



## **SOUND OUT: June 2005**

### **MARK MULCAHY – Sussex Arts Club – Wed 1<sup>st</sup>**

Not for nowt is this maverick minstrel reported as Thom Yorke's favourite singer on the planet, possessing pipes that melt amber to syrup. A cult figure too long, his soaring, yet intimate (T. and J.) Buckley-esque vocal delivery and lyrical quirk have also had 'arbiters of taste' perma-foaming since the 80s US 'college rock' boom - when Peter Buck wondered if R.E.M. could ever be as good as Mulcahy's Miracle Legion. Special.

### **MATT ELLIOTT – Hanbury Ballroom – Sun 5<sup>th</sup>**

The creative force behind 'folktronica' godheads Third Eye Foundation, Elliott tops a triple-bill of distinctly Gallic flavour. Akin to a one-man Penguin Café Orchestra for *Wire* readers, his instrumental 'drinking songs' are epic and melancholy with unexpected flashes of sonic elements totally at odds with what has preceded them. Live soundscaping phenomenon Manyfingers and French kora player Thee, Stranded Horse support.

### **A HAWK AND A HACKSAW – Freebutt – Wed 8<sup>th</sup>**

For further voiceless oddity, look no further than here. Anything whatsoever bearing the name of 'Elephant Six' pop freaks Neutral Milk Hotel in its biography is always worthy of investigation, none-more-so than this virtually uncategorizable brilliance from former drummer (and Bablicon leader) Jeremy Barnes. Part Philip Glass, part traditional European gypsy music, part deserted-fairground-at-midnight scariness, all bonkers.

### **CHRIS HILLMAN – Komedia – Thu 9<sup>th</sup>**

He was in The Byrds and The Flying Burrito Brothers. He wrote or co-wrote songs so famous you may not even know that you know them – because, like all great popular art, they are indelibly *there*. These bands and these songs serve as the blueprint for a thousand others of either you would deem your lives incomplete without. He is one of the greatest bluegrass musicians alive. I love him. What else do you need to know?

### **SAINT ETIENNE – Concorde 2 – Wed 15<sup>th</sup>**

Personal interest having waned a bit following their last couple of albums, it's been a thrill to have been reminded of these quintessentially English pop stylists' impeccable taste via

the *Songs For Mario's Café* comp and their wondrous contribution to mix series *The Trip*. Considered repellently smug and a soulless live proposition by many, Saint Etienne nonetheless remain, at least, one of the greatest singles bands ever. So there.

**TOM SHERIFF**

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