

# SUPERSONIC FESTIVAL

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 (KIKKK)** a particular highlight, and mental hip-hop duo **DÄLEK (KIKKKKK)** boasting a bass sound so intense it threatens to flatten the venue.

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

insane **JUSTICE YELDHAM (KIKKKK)** 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 **OWBOW (KIKKKK)** light up the main stage with a ferocious performance, frontman Eugene Robinson his usual, psychotic and clothes-optional self, while the crushing, digital sound of **FUCK BUTTONS (KIKKK)** gives way to the busiest set of the evening courtesy of **BATTLES (KIKKKK)** 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 (KIKKKK)** who give their blues-soaked sludge a much-needed airing, closing a fantastic day.

From the slow-motion doom of Spaniards **ORTHO-DOX (KIKKK)** to the frankly vortex-opening noise of **ASVA (KIKKKKK)**, Sunday seems to be the day of drone. Feedback veterans **EARTH (KIKKKK)** 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 (KIKKK)** deliver an epic instrumental set that has people enraptured before chaotic hardcore mob **FUCKED UP (KIKKKK)** 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.

### Feedback

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