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NIGHTSHIFT

Oxford's Music Magazine

Free every
month.
Issue 196
November
2011

Dead Jerichos

Brewing up a storm

Inside this issue:

Introducing **LISTING SHIPS**
FRANK FISH & THE FINS *remembered*
ANYONE CAN PLAY GUITAR *released*
TRUCK STORE *stays put*
WINCHELL RIOTS *split*
plus **SEVEN PAGES OF LOCAL GIGS**

photo: Sonny Malhotra



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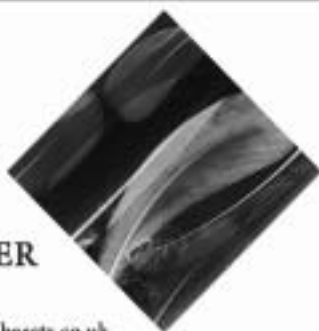
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NEWS

Nightshift: PO Box 312, Kidlington, OX5 1ZU
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WINCHELL RIOTS have split up. The local indie rock faves issued a statement through the band's website where singer Phil McMinn explained the decision to fold the band: "After five years playing together, The Winchell Riots are no more. The Winchell Riots started as an immediate reaction to myself and James's last band, Fell City Girl, splitting up. After such a weird situation, we set out with the mentality of doing things exactly the way we wanted to. This meant setting up our own label, with our own choice of producers, our own artwork, our own money. The upsides to this were immense: working with such jaw-droppingly talented people on the music and art, packing our stuff into the van and going wherever we wanted, looking out over any one of the crowds we played to over the years and knowing it was us and us only that got us there, and most importantly overseeing our music from inception, to recording, onto printing it up on vinyl, and finally sending it out, envelope by envelope, into the world. We have always been aware that our 'success' has been a relative one, but to us we did more than we ever expected to do, and that's good enough for us. We've only ever had ourselves to blame, and that's a feeling I am immensely proud of."

"Being in a band of our size over the last few years has been increasingly difficult to sustain - financially, logistically, emotionally and mentally. It is these last two elements that has come to take the heaviest toll on us over the last few months, and so we have decided to stop. Sometimes you love each other too much, and I guess sometimes you just don't love each other enough - I think that's a valid reason to stop."

TRUCK STORE is staying put for the foreseeable future. Having reported last month that it was due to up sticks from its Cowley Road home and reopen in Gloucester Green, owners Rapture have had a change of heart. Explaining the decision to stay put, manager Carl Smithson posted the following statement on the shop's Facebook page: "It's been something of a rollercoaster few weeks here at Truck Store with lots of statements and press going out giving conflicting messages about the future of the store. So here's the story about what's gone down... we had a deal 99% settled for a store in Gloucester Green in mid-September, and prematurely announced the move from Cowley Road - but that deal fell through. Bad move! Another company were set to take over the lease on 101 Cowley Road. So we had a closing down sale and a closing down party and had been running stock low. We've now found out that we are able to stay at 101 Cowley Road for the next couple of months at least and so are pleased to announce we're no longer closing down."

Having already hosted a closing down party with local bands playing in-store, Truck subsequently held a Not Closing Down party in the shop, featuring sets from Little Fish, Alphabet Backwards and The Cellar Family, among others.

Here at Nightshift we're keen to remind everyone that great independent stores like Truck can only continue to exist if people use them. The alternative don't bear thinking about.

TASTE MY EYES will play a final show this month before going their separate ways. The metalcore favourites are splitting up as frontman Ben Hollyer wants to spend more time with his new baby. The band will play at Skeletor Promotions' gig at the O2 Academy on Saturday 26th November, supporting Reading's fast-rising death-thrash crew Malefice. Dedlok, Risen In Black and Vera Grace complete an excellent metal bill. Visit www.facebook.com/SkeletorPro for more details of Skeletor's shows.

TROPHY WIFE launch their new EP, 'Bruxism', with a show at the Old Boot Factory on Saturday 5th November. The night is a collaboration between indie club



ANYONE CAN PLAY GUITAR gets its official release this month. The film, produced and directed by Jon Spira (*pictured*) tells the story of Oxford's music scene from the early-1980s through to 2007 and the closure of the Zodiac and features interviews with Ride, Radiohead, Supergrass and Foals along with members of other Oxford bands and characters who helped create the local scene over the years. Comedian Stewart Lee narrates the story. *ACPG* is released on DVD on November 3rd and will be available exclusively through the film website www.acpgthemovie.com and at Truck Store on Cowley Road. It will come as a two-DVD set, although anyone who has helped fund the making of the film through Indiegogo will receive a special 3-DVD box set.

Additionally *ACPG* is set to get a special launch screening at the **National Film Theatre** on **Friday 4th November**, which will be introduced by Adam Buxton and is followed by a question and answer session with Ride's Mark Gardener, Gaz Coombes from Supergrass, Colin Greenwood and Ed O'Brien from Radiohead and Jon Spira. The NFT screening is already sold out but *ACPG* will be screened at the **Phoenix Picturehouse** on Walton Street on **Tuesday 15th November**, followed by a Q&A with Mark Gardener.

Four years in the making, and completely financed by Jon himself and donations via the Indiegogo site, *Anyone Can Play Guitar* has been a labour of love for Spira, who was interviewed about the film in Nightshift last October. On the eve of the movie's official release, he spoke to us again to reveal the struggle to get it made and keep the entire project independent.

"It's been an uphill struggle to get the film released. Identifying, negotiating and affording music and footage clearances has been an absolute nightmare but thanks to my producer Hank Starrs' hard work and spirit we've got through it. We're self-releasing the DVD because, well, we've got this far on our own, so we're not prepared to hand over the reigns to a distributor with the current state of the indie film market. It's been passion, hard work and naivety that have got us this far and I think those things will serve us well to actually get it out there. I really hope that Nightshift's readership get behind it and, even if they don't buy it, if they were to Tweet, Facebook, or just tell people who might like it about it they'd be actively helping the project and that'd be a greatly appreciated thing!"

"The general reaction to the film has been really positive. I think people have been surprised by it insofar as they were maybe expecting a jolly romp through Oxford music history. The film itself, although very Oxford music-y and occasionally romp-y is a bit more thoughtful than that and as much about the realities of the music industry and success and failure as it is about its subject matter. So, it's probably a slightly darker film than people might have expected but, I think, a slightly better one, too. Critically it's doing well and we were stunned when the British Film Institute asked to showcase it for its first public screening, at the NFT in London. We've all just got our fingers crossed at the moment."

To find out more about *Anyone Can Play Guitar*, or to contribute, visit www.acpgthemovie.com

night Yoof! and the newly-opened Oxford restaurant on Magdalen Road. Joining Trophy Wife on the night will be Solid Gold Dragons and Wild Swim, plus Yoof! DJs spinning new indie and electro sounds. Oxford will be providing food on the night. 'Bruxism' will be the first release on the new Blessing Force label, set up by Pet Moon and former-Youthmovies man Andrew Mears.

PHIL SELWAY has added a second night to his fundraising concert at the Pegasus Theatre this month. Radiohead drummer Phil is helping raise money as part of the youth theatre's 50th anniversary celebrations. His original show on Thursday 10th November is now sold out. Tickets for the new show on Friday 11th are on sale now from www.pegasustheatre.org, priced £25.

NEWS

OXFORD IMPROVISERS

celebrate their 10th anniversary with Cohesion Festival this month, featuring four concerts in town. The local improvisers collective have invited internationally-renowned composer and trumpeter Ishmael Wadada Leo Smith to perform at two shows as part of the celebrations. On Thursday 24th November he joins Pat Thomas and Alexander Hawkins at the Newman Rooms in St. Aldates, while on Saturday 26th he is backed by the Oxford Improvisers Orchestra for a specially-commissioned piece at the Jacqueline du Pre Building.

On Fri 2nd December the improvisers will be hosting workshops for potential collaborators at the Jacqueline du Pre at 4.45pm and 9.15pm, culminating in a concert based on the issues of cohesion and multiculturalism. Finally on Saturday 3rd, African musicians Tunde Jegede, Hafeez Al-Karrar and Ahmed Abdul Rahman will join members of Oxford Improvisers for a concert at the Pegasus Theatre.

Musicians wanting to take part in the Cohesion workshops and concert can call 01865 721564, or email cohesionfestival@gmail.com. Visit www.oxfordimprovisers.com for full details of all the events.

THE HALF RABBITS launch their new EP with a show at The Jericho Tavern on Friday 18th November. The band have been in the studio with producer Pat Collier as well as recording a new video for their song 'Gasoline'. Joining them at the Tavern show are Deer Chicago and The Graceful Slicks. The Half Rabbits also host a free night of music at the Phoenix Picturehouse on Saturday 3rd December when they'll be joined by Winchell Riots frontman Phil McMinn and Gert Lassitude.

THIS YEAR'S WINTER WARMER

takes place over three nights at the Wheatshaf across the weekend of the 16th-18th December. The annual mini-festival is jointly organised by Gappy Tooth Industries and Swiss Concrete. Last year's event was curtailed due to the heavy snow, so

fingers crossed for a slightly, erm, warmer Warmer this time round. Visit www.gappytooth.com for more details.

BURIED IN SMOKE host their Christmas all-dayer on Saturday 10th December. The local metal club's annual festive festival of fret abuse features Desert Storm, Beard of Zeuss, Trippy Wicked, Dead Existence, Komrad, With, Mother Corona, Steak, Caravan Of Whores, Mutagenocide, Gurt and Undersmile.

Before that, though, Buried In Smoke have two gigs in November. On Saturday 5th California's stoner-thrash crew Saviours headline, with support from Desert Storm, Taste My Eyes and Jackknife Holiday, while on Saturday 12th, London's thrash merchants Snakebite headline, alongside Desert Storm, Diesel King, The Crushing and Profane & Sacred. Visit www.myspace.com/buriedinsmokepromotionsuk for more details or visit them on Facebook.

PHAT SESSIONS host Elliot Cornell, aka Elliot Fresh, is launching a new hip hop label for local acts. Illgotit has a series of releases set up, starting with Elliot Fresh & Legoman's 'Elliot Building With Lego'. Future releases come from Ole-e-mac, Legoman and The Untitled Presents. Visit the label's Bandcamp site at illgotitrecords.bandcamp.com for tracks and free downloads.

CATWEAZLE CLUB launches its new website this month. The long-running open mic club celebrated its 17th year last month and continues to showcase the best singers, musicians, poets and storytellers in Oxford every Thursday at the East Oxford Community Centre. The new site is at www.catweazleclub.org. Catweazle are keen to hear from anyone wishing to contribute a blog to the site.

PAT NEVIN is the special guest at this month's Progressively Less Elephant. The monthly indie club night takes place on Friday 18th



FIXERS release a new EP on December 4th entitled 'Imperial Goddess Of Mercy'. The EP features five new songs: 'Majesties Ranch'; 'Evil Carbs'; 'Selinah'; 'Trans Love' and 'Divorce'. As well as a CD and download release on Vertigo, the EP will be available as a limited edition 10" vinyl on Fixers' own Dolphin Love label.

Ahead of the release of the new EP Fixers play a special live show at the Ashmolean Museum on Friday 11th November, alongside rising local dance producer Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs.

Talking about the forthcoming EP, Fixers frontman Jack Goldstein told *Nightshift*, "These songs are calorific; they are designed to fatten the listener. Some of them were made up as we recorded them, they are all 100% finished but allow a certain degree of musical imagination and realisation to fall upon the listener: it's 70/30 but to whom I'm not quite sure. I got really scared before we released the last EP and I am really scared now; I can't imagine how I will feel come album time."

Tickets for the Ashmolean show are on sale priced £12. Jack said he wanted the Ashmolean show "to be like *Night At The Museum* with Ben Stiller and Robin Williams." Knowing Fixers, we wouldn't put it past them, reanimated T-Rex skeleton and all.

November at Bar Baby Love in King Edward Street. Nevin, who played for Chelsea, Everton and Scotland in an illustrious career throughout the 1980s and 90s, became a cult figure for his cool taste in music, so expect the very best in new and classic indie sounds.

STUDIO 8 are hosting a bands competition from this month with over £4,000 worth of prizes on offer for the winning act. Bands wishing to

enter need to upload a video of one of their songs to Studio 8's Facebook page, which will then be voted for by fans. The most popular acts will then take part in a live battle of the bands with the winner receiving three days recording at Cooz's Recording Studios, a two-day video shoot with Studio 8; a professional band photoshoot at The Oxford Photographic Studio; CD design and duplication at The Duplication Centre, plus £60 worth of music equipment vouchers.

AS EVER, don't forget to tune into BBC Oxford Introducing every Sunday night between 9-10pm on 95.2fm. The dedicated local music show plays the best new local releases and demos as well as featuring interviews with local acts, regular live sessions, a gig guide and more. The show is available to stream online all week at bbc.co.uk/oxford or download as a podcast.



GAZ COOMBES, YOUNG KNIVES and **RICHARD WALTERS** headline three nights of shows at the Rotunda in Iffley Village next month. The Rotunda is a former dolls house museum previously owned by Graham Greene. The gigs are being hosted by Oxford, recently opened in Magdalen Road and rapidly becoming Oxford's most rock'n'roll

restaurant. *Young Knives* play on Wednesday 7th December with support from *Family Machine* and *Cat Matador*. On Thursday 8th Richard Walters plays alongside *Ed Laurie* and *Message To Bears*, while Gaz Coombes heads the bill on Friday 9th, supported by *Spring Offensive* and *Matty P*. Tickets for all the shows are on sale from Oxford, or online at wegottickets.com/oxford.

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THE STORY OF THE SMALL TOWN MUSIC SCENE THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

a quiet word with

Dead Jerichos

“THE LOWLIGHT WAS MAINLY last summer... all the hard work and getting great press led to us selling out a show at the Jericho Tavern and playing to a packed Bully at the OX4 Festival last year; then nothing happened! Having taken things as far as we could in Oxford we had no idea how to take the next step; we were frustrated and started fighting between ourselves; we could have split up at one point!”

DEAD JERICHO FRONTMAN

Craig Evans is explaining to Nightshift how close the band came to crashing and burning over the summer, struggling to build on all the promise and praise of their first 18 months in existence when the trio of teenagers from Drayton took the Oxford scene by storm.

Dead Jerichos looked like an unstoppable force in those first months of existence, playing everywhere and anywhere that would have them, albeit sometimes struggling to find venues that would accommodate them at their age (they were all 17) and their similarly youthful fanbase.

After an early rave live review and a Demo of the Month, Dead Jerichos found themselves fulfilling a childhood dream of gracing the cover of Nightshift before they'd even released a single and when BBC Oxford Introducing joined in the excitement the band found themselves playing at Underage Festival in Hyde Park alongside a host of big-name acts.

The band's upward trajectory has been pretty constant since then, their local fanbase growing with each gig, the band's sound evolving from that initial burst of punked-up mod-pop that saw them feverishly compared to everyone from Arctic Monkeys and The Jam to Bloc Party and Foals, to a darker, richer, more textured sound that evokes The Cure as much as anything. But, as Craig says, taking it to the next level is the biggest challenge any young band faces.

HAPPILY, THIS MONTH FINDS

Dead Jerichos in a stronger position than they were a few months back. They have a new management team looking after them and a new single out, produced by Rory Atwell, formerly of Test-Icicles, now one of the most in-demand producers around.



And anyway, as far as Craig is concerned, the highlights so far have far outweighed the lows.

“I’d say the whole first two years of being together was an incredible high. Everything happened so quickly: after our first show in Oxford we got a great review from [Nightshift writer] Paul Carrera and it went from there. The best highlight for me has just been people getting behind the band and feeling like we are inspiring other young, up and coming bands. There’s been quite a few reviews on new bands which compare them to us, which is always a nice feeling.

“Of course getting to do festivals has been a load of fun too. At Underage Ellie Goulding came and did her pre-gig stretches in our dressing room, which was pretty funny. Other comedy moments included arguing with The Courteeners singer, feeding Matt

Horne cheesecake and asking Simple Minds if we could borrow a bass amp.

“I think our progress was quicker than we ever expected from the start. We were lucky enough to get spotted in Oxford straight away by Paul Carrera and we managed to create an amazing buzz and build a fan base very quickly. We then went on to get some great shows with our first London show selling out. Of course playing Underage and getting decent support slots at the O2 really helped the buzz, and we’ve changed jobs so we can be more available to play live. “When you start growing up you realise your true personality and your interests, we’ve also made a lot of mistakes that we’ve learned from and are glad to have our management team in place to help us try and take the next step.”

ALONGSIDE BASSIST SAHM Amirsedghi and drummer Leo

Raynor, Craig’s precocious talent and yobbishly articulate lyrical style were a neat counterpoint to the sometimes overly-intellectualised forms of rock that dominated the scene back then. Here was a band you could dance, drink and fight to, rather than ponder the complexity of their time signatures. There were tales of small-town violence and domestic abuse kicked out with an uptight ferocity. But as the band have grown, some of that aggression has given way to a more considered approach, heavier on the reverb, spacious and almost gothic at times, while lyrically there’s a more romantic outlook, notably on last winter’s debut single, ‘Mountains’.

The result of Dead Jerichos dalliance with Rory Atwell is ‘Please Yourself’, a four-song EP out this month, featuring two songs produced by Atwell, plus remixes by Dubwiser and Message To Bears. The urgency of their live sound is maintained but the clutter swept away to reveal the sweet, airy pop tunes within. Dubwiser’s dubbed-out take on ‘Please Yourself’ strips the song down to its rhythmic bones and feathers, injecting Jamaican and African elements into the equation, while Message To Bears’ treatment of ‘Spaces & Sounds’ stretches it out yet further and sets it afloat on warm, tropical seas – it’s the closest Dead Jerichos are likely to get to chillwave and it strangely suits them.

GIVEN THIS EVOLUTION OF

sound, we wonder how much Craig feels he and the band have changed since they started out.

“We’re definitely getting darker in terms of sound, and handling more sensitive, adult issues in terms of lyrics. We don’t listen to much guitar music any more, and I’m writing more and more on keyboard, then working out how to play it on guitar.

“We’ve definitely grown up a hell of a lot since the early days. Lyrically I’m trying to tackle emotions much more, rather than being so abstract. As we’ve grown older we’ve had anxiety attacks, run-ins with the law and your standard run of job problems. We are proud of what we did before as we were so young, but we’re keen for our music to reflect our worldview as we grow older.”

What was it like to work with Rory Atwell?

"Our manager set it up via a contact he had with him. Test Icicles were a really big influence on us so it was a big deal to work with him. He's a really sound guy and he definitely brought out the best in us, got us to lay down some nailed on takes. We'd love to work with him again at some point. We were really impressed with how he developed my guitar sounds and suggested adding in extra layers."

The new EP features new recordings of songs we've heard before, plus remixes from Dubwiser and Message To Bears.

"We decided to release older songs because we feel that they are really strong tracks and deserved to be given a proper release. We love the Message To Bears remix as it brings out the dark, ambient side of our music, whereas the Dubwiser one brings out the dubby and dancey side of Dead Jerichos' sound. Leo's started playing around with Logic, lets see where that takes him."

THE RECRUITMENT OF SEB

Reynolds – an astonishingly talented multi-instrumentalist whose musical CV includes Keyboard Choir and The Epstein, and the man behind the Pindrop concerts and PR company – and Marc West, who runs club night Yoof!, as managers has been the spur for Dead Jerichos' new lease of life, including that introduction to Atwell.

"Yeah, Seb came to see us when we headlined a festival at the Jericho Tavern last Christmas, he said he was interested and Marc was a long-term fan. We had to wait six months to sort out our problems and have a bit of a break and then we got on a roll. They got us recording with Rory, which was a huge deal to us, and we now have a great PR company – God Don't Like It – working for us, so it's onwards and upwards again!"

While good management is pretty much priceless in the music industry, Dead Jerichos have always been one of the most self-motivated bands around, right back to when they were organising their own gigs at pubs and clubs around town and later starting up D-Fest in their native Drayton.

"We've always liked to have our own take on things and love being creative in doing our own shows. We're passionate and motivated and like helping out mates' bands and giving new bands a break like the breaks we were given early on. I love to get more people into Oxford music, which is why I do D-Fest, to create a sense of community around the band and the scene of bands we are part of."

And of course you stepped in to organise a show for local bands who were due to play at the aborted

Summer Fayre Festival in South Park – how did that go?

"It was great that we could make something good out of a potentially bad situation. We felt there was a need to do something that weekend, and we are really grateful to Joal at the Wheatsheaf for helping us put something together at such short notice."

AS WELL AS HIS

commitments to Dead Jerichos, over the last few months Craig has been playing live with his solo side project, Evo Sylvian, exploring a more electronic sound and named after 80s band Japan's singer David Sylvian. Is this something you don't feel could fit into Dead Jerichos' style? What are the plans with that?

"I've always wanted to do something a bit more experimental with electronic influences and a lot of synths and that doesn't fit with Dead Jerichos' noise guitar ethos. I wanted to expand my scope of songwriting and try some ideas in a different context. For Evo Sylvian I'm really inspired by 80s electro like Gary Numan, Tears For Fears and Japan. The plan is to release an EP at the start of next year, put a full live band together and see what happens."

Back when we last interviewed you, you were very new to the local scene but said you'd always wanted to be more involved. Has it matched your expectations? What lessons have you learned along the way?

"We definitely ended up playing Oxford too much and that was due to inexperience. It was great that we were offered so many gigs but from now on we're going to be more selective. We really appreciate how much we've been supported by the Oxford scene but want to start playing around the UK regularly and beyond."

And now, having overcome those summertime blues, where do Dead Jerichos go from here?

"Realistically, we want to get the EP out in November. Hopefully with some press and radio behind it, building towards another EP or two and eventually an album.

Unrealistically, we are about to be given 100k by Sony to go and record our album with David Guetta in the Bahamas."

'Please Yourself' is released on 28th November, available on their Bandcamp page and at Truck Store. The band play The Wheatsheaf on Friday 18th November alongside Gunning For Tamar in aid of Audioscope. Visit soundcloud.com/deadjerichos to hear more tracks.



NOVEMBER

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25th **PADDY KELLY / UDI / PRINCESS KENISHA**

Saturday Early Show

12th **EMPTY ROOM PROMOTIONS** presents

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Saturdays

5th **DAVID RODIGAN 10.30-4am. £10 B4 11.30pm**

12th **SELECTA – Drum'n'bass**

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26th **DRUM'N'BASS**

Sundays

13th **YESSIRBOSS**

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(Own label)

Sadly, we don't get sent records any more, just links to downloads and audio streams. That's okay, we understand the advantages in terms of ecology, energy and economics. Borderville, however, eagerly sent a hard copy of their latest, perhaps indicating their love of a holistic artwork, and their pride in a deeply considered package, rather than a string of ditties. Of course, anyone with cash can create lavish CD artwork to detract attention from drab music, but the mandibular folds of Borderville's CD box fit the insect theme perfectly, and the flea image echoes Joe Swarbrick's assertion that the German "ungeziefer" doesn't necessarily imply the giant roach most publishing illustrators leap on for editions of *The Metamorphosis*.

Because, yes, this album is a musical retelling of Kafka's novella. If you think that sounds pretentious, do yourself a favour and turn the page now. Go on, there's plenty for you later: there might be some big pictures, or ads for gigs by tribute bands like Saxon & On, or Junior Doctor Feelgood. Anyone who isn't put off by theatre or erudition will happily discover how



approachable 'Metamorphosis' is. In fact, you don't need to know anything about the book, because what's great is that the album has the *shape* of a story, the taut arc of ineluctable tragedy, the encroaching claustrophobia of macabre fiction. It's fantastic that 'Metamorphosis' sounds like a tale being told, rather than a band noting how clever they all are.

It's perhaps inevitable that 'Metamorphosis' shall be labelled as prog. That's fine, but inaccurate. Most of the music is built on

material from the birth of rock'n'roll, be it the *Rocky Horror* cod-jiving of 'Open The Door', or 'Anchor', where a soda hop ballad is suspended in – sonic zeitgeist alert! – cold reverb. Rather than ELP trickery, Borderville take scraps of everyman rock, like Richie Valens or Queen, and cover them with black dramatics and queasy dissonance; from the infected cicada swoon of the opening moments, the record is held together by synthetic hums and electro-acoustic dizziness. Perhaps, because of this, 'Capitallypso' doesn't quite fit. Sure, it's got a portmanteau title, funky guitar and a clever link between insectile chitin and workplace relationships in the line "toughen up my skin, sir", but it almost derails the record by being too good a rock song: we need soliloquies not melodies, Greek chorus not pop chorus. Forget tunes, it's the rhythm section's album anyway: check out the Rolling-Stone-play-Aphrodite's-Child stomp of 'I Am The Winter'.

Add some balletic keys and a thespian vocal that can convince in the dark bombast of 'The Human Way' and the resigned resolution of the closing track, and you have an album of the year. If some will turn away in the opening minutes, everyone else will adore it till the final curtain.

David Murphy

NICK COPE

'My Socks'

(Own label)

As anyone from Woody Guthrie to Ralph McTell would attest, writing songs for children can be both creatively and commercially rewarding. Former-Candyskins singer Nick Cope spent much of last summer holding court in various festivals' kids tents where, it has to be said, he outshone many of the supposedly adult acts on show.

Here he releases his second album for children, dealing with such all-important issues as what to buy in the supermarket for dinner ('The Very Long Shopping List'); pouring bubbles into the bath ('Pour In The Bubbles') and, in a display of existentialism most wannabe indie poets

would struggle to emulate, how being a brother defines you as a human being ('I've Got A Brother').

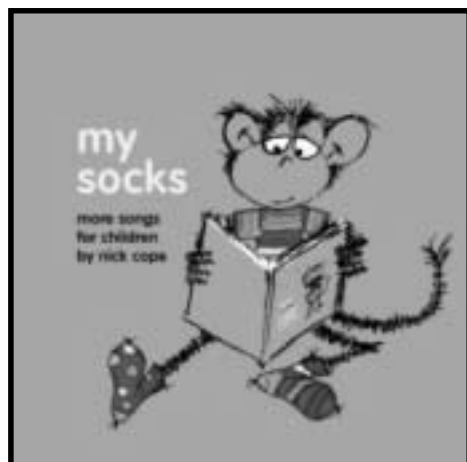
It's all done with a deftness of touch that marked his old band out as prime pop makers (the album also features ex-Candyskins drummer John Halliday and bassist Brett Gordon) and pitches itself easily halfway between nursery rhyme simplicity and hook-laden catchiness.

Best of the entire songs here is 'It Rains The Same Old Rain', which explains the eternal cycle of precipitation and evaporation with a sense of cheery resignation that Morrissey would be proud of.

The hardest thing about writing songs for kids is you cannot hide behind a cool haircut or list of influences; the melody is everything. But get it right and you're sorted: as soon as one set of fans grows up and out of you, another comes along to take their place.

With two young kids to entertain, 'My Socks' is already Nightshift's most played album of 2011 and there's no indication they're getting bored of it yet. No doubt we'll have been driven insane by it all come Christmas, but, seemingly incapable of writing anything less than perfect pop, Nick Cope nails another winner.

Dale Kattack



BEAT SEEKING

MISSILES

'Break My Fall'

(Dirty Water)

Sir Bald Diddley's second release of the month finds him in cahoots with Supergrass bassist Mick Quinn and hammering out that hambone rhythm and Bo Diddley licks like it never stopped being the 1950s. 'Break My Fall' is a rough-hewn garage rock-cum-rockabilly chug, 'I'm Not Your Stepping Stone' revisited by way of early Rolling Stones, while the b-side is basically Buddy Holly's 'Not Fade Away' with an extra coating of roadhouse dirt under its fingernails. A period piece, as with so much of his work, but no less valid for all that.

Ian Chesterton



HOT HOOVES

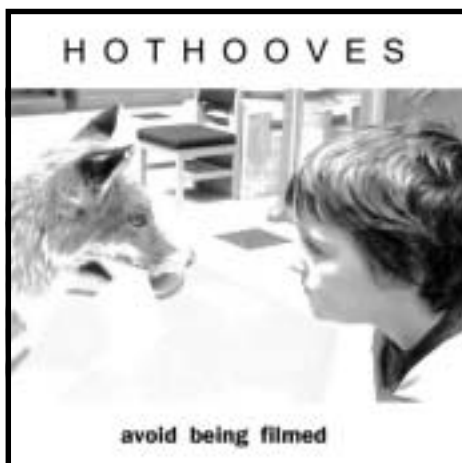
'Avoid Being Filmed'

(*Rivet Gun*)

The word 'legend' is so overused that even typing the phrase "the word 'legend' is overused" feels criminally clichéd. But in the case of Hot Hooves, it's justified. In terms of local music history, the band feature two bona fide legends: former-Talulah Gosh, Heavenly and Here Comes Everybody guitarist Pete Momtchiloff and erstwhile Jericho Tavern and Point promoter and Arthur Turner's Lovechild? frontman Mac. Without the pair of them the local music scene would be a very different, and far poorer, beast.

But rock music has little time for sentiment. Like football managers, bands are only as good as their last result. Luckily, if Hot Hooves' debut album isn't quite the 5-0 drubbing their previous outfits were capable of, it's a solid enough performance to take all three points even while occasionally doing its best to sound as sick as a parrot.

Ten songs in under 23 minutes suggests that



old punk/indie spirit hasn't left our protagonists (Pete and Mac augmented in the band by bassist 'Welsh' Mike and drummer Gary Neville, whose combined musical past includes Lucky & The Losers, The Hulas and Les Clochards). Mac sings with a laconic snarl on album openers 'This Is It, This Is The Scene' (a leftover from his ATL? days) and the album's title track, his sardonic outlook

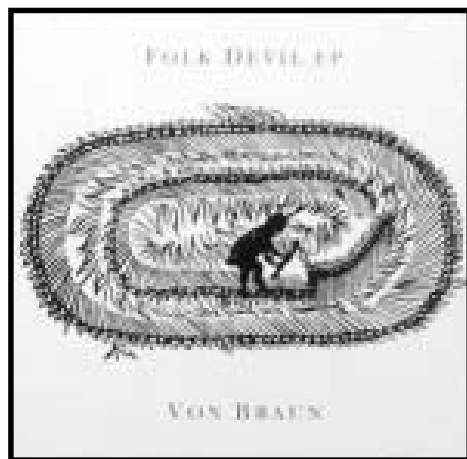
unchanged as the band kick out a few-frills buzzsaw brand of pop that fleetingly reminds you of early Teenage Fanclub or even the poppier side of Husker Du.

The kindest thing you can say about Pete's singing on 'Ladies Of Our Species' is that he sounds lacking in confidence and the glam-stomping track needs a more outlandish leader, although the song's sentiment – that women should take over the planet, is more than admirable given the shit state men have got it into. He's upped his game considerably by the time the band reach the song 'Hot Hooves' itself, mind, still adenoidal but a decent foil to Mac's bolshier interjections.

Highlight of the album is the rambunctious 'Spark Up Agenda', a full-throttle pile-up between The Ramones and Status Quo helmed by Mark E Smith, while 'Midlife' and 'My Telekinesis' display a withering wit that few bands can hope to emulate.

There are a few slipshod passes, if not full-on own goals along the way, but, as another old football adage goes, form may come and go, but class is permanent.

Dale Kattack



VON BRAUN

'Folk Devil EP'

(*Big Red Sky*)

Shouting definitely has its place in music. Unfortunately too often it's used by angst-riddled troubadours who haven't mastered how to express their emotions properly and then wonder why they can't get a girlfriend, thus perpetuating the cycle of angst and shouting.

Then again, if you can shout and make it sound like a last, desperate rage against the dying of the light, you're onto a winner. On this debut EP, Von Braun singer Dave Anderson fair blasts his tonsils into the back end of next week in an attempt to wring every ounce of despair out of himself. Such is the tense, nervous drama of Von Braun on songs like 'Folk Devil' and 'Church Bells', which find the band, after a good few years playing the local circuit, finally hitting on a sound that suits their skin. There are touches of Veils' wracked gothic indie, notably on EP highlight 'Aronnan', while closer 'Mr Seaweed' finally finds the band less agitated, finding an uneasy peace with itself. A quality debut from a band who have often promised more than they've delivered.

Dale Kattack

HIPBONE SLIM & THE KNEETREMBLERS

'Square Guitar'

(*Dirty Water*)

Sir Bald Diddley – aka Benson-based singer and guitarist Mark Painter – has been around the scene making music in his various guises for at least 20 years now. Each new band – up to four of them existing concurrently at any given time – supposedly allows him to explore a different path to the past, from classic surf rock to ska, but increasingly as time has passed the walls that define each act have blurred to the point where we're not sure even he knows which of his aliases is meant to be playing which particular style.

As is traditional, you wait a year then two or three Baldy-related releases arrive at once, this album coinciding with a new Beat Seeking Missile single, Baldy's collaboration with former-Supergrass bassist Mick Quinn. While BSM seem set to unearth the rock'n'rolling spirit of Buddy Holly and Bo Diddley, 'Square Guitar' opens in a remarkably similar vein, the album's title track a straight steal from Holly's 'I'm Gonna Tell You How It's Gonna Be'. From there on in he skips through old-time country rockabilly (notably the Johnny Cash-like 'Hidin' To Nothin'), skiffle, rock'n'roll and surf. It's fresh, fun stuff, stuck merrily in a past that fewer and fewer music fans will recall and it seems to be a mission of the band to introduce it to new generations. A revival in rock'n'roll and jump blues clubs and the popularity of acts like The Jim Jones Revue suggests Sir Bald Diddley isn't alone, although it remains a singularly cult concern.

There are easy comparisons to be made between some songs here and classics of the

original era: 'Birdman' rips off 'Surfin' Bird'; 'Bald Tyre' might well be 'Roll Over Beethoven's' kid brother; 'Brand New Hat' is a marrying of 'Peggy Sue' and 'Hound Dog', while 'Lightnin' Strike' bears an uncanny resemblance to 'I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry'. There's also a feeling that at 18 tracks and 45 minutes, the album runs out of fresh ideas two-thirds of the way in. Brevity was always a valuable commodity back before albums were the format of choice.

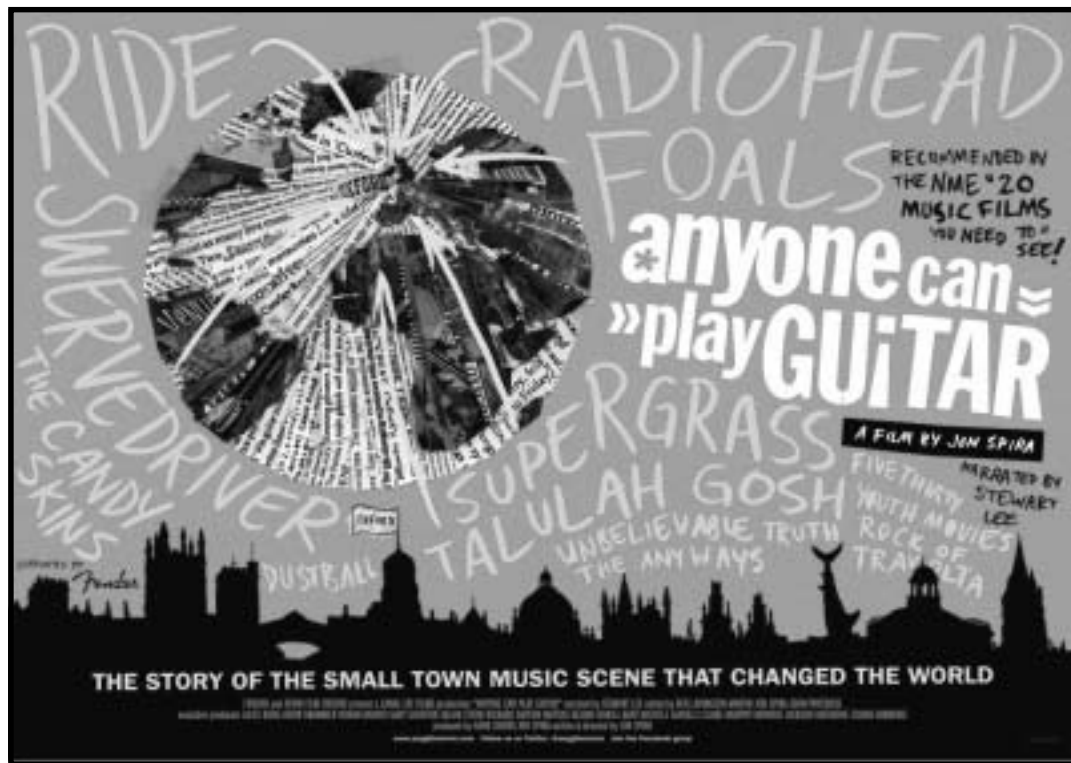
Saying that, given a choice between such unabashed retro soul mining and much of modern rock's rifling through history's underwear drawer pretending it's new and innovative, give us this kind of honesty any time.

Ian Chesterton



NEXT MONTH: *Dead Jerichos; Listing Ships; The Scholars; Johnny Daukes... and more*

RELEASED



ANYONE CAN PLAY GUITAR

(Canal Cat DVD)

“ALL BANDS HAVE TO COME from somewhere; that’s an existential imperative,” states narrator Stewart Lee at the start of Jon Spira’s film about the Oxford music scene.

Lee is talking about Mr Big and Dee D Jackson, Oxford’s first pop successes, gaining Top 5 hit singles in 1977 and 1978 respectively. But *Anyone Can Play Guitar* is the story of how the bands who came after, who put our city on the musical map, didn’t just come from Oxford, they came from the Oxford music scene: a community of bands, promoters, venues, journalists, record labels and assorted characters who created and sustained the support system necessary for those bands – Ride, Radiohead, Supergrass, Foals and many more since – to flourish.

FOUR YEARS IN THE MAKING – due to Spira’s determination to make the film he wanted, completely independently, using donations on Indiegogo to finance the project – *Anyone Can Play Guitar* isn’t simply a jolly romp through Oxford’s musical history, a pat on the back for everyone for being so great. Instead it’s a cohesive and surprisingly universal story, told through interviews and archive footage, of how and why bands succeed, or don’t, in a world where luck, timing and simple decisions play a crucial, often cruel part.

THE STARTING POINT FOR THE

Oxford music scene is taken as the bands Here Comes Everybody and Splatter Babies in the early-80s, who between them included future members of Talulah Gosh, The Anyways and Swervedriver. The film shows how each of those bands in turn inspired a future generation of local musicians, while around them the infrastructure so many people now take for granted started to take shape: Mac turned The Jericho Tavern into the greatest small venue around, while Nick Moorbath and Adrian Hicks revamped The Oxford Venue with help from those bands they’d previously helped, and re-opened it as The Zodiac. Curfew, which subsequently became Nightshift, provided a platform for emerging local talent to be heard about, publishing first ever reviews for Radiohead, Supergrass and more, while people like Dave Newton and Chris Hufford used their self-taught management skills to take their young charges to a higher level.

While *Anyone Can Play Guitar* traces the fortunes and misfortunes of over a dozen local bands, the spine running through the film is the story of The Candyskins: cult heroes in their home town, a supremely

talented band with enough classic pop moments to conquer the world twice over but dogged by the sort of bad luck and timing that would be thrown out of a Hollywood script meeting for being too far fetched – it’s a tale of bankrupt record labels, dead princesses, cancer and Nirvana and by the end you wonder how the band members can appear so sanguine.

A CENTRAL THEME OF ACPG is how for every globally successful act there is another, equally talented, act who experienced more mixed fortunes. So, while Ride, Radiohead, Supergrass and Foals became global rock successes, The Candyskins, Swervedriver, Dustball and The Nubiles remained cult favourites. In each case those less successful bands initially inspired or guided the others in some way, only to look on as their friends and neighbours took off. As well as the bands’ stories, we see how the venues that gave them their first gigs closed or were sold and how local label Shifty Disco emerged to offer bands a chance to get their music released in the days before the internet before succumbing to financial woes and in-fighting. *Anyone Can Play Guitar* tells its story in a loosely chronological

fashion but so interlinked are the stories told that the central characters re-emerge along the way. The stories of Oxford’s most successful exports are told only up to the point where the band outgrew the scene that spawned them, returning to the narrative only when they impact on that scene again – in Radiohead’s case, part-financing the Zodiac and later hosting their own mega-concert in South Park in 2001 with a cast of local acts in support.

THE FILM FINISHES IN 2007

with the closure of The Zodiac, later to become the Academy, featuring live footage from its last night, an evening of mixed emotions as Unbelievable Truth, The Nubiles, Dustball and of course The Candyskins reform to rock its legendary stage one final time.

The footage of the bands includes much never-seen-before material, in itself fascinating, while the interviews are candid: there are regrets and some recriminations, though little by way of bitterness or rancour, but it’s the story and its underlying lessons which leave the most lasting impressions: in particular Beaker singer Sam Battle’s reflection that she used to think success meant selling millions of records, but realised it was more about staying true to your ideals.

At 100 minutes long, *ACPG* leaves much out of its story: there is no room here for Truck, The Club That Cannot Be Named or BBC Oxford Introducing for example, or a multitude of bands that might have played a role in the greater story; since the story ends in 2007, the likes of Fixers and Stornoway obviously don’t make the cut. But, as Spira himself commented in his interview with Nightshift last year, if he’d included everything, the film would have been unwatchable. The chief omission seems to be Young Knives, in particular because their tale fits in so well with the overall story arc – a band who formed elsewhere but moved to Oxford and benefited from the rich, supportive scene here. They, along with so much else, are included in the DVD extras.

ACPG IS AN EXCELLENT FILM:

sometimes funny, sometimes very sad. It succeeds in being a universal story. Every young band in Oxford should watch it, both to discover how the scene they are now part of grew into what it is now and to understand why they should never, ever take it for granted. For any young band in any town, the film shows how success – in whichever way you take it – rarely magics out of thin air. Community – real community, based on mutual respect, trust and a love for music – is the bedrock of any great, long-lasting scene.

Dale Kattack

ANYONE CAN PLAY GUITAR is available on DVD from www.acpgthemovie.com

TALKING HEADS...

Stars of **ANYONE CAN PLAY GUITAR** tell us what they thought of the film



"After spending the last year working on and presenting *Upside Down* with the director Danny O'Connor and Alan McGee, it was always going to be difficult to watch another music documentary covering the past 25 years, especially when it deals with music and friends that were, and many that are still, very close to home for me.

"I think it's good that all that has happened musically in Oxford since the late 80s has been immortalised in film and the many characters that were involved in it are now revealed to the wider public. Jon's film for me is a very diplomatic, chronological kind of A-Z of this whole period of Oxford music. I was never overly aware of all that was going on around me with regards to the amount of bands that were signed in Oxford during the 90s when I was actually in the area and not touring or recording. I never knew about the bad luck of The Candyskins because we often partied together after the Ride split in 96 and they always seemed like they were busy, touring and having a good time to me!"

MARK GARDENER (*Ride*)

"Jon Spira's problem is that the stories are all ancient history, and not much of them is recorded on film, so he's stuck with middle-aged men looking back on their youth – not very promising material. So we don't get to see things happening; we don't have reactions at the time, only reflections when the dust has long settled. But this lends a kind of bittersweet quality, which is quite appealing. In the end all popstars become ex-popstars. I particularly enjoyed the contributions of Jamie from Dustball and Tara from The Nubiles, partly because their stories weren't already all too familiar to me, but also because I thought those two seemed likeable and open. By the end of the film I had even lost some of my scepticism about the idea that the Oxford music scene is special."

PETER MOMTCHILOFF (*Talulah Gosh / Heavenly / Hot Hooves*)

"It's a great little movie, really touching and it brought back a lot of memories of what we've been through and the great characters who were all in the same place at the same time – Mac, Ronan Munro, Nick Moorbath. Supergrass and Radiohead's success might never have occurred without The Jericho Tavern and Mac. Back then it really felt like it was everyone together against the world.

"The little subplots in the film are great; there's a real intimacy about it and it's not just of interest to us old Oxford lags – it's got a lot to say about all local music scenes."

CHRIS HUFFORD (*Radiohead and Supergrass' manager*)



"It was great to see the film in its final cut at the cinema after seeing it on laptops in earlier versions. It's really cool; I was struck by the diversity of Oxford bands over the years and it was great to bring back so many memories of The Jennifers and The Nubiles. I remember Danny used to talk about Talulah Gosh – I think he had the hots for Amelia!

"I remember going to see Ride play and then supporting them, which was amazing. It was a really exciting time; we were just out of school.

"What struck me about the film was how only three or four of those bands really made it around the world. It was insane how lucky we were. I really liked the angle on the bands who were almost there, like The Candyskins; that was really sad and interesting, and it was good that it didn't just concentrate on the bands who made it."

GAZ COOMBES (*Supergrass*)

"Top of the Pop-tastic start, then a high-speed slalom round late 70s Oxford punk, before Mr Spira settles into his main storyline. Who are we to disagree with his thesis

that Here Comes Everybody supplied the mid-80s springboard for what was to follow? Talulah Gosh and The Anyways sprang, fully-formed, from this lush ground, taking the Oxford pop gospel to Camden, John Peel and the provinces; Ronan, Mac, OMC, Shifty Disco and the Zodiac created a mighty super-structure to support the burgeoning scene; then various stars from Ride to Foals came cantering into the limelight. An outstanding piece of work – hoorah for Mr Spira!"

RICHARD RAMAGE

(*Here Comes Everybody / The Anyways / The Relationships*)

"There are very few people in or around the Oxford music scene who are as passionate about it as Jon, and I think his amazing love and respect for all the people who have contributed to Oxford's rich musical landscape really powers the film. I was struck when he interviewed me for the film that he really seemed to know more about what I'd done over the years than I did!"

NIGEL POWELL

(*Unbelievable Truth / Dive Dive*)



"It was a very strange experience. I don't have a particularly good memory so even the things I said in the film came as a bit of a surprise. We all agreed that Mr Big were the best band in it: proper harmonies, proper hair, the real deal.

"I think the Candyskins keep popping up throughout the film like the monster that doesn't know when he's beaten. Oh here they are again, trying to crack the U.S..... again! The film as a whole is a fantastic example of how things have to be in place for bands and live music especially to succeed. With all the movers and shakers and ups and downs, it makes for a compelling documentary, even if you are totally unaware of the local luminaries involved. Jon has done a wonderful job."

NICK COPE (*The Candyskins*)

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GIG GUIDE

TUESDAY 1st

PROFESSOR GREEN: O2 Academy – Re-arranged from August, east London rapper Stephen Manderson brings his knowingly cheesy, pop-friendly hip hop back to town.

JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Free weekly live jazz club, tonight with guests The New Jazz Collective.

OPEN MIC SESSION: The Port Mahon

OPEN MIC SESSION: James Street Tavern

WEDNESDAY 2nd

UK GARAGE SPECIAL: The Cellar – With DJs Ez and Fu.

ACOUSTIC LOUNGE: Fat Lil's, Witney – Acoustic open mic night.

Saturday 5th

ICE MUSIC:

The North Wall

Jimi Hendrix might have set his guitar on fire but even he couldn't claim to have his instrument melt on him mid-set. But then, unlike Norwegian composer and percussionist Serj Isungset, his guitar wasn't made out of ice. A pioneering sculptor, Isungset crafts ice horns, ice phones and a range of ice-based percussion instruments – drums, marimbas, chimes – from ice drawn from Norwegian glaciers and uses them to create soundtracks in tribute to the stunning landscape of his homeland. Which might be a load of arty, atonal bollocks if the music wasn't all that. But all that it is, Isungset teaming up with singer Lena Nymah whose wordless, folky pentatonic motifs or chromatic lines add an ethereal edge to the strange soundscapes he creates. Having started his own ice music festival in Geilo, he brought his show to Somerset House back in January where he performed shows inside giant geosidic igloos. Even they weren't cold enough to stop the instruments melting so he's even got an engineer dedicated to sticking everything back in the freezer in between numbers. A wonderfully unusual counterpoint to the autumnal warmth of bonfire night; literally the coolest gig of the month.



NOVEMBER

THURSDAY 3rd

PEERLESS PIRATES + FLUER + SPATCH

COCK: The Bullingdon – Pirate-themed Smiths-inspired indie rocking from Peerless Pirates.

SPIN JAZZ CLUB: The Wheatsheaf –

Special guests at tonight's club are Art Themen and The Big Colours Big Band.

THE SECRET KIDS + DANCE LA PLAGE:

The Port Mahon – Live&loud night with local rockers Secret Kids, plus funky guitar pop in the vein of The Kooks and The Feeling from Dance a la Plage.

CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford

Community Centre – Oxford's longest-running, and best, open-mic club continues to showcase local singers, musicians, poets, storytellers and more, every week.

PROGRAMME INITIATIVE: The

Hobgoblin, Bicester – Ambient instrumental rocking from Southampton's Programme Initiative at tonight's Jambox session.

OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon

BLUES THURSDAY: James Street Tavern – Open blues jam every Thursday with Tony Batey, Richard Brotherton and friends – all players welcome.

HIP HOP, SOUL & REGGAE NIGHT: The Cellar

FRIDAY 4th

SIMPLE: The Bullingdon – House and electro club night Simple welcomes very special guest Claude Vonstroke to town, the Detroit/San Francisco DJ and producer continuing to create inventive, quirky electro-heavy house since his 'Beware The Bird' debut.

TWIN SISTER: The Jericho Tavern –

Pleasingly uncategorisable New Yorkers out on a short UK tour to plug their debut album, 'In Heaven', on Domino, Twin Sister veer – smoothly and gently it must be said – from drone-rock to cutesy folk-pop by way of disco, airy, fluid funk and Bjork-ish quirk-pop along the way to creating what would be a perfect David Lynch movie soundtrack.

KLUB KAKOFANNEY with GRACEFUL SLICKS + STEM + ZIM GRADY +

ANTHONY WHITEHEAD: The Wheatsheaf – Psychedelic garage rocking from Graceful Slicks at tonight's Klub Kak.

MESSAGE TO BEARS + THE SCHOLARS + DUFFLEFOLKS + VIXENS: O2 Academy

– Oxjam benefit gig with a first local show in a while from ambient chamber-pop ensemble Message To Bears, gently mixing folk, electronics and classical styles together. Shimmering stadium-sized electro-rocking from The Scholars and gothic rocking from Vixens in support.

INTRODUCING TAKE ON MR SCRUFF:

The Cellar – Having performed DJ Shadow's seminal 'Endtroducing' in its entirety, the 10-piece Introducing turn their sights on Mr Scruff, premiering a set of his top tunes tonight entirely live. The show is followed by Skylarkin' Soundsystem, with DJ Derek spinning his trademark selection of ska, dancehall and soul, plus a live set of reggae and dancehall from The Erin Bardwell Collective.

BON GIOVI: Fat Lil's, Witney – Bon Jovi tribute.

ONE NIGHT OF ELVIS: The New Theatre – Elvis tribute spectacular

OXFORD IMPROVISERS: The Port Mahon BITCHES + ANGUISH SANDWICH +

THEO: Modern Art – Bass, drums and screaming from the mighty Bitches, with support from Northampton's lo-fi garage-noise outfit Anguish Sandwich and loops and pedals manipulator Theo.

WHO DO YOU LOVE?: The Duke, St.Clement's – Alt.rock, 60s garage, soul, new wave, punk and electro-pop DJ session with Jim, Jen and Grizilla.

NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK: Baby Love – Motown, indie, ska and rock DJ session.

ASHUN + COLOUR CHANGE FOR CAMOUFLAGE + GO ROMANO: The Swan, Wantage

SATURDAY 5th

TERJE ISUNGSET'S ICE MUSIC: The North Wall – This month's coolest gig – literally. Wear a coat – *see main preview*

THE ORIGINAL RABBIT FOOT SPASM

BAND + MATT WINKWORTH & THE WINKWORTHERS + DREAMING SPIRES:

The Jericho Tavern – A seriously rocking way to spend bonfire night, in the company of the Original Rabbit Foot Spasm band's hot New Orleans jazz and pre-war r'n'b, untamed party jazz vibes all round and doubtless some musical fireworks to boot. "Anti-indie cabaret pop" from Matt Winkworth and his band in support, evoking Brecht & Weill in a wordy kind of way, plus alternately euphoric and wistful Americana from Dreaming Spires. Gin and Roman Candles all round, barman.

ELECTRO TAKEOVER + EXTRA-

CURRICULAR: The Cellar – Live electronica from Canada's Violence, followed by electro-house club night Extra-Curricular.

YOOF! with TROPHY WIFE + SOLID

GOLD DRAGONS + WILD SWIM: The Old Boot Factory – Monthly indie club night Yoof! teams up with Oxford for Trophy Wife's EP launch party, celebrating the first release on Blessing Force Records. Expect ethereal indie sweetness mixed with machine beats from Trophy Wife; reggae-inflected pop from Solid Gold Dragons; Wild Beasts-influenced electro-dance pop from Wild Swim and top notch cakes and stuff from Oxford.

SAVIOURS + DESERT STORM + TASTE MY EYES + JACKKNIFE HOLIDAY: The **Wheatsheaf** – Buried In Smoke keep it hard and heavy with Oakland California's stoner-thrash merchants Savours, who have supported the likes of Fu Manchu, Mastodon, Sword and Weedeater. Local support from stoner-metal titans Desert Storm, virulent metalcore sweeties Taste My Eyes and southern metal and hardcore crew Jackknife Holiday.

DAVID RODIGAN: The Bullingdon – The Kidlington kid-turned-DJing legend returns to town, spinning his trademark mix of reggae and dancehall, having made his name in a career that's included spells at Radio 1, Kiss and Capital Radio and seen him inducted into the Radio Academy Hall Of Fame.

DUFF MCKAGAN'S LOADED + DEAR SUPERSTAR: O2 Academy – One-time Guns'n'Roses bassist McKagan takes his own on-off band back on the road, fronting a revolving door line-up and paying homage to lifelong heroes like The Stones, Thin Lizzy, Iggy and The Ramones in his punked-up form of traditional rock and roll.

YARNS + MARCUS CORBETT: Modern Art Oxford – Pindrop Performance with fluffy 80s-styled jangle popsters The Yarns, alongside Indian folk fusion master Marcus Corbett.

AIR TIGHT: Fat Lil's, Witney – Classic 80s rock covers.

THE BLUE SOX + PLACID GROOVE:

Folly Bridge Inn

JAMBOX & OPEN MIC SESSION: The Wheatsheaf, Banbury – Michael Lynch, Adam Matthews, Connor Stoner and Brandon King play live.

PROPAGANDA + TRASHY + ROOM 101:

O2 Academy – Weekly three-clubs-in-one session with indie and electro at Progaganda; kitsch pop, glam and 80s at Trashy and alt.rock, metal and punk at Room 101.

AUDIOSCOPE WARM-UP: Baby Love – DJ session ahead of Audioscope's all-day next weekender, featuring turns on the decks from Stornoway, Space Heroes Of The People, Listing Ships, Kill Murray and The Evenings.

EMPTY VESSELS + DEAD JERICHO:

The Swan, Wantage – Ballsy old-school rocking in the vein of Led Zep and Blue Cheer from Empty Vessels, plus reverb-heavy post-punk from this month's cover stars Dead Jerichos.

SUNDAY 6th

RALPH McTELL: The North Wall – The English folk legend – veteran of almost 50 years of performing and some 40 albums, author of busker anthem 'Streets Of London' and long-term friend and collaborator of Fairport Convention – plays a low-key solo show, performing songs from his new 'Somewhere Down the Road' album as well as tracks from Bob Dylan tribute, 'Don't Think Twice, It's Alright' amid the old classics.

BEARD OF DESTINY + MIKE ABBOTT + MOON LEOPARD + SQUEEZY PETE:

Donnington Community Centre (6pm) – Acoustic session with Jeremy Hughes' Moon Leopard and chums.

MOIETY + LES PETITES CLOCHARDS + THE NEW MOON + THE MARK BOSLEY BAND + THE WATER MARGIN: Isis Tavern, Iffley Lock (2pm) – Benefit gig for the Mike Woodon Trust.

JAMBOX ACOUSTIC & OPEN MIC SESSION: The Hobgoblin, Bicester – Kaley Maxwell performs, plus guests and open session.

MONDAY 7th

JIM SUHLER & MONKEY BEAT: The Bullingdon – A first visit to the Famous Monday Blues for guitarist Suhler who's spent much of the past decade playing right-hand man to George Thorogood in The Destroyers, while he's also worked with Joe Bonamassa, Alan Haynes and Mike Morgan. With his own Monkeybeat band he kicks out a stomping Texas roadhouse blues-rock, touching on early ZZ Top along the way, as well as covering acts as diverse as AC/DC and Rory Gallagher.

SISKIYOU + THE COOLING PEARLS: The Jericho Tavern – Alternately lachrymose and grandiose alt.rock and folky Americana from erstwhile Great Lakes Swimmers duo Eric Arnesen and Colin Huebert.

IN THE FLESH – PINK FLOYD SHOW: The New Theatre – Big-stage pink Floyd tribute.

JAWLESS & FRIENDS: The Cellar – Drum&bass club night.

TUESDAY 8th

TURIN BRAKES: O2 Academy – Folk-pop duo Olly Knight and Gale Paridjanian dust off their Mercury-nominated debut album 'The Optimist' for its tenth anniversary.

JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Free live jazz every Tuesday, tonight with swing band The Numbers Racket.

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

OPEN MIC SESSION: The Port Mahon OPEN MIC SESSION: James Street Tavern

WEDNESDAY 9th

WILLIAM FITZSIMMONS + ADAM BARNES: The Jericho Tavern – Fantastically dark, dysfunctional and uncomfortably intimate folk from Illinois singer and multi-instrumentalist Fitzsimmons, the son of two blind musicians, whose countless life experiences (all bad) are documented in a sparse, sombre style that make Elliot Smith and Bon Iver – his two most obvious influences – sound positively jolly. Soulful acoustic pop support from local songsmith Adam Barnes.

BEN MARWOOD + FRANCIS PUGH & THE WHISKY SINGERS + RICHARD BROTHERTON: The Port Mahon – Acoustic rocking from Reading's Ben Marwood, recent tour support to Frank Turner, plus scotch-fuelled folk from The Whisky Singers.

PHAT SESSIONS: The Cellar – Open jam session with in-house band The Phat Sessions Collective, playing a mix of funk, hip hop, soul and jazz.



Thursday 10th

DANANANANAYCKROYD: The Bullingdon

There are plenty of spellcheck-bothering band names out there but Glasgow six-piece Dananananayckroyd really make you have to think what you're typing. Still, such silliness is all part of the fun of a the band once described by DrownedInSound as the best live band in the world. Such hyperbole was possibly a bit previous but their notoriously over-enthusiastic shows continue to be their chief attraction, venue furniture tending to get rearranged in a decidedly un-feng shui fashion as the band hurtle through an angular, hook-laden post-hardcore they describe themselves as fight-pop. Frontman John Baillie previously managed to break his arm in about ten places throwing himself off stage on the band's Australian tour, though he was tough enough to return to the stage three weeks later at Reading Festival, before flying back to Australia to restart that aborted show from the exact same spot he'd landed previously. Talking of frontmen, Dananananakroyd do seem to get through a fair number of drummers and singers, though admittedly sometimes their drummers simply become the singer; if it's hard to keep up, maybe you should concentrate more on their all-action party-fury performances and any stray flying bar stools. After a couple of low-key singles, including a debut for Moshi Moshi Records, and tour supports with Foals, Kaiser Chiefs and Queens Of The Stone-Age, the band released their debut album, 'Hey Everyone', back in 2009 and now follow it with 'There Is A Way'. Has age mellowed them? We hope not; rock and roll needs a bit of chaos more than ever these days.

THURSDAY 10th

DANANANANAYCKROYD: The Bullingdon – Rock'n'brawl action from the Glasgae fight-pop urchins – *see main preview*

DOOM: O2 Academy – Comic book and horror flick-inspired hip hop from the enigmatic cult rap veteran – *see main preview*

THREE DAFT MONKEYS: The Jericho Tavern – Return to town for Cornwall's world-folk trio, mixing in punk, reggae, gypsy dance, Balkan folk and Latin dance into their traditional English folk sound.

PHIL SELWAY: The Pegasus Theatre – First of a two-night stint from the genial Radiohead drummer-turned-folksy troubadour, in aid of the Pegasus' 50th anniversary fundraising celebrations. Tonight's show is already sold out,



Thursday 10th

DOOM: O2 Academy

Even by modern hip hop standards Daniel Dumile's litany of pseudonyms and collaborators is hard to keep up with. Originally half of New York outfit KMD with brother DJ Subroc and going under the name Zev Love X back in the early-1990s, Dumile's first foray into music was tragically cut short by his brother's death, rapidly followed by being dumped by his record label when he refused to compromise the sleeve artwork of album 'Bl_ck B_st_ds'. After time spent homeless he returned with various incognito appearances and a series of musical aliases that gradually coalesced into his current DOOM incarnation. DOOM, of course, is a character, based on Marvel Comics' Dr Doom and the Phantom Of The Opera and always hidden by a metal mask – Dumile never appears for public or press showings without it. Unsurprisingly then, Doom's take on hip hop is dark and edgy and littered with horror movie samples and references; 2009's 'Born Like This' built on the growing commercial and critical success of 2004's breakthrough album 'Madvillainy' and 05's Danger DOOM collaboration with Danger Mouse, and featured cameos from long-term collaborator Ghostface Killah and Raekwon, while even Thom Yorke has got in on the action, remixing the track 'Gazillion Ear'. While Dumile has yet to emulate the multi-million-selling success of rap's big guns, his success is as much based on crossing genre boundaries with a skill an ease few can equal, while remaining and enigmatic and impossible to pigeonhole talent.



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hence an additional set tomorrow night, where Phil will be playing songs from his recent 'Familiar' album.

JOOLS HOLLAND & HIS RHYTHM & BLUES ORCHESTRA: The New Theatre – Honky tonk piano playing, soul anthems and geezerish bonhomie from that man Holland and his cast of guests.

MARK NOBLE: The Port Mahon – Live&loud gig night.

DYING BREEDS + SECRET KIDS + I THE LION: The Hobgoblin, Bicester – Jambox rock and metal night.

CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre

OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon

BLUES THURSDAY: James Street Tavern

WORDPLAY: The Cellar – Hip hop club night.

FRIDAY 11th

FIXERS + TOTALLY ENORMOUS

EXTINCT DINOSAURS: The Ashmolean – The latest late night at the museum concert is an unbeatable local double bill, with psychedelic electro stars Fixers going head to head with fast-rising dance producer Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs' eclectic mix of soul, dubstep, garage, house, funky, electro and dancehall, having recently remixed the likes of Feneche Soler and Sky Ferreira.

WILD BEASTS + BRAIDS: O2 Academy – Atmospheric white boy funk and pensive pop from Kendal's finest – *see main preview*

MIKE PETERS: O2 Academy – Blah blah Alarm frontman blah blah 68 Guns blah blah Where Were You Hiding blah Welsh blah one more time round the block blah blah bloody blah....

DJ YODA: O2 Academy – North London's scratch DJ Yoda – aka Duncan Beiny – blurs the barriers between dance music and multi-media art with his fusion of turntablism and DVD cut'n'paste. Hip hop, jungle and drum&bass get mixed up against *Star Wars* and *Sesame Street* for a fun potpourri of musical silliness that's still cutting-edge brilliant.

PHIL SELWAY: The Pegasus Theatre –

Second night from the Radiohead sticksman.

THE JOHN OTWAY BIG BAND: The Wheatsheaf – The Clown Prince of Pop returns to town for another dose of musical lunacy, onstage acrobatics and bodily abuse and a clutch of classic songs including 'Really Free' and 'Beware Of The Flowers'.

BOSSAPHONIK: The Cellar – Dancefloor Latin, Balkan beats, world breaks and nu-jazz club night, tonight featuring a live set from London's nine-piece WARA collective, mixing up Cuban timba, salsa, soul, funk, hip hop and more.

ABSOLUTE BOWIE: Fat Lil's, Witney – Bowie tribute.

DYING BREEDS + SECRET KIDS + I THE

LION: The Wheatsheaf, Banbury

BLACK HATS + VERY NICE HARRY +

DEER CHICAGO: The Swan, Wantage –

Uptight post-punk and mod-inspired power pop from Black Hats.

FUNKY FRIDAY: The Bullingdon – Classic funk, soul and r'n'b every Friday.

SATURDAY 12th

AUDIOSCOPE: The Jericho Tavern –

Desert stoner rock cult heroes Karma To Burn headline the annual mini-festival in aid of homeless charity Shelter – *see main preview*

HOT CLUB OF COWTOWN: The

Bullingdon – Livewire update of Texan bandleader Bob Wills' Western swing style of the 1930s and 40 from festival faves Hot Club Of Cowtown, drawing on Django Reinhardt's gypsy dance along the way.

THE SMITHS INDEED: O2 Academy – The Smiths tribute band celebrate the 25th anniversary of 'The Queen Is Dead' with a full run-through of the seminal album.

SNAKEBITE + DESERT STORM + DIESEL KING + THE CRUSHING + PROFANE & SACRED: The Cellar – Much heaviosity

from Buried In Smoke with London's Pantera-influenced thrash outfit Snakebite. Support from local stoner-metal overlords Desert Storm; hardcore trad metallers The Crushing and a double dose of southern-fried stoner groove metal from Diesel King and Profane and Sacred.

THE RELATIONSHIPS + HOT HOOVES + LOZ COLBERT: The Port Mahon – Oxford indie godfathers The Relationships continue to show the youngsters how it's done, coming on like a steampunk Byrds with their home counties psychedelia. Support from abrasive power-pop outfit Hot Hooves and a solo acoustic set from Loz.

SHAKER HEIGHTS + JUNE +

MOGMATIC: The Wheatsheaf – Rocking Americana in the vein of Tom Petty from Shaker Heights, plus indie rock from June and blues-rocking from Mogmatic.

AURELIO MARTINEZ: The North Wall – Politically-charged Garifuna music and words from Honduran singer-songwriter Aurelio at tonight's Oxford Contemporary Music show, drawing on the traditions of African, Caribbean, Indian and Latin music, lyrically tackling everything from slavery to American foreign policy.

SHEPHERD'S PIE: Fat Lil's, Witney – Classic hard rock covers.

PROPAGANDA + TRASHY + ROOM 101: O2 Academy

EXTRA CURRICULAR: The Cellar – Hip hop, house, garage and breaks club night.

SELECTA: The Bullingdon – Drum&bass club night.

DISCLOSURE: The Swan, Wantage

SUNDAY 13th

RUBBERBANDITS: O2 Academy –

Limerick's spoof rap duo hit the UK, mixing prank calls and satirical sketches into their set. An established comedy act in Ireland they came close to hitting the Christmas Number 1 slot there last year with 'Horse Outside', while they beat the likes of Villagers, Fionn Regan and The Script to win Best Irish Act at the Entertainment.ie Awards. Then again, in a fair and just world, a leprechaun hammering nails into his cock would beat The Script to the Best Irish Act title at any awards ceremony.

YESSIRBOSS: The Bullingdon – Eclectic mix of reggae, ska, gypsy dance, funk and rock from Bristol's festival favourites who

supported Joss Stone on tour and are set to release their debut album on her Stone'd label.

MONDAY 14th

GUILLEMOTS: O2 Academy – Fyfe Dangerfield gets back to doing what he does best on Guillemots' new album, 'Walk The River', playing it big and epic, after the stripped-down intimacy of his previous solo album. Musically expansive heartache and drama are the order of the day amid soaring vocals and shimmering guitars as the band get back to the form that saw 'Through The Windowpane' shortlisted for the Mercury Prize.

THOMAS DOLBY: O2 Academy – The 80s synth-pop wiz makes a comeback – *see main preview*

THE BILLY WALTON BAND: The Bullingdon – Blues-rock in the vein of Hendrix, Clapton and Stevie Ray Vaughan from the New Jersey guitarist who's played around his local scene since his early teens, jamming with Springsteen, Gary US Bonds and Double Trouble along the way.

Friday 11th

WILD BEASTS / BRAIDS: O2 Academy

The best thing to come out of Kendal since mint cake according to many, Wild Beasts may put off as many people as they attract, but those that love them seem to do so devotionally. Much of this is down to singer Hayden Thorpe's disconcerting falsetto, one that makes him sound like an oddball collision between Kate Bush and Anthony Hegarty. It also makes Wild Beasts one of the most interesting new bands to emerge from the UK in the past few years, 2009's 'Two Dancers' taking the band from cult concern to Mercury Prize shortlisted indie heroes and festival headliners. Their third album, 'Smother', released earlier this year, is already being hailed by critics as a potential album of the year, doing its best not to conform to expectations and taking its cues from Talk Talk and Brian Eno as it creates a brooding, intimate atmosphere, managing to be both dancefloor friendly and literate with Hayden's spicy lyricism keeping everything fresh. Excellent support from Montreal's Braids whose buoyant, baroque songs recall Björk, The Sundays and Animal Collective at various points, fronted by the fantastic, ghostly vocal talents of Raphaëlle Standell-Preston.



TUESDAY 15th

SUMMER CAMP: The Jericho Tavern – London's boy-girl lo-fi popstrels mix up 80s indie jangle and surf pop with chillwave, somewhere between Vivian Girls and Washed Out.

JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Live jazz from The New Jazz Collective.

OPEN MIC SESSION: The Port Mahon
OPEN MIC SESSION: James Street Tavern
GYCO presents GREY MATTER + WOLF
MUSIC DJs: The Cellar

WEDNESDAY 16th

IMELDA MAY: The Regal – The New Queen Of Rockabilly returns to town – *see main preview*

ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE & THE MELTING PARADISO UFO: The Jericho Tavern – Space-cake psychedelia and experimentation from the Japanese band-cum-commune – *see main preview*

SHATTERED DREAMS + BALLS + TRAPS: The Wheatsheaf – Authentically old-school pop-punk from Shattered Dreams.

OUR LOST INFANTRY: The Port Mahon
FREE RANGE: The Cellar – Drum&bass and hip hop club night with P Money, Blacks, Little D, Jendor, JJ and Cameraman Sketch.

THURSDAY 17th

ADAM ANT & THE GOOD, THE MAD & THE LOVELY POSSE: O2 Academy – The rise and fall and rise again of pop's premier pirate and prince charming is worthy of a Hollywood movie script, but the long and short of it is that a punk-era pioneer turned one of the 80s most successful chart acts nearly lost it all as he succumbed to serious mental health issues, only to turn it round at the whistle with a comeback tour that's had press and public frothing with praise. With his new solo album, 'Adam Ant Is The Blueblack Huzar In Marrying The Gunnar's Daughter' due out early in 2012, tonight's relatively low-key show sees our dashing highwayman revisit some of his finest moments, from 'Ant Music' to 'Stand & Deliver' and, we'd hope, the odd gem from classic Ants debut 'Dirk Wears White Sox', alongside new material.

THE MODERNIST DISCO: The Cellar – Heavy duty electronica and more from Modernist Disco, tonight featuring sets from 65Daysofstatic offshoot Polinski; Aylesbury's Joy Division-inspired electro-rockers 1877, Lion and a DJ set from local synth-manglers Coloureds.

VERY NICE HARRY + YELLOW FEVER + MR TOM + THE JUKES: The Bullingdon – It's All About The Music local bands night.
DANCE A LA PLAGE + THE WATER MARGIN + THE REAPER: The Port Mahon – Riffastic classic metal and thrash from the Witchwood School of Rock youngsters at tonight's Live & Loud show..

SPIN JAZZ CLUB: The Wheatsheaf – Tony Kofi's 'Stranded Time' Trio are tonight's guests.

MIDDLENAMEKILL: The Hobgoblin, Bicester – Jambox rock night.
CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford



Saturday 12th

AUDIOSCOPE: The Jericho Tavern

Having celebrated its tenth anniversary last year with a phenomenal show by punk-era legends Wire, Audioscope continues its mission to raise money for homeless charity Shelter while at the same time brining some of the world's best underground and leftfield acts to Oxford. Previously this has including Damo Suzuki, Four-Tet, Deerhoof and Luke Vibert, although many of the mini-festivals highlights have featured bands we've never even heard of before, notably Shit & Shine's astonishingly brutal set in 2007 that also included krautrock legends Michael Rother & Dieter Möebius. This year's bill is typically eclectic, with West Virginia's instrumental stoner-metal outfit **Karma to Burn** cranking up the monstrous riffage in the style of Led Zep, Sabbath and Kyuss atop the bill. Joining them will be Brighton's krautrock-influenced dance-popster **Fujiya & Miyagi**; ATP recording star **Alexander Tucker**; Cardiff-based art-rockers **The Victorian English Gentlemen's Club**; doom electronica specialists **Necro Deathmort** (whose name alone makes them our favourite new band in the world) and Bletchley's Glenn Branca-inspired noise collective **Action Beat**, whose six-guitar, multi-drummer line-up is organised chaos on a heroic scale. As ever there's a strong local showing on the bill, this year featuring many-angled, pop-friendly mathsters **Spring Offensive**; rage-fuelled post-hardcore noiseniks **The Cellar Family** and electro-heavy krautrockers **Listing Ships**. Expanding musical horizons in the name of a good cause. What's not to love?

Community Centre
OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon
BLUES THURSDAY: James Street Tavern

FRIDAY 18th

DEATH'S CABARET: The North Wall – OCM present a cabaret concerto by cellist baritone and story-teller Matthew Sharp, along with the acclaimed Sacconi Quartet, mingling 19th Century concerto form with the grime and sensuality of cabaret.



Monday 14th

THOMAS DOLBY:

O2 Academy

While he'll doubtless be best remembered – if at all by the general public – for his 80s hits 'She Blinded Me With Science' and 'Hyperactive', Thomas Dolby's musical CV is second to none. A list of artists he's worked with would fill this preview on its own, but includes David Bowie, David Byrne, Peter Gabriel, Herbie Hancock, Eddie Van Halen, Joan Armatrading, Robyn Hitchcock and Ryuichi Sakamoto. Dolby's 1982 debut album, 'The Golden Age Of Wireless' is a minor masterpiece of synth-pop, blending its then innovative use of electronics with romantically nostalgic lyricism. Thereafter Dolby expanded his musical palette to include funk and soul – covering George Clinton along the way – and zydeco, scoring a reasonable amount of commercial success along the way before moving into production and writing scores for films and video games. As an electronic music innovator it's unsurprising his greatest successes came as part of Headspace, a company developing downloadable music files as well as the ringtone synthesizer now used in mobile phones, but, having been largely absent from making music through the 90s and early-noughties, Dolby returned to live action supporting Depeche Mode in Hyde park in 2006 and now, having released a new album, 'A Map Of A Floating City', he's out on tour again. What exactly his setlist will consist of isn't certain, but if he plays 'Europa & The Pirate Twins' Nightshift will bounce up and down with joy until our dinner comes back up.

DEAD JERICHO + GUNNING FOR TAMAR + KILL MURRAY + D GWALIA:

The Wheatsheaf – Audioscope presents a quartet of local acts in aid of homeless charity Shelter. This month's Nightshift cover stars Dead Jerichos headline, with support from Biffy Clyro-influenced math-rockers Gunning For Tamar; hushed alt.folkster D Gwalia and indie supergroup Kill Murray, featuring members and ex-members of 50ft Panda, Phantom Theory and Dial F For Frankenstein.
THE HALF RABBITS + DEER CHICAGO + THE GRACEFUL SLICKS: The Jericho Tavern – EP launch show for taut, dark-clad post-punkers The Half Rabbits, who've recently been recording with Pat Collier. Support at tonight's Daisy Rodgers Music night are epic indie rockers Deer Chicago and

psychedelic garage rockers The Graceful Slicks.
THE BIG TEN INCH: The Cellar – Count Skylarkin's monthly celebration of vintage jump blues, rockabilly and swing tonight features Brighton's brass-heavy dance band Derriere, plus DJs sets from Ska Cubano's Natty Bo and the Count himself.

LIMEHOUSE LIZZY: O2 Academy – Thin Lizzy tribute.

COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN + KILL CITY SAINTS + COLOUR CHANGE FOR CAMOUFLAGE + THE RECLINERS + AGS CONNOLLY: The Bullingdon – Classic country-folk and Americana inspired by Woody Guthrie, Hank Williams and Bob Dylan from Country For Old Men at tonight's It's All About The Music show, plus southern-fried rocking from Kill City Saints and hip hopped-up pop from Colour Change.

IRON ON MAIDEN: Fat Lil's, Witney – Iron Maiden tribute.

PROGRESSIVELY LESS ELEPHANT: Baby Love – The monthly indie club night welcomes footballing legend Pat Nevin to its decks, his musical taste as impeccable as his skill on the wing for Chelsea and Everton back in the 80s and 90s.

MIDDLE NAME KILL + ORDERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE + THREE COLOURS: The Wheatsheaf, Banbury – Jambox rock and metal night.

THE MIGHTY REDOX: The Swan, Wantage – Swampy blues and festival funk from the local stalwarts.

FUNKY FRIDAY: The Bullingdon

SATURDAY 19th

UPSTAIRS: O2 Academy – The Academy and BBC Oxford Introducing showcase a selection of Oxford's best up and coming bands and out of town acts. Local indie-folk faves We Aeronauts headline, plus sprightly math-pop and post-hardcore types Minor Coles and Canada's Modern Superstitions.

THE COMPLETE STONE ROSES: O2 Academy – Stone Roses tribute. Soon to be made redundant, or better than the real thing?

CASHIER No.9: The Jericho Tavern – Rearranged from August, Belfast's sweeping 60s-inspired West Coast pop and Americana protagonists Cashier No.9 mix it somewhere between Pavement, The Byrds and Flaming Lips on their David Holmes-produced debut album.

JOHNNY PARRY + NEEDLE BATH + FLIGHT OF HELIOS: Modern Art – Another quality Pindrop Performance show with gravel-voiced singer Parry's recent 'More Love & Death' album finding common ground between Tom Waits and A Silver Mt. Zion, with a strange, inventive operatic edge and even the occasional mariachi infusion for added eclecticism. Borderville bassist Matt Halliday's Needle Bath support, plus atmospheric electronic pop ensemble Flight Of Helios.

BRICKWORK LIZARDS + KNIGHTS OF MENTIS: The Cellar – Eclectic mix of 40s jazz, hip hop and Arabic folk music from Brickwork Lizards, plus country, folk and Americana with a twist from Knights of Mentis
PROPAGANDA + TRASHY + ROOM 101: O2 Academy

LIGHT UP A LIFE: St. John the Evangelist, Iffley Road – A benefit concert for Helen & Douglas House Hospice, featuring Rebecca Stockland from the English National Opera, Elena Ferrari and the Oxford Gospel Choir.
LAST RITES + BEELZEBOZO: The Port Mahon – Local metal bands.
THE PETE FRYER BAND: The Railway Inn, Culham – Oddball blues rocking from the inimitable Mr Fryer.
CARVELL ROCK SHOW: The Wheatsheaf, Banbury
THE BLOOZERS: The Swan, Wantage – Blues-rock.
LIVE FOREVER: The Bullingdon – "Stone Roses after-show party", it says here.

SUNDAY 20th

DOORS ALIVE: O2 Academy – Doors tribute.

TONY CHRISTIE: O2 Academy – The 70s hitmaker is still enjoying the after-effects of Comic Relief's use of 'Show Me The Way To Amarillo' and the song's subsequent elevation to kids disco staple. He'll doubtless be playing the song at least once, plus his other big hit, 'I Did What I Did For Maria', and maybe, if you're lucky, 'Walk Like A Panther', his 1999 collaboration with All Seeing I.

MONDAY 21st

KVELERTAK: O2 Academy – Norway's fabulous black metal-cum-punk warriors unleash Ragnarok – *see main preview*
LEFTFIELD IN MOTION with BILLY BRAGG + THE KING BLUES: O2 Academy – Billy Bragg brings his Glastonbury-based politics 'n' music show on the road – *see main preview*

THE STONE ELECTRIC: The Bullingdon – Riff-heavy fuzzbox blues-rocking from the brother and sister duo at tonight's Famous Monday Blues show.

JAWLESS & FRIENDS: The Cellar

TUESDAY 22nd

HAROLD BUDD + THE NECKS: Holywell Music Room – Legendary ambient keyboard player Budd teams up with cult Aussie post-rock, jazz and minimalist trio The Necks, plus renowned improv musician Werner Dafeldecker for tonight's OCM concert.

THE TWILIGHT SAD: The Jericho Tavern – Return to town for Glasgow's Mogwai-favoured melancholic noisemongers, having supported their mentors at The Regal back in March. Expect grandiose melodrama and dense, shoegazy textures, somewhere between Glasvegas, Idlewild, Tindersticks and Mogwai themselves.

JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – The Hugh Turner Band play live.

OPEN MIC SESSION: The Port Mahon

OPEN MIC SESSION: James Street Tavern

WEDNESDAY 23rd

LACUNA COIL + STRAIGHT LINE STITCH: O2 Academy – Warbling, wailing goth-lite screechers back again. Oi, Lacuna, you bloody missed Halloween by a month.
PHAT SESSIONS: The Cellar

THURSDAY 24th

SPACE HEROES OF THE PEOPLE + THE GOGGENHEIM + MOOGIEMAN + ALAN BARNES: *The Bullingdon* – Sleek, silicon synth-pop and techno from Space Heroes, where Kraftwerk and The Normal hit the dancefloor with A Guy Called Gerald. Superb support from psych-rock, post-punk, spaced-out crazies The Goggenheim.

ALABAMA 3: *O2 Academy* – Larry Love and The Very Reverend Dr D Wayne Love return with another dose of acid house blues and country medicine, riding the rough highway between Happy Mondays and Hank Williams, spreading a little bit of worldly wit and chemically-enhanced joy as they go.

Wednesday 16th

ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE & THE MELTING PARAIISO U.F.O:

The Jericho Tavern

Prolific to an almost pathological degree and with an inconsistency that tends to go hand in hand with such things, Japanese band/collective/commune Acid Mothers Temple have furnished us with a couple of the greatest shows we've ever witnessed in Oxford as well as a less than satisfying outing last time they made it to this part of the world. Centred around guitarist Kawabata Makoto since the mid-1990s, AMT have gone out under myriad names and formed countless coalitions – including, unsurprisingly, Gong – and involved a fluid and expansive line-up that can number up to 30 (including, according to their website, musicians, artists, dancers and farmers). So, what you get depends entirely upon which incarnation of the group you encounter at any given time. Somewhere in the centre of all this, though, is the stated desire to create “the ultimate trip music,” and AMT's gigs veer towards the psychedelic side of things, taking in elements of drone-rock, space-rock, freeform jazz, world rhythms, krautrock and avant-garde classical music, from Faust to Sun Ra, via Stockhausen. Instruments may be tortured, feedback dished out with a disregard to public safety and locked grooves played out for ten minutes at a time. And even it all goes skyward via twenty buckets of self-indulgence, such unpredictability is surely preferable to the tame rehash of the latest album you'll get from 90% of other bands.



MATT SCHOFIELD: *O2 Academy* – British blues guitarist who started his career playing with Lee Sankey and Dana Gillespie as well as the Lester Butler Tribute Band, before going out on the road with his own band, playing blues and funky jazz, inspired by BB King, Stevie Ray Vaughan and Albert Collins.

SPIN JAZZ CLUB: *The Wheatsheaf* – With guests The Nigel Price Organ Trio.

ISHMAEL WADADA LEO SMITH, PAT THOMAS & ALEXANDER HAWKINS: *The Newman Rooms* – Oxford Improvisers celebrate their tenth anniversary in the company of world-renowned free jazz composer and trumpeter Ishmael.

PETER J TAYLOR'S BIG OXFORD NOISE BAND featuring **THE ODC DRUMLINE:**

The Old Boot Factory – Action Beat's Peter J Taylor plays hardcore improv in the company of assorted local guitarists and drummers, tonight featuring The ODC Drumline.

MILLION FACES + THE LITTLE REDS + MUSTARD & THE MONOCLE + THE HIGH JINKS: *The Port Mahon* – Live&loud gig night with Witney's soulful rockers Million Faces and rousing folksters Mustard & The Monocle.

DB BAND: *The Swan, Wantage* – Punk and glam-tinged rocking from Mick Quinn's new band.

RED ENEMY + FEUD + A TRUST UNCLEAN: *The Hobgoblin, Bicester* – Jambox rock and metal night.

CATWEAZLE CLUB: *East Oxford Community Centre*

WORDPLAY: *The Cellar*

OPEN MIC SESSION: *The Half Moon*

BLUES THURSDAY: *James Street Tavern*

FRIDAY 25th

HOT HOOVES + NINE-STONE COWBOY + SPINNER FALL: *The Cellar* – Album launch for buzzsaw rockers Hot Hooves, plus sardonic electro-tinged pop from Mark Cope's NSC and Minutemen-inspired hardcore from Spinner Fall. Followed by drum&bass club night HQ.

VON BRAUN + SEABUCKTHORN: *The Wheatsheaf* – EP launch gig for Von Braun, whose tense, cathartic sound recalls Veils at times. Highly-textured ambient soundscaping from Seabuckthorn in support.

PADDY KELLY + UDI + PRINCESS

KENISHA: *The Bullingdon*

OCEAN COLOUR SCENE: *O2 Academy* – Ocean Colour Shite, more like.

FAUX FIGHTERS: *Fat Lil's, Witney* – Foo Fighters tribute.

RED ENEMY + SYCHATRISSI + 13GAUGE + MEASURES: *The Wheatsheaf, Banbury*

FUNKY FRIDAY: *The Bullingdon*

THE PETE FRYER BAND: *The Prince of Wales, Horspath*

12 TRUTHS + ROCKET BOX: *The Swan, Wantage*

SATURDAY 26th

MALEFICE + TASTE MY EYES +

DEDLOK + RISEN IN BLACK + VERA

GRACE: *O2 Academy* – The latest team up between metal promoters Skeletor and weekly rock club night Room 101 sees the final gig for



Wednesday 16th

IMELDA MAY: The Regal

We first chanced upon Imelda May playing way down the bill at Cornbury Festival a few years back and immediately fell for her raw, soulful updating of classic rockabilly. Managed by Cornbury promoter Hugh Phillimore, May has been a fixture at the festival ever since, gradually rising up the bill as her reputation grows. The Dublin-born singer looked for a while like doing for rockabilly what Amy Winehouse did for jazz and Duffy for 60s blue-eyed soul, but without those singers' press hype she's gone about becoming a cult star in her own good time. Steeped in the classic sounds of Gene Vincent and Elvis, May's turbo-rockabilly and raw boogie-woogie is all slapped double bass, Duane Eddy guitar and battered tambourine over which her distinctive Irish voice wails with sassy gospel passion and fiery conviction. Having sung in burlesque clubs and able to shift easily into jazz mode – with a voice that leans towards the Billie Holiday scheme of things and manages to hold its own – May's last album, 'Love Tattoo', mixed classic covers with her own songs and helped her win Best Female Artist at the 2009 Irish Meteor Music Awards. Having toured with Jeff Beck and Meatloaf last year before releasing her most recent album 'Mayhem', she's an established headline act and in this day and age, it must be said, one of a kind.

one of Oxford's best metal bands, blitzkrieg metalcore velociraptors Taste My Eyes bowing out in what you'd hope would be suitably belligerent style. Headliners for the night are Reading's virulent death/thrash crew Malefice, out on tour to promote their fourth album, 'Awaken The Tides' on Metalblade. A strong local support bill also features monstrous thrash-core titans Dedlok; extreme metallers Risen In Black and Witney's metalcore newcomers Vera Grace.

GAPPY TOOTH INDUSTRIES with

14TEN + MUNDANE SANDS + JD

SMITH: *The Wheatsheaf* – The long-running monthly music club continues to



Monday 21st

KVELERTAK: O2 Academy

Just when you think you've heard it all from the wonderful world of metal, along comes a band like Kvelertak to turn what remains of your cranium to dust. Hailing from Stavanger in Norway the six-piece released an incredible self-titled debut album last year and now they're over in the UK for a series of gig that are, not inaccurately, described as being like "a demolition derby across a minefield" after their showing at Sonisphere. Kvelertak's starting point is the black metal of their homeland but really they want to be a punk band and as those two worlds collide, the ensuing noise is a heavenly and hellish thing to behold – a three-guitar onslaught providing the bedrock over which singer Erlend Hjelvik growls and bellows his tales of Norse mythology, Viking folklore and heavy metal partying. It's all in Norwegian of course so we're bugged if we know what he's on about but hey, fuck it, it sounds bloody brilliant and probably features axes and plenty of blood being spilt. Musically it's like a high-octane mash-up of Burzum, Fucked Up and Darkthrone; perfect musical accompaniment for a film like *Trollhunter* in fact, whose closing credits the band soundtracked. Brutality is in plentiful supply in the land of metal but rarely in recent times has a band sounded so convincingly ready and able to wreak absolute havoc. Go armed with a stout heart, comrades.

showcase up and coming local and out of town acts, tonight featuring female-fronted heavy rockers 14Ten, wistful folk-rockers Mundane Sands and London's slide-stomp blues guitarist JD Smith, whose lately supported Jarvis Cocker, Richard Hawley and Duane Eddy along his ever-gigging path to glory.

ALPHABET BACKWARDS + OK +

SECRET RIVALS: The Cellar – Joyous electro-pop from Alphabet Backwards, somehow finding a bloody great meeting point between Buggles and S Club 7. Double caffeinated indie-fuzz pop noise from Secret

Rivals in support. Followed by electro, house and garage club night Extra-Curricular.

ISHMAEL WADADA LEO SMITH & THE OXFORD IMPROVISERS ORCHESTRA:
Jacqueline du Pre Building – Oxford

Improvisers perform a specially commissioned show with the free jazz trumpeter as part of their tenth anniversary celebrations.

THE JUKES + THE SHAPES +

QUADROPHOBIE: Folly Bridge Inn –

Oasis-influenced indie rock from The Jukes.

PROPAGANDA + TRASHY + ROOM 101:

O2 Academy

DRUM&BASS NIGHT: The Bullingdon

SUNDAY 27th

BELLOWHEAD: The Regal – After another successful summer of festival show-stealing, including Truck and Cornbury, Mssrs Spiers and Boden and their extensive folk big band return to their (nominal) hometown for a celebratory show, re-igniting standards and obscurities old and ancient and turning traditional folk music into a live-wire, punk-infused shindig.

BLUES JAM: Fat Lil's, Witney (3pm) – Free open blues jam.

MONDAY 28th

WT FEASTER BAND: The Bullingdon – Soulful, funky blues-rocking from the singer and guitarist at tonight's Famous Monday Blues session.

ZAPPA PLAYS ZAPPA: The New Theatre – Frank Zappa rises from the grave via the magic of smoke and mirrors – or, more accurately, the wonders of modern video technology – to "perform" alongside his son Dweezil and his band, reprising the success of the Zappa 70th birthday celebration show with a full run-through of 1974's classic 'Apostrophe' album as well as a set of classic Zappa moments.

TUESDAY 29th

THE VACCINES: O2 Academy – So swift has been The Vaccines' rise that it's easy to forget they were, not so long ago, simply Jay Jay Pistolet's new project. Having formed a mere 18 months ago, Julian Young and gang have topped all manner of industry tip lists as well as coming third in the BBC Sound of 2011 poll. Easy to see why they're doing so well, mind, their short, sharp good-time indie disco fodder has mass appeal – two-minute pop-punk blasts that seem to sit snugly between The Ramones and The Killers. March's debut album, 'What Did You Expect From The Vaccines?' seemed titled specifically to deflect an inevitable backlash, but since tonight's show is long-since sold out, it seems plenty of folks are still happy to follow The Vaccines' upward trajectory for a while yet.

JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Live jazz from The New Jazz Collective.

OPEN MIC SESSION: The Port Mahon

OPEN MIC SESSION: James Street Tavern

WEDNESDAY 30th

THE JUKES: The Wheatsheaf – Classic indie rocking from The Jukes at tonight's Moshka show.

FREE RANGE: The Cellar

SWEET'N'SOUR SWING: The Hollybush, Osney

Monday 21st

LEFTFIELD IN MOTION with BILLY BRAGG / THE KING BLUES: O2 Academy

Anyone despairing at the lack of musical opposition to the current political farce will be both heartened and despairing of this new tour. Heartened because it finds Billy Bragg taking his Glastonbury-based Left Field stage out on tour to showcase young bands mixing music and politics; despairing because, good guy that he is, why must it be left to Bragg to keep carrying the flame? Everyone else too busy seeing what they can grab for themselves to stand up and be counted? Anyway, gripes aside, Bragg himself headlines the tour, his Barking bark and mix of romantic longing and socialist soapboxing seemingly as relevant and required today as it was at the height of Thatcherism. Joining him are rising ska-folk-punkers King Blues who have spent the last few years travelling the country in an old ambulance to play gigs in abandoned warehouses or outside weapons factories, mixing polemic and London-centric storytelling like a mix of The Streets, The Pogues, Green Day and Carter USM. Opening this leg of the tour are young hip hop-cum-poetry three piece Sound Of Rum.



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LIVE



Photo: Johnny Moto

LEY LINES

O2 Academy / The Bullingdon

The late cancellation of co-headliners Futures, as well as the disappearance of The Old Boot Factory from today's venue roster means the inaugural Ley Lines – an unofficial successor to Truck's annual OX4 Festival – is a more compact, and seemingly low-key affair than we'd anticipated. And, given the unseasonable sunshine outside, it's little surprise many have opted for drinks down by the river or a visit to the park over the underlit interiors of Cowley Road's venues.

As seems inevitable with these all-day

events, a majority of gig goers are still at home sprucing themselves up when the first few local acts take the stage. Which means they miss an excellent opening set from **GUNNING FOR TAMAR**, whose aggressively sharp-elbowed maths-fuzz takes them off on myriad tangents before hitting a melodic peak with 'Bonfires'.

They set a tone for much of the day, with the handful of local acts often eclipsing the out-of-town bands, notably **LISTING SHIPS**, who bizarrely play to 20 people in the Academy's cavernous downstairs

venue but manage to fill the space with an alternately pensive and cathartic form of electro-heavy post-rock that sometimes drifts into ponderous grooves but drills its way venomously back on track with the monolithic '100 Gun Ship' at the end, and the super-fuzzed **SECRET RIVALS** who seem to be the musical equivalent of chilli-laced chocolate – effusive and giddy, a sweet sugary pop treat but with kick in their tail.

Unfortunately too much of what's on show early on just doesn't cut it by comparison. **I SAID YES** should be

so much more interesting, with an array of musical instruments that includes violin, accordion and keyboards, but is little more than by-wrote indie-folk angst and earnestness when a frantic gypsy-pop shindig is called for. **THE GREAT**

HEREAFTER are marginally better, although their initial electric piano-led pop does get us to thinking of Keane. A few songs in they've settled in to a sort of Matthew's Southern Comfort-style 60s groove pop that's comfortable enough, if hardly revelatory. **MINERVA**, similarly, are easy on the ear with their enthusiastic, harmony-heavy acoustic pop, while string-trio-with-keyboards ensemble **CATHERINE AD** are stern and sterile where they really should be sultry and seductive; compared to the invention of Blessing Force associates Rhosyn, they're simply dull.

Thankfully, though, there are acts like **LET'S BUY HAPPINESS** and **MAN WITHOUT COUNTRY** to give the day a lift. The former, from Newcastle, are an old-fashioned indie band like you thought they didn't make any more, fronted by a singer who's part Bjork-ish chirruping, part Harriet Wheeler swoon, all odd inflections and with a between-song speaking voice that's even cuter than her singing. Behind her the band make turbulent guitar noises but never quite hit upon the sort of mesmerising pop melodies the vocals demand. A good band in search of a great tune.

Man Without Country, from south Wales, turn out to be one of the most engaging acts of the day, if only by being free of obvious influences. A curious blend of cacophonous drums, unsettling sub-bass and big keyboard-driven landscapes of sound, they feature vocals reminiscent of Spiritualized's Jason Pierce. A band who variously classify their songs as dubstep and shoegaze without either being particularly appropriate and definitely worth a closer look.

On a day chiefly disappointing for its turn-out, two of the biggest crowds are for local acts: **ADAM BARNES**, whose sometimes clumsy lyrics and tendency to over-emote only partially detracts from his clear, soulful voice that suggests, for better or for worse, he might be Oxford's answer to Ed Sheeran, and, making their debut today, **KILL MURRAY**, the band formed from body parts of Dial F For Frankenstein, 50ft Panda and Phantom Theory. At various points you can see exactly where the band has come from – big, meaty grunge riffs, thundering beats and Gus's laconic drawl – but elsewhere they're far poppier than you'd imagine, three-part harmonies and even some synthy bits scattered amid a set that stays fresh throughout.

With Truck Store hosting their own Not Closing Down party further along Cowley Road, we manage to sneak out to see **LITTLE FISH**, now a duo after the departure of drummer Nez. Juju and Ben are typically epic and intimate in the manner only the special few are capable of and they provide us with today's golden moment in the form of 'Only A Game', a song so vast in its reach and hook-laden ambition, it could eat the world.

After the day's highlight comes its absolute nadir, in the form of **JAMIE WOON**. He might be vaguely credited as r'n'b but here is a man who makes Craig David sound like Otis Redding, possessed of a voice that is no more than a soulless adenoidal drone which makes him sound like he's trying to sing himself into a coma. Next to him is a bloke doing widdly electronic stuff. We'd try and Google his name but we fear doing so would make our computer commit suicide. The pair slump lifelessly through an interminable dirge of a set that is little more than shitemongering on an industrial scale and something dies inside all of us.

Thankfully **THE BIG PINK** could bulldoze a crematorium back to life, although it's sad to see that even they, playing their first show in over a year, and having packed this same venue out at OX4 two years ago, are faced with an audience numbering in their dozens rather than hundreds. The Big Pink's ambition seems to be to make a sound as big as the known universe and to hell with subtlety. Tonight's set is a totalitarian fuzzstorm from which you can pick out splinters of 'Velvet' and 'Dominoes'. That's the way to do it.

Back at The Bully **TODDLA T** should be bringing things to a sweaty climax but in fact things seem to be winding down. Like Pete Tong he's a great radio DJ who just can't work the same magic in front of a crowd, not that there's much of a crowd here to be worked. Dance music that isn't good to dance to is another inevitable consequence of today's fragmented musical landscape.

To finish off, **MELÉ**'s DJ set is tougher and more minimal with a pleasing techno flavour. Only nineteen and already making serious waves his possible flaw is trying too hard and showing off rather too much. This fails to impress the remaining crowd who dwindle away to virtually zero and on the dot of two-thirty he snaps his laptop shut mid-song and exits stage right. An unexpected end to an unusual day and may be further evidence that Oxford just doesn't do cutting-edge clubbing when retro indie is available up the road.

Words: Dale Kattack and Art Lagun



Teeth photo: Marc West

TEETH / MY GREY HORSE

The Cellar

It's a funny world. Sometimes up is down, right is wrong, and things aren't always as they seem. That seems to be the case this evening, with what sounds to these ears like music rather devoid of wit, originality or soul appearing to whip up a crowd into an energetic frenzy.

My Grey Horse, for example, err on the side of blandness perhaps a little too comfortably to engender extreme reactions either way, but there's still a divide between what is heard and what seems to be offered. For a band that is, effectively, peddling a somewhat familiar brand of epic indie music - strident guitar riffs and stabs of electronic sound tied into solid song structures, *a la* Muse refactored through some 65daysofstatic randomness - they come across as extraordinarily self-confident and focussed. That's fine, of course, there's no reason that they should be shrinking violets, but the performance is often a hair's breadth away from seeming arrogant when a band *look* like they're redefining the very boundaries of modern music whilst in fact sounding, well, *okay*.

It's Teeth - alternatively (and annoyingly) self-referred to as TEETH, T33TH and T□"TH - who markedly carve a division between what's actually happening and what seems to be being reacted to. It's trite, but useful, to be able to suggest that they could be

Nathan Barley's in-house band: almost absolutely style over substance, down to the finest detail. The way the keyboard player stands, with his no-doubt furiously expensive retro hi-top trainers pointed slightly inwards; the aggressively bland sounds used by the band; the simplicity of music that's either tongue-in-cheek or knowingly naive... it all adds up to a depressing scene, and one that's typified by a brief moment that sees the singer angrily, repeatedly insisting that the monitor levels go up, before realising that it's her keyboard that's turned off - *and not treating this as funny*. Perhaps, when creating music that's little more than a pre-programmed synth drum behind some Duplo-level keyboard lines and squawked, meaningless vocals, this isn't the best route to success.

If the band themselves take this as seriously as they seem to, maybe it's the listener that's wrong when they interpret the music as pointless, uninspiring and grating in its lack of vision. As described, though, for the duration of this evening, right is wrong - so despite everything, the band goes down exceptionally well, with lots of dancing, movement, and the kind of mutual energy transfer that generates a really good atmosphere. Mostly. Except for me.

Simon Minter

WOLF GANG / S.C.U.M.

O2 Academy

Further proof, were it ever needed, of the continuing descent of the *NME*'s influence comes in the poor turnout for tonight's showcase of whoever they say the best new bands in Britain are this month (though to be fair the cancellation of Niki and the Dove might have had some bearing). And frankly, we may as well all down tools and go home if tonight's offerings are the best that's out there. The free energy drinks distributed at the end of the show (hey, THANKS, corporate tour sponsor) might have been more use given out to people on their way in.

S.C.U.M.'s name would at least imply some semblance of aggression, vigour or even musical unpleasantness to get stuck into. Instead they offer a witless trundle through songs no stronger than most pub rock efforts, albeit drenched throughout in post-shoegaze effects-heavy droning to disguise the gossamer-thin songwriting on offer. It's by no means

awful, but it's dispiritingly drab and altogether too pleased with itself.

Having said that, they look like the Velvet Underground next to Wolf Gang, purveyors of crushingly uninspiring yet knowingly on-trend synth-inflected advert music. In a 40-minute set they manage just about two memorable melodies - twenty minutes is a long time to wait for each hook. Some songs sounds a bit like Roxette, only not in a good way (come on, there must be a good way to sound like Roxette). Others are such weak explorations of the now-ubiquitous 80s tribute/pastiche that it's like being rickrolled into submission. This is music whose ambition rises little higher than a B-listing on TopShop Radio and a low-level sync deal for *Hollyoaks* before sinking out of view after a few mid-level festival billings. I've forgotten about them already.

Stuart Fowkes



EMILY BARKER & THE RED CLAY HALO

The Jericho Tavern

There are some people who seem to relish breaking the rules. Like the man who stands front centre stage refusing to sit, despite the fact that the rest of the Jericho Tavern crowd have taken to the floor. Or Emily Barker, who informs us the singers'

scale is "do-re-me-me-me" but is nevertheless overwhelmingly humble on stage. Yet simultaneously Emily and The Red Clay Halo carry a delicate weight, each song bringing its own sense of time and space through the subtlety of the

arrangements.

'Nostalgia' is transformed from the recorded version to bring with it something of a whisper, as if awakening the ghosts of which it speaks, whilst 'Billowing Sea' couples a crash of emotion with sympathetic

instrumentals. Throughout the set there's a continual switching of instrument and style, 'Fields Of June' drifting into the vibe of Eliza Carthy and 'Little Deaths' shifting into Martha Tilston territory, yet still it maintains a collective ethos, falling together as one.

Not content with a varied set, 'Pause', from her latest album 'Almanac', sees her continue to throw the rule book out of the window, Emily somehow managing to make a softer sound on her electric guitar (an instrument often synonymous with volume) than she does on her acoustic. Her duet with Dom Coyote on 'Witch Of Pittweem' seems to captivate the crowd most, resurrecting Scottish history, whilst her cover of Ewan McColl's 'First Time Ever I Saw Your Face' brings us face to face with raw emotion, giving Roberta Flack's version more than a run for its money.

What's most striking about tonight though, is the depth of the sound the band create, the quartet building layers which fill the room. Emily and The Red Clay Halo seem to be a group of chameleons, able to switch style and subject in less than a blink of eye. Though the night is short, they take us on a journey of place and sentiment with grace and ease, culminating into a paradoxical sense of exhilaration and exhaustion by the time the night is out.

Lisa Ward

EMPTY VESSELS / DALLAS DON'T / FULANGCHANGANDI

The Wheatsheaf

Watching Fulangchangandi is akin to being a Peeping Tom peering in through the window at two post-rockers engaged in tantric foreplay. Chords and drones ring out as the duo, seemingly oblivious of their audience, gaze across the stage and into each other's eyes. We're kept at a distance, lamenting the absence of a drummer or drum machine, waiting for a climax that – some rough guitar-on-amp frottage aside – never really comes.

Forget guns – 'This Town Needs Us' is the bold title of Dallas Don't's second song, and on this evidence it's hard to disagree. While all around them Oxford's indie rock royalty strenuously and pretentiously strive to deny their indie-rockness, this quartet are sufficiently self-assured to just embrace it. The Twilight Sad – equal parts noisy and gloomily romantic – are the touchstone, not least because lyrically dextrous frontman Niall Slater hails from north of the border.

After a Scottish geography lesson in song, Dallas Don't present us with

two alternative futures: one in which they lighten up and harness the power of The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart's jangle ('Fife for Life') and one in which they beef up and trade blows with Future Of The Left ('The Ballad of Phoebe Henderson'). It'll be fascinating to watch which they choose.

And from an unashamedly indie rock band to an unashamedly hard rock band. "I need a change back to the way things were", exclaims Empty Vessels vocalist Matt Greenham, possessor of a prodigious set of pipes. It's not exactly news, though – you could guess as much from his band's hyperretro songs, which strut and swagger like Tom Jones fronting Led Zeppelin. Indeed, so red-blooded, tight-trousered and testosterone-fuelled are they that they're probably capable of impregnating blushing ladies at fifty paces. You've heard of cock rock? Well, Empty Vessels' modus operandi is to make everyone else sound like erectile dysfunction rock. Job done. *Ben Woolhead*

CLOUD CONTROL / BIG DEAL / THE GRACEFUL SLICKS

The Jericho Tavern

The Graceful Slicks aren't wearing their sunglasses on stage tonight, which is an improvement on the last time I saw them; even better, their mix of distorted, reverb-heavy riffs, garagy psychedelia and spaced-out vocals builds to a veritable wall of sound as their set progresses.

If The Graceful Slicks are a wall, Big Deal are a decorative fence – pretty, but with no real depth. Boy-girl harmonies are used to good effect, but there isn't enough variation throughout the set, and the guitar playing is textbook at best.

I guess that makes Cloud Control some kind of bass-heavy, Afrobeat-influenced hedge, if I'm to extend this ridiculous metaphor further. They arrive on stage to the upbeat 'Meditation Song #2', throbbing bass perfectly complementing the tribal vocal harmonies that Cloud Control get so right. Indeed, a tendency for using sounds rather than words prevails throughout and they habitually utilise vocals as another instrument, rather than a separate entity. 'The Rolling Stones'

showcases said vocals through layers of sound, and during 'My Fear #1', these are permeated with bursts of unadulterated noise, breaking down, and building back up again in melodic waves. They introduce a new song, the keyboard player donning a guitar, before playing recent single 'Gold Canary', its tribal folkie harmonies more than enough to get the normally reserved Tavern audience dancing. It's bold playing their best known song half way through the set, but the crowd don't seem to care, as the reverb-drenched 'There's Nothing In The Water We Can't Fight' provokes as good a response.

They close with 'Ghost Story', which builds up into a intense, rhythmic ending, the bassist now playing his own drums, the keyboardist on tambourine, before returning to an encore of 'Buffalo Country', which frontman Alister Wright introduces as "an old one; you won't know it". He grins tentatively before the bouncing synth line starts up, and all too quickly, it's over.

Caroline Corke

OXJAM

The Bullingdon

A particularly late start, a fairly early finish and a line-up that features no less than six acts means that tonight's gig has something of a tag team feel to it. With sets heavily curtailed in order to try and fit everybody in, many of the bands tonight struggle to impose themselves on the audience before it's time to start unplugging, packing up and making way for the next act.

Still, there's a fair amount of quality to be found here tonight and a few oddball surprises. Opening the show, poet **George Chopping** certainly fits into the latter category – and there's a fair bit of quality to his poetry too. Although he sometimes compromises form in order to crowbar gags in, there are times when he reminds us of a curious mix of John Hegley and John Shuttleworth. His Sainsbury's shopworker verse is particularly inspired and distracts from his occasional twitchiness and needless self-effacing delivery.

Brazilian born **Sara Silveira** is a surprise. Accompanied only by acoustic guitar her sweet, soulful tones are incredible. The songs themselves might be a little limp in places, but there's no doubting the quality of her voice. Quite stunning.

Flight Of Helios seem to be out of place on tonight's bill, but their inclusion here makes for an eclectic mix. Essentially a heady, space-rock psychedelic drone band,

they never really have a chance to hypnotise the crowd fully. However, a mix of grandiose visuals and spectacular soundscapes (including a rather fine version of Mercury Rev's 'Holes') ensure that they still make a considerable impression.

1000 Mile Highway's impressive country rock takes the night on an unexpected but welcomed spit and sawdust jig which is immediately counterbalanced by the newly-reformed **Dropout**. Their gothic-tinged rock stands out tonight, not least because their vocalist has a voice that's not a million miles away from All About Eve's Julianne Regan – which is always a winning feature in our book.

It's left to **The Insight** to bring the evening to the close, and understandably they're a bit miffed that they've not got too long to amaze us with their sub-Britpop tunes. However, getting aggro with tambourine just makes them look a bit daft and loses them sympathy. Spending three minutes arguing about whether they're going to play one more or two more, thus wasting just enough time to ensure they can only play one song, actually provides the high point of a set that draws most of its inspiration (unsurprisingly) from Oasis.

An eclectic if rushed evening then, but with definitely a few gems scattered liberally throughout.

Sam Shepherd

TENDER TRAP / MELTING ICE CAPS / THE COOLING PEARLS

The Wheatsheaf

It's not often you get to see an artist of such understated influence and respect as Amelia Fletcher, especially in such a small venue and with such a small crowd. This, however, is apt considering the ethos of her latest outfit, Tender Trap. The Wheatsheaf, tucked away from the student-dominated, imperial grandeur of the city centre, is a perfect place for her band, an outfit with such impeccable indie credentials, they make Brett Anderson look like Rachel Stevens.

Opening act The Cooling Pearls by no means dissatisfy but possibly play for too long, their set lagging in the middle; there's only so much 'driving' and 'inspirational' English folk that can be played over a short period of time before it becomes monotonous. Despite this, the lush instrumentation compliments the world-weary lyrics and the overall set is a good one.

Not, however, as good as the frankly excellent Melting Ice Caps, whose singer is reminiscent of a Thin White Duke-era David Bowie and they embark on an first-rate set of smooth, Orange Juice-inspired post punk. The slightly pretentiously named 'Mise En Scene' is a particular high point of a set that shows their songs

wielding a lot more power live than their slightly thin recordings.

Finally, Tender Trap, elder-stateswoman of indie Amelia and co. showing the crowd simultaneously both how it was and should still be done. You can see the influences on bands such as The Pains of Being Pure at Heart and Vivian Girls immediately, except without the moodiness; Amelia and guitarist Elizabeth Morris, of the excellent Allo Darlin', jump and dance around like a pair of indie toddlers, a refreshing change from the dreariness that dominates modern variants of the genre. Songs such as 'Oh Katrina' and 'Do You Want a Boyfriend' demonstrate clearly how well Tender Trap play together, the backing blending perfectly with Amelia's heartfelt, joyous vocal. Lyrically the band are also excellent, managing to incorporate references to The Jesus and Mary Chain and gynaecology into the same verse with surprisingly seamless results given the subject matter.

Refreshing and different whilst warm and familiar, Tender Trap embody everything good about indie pop; to be expected, I suppose, they pretty much invented that shit.

Jon Clark

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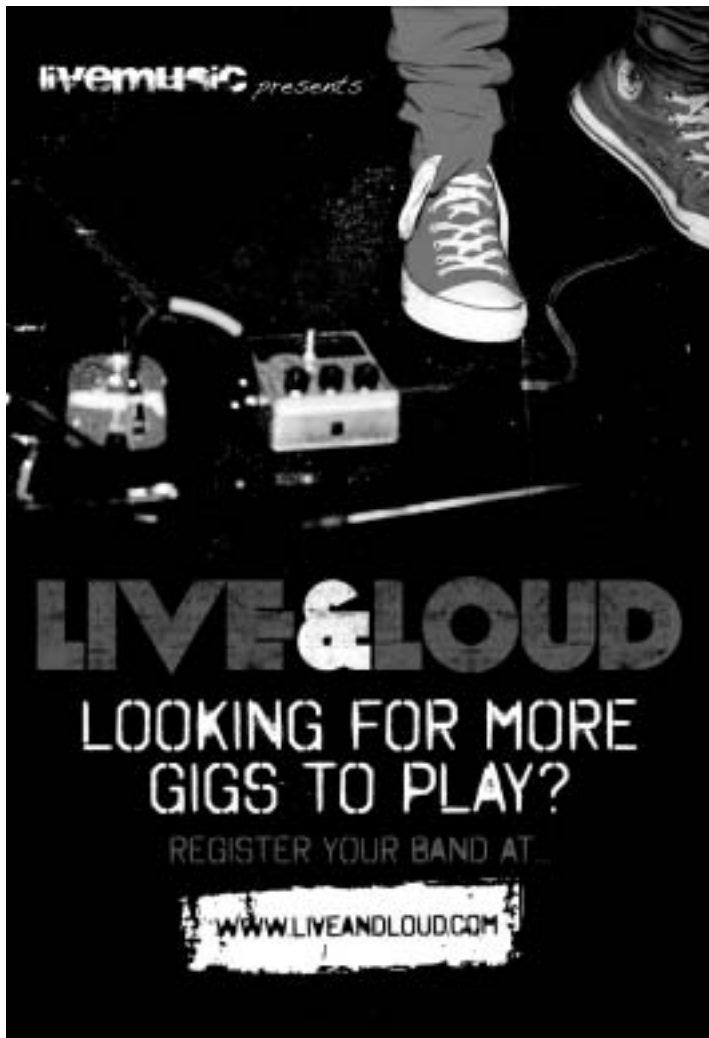
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DOCTOR SHOTOVER

Look Out, There's a Monster Coming

How refreshing in these lily-livered times to hear some honest opinions, honestly expressed. I refer of course to my *own*, dear reader, when I allow a frank-yet-fair expression to play across the ancestral features, and say, in measured tones: "F*** YOU, TORYCRAT SCUM, LEAVE OUR NHS ALONE!" Now of course the National Health Service is something to which I have a great allegiance, as, over the years, it has on many an occasion supplied me with, well, let's face it, FREE DRUGS. Plus there was that rather sweet little popsy who nursed me back to strength after my notorious motorcycle crash in 1966, Sister Maureen, I think she was called... "Sister Maureen," I used to say, "turn my nightmares into dreams" – and, without further ado, she bally well *did*. While I am on the subject, honourable mention should also go to the beautiful, ivory-complexioned Nurse Feratu who works at my local GP's practice. (One question: why oh why does she only take blood samples after dark? Never mind... main thing is, she's always so well-turned-out in her long black nurse's cape, and *always* smiling that cheerful, slightly pointy smile). Now, if I were a marching man, I would march on behalf of the NHS. But my army days are long gone, and our East Indies Club dealer hasn't sourced any Brazilian Marching Powder since the Zodiac closed down. So I will have to leave it up to the [sigh-o] "Young People", with their Donovan-style protest songs and droopy beatnik-y beards, to take it to the streets and kick seven shades of *scheisse* out of the Ham-and-Clegg Coalition. Can we count on you, oh Young People? (Frankly I doubt it... by the look of them, they couldn't organise a folk strum-along in an acoustic guitar factory, let alone get their ROUND in at the bar! Talking of which, old boy... any chance of a – purely medicinal – snort? Mmm? MMM?)



Next month: You're going home in an ambul-a-ance

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INTRODUCING....

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

LISTING SHIPS

Who are they?

Listing Ships are an Oxford-based post-rock quartet formed from the ashes of From Light To Sound and Witches. They are Stuart Fowkes (bass; keyboards); Mike Bingham (guitar; keyboards); Dave Balch (drums) and Jim Hey (guitar). Formed late last year they played the debut show supporting The Oscillation in February this year. Since then, and despite having played a mere 15 shows so far, they've performed at Truck, Supernormal and Ley Lines festivals as well as headlining Oxford Contemporary Music's showcase concert at the Pegasus. A well-received demo earlier this year is followed this month with their debut EP. The band also featured on the recent 'A Cheery Wave From Stranded Youngsters' post-rock compilation.

What do they sound like?

Post-rock run through with elements of electro-rock and krautrock and unafraid to indulge in guitar histrionics when duty calls. There are cyclical, jarring grooves and airy pockets of calm punctured by serrated synths and sheet-metal guitars. Or, as an early Nightshift review had it, "The sort of almighty ruckus that could easily be marketed as a chest rattling expectorant. Post-rock as medicine. The satisfying result is an organic Holy Fuck-type mix of jazz and techno groove born out of out of rock's last roll."

What inspires them?

"Musically, classic krautrock; sample-heavy, warm electronica; kings of the movie soundtrack like Clint Mansell and Krzysztof Penderecki; dense, oppressive guitar music. Thematically and stylistically, the sea motif ties everything together for us. Structures for songs suggest themselves out of the oceanic theme."

Career highlight so far:

"To play Oxford Contemporary Music's show in the Pegasus was amazing – we've been going to their shows for years, so it was great to play for them, and the theatre set-up suited us really well."



And the lowlight:

Playing to six people on a wet weeknight in London along with an astonishingly drunk Finnish pop singer has to go down as a low."

Their favourite other Oxfordshire act is:

"We can't possibly agree on one: Nought, David K Frampton, Suitable Case For Treatment and that really, really famous band Radiohead.

If they could only keep one album in the world, it would be:

"The band almost split up arguing over this one, as we've all got completely different tastes. Take your pick from the oeuvres of Boards of Canada, Sonic Youth, Fugazi or Neu!"

When is their next gig and what can newcomers expect?

"Audioscope on 12th November at the Jericho with Karma To Burn, Fujiya & Miyagi, Alexander Tucker and a whole day's worth of other bands.

Newcomers should expect everything except vocals. And bagpipes."

Their favourite and least favourite things about Oxford music are:

"Favourite is the variety of different high-quality acts you can hear. Least favourite is recognising people but not remembering their names."

You might love them if you love:

Billy Mahonie; Einstellung; Tortoise; Rodan; Holy Fuck.

Hear them here:

www.listingships.com

Whatever happened to... those heroes

Frank Fish & The Fins

WHO?

Formed in 1982 in the Radcliffe Arms in Jericho, initially to play blues covers in the pub, Frank Fish & The Fins have a reasonable claim to be Oxford's wackiest band. Original members Frank Fish (vocals, guitar); Mick Clack (guitars, vocals); Dale Marshall (drums) and Jerry Soffe (bass) would play for beer until the landlord Bob Moore decided paying them cash was cheaper. This was the spur for the band to "stop playing blues and start writing high energy, riff-laden comedy rock songs about aquatic life instead." Each member adopted a fish-related moniker, apart from Frank who was already called Fish. Mick even went as far as changing his name by deedpoll to Mick Stickleback. Bizarre costume changes were a central feature of gigs, as was the traditional mid-set tinned fish raffle and a Hoover wig-testing display. Dale was replaced by Simon Mills on drums while Nick Moorbath joined on keyboards ("solely to reduce the band's average age"). A debut single, 'The Living World Of Sea Creatures (Makes Me Want To Whistle)' was recorded at Dungeon Studios and the band contributed three songs to the 1986 Oxford compilation album, 'The Mad Hatter's Club, Volume 1', while they also toured regularly in Holland.

WHAT?

Frank Fish & The Fins were a self-consciously eccentric, in-ye-face collision of blues, funk, rock and chaos, chiefly inspired by Frank Zappa, but also by the highly-individualistic talents of Captain Beefheart and the madcap humour of The Marx Brothers. Gigs were a brightly-coloured riot of abstract fish-related lyrics, surreal costume changes, frenzied wah-wah guitar solos, manic, improvised verbal diarrhoea and plenty of (usually forced) audience participation. Cool was never on the menu but they had plenty of fans, including

the late, great Rich Haines who declared them the best band he'd ever witnessed in an interview with Nightshift many years ago, while legendary audio genius Michael Gurzon recorded a number of their shows, which now form part of the British Library Sound Archive.

WHEN?

The band's one and only single and the Mad Hatter's Club compilation were released in 86. In 83 the band, accompanied by two pet dogs, were interviewed live on Radio Oxford, unsurprisingly never to be asked back, while the band turned up to an A&R meeting at Virgin Records in full aquatic get-up, even more unsurprisingly to leave without a deal. A Dutch tour apparently found the band haunted by a ghost that would bang on the wall of their third-floor apartment in the middle of the night. The band split in 1988 when Mick became ill and Frank moved to Holland. They reformed for one gig in 1993 for which Frank performed stark naked; obviously he was mellowing with age.

WHY?

While they never particularly left a lasting legacy, everyone who saw FF&TF remembers it well. Some possibly still have nightmares about it. Their aim was simply to entertain, to put on an imaginative live show and make people laugh. In each of these aims, they were a resounding success and as such a lesson to plenty of bands who have come since.

WHERE?

Frank still lives in Dortrecht in Holland and plays in a band called Creature Feature, while studying UFOs. He returns to Oxford regularly to jam and record with Mick under the guise Nige & Trev in Mick's Rooftop Studio, situated in his basement. Dale, Jerry and Nick all still live in Oxford – Jerry playing regularly with myriad bands, while Nick, of course, opened and ran the Zodiac for many years and now runs his own studio, composes musicals and promotes gigs in Thailand.

HOW?

There's loads of Fish stuff online, either at www.soundclick.com/frankfishandthefins or www.youtube.com/klennaar, while there is also a Frank Fish & The Fins Facebook page.



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DEMOS

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DEMO OF THE MONTH

POLEDO

Something serious musos consistently fail to comprehend is how someone seemingly armed with just a laptop, half a trumpet and possibly some sticky tape, can conjure up a demo that might sound like it's fighting for its life underneath a lake of broken cutlery, but is still more fun than some band with all the gear and no idea and who probably read *Classic Rock* magazine and believe Eric Clapton is somehow more talented than Sid Vicious. Although we're not always inclined to go easy on anyone just because they apologise in advance for the poor quality of their recordings, in Poledo's case it probably just adds to their appeal, the rough, rudimentary crackle probably disguising half a dozen cock-ups along the way. Opener 'Death Of A Friend (At The Hands Of Evil Robots)' slumps in somewhere between Jeffrey Lewis and Flaming Lips, a psych-pop flight of fancy that never quite reaches the heights it would love to hit but at least tries to elevate itself above the mundane and workaday. 'I Want To Be A Metalhead (But Everyone Disagrees)', meanwhile is distorted to buggery and sounds like Cornershop did around the time they moved from being an unlistenable indie-noise racket and became a powering Anglo-Asian groove machine. It flits hither and thither, without a sense of direction but maintaining a slightly chaotic sense of cohesion as it does so. A bit of a mess, instantly forgettable but made with love by someone who probably doesn't sit around talking about diminished fifths or Eric fucking Clapton.

DAN SMITH

Then again, sometimes homespun lo-fi music really does sound like half-arsed shite and onions. We know we've reviewed Dan Smith before, because he handily reminds us that we said his last demo sounded like a cat stuck on a piano, and his depressingly monotone attempt at rapping is something that floods back into our minds like a particularly upsetting acid flashback. 'I'm an everyday junglist,' he moans over plodding guitar and drums that would make Swans sound like The Wiggles on a jelly and ice cream frenzy. It's so relentlessly terrible that it actually starts to sound like experimental genius, the sort of thing Throbbing Gristle's 'Subhuman' might have ended up as on a hungover morning if they'd known what rap was back then. Ah! Just remembered, Dan here went under the name Cracky D last time round. We check

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back to that previous review and, well, whaddya know, we thought the exact same back then: there's a fine line between off-the-wall brilliance and hopeless pissing about by people who have smoked way too much weed. Dan, this is bollocks old chap but you know what, we've just listened through to it five times and, like some strange form of lichen, it's beginning to grow on us.

BEN FIELD

Dan Smith might do well to give this fella a listen. Ben Field is ploughing a similar furrow but with rather more convincing results, initially at least. Opener 'Walk Through' is sultry spook-hop, sounding like something long since lost amid the clutter of a thousand old John Peel shows from the early-80s, stuttering beats and eerie guitar textures adding up to a feeling of gloomy disorientation over which Ben half-raps, half narrates an oblique tale. The three subsequent tracks find him repeating the formula with, it has to be said, diminishing returns, becoming increasingly forced, tending to ramble at times and losing the foreboding atmosphere as he moves towards more straightforward, almost Streets-y monologues, only really rescuing himself with final number 'Cottage Numbers', which finds him sounding far more confident and with a far more fluid flow. Still, if Ben can take what's best from all of this, Long Hanborough might well get its own answer to Ghostpoet.

THE REAPER

A band like The Reaper presents hardened cynics like Nightshift with a problem. On the one and they come across as arch self-publicists with a way of slightly twisting the truth (they didn't actually support Guns'n'Roses at Fat Lil's as they say, but two members of that band). On the other hand, they're all aged between 10 and 13 years old. So ain't we just gonna look like the world's biggest bunch of bastards if we say anything at all unkind about them. The Reaper are a product of the highly commendable Witchwood School Of Rock and play with an ability well beyond their extremely tender years: the lead guitarist in particular has an enthusiastic approach to metal fretplay that would shame axe wielders twice his age, and although the drummer has his clunky moments, he can batter his kit superbly. What's slightly disconcerting is the lead singer who, because his voice has yet to break, sounds like a girl, a high-pitched cross between Axl Rose and Placebo's Brian Molko with a tendency to over-enunciate and use five syllables where the dictionary calls for just one. Between them they batter it out somewhere between Gun'n'Roses, Whitesnake and Metallica, an adherence to a classic style over the more expected metalcore

noisemaking all the more admirable given their ages. You wonder just how far they can go if they're this adept already, although there's a nagging part of us worries that they've already bypassed that part of youthful music making where inexperience and a refusal to adhere to the rules makes for the most innovative new sounds. Still, maybe we've just found ourselves the next Steve Vai.

MATT CHAPMAN

Ambient electronic minimalism is all well and good but we do wonder sometimes what purpose it serves, other than to soundtrack the perpetrators' own afternoon shifts spent lying stoned on their beds while working their way through a family-sized Toblerone. Matt's five-track demo here is pleasant enough, particularly if you want a bit of relaxation music that doesn't involve pan-pipes or whales. It's highly-nuanced stuff, as you'd expect, synthetic hums, squelches and wows working their way oh-so-softly over sparingly used electronic beats and the occasional disembodied voice. 'Filedofvision' sounds like chamber music for a deserted starship, while 'Viaduct' could be incidental music from an old 1970s BBC sci-fi series. 'Sodium' initially promises to up the ante with (relatively) more prominent beats, but it's left to 'The Bells' to take a darker turn, less Boards of Canada, more Coil, wandering along bleak metallic corridors, the unseen horror that lurks round the next bend never fully materialising but promising something a little less ephemeral next time round.

NAIROBI

What Oxford really needs right now is another math-pop band. We just can't get enough of them trilling, widdle-de-dee guitars, awkward time signatures, pained vocals and occasional feeling that we're listening to Vampire Weekend with any semblance of a tune filleted and fed to the cat. Nairobi's singer also has a voice that sounds like he's about to burst into tears at any moment. Look, it's not terrible as such – if your idea of a good night out is several strong coffees and a book of Sudoku puzzles – it's just that over the past couple of years you can barely walk along the Cowley Road without tripping over a walking, talking haircut with an aching desire to pick through Youthmovies' and Jonquil's leftovers, both bands wisely having moved on to fresher fields long ago. Frustratingly, they wait until their fifth and final track before revealing some kind of desire and ability to do something a bit more inventive and off the wall rather than just clever for the sake of it.

BEN PHILLIPS

Always good to hear a singer with a real old bee in his bonnet, rather than a rucksack full of self-pity. Former Place Above chap Ben Phillips sounds blokey and campfire-friendly enough but there's some serious bitterness

leaking out here. 'Stuck Inside Your Heart' unpeels the bandages over a broken heart to give all that sense of betrayal a good airing, coming on like a less obstinate Frank Turner, even if the tune itself very briefly reminds us of Green Day's 'Time Of Your Life'. But it's 'Ones To Watch' where Ben gets proper worked up. "Give it another year and you'll be playing open mics like me / Congratulations on your new three-star review" he fair spits. We're not sure whether the subject of his ire is career bands or the way the press likes to build acts up only to knock them back down. The clue might be in the line, "This is my release from risk assessments and lesson plans," suggesting Ben feels he's the real deal, the rest merely bandwagon-jumping fakes. It'd be good to hear him get his teeth stuck into some weightier subjects in future. Given the state of the nation, we could do with some decent protest singers.

THE DEMO DUMPER

PALAHNIUK

From bitter sneer to shit-eating grin and a band split between Oxford, Aylesbury and London. Palahniuk are jolly and jaunty and sound self-satisfied to an almost pathological level. They remind us of The Hoosiers or someone else whose name lurks just out of memory, like a long-repressed childhood trauma. Probably Orson or The Feeling or something. One of those bands that no-one ever admits to liking so you have to assume there is a hidden, troll-like sub-species living amongst us – or more likely beneath us – who sneak out at night to buy their CDs from 24-hour supermarkets while decent folks are asleep or out getting biblically drunk at Holy Fuck gigs. 'Schemes & Plans' is a giddy, tinny, adenoidal mess but probably wouldn't make you want to remove all the skin from your face with a cheese grater rather than listen to it again and 'Not Alone' is passably bland, but 'The Blues' is something of an abject lesson in indignant self-delusion. "This goes out to all the beautiful people / People who put us down with their negativity / They're pulling us down / Dragging us down to their level / Pulling us down with their negativity", bleats the singer, raging at all the haterz who'd, y'know, put his band down and, like, pull them down to their level. Now there's poetry and scathing satire in one. Morrissey ain't got nuthin on these boys. And it's even better when he wails, "Why don't you talk to me in my sleep so I can be freeeeee-eeee-eeee-eeee. Eeeeeee. Of all your negativiteeeeeeeee. Eeeeeee." Bless his cross little bunny rabbit cotton socks. So anyway, old chap, we'll be round tonight to have a word while you're snoozing. That'll be us lurking in your every nightmare, tittering sarcastically in the face of your pumped-up angst. All night, every night. You'll never be freeeeeeeeee-eeeeeeee-eeeeeeee of us.

Send demos for review to: Nightshift, PO Box 312, Kidlington, Oxford, OX5 1ZU. Or email song links to nightshift@oxfordmusic.net, clearly marked Demo for review.

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Fri 9th Dec • £21.50 adv
6.30pm - 10pm
The Saw Doctors

Fri 9th Dec • £13 adv
Boot-Led-Zepplin

Sat 10th Dec • £19.50 adv
6.30pm - 10pm
Uriah Heep + The Howling

Sat 10th Dec • £10.50 adv
6pm - 10pm
Electric Six
+ Black Hats

Mon 12th Dec • £14 adv
Rock Sound Riot Tour
ft. Every Time I Die + Trash Talk
+ Defeater + Spycatcher

Tues 13th Dec • £18.50 adv
Saxon
+ Hammerfall

Thurs 15th Dec • £10 adv
Vintage Trouble

Fri 16th Dec • £7.50 adv
8pm • over 18s only
Original Rabbit Foot Christmas Knees Up
ft. Original Rabbit Foot Spasm Band,
Long Insiders,
Count Skylarkin,
Ms Nelly B Page

Sat 17th Dec • £15 adv
8pm
Dappy

Sat 17th Dec • £5 adv
6.30pm - 12am
Upstairs
In association with BBC Introducing

Thurs 29th Dec • £15 adv
6.30pm
The Blackout
+ Attack Attack (UK)
+ Revolver
+ Save Your Breath

Tues 20th Dec • £20 adv
Go West

Sat 31st Dec • £10 adv
6.30pm - 12am
Propaganda In Space New Years Eve Party 2011
ft. Propaganda Space Shuttle,
Trashy Observatory, Room:101 Alien Bar

Fri 20th Jan 2012 • £8 adv
Novana
The UK's only tribute to Nirvana

Sat 29th Jan 2012 • £15 adv
Babybird

Thurs 9th Feb 2012 • £10 adv
CASH Johnny Cash tribute

Sat 11th Feb 2012 • £10 adv
6.30pm
Big Boy Bloater

Sun 12th Feb 2012 • £13 adv
The South

Sat 25th Feb 2012 • £13 adv
Ben Howard

Sun 26th Feb 2012 • £13.50 adv
Little Dragon

Thurs 1st Mar 2012 • £15 adv
Band of Skulls

Mon 12th Mar 2012 • £23 adv
The Stranglers + The Popes

Sat 17th Mar 2012 • £19.50 adv
6.30pm - 10pm
Killing Joke

Tues 20th Mar 2012 • £17.50 adv
Spiritualized

Thurs 22nd Mar 2012 • £16 adv
Chimaira

THE UK'S BIGGEST INDIE NIGHT
Playing to over 25,000 every week!

Propaganda

THE AUDIO VISUAL EXTRAVAGANZA EVERY SATURDAY
COMING UP THIS AUTUMN...

**SATURDAY 8TH OCTOBER:
PEACHES GELDOLF
(DJ SET)**

Tickets for Saturday night shows include free entry to Propaganda / Trashy / Room 101 (or £6, £5 NUS / members, £4 NHS on the door)