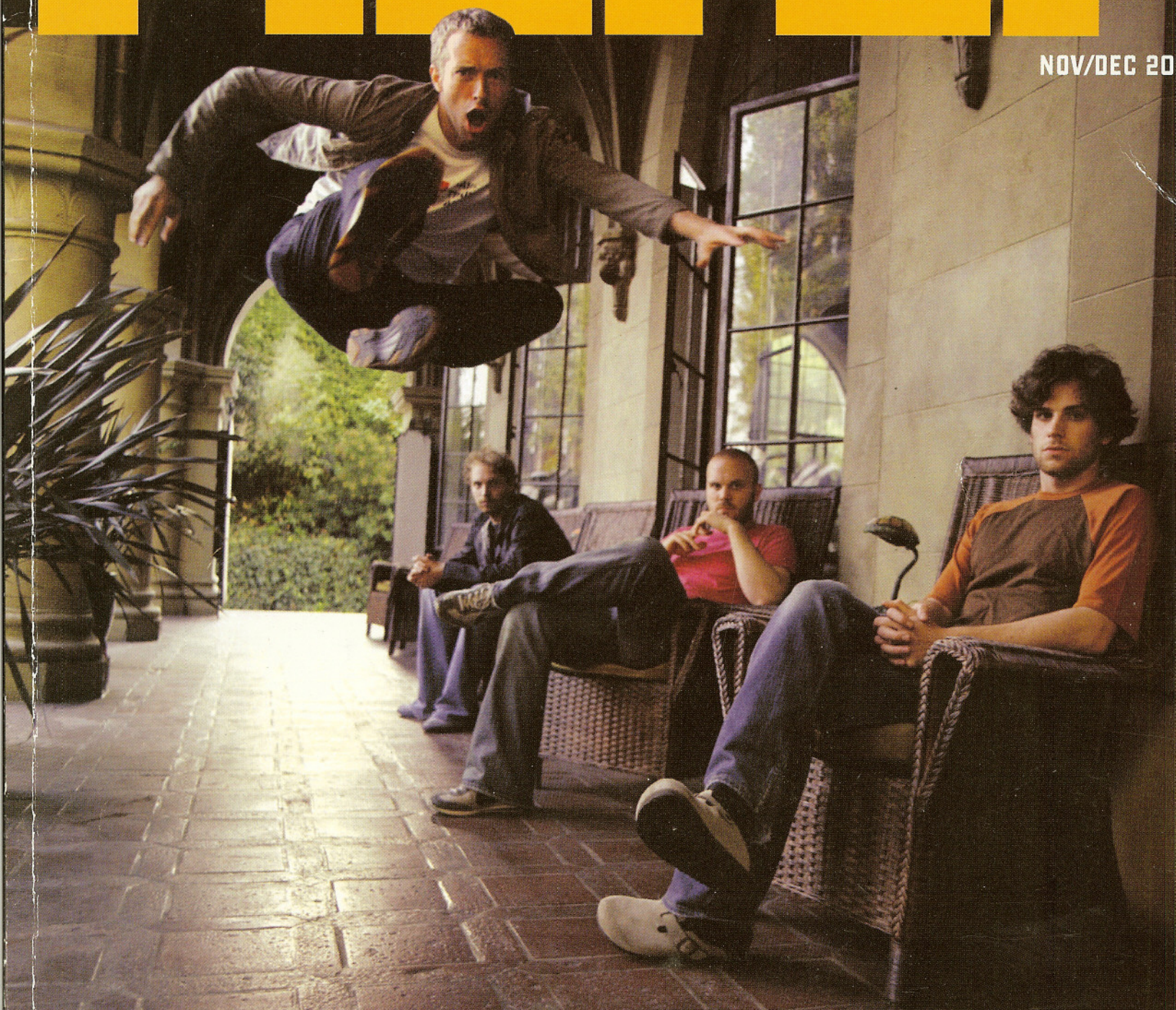


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NOV/DEC 20



## COLDPLAY

AT HOME IN THE WORLD

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW



GETTING TO KNOW

# THE MUSIC



BY MARK VON PFEIFFER

**“YOU’RE 19.** With artists like ‘N Sync and the Backstreet Boys in your age group, do you feel pressure to develop and perfect elaborate dance routines?”

“Fuck that,” quips guitarist Adam Nutter (yes, that’s his real name) who still lives at home with his parents.

The last time the U.S. really gave a shit about an emerging band from the U.K., it was Led Zeppelin. We’ve had flings with groups like Oasis and the Stone Roses, as long as they paid for the room, but as far as educating ourselves on their scene as a whole...well, disgusting as it sounds, we’d rather watch “Oprah.” That said, grab your ankles and pray to the God of your choice, because the Music is going to make you walk funny.

Robert Harvey (vocals), Stuart Coleman (bass), Phil Jordan (drums) and Nutter are from Leeds, a northern town in England known more for its beer than its music scene. “It’s dominated by shitty dance music,” Nutter explains. “Us not being into dance music, we formed the band out of sheer boredom.” Don’t get the idea that the Music is adverse to all forms of electronic. It’s the various elements of in-studio digital augmentation and tweaking that gives the raw chain-gun attack of the Music that extra magazine of firepower that’ll make your speakers glow.

Currently they’re traipsing about the Isle of Enchantment on tour. Nutter paints a standard day: “We get up around one, hang around, have a sound check at about five, hang around a bit more, do the gig around 10, then get pissed. Better than working at Burger King.”

Although they’re young, gunslinger-cool and sport a name that smacks of over-confidence, they’re anything but relaxed when they saddle up. The Music is rock. Screaming, slicing and psy-

chedelic tracks like “Take the Long Road and Walk It” and “Getaway,” will leave you feeling like a Cornish game hen that’s been worked over by a pack of wild dogs. Their sound is a ghostly nitrous—something the Verve might have sounded like if they unexpectedly had an electric cow prod shoved where the sun don’t shine.

Upon the occasion of opening for Oasis, front man Harvey—who bangs the gong like the vocal lovechild of Perry Farrell and Black Sabbath-era Ozzy—was quoted as saying: “They should feel privileged to be on the same stage with us.” Such a statement voices the widely expressed need for a shift in a stagnant English scene that leaves the Charlatans as the last of the great contenders from the early ‘90s wave of Brit pop.

Having already been mobbed by the U.K. press, they’re poised to start a coast-spanning, marijuana-fueled American tour. Packaging echoes of the Cult and Led Zeppelin and wrapping it up with an acid house bow, these lads are just inventive enough to tickle the American palette while remaining familiar enough not to confuse or frighten the public. **F**