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kitchen sink to their windswept dystopian technoscape: howling glitches, siren Moogs, stentorian strings, Arabic wailing and crunching guitar riffs designed for maximum on-stage headbang. It may be as conceptually bleak and unremitting as John Wyndham's The Chrysalids or Cormac McCarthy's The Road, but like all Numan's greatest work, Savage sounds timeless. Andy Cowan





BIG LEGAL MESS. CD/DL

An incredible debut from the next big-voiced soul sensation out of Brooklyn.

From Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn, Bette Smith was brought up a Seventh Day Adventist, singing gospel from the age of five. She was forbidden to perform the secular songs she'd sneaked a listen to in her teens, but after her choir-director father's death in 2012, she took Otis Redding as her template and started blues shouting and soul rockin' at street fairs and bars. For her debut album. producer Jimbo Mathus took her south, to Water Valley's Dial Back Sound studio in Mississippi. The deep, powerful rasp he captures live aligns her to Tina Turner, Bettye Lavette and Mavis Staples, the latter especially on a passionate cover of The Staple Singers'

City In The Sky. I Found Love and the title track, meanwhile, take her out of the church and into the fields; her vocal so raw, it hurts.

Lois Wilson



## **Extricated** \*\*\*

Part 2 BLANG, CD/DL/LP

Reunited old soldiers fail

to escape the long shadow of The Fall. Although Brix Start-Smith claims top billing, the former

wife of Mark E is not The Extricated's sole Fall refugee. Bassist Stephen Hanley, his drummer brother Paul and 2004-2006 guitarist Steven Trafford join her in an outfit pointedly named after 1990's first post-Brix Fall album Extricate. The only non alumnus is guitarist Jason Brown. Fittingly, looking back brought this mix'n'match band together – Brix and Stephen Hanley reconnected as he promoted his book The Big Weekend. With time warped by revisiting The Fall's Hotel Bloedel (a sweet recalibration akin to Brix's other band, The Adult Net) and LA (a needlessly straight rendition) and the new Something To Lose's nods to Hip Priest, Part 2 wins with the garage-guitar-pop of Hollywood and the hardedged though sugary Teflon. In keeping with Brix's own memoir, Part 2 suggests that

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