

## Review of Corinthian Casuals- 06.08.07 The Two Pigs, Corsham

Cracking bluesy set from the next generation of guitar-wielding Corshamites, all the usual Two Pigs blues was there ("Hoochie Coochie Man", "Hey Joe"), plus some unexpected rockers (notably an awesome rendition of T-Rex's "20th Century Boy"). The Casuals put on a confident and upbeat performance with frontman Stu Joslin strutting like a not-so-sleazy Rod Stewart, pounding the Liam Gallaghers out of his black tambourine. Audience-shy Alex Mitchell (lead guitar) led the songs with clever guitar work, all the essential twiddly bits and rock riffs delivered with moody accuracy, whilst super-nonchalant Phil Greenland strummed careful chords and tapped a steady foot. The bass was perfect in the mix, tamed by the cool-as-ice fingers of Max Goff, who's only criticism would be that he didn't sing enough backing vocals. At the back; drummer, Tom Page competed with Alex for the title of brooding genius, not missing a beat and providing a few impressive fills. Bands who play The Pigs are usually blues purists and The Casuals made an effort to conform to this, playing some Old Man blues they knew the regulars would expect, if not demand. But their whole set was not one long twelve barre, well chosen covers like the Stones "Get Off Of My Cloud" were definite crowd pleasers. As the night went on Stu and the boys became more confident and worked the audience well, egged on by the dozens of fans, groupies and proud parents. Finishing with tender versions of Hendrix's masterpiece "Little Wing" and Dylan's timeless "Like A Rolling Stone" before an end-of-movie-with-Jack-Black-in style rock epic "Sympathy For The Devil", Alex's guitar soared and gurgled the final solo as the Corsham folk "woo wooed!" in the right places. Just when we thought they'd played the best song of their set they showed their true colours and revealed Bowling For Soup's "The Bitch Song", even the bearded blues fanatics who only listen to Robert Johnson B-sides loved it and the Casual's school mates bopped enthusiastically across the usually static dancefloor. If you're tired of dreary indie-pop and if cheeky rock-riffery and honest guitar kicks are your thing you can't get much better than Corinthian Casuals. You could pay £150 to see the real Rolling Stones and have much less fun, long live the rock-covers band, and long live Corinthian Casuals.

By Winston Legthigh.