

CHART SALES GO WEST

Two Perth bands battled it out to make the week's highest debut in this week's ARIA Albums Chart but both were pipped by the third in the series of *Glee* soundtracks (also atop the US chart and featuring expat **Olivia Newton-John** reworking her 1981 hit *Physical*). And, it was drum'n'bass-turned-electroclerk outfit **Pendulum** who won the West Aussie sales war with their *Immersion* set entering at three just one notch above trip rockers **Tame Impala**, landing at four with *InnerSpeaker*. The East Coast's debuts came in lower, **The Beautiful Girls** at 18 with *Spooks* and **Deez Nuts** at 44 with *This One's For You*. In the Music DVD Chart, Sydney's **Cog** became the only local in that top 40 with their *The Sound Of Three - 12 Years With You* debuting at number one.

MURPHY'S LAW

While completing a track by track of LCD Soundsystem's recent *This Is Happening* set, **James Murphy** was particularly revealing when it came to *Dance Yrself Clean*. "I had to sing it with a voice that was completely blown out, but then I took lots of steroids!" he told *NME*. "So I juiced for this record! It's cheating, I'm cheating! I cheated to sing this song."

DIRECT TO THE SUMMIT

One lucky singer/songwriter from every Australian state will be flown to Sydney to attend the **2010 Song Summit** and also participate in an exclusive songwriting workshop with APRA Songwriter Of The Year **Julian Hamilton**, **Washington**, and **Kevin Mitchell** (AKA Bob Evans) thanks to the pairing of Triple J Unearthed and Song Summit. Hit up songsummit.com.au/unearthed.htm for more details and get your entries in by Sunday 6 June.

GOING DIGITAL

Missing Link Records is excited to announce plans for the launch of **Missing Link Digital Media** in June. The legal download service will include tracks from many of Missing Link's favourite labels and bands and also aims to give independent artists an opportunity to share their music with a worldwide audience. Labels that have signed so far include MGM, Shock, Obese, Resist, Boomtown, Anchor Brain, Aberrant and Reactor. B-sides, live tracks and live video streaming and rarities will also be included on the site with all downloads available in the standard mp3 format as well as FLAC format for the true music fanatics.

JOB OPS

MTV Networks Australia is in search of an experienced **Production Manager**. The successful applicant will be responsible for the management of all of the company's shoots and events. As a manager level-employee leading the Production Management team, this role will require mentorship and training for more junior members of the department. Contact Janelle McCarthy (janelle.mccarthy@mtvna.com.au) for more information. Also, a **Chief Executive** position has been created for **Music Victoria** to shape the agenda and direction of this non-profit organisation. The CEO will implement strategies, programs, systems and processes that enable Music Victoria to develop and promote the state's contemporary music industry. To apply for this position, email applymel@shk.com.au.

HAVE YOUR SAY

The **Indigenous Music Awards** will take place on Saturday 28 August in Darwin and Music NT calls upon anyone working in the national music industry to participate in the nomination process for the selection of Northern Territory talent.

MOVES & SHAKES

Mark Callaghan has been appointed Managing Director of Music Sales Pty Ltd preceding Norm Lurie's retirement at the end of 2011.

Got news? Announcements? Gossip? Unsubstantiated but hilarious rumours? Send them all to finishline@streetpress.com.au.

MIA: love adore love her



MIA TAKES ON COURTNEY'S NEMESIS

After publishing journalist Lynn Hirschberg's office phone number on Twitter last Thursday, a disgruntled **MIA** (Maya Arulpragasam on her passport) has now posted her version of "the Truff" on her Neet Recordings homepage. Taking offence to the nine-page cover story penned by the *NY Times Magazine* journalist, the Sri Lankan artist tweeted, "CALL ME IF YOU WANNA TALK TO ME ABOUT THE N Y T TRUTH ISSUE, ill b taking calls all day bitches," insinuating these were her own digits. *The New York Observer* contacted Hirschberg - who painted a famously unflattering portrait of Courtney Love for *Vanity Fair* in 1992 - and the scribe quipped, "I find it kind of interesting that she would cast the spotlight on the story in any way, shape or form," considering the petite singer obviously wasn't a fan of the piece. "It's a fairly unethical thing to do, but I don't think it's surprising," she continued. "She's a provocateur, and provocateurs want to be provocative." MIA has now posted a song titled *I'm A Singer* on neetrecordings.com that includes lyrics such as, "Why the hell would a journalist be thick as shit," and, "You can talk shit to me I'm used to it/ You make me hard with the wounds that I have to lick/ You can pick on me and I can see it at a click."

The "unedited version of the interview" that MIA promised comes in the form of two short audio snippets from one of the interviews (the *New York Times* piece follows MIA over several months and sees Hirschberg interviewing her on numerous occasions). These have been uploaded to the Neet Recordings homepage. One recording captures Hirschberg bigging up and then ordering the truffle-flavoured French fries she claimed MIA consumed immediately after saying, "I kind of want to be an outsider." The other snippet seems to allude to Hirschberg taking quotes about MIA's award show appearances out of context to make her political views seem as flippant as those held by other grandstanding artists that the singer herself takes aim at. On the weekend, Courtney Love tweeted her support of MIA in bringing Hirschberg down, adding "she killed my husband and she knows it. i hate loathe hate her."

APRA NOMINEES ANNOUNCED

Hosted by rising Triple J personality Dom Alessio, the APRA Award nominations were held at the Australasian Performing Right Association's offices on Tuesday 25 May. Brett Cottle, APRA CEO, stressed the importance for the songwriter to be the focus of the industry in a speech that preceded the announcement. Finalists for the peer-voted Song Of The Year category are as follows: *All I Want* (**Sarah Blasko**), *Big Big Love* (**Troy Cassar-Daley**), *The Last Day On Earth* (**Kate Miller-Heidke/Keir Nittal**), *We Are The People* (**Empire Of The Sun**) and *Sweet Disposition* (**The Temper Trap**). Although *The Temper Trap's* worldwide smash was released in late 2008, *Sweet Disposition* still falls into APRA's 18-month catchment period. Two Song Of The Year finalists - *Empire Of The Sun* and *The Temper Trap* - have also been shortlisted for Breakthrough Songwriter Of The Year alongside **Daniel Merriweather**, **Lisa Mitchell** and **Jessica Mauboy**. Mauboy has the highest nomination tally with four in total. Artists up for a possible trifecta of awards are *Empire Of The Sun* and *The Living End*. The only other outfit to receive two noms in the one category (Dance Work Of The Year) is *The Presets*, for *Talk Like That* and *If I Know You*. The winners will be announced at the Sydney Convention Centre on Monday 21 June as part of the city's Vivid festival.

OUCH MY FACE

While on tour in Lisbon, Californian duo **No Age** got into a fight with bouncers as they attempted to enter a nightclub. According to the band's website, the fracas started when singer/drummer Dean Spunt was punched as he disputed a bouncer's claim that the club didn't want any "English" inside. Keyboardist William Kai Strangeland Menchaca and sound tech Scott Cornish also sustained injuries and photographs of their war wounds were posted on noagea.blogspot.com.

ROCK'N'ROLL HIGH SCHOOL

Six high school bands from around the country have been shortlisted for Triple J's **Unearthed High** competition: **iotah** (Gisborne Secondary College), **The Harry Heart Chrysalis** (St Luke's, Bundaberg), **Blud** (Wesley College, Perth), **The Glass Towers** (Alstonville High, Byron Bay), **Aurora & Daisy** (St Andrews Lutheran College, Gold Coast) and **The Living Eyes** (St Joseph's College, Geelong). Head to triplejearthed.com to listen and rate this year's finalists. The winning band will be flown to Sydney to record their song with the station's live music team, gets to play a gig at their school with British India headlining and scores guaranteed airplay on Triple J. Stay tuned to *Breakfast With Tom & Alex* on Friday 4 June for the winner announcement.

CBGB closed three years ago, having sunk slowly into a mire of irrelevance years before that, but if you take a walk down Bowery, you can still get a glimpse of its famous awning. The instantly recognisable signage now rests in a gallery called Morrison Hotel, which promises "fine art music photography" and all sorts of chintzy punk-era memorabilia. It's nestled between a designer menswear shop and a bank.

As a metaphor for the gentrification of Manhattan, you couldn't really do any better - the primal danger of punk now housed safely behind glass, rearticulated into mainstream culture, neutered and absorbed into history. The ongoing yuppification and sanitisation of the island is the subject of plenty of cultural angst in New York, particularly from those for whom Manhattan constitutes the entirety of the city. The place just isn't like it used to be, y'see. But frankly, who gives a shit? What's the point of sitting and wishing everything was like it used to be?

Part of the reason for all this angst comes from a deep unease about what place there is for art in this consumerist wonderland (beyond the Met and MoMA, of course). But art doesn't die because of a lack of conveniently priced East Village loft spaces. It grows like flowers between cracks in the pavement, wherever those cracks may be. And in New York, there are still many, many cracks, baking in the heat of an unusually early start to the summer. It's hot in the city, an oppressive humidity that brings people from their apartments onto the streets, shortens tempers for better or worse. It's hard to sleep at night, but everyone's out anyway; stereotypes reverberate from Brooklyn's endless tenements, the tentative trebly scratch of bands practicing and the thumping bass of parties on rooftops and in vast abandoned warehouses, a melange of genres and musicians blending into one limitless and unceasing sound.

The city hasn't changed: it remains the home to a thousand New Yorks, and the gleaming gentrification of Bowery is only one of them. There are many more yet to be discovered, from the inscrutable depths of The Bronx to the echoing expanses of Jamaica, many more than I'll ever see. Cities change and evolve and renew themselves endlessly. It's what Patti Smith - who recently spoke up to advise artists not to move to New York, bless her - called "the sea of possibilities". That sea is as vast and uncharted as ever, and we stand forever on the pier, looking out.

To lament what's passed is human, but to do so at the expense of embracing the future is the worst kind of intellectual laziness. It's conservatism, plain and simple. It's not confined to the punk generation by any means - a neo-grunge three-piece I saw the other night called Pure Slacker had a song called *These Condos Don't Belong*, lambasting the new apartments that have sprung up in Williamsburg, briefly the place where the music scene hopped across the river, now the home to a million ironically-moustachioed trust-fund hipsters. But it's not the condos that don't belong, slackers, it's you. And that's fine. Who ever wanted to belong, anyway?

The small-mindedness is made all the more unforgivable by the fact that culture has never been more accessible. We get old, and we get tired, but you don't even need to get off your arse these days - an infinite amount of music is a mouse-click away. Or in New York, that most navigable of cities, it's a subway ride away. If you hop the M train from Bowery to Myrtle-Wyckoff - ten stops over the East river and into Bushwick - you can wander down to Silent Barn, an endearingly shambolic venue in a converted brownstone, where the girl taking your money and checking your ID is smoking a Camberwell carrot and the band playing might be the mighty Teeth Mountain, or Prince Rama Of Ayodhya, or any number of other bands from a burgeoning psychedelic scene. Or they might be fucking dreadful. That's part of the fun.

The DIY spirit of '75 is alive and well. Long may its flame burn on these hot, endless nights.

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