

irritants of modern-day life by wrapping themselves in wobbly, melancholic dream pop. For their second album, London-based duo Still Corners mix shades of The xx's small-hours confessionals, the soft-focus synthscapes of M83 and a massive wash of Beach House's glum wist-rock into their own soothing indie balm. The likes of The Trip and Going Back To Strange are sigh-inducing and bittersweet while on Fireflies singer Tessa Murray displays the sort of breathy elegance Lana Del Rey was meant to deliver. Occasionally the pair can come across as merely tired rather than otherworldly and ethereal, but as a whole, *Strange Pleasures* is a lush, intoxicating place to drift away in. Don't get mad: get sleepy.

Chris Catchpole

The Fall



Re-Mit

CHERRY RED. CD/DL/LP

Infotainment Scan-ish 30th studio punch-up for Mark E's 'combo'.

"Spiders! Spiders!" gargles Mark E Smith on *Kinder Of Spine*, an arachnophobia nightmare with a side order of amphetamine paranoia, which makes similar-

sounding vintage garage nasties such as *I Hate You* by The Monks seem like chill-out music. Most Fall-watchers agree that post-millennial developments – kerranging *Nuggetsy* riffs, sporadic motorik beats – are preferable to the 1990s' pristine impenetrability. As ever, some ace stuff aboard here: Hittite Man's gnarly exotica; Victrola Time's urgent Kraut metronomy; the rollicking punkabilly of Irish. But you do long for MES to turn up with a sheaf of structured writing, as per *Hex Enduction*, rather than a sozzled brainful of scattered grievances and in-jokes. Noise finds him ribbing "nasty-noise Peter", aka guitarist Pete Greenway, for "twitching all over the frets". Playing devil's advocate: if The Fall stay locked in this abusive groove any longer, surely they're just Status Quo with boxing gloves on?

Andrew Perry

