

NIGHTSHIFT

Oxford's Music Magazine

**Free every
month
Issue 215
June
2013**

HEADCOUNT

**"The day we start
being nice is the
time to give up."**

**Oxford's rock firebrands
continue to rage against
the machine**

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NEWS

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ART OF BURNING WATER, DETHSCALATOR AND DAVID THOMAS BROUGHTON are among a host of new acts announced for this year's Supernormal Festival. The decidedly leftfield three-day festival takes place over the weekend of the 9th-11th August at Brazier's Park, near Wallingford. Other new acts on the bill include The Physics House Band; Dead Sea Apes; Tomaga and Woodpecker Wooliams. They join the likes of Shit & Shine; Hookworms; Mugstar; Michael Chapman and The Sontaron Experiment already announced. Tickets for the event, priced £75 for adults and £50 for teenagers, are on sale from www.supernormalfestival.co.uk, along with full festival line-up.

ROB ST. JOHN, THE RALFE BAND AND RICHARD WALTERS are among the names confirmed for the London Folk Guild stage at this year's Wilderness Festival. The Folk Guild stage showcases up and coming roots acts from around the country from the choices of folk club promoters

like Cut A Shine, The English Folk Dance & Song Society, Global Local, Green Note and Magpie's Nest. Other acts confirmed for the stage include Ruu Campbell; Abi Wade; Rachael Dadd; Mary Epworth; Emily Barker & The Red Clay Halo and Ichi.

They join already confirmed headliners **Empire of the Sun**; **Noah & The Whale** and **Rodriguez** over the weekend of the 9th-11th August at Cornbury Park, near Charlbury. Tickets for Wilderness, which mixes live music with banquets, masked balls, debates, outdoor activities, theatre and more, are on sale now, priced £139 for adult tickets, from www.wildernessfestival.com.

BEARD MUSEUM look forward to a busy month in June with two live shows in local churches, and the release of the new **We Aeronauts** single. The Oxford label/promoter hosts shows by **Spring Offensive** at St John the Evangelist on Iffley Road on Saturday 15th June, and **The Epstein** at St Alban's Church on Thursday 27th. Spring Offensive launch their new single, 'Speak', on the 15th and are joined over two stages by Peter & Kerry, Pixel Fix, Salvation Bill, Adam Barnes and poet The Ruby Kid, while Stornoway will be manning the decks all evening. The show, which kicks off at 6pm will also feature a barbeque.

The Epstein's show.... *cont'd over*



TRUCK FESTIVAL has added new acts and two new stages to its ever-expanding line-up this year. **The Subways** (*pictured*) are the latest band to be added to the main stage bill, joining headliners **The Horrors** and **Spiritualized** as well as **Gaz Coombes**; **Dan le Sac & Scroobius Pip**; **Toy**; **The Joy Formidable** and **Rolo Tomassi**.

The two new stages on site are the Virgins and Veterans stage, which will feature one day of bands new

to Truck, and one day to long-time Truck Fest favourites. The veterans include Thomas Truax; Luke Smith; Fonda 500; Le Emu Tavern and Edible 5ft Smiths, with the virgins yet to be announced.

Additionally Clubhouse Records will be hosting the new Great Western Whisky Saloon & Blues Kitchen stage. Acts announced include Society; Redlands Palomino Co; The Epstein; The Dreaming Spires; Huck, and The Yarns.

With more acts still to be added, keep up to date with all the Truck news at truckfestival.com.

Tickets for the 16th Truck, which takes place over the weekend of the 19th-20th July at Hill Farm in Steventon, are on sale now, priced £74 for adult camping tickets, on the festival website.



HENRY DARTNALL has been talking to Nightshift about **Young Knives'** Kickstarter campaign to fund their new album. 'Sick Octave' is set to be released in September, with the band promising "undiluted Young Knives" and quoting Kraftwerk, Blur, The Fall and 90s computer games as primary influences.

Henry claims the Kickstarter campaign will allow Young Knives to make the album they really want after feeling they compromised too much on their last album, 'Ornaments From The Silver Arcade', under pressure from outside influences.

Fans donating to the campaign will be rewarded with everything from free downloads to a ten-year guestlist place for all Young Knives gigs. Anyone donating £5,000 can have the band come and play a set at their wedding. "We knew that we had to make this record ourselves," said Henry, "the last record we made cost too much money and had too many outside influences, and although we are proud of it we kind of had a band meeting and thought about what Young Knives was all about. Turns out we should be making a racket and trying out everything. So we didn't want to go cap in hand to a label, there's no point these days, we wanted to do it ourselves and the Kickstarter idea just means we get fans to buy the album a few months before they normally would and we can sink that money straight into making the record. I really liked the process of coming up with other stuff to flog; I've seen some really cheesy begging projects and I didn't want it to be like that so we just tried to make it about the music and a few cool extras that our fans would dig. It also means we own our music and don't owe someone loads of money, which is nice."

The album is preceded with an EP, 'Oh Happiness', out at the end of June. The band posted a video of a new song, 'Reproduction', on their website in May, the track seemingly owing a significant musical debt to New York synth pioneers Suicide.

"Yeah, 'Reproduction' was a song we have rewritten four or five times in the last four years. In the end we just chucked it all away and brought it down to a synth bass line. I knew it was a bit Suicide and we have always been fans, so we thought let's just try it like that. I kind of saw it as a homage to Suicide. I thought, well Springsteen did it with 'State Trooper', so we're allowed to. It's also the reason we put it on an EP; it kind of is too much of a sound-a-like for us to put on an album, but I think it's okay to use style from someone you love as long as you bring something to it, which is what we try to do. Reproduction isn't like the rest of the album; it isn't like the rest of the EP either. We have made some very contrasting sounds on the record: some of the tracks are machine-like and some are almost completely live, which is also something which we weirdly haven't done before on an album.

"The real change with 'Sick Octave' has been producing ourselves, it just means that no one can tinker with our sound and smooth off the edges. If you are going to be a painter you don't get someone else in to apply the paint to the canvas. People look to us for our tastes and we have found a confidence in doing it ourselves that has made this recording process the most fun since we made Nolens Volens, and I think that comes across in the music.

"We're obviously touring the record for a while at the end of the year and into next year. I think we are just going to concentrate on playing live for a while, I haven't thought about much beyond that, it's not really something we plan. That's the beauty of this record; there is no plan. I think I'm going to get back into idling again, it's much better for making music and general mental health."

Visit www.facebook.com/youngknives to watch the 'Reproduction' video and find out more about the Kickstarter campaign.

NEWS



BLACKWELL'S MUSIC SHOP has relocated to a new site on Broad Street. The dedicated music store is now at number 53, next door to its flagship book store, offering "a more compact and efficient store". Sales manager Luke Rickett explained to Nightshift what Blackwell's can offer to local music fans that they might not be aware of. "There is probably a slight misconception about Blackwell's Music in Oxford, in that we are often thought of purely as a classical music shop. Although we do specialise in classical music recordings, we also stock jazz, blues, world and folk music recordings, and books and printed music that cover all genres of music. The music shop is the only centrally-located music retailer left in the city, so we decided to increase our range of instruments and instrument accessories. We stock a range of acoustic guitars, stringed instruments, brass and woodwind. The shop stocks strings, drumsticks, plectrums, reeds, rosin, stands, and cables to mention but a few. "The shop also has a new music events programme which includes all kinds of performers and artists from classical vocal ensembles, folk acts and singer-songwriters. Blackwell's Music loves to support local music whenever possible; we are happy to stock recordings by local artists and encourage people to get in contact with us in regard to future performances at the shop." Contact the store on 01865 792792 or visit it online at blackwell.co.uk.



to launch their new album, 'Murmurations', features supports from The Dreaming Spires and Jordan O'Shea. Tickets for both events are on sale now from wegottickets.com, with more info on both events available on Facebook. **We Aeronauts**, meanwhile, release their latest EP, 'Don Valley', on June 10th as a download or limited edition CD. Visit www.beardmuseum.co.uk for more details.

FIXERS' JACK GOLDSTEIN follows up his Evening of John Cage show in January with another night of experimental music on Saturday 27th July. Gesamtkunstwerk Memetics will feature three separate performances from three performers simultaneously on the same stage, with each of the acts preparing their music in isolation. A venue for the event is still to be confirmed, but is likely to be either the OVADA warehouse, or the Port Mahon. More info next month...

GUNNING FOR TAMAR have made their track 'Another Season' free to download. The song, taken from their 'Camera Lucida' EP, is up for grabs at soundcloud.com/alccopop/03-another-season. The band play at Truck Festival in July.

SAMUEL ZASADA return from hiatus next month with the release of a new four-song EP, 'Winter's End', on Big Red Sky Records. The band are set to spend the summer playing local festivals, including Cornbury, Charlbury Riverside, Towersey and Battstock.

CANTERBURY, LOSTALONE AND EVAROSE headline a one-day festival at Courtyard Youth Centre in Bicester next month. The all-ages Yardfest takes place on Saturday 5th July, from 6pm. Tickets, priced £8, are on sale now



HUGH CORNWELL AND TANITA TIKARAM are the latest names to be added to this year's Cornbury Festival line-up. Former Stranglers singer Cornwell joins the main stage bill on Sunday afternoon while Tikaram plays the Songbird stage on Saturday. The pair complete a line-up that features headline acts **Squeeze**, **Keane**, **Van Morrison** and **Bellowhead**. Also on the bill are Echo & The Bunnymen; Imelda May; The Proclaimers; Amy McDonald, Seth Lakeman and Beverly Knight. The line-up for the Charlbury Riverside stage at Cornbury is now finalised. Dance a la Plage; Ben Montague; Alphabet Backwards; The Inflatables; Swindlestock; Kris Dollimore; Satsangi; The New Forbidden; Black Hats; Brickwork Lizards; Samuel Zasada; Knights of Mentis; Ilona; Blair Dunlop and Leddra Chapman are among the bands playing on the festival's third stage. Cornbury takes place over the weekend of the 5th-7th July at the Great Tew Estate in north Oxfordshire. Tickets for this year's festival are on sale now on **0844 338 0000**, or online at www.cornburyfestival.com, priced £190 for adult weekend camping tickets, with discounts for under-16s and over-70s.

from wegottickets.com.

THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT is a charity gig in aid of the JR Children's Hospital next month. The gig takes place in the Amphitheatre at the Said Business School, near Oxford train station, on Saturday 13th July, from 4-11pm. Acts confirmed are The Dreaming Spires; Co-Pilgrim; The Family Machine; Black Hats; Long Insiders; The Shapes and Jess Hall.

THAMESFEST returns over the weekend of the 19th-21st July at the Talbot Inn in Eynsham. Acts confirmed include Steamroller; Missing Persians; Reckless Sleepers;

Ian Macintosh; The Pete Fryer Band and 1000 Mile Highway. More details at www.thamesfest.co.uk

AS EVER, don't forget to tune into **BBC Oxford Introducing** every Saturday evening between 8-9pm on 95.2fm. The dedicated local music show plays the best Oxford releases and demos as well as featuring interviews, studio sessions, gig reviews and local music news. The show is available to stream or 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 guide, photo gallery and more.

SECRET RIVALS HAVE SPLIT UP. The local indie popstrels called it a day at the beginning of May, saying the band had achieved everything it set out to. Rivals released their debut album, 'Just Fall', last month, funded by fan donations. Talking to Nightshift about the split, guitarist and singer Jamie Corcoran said, "It's with a heavy heart and sad faces all round that we're splitting up. There's no secret drama or direction issues, it's simply the right time for us. We're so massively proud of the album we made and touched by every scrap of support we received. We did what we wanted to do in terms of musical recorded output, so to carry on half-heartedly would be a disservice to ourselves and those who enjoy the music. Essentially I don't believe we'd release a better follow-up, so best to leave it as it is and forever be proud." As well as the album, Secret Rivals released a string of singles and EPs across their lifespan and graced the cover of Nightshift last September. The band's entire back catalogue is available to hear and download for free at www.soundcloud.com/secretrivals.

WIN WILDERNESS TICKETS



Back for its third outing in the idyllic setting of **Cornbury Country Park**, the award-winning **Wilderness Festival** has quickly established itself at the heart of Oxfordshire's music calendar.

Wilderness takes place over the weekend of the **9th-11th August**. The event asserts itself as "A celebration of the arts and outdoors in the wilds of England," although on last year's evidence you're more likely to encounter a naked swimmer or someone dressed as a gangster and armed with a splurge gun than a roaming lion or wildebeest. Which is reassuring. In fact Cornbury Park itself is really rather lovely if you haven't ventured there before; it's got a lake and a deer park and all sorts. Trees, that kind of thing. Go along and see for yourself.

And while you're there you can check out some of the great live music they've got going on. This year's headliners are folk-pop hitmakers **NOAH & THE WHALE**, Aussie electro-rockers **EMPIRE OF THE SUN**, playing their only UK festival show of the year, and lost Detroit cult hero **RODRIGUEZ**. They're joined by folkstress **MARTHA WAINWRIGHT**; rootsy folk singer **MICHAEL KIWANUKA**; atmospheric rapper, singer and poet **GHOSTPOET**; soulful summery psych-popsters **THE BEES**; BBC Sound of 2013 nominee **KING KRULE**; stadium rockers **TRIBES**; Parisian multi-instrumentalist **MELODY'S ECHO CHAMBER** and Mercury Prize-nominated gypsy folk revivalist **SAM LEE**.

Music is but a part of the Wilderness experience though, and away from the stages you'll find a feast – literally – of food, debate, stargazing, and myriad outdoor pursuits, from horse riding to foraging, with the likes of **THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY**; **YOTAM OTTOLENGHI**; **THE IDLER**; **SCHOOL OF LIFE** and **THE LAKESIDE SPA** involved. There are banquets and late-night parties and theatre and talks and... just bloody loads of stuff, right?

Tickets for this year's Wilderness are on sale now through the festival website (www.wildernessfestival.com) as well as local outlets around the county. Adult weekend tickets are priced £139, with discounts for under-18s and families available.

And guess what? Thanks to the lovely folks what run it all, we have a pair of adult weekend tickets

to give away. Free. To you, our dear readers. Oh yes we do. All you need to do to win them is answer the following question:

RODRIGUEZ WAS THE SUBJECT OF WHICH FILM?

Answers on a postcard to Wilderness Competition, Nightshift, PO Box 312, Kidlington, OX5 1ZU, or by email to nightshift@oxfordmusic.net (clearly marked Wilderness Competition). Please include your name, address, email and daytime phone number. Deadline for entries is the 15th of June. The editor's decision is to eat anything and everything Yotam Ottolenghi can cook until he's violently sick.



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a quiet angry word with

HEADCOUNT



“LEVENSON EXPOSED THESE disgusting people for what they are and I am delighted to see so many people getting it in the neck. I find it incredible that businessmen like the Murdochs did not know what was going on. Sorry, don’t buy it. Their empire is built in their image. The culture runs down throughout and pollutes and you can be sure that these people knew exactly what was being done. Of course, they are not the only ones. Conrad Black: what a piece of work he is. Arrogant beyond belief. They want to rewrite the truth to suit them. Well, guess what fellas? Some of us are not so dumb that we believe you!”

ROB MOSS, SINGER AND guitarist with Headcount is off. By his own bandmates’ admission the singer and guitarist with Oxford’s enduring punk-metal titans has an opinion on everything and pulls no punches. His anger is as righteous as

it was when Headcount burst onto the local scene like Godzilla in a Tokyo suburb fourteen years ago. After a five year period of semi-hibernation, Headcount release their new album, ‘Lullabies For Dogs’, this month. Amid its thunderous rhythms, cavernous guitar lines and brooding melodies, cut through with a sense of ire that verges on the biblical at times, there’s no sign yet of the three-piece mellowing one iota. Headcount are on a mission. Headcount have always been on a mission. Rob’s rant comes in response to Nightshift’s opening gambit that the song ‘News Corpse’ is ‘Lullabies For Dogs’’s highlight and asking if it was a direct response to the complete lack of moral rectitude in areas of the press investigated by the Levenson Enquiry. Seems it is. With bells on.

FOR LOCAL MUSIC FANS unfamiliar with the band, Headcount have been the monstrous musical sore

thumb on the scene since the late-90s. Rob, alongside bassist Rob Jeffrey and drummer Stef Hale were, and remain, a behemoth of a band, taking Killing Joke’s industrial *sturm und drang*, giving it added weight via Therapy?’s serrated alt.metal and the lithe, serrated post-punk of early Banshees and Adam & The Ants. In their time together they’ve worked with Marco Pirroni from the Ants, and Killing Joke’s Paul Raven; released four albums, including three on legendary indie label Malicious Damage, and beaten a brutal path through the Oxford and London venue circuit. While the band retain a cult following in London and fans in high places, Oxford has never fully taken Headcount to its heart. Possibly because their particular style of rock – some way between punk, metal, post-punk and full-on rock beastliness – has ever fitted in with more popular scenes or genres. With ‘Lullabies...’ out now, let’s try and rectify that, people.

SO THEN, WHY A FIVE YEAR wait for this new album? Rob M: “First, we were promoting (previous album) ‘To The Point’ but there were a few issues which affected the band. Our dear friend Paul Raven, who produced our second album ‘Die Monkey Die’, passed away suddenly. We did a memorial gig for him, with the idea that the profits go to the British Heart Foundation. Someone who should know better and will remain nameless, demanded £300 on the day to stand in after October File couldn’t make it. That disgusted me and, coupled with the hellish task of getting people to even look at the album, resulted in taking some time out to rethink. We started jamming around some ideas in a different vein, but they all ended up becoming ‘Headcounted’ so we thought, ‘Fuck it, it sounds like Headcount because we are Headcount,’ so we got on with it and felt energised to do it as we think that there is a lot to say at the moment. We live in turbulent times and Headcount is, I think, a good barometer. The album took time to make because we have the luxury of our own studio and, let’s face it, the world wasn’t crying out for a new Headcount album, so we didn’t rush.

‘LULLABIES FOR DOGS’ IS well worth the wait. As Rob says, Headcount remain Headcount, and one thing Headcount have always been is great songsmiths, injecting a raw melodic core into their songs, which too many of their supposedly punk kin neglect. Lyrically too they’re as astute as they are angry. Alongside ‘News Corpse’, there’s the slightly more oblique ‘Greed’. “That’s more to do with the people who are never satisfied. They always want to screw that last little bit out of someone. There is enough to share; everyone deserves a bite of the pie. I have no problem with people making money and building business. I work for a living! I work damn hard for it and I should have rewards. But ethics seems to have been dropped in the pursuit of profit and that is morally reprehensible. You only have to look at the awful events in Bangladesh recently where the sweatshop building collapsed. All so that you pay £1.99 for a t-shirt and then throw it away? We’re all guilty. We do not question the ethics of the supermarkets and the chain stores enough. Because we are scrabbling around for the bargains and it’s well known that there is plenty of money in the bottom end of the markets. Exploiting the poor on both levels. We could discuss this all day.

Ripper riff though, ‘Greed’, love it. It was tricky to get right but, I’m pleased with that one!” And then there’s the refrain “Give it up / You just can’t do it anymore” on the fizzing, accusatory ‘Tortured Tongue’. Who is the message to here? Rob M: “Many people. People who I thought were friends; people who I thought had some integrity who showed themselves up. You could take a guess. Plus it’s a bit of flag waving from us. Kind of, clear off, we’re here now, thankyouverymuch!” By contrast, ‘Black Dog Days’, feels much more personal, a reflection on depression that’s been adopted by the mental health charity Sane for its Balck Dog campaign to raise awareness of the illness. Is that something Rob has particular experience of? “It’s good to see that slowly, mental health issues are being discussed in the open. Depression hits most families. We all know someone who needs a bit of help and these days it’s not so taboo to say ‘help me!’. If you have diabetes you take medicine; if you have high blood pressure, you take medicine. So you get a visit from the Black Dog. You might need to take something to get rid of it, or you may be able to kick it in the nuts in your own way, but to acknowledge it is not defeat. Marco turned this one into a Garbage-y type thing with that chorus riff. It’s probably our most commercial track and not really representative of the Headcount sound, but we thought it was just too good to not work on.”

ON THE PURELY MUSICAL side of things, ‘Lullabies...’ is instantly recognisable as a Headcount album. Fourteen years in, they’ve neither softened nor slowed. If anything, the album feels heavier than its predecessor, ‘To The Point’. Rob M: “I’m surprised you say that actually! I think it’s less heavy than anything we have done before as a complete piece. Hopefully you can trace an evolution in our sound over the four albums. The song writing has changed, so there is more in the way of arrangement there now. Before we relied on pace and volume but we have changed, we have middle eights! Plus, I don’t want to make the same album time and time again. There’s more structure these days as we have learnt a bit over the years. That said, we haven’t gone all fey; we’re still a rambunctious bunch. You won’t find us making any of that soppy fucking Mumford and Sons bollocks. Jeeez. What’s up with kids these days? Settling for that shit. That’s not progress. I have no desire to listen to music by people who seem to wear jumpers made out of pubic hairs. Stick them in vats of disinfectant!” Rob J: “I think this album is more intense rather than heavier. A little bit angrier and darker, but in a more

emotional way rather than a ‘lets kick your head in’ approach. Mossy is an emotional guy with an opinion on bloody everything, and whilst it might always have come across as us bashing the fuck out of songs, there was always supposed to be a point. The songs for this album were written, then played and played so they evolved. We recorded them when we were happy with the evolution of each song, which is partly why it took so long. It was a new and different approach for us, but we felt we had the time and wanted to make the most of having our own studio with no time constraints. Our next album will probably take two hours to write and record.” Headcount have always been highly melodic. Is that something punk bands forgot about over time? Rob M: “It depends on what you call punk. I loved The Damned and The Stranglers: they haven’t forgotten how to make catchy tunes. The Pistols had melody somewhere underneath Rotten’s vocals and The Clash could pen a nice little ditty when they felt inclined but I never really liked them. But then ‘punk’ like Discharge and GBH came along. Didn’t get them at all. No melody, was there? So yeah, maybe you’re right. There’s many a tuneless dirge out there! We have always tried to be melodic and I’m glad people have acknowledged that. It’s very important to me.” Rob: “We have always liked a good melody. But punk music in general seemed to forget about writing decent songs and just concentrated on throwing a tantrum. Most ‘punk’ bands now are either middle class spoiled brats who can’t write songs, hence the tantrum, or American(ised) girly whingers. Either way they have no balls and should fuck off quietly.”

AS MENTIONED, HEADCOUNT’S career has found them working extensively with both Marco Pirroni and Paul Raven, two genuine legends of the punk and post-punk era. What were their experiences of both and what did each bring to Headcount? Rob M: “Paul brought a sense of belief when we needed it and a bit of menace. He was a rough diamond of a person. A little edgy and that came out on ‘Die Monkey Die’. A fucking gem of a human being. He just said, ‘get in there, play it like you mean it and don’t fuck up!’ “Marco is different. He’s a very, very funny man in a twisted way. Off the wall. Extremely generous with his time and talents and he has this ability to just turn a song around with a suggestion or a riff. He transformed ‘Red Mist’ on the first album and also ‘News Corpse’ and ‘Black Dog’ on this album. His thing is about simplicity I suppose. He knows his stuff. I mean, look at his pedigree. This man co-wrote ‘Stand and Deliver’! Our version is better

than theirs by the way. And the Young Knives copied us! We’re gonna get them we are. Rob J: “Marco is an incredibly imaginative and intuitive guitarist, which certainly has added a finesse to some of our recordings that maybe wouldn’t be there without him. He can’t stay awake for more than three hours at a time, though. Raven was just a beast. In every sense of the word. Bigger than us, better than us, funnier than us, and I think any major star that worked with or met him would have said he was a legend as a man and a musician. He was a massive loss, but it should never be forgotten how awful his farts were. Rock-star excess literally seeping out. I don’t miss that.” Losing Paul must have hit you hard. Rob M: “Like a ton of bricks. Gutted. We spent a lot of time with him and he was family. My kids loved him; my wife loved him; my mum thought he was lovely! Paul Raven, bassist of Killing Joke, sitting having a cup of tea with my mum like a meeting of the WI! Everyone loved him. That said, he could be a total bastard when he wanted. He walked a fine line. He was very deep and he had that sense of knowing about him. A delightfully shady character! His funeral was the best night out I ever had! Silly bugger, still miss him.” Is Marco a fully-fledged part of the line-up now? Rob M: “No. He’s not fat enough. He’s a skinny whippet these days. In fact, he can barely lift a guitar let alone play it. Plus, why would he want to be seen in public with us? This man was a punk ‘face’, he’s been on the telly and everything!” Rob J: “Marco is our equivalent of Graeme Duffin from Wet Wet Wet; he plays in the background whilst us pretty boys get all the glory.”

FOURTEEN YEARS AND FOUR albums in it’s fair to say Headcount aren’t fresh young whippersnappers any more, but they remain potent rock firebrands, railing at the injustices of the world with the same severity they ever did. No pipe and slippers and UKIP membership for them. Do the band think they’ve got more or less angry about as they’ve got older? Rob M: “More angry, but better educated and more articulate. More in control of responses and emotions. I am still angry about politics, injustice, greed, war, poverty etc. I’m angry that we are being run down as a nation because there is no investment in education, healthcare, infrastructure and manufacturing. But we have money to blow people up.” Rob Jeffrey: “We pretty much hate everything. Always have, always will. We just have more things to hate now as we’ve got older. Like Waldorf and Statler, but there’s three of us. Stef: “Mossy is miserable and angry. I just play drums.”

You’ve always struggled to build a big local following; is that a problem with Oxford’s attitude to your sort of music, do you think? Rob M: “London is always better for us. People come out. Oxford doesn’t like what we do, never has. Just a few enlightened souls and we thank you. There is a great scene in Oxford but it tends to be very niche, more mannered than Headcount. We do not fit. If we played a free gig for anyone who has ever wondered what we are like or who had forgotten we still existed – and you’d be forgiven – then it would still be a half empty room. And we might just challenge you, Oxford! Prove us wrong!” Rob J: “Oxford people don’t really ‘get’ us. Not sure why, as we are all born and bred Oxfordshire boys. London crowds always seem slightly stunned and in awe of us. Like a bomb’s just gone off. We like to piss about on stage, and maybe that’s too much for some people here. We act the same on stage as we do wherever we go, which is probably why we are mates in the first place. Maybe we should grow up a bit.” Rob’s comment raises a serious point about Headcount. The band certainly have a bit of a reputation for not taking themselves too seriously, and woe betide anyone brave or foolish enough to heckle the band – the retorts could floor a charging elephant, – but get past the insults and the piss-taking and they are a serious band. A seriously bloody great band. So, do they feel they have to take the piss out of themselves? Rob M: “Not really. I just feel that we are three big fellas who can look intimidating, playing heavy music with uncompromising lyrics that deal with difficult subjects. So we do like to inject a bit of humour into the evenings. We like banter; we like heckles; we like to have a chat with people and make it something more interesting than these bands who just play and shuffle around. If we lived life like our lyrics, we would be hanging from the rafters in the barn. I have no desire to be miserablist. I was in a hotel in Manchester recently. Marilyn Manson checked in. Miserable fucker. All this affected way of walking around like a crippled old man all deathly white and soggy looking.” Stef: “It’s just the way we show affection to each other; the day we start being nice is the time to give up.” If you didn’t have this musical outlet for your ire, do you reckon you’d have gone on a murder spree by now? ROB M: “What makes you think we haven’t?”

Headcount play the Port Mahon on Saturday 29th June. ‘Lullabies For Dogs’ is out now on Malicious Damage. Visit headcount.bandcamp.com or www.facebook.com/band.headcount for news and tracks.

RELEASED

HALF DECENT

‘This Is The Music’

(Quickfix)
Having established his reputation with a succession of demos and mixtapes, a strong showing at last year’s Oxford Punt and his choice cut on Death Of Hi-Fi’s ‘Anthropocene’ album last year, Half Decent now puts in his best work yet with this seven-track mini-album. The man born Chris Martin rarely lets up his stream of words here; even when the music is languidly grooving through easy 70s jazz-soul as on ‘How Would You Know’, his flow is steely and determined and just a little bolshy. On numbers like ‘These Are The Days’ and ‘Everything You Want’ he delivers it straight and rapid-fire and after a while it can feel like you’re being battered a bit by a barrage of rhymes, while his slightly clipped accent is similar to many home counties white rappers. But such criticisms matter little when you consider the pumping ‘Party Harder’, a club-friendly mix of trance, house and rap with its strong female backing vocal from Nadine Fisher and a guest electronic drum showing from local trancer Leftouterjoin, that’s forcefully uplifting. Similarly the album’s highlight, ‘Potential Threat’, which manages



to fuse punky political bile, solid raps, soulful chorus (this time courtesy of Grace Williams), loping reggae grooves and electro squelch into a rich blend that finely balances urgency and languidness, a real rough diamond of a song. Closer ‘Broken Britain’ might conjure slightly overused images of urban decay and societal failings but with its detached Streets-y delivery over bleached-out panpipe backing, it captures a suitable feeling of ennui, while taking Half Decent’s always promising rapping and production skills to another level.
Dale Kattack



LEE CHRISTIAN

‘A New Way’

(Own label download)
As singer with Smilex, as well as vocalist on Phill Honey’s Boywithatoy project, Lee Christian’s stock in trade has always been to exude a sense of sleaziness, something he seems in no hurry to grow out of with this solo debut. From its S&M chic sleeve, through to Lee’s Prince-via-Marilyn Manson salacious hiss of a voice, ‘A New Way’ wants to do the dirty with the ladies, though whether said ladies will be begging for it – to steal an old Smilex song title – or running for the nearest nunnery, is up for debate. Everyone from Prince himself to Har Mar Superstar has shown you can perv all you like



THE EPSTEIN

‘Murmurations’

(Zawinul)
Named after the collective noun for starlings, particularly, we like to think, those vast, aerobically choreographed displays you witness above Oxford’s skies in spring, The Epstein’s long-awaited second album musically captures that feeling of awe when faced with nature’s most epic spectacles. Just how long-awaited ‘Murmurations’ is reflected in the tracklisting, which features six songs that have already been released on previous EPs, going back over two years. That’s over half the album. That’s a minor gripe though when you listen through to the songs here. The Epstein believe in big, broad brushstrokes, even their most intimate, homespun moments awash with a sense of cinematic grandeur. Album opener ‘Morning News’ cruises on swirling keyboards and fulsome drum salvos, while ‘Ring On Her Finger’ – on the face of it a more wistful piece – comes packed to its gills with banjo and horns that lend it weight. ‘Calling Out Your Name’ is almost symphonic in its reach, but it’s the album’s centrepiece ‘I Held You Once’ that really soars, from its lean homesick beginnings, it rises to a glorious finale like an Atlantic wave that build and builds, while Olly Wills’ emotional intensity never tips into histrionics. The word euphoric barely does it justice. ‘Murmurations’ wouldn’t work though if it was simply all epic soundscaping. ‘Sophia Loren’ is more reflective, all chiming steel guitar and melancholic nostalgia, while ‘Hudson’ is a slight, easy canter, only let down by being a good two minutes too long. At their best The Epstein have always balanced bleakness with warmth and a vivid, wide vision with intricacy and ornamental prettiness. While so much of this album is already familiar, for fans and newcomers alike it is a fully-realised document of what they have become over the years, elegant, supremely accomplished songwriters worthy of soundtracking the natural wonders around them.
Sue Foreman



SPRING OFFENSIVE

‘Speak’

(Free download)
Another pocket-sized sliver of gossamer pop blossom from Spring Offensive, offered as a free download, the band still simultaneously recognisable as Spring Offensive but hard to pin down to any particular style. Like Gunning For Tamar they’ve fully outgrown their influences and similarly mix a slightly tricky, highly rhythmic song structure with bright, optimistic melody, ‘Speak’ building subtly but briskly from its coy, folksy beginnings to a steely multi-vocal chant over the prettiest of guitar spangle that you feel could easily carry on rising for another five minutes without outstaying its welcome.
Dale Kattack

LAC

‘Borstal Boy EP’

(Warners)
When he was fifteen years old Michael Davies found himself in Feltham Young Offenders Institute, where he was encouraged to write. A friend at Feltham with three weeks left to serve committed suicide when he discovered his girlfriend had cheated on him. This debut single from his band LAC (Law Abiding Citizens) tells that boy’s story with heartfelt simplicity. It’s as much a plea to love someone for their faults as it is a story and Davies’ unadorned London accent (he was born and raised in the capital before moving to Oxfordshire in 2001) reminds us of Billy Bragg’s earthy, lovelorn balladry as well as Paul Weller’s more considered moments (notably The Jam’s ‘Butterfly Collector’). You get the feeling LAC could easily fill a Libertines-sized hole in the market for bruised, laddish pop poetry, which is why Warners doubtless swooped to sign the band. Davies describes LAC as a punk band, and you can see where he’s coming from on the EP’s other two songs, ‘When I’m Around’ and ‘Dead Generation’, both feisty, call-to-arms bar-room romps that follow a straight lineage from The Clash and The Jam down to the likes of The Enemy. If the music industry don’t eat them up, there’s more than enough vim, vigour and everyman market town soul here to suggest LAC might just eat the world.
Ian Chesterton

CANDY SAYS

‘Favourite Flavour’

(Cool For Cats)
As if timed perfectly for the arrival of summer, Candy Says’ second single – the follow-up to the similarly summer-themed ‘Melt Into The Sun’ – buzzes bumble bee-like out of a west coast hideaway where songs are made from cherry bubblegum and lemon *bon bons*, singers Julia Sophie and Eliza Zoot harmonising and setting up a euphoric nursery rhyme that borders on a devotional chant, even as we learn that “Love, it’s like an addiction / Love, it’s like a stab in the heart”, sparse drums and handclaps providing the rhythm while the organ undulates and swarms around them. It’s simple, repetitive and dangerously catchy, a wide-eyed kid sister to The Shangri-La’s, less a nagging insistency,



more a childlike pester. Why yes, you can have an ice cream, since you asked so sweetly.
Dale Kattack

HUCK & THE XANDER BAND

‘Alexander The Great: A Folk Operatta (Pt.1)’

(Own label)
A rock opera, in this day and age? Well Fucked Up did a pretty good job of it with ‘David Comes Alive’, so why not Huck, aka Humphrey Astley, whose musical CV includes Sextodecimo, Tamara & The Martyrs and most recently, The Epstein. ‘Alexander the Great...’ aims to tell the tale



of a teenage boy, Alex, moved to Texas by his fundamentalist father, who discovers every vice his father despises, not least the love of another boy, Johnny, a half-Caddo Indian. The pair of them go on the run together – the point at which this first third of the trilogy ends. Thematically the story is inspired by the stories of Arthur Rimbaud, Peter Pan and Huckleberry Finn. The four songs here, though, are musically closer to Bob Dylan and The Violent Femmes – Humphrey’s high-wired, almost hysterical at times, voice, is close to the Femmes’ Gordon Gano, as well as Clap Your Hands Say Yeah’s Alec Ounsworth, particularly on the freewheeling opener ‘Alex’, the tone of the story still relatively carefree. Things become stretched, more tense, as Alex is drawn into Johnny’s field of gravity and feelings of guilt impinge upon him. Where the story leads we’ll doubtless find out, but there are already echoes of Donna Tartt and David Ford’s American gothic on show, and in their worlds things rarely end happily.
Dale Kattack



G I G G U I D E

SATURDAY 1st
SENSE FAIL + MARMOZETS + HANDGUNS: O2 Academy – The return of New Jersey’s emo and post-hardcore veterans, following on from last month’s appearance at Slam Dunk Festival and now on tour to promote new album ‘Renacer’. Great support from angular, sheet-metal math-core crew Marmozets.
CARAVAN OF WHORES + MOGHUL + IRON HEARSE + BARRY & THE BEACHCOMBERS: The Wheatsheaf – Buried in Smoke open their account for the month in monolithic style. Rampant stoner-core beasts Caravan of Whores warm up for their support to Naam, with support from Birmingham’s sludge/

Monday 3rd
GHOSTPOET: O2 Academy
A Coventry/London-based rapper-cum-singer-cum-storyteller of Nigerian and Dominican descent, Obaro Ejimiwe is that rare thing: an artist who is high on impossible to pigeonhole. Championed by Mike Skinner early on, he claims his chief inspiration was Badly Drawn Boy; signed to Gilles Peterson’s Bownswood label, he has as much in common with John Cooper Clarke and Gil Scott Heron as he has with Roots Manuva, and he was previously tour support to Metronomy. A nice little mix of bases for the man not quite pinned down by the description of him once as a cross between Tricky and Dirty Projectors. There’s a lightness and playfulness to his music that touches on jazz, but equally the mood of so many of his songs is pensive and anxious, stories often recounted through a fug of morning-after confusion and even paranoia. Tracks from his Mercury-nominated ‘Peanut Butter Blues & Melancholy Jam’ album, like ‘Cash & Carry, sound like they’re somnambulating through fog, while ‘Survive It’ was simply gorgeous in its airy minimalism. Two years after that introduction, Ghostpoet releases his follow-up album, ‘Some Say I So I Say Light’, which is fun to try and say ten times really quickly, possibly while drifting through a narcotic haze of the sort his songs so often seem to exist in.



JUNE

stoner/doom/groove metal crew Moghul, power metallers Iron Hearse and quirky hardcore types Barry & The Beachcombers.
PROPAGANDA + TRASHY + JACK FM DJs: O2 Academy – Weekly three-clubs-in one session with indie and electro tunes at Propaganda; kitsch pop, glam and 80s at Trashy, plus dancefloor faves from Jack FM DJs.
EXTRA CURRICULAR: The Cellar – Weekly electronic and bass-heavy club night.
THE MIGHTY REDOX + LES CLOCHARDS: James Street Tavern – Local swamp-blues and psych-funk faves Mighty Redox kick off another busy gigging month in the sweet, Francophile rock’n’roll company of Les Clochards.
EVOLUTION: Fat Lil’s, Witney – Classic FM rock hits from the 70s-90s.
LITTLE BLACK DRESS: The Bullingdon MORDECIA + KYSHERA + MAN MAKE FIRE + MINIMATA CONVULSION: The Cellar – Rock and metal night.

SUNDAY 2nd
DIESEL KING + WAR WOLF + BERSICKER: The Wheatsheaf – Sludgy downtempo brutality from London’s Sabbath-inspired Diesel King at tonight’s Buried In Smoke show, the band having previously supported Corrosion of Conformity and Karma To Burn as well as playing this year’s Bloodstock.
BEARD OF DESTINY + PHIL FREIZINGER & CHRIS HILL + DANNY KAYE + DANGEROUS DAVE + MAX: Donnington Community Centre (6pm) – Free acoustic live music session.
RED CEILIDH: The Bullingdon – Alternative folk dance.

MONDAY 3rd
GHOSTPOET: O2 Academy – Atmospheric, leftfield hip hop from the Coventry rapper and singer – *see main preview*
EDDY BLUE & THE STORMS: The Jericho Tavern – Funky rhythm’n’blues from the Texan saxophonist and his band at tonight’s Famous Monday Blues show.
VIRGIL & THE ACCELERATORS: The Bullingdon – Hard rocking, riff-heavy blues-rock and classic rock’n’roll from the young band discovered by Otis Grand when Virgil was only 12 years old, and subsequently mentored by Joe Bonamassa as well as touring with Joanne Shaw-Taylor. Inspired by the likes of Led Zep, ZZ Top and Alvin Lee, theirs is a frenetic but cleverly textured take on classic sounds.
FAIRPORT ACOUSTIC CONVENTION: The Cornerstone Arts Centre, Didcot – Unplugged set from the local folk-rock royalty as they build up to their annual Cropredy Festival.

TUESDAY 4th
THE SEARCHERS: St John the Evangelist, Iffley Road – Classics 60s hits from the Merseybeat legends – *see main preview*
MARVELLOUS MEDICINE: The Wheatsheaf – Student folk-reggae outfit.
JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Free live jazz every Tuesday, tonight with The Heavy Dexters, playing funk-ed-up contemporary jazz tunes from Gil Scott Heron to Herbie Hancock and Billy Cobham.
OPEN MIC CLUB: James Street Tavern

WEDNESDAY 5th
WOLF ALICE: The Jericho Tavern – Great grunge-inflected electro-indie-pop from Ellie Roswell and her band, touring their new single ‘Bros’ and coming in somewhere between Elastica, Mazzy Star and The xx.
THE DIESEL SLEEP + DROPOUT: The Wheatsheaf – Moshka gig night with indie newcomers The Diesel Sleep, plus brooding, billowing eurogoth rockers Dropout.
THE MOODY BLUES: The New Theatre – Justin Hayward, John Lodge and Graeme Edge continue their symphonic soft-rock odyssey.
SUBVERSE: The Cellar – House, techno, garage and bass from the Subverse Radio crew.
ACOUSTIC LOUNGE: Fat Lil’s, Witney

THURSDAY 6th
AFRIKA BAMBAATAA: The Cellar – Wooh, yeah. Hip hop legend with few equals mans the decks – *see main preview*
THE DRIFTERS: The New Theatre – Doo-wop, r’n’b and soul from the legendary vocal group, who have employed some 65 different members in their 70-year history.
THE MIGHTY REDOX: The Wheatsheaf – Free unplugged set in the Sheaf’s downstairs bar.
CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre – Oxford’s longest-running, and best, open mic club, showcasing singers, musicians, poets, storytellers and more every week.
OPEN MIC CLUB: The Half Moon
BLUES JAM: The Jack Russell, Marston

FRIDAY 7th
SKYLARKIN SOUND SYSTEM with LAID BLAK: The Cellar – Count Skylarkin presents his monthly reggae, dancehall, hip hop and drum&bass party, welcoming back Bristol’s seven-strong party reggae collective Laid Blak for an intimate show. DJ Bunji and MC Joe Peng from the band then join the Count on the decks for a night of fine party tunes.
KLUB KAKOFANNEY with EMPTY VESSELS + KOMRAD + NON-STOP TANGO: The Wheatsheaf – Suitably eclectic and wayward mixed bill at this month’s Klub Kak, with ballsy, bluesy proto-metallers Empty Vessels kicking it out big and loud in the style of Led Zep, Hendrix and Blue Cheer, with support from prog-core hellbastards Komrad, bringing the noise somewhere twixt Dillinger Escape Plan and King

Crimson, and the return of improv giants Non-Stop Tango, featuring the cream of the Oxford improv crew and mixing up jazz, electro, prog and more, with references to Henry Cow and This Heat in the mix.
BETA BLOCKER & THE BODY CLOCK + POLEDO + JEFF WODE: The Port Mahon – A night of splendid noise from the Tertium Quid folks. Beta Blocker go lo-fi groove mining with amps turned up to twelve, while recent Punt stars Poledo kick out a fine old racket in the vein of Dinosaur Jr and Superchunk, and Callum from Empty White Circles unleashes his noisy side with his *Withnail & I*-referencing Jeff Wode band.
THROWING UP: The Bullingdon – Raucous, rough-hewn pop-punk in the vein of Veruca Salt and Slumber Party from London’s hip three-piece.
BREEZE: The Duke’s Cut – Lively party covers.
FUNK IT: The Bullingdon – Club classics, funk and r’n’b every Friday.
DISCO MUTANTE: The Library – Cosmic funk, disco and acid house session with special guests Salon Acapulco, from Mexico, bringing their tropical disco beats to the party.

SATURDAY 8th
WE AERONAUTS + SALVATION BILL + DALLAS DON’T + COUNT DRACHMA: O2 Academy – EP launch gig for local alt.folk and jangle-pop sweeties We Aeronauts, their first release in two years, ‘Don Valley’, coming out

Tuesday 4th
THE SEARCHERS: St John the Evangelist
They might have been consigned to the cabaret circuit for most of the past few decades but The Searchers remain one of the great pop bands of the 60s, fellow Merseybeat scenesters alongside The Beatles and Gerry & The Pacemakers and a band with a catalogue of hit singles longer than Mr Tickle’s arm. From their origins as a skiffle band in Liverpool in the late-1950s, guitarist John McNally and co. followed neighbours The Beatles along the Hamburg club route before signing to PYE and releasing a succession of hits, including ‘Sweets For My Sweet’ and a cover of Jackie De Shannon’s ‘Needles & Pins’, which broke the band in the States. R&B hits like ‘Love Potion No.9’ and ‘Father John’ followed, along with more atmospheric songs like a cover of The Orlon’s ‘Don’t Throw Your Love Away’ before their fortunes slowly faded, coinciding with a move towards a more folk-tinged sound, best heard on their take on ‘What Have They Done To The Rain?’. The Searchers stopped making new records in the late-80s but have never stopped touring, Mc Nally still helming the band, alongside Frank Allen, singer with the group since the 60s, and all the big hits, alongside plenty of lesser known nuggets from their career, should get an airing tonight.



on Beard Museum Records. They’re joined by elegantly wracked folk-pop types Salvation Bill, spiky pop-punkers Dallas Don’t and Zulu folk crew Count Drachma.
MMX: The Jericho Tavern – Local newcomers MMX head off on tour to promote their debut EP, ‘Child’, mixing brooding electronics with polished, sultry pop, reminiscent of Coldplay or Snow Patrol.
BEAR ON A BICYCLE BIRTHDAY BASH: The Cellar – Local music and art collective Bear On A Bicycle celebrate their first birthday with a night of associated bands. Epic Americana and shimmering shoegaze from ToLiesel; stark, melancholic acoustic pop from Jordan O’Shea, and atmospheric electronica from After The Thought.
QUINTA: Modern Art Oxford – Experimental contemporary classical performance from multi-instrumentalist Kath Mann at tonight’s OCM show, Mann having played with Bat For Lashes, Patrick Wolf and Phil Selway in recent times, in her own right mixing piano compositions with myriad acoustic instruments that seen her compared to Seaming To and Steve Reich at.
PROPAGANDA with THE VIEW + TRASHY + JACK FM DJs: O2 Academy – Dundee’s indie rockers The View play a club night set as part of Propaganda tonight, the band plugging their ‘Cheeky For A Reason’ album, five years after hitting the Number 1 spot with debut album ‘Hats Off To The Buskers’, which spawned hit singles ‘Wasted Little DJs’ (*NME*’s track of the year in 2007) and ‘Same Jeans’.
BREAKER 1-9: Fat Lil’s, Witney – 70s American trucker hits, from Lynyrd Skynyrd to The Eagles.
THE MISSING PERSIANS: The Talbot Inn, Eynsham
SUNDAY 9th
PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED + THE WONDERSTUFF: O2 Academy – The imperiously Machiavellian Mr Lydon returns – *see main preview*
MUD MORGANFIELD: The Bullingdon – The Haven Club hosts Muddy Waters’ eldest son, Mud Morganfield, now a highly respected bluesman in his own right, with a voice similar to his legendary father and following a similar stylistic path into classic Chicago electric blues. His recent ‘Son Of A Seventh Son’ album saw him working with Waters alumni Rich Kreler, while an appearance on *Later...* is set to take him to a higher level.
MUTAGENOCIDE + ZAOS + VISION FALL + I CRIED WOLF: The Wheatsheaf – Mutagenocide return to gigging action, aiming to show why they’re one of the very best metal bands in Oxford, fusing elements of thrash, tech-metal, doom and NWOBHM and coming on like a seriously virulent cross between Pantera, Meshuggah and Iron Maiden in the process. Hardcore thrash from Zaos and epic metal from Vision Fall in support.
HIPSHAKIN’!: The Library – Monthly dose of 50s and 60s rhythm’n’blues, rock’n’roll, jump jive, jazz, boogaloo and early soul.

MONDAY 10th
THE MICHAEL KATON BAND: The Jericho Tavern – Raw roadhouse blues-rock, boogie and r’n’b from the Michigan singer and guitarist, renowned for his epic, sometimes five-hour sets.

TUESDAY 11th
JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Free live jazz from The New Jazz Collective.
INTRUSION: The Cellar – Goth, industrial ebm



Thursday 6th
AFRIKA BAMBAATAA: The Cellar
Oxford has welcome a fair few musical legends to its venues over the years, and Afrika Bambaataa is up there with the best of them. The man born Kevin Donovan in the Bronx is a true hip hop Godhead, one of the great musical pioneers of the last 50 years. He was an originator of breakbeat DJing and turntablism; arguably invented the whole electro-funk genre; is credited with giving hip hop its name, and strived for many years to bring a semblance of peace and unity to New York’s street gangs through the power of hip hop and his Zulu Nation movement. He was an activist as much as a musician and DJ, campaigning against apartheid as well as violence closer to home, and the block parties he organised burgeoned into the global music style we now take for granted. As a DJ Bambaataa is renowned for his eclectic tastes. He’s the man who was fusing funk and rap with the electronic music of Gary Numan and Kraftwerk before anyone else, and his sets take in everything from hip hop, funk and soul to rock, salsa and African dance, so you’ll get James Brown alongside remixes of Aretha Franklin and Fela Kuti, plus a whole load more. Really, he is the man.

and cyberpunk club night.
OPEN MIC CLUB: James Street Tavern

WEDNESDAY 12th
NAAM + CARAVAN OF WHORES + EYES OF EVE: The Wheatsheaf – Buried In Smoke host Brooklyn’s psychedelic drone-core behemoths– *see main preview*
FREERANGE: The Cellar – Drum&bass, dubstep and hip hop club night with resident DJs.
GORDIE MACKEEMAN & HIS RHYTHM BOYS: Thomas Hughes Memorial Hall, Uffington – High-energy bluegrass and folk from the Canadian fiddler and his band.
IT’S ALL ABOUT THE MUSIC LOCAL BANDS SHOWCASE: The Bullingdon

THURSDAY 13th
THE PETE FRYER BAND: The Wheatsheaf CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre
OPEN MIC CLUB: The Half Moon
BLUES JAM: The Jack Russell, Marston

FRIDAY 14th
THE ORIGINAL RABBIT FOOT SPASM BAND + VIENNA DITTO: The Jericho Tavern – Party time with no prisoners taken as the suited and booted hot jazz warriors hit the stage again to recreate the sounds and spirit of a 1930s New Orleans speakeasy. Drink and be merry. Great support from retro-futurist electro-rockabilly



Sunday 9th

PUBLIC IMAGE Ltd: O2 Academy

PiL's gig here three years ago was nothing short of a revelation. John Lydon's well-earned reputation as a lifelong contrarian meant anything could have happened, but in the end the show was a two-hour *tour de force* with Lydon an imperious ringmaster as he and his recently resurrected band, including former Pop Group member Bruce Smith, ran through every great moment PiL have created since they emerged from the ashes of The Sex Pistols. The Pistols might have kicked down the statues, but with PiL, Lydon's musical legacy reached further and into more interesting corners. As Simon Reynolds argues in his superb book *Rip It Up And Start Again*, PiL's debut album was the real year zero for rock music, taking the revolutionary spirit of punk and drawing in disparate strands, from dub to funk to electronic music and inventing a whole swathe of new musical genres. Abetted by some of the most innovative musicians of the modern age – bassist Jah Wobble, guitarists Keith Levene and John McGeoch, and drummer Martin Atkins – Lydon took PiL to places previously unvisited by a rock band, arguably inventing post-rock along the way. From 1978 to their unofficial split in 1992 PiL's output was inconsistent to say the least but the best of it – 1979's inspirational 'Metalbox' and the more abstract, electronic 'Flowers Of Romance' in particular – stand alongside the finest, most challenging music ever made. This time round, we go along expecting greatness. On that previous evidence, we shall not be disappointed.

soul duo Vienna Ditto, mixing up influences as dark and disparate as Suicide, Nina Simone and Portishead into a decidedly holy brew.

BOSSAPHONIK: The Cellar – Dancefloor Latin, afrobeat, Balkan beats, global grooves and nu-jazz at the monthly club night, tonight featuring a live set from London's Latin-infused nine-piece band, with their roots in Cuban timba and salsa, and Caribbean dance rhythms and cumbia. **TUBULAR BELLS FOR TWO: The New Theatre** – Two-man Aussie pocket orchestra take on the work of thirty as they reinterpret Mike Oldfield's 1973 classic.

OVADA WAREHOUSE CONCERTS: OVADA, Osney Lane – First of two nights of live music at the Ovada Warehouse, including, over the two shows, sets from acoustic drum and piano duo Bambino dell'Oro, melding elements of prog, jazz, electronica, groove-rock and minimalism; Zulu Muskandi music band Count Drachma; ex-Out Of The Blue combo Jack & The Arrows with their harmony singing and folk songs, and Dead Rat Orchestra, led by Pitts Rivers composer in residence Nathaniel Mann, with an idiosyncratic approach to music making.

FUNK IT: The Bullingdon

THE MIGHTY REDOX: The Red Lion, Eynsham
IT'S ALL ABOUT THE MUSIC LOCAL BANDS SHOWCASE: The Bullingdon
KRISSY MATTHEWS BAND: Fat Lil's, Witney

SATURDAY 15th

SPRING OFFENSIVE + PETE & KERRY + PIXEL FIX + ADAM BARNES + SALVATION BILL + THE RUBY KID + STORNOWAY DJS: St John the Evangelist, Iffley Road (6pm) – The first of two special Beard Museum-hosted shows this month. Spring Offensive launch their new single, 'Speak', in the suitably rarefied environs of St John the Evangelist, always keen to provide a spectacle in their rare hometown shows. The supporting cast features Tape Club Records' Pete & Kerry; rich, textural electronica and mathsy pop from Pixel Fix; soulful Americana from Adam Barnes; intimately melancholic pop from Salvation Bill and poetry and spoken word from London's The Ruby Kid. Additionally Stornoway will be manning the decks and there'll be an early evening barbeque as music takes place over two stages, one inside, the other in the church grounds.

HUGH LAURIE: The New Theatre – House is back in the house! Hugh returns to Oxford after his showing at Cornbury Festival last year to promote new album 'Didn't It Rain', the follow-up to his acclaimed 'Let Them Talk', featuring interpretations of classic 1930s New Orleans jazz standards, and which revealed Laurie as both a talented singer and pianist and genuine aficionado of classic jazz. His new album is a trip into the blues, and features a cover of Kansas Joe McCoy's 'Weedsmoker's Dream', as well as takes on WC Hardy, Jelly Roll Morton, Dr John and Alan Price. **TRIGGER EFFECT + KOMRAD + BEAR TRAP + AGNESS PIKE: The Wheatsheaf** – Rampaging garage-metal and punk in the vein of The Bronx, Refused and Black Flag from Montreal's Trigger Effect, on tour to promote new album, 'What's Left To Eliminate?'. Heavyweight prog-math-core from Komrad in support, along with grizzly grunge-punk outfit Bear Trap and oddball thrash crew Agness Pike.

IRREGULAR FOLK with THE RALFE BAND + BEN WALKER + COUNT DRACHMA: The Perch, Binsey – Oly Ralfe's quirky folk-pop band play Irregular Folk's Bedouin tent, fresh from supporting I Am Kloot on tour and set to release a new single, 'Come On Go Wild'. Support comes from Candy Says' keyboard wizard Ben Walker and Rob and Ollie Steadman's Zulu pop project Count Drachma.

HOT HOOVES + LES CLOCHARDS + THE OTHER DRAMAS + WILL PHIPPS: The Hollybush, Osney – With Wittstock only just packed away for another year, the build-up to next year's event begins. Punky power-poppers Hot Hooves keep it rocking in the style of Husker Du, Guided By Voices and early Teenage Fanclub, while Les Clochards bring a Parisian café vibe to classic rock'n'roll in the vein of Roy Orbison. **MAQAM + CIGDEM ASLON: The Cellar** – Local Mediterranean flavoured folksters Maqam team up with singer Aslon for a night of Greek, Turkish and Egyptian folk, pop and classical tunes. **OVADA WAREHOUSE CONCERTS: OVADA, Osney Lane**
EXTRA CURRICULAR: The Cellar
NO READING ALONE with CHRIS TT: St Michael @ the Northgate
ROMANCE IS BORING: Baby Simple – Indie, electro and Motown club night.
WAM: Fat Lil's, Witney – Ska punk classics.
MUNDANE SANDS + SLIDE'N'BLUES:

James Street Tavern – Folk rocking in the style of The Oysterband and Mark Knopfler from Mundane Sands.
SYNTHESIS: The Bullingdon

SUNDAY 16th

OTIS FISCHER + MOON RABBIT + MARK ATHERTON + CHARMS AGAINST THE EVIL EYE + FIREGAZERS: The Wheatsheaf (2.30pm) – Free afternoon of unplugged musical fun courtesy of the Klub Kakofanney crew and chums.

MONDAY 17th

CHERRY LEE MEWIS: The Jericho Tavern – Wales' rising blues singer Mewis returns to the Famous Monday Blues after her show there late last year, playing a style of blues akin to a young Bonnie Raitt, with a powerful old-time blues voice that sees her doing justice to songs by the likes of Koko Taylor, Blind Willie McTell and Memphis Minnie alongside her own material, while her classic sound is mixed with hillbilly boogie, 50s skiffle, jazz and soul.
BRIAN MAY & KERRY ELLIS: St John the Evangelist, Iffley Road – Queen guitarist, wildlife campaigner and all-round good egg Brian May teams up with actress and singer Kerry Ellis – who was part of the cast of the Queen musical We Will Rock You – for an intimate candlelit acoustic

Wednesday 12th

NAAM / CARAVAN OF WHORES:

The Wheatsheaf

Signed to Tee Pee Records, home to The Warlocks and The Brian Jonestown Massacre, you can probably start to guess what you're going to get from Brooklyn's Naam. But take those expectations, double them, slow them down to almost tectonic speed and ramp the volume up til the dial falls off. Theirs is a very 'eavy form of modern psychedelia. Here's where Black Sabbath take a trip down krautrock's autobahn with Spiritualized, expansive opuses built on single riffs making for deep, dark trips into the earth's core. Or into outer space. Or that corner of your brain that wanders into the dark to contemplate its own insecurities. Drugs may have been involved in the making of this music. Beards most certainly were. Having made their name touring with the likes of Orange Goblin, Nebula and Atomic Bitchwax, and releasing spiralling acid rock beasts like 'The Ballad Of The Starchild', Naam now release their second full album and head off on an extensive European trip. With the emphasis on the word trip. And who better to join them on this particular stop-off on the journey than Oxford's own monsters of monolithic stoners rock, Caravan Of Whores? As we say, it will be heavy.



show, together playing a selection of Queen numbers and covers some of the pair's favourite songs, all in aid of the Born Free foundation.

TUESDAY 18th

THE INDELICATES + THE MECHANISMS: The Cellar – Weimer-era cabaret, scathing electro-pop, steam punk pirates and general theatricality as Sussex's Brecht & Weill-inspired songsmiths The Indelicates go head to head with Oxford's "immortal space pirates" for a night out on the rings of Saturn, or the high seas, whichever takes their fancy.
ARTFUL: The Cellar – Mark Hill, formerly one half of r'n'b and garage production crew Artful Dodger, returns in his solo guise for a night of garage and 2 step.
JAZZ CLUB: The Bullingdon – Free live jazz with The Hugh Turner Band.
OPEN MIC CLUB: James Street Tavern

WEDNESDAY 19th

HAYSEED DIXIE: O2 Academy – By rights a novelty act whose appeal should have waned years ago. Why it hasn't is because not only is that novelty as enduring as the music it borrows from, but the band's talent and inventiveness means they've never rested on any laurels and always sought new challenges. The novelty as much as it is a novelty, is the band's bluegrass take on heavy rock. Originally formed as a country-folk tribute to AC/DC, tackling everyone from Kiss and Queen to Motörhead and, with delicious irony, Spinal Tap. And while they subsequently stayed the same, they moved on. They didn't just play covers, as 2008's 'No Covers' proved; their own bluegrass compositions rank alongside the best contemporary acts of the genre. More recently they recorded an entire album of Norwegian songs in Norwegian, as well as covering Rammstein's 'Mein Teil'. The band's latest album, 'Nicotine & Alcohol' is another ode to booze, with covers and originals sung in English, German and Spanish. Sometimes funny, sometimes silly, but always seriously good.
CALLIGRAHPY PRESENTS: The Cellar – Drum&bass, garage, jungle and dubstep club night with Swings and Spangle, Kinjanunt and Danny Wav.
SPARKY'S SPOTLIGHT CLUB: The James Street Tavern – Open mic and jam night.
OPEN MIC SESSION: Fat Lil's, Witney

THURSDAY 20th

LEWIS WATSON + FRANK HAMILTON: O2 Academy – Hometown headline show for the local boy made good, coming off the back of an Australian tour. From posting covers of Tracy Chapman, Bombay Bicycle Club and Ben Howard on Youtube, he's signed to Warners and released two EPs of original material, drawing on the emotive singer-songwriter styles of Ed Sheeran, David Gray and Damien Rice.
NYCTOPHOBIA'S TRUE SOUND: O2 Academy – Dubstep, drum&bass, glitch-hop and house with Nyctophobia and guests Zophyte, Leech and Kosepia.
CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre

IT'S ALL ABOUT THE MUSIC LOCAL BANDS SHOWCASE: The Bullingdon
OPEN MIC CLUB: The Half Moon
BLUES JAM: The Jack Russell, Marston
VOODOO VODOO: The Library – 50s and 60s vinyl trash, surf, rock'n'roll, mambo and garage session.

FRIDAY 21st

THE BIG TEN INCH with THE SEVERED LIMB: The Cellar – South London's rock'n'roll, ska, Cajun, cumbia, rockabilly and gypsy dance mash-up crew return to Count Skylarkin's jump blues club night, evoking the sounds and spirit of Lonnie Donegan's skiffle, 1920s jug bands and The Clash.
ULRICH SCHNAUSS: The Bullingdon – Blissed-out electronic shoegaze and *Musik Kosmiche* from the Berlin soundscape.
TOM HINGLEY + MARK COPE + REEDS + MAPS: The Wheatsheaf – Heartfelt blues from the former Inspiral Carpets singer, plus through-a-glass-darkly acoustic pop from Mark Cope.
POLLY & THE BILLETS DOUX: The Cornerstone Arts Centre, Didcot – Winchester's twee, smooth-edged country-folk and jazz outfit Polly & co. return.
FUNK IT: The Bullingdon

SATURDAY 22nd

UPSTAIRS with AHAB + EMPTY WHITE CIRCLES + CO-PILGRIM + THE AUGUST LIST + JOSHUA GILBERT: O2 Academy – Country rocking and old time American folk from London's Ahab atop tonight's Upstairs showcase bill. Local supporting cast features rustic folk-pop chaps Empty White Circles, Black Nielsen/ Dreaming Spires collaboration Co-Pilgrim and garage porch-song couple The August List.
X-1 + TENTH LISTEN + STRENGTH OF THE BEAR: The Wheatsheaf – Scuzzy, supercharged hardcore from X-1, plus gruff, growly grunge-core noise from Tenth Listen.
THIN LIZZY EXPERIENCE: Fat Lil's, Witney – Tribute band.
PROPAGANDA + TRASHY + JACK FM DJs: O2 Academy
HOUSE & TECHNO CLUB NIGHT: The Bullingdon

SUNDAY 23rd

BETA BLOCKER & THE BODY CLOCK + YRRS + RADSTEWART: The White Rabbit – Launching a new live music club night, Forever Twitching, dedicated to lo-fi noise-pop, art-rock, punk and dance music, tonight with frenetic noisemongers Beta Blocker.
BLAZIN FIDDLES: The Cornerstone Arts Centre, Didcot – First of three shows at the Cornerstone from the Scottish folk fiddle collective, including an afternoon special needs show.

MONDAY 24th

THE DAVID RAPHAEL BAND: The Bullingdon – Rocking blues and r'n'b from the singer and harpist at the Haven Club.
THE GWYN ASHTON TRIO: The Jericho Tavern – Rocking blues, with a

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July 8th **GRAINNE DUFFY (Eire)**
July 15th **BILL KIRCHEN & TOO MUCH FUN (USA)**

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Wednesday 26th

GRETCHEN PETERS: St John the Evangelist

After her last appearance in Oxford, as part of the Wine, Women and Song revue alongside Matraca Berg and Suzy Boggus at the Jacqueline du Pre Building, New York country songstress Gretchen Peters is back at the equally exotic St John the Evangelist church, over in the UK to tour her new album 'Hello Cruel World'. The title of the album sums up Peters' melancholic approach, influenced by a friend's suicide, her son's coming out as transgender and the ecological calamities increasingly affecting her home state. Most of all though, Peters, now in her mid-50s seems to be facing up to her own mortality and the futility of worrying about it. So while there's downbeat reflection aplenty, there's also hope, everything delivered in her trademark conversational style, lean, poetic, elegant and articulate. Having written hits for the likes of Neil Diamond, Etta James, Faith Hill and Bryan Adams, Peters is best known for her song 'Independence Day', winner of the American Country Music Association's Song Of The Year in 1995, and a song repeatedly misappropriated by rightwing singers and talk show hosts back in the States. Still, it all earns her a dollar, which means she can continue to write and tour, for which fans of quality country music should be most grateful.

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raw, garage-rock edge and hints of 60s and 70s psychedelia from the Australian blues guitarist and singer, channelling the sounds of Hendrix and Jimmy Page through The White Stripes and into rootsy Delta blues.

TUESDAY 25th

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

OPEN MIC CLUB: James Street Tavern

WEDNESDAY 26th

GRETCHEN PETERS: St John the Evangelist, Iffley Road – Poetic, political song from New York's country-folk cult heroine – *see main preview*
FREERANGE: The Cellar
OXFORD ACOUSTIC CLUB: The Bullingdon

THURSDAY 27th

THE EPSTEIN + THE DREAMING SPIRES + JORDAN O'SHEA: St Albans Church, Charles Street – Epic country rocking from The Epstein, tonight launching their new album, 'Murmurations', with support from local Americana and country-folk faves Dreaming Spires and melancholic balladeer Jordan O'Shea.
MK1: O2 Academy – Pop-friendly mix of dubstep, rap, r'n'b and jazz from the *X-Factor* duo.

CATWEAZLE CLUB: East Oxford Community Centre

OPEN MIC CLUB: The Half Moon

BLUES JAM: The Jack Russell, Marston

FRIDAY 28th

OCM OPEN: The Pegasus Theatre – Oxford Contemporary Music's annual Open showcase of local music talent provides its characteristic mix of new and inventive sounds. Banbury's rising teenage rapper Jack Bushrod and electronic dreampop outfit Kid Kin are the newer names on the bill, while there's taut, wiry alt.rock from Kill Murray; experimental electronics and drones from Lee Riley, whose previous alter egos have included Vileswarm and Euhedral, and cutesy anti-folk in the vein of Mouldy Peaches and Jeffrey Lewis from singer Angela Space in her Rainbow Reservoir guise. Tomorrow night sees the OCM Youth Open showcasing underage music talents.

IRREGULAR FOLK: The Perch, Binsey – The lovely, inventive Irregular Folk people present an evening of poetry in the grand, picturesque setting of a Bedouin tent in the garden at the Perch. Oli Thomas from Salvation Bill and Trophy Wife's Kit Monteith are among those performing.

SWEET WILLIAM + THE DEPUTEES: The Wheatsheaf
BLAZIN FIDDLES: The Cornerstone Arts Centre, Didcot
THE PETE FRYER BAND: Woodstock Social Club
FUNK IT: The Bullingdon

SATURDAY 29th

DESERT STORM + MUTAGENOCIDE + VISIONFALL + DEMASK THYSELF: O2 Academy – Skeletor's monthly metal extravaganza, with local stoner-rock titans Desert Storm alongside

genre-spanning thrash-doom-tech metallers Mutagenocide and more.

GAPPY TOOTH INDUSTRIES with GO ON, DO IT, JUMP + THE RACKET + RED PANDA: The Wheatsheaf – Solid rocking in the vein of Biffy Clyro or Jimmy Eatworld from Go On, Do It, Jump at tonight's GTI, alongside Swindon's indie rockers The Racket, and dubby improvised instrumentals from Red Panda.
HEADCOUNT: The Port Mahon – The local punk-metal behemoths launch their new album, 'Lullabies For Dogs' – *see main interview feature*
OCM OPEN YOUTH: The Pegasus Theatre
PROPAGANDA + TRASHY + JACK FM DJs: O2 Academy
RICK CHASE: The Old Crown, Faringdon – Classic rocking from the veteran local singer and former frontman of Graffiti and Alibi.
EXTRA CURRICULAR: The Cellar
DNA: The Bullingdon – With Serial Killaz.

SUNDAY 30th

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

Thursday 27th

DEERHOOF:

The Cellar

Obstinately odd and unstintingly brilliant, San Francisco's Deerhoof have been making strange, jagged avant-pop noises for almost two decades now, formed in 1994 by virtuoso drummer Greg Saunier and former bassist Rob Fisk, but most notable for crazy Japanese vocalist Satomi Matsuzaki's Anglo-Japanese yapping singing style, part coy French ingenue, part unhinged Teletubby, whose singsong phonetic mawl is as close as the band get to a concession to pop music as their savage blur of sonic fur and feathers kicks and scratches against the imagined walls of the music rule book. Pitched somewhere to the left of Sonic Youth's more escapist pieces and arty 80s indie popstrels Young Marble Giants, there's plenty of room for freeform jazz and some stuff that no one's made up a name for yet, the only real constant in their career being a predilection for unpredictability. That and an almost pathologically prolific output that includes twelve full albums (the latest of which, Breakup Song' came out last year) and myriad singles and collaborations (ranging from Yoko Ono to Konono No.1 to Wilco's Jeff Tweedy). In short, they're both very sweet and very strange and this rare visit to town – their first since 2005 – as part of Blessing Force's Zenshit club night, is not to be missed.



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THE OXFORD PUNT

Various venues

If things going wrong is the spirit of rock and roll then the start of this year's Oxford Punt is the bastard lovechild of Lemmy and Keith Richards.

The Purple Turtle's PA is in bits on the floor while soundman James Serjeant gallantly tries to piece it together. Bands and punters stand around awkwardly. Curses are uttered. Things get fixed. Sort of. **PHIL MCMINN**, who can now lay claim to be one of the Punt's elder statesmen having played previously in Fell City Girl and Winchell Riots, gamely kicks things off. Maybe the setting is a little too real for his spectral, heartfelt songs, which increasingly see his outstanding ruby port vocals resting on looped guitar lines, tonight augmented by simple violin melodies, but the technical problems can't pin him to earth and when he simply turns his mic away to sing and play 'Lavender Hill' purely acoustic, it's a magical, intimate moment.

More veterans stripping things down next door in the Cellar, as **LISTING SHIPS** take to the stage as a three-piece for the first time, having just lost a member to parenthood (which has probably killed off more bands than drink, drugs and gate reverb put together). No offence to the recently departed guitarist but the band is a revelation as a trio, giving the compositions enough space to add a cheeky sashay to what was previously a krautrock goosestep. Keyboard parts reveal new squelchy qualities and basslines exude the aromas of dub and New York punk-funk: seriously, we can hear ESG in there, along with Tortoise and Explosions in the Sky.

Talking of parenthood, it hasn't done for Julia Sophie and Ben Walker, once of Little Fish, now helming **CANDY SAYS**. It has mellowed them and tonight's (for them) stripped-down set bears little resemblance to the band that tore a whole in the sky at the Punt a few years back. Truth be told they suffer somewhat from the Turtle's PA problems, which do little justice to their fresh, continental-flavoured pop, but the talent is evident enough that only a fool would judge them for a situation not of their own making.

By stark contrast **MOTHER CORONA**'s sound is so enormous that neither the Purple Turtle's subterranean noisebox acoustics or the string and sellotape PA can contain their power. Coming on like 'Holy Mountain'-era Sleep, via a

few riffs half-inched from Kyuss, they're a rural Oxfordshire stoner-rock behemoth. The bass sound is so enveloping that it matters not a jot whether the bassist's Big Muff is on or off, and when it drops out for a guitar break, the audience almost falls over. The real star of the show, though, is the headband-sporting singing drummer, who splashes all over the kit while apparently having the most fun anyone has ever had in this venue.

More sedate pleasures, initially at least, down at the Duke's Cut with **RAGDOLL**'s pastoral folk with it sleepy-eyed songs and touches of country, rock and even jazz at times. Rachel Ruscombe-King's sundrenched voice belies the wintry nature of many of their songs, while 'Dandelion' sends us back up the road with summer of love stars in our eyes.

It would be easy to dismiss **DUCHESS** as the inevitable consequence of exposure to Vampire Weekend and gap years in Africa, if it wasn't for the fact the band are so damned good. The trio of percussionists lend a delightful complexity and playfulness to Afro-poppy ditties like 'Fruit Machine Laser Beam', its narrative about a bird escaping entrapment in an old church suiting the loose, liberating nature of the music. Duchess might not be local pop royalty yet but on this evidence, and with some more experience, it's only a matter of time.

There's a strong afro-pop vibe about a few of tonight's acts, not least **YELLOW FEVER**, whose Soweto jive-cum-indie disco similarly draws comparisons to Vampire Weekend and Foals, but there's something of the Talking Heads about them too, and seriously, the way they've come on since we last caught them live is little short of astonishing. No wonder Wheatshaf promoter Joal Shearing, a man who know a few things about talent when he hears it, rates them as his favourite band in town. Very soon, so will you.

NAIROBI too, whose mathrobeat is driven along by continuously thunderous drums punctuated by short, stabbing guitar riffs and equally stabbing vocal interjections; heavier-handed than Yellow Fever or Duchess, they seem more cut out for this summer's festival stages than a city centre dive bar.

Back down at Duke's Cut, **TRAPS**

The August List



are playing up a storm to a packed house. It's an odd mix of a fairly typically Oxford poppy post-hardcore sort of thing with an unexpectedly soulful vocal. Skunk Anansie comparisons aren't unwarranted, though Traps don't share their simmering rage or their power – not yet, at least. But it's not easy to judge when the place is so busy that the clearest view you can get of the band is from the bridge outside, even if that view is mostly of the drummer's back. Rock too up at the Sheaf with **BEAR TRAP**, a band almost scientifically designed to work well in venues such as these, providing funk rock and 90s skate-punk as viewed through the blades of a broken blender: heavy, daft, enjoyable, well put together and clearly making a connection with a nicely packed room. We'd be lying if we told you their greasy thrashed chords and raw snarls were the sound of new, but we'd also be lying if we said we didn't sup back that cheap lager at double speed, with a dumbass grin on our silly faces.

AGNESS PIKE would be just another metal band – albeit a satisfyingly crunchy one – were it not for frontman Martin Spear. Tonight he's left the handbag at home and instead plumped for a lilac Pringle

tank-top, impeccably neat moustache, glasses and a wig that's so dense and large it's verging on being a busby. The overall effect is part *Anchorman* character, part 70s golfer and part old-school porn star. With Spear at the helm, delivering his vocals with mock gravitas and dispensing etiquette tips for ladies in between songs, what would be no-nonsense hard rock is the exact opposite – superbly entertaining OTT performance art.

This year's new venue on the Punt circuit is the White Rabbit, a new lease of life for the Gloucester Arms. Its physical set-up doesn't aid watching bands, particularly when it's as busy as this. Hard to see **LIMBO KIDS** then without getting a crick in your neck, which is a shame given it's their debut gig, and given their pedigree – Alphabet Backwards, Ute and Minor Coles – they needn't look as nervous as they do. Live the glacial fragments of late-80s chart hits they arrange into delicate towers of song on record threaten to topple like so much icy pop jenga.

If Bear Trap look American, **AGS CONNOLLY** doesn't half sound it. Not only is his music pure old-school one-man melancholic country, his voice is pure Midwest drawl, which



is odd as when he speaks he betrays his west Oxfordshire home. Normally this might be an unforgivable crime, but Ags' voice is just so damn good, unhurriedly lolloping along the melodies like a cowpoke taking an easy stroll back from church on a glorious day, that all is forgiven. Like Bear Trap, his music doesn't break new ground, but if it's looking to break a few hearts, it might just succeed. While it's heartening always to see venues packed for new local bands, it does make it hard to actually see the likes of **THE AUGUST LIST** at the Duke's Cut. Next year we'll bring a stepladder. The couple's music is a sweet, smiley balance to Ags' lachrymose laments, with unhurried porch-song melodies drifting in from some mythical Deep South farmstead. There's an unforced connection between the duo's voices that you only get if the singers are brother and sister, or husband and wife. Or judging by their musical reference points, both.

There's no problem at all seeing what **EMPIRE DIVIDED** are all about, since they seem to have scared pretty much everyone in the vicinity away. Given the busy crowds for everyone



else tonight. We feel a little sorry for them but they seem to revel in their ability to alienate so many people, and their full-on death metal attack cares not a jot for you or your insipid tastes. It cares only for the Devil's whims and the taste of raw, bloody fresh meat. Preferably yours.

THE GRACEFUL SLICKS are unusual because they love the sound of electric guitars, but don't seem too troubled about playing technique. Perhaps this marks them out as a late-60s style act far more than any oil wheel projections and hippy lyrics; they seem to inhabit a time when amplifier buzz had been embraced, but long before Clapton's dubious deity had been written on the walls.

DEATH OF HI-FI seem perfectly suited to the Cellar and quickly prove they can be as exciting live as they are on record. Their beats may lack block rocking power but with the film clips and audio samples from their beloved sci-fi movies they weave all the disparate elements together perfectly. Oxford hip hop has always struggled to find its true voice but this may be as close as it has come. Timely raucous contributions from MCs N-Zyme, CJ and Chucky further make the set a triumph. Nightshift once got a rather angry

Bear Trap



Death Of Hi-Fi



The Goggenheim



missive from a band who we'd enthusiastically described as a racket. **POLEDO** would have no problems with such a description. They wear their lo-fi, barely-in-tune fun-grabbing, sherbert dip-frothing racket as a badge of pride, but always leave room for just enough of a melodic edge to remind you there's something special going on beneath all that ... racket.

Like a hideous breeding experiment between Stump and The Peking Orchestra, **THE GOGGENHEIM** bring some much-needed theatricality to the climax of the Punt. Everything about the band should be grating, from the un-jazz skronk of the sax to the repulsive Man At C&A striped vests, to the shrill declamatory dada vocals, and yet, against all logic, their songs are glorious pop nuggets. While the band nail the wayward blowouts of improvisers Bolide to trashy backbeats and Beefheartian trellises, matriarchal diva Grace Exley wails and coos barely coherent mantras. There's an otherworldliness about The Goggenheim, as well as a love of the cheap and brash, the sort of thing two-dimensional sci-fi monsters might listen to on their night off.

And so we reach, by way of much frantic rushing across town, speed

drinking to move on to the next venue, and swapping tips and tales with other punters dashing in the opposite direction, the Punt's denouement, **AFTER THE THOUGHT** at the White Rabbit, which seems to work perfectly as the final venue of the night, acting as comedown party after The Goggenheim. ATT's set won't please too many people looking for something to dance to, as it perpetually threatens to burst into a four-to-the-floor crowd-pleaser without ever quite doing so. If that's what you're looking for, the set's all about denied gratification, but once you get over any expectation of dancing the night away this is one of the real highlights of the night, washes of synth drone and treated guitar bringing to mind Fennesz, Martin Eden and Mountains, while maintaining a healthy personality of its own. The slow-build, shoegaze-inflected final track is an absolute cracker, and what's most pleasing is how warm and organic it all sounds. Lovely stuff, and after a difficult infancy, it seems that bastard child The Punt turned out just fine in the end.

Words: David Murphy; Art Lagun; Stuart Fowkes; Simon Minter; Colin May; Mark Wilden.

RUDIMENTAL

02 Academy

Any surprise tonight comes not in this being a sellout but more the makeup of the audience, from the youngsters moshing at the front to the 50 and 60-somethings grooving away at the back. And it soon becomes clear that Hackney’s new chart sensations are more than just a drum&bass outfit, and the four core members are definitely no mere studio wizards. Eight people bounce onstage to greet us, including two singers, an MC and a trumpet player. Everyone looks so happy, confident and relaxed that it’s hard to believe that barely two years have passed since the debut single, ‘Deep In The Valley’, was released to universal disinterest. Five singles, including two number ones, were followed by debut album ‘Home’, which hit the shops barely twenty-four hours before tonight’s show. The LP sounds every inch a debut, accomplished but not too polished, at times a touch ragged with a habit of changing pace when you don’t really want it too. There’s also more than a hint of Michael Jackson, if only for the multi-layered vocals and unashamed sentimental references to family and home. As this tour must have been booked before the latest chart topper this is probably our last chance to catch them in such

relatively intimate surroundings. ‘Right Here’ is drum&bass but with their decidedly non-hardcore pop sensibility showing through, and even a guitar solo. ‘Spoons’ is pure deep house with big, soulful vocals from one of a number of guest vocalists. Further forays into house, broken beats and reggae are more evidence of influences gathered along the way, including a diversion into Bob Marley’s ‘Sun Is Shining’. At one point four of them seem to spontaneously break into a synchronized little dance, making us wonder if they’re well-rehearsed or just totally in tune with each other. Either way this it’s a great example of how London has retained its position at the head of musical innovation. The hits are predictably triumphant. Ella Eyre provides faultless vocals all night and reprises her recorded take on the furious and rousing ‘Waiting All Night’ to a rapturous reception, while long-time collaborator John Newman is the only possible voice for ‘Feel The Love’, as joyous and uplifting a message as a song can contain. If they retain the ability to surf musical styles with such success Rudimental’s future can only stay bright. *Art Lagun*



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THE SHAPES /
THE TROPHY CABINET

The Wheatsheaf

Ageism remains rife in the world of music, the last seemingly acceptable form of discrimination. Of course, there’s plenty of evidence around why groups of more, ahem, mature musicians might be best avoided. Anyone who expresses a love for Eric Clapton for example, or anyone who even vaguely hints they may have been inspired by Stevie Ray Vaughan, or anyone who distrusts synthesizers. But plenty of young bands have shit taste and play it too safe, so best never to judge a band by the grey in their hair or the lines on their brows. Maybe they’ve just rocked a bit harder than the rest of us. We mention this because tonight’s Gappy Tooth Industries gig features two bands whose members lean towards the experienced side of been-around-a-while. The Trophy Cabinet originally formed back in the 1980s before studies and jobs got in the way. They reformed a couple of years back and have been politely and gently going about being rather good ever since. They hark defiantly back to what must have been their original influences – mid-80s indie acts like The Go-Betweens, The House of Love and The Weather Prophets.


They’re equally carefree and careworn, a little too well-mannered at times, particularly when faced with a busy, good-naturedly boozy crowd, but songs like ‘Rant’ and ‘Gliding’ feel sweetly timeless, and given that every young hipster in town is currently ransacking charity shops for old Nik Kershaw and Level 42 albums, they’re a timely reminder of less embarrassing sounds from that era. The Shapes similarly have history going back many decades, and feature local blues-rock legend Tony Jezzard on keys, while singer Tony Kelly was in 80s mod rockers The Flex. Their soft-centred mix of blues, country and old-school pub rocking should be a turn off, but songs like ‘Baby, You’re Strange’ have an easy charm with hints of 60s folk-pop and 80s indie jangle. ‘The Heavens Will Be Ours’ is more Van Morrison waltz but when they hit hoedown mode at the end of their set you could be in a Nashville blues bar. It’s all carried off with a resolute lack of pretension, and when Tony signs off with “We’re The Shapes, we’re from Oxford and we’re old,” it shows that class is ageless. *Dale Kattack*

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SIMPLE MINDS

The New Theatre

Sometime around 1984 Simple Minds fell off a musical cliff into a bog of earnest, bloated rock hogwash, seemingly never to return. But return they have. Last year’s ‘5x5’ tour saw Jim Kerr and Charlie Burchill revisiting the songs that defined their early post-punk sound, and attention has increasingly turned back to those first five albums. This current Greatest Hits tour is a mix and match of such early gems and the later bombastic stadium fillers. Tonight’s production seems set up for those stadiums still – a vast light show; Mel Gaynor’s expansive drum kit, as big as a small town, and Kerr’s masterful command of stage and audience, which sees him shimmying and shuffling across the boards with a litheness and energy that defy his 53 years. Opening with recent single ‘Broken Glass Park’, Simple Minds remain a band who like to do things big, Burchill’s guitar leading the bullish, glam-tinged attack. The bombastic ‘Waterfront’ hammers home the point, soulful backing singer Sarah Brown adding another layer of excess to what was already a song built like a mountain. From here the band slip between what they do best and the stuff that alienated their old fans and earned them a trillion CD sales. In the

former camp is the peerless ‘I Travel’, a strobing, pulsing stab of Moroder-inspired new wave disco, and the funk-up brilliance of ‘New Gold Dream (81-82-83-84)’. In the latter are the stodgy, ponderous ‘Blood Diamonds’ and ‘This Is Your Land’, which the band themselves seem disinterested in and which threaten to lose the audience. A smart move then to follow up immediately with ‘The American’, sung as much by the capacity crowd as by Kerr himself, and the scouring, militant ‘Love Song’, reminders both of Simple Minds’ prescient mix of Roxy Music glam, steely punk and sleek synth-pop back in the day. ‘Don’t You (Forget About Me)’ still sounds like the quintessential 80s pop anthem; a cover of Kraftwerk’s ‘Neon Lights’ – sung by Brown while Kerr is offstage – is an unexpected joy, while ‘Promised You A Miracle’ chimes triumphantly before they return for a predictably rousing encore of ‘Alive & Kicking’. With a set lasting two and half hours and spanning a 30-plus year career, tonight reveals the disparity between the best and worst of Simple Minds, but it’s the best we should remember and savour. Because their best really is up there with the very best. *Dale Kattack*



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RICARDO GARCÍA-CURBELO

The Perch

After their most recent show, a stunning display of loop pedal devotees, Irregular Folk are fast making their name as one of the promoters to watch in Oxford, combining a knack for unearthing talent with a rare attention to detail. Tonight is the first of a series of five shows to be held over the summer in a stunning Bedouin tent in the Perch garden. Unassuming from the outside, it’s a spectacular sight from the inside and a wonderful place to hear music.

What’s on offer musically is no less impressive. Tonight’s performer, Ricardo García-Curbelo, is apparently one of the stars of the Latin American harp scene. This piques my curiosity: I’ll freely concede that my knowledge of the harp pretty much stops at the odd bit of orchestral music; glissandos plonked onto every other Sigur Rós-lite for that hassle-free swoon factor, and the ubiquitous cutesy plinking of Joanna Newsom.

That’s blown wide open by Ricardo’s playing: rhythmic and dynamic, in places you could almost dance to it, and its warmth and vibrancy sets it apart from the aloofness the harp can occasionally engender. His final piece in particular, a ten-minute “wordless poem” called ‘Homo Sapiens Dream’ (stay with me) is a tour de force.

Ricardo is unpretentious and engaging enough to make everyone here feel as though he’s performing for them personally, equally comfortable serenading the front rows with traditional songs on the cuatro (a small guitar) as he is at the harp.

And in terms of sheer musicianship, what this guy can’t do with a pair of maracas isn’t worth talking about. A five-minute maraca instrumental would usually be enough to send all but the most hardened WOMAD veteran running for the hills, but, as with the harp songs, he blends technical wizardry with heart and imagination. Wonderful stuff; oh that all folk should be so irregular.

Stuart Fowkes

OXFORD FOLK WEEKEND

Various venues

Though only two years old, the Oxford Folk Weekend already feels established and durable. With fourteen stages, 59 artists and 73 events, there’s lots going on, much of it for free on various stages, including Oxford Castle’s punishment cells, and with more national talent this year, with tickets for main events selling well the weekend is undoubtedly a popular and artistic success.

Two of the emerging bands on the national scene come up with gilt-edged sets. BBC Radio 2 Young Folk Award winners, **CIARAN ALGAR & GREG RUSSELL** are very self-assured, with instant appeal; Russell’s voice is attractive and unforced even at maximum decibels and he backs it up with fine guitar and concertina work, but it’s Algar’s sparkling fiddle playing that adds that touch of magic.

TYDE are also highly talented and their self-penned instrumentals sound simultaneously contemporary and traditional. With Daniel Thorpe doing a great job as substitute fiddler, they show the all drive and virtuosity that’s had the trio being compared to Lau, and their version of ‘Katrina’ is the best contemporary song we hear all weekend.

Following an excellent Friday night opening concert from Oxford’s own **MAGPIE LANE**, Saturday starts in the morning sun, listening to

THE OXFORD VILLAGE BAND playing on Gloucester Green before we drop in on the Ashmolean for a touch of unaccompanied singing from the youthful quartet, **THE TEACUPS** (yes, really) where we stay far longer than intended, held by their beautiful harmonies.

Over at the Old Fire Station Theatre the husband and wife duo of fiddler and singer **BRYONY GRIFFITHS** and melodeon player **WILL HAMPSON** perform a set of songs and tunes rooted firmly in English folk tradition and in between swap entertaining banter. Bryony has a distinctive Marmite voice, it’s gritty, robust and in your face even in the upper register. It’s bound not to be to everyone’s taste but we love it, especially in her passionate singing of ‘The Constant Lovers.’

Saturday is headlined by **JACKIE OATES**, now a Summertown resident, who brings her ‘Lullabies’ set to a full OFS. This is exquisite chamber folk skilfully arranged and performed which avoids becoming too sugary. It includes Lal Waterson’s bleak ‘The Bird’ and we’d have liked more songs like this as we’re partial to Jackie’s pure lilting voice performing a grim ballad.

At the same time a very different experience is on offer over at the Newman Rooms where the superb **SIMON CARE’S ALL STARS** with the excellent Will Pound on harmonica are

playing rumbustious tunes for a room rammed full of ceilidh dancers. You can’t but smile watching so much energy and sweaty fun, and the band is certainly worth the listen, even at the risk of getting trampled.

Among other likes are the very first gig of the **HENRY WEBSTER QUARTET**, who brings a touch of jazz to their folk in the tiny OFS Gallery; stalwart of the Oxford acoustic scene **JON FLETCHER**’s blues version of ‘Black Is The Colour’, and finding **POLICE DOG HOGAN** in the Westgate Library, next to the recommended books, where both their upbeat urban bluegrass, including a warning about “shitty white wine”, and their tea towel merchandise goes down well.

On Sunday the festival is closed by the charismatic **DOGAN MEHMET**, who captivates everyone with tunes from his Turkish-Cypriot roots, including ‘Uskadar’, his take on folk standards like ‘Pretty Polly’, and his general *joie de vie*. The inventive Nikos on percussion and Tyde’s Seth Tilsey on guitar complement him brilliantly, following his many twists and turns all the way. But even they are momentarily non-plussed, when for his encore, ‘Raggle Taggle Gypsies,’ Mehmet comes up with improvised body percussion. It’s an exhilarating set that sends us out into the street buzzing, and topping off what has been a weekend of many and varied delights.

Colin May

DAUGHTER

Oxford Town Hall

Daughter’s album is titled ‘If You Leave’ and features stark songs which speak of jealousy, love lost and anger. Somehow a positive, hopeful sentiment is retained, but the unusual muse marks the songs out as pretty unique in their subject matter, at least for a first album.

It’s fitting then that the album should be showcased in such special surroundings. Gigs here are often beset with sound issues, but not so tonight; the sound is perfect.

Arpeggios ring out and drums echo stirringly during opener ‘Shallows’, and we’re immediately haunted by the ghostly images contained therein (“Come out, come out to the sea my love and just drown with me”).

‘Candles’ from 2011’s ‘His Young Heart EP’ follows, the fine guitar picking punctuated with a shuffling back beat, the frailty of the work echoing group founder Elena Tonra’s frame and demeanor; pixie-like, she’s shy and self-deprecating throughout, but contradicted by its strong vocal.

‘Amsterdam’ is prefaced with a reverent hush of anticipation, in awe at the near perfection of the performance, but by the time its synth handclaps reach their peak it is over too soon. ‘Run’ is dedicated to Oxford and Daughter’s two previous concerts

here; the band seem generally overwhelmed by the surroundings, turn-out and audience response.

Second single ‘Human’, and the driving change of pace it brings, is a set highlights. It’s quickly segued into the equally popular ‘Smother’, before album opener ‘Winter’ follows, and it’s here that it becomes apparent that the set is all about subtlety and precision, like the gentle rim shots and wooden clicks that are used so effectively as percussion.

There’s little time to dwell on such matters though, as ‘Tomorrow’ wakes the crowd from their collective reverie with a rush of rolling thunder; Elena smiles so genuinely that we know it’s not just us having a good time.

I almost want to beg the band not to come back on after closer ‘Home’, since the set is so perfect, but they apologetically return and explain that encores are new to them. With precious little original material left to play the band resort to a mash-up of ‘Perth’ and ‘Ready for the Floor’ by Bon Iver and Hot Chip respectively. And so a beautifully chic and complete performance, one which far outweighs anything they have yet recorded, is sadly over. But parting is such sweet sorrow.

Mark Taylor



JOHN GRANT / ASGEIR TRAUSTI

O2 Academy

John Grant is over from his adopted homeland of Iceland and has brought a flavour of the country with him, not just in terms of his backing band, but also the opening act. Asgeir Trausti provides a set that is rather lovely and windswept, and washes over you in a delightful way, but never fully engages.

Grant has had a difficult life, which includes drug addiction, coming out, break ups and more recently finding out he is HIV positive. This has informed his lyrics greatly but also creates the wonderful sight of a big bear of a man who is so humble and grateful for compliments passed his way. Even after all this time his confidence is still shaky, but to see him visibly shiver at the warmth of the crowd at one point is a wonderful thing.

He starts his set in a low key fashion, with lovely, faithful readings of ‘You Don’t Have To’ and ‘Vietnam’, before ‘I Wanna Go To Marz’ warms things up by way of being more familiar to the audience. It’s during ‘It Doesn’t Matter To Him’ that it dawns that John reminds me in certain aspects of Rufus Wainwright, minus the campness. Although not as grandiose there’s a similar warmth of voice and ear for

a sweeping melody. The swelling crescendo and final comedown in this song leads us nicely to the segment that turns out to be the best part of the night. Grant’s time in Iceland working with Biggi Veira of GusGus has leant the new album an electronic feel in places, which leaves him room to stretch his voice and style. The new album’s title track, ‘Pale Green Ghosts’, comes first, a driving song with squelchy electro beats and terrorising keyboard stabs.

At the end Grant declares that the band’s intention with that song was to make your testicles vibrate, which is a good way to sum it up. ‘Black Belt’ steps things up, Grant twisting his body as the beats thump away in the background, then ‘Sensitive New Age Guy’ is a pretty much full-on disco stomper. Current single ‘GMF’ is all effortless grace before we get the Abba-inspired jauntiness of ‘I Hate This Town’ and a wonderful, show-stopping ‘Queen of Denmark’. This would have been a fitting climax to the show, yet Grant returns for another three sublime songs, and basks in the audience’s applause. I’m not one for hyperbole, but this is the best show I’ve seen in a long, long time.

Russell Barker





OMD / JOHN FOXX

The New Theatre

In the synth-pop firmament, few stars shone as bright as OMD and John Foxx. To witness both together is truly a stellar experience. Foxx laid the foundations for the electronic music revolution, firstly with the initial incarnation of

Ultravox! and then with his bleak, Balladian solo debut, 'Metamatic'. Half of tonight's support set is taken from that 1979 classic, Foxx perched behind his bank of gadgetry, flanked by keyboard player and violinist Hannah Peel and percussionist

Benj, a lithe and dapper 61 years old and still enigmatically cool and otherworldly as his robotised voice hovers over bruising, jagged musical cityscapes. 'Catwalk' scours with android-like ebullience, while 'Evergreen' feels almost pastoral despite its sleek, clinical lines. It's the classic oldies that still excite the most though, 'No-One Driving' and 'Burning Car' capturing the near-future alienation that Foxx brought to startling life over three decades ago, while 'Underpass' is just stunning, as potent and futuristic as it ever sounded and equalled only by 'Are Friends' Electric?' as the best synth riff ever. If Foxx's set is a masterclass in electronic innovation, OMD are a masterclass in pure pop. As synth-pop's most consistent chart stars through the 80s, tonight's two-hour set is littered with hits, interspersed with songs from their latest album, 'English Electric', their best effort since 1983's 'Dazzle Ships', similar in style as it fuses euphoric melodies with silicon textures and cut-up snaps of robotic voices. Of the new songs the playfully trance-like 'Metroland' and the clamouring, effervescent 'Dresden' stand out, frontman Andy McClusky wonderfully animated, his voice, switching from fulsome baritone to high tenor with ease, as strong as it

was during the band's commercial peak. It's a trio of monster hits from 1981's 'Architecture & Morality' that provoke the most ecstatic reaction from a packed theatre. Paul Humphreys takes centre stage for the elegantly moody 'Souvenir' before McClusky introduces 'Joan Of Arc' and 'Maid Of Orleans', hymnal synths touching the sky as strobes blizzard around the singer, who remains either the best or worst – certainly the most unselfconscious – dancer to ever grace a stage. If there's fault to be picked in tonight's set it's the inclusion of cheesy later hits like 'Locomotion' and the frankly awful 'Walking On The Milky Way' ahead of songs like 'Bunker Soldiers' or 'Promise', or any one of the scores of astonishing slices of perfect futuristic pop brilliance the band produced, but then they're here to please fans of their big hits, rather than us aging electro purists. And anyway, we get 'Messages' and 'Enola Gay' and, as a grand finale, 'Electricity'; three songs of pioneering genius, the latter two political punches wrapped in the velvet glove of pure pop and beamed in from an alien civilisation. Dazzling stuff; tonight those stars still shine brightly. *Dale Kattack*

MAJOR LAZER

O2 Academy

"MAJOR LAZER, MAKE SOME NOISE!" A thwunk as I am hit in the face by a sweaty naked torso. Repeat. For me, that's how tonight starts. And ends. And it's pretty much what happens in between too.

Seemingly a collective since American producer Diplo shed his original partner, British producer Switch, tonight Major Lazer comprise two very enthusiastic dancers, an MC who loses his top very early on but not as early as a good part of the audience, another DJ, and Jeremy Renner lookalike Diplo, whose clambering over the DJ booth/set looks precarious at best.

Their most recognisable collection of beats and squealy top line, 'Pon De Floor', the one sampled by Beyoncé, gets at least two airings. Some of their other collections of beats and squealy top lines may well have had more than one airing too, but my attention span is too violated by the frenetic activity to have caught them all. The overexcited mixes are carefully composed from stuff that was often originally far more mellow, like the new album's first single, 'Get Free'.

I'm pretty sure that DJ sets used to consist of longer tracks than one per minute and reminders of the act's name far less often than every three seconds. This is a rampaging melange of toasting, horns, dancehall, dubstep, flags, horns, samples, "Everybody touch the roof!", Harlem Shaking, drops, reggae, throwing shirts on stage, reggaeton, soca, crowdsurfing, "A message from Snoop Lion!", a dripping ceiling, confetti and ska. I leave not quite believing that they've finished and feel I'll be unable to do anything but build myself up to a drop every thirty seconds for at

least the next few days. Or maybe I've been doing that all my life already. It's hard to tell. "OXFORD HOW YOU FEELING?" Pretty exhausted, thanks. *Kirsten Etheridge*

TOLIESEL / NAIROBI / JORDAN O'SHEA / KATIE & JESS

O2 Academy


Katie, or Jess, we're not sure who's who to be honest, is wearing a fantastic pussycat t-shirt. Nightshift is more than slightly jealous. It's appropriate attire though, since the duo – just two voices and an acoustic guitar – are homely, comfortable and rather sweet, much like those old bluegrass family singing groups. They're nervous, a bit giggly and very unassuming but their short set is never less than enjoyable.

If Katie & Jess are sweetly chipper, Jordan O'Shea is dedicatedly melancholic. His opening line, "Do you know what it's like to have a choir in your head?" suggests a man who is haunted by his own music, like it's a curse. His second song is called 'Broken Bones' and is as skeletal and fragile as that suggests. His music, topped by his pure, plaintive falsetto, sounds like it could blow away in th slightest breeze, but there's defiance in 'A History Of Sadness & Love' from his recent 'Desperation, My Dear' album, which suggests he's not about to give up the fight just yet, and we'll even forgive his spindly take on 'Suspicious Minds'.

After such soul-bearing, we need a party and Nairobi duly deliver. Initially their math-rock-


inflected township jive gets us thinking happy, summery, nostalgic thoughts about afternoons immersed in The Bhundu Boys, Four Brothers and Shalawambe, although they eschew the fluid optimism of those bands for an uptight vibe and dips into indie angst ("Everyone is trying to kill me," comes the chant at once point). Mid-set they're weighing themselves down with this heavy-handed approach and the polyrhythmic party is getting tangled up in the band's own cleverness. Just as we're losing interest though, they hit us with 'Sikhism', a stubborn slab of misfit post-punk that's as wired and obstinate as anything The Associates produced, while 'Snakes On A Plane' and set closer 'Houses' are just perfect dance-pop with that lightness of touch they risked losing earlier. Great stuff. There's so much plaid on show when ToLisel take the stage we're worried a quick run-through of 'The Lumberjack Song' is in the offing, but there's no such frivolity here. Like fellow local country-rockers The Epstein, ToLiesel adhere to the bigger is best approach to song writing. New single 'Half Asleep' is a trilling, chiming, elegant anthem with cinematic scope, it's grandeur tempered by an underlying rootsiness. Last year's superb debut 'The Light' is similarly warmly euphoric with a tune to die for. Through the bold, ballsy Crazy Horse-like rocking of 'Bones' they grind, dipping into the more intimate, lap-steel-led 'Wilderness Blues' and some histrionic Eagles-like bluster, before they close with a number that's as big as the Kansas sky the band seem to be aiming for. It's triumphant stuff, celebratory for all its earnestness, and evidence that ToLiesel have a touch of magic that most bands only dream of.

Dale Kattack




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WIN CORNBURY FESTIVAL TICKETS!

CORNBURY FESTIVAL!
Sunshine! Beer! Music! General loveliness! Oh yes, they do got it all down in Great Tew.

This year Cornbury Festival celebrates its tenth birthday, so they’re calling it **The Glorious Tenth** and have invited back some of their favourite acts from previous years, as well as a fair few newbies to the bill.

This year’s Cornbury takes place over the weekend of the **5th-7th July** in the picturesque grounds of the **Great Tew Estate**.

Headlining the big one-oh are **SQUEEZE**, **KEANE** and **VAN MORRISON**, who will be joined by Cornbury queen **IMELDA MAY**; post-punk legends **ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN**; folk big band party-starters **BELLOWHEAD**; fiddler extraordinaire **SETH LAKEMAN**; Scottish folk revolutionaries **THE PROCLAIMERS**; veteran soulstress **BEVERLEY KNIGHT**; pop-reggae sweetie **KING CHARLES** and Ghanaian afro-pop pioneers **OSIBISA**. Plus loads more. Blues band; folk acts; *X-Factor* faves; **LAWSON**. Shh, don’t mention Lawson.

Basically there’s two main stages crammed to the gills with live music over three days. Plus the ever-excellent Charbury Riverside Stage, which features a mix of local and new bands, including, this year, **BLACK HATS**; **KRIS DOLLIMORE**; **THE INFLATABLES**; **BRICKWORK LIZARDS** and Lloyd Grossman’s **NEW FORBIDDEN**.



Beyond the musical fun, there’s the Absolute Radio Comedy Emporium, with appearances from **LEE NELSON**, **ED GAMBLE** and **VIKKI STONE**, plus QI’s Festival of Words, with an appetising line-up that includes **ALAN DAVIES**; **JULIE BURCHILL**; **ROBERT LLEWELLYN**; **KATY BRAND** and **JOHN LLOYD**. With Cornbury Festival appealing to a family audience there’s also plenty of kids activities, entertainment and workshops.

Tickets for the festival are on sale now from the festival website (www.cornburyfestival.com) as

well as the ticket line on **0844 338 0000**. Adult weekend camping tickets are £190, with discounts for under-16s and over-70s. Day tickets are also available.

And thanks to our chums at Cornbury, we have a pair of adult weekend camping tickets to give away! In a competition! To win, simply tell us,

WHICH ACT HEADLINED THE MAIN STAGE ON SATURDAY NIGHT AT LAST YEAR’S CORNBURY FESTIVAL?

Answers on a postcard to Cornbury Competition, Nightshift Magazine, PO Box 312, Kidlington, OX5 1ZU, or by email, clearly marked Cornbury Competition, to nightshift@oxfordmusic.net. Deadline for entries is the 15th June. Please include your address, email and phone contact.

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KOMRAD + BEAR TRAP + AGNESS PIKE 8pm/£5

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MARK COPE + REEDS + MAPS 8pm/£5

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FRI 28TH JUNE

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DR SHOTOVER: Progfinder General

Welcome to the East Indies Club bar, squirt-face. Is that a *Muse* t-shirt you’re wearing? Dear God. Buy me a drink and I’ll tell you about when I was Mellotron roadie for ASHRAM MAZE, on our famous tour of the Netherlands via Nepal. The keyboard player used to get me to phone for takeaway curries to eat onstage during the guitar solos... then, by way of revenge, the guitarist started ordering a sit-down three-course dinner with full silver service to keep him going through the keyboard solos... meanwhile the sound man set up a film projector in his booth and used to watch the latest *Emmanuelle* film during the drum solo. In fact, sometimes the drum solos were so long, he’d watch Sergei Bondarchuk’s *War and Peace* as well. Everything was longer then. Summer... hair... the effects of a tab of acid... my pe... now what? Of course I want another one. Same again, dunce, now what was I saying? Oh yes, my penal sentences for aiding and abetting in crimes against music and fashion... The audience would have had to queue for eleven hours to buy tickets, then would have stood rammed shoulder to shoulder in a stinking firetrap of a smoky venue for at least six more hours before the ASHRAMS condescended to grace the stage. And all this with just a few joss sticks and one of those small tins of Long Life lager for sustenance... and only your own patch-denim jeans to piss in. Kids today – they wouldn’t have the f***ing stamina for a good old-fashioned prog gig! Mind you, that’s why punk started. Or so it said on that BBC4 documentary I saw the other day...
Next month:
Malcolm McLaren may be dead, but he’s still droning on in **THAT** voice from beyond the grave at séances.

MATTHEW SHOTKINS: ‘If the witch be found to have a Progge tattoo upon her bodye... BURN HER! (But bryngge her to me firste!)’

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

LAC

Who are they?
LAC – shortened from Law Abiding Citizens – are Michael Davies (*vocals / guitar*); Christopher Thompson (*bass*) and Andrew Mardle (*drums*). The band is very much centred on London-born Michael, who moved to Oxfordshire in 2001. Michael started writing lyrics while he was in Feltham Young Offenders Institute as a teenager, the experience of which informs LAC’s debut single, ‘Borstal Boy’. The band originally featured Michael’s brother. Pete Doherty is an avowed fan, while Bez from Happy Mondays mentored and co-manages the band. A demo found its way to Warner Chappell through a producer friend and LAC signed outside the Houses of Parliament on November 5th last year, with their debut single released this month.

What do they sound like?
While ‘Borstal Boy’ is a slice of heartbroken life-on-the-margins songsmithery about a young offenders institute suicide – a true story – that’s short, simple and bittersweet – with the emphasis on bitter – the band’s live sets veer more towards the three-chords-and-the-truth up-for-it punk-inspired rock’n’roll that drove everyone from The Clash and Sham 69 to The Libertines and The Enemy. Expect laddish indie-punk singalongs and girls weeping at the poetry of it all, in roughly equal measures.

What inspires them?
“The crushed coke cans in the street; junkies in the phone box; feeding ducks in the park with my missus. It’s all about attention to detail: what most people miss I pick up on it and that’s what gives me content in my songs.”

Career highlight so far:
“There’s been lots: from having a recording studio with Peter Doherty, to playing with the Happy Mondays, but the most important was signing to Warner’s. I had it really hard up to that point and it was living proof that people can turn their lives around if they really want to. It was a very special moment and will stay with me until the day I die.”



And the lowlight:
“My brother leaving the band was something I didn’t see coming. The songs were always about us and the life we lived and for him to just walk away from such a massive deal was a kick in the head and put me in limbo and on a downhill spiral for a while.”

Their favourite other Oxfordshire act is:
“The Young Knives, and a band from years ago, Sexy Breakfast.

If they could only keep one album in the world, it would be:
“I’ve nailed it down to two and they are always on the top of my CD pile: ‘Definitely Maybe’ by Oasis and ‘Nevermind’ by Nirvana.”

When is their next gig and what can newcomers expect?
“We have a tour being set up at the minute. If you like energy and punchiness with good quality guitar and great singalong songs that’s what you’ll get.”

Their favourite and least favourite things about Oxford music are:
“Least favourite is there’s a lack of raw punk bands. A lot of bands want to be the next Radiohead and there will never be another Radiohead. On the other hand there is so much good music. Truck Festival is a good one for me; I live over the road and have been to eight of them.”

You might love them if you love:
Billy Bragg; Paul Weller; The Clash; The Libertines; The Enemy.

Hear them here:
www.facebook.com/thelawabidingcitizensuk

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

THIS MONTH IN OXFORD MUSIC HISTORY

20 YEARS AGO
Head On skulked on the front cover of June 1993’s *Curfew* magazine. They were, we declared, “a smouldering indie volcano,” which even now sounds pretty cool. Two of the band are still kicking it out in **Spinner Fall**, while one of them tour manages **The Stereophonics**. A band who should, arguably, be dropped into a live volcano. At a time before local releases were common, we had two to celebrate, **Fuzzgun** releasing their debut single, ‘Wear Me In’, and ambient experimentalists **B So Global** putting out their debut album, the duo of Jon Seagroatt and Ian Staples these days better known as stalwarts of the local improv scene and the core of jazz monsters Red Square. Doom-metal behemoths **Sevenchurch**, meanwhile, had just signed a deal with German label Noise International, for whom they would record their now seminal ‘Bleak Insight’ album. A typically packed gig programme saw **The Pastels**, **Slowdive**, **The Cranes** and **Dodgy** all playing at **The Oxford Venue**, while the **Jericho Tavern** hosted **Chuck Prophet** – who was back in Oxford at the Bully only last month – and **Jacob’s Mouse**, as well as one of the greatest unknown bands of all time, **Mad Cow Disease**. A little further afield, British rap pioneer **Blade** was at **Hobson’s Choice** in Banbury, supported by local reggae heroes **Subtrance**, who just happened to be this month’s Demo of the Month. **The Moonflowers** were playing at **Minchery Tavern**, a new venue on the scene (now The Priory next to the Kassam), prompting Jericho Tavern promoter Mac to issue a statement to the effect that the place was nothing to

do with him and the next band who called up asking for a gig there “would get their limbs broken.”

10 YEARS AGO
Mark Gardener was seen strumming an acoustic guitar on the cover of *Nightshift*’s June 2003 issue, the great man having been confirmed to play at this year’s **Truck Festival**. Mark had recently toured with Truck organisers **Goldrush** as his backing band. Joining Mark on the Truck bill would be **British Sea Power**; **Youthmovie Soundtrack Strategies**; **Dive Dive** and **Electric Eel Shock**. In other news, **Young Knives** released their single ‘Rollerskater Girl’ on **Shifty Disco**. The band apparently hated the song and refused to play it live. **Radiohead** released ‘Hail To The Thief’ this month, with **Colin Greenwood** telling *Nightshift*, “One of the best things about the record for me are the words – the bleak humour and the clarity. I’m not worried about Americans not buying our records as a consequence of us being outspoken about certain issues. People need to focus on bigger issues instead of whether George Bush is an idiot or not.” Also out was **Harambe**’s debut album ‘Roots’, which also found the local soul-funksters interviewed in *Nightshift*, the band a lone beacon for such things in town at the time. Their story took in drug busts, stints in jail, a fatal car crash and acrimonious splits with singers, but still preaching a message of peace and unity for all mankind. “We got soul,” said bassist Karl Clews, “We don’t do this for money or bling or fame.” Karl railed against over-polished modern soul and r’n’b, while declaring funk needed to get back to being, well,

funky, in its original meaning. “It’s an African word meaning dirty or smelly. Too much of what’s labelled funky now is just soulless because it’s over-computerized.”

5 YEARS AGO
“I like the idea that Fell City Girl was a blip in people’s lives and maybe made them stop and think, feel, sing, shout and no more. Rip it up and start again.” So began *Nightshift*’s interview with **Winchell Riots** singer Phil McMinn in June 2008’s *Nightshift*. Having been stung badly by the music industry, he and his new band were intent on keeping it indie in its truest sense this time round, starting their own label, Andrew The Great, to release their debut EP ‘Histories’. “The music industry is totally screwed,” he declared. Coming to town this month were **Bat For Lashes**, **Black Kids**, **Glasseas** and **Steve Earle** at the Academy, while **Lykke Li** was at the Jericho Tavern. The biggest event of the month though, was the first – and last – **Wokestock Festival** in the grounds of Blenheim palace. The ill-fated festival featured **Groove Armada**, **Mark Ronson**, **Funeral For A Friend**, **The Streets**, **Happy Monday** and **Pendulum**, among others, but suffered from poor organisation and ticket sales, never to return. What *Nightshift* mostly remembers of the whole shebang was paying £4 for a can of Red Stripe, and losing almost an entire day of our memories after bumping into former-Zodiac owner **Nick Moorbath**, who was armed with several boxes of red wine. Something we’re not sure we’ve ever really recovered from.

photo: Ruth Shana Luqmani



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DEMOS

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Demo OF THE MONTH

CABARET RAT

It's a good three years since we last heard from Cabaret Rat and by the sounds of it he hasn't changed one iota. Good. We instantly warmed to his lo-if industrial punk one-man-band rampage, which seemed to find a middle ground between Ministry and Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine. Cabaret Rat is the work of one Matt Prosac, who comes to us from Blackpool, via Banbury. While his set-up might be considered cheap and cheerful, there's little cheer to be had in the songs, which are trash'n'thrash slices of personal ire and tales from the seedy backstreets. 'Billie Funday' sounds like Ministry broke into EMF's recording studio back in 1991 and replaced the master tapes for 'Unbelievable' with something nasty and sticky they found down the back of a rotting sofa in the crack den they'd spent the previous night. We assume the song is about something unpleasant since Mr Rat sounds on the furious side of cross and we think we catch mention of Mary Bell, which isn't a name that tends to crop up in One Direction hits. From here 'Good Ol Boy' is a cyberpunk terrace chant, all sneery and snarly, while 'When The Heart Breaks' ups the anger levels another notch as it faces up domestic abuse with appropriate righteousness. He's getting a bit formulaic by the time we hit closer 'The Crem', but he continues to reside in a pit of contempt for what he sees in humanity and for all its slightly dated feel and one size fits all approach to songwriting, Cabaret Rat has more gumption and attitude about him than every other demo this month put together with a rusty butcher's hook.

PAUL BRENNAN

We fondly remember Paul's previous demo offering, which offered a warmly booze-soaked outlook on life and its many, many pitfalls, mostly involving drinking too much and not having much luck with the ladies. This new song, 'Dance Like Morrissey', comes with a video and everything, which features our hero necking shots by the half-dozen before taking to the dancefloor to indeed dance like Moz himself, something he does with admirable attention to detail. Let's be honest, most gentlemen of a

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

certain vintage dance like Morrissey after a few ales – all grand gestures and awkward limb movements – and it's rarely pretty, unlike this bitter-sweet mini-anthem that finds Paul crooning “I convince myself I'm God's gift when I dance like Morrissey / But every time you turn your back and walk away from me,” with a comfortingly lispy voice that reminds us of both Roddy Woomble and Candyskins' Nick Cope. It's lovelorn stuff and the vid ends on a suitably bitter note as Paul grabs the nice lady's drink, downs it in one and leaves her stranded; a loser in love, but a winner in the songwriting stakes.

PAUL EMERY

Another return visitor to the demo pages, and another man called Paul who refuses to look on the bright side of life. Quoting Brian Eno, Mark Hollis and Depeche Mode as influences, previously we described Paul as a marriage between Portishead and Tom Waits, and like someone had transported Depeche Mode to a Mississippi blues hut (something the Mode seem to have done themselves on parts of new album, 'Delta Machine', so maybe they've been listening in on Mr Emery here). Anyway, seasonable upturn in the weather or not (it's currently pissing down and blowing a force 10), Paul here remains resolutely downbeat and in fine style, 'The Easy Child' plumbing warm, rich depths of sorrow with a lo-fi symphonic feel – all synthetic strings and stuff, while 'Grey Town' shows his voice at its best, pure and light, not a million miles from his hero Mr Hollis, and accompanied only by a mournful piano. 'It's The Dark That Makes You Stronger' is a great title but the song doesn't hit hard or deep enough, but 'Device' ups the ante slightly with its incessant electro-industrial groove, while remaining oddly laidback.

JACK LITTLE

Another one of those pesky one-song demos (probably considered to be a single in this day and age of stick-it-online-and-call-it-a-release futuristicness) , and on the face of it another melodically slender acoustic strum along by some bloke who would do better to leave his battered guitar and bucket of angst on the sofa (or even better, in a skip) and pop down the pub to meet a nice girl (or boy) and actually try to enjoy life for bloody once. But actually, give it a chance and 'Snowflake' is a perfectly likeable piece of folk-pop heartache with a genuinely neat

hook in the chorus, sung by a chap with a pleasingly breathless, pleading voice. It chimes rather than churns or shuffles, and it's those little things that make all the difference. We still reckon Jack would do well to down a few pints of strong cider and have a bit of a dance. Maybe he could go out on the town with Paul Brennan. The twin negative energy forces would surely produce a positive. And even if things didn't go to plan, the pair of them should be able to come up with a decent singalong come closing time.

KID KIN

Ace detectives what we are, we deduce from Kid Kin's demo that he's called Peter and comes from Chipping Norton. That's all we know. Oh, except that Kid Kin is an instrumental project and this demo is taken from a full-length album which may or may not already have seen the light of day. Luckily the music itself is more enlightening. We struggle to enjoy utilising the description “dreampop,” but this pretty much fits the biscuit, with echoes of everything from Sigur Ros to Ulrich Schnauss, all swishes and swashes of electronics and heavily-treated guitars; busy but unobtrusive electronic beats and doleful bass lines. 'Le Prieur Rockets' builds to a blissed-out plateau of euphoria to which descriptions like soundscape and sky touching will inevitably be attached before the whole thing subsides elegantly and retreats towards the horizon along with an ocean of mixed metaphors. 'You, Me & The Devil Makes Three' has a bit of a Cocteau Twins spangle about it before it settles into a somnambulating sweep, while 'Man Tor' is more contemplative, almost brooding, with its piano lead. Nice stuff and well textured, but probably little you haven't heard from any of the aforementioned comparisons and assorted others previously.

DAVID TUDOR

Talking of not giving too much away, David Tudor simply furnishes us with a brief, “My name is David Tudor. Enjoy the music.” That's it. Not even a cheery, “My name's Dave and I like to spend my weekends baking cup cakes while listening to Nick Drake at a discreet volume and thinking about tragic Victorian literature.” Sorry, we're not trying to presume as to Mr Tudor's character here, but we're guessing he doesn't go a big deal on drinking sixteen pints of lager and kicking the fuck out of people at the footie of a Saturday afternoon. Even though his first song here is called 'Party House'. Because it's more the sort of party house where they bring little slivers of home-baked focaccia

around on neat platters rather than heaps of strange white powder perched on dwarf slaves' heads. Oh, it's sweet and airy and pretty and it's doing no-one any real harm, but fey doesn't even start to describe it. Other than a few swooning harmonies, the only line here is “You remain in the party house.” Which isn't entirely true, since we're off round to Lemmy's right now. Apparently he's going to set fire to a full-sized Messerschmitt. Not sure Lemmy could ever come up with the rhyming gem that is “Same old story / Misspent glory / Crosby Stills and / Nash,” mind.

THE DEMO DUMPER

GEM LETTUCE

Gem Lettuce do at least attempt to furnish us with some useful information about themselves, to wit, “We are a five piece band called Gem Lettuce. Like in the the lettuce.” No, us neither. More useful pre-warning comes via the information that this bunch of tunes is apparently hosted by Shit Records, which, however ironically intended, seems like a wholly appropriate home for such musical excrement. It doesn't start off so badly, the rumbling old 50s/60s garage rockabilly of 'Do The Gem' suggesting a jolly if half-baked retro bit of fun, even if the vocals lack any kind of the necessary resonance to match the guitars. From here it's straight into the dung heap with 'Scream Vom', with its wacky “Scream vom / You know I'm gonna vom / In your face,” refrain. Hilarious, right? Hur hur, we almost done did a widdle in our pants when we heard that. There's something else about doing “a silent poo in your pint” too, which is comedy gold on a level with any number of student rugby club “japes” involving bodily fluids and biscuits. Maybe we just don't have the necessarily advanced sense of humour to appreciate such genius, though a quick lobotomy and a subscription to *Nuts* magazine should rectify that. Hur hur, we said rectify. That's, like, bum, isn't it? Dear oh fucking Lor', it gets worse. “You show me your tits and I'll show you my dick,” they cry on 'Show Me Dreams', that loosely, and laughably, might try to describe itself as psychedelia and is as appetising and romantic as watching an overweight farmhand defecating into a bucket. By the time they've got to the “hilariously out of tune” 'Declan's Town' it's just sad, a hopeless, hapless heap of aural effluence dragging itself to an overdue death. Keep an eye out for Gem Lettuce then, folks. And feel free to crap in their dinner any time. Believe us, they'll find it absolutely hysterical.

*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.*



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Weds 25th Sept • £15 adv
Madina Lake
Farewell Tour
+ Fearless Vampire Killers
+ Super Happy Fun Club

Fri 27th Sept • £8 adv
Mike Dignam

Tues 1st Oct • £22.50 adv
6.30pm
Fat Freddy's Drop

Fri 4th Oct • £6 adv
6.30pm
Evarose

Weds 9th Oct • £8 adv
6.30pm
Nina Nesbitt

Sat 12th Oct • £10 adv
UK Foo Fighters
(The No.1 Foo Fighters Tribute)

Fri 18th Oct • £18 adv
6.30pm
From The Jam
'All Mod Cons' 35th Anniversary Tour

Fri 18th Oct • £10 adv
6.30pm
Guns2Roses & Metallica Reloaded

Sat 19th Oct • £20 adv
Gathering Festival
Multi venue festival

Weds 23rd Oct • £20 adv
6.30pm
The Cat Empire

Fri 25th Oct • £18.50 adv
Blue

Thurs 31st Oct • £15 adv
6pm
Wretch 32

Fri 8th Nov • £11 adv
7pm - 10pm
The Doors Alive

Fri 15th Nov • £25 adv
6.30pm
Gary Numan

Sun 1st Dec • £25 adv
Ocean Colour Scene

Mon 2nd Dec • £22.50 adv
Black Star Riders

Thurs 5th Dec • £10 adv
Night Beds

Sat 7th Dec • £12 adv
Absolute Bowie

Thurs 12th Dec • £18.50 adv
Adrian Edmondson & The Bad Shepherds

Fri 13th Dec • £12 adv
Electric Six



Tickets for Saturday night shows INCLUDE FREE ENTRY to Propaganda / Trashy (or £6, £5 NUS / members, £4 NHS on the door)

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