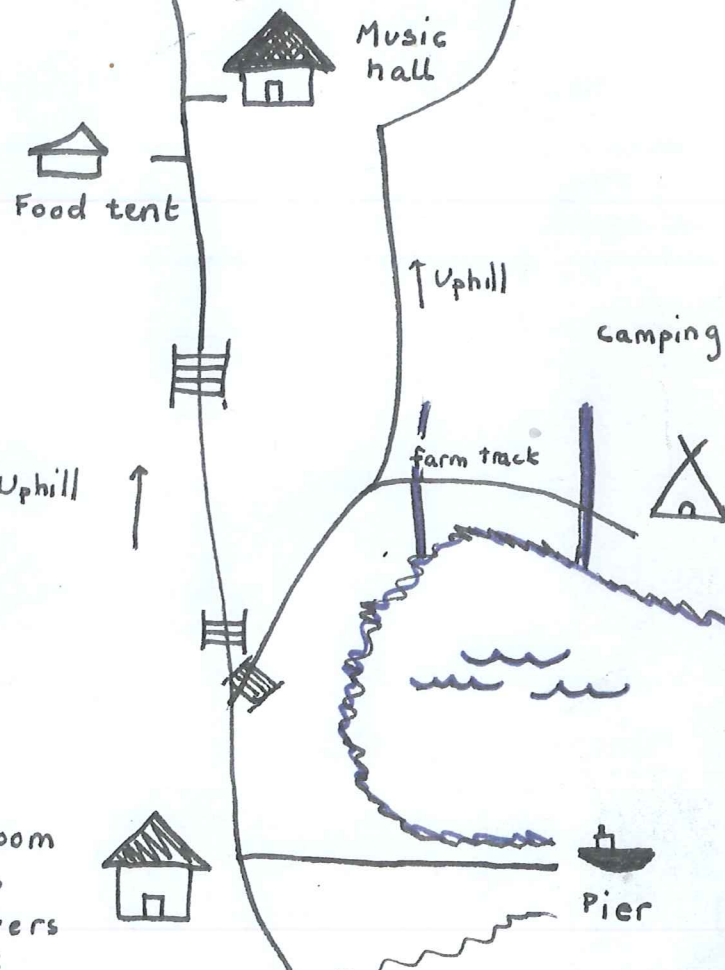


EIGG



ALWAY GAME



ISLE OF EIGG

20th, 21st, 22nd July

Presented by Fence Records
www.fencerecords.com



HELLO!

Congratulations. You've made it to Eigg! We're very proud of you. Look, there's stuff you need to read.

IMPORTANT NOTES!

* **EAT SOME FOOD!** Would you believe it, we've actually got some catering sorted out this year. There's a Food Tent located just around the corner from the music site, that'll be serving breakfast, lunch and a different selection of evening meals each day. The Eigg Shop has extended its opening hours, and the Galmisdale café will be open too. Check the times on the inside back-page o' this programme!

* **DISCOVER EIGG!** You should take a good walk around the island, plenty of amazing sites here. Make sure and shut the gates after you, mind.

* **CHOPPY!** There's a sligggghht chance that the 2.30pm ferry back to the mainland on Sunday will have to leave a bit earlier. The forecast has said that the sea might be a bit choppy in the evening - so Ronnie, the skipper, might want to leave an hour or so before scheduled. We'll let you know, though - keep your eyes peeled for signs in the ceilidh hall, and your ears peeled for announcements

* **DINNAEARSEABOUT** when it comes to catching the Sheerwater off the island. Turn up at least 20 minutes before the ferry you're booked on is due to leave as Ronnie, the skipper, has a lot of trips to make over the course of the weekend and will not wait. If you miss your boat you'll have to make your own way off the island by canoe or on the Cal Mac.

RETURN FERRIES:

SHEERWATER - FERRY W - 2.30PM - SUNDAY 22ND JULY
SHEERWATER - FERRY X - 8.30AM - MONDAY 23RD JULY
SHEERWATER - FERRY Z - 11.00AM - MONDAY 23RD JULY
SHEERWATER - FERRY Y - 2.30PM - MONDAY 23RD JULY
CALMAC - 4.30PM - MONDAY 23RD JULY

* **RECYCLE!** Please try and recycle as much as possible: bags are available for glass and cans

* **FIRE!** There's a fire site prepared at the campsite. Please don't start random campfires because the sheep need to eat the grass afterwards.

* **CLEAN YOUR BITS!** Showers are located in the waiting room area, next to the Tea Room. They are 24 hour access, and there is a suggested £2 donation for using 'em.

* **BOGS!** The toilets in the waiting room are also 24 hours. There'll be a compost toilet up at the campsite as well, though!

* **THIRSTY?** We'll be providing some water bottles - but there's also a tap around the back of the tearoom that is drinking water too.

* **OUCH!** Doctor's number: 01687 482427

* **THANK YOU!** I'm gonna do a big thank you on the Fence site the week after Away Game. But before then I want to send some big love to Stevie Dye at **Peas'n'Loaf** for hosting some great acts on the Sunday. He hosts a semi-regular acoustic night in Glasgow, and it is great. So go and buy him a pint.

Right, go and have a good time now.

the pictish trail & boderz x

FRIDAY - CEILIDH HALL

20.00 doors open
20.15 **MEURSAULT**
21.30 **OLO WORMS**
23.00 **RADIALS**
00.30 **MASSACRE CAVE**
02.15 **KID CANAVERAL**

DJs: Josie Long & Papi Falso

FRIDAY - MARQUEE

20.00 doors open
20.45 **OVER THE WALL**
22.15 **SLOW CLUB**
23.30 **THE PICTISH TRAIL**
01.30 **YNIWL**

DJs: OnTheFly vs. Moshi Moshi

SATURDAY - CEILIDH HALL

13.00 doors open
13.15 **DELIFINGER**
14.15 **SEAMUS FOGARTY**
15.30 **HARDSPARROW**
16.30 **ROB ST JOHN**
18.00 **SWEET BABOO**
19.45 **BABE**
21.30 **KAN**
23.15 **LORD ROCHESTER**
01.00 **ARCHIPEL**

DJs: Dominic & Kwaing Creasite

SATURDAY - MARQUEE

13.00 doors open
13.45 **JO SCHORNIKOW**
15.00 **RANDOLPH'S LEAP**
16.00 **GULP**
17.15 **ROZI PLAIN**
18.45 **KING CREOSOTE**
20.30 **GRUFF RHYS**
22.30 **FRANÇOIS & THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS**
00.00 **DJANGO DJANGO**
01.45 **JON HOPKINS (LIVE)**
03.00 **NATHAN FAKE (LIVE)**
04.00 **EAGLEOWL**

DJs : FOUND vs. Whisky Stephen
& Reuben Wu (Ladytron)

SUNDAY - CEILIDH HALL

13.00 doors open
13.30 **QUICKBEAM**
14.30 **SCOTT RUDD**
15.45 **INSECT HEROES**
17.00 **EUROS CHILDS**
18.30 **THINGS IN HERDS**

DJs: Kid Canaveral

SUNDAY - MARQUEE

12.30 doors open
13.00 **ALUN TUN LAN**
PEAS & LOAF PRESENT!
14.00 **KATHRYN SAWERS**
15.00 **3 BLIND WOLVES**
16.15 **THE TWILIGHT SAD**
17.45 **SPARROW & THE WORKSHOP**
19.15 **NITWORKS**
20.00 **JOHN MacLEAN (DJ)**

There was a 12-for-1 offer on Welsh musicians, and the same with The French, so we cashed in.

ALUN TUN LAN - If you chant this acoustic singer-songwriter's name over and over again, you will find yourself in a very dark place. That's what happened to me. I first came across Alun back in the early Green Man Festival days, when it was still being held at Baskerville Hall. Last thing I remember was Alun shaking my hand, whilst passing over his CD. I read out the name on the cover a few times ... and the next thing I knew I was lost in the middle of the Hay-On-Wye woods, stripped to the waist, covered in blood, and missing some teeth. Still, he seemed like a nice chap, so when I accepted his friend request on Facebook the other month, I thought it would be nice to invite him up to Eigg. Such a cheeky smile! Lovely collection of songs / knives, too.

ARCHIPEL - Initially employed as a novelty barbershop quartet for face-paint company, *Uncle Jellyfish*, this troupe of salesmen unwittingly discovered their knack for exotic rhythm via a series of syncopated door knockings. The group were arrested in 1998 for harassment after tapping on an elderly gentleman's front door for over 10 minutes in 7/8 time - and subsequently formed Archipel whilst in French prison.

BABE - Do you remember when "Funk" just meant bad smell? This Scottish-born quintet don't, because they've been spending a lot of time in France, where the F-word means "blissed-out harmony-driven glacial indie-disco". Ironically, their relocation means they will inevitably reek of onions.

DELIFINGER - Matthew Lacey's fragile electronic-tinged folk is entirely comprised of fuzzy-felt shapes, used toilet rolls, and stickyback plastic. His rare live performances are a whirring nostalgia trip, transporting you back to that cosy Saturday morning telly place. You are allowed your first beer, now. Go and sit on the floor and hug your knees.

DJANGO DJANGO - What a year it's been for Jimmy, Vinnie, Tommy and, er, Davey. Almost every week their brand of summery, tropical-pop and beach-bop indie has received glowing reviews. None so more than in *Phosphorescence Monthly*, where a five-star review could only be witnessed under darkened bedsheets. Their frankly lurid centre spread for *Playboy* should also be viewed under the same conditions.

EAGLEOWL - A near mythical beast, that resides in Edinburgh, but whose talons have perched across many a rural principality. Like a Griffin, but less racist, you'll find the humble Eagleowl is a shy, nocturnal animal who favours the sounds of slow-core post-folk, as well as the veggie section of staff catering. Every so often, though, it roars, and when it does the sound is deafening. We're fortunate enough to witness its migration to Eigg, as it collectively tries to mate with Hardsparrow.

EUROS CHILDS - A huge hit on the Cardiff pub-rock scene in the mid-80s, covering the songs of Steven Tyler & Joe Perry in his native Welsh, poor Euros was forced to change his surname from Smith to Childs following a law-suit from the oversensitive poodle-rockers. Fifteen years community service fronting Gorkys Zygotik Monkey covered all unpaid royalties, and now Euros finds himself with a knack for writing melodic masterpieces, with lyrics of touchingly surreal sweet emotion. Walk this way, you won't want to miss a thing of this dude (looks like a lady).

FRANÇOIS & THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS - The Sauvignon Strut. The Gallic Gander. The Bum Soufflé. These aren't the names of François' former backing bands. Rather, they are the names of the dance-moves he has devised for the world's enjoyment. At his Away Game performance this weekend, he will endeavour to display the Champagne Truffle Shuffle, the Pyrénées Pirhoutte, and his exquisite French Coc. Oooh la la!

GULP - It's the year 1868, and you're working in a kitchen, scrubbing the porridge pots whilst young master has his mid-morning nap. Now, imagine a time-machine has just landed in the scullery, and two aliens emerge wishing to transport you 100 years into the future. Suddenly, you find yourself in a lava-lamp lit, joss-stick infused basement, surrounded by dazed-hippies and a strange thick purple smoke. Your oat-sullied apron looks out of place and you feel foolish. At that precise moment, another time machine has transported your future relatives from 2012, who are carrying synthesizers in bumbags. You have traveled into the future to meet your future selves traveling back in time. Oh, and you're in Wales. Welcome to the music of Gulp.

GRUFF RHYS - After recently lodging at *Hotel Shampoo*, this animal has gone from super furry to super fluffy. You too will be singing along like it's bath time, lathering in his bubbly melodies, and getting all steamy from his super hot licks. However, if you keep "accidentally" dropping the soap in front of him, we'll have to escort you from the premises.

HARDSPARROW - Since relocating from the bustling metropolis of Bournemouth to the comparatively remote cave dwellings of Cellardyke, Sparra has become a regular pied-piper pioneer of the "electro-shanty" scene in the East Neuk. Yes, you'll find him of a Friday night at the local open mic, taunting the incomprehensibly pissed-up cover duos and deluded blues dribblers with his own blend of otherworldly cosmic space-ballads. Wildly unpopular, of course, but the rats lap it up.

INSECT HEROES - Tree surgeon, George Thomas, knows his insects. The flies, wasps and tree-hoppers that glide around around his head whilst he's perched a-top the forests of the UK are basically his work-mates. Come to think of it, so were his previous band, the Owls. No surprise, then, that he's written some buzzing garage-pop tunes, that will bug you out. Surely a collaboration with Flea or Sting beckons?

JON HOPKINS - Long-fingered ambient guru, Hopkins almost broke the world record for the number of Hula Hoops consumed from a single digit. His middle finger impressively racked up a line of 57 Hula Hoops, ladies, but his oh-so-slender body could only muster a measly nibble of 3 of them, and - alas - the prize went to Eastender's Dirty Den, Leslie Grantham. You can console the 'Kins by losing your shit to his industrial sex music.

JO SCHORNIKOW - Melbourne-native, New York resident, and one-half of soulful duo The Shivers, Joanne has an irrepressible smile and a banquet of chamber-folk songs that are just as warming. The real reason that she's grinning so much is because she has a rare condition that allows her to see what colour underwear you're wearing. If she guffaws mid-set, it's probably because someone is wearing an ill-fitting yellow thong.

KAN - Wow. It's Saturday night, and you're on a remote Scottish island. Take a deep breath, and suck in the Hebridean air. What do you taste? That's right - midges. Over 10,000 of the little buggers have just swarmed into your mouth. Quick, rinse them out with a dram of strong whisky, and come inside the Ceildh Hall to dance to some proper music, with real Scottish flavour. This combination of fiddle, whistle, flute, drums and guitar will sort you right out. As will some poppers.

KATHRYN SAWERS - Aberdeen's scarily cryptic answer to the question "Who saw you?", Kathryn comes highly recommended by our pals at Peas'n'Loaf - Glasgow-based promoters who are curating the Sunday afternoon of Away Game. Erotic* piano songs, played with hands and feet, and sung with mouth. (*not sure if they are actually erotic)

KID CANAVERAL - The combined age of this sucrose-sweet beat-combo belies their increasingly inappropriate stage name. Nevertheless, their thrilling brand of indie-alcopop will whisk you back to your early teens so quickly, you'll act all shy around anyone who so happens to breathe next to you, and accidentally call the woman behind the bar "Mummy" in a sugar-rush moment of drunken exuberance.

KING CREOSOTE - Kenny is celebrating his Diamond Jubilee year by going up the length and breadth of the country performing to each and every one of his loyal subjects. Instead of regaling us with the tranquil ambience of *Diamond Mine*, he's powering out the red-wine-and-cola fuelled folk-stomp of his recent EP's. Which includes the odd Gummi Bako hit. You don't get that from The Queen. Or even Queen. This is all in preparation for his forthcoming covers album, *The Madness of King Creosote* - a collaboration with Jon Hopkins's step-father, and arch nemesis, Suggs.

LORD ROCHESTER - Starting out life as a popular tea-time biscuit in the late-1950s, this 3-piece group's dreams of fulfilling the nation's post-dinner crumbly-treat needs were dashed following the emergence of the less-tasty-but-ultimately-more-affordable Viscount. Reinventing themselves as a rockabilly pop group, with a penchant for slap-back delay and hair wax, they've been stunning nostalgic pensioners and hungry teens alike all across the Lothians and Borders. Proper Bo Diddley, I tell thee!

MASSACRE CAVE - Eigg's very own metal band aren't actually composed of that much metal at all. Collectively they are 97% flesh, bone, wax, sweat, snot and hair. The remaining 3% is but an alloy of cheap tin and crushed up bits of aluminium foil - most of which is secreted as fillings, hip replacements and DIY knob-piercings. These boys are the real deal, though - and are extremely conducive to heat, electricity and headbanging.

MEURSAULT - Edinburgh-based song-singer, Neil Pennycook, knows how to holler. In fact, he perfected his mighty wail at the last Away Game, falling into the river near the campsite at 5am and howling until the very rocks 'neath his soaked waistline lifted him to shore. He's the veritable 'Ludo-from-David-Bowie's-Labyrinth' of indie rock. We've asked Neil, and his troupe of nubile bearded bandmates, to open proceedings and unclog our earlugs with his limitless range of vocal frequencies.

NATHAN FAKE - His intense stare on the laptop screen means one of two things. Either he's working out a complicated algorithm with which to program the next set of laser sharp beats. Or he's checking out your Facebook profile pix of that holiday you took in Malaga. You know, the one where you're wearing that thong? Are you wearing it now, in fact? Jo Schornikow keeps looking at you. Ignore her, and concentrate instead on your dance moves to Nathan's electronic surges of euphoria and lightening bolt rays of distorted techno.

NITETWORKS - The last live act of the weekend, whose techno-trad sonic assault will drain your body of every last ounce of energy it has left, until you're lying comatose on the floor. Without wanting to spoil the ending, the various band-members will then descend from the stage to tickle you until you shit yourself to death. Amazing.

OLO WORMS - If you like your music smooth and polished like a fine creamy turd, you've come to the wrong place m'lud. However, if you have a penchant for brain-frying psychedelic machinery, powered by the magic of Bristolian engineering, and delivered in an array of hideous day-glo shellsuits, then we might just be able to help you out.

OVER THE WALL - Formed back in 2005 as the world's first ever "reality-band", with over 30 members on stage. Weekly death-match evictions put paid to the careers of oh-so-many skinny-jeaned wannabes, leaving OTW to function as a mere duo of mustachioed manliness. Despite that, both Ben and Gavin stay true to the band's original vibe - managing to conjure an epic soundscape with looping pedals, samplers and drum machines - whilst simultaneously battling each other to death with a trumpet.

THE PICTISH TRAIL - Most people think that the Away Game is happening again because the first one was incredibly great. Not so. The real reason is that young, attractive Pictish Trail lost his young, attractive mind at the last event - and this year's bash is nothing but an elaborate police reconstruction. In order to prevent interference with the necessary surveillance, undercover cops will accompany PT onstage - conveniently playing bass guitar, electric guitar and drums. Justice will be served ... as will a selection of hot snacks. GUILTY!!

QUICKBEAM - If you're sat in the Ceildh Hall on Sunday, reading this through hangover-cracked eyelids, whilst the dulcet tones and sonorous sounds of these ladies washes across the floorboards, we have just one thing to say to you: you're welcome. Oh, and wipe the drool from your mouth, please.

RADIALS - Sarah Tanat-Jones's paranoia holds no bounds. Sitting on a low-stool behind a oversized drumkit in her former band, Come On Gang, she managed to convince the audience and indeed herself that she was only 3-foot-high. Of course, it didn't help that her then bandmates were staggering goliaths, to a man. With her new band, comprised of über-talented indie short-arses, she stands up to play the drums - literally towering over the toms on ill-advised stilts. Great pop songs, though.

RANDOLPH'S LEAP - Infectious doesn't quite cover it. You'll be rubbing yourself all over, writhing on the floor, and screaming. However, if you decide to leave the nettle patch and come up to the marquee to watch Adam Ross and his friends, you'll be treated to a nice soothing balm of happy-go-lucky acoustic-led songsmithery. Check out those pert rhyming couplets. Phwoaaar.

ROB ST. JOHN - Pray silence for the patron saint of doom folk, the Right Honourable Reverend Rob St John. Instead of tending the sick, he travels from borough to borough, exposing his severe illness on the masses - a condition known as 'wobbly leg' or 'phantom limb'. Once exposed to his unruly tabernacle you'll feel giddy within milli-seconds, and your bowels will suddenly evacuate. Fear not, for the feeling isn't entirely unpleasant - and there'll be a steady flow of burritos to top up with afterwards. Righteous!

ROZI PLAIN - This young, folksy singer-songwriter is travelling up from another festival, called the Secret Garden Party, and is arriving on Eigg on the Saturday - literally about an hour before her Away Game set is due to start. So, chances are, she won't have read this programme. As such we should surprise her. Stand right at the front of the stage, packed tightly when she starts playing. As soon as she finishes a song you should clap wildly, and nod your head vigorously. The nodding is very important. AND AND AND, after she's finished, you should ALL immediately buy her new album, Joined Sometimes Unjoined, directly from her or on the Fence Records website. Honestly guys, honestly, she'll find it hilarious.

SCOTT RUDD - Loveable American photo-tycoon, Rudd, made a fortune in the mid-90s selling old snaps of cats looking direct to camera, with humorous anecdotes tagged underneath. When the internet arrived his business crumbled - leaving him with nothing more than a guitar and a lot of time. His delicate lyrics and gently strummed songs won't reference his LOLcat past ... only his soft purr serves as a gentle reminder.

SEAMUS FOGARTY - This Irishman's music will soak straight into your skin, until it goes wrinkly. With age. Because Seamus' hauntingly atmospheric tunes about wrestling dinosaurs and losing t-shirts are going to stay with you for a long, long, long time. Until you die. His songs won't kill you, of course. But they'll be there until the end. As will Seamus, with a sharp implement. His wit, ye gads!

SLOW CLUB - Rebecca and Charles are so adorable, with lyrical barbs so heartbreaking, and harmonies perfected so sweet, you'll want to take them both home with you. Yes, you'll want to show them your scrapbook of SC pictures, and hair clippings, and you'll want them to witness your daily rituals at the weird little shrine you've created. And have them discover exactly why the life-size Becky & Charles dolls you've made / violated are so unsettlingly sticky. Yes, you'll want to do all of this, and more ... but of course Rebecca & Charles will remember you from last time, and will get Sweet Baboo to come over and sit on you.

SPARROW & THE WORKSHOP - Peas'n'Loaf have also supplied this fine trio of humans. One of them is from Chicago. Not *Chicago!*, as in the terrible musical, or *CHICAGO* the even more terrible band ... no no, Chicago the *place*. In the America. Y'know. They invented The Fonz over there. And TV gameshows. Don't let that put you off this band, though. And don't let this terrible description of this band put you off either. Look, I'm strapped for time, okay? They're very good, now go and watch.

SWEET BABOO - Floppy-haired jangly pop minstrel, Baboo, 48, refuses to perform live in front of audiences less than 1200 in number. Instead he employs a trio of cuddly Welshmen to mime to a backing track on C90 cassette tape, secreted in the frontman's left buttock. Should you witness any rump fondling mid-set, fear not for this is just the tape being turned over. Dancing is encouraged.

THINGS IN HERDS - World's Tallest Man, Pete Lush, gallivants around Brighton like he owns the place. Which he pretty much does. When you're a giant, you can do what ever you like, apparently. But it's a lonely life, as Pete's songs testify. If anyone laughs during his set, you will be crushed. Tears are allowed, but only tears of fear.

THREE BLIND WOLVES - We're not quite sure what to expect of this next act, but the RSPCA have been informed, and if any animal cruelty takes place we've got our cameras at the ready. For evidence. Actually we've just been assured by Peas'n'Loaf that this is a rock and roll act from Glasgow, and not simply some maimed hounds. Phew!

THE TWILIGHT SAD (acoustic) - I, too, was a little peeved with Robert Pattinson's performance in the recent vampire saga - OMG it was totes nothing like the books! This trio from Glasgow are also quite upset about it. Please comfort them by listening diligently to these stripped-back versions of their songs, and giving the occasional sympathetic nod / toe-tap.

Y NIWL - Look into the eyes of this mostly clean-shaven quartet of sheer MAN, and you'll see into the future of the past. They'll tell you that their instrumental-song titles are in their native Welsh, but all band members are actually from Basildon and they just want an excuse to spit phlegm at you in between their mesmerising surf-pop ditties. Close your eyes and let them.

We've also got a fine selection of Deejays.

DJ's: REUBEN WU (LADYTRON) - STEPHEN BASS (MOSHI MOSHI) - WHISKY STEPHEN - FOUND DJ's - OTF DJ - JOHN MACLEAN (BETA BAND / ALIENS) - JOSIE LONG - PAPI FALSO - KWAING CREASITE - KID CANAVERAL

AWAY GAME OPENING HOURS

FOOD TENT (left on the track before you reach the community hall)

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY

10AM - 12PM - BREAKFAST

1PM - 3PM - LUNCH

6PM - 9PM - DINNER

Breakfast rolls: sausage, egg, bacon, tea, coffee.

Lunch: Veggie soups - lentil, broccoli & stilton, minestrone

Dinner: Lamb tagines, Italian meatballs with pasta and salad, chicken / bean & vegetable burritos, chickpea & tamarind stew, barbequed mackerel and veggie-burgers / burgers / salad. Home made italian ice cream. Home made cakes, tea / coffee, soft drinks etc.

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EIGG SHOP

A well stocked shop including wide ranges of drinks, snacks, medicine, tobaccos, etc

FRIDAY 10.00 AM to 7.00 PM

SATURDAY 10.00 AM to 7.00 PM

SUNDAY 11.00 AM to 5.00 PM

Please note that Galmisdale cafe/bar will be closing at 9pm on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. It will also be opening at 10am on Sunday, but cannot sell alcohol until midday.