

"And it's 4, 5, 6, 7 grab your umbrella/Grab hold of me 'cause I'm your favourite fella..."

UNCUT

FREE
CD!

*'I have
no regrets'*
THE (mostly true)
CONFESSIONS
of
**JACK
WHITE**

THE COMEBACK INTERVIEW!

**STARTS
PAGE 61!**

Featuring
Radiohead
Dr John
Spiritualized
Dr Feelgood
Morrissey
and more...

**'WHY ARE WE
FIGHTING,
PEOPLE?'**

At Altamont with
the Stones,
by Stanley Booth

**'I REALISED
I'D BECOME
A GENIUS'**

Pete Townshend
looks back, modestly

**'THERE WERE
EVIL SPIRITS
AROUND'**

The strange case of
Alex Chilton

PLUS

SPRINGSTEEN UNSEEN
PUBLIC ENEMY
GREGG ALLMAN
NIC JONES
THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM

AND
LLOYD COLE
HAPPY MONDAYS
RICHARD THOMPSON
CHRISTY MOORE
TY SEGALL

MAY 2012 | UK £4.80 | CAN \$13.99



UNCUT.CO.UK 9 771368 072152

★★★★★
"EPIC AND UPLIFTING"

EVE BARLOW, EMPIRE

★★★★★
"A DOCUMENTARY
WITH SCOPE
AND SOUL"

THE TELEGRAPH

★★★★★
"TREMENDOUSLY
MOVING"

ALI CATTERALL, Q MAGAZINE

★★★★★
THE GUARDIAN

★★★★★
TIME OUT

★★★★★
"POWERFUL
AND INCREDIBLY
MOVING"

MOJO

★★★★★
TOTAL FILM

★★★★★
TV TIMES

MARLEY

A FILM BY KEVIN MACDONALD

15 Contains soft drug use and references

SHANGRI-LA ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS
A TUFF GONG PICTURES PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH COWBOY FILMS
A FILM BY KEVIN MACDONALD "MARLEY"
DIRECTORS OF PHOTOGRAPHY ALWIN KÜCHLER BSC MIKE ELEY BSC FILM EDITOR DAN GLENDENNING
LINE PRODUCER GERALDINE HAWKINS CO-PRODUCER ZACH SCHWARTZ EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ZIGGY MARLEY CHRIS BLACKWELL
PRODUCED BY STEVE BING CHARLES STEEL DIRECTED BY KEVIN MACDONALD

© SHANGRI-LA ENTERTAINMENT LLC AND TUFF GONG PICTURES LP 2012



FORTISSIMO FILMS

www.marleyuk.com www.facebook.com/marleymovieuk

IN CINEMAS APRIL 20

WorldMagazine.net

4 **Instant Karma!**

NEW! Our front section this month: unseen Bruce Springsteen shots, The Gaslight Anthem and more

12 **An Audience With**

Southern gent Gregg Allman

16 **Altamont**

Stanley Booth's eyewitness account from his reprinted Stones biography

COVER STORY

24 **Jack White**

Uncut hears the truth about *Blunderbuss*, and Jack and Meg - or White's version of the truth, anyway...

36 **Album By Album**

Pete Townshend

40 **Public Enemy**

Rocking the UK on the '87 Def Jam tour

46 **Ch-ch-ch-changes**

Richard Thompson

48 **Alex Chilton**

The dark tale of life after Big Star

54 **The Making Of...**

Lloyd Cole's "Perfect Skin"

58 **Snapshot**

Happy Mondays take Manhattan!

40 PAGES OF REVIEWS!

61 **New Albums**

Including: Dr John, Graham Coxon and Jack White

87 **The Archive**

Including: Dr Feelgood, T.Rex, Morrissey and Jerry Lee Lewis

100 **DVD & Film**

Bob Marley, The Grateful Dead

105 **Books**

Stanley Booth's Stones biog & more

106 **Live**

NEW! Radiohead, Laura Marling and Jonathan Richman

126 **Not Fade Away**

This month's obituaries

128 **Feedback**

Your letters, plus the Uncut crossword

130 **My Life In Music**

Irish folk icon Christy Moore

Are we rolling?



"IT WAS MADNESS," IS HOW GREGG ALLMAN describes his brief but spectacularly stormy marriage to Cher in this month's issue [see p14], sounding similarly horrified by what he remembers of the album he recorded with her, 1977's pretty lamentable *Allman And Woman: Two The Hard Way*. I actually interviewed the pair when they were in London that November to promote the record. I was shown into a lavish suite at the Inn On The Park with spectacular views of Hyde Park. Across the room, Gregg was slouched on a couch. His head was sunk between his shoulders, the rest of him hair, buckskin and denim. I wasn't sure if he was awake.

Anyway, about now Cher stalked into the room, looking like something

you might find carved on the prow of a pirate ship, imperious and menacing. She gave Gregg a slap on the shoulder and he hauled himself over on the couch to make room for her. I asked Gregg why the LP had taken a year to make, a question followed by a long silence.

"Gregg," Cher said eventually, "answer the question, why dontcha?"

About now there was a rumble in the room.

Something unspecific but seismic, the kind of noise that in some parts of the world would be indicative of an earthquake or something similar, involving tremors, collapsing buildings, giant waves to follow.

It was Gregg, talking about how he and Cher had split up two, three, maybe four times during the recording. His voice was deep and furry, muffled, like someone trapped in a car, talking to rescue workers through an air bag. He was also at the time trying to get off drugs, he added, multiple addictions to



The briefly married Gregg and Cher: "I was just saying..." "Well, don't!"

heroin, cocaine and anything you could pour out of a bottle into a glass, apparently the hardest thing he'd had to do in his life. It must've been tough for Cher, too, I offered gallantly, getting a plucky little smile from her.

"No, it wasn't," Gregg said, surprisingly sharply. "I don't think it was as painful for her as it was for me. No sir."

Was it Cher's idea for you to get treatment for your addictions?

"No...uh-uh," Greg said, fumbling for a Marlboro.

"Yes, actually," Cher said snappily. "It was." She sounded pretty clear about this. Gregg heaved, as they say, a somewhat heavy sigh.

"In the beginning, maybe," Gregg said, sucking so hard on his cigarette his head disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

"I prefer him when he's not on drugs," Cher added. "He's a different person."

"We have to go through this now?" Gregg said, getting cranky.

"I was just saying..." Cher said, sounding stern.

"Well, don't," Gregg said, making Cher fume.

There were darks clouds gathering here, a domestic squall blowing up on the horizon, the inevitability of a kick-ass row in the making that I didn't want to be witness to. I could imagine everything in this room that wasn't nailed down at some point shortly thrown or broken. I decided to beat a retreat, Gregg and Cher squaring up as I left. I don't think they even noticed me leaving.

Enjoy the issue and any thoughts you have on it, let me know, as ever, at: allan_jones@ipcmedia.com

Alan Jones

INSTANT KARMA!

THIS MONTH'S REVELATIONS FROM THE WORLD OF UNCUT
Featuring THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM | NIC JONES | TY SEGALL



BOSS SHOTS

The ties that bind

Unseen images from ERIC MEOLA's *Born To Run* shoot finally surface

Photographs: Eric Meola

ON MARCH 12, *Wrecking Ball* entered the UK charts at No 1, the ninth Bruce Springsteen album to reach the top spot. There are many reasons to form a sentimental attachment to *Wrecking Ball*, not least the rousing invective that makes it one of the most explicit political acts of Springsteen's career.

Like so many latterday Springsteen albums, however, it is also freighted with a certain poignancy, containing as it does the last recorded work of the saxophonist Clarence Clemons, on "Land Of Hope And Dreams" and "Wrecking Ball" itself. Clemons died following a stroke last June, and his place in The E Street Band has subsequently been taken by his nephew, Jake Clemons, and an expanded horn section.

Clemons, of course, was a larger-than-life presence who will prove impossible to completely replace in this enduring band. For many, he was more than a saxophonist: he embodied the camaraderie and exuberant collective love of rock'n'roll that The E Street Band have always seemed to stand for. The truth, doubtless, was always a little more complicated than that, but the rich mythology was built in no small part on Eric Meola's cover session for the 1975 *Born To Run* album.

Meola's shot of Springsteen and Clemons, at once iconic and intimate, fuelled the

legend of The E Street Band which remains potent nearly four decades down the line. And now, a new large-format book makes even more explicit the bond between the two musicians. For *Born To Run Revisited*, Meola has uncovered a bunch of previously unseen images from his historic shoot, including these two candid pictures of Springsteen and Clemons goofing around on the set.

"Thirty-seven years have passed since Clarence Clemons and Bruce Springsteen walked into my studio in New York City," says Meola, "but if there is one day in my life I remember clearly, it's that day... I wanted more than anything to make images for what I knew would be one of the most significant albums of my generation."

"I'm gonna sit back right easy and laugh," Springsteen sang in "Tenth Avenue Freeze Out", "when scooter [Springsteen] and the big man bust this city in half." If any pictures encapsulate that unquenchable E-Street spirit – here they are.



Born To Run Revisited is published by Ormond Yard Press and printed in the UK in a worldwide limited edition of 500 individually numbered copies, each one signed by Eric Meola. Priced at £395, this ultra-sized 24x36-inch book comes in its own slipcase. To order a copy visit www.snappalleries.com or call 0207 493 1152





Trying out some Bossriffs, no doubt: Brian Fallon

'Tom Petty songs played by Pearl Jam'

Fresh out of the studio, Brian Fallon reveals the heavy truth about the next **GASLIGHT ANTHEM** album

IN THE STUDIO

BRIAN FALLON IS in a van when *Uncut* calls, just leaving Nashville, on his way home to New Jersey. About 14 hours, he reckons,

but with two of his bandmates sharing the driving, nothing too onerous, and nothing The Gaslight Anthem haven't endured umpteen variations on before.

The band have spent five weeks at Nashville's Blackbird Studio, recording *Handwritten*, their fourth LP – and first for new label Mercury. It is produced by Brendan O'Brien, producer of a run of 21st-Century LPs for Bruce Springsteen. It will not, evidently, mark the point at which the Anthem distance themselves from their inspiration and mentor.

"Yeah," says Fallon. "I did think of that, that everyone's gonna bring up the Bruce thing again, but I've always said let's just do what works. And who better to make it sound like us and not Bruce than the guy who did Bruce? He knows all Bruce's tricks, right? And anyway, he said he didn't think we sounded like Bruce."

Really? "Yeah, I said 'Really?', too," laughs Fallon. "But it's a much heavier sound than before. It's a real guitar rock record, loud and heavy. We normally have kind of jangly indie guitars, and it's not like that. If I have to compare it to anything, it sounds like Tom Petty songs played by Pearl Jam or Foo Fighters."

This is something of a surprise. Last summer, while promoting the debut LP by Horrible Crowes – a side project he established with Gaslight Anthem roadie

Ian Perkins – Fallon told *New York* magazine that he was just bored and didn't want to write any more rock'n'roll songs.

"Which was true at the time," he says. "So I immersed myself in non-rock'n'roll things, did that acoustic Revival tour in Europe [with Dan Andriano, Chuck Ragan and Dave Hause]. After six weeks of that there's nothing you want to hear more than a Marshall stack turned all the way up."

Fallon reveals *Handwritten* will contain 11 tracks, and parts with the titles of three – "Here Comes My Man", "45" and "Handwritten". For all that Fallon suggests it's a raucous rock'n'roll album, he admits he learnt from the more measured

approach taken on the Horrible Crowes' (terrific) album, *Elsie*. "That really affected how I was writing," he explains. "The reason for the title of *Handwritten* is that everything was written almost as journals – the songs are real stories, about my life and things that my friends have gone through. I just trimmed all the fat, made it direct as it could be."

Fallon refers, with heartening guilelessness, to Bruce's progression from the impressionistic lyrical jumbles of *Greetings From Asbury Park, NJ* to the more straightforward writing in his later work. "He's helped deal with the changes as they come," says Fallon. "He's good at reminding you it's only a rock'n'roll band. Even if you get rich, it's just a house, it's just a car, you're just a guy."

Fallon has shared a stage with Bruce more than once, most famously at Hyde Park in 2010. Did that endless sea of faces not look at all daunting from behind the microphone? "I'll take it," says Fallon. "I want it. I'm still a kid in a candy store with this stuff." **ANDREW MUELLER**

Handwritten will be released by Mercury in June. The Gaslight Anthem play London's Koko on June 11

A QUICK ONE



➤ **David Hidalgo** broke ranks last month to reveal he'd been working on a new **Bob Dylan** (pictured) album. Sessions took place in Jackson Browne's LA studio, with Hidalgo – who played accordion and the guitar-like tres – hinting at a Mexican-influenced sound. We shall see...

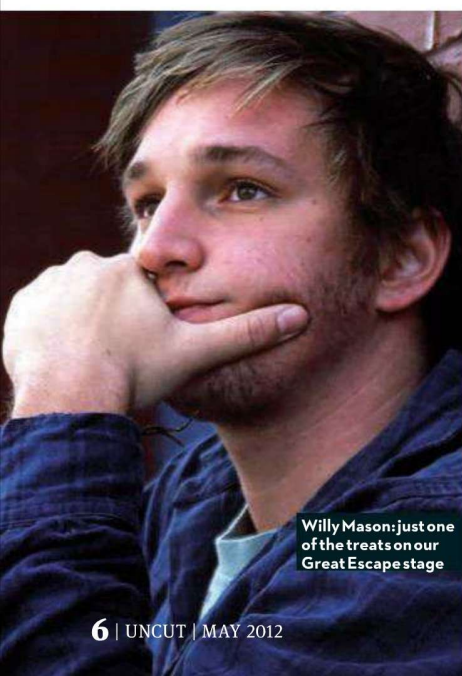
➤ A clutch of unexpected comebacks pending, among them one from **Paul Buchanan**, eight years after his last album fronting **The Blue Nile**. His solo debut, *Mid Air*, is due May 21.

➤ The terrific post-hardcore band **FIREHOSE** have reactivated for a US tour through April. A comp of their Columbia work, *lowFLOWS*, is released to coincide.



➤ The Sundance festival comes to London this month (April 26-29). Highlights: **LCD Soundsystem** doc *Shut Up And Play The Hits* (James Murphy pictured above); **Tricky** and **Martina Topley-Bird** performing *Maxinquaye*; **Robert Redford** in conversation with **T Bone Burnett**.

➤ Don't forget the spruced-up uncut.co.uk. Plenty of news, reviews, video and blogging on there daily now.



Willy Mason: just one of the treats on our Great Escape stage

UNCUT AT THE GREAT ESCAPE

May 10-12, Brighton: Uncut presents **EMA, WILLY MASON**, and plenty more... including these new arrivals

UNCUT LIVE

AS WE ANNOUNCED last month, the Uncut Stage at this year's Great Escape festival in Brighton will feature **EMA, BETH JEANS**

HOUGHTON, WILLY MASON, TOY and **FOREST SWORDS**. To that auspicious bunch we can now add four more fine acts: Nashville garage girl group **THE BLACK BELLES** (whose Olivia Jean features on the new Jack White album); **BLANCK MASS**, a levitational spin-off from Fuck Buttons; and two artists who

figured in *Uncut*'s Best Albums Of 2010 list, **SOLAR BEARS** (an Irish pastoral synth duo who recall Boards Of Canada) and hellraising Brooklynite **HANS CHEW**. Please join us there: Early Bird three-day tickets cost just £45 for the whole festival.

EUROPE'S LEADING FESTIVAL FOR NEW MUSIC
THE GREAT ESCAPE

The Great Escape takes place at venues across Brighton between May 10-12. For more information, visit www.escapegreat.com

The unlikely return of Nic Jones

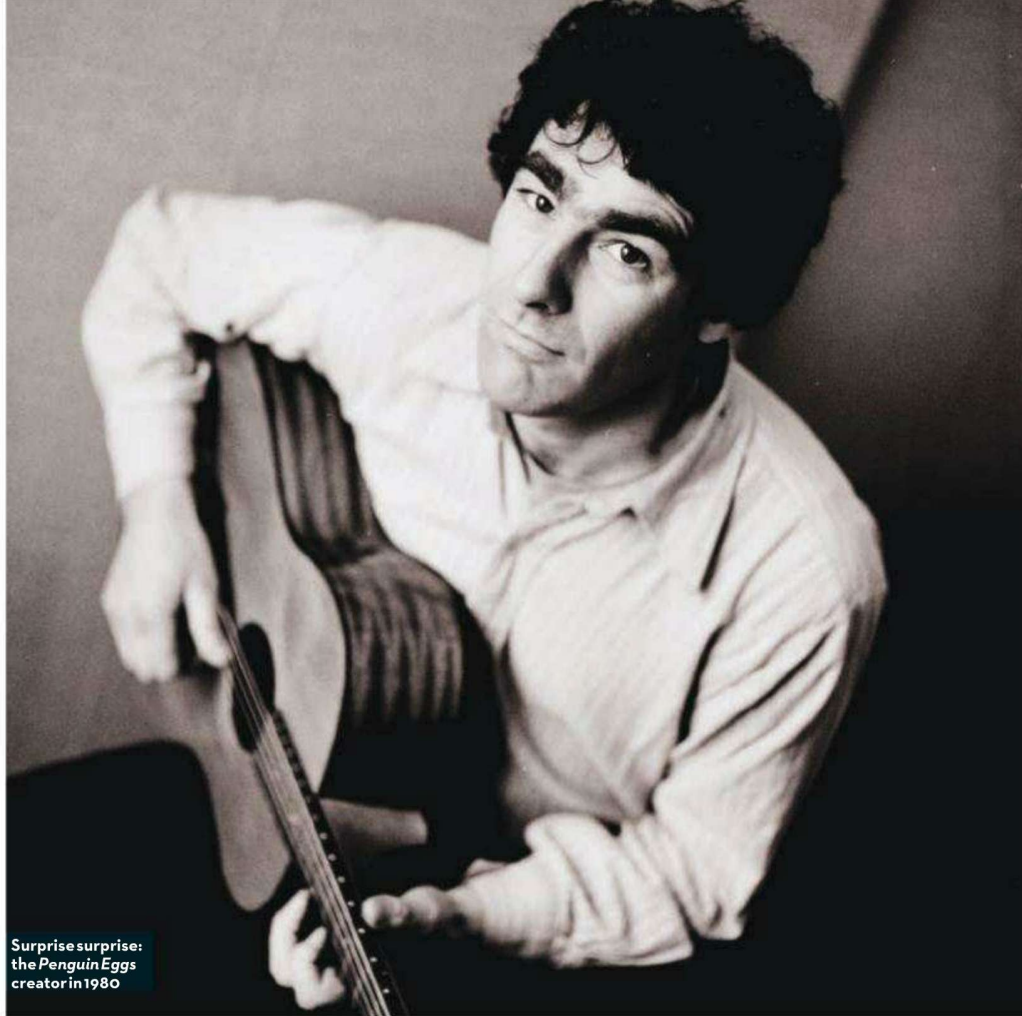
Three decades on, a fabled folk master treads the boards once more

THIRTY YEARS ON from the car accident that brought a stunning run of lyrical, idiosyncratic, evolved folk albums to an end, Nic Jones will make a formal return to the stage this summer with a series of festival dates. "If there are a load of people there and they enjoy it, great," he tells *Uncut*. "And if they think I'm rubbish, they can throw me off."

Born in Kent, raised in Essex and now based in Devon, Jones' extraordinary thwack'n'twang guitar style and radical restorations of antique songs saw him stretch trad-arr boundaries with a fearsome trio of albums; 1977's *The Noah's Ark Trap*, the following year's *From The Devil To A Stranger* and 1980's game-changer *Penguin Eggs*. The last became a key text for later revivalists like Kate Rusby, Jim Moray and Eliza Carthy – and, if his version of "Canadee-I-O" on 1993's *Good As I Been To You* is anything to go by, Bob Dylan.

Jones, however, has doubts as to whether he deserves his legendary status. "I heard about that, but I think it's a load of rubbish," he says cheerily. "I've got a reputation as quite a good guitarist, but not from myself, 'cause I know what's wrong with the way I play. I could do rhythm OK, and I liked to play with tunings a lot, but I never knew much about the theory. I'm working on it."

On February 26, 1982, driving back from a show in Glossop, Jones sustained serious brain damage, two broken arms and two broken legs in a collision with a brick lorry. He continued



Surprise surprise: the *Penguin Eggs* creator in 1980

playing and singing in private, but never considered performing again until Pete Coe, his former bandmate in folk supergroup Bandogs, railroaded him into appearing in two In Search Of Nic Jones tribute shows, at the Sidmouth Folk Week in 2010 and at Stewart Lee's Austerity Binge in London last summer.

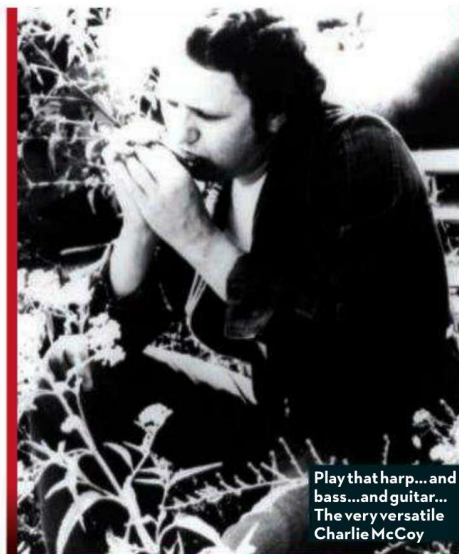
"He never intended to start playing again," explains his wife, Julia Jones, who has helped assemble a series of archive Nic Jones releases on the couple's Mollie Music label. "At Sidmouth he was invited along as a guest, and then a couple of weeks before, Pete Coe said, 'Right, we're going to do a couple of Bandogs songs and you're going to sing them.' And then the Stewart Lee thing came along, but really he got pushed into it rather than made the decision to come back."

However, compelled or otherwise, a YouTube

clip of Jones performing Radiohead's "Fake Plastic Trees" shows that famously smooth voice (waspy contemporary Peter Bellamy called Jones "the Perry Como of the folk world") finding new resonance. "I enjoy playing whether I am playing to loads of people or no people at all," the 65-year-old concludes with a chuckle, as he ponders his unlikely musical renaissance. "If people listen to you and don't boo you off, you get some cash: it's a great idea."

JIM WIRTH

Nic Jones, accompanied by guitarist son Joseph and pianist Belinda O'Hoolley (formerly of Rachel Unthank & The Winterset), will play 45-minute sets at the Warwick Folk Festival (July 26), Cambridge Folk Festival (July 29), Cornwall Folk Festival (August 4) and Towersey Folk Festival (August 24)

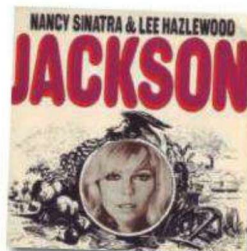


Play that harp... and bass... and guitar... The very versatile Charlie McCoy

AND ON HARMONICA... CHARLIE MCCOY

UNCUT'S GUIDE TO ROCK'S GREATEST SESSION PLAYERS

➤ Although Nashville-based Charlie McCoy, 70, is most famous for his harmonica playing, he has also displayed broader, multi-instrumental talents on many Bob Dylan recordings. He played harmonica on "Obviously Five Believers" and guitar on "Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands" (*Blonde On Blonde*) and "Desolation Row" (*Highway 61 Revisited*), bass on John Wesley Harding, and various instruments on Nashville *Skyline* and *Self Portrait* – even trumpet on "Rainy Day Women Number 12 & 35".



KEY SESSIONS Harmonica on Simon & Garfunkel's "The Boxer", Nancy Sinatra's "Jackson", Johnny Cash's "It Ain't Me, Babe", Elvis Presley's "Big Boss Man" (and also on seven of Elvis' soundtrack albums), Ringo Starr's *Beaucoup Of Blues* album, and on *The Old Grey Whistle Test* theme, "Stone Fox Chase" by Nashville sessioners Area Code 615. McCoy also played bass guitar on Leonard Cohen's *Songs From A Room*, saxophone on Roy Orbison's "Pretty Woman" – and more recently, Ween's *12 Golden Country Greats*. PHIL KING



BEAUTIFULLY SWEDISH



REKORDERLIG
CIDER

REKORDERLIG.COM



facebook.com/rekorderlig
drinkaware.co.uk for the facts

Worldmags.net

THE UNCUT PLAYLIST

ON THE STEREO THIS MONTH...

DEXYS

One Day I'm Going To Soar

BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT

A trifling 27 years on from *Don't Stand Me Down*, Kevin Rowland and team finally complete a rousing, confessional fourth album.

BEACHWOOD SPARKS

The Tarnished Gold

SUBPOP

Another welcome return, after a decade, from these dreamy heirs to the Burritos' LA country-rock throne.

FELA KUTI

Live In Detroit 1986

STRUT

Kuti and Egypt 80 arrive in US for first time. Play gig that lasts about a month. Two CDs, here, suggest it was sensational.

BILL CALLAHAN (right)

Heaven Help The Child

DRAG CITY

The Mickey Newbury classic is given a tender makeover. Compare and contrast with Newbury's original on the flipside.



HANS CHEW

Mercy

WWW.HANSCHW.COM

A roistering free download from the Brooklyn piano man (high up in *Uncut's* 2010 Best Of list). Very "Sweet Home Alabama".

TERRY RILEY

A Rainbow In Curved Air

ESOTERIC

The 1969 album that inspired a thousand cosmic trips, reissued alongside *In C*.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

You Never Heard So Sweet

TOPIC

Shirley Collins cherry-picks from a rich '50s archive of ancient Southern English folk.

GEOFF BARROW/BEN SALISBURY

Drokk

INVADA

The Portishead lynchpin co-creates an imaginary soundtrack inspired by 2000AD magazine and, it seems, Can.

STEVE GUNN/BLACK TWIG PICKERS

Natch!

NATCHMUSIC.TUMBLR.COM

Also free to download, a jam involving some of the US' leading avant-roots players.

JON PORRAS

Black Mesa

THRILL JOCKEY

Blasted guitar ambience from one half of Barn Owl. For those times when Earth aren't quite heavy enough...

For regular updates, check our blogs at www.uncut.co.uk and follow @JohnRMulvey on Twitter

Hotlicks: Ty Segall and hairy friend



INSTANT KARMA!

I'M NEW HERE

Ty Segall

Recommended this month: the Bay Area garage rock prodigy. Songs about sofas, haircuts etc, a speciality

SAN FRANCISCO MUSICIAN Ty Segall has lately made his exit from the frying pan, and is now well embarked on his way to the fire. That, at least, was where we found the enormously talented 24-year-old singer-songwriter upon the release of his 2011 Drag City album, *Goodbye Bread*. The album features a sad doggie on the cover, and with good reason.

On that album, Segall was essentially describing a process of unmooring completely from a regular 'do a job/see friends/make music' kind of a life, and committing full-time to life as a musician. Months away touring. Very little money. Very little chance of leading a normal life. The album's opening lines ("Hello Monday/Goodbye bread"), like a lot of Ty Segall songs, started off as a joke, but quickly became freighted with meaning.

Songs – poppy, Lenonesque, quickly dispatched – are a resource of which Segall has no shortage. One of *Goodbye Bread's* finest moments, "Comfortable Home (A True Story)" is a touching story about Segall and his then-girlfriend's moot purchase of a new couch. Anything for Segall can be a song, and he's already run to hundreds. His *Singles 2007-10* collection is an indication of the man's early ebullient modes, while *Goodbye Bread* marks

major development in his songwriting. Two more albums are due this year.

"My favourite songwriters are the ones like Ray Davies and Neil Young who turn everyday life into songs," he says. "A great song just happens – that couch song was a joke, then I recorded a demo and I thought, 'This is actually pretty cool.' There's no rules."

His latest album, a collaboration with White Fence, called *Hair*, is a more upbeat, fun affair, but bears out the same principles. It's so called because of the drama made by his friends when Segall cut his own long tresses short.

"The big deal about hair is kind of ridiculous," Segall says. "We wrote a song about it – it turned into a song about people having scissors for arms." **JOHN ROBINSON**

Hair, by Ty Segall & White Fence, is released by Drag City on April 23

OUT NOW



MELTED

(GONER, 2010)

Third solo album that established the productive Segall as both a mainstay of the new garage rock underground, and as a songwriter talented enough (like Kurt Vile) to transcend it.



HAIR

(DRAG CITY, 2011)

Lively psych/glam/garage rock free-for-all with beatnik Anglophile, Tim 'White Fence' Presley. Another Ty protégé, Mikal Cronin, also mucks in. Full review on p80.



DRINK ICE COLD



See our websites: www.jagermeister.co.uk and www.jagermusic.co.uk

For all UK enquiries www.cellartrends.co.uk

www.facebook.com/jagermeisteruk

100ml of Jägermeister contains 3.5 units of alcohol and 251 calories



DAVID QUANTICK



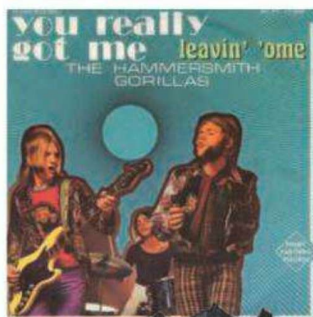
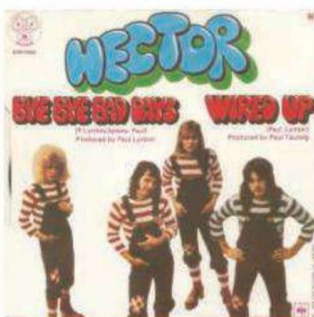
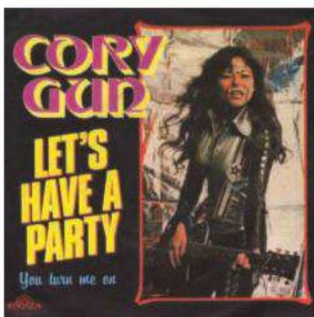
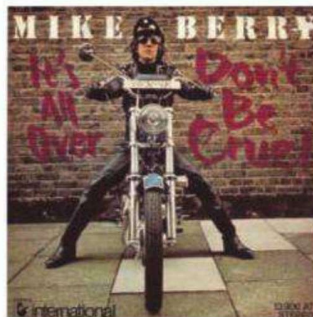
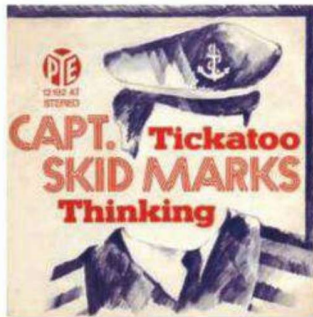
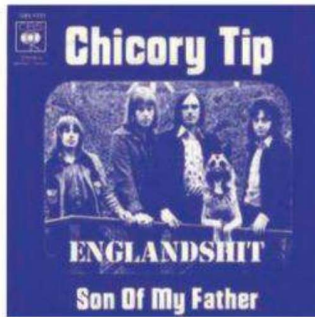
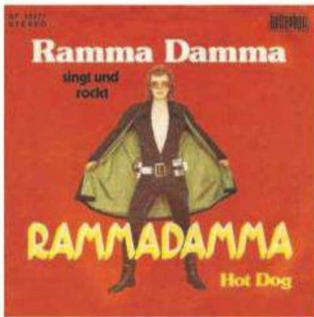
Stop me,
if you think you've
heard this one before

“WHY ARE PEOPLE GRUDGEFUL?” asked Lee Perry, and later Mark E Smith. It's a question that must baffle anyone who's ever had to interview a less than cheerful pop star or rock musician, and God knows there's plenty of them. “We're not American, we're Canadian,” snuffles humourless North American Blokie from Cowboy Junkies at me, massively misunderstanding a question. “I'm nothing like Duran Duran!” bellows Paul Weller down a phone at me before offering to fight me in Regent's Park. “Yes,” says Johnny Thunders, pausing for hours between each monosyllabic answer. Actually, I liked interviewing Thunders, because he was so clearly enjoying being a hard time.

If I was a musician, I'd be jumping for joy every time my owner – sorry, manager – told me that not only did someone like my work enough to meet me, but that I would be getting a FREE ADVERT FOR MY MUSIC in a magazine (not spending thousands on full-page ads to ‘explain ourselves’ like Dexys did, say). Especially if I was in, say, Audioslave (mortally offended because I got their second gig mixed up with their first), Richard Hawley (called his Roy Orbison pastiche *Cole's Corner* “mythic” instead of “legendary”) or The Monochrome Set (who accidentally got signed to majors twice and cuntted themselves into a career grave).

What's wrong with being nice, eh? I've never had a bad conversation with Mark E Smith, David Bowie, Kylie Minogue, Noel Gallagher or a thousand other genuine stars and talents. Even the more prickly likes of Shane MacGowan, Nick Cave and Ian McCulloch have always been charm personified when I've spoken to them. Morrissey even gave me some Ecover washing-up liquid once.

Rule of thumb? The crap ones are the rudest. And if you're reading this, Siouxsie & The Banshees – I was right, *Tinderbox* isn't any good. Be nice!



Solid gold sleeve action!

The fine art of GLAM ROCK record covers

BEYOND THE ELECTRIC WARRIOR and the ballroom blitz, record collectors have spent the past few years unearthing an unlikely treasure trove of obscure glam singles. Witness the mighty Pantherman (right), the heroic alter-ego of Dutch producer Frank Klunhaar, who promised in 1974, “I’m gonna bite you!” The junkshop glam movement does not only fetishise the sound of these records, however. Hence a terrific forthcoming book, *Wired Up!*, dedicated to the outlandish sleeves that adorned many of these 7” singles. A book of many pleasures – not least the Scandinavian cover of Chicory Tip’s “Son Of My Father”, on which the designer evidently had some trouble with the phrase, “England’s hit”...

Wired Up! Glam, Protopunk And Bubblegum European Picture Sleeves 1970-1976 by Jeremy Thompson and Mary Blount will be available from late May. For more details, visit www.wiredupbook.com



WorldMags.net

Gregg Allman

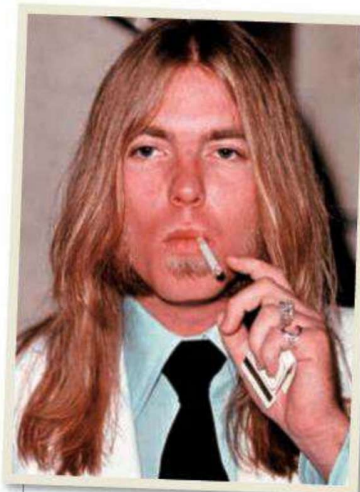
Interview: John Lewis
Photo: Danny Clinch

The good ol' Southern rocker tackles some tough questions on dentistry, Cher and his brother's death: "Man, you British guys... blunt as you like!"

GREGG ALLMAN SPEAKS with a strong, deep Southern drawl, punctuated by countless coughs, mumbles, chuckles and groans. Talking to him is like watching a Shakespeare play – it takes you a good five minutes to adjust your ears to decode what's going on. You initially assume that this is because of his recent health problems – there was a liver transplant in 2010 – but you only have to watch interviews from 30 or 40 years ago to realise that he's always spoken like this.

His upcoming autobiography – *My Cross To Bear*, published next month by HarperCollins – promises to cover the murder of his father when Gregg was only two, the death of his brother Duane Allman in a 1971 motorcycle accident and his six marriages, one of them to Cher. He'll tackle some of these subjects here, too, as he works his way through the *Uncut* mailbag, along with questions on selling cars through eBay, his recent haircuts and having a chicken dinner at the White House with then President, Jimmy Carter.

"Man, you British guys," he chuckles. "You beat around the bush so much, but when you ask these questions, you just come out and say it, blunt as you like!"



Cooke... I could go on for days. I guess Southern rock and Southern soul are both feeding out of the same rhythm and blues. We're close to that source. I can't tell the difference sometimes!

I ended up jamming with him, which is as good as it gets. Almost as good was the time I had lunch with Willie Dixon – just me, him and his wife. She cooked real good!

What was Jimmy Carter like?

Mark Shawcross, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire

Yeah, we did a few gigs for his presidential campaign fund in 1975. So I take credit for his victory! He was a very earthy guy, and that was the real him. I didn't do it because of his politics. Three things that don't mix with music – politics, religion and violence. No, I did it 'cause he was a friend, and we believed in him. Anyway, he insisted that me and Cher should have the first dinner in the White House. And we did. Dinner at the White House! How about that? We had collard greens, jerk chicken, beans and rice, corn bread, all kind of good stuff. And we took a tour of the whole place. Me and Jimmy were just laughing – two old Southern boys in the White House!

What's your favourite tattoo?

Zoran Tuckar, Zagreb, Croatia
People always ask me how many tattoos I've got. Shit, I don't know! They all run into each other. They're all very personal, all of a particular place in time. And each time, it's a monumental experience, usually a very good one. On my right arm I've got a big oak tree, a treble clef and some tombstones behind it. And it all comes out into a fleur-de-lys at the bottom of my arm. It's done by a friend. It took 35 hours! You gotta get your mind right for something like that. Especially as I hate needles!

STAR QUESTION



What struck you to cover my song, "Checking On My Baby", on your new LP? Otis Rush
I've always dug Otis! I hope he's

doing good. I think he played his last gig with The Allman Brothers. It was great to find out he's such a nice dude. When he jammed with us, a cold chill went down my back! Well, choosing Otis' song – and all the material on the latest LP – had a lot to do with Mr T Bone Burnett, the producer. We went through dozens of old blues songs and he said, "I want you to make them into your songs. Put your thing on it." And that's what we did. Do you know, I'd never actually heard of T Bone! I loved *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, but I didn't know he did all the music for it. Yeah, he's a good guy.

What kind of dentist would you have been?

Rhiannon Tudor, Cardiff

Ha ha! Yes, I very nearly studied dentistry! But I chose the band and, after a year, I was in so much debt I couldn't afford to go back to med school! I was going to be an oral surgeon. But there's a lot of crap to remember. And I don't think I'd like to get up every morning at 7 o'clock, get into the office and look into someone's nasty mouth. I'm glad I chose rock'n'roll!

Who are your three favourite Southern soul singers?

Sharon Jones

Oh man, that's a tough one. There's so many that I love. Top guy's gotta be Ray Charles. I got about everything he ever cut in my car. Real nice. Oh God, it goes on and on and on. Little Richard. Sam and Dave, The Staple Singers, Otis, Wilson Pickett, Jackie Wilson, Sam

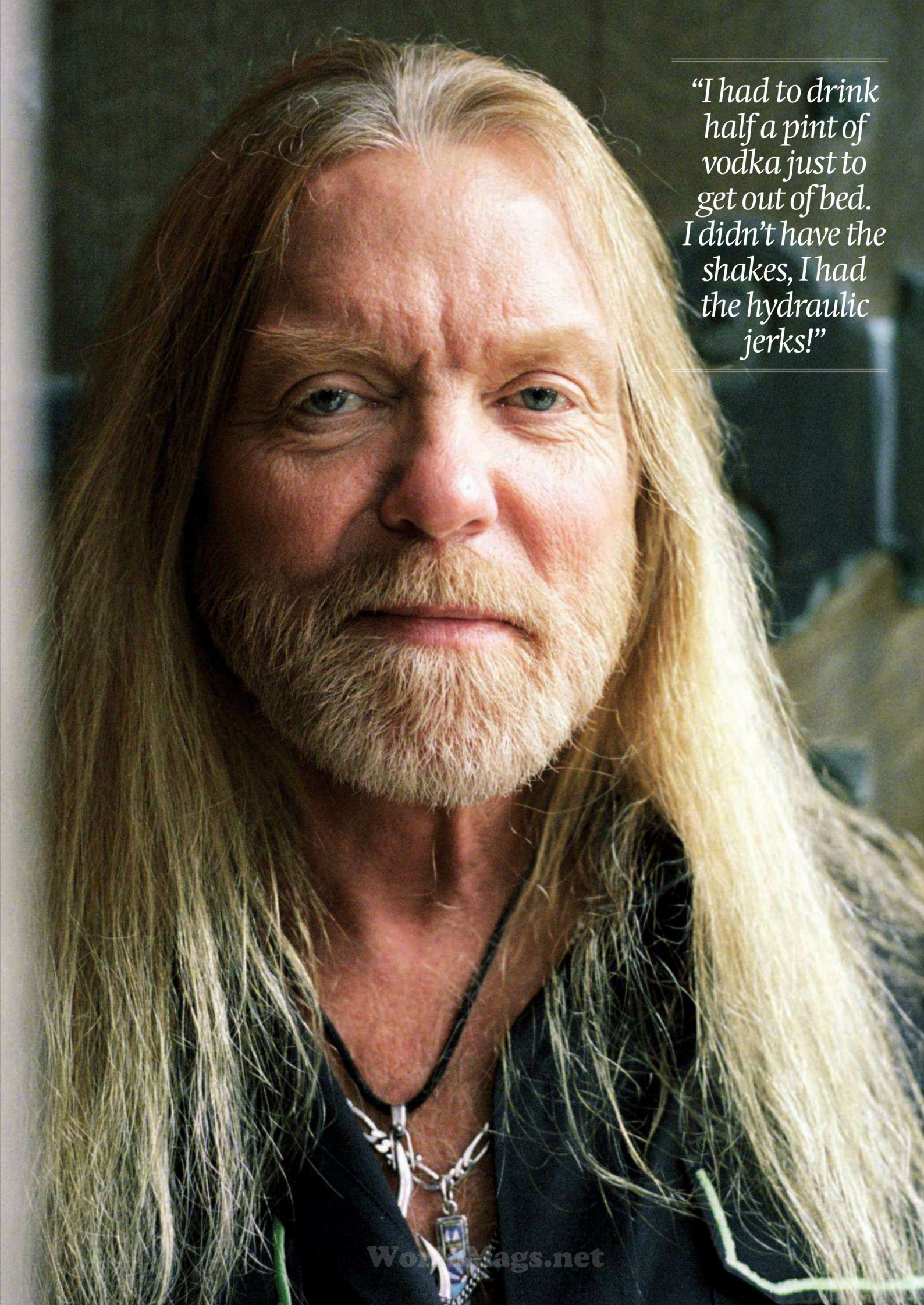
STAR QUESTION



In all the years you've been doing this, what's your favourite moment from when you've been on tour?

Dr John

The 40th anniversary of the Allman Brothers was *something*. That was in '09. Man, we had everybody. Clapton, the ZZ Top boys, Boz Scaggs, Levon Helm, Taj Mahal, Bonnie Bramlett, Phish, Grateful Dead, everyone. But the highpoint's gotta be jamming with Muddy Waters. This must've been 25 years ago. He was playing in my home town of Nashville, and I just happened to be in the area, playing a gig. We drove by his venue and, little by little, things happened. And



*"I had to drink
half a pint of
vodka just to
get out of bed.
I didn't have the
shakes, I had
the hydraulic
jerks!"*

STAR QUESTION



I remember once in 1969 in Macon, Duane told me that Santana, the band, was part of the concept and direction

he saw for the Allmans. Was this something the two of you talked about or just a passing notion on Duane's part?

Boz Scaggs

Well, you know how guitar players are, man. They listen to other guitar players. They're aware of who is on top of the game, who's the best, who to learn from. They're competitive, I guess. I know that he liked Santana a lot. I don't think he even recognised that it was Spanish music, he was listening too hard to the guitar! I don't think that it was ever a serious notion that we'd copy them. But it would have been interesting, huh?

You're a keen motorcyclist. Didn't the death of both your brother and Berry Oakley in motorbike accidents put you off?

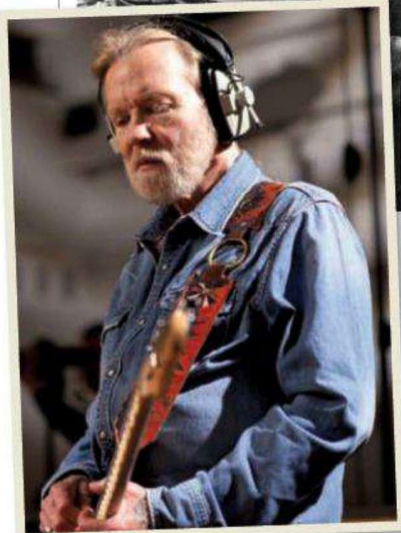
Seb Mountford, Devon

Well, you know, when it comes to motorcycle riding, or sailing, or anything like that, you're pretty much in charge of your own hurt. You're at the helm. I don't want to sound cold in any way, but that's how it is. And, when you crack down in third, fourth gear, the faster you get, the more your stress blows off. That's what it does for me. But I'm a little more sensible than my brother. He had two speeds: one was 100mph, one was parked! We'd all ride together. At one stage, most of the band had bikes. Including the crew. And we'd go riding and my brother would be, like, a mile ahead of us. Ha ha! I now have two Harleys and an Arlen Ness. My favourite Harley has a 14-degree rake on the front, and big, wide back tyres, 333mm thick. It's 125 horsepower. A beast to look at and it sounds like a little airplane!

Would you like to have done more acting? You made a fantastically sleazy bad guy!

Barry Gaines, Edinburgh

Fantastically sleazy? That's quite a compliment! I like to think that I always played a gentleman bad guy. Never a murderous bad guy. It was all like hearsay. In the first few frames of *Rush*, the guy on the motorcycle says, "That is one mean



sunuvabitch, you don't wanna mess with him." And that's the first thing said about me in the film. After filming that, and playing a villain in *Superboy*, I got a whole bunch of scripts. And they were just... shit. To give you an idea, one of 'em was called 'The Harley Hotel'. Every other word was "fuck". I dunno if you ever made the mistake of watching *Harley Davidson And The Marlboro Man*? If you haven't, you haven't missed a damn thing. It's Don Johnson and Mickey Rourke. Oh, it was just terrible. I'm glad I never made anything as bad as that. Was Don a friend? Well, he sang on one of my albums. He was a good friend of Dickie [Betts]'s. At that time Don fancied himself as a country star, ha ha!

What are you driving these days? I remember seeing your Corvette on eBay a couple of years ago.

Chris Rollins, South Amherst, MA

Yes, I sold it for a good price, too! I bought myself a new 2011 Corvette VR1, 638 horsepower. I've got a Shelby Cobra, a magnificent muscle car, 652 horsepower. I like me a big, powerful car. Ain't nothing like it.

STAR QUESTION



You were instrumental in advancing my career when you asked me to play on your first solo LP, *Laid Back*, then asked me to join the Brothers.



Waiting for a train: The Allman Brothers, Muscle Shoals, Alabama, May 5, 1969; inset, Gregg Allman on *Live From Abbey Road*, 2012

"I very nearly studied dentistry. I was gonna be an oral surgeon, but there's a lot of crap to remember!"

You were always gracious to me, which is much appreciated. What memories do you have of that time? Chuck Leavell

Oh, Chuck's a fine guy. He'd come to town to Georgia with Dr John, and sounded great, so I got him for my first solo album. After my brother passed away, it took us a while to even talk about getting back. We needed someone to play the lead lines with Dickie Betts, 'cause one of our trademarks was the tandem guitars. One idea was that I switch from organ to guitar, but I couldn't handle being in the middle of that guitar line. That was devastating. So I decided to stay on Hammond and get Chuck, who'd been hanging out the studio doing other sessions, as a piano player. And it worked out just fine. I'll never forget asking him about his band, him saying, "What band?", and then me saying, "Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you, you're one of the Brothers now!"

Do you regret the cover photograph of your Allman And Woman album with Cher?

Jennifer, Golders Green, London

Hahaha! Oh boy, do I. I regretted the whole record, man. I didn't like anything about it. It wasn't supposed to happen. At most, it was supposed to be me producing a record with Cher. But I didn't really want to do that either. 'Cause, at this point, our marriage had gone a little awry. Yeah, the marriage was weird. I wasn't prepared for

the level of interest. I was already famous, but you realise that Cher was *really* famous, famous with a completely different demographic. She warned me. She said, this ain't gonna be all fun. There are these guys called paparazzi. Oh man. I thought I was going to wind up shooting two or three of those boys. Ha ha! They were everywhere. There was one time when we went to Trader Vic's in Beverly Hills to pick up some Polynesian food, just to take away. When we arrived there must have been 40 guys with cameras, waiting for us! Madness.

After all of the years of drug and alcohol use, was there any one thing that made you get clean or was it a collection of things?

Tommy O'Malley, Blytheville, Arizona

It was a multitude of things. I was tired of waking up in the morning and having to drink about a half pint of vodka just to get out of bed. I didn't have the shakes, I had the hydraulic jerks! You know what I mean? I couldn't get across the room. I had to slug it down straight, in bed. And pretty soon after that I'd be feeling all right. I'd get up, have a coffee, maybe have some breakfast, maybe not, and damn, I'd start on my second one. It got pretty bad. Now, I've been clean for 17 years. But it's taken its toll. I had a liver transplant coupla years back. There were lots of complications. I needed an operation on my right lung, and all that left me with this hernia. So yeah, it's been tough. ☹

Gregg Allman's *My Cross To Bear* is published next month by William Morrow/HarperCollins. Allman will also appear in a documentary on Southern rock on April 13 at 21.00 on BBC Four



UNCUT.CO.UK

Log on to see who's in the hot-seat next month and to post your questions!

SONY
make.believe



made to watch

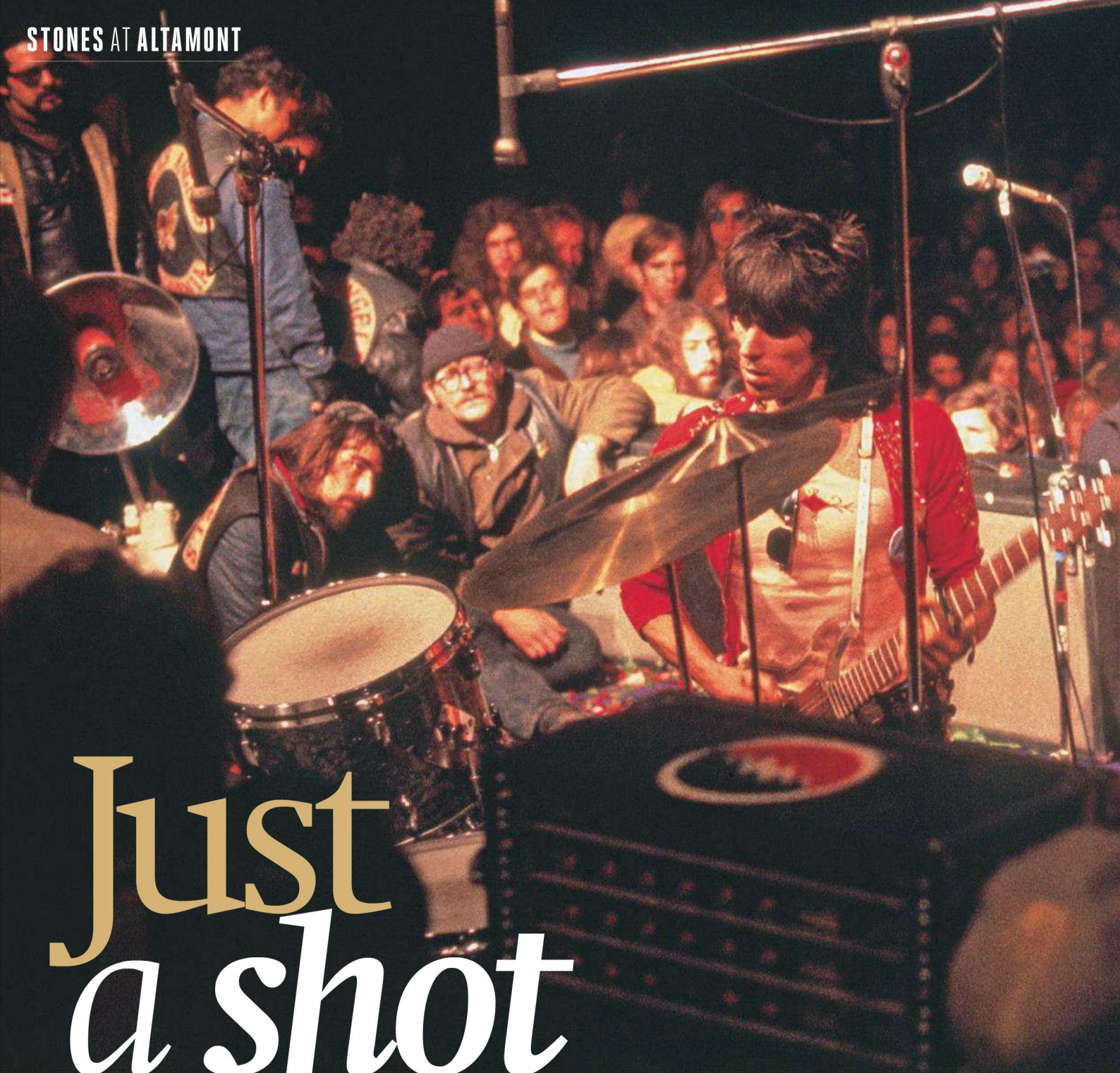
made of imagination

Xperia™ S is a next generation smartphone from Sony. Get lost in your favourite movies and TV shows with Video Unlimited from Sony Entertainment Network. Watch in razor-sharp quality on a 4.3" HD Reality Display or easily connect to your TV to watch on the big screen. They're just some of the amazing things you can do when your smartphone is made to create, watch, play and rock.

sonymobile.com/imagination

WorldMags.net **XPERIA**





Just a shot away

Story: Stanley Booth

Photo: ©Jim Marshall
Photography LLC

Hell's Angels, bad acid, murder...
STANLEY BOOTH's access-all-areas
reportage helped make his

True Adventures Of The Rolling Stones a landmark of
rock journalism. To mark its long-awaited reissue,
Uncut reprints his eyewitness account of the horrors
of Altamont. "No-one was controlling anything..."

LONG BEFORE WE reached Altamont we could
see lines of cars backed up on the highway
and parked cars and then great swarms of
people. We descended at a crazy angle to a
spot a long way up the hill behind the stage,
coming down with a bump. The doors
opened and Mick got out first and a boy ran
up to Mick and hit him in the face, saying, "I hate you! I hate
you!" I grabbed Charlie and held on to him, because I didn't
want him to get lost, God knows what might happen to him.

We heard the Burritos playing in the distance, "Lucille"
and "To Love Somebody" driven to us on steel-guitar beams.
It was chilly but the sun was shining, there were Frisbees in
the air. We learned later that Jefferson Airplane, who played
before the Burritos, had been disturbed by Hell's Angels
punching a black man in front of the stage. Marty Balin, the
Airplane singer, intervened and was knocked unconscious.
We were pushing through the crowd, stumbling. People
were tossing us joints and things. Looking at a yellow-green
LSD tab, Charlie asked, "D'you want it?"

"I ain't too sure about this street acid," I said.

Their Satanic Majesties: the Stones share the limelight at Altamont with their onstage 'security' the Hell's Angels



"Maybe Keith will want it."

We were getting into the backstage area, but it was still crowded. We glimpsed faces painted with crescents and stars, one big naked fat boy whose nostrils were pouring blood. The trailer we were headed for was surrounded by little girls, people with cameras, and Hell's Angels. Once inside, we were in the eye of a hurricane, peaceful and redolent of ozone.

The Burritos' set had ended, and Gram and Keith and I sprawled on a bed in a corner of the crowded trailer with a two-year-old girl who sat on my lap and told Keith, "I'm gonna beat you up."

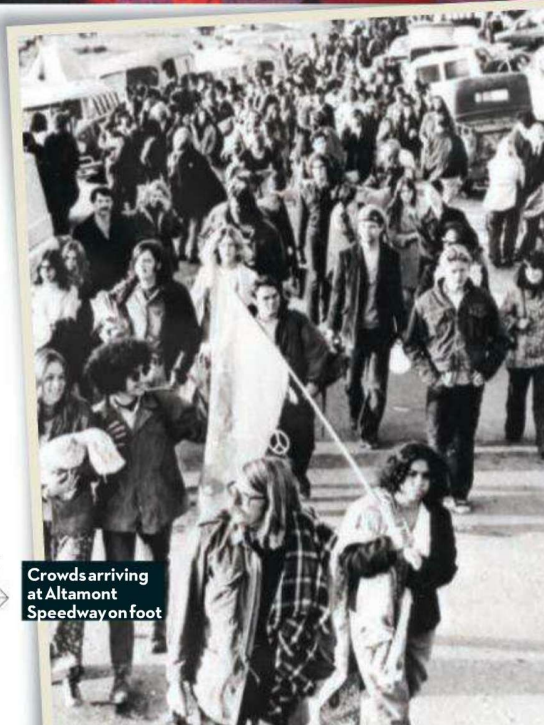
"Don't beat me up," Keith said. He had been out here all night, taking LSD, smoking opium, and seemed clear-eyed and content.

THIS TRAILER WAS where we had eaten chocolate chip cookies and sniffed cocaine in the early morning hours, but now the air was thick with marijuana smoke. Michelle Phillips of The Mamas

And The Papas came into the trailer bearing tales of how the Angels were fighting with civilians, women, each other. Augustus Owsley Stanley III, the San Francisco psychedelic manufacturer, was giving away LSD, the Angels eating it by handfuls, smearing the excess on their faces. It didn't sound good but there was no way to do anything about it, nothing to do in the centre of a hurricane but ride it out.

Soon we went out to a large yellow canvas tent a few yards away where the guitarists would tune. The Stones had planned to go on at sunset, but the light was gone. Hell's Angels were guarding the tent. Inside, on a cardboard table, were a box of Ritz crackers and a chunk of yellow cheese. Keith and Bill and Mick Taylor started tuning. A boy looked into a slit in the canvas and an Angel reached through and pushed his face back.

[Stones associate] Jon Jaymes waddled in, giving the Angel at the tent flap a sad look. "There are four Highway Patrol cars," he told Mick.



Crowds arriving at Altamont Speedway on foot

➔ “Those are the only ones available to take you to the airport. We can have them right at the back of the stage, so when you come off...”

Mick was shaking his head. “I ain’t goin’ out with the cops,” he said.

As he stood surrounded by Hell’s Angels in the world’s end of freakdom denying the only safe way out, I was proud to know Mick Jagger, and I put my arm around his shoulder, on his orange and black satin batwinged outfit, nodding my head in agreement. We looked at each other and began to laugh.

“Where’s the stage?” Mick asked. We peered out between two folds of canvas at the hastily constructed wooden platform about 30 yards away.

“Would you mind taking this guitar out there for me?”

Keith asked, handing me his 12-string. An Angel, maybe five-five, Mexican-looking, said, “I’ll take you there.” I appreciated his help. Night was upon us, and I wouldn’t have wanted to fight my way through the dense backstage crowd. People were everywhere, exhausted, bewildered, lost, expectant. I followed close behind the Angel to the stage, where I handed the guitar to Stu [Ian Stewart, road manager/pianist], who looked worried. People were all over the stage, most of them Angels and their women. The Angels were pushing off everybody who wasn’t an Angel or part of the stage crew. I had seen Angels before, and en masse they were just as lovely as I’d expected, filthy boots and jeans or



Stones tour manager Sam Cutler MCs... Woodstock’s Michael Lang to his right

ROBERT ALTMAN/GETTY IMAGES

EYEWITNESS!

"THRILLING, AMUSING, IRRITATING, TERRIFYING..."

Stanley Booth on *The True Adventures Of The Rolling Stones*

UNCUT: How did you come to write the book? I lived in Memphis and had been writing about BB King and Elvis Presley. I realised later I was tracing the history of a certain kind of music. I saw the Stones on *Shindig!*, and they had as special guest Howlin’ Wolf. I thought whoever these people are, if they’re with the Wolf they’re someone. So I got an arrangement to go to London to write about them. Their publicist Leslie Perrin suggested I write a book about them. At first I wasn’t interested in a rock’n’roll band, I was too elevated, too full of shit, but then a few weeks later Brian [Jones] died and the plot thickened.

What was it like getting so close to the band? They gave me total access. We were one for all and all for one on tour and it was thrilling, amusing, irritating, terrifying. One of the great experiences of my life.

What do you remember about Altamont? The audiences across America were beautiful young people, stoned out of their minds. The Stones had done a free show at Hyde Park and decided to do another in California as a thank you to fans. There was nothing but altruism at work there. As Mick

said later that night, the night of Altamont: “If Jesus had been there, he’d have been crucified.” The Angels were animals. No-one was controlling anything. Things were never the same.

What was Mick and Keith’s relationship like? Brothers, without the usual brotherly conflicts. They were focused on the music and we were all against the war and for changes in the drug laws. I recall a press conference in San Francisco and young reporters were asking what the Stones felt about these issues, and Keith said, “We take it for granted that you know we’re with you,” meaning in the struggle against the Establishment.

Did your book change your life? It kept me poor. Why? Beats the hell out of me! It was only popular in England. It sold about 40 copies in the States. I felt like Gram Parsons.

Should my friend, who already owns four copies, get the new edition of your book? Tell him he does. The new version has a very nice introduction by Greil Marcus. But it’s not a whole lot different otherwise. I had a story to tell and I went and told it.

INTERVIEW: PETER WATTS



motorcycle leathers, one bearded specimen wearing a bear’s head for a hat, looking as if he had two ferocious grizzly heads, one on top of the other.

On the PA system Sam Cutler was saying, “The reason we can’t start is that the stage is loaded with people. I’ve done all I can do. The stage must be cleared or we can’t start.”

The Stones were coming onto the stage, a brightly lit centre in the black fold of hills. The crowd, estimated at between two and five hundred thousand, were one solid mass jammed against the stage. There were eager-eyed boys and girls down front, Angels all around, tour guards trying to maintain positions between the Angels and the Stones. Sam came to the singer’s mic and in an infinitely weary voice said, “One, two, testing,” then with a glimmer of enthusiasm, “I’d like to introduce to everybody – from Britain – The Rolling Stones.”

There was a small cheer from the crowd – whoops and yells and shrieks but not one great roar. Bass-thumps, guitars tuning, drumdiddles, Mick: “All right! Whoooooh!” – rising note – “Oww babe! Aw yeah! Aww, so good to see ya all! Who!” Last tuning notes, then the opening chords of “Jumpin’ Jack Flash”. Some people were dancing, Angels dancing with their dirty bouffant women. A pall of wariness and fear seemed to be upon the people who were not too stoned to be aware, but the music was pounding on and though the drums were not properly mic’d and the guitars seemed to separate and disappear in places and you couldn’t really hear Wyman’s bass, it was hanging together.

As the song ended, Mick stopped dancing, looked into the distance, and glimpsed for the first time the enormity of what he’d created. One surge forward and people would be crushed. Half a million people together, with neither rules nor regulations as to how they must conduct themselves, can through sheer physical weight create terrible destruction.

Keith tested the first three notes of “Carol”, unleashed the riff, and Mick leaned back to sing. The sound was better, drums and bass clearer, guitars stronger. Keith set out on “Sympathy For The Devil”. As Mick sang, there was a low explosive *thump!* in the crowd to the right of the stage, and oily blue-white smoke swirled up as if someone had thrown a toad into a witches’ cauldron. People were pushing, falling, a great hole opening as they moved instantly away from the centre of the trouble. Mick stopped singing but the music chugged on, four bars, eight. By now only Keith was playing, but he was playing as loud and hard as ever. “Will you cool it and I’ll try and stop it,” Mick said, so Keith stopped.

“Somebody’s bike blew up, man,” Keith said.

“I know,” Mick said. “I’m hip. Everybody be cool now, come on – all right? Can we still make it down in the front? Can we still collect ourselves, everybody? I don’t know what happened, I couldn’t see, but I hope ya all right – are ya all right?” The trouble spot seemed still.

“OK,” Mick said. “Let’s give ourselves another half a minute before we get our breath back, everyone just cool down and easy – is there anyone there who’s hurt – huh? – everyone all right – OK – all right.” The music was starting again. “Good, we can groove – summink very funny happens when we start that numbah – ah, ha!”

Keith and Charlie had the rhythm pattern going, tight and expert, and Mick asked again to be allowed to introduce himself, a man of wealth and taste, but not about to lay anybody’s soul to waste. Keith’s solo cut like a scream into the brain, as Mick chanted, “Everybody got to cool out – everybody has got to cool right out – yeah! Aw right!”

But we could see Hell’s Angels spinning like madmen, swinging at people. By stage right a tall white boy with a black cloud of electric hair was dancing, shaking. He was beside an Angel when I first saw him, and I wondered how he could be so loose, nearly touching one of those monsters. He went on dancing and the Angel pushed him and another Angel started laying into the crowd with a pool cue and then



Booth: "They were beautiful young people stoned out of their minds"

a number of Angels were grabbing people, hitting and kicking, the crowd falling back from the fury, the dancer running away from the stage, the crowd parting before him like the Red Sea, the Angels catching him from behind, the heavy end of a pool cue in one long arc crashing into the side of his head, felling him like a sapling so that he lay straight and didn't move and I thought, 'My God, they've killed him.' But they weren't through. When he went down they were all over him, pounding with fists and cues, and when he was just lying there they stood for a while kicking him like kicking the dead carcass of an animal, the meat shaking on the bones.

The song was over and Mick was saying, "Who – who – I mean like people, who's fighting and what for? Hey, people – I mean, who's fighting and what for? Why are we fighting? Why are we fighting?" His voice was strong, emphasising each word. "We don't want to fight. Come on – do we want, who wants to fight? Hey – I – you know, I mean like – every other scene has been cool. Like we've gotta stop right now. We've gotta stop them right now. You know, we can't, there's no point."

"Either those cats cool it," Keith said, "or we don't play. I mean, there's not that many of 'em."

Even as Keith spoke an Angel was ripping into someone in

*At stage left
Timothy Leary
huddled with
his wife and
daughter,
looking as if
he'd taken
better trips*

aquatic beast, had closed up again except for a little space around the body. (The boy didn't die, to my – and probably his – surprise.) Someone in front spoke to Sam, who added wearily, "We have also – lost in the front here – a little girl who's five years old."

Charlie was playing slow rolls, Keith was playing a slow blues riff. "Let's play cool-out music," Keith said to Mick.

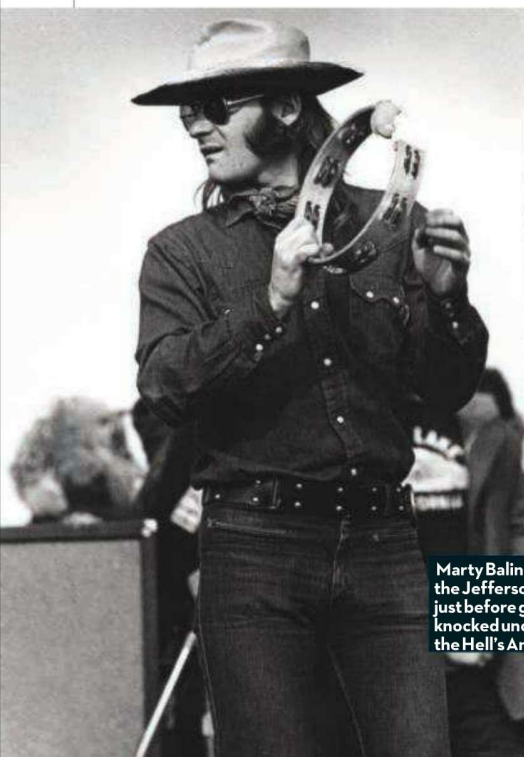
They played a repeating 12-bar pattern that stopped in half a minute. "Keep going," Mick said, and it started again, a meditative walking bassline, the Stones trying to orient themselves by playing an Elmore James/Jimmy Reed song they had played in damp London caverns. The song ended without event and Mick said, "We all dressed up, we got no place to go," which was all too true.

"Stray Cat", Keith said, but there was another flurry of fighting stage right, partly hidden from us by the PA scaffold, a tower of speakers.

"Hey – heyheyhey look," Mick said. Then to Keith or to no-one he said, "Those scenes down there."

As "Stray Cat" ended, Mick said, "Ooh baby," looking up as if for deliverance and finding a shapeless human mass reaching into the darkness as far as he could see. "Baby – all along a hillside – hey, everybody, ah – we gone do, we gone do, ah – what are we gonna do?"

ROBERT ALTMAN/GETTY IMAGES



Marty Balin (left) of the Jefferson Airplane just before getting knocked unconscious by the Hell's Angels (right)





Santana: attempting to keep the peace as violence flared

WHO ELSE PLAYED AT ALTAMONT..?

SANTANA

Set included "Jingo" and "Evil Ways". They played "beautifully" according to Charlie Watts, but Santana had to beg for peace as a naked man was beaten by Hell's Angels for approaching the stage.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

Second song, "The Other Side Of This Life" petered out into a jam as Marty Balin saw an Angel beating a man with a pool cue and leapt into the crowd. "When I woke up," he said, "I had boot marks tattooed all over me."

FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS

Set included "Six Days On The Road", "High Fashion Queen", "Cody Cody" and "Lazy Day". Gram stopped the music at one point insisting, "Let's not hurt each other."

CSNY

A disheartened band played a truncated set, including "Long Time Gone" and "Black Queen", while the fighting intensified.

AND WHO DIDN'T PLAY..?

GRATEFUL DEAD

The Dead were booked second on the bill. As they arrived on site by chopper, they were told by Santana drummer Michael Shrieve of the unfolding violence, and promptly took off again.

PETER WATTS

→ "Love In Vain", Keith said. The slow elegant Robert Johnson line began, building slowly. "I followed her to the station with my suitcase in my hand - oh, it's hard to tell, when all your love's in vain." The Stones had not forgotten how to play, but nobody seemed to be enjoying the music, at least nobody who could be seen in the lights that made the stage the glowing centre of a world of night. At stage right an Angel with a skinful of acid was writhing and wringing his hands in a pantomime of twisting Mick's neck. At stage left Timothy Leary huddled with his wife and daughter, looking as if he'd taken better trips.

Things were quiet during "Love In Vain" except for some heavy jostling down front, the prevailing mood of impending death, and the fear and anguish you could see in the faces. "Under My Thumb" started and Mick had sung only the first line when there was a sudden movement in the crowd at stage left. I looked away from Mick and saw, with that now-familiar instant space around him, bordered with falling bodies, a young black man in a black hat, black shirt, iridescent blue-green suit, arms and legs stuck out at crazy angles, a nickel-plated revolver in his hand. The gun waved in the lights for a second, two, then he was hit, so hard, by so many Angels, that I didn't see the first one - short, Mexican-looking, the one who led me onstage? - as he jumped. I saw him as he came down, burying a long knife in the black man's back. Angels covered the black man like flies on a stinking carcass. The attack carried the victim behind the stack of speakers, and I never saw him again.

The black man, Meredith Hunter, nicknamed Murdock, was 18 years old. He had come to Altamont with his girlfriend, Patty Bredehoff, a blonde Berkeley High School student, and another couple. They had arrived in Hunter's car at about two o'clock in the afternoon, parked on the highway and walked over to hear the bands. Near the end of

the day Patty Bredehoff and the other couple were back at the car when Hunter, who had been hanging around the stage area, came to get her to go hear The Rolling Stones.

When the trouble with the boy in the green suit started, the Stones had stopped playing. "OK, man," Keith said, "look, we're splitting, if those cats, if you can't - we're splitting, if those people don't stop beating everybody up in sight - I want 'em out of the way."

An Angel in front of the stage was trying to tell Keith something, but Keith wouldn't listen. "I don't like you to tell me..." he went on, but another Angel, onstage, stopped him.

"Look, man," the Angel said, "a guy's got a gun out there, and he's shootin' at the stage..."

Sam, who'd been standing by with his hands jammed in his pockets, took over. "If you move back and sit down," he said, "we can continue and will continue. We need a doctor under the left-hand scaffold as soon as possible, please."

"You know," Mick said with a sudden burst of passion, "if we are all one, let's fucking well show we're all one. Now Sam, we need an ambulance - we need a doctor by that scaffold there, if there's a doctor can he get to there. OK, we're gonna, we gonna do - I don't know what the fuck we gonna do. Everyone just sit down. Keep cool. Let's just relax, let's get into a groove. Come on, we can get it together. Come on."

"Under My Thumb" was starting to churn again. The band sounded amazingly sharp. The crowd was more still. Without knowing exactly what, we all felt that something bad had happened. Gram told me later that he saw Meredith Hunter lifted up, with a great spreading ketchup-coloured stain on the back of his suit. Ronnie [Schneider, tour manager] was running to the First Aid tent, outdistancing the Hell's Angel who'd been leading him. Hunter was there when Ronnie came up, calling for a doctor. A cop said, "You don't have to scream for a doctor for this guy, he's dead."

Over the last notes of "Under My Thumb", Mick sang, "It's all right... I pray that it's all right... I pray that it's all right... it's all right..."

"Let's do 'Brown Sugar'," Mick Taylor said.

"Brown Sugah?" Keith said.

"Brown Sugar?" Bill said.

"What?" Charlie said.

"He wants to do 'Brown Sugar'," Mick said.

"Wait, let me change guitars," Keith said.

"Thank you," Mick said to the crowd. Charlie was playing rolls. "Thank you. Are we all, yeah, we're gettin' it together... we gonna do one for you which we just ah... you've never heard it before because we just written it... we've just written it for you..." as Keith was tuning - "I dunno how good this is gonna be, baby - ah, this is the first time we've played it - the very first time we've played it." Keith finished tuning and played the song's first chords.

Stacked like cordwood at the sides of the stage were bouquets of red and yellow long-stemmed roses. As the



Cue the music: crowd control, Hell's Angel-style





Stones played, Angels threw the bouquets into the crowd as if pitching babies out of airplane windows.

"Ahhh, one mo' time... whoo, baby. Yeah... 'ang you... awww..."

Taking a harp from Stu, Mick played a few menacing riffs of "Midnight Rambler". Keith had changed guitars and was tuning again. Mick played soft harp notes that trailed off as, head bent over the mic, he began singing lullaby phrases, trying to soothe and gentle the great beast. "Aw now, baby baby... hush now, don't you cry." His voice was tender, a tone of voice that Mick Jagger had never before used in public and maybe never in his life. A few more notes on the harp, and then, as if he were coming out of a reverie, gaining strength with each word, Mick said, "We gonna do you one which we hope you'll dig... which is called 'The Midnight Rambler'."

The song had scared me when I first heard it, because it was true, as nobody at Altamont could deny, the dark is filled with terror, murder and evil ride the night air. "I'll stick my knife right down your throat, honey, and it hurts!"

Things seemed to be settling down, as if the killer-lover lament had worked some psychic release on the crowd.

Mick spoke again in his lullaby tone, "Awww, babies." Then, as if he were coming to again, he said, "Would you like to live with... each other? I mean, you're really close to each other." He stared into the crowd and seemed to drift away again. "Wow," he said.

"You ready?" Keith asked.

"Yeah, I'm ready," Mick said.

"One two three faw," Keith snarled, and they started "Live With Me".

Calm before the storm: "Half a million people, with neither rules nor regulations, can through sheer physical weight create terrible destruction..."

*An Angel
with a skinful
of acid was
wringing his
hands in a
pantomime of
twisting Mick
Jagger's neck*

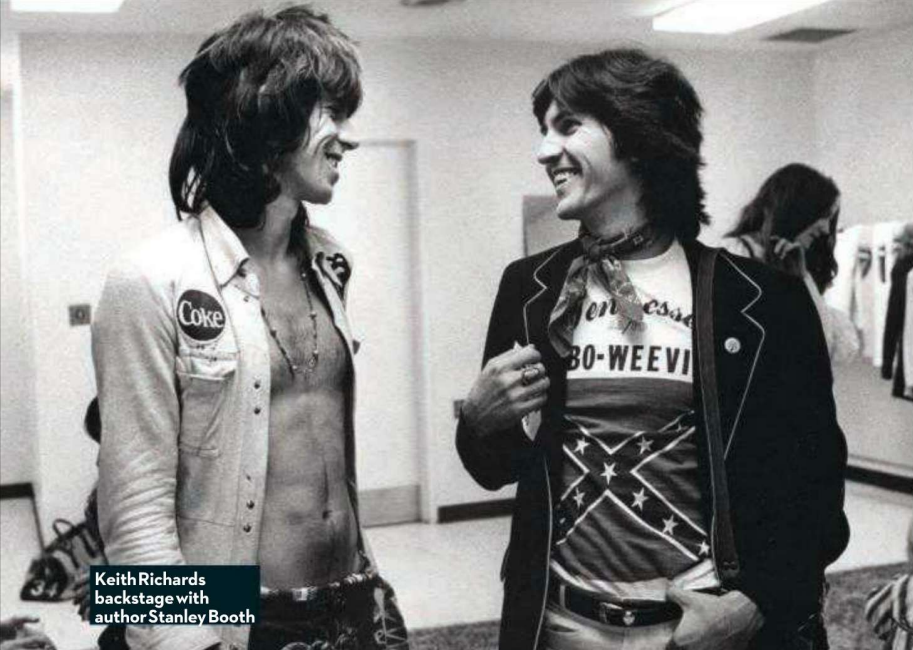
AROUND THE STAGE people were dancing, but in front of the stage, staring at Mick, one curly-haired boy in a watchcap was saying, Mick, Mick, no – I could read his lips. Behind the boy a fat black-haired girl, naked to the waist, was dancing, squeezing her enormous breasts, mouth open, eyes focused on a point somewhere north of her forehead.

Keith started playing and Wyman, Charlie and Mick Taylor joined in. Mick was singing: war, children, it's just a shot away. The Angels were cracking their knuckles, looking around red-eyed for flesh to rip. How are we gonna get out of here? I wondered. Will we get out, or will we die here?

"Rape – murder – it's just a shot away," Mick sang over and over. In the crowd, where the trouble with the black boy in the green suit had taken place, an Angel was punching someone, but the victim went down fast and it was over. Standing close by, looking on, was a girl with phosphorescent white hair, a chemical miracle. It was impossible to tell whether she was with the Angel or the victim. "Love, sister, it's just a kiss away," Mick sang as the song thundered to a stop.

"Yuhh," Mick said, very low, then "Yuhhh," again, lower, like a man making a terrible discovery. "OK... are we OK, I know we are." He was looking into the crowd. As if he had woken up once again, he shouted, "Are y'avin' a good ti-me? OOH-yeah!"

"Little Queenie" was starting; it was the moment in the show when the lights went on to reveal rapt fresh faces. But not tonight. Even the people who were dancing in spite of the danger looked unhappy. At times Mick's voice sounded light, as if he had lost the bottom part of it, but Keith was playing like a man ready to dance on his own grave.



Keith Richards backstage with author Stanley Booth

→ The song ended to cheers from the crowd, some people perking up. The opening notes of "Satisfaction" turned on like a current of electricity. It would probably never be played better. Charlie kept a straight boogaloo like the Otis Redding version and it went on and on, Mick chanting, "We got to find it... got to find it... got to find it... early in the mornin'... late in the evenin'..." He gave three Indian-style war whoops, and as his voice died to a whisper, looked out at the multitude, hundreds of thousands of people who had come because he had asked them, and he could give them nothing better than this, mayhem and terror.

The band started "Honky Tonk Women", playing as well as if they were in a studio, Keith's lovely horrible harmonies sailing out into the cool night air. Nobody could say the Stones couldn't play like the devil when the chips were down.

When "Honky Tonk Women" was over, the sound system stopped working, then started again. "Hello... I got it back," Mick said. "Yahh... come back to... ah... we gonna, ah, we gonna, ah... we gonna kiss you goodbye... and we leave you to kiss each other goodbye... and... you... we're gonna see ya, we're gonna see ya, we're gonna see ya... again..." And with that sudden softness he asked "All right?" in a voice as small as a kitten's. "Kiss each other goodbye... sleep... good night..." The last song, "Street Fighting Man", started. "...the time is right for fighting in the street," Mick sang, a leader with an international constituency, unable to save anyone.

"Bye bye bye bye," Mick sang. Stu handed me Keith's 12-string guitar and told me the station wagons to take us to the helicopters would be at the top of the hill, straight back and up to the left. Taking the guitar by the neck, I struck out into the night, trying to get the people to move and let me out. "Please let me through," I shouted.

Behind me Mick was saying, "Bye... by-y-y-e... bye," as I plunged on among shouts from unknown voices, trying not to run into people. I heard the Stones coming and Gram and Michelle's voices and called to them, all of us stumbling through the fucking blackness. At the top of the hill was a cyclone fence, but we passed through a hole in it, still running, to a car and an ambulance. I got into the back of



"Are y'avin' a good ti-i-me? OOH-yeah!" (l-r) Mick Taylor, Jagger, Richards and Sam Cutler

Keith had been out here all night, taking LSD, smoking opium, and seemed clear-eyed and content...

man, they're worse than the cops. I'm never going to have anything to do with them again." He sounded like an English public school boy whose fundamental decency and sense of fair play had been offended by the unsportsmanlike conduct at soccer of certain of his peers.

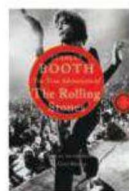
Gram and Michelle were told, "There's limited seating on the plane" – which had just landed – "but there's already another one on the way. You won't mind staying, will you, it'll only be about 10 minutes."

Hearing this, I walked over to Keith. "There's room for Gram and Michelle on the plane, isn't there?"

"Sure," Keith said.

We went out to the plane, a 15-seater. It was a short ride to San Francisco and a not so short ride in limousines back to the Huntington hotel, safe and more or less sound. Gram was kissing Michelle, trying to make out with her, and she seemed to be enduring it like a high school senior making do with a sophomore boy on the way home from a church hayride. "We wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for you," Gram said to me. "Thanks a lot."

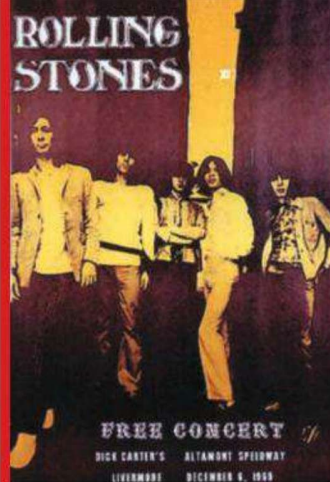
"It was nothing," I said. We grew quiet as we approached the hotel. It was beginning to dawn on us that we had survived. ☺



The True Adventures Of The Rolling Stones by Stanley Booth is published by Canongate. The edited extract above is published by agreement with Canongate and Stanley Booth. See review on page 105

the ambulance, blowing the horns, we drove through the crowd that swarmed around us, moving as fast as we could. When we stopped near a helicopter and got out, I gave the guitar to Sam. The Stones, among others, boarded the small aircraft. Gram, Michelle, and I stood just outside the spinning blades wondering what would happen if we were left, lost in the blackness in this crowd, but Sam called, "Come on!" Gram helped Michelle on and got on himself and I got on. The little bulbous capsule was packed with heads and knees and I gladly hopped on. The helicopter was shaking and lifting like an ostrich waking up, its hums and rattles drowning out everything except shouts.

IN A FEW MINUTES the overloaded helicopter descended at the Tracy or Livermore airport, dropping too fast, the ground rushing up at us, instead of settling down gently like a hummingbird we came in on the skids at an angle like an airplane. We hit sharply but kept upright and bounced flat. We climbed out and as Keith, walking under the blades, headed for the airport building, he was denouncing the Angels: "They're sick,



THE ROAD TO ALTAMONT

Nov 26, 1969 – At a press conference in the Rainbow Room of New York's RCA building the Stones announce they'll end their American tour with a free show. Jagger promises it will "create a microcosmic society which sets an example to the rest of America as to how one can behave in large gatherings".

Nov 29 – *Let It Bleed* is released. The band learn they can't stage the concert at Golden Gate Park, as planned. An alternative site is found at Sears Point Raceway.

Dec 2 – The Raceway owners demand movie rights to the concert and it falls through, even though the stage is already built. A third location is found in Alameda County, 30 miles south of Oakland.

Dec 3 – A crew organised by the Grateful Dead move and rebuild the stage at Altamont. The Dead's organisation also arrange for the Oakland, San Jose and San Francisco chapters of the Hell's Angels to provide security. Payment is said to be "a busload of beer".

Dec 5 – Keith and Mick drive to Altamont to survey the site. There are already thousands of people there.

Dec 6 – 300,000 fans await the first performance of the Altamont festival...

**TAKE A BREAK WHEN
YOU WANT TO...**



**...NOT WHEN
YOU NEED TO!**

Greengo Is 100% Nicotine Free
*Smokes Like Tobacco, Looks Like Tobacco,
But Tobacco It Ain't!*

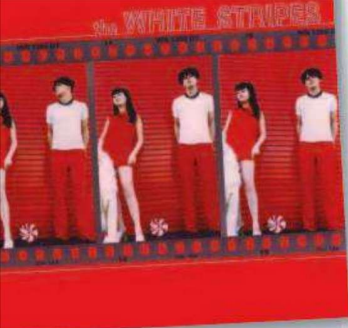
WWW.GREENGO.CO.UK

THE SAME BOY YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN?

After The White Stripes, The Raconteurs, The Dead Weather and the eccentricities of his Third Man label, JACK WHITE is finally going it alone. *Uncut* tracks down the workaholic genius in New York to discuss the story so far; secrets, lies, gimmicks, blues, vultures, the battle of the sexes — and his *two* extraordinary new bands... “Nothing that is said in an interview — just like nothing in the Bible — should be taken literally. It’s absolutely ridiculous!”

Story: John Mulvey
Photo: Pieter M Van Hattem





STEADY AS HE GOES...

Jack White's recorded story so far

The White Stripes: *The White Stripes* (SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY)

Released: June 15, 1999

Highest chart position: UK 142; US -

The White Stripes: *De Stijl* (SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY)

Released: June 20, 2000

Highest chart position: UK 137; US -

The White Stripes: *White Blood Cells* (SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY)

Released: July 3, 2001

Highest chart position: UK 55; US 61

The White Stripes: *Elephant* (XL)

Released: April 1, 2003

Highest chart position: UK 1; US 6

The White Stripes: *Get Behind Me Satan* (XL)

Released: June 7, 2005

Highest chart position: UK 3; US 3

The Raconteurs: *Broken Boy Soldiers* (XL)

Released: May 16, 2006

Highest chart position: UK 2; US 7

The White Stripes: *Icky Thump* (XL)

Released: June 15, 2007

Highest chart position: UK 1; US 2

The Raconteurs: *Consolers Of The Lonely* (XL)

Released: March 25, 2008

Highest chart position: UK 8; US 7

The Dead Weather: *Horehound*

(THIRD MAN/ COLUMBIA)

Released: July 14, 2009

Highest chart position: UK 14; US 6

The Dead Weather: *Sea Of Cowards* (THIRD MAN/WARNERS)

Released: May 11, 2010

Highest chart position: UK 32; US 5

Jack White: *Blunderbuss*

(THIRD MAN/XL) To be released: April 23, 2012

JACK WHITE



Sometime last July, White thinks, he was waiting at Third Man to produce a couple of tracks for the RZA. Not entirely out of character, the Wu Tang rapper cancelled at the last moment, which left White and a bunch of musicians hanging around with nothing else to do except work up a couple of ideas he'd been toying with for a while. That day, White says, he recorded three songs, including a shit-kicking homage to James Booker called "Trash Tongue Talker", and embarked on a trajectory that culminates this month with the release of his first solo album, the rich, nuanced and thoroughly entertaining *Blunderbuss*.

"With The White Stripes, I wanted to have a new blues," he says. "'Seven Nation Army' has become a soccer chant to some people, but to me it's a blues song, a struggle of one person against the world. The sound, the rhythm, is not what someone would label blues, and I think that happens with a lot of songs on this album, as well. I consider all of it to be the blues, but I'm trying to present it in a way that shakes it up for me and the listener."

It would be easy to envisage *Blunderbuss* – the 11th album of White's mature career, after six with Meg White in The White Stripes, two fronting The Raconteurs alongside Brendan Benson, and two playing mostly drums in The Dead Weather – as the point where much of the subterfuge stops, and something akin to a real Jack White emerges. This is not, though, how he works. The enigmatic strategies and outlandish concepts remain just as critical to his appeal as the songs and virtuosity. The charming game of hide-and-seek is, it seems, still on.

"We can talk about the intensity of Jimi Hendrix's playing, and how unbelievable it is," he says. "But make no mistake, the man was full of gimmicks. He was setting his guitar on fire, playing with his teeth, dressing in marching band outfits, with amazing giant hair. And all that stuff was no different from Charley Patton playing between his legs at juke joints, or Tommy Johnson playing behind his head. What some people call a gimmick, others will call art."

It is March 2, and White is in a Manhattan hotel chosen, perhaps, because its pale blue colour scheme matches the palette of *Blunderbuss*. The hotel is also conveniently close to the NBC television studios at Rockefeller Plaza, where White will make his first appearance as a solo artist the following night. The occasion is a guest spot on *Saturday Night Live*, an edition hosted by Lindsay Lohan, making a tentative comeback of her own at the age of 25.

As White and his band arrive onstage for their first number, his gimmick this time seems obvious. Around the blue amplifiers (mono tube amps, originally used in

HE WAY JACK WHITE TELLS IT – though historically, his relationship with the truth can be a little capricious – his solo career started by accident. For the past three years, White has been inviting musicians down to his Nashville studio to record 45s for his Third Man label; recent visitors have included Tom Jones, Alabama Shakes, and the Insane Clown Posse.

schools), the band consists of six women dressed in powder blue gowns and elaborate hairstyles that have been created by the touring party's resident wigmaker. The song they are playing is "Love Interruption", an unusually gory take on relationships, played out as a duet between White and a sultry Nashville singer called Ruby Amanfu.

"Love Interruption" is brief and understated on *Blunderbuss*, a little like an Everly Brothers song, but live it becomes something fuller and looser, peaking with a duel of sorts between Lillie Mae Rische, a fiddler from Nashville, and Maggie Björklund, a pedal steel player from Denmark ("I'm telling you the truth, man," says White, "she's one of four or five female pedal steel players in the world. There are none in the States. We went on forums and typed in 'female pedal steel player' and it was bone dry."). White, meanwhile, contents himself with keeping the rhythm on his new Gibson acoustic, which turns out to be nearly a century old (see panel, page 28).

An hour or so later, however, White returns with a silver Gretsch, and an entirely different group. This time he is

dressed in a black T-shirt and tight black jeans rather than a blue western suit, looking uncannily as he did around 2003. The image shift turns out to be serendipitous, since "Sixteen Saltines" is a priapic rocker reminiscent of "The Hardest Button To Button" from that year's *Elephant*. Notably, a second band have turned up: an all-male ensemble featuring a hip hop drummer (Daru Jones), a mandolin player from The Old Crow Medicine Show (Cory Younts) and fervid organist Ikey Owens, plucked from the unlikely environment of The Mars Volta.

White's extravagant concept is to take both bands out with him on the road. At each gig, the audience will not know whether it is the all-male or the all-female

band backing White until they come onstage. "It'll be completely random," he says gleefully. "It's something to make me work harder. For weeks now I've been travelling between two different locations, playing music with this band, driving over to the other side of town, playing different versions of the exact same songs that I just played."

White claims he doesn't really know why he came up with such an audacious and demanding new gimmick, even though *Blunderbuss'* lyric sheet often reads like a theatrically heightened battle of the sexes, where cruel Delilahs face off against vainglorious Samsons.

"I want something to happen," he finally decides. "I also have a strong interest in messing with people's preconceptions. To me it's art, and very funny, and a very big slap in the face of anyone who is easily made cynical by their own preconceived notions of male and

"I have
a very strong
interest
in messing
with
people's
preconceptions"

JACK WHITE

Jack White, New York, March 2, 2012: "I want something to happen. I want to shake it up"



REVIEW

'A SURLY, SPIKY PIECE OF WORK...'

Andy Gill reviews *Blunderbuss*

► "He may call himself White, but there's always been a touch of noir about Jack. So it's perhaps not too surprising to find that, on his first solo album, Jack White has fallen among dangerous women and treacherous men – some of whom, song lyrics being such a tricky, amorphous matter of metaphor and maybe, may be Jack himself. It's a surly, spiky piece of work, on which the few shafts of sweetness are soon soured with guilt, recrimination and reproach..."

* For the full review, turn to page 66

female, of authenticity, of who can play and who can't play." You don't make things easy for yourself, do you? He laughs hysterically. "Have you noticed?"

IN A SUITE on the hotel's 54th floor, Jack White settles down in a swivel chair. An Americano coffee has been ordered from room service, and he has also requested five bottles of Dr Pepper and five bottles of Coke Zero. To begin, he pours a Coke and grabs a fistful of ice from the bucket. "I just washed my hands," he says, diligently.

We are talking about how many of the musicians featured on *Blunderbuss* come from his adopted hometown of Nashville, and how becoming embedded in the local scene could result in a messy fall-out further down the line. Something similar has, after all, happened to White before, when the sudden fame of The White Stripes alienated the Detroit garage rock scene that had nurtured them.

"It's possible, but I don't step into clubs here, and I would go to shows four or five times a week in Detroit. I've only been to



Live on SNL, March 2012: (top) "Love Interruption" with Ruby Amanfu of the all-female band; (above) "Sixteen Saltines" with White's all-male band

maybe two rock'n'roll shows in Nashville in seven years [apart from shows promoted by him at the Third Man Recordings shop]. I saw The Black Belles [a girl group signed to Third Man] a few weeks ago, and then a couple of years ago I went and saw Dex Romweber, who also put out a record with us. I just get harassed; people think I'm not being very nice when I'm trying to be polite to the artist. I don't want to have a photo taken while they're playing or any of that crap."

Nashville always seems like a town that is quite respectful of musicians.

"It is, but it's all country, so half of them don't care about me, which is great. The entire South is so polite. But I'm talking about going into a rock'n'roll club and watching a rock'n'roll show – I'll go see country and bluegrass shows all the time. Last year at South By Southwest in Texas, I thought I could walk out of the hotel and go and see Queens Of The Stone Age a few blocks away. That was a big mistake. You can't get anything done. You might as well set up a table and chairs.

THIS GUITAR KILLS...

Unveiled: White's new WWI acoustic

► Jack White has had a dedicated acoustic guitar for each of his previous groups, all adorned with portraits of actresses from the Golden Age of Hollywood: Rita Hayworth stars on the White Stripes instrument, Veronica Lake for The Dead Weather, and Claudette Colbert for The Raconteurs.

"A redhead, a blonde and a brunette – I'm all done," he says. The acoustic White used on *Saturday Night Live* was a Gibson Army-Navy (pictured below). "They were made for WWI soldiers, for battlefields and for barracks. But by the time they'd finished the guitar, the war had ended for the USA. I'd never heard of it until this guy in St Louis showed it to me. It's incredible. It doesn't have any inlay, it's like a Gibson L-1, a Robert Johnson guitar, without the frills. But it's very warm. The neck is like a tree trunk. Nobody would wanna play that style nowadays, it's too hard to play, but I love it."



JO MCGAUGHEY

➔ "I'm not whining. I can't go to shows anymore, but I think it's a good thing for me 'cause I'm not embedded with those people in the way I was in Detroit. I feel really comfortable in Nashville – I wouldn't have built Third Man or my studio had I not felt comfortable there. I made a decision that I'm going to stay there for the rest of my life."

Maybe a lot of the Nashville musicians come from a different tradition to the ones you associated with in Detroit, the zero tolerance punks?

"Yeah, just as Los Angeles has a million actors, Nashville is the same with musicians. You have songwriters coming to town, and everyone you talk to, their brother wrote a song for Alan Jackson, Clint Black, someone like that. I'd like to get a new series going at Third Man where I find these new songwriters and pair their new songs up with artists coming through town."

One of the crutches of indie authenticity is that you can't be real unless you're singing and writing your own songs.

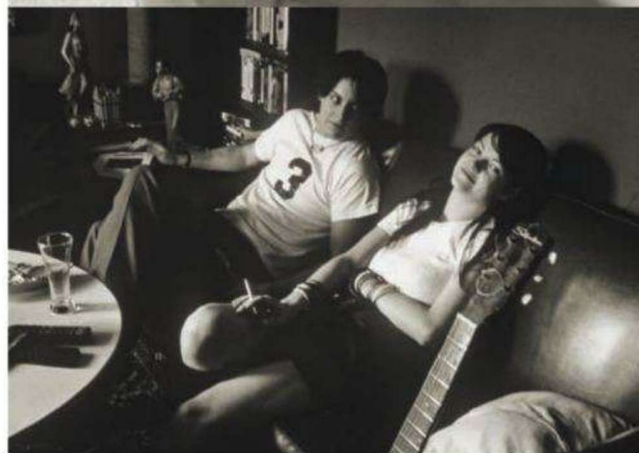
"Yeah, it has been for a long time. The country world never cared about that from Day One. Robert Johnson didn't write his own songs, and people forget about that. Have you read this book *Faking It* [by Hugh Barker and Yuval Taylor]? It's about the history of authenticity in music, and it's brilliantly written. It really lays out the law of how ridiculous we've all been for so long, and how we buy the hype that's fed to us, about Alan Lomax trying to sell Lead Belly like he was a struggling guy sitting by himself in prison, who only had his own songs. Lead Belly would just play songs that he liked, he would play a brand new pop song or 'Camptown Races'; anything that people wanted to hear at parties.

"Throughout history we've been sold authenticity over and over. The English press are the kings of it. You've got to ask yourself about The White Stripes' appeal to England had we been from Los Angeles instead of Detroit. The story of the city of Detroit became our authenticity, that dirty, crumbling town. I don't see a lot of other artists getting asked about where they live, but I get asked about where I live constantly. A lot of people think Nashville is about really fake, plastic, country music – all business, no authenticity – and I don't really think that's the case. There's a lot of garbage, but there's a lot of garbage in every music scene."

There aren't many artists in the past 10 years who've been assailed by so many questions about their authenticity.

"Well, I kinda asked for it. It had been 10 years since grunge, and every 10 years rock'n'roll gets wilder and more real-sounding, quote-unquote 'authentic' – whatever. A lot of bands were emulating '60s garage rock, but at least it was an attempt at something dirty and real. And for me, too. But make no mistake, right from the get-go, The White Stripes were not really part of the same scenario as everybody else. We did a Marlene Dietrich cover [*"Look Me Over Closely"*] on the B-side of our first single, and I was very much into songwriting. I was a huge fan of Brendan Benson's songwriting craftsmanship, and he was on the outskirts of the scene; it was a far cry from The Detroit Cobras covering old soul songs."

You presented a crafted and playful myth that was undoubtedly very seductive. But



at the same time, surely it's human nature to be curious about hidden truths?

"I've discovered over the years that there needs to be an element of something naughty going on, for Britain to really give a damn. The British press is all about fucking gossip. The newspapers are glorified tabloids, they just write in a better-looking font."

Come on, you told a story and established yourself based on something that wasn't true.

"When we played our first shows, a lot of people were really mad at the colours we wore. To me, how we presented ourselves was to show people how stupid it is for them to think that, to play authentic blues, I'd have to dress like I'm from fucking Mississippi. Eric Clapton, for example, said he didn't like The White Stripes. He thought we were having a laugh about Son House, playing 'Death Letter' on the Grammys. People in that Stratocaster white blues scene didn't understand that we could dress in red and white and black, play in the simplistic way we did and still be the blues.

"I always said that if you can't handle how The White Stripes looked, then we can't be in this room together sharing this same music. Don't bother with us, go find a different band. It was about the people who can see past



UNSEEN SHOTS!

'SUCH A GREAT LOCATION ...'

Photographer Pieter M Van Hattem unearths 2001 White Stripes shots - inside Jack's house

► "In October 2001 I flew to Detroit to shoot The White Stripes for the cover of *NME*. Jack and Meg met us at our hotel and pretty much kidnapped us (John Mulvey and PR) for the day. We drove all around in their van shooting in front of huge abandoned buildings, a great little Mexican restaurant that they frequented, and Jack's taxidermy-filled house. It was such a great location. The top floor was painted red and filled

with instruments. The bottom floor had jukeboxes, guitar cases, animal heads, piles of cigarette butts, and of course, well-upholstered furniture. It was around the time of *White Blood Cells*. There was a buzz about the band, but it was before they went stratospheric. "It was my first cover shoot for *NME* and the first time I'd been outside Manhattan since the 9/11 attacks. For reasons I'll never know, Jack had a thick white rope and stuffed zebra head in the back of the van, and we took loads of shots of Meg leading Jack down the street by the rope. I'd like to say it was some genius commentary between the relationship they had, but I'd be lying. It was strictly a way of tying two people together in a photograph."



Manic in Detroit: The White Stripes show off their home treasures

that. Gimmicks to get people's attention are amazing, because they're an art in themselves."

When you mentioned Hendrix and Charley Patton earlier, were you saying that it's perversely more authentic to be inauthentic?

"That was my sense of humour, it still is. It's lucky for us that we had some songwriting behind all that."

Do you have any regrets about the stories you told about yourself and Meg?

"No, I have no regrets. Nothing that is said in an interview or onstage into a microphone - just like nothing in the Bible - should be taken literally. It's absolutely ridiculous."

Looking back, do you think it was worth prolonging the brother and sister story, given the trouble and questioning that it brought you?

"I don't see any trouble that it brought me."

You got pretty pissed off in interviews.

"I don't think so."

So you enjoyed lying?

"If you can't handle how The White Stripes looked, then we can't be in this room together sharing this music..."

[Laughs] No, it's absolutely true. If I say to someone who comes in here, 'This is my friend John,' are you gonna say to them we're not friends?

I'm not sure you can talk about sibling relationships in the same way as friendships.

"If two people are boyfriend and girlfriend and they direct films together, they're going to start selling themselves, they're going to start exploiting their relationship to sell their work. Now I'd never do that. I'd never exploit my own relationship to sell myself. If you choose to go down the red carpet with whoever you're with - husband or wife, boyfriend or girlfriend - you are selling your relationship to the world, and that's a tough decision to make. Some people wanna do it, they love it, they think it's great."

"I've never thought that about anyone I've ever worked with, and because of that, people have become more and more interested. They assume that any time I'm standing next to a girl, something else is going on. That's up to them to make that decision, and I really don't care."

So you're saying the brother and sister story worked as effective protection to guard your private life and what was really going on between you and Meg?

The
chemical
brothers

A FILM BY ADAM SMITH

DON'T THINK

★★★★★
EMPIRE

"A PSYCHEDELIC
CLASSIC"
MOJO

★★★★★
MIXMAG

"THE MOST INTENSE
CONCERT FILM EVER"
THE SUNDAY TIMES

RELEASED 26 MARCH
ON DVD AND BLU-RAY 7.1 PLUS LIMITED SPECIAL EDITION

PARLOPHONE PRESENTS A BLACK DOG FILMS/BSA FILMS PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH MFL STUDIO A FLAT NOSE GEORGE FILM "THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS - DON'T THINK" STARRING THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS
EDITORS MARK WHELAN AND JONID GRIFFITHS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TONY CREAN STEFAN DEMETRIOU NICK DEWEY SVANA GISLA ROBERT LINNEY TOM ROWLANDS ED SIMONS PRODUCERS LEE GROOMBRIDGE AND MARCUS LYALL DIRECTOR ADAM SMITH



THECHEMICALBROTHERS.COM/CHECK DONTTHINKMOVIE.COM FOR CINEMA SCREENINGS

hmv
hmv.com



KING CREOSOTE & JON HOPKINS DIAMOND MINE THE JUBILEE EDITION

LIMITED EDITION COMPACT DISC

INCLUDING ALL THE COLLECTED EP & SINGLE TRACKS

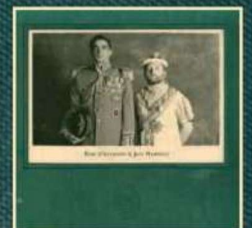
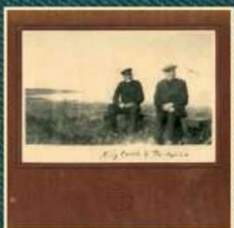
ALSO AVAILABLE : 'THE JUBILEE EP'

ALL THE COLLECTED EP & SINGLE TRACKS ON 12 INCH VINYL
THE PERFECT COMPANION TO THE 'DIAMOND MINE' LP

AVAILABLE 16TH APRIL



www.dominorecordco.com



"My muscles have always been there, it's just the public are ready for them now. I don't have to be a skinny indie boy from Detroit anymore"



"I don't know. If Meg and I had said anything about what we are to each other in any way, it could be used as an exploitation of why we were onstage together. If me and Alicia Keys do a song, or me and Ruby Amanfu are singing something together, or me and Alison Mosshart, or me and fucking Loretta Lynn [White produced Lynn's 2004 album, *Van Lear Rose*] – people immediately have to make a decision about how I relate to that person. And if I don't tell them something, or if I tell them something, or if I lie to them, every one is a minefield."

In one of your first British interviews in 2001, you told me, "I like things to be as honest as possible, even if sometimes they can only be an imitation of honesty. A good impression is interesting if you can't get the real thing." That seems to be the key to understanding a lot of what you've done.

"If I turn on the TV and I see your band, I see an interview with you and you make me think I love you... how often does that happen, how often do we read interviews or watch TV and are really made to think? Maybe that's the thing that The White Stripes showcased: my attempt to make people think."

ACCORDING TO JACK White, his critical preparation for going solo came by producing *The Party Ain't Over* for Wanda Jackson in 2010. While The Raconteurs and The Dead Weather had featured co-songwriters and autonomous musicians, White was faced with the prospect of arranging and commanding a 12-piece band, then taking them out as Jackson's backing band on a few tour dates. Previously he had been, he realised, worried about "having an ego, expressing my ideas. I'd wish this drumbeat had an extra snare hit in it, but it'd look like I was bossing people around, so I'd just keep my mouth shut. Hopefully that stupid hang-up has gone."

Isn't it slightly dishonest to suggest you don't have that kind of ego?

"It's naïve of me at times to think that my name doesn't mean more. I know when I go onstage with The Dead Weather, and I'm sitting behind the drums, that the majority of people there would like to see me play guitar. I know that,

"There needs to be something naughty going on for Britain to give a damn. The British press is all about gossip"

but I don't want to do that. You guys might not know that what I am in my head is a drummer."

How do you think this record fits in with what you've done before?

"For a long time I always thought the rule is: be in a famous band like The White Stripes; when the famous band is done, make solo records for the rest of your life, and die. That's the showbiz rule. People say, 'All right Jack, I like The Dead Weather, but can you please make the solo record?' You look back now at the Cream albums; someone at the time might have called Cream a side project, but to me that's the best thing Clapton ever did. In 20 years, someone will think that about The Dead Weather. Time changes people's perception of that sort of stuff."

So are you going to play old songs on tour?

"Yeah, I'm gonna do everything from my career. The

PIETER M. VAN HATTEN; GETTY IMAGES

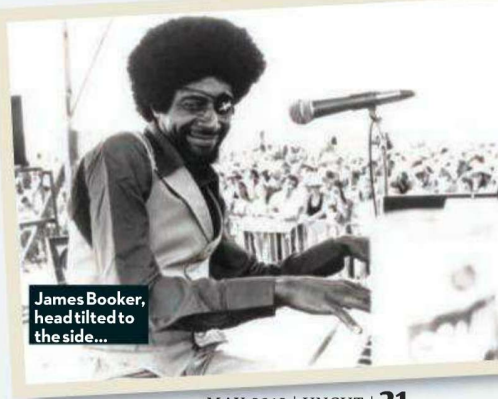
ON THE ALBUM

TALKING "TRASH TONGUE TALKER"

Blunderbuss' roistering highlight initially sounds like a cross between Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry's "You Never Can Tell". According to White, however, it's a homage to the New Orleans pianist James Booker.

➤ "That was the only song on the record that was directly influenced by another songwriter, James Booker. I wanted to have a vibe in that song like some of his have, where it doesn't matter so much about the chords, it's that head-tilted-to-the-side presentation of the words. That was a new thing for me, to try to absorb

directly what someone else has done. Despite what anyone says, I've never done that, I've never sat down and tried to write a Beatles-sounding song. What's great is you do that [be influenced by Booker], and then Karen [Elson], when she heard 'Trash Tongue Talker', said it was like John Lennon."



James Booker, head tilted to the side...

➔ Raconteurs never played any White Stripes songs, The Dead Weather never played any Raconteurs songs. But if I saw Lou Reed perform and he didn't play any Velvet songs, I'd be a little disappointed. Now the ticket says 'Jack White' on it, I think I can finally do the songs I feel are mine."

A lot of the songs on *Blunderbuss* seem to deal with sexual politics.

"We all think that we don't have prejudices about males and females, that it's a level playing field. But I think that is completely untrue and will never be the case. There'll always be preconceptions in people's minds about what they see, whether it's a beautiful girl or a girl that's homely, a person who's an amazingly technical musician compared with one who can barely string two notes together.

"We go onstage and present things for you to judge, that's what we do. I can pretend I'm just going onstage and playing my song and it's totally pure. Bullshit! I'm selling myself, I'm selling the way I look, I'm selling the way the song sounds, I'm selling the story that I'm telling in the song."

One of the main responses that *Blunderbuss* is going to attract is that it's the Jack White confession record, the divorce record [*White and Karen Elson, singer and model, announced their divorce with a party in June 2011*]. He's come clean! There's no brother and sister routine, this is the real him...

"If me and Alison [Mosshart] had been caught in some motel, we'd be on the cover of every magazine in Britain and The Dead Weather would have sold a million records [*hysterical laughter*]. We have to acknowledge that the outside story influences everything. If I'd called it Jack White instead of The Dead Weather... I mean come on, I could call this LP The White Stripes. Maybe I should've done that..."

But let's be straight about this, you've written a bunch of songs about the inconstancy of women and the problems of machismo, you've written a song about adultery, and it's public knowledge that you got divorced last year. It's not a great leap of faith on the part of listeners to think, aha, here's the Soul Stripped Bare.

"But the funny thing is they'll see the credits and see that Karen [Elson] sings on three of these songs. Now what are you gonna do?"

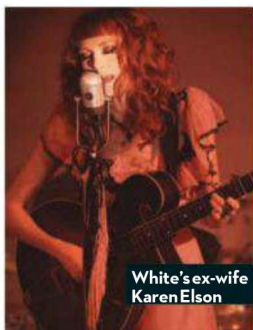
You have a track record in this...

He cracks his knuckles. There is a rare pause. "Write my press release for the record. Is it smart to say who's played on



The Dead Weather, 2010: (l-r) White, Alison Mosshart, Dean Fertita, Jack Lawrence

"I can pretend I'm just playing my song and it's totally pure. Bullshit! I'm selling myself, the way I look..."



White's ex-wife Karen Elson

the record? Is it smart to say Patrick Keeler [*Raconteurs drummer*] and Jack Lawrence [*Raconteurs and Dead Weather bassist*] played on one song, or is it smart to say that Karen Elson sang on three songs? That's where we are all the time, and I don't mind that. I don't mind whatever gets thought about this record this month, because a year from now any reviewer would write a different review of this same record."

When did you write these songs?

"Most of them in the last six months of last year, written and recorded. But this is the first album I didn't do all at once. I mostly write when it's time to write, and I didn't think I was going to do a record like this for five or six years."

What did you think you were going to do?

"Just produce 45s. That's all I wanted to do. My kids are young [*Scarlett Teresa, five, and Henry Lee, four*] and I want to be with them at this age so that I don't regret it later."

Do you think you could've made this record if The White Stripes still existed?

"No. Absolutely not. I wouldn't even have considered it, and that was a reason for me and Meg to have a discussion and finally say that the band was officially over. I said, 'Look I'm doing other things now, and eventually I'm going to do a solo record and I don't wanna tell them a week before I put out that record that, by the way, The White Stripes aren't around anymore.' Because then it looks like I'm exploiting that band to sell this record."

JACK WHITE'S SOLO CAREER 2003-2011

An energetic collaborator, White has recently made appearances on the *Danger Mouse & Daniele Luppi* album, *Rome*, as well as countless *Third Man* sessions. These, though, are his solo excursions to date.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Cold Mountain

COLUMBIA, 2003

Besides acting in the Civil War movie (right), White stayed in character to contribute five tracks (four folk/blues covers and one original, "Never Far

Away") to T Bone Burnett's soundtrack, backed by a dream team of O Brother vets.

JACK WHITE & ALICIA KEYS

Another Way To Die

XL, 2008

Self-consciously bombastic Bond theme, for *Quantum Of*

Solace. Horn-rich, and runs out of steam a bit, but a precursor to the hip-hop-influenced "Freedom At 21" on *Blunderbuss*.

JACK WHITE Fly Farm Blues

THIRD MAN, 2009

A searing, demo-quality solo blues track, written and recorded in 10 minutes during the filming of the



It Might Get Loud doc (starring White, Jimmy Page, The Edge).

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Lost Notebooks Of Hank Williams

COLUMBIA/THIRD MAN, 2011

In which Bob Dylan distributes unfinished Williams songs for a dozen singers to complete. White gets "You Know That I Know", and makes a historically precise country amble out of the fragments.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

AHK-toong BAY-bi Covered

MAGAZINE GIVEAWAY, 2011

A rather unlikely presence on an album of U2 covers, White ramps up the melodrama in "Love Is Blindness" with organ, vast echo and his most histrionic Robert Plant yowl.



The Raconteurs, 2008: (l-r) White, Patrick Keeler, Brendan Benson, Jack Lawrence

Would you rather be sitting here, with Meg by your side, promoting a new White Stripes record?

"I think that I'm supposed to do this right now. If you'd asked me before I started I'd say probably not, and probably the best way to fulfil myself would have been to do The White Stripes. But now I feel this has happened exactly the way it should have."

Can you be specific about the thing you're most proud of with The White Stripes?

"I still can't believe anyone cares about that band. For a long time I thought, 'We're popular, wow, that means we're not good. We're doing something wrong, we fucked up.'"

IF THERE'S AN album in Jack White's back catalogue that seems the most obvious precursor to *Blunderbuss*, it is the fifth White Stripes album, *Get Behind Me Satan*, with its pugnacious piano songs, its vigorous re-inventions of country melodrama and pre-rock R'n'B: "*The truth is still hidden*," White pertinently observed on its outstanding track, "The Denial Twist". There is much more on *Blunderbuss*, though: waltzes; hoedowns; a Little Willie John cover. A clutch of cascading piano ballads – in which White's new female keyboard player, Brooke Waggoner, summons up the spirit of Mike Garson – point up the affinities between White and another conceptual chameleon, David Bowie (The Raconteurs also covered Ron Davies' "It Ain't Easy", and The White Stripes reputedly began as a duo by practising "Moonage Daydream").

The title track, meanwhile, is a tale of adultery and deception in the vein of mid-'70s Dylan (a natural successor to "Carolina Drama", the finest song on The Raconteurs' *Consolers Of The Lonely*). And while White lambasted hip hop a decade ago, its influence can now be spotted in the sliding beats and spat lyrics of "Freedom At 21"; a song he is especially keen for a long-romoured collaborator, Jay-Z, to hear.

"I'm jealous of things that Jay-Z can say that I can't say," White says now. "I've played with that in the song 'Weep Themselves To Sleep', with the line, 'No-one can blow the shows or throw the bones that break your nose like I can.' That became a new challenge to me when I was writing this record: Jay-Z can go on record and say what a great rapper he is. If I go on record and say what a great guitar player I am... come on!"

You appear to do the opposite on this album and indict yourself, or your character, on "Hip (Eponymous) Poor Boy" ("You'll be watching me, girl/ Taking over the world/Let the stripes unfurl/Getting' rich singin' poor boy...").

"Maybe a bit, but that one deals with hipster culture

JACK WHITE'S BLUES

FREE
CD!

Your guide to this month's free CD – the original versions of 15 classic songs covered by Jack White

1 LITTLE WILLIE JOHN I'm Shakin'

John recorded the original '50s versions of "Fever" and "Need Your Love So Bad", later hits for Peggy Lee and Fleetwood Mac. This rollicking hit for him in 1960 was covered by The Blasters, and now gets the inimitable White treatment on Jack's solo debut.

2 BLIND WILLIE MCTELL Lord, Send Me An Angel

Recorded in '33 in NYC with Curley Weaver on second guitar, McTell's "angels" were distinctly non-celestial and the "yellow, brown and black" women of Georgia just wouldn't let the poor boy rest. The White Stripes released the song as a single in 2000.

3 HOWLIN' WOLF I Ain't Superstitious

Recorded in Chicago in '61 with a crack band featuring guitarists Hubert Sumlin and Jimmy Rogers, Jeff Beck then covered this Willie Dixon song in '68 with Rod Stewart. Jack White cut it with Brian Muldoon as a 45 with The Upholsterers in 2000.

4 SON HOUSE John The Revelator

The great Mississippi bluesman made his first recordings in 1930, but recorded this Blind Willie Johnson song in '65, on his rediscovery after more than 20 years in obscurity. The White Stripes incorporated the song into "Cannon" on their '99 debut – and dedicated the entire album to House's memory.

5 BLANCHE Who's To Say

In the mid-'90s Jack White drummed for a while with Detroit cowpunks Goober & The Peas. "Goober" – aka Dan Miller – went on to form Blanche, who recorded this beauty on their 2004 album, *If We Can't Trust The Doctors*. By then, The White Stripes had already covered it and included it as a bonus track on *Elephant*.

6 JOSH WHITE St James Infirmary

White was the first black American to sing at the White House in 1941, after becoming a great favourite with President Roosevelt. He recorded this version of the jazz/blues standard in 1944.

Jack White covered the song on 1999 debut album *The White Stripes*.

7 SON HOUSE

Death Letter Blues
House's signature song remains an awesome moment in the late history of the Delta blues. Recorded in '65 after his comeback, the song incorporates elements of other House classics, including "My Black Mama" and "Walkin' Blues". The White Stripes covered the song in 2000 on *De Stijl*.

8 HANK WILLIAMS Tennessee Border

Hank only ever demoed this Jimmy Work song, but it was overdubbed and buffed-up after his death and appeared on the 1960 album, *The Lonesome Sound Of Hank*



Lead Belly

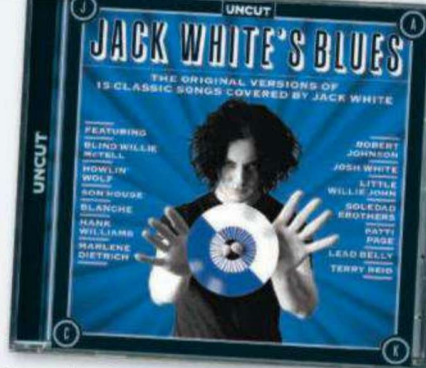
Williams. The White Stripes' version appeared as a live, bonus track with some editions of *Icky Thump*.

9 BLIND WILLIE MCTELL

Southern Can Is Mine
Domestic violence was seemingly acceptable back when McTell recorded this vengeful song in 1931 under the name Blind Sammie – although one theory suggests he was singing in code and he was actually threatening white folks rather than his woman. The White Stripes recorded the song on *De Stijl*.

10 MARLENE DIETRICH

Look Me Over Closely
Dietrich recorded this Terry Gilkyson song several times – first in the 1953 studio recording on our free CD, then in a Noël Coward-introduced live version and later with a swinging Burt Bacharach arrangement. The White Stripes' take on it can be found on the B-side to their first single, "Let's Shake Hands" (1998), and on various live bootlegs.



11 ROBERT JOHNSON

Stop Breakin' Down Blues

"The stuff I got'll bust your brains out, baby, it'll make you lose your mind," Johnson sang one hot day in Dallas in June 1937, proving that rock'n'roll has been around a lot longer than we might think. The White Stripes revisited the song on their debut album 62 years later.

12 SOLEDAD BROTHERS St Ides Of March

Soledad Brothers guitarist Johnny Walker played guitar on two songs on The White Stripes' debut and reportedly gave young Jack valuable tips on slide playing. White repaid by engineering the Brothers' debut LP, then covering this song from it as the B-side to the Stripes' 2003 single "The Hardest Button To Button".

13 PATTI PAGE Conquest

Written by Corky Robbins and recorded by the wholesome Patti in 1952, Jack White claims he'd been wanting to cover the song for 10 years before The White Stripes recorded it on '07's *Icky Thump*. He loved the song so much he then recorded it again in Spanish and retitled it "Conquista".

14 LEAD BELLY Boll Weevil

The Lomaxes recorded Lead Belly singing of the pestilential, cotton-crop destroying beetle in 1934, after they found him languishing in the Louisiana State Pen. Not to be confused with similar songs recorded by Charley Patton and Bessie Smith, it became a White Stripes live favourite as "De Ballit Of De Boll Weevil".

15 TERRY REID

Rich Kid Blues/ To Be Alone With You

This live version of a song from Terry Reid's self-titled second album closed his set at the 1970 Isle of Wight festival the following year, backed by a band that included the great David Lindley and with an added Dylan tribute. Jack White covered the song with Brendan Benson on The Raconteurs' second album, *Consolers Of The Lonely*.



'YOU SCHMUCKS!'

What Jack White learned from Jerry Lewis...

➤ "I was talking to Columbia Records and XL, and I said, 'I'll tell you right now what the reviews are gonna be: thank you Jack for finally doing what we've been wanting you to do for years.' I don't care if they hate the record, that's the easiest shooting-a-fish-in-a-barrel move that I'm making, and think about it; how easy is it? I've got a documentary about Jerry Lewis, the comedian. For years he does all these movies where he has these intricate gags that he's got to rehearse, where he falls down the stairs, and makes all the timing perfect - all the work that goes into it. Then he says he did Scorsese's *The King Of Comedy*: 'Glowing reviews across the board! Amazing performance!' He said, 'You schmucks! I didn't do anything! I just turned up, said the lines and went home. I've been working my ass off for years!' There's no doubt someone could say, 'Jerry, you could do this if you want critical acclaim.'"

JO MCGAUGHEY; PIETER VAN HATTEN; REX FEATURES



Nashville, March 8:
with The Peacocks...

➤ and explores the ways people can sell themselves as authentic and make money off of it at the same time."

You often play the victim, too. The first three songs are going to get you accused of misogyny pretty fast...

"The first *three* songs? [laughs]"

So are you prepared to be criticised for the way you talk about women?

"With any record I make, everything that's gone on in my life, not just in the last year but in the last 10 years, is up for grabs. All I can say is that I think people know me pretty well, and I'm not that one-dimensional. Any song that people think is about divorce could just as easily be about me and Meg. If it's about a girl, it could be about 12 different girls."

"But come on, man, I'm not so simple that I'd write open letters and give them away to the public, about people that I know would suffer from them. That's a little too easy to do, and also very unfair and ridiculous. None of the people that people know are in my life, none of them are gone - they're all in my life right now. We're all good friends and spend time together, I can sleep in a bed with them or go to lunch with them..."

Sleep in a bed with them?

"Well, it doesn't matter to me. You can't sell the intricacies of your relationships with anybody in your life."

OK, why do you think you ended up writing 13 songs that deal with strong men, cruel and cunning women, slightly fractious emotional relationships and the pain of true love? Why did that happen at this point in your life?

"If I say the words 'boy and girl', it's an easy way to tell a story and get people involved. The record deals far more with death; death and the romance of death. That's why I have a vulture on my shoulder on the cover. I'm making friends with the vulture. He's not waiting for me to die to pick at me, we're friends, and we're in this together."

"But if that's the way you're looking at it, look at the character at the end of the record [in the song *'Take Me With You When You Go'*]: the character, who started out at the beginning as sounding misogynistic, is on his knees begging to be taken with the girl at the end."

As your first solo album, *Blunderbuss* feels like something of a bridgehead in your career. How do you think it's gone so far? Are there things you regret?

"It's gone swimmingly. To be completely honest with you, I don't have any regrets. I can't even muster up two or three things to tell you that I wish hadn't happened. It's easy to call yourself an artist, to be in your house and make sculptures, paintings, whatever. But for people to also give a damn is a blessing. When I look back - and it's not an ego thing, as if I don't make mistakes - I've been very fortunate."

There must be an expectation from XL and Columbia, who'll be releasing the album in the UK and US, that it's going to sell a hell of a lot more than a *Dead Weather* LP.

"Of course, there's no doubt about that, and there's nothing wrong with that. But I didn't take the easy way out, I didn't do this record five years ago when it would have been the right business move. I've never done the right business move, I've always done what I have to do. If it happens to coincide with what looks like good business, then that's nice. But it's like *Get Behind Me Satan*; we started that tour in South America and Mexico - nobody goes to shows down there, we lost money on those tours. The Raconteurs' second album; we released it without telling anyone it existed - that's a horrible business move. Are these regrets? Absolutely not! I love all of these moments."

"To be completely honest with you, I don't have any regrets - I've been very fortunate"

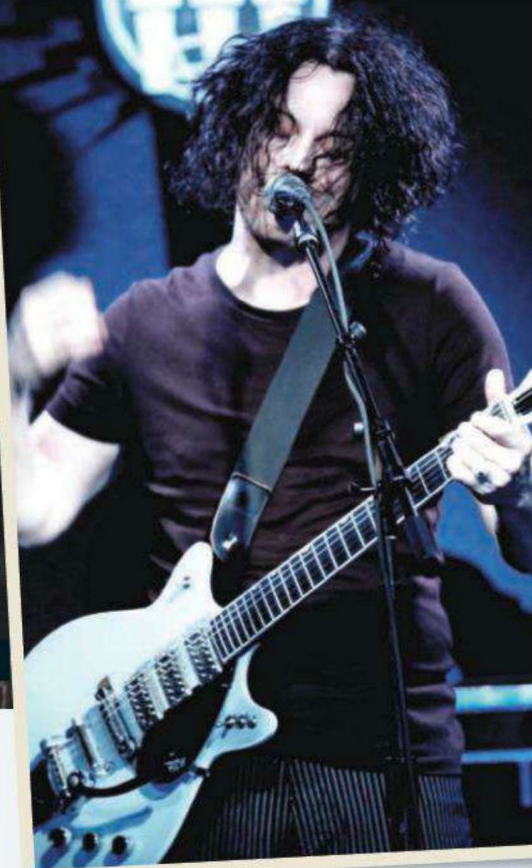
THE MORNING AFTER *Saturday Night Live*, Jack White arrives in the hotel restaurant in his coat and hat,

wheeling a suitcase behind him. In an hour or so, he will be returning to Nashville with his two bands for more rehearsals, a video shoot, and a debut gig at Third Man (see report, opposite page). Many of his band members had not appeared on television before, and he is consequently thrilled with how the show went - though one suspects White is not a man to admit any doubts he may have to a journalist. "I think," he says, "it was perfect for me."

He has, too, vague plans for another solo album. In between cutting various other Third Man 45s, the *Blunderbuss* sessions resulted in something like 25 songs being recorded, of which only 13 made the final tracklisting. "When I get back in town in a few weeks, I'm going to finish them off for the next album, whenever that's going to be, while they're still fresh in my head. The bands are going to be amped up. When you go out on the road with this many



...and The Buzzards



people, you can go home and go straight into the studio with them, and get some stuff on tape.”

Given how much the interview has hinged around questions of truth and authenticity, it seems a good idea to finish with a couple of straight questions that people have been wanting to know the answers to for years.

White laughs. “Why do you keep wanting me to make it so easy for you? All right, but I want you to know that I think you have a little bit of a chip on your shoulder about me and Meg, and brother and sister and all that stuff, and you should let it roll off your back.”

Well, this is such a fascinating point in your career, where the past takes on a different perspective and is put into a different context. I know these questions seem to be annoying and tabloid-ish and kind of personal, but I’m interested in the way you use an idea of truth, and an idea of authenticity in how you present yourself and your music, and the way that all these things interact. Does that make sense to you? After all, you’re the guy who mentioned a book called *Faking It*, about the myth of authenticity in popular music?

“It’s always made sense to me, and anything that’s confusing to people is their own concern, not mine. I could have always played it really simple for everyone.”

Look at the gimmick you pulled last night with the two bands. Maybe I’m getting it wrong, but if people are coming to this project thinking the curtains have been opened, the real Jack White is going to appear and there aren’t going to be any more ambiguities, then they’re going to be disappointed.

“Well, you’re getting to the point, for sure, because I’ve always been there. The quote-unquote ‘Real Jack White’ has always been there, only if the viewer, the listener, can get past all the stuff that shouldn’t bother them to begin with.”

But we have to bother with that stuff, because it seems to be such an integral part of what you do.

“It’s my test for them, my ultimate test. All right, let’s do it...”

What’s your real name? Is your real name John Gillis?

“Jack White is my real name.” He laughs.

Is Meg White your sister?

“Yes. In more ways than one...” ☺

Blunderbuss is released by Third Man/XL Recordings on April 23, 2012

LIVE REPORT

'A NEW KIND OF SURGING POWER...'

**Third Man Records, Nashville
March 8, 2012. Jack White unveils
The Peacocks and The Buzzards to
his nearest and dearest...**

➤ Though his first solo gig is witnessed by only 150 friends, family and fans, from the moment White and his all-female band The Peacocks walk out and sink their teeth straight into The White Stripes’ “Dead Leaves And The Dirty Ground”, any suggestion of cosiness is stripped away. Now augmented by double-bass, pedal-steel, fiddle and the backing vocals of Ruby Amanfu, it becomes a different beast, less stark, but with a new kind of surging power. “Missing Pieces”, the opening track from *Blunderbuss*, shows off the band’s talents to the full, with its Rhodes-piano-led, ambling roll.

White has a magnetic chemistry with these musicians, lunging back and forth with formidable double-bassist Bryn Davies, grinning in delight at ferocious drummer Carla Azar. “Sixteen Saltines” has a metallic, venomous attack, closer to The Dead Weather. “Hotel Yorba”

goes from hipster-country stomp to a full-on fiddling hoedown, while “You’re Pretty Good Looking (For A Girl)”’s already amusingly confused gender etiquette is given another level of context. “You think the ladies can play?” asks White, unnecessarily.

A short intermission later, and The Buzzards, White’s black-clad all-male crew, take their places. Their set opens

with “Freedom At 21”, a rail against modern manners in the digital age with a lurching, hip-hop rhythm. There’s a hitch as they head into “My Doorbell”, drummer Daru Jones’ kit not being set up properly. Not missing a beat, the band paper the cracks with a dazzling jam. The Dead Weather’s “Cut Like A Buffalo” becomes a swamp-funk monster, followed by a quaint take on “You Know That I Know”, the Hank Williams fragment finished by White last year.

“Seven Nation Army” is more powerful than ever, White’s guitar wailing away as that famous riff is delegated to electric bass, with extra screams coming from Fats Kaplin’s pedal steel. White thanks the crowd and closes with a singalong cover of Lead

Belly’s “Goodnight Irene”. Imagine how good it’ll be when he gets it out of the office... EMILY MACKAY

SET LIST

**Dead Leaves
And The Dirty Ground
Missing Pieces
Sixteen Saltines
Love Interrupted
Hotel Yorba
Top Yourself
Hypocritical Kiss
You’re Pretty Good
Looking (For A Girl)
Blue Blood Blues
We’re Going To Be
Friends**

{INTERMISSION}

**Freedom At 21
My Doorbell
Cut Like A Buffalo
You Know That I Know
Weep Themselves To
Sleep
Ball & Biscuit
Steady As She Goes
Seven Nation Army
Goodnight Irene**

Pete Townshend

From selling out in the '60s to being suspended above eggs – the high-concept career of The Who mainman



ASIDE FROM HIS day job as the creative force behind The Who, Peter Dennis Blandford Townshend has also found time to pursue a distinctive solo career, spanning a dozen albums and featuring collaborations with Eric Clapton, David Gilmour and Ronnie Lane. There are devotional songs, audio novellas, faux supergroups and concept pieces about fallen idols and urban decay. “Solo records allowed me freedom from constraints,” he tells *Uncut*. “The notion that there’s a Who ‘sound’ or that I require Roger Daltrey’s voice to deliver my songs. A solo record sees me set off with a different brief, but I’m the same writer and man. So I don’t always deliver the changes some might expect.”



THE WHO THE WHO SELL OUT

TRACK, 1967

UK CHART POSITION: 13

The Who's third album and Townshend's first great concept piece, a

Pop Art pastiche of '60s pirate radio, complete with fake jingles and commercials. Mini-opera “Rael” and the spiritually leaning “I Can’t Reach You” are early signifiers of career-long themes.

This was a concept driven by expediency. The Who had been trying to break the USA and kept going back for short trips, so it meant our recording schedule was broken up. When the time came to put out a record, [*Who co-manager*] Chris Stamp and I sat down to talk through the songs and somehow we came up with the idea of doing commercials between tracks and selling the space to advertising agencies. I’d written a song for the American Cancer Society, and along with Ray Charles and Diana Ross, we’d done a commercial for Coca-Cola. So the notion was in our heads. Kit [*Lambert, Who co-manager*] took the brainstorm Chris and I had, and managed to get one side of the record to sound like a show by the then-defunct Radio London. “Jaguar” was the first commercial specially written to add to the other tracks and it inspired the more humorous ones cooked up by John Entwistle and Keith Moon, like “Heinz Baked Beans” and “Rotosound Strings”. “Our Love Was” and “I Can’t Reach You” was the first of my writing as a seeker, actually. I had the most spectacular girlfriend and I was pretty happy in love.



THE WHO WHO'S NEXT

TRACK, 1971

UK CHART POSITION: 1

Rescued from aborted sci-fi rock opera ‘Lifehouse’, *Who’s Next* found the

band on peak form. Ballads like “Behind Blue Eyes” and “The Song Is Over” balance the assault of “Bargain” and “Won’t Get Fooled Again” – the latter once voted the most reactionary song ever by US conservative bible, *National Review*.

‘Lifehouse’ still consumes me. It was all probably a little too art school at the time. Did I once say that the underlying message of ‘Lifehouse’ was that whatever happens, rock’n’roll will save us? If I said that, I was being simplistic. I understand my enemies, thus I can truly love and forgive them. But I’m not so stupid as to think because I understand them they will just go away. When did I know ‘Lifehouse’ wasn’t going to happen? When I realised Kit Lambert was doing smack. And he had control of the money. [*The New York sessions*] were not the peak of my drinking; that was after Keith’s death. So The Who weren’t at breaking point, Kit was. “Bargain” was about the deal between spiritual teacher and disciple, while “Won’t Get Fooled Again” was meant to be reactionary. I’m still rather hard on the people who feel they can use words to change the world. We need defence, action and guitarists. ‘Lifehouse’ had failed but produced a hit album. *Who’s Next* is a great record, but it’s a compromise. It could have been greater if people’s attention span was longer and if vinyl allowed more time.



PETE TOWNSHEND WHO CAME FIRST

TRACK, 1972

UK CHART POSITION: 30

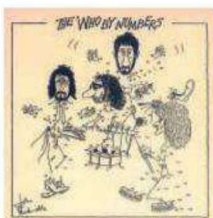
A highly personal mix of devotional songs,

dedicated to Townshend’s spiritual avatar, the Indian mystic Meher Baba. Demos “Pure And Easy” and “Let’s See Action” were salvaged from ‘Lifehouse’.

This album was forced on me by MCA. I’d produced and provided a few tracks for two devotional albums released by the British Meher Baba group, called *Happy Birthday* and *I Am*. They were heavily bootlegged and MCA persuaded me to take the best of my songs and put out a commercial album. They gave me an excellent royalty and paid it directly into my charity tax-free. Ronnie Lane was always trying to persuade me to do a solo album, because he liked my demos. He was a great supporter of mine. On the song “Evolution”, Ronnie, in his wonderful way, took a complex idea as explained by Meher Baba and made it amusing and clear. Did I stop using dope when following Meher Baba? Not straight away. A few months afterwards I learned that he regarded marijuana as a mind-altering drug, a hallucinogen like acid, and that for the sincere spiritual seeker it might bring one to the ‘path’. But once the spiritual work begins, it can be dangerous to go on using drugs. The album cover came about after a brainstorm with Roger [Daltrey]’s cousin, the art director and photographer Graham Hughes. I was suspended over real eggs in a full theatrical Peter Pan harness. I looked like a trussed chicken.



Above, Townshend in his Twickenham home studio, 1969, and left, in the '70s



THE WHO THE WHO BY NUMBERS

POLYDOR, 1975

UK CHART POSITION: 7

A raw and strangely graceful collection of songs. The references

to drink and self-loathing prompted *NME*'s Roy Carr to dub it "Pete Townshend's suicide note".

Dear old Roy, I never quite got that. It seemed so melodramatic. I still have trouble when a critic makes a statement like that. This was a truthful, cathartic record in some ways. But "Blue, Red And Grey" is hardly suicidal. I wrote about my own drinking, but people around me were using very hard drugs. I knew I wasn't the one who would die. *The Who By Numbers* is high on Roger's list of best ever Who records. He was a real editor on it. I delivered 35 demos and he chose the tracks we'd include. At that time we needed management. Chris and Kit had fled to New York. Bill Curbishley and Peter Rudge took over and then things began to settle. One of our problems was UK tax at 90 per cent. We became a machine working only to keep our roadies alive. They formed their own company and became more successful than we were – they had better tax breaks at that time.



PETE TOWNSHEND AND RONNIE LANE ROUGH MIX

POLYDOR, 1977

UK CHART POSITION: 44

With *The Who* on

hiatus, Townshend initially just intended to

"Who's Next is great, but it's a compromise. It could have been greater if people's attention span was longer"

PETE TOWNSHEND

produce this album for former Faces man Lane. Instead they made it a dual effort, dipping into folk, country and orchestras, aided by Eric Clapton, John Entwistle, Ian Stewart and Charlie Watts.

There was always great friendship between me and Ronnie. And this went further in that we liked exactly the same music. Ronnie had become disenchanted with his lot in The Faces, with Rod Stewart, and had left to go solo. He hit money trouble almost straight away, and needed my help to get a record deal. He was a great liberal. I have a good sense of humour, but I needed to learn how to be less serious about my work, yet remain focused. Ronnie was also one of the few musicians I enjoyed jamming with. When it came to do "Street In The City" I was keen to do some orchestral work with my father-in-law, Edwin Astley. He'd semi-retired from doing TV themes and I thought he was a genius. I grew up listening to George Gershwin and Cole Porter, as did so many other post-war kids. So it has to have had some influence. Edwin went on to orchestrate quite a few songs for me.



PETE TOWNSHEND EMPTY GLASS

ATCO, 1980

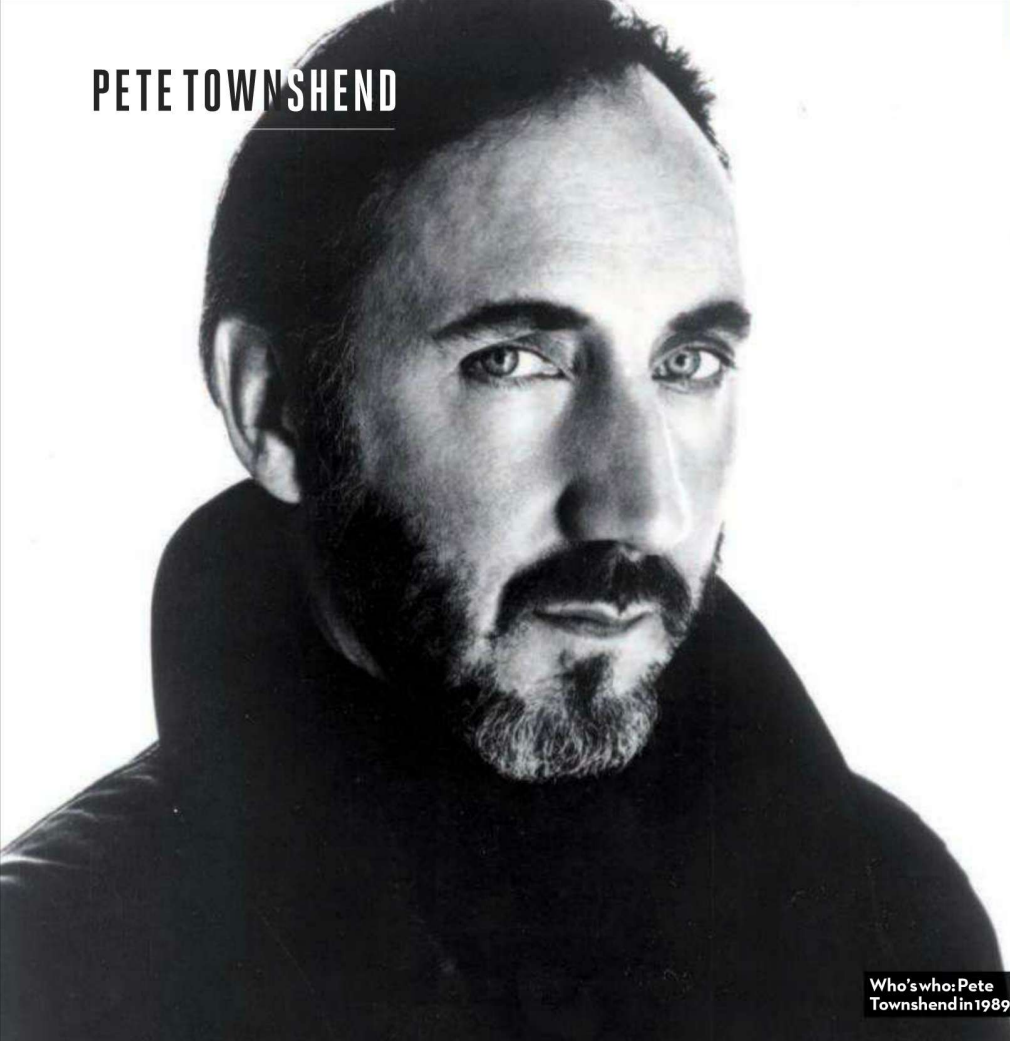
UK CHART POSITION: 11

Written at the same time as *The Who's Face Dances*, for his first

proper solo album, Townshend found himself in transition, caught between the familiar demands of *The Who* and the creative freedom offered by punk.

Empty Glass began with me striking a single guitar string and chanting. I was on a musical high around this time, but I was drinking a lot and my marriage was in difficulty 'cause I was doing Who work and solo work at the same time. With "Jools And Jim" I was angry with Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons for saying it was a good thing Keith Moon was dead in their book, *The Boy Looked At Johnny*. I realised in hindsight that I had problems, but at the time I enjoyed the chaos I was creating. Was I amused by the idea of "Rough Boys" as a 'coming out' song? I've never hidden my sexual liberalism and I may even have played along sometimes, to the extent that there's an irony in inviting a snotty punk in a leather jacket and a dog collar to kiss you because you've mistaken them for the Village People. But the first time I saw that kind of punk outfit was probably in the aggressive early gay clubs of New York. If I was in those clubs it would be with gay friends, usually with a girl in tow. I got knobbled a few times in gay situations and have never regretted it. I'm heterosexual but I've never really made a big deal out of it. I'm not Jack Nicholson. He won't even hug another man.

PETE TOWNSHEND



Who's who: Pete Townshend in 1989

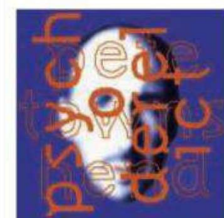


PETE TOWNSHEND WHITE CITY: A NOVEL

ATCO, 1985
UK CHART POSITION: 70

A story-suite set in inner city London during the '60s. David Gilmour co-wrote and played guitar on "White City Fighting", while Townshend starred in the album's accompanying hour-long video, *White City: The Music Movie*.

I'd started my social work, raising charity money, with drugs and alcohol abusers in 1973. But when Keith Moon went to visit Erin Pizzey's Refuge For Battered Women in Chiswick in 1974 it closed a circle for me. Suddenly I realised that it's not parents who fuck you up, but the domestic cycle and all its traditions, forced to evolve in a post-war climate of denial. I always wanted to write about it and felt it was time to make a music film as a solo project and direct it myself. In *White City Estate* I chose an area of London many of my friends had grown up in, like my colleague Billy Nicholls, and began to research. The story is about how a rock star meddling in a local charity nearly destroys an already failing violent marriage. I was trying to understand my roots. I felt that The Who had ended because we'd lost touch with our original Shepherd's Bush audience. We were making good tracks – like "Eminence Front" on *It's Hard* and "You Better You Bet" on *Face Dances* – but they were more to do with the decadence of the rock world than our old crowd.



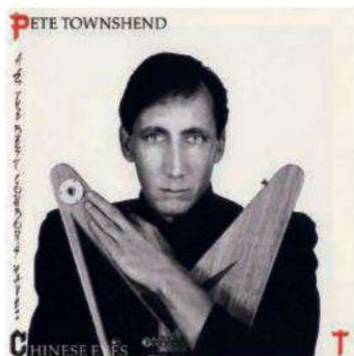
PETE TOWNSHEND PSYCHO- DERELICT

ATLANTIC, 1993
UK CHART POSITION:
DID NOT CHART

Typically ambitious rock opera, where retired '70s singer Ray High is coaxed into resurrecting 'Gridlife', his abandoned musical about a futuristic virtual reality world. It's not difficult to draw parallels with Townshend's own 'Lifehouse'. The album's theme continued into The Who's last studio LP, 2006's *Endless Wire*.

After my bicycle accident in 1991 [Townshend broke his wrist in a fall] I thought I'd never play again. In 1989-1990 I'd been working on a follow up to *Horse's Neck*, the short stories I wrote for Faber. My editor Robert McCrum urged me to do what I did with that collection and find a rock'n'roll voice the reader would feel was authentic. Ray High was my voice, the voice of my narrator. I began to see that many of the elements in the story would make great songs and decided to combine the book and the music. I didn't have any qualms about taking it to the live stage for my first solo tour. I had plenty of cash from the Broadway success of *Tommy*, and thus a lot of experience of doing music with theatrical storytelling. The show at Jones Beach [New York, August 1993] was one of the best I've ever done in my life. I see that everything I do is driven by the same mechanic: a desire to expiate childhood pain through music. I want this for myself and for my audience. ①

THE UNCUT CLASSIC



PETE TOWNSHEND ALL THE BEST COWBOYS HAVE CHINESE EYES

ATCO, 1982. UK CHART POSITION: 32

An intricate mix of synthesiser tones and angular rock, with lyrics hinting at some kind of spiritual rebirth, *All The Best Cowboys... is* Townshend's self-proclaimed "masterpiece". The conventional songs – "The Sea Refuses No River", "Somebody Saved Me" – are among his best, while "Stop Hurting People" and "Communication" show an experimental edge often denied him in The Who. It came wrapped in a visual aesthetic that had Townshend and band decked out in retro-futurist outfits.

The idea behind the visual look was that I wanted to create a fantasy group, the core of which would be two eccentric men and two women who could really play. I suppose it's a bit '80s in that respect. An inspired tailor and designer called Kenny McDonald made the suits, and Ike King did the hair and organised

all the make-up. The whole image was also advanced by the photographers Chalkie Davies and Carol Starr. I wanted to work with words purely for their sound. I wanted the album to have a unique sound. David Bowie had heard a lot of my demos and was very encouraging. He loved the William Burroughs 'cut-up' techniques and liked the fact I was using words for words' sake.

This LP is close to a masterpiece by my own terms. Yes, some critics accused me of being self-indulgent. This is the moment you realise you've become a genius when a mere critic calls you self-indulgent or pretentious. The fact that critics found it self-indulgent made me realise that they couldn't believe I could write a song about anyone but myself. Many of my harshest critics are wonderful writers themselves, but many of them really do think they can read the inside from looking at the outside. The difference between an artist and a journalist is that an artist deals in truth, whereas journalists deal in facts and opinions.

If my process appears indulgent it might simply be because I take the most embarrassing risks. Did I pour my energy into this to the detriment of The Who's *It's Hard*? I think I took on too much, but the end of The Who was already on the cards. Roger was unhappy with Kenny Jones on drums, who I adored. And we were also really damaged by the tragedy at Cincinnati [where 11 fans had been crushed to death during a stampede at a Who show at the Riverfront Coliseum in December 1979]. *It's Hard* is a sad album, really. It would have been so much better had I been given more time to recover from drug rehab.

Sandy Denny (lyrics)
& Thea Gilmore (music)
DON'T STOP SINGING

THE NEW ALBUM – ALL NEW MATERIAL
CD / DOWNLOAD
OUT NOW

"Ravishingly lovely songs"
Word

"The songs Sandy Denny never sang"
Radio 4

Available at
amazon.co.uk



fresh produce

**suck it and see: buy your cds,
dvs & books from fopp
– if they suck we'll give you
a swap or your lolly***

bristol college green // cambridge sidney st //
edinburgh rose st // glasgow union st & byres rd //
london covent garden & gower st //
manchester brown st // nottingham queen st



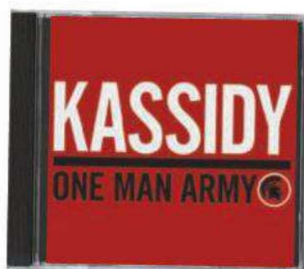
m. ward
a wasteland companion
released 09/04/12 **£10**



graham coxon
a+e
released 02/04/12 **£10**



michael kiwanuka
home again **£10**



kassidy
one man army
released 30/04/12 **£10**



the futureheads
rant
released 02/04/12 **£10**



orbital
wonky
released 02/04/12 **£10**

*This offer applies to all cds, dvs and books instore and is only available on production of a valid receipt dated no more than four weeks from the time of your original purchase. Goods must be in the condition as sold, both the sleeve/case, disc or spine/pages. We reserve the right to refuse this offer. This offer in no way affects your statutory right. Titles subject to availability, while stocks last. Individual titles which appear elsewhere in the store, outside of this campaign, may be priced differently.

twitter.com/foppofficial mags.net

BRING THE NOISE!

Twenty-five years ago, PUBLIC ENEMY first arrived in Britain as part of the Def Jam package tour. Their radical agenda was simple enough: "It was a reversal of what happened in America in 1964 with The Beatles," Chuck D tells us. "Culturally, it was an invasion."

Story: Graeme Thomson
Photo: David Corio

NME article on the
London post-ig
trouble, Nov 14, '87



LONDON, ENGLAND," booms the man in the paramilitary fatigues and red beret from the stage of the Hammersmith Odeon. "Consider yourselves warned!" Outside in the chill November air, several hundred ticketless kids have spent the day

loitering with vaguely malevolent intent. Police are patrolling nervously, many on horseback, some huddled in riot vans furtively parked in side streets. Meanwhile, the mood inside the venue is verging on hysteria. For this, the

opening night of Def Jam's 1987 UK tour, the lineup features Eric B & Rakim and headliner LL Cool J, hip-hop's biggest solo star, who will later climb from a boom-box and perform on a mocked-up basketball court. But first, there's the tour's opening act,



Public Enemy in
London's Hyde Park,
November 2, 1987:
Chuck D and Flavor Flav
keep time in the centre,
surrounded by the SiW

Public Enemy, who will ambitiously attempt to reclaim black music's radical agenda during an exhilarating 30-minute set. "We called it the London Invasion," says Public Enemy's leader Chuck D today. "I said, 'We're going into this UK tour like we're going to war.' We viewed Britain as our piece of meat and we went in like hungry dogs. We saw it as a reversal of what happened in America in 1964 with The Beatles. Culturally, it was an invasion."

It certainly resembled one. To the scream of air-raid sirens, two more paramilitaries clutching Uzi sub-machine guns lockstep across the stage. Professor Griff, the man in the red beret, promises that "this time around, the revolution will not be televised" before Public Enemy's opening address to the UK, "Too Much Posse", kicks in with a firestorm of beats, samples and raps. It's easy to see why some people have started calling them the greatest rock'n'roll band in the world: the sound is honed, powerful and direct. Behind a pair of decks stands the imposing figure of Terminator X, looking like a refugee from Noriega's army, while out front are Chuck D and bendy-limbed Flavor Flav, the rap prophet and his court jester leading this six-man army into battle.

The impact spread far and wide. "I saw hip-hop culture as the new mainstream," explains Def Jam founder, Russell Simmons. "We don't change for you. You adapt to us."



THE DEF JAM tour arrived in the UK in November after having already filled arenas across America. It was not the first hip-hop tour in the UK that year to attract attention. Six months earlier, the Beastie Boys/Run DMC Raising Hell tour had cheerfully baited MPs and the tabloid press with their cartoon shock tactics (see panel on page 44). Simmons' Rush organisation managed both bands, although DMC, like Eric B & Rakim, weren't signed to Def Jam, the label which had emerged from Rick Rubin's NYU dorm room in 1984 "fully formed: popular, successful and critically esteemed", according to Bill Adler, their former head of publicity. But because Simmons was also Rubin's partner in Def Jam, the connections were close.

Each of the three acts on the Def Jam tour staked out different territory. LL Cool J, a tough teen from Queens, had gone stellar with his party track "Rock The Bells" and two gold albums. Eric B & Rakim's 1987 debut *Paid In Full*, meanwhile, was cool, funky and verbally dextrous. Both were class acts, but only Public Enemy harboured ambitions to change the world. Earlier that year, Public Enemy had released *Yo! Bum Rush The Show*, a ferociously eloquent hip-hop reboot of the uncompromising vision of The Last Poets, James Brown, Malcolm X, Gil Scott-Heron and The Nation Of Islam. Though hugely confrontational –

EYEWITNESS

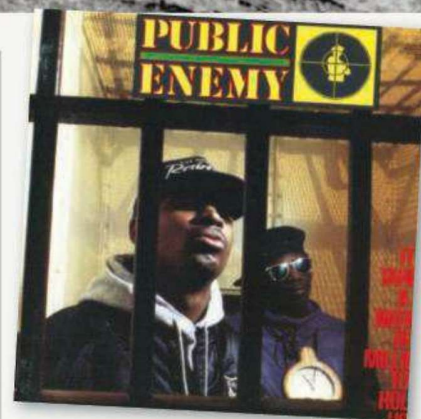
"THERE WAS NOTHING BETTER THAN PUBLIC ENEMY..."

Dave Pearce explains why an English DJ is the first voice we hear on the greatest ever rap album



"I was one of the first English guys Chuck knew who was in a position to get his music out. I arranged to film the

Hammersmith concert and also record it for my radio show. When Chuck came back to London a couple of months later he rang me. That's when I gave him a cassette of the concert. He was like, 'Oh, you recorded it?' Then a few months later I find out he stuck the tape at the



front of the album, on 'Countdown To Armageddon'! The audio encapsulates the vibe, you can still feel it through the record. It also shows how influential that tour was for them. London and New York were the music capitals of the world. London was always a tastemaker city, we would analyse it all and endorse the good stuff, and there was nothing better than Public Enemy."

HOW TO BUY

DO BELIEVE THE HYPE!

10 classic Public Enemy tracks...

➤ **BRING THE NOISE** (1987)

Thrilling, Malcolm X-sampling boast, warning, manifesto and putdown. Later re-recorded with Anthrax.

➤ **REBEL WITHOUT A PAUSE** (1987)

Breakthrough US single. The cut-up rhythm is The Bomb Squad production team on their A-game.

➤ **DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE** (1988)

A scratchy James Brown groove backs Chuck D's ferocious response to "false media".

➤ **BLACK STEEL IN THE HOUR OF CHAOS** (1988)

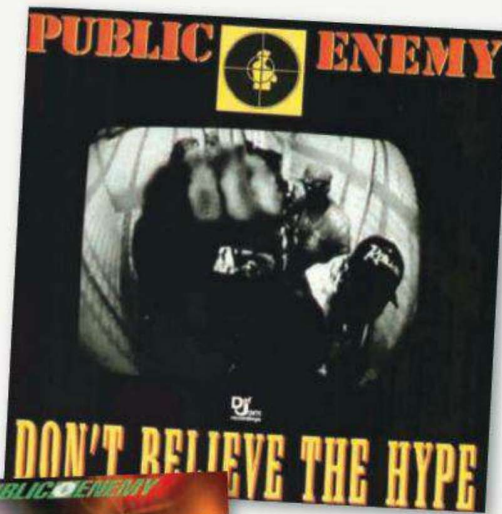
The heavy tale of a draft-dodger in prison. The piano is sampled from Isaac Hayes. Covered by Tricky.

➤ **LOUDER THAN A BOMB** (1988)

This tirade against a country that treats Chuck D "like a stepchild" has the tick-tocking tension of a fuse burning down.

➤ **FIGHT THE POWER** (1989)

A truly kinetic protest song, railing



against racism and white icons: "Elvis was a hero to most/But he never meant shit to me".

➤ **911 IS A JOKE** (1990)

Flav's funky dissing of sluggish emergency responses in black districts. Avoid the Duran Duran version.

➤ **WELCOME TO THE TERRORDOME** (1990)

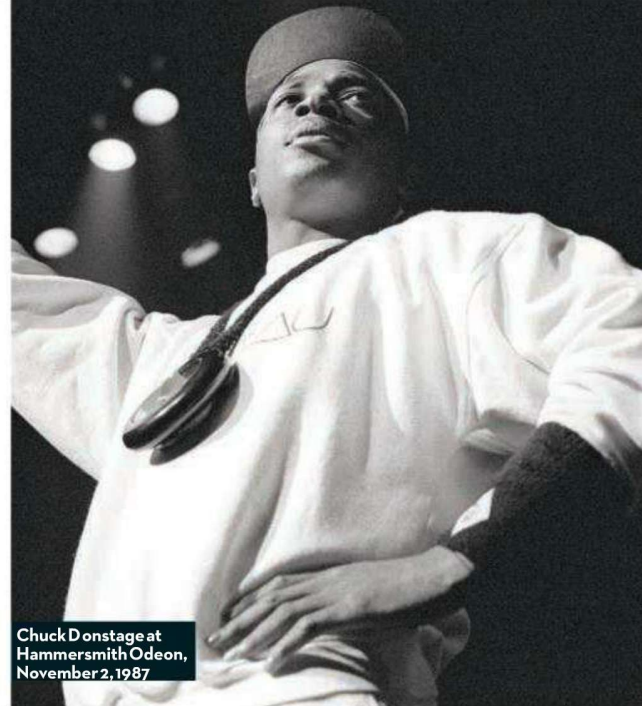
Perfect marriage of music and message, with its relentless groove and troubling siren.

➤ **BY THE TIME I GET TO ARIZONA** (1991)

Fuming at Arizona's refusal to observe MLK Day as a holiday, PE jet in on a funk-rock "mission".

➤ **HE GOT GAME** (1998)

Sampling the riff from Buffalo Springfield's "For What It's Worth", Chuck and Flav combine in slow, soulful uplift. Stephen Stills guests.



Chuck Donstage at Hammersmith Odeon, November 2, 1987

➤ "they were mad at fucking everybody", says Adler – they preached unity and "the preservation of the young black mind". But "it wasn't contrived", insists Chuck D. "We felt that there was a large vacancy in the cultural understanding of our race." Adds Adler: "They generated such tremendous hopefulness, they really were like hip-hop's version of Bob Marley and Bob Dylan."

Modest sales dictated that they were bottom of the Def Jam bill, yet they were the group everyone was talking about. English DJ Dave Pearce was recording the concert for his BBC Radio London show and also filming it for BBC TV's dance programme *Behind The Beat*. He introduced the band. "Onstage just before the gig you could feel this weird energy and anticipation," he remembers. "It was hairs-on-the-back-of-the-neck stuff, this intense buzz. The curtain went up and there was this wall of sound from the audience. They were almost up in the air, it hit you in the gut. Everyone backstage was like, 'Oh my God, this is just mental.'"

PE's first live experience had been supporting Beastie Boys on the License To Ill American tour nine months previously. They'd studied the Beasties up close, but "they were rock'n'roll lovers," adds Adler. "They definitely drew from that." By November 1987 their act was bustling with energy and incident. Professor Griff and his two side-kicks from SiW, the Security Of The First World, were pure theatre. Terminator X brought the beats, Chuck D was the ideological conduit, and Flavor Flav provided the clowning: dancing on a speaker stack, spouting a stream of verbiage, an over-sized clock swinging from his neck.

They had done their homework. There were digs at Thatcher, the Queen and some "racists on the Northern side of England trying to stop this concert right now". Despite some platitudinous interactions – "say yeah, say yo", "all the ladies in the house" – the music was unyielding. They hit first with the rhythm, then the message. Alongside "Miuzi Weighs A Ton", "Timebomb" and "Public Enemy #1" they played "Rebel Without A Pause" and "Bring The Noise", two tracks not on their album.

Signing off with the words, "You must know that the government is directly responsible", some of the nuance was lost in translation. After the show, a section of a crowd containing "all the hard nuts of London" steamed tube trains, stealing jewellery, fighting on platforms, venting the rage that the music had spotlighted. Normski, the DJ and Def2 TV presenter who was then 19, witnessed the chaos at first hand: "There was so much adrenalin, people just ran through trains going crazy: 'Gimme your stuff, gimme your money, gimme fucking anything.' The message of the show was: This is your life, take what you want. It was really quite heavy. They injected us with power. Street power."



Public Enemy: a perfect marriage of music and message



Trouble flared after each of the three Hammersmith dates. By the final show on Tuesday, November 3, 60 offences had been reported to the police with 16 arrests made for offences ranging from robbery to assault. A news story in the *NME* from November 14 claimed four police officers had been injured and one had ammonia thrown in his face. London's *Evening Standard* reported that a spokesman for Hammersmith police had called for a ban on rap concerts, which the police later downplayed as a misquote.

Playing directly after Public Enemy, Rakim's over-riding recollection was "the energy of the crowd. They had tambourines, whistles. That put a whole new spin on it. Everybody made as much noise as possible." Their performance went well but carried a muted sense of occasion. LL Cool J was a different proposition. After all, he was a major international star. His ballad "I Need Love" had just peaked in the UK Top 10 but when he sang it at Hammersmith, hard on the heels of Public Enemy's tumultuous beats, he

was booed. "It's a shame, but that did overshadow his performance," says Pearce. "I actually felt really sorry for him, getting blown apart by his support."

Adler insists that there "was a wonderful sense of camaraderie that unified all the Rush/Def Jam acts," yet concedes that "there was certainly intramural competition. Competitiveness is built into the fabric of hip-hop. They all say that they're the best, but they had to go out and prove it every fucking night. It got pretty intense." Did Public Enemy intentionally set out to steal the show? "It was very intentional!" says Chuck D. "LL Cool J was the crown prince

*"It was the
opposite of
the Beasties.
We were
deeply black
revolutionary
nationalists"*

CHUCK D

GEORGE MICHAEL! TOM WAITS! T'PAU!

What else was going on in UK music in November 1987?

► While Public Enemy played Hammersmith on November 1, Bryan Adams was at Queen's Hall, Leeds

► Annie Lennox was on an *NME* cover

► George Michael's *Faith* album reached No 1 on November 14

► The Top 10 racks boasted a 'best of' by Paul McCartney, and The Sisters Of Mercy's *Floodland*

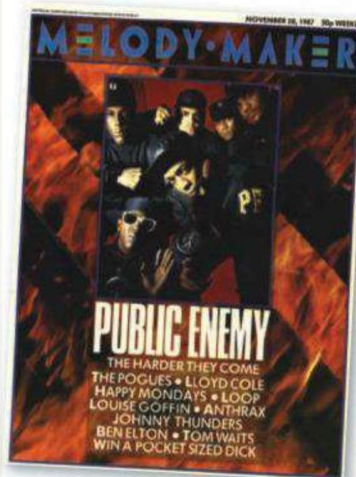
► The Bee Gee's No 1, "You Win Again", was topped on November 15 by T'Pau's "China In Your Hand"

► Tom Waits played Edinburgh on November 13

► And it was all overshadowed by the fact that The Smiths were barely in the grave and already Johnny Marr was playing dates with The Pretenders...

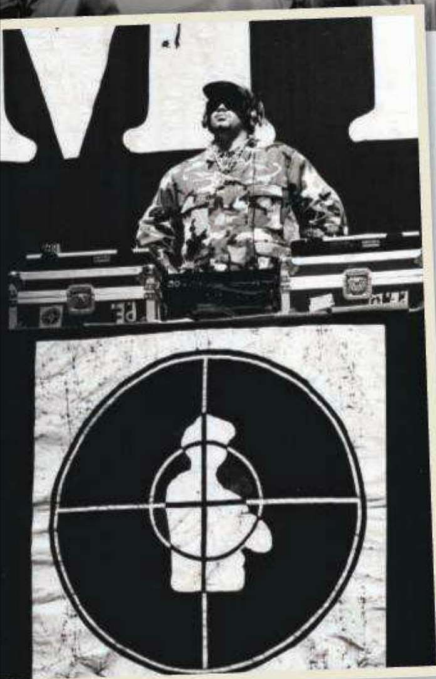
and we really, really, seriously wanted to go on first. That was all we were offered, but we knew it could be no other way. We wanted to come out firing and get the crowd firing, too. There was a lot of hype on the whole tour. We were really happy that we matched the hype."

After three consecutive sold-out dates at Hammersmith Odeon, the Def Jam tour crossed Europe and played further UK shows in Manchester and Glasgow, Nottingham and Brighton. An extra date was added at Brixton Academy on November 28. Public Enemy remained bottom of the bill but continued to gather most of the coverage. Before the tour ended



they were on the cover of *Melody Maker*. Such rapid validation was, says Adler, "very helpful in explaining to folks what the significance of the group was".

It also helped challenge stereotypes. Unlike most other rappers, Public Enemy embraced the world beyond their own doorstep. They spoke about Thatcher and apartheid. They played Berlin and were aware that "young people listening on the radio can't come to our concert because of the Wall". While LL Cool J and Eric B & Rakim reeled from culture shock, Flav and Chuck were relaxed and friendly, recruiting hard in record shops, in the street, at their own gigs. "We were outside the venues beforehand, then we'd come offstage and go right into the audience," says Chuck D. "They'd be shocked that we'd be there, shaking hands, bugging around. We wanted to talk to people."



As far as Public Enemy were concerned, the Def Jam tour was taking on all the qualities of a crusade. In snowbound Scandinavia they were forced to sleep on the tour bus while LL Cool J bagged the hotel. "We didn't care, we were happy to take it out onstage," says Chuck D. "Not to be anti the other artists, but we wanted to be a problem for everybody." Those other artists were miserable. Eric B & Rakim finally bailed. According to Chuck D, "LL also threatened to go back. It was winter, it was rough terrain. He wasn't comfortable being outside the US. It was a culture shock for him. I remember giving LL a pep talk, because I knew if he went back we'd have to go, too! We embraced it all, we thought it was fucking fantastic."

THE AFTERSHOCKS OF the Def Jam tour were felt not just by British rappers and music fans; they helped shape the wider landscape, too. As Simmons suggests, it brought street culture closer to its current home in the mainstream. "A whole generation had their

hip-hop cherry popped on that tour," says Normski.

An almost instant commercial phenomenon, what rap lacked in the early days was an act with a weighty vision that could be sustained over an album and beyond. But Public Enemy "were bringing up Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, people we didn't really know anything about," says Normski. "Throughout the first 12 years of my life I heard nothing about my roots. They said all the things we were thinking that we didn't know how to express."

If the Def Jam tour was significant in making black kids examine their own roots and demand more from their future, it was also, says Pearce, "a whole education" for a generation of young white people. "It was totally penetrating to both," says Chuck D. "It was the opposite of the Beastie Boys coming to England. They were the total cultural flip-flop: white kids acting crazy. Now here come deeply black revolutionary nationalists. What the fuck? You had second generation black kids with parents from the Caribbean and Africa. We were reflecting their own identity, but it was shocking to them initially. And white kids related to the energy and the spirit, the sense of things changing."

Yet it was a two-way exchange. According to Rakim, "the way Britain accepted and respected what we were doing was very important. It gave us all a new sense of what hip-hop could be." The fact that Public Enemy's second album, *It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back*, begins with "Countdown To Armageddon", a recording of the still-thrilling opening of that first Hammersmith show, speaks volumes about how acceptance in the UK informed the band's sense of self and the wider possibilities of their music.

LL Cool J didn't return to Britain for many years; Eric B & Rakim soon split. But Public Enemy came back in 1988, and have returned regularly ever since. "The tour was a step up for us," says Chuck D. "And for hip-hop, because we were waving that flag, too. It wasn't really about supremacy of colour, it was supremacy of culture." ¹¹

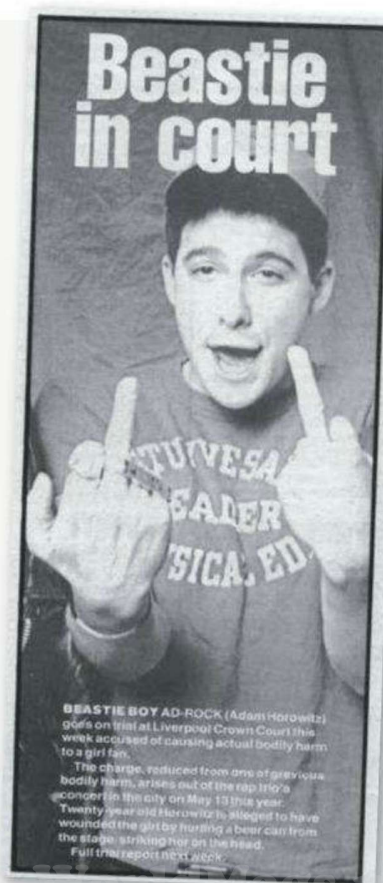
Bill Adler's book, *Def Jam Recordings: The First 25 Years Of The Last Great Record Label*, is available from Rizzoli International Publications

RUN DMC AND BEASTIE BOYS RAISE HELL

Before the Def Jam tour came this infamous export trip...

THE RAISING HELL tour, featuring two of rap's biggest bands, had already attracted controversy in America following a riot between rival gangs at a concert in Long Beach. It caused even more trouble when it arrived in Britain in May 1987. First, Beastie Adam Yauch punched DMC's Jam Master Jay, then Mike D's penchant for wearing a Volkswagen sign around his neck sparked a frenzy of copycat thefts. "It started almost as soon as their first concert was over," said a VW spokeswoman at the time, who estimated that up to 250 customers a day were asking for replacement badges.

The live show featured female audience members dancing in cages and a giant motorised penis, ensuring the Beasties briefly became the most notorious band in the country. After being refused an autograph, one fan told the *Daily Mirror* they had taunted terminally ill leukaemia patients, leading to frontpage headline: "Pop Idols Sneer At Dying Kids". Radio stations urged



a boycott of their music and Def Jam received death threats. "It's an obvious lie," said Adam Horowitz. "Someone's out to get us."

So it seemed. As soon as they appeared onstage for the final concert at Liverpool's Royal Court Theatre on May 30, the crowd began throwing bottles at them. At first they slugged the objects back into the audience with baseball bats, but after 10 minutes they retreated from the barrage to chants of "we tamed the Beasties". On returning to their hotel they found Liverpool police waiting to arrest Horowitz on assault charges, filed by a woman who claimed he had hit her on the head with a beer can. He spent the weekend in jail and appeared in court - accompanied by his playwright father, Israel - on June 1, 1987. Released on £10,000 bail, he discovered that his bandmates had already returned to America. "We weren't being disloyal, but there was nothing we could do for him," shrugged Mike D.

Horowitz escaped further censure. Five fans were charged with public-order offences and released on bail, while four others were treated in hospital for head and facial injuries. All in the honourable tradition of rock'n'roll mischief-making, says Def Jam publicist Bill Adler: "That tour was great for anybody who cared about popular music. It re-energised everything."

LIGHTSHIPS

Electric Cables

Lightships is the new project from
Teenage Fanclub's Gerard Love

LP | CD | DL | 02.04.12

GEOGRAPHIC 

lightships.tumblr.com dominorecordco.com

IT'S MORE THAN JUST A MUSIC FESTIVAL

Festival REPUBLIC PROUDLY PRESENTS

LATITUDE

2012

THURSDAY 12th JULY - SUNDAY 15th JULY
HENHAM PARK, SOUTHWOLD, SUNRISE COAST, SUFFOLK

Bon Iver
— elbow —

PAUL WELLER

METRONOMY LAURA MAR-LING PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
JANELLE MONAË RICHARD HAWLEY BAT FOR LASHES

THE WORD ARENA

WHITE LIES THE HORRORS Wild Beasts

ALSO APPEARING ACROSS ALL MUSIC ARENAS

AMADOU & MARIAM • ORQUESTA BUENA VISTA SOCIAL CLUB
DEXYS • EDWARD SHARPE AND THE MAGNETIC ZEROS
EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY • M83 • MICHAEL KIWANUKA
SBTRKT • SIMPLE MINDS • YEASAYER
ALABAMA SHAKES • THE ANTLERS • APPARAT • BATTLE • BAXTER DURY
BWANI JUNCTION • CHAIRLIFT • COLD SPECKS • DARYL HALL • DAUGHTER
DAWES • DESTROYER • DJANGO DJANGO • ESPERANZA SPALDING
FATOUMATA DIAWARA • THE FIELD • FIRST AID KIT
FRANCOIS & THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS • GIVERS • HOWLER • I BREAK HORSES
ICEAGE • JONATHAN WILSON • JOSH T PEARSON • KINDNESS • KURT VILE
LIANNE LA HAVAS • LIZ GREEN • LLOYD COLE • OTHER LIVES
PERFUME GENIUS • SHARON VAN ETEN • SILVER SEAS
SISSY & THE BLISTERS • SOKO • ST. VINCENT • SUNLESS '97 • TEAM ME
THOMAS DOLBY • TUNE-YARDS • THE WAR ON DRUGS • WE ARE AUGUSTINES
WE HAVE BAND • WOODEN SHIPS • ZOLA JESUS • ZUN ZUN EGUI
PLUS MANY MORE ACTS TO BE ANNOUNCED...

PLUS SPECIAL GUEST LANG LANG

THE COMEDY ARENA

JACK DEE • TIM MINCHIN • REGINALD D HUNTER • RICH HALL
THE INFINITE MONKEY CAGE FEAT. BRIAN COX, ROBIN INCE & AL MURRAY
LEE NELSON • RUSSELL KANE • ANDREW MAXWELL • GREG DAVIES •
MARK WATSON • SHAPPI KHORSANDI • JOSIE LONG
PHIL NICHOL • CHARLIE BAKER • CARL DONNELLY • TOM DEACON
JIMMY MCGHIE • NICK HELM • KERRY GODLIMAN • KATHERINE RYAN • ELIS JAMES
JAMES ACASTER • MARK OLIVER • DOC BROWN

THE POETRY ARENA

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH • TONY HARRISON • DON PATERSON
SCROOBIUS PIP • JOHN COOPER CLARKE • JOHN HEGLEY • TIM KEY
LUKE WRIGHT • BLAKE MORRISON

THE FILM AND MUSIC ARENA
in association with BAFTA

THE 8TH FEAT. PAUL HEATON, REG E CATHEY, SIMON ALDRED
& GARETH PAISEY • AN ENGLISH JOURNEY REIMAGINED FEAT. ALAN MOORE,
IAIN SINCLAIR, SUSAN STENGER, GRAHAM DOLPHIN & F.M. EINHEIT
THE LONDON COMMUNITY GOSPEL CHOIR • ADAM BUXTON: BUG
SANCHO PANZA • MARK LAMARR'S GOD'S JUKEBOX
PACITTI COMPANY • PEOPLE LIKE US

THE LITERARY ARENA

SIRI HUSTVEDT • JOHN PILGER • IAIN BANKS • PAUL MASON • TIM LOTT
SIMON ARMITAGE • ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM • MARK HADDON
DYLAN JONES • WORDTHEATRE • RICHARD MABEY
THE LATE EDITION WITH MARCUS BRIGSTOCKE & ANDRE VINCENT • RUSSELL KANE
NAT LUURTEMA • PAT NEVIN • RODGE GLASS • ALAN BISSETT
RICHARD MILWARD • MILES JUPP • MIKE SIMKINS • INSTIGATE DEBATE
THE HUMBLE QUEST FOR UNIVERSAL GENIUS
PLUS MANY MORE ACTS TO BE ANNOUNCED

FOR TICKETS AND INFORMATION

0871 231 0821 LATITUDEFESTIVAL.CO.UK
seetickets.com hmdickets.com

WORD STYLST     





CH-CH-CH-CH-CHANGES

Richard Thompson

As Fairport Convention celebrate their 45th anniversary, the legendary guitarist wonders where the time goes. "It's hard to play a G-flat seventh on a chainsaw!"



SAVILLE THEATRE, LONDON, 1967

RICHARD THOMPSON: Fairport Convention, before opening up for Pink Floyd or somebody. We'd found some props backstage by the looks of it, because I'm dressed as a choirboy. Other people, far more sensible, are hiding at the back. That was the first year that we were really professional, and trying to figure out what sort of band we were. We were eclectic. Roots-inspired, but stylistically all over the place – a jug-band number here, blues or country and western there. It was another year before we got a more solid direction.



TOP OF THE POPS, LONDON, 1969

Dave Swarbrick and Sandy Denny. Sandy was a great singer and writer. Her appearance in the band made us all sit up a bit straighter and pay attention. We were a bunch of spotty north London suburban intellectuals, and Sandy was a larger than life, hard-drinking, hard-smoking, hard-swearing figure – all positives! – that suddenly blew into our lives, and I suppose we became a bit more adult at that point. But all the time Sandy was in Fairport she had places that she liked to go, that Fairport never quite bought into. She kept a separate world operating.



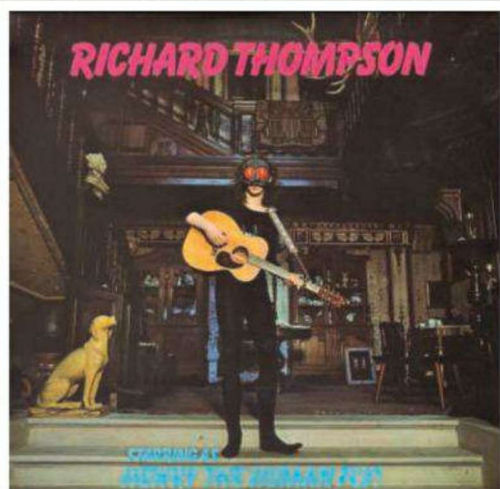
FARLEY HOUSE, HAMPSHIRE, 1969

This is us after our motorway accident [which killed Thompson's girlfriend Jeannie Franklyn and Fairport drummer Martin Lamble]. We rented this house in Hampshire to rehearse in, and started an album of traditional music played as a rock band, *Liege & Lief*. We were young to have that experience of loss. It was a slow healing process. We were suffering from shock and concussion. And sometimes we'd be making irrational decisions. But *Liege & Lief* was a good focus to pull us down the road.



A&M RECORDS, HOLLYWOOD, 1970

At the time of *Full House*, on one of Fairport's first US tours. It seemed a scary place, in the sense that you walked into a world of hippies vs suits, there was real antagonism. We were at Detroit Airport, having a cup of tea, and a couple of booths over we were hearing all this abuse – "Damn long-haired hippies, big girly, get your hair cut..." And we looked over, and it's Buck Owens & The Buckaroos. I was thinking, "Oh my God, he's my hero. I've got all his records!" [laughs]



PAMPISFORD HALL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, 1972

The *Henry The Human Fly* cover. I was a bit disappointed with the fly costume – I was hoping for something a bit more Hollywood! The cover's as eccentric as the rest of the record. I see it now as eccentric – at the time I just thought it was normal. I'm not sure I really thought things through at that point in my life. I was in a very interior world. I didn't see it as the launching of me as a solo artist. I just wanted to get the songs out, really.



THE OLD GREY WHISTLE TEST, LONDON, 1975

This is me as a precursor to Badly Drawn Boy, with Linda [Thompson]. I'm all wrapped up because I had raging flu, with a temperature of 103. I didn't really leave the music business after this, but I did run an antiques shop in London. I think I was too soft on the old ladies [laughs]. And I became a Muslim. Linda and I had a 10-year musical partnership, and it's hard work to be married to your musical partner, and we did pretty well. We were sometimes unfocused, sometimes unprepared for recording. But we had a young family, and it's hard to keep everything going.



USA, 1983

People don't realise how hard it is to play a G-flat seventh chord on a chainsaw. Better to play it when it's not running... Being in the '80s was better than the '70s. Being on Capitol, I enjoyed from time to time. If big labels were spending cash on your behalf, it was a good place to be. But they weren't able to find a box for me. *Rumor And Sigh* [1991] sold quarter of a million, but in those days you were a failure if you didn't sell half a million. So I still wasn't taken seriously.



ON TOUR WITH ROGER MCGUINN IN THE US, 1991

We had the same agent, so I did quite a few shows with Roger, and got to sing harmonies on those great old Byrds songs. I like The Byrds because I like folk music, and they were playing songs learned from people like Pete Seeger and The Weavers. If anyone taught Fairport how to go back to their roots, it was The Byrds. And that electric 12-string is such a cool sound. They were probably the most interesting band of the '60s for me.



RADIO 2 FOLK AWARDS, LONDON, 2006

Fairport. Playing with them now is like putting on a comfortable old pair of slippers. Does part of me want it to be less comfortable? Yes, sometimes. I feel like it's up to me to bring the stimulus with me. To not really challenge them, but to be energetic and relevant. This summer will be our 45th anniversary, which is deeply scary. We used to make jokes about groups like The Spinners. I suppose Fairport is now in that Establishment situation. But they're still a far more interesting band.



QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL, LONDON, 2008

Lots of Thompsons onstage, which is always good fun. So this is Teddy on the left, me, Linda, my grandson Zak, and [daughter] Kami. And there's a couple of people missing from this picture, like my son Jack, a bass-player. It's a battle with the Wainwright-McGarrigles who can produce the most musical offspring! I see Linda all the time. But I'm not often onstage with her. I'm over 60 now, and there's a sense of urgency. That you're not going on forever. So all those projects you've been promising yourself to do, you'd better get on with them.

Richard Thompson's *Live At Celtic Connections* DVD is out now

O MY SOUL!

Evil spirits. “Trotsky. Machiavelli. Sports. Astrology.” Sessions with The Cramps and Tav Falco. Periods without shoes. Dishwashing and tree-climbing. And a heroic last stand against Hurricane Katrina... The peculiar tale of ALEX CHILTON, and the idiosyncratic path he chose after the demise of Big Star

Story: David Cavanagh Photo: Alastair Indge

ALEX CHILTON

HIS LAST 5 YEARS...

► SEPTEMBER 2005

Reunited in 1993, Big Star finally release a new studio album, *In Space*, with 10 of the 12 songs co-written by Chilton. That same month he is evacuated from his New Orleans home a week after Hurricane Katrina.

► JULY 1, 2009

Chilton performs in Britain for the last time at an all-day festival in Hyde Park. That summer he records The Kinks' "Till The End Of The Day" with Ray Davies, which will be released on Davies' *See My Friends* eight months after Chilton's death.

► AUGUST 2009

Chilton marries for the second time, to Laura Kersting, a New Orleans musician and librarian.

► SEPTEMBER 15, 2009

4CD Big Star box *Keep An Eye On The Sky* is released.

► MARCH 17, 2010

Admitted to hospital complaining of chest pains, Chilton dies of a heart attack.



HE PLANE TOUCHED down in Memphis. Twenty-year-old Jon Tiven, a New York A&R man, walked towards the arrivals gate. He was looking forward to this: a chance to produce an album by his idol Alex Chilton, now a solo artist since the demise of Big Star.

What a band they'd been! Powerpop heaven! On the concourse, Tiven looked for Chilton but couldn't see him. The only people standing waiting were a bizarre couple with waxen-white faces and crewcuts, resembling fugitives from an unspeakable nightmare. The boy's arm was in a sling. Tiven peered closer. Then his blood ran cold.

"I was in complete shock," he says, remembering that day in 1975. "I thought Alex had sounded strange on the phone, but I didn't realise there'd been a major personality change." Tiven asked Chilton what was wrong with his arm. Chilton gestured to the girl and said, "I tried to punch her in the face, but I missed and hit the wall." Something about his matter-of-factness filled Tiven with dread. He'd met Alex before but never seen him like this. He knew the girl, too. Her name was Lesa Aldridge and she and Tiven had attended the same college in New York. She'd been wholesome and pretty, with long hair. He couldn't believe the sight of her now. "I'm not into séances or anything like that," Tiven says, "but it felt like there were evil spirits around."

That night, they began recording at Memphis' Ardent Studios. The session was insane. Chilton was doing Hitler impersonations and singing about how Jesus was "*gonna rot, rot, rot in the grave tonight*". There were girls, there were drugs, there was chaos. Tiven: "It was nothing like I'd expected. Alex was going for the dark side." When another shambolic song broke down, Tiven heard a trickling noise.

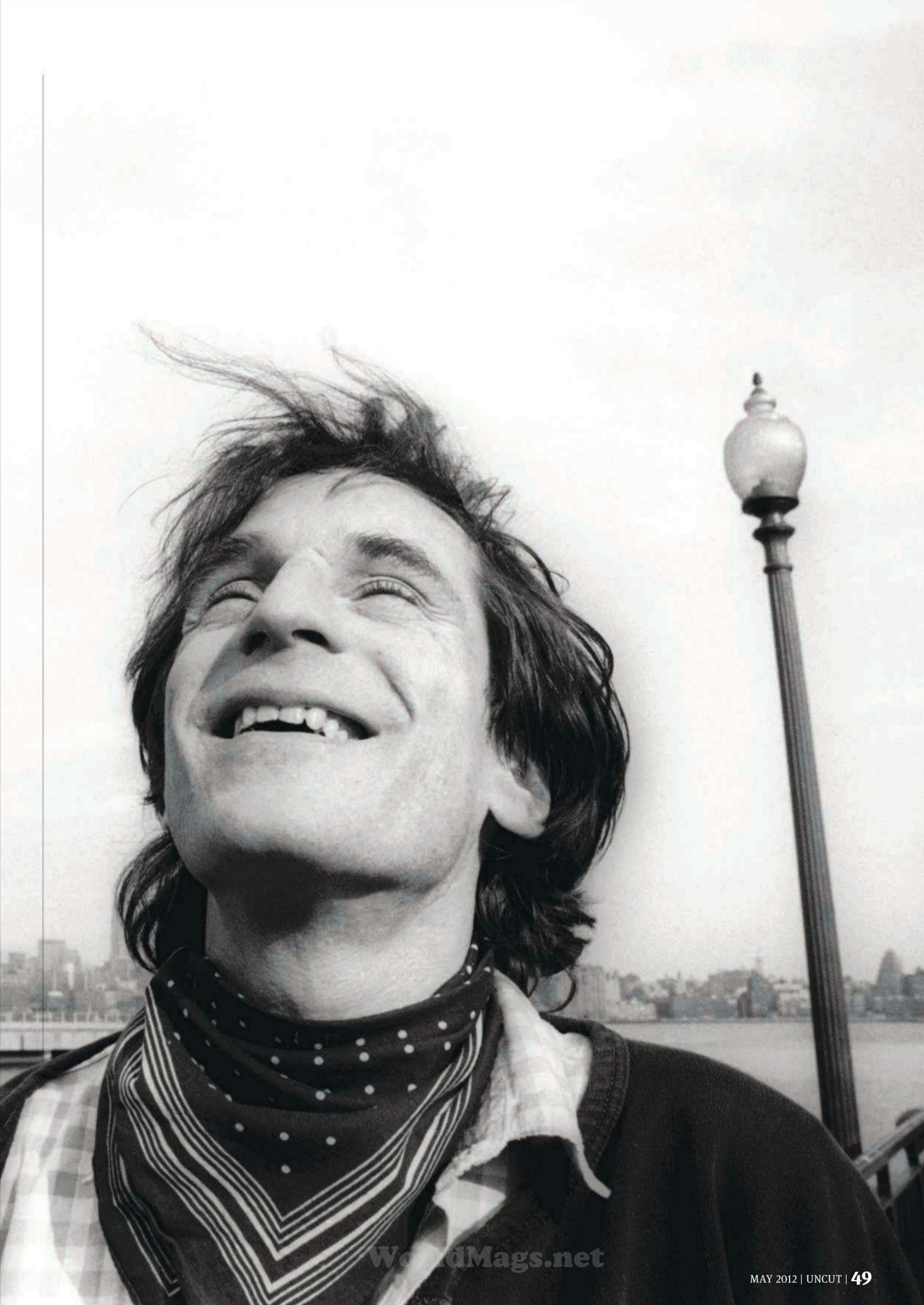
He went to investigate and found a member of Chilton's entourage urinating on the studio floor. Then came panic: a girl had gone missing. After a frantic search, they discovered her unconscious in the toilets. End of recording session. The last time Tiven saw Chilton, Chilton tried to stub a cigarette out in his face.

WHEN CHILTON DIED in March 2010, even some of the warmest tributes portrayed his career as a long slow act of kamikaze in which his early promise (at 16, he sang lead on The Box Tops' "The Letter", a 1967 No 1 hit) was followed by commercially unrewarded brilliance (Big Star) leading to periods of self-engineered disintegration and bloody-minded indifference. REM's Mike Mills is not the only Chilton fan to view his story as "a cautionary tale". Nor is he the only observer to surmise that Chilton, in his post-Big Star years, "didn't give a damn about much at all".

Friends of Chilton, however, paint a quite different picture. They describe a musician with constantly innovative ideas; a producer who was both spontaneous and perfectionist; and a cultured, oddly private man with wide-ranging fields of expertise from Wilhelm Reich to the landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted. Just as likely to treat an audience to "Volare" as "September Gurls", Chilton would amaze them in later years with note-perfect renditions of Handel and Bach on his guitar. Ken Stringfellow, who played bass in the Big Star lineup of the '90s, remarks: "If someone came up and told Alex they were a fan, he would often just walk away. But if that same person wanted to talk about municipal park design in the 19th Century, he probably would've got a two-hour conversation." "He had a lot of interests,"

ALASTAIR INDGE/PHOTOSHOT/GETTY IMAGES

Looking up: Chilton in Hoboken, New Jersey, 1992 - "turning experiments into miracles"



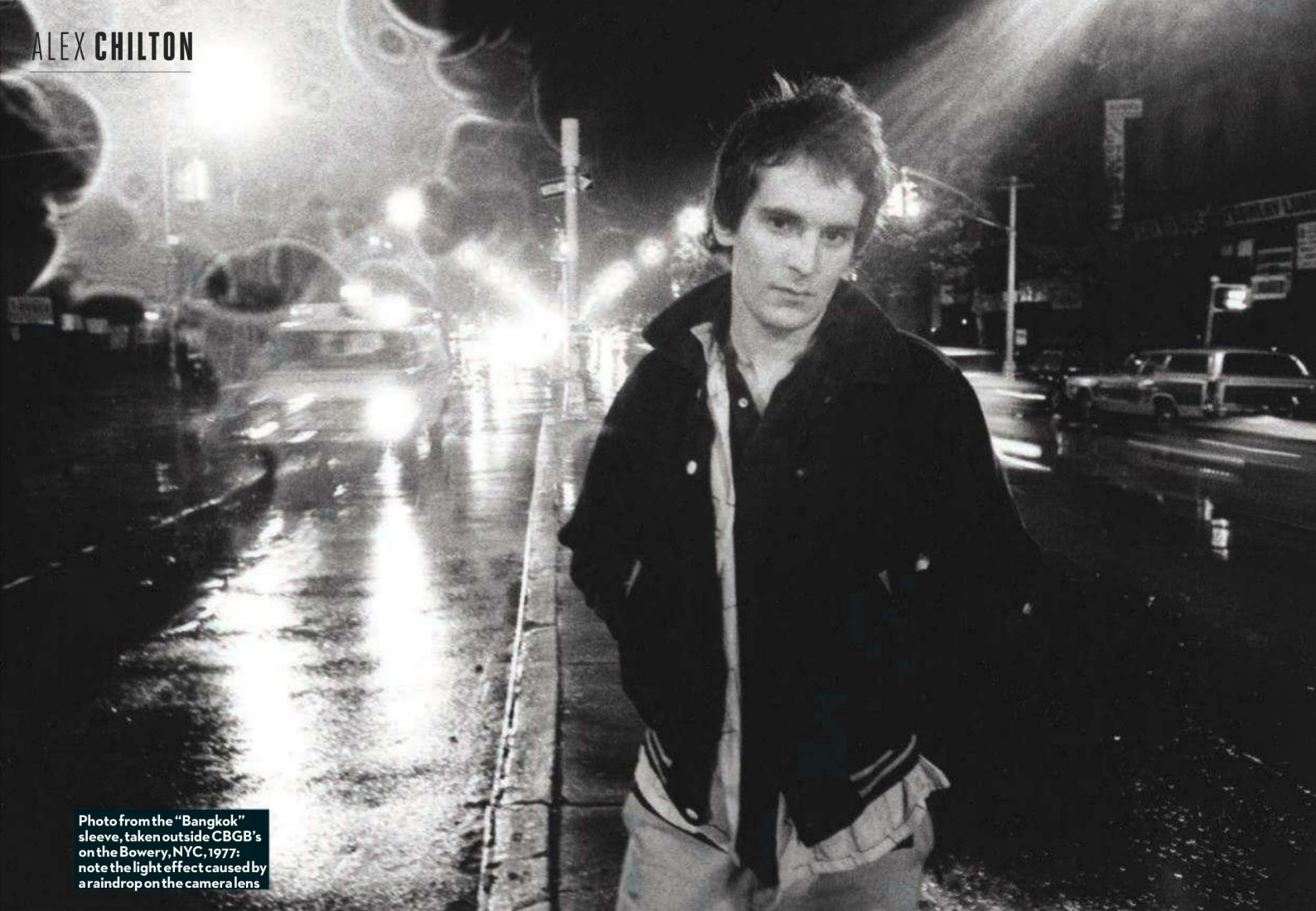


Photo from the "Bangkok" sleeve, taken outside CBGB's on the Bowery, NYC, 1977: note the light effect caused by a raindrop on the camera lens

→ says Doug Garrison, Chilton's drummer for 10 years. "Trotsky. Machiavelli. Sports. Astrology."

Astrology was an abiding passion, and it's ironic to think of his life, in all its crazy trajectory, being written in the stars. If he had a catchphrase, it was "When were you born?" – usually as a chat-up line to women, almost always successful. It was one of his first questions to Lesa Aldridge, a Presbyterian minister's daughter from Mississippi. The seven-year relationship between Alex and Lesa was frequently stormy. He produced and mentored her all-girl group, The Klitz, but he also allegedly wrote "Holocaust" about her, a devastating dissection of a fucked-up druggie spiralling downhill. Or perhaps he wrote it about himself. Ross Johnson, a Memphis drummer who knew the couple well, comments: "The romantic reality behind Big Star's *Sister Lovers* and Alex's *Like Flies On Sherbert* was often a deeply sad thing to witness. All I know is that Alex and Lesa really seemed to love each other as best they could despite numerous difficulties."

Aldridge is nowadays known by the name Elizabeth Hoehn and has understandably fuzzy memories of the mid-to-late '70s. She and Alex were introduced in a bar. After informing Lesa that her star sign (Gemini) meant she was a "lusty bitch", he took her to dancing classes to learn how to waltz. In Chinese astrology, she's a Gemini Goat and he was a Capricorn Tiger. "Apparently it's a terrible combination," she says. In 1980, she hugged Chilton one last time and left Memphis for Washington DC, later becoming a teacher. Today she thinks back to how young they were, and how he liked to watch James Dean movies. Was he a good boyfriend? "He had his moments," she laughs. "Yes, he was wonderful. I don't think I've ever known anything quite as fine as when he was being sweet and dear to me."

During one of their cooling-off periods, in 1977, Alex escaped to New York for a year. He became something

*"Rather than
a dark side,
Alex had an
injured side. His
self-esteem had
been hurt"*

TAV FALCO

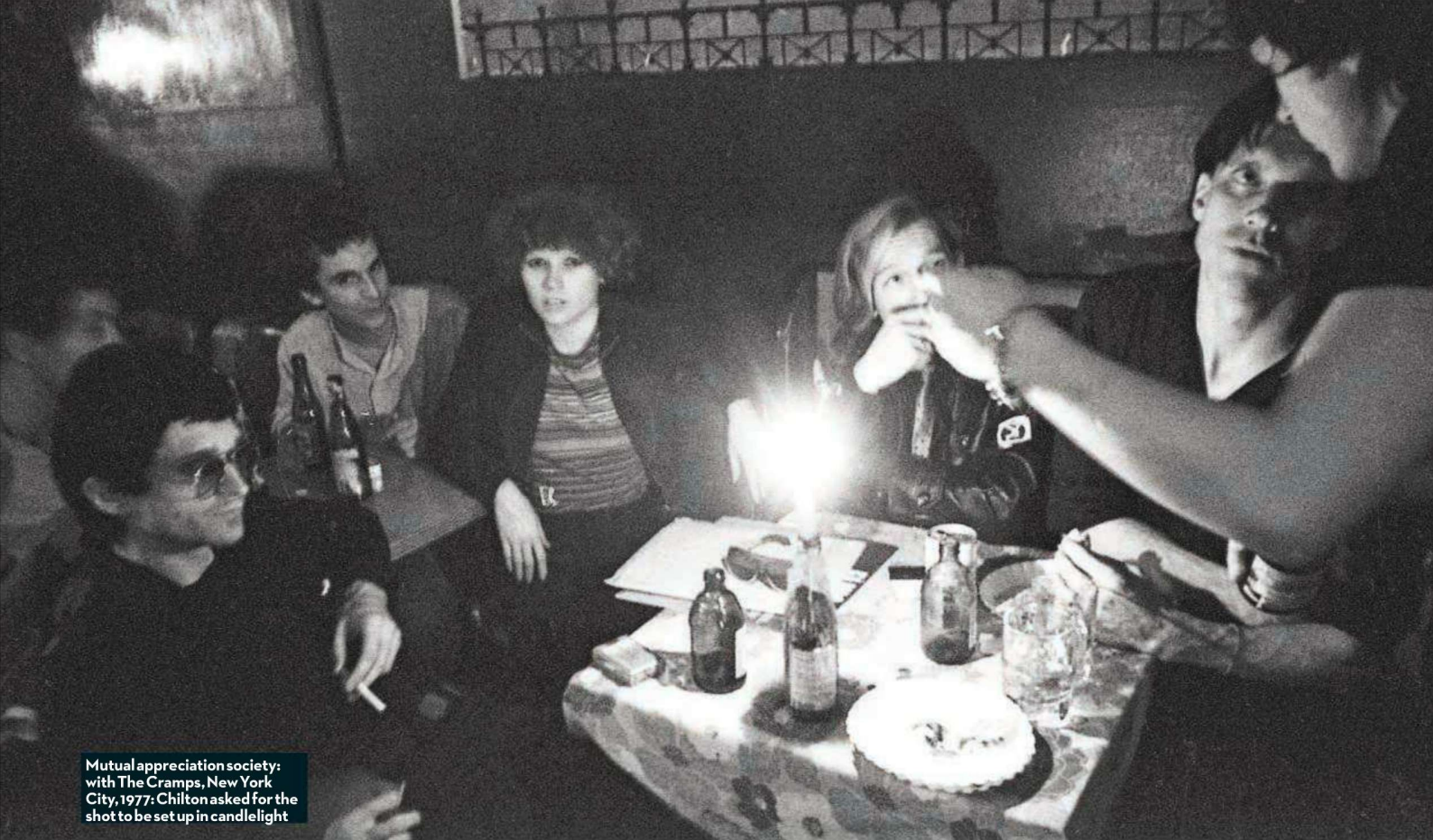


Chilton in
The Box
Tops, 1968

of a fixture at CBGBs where his raucous 45 "Bangkok" chimed with the energy of the punk scene. He formed a band (Alex Chilton & The Cossacks), playing everything from Big Star to Jerry Lee Lewis to "Delilah". He rented an apartment on 34th & Lexington until the money ran out, then crashed on photographer Stephanie Chernikowski's couch before finding a dreadful place near to Avenue B that Cossacks bassist Chris Stamey likens to "a war zone". Stamey: "He was very poor all this time. I remember a short time when I don't think he had shoes. Sometimes Karin Berg from Elektra would take us out to dinner. People would buy Alex drinks but not food, which wasn't a great situation."

Chilton didn't hang with Patti Smith or Blondie (and sneered at Television), but there was one band in New York that impressed him beyond measure. They were called The Cramps. Wild and primitive, with a purist's instinct for rock'n'roll, they recorded two singles with Chilton as producer, and then an album (*Songs The Lord Taught Us*) at Sam Phillips' studio in Memphis. Chilton's production style could be laidback, but it could also be confrontational. Failing to get a deranged enough vocal out of Lux Interior one day, Chilton said the magic words "You're sounding like Tom Verlaine" and an enraged Lux nailed the song on the next take. "What Alex was trying to do," says his longtime associate Richard Rosebrough, an engineer and drummer, "was create a psychologically interesting environment and capture it on tape. It was more of a mental thing with him. He had methods and they were well thought out."

Chilton's music tastes changed radically in those years. He began to regard Big Star's *#1 Record* and *Radio City* as "stupid, sophomoric and full of whiny love songs", as Ken Stringfellow puts it. *Like Flies On Sherbert* – which has been called the best and worst album that Chilton ever made – reunited him in 1978 with Jim Dickinson, the alchemical producer of *Third/Sister Lovers*. The result was



Mutual appreciation society: with The Cramps, New York City, 1977: Chilton asked for the shot to be set up in candlelight

a 29-minute LP that sounded like it had staggered into the road and was about to be run over by a truck. "That was one of the most uncontrolled albums I've ever participated in," laughs Rosebrough. "It was kind of an outlaw situation. Us against the powers that be. We decided to go wild."

Memphis music industry veteran David Less puts the album in context: "Memphis during those years was a desolate place. Stax had closed and Hi [Records] had gone. A lot of musicians either left or found other jobs. *Like Flies On Sherbert* was made in the depths of despair of the Memphis music business." But whereas critics accused it of being the work of a sloppy drunk, Chilton's meticulous post-production on state-of-the-art mixing equipment was, says his friend Tav Falco, able to "turn experiments into miracles". He knew what he was doing.

Chilton played guitar in Falco's avant-garde country-blues band, Panther Burns, who drew influences from The Cramps, RL Burnside, Lead Belly and Schoenberg. Falco claims credit for changing Chilton's aesthetic and giving the Memphis boy the blues education he'd never had. Falco: "He wasn't interested in blues 'til he met me. Afterwards he'd play songs like 'Shake Your Moneymaker' – you should hear him do that one. He didn't want to touch Big Star with a 90ft pole." In Panther Burns' ever-revolving circus, the depression-prone Chilton could hide upstage or take part in the fun as the mood took him. "I can still see him grinning onstage with Panther Burns," says David Less. "He was so far under the radar, but he was having fun."

THE 1980S WAS the decade when REM and The Replacements – by then figureheads of college rock – raved to the media about Chilton like a prophet or a mystic, turning him into the hippest name to drop. But it was also the decade when Chilton took a four-year sabbatical from music, sick of seeing unfinished projects (*Sister Lovers*, *Like Flies...*, *Bach's Bottom*) released without his consent. "Rather than dark, Alex had an injured side," Tav Falco reckons. "He'd come out with vitriolic diatribes because his self-esteem had been hurt."

Chilton paid a rare visit to England in 1980 to play two nights at Dingwalls. A band was put together featuring members of The Soft Boys and The Vibrators. "He was

EYEWITNESS!

"We were having some beers with Alex..."

REM's Mike Mills remembers his first encounter with Chilton

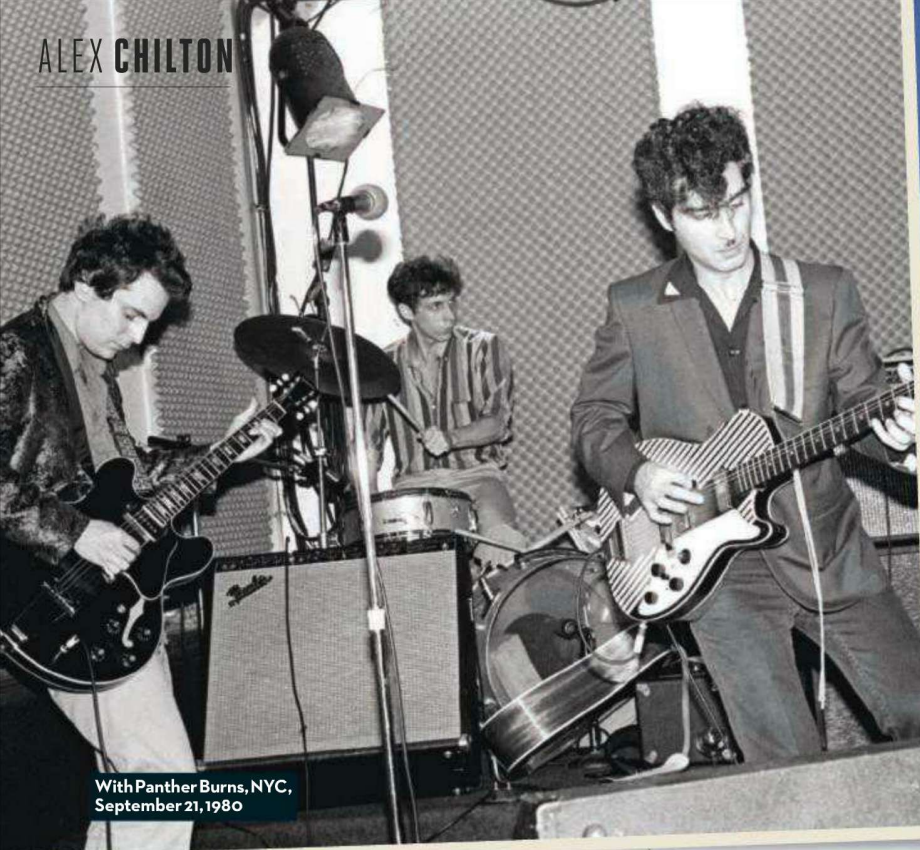
► "As a songwriter, I was so envious of the first two Big Star records. To me, those are as good a record as a band can make. I've listened to pretty much everything that Alex has done, with his varying degrees of success. He made music that he felt like making and

everyone else could go to hell. In that sense, it's quite enjoyable even if doesn't have that classic Big Star sheen. We ran into him over the years and got to know him a bit. He was really smart, very acerbic, very dry. He didn't suffer fools, that's for sure. Back in [1982] we were playing a place called Tupelo's Tavern in New Orleans, where he was working. He came backstage and Peter [Buck] and I were thrilled to see him. Back then, our rider consisted of one case of Budweiser. So we were having some beers with Alex, and then it was time for us to go onstage, and we said, 'Look Alex, hang out, have a beer, we'll see you after the show.' We finished the show, came backstage, and there was no beer and no Alex. So that was our introduction to the man."

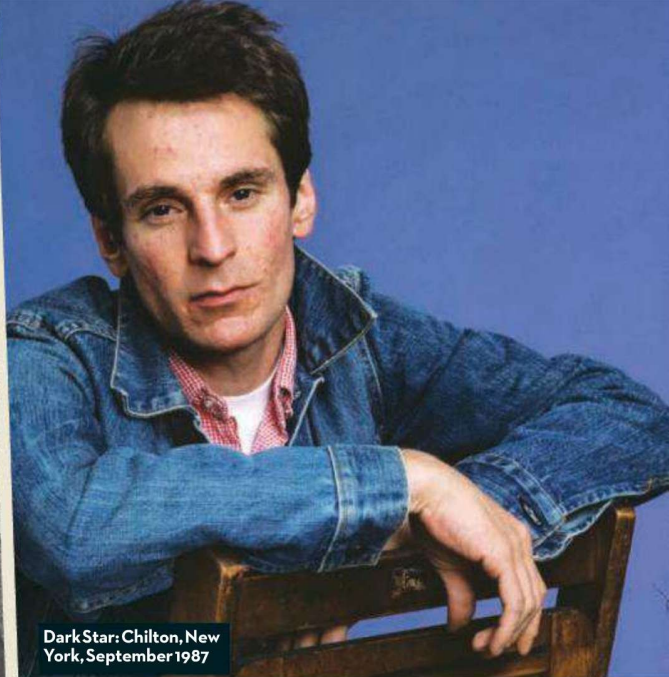
GODLIS; GETTY IMAGES



Chilton and Big Star with REM's Mike Mills, backstage at The Fillmore, San Francisco, March 2, 2002



With Panther Burns, NYC, September 21, 1980



Dark Star: Chilton, New York, September 1987

→ very amiable,” recalls Knox, the rhythm guitarist. “He had a sort of girlfriend with him, who I think he may have met on the plane. I remember him singing at Dingwalls in bare feet. We encored with a rockabilly song. He had this slogan: ‘Rockabilly shall inherit the earth.’” Matthew Seligman, the bassist, itemises some of Chilton’s demands as bandleader. “He confiscated [drummer] Morris Windsor’s cymbals and told him to play on the tom-toms. He said cymbals had high frequencies that interfered with the fuzz of the guitars. As for Knox’s guitar and my bass, he wanted them as distorted as we could get.” Curiously, Chilton seemed to think his cymbal-free, fuzzed-out music had chart potential. He told Seligman his objective was to have a hit; in an interview with the short-lived *New Music News*, he denied there was anything uncommercial about *Like Flies...*

In any case, it was the last album he’d make for eight years. He moved to New Orleans in 1982 shortly after his father’s

Chilton was doing Hitler impersonations and singing about how Jesus was going to rot in the grave...

death. Tav Falco sees the move as highly significant. “Alex came from a privileged, quasi-bohemian home. His father was a jazz pianist. His mother had a modern art gallery in Memphis. Alex lived with his parents until his early thirties. When his father died, he wanted to get a job, support himself. He wanted to work, earn his rent and be independent.” And become a proper man at last? “Exactly.”

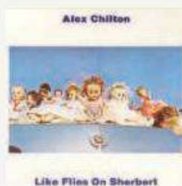
Chilton worked as a janitor in a nightclub, and then as an arborist, shinning up trees and trimming branches. His hands soon had calluses. Then he became a dish-washer at the Louis XVI restaurant in the French Quarter. The rock press reported it as if Chilton were living on Skid Row, but drummer Doug Garrison says they missed the point. “It made for an interesting story, but Alex chose that life for himself. A large part of his decision to recede into obscurity was because he wanted to stop drinking and needed to change his lifestyle. He disappeared into a private world where he could get healthy and no-one would bother him. Washing dishes was probably a sort of therapy.”

A cleaner, leaner Chilton resumed his music career in 1985, but strictly on his own terms. Recording albums and EPs of R’n’B and soul (often cover versions) for the French label New Rose, he was soon able to buy an 18th-Century

HOW TO BUY

BEYOND BIG STAR...

Your guide to Alex Chilton’s solo albums



LIKE FLIES ON SHERBERT

(1979, AURA) Shockingly anarchic rock’n’roll from Chilton’s dark days. The sound of him collapsing in a mess, but managing to press ‘Record’ before he hits the floor.

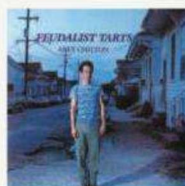
8/10



BACH’S BOTTOM

(1981, RECORDED IN 1975, LINE) The title: a pun on Box Top. The contents: anything salvageable from the ’75 Jon Tiven sessions. Two CDs available. Beware the one on Razor & Tie, which contains re-recordings.

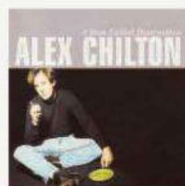
4/10



FEUDALIST TARTS/NO SEX

(1994, REC. 1984-6, RAZOR & TIE) Two EPs from the mid-’80s. Some Memphis R’n’B, a cover of “B-A-B-Y” and six originals including Chilton’s, er, idiosyncratic AIDS warning, “No Sex” (“C’mon baby, fuck me and die”).

6/10



A MAN CALLED DESTRUCTION

(1995, ARDENT) A rockin’ album with a gutsy horn section and nicely varied material: surf, blues, even a bit of Chopin. Fans of “The Letter” should hear this one.

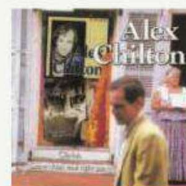
7/10



TOP 30

(1997, REC. 1977-93, LAST CALL) Useful 2CD compilation rounding up singles (“Bangkok”), highlights from *Like Flies On Sherbert* and a selection from later years, including “Volare” in Italian.

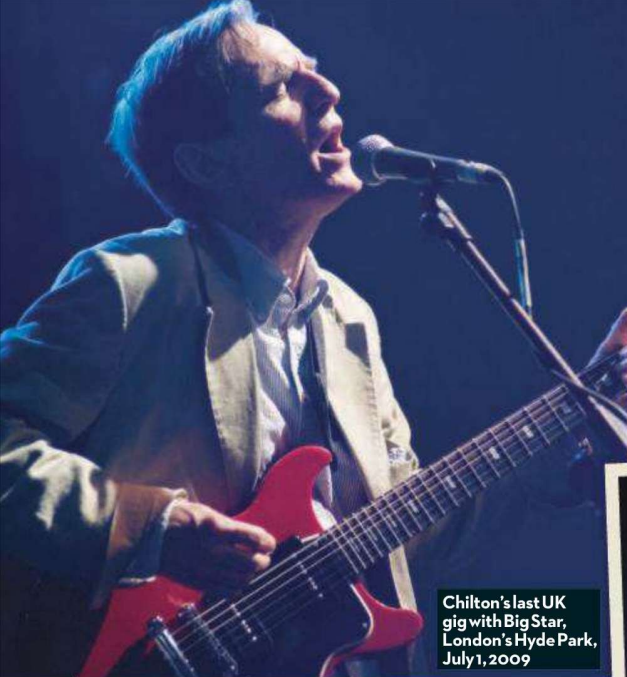
7/10



CLICHÉS/ LOOSE SHOES AND TIGHT PUSSY

(2006, REC. 1994-99, LAST CALL) Two-fer CD. *Clichés* is Alex on acoustic guitar. *Loose Shoes...* his last solo album, has 12 stripped-down R’n’B and soul covers. Released in the US under a more polite title (*Set*).

6/10



Chilton's last UK gig with Big Star, London's Hyde Park, July 1, 2009



Big Star members Jody Stephens, Ken Stringfellow and Jon Auer backstage at A Tribute To Alex Chilton, May 15, 2010 in Memphis, Tennessee. Below: Lesa Aldridge at the Channelling Chilton event, NYC, July 28, 2010



"It's a chance to celebrate Alex's music..."

Jody Stephens, Mike Mills and Chris Stamey bring Big Star to the Barbican

► Rejected by almost every record company in America in 1975, Big Star's *Third/Sister Lovers* has since been acknowledged as a classic. Harrowing and haunting, it was never performed live at the time. But now, following well-received concerts in NYC and North Carolina, *Third/Sister Lovers* comes to London's Barbican on May 28 – complete with

original orchestral parts – featuring a cast of Chilton fans including Mike Mills, Ken Stringfellow and Chris Stamey. "It's a chance to celebrate Alex's music," says Jody Stephens, who will be playing drums. "Enough time has passed that the experience doesn't seem as dark. It's something to be proud of. It takes you on an emotional trip." The concert, which was Stamey's idea, was first proposed in 2010 while Chilton was still alive. Sadly he died while Stamey was en route to Austin to explain it to him. Stamey: "I don't think he would have sung with us, but I hoped he might have surprised me. He was pretty hard to predict." Mike Mills, while conceding that *Third/Sister Lovers* can be a shattering experience at times, describes the concert as "surprisingly joyous... the beauty of the songs is what really comes through."

Creole cottage in New Orleans that had fallen into disrepair. He spent the rest of his life restoring it, trying to get the city to recognise it as a historic structure and give him a grant. Without doubt, Chilton loved New Orleans. He could ride his bicycle, avoid the rock critics, listen to classical radio stations and enjoy the local fried chicken. His cottage was in a run-down black quarter where cab drivers often refused to venture, but Chilton retorted that it was better than living next to white folks washing their BMWs every Saturday. When Hurricane Katrina struck in August 2005, and the levees broke, Chilton braved the floodwaters for a week before hanging a sheet from his window to attract the rescue helicopter. It wasn't the flood that frightened him, he explained, it was the murderous gangs of looters roaming the area.

ROSS JOHNSON WAS present on several occasions when music industry people would approach Chilton and offer to resurrect the influential Big Star Genius' career for him. Never remotely interested in his own myth, Chilton would respond with a blasé shrug or a glare – if they were lucky. If they weren't, they'd receive a tirade that sent them away reeling. He was, says Tav Falco, "an expert in ridicule". From time to time, promoters would contact Jody Stephens, Big Star's drummer, to propose reunion concerts. "I'd love to," Stephens would reply, "but see what Alex says." And that'd be the end of that.

So it came as a bolt from the blue when Alex accepted an offer from the University Of Missouri in 1993 to lead Big Star onto a stage for the first time since 1974. Intermittent dates in America and Europe followed. Astonishingly, the lineup stayed intact for 17 years. "There was money involved," sniffs Falco with audible disapproval. But Ken Stringfellow says it wasn't like that. Chilton was financially comfortable, and Big Star's reunion wasn't especially lucrative anyway. Perhaps it's fairer to say that Chilton's attitude towards his past was softening; aside from Big Star, he participated in several reunions of his teenage alma mater, The Box Tops.

"Alex never did anything that he didn't want to do," says Jody Stephens. "I guess he must have wanted to play some old songs again." What was it like working with him after so many years? "He was still a spontaneous guy who didn't like to worry too much. He wasn't doing drugs or drinking. Maybe a beer initially, but he'd ask for Diet Coke on the rider. He seemed pretty content. He was keeping his overheads low. He was smart in managing his income and maintaining a life that allowed him to do what he enjoyed."

According to Ken Stringfellow, Chilton's personality changed remarkably in the late '90s and the '00s. The truculence and dark humour faded, replaced over time by a warmer nature (Stringfellow calls it "Cheerful Alex") who

"Alex, to my knowledge, never did anything that he didn't want to do"

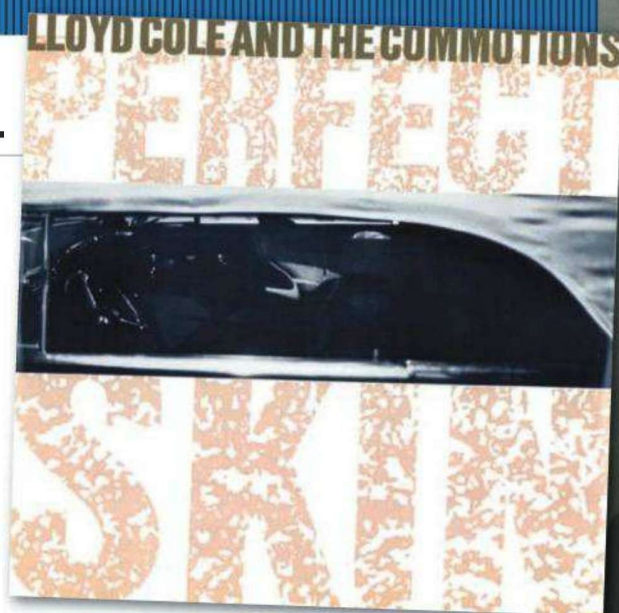
JODY STEPHENS

was friendly, open and trusting. He developed a taste for health foods. He got married. The only blot on the landscape was a dental problem that left him with a bad infection. Stringfellow: "The transformation into 'Cheerful Alex' had to be put on hold for a while. He was cranky and in pain." Chilton's lack of medical insurance – an enormous topic in America – may have been a concern at the back of his mind. It meant that he wasn't receiving regular check-ups and was unaware that his arteries had become dangerously blocked. In March 2010, Jody Stephens flew to Austin to prepare for a Big Star gig at the South By Southwest festival. He got a call from Alex's wife, Laura.

"It was the most bizarre feeling of isolation," says Stephens, stunned to hear that Chilton had died of a heart attack. "Here I am in this big convention centre with lots of people, and all of a sudden... I was devastated." The concert went ahead three days later, amid much emotion. Another tribute was held in New York that summer, where the performers included the former Lesa Aldridge.

"He comes into my dreams a lot," says the present-day Elizabeth Hoehn. "I always wondered if I'd ever meet him again. It's strange... all the major men in my life have died. Now Jody's the only living one left." ☪

Big Star Third – a concert performance of Big Star's *Sister Lovers* album – will be held at London's Barbican on May 28. Visit www.barbican.org.uk for more details. Chilton's **Free Again: The "1970" Sessions** is reissued by Big Beat/Ace



Perfect Skin

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS

The indie-pop classic that marked the end of the fledgling band's flirtation with soul and opened up a whole new jangly future – "I was listening to far too much Dylan!"

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS' debut single seems like one of the archetypal indie-pop singles of the '80s – a jangly, Dylanesque pop song, drenched in folk and country influences – so it comes as a surprise to discover that it was very nearly produced by soul legend Booker T.

"We started out as a soul band," explains Lloyd Cole. "We kind of fell into being The Commotions by accident, really, when we started playing to our strengths." Not only did they have a solid rhythm section that had been forged on Glasgow's Postcard scene, but they had a virtuoso guitarist in Neil Clark, who lent an impressively country-tinged feel to "Perfect Skin" and its parent album, *Rattlesnakes*. But the band's initial USP was Cole's witty, ultra-literate lyrics, in particular the killer couplet: "*She's got cheekbones like geometry and eyes like sin/and she's sexually enlightened by Cosmopolitan.*"

Says Cole: "Although 'Perfect Skin' wasn't actually our best-selling single or our highest chart place, it's still the song I'm best remembered by. That can get depressing after nearly 30 years! But it's a great song and still stands up well." **JOHN LEWIS**

LLOYD COLE: The initial idea for The Commotions was somewhere between Paul Weller's idea for The Style Council and Green's idea for Scritti Politti. I wanted to be Isaac Hayes and Aretha Franklin, but I also wanted to be in the Gang Of Four! So I started off fronting this seven-piece soul band, featuring Blair [Cowan] on keyboards and Neil [Clark] on guitar. We had two backing singers, doing a Staple Singers-meets-Nina Simone kinda thing.

LAWRENCE DONEGAN: I actually saw that early incarnation of the band at a club called Maestro's on Scott Street in Glasgow, long before I joined them. They had Bobby Paterson from Love And Money on bass, who sadly died a few years back. They were odd. Very muso-y, much more muso than any of the other bands in Glasgow at the time. They were trying to do Talking Heads, but badly. Ha ha! They did soul songs with terrible titles, like "The Power Of Love" and "Down In The Mission". Terrible! But then every few songs there would be something really, really good. I'm sure they might even have played an early version of "Perfect Skin" when I saw them.

DEREK MACKILLOP: We actually recorded "Down In The Mission" as a single, backed with an early version "Are You Ready To Be Heartbroken?", which was actually a much better song. We printed up a few thousand copies – I still have most of them! – but it remains mercifully unreleased. In retrospect, I can see that the soul band wasn't working. But it all started to come together when Lloyd brought in "Perfect Skin" and "Forest Fire" to the grotty little rehearsal studio they used in the West End of Glasgow.

COLE: We shared this four-track Portastudio.

KEY PLAYERS



Lloyd Cole
Vocals,
songwriting,
12-string guitar



Neil Clark
Guitars



Blair Cowan
Organ



Lawrence Donegan
Bass



Stephen Irvine
Drums



Derek MacKillop
Manager

Sometime around Christmas 1983 I took it home for the weekend and, over a couple of days, I wrote "Perfect Skin" and "Forest Fire". I would have plugged a Fender Bullet direct into the Portastudio and played the bass on a keyboard, and done a rough vocal line. I brought it to the band the next day and we were all pretty excited about those two songs. Neil took my basic guitar riff and weaved his magic over "Perfect Skin", turned it into a Byrdsy kinda jangle.

NEIL CLARK: I was coming from a bit of a jazz background. At the time I was listening to a lot of ECM – Bill Frisell, early Pat Metheny, Terje Rypdal, Jan Garbarek – as well as all the post-punk stuff that everyone else was into. There's a double-stop on the intro



Creating a commotion in '84:
(l-r) Stephen Irvine, Lawrence
Donegan, Lloyd Cole, Neil
Clarke and Blair Cowan

to "Perfect Skin" where I bend two notes at once, which I ripped off a track on Talking Heads' *Fear Of Music!*

MACKILLOP: Neil was very much the best musician in the band. The soul band was much more keyboard-orientated, but I think everyone slowly realised we had this amazing virtuoso guitar player, and the band started to mutate into something different, playing to their strengths.

CLARK: We were travelling between Glasgow and London a lot in that time. We had a converted Mercedes van, two of us would share the driving and the rest would sit in the back. And we'd listen to a lot of Dylan – *Bringing It All Back Home*, *Highway 61 Revisited*, *Blonde On Blonde*. I think the guitar on that album comes from me trying to replicate the Dylan guitar parts but from a kinda ECM jazz perspective. I guess I'd also heard a lot of Bert

Jansch and Dick Gaughan around Glasgow. I didn't use Jansch's DADGAD tuning, but I definitely used open strings a lot to get that zingy, droney feel. Which is maybe why the "Perfect Skin" guitar line sounds a bit Pentangle-y.

BLAIR COWAN: We were listening to all sorts of things. Lloyd and Neil liked Talking Heads and

Television, Lawrence liked Big Star, The Band, Dylan; Stephen liked Bowie; we all liked Stax and Al Green and The Velvet Underground and, oddly, Kraftwerk. I think all of those influences ended up in the music we made, somewhere. Apart from Kraftwerk!

DONEGAN: I was in The Bluebells, who were getting quite successful throughout 1983, before getting kicked out of the band in January 1984. Then Derek asked me if I fancied joining The Commotions. "Perfect Skin" was one of the first songs I learned when I rehearsed with them.

Blair painstakingly showed me the bassline – it was a complex part, not the kind of thing I'd have come up with – and there was a weird syncopated bit, a quick triplet or something, under where Lloyd sings "*when she smiles that way*". Neil – our best musician – couldn't play it, but I could, even though I was the worst player in the band. Ha ha! I was always very proud of that.

COWAN: The organ part on "Perfect Skin" is the kind of thing you'd hear Al Kooper play with Dylan, or Garth Hudson play with The Band – you're playing around the vocals, rather than sitting underneath it. I'm playing my old Korg CX1, an emulation of a Hammond, but with a very distinctive sound.

CLARK: Just before recording "Perfect Skin", we all treated ourselves to new equipment because we'd got a bit of money from a publishing deal. I went to Denmark Street with Lloyd – I got a Gibson 335, he got a Box 12-string, which he plays on "Perfect Skin". But I think I play a Strat on that record. The solo is played on a Tele, through a Mesa Boogie MkII.

STEPHEN IRVINE: The kit I used on that is a second-hand 1970s Gretsch kit, which

*"The lyrics are
a bit like a manifesto
– a 22-year-old
showing off"*

LLOYD COLE

THE MAKING OF...



Perfect schkin: Lloyd Cole And The Commotions on the Dutch equivalent of Top Of The Pops - TopPop - 1984

➤ I still play today. I bought it from a shop in Kentish Town with my pal Zeke Manyika, from Orange Juice. We all had connections with other Glasgow bands. Blair was in an early incarnation of Orange Juice, The Nu-Sonics.

COLE: We demoed the song at Park Lane, a studio in the South Side of Glasgow. It was pretty much fully developed before we did the proper album. We decided to get Paul Hardiman as a producer, because we loved his work on The The's album, *Soul Mining*. Although it was nearly produced by Booker T...

MACKILLOP: Initially, Lloyd had a brainstorm with Malcolm Dunbar, the A&R guy at Polydor, and the initial idea was to get Booker T to produce the album. I think we even got as far as contacting him. This might have been when we were more in an Al Green state of mind, when the band were more keyboard-orientated. Whatever happened, that idea fizzled out.

COLE: On Paul's suggestion, we recorded it in The Garden, a studio in Shoreditch that was then owned by John Foxx, now owned by Matt Johnson. It was cheap and it had a good console. Shoreditch wasn't trendy then. It was like going to Dagenham or something. We had to walk all the way to Brick Lane for a curry when we wanted a meal! "Perfect Skin" was actually a trial recording, made a few months before the rest of *Rattlesnakes*. We recorded that, "Forest Fire" and the B-side to "Perfect Skin", "You Will Never Be No Good". Just three songs.

IRVINE: When we started recording in The Garden, we made it clear we didn't want any modish studio trickery. Nowadays, you listen to albums from the mid-'80s and you can almost carbon date them, because they all have gated reverb and EMS and the same synth presets. We hated that, and our producer, Paul Hardiman, understood us immediately. Paul also showed me how to play to a click track. "Perfect Skin" was the first time I'd ever used one.

COWAN: Paul Hardiman was brilliant. He knew how to mic us up, without using any

gimmicks. We wanted it to sound like it could have been recorded in the '60s or the '80s. He got a lovely old-fashioned bass sound for Lawrence, using an Ampeg combo. Not that percussive, funky sound you get on so many '80s records.

DONEGAN: You realise how good Paul was when you listen to our second album, where the record company thrust [Clive] Langer and [Alan] Winstanley upon us. They were big-name hit producers, with their own gimmicks. Both lovely guys, but their approach really didn't suit us. Paul, however, had a lightness of touch which was perfect. I'm pretty sure that the first album cost £35,000 in total. The second cost a lot more, and the third album cost 10 times as much! It goes to show you – the more money you spend, the worse records get.

COWAN: We mixed it at Martin Rushent's studio, Wood Cottage, in Goring-on-Thames, this wonderful wee village near Reading. It was an idyllic few weeks: we were there at the same time as Billy McKenzie, who was mixing an album, as were The Sisters Of Mercy. When you're mixing, you're not on call all day. You get called in individually for the odd overdub. Me and Lloyd went running each morning. I remember we spent most of our time playing tennis in the garden with The Sisters Of Mercy. We were in shorts and trainers, they were in drainpipes and winklepickers, and they'd still beat us!

COLE: The lyrics are a bit like a manifesto: a 22-year-old showing off. They're an extended play-on-words riff, and the only redeeming quality is the idea that the chorus undermines the character in the verse. So the protagonist is a wiseacre, but he also falls to pieces when this girl looks at him. There's also a stream-of-consciousness thing – if I'm honest, it's kind of

a homage to "Subterranean Homesick Blues" or "Bob Dylan's 115th Dream". *Bringing It All Back Home* was my favourite Dylan record in those days. I was probably listening to it far too much!

CLARK: In common with Dylan songs of that '64, '65 era, it has a pretty straight folk structure, with a V-IV-I chord sequence. That's why we had to put in more layers to make it interesting – like putting in different guitar lines for each section, and modulating up a tone for the guitar solo. Otherwise it's really just ABAB – you keep coming back to the chorus.

COLE: Was the lyric about [journalist] Elaine Paterson? I don't think so, although we had just moved in together by the time it was recorded. Throughout that album I was trying to be a modern-day Tom Wolfe but, when I look back on the lyrics, I now realise they're about specific things. "Charlotte Street" is about a relationship I had with an older woman on Upper Street; "2CV" is about the room in a student house while I spent a year at UCL. Both were about the year I spent on a law degree at UCL, before moving back up to Glasgow to study English and Philosophy.

IRVINE: Lawrence made up some hilarious stories about us to put on the press release for "Perfect Skin". One was that he'd just been released from prison. Another was that I was a former Scottish lightweight boxing champion. Ha ha! I still get asked about that today!

DONEGAN: I remember Julie Burchill's review in the *NME*: "Sounds like a country and western version of The Velvet Underground, but not nearly as exciting as that sounds." Ha ha!

COLE: Like all songs you have to play a lot, we all got sick of playing "Perfect Skin" and would start changing it a bit. Neil's guitar started to get

a bit heavy metal. When we played it at Glastonbury in 1986, I played the first minute with just an acoustic guitar, before everyone else joined in. And then we went into a kinda punky country thing. On my first solo tour, in 1990, I played it back to back with "Why Don't We Do It In The Road?", with tons of feedback. People hated that! I now play it solo, just accompanied with a 12-string. I learned how to play Tim Hardin's "If I Were A Carpenter" a few years ago,

which had a rhythm that I liked, and now I play "Perfect Skin" with that rhythm.

MACKILLOP: "Perfect Skin" only got to 26 in the chart, but it lingered around a long time and got a lot of airplay. I can't prove this, but I seem to remember it sold 250,000 copies, which seems ridiculous now. But it really set the band up.

COLE: It's still the album, and the single, for which we're best known. Certainly in the UK and Ireland and Australia. In the rest of the world, thankfully, some of my other records still get some attention. Ha ha! 🍷

FACT FILE

- **Recorded at:** The Garden, Shoreditch, London
- **Released:** April 1984
- **Mastered at:** Wood Cottage, Goring-on-Thames, Oxfordshire
- **Label:** Polydor
- **UK chart position:** 26
- **US chart position:** N/A

TIMELINE

1982 Lloyd Cole forms a seven-piece soul band in Glasgow
Autumn 1983 The seven-piece disbands, leaving Cole, keyboardist Blair Cowan and guitarist

Neil Clark. Manager Derek MacKillop enlists drummer Stephen Irvine and a series of bassists
December 1983 Cole writes "Perfect Skin" on a Portastudio

February 1984 The band record a demo of "Perfect Skin" at Park Lane Studios, Glasgow
March 1984 "Perfect Skin" and two other songs are recorded at The Garden,

Shoreditch, London, in preparation for an album
April 1984 "Perfect Skin" is released. Drops out of the charts but re-enters, peaking at No 26 in July. Spends

nine weeks on the chart over a three-month period
October 1984 Album *Rattlesnakes* peaks at No 13 and goes on to spend 30 weeks on the UK chart

LateNightTales

Belle and Sebastian

An inspirational after hours mix from
ethereal folk to global psychedelic jazz
featuring 24 new and rare gems
hand picked by Belle and Sebastian

*featuring Broadcast, Gold Panda
Toro Y Moi, Pete Shelley, The Lovin' Spoonful
Dorothy Ashby, Stan Tracey Quartet
Roland Vincent, Ce'cile, Steve Parks
The Pop Group and more*

Volume 2

Includes exclusive
Belle and Sebastian

cover version of
The Primitives "Crash"

plus 23 more of
Belle and Sebastian's
all time favourite
Late Night gems

CD & Digital Album
Out 26 March

Check out our site for more information
on exclusive mixes, releases and events

www.latenighttales.co.uk

hmv
hmv.com

WorldMags.net

Happy Mondays *take* Manhattan

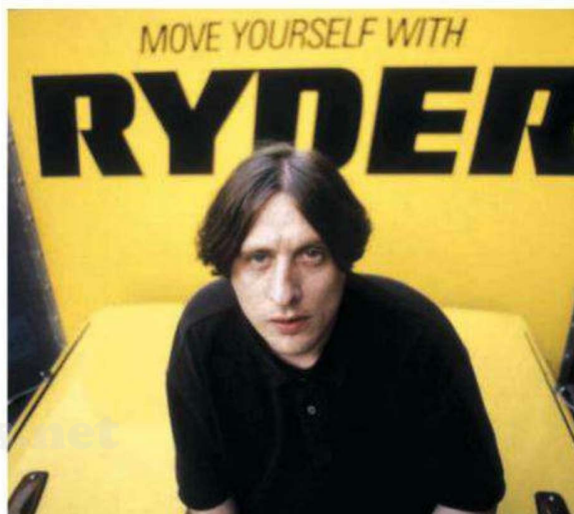
Words & photographs:
Kevin Cummins

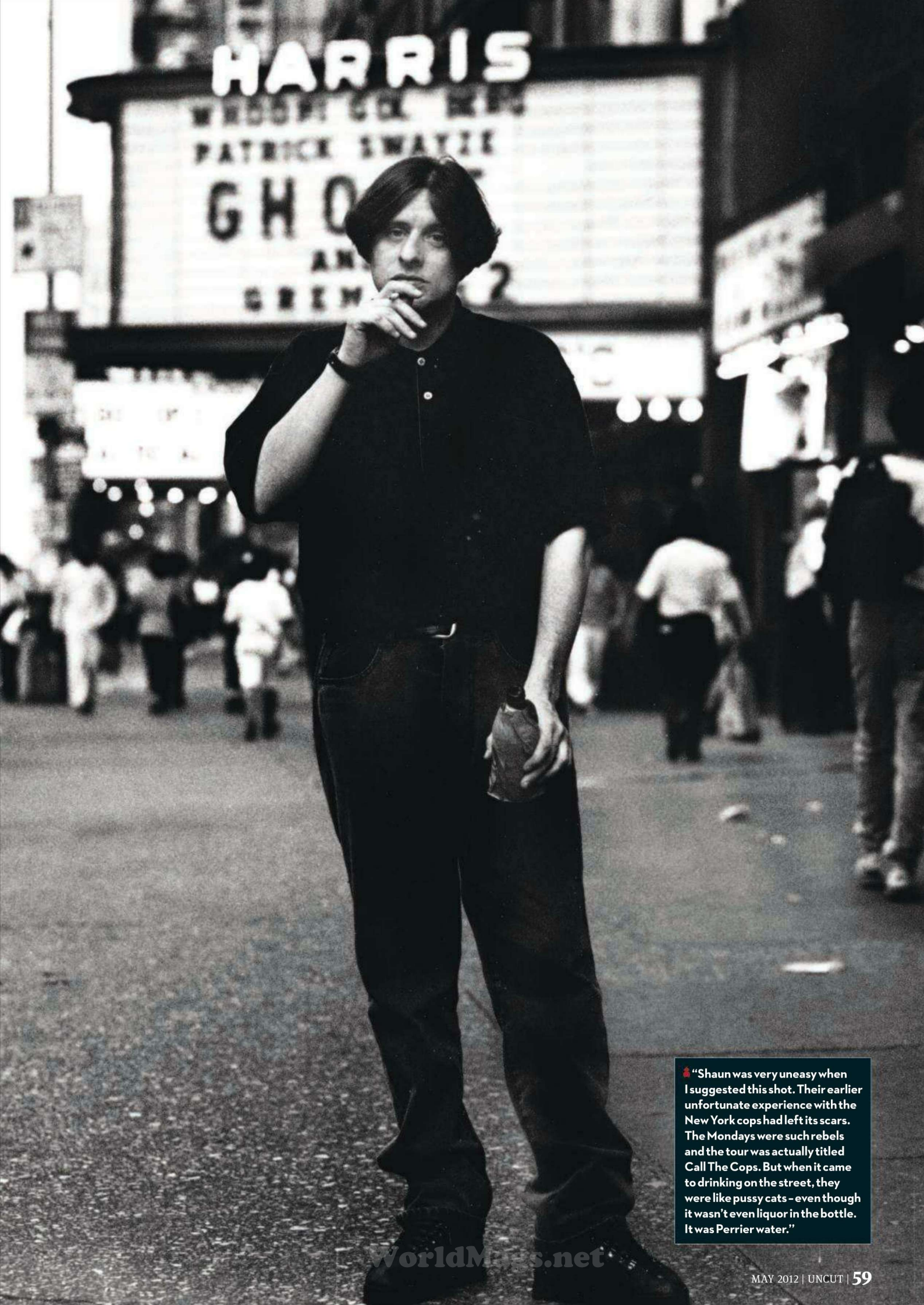
Pills 'n' thrills and drinking Perrier on 42nd Street: Shaun Ryder and Bez get bummed out in the Big Apple in 1990 with legendary lensman Kevin Cummins

"THE MONDAYS WERE at their peak when I went with them to America in July 1990," photographer Kevin Cummins recalls. "'Step On' was all over MTV and after they'd finished up the tour in New York they flew straight to LA to record *Pills 'n' Thrills And Bellyaches*. They had money and were enjoying life. But they were still little scamps. If there was an opportunity to steal something, they couldn't resist, even though they were going around buying Armani. I'd been to New York with them on their first trip in '87, when Tony Wilson took them in on tourist visas, and the first thing they did was to go to 42nd Street to try to get some crack. They ended up buying beer from a liquor store and were drinking it in the street when the police arrived and told them it was against the law. Bez answered, 'I drink where I like, man', and suddenly it was faces forced into the bonnet of the police car. When they realised we were English, the cops told them they could drink but they had to put it in a paper bag. I didn't take any pictures when it happened. So on this trip – for the cover of the first issue of *Vox* – I thought I'd recreate the idea. So I took Shaun Ryder down to 42nd Street and gave him a bottle in a bag..."

“They were playing at the Sound Factory and I was hanging around the venue, hoping to take them off somewhere to get some shots – it was almost impossible to get them all together except when they were onstage. I saw the sign and it was an absolute gift. I got Bez and Paul Ryder to stand in front of it. Was Bez acting for the camera? I don't think so. By that stage, I'm afraid he looked like that all the time..."

“I think the band must have been using Ryder Trucks to haul their gear on the tour, which is why it was outside the venue. Shaun begged me to take that picture. He jumped up on the truck and was determined that I was going to capture the moment. The company's slogan was perfect, of course.”





🔥 "Shaun was very uneasy when I suggested this shot. Their earlier unfortunate experience with the New York cops had left its scars. The Mondays were such rebels and the tour was actually titled Call The Cops. But when it came to drinking on the street, they were like pussy cats - even though it wasn't even liquor in the bottle. It was Perrier water."

THE ULTIMATE MUSIC GUIDE

REM

148
PAGE
COLLECTORS'
SPECIAL

RARE
PHOTOS

'That's
me in the
spotlight...'

REM The
complete story

EXCLUSIVE
INTRODUCTION
BY MIKE MILLS

THE FINAL
RECKONING
A NEW LOOK
AT EVERY
REM ALBUM

TALK ABOUT
THE PASSION
CLASSIC
INTERVIEWS
UNSEEN FOR
YEARS!

PLUS THE ONES WE LOVE - REM ON THEIR GREATEST SING

FROM THE MAKERS OF **UNCUT**

ON
SALE
NOW

AVAILABLE IN ALL GOOD UK
NEWSAGENTS OR ORDER AT
UNCUT.CO.UK/STORE

WorldMags.net

UNCUT.CO.UK



OUR NEW SCORING SYSTEM:

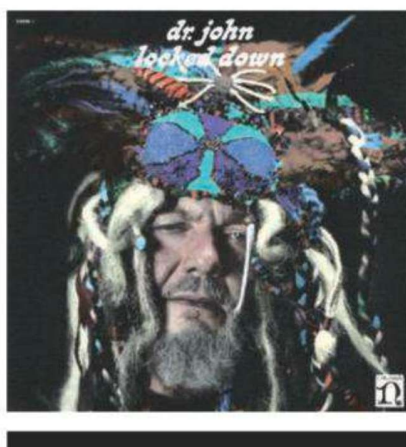
10 Masterpiece 9 Essential 8 Excellent
7 Very good 6 Good but uneven
4-5 Mediocre 1-3 Poor

New albums

THIS MONTH: JACK WHITE | M WARD | SPIRITUALIZED & MORE



MICHAEL WILSON



TRACKLIST

- 1 Locked Down
- 2 Revolution
- 3 Big Shot
- 4 Ice Age
- 5 Getaway
- 6 Kingdom of Izzness
- 7 You Lie
- 8 Elegua
- 9 My Children, My Angels
- 10 God's So Good To Me

DR JOHN

Locked Down

NONESUCH

Mac Rebennack audibly re-invigorated, with help from Dan Auerbach of The Black Keys. *By John Robinson*

9/10

AMONG THE RESIDENTS of *Treme*, David Simon's HBO series about the inhabitants of

New Orleans in the wake of Hurricane Katrina, you'll find a character called Delmond. Delmond, a talented jazz trumpeter, is a deeply conflicted individual. In the person of his father, he is tied to the ruined city, its historic music and its obscure ritual cultures. And yet, he is drawn to the East Coast, where the ensemble in which he plays is in considerable demand. His New York friends insist that he shouldn't feel troubled about his priorities: New Orleans jazz is old-time vamping for tourists. It's here, in the big city, you'll find musicians doing something adventurous.

Mac Rebennack, the high priest of the R'n'B keyboard who has for 45 years practised as Dr John, might well sympathise with Delmond's plight. He's a musician steeped in the history and practice of his local music, and his services are always in demand. As you'll see from his own guest appearances on *Treme* (where he plays himself), he's generally to be found at tasteful, *Later*-like sessions, tracked by the cool hand of Allen Toussaint. His stomping ground, in fact, is much as you would have found it in 1974: heritage music festival, recording session, the company of old friends. Nothing wrong with it at all – this is his home town, his comfort zone.

As the liner notes to *Locked Down* make

WorldMags.net

New Albums

→ explicit, however, while this Mac Rebennack remains an incredibly cool customer, somewhere down the years since 1968, he's subdued his most flamboyant, adventurous and spooky creation: the theatrically dressed voodoo practitioner who called himself Dr John. Sure, his records still carry that name, but what they have contained since 1971 – from easy funk, to takes on R'n'B standards, to jazz – is some considerable distance from the creepy incantations of his debut album. Just how producer Harold Battiste captured it we will likely never know, but 1968's *Gris-Gris* sounded like undead spirits accidentally and then only partially caught on tape, a peculiarly sinister undercurrent to superficially benign alternative culture, a topical strain that Dr John records, however mellow, have never entirely let drop.

What makes *Locked Down* different from Dr John albums of the last two or three decades is that it marks a – hugely successful – attempt by producer/collaborator Dan Auerbach from The Black Keys to urge Dr John to re-engage with a more adventurous way of working. As with the last Black Keys LP, *El Camino*, all the music here was written in the studio, and it all gleams with new-minted urgency. All the credits are shared between the players (Rebennack, Auerbach, drummer Max Weissenfeldt, bassist Nick Movshon, keyboard player Leon Michels and guitarist Brian Olive). Essentially, it's the opposite of that fallback position of the artist in their seventh or eighth decade, the "Rick Rubin" treatment. Instead, *Locked Down* goes entirely the other way: this isn't a record that seeks to embrace maturity, but instead wants to invoke the wild spirits of the artist's misspent youth. On the cover, 71-year-old Rebennack wears a mystical headdress that looks as if it's made from Keith Richards' hair. Inside, the band do everything in their power to make weird, powerful rock'n'roll.

On the disc itself, the Dr John of 1968 isn't exactly re-animated, but he is still audibly re-invigorated. If his recent post-Katrina albums have found Rebennack an angry cheerleader for his home city and its indomitable tribal feeling, with a generally unthreatening traditional music as his backing track, here Dr John dials back the public service announcements and lets fly. Throughout, Weissenfeldt's beats (reminiscent on "Kingdom Of Izzness" and "You Lie" of 1970s African rock) are savage. The horn accents are sharp and soulful. Rebennack himself plays barely any piano, but instead the Wurliitzer and Farfisa – the latter giving jagged reminder of the



Feeling the vision: cutting *Locked Down* with Dan Auerbach and Brian Olive at Easy Eye Sound, Nashville

HOW TO BUY... DR JOHN ON CD

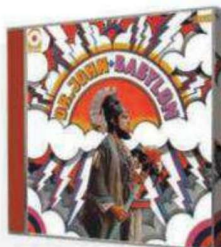
A tantalising selection
of The Night Tripper's
best works...



GRIS-GRIS 1968

Dr John's debut saw Mac Rebennack shelve his given name, and unleash a set of music that seemed to come from a place far stranger and more haunted than the ribald R'n'B sides he'd been cutting since the late 1950s. Though the material was steeped in New Orleans Spirituality, many of the songs have been covered by other artists.

10/10



BABYLON 1969

Much to his surprise, Dr John and band found their voodoo roadshow a neat fit with the heads of San Francisco, where they spent some very strange time – the band's sax player left and later sent Rebennack a note saying he felt safer in prison than he had done in "Babylon". The songs' unspooling paranoid vibe is strangely engrossing.

8/10



SUN, THE MOON AND HERBS 1971

A stellar cast – Mick, Eric, etc – turn up for a spontaneous happening in London, for which a projected triple album is to emerge. Managerial and personal disarray meant the majority of the completed tapes went missing. Still, even the compromised extant version packs a punch.

8/10



TRIBAL 2010

Animated by the disorder in the aftermath of Katrina, Dr John has spent the last few years huddling with a strong regular band and making records not unlike this one. A testament to Rebennack's deep ties to New Orleans and his interest in indigenous peoples, its deep local funk is relaxing but sharpened with a righteous edge.

7/10

man's prickly and exotic musical identity.

Lyrical, likewise, things are kept raw. The album begins with the barking of stray dogs and strange cawing, and from these wordless threats, the thundering beat of the title track begins and we're plunged into *Locked Down*'s universe: confusion, bad feeling, gunfire, and prison. As with a gangsta rap album, here Dr John lets fly with the bad-boy narrative of his young life.

Although it would be a stretch to call it a concept album, on *Locked Down*, Rebennack, as encouraged by Auerbach, has delved into his life for material, and as such the album is the product of the man's terrifying biography as well as his own conspiracy-informed take on current affairs. After the opening address, the parping, world-gone-mad jam of "Revolution" ("Let's all just pray on this right now..." the Doctor intones gravely), and the sinister "Big Shot", the album peaks (or, if you like, reaches its moral nadir) on "Ice Age", a thrilling tune which asks you to imagine Captain Beefheart doing Nigerian funk-rock in 1970. It finds Rebennack on snaky Farfisa, and filing a distressing report from the here and now: "This is the ice age/Smokin' crack, firing up blunts... Start losin' hope/Using dope..." He's telling us about the present, but it's worth remembering this is a place

that in the past he's been extremely familiar with himself.

Nor is this the only way in which *Locked Down* resembles a hardcore hip-hop record. Whether it's the product of Auerbach's experiences working with Danger Mouse for the latest Black Keys album, or his own as producer working with hip-hop artists on the Blakroc album, the album feels disciplined and enormously funky. Smart arrangement and editing have resulted in an album carrying no additional fat: the production feels purpose-built to place Dr John at front and centre.

As the LP progresses through more thrilling

episodes ("Getaway" – a charging 6/8 montage of love and friendship withstanding prison experience; "Kingdon Of Izzness", doomy reportage on a world torn up by religions; "You Lie", a gnomic swipe at politicians and the media), we arrive at what we might call the record's third act. If this was a Hollywood movie, it would be the part where the hero is proved to have learned something. Happily, this being a hipper kind of enterprise entirely, here Dr John and company prove that their experience may have given them wisdom but it hasn't mellowed them entirely.

It's true, the self-explanatory "My Children My Angels" is a heartfelt, slightly schmaltzy attempt to make amends for past wrongs, but the preceding "Eleggua" is superb, and addresses the titular Yoruba deity, protector of travellers, in a slice of Curtis Mayfield-style funk. The closing, Van Morrison-like "God's So Good To Me" meanwhile, sees Rebennack boisterously but humbly addressing a pretty indisputable fact: he's still here to tell the tale. Somebody up there, he contends, must like him. And whoever the entity is that's looking out for Dr John – be it family; God; some infinitely mysterious spirit – *Locked Down* is proof it's doing a fine job.

SLEEVE NOTES

Produced by:

Dan Auerbach

Recorded at:

Easy Eye Sound, Nashville, TN

Personnel:

Dr John (keys, lead vocals),

Dan Auerbach

(guitar, percussion, bk vocals), Max

Weissenfeldt (drums and bk vocals),

Leon Michels

(keys, percussion, woodwinds, bk

vocals), Nick

Movshon (electric

and upright bass, percussion, bk

vocals), Brian Olive

(guitar, percussion, woodwinds, bk

vocals), The McCrary

Sisters (bk vocals)



An appointment with the Doctor: "I believe this is the year of the prophecies..."

WHAT APPEALED TO you about working with Dan Auerbach from The Black Keys?

My granddaughter turned me on to his record, and then spiritually he popped into my life. He came over to New Orleans. Then the next thing, he came over to my pad and we were writing some songs which we didn't use. He had a picture in his head – a real good vision, that there was something we could do, and he followed through with that. He made tracks with this band that he hired and I just wrote some lyrics. He changed some words here and there to fit with the backup singers, The McCrary Sisters, and it all fell into place in a nice way. I didn't talk to him about his vision – I just knew that he had one, because I could feel it.

The songs were written in the studio?

He had an idea to let the band contribute in a way that I wasn't used to – we composed together in the studio.

I think maybe one of the songs I had sent him a demo on, and he shifted it all kinds of ways, and I liked that. It was something more like what we used to do back in the 1950s – you just walk in and do something. Each guy would contribute something. I remember one of the guys that was playing organ on this one tune, and it became "God's So Good To Me". He pretty much lit that tune and we vibed off where he took it, and that was it. There was some where I came up with things, and others where other guys did, and that was how we did this record, pretty much.

I've read that Dan suggested that you delve into your own biography for the songs. How did that work out?

I think it was pretty much my life. I dedicated the record to my children, and in

New Orleans we look at children as angels. The Spiritual church was where I got hip to that. Women were saints and men were workers – it's not like most religions. A Reverend Mother told me, the only problem with any religion is man. She wasn't talking about the sexes – she was talking about we as a people. We have twisted everything to where it is about money, power, prestige, greed, all the negative things of mankind.

Politics, lately, has been a concern of your records. Are you optimistic about the world? In spite of what you've seen in New Orleans?

Yes. I believe that this is the year of the prophecies, and all indigenous people of the world say the same thing: if man can be as one, we can overcome all the problems of the planet, and we can do it – I believe that. We are going to do a healing of the gulf [of New Orleans], and maybe we can bring the gulf back to life, and maybe heal some of the

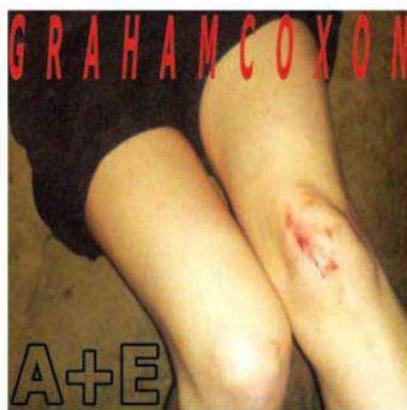
people affected by falling in the gulf. And through this, it's spreading to the indigenous peoples of the planet. The last time we were in New Zealand we became honorary Maoris. I believe that now is the time to learn from the peoples in all these places. I think it would be a good thing.

You play the Farfisa on this record, more than your customary piano. How come?

I do play organ on gigs, but I think that Dan had a great Farfisa organ which made me like the instrument – he had one that was good to play. I used to play one with Doug Sahm's band when they were the Sir Douglas Quintet, and I hated it – I wouldn't play it apart from his two hit records. I like playing that axe on this record, but it was a real surprise to me.

INTERVIEW: JOHN ROBINSON

"We have twisted everything to where it's about money, power, prestige and greed..."



GRAHAM COXON

A+E

PARLOPHONE

Frantic riffs, motorik grooves and “perverse sounds” define Blur guitarist’s eighth solo LP. *By Graeme Thomson*

8/10

A SERIES OF heavy squalls rather than a settled spell of fair weather, Graham Coxon’s eighth

LP travels many miles from the serene, crafted almost-folk of his last release, 2009’s *The Spinning Top*. That record was a long, themed exercise in sustained mood and atmosphere featuring guests as venerable as Danny Thompson, Martin Carthy and Robyn Hitchcock. In contrast, *A+E* is short, loud and brattish. It’s also tremendous fun.

Driven by some of Coxon’s most innovative and uninhibited guitar playing, *A+E*’s trump card is its sheer sense of adventure. It’s not an album for lovers of the perfectly turned pop song so much as those who prefer to be bombarded by sonic

extremes. The scratchy, angular pop of fizzing opener “Advice” sets the scene: melodic precision makes way for lopsided rhythm, abrasive textures, extemporised experimentation and vintage electronic equipment running riot. Much of the album takes delight in what can only be described as the sound of machinery arguing. The element of chance effectively becomes another instrument.

A+E is produced by Ben Hillier, who worked on Blur’s *Think Tank* and – perhaps more pertinently – Coxon’s second solo album *The Golden D*. Like that record, *A+E* is self-played, relatively lo-fi and rhythmically eccentric, making little attempt to ingratiate itself to the listener. The major difference between the two is that this time Coxon generally

TRACKLIST

- 1 Advice
- 2 City Hall
- 3 What’ll It Take
- 4 Meet + Drink + Pollinate
- 5 The Truth
- 6 Seven Naked Valleys
- 7 Running For Your Life
- 8 Bah Singer
- 9 Knife In The Cast
- 10 Ooh Yeh Yeh



Q&A

Graham Coxon



A+E could hardly be more different than your last record. The Spinning Top was acoustic music and an ear-tingling experience but I'd had enough of that

flavour. I put my guitar away and started playing with bass and drum machines, thinking about rhythm and perverse sounds. The idea of songs didn't really enter my mind, it was all about using and abusing technology. I listened to a funny song on *The Golden D* called "My Idea Of Hell" where we put drum machines through synthesisers. I thought these new ideas would go well with that sort of treatment. It's my idea of groovy dance music.

Lyricality it feels less introspective.

I removed any temptation to be flowery or sentimental. This has a more sinister edge, but I was in a good place when we were recording. It was fun despite some of the bleakness. I hope it's not depressing.

Is A+E the sound of you being wilfully awkward?

I like my ears to be entertained. I can't be bored. I like prog rock but it goes on a bit, so I make 15-minute prog rock songs into compact pop songs. Pack all the good bits into three minutes!

experimental '70s US rock band Chrome, the sense of alienation accentuated by Coxon's searing, circular riff. Built around gloomy bass chords and eerily disembodied vocals, "Knife In The Cast" wallows for six and a half minutes in depths previously explored by Joy Division and *Pornography*-era Cure.

But generally a spirit of slightly unhinged buoyancy prevails. The robotic "Meet + Drink + Pollinate" is both sinister and hilarious, as Coxon's blank voice intones a perverse tale of a man "*working undercover in his bedroom*" over cheesy handclaps and random sounds colliding in a shower of sparks. All frantic riff and shriek, "Running For Your Life" is a tragicomic portrayal of England's north/south divide. Amid all the aggro and closing-time violence we find not only the album's title but also the promise that "*we don't like your accent or your Northampton shoes*". It's funny, but not necessarily ha-ha.

Perhaps due to the after-effects of the Blur reunion, at times Coxon sounds more like Damon Albarn than ever before, particularly on the clattering, punkish "Bah

Singer" and "Seven Naked Valleys", which welds its corrupted Duane Eddy twang to boozy horns and a lovely galloping melody. It's one of the few times where a tune really sticks. Another is "Ooh Yeh Yeh", a slinky, Kinky little thing which ends the album on an upbeat note. It feels apt, because ultimately A+E's ramshackle *joie de vivre* is what lingers. Loud and lively, fast and fuzzy, this scattering of creative energy is the most persuasive solo record Coxon has released.

SLEEVE NOTES

► **Produced and mixed by:** Ben Hillier

Recorded at: Miloco's The Pool, Southwark, London

Personnel include:

Graham Coxon (vocals, guitar, bass, drums, maracas, saxophone), Ben Hillier (synthesiser, bass drum, organ, cowbell), Lucy Parnell (spoken voice on "Seven Naked Valleys", screams on "Running For Your Life"), Soraya Mir, Pepper Coxon, Tanyel Vahdettin, Sabira Hud, Poppy & The Jezebels (screams on "Running For Your Life")

favours the influence of Krautrock and post-punk from the late '70s and early '80s over alternative US rock from the same era.

He marries Magazine and Kraftwerk on the whiney space-pop of "What It'll Take", a delightfully artless throwback which smears arpeggiated sci-fi synth lines over a chugging motorik groove. Its jittery desire to "*make you people dance*" is a recurring theme. Much of A+E extends a hand from the dance-floor towards the kind of inhibited white kids who have to be wasted before shaking their stuff, a group to whom you strongly suspect Coxon once belonged.

Other salient touchstones would be Van der Graaf Generator, Wire, Syd Barrett, Subway Sect and The Monochrome Set. The mostly instrumental "City Hall" leans further towards Krautrock – Neu! this time – with its ruthlessly regimented machine rhythm, bleached vocal, treated horns and slashing guitars. It's a cool, hard ride. Although lyrically A+E generally avoids romantic introspection, it verges on bleak in places. The grinding pre-industrial rock of "The Truth" recalls

AtoZ

COMING UP THIS MONTH...

p66 JACK WHITE

p68 M WARD

p71 DION

p73 ALABAMA SHAKES

p76 SPIRITUALIZED

p77 KILLING JOKE

p78 SIMONE FELICE

p79 THE MEN

p84 RUFUS WAINWRIGHT



THE ALBION BAND

The Vice Of The People

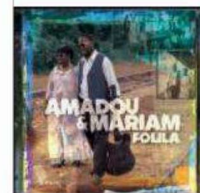
POWERED FLIGHT

History repeated: new band test "Ship Of Theseus" principle

7/10

Forty years after the Albion Country Band's *No Roses*, founding father Ashley Hutchings passed the reins to his son, Blair Dunlop. This all-new lineup came together last summer, although one tradition they uphold is to cover a Richard Thompson song, "Roll Over Vaughan Williams", a droll reminder of Hutchings' absence. Guitarist Gavin Davenport and exciting fiddler Katriona Gilmore provide much of the original material, but it's the traditional arrangements that stand out, a respectful "Adieu To Old England" and Nick Barber's dashing Morris tune, "The Skirmish Set". Overall, this is an assured debut by a group hampered by former glories.

MICK HOUGHTON



AMADOU & MARIAM

Folila

BECAUSE

A crossover too far for acclaimed Mali duo

As a premier African act – principally via 2005's Manu Chao-produced

6/10

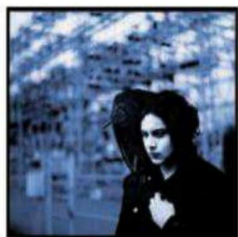
Dimanche à Bamako – the husband-and-wife team had the bright idea of making one album honouring their Mali roots, another with international friends. *Folila (Music)* is an unhappy attempt to amalgamate the two records, one that mostly swamps their playful sound with noisy overlays. French rocker Bertrand Cantat contributes guitar squalls, NYC hip-hopper Theophilus London raps against the grain, and even desert blueser Abdallah Oumbadougou is lost in the sound blitz. Less frantic tracks like "Sans Toi" and "Chérie" provide relief, but wooing a new audience (American, presumably) comes at the price of the duo's lyrical charms. NEIL SPENCER

JACK WHITE

Blunderbuss

XL

Love'll play some dirty tricks on ya. Jack White goes noirishly solo, says Andy Gill



8/10

HE MAY CALL himself White, but there's always been a touch of noir about Jack. This is a man, let's not forget, who owns guitars adorned with the visages of '40s vamps like Rita Hayworth and Veronica Lake, and

whose home base studio in Nashville is named after *The Third Man*.

So it's perhaps not too surprising to find that on his first solo album, recorded in that very studio, Jack White has fallen among dangerous women and treacherous men – some of whom, song lyrics being such a tricky, amorphous matter of metaphor and maybe, could be Jack himself. Recorded by Vance Powell, a man splendidly blessed of both name and beard, with whom White has previously worked on Raconteurs recordings, it's a surly, spiky piece of work, on which the few shafts of sweetness are soon soured with guilt, recrimination and reproach. Jack himself is clearly not precious about his own role, pragmatically switching between keyboards, guitars and bass according to each track's needs, alongside a core crew that includes Carla Azar on drums, Bryn Davies on bass, Olivia Jean on guitar and Brooke Waggoner on keys, with occasional extra colour furnished by mandolin, fiddle, pedal steel and clarinet, and the welcome attentions of a trio of soulful backing vocalists whose number includes Jack's ex-wife Karen Elson.

Confounding expectations as usual, the first sound heard on the album is not guitar but a lovely Fender Rhodes piano figure that leads into the rolling R'n'B groove of "Missing Pieces". Sketched through briefly glimpsed memories of a liaison, it carries a sharp moral about being careful how you deal with obsessional love. "Sixteen Saltines", which follows, uses terse bursts of imagery – "*Lipstick, eyelash, broke mirror, broken home*" sums up one girl's character with not a syllable too many – to depict how jealousy breeds paranoia, its edgy manner reflected in the brusque guitar riff and splashy cymbals.

Love, clearly, is the brooding heart of the matter here, with protagonists trapped in a co-dependency of dark desire. "Freedom At 21" and "Love Interruption" present this as a sado-masochistic dichotomy, the girl in the former using her newfound freedom to trample ruthlessly over his affections with "*no responsibility, no guilt or morals*", while the latter, more warmly acoustic piece finds the victim prostrate before such pain: "*I want love to roll me over slowly*," claims the narrator, "*stick a knife inside me and twist it all around*". It couldn't



SLEEVE NOTES

Produced by:

Jack White III

Recorded at:

Third Man Studio, Nashville

Personnel include:

Jack White (vocals, keyboards, guitars, bass), Bryn Davies (bass), Olivia Jean (guitar), Brooke Waggoner (keyboards), Carla Azar (drums), Karen Elson (bk vocals)

be more perfectly film noir if James M Cain had scripted this relationship, our hero exulting in the sweet pain of some spider-woman's stilettos piercing his spirit.

From there, the album slips into a more general survey of lax morals and scummy behaviour. "Hypocritical Kiss" and "Trash Tongue Talker" – on which Jack essays some stylish, Nicky Hopkins-esque piano – both launch heat-seeking missiles aimed at the shame of treacherous betrayers; while "Weep Themselves To Sleep" employs two simultaneous itchy, edgy guitar breaks to animate another undercurrent of paranoid speculation, with noble "*men who fight the world*" battling against the "*rules that try to bind them*", their struggle etched in vicious, bloody imagery. It's a blend of romance, neurosis and violence akin to a James Crumley novel, and when it's done you're more than ready for the relief of "I'm Shakin'", a cover of the Little Willie

John R'n'B hit on which, save for pronouncing nervous "*noyyvus*", White sounds uncannily like Robert Plant in full Zep splendour, over a great swiny blues groove.

As the album approaches its final reels, though, one starts to suspect, in best psychological-thriller manner, that the real, underlying subject of Jack's attacks is, yes, himself. "*It turns me on when the song takes over me*," he admits in "Hip

(Eponymous) Poor Boy", another ostensible putdown, this time with multi-tracked piano parts riding a New Orleans second-line shuffle; before nervously admitting in "Take Me With You When You Go" that when left to pursue his desires unrestrained, he risks unconsciously harming others. It leaves hanging the question of whether, if and when he gets to go, he'll ever be able to successfully escape his own self. Which is, of course, the fate of every man who ever walked alone down those mean streets.



AU Both Lights

THE LEAF LABEL

Mostly trying set from brass-augmented Oregonian duo

3/10

Opening on a thrilling Godspeed-style fanfare with undulating plumes of saxophone from Colin Stetson, and segueing into the epic Arcade Fire pop of "Get Alive", this record begins bombastically and brilliantly. Luke Wyland and Dana Valatka's vocals are also admirably pure and keening (Wyland's recall the meandering romance of Grizzly Bear's Ed Droste). But it gets badly muddled in wacky sonic bludgeoning – given a Ritalin prescription, songs like "OJ" and "Solid Gold" could maybe re-enter society, but there's no hope for the unlistenable "Why I Must" – and the ballads and ambient moments feature limp-wristed melodies or no ideas at all. Maximalists and circus ringmasters might enjoy it, but many will be scrabbling for the stop button. **BEN BEAUMONT-THOMAS**



BEAR IN HEAVEN I Love You, It's Cool

DEAD OCEANS

Ursine electro-rockers get their groove back

7/10

A Deep South trio who joined the indie-rock goldrush to Brooklyn last decade, Bear In Heaven earned big love from US critics two years ago with their second album, *Best Rest Forth Mouth*. They promise "more groove, less doom" on this polished sequel, citing Eagles soft-rocker Don Henley as inspiration. But judging by immersive, voluptuous synth-pop throbbers like "Idle Heart" and "Cool Light", cultish 1980s electro-prog soundscapers Talk Talk and Blue Nile may be closer to their hearts. Singer Jon Philpot's boyish sighs and teen-romance lyrics feel a little lightweight and non-committal, but the promised groove element pays dividends during the album's second half, most strikingly on shuddering disco-monster epics "Kiss Me Crazy" and "World Of Freakout". **STEPHEN DALTON**



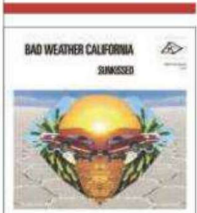
BRENDAN BENSON What Kind Of World

LOJINX

Former Raconteur blows hot and cold

6/10

Benson's fifth solo album rarely deviates from his established modus operandi: vintage, melodic rock with an Anglo-centric bent. When it works it's highly persuasive. "No One Else But You" throws around jazzy major-sevenths before exploding into a Wings-worthy chorus, while "Come On" fizzles irresistibly. Just as often, however, Benson fails to deliver. "Happy Most Of The Time" starts Who-sized before shrinking into rote powerpop; "Bad For Me" tempo-shifting soft rock is disappointingly tepid. "Pretty Baby" – a sluggish bad trip blues – and the honky-tonkin' "On The Fence" offer pleasing alternatives, suggesting he might think about shuffling the pack a little more often. **GRAEME THOMSON**



BAD WEATHER CALIFORNIA Sunkissed

FAMILY TREE RECORDS

Sun-obsessed four-piece from Denver shine on with varied second LP

7/10

Bad Weather California's sophomore album is drenched in Hawaiian guitar and wah-wah, making the title perfectly apt. It's also the first release on Akron/Family's new label, Family Tree Records, who clearly heard much they liked in the unusual blend of surf guitar and Lou Reed. "I'll Reach Out My Hand" gets things started in funky fashion, before the frantic feedback of "When You Smile", trippy "Big Yellow Ball" and punky "Skate Or Die" reveal the variety on show. The sun is a repeating motif, and the slinky "Let It Shine" plays out like an anthem. **PETER WATTS**

HOW TO BUY... MODERN GUITAR SOLI



C JOYNES Congo

BO'WEAVIL, 2012

Beautiful set from Cambridge's finest, which uses guitar soli as just one of many starting points. In here you'll find gamelan duking it out with backwoods rural Americana, deep-breathing drones swimming underneath steel string melancholy, with the accompanists in Joynes' Marsh Arabs levitating his melodies via violin, double-bass and traditional Indian and Thai instruments.

9/10



ALEXANDER TURNQUIST Hallway Of Mirrors

VHF, 2011

New York's Turnquist is masterful. His right-hand technique is as orchestral as Nick Drake's, sending rivulets of steel sadness out across the water, but applied to a minimalist logic with the weight of early Philip Glass or Steve Reich. Using vibraphone to pick melodies from the flood, it's a gorgeous, heady collection.

8/10



CIAN NUGENT Doubles

VHF, 2011

Complex and allusive, Cian Nugent's second album is a deep pass through some of the most visionary music of the 20th Century, from apocalyptic reels for six-string, structured in modular fashion, to great sweeps of minimalist drone, and then into the kind of rustic fantasia beloved of Van Dyke Parks, threaded together with maximum grace.

9/10



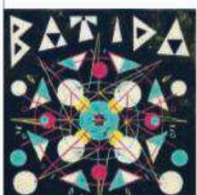
JAMES BLACKSHAW Love Is The Plan, The Plan Is Death

IMPORTANT

English guitarist's dream logic in full bloom

7/10

For the past decade, English guitarist-composer James Blackshaw has been determinedly working on an idiosyncratic vision that takes in both the underground's penchant for following the river of singing steel string, and compositional tactics that are closer to the devotionals of holy minimalists like Arvo Pärt. *Love Is The Plan...* sits just fine alongside his other records, glinting acoustic guitar hymnals spilling from Blackshaw's fingers like cotton to the mill. However, two pieces for piano, one joined by vocalist Geneviève Beaulieu, are rather more prosaic, and lovely though the record is, some rough in the diamond wouldn't go astray. **JONDALE**



BATIDA Batida

SOUNDWAY

Funky meltdown of antique tunes and modern electronica from Angola

7/10

Putting together a radio show of Angolan music, DJ Pedro Coquenao found an alarming disconnect between the melodic guitars of the past and the country's current edgy urban electronica, kuduro. As Batida he has become a mediator between the two worlds, mixing springy guitar loops with shuffling, high-tempo beats and Portuguese language rap, extending his radio show into multi-media live performance. The results may be an imaginary version of Angolan music – imagine Fatboy Slim at play in Luanda – but tracks like "Tirei O Chapo" have an infectious energy, while a streak of social commentary runs through the raps, be they about Angolan boy soldiers or Portugal's Eurozone crisis. **NEIL SPENCER**



BLEEDING KNEES CLUB Nothing To Do

IAMSOUND/COLUMBIA

Aussie guitar'n'drums duet's teenage lobotomy

7/10

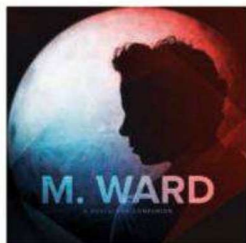
Bleeding Knees Club's debut EP "Virginity" was such a brutally inane slab of teenage punk rock that it came as something of a shock to discover that singing drummer Alex Wall was – gosh – all of 21 and had studied advertising at university. Their cars and girls-heavy debut album, however, offers no further revelations; "Teenage Girls", the title track and "Same Game" epitomise their thunderous, inarticulate oeuvre, but if you worship Waves, or the epic SoCal proto-hardcore of the first Redd Kross and Adolescents records, kneel and marvel. **JIM WIRTH**

M WARD

A Wasteland Companion

BELLA UNION

She & Him's Him returns to his dark, witty furrow. By Alastair McKay



8/10

MATT WARD IS unfailingly polite in conversation, but he gives the strong impression he would rather not talk about himself at all. Even his stage name suggests an underactive ego. Not that Ward is

obstructive. He is happy to confirm, for example, that "Clean Slate", the opening track on his seventh solo album, was written for Alex Chilton, after Ward filled in at a Big Star concert soon after the singer's death. The album's title, it seems, is a nod to TS Eliot's modernist poem – though the connection remains obscure. And, yes, that is Zooey Deschanel adding candyfloss vocals to his cover of Daniel Johnston's "Sweetheart" (no real surprise, as Ward's backwards walk into the spotlight includes a successful – continuing – stint as half of She & Him, a vehicle for the actress' songs).

Which leaves us where, exactly? Well, it might be an idea to take the hint and concentrate on the music. Here there are further misconceptions, because Ward is frequently referred to as a folk musician; which is true in the sense that Buddy Holly can be described as a folk musician. In other words, it is slightly true. Sometimes.

Since Ward is a modest man, let's examine that Daniel Johnston cover more closely. Bold claims are made for Johnston as a songwriter, but the unprofessional nature of his recordings make it hard to tell whether he deserves to be seen as more than a cult in search of a niche.

"Sweetheart" first appeared on *Yip/Jump Music*, a cassette released in 1983. In Johnston's rendering, a half-tuneless vocal does battle with a half-rhythmic rhythm, and the song's appeal seems to reside in a charitable interpretation of the author's intentions. Johnston's charm is his naivety.



SLEEVE NOTES

Produced by:

M Ward

Recorded at: Blue Rooms, Portland, OR; Toybox, Bristol, UK; Arc, Omaha, NE; Bright Star, Los Angeles, CA; Magic Shop, NYC
Personnel include: M Ward (vocals, guitar, piano), John Parish (percussion, marimba), Steve Shelley (percussion), Amanda Lawrence (violin), Mike Mogis (organ), Zooey Deschanel (backing vocals), Mike Coykendall (percussion, bass), Howe Gelb (piano)

In Ward's hands, the song becomes a sweet rock'n'roll handclapper, with sighing guitar, rolling piano and a vocal dipped in sherbet. It's retro to the point of timelessness. It sounds innocent, a quality – like sincerity – which is hard to fake. Mostly, it's adhesive. Listen twice to that chorus and you won't be able to comb the bubblegum from your hair.

The common link between Johnston and Ward is The Beatles. Ward taught himself guitar by studying a Beatles songbook, and what he gleaned was an understanding of how Lennon and McCartney borrowed from the whole of popular music, not just the carbonated thrills of rock'n'roll.

Clearly, Louis Armstrong is a touchstone. The other cover version on here is "I Get Ideas", with Armstrong's mournful serenade replaced by a kind of Babyshambles skiffle. But that's not where you'll hear Ward's debt to Armstrong. Listen instead to "Crawl After You". It's a woozy, gorgeous, mysterious song, about a lovestruck man seeing

an old flame walk by in the street. The hope and the pain are carried aloft by Amanda Lawrence's violin, and Ward sings the mysterious lyric huskily ("I was raised by a tribe of Vegas cowboys/Who claim I was born from a union of dust and wind"). It works a treat.

There are further echoes of Satchmo on the album's title track. There's levity in "Watch The Show", a dream narrative about a man called Bill Burroughs (no relation), who hijacks a TV station after years of dubbing laughter onto sitcoms. And there's a hint of gospel in the dreamy "Wild Goose" (with Howe Gelb on piano), which flows into the final song, "Pure Joy", in which the singer overcomes depression by inhaling "the medicine of oxygen".

An optimistic conclusion, then, to an album which contains dark material, without ever sounding weighty. That, surely, is a matter of wit. Observe "There's A Key", and you'll hear a writer fully in charge of his talent. Inside 10 short lines, he contemplates fate, oblivion, God, and the Devil.

Vocally, Ward sounds like Paul Simon. But that's misdirection. Go past the tone of his voice, inhale the poetry, and you'll taste a sweeter, less mordant Leonard Cohen.

Q&A

M Ward



Did you have a plan in mind for this album before you started?

I produce my own songs the same way I produce Zooey [Deschanel]'s songs. I demo them over and over again, and try to listen for where the song wants to go. That involves the imagination. The song is a direct connection between the inspiration and the listener's ears, and you're just trying to get out of the way.

Your songs sound very immediate – is that deliberate? That might come from how I first

started recording, on my four-track in my bedroom back when I was 15. For as long as I've been recording music I've been trying to translate the intimacy and warmth that you get from a four-track audio cassette onto two-inch tape. It's been an interesting journey.

That reminds me of Daniel Johnston (who you cover on this album). His catalogue is the catalogue of pop music of the future. It's just a matter of time before everyone goes back and listens to those old tapes. They are as good and as pure as John Lennon's songs. Daniel Johnston was a very big Beatles fan, and when I hear those tapes I just hear The Beatles filtered through an American lens, and that's a big inspiration.



**BURKINA
ELECTRIC**
Paspanga
CANTALOUPE

**Innovative West
African electronica via
NY and Düsseldorf**

7/10

Under the direction of percussionist Lukas Ligeti, Burkina Electric create a liberating Afro-pop brew that avoids Western notions of how African music is 'meant' to sound and yet doesn't reduce the participants to hired hands. From Burkina Faso, Mai Lingani sings sinuously and Wende K Blass provides those spiralling licks that non-African guitarists have never mastered. Ligeti adds banging club rhythms and German sonic architect Pyrolator (ex-DAF) swathes the beats in inventive electronica. The resulting heady electro-funk has something in common with Amadou & Mariam's collaborative experiments, but the spirit is looser – and more adventurous.

NIGEL WILLIAMSON



CAVEMAN
CoCo Beware
MAGIC MAN!

**Big harmonies minus
the big beards**

7/10

A relatively new entry in the Brooklyn branch of choral mood music, Caveman gives equal weight to rhapsodic vocal harmonies and visceral rhythms on its debut full-length. The atmospheric, echo-laden arrangements feature repetitive, subtly changing vocal and instrumental patterns that come off like incantations for trendoid city dwellers. But more ambitious tracks like "Decide," "Old Friend" and "Easy Water" blossom into variegated, full-bodied soundscapes that rival the work of the subgenre's pacesetters, Grizzly Bear. At low levels, this record will work nicely as aural wallpaper for cocktail parties, but turn it up and slap on a pair of headphones and the effect is transporting.

BUD SCOPPA



CEU
Caravana Sereia Bloom
SIX DEGREES

**Winding sonic road
trip from South
American star**

7/10

Grammy-winning Brazilian singer Céu has built an international fanbase for her gently shimmying bossa pop. Here, she introduces a few new flavours: the endearingly dog-eared Tropicália style that dominated Brazil's 1960s counterculture, as well as ska on the laidback "You Won't Regret It" and "Asfalto E Sal". Fans of Danger Mouse and Jack White's Rome project will enjoy the elegantly moody desert moments like "Retrovisor" and "Street Bloom", and overall it's an impressive tour of a continent's musical styles. It could do with some Tom Zé-style danger, and (appropriately given she was once signed to Starbucks) it's a bit coffee-table – but a sun-dappled, rum-stocked coffee table to be fair. BEN BEAUMONT-THOMAS



THE CHIEFTAINS
Voice Of Ages
DECCA

**50th anniversary
album featuring host
of younger guests**

8/10

Always canny collaborators, the Irish stalwarts celebrate 50 years in business with a roster that links their own take on tradition with a new generation of roots acts, mostly American. Carolina Chocolate Drops get a tin whistle hoe-down, the Punch Brothers add bluegrass power to Celtic airs, The Civil Wars' own "Lily Love" mixes it with harp and fiddle, while Bon Iver sighs spectrally through the murderous "Down In The Willow Garden". Pistol Annies and The Low Anthem shine, and Ireland's Lisa Hannigan steals the show on "My Lagan Love". Add to such pleasures the 11 minutes of "The Chieftains Reunion", skip Paolo Nutini's "Hard Times Come Again No More" and you have an epic hour of music. NEIL SPENCER

**HOW TO BUY...
CHIEFTAINS HOOK-UPS**



**Irish Heartbeat with
Van Morrison**

MERCURY, 1988

Arguably the best of
The Chieftains' many

collaborations, *Heartbeat* pulls the group from their folk comfort zone while easing Morrison into an unusually relaxed mood after his angsty 1980s. He's gruff and ready on jigs like "Star Of The County Down", visionary on the title cut (recycled from 1983's *Inarticulate Speech...*) and transcendent on the melancholic "Carrickfergus". The album still sounds fresh, though devilishly hard to find.

9/10



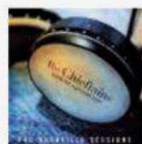
The Long Black Veil

RCA, 1995

On which the rockocracy queue up to trade licks with uilleann pipes and bodhrán.

Mick Jagger's rendition does the title track or himself no favours, but Sinéad O'Connor, Sting and Mark Knopfler rise to the trad challenge, Van Morrison chips in a Grammy-winning "Have I Told You Lately" and Ry Cooder picks sublimely on "Coast Of Malabar", prefiguring their recent *San Patricio* collaboration.

7/10

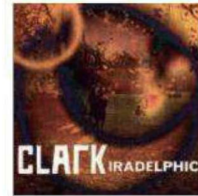


**Down The Old Plank
Road: The Nashville
Sessions**

RCA, 2002

Celebrating the indelible links between Irish folk and American country comes this successor to 1992's *Another Country*. It's also superior, with Alison Krauss, Lyle Lovett and Ricky Skaggs showing that the bluer the grass, the better it gets. Standouts include Del McCoury wailing high and lonesome on "Rain And Snow" and Gillian Welch stealing the show on the murder ballad "Katie Dear".

7/10

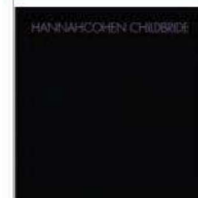


CLARK
Iradelphic
WARP

**Glitchtronica
journeyman forges
ever onward**

6/10

Clark (originally Chris Clark) has built up an impressive back catalogue of ferocious glitched-up rave, delicate ambient pastures, and all manner of lurching, skittering beasts in between. Here he continues to broaden out with his most accessible release yet. Acoustic guitar swims to the fore, amid vintage synth tones and a typically drawling Martina Topley-Bird, creating a strange retro-modern English folk music reminiscent of Fridge and early Four Tet as well as Ghost Box and the fantastical visions of Archigram. Some of the beats do feel a little dated, and sometimes veer towards the rigidity of trip hop; but the beatless "Broken Kite Footage", a Rhys Chathamesque bruised guitar chorale, makes for a satisfying end. BEN BEAUMONT-THOMAS



**HANNAH
COHEN**
Child Bride
BELLA UNION

**Supermodel explores
career options**

7/10

On paper, Hannah Cohen's story seems almost too perfect. She's a model, verging on super-, a published photographer, and her grandfather was the broadcaster/poet WR "Bertie" Rodgers. But put that aside, and observe the timbre of musicians on her debut. Producer Thomas Bartlett (Doveman) has corralled a posse of left-field New York players – Sam Amidon, Rob Moose, Doug Wieselmann, Kenny Wollesen, Brad Albetta – to add deceptively understated backing to Cohen's breathy vocals. The wispy "California" suggests this quiet record deserves to be played at volume, while the standout is the layered electronica of Doveman's "Boy + Angel", with Cohen coming over like a distracted Julie London. ALASTAIR MCKAY



BOBBY CONN
Macaroni
FIRE

**Glam pygmy's Barclay
James Harvest for
the world**

7/10

"They're so smooth and cheesy/Microwave easy." Assailed with war and inequality, jump-suited Chicago glam pixy Bobby Conn takes solace in pre-pack macaroni on his seventh album, a typical stack-heeled magic touch from Go Kart Mozart's closest rival in the world of blacker-than-black-humoured novelty rock. Dark, funny and teetering on the verge of Phil Ochs delusional, *Macaroni* is an assault on hipster apathy, slyly equating eavesdropping on a neighbours' domestic ("Face Blind") with the universal reluctance to truly stick it to the man ("Govt" and "Can't Stop Th' War"). Hot and sickly, yes, but so, so more-ish.

JIM WIRTH

THE PRIMITIVES Echoes And Rhymes

THE PRIMITIVES return after too long away with this very cool collection of choice covers of '60s Femme Obscuros. From garage to psychedelia, with touches of soul and sunshine pop, these songs are revisited & revamped with love and affection.

ELEFANT CD / LP



JUSTIN TOWNES EARLE Nothing's Gonna Change The Way You Feel About Me Now

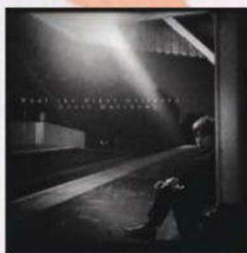
"A gorgeous, sometimes sparse, sometimes lush, love letter steeped in Memphis soul and Guthrie folk."
"Justin Townes Earle is Justin Townes Earle, so any comparison with other Americana singer-songwriters, old or young is futile." - MAVERICK

BLOODSHOT CD / LP

THE JEFFREY LEE PIERCE SESSIONS PROJECT The Journey Is Long

2nd volume of the late Gun Club leader's previously unreleased work-in-progress, brought to life by old friends, collaborators and acolytes including Nick Cave, Debbie Harry, Mark Lanegan, Isobel Campbell, Jim Jones Revue, Barry Adamson, Lydia Lunch, Kid Congo Powers and more...

GLITTERHOUSE CD / 2xLP



SCOTT MATTHEWS What The Night Delivers

"Lovingly nurtured, matured-in-the-cask wisdom and honeyed melancholia"

★★★★ DAILY MIRROR

"His most assured set yet"

★★★★ UNCUT

"It's just exquisite, he's brilliant" Lauren Laverne, BBC 6Music

SAN REMO CD

PEASANT Bound For Glory

Sharp observations and thought-provoking lyrics are mixed with easy, lush and dreamy instrumentation on Damien DeRose's third album.

This Pennsylvanian singer - songwriter is garnering comparisons to Bright Eyes & Elliott Smith, catch him on tour in the UK in May.

SCHNITZEL CD / LP



JUNIOR ELECTRONICS Musostics

Junior Electronics is the solo work of STEREO LAB's Joe Watson. Sharing sounds and an affinity with bands like Can, Beta Band, Broadcast, High Llamas and composer John Barry,

'Musostics' is recommended for lovers of eccentric, 60's/70's TV soundtracks & squelchy, funky, electronic experimentation.

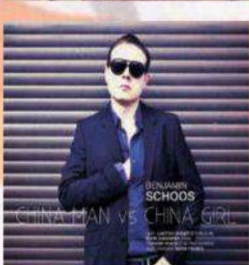
BUREAU B CD / LP

BENJAMIN SCHOOS China Man Vs China Girl

A string laden, rich & rhythmic FM pop album that draws on the glossy melodies of '70s soft rock. Chrissie Hynde, Mark Gardener (Ride) & Laetitia Sadier (Stereolab) guest. "it's Sadier that lends her gorgeous vocals to the galloping, heart-burstingly lovely Je Ne Vois Que Vous... a song that makes you want to run around the streets of Paris with a Super 8 camera and a coy but knowing smile on your face"

THE GUARDIAN

FREAKSVILLE CD



RUTHIE FOSTER Let It Burn

Ruthie Foster's new album smoulders & sizzles with an intensity born from her vibrant voice and indelible presence.

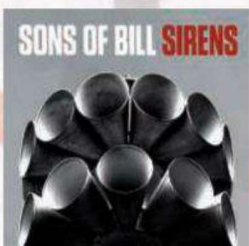
It features special guests The Blind Boys of Alabama soul legend William Bell, and songs by Adele, Johnny Cash, The Band and more.

BLUE ROSE CD

SONS OF BILL Sirens

Led by brothers James, Sam and Abe Wilson, Sons of Bill is a band that sound like where they're from somewhere south of Bruce Springsteen's rock and roll desperation, but slightly north of their alt-country contemporaries. 'Siren' is a powerful collection of guitar-driven rock and reflective alt-country songs.

BLUE ROSE CD



NIVE NIELSEN & THE DEER CHILDREN Nive Sings!

Nive is a ukulele wielding Inuit artist hailing from Greenland, her musical vignettes are immersed with a quirky sense of humour & adorned with folk and alt. country colourings. The album was partly recorded and produced in Bristol by John Parish, Howe Gelb guests on two tracks.

GLITTERHOUSE CD / LP

ULRICH SCHNAUSS & MARK PETERS Underrated Silence

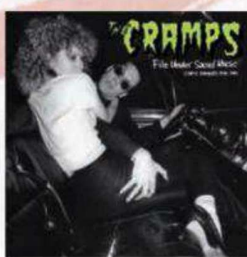
Ulrich Schnauss, master of shoegazer indietronica, and Mark Peters of Engineers, present their first collaboration "This is ambient music that's both engaging and engrossing"

★★★★ Q

"An album of life affirming electronic vignettes"

★★★★ THE TIMES

BUREAU B CD / LP+CD



THE CRAMPS File Under Sacred Music - Early Singles 1978-81

"Ace singles collection, plus tracks that should have been 45s but never were, spanning 1978-81"

★★★★★ MOJO

"Unspeakingly great collection of singles by one of the best singles outfits of all time."

THE WIRE

MUNSTER 7" x 10 BOXSET / CD

info@shellshock.co.uk www.shellshock.co.uk

SHELLSHOCK | INDEPENDENT MUSIC DISTRIBUTION

available from
amazon.co.uk

WorldMags.net



COWBOY JUNKIES The Wilderness - The Nomad Series Volume 4

LATENT

Final instalment of the Junkies' conceptual quartet

6/10

Over the past 18 or so months, the Junkies have released four albums, each inspired by a painting by Cuban-American artist Enrique Martinez Celaya. The previous three have included Chinese-influenced excursions, a suite of Vic Chesnutt covers and what sounded like a stab at country prog. *The Wilderness* is more like a Junkies album as we'd previously appreciated them, an understated hoard of sepulchral ballads ("Idle Tales", "Angels In The Wilderness") and languid trundles ("We Are The Selfish Ones", "Fuck, I Hate The Cold"). A faint sense of diminishing returns is offset by Margo Timmins' enduringly wondrous voice. **ANDREW MUELLER**



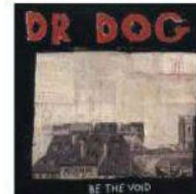
JOHN DOE AND THE SADIES Country Club

YEP ROC

Foot-tapping country classics, covered by the world's best bar band

8/10

The Sadies are one of the finest backing bands around, and team up adroitly with John Doe (once of X) to produce a cracking set of country classics, recorded in 2009 but only now released in the UK. They begin with a cover of Waylon Jennings' "Stop The World And Let Me Off", steeping it in a '60s Nashville vibe with a dash of Bakersfield twang, and apply a similar technique to songs by Tammy Wynette ("Till I Get It Right"), Hank Williams ("Take These Chains From My Heart") and Merle Haggard ("Are The Good Times Really Over"). They even seamlessly blend in a few originals, like Doe's ecstatic "It Just Dawned On Me". **PETER WATTS**



DR DOG Be The Void

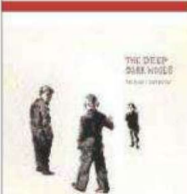
ANTI-

Uneasy sixth offering from the Philadelphia sextet

Their past couple of albums have seen Dr Dog transcend their

6/10

shaky lo-fi beginnings and emerge as near-rounded pop bunnies. But whereas *Fate* and *Shame*, *Shame* offered a more oblique take on psychedelia and rock baroque, here they seem determined to ram in as many sky-punching choruses as possible. Some of *Be The Void* works very well, be it the euphoric "That Old Black Hole" or the endearingly funky "Do The Trick". "These Days" could even be something cooked up by Vampire Weekend and The Strokes. Too often, though, these chant-a-long anthems are too damn chirpy for their own good. **ROB HUGHES**



THE DEEP DARK WOODS The Place I Left Behind

SUGAR HILL

Seductive soliloquies from the frozen north

8/10

Hailing from the chilly city of Saskatoon, The Deep Dark Woods have been a big noise in their native western Canada since their 2009 debut *Winter Hours* brought them a slew of awards. This second album retains its predecessor's themes of lovesick isolation and hymnal heartache, referencing local geography ("Westside Street", "The Banks Of The Leopold Canal") with banjos, fiddles and pedal steel. Ryan Boldt's drowsy vocals occasionally bring to mind Robbie Robertson, or the more languid numbers from Ryan Adams' Whiskeytown, but the sombreness of "I Just Can't Lose" is counterbalanced by lively hoedowns like "Sugar Mama", each song beautifully played and classically structured. **TERRY STAUNTON**

REVELATIONS

Dion, Spector and The Boss in the studio on '75's Born To Be With You



Dion: "Phil would get very loud..."

"IT BECAME DIFFICULT, because people would show up, Phil would get really sidetracked and really... he'd get very loud and hold court for 45 minutes. Another night my friend Little Steven [Van Zandt] and Bruce Springsteen would come in and it would go off again. And you're talking about 60 musicians in the studio - Hal Blaine on drums. Nino Tempo on horns. I got close to Nino Tempo. I said, 'What's going on?' He said to me, 'If you have a problem with Phil, don't ever challenge him in front of a lot of people. Because he's going to have to win. So take him out in the hallway, and look him in the eye and talk to him.'

"When Springsteen came in, he said, 'Are there any guns? With John Lennon, they had guns going off...' We started talking: success is good, but if you lose perspective, you go nuts. Bruce said, 'Whatever applies to the janitor, applies to me.' I think Spector's a genius, but you can't believe that about yourself.

"We've remained friends, but the whole project just kind of fell apart. There were some almost brilliant things on there, like 'Make The Woman Love Me', but it was a very dark period, I think, for him."

JOHN ROBINSON



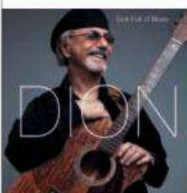
DOLPHINS INTO THE FUTURE ...On Sea-Faring Isolation

FONAL

Aquatic ambience from Belgium

7/10

You can imagine Lieven Martens, aka Dolphins Into The Future, having a studio on board the *Belafonte* in *The Life Aquatic*, composing Moogy symphonies to deep-sea fauna. Released on his own Cetacean Nation tape imprint in 2009, now available for the first time on CD, *...Isolation* has proved his most seductive layering of sonar bleep, *Kon-Tiki* creak and sea-bird squawk. It's uncertain whether the extra-musical elaborations are an adventure in new-age kitsch, though this does feature bonus track "Various Possible Notes And Timbres Of The Mental Unit Molecule", an epic theosophical noodle, apparently composed on Okopako Island (which may exist only in Martens' own atlas). **STEPHEN TROUSSE**



DION Tank Full Of Blues

BLUE HORIZON

Veteran crooner's still got the blues

7/10

From teen idol rocker in the early '60s, via his reinvention on the mid-'60s Greenwich Village folk scene, Dion DiMucci has never been shy of switching musical horses when something different grabs his attention. This album completes a loose trilogy of albums that begun in 2006 with *Bronx In Blue*; another confident collection of 12-bar groovers in debt to the spirit of Robert Johnson and Elmore James. Do-wrong women plague his mind on "Holly Brown" and "My Michelle", Dion's heart-troubled testifying underpinned by solid if rarely showy or dextrous guitar work, and there's a sleazy urban strut to "Two Trains", its lyrics doffing a cap to earlier railroad blues by Johnson and Muddy Waters. **TERRY STAUNTON**



DURGA RISING Durga Rising

KEDA

Long-lost fusion rescued from obscurity

6/10

Back in 1996, cabaret singer Barb Jung, Asian tabla player Kuljit Bhamra and pianist Russell Churney recorded an Indo-jazz project that became a cult album on mail order, but never received commercial distribution. Its belated full release reveals a bunch of high-class global jazz-pop ballads, although the original compositions are outshone by an exotic, tabla-driven retooling of Echo & The Bunnymen's "The Cutter" and a stunning "Blind Willie McTell", surely the hardest Dylan song to cover, but on which Jung's delivery is breathtaking. Sadly Churney is not around to enjoy the moment, having died too young at 42. **NIGEL WILLIAMSON**



JUSTIN TOWNES EARLE

Nothing's Gonna Change The Way You Feel About Me Now

BLOODSHOT

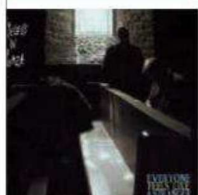
8/10

Muted set of autobiographical

country soul, cut live by Earle the Younger

On the heels of his award-winning 2010 breakthrough *Harlem River Blues*, Justin Townes Earle confounds some big expectations here, opting for some gently swinging Memphis soul and funky R'n'B. Darkly autobiographical, shot through with a big streak of lonely, *Nothing's Gonna Change...* shimmers in spare arrangements, ghostly keyboards, textured horns, and, occasionally, a talking-style vocal style borrowed from Springsteen's *Nebraska*. "Look The Other Way", Earle conjuring Joe Tex circa 1964, highlights a strong, understated effort.

LUKE TORN



EYELESS IN GAZA

Everyone Feels Like A Stranger

AMBIVALENT SCALE

8/10

Post-punk vets deliver dreampop cocktail with a bitter folk twist

Martyn Bates' '90s

detour into ancient English balladry is finally bearing fruit in his own group. High on English folk/psychedelic textures, he and Peter Becker have come up with this collection of windswept, romantic songs, prickly as holly and sad as old Polaroids. Bates is on great vocal form on "Dance Of Hours" and the rapturous dreampop of "Childhood Knives", while the melding of electric piano and wineglasses on "If I Could Live As The Sun Does" launches into early Tangerine Dream/new age territory. After 32 years, this is a real career peak.

ROB YOUNG



THE FUTUREHEADS

Rant

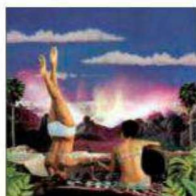
NUL

New adventures in Mackem vowel sounds

Amid stiff competition, the Live Lounge feature of indie bands covering

5/10

R&B hits may be the worst legacy of Jo Whaley's Radio 1 reign of terror. Nevertheless The Futureheads have taken the idea and run with it, building on their version of Kelis' "Acapella" to produce an entire album of covers, instrument-free. It's not always successful, and the shadow of The Flying Pickets hangs over their take on Sparks' "The Number One Song In Heaven". But older songs fare better: "Sumer Is Icumen In" reveals a Mackem affinity for Middle English, while Harry Wincott's drinking song "The Old Dun Cow" is like a bleary boozy companion to some of The Unthanks' adventures in trad. arr. tunes. **STEPHEN TROUSSE**



GEMMA RAY

Island Fire

BRONZE RAT

8/10

Essex art-pop singer makes new friends on third album

This Essex-born, Berlin-based singer-songwriter made critical waves with her last album *Lights Out Zoltar!* which earned her an Independent Music Award and was praised by Jimmy Page. Here she builds on that promise with a skittish yet evocative album that draws on surf-rock, '60s girl-pop, gothic folk and dust-covered blues. Among the many highlights are "Trou De Loup", on which Ray sounds like Siouxsie Sioux backed by a mariachi band, and "Fire House", which could give Laura Marling a run for her money. But by far the most surprising tracks are Ray's Sparks covers "How Do I Get To Carnegie Hall?" and "Eaten By The Monster Of Love", in which the Mael brothers themselves lend a helping hand.

FIONA STURGES

REVELATIONS

Krzysztof Penderecki – cinema's terrifying phantom soundtracker

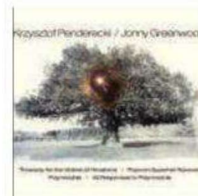


Big scream music: Shelley Duvall in *The Shining*

IF YOU'VE SEEN *The Shining*, *The Exorcist*, *Wild At Heart*, *Inland Empire* or *Shutter Island*, you'll have been chilled by the music of Krzysztof Penderecki. But any soundtrack featuring searing upper-register strings owes a debt to the 78-year-old Polish composer, whose *Threnody For The Victims Of Hiroshima* (1960) set the benchmark for modernist music that expressed the horror of the atomic age.

He's never written for film; directors have instead picked from an output which includes eight symphonies, religious liturgies, chamber music and choral works. His opera *The Devils Of Loudun* (1969) was based on the same Aldous Huxley novel that inspired Ken Russell's *The Devils*, and set the tone for Peter Maxwell Davies' score. His music has become more post-Romantic, but his uncompromising approach – "liberating sound beyond all tradition" – remains a more forbidding prospect than fellow Pole Górecki's *Symphony No 3*.

Penderecki's stock spiked in 1980 when Stanley Kubrick used eight of his works in *The Shining*. He continues to work, currently composing a ninth symphony and an opera based on Racine's *Phaedra*. His joint release with Jonny Greenwood this month is joined by two CD reissues of earlier works on the Polish state record label, Polskie Nagrania. **ROB YOUNG**



JONNY GREENWOOD/ KRZYSZTOF PENDERECKI

Threnody For The Victims Of Hiroshima/Popcorn Superhet Receiver/Polymorphia/48 Responses

8/10

To Polymorphia NONESUCH

Radiohead guitarist's compositions pay tribute to dissonant Polish mentor

Penderecki's *Threnody* is the granddaddy of disquieting soundtracks – see *The Shining et al*. Greenwood's pieces for strings have had a similar impact on *There Will Be Blood* and *Norwegian Wood*, so these make an effective pairing. *Popcorn Superhet Receiver* is built around radiant drones that slide microtonally up and down, and his responses to Penderecki's *Polymorphia* explore chattering, percussive bow technique. Poland's AUKSO Ensemble handle this difficult material with verve. **ROB YOUNG**



GUNN-TRUSCINSKI DUO

Ocean Parkway

THREE LOBED

7/10

Gorgeous, untamed, folksyraga instrumentals

Steven Gunn and John

Truscinski are already embedded in America's underground consciousness, with Gunn doing time alongside members of Magik Markers and Double Leopards in GHQ, and Truscinski playing as one-third of X.O.4. In duo formation, they roll out a highly idiosyncratic take on ragafolk, with Gunn branding circular, cellular melodic tattoos across the ruptured and pliable skins of Truscinski's loosely plotted drums. Their strongest suit is their ability to fly free-form while keeping one eye/ear to the ground, in the form of Gunn's hypnotic Ouroboros-like riffs. Indeed, the entirety of *Ocean Parkway* feels like one beautifully strung-out thought, taking shape in the moment. **JONDALE**



JOHNNY HALLYDAY

Jamais Seul

WARNER JAZZ

The French Cliff Richard reminisces

6/10

Already a chart-topper in Hallyday's native France on its release last spring, adding to his total career sales of 110 million records, *Jamais Seul* was initially announced as the 68-year-old veteran rocker's farewell album. There may have been a change of heart, though, as Hallyday is due to make his live debut in the UK this October, but if this is the last studio hurrah, it's a solid – and seemingly personal – way to bow out. "Paul & Mick" and "Guitar Hero" are crunchy sky-punchers recalling the days he hung out with The Beatles, the Stones and Hendrix in the '60s, while "La Douceur De Vivre" ("The Sweetness Of Life") is a Gallic strummer looking back at his decades in the spotlight. **TERRY STAUNTON**

ALABAMA SHAKES

Boys & Girls

ROUGH TRADE

Assured full-length debut by precocious spawn of Muscle Shoals. *By Andrew Mueller*



8/10

THERE IS MUCH to admire about *Boys & Girls*, the full-length debut by Alabama Shakes, not least its confidence. Just a few lines into the opening track, an anguished affirmation called "Hold On", vocalist Brittany Howard

tips a hat to "someone up above" who once helped her out of a jam with the admonishment "Come on, Brittany." It takes some nerve to address oneself in the third person 45 seconds into your first album: the chore of summoning it is probably made easier when you know you can sing like Brittany Howard can.

It could, indeed, be distractingly easy to spend the 36 minutes of *Boys & Girls* playing a who-is-she-doing-now parlour game with Howard's incredible voice. Here she's a Macy Gray-style throaty soul crooner ("Rise To The Sun"), there she's a Patsy Cline-ish wounded balladeer (the title track), almost everywhere else (especially on "Heartbreaker" and "Be Mine") a Janis Joplin-esque belter wringing ecstasies out of her agonies. Howard's singing is a glorious thing in and of itself, but it also reminds of something that has gotten lost: the properly big female voice, which has been so completely co-opted in recent years by indistinguishable talent show caterwaulers that it has come to subliminally signify insincerity and inanity. There is nothing of either defect about Howard, who sings everything here like she's waited her whole life to do it, and is only going to be allowed to do it once.

Alabama Shakes hail from Athens, Alabama. It's a small town in the north of the state, conveniently located for the obvious motherlode of Alabama Shakes' principal influences Muscle Shoals, the Alabama hamlet whose studios,

during the '60s and '70s, oversaw the production of an astonishing and enduringly influential synthesis of soul and rock'n'roll. Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Etta James and Wilson Pickett recorded at FAME, The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan and Lynyrd Skynyrd at Muscle Shoals Sound Studio. The four members of Alabama Shakes, you can well imagine, between them own large, well-thumbed and deeply scratched collections of these records and they've learnt well.

Alabama Shakes also understand, however, that the Muscle Shoals heritage has been genuflected to more than sufficiently, and could stand at least a little bit of slapping around:

it sounded like The Tennessee Two, or The Detroit Cobras.

Does it mean you get asked a lot about Alabama? Yeah. Like we're trying to be ambassadors, or something. But we could have been from anywhere and made this kind of music. We love Alabama and we're proud of it, but we're not trying to push it.

A lot of *Boys & Girls* is very evocative of that Muscle Shoals soul sound, which was presumably hard to avoid growing up... Oh, yeah. We all grew up with that. I used to spend a lot of time with my grandmother, and all she listened to was a radio station called Solid Gold Oldies - all these great songs from the '50s and '60s. It's the one thing we all understand.



SLEEVE NOTES

Produced by: Alabama Shakes (four tracks co-produced by Andrija Tokic)
Recorded at: The Bomb Shelter, Nashville, TN
Personnel: Brittany Howard (vocals, guitar, piano), Heath Fogg (guitar, bk vocals), Zac Cockrell (bass, bk vocals), Steve Johnson (drums, bk vocals), Paul Horton, Micah Hulscher, Mitch Jones, Ben Tanner (additional piano/organ)

throughout *Boys & Girls*, they rise commendably above any temptation to accompany Howard's exclamations tastefully. There's something of The White Stripes' somewhat cheeky brand of

ancestor worship about them, which is to say that Alabama Shakes regard the rock'n'roll pantheon correctly - much more as something to be looted than curated. So when they hit a chugging MG's groove on "Hang Loose", they underpin its choruses with Heath Fogg's snarling guitar and unhinged thrashes of Steve Johnson's cymbals. When they start nodding north towards Motown on the verses of "I Found You", they deny themselves the cute pop song they might have written and which Zac Cockrell's bass mightfully hints at, briefly threatening to turn it into "My Girl", and instead summon an astonishing soul epic, Howard requiring the top reaches of her range to be heard over the colossal racket surging behind her. It is meant as nothing but a compliment to suggest that this song seems to go on much longer than the 2:59 it actually consumes.

It's little surprise that Alabama Shakes have earned the approval and patronage of Drive-By Truckers, who've previously taken them on tour, and Booker T Jones, who has recently been writing with them. It will be cause for some astonishment if the acclaim already visited upon this fine debut doesn't buoy them to still greater heights next time round. Alabama Shakes are scarcely the first ornery yet soulful rock sound to have emerged from northern Alabama, but they're abundantly worthy bearers of the standard.

Q&A

Brittany Howard



What's Athens, Alabama, like? Is it true you used to deliver the post? Quiet. Small. Peaceful. Lots of farms and fields. And yes. I only did it for about seven months, though.

I got to quit in September.

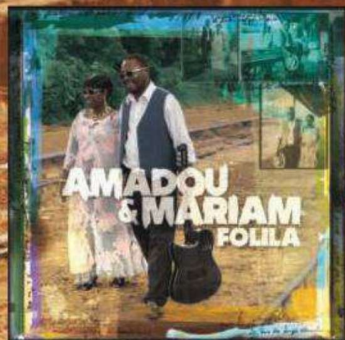
Why choose a name that ties you so explicitly to your home state? It's not a very deep answer. We were called The Shakes, but it turns out there's a ton of other bands called that. We thought of a few other things, but we liked how

"...the most successful musical export of their continent this century"

The Observer

AMADOU & MARIAM

NEW ALBUM
OUT 2ND APRIL



Featuring; Santigold, Tunde and Kyp of TV on the Radio, Ebony Bones, Theophilus London, Amp Fiddler, Bertrand Cantat, Jake Shears of Scissor Sisters, Abdallah Oumbadougou (Desert Rebel)

amazon.co.uk

Free UK delivery available.
See Amazon.co.uk for details

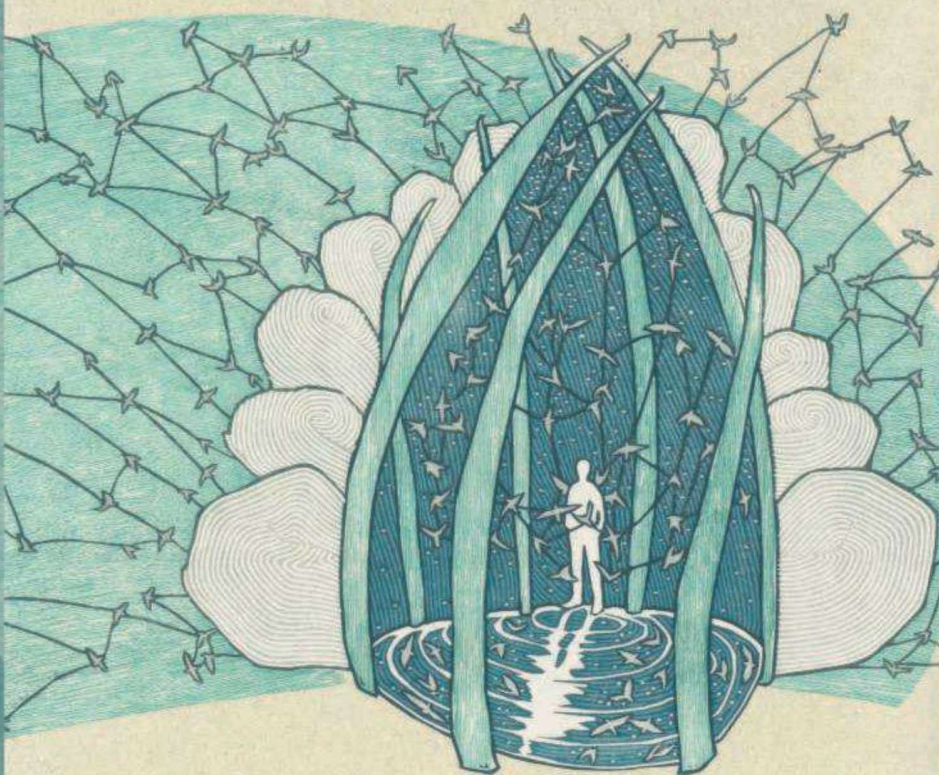
Live on Friday 13th April
O2 Shepherd's Bush Empire

0844 477 2000 comono.co.uk

BECAUSE
MUSIC

amadou-mariam.com
because.tv

GREAT LAKE SWIMMERS
NEW WILD EVERYWHERE

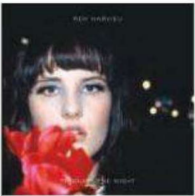


GREAT
LAKE
SWIMMERS
NEW WILD EVERYWHERE
THE NEW ALBUM
2ND APRIL 2012

INCLUDES THE SINGLES
EASY COME EASY GO & NEW WILD EVERYWHERE
WWW.GREATLAKESWIMMERS.COM



NETTWERK
MUSIC GROUP WWW.NETTWERK.COM



REN HARVIEU *Through The Night* ISLAND

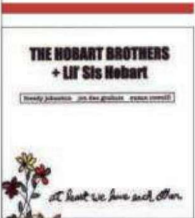
New UK retro-soul hope lacks edge

There's a Duffy-sized gap in the market and here comes Salford's Lauren Harvieu to fill it.

6/10

Lacking Amy Winehouse's urban edge and Adele's sheer oomph, *Through The Night* is a risk-free take on '60s pop-soul, fringed with Bond-theme drama ("Tonight") and Swinging London ennui ("Holding On"). Harvieu certainly has a terrific voice, sultry and strong: her performance on the title track merits the Dusty Springfield comparisons, while she's a deadringer for kd lang on Springsteen-does-Orbison rattle "Walking In The Rain". "Twist The Knife" flirts with a more modern brand of pop sass, but although she was born with sensational pipes, Harvieu hasn't yet forged an identity to match.

GRAEME THOMSON



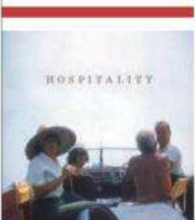
THE HOBART BROTHERS & LIL' SIS HOBART *At Least We Have Each Other* FREEDOM

Underground supergroup: struggling musicians muse on

7/10

their struggling pasts

The product of a 2010 Austin, Texas backyard get-together, the Hobarts – singer-songwriter luminaries Freedy Johnston, Susan Cowsill, and Jon Dee Graham – here assemble a potent *Basement Tapes*-style set of roots-rock, a gritty concept album revolving around blue-collar concerns and the freelance musician's (frequent) second life in the food-service industry. There's Graham's bluesy ballad "The Dishwasher" and the scarifying "First Day On The Job," fine, detailed slices of life both. Best is the blistering "Ballad Of Sis (Didn't I Love You)", a breakup song tour de force given a fiery, defiant vocal by Cowsill. **LUKE TORN**



HOSPITALITY *Hospitality* FIRE

Jolly fine indie-pop debut from NYC

Amber Papini's beautiful, whimsical vocals are what strike you first when listening to

7/10

Hospitality's more than decent debut. Her voice is rather reminiscent of Nina Persson from The Cardigans – simultaneously confident and vulnerable – only delivered in a New York accent, adding an extra level of sass. New York life is one of the main themes of the album, right from opening tracks "Eighth Avenue" and "Friends Of Friends", typically catchy indie pop jangly gems which conjure up images of walking through Manhattan streets in the first flush of love. "The Right Profession" and "Argonauts" bounce around with new wave pep, and the band's chipper demeanour mean they can even survive an ill-advised foray into funk on "The Birthday". **PETER WATTS**



THE HOST *The Host* PLANET MU

Utopian synth dreaming for the internet age

Like his labelmate Kuado, who debuted with the excellent

5/10

Severant late last year, The Host feels inspired by a certain breed of electronic musician, the Vangelis or Jean-Michel Jarre figure, using the best technology of the era to offer to communicate visions of a not-so-distant future. *The Host* is not entirely stuck in a 1980s mode, though: the glimmering synths of "Neo-Geocities" and "3am Surfing" cascade over a backdrop of ticking percussion and Squarepusher-like live bass guitar jamming; sometimes beautiful, although an ADD-ish attention span means it occasionally comes off somewhat lacking in character.

LOUIS PATTISON

REVELATIONS

Gorky's Zygotic Mynci – Richard James' overlooked psych origins

IT'S A DUBIOUS distinction, but Gorky's Zygotic Mynci hold the record for the most Top 75 chart entries without ever reaching the Top 40. They racked up eight near things, "Patio Song" coming closest, reaching a frustrating 41. It never helped that they sang cock-eyed songs about patios on fire, girls doing each other's hair and violin teachers going berserk, or that they drew inspiration from '60s mavericks (Kevin Ayers, Beefheart) and obscure Welsh language bands Datblygu and Ffa Coffi Pawb. Gorky's highest charting album, stalling predictably at 46, was 1997's *Barafundle*, which saw them cultivating a brand of twisted acid folk a decade before the world caught on.

Formed in Carmarthen by 16-year-old schoolboys Euros Childs, John Lawrence and Richard James, their mild-mannered shyness disguised a stubbornness that drove record executives nuts – most notably refusing to format singles to boost sales. Insisting on singing in their mother tongue was taken as another act of self-destruction; long before others (Super Furry Animals and Catatonia) opened up Britpop's Welsh office. Cast as perennial under-achievers, infuriated by being called quirky, Gorky's became more introspective before splitting up in 2006. Predictably this was just as pastoral, folksier sounds like theirs were finally becoming fashionable. **MICK HOUGHTON**



Don't call them quirky: Gorky's Zygotic Mynci



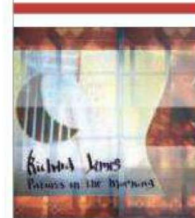
HUSH ARBORS/ ARBOURETUM *Aureola* THRILL JOCKEY

Compelling split from psych-folk backwoodsman

7/10

Having played with Sunburned Hand Of The

Man, Wooden Wand and Six Organs Of Admittance, not to mention a stint in Thurston Moore's band, Hush Arbors' Keith Wood evidently has a talent for collaboration, so it's a surprise to find that *Aureola* is in fact a distinct, split album, comprising five of his songs, with three more from mutual fans and tourmates Baltimore's Arboretum. It's an intriguing juxtaposition of the crunchy and the smooth, Wood's tracks continuing the pastoral Youngian strum and jangle of 2009's *Yankee Reality*, followed by the impressive heft of Arboretum, the awesome "St Anthony's Fire", in particular, striking like Richard Thompson fronting Sabbath. **STEPHEN TROUSSE**



RICHARD JAMES *Pictures In The Morning* GWYMON

Simple summery folk sounds

When James released

8/10

The Seven Sleepers Den in 2006, he emerged from

the shadows of Gorky's Zygotic Mynci to produce the best album among those by his former bandmates. After a laboured follow-up, he's back on familiar ground playing incurably romantic acoustic folk. Euros Childs adds harmonies on three songs including the Fahey-like "Sun Ease Pain" and melancholy, Everly-style "Rolling Down". "Say It Ain't No Lie" is pure Bert Jansch – James might lack Jansch's peerless technique but he keeps within his limitations. "Magical Day" is a particular delight, as close as he'll ever get to sounding like the Velvets. Like much of *Pictures In The Morning*, it's low-key, low-rent and hard to resist. **MICK HOUGHTON**



NORAH JONES *Little Broken Hearts* BLUE NOTE/EMI

MOR princess leans leftwards on Danger Mouse-produced fifth

7/10

Heartache has always been a Norah speciality,

though her romantic angst has usually come tastefully wrapped. Living up to its title, *Little Broken Hearts* introduces rawer notes of regret and vengeance – it's hard to imagine the Ms Jones of the past threatening a rival "I punished him, now I'm saving the best for you" ("Miriam"). Accompanying her more ruthless persona is a musical shift. A collaboration that began with Danger Mouse's *Rome* delivers shimmering atmospheres and blunt beats. Effective on yearning pieces like "After The Fall", the production becomes gimmick-heavy on "Say Goodbye" – a voice so sensual doesn't need an electro-strainer – but this is a bold and engaging evolution. **NEIL SPENCER**



notes, and some of *Sweet Heart...*'s finest moments recall the gleeful motorik of prime Spacemen 3 – albeit with a busload of string players and the cream of the UK's free jazz scene along for the ride. Yet despite the presence of experimental musicians such as Evan Parker and Finn Peters skronking in the background, it's Pierce's formative, canonical influences that continue to dominate the Spiritualized sound. His homages may often be clunky – when you name an LP *Sweet Heart Sweet Light* and its first song "Hey Jane", it's obvious who you're channelling – but they are always lavish and heartfelt. "Get What You Deserve" and "Headin' For The Top Now" kick up a righteous stink, with Pierce running through his full repertoire of

SLEEVE NOTES

Produced by:

J Spaceman
Recorded at: Rockfield, Wales; LifeLike, LA; Sundlaugin, Reykjavik; Livingston Studios, London; home, London
Personnel include: J Spaceman (vocals, guitar, keys), Tony 'Doggen' Foster (guitar, bass), Kevin Bales (drums), Tom Edwards (keys), John Coxon (guitar), Romeo Stodart (banjo), Poppy Spaceman, Roundhouse Choir (vocals)

stock rock'n'roll rhetoric. He "ain't got time to make no mistakes", he "ain't gonna stop until I die" and at one point he's even "living my life on a prayer". Confirmation that he's regurgitating these vintage clichés with a sly grin on his face is provided when he starts retelling a nursery rhyme in the style of James Ellroy ("Mary, Mary quite contrary/How does your future go?/Backstreet dealin', midnight stealin'/Oh, does your mother know?").

As a contrast, there are Pierce's 'pop' efforts – his attempts to write in a classic, sumptuous Brill Building style. "Little Girl" and "Too Late" – originally intended for Marianne Faithfull or Candi Staton, until Pierce got "the fear" – are pretty glorious. But "Life Is A Problem"'s over-egged Jesus metaphors are too much, and "Freedom" is unforgivably

syrupey. Spiritualized's scorching two-chord burners can withstand most of the orchestral indulgence thrown at them, but on some of these slower numbers, Pierce's songwriting staggers under the weight. The Roundhouse Choir are deployed rather too greedily, sounding at times more *Godspell* than gospel. And whether you view the appearance of Pierce's giggling 11-year-old daughter Poppy on "So Long You Pretty Things" as a touching moment or a cloying indulgence may depend on your attachment to Pierce's whole sentimental journey up until this point. The song itself is a typical Spiritualized extravagance, nudged along by blossoming strings and a sterling banjo part courtesy of The Magic Numbers' Romeo Stodart, before finally bursting into a jubilant coda on which Pierce appears to be joined by most of the 50 or so musicians and singers on the album, all swaying in unison. It's undeniably stirring, but also a little ridiculous. Just like rock'n'roll itself, then.

SPIRITUALIZED

Sweet Heart Sweet Light

DOUBLE SIX/ SPACEMEN RECORDINGS

Jason Pierce's seventh album is a lavish and sentimental paean to rock'n'roll, says *Sam Richards*



7/10

HEARTBREAK, DRUG ADDICTION, near-death experiences... few other musicians have spun their tribulations into song as vividly as Jason Pierce over the past couple of decades. Not that the author himself

necessarily sees it that way. Pierce has regularly complained that the break-up narrative of *Ladies And Gentlemen...* is a journalistic invention, and that songs such as "Medication" and "The Twelve Steps" shouldn't be interpreted as literal readings of his own experiences. He's even dismissed those who made the apparently straightforward connection between his last album, 2008's *Songs In A&E*, and the time he was rushed to hospital suffering from bilateral pneumonia. Perhaps that's why, despite a troubled gestation during which Pierce was housebound for almost a year following another round of debilitating medical treatment, *Sweet Heart Sweet Light* resists all attempts to impose a convenient backstory. As always, there are

lyrical teasers – "Sometimes I wish that I was dead/'Cos only the living can feel the pain" runs the conspicuous first line of the lilting "Little Girl" – but on the whole this is a sanguine and at times even sentimental record. Life may be tough, it counsels, but everything will be OK as long as we gather our loved ones around us and submit to the healing power of rock'n'roll.

"Play loud and drive fast" instruct the sleeve

Q&A

Jason Pierce



Did any overarching themes present themselves as the LP started coming together? The overriding idea was, I was going to make a pop record – not one like you're going to find on a rack in Boots or something, but a record that doesn't ask too much of the listener. I had to have treatment for a disease I had, and I knew it was going to take it out of me, so I figured I'd make a pop album and make it easy on myself. Hah! Little did I know that it wasn't going to be easy. What I

learned along the way is that when you make distorted or abstract music you put up a barrier. But with pop there's nowhere to hide – everyone understands the medium. I felt really exposed.

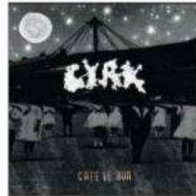
What did you learn about the songs from playing them live at the Royal Albert Hall last year, when you premiered the whole album in its entirety? Not a lot. It was a proper inconvenience. I didn't do it to say, 'Hey, I'll show you what I've been doing', it was more that I didn't know what the hell to do otherwise. I'd just about got through my treatment and I wasn't very fit. It just threw up a whole lot of incision. The studio is all about the meticulous details, but live is like being under a huge waterfall you can't capture. It was weird mixing the two things up.



KEITH KENNIFF **Branches** VILLAGE GREEN

Fine instrumental collection from Ryuichi Sakamoto-lauded modernist

8/10 Berklee honours graduate Kenniff has his fingers in different stylistic pies: with downtempo ambient electronicists Helios, as the solo post-classical pianist/minimalist composer Goldmund and, most recently, with his wife as half of tipped dream-pop duo Mint Julep. *Branches* combines the aesthetics of the first two projects in an elegant, rapturously beautiful and subtly suggestive set of soundscapes, far too vivid and sensual to be mere instrumental backdrops. Titles like "Grace" and "Daybreak" give the mood game away, but pastoral tranquillity isn't Kenniff's only expression, as the braided, steadily accelerating rhythms of "Anyone" and the unsettling crosscurrents of glitch flickering across "Here" attest. **SHARON O'CONNELL**



CATE LE BON **CYRK** OVNI

The two sides of Gruff Rhys protégée

The mix of ragged experimentation, eccentric *joie de vivre* and simple melody on

Le Bon's second album frequently recalls the third Velvet Underground record: pulsing opener "Falcon Eyed" purloins the riff from "What Goes On", while she sounds a lot like compatriot John Cale on the wonderful "Puts Me To Work" (and, oddly, Moe Tucker on sinister waltz "Julia"). The drunken brass band ambushing "Greta" is characteristic, but there's much beauty amid the flux of recorders, messy analogue synths and wayward sax. Le Bon's compelling duality is best exemplified on "Ploughing Out", which begins as a sweet music-box tinkle and ends in free-form cacophony.

GRAEME THOMSON



LIGHTSHIPS **Electric Cables** GEOGRAPHIC

Teenage Fanclub's bass-player feels the love on solo debut

Verdant and flutey, the debut album from Teenage Fanclub

bassist Gerard Love is a subtle deviation from the day job, with Jim O'Rourkeish electronic washes and some pleasantly Florian Schneider woodwind. Tremolo and delay were Love's guiding principles for *Electric Cables*, but inevitably melody conquers all, with the songwriter who brought you "Star Sign", "Hang On" and "Ain't That Enough" surpassing himself once more on "Sweetness In Her Spark" and "Silver And Gold", evidence of his endless reserves of hope as well as combinations of D, C and G chords. Bliss, bliss, bliss – get Loved up and float away.

JIM WIRTH



KILLING JOKE **MMXII** SPINEFARM/UNIVERSAL

The four riders of the Apocalypse – redux

Given that frontman Jaz Coleman relocated to Iceland for a time to avoid Armageddon, it's maybe

no surprise that "the Joke" – reunited in their original lineup – should reappear the year the Mayan calendar supposedly ends. Their themes – societal and environmental collapse, planetary alignment and the establishment of a new world order – are as monumental as their heavily overdubbed blend of angsty post-punk, quasi classical and gothic metal. If "Fema Camp" is the sound of them dragging their anchor, "In Cythera" a mediocre channelling of Foo Fighters' pop metal, then the thunderous "Glitch" suggests Coleman is (still) vomiting up his very soul. The scrap heap, it seems, is some way off yet.

SHARON O'CONNELL

REVELATIONS

Killing Joke: a simple revenge tale of maggots and pig meat...



The Joke's on you: (l-r) Paul Ferguson, Raven, Geordie and Jaz

MUSICIANS ARE NOTORIOUSLY over-sensitive to criticism, but the reaction of Killing Joke's Jaz Coleman to press treatment he judged as unfavourable takes the biscuit for extreme reaction. In the mid-'80s, music weekly *Melody Maker* published a candid snap of the mad-eyed singer-songwriter in a Caribbean swimming pool, with a caption which dared to suggest that such behaviour somewhat compromised his standing as an icon of doomy, politicised post-punk. It appears that Coleman saw the piece when he was being interviewed by a journalist from rival publication *Sounds* and so hot-footed it to a Ladbroke Grove fishing store, where he bought several pints of maggots and some pigs' livers. A threatening call to the offices beforehand had alerted *MM* staff, who refused to surrender their editor, but sent another hapless hack down to reception to deal with the enraged Coleman. He refused to name the writer responsible, at which point Coleman slammed a pair of scissors into a desk, liberated his maggots and chucked the liver around. Doubtless raising his voice above the receptionists' screams, he then issued an ultimatum – *MM*'s editor had one hour to call Coleman and apologise. He then left. According to the singer, "he rang up about 45 minutes later. It was all very funny."

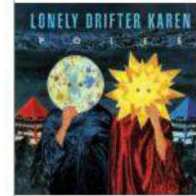
SHARON O'CONNELL



SETH LAKEMAN **Tales From The Barrel House** HONOUR OAK

Back-to-basics sixth album restores folk's great white hope

8/10 Once the poster boy of English folk, Lakeman has lost his way in recent years. A major-label contract did him no favours and recent albums suffered under over-slick production and an approach best dubbed folk-bombast. Now free of EMI he returns to the simpler verities of *Kitty Jay*, the self-released, £300-to-record breakthrough which earned him a 2005 Mercury nomination. Recorded in an old stone barn near his Dartmoor home, it's Lakeman totally solo, his voice, fiddle, guitar and banjo sketching a primitive backdrop perfectly suited to his narrative stories of the old craftsmen of the West Country on songs such as "The Artisan" and "Blacksmith's Prayer". A definite return to form. **NIGEL WILLIAMSON**



LONELY DRIFTER KAREN **Poles** CRAMMED

Tasteful three-piece give coffee-table Europop a good name

6/10 An Austrian chanteuse, a Spanish multi-instrumentalist and a French percussionist – on a Belgian label. As the Eurozone teeters on the edge of collapse, it is heartening to find sophisto-pop trio Lonely Drifter Karen still holding a torch for the communal continental ideal. All late-night cabaret polish and electro-jazz precision, their third LP is sprinkled with early-'80s sci-fi sounds and motifs, which may explain why it evokes the muted, sometimes overly crisp Europhile synth-muzak sound of the era – bands like Propaganda and labels like Crepuscule. But Tanja Frinta's voice betrays a seductively Joanna Newsom-style richness beneath its cool surface poise, notably on melancholy travelogue "Rain In Beijing" and sublime synth ballad "Comet". **STEPHEN DALTON**



LOSTPROPHETS **Weapons** SONY

Album five from Welsh metal outfit forever on the verge of a major breakthrough

5/10 Determined to maintain a direct connection with their punkish roots, while branching into grander, more polished territory, Ian Watkins' band address several sides of their sonic make-up on the follow-up to 2010's troubled *The Betrayed*. Taking lyrical inspiration from numerous uprisings across the globe, "Bringing 'Em Down" and "Better Off Dead" reignite the confrontational firepower of their *the fakesound of progress* debut. "Another Shot" adds tension and atmosphere but a tendency toward the derivative comes to the fore on synth-centred gloomfest "Can't Get Enough" and continues through crunchy, riff-fuelled anthem "Jesus Walks".

GAVIN MARTIN

AMERICANA



BEST
OF THE
MONTH



SIMONE FELICE

Simone Felice

REVEAL

Felice Brother's hushed and haunting solo debut

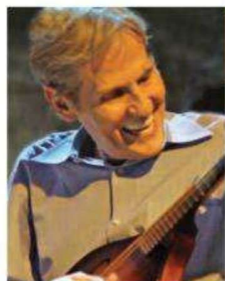
After undergoing emergency open-heart surgery in 2010, Simone Felice appears to have taken solace in first principles. Having stepped away from The Felice Brothers in 2009 and put The Duke & The King on hiatus, his solo debut is simple and earthy, leaning on little more than organ, warm acoustic guitar and his wondrous singing, every note carrying the betraying quaver of a man who feels a little too much.

8/10

Felice's voice has a devotional quality and the music here is often similarly hymnal. Recorded in an old church, a barn in the woods and a disused school, the songs are full of space. The funky edges and pop mischief evident on The Duke & The King's two albums are gone, replaced by a quiet, powerful intensity which sometimes recalls the work of another drummer-gone-solo, former Fleet Fox J Tillman.

The rousing gospel-blues of "You & I Belong", with its handclaps and unison singing, is an anomaly. More often Felice is trying desperately to keep a bad world at bay. On "New York Times", a haunting piano ballad, he lifts a litany of ills – the fate of an American Indian, the Iraqi dead, coke deals, a child-killer – from the front page and places them squarely on his own shoulders. "Charade", six minutes of voice and bare-boned acoustic guitar, is riveting yet painfully raw. The girls' choir and churchy organ on "Hey Bobby Ray" can't disguise a palpable intimation of dread.

Elsewhere the mood is elegiac. Felice ponders the fate of childhood friends on "Dawn Brady's Son"; on "Ballad Of Sharon Tate" and "Courtney Love", on which the Hole singer becomes a totem for every reckless move any of us have made, he laments those doomed by dark infamy. The closing "Splendor In The Grass", swept by viola, is ultimately affirming, yet acknowledges that being "one step away from her is a small death". GRAEME THOMSON



THE AMERICANA ROUND-UP

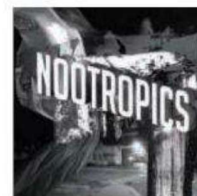
► Respect to a trio of legends this month. On the back of Sony/Legacy's *Bootleg Vol IV: The Soul Of Truth*, it's been announced that The Johnny Cash Museum will open in downtown

Nashville later in the year. We're promised an interactive "three-dimensional journey through Cash's life". Among the collection are early letters and documents, plus the handwritten manuscript to the last song he ever penned. And belated congratulations to **Levon Helm** (pictured – best Americana album for *Ramble At The Ryman*) and **George Jones** (Lifetime Achievement Award) for picking up Grammy Awards. The former also crops ups alongside David

Rawlings and Kris Kristofferson on an EP by Finnish roots combo **The Latebirds**, recorded at Helm's Woodstock studio and due out soon as a bonus disc to new LP *Last Of The Good Ol' Days*. The album's guests include Nels Cline, Benmont Tench and Minnie Driver.

The following month sees the return of Mark Kozelek. Among *The Leaves* is the ex-Red House Painter's fifth album as **Sun Kil Moon**. Expect songs about guitar repairmen, boxer Joe Frazier, chess champ Bobby Fischer and serial killer Ed Gein.

Dave Alvin & The Guilty Ones play seven dates across the UK in April, to tie in with an expanded edition of last year's excellent *Eleven Eleven*, while the mighty **Johnny Dowd** brings his mangled avant-blues and no-holds country to these shores for half a dozen gigs at the end of May.



LOWER DENS

Nootropics

RIBBON

Elegant post-rock from New Jersey quartet

Not too many new bands are hurrying to fill Sonic Youth's shoes, but if there's one East Coast art-rock

8/10

ensemble with the imagination and integrity to at least try them for size, it's Baltimore's Lower Dens. Fronted by Texan Jana Hunter, a former freak-folk acolyte of Devendra Banhart turned no-nonsense indie adventurer, this expansive follow-up to their 2010 debut finds Lower Dens loosely exploring the better-living-through-technology concept of nootropics via slanted new-wave nuggets called "Stem" and "Candy". Elsewhere, her voice Beach House-husky, Hunter's subtle arrangements reveal the ragged beauty of "Propagation" and "Nova Anthem" after several listens. *Nootropics* is a slow burn that lingers long.

PIERS MARTIN



MARINA AND THE DIAMONDS

Electra Heart

679/ATLANTIC

Overbearing diva's slightly desperate second effort

6/10

Marina Diamandis cut a rather forlorn figure when, in the aftermath of her brassy debut, she wondered aloud why she wasn't more famous. Whether she'll increase her fanbase on this second album by cloaking her naked ambition in the character of a self-obsessed bunny boiler called Electra Heart remains to be seen, but she's certainly given it everything. In come big-gun producers Dr Luke and Greg Kurstin to fine-tune the Katy Perryfied Top 40 turbo-pop of "Primadonna" and "Power And Control", leaving barely enough oxygen for swooning cuts "State Of Dreaming" and "Hypocrates", which remind you why she was so appealing in the first place. PIERS MARTIN



TIM MCGRAW

Emotional Traffic

CURB

Big hat, no cattle

It might be grudgingly conceded that country music needs people like Tim McGraw, inasmuch as much worthwhile art is

2/10

created in enraged reaction to such vapid, complacent, anodyne tosh as this. McGraw defines the post-Garth Brooks Nashville orthodoxy, often dismissed as "hat music" – and much he doubtless cares, as he and his missus and approximate female equivalent, Faith Hill, toss another bundle of fifties into the gold fireplace. *Emotional Traffic* contains a few soppy homilies to domesticity ("One Part, Two Part", "Right Back Atcha Babe"), a transparent bid for a Super Bowl halftime booking ("Touchdown Jesus") and a great many reasons to listen to the equally polished, but vastly wittier, Brad Paisley.

ANDREW MUELLER



THE MEN Open Your Heart SACRED BONES

New York DIY rockers' joyful leap forward

Despite borrowing from the riffs of Spacemen 3, early Replacements and Buzzcocks, Brooklyn band

8/10

The Men's second album for Sacred Bones wears these influences lightly. With hard punk, country and drone, it's more optimistic than its predecessor, 2011's prickly *Leave Home*, often playful: on pummelling opener "Turn It Around" Mark Perro demands, "I wanna see you write a love song! I wanna see you with your tongue tied!" The harsher moments are never foreboding – on "Animal" Perro screams "We're the animals!", offset by a bored-sounding dame chorusing, "They're the animals". And even as the "Ever Fallen In Love..."-quoting title track beats off heartbreak as only punk rock can, it's never maudlin. You won't find it hard to reciprocate *Open Your Heart's* approach. **LAURA SNAPES**



NEDRY In A Dim Light MONOTREME

London trio breathe new life into the corpse of '90s trip hop

Nedry's second album picks up where the band left off on 2010's

7/10

Condors, continuing their exploration of a musical territory in which trip hop and dubstep collide. With its skittering breakbeats, twitchy percussion and singer Ayu Okakita's ghostly vocal delivery, "I Would Rather Explode" channels the darker end of the '90s Bristol sound, while "Post Six", despite starting politely, ends up like Burial with a monstrous hangover. Elsewhere, rasping guitars are deployed on "TMA" in which Okakita adopts a more robust Karen O-style wail. It all adds up to an album that is as satisfying as it is unexpected. **FIONA STURGES**



OX Tuco COSMIC DAVE'S RECORD FACTORY

Fifth album from Ontario-based Canyon wannabes

It's probably best to forget mainman Mark

6/10

Browning's claim that *Tuco* is "the soundtrack to an imaginary buddy movie with Carradine and Hopper". But full marks for period vérité: there's nothing here which couldn't have been recorded 40 years ago. Like Ryan Adams, though, Browning's saving grace is how intuitively he's assimilated all that was best about those freewheeling times. Neil Young is an obvious avatar (although surprisingly it's the undervalued *Time Fades Away* era that appears most influential here). And a couple of the more choogling tracks – especially "Midnight On The Island" – could have graced *Uncut's* recent CCR tribute disc. **NIGEL WILLIAMSON**



MOUNIRA MITCHALA Chili Houritki LUSAFRICA

Sure-footed second outing from Chad songstress

6/10

Vast in territory but small in population, the republic of Chad has hardly featured in emergent African music. Mounira Mitchala is the exception. The daughter of an exiled teacher, she has an international background that's helped her build a career in a country which doesn't seem to sufficiently value either artists or women. Her second album is a melodic, Congo-tinged variant on Chad's desert folk music, full of swelling semi-acoustic guitars and call-and-response choruses. Mitchala's vocal style errs towards stridency, but her songs, focused on everyday life, are urgent, and when she relaxes into a ballad like "Saboura", there's sweetness. **NEIL SPENCER**

WE'RE
NEW
HERE

The
Men



THERE'S NO FANCY story behind Brooklyn punks *The Men's* formation in 2008. Guitarists/vocalists Nick Chiericozzi and Mark Perro, along with now-departed bassist Chris Hansell and drummer Rich Samis were old friends, so why not? The unfettered nature of their formation is reflected in their no-messing name. Perro told Pitchfork recently: "We're just a bunch of people trying to express what they have to say. And the easiest vehicle for that has been rock'n'roll."

Ben Greenberg is now the band's bassist, and they're just releasing *Open Your Heart*. It's a warmer record than its pleasingly ugly predecessor, 2011's *Leave Home* (which in turn followed dozens of DIY cassettes and CD-Rs). On their new LP, they cite John Fahey, Cheap Trick, Big Star and Lou Reed as influences, along with hefty doses of psychedelia. The Men often quote passages from other songs, and define themselves as sharing an approach with the likes of Spacemen 3 and MC5: of paying homage by constructing sonic collages – but with a knack for making the whole shebang sound deeply honest and invigorating. **LAURA SNAPES**



JIM MORAY Skulk NIAG

Seamless, uncontrived pop-folk

8/10

Moray's approach to what might broadly be termed folk has never been set in stone. Here, a driving dual banjo treatment of Fleetwood Mac's "Big Love" (from *Tango In The Night*) is one of two non-traditional selections. *Skulk* is impeccably sung and flawlessly executed by the hand-picked musicians on show including June Tabor's double bassist Tim Harries, singer/viola player Jackie Oates, and accordionist Andy Cutting, who combines with veteran steel guitarist BJ Cole on a shimmering arrangement of "Lord Douglas". Moray's unaccompanied, multi-tracked, treated harmonies put a bold spin on "Horkstow Grange" while "Courting Is A Pleasure" from Nic Jones' *Penguin Eggs* is supremely respectful of another of folk's true originals. **MICK HOUGHTON**



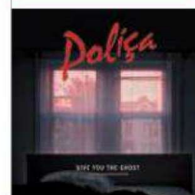
PINKUNOIZU Free Time! FULL TIME HOBBY

Tasteful post-rock debut from Copenhagen and Berlin

This Danish-German quartet build up interesting but tastefully

7/10

understated stratas of noise, beginning with hippyish mantra "Time Is Like A Melody" before changing gears with "Myriad Pyramid", which starts with what sounds like a Muslim call-to-prayer before shimmying into softcore pop with an Arabic underbelly. The band relish these ethno-centric excursions from the post-rock norm. "Death Is Not A Lover" is enlivened with an unexpected spot of Japanese psych-pop, "Somber Ground" again explores Middle Eastern rhythms while on mini-epic "The Abyss" there's room for a wicked guitar-led wig-out, like a slightly self-conscious take on US West Coast freakery. **PETER WATTS**



POLIÇA Give You The Ghost MEMPHIS INDUSTRIES

Glossy AOR packs more than just pastiche

Provoking as it did clouds of rhetoric about the supposed re-emergence of Smooth, Gayngs' 2010 LP

7/10

Relayed is all too easily remembered as just a genre-moonlighting, successful gimmick – and the record that temporarily transformed Bon Iver's Justin Vernon from acoustic heartbreaker to sleazy crooner. However, at the heart of that project were Ryan Olson and Channy Casselle, who reunited the following year to write *Give You The Ghost* in a month. Whereas with Gayngs they were dallying with the sounds of 10cc and Godley & Creme, as Poliça (with Spoon's Jim Eno producing), they go some way to forging their own – snare rim snaps and menacing funk bass constantly chasing with Casselle's Auto-Tuned – but endearingly vulnerable – warble. **LAURA SNAPES**



PUGWASH The Olympus Sound

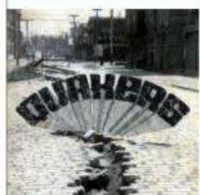
LOJINX

Poised chamber pop from Dublin

7/10

Known in the UK chiefly as Neil Hannon's collaborator on 2009 googly *The Duckworth Lewis Method*, Thomas Walsh been building a career back in Ireland as the soft-rock auteur's soft-rock auteur since 1999. *The Olympus Sound*, his fifth album as Pugwash, was released back home last year and saw him finally escape the critical darling ghetto. It's no great departure stylistically, running the same gamut from ELO to XTC (Andy Partridge, who has anointed Walsh heir apparent, contributes to "Here We Go 'Round Again"). But it's executed with new confidence and aplomb, nowhere more so than on "The Warmth Of You", a song more worthy of Macca than his latest croony covers.

STEPHEN TROUSSE



QUAKERS Quakers

STONES THROW

Portishead man's rough-edged hip-hop session

7/10

After the funk-rock of Beak>, Portishead completists looking to keep abreast of producer Geoff Barrow's extracurricular activity might need to brush up on their boom-bap. Under the name Fuzzface, Barrow is one of three producers making beats for the 30-odd members of Quakers, a sprawling part-time hip-hop collective whose ranks include Aloe Blacc and Dead Prez. They run a tight ship, cramming 41 short, tough tracks onto *Quakers* with verses from indie-rap stalwarts Guilty Simpson, MED and Prince Po. Amid the New York patter Barrow slips in several nicely curdled instrumentals called "Fresh", "Kreem" and "Glide", even referencing his Bristol team in "Up The Rovers".

PIERS MARTIN



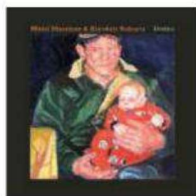
BONNIE RAITT Slipstream

PROPER

First album in seven years from soulful veteran

7/10

Raitt's stock has risen considerably since 2005's *Souls Alike* due to recent covers by Adele and Justin Vernon. Never a prolific songwriter, *Slipstream* relies on Bonnie's voice and slide playing (she's one of the few women who ever gets listed in 'best guitarist' polls) – and, above all, her felicitous ability to pick the right song. A couple of late-period Dylan gems help her cause – an acoustic, swamp-blues take on "Million Miles" balanced by a lyrical, bittersweet "Standing In The Doorway". But less familiar compositions from co-producer Joe Henry, Loudon Wainwright and NRBQ's Al Anderson (who contributes three songs) are given Raitt's classic funk-ed-up white-blues-mama treatment, proving her to be the lustiest 63-year-old in the business. NIGEL WILLIAMSON



ALASDAIR ROBERTS AND MAIRI MORRISON Urstan

DRAG CITY

8/10

Questing Lowland folkie and Lewis lass go Gaelic
A showcase for the enduring relevance of Gaelic culture, *Urstan* fuses traditional Gael songs with old Scots tunes and some originals. Morrison's pure voice generally takes centre stage, whether on the sorrowful "E Ho Leigein", the ominous "Ailein Duinn", or the playful, hiccupping "Hion Dail-a Horo Hi". In a supporting role, Roberts excels on "The Laird O' The Drum" and the uplifting "The Whole House Is Singing". No museum piece, *Urstan* energises the past. The jitter-bugging "Làrach do Thacaidean" starts like Wham!'s "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go", while the inventive ensemble arrangements vividly set horns, whistles, pipes and fiddles dancing around bass and drums. GRAEME THOMSON

HOW TO BUY... ALASDAIR ROBERTS AND APPENDIX OUT



The Night Is Advancing

DRAG CITY, 2001

A shifting collective of which Roberts was the only constant, Appendix Out made three albums of lovely, lowering folk dusted with electronics. This is certainly the last and the best, with Roberts' querulous, endearingly awkward voice holding the focus on the stately "Groves Of Lebanon" and the jazzily dissonant "Fortified Jackdaw Grove".

7/10



No Earthly Man

DRAG CITY, 2005

One of two collections of traditional songs (the other, 2010's *Too Long In This Condition*, is also excellent), the Will Oldham-produced *No Earthly Man* is doomy, death-themed and brilliant, lingering over tragedies and the darkest Child Ballads. The centrepieces are long, sepulchral readings of "Lord Ronald", "The Two Brothers" and "A Lyke Wake Dirge".

9/10



The Amber Gatherers

DRAG CITY, 2007

Crisp, bright contemporary folk with a cheerier disposition than much of Roberts' other work, these 11 originals have the imprimatur of ancient standards. The roving "Where Twines The Path" is as close as the flighty Roberts has yet come to a statement of intent: "When the map and fact mismatch, I will burn the map".

GRAEME THOMSON

8/10



ROCKET JUICE & THE MOON

Rocket Juice & The Moon

HONEST JON'S

7/10

Afro-punk-funk vibes from serial supergroupers Albarn, Allen and Flea

Damon Albarn starts new bands as often as most people start their cars, but it's hard to doubt the sincerity he brings to each project. Rocket Juice & The Moon were formed on board a flight to Lagos to join the Africa Express, and this debut album sounds as charmingly casual as its inception. Tom Tom Club are an obvious touchstone, as Tony Allen's sultry, shuffling drums and Flea's limber basslines provide the canvas onto which various guests – Erykah Badu, Malian duo Fatoumata Diawara and Cheick Tidiane Seck, wordy Ghanian rapper M.anifest, and The Hypnotic Brass Ensemble – sketch their vibrant doodles.

SAM RICHARDS



TY SEGALL & WHITE FENCE Hair

DRAG CITY

Flip yr wig!... A squalling garage-psych summit

8/10

The discography of Ty Segall, Californian garage rock maven, is complex even by the standards of this fertile scene: sketchier projects like a glam covers EP, "Ty Rex", frequently upstage his more formal albums (cf 2011's *Goodbye Bread*). At least two more Segall albums are already scheduled for 2012, but they'll struggle to improve on this feisty, psych-tinged hook-up with Tim 'White Fence' Presley, an assiduous lo-fi scholar of '60s beat. Segall's sardonic howl recalls Lennon, and sometimes Bolan (on "Crybaby" especially), while Presley's pinched affections seem to have switched from Ray Davies to Donovan. The squalling ramalams are invigorating, though, and the songwriting deceptively sweet: "Easy Ryder" has an air of Kurt Cobain at his most mischievous. JOHN MULVEY



SLY & ROBBIE Blackwood Dub

GROOVE ATTACK

Their first vocal-less dub LP in more than a decade

6/10

Like Motörhead songs, all Sly & Robbie tracks sound essentially the same to the untrained ear – and those with trained ears wouldn't want it any other way. Here Alberto "Burur" Blackwood, in-house producer at Kingston's Harry J Studio, artfully deconstructs their jams. Opener "Dirty Flirty" sees guitarist Mao Chung spraying HM riffs over the beats but, elsewhere, Blackwood employs the less-is-more axiom. He restricts the guitars and keys to vestigial, ghostly presences and emphasises the high-end percussion – finicky hi-hat patterns, galloping congas, metallic timbales and digital squelches. On "Smoothie" he takes the sonic burp you get when you plug in a microphone and pitch-shifts it randomly, creating a wonderfully glitchy concerto for a dodgy mic. JOHN LEWIS

FROM THE MAKERS OF **UNCUT**



iPad
EDITION

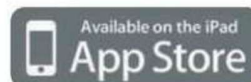


DAVID BOWIE

THE ULTIMATE MUSIC GUIDE

*A thrilling journey exploring Bowie's legacy,
in over **600** interactive pages*

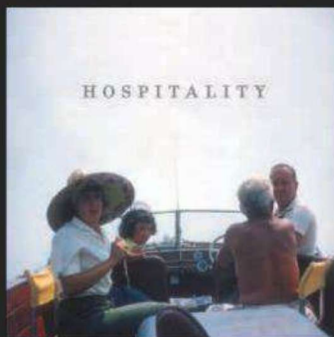
- Hundreds of rare and unseen photos
- Every album revisited, with audio clips and original album artwork
- Classic interviews from *NME*, *Melody Maker*, *Uncut* and more
- Iconic music videos



UNCUT.CO.UK

Also available as a special
limited edition print issue

To buy, visit www.uncut.co.uk/store



HOSPITALITY

HOSPITALITY

Fire Records CD / LP

The angular, intricate, and intelligent compositions of Hospitality signal a sophisticated new pop voice with singer Amber Papini's idiosyncratic songwriting, incisive lyrics and rich arrangements.



MARIEE SIOUX

GIFT FOR THE END

Almost Musique CD / LP

'GFTE' draws its benevolent psychedelia on the native folk roots: a canyon crisscrossed by paths leading Joni Mitchell's and Neil Young's souls into a deep mystical music, from America or from elsewhere. UK tour in May.



EVANS THE DEATH

EVANS THE DEATH

Fortuna Pop! CD / LP

Twelve blistering tracks that weave a distinctive magic, coupling the lyrical dexterity of Felt and Jarvis Cocker with the melodic exuberance of The Smiths and Pavement

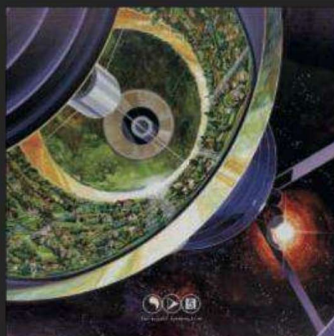


BOBBY CONN

MACARONI

Fire Records CD / LP

Bobby Conn is pleased to present "Macaroni", a delicious bowl of cheesy noodles served up for a world of war, riots, greed and revolution.

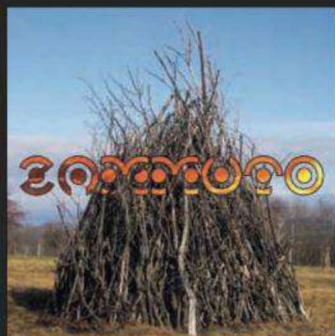


THE SAMUEL JACKSON 5

THE SAMUEL JACKSON 5

Denovali CD / LP

The long awaited fourth album by THE SAMUEL JACKSON FIVE from Norway. For fans of Jaga Jazzist, Arcade Fire, Yes or Mogwai.

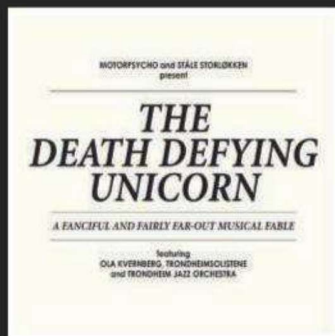


ZAMMUTO

ZAMMUTO

Temporary Residence CD / LP

The debut album from Nick Zammuto, co-founder of hugely innovative collage-pop duo, the Books. Experimental, forward-thinking pop at its absolute finest.

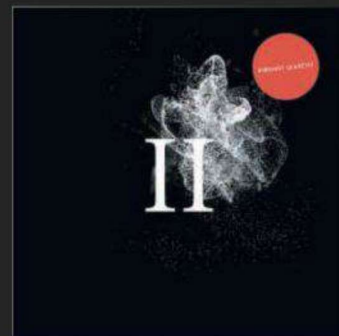


MOTORPSYCHO

THE DEATH DEFYING UNICORN

Rune Grammofon CD / 2LP

After more than 20 years Motorpsycho continue to develop and to challenge themselves artistically. This epic, double concept album is their most ambitious yet and has everything you could possibly want from a Motorpsycho album.



BERSARIN QUARTETT

II

Denovali CD / 2LP

The 2nd album of one of today's most talented ambient artists. References to Stars of the Lid, Ulver's Perdition City, and Cinematic Orchestra are fully justified.

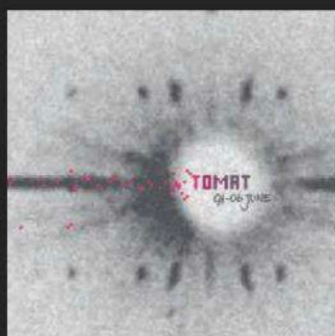


WEIRD DREAMS

CHOREOGRAPHY

Tough Love CD / LP

East London psychpop project Weird Dreams debut album is an elegant marriage of David Lynch's suburban nightmares and The Beach Boys intricate harmonies.

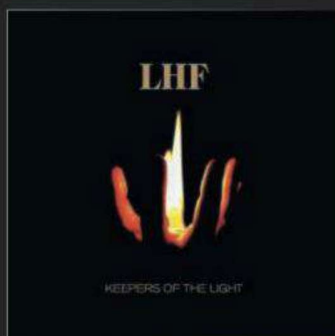


TOMAT

01-06 JUNE

Monotreme CD

A beautiful collection of looped and layered, dreamy, drony space-age ambient sonic landscapes, in which Tomat displays his impressive vocal skills. A perfect headphone trip.



LHF

KEEPERS OF THE LIGHT

Keysound 2CD

LHF are a shadowy, indistinct collective, described by Fact Magazine as one of "dubstep's most intriguing crews." Their world sounds like Sun Ra hijacked Rinse FM and used it to communicate with the heavens.



SUN ARAW, M. GEDDES

GENGRAS, THE CONGOS

FRKWYS VOL. 9: SUN ARAW & M. GEDDES GENGGRAS MEET THE CONGOS

RVNG Intl. CD+DVD / LP+DVD

For the 9th volume of FRKWYS, a music and film series pairing contemporary artists with those that may have preceded them in style and / or approach, Sun Araw and M. Geddes Gengras meet The Congos in Jamaica.

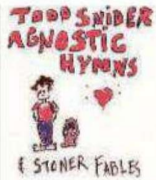
CARGO COLLECTIVE: AN AMALGAMATION OF RECORD SHOPS AND LABELS DEDICATED TO BRING YOU NEW MUSIC

SCOTLAND: ABERDEEN - ONE UP / DUMFRIES - BARNSTORM / GLASGOW - LOVE MUSIC / WALES: ABERYSTWYTH - ANDY'S / CARDIFF - SPILLERS / NEWPORT - DIVERSE / SWANSEA - DERRICKS NORTH WEST: CHESHIRE - A & A DISCS / LIVERPOOL - PROBE / MANCHESTER - PICCADILLY RECORDS / PRESTON - ACTION RECORDS NORTH EAST: HUDDERSFIELD - BADLANDS / LEEDS - CRASH / LEEDS - JUMBO RECORDS / NEWCASTLE - BEATDOWN / NEWCASTLE - REFLEX / SHEFFIELD - RECORD COLLECTOR / STOCKTON ON TEES - SOUND IT OUT MIDLANDS: CHELTENHAM - RISE / CORNWALL - JAM / DEVON - PHOENIX SOUNDS / HANLEY - MUSIC MANIA / HANLEY - HEAD RECORDS / LEAMINGTON SPA - HEAD RECORDS / MARLBOROUGH - SOUND KNOWLEDGE / SOMERSET - RAVES FROM THE GRAVE / TOTNES - THE DRIFT RECORD SHOP / WIMBOURNE - SQUARE RECORDS / WORCESTER - RISE / YEovil - ACORN SOUTH: BRIGHTON - RESIDENT / BRIGHTON - ROUNDER / BRISTOL - RISE / CHATHAM - SOUND AND IMAGE / GUILDFORD - PEOPLE'S INDEPENDENT MUSIC / LEIGH-ON-SEA - FIVES / LEWES - OCTAVE / LONDON - CASBAH / LONDON - DADA RECORDS / LONDON - ROUGH TRADE EAST / LONDON - ROUGH TRADE TALBOT RD / LONDON - SISTER RAY / NORWICH - SOUNDCLASH / OXFORD - RAPTURE / SURREY - RECORD CORNER / SWINDON - RISE / TAUNTON - BLACK CAT RECORDS / WHITSTABLE - GATEFIELD SOUNDS MAILORDER AND INTERNET ONLY STORES: AMULET / BOOMKAT.COM / NORMANRECORDS.COM / RECORDSTORE.CO.UK / RHYTHMONLINE.CO.UK / SPINCDIS.COM / WARPMART.COM



17 HEATHMANS ROAD, LONDON SW6 4TJ - CARGORECORDS.CO.UK - 0207 731 5125

WorldMags.net



TODD SNIDER *Agnostic Hymns & Stoner Fables* AIMLESS

The case for anointing him America's greatest living songwriter grows

8/10

Snider's 12th album is a series of waspish and wry dispatches from the America in which Snider finds himself, scrabbling for work ("In Between Jobs") amid a landscape populated by the greedy old ("New York Banker") and the unfathomable young ("Precious Little Miracles"), compensated by the occasional tale of triumph against the odds ("Brenda", a tribute to the enduring love of Mick Jagger and Keith Richards). It's Snider's least polished record, wilfully rugged and slapdash, echoing the Grandpappy alter-ego of approximate kindred spirit Paul Westerberg. The songs are suited by the rough and tumble, though, wearing the bruises with poise and pride.

ANDREW MUELLER



MIIKE SNOW *Happy To You* COLUMBIA

Rocket-boosted second from Swedish electro popsters

7/10

Miike Snow made quite a splash in 2009 with their hooky yet haunting

"Animal". Despite its ubiquity (it was licensed to countless TV shows, films, ads and computer games), it only squeaked into the UK Top 100, but the trio had made their mark. Their second album pulls their punched-up, modernist synth pop into tighter focus while softening some of its sharper corners. It obeys the dictates of the dancefloor via terrific piano-house bangers "Devil's Work" and "Paddling Out", but defaults to MOR Scanditronica for "Enter The Joker's Lair", and suggests A-ha made over for the Coldplay demographic with "Archipelago" and "The Wave". This year, the stadia surely beckon.

SHARON O'CONNELL



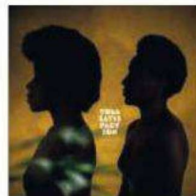
SWEET LIGHTS *Sweet Lights* HIGHLINE

Luminous new identity for former mainman of The Capitol Years

8/10

A vehicle for Shai Halperin, who played alongside Kurt Vile and

Adam Granduciel in an early The War On Drugs lineup, Sweet Lights has more in common with Vile's solo work than TWOD – not least in the wonderful haze of sparkling guitars and wispy vocals on "Ballad Of Kurt Vile #2". The referencing doesn't end there and Halperin's songs brim with what he calls "musical response to the past", from the throbbing surge of "Are We Going To Work Out" which questions the certainty of The Beatles' '65 hit, to "Here Comes The Son", which neatly subverts its title by channelling a plethora of Lennon/McCartney motifs. TWOD/Vile cohort Jeff Ziegler assists with a production of crisp and fizzing freshness. NIGEL WILLIAMSON



THEE SATISFACTION *Awe Naturale* SUB POP

Hip-hop duo dig a dark, neo-soul-funk groove

7/10

Thee Satisfaction have a taste for a wry turn. The releases preceding Stasia

Irons and Catherine Harris-White's label debut bore titles such as "Sandra Bollocks Black Baby", and indeed, the duo's name is quite the misnomer – there's a thrilling lack of melodic resolution to their warped piano-led neo-soul and Harris-White's confrontational vocal. Much here mediates around one unnerving groove, notably on "Earthseed", where they question, "Why are we always on the prowl and ready to attack?" Yet it's when they trade subtle insidiousness for a jugular approach that *Awe Naturale* hits hardest. "QueenS" starts muffled, as if hearing a party through a wall, before opening up and blooming into a chirruping, tremulous funk. LAURA SNAPES

HOW TO BUY... BONNIE 'PRINCE' BILLY ALBUMS WITH FEMALE FOILS



DAWN McCARTHY *The Letting Go*

DRAG CITY, 2006

"It was very frightening," Oldham said as he recalled hearing McCarthy's voice for the first time. "It took me some place that I always felt like I wanted to go in music but hadn't found yet." The icy-voiced Faun Fables auteur hangs over 2006's *The Letting Go* like freezing fog, providing a suitable banshee-like foil on one of Bonnie 'Prince' Billy's most intimate records.

8/10



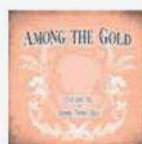
MEG BAIRD *Ask Forgiveness*

DOMINIO, 2007

The Espers singer plays the low-rent Emmylou Harris to

Oldham's two-bob Gram Parsons on 2007's cover-heavy *Ask Forgiveness*, plumping the cushions around typically perverse readings of Danzig's "Am I Demon", Phil Ochs' manic "My Life" and "Cycles", as made famous by Frank Sinatra. Unobtrusive, but indubitably stylish.

7/10

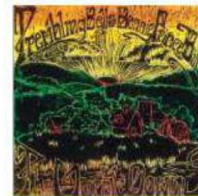


CHEYENNE MARIE MIZE *Among The Gold*

2009

"A small room, in a beautiful home, with a couple chairs, a computer, and a couple microphones, and nothing more to do than make sweet music," recalled the Louisville chanteuse dreamily as she recalled making 2009's *Among The Gold*. Relaxed and tender, these six pre-World War I "parlor songs" represent one of Oldham's most perverse but compelling follies.

9/10



TREMBLING BELLS & BONNIE 'PRINCE' BILLY *The Marble Downs*

HONEST JON'S

Transatlantic fol-de-rol folly

6/10

A man of impish and unpredictable habits,

Will Oldham's decision to team up with Trembling Bells may be one of the Louisville slugger's more eccentric fancies. An unlikely collision of Shirley & Dolly Collins' maypole operetta, *Anthems In Eden*, and Meat Loaf's *Bat Out Of Hell*, *The Marble Downs* finds the former Palace Brother's campy duets with Lavinia Blackwell veering closer to ribald *Two Ronnies* fun than most would deem acceptable. It has its Mr Fox-y moments – "I Made A Date (With An Open Vein)" and Nick 'n' Kylie-style murder ballad, "Everytime I Close My Eyes (We're Back There)" – but this feels like a minor clanger.

JIM WIRTH



CAETANO VELOSO AND DAVID BYRNE *Live At Carnegie Hall*

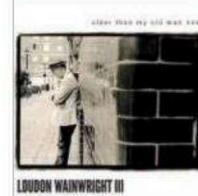
NONESUCH

Classy 2004 concert from brothers under the skin

7/10

When David Byrne "fell down the rabbit hole of Brazilian music" in the 1980s, Caetano Veloso became a particular favourite – like Byrne, the Tropicalismo singer combines melody, suspense and dark humour in his work. The pair became friends and, on this memorable acoustic show, a great double act. Veloso delivering hits like "Sampa" as gentle bossas is nothing new, but Byrne's rendition of Talking Heads classics like "Life During Wartime" to guitar, cello and percussion is a treat. The two men join seamlessly for Veloso's "Ile Aiye", clown amiably on the Heads' "Nothing But Flowers" and send a devoted audience home very happy.

NEIL SPENCER



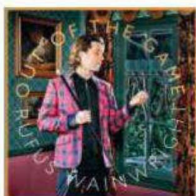
LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III *Older Than My Old Man Now*

PROPER

Veteran raconteur celebrates early-late-life crisis in good company

8/10

A big-hearted album, cued by Wainwright's realisation that he'd lived longer than his storied father. This milestone prompts a gathering of things together: on the nakedly autobiographical "The Here & The Now", he is joined on backing vocals by his children (Rufus and Martha, Lucy Wainwright Roche, Lexie Kelly Wainwright), and two of their three mothers. This is more dignified than "I Remember Sex", on which he duets with – no, really – Dame Edna Everage. The rest is a warm and hilarious meditation on mortality, ranging from previewing, on "In C", a grandfatherly Ryan Adams and rivalling, on "My Meds", the amused self-hatred of Randy Newman. ANDREW MUELLER



RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Out Of The Game
POLYDOR

The singer drops his diva tendencies for a cracking folk-pop seventh

8/10

Having spent the past few years conquering new musical territories, most notably in his debut opera *Prima Donna*, Wainwright returns to his first love: folk and pop music. Produced by Mark Ronson, the LP details the singer's new life both as monogamist and father. There's a balmy Laurel Canyon vibe to the title track that offers brotherly warning to a promiscuous young man, while "Montauk", with its cascading piano accompaniment, finds the singer anticipating old age and being visited by his grown-up daughter. Despite the odd Freddie Mercury flourish and a bagpipe finale on "Candles", Rufus reins in his extravagant tendencies for a subtly shaded, seductive album that radiates warmth and contentment. **FIONA STURGES**



ALEX WINSTON
King Con
V2/COOPERATIVE

Detroit singer-songwriter keeps an eye on the mainstream

6/10

You'll already be familiar with Alex Winston's 2010 single "Choice Notes" due to its use on assorted television ads. However, you can imagine most of the tracks here proving popular with advertisers, chiming as they do with the vogue for indie types with cutesy voices. The vocal sweetness here is counterbalanced by a compelling narrative darkness running through songs about Elvis impersonators, polygamists and unscrupulous preachers. But for all its leftfield intent, *King Con* is essentially a pop record full of catchy melodies and a shrieking singing style that will either set your heart aflutter or prompt you to punch a wall.

FIONA STURGES

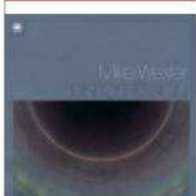


RACHAEL YAMAGATA
Chesapeake
FRANKENFISH

Brooding Virginian's self-financed third strikes a sunny chord

7/10

Yamagata's major-label split following 2008's imposing *Elephants...* *Teeth Sinking Into Heart* wasn't unexpected. A move to independently produced, home-studio recording has served this associate of Bright Eyes and Ryan Adams admirably. A capable multi-instrumentalist, teaming with a companionable band allows the full range of her strengths to unfurl. The glossy, keyboard-propelled euphoria of opener "Even If You Don't" is bookended by a trio of confessional pearls completed by the languorously lustful "Heavyweight". Elsewhere the Torch-y "Stick Around" and swirling, dreamy "I Don't Want To Be Your Mother" underscore the general mood: upbeat, heart-baring candour allied to rich musical flavours. **GAVIN MARTIN**



MIKE WEXLER
Dispossession
MEXICAN SUMMER

Brooklyn chamber folkie's twist on the '60s

7/10

Mike Wexler might well flinch at the "wyrd folk" tag, but since his spooked incantations and eldritch atmospherics suggest Nick Drake hanging out with Espers, it's hardly a grotesque misrepresentation. He's claimed his aim was "to make a microworld in songform" and, as the title suggests, his second LP is more concerned with what is absent in this otherworld, rather than present. With a cast that includes players from White Magic and The Occasion, plus assorted improv talents, Wexler delivers an alluringly lugubrious set that views Fairport Convention, the Canterbury scene and Simon & Garfunkel through a glass darkly, although the pace shifts dramatically with "Glyph", a Lynchian take on rebetika.

SHARON O'CONNELL

REVELATIONS

Rufus Wainwright – "I've always been a big fan of human flesh..."

IN 2005, RUFUS recalled the "old Rufus" who provided the inspiration for many early songs.

"It was summer of 2001, after 9/11. It was going to be my space odyssey, my summer of love, my blossoming lotus, and it just took a violent left turn, and I had no control over the situation at all. I really was floating on this pink cloud for a long time, and did represent a kind of lucky party charm for many people.

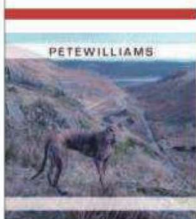
"I would have this entourage of folks, and we would show up and that would be the signal to begin the festivities. And it was fun for that time, but I think inevitably you have to pay the piper.

"I'm no angel, and I never will be. I've always been a big fan of human flesh and the fruits of youth. So I always had that disposition, and right now, especially in the gay world, there are the appropriate narcotics to go with that: be it Crystal Meth, GHB, ecstasy or whatever,

which can fulfil that fantasy to

your utmost desires. And I fell for that. It started off as 'Sex is a lot of fun on drugs' then it became, 'Wouldn't the greatest orgasm be if I died at the same time.' That was what snagged me."

JOHN ROBINSON

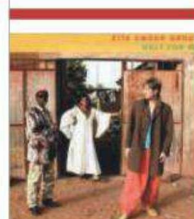


PETE WILLIAMS
See
BASEHART

Kevin Rowland associate (and founder of the band that ran away from Dexys, The Bureau)

6/10

Pete Williams is these days also a friend of Richard Hawley, all of which is mildly relevant to *See*, his debut album, which is accomplished and soulful and toe-tapping with a slight acoustic blues tinge that does it no harm. From opener "Reconsider This" (which appears to quote David Bowie's "Repetition") to the eminently memorable "Heartbeats", this is an eminently likeable record, whose only flaw is a slight melodic sameness from time to time. Generally this is made up for by some classy vocalising and, on "Trust Me", the rare combination of whistling and swear words. Richard Hawley's on it somewhere. **DAVID QUANTICK**



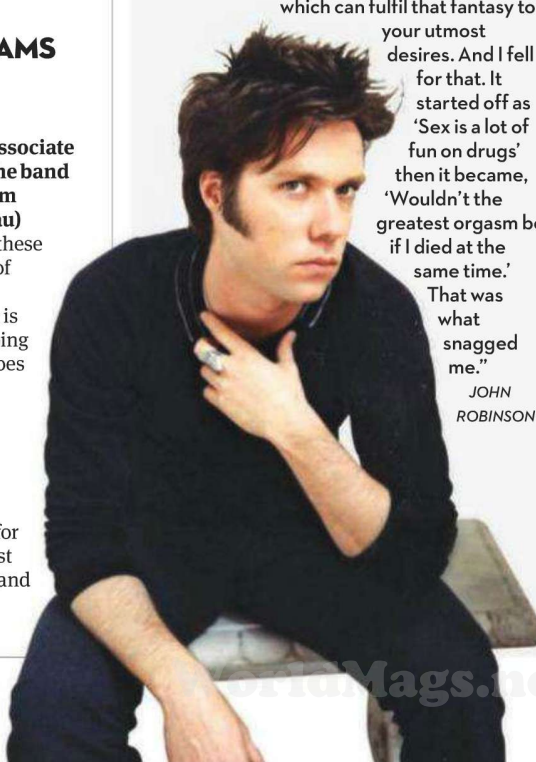
ZITA SWOON GROUP
Wait For Me
CRAMMED

Belgian maverick turns West African griot, sort of...

6/10

Since leaving dEUS in the mid-'90s, Antwerp's Stef Kamil Carlens has followed an eclectic route, mixing avant-rock with multi-media. A trip to Burkina Faso spawned this unusual, accessible hybrid, which mixes mesmeric balofon and soaring African vocals with banjo, pump organ and electric rock. With its songs delivered in English and the Dioula language, there's real synergy to its best moments – the surging opener "Sababu", the banjo blues of "Asera, Awaara" and the Dioula language emigrant song "A Ni Baara". The mix grows duller as the album proceeds, but it's an original, thought-provoking excursion.

NEIL SPENCER



UP TO £50

**ON SELECT
AND AMPLIFIER MODELS**

© 2012 FMIIC. Fender®, Stratocaster®, Strat® and the distinctive headstock designs commonly found on these guitars are registered trademarks of Fender Musical Instruments Corporation. All rights reserved.

WorldMags.net

SUBSCRIBE FROM JUST £9.80

- DELIVERY DIRECT TO YOUR DOOR
- RECEIVE A FREE CD EVERY MONTH*
- GET **UNCUT** ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD AND SAVE 35%

*We regret that the free CD is not available to subscribers in the EU due to licensing laws



Why wait? Subscribe today by either visiting:
UNCUTSUBS.CO.UK/MAY
 or calling 0844 848 0848 and quoting code 14H

YES! I would like to subscribe to **UNCUT**

UK subscribers:

- ☐ Direct Debit pay only £9.80 every 3 months and save 36%
- ☐ 2 year subscription pay £78.55 and save 36%
- ☐ 1 year subscription pay £42.95 and save 30%

Overseas subscribers save 35% - visit

uncutsubs.co.uk/IUCZB
 Or call +44 (0)330 3330 233 and quote code 14H

Return this coupon to:

UNCUT Subscriptions, FREEPOST CY1061,
 Haywards Heath, West Sussex, RH16 3BR
 (No stamp needed)

UNCUT

14H

My details

Mr/Mrs/Ms/Miss: Forename:

Surname:

If you would like to receive emails from IPC and Uncut containing news, special offers and product & service information and take part in our magazine research via email, please include your email below.

Email:

Address:

Postcode:

Home tel:

(inc. area code)

Would you like to receive messages to your mobile from Uncut & IPC containing news, special offers, product & service information and take part in our research? If yes, include your mobile number here.

Mobile:

Year of Birth: Y Y Y Y

Choose from 3 ways to pay

1. I enclose a cheque/money order for £ payable to IPC Media Ltd.

2. Debit my: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amex ☐ Maestro

Card No:

Expiry date: / Issue No./Valid from: /

Signature: (I am over 18) Date:

3. ☐ Pay just £9.80 by Direct Debit, saving 36% (complete details below)

Direct Debit instructions (UK only)

For office use only. Originator's reference - 764221



Name of Bank:

Address:

Postcode:

Account name:

Account no.:

Sort code:

Please pay IPC Media Ltd. Direct Debits from the account detailed on this instruction subject to the safeguards assumed by the Direct Debit Guarantee. Understand that this instruction may remain with IPC Media Ltd. and if so, details will be passed electronically to my Bank or Building Society.

Signature:

(I am over 18) Date:

Offer open to new subscribers only. Direct Debit offer is available to UK subscribers only. Offer closes 31st May 2012. Please allow up to six weeks for delivery of your first subscription issue (up to eight weeks overseas). The full subscription rate is for 1 year (12 issues) and includes postage and packaging. If the magazine ordered changes frequency per annum, we will honour the number of issues paid for, not the term of the subscription. For enquiries from the UK please call: 0844 848 0848, for overseas please call: +44 (0)330 3330 233 or e-mail: ipcsub@quadrantsubs.com. Uncut, published by IPC Media Ltd (IPC), will collect your personal information to process your order. Uncut and IPC would like to contact you by post or telephone to promote and ask your opinion on our magazine and services. Please tick here if you prefer not to hear from us. ☐ IPC may occasionally pass your details to carefully selected organisations so they can contact you by telephone or post with regards to promoting and researching their products and services. Please tick here if you prefer not to be contacted. ☐ IPC who publish Uncut would like to send messages to your mobile with offers from carefully selected organisations and brands, promoting and researching their products and services. If you want to receive messages please tick here. ☐



SCORING: THE ORIGINAL ALBUM

10 Masterpiece

1 Poor!

SCORING: EXTRA MATERIAL

10 Untold riches

1 Barrel-scrappings

Archive

REISSUES | COMPS | BOXSETS | LOST RECORDINGS



TRACKLIST (continues over)

Disc One (Down By The Jetty/Malpractice)

- 1 She Does It Right (2006 - Remaster)
- 2 Boom Boom (2006 - Remaster)
- 3 The More I Give (2006 - Remaster)
- 4 Roxette (2006 - Remaster)
- 5 One Weekend (2006 - Remaster)
- 6 That Ain't The Way To Behave (2006 - Remaster)
- 7 I Don't Mind (2006 - Remaster)
- 8 Twenty Yards Behind (2006 - Remaster)
- 9 Keep It Out Of Sight (2006 - Remaster)
- 10 All Through The City (2006 - Remaster)
- 11 Cheque Book (2006 - Remaster)
- 12 Oyeh! (2006 - Remaster)
- 13 Bonie Moronie/Tequila (2006 - Remaster)
- 14 I Can Tell (2012 - Remaster)
- 15 Going Back Home (2012 - Remaster)
- 16 Back In The Night (2012 - Remaster)
- 17 Another Man (2012 - Remaster)
- 18 Rolling And Tumbling (2012 - Remaster)
- 19 Don't Let Your Daddy Know (2012 - Remaster)
- 20 Watch Your Step (2012 - Remaster)
- 21 Don't You Just Know It (2012 - Remaster)
- 22 Riot In Cell Block #9 (2012 - Remaster)
- 23 Because You're Mine (2012 - Remaster)
- 24 You Shouldn't Call The Doctor (If You Can't Afford The Bills) (2012 - Remaster)

DR FEELGOOD

All Through The City (with Wilko 1974-1977)

EMI

Long-overdue boxset includes the four original albums, unheard tracks, demos, live cuts and a DVD. *By Allan Jones*

9/10

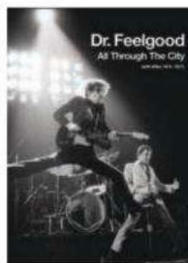
IT'S SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1974 at that bastion of hippy fundamentalism, the

Camden Roundhouse, where mad dog Canvey Island rhythm and blues monsters Dr Feelgood are supporting Nektar, the Anglo-German space warriors, who the rump of the hairy crowd is here to see.

The Feelgoods have been tearing up the London pub circuit for the last year, their incendiary live shows already the stuff of legend, everyone who sees them having a hard time remembering when

a British rock'n'roll band sounded quite so wild, most people agreeing you'd have to go back to the early days of The Who and The Rolling Stones. For many in tonight's crowd, their music is alien and a not a little frightening, the sheer feral caw of it utterly at odds with the prevailing popular trends of the times. So people gawp at them, bewildered and unsettled by what they're listening to.

Guitarist Wilko Johnson will have caught the eye of many, a gangly man in a slightly grubby black suit that makes him look like an



TRACKLIST (Continued)

Disc Two (Stupidity/Sneakin' Suspicion)

- 1 I'm Talking About You (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 2 Twenty Yards Behind (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 3 Stupidity (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 4 All Through The City (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 5 I'm A Man (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 6 Walking The Dog (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 7 She Does It Right (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 8 Going Back Home (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 9 I Don't Mind (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 10 Back In The Night (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 11 I'm A Hog For You Baby (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 12 Checkin' Up On My Baby (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 13 Roxette (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 14 Sneakin' Suspicion (2012 - Remaster)
- 15 Paradise (2012 - Remaster)
- 16 Nothin' Shakin' (But The Leaves On The Trees) (2012 - Remaster)
- 17 Time And The Devil (2012 - Remaster)
- 18 Lights Out (2012 - Remaster)
- 19 Lucky Seven (2012 - Remaster)
- 20 All My Love (2012 - Remaster)
- 21 You'll Be Mine (2012 - Remaster)
- 22 Walking On The Edge (2012 - Remaster)
- 23 Hey Mama Keep Your Big Mouth Shut (2012 - Remaster)

Disc Three (Previously Unreleased)

- 1 Dr Feelgood
- 2 Everybody's Carrying A Gun (Olympic Version)
- 3 I'm A Hog For You Baby (Olympic Version)
- 4 Time And The Devil
- 5 Lights Out
- 6 Everybody's Carrying A Gun (Rockfield Version)
- 7 Sneakin' Suspicion (Demo)
- 8 Malamut (Featuring Wilko Johnson & Mick Green Guitars, Phil Thumpston Bass & The Big Figure Drums)
- 9 Casting My Spell On You (Featuring Wilko Johnson & Mick Green Gtrs & Vcl, Phil Thumpston Bass & The Big Figure Drums)
- 10 Comin' Home Baby (Featuring Wilko Johnson & Mick Green Guitars, Phil Thumpston Bass & The Big Figure Drums)
- 11 I'm Talking About You
- 12 My Girl Josephine
- 13 Small Gains Corner
- 14 (Get Your Kicks On) Route 66 (2006 - Remaster)
- 15 I'm A Hog For You Baby
- 16 Stupidity
- 17 She Said Alright
- 18 All Through The City (Live)
- 19 Roxette (Live)
- 20 Boom Boom (Live)
- 21 Keep It Out Of Sight (Live) (2012 - Remaster)
- 22 Riot In Cell Block #9 (2012 - Remaster)
- 23 Johnny B Goode (2012 - Remaster)

Disc Four (DVD - Live TV/concert appearances)

- 1 She Does It Right (Live)
(The Geordie Scene - Tyne Tees February 1975)
- 2 Boom Boom (Live)
(The Geordie Scene - Tyne Tees February 1975)
- 6 All Through The City (Live)
(The Geordie Scene - Tyne Tees February 1975)
- 6 Roxette (Live) (The Geordie Scene - Tyne Tees February 1975)
- 6 Riot In Cell Block #9 (Live)
(The Geordie Scene - Tyne Tees February 1975)
- 6 I Don't Mind (Live)
(The Geordie Scene - Tyne Tees February 1975)
- 7 (Get Your Kicks On) Route 66 (Live)
(The Geordie Scene - Tyne Tees February 1975)
- 8 Keep It Out Of Sight (Live)
(The Old Grey Whistle Test - BBC March 1975)
- 9 Roxette (Live) (The Old Grey Whistle Test - BBC March 1975)
- 10 She Does It Right (Live)
(The Old Grey Whistle Test - BBC March 1975)
- 11 Back In The Night (45 With Kid Jensen - Granada July 1975)
- 12 Going Back Home (Live)
- 13 I Can Tell (Live)
- 14 All Through The City (Live) (2005 - Remaster)
- 15 I'm A Hog For You Baby (Live) (2005 - Remaster)
- 16 Riot In Cell Block #9 (Live) (2005 - Remaster)
- 17 Roxette (Live)
- 18 You Shouldn't Call The Doctor (If You Can't Afford The Bills) (Live) (2005 - Remaster)
- 19 (Get Your Kicks On) Route 66 (Live)
- 20 Back In The Night (Live) (2005 - Remaster)
- 21 She Does It Right (Live) (Kuusrock Festival July 1975 - Finland)
- 22 Roxette (Live) (Kuusrock Festival July 1975 - Finland)
- 23 Band Interview (Conducted by Matti Rosvall)



undertaker's assistant. His face is deathly pale beneath an institutional haircut with the unsettling stare of Anthony Perkins in *Psycho*, someone who lives with stuffed birds, a mother in an upstairs window, briefly glimpsed against dour light. What Wilko's playing and the way he's playing it is equally somewhat off-kilter – carnal blues riffs, dispatched with slashing ferocity, frenetic choppy chords and no solos to speak of, the songs too brutally short to accommodate the kind of pointless virtuosity that is otherwise the order of the day.

The rhythm section, meanwhile, two burly men who look like club bouncers, are bassist John B Sparks and be-suited drummer John Martin, known to everyone as The Big Figure. They drive everything forward with a relentless momentum, are only brought to leash by harsh command.

The band's singer is as lean as a car aerial, crop-haired, something predatory about him that's genuinely threatening. He appears consumed by an unspecified anger, some seething resentment. The music the band's playing is possibly the only outlet for his frustrated energies that won't involve a jail sentence. He seems coiled, as venomous as something with scales, about to strike. His name's Lee Brilleaux, and at least until Johnny Rotten lurches into view, malice in bondage trousers, he's English rock's most intimidating frontman.

And here's when it all goes off. About half-way through their set, someone in a tatty cape clambers onstage, shouts incomprehensibly into a spare microphone and blows a mouth organ, tunelessly. If something like this had happened at, let's say, Woodstock, Country Joe or John Sebastian would probably have written a song about the intrepid caped intruder, or given him a

communal brotherly hug. Lee's reaction is altogether less benign. He first of all glares malevolently at him and then head-butts the fucker off stage. Lee then stands there, fists clenched, ready to take on all-comers if they fancy their chances, which nobody does.

The incident isn't widely remarked upon at the time, but it's in some way like Lee's fired the first shots in the punk wars to come, sent out a message that it's time on a number of fronts

for a major change. The Feelgoods as John the Baptists to the Sex Pistols' savage messiahs, an advance guard for the havoc that follows, the full-on fury of punk as yet seeming to some unlikely. But evidence of their crucial influence on the insurrection to follow is everywhere evident on the four albums by the original lineup included in this long-overdue boxset alongside a CD of unreleased studio

tracks, demos and live cuts, plus a fabulous DVD, culled from UK television appearances, live footage from the Southend Kursaal and Finland's Kuusrock festival.

As much as their music, it was their attitude that connected them to punk. Their January 1975 debut album, *Down By The Jetty*, was famously released in mono and as such taken as a further example of their snarling contempt for the bloated thing rock music has by then become, an act of wilful defiance at a time when making a record for most groups is such an overwrought process it's a wonder they ever release anything. Produced by Vic Maile, who'd engineered The Who's *Live At Leeds*, the album was as stripped-down and uncompromising as their shows, the band recorded live in the studio with no overdubs (the version of the LP presented here is the excellent remaster of the original mix released as part of the 2006

As much as their music, it was the Feelgoods' attitude that connected them to punk



The original and best Feelgoods lineup: (l-r) Wilko, The Big Figure, Lee Brilleaux and John B Sparks

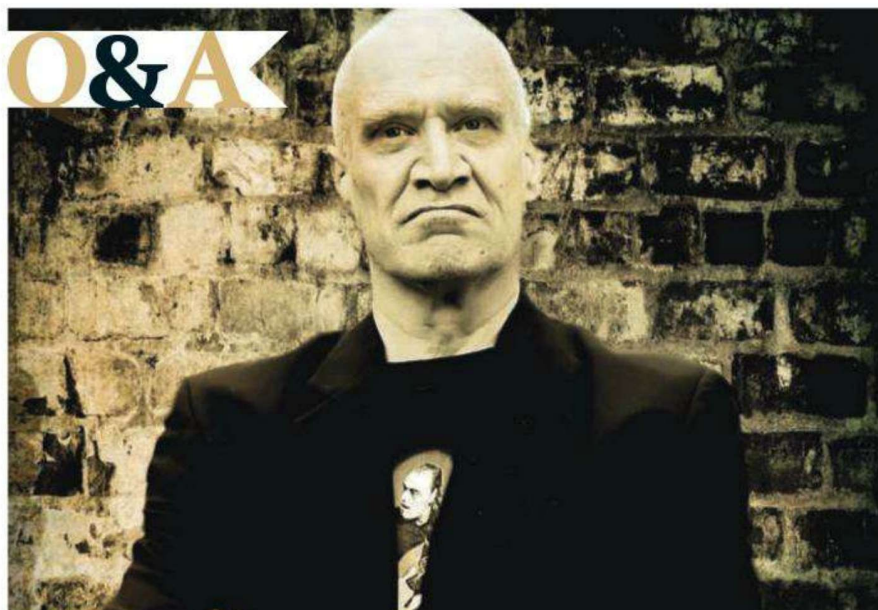
deluxe reissue alongside a stereo mix of the album).

When they first came to London, the Feelgoods' setlists were full of cover versions of blues and rock'n'roll standards, some of which were recorded for *Down By The Jetty*, but mostly discarded. Nine of the album's 13 tracks, in fact, were Wilko originals. His songs shared much with the classics that had inspired the band. But on key tracks here like "All Through The City" – and also "Going Back Home" and "Back In the Night" from follow-up album *Malpractice* (October 1975) – familiar blues preoccupations with, variously, sex, reckless women who bring you nothing but hurt, the pursuit of often illicit thrills and the like were squarely set against the drab backdrop of '70s Britain, a grim landscape of tower blocks, oil refineries, factories, bleak estates, growing unemployment, limited opportunity and as such were an acknowledged influence on songs later written by Joe Strummer and Paul Weller, especially.

Malpractice, again produced by Maile, took the Feelgoods into the charts for the first time. But their biggest success came with the September 1976 release of *Stupidity*, recorded at audibly blistering concerts in Sheffield and Southend. One of the greatest of all live rock albums, newly remastered, it went straight to No 1. Briefly, they were the biggest band in Britain.

Things were about to take an unhappy turn, however. During the fractious sessions for their fourth album, *Sneakin' Suspicion*, Wilko walked out on the band after falling out with Brilleaux. The album, rather too glossily produced by American studio veteran Bert De Coteaux, was nevertheless another hit and the title track gave them their first Top 20 single.

Wilko's departure wasn't quite a fatal blow and the band with new guitarist John 'Gypsey' Mayo had their biggest hit in 1979 with the Nick Lowe-produced "Milk And Alcohol". A lineup goes out even today under the Feelgoods' name, although Sparko and The Big Figure left in 1982, and Lee died in 1994. But as this terrific collection so vividly reminds us, it's the original quartet who wrote their name in glory, unforgettably.



STEVE MONTI

Former Feelgoods guitar showman Wilko Johnson tells Allan Jones, "We knew we sounded different to everyone else..."

UNCUT: What was it like listening to those albums after so long?

WILKO: Doing this boxset meant going through a lot of tapes trying to find unreleased material, including demos and rehearsal tapes that I hadn't heard for nearly 40 years and it was quite poignant in many ways. Listening to the demos we worked on before we went in to do the fateful fourth album reminded me how excited I was at the time. I was very optimistic about it, but I didn't know my days were numbered. Lee and I just suddenly couldn't stand each other. There was real animosity between us, a lot of bad feeling. The band was getting ready to chuck me out. So I ended up feeling a bit sorry for myself.

Down By The Jetty was famously released in mono. Was that a gimmick or a statement of intent?

By the mid-'70s, multi-tracking technology meant bands were recording on 16-track, 24-track, even 32-track. In my opinion, that didn't make records sound any better. All the records I loved, there was no multi-tracking at all. It was usually four people in a room, playing live. That's what I wanted our record to sound like, a moment in time, excitingly captured. And that's the way we did it and we ended up with these very basic, very raw tracks. The original mix had the bass on the right and the guitar on the left, with the drums in the middle. I didn't like it at all. So we mixed it so that most things were positioned centrally – which effectively means mono. But it wasn't meant to be a big statement. That's just how it sounded best. I actually asked the record company not to even mention it was in mono because I didn't think anyone would really notice and I didn't want to be still answering questions about it 40 years on. But they kept going on about the Trade Descriptions Act and here we are.

How important was image to you, the short hair, the suits, at a time when distressingly some bands were given to dress up in capes, tights, leotards, cod-pieces, tutus and they like?

It was crucial. To me the point of music was always to excite and entertain. Even a master of the guitar like Jimi Hendrix knew that, so he set his guitar on fire and what an extra that was! We knew we sounded different to everyone else at the time and wanted to look different, too. The first time we played London I still had long hair, but by then our stage show had got pretty energetic and it kept getting in the way, so I cut it off. Lee always had a pretty mean short haircut, anyway.

There's a fascinating track called "Small Gains Corner" on CD3 that sounds different from anything else you did. Does it tell us something about how the band may have developed if you hadn't left?

Yes, very much. I hadn't heard that since we recorded it as a demo for the fourth album and I was so excited listening to it, because that's really the direction I wanted us to go in.

There's something wild about it and I wanted to take us further into that wildness, in which case, who knows where we may have ended up. But the American producer took that album off us and it ended up too smooth and over-produced and anyway, by then I was gone.

"Lee and I just suddenly couldn't stand each other. There was real animosity..."

How would you like Dr Feelgood to be remembered?

I imagine most people who saw the original lineup have at least one foot in the grave – I've got one and a half feet in, myself – so pretty soon there won't be anyone to remember those days at all.

OK, what would you like the band's epitaph to be?

What about, THEY DONE GOOD.



TRACKLIST (Super Deluxe Edition)

Disc One (original LP plus "Hot Love" & B-sides)

- 1 Mambo Sun
- 2 Cosmic Dancer
- 3 Jeepster
- 4 Monolith
- 5 Lean Woman Blues
- 6 Get It On
- 7 Planet Queen
- 8 Girl
- 9 The Motivator
- 10 Life's A Gas
- 11 Rip Off

BONUS TRACKS

- 12 There Was A Time/Raw Ramp (B-side)
- 13 Hot Love (A-side)
- 14 King Of The Mountain Cometh (B-side)
- 15 Woodland Rock (B-side)

Disc Two (demos & outtakes)

- 1 Electric Warrior Poem (Rare US Radio Promo)
 - 2 Mambo Sun (Instrumental Edit)
 - 3 Cosmic Dancer (Single-Vocal Version)
 - 4 Jeepster (Single-Vocal Version)
 - 5 Monolith (No Backing Vocals Version)
 - 6 Lean Woman Blues (Single-Guitar Track - Work In Progress)
 - 7 Get It On (Full Length Version)
 - 8 Planet Queen (Acoustic Version)
 - 9 Girl (New York Demo)
 - 10 The Motivator (Work In Progress)
 - 11 Life's A Gas (Studio Outtake)
 - 12 Rip Off (Instrumental)
 - 13 Raw Ramp (London Demo Version)
 - 14 Electric Boogie (London Demo Version)
 - 15 Honey Don't (Studio Outtake/Work In Progress)
 - 16 Planet Queen (Acoustic Solo/London Demo Version)
 - 17 Girl (Acoustic Solo/London Demo Version)
 - 18 Jeepster (Electric Home Demo Version)
 - 19 Get It On (Acoustic Home Demo Version)
 - 20 Untitled Instrumental (Studio Outtake)
 - 21 Electric Warrior (Poem/Radio ad. US Radio promo)
- Previously Unreleased

Disc Three (DVD)

- 1 Hot Love (Top Of The Pops, March 24, 1971. (First time on DVD))
- 2 Get It On (Top Of The Pops, December 20, 1971 (featuring Elton John))
- 3 Jeepster (Beat Club, Germany. Previously Unseen Blue Screen Version)
- 4 Life's A Gas (Beat Club, Germany. Previously Unseen Blue Screen Version)
- 5 Girl (Live at Wembley Empire Pool, March 18, 1972)
- 6 Cosmic Dancer (Live at Wembley Empire Pool, March 18, 1972)
- 7 Get It On (Official Promo)
- 8 Jeepster (Official Promo)
- 9 Jeepster (Beat Club, Germany. Broadcast version)
- 10 Life's A Gas (Beat Club, Germany. Broadcast version)



T.REX

Electric Warrior Deluxe Edition

A&M (REISSUE, 1971)

Glamiversary! Bolan's seminal rocker remastered with B-sides, demos and outtakes. *By Rob Young*

8/10

ELECTRIC WARRIOR – released in September 1971 – is the fundament of glam rock. Falling between *T.Rex* and *The Slider*, and released in September 1971, its achievement is remarkable given that it came almost a full year before the release of *Roxy Music* and *The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust*.... T.Rex at this moment still offered the rarefied version of what the next wave (Mud, Sweet, Glitter, Slade) would soon convert into hod-carriers' high camp – rock 'n' roll for rouged roofers. The secret lay in the time-travelling eclecticism of all three; Bolan had been laundered through the washing-machine of successive '60s subcultures, from mod to psychedelic folk, but already in Tyrannosaurus

Rex the nostalgic troubadour impulse had been lavishly embellished with an orientalist, rococo degree of pantomime that bordered on kitsch – onyx statuettes glimpsed through aspidistra leaves.

Bolan's very public friendship with John Peel ensured plenty of radio exposure in the previous years, but he began to cut the DJ dead around now, jumping from the sinking *Perfumed Garden*/Middle Earth ship and restyling himself as a galactic rock star retooled for the 1970s. Even the ambience of Tony Visconti's production is very different from the Joe Boyd/John Wood-style sound of folk-rock: Bill Legend's drums swathed in a claustrophobic flutter-echo; Mickey Finn's stipplings of congas and bongos;

Q&A

Tony Visconti



How much planning went into the album?

There were no plans in those days! *Electric Warrior* was born amid the chaos of a disastrous US tour. Marc's management booked a little tour and at the same time I was back in New York on holiday. While we were there I called [label boss] David Platz and was told "Hot Love" was No 1 and they badly needed an album. We booked a little studio and did three tracks in New York: "Jeepster", "Monolith" and "Girl". By the time we left the US we had six songs recorded, then we came back to London and finished it.

supermarket string arrangements; thong-tight humbucker fuzz from Bolan's guitars; and his breathy vocal close up to the mic and shorn of its woolliest *Tyrannosaurus Rex* tics. No longer the clatter of a band in a room, the soundworld of *Electric Warrior* is an artificial acoustic palace of mirrors, curling smoke and followspots.

"Mambo Sun" is an irresistibly seductive entry point: a sultry love-torpedo that knows what it wants and knows how to get it. Up next is "Cosmic Dancer" – a tune I can't hear without recalling choreographer Michael Clark's brilliant solo interpretation in the early '90s – whose luscious strings afford a taste of suave romanticism with none of Bolan's former scene-scoffery. That cynicism rears its head on "Rip Off", though you have to listen past some of Bolan's absurdest couplets to date ("The President's weird/He's got a burgundy beard"? "Mountains of the moon/Remind me of my spoon"?).

Bolan's oral obsession – first noted on "Juniper Suction", a tribute to girlfriend June Child's skills as a fellatrix – resurfaces on "Jeepster" in slightly unsettling fashion: "Girl I'm just a vampire for your love... and I'm gonna suck ya!" Then of course, there's "Get It On (Bang A Gong)" (the title was the other way round in the States, after US jazz rockers Chase beat them to the punch with a different "Get It On" – thousands of sleeves needed to be overprinted). A brilliant pop single by any measure, fizzing with Spangles hysteria, you can hear the erotic sugar rush raging on Bolan's pent-up count-in.

EXTRAS: This edition includes the

7/10 more sedate hit "Hot Love", plus B-sides "There Was A Time"/"Raw Ramp", and

Were you aware that you were creating something special?

At times in the studio Marc and I were absolutely high on the music. We were suddenly so clear about how to make a great record. I've had that since, but that was the first time I'd experienced it. It was oozing from us.

Is still sounds incredibly fresh...

Most glam rock is sugary sweet and now sounds dated, but we were right at the beginning of that period. What happened immediately afterwards was glam rock, but we were simply making an organic rock'n'roll album with classic sounds. Everyone from Bono to Slash tells me that record was a major influence.

INTERVIEW: GRAEME THOMSON

"King Of The Mountain Cometh" and "Woodland Rock", a smooth fusion of Chuck Berry and backwards-guitar psych. The bonus audio disc is a real treat, containing unheard alternative versions and startlingly intimate home demos recorded by a lone Bolan.

The 10-track DVD included with the Super Deluxe Edition displays a band growing up scarily fast over a two-year period. On *Top Of The Pops* in March 1971, T.Rex still presented as a duo – Bolan and bassist Steve Currie – with Finn on drums apologetically buried in the gyrating crowd. A full year before Ziggy's appearance, Bolan looks every inch the glam prince, resplendent in silver pyjamas. By Christmas – now with the full *Electric Warrior* lineup, augmented by Elton John on piano – he's sporting glitter blobs on his cheeks, pink loon pants and a Flying V. With its frugging dollybirds, coruscating reflective surfaces and inventive camerawork, it's an absolute classic *TOTP* clip that screams 'rock star' from every angle. Official promos for "Get It On" and "Jeepster", by contrast, are daringly minimal and starkly lit, filmed handheld against a black backdrop. Six months later, in footage from the Empire Pool Wembley (unused scraps from the *Born To Boogie* movie), he's noticeably aged and filled out, a reminder that this heyday for T.Rex would be fleeting. *Electric Warrior* captures the group at a time when there was still a trace of innocent pleasure left, and this remastered edition does it full justice.



23 SKIDOO

Seven Songs (reissue, 1982)

LTM

Industrial funk landmark, expanded to two LPs

8/10

23 Skidoo could be said to be an example of post-post-punk, being firmly in the lineage of pioneering early '80s groups like The Pop Group and Cabaret Voltaire, but sounding a little further still down that road. A London quartet versed in William Burroughs, Afrobeat, martial arts and The Last Poets, their preserve was a spooked, pseudo-primitive dance music, venturing with machete drawn into the murky jungle betwixt gloom and groove. Recorded in Throbbing Gristle's Death Factory, *Seven Songs* feels almost militaristic in its mix of tightly drilled funkiness and spirit of high seriousness. "Vegas El Bandito" and "IY" are among the more limber moments, all sweltering polyrhythms, racing conga and spy bass, while "Mary's Operation" finds them mired in some distant swamp, brass peeling sonorously through reams of echo. Seldom imitated, it still sounds starkly original.

EXTRAS: A second disc boots *Seven Songs* to 14 **9/10** in number. "The Gospel Comes To New Guinea" and "Last Words" (12") are among the group's best work. Also included is a lost '81 Peel session and the double gatefold sleeve features essay material from Paul Morley, Cabaret Voltaire's Stephen Mallinder and Skidoo's Alex and Johnny Turnbull. **LOUIS PATTISON**



SANDY BULL & THE RHYTHM ACE

Live 1976

DRAG CITY

Wah-wah oud slow jams from free-roaming US folkster

7/10

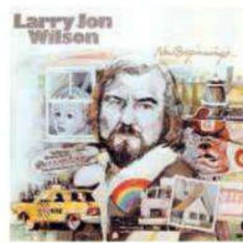
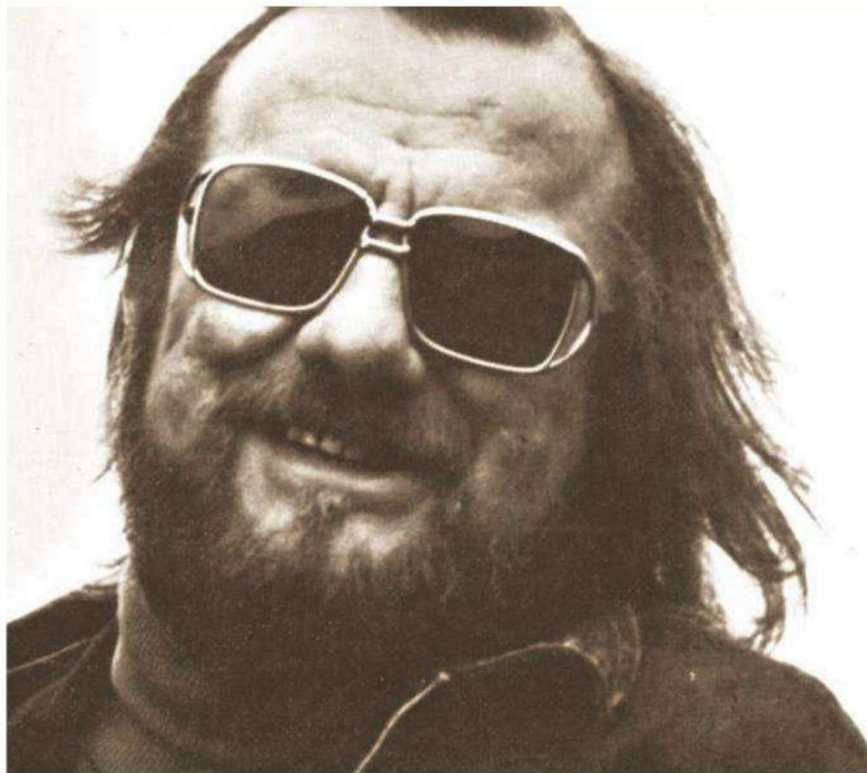
Sandy Bull, who died in 2001, didn't quite fit into the ranks of the 'American Primitive' guitarists. Certainly, his playing on that instrument was aggressive and innovative – his sidelong excursion "Blend", with Ornette Coleman's drummer Billy Higgins, from his landmark *Inventions* album is a high-water mark in this regard – but Bull also made music with more exotic instruments (chief among them, the oud) and drew from classical and world musics. If his music was free-roaming, then so was Bull's life. After spending the late '60s on the West Coast, making his watershed album *E Pluribus Unum*, and acquiring a fairly major drug habit, he relocated, scaling back both his use and his recording. This lately discovered tape finds Bull back visiting the West Coast and exhibiting his new live rig: playing the oud, as on the best moments here, like the opening "Oud" or accompanying himself with pre-recorded guitar and bass parts and with a primitive drum machine (the "Rhythm Ace" of the title). Bull is a genial host, giving rambling intros to his tunes and to his electronic accompanist, and reveals a side of himself perhaps not hinted at by his spectacular '60s recordings. Of these, the vocal "Love Is Forever" illustrates why he will be best remembered as an instrumentalist, while the funky "New York City" suggests that wah-wah oud slow jams may be a direction worth exploration by more musicians.

EXTRAS: None. **JOHN ROBINSON**



Rediscovered!

Uncovering the underrated and overlooked



I'M YOUR FAN

"Like a lot of people, I first heard him in *Heartworn Highways* – and was struck by how funky he was."

MIKE TAYLOR,
HISS GOLDEN MESSENGER



LARRY JON WILSON

New Beginnings/Let Me Sing My Song To You

OMNI
8/10

Country outsider's first two shots into the void

It's a slim body of work: four albums in the 1970s for Monument, home of Kris Kristofferson and Tony Joe White, followed by 30 years of radio silence, and one final album in 2008, before American country singer-songwriter Larry Jon Wilson left us in 2010. Only five records, then, but what records: graceful collections of songs that squeeze the funk into country, and gave Nashville a taste of soul's romance.

If anything helped Wilson, it was starting late. Much like his peer Guy Clark, Wilson came to recording in his thirties, after spending his twenties working. For Wilson, this meant time as a fibreglass manufacturing technician after majoring in chemistry at university. Quitting his job to pursue music, he would spend the mid-'70s shuttling between Nashville, and his home of Augusta, Georgia.

Fêted by Kristofferson and Townes Van Zandt, Wilson nonetheless sat somewhere to the side of 'outlaw country', which may be why his records fell between the cracks. He's featured on the legendary film, *Heartworn Highways*, but only in a performance cameo which has him tracking an exhilarating "Ohoopie River Bottomland". It's worth it just to catch his incredible right-hand technique on the guitar, flicking and strafing the strings like he's fanning flames.

"Ohoopie..." is the opening song on *New Beginnings*, his 1975 debut. It's a fantastic set, switching between great, nascent funk stormers like "Ohoopie..." and "Broomstraw Philosophers And Scuppernong Wine", and beautifully poised, strung-out slabs of melancholy, full of weightless chord changes and ghostly female backing vocals – see "Through The Eyes Of Little Children" and "Lay Me Down Again". 1976's *Let Me Sing My Song To You* isn't quite as potent, but still holds a clutch of great tracks, not least the title cut, which reflects on Wilson's place in music with equal parts ruefulness and wisdom. The guy never really got his due. Maybe now's the time.

JONDALE



JOHNNY CASH

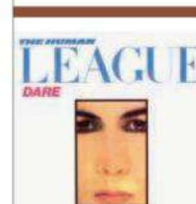
Bootleg Vol IV: The Soul Of Truth

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

Faith laid bare: The Man In Black's glorious-but-obscure gospel songbag

8/10 From Johnny Cash's first conversations with Sun

Records producer Sam Phillips in 1954, through to his last-ever songwriting copyright, "I Corinthians 15:55", an unflinching gospel faith ran through his extraordinary life. Every concert featured a religious section and, from time to time, as on 1959's *Hymns* or his 1973 film/travelogue/soundtrack *The Gospel Road*, he indulged in the comfort of family, faith and certainty of belief on record. Here, Columbia has assembled 51 highly obscure or unreleased tracks recorded when his secular career was running at a low ebb – 1975-1983 – most featuring contributions from June Carter Cash, Rodney Crowell or various Carter Family members. It's a surprisingly illuminating collection – "It's all one song," Neil Young once exclaimed – and the adage fits here: these are not sharp deviations from Cash's modus operandi. The Tennessee Three and various Nashville pros play the classic Cash sound, while the singer refracts his pious philosophy through the vision of, and belief in, a benevolent, forgiving deity. Many highlights stem from *A Believer Sings The Truth*, a little-known 1979 LP where a relaxed Cash rolls effortlessly through 20 genial tracks. The honky-tonking "I Was There When It Happened", cut with foil Marshall Grant, and a blazing rip through Sister Rosetta Tharpe's "Strange Things Happening Every Day" initially stand out, but even ardent unbelievers might melt within Cash's righteous-yet-easygoing tapestry unto the Lord. **EXTRAS:** None. **LUKE TORN**



THE HUMAN LEAGUE

Dare Deluxe Edition (reissue, 1981)

EMI/VIRGIN

Synth-pop's greatest 40 minutes, plus the "Fascination!" EP

10/10

When Phil Oakey sacked Ian

Craig Marsh and Martyn Ware from their own band and replaced them with two tough teens – Susan Sulley and Joanne Catherall – he'd seen dancing at a disco, the rangy boy with the lopsided haircut simultaneously stumbled upon the antidote to the misery of Maggie's monetarism and a nation divided by class warfare. As *Dare*'s opener "The Things That Dreams Are Made Of" reminded you, The Kids needed little cash to get what we needed: love, adventure, two or three friends. Producer Martin Rushent and co-songwriters Ian Burden and Jo Callis provided the ammunition to take synth-pop global; a wall of electric fanfares, sci-fi Moogs and Linn drums, boasting melodies Abba would be proud of, whether obsessing about JFK ("Seconds") or paying tribute to Lou Reed on "Love Action (I Believe In Love)". Electronica has long been chart pop's default noise, yet *Dare*'s art-disco still sounds like the pop of a utopian future.

EXTRAS: "Fascination!" was a 1983 EP that 7/10 packaged the two post-*Dare* hits "Mirror Man" and "(Keep Feeling) Fascination" with two new songs ("You Remind Me Of Gold" and an early version of "I Love You Too Much"), the disco mix "Hard Times"/"Love Action" segue and a "...Fascination" remix. This and an unreleased take of "Don't You Want Me" are diluted by too many bonus instrumentals. **GARRY MULHOLLAND**



EDDIE HOLLAND It Moves Me

ACE

Passionate crooning from legendary penman

Holland's most celebrated contribution to popular music is undoubtedly as the lyricist

7/10

third of the Motown team that also included his brother Brian and Lamont Dozier, although he was initially signed as an artist. This 2CD collection brings together his entire output between 1958 and 1964, before chronic stage fright led him to head behind the scenes.

Early singles "Little Miss Ruby" and "(Where's The Joy?) In Nature Boy" exhibit a vocal style similar to the octave-swooping declarations of Jackie Wilson (Motown's Berry Gordy wrote for both), caught between Great American Songbook crooning and the burgeoning expressive style of, say, Smokey Robinson. It wasn't until 1962's finger-snapping "You Deserve What You Got", that Holland tried his hand at writing.

Arguably, his best-remembered single was "Leaving Here", one of the first songs he wrote with Brian and Lamont, which went on to be covered by acts such as The Byrds, The Who and Motörhead. Holland's version rattles along nicely, and may well have been the template for Marvin Gaye's similar, Robinson-penned "Ain't That Peculiar". The rarer album tracks on disc two offer more light and shade, including songs Holland would subsequently pitch to the label's big hitters, his original of "Love Is What You Make It" closer to the light calypso of Ben E King than the beefier take by The Temptations a few years later. **EXTRAS:** None. **TERRY STAUNTON**



THE JEFFREY LEE PIERCE SESSIONS PROJECT

The Journey Is Long
GLITTERHOUSE

8/10

The late Gun Club man's unfinished business

As the compilers point out, this second volume of Pierce songs is no tribute album. Instead, as with 2009's *We Are Only Riders*, it's more akin to a posthumous collaboration, with friends and admirers infusing Pierce's unfinished sketches with a spirited sense of passion befitting the man himself. A parallel is the recent exhumation of Woody Guthrie's works-in-progress by Jay Farrar and chums.

The "song sperms" were found on dusty cassettes in the loft of JLP's guitarist Cypress Grove, who set about recruiting others to massage the fragments into life. So Nick Cave pairs up with Debbie Harry for a delicate piano-and-strings take on *Mother Juno's* "The Breaking Hands", the only real cover in this set.

Old buddy Mark Lanegan reprises his turn with Isobel Campbell on a muted version of the same song, featuring Pierce and Kid Congo Powers on guitars. The malignant groove of Cave's "City In Pain" might just be pick of the crop, though there are also suitably bluesy treatments by Hugo Race and Barry Adamson, an unusually genteel Lydia Lunch and a roaring "Ain't My Problem Baby" by The Jim Jones Revue that ends things with a bang. You suspect it's just what Pierce would've wanted.

EXTRAS: None. **ROB HUGHES**



JANIS JOPLIN The Pearl Sessions

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

Janis' monumental farewell retooled, plus a disc of studio tapes

Among the definitive albums of its era, yet simultaneously yielding

9/10

one of the great what-ifs in rock, *Pearl* is a masterpiece frozen in time, a dazzling, daring gesture to the world by a singer five months' dead by the time of its release. Ditching the psychedelics of Big Brother And The Holding Company, and the horn-heavy approach of her 1969 debut, and snagging sympathetic producer Paul Rothchild (The Doors), Joplin poured her heart into 10 tracks that shook blues, soul, country, and R'n'B conventions down to their core, the stripped-down Full Tilt Boogie Band supplying dynamic backing. Every note Joplin uttered, from "Get It While You Can" to her final tour de force, the Bert Berns/Jerry Ragovoy nugget "Cry Baby", strikes a vein of pure emotion...

EXTRAS: ...which makes the newly discovered

9/10 *Pearl* session tapes on disc two so revelatory: Joplin never performed a song exactly the same way twice, and the subtle shadings marking multiple alternate takes, including "A Woman Left Lonely" (Joplin's ghostly singing is especially spooky on this bit of Memphis soul), "My Baby", and a heart-stopping, acoustic "Me And Bobby McGee," make for a stirring, poignant listen. A smattering of live cuts and mono-mix singles, plus some levity among the fascinating, funny studio banter, add up to – one would think – the final word on this classic album. **LUKE TORN**

REVELATIONS

Fire and water: the strange story of Johnny Cash's House Of Cash

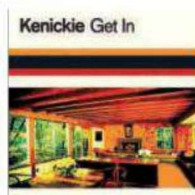
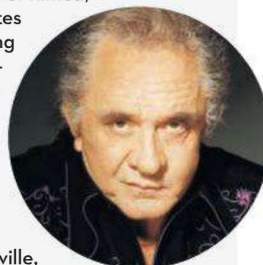
"YOU COULD HAVE it all, my empire of dirt," Johnny Cash utters in his shaky yet unmistakable baritone, amid a barrage of retrospective images – a youthful June Carter Cash holding their son, Johnny hopping a train, Christ on the cross.

In "Hurt", maybe the most moving, multi-layered music video ever filmed, the singer contemplates life's epic sweep among withering symbolism – including empty store displays and smashed gold records within the dilapidated 'House Of Cash'.

That museum/storefront, which opened in Hendersonville, Tennessee, in 1979 and had long served as the office/studio hub of the Cash clan, was damaged in a 1999 flood, and shuttered. By 2002, its ruins served as the perfect backdrop for director Mark Romanek's video, its decay an eerie, grisly metaphor matching Trent Reznor's chilling lyric.

Bee Gee Barry Gibb purchased Cash and Carter's actual lakeside residence in 2006, but in a spooky twist, a 2007 fire destroyed it (to paraphrase "Hurt", "Everything I know, goes away in the end"). A lone brick wall from the structure will take its place in the new Johnny Cash Museum, opening this year in Nashville.

LUKE TORN



KENICKIE

Get In (reissue, 1998)
4WORLDS MEDIA

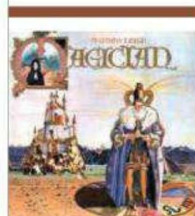
Insult to injury for Lauren Laverne's misery memoir

Pulp's *This Is Hardcore* reduced to shoplifting at Aldi, Kenickie's glum 1998

8/10

swansong died miserably on release, and has fared little better in the afterlife. Fast-tracked from Catholic girls' school to post-Britpop celebrity, Kenickie played the game brilliantly with the hairspray Hüscher Dü of their 1997 debut *At The Club*. "They're a big, raw-boned bunch of fucking sex," moaned Courtney Love approvingly. However, a year on from that Top 10 success, there is nothing sexy about the glassy-eyed *Get In*, with Laverne and Du Santiago – barely 20 – finding the red carpet whipped from under them. The future queen of British arts TV makes uneasy light of an abusive boyfriend on the lush "I Would Fix You" and exposes the reality of life in major-label scrubland on "411 (La La La)" ("Daytime TV on the sofa, everybody's overdrawn"). Reality bites for Du Santiago on the night bus on "5AM" ("Shiver in your nighttime clothes, you don't know where you are"), suddenly terrifyingly exposed. But that's *Get In*; 14 years on, and for all its caustic humour and compelling vulnerability, still out in the cold.

EXTRAS: Tellingly, the sleeve credits on this 5/10 out-of-the-blue reissue misspell the names of both the foursome's songwriters (take a bow Lauren Laverne and Marie Ou Santiago), with contemporary B-sides and insensitive fin-de-millennium indie-dance remixes, suitably meagre add-ons. **JIM WIRTH**



ANDREW LEIGH

Magician
(reissue, 1970)
SUNBEAM

Tales from the underground

In the same way that the UK majors established underground imprints

7/10

such as Harvest, Vertigo and Deram, the German Deutsche Grammophon also sought to shed Polydor's MOR image epitomised by the Bert Kaempfert Orchestra. By offering deals to Robert Stigwood and Giorgio Gomelsky's Reaction and Marmalade labels, Polydor was soon home to The Who, Arthur Brown, Julie Driscoll, Cream and Hendrix. This explains why bassist Andrew Leigh, fresh out of Spooky Tooth, came to release his one and only album for Polydor in 1970. Recruiting cult musicians from The Action, Blossom Toes, Gary Farr's T-Bones and Spooky Tooth, *Magician* was the result. Occasionally guilty of indifferent jamming (even a song called "Get Myself Together"), there's more than enough to lay partial claim to 'lost classic' status. The title track is splendid *Lord Of The Rings* hokum, "Solitaire" wouldn't be out of place on a vintage Traffic album and the nine-minute "Up The USA" takes off from a riff borrowed from Neil Young. A year later, Leigh was enjoying a No 1 hit ("Woodstock") with Matthews' Southern Comfort before moving on a few years later to a continuing career in local government.

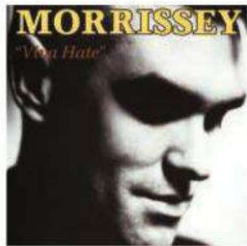
EXTRAS: The unreleased session track "The 6/10 Passing", later recorded for Southern Comfort's *Frog City*. **MICK HOUGHTON**

MORRISSEY

Viva Hate

LIBERTY (REISSUE, 1988)

Moz reissues his fine solo debut, but tinkers with the tracklisting. Why? asks Stephen Troussé



8/10

IT'S HARD TO recall now, after a quarter-century of stardom, scandal, exile, rebirth and lingering notoriety, quite how dicey Morrissey's prospects seemed in the livid aftermath of The Smiths' disintegration. The

form of previous frontmen gone solo, from Jagger to Strummer to McCulloch, was not promising. Weller, with the considerable advantages of the singer-songwriter, had successfully escaped The Jam, but by the late '80s even he faced being dropped by his label. In the winter of '87 it was all too easy to imagine Morrissey, draped in his widow's weeds, anticipating an endless circuit of cemetery tours with Howard Devoto and Linder.

Of course he had considered the prospect. One of the best songs on *Viva Hate* is "Little Man, What Now?", a scintillating consideration, by way of Dennis Norden's *Looks Familiar*, of the fatally fleeting nature of fame: "Friday nights, 1969/ATV you murdered every line/...Four seasons passed and they AXED you". Was the demise of The Smiths to prove his own chopping block? That he eluded this fate is testament to his enduring genius for emergency escapology and Irish luck. The luck being the unlikely emergence of Stephen Street, longtime Smiths engineer/producer, as credible songwriting partner. The genius being his ability to fashion the urgency and trauma of the split into some of the finest songs of his career.

"Suedehead", the lead single from *Viva Hate*, released in Feb '87, just two months after the final Smiths release, was a breezy, mock apology ("I'm so sorry", addressed to both Marr and the Smiths audience, curdling into "I'm so sickened"), radiant with early spring jangle, propelled with the backing of EMI to his highest chart placing to date. But "Everyday Is Like Sunday", was the clincher, a career-defining song that proved his muse could flourish outside The Smiths. Elevated by Street's majestic string arrangement, the song felt like a coronation, the establishment of Morrissey into an honoured English lineage alongside the likes of John Betjeman (the cadging of "Come friendly bombs..." from "Slough") and Tony Hancock (the existential English exasperation of *Sunday Afternoon At Home*, the suicidal seaside of *The Punch And Judy Man*).

The album itself didn't disappoint. Howling into furious life with "Alsation Cousin", rising to an elegiac pitch on "Angel, Angel...", lost in moonlight reverie on "Late Night, Maudlin Street", and ending with the dreamy execution of

TRACKLIST

- 1 Alsation Cousin
- 2 Little Man, What Now?
- 3 Everyday Is Like Sunday
- 4 Bengali In Platforms
- 5 Angel, Angel, Down We Go Together
- 6 Late Night, Maudlin Street
- 7 Suedehead
- 8 Break Up The Family
- 9 Hairdresser On Fire
- 10 Treat Me Like A Human Being (replaces The Ordinary Boys)
- 11 I Don't Mind If You Forget Me
- 12 Dial-a-Cliché
- 13 Margaret On The Guillotine

Street". It's a song about the pain of transition, the misery of eviction from the home, or band, you thought you'd made, and it's the closest Moz ever got to the kind of Joni Mitchell/Rickie Lee Jones intimate epic he revered. So it's puzzling to find that on this reissue the song is abruptly shorn of its final minute. The puzzle is compounded when "The Ordinary Boys", admittedly one of the weakest tracks on the album, is replaced with an, if anything, even weaker song, "Treat Me Like A Human Being", a demo that's incongruously lo-fi amid the general excellence of the remaster.

Is he embarrassed by perceived weakness of the singing and writing? Has Preston's treatment of Chantelle soured his feelings for "The Ordinary Boys"? These odd revisions follow the 2009 reissues of *Southpaw Grammar* and *Maladjusted*, where he revised tracklistings and commissioned new artwork. However you try to explain it, in the absence of a new disc on the horizon, Morrissey increasingly resembles the elder Henry James or Wordsworth, driven to endless, fruitless, tinkering with their vital early work. Can even Morrissey escape this final ignominy?

EXTRAS: None.

"Margaret On The Guillotine", it was enlivened by the very desperation and urgency that was largely missing from *Strangeways*...

It's hard to overstate the contribution of Moz's fellow Ed Banger And The Nosebleeds alumnus Vini Reilly – one of the few English guitarists in the same league as Marr. Reilly's entranced playing almost redeems "Bengali In Platforms" and sublimely stages the centrepiece of the album, "Late Night, Maudlin

REVELATIONS

Andrew McGibbon, *Viva Hate* drummer

WHEN MICHAEL WINTERBOTTOM finally gets round to making the Morrissey biopic we all dream of, Steve Coogan will surely claim the scene-stealing micro-cameo of Andrew Paresi aka Andrew McGibbon. Paresi played drums on *Viva Hate* and *Kill Uncle*, but is also, implausibly, the figure who indirectly links Morrissey to the eccentric English tradition of Viv Stanshall or NF Simpson. Paresi was brought into the *Viva Hate* crew by Stephen Street who'd worked with him as a session drummer in the early '80s, and his playing and programming contributes to the freshness of the final LP. But his enduring legacy rests on his contributions to Clive Bull's late-night London phone-in radio show, *Through The Night*. Along with other pseudonymous contributors such as Peter Cook, McGibbon called the show as lovelorn Rodway of Belgravia, the gnomish Eric The Gardener (later to inspire a Divine Comedy track) and the suspiciously familiar Vini of Vauxhall. So beloved were these figures, he was able to spin off a career providing comedy characters for Kevin Greening on Radio 1, and later creating comedies for Radio 4, including *I Think I've Got A Problem* (2001) – which confirmed his talent for the unlikely conjunction – starring both Suggs and Bob Monkhouse.



NME ICONS

FROM THE MAKERS OF NME & UNCUT

NOEL GALLAGHER

SPECIAL COLLECTORS' MAGAZINE

£5.99 LIMITED EDITION PUBLICATION

100
pages of
**ANTHEMS!
INSULTS!
OASIS!
LIAM!
BRITPOP!
BUST-UPS!
SUPERNOVA HIGHS!
SOLO SUCCESS!**

WIN!
SIGNED
NOEL
ALBUMS

HIS GREATEST
EVER INTERVIEWS
UNSEEN PHOTOS
THE LOST TRACKS
YOU HAVE TO HEAR

*"I'm the reason you
all got into music"*

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

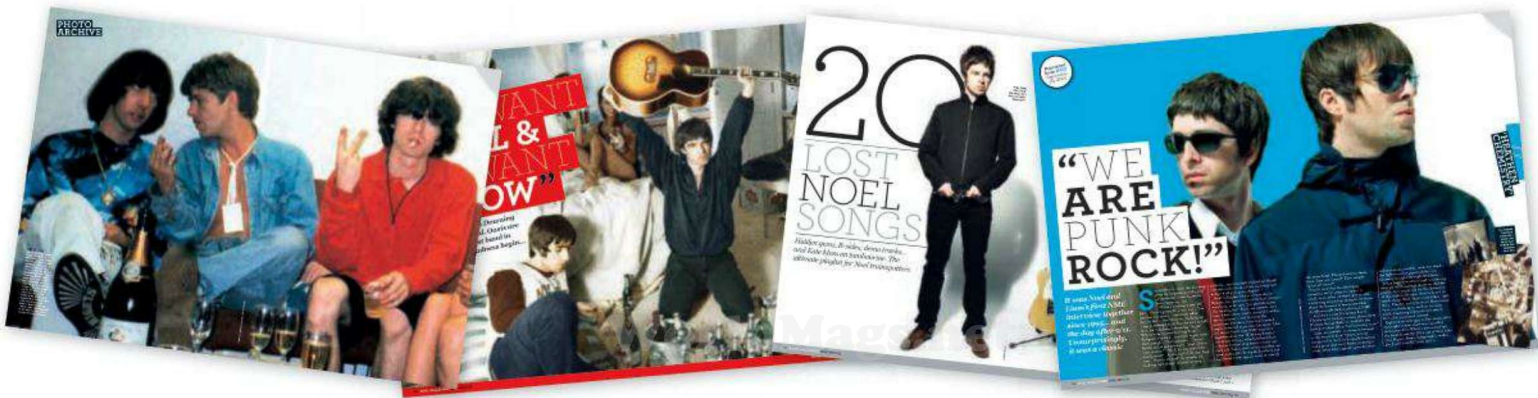
THE FULL STORY OF A SONGWRITING GENIUS

Plus WHAT 2012 HOLDS FOR NOEL: NEW ALBUM DETAILS



ON SALE NOW

AVAILABLE IN ALL GOOD NEWSAGENTS & AT NME.COM/STORE



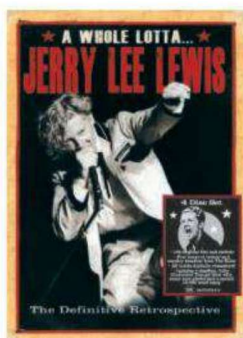
JERRY LEE LEWIS

A Whole Lotta Jerry Lee Lewis

SALVO

Four-disc monument to the Killer, containing no filler.

By Andrew Mueller



7/10

WHAT WITH ONE thing and another, it took the Grand Ole Opry a while to invite Jerry Lee Lewis to make his debut – 16 years, in fact, from his first hits (“Whole Lotta Shakin’ Going On”, “Great Balls Of Fire”) to finally ushering the Killer onto the stage of Nashville’s Ryman Auditorium in January 1973. The

high temple of the country music establishment had their reasons for hesitating. Lewis was not known for family-friendly behaviour, unless one counts as such already having three families by this point – one, to the detriment of his box office, with a cousin he’d wed when she was 13. But he’d grown up, surely. He was pushing 40. He’d married for a fourth time, to someone old enough to vote. And he was reinventing himself as a proper country singer – he’d had hits with versions of Kris Kristofferson’s “Me & Bobby McGee”, Jimmie Rodgers’ “Waiting For A Train” and Ray Griff’s “Who’s Gonna Play This Old Piano?”. The Opry prepared to formally welcome the black sheep to the fold.

“Let me tell ya somethin’ about Jerry Lee Lewis, ladies and gentlemen,” the ostensibly repentant sinner introduced himself. “I am a rock’n’rollin’, country-and-western, rhythm’n’blues singin’ MOTHERFUCKER.”

The failure to use this unimprovable assessment of Lewis as the title of this artefact is about the only mis-step its compilers made. The four discs contain 106 tracks, arranged chronologically – the first released by Sun Records when Eisenhower was president and people thought this Elvis kid would be over by Christmas, the last a defiantly feral “Wild One”, from the soundtrack of 1989 biopic *Great Balls Of Fire* (Lewis has been little wearied by the two decades and change since – though 2010’s duets collection *Mean Old Man* was a treat).

As a study of Lewis’ progress, it’s riveting, not least because it reminds that his move countrywards was not merely a foray in search of an audience that might forgive him his manifold trespasses – he was singing Hank Williams’ “You Win Again” like he meant it as early as 1957. It’s also a necessary lesson that Lewis’ legend is underpinned by prodigious talent – this is a study of sustained instrumental virtuosity, a reminder of how much of rock’n’roll still bucks and twitches to the beat set by Lewis’ left hand, pounding the lower keys like they’ve walked into the bar and asked for a drink with a paper

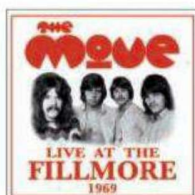


umbrella in it. It’s also an expertly curated compendium of modern American song, although Lewis never really merely covered songs, or even did anything so mannerly as interpreted them. Time and again, he strips them down, soups them up, and turns them loose, unmistakable as anything but Jerry Lee Lewis numbers, breezily heedless of whether they were originally written as heartbreak laments (Hank Williams’ “Cold Cold Heart”) or portents of apocalypse (Creedence’s “Bad Moon Rising”). Even at his tenderest (Ernest Tubb’s “Walking The Floor Over You”, say), Lewis never quite dispels the concern that he’s about to set fire to something or swat someone with his piano stool.

Lewis called his (terrific) 2006 album *Last Man Standing*, an acknowledgement of his status as a surviving pioneer (this title was perhaps rather

a snub to Chuck Berry, but it, *uh*, wouldn’t have been the first). This collection is both monument to an incalculably influential canon, and a chronicle of a life now barely imaginable, still less repeatable. Lewis, like all the few remaining rock’n’roll pathfinders, has something of the gnarled cachet of veterans of long-ago wars, occupying the unfathomable realm of those who’ve experienced things beyond the ken of subsequent generations. He haunts this compilation as he haunts rock’n’roll, a cackling, piano-kicking embodiment of the chaotic contradiction of its origins: the Devil’s music played by the God-fearing.

EXTRAS: 70-page booklet, containing photos of — **8/10** Lewis at various stages of his career, complete details for each track, and a serviceable biographical essay.



THE MOVE

Live At The Fillmore 1969

RIGHT RECORDINGS

First complete Move show

The ever schizophrenic Move were cursed in their home country by a string of catchy hits which restricted

8/10

any loftier artistic ambitions. In the US, where they never troubled the charts, it was no holds barred. Playing 'Frisco's Fillmore over four nights in October, the Move's mind-boggling set included just one of their hits, "I Can Hear The Grass Grow", here expanded to a grunting 10 minutes complete with obligatory drum solo. In fact, the set has only two further Roy Wood songs, a complex, re-worked "Cherry Blossom Clinic" and hard-rocking "Hello Susie", unrecognisable from Amen Corner's trite version. Otherwise, the setlist draws from unlikely sources, opening with a precision, powerpop blast of The Nazz's "Open My Eyes". "Don't Make My Baby Blue" follows, ludicrously heavy, anticipating the sound The Move would adopt by *Looking On*. The most remarkable selection, though, is a 16-minute exploration of Ars Nova's "Fields Of People", twisting and turning and carrying off a brilliantly executed Eastern sequence mid-way through. By contrast, Tom Paxton's "Last Thing On my Mind" and "Goin' Back" (*Notorious Byrd Bros*-style) are almost passé, but rendered with tight harmonies. Singer Carl Wayne quit on returning home, leaving Roy Wood, Bev Bevan and Rick Price to pursue a new direction once Jeff Lynne joined.

EXTRAS: Bev Bevan's wide-eyed recollections of a three-week tour which began opening for The Stooges in Detroit's Grande Ballroom.

MICK HOUGHTON



NAPALM DEATH

Scum (reissue, 1987)

EARACHE

Grindcore's foundation stone gets the 25th anniversary treatment

Next to their peers in British extreme metal, Birmingham's Napalm

9/10

Death boast a curiously high profile, a fact you can put down to sporadic bursts of mainstream exposure (*The John Peel Show*, *TFI Friday*), plus a tasty bit of pub quiz trivia (they remain among those rare bands whose current incarnation boasts the sum of zero founder members). Not even their 1987 debut, in fact, features the full original lineup.

For all this drama, though, *Scum* is a remarkable, utterly unique piece of work. Powered by Mick Harris' artillery-barrage drumming, "Multinational Corporations" and "Prison Without Walls" fuse anarcho-punk rhetoric and sped-up punk-metal riffs to make something roughly as heavy and unyielding as an inner-city flyover. It also contains a Guinness Record breaker in the shape of "You Suffer", which, at one second in duration, remains the shortest song ever.

EXTRAS: *Scum*'s 25 Year Special Edition offers a new Full Dynamic Range remaster, which makes for a more nuanced and textured listen than the "too loud" '90s remaster. The CD version adds the entire album as a rough studio mix, complete with asides and ad-libs, while the vinyl comes in limited quantities of lilac, lime green, magenta and black-and-white shades. LOUIS PATTISON



JOHN JACOB NILES

The Boone-Tolliver Recordings

LM DUPLI-CATION

Trad ballads, weird singing and a giant dulcimer

The songs of the "old weird America" never sounded

7/10

quite as weird as they did when voiced by John Jacob Niles. A Kentucky native and song collector from his early teens (this would be around the start of the 20th Century), Niles accompanied himself on renderings and adaptations of these traditional ballads on a massive Appalachian dulcimer. His voice, a tremulous falsetto, these days reminds most of someone like Baby Dee, but it's better to simply revel in its strangeness, unmoored from any such reference.

Traditional music-wise, Niles walked it like he talked it: he made his own instruments, carved the gates of his Boot Hill Farm and, after recording for Folkways and RCA, undertook to record himself, at home in his living room, and distribute his own songs, with a record label, Boone-Tolliver, that he ran with his wife.

The label released two 10" EPs of his February '52 recordings (*American Folk-Love Songs To Dulcimer Accompaniment* with nine songs, and *Ballads: Volume 1* with four). This set collects all the material Niles recorded in his far-sighted but short-lived commercial enterprise. His voice can be magical (as on his own adaptations, "I'm Goin' Away"/"Go Away From My Window"), although on material more familiar in downhome versions on the Harry Smith anthology (say, "The Cuckoo") you feel his theatrical performance is intrusively more about the singer than the song.

EXTRAS: None. JOHN ROBINSON

REVELATIONS

Diana Ross, Berry Gordy, and that faltering film career...

THE 12 MONTHS preceding this album (see review, right) were something of an *annus horribilis* for Diana Ross. Her five-year marriage to Bob Silberstein ended; while her erstwhile bandmate in The Supremes, Florence Ballard, was found dead aged only 32. Filming *Mahogany*, Ross' second big Hollywood feature, was also an ordeal. She adored the film's original director, British social-realism expert Tony Richardson - who tried gamely to helm this uneven tale of the ghetto girl who ends up a catwalk model in Italy - but Richardson was fired after numerous clashes with producer Berry Gordy. The Motown supremo, with no experience of filmmaking, took on directorial duties, alienating Ross with his dictatorial style. The fact that Gordy was an ex-lover, and father to her first child, presumably didn't help. After being forced to perform a dozen takes of an exhausting scene on Rome's Spanish Steps, Ross (by this stage pregnant with Silberstein's child) exploded, slapping Gordy around the face, bloodying his nose and sending his designer shades flying. With a furious Ross on a plane back to LA, Gordy had to complete the project using his assistant, Edna Anderson, as a body double. Ross and Gordy's relationship never really recovered. JOHN LEWIS



LOU RAGLAND

I Travel Alone

NUMERO GROUP

Lost soul highway: Cleveland's blue-collar R'n'B legend goes deluxe

For an artist whose extant '60s-'70s discography consists of a handful of obscure local

8/10

singles, a trio of barely existent LPs, plus a one-shot 45 for Warners, Ragland's *I Travel Alone*, a faultless 3CD retrospective, is culture shock to all but the most ardent soul collectors. But Chicago-based archivists Numero are experts at digging deep into parochial scenes of urban America, and this 32-track set turns up a solid set of lo-fi but high-in-charm dance tracks, turbo-funk and breezy, would-be R'n'B smashes. Ragland might be best known for stints with The O'Jays and The Ink Spots - maybe - but as leader of Hot Chocolate (*not* the UK group of "You Sexy Thing" fame), his '71 LP was a diamond in the rough, Northern Soul from The Impressions' neighbourhood. Feathered ballads like "We Had True Love" spar with hypnotic funk workouts, plus the infectious "Ain't That a Groove," where Ragland channels a bit of Van's soul-scatting. *I Travel Alone*'s second disc comprises an even more obscure live LP, Hot Chocolate expanding with the odd addition of a string section, culminating in a weird cover of the British Hot Chocolate's "Brother Louie". The live take of dancefloor chugger "Good For The Gander", Ragland's most addictive song, features wild guitar/keyboard interplay, ballooning out to 10 mesmerising minutes. The third disc, a '77 solo Ragland LP, *Understand Each Other*, is seamless uptown soul, Ragland's best singing on record.

EXTRAS: None. LUKE TORN



DIANA ROSS

Diana Ross (reissue, 1976)

UNIVERSAL/MOTOWN

Lavish reissue of a pivotal album

This '76 LP catches the 32-year-old Ross at a transitional point. Having

7/10

spent half her life in the biz, Ross has just chalked up two hit singles: one - "Theme From Mahogany (Do You Know Where You're Going To?)" - consolidating her role as a balladeering Motown veteran, the other ("Love Hangover") reinventing her as the queen of sexed-up disco. Other tracks lurch similarly between lush ballads (including a lovely, shuffling, 6/8 orchestral version of Charlie Chaplin's "Smile") and exquisite funky disco (like the stunning gospel-tinged workout "You're Good My Child"). However, the abundance of additional tracks on this 2CD package suggest Motown were unclear what direction Ms Ross should take at the time.

EXTRAS: Some oft-ignored singles (including fine country-got-soul ballad "Sorry Doesn't Always Make It Right" and jaunty guilty pleasure "Together"); a shameless promo song for Coca-Cola called "Coming Home"; a slick, uptempo reading of Elton John's "Harmony"; a version of Sly Stone track "Le Li Lo"; and a wonderful funk oddity, "Go Where Your Mind Is", by Bubba Banks. You'll also find two significantly different takes of "Mahogany", the full 12" version of "Love Hangover" and a contemporaneous interview with Ross, in which she reminisces about The Supremes and her nascent Hollywood career. JOHN LEWIS

The Specialist

West Coast folk-rock



The Hillmen: a mandolin-toting Chris Hillman is second left

► WHILE THE AMERICAN folk boom was gathering pace in Greenwich Village in the early '60s, a related but differently nuanced movement was coalescing in Los Angeles. Both coasts would play their part in the creation of folk-rock. The West Coast, though, had a much stronger affinity with country and bluegrass. This can partly be credited to the influence of the Bakersfield scene 100 miles north of LA – and perhaps partly to the simple reality that it was a lot easier to be a cowboy under the Californian sun than on the mean streets of Manhattan. Built around an extended musical family whose leaders in '65 would put a backbeat to "Mr Tambourine Man" and emerge as The Byrds, many of the progenitors of LA electric-folk and country rock can be heard on **Sixties Transition FLOATING WORLD** (8/10), a revelatory compilation of 20 tracks recorded by future Byrds manager Jim Dickson at World Pacific Studios between '62-'64. Drawn from Dickson's archive and crisply remastered, the country connection can be heard strongly on tracks by the Gosdin Brothers and The Dillards (both of whom subsequently recorded with Byrds singer Gene Clark) and by The Hillmen, whose lineup included the Gosdins and future Byrd Chris Hillman on mandolin. By '64 all of them were adapting Dylan songs to country and bluegrass arrangements.

The LA folkies were also quicker to pick up electric guitars than their Greenwich

Village brethren – David Crosby among them, heard on a terrific brace of trad folk-blues songs recorded in '63 with full electric backing. Contemporaneous with The Animals' "House Of The Rising Sun" but unreleased at the time, these tracks can now be recognised as among the earliest experiments in electrified folk-rock.

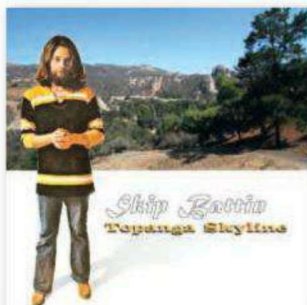
A similar claim can be made for three tracks Dickson recorded in '63 with future Quicksilver singer Dino Valenti, accompanied by Leon Russell and band. Four tracks recorded by The Jet Set in '64, just months before they changed their name to The Byrds, bring the various threads together.

The Hillmen FLOATING WORLD (7/10) collects all 17 tracks by the group recorded by Dickson in '63/'64. He took the tapes to Jac Holzman at Elektra, who thought bluegrass was passé and rejected the record. By the time the album belatedly appeared in '69, it fitted snugly alongside *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo* and *Nashville Skyline*, of course.

A later addition to The Byrds' extended family was Skip Battin, bassist with the group from '70-

'73. His previously unreleased second solo album **Topanga Skyline FLOATING WORLD** (6/10) is a banjo/mandolin/fiddle-soaked affair recorded in '73 with various Burrito alumni, and further shows how felicitously bluegrass roots were assimilated into the post-Byrds country rock mainstream.

NIGEL WILLIAMSON



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Cumbia Cumbia 1&2
(reissues, 1989, 1993)
WORLD CIRCUIT

2CD introduction to Colombian music

For all its rich musical history, Colombia has always lacked the

PR-friendly glamour of Cuba or Brazil, a state of affairs that the World Circuit label tried to address with their 1989 compilation *Cumbia Cumbia*. It was ostensibly an introduction to the cumbia – Colombia's rootsy, rhythmically complex drums-and-vocals form, often sweetened with accordions and clarinets – although most of the album comprised salsa-tinged material from the early '80s: it was only the two 1960 tracks by Conjunto Tipico Vallenato that gave us a glimpse of the manic, accordion-driven forms that were uniquely Colombian. However, 1993's follow-up *Cumbia Cumbia 2* (the second disc in this 2CD set) really delved into the vaults of the Discos Fuentes label to explore Colombia's squeezebox-heavy folk forms – such as the cumbia and the vallenato – and attempts throughout the 1960s to fuse these with outside influences. Highlights include the surf guitar of Los Satelites, the ska-tinged saxophones of Combo Los Galleros and Monteria Swing, and the mambo influences of Los Guacharacos. DJ Quantic's recent Soundway compilation *The Original Sound Of Colombia* is a better record, but World Circuit's lavish package is a great entrance point to this territory. This edition sounds clearer than the original pressings and features extensive, detailed sleeve notes by Sue Steward. **EXTRAS:** None. JOHN LEWIS

7/10



VARIOUS ARTISTS

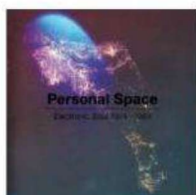
Late Night Tales: Belle And Sebastian (Volume 2)
LATE NIGHT TALES

Excellent peek into the arcane record-boxes of the Scots chamberpop septet

Testament to the enduring

taste and refinement of the Glaswegian hipster, Belle And Sebastian are invited back for their second curation of the long-running chill-out compilation series. Though a few individual tracks (The Lovin' Spoonful's "Darling Be Home Soon", Pete Shelley's "Homosapien", a couple of cuts from Broadcast) might conform to the lazy schmindee caricature, and a couple of songs (from Toro Y Moi and Gold Panda) play catch-up with chillwave, in general the selection is as eclectic and excellent as their first. They discern in artists as disparate as Ethio-jazz legend Mulatu Astatke, jazz-harpist Dorothy Ashby, cosmic folkie Bonnie Dobson and French actor/singer Marie Laforêt a common melancholy elegance, a kind of cross-cultural, transhistorical cool – the sensibility of mid-'80s indie kids liberated from confines of genre. A couple of tracks are magnificent surprises: Ce'cile's "Rude Bwoy Thug Life" – a celebration of bling and blunts built around the riddim of The Cure's "Close To You", and the mystical avant-drones of David Behrman's "On The Other Ocean". The compilation is only let down, in fact, by Belle And Sebastian's own obligatory contribution, a cover of The Primitives' "Crash", which, for their own inscrutable reasons, they choose to perform in the style of the theme from *Play Away*. **EXTRAS:** None. STEPHEN TROUSSÉ

8/10



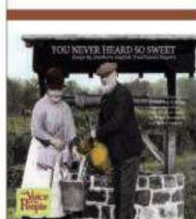
VARIOUS ARTISTS

Personal Space – Electronic Soul: 1974-1984
CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES

Thrilling peek into unheard side of US soul: the eccentric world of the private press

9/10

When renowned crate-digger DJ Shadow called his second album *The Private Press* in 2002, he pointed listeners towards the little-known US cottage industry of private vinyl pressings – records pressed in small amounts for personal use, active from the 1950s to the early '80s – from which he gathered obscure funk and soul samples. In the States, as in Europe, the advent of affordable music-making equipment in the mid-'70s allowed musicians to record (often freaky) tracks at home, some of which were released in tiny editions. While we're used to hearing electronic acts unearthed from late-'70s Belgium, it's a revelation to come across a parallel primitive electronics scene in the US involving soul and funk producers. On *Personal Space*, Shadow's record-collecting accomplice, Chicago writer Dante Carfagna, shares 17 rare (a few are unGoogleable) American synth-soul gems he's acquired, each one a highlight. These range from the raw electro-funk of Jerry Green's "I Finally Found The Love I Need" and Deborah Washington's no-wave dub "Shortest Lady" to cosmic jam "Master Ship" by Starship Commander Woo Woo. For years, this scene was largely off-limits to all but the most committed enthusiast. Now, the thrill of discovering this unknown world is second only to the pleasure taken from listening to these songs. **EXTRAS:** None. **PIERS MARTIN**



VARIOUS ARTISTS

You Never Heard So Sweet/I'm A Romany Rai/Good People, Take Warning

SARAH MAKEM

The Heart Is True

8/10

TOPIC

Four volumes added to Topic's definitive *Voice Of The People* series

In many respects, the *Voice Of The People* series – 20 CDs released in 1998 – did for the traditional music of the British Isles what Harry Smith's *Anthology Of American Folk Music* did for American roots in the 1950s. The series navigated along thematic routes through the mass of recorded material left behind by folk music collectors of the 1950s and '60s, such as Peter Kennedy, Alan Lomax, Bob Copper and others. These four new volumes have been culled from similar sources by Shirley Collins, Steve Roud and Rod Stradling.

You Never Heard So Sweet contains 26 tracks of Southern English folk song, collected in pubs and cottages around Sussex, Kent and Hampshire. Highlights are George Maynard's Joe Grundy-ish croon and Gladys Stone's plaintive rendering of "Deep In Love". *I'm A Romany Rai* (7/10) documents music of the travelling community, and devotes one disc to Dorset's smoky-voiced Carolyn Hughes – who kept singing even as a farmer tried to kick her off his land. Bob & Ron Copper lead off *Good People, Take Warning* (9/10), a 3CD survey of British and Irish ballads, while Irish singer Sarah Makem's (7/10) eerie voice opens a conduit to a vanished, otherworldly past. **EXTRAS:** None. **ROB YOUNG**



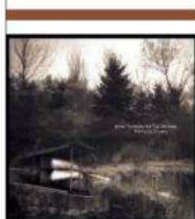
JESSE WINCHESTER

Jesse Winchester/ Third Down, 110 To Go
EASEL

Exiled Southerner's yearning songs
Louisiana-born

8/10

Winchester relocated to Canada in 1967 to escape the draft, a deep sense of his Southern roots underpinning his self-titled debut, produced by Robbie Robertson and with Levon Helm on drums. It was recorded for Ampex, the tape manufacturing company, but his subsequent '70s albums – all released by Edsel in the coming months – saw him signed to Bearsville. *Jesse Winchester* is a near-flawless introduction to yet another introspective late-'60s singer-songwriter. The rockier songs fare less well, although opener "Payday" was covered by fan Elvis Costello (on *Kojak Variety*) and "Quiet About It" wouldn't disgrace a Band album, enhanced by a typically squeezed-out Robertson guitar solo. The heart of the album flows from three, aching ballads, "Biloxi", "The Brand New Tennessee Waltz", Winchester's best-known song, and "Yankee Lady", affecting enough for Tim Hardin to record. Elsewhere, "Rosy Shy" and "Black Dog" have the despairing musicality of early David Ackles. *Third Down...*, part-produced by labelmate Todd Rundgren, announces itself with the swampy "Isn't That So?". A fuller-sounding album, it lacks the former's intensity and is almost jaunty at times. "God's Own Jukebox" is the best of a handful of songs with a customised rockabilly sound that reflected his upbringing. **EXTRAS:** None. **MICK HOUGHTON**



JAMES YORKSTON AND THE ATHLETES

Moving Up Country – 10th Anniversary Edition
DOMINO

8/10

Deluxe reissue of folkie Fifer's debut

It's hard, from a distance of 10 years, to remember how refreshing – and out of its time – James Yorkston's debut sounded. Then, as now, he was labelled as a folkie, though *Moving Up Country* might more accurately be described as folksy, and the artist himself has always categorised it as pop. Recorded in a damp cottage in the Borders, it's a pastoral-sounding record, full of gentle emotions and bleary sentiment, with sweet melodies draped over droning guitars. The emotional warmth of Yorkston's voice is the key to the intimate mood; occasionally, in his more conversational moments, you can catch echoes of Arab Strap's didactic poetry. The John Peel-endorsed title track remains a favourite, establishing a mood of careworn romance, but the playful "I Spy Dogs" is briskly lyrical (and faintly reminiscent of The Kinks). Yorkston's finest moments come when he indulges his sentimental side: "6:30 Is Just Way Too Early" is a thing of beauty; a whisky dream of romantic regret. **EXTRAS:** On CD, the single "The Lang Toun" (7/10) has been added to the album. The bonus disc includes demos, and a subtle Peel Session from January 2003 that manages to improve on the album versions. Double vinyl edition has the original LP, plus digital downloads of bonus tracks. **ALASTAIR MCKAY**

COMING NEXT MONTH...



music, both new and old, that arrive every single day on the desk here.

Among these structurally unsound towers there lie some albums you'll be hearing more about in these pages in the coming month. One that we're playing this minute is a lesser-known work by a major artist, newly reissued: *The Black Gladiator* by **Bo Diddley**, from 1970, now reissued by Light In The Attic. It's grungy and more than occasionally sexist. But it's very funky indeed, and sounds unfamiliar and well-used at the same time. Reissues-wise there's some other grand releases, most significantly the remastered, deluxe editions of the *Small Faces* catalogue, **Paul McCartney's Ram** and finally (it appears...) the remastered *My Bloody Valentine* albums. But don't hold your breath for those exactly.

New music? The generally unproductive and reclusive **Damon Albarn** finally shakes a leg to offer up the album to accompany his *Dr Dee* opera, about the 16th-Century mathematician and occultist. Meanwhile, **Richard Hawley**

leaves his Jim Reeves fixation behind to go mildly psychedelic and surprisingly heavy on new one *Standing At The Sky's Edge*. Grand!

JOHN.ROBINSON.101@FREELANCE.IPCMEDIA.COM

SPECIAL OFFER!

SUBSCRIBE FROM JUST £3.20 AN ISSUE!*

- Save up to 36%
- Never miss an issue
- Delivery direct to your door

Call **0844 848 0848** and quote code 14J

Or go online at **uncutsubs.co.uk/iucze**

* Price when you pay by 3 monthly Direct Debit
Closing date 26/04/2012

BRAND NEW EXPANDED REVIEW'S SPECIAL

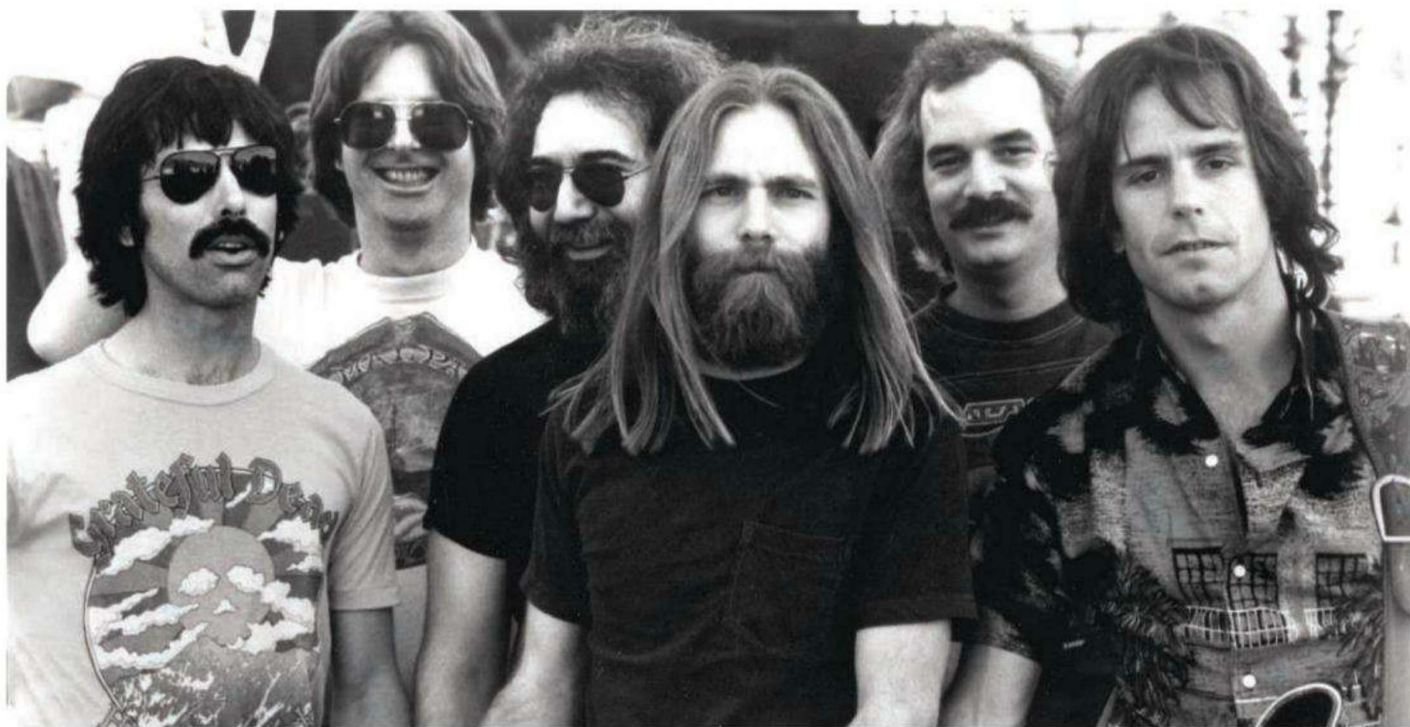
UNCUT

FREE CD

BOWIE

20 YEARS

WATCH THAT BAND!



GRATEFUL DEAD

All The Years Combine: The DVD Collection SHOUT! FACTORY

The full extent of the Dead's official DVD arsenal

9/10 ACCORDING TO THE Dead's chief audiovisual archivist David Lemieux, there are now over 2,500 videotapes in the band's vault, alongside its renowned stash of 16,000 audio tapes. *All The Years Combine* may only be scratching the surface, but it's the most complete Grateful Dead DVD collection to date: 14 discs taking in 10 concerts, ranging from *The Grateful Dead Movie*, filmed in 1974, to an RFK Stadium show in 1991, featuring what turned out to be the Dead's final lineup. Joining these films is a disappointing 55-minute conceptual film *So Far*, from 1987, and completing the box is an exclusive bonus disc, the centerpiece of which is Justin Kreutzmann's beautifully crafted documentary *Backstage Pass*, which affectionately chronicles every musician to have played in the band between The Acid Tests in 1965 and the Dead's final concert at Soldier Field, Chicago in July 1995.

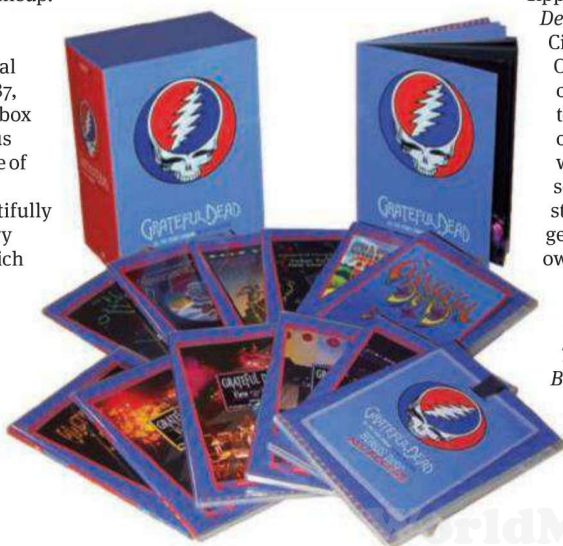
The two '70s concerts are the most elaborate, painstakingly edited films in this collection. For atmosphere and thrills, *The Closing Of Winterland*, from the Dead's annual New Year's Eve concert in 1978, has the edge over the more venerated *Grateful Dead Movie*. It's distinguished by a devastating second set that comes to life on a smouldering "Terrapin Station", ending with a rousing "Not Fade Away" featuring War's harmonica player Lee Oskar and scything guitar from Quicksilver's John Cipollina. In contrast, *Dead Ahead* from Radio City Music Hall in October 1980, celebrates the final tour where the Dead opened each night with an acoustic selection, sitting on stools and picking genially through their own homespun folk anthems "Ripple", "Bird Song" and "To Lay Me Down". *Truckin' Up To Buffalo*, a full show from July 4, 1989, is memorable for another inspired second set. The Dead always took a

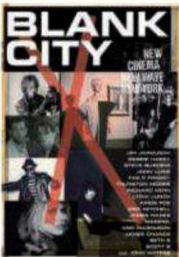
while to hit their stride; emerging after the first break full of smiles and encouraging nods, before unleashing a brutal "All Along The Watchtower", straight into a scorching "Morning Dew" and followed by another "Not Fade Away". This version stands out for the unusually animated interplay between a jovial Jerry Garcia and keyboardist Brent Mydland.

The four discs from the more intimate View From The Vault series were compiled from basic videotaped recordings made for the big screens at stadium gigs. Using only the two-track sound straight from the PA, they are the video equivalent of *Dick's Picks*, the Dead's long-running series of live albums. Two of them date from 1990, another combines a couple of the group's own sets on the spotty Dylan And The Dead tour in 1987, while the best is an RFK Stadium show from June 1991, filmed a year after Brent Mydland's death, when keyboard duties had been picked up by Vince Welnick and Bruce Hornby. Once again, it's the second set that's the best, the group vigorously tearing into the grand *Blues For Allah* song cycle, "Help On The Way"/"Slipknot!"/"Franklin's Tower". It's followed by a spectral "Dark Star" before Bob Weir, full of gusto, takes on "Turn On Your Love Light", traditionally one of former frontman Pigpen's down-and-dirty showstoppers. The mood intensifies as Garcia steps up to sing "Stella Blue", then an impassioned "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" with the fresh-faced Hornsby on accordion. This show is very much a last hurrah for the Dead; arguably, they never really reached such magical heights again. Witnessing their almost evangelical bond with audiences, the recurring image is one of warmth and camaraderie; just a bunch of working stiffs who liked nothing more than playing in the band.

MICK HOUGHTON

EXTRAS: In addition to *Backstage Pass*, the bonus **8/10** disc has an engaging interview with archivist David Lemieux, plus five further unreleased clips. Also includes all bonus material from previous releases.





BLANK CITY

E2 FILMS

New York's late-'70s underground film scene explored

While CBGBs bands were mutating into No Wave, another set of New York hipsters channelled artpunk energy into picking up Super-8 cameras and carving out a DIY film scene. Some became Jim Jarmusch; some, like

They Eat Scum auteur Nick Zedd, are still doing much the same thing. Celine Danhier's evocative, slightly elegiac documentary charts the downtown movie movement's scuzzy flowering, mixing new interviews with key ageing players (Steve Buscemi, John Waters, Thurston Moore and Debbie Harry among them) with grainy clips from the uncompromising, hilarious (sometimes intentionally) no-budget epics of their youth.

EXTRAS: Unconfirmed.
DAMIEN LOVE

7/10



JOHN MARTYN

One World... One John

THE PRODUCTION COMPANY

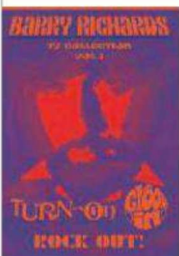
The great man at home and onstage...

Expanded version of the *Tell Them I'm Somebody Else* video, this is a respectful, if sanitised portrait, filmed in Ireland and Scotland between 1999 and 2003.

Interviewed at home, Martyn is charming throughout, arguing that, "I'm actually quite normal... not just a nutter." Either way, he's riveting onstage, the expected "May You Never" among three nimble acoustic songs. The voice may be harsher, but it's no less affecting on "Solid Air" and a spine-tingling version of "Over The Rainbow".

EXTRAS: Bonus track "Sergeant, Sergeant".
5/10 MICK HOUGHTON

7/10



BARRY RICHARDS: TV COLLECTION VOL 1

RESURRECTION PRODUCTIONS

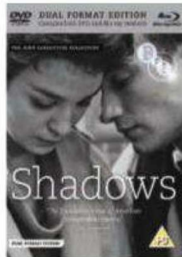
Eccentric but enjoyable TV time capsule

This DVD unearths performances and interviews from the archive of low-budget DC music show *Turn-On*. Host Richards – "the boss with

the hot sauce" – and catweazel sidekick Uncle Dirty are clearly as wasted as their guests, but there's gold amongst the freak-hair footage and stoner babble: alongside fine turns from Alice Cooper, Humble Pie and Rory Gallagher, Richie Havens powers through "Handsome Johnny", Little Richard tears up "Good Golly Miss Molly" and – incongruously but wonderfully – The Byrds join Fats Domino on "Blueberry Hill".

EXTRAS: Beatles interview and a 10-minute "Gris Gris..." from Dr John. GRAEME THOMSON
6/10

6/10



SHADOWS

BFI

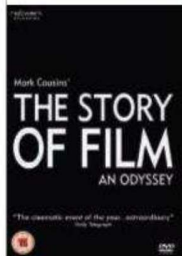
The birth of American independent cinema starts here

American independent cinema started for real in 1959, with John Cassavetes' urgent *Shadows*. A portrait of New York bohemia that emerged out of the director's acting

workshops, *Shadows* focuses on a black singer (Hugh Hurd) and his apparently mixed-race siblings, musician Ben (Ben Carruthers) and emotionally fragile Lelia (Lelia Goldoni), whose troubled love life is the film's intense centre. With music by Charles Mingus and saxophonist Shafi Hadi, *Shadows* makes the contemporary stirrings of the French New Wave look staid by comparison.

EXTRAS: Commentaries, documentary, trailer, workshop footage. JONATHAN ROMNEY
7/10

9/10



THE STORY OF FILM

NETWORK

Ambitious trawl through more than a century of movies

Journalist and academic Mark Cousins' expansive love letter to cinema, which first aired on More4 last year, is so highly regarded that its 15 one-hour episodes are currently being

presented as an exhibition at New York's Museum Of Modern Art. Covering 12 decades and visiting countless studios and locations worldwide, Cousins is an enthusiastic and engaging tour guide, adding informed context to hundreds of clips and gently grilling all manner of movers and shakers, from Ken Loach to Claudia Cardinale. A vibrant and engrossing history lesson.

EXTRAS: None.
TERRY STAUNTON

8/10



TREME: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON

WARNER HOME VIDEO

N'Awleans drama goes from strength to strength

No, it's not *The Wire*, but David Simon's great saga of post-Katrina New Orleans is already as deeply textured and densely felt a portrait of a city as the Baltimore cop show was by the end.

We're in 2006 now, storm trauma may be fading, but the chaos and violence is only growing, and the question is to stay or go. Among the great tapestry of characters, Steve Earle's street musician becomes an unlikely heart. Unlike any other drama on TV, and often (a tremendous storyline about recording a Mardi Gras jazz album with an ensemble including Dr John), the best music show around, too.

EXTRAS: Unconfirmed.
DAMIEN LOVE

9/10



Jean-Hugues Anglade as really bad cop Eddy Caplan

BRAQUO

ARROW FILMS



Relentlessly violent French cop thriller

The concept of good-cop/bad-cop has been a screen staple since the days of film noir, but is a little too tidy for today's tastes. Today's most effective yet morally dubious crime fighters, in series like *The Wire* and *The Shield* (this French thriller's obvious

ancestors), inhabit a brutal world where lines are blurred at the click of a handgun's safety catch; this is the age of bad-cop/really-bad-cop.

Braquo, French slang for "heist", focuses on a crack Parisian unit based in what looks like a run-down garage with their own in-house bar. Led by Eddy Caplan (Jean-Hugues Anglade, perhaps best known to British viewers from *Betty Blue* and *Killing Zoe*), their methods are anything but by-the-book. In the first few episodes (broadcast by the FX channel late last year) they get their hands dirty by stabbing a rape suspect in the eye with a pen, blackmail a seedy lawyer caught with a dominatrix, kidnap and accidentally kill a prisoner and then destroy the evidence by setting fire to the corpse, and gun down two mobsters, triggering an all-out underworld war. When one of their own is taken hostage, threatening to expose the team's myriad wrongdoings, they're forced to stage a daring robbery to raise the cash for his release.

Filmed in stark blues and greys, it's a relentless catalogue of violence and misery, but not at the expense of character development. Director Olivier Marchal (like *The Wire* co-creator Ed Burns, a former cop himself) quickly establishes fully rounded personalities; Eddy is at the centre of an Internal Affairs corruption probe, fabricating alibis and fudging paperwork, while his trusty lieutenants are plagued by, among other things, drug habits, debts, psychotic spouses and attacks of conscience about squad tactics.

"What shit have you got yourselves into this time?" asks a more law-abiding officer at one stage. Eddy doesn't offer a reply, but soldiers on as the shit gets ever deeper.

EXTRAS: None.
TERRY STAUNTON

8/10

Films

BY MICHAEL BONNER

THIS MONTH: indie godfather Whit Stillman returns, plus Bob Marley, Butch Cassidy, moon Nazis, and Sean Penn goes goth

Damsels In Distress Among the high-profile movie events this month is the inaugural Sundance London Festival, a Mini-Me version of Robert Redford's garlanded American independent film showcase, which plots up at London's O2 Arena to screen 14 films from April 26-29. April sees another prestigious – though presumably less celebrated – event: the release of *Damsels In Distress*, the first film in 14 years from writer/director Whit Stillman. The coincidence seems fitting to me. Stillman's debut, 1989's *Metropolitan*, premiered at Sundance and went on to earn him an Oscar nomination for Best Screenplay. It established Stillman as a kind of WASPy Woody Allen. Invariably in Stillman's films, there's lots of wealthy, super-literate, young Manhattanites standing around in rooms, talking. Although Stillman's body of work is slight – only four films, including *Damsels...* – it's still significant. You can spot his influence in the droll screenplays of Wes Anderson and Noah Baumbach, the preppy vibes of the first Vampire Weekend album, or *The Social Network's* precocious Ivy Leaguers.

Despite Stillman's lengthy hiatus – he's been living in Paris, incidentally, working as a writer for hire – *Damsels In Distress* demonstrates that his chops are reassuringly intact. I'm hard pressed to think of another filmmaker who so unapologetically mixes references to the works of obscure British novelist Robert Firbank with lengthy discussions on "the decline of decadence" and the unusual sexual proclivities of a 12th-Century religious order – and still finds time to work in a dance sequence modeled on a 1937 Fred Astaire musical called, uh, *A Damsel In Distress*. Unlike Stillman's previous dispatches from the drawing rooms of the Upper East Side, the setting here is a fictional university campus though, typically, the focus is on young, hyper-privileged Americans. *Damsels...* follows four female students (led by Greta Gerwig, who did such good work in *Greenberg* opposite Ben Stiller) who run the university suicide prevention centre, prescribing tap dancing as a remedy for depression, and who plan to save their fellow students from becoming part of the college's "moron jamboree" via the miraculous powers of soap. The vibe is idiosyncratic, digressive; the script zips along like a Howard Hawks screwball comedy. As high school comedies go, it's up there with *Heathers* and *Clueless*. As far as Stillman goes, it's a pleasure to have him back.

Wildmood swings... and Nazis: Sean Penn channels Robert Smith in *This Must Be The Place*



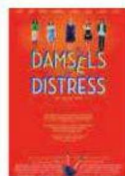
Cheyenne, played by Sean Penn, spends his days watching Jamie Oliver on TV and pondering, "Why is Lady Gaga?"

► **Iron Sky** If Stillman's brand of comedy is literate, sophisticated, arch, then the makers of *Iron Sky* are coming from somewhere very different. The idea is that Nazis, living on a swastika-shaped base on the dark side of the moon, launch an invasion of Earth. In my head, I had this pegged as a cross between *Starship Troopers* and *Triumph Of The Will*. But disappointingly, this just isn't gonzo enough, nor – critically – is it especially high on laughs.

And the effects are far too good for this kind of thing. I want Nazi spaceships that look like they were borrowed from *Mars Attacks!*; not sleek, big budget CGI fleets. There are a couple of good gags – a 10-minute cut of *The Great Dictator* is taught in moon-Nazi schools to demonstrate the beneficence of Hitler; the US president, a Sarah Palin lookalike, uses Fourth Reich rhetoric to launch her re-election campaign. Even Udo Kier, usually a reliably bonkers presence in any movie, is curiously subdued as the moon Führer.

► **Marley** is Kevin Macdonald's documentary about the reggae star. It is a thorough enough trawl through Bob Marley's life and times, but Macdonald's film conspicuously lacks any real critical interrogation of its subject. Admittedly, we live in an age where Martin Scorsese's films on Bob Dylan and George Harrison have set the bar very high, but Macdonald isn't exactly a novice documentarian. *One Day In September* and *Touching The Void* are both tremendous and, with *Being Mick*, Macdonald even came close to

Reviewed this month...



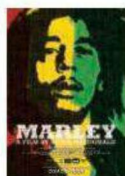
DAMSELS IN DISTRESS

Director Whit Stillman
Starring Greta Gerwig, Adam Brody
Opens April 27
Certificate 15
10/10



IRON SKY

Director Timo Vuorensola
Starring Julia Dietze, Götz Otto
Opens April 20
Certificate 15
5/10



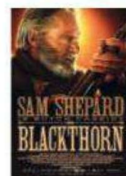
MARLEY

Director Kevin Macdonald
Starring Bob Marley, Bunny Wailer
Opens April 20
Certificate 15
6/10



THIS MUST BE THE PLACE

Director Paolo Sorrentino
Starring Sean Penn, Frances McDormand
Opens April 6
Certificate 15
7/10



BLACKTHORN

Director Mateo Gil
Starring Sam Shepard, Stephen Rea
Opens April 13
Certificate 15
7/10



capturing the essence of a professionally elusive rock star. By comparison, *Marley* feels quite programmatic; Macdonald doesn't really stray from telling an already well-documented version of events. The freshest parts of the film find Macdonald's crew visiting Nine Mile, the small village in the Jamaican hills where Marley was raised. Macdonald truffles out cheery old dudes like Marley's cousin Hugh "Sledgo" Peart, who offers up an engaging, if rambling snapshot of the young "Robert", "rejected" because of his mixed-race parentage, and having "to earn his every meal". Other characters come and go – among them Bunny Wailer and Lee Perry. Unsurprisingly for a film exec-produced by Marley's son Ziggy and former label boss Chris Blackwell, Macdonald is granted the very best access to friends, collaborators and family – even a former Jamaican Prime Minister – who all offer fulsome anecdotes and testimonials. The archive footage is also as good as you'd expect. But the trajectory is routine and straightforward; Bob "just loved music, cricket and football," we are told. Well, yes, that's true enough, perhaps – but at 144 minutes, Macdonald's film surely warrants a more robust examination of its subject.

► **This Must Be The Place** If Kevin Macdonald's film addresses the story of a real musician who lived very much in the public eye, then Paolo Sorrentino's *This Must Be The Place* muses on the reclusive existence of a fictional rock star. This is Cheyenne, who's spent 20 years out of the spotlight, living in a mansion outside Dublin. Played by Sean Penn and modeled physically on Robert Smith – the crow's nest of black hair, lipstick, eyeliner, fondness for black – Cheyenne

spends his days watching Jamie Oliver programmes on television, debating whether or not to sell his shares in Tesco and pondering, "Why is Lady Gaga?" Fully gothed-up, he goes shopping in a nearby mall to buy pizza. Boredom is a condition familiar to many in his position. "Why isn't there any water in your swimming pool?" Cheyenne is asked. "I don't know," he replies. "No-one ever filled it."

Cheyenne's one concession to age is a pair of granny glasses he wears round his neck. He speaks in a weird, wavering voice pitched somewhere between Emo Philips and Truman Capote. Rather forlornly, he drags around a trolley, which made me think of Linus and his blanket in *Peanuts*. Penn does great, deadpan comedy in this early section, with Frances McDormand as Cheyenne's earthy, practical wife, Jane. The film takes an abrupt shift in tone when Cheyenne returns to America to visit his dying father. Once there, he sets out on a road trip through the US hinterlands, hunting for the Nazi officer who persecuted his father in Auschwitz. The mood is not unlike a Wim Wenders' travelogue. Sorrentino's film, meanwhile, takes its title from a Talking Heads song, and David Byrne cameos as himself in a very funny scene where he's 'reunited' with old pal Cheyenne; incidentally, Byrne also collaborated with Will Oldham on the soundtrack. Fans of 'old *Uncut*', take note: there is a cameo from Harry Dean Stanton.

► **Blackthorn** Stanton received one of his infrequent leading roles in *Paris, Texas*, written by the playwright Sam Shepard. Shepard himself takes a rare lead in *Blackthorn*, which expands on the theories that Butch Cassidy somehow survived the shoot-out at San Vicente, Bolivia in 1908. "I woke up and found myself alone," he explains. "Seemed like everybody I knew was either dead or in jail. And they thought I was dead, too. So I did what any good dead person would do. I went off and raised me some horses. 20 years. That's a big change. Quiet times." Cassidy, in his twilight years, decides to return to America, to be reunited with family. Falling in with Eduardo (Eduardo Noriega), a young Spanish mining engineer on the run from a posse, he catches the scent of his old desperado ways. The directorial debut of Mateo Gil, a scriptwriter perhaps best known for *Abre Los Ojos*, the film Cameron Crowe remade as *Vanilla Sky*, *Blackthorn* exhibits a number of elegiac qualities befitting a Western about a man reaching a certain age in his life. Shepard summons up a mythic image of one of America's great outlaws – dusty and craggy, with a splendid Kristofferson-style beard (he had a great cameo as another famous robber, Frank James, in 2007's *The Assassination Of Jesse James By The Coward Robert Ford*). In one scene where Butch and Eduardo billet overnight in an abandoned building in the Bolivian salt flats, Shepard delivers several reveries on the heyday of his gang, the Wild Bunch – "we covered more than six states, some of them bigger than this whole country." The writing here is of a high standard and – as you'd expect – impeccably delivered. Frankly, you wish there'd be more scenes like this. Flashbacks to an imagined history with *Game Of Thrones*' Nikolaj Coster-Waldau as a younger Cassidy, Padraic Delaney as Sundance and Dominique McElligott as Etta Place, feel a little like distractions from the main event of watching Shepard squint ruminatively into the far distance. I wish more had been done with Stephen Rea's former Pinkerton agent, a drunk and dissipated figure living in sorrowful retirement in the Bolivian boondocks. His scenes with Shepard capture exactly the right tone of regret, betrayal and broken honour the film strives for, but often fails to catch.

Also out...

LE HAVRE

OPENS APRIL 6

Finnish comedy mastermind Aki Kaurismäki crosses borders for this deadpan French comedy about the friendship between an African refugee boy and a French shoeshiner.

TITANIC 3D

OPENS APRIL 6

James Cameron's behemoth about the tragic sinking of the liner is converted into 3D – the WOW! factor is presumably immense.

BATTLESHIP

OPENS APRIL 11

The former actor Liam Neeson is the admiral leading his fleet into battle with alien craft. It's *Transformers* with more water. And Rihanna.

THE CABIN IN THE WOODS

OPENS APRIL 13

The Evil Dead. *Blair Witch*. What is it with horror films set in cabins in woods? This one's directed by the guy who wrote *Cloverfield*.

BREATHING

OPENS APRIL 20

Sober, Oscar-winning directorial debut from Austrian actor Karl Markovics. A young parolee struggles with life outside prison.

SALMON FISHING IN THE YEMEN

OPENS APRIL 20

Some gubbins with Ewan McGregor and Emily Blunt, of interest to us simply because part of it was filmed outside our office.



MARVEL AVENGERS ASSEMBLE

OPENS APRIL 26

Marvel's superhero dudes will be brought together. They will unite against a common foe. Shit will get blown up. A sequel will follow.

BEING ELMO

OPENS APRIL 27

Doc about the dudes who pull the strings for one of Jim Henson's best loved creations – *Sesame Street*'s Elmo. Really, only a churl could fail to be moved by this gear.

ALBERT NOBBS

OPENS APRIL 27

To get a job in 19th-Century Ireland, Glenn Close pretends to be a man. Much melodrama follows. Close was Oscar-nominated for this, but lost out to Meryl Streep. Such is the way.

THE MONK

OPENS APRIL 27


Some eye-rolling Gothic horror, Ken Russell-style, wherein Vincent Cassel is the titular monk, led into temptation by eldritch forces beyond our knowing.

CADIZ MUSIC & CUSTOM HOUSE in association with VIVE LE ROCK present. From the makers of 'Oil City Confidential'

**THERE ARE THREE WAYS OUT OF THE EAST END...
FOOTBALL, BOXING AND ROCK N ROLL**

EAST END BABYLON

THE STORY OF THE COCKNEY REJECTS



KOKO
VIVE LE ROCK!
TICKETWEB


CADIZ MUSIC

**Exclusive event. Preview of the film EAST END BABYLON
and a live performance by THE COCKNEY REJECTS**


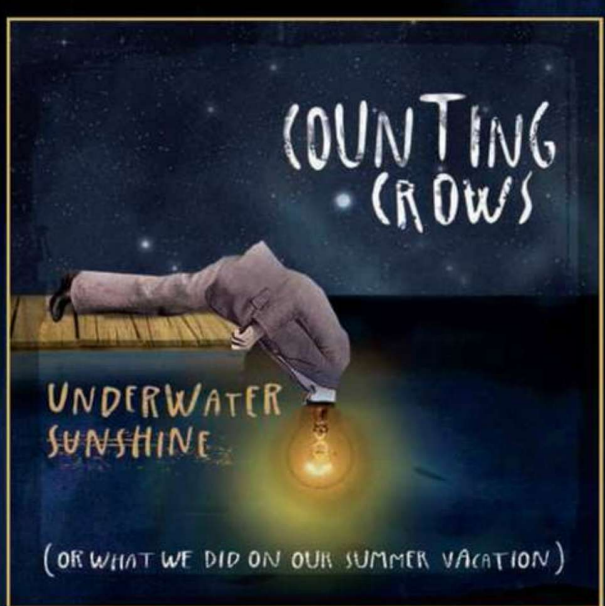
KOKO • APRIL 26th 2012 • 7pm • £17.50

Standing show with limited seating • Film starts at 7.30pm with The Cockney Rejects performance at 9.30pm
For tickets: KOKO, 1A Camden High St, London NW1 7JE Ticketweb: 0844 8472258 www.ticketweb.co.uk
www.koko.uk.com www.cockneyrejects.com www.eastendbabylon.co.uk

• LEE RANALDO •
BETWEEN THE TIMES AND THE TIDES
OUT NOW



Q - ★★★★★
The first rock album from
Sonic Youth's LEE RANALDO
Featuring
STEVE SHELLEY, NELS CLINE, IRWIN MENKEN,
JOHN MEDESKI, ALAN LIGHT, JIM O'ROURKE, BOB BERT

COUNTING CROWS

UNDERWATER SUNSHINE


(OR WHAT WE DID ON OUR SUMMER VACATION)

UNDERWATER SUNSHINE

Featuring interpretations of songs by artists including
Teenage Fanclub, The Faces, Gram Parsons,
Fairport Convention, Big Star and more

Album out April 9th. Compact Disc, Download
and iTunes Deluxe Download with 2 extra tracks

www.countingcrows.com www.cookingvinyl.com



MICHAEL SCHENKER/WHO • THE WALL • TIMBERSTICKS • STACKRIDGE

RECORD COLLECTOR

BOWIE

Scary Monsters
Better not mess
with Major Tom

THE DAMNED AT 35
Captain Sensible confesses

CALL THE MOONWIFE!
The club that gave birth to
a classic youth cult

BETTY WRIGHT
Still cleanin' up

HIDDEN TONY HAYES
His secret session with Pingu

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM • MOTOWN • AEROSmith

**SUBSCRIBE
TODAY!**
GET **20% OFF**
+ **FREE** CDs

*"A strange, wonderful monthly trip
into the heart of rock and roll"*

To get your free sample back issue of Record Collector simply email
your name and address to anna.bowen@metropolis.co.uk.
Quote code RCUN23. Subject to availability. Offer ends 30/4/12

www.recordcollectormag.com

Books

BY ALLAN JONES

THIS MONTH: *Stones and Animals* biogs updated, the new *Elmore Leonard*, and Ron Kesey's fine debut novel, *Pacazo*

The *True Adventures Of The Rolling Stones*, out of print, surprisingly, for more than a decade, remains one of the most gripping accounts ever written about the band. Having the time of his life with them, however, nearly killed its author. Like a lot of people who found themselves in close orbit with the Stones, Stanley Booth was almost ruined by the experience. For the 15 years it took him to write this book, he struggled, as he tells us, with clinical depression, drug addiction and such debilitating psychological upheaval he "begged for death and tempted death almost constantly".

Booth, an aspiring young writer from Waycross, Georgia, first met the Stones in September 1968. He got on well enough with them, Mick and Keith especially, to find himself along for the ride, part of their inner entourage, on their 1969 American tour, their big comeback, which the book often brilliantly documents, that ended with the bloody spectacle of Altamont. Taking his cue from the so-called New Journalism popularised notably by Tom Wolfe, Truman Capote and Norman Mailer, which promoted the writer as an active participant in his unfolding narrative rather than a detached commentator, taking objective note, Booth placed himself as close to the heart of the hurricane of events the book describes as he could without being blown wholly away.

The book he eventually wrote, first published in the US in 1984, is so awash with tumult and drama it at times has much in common with reportage from the front lines of the war in Vietnam, like Michael Herr's *Dispatches*. Booth alternates chapters on the Stones' history, based on extensive band interviews, some never bettered, with visceral episodes from the relentless chaos, excitement and abundant debauchery of the journey the Stones took on their way to its grim conclusion at Altamont, where their half-baked plans for a celebratory free festival unravelled so badly.

➤ In his terrific new thriller, *Raylan*, Elmore Leonard revisits a favourite character, US Marshall Raylan Givens, who previously appeared in the novels *Pronto* and *Riding The Rap*, and short story "Fire In The Hole", the latter the direct inspiration for Graham Yost's brilliant FX TV series, *Justified*, starring Timothy Olyphant as the laconic Kentucky lawman with the fast draw, quick wit and a somewhat singular approach to the law's upkeep. Such as giving, that time in Miami, Dixie Mafia hitman Tommy Bucks 24 hours to get out of town, Western-style, then shooting him on sight when Tommy dallies, which gets Givens demoted and sent back to Harlan County, where he grew up in the Kentucky coalfields. The new book seamlessly



Timothy Olyphant as Raylan Givens in *Justified* - a TV series inspired by Elmore Leonard

interlinks three apparently separate plot lines, typically colourful Leonard characters moving effortlessly between them, where they survive long enough. The wonderfully orchestrated narrative involves, hilariously, an organ trafficking scam, the despoliation of the local environment by a rapacious mining company and the search for missing student Jackie Nevada, wanted for bank robbery.

Reminding us that America's best crime writers – among them George Pelecanos, Richard Price, Denis Lehane – are also astute social commentators, Leonard has some especially sharp things to say about the environmental and economic devastation wrought by big business. The ecological havoc caused by strip mining, for instance, is addressed with a dramatic economy missing from tediously worthy discussion of the same issues over many more pages in Jonathan Franzen's baggy-arsed *Freedom*. An American master at work.

➤ Sean Egan, introducing this updated and expanded version of *Animal Tracks*, originally published in 2001, claims not unreasonably that The Animals have been unfairly overlooked by pop historians, their story untold. Nick Hasted made a similar claim for his biography last year of The Kinks. Where Hasted went on to tell The Kinks' story, illuminatingly and thrillingly, Egan's history of The Animals is clearly well-intentioned, but it's a laborious read, about as exciting as a short history of the electric kettle. It's dense with unsifted detail in the manner of something even more unreadable by Clinton Heylin, whose off-putting grouchy churlishness is also often recalled (critics who don't agree with Egan's elevated assessments of The

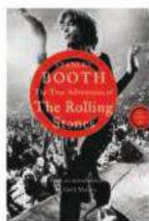
Animals' true worth are in his modest opinion people "who are paid to know better").

➤ John Segovia is an American expatriate teacher of English in the provincial Peruvian city of Piura in Roy Kesey's remarkable debut novel, *Pacazo*, which is named after a large species of iguana, for reasons that may remain unclear even after 500 pages of mesmerisingly wrought anguish, violence and derangement reminiscent of the best of Robert Stone or Denis Johnson.

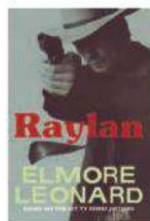
When the book opens, Segovia is already a man approaching the end of his tether, bringing up a year-old daughter while he simultaneously tries to come to terms with the rape and murder of his young wife, Pilar, a former student. She was last seen by him getting into one of Piura's many illegal taxis and subsequently found, her body brutalised and broken, in some far desert location John now revisits obsessively, trying to read the desert as a text in the narrative of Pilar's abduction and killing. He has fantasies about what he will do to the man who butchered his wife, the pain he will inflict. In search of revenge, he haunts the city's streets, friends fearing for his sanity as at first random violent outbursts become increasingly frequent, as more young women are similarly murdered.

There's an hallucinatory quality to much of Kesey's writing, feverish connections made between Segovia's present and Peru's past, a history of Conquistador invasion and the destruction of ancient empires commingling often in the same sentence, tenses blurred and overlapping, then and now becoming one in stunning juxtaposition.

Reviewed this month...



The True Adventures Of The Rolling Stones
by Stanley Booth
CANONGATE
9/10



Raylan
by Elmore Leonard
WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON
10/10



Animal Tracks – The Story Of The Animals: Newcastle's Rising Sons
by Sean Egan
ASKILL PUBLISHING
5/10



Pacazo
by Roy Kesey
JONATHAN CAPE
9/10

Live

ROCKING IN THE FREE WORLD

Thom Yorke: pelvic thrust not shown



SETLIST

- 1 Bloom
- 2 Little By Little
- 3 Airbag
- 4 Weird Fishes/Arpeggi
- 5 Morning Mr Magpie
- 6 The Gloaming
- 7 Kid A
- 8 Pyramid Song
- 9 Nude
- 10 Identikit
- 11 Lotus Flower
- 12 There There
- 13 Feral
- 14 Idiotèque
- 15 The Daily Mail
- 16 Bodysnatchers
- ENCORE 1**
- 17 Separator
- 18 You And Whose Army?
- 19 Myxomatosis
- 20 The One I Love/
Everything In Its Right Place
- ENCORE 2**
- 21 Staircase
- 22 Reckoner
- 23 Street Spirit (Fade Out)

RADIOHEAD

PHILIPS ARENA, ATLANTA, MARCH 1, 2012

New songs, deep cuts and a cloned drummer, as Thom Yorke leads Georgia on a merry dance...

THE LAST TIME REM played the Philips Arena in Atlanta – and likely the only time, if you take the band's retirement at face value – was more than eight years ago. Yet, tonight, a man sits at the piano on the enormous stage, singing a languid chorus of "The One I Love".

It's a nod both to the Atlanta crowd and to Thom Yorke's friend, Michael Stipe. Two decades after Radiohead's "Creep" became an unlikely hit, most of the band's peers have either fallen by the wayside or reunited as nostalgia acts. Even REM have called it quits,

and tonight, not three blocks away from where Yorke is serenading an 18,000-strong crowd, Guns N' Roses are playing a 2,600-capacity converted church. Radiohead's programme of continuous reinvention has, however, ensured that, among the thirtysomethings here, there are plenty of new fans. At one point before they take the stage, I find myself sitting with a mother and her teenage stepdaughter on one side of me, and a father and his two teenage sons on the other.

As Thom Yorke and his bandmates walk onstage, giant screens descend from the ceiling and the light show

begins. The screens are like marionette puppets, with the bandmembers' faces twisting and swooping on their strings. The Philips Arena was made for basketball and Atlanta's recently departed ice-hockey team, but the music fills every inch of the coliseum. Yorke's voice still cuts straight through it all on the opener, "Bloom".

Each song has its own arrangement of video screens and its own colour scheme – aqua blue for "Bloom", a bright pink wash for "Little By Little". On most of the songs, Phil Selway appears to have brought along a robotic clone – the equally bald, identically



dressed Clive Deamer (on loan from Portishead) — who plays a second drumkit. When Yorke and Jonny Greenwood launch into different songs at the beginning of “Airbag”, it’s almost reassuring to see they’re still human.

With his open-collared shirt and tight ponytail, Yorke looks a little like Tom Cruise’s motivational guru, Frank TJ Mackey, in Paul Thomas Anderson’s *Magnolia* — and like Mackey, he has the crowd hanging on his every syllable. But on “The Gloaming”, with its green, *Matrix*-like lights, he becomes the King Of Limbs, dancing with abandon, even as he’s singing lyrics like “*They will suck you down to the other side*”. There’s a reason Yorke’s choreographed gyrations on the “Lotus Flower” promo became an internet meme, and it’s not a desire to ridicule him. Liberated from behaving in an uptight way, Yorke attracts roars every time he leaves the mic stand and lets the music take him over.

As the show progresses from the deep blue of “Weird Fishes...”, through the multi-coloured Lite-Brite effect of “Nude”, I find myself hoping less to hear hits like “Karma Police”, “High And Dry” or “Fake Plastic Trees”, and more to hear anything that will

get the wiry singer dancing again. “Feral” from *The King Of Limbs* does the trick, with Yorke flailing like no-one’s watching. When he sits down at the piano for “Pyramid Song”, though, the screens drop down like a low-hanging ceiling, giving the giant stage a feeling of intimacy as Jonny Greenwood bows his guitar and Phil Selway treats his kit as if he’s in a jazz trio.

There is one new song tonight, “Identikit”, which Yorke lets us know is already on YouTube but with “shit quality”. The shuffling drums even have some of the crowd — who’ve mostly just been standing in awe and cheering at intervals — dancing. It’s a spacey jam, as chilled out as anything the band have done, though the cynical lyrics (“*Broken hearts make it real*”) would fit on any Radiohead album. Another new song they’ve debuted on tour, but didn’t play tonight, is even more downtempo, a mournful, maybe a little twisted, dirge of a lovesick regret: “*Wish that I could come out of the fog/Superhero powers/Burst out of the sand/And I bought you flowers... Go right across your face/Cut a hole.*”

While the setlist draws from across the band’s catalogue, it’s a night dominated by songs from the *In Rainbows* and *King Of Limbs* sessions, with a few older deep cuts: the closest we get to hearing an American hit is “Idiotèque”. The song selections seem instead designed to show off the band’s impressive range, and how their latest experiments wander in a dozen different directions, making Radiohead as tough to pin down as ever. After “Bloom”, which meanders down rabbit trails for six minutes as Ed O’Brien fiddles with tones, they later play the song that follows it on *The King Of Limbs*, “Morning Mr Magpie”, and remind you that they were once a relatively conventional modern rock band.

“Bodysnatchers”, from *In Rainbows*, closes the initial set, before the band return with “Separator”. Contrary to his popular image, Yorke is clearly having fun, asking how sections of the arena are doing and then wondering, “Am I being cheesy enough?” He even plays the conductor, compelling the audience to sing along with “You And Whose Army?”. He introduces “Myxomatosis” by saying, “This next one’s a dirty little fucker”, and launches into another dance, complete with pelvic thrust. This is Radiohead in their happy place, following those labyrinthine rabbit trails. But the encore highlight comes just before “Everything In Its Right Place”, when Yorke sits down at the piano and sings those few bars of “The One I Love”.

At a bar afterwards, I chat with a couple who’d bought a pair of high-priced after-market tickets and made the four-hour drive from Nashville. They’re bummed that they didn’t hear “Creep” or anything that might have been on the radio. “I guess that’s our fault for waiting 20 years to see the band,” says the husband. The wife laments that all the newer songs sound the same. Many of the younger fans were probably seeing Radiohead for the first time, too: what are the odds they left with a very different impression? **JOSH JACKSON**

FURTHER DATES

▶ Radiohead hit the UK in October, playing the Manchester Arena (6) and London’s O₂ Arena (8, 9)

The sweetly
tremulous future
of UK folk



Laura Marling

HAMMERSMITH APOLLO, LONDON,
MARCH 7, 2012

The folk prodigy, now emboldened in the spotlight

THAT LAURA MARLING graduated from member — and muse — of Noah & The Whale to Mercury-nominee and Brit award-winner before she turned 22 is a measure not only of her precocious talent, but also her mettle. Any fears that the singer-songwriter might struggle with her largest (5,000-capacity) UK headline show to date are tonight dispatched within the first song. Marling may be playing to the converted, as the yelled declarations of love and jokey marriage proposals attest, but with “I Was Just A Card”, she’s galloping out of the traps, the muscularity and force of her clean and confident, sweetly tremulous voice — equal parts Joni Mitchell and Joan Baez — countering her elegant airiness on record.

Self-containment is partly what marks Marling out from blowsy belters like Florence Welch and Adele, but she’s very much an ensemble player. Much of tonight’s set is drawn from last year’s third album, *A Creature I Don’t Know*, and sees cello, trumpet, flute and banjo augmenting Marling’s acoustic guitar, alongside keyboards/harmonium, double bass and drums.

For the set’s three-song centrepiece, though, she flies solo. Adopting a ballerina’s *croisé*, she launches into a new, untitled song, head thrown back as she sings of mental instability — or at least, uncertainty — over urgent strumming. “Night After Night” is prefaced with an apology to her father for forgetting his songwriting credit, while the bracing directness of “Goodbye England” (“*I’m clearing all the crap out of my room/Trying desperately to figure out what it is that makes me blue*”) shocks like a blast of chill air.

The easy banter, a swarthy “What He Wrote” and gritty, cranked-up “Salinas” contradict Marling’s reputation for cool restraint. There’s even some mirrorball action on the country-spangled closer, “I Speak Because I Can”. Wry but courteous reasoning explains the absence of an encore — and it seems even hardcore fans feel it would be rude to complain. **SHARON O’CONNELL**

With a Spanish guitar and that undertone of sneer: the Modern Lover himself



JONATHAN RICHMAN

THE TABERNACLE, LONDON, MARCH 1, 2012

The “obstreperous” adult-child still charms – in spite of attempts to transcend his past

“I DON’T DO OLDIES,” spits Jonathan Richman, staying true to his no-encore policy despite a degree of resistance. “I’m obstreperous, and I’m not nostalgic, and I want to move on.”

Now 60, the Bostonian spawned all bowlcutted guitar music from Buzzcocks, Orange Juice and The Pastels onwards, and prefigured straight-edge hardcore with a brand of direct, passionate pop which posited that sex and drugs were an unnecessary deviation from rock’n’roll. He has added some autumnal tones to his musical palette since – and grown a beard that gives him a look of Simon Callow – but that antagonistic softness remains.

The young Richman burst into tears onstage frequently, made no secret of his love for his parents, and – according to legend – broke up the first, most celebrated lineup of The Modern Lovers because he felt their proto-punk squall was too loud for young children.

The decision to play four smaller London dates in four nights rather than one big one might seem to be

another perverse choice, but Richman’s one-man-and-his-drummer format (the singer, his acoustic guitar and percussionist Tommy Larkins) demands intimacy. “Closer,” as he once sang, “that’s where I want to go, sir.”

However, while Richman is cheery and often extremely funny, this is a rally, not a love-in. For all his bell-ringing and mad dancing, Richman is a taut, sinuous presence, wandering off-mic to confront as much as commune with his audience. There are no pauses in this one-hour set. Minds do not wander. As gentle as it may be, with delightful flamenco-guitar-aloft flourishes, it is an onslaught. Worth remembering, perhaps, that he titled a 1996 album, with more malice than you might imagine, *Surrender To Jonathan*.

An adult child in the Brian Wilson mould, Richman’s most celebrated works evoke the primary-colour emotions of adolescence, and here it has the feeling of a crusade. He might not have any interest in his back catalogue – the nearest he gets to a hit is a fragment of 1977 No 5 “Egyptian Reggae”, which he loses

interest in quickly – but remembrance of things past continues to torment, tantalise and guide him.

“Older Girl” delights in the chaste agony of teenage want, its 14-year-old protagonist bewitched, terrified and rejected by the all-powerful 15-year-old. Tonight’s rendition of “Bohemia”, an affectionate portrait of his teenage self, dragging his “pretentious art portfolio” around New York and Boston, celebrates how he found that uniquely nasal voice after befriending The Velvet Underground (guitarist Sterling Morrison later said: “If The Velvet Underground had a protégé, it would be Jonathan.”)

Two marriages on from the morning of his life, the Richman of the late afternoon years still clings to that unsullied conception of womanhood: “Her Mystery Not Of High Heels And Eyeshadow”, like such defining early Modern Lovers works as “Girlfriend” and “Hospital”, betrays a quiet, Morrissey-like horror of the sensual and the physical.

Tellingly, his goofy hip-swivelling through “Keith Richards”, a song in

SETLIST

- 1 Her Mystery Not Of High Heels And Eye Shadow
- 2 Bohemia
- 3 Let Her Go Into The Darkness
- 4 If You Want To Leave Our Party, Just Go
- 5 Keith Richards
- 6 No One Was Like Vermeer
- 7 Older Girl
- 8 Egyptian Reggae
- 9 Because Her Beauty Is Raw And Wild
- 10 These Bodies That Came To Cavort
- 11 It Was Time For Me To Be With Her

praise of the guitarist, has that undertone of sneer; a swipe at those who live life from the waist down from one whose calling was always to higher things. No “Roadrunner”, but whatever he might say, no moving on, either. **JIM WIRTH**

FROM THE MAKERS OF **UNCUT**



SPRINGSTEEN

{THE ULTIMATE MUSIC GUIDE}

The essential guide to the most inspirational rock star of the last 40 years



Archive features
from 1974 onwards



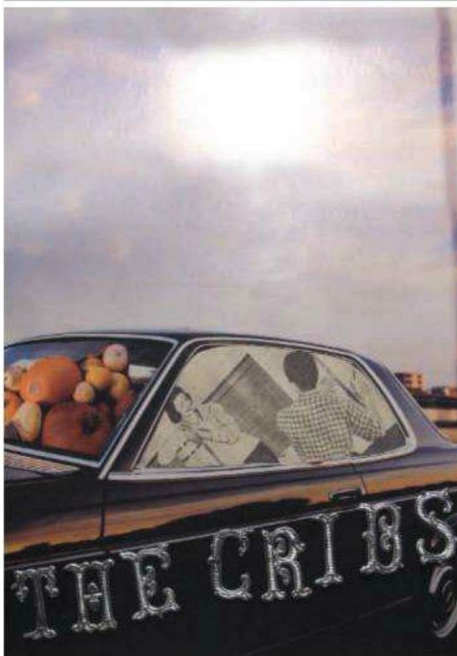
An in-depth look at
every album, including
Wrecking Ball



Stunning photography
from all eras
of The Boss

Coming soon to iTunes

SJM CONCERTS PRESENT



THE CRIBS

MONDAY 07 MAY
NOTTINGHAM
ROCK CITY
0845 413 4444

TUESDAY 08 MAY
LONDON
THE TROXY
0844 888 0440

WEDNESDAY 09 MAY
BRISTOL
O₂ ACADEMY
0844 477 2000

FRIDAY 11 MAY
GLASGOW
BARROWLAND
0844 499 9990

SATURDAY 12 MAY
SOLD OUT
MANCHESTER
ACADEMY

SUNDAY 13 MAY
EASTBOURNE
WINTER GARDENS
01323 412 0000

BUY ONLINE AT GIGSANDTOURS.COM
24HR CC HOTLINE 0844 811 0051

An SJM Concerts & DF Concerts
presentation in association with WME

SJM Concerts, Metropolis Music, DF Concerts & PGL by arrangement with Coda Agency presents

THE VACCINES

PLUS GUESTS
ICEAGE S.C.U.M ARTHUR BEATRICE
(EXCEPT BUNBURY)

MAY 2012

WED 02	DUNDEE CAIRD HALL	0844 847 2487
THU 03	BRIDLINGTON SPA	01262 678 258
FRI 04	BLACKPOOL EMPRESS BALLROOM	SOLD OUT
MON 07	BRIGHTON CENTRE	0844 847 1515

BUY ONLINE: GIGSANDTOURS.COM 24 HR CC HOTLINE: 0844 811 0051

The debut album 'What Did You Expect From The Vaccines?' out now
thevaccines.co.uk facebook.com/thevaccines

SJM CONCERTS & DF BY ARRANGEMENT WITH SOLD PRESENTS



EXTRA DATE JUST ADDED
FRIDAY 1ST JUNE 2012
MANCHESTER O₂ APOLLO
0844 477 7677

FRIDAY 8TH JUNE 2012
LONDON HMV
HAMMERSMITH APOLLO
0844 844 4748

SATURDAY 9TH JUNE 2012
GLASGOW
SOLD OUT
BARROWLAND

15TH ANNIVERSARY CONCERTS
PERFORMING THE ALBUM IN ITS ENTIRETY

THE CHARLATANS TELLIN' STORIES

GIGSANDTOURS.COM
GIGSINSCOTLAND.COM
TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

24HR CC HOTLINE: 0844 811 0051 / 0844 826 2826

WWW.THECHARLATANS.NET



Saint Etienne

Tue 22 May	Sheffield Leadmill	0114 221 2828
Wed 23 May	Glasgow Oran Mor	0844 4999 990
Thu 24 May	Liverpool Kazimier	0844 871 8820
Fri 25 May	Cardiff The Gate	029 2048 3344
Sat 26 May	Leamington Spa Assembly	0844 854 1358
Mon 28 May	London Palladium	020 7403 3331

GIGSANDTOURS.COM / 0844 811 0051 / saintetienne.com
NEW ALBUM OUT 21 MAY / An SJM Concerts presentation in association with ECI

SJM Concerts, Live Nation & DF Concerts by arrangement with X-ray presents

Bombay Bicycle Club

EVERYTHING EVERYTHING (BLACKPOOL ONLY)
& LIANNE LA HAVAS (EXCEPT BLACKPOOL)
RAE MORRIS (EXCEPT 16/17) LUCY ROSE (16/17 ONLY)

APRIL 2012

SUNDAY 15 CAMBRIDGE EXCHANGE 0844 847 1515	FRIDAY 20 EDINBURGH CORN EXCHANGE 0844 499 9990	WEDNESDAY 25 LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL 0116 233 3111
MONDAY 16 BRIGHTON CENTRE 0844 847 1515	SATURDAY 21 LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY 0844 499 9990	FRIDAY 27 BLACKPOOL EMPRESS BALLROOM 0844 856 1111
TUESDAY 17 WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL 0870 320 7000	MONDAY 23 PLYMOUTH PAVILIONS 0845 146 1460	SATURDAY 28 LONDON ALEXANDRA PALACE 0203 9282 4355
THURSDAY 19 YORK 0844 811 0051	TUESDAY 24 PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL 023 9282 4355	

0844 811 0051 - 0844 576 5483 - gigsandtours.com - livenation.co.uk
All shows are all ages or 14+, check venue or band website for details
New Album "A DIFFERENT KIND OF FIX" out now on Island Records - bombaybicycleclubmusic.com

AN EVENING WITH

MARTIN STEPHENSON AND THE DAINTEES

PLAYING **BOAT TO BOLIVIA** IN ITS ENTIRETY

PLUS SPECIAL GUEST HELEN MCCOOKERYBOOK

APRIL 2012

FRI 06	GLASGOW KING TUTS	0844 499 9990
SAT 07	GATESHEAD THE SAGE	0191 443 4661
SUN 08	LEEDS CITY VARIETIES	0113 243 0808
TUE 10	LIVERPOOL O ₂ ACADEMY2	0844 477 2000
WED 11	SALFORD LOWRY QUAYS THEATRE	0843 208 6000
FRI 13	LONDON UNION CHAPEL	020 7403 3331
SAT 14	BRIGHTON ST GEORGES	01273 325 440
SUN 15	OXFORD O ₂ ACADEMY2	0844 477 2000
MON 16	BRISTOL ST GEORGES	0845 402 4001

BUY ONLINE AT: GIGSANDTOURS.COM / 0844 811 0051
martinstephenson.me.uk An SJM Concerts presentation

AN SJM CONCERTS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH CAA

The RAPTURE

TUESDAY 01 MAY 2012 / 0844 477 2000
OXFORD O₂ ACADEMY

WEDNESDAY 02 MAY 2012 / 0844 477 2000
LONDON O₂ SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE

THURSDAY 03 MAY 2012 / 01603 660 352
NORWICH ARTS CENTRE

BUY ONLINE AT GIGSANDTOURS.COM / 24HR CC HOTLINE 0844 811 0051
THE NEW ALBUM 'IN THE DANCE OF YOUR LOVE' OUT NOW

PLUS GUESTS
FACTORY FLOOR (02 MAY ONLY)

PLUS GUESTS
CHEW LIPS (01 & 03 MAY ONLY)

THE RAPTUREMUSIC.COM



SJM CONCERTS PRESENT

"AMERICAN IDIOT IS A GLOBAL KNOCKOUT...
Blows your mind while it blows the roof off."

ROLLING STONE

GREEN DAY'S american IDIOT



the groundbreaking **BROADWAY** musical

OCTOBER 9-13
**SOUTHAMPTON
MAYFLOWER
THEATRE**
02380 711011

OCTOBER 15-20
**CARDIFF
WALES MILLENNIUM
CENTRE**
029 2063 6464

OCTOBER 22-27
**THE
EDINBURGH
PLAYHOUSE**
0844 871 3014

OCTOBER 29-NOVEMBER 3
**GLASGOW
CLYDE
AUDITORIUM**
0844 395 4000

NOVEMBER 5-10
**DUBLIN
BORD GAI'S
ENERGY THEATRE**
+353 (0) 818 719 377

NOVEMBER 12-17 & 19-24
**MANCHESTER
PALACE
THEATRE**
0844 871 7660

NOVEMBER 26-DECEMBER 1
**BIRMINGHAM
NEW ALEXANDRA
THEATRE**
0844 871 3011

DECEMBER 4-9 & 11-16
**LONDON
HMV HAMMERSMITH
APOLLO**
0843 221 0100

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM: GIGSANDTOURS.COM • SEETICKETS.COM • TICKETMASTER.CO.UK • ATGTICKETS.COM • TICKETMASTER.IE
NATIONAL CREDIT CARD HOTLINE: 0844 811 0051 • 0844 847 2455

AMERICAN IDIOT
The Original Broadway
Cast Recording
Out Now

AMERICANIDIOTTHEMUSICAL.CO.UK
FACEBOOK.COM/AMERICANIDIOTTHEMUSICALUKANDIRELAND
TWITTER.COM/AMERICANIDIOTUK



Presented by SJM Concerts and Flying Entertainment by arrangement with World Light Productions

EXTRA WEEK ADDED IN LONDON DUE TO PHENOMENAL DEMAND!

AN SJM CONCERTS, METROPOLIS MUSIC & DF PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DMF



- NOVEMBER 2012 -

TUESDAY	06	WOLVERHAMPTON	WULFRUN HALL	0870 320 7000
WEDNESDAY	07	LONDON	ROLDHOUSE	0844 482 8008
THURSDAY	08	ST ALBANS	ARENA	01727 844 488
FRIDAY	09	NORWICH	OPEN	0844 811 0051
SATURDAY	10	CAMBRIDGE	CORN EXCHANGE	01223 357 851
SUNDAY	11	SOUTHAMPTON	GUILDHALL	023 8063 2601
MONDAY	12	CARDIFF	COAL EXCHANGE	02920 230 130
TUESDAY	13	BRIGHTON	DOVE	01273 709 709
WEDNESDAY	14	READING	THE HEXAGON	018 960 6060
THURSDAY	15	LEAMINGTON SPA	ASSEMBLY	01924 311 311
FRIDAY	16	YORK	BARBICAN	0844 854 2757
SATURDAY	17	BRISTOL	COLSTON HALL	0117 922 3484
SUNDAY	18	SALFORD	THE LOWRY	0843 208 6007
MONDAY	19	GATESHEAD	THE SAGE	0191 443 4661
TUESDAY	20	INVERNESS	IRONWORKS	0871 789 4173
WEDNESDAY	21	EDINBURGH	QUEEN'S HALL	08444 999 990
THURSDAY	22	BRADFORD	ST GEORGES HALL	01274 433 030
FRIDAY	23	LINCOLN	ENGINE SHED	0844 888 8766
SATURDAY	24	DERBY	ASSEMBLY ROOMS	01332 255 800

BUY ONLINE AT GIGSANDTOURS.COM & GIGANTIC.COM 24HR CC HOTLINE 0844 811 0051

BELLOWHEAD.CO.UK | FACEBOOK.COM/BELLOWHEAD - NEW ALBUM COMING OCTOBER 2012 -

"VISUALLY STUNNING, MUSICALLY AMAZING..." - SONGLINES

SJM Concerts, EYOE, DF & PVC by arrangement with Primary Talent International presents

THE HORRORS

MAY 2012

TUE	15	GLASGOW O2 ABC	0844 499 9990
WED	16	SHEFFIELD LEADMILL	0114 221 2828
FRI	18	BIRMINGHAM HMV INSTITUTE	0844 248 5037
SAT	19	MANCHESTER HMV RITZ	SOLD OUT
SUN	20	CARDIFF UNIVERSITY SOLUS	029 2078 1458
TUE	22	PORTSMOUTH PYRAMIDS CENTRE	023 9282 4355
WED	23	BRISTOL O2 ACADEMY	0844 477 2000
FRI	25	LONDON O2 ACADEMY BRIXTON	0844 477 2000

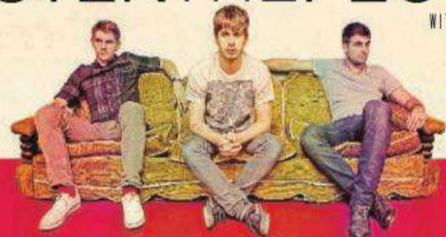
BUY ONLINE: GIGSANDTOURS.COM
24 HR CC HOTLINE: 0844 811 0051

New Album 'SKYING' out now on XL Recordings www.thehorrors.co.uk



FOSTER THE PEOPLE

WITH SPECIAL GUEST



WED 25 APRIL - MANCHESTER ACADEMY - **SOLD OUT**
FRI 27 APRIL & SAT 28 APRIL - LONDON O2 ACADEMY BRIXTON - **SOLD OUT**
- EXTRA DATE ADDED DUE TO PHENOMENAL PUBLIC DEMAND -
SUNDAY 29 APRIL - LONDON O2 ACADEMY BRIXTON - 0844 477 2000

BUY ONLINE AT GIGSANDTOURS.COM - 24HR CC HOTLINE 0844 811 0051

AN SJM CONCERTS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE AGENCY GROUP
DEBUT ALBUM TORCHES FEATURING THE HIT SINGLE PUMPER UP KICKS & THE NEW SINGLE CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT OUT NOW - FOSTERTHEPEOPLE.COM

SETH LAKEMAN

OCTOBER

Wed	10	Basingstoke The Anvil	01256 844244
Thu	11	Warwick Arts Centre	024 7652 4524
Fri	12	Salisbury City Hall	01722 434 434
Sat	13	London Cadogan Hall	020 7403 3331
Sun	14	Canterbury Marlowe Theatre	01227 787 787
Tue	16	Shrewsbury Theatre Severn	01743 281 281
Wed	17	Guildford G Live	0844 7701 797
Thu	18	The Sage Gateshead	0191 443 4661
Fri	19	Manchester RNCM	0844 478 0898
Sat	20	Scunthorpe The Baths Hall	0844 854 2776
Sun	21	Ipswich Corn Exchange	01473 433 100
Tue	23	Buxton Opera House	0845 127 2190
Wed	24	Barnstaple Queen's Theatre	01271 32 42 42
Thu	25	Birmingham Town Hall	0121 345 0600
Fri	26	Truro Hall for Cornwall	01872 262 466
Sat	27	Plymouth Theatre Royal	01752 230 440

buy online at gigsandtours.com | 24hr cc hotline 0844 811 0051

TICKETS ON SALE 9AM FRIDAY 30 MARCH

New album TALES FROM THE BARREL HOUSE out 2nd April sethlakeman.co.uk



For tickets to any UK gigs, tours or festivals please call the 24-hour Uncut Ticketline on 0870 160 1600

SJM CONCERTS PRESENT

SJM Concerts presents

Kathryn Williams

presents...

The Pond

May
 Mon 28 **Brighton Komedia**
 01273 647100
 Tue 29 **London Union Chapel**
 0207 403 3331
 Wed 30 **Manchester Ruby Lounge**
 0161 832 1111

June
 Fri 01 **Leeds Brudenell Social Club**
 0113 275 2411
 Sat 02 **Glasgow King Tuts**
 0844 4999 990
 Sun 03 **Gateshead Sage 2**
 0191 443 4661

www.gigsandtours.com 24hr cc hotline: 0844 811 0051
 The Pond Debut Album released 28th May 2012
www.kathrynwilliams.co.uk www.indian.co.uk

SJM Concerts & Metropolis Music by arrangement with WME presents

white denim

MAY
 FRIDAY 18 **LIVERPOOL SOUND CITY @ KAZIMIER**
 0844 477 1000
www.ticketweb.co.uk
 MONDAY 21 **BRISTOL O2 ACADEMY**
 0844 477 2000
 TUESDAY 22 **LONDON HMV FORUM**
 0844 847 2405
 WEDNESDAY 23 **MANCHESTER HMV RITZ**
 0844 248 5117
 THURSDAY 24 **LEEDS COCKPIT**
 0113 245 5970
 online at: gigsandtours.com
 24hr CC Hotline: 0844 811 0051

MYSTERY JETS

+ SPECIAL GUESTS & DJs

FRIDAY 18 MAY 2012
LONDON O2 ACADEMY BRIXTON

24HR CC HOTLINE 0844 811 0051 | 0844 477 2000
GIGSANDTOURS.COM | MYSTERYJETS.COM
 AN SJM CONCERTS & EYOE PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH 13 ARTISTS

SJM Concerts proudly presents

JIM BOB & FRUITBAT PLAY ALL THE HITS & CLASSICS FOR TWO NIGHTS ONLY

CARTER

■ THE UNSTOPPABLE SEX MACHINE ■

Fri 09 November / 0844 477 2000 **Leeds O2 Academy**
 Sat 10 November / 0844 477 2000 **London O2 Academy Brixton**

Buy online at gigsandtours.com | 24hr cc hotline 0844 811 0051
www.carterusm.com | www.facebook.com/carterusmofficial


IAN McCULLOCH

THURSDAY 10 & FRIDAY 11 MAY | 0844 477 1000 **LIVERPOOL EPSTEIN THEATRE**
 SATURDAY 12 MAY | 020 7403 3331 **LONDON UNION CHAPEL**

GIGSANDTOURS.COM / 24HR CC HOTLINE: 0844 811 0051
MYSAPCE.COM/IANMCCULLOCH
 AN SJM CONCERTS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH X-RAY

GIGSANDTOURS.COM EXCLUSIVE LIVE ANNOUNCEMENTS AND PRIORITY BOOKING

TRICKY & MARTINA TOPLEY-BIRD
ON STAGE TOGETHER TO PERFORM THE SEMINAL ALBUM MAXINQUAYE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 15 YEARS



TRICKY

APRIL 2012
 26 **BRISTOL O2 ACADEMY** 0844 477 2000
 27 **LONDON, indigO2 SUNDANCE LONDON** 0844 844 0002
 28 **MANCHESTER ACADEMY** 0161 832 1111

SEE TICKETS.COM | ARTISTTICKET.COM | TICKETMASTER.CO.UK
 24 HOUR TICKET HOTLINE: 0844 811 0051
 A METROPOLIS MUSIC PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH PRIMARY TALENT INTERNATIONAL

DMF Presents www.karinepolwart.com

Karine Polwart

Takes the heart to places few singers even know exist
 THE WORD



Thur Apr 05	BURY	The Met	0161 761 2216
Fri Apr 06	LUDLOW	Assembly Rooms	01584 878 411
Sat Apr 07	CAMBRIDGE	Junction	01223 511 511
Sat Apr 21	PERTH	Concert Hall	01738 621 031
Thur Apr 26	EXETER	The Phoenix	01392 667 080
Fri Apr 27	FROME	Rock Lane	01373 455 420
Sat Apr 28	SEVENOAKS	Stag Theatre	01732 450 175
Thur May 03	CHELtenham	Town Hall	08445 762 210
Fri May 04	BURY ST EDMUNDS	The Apex	01284 758 000
Thur May 17	KENDAL	Brewery Arts	01539 725 133
Fri May 18	SALTAIRE	Victoria Hall	0161 912 5616
Sat May 19	POCKLINGTON	Arts Centre	01759 301 547
Sun May 20	GATESHEAD	The Sage	0191 443 4661

KILIMANJARO PRESENTS

SONISPHERE

KNEBWORTH 6th-8th JULY 2012

FRIDAY

SATURDAY
APOLLO STAGE

SUNDAY

KISS

QUEEN

+ ADAM LAMBERT

FAITH NO MORE

SPECIAL GUESTS
TO BE ANNOUNCED

Within
Temptation

WOLFMAOTHER

BLACK STONE CHERRY

EVANESCENCE

Darkness

FLOGGING MOLLY

GOJIRA

incubus **MARILYN SON**

CYPRESS HILL
ANDREW W.K.

TIM MINCHIN

SPECIAL GUESTS
TO BE ANNOUNCED

LACUNA COIL SKINDRED ALESTORM

ALSO APPEARING ACROSS THE WEEKEND

NEW MODEL ARMY

HUNDRED REASONS
PERFORMING: IDEAS ABOVE DUB STATION

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM

ELECTRIC WIZARD

CROWBAR GHOST I KILLED THE PROM QUEEN KATATONIA KVELERTAK SWITCHFOOT THE GETAWAY PLAN

+MANY MORE SPECIAL GUESTS & STAGES TO BE ANNOUNCED - INFO: SONISPHERE.CO.UK

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM: SEETICKETS.COM / 0844 871 8802 - HMVTICKETS.COM / 0843 221 0100 - ROCK ROYALTY VIP / 0844 873 7335
TICKETWEB.CO.UK / 08444 771 000 - GIGANTIC.COM / ACCESSIBILITY BOOKING LINE - 0115 959 7959 JOIN US ON FACEBOOK.COM

First lost.fm national express KERRANG!

ADMIRAL FALLOW

APRIL
22 GOUROCK CAFE CONTINENTAL
24 MULL AN TOBAR
25 AVIEMORE
26 THE OLD BRIDGE INN
27 ULLAPOL THE CEILIDH PLACE
28 STORNOWAY
29 WOODLAND CENTRE
30 DUNFERMLINE PJ MOLLOYS
MAY
01 STIRLING TOLLBOOTH
03 LERWICK CLICKIMIN CENTRE
07 STOKE SUGARMILL
08 YORK THE DUCHESS
10 SHEFFIELD THE HARLEY
11 CLITHEROE THE GRAND
14 CAMBRIDGE
15 CARDIFF BUFFALO BAR
17 EXETER PHOENIX
18 BANBURY ALSO KNOWN AS
19 OXFORD O2 ACADEMY2
21 EDINBURGH QUEENS HALL
22 DUNDEE FAT SAMS
23 ABERDEEN LEMON TREE
26 LEICESTER SOUNDHOUSE
27 NORWICH ARTS CENTRE
28 LONDON CARGO
30 NEWCASTLE THE CLUNY
31 BIRMINGHAM HARE & HOUNDS

SATURDAY 08 DECEMBER
GLASGOW
BARROWLAND
BALLROOM

TICKETS AVAILABLE ONLINE: KILILIVE.COM | ARTISTTICKET.COM
NEW ALBUM "TREE BURSTS IN SNOW" OUT MON 21 MAY WWW.ADMIRALFALLOW.COM
A KILIMANJARO & FRIENDS PRESENTATION
BY ARRANGEMENT WITH PRIMARY TALENT INTERNATIONAL



THE CIVIL WARS

Kilimanjaro, DHP, Metropolis, Sage Gateshead & Regular Music by arrangement with Goda present

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

OCTOBER 2012

28 BELFAST MANDELA HALL
OPENHOUSEFESTIVAL.COM
30 MANCHESTER O2 APOLLO
ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK / 0844 477 7677

NOVEMBER 2012

01 LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC HALL
ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK / 0151 709 3789
02 GLASGOW O2 ABC
TICKETMASTER.CO.UK / 0844 477 2000
03 GATESHEAD THE SAGE GATESHEAD
THESAGEGATESHEAD.ORG / 0191 443 4661

04 CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
KILILIVE.COM / 0122 335 7851
06 LONDON ROUNDHOUSE
KILILIVE.COM / 0844 482 8008
07 BRIGHTON DOME
KILILIVE.COM / 0127 370 9709
08 COVENTRY WARWICK ARTS CENTRE
KILILIVE.COM / 0247 652 4524
10 SOUTHAMPTON GUILDHALL
GIGSANDTOURS.COM / 0238 063 2601
11 CARDIFF UNIVERSITY
GIGSANDTOURS.COM / 0844 811 0051

The Album 'BARTON HOLLOW' out Now THECIVILWARS.COM

the cranberries

plus special guests

monday 18 june

london hmv
hammersmith
apollo

0844 844 4748
www.kililive.com

new album 'roses' out now
www.cranberries.com

a kilimanjaro presentation
by arrangement with caa



ALL MARCH
DATES SOLD
OUT

Chas Cole for CMP Entertainment presents

The most exciting tribute show ever!

TICKETMASTER



THE WORLD'S GREATEST PINK FLOYD SHOW

A FOOT IN THE DOOR WORLD TOUR 2012

MAY 2012

- 02 Llandudno Venue Cymru
- 04 Dublin The O2 Arena
- 05 Belfast Waterfront
- 07 London Royal Albert Hall
- 08 Reading Hexagon
- 09 Oxford New Theatre
- 10 Birmingham NIA
- 12 Cardiff Motorpoint Arena
- 13 High Wycombe Swan
- 14 Manchester Bridgewater Hall
- 16 Leicester De Montfort Hall
- 17 Gateshead The Sage
- 18 Aberdeen Music Hall
- 19 Glasgow SECC
- 21 York Barbican

- 22 Scunthorpe Baths Hall
- 24 Sheffield City Hall
- 25 Tunbridge Wells Assembly
- 26 Brighton Centre
- 27 Norwich Theatre Royal
- 28 Torquay Princess Theatre
- 30 Truro Hall for Cornwall

JUNE 2012

- 01 Portsmouth Guildhall
- 02 Cambridge Corn Exchange
- 03 Bristol Colston Hall
- 04 Poole The Lighthouse
- 06 Donford Orchard Theatre
- 07 Bradford St. Georges Hall
- 09 Malvern Forum Theatre
- 10 Milton Keynes Theatre

- 21 Isle of Wight IOW Festival
- 22 Salisbury City Hall
- 23 Newtown Theatre Hafren
- 24 Shrewsbury Theatre Severn
- 26 Blackpool Opera House
- 27 Whitehaven Civic Hall
- 28 Inverness Eden Court Theatre
- 29 Perth Concert Hall
- 30 Dunfermline Alhambra

JULY 2012

- 02 Liverpool Philharmonic Hall
- 03 Swindon Wyvern Theatre
- 04 Basingstoke The Anvil
- 05 Ulverston Coronation Hall
- 07 London Hampton Pool

BUY ONLINE AT TICKETMASTER.CO.UK & BRITFLOYD.COM

SUZANNE VEGA

CLOSE UP TOUR

Luka, Marlene on the Wall & Tom's Diner singer/songwriter returns with her subtle yet powerful acoustic pop.

WEDNESDAY 13 JUNE
LONDON UNION CHAPEL
0844 844 0444

THURSDAY 14 JUNE
BRIGHTON THE DOME
01273 709709

TUESDAY 19 JUNE
GATESHEAD THE SAGE
0191 443 4661

WEDNESDAY 20 JUNE
YORK GRAND OPERA HOUSE
0844 871 3024

THURSDAY 21 JUNE
BASINGSTOKE THE ANVIL
01256 844244

SUZANNEVEGA.COM

By arrangement with Solo



RUMOURS OF FLEETWOOD MAC



The ultimate tribute to one of rock and roll's most remarkable stories!

GREATEST HITS

WORLD TOUR 2012 - PART 2

MAY 2012

- 02 READING Hexagon 0118 960 0000
- 04 NEWTOWN Theatre Hafren 01686 614 555
- 05 CROYDON Fairfield 020 8688 9201
- 06 CARLISLE Sands Centre 01228 633 7066
- 09 NEWARK Palace Theatre 01636 655 755
- 10 SWINDON Wyvern Theatre 01793 524 481
- 11 HARRGATE Royal Hall 01423 502 116
- 12 DERBY Assembly Hall 01332 255 800
- 13 CHATHAM Central Theatre 01634 338 338
- 17 SCARBOROUGH Futurist Theat 01723 365 789
- 18 LEAMINGTON SPA Royal Spa 0845 218 3540
- 19 ULVERSTON Coronation Hall 01223 587 140
- 20 GLASGOW Kings Theatre 0844 871 7648
- 23 HASTINGS White Rock Theatre 01424 462 286
- 24 TREORCI Parc & Dore 08000 147 111
- 25 YEOVIL Octagon 01935 422 884
- 26 SALFORD The Lowry 0843 208 6000
- 29 MILTON KEYNES Stables 01908 280 800

JULY 2012

- 21 LONDON Hampton Pool 0205 255 1116

www.rumoursofmac.com

in association with Virtually Pop

cmpLive

TICKETMASTER.CO.UK 0844 844 0444
TICKETLINE.CO.UK 0844 888 9991

SEE TICKETS.COM 0844 873 7359
GIGANTIC.COM 0115 959 7908

www.cmpLive.com

MEAN FIDDLER PRESENTS

DREADZONE



THE GARAGE 19TH APRIL



'Second Light'

Two Disk Special Edition

Out March 5th 2012

BUY TICKETS:

WWW.TICKETWEB.CO.UK | WWW.HMV.TICKETS.COM | WWW.SEETICKETS.COM

AGMP by arrangement with Primary Talent International presents



THE FALL

LIVE IN CONCERT

FRIDAY 11 MAY
CORONET

NEW KENT RD. LONDON. SE1. DOORS 7.30PM

CORONETLONDON.CO.UK | AGMP.CO.UK

TICKETWEB.CO.UK | EVENTIM.CO.UK

SEETICKETS.COM

08444 77 10 00 (24 hour ticketline)

AGMP presents

FRED WESLEY & The New J.B.'s



MON 02 JULY
GREAT PORTLAND ST. LONDON, W1
AGMP.CO.UK | TICKETWEB.CO.UK
EVENTIM.CO.UK | SEETICKETS.COM
08444 77 10 00 (24 hour ticketline)

229

TIDAL CONCERTS by arrangement with BUDDY LEE ATTRACTIONS proudly present

Sixpence None the Richer

PLUS VERY SPECIAL GUEST EZRA AXELROD



Saturday 28th April
O2 ACADEMY
ISLINGTON

N1 Centre, 16 Parkfield Street,
London N1

Info: 0905 020 3999 (25p per min)

Doors: 6pm / Tickets: £20 adv

Stargreen: 020 7734 8932 / www.stargreen.com

Ticketweb: 08444 771000 / www.ticketweb.co.uk

Mean Fiddler presents

MEAN FIDDLER
THE SOURCE OF
LIVE MUSIC



**GARY NUMAN
MACHINE MUSIC
'BEST OF' TOUR**

TUESDAY 22 MAY **LEICESTER O2 ACADEMY**
WEDNESDAY 23 MAY **GLASGOW O2 ABC**
THURSDAY 24 MAY **NEWCASTLE O2 ACADEMY**
FRIDAY 25 MAY **SHEFFIELD O2 ACADEMY**
SATURDAY 26 MAY **DUBLIN BUTTON FACTORY**
MONDAY 28 MAY **BOURNEMOUTH O2 ACADEMY**
TUESDAY 29 MAY **BRISTOL O2 ACADEMY**
WEDNESDAY 30 MAY **CAMBRIDGE JUNCTION**
THURSDAY 31 MAY **HMV INSTITUTE BIRMINGHAM**
FRIDAY 1 JUNE **HMV FORUM LONDON**
SATURDAY 2 JUNE **CARDIFF COAL EXCHANGE**
SUNDAY 3 JUNE **BRIGHTON DOME**

HMVTICKETS.COM / TICKETMASTER.CO.UK / TICKETWEB.CO.UK
0843 221 0100 / 0844 844 0444 / 08444 771 000

Gary Numan - 'Machine Music: The Best Of Gary Numan' DVD (Exclusively available on the Tour). For more information please visit: www.numan.co.uk

JAZZ CAFE LONDON

5 PARKWAY
CAMDEN
LONDON
NW1

TICKETMASTER **0844 847 2514**
SEETICKETS **0870 060 3777**
HMV TICKETS **0843 221 0100**
RESTAURANT **0207 688 8899**

COMING SOON

A CELEBRATION OF MUDDY WATERS 07 APR
BEN E KING 12, 13 & 14 APR
SAVOY BROWN 24 APR
THE SADIES 02 MAY
THE ZOMBIES 23 & 24 MAY
TERRY REID 13 & 14 JUN

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM WWW.JAZZCAFE.CO.UK

The Borderline
LONDON'S ESSENTIAL
FOR MUSIC LOVERS
FOR OVER 20 YEARS

bedrock
EVERY FRIDAY, 11PM
INDIE / ALTERNATIVE / ELECTRO / POP

the christmas club
EVERY SATURDAY, 11PM
CLASSIC INDIE / ROCK / BRITPOP

HMV TICKETS.COM: 0843 221 0100
TICKETWEB.CO.UK: 08448 472455
VENUE BOX OFFICE
THE BORDERLINE.CO.UK

THU 29 MAR **IAN SIEGAL**
FRI 30 MAR **ROLLIN STONED**
SAT 31 MAR **PUGWASH**
+ DAVID MYHR + FARRAN

MON 2 APR **JAMES MCCARTNEY**
WED 4 APR **PO'GIRL**
TUE 17 APR **JON ALLEN**
WED 18 APR **ROCKY VOTOLATO**

THU 19 APR **IAN PROWSE**
THU 26 APR **THE MARTIN HARLEY BAND**
FRI 27 APR **MARTIN TURNER'S WISHBONE ASH**
THE NO EASY ROAD TOUR 2012

SAT 28 APR **COMUS**
+ FUSION ORCHESTRA 2 + PURSON

FRI 4 MAY **MATT SCHOFIELD**

SAT 5 MAY **THE FIRST CANDY RAT TOUR**
+ ANTOINE DUFLOU, EWAN DOBSON, JIMMY WAHLSTEEN, ADAM PALMA

FRI 11 MAY **JD MCPHERSON**
WED 16 MAY **FAIRPORT CONVENTION**
THU 17 MAY **JUJU**
FRI 18 MAY **JAMES GRANT**
TUE 22 MAY **PASSENGER**
FRI 25 MAY **THE PRIMITIVES**

FOLLOW US FOR TICKET GIVEAWAYS, NEWS AND MUCH MORE

www.hmvtickets.com • www.meanfiddler.com • www.ticketmaster.co.uk • www.ticketweb.co.uk

MEAN FIDDLER PRESENTS

THE BOSSHOS



17TH APRIL LONDON DINGWALLS 0844 477 1000
18TH APRIL BIRMINGHAM O2 ACADEMY 0844 477 2000
19TH APRIL MANCHESTER RUBY LOUNGE 0844 477 1000

TICKETWEB.CO.UK • TICKETLINE.CO.UK LIBERTY OF ACTION OUT NOW

A MEAN FIDDLER PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH X-RAY

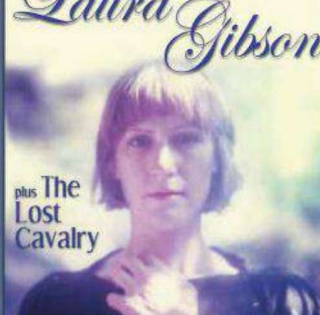
THE SADIES



2 May London Jazz Cafe 0844 847 2514
3 May Brighton Hydrant 0127 360 8313
4 May Bristol Polish Club 0870 4444 400

TICKETWEB.CO.UK / SEETICKETS.COM / HMVTICKETS.COM
A MEAN FIDDLER PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH PRIMA TALENTS THE SADIES.NET

Laura Gibson

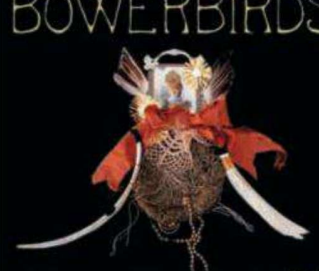


plus The Lost Cavalry

10/04 London The Lexington
New album La Grande out now
A Mean Fiddler presentation by arrangement with Coda
lauragibsonmusic.com

MEAN FIDDLER BY ARRANGEMENT WITH BELMONT BOOKINGS PRESENTS

BOWERBIRDS



MON 7TH MAY
LONDON CARGO

THE CLEARING

MANFRED MANN'S

EARTH BAND



3 May 2012
JAZZ CAFE LONDON, NW1
BOOKING LINE 0844 847 2514
jazzcafe.co.uk
www.manfredmann.co.uk

MEAN FIDDLER BY ARRANGEMENT WITH CNL PRESENTS

CRIPPLED BLACK PHOENIX



03/05/12 THE GARAGE
HIGHBURY CORNER, LONDON N5 1RD
24HR CC BOOKING LINE: 0844 847 1678
New Album (MANKIND) THE CRAFTY APE out now
crippledblackphoenix.co.uk meanfiddler.com

DHP Concerts Presents



Mazzy Star

+ Unison
+ Rick Tomlinson

SUNDAY 3RD JUNE
LONDON O₂ SHEPHERD'S BUSH EMPIRE

ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK • 0844 871 8819 • GIGANTIC.COM

A DHP CONCERTS PRESENTATION



BOB MOULD

JASON NARDUCY • JON WURSTER
PERFORM

COPPER BLUE

LONDON
O₂ SHEPHERD'S BUSH EMPIRE
FRIDAY 1ST JUNE

alt-tickets.co.uk • 0844 871 8819 • gigantic.com
www.bobmould.com

A DHP CONCERTS PRESENTATION



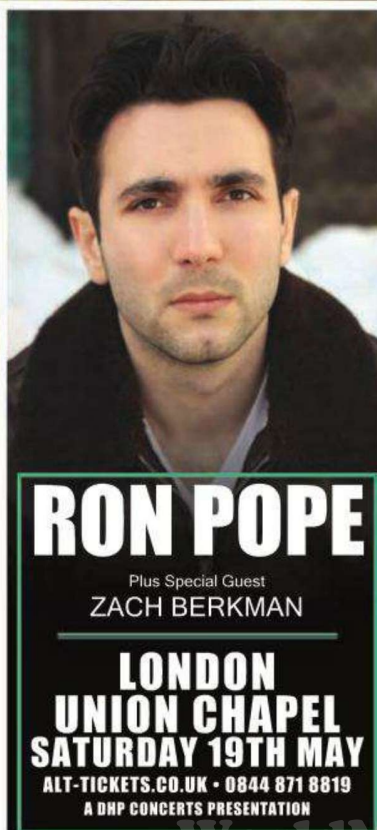
Neal Casal

Plus special guest
Danny George Wilson

25th May
Newcastle The Cluny
26th May
Edinburgh
The Electric Circus
27th May
Manchester
Band On The Wall
29th May
O₂ Academy Oxford
30th May
Nottingham The Maze
1st June
Bristol The Louisiana
2nd June
London Borderline

alt-tickets.co.uk • 0844 871 8819 • gigantic.com

A DHP Concerts presentation
by arrangement with Neil O'Brien Entertainment



RON POPE

Plus Special Guest
ZACH BERKMAN

LONDON
UNION CHAPEL
SATURDAY 19TH MAY

ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK • 0844 871 8819

A DHP CONCERTS PRESENTATION



A DHP Concerts presentation by arrangement with Neil O'Brien Entertainment

Beth Hart

SAT 23RD JUNE
O₂ ACADEMY
BRISTOL
alt-tickets.co.uk • 0844 871 8819

SUN 24TH JUNE
ISLE OF WIGHT
FESTIVAL
ticketzone.co.uk • 0844 499 9955

WED 27TH JUNE
HMV RITZ MANCHESTER
alt-tickets.co.uk • 0844 871 8819

FRI 29TH JUNE
CORNBURY FESTIVAL
cornburyfestival.com • 0844 338 0000

FRI 16TH NOVEMBER
HMV FORUM LONDON
alt-tickets.co.uk • 0844 871 8819

'Don't Explain' the new album from
Beth Hart & Joe Bonamassa out now
WWW.BETHHART.COM

In association with David Wolff Productions & Mascot Records



CITIZEN COPE

FULL BAND SHOW

LONDON KOKO - 6TH JUNE

****RESCHEDULED DATE**** | CITIZENCOPE.COM | 0844 871 8819 | ALT-TICKETS.CO.UK

A DHP CONCERTS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH NEIL O'BRIEN ENTERTAINMENT



DHP CONCERTS PRESENTS

JUSTIN CURRIE

SOLO ACOUSTIC

MAY 2012

08 RUNCORN, BRINDLEY ARTS CENTRE
thebrindley.co.uk • 0151 907 8306

09 STOCKTON, ARC ARTS CENTRE
arconline.co.uk • 0164 292 5199

10 BUXTON, OPERA HOUSE
buxtonoperahouse.co.uk • 0845 127 2190

11 HOLMFIRTH, PICTUREDROME
picturedrome.net • 0844 478 0898

12 LINCOLN, DRILL HALL
lincolndrillhall.com • 0844 478 0898

14 BRISTOL, THE FLEECE
ticketweb.co.uk • 0871 220 0260

15 BRIGHTON, KOMEDIA
zazamusic.co.uk • 0845 293 8480

16 WOLVERHAMPTON
SLADE ROOMS
wolvescvic.co.uk • 0870 320 7000

18 LONDON, UNION CHAPEL
alt-tickets.co.uk • 0844 871 8819

academy events present

IAN HUNTER & THE RANT BAND

WITH SPECIAL GUEST
OTIS GIBBS

OCTOBER

12 NEWCASTLE TYNE JOURNAL
13 GLASGOW O₂ ABC
14 HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDROME
16 LEICESTER Y THEATRE
18 MANCHESTER HMV RITZ
19 LONDON O₂ SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE
20 BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL
23 BATH KOMEDIA
25 HARROGATE ROYAL HALL
26 BRIGHTON KOMEDIA
28 NORTHAMPTON THE ROADMENDER

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM
SEETICKETS.COM / TICKETWEB.CO.UK
24 TICKET HOTLINE: 08700 603 777 / 08444 771 000
IANHUNTER.COM • NEW ALBUM COMING SOON
AN ACADEMY EVENTS PRESENTATION

Photo by Ross Hallin

THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL SKA FESTIVAL 2012

3 MAY - O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON - 6PM-11PM
THE PIONEERS
DAWN PENN THE MOON INVADERS
THE KINKY COO COO'S THE DELEGATORS DJ ANDY SMITH

4 MAY - O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON - 6PM-10PM
DANDY LIVINGSTONE
DAVE BARKER RICO PHOENIX CITY ALL-STARS
LOS GRANADIANOS DJ GLADY WAX 2 TONE REVUE

4 MAY - DJ ALL-NIGHTER - 3 ROOMS - THE ISLINGTON METALWORKS - 10PM-6AM
JERRY DAMMERS THE SPECIALS DJ JAMMA
TIGHTEN UP v DOWNBEAT MELODY + CHRIS LANE & TIM WELLS
DREADZONE SOUND SYSTEM FENOMENO SHOW (OPEN THE GATE)

5 MAY - O₂ SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE - 6PM-11PM
THE DUALERS SKACUBANO
HOTKNIVES BUSTER SHUFFLE CAPONE & THE BULLETS
JES: COUNT SKYLARKIN & CELLO (COAST TO COAST)

6 MAY - O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON - 6PM-10PM
FISHBONE NEOL DAVIES
AKA THE SELECTER
THE SKINTS CHRIS MURRAY REBELATION DJ DON LETTS

6 MAY - FESTIVAL CLOSING PARTY - THE ISLINGTON METALWORKS - 10PM - LATE
LAUREL AITKEN'S ORIGINAL PRESSURE TENANTS
tribute to the 'Godfather of Ska' DJs: GAZ MAYALL
ANDY ATTIC (CLUB SKA) MARK BAZZA BARRIETT (PRESSURE DROP) DAVE WALKER (THURS NIGHT FISH FRY)

www.londoninternationalskafestival.co.uk
TICKETWEB.CO.UK 0844 477 2000 | HMVTICKETS.COM 0843 221 0100 & HMV SHOPS

The SKA talites

48TH ANNIVERSARY TOUR MAY/JUNE 2012



'Jamaica's answer to the Motown House Band and Booker T & the MGs combined' ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE

BOOK TICKETS:
ticketweb.co.uk • seetickets.com • www.agmp.co.uk

15/5 BRIDPORT The Electric Palace
16/5 BRISTOL The Trinity
19/5 EXETER Phoenix
20/5 BRIGHTON Concorde 2
21/5 BOURNEMOUTH Old Fire Station
22/5 LONDON Islington Assembly Hall
23/5 LEEDS The Warehouse
24/5 MANCHESTER Band on the Wall
25/5 BIRMINGHAM O₂ Academy
26/5 OXFORD O₂ Academy
27/5 SHEFFIELD O₂ Academy
28/5 LIVERPOOL O₂ Academy
29/5 NEWCASTLE O₂ Academy
30/5 GLASGOW O₂ ABC
01/6 DUNDEE Fat Sams

NOFX

ON TOUR - JUNE 2012

TUESDAY 05 BOURNEMOUTH O₂ ACADEMY
THURSDAY 07 BRISTOL O₂ ACADEMY

FRIDAY 08 DOWN TOWN
TUESDAY 12 MANCHESTER HMV RITZ
WEDNESDAY 13 NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY

THURSDAY 14 LEEDS O₂ ACADEMY
SATURDAY 16 + SUNDAY 17 LONDON O₂ SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE

O₂ ACADEMY TICKETS AVAILABLE AT: 0844 477 2000 / WWW.TICKETWEB.CO.UK
MANCHESTER HMV RITZ: 0843 221 0976 / WWW.TICKETMASTER.CO.UK

AN ACADEMY EVENTS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DESTINY TOUR BOOKING

OZRIC TENTACLES

PAPER MONKEYS TOUR 2012

APRIL
26 BRISTOL THE FLEECE 0117 929 9008
27 POOLE MR KIPS 01202 748 945

MAY
09 MANCHESTER
BARD OR THE WALL 0845 2500 500
10 LEEDS WARDROBE 0870 264 3333
11 GLASGOW THE ARCHES 0141 565 1000
12 YORK FJEBBERS 08444 77 1000
13 BIRMINGHAM
FARE AND HOURS 0844 873 7359

23 LONDON
O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON 0844 477 2000
27 CARDIFF CLUB JFOR BACH 029 2023 0130

www.ozrics.com

AN ACADEMY EVENTS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH FRUIT PJE MUSIC

Lagwagon

JUNE
26 LONDON O₂ ISLINGTON ACADEMY 0844 477 2000
27 BRISTOL THEKLA 0117 929 3301
28 MANCHESTER MOHO LIVE 0161 832 1111
29 NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY BASEMENT 0161 834 8188

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DESTINY TOUR BOOKING

PENNYWISE

TUESDAY 10 JULY
LONDON O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON
TICKETS: 0844 477 2000
BUY ONLINE: TICKETWEB.CO.UK

PENNYWISEON.COM
MYSPACE.COM/PENNYWISE

By arrangement with Destiny Tour Booking

then Jerico;

September
20 NEWCASTLE O₂ Academy2
21 GLASGOW O₂ ABC2
22 LIVERPOOL O₂ Academy2
24 SHEFFIELD O₂ Academy2
25 BIRMINGHAM O₂ Academy2
27 BRISTOL O₂ Academy
28 OXFORD O₂ Academy2
29 LONDON O₂ Academy Islington

Tickets available from: 0844 477 2000
Buy online through:
ticketweb.co.uk / seetickets.com and all usual outlets
www.thenjerico.com
'Catalogue available to download on iTunes'
An Academy Events Presentation

REFORMED WITH THE FULL ORIGINAL LINE UP
Performing THE BIG AREA album in its entirety

“ beautiful, captivating stuff, a perfectly formed festival ” **The Guardian** ★★★★★

END OF THE ROAD FESTIVAL 2012

31st August - 2nd September at the **Larmer Tree Gardens, North Dorset**



GRIZZLY BEAR GRANDDADDY TINDERSTICKS MIDLAKE BEACH HOUSE DIRTY THREE THE LOW ANTHEM ROY HARPER ANNA CALVI VILLAGERS JOHN GRANT THE ANTLERS ALABAMA SHAKES FIRST AID KIT JONATHAN WILSON JEFFREY LEWIS AND THE JUNKYARD JUSTIN TOWNES EARLE ROBYN HITCHCOCK PERFUME GENIUS

WILLIAM ELLIOTT WHITMORE THE STRANGE BOYS WILLIS EARL BEAL ALESSI'S ARK CASHIER No 9 DELICATE STEVE DOUG PAISLEY DRIVER DRIVE FASTER FRANK FAIRFIELD HANNAH COHEN I BREAK HORSES LANTERNS ON THE LAKE MOULETTES MOUNTAIN MAN OUR BROKEN GARDEN POOR MOON RICHARD BUCKNER OUTFIT ROBERT ELLIS SLEEP PARTY PEOPLE STRANDED HORSE VERONICA FALLS DARK DARK DARK FRANCOIS AND THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS TOY ABIGAIL WASHBURN WITH KAI WELCH SWEET LIGHTS COLD SPECKS TRAILER TRASH TRACYS PINKUNOIZU LUKE ROBERTS SETH FAERGOLZIA (DUFUS) DIRTY BEACHES PORCELAIN RAFT EAGLE AND THE WORM THE DEEP DARK WOODS ISLET THE LOST BROTHERS PLUS MORE ACTS TO BE CONFIRMED

Plus comedy, woodland library, victorian piano stage, cinema, forest dance floor, games area, art installations, workshops, enchanted forest, the Wonder Lands, croquet on the lawn, Megan's T-shirt Co. Merchandise, Rough Trade record shop, screen-printed posters, 'Where is my mind' music quiz, real ale bars, organic food, somerset cider bus and much more

Weekend tickets £150 including camping. For tickets, full lineup and more information please visit www.endoftheroadfestival.com

end of the road presents

NO DIRECTION HOME FESTIVAL

8 - 10th June 2012 Welbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire

From the team behind End of the Road Festival comes a new festival nestled in the ancient Welbeck Estate on the edge of Sherwood Forest, 30 minutes from Sheffield

RICHARD HAWLEY ANDREW BIRD THE LOW ANTHEM DIRTY THREE GRUFF RHYS THE UNTHANKS WITH BRIGHOUSE & RASTRICK BRASS BAND MARTIN CARTHY SLOW CLUB MOON DUO MARTIN SIMPSON OTHER LIVES BETH JEANS HOUGHTON & THE HOOVES OF DESTINY DAVID THOMAS BROUGHTON DIAGRAMS LIZ GREEN DJANGO DJANGO LANTERNS ON THE LAKE AUSTRA VERONICA FALLS SPECTRALS WET NUNS COLD SPECKS

Plus: Comedy, Literature Tent, Lost Picture Show Cinema, The Flying Boating Society, School of Artisan Food, Secret Post Office, Sack Racing, Art Installations, 100s of Workshops, Organic Food, Real Ale, The Somerset Cider Bus and much much more...

Tickets £105. For tickets and more info visit www.nodirectionhomefestival.com





SAN MIGUEL
PRIMAVERA SOUND 2012
30/31 MAY - 1/2/3 JUNE
BARCELONA

OPTIMUS
PRIMAVERA SOUND 2012
7/8/9/10 JUNE
PORTO

A STORM OF LIGHT BCN - A\$AP ROCKY BCN - AEROPLANE BCN - THE AFGHAN WHIGS BCN/POR - AFROCUBISM BCN - ANIMIC BCN - ARAABMUZIK BCN
ARCHERS OF LOAF BCN - ATLAS SOUND BCN/POR - ATLETA BCN - BAXTER DURY BCN/POR - BEACH BEACH BCN - BEACH FOSSILS BCN - BEACH HOUSE BCN/POR
BEIRUT BCN - BENGAL (LIVE) BCN - BIG STAR'S THIRD BCN - BIGOTT BCN/POR - BJÖRK BCN/POR - BLACK LIPS BCN/POR - BLEACHED BCN - BOMBINO BCN - BOXEUR THE COEUR BCN
BUFFY SAINT-MARIE BCN - CHAIRLIFT BCN - THE CHAMELEONS BCN - CHAVEZ BCN - CHRISTINA ROSENVINGE BCN - CHROMATICS BCN - CODEINE BCN/POR - CUCHILLO BCN
THE CURE BCN - DANNY BROWN BCN - DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE BCN/POR - DEATH GRIPS BCN/POR - DEATH IN VEGAS BCN - DEMDIKE STARE BCN/POR - DIRTY BEACHES BCN
DIRTY THREE BCN/POR - DOBLE PLETINA BCN - DOMINANT LEGS BCN - DOMINIQUE A BCN - THE DRUMS BCN/POR - ED WOOD BCN - EROL ALKAN BCN/POR - ESPERIT! POR
EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY POR - FASENUOVA BCN - FATHER JOHN MISTY BCN - THE FIELD BCN - FIELD MUSIC BCN - THE FLAMING LIPS POR - FOREST SWORDS BCN/POR
FRANZ FERDINAND BCN - FRIENDS BCN - GALA DROP POR - GIRLS BCN - GIRLS NAMES BCN - GODFLESH BCN - GRIMES BCN - GRUPO DE EXPERTOS SOLYNIEVE BCN
HANNI EL KHATIB BCN - HARVEY MILK BCN - HYPE WILLIAMS BCN - I BREAK HORSES BCN/POR - ICEAGE BCN - INBORN! BCN - JAMES FERRARO BCN/POR - JAMIE XX BCN
JAPANDROIDS BCN - JEFF MANGUM (NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL) BCN/POR - JEREMY JAY BCN - JOE CREPÚSCULO BCN - JOHN TALABOT (LIVE) BCN/POR - JOSH T. PEARSON BCN
JUSTICE LIVE BCN - KING OF THE OPERA BCN - KINGS OF CONVENIENCE BCN - KLEENEX GIRL WONDER BCN - KRISTEN BCN - LA ESTRELLA DE DAVID BCN
LAURA MARLING BCN - LEE RANALDO BCN/POR - LFO BCN - LINDA MARTINI BCN - LISABO BCN - LITURGY BCN - LORENA ÁLVAREZ Y SU BANDA MUNICIPAL BCN
LOWER DENS BCN - M83 BCN - MAIN BCN - MARIANNE FAITHFULL BCN - MATÍAS AGUAYO BCN - MAYHEM BCN - MAZZY STAR BCN - MELVINS BCN - THE MEN BCN - MICHAEL GIRA BCN
MILAGRES BCN - MILK MUSIC BCN - MUDHONEY BCN - MUJERES BCN/POR - MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY BCN - NACHO VEGAS BCN - NAPALM DEATH BCN
NEON INDIAN BCN/POR - NICK GARRIE PLAYS THE NIGHTMARE OF J.B. STANISLAS BCN - NO MORE LIES BCN - NUMBERS SHOWCASE: JACKMASTER,
ONEMAN, DEADBOY, SPENCER, REDINHO BCN/POR - OBITS BCN - OFF! BCN - THE OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL BCN/POR - ORTHODOX BCN - OTHER LIVES BCN/POR
PEGASVS BCN - PETER WOLF CRIER BCN - PICORE BCN - PIONAL (LIVE) BCN - THE POP GROUP BCN - PURITY RING BCN - THE RAPTURE BCN/POR - RATS ON RAFTS BCN
REAL ESTATE BCN - REBOLLEDO BCN - REFREE BCN - REFUSED BCN - RICHARD HAWLEY BCN - THE RIGHT ONS BCN - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT BCN/POR - RUSTIE BCN
SAINT ETIENNE BCN/POR - SANDRO PERRI BCN - SBTRKT BCN - SCUBA BCN - SENIOR I EL COR BRUTAL BCN - SHARON VAN ETEN BCN - SHELLAC BCN/POR
SISKIYOU BCN/POR - SLEEP BCN - SLEEPY SUN BCN/POR - SLEIGH BELLS BCN - SPIRITUALIZED BCN/POR - SR. CHINARRO BCN - TALL FIRS BCN/POR - TENNIS BCN/POR
THEE OH SEES BCN/POR - TRASH TALK BCN - ULTRAMAGNETIC MC'S BCN - UNICORNIBOT BCN - VERONICA FALLS BCN/POR - THE WALKMEN POR - THE WAR ON DRUGS BCN/POR
WASHED OUT BCN/POR - WAVVES BCN/POR - WE TRUST POR - THE WEDDING PRESENT PLAYS SEAMONSTERS BCN - THE WEEKND BCN - WHITE DENIM BCN
WILCO BCN/POR - WILD BEASTS BCN - WOLVES IN THE THRONE ROOM BCN/POR - THE XX BCN/POR - YANN TIERSEN BCN/POR - YO LA TENGO BCN/POR ...

SAN MIGUEL PRIMAVERA SOUND 2012: Full festival tickets 190€ (+ booking fee) / Day tickets 75€ (+ booking fee)

SALES POINTS: Codetickets, Atrapalo.com, Servicaixa, Ticketmaster, Seetickets UK, Fnac France, Discos Paradiso, Facebook and www.sanmiguelprimaverasound.es

OPTIMUS PRIMAVERA SOUND 2012: Full festival tickets 99€ (+ booking fee)

SALES POINTS: Ticketmaster, Ticketline, Seetickets UK, Facebook and www.optimusprimaverasound.com

WWW.PRIMAVERASOUND.COM - PRIMAVERASOUND.WORDPRESS.COM - TWITTER.COM/PRIMAVERA_SOUND



San Miguel recommends sensible drinking 5,4º

Art direction and graphic design: Esther Mdp and Kiko Saguroia

ORGANISED BY



MAIN SPONSORS



POR



SALES POINTS





ERIC JOHNSON

UK TOUR JULY 2012

"ERIC JOHNSON, BAR NONE, IS ONE OF THE GREATEST GUITAR PLAYERS IN THE HISTORY OF THE ELECTRIC GUITAR. I'M PROUD TO CALL HIM AN INSPIRATION" - JOE DONAMASSA

FRIDAY 6TH JULY
HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDROME

SATURDAY 7TH JULY
GLASGOW O₂ ABC

SUNDAY 8TH JULY
GATESHEAD SAGE

MONDAY 9TH JULY
BATH KOMEDIA

TUESDAY 10TH JULY
LONDON LEICESTER SQ THEATRE

*** ALL SEATED SHOWS ***

24 HOUR BOX OFFICE: 0844 478 0898 WWW.THEGIGCARTEL.COM

THE FARM

Performing in full The Classic Number 1 Album

SAT 5 MAY - HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDROME

FRI 25 MAY - MANCHESTER ACADEMY

2012 *Spartacus* TOUR 2012 100% GUARANTEED



GLENN TILBROOK

THURS 24 MAY - NEWBURY ARLINGTON ARTS CENTRE

FRI 25 MAY - SHEFFIELD PLUG

HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT

Thurs 31 May
Oxford O₂ Academy

Thurs 07 June
Leeds University



NICK HARPER

Fri 11 May - Sale Waterside Arts Centre

Sat 12 May - Holmfirth Picturedrome
(Afternoon show @ The Festival of Folk)

Sat 12 May - Darwen Library Theatre



UNDERTONES

Sat 14 July - Holmfirth Picturedrome



NEW MODEL ARMY

SAT 2 JUNE - THE ROBIN BILSTON




Lloyd Cole

Wed 20 June Holmfirth Picturedrome

Thu 21 June Durham Gala Theatre

Tue 11 July Scunthorpe Plowright Theatre

Wed 12 July Harrogate Theatre



focus

FRI 25 MAY SALE WATERSIDE

FRI 1 JUNE HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDROME

+ JOHN OTWAY

Fairport Convention

HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDROME - WEDS 2 MAY

The Gig Cartel in association with Neil O'Brien Entertainment Presents:

THE URBAN VOODOO MACHINE

BURBORN SOAKED GYPSY BLUES BOY'S TROUPE 'LONDON'

CHEERS FOR THE TEARS TOUR * JUNE 2012

NOTTINGHAM * RESCUE ROOMS * THU 31 MAY

GLASGOW * O₂ ABC * FRI 1 JUNE

YORK * DUCHESS * SAT 2

MANCHESTER * RUBY LOUNGE * SUN 3

LONDON * ISLINGTON O₂ ACADEMY * TUE 5

BRISTOL * TUNNELS * WED 6

24 Hour Box Office: 0844 478 0898 www.thegigcartel.com

New single CHEERS FOR THE TEARS (vinyl & download) out 21st May

www.theurbanvoodoomachine.com

THE GIG CARTEL IN ASSOCIATION WITH NEIL O'BRIEN ENTERTAINMENT PRESENT:

TRACER

ON TOUR

APRIL 2012:

24 LONDON, O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON

25 BRISTOL, THE TUNNELS

26 MANCHESTER, ACADEMY

27 YORK, THE DUCHESS

28 SHEFFIELD, THE PLUG

24 HOUR BOX OFFICE: 0844 478 0898 / WWW.THEGIGCARTEL.COM

PLUS SUPPORT FROM: LITTLE CHA-Y

SPACES IN BETWEEN

OUT NOW



THE ZOMBIES

Sat 2 June - Holmfirth Picturedrome



Howlwind

THU 31 MAY - CARLISLE SOUND

FRI 01 JUNE - BUCKLEY TIVOLI

SAT 02 JUNE - EDINBURGH QUEENS HALL

SUN 03 JUNE - HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDROME



MARTIN BARRE'S NEW DAY

Performing the music of

Jethro Tull

Sat 21 April - London Borderline



The Damned

Thurs 3 May - Holmfirth Picturedrome

Sat 5 May - Warrington Parr Hall



JUSTIN CURRIE

Tue 08 May Runcorn The Brindley

Wed 09 May Stockton ARC

Thu 10 May Buxton Opera House

Fri 11 May Holmfirth Picturedrome

Sat 12 May Lincoln Drill Hall



SENBLA IN ASSOCIATION WITH AGMP PRESENTS

assembly hall

ISLINGTON'S NEWEST MUSIC VENUE

Upper St. Islington, London, N1 2UD

24 HOURS BOOKING LINE:
08444 771000 / 0844 844 0444

BUY ONLINE:
ticketmaster.co.uk / eventim.co.uk
seetickets.com / ticketweb.co.uk
gigantic.com / hmvtickets.co.uk
agmp.co.uk

NOW
BOOKING

HRUTKA ROBERT
DAUGHTER
ROBERTO PLA
LATIN JAZZ ENSEMBLE
THE JOHN MILLER
ORCHESTRA PLAY THE
MUSIC OF GLENN MILLER
DEAN FRIEDMAN
SWING OUT SISTER
BIG BAND
JTO



FRI 30 MARCH
THE CHORDS



SAT 31 MARCH
ASWAD
+ TIPPA IRIE
+ SUBAJAH FAMILY



TUE 3 APRIL
LEE FIELDS & THE EXPRESSIONS
+ The Mighty Mocambos
+ New Street Adventure



THU 19 APRIL
PATTI AUSTIN



WED 25 APRIL
TONY CHRISTIE
+ Frank Hamilton



FRI 27 APRIL
JOHN OATES
OF HALL & OATES
+ Mark Buck Trio



FRI 4 MAY
CANDI STATON



TUE 8 MAY
PAUL BRADY
+ Eleanor McEvoy



FRI 11 MAY
The Queens of Lover's Rock
JANET KAY & CARROLL THOMPSON



FRI 18 MAY
SNOWBOY & THE LATIN SECTION



SUN 20 MAY
STEVE HACKETT



TUE 22 MAY
Direct from Jamaica, the originators
of Ska - 48th Anniversary Tour
THE SKATALITES



THU 24 MAY
GARY LUCAS



FRI 25 MAY
INCOGNITO
with special guest
Mario Bondi



FRI 1 JUNE
BOB GELDOLF



SAT 2 JUNE
Madness Saxophonist
LEE THOMPSON SKA ORCHESTRA
featuring
Mark 'Bedders' Bedford
+ special guests



THU 7 JUNE
THE ALESSI BROTHERS



FRI 2 NOVEMBER
DR. FEELGOOD
+ EDDIE & THE HOT RODS

Campbell Smith Mgt & Edge Street Live by arrangement with Neil O'Brien Entertainment Presents

PAUL BRADY

DANCER IN THE FIRE

UK TOUR

Plus Special Guest Eleanor McEvoy

NEW ALBUM
Dancer In The Fire:
A Paul Brady
Anthology
out 23rd April
on Proper Records

APRIL 2012

27TH	KENDAL	BREWERY ARTS CENTRE	01539 725133	WWW.BREWERYARTS.CO.UK
28TH	LEEDS	CITY VARIETIES	0113 243 0808	WWW.CITYVARIETIES.CO.UK
29TH	MANCHESTER	ROYAL EXCHANGE	0161 833 9833	WWW.ROYALEXCHANGE.CO.UK

MAY 2012

1ST	MILTON KEYNES	THE STABLES	01908 280800	WWW.STABLES.ORG
2ND	LEAMINGTON SPA	ASSEMBLY	01926 311311	WWW.LEAMINGTONASSEMBLY.COM
4TH	STOCKTON	ARC	01642 525199	WWW.ARCONLINE.CO.UK
5TH	GATESHEAD	THE SAGE	0191 443 4661	WWW.THESAGEGATESHEAD.ORG
6TH	BROMSGROVE	ARTRIX	01527 577330	WWW.ARTRIX.CO.UK
8TH	LONDON	ISLINGTON ASSEMBLY	0844 888 9991	WWW.AGMP.CO.UK
9TH	CAMBRIDGE	JUNCTION	01223 511511	WWW.JUNCTION.CO.UK
10TH	BRISTOL	ST GEORGES	0845 4024 001	WWW.STGEORGESBRISTOL.CO.UK
12TH	SALISBURY	CITY HALL	01722 434434	WWW.CITYHALLSALISBURY.CO.UK

WWW.PAULBRADY.COM

www.ticketline.co.uk | www.gigantic.com | www.seetickets.com

MARY BLACK

IN CONCERT

Stories from
THE NEW ALBUM The Steeples

www.mary-black.net

JUNE

6 London	Union Chapel	8 Gateshead	The Sage
	0844 888 9991		0191 443 4661
7 Birmingham	Town Hall	9 Manchester	RNCM
	0121 780 3333		0161 907 5555

www.ticketline.co.uk

www.gigantic.com

www.seetickets.com

THE SPIRIT OF AFTER-HOURS
MUSIC SESSIONS
TRANSFORMED INTO AN
AWARD-WINNING FESTIVAL



15 - 17 JUNE 2012
CATTON HALL
WALTON-UPON-TRENT
SOUTH DERBYSHIRE

EDDI READER • THE LEISURE SOCIETY

OYSTERBAND & JUNE TABOR • SHOW OF HANDS • SCOTT MATTHEWS
RODDY WOOMBLE • DIZRAELI & THE SMALL GODS • JON BODEN & THE REMNANT KINGS
CHUMBAWAMBA • CHRIS WOOD • JESCA HOOP • KRIS DREVER TRIO • MARTIN SIMPSON BAND
STATE OF THE UNION. A SONG WRITERS CIRCLE WITH BOO HEWERDINE, BROOKS WILLIAMS & GUESTS
TREACHEROUS ORCHESTRA • DJ PETE LAWRENCE (THE BIG SESSION DJ) • THE MAGIC TOMBOLINOS
ABANDOMAN • JAKE MORELY • KAMI THOMPSON • HABADEKUK • JONNY KEARNEY & LUCY FARRELL
GAVIN OSBORN • PAPER AEROPLANES • WALSH & POUND • FAY HIELD & THE HURRICANE PARTY
MORE LIKE TREES • URUSEN • RICHARD WARREN • ANNA ELIAS & THE FORLORN HOPE
FRAN SMITH • LISBEE STANTON • BLUE ROSE CODE • SAM BROOKES • JESS MORGAN
LUCY WARD • CHRIS TYE • DAN WHITEHOUSE • ALEXA HAWKSWORTH • MAWKIN • DUOTONE

plus fun for families down in the orchard with hands-on activities,
workshops, builds, music & song. BIG Sessions, artist talks and unique
collaborations, all on a beautiful, tried and tested festival site.

TICKETS ON SALE NOW

WWW.BIGSESSIONFESTIVAL.COM



ticket south



OYSTERBAND



HANS ★ CHEW

ON TOUR FROM NYC

"SOUNDS LIKE EARLY ELTON JOHN PLAYING WITH
THE FACES" BYRON COLEY, THE WIRE

- 02.05.12 The Greystones - Sheffield
- 03.05.12 The Chapel Arts Centre - Bath
- 04.05.12 Eden Project Café - St Austell
- 05.05.12 Miss Peapod's - Penryn, Cornwall
- 06.05.12 The Crane Lane Theatre - Cork (tickets from venue only)
- 08.05.12 Windmill Brixton - London, Brixton
- 09.05.12 The Palmeira - Hove, Brighton
- 10.05.12 The Bicycle Shop - Norwich
- 11.05.12 Korrs - Otley, West Yorkshire (tickets from venue only)
- 13.05.12 King Tuts Wah Wah Hut - Glasgow

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT WEGOTTICKETS.COM

"FABULOUS.. TIMELESS" ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE

www.hanschew.com www.bpa-live.com



OCEAN COLOUR SCENE

KATY B

Death
in Vegas

ADAM ANT:
A THE WORLD THE DEAD & THE LOVELY PORSE

AKALA • ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION
BILLY BRAGG CELEBRATES WOODY GUTHRIE'S 100TH BIRTHDAY
CASHIER NO 9 • CLEAN BANDIT • DAN MANGAN • DATAROCK • DJANGO DJANGO
FRANCOIS AND THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS • FRIENDS • GOODNIGHT LENIN
GRACE PETRIE • HEY SHOLAY • HIP HOP SHAKESPEARE • JACK BEATS
JONATHAN RICHMAN • JUAN ZELADA • LAZY LESTER AND FRIENDS • LUCY ROSE
MAYBESHEWILL • OLUGBENGA (METRONOMY DJ) • RACHEL SERMANNI
REVEREND AND THE MAKERS • SWAY • THE KING BLUES • THE MAGIC TOMBOLINOS
TIM EDEY AND BRENDAN POWER • tUnE-yArDs • THE TWILIGHT SAD
UNCLE FRANK • WILLY MASON • Y NIWL
AND MORE TO BE ANNOUNCED



ceda dm

TO BUY TICKETS AND FOR MORE INFORMATION
WWW.SUMMERSUNDAE.COM / 0116 233 3111
FOLLOW US ON TWITTER @SUMMERSUNDAE

one



13 • 14 • 15 JULY
LISBON • PORTUGAL
MUSIC AND ARTS FESTIVAL

RADIOHEAD THE CURE
THE STONE ROSES
JUSTICE LIVE SNOW PATROL
FLORENCE + THE MACHINE
MUMFORD & SONS THE KILLS
MAZZY STAR THE MACCABEES
THE KOOKS LMFAO METRONOMY
CARIBOU LOSTPROPHETS REFUSED
WARPAINT PAUS THE ANTLERS
SEBASTIAN LIVE SBTRKT KATY B MILES KANE

+ many more to be announced

TICKETS ON SALE NOW

BUY TICKETS AT SEETICKETS.COM AND LASTMINUTE.COM
MORE INFO AT OPTIMUSALIVE.COM AND FACEBOOK.COM/OPTIMUSALIVE

NME

**BOOK YOUR
LOW COST FLIGHT
NOW!**

**3 DAY TICKET
ONLY £89,10**



WorldMags.net

Calliandra Productions
& Hole Agency present

In association with

gigantic.com

JETHRO TULL's IAN ANDERSON THICK *Plays* AS A BRICK 1&2

All shows with SPECIAL GUEST &

* VIDEO CONTENT *

April - 2012

14 ~ Perth, Concert Hall	01738 621 031
15 ~ Glasgow, Theatre Royal	0844 871 7627
17 ~ Newcastle, City Hall	0191 261 2606
18 ~ Liverpool, Philharmonic	0151 709 3789
19 ~ Sheffield, City Hall	0114 2 789 789
20 ~ Blackburn, St George's Hall	0844 847 1664
21 ~ Harrogate, Royal Hall	0845 130 8840
22 ~ Manchester, Opera House	0844 847 2484
24 ~ Derby, Assebley Rooms	01332 255 800
25 ~ Ipswich, Regent Theatre	01473 433100
27 ~ London, HMV Apollo Hammersmith	0843 221 0100
28 ~ Bristol, Colston Hall	0117 922 3686
29 ~ High Wycombe, Swan Theatre	01494 512 000
30 ~ Birmingham, Symphony Hall	0121 780 3333
May	
02 ~ Oxford, New Theatre	0844 847 1588
03 ~ Reading, Hexagon Theatre	0118 960 6060
04 ~ Guildford, G Live	0844 7701 797
05 ~ Cardiff, St David's Hall	029 2087 8444
06 ~ Southampton, Guildhall	023 8063 2601

New and original albums played in their entirety

TAAB2

www.StCleve.com

The Daily Herald's Choice - Covering 90 Cities, Download 1400+ Albums, 17 Events, 800+ City Shows

NEW ALBUM
out April 2nd

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO
GERALD ROSTOCK?

**IETHRO TULL'S
IAN ANDERSON
TAAB2
THICK AS A BRICK 1&2**

Ageing Rock Star to play "warm-up" gig at St Cleve
Community Centre on Friday 13th April

San Anderson, the voice and face of Jethro Tull and rockstar, will be back in the UK, to be taking his group to the village hall for a friendly warm-up concert to try and some of the new material before the start of his world tour. Ian and the band will demonstrate their virtuosity and entertain the anticipated audience of some 1000 locals for nearly two hours of fan-parked musical entertainment. Tickets available from the community centre, 01845 5738 for the evening and the ladies. All proceeds to go to the Old Persons' Society, Health and Leisure Building Fund. (20120416)

LOCAL NEWS

- FREE SUBSISTENCE
- HOLD PROPOSAL FOR THE SECOND WEEK
- IN A HURRY
- ST JOHN'S CHURCH LITTLE ORANGEWOOD, TO CLIMB FOR RIVERS
- CLIMBING TO GET SCHOOLS
- JAMES DUNCAN ARRESTED BY PROTEST

NEVER MISS AN ISSUE OF UNCUT



ONLY £8.95 BY QUARTERLY
DIRECT DEBIT

CALL 0844 848 0848

7 days, 8am - 9pm. Have your payment details ready. Quote 12F

www.uncutsubs.co.uk/subsoffer

Subscribe from £8.95 every three months, that's a saving of 35%. Direct Debit is only available to new UK subscribers. Please allow up to 6 weeks for delivery of your first subscription issue. If Uncut changes frequency per annum, we will honour the number of issues paid for, not the term of the subscription. For enquiries and overseas rates call +44 (0)330 3330 233, or email ipesubs@quadrantsubs.com.

The Lady : A Homage to SANDY DENNY UK Tour May 2012

Featuring - Joan Wasser (aka Joan As Police Woman), Maddy Prior, Dave Swarbrick, Jerry Donahue, PP Arnold, Thea Gilmore, members of Bellowhead, Lavinia Blackwall (Trembling Bells), Sam Carter, Blair Dunlop (The Albion Band), Ben Nicholls and other guests.

19 MAY LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall	0151 709 3789	liverpoolphil.com
20 MAY NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall	0115 989 5555	trch.co.uk
21 MAY BRIGHTON Festival, (Dome)	01273 709709	brightondome.org
22 MAY COVENTRY Warwick Arts Centre	024 7652 4524	warwickartscentre.co.uk
23 MAY LONDON Barbican Centre	020 7638 8891	barbican.org.uk
24 MAY BASINGSTOKE The Anvil	01256 844244	anvilarts.org.uk
27 MAY GATESHEAD The Sage Gateshead	0191 443 4661	thesagegateshead.org
28 MAY MANCHESTER Bridgewater Hall	0161 907 9000	bridgewater-hall.co.uk

www.musicbeyondmainstream.co.uk / www.sandydennyofficial.com



FOR SALE

25% discount on full price WOW

Storage Solutions

BESPOKE HANDMADE TRADITIONAL & MODERN FURNITURE

V-MAX RANGE EST 1970

HANDMADE, HAND POLISHED, NO ASSEMBLY REQUIRED!

Shelves adjustable by 1" increments to accommodate 660 CDs, DVDs or books etc

Height 188cm, Width 62cm

WOODS: OAK, CHERRY MAHOGANY, MAPLE ETC

WAS £781 NOW £495
INC VAT

TEL: YOUR ORDER NOW
01423 500442

www.iansbespokefurniture.co.uk

IAN EDWARDS BESPOKE HANDMADE FURNITURE

The Old Chapel, 282 Skipton Road, Harrogate, North Yorkshire, HG1 3HE
Tel: 01423 500442 Fax: 01423 705200

CHATLINES

ROLEPLAY BABES

ONLY **36p** per min

0983 050 5101

36p ONLY LIVE QUICKIE

0909 742 3031

BARELY LEGAL 36p

0983 050 6396

36p ONLY CHEAP XXX CHAT

LIVE 0983 050 2614

18+ Calls recorded. 09-36p per min from a BT Landline. Network extras apply. SP/CWL. Helpdesk 0844 999 4499

CHAT OR DATE 10p per min

WOMEN CHAT FREE!

WOMEN: 0800 075 5642
MEN: 0871 550 3992
GAY: 0871 550 2970

SPEAK EASY! 10p per min

WOMEN CHAT 4 FREE

Guys: 0871 908 3477
Women: 0800 075 6662

18+ Helpdesk 0844 944 0844. 0800 = FREE from a BT Landline. Ntwk extras apply. Live calls recorded. SP: 4D.

YOUNG GIRL 18+

ONLY 36p XXX LIVE

HOTTEST UK XXX

0982 505 1545

SEXY MATURE XXX

FILTHY OLDER LADIES JUST 4U

36p

0982 505 1575

Calls cost 36p per minute + network extras. Calls recorded. Mobile users may receive free promotional messages. 18+ only. LiveLines Ltd PO6538 NN2 7YN. Help 08448714497.

FASHION

T-SHIRT GRILL

Simply Superb T-Shirts & More!

Keith Richards Photo

Born a Rocker Say yes to Michigan!

Say Yes To Michigan! (As worn by Jack White)

Radio Syd 88.3 (As worn by Brian Jones)

I used to be in The Fall

Kate Bush Photo

100's of Exclusive T-shirts and Hoodies

Big range of ladies slimfits

Colour Catalogue available

Secure On-Line Ordering

Full Money Back Guarantee

Get 10% discount! just type in 'unc33' at checkout

Call **FREE** on:
0800 035 0241
www.tshirtgrill.com

Join us on Facebook
www.facebook.com/tshirtgrill

Inside the dark recesses of Gothic Legends, you will find

Nemesis Now fairies • Dragons • Living Dead Dolls
Goth toys • Alcherry Gothic Jewellery

www.gothiclegends.co.uk

Contact: sales@gothiclegends.co.uk
www.facebook.com/www.gothiclegends.co.uk

Come and see us at the Great British Tattoo Show, 21st & 22nd April at London Olympia.

ELECTRIC T-SHIRTS.CO.UK

THE WIDEST RANGE OF OFFICIAL BAND T-SHIRTS AND MERCHANDISE ON THE WEB AT THE LOWEST PRICES

TYPE '0125' INTO BASKET TO GET 10% A DISCOUNT

WWW.ELECTRICTSHIRTS.CO.UK
sales@electricshirts.co.uk 0044 161 862 0149
Electric T-Shirts Ltd - Reg. company no. 7915730

Please mention

UNCUT

when replying to advertisements

OBITUARIES

Not Fade Away

Fondly remembered this month...

DAVY JONES

Monkees singer and actor

1945-2012

THE BEATLES' TV appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show* in February 1964 was a pivotal moment for many an aspiring young band, but Davy Jones was better placed than most to witness their seismic impact. As a Broadway cast member of *Oliver!*, in which he played the Artful Dodger, Jones was also on the bill that night. He admitted later that the reaction of the female audience members made him want to become a pop star. Three years later, he was back in New York as one quarter of The Monkees, then riding the wave of a wildly successful TV and music career, playing to an audience of 14,000 screaming fans and basking in the kind of adulation unseen since early Beatlemania.

At the peak of their fame, The Monkees racked up No 1 hits at home and in the UK, with Manchester-born Jones the only British member of the outfit. Initially slated to be the drummer, his diminutive size and teen idol looks instead required him to be stage centre, where his sunshine vocals imbued the likes of "Daydream Believer" with the carefree innocence that came to define the band's image.

He had begun as a TV child actor at the turn of the '60s, where he played Ena Sharples' grandson in *Coronation Street* and landed roles in *Z Cars*, before heading for the States. His big break came when Jones passed the audition for a knockabout sitcom based on the exploits of a fictional group, featuring original songs written by a stable of talent that included Neil Diamond, Neil Sedaka, and Gerry Goffin and Carole King. *The Monkees* first aired on NBC in September 1966 and ran for nearly two years. Their self-



titled debut, issued in November, shifted more than three million copies in its first three months alone.

But the band eventually grew weary of their bosses' refusal to allow them creative input into their music. By 1970, Jones and drummer Micky Dolenz were the only surviving members, with Davy soon quitting for a solo career. Jones was

involved in various reunions in the intervening decades, including last year's aborted 45th anniversary tour of the US.

"For me, David was The Monkees," ex-bandmate Mike Nesmith offered in tribute. "They were his band. We were his sidemen. He was the focal point of the romance, the lovely boy, innocent and approachable."

BILLY STRANGE

Songwriter, arranger and Wrecking Crew guitarist

1930-2012

"IF THEY NEEDED somebody in a small group who knew what the hell they were doing in the studio, that was me," Billy Strange once declared. His immersion in honky-tonk, rock'n'roll and big band music led to the guitarist being much in demand on the LA session scene of the '60s. As part of the fabled Wrecking Crew, Strange's credits included The Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds*, though he was perhaps

better known for his arrangements for Nancy Sinatra, chiefly "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'", "Somethin' Stupid" (with her father Frank) and the Lee Hazlewood duet, "Some Velvet Morning". He also co-wrote "Memories" and "A Little Less Conversation" for Elvis Presley, alongside Chubby Checker's 1962 hit, "Limbo Rock".

RONNIE MONTROSE

Influential hard-rock guitarist

1947-2012

THE SELF-TITLED 1973 debut from Montrose heralded the arrival of a

major new force on the US hard-rock scene. Led by singer Sammy Hagar and powerhouse guitarist Ronnie Montrose, the muscular bombast of "Rock Candy", "Space Station Number 5" and "Jump On It" influenced the likes of Iron Maiden and Guns N' Roses: Slash has called it "one of the all-time great rock'n'roll albums". Montrose himself started out as Van Morrison's sideman on *Tupelo Honey* and *Saint Dominic's Preview*, before bringing the noise to the Edgar Winter Group's *Frankenstein*. In 1978 he issued *Open Fire*, a solo instrumental LP, and formed the synth-blues outfit Gamma the

following year. Montrose and Hagar briefly reunited for the latter's 1997 opus, *Marching To Mars*.

MIKE MELVOIN

Jazz, rock and session pianist and composer

1937-2012

US PIANIST MELVOIN enjoyed a highly eclectic career. His primary love was jazz, which he pursued after turning pro in 1959 and working with Stan Getz. But a move to LA in the early '60s ushered in a flood of session work, most notably Frank Sinatra's "That's Life", The

Jackson 5's "ABC" and The Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds* and "Good Vibrations". Melvoin described the latter in unflattering terms as "a marathon. Six double sessions, all for one song." He later played piano on John Lennon's "Stand By Me", served in Quincy Jones' all-star ensemble that recorded 1985's "We Are The World" for Live Aid, and was the first active musician to become president of the Recording Academy.

DORY PREVIN

Troubled and confessional singer-songwriter and lyricist

1925-2012

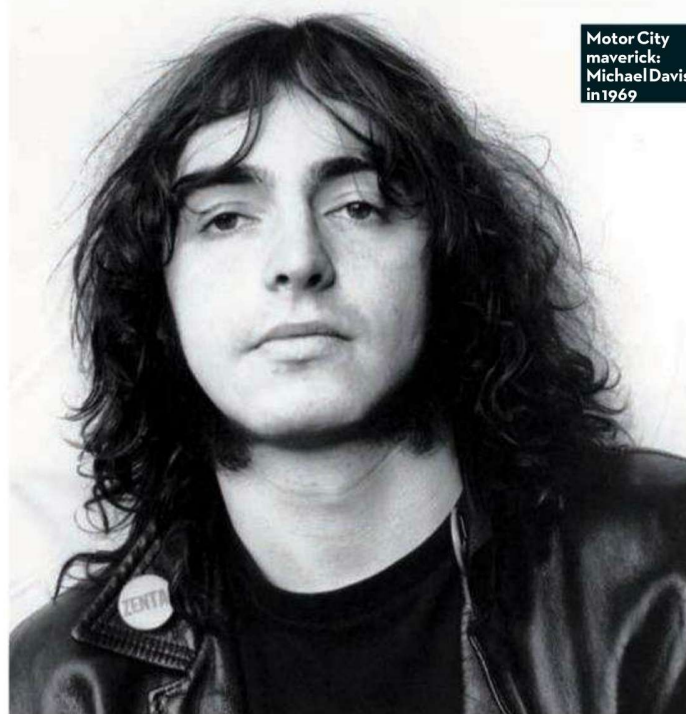
DORY PREVIN ACHIEVED some renown as a lyricist for her work with husband André at MGM in the '60s, which earned the couple several Oscar nominations, but her true songwriting style only emerged in the wake of their traumatic breakup. In 1969 she had a breakdown after discovering that André Previn and her friend Mia Farrow had become lovers, resulting in her being committed to a mental institution and undergoing electro-shock therapy. Thereafter her songs took on the disturbed feel of naked confessionals, delivered with a fragile voice over arrangements that often sounded like noirish incantations of Tin Pan Alley.

1970's *On My Way To Where* included "Beware Of Young Girls", a pointed commentary on Farrow herself: "Beware of young girls/Too often they crave to cry/At a wedding and dance on a grave". The album was the first in a series that reached deep into her psyche, unpicking the minutiae of sex, love and religion in invariably candid detail.

Her finest work was arguably the following year's *Mythical Kings And Iguanas*, unveiling such mini-epics of bleak comedy as "Lemon Haired Ladies", in which she lusted over a younger man, and "Mary C Brown And The Hollywood Sign". Its



The Oscar-nominated Dory Previn



Motor City maverick: Michael Davis in 1969

successor, *Reflections In A Mud Puddle*, addressed her difficult relationship with her father, a man psychologically damaged by his time in World War I.

The daughter of an alcoholic Catholic mother, Previn's unconventional upbringing in New Jersey shaped a life of emotional frailty that was later essayed in *Midnight Baby* and *Bog-Trotter*, her two autobiographies of the '70s. "What I've tried to do," she once said of her songwriting, "is bring the madness out in the open. Keep it under wraps, and it erupts into wars and violence."

RED HOLLOWAY

Jazz and blues saxophonist

1927-2012

THE REPERTOIRE OF Arkansas-born saxophonist James 'Red' Holloway spanned the realms of blues and jazz, which meant that the post-war years found him as much in demand by Muddy Waters, Willie Dixon and BB King as Billie Holiday, Sonny Rollins and Lester Young. In 1963 he issued *The Burner*, the first of nearly 20 albums in his own right, and also began touring with organist 'Brother' Jack McDuff. By the late '60s, Holloway was a fixture at LA jazz club the Persian Room, where he acted as both bandleader and booking agent, and stayed until 1982. In between, he struck up a fruitful touring partnership with fellow sax player Sonny Stitt and recorded with George Benson, John Mayall and Etta James.

MICHAEL DAVIS

MC5 bass-player

1943-2012

THE MC5 WERE just another struggling garage combo in Michigan when Michael Davis auditioned as bassist in 1964. Aside from one song, the experimental "Black To Comm", their set consisted entirely of covers by the big guns of the British Invasion: The Who, The Kinks, Them and The Yardbirds. Enter activist-poet John Sinclair, who helped politicise the band and sharpen their raw energy into a radical brand of seething proto-punk. Nothing epitomised their confrontational stance better than "Kick Out The Jams", the title track from 1969's classic debut and a rallying cry for both disaffected local youth and the Sinclair-affiliated White Panther Party.

Davis recorded three albums with the MC5 prior to breaking up in 1972, though he had become disillusioned long before the split. "After about 1970, my interest and attention turned to substances," he later recalled. "It wasn't a pleasant experience anymore being part of it and people in the band weren't communicating." He then answered ex-Stooges guitarist Ron Asheton's call to join Ann Arbor's underground art-noise outfit Destroy All Monsters, playing with the band for seven years and writing a fair amount of original songs, among them "Nobody Knows" and "Fast City", before quitting in 1985.

Davis relocated to Tucson,

Arizona, where he joined a string of bands, including Blood Orange. His other great passion was painting, returning to the world of abstract art he'd left behind as a student when rock came calling. In 2003 he reunited with surviving MC5 members Wayne Kramer and Dennis Thompson for a show at London's 100 Club, after which they embarked on a major world tour. A motorcycle smash in May 2006 led Davis and wife Angela to set up The Music Is Revolution Foundation, a non-profit organisation to promote music education in schools.

LOUISIANA RED

Blues slide-guitar maestro

1932-2012

SCHOOLED BY MUDDY Waters and Elmore James, Louisiana Red became a conduit for the living history of the blues. So intense were his live shows that the Alabama musician would often be moved to tears, while his mastery of slide guitar provided a backdrop of rich detail and mood. He started out in 1949 under the alias Rocky Fuller, cutting sides for the legendary Chess label, before touring with John Lee Hooker for a fair portion of the '50s. Debut album *The Lowdown Back Porch Blues* landed in 1963, which sired the minor R'n'B hit "Red's Dream". A year later "Too Poor To Die" briefly brushed the Billboard singles chart. He was presented with a much-coveted WC Handy Award in 1983.

JIMMY ELLIS

Trammps' "Disco Inferno" singer

1937-2012

THE TRAMMPS SCORED successes with "Hold Back The Night" and a remake of Judy Garland's "Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart", but they'll forever be remembered for 1977's era-defining transatlantic hit, "Disco Inferno". Delivered in the suitably ardent tones of co-founder Jimmy Ellis, the song reached a global audience when it was included on the soundtrack to *Saturday Night Fever*. The album brought the Philadelphia quintet their first Grammy and became the biggest-selling LP in history until Michael Jackson trumped it with *Thriller*. Ellis began as a gospel singer in church in South Carolina, before heading out for Philly and joining local R'n'B outfits The Volcanoes and The Exceptions. He continued to tour with The Trammps until 2008.

ROB HUGHES

Feedback...

Email allan_jones@ipcmedia.com or write to: Uncut Feedback, 9th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU. Or tweet us at twitter.com/uncutmagazine

LETTER OF THE MONTH

STAR-CLUB STORIES

JUST GOT HOLD of an airmail copy of *Uncut*'s March 2012 issue and read the article on the Star-Club. Oh, happy days! I was very fortunate to see The Beatles at the Litherland Town Hall [Merseyside] in the early '60s. At the time, I thought they were the most exciting band I had ever seen. Most of the bands at the time were trying to be like The Shadows, all suits and fancy steps, but they wore cowboy boots, leather jackets, and played rough and pure rock'n'roll, with Pete's bass drum going four to the bar.

Not long after, I met Manfred Weissleder, Horst Fascher and Roy Young at The Cavern Club and spent a few days showing them from venue to venue then finally setting up an audition at the Rialto Ballroom for the Star-Club. Along came The Searchers, Swinging Blue Jeans and possibly The Remo Four and Kingsize, plus others.

I ended up working for Manfred at the Star-Club from 1962/'63, where I met up with Sounds Inc., who I later worked with as a roadie through the happy years at NEMS and until their breakup in Australia in 1971.

We were so fortunate to see so many great American acts of the time perform at the club. Along with Gene and Richard, there were so many more – Johnny And The Hurricanes, Joey Dee And The Starlites, Brenda Lee, Ray Charles and Fats Domino. Also, there was Johnny Kidd & The Pirates, with Mick Green on guitar, and the outstanding Tony Sheridan, who at 2am with a few beers under his belt would blow your mind away. As for the recording of *Live! At The Star-Club...*, I believe it may have been



The young Beatles at the Star-Club, Hamburg, May '62

Adrian Barber, guitarist with The Big Three, who made the tapes.

So many thanks for letting me reminisce over a misspent youth and, as I'm sure you know, there are many stories from the Star-Club.

Regards and best wishes from Down Under.

John Fanning, via email

A few weeks after our March issue went off sale, there was a call to the office that came through to my phone. It turned out to be Tony Sheridan, who was trying to get in touch with John Robinson, who wrote our cover story on The Beatles in Hamburg, to thank him for his excellent feature. John was away at the time, but I was thrilled to have a chat. He too mentioned the many Star-Club stories to be told. It was obviously quite a time! – Allan

REMAKE/REMODEL

I just received my April issue, and I am enjoying the new design. Words like 'airy' and 'light' come to mind as I flip through the pages. The layout throughout is excellent. *Uncut* is my favourite magazine. Ten years ago, I would have as many as five or six subscriptions to magazines. And now I have but one subscription – *Uncut*.

It's always an exciting moment when I see my latest issue has arrived. Artists I have loved for all my life, mixed with artists I am just getting to know, all under one roof. As a music fan *Uncut* is essential. As a writer who has written music reviews, *Uncut* is inspiring.

I appreciate the hard work of the staff. Much continued success...

Jeffrey Hyatt, Newberry, Florida
Well, that's the kind of letter that brings a blush to our cheeks. Thanks, Jeffrey. – Allan

I have been an *Uncut* reader since Take One (regret to say I am missing a few early issues) and a subscriber for many years. I have also been privileged to be a member of your Manchester readers panel.

I like the new reviews section, especially the excellent Archive pages. The Ziggy Stardust feature actually told me things I didn't know – harder these days as we go through the 25th, 30th and 40th anniversaries of these seminal albums.

Instant Karma and the Danny Whitten feature both interested me, too. I think that there are lots of bands, albums, labels and events that still need coverage, a short list being: The Poppy Family; Nilsson; Arrival/Kokomo; John Stewart; Magna Carta; Harpers Bizarre; The (Young) Rascals; Mr Fox. Keep up the good work.

Richard Lysons, via email

Love the new look and glad to see the fiction book reviews are back.

Chris McCarroll, via email

I DO WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT

Thanks for an interesting article on Danny Whitten in the new-style *Uncut*. In the side piece about Whitten's "I Don't Want To Talk About It", the 'covers' story seems to start with Rod's discovery of the song in 1975. However, one year earlier, the song was covered by Ian (Iain) Matthews on *Some Days You Eat The Bear*. Matthews' habit at that time was to pick the best singer-songwriter songs and give them his own distinctive treatment. The song was recently included on his 3CD career retrospective. Even now, 38 years on, his version, in my opinion, still stands out as the definitive interpretation.

Charlie Brown, Cardiff

HEAVEN IS A FREE CD

Thanks to everyone who was involved in producing the fantastic CD that was free with the April 2012 issue of *Uncut*. I buy *Uncut* every month and usually like most of the tracks on the CDs, but I have to say April's CD is so amazing I cannot stop playing it. Every track is brilliant, just brilliant. I have a passion for music and would like to thank you for introducing me to the wonderful new bands on the CD. Please keep them coming like this CD. I don't usually send emails of this kind, but I just had to let you know how pleased I was.

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Tracey Phelps

Our pleasure, Tracey. – Allan

KINK-Y CLARIFICATION

I note that in the April edition of *Uncut*, Clem Cattini (or someone on



his behalf) claims to have played on The Kinks' "You Really Got Me".

I suggest that in fact Bobby Graham was the drummer, for the following reasons: Ray Davies on *The Storyteller* says Bobby played drums; Ray Davies is also quoted on the back cover of Bobby's book *The Session Man* by Patrick Harrington: "On the session for 'You Really Got Me' when Dave played the opening chords, Bobby Graham forgot the complicated introduction he had planned, and just thumped one beat on the snare drum with as much power as he could muster, and for the next three minutes he was one of us..."

I have spoken with Mick Avory who was then the drummer with The Kinks but stepped down (and played tambourine) on "You Really Got Me" for contractual reasons. Bobby himself claims to have played on the track in *The Session Man* (and told me it was him). Given the number of tracks Clem (and Bobby) played on in the '60s it is hardly surprising they forget who did which.

Mark Millin, General Pharmaceutical Council, London

There is no doubt it was Bobby who played, as he also did on "All Day And All Of The Night". I did the valedictory at Bobby's funeral and had a long chat with Ray Davies afterwards. I had spoken to him and Dave while researching the book. They both confirmed it was Bobby.

Patrick Harrington QC, via email
Thanks Mark and Patrick for pointing that out. - Allan

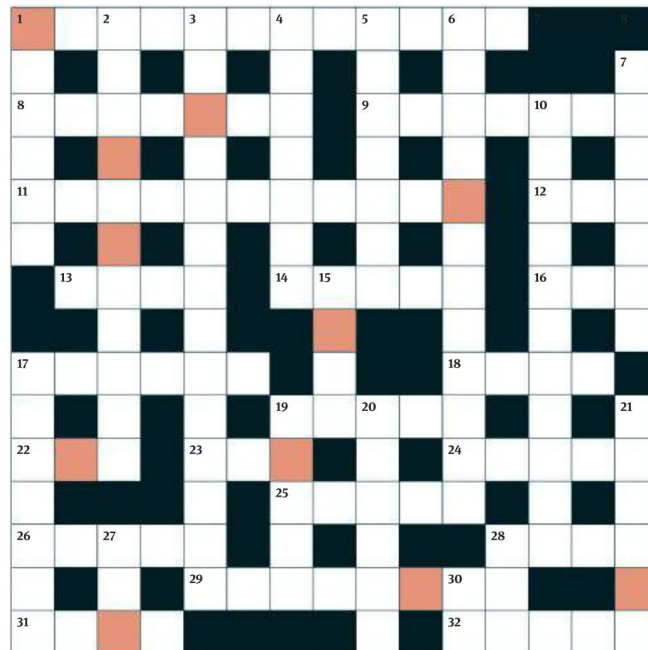
MIXED PEPPER STEW

I wonder if Dion DiMucci realises he is the member of an extremely exclusive club. By my count, of the dozens of people pictured on the cover of *Sgt Pepper...*, only five – as I write this – remain alive today: Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr, Bob Dylan, Dion and Shirley Temple.

OK, here's an idea. The 45th anniversary of *Pepper's* release is Friday, June 1, 2012. It would be such a kick to see the surviving five team up for a one-time-only, "I'm A Pepper, You're A Pepper" (Being For The Benefit Concert – at the Albert Hall, of course. Paul, Bob, Shirley, Dion and Ringo, together at last!! Think of the harmonies they could create, on a medley of "Runaround Sue", "She's Leaving Home", "Forever Young" and "On The Good Ship Lollipop"!

A singular evening, one that would be guaranteed to raise a smile... not to mention, lots of money for some deserving charity.

David English, Somerville, MA
What a great idea. - Allan



HOW TO ENTER

The letters in the shaded squares form an anagram of a song by Jack White. When you've worked out what it is, send your answer to: Uncut May 2012 Xword Comp, 9th floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London SE1 0SU. The first correct entry picked at random will win a prize. Closing date: April 25, 2012. This competition is only open to European residents.

ACROSS

- 1 All that dancing in the dark was just ruining the dance itself (8-4)
- 8+31A Gracie's hell in sorting out an album for Nico (7-4)
- 9 Name of Richard Thompson's album – is name a problem? (7)
- 11+7D "Bachelors phone up their friends for a drink, while the married ones turn on a chat show", 1990 (7-4-7)
- 12 As the Brain Salad Surgery people were often called (3)
- 13 Self-named band of Paul _____, whose hits included "Love And Pride" (4)
- 14 Name of Richard Thompson's former wife (5)
- 16 Be Good To Yourself At Least Once A Day by listening to a prog-rock band (3)
- 17 They did a Rank live album (6)
- 18 Julian Copesingle, Monkees album or brotherly name in Shack (4)
- 19 Singer from The Members spotted in a clapped-out Escort (5)
- 22 "Tossing And Turning" with '60s group The _____ League (3)
- 23 Record label for The Kinks, Searchers and Donovan (3)
- 24 Jamaican reggae artist and Clash producer _____ Dread (5)
- 25 (See 1 down)
- 26 Those not sonice _____ Days of Gorillaz (5)
- 28 "Oh well, your mama don't mind/And your papa don't mind", 1963 (4)

ANSWERS: TAKE 178

ACROSS 1+8 Let's Go Eat The Factory, 7 If, 9 Victims, 10+19 D Plastic Bertrand, 12 No Exit, 13 Acapulco, 14+15 A In God's Country, 20 Twenty One, 21 Terry, 23 Eater, 28

On, 29 Eider, 31 Alan Mair, 33 Enya, 34 Tide, 35 Dreamer.

DOWN 1 Living In The Past, 2 Tucker, 3 Guiding Star, 4+26 D Easy Rider, 5+24 A Tupac Shakur, 6 HAARP, 11 Telstar, 16

29 "So sorry, I never meant to break your heart, but you broke mine/ I just wanna say I'm sorry", 1985 (8)

31 (See 8 across)

32 They came out of The Rain in 1991 (5)

DOWN

- 1+25A Our inability to move in time to the music of Genesis (2-4-5)
- 2 "We got a love between us and it's like _____", Suede (11)
- 3 Strangely The Kinks sing hit EP with Naked band (7-3-4)
- 4 Dido without that heavenly body (2-5)
- 5 Canadian band _____ 3000 who went "Drinking In LA" (4-3)
- 6 John Fogerty had no short cut getting back after this live recording (4-4-4)
- 7 (See 11 across)
- 10 Same act kept turning up with the likes of Rod Stewart, Long John Baldry and Julie Driscoll (11)
- 15 Neither Roy Wood nor Jeff Lynne did any work for The _____ Race (4)
- 17 Noisy party with music from The Shadows (7)
- 19 Name of Richard Thompson's son (5)
- 20 "Yes, there's love if you want it/Don't sound like no _____", The Verve (6)
- 21 Personal view of a Travis song (2-4)
- 27 A bit of remorse from Blur regarding this performance (1-1-1)
- 28 Rock'n'roll group _____ Na Na who found fame at Woodstock (3)
- 30 Golden Oldies Show starts off with a Moby track (2)

Drops, 18 Untrue, 22 Rope, 25 Horse, 27 Laid, 30 Road, 32+17 D Jim Cregan.

HIDDEN ANSWER
"I'll Follow The Sun"

Compiled by
Trevor Hungerford

IPC Media, 9th Floor, Blue Fin Building,
110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU
Tel: 020 3148 6970/6982 www.uncut.co.uk

EDITOR Allan Jones
DEPUTY EDITOR John Mulvey
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Michael Bonner
ASSOCIATE EDITOR John Robinson
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR Nigel Williamson
ART EDITOR Marc Jones
SENIOR DESIGNER Michael Chapman
PRODUCTION EDITOR Mick Meikleham
SUB EDITOR/WRITER Tom Pinnock
PICTURE RESEARCHER Phil King

CONTRIBUTORS David Cavanagh, Tom Charity, Jon Dale, Stephen Dalton, Jamie Fullerton, Andy Gill, Nick Hasted, Mick Houghton, Rob Hughes, Trevor Hungerford, Wendy Ide, Danny Kelly, John Lewis, April Long, Pat Long, Damien Love, Alastair McKay, Geoffrey Macnab, Ben Marshall, Gavin Martin, Piers Martin, Andrew Mueller, Garry Mulholland, Sharon O'Connell, Louis Pattison, James Poletti, David Quantick, Sam Richards, Jonathan Romney, Bud Scoppa, Peter Shapiro, Neil Spencer, Marc Spitz, Terry Staunton, David Stubbs, Graeme Thomson, Luke Torn, Stephen Troussé, Jaan Uhelszki, Peter Watts, Damon Wise, Wyndham Wallace, Rob Young

COVER PHOTO: © Pieter M van Hatten
PHOTOGRAPHERS: Kevin Cummins, GODLIS, Eric Meola, Jim Marshall, Robert Altman, Jo McCaughey, Normski, David Corio, Danny Clinch
THANKS THIS ISSUE: Iain Fryer, Miles Johnson (design), Kimberley Kriete (pictures)

DISPLAY ADVERTISING

DIGITAL BUSINESS DIRECTOR Andrew Sanders
DISPLAY AND ONLINE SALES Stephane Folquet
020 3148 6724, Hollie-Anne Shelley 020 3148 6725, Tim Collins 020 3148 6703, Stephane Folquet 020 3148 6724, Josie Westbrook-Caswell 020 3148 6731
LIVE SALES EXEC Emma Martin 020 3148 6705
REGIONAL SALES Oliver Scull 0161 872 2152
AD PRODUCTION Alec Short 020 3148 6736, Email all ad copy to alec_short@ipcmedia.com

CREATIVE MEDIA

HEAD OF AGENCY SALES Chris Dicker
020 3148 6709
HEAD OF CREATIVE MEDIA - MEN & MUSIC
Rob Hunt
DEPUTY HEAD OF CREATIVE MEDIA
Neil McSteen
CREATIVE MEDIA MANAGERS Jade Bousfield, Alex Fletcher, Sally Knight, Adam Bulleid
CREATIVE MEDIA PROJECT MANAGER
Elisabeth Hempshall 020 3148 6726

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED SALES MANAGER Nicola Jago
020 3148 2608
CLASSIFIED SALES EXECUTIVE Ryan Burnett
020 3148 2886
COPY CONTACT Chloe Wooding 020 3148 2612

GROUP TRADING DIRECTOR Kate Mackenzie
020 3148 3670
GROUP TRADING DIRECTOR'S PA Laura Cillo
020 3148 3670
GROUP DEPUTY TRADING DIRECTOR
Jon Restall 020 3148 7626
CREATIVE MEDIA DIRECTOR Matt Downs
020 3148 3681
CREATIVE MEDIA DIRECTOR'S PA
Tribha Shukla 020 3148 6733
DIRECTOR OF INSIGHT Amanda Wigginton
20 3148 3636
MARKETING MANAGER Ellie Miles 020 3148 6775
HEAD OF MARKETING Tim Pearson
MARKETING EXECUTIVE Tom Dobbs
CIRCULATION MANAGER Chris Potter
SUBSCRIPTIONS MARKETING EXECUTIVE
Nina Braham
SYNDICATION MANAGER Nicola Beasley-Suffolk
PRODUCTION MANAGER Lisa Clay
HEAD OF FINANCE Tony Falco
MANAGEMENT ACCOUNTANT Tony Howell

GROUP EDITORIAL DIRECTOR Steve Sutherland
PUBLISHER Tracy Cheesman
PUBLISHING DIRECTOR Emily Hutchings
PUBLISHING DIRECTOR'S PA Hollie Bishop
020 3148 6848
MANAGING DIRECTOR Paul Williams

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year (12 issues) including p&p: UK £61.40; Direct entry (USA) \$130.65; Europe (display euro sign in front of rate) 127.68; North America \$94.94; Rest of World £118.87. We regret that the free cover-mounted CD is not available to EU subscribers outside the UK. For UK subscription enquiries and orders please call 0844 848 0848 or email ipcsubs@quadrantsubs.com. For overseas subscription enquiries and orders please call +44 (0) 330 3330 233.
Back Issues Enquiries: Tel: 01733 385170
Fax: 01733 239356. www.mags-uk.com/ipc

© 2012 IPC Media. No Part Of This Magazine May Be Reproduced, Stored In A Retrieval System Or Transmitted In Any Form Without The Prior Permission Of The Publishers. Repro by Rhapsody (nowmagazine.co.uk). Covers printed by Wyndeham Plymouth. Text printed by Polestar Chantry, Wakefield.
Uncut, 1968-0722, is published Monthly by IPC Media, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London, SE1 0SU, England. Airfreight and mailing in the USA by agent named Air Business Ltd, c/o Worldnet Shipping Inc, 195-15, 146th Ave, 2nd Floor, Jamaica, NY 11434, USA. Periodicals postage paid at Jamaica NY 11434. US Postmaster: Send address changes to Uncut Air Business Ltd, c/o Worldnet Shipping Inc, 195-15, 146th Ave, 2nd Floor, Jamaica, NY 11434, USA. Subscription records are maintained at IPC Media, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London, SE1 0SU, UK. Air Business Ltd is acting as our mailing agent.

IPC INSPIRE



MY LIFE IN MUSIC

Christy Moore

Ride on! The revolutionary songs that inspired an Irish folk icon



The first song to have an effect on me

Kevin Barry 1920
Peadar Kearney

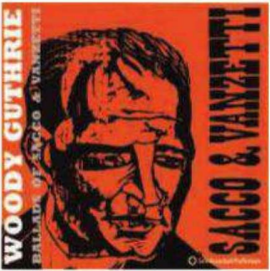
When I was about six, my mother used to sing this to me. There was so much emotion in it and I learnt it myself, and used to sing it as a boy soprano in concerts in my hometown of Newbridge, County Kildare. I was singing this in the '50s and Kevin Barry, a Republican, had been executed 30 years previously, so I knew it was affecting people, but didn't really know why.



The song that reminds me of my father

Lonely Boy 1959
Paul Anka

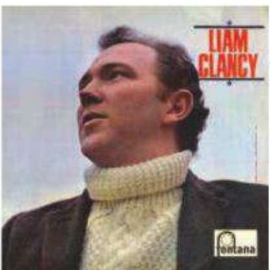
I was about 11 or 12 when I heard this on Radio Luxembourg and it resonated with me because my father died when I was 11. At the time, I was learning to sing and play piano and it was just the words. I don't know why, but even today when I hear it, this stirs something within me. There are certain songs that just do – it's a mystery and I like that.



My springboard to songwriting

Ballads Of Sacco & Vanzetti 1947
Woody Guthrie

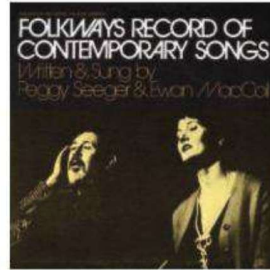
Sacco and Vanzetti were executed in 1926 on a framed-up murder charge and Guthrie recorded an album of songs about them. I heard this when living in London's Finsbury Park in about 1969. I was starting my career and hadn't heard Guthrie before. I was very moved by the way he sang, and it started me thinking about writing my own songs.



The song that taught me about performing

Carrickfergus 1964
Liam Clancy

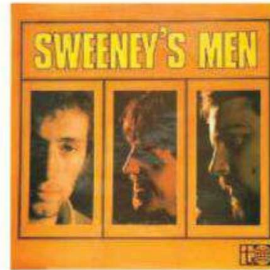
I went to the Fleadh Cheoil in Bunclody town when I was 18 and Liam Clancy was on the street playing with a crowd around him. It was a sunny Sunday afternoon and I thought, 'God, I want some of this.' His eyes were closed, his head was back and he was singing so soulfully that people were enthralled. I got the whole connection between the singer, the song and the audience.



My introduction to Seeger/MacColl

The Compañeros 1968
Peggy Seeger/Ewan MacColl

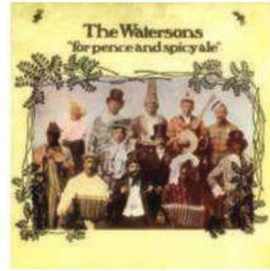
I went to see these two performing at The Singers folk club at the Union Tavern in London in 1968. This song tells the story of Fidel and Che going to Cuba to start the revolution – something that had happened just years before. One of the greatest nights of my life was about two years later, when I was booked to play there and sang with Ewan and Peggy. It was an amazing experience.



The record that made me form a band

Rattlin' Roarin' Willy 1969
Sweeney's Men

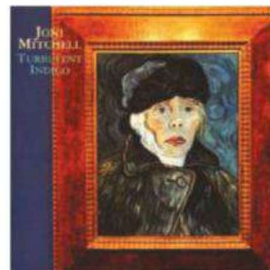
When I heard this, it was the first time I wanted to be in a band, rather than perform solo. That was the sound I tried to reproduce on my second album, which I recorded in 1971 and which led to the formation of Planxty. I loved the harmonies and the instruments, and the sounds of guitar, mandolin and bouzouki being played with attitude, rather than respect for tradition.



My favourite family group

The Good Old Way 1975
The Watsons

I encountered The Watsons in the late '60s, and they melted my heart. It's still melted to this day, although two of them have passed. There's something about family groups – I don't know what, but it's a special blend you never get outside them. I even hear it myself; I've got three sisters and two brothers and whenever we sing songs from our childhood, it's always special.



A song that can still any room

The Magdalene Laundries 1994
Joni Mitchell

The Magdalene Laundries were run by the Sisters Of Mercy as orphanages, and young women got terribly abused there. They were basically prisons. This song works in that it's horrific in content, but so beautiful you have to listen. Whenever I perform it, it stills the night, and at the end there's always a silence, as people don't feel it's apt to applaud. 🕯

Christy Moore's UK tour begins on April 1 at Leeds Town Hall

IN NEXT MONTH'S UNCUT: "I wanted to be as rhythmic as James Brown, as deep as Bob Dylan and as fiery as Little Richard..."

WorldMags.net



SONIC EDITIONS

Presents

THE
UNCUT
COLLECTION

25 Iconic images curated by editor Allan Jones, completely refreshed for 2012. Including The Beatles, The Who, Stone Roses, Bruce Springsteen, The Clash, Tom Waits, Iggy Pop, The Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin and more.

Limited edition prints, individually numbered, hand printed and framed to order, from £45/\$75 unframed or £69/\$109 framed.

Visit www.SonicEditions.com/Uncut

JACK WHITE

BLUNDERBUSS



DEBUT ALBUM
OUT 23RD APRIL



NASHVILLE ELECTRIC SERVICE
POWER SUBSTATION

WorldMags.net
XL RECORDINGS

