SUPERONIC

THE CUSTARD FACTORY, BIRMINGHAM 11-13.07.08

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SIXTH ANNUAL AVANT-GARDE FEST RIPS BIRMINGHAM APART.

WITH A bill packed with the strange, eclectic and downright noisy, Supersonic is a testament to the growing popularity of the weirder end of the musical spectrum, beginning with a short but sweet evening on Friday, with spazzier-than-thou grind favourites ROLO TOMASSI (KKKKK) a particular highlight, and mental hip-hop duo DäLEK (KKKKK) boasting a bass sound so intense it threatens to flatten the venue.

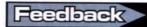
Saturday starts on a grim note as Glasgow miserableists BLACK SUN (KKKK) open the main stage with a long, drawn out set of punishing doom. King Crimson-like and resplendent in glittery costumes, Londoners GUAPO (KKKK) battle smoke machine overload to bring forth an hour of prog, while the

insane JUSTICE YELDHAM (KKKK) delivers a short set-piece of noise via his only instrument, a plate of glass, which he bites, rubs and smashes over his head, deranged.

The notoriously scary OXBOW (KKKK) light up the main stage with a ferocious performance, frontman Eugene Robinson his usual, psychotic and clothesoptional self, while the crushing, digital sound of FUCK BUTTONS (KKKK) gives way to the busiest set of the evening courtesy of BATTLES (KKKK) who deliver their relentless hardcore goods to an audience screaming for more, before an even louder cheer heralds the return of the legendary HARVEY MILK (KKKKK) who give their blues-soaked sludge a muchneeded airing, closing a fantastic day.

From the slow-motion doom of Spaniards ORTHO-DOX (KKKK) to the frankly vortex-opening noise of ASVA (KKKKKK), Sunday seems to be the day of drone. Feedback veterans EARTH (KKKK) deliver a beautiful set of their hazy country-drone, joined onstage by members of Asva for a snail-paced jam of epic proportions.

RED SPAROWES (KKKK) deliver an epic instrumental set that has people enraptured before chaotic hardcore mob FUCKED UP (KKKKK) live up to their name with aplomb, frontman Father Damian smashing coke cans on his head, the volatile energy they bring closing the weekend on a raucous, chaotic and, ahem, Fucked Up note.



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