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JULY 2019, UK £5.75, US \$11.99



ENDLESS BOOGIE

Volumes I, II NO QUARTER

8/10

Impossible-to-get first albums by grizzled psych maestros make a heroic return

Born out of Tuesday-night jams by a group of Matador Records employees and record dealer Paul "Top Dollar"

Major, Endless Boogie made their live debut opening for Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks in 2001. Four years later, the band were still a largely casual concern when they were invited to cross the pond for the Slint-curated ATP Festival. Needing some merch to sell, Endless Boogie pressed their first run of LPs, drawing the tracks from their trove of rehearsal tapes. Another unnamed album was cobbled together soon thereafter and mostly given away to friends. Needless to say, copies have been much coveted by Major's collector brethren. The six songs spread across No Quarter's double-CD/double-LP reissue offer a rough and extra-rambling version of the sound that would achieve its full glory on 2010's *Full House Head* and 2013's *Long Island*. Of course, few fans will mind that the band preferred to take the long way round. One of two tracks that near or surpass the 25-minute mark, "Morning Line Dirt" is a garagey Crazy Horse psych-out par excellence. Likewise, "Came Wind, Game Finish" will level anyone who ever believed that the two greatest albums of 1973 were ZZ Top's *Tres Hombres* and Hawkwind's *Space Ritual*. The dubious fidelity quality of these historic documents only adds to their contents' air of grotty authenticity and infectious spontaneity.

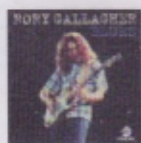
Extras: None. **JASON ANDERSON**

RORY GALLAGHER

Blues CHESSE

8/10

From the Mississippi to the Liffey...



Gallagher found myriad similarities between the blues and traditional Irish music ("A lot of wailing, bending of notes, melancholy, minor-key things") – which may explain why few born so far from the Delta have ever played it with such conviction. Comprising 90 per cent unreleased material, this 36-track, 3CD set chronicles the Irish guitarist's blues affinity throughout his solo career, from 1971 until his death in 1995. With the discs themed as "electric", "acoustic" and "live", there are guest sessions with his American blues heroes, including Muddy Waters and Albert King, country-blues wonders such as "Whole Lot of People" and "Blow Wind Blow", which showcase his finger-picking dexterity, slide heaven on the brilliant "I Could've Had Religion" and Hendrix-style pyrotechnics on "All Around Man", while "Leaving Town Blues" was recorded for a Peter Green tribute LP shortly before he died and spotlights his stomping mandolin and vibrant, husky vocals. The final disc closes with him talking about the blues: "The ultimate dream is that in 50 years' time one of your songs matched a blues classic. That would be something for your tombstone." This box is his monument, and it's a mighty one indeed.

Extras: 7/10. Extensive and informative booklet. **NIGEL WILLIAMSON**

NIC JONES

An Introduction To Nic Jones

TOPIC

8/10

Trad-arr visionary's truncated greatest hits



That Nic Jones needs any introduction remains a great shame; had the thwack-and-twang guitarist not been seriously injured when his car collided with a brick lorry in 1982, he might have had several boxsets' worth of

material by now. Jones survived the accident but playing on was never a prospect, though he is in stout enough health to have curated this selection of his recordings that the reinvigorated Topic label has access to (his first four LPs, recorded for Leader, having effectively been captured and killed by the rights holders). Several songs from *Game, Set, Match* – a 2006 live collection concocted from 1970s folk-club tapes – get their vinyl debut, while absolute beginners should start with "Farewell To The Gold", one of four tracks filleted from 1980's Bob Dylan-approved *Penguin Eggs*. Romantic, rapturous, restrained.

Extras: 8/10. Fragile but game, Jones sang at a handful of festivals from 2010–13, and furtively recorded a few songs, too. Hitherto unheard takes of Bill Worsfold's immigrant rhapsody "I Only Spoke Portuguese" and Jones's own ecstatic hymn to being, "Now", offer the prospect that more might be to come. Be glad. **JIM WIRTH**

RONNIE LANE
Just For A Moment:

MUSIC 1973–1997 UNIVERSAL

9/10

122-track marvel, plus gorgeous in-depth bio, finally rectifies the wrong



A mod pioneer in the Small Faces, Ronnie Lane was a musical fireball from the get-go. His rewiring during the Faces' waning days, though – think "Ooh La La" – signalled a visionary shift, an enigmatic intent to shatter rock's hoity-toity status quo. Indeed, he glided into an art-is-everything, commerciality-be-damned universe. Scores of compositions, magical genre shuffles, splendid backing musicians, plus the doomed Slim Chance tour followed; meanwhile,



Ronnie Lane (back, left) and Slim Chance on the road

capitalism disapproved. His stardom, fandom and, sadly, his health soon dwindled. *Just For A Moment* is the first true effort to oversee Lane's solo years, and it's a doozy. "Anymore for Anymore", "Roll On, Babe", and all the shoulda-been smashes are here, but song after song reveals Lane's guile, humour, spontaneity – in brilliant lyrical, musically expansive, even philosophical ways. Live recordings from his UK days, highlighted by a 1973 Slim Chance take on "Flags And Banners", are priceless, while Texas-based pickup-band recordings from his end-times reveal the same dedication and expressionism. Long-buried studio tracks emerge as revelatory: "Lonely", eternal Motown soul with a riveting bassline arc, is pure gold; "Pishead Blues", a seven-minute tale of life and lunacy quite to Chuck Berry/"You Never Can Tell" riffs, is a roaring, ramshackle delight.

Extras: 7/10: Live bonus cuts and more. **LUKE TORN**

PINK FLOYD
The Division Bell:
25th Anniversary Edition

PINK FLOYD RECORDS

7/10

1994 Floyd battleship released as a blue-vinyl double album



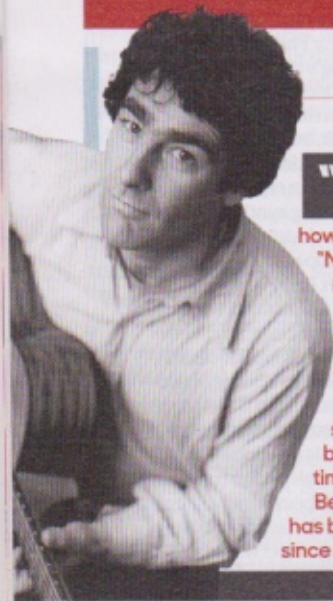
It got some withering reviews on release ("It's very, very boring," wrote the *NME*. "Their accountants will be pleased"), but history has been kind to this late-era Floyd LP. Not because it was sonically groundbreaking or anything, but because it is the reassuring sound of Floyd being Floyd, not to mention the last outing for keyboardist Rick Wright. Its slow-burning songs are dominated by David Gilmour's slo-mo, hands-free guitar solos and, without Roger Waters, the lyrics lack spleen – the only caustic moment comes when Waters is indirectly quoted on the country-tinged "Lost For Words", where he is clearly referenced as a man "engulfed in a fever of spite" who, when asked to wipe the slate clean, tells Gilmour "to please go fuck yourself". Waters also has a walk-on role in the rather lovely "Poles Apart", filled with references to him and Syd Barrett. Elsewhere the burbling electronica of "Keep Talking" samples Stephen Hawking (using his quotes from a BT advert, no less); "Take It Back" references U2; while "High Hopes" is a moving, bucolic meditation on the band's early days in Cambridge.

Extras: 4/10. Blue vinyl. **JOHN LEWIS**

REVELATIONS

NIC JONES

"If people still like the records, great!"



"It's about nowism – it's a bit eclectic" is how Nic Jones explains "Now", one of two newly recorded songs on Topic's *An Introduction To Nic Jones*. "Now is neither past nor future but somewhere in between. That's the time we always are." Being in the moment has been Jones's thing since a 1982 road

accident ended his career. Living quietly in Devon, he spends his days, "Thinking. Playing the guitar occasionally. Reading. Watching the snooker." However, his reputation – based upon 1980's extraordinary *Penguin Eggs* and his deleted 1970s albums – remains huge, albeit somewhat mystifying to the master trad-rearranger himself: "It's amazing rather than pleasing. I've been down here for years doing

nothing, and if people still like the records, great!"

Accompanied by his son Joe, Jones made some unexpected festival appearances in the early 2010s, and has not ruled out performing again: "I'd like to play the guitar, but it takes a long time to work out. About 30 years! The first few years [after the accident], I didn't do a thing on guitar. I had to relearn everything: English, all the swear words. They're the key words." **JIM WIRTH**