

Fresh from a split 7" with indie heavyweights Black Lips, Omaha's Icky Blossoms have created the perfect slice of summertime cool. This is the cut-and-paste, self-aware electroclash complete with conceptual lyricism and references to 1995 that we used to discover on Kitsuné compilations and the MySpace profiles of the kids who wore pyjamas to school. Somewhere between a tamed Alice Glass and a doped-up Debbie Harry, vocalist Sarah Bohling takes centre stage on 'Cycle' - a track which initially drew more attention for its NSFW video than the butter-smooth synth - and 'Deep In The Throes', where funky beats fuse with monotone musings. 'Sex To The Devil' makes proceedings decidedly current, with tempo changes galore to an almost-deep-house crescendo. Likewise, 'Babes' is sensual, sultry slice of postmodern pop that reworks the old adage "who run the world (girls)" into a soundtrack for a Lookbook montage. 'Heat Lightning' follows a similar formula, although it is more pulsating than droning. Although Icky Blossoms is a wholly different project for Tilly and The Wall's Derek Pressnall - alongside Bohling and guitarist Nik Fackler, sans tapdancing wife - rather ironically they sound best when they're in 'sexy indie band' mode rather than three musicians on separate arthouse icebergs. Pressnall and Bohling work well as a vocal team ('Temporary Freakout', 'Stark Weather'), and even if 'I Am' is laden with clichéd lyrics it is James Murphy-esque enough to warrant praise.