

NIGHTSHIFT

Oxford's Music Magazine

**Free every
month
Issue 205
August
2012**

UNDERSMILE

THE POWER OF NIGHTMARES

Meet Oxford's deities of doom...



photo: Pier Corona

Also in this issue:
Introducing **VON BRAUN**
TRUCK and **CORNBURY FESTIVAL**
reviews
plus
Local news, reviews and gig guide

Cooz's
www.coozes.com

Protocols HD Recording & Neve Summing
Rehearse with drum kit,
pro PA, amps and mics

'Cooz's Band Support' gives you
great deals on recording & rehearsals!

'The NVCool' for recording courses!
Equipment Hire!

T: 01865 236117
E: help@coozes.com

"The Best Sounding
Live room in Oxford" - *Not My Day*

**OXFORD DUPLICATION
CENTRE**
info@theduplicationcentre.co.uk
01865 457000 07917 775477

**FANTASTIC BAND RATES ON
ALL SERVICES**

Professional Full Colour CD Duplication at
Affordable Prices

Providing superb quality full colour disc, paper printing
and packaging options

Recommended by: Nick Cope, Tunes Audio Mastering Ltd,
Blossford Lizards, David Hampson, The Two Bussateers,
Country for Old Men, Matchbox Recordings, Desert Storm,
Seven Year Kismet, Cooz's, Paul Jeffries, Pete the Temp.

NIGHTSHIFT: PO Box 312, Kidlington, OX5 1ZU. Phone: 01865 372255

TUE 30 JUL
SAVAGES • PALMA VIOLETS19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEETUE 30 NOV
MAD DOG MCREE19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEETUE 26 AUG
PAUL KELLY19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEESAT 10 SEP
BEST FRIENDS19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEESUN 23 SEP
SMOKE FAIRIES19 NOV | 19-
O. ACADEMY OXFORDTUE 25 SEP
TWISTED WHEEL19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEEFRI 05 OCT
KYLA LA GRANGE17 NOV | 19-
O. ACADEMY OXFORDMON 06 OCT
BENJAMIN FRANCIS LEFTWICH19 NOV | 19-
OXFORD TOWN HALLTUE 10 OCT
STRAIGHT LINES19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEESAT 25 OCT
GATHERING FT. DRY THE RIVER19 NOV | 19-
GATHERING FESTIVAL CO.UKSAT 10 OCT
WHY?19 NOV | 19-
THE BULLINGDONMON 10 OCT
LIANNE LA HAVAS19 NOV | 19-
O. ACADEMY OXFORDSAT 02 NOV
JACK SAVORETTI19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEEWED 07 NOV
PULLED APART BY HORSES19 NOV | 19-
O. ACADEMY OXFORDSUN 19 NOV
TOM MCRAE19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEETUE 10 NOV
THE REVIVAL TOUR 201219 NOV | 19-
O. ACADEMY OXFORDFRI 10 NOV
RUFUS WAINWRIGHT19 NOV | 19-
NEW THEATREFRI 10 NOV
LAU19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEETUE 17 NOV
JUAN ZELADA19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEEFRI 20 NOV
THE MILK19 NOV | 19-
O. ACADEMY OXFORDTUE 26 DEC
ICEAGE17 NOV | 19-
THE GLENNFRI 10 DEC
ADMIRAL FALLOW19 NOV | 19-
THE JUBILEE**LIANNE LA HAVAS****MONDAY 22ND OCTOBER**
O₂ ACADEMY OXFORD£13 • ADV • 14+ • [ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK](http://alt-tickets.co.uk) • 0845 871 8819[WWW.GIGSINOXFORD.CO.UK](http://www.gigsinoxford.co.uk)www.alt-tickets.co.uk / www.facebook.com/alttickets.co.uk / All shows 18+ unless stated otherwise

GATHERING

feat.

DRY THE RIVER
SPECTOR LIARS
LUCY ROSE JAKE BUGG
BASTILLE • CLOCK OPERA • CUT RIBBONS
FOSSIL COLLECTIVE • GEORGE EZRA • GLASS ANIMALS
HEY SHOLAY • INDIANA • LEWIS WATSON
NINA NESBITT • PEACE • SWISS LIPS
BETA BLOCKER & THE BODY CLOCK
BLACK HATS • FINE UNION
PIXEL FIX • POLEDO

2014 HADST, HADST HADST HADST

O. ACADEMY OXFORD // THE BULLINGDON // PORT MAHON
EAST OXFORD COMMUNITY CENTRE // COWLEY ROAD METHODIST CHURCH**SATURDAY 20 OCTOBER**
GATHERINGFESTIVAL.CO.UKTICKETS ON SALE WWW.ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK & O. ACADEMY BOX OFFICE
ALL AGES, UNDER 14 TO BE ACCOMPANIED BY AN ADULT // LINE UP SUBJECT TO CHANGE


WHY?

SATURDAY 13TH OCTOBER
THE BULLINGDON

£14 ADV | ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK
0844 871 8819 | GIGANTIC.CO.UK | 18+

PULLED APART BY HORSES

Wednesday 7th November • O₂ Academy Oxford
£10adv • 14+ • alt-tickets.co.uk • 0844 871 8819 • gigantic.com

NEWS

Nightshift: PO Box 312, Kidlington, OX5 1ZUPhone: 01865 372255 email: nightshift@oxfordmusic.netOnline: nightshift.oxfordmusic.net

FIXERS have issued a public apology in the wake of their shambolic set at Truck Festival in July. Singer Jack Goldstein issued the apology the day after his band were seen to stagger chaotically through their set on the main stage on the Friday of the event. Talking to Nightshift, Jack candidly admitted that the band had drunk too much and remembered little of the show, adding, "I feel ashamed. Our set was dreadful, we sucked. I would have hated me if I had watched me too. Massive apologies to all of our fans and to anyone who attended."

Fixers will be playing a set at Truck Store on Cowley Road at 5pm on Saturday 28th July, if you read this in time.

ALPHABET BACKWARDS

release their debut full-length album on October 1st. 'Little Victories' is released on High Line Records and features a brace of tracks from their recent 'British Explorer' EP. Full track listing for the album is: 'Sunday Best', 'Pockets', 'Ladybird', 'Blink Of An Eye', 'Big Top', 'Taller', 'Plastic', 'Panda Eyes', 'Lipshakes', 'Screenplays', 'Maisonette', and 'Elton John'. The former Nightshift cover stars precede the album release with a UK tour, including a headline show at the O2 Academy on Saturday 8th September. Visit www.alphabetbackwards.net

LIARS have been confirmed as co-headliners of October's Gathering festival. The all-day event, which takes place on Saturday 20th October, runs across five venues on or near Cowley Road, including the O2 Academy, The Bullingdon, East Oxford Community Centre, The Port Mahon and Cowley Road Methodist Church. Dry The River have already been confirmed as main headliners.



Other acts confirmed include Spector, Jake Bugg, Bastille, Clock Opera, Cut Ribbons, Fossil Collective, George Ezra, Glass Animals, Hey Sholay, Indiana, Lewis Watson, Nina Nesbitt, Peace, Swiss Lips, Beta Blocker & The Body Clock, Black Hats, Fine Union, Poledo and Pixel Fix. Tickets for the event are on sale now, priced £15, from wegottickets.com and the Academy box office. Visit www.gatheringfestival.co.uk for more info.

THE O2 ACADEMY celebrates its fifth anniversary on Saturday 22nd September with a show from The Fratellis. The recently-reformed Glaswegian rockers went on indefinite hiatus after the release of their second album, 'Here We Stand' in 2008. Tickets, priced £15, are on sale now from the venue box office.

THE SKITTLE ALLEY hosts a free three-day music festival at the Railway Inn in Culham this month. The event, in aid of local mental health charities Oxfordshire MIND and Headway, takes place over the weekend of the 24th-26th August, with money raised from merchandise and a raffle. Acts confirmed so far include Mackating, The Graceful Slicks, Les Clochards, Von Braun, Lost Dogs, Agness Pike, Flights of Helios, Zim Grady, Superloose and STEM. More free festival fun at the annual Hanneyfest, which runs over the weekend of the 17th-19th August at the Black Horse in East Hanney. No acts confirmed at time of going to press but all proceeds from the event will go towards East Hanney Pre-School and the Thames Valley Air Ambulance.

ARK-T is set to relaunch this month with a new team behind the community studio project.

DUOTONE play a special homecoming show at the Pegasus Theatre on Friday 5th October, which will mark the final night of a UK tour to promote their new single, 'Alphabet'. The duo – cellist Barney Morse-Brown and singer and percussionist James Garrett – have spent much of the summer so far playing festivals around the UK, including Secret Garden Party, with



A SILENT FILM return with a brace of new EPs in the coming months, ahead of the release of their long-awaited second album in 2013. The Oxford quartet have spent most of this year on tour in the States where their single 'Danny, Dakota & The Wishing Well' has been steadily climbing the indie charts over the summer, and will spend the rest of 2012 Stateside. 'This Stage Is Your Life' is released in the UK later this month, with 'Danny, Dakota...' due out at the end of the summer. The album, entitled 'Sand & Snow', is due in January or February.

Talking to Nightshift from America, singer Rob Stevenson said, "The good news is our new album is finished. Most of it was written and recorded in Cave Creek, Arizona and El Paso, Texas on days off from a seemingly never ending touring schedule across the States. The experience has been inspirational and we're looking forward to getting back in front of our hometown audience again later this year. There will be a couple of UK only EPs with exclusive b-sides coming out just to remind people we're back and then looking forward to the album early 2013. We're just on our way up to Charlotte, North Carolina this afternoon; it's unbearably hot and muggy. We couldn't be happier though."

Visit www.asilentfilm.com for more news on the band.

Former-Candyskins bassist Brett Gordon, alongside Rory Campbell and Hannah Bruce, are now running things, with the refurbished studio near the Cowley Centre available free to local musicians aged between 13-19 years old. The team also hope to arrange a series of gigs for acts using the centre. Contact Ark-T at music@ark-t.org or on 07588 456128, or visit them at facebook.com/

arkTStudio.

FROM THE LADDER FACTORY is a regular podcast featuring a wide selection of acts from Oxfordshire and Wiltshire. The show is available to hear and download at www.fromtheladderfactory.com.

As ever, don't forget to tune into **BBC Oxford Introducing** every Sunday at 9pm on 95.2fm. The dedicated local music show plays the best Oxford releases and demos as well as featuring interviews and sessions with local acts. The show is available to download as a podcast at bbc.co.uk/oxford.

Regularly updated local music news is available online at www.musicinxford.co.uk. The site also features interactive reviews, interviews, a photo gallery and occasional live sessions and podcasts.

last year's album, 'Ropes', garnering five-star reviews from the likes of *Songlines* and *Maverick*. The Pegasus show will feature two sets from Duotone – an unplugged set, accompanied by a string quartet, followed by a full-blown electric cello and beats set. Support comes from Welcome To Peepworld. Tickets are on sale now from www.pegasustheatre.org.uk

a quiet word with

UNDERSMILE



photo: Pier Corona

WHEN METAL BLOG VALLEY Of Steel described Undersmile’s recent debut album ‘Narwhal’ as “terrible” and “awful” it was quick to clarify that it meant those words in their true, old meaning – to inspire awe and terror.

When Undersmile played at the Punt back in May, over half the audience – confused, dazed, *afraid* – departed before the band’s first sprawling number was finished. Such a reaction was commonplace at the quartet’s early gigs when those unfamiliar with – or unprepared for – their all-consuming form of ghostly, unnerving doom, found themselves confronted by a sound seemingly from another, far darker, plane of existence.

More recently though, Undersmile’s gigs are increasingly populated by those who have come to be challenged, to be immersed in the lava-flow creeping horror of oppressively down-tuned, sludged-up guitar noise, galley slave beats and disturbingly demonic close-harmony vocals.

THERE IS NO OTHER BAND in Oxford – or for some very great distance beyond – anything like Undersmile. Even within the world of sludge and doom they seem to exist in a genre of their own.

Much of this is due to the vocal interaction between the band’s twin

vocalists and guitarists, Hel Sterne and Taz Corona-Brown. While their tectonic guitar work follows a path upriver to the likes of Melvins, Swans and Earth, vocally they’re a world apart, a spectral moan from the cellar of some haunted dolls house; a chorus-line chant of disharmony from an imagined Broadway musical of *The Exorcist*. Coated like a thick, viscous layer of grime over the thunderous rhythms of drummer Tom McKibbon and bassist Olly Corona-Brown (Taz’s husband), they cast a malignant musical spell, one that’s snaring increasing devotees, including those in doom-metal’s high places.

UNDERSMILE FORMED WHEN long-time friends Hel and Taz started writing songs together, sharing a love for the darker side of grunge, before developing the singularly monolithic sound we love them for now.

Hel: “I was listening to Alice in Chains, Neutral Milk Hotel, Low and Codeine. We’ve grown into this style from the perspective of the darker side of grunge and a lot of the bands we’re listening to now we came across initially through being likened to them, such as Grief, Electric Wizard and Swans. I’ve always been addicted to minor feel music for miserable buggers.”

Taz: “It’s definitely been an evolution. When Hel and I met, we

bonded over the sludgier end of grunge. I’ve always had a love for the slow, heavy and discordant. Over the years we just got slower. And heavier. And, er, discordanter.

“Melvins were an inspiration because of their slow, heavy style but neither of us would say we were exactly doom fanatics or really had any great points of reference in the genre. There are many doom/sludge/drone bands we’re all inspired by now: Harvey Milk, who are probably my favourite band, Pissed Jeans, Swans and Grief. Personally though, I grew up listening to Leonard Cohen, Nick Cave and The Velvet Underground, all of which helped develop our jangle-pop sound...”

THE FIRST COUPLE OF TIMES Nightshift encountered Undersmile live, as both an aural and visual spectacle, they reminded us as much of the best creepy horror films as much as any other band – Hel and Taz’s arcane distressed wedding dress chic and cascades of hair covering their faces, conjured disturbing memories of Sadako from Japanese horror classic *Ring*, while something in the way their voices interwove felt like the hellish outpourings of poor, possessed Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*. Are Undersmile, we wonder, a band powered by nightmares?

Taz: “I do inspiration in the

nightmarish films of David Lynch and Werner Herzog. In fact, I’ve banned myself from watching supernatural horror altogether as I get scared, can’t sleep and then it’s all tears – it’s best we don’t mention the post-*Paranormal Activity* ‘episode’ of 2009... Nightmares themselves certainly influence my writing, both lyrically and in the band’s claustrophobic sound. Hel and I both suffer from bouts of sleep-paralysis, which is the most terrifying thing. Far, far scarier than Undersmile.”

Olly: “When you’re young the idea of horror can appear dangerous and exotic, so there’s the temptation to go out and watch video nasties like *Cannibal Holocaust*. The older you get, the more distasteful these images become. Bands like Swans and Pissed Jeans are far scarier, because they show how much horror there is in just looking for a job.”

Tom: “I think we’re all inspired by films. David Lynch seems to hit a chord with all of us in terms of the unsettling mood he always manages to create. Some horror films have definitely stayed with me and linger in my mind but they don’t come into the music.”

Hel: “As far as nightmares are concerned, they are the main fuel for the songwriting in the band – I’ve suffered from nightmares, night terrors and sleep paralysis since I was five years old so lots of ideas for lyrics and feel come directly from them. I always have a pen and notebook by my bed so I get everything down; it’s pretty fucked up.”

UNDERSMILE’S DEBUT release was the superb ‘A Sea Of Dead Snakes’ EP, which clocked in at an impressive five songs and 38 minutes. It was released on Blindsight, the label run by local doom and electro maestro Umair Chaudhry, best known for his part in Xmas Lights and Abandon.

Tom: “We love Umair and his initial offering of support had a big impact on us in terms of giving us confidence and getting our EP reviewed in big magazines and so on. He also initiated and recorded the split EP with Caretaker, which was an honour for us.”

Taz: “Umair’s an extremely genuine and easy-going guy with an impressively encyclopedic knowledge of music. We all share a passion for eerie music and films. Sorry, this sounds a bit like a lonely hearts ad.”

The band’s full debut album ‘Narwhal’ (ten tracks in just under 80 minutes but four of which make up

an hour of the album), meanwhile, was released in June on the renowned Future Noise label, produced by Komrad’s Jimmy Hethrington and mastered by none other than Billy Anderson, who has a hell of a track record when it comes to working on super-heavyweight albums.

Tom: “Dave from Future Noise approached us about doing PR for us initially, so we joined them so they could big us up and get us some good gigs. But as we got to know Dave we realised he had a lot of experience and knowledge of working in our scene. He’s been great for us.”

Taz: “We discovered that Future Noise had worked with some incredible bands over the past ten years, both as a label and as bookers. We saw an archived poster from a Grief gig they’d put on on their website and that pretty much sealed the deal!”

What did Billy Anderson bring to the album?

Hel: “It was an absolute honour for us to work with Billy as he has worked with bands we hold in high regard, like Eyehategod – ‘Dopesick’ is one of my favourite albums – Melvins, Sleep, and Neurosis. He was really upbeat and friendly throughout and we hope we’ll work with him again in the future. He’s a real character too.”

Taz: “It was surreal to be working with somebody who’d produced so many seminal records that we all own and love. ‘Dopesick’ and Melvins’ masterpiece, ‘Houdini’, are just two from a very, very long and impressive list. Billy definitely added yet more volume and filth to Jimmy’s already very loud and beastly production.”

Olly: “To steal the joke from Spinal Tap, Billy turned the album up to 11!”

Tom: “A lot of people have asked how we got Billy onboard and the simple answer is, we just asked him. Fortunately he enjoyed ‘A Sea of Dead Snakes’, so was happy to do ‘Narwhal’. When you’re a bit ignorant to the whole mastering process you tend to think of it as this formality at the end of the recording process but Billy just gave the album a kick up the arse and made it sound a lot heavier.”

WITH RAVE REVIEWS – AND we mean *rave* – pouring in for the album from metal and doom blogs, Undersmile got their biggest fillip to date when they were included in *Terrorizer’s* Future Of Doom feature and the accompanying cover-mounted CD last month.

Tom: “We got contacted by the editor while they were putting the issue together to coincide with the reunion of Black Sabbath. We think it came about because Justin from Iron Monkey bigged us up in an interview for the issue. It’s always hard to tell how much magazine coverage does for you because we can share online reviews and features much quicker and you get an immediate reaction

from fans and friends.”

Taz: “It was incredible for us to be included in a magazine that featured bands like Earth, Boris and Sunn O))). Sevenchurch got a mention too.

Olly: “There seems to be resurgence in doom and sludge at the moment. It’s good to see people focusing on younger bands rather than harking back to the 70s.”

You subsequently got to support Dylan Carlson of drone legends, Earth.

Taz: “We were stunned and utterly honoured to be given the opportunity to play with Dylan. He was an absolute gentleman and I think we’d all agree that the evening was one of the most memorable gigs we’ve ever played. There was a definite intensity to the atmosphere.”

WHILE UNDERSMILE ARE making fans and friends in the sludge/doom underworld, they remain very much an oddity in Oxford’s metal scene. Not just because their music is so at odds with the dominant thrash and tech-metal styles – only Sevenchurch and Sextodecimo locally have ever achieved similar levels of doomy/sludgy intensity – but also because they stand at odds with the macho nature of the genre Do

from fans and friends.”

Taz: “It was incredible for us to be included in a magazine that featured bands like Earth, Boris and Sunn O))). Sevenchurch got a mention too.

Olly: “There seems to be resurgence in doom and sludge at the moment. It’s good to see people focusing on younger bands rather than harking back to the 70s.”

You subsequently got to support Dylan Carlson of drone legends, Earth.

Taz: “We were stunned and utterly honoured to be given the opportunity to play with Dylan. He was an absolute gentleman and I think we’d all agree that the evening was one of the most memorable gigs we’ve ever played. There was a definite intensity to the atmosphere.”

WHILE UNDERSMILE ARE making fans and friends in the sludge/doom underworld, they remain very much an oddity in Oxford’s metal scene. Not just because their music is so at odds with the dominant thrash and tech-metal styles – only Sevenchurch and Sextodecimo locally have ever achieved similar levels of doomy/sludgy intensity – but also because they stand at odds with the macho nature of the genre Do

I’ve suffered from nightmares, night terrors and sleep paralysis since I was five years old so lots of ideas for lyrics and musical feel come directly from them.

Undersmile fit into the local metal scene at all?

Hel: “Although we have played gigs with a lot of bands in the local metal scene we don’t feel like we particularly fit in with many of them. We’re aware that we’re probably a niche band and not to everyone’s tastes. Sextodecimo are a bigger influence on us now than they were when we started the band and when we were writing this album. We’re all big fans of them now and ‘The Banshee Screams For Buffalo Meat’ EP is one of the regular choices on long drives.”

Olly: “I saw Sextodecimo a few times and they always blew me away, so heavy and relentless. At the moment there’s a few heavy bands worth watching: Komrad, Agness Pike, Caravan of Whores and of course Desert Storm. Sevenchurch were a bit before our time but everyone who has seen them remembers how monstrous they were.”

Taz: “Yes, it’s probably fair to say that we don’t fit into any of Oxford’s prevalent scenes. Metal with a capital (and high-pitched) M seems to be pretty popular at the moment. Sadly, heavy music is sometimes still a fairly macho affair and we’ve probably seen more bare chests than we would have

cared to. I’m sometimes not even convinced we fit into the doom scene either. There tends to be a lot of talk of goblins and dragons in this genre. That’s not really our bag.”

Tom: “Some of the more technical metal bands have asked us why we play so slow, like it’s a bad thing or because they think we’re musically retarded.”

GIVEN UNDERSMILE’S ability to polarize audiences to such a degree, do they subscribe to the old maxim that it’s better to alienate 99% of the audience and know that the 1% truly love you than make music than everyone thinks is ‘okay’?

Taz: “We’ve never felt obliged to write songs that people will enjoy. Although we want anyone who comes to our gigs to leave with a lasting impression, we’re generally indifferent as to whether that impression is good or bad. When someone who really gets our references and shares our musical taste enjoys our set we consider it a bonus, but playing to an audience that genuinely dislikes us can be strangely pleasing too. A reviewer recently described our music as ‘anti-songs’. I liked that.”

Hel: “We’re not aiming to alienate

anyone; that’s not the intention. We’re trying to write material that feels true to the way we feel and try to disregard external pressure to write foot-tapping, generic metal. You can see why lots of bands fall into doing that when people don’t know what to make of you at gigs. But there are usually a few people who totally get what we’re doing and it’s always a pleasure to come across these people when we get off stage or online. But either way we’re not doing it for anyone but our own selfish selves.”

Tom: “I think it’s hard to argue with the logic there because people can be so flaky when it comes to music. Some people love whatever is popular but we’d like to make an impact on people so that our music stirs something in them. It’s always nice when people come up to you after playing to tell you that they totally got it, but it’s equally good when people say ‘That freaked me out, man’.”

What’s been the best, or most extreme reaction to your music?

Olly: “We played in Banbury and this guy prostrated himself on the floor in front of the stage and pretended to fall asleep.”

Tom: “We played a Gay Pride day in Witney and they tried to cut our power, so we kept playing. It was

quite cool because when the power kicked back in we were still all in time and it synched up really nicely. But then we were told to stop because people were leaving.”

Taz: “We’ve had some fairly extreme reactions from reviewers too... an American writer said that listening to ‘Big Wow’, from our split EP with Caretaker, made him feel like tiny robots were living under his couch, building bridges and plotting to take over the world. Which is exactly what we were going for.”

GIVEN THE NATURE OF THEIR music and the image they project onstage, it’s simultaneously surprising and heartening to meet Undersmile and discover the unassuming friendliness of the quartet of decidedly human people behind it (although Hel’s Facebook status updates suggest an ability to get caught up in road rage incidents on a regular basis). Hel and Taz might be Satan’s own handmaidens when it comes to show time, but they’re also proud mums. What do their kids think of Undersmile?

Hel: “To begin with, when Taz and I would practice, my then six-year-old Kiera would slam the door or tell us to be quiet. As she’s gotten older and more aware of what’s going on she’s wanted to become more involved. She drew Gary the Snail on ‘A Sea of Dead Snakes’ and she’s done a presentation to her class about our band and the EP. She’s very proud of us.”

Taz: “I was pregnant with my and Olly’s son Hiro while we were recording ‘Narwhal’ and he definitely responds to our songs when he hears them now. In the womb, he shared a stage with Weedeater, Zoroaster, Wizard’s Beard and Whit. Not bad credentials for seven months old. At the moment though, his favourite song is *The Big Bang Theory* theme tune.”

And your parents for that matter?

Tom: “My parents hate Undersmile, although they’d never say as much in such strong terms.”

Taz: “Both my parents love Undersmile. My dad’s into things like Zappa and Zorn; he once announced to Olly and I that he was ‘going to watch his third favourite bassoon player’. We’re probably a bit mainstream for him.”

Hel: “My Nan and Uncle think it’s ‘absolute rubbish’.”

So, is there a particularly bleak corner of Hell reserved for Undersmile?

Hel: “If it exists on Earth, then possibly. And if they have tea there.”

‘Narwhal’ is out now on Future Noise and is available from Truck Store as well as online. Undersmile support Witchsorrow at the Wheatsheaf on Saturday 4th August and at Supernormal Festival at Braziers Park over the weekend of 10th-12th August. Visit facebook.com/Undersmile for news and tunes.

RELEASED

GLASS ANIMALS

‘Leaflings EP’

(*Kaya Kaya*)
It’s now well over two years (April 2010 to be exact) since we gave Glass Animals Demo Of The Month in Nightshift. Soon after they seemed to disappear from view completely, only occasional rumours of time spent working in the studio in London a reminder that they even still existed. But here they are now, back and signed to XL imprint Kaya Kaya and with a four-track debut EP that shows that the promise of that early demo was no false dawn.

Lead track ‘Golden Antlers’ was on that demo and retains the spooked, trippy ambience of its former self, the vocals occasionally reminiscent of Anthony Hegarty’s breathless soulfulness. What Glass Animals manage to do is create a smoky jazz club ambience out of electronic instruments, the woozy synth textures initially suggesting minimalist arrangements before you find yourself trying to follow myriad busy diversions, little keyboard runs suggesting melting icicles on ‘Dust



In Your Pocket’ for instance, while what might seem like incidental elements happen on the peripheries of each songs so the drifting, slowly shifting scenery never gets too comfortable. Two years away, but it’s been time well spent and perhaps Glass Animals are set to be a genuinely dark horse success story for Oxford music.
Dale Kattack

ELLIOT FRESH

‘Now’ (*Illgotit Records*)

Elliot Fresh is one of the most affable young rappers in Oxford and his Illgotit Records label is blessed with skilled beatmakers who draw from the same soulful, jazz-inspired well as 9th Wonder, Hi-Tek, DJ Premier and the whole Native Tongues crew. This gives ‘Now’, Elliot’s three-years-in-the-making debut album, a cohesive and pleasantly golden-era feel akin to Mos Def’s ‘Black on Both Sides’. However, your enjoyment of the album may be dependant on the balancing act between Elliot’s rudeboy posturing and intelligent rapper personas; songs on the album varyingly focus on immature, almost scatological humour, sexual exploration, social commentary and philosophical/theoretical concepts. There are lyrical gems to be found amidst some of the album’s more vulgar tirades while some of the more awkward-sounding clangers feature in the more positive passages. ‘Respect the Architects’ is a playful, if formulaic, homage to the founding fathers of hip-hop, from Kool Herc to Rakim, and closing track ‘Oxford’ pays respects to the local hip-hop scene. Elsewhere



‘Born Into the Galaxy’ is a sensitive and thoughtful ode to Mother Earth while in ‘The Jazz Mag Shuffle’ Elliot aims for the Pharcyde’s self-loving sense of humour but comes across more like a dirty old man leering at the top-shelf magazines. A game of two halves then; there’s no accounting for taste and whenever the subject matter or a forgettable guest verse threatens to ruin a track the production manages to carry your interest into the next song. Overall though, ‘Now’ is a strong offering from one of the better rappers in town.
Tom McKibbin

PEERLESS PIRATES

‘Thieves & Miscreants’ (*Pirate Music*)

What’s the point of being in a band called Peerless Pirates and writing songs called ‘The Ghost Of Captain Kidd’ and ‘Palaver At The Harbour’ if you can’t slip some heroically hamfisted nautical metaphors into your lyrics? “As you sailed away / You were captain of my heart” bellows Cliff Adams at the start of the former number piece, a tumbling rockabilly caper that, if it were to take human form would likely bounce around your living room on its wooden leg, grinning at you through gold teeth. Oh sure there’s a hefty novelty edge to Peerless Pirates, one they’re obviously keen to play up to, but none of that would matter if they didn’t always sound like a right old barrel of fun – like The Smiths cavorting with The Ukrainians in a rum-soaked orgy of thigh-slapping bro-love. Adams’ voice is pure Morrissey, while ‘Palavar...’ feels like a carefree seafaring adventure about to begin. ‘Bring Out Your Dead’ might almost be self-parody, so OTT is its delivery, but the undertone is “We don’t care what you think; we’re having fun!” By all that’s holy, wouldn’t it be great if more bands sounded like they were having as good a time as Peerless Pirates?
Dale Kattack

Sponsored by

TRUCK STORE 

101 Cowley Road, Oxford

VIENNA DITTO

‘I Know His Blood Will Make Me Whole’ (*Own label*)

Blind Willie Johnson recorded ‘I Know His Blood Can Make Me Whole’ in 1927, and even over eighty years later, any musician trying simply to ape either the flawless slide guitar or shredded-throat conviction of the song would be on dangerous ground. It’s a wise move, then, for Vienna Ditto to have decided instead to place the song’s melody and lyrics into a very different musical context, and build around them a slicker, moodier ‘modern blues’ sound.

Vienna Ditto have a lethargic, haunted female vocal style that comes off as a blend of Beth Gibbons’ walking-on-eggshells soulfulness and the cool-as-anything carefree growl of Alison Mosshart or (by extension) Jennifer Herrema. On ‘I Know His Blood Will Make Me Whole’ the vocal lines stalk through a reverb-heavy voodoo blues soundscape, given a subtle 21st Century sheen with some careful digital production trickery. It’s a low key production that creepy-crawls into Cramps territory but, before turning into simple pastiche, switches into a final third that confidently sets out a quite extraordinary vision for a new reading of the song. After a return to the song’s opening vocal-and-slide-guitar skeletal framework, an instrumental/electronic passage ramps up the tension to almost unbearable levels. B-side ‘La Niña Blanca’ provides respite in the form of a more familiar, less unsettling, heavily Portishead-tinged lament. Whilst not providing the same elemental kick as the previous song, it still shows a knack for song construction as well as a breadth of vision (including sampled cicadas and what sounds like a recorder melody) that’s amazingly impressive.

Vienna Ditto seem to have been quietly getting on with things for the couple of years, or so, that they’ve been together. From these tracks it sounds as if they’ve been carving out a vision for their music that’s beginning to take shape. Their combination of ‘dirty Chicago blues, dark psychedelia and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop’, as self-described on their website, is a titillating prospect, and one which they’re very close to making real.
Simon Minter




SATURDAY 11TH AUGUST - O, ACADEMY OXFORD

UPSTAIRS
in association with CBBC introducing...

Listen to exclusive interviews and play backs on BBC Introducing in Oxford - 952PM every Sunday at 9pm or download the podcast at www.bbc.co.uk/oxford

Dance à la Plage
Athletes in Paris
Colour Change for Camouflage
Ego Trip
Traps

Doors 7pm - Curfew 11.30pm. Tickets include free entry to Propaganda - £3 adv Cheap Propaganda list prices all night long - £1.50 carlsberg, £3.75 double vodka mixer O, Academy Oxford, 101 Cowley Road, Oxford, OX4 1JF www.oxacademyoxford.co.uk 

SATURDAY 22TH SEPTEMBER - O, ACADEMY OXFORD

UPSTAIRS
in association with CBBC introducing...

Listen to exclusive interviews and play backs on BBC Introducing in Oxford - 952PM every Sunday at 9pm or download the podcast at www.bbc.co.uk/oxford

The Jess Hall Band
Mariana Magnavita
Empty White Circles
Gavroche
Praxis Bold

O, ACADEMY OXFORD
5
BIRTHDAY!

Doors 7pm - Curfew 11.30pm. Tickets include free entry to Propaganda - £3 adv CHEAT BEER FROZEN O, Academy Oxford, 101 Cowley Road, Oxford, OX4 1JF www.oxacademyoxford.co.uk 

The Cellar
Home Of Oxford's Cutting Edge Music Scene



The Cellar | Frewin Court | Behind Lush | Check Our New Website For Full Off Commarket Street | Oxford OX1 1HZ Listings www.cellaroxford.co.uk

YOU'RE NOT INVITED!



 **THE CELLAR ...**
available for Private Hire
tim.cellarmusic@gmail.com

G U I D E

WEDNESDAY 1st
OPEN JAM SESSION: The Bell, Bicester
ACOUSTIC LOUNGE: Fat Lil’s, Witney

THURSDAY 2nd
CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford
Community Centre – Oxford’s longest-running and best open mic club night, showcasing local

Thursday 9th – Saturday 11th
CROPREDY FESTIVAL: Cropredy Fairport Convention’s annual gathering celebrates its 96th anniversary with its usual selection of folk-friendly big names and newcomers. Fairport themselves open and close the festival, playing an acoustic set early on Thursday, before their traditional closing extravaganza with multiple friends, special guests and myriad former members on Saturday night. Additionally, on Friday night the folk-rock legends will be playing a special folk-dubstep soundclash set, with **Chase & Status** giving the band a bass-heavy live mix as they play.
Beyond the main event there are hit-laden headline sets from Chris Difford and Glen Tilbrook’s quintessential English pop heroes **Squeeze** and enduring blues, folk and pop siren **Joan Armatrading**, plus appearances from Scottish folk-rockers **Big Country**, Dr Hook singer **Dennis Locorriere**, party-starting Irish folk-rockers **The Saw Doctors** and local folk big band **Bellowhead**, who have earned themselves a reputation as one of the best live bands on the planet and perfect festival fare. Cropredy remains an enduring anachronism in some ways, but equally stands as one of the best truly independent festivals in the country, as uncompromising in its own way as anything else around.



AUGUST

singers, musicians, poets and performance artists every Thursday in the intimate setting of EOCC.
BLOODLOSS + A TRUST UNCLEAN: The Bell, Bicester – Superheavyweight death-metal and grindcore at tonight’s Jambox metal night.
BETH PORTER & THE AVAILABLES: The Port Mahon
JAMBOX ACOUSTIC & OPEN MIC NIGHT: The Wheatsheaf, Banbury
OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon
BLUES JAM: The Jack Russell, Marston

FRIDAY 3rd
KILL MURRAY + THE VOYEURIST + THE CELLAR FAMILY + PAVLOV’S CHILDREN: Modern Art Oxford – Excellent, eclectic bill of noise at MAO tonight with cathartic grunge-edged indie starlets Kill Murray headlining, plus angular, rage-fuelled post-hardcore goblins The Cellar Family, disco-edged electro-pop duo The Voyeurist and minimalist industrial outfit Pavlov’s Children in support.
AN AIS MITCHELL: The Jericho Tavern – Vermont’s acclaimed singer-songwriter plays a suitably intimate show as part of her UK tour to promote new album ‘Young Man In America’. Mitchell’s highly-literate style of jazz, blues, ragtime and gospel-inflected indie-folk has seen her variously compared to Leonard Cohen, Cyndi Lauper, Joanna Newsom and Sufjan Stevens, while Bon Iver has lately covered one of her songs.
CHALGROVE FESTIVAL: Chalgrove – Chalgrove’s annual three-day festival features its trademark bill of rock tribute bands, including Whole Lotta DC, Bon Giovi, Pure Purple, QEII, Stayed As Quo and The Thin Lizzy Experience, while there’s even a Commitments tribute act, The Kommitments, which if you think about, could potentially tear an enormous whole in the very fabric of time and space.
FUNKY FRIDAY: The Bullingdon – Classic funk, soul and r’n’b every Friday.
WHO DO YOU LOVE?: The Duke, St Clement’s – Alt.rock, 60s garage, soul, new wave, punk, surf and electropop DJ session with Jim, Jens and Grizilla.
MOTLEY CRUE UK: Fat Lil’s, Witney
DISCO MUTANTE: The Library – Disco, cosmic funk, electric boogie and acid house session.

SATURDAY 4th
WITCHSORROW + UNDERSMILE + SKELETON + FRAGMENT: The Wheatsheaf – Buried In Smoke’s metal show takes a distinct turn for the doomier tonight as Hampshire’s Witchsorrow come to town, bringing a heavy psychedelic flourish to their grinding noise. This month’s Nightshift cover stars Undersmile add their tectonic sludgy horror show in support.
MAYORS OF MIYAZAKI + TRAPS +

MASIRO: The Port Mahon – Noisy bastard riff-heavy math-rockers Mayors Of Miyazaki drop into town as part of their UK tour, with support from local punk-tinged indie rockers Traps and former Dr Slaggleberry drummer Chris Pethers’ new experimental solo project Masiro.
TRANSFORMATION + TRASHY + ROOM 101: O2 Academy – Weekly three-clubs-in-one extravaganza, with classic and contemporary indie at Transformation, kitsch pop, glam and 80s at Trashy and metal, hardcore and alt.rock at Room 101.
OUT OF MANY, ONE PEOPLE: The Bullingdon – Reggae party to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Jamaican indepenence.
CHALGROVE FESTIVAL: Chalgrove

SUNDAY 5th
CHALGROVE FESTIVAL: Chalgrove

MONDAY 6th
KING B: The Jericho Tavern – Blues-rock, boogie and dance from the enduring local faves at the Famous Monday Blues’ only August show.

TUESDAY 7th
JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Free live jazz every week. Tonight’s guest is local troubadour Osprey.
SPARKY’S FLYING CIRCUS: James Street Tavern – Weekly open mic session.

WEDNESDAY 8th
THE CROOKED FIDDLE BAND + BRICKWORK LIZARDS + BIRD RADIO: The Wheatsheaf – Livewire punked-up gypsy dance from Australia’s Crooked Fiddle Band, whose debut album ‘Overgrown Tales’ was produced by Steve Albini – a suitable choice given he also produced the similarly-styled Gogol Bordello. They’re joined by local “Turkobilly” collective Brickwork Lizards, fusing middle eastern, Balkan and Klesmer traditions with jazz and hip hop to exotic effect.
OPEN JAM SESSION: The Bell, Bicester

THURSDAY 9th
CROPREDY FESTIVAL: Cropredy – First night of Fairport Convention’s annual gathering, with an acoustic set from Fairport themselves and a headline set from Squeeze – *see main preview*
UTOXATOR + TRASH MONROE + DECADENCE: The Bell, Bicester – Jambox rock and metal night.
CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre
OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon
BLUES JAM: The Jack Russell, Marston

FRIDAY 10th
WILDERNESS FESTIVAL: Cornbury Country Park – Opening day of the music, arts and outdoor pursuits festival, with Rodrigo Y Gabriela, Wilco and Spiritualized performing over the weekend – *see main preview*

SUPERNORMAL FESTIVAL: Braziers Park – First day of the artist-curated celebration of leftfield, experimental and downright strange music and art – *see main preview*
CROPREDY FESTIVAL: Cropredy – Joan Armatrading headlines the first full day of the festival, alongside Richard Thompson and The Saw Doctors – *see main preview*
SJ ESAU + LISTING SHIPS + THE GRACEFUL SLICKS: The Wheatsheaf – MusicinOxford presents Anticon’s hip hop cult fave SJ Esau, mixing a rap-style delivery with warped beats, lo-fi electronic and a Pavement-style form of skewed indie. He’s joined by electro-heavy post-rock instrumentalists Listing Ships and psychedelic garage-rockers The Graceful Slicks.
FUNKY FRIDAY: The Bullingdon

SATURDAY 11th
WILDERNESS FESTIVAL: Cornbury Country Park – Foraging for mushrooms, followed by Spiritualized? Yep, done that before. Couldn’t imagine one without the other – *see main preview*
SUPERNORMAL FESTIVAL: Braziers Park – More musical strangeness and charm at the eco community-based festival – *see main preview*
CROPREDY FESTIVAL: Cropredy – Fairport provide their traditional grand finale – *see main preview*
UPSTAIRS with DANCE A LA PLAGE + ATHLETES IN PARIS + COLOUR CHANGE FOR CAMOUFLAGE + EGO TRIP + TRAPS: O2 Academy – The Academy’s monthly showcase team-up with BBC Introducing takes a turn for the funky this time round, Banbury’s Dance a la Plage oozing a blokey form of indie funk that reminds us of The Kooks and Scouting For Girls, while Newcastle’s Athletes In Paris attempt to find a middle ground between Earth, Wind & Fire and Friendly Fires. Colour Change For Camouflage mix up indie-funk, lightweight guitar pop and rap and Leighton Buzzard’s Ego Trip sound terrifyingly like Level 42. Hopefully Traps will be on hand to lend the night a spiky punk-pop sheen of respectability.
TRANSFORMATION + TRASHY + ROOM 101: O2 Academy
MESSAGE TO BEARS + HUCK + RAINBOW RESERVOIR: Modern Art Oxford – Pindrop presents ambient, folk-tinged chamber-pop outfit Message To Bears, alongside howling bluesman Huck and romantic oddball American popsters Rainbow Reservoir.
WOLFBAIT: Fat Lil’s, Witney

SUNDAY 12th
WILDERNESS FESTIVAL: Cornbury Country Park – More top dollar live music, banqueting and being outside type stuff – *see main preview*
SUPERNORMAL FESTIVAL: Braziers Park – Cheryl Cole, JLS and Mat Cardle are among a host of acts unlikely to be appearing alongside DJ Scotch Bonnett and Blurt, thank Christ – *see main preview*

MONDAY 13th
TUESDAY 14th
JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Live jazz from The New Jazz Collective.
SPARKY’S FLYING CIRCUS: James Street Tavern

Friday 10th – Sunday 12th
WILDERNESS FESTIVAL: Cornbury Park

Only in its second year, Wilderness is the youngest of Oxfordshire’s major festivals but looks like it’s already staked its particular place in the local calendar.
As now seems to be the way with new festivals, Wilderness pitches its live music content as part of a greater whole than its sole reason for existing. The organisers, **SECRET GARDEN PARTY** and **LOVEBOX**, apparently aim to make full use of Cornbury Park’s natural beauty and open spaces, so over the weekend there’ll be outdoor pursuits as diverse as horse-riding, fly-fishing, foraging, and gondolas on the park’s boating lake. There’s also a lakeside spa and an opportunity for some star-gazing with The Royal Observatory. Not the sort of stuff you’ll generally get to enjoy at Reading or V Festival.
Alongside these activities there looks to be a pretty eclectic and unusual programme of events, from a masked ball and a mass *Bugsy Malone* splurge gun fight in the company of Future Cinema. Asian Dub Foundation will be providing the live score to a showing of *La Haine*, while Yotem Ottolenghi, Valentine Warner and Fergus Henderson all host gourmet banquets across the weekend. Add in talks and debates with the likes of The Idler and School Of Life; comedy, cabaret, theatre, a children’s field and the incorporation of Northamptonshire’s Vintage Festival into proceedings and Wilderness seems to have enough to keep you going for three days before you even get to the live music.

But that’s mainly what we’re going for, and the line-up’s pretty damn fine if you ask us, and we guess you kind of are asking us, since you’re reading this.
Headliners across the weekend are Mexican duo **RODRIGO Y GABRIELA**, whose updating of Hispanic traditions, from rumba to flamenco, come infused with rock and classical elements, with highlights of their sets including acoustic versions of Led Zeppelin and Metallica; Chicago’s massively influential alt.country heroes **WILCO**, lead by the enigmatic Jeff Tweedy, formerly of alt.country godfathers Uncle Tupelo, and who have spawned a generation of acolytes with seminal albums like ‘Yankee Hotel Foxtrot’ and the Grammy-winning ‘A Ghost Is Born’, plus Brooklyn’s **SHARON JONES & THE DAP KINGS**, a band long since at the vanguard of a classic soul and funk revival but who have more latterly become a household name for their part on Amy Winehouse’s ‘Back To Black’.

Further along the bill, **SPIRITUALIZED** are fit to headline any festival, and their bill-topping performances at Glastonbury in the past remain the stuff of legends. Few bands are so well cut out for the big outdoor stage. Musical extravagance is a certainty.
Sunderland’s **FIELD MUSIC** bring a spiky form of psychedelic art-rock, somewhere between XTC and Supertramp, while Australia’s **CLOUD CONTROL** return to Oxfordshire with their afrobeat-tinged psychedelic pop, the band having won the Australian equivalent of the Mercury Prize for their album ‘Bliss Release’,



as well as supporting Arcade Fire and Supergrass.
LIANNE LA HAVAS brings a little soul, the former Paloma Faith backing vocalist, winning an army of fans, including Jools Holland, for her smoky brand of passionate soul-jazz that’s seen her likened to a young Erykah Badu, while Mali’s **FATOUMATA DIAWARA** brings a classic West African brand of soul and Wassalou traditional music.

There’s a double helping of cult Americana from a reformed **GRANT LEE BUFFALO**, the Californian band fronted by Grant Lee Phillips, who had a string of acclaimed albums in the 1990s and toured with REM, Pearl Jam and Smashing Pumpkins before they split, and **GIANT GIANT SAND**, who seem to have added that extra Giant specially for their new album ‘Tucson’ – their 26th LP. As well as being astonishingly prolific, Howard Gelb’s band have got through a pretty astonishing number of members, including guests as diverse as Neko Case and Jello Biafra.

Other musical highlights include British-Spanish electro-folksters **CRYSTAL FIGHTERS**; York’s rising indie folkster **BENJAMIN FRANCIS LEFTWICH**; London’s folk-rockers To **KILL A KING**; intimately orchestral pop balladeer **DUKE SPECIAL**; whimsical psychedelic pop chap **KING CHARLES**; alt-country troubadour **WILLY MASON** and fast-rising teenage rock’n’roll revivalist **JAKE BUGG**.

There’s plenty more besides, including a London Folk Guild-curated stage that features **RODDY WOOMBLE**, but if we go on and on about it much longer we’ll end up getting there late and miss out on some major feast involving truffle sauce or something, and that won’t do.

Full line-up and ticket details online here: **www.wildernessfestival.com**, or buy tickets from Truck Store on Cowley Road and Rapture in Witney.





Friday 10th – Sunday 12th

SUPERNORMAL: Braziers Park

Back for its third outing in the picturesque setting of Braziers Park, the annual artist-curated celebration of leftfield and underground music and contemporary art shows no signs of mellowing. Tatty Seaside Town and Bang The Bore are this year’s guest curators and, alongside myriad art installations, strange discos and bizarre film screenings, the musical cast ranges across the spectrum from the torrential sludge-doom of Dorset’s **Ramesses**, **Hey! Colossus’** downtuned heaviosity and **Bilge Pump**’s noise-rock through to **The Mary Hampton Cotillion**’s serene folk and Rembetika duo **Costa & Nero**’s eclectic Greek folk. Somewhere in between, or out on another limb altogether, are **DJ Scotch Bonnet**’s mayhemically happy hardcore; the reformed **Joeyfat**’s leftfield pop; **Telescope**’s ambient drones; **Black Tempest**’s kosmiche electronic; **Raagnagrok**’s spaced-out psych-drone and Dutch psych-rock leviathans **Silvester Anfang II**. Possibly the biggest names on the bill are Warp Records heroes **Seefeel** and poet Ted Milton’s avant-punk-cum-jazz crazies **Blurt**, while the local flag is flown by this month’s Nightshift cover stars **Undersmile**. Really though, there’s no headliners as such, each act – and there are scores of them performing over the three days – part of a tapestry of sound that laughs in the face of commercial ambitions. While this means you’ll encounter noises you may never wish to hear again, you will certainly discover stuff of which dreams and nightmares are made, and by God, couldn’t all music festivals do with a bit more of that?

WEDNESDAY 15th

TOOTS & THE MAYTALS: O2 Academy – Return to town for the Jamaican roots legends after their show here last September. Fifty years on from their inception Frederick `Toots` Hibbert and crew remain one of the biggest-selling reggae acts in the world, having started out working with Coxsone Dodd and The Skatalites at Studio 1 before moving on to Prince Buster and later Byron Lee. Along the way they enjoyed huge chart success with a succession of hit singles well into the 1970s, eventually signing to Island Records and releasing the classic `Reggae Got Soul`.

OPEN JAM SESSION: The Bell, Bicester

THURSDAY 16th

CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre

DEMONS OF OLD METAL: The Bell, Bicester – Metal covers.

OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon

BLUES JAM: The Jack Russell, Marston

FRIDAY 17th

HANNEYFEST: The Black Horse, East Hanney – First night of the annual free festival, this year raising money for Hanney pre-school as well as the Thames Valley and Chiltern Air Ambulance.

YELLOW FEVER: The Wheatsheaf – Hi-life tinged indie-funk from the rising local youngsters.

FUNKY FRIDAY: The Bullingdon

SATURDAY 18th

HANNEYFEST: The Black Horse, East Hanney

HEART OF A COWARD + AETHARA + ZAOS + REIGN UPONUS: O2 Academy

– Skeletor and Room 101 team up for their monthly celebration of all things metal, tonight inviting Milton Keynes’ groove-metallers Heart Of A Coward to town, kicking it out loud and heavy in the style of Meshuggah, Deftones and Pantera. The local supporting cast features gruffly melodic death and thrash crew Aethara, extreme thrash merchants Zaos and punk-tinged industrial metallers Reign UponUs.

REEL BIG FISH + NEW TOWN KINGS + THE HOSTILES: O2 Academy – Return to town for California’s enduring ska-punk party rockers.

ELDER STUBBS FESTIVAL: Elder Stubbs Allotments – Afternoon of live music, including local blues rockers The Mighty Redox, and assorted stuffage at the east Oxford allotments.

TRANSFORMATION + TRASHY + ROOM 101: O2 Academy

SIMPLE: The Bullingdon – House and techno club night.

THE PETE FRYER BAND: James Street Tavern

SHEPHERD’S PIE: Fat Lil’s, Witney – Rock covers.

SUNDAY 19th

HANNEYFEST: The Black Horse, East Hanney

JEREMY HUGHES + EAT. LOVE. SING! + BEARD OF DESTINY + LAIMA BITE + OSPREY: The Wheatsheaf (2.30-7pm) – Free

live acoustic music all afternoon hosted by Klub Kakofanney’s Phil & Sue.

MONDAY 20th

TUESDAY 21st

JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Live jazz from The Hugh Turner Band.

SPARKY’S FLYING CIRCUS: James Street Tavern

WEDNESDAY 22nd

DEAF HAVANA + CANTERBURY + EVAROSE + ADAM BARNES: O2 Academy – King’s Lynn’s melodic post-hardcore crew return to town to plug new album `Fools & Worthless Liars` in the wake of supports to Skindred and Architects. Support from Farnham’s Canterbury, Banbury’s Paramore-like rockers Eva Rose and soulful local acoustic rock troubadour Adam Barnes.

OPEN JAM SESSION: The Bell, Bicester

THURSDAY 23rd

JEFFREY LEWIS & THE JUNKYARD: The Bullingdon – Return to town for the

highly-prolific New York anti-folk star. With his trademark complex and highly literate form of indieified folk, Lewis has become a cult concern well beyond the cafe scene of his native NYC, injecting both wry whimsical humour and a punk attitude to his songs. He’s also an accomplished comic book artist, which he tends to incorporate into his lively shows.

THE SOUTH: Towersey Festival – Beautiful South alumni perform a greatest hits set on the opening night of the annual village festival

CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford

Community Centre

KAOS: The Bell, Bicester – Jambox rock and metal night.

OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon

BLUES JAM: The Jack Russell, Marston

FRIDAY 24th

SKITTLE ALLEY FESTIVAL: The Railway, Culham – First night of the long-running Abingdon-based music collective’s free music festival, with Mackating, The Graceful Slicks, Les Clochards, Von Braun, Lost Dogs, Agness Pike, Flights of Helios, Zim Grady, Superloose and STEM among those set to play across the weekend. Profits from merchandise and the raffle will go to local mental health charities MIND and Headway.

BELLOWHEAD: Towersey Festival – Party-hearty folk big band action from Spiers & Boden’s ace Bellowhead collective at the annual folk festival.

FUNKY FRIDAY: The Bullingdon

SATURDAY 25th

SKITTLE ALLEY FESTIVAL: The Railway, Culham

GAPPY TOOTH INDUSTRIES with REFUGEES OF CULTURE + PIECES OF ROME + THE MARK BOSLEY BAND:

The Wheatsheaf – Instrumental metal, blues and psychedelia from Refugees Of Culture at tonight’s GTI, alongside Buckinghamshire’s epic prog-rockers Pieces Of Rome and local gothic folk troubadour Mark Bosley with his band. **TOLIESEL + COUNT DRACHMA + MAT GIBSON: Modern Art Oxford** – Powerful harmony-heavy guitar-pop from recent Punt stars Toliesel, plus Zulu-inspired folk-pop from Stornoway offshoot Count Drachma.

LARKIN POE + OLD MAN LUEDECKE + EDWARD II: Towersey Festival – Bluegrass-flavoured folk-rock from sisters Rebecca and Megan Lovell’s Larkin Poe, plus folk fusion outfit Edward II.

SELECTA: The Bullingdon – Drum&bass club night.

SUNDAY 26th

SKITTLE ALLEY FESTIVAL: The Railway, Culham

THE PEATBOG FAERIES: Towersey Festival – Skye’s celtic fusion crew headline the final day of the festival.

BLUES JAM: Fat Lil’s, Witney (3pm) – Open jam session.

THE WILD LIES + THE METHOD: The Bell, Bicester (1pm) – All day fundraiser steam-punk theme party with former-Izzi Stone types Wild Lies and many more.

MONDAY 27th

RODDY WOOMBLE: Towersey Festival – Idlewild chap Roddy reveals his sensitive folk side again, steeped in the warm, earthy traditions

of the Scottish highlands and islands.

TUESDAY 28th

PAUL KELLY: The Jericho Tavern

– A rare intimate UK show from the iconic Australian songer-songwriter, whose mixture of rock, bluegrass, country and folk, as well as his campaigning for Aboriginal rights, has made him a cult hero in his native country since the early-1970s. Such is the depth of his catalogue, Kelly has been playing a number of A-Z shows, taking in songs from across his career.

JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon

– Live jazz from The New Jazz Collective.

SPARKY’S FLYING CIRCUS: James Street Tavern

WEDNESDAY 29th

OPEN JAM SESSION: The Bell, Bicester

THURSDAY 30th

CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre

WHERE’S BILLY + FEUD: The Bell, Bicester – Jambox rock night.

OPEN MIC SESSION: The Half Moon

BLUES JAM: The Jack Russell, Marston

FRIDAY 31st

TREETOP FLYERS + OLI STEADMAN: Modern Art Oxford

– Delicate, 60s-flavoured indie folk and Americana from London’s Treetop Flyers, plus Stornoway’s Oli Steadman giving his solo loops-based material an outing.

BLACK POWDER: The Port Mahon – Farewell gig from the local trash-punk behemoths. It will be loud. It will be fast. It will be messy.

THE PETE FRYER BAND: The Dolphin, Wallingford

FUNKY FRIDAY: The Bullingdon

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

EVOLUTION
RECORDING STUDIOS

We're a new 1000 sq. ft. recording, tracking and mixing facility in Oxford featuring, at our heart, a beautifully refurbished and awesome-sounding Trident Series 80B console.

Experienced Engineers, Session musicians and Producers in-house.

Call us for rates or to arrange a visit.
Special rates for local unsigned bands.

Services Include

Recording and Mixing • Voice-overs • Producing and Programming • Film, TV and Advertising Music • Audio Post-production • Songwriting and Session Musicians

01865 203073
info@evolutionstudios.co.uk
www.evolutionstudios.co.uk

TRUCK
STORE
a rapture company

OXFORD'S INDEPENDENT MUSIC HUB

CD VINYL DVD BOOKS

NEW RELEASES, RECOMMENDATIONS, LOCAL BAND SECTION, PRE-OWNED VINYL, CD AND DVD & LOCAL GIG TICKETS

Visit us for good old-fashioned customer service and a passion for great new music!

101 COWLEY ROAD OXFORD OX4 1HU **01865 793866** info@truckmusicstore.co.uk www.truckmusicstore.co.uk **OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK**
@TruckMusicStore

LIVE

CORNBURY FESTIVAL

Great Tew Estate

FRIDAY

Having witnessed the biblical downpours and resulting ramshackle approximation of hell on earth that was the Isle of Wight festival on telly the previous weekend, Nightshift has been casting a concerned, and perhaps unnaturally regular eye over the weather forecasts leading up to Cornbury. The picture doesn't look good. Giant squid and a school of dolphins have been spotted in neighbouring Warwickshire.

As it turns out, it does rain. But, this being Cornbury, it rains in a peculiarly polite home counties kind of way; designer wellies get an occasional light rinse down but the camp site remains steadfastly unwashed away. The sky retains a gentle shade of light grey. At least until Sunday night, when it pisses it down relentlessly

So who can we look to to musically counter such gloom? A quick scan of Friday's bill offers scant consolation.

ELLIE 'PAPERBOY' REED straight away sends us to the depths of despair. As someone who attempts to channel the blues, he'd most likely consider this to be an artistic triumph. The truth is that he's a really pretty poor amalgam of every r'n'b singer you can think of. He is the Happy Shopper James Brown, The Own Label Otis Redding, The Caca Cola Sam Cooke. To be fair, from a distance he sounds pretty good. It's just that the distance required is somewhere the other side of Banbury. "This shit is getting real," he proclaims at one point. No, this is getting real shit. Perhaps he should go back to being a paperboy.

A bona fide blues star, **BETH HART** succeeds by primarily *not* being Eli 'Paperboy' Reed. She's also got a very impressive voice, and a band that injects a harder edge into her music than we were expecting. Somehow she sounds like Elkie Brookes covering Skunk Anansie's softer moments, which is not necessarily a bad thing. Indeed, it's no bad thing at all. Had she been performing later in the day, it would have been a spellbinding set. For some reason **GRETCHEN**

PETERS' country rock sends Nightshift's editor into a frothing rage. Quite why this should be is anyone's guess because there's absolutely nothing offensive about her whatsoever (which might well be the problem). Admittedly there are times when it's all a little too pedestrian, but there are moments, most notably the beautiful ballad 'Idlewild', where her music tugs fully on the heartstrings. Similarly inoffensive is **PIXIE LOTT**, unless you consider neutering Stevie Wonder's 'Isn't She Lovely' a crime against music, in which case she's a pariah. She follows this with an equally bland rendition of 'Midnight Train To Georgia' and closes by tackling 'Reach Out I'll Be There' and we wonder at what point the one-time effervescent pop princess was told her future lay in approximating the world's dullest wedding reception band. Either we or she needs to develop an intense, uncontrollable drug habit before we meet again.

There's a serious buzz around the Songbird stage as the special guest is due on at any moment. **CHARLOTTE CHURCH** is that special guest, and she's chosen Cornbury to make her musical comeback. Unfortunately, she's fallen at the first hurdle and been delayed by "technical difficulties". It's surprising how many audience members interpret "technical difficulties" with a raised eyebrow and the universally recognised "glugging from bottle" hand gesture. With these difficulties overcome, Church takes to the stage and hurtles headlong into a series of uninspired but well sung pop tunes. When a sizeable portion of the crowd decide to check out other areas of the site that don't have Charlotte Church in them, she jeers "Byeee then" before correcting herself with "we love you really". It's the most interesting thing that happens during her set.

With the day struggling to really come alive, **THE WATERBOYS** come to the rescue. With a handful of hits shot through with personality and that Irish goodtime feeling, they manage to get the main stage jumping. 'The Whole Of The Moon' inspires some dancing where the



participants actually appear to be attempting to catch the moon, while 'Don't Bang The Drum' is forceful and by some distance the most vital thing we've heard so far today. They're trumped by **ALISON MOYET** though, who is simply stunning. Starting her set with 'Only You' and finishing with 'Don't Go', and in between casting an elegant figure with a voice every bit as powerful as we'd hoped for over a series of often dramatic, smoky torch songs, she reveals herself as perhaps one of the UK's most underrated vocal talents of the past two decades and we vow to investigate her more recent career immediately.

Wrapping up the main stage is **JAMES MORRISON**, whose bland, radio-friendly tunes are confusing to those who can't quite tell him apart from David Gray or James Blunt. Even more confusing is the fact that he shares his name with Jim Morrison. If only he'd shared the Lizard King's propensity for mind bending drugs and copious

quantities of alcohol, we'd have been in for a spectacular end to Friday night. In fact, if we're honest, they could have wheeled Jim's decomposed corpse up on stage and he'd have been a more entertaining spectacle than this.

SATURDAY
THE UKULELE ORCHESTRA
OF SONNING COMMON are playing 'Keep On The Sunny Side Of Life'. It feels like a prayer. It's weird how the uke has become so ubiquitously trendy in recent times, to the point that George Formby is the folk-inclined hipsters' pop pin-up and leaning on lampposts is no longer the preserve of monumentally drunk young women in market towns across the country on Saturday nights. There are bloody loads of TUOOSC and one of them is Sam Brown, who formed the orchestra when she sadly lost her voice. They're whimsical for sure but also highly entertaining, a take on 'Ace Of Spades' the highlight of their set.



As rainclouds start to build, **DANNY AND THE CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD** do their best to keep spirits high, and very nearly succeed. Not unlike a low-rent E-Street band they belt out a series of rocking roadhouse anthems that pack a punch. Unfortunately, they're given to jamming these anthems out for what seems like an eternity. One elongated solo per set is plenty, but when you do it on almost every single song it becomes tiresome. "My name is Juan Zelada," announces **JUAN ZELADA**, though after ten minutes of what might as well be The Spanish Dire Straits, we decide Kerr would be a better surname. Luckily it then starts to piss down with a vengeance and we're forced to shelter under a clump of trees where Oxfordshire's entire population of mosquitoes reside, so we don't have to watch any more of his set. Every cloud has a silver lining.

With **STOOSHE** cancelling there's time to do a bit of celeb spotting. Dom Joly is mooching about but

not being annoying, which is a first. Then there's David Cameron, Andy Coulson, and Rebekah Brooks all standing within a few feet of each other. There are rumours that Cameron's been singing along to Aloe Blacc's 'I Need A Dollar', but nothing is ever fully confirmed, nor whether he manages to carelessly leave any of his kids behind at the bar. Over in the VIP tent there's a roped off section for Noel Edmonds. It's interesting that the PM doesn't need this level of security, and also slightly worrying. For whose protection is that roped off section? Edmonds or the general public? After last year's bowel revelations, we suspect it's the latter.

Spotting **HUGH LAURIE** is dead easy seeing as he's performing on the Songbird Stage with his **COPPER BOTTOM BAND**. The entire festival seems to have migrated into the smaller field, meaning that there's practically no way through to the bar, or to see Laurie himself. Quite why he's not on the main stage is anyone's



guess, but no matter, it's House! On piano! Jammed into the corner of the stage and obscured by flags! Musically, he's clearly gifted, and his voice isn't too bad either. His set is somewhat introspective with an almost lounge bar vibe as he runs through a series of covers, including a dour Leadbelly tune, and although it's in need of an injection of pace or all-out boogie, the man's a great entertainer, more so between numbers than during them. **BRICKWORK LIZARDS** provide a more up-tempo, skewed option on the Riverside stage. Announced as "Oxford's finest Tur kobilly band," which they almost certainly must be, they're an esoteric mix of classic rock'n'roll, gypsy dance, klezmer, ska and Arabic scales, coming across like the Mr Bungle offshoot Secret Chiefs 3, which is no bad thing at all.

Not so long ago, **MACY GRAY** was one of the most exciting and unusual newcomers on the r'n'b scene. Possessing a voice that simultaneously sounded stoned,

drunk and wonkily gorgeous, she seemed to be a definite star in the making. That she never became ubiquitous, suggests she angered the gods or something. No matter, when she hits the stage tonight she's in regal mode. No longer the feral pop weirdo, now she's like a cross between Aretha Franklin and the Bride Of Frankenstein. Musically it's all a lot more sedate than we were expecting. There's a mid set break where what might be 'Wild Wild West' comes pouring out of the PA for no apparent reason, but technical difficulties aside, this is an assured performance. Even the slightly odd soul-funk version of 'Creep' seems to work.

Ginger, bearded, dreadlocked and in possession of an acoustic guitar, on paper **NEWTON FAULKNER** should be the most punchable man to appear on a Cornbury stage. Yet, just as we discovered here two years ago, he is an unexpected revelation. Amiable, hugely talented, and with a fine set of songs he's a rare beam sunshine on a day in severe need of



CORNBURY FESTIVAL cont’d

something uplifting. He’s masterful with the audience, getting them on board and into the festival spirit quickly and with seemingly very little effort. A series of covers including Stevie Wonder’s ‘Superstitious’ and Blackstreet’s ‘No Diggity’ might be a little hokey, but they do the trick. Even his version of Massive Attack’s ‘Teardrop’ isn’t the heresy we’d expected.

With a career spanning 30 albums and a reputation for contrariness, we don’t have any great high hopes for **ELVIS COSTELLO**, but his is a consummate headline set. From an opening salvo of ‘I Can’t Stand Up For Falling Down’ and High Fidelity’ through ‘Every Day I Write The Book’ and ‘Good Year For The Roses’, he plays to the crowd. Making scathing reference to “unsavoury characters” in the audience, he proves his aim is still true, even if the middle part of his set drifts off slightly into self indulgence. We vow we’ll forgive him this if he plays ‘Oliver’s Army’. He plays ‘Oliver’s Army’. He finishes with a superb ‘What’s So Funny ‘Bout Peace, Love & Understanding’. Elvis Costello for prime minister.

SUNDAY

Sunday morning and we’re awoken by church bells. In our waking haze we imagine it’s a secret early morning set from Black Sabbath. Disappointment is averted slightly by tea and cake at the Tea For Tew tent (did you see what they did there? Did you? Did you see?) and an appearance from **THE REAPER** on the adjoining Riverside stage. The first thing you tend to feel about The

Reaper is a desire to give them a hug, or at least a paternal pat on the head. Patronising arsery aside, your second thought is just how technically adept they are for their tender years as they drag the spirit of Judas Priest through the mid-1980s thrash revolution, the singer’s high-pitched pubescent voice naturally close to Rob Halford’s. But when he announces “This is a ballad for all the ladies out there,” we’re back to wanting to give him a hug.

Veteran blues band **9 BELOW ZERO** put in a good show in the early afternoon; they’re not quite as invigorating as Dr Feelgood, but they do at least allow us to recall *The Young Ones*, which raises a smile. **POLICE DOG HOGAN** go one better and actually have folks laughing. Being fun and funny while making seriously decent music is no easy task but, like Half Man Half Biscuit here a few years back, they raise spirits as much as any amount of sunshine and we’re left kicking ourselves that we managed to miss the first half of their set. We make recompense by buying both their CDs from the merch stall, which means we have to forego the fairy wings and fluffy cat tail we’d had our eye on in the festival marketplace.

All weekend long there’s been an array of blues on offer, but it’s always been presented like a kind of museum exhibit. Invariably there’s an explanation of a song’s roots or the original artist’s biography by way of an introduction. With **SEASICK STEVE** there’s no need for explanations; he’s the embodiment of the vagabond blues artist. So with tales of incarceration and hitting the road, he possesses a kind of authority

that other acts just can’t match. He also happens to have a set of songs that appear to be almost feral. There’s no moping about here, just foot stomping feelgood tunes. The blues might well be about hardship and bad times, but in Seasick Steve’s hands it’s got a bottle in its hand and seems to be intent on having a good time no matter what.

After such a high note **LOS LONELY BOYS** need to be on top form, but what we get is an appalling funk rock nightmare. Trampling over the likes of Hendrix and Cream is one thing, but bass solos are neither big nor clever and had Cameron still been on site we’d be petitioning him for an immediate reintroduction of capital punishment for such crimes. **WILL YOUNG**’s backdrop is disturbing in a very different way, consisting of what appears to be his dirty laundry, or a selection of clothes that he’s taken from his victims. When he finally appears onstage, it looks like he’s performing on the Siegfried Line. Even more worrying is the tea towel hanging in the merch tent, which depicts a naked Will Young with apparently no genitals. “He looks like a grizzled Jelly Baby,” proclaims one emotionally damaged punter. Back on stage, Young’s music is equally lacking in any of those adjectives usually given to music by the patriarchal music press. There’s no balls or spunk whatsoever. Seeking solace in **THE FAMILY MACHINE**’s pointed pop-folk seems like a good idea, and we’re not disappointed. Jamie Hyatt has always had a fine line in wonderful tunes since his days with The Daisies, and although they don’t play their most immediate song, ‘Flowers By The Roadside’, this is still a fine showing from the band. They close on an

emotionally charged anthem, as yet unnamed, which leaves us quite excited to hear what the band might do next.

Yes **JOOLS HOLLAND** can appear insufferably smug and yes he’s a master cheesemonger, but he’s also a proper old-fashioned showman, and if much of tonight’s set comes close to what you might expect to encounter on a cruise ship, it’s also got some life and energy to it, his expansive ensemble bolstered by Brit jazz legend Chris Barber, a honky tonk Elmore James cover standing out from the big band swing numbers. What really lifts the set though, is a three-song cameo from **MARC ALMOND**, himself a consummate showman. We get a swing take on ‘Tainted Love’ and a rousing ‘Something’s Gotten Hold Of My Heart’ but it’s the tender ‘Bruises’ that’s the highlight of the set.

Like the weekend’s weather, the music at Cornbury has been variable, equal parts sunshine and rainclouds, but typically, and maybe not even by design, they leave the very best til last in the form of Norway’s **KATZENJAMMER**. An antidote to so much of the worthiness and reverence on show all weekend, they’re an absolute joy, whether covering Genesis’ ‘Land Of Confusion’ in polka style, leading a flamenco party or stunning the crowd into awed silence during one almost completely a *capella* hymn. Constantly switching instruments, and bantering with the crowd, they climax with full-on rockabilly mayhem. The kind of band that makes all the rain, and even the memory of Will Young, bearable.

Words: Dale Kattack and Sam Shepherd

LIVE

TRUCK FESTIVAL Hill Far, Steventon

Friday

You can never go back, ladies and gentlemen. You can’t step into the same river twice. This year’s Truck festival, salvaged after last year’s financial shortfall by the people behind Y-Not Festival in Derbyshire, has taken a Back To Basics approach in its promotion.

Ambling on to the site for the first time, it’s all too easy to get nostalgic for the old days, not least because the new management has downsized considerably from the excesses (for Truck at least) of last year. The Barn has returned, although the Trailer Park tent and the Beat Hive have not. So while there may not be a stage for the really odd bands to make their presence felt this year, an initial tour of the site suggests that if the organisers went any further back in Truck’s 15 year history, we’d all be weeing behind a windbreak and hanging out in Marconi’s Voodoo’s paddling pool.

Of course Truck memories are about buying doughnuts from the vicar and singing along to Biffy Clyro and Supergrass, but they’re also about discovering such improbable wonder as epically plastic synthgoths Motormark, recorder quintet Consortium5, maximalist hipsters Islet, homespun piano-tinkler Luke Smith and whatever the hell you want to describe Thomas Truax as. The big question looming over the 15th Truck festival was, could they capture the subtle magic of the event along with the broad flavours?

Steventon locals **LOST DOGS** make such queries feel meaningless. Like ancient, stoic trees watching over human concerns and making them seem petty and ephemeral, their harp-blowin’ blooze-rockin’ songs about whiskey, devil women and problems with carburettor maintenance in a 1973 Plymouth Baracuda (probably) is the true sound of rural Oxfordshire, has been for decades, and shall be until the last trump, no matter how much we argue about Johnnie come latelies like Truck. It’s tempting to call Lost Dogs unoriginal, or even culturally negligible, but they’re simply good fun, and we’ll take that any day.

Ute might have had a clear Radiohead influence, but offspring band **THE GRINDING YOUNG** have a less yearning sound that’s more like a

British Pavement. There are big gestures, some good ideas, and a clarinet on a display. There are also some ill-advised bow ties, but they pale in comparison with other fashion errors we see round the festival, from mystifyingly prevalent woodland animal costumes to a very brave, and probably quite warm, PVC fetish cop outfit. Special kudos to the cross-dressing pint-puller who is still resplendent in his glamour gown years and years after the other Truck barstaff gave up on the idea. Keep living the dream.

And if you want to wear something unsuitable and parade round a field giving nary a fuck, you could do a lot worse than find **ALPHABET BACKWARDS** providing the fizzy pop soundtrack. Along with the slithery synth lines and the impossibly catchy vocal hooks, this year they also share with us the name of their favourite weatherman. Then again, judging by the music, surely every second of their lives is glorious bank holiday sunshine, right?

They’re the rough opposite of **POLEDO**, whose club-footed grunge is dour-faced, and about fifty times less well played. They whine and stumble their way through a few snot-nosed tracks on the Barn stage, and we suppose that they might have a petulant sort of power in a smaller setting, but we slip away to watch something more vibrant in the shape of **KILL MURRAY**, who aren’t afraid of a bit of toned rock musculature under their pop melodies. They boast plenty of stadium endings and some vocal lines so vast and emotive you’re not sure whether they’re nicked from ‘Pablo Honey’ or ‘The Best Of A-Ha’, making them an excellent band for a summer afternoon.

It’s always been a Truck trend to have epic, energy-laden bands in smaller tents, whilst grown-up, relaxed musicians while away the afternoon on the main stage, and **MICHELE STODART**, formerly of The Magic Numbers, continues this tradition. Her songs don’t do much for us, but her voice is low and friendly, creating a warm zone like a fondly remembered teacher or *Test Match Special*. She’s a bit like Tanita Tikaram without the A Levels. Country duo **THE HI & LO** have a pleasing sound of relaxed rustic



simplicity at the Second Stage – it’s almost as if they’re inviting you to join in and hum your own parts – but it’s **THE DEAD JERICHO**s whose sense of space is most telling. In a way it’s sad that this is their final show, but parts of this set, all guitar delay and airy rhythms, remind us of how much they’ve changed since the whirlwinds of sweat and cheap lager at their early gigs. We’re very interested to see where they end up next.

Having spotted the name **FEDERATION OF THE DISCO PIMP** early on, we’ve been eagerly awaiting their set despite the programme referring to the words jazz and funk in their biography. It also says Craig Charles claims that they perform “aggressive jazz and funk” but we’ve seen him standing on a table wearing his wife’s underwear and firing a fake gun in the air, so his word is, in our opinion, questionable. It turns out that the Disco Pimps are not particularly aggressive, but they do play jazz and funk. Very polished it is too, which rather makes a mockery of the term funk, which is supposed to be low down and dirty. Who knew pimps could be so polite? **FIXERS** are anything but polite this year. Having turned in one of the greatest Truck performances

ever last year with a set apparently beamed in from Saturn, they would need to be truly epic to better it. From the off it’s clear that something isn’t quite right; musically everything’s where it should be but Jack’s voice is wandering off-piste. After a couple of songs it’s clear that it’s not his voice needing to settle down, he’s hammered and stumbling around like Jim Morrison during one of his Lizard King episodes. It’s nothing short of a disastrous performance, but it’s so off-kilter that it’s easily the most fascinating set of the day. “This is all built on a lie…” Jack bellows like a tramp “and the lie will be revealed!” It never is, but weirdly it’s just as mysterious as last year’s set. Not the epic performance we were hoping for then, but easily the most talked about moment of the weekend.

Over in the Barn, **SPRING OFFENSIVE** are snatching Fixers’ local hero crown, sharpening up the angular points, and dousing it in pop sugar. They have a knack of writing vast music with the drastic emotional pull of a Hollywood blockbuster, and making them sound subtly intimate. It’s a trick **CLOCK OPERA** could do with learning, as their set is far from bad, building heart-wrenching songs on slightly fidgety rhythms, but it becomes two dimensional and

LIVE

TRUCK FESTIVAL Cont’d

predictable long before we wander away.

JAMALOT is a small tent hosting DJs and a few live acts – it also has a couple of very comfy sofas, which we make grateful use of once or twice over the course of the festival – although it’s hard to know who’s on when. We’re not sure if this is because a dance tent is on the periphery of the organisers’ concerns, or because the sort of people who book a stage like that don’t quite get round to arranging the acts before the programme copy deadline. Judging by the timetable outside the tent, which is so randomly inaccurate it was probably created by John Cage with the *I Ching* and a box of twelve inches, we lean towards the latter interpretation. We do, however, manage to see funky jazz outfit **THE HEAVY DEXTERS**, over an hour later than advertised. Like the Disco Pimps, they could do with adding some proper filth to their sound, but their saxophonist does have lovely, conversational phrasing, and they also do a pretty cheeky arrangement of ‘Also Sprach Zarathustra’, so it’s a close but clear victory at the final count.

The very second their set is finished, beatboxer **PIEMAN** takes over. It takes us a few bars to realise the chunky beats are coming from a man’s mouth, not the DJ. Of course, as with most beatboxing, turntablism - or arguably live hip hop in general - the set is a showcase of techniques and effects rather than a cohesive artistic statement, but in the face of someone who can make a righteously flatulent dubstep bass like that with their lips, our criticisms evaporate. Top stuff.

In The Barn **TURBOWOLF** are a reminder of the days when Metal was a fairly constant presence at Truck Festival. It’s been missing recently, which is a shame, so the Wolf are a bit of a rare treat. Ordinarily, they’d be easy to dismiss as a ridiculously overblown pomp rock nightmare, but the very fact that they are a ridiculously overblown pomp rock nightmare is what makes them so special. That and the fact that their singer looks like Frank Zappa in a frilly shirt.

TIM MINCHIN isn’t funny, and **THE GUILLEMOTS** don’t really seem to be delivering, probably due to Fyfe Dangerfield’s throat infection, so we return to the Barn for **FUTURE OF THE LEFT**. We think we’re scribbling lots of insightful notes

about their angular hardcore, but in the morning we discover we’ve just written “Grrrrr” for twelve pages. Two things are sure: a) when they add a buzzing, two finger keyboard to their sound, it’s like a hideously brilliant cross between Bis and Atari Teenage Riot, b) when they finish with an unfeasibly distorted, disgusted and dystopian Mclusky track, it literally recalibrates our ears so that we can’t listen to **MYSTERY JETS**. Seriously, we don’t recall any of it. We think they were probably harmless and vapid and bouncy and perfectly acceptable, but we have no real memory of doing anything whilst they’re on except replaying the preceding ten minutes in our minds.

Saturday

Saturday morning rolls around, and everyone’s sipping tea, eating bacon rolls and peering through sunglasses. In the old days, couldn’t you get a nice healthy pasta salad at Truck? Now, it’s all pizza, curry, doughnuts and burgers. Oh, come on, we can’t eat a burger for yet another meal. We absolutely refuse. Oh, go on then. And stick a fried egg in it too, while you’re there.

THE SEE SEE start our non-cholesterol day with laddish indie psychedelia strung between Cast and Black Rebel Motorcycle Club. There’s quite a lot musically to recommend them, but the effect is spoilt by a desperate, shopworn swagger onstage. Watching them is like idly flicking through a 90s copy of *Loaded* in the STD clinic waiting room. We imagine.

Opening the main stage, **YELLOW FEVER** are proving that real stage presence comes naturally to a lucky few, even if they’re barely old enough to get into venues. With a vast gaggle of young fans crowding the stage, and some rubbery, twitchy little tunes, the band remind us a little of the early days of The Dead Jerichos. Impressive though the set is, they’re still finding their feet musically – some of the twiddly guitars clearly shoot for Foals but come up nearer to Level 42 – but when a band improves this much between every gig we see, we know it won’t be long before they write a track we can adore.

Mind you, Banbury’s **PIXEL FIX** make Yellow Fever look ancient. They put in a most commendable effort, but could do with coming out from The Arctic Monkeys’ shadow and developing the electronic elements. If they hung around at the Second Stage

65daysofstatic



Emmy The Great



they might have seen **TOLIESEL**, and picked up a few tips. Their references might not be revolutionary – there’s a lot of the Americana with table manners we used to hear from The Epstein, and a little of Aztec Camera’s well-bred pop music in the mix – but they show that quality songwriters and musicians will always be worth listening to.

Plenty of experience in **FLIGHTS OF HELIOS** too, a band that grew from The Braindead Collective, and who have been in roughly ten trillion great Oxford acts. Each. They make windswept, open-ended pathos-pop, that moves between the dubby warmth of ambient popsters like Another Fine Day, and a darker shoegazing paranoia (with bits of ‘The Dark Side Of The Moon’ laying about in between). Oddly for a band who developed from an improv project, there are a couple of moments that feel too formal, but this is nevertheless one of the sets of the weekend, bursting with ideas. The best moments feature Chris Beard’s fragile, melismatic vocal lines floating liturgically over hissing keyboards and fizzing guitar. A man next to us explains how one track brought a tear to his eye, and that hadn’t happened since *Babe II: Pig In The City*. He tells us all about his favourite scenes, too. Lucky us.

ROBOTS WITH SOULS is former Phantom Theory man Steve Wilson,

who according to the programme is barely existent. Quite how that works is anyone’s guess, but we’re disappointed to find that he’s not translucent, or fading like Michael J Fox in *Back To The Future*. As it turns out Robots With Souls play the kind of music that is so forceful you’re left in no doubt as to whether it exists or not. A one man band, Wilson loops bass riffs and then accompanies those on drums and vocals. It’s clever, brutal and immediately gratifying. The bass sound is wonderfully primal and reminds us of Melvins and Earth. In fact, when Wilson experiences technical difficulties that result in a bassloop playing for what seems like an eternity it’s one of the best moments of the weekend.

We’re impressed by just how unreconstructed **KILL IT KID**’s priapic blues and scuzzy cock rock is. They have good, honest heavy rock structures, and not one but two excellently coarse vocalists. One Zeppelinised howl from either sex; nice touch. However, when the chemical toilets are emptied during their set, and a vicious stench wafts across the crowd just as they sing “dirty water tastes so sweet”, we have to make an exit, in case cosmic irony starts playing more dangerous tricks.

We’ve enjoyed **EMMY THE GREAT** a lot in the past, as a solo performer. With a backing band her songs seem to have had the edges

Robots With Souls



The Low Anthem



sheared off, the lyrics lose some of their bite, and the whole thing comes off prettily quirky, like The Juliana Hatfield 3, so we go back to the Second Stage to see **MAN LIKE ME**. This proves to be one of the better decisions we’ve made in recent times. What we find is three cheeky London lads shouting, throwing shapes and climbing up the tent rigging while the backing track plays what we suppose we should call post-grime, but actually sounds like Village People pastiches knocked up on some kid’s iPhone on the way over. It’s terrible. It’s brilliant. It’s a euphoric mixture of early Beastie Boys, The Streets and some half-arsed entry into a T4 roadshow talent competition. It’s truly brilliant. It’s truly terrible. As pop music should be.

After Fixers oddly compelling set on Saturday it’s going to take something special today for anyone to be equally memorable. Fortunately **65DAYSOFTSTATIC** are in phenomenal form and turn in one of the great Truck performances. Frontman Paul Wolinski hits the stage like a frantic mime artist cajoling the audience to sit down and then encouraging them to leap to their feet as the main break kicks in. With the early part of the set drawn from ‘We Were Exploding Anyway’, 65dos take Truck on a craggy journey through early rave, before finally they rattle off old favourite ‘Retreat! Retreat!’ It’s an

assured performance from a band that always seemed more at home in a smaller venue, but today sound stadium sized. If only they’d had longer and been on later, they’d have been spectacular with a lightshow, or as the sun started to dip.

With less of a focus on straight forward folk and country this year, it’s a pleasant surprise to happen upon the likes of **LUCY ROSE**. She’s most well known thanks to her association with Bombay Bicycle Club, which in part explains why the second stage is rammed with people trying to see her. Alternatively it could be that they’ve heard that she gives out tea and jam to her audiences. These explanations are both possible, but we suspect that the truth is that she has a breathtaking voice that is steeped in brittle emotion. Imagine Gemma Hayes or Sinead O Connor and you’ve got some idea how wonderful she sounds.

THE LOW ANTHEM might well be at the opposite end of the sonic spectrum to 65daysofstatic, but that’s not stopping them putting in a performance that matches them for intensity. With the sun starting to set their delicate Americana becomes ever more beautiful. Guitars shimmer and soar, the bowed saw groans delightfully and then they launch into an epic version of ‘Down There By The Train’. Utterly stunning.

Three Trapped Tigers



Turbowolf



The programme tells us that things have “been a bit quiet” on the **KING CHARLES** front between the execution of the English king and the arrival of the singer of the same name, which would be some of the worst promotional writing we’d ever read even if there hadn’t actually been a second King Charles to invalidate the point. Still, we won’t hold that against him, as his set is good dumb fun. His music is one of instant gratification, a melange of ‘Eye Of The Tiger’ rhythms, huge vocal lines, pseudo-Prince gestures, and hilariously awful hair. Can’t argue with that.

Into the home straight with **THREE TRAPPED TIGERS**, and even as exhaustion kicks in, you can’t argue with a trio that sounds like a cross between Aphex Twin and King Crimson. Using some serious chops to make music along classic IDM lines could be a vacuous muso exercise, but when there’s such elegance in the melancholic Plaid keyboard lines, such invention in the live drums, and a guitar pedal rack the size of a suburb, it’s futile to argue. What’s great about the band is that, far from being some rockers who own a couple of techno LPs, they clearly understand the melancholy beauty of a ‘Selected Ambient Works’-style synth line, whilst knowing precisely when it’s time to drop a fast clattering beat all over the top. If they’ve never played on a bill with Squarepusher, somebody

should rectify the fact, pronto.

The festival officially ends with **THE TEMPER TRAP**, but we find their show all puff and bluster, so we prefer to imagine otherwise. They sound a little like Echo And The Bunnymen having a crack at Chaka Khan, and we feel as though it ought to be fun, but it simply isn’t. It’s flat, and empty, and crass, and can we go home now, please? So we do, and later, back in Oxford, on the night bus home, we hear two blokes talking. “I’m not going to go to some festival where I’ve never heard of the bands”, claims one. We would write him off as an fool, if he didn’t come up with the genius line, “The Red Hot Chili Peppers just remind me of washing up”. But the point is, that Truck isn’t aimed at people like him. The new organisers have done an amazing job of capturing the atmosphere of the best Trucks in years past: the crowd is friendly and varied, the site is perfectly balanced between intimacy and breathing space, and even the weather is about right. Next year, hopefully they can capitalise on this success - and a sell out crowd, need we mention – and take a couple more risks with the line-up. At the very least, they could find someone, somewhere to make music while The Temper Trap are on, surely.

Words: David Murphy and Sam Shepherd

LIVE

WE ARE AUGUSTINES / YELLOW FEVER

O2 Academy

Tonight's show is part of BBC Introducing's regular new band showcase nights, which with a bill that spreads across five bands is approaching overkill. It's like going to a party and having to spend part of your evening with the boring bastard in the kitchen talking about his lawnmower, whilst hoping for some time with someone, *anyone* with a bit of personality. There are brief moments of excitement early on. Notably Yellow Fever, who were once residents of the Demo Dumper in this very publication but have come on considerably. They're still perhaps a little over earnest and far too polite, but their Foals-inspired math/dance hybrid is pulled off with considerable aplomb and inspires small outbreaks of dancing throughout their set, which is, we guess, the point.

Brooklyn's We Are Augustines

will doubtless never need the leg up of an Introducing slot again; they are destined for great things. Since the release of their debut album 'Rise Ye Sunken Ships', it's been their live show that's made their reputation, and from the very first chord of tonight's set it's easy to see why. Unhindered by notions of what's cool and how to cut swooning shapes, the band are only concerned with the power of the rock show. As the evening progresses singer/guitarist Billy McCarthy edges closer and closer towards an incarnation of the rock and roll preacher, while Eric Sanderson whips his bass into submission to his left. McCarthy cuts between several personalities frequently: the intense, emotive performer; the grateful, earnest musician, and the guy out just to have fun with his band. It is perhaps the last of these that is the most surprising because much



photo: Sam Shepherd

of We Are Augustines' material ('Book Of James' in particular) deals with the mental illness and suicides that have affected his family. Presumably he's bathing in the healing power of music and its ability to bring people together and tonight's audience is the most spellbound we've seen at the O2 for some time.

We Are Augustines possesses the belief and the songs to inspire devotion, and although what they're doing isn't particularly new, on tonight's performance it seems appropriate to paraphrase Jon Landau: "I have seen the future of rock and roll and its name is We Are Augustines".

Sam Shepherd

SOULFLY

O2 Academy

To a long-term metal fan, there's still something incongruous about seeing someone of such godlike status as Sepultura's Max Cavalera on the same stage on which you're more used to seeing your friends' bands. Not quite as weird as seeing Mike Patton in the kitchen aisle at Tesco, but you get the picture. So how's the legend holding up, twenty-eight years on from forming Sepultura? Not too badly, as it happens. His voice is understandably pretty shot, far from the guttural blast of years gone by and slowed to a barking splutter at times, but he's surrounded by a technically superb, if not especially characterful band. Mostly the show is pure metal cabaret. Cavalera waddles around the stage like an evil Krusty the Clown, gleefully inciting circle pits, drenching a grateful front few with water and flicking out more devil horns than the route to an Aleister Crowley convention. In fact, having taken photos of this show, I can confirm that getting a shot of him when he's not making

devil signs is more of a challenge even than the low lighting and extreme room-sweat. And then there are the classics: 'Refuse/Resist' and 'Troops of Doom' sound fresh as a grave, while 'Roots Bloody Roots' is the moment of communal joy most are waiting for. Newer material is palpably weaker metal-by-numbers, but it hardly matters when it's all so much fun. One song morphs into the intro to Black Sabbath's 'Iron Man'; another becomes Pantera's 'Walk'. An interlude, which I strongly suspect is introduced so Cavalera can get his breath back, brings on the drum ensemble to bash out a bit of token samba-meets-Peter-Criss-drum-solo.

By the time his sons bound onstage to join the band for family knees-up 'Revengeance', it's obvious that while Soulfly are never going to set the world on fire, their founder remains a born entertainer and a vibrant presence. Viva Cavalera.
Stuart Fowkes

EVE SELIS

The Bullingdon

References to proms and dirt track roads, killer cowboy boots and an up-tempo vibe which forces you to tap your feet; there are many things which make a perfect country show and through the course of tonight The Eve Selis Band tick pretty much every box. So, when the whole thing is kicked off with an introduction from Bob Harris, you can be certain it's going to be a standout gig from the word go. With a showcase of tracks from her latest album, 'Family Tree', including the much softer title track and the more upbeat '65 Roses', which focuses on cystic fibrosis, she gives country a conscience and steps away from the more stereotypical nods to broken hearts, while not ignoring it altogether, especially with the more rocky 'Heart Shaped Tattoo'. While it's Eve's vocals and presence that carry the set, the double guitar line-up blends precision with gusto, which, when layered over bass and drums, pushes the sound to a pop-rock blend of country meets Americana.

It's catchy like The Band Perry without their insipidness, fused over Bonny Raitt-style vocals with added warmth, in short, a heartfelt emotive evening that leaves you unconsciously tapping your feet. Eve's voice might be faultless but the solos in 'One Day at a Time', which blends into 'Wipeout' partway though, highlights that she's backed by a band to be reckoned with. Eve is able to mix in every ingredient required for a fast paced country show, but she's also not afraid to throw the rule book out of the window. Whether it's attempting a sing-a-long in the first number or delivering a brave, yet sunning rendition of 'Hallelujah', which boasts full band harmonies and an appearance from her daughter, Sarah De La Isla, at the end, the set combines invigorating music with a whole host of fun. Bob Harris might be synonymous with whispering but the Eve Selis Band come in and go out with a roar.

Lisa Ward

CHARLOTTE CHURCH

The Jericho Tavern

Charlotte Church may have the voice of an angel but tonight she cuts a low key figure in an unshowy white dress and dyed blonde hair with dark roots. She's easy enough to spot by the tailing film crew making something for Chinese TV, and one of her people, all from Cardiff like most of her band, tells me with a straight face they're expecting an audience of between two and nine hundred million. The five-piece band are as eager and talented as you might expect, put to good use with some fine playing and complex multi-part harmonies. They open with 'The Rise', a ponderous symphonic number, Charlotte's soaring voice immediately filling the room. The songs, all new material, have an epic indie feel with hints of Coldplay and Arcade Fire, but initially lacking a killer punch. Then suddenly comes a great song, then another, and another and she starts to reveal herself as songwriter of some maturity, only twenty-six but fourteen years into her career. Never shy of reflection, and pointing an accusing finger, she introduces

songs about *The Daily Mail* and "the great mogul himself," all sung with passion and gusto as she gazes directly at the audience, a little disconcertingly. Not all the material hits the mark and her voice, trained in operatic projection, fits a little incongruously into the indie/rock environment, but the personal touches bring the biggest results. A problem for Church may lie in building a new following, as this audience is skewed towards an older demographic in their Sunday best, probably hoping for a quick 'Ave Maria'. But she's doing things her own way, claiming to be rejecting commercialism, and this is a long way from the brash simplicity of 'Crazy Chick'. Afterwards she's drinking a pint of something red and enthusing about Kate Bush and the new Tori Amos album while fans circle for a photo. A reinvention of this order is a big gamble, but if she fails it surely won't be through lack of guts or talent.

Art Lagun

CHANTEL MCGREGOR

The Bullingdon

It's incredible in this day and age that women in music are often still seen as a genre instead of individual talents. Even to mention that I'd been to this gig, the first of the Bully's new Haven blues club shows, sparks pseudo polemic comments like "Hmmm, can women guitarists play the blues?", when I'd thought the likes of Laura Chavez, Sue Foley and Bonnie Raitt had long shoved any argument back up the anal sphincter of that caveman mentality. Chantel McGregor has been having sport with these outdated preconceptions since age eight when she got her first Rockgrade, and showing up at venues from the age of twelve and getting all the boys within a 50-mile radius of Leeds to hide their guitars in embarrassment. But even after years of stunning UK and

European gigs, a potential first record label was still sceptical enough to ask for a gentle acoustic album, when she wanted to start at Hendrix and work out from there. That said, McGregor is broadminded enough to know that a great guitar solo can only take you so far, so if you were one of the crowd of TS808 Germanium Diode Blues freaks who'd driven hundreds of miles to witness one of the best on the island tonight, you certainly got the girl in her long, trademark floral gown, wrangling her drop D, coil-tapped Strat to within an inch of its heavy gauge life, in 'Red House' and Robin Trower's 'Daydream'. But you mainly get the bulk of her self-released debut CD, 'Like No Other', where her crystalline voice is closer to a most un-blues-like Olivia Newton-John, and tracks like 'Happy Song' and 'Fabulous' are the kind of chart material to make the "Gary Moore is God" disciples stare into their beers and think about their ex-wives having a good time. McGregor achieves this balancing act perfectly, appealing to the wider church while distilling rock and blues from her favourite influences into what she calls "Chantel Music". I'd question her naive use of Stevie Nicks' 'Landslide' and whatever Lady Ga Ga song she covers, but to see her rewire the blues with her Music Man Petrucci guitars, and make it a saleable commodity again, rather than be content to just copy the old masters, makes her remarkable journey through the glass ceiling even more worthwhile.

Paul Carrera



photo: Paul Carrera

FLASH HARRY ENTERPRISES
P.A. HIRE
3k / 5k
compact & potent
32 channel desk & foldback
24 track live recording
BOSE other systems available
Tony Jezzard
01865 876084 07702 211792
Email: pahire@flashharryenterprises.co.uk
www.flashharryenterprises.co.uk

SMART
GUITARS
... RESTRING ...
... REVALUE ...
... REPAIR ...
• Guitar, amp and pedal repairs, custom modifications, strings and accessories
• Collection and delivery service available
CONTACT DAVE SMART
smartguitars@ntlworld.com • 07710 216368

THE OXFORD RECORD DVD & CD FAIR

OXFORD TOWN HALL
Saturday 15th September
10am - 3.30pm

Rock/pop/jazz/soul/reggae/indie/all other genres
Accessories/memorabilia/books.
Brand new and back catalogue/Rare Vinyl
www.usrfairs.co.uk

Famous Monday Blues
a euro/american music presentation
THE LONGEST RUNNING
INTERNATIONAL LIVE WEEKLY STAGE SHOW IN THE UK
at THE JERICHO TAVERN
56 WALTON STREET, OXFORD, OX2 6AE
01865 311775
August
6th KING B (UK)
September
3rd LIGHTNIN' WILLY
& THE POOR BOYS (USA)
10th ROBERT HOKUM
& THE GUVNORS (UK)
17th MITCH LADDIE
& LAURENCE JONES (UK)
24th GILES ROBSON
& THE DIRTY ACES (UK)
CHECK OUR WEBSITE FOR INFO GIGS, PHOTOS ETC
WWW.FAMOUSMONDAYBLUES.CO.UK

the

backroom

@ the bully

162 Cowley Road Oxford

01865 244516

AUGUST

Every Tuesday

THE OXFORD JAZZ CLUB

Free live jazz plus DJs playing r'n'b, funk and soul until 2am

7th OSPREY

14th / 28th NEW JAZZ COLLECTIVE

21st THE HUGH TURNER BAND

Thursdays

23rd Feed The Birds presents

JEFFREY LEWIS & THE JUNKYARD

Every Friday

FUNKY FRIDAY

Funk, soul, boogie,house and R&B. 11pm-2.30am; £3.

Saturdays

4th OUT OF MANY, ONE PEOPLE –

Jamaican 50th Anniversay Independence party!

11-4am; £10

18th SIMPLE – House & techno

25th SELECTA – Drum’n’bass

Join us on Facebook: Backroom @ The Bully

DR SHOTOVER: Blithering Heights

“I could do that”, I hear you say in your wheedling tones as you sidle up to our Esteemed Editor... “What makes *him* so special? He’s just a DRUNK with a loud voice and an almost-encyclopaedic knowledge of progressive rock bands... not to mention a deep pathological hatred of Today’s Young People, their music and their lifestyle choices. Plus he uses *italics* all the time – what’s so clever about *that*?” Frankly, my dear Blithering (for that is how I address this particular voice in my head), I couldn’t agree with you more. Or *more*, if you will. However, all this, fascinating as it may be, is not getting us any closer to the burning issue of the day. Namely, the fact that we are sitting at the East Indies Club bar and I HAVE AN EMPTY GLASS. Aha, good man. Yes, a foaming pint of Old Taproot will do nicely... for starters. Now, where were we? Ah yes, the annual **Drive Against Festivals Today**, aka **DAFT**. As you know, I have absolutely NO TIME for festivals. If God had meant us to stand around in muddy fields all day listening to loud rock music he would have given us THE 1970s. What’s that? Don’t be *ridiculous* – I don’t remember a THING about them. As it is, I would rather inject formaldehyde into my head than spend ten minutes listening to Flatulence and The Machine at Tedium In The Park 2012. Mind you, I did, on a couple of occasions, inject formaldehyde into my head, and it had a rather soothing effect. The odd delusional episode, mind, but definitely soothing. Ah Blithering, how nice to see you again. And who’s that lovely lady on your arm - Mrs Blithering? Drinks all round...? Ra-ther. Yes, mine’s a Party Seven of 1970s Festival Bitter and a handful of mandies, how very decent of you... Cheers!

Mr & Mrs Blithering: WE’RE IN UR HEAD WEARING UR CRAVATZ LOL

THE WHEATSHEAF

Friday 3rd August

WIGWAM

Saturday 4th August

WITCHSORROW

UNDERSMILE + KOMRAD + SKELETON + FRAGMENT 8pm/£5

Wednesday 8th August

THE CROOKED FIDDLE BAND

BRICKWORK LIZARDS + BIRD RADIO 8pm/£5

Friday 10th August

SI ESAU

LISTING SHIPS + THE GRACEFUL SLICKS 8pm/£5

Friday 17th August

YELLOW FEVER

LOUNGE SOUNDS + MORNING SLAVES 8pm/£5

Saturday 25th August

REFUGEES OF CULTURE

PIECES OF ROME + MARK BOSLEY BAND 8pm/£4.50

The Wheatsheaf, 129 High Street, Oxford, OX1 4DF

www.facebook.com/wheatsheaf.oxford

mblproductions@gmail.com

INTRODUCING....

Nightshift’s monthly guide to the best local music bubbling under

VON BRAUN

Who are they?

Witney’s Von Braun (pronounced brown, contrary to popular opinion) are Dave Anderson (*guitar, vocals*); Adam Bates (*guitar, vocals*) and Gary Atkinson (*drums and harmonica*). The trio took their name from Wernher Magnus Maximilian Von Braun, the German rocket scientist, and have been a fixture on the local scene since the middle of the last decade, regularly playing support slots to touring acts as well as Charlbury Riverside Festival and most recently this year’s Oxford Punt. Things kicked up a gear late last year with the release of their acclaimed debut EP ‘Folk Devil’ on Big Red Sky Records, followed up last month by ‘Cat Dog’. They apparently get the occasional helpful bystander pointing out that they need a bassist, while others say that’s the very thing they like best about them.

What do they sound like?

A pensive, almost tantric balancing of tension, with occasional bursts of cathartic noise where tumultuous guitar and near-hysterical vocals bring everything crashing into the foreground with a vengeance. On record the band tend more toward brooding moodiness, while live they open the floodgates more readily. In their own words, there’s, “Definitely some anger, and plenty of harmonic appreciation in there, pushed together in an improvised attempt to surprise ourselves; a sort of brooding nursery rhyme thing.”

What inspires them?

“Philip K Dick; Francis Bacon; Stanley Kubrick; The Beatles; At the Drive In; John Frusciante; David Lynch; Francisco Goya.”

Career highlight

“Finally playing the Punt, after numerous painful rejections. It was worth the wait.”

And the lowlight:

“Playing Green College hungover on a Sunday to a bar of cocktailing

Oxford students. They were well dressed and just sort of occasionally glanced at us smugly in between conversation.”

Their favourite other Oxfordshire act is:

“The Rock of Travolta.”

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

“Pixies’ ‘Surfer Rosa’ and ‘Come On Pilgrim’. It may seem obvious, but we’ve listened to it a lot.

When is their next gig and what can newcomers expect?

“The Skittle Alley festival at the Railway in Culham on Saturday 25th August. We’ll be bringing our distinctive sound and energetic performance for all of the family.”

Their favourite and least favourite things about Oxford music are:

“Favourite: the venues. We’ve lost a few in recent years but there’s still some great places to play and you always bump into someone you know. Least favourite: more people go to see Charlotte Church than watch local bands.”

You might love them if you love:

Nirvana; The Pixies; Radiohead; The Nubiles.

Hear them here:

www.facebook.com/vonbrauntheband

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

20 YEARS AGO

“Imagine shoving The Byrds through a meat grinder,” wrote *Curfew* scribe Chris Fish of **Saturn V**, cover stars of the August 1992 issue. Oxford’s “grunge-folk” quartet were formed from the ashes of **The Razorcuts** and featured former **Talulah Gosh** bassist Chris Scott, so both local and jangle-pop pedigree was assured. They were releasing their debut EP, ‘Everything Tends Towards Chaos’, on cool indie label Vinyl Japan and displaying a new-found tendency towards “grungefest earbuggery,” as well as an affection for Extreme Noise Terror and claimed they’d spotted a UFO on the way home from work. This month also saw the launch of what was to be come an Oxford institution – **Your Song**. Initially started as a way of celebrating Jericho Tavern promoter Mac’s birthday, the show on the 21st featured **The Anyways**, **The Candyskins**, **Daisies**, **Death By Crimpers**, **The Jennifers**, **Saturn V**, **Squid**, **Seventhchurch** and Mac’s own **Arthur Turner’s Lovechild**? playing dodgy cover versions. Chief highlights of the supremely drunken night included Seventhchurch’s doom-metal take on ‘Teddy Bear’s Picnic’; the Crimper’s awesome version of ‘Are ‘Friends’ Electric?’ and an all-conquering set from The Candyskins which featured Nick Cope wearing a rubber glove on his head, kicking out ‘I Believe In Miracles’ like it was the last night on earth. Next morning it felt like it had been. Not a huge amount else to report in a very quiet month, though **Fairport Convention** were set to headline their own Cropredy Festival. Oh how times change.

10 YEARS AGO

LAB-4 were the featured stars of August 2002’s Nightshift, the band trailing behind only Radiohead and Supergrass as Oxford’s most commercially successful act of the time. Having shifted some 30,000 albums, played in front of 25,000 ravers at the Netherland’s Dance Valley Festival, toured Japan five times and soundtracked ads for Reebok, Polaroid and Bacardi, the heavyweight trance duo, who were based above a tea shop in Abingdon, were set to release a compilation of singles, ‘Devilution’, as well as their third studio album, ‘Virus’, this month. The interview revealed they’d recently been arrested in Sweden and ripped off and stranded by a crooked distributor in Japan but looking ahead with renewed vigour after a sold-out show at Tokyo’s Liquid Room. In local music news, **East Oxford Community Centre** had its live music curtailed by noise complaints from local residents, temporarily putting paid to the regular **Arawak** reggae sessions and **Klub Kakofanny**’s all-day mini-festivals. In Abingdon, **The Skittle Alley** was forced to move – and not for the first or last time – due to its host pub being turned into flats, while **The Swan** in Wantage was stopping all of its live music for the foreseeable future. The twentieth Your Song party was held at **the Zodiac** and featured **Meanwhile**, **Back In Communist Russia**, **The Young Knives**, **Smilex**

THIS MONTH IN OXFORD MUSIC HISTORY

and **Shouting Myke**, while a typically quiet August gig guide saw **Biohazard**, **McAlmont & Butler** and the recently reformed **Hell Is For Heroes** playing the Zodiac.

5 YEARS AGO

Good and bad in the news section of August 2007’s Nightshift. The main piece centred on **Truck Festival**’s cancellation after the biblical downpours of late July saw the site flooded, while **Fopp Records** in town closed after the chain went into administration. In happier news **The Young Knives** were shortlisted for The Mercury Prize for their ‘Voices Of Animals & Men’ album and it was announced that **Supergrass** would become the first Oxford band to headline the new **Academy** venue when it opened in September. **Witches** were the month’s featured cover band, singer Dave Griffiths telling us about the hypnagogic hallucinations and recurring nightmares that informed his band’s darkly oppressive pop. Elsewhere **A Silent Film** and **Sharron Kraus** has new releases out, while over in the demo pages **Ally Craig** toped the pile for his “tendency towards the deliberately obtuse and the feeling that he neither knows nor cares where songs are going or at what pace.”At the other end of the pile **Khameleon** were “constipated pub-bound rock that took itself so seriously, you want to spend the duration of their interminably laboured demo lighting your own farts or sitting on a whoopee cushion just to try and rrestore some kind of natural balance to the world.”

APPLETREE studios
72 TRACK DIGITAL / 24 TRACK ANALOGUE
Est. 1985
CELEBRATING 26 YEARS IN THE BUSINESS
Take a look at the new website and recent refurb at
www.appletreestudios.com
FOR ALL YOUR RECORDING, MASTERING AND DUPLICATION NEEDS
01844 237916
Great rates for local Bands / Soloists

WAREHOUSE STUDIOS
Recording and rehearsal studios
3 Rehearsal rooms
25 years of quality recording
Tel: 07876487923
Email: info@warehousestudios.com
www.warehousestudios.com

Coldroom Rehearsals
Dungeon Recording
Professional multi-track Recording Studio
with large Live Room (45 Sq. Mtrs)
From £125 per day
3 Rehearsal Rooms, all backline, P.A.,
Tuned piano inc. From £10 per hour
SUSY HAINES 07823 770079

Grannyflat Studios
*Great selection of analogue and digital recording equipment
*Fantastic Live room with natural light
*On Site Accommodation
*Idyllic Farm Location
*Evening and Weekend Bookings Available
info@grannyflatstudios.co.uk
01865 884042
www.grannyflatstudios.co.uk

DEMOS

Sponsored by

TROJAN HORSE RECORDINGS

Demo of the Month wins a free half day at Silver Street Studios in Reading, courtesy of Trojan Horse Recordings. Visit www.trojanhorserecordings.co.uk

DEMO OF THE MONTH

POLEDO

Poledo's second demo and their second Demo of the Month in these pages. It's tempting to give them the title just to piss off all-the-gear-no-idea pony muso wankers who consider production values over semi-organised chaos, but that'd do a disservice to a band with a hatful of cracking pop songs that just happen to be in too much of a hurry to get to the fun stuff to worry about whether you can even hear the lyrics. 'Laura Palmer Is Dead' finds Evan Clements' vocals a middle-distance bit-part player in a rough'n'tumble scrap between Dinosaur Jr, Sebadoh and Yo La Tengo's noisier outings, subsumed under a welter of euphoric fuzzgun guitar pop. Onward they rush, a giddy lo-fi onslaught that's left its bag of subtleties back in the classroom and has its pockets stuffed full of overdriven noise and occasional shards of feedback. What's he singing about now? Who knows, or cares? Does anyone ever ask a rollercoaster what it's thinking? After five songs of such effusively noisy bastard fun Poledo come back down to earth with the country-tinged almost acoustic 'Start Again', which reminds us a bit of Flaming Lips' 'She Don't Use Jelly' and features the line "Sammy's been sick in his ex's wash basin." If you can't love that then you're a soulless, puppy-hating quarterwit.

COLD LOGIC

Cold Logic is Wantage-based rapper Josh East, who looks like a right fucking scally on his CD sleeve and occasionally rhymes about his penis and the girls he'd like to introduce it to and sometimes, as on 'Extended Vision', sinks into slightly stale braggadocio, while on 'The Motto' he conjures the immortal line "I've got more rhymes than an anthology," but when he's at his best, he's actually pretty bloody great. Demo opener 'Infinite Potential' rides on the buzz and clamour of traffic noise and what might be a bastardised take on Jean Michel Jarre, Josh's delivery rapid fire and flawless, hinting at Devlin or Wiley at times. But it's 'World In A Coma' that's the real stand-out, opening with a sample of George W Bush talking about war before diving headlong into a stream-of-consciousness rant about the New World Order, conspiracy theories about 9/11, the war in Afghanistan, sodium

fluoride in our water and the drugs trade, before hitting on the idea of the Illuminati, concluding that everything's leading up to a cataclysmic 80% destruction of the world's population. All this over a brooding bed of funeral march music. Brilliant. In fact it's one of the best local rap pieces we've heard in ages. We're crafting ourselves tinfoil helmets to block out the CIA deathrays even as we type this.

AUCTIONEERS

Back again after making a favourable impression last time round for their Stornoway-leaning folk-pop. Auctioneers seem to have decided to travel back into more traditional folk sounds here, initially at least, opener 'St Petersburg' a Steeleye Span-style close-harmony shanty which waltzes merrily around the room, tankard of foaming nutbrown ale in one hand, hand-carved tickling stick in the other and by the end we're hand in hand with them, which probably means they've dropped the tankard and tickling stick somewhere along the way. Never mind; let's just get another round in and crack on with the fun. Except Auctioneers seem to have decided to go and sit in the corner and mope a bit. 'Tether' drops the mood and sounds ungainly and cold after the warmth of 'St Petersburg', while 'Moving Parts' is similarly heavy-hearted, to the point of sounding a bit sorry for itself, a hint of elegance just about saving its blushes. Come on chaps, chins up, eh? Here, we've found your tankard and tickling stick – the dog had it – let's drink and be merry, right?

OLD COLOURS

Here's another of those single song demos we get a bit frustrated with, since they make us wonder what's so terrible about the band's other stuff they don't want us to hear it. This is sweet enough, a boy-girl duo playing a jolly, fluffy slice of inoffensive anonyopop that's nominally funky but inevitably fails to leave any lasting impression other than that a budgie has got wedged inside your head and is attempting to recreate the early rounds of every *X-Factor* ever.

THE PLAYMAKERS

Goddammit, and here's another single-song offering; come on people, make an effort – The Beatles used to write an album's worth of material every month back in the day, even while they were busy touring the world, growing ill-advised facial hair and hanging out with loonies like Neil Innes.

The Playmakers' sole contribution here is a song called 'See Ya Round Johnny' and it sounds like The Libertines. It's alright, we suppose. Nothing particularly inspiring or revolting about it. We listen to it all the way through four times and still the only thing we can think of to write about it is that it sounds like The Libertines. Can we go and listen to Poledo again now, please?

MATT CHANARIN

Matt tells us he's got a full album's worth of stuff ready for review but was "terrified" by Nightshift's no-more-than-four-songs demo rule. Not as terrified as we are by the idea that someone might have taken Sting as a primary influence, dear boy. But here we are with Matt's 'Jesus Song', a slightly reggaefied lope that does sound quite a bit like something Sting might have come up with around the end of The Police, or maybe the sort of stuff Newton Faulkner does nowadays. But, against all odds, it's not too bad at all, and even sounds a teensy wincy bit like 'Redemption Song' at once point. Elsewhere 'My Little Boat' is heart-on-sleeve acoustic angst with some pretty female backing vocals that let in a bit of sweetness and light, but 'Oxford Autumn Rain' is little more than a clumsy attempt to put into poetry the drudgery of getting to work through rush hour in the rain, attempting cram in as many Oxford landmarks as possible along the way, like a *Housewife's Choice* poetry competition entry. "Autumn Oxford rain is bringing me down," croons Matt. Dear God man, it's still summer and the incessant downpours have leeches any last vestige of optimism from our souls. No need to remind us of the darkness yet to come.

JOHNNY DREAD & THE STUPID THINGS I SAID

What, he's back again? With another one-song demo? Good grief, why not just wait til you've got a whole collection of the darned things then send them all at once instead of constantly showing us what you've just this second half made, like a toddler who keeps coming back to show you the picture he's drawing every time he uses a new colour. Previous offerings have shown Alastair Simpson, the man behind the moniker, to possess a pleasantly gravelly country-tinged voice, but this track, 'Easy Come', is followed by a bracketed "very rough and incomplete," which makes you wonder why he's bothered to offer it up for critical appraisal. Half arsed heap of fuck all might have been a more accurate description. Don't go applying the same principles of your making music to cooking will you, old

chap, else you're going to come down with a nasty case of food poisoning.

KEVIN FARRELL

Talking of incessant drizzle, here's four songs of staggeringly overwrought acoustic power-rock from Kevin Farrell, who manages to be both histrionic and bombastic without even the need for an electric guitar. 'Nothing Lasts Forever' runs one song title. Except this demo, it seems. It sounds like Chris de Burgh trying to resurrect his career by sounding like Guns'n'Roses. Can you even begin to imagine how happy this makes us feel as we sit staring out of the window at an endless sea of grey? It's been a shit summer and this feels like the final, soul-crushing pint of piss down your back in the wettest corner of the UK's most benighted music festival. Probably while Beady Eye are playing. "Tell me now that we'll both get through," pleads Kevin on the inappropriately-titled 'Smile'. Well, we might, but then we're the ones armed with a claw hammer and a chainsaw, dear boy, while you've only got a guitar and a bin liner full of angst and excrement.

THE DEMO DUMPER

THE BOURBONS

"The Bourbons were formed in late 2011 with a desire to do a project in the rock that has always appealed to enough members of the band," runs the blurb accompanying this demo. After you've finished asking what the fuck they're talking about, you can decipher that it's all about making music by committee. Which means everything must be as stultifyingly predictable as humanly possible. Verse, chorus, verse, chorus, middle eight, endless guitar solo, repeat til the earth falls into the sun. Oh and you can put your feet up on the monitors while you're about it and make a video with a bubble-permed, scantily-clad woman in it. Because it's still 1985 and you thought *This Is Spinal Tap* was an educational documentary, not a piss-take. They've got one song called 'Undress Me Eyes', which is meant to be all raunchy and stuff but we kept reading the title in a broad Yorkshire accent so it was actually about taking someone's glasses off. The Bourbons' web page offers you the option of "being the first person to ask the band a question." We'll start with, "why did you name yourselves after a rubbish type of biscuit?" Maybe followed by "why are you so fucking shit?"

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

rotator
Interzone House
34-77 Magdalen Rd
Oxford OX4 1RE
REHEARSAL ROOMS
Available 7 days a week • From £26 for 3 hours
Centre of town location with car parking
Backline hire available on request
for bookings and enquiries please call
01865 715705
24 hour text & phone 07851 400618

shonk studios
Recording Studios
Protools on Mac
Great Sound
Rates For Local Bands
Phone - 01865 203922
or
07878960286
info@theshonk.com www.theshonk.com

TURAN AUDIO.co.uk
Professional, independent CD mastering

Artists mastered in the studio last month include;
ELLIE JAMISON, DAVID CASSIDY, THE GRAMATICS, SUNIL, BAUER, DIABLO SWING ORCHESTRA, PEERLESS PIRATES, RUSSELL SWALLOW AND THE WOLF, THE BOYS, ANNA MARIA LA SPINA, GREEN DAY, RAMONES, NIRVANA, FELLA, THE URBAN DOGS, PHIL MCMINN, BOB DYLAN, RY COODER, TOM WAITS, THE ALLMAN BROTHERS, SAM SEMPLE, THE WALK UPRIGHTS, MUNGO JERRY, BUMPSHKIN, JUST AN ILLUSION, WINTERFYLLETH.
01865 716466 tim@turanaudio.co.uk

THE COURTYARD STUDIO

PROTOOLS HD2, MTA 980 CONSOLE 32/24/24,
OTARI MTR90 MK2 24 TRACK TAPE MACHINE,
2 TRACKING ROOMS, SUPERB CONTROL ROOM
WITH GOOD SELECTION OF MICS & OUTBOARD
GEAR + MIDI FACILITIES (Inc LOGIC AUDIO, AKAI
S1000, OLD SKOOL ROLAND etc.)

Residential facilities included.
www.courtyardrecordings.com
PHONE PIPPA FOR DETAILS on 01235 845800

TAD STUDIOS
www.tadstudios.co.uk
www.facebook.com/tadstudios
Four hours from £36!
Call **07882569425**, e-mail info@tadstudios.co.uk or find us on Facebook to make an enquiry / booking
Two fully equipped rehearsal rooms located just off the A41 near Bicester:
• Mapex kits
• Fender/Marshall/Ashdown amplification
• 1kw PA system and microphones
• Backline included with ream
• Fully maintained equipment
• Tea and coffee making facilities
• Doorstep parking
• Convenient hourly booking
• Open 7 days a week, 8am - Midnight
• Introduce a band / block booking / student deals
• Book by phone / e-mail / Facebook for your convenience

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

£5 adv / NUS / members, £4 NHS

10.30pm - 3am • over 18s only



Sat 11th Aug • £5 adv
Upstairs ft. Dance a la Plage
in association with BBC Introducing
+ Shattered Dreams
+ Athletes In Paris
+ Colour Change For Camouflage
+ Ego Trip

Weds 15th Aug • £24 adv
Toots and The Maytals
+ Chantelle Hernandez
+ Count Skylarkin' DJ
Ticket includes entry to after-show

Sat 18th Aug • £14.50 adv
7pm - 10pm
Reel Big Fish
ft. New Town Kings + Hostiles

Sat 18th Aug • £7 adv
Skeletor ft. Heart of a Coward
+ Aethara + Zaos
+ Reign Upon Us
+ Sleepwalkers

Weds 22nd Aug • £12.50 adv
Deaf Havana
+ Evarose + Adam Barnes

Sat 1st Sept • £10 adv
Rolling Clones
50th Anniversary Meals On Wheels Tour

Tues 4th Sept **SOLD OUT**
Alabama Shakes

Sat 8th Sept • £5 adv
7pm - 10.30pm
Alphabet Backwards
+ The Grindling Young
+ The Yarns + Correatown

Sat 16th Sept • £10 adv
Gun

Sat 22nd Sept • £15 adv
7pm - 10pm
The Fratellis
O2 Academy Oxford 5th Birthday

Sat 22nd Sept • £6 adv
Upstairs
in association with BBC Introducing

Sun 23rd Sept • £9 adv
Smoke Fairies

Mon 24th Sept • £13.50 adv
Motion City Soundtrack

Tues 25th Sept • £22.50 adv
Nik Kershaw and his band

Fri 28th Sept • £18.50 adv
Then Jericho
Big Area Tour 2012 - performing
'Big Area' in its entirety

Sat 29th Sept • £7 adv
Skeletor ft. Dedlok
+ Impaled Existence + Trust Unclean
+ Komrad + Lest We Forget

Mon 1st Oct • £11.50 adv
Aiden Grimshaw

Tues 2nd Oct • £12.50 adv
Mayday Parade
+ Summer Set + Natives

Weds 3rd Oct • £17.50 adv
7pm - 10pm
The Enemy

Fri 5th Oct • £12.50 adv
7pm - 10pm
Flux Pavilion
Standing On A Hill Tour
+ Dillon Francis

Fri 5th Oct • £7 adv
7pm - 10pm
Kyla La Grange

Sat 6th Oct • £12.50 adv
7pm - 10pm
Azealia Banks

Sun 7th Oct • £15 adv
The Selecter ft. Pauline Black

Mon 8th Oct • £8 adv
Turbowolf + Black Moth

Tues 9th Oct • £14 adv
10pm - 2am • over 18s only
Foreign Beggars

Thurs 11th Oct • £16.50 adv
Cockney Rejects

Fri 12th Oct • £15 adv
10.30pm • over 18s only
Jaguar Skills & His Amazing Friends

Fri 12th Oct • £12 adv
T.Rextasy

Sat 13th Oct • £19.50 adv
7pm - 10pm
Julian Cope

Sun 14th Oct • £8.50 adv
Submotion Orchestra

Tues 16th Oct • £7 adv
Life In Film

Fri 19th Oct • £12 adv
10pm - 3am • over 18s only
Mr Scruff
Keep It Unreal (5 Hour Set)

Sat 20th Oct • £15 adv
5pm - 3am (inc. admission to Propaganda)
Gathering ft. Dry The River
plus Spector, Jake Bugg, Bastille, Peace,
Nina Nesbitt, Lewis Watson, Hey Sholay
+ many many more tba

Sun 21st Oct • £11 adv
Reckless Love

Mon 22nd Oct • £13 adv
Lianne La Havas

Fri 26th Oct • £12.50 adv
Evile + Wolf

Sat 27th Oct • £18.50 adv
7pm - 10pm
Bowling For Soup

Sat 27th Oct • £12.50 adv
Gaz Coombes

Sat 27th Oct • £7 adv
Skeletor

Mon 29th Oct • £22.50 adv
World Party

Tues 30th Oct • £10 adv
Little Comets

Weds 31st Oct • £16.50 adv
7pm - 10pm
Owl City

Thurs 1st Nov • £24.50 adv
The Proclaimers

Thurs 1st Nov • £9 adv
Katzenjammer

Fri 2nd Nov • £20 adv
Heaven 17
The Luxury Gap Tour

Fri 2nd Nov • £10 adv
Alt-J

Sat 3rd Nov • £12 early / £16 adv
Ska Cubano + Count Skylarkin

Tues 6th Nov • £25 adv
Adam Ant & The Good The Mad & The Lovely Posse

Weds 7th Nov • £10 adv
7pm - 10pm
Pulled Apart By Horses

Thurs 8th Nov • £12 adv
Limehouse Lizzy
Present the Best of Thin Lizzy

Fri 9th Nov • £12 adv
7pm - 10pm
Mike Peters of The Alarm
(Red Poppy Tour)

Sat 10th Nov • £10 adv
7pm - 10pm
Complete Stone Roses

Thurs 13th Nov • £14 adv
The Revival Tour 2012
ft. Chuck Ragan, Jay Malinowski
(Bedouin Soundclash, Cory Brana,
Rocky Votolat, Emily Barker. Also:
Jon Gaunt (Fiddle) & Joe Ginsberg (Bass)

Fri 16th Nov • £10 adv
Yashin

Sat 17th Nov • £13 adv
7pm - 10pm
The Wedding Present
Performing 'Seamonsters' in full

Sun 18th Nov • £18 adv
Gong

Fri 23rd Nov • £11 adv
7pm - 10pm
The Rifles (Acoustic)

Sat 24th Nov • £7 adv
Skeletor

Fri 30th Nov • £110 adv
7pm - 10pm
The Milk

Sat 1st Dec • £11.50 adv
7pm - 10.30pm
Netsky Live

Sun 2nd Dec • £21.50 adv
The Saw Doctors

Thurs 6th Dec • £17.50 adv
For Those About to Rock
with Livewire AC/DC and ZZ Tops

Tues 11th Dec • £18 adv
The Damned

Thurs 13th Dec • £24 adv
Orbital

Fri 14th Dec • £12.50 adv
Electric Six 10th Anniversary Tour,
performing FIRE in its entirety

Sat 15th Dec • £7 adv
Skeletor

Sun 16th Dec • £15 adv
7pm - 10pm
Dappy
Rescheduled from 28th Sept • original tickets valid

Fri 21st Dec • £8 adv
8pm - 12 midnight
The Original Rabbit Foot Spasm Band
Christmas Knees-Up
ft. The Original Rabbit Foot Spasm
Band (Live), Count Skylarkin' & more

Tickets for Saturday night shows include FREE ENTRY TO PROPAGANDA AND TRASHY (or £6, £5 NUS / members, £4 NHS on the door)

o2academyoxford.co.uk

190 Cowley Road, Oxford, OX4 1UE

Venue box office opening hours: Mon-Sat 12pm-5.30pm

ticketweb.co.uk • wegotickets.com • seetickets.com • gigantic.com

facebook facebook.com/o2academyoxford

twitter twitter.com/o2academyoxford

YouTube

youtube.com/o2academytv