalong moments, while TTNG's Chicago math-popinspired sound continues to blossom into something very promising.

### THE RELATIONSHIPS + LES CLOCHARDS + MOIETY + BLUE KITE:

The Bullingdon – Veterans of Oxford indie legends Here Comes Everybody reconvene in their various current bands for a celebration of the local scene's most intriguing rock family tree. Tweedy psychedelic heroes The Relationships continue to show that songwriting class in a timeless thing, while Les Clochards inject some Gallic charm into their country-tinged pop. Pete Lock's Moiety and Blue Kite projects show off his darker, folk-pop side. A CD tracing the various musicians, from HCE through bands like The Anyways and more to the present day is released to coincide.

STICKS + WHISKY BLITZ: The Wheatsheaf

STRAW HOUSE: The Port Mahon BASSMENTALITY: The Cellar – Hip hop, reggae, funk and drum&bass club night.

LEVEL 42: The New Theatre – Oh Christ allfuckingmighty. Do we have to? Do we have to be reminded of a band who, along with Simply 'Fucking' Red and Phil 'Fucking' Collins, formed an 80s axis of pop evil that blighted an entire decade? The very fact that Level 'Fucking' 42 still exist and can play venues this size is proof that certain people shouldn't be allowed to vote, breed or leave their homes without previously alerting social services.

LE VOLUME COURBE + VATICAN
CELLARS: The Jericho Tavern – Sleepyvoiced, lo-fi Gallic-flavoured folk-pop from Le
Volume Courbe, plus dark, tear-stained folk from
Vatican Cellars.

TRANSFORMATION / TRASHY / ROOM 101: The Academy PEDRO + G-BLOCK: The Temple

### SUNDAY 12th

TEAM WATERPOLO + BABY GRAVY: The Academy – Inexplicably hyped newcomers who blighted the recent *NME* New Noise tour with their anonymous funk-pop and sluggish pomprock. Still, what do you expect from a band who've supported Joe Lean & The Jing Jang Bloody Effing Bollocks on tour? Rather superior support comes in the form of effervescent electro-punk-pop tigers Baby Gravy.

ANDY YORKE + RUARRI: The Jericho
Tavern – Former-Unbelievable Truth frontman
Andy continues to resurrect his musical life after
the release of recent solo debut 'Simple',
continuing his melancholic path down the road of
Jeff Buckley-inspired hymnal pop romance.

**REGGAE REGGAE SUNDAY:** The Cellar – A double helping of reggae, plus a side dish of dub and a hip hop, funk and soul pudding.

ZANGRYUS + SACRED DIVIDE: The Port Mahon – Proggy metal in the vein of Evanescence and Lacuna Coil from Zangryus, plus classic metal riffage from Sacred Divide. ACOUSTIC OPEN MIC SESSION: The Red

Lion, Kidlington

### MONDAY 13th

SPIRITUALIZED: The Academy – Lysergic groove rocking from back-from-the-dead spaceman Jason Pierce – *see main preview* THE LARRY MILLER BAND: The Bullingdon – Rocking blues from the UK guitarist, inspired by the likes of Stevie Ray Vaughan and Gary Moore.

MAPS & ATLASES: The Regal – Chicago's technically fluid math-rockers play an Oxford headline show after supporting local heroes Foals on their UK tour.

### TUESDAY 14th

**HOT LEG: The Academy** – Spandex-clad drug hoover and former-Darkness frontman Hawkins returns with his new band after cleaning up in the Priory. "Hawkins! Don't forget to dust the ornaments, you hear!"

JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Tonight's live guest is Alvin Roy with Reeds Unlimited.

DESMOND CHANCER & THE LONG

MEMORIES + MAEVE BAYTON & IAN

NIXON + SANDRA SHALLIS: East Oxford

Community Centre – Funereal gutter jazz from

Tom Waits-inspired crooner Desmond Chancer, plus local blues and jazz songstress Maeve

Bayton teams up with Les Clochards chap Ian

Nixon.

Thursday 9th

### RACHEL UNTHANK & THE WINTERSET + NANCY ELIZABETH: Holywell Music Room

Amazing what a Mercury Prize nomination can do for an artist's profile, particularly one from a so-called niche market (ie. anything except rock or pop to the marketing men). Northumbrian singer and cellist Rachel and her all-female band head out on their biggest headline tour so far after the success of recent Mercury-shortlisted album 'The Bairns', offering quirky, intimate and atmospheric updates on old Geordie folk tunes, mixing beguiling four-part harmonies and solemn strings along the way. The music and the sisterly harmonics are nothing new as such, very much rooted in folk's distant past and the family bands of the ages, but as with the very best modern practitioners including Oxford's own Sharron Kraus there's an otherworldliness about The Winterset that seems so much more exotic and modern than much of the rock music heralded as the big new thing, especially since they take in everything from blues, iazz, music hall and burlesque cabaret to classical and leftfield contemporary music along the way. Manchester singer-songwriter Nancy Elizabeth, meanwhile, provides excellent support with her mix of folk and post-rock, utilising celtic harp, Appalachian dulcimer and Indian harmonium amid her exotic blend of styles. The Holywell's oldworld ambience provides a perfect setting for both acts.



IT HUGS BACK + ROD THOMAS + TOBY SEBASTIAN: The Jericho Tavern – Sweetnatured, soft-centred indie jangling from Kent softies It Hugs Back, alongside twee acoustic singer-songwriter Rod Thomas.

**INTRUSION:** The Cellar – Goth, industrial and darkwave club night.

### WEDNESDAY 15th

BRITISH SEA POWER: The Regal – The theatrically-proportioned Brighton rockers play the suitably elegant Regal - see main preview CHEEKY CHEEKY & THE NOSEBLEEDS + THE ELRICS: The Bullingdon – Scampering, energetic, if ultimately brainless lad rock in the vein of Pigeon Detectives and The Wombats from Suffolk's daftly-named newcomers.

GLAD RAGS + RUPERT & THE ROBBERS

+ JESSIE GRACE: The Jericho Tavern – Dexy's-style soul-rock from Southampton's Glad Rags.

**OPEN MIC SESSION: The Temple** 

### THURSDAY 16th

**DIRTY PRETTY THINGS: The Academy -**

Carl Barat's post-Libertines imagination-free pop vacuum squad crank out assorted shades of hoary old pub-rock grey once more for the delight of angst-ridden pseudo-goths who wouldn't know visceral rock and roll thrills if they dressed up as Jimi Hendrix and strapped them to a burning rollercoaster.

**AKALA + GTA: The Academy** – Return to town for the Shakespeare-quoting, Siouxsie-sampling London-based MOBO-winning rapper and brother of Ms Dynamite. Kidlington's freeform hip hop duo GTA support.

**SKYLARKIN': The Academy** – Ska, funk, soul, reggae and more with the Skylarkin crew. Tonight's special guest is Mr Benn and Souls Liberation, mixing reggae grooves and funky hip hop heats.

**ECLECTRICITY:** The Cellar – Electro, bassline and fidgety house with DJ Lee Mortimer.

**FRANKIE'S WHISKY NIGHT: The Port Mahon** – Whisky-inspired songs from assorted local bands.

THE VICE + THE PREDICAMENT + GOOD DOG: The Jericho Tavern CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon

### FRIDAY 17th

FRESH OUT OF THE BOX: The Academy -

FOTB present another of their great multi-arena blowouts, with live acts and DJs across three rooms. House, breaks and beats in the main room with award-winning producer and DJ Krafty Kuts, plus Fingerlickin's Dynamite MC, the revitalised Utah Saints and Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs, plus FOTB regulars Scott Parker and Ready Maids. The second room is for techno, electro and rave and features a live set from Altern-8, plus Two Lone Swordsmen's Radioactive Man, plus sets from Ed Steele and Mr Minimax. Finally there's disco in the third room with Jack & The Beanstalk and Friends Of The Family.

**DELIRIOUS?:** The Academy – The Christian worship band bow out with a final tour, having risen from Littlehampton youth church band to



Monday 13th

# SPIRITUALIZED: The Academy

For a chap who's spent most of his musical life singing about death and talking with God, Jason Pierce probably wouldn't wish to come as close to fulfilling those desires as he came in 2005 when double pneumonia and a collapsed lung saw him being read the last rites. Thankfully he's fully recovered now and back to singing about death and God on the new Spiritualized album, the knowinglytitled 'Songs In A&E'. Listen to the album's stand-out track, 'Death take Your Fiddle', and you'll hear it based around the steadily wheezing rhythm of a hospital ventilator. The man who launched his musical career with the seminal Spacemen 3 back in the mid-80s with the slogan Taking Drugs To Make Music To Take Drugs To has ploughed a singularly narcotic-fuelled rock furrow since, blending 60s garage rock, krautrock, Sun Ra-inspired jazz, southern soul and gospel into a beautifully hypnotic wall of sound that veers between mournful paeans to love and death to sky-touching improvised cacophonies. These days Spiritualized have cut back slightly since they were joined by massed string and horn sections and full gospel choir, but their power remains undiminished, and with a few choice Spacemen 3 classics always snuck in amid the extensive back catalogue, there are few better ways to completely lose yourself for a couple of hours.

global Christian music sensations. Norway's Darkthrone support.

HOLY FUCK: The Academy – Sublime electrorocking hypnotherapy – *see main preview*MORE SILAGE + BORDERVILLE +
SCHUMA THE HUMAN: The Wheatsheaf –
Swiss Concrete retreat ever further into the realms of twee this month with a visit by
Bristol's rather silly electro-jangle troupe More
Silage, coming on like The Razorcuts



Wednesday 15th

# BRITISH SEA POWER: The Regal

It's a little odd that British Sea Power should have titled their last album 'Do You Like Rock Music?' because, although they are indeed a rock band, they're a far grander proposition than the lumpen likes of, say, Kooks or Pigeon Detectives. You can't imagine those filth performing gigs in lighthouses, the Czech Embassy or being invited to play at the Natural History Museum, as they did this summer. No, BSP come from finer stock in the rock stakes. Long before it became de rigeur, they were mining the finer archives of 70s new wave. from the Bunnymen to more obscure gems like The Red Guitars and Joseph K, dressed in vintage military garb and adorning their stage set with foliage and antique stuffed owls, while with 'Do You Like Rock Music?' they've continued to expand their sound to almost orchestral levels, which, coupled with their thoughtful, literary, historically aware lyrics, make for something more splendid than just another indie band. The new album came with a manifesto that laid down the forces of good and evil in rock music (Sir John Betieman and Field Marshall Montgomery on the one hand; Mussolini and U2 on the other), while ironically never letting their bookish, birdwatching arty side invade their own rock sound too much. A contrary bunch then, but never less than great and a band who should really shine in the polished grandeur of the Regal.

impersonating Richard Stilgoe. Still, Borderville are on hand to inject some gothic theatrical splendour into proceedings, so watch you don't get your precious old Pooh Sticks bootlegs bent in the crush

JAMES YUILL: The Regal – Bittersweet electro-folk pop from London's latest laptop troubadour, following in the footsteps of Ben Esser and Jeremy Warmsley with his reflective acoustic ballads and digital beats.

STRANGERS IN POLAROIDS + UTE: The Cellar – Dark-minded indie rocking from Newcastle's Strangers In Polaroids, plus local alternative rock types Ute.

MARIAILETT + WE AERONAUTS + TRISTAN & THE TROUBADOURS: The Port Mahon – Sweet, summery jazz-pop, folk and trip hop from local singer Maria Ilett, plus lovely, ethereal psych-folk pop from We Aeronauts and expansive indie pop from rising local starlets Tristan & The Troubadours.

MUSIC IN MIND with THE DACOITS +
THE FOLLYS + HIGH RISBY + BETHANY
WEIMERS: The X, Cowley – Benefit gig in aid
of mental health charity Oxford MIND, with
Faringdon's grunge-pop newcomers The
Dacoits, plus sprightly 60s-styled rockers The
Follys, alternately abrasive and dreamy cello-led
acoustic pop from High Risby, plus mesmerising,
haunting alt.folk from Bethany Weimers.

LET'S TEA PAPTY: The Purple Turtle

**LET'S TEA PARTY: The Purple Turtle** – Funk and soul-tinged rock from Bristol.

VIXENS + I AM THIEVES + SIERRA ALPHA: The Jericho Tavern – Jangly indie thrash from Vixens.

BACKROOM BOOGIE: The Bullingdon

SHAKE: The Academy GET DOWN: The Brickworks

### SATURDAY 18th

STRUNG OUT + DIAL F FOR FRANKENSTEIN + SOUTH CENTRAL

**HEROES: The Academy** – Punk night at the Academy with a rare UK visit from southern California's punk-metal veterans Strung Out, still going strong after a decade and a half of frantic melody making. Local punk and metal bands Dial F For Frankenstein and SCH support.

QUEER IS FOLK: The Brewery Gate Tavern (6pm) – Celebration of gay music and art with live sets from Bearos Records' Ben Calvert, Bohemian Jukebox's Dave Wilkie, Helianthus Evening Star, Markus Palmquivst and Trevor Barton.

TRANSFORMATION / TRASHY / ROOM 101: The Academy

**OX4:** The Bullingdon – Drum&bass with Subterra and DJ Noise.

NONSENSE + CHRIS MARTIN + UNIQUE SOUL: The Temple

### SUNDAY 19th

**BLACK POWDER: The Port Mahon** – Shouty thrash-punk merchants.

ACOUSTIC OPEN MIC SESSION: The Red Lion, Kidlington

### MONDAY 20th

THE MONTE MONTGOMERY BAND: The Bullingdon – Alabama's acoustic guitar maestro graces the Famous Monday Blues club, bringing with him his trademark electrified acoustic guitar, creating an innovative, sophisticated sound that's won him multiple awards and plaudits, taking inspiration from the likes of Mark Knopfler, Stevie Ray Vaughan and Lindsey Buckingham, but playing a virtuoso style that's all his own. NOAH & THE WHALE: The Academy –

Irresistibly sunshiny folk-pop with a brokenhearted lyrical centre from Charlie and Doug Fink's fast-rising Noah and the Whale, out on their biggest tour so far, in aid of debut album 'Peaceful The World Lay Me Down', featuring gorgeous Top 10 hit 'Five Years Time'. Laura Marling, we think we love you.

### TUESDAY 21st

RANDOM HAND + MIKE TV + DEADBEAT CAVALIER: The Academy – Livewire punkmetal-ska crossover noise from Yorkshire's raucous politicos, plus support from punkpoppers Mike TV and local rabble-rousing punks Deadbeat Cavalier.

### BRING ME THE HORIZON + SECRET HANDSHAKE + DEEZ NUTS + DEAD

SWANS: The Academy – Return of Sheffield's deathcore merchants BMTH, out on a headline tour with support from Dallas' electro-rappers Secret Handshake, former-I Killed The Prom Queen drummer JJ Peters' new rapcore act Deez Nuts and UK grind-core newcomers Dead Swans.

**JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon** – With live guests Rogue Dolls.

**VERTIGO:** The Cellar – Indie club night with IMSOC.

### WEDNESDAY 22<sup>nd</sup>

ROLO TOMASSI + XMAS LIGHTS + IVY'S ITCH: The Regal – Hellbastard math-core excellence from Sheffield's teen titans – *see* 

VIXENS + PALACE: The Wheatsheaf – Elegant indie rocking from former-Hope Of The States guitarist's new band Palace, plus local indie rockers Vixens.

THE COURTEENERS: The Academy – An exceptionally busy month for gigs as ever in October, so there's always going to be some crap lying about, cluttering up the calendar like dung in a carburettor, but this lot take not only the biscuit but the hand-knitted tea cosy and decoratively iced sponge cake too. A pointless, pointless excuse for a rock band, like a tone-deaf subhuman's interpretation of what a particularly bad Jam b-side might sound like, filtered through six separate major label marketing meetings and polished like the turd it is. In a month when you could see anything from Roots Manuva to Holyfuck, why waste your hard-earned cash on this? Eh? WHY?

FREE RANGE: The Cellar OPEN MIC SESSION: The Temple

### THURSDAY 23rd

**BLACK KIDS:** The Academy – Third trip to town this year for the still-rising Texan indie kids, with their ebullient mix of classic 80s indie and new wave, 60s soul and electro-pop.

VIVA MACHINE + ALL THESE ARMS + THE SOCIALS: The Academy – Grungy electrorock from Swansea's Viva Machine.

SKYLARKIN with ANDY SMITH: The

**Academy** – Portishead's Andy Smith guests at Skylarkin's weekly celebration of ska, reggae, soul and more.

OXES + BILGE PUMP + EDUARD SOUNDINGBLOCK: The Cellar –

Mischievous math-rocking mayhem from Oxes – see main preview

META META + AFROPEAN CHOIR: St Barnabas Church – Afro-Cuban and Traditional European songs and rhythms.

CHALK + THIN GREEN CANDLES: The Bullingdon – Moshka club night with local indie rockers Chalk, plus a debut live outing for

indie rockers Chalk, plus a debut live outing for dark-minded electro experimenter Thin Green Candles.

CIRKING FURCUS: Thirst Lodge – New free music and variety club night, with live rocking action from the mighty King Furnace and Fancy Toys, plus dancers, poets, comedians and assorted freakery.

TELLING THE BEES + ERINN WILLIAMS + UNIQUE SOUL: The Jericho Tavern – Fresh, bucolic classic English folk from Telling The

Bees, with a neat line in gothic storytelling, traditional folklore and inventive string arrangements.

**GIRL RIOT: The Port Mahon** – Celebration of female bands and musicians, with Baby Gravy and more.

SMILEX + BLACK HATS + VON BRAUN: Fat Lil's, Witney – Raucous rocking from Smilex, plus fun indie noise-pop from Black Hats and angular alt.rock from Von Braun.

Community Centre OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon

**CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford** 

### FRIDAY 24th

### GLENN TILBROOK & THE FLUFFERS:

The Academy – The Squeeze songsmith continues to display his musical prowess and his enviable legacy – helping to inspire the likes of The Libertines and Arctic Monkeys along the way – now out on tour with his new band and performing songs from across his 25-year career. CARA DILLON: The Academy – Re-arranged from June, the Irish singer and former Equation bandmate of Seth Lakeman unfurls her softcentred folk pop.

GAPPY TOOTH INDUSTRIES with CONSCRIPTS + FOOTSTEPS & VOICES

Friday 17th

# **HOLY FUCK:** The Academy

Okay, we admit it, we just enjoyed putting that name up in big, bold letters, just in case any passing Daily Mail readers might sneak a glance and suffer an acute attack of indignant angina. But, and this is more crucial, Toronto's Holy Fuck are simply fantastic. The fact that their name alone means they'll never bother the charts hasn't stopped their music cropping up on Match Of The Day and the like, a hypnotic, propulsive blend of vintage synth-pop, krautrock and techno-prog that draws in strands of Can, Neu! Numan, Trans-Am and Suicide. They're a five-piece, including two drummers, but the core of the band are synth and effects wizards Brian Borcherdt and Graham Walsh, whose intention was to create the sounds of great electronic music live without use of laptops or loops. Their live shows include everything from a film synchroniser to toy instruments, but while it can be flighty and playful, equally it can be dense, oppressive and abrasive, the live drumming and bass mean energy levels remain high and the music has a panoramic ambition about it. Just remember to mention very loudly to everyone at work, school or on the bus who you're off to see tonight.



+ MARIA ILETT: The Wheatsheaf – Jazzy hip hop from Conscripts at tonight's GTI mixed bag. Chichester's Footsteps and Voices bring their epic indie rocking, while local songstress Maria Ilett adds the sweet-natured, sunshiney trip-hop and jazz-pop element.

**ESOTERICA:** The Bullingdon – Proggy metal in the vein of Tool and A Perfect Circle.

NOT TOO SHABBY + 14TEN: The Port Mahon – Rugged bluesy rocking from NTS. PORKER + SPECTRUM 7 + THE HOOTS + THE QUOTES: The Jericho Tavern – Classic blues-rock from Porker, plus electro-rocking from Spectrum 7.

**BACKROOM BOOGIE:** The Bullingdon SHAKE: The Academy

GET DOWN: The Brickworks

### SATURDAY 25th

KIDS IN GLASS HOUSES: The Academy – Return of the south Wales punky power-pop troupe, voted Best Unsigned Act by Kerrang! last year following support slots with Funeral For A Friends, Lostprophets and the Manics.

TRANSFORMATION / TRASHY / ROOM 101: The Academy

FIGHT LIKE APES + BABY GRAVY + THE SCARLETTS: The Jericho Tavern – Coo Coo Club night with frantic Dublin synth-punks Fight Like Apes coming on like a female-fronted electro version of McLusky crossed with Bow Wow Wow, and fresh from supporting Ting Tings on tour. Smashing stuff. Local electropunkers Baby Gravy support.

SUNNY D ALRIGHT + PICNIC NOW + MOTION IN COLOUR: The Port Mahon – Lightweight power-rocking from Sunny D, Alright, plus female-fronted acoustic pop newcomers Picnic Now.

SOUL & REGGAE CLUB NIGHT: The Bullingdon

HQ: The Cellar - Drum&bass club night.

### SUNDAY 26th

YOU ME AT SIX + HOUSTON CALLS + FAREWELL: The Academy – Weybridge's watery punk-pop hopefuls head out on a headline tour after supporting Fightstar earlier this year.

THE RESEARCH + PINEY GIR + GINGER TOM: The Bullingdon – Enduringly twee and shambolic lo-fi electro indie pop from Wakefield's romantic losers. Now with added quitar!

**PIPETTES:** The Academy – Stylised Spectoresque girl pop from Brighton's polka-dot vocal trio.

REGGAE REGGAE SUNDAY: The Cellar ACOUSTIC OPEN MIC SESSION: The Red Lion, Kidlington

### MONDAY 27th

**ROB TOGNONI: The Bullingdon** – Return of the Tasmanian blues-rock guitarist and his power trio band.

OLAFUR ARNALDS + FINN: The Holywell Music Room – The world's oldest purpose-built concert venue plays host to Iceland's newest soundscaping talent in the form of Olafur Arnalds, who goes a long way to confirming everything you thought about that country and its ability to keep producing wonderfully glacial music that crosses the boundary between pop



Wednesday 22<sup>nd</sup>

# **ROLO TOMASSI:** The Regal

Anyone living in a cave in the Outer Hebrides over the last couple of years could be forgiven for missing out on Nightshift's regular eulogising of Sheffield-based teens terrors Rolo Tomassi. From the first time we encountered them virtually demolishing the Port Mahon, through assorted subsequent visits to town and a brilliantly frenetic set at this summer's Truck Festival, they never fail to cause our collective heart to skip several beats in sheer giddy excitement. If you haven't yet experienced them live, Rolo Tomassi are very young, rather sweet looking and utterly, utterly ferocious. With musical nods to the likes of Mr Bungle, The Locust, Dillinger Escape Plan and Babes In Toyland, theirs is a breakneck switchback ride through the complexities of angular math-rock and pure, distilled hardcore rage. One moment there's a dinky jazz guitar run, the next screaming. Ah yes, the screaming. Singer Eva Spence tends to make Linda Blair in the Exorcist look and sound like Judie Garland in The Wizard Of Oz, belching out indecipherable, guttural invective like a chain-smoking human volcano set to maximum destruction. The band's debut album, 'Hysterics', was released last month and captures much of Rolo Tomassi's terrifying venom, but for full effect see them live. Superlative support comes from Nightshift cover stars Xmas Lights and virulent goth-grunge sirens Ivy's Itch.

and classical music. Backed by a string quartet Arnalds combines piano, electronic keyboards and percussion and drones to create instrumental chamber music pieces that rise from fragile, emotional intimacy to grand, sweeping crescendos, not a million miles away from Sigur Ros, unsurprisingly.

### TUESDAY 28th

**SETH LAKEMAN: The Academy** – The English folk revival poster boy returns – *see main preview* 

THE PADDINGTONS: The Academy – Return to action for Hull's raggedy indie-punk scrappers, set to release their second album, 'No Mundane Options' after a three-year hiatus. Admit it, you haven't been holding your breath all that time, have you?

**DOES IT OFFEND YOU, YEAH?** + **SOUTH CENTRAL:** The Regal – Dumb, vapid but entertaining electro-rockers who really aren't going to offend anyone. Superior support from

muscular acid-house rockers South Central. **ALCHEMY: The Cellar** – Punk, metal and industrial bands and DJs, including local gutterpunk and stadium rock rowdies Smilex.

**JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon** – Regular guests The Howard Peacock Quintet play live.

### WEDNESDAY 29th

**BELLOWHEAD:** The Academy – Uplifting traditional folk-dance from Spiers and Boden's eleven-piece big band, who debuted at the 2004 Oxford Folk Festival and seem to have spent the years since scooping up every folk award going as well as making everyone they come into contact with dance like a silly beggar. Tis a rare gift we tell ye.

PULLED APART BY HORSES: The Regal – High-octane post-punk funk from Leeds' rising stars.

VISIONS FALL + REMEMBER THE CHAOS + K-LACUNA: The Port Mahon – Local metal and hardcore triple bill.

**OPEN MIC SESSION: The Temple** 

Thursday 23<sup>rd</sup>

# OXES / BILGE PUMP: The Cellar

A mammoth five-band journey into confounded musical expectations tonight courtesy of promoters Poor Girl Noise. The big treat is a first visit to Oxford for four years from Baltimore's Oxes, a confrontational three-piece who are almost as much a practical joke as a band at times, but who know how to entertain, whether they're rampaging through the crowd while sounding like Shellac shredding Pat Metheny, or pulling ironic rock god poses to a sound of Thin Lizzy being disembowelled by Fugazi, their precision attack is filled with pure showmanship. Leeds' Bilge Pump, meanwhile, describe their discordant, scrappy punk-blues-mathpost-rock racket as "unlistenable guff", which doesn't do full justice to their thrilling noise or the daft McLusky-like humour of lyrics like "We were genuine, happy children / But our dad was a miserable cunt". Laughs too with Eduard Soundingblock, if only for bassist Pete's beard. Musically their King Crimson-eatenby-Dillinger Escape Plan prog-core rides roughshod over rock convention, whilst remaining a visceral pleasure. London's Nitkowski mix up ambient hardcore, oblique math-rocking and jazzy experimentation, while Prefontaine bring their antagonistic angular racket along to complete an impressive, challenging bill.



### THURSDAY 30th

**EASY ALL-STARS: The Academy** – Reggae and dub from the people who brought you 'Dub Side Of The Moon' and 'Radiodread'.

**SKYLARKIN': The Academy** – Special Noches de los Muertos Halloween club with ska, reggae, Latin and soul tunes from Count Skylarkin' and crew, with special guest DJ Derek.

TANGO SIEMPRE: Wesley Memorial

Chapel – UK's premier tango ensemble, now moving away from covers of Argentian legends like Anibel Troilo into more original jazz and electro-influenced material.

CAT MATADOR + DEATH OF A SMALL TOWN + SPIRO SPIRO: The Jericho

**Tavern** – Heart-burstingly jolly acoustic-led pop from current Nightshift faves Cat Matador, plus emotive, epic acoustic pop from Death Of A Small Town.

ECLECTRICITY: The Cellar CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre

**OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon** 

### FRIDAY 31st

HELLFEST: The Port Mahon – Off-Field presents another extended session of experimental noises, including witty grime and hip hop artist N-Zyme; free noise outfit Frogspawn; dark, minimalist techno from Die\_Funkt; blistering electro-noise from David K Frampton and drum machine and cassette manipulation from Foetus 502.

ATREYU + STORY OF THE YEAR + AS I LAY DYING + MUCC: The Academy – Fourband 'Taste Of Chaos' world tour with California's metalcore stalwarts Atreyu; San Diego's similarly hardcore brethren As I Lay Dying; Missouri's post-hardcore and grunge rockers Story Of The Year, plus Japan's metal veterans Mucc making a rare UK appearance.

THE WEEK THAT WAS + RUBY SUNS: The Academy – Great new band from Field Music's Peter Brewis, delving into the darker regions of 80s pomp-pop (Peter Gabriel, Fleetwood Mac, Kate Bush) to create an elaborate and ambitious thematic eponymous album dealing with the story of a crime and the media that surrounds it. Psychedelic pop starlets Ruby Suns support.

JONNY'S SEXUAL KITCHEN +
RESERVOIR CATS: The Wheatsheaf – The
Sheaf celebrates Halloween in its traditionally
full-on manner, with live jazz, rock and blues
from the local veterans, plus all manner of
ghoulish goings on.

WITCHES + VON BRAUN: The Cellar – Elegantly eclectic pop from Witches.

JUNKIE BRUSH + BEELZEBOZO + THE
CRUSHING: The X, Cowley – Halloween
party with local punk and new wave-inspired



Tuesday 28th

# **SETH LAKEMAN:** The Academy

A welcome return to town for the poster boy of the English folk revival. Like Pentangle in the 60s and The Pogues in the 80s, Seth Lakeman brings such a freshness and attitude to traditional folk music that it's hard to believe what you're hearing is essentially music that's hundreds of years old. His first two albums, the Mercury-nominated 'Kitty Jay' and 2006's superb 'Freedom Fields' cover such long-lost subject matter as ghost stories from Dartmoor, tales of Civil War battles and handsome soldiers courting young maidens, continuing a generations-old storytelling tradition, but now with a 21st Century rocket up its backside, and on new single, 'Solomon Brown', he sings about a modern-day lifeboat tragedy. Given the West Country shares as much cultural history with Scotland and Wales as it does England, it's no surprise that there's a rich celtic vein running through much of Seth's material. Lakeman is a powerful, emotive singer and guitarist but it's when he picks up his fiddle that he really dazzles. With his new album. 'Poor Man's Heaven', Lakeman finds himself tantalisingly close to major commercial breakthrough without ever compromising his traditionally-based music and this gig is likely to be another sell-out.

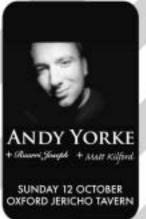
firebrands Junkie Brush and suitably bloodspattered metal noise from Beelzebozo. Former-Near Life Experience chaps return with new band The Crushing.

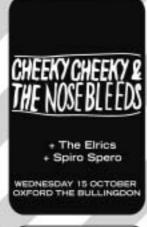
PRDCTV + CROWDS & POWER + THE HI & LO + PHIL KING: The Jericho Tavern – Radiohead/Future Sound Of London-inspired electronic experimentation and soundtracking from PRDCTV.

BACKROOM BOOGIE: The Bullingdon SHAKE: The Academy GET DOWN: The Brickworks

Nightshift listings are free. Deadline for inclusion in the gig guide is the 20th of each month - no exceptions. Call 01865 372255 (10am-6pm) or email listings to Nightshift@oxfordmusic.net. All listings are copyright of Nightshift and may not be reproduced without permission

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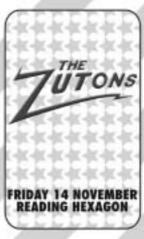
















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### **DOVES/CHERRY GHOST**

### The Academy

Heavenly Records is about to celebrate its 18th birthday, and like any good teen they've organised a bit of a bash. This isn't it though; those celebrations will take place over three days at the South Bank in London. This is the warm up, a pre-party slug on a bottle of gin and a quick toke on the way to the main event, if you will.

As far as warm ups go, Cherry Ghost are the equivalent of a broken microwave. They serve no purpose and you want to take them outside and hit them with a hammer. Depleted in number tonight, their songs do at least manage to sound slightly better than their somewhat patchy album, but ultimately they are instantly forgettable. Anything approaching a semblance of an idea hangs fleetingly in the air and fades away as quickly as it appeared. It's almost ghost-like, except that ghosts are generally mysterious and interesting.

Doves haven't played live for about two and a half years, so this

show is something of an occasion. Greeted on stage with the kind of rapture you'd expect for a reformed Beatles, even the band seems a little taken aback.

If things are a little rusty at first, then they can easily be forgiven, as Jimi Goodwin and the band are clearly relishing playing these songs again. Missed cues and false starts are far from blights on their set. They merely smile at each other, start again, and nail it. Rather than get perplexed, these gliches make the Doves a more enjoyable prospect, they're clearly enjoying the act of playing as much as this audience appreciates the performance.

Songs from their patchy album 'Some Cities' lead to a few lulls tonight, as do the new songs, which sound like they have yet to find their feet; but the likes of 'Sea Song' and 'There Goes The Fear', from 'Lost Souls', and 'The Last Broadcast', sound perfect. When they close the set with the tumultuous 'Cedar Room' it feels



as if the venue might explode. Doves are brooding and celebratory tonight, and if that isn't the most

apt description of an 18th birthday party, I don't know what is. *Sam Shepherd* 

# CLARE & THE REASONS / BRENDAN CAMPBELL The Bullingdon

Brendan Campbell is a dour fellow. What we initially take to be a dry, downbeat sense of humour is actually nothing more than a lack of anything remotely interesting to say, as the awkward between-song

silences and mumblings about tuning up start to suck any conviviality from the room. They're more fun and life-affirming than his songs, though, as Campbell switches from his native

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Get Your Mojo Workin'

Scottish accent to a poor approximation of Bob Dylan and drones on for a good fifty minutes in pale tribute to his obvious hero. Brooklyn singer-songwriter Clare Muldaur Manchon and her band have brought some colour with them, fortunately. In particular the colour red. They're all dressed head to toe in it and look like an expanded White Stripes about to set off for a lengthy jog. That would seem to indicate some kind of strength, however, and strength isn't something you would accuse Clare & The Reasons of. Cutesy and twee, from Clare's girly voice to the odd glockenspiel, kazoo and recorder interludes, is the order of the evening, to a point where you worry you're about to be suffocated by a blanket of meadow flowers and fluffy clouds and start fantasising about Slipknot invading the stage and vomiting on people. But get past that slightly cloying impression and there's some fairylike wonder about the band. It's as if you've been transported sixty years into the past and the band are teasing an audience of US

servicemen ahead of D-Day. Cello, violin and viola add an organic heart to the keyboard-led melodies and Tudor-like madrigals waft from the stage as Clare coos sweetly, almost ethereally, like Julee Cruise stripped of her weird otherworldliness. With a whimsical mix of jazz, folk and pop that's not so much subtle as barely there, you wonder if they'd all be happier making miniature models of baby rabbits rather than lurking around darkened pub venues, and when they tiptoe through a cover of Tears For Fears' 'Everybody Wants To Rule The World' they replace all the original's pomp with tufts of kitten fluff.

Clare steels herself enough to apologise for her country's president "being such a jerk" before singing "Obama, Obama, Obama" to the tune of 'Somewhere Over The Rainbow', but the overall impression is of eating dolly mixtures: a treat in small doses, but you couldn't eat an entire bag without feeling

slightly queasy. *Dale Kattack* 

# GEMMA HAYES The Jericho Tavern

Gemma Hayes is on the verge of being stupidly pretty. She could be on the front cover of any glossy magazine and isn't even trying. So fingers crossed that when she opens her mouth the only sound which comes out will be similar to that of foxes mating. Hmmm, me, jealous? Okay, maybe a little. Sadly for me the voice is as alluring as her looks. As she quietly yet confidently opens the set, she almost whisper-sings like a modern Stina Nordenstam (albeit you can actually hear what Gemma is saying). Kudos to the drummer, too: I have never in all my 27 years heard a drummer physically able to drum so quietly. Which is why, of course, it all works so well.

There is, however, another side to the coin. When Gemma fair belts it out you can find her in the Sheryl Crow, Narina Pallot and, dare I say it, Shania Twain camp. There's a definite country twang that's bubbling underneath, especially on more of the driving songs where the whole band kicks in. Songs like 'Out Of Our Hands' and 'In Over My Head' would be perfectly at home on Radio 2's playlist.

It's all going swimmingly well, but it's a shame that when the whole band is in full swing the drummer has decided to take off his snare. It ruins the sound as all you can hear is this dull thud that sounds like it's coming from a preschool kit owned by a seven year old. It's desperately hard to ignore, however hard we try.

That aside, whether Gemma pulls out the emotional sweet sultry slow stuff or turns on the country-tinged folk-rock charm, she's definitely got what it takes to be filling up big venues.

I mean, it's a real shame about the face. Still, nothing that radio can't hide.

Katy Jerome



### SOUND IS MUSIC FESTIVAL

### The Regal

Nightshift's first visit to the Regal reveals what is inarguably Oxford's most attractive venue – it has the welcoming glamour of a post-war ballroom coupled with a radically beautified Astoria. The previous night it had hosted a rollerdisco; later this year British Sea Power and Nouvelle Vague will be suitably elegant guests. Today, though, is a ten-hour benefit gig for Action Aid's anti-poverty campaign, featuring ten, mostly local, bands, none of whom, it sadly seems, are able to muster even a small crowd. Which means it's easy to get a drink, but makes the event feel like a bleak day in purgatory.

This feeling is particularly apparent during a three-hour part of the day that sees Sidwinders' nondescript MOR pub rocking, replete with OTT feet-on-monitors histrionics that feels not so much like watching a band as a competition to see who can fit the most rock clichés into forty minutes; Red Valve's shouty, nonsensical meandering that drive the sound engineer to trudge to the loo muttering, "Even I draw the line somewhere," as we attempt to amuse ourselves with the pneumatic bar stools, and best of the lot, Milton Keynes' Lionsex, who look like mid-80s Swedish glam-rockers with their bleached feathercuts, fancy boots, leather jackets, low-slung guitars and cock-rock posturing that makes their third-rate attack on The Damned all the more hilarious. At least until they cover Billy Idol's 'Rebel Yell', at which point Nightshift laughs an entire pint of lager through its nose.

There is some respite, however. **Colins Of Paradise** sound like they come from a

different universe from every other band on today's bill, with a blend of spacey folk-pop, teletext jazz and ambient electro that's alternately squally and propulsive or genially ebullient, thanks in the main to singer Bobbie Watson. Their set grows in strength and confidence throughout, and if you wish they'd maybe explore their darker, trippier side a bit more, they're oddly refreshing.

Respectable performances too from **Von Braun**, part teenage tantrum raging; part spaced-out stoner reverie and with a tendency towards that sort of angular flightiness that today at least feels like something a bit different; and from **Apologies, I Have None**, a two-piece guitar and drums outfit who thrash out a poppy if rudimentary take on early Cure before spoiling the effect by sounding a bit like The Alarm.

The best comes at the very start of the day, though. Domes Of Silence have been hanging around the peripheries of the local scene for a decade now, more popular in Belgium than in their home town, but deserving of far more attention on the strength of this showing: a muscular, industrial sludge-rock onslaught that hits a groove and rides with it. If you had to describe them in a single word it would be solid: not in that dismissive workmanlike way. Solid in that if you drove your car into them it'd crumple like a sponge cake. They sound like Primal Scream making over Motorhead at half speed, fronted by Jim Morrison. Which is rock'n'roll in a way Lionsex, for all their frills, could never understand.

Dale Kattack

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(ticketweb)

The Bullingdon: 01865 244516 The Wheatsheaf: 01865 721156

The X: 01865 776431 The Cellar: 01865 244761 The Regal: 01865 241261

The New Theatre: 0844 847 1585
The Port Mahon: 01865 202067
The Jericho Tavern: 01865 311775
The Purple Turtle: 01865 247086
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01865 792168



### **HENRY ROLLINS**

### The Academy

Some people have got their fingers in enough pies to keep Sara Lee rolling in money when the credit crisis has reduced the rest of us to cardboard box-inhabiting penury. Henry Rollins, for instance: since his days riling people as the incendiary frontman of Black Flag, he has springboarded from acting to human rights activism to journalism to stand-up to publishing. It's exhausting just to think about. Tonight he's wearing his spoken word hat, and his performance is kind of exhausting too, although in a good way. He's got the indefatigable energy of a hepped-up puppy, bounding from subject to subject with such speed that even he sometimes loses track of what it is he's got his teeth stuck into. He talks with a slangy, profanitystrewn eloquence and specialises in luridly visceral word-pictography. An anecdote about killing an insect, which in anyone else's hands would be a mundane affair, turns into a full-on Peter Jackon-style shlockcomedy; whilst his description of an audience of obese Van Halen fans spraying bits of semi-digested burger from their rubbery lips is unutterably stomach-churning. The main target of his rants, however, is the Bush administration: namely the

shortcomings of its foreign policy and its decidedly unliberal approach to civil liberties. Here he styles himself as a kind of rainbow warpaint, anarchically streaking the withered, repressed hide of the body politic. Apparently he has taken to plotting his holiday destinations around whichever country Bush has declared enmity upon that month. It's very entertaining to listen to, but he doesn't exactly deliver any searing new insights. In a way, though, the broad brushstrokes are part of his charm. His frequent injunctions to "stick it to The Man" probably won't reduce The Man to a heap of quivering jelly, but they are endearing. And, damn, at least he's doing something. He talks passionately about a documentary he's making for charity, "H is for Hunger", and is willing to look in the face things that would have most people hiding their heads under the covers in order to raise awareness. He denies repeatedly that he's a "peace'n'love hippy", but his heart is clearly bedizened with flowers and CND symbols and more power to him for that. With Rollins at the helm, perhaps this time the revolution will be televised.

Emily Gray

# **CALEXICO The Academy**

Some music is so tied down to a particular location that you just couldn't imagine it being made anywhere else. Right down to the neat geographical portmanteau that makes up their name, Calexico's output reflects their Arizona homeland stunningly. Even their much-vaunted eclecticism has its roots in their locality: they flit from summery, Californian guitar pop to arid desert laments, via a touch of Mariachi-inflected brass. Such an array of tone and colour won't suit everyone all of the time, of course. At their best, they have the evocative wistfulness of Bright Eyes' 'Cassadaga', and there are some charming moments, but at their worst they have something of the dull bluster of (shudder) The Eagles. While the Mexican influences are the highlights of easily the most popular material on offer tonight, Calexico are actually at their most effective when at their most

stripped down, Joey Burns' voice parched, desperate, and never closer to us than on their excellent Love cover.

Yet considering their breadth of palette and the richness of their instrumentation, it's surprising how quickly their sound starts to feel rote and cover the same ground over and over: atmospheric and effortlessly able to conjure a sense of place, but at the same time difficult to connect to on that most personal level that gives the finest music its sheen of brilliance. Calexico are expert in grand, broad brush strokes of the kind of misleading intimacy that embraces you but at the same time keeps you at a safe distance. This isn't music to break you in two with its directness and its heart, but rather it offers a comfortingly vague panacea. They'll keep a lot of people company on the journey, but it's companionship, not love, that they offer.

Stuart Fowkes

# VIAROSA The Wheatsheaf

Some bands create dark sounds, which throw you into a depressive spiral, leaving you feeling bleaker than the autumn trees. Others create cheerful melodies that spring you into sunshine states, where happiness is inevitable. Occasionally a band captures both light and dark, fusing it together to create music that is enticing and bittersweet. Viarosa are one of these rare few.

Their alternative folk-rock vibe is like any good Christmas pudding, with all the traditional ingredients you would expect (acoustic guitar, bass, drums, violins and banjos) bound up in a bowl and laced with an extra alcoholic punch. For Viarosa this kick comes in the shape of the form of the lap steel, which engulfs your senses and leaves it pleading for more. With hints of Nick Cave's lyrical melancholy, intertwined with raspy Tom Waits vocals, all topped off with melodies as pungent as The Waterboys, Viarosa pit songs

capturing the raw animosity of injustice against others which scream out for vengeance.

At times optimistic lyrics are set against guitars that wail with pain in the background, as if to reflect the silent suffering of salvation, best seen in the likes of 'Cruel Pull Of The Stars'. Equally other songs, such as 'Tourniquet', offer haunting lyrics, which invade your brain and send ghostly chills through your spine. The one constant is the supernatural spark, which sets alight the gloom, illuminating the music and transfixing listeners. With this in mind, it is no wonder tonight's gig sees the audience indulge every morsel. Despite technical problems towards the end, they enchant with their haunting sound and delight with music that evokes raw emotion. Viarosa are able to create music in which dejection meets exuberance, culminating in something altogether out of this world.

Lisa Ward

### WINKSTOCK 08

### The Port Mahon / The Cellar

Drones. Feedback. Screaming. Things that look temptingly easy for a musician, yet are actually damned hard to pull off. Recitation is another, and so many artists who try talking over music end up as drama school showoffs, or inaudible mumblers. Clara Kindle (actually male), with soft, measured, stately vocals, shows us how well it can be done, and his calm, burnished tones remind us of Meanwhile, Back In Communist Russia, Arab Strap and a funeral priest. The looped guitar backing is less assured, but even with a slight reticence the music has a clipped elegance, and sounds how 16th Century troubadours might have done if they had access to infinite delay pedals.

In contrast **Joey Chainsaw**'s set is a brief, brutal spasm. Bending and bowing his guitar strings with two drumsticks, Chainsaw excitedly slaps out a bunch of sounds, all knitted together by a seasick lurching glissando. There are some interesting moments, but it starts to coalesce into something memorable after about 8 minutes, at which point the set abruptly ends. We'd like to have seen this explored further, although punters with fingers firmly in ears may have felt otherwise.

The House Of John Player may have some vocal reverb and delay effects, and a surprisingly tinny acoustic guitar sound, but ultimately the set sounds like yet more singersongwriter strums from a man with a Paul Weller haircut, which sits oddly on the bill. We're reminded of the album Brian Eno made with James: some decent textures, but underneath it all the same threadbare songs.

Thankfully we're soon woken up. The Academy can spend all the money in Oxford on PA equipment, but nothing can ever sound as loud as a full throttle drummer in the Port Mahon, and American Gods boast a very good one. They make a very fine clatter, equal parts Stooges and Thee Headcoats, but with a pop heart beating in the middle — in fact, some of the yearning vocal lines would fit comfortably onto an REM single, though they'll probably hate us for writing that.

If Oxford were really big enough to have micro-scenes, **You're Smiling Now But We'll All Turn Into Demons** recall Eynsham, circa 2003, such is their grungy, Dead Meadow rocking. Whilst the latter part of the set features Blue Cheer thrashing and a broken bass drum,

it's the earlier tracks that win us over, woozily sounding like Band Of Gypsies covering Pink Floyd after a few pints of Benylin.

**Chops** utilise three keyboards, a drum kit and lots of funny bloopy noises to create the theme music to an advert for Finnish marshmallow sweets as imagined by Boredoms, and it's impossibly brilliant. They're also full of surprises, the second number – at least, the noise after the first applause – is an octave-spanning vamp that resembles Miles Davis' fusion group having a crack at Add N To (X), whilst they end with a saxsprinkled Eddie Bo funk tune, resembling a robotic New Orleans bar band. Act of the day, unquestionably.

A run across town to The Cellar is fun, but does taken the momentum from the event, which has been split across two venues to allow a bigger crowd for the headliners. Some haven't lasted the distance, and Elapse-O start up to a small crowd, although we enjoy them far more than last time. They now seem to play with the programmed beats, rather than near them, and it all has a fuzzy edge to it, like a shoegazing Sunnyvale. The vocals still sound strained, but it's a decent set. Shit & Shine may be possibly the best live act we saw last year, but their records are very different affairs, built on queasy synth loops and lofi tape splicings. With a Casio, drumkit and machines Gentle Friendly make a noise that could fit into these records seamlessly. They're also a touch like Trencher, and a sort of Fisher-

Price Fuck Buttons. Most

pleasant.

We recently ate some great chilli chicken noodles, eye wateringly spicy, yet with a subtlety of flavour. Manatees' huge surging roils of sound are similar, in that they're sonically oppressive, yet musically satisfying. We dutifully wear earplugs, but it's immaterial, as this bassy rumbling bypasses the tympanum and instead troubles the bowels (much like the noodles, but that's by the by). Forget the Large Hadron Collider, it's Melvins-style onslaughts like this that are likely to produce black holes. We stumble into Commarket, reflecting that there's still three hours of DJs to go. They have some stamina, these Winkstock organisers; and a brilliant contacts book. Here's to Winkstock 2009

David Murphy



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### MODEY LEMON / SENNEN / 50FT PANDA

### The Bullingdon

It's somewhat hypocritical of me to complain about this - after all, I missed the first act tonight, so who am I to berate? But where the hell is everybody for 50ft Panda? The room is virtually empty, to a slightly uncomfortable and embarrassing degree. Sunday nights are never a great night for gigs, but this band should attract more attention than they do. As usual, they're excellent, adding to their increasingly familiar canon of work with a couple of new tunes that see their Oxes-style math-rock branching out into odder, more syncopated, more Liars-style areas. Next time they play Oxford - be there. We can make them go places whether they want to or not. You've been told.

Sennen, to cynical listeners, play shoegaze-by-numbers, a combination of Ride's dreaminess with the buzzing edge of Swervedriver and the abstract blur of Slowdive; and somewhat derivative they certainly are. But surrender yourself to what they're doing, and it's fantastic – vast

soundscapes that fill your consciousness with melody and power, and tense repetition that grabs you and draws you in. A reminder of a swathe of early 90s music I'm only too happy to recall. I hope that their set will be followed by a barrage of rock'n'roll mayhem from Modey Lemon, who I'd built up in my mind before their show as psychedelic warlords, who would inevitably smash the Bullingdon to pieces with a modern take on proto-punk in the vein of The Stooges or MC5. And well, hey, they're certainly in that general arena – but unfortunately they're very much ticketless chancers, peeking over the arena's fence after failing to blag their way in. They're far from the centre of things. It's generic, bland hard rock in the main, endlessly picking over selections from the blues scale without the power, aggression or coolness that's required. There are hints of something more interesting around the edges - especially in some throaty keyboard lines which suggest a potential for something



more elemental and *mean* – but the band are ultimately style over

substance. Without too much style. Simon Minter

# THE WOULD-BE-GOODS / SPARKY'S MAGIC PIANO

### The Wheatsheaf

We just miss tonight's first act, The Lovely Eggs, a boy-girl garage-pop noise that everybody in the room is raving about. Instead we indulge Sparky's Magic Piano's decidedly lo-fi electro-twee pop, one that occasionally recalls 80s cult fave Jane (what did 'Fine Day') in odd moments of quirky sweetness. Unfortunately, across a full halfhour set they lack the variety to keep your interest, though you wish you could love them more.

Back in the 1980s, awkwardness was a virtue, whether it was the sharp-elbowed funk of Fire Engines or the shambling covness of the post-C86 crowd, and The Wouldbe-Goods are children of that time. In fact the band's mainstay, Jessica Griffin released her first single twenty-one years ago, and when she plays 1988's 'The Camera Loves Me' second song in tonight's set, life and music doesn't seem to have moved on at all for her since. It has of course, even if her current band is made up of similarly rooted-in-the-80s players, including Talulah Gosh and Heavenly guitarist Peter

Momtchiloff and one-time Adam & The Ants bassist Andy Warren. She's a sophisticated lady Jessica, singing in perfect French or with received English pronunciation, and there's a general feeling of her being fabulously bored by this whole pop malarkey at times, but at the root of The Would-be-Goods' sound is that lingering awkwardness, as if they've consciously decided not to play too competently, lest it let the spirit of indie down. Which means that parts of the set sound more like a new band trying to work out what each other is meant to be doing rather than concentrating on the songs and slipping into jangling mediocrity. They're more endearing when Jessica's talking about being inspired by Pinocchio or on the glitter-stomping finale, which is still about as rock and roll as mint juleps and croquet. Like a country pile, cracked and crumbling, The Wouldbe-Goods are band from another time, before vulgar new money moved in. As such, their charm never truly fades.

Ian Chesterton

# JUBILEE The Bullingdon

Between cheating death on the M5 and ducking exploding amps onstage, this hasn't been an easy tour for Jubilee. They're a band with an ethic: that despite the altrock goliaths involved - Aaron 'Nine Inch Nails' North on guitar and vocals; Mikey 'Queens Of The Stone Age / Wires on Fire' Shuman on bass and Travis 'the new Lester Bangs' Keller behind the scenes - this will never be a super-group. The statement pays off. By playing small venues and shirking promotion, Jubilee's respective rock idols create an atmosphere in which they can finally - get down to playing what they want to play.

Even the set, with a certain glorious petulance, refuses to be pigeonholed. Individual tracks pitch from gentle shoegaze to rocking Stone Roses: curve-balls sit alongside comfortable singles, and nothing here sounds like the day jobs.

It takes three tracks to reach single 'Rebel Hiss', where sarcastic harmonies hold their own over a 60s Britpop lick before dissipating into frenzied shreds and wheeling static. References flit past in the space of a tremolo - nods to the Beatles, Van Morrison and Eliot Smith. North pitches around the stage with the enthusiasm you'd expect a crowd of 80,000 to deserve; it's infectious, energetic and overwhelming when there are a dozen of you.

It's all over before you want it to be - the band's sheer enthusiasm gestures towards a few more oddball covers, or at least a stage dive (although North reliably informs us that the after party is *chez* Thom Yorke) - and the band are off to surprise the next fifteen people.

Jubilee's tour is an entity apart from their upcoming album, which will feature guest spots from Dave Grohl, Trent Reznor et al. This is a small scale, EP promotion setup: the band have downscaled their per diems and sleep in a transit van, subsisting on little more than their own enthusiasm. Refreshingly, it's got nothing to do with who they know – for once, it's all about the music.

Liz Dodd

# MAGIC NUMBERS / DANNY & THE CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD

### Harvest Festival, Isis Tavern

The weather stays kind and the vibes gentle for the second day of Truck's new Harvest Festival. The talk on beer-making seems to be winning out over the instrumentmaking workshop but nobody's counting. Small festival favourites Danny And The Champions of the World capture the mood perfectly, starting off great and just getting better. And better. And better. Imagine Ronnie Lane fronting the classic Waterboys line-up; they're even better than that. Grand Drive frontman Danny George Wilson leads a motley crew, including Goldrush's Robin and Joe Bennett, through a joyous, transcendent and very personal musical journey, taking the grateful crowd with him. The label folk-rock does no justice to how great this band is; every song goes on forever, but no-one wants them stop.

The Magic Number's headline set at Truck '05 is so legendary, having cannily been booked just before their first album came out and went Top 10, that surely it can't be topped tonight, right? Wrong. In almost perfect darkness they hit the stage in top form, fresh from being

cooped up in the studio working on a new LP. No-one doubts Romeo Stodart when he says an intimate gig organised by friends is exactly what the band need and intimate this surely is, a tiny stage nestled under an old spreading tree. Several new songs get their first live outing and indications suggest more poignant, delicate songwriting with just the right amount of studied rocking out. They may not be that big on variety but when the music's this good you don't want to start picking holes. 'Love Me Like You' remains a perfect tale of loss and regret, and the three vocals of Romeo, Michele and Angela still play off each other perfectly. The finale is a glorious run through The Band's 'The Weight', with assorted Champions somehow managing to crowd themselves onstage.

Much as I hate the word, Truck has become a brand, and a hugely successful one at that. Of the five festivals I attended this summer, no other left in its wake such a warm glow, enough to carry us through the long months until the next round.

Art Lagun

# THE LONG INSIDERS/LITTLE LOST DAVID/JIM DRISCOLL & JENNY MAY The Jericho Tavern

Opening act at tonight's decidedly mixed but typically memorable Coo Coo Club, Jim Driscoll and Jenny May deliver beguiling alt-country tunes, before, somewhat shambolically, running out of time. It's clear that the pair haven't been collaborating for long, but what they lack in on-stage chemistry, or indeed variety, they make up for with their heartfelt acoustic prettiness.

Next up is the highly-tipped Little Lost David. Hailing from Sheffield, he specialises in emotionally charged, guitar-driven singersongwriter loveliness. He has a piercing voice which he uses to good effect, in a style that's already been compared to Rufus Wainwright and Antony Hegarty. He has a searing darkness and violence about his songs which neither of these have, however, and he possesses an absolutely fascinating stage presence. You just wish he would have a full band; he has an accompanying drummer, but this guy needs to be heard loud and with meaty accompaniment.

Headliners, and Oxford music scene stalwarts, The Long Insiders

are the kind of group that encourage people to break out in ungainly, drunken dancing. And in a place as occasionally pompous as Oxford, that's high praise indeed. They look like a group of debauched geography teachers; all mid-price clothes, knowing looks and faintly detached, weary expressions. Lead singer Sarah Todd looks particularly volatile; and for someone whose voice is like melting chocolate, she unexpectedly dominates the stage. Their music is influenced by 60s surf tunes, shot through with emotive, bruised guitar-driven melodies. They could score a David Lynch film perfectly, and, given half the chance, would eat you for breakfast (washed down with a glass of gin and bitter lemon, no doubt). Their songs are perfectly crafted, compact and punchy, and they delivere a forty minute plus set which is packed full of highlights. Captivating as they are, though, it's Little Lost David who has me on the laptop straight after the show. He is a real find, and I'm still getting goose pimples.

James Benefield

# THE DODOS / EUROS CHILDS / TRISTAN & THE TROUBADOURS

## The Academy Tristan & the Troubadours are an Oxfordshire

seven-piece band, young, vibrant and ready to eat the world. They have been compared to Larrikin Love, but they own a unique energetic attitude and savoir faire that other bands can't recreate. Classical violin intermingled with fresh percussion, rhythmic guitars and broken vocals form their musical recipe – a surprising beginning to a hopefully successful future. Euros Childs was fronting Welsh psychpopsters Gorky's Zygotic Mynci a few years ago, showcasing a melodic pop trend in the line of The Beatles, with a folk twist. Now going solo, he strips things down to the mere basics of piano, synths and acoustic strokes. Hymns of nostalgia and poetic ambience promise a melancholic vis-a-vis with the past, of better sepia-colour times, yet this expendiancy is cracked in places. The initial sweet flowing choruses and elongated moves shift from serene beauty to eternal dispair, and from climax to boredom and coldness. 'The Miracle Inn' tunes may suggest sparkly hope and warm smiles but tonight they just deliver ethereal steam and colourless waves.

The Dodos are Meric Long and Logan Kroeber, a psychedelic indie-folk duo from San Francisco. If that doesn't say much to you, try thinking of intense African drumming combined with added percussion for extra beat effects, rhythmic guitar rollercoaster patterns and a crystal clear melodic voice on top. Everything in their music is based on beats and even though the guitar here doesn't take the lead, it becomes the necessary glue that holds it all together, making their delivery as storming, fast-paced, über-tight, hypnotic, and, alas, as unique as Animal Collective's work. The only difference here is a noticeable fondness for meaningful lyrics and a simplified bi-dimensional approach, yet loaded with stunning glitches of silences and crescendos, explosive rhythmic u-turns and intense earthy riffs. It is like racing on a single track with no brakes - Pure ecstatic adrenaline.



photo: Liane Escorza



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### INTRODUCING....

Nightshift's new monthly guide to the best local bands bubbling under

### **ELAPSE-O**

### Who are they?

David J Roe who sings and plays guitars and Toby Nevitt on bass and electronics. They formed in the summer of 2007 and have been gigging constantly ever since. "We've played up and down the country. From grotty, but fashionable Shoreditch venues to just plain grotty rooms beneath student bars in Leeds. On the whole it's been pretty good." They played at this year's Oxford Punt and recently released a download EP through Nottingham-based label Records On Ribs. David also finds time to promote his own Permanent Vacation gig nights, showcasing the best local and international experimental and noise acts.

### What do they sound like?

Nightshift awarded their recent CD Demo Of The Month, describing them as a mix of future factory rhythms, heavily-treated guitar drones, electronic bleeps and shimmers and panicked, disembodied vocals mixed and curdled together to form a dense, hypnotic tapestry of sounds that hiss, click, clatter and grind their way with steely determination. Or in their own words: "Piercing guitars. Fist in the air bass lines. Primitive beats. Bright electronics. Sickly shoe-gaze boy vocals. Like a stack of 80s shoe-gaze and electro albums, played on a ghetto blaster at deafening volumes in an industrial metal drum."

### What inspires them?

"Taking risks and the small pockets of people who you'll find in cities across the UK (including this one) who play in small venues, for small change, who are also dedicated to it. Apart from that, dirty, repetitive electro and hip-hop beats."

### Career highlight so far:

"Having a 7" released in another country."

### And the lowlight:

"Supporting HEALTH. They totally blew us off the stage. Never nice. It's made us work harder and think more closely about what we do."

### Their favourite other Oxford band are:

"Hreda."

If they could only keep one album in the world, it would be: "Fear of a Black Planet' by Public Enemy"

### When is their next gig and what can newcomers expect?

"Saturday 1st November, upstairs at the Academy. Hopefully a show that puts across the best elements of the band. A loud catharsis of noise and electronics. Our shows are generally helped by a good quality PA. The Academy has that, so we're looking forward to playing there."

### Their favourite thing about Oxford music is:

"Both this band and Permanent Vacation, a promotions night one of us runs, have been supported and received in a way that's encouraging. Oxford's a small city so the scene can become familiar quickly. But, when compared to other cities its size, like Northampton, where we come from originally, the level of interesting stuff that's going on is pretty high.

### You'll love them if you love:

Suicide, Liars, Cabaret Voltaire and Swans.

### Hear them here:

www.myspace.com/elapseo



# Whatever happened to... those heroes **THE MYSTICS**

Who? The Mystics were singer and bassist Sam Williams, guitarist Mark 'Woody' Wood, keyboard player and singer Kate Garrett and drummer Matthew Steer.

What? Spiky, grunged-out psychedelia that married The Pixies' tense melodic mayhem



with The Beach Boys' lysergic sunshine pop. Or perhaps children's TV puppets from outer space reinterpreting The Beatles' 'Revolver'.

When? The Mystics' debut single, 'Happy' was released on local label

Backbeat (the same label that launched Supergrass) in 1993, after which they signed to Fontana for whom they released a series of singles, including 'Lucy's Factory', 'See You' and 'Who's That Girl?' before extracting themselves from the deal in June 1996 after long-running disputes over career direction, coupled with problems with Californian drummer Matt's visa problems. The Mystics' eponymous debut album was finally released on Rotator Records in 1997. The band split shortly after. Soon afterwards Sam, who had produced Supergrass' debut album, teamed up with ex-Ride chaps Mark Gardener and Loz Colbert to form the short-lived The Animal House.

Why? For a time in the early-mid 90s The Mystics were at the forefront of Oxford's burgeoning music scene. Sam Williams' Supergrass associations helped the band attract major label attention and they signed to Fontana after a furious label bidding war. More importantly they were an electrifying live spectacle, Sam's hysterical lead vocals and Woody's furious post-punk guitar thrash beautifully offset by Kate's otherworldly backing vocals and tendencies towards mutant jazz. In 1994, a vintage year for Oxford music, the band's sublime 'Dead' topped Curfew's end of year Top 20, beating Supergrass' 'Mansize Rooster' in a photo finish.

Where? Post-split, Matthew headed back to the States and Woody to London, before heading for South America. Kate subsequently formed her own band, who still gig regularly in Oxford and she runs the local Young Women's Band Project. After enduring more major label machinations and some minor chart action with The Animal House Sam now concentrates on production work, recently producing A Silent Film's debut album.

**How?** 'The Mystics' is available to buy online from oxfordmusic.net, or download tracks at mppglobal.com.

### DR SHOTOVER: Pretties For You

Ah, there you are .... Pull up a pew. I believe that you want to buy me a drink and hear about my adventures with Johnny Foreigner. I'll take a pint of Strong Bowel Cyder - and pop a Pernod and blackcurrant in the top, will you, there's a good chap. Yes, just back from the South of France, you can probably tell. I used to think that pink wine was only drunk by Rod Stewart, footballers' wives and people from Witney. As it transpires, I acquired quite a taste for the stuff in Provence, don't you know... thirsty work, all that shouting at people in their native tongue. ("COGNAC - NOW!" etc). Meanwhile I gather that the Oxford Music Scene reached an all-time low in my absence, but that things are looking up, in that various members of proto-janglers HERE COMES EVERYBODY are due to be on the same stage at the Bullingdon Arms this month....



"Hi, Dr S! We're moving in next door!"

What's that, Bentley-Fortescue? They're not actually re-forming? I knew that, you chinless milksop. Also not due for reformation, in strict chronological order - THE PROLES, Oxford's first punk band; Bicester artrockers HENRY PIG; Wantage disgusto-industrialists RANCID FAT; and, last but not least, the East Hanney showband with a heart of gold and a twinkle in their eye, BOW-TIE McCRACKEN. Ah, the ruffled shirts, the priceless covers of "Three Times a Lady", "Lady in Red" and "Candle in the Wind"... How well I recall those happy evenings snogging on the dancefloor at Fumbles nightclub with a succession of bleached-blonde 80s popsies... Ahem. Where was I? Ah yes, about to be sick. Nice talking to you...

Next month: Dr Shotover IS sick. Very sick.

### DEPRESSION FEARS AS FINANCIAL CRISIS HITS

As recently as March this year Oxford band Young Knives released an album entitled 'Superabundance', but the global financial crisis means the Ashbyde-la-Zouch three-piece may soon not have a pot to piss in!

"It's serious", said a spokesman for the leading Oxford rockers, "buyers are wondering where all the quirkiness has gone."

Financial observers have a offered a glimmer of hope for the Ashbyde-la-Zouch group, pointing to previous sound investments in second-hand tweed. "Such frugal spending at this time might mean Henry, House and Oliver don't have to tighten their belts as much as some critics have previously suggested. Er, sorry, where did you say they were from again?"

### CHEER UP, FOR **GOD'S SAKE!**

As the stock market crash threatened even the most secure of Oxford bands, it emerged that Radiohead's stock had fallen from a record high of fourteen songs per album with 'OK Computer' (come on, 'Paranoid Android' was at least

three songs in one) to a worrying three songs per album with the release of 'Hail To The Thief'. Their price rallied to a respectable six songs for the last fiscal quarter on 'In Rainbows' but experts believe a reliance on their electronics investments might lead to more rambling, muttering and noodling in the future.

### WHAT A HOO HA

Previously buoyant Oxford pop institution Supergrass, who famously declared that everything was 'Alright' before the credit crunch hit have been the subject of a shock take-over as confidence in feelgood glam-pop evaporated. Classic Rock Building Society moved to sure up the band's recent 'Diamond Hoo Ha' project, ensuring a high quota of beery singalong anthems that would appeal to the more affluent 30-40 age bracket. "Can we make a joke about 'In It For The Money now'?" quipped a passing insurance broker.

### **CUSTARD**

With the financial crisis expected to worsen, analysts warn that Little



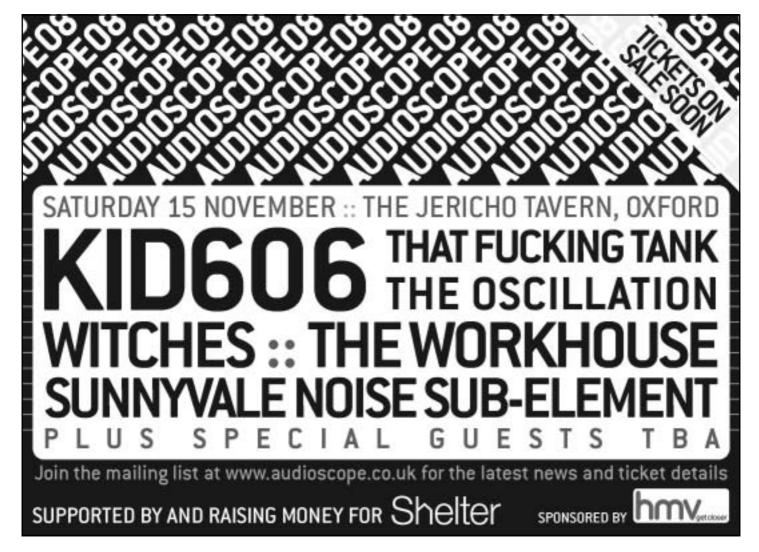
"We're sorry, but your shares are now worthless. Oh and by the way, you're fired."

**Fish** in the big global economy pond will have to battle hard to survive the times ahead, especially with huge American investment being ploughed into the company, but they advise against bowing to pressure to install a bass player into the boardroom, or face ending up with egg custard on their faces. "Bands should stick to what they're good at, or they'll be flogging life assurance before they know it."

### CAN WE GO TO BED NOW?

Nobody can now doubt that the future is extremely gloomy, with the global economy set to crash, sending millions of people into unemployment, leading to suicides amongst city workers and possibly signalling the end of the world as we know it. Sorry, that's not part of this article, it's just some Richard Walters lyrics we picked

up on earlier.





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### DEMO OF THE MONTH

### **SPUNKLE**

Back in Nightshift's 100th issue we listed 100 things that had made us happy, sad or whatever in that time. We listed Spunkle as the only person we had called a genius and not regretted it in the morning. Such was his maverick and innovative use of technology and sense of mischief. After an early Shifty Disco single, a couple of inspired demos and some brilliantly bizarre gigs, Jim Davies, the man who was Spunkle, dropped off the radar to become an artist or something so it was with little whoops of delight we opened this new CD, an eight-track, 35-minute collection of electronic explorations that takes in lolloping acid house squelches and bubbles, drifting ambient randomness, bludgeoning future factory carnage, thumping techno funk and maddeningly hypnotic and disorientating synth squiggles. Oh and a few well-placed snatches of dialogue that are funny by sheer dint of being utterly meaningless in isolation ("Do they come from Denmark?"). Simultaneously harsh and playful, elegant and fidgety, what Spunkle is doing is little different to what a million bedroom-bound sound dabblers are doing, but it's his style, his imagination that makes him different. Makes him better than all of them. So, do we still think he's a genius? Ask us in the morning.

# THIN GREEN CANDLES

Another bedroom electro experimenter, as is apparently obligatory each month. Thin Green Candles isn't quite in Jim Spunkle's league but it's a pleasantly disquieting clutter of ambient noises that suggests a young man sitting alone in the dark, thinking dark thoughts, contemplating smoking some more skunk while immersed in the innovative electro primitivism of acts like Coil, Hafler Trio and Nurse With Wound. From the icy horror flick soundtrack of opener 'Break Me Down', with its apparent sampling of the tortured wails of the undead, through the clatter and throb of equally abstract and propulsive electronica and looped vocal samples, to the deliberately cheap-sounding keyboards on 'Papernovember', there's a decent grasp on texture and atmosphere, with the odd chink of light just about sufficient to brighten the gloom.

### **MOLLY HODGE**

This month's obligatory alarmingly talented teenage girl demo, this time from 16-year old Mollie Hodge who apparently lives at Cloud Cottage somewhere in Warborough, which sounds like a fantastic, dreamy place to reside. And sure enough Mollie sounds happy enough, warbling along to a lone piano accompaniment, aiming squarely for a jaunty cocktail lounge jazz vibe. Her voice is light, airy and playful, but like many other young singers, she sounds like she needs to team up with a more experienced or imaginative songwriter, her tunes being sweet enough but slight and insubstantial, more distractions than actual songs. Either that or she could learn a repertoire of old standards, in which case a glorious future entertaining diners on cutprice Mediterranean cruise ships is hers for the taking.

### LUKE KEEGAN

This month's obligatory sad-bloke-withacoustic-guitar demo. Which, particularly in these darkening days of autumn, following on from such a non-event of a summer, would normally have us driven to despair or into a paroxysm of rage, except that Luke here isn't half bad actually. And anyway, he's drawn us a nice picture of a smiley monster-cum-bear thing holding an ice cream cone and the ice cream is coloured with fluorescent felt pen, and it makes us a little bit happy because ice creams remind us a of summers in the distant past when the sun actually used to shine and you had to actually go in the sea to get wet rather than just sit on the beach and get royally pissed on. Still, all is not well in Luke's world: he sounds rather annoyed with the world on the first couple of songs, humming and strumming along with little discernible character, but then he injects a bit of Spanish guitar thrum into proceedings and gets a bit more reflective and even the strange drunkperson-snoring vocal effect he sticks over the top of it for a few moments can't detract from its simple charm too much. Best of the bunch is the final track (hev. no song titles here) which aims for some kind of breathless wonder, a la Richard Walters, doesn't quite hit those highs but does offer the promise of better things to come. A quick visit to Luke's Myspace site finds his headline tag reading "Please don't hate me". And for now, such feelings are kept under wraps.

# BACK POCKET PROPHET

This month's obligatory metal demo. Back Pocket Prophet, whose name is impossible to mind pronounce after several pints of lager, come from Bicester and they've got a church bell. There it is tolling, rather tinnily we have to admit, at the start of the opening track, 'Transposition'. But if that suggests a thriftshop Black Sabbath, the music is heavy and militant, a rising swell of blistered guitar exploding into hardcore chug with suitably sneery, shouty vocals and even a good old fashioned widdly middle-eight. From Sabbathlike spaciousness to all-out metal-core via Judas Priest's melodic thrash, BPP are well drilled and by the time they get to 'How Can I Deny You', the reins have come loose and they're going at it full pelt. So much so that we can even forgive them the comedy rant in the middle that sounds like a Power Rangers baddie plotting to take over the world.

### PISTOL KIXX

This month's obligatory....well, Pistol Kixx demo. Since this is their third offering in the last few months. In fact this demo was recorded at Keynote Studios as the band's prize for winning Demo Of The Month earlier in the year. These blokes don't mess about, you know: "Recorded with the help of cheap booze", shouts their scrawled letter. "More of the same!" it pronounces, and they ain't wrong. But then why fix what ain't broke? What's broke, by the way, is probably all the furniture in the studio and anything else that isn't made of concrete or girders. So anyway, 'Backdoor Beauty' is a simple Oi! punk thrash fronted by a gruff B&H rasp, while 'City Sniff' is, well, more of the same. Two songs, five minutes, wham bang thank you mam. They won an entire day's recording for that previous Demo Of The Month so to come out with five minutes of music suggests the cheap booze took up most of the time. Admirable behaviour in every respect. People take notice: this is how proper rock bands should sound and behave.

### **MONDAY MORNING SUN**

This month's obligatory Umair Chaudhry demo. You know, him out of this month's cover stars Xmas Lights; him what always wins Demo Of The Month whatever he does because it's almost without fail absolutely doom-ladenly brilliant and him what engineers at Keynote Studios and produced the Pistol Kixx demo and thus would be winning his own bloody prize if he won another demo of the Month. Which might just set off a space/time continuum loop that could destroy the very fabric of the universe. And he nearly would have pulled it off if it hadn't been for that pesky Spunkle kid. Anyway, here Umair teams up with former-Xmas Lights bandmate Marco Ruggiero for a deliberately dispiriting trawl through the bleaker edges of ambient industrial noise. Which, when we're still

type correctly after half a glass of wine, never mourning the lack of sun, really is rubbing our noses in it. Fantastic. And so, with all the solemnity of Joy Division's 'Atmosphere' as if it were being prised apart by silicon chip demons they drift through disembodied chants, part Gregorian, part Klezmer, each track building and building over repeated synth and piano loops, rising up into battering electrocore mountains. Marco sings like Wall-E recast as a short-circuiting android lounge blues crooner and it's all anyone could need to get a good old beach party started.

### **NOT MY DAY**

This month's obligatory classic guitar pop demo. Not My Day's is a solid, jangly chug through the usual accepted litany of Great British Blokes With Guitars bands, the vocals heartfelt but laddish enough not to get his mates taking the piss after a couple of beers and brothers Adam and Ben Cook combining well on the 60s-style harmonies. All of this carried out with sprightly conviction and just enough punky energy to fit in with the massed ranks of modern Woolworth's-friendly indie rockers, but as it barrels along with muscly abandon, you realise that while it might never win any prizes for originality, it'll damn well get the boys and girls dancing. And no bugger ever lost money doing that. So Not My Day might well get their day one day.

### THE DEMO DUMPER

### **DEEDS OF THE NAMELESS**

This month's obligatory unreconstructed softrock whipping boy of a demo. Shouldn't studio engineers be forced to sign some kind of voluntary code of conduct, like garage mechanics have to now, that forces them to confront bands like this with the sheer pointlessness of their endeavours before they hand over another wad of cash to add those extra overdubs just so they can sound even more like Whitesnake suffering from sudden mid-life crisis and trying to turn into Kaiser Chiefs? "Sorry lads, it's not 1985 any more: here's your money back, it'll tide you over until you get your first pay cheque from Homebase. Get yourselves some 21st Century haircuts and a bag of chips, now bugger off eh, I've got Metronomy coming in in an hour." So, initially at least, Deeds Of The Nameless sound like hoary old session men who've just discovered an old Jam and Cars compilation tape down the back of the sofa and decided it's the future. Quickly running out of energy they lapse into rock ballad mode before giving up completely and reverting to their original 70s rock. At least it sounds more honest. If still a stinking heap of shit.

Send demos for review to: Nightshift, PO Box 312, Kidlington, Oxford, OX5 1ZU. Or email MySpace link to nightshift@oxfordmusic.net, clearly marked Demo for review. IMPORTANT: no review without a contact address and phone number. No more than four tracks on a demo. If you can't handle criticism, please don't send us your demo.



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Thurs 25th Sept - £14 adv **Dragonforce** 

Fri 26th Sept - CB adv

Strike Anywhere

Fri 26th Sept - Eó/E5 NUS adv Doors 11pm-4am • Over 18x Only

### Club De Fromage + Feeling Gloomy

Sun 28th Sent - E11 adv

### The Automatic

- Dinosaur Pile Up

Mon 29th Sept - £14 adv

The Hold Steady The War On Drugs

Mon 29th Sept - EB adv **Bromheads Jacket** 

Let's Wrestle + Vultures

Thurs 2nd Oct - £12.50 adv

The Subways + Twin Atlantic

Fri 3rd Oct - £14 adv Doors 11om-4am • Over 18s Only

### Deadmau5 LIVE

Sat 4th Oct - £7 adv Innerpartysystem
+ Forthest Drive Home

Sat Alth Det - F13 50 arts

### Roots Manuva

Sun 5th Oct - E7 adv Friendly Fires + Jape

Mon Ath Oct - C7 adv White Lies

Tues 7th Oct - £16 adv Enter Shikari

-Dex + Saving Aime es 7th Oct - £9 adv

Cajun Dance Party + Swanton Bombs + Lion Club

Thurs 9th Oct - £12,50 adv Gabriella Cilmi

Thurs 9th Oct - £9 adv Geors 10.30pm-2pm+ Over 18s Drdy

The Nextmen

Fri 10th Oct - £10 adv

ft. Nic Fanciulli, Lee Mortimer, Matt Braddock & Rich Smith

Fri 10th Oct - E8 adv

Project Storm -Dance Music Conspiracy

th. Dave The Drummer b2b Chris Liberator (Exclusive 4 deck set) + Jerome Hill. + Ryan ASBO

Sat 11th Oct - SOLD OUT

The Streets

Sat 11th Oct - £5 adv Jonguil

+ This Town Needs Guns + Great Eskimo Hoax

Team Waterpolo + Baby Gravy

Mon 13th Oct - £16 adv Spiritualized

Tues 14th Oct - £10 adv Hot Leg + Saving Aimee

Thurs 16th Oct - £15 adv **Dirty Pretty Things** 

Thurs 16th Oct - £8 adv Akala + G.T.A.

Fri 17th Oct - EB adv Holy F\*\*k

Fri 17th Oct - £14 adv Doors 11am - 4am + Over 18s Only

**Krafty Kuts** 

Fri 17th Oct - £13.75 adv Delirious? + Tree63

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Strung Out

+ Dial F For Frankenstein + South Central Heroes

Zebrahead

Mon 20th Oct - 68 arts

Noah & The Whale

es 21st Oct - £11 adv

Bring Me The Horizon ecret Handshake

+ Deez Nuts + Bead Swans Tues 21st Oct - 66 adv

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Weds 22nd Oct - £13.50 adv

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Weds 22nd Oct - £5 adv Decimals

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Thurs 23rd Oct - 65 adv

Viva Machine ese Arms + The Socials

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Set 25th Oct - C9 adv

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Tues 28th Oct - E8 adv

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Weds 29th Oct - £16 adv Bellowhead

Thurs 30th Oct - £12 adv

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+ Jungle Drummers vs DJ FU ft. Stamina MC Virus, Syndicate, Count Skylarkin + Mr Lager

Sat 1st Nov - £15 adv

Funeral For A Friend
- Cancer Bats + In Case Of Fire

Sun 2nd Nov - E7 adv

Cage The Elephant

Mon 3rd Nov - £6 adv

**Red Light Company** Tues 4th Nov - £10.50 adv

- One Night Only
- + Skint & Demoralis + General Fiasco

Wirds 5th Nov - £11 adv

- Alphabeat
- Das Pop
   Pandering & The Golddiggers

Thurs 6th Nov - £12 adv **Built To Spill** 

+ Disco Doon

Fri 7th Nov - £10 adv

The Aggrolites

- New York Alcoholic Analety Attack

Fri 7th Nov - £16.50 adv Nitin Sawhney

Sat 8th Nov - £10 arty

The Complete

Stone Roses

Sun 9th New - £15 arty Anathema + Demiars

Mon 10th Nov - £7 adv F\*\*\*\*d Up

Tues 11th Nov - £10 adv Micah P. Hinson

Tues 11th Nov - £14 adv

Less Than Jake

- Pepper + Beat Union
   Imperial Leisure

Weds 12th Nev - £12.50 adv Soilwork

- + Zimmers Hol
- + One Way Mirror

Thurs 13th Nov - C7 adv

Youthmovies Adam Gnad

Fri 14th Nov - E9 adv s 11pm-4am • Over 18s Only Slide It. SLAM & Mr Copy (Live) • Rich Smith & Sam Frazier

Fri 14th Nov - £16 adv

Mercury Rev

Fri 14th Nov - £10 adv Flipron & Mistys

**Big Adventure** Sun 16th Nov - £12 adv

Elliot Minor

Tues 18th Nov - £12.50 adv

Ladytron Works 19th Nov - F12 50 arty

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Thurs 20th Nov - £8.50 adv The Whip

Fri 21st Nov - £15 adv

Show Of Hands Ruprri Joseph

Fri 21st Nov - E15 adv Doors 11em-4am + Over 18s Only

Shogun Assassins Tour

Sat 22nd New - £12 arts Airbourne

+ Stone Gods + Sounds & Fury Sun 23rd Nov - £8 adv

Ida Maria

Works 26th New - FR 50 adv My American Heart

- + We Are The Ocean + Just Surrender
- Sat 29th Nov C12 adv The Rifles

Mon 1st Dec - £14 adv The Script

Tues 2nd Dec - £12.50 adv Apocolyptica

Weds 3rd Dec - £12,50 adv

Jolie Holland

Thurs 4th Dec - £13 adv The Wedding Present

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Sat 21 Feb 09 - £14 adv Reel Big Fish

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Sat 4th Apr 09 - £19 adv The Smiths Indeed

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