

# MICHAEL JACKSON

## NME TRIBUTE SPECIAL

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24-PAGE  
GLASTO  
2009  
REVIEW  
INSIDE



1958  
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4 JULY 2009

## GLASTONBURY 2009

THE NME REVIEW



## GLASTO 2009 p31

Comprehensive coverage from Worthy Farm – the best shows, the weirdest parties and, er, dwarves

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## TRIBUTE SPECIAL MICHAEL JACKSON

1958-2009

We remember the King Of Pop with a full obituary and a look at the birth of the moonwalk, we boast about being the last UK publication to interview MJ, critique the media coverage and explain why you could be quids-in if you've got an O2 ticket

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**GIG GUIDE STARTS p67**

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# 10 TRACKS

## YOU HAVE TO HEAR THIS WEEK

### HOWL LOTTA LOVE

## 1 WOLF GANG

### Pieces Of You

Behold! Striding through a rosy new dawn comes a homegrown British artist that's more than a match for the grand high poobahs of American weird-pop. Max McElligott sounds like he spent his formative years holed up in the trunk of a twisted old tree with only early Roxy Music and Byrne & Eno records to keep him warm. Throwing itself from branch to branch around the cavernous canopy of a lush sonic jungle, it's somewhere between the sweet sass of suave post-punk poppers Orange Juice, 'Remain in Light'-era Talking Heads and the old doyen of debonaire himself, Bryan Ferry, by way of the multilayered pop of Of Montreal or Grizzly Bear. It's AMAZING.

On NME Radio now



### RAUNCHY SEX-POP

## 2 BOY CRISIS

### Boy Crississippi

"Our name is Boy Crisis and we think you're great". Nice opening line and, yes, flattery will get you everywhere, you dapper rogues. This exclusive taster of MGMT's sleazy little brothers' forthcoming album typifies their silly, saucy brand of Prince-referencing high jinks ("Our breath smells like nipples and it's not a coincidence"). They can't fool us though - you can just tell by looking at them that they're the sort of well brought up young men that always won the spelling bee.

On NME.COM/mp3blog now

## 3 WHITE BELT

### YELLOW TAG

#### Tell Your Friends

(It's All Going To Be Alright)

If you're constantly torn between the heart and the mosh, you'll be pleased to hear that these Yorkshire lads have found a way to unite the atmospheric solemnity of Elbow or Doves with the pop-rock rush of Dinosaur Pile-Up or Nine Black Alps. Heaving with hurt, portent and downhome Northern vocals, it's the best of both worlds.

On NME Radio now



## 4 THE RAVEONETTES

### In And Out Of Control (demo)



They might be reliably retro of sound, but Sune Rose Wagner and Sharin Foo are embracing new technologies like a polar bear embraces a leopard seal. They're currently sharing demos for their fourth album with their fans via their Twitter account, as well as posting live in-the-studio videos and taking part in online chat sessions. This track has everything you want - after-hours twanging surfy guitar, Mary Chain fuzz, doomed romantic lyrics about "a starlight Bonnie And Clyde", harmonies, menace, understated sex...

On Twitter.com/theraveonettes now



## 5 KATIE STELMANIS

### Believe Me



You'll have first heard Katie Stelmanis' name, and her eerie voice, through her guest vocals on Fucked Up's 'Common Chemistry', but she's no mere punk bit-player. This, her debut single, is darkly gothic folk-country, close in austere spirit to Chan Marshall or a Canuck Laura Marling. A paean to the complex, close relationship girls have with their mothers, its tense, low piano chords and Stelmanis' rich, vibrato tones are as hauntingly beautiful as the woods at night.

On [NME.COM/blogs/radar](http://NME.COM/blogs/radar) now

## 6 THE ALMIGHTY DEFENDERS

### All My Loving

Bands are splicing together in ever more new and exciting mutations than flu viruses at the moment. Our favourite, though, is the King Khan And BBQ/Black Lips team-up The Almighty Defenders. *NME* was fortunate enough to catch them at the rather amazing North By Northeast festival in Toronto, where they played their first-ever show. Not a trace of a hiccup in this fantastic raw rockabilly raunch-fest, played in chorister's gospel robes.

On [YouTube](http://YouTube) now



## DEEP BASS INVASION

## 7 MAPEI

### Public Enemy

We first picked up on Rhode Island-born, Sweden-based rapper Mapel this time last year. Signed to Downtown, home of Spank Rock and Santigold, heavy, narcotic hip-hop with a sassy delivery that brings to mind the verbal slappings of Neneh Cherry or Ms Dynamite is her thing. This track, though, one of four on the 'Cocoa Butter Diaries' EP (out August 23), is nastier, dirtier and dancier than her usual territory, with a furious booty bass.

On [MySpace](http://MySpace) now



## HOLE LOTTA LOVE

## 8 HOLE

### Nobody's Daughter

Courtney Love her or loathe her, the peroxide queen of the '90s was less a rock star and more a goddess/devil woman (delete as applicable) to a generation. Her partial reunion of Hole stays true to controversial form and in keeping with the self-determined nature of its title (also the title of the new album), this is a heavy, gothy, Cure-guitared grungy grind and made us excited enough to puke.

On [NME.COM/blogs/intheoffice](http://NME.COM/blogs/intheoffice)

## 9 HUMANZI

### Bass Balls

"Ha! Are they still going?" we hear you laugh. Indeed they are, and they're back with a gothy heaviness, howling about a "dark-haired girl in the corridor" over a careering Eighties Matchbox guitar line and a rumbling bass that sounds like Kasabian throwing shapes to The Cult in the best way possible.

On [MySpace](http://MySpace) now



## 10 BUSTA RHYMES

### FEAT ESTELLE

### World Go Round

Of all the things we were expecting of the return of the Courvoisier-passing rapper, this was not it. A filthy electro-dance backing that sounds more like Britney, a silky guest vocal from Estelle: does Busta hit a pumping musical artery? Or will it be blood on the dancefloor?

On [YouTube](http://YouTube) now







Michael Jackson in 1985, standing on his car, after a visit to London's Madame Tussauds; Inset, with Paul McCartney 19 December 1983



# MICHAEL JACKSON

## TRIBUTE SPECIAL

1958  
-2009

**THROUGHOUT THE COURSE OF HUMAN HISTORY, THERE HAVE BEEN LIVES LIVED THAT WERE EVERY BIT AS IMPROBABLE, AS GLORIOUS, AS SPECTACULAR, AS MYSTERIOUS, AND ULTIMATELY AS TRAGIC AS MICHAEL JACKSON'S 50 YEARS ON THIS EARTH. BUT NOT MANY.**

Join enough dots between the prodigious youth and the all-conquering adult, and he could almost be the entertainment industry's own Alexander The Great, architect of an empire on a scale that had seemed hitherto unimaginable. Linger on his nomadic latter years as an eccentric recluse shielded from any semblance of reality, meanwhile, and his story seems to mirror that of billionaire aviator Howard Hughes, a sad tableaux of madness, money and faded talent. Even his tragic death last week and the mass outpouring of grief that accompanied it can't help but invite inevitable comparisons to luminaries such as JFK, John Lennon, Elvis and Diana. In truth, though, it feels rather trivial to compare Michael Jackson to anyone.

The man was many things, but paramount among them was his status as a true original. There was no precedent for him; he read from a bugged-out script all of his own making, although he never quite got to play out the redemptive final act he so craved. As such, he should be remembered not as the translucent-skinned celebrity sideshow he became, but as the unique, innovative talent that he was. And as the vultures circle hungrily overhead in preparation for one final forage through the detritus of his life with which to fill gossip blogs and biographies, one sad fact seems certain: we will never see his like again.

Born on August 29, 1958 in the midwest industrial town of Gary, Indiana to Joseph and Katherine Jackson, Michael displayed a preternatural musical ability from a freakishly young age, but was subjected to physical and mental abuse by his disciplinarian father; abuse that would affect him for the rest of his life. Jackson would often retch with fear when his father walked into a room and later recalled Joe

Jackson sitting on a chair at early Jackson 5 rehearsals with a belt across his lap and that, "If you didn't do it the right way, he would tear you up, really get you."

He joined The Jackson Brothers in 1964 aged just six, backing his older brothers on tambourine and maracas. By 1966, he had assumed lead vocals and the Jackson 5, as they were now known, began extensively touring the African-American clubs of the midwest, often as the opening act for the local strippers. After the band signed to Motown and had their first four singles top the US Billboard charts, they became a phenomenon, and whatever kind of childhood Michael had enjoyed up until that point (and whether he was opening shows on the titty-bar circuit or being beaten by his father for missing a note, it wasn't much of one) ended there and then. At the age of 10 he became public property, and remained that way until he died.

"When I look back on my childhood," he later wrote, "it is not an idyllic landscape of memories. I began performing when I was five years old and my father - a tough man - pushed my brothers and me hard, from the earliest age, to be the best performers we could be. He seemed intent, above all else, on making us a commercial success... my father was a managerial genius and my brothers and I owe our professional success, in no small measure, to the forceful way he pushed us. He trained me as a showman, and under his guidance I couldn't miss a step. But while performing and making music undoubtedly remain among my greatest joys, when I was young I wanted more than anything else to be a typical little boy. I wanted to build

**"HE WAS A MASSIVELY TALENTED BOY-MAN WITH A GENTLE SOUL"**

PAUL MCCARTNEY



tree-houses, have water balloon fights, and play Hide'n'Seek. But fate had it otherwise."

His only opportunity to interact with kids his own age came on Sundays, when he was given the day off to do missionary work for the Jehovah's Witnesses, the church he belonged to at the time. Because of his fame, however, he could only do it from underneath a fatsuit and a wig - a habit he was forced to carry into later life.

With the hits drying up, the Jackson 5 left Motown in 1975 in a dispute over creative control of their music and became The Jacksons. With Michael as their main songwriter, they experienced a revival of fortunes with hits such as 'Can You Feel It' and 'Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)', but by the late '70s, Jackson was ready to go it alone. He met producer Quincy Jones on the set of the movie *The Wiz*, and with him embarked on a trilogy of albums that would more or less change the face of pop music forever.

"A lot of people said at that time he was as big as he was going to get," Jones recalled in a radio interview last year. "But I saw a depth there. He told me he was getting ready to do a solo album and could I help him find a producer. I'd been watching him and his eyes were so innocent, but he knew everybody's dialogue, knew all their dance steps. I'd never seen somebody absorb so much so quickly, and so I said I'd like to take a shot at producing it."

The three albums he made with Jones - 'Off The Wall', 'Thriller' and 'Bad' - enjoyed combined sales of over 150 million, monstrous, ridiculous numbers that are nonetheless dwarfed by their influence over the next 30 years of popular music. "There is no way of preparing for success," mused Jones, "Especially the biggest success that ever occurred in music history."

### HOW THE MAN BECAME THE KING

That's pretty much what Jackson became. Since before he hit puberty he had been a product, a pop commodity, but there was nothing plastic or disposable about the music he made with Jones. It was innovative, forward-thinking - revolutionary. Melding jazz, pop, funk, disco and soul into something irresistibly new - listen to the original demo of 'Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough', with Jackson orchestrating his brother Randy and sister Janet on cowbells and bottles to hear his fevered, boundary-breaking genius at work - he became the first black artist to dominate and define the mainstream in a way that only Elvis and The Beatles before him had managed.

As R&B star Usher put it following Jackson's death, he "broke barriers, changed radio formats... with music, he made it possible for people like Oprah Winfrey and Barack Obama to impact the mainstream world. His legacy is unparalleled. Michael Jackson will never be forgotten."

The most intriguing aspect about Jackson, though,

# TRIBUTE SPECIAL MICHAEL JACKSON 1958-2009

wasn't that he was black, but rather that he was pop. Since the '60s, rock had been the genre with which generations were defined, while pop was – at best – frivolous, depth-free fun. But the icons of that era – Dylan, McCartney, Bowie, the Stones, Page & Plant *et al* – had grown musically stagnant, while Jackson was reinventing wheels and rewriting rule books; he was as feted by critics as he was by fans, something few modern artists who sell records by the millions can say.

'Thriller' in 1982, however, was his apex, and his point of no return. Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side Of The Moon', AC/DC's 'Back In Black', Fleetwood Mac's 'Rumours', shit, even the first Spice Girls album... all these records are certifiable phenomena, but 'Thriller' was something else entirely. In the words of Jackson biographer J Randy Taraborrelli, "At some point, 'Thriller' stopped selling like a leisure item – like a magazine, a toy, tickets to a hit movie – and started selling like a household staple."

At its peak, it shifted a million units a week, and was credited with "bridging the apartheid gap," by one South African record exec. It revitalised a flagging music industry, spent 37 weeks at Number One and even earned Jackson an invitation to the White House to meet the Reagans. When he performed 'Billie Jean' at Motown's 25th birthday celebrations on March 25, 1983 – the night he debuted the 'Moonwalk' (see page 12) – it was watched by a live TV audience of 47million, drawing comparisons to The Beatles' first appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. When all was said and done, 'Thriller' sold over 100million copies, and to this day, 135,000 people a year buy it in America alone.

Meanwhile, the 14-minute, \$500,000 short film that accompanied the album's title track introduced Hollywood spectacle and production values to the music video and ushered the nascent MTV – who had to play it in its entirety twice every hour just to keep up with demand – into its heyday. Music – or at least how it was marketed and how we consumed it – would never be the same again. In the words of Fall Out Boy frontman Patrick Stump, "Even people who didn't enjoy his music have to acknowledge his influence. He was to pop what Davis and Coltrane were to bop. He was to R&B what Neil Armstrong was to the moon: an explorer who discovered a whole world unto itself. He was the Nikola Tesla of dance moves."

He had his peers – Prince and Madonna among them – but in reality, he was without parallel. He was, in the words of hip-hop mogul Irv Gotti, "The biggest star of our generation, who made the best records, the best videos, the best everything."

It all sounds wonderful, but boy, it must have been lonely.



## THE CHANGING MAN

Jackson's behaviour grew more erratic, and his appearance ever stranger as he got older. Wild rumours abounded – he slept in a hyperbaric chamber, he had bought the bones of the Elephant Man, he was having hormone treatments to make his voice higher – and the focus slowly shifted from the music to the increasingly damaged man behind it.

"Why not just tell people I'm an alien from Mars?" he raged at one interviewer. "Tell them I eat live chickens and do a voodoo dance at midnight. They'll believe anything you say, because you're a reporter. But if I,



Anti-clockwise from above: Jackson with Quincy Jones at Whompoppers restaurant in LA, 9 April 1983; with Ben the rat and friends; leaving the Santa Barbara County Courthouse with his dad, Joe, in March 2005; a still from the epic 'Thriller' video, 1984

Michael Jackson, were to say, 'I'm an alien from Mars and I eat live chickens and do a voodoo dance at midnight,' people would say, 'Oh, man, that Michael Jackson is nuts. He's cracked up.'"

His '90s output – 1991's 'Dangerous' and 1995's 'HIStory' – didn't scale the heights of his earlier work, though he remained commercially successful, even after the 1993 accusations of child abuse, settled out of court at a cost of \$22million. By the time of his final album, 2001's turgid 'Invincible', he was creatively spent.

Over the course of this piece, you may have noticed that we've made little mention of the allegations and eccentricities that dogged Jackson's private life in later years; those are well documented, and anyone wishing to hear about them will only have to switch on a TV over the coming weeks. His musical legacy, however, will last far longer.

As an arch-egotist who once floated a huge statue of himself down the Thames and declared that, "I simply want to be loved wherever I go," Jackson needed the oxygen of adulation. Maybe his 50-date farewell stint at the O2 Arena would have provided him that once more. But what we do know is that he truly was one of a kind, an extraordinary artist who will be sorely missed by millions, and in the words of Paul McCartney, "a massively talented boy-man with a gentle soul."

Michael Joseph Jackson, the first and last King Of Pop. Rest in peace. *Barry Nicolson*

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Photography by Andy Whitton  
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# The golden tickets?

Got a stub for one of the O2 shows?  
It may not be quite as useless as you think...

**N**ow that he's gone, what's next for the economically minded ghoul with a handful of O2 tickets? Well, if anything's going to help you get over the loss, internet murmurings suggesting tickets to the shows could quickly become collector's items - in the same way as those for Nirvana's late-1994 tour did - might do the trick.

If we were the girl lucky enough to hold ticket number one, reportedly worth a grief-dispelling £20,000, we'd be high-fiving everyone on the way to the bank, yet it seems amazing that a couple of bits of paper largely dedicated to selling mobile phones can seriously dent a saturated memorabilia market. Nevertheless, a glance at [michael-jackson-trader.com](http://michael-jackson-trader.com) throws up everything from branded perfume (£300 a pop, from the '80s, possibly poisonous) to an inexplicable 'Thriller Glove Air Freshener'. Stickers, jigsaws and slightly sinister stuffed animals... it's hard to work out how the guy

went bankrupt in the first place. Oh yeah, it was all those gold busts he bought of himself.

With fans able to get their hands on 'Thriller' action figures at the click of a button, unless you have a ticket touched by the hand of the infant Christ himself, it could be tempting to join the growing queue for refunds. But where would the fun be in that?

If you're not the charitable kind, take the lead from Henry Vaccaro, the businessman who claimed an impressive haul from the Jackson family in the '80s in seized assets including previously unheard demos and costumes. Now free to sell them, we imagine the \$1.4million he was originally owed will soon be small change in the back pocket of his yachting trousers.

It's hard to see how Jacko could disapprove. We're talking about a guy savvy enough to buy the rights to The Beatles' back catalogue. If anyone appreciated the art of iconography, of preservation, it was him.

# DON'T STOP 'TIL YOU GET ENOUGH...

There's plenty more Jacko memorabilia lurking online

## ROLLS ROYCE

More high-end than what you'd find down at your local lot, Jackson's personal Rolls - with interiors designed by the man himself, and with its own TV and gold-plated furnishings - will set you back a cool \$140,000 (£85,000) (prices not adjusted for death).



## LA TIMES NEWSPAPER

What's the going rate for one unread LA Times first edition dated Friday, June 26? Five dollars? Six? Try 10. Thousand. At least, that's the price one eBay tout has set. There are another million or so in existence of course, but it's a seller's market out there.



## BULLETPROOF VEST

Another eBay gem, this was apparently worn by Jackson for a number of years. To assuage your worries about authenticity, the seller has the bill of sale from the Vegas auction it was bought at. Bidding starts at \$10,000 (£6,000).



## SOCKS

A pair of rhinestone-banded socks worn by Jackson during his 'Triumph'-era tour with The Jacksons, there don't appear to be any holes or unsightly stains and at the knockdown price of \$600-\$800 (£364-£484), they're a steal.



## PORTRAIT

From the walls of Neverland itself, this, er, unorthodox oil-on-canvas shows the King Of Pop at his most regal. And it's definitely not even slightly creepy. Oh no.







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YOU TRASH  
THE PLACE  
IF THEY GOT  
YOUR ORDER  
WRONG?**

  
Home Office

You wouldn't start a  
night like this, so why  
end it that way?

**ALCOHOL**  
KNOW YOUR  
**LIMITS**



# THE LAST EVER UK INTERVIEW

And it was a chat with Danny Baker for *NME*, way back in April 1981

**"YOU'RE FROM THE NME? ENEMY? OH WOW! HAH!"** Michael Jackson to Danny Baker for *NME*'s Michael Jackson cover story dated April 4 1981

Maybe it was insecurity, maybe it was nerves; maybe it was because he had to relinquish responsibility for maintaining the complicated public image he spent a lifetime struggling to control - but Michael Jackson didn't like interviews. It's telling that the last time he spoke directly to a sole UK publication it was over 28 years ago. And it was with *NME*.  
Attending a press conference for The Jacksons in 'Century City', their label CBS' office in Los Angeles,

from the off, journalist Danny Baker is warned not to mention The Osmonds (the band being sick of the comparisons between the two sibling-comprised groups), astrology ("they follow Jehovah, they don't hold with Christmas and birthdays, nothing like that,") and of Michael's own idiosyncrasies.  
"He can seem odd to people who don't know him," says the record company man. "Like you may find that once you've asked him a question he'll need one of his brothers - usually his sister Janet - to whisper it in his ear. He might seem to drift off but he's still with it - it's just the way he is. I think it's down to confidence."  
Throughout the interview Michael holds a red telephone to his ear, but Baker never establishes who's on the end of the line. He's unhappy when it's time to do photos too - photographer Joe Stevens' cover shot coming from a sneaky snap when the singer is least expecting it. 'He shakes my hand like I imagine the Queen Mother might,' writes Baker. And with that, this tetchy, difficult interview begins...

## IN HIS WORDS

After all the umming and ahing, Jacko aired some unlikely opinions...

### JACKSON ON 'BLACK MUSIC'

"(That's how) jazz or how rock'n'roll started. But like that Blondie song 'Rapture' - that was originally done by a black artist but it didn't cross over. She did it and it became a big hit. (Do I) resent it? No. I don't resent it. I'm proud for her but I wish they were more equal. Just... more... equal."

### JACKSON ON BENNY HILL

"I love Benny Hill. I like him more than Monty Python. He just does things. You think, how can he think that way to come out with that joke? You never know. He just cracks me up - a genius."



### JACKSON ON HIS FRIENDS

"We're just good friends."

### JACKSON ON THE SEX PISTOLS

"Who? They never broken open big here. But I love that name - Sid Vicious!"

### JACKSON ON NOT WANTING TO BE SHOT

"I'm sorry really, but we want to look good for the girls. I don't want to be photographed like this."



Read Danny Baker's interview in full at [NME.COM/blogs](http://NME.COM/blogs)

WORDS: JAMES MCANDREW PHOTO: LYNNETTA

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**Fiction**





Above: Jacko crowns himself the King Of Pop in one fell swoop; (below) the incredible dance move that shocked and entertained the entire world





# “Son, you’ve got anger in your feet...”

It was at **Motown’s 25th anniversary** gig that MJ debuted his take on the **moonwalk**. Megastardom followed...

**I****N 1983, MICHAEL JACKSON WAS A STAR. A BIG STAR, YES, A MAN WHO'D JUST HAD THE BIGGEST-SELLING SOLO ALBUM BY A BLACK ARTIST IN HISTORY ('OFF THE WALL'), AND ANOTHER ONE THAT WAS ALREADY SELLING VERY NICELY, THANKS ('THRILLER'). BUT HE WASN'T, HOWEVER, A GLOBAL SUPERSTAR. SOMETHING SPECIAL WAS MISSING...**

It's easy to forget the extent to which stars tend to come and go. Just ask Justin 'I Struggle To Get Arrested Even While Assaulting Policemen' Hawkins Ask Craig David, if you must. The Bee Gees sold a quillion albums, but no-one ever spent much time camped outside their homes with a telephoto lens. To go beyond that, to get to Superstar, you've got to perform one great act that will laser itself on to the national consciousness. This is what Michael Jackson did at the Motown 25: he changed the game.

It's becoming gradually harder to recall that the notion of national consciousness once existed in a very linear, focused way. In 1983, no-one set the video for Motown 25 – they didn't have one. In those days, watercoolers were barren places where citizens had only a mere handful of subjects to choose from in terms of last night's telly. There was simply less stuff in society – news, media, diversions. In 2009, our culture is so diffuse and diverse that it's impossible to turn everyone on to the same page. The biggest TV shows, even YouTube smashes, seldom rate that highly in terms of raw viewership. But that evening, 47 million tuned in. It was an age when, with only three big US TV networks, Americans were all watching the same stuff. It was no coincidence that the highest-rated US TV show of modern times – the final episode of *M\*A\*S\*H* – took place in the same year.

Motown 25 had been convened as a pick-me-up for a label down on its luck. As the '70s had bled into the '80s, Motown's biggest stars had long since fled. Like the Detroit auto industry it was spawned from, it was looking tired. Marvin Gaye, Diana Ross, The Jacksons themselves – all had broken away from Berry Gordy,

but Berry, canny as ever, had found a way to lure them back for one night only. He decided to stage a television special reminding everyone of what made Motown great in the first place, an offer he made harder for the stars to refuse by simultaneously styling it as a benefit gig for sickle-cell anaemia.

On March 25, 1983, he managed to pack the draughty, not-very-atmospheric Pasadena Civic Auditorium in LA with everyone who'd ever had even the most trifling of associations with Motown – it was packed to the gilded beams with stars. They rattled their jewellery for a Ross reunited with The Supremes, for the return of The Four Tops, Stevie Wonder, Martha Reeves, The Jacksons and The Temptations. History might have gone away recording the evening for Marvin Gaye's eloquent, stirring speech on black musical history, were it not for Michael Jackson.

In his time with The Jacksons and The Jackson 5, Michael had already had passive prejudice up in his grill. Editors were generally keen to put him or the group in their magazine. But putting them on the cover seemed to violate some code none of them could quite articulate. In the early '80s, on the back of 'Off The Wall's success, he'd got in touch with *Rolling Stone* magazine's publicist, who told him in as many words that it would be difficult to put him on the cover, despite his success. Michael, already displaying signs of his legendary chippiness, swore vengeance on the industry. "I've been told over and over that black people on the cover of magazines doesn't sell copies... Just wait. Someday those magazines are going to be begging me for an interview. Maybe I'll give them one. And maybe I won't."

It had been a huge hit album, but his failure to shift 'Off The Wall' outside of its demographic bracket rankled with Michael. He was determined to reinvent himself but still wanted to leave The Jacksons – of whom he was still technically a part, which was why he initially turned down Berry Gordy's request to come back and perform with them for the old label. The only thing that would make him change his mind, he said, would be if he were also given a solo slot.

And so, the bit that most people miss now when they see the clip being endlessly replayed, is that before Michael performs 'Billie Jean', wearing the same blue sequinned jacket, he leads The Jacksons in a repertoire that ends with 'I'll Be There'.

Then, as his brothers melt off-stage, Michael issues a showbiz "thank you, thank you", to the crowd and is passed the trilby that kicks off the routine.

**“THEY SAY BLACK PEOPLE DON'T SELL MAGAZINES, JUST WAIT...”**

**MICHAEL JACKSON**

In one fluid movement, he throws it to the side of the stage, Oddjob-style. A gasp goes up. He strikes that iconic static pose. Then he's off – liquid motion.

Instantly, you can hear Motown scream, "It wasn't a roar," one observer in the crowd explained, "more the sound of simultaneous shrieks from all over the auditorium, like everyone being scared at once. A couple of rows in front of me, two women were violently hugging, almost tackling each other, while riveted on the stage, as though they were unconsciously trying to hold on to the moment more than each other."

But by around 15 seconds in, the taps on the crowd noise had again been shut off. Now, the sound of Pasadena was silence, undivided attention. The cheers only resume again for the moonwalk. It's a genuine *coup de bloody grace* moment – the bit where everyone thinks that this routine has gone as far as any routine in human history ever could go, really, probably, definitely. That what they are all seeing, surely, is the finest dance routine that human eyes could ever clap themselves upon. And then he tops it.

Within the edit, there's an odd sort of baton-passing motif that takes place in the auditorium. Not only is Michael anointing himself King Of Pop, he is getting benediction from the previous generation of pop royalty: the many Motown legends who can be seen agape at Jackson's performance, willing him on.

Michael, of course, didn't actually invent the moonwalk. Its highly technical steps had been noticed as far back as 1943. They formed part of the repertoire of Marcel Marceau. Fred Astaire had used it, as had Cab Calloway. It was just there – one of a number of moves a dancer might make. It wasn't even called the moonwalk. By the late '70s, it had fallen into the repertoire of renowned West Coast street dancer Jeffrey Daniel. Daniel had become the public face of disco group Shalamar, who'd had a number of UK hits at the start of the decade. In 1982, Jeffrey can be seen demonstrating the step on *Top Of The Pops*. Michael had already picked up on his talent via the US programme *Soul Train*. As legend has it, he paid Daniel \$1,000 to teach him the step. Michael was already casting around to reinvent his dance style alongside himself for 'Thriller'. He took inspiration from what was hip and happening on the streets.

But where Daniel takes the moonwalk and locates it in a routine that's hip but overly-tricksy, Jackson burnished it with an edge of sexual aggression. It was the opposite of his Motown days, a-hopping and a-jiving in sync with his brothers, big gesticulations that aimed to come off as non-threatening and inclusive. Michael, with some irony for a man who was a) still claiming to be a virgin and b) singing a song denying paternity, brought sex into the national living room, just like Elvis and The Beatles had done on *The Ed Sullivan Show* for preceding generations.

For America, 'Billie Jean' at Motown 25 was the first gasp of the new brash pop era. And also the apex of monoculture. Michael Jackson was the definition of that great '80s ideal of the popstar as all-encompassing, omnipotent omnipresent god.

The next day, Michael's great dance hero, Fred Astaire, called to congratulate him. "Son," he considered, "you've got anger in your feet." That morning, the playgrounds had already begun to fill with junior moonwalkers, single white gloves and trilbys. 'Thriller' stopped selling like an album, and began to sell more like a household staple – toasters, shoes or something. Decline and fall was still to come. Superstardom had arrived. *Gavin Haynes*





# I read the news today. Oh boy...

24-hour rolling news coverage? This is how famous people die in public

**O**n Friday last week, actor Harrison Ford died in a boating accident on the French Riviera. The star, most famous for his roles as Han Solo and Indiana Jones – roles that shaped the imaginations of anyone who grew up in the '80s – was a few weeks short of his 57th birthday.

Except, of course, he didn't. But shortly after the death of Michael Jackson some unfortunate news sources responded to unconfirmed web rumours of Ford's death by reporting them as fact. As news of Jackson's cardiac arrest hadn't broken through the BBC or CNN but on celebrity gossip site *TMZ.com* – before quickly spreading to Twitter – some over-eager journalists weren't about to get scooped again by Ford's passing. They were determined to be first to break the story, regardless of whether it was true or not.

Because, in an age when most websites survive on an advertising model which means that the number of

views a web page gets is directly related to how much money the site makes (and, potentially, whether people keep their jobs or not), the emphasis for journalists has shifted away from preparing a considered report, gathering corroborative secondary sources etc, to just being first to whack up a story and hope that people find it through Google.

Michael Jackson's death provides a practical example of how the pace of the way big news stories percolate has changed. Only a couple of years ago if you were at Glastonbury you were isolated from the real world; when Who bassist John Entwistle died in June 2002, Worthy Farm only found out about two days after everyone else when the Sunday papers arrived onsite. Now thanks to web-enabled mobile handsets, news is international and instantaneous – anyone who checked their Twitter account last week would've known immediately about Jackson's death.

The point about this new media is that it's supposed to allow for millions of random and conflicting voices the potential to be heard – anyone who can tweet becomes a kind of journalist. Last Friday it didn't feel like that – and not just because 15 per cent of all Twitter posts mentioned the words 'Michael' and 'Jackson'. Sure, the world's most famous man was dead; it was undoubtedly a big story. But watching the 24-hour rolling news channels just furthered the impression that in offices at Sky, CNN or BBC News there were groups of bored journalists high-fiving each other when the Jackson news came in, knowing that a slow news day would suddenly be much easier to fill. This is why we got borderline insane reporting like BBC News tracking down noted cultural commentator Tommy Bowen – the touring keyboard player from White Lies – to offer his perspective on Jackson's career. I'm sure he's a nice guy, but there are very few people who'd even be interested in Tommy's perspective on being the touring keyboard player from White Lies, let alone anything else. On CNN we had live helicopter footage

## HE'S ONE OF THE LAST GENERATION OF STARS FAMOUS ENOUGH TO MERIT THIS ATTENTION

of another helicopter that might possibly have contained Jackson's body on the way to what could have been his autopsy. Over on Sky there was stern debate about exactly why Gordon Brown hadn't released a statement reacting to Jackson's death. All mad, but all filling up a bit of time.

The newspapers were equally desperate to fill space, whether it was the celeb-crazed bastion of secular liberalism *The Guardian* getting Germaine Greer to write a piece, or *The Sun* leading with a speculative story about Jackson maybe overdosing on a DEADLY DRUGS COCKTAIL (Paxil, Zoloft and a lot of other things that sounded like Bond villains). If that wasn't enough, you could head to the paper's website and listen to the actual 911 call to the emergency services.

Arguably, Michael Jackson was the first to die of the last generation of stars globally famous enough to actually merit all of this kind of exhaustive treatment. I can't even remember the last time he made a record but I bet my 89-year-old grandmother could name one of his songs. Now, in the age of the micro-celebrity and the Facebook icon, it's hard to imagine a new star ever being as internationally well known as The King Of Pop – not even Tommy Bowen. When Michael Jackson died, the world suddenly became a much smaller place.

Conjecture and rabid quote-chasing characterised news coverage of Michael Jackson's demise

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# LETTERS

YOU WRITE IT, WE PRINT IT, EVERYONE ARGUES *Edited by Mara Molaren*

LETTER  
OF THE WEEK  
WINS A NEW  
SAMSUNG BEAT  
DJ MOBILE  
PHONE, WITH  
AUDIO BY BANG  
& OLUFSEN  
ICEPOWER



*Letter of the week*

## Vote out the ignorant

**F**air play to The Cribbs for naming their new album 'Ignore The Ignorant' in a swipe at BNP voters, but who are the real stupid people? How many people didn't get off their arses to vote in the first place and let the BNP win? We're witnessing what the importance of being given a right to vote means to the citizens of Iran, so when the next elections come around we should have a much stronger Rock The Vote campaign backed by music stars to encourage the public to vote. We seem to be more likely to text who we want to win *Britain's Got Talent* than go down to the local school to decide who we want to represent us. And judging by the very real danger of fascist pricks getting into power, it's about time we stopped being ignorant and did something about it.  
**Neil Renton, via email**

*I agree with every single word, Neil. The turnout in last month's elections were less than 35 per cent and the BNP got two MEPs elected with a tiny share of the vote. A few thousand more votes for another party could've made the difference. We all have a responsibility to make sure it's a different story come the general election – MM*

## JOY REVISION

Thank you for the truly wonderful recap of Joy Division (*NME*, June 20). Being only 15, I never got the opportunity to live through bands like The Smiths, Joy Division, The Stone Roses and the battle of Oasis and Blur. So to have a magazine like *NME* giving me a thorough set of inspiring information on 'Unknown Pleasures' is great. Through your articles and influences I have now bought 'The Stone Roses', 'Hatful Of Hollow' and 'Unknown Pleasures' and I expect plenty more to follow. Thank you for showing me there is more to music than the Kaiser Chiefs!  
**Sean Atkinson, via email**

*There's more to music than the Kaiser Chiefs? Say it isn't so! Seriously though, they are awful. Really awful. Joy Division were great, though. Buy 'Closer' next, but don't listen to it if you're feeling fragile. That album's reduced me from mildly-depressed-at-splitting-up-with-my-girlfriend to hugely-unsure-about-the-direction-my-life-is-taking-and-is-there-really-any-point-to-life-anyway? just over the course of one listen – MM*

## HAPPY NMEDAY!

This year is my 25th anniversary reading *NME*. So a big thank you to all the writers who have given me the information I need to find and hear music. It would be a long letter if I had to put words to everything that's changed in those 25 years, so I decided to focus on two moments. First came the MP3 revolution in the late '90s; being at that time a vinyl collector who had to wait up to two years for a record ordered at the local lazy record store, MP3s were the answer to my hunger for new music. I even started to DJ again because I needed to share them with like-minded music lovers. The second point is the year 2001, when one band (The Strokes) changed the *NME* from being a bit boring to becoming über-awesome. Since then the staff at *NME* have gone from strength to strength. So thank you for the music, *NME*. Have a beer and celebrate yourselves  
**DJ ZenElvis, via email**

*But, DJ ZenElvis, you've forgotten one other important event of the past 25 years: the day Carl Barat turned to Didz Hammond and said "Let's form a band called Dirty Pretty Things". Rocked my world – MM*

## TICKET-BUYING ETIQUETTE FOR BEGINNERS

It's 9am, December 12, 2008 and I've taken the morning off school so I can be one of the first to feast their eyes on Blur in eight years. Dressed only in boxers, I'm clicking away on TicketMaster and finally manage to purchase two Blur tickets at a rip-off price. Having got



Blur in action in Colchester 13/06/09



# STALKERS

It can't be illegal if it's love... right?



**ESME, SWINDON**

"This is me and Serge before their amazing gig in Swindon! All of Kasabian are really cool!"



**JASMINE, LOS ANGELES**

"Me with Faris from The Horrors at a thrift store before their gig in Pomona"



**SOPHIE, BRISTOL**

"Here's a picture of me and Kyle. It was taken after The View's gig in Bristol"

back from college, boasting about how I'm going to see Blur and, "YOU'RE NOT, HAHA!" I'm still happy as fuck But EMJ then decide to shatter the dreams of a 17-year-old boy hoping to be the first to see his favourite band and announce that Blur are headlining Glastonbury, then that they're playing at Manchester MEN, then a secret gig So now I'm about as happy as Humpty Dumpty (after he fell off the wall, and before he was put back together again). **Connor Hayman, London**

The Germans have a word for taking pleasure from another's discomfort: *schadenfreude*. I don't know if they have one for taking pleasure in the discomfort of another person who's taking pleasure in the discomfort of another. But if they do, I've got that with you, Connor. Seeing your favourite band should be reward enough regardless of whether others get to see them beforehand. I mean,

*I got to see Blur's tiny secret gig in London's Rough Trade East last week and it was fantastic. And did it make it any sweeter that I got to see them before everyone else? Yeah, it did. You know what, you're right. Sorry - MM*

Hearing Muse announce their tour I was ecstatic. Being only 16, I had to wait to purchase tickets until I got home from school, unfortunately they were all sold out for Liverpool, my home town. I looked on eBay and found some nob who had bought two tickets for every Muse gig in the country. well thanks MATE, looks like I'll have to wait another five years before the band I truly love even consider coming back to Liverpool. **David, Liverpool**

*The moral of the story? Do what Connor did and bunk off school - MM*

## 'KASABIAN ARE GOOD' SHOCKER

Usually I look at NME's Letters page and think, 'Why do people write in to you? Haven't they got anything more productive to do?' (Thanks! We love you too - MM) But after buying Kasabian's new album and being taken aback by every psychedelic track on it - especially Sergio's sexual vocally-sective sex in a song, 'Take Aim' (Urrgggh! Great, I just lost my lunch all over my shoes - MM) - I decided to spend my last pennies on going to see them and was totally buzzing at how mind-blowing they were, especially Tom, he was definitely in a groovy space! Sat outside afterwards having a fag, re-hydrating and wiping my sweat on Tom Meighan's towel that a roadie had given to my friend (Urrgggh! That's my breakfast gone too - MM), I thought, 'I'm gonna write in to NME about this gig.. I'm still buzzing about it now... **JJL, Hull**

Any chance of using the Letters page to send a full and sincere apology to the Kasabian lads? I'll hold my hands up and say that I've been a shocking critic of Kasabian ever since I bought 'Empire'. When I heard the name 'West Ryder Pauper Lunatic Asylum' I thought, 'Bellends!' but OH MY, what an album! One listen and I was mesmerised! So, Kasabian, if you are reading this, I apologise and I WILL show you how sorry I am. Fuckin' love ya! **SyCoops, Liverpool**

*I'm confused and scared by the whole Kasabian thing too. I thought they were a joke band, and then I heard 'West Ryder...'* Now I think they're potentially the best British band since *Dirty Pretty Things* - **MM**

## HOW TO WRITE A LETTER

Who actually has the time, energy or nerve to write into NME claiming to

know better than the people that work for them? Please, stop whining. So what if NME disagrees with your views on Little Boots or Twisted Wheel? Like it matters in the long run! Also, I think it's really sad that 80 per cent of the letters are angry or a stupid complaint about the hard-working staff at NME. Thank you for giving me something to do in physics lessons, and for informing your many readers about new or interesting bands that we are unlikely to hear about anywhere else. You guys are awesome. **Maddy, via email**

*If everyone was like Maddy, we'd be living in a utopia. Old women would hold doors open for hooded youths, metallers would throw roses at Bizzle, and we'd be sent packets of Haribo rather than abusive letters about Enter Shikari. Unfortunately... - MM*

## HOW NOT TO WRITE A LETTER

Are you fucking stupid? 'Common Dreads' by Enter Shikari is one of the best albums I've heard in my life, how can you give it 5/10? Is it too hardcore for you 'indie' ponces? Not only is your magazine becoming shitter but you're employing people who don't have any taste in music! **Johnny, via email**

*I'm very proud of my status as an indie ponce, Johnny. Enter Shikari are awful, and if you don't believe me, ask Maddy, she thinks we're awesome. So there - MM*

## SEND US YOUR LETTERS

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# AND ANOTHER THING...

In case you've still not made your point

## GRIM? SURE

How come all the bands Nick Grimshaw listed that he's currently into (Versus, June 20) were all bands he almost certainly read about in recent NMEs? Second-hand cool doesn't count, does it? **RICHSTINKIN, VIA EMAIL**

## INDIE TOTTY CORNER

Quite frankly, fuck Alex Turner, why didn't anyone mention that the guy from White Lies is HOT!? **LALLY, VIA EMAIL**  
Hot? Only if you're into necrophilia - **MM**

Jamie T... What a babe. **HOLLY, VIA EMAIL**  
Babe? Only if you're talking about the pig - **MM**

I'd still shag Alex Turner despite that new do of his. **RACHE, VIA EMAIL**  
So would I, Rache, so would I - **MM**

## SEXIST CORNER

Women - get the fuck over Arctic Monkeys' hair! So they don't look like 18-year-olds anymore, deal with it! Sorry for being unintentionally-but-unavoidably sexist. **PHIL, VIA EMAIL**  
I bet you're only saying that 'cos you've got shit hair - **MM**

## LA ROW

NME, do you actually consider La Roux's 'In For The Kill' anything other than absolute, utter shite? **FABIEN, VIA EMAIL**  
Yes - **MM**

## NEW GENRE CORNER

Classic John Hughes movie stylings/sounds, blended with shoegaze; stir in a little Maps/M83/The Big Pink/Little Boots/Ladyhawke, etc, etc = Hughesgaze. That is all. **ASH, VIA EMAIL**  
How about this one, then: modern film-noir stylings/George Clooney-starring comedies, blended with steel guitar, Ryan Adams, Calexico, Uncle Tupelo etc = alt Country. Beat that! - **MM**



# RADAR

FINDING THE BEST NEW MUSIC *Edited by Jaimie Hodgson*

(l-r) Archo  
Price, Archo  
Price, uh, Arch...





NME LOVES

Post-funkalypsic A-list megastar in waiting

# ARCHEO PRICE

**B**lipblipblipbleep. It's the year 2090, a time when technology and greed form the genetic make-up of civilisation. My name is Archeo, Archeo Price. I'm one of the last survivors. I'm a boy, caught up in a digital world and I don't want to be ruled by The Company. I'm on the run."

That prophetic prelude is the opening monologue from the demo CD by, well, guess. Archeo Price is ready to tell the world that he's not just incredible, but incomparable.

"The NME picture desk sent me a list of questions to decide how the shoot should look. One of them was, 'Who do you admire?'" says the boy behind the moniker, basking precariously on his management office roof, his wrinkle-pickers glinting in the evening sun. "I couldn't think of anyone. I don't have any heroes. It sounds egotistical, but I'm so concerned with myself. I don't really care about anyone else."

As if you couldn't guess, Price has an ickle bit of an ego. He's going to need one: he's destined to be a phenomenon. Which of his contemporaries can he look up to? Not the ones who snivel their way through 'talent' TV. Nor those starlets spawned from Xenomania-style hit factories, where everything from their Facebook status to their shade of eye shadow is chin-stroked over in a boardroom.

Price is nobody's mannequin. He recorded and produced his own bedroom demo that sounds like Quincy Jones crossed with Cat from *Red Dwarf* playing everything, put together a seven-piece band and honed his act before he had even created a MySpace.

Born (quiff first) in India, Price moved to Hong Kong and later Nigeria before arriving in London eight years ago, due to his "hardcore Indian businessman" dad's "import/export" business. The travelling meant he was close with his parents, but they didn't care for music. "My house was quiet," he recalls. "Dead quiet." So he stuck his headphones on and found Rick James, The Buggles and the artist whose influence

you can hear yelping from every note of his music, Prince. But seeing as LA's runtiest Jehovah's Witness is more concerned with startling the unsuspecting housewives of Beverly Hills these days to write a comprehensible tune, His Purple Highness' sceptre of funk is Price's for the taking.

NME went to see him open for The Script at London's Shepherds Bush Empire – a group so bland they make The Feeling look like Jihadi riot-punk. With menopausal and pubescent oestrogen cocktailing like a pile of soiled New Look garms left outside a charity shop, it was an absurdly uncool setting for such a future star. Price leapt onstage, 20 minutes after doors opened, in a canary yellow suit with a giant black rose pinned to the lapel. Flicking his side burns with Danny Zuko smarm, he launched into his centrepiece tune, 'Mr General', a militaristic funk jam which sounds like Gwen Stefani piggy-backing Cameo as he commits 'Word Up' to wax. "I want to see everyone jumping up and down. Get your hands in the air!" Eek, you're the first support at a gig full of devout bore-rock fans. If you get through the set

without a bottle of Archers Aqua hitting you on the schnoz, that's a win.

More fool us: to our right schoolgirls jumping like they've cracked Robert Pattinson's Bebo account, to our left middle-aged

singletons, bingo wings aloft. That's the power of Price, he's so utterly convinced he should be playing Wembley there's no way he can't win.

At 18-years old he can write songs that sit snugly into your pop vocabulary like that daydream find vintage zip-up you convince your mates you've had since you were a kid.

"I read this story about George Michael. His father never accepted his music or accepted him as a singer until he saw him at Wembley," he mutters, shuffling down off the ledge. "It was only when he saw a stadium of people singing along that he thought, 'Shit, my son is a singer.' I think it'll be a similar story with my dad too. He needs to see that end product." Well, Poppa Price, fear not, shouldn't be too long now. *Sam Wolfson*

**"Who do I admire?  
No-one. I don't  
have any heroes"**

ARCHEO PRICE

## NEED TO KNOW...

**What:** Funky falsetto retro-pop

**For fans of:** Prince, Michael Jackson, The Buggles, Cat from *Red Dwarf*

**Download:** 'Her Mutha', if only for the line

"She's got her daughter's lips/But I want her mother's hips"



"LITTING, MAJESTIC STUFF THAT WORMS  
ITS WAY INTO YOUR HEAD AND REFUSES TO  
LEAVE" - NME

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## HIPSTER HAEMORRHAGE

### If you ate every trendy micro-genre then spewed **LEMONADE**

This is how cool Lemonade are: they're not settling for 8-bit sampling, ROFLMAO! that's more 2006 than that Crystal Castles shirt. No, they're all about sampling the next-gen 16-bit consoles. Sonic The Hedgehog and his ilk.

"I feel pretty comfortable citing Sonic as an influence," Ben Steidel asserts, "It had a brightness and a euphoria to it. Sonic was always really hard to control – the gameplay had a real inertia – which is something that comes across in our music."

Already, this might be too much cool for most acts to deal with. That is, if they weren't making live dance music that triangulates this week's most upwardly mobile touchpoints –

Telepathe-style trance-crunk, polyrhythmic world-music that doffs its hoodie at Gang Gang Dance and a Balearic edge that's like Friendly Fires boning their sea of samba girls.

Like Friendly Fires, they're three ex-punks who were converted to dance after intensive drug therapy. Thank goodness they're not looking for a 'new dubstep direction' or the coolometer would rupture. Ben: "I think in the newer stuff you'll hear more of an influence from dubstep" Toooo laaaaaate... *Gavin Haynes*

#### NEED TO KNOW...

**What:** Baffling tech-dance for console-heads  
**Download:** 'Big Weekend'



## BLOG BUZZ

### When two dreampop aliases become one **MEMORY TAPES**

There's a lot of lo-fi dreampop orbiting the blogosphere at the moment – Air France, Banjo Or Freakout, Sore Eros – although much of it turns out to be the work of just one man, an anonymous New Jersey native who until recently divided his output between Memory Cassette (a muffled, faintly Balearic Cocteau Twins) and Weird Tapes (purveyors of primitive electro remixes to the likes of Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Digitalism and, er, Britney Spears).

Now he's merged these two operations to become Memory Tapes. "All I do is write and record," emails the mysterious and prolific Mr Tapes. "I never went to college, learned to drive or held down a proper job for long. I have always recorded albums at home and played

them for friends. As my friends moved to other states I started posting tracks online and that's when other people started taking interest."

Among them Faris Badwan, who persuaded Loog to put out Memory Tapes' debut single.

'Bicycle's spry New Orderisms will have you spinning blissfully around the room while simultaneously evoking an overwhelming, melancholic nostalgia for summers lost. It's due in August accompanied by a cosmic Horrors remix, a rocket-shaped ice lolly and an emotional phonecall home. *Sam Richards*

#### NEED TO KNOW...

**What:** Lo-fi dreampop for Horrors fans  
**Download:** 'Bicycle'

## INDIE FRINGES

Saviours of guitar-pop jangle

### **FRANKIE & THE HEARTSTRINGS**

Despite professing to starting a band because they "have huge egos and need them massaging", we can't help but think that Sunderland's Frankie & The Heartstrings, are the result of some genetic splicing in Edwyn Collins' pop laboratory. Take Frankie: football commentator by day, James Dean-style teen pin up by night; it's all too good to be true.

"After our last gig we all went out for Sunday lunch, then had a 99 while we walked along the promenade, then we went to a classic car show," says guitarist and tank top aficionado Michael McKnight, with the kind of enthused

whimsy that bypasses the cynical part of our brain and lodges itself in our fey indie heart.

If it's indie by numbers they've done their calculations perfectly. Songs such as lit-pop ballad 'Tender Is The Night', born out of an attempt to play 'Happy Birthday' by Altered Images, sound like they've existed in the heads of Smiths fans staring at girls on buses since forever. *Rebecca Robinson*

#### NEED TO KNOW...

**What:** Swoonsome Sunderland indie-pop  
**Download:** 'Hunger'





# THE STONE ROSES

## SINGLES COLLECTION

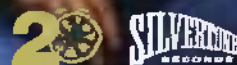
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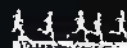
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# JAMIE'S ROUNDUP

FEELING UP NEW MUSIC

Barcelona's annual Sónar festival is far more than just 30,000 sun-burned trustafarians pawing the air in a giant aircraft hanger to Richie Hawtin at 7am. It's an institution facilitating the evolution of modern music.

From 'why are a thousand people standing here watching this bald dude update his iCal?' laptop types like Bullion, the DJ-less hip-hop karaoke of Young Fathers or the Brothers-Grimm-take-Peyote-then-go-West-End of Fever Ray's stage extravaganza, there was a lotta non-live 'live' music. Some of it left you feeling robbed, some rewarded.

But Fever Ray's appearance was the most incredible things I've witnessed in recent memory. Five people filled the stage, but at no point were you sure what any of them, bar the warbling ghoul herself, were actually doing. But when you have a theatrical production that makes Jim Henson's '80s fantasy efforts look like a pre-pubescent bin-bag Halloween witches' ball - the backing track acts more as an emancipation than a cheat. Plus, let's face it, every band needs a member whose sole purpose is to menacingly brandish a voodoo doll above the lead singer's head.

Jaimie Hodgson  
New Music Editor

EMAIL JAIMIE@RADAR.NME.COM  
OR CHECK OUT HIS BLOG:  
NME.COM/NEWMUSIC/RADAR

The Geeks



SCENE CLOSE-UP

# Anarchy in the SK!

Alex Hoban infiltrates South Korea's hardcore alliance

If you found yourself at the mercy of an increasingly hard-right government that encroached on your personal freedom and trapped you in a conservative one-track society... you'd be strung out and ready to explode too.

"Korean society is just a bunch of fucking nationalists. We are all brought up to hate. Eighty per cent of Korean men are stupid fascists." These are the words of Yeong-jun, singer in *Join The Circle* and bassist in KKore supergroup *Things We Say*, a man fed up with the world he sees unfurling around him. In underground venues such as Club Spot and DGBD, brooding young South Koreans are using music to

re-engage people politically and stand for something against the repressive status quo. One band at the forefront, straight-edge spleen-wreckers *The Geeks*, are particularly vocal "School culture here is terrible," says frontman Ki in perfect English, "We're taught to hate Japan, hate anyone different." After Japan's brutal colonisation of Korea for 35 years until 1945, tensions remain frayed. "At school, half the history book is dedicated to what Japan did to us. We're trying to redress the balance by having Japanese bands play too."

Bands like *Find The Spot* and *Crying Nuts* play week in week out and, as word slowly spreads of the underground movement, audiences are growing. With

it, grassroots polit-punk fanzines are entering into local circulation. "So few young Koreans are engaged. Hardcore has become our escape," says Rosa, founder of one such fanzine. "It is a retaliation against the slave-like work ethic, the lack of individuality. All people do here is drink and fight."

Yet as relationships with their former brothers in the North deteriorate, it's the mandatory military service that fills people with the most dread. "They teach you how to kill a man. If you try to avoid it you lose your citizenship and are thrown into jail - what are we supposed to do?" For now at least, keep shouting about it, and watch as more young Koreans rally together for real change...

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ALL IDOL RECORDS



# STEVEN WELLS

## 1960-2009

*NME's* most righteous and iconoclastic journalist died last week. But, as **Billy Bragg** writes, if there's anything we should take from his death, it's to not fucking cry...



### Billy Bragg

**The bard of Barking on Steven Wells' bite**

I don't even know where Swells came from. It was

like he just appeared, like a force of nature, sometime in the early 1980s, ranting his splenetic poems onstage with the likes of The Mekons and The Fall. He was part of the generation whose creative urges were ignited by punk rock and he retained that frenetic in-your-face attitude to the end. Shaving

his head at a time when the only people who did so were skinheads, he chose an image that he knew would be confrontational and proceeded to subvert it.

The antithesis of the bonehead racist, he was in fact an articulate left-winger. And unlike the bully boy, who only picks on those weaker than him, Swells chose to target the powerful, the popular, the hip and the cool. There was a time in the mid-'80s when The Smiths could do no wrong in the *NME*. There were voices prepared to challenge this state of affairs, but only Swells could be relied upon to indulge in the merciless piss-taking of Morrissey, week after week. It comes as no surprise to learn that one of his last online columns for *The Quietus.com* was a marvellous pinpricking of the pomposity of Radiohead.

However, anyone who really knew him would tell you that, no matter how he tried to come across as the cynical hard-

His writing was a kind of performance art, a skill he picked up from his years as a ranting poet. They were a rum lot, the ranters, more wind-up merchants than poets if truth be told, taking on audiences with a bit of humour and a lot of balls. Swells excelled at the job. He was provocative, polemical and laugh-out-loud funny.

Seeking to subvert the laddish world of rock journalism, he used the pseudonym Susan Williams for his first appearances in *NME* in the '80s. Later on he also wrote reviews under the name of Seething Wells – his poetic pseudonym which he used onstage for his stand-up as a punk poet. Politics were important to Swells. A supporter of the Socialist Workers Party, his critique of bands and colleagues was often couched in class war rhetoric, but he had too much of a sense of humour to be a real Trotskyite. He was at heart an iconoclast. Put anything on a pedestal and Swells



As Seething Wells in 1982



### James McMahon

Swells was our feature ed's hero...

"Steven Wells is the reason I write for *NME*. As a teenager, devouring the paper up north, his wit, passion and propensity for shoeing the shit out of the privileged and idiotic was the perfect advertisement for moving to London and making a career writing rude things about bands. And so I did. I've read lots since he died about how vicious his tongue could be, but in my view, he didn't write reviews, he wrote polemic. He wrote things – anti-sexist, anti-homophobic, anti-racist, anti-stupid things – that could drag a boy into the most noble of careers; a career of caring."

ROGER SARGENT

**"Swells excelled at being provocative, polemical and laugh-out-loud funny"**

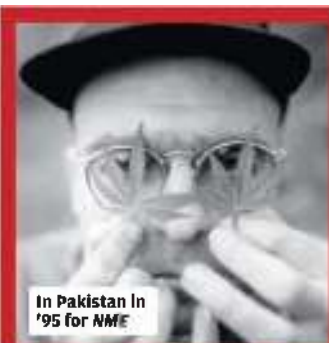
### BILLY BRAGG

man, his love of humanity in all its shitty glory would always shine through. He was possessed of a self-effacing sense of humour that would often overcome him at the apex of some raging tirade, leaving him and anyone within earshot laughing at his over-wrought hysteria.

His writing style was a kind of amphetamine steam-of-consciousness that threatened to storm off the page and grab you by the throat. In his hands, metaphor took on a life of its own. The last paragraph of his Radiohead piss-take consists of a single, 100-word sentence that takes a bog-standard music journalist cliché – the rock'n'roll rollercoaster – and forces its head down the toilet continuously until it begs for mercy.

couldn't resist taking a pot-shot at it. Nobody was spared. He was one of my earliest supporters in the music press, shared my idealism yet continually referred to me in print as Bilious Braggart, even when he was praising my output.

In later years, he surprised everybody by moving to Philadelphia, becoming a sports writer and getting married. He'd turn up backstage whenever I was playing in the city and often sent me links to his articles for the *Philadelphia Weekly*. A story he wrote for them detailing his battle with cancer was classic Swells – full of cock, arse, shit and piss references, except this time, horrifyingly first person. It was as if the graphic genital metaphors that he had



In Pakistan In '95 for *NME*



### Karen Walter

The *NME* Editor's past and present...

"I met Swells soon after I started at *NME*. He was an astute judge of character and delighted in verbal games where he honed in on his victim's 'weak spot': in my case, animal welfare. His usual greeting was, 'Seen any dead animals lately?' followed by a diatribe on what he felt should be done to all creatures. I soon realised this was just to provoke a reaction and, when it came to cats, a soft spot lurked in the heart of Steven Wells. He just liked a row!"

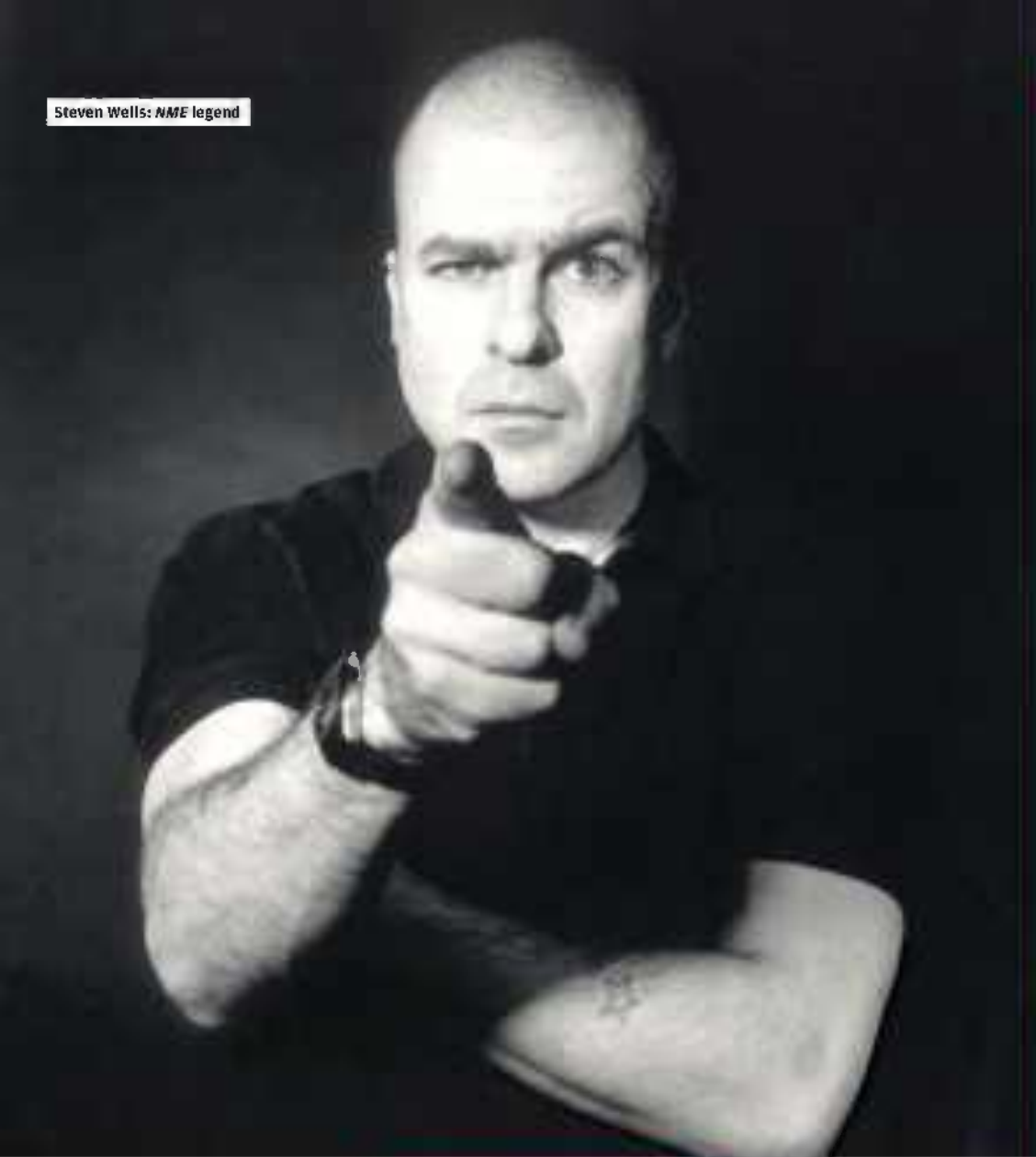


### David Quantick

Swells' partner in crime at *NME*

"As I sit on an emerald throne drinking an elixir made from the brain of Ricky Gervais, watching snuff videos of Boyzone being mouthbattered by drug-aroused Alsatians, I'm reminded of Swells. Because I wouldn't have a career without him. He decided to write with me at *NME* because he thought I was less unfunny than the others, which led to us writing an insane column together, then *On The Hour* and *The Day Today*. Swells was the funniest man I have ever known. I sip Gervais' brainjuice from the skull of Vernon Kaye, I'm crying. I loved him. He was a genius. Will this do?"

Steven Wells: NME legend



liberally sprinkled through his writing had all come back to torment him.

Yet he still had the strength to fire a few back. In hospital, waiting to undergo another painful procedure, denied food for 24 hours, he wrote, "I'm so hungry, I could eat a nun's arse through some rusty railings." Clearly his spirit was undimmed, even if he didn't believe in such airy-fairy concepts.

"You don't have cancer," Ian Dury once said "It has you." It got Swells in the prime of his life, just as he'd bought a new house with his beloved Katherine. He seemed to have found his niche, firing off gonzo punk columns for websites and magazines on both sides of the Atlantic. It has become clear in the past few days that there are a generation of music journalists out there who were inspired by his writing and touched by the generosity he showed towards them when they sought to follow in his footsteps.

If there is anyone out there who wishes to take up his mantle, they'll need more



"We all really admired Steven Wells as a writer – he understood that pop and politics could mix. He was one of the leading writers on NME and we had a huge amount of respect for him. It was fitting, then, that he gave us our first ever review in NME – for which we will be eternally grateful. He also helped to direct the video for 'Little Baby Nothing'. He will be sadly missed."

than just a snarky sense of humour and a potty mouth. The comment sections of every website are full of posts from cynical jerk-offs who get their kicks from upsetting people. Swells could be hurtful in what he wrote, but his contrarian stance was never mere posturing. It was underpinned with an unswerving belief that things could be better culturally, politically and globally. He just wanted people to feel like he did at the paucity of talent on display – outraged to the point of engagement. To that end, he was willing to take it further than many of us are prepared to go – in your face, down your trousers and up your arse like a shit-eating rabbit on speed.

**NME.COM**

Head to [NME.COM/blog](http://NME.COM/blog) now to read a selection of Swells' funniest, angriest and most impassioned words

## SWELLS ON...

On the music scene and the world of...  
On the music scene and the world of...

On the music scene and the world of...

"Self-loving, knock-kneed, passive aggressive, dressed-up-in-kiddy-clothes, mock-pop-creepiness peddling, smug, underachieving, real-pop-bating no-talents celebrating their own inadequacy with music so white it's translucent."

On the music scene and the world of...

"The stench of fetid cock meat."

On the music scene and the world of...

"Overwhelmingly male. They all look, sound and smell like muscians. Only they also stink of wank. While millions of women will crawl over broken methadone bottles to suck the sore-ridden piss-gristle of a pug-ugly bassist in a fifth rate ska-revival combo – rock hacks get fuck-all shag action. Which is a good thing. It makes them bitter and twisted."

On the music scene and the world of...

"Mr Trent Reznor, I'm sure you're a wonderful guy, I bet you love children and dogs and are a warm lover. But onstage you are about as much fun as Christmas in a genital cancer ward. An evening watching your band is about as pleasurable as three-way sex with Mr and Mrs Himmler."

On the music scene and the world of...

"Richey Edwards killed the grubby, stinking hippy shibboleth of musicianship (that allowed boring nerds like Clapton and Knopfler to become rock stars) stone cold dead when he became the sexiest and greatest guitarist in the world with Manic Street Preachers – because (not despite) of the fact he wasn't plugged in."

On the music scene and the world of...

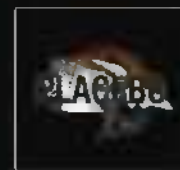
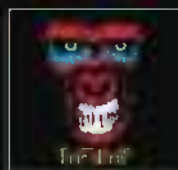
"Twee is a frequently reoccurring herpes virus under the foreskin of the popcock and Los Campesinos! are the weeping sore. I myself will be breaking into the homes of all eight members of Los Campesinos while they are away on tour and urinating in their empty beds."

On the music scene and the world of...

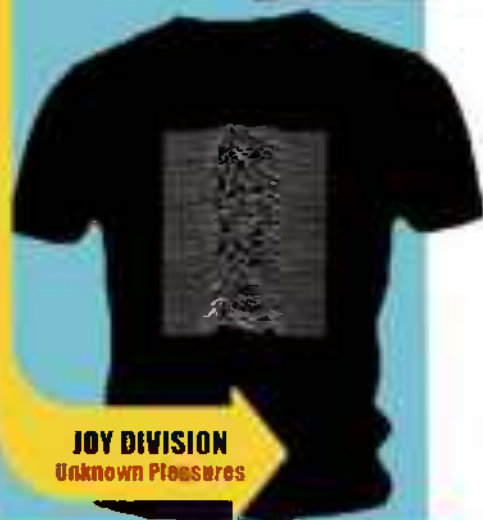
"But what about their human rights? I hear you squeal. Fuck their human rights. Right wingers aren't human. They are pond scum, microbes, mere filth. In fact, thinking about it, why don't we just gas the bastards?"



# NME



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# GLASTONBURY 2009

## THE NME REVIEW

### A WORTHY TRIBUTE

The King Of Pop dies,  
but Pilton powers on

It's madness. You get onsite, get your tent up, start looking through the line-up, and all of a sudden, the texts start coming in and the whispers start. A couple of phonecalls back home and it becomes clear: he's actually *gone*. And so a year on from The Jay-Z Glasto, mere hours in and 2009 becomes, not the Golden Oldies Glasto, nor the Blur Glasto, nor the Springsteen Glasto, but the Michael Jackson Glasto.

At first, it's difficult to adjust. Everyone — *everyone* — is talking about it, the songs are everywhere. But then you look again at that line-up. You start thinking, "What's Neil Young going to say about it? What's Damon going to say about it? What's *Bruce Fucking Springsteen* going to say about it?" But as the performances begin, all of that fades, and Glasto once more just becomes the unique celebration of music and life that it always is.

And quite simply, what better tribute could there be for Jacko than that?



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# FIRST ON THE BILL...

LIVE VERDICT

## MAXIMO PARK

QUEENS HEAD, THURSDAY, 25/06/09

Will it rain, won't it rain? Who cares?  
Here's Glastonbury's first flood

**T**housands of fans locked out of the tent, last-minute calls for extra security and whoops of delight for a man wearing a light blue pinstripe suit – it is *staggering* to witness just how massive Maximo Park have become. Their Glasto opening set causes scenes of pandemonium long before its scheduled 4pm kick off, as tens of thousands of fans brave the stifling heat to attempt to get within spitting distance of the meekly-sized canvas. Tent chief Melvin Benn makes his decision: safety comes first. Extra fencing is hastily set up, forcing back those not flukey enough to have bagged a spot in the vicinity.

Backstage, too, is unusually tense. "Do you know how many people there are?" asks a genuinely perplexed Lukas Wooller. "I'm shitting myself!" The keyboardist needn't worry, though – playing a fan-voted setlist, Paul Smith and co were always gonna ace this. Sure, opener 'A19' may be pedestrian on record, but here it's transformed into a vitriolic call to arms, the perfect accompaniment to Smith energetically cascading around stage. He's now unnervingly resembling Jarvis, but Jarvis were he hooked on Alan Bennett books rather than sleaze. We get a fizzing 'Graffiti', 'Going Missing' reborn as a ballsed-up Britpop pub groover and – thank fuck – the first proper festival anthem in 'Apply Some Pressure'. Welcome to the big league, boys... *Matt Wilkinson*

Seriously, Paul.  
You'll do yourself  
a right mischief

Stay another  
day... er,  
actually, don't

LIVE VERDICT

## EAST 17

DANCE ARENA, THURSDAY,  
25/06/09

And for a moment it  
was 1992 all over again

So, the most-talked-about gig of Glastonbury: Neil Young? The reformed Blur? Nope. For some reason – be it nostalgia, irony, Thursday-night excitement or indifference to everything else going on that night (Metronomy, again?) – the gig on everyone's lips, from the bearded naked guy to the festival's alarmingly prolific chav contingent, is East 17. Or rather, East 17 minus Tony Mortimer, aka the one with talent.

So why are we so excited about three quarters of 1992's brightest hopes, three morons from Walthamstow, the band whose comeback thus far amounts to a few student uni bookings? No idea, but for some reason we and at least 5,000 others are. Brian 'I can drop 12 Es and be fine' Harvey and the other two finally arrive in a variety of disgustingly sloganned shirts and oversized backwards caps to whistle through karaoke versions of The Hits, culminating in 'Stay Another Day'. But then towards the end of the set, the Jacko text messages start to roll across the crowd, the retro boy band joke is forgotten and the mourning of genuine pop genius begins. *Tim Chester*

ON THE FARM

### ROCK WITH YOU

Morning after the night before, and still all anyone is talking about is MJ. 'Billie Jean' seems to have been anointed as the tune by which he will be remembered for the duration of the weekend, blaring out of clothes stalls and tents the length and breadth of Worthy Farm. And given that it is one of the most staggeringly perfect pop songs ever, this is fitting. Gone but certainly not forgotten.



The human tent:  
beating the rain system

### RAINSPOTTING Rain on Friday.

Lots of it. Nooooooo  
oooooooooooooooooooo  
oooooooooooooooooooo  
oooooooooooooooooooo  
oooooooooooooooooooo!

### VIRGINS BROKEN IN

Punters looking for an early gag opportunity are ably catered for in the form of The Virgins popping their Glasto cherry on the John Peel Stage. Last night they were spotted prancing about in the Stone Circle, but their late night/early morning doesn't appear to have hampered their ability to wow "the biggest crowd we have ever seen!" First times are supposed to be special. This is.





Lada Gaga's dressing room was bloody nuts

## SHANGRI-LA

Topless mermaids, electric chairs and angry dwarves... usual stuff in the city on the lost horizon

**F**ar out on the edge of the festival way beyond the Jazz World Stage, past Avalon, past Trash City, further than Lawrence Of Arabia ever rode a camel (OK, probably not that far, but it feels like it when drugs are making you walk like C-3PO), the foolhardy and the brave come at last to Shangri-la. A beautiful idyll where you can muse in a vision of Blake's Jerusalem, and... hang on, whatthafuck? It's like *Mad Max 3: Beyond Thunderdome* here. Yep, this year the organisers behind Shangri-la ditched the Utopia theme for what they're calling a Dyscotopia. There's a complex back-story behind it about a futuristic Administration enforcing state-sanctioned pleasure domes, and an area called the Badlands where unauthorised, seedier fun can be had. But what it amounts to is one massive party that's THE place to be after-hours at the festival.

Predictably, there's a lot of actors trying to freak out kids on acid and shepherding them towards Club Dada, which is rammed to the rafters with hedonists, freaks and old Lady Gaga. Yep, the knicker-flashing pop strumpet is a surprise special guest on the Friday, and puts on a suitably over-the-top performance involving fire-breathing nipples and hot pants so tight you can see what she had for breakfast. But the real fun to be had for the hordes flocking here is within The Badlands, which is



This is your brain on drugs: all blue and melted



Lady Gaga's sex is literally on fire

basically a *Blade Runner*-style neon marketplace.

Wandering through it is beyond maaaaad as you stumble into places like a karaoke lounge where people actually just mime onstage to Gary Numan, a bar hosted by a topless mermaid and an angry dwarf, then a place called The Bodyshop where a mad scientist straps stray druggies into an electric chair to fry their brains further. All roads eventually lead to The Snake Pit, which has burlesque dancers literally bursting out of its transparent walls and demands all punters have a temporary tattoo should they not have a real one of their own. Inside, well, you're lucky to escape with your leather chaps intact.

Traditionally, when this area used to be Lost Vagueness, it was just basically a fire for the acid heads to sit by. Now, with a huge budget and a massive amount of imagination it's turned into a quite astonishing feat of party production. Best after-show ever, and you don't need a triple-A pass to get in - now that is what Glastonbury is all about. **Martin Robinson**

**It's the best aftershow ever, and a triple-A pass is not needed**

### DEFENSIVE PLAY

Annoyingly, there is a car blocking the entrance to NME's Glasto HQ, and it belongs to 'controversial' footballer Jonathan Woodgate. As he's been sitting there for *fucking ages*, we get to talking. "I am not having a good time at the moment," he smiles. "But I plan to." More 'controversial' antics coming your way soon.



Woodgate brings the hippy vibe

### COMIN' DOWN

Big delays between songs and big, big men in Iron Maiden T-shirts checking cables: poor The View are having 'technical difficulties'.

### WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE OUR TIMES

Quote of the weekend #1 from the ever-erudite (and usually massively angry) Irvine Welsh. Chatting about Michael Jackson's death to NME, the *Trainspotting* author is a font of hilarious bluntness. "To be honest, I was more upset about Farrah Fawcett dying [the *Charlie's Angels* actress passed away on the same day]. You've got to be more upset about someone you've had a walk over."



# FROM TOUR TO TOR

Our Awards Tour heroes are all grown up and ready for the big, wide world. So how did they enjoy the festival – and who reckons they can dance better than Lady Gaga?



## FLORENCE & THE MACHINE

JOHN PEEL STAGE  
SATURDAY

**NME:** Glastonbury, known for its 'vibe'. You, also known for your 'vibe'. Are the two of you the perfect Worthy Farm match, then?

**FLORENCE WELCH:** "Oooh, you can't just casually bust out the 'v' word like that, I wasn't aware I was such a vibe girl. But yes, I think me and Glastonbury do seem to work harmoniously, certainly. My entire family have trundled down in a gigantic camper van of great infamy. It's a Welch family tradition."

**NME:** Has the festival been an important part of your heritage, then?

**FLORENCE WELCH:** "Definitely. The first time I played was at 11am on the last day in the tea tent. I hadn't slept or eaten for two days, and my guitarist went AWOL, so I had a fit and cried. Luckily Suggs was hanging around, as you do, and kindly offered to do an impromptu cabaret warm up for me."



## WHITE LIES

OTHER STAGE, FRIDAY,  
JOHN PEEL STAGE,  
SATURDAY

**NME:** Two big prime-time slots for White Lies this year? Why no secret gigs round the back of some falita stands down the Green Fields?

**HARRY MCVEIGH (VOCALS/GUITAR):** "We wanted to do a set in the Stone Circle but there was no PA. Just an elderly man fire-juggling poi. There was so many people at our show, though, so it felt such an intense start. It wasn't even that enjoyable because we were all so petrified."

**NME:** So White Lies still get scared?

**HARRY:** "White Lies always get scared, about anything."

**NME:** What's the most festively thing you've taken part in today?

**HARRY:** "I was seriously considering getting a henna tattoo earlier. I ate couscous and hummus for my lunch and last night I got drunk on a cocktail of lager and Smirnoff ice. So overall I feel I've been getting into the vibe."



## FRIENDLY FIRES

OTHER STAGE,  
FRIDAY

**NME:** Ed, you're a great dancer – who's the worst you've come across here?

**ED MACFARLANE:** "If we're talking about performers, I was disappointed by Lady Gaga. The whole thing just seemed so sad and unsuited to here that it was just depressing."

**NME:** She didn't bust out the 'big fish, little fish' did she?

**ED:** "Almost. It just felt like the whole thing needed some grand production, more lights and back-up dancers, and without all that, in front of a load of rock'n'roll fans, she was just lost. Sad pop is the most uncomfortable sight..."

**NME:** Are you saying you're prepared to go on record as saying you are a better dancer than Lady Gaga?

**ED:** "That's right. I'll go out on a limb and say I'm officially silkier-footed than the Gaga. I'm not backing away from controversy."



## GLASVEGAS

OTHER STAGE,  
SUNDAY

**NME:** What's the strangest thing you've seen at Glasto so far?

**PAUL:** "I saw the London gospel choir gambling. Sln!"

**NME:** Photographer Danny North. He's been here since Wednesday. That's a lot of dried-off sweat. I felt as fresh as a daisy, then he came over and hugged me."

**NME:** You've got a well plush tour bus. Not tempted to camp?

**PAUL:** "This is slumming it for us!"

**NME:** What are you doing after your set?

**PAUL:** "We're going to London at some point."

**NME:** "I want to see Blur."

**NME:** "We should programme our set in advance so we can go and watch all the other headliners."

**NME:** How are you going to avoid ruining your Glasgow tans?

**PAUL:** "We've got these (brandishes four jet-black umbrellas)"

## BLOOD, SWEAT AND BEARDS

Er, that dude from Fleet Foxes is singing a bit of George Michael's 'Freedom! '90', to a quite stupidly large crowd on the Pyramid Stage. And is now 'treating' them to a couple of new 'numbers', interspersed with songs from that album that the dead serious muso in your life won't stop playing, as well as bigging up Fairport frigg'n' Convention. Glasto would appear to have grown a huge beard. And yeah, the harmonies were 'lush'.

**FROTHED UP**  
Pink Eyes from Fucked Up is currently purchasing the biggest ice-cream on Earth. No Flake though: that's not punk rock.



## THE LADY IS A VAMP

Firey breasts! A giant keytar! A suit made of bubbles! Tales of topless festival-going! Mopeds! Fifteen costumes! Fleet Foxes' secret set reveals... OK, we're kidding. It's Lady Gaga, who is nothing if not a spectacle, and who even invites us in to her dressing room afterwards. She is the anti-beard and we love her. For the next hour, at least.

Neil Young:  
rockin' in the  
free world

LIVE VERDICT

## NEIL YOUNG / THE SPECIALS / LILY ALLEN

PYRAMID STAGE, FRIDAY, 26/06/09

Gloved tributes, BNP-bashing, and Canadian rockers bring out the sun

**T**here are some artists that you can see at Glastonbury every single year whether they are playing or not. Worthy Farm could be completely underwater and Lily Allen would still be somewhere in the vicinity, soldiering on gamely. Last year, sporting shocking dyed pink hair, she heli-coptered in to shambolically guest with Mark Ronson (although to be fair to her, she'd just had news of a family bereavement). Tonight she's in a much better place both personally (she looks great) and professionally, what with 'It's Not Me, It's You' still selling shitloads. The weather turns nice for her set, which means she can't really fail, mainly because she, more than anyone, knows EXACTLY what's required – including slagging off the BNP, and the classy touch of wearing one white glove in tribute to Jacko.

Of course, when Queen Lily was last on this stage, in 2007, she bestowed her approval on one of the greatest band reunions of modern times, when Terry Hall and Lynval Golding of The Specials joined her for a couple of their old band's songs. This eventually led to this year's 30th anniversary tour, which was so rapturously received the absence of main songwriter Jerry Dammers is now virtually forgotten. And no wonder; the seven-piece are nigh-on perfect for the penultimate slot, their raft of ska classics getting the throng in the mood for the first

**It's taken The Specials  
a long, long time,  
but they're here just  
when we need them**

### FRANZ FOR THE MEMORIES

Tomorrow Franz Ferdinand have the unenviable task of competing with His Bossness on the Other Stage, but tonight Alex Kapranos is up for it. Neil Young is on the menu later, but not before he has the good decency to pose for some snaps looking like a bit of a tit in front of some weird giant mushroom thingy that someone has decided to erect outside our temporary home. What a chap!

### ONE BIG T PARTY

So it would appear that 'Sticks N' Stones' by Jamile T is well on its way to summer anthem status. The man destined to be forever described as a troubadour drops his new single two songs into his set, and the John Peel Stage goes fucking bananas. In truth the rest of his set kind of pales in comparison, but that's simply because this one is so massive – like, 'Bonkers' massive.

**SPOTTED!**  
Eavis on a tractor!  
Peaches Geldof in  
a backstage area!  
Whatever next?



night of serious partying. And guess what? They rename 'A Message To You Rudy', for one evening only, 'Fuck The BNP'. It's taken them a long, long time, but they're here just when we need them – it's sobering to note their multi-racial line-up is the sort of thing N'ek Griffin and his bunch of fascists are trying to eradicate.

So while it took The Specials 30 years to get here, it's taken the 63-year-old headliner Neil Young even longer. Twelve years after pulling out when he cut his finger making a ham sandwich, the grizzled

Canadian guitar hero has finally made it. And the massed crowd let him know how they feel, singing along joyously to 'Heart Of Gold', 'Rockin' In The Free World' and his closing cover of The Beatles' 'A Day In The Life'. One American hero may have burnt out this weekend. This one is looking like he'll never fade away.

Alan Woodhouse



Underworld in motion: Klaxons kick-start the fancy dress party



# THE SECRET SHOWS

...or the performances that all of Glastonbury really knew about because nobody could keep their big traps shut

**P**ssst, guys – heard the oh-my-gos – we might just wet-ourselves with excitement news about the special guests? Oh what, you have? Bugger. Let it be known from this weekend onward that if you have a juicy secret, then don't go rushing to tell Glastonbury, however good a mate you think they are – they'll only go and blab it about to ruddy everyone. Hence 2009's 'special guests', while still being really rather special, aren't quite as clandestine as we'd been lead to believe. That said, we should probably thank Eavis and co for letting as many of us mere cider'n'falafe-filled mortals catch the musical icing on the decadent festival-shaped cake before us.

So let's tuck in with NERD, who are due onstage at 3.10pm on the Friday. But it's now 3.35pm and though there's activity onstage, there's not actually been any music. Pharrell Williams, in his shiny gold earplugs, who is under the impression that all 200,000 people at the festival are watching his band, kicks off with a bit of banter, but we don't want a lecture, mate, we want to dance.

Then, almost 40 minutes after they were due on, something finally eeks out of the speakers, but to be frank, we're not quite sure why they bothered. Despite Pharrell's scissorkicks and endless bounding around, 'Brain' sounds limp and 'Sooner Or Later', the breakdown of which sees Pharrell shout out a cursory, 'Rest in piece Michael Jackson!' manages to prompt a steady stream of people bugging off. But then suddenly the



**Klaxons' fancy dress secret gig had the cast of *Wizard Of Oz* doing the soundcheck**

tide turns and things don't just start getting good, they get damn brilliant. There's a vicious rendition of 'Rock Star' and Pharrell takes it upon himself to get a lucky young lady from the crowd to dance beside him before giving her a big old cuddle. When she leaves, Pharrell then invites 15 or so more punters to join the band onstage, who grab him and pop him in the centre of a rowdy can-can to a hectic 'Lapdance'. With the Pyramid Stage now a house party of epic proportions, they roll into 'Everyone Nose (All The Girls Standing In The Line For The Bathroom)' but 20 seconds in, the plug on the sound is pulled, thanks to the band running over due to those technical hitches at the beginning. Oops.

Announcing the 'r Friday evening set the day before, perhaps the best thing about The Dead Weather is not their stellar cast of itchin' and scratchin' dirty blues boys – and girl – but the fact

that they make their roadies wear suits; black ones with royal blue shirts and dapper hats that make them look like 1930s Chicago gangsters with a grudge. Brilliant.

Alison Mosshart, or Baby Ruthless to give her her *nom de rock*, stalks in circles around the stage as the band limber up. She's practically swallowing cigarettes before they

ON THE FARM



## BALTIMORE YOU IGNORE ME THE CLOSER I GET

OK, so 'OMG' is probably a term used only by American teens, but... OMG, it's *The Wire*'s Jimmy McNulty, aka Dominic West, looking rather worse for wear in the backstage area! "Neil Young blew my socks off last night!" he tells us, before wandering off in search of "a taste". Or possibly even "a re-up".

## DEATH BECOMES THEM

More than one person wandering up to the Pyramid Stage has just uttered something along the lines of, "Fuck, I thought Spinal Tap weren't on for at least another hour!" Make what you will of the fact that it's actually Eagles Of Death Metal currently "rocking out" over in that direction.



## ALL THAT GLITTERS...

Young Esser, he of the magnificent (or stupid) quiff, is kicking things off for Saturday on the John Peel Stage.

Despite the sun just coming out, most people are still covered in shit, so showing up in a sparkly jacket is maybe not the best way to win a not-huge crowd over. 'Headlock' is still quite a tune, though.



# GLASTONBURY 2009



The Dead Weather's Alison Mosshart realises she's forgotten a family birthday



NERD invasion, as Glasto crowd turn hip-hop superstars



Surfboard big sticks with stage on... do they fold away?

storm into '60 Feet Tall'. Tossing her jet-black bird's nest around and howling like some unholy union of Janis Joplin and Joan Jett, Mosshart's so compelling that you actually forget that the pale chap at the back who's contentedly thundering away on the drums is Jack White. 'So Far From Your Weapon' is a glorious, clattering sonic assault, and 'Hang You From The Heavens' drips with the kind of rock'n'roll raunch that's almost as filthy as the path from the Other Stage to the Pyramid.

When you've got the cast of *The Wizard Of Oz* doing the soundcheck for Saturday's first 'special guests' over on the Park Stage it's evident that we're not about to witness a covert James Blunt gig. It is, of course, Klaxons who deliver a bar-raising opener of 'Atlantis To Interzone' and are sporting some fancy dress outfits of their own. Namely James Righton as Edward Scissorhands, Simon as Beetlejuice and Jamie Reynolds as... well, we're not sure actually, but it involves a fake torso and a hand round his neck, which manages to look more and more disturbing as the show goes on.

As the sun dips behind the back of the stage, Jamie introduces 'Golden Skans'. The collective hands of the crowd reach for the heavens and yet another festival 'moment' is born. "Absolutely magical, thank you!" mutters Jamie. Just what we were thinking, mate, and it looks like the hyped-up crowd agree, judging from the set's tumbling crowd surfers and what looks suspiciously like a circle pit, which comes to an unwanted close with the thudding wail of 'Four Horsemen Of 2012'.

Leonie Cooper



The Dead Weather: personally, we prefer Meg on the drum stool

## ARE YOU TAPPED?

Yay! It's the real Spinal Tap! Doing 'Stonehenge'! There's a sign down the front that reads 'Sex Farm', and a couple of particularly prepared audience members have even brought actual mini-Stonehenge monuments. And now they've got an inflatable one of their own onstage with a couple of dwarves dancing around it. Up to 11, etc, etc, etc.



## CALL HIM MR SNOWBIZ!

We've just bumped into that Joe of Adam And Joe fame, who is interested to know exactly what chemicals NME's Hamish MacBain was on when he was interviewed on Sky News at about 2am last night about Michael Jackson. Good ones, by the look of things...

## PETE IN NORMAL SHOW SHOCKER

You know it's a strange, strange festival when one of the least-talked-about, running-exactly-as-expected, stable performances of the weekend is from one Peter Doherty. He brings on, er, John from The Bandits and, er, Dot Allison, as well as covering 'Psycho Killer', but other than that, it's just all very - and we can't quite believe we're writing this - business as usual.



# TRIBUTES TO THE



One of the tributes that sprung up around the site

Commemorative T-shirts: manufactured at the speed of light

Want to gauge the mood? Look for the flags

The news spreads

While the world went mad, saturating the airwaves with blanket coverage of Jacko's death, Glastonbury made the collective decision to honour the legend with a more subtle eulogy...

**T**he worst thing was, it took all night for anyone to believe it. The massive celebrity death rumour is as much a tradition of Glastonbury as poppers, the Protest Naked Guy and Tony Benn.

So when word started to seep through to Worthy Farm – after what had already been a shocking day for deaths – that Michael Jackson had suffered a heart attack and passed away, everybody's instant reaction was that this was this year's version of The Queen or The Pope. Glastonbury had already begun to get its spangle on. East 17 were playing, for pity's sake. By the following morning there was no denying it, and as 200,000 people began to exchange stories of their favourite Jacko hits, Emily Eavis reacted on the festival's behalf through Twitter. "So sad to hear the news about MJ. There will be tributes all over the site all weekend. A truly great artist."

Peaches Geldof, backstage, was despondent. "I think it's a bit like a dampener on the whole weekend because everyone's really sad about it. When you lose someone in your life who's an iconic figure it's always a big blow to people. People will really remember this as a moment in pop culture. Apart from all the press stuff he was such a prolific performer and amazing musician. It reminded me of when Princess Diana had died when I was a child. It stayed with me, and I'm thinking about his family."

Well, quite. Meanwhile Lady Gaga was said to be in tears backstage. Not too upset to stop firing flamethrowers out from her tits, but enough to release a statement declaring that "a piece of music has died". Her producer RedOne had been linked to working on new Jackson material, and was said to be inconsolable.

Alex Kapranos reckoned, "he is one of that very small echelon of superstars like Elvis or Sinatra, a real icon of the 20th century. He kind of faded in the last few years, really faded away – and he was completely fucking insane, which is a good thing. I like my superstars to be insane, it's what makes them interesting."

So everybody was sad that Michael Jackson was dead, but what nobody really knew was what to do next? How is a festival like this supposed to pay tribute to somebody like that?

Well, what certainly wasn't helpful was the compère of the John Peel Stage making

unprintable Jacko gags as he introduced Little Boots on Friday – and gloating about how they'd had 'the foresight' to book Jarvis Cocker in the light of what happened. Or the way that Alan from The Rakes' opening gambit was, "Have you heard the good news about Michael Jackson?"

But on the other hand, nobody wants to hear a raft of mid-level indie bands rush-rehearsing Jackson covers in some cock-eyed attempt at showing how at one with the music they are. But it could have happened. What tributes there were were subtle, and almost all came from the poppier ends of the line-up. Kanye acolyte (when can we stop calling him that?) Mr Hudson had the task of going first, opening Other Stage proceedings with a simple moonwalk and a dedication of 'There Will Be Tears'. Mike Skinner belted out 'Billie Jean', Lily wore a single white glove, Jamie Cullum gave 'Thriller' a jazz overhaul, DJ Semtex dropped a Jacko megamix during Dizze Rascal's show on the Pyramid Stage. Little Boots threw out a few bars of 'Earth Song'. Even Kapranos gave out a classy "shamone motherfucker!" as they went head-to-head with The Boss. Who by the way, said nothing at all on the subject, choosing instead to honour his old buddy Joe Strummer. And as The Boss

**"Jacko was completely fucking insane, which is a good thing"**

**ALEX KAPRANOS**

ruled, so the festival followed. If he wasn't going to throw down a dewy-eyed tribute, then neither were they.

Out front, it was becoming obvious that the 150,000 people were going to work through their grief in

the only way they knew – getting off it with a tear in their eye. "I didn't even know him and I was gutted," says 23-year-old Leanne Giglia, over from Perth. "We were wondering, should people do tributes to him or is it too soon? But then this afternoon Dizze Rascal did a tribute and it was like, 'Fuck yeah!' I don't think anybody would think it was disrespectful, but we weren't sure. Everybody went for it."

"He was pretty much the best performing artist of all time," reckoned Carl White, 27, from Newcastle. "There's been little mistakes and there always will be when a celebrity dies, but at the end of the day everyone's got respect for him." Did it affect the mood? "Er, it did on Thursday..."

The real tributes came from the hidden-away soundsystems and after-after parties, where 'Billie Jean' and 'Beat It' wafted around Worthy Farm long after the live turns had scarpared away on helicopters or off wasted into campsites. In the end, Glastonbury celebrated the life and music of Michael Jackson in the only way it really could. By not stopping until it got enough. **Dan Martin**



## KING



Michael "How" single white dove



"Where's the crossword gone"



Even beards are into mourning



Not even you got into the respectful spirit

We're not sure if that thing in the background is related in any way...





Robbie Furze (far left) and Milo Cordell: balls to them, we say

## FIRST TIMERS

# THE BIG PINK'S TRIP

With two sets across the weekend, and the determination to enjoy fully Glasto's 'delights', did they hold it together?

**L**ast night, The Big Pink played a warm up gig in Bath. Later last night, they arrived at Glastonbury. Even later last night, they... well, US visa concerns prevent us saying more, but let's just say, at 5pm on Friday, the pair are trembling from the aftershocks of a bender that saw them destroy any chances of a comprehensible first gig before they'd even set foot past the barrier. "I just don't like festivals," Robbie Furze splutters, in a state. "I don't like camping, and I don't like really shit music, so I just figured they were never for me."

"Well," splutters back his partner-in-crime Milo Cordell. "I can't get e-fucking-nough of them."

Oh dear. Over the past eight-or-so months, The Big Pink have emerged as arguably the best British guitar band of now. At present, though, they can barely even walk, much less agree on anything, much less play a career-defining Glastonbury show. It's a surprise, then, that their late-on performance on The Queen's Head stage is a triumph. 'Too Young To Love', 'Velvet' and especially 'Stop The World' are

majestic: enhanced rather than hampered by their creators' current state. In fact, it's part of what they do. The dry ice-doused figures onstage are unrecognisable as the gibbering wrecks of a few hours ago, taking to the task in hand with the naturalness of people who are born to do nothing but this. "It's true we've fallen in love with the idea of being rock stars," Robbie smiles afterwards, wandering around the site in search of more trouble, another bigger Saturday show on the John Peel Stage fast approaching. A show that, again, will end up being a triumph.

"The thing is," continues Milo, even further on in to proceedings, "is that we're not babies. We're 29 and 28, but me and Robbie have been rock stars since we were 16. We just never bothered doing a band 'til now."

And off they go again, into the night, to do more damage. Glastonbury has proven The Big Pink to be a band capable of great things. Drink, anyone? *Jaimie Hodgson*



Milo is too much of a diva to feed himself, obviously



Watch your hands, Milo...



The Pink were happy to hang out with Jack Peñate. But not to buy him a pint



Unfortunately, work got in the way of the boys' partying

### WHEN TRIBUTES GO WRONG

What's this turgid nonsense polluting our ears? No, not Jason Mraz, but the heinous hate-crime that is a wine bar-jazz version of 'Thriller'. Seriously, Jamie Cullum? If the King Of Pop were in a grave already, he'd be turning in it. And no, whatever anyone will inevitably tell you in the days to come, finishing your set with a version of 'High & Dry' will not make up for it. Not in any way whatsoever.



### THE PASSION OF THE COCKER

Ah, a non-Jacko tribute! Passion Pit dedicated their rather excellent 'The Reeling' to Sir Jarvis Of Cocker. And it's maybe - although probably not - something to do with all that Brit arse-wagging all their years back. One thing is certain, though: their set on the John Peel Stage is the weekend's best performance by a much-blogged-about Massachusetts band.

### SPOTTED!

This is the weirdest one so far: Harry Enfield, plus wife and two kids, watching Tinchy Stryder.





Guitar lessons.  
Experienced teacher.  
£23,000 per hour.  
References available

**HAVE VERDICT**

## BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

PYRAMID STAGE, SATURDAY, 27/06/09

Perhaps the festival's most famous first-timer, but The Boss is seriously looking at home

**E**nergy, as anyone knows, can never be created or destroyed, only transferred, and Bruce Springsteen is the biggest human conductor ever born on God's green earth. From the moment he tears onstage with a deftly chosen acoustic cover of Joe Strummer's Glastonbury fantasia 'Coma Girl', he's a galvanizing jolt of rock'n'roll rabble rousing. By the second song, 'Badlands', he's already off the stage, touching hands, grinning fit to split.

The Boss (much as he's rumoured to dislike that nickname) has never shied away from the role of preacher man, and he's not resting until everyone here is converted to the E Street cause. During 'Working On A Dream', he clarifies: "We wanna take the fear that's out there and build a house of love... We got all the tools we need on this stage... But Glastonbury, we need you to bring the NOISE." Glastonbury duly obliges, and Bruce's crew set about their task with a totally infectious joy – and tonight, we're all part of their team.

After a solemn 'The Ghost Of Tom Joad', Bruce bounds once more down to the crowd and, grabbing a handful of cardboard request banners, chooses, brilliantly, 'Because The Night', the song he originally gave to Patti Smith. The edgy tension of the piano, collapsing into the driving riff, is pure sex. Bruce is working his arse off, pouring sweat, straining fit to burst towards his goal: rock'n'roll transcendence. On 'No Surrender', he's joined by The Gaslight Anthem's Brian Fallon, who also, understandably, looks like the cat

that got the cream. The setlist spans the breadth of his career rather than sticking to the big hits, and it's testament to the strength of recent albums that 'Waiting On A Sunny Day' and 'Radio Nowhere' more than stand their ground next to 'Prove It All Night' and 'Out In The Street'. The full range of moods is covered too, from the American mythologising (complete with stetson) of 'Outlaw Pete' to the raw emotionalism of his cracked croon at the close of 'The River'.

For a lot of the crowd, though, it's all about one song. Springsteen once described 'Born To Run' as, 'My shot at the title. A 24-year-old kid aimin' at the greatest rock'n'roll record ever.' Fittingly, someone's wielding a boxing belt in the crowd as those immortal lines ring out and everyone goes batshit mental. It's far from over, though: 'Glory Days' in the encore is all the more brilliant in that he wrote its jokey take on nostalgia in his early thirties, and now, at almost 60, looks even further from settling down. "It's curfew time!" roars Bruce. Steven Van Zandt shakes his head. "Well, if it's not curfew time, Steve, what time is it?"

The crowd join in, roaring back the answer. "IT'S BRUCE TIME!" And as he closes with 'Dancing In The Dark', we're left wishing that it was Bruce time all the time. His house is pretty sweet. *Emily Mackay*



Heard of Where's Wally?? Well this is Where's Bruce?

**It's Bruce Time... and we're left wishing it was Bruce Time all the time**

### SERIOUSLY, WTF?

Pendulum are on the Other Stage, and a LOT of people are going mental. Why, why, why, why? What is the deal with this fucking bunch of lame-o insipid drum'n'bass munters, and just why does an entire field full of utter wreck-heads feel the need to dance like they're smashed on bad speed and it's 1992? Come on people, Glasto's meant to be a festival for *actual* music. We. Do. Not. Get. It.



### CARLY'S (LACK OF) ANGELS

Poor Carl Barat has only just got onsite, because security wouldn't let him in. "They made me walk about four miles to a different entrance," he tells us, with the air of a man who maybe knows his "don't you know who I am?" days are numbered. "I've missed Pete, and I'm fucking knackered now." And to add insult to injury, the lens on his Ray Bans has fallen out. Bad times.

### OFFICE BANTER

Backed by a makeshift band, friggin' Neil from *The Office* is currently bellowing a raft of terrible covers including 'Smells Like Teen Spirit' and 'Anarchy In The UK' at the back of some nondescript Shangri-La bar. During 'Rock The Casbah' he even busts out a few moves from that legendary dance-off scene. Keith Allen is also up there. It's javascript six in the morning, by the way...





REVIEWED

# THE 31 NUMBER 1s\*

Greetings pop-pickers! **Martin Robinson** watched 31 Number 1s in a field-hopping, decade-defying tour of chart-toppers new and old. Tough job? Not 'alf!

**'TWO LITTLE BOYS' – ROLF HARRIS**  
What a hero. He's so kindly. He sings 'Two Little Boys' so tenderly that people are crying blood. Please never die, Rolf!

**'SMILE'/'THE FEAR' – LILY ALLEN**  
The Princess of Glastonbury is greeted like sunshine in a slinky blue one-piece, and her top spotters are lapped up like rainbow sap by the adoring crowd.

**'LEAVE RIGHT NOW' – WILL YOUNG**  
Will, listen to the words you're singing. OK, that's what all our eyes are telling you.

**'BONKERS'/'DANCE WIV ME' – DIZZEE RASCAL**  
People are behaving like toddlers on sherbert for 'Bonkers', which should ideally be reclassified as the national anthem.

**'FIRESTARTER'/'BREATHE' – THE PRODIGY**  
What's good about these two Number Ones is how subtle they are. The Prodigy play in the manner with which Rambo treats Vietnam.

**'COUNTRY HOUSE'/'BEETLEBUM' – BLUR**  
It's quite sweet they're doing 'Country House' tonight, but boy, 'Beetlebum' is the better one and makes the smackheads think twice tonight.

**'THAT'S NOT MY NAME' – THE TING TINGS**  
Yay, it's that slightly punk pop band. This set-closer elevates the band from 'quite good' to 'great'.



**'CALL ON ME' – ERIC PRYDZ**  
Without the porn vid, this is as horny as watching your uncle rub his erection against your auntie.

**'(IS THIS THE WAY TO) AMARILLO' – TONY CHRISTIE**  
Real joy or ironic joy? To find out you have to look into people's eyes. Quite a lot of real joy, actually. It must be Sunday, the hysteria's setting in.

**'TIRED OF WAITING FOR YOU'/'SUNNY AFTERNOON' – RAY DAVIES**  
Rowdy classics in the Acoustic Tent, where one usually has to remain as reverential as if the Virgin Mary was having a dump onstage.

**'STAY ANOTHER DAY' – EAST 17**  
We wanted nostalgia. But they're intent on murdering their tunes.



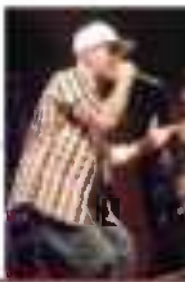
**'GHOST TOWN'/'TOO MUCH TOO YOUNG' – THE SPECIALS**  
'Ghost Town' is stunning, but 'Too Much Too Young' wins by a skinhead.



**'WHERE IS THE LOVE?'/'BOOM BOOM POW' – BLACK EYED PEAS**  
Time to call in an air strike... but before they disappear, special thanks to the Black Eyed Peas' manager for punching Perez Hilton.

**'IT'S NOT UNUSUAL'/'GREEN, GREEN GRASS OF HOME' – TOM JONES**  
You can't beat Tom. Well, not his face anyway. A baseball bat would bounce back off that rubbery thing. Always good to see the old pros on Sunday – however many times he's sung these two, and yet he still smiles. Not that his face can frown anymore.

**'DOWN DOWN' – STATUS QUO**  
OK, so the Quo may be a tad m'serable and unpleasant at times, but this is raw and totally demonic in its glorification of annihilation. It goes on forever, but that's nowhere near long enough.



**'DRY YOUR EYES' – The Streets**  
This song turns into one of those festival moments where middle-aged couples start necking and everyone else throws up.

**'HOUSE OF FUN' – MADNESS**  
What Number Ones used to be all about: being bouncy enough so you can bash into your mate or accidentally snog someone.

**'HIT ME WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK' – THE BLOCKHEADS**  
With Derek The Draw on vocals, The Blockheads are sharp as tackheads.

**'WATERLOO'/'MAMMA MIA'/'DANCING QUEEN'/'TAKE A CHANCE ON ME'/'SUPER TROUPER' – BJORN AGAIN**  
Of course, this isn't the real Abba, but it's such fun even the black clouds above turn pink. Oh no, that's a balloon.



## A STAR IS BORN

Could there be a better sound to be woken up by in the morning than reggae-ified takes on Beatles songs? Well... yes, another dose of Neil Young doing 'A Day in the Life' would be preferable to Easy Star All-Star's version, but there you go (weirdly, their version of 'Lovely Rita' is better). It does spark a random Sunday thought, though: who owns all the rights to the Fabs' stuff now Jacko's dead? Is it really 12-year-old Prince Michael?



## PIG IN THE CITY

First thing Sunday morning, and everyone is nattering about how three people were diagnosed with swine flu last night and sent home. The official line, predictably, is, 'Hey, don't worry about it!', but seeing as at NME Towers you can barely walk through a door without coming into contact with some kind of detergent-dispensing contraption, the thought of using the tin crappers here armed only with wet-wipes is a little troubling.

## READY, SET, GLASTO!

Eh? For some reason, the Other Stage is now running half an hour early, meaning we've already missed most of Art Brut. How the hell can a stage be running early!? Only at Glasto...

What, you thought she'd have turned up in a T-shirt and trackle bottoms?

IN & OUT IN THREE HOURS WITH...

## YEAH YEAH YEAHS

Brooklyn's finest pay a short visit to Somerset, but it looks like they – and we! – had a bunch of fun nonetheless

**G**iven that the hardest of punters arrive on the Wednesday, to be picked dribbling out of the mud a full week later, Yeah Yeah Yeahs' Glastonbury 2009 is nothing if not short. Hell, even Bruce Springsteen arrived early enough to put in a guest slot with The Gaslight Anthem. Yet with just two and a half hours left until Karen O and co are due on the Other Stage, they're still 100 miles off site.

"Chaos theory..." Nick Zimmer later tells *NME*, trying to explain the close shave while sat backstage, drummer Brian Chase next to him flexing his eyes open and shut to try and wake up. Of course, they made it. Even if organisers inexplicably put their stage time back half an hour to 4.30pm. "We pulled into the farm, like, an hour before we were playing," Zimmer tuts. "Crazy. But it was fun."

And their afternoon set is pretty fun. Karen O (she's not chatting to us, feels ill) flailing around with that shawl, a giant inflatable eyeball bouncing around the front row, 'Heads Will Roll' thudding into the churned grass-turned-

mud with the urgency of an arrow into a bullseye. The sound is glitchy and 'Art Star' has aged badly, but 'Gold Lion' is still incredible and 'Zero', if the New Yorkers had had a bit more sleep, could've been Somerset's 2009 anthem. The crowd are pretty into it. "Yeah they were, all things considering," Zinner agrees. "Hey, if I'd been doing mushrooms and MDMA for three days straight I don't think I'd be still standing." He's not standing – he's sat on a bench looking like he's about to collapse. And he's lamenting the missed opportunity of a Trash City pep-up; the tour bus is revving already. "We didn't really get the Glastonbury experience," he yawns. "Didn't get to experience all the reasons people come here. It sounds amazing. A super-weird culture I'd like to lose myself in for a couple of hours. Trash City sounds good."

And in less time than a Boss headline set, they're off again, unable to stick around to plug about Glasto's Technicolor walls until the early hours. The euphoric thuds of 'Zero' we heard earlier should leave enough imprint to cover their absence, though. *Jamie Fullerton*



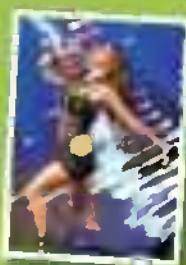
Nick Zimmer struggles to remain awake...

...while Karen O is just spitting mad



### STOP MAKING NOISSETTE

"Ben, the two of us we look no moooore....!" Noisettes' Shingai Shoniwa is belting out an a capella version of the early Jacko classic over on the John Peel Stage. And quite beautiful it is too, certainly more so than the lumpen take on 'When You Were Young' they wheeled out earlier in the set. That they then close with bloody 'Children Of The Revolution' just smacks of a band with not enough tricks, darling.



### CAK EYED PEAS

Now, the latest – and maybe last – rumour to spread across Glasto was that Justin Timberlake had arrived onsite, and that he was gonna be joining his embarrassingly limp-hop pals the Black Eyed Peas onstage for a marathon Jacko mega-tribute. But he didn't, so we trekked all the way over and sat through 'Don't Phunk With My Heart' all for nowt. Cheers, rumour makers! That's an hour of our lives we're not getting back.

### SPOTTED!

Not quite as weird as Harry Enfield and family watching Tinchy Stryder, but Mischa Barton is side of stage (still on the John Peel Stage) for Ladyhawke. Weird, as some were saying this particular tent was the one most in need of a vibes injection, but this weekend it's had the Boss and Marissa from *The OC*. Oh yeah, and Ladyhawke, who is getting more and more amazing each time we see her.



REVEALED

# 10 THINGS YOU MIGHT HAVE MISSED

If you spend the entire weekend camped out in front of the Pyramid Stage, you're not doing Glasto properly. Here are some hidden delights



Yet another single white glove...

## 1 AMANDA BLANK

**Dance Lounge, Friday, 7.40pm**

As Lady Gaga struts around in a mirrored dress foraging for disco sticks miles away on the gargantuan Pyramid Stage, over in the Dance Village an altogether rougher-edged pop priestess is holding sassy sway. Bumping and flexing as if the lives of millions depended on it, clad in black cape and single white glove, Amanda Blank is *ridiculously sexy*. The sometime Spank Rock associate (remember 'Bump'?) deploys a bad attitude-laden, none-more-sharp hybrid of pop, hip-hop and dance that radiates energy and fun. 'Make It Take It' is upfront, pumping and furious, while recent single 'Might Like You Better' is adorable in its cheekiness, romping along over an intense electro riff. Closing with 'Gimme More', her Spank Rock collaboration from forthcoming album 'I Love You', her give-a-fuck exuberance in the face of a seriously Gaga-depleted tent (somewhat bolstered by the DJs' crafty decision to play a Michael Jackson medley before she comes on) single-handedly restores the will to live of those lucky enough to be here and bear witness to the dawn of the Blank generation.

## 2 ANIMAL COLLECTIVE

**Park Stage, Friday, 11pm**

While it may have appeared as if the entire population of Glastonbury's mud-grotted punters made a beeline for the Pyramid Stage to see legendary old-timer Neil Young, it seems that everyone under the age of 21 onsite were more than enthused with watching four deranged young experimental art-indie fiends from Baltimore, Maryland (it's not all about *The Wire* y'know). Their delicate twinkles, opening with the gorgeous 'My Girls' off their latest LP 'Merriweather Post Pavilion', was the perfect euphoric antidote to a day plagued by erratic weather and crazy festival hats. And as difficult as Animal Collective's sound may be to penetrate at times, their cinematic soundscapes of twinks and bleeps, wiley yelps and bombastic percussion filtering through the multiple raised arms down at the Park Stage was an eerily comforting and all-encompassing prospect for a mild summer night.



## 3 WILEY

**East Dance Tent, Saturday, 4.45pm**

There's a fine line between genius and utter, weird bastard madness. Certainly, during Wiley's - or Richard Kylea Cowie to his mum - DJ-cum-one-live-song-set on the East Dance Tent has certainly erred on the side of lunacy. Knowing full well that his some-time collaborator Dizzee Rascal is hype-talking himself all over the Pyramid Stage (and creating a few festival anthems of his own in the process) Wiley, in his infinite wisdom, has taken to spinning and emceeing his vocals all over the boy in da corner's tracks. Is it, ahem, bonkers, or an inspired means of saturating Glastonbury's shamefully under-prescribed



rap market? What we do know is that a rendition of new single 'She's Glowing' with fellow rapper Kano guest starring onstage with him is as genius as it gets.

## 4 MICACHU

**Stonebridge Bar, Saturday, 7pm**

You know that blissful feeling of connection with the airwaves you get when you accidentally tune in to a random pirate station in the small hours and catch some unexpected sweetness? That's the vibe Mica Levi is bringing incongruously early on a Saturday evening. Technical difficulties and a slow start means it takes the loyal crowd in the tiny Stonebridge Bar by the Park Stage a while to get moving. Before long, though, the intoxicating, otherworldly mix of dubstep atmospherics, global beats and Mica's brand of homemade oddity, topped with live vocals from Dels, Ghostpoet, Kwes and Mica herself, has them up and whooping. The formidable technical prowess of the UK's foremost weird-popper comes to the fore as, concentrated over an array of synths, sequencers and CD decks, her fingers flit from knob to switch as she segues between original tracks and remixes, distorting vocals, throwing in scratchy ukelele sounds, and staying defiantly far from the rulebook. "Where's the Chu?" shouts Dels. Right here and in full effect.



A fat dude in wellies crowdsurfing: this is seriously fucked up



## 5 FUCKED UP

**John Peel Stage, Friday, 2.40pm**

Possibly the only band playing the John Peel Stage of which the late, great broadcaster would have approved. As controversial as that statement may be, Canadian noise mentalists Fucked Up are no stranger to disturbing the status quo. Not even one song in, frontman Damian Abraham has scaled the stage scaffolding, been told off by the onsite security for health and safety violations before plunging head first into the crowd, mic in hand, with a multiple of hands rubbing his belly all Buddha-like. Three songs in and the dude has bulldozed his way through the entire audience and made it all the way back to the sound desk just to pull down his kecks and show us all his secret smile. This is the stuff that gig legend is made of. Bless.



## 6 THE TEMPER TRAP

John Peel Stage, Saturday 3pm

Everything's bigger in Australia: the rocks, the insects, the tunes. Melbourne quartet The Temper Trap knock out sky-stabbing anthems that cloud the bright mid-afternoon sky with charged brooding. Surging, taut anthems like recent single 'Science Of Fear', which elicits whoops from a crowd keen in spirit if baked in body, have a clear lineage from the melodic,

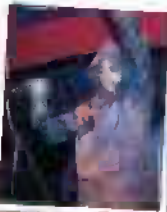


melodramatic grunge of Smashing Pumpkins and Silversun Pickups, but sweetened by U2-style heart-tugging guitar atmospheric. There's fire in their bellies, there's fajitas in ours: everyone's a winner.

## 7 CHIPMUNK

Dance Lounge, Saturday, 1am

Playing his first-ever show. Delayed by four hours - practically an eternity - and drawing a crowd to the Dance Lounge more packed than a blue whale in a one-person lift, from the off it was clear that rap sensation Chipmunk, despite his cutesy and, let's face it, crap stage



name, was going to be a big deal. But with an audience already perked up from the day's music it's not until he bangs out 'Diamond Rings' that the place kicks off. This is one little pest you don't mind having around.

# 10 DAN BLACK

John Peel Stage, Friday 12.00

So, the young affable Dan Black's debut album 'Un' has split the opinion of literally two NME hacks. That said, we did wonder about how this bedroom based electronic pop maverick would pull off his heartfelt ditties in a live setting. As second billing on the John Peel Stage on Friday, with a full backing band in tow, he came up top trumps with his hip-gyrating, quintessential English-via-Parisian charm and vocals that are a glorious mixture of some ethereal angel and Noel Gallagher. Who knew that the two could co-exist for a set that would combine a foot-stomping 'Pump My Pumps', a nostalgia-fuelled 'Wonder' and crowd-pleaser, and debut single no less, 'Yours'. Putting a hush to all those naysayers.

Dan Black proving the naysayers should say yea



## 8 THE LOW ANTHEM

Park Stage, Saturday, 12pm

There's not much that can make you feel human on Saturday morning. Half of the dog? Fruit juice? A gun? In blazing sunshine, a cure came in the form of The Low Anthem, Americana's newest saints. Doling out a triple dose of bliss in 'Charlie Darwin' 'To Ohio' and 'Cage The Song Bird', the Rhode Island trio bathe frazzled nerves in soothing, lucid sound.



They add a rawer feel to Fleet Foxes' seraphic psych-folk template, cracking out a cover of Tim Spencer's country standard 'Cigareets, Whiskey And Wild Women'. This is aural Bloody Mary.

## 9 DEADMAU5

East Dance Tent, Saturday, 8.50pm

The eternal problem of festival dance shows is that man + laptop = yawn. But! Laptop played by a giant nightmare cyber rodent whose black glassy eyes look as if they're staring into the depths of your soul and are not impressed by what they see - that's thrills. You've got to



have something more than a scary mask if you're following Pete Tong, and the biggest whoops come when he removes his mouse head to play 'Alone With You'. Man or mau5? Er, squeak.

# ALSO STARRING...



The Boss with his second-in-command, Brian 'Gaslight' Fallon

## SPECIAL GUESTS

So no Lily with The Specials, no Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, no Damon with Afrika Exprez, but boy are there some super surprise guests at Glasto in 2009. Four songs in to The Gaslight Anthem's early Saturday evening set on the John Peel stage, and singer Fallon suddenly announces, "I think I can hear the sound of my hometown!" Now, his hometown is New Jersey, so it's either Jon Bon Jovi or... holy shit, it's Bruce Fucking Springsteen, resplendent in shades and tearing through 'The '59 Sound' with his young disciples! It screeches to a climax and Fallon, who will join Bruce himself during his headline performance a few hours later, says, "A big hero of mine, Joe Strummer, he loved this place, so I wanted to come and see it. It's pretty cool that you guys can all come together. I don't see anyone fighting here." It is a truly magical moment, and not one anyone was expecting.

So yes, in terms of sheer wow factor, that was the one, but if you want a spectacle (in spectacles), then earlier on over on the Pyramid Stage, just after they nearly kill the vibes by bringing out Jamie Friggin' Cullum, you have Jarvis playing bass and shaking his not-sizeable arse with Spinal Tap on 'Big Bottom', surrounded by gyrating women, and leaning back-to-back with Nigel Tufnel. Which, needless to say, is absolutely hysterical. Jarv also gets involved in a couple of other impromptu moments, slipping onstage with rapper Shlomo late into the night, before getting a taste of his own medicine when a reveller sneaks on during his set. "Without this man, Britpop would've been shit," he spluttered. "He gave it integrity, which no-one else did."



Jarvis Taps into the Pyramid Stage



Damon and Alex strut and pose like it's 1998

LIVE VERDICT

## BLUR

PYRAMID STAGE, SUNDAY, 28/06/09

We're so high, and it looks like we've made it to the end

**S**upposedly Michael Jackson's plastic ghost just shat in Damon's champagne. Yeah, bad luck Blur, we know this was supposed to be the moment that Michael Eavis handed you the keys to the planet, but unfortunately the world's closed for business until Jackson and Lady Di return to save our melodramatic arses. But ignore that, ignore the photo on the cover, because for two hours tonight, we all did. Sunday is Blur night, and from the first strains of 'She's So High', it's clear that they weren't willing to give it up. Alex James has spent too long pretending to like cheese and begging at Damon's feet to let this fall beneath Wacko's coffin. This is a real headline set and the band are embracing it - there's no shirking of their classics here, no snobbish disowning of the songs the public actually want to hear. And while Damon's opera crowd may turn their nose up at the sirloin pleasure of 'Country House', we, the people, are fucking happy about it. And so are the band.

These four have returned to the British stage just in time. They are no plump grandfathers of past pop, they are still lean and pretty enough (ignore Dave) to be current. Why? Because they have an agenda. Despite the millions of sales, did they ever really burn their name into the hearts of the people? No, not really, and they know that. Liam was sexy, Jarvis was smart and Damon was arrogant: that was the Britpop truism, and even ignoring Tony Blair's double-edged invitation wasn't enough to change that. But now, this has all changed. Damon is a British statesman, revered nationally more like cockney Pinter than mockney Suggs and tonight they are erasing the Cool Britannia aberration, without an apology, just with aplomb. So now 'Country House' is no guilty secret, it is the moment we know that they are in complete control of their destiny. 'Parklife' was always going to be easy. 'Beetlebum'? Yeah, we knew that



its chaotic soaring yawn would envelope the crowd as it does tonight. 'Tracy Jacks' blew a smile into the Glasto turf, as anyone could have guessed; 'This Is a Low' destroyed 80,000 hearts with more precision than a flock of laser-guided Jackson corpses, just as we knew it would.

But 'Country House'? That was the moment they forgave themselves, and in doing so finally emerge as the biggest band in Britain. A title they so deliberately ran from by diving into '13's murky second doom. So, it was redemptive for them, and for us, God it was ecstatic. Sorry Michael, the world, from New York to Tokyo may be your flowered memorial ground, but Britain is for Blur. Hands off. *Alex Miller*

## THANK YOUS

**NME TEAM IN THE OFFICE THANK:** Daisy at Krispy Kreime, Claire at Dominos, Martin and Leah at Square Pie, Joe at Innocent, Alex at Pizza Express, James at Ben & Jerry's, Anne at Green & Blacks, Tom Hanks, Mr Springsteen for Hyde Park and Tammo just for existing

**NME TEAM ONSITE THANK:** Yurts And Squirts, PC Coaching, John and Robert in the Glasto press office and mostly Michael and Emily Eavis for their brilliant hospitality. It was fun. Let's do it again next year



## MICHAEL EAVIS' VERDICT

"I've always said this, but this really must be the best [Glastonbury] ever, surely? Do you believe me? Having Neil Young, who I've been waiting for for 39 years, and Springsteen just appear out of the blue, we've got three major, major headliners. The three headliners were so easy to come by, which is not usually the case. It was so much fun walking about meeting people who were so happy to be here. Neil Young pleased all the old hippy types and Springsteen pleased everyone else. He did a hell of a show, the energy he has at 59 years of age is amazing. What a show - it was probably the best show he's done in his life! What a starting point, and you have everything else as well, of course! I even went to Shangri-La 'til 4am on Saturday. I've never done that before, but I wanted to see what people did in the night. We had a younger audience again this year because of Jay-Z last year, and they thought, 'This is a great place to be.' We didn't have a Jay-Z this time, but then there's Dizzee Rascal. He's probably on a par with Jay-Z, Dizzee Rascal. Next year? We've got some headliners who haven't played for a few years and some who have never played here. They're on the phone at the moment, so it will be special. But it will not be better than this year. This year was just fantastic!"

## CREDITS

**WORDS:** Hamish MacBain, Paul Stokes, Emily Mackay, Leonie Cooper, Ash Dossanjhi, Jamie Fullerton, Jaimie Hodgson, Matt Wilkinson, Martin Robinson, Alan Woodhouse, Tim Chester, Dan Martin

**PICTURES:** Tim Cochrane, Tom Oxley, Andrew Whilton, Tom Martin, Danny North, Guy Eppel, Joe Plimmer

# FEED YOUR MUSIC HABIT

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## EGLANTINE GOUZY, GET BACK GUINOZZI!

**WHO ARE YOUR BAND'S GREATEST MUSICAL INFLUENCES?**

"Talking Heads really changed our lives. The track 'Born Under Punches' was a massive shock to us, but in a good way. We also really love the first album by the B52's and have a real affinity with bands like Rip, Rig & Panic, The Feelies, The Specials, Can and The Slits."

**AS A MUSIC FAN HAVE YOU EVER SHARED MUSIC WITH FRIENDS?**

"Yes, absolutely, we've always shared music with those that are close to us. First, we used to make compilations on tape and then later on CDs like special gifts for friends. We think it's a great way to let people hear your music and also find out what you've been influenced by."

**YOU'RE SIGNED TO AN INDIE, FATCAT; WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ILLEGAL DOWNLOADING?**

"The reality is that people download tracks because that's the easiest way to get to the music that you want. But we can't ignore technology, because it's the future. People used to buy and listen to vinyl, then CDs, but now those physical items are disappearing. Of course illegal downloading is a disaster for labels,

especially for the independent ones like Fatcat Records, who take some great risks and make some real sacrifices discovering and developing new bands."

**DO YOU THINK IT'S UNFAIR THAT MUSIC FANS GET DRAGGED IN FOR JUST WANTING TO LISTEN TO THEIR FAVOURITE ARTISTS?**

"I think younger generations of kids have grown up with free music. It may be the case that they don't actually realise that it's not only big corporations who they're taking money from, but also the bands that they like. It can be really hard for a band like ours to not get money for our tracks."

**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF NOKIA COMES WITH MUSIC, WHICH ALLOWS MUSIC FANS TO GAIN ACCESS TO MUSIC BUT ALSO PAYS LABELS AND BANDS IN THE PROCESS?**

"It's a welcome hallelujah. People are listening to music through mobile phones now, so it makes sense to have a service that allows you to download tracks straight to your phone. The fact that it will allow younger generations the opportunity to understand that artists and labels need to get paid too if they want to continue to listen to new music is an added bonus."

**S**o you've spent the past working day surfing the net and trawling the blogosphere for the best bands and artists around, only to realise come hometime that you've squandered all your hard-earned cash without actually getting any work done.

In an age where access to – and ownership of – all genres of music is a simple case of right-clicking a button, it's easy to forget the consequences of an insatiable appetite for music.

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See for yourself what one up-and-coming band thinks of Nokia Comes With Music, and also check out the countless benefits for yourself at [nokiamusic.co.uk](http://nokiamusic.co.uk).

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# ALBUMS

ALL THE RELEASES THAT MATTER *Edited by Harnish MacBain*

## Breathe out



**FLORENCE AND THE MACHINE**  
**LUNGS**  
(UNIVERSAL)

6

After the hype and the hate it's just... OK

**P**retty much every molecule of Florence And The Machine divides opinion, scoring a line of taste like a Stanley knife through a forearm. Live, Florence 'Flossie' Welch dresses up as a clown, flails around like a cattle prod-poked octopus, throat-wobble warbling. Fifty people we asked randomly on Oxford Street said she was the most brilliantly captivating performer this side of Slipknot in stage-destruction mode. The other 50 said it was the most toe-curling, attention-grabbing half-hour since Myleene Klass took a shower in the Australian jungle.

Then there's her antics on the London party scene. Depending on which gossip girl you happen to be, Florence could be a whirlwind of fun and late-night laughter, stumbling out of Punk with equally affable types like Agyness Deyn and Grimmy. Or she's the girl spinning around on the members' club dancefloor with her legs in the air in a pathetic

attempt to draw stares away from Peaches Geldof – a stunt no more classy or less contrived than a nipple slip from a mid-table Premier League winger's ex-girlfriend outside Movida. It all sets up the most hyped and derided singer of the year's debut album to be the biggest love-or-loathe opinion-divider since Jigga bought his wellies for Worthy Farm. Which makes it so surprising that 'Lungs' is so distinctly... OK.

Beginning her recorded career with garage-rock stomper single 'Kiss With A Fist' was a brave move – if only because it could have been difficult to recover from kicking off with a song so shamelessly derivative of 'White Blood Cells'-era White Stripes that it's almost laughable. However, as the only song on the album remotely resembling a conventional indie number, and being more tuneful than anything Jack White has written since harnessing decreasingly fruitful returns with The Raconteurs and The Dead

Weather, it's still certainly a blast.

While 'Kiss With A Fist' is a stylistic island on 'Lungs', its lyrical intensity bobs throughout the rest of the album – even if the musical pedigree doesn't. On the likes of 'Dog Days Are Over' and 'Rabbit Heart (Raise It Up)' producers James Ford and Paul Epworth (who else?) create epic cauldron-swirls of Terminator-theme drums, Massive Attack atmospherics and twinkly eye harp matched by Florence's grappling of skyward choruses. But with the likes of 'I'm Not Calling You A Liar' and 'Howl' boasting similarly windy production yet no identifiable tunes the results sound aimless – if harmless.

To irk the Florence hater, these moments are shruggably boring rather than skin-crawlingly irritating, although there is one appalling song to fill doubters' ammo chambers snugly. 'Girl With One Eye' features Florence drunkenly yelling in a show of hellish vocal flexing that'd make even Johnny Borrell cringe – which is even more unfortunate as he's rumoured to have had a hand in writing some of her songs. It's almost unmentionable, as is Florence's decision to include her cover of Candi Staton's 'You Got The Love' as a bonus track. Unless you're Spirit doing 'Like A Rolling Stone', cover versions should be kept far away from studio albums.

But while those numbers might serve to galvanise negative preconceptions about Florence And The Machine, 'Hurricane Drunk', a '90s house-pop derived Porsche-drive of a tune that marks the album's peak, played alone would be enough to convert the most serpent-tongued cynic. If only it was a thread long enough to weave through the whole album and tie it together... as it is, it may be breathtaking in places, but Flossie's 'Lungs' are just a bit too full of buster. **Jamie Fullerton**

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'Kiss With A Fist' 2) 'Hurricane Drunk' 3) 'Dog Days Are Over'

### DID YOU KNOW...

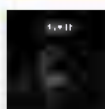
Florence is the daughter of Evelyn Welch, a famous art historian and author from Ireland who was once a Studio 54 regular

**NME.COM**

Watch Florence And The Machine playing live at Glastonbury at [NME.COM/video](http://NME.COM/video) now

**ENGINEERS**  
**THREE FACT FADER (KSCOPE)**

8



As unlikely as it sounds, hardly northwesterners Engineers are cut from the same cloth as east London fashionistas The Horrors.

Both have used an enforced hiatus to rebuild their sound, taking succour from Krautrock and shoegaze only to turn in unexpectedly superb albums. And if 'Primary Colours' is the night out, then 'Three Fact Fader' – Engineers' follow-up to their 2005 debut – is the sound of the blissful recovery next day. It is bookended by two of the best songs you will hear all year: 'Clean Coloured Wire' is built around a sample of the kosmische synth refrain of 'Watussi' by cult German trio Harmonia while 'What Pushed Us Together' comes on like Animal Collective with Phil Spector at the controls. **John Doran**  
DOWNLOAD: 'What Pushed Us Together'

**JACKIE-O MOTHERFUCKER**  
**BALLADS OF THE REVOLUTION (FIRE)**

8



Like Mark E Smith pitching a tent in dusty rural backwaters, Tom Greenwood's 15-year journey through the dark valleys and sun-blessed plains of Americana in Jackie-O Motherfucker has seen him find and part ways with 40 fellow travellers. It keeps the creativity flowing and 'Ballads...' sees Greenwood stirring the ferment for one of JOMF's finest records to date. It's a heady beast that resembles Spiritualized at their most ecclesiastical, but droning incantations such as 'Skylight' are murkier than Jason Pierce's drug-addled platitudes. Closer 'A Mania' is a melancholic farewell that waves JOMF off along unknown roads, in search of new sonic guerrillas with whom to continue the struggle. **Luke Turner**  
DOWNLOAD: 'Skylight'

**ACOUSTIC LADYLAND**  
**LIVING WITH A TIGER (STRONG & WRONG)**

4



With members of Polar Bear and Dirty Projectors among their number, Acoustic Ladyland have a fine pedigree, but 'Living

With A Tiger' is their first record that eschews vocals in favour of just saxophone lines. The world contains very few worthwhile saxophone solos. The saxophone is a musical attempt at shark-jumping (apart from Bowie's 'Modern Love' natch). Unsurprisingly, when the sax is told to sit in the corner and eat less pick'n'mix, and the rest of the band get a turn, the quality rises. 'The Mighty Q' is understated and 'Worry' edges on the right side of Bond theme tune, creeping warily, before building to a vituperative, visceral climax. Bring back the vocals, Lady, sax-ual abuse is not something one needs to suffer in silence. **Ailbhe Malone**  
DOWNLOAD: 'The Mighty Q'





**EL DOG**  
 THE LAMPS OF TERRAHEAD (LUG-THE) **6**


When Aereogramme called it quits, declaring they didn't have "any fight left in us", it was a sad day for alternative rock. For

better or worse, El Dog seem to have heard the Scottish quartet's lamented war cry and taken up arms in much the same vein with their debut. The overarching emotive vocals of frontman Bob Rafferty, coupled with the band's ornate song structures can at times appear like a rockier version of Keane (as on 'If That Was The Last That We Met'). But the subtle string arrangements on 'Rebecca's Spine' and the esoteric guitar slurs opening 'Sham Rock' thankfully take more from emo legends Knapsack, exemplifying that when El Dog pick the right battles, they're onto a winner. **Ash Dosanjh**  
 DOWNLOAD: 'Sham Rock'

**KONG**  
 SNAKE MAGNET (JUNE/WHITE BRIDGE) **8**


Snakes are meant to be repulsive; sneaky killing machines made of cold blood and untrustworthy eyes. Even more repulsive

perhaps, is that nature made them on purpose and allowed the twisted among us to be magnetised by their creepy aura. 'Snake Magnet' is definitely making us twisted. Influenced by 400 Blows, Shellac, Fugazi and The Jesus Lizard, Manchester's Kong don't make music reminiscent of anything the city's known for. Despite a worthy homage to Albini, there's nothing textbook about this trio; they sound as intriguing as they look and play as dirty as they talk. 'Snake Magnet' is the sort of brilliant, balls-out art rock that will destroy the weak and blow up the pretentious. Just what Britain needs. **Kelly Murray**  
 DOWNLOAD: 'Wet Your Knives'

**MAXIMILIAN HECKER**  
 ONE DAY (LOUSVILLE) **2**


Rejoice, dear reader, for we have a scientific marvel here! As wetly insipid as Jo Whitley in liquid form, Hecker's fifth

album is so bland it manages to cross the space/time continuum and become utterly offensive again. It does so by plotting a parabolic arc from drivetime FM rock-hell (single 'Misery'; how apt, dear Max) through the by-numbers MOR of 'Wind Down' to a gossamer-weak, limp-wristed insult of a tune called 'This House Called Love' which actually made this writer hate both houses and love. Saving graces are few, except that glorious spot of silence when the record ends, and laughing at titles like 'All These Cradles' Blankets Will Never Vell My Whole Substance'. Music for idiots who wear hats and think that makes them sensitive and outré. **Ben Patashnik**  
 DOWNLOAD: Did you read that review?

**PRISCILLA AHN**  
 A GOOD DAY (BLUE NOTE) **7**

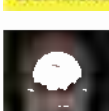

Armed with the angelic pipes of Norah Jones, Priscilla Ahn entwines a sombre Nick Drake with a love-struck Surjan

Stevens. There's youthful reverie aplenty in the beautiful 'Dream' and the indie-pierced 'Red Cape', to which any Superman-loving teen finally letting go of the cape-and-pants-combo can relate. Although 'Find My Way Back Home' and 'Lullaby' are engulfed in a sea of unnecessary "la la la"s, the latter does produce the line "This old library/Has 30 books and one dictionary/But that's OK/No-one reads anyway/They all watch TV", showing this pop cherub's blessed lungs are supplemented by cynical sass. Move over Superman; this girl's Wonder Woman, and she wants that cape of yours. **Sam Rowe**  
 DOWNLOAD: 'Dream'

**BOWERBIRDS**  
 UPPER AIR (DEAD OCEANS) **9**


Coasting in on a wave of wistful Americana, Bowerbirds' second effort tugs the heartstrings with free-spirited abandon. At

times recalling the delicate acoustic tendencies of Bon Iver ('Silver Clouds') or the ethereal boy/girl duets of late-'90s Belle & Sebastian ('Beneath Your Tree'), 'Upper Air' draws from the masters of heartbreak and condenses the findings into 10 tracks of spine-tingling harmony. 'Northern Lights' and 'Crooked Lust' prove stripped-back can still be completely consuming, while 'House Of Diamonds' is the sweetest paean to freedom you'll hear in a long time. Overall, you get the kind of lush musings that'll soundtrack all the pivotal moments of your wayward summer romance. Blissful. **Lisa Wright**  
 DOWNLOAD: 'Beneath Your Tree'

**CLUTCH**  
 STRANGE COUSINS FROM THE WEST (WEATHER VANE) **7**


It's somewhat reassuring to discover that Maryland-based bearded blues-smiths Clutch can still bring the thunder of

Mighty Thor himself nine albums down the line. While the harsher edges of their previous efforts have been sanded off long ago, frontman Neil Fallon still has a bucketload of fire and brimstone left in his belly and no-one does the possessed preacher man schtick quite like him ('50,000 Unstoppable Watts', 'Freakonomics'). Fans of comic books, corn-fed hip-hop, wrestling and bobbing your head in a rhythmic fashion will undoubtedly get whipped into a frenzy by Clutch's groove machine; their ballsy brand of Sabbath-esque boogie woogle just seems to get better with age. **Edwin McFee**  
 DOWNLOAD: 'Struck Down'


**MAJOR LAZER**  
 GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE, LASERS DO (DOWNTOWN/MAD DECENT) **7**

## Diplo and Switch team up for a punky reggae party, and we're all invited

**D**on't believe everything you get told at school. You can't get pregnant just by sitting on a toilet seat, excessive masturbation won't make you go blind (although, Lord knows, if you are still at school, you'll try) and there is nothing intrinsically valuable in wilfully eclectic taste. The type of kids who are bragging about being into Mastodon, Masta Ace, Tiny Masters Of Today and all points in between, those ascetic obscurants are the same people who, 15 years from now, will come home to their achingly ephemera-stuffed flat, gaze lovingly at their 10,000-strong record collection and spend yet another night not listening to any of it. Eclecticism sucks. Find your own, specific musical vein and mine it deep, kids - it's more satisfying and it's much easier to get laid too.

This doesn't bode well for Major Lazer's debut, a wildly esoteric collaboration between the achingly hip Diplo of Philadelphia and the equally fashionable Brit Switch. Between them they have ties to Santigold, MIA, Bonde Do Rolé, Spank Rock and all manner of other puddles of modern toss. In addition, they've done that annoying modern smart arse pop thing of inventing a fictional character (Major Lazer, Jamaican commando, zombie war veteran, lasers for arms, blah blah blah) to accompany the record, which may be terribly nowadaysy and multimedia, but it actually suggests a lack of faith in the actual music. So it's really a bit of an arse to have to report that, for all of the above, 'Guns Don't Kill...' tends generally towards the ace, being

as it is a blistering, frenetic runaway tube ride through 20-odd years of dancefloor and dancehall.

With its chief ingredients being reggae, reggaeton and the more brutal end of Miami Bass, it's fair to assume that Kings Of Leon fans are likely to gawp at it with the stunned incomprehension of a recently punched horse. And that's a shame, because there's a bug-eyed, thrashy lunacy to the likes of the punk-reggae 'Lazer Theme', the shitfacedly loopy baile funk of 'Pon De Floor' and the pulverising ringtone-electro opener 'Hold The Line' that suits the moshpit as well as any other kind of mash-up. Sadly, the goofball big band-jazz with-breakbeats 'Mary Jane' is about as good as its description sounds, and 'Keep It Goin' Louder' is about as satisfying and queasily sleazy as being seduced by one of your own uncles. But it's held together by a pleasant rawness and lack of concern with matters commercial - Santigold's the only big-name mate on display.

If you have to buy one painfully esoteric, scrotum-tighteningly hip, show off album this year, you may want to make it this one. **Pete Cashmore**

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'Hold The Line' 2) 'Pon De Floor' 3) 'Lazer Theme'

### DID YOU KNOW...

If you're so inclined, you can remix the album via an iPhone application loaded with drums, sound effects, vocal samples and laser blasts



# Young team



**BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB**  
I HAD THE BLUES BUT I SHOOK THEM LOOSE  
(ISLAND)

8

## A fizzy blast of anti-ageing indie-pop

On paper, things don't bode well for Bombay Bicycle Club: their curry house-inspired name implies a wacky and erroneous grasp of irony that wears a traffic cone for a hat; at their first gig they played funk songs to their school assembly; and the ink's barely dry on their A2 certificates – which makes them as good as past it in comparison to Tiny Masters Of Today and their spritely green ilk. Throw in the fact that producer Jim Abbiss was responsible for arguably the most significant British debut of the 21st century (Arctic Monkeys' 'Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not') and it would be reasonable to speculate that BBC are facing a seemingly insurmountable challenge with regard to proving their mettle.

But if 'I Had The Blues But I Shook

Them Loose' is the band's Everest, not only do they conquer it with unassuming boyish romance, but they've also created the most poignant anthology of what it means to be young and restless in the city since fellow Londoners Bloc Party's 'Silent Alarm' – though they're a lot less frosty than Okereke *et al.*

'Emergency Contraception Blues' has the kind of title that'll have *Daily Mail* hacks frothing at the mouth about lax sexual mores. But rather than peddle post coital bravado, its sensitive shoegazey warmth and bluster burst forth from the momentarily blissful sensation of ignorance upon waking into the sound of tempestuous consequences, all My Bloody Valentine swooping synth albatrosses and brow-knitted walls of sound. It rumbles into 'Lamplight', where Jack Steadman's

voice quavers like Interpol's Paul Banks or Devendra Banhart and is equally as beautiful as 'Autumn', their conjuring of young love ("These scattered flashes of delight, they can't help but sway your mind" – though it's evidently not to be), where jagged guitars stab as regret consumes his faltering voice.

Gorgeous as these fragile emotional explosions of songs are, it comes as something of a relief that BBC occasionally stay true to the record's title, breaking out 'Matinée'-era Jack Peñate pizzazz (thankfully, the only nod to their humble origins in funk) on 'Always Like This', following a minimalist introduction that's clearly been worshipping at the temple of Aphex Twin's 'Selected Ambient Works'. 'The Hill' is an upbeat, rousingly distorted lament for days of carefree innocence atop Hampstead Heath, hungry but never mawkishly indulgent, calling on Greek mythology's original teenage rebel, Icarus, to evoke the follies of youth ("We flew too high, to let the sun burn our wings"). It's a shame that they've used the exact same version of the song as on their 2007 EP, 'The Boy I Used To Be' (as with 'Cancel On Me', and 'Ghost' from the 'How We Are' EP, save for an added 25 seconds of grungy Foals-like drumming), but the record coheres nonetheless.

That is, aside from on its closing number. After 11 tracks of effervescent fuzz and heart-wrenchingly urgent choruses, the resonating acoustic bass notes and sweet drum machine shuffle of 'The Giantess' could almost be an outtake from Grizzly Bear's 'Veckatimest', less the harmonies. It's totally uncharacteristic of the rest of the record – Jack's voice sounds submerged deep underwater, and rises to the surface on expressive, billowing floor toms – but it's a swooning, lovely closer that's proof of a developing musical maturity.

A great philosopher once said, "Young people are in a condition like permanent intoxication, because youth is sweet and they are growing". If you're over the age of 18, consider 'I Had The Blues...' your invitation back to the heady rush of teenaged rapture, and the rest of you, stay drunk on its certain romance while you still can. *Laura Snapes*

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'The Giantess'  
2) 'The Hill' 3) 'Always Like This'

### DID YOU KNOW...

Guitarist Jamie MacColl's dad is Neil MacColl, brother of singer Kirsty and son of folkie legend Ewan. Neil once told Jamie to become a plumber if he wanted to make a living

**NME.COM**

Listen to 'I Had The Blues But I Shook Them Loose' in full at [NME.COM/artists/bombay-bicycle-club](http://NME.COM/artists/bombay-bicycle-club)

**APOSTLE OF HUSTLE**  
EATS DARKNESS (MUTE)

5



Apostle Of Hustle are a project of Broken Social Scene guitarist Andrew Whiteman. On their third album, the trio largely

abandon the Latin influences of earlier outings for a medium-haul flight back to the more two-dimensional sounds of Canadian indie-rock. Given there's currently a glut in the genre, this is an unfortunate journey, as tracks like 'Xerses' and 'Blackberry' prove. The album's theme might be conflict, and samples of gunfire and revolutionary communiqués are scattered throughout, but the key flaw here is that, the rushing 'Soul Unwind' and grunting beats of 'Perfect Fit' aside, politeness puts sonic argy-bargy to the sword. The sooner these Apostles return to more sultry climes, the better. *Luke Turner*  
DOWNLOAD: 'Perfect Fit'

**6 DAY RIOT**

6 DAY RIOT HAVE A PLAN (CONTRABAND)

6



From the sunny harmonies, calypso beats and stupidly perky "ooh ooh ooh"s on opener 'Run For Your Life', you'd be

forgiven for thinking this six-piece came from somewhere more exotic than Dalston. This is 30 minutes of unadulterated cheer, although Tamera Schlessinger's lyrics are often bittersweet. 'O Those Kids' references the 'missing' canoeist John Darwin and points towards what lengths people go to for money, but her pure tone makes all seem right with the world. Each track is similarly styled with buoyant melodies and quirky lyrics; stand-out track 'Go! Canada' being a sun-drunk sway with breezy ukuleles and uplifting trumpets. Unashamedly poppy and irrepressibly charming. *Tessa Harris*  
DOWNLOAD: 'Go! Canada'

**CLUES**

CLUES (CONSTELLATION)

6



Yet another band ripped from the pages of the Neon Bible, Clues are a supergroup of Montreal musicians working very much in the shadow, and the studio, of Arcade Fire. So yeah, this is a bunch of multi-instrumental French-Canadians singing portentous songs by candlelight, and building into a clatter of mardy-God thunder. It's almost parodic in places; lines like "At the fountain of truth we drink the questions down" (from 'Approach The Throne') try desperately to be Loaded With Meaning. Yet get past the grating AF-isms and there's some good tunes. 'Perfect Fit' is stripped-down Sparks, 'Cave Mouth' captures the chaotic blues-funk of Captain Beefheart and 'Crows' is like PJ Harvey using her 'White Chalk' voice on a 'Dry' song. Worth persisting with. *Martin Robinson*  
DOWNLOAD: 'Cave Mouth'



## TINY VIPERS

LIFE ON EARTH (SUB POP)

7

If cutesy is what you're after then Jesy Fortino, aka Tiny Vipers, is definitely not the best place to start. As debuts go 'Hands Across The Void' was a self-assured step away from the elfish glow of the numerous female singer songwriters she's often compared to (Joanna Newsom, Chloë Marshall). So it's no surprise that with 'Life On Earth' she's taken a giant leap into an abyss of haunting despondency that recalls the same sparse guitars and woe as Red House Painters ('Development') and the burden of grief that Patsy Cline carried with her ('Time Takes'). These vipers may be tiny, but there's a bite to Fortino's harrowing vocal that's sure to leave its mark. **Ash Dosanjh**  
**DOWNLOAD:** 'Time Takes'

## TOBACCO

FUCKED UP FRIENDS (ARTICON)

8

Proffering a kind of musical Venn diagram with his ace debut, Pennsylvania's Tobacco lopes amiably into the space left by inactive Gallic pop modernists Air. Only Tom Fec (also of widdly psych-pop heads Black Moth Super Rainbow) arrives with a backpack and baggy jeans (read: thudding hip-hop beats), flute, pastoral prog and enough Moog, Mellotron and Stylophone oscillations to give any analogue fetishist a stiffy - as well as a sense of justification for Tonto's Expanding Head Band who were doing this sort of thing in the early '70s. But if the parts of his sum are old school, Tobacco's answer is a heady, sticky, groovesome brew of sun-warped instrumental pop with one fantastic, linguist-challenging burst from Aesop Rock ('Dirt'). **Chris Parkin**  
**DOWNLOAD:** 'Dirt'

## MONTT MARDIE

INTRODUCING... THE BEST OF (RUFFA LANE)

4

Montt Mardie, for everyone who hasn't been eagerly awaiting this best of (ie, everybody), is a Swedish singer-songwriter who recently gained some notoriety by hopping on the Pirate Bay bandwagon with a rousing song supporting their cause. "Don't write songs for money/ I write them for people to sing along", he bleats. Or is this the most fatuous case of faux-right-on self-promotion since 'In Ralibows'? You decide! As far as this superfluous 'Best Of' goes, he is to the great lineage of Swedish pop stars what Little Boots is to Blondie: smug, ineffectual nonsense. 'Names Not Forgotten' is particularly gross slop, like *High School Musical* scored by Keane, coming soon to an episode of *Scrubs* probably. **Yuck. Rebecca Robinson**  
**DOWNLOAD:** 'Set Sail Tomorrow'

# Fantastic voyage

## DISCOVERY

LP (XL)

7

## A Vampire Weekend hip-hop side project? Sounds crazy but it's one beautiful fusion

**H**a ha ha. The guy from Vampire Weekend has written a hip-hop album that sounds like Prince and Jermaine Dupri! But they're so preppy?! I know, I know - and white! But white guys can't get sexy! White guys are aware of their pop music history because they're nerdy, but they can't get sexy! That's why it's going to be so funny when people hear it! Yes, Vampire Weekend are preppy and one of them, Rostam Batmanglij, has teamed up with Wes Miles of Ra Ra Riot to release a record inspired by hip-hop, but no, it's not that surprising. After all, they're educated, artistic, Brooklyn hipsters - exactly the kind of people who go bum-crazy over hip-hop beats and R&B melodies.

Where every indie band keen to separate themselves from their monorace fanbase have been banging on about their second Missy Elliott-inspired record only to churn out one that sounds like the first, at least Rostam has actually gone through with it. And he's done well to hold the eccentric mélange together. 'Swing Tree' pulls together Mariah Carey's 'Fantasy', electro and yearning Orange Juice vocal parts. 'Carby', meanwhile, is almost a Vampire Weekend track (well, it features Ezra Koenig), only it's writhing with Cassie over the sweat-slick dancefloor prickle of 'Me & U'. As much as its obvious reference points may be The Neptunes, Timbaland and southern R&B, frankly, the Brooklyn avant garde of Dirty Projectors is easily as significant in the

pointillistic construction of tracks such as 'I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend', while 'Swing Tree' sounds like Peter Gabriel (yes, him again) but admittedly Peter Gabriel lost on a bouncy castle made of electricity.

While the slightly self-conscious collision of styles and obscure rhythms may reek of a music student project, this album is still a lot better than the one-line gag most will probably treat it as. **Alex Miller**

**DOWNLOAD:** 1) 'I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend' 2) 'Carby' 3) 'Orange Shirt'

## DID YOU KNOW...

Wes Miles formed Discovery to realise his dream of having a band where everyone plays synthesizer

**NME.COM**

Head to [NME.COM/artists/discovery](http://NME.COM/artists/discovery) to hear 'LP' in full

## APE SCHOOL

APE SCHOOL (COUNTER)

6

**P**op history is littered with enthusiastic loners. They are a forlorn tribe, destined to wander the earth forever, seeking adoration but lacking the imagination to find it. The latest addition is Michael Johnson, whose Ape School debut is a pleasant but pointless saunter through the mind of a musician with more heroes than fans. It's solid enough: 'That's OK' is delightfully breezy, the firmer 'My Intention' recalling Can, Talking Heads and LCD Soundsystem, but why choose this when you could have 'Future Days'? **Kev Kharas**  
**DOWNLOAD:** 'That's OK'

## THE PHENOMENAL HANDCLAP BAND

THE PHENOMENAL HANDCLAP BAND (TUMMY TOUCH)

8

**N**ew York's recent wealth of talent may have made it the epicentre of cool, but it's a scene prone to drowning substance with superficial hyperbole. Yet even when you refuse to subscribe to the myth that you couldn't lob a brick down one of its streets without sending some hipster sensation to intensive care, someone like The Phenomenal Handclap Band comes along to mess it all up. Brainchild of NYC DJs Daniel Collás and Sean Marquand, TPHB's Tardis of a debut - with the aid of countless guest spots, including members of TV On The Radio and The Mooney Suzuki -

cannibalises the music timeline to craft a fun hybrid of funk, soul, '70s disco, '60s psych-pop, and prog rock that laughs in the face of the genre. From its epic superfly opening of 'The Journey To Serra Da Estrela' to the trippy psychedelic guitars of 'Testimony', this album encapsulates the nostalgic elements of ESG, ELO, Tom Tom Club, The Doors and Sly And The Family Stone, applies a gloss of New York cool and then re-packages it with the modern production of the LCD Soundsystem, CSS and Beck variety. Forget the handclap, they'll take a standing ovation. **Stephen Kelly**  
**DOWNLOAD:** 'You'll Disappear'



# LIVE!

UPFRONT AND BACKSTAGE

Editorial: Herman M. ...

# Re ch



Caleb affects  
Beardy Rock  
Star Pose 42:  
The Statue

# eigning champions



**KINGS OF LEON**  
MEN ARENA, MANCHESTER  
MONDAY, JUNE 22

There's no big circus, but a razor-sharp focus pushes the Followills to the peak of their powers

It's a cliché to talk about bands making arena gigs seem intimate, and certainly you'd be hard-pressed to convince the people 100ft up at the back in the Manchester MEN that this was At Home With The Followills. But as soon as Kings Of Leon slink onto their stripped-back stage, the screams and applause come in wave after wave so they can't start playing for five minutes. If this isn't intimacy, then it certainly feels very warm. What is it about Kings Of Leon that has completely won over the UK? It surely can't just be tight trousers.

Beginning with a scowling 'Be Somebody' and a fearsome 'Crawl', the atmosphere is very intense, very focused. There's no U2-style pomp and circumstance here; no explosions, no flashy lighting and just a few subtle video screens. Given that they aren't fans of overt showmanship - Caleb taking out his hanky to mop his brow before 'California Waiting' is as dramatic as it gets - you'd expect them to struggle in such surroundings. That they pull it off without having to run around in leotards like Van Halen is testament to the power of the songs and the integrity of their approach. They're not pissing about, these boys - they're dead serious, and us drunk English berks like this in our Big American Rock Bands, which Kings really are now.

Ten minutes in, and 'Molly's Chamber' then 'Red Morning Light' show us how they've grown, these first album songs slowed down, opened out, given space for the audience to fill

Still, the general pace, reflecting the no-fuss approach, is brisk, as they get through 24 songs in an hour and a half, with between-song chat reduced to Caleb's genuinely amazed exclamations of, "You guys are really crazy". This lack of showmanship may be a valid criticism at this stage, yet it's also key to why people love this band. The straining intensity of Caleb's face up on the screen is emblematic of their lack of pretension.

And that bounty of beards, people love that too. They look great: Caleb the ranch-hand hunk, Nathan the incredible hulk, Jared the leather-clad juvenile delinquent and Matthew the Barney Rubble lookalike. Matthew's a genuine guitar hero now, weaving the spell of 'Closer' one minute, then playing with his teeth on 'Four Kicks' the next. OK, so there is some showmanship and, with him on fire, 'The Bucket', 'My Party' and 'Notion' are breathlessly good. As for 'Sex On Fire', well, even this maddest of Manchester crowds seem like they've heard it just 181 too many times.

As 'Use Somebody' closes the main set, and every word is screamed back at them, it's seems curious that Kings Of Leon have kept rising while their one-time benefactors The Strokes fell away. Again there's that word: focus. While The Strokes slumped towards mediocrity and then inactivity, Kings have worked relentlessly to improve and get material out there. There's real drive behind those icy blue eyes of Caleb's, something Swiss boarding schools can't teach.

Anyway, for the encore, they do a brilliant 'Slow Night, So Long', that vain young rock star sneer at groupies, then there's the reflective maturity of 'Knocked Up' and 'Manhattan', before a searing 'Black Thumbnail' shows the fury still burning inside. Having put their lives into their brutally honest music, these songs tell how the boys became men, and it's made them a captivating band. After Reading and Leeds they'll be going away to recover from 'Only By The Night' fever. But you can't imagine they'll be away too long - they need this. *Martin Robinson*



Romance: not dead

## SHORT SETS

### ACOUSTIC LADYLAND

THE SHAKESPEARE, SHEFFIELD, 19/06/09

Is it jazz? Is it punk? Is it Rage with a sax instead of Zack De La Rocha's political sloganeering? Who knows and, indeed, who cares?

Forthcoming LP

'Living With A Tiger' sees them in rampant form, and tonight, playing it virtually in its entirety, there's a coherence about the four-piece that's been lacking previously. And though it's older cuts 'Promises Promises' and 'Iggy' that inspire the most fervour (not to mention sweat...), it's a track off the new one, 'Glasto', that offers the most appropriate signpost for their future: you listening, *Eavis?* *Rob Webb*

### UNGDOMSKULEN

SNEAKY PETE'S, EDINBURGH, 21/06/09

For those unfamiliar with Norwegian, Ungdomskulen means 'high school'. But, despite the sappy name, the trio, who have facial hair that would make Thor fume with envy, are no pussies. 'Modern Drummer' is a spaghetti western re-imagined by hipsters with muscles and 'Spartacus' is Sonic Youth spliced into a 10-minute Nordic odyssey. But the crowd react to this awesome power like it's fucking Paolo Nutini. If only they were more enthusiastic than a dead whale; tonight could have been thunderous. *Jamie Crossan*



## WILD AT HEART

THE PAINS OF BEING PURE AT HEART  
CAKE SHOP, NEW YORK  
THURSDAY, JUNE 18

As you may already have gathered from their previous encounters with NME, The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart are an adorable bunch. But when they get onstage, that doe-eyed, aww-shucks-isn't-it-great-to-just-be-alive spirit is left in the dressing room and in its place an efficient, business-like blast of power-pop emerges that waits for neither friend nor foe. It's just as well too, because these Brooklynites appear to have learned that being the kind of people you'd invite round your mum's house for tea will only take you so far. But being an exhilarating rock'n'roll band that you want to share with the rest of the world will take you much, much further.

The pace is relentless from the start, as they rip through the first three numbers without taking a breath - a doubly impressive feat considering that tonight the tiny Cake Shop is doubling as both the hipster venue of choice and downtown Manhattan's grubbiest sauna. By the time they dish out a surprisingly heavy 'Come Saturday' there's not a soul in the room who could accuse them of feyness and, judging by the two new tunes they air tonight, it's a sign of things to come. '103' puts a sturdier spin on their obvious love of My Bloody Valentine while 'Higher Than The Stars' sounds like the best dancefloor number The Cure never wrote.

But blink and you'd have missed it, because after 30 minutes it's all over. Their traditional finale of 'The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart' rings around the room with its euphoric refrain of "we will never die" and before anyone has a moment to bask in its resplendent glory, Pains... are already moving on to somewhere new. Pure at heart they might be, but this band have a quickness of mind that is far more likely to see them live up to their promises of immortality. *Hardeep Phull*



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# Still partying hard

**JARVIS COCKER**

TROXY, LONDON  
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17

When it comes to growing old disgracefully, one man does it with the greatest panache...

**A**s Jarvis approaches his half century, the grand old man of lit-pop is entering territory as fraught with danger as a minefield – and there are just two ways to navigate through. Relive all those past glories into his dotage, or stride incisive'y on, à la Nick Cave. Being a proper 'artiste', Jarvis is taking the latter route of course. Yet the same folk who scoff at Oasis' inability to move beyond the status quo are now demanding that Jarvis forget forward motion and join the 'Britpop's Back' bus that will soon be pootling into a town near you. There's just no pleasing some people.

With his critics in mind, then, Jarvis takes to the stage tonight with a cane – “If you misbehave I'll see you in my study afterwards” – as well as a sense of apprehension that has the tweedy one ask three times, and with tangible concern, if we're all “enjoying ourselves out there?” He's a sensitive chap, alr'ght. He always has been because he's so painfully honest, which is exactly why 'Further Complications', and its exposition of creeping, back-aching age, is better than those reviews suggested. It's also why Jarv makes us laugh out loud with each tale of middle aged folly.

Dressed in his maths teacher garb and yelling “allo Lime'ouse”, Jarv doesn't put a foot wrong for the first half-hour, unleashing the moves (the Teapot, the Jacko Arse Wiggle and the Toy Donkey), acting the barfly comic and playing the keyboard with his leg like Jerry Lee Lewis on glowering instrumental opener 'Pilchard'. The sweat dripping off him is proof he's rocking his new, pissed-off sound hard, especially on 'Angela' and a brilliant 'Further Complications'.

There are a few duff moments, like dank college rocker 'Sludge' and a set-closing 'You're In My Eyes (Discosong)', which is less steamy than dancing at a school disco while your mum waits to give you a lift home. But when Jarv acts out his life in song, he reigns supreme. He offers himself up as a dog-eared bachelor on 'Leftovers' with such tender pleading he won't be short of proposals, and snarls the titular refrain from 'I Never Said I Was Deep' like he's going to have a boozy mid-life crisis and to hell with us. With so many of his peers refusing to grow up, or face the natural decline head on, it's another refreshing reason to listen to this old Cock. *Chris Parkin*



Pupils love it when Sir joins in with the hokey-cokey



Alice practices her Indiana Jones whip technique



Willis security saves the day

## Sonic doom

**CRYSTAL CASTLES**  
SONAR FESTIVAL, BARCELONA  
SATURDAY, JUNE 20

### Digi-terrorists unleash their most perfect set yet

Something wicked this way comes. In the wet and heavy early morning Barcelona air, a humid mist of fresh sweat and skunk smog drifts across the assembled congregation of Euro crusties and bedraggled ravers. The venue's an imposing roofless hangar that organisers are endearingly calling the Sónar Pub. The crowd that's amassed in the cavernous gulf of grey at 2.30am are those prepared for the festival's most rock'n'roll act, those hankering after something a little more riotous and visceral than the seas of baffling dubstep hybrids and sexless IDM panelling the bill like the set from *Tron*.

Shuffling, swaying, snorting, smoking; the pack waits and waits and waits, each belated minute stockpiling the nervous energy and allowing yet more wayward clubbers to spill from the adjacent dance-offs, over-ramming the 8,000-strong throng. Until the ominously prolonged wait is over.

Abruptly, the Balearic tech-house backing track cuts, as the silver bullet stage is plunged into deathly darkness. Two searchlight beams blinker the backline, casting spindly shadows across the arena and following drummer

Christopher Robin's spring-box ascent to his riser, our two protagonists enter from opposing sides of the stage. Like cousins of the well-dwelling ghoul from *The Ring*, they stalk, heads bowed, towards their respective positions... and then it's upon us.

The stage shatters with the force of a thousand strobes; Alice, seemingly taller,

## IT'S ALL FISTS AND FIRE AND UNTAMED DIGITAL BRUTALITY

more skeletal and more possessed than ever before hoists the mic chord noose around her own gullet and Ethan lets loose, well... nothing. Not a single ravaged digi-stab is emanating from either of the monolithic stacks of cabs. But still, surreally, the black-uniformed trio lurch onward. Alice performs the kind of writhing self-exorcism that's made her the realest indie pin-up known to man. Ethan grinds on with the kind of deck-humping

curled lip nonchalance of a man who *thinks* he's bestowing a legion of unwitting club-kid fools with an epiphany inducing deluge of 8-bit cyber spells.

What's happened? Why are they carrying on? Why hasn't anyone told them?

Until, as the closing moments of the mystery first track ('Exoskeleton', as we later discover) cease and they hurtle mutely into the next, a vague strain of anaemic clatter wafts towards us. Hang on, that's new 'un 'Baptism'! Coming from somewhere... The monitors! And suddenly the bizarre charade becomes clearer; the band's speakers are working fine, they're completely unaware of the fact that no-one bar the very front row can hear a single note. Gradually, the perplexity turns to uproar as the first wave lose their cool. But the band, only hearing nondescript hysterical roars, seem vitalised by the enraged torrents. Finally, after the strangled demi-strains of 'Courtship Dating' have petered out completely, the lights cut as abruptly as they did at the start, and again the Balaeric backing track takes hold. Now the leavers are en masse. And the waiting game begins again.

This time, as the band take to the stage again, it's to distilled 'This is it!' roars from the remaining stalwarts. They're rewarded with - wait for it - sound! After the agonising wait, the acid-rain-downpours of 'Crimewave' and 'Air War' sound blissfully horrific - never before has Ethan's circuitry sounded so vastly evil. But there's one thing missing: Alice. Cutting in and out infuriatingly, her piercing shrieks are seldom and this time she knows it. Returning from the front railing after hair-drying the pit Alex Ferguson-style, foaming at the mouth, face turning blue, desperately trying to get her voice heard somehow, she crumples into a limp heap on the floor; exhausted, despairing, aghast. Then, suddenly,

she's standing again... no, running! Bounding across the stage - zoned out - she hurls herself onto the drum riser and demolishes the kit in one go, flailing limbs a-blur, as the debris flies towards the roadie who has followed behind her, attempting to calm her storm. Clunked on the head with a tom, Mr Techy pounces toward Alice, and - OWNOWHEDEENT!! - rugby tackles

her from behind. With panther-like reflexes Ethan springs from behind his racks onto the tussling twosome and, for a brief flash, it's all fists and fire and untamed digital brutality right before your very eyes. Until, yes, you guessed it, the lights drop, and you wonder whether this was all a Sacha Baron Cohen-esque prank, or whether you just witnessed maybe the most obliquely perfect Crystal Castles show ever. *Jaimie Hodgson*

## SHORT SETS

### THROBBING GRISTLE

HEAVEN, LONDON.  
21/06/09

Looking like Klaus Kinski in Carol Vorderman's dress Genesis P-Orridge of arch art provocateurs Throbbing Gristle strides up and down the stage glaring at us over his surgically enhanced tits and an electric violin. "You are less than kind," he says waspishly after a version of 'Persuasion' chillier than the discovery of a secret American basement. It's almost as if TG have had to wait for musical technology to catch up with them and this set of 'hits' (including third degree burns anthem 'Hamburger Lady') sounds more current than it probably ever has done. *John Doran*

### WHITE BELT YELLOW TAP

KOROVA, LIVERPOOL.  
19/06/09

The promoter doesn't exactly set NME alight with optimism: "Don't review it, there's only 15 people here." Yet, if those few who attended the Sex Pistols' Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall show subscribed to that attitude, where would we be? Without Country Life butter, that's where. Alas, Yorkshire's WBYT don't ignite the room with revolution, but hide behind diluted Doves nonsense. It's a shame, as they show real potential, which might have been realised if it were for more willing ears. *Stephen Kelly*

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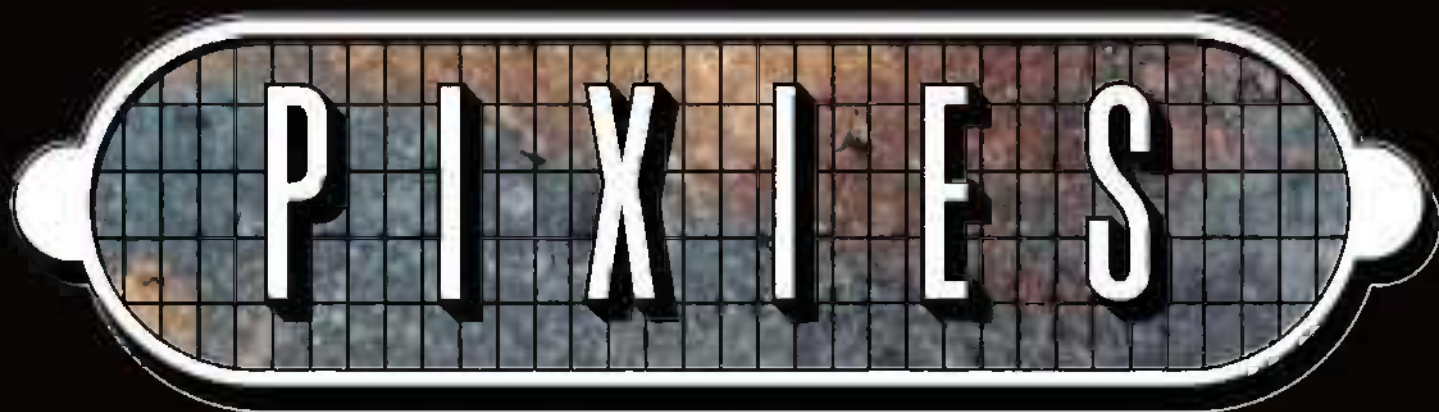
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WED 23 SEPT MANCHESTER ACADEMY 3  
THU 24 SEPT LEEDS COCKPIT  
FRI 25 SEPT BIRMINGHAM O2 ACADEMY  
SAT 26 SEPT NEWCASTLE O2 ACADEMY  
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HIN FROM TOM (TROPICANA)  
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# NEW & UNSIGNED

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## NEW BAND TIPS...

### **75 GET IT MASTERED**

**NME says:** If you want your mixes to sound ace, make sure you get them mastered



You go into the studio and lay down some tracks and think they sound pretty good. Job done? Nope, now you should get them mastered to ensure every last drop of quality is squeezed out. **John Davis** from Metropolis (who mastered White Lies, Florence And The Machine and Jack Peñate's records) imparts his knowledge.

#### **WHY SHOULD A NEW BAND SPEND MONEY ON MASTERING?**

"Mastering can take something that sounds good and make it sound amazing. For an unsigned band, it gives you an edge. If you can master your demo, it helps make it stand out to A&R people. It's not just mastering for CD any more either, it needs to sound good on things like MySpace and YouTube as well."

#### **HOW MUCH OF A DIFFERENCE IS THERE BETWEEN A TRACK THAT'S BEEN MASTERED AND ONE THAT HASN'T?**

"A lot! Many CDs get rejected by A&Rs because they're too quiet, or dull. Mastering maximises what you get out of your mixes."

#### **SHOULD A BAND BE THERE DURING THE MASTERING SESSION?**

"If they're there, you tend to get much better results than if you do it on your own."

#### **WHAT TIPS WOULD YOU GIVE BANDS TAKING THEIR TRACKS FOR MASTERING?**

"Give the engineer an unmaximised mix - with a maximised mix we can't boost the levels. It's like giving a chef food that's already been cooked."



White Lies: masters of their domain

#### **WHAT NOW?**

Prior to the mastering session, organise your tracks on to one DVD or CD, all labelled properly. Get there on time and have a clear idea of the running order and which mixes you want to use.

## meg and mark

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# I WANT TO SOUND LIKE... BAT FOR LASHES



Lindsey Vaughan, 17, Guildford: "How do I write songs and create music like Natasha Khan does on 'Two Suns'?"

## THE SOUND

Bat For Lashes' second album is an epic, ethereal mix of gospel-inflected balladry and rootsy charms. Natasha Khan was inspired by a multitude of artists during the writing and making of the album, such as TV On The Radio and Yeasayer, as well as veteran artists such as Peter Dinklage and Scott Walker.

## THE GEAR

An essential piece of equipment for Natasha is a Yamaha QY100 sequencer. This is used to write the basic tracks and build up all the necessary sounds - perfect for creating lavish arrangements out of basic chord patterns. Other electronic gear used on 'Two Suns' included a Sequential Circuits Prophet-5 synth, while Natasha's preferred vocal mic was an AKG C1000.

## IN THE STUDIO

Natasha produced the album with David Kosten and - in keeping with the different landscapes the songs cover - decided to travel to the appropriate locations to record. That included singing vocals in the open air on a Welsh mountainside. The moral of the story is, if you've got a song that you want to evoke, say, a summer vibe, it's a hell of a lot easier to record it in the summer than it is to record it in a little basement studio in the depths of winter.

## THE TECHNIQUE

They might all sound immense or complicated, but the building blocks of a number of BFL songs are quite simple. For example, the chords to

'Daniel' are just Am C F and Dm. Learn a couple of minor scales to get the right level of melancholy (eg a minor scale: A B C D E F G A) and build your song around that. Once you've done that, go to your sequencer and build it up as much as you need. Remember to write for your voice - if you don't have Natasha's expansive vocal range then either use reverb or an octave effect on your vocals to get into the same kind of range.

## BEST TRICK

Natasha thinks of music visually. You can easily get caught up in the technical side of sounds, but if you can see and feel the images and emotions you want your tunes to evoke in your mind's eye you won't lose sight of what matters. You will also know when your song's finished - which is a skill that many songwriters fail to ever learn.



## NEXT WEEK: Friendly Fires

Words by John Callaghan from...

**Guitar** August issue  
out now



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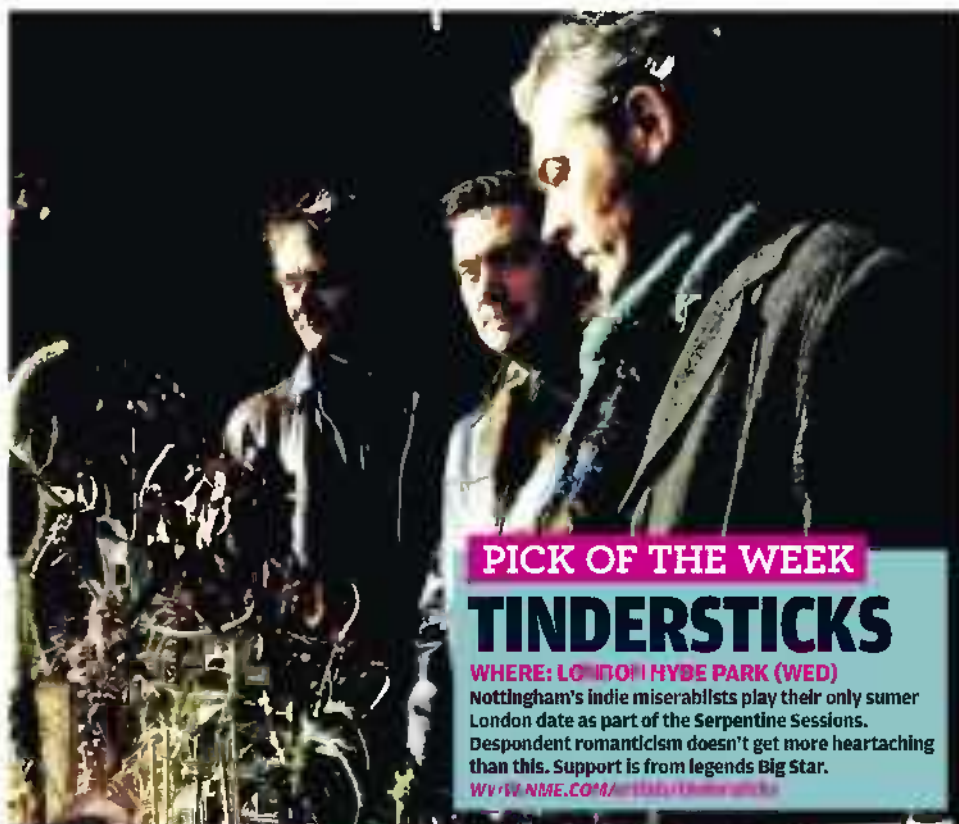
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# GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD *Edited by Ash Dosanjh*

514 GIGS  
ACROSS  
THE UK &  
IRELAND

## PICK OF THE WEEK...



PICK OF THE WEEK

### TINDERSTICKS

WHERE: LONDON HYDE PARK (WED)

Nottingham's indie miserabilists play their only summer London date as part of the Serpentine Sessions. Despondent romanticism doesn't get more heartaching than this. Support is from legends Big Star.

[WWW.NME.COM/artists/tindersticks](http://WWW.NME.COM/artists/tindersticks)



DON'T MISS

### DANANANANAYKROYD

WHERE: KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES  
MCLUSKYS (THU)

All the Ritalin-deprived hyperactiveness of The Yummy Fur by way of the caustic fury of Future Of The Left; the Glasgow band might be down one member, but they continue in their tireless quest for global domination with shouty pop-rock regardless.

[WWW.NME.COM/artists/dananananaykroyd](http://WWW.NME.COM/artists/dananananaykroyd)

RADAR STARS

### BANJO OR FREAKOUT

WHERE: LONDON ICA (WED), LONDON  
WIRELESS FESTIVAL (SAT)

Alessio Natalizia performs his ephemeral noise-pop cover versions and self-penned soundscapes on a handful of London dates.

[WWW.NME.COM/artists/banjo-or-freakout](http://WWW.NME.COM/artists/banjo-or-freakout)



EVERYONE'S  
TALKING  
ABOUT

### INVASION

WHERE: LONDON  
MACBETH (FRI),  
BRISTOL THE  
COOLER (TUE)

Metal gets a makeover. The London trio fronted by Chan Brown take their heavy-duty riffs, pummelling drums and psychedelic vocals out on the road.

[WWW.NME.COM/artists/invasion](http://WWW.NME.COM/artists/invasion)



CLUB  
NME

PICK OF CLUB NME

### DAN BLACK

WHERE: LONDON KOKO (FRI)

Club NME London is in for a treat as purveyor of charmingly sincere electro-pop Dan Black pops over from his Paris home. Support comes from Kennedy.

[WWW.NME.COM/clubnme](http://WWW.NME.COM/clubnme)



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# WEDNESDAY

JULY 1

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The Tunnels 01224 211121

**Darren Styles/Ultrabeat** St George's Market 0870 243 4455

**Arcanian Kicks/Heathers Hare**  
And Hounds 0121 444 2081  
**Gas Giant/Dirty Fox** Roadhouse 0121 624 2920

**Malcolm Middleton/The Pictish Trail** Glee Club 0870 241 5093  
**Nell Sedaka** Symphony Hall 0121 212 3333

**Random Hand** O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000  
**That Petrol Emotion** O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

**Anton Barbeau/My Device/King Of Spain** Freebutt 01273 603974  
**Joey Nightmare/Kama/Che/The Morning Orchestra/The Maxibons** Hector's House 01273 681228  
**Ozomatli** Concorde 2 01273 673311

**Nine Black Alps** Thekla 08713 100000  
**Simone White/Wozy Plain** Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

**Let's Wrestle** Club Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

**Niall Connolly** The Pavilion 00 35321 427 6228  
**Thou/Altar Of Plagues** Cyprus Avenue 00 35321 427 6165

**All & The D's** Button Factory 00 3531 670 9202  
**Jeff Beck** Vicar St 00 3531 889 4900  
**SuperKasanova** Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

**Mosebox** The Ark 0131 228 9393  
**My Turn To Kill/Dead Fashion/The Black Lights** The GRV 0131 220 2987  
**North Sea Sea Pleasance** 0131 556 6550

**Alexis Blue** Pivo Pivo 0141 564 8100  
**I Heart Hiroshima** King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

**Louise Mochan** Mono 0141 553 2400  
**Lucy Wainwright** Roche Brel 0141 342 4966

**There Will Be Fireworks/Lions.**  
**Chase. Tigers/We Hung Your Leader**  
Nice'n Sleazy 0141 333 9637  
**Thunder** O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

**Beautiful Losers** Boilerroom 01483 440022

**Old Romantic Killer Band/Evil Regent** Cockpit 0113 244 3446

**Athlete** O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000  
**The Ghost Of A Thousand** Barfly Loft @ Masque 0151 707 6171

**Beta Rays** The Fly 0870 907 0999  
**Broken City Skyline** BH2 0207 474 3200  
**Chief Pure Groove** Record Store 020 7281 4877  
**Cifent/Kindle/Alexander**  
Luminaire 020 7372 7123

**Crosby, Stills & Nash**  
Royal Albert Hall 020 7589 8212  
**Deerhoof** Scala 020 7833 2022  
**Dirty Epics** Windmill 020 8671 0700  
**Fight Like Apes** Cargo 0207 749 7840  
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**Jon Hopkins/Banjo Or Freakout**  
ICA 020 7930 3647  
**Kontakite** Legion 020 7613 3012  
**Lenny Kravitz** O2 Brixton Academy 0870 771 2000  
**Little Brother** Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060  
**Lost Note Foundation** 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622  
**McLean** Barfly 0870 907 0999  
**Metro Station** O2 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000  
**On The Borderline/South Of Saturn**  
Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358  
**Passion Pit/Ebony Bones** Heaven 020 7930 2020  
**Portugal The Man** Social 020 7636 4992



The Virgins, Wedgewood Rooms, Portsmouth

**Ricky Warwick/Eddie Spaghetti**  
Underworld 020 7482 1932  
**Shiva/Shakellers/Mans Island/Smart Soutane/Strange Folk**  
Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773  
**The Scaels** Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080  
**Steely Dan** Apollo 0870 606 3400  
**St Deluxe** 229 Club 020 7631 8310  
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Hyde Park 0870 166 3663  
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**Willow Monkey** Chews 020 7267 6406

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# THURSDAY

JULY 2

NME favourites The Horrors head to NME Radio to chat about their new album and perform an exclusive session, from 4pm

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**The Nightingales/Christy & Emily/ Fractured** The Albert 01273 730499  
**Portugal The Man** Freebutt 01273 603974

**The Cat Empire** O2 Academy 0870 771 2000  
**Let's Wrestle** The Cooler 0117 945 0999  
**Loc/Port Erin** Croft 0117 987 4144  
**Malcolm Middleton/The Pictish Trail** Thekla 08713 100000  
**The Strawberry Blondes** Bierkeller 0117 926 8514  
**Wild Palms/New Islands** Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

**Anton Barbeau/The Race/King Of Spain/My Device** Portland Arms 01223 357268  
**CARINE**  
**The Ludwigs** Daily 029 2004 7658  
**CHELSEA MAN**  
**The Krown Method/Blue Noise/The Echoes** Hog & Middle 01242 701156  
**DERBY**

**By My Hands/Almost Home/Bide Your Time/Strike Team** The Victoria Inn 01332 74 00 91

**The Eagles** RDS 00 3531 668 0866

**Alexis Blue** Whistbeinkides 0131 557 5114  
**Savage Sound System** The Ark 0131 228 9393

**The Answer/Swanee River** Classic Grand 0141 221 4583  
**Darren Styles** O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

**Erin K Hill** Brel 0141 342 4966  
**Exit Avenue/Dead Fashion/Life! Death! Prizes/Variety Suite**  
The Twisted Wheel 0141 221 4851  
**Finally Punk/Sticks/Gummy Stumps**  
Nice n' Sleazy 0141 333 9637  
**Franco Neon/The Apple Scruffs**  
Oran Mor 0141 852 9224  
**LA Guns/NinetySix4** Rockers 0141 221 0726  
**Washington Irving** Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722  
**Xiliferu** ners Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871

**The Bar-Kays** Old Market 01273 325440

**Me My Head** Cockpit Room 3 0113 2441573  
**The 10:04s** Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758

**Hallo...I Love You** Barfly Loft @ Masque 0151 707 6171

**John Mayall** O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

**All Campbell** O2 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000  
**Blur/Foals/Crystal Castles/Friendly Fires/Hypnotic Brass Ensemble**  
Hyde Park 0870 166 3663  
**Bridge Fire** Underworld 020 7482 1932  
**Chief Luminare** 020 7372 7123  
**Danananazykroyd/Friendship**  
McCluskeys 020 8541 1515  
**Freemasons** Heaven 020 7930 2020  
**Haswell** Bell & Gate 020 7485 5358  
**Humanz!** Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478  
**John Garrison** Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412  
**Liz Arcane** And The White Lightning/The Snatch/The Pleasure Mob Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191  
**Lupen Crook** Barfly 0870 907 0999

**CLUB NME**  
DERBY  
SMUGGLERS RUN + THE PRAIRIE YOUTH + THE ROULETTE + THE INSIGHT  
ROCKHOUSE  
01462 221113

**One/The Dropsene** Good Ship 020 7372 2544  
**The Phenomenal Handclap Band/Joleen/Perfect People/Defend Moscow** Arts Club 020 7460 4459  
**Rev78/Mr Twist** 100 Club 020 7636 0933  
**Southport/The Magnificent/Break The Habit/Serf Combat** Windmill 020 8671 0700  
**Stricken City/The Kayas/Chapter 24/Violet Youth** Barden's Boudoir 0770 865 6633  
**Super Thursday/Hold Your Horse** Is Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

**Tom Allalone & The 78s** ULLU 020 7664 2000  
**Ullior/Romance** Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709  
**Veil Cassini/The Lieutenant's Mistress/1877/Shuffle** Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

**Anastacia** Apollo 0870 401 8000  
**Death By Audio/The Smitten Ones/Dead Gecko/The Glass Apples/Jealous Of Girls** Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822  
**Silversun Pickups** Academy 2 0161 832 1111

**Fallsafe** O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

**White Denim** Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

**Happy Vandal/Broken Heart**  
Broken Engine Mucky Mulligans 01738 632 650

**That Petrol Emotion** Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

**Svarte Greiner** Sacred Trinity Church 0161 834 2041

**Broken City Skyline** Red House 0114 2727875

**Forever Never** Joiners 023 8022 5612  
**Kasabian** Guildhall 023 8063 2601

**Wise Children** Fat Fox Atrium 023 9283 7078

**Jonny Boy** Horn 01727 853143

**The Boy Done Good** 12 Bar 01793 535713  
**Coach/The Citizens** The Vic 01793 535713  
**Slagerij** The Roilstone 01793 534238

**The Spills/Shakeshudder/JonnytheFirth** Escobar 01924 332000

**Spokes/Collisions And Consequences** City Screen Basement Bar 01904 541144  
**Swimwear Juniors** Fibbers 01904 651 250



Friendly Fires, Hyde Park, London

**KEY**

+14 = 14 AND ABOVE +16 = 16 AND ABOVE  
AA = ALL AGES  
WA = UNDER 14S WITH AN ADULT  
UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED ALL GIGS ARE 18+



# FRIDAY

## JULY 3

**Joe Longthorne** Craig Y Nos Castle  
01874 611129

**Let's Whistle** Moles 01225 404445

**Lost For Words** Esquires  
01234 340120

**The Wilders** Black Box  
00 35391 566511

**Blaze Bayley/Pury UK** Palladium  
01237 478860

**Forever Never** Asylum 0121 233 1109  
**Gwyn Ashton** Flapper 0121 236 2421  
**No Spring Chicken** Roadhouse  
0121 624 2920  
**Pitseh** O2 Academy 3  
0870 771 2000

**Chief** Freebirt 01273 603974  
**Goldheart Assembly/Emily Baker**  
Latest Music Bar 01273 687 171  
**Molly's Game** The Hope  
01273 723 568  
**The Real Thing** Komedia  
01273 647100  
**Silversun Pickups** Digital  
01273 202407

**Larry Miller** Fleece 0117 945 0996  
**Nell Sedaka** Colston Hall  
0117 922 3683  
**Turbowolf** Craft 0117 987 4144

**Lonely The Brave/Federal Black 40**  
Junction 01223 51514  
**That Fucking Tank/The Tupolev**  
Ghost Portland Arms 01223 357268

**The Saturdays** International Arena  
029 2022 4488  
**The Victorian English Gentlemen's**  
Club Clubb For Bach 029 2023 2199

**Personal Space Invaders** Fleece  
01245 256752

**Lucy Walwright Roche** The Pavilion  
00 35321 427 6228

**Attack! Attack!** The Box 01270 257 398

**The Foxes** Inside Out 01325 381238

**The Myways/Science Will Save Us**  
Rockhouse 01332 341154

**And So I Watch You From Afar**  
Lower Deck 00 3531 475 1423  
**Audiokiss** Sugar Club  
00 3531 678 7188  
**Austin Carter** The Purty Kitchen  
00 3531 6770945

**Fifty Caliber** Smile The Ark  
0131 228 9393

**The Remnant Kings** Cabaret Voltare  
0131 220 6176

**The Blimp** 13th Note Cafe  
0141 553 1638

**Doves Of Disorder** Nice'n Sleazy  
0141 333 9637

**The Ghost Of A Thousand** King Tut's  
Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

**The Black Trucks** Square  
01279 305000

**Kris Dollimore** Neptune Bar  
01273 324 870

**Three Vices** The Swan 01473 252485

**Ajanta** Cardigan Arms 0113 274 2000  
**The Dead Formats/A Last Concern**  
Rods 01274 735549

**Deleorans Drivers/Belladonna/Klara**  
Elles Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861  
**Deleorans** Elbow Rooms 0113 245 7011  
**Screaming Banshee Aircrew**  
The Subculture 0113 245 0689

**CLUB NME**

**CHELMSFORD**  
DAS RACIST + LEIF  
BARHOUSE  
01245 356811

**DONCASTER**  
THE THIEVES + THE  
WINDING STREET  
THE THIEVES  
01302 768204

**LONDON**  
DAN BLACK + KENNEDY  
0207 388 3222

**Adult By Accident** Pilgrim  
0151 625 1446

**Bad Precedent** Barfly Theatre  
0151 707 6171

**Elliot Minor** O2 Academy  
0870 771 2000

**The Lines** O2 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

**Michael Weston King** Philharmonie  
0151 709 3789

**Amanda Blank** Cargo 0207 749 7840  
**Atom Gang** 93 Feet East  
020 7247 6095

**Bicycle Thieves** The Fly  
0870 907 0999

**Blur/Vampire Weekend/Amadou**  
+ Marlam/Deerhoof/Florence  
And The Machine Hyde Park  
0870 166 3663

**Carnal Rites** Underworld  
020 7482 1932

**The Cat Empire** O2 Shepherds Bush  
Empire 0870 771 2000

**The Circus Sands/Stand Down**  
Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

**Edwin Foote** Old Queen's Head  
020 7354 9993

**Invasion** MacBeth 020 7739 5095

**The Long Good Fridays** Phoenix  
020 7580 8881

**The Mariahshies** 100 Club  
020 7636 0933

**Otis Gibbs** Borderline 020 7734 5547

**Peachy Jane/The Uninvited/Voice**  
Of Reason RH2 0207 474 3200

**Peter & The Wolf** Windmill  
020 8671 0700

**Random Impulse** The Victoria  
0871 230 1094

**Svarte Greiner/The Slight Below/**  
Simon Scott Luminare 020 7372 7123

**Tacoma Narrows Bridge Disaster**  
Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

**This Caustic Life** Bar Rumba  
020 7287 2715

**Zoldberg/Kazooee/Parafermalia**  
Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

**Zoo Zero** Good Ship 020 7372 2544

**Antony And The Johnsons** Opera  
House 0161 242 2509

**The Boy Will Drown** Phoenix  
0161 272 5921

**Dutch Uncles** The Corner  
0871 230 1094

**Elmo Academy** 3 0161 832 1111

**The Manyas/Lost Calm** Moby Live  
0161 834 8180

**The Ronnies/Scar Night** And Day Cafe  
0161 236 1822

**Thunder Academy** 0161 832 1111

**Tim Burgess/Jeremy Wamsley**  
Dead Institute 0161 330 4019

**Darren Styles** O2 Academy  
0870 771 2000

**Johnny Foreigner** Roadmender  
Centre 01604 604222

**The Kabediles** Arts Centre  
01603 660352

**Lightnin' Willie And The Poor Boys**  
Running Horse 0115 978 7398

**Malcolm Middleton** Bodega Social  
Club 08713 100000

**White Denim** O2 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

**The Number** Mucky Mulligans  
01738 632 650

**Paris Like This** Mel Lounge  
01733 566100

**Cranial Screwtop** Sacred Trinity  
Church 0161 834 2041

**Wellbound** New Barrack Tavern  
0114 234 9148

**Jonny Seven** Black Bull 0114 2467763

**Jeff Beck** Guildhall 023 8063 2601

**Passion Pit** Orange Rooms  
02380 232333

**Dean Friedman** Cellars 02392 826249

**The Cappellas** Sugarmilk  
01782 214991

**STALKERS**  
Tropic Sam Horn 01727 853143

**EMINEM**  
The Radio On The 100 Club 535713

**WARRIORS**  
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The Radio On The 100 Club 535713

# SATURDAY

## JULY 4

**Tom Neville** Moles 01225 404445

**The Brew/Albany Down** Esquires  
01234 340120

**Hand Of Death** Laverys  
028 9087 1106

**Sham 69** Empire 028 9024 9276

**Simian Mobile Disco/Fake Blood/**  
**Rusko** Mandela Hall 028 9024 5133

**Inner Terrestrials** Engine Room  
01273 728 999

**Surlin' Lungs/Los Fantasicos**  
The Albert 01273 730 499

**The Grubby Mitts/Johnny Parry**  
Cube Cinema 0117 907 4190

**65Daysofstatic/Let's Talk Tactics**  
Thekla 08713 100000

**All Campbell** Corn Exchange  
01223 357851

**The Shifty Limits/Southport/Mags**  
Portland Arms 01223 357268

**The King Blues** Barfly 029 2066 7658

**Nell Sedaka** St David's Hall  
029 2087 8444

**Attack! Attack!/These Waves**  
The Royal 01332 36 77 20

**Keltic Jihad/Drum The Lake**  
Rockhouse 01332 341154

**The Nightingales** The Victoria Inn  
01332 74 00 91

**Bipolar Empire** Whelan's  
00 3531 475 9372

**The Dubliners** Vicar St  
00 3531 889 4900

**Jon Allen** Academy 2  
00 3531 877 9999

**Neoviolet/Machar Granite** The Ark  
0131 228 9393

**The Black Hand Gang/Acutones/**  
**Brenden Campbell** ABC2

**Dias Quartet** Brel 0141 342 4966

**The Eagles** Hampden Park  
0141 620 4000

**Marlow Cosmopol** 0141 221 9130

**Screaming Lights/Alan McKim**  
King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

**UK Subs** Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871

**Eddie & The Hot Rods** Square  
01279 305000

**The Rhythms Of The World Festival:**  
**Flamboyant Bella/Sam Isaac/**  
**Hjalta/In/The Others/Model Horror/**  
**Bleech** Pnory 0871 230 1094

**Future Of The Left/Cowtown**  
Faversham 0113 245 8817

**The Mandigans/The Scan** Cockpit  
Room 2 0113 244 3446

**Stella Frays** Cardigan Arms  
0113 274 2000

**You Animals** Cockpit Room 3  
0113 2441573

**The Extroverts** O2 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

**Akira/The Little Kicks/Headspace**  
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

**Astonishing Tales Of The Sea** Bull &  
Gate 020 7485 5358

**Wireless Festival:** Basement Jaxx/  
**Dizze Rascal/Fanfarlo/Master**  
**Shortie/Banjo Or Freakout/Jack**  
**Penate/Saint Etienne/Delphic/**  
**Filthy Dukes/The Phenomenal**  
**Handclap Band/The Streets/Does**  
**It Offend You, Yeah?/Frankmusik**  
Hyde Park 0870 166 3663

**Bodyface/Old School Tie/Pistola**  
**Kicks/The Deccas/The Hard Fox**  
Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

**The Cat Empire** O2 Shepherds Bush  
Empire 0870 771 2000

**Erin K Music/Cat & Max/Ghostlight**  
Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

**The Fallen Heroes** 100 Club  
020 7636 0933

**Gilts** Bar Rumba 020 7287 2715

**Instruments** Catch 020 7729 6097

**Just Like Pictures** Monto Water Rats  
020 7837 4444

**Kasms** Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

**Liz Is Evil/Gambling Hearts/The**  
**Killjoys** Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

**Madonna** The O2 Arena  
0870 701 4444

**New Look/O Children** Cargo  
0207 749 7840

**Nylo** Barfly 0870 907 0999

**The Paulo Set/Internet Forever/The**  
**Chaps/Gum Takes Youth/Cold**  
**Pumas** Windmill 020 8671 0700

**Random Hand** Underworld  
020 7482 1932

**Robben Ford** Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060

**Tavares/The Real Thing** Indigo @ The  
O2 Arena 0870 701 4444

**Travel/The Long Slide/Sudanese**  
**Playboys/Altura/Kim Slade** Good  
Ship 020 7372 2544

**Vital Signs** The Fly 0870 907 0999

**Antony And The Johnsons** Opera  
House 0161 242 2509

**Darren Styles/Ultrabeat** Apollo  
0870 401 8000

**The Dirty Protest/The Decline** Night  
And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

**Forever Never** Academy 3  
0161 832 1111

**Abdouja** parov Park Hotel  
0871 230 1094

**The Rhythms Of The World Festival:**  
**Flamboyant Bella/Sam Isaac/**  
**Hjalta/In/The Others/Model Horror/**  
**Bleech** Pnory 0871 230 1094

**Future Of The Left/Cowtown**  
Faversham 0113 245 8817

**The Mandigans/The Scan** Cockpit  
Room 2 0113 244 3446

**Stella Frays** Cardigan Arms  
0113 274 2000

**You Animals** Cockpit Room 3  
0113 2441573

**The Extroverts** O2 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

**Akira/The Little Kicks/Headspace**  
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

**The Rhythms Of The World Festival:**  
**Flamboyant Bella/Sam Isaac/**  
**Hjalta/In/The Others/Model Horror/**  
**Bleech** Pnory 0871 230 1094

**Future Of The Left/Cowtown**  
Faversham 0113 245 8817

**The Mandigans/The Scan** Cockpit  
Room 2 0113 244 3446

**Stella Frays** Cardigan Arms  
0113 274 2000

**You Animals** Cockpit Room 3  
0113 2441573

**The Extroverts** O2 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

**Akira/The Little Kicks/Headspace**  
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

**The Rhythms Of The World Festival:**  
**Flamboyant Bella/Sam Isaac/**  
**Hjalta/In/The Others/Model Horror/**  
**Bleech** Pnory 0871 230 1094

**Future Of The Left/Cowtown**  
Faversham 0113 245 8817

**The Mandigans/The Scan** Cockpit  
Room 2 0113 244 3446

**Stella Frays** Cardigan Arms  
0113 274 2000

**You Animals** Cockpit Room 3  
0113 2441573

**The Extroverts** O2 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

**Akira/The Little Kicks/Headspace**  
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

**Malcolm Middleton** Clurly  
0191 230 4474

**Ed Sheeran** Arts Centre 01603 660352

**Kunk/Ten City Nation/Glory Glory**  
Marquee 01603 478374

**The Mary Jones Scandal** The Stanley  
0871 230 1094

**Shakeout/Tommy Twist** Brickmakers  
01603 441118

**Ebony Bones** Stealth 08713 100000

**Me My Head/The Souvenirs** Bodega  
Social Club 08713 100000

**Chief Jericho** Tavern 01865 311775

**Hounds Of Audio** Prime Mucky  
Mulligans 01738 632 650

**Ben Marwood** Rising Sun Arts Centre  
0118 986 6788</



# SUNDAY

## JULY 5



Kanye West,  
Wireless Festival,  
London

### BELFAST

Jon Allen Auntie Annie's  
028 9050 1660

Lucy Walwright Roche Spring &  
Airbrake 028 9032 5968

Tear My Playhouse Down Laverys  
028 9087 1106

### BIRMINGHAM

James Taylor NIA 0121 780 4133

### BRIGHTON

David Gedge Latest Music Bar  
01273 687 171

Peter And The Wolf/Planet Earth  
The Hope 01273 723 568

Prehuse 73/Diamond Watch Wrists  
Audio 01273 624343

Simone White Freebutt 01273 603974

### BRISTOL

Gravenhurst/Annette Berlin/Fred  
Moth Club 0117 987 4144

### CAMBRIDGE

Thunder/Airrace Corn Exchange  
01223 357851

Vanilla Pod/Anonymous Tip/  
One Car Pile Up/The Hostiles/  
This Business Is Closed

Portland Arms 01223 357268

### CARDIFF

Chief/Bedford Falls/Peachfuzz/  
Spiritual Machines Barfly  
029 2066 7658

### DERBY

Me My Head The Royal 01332 36 77 20

### DUBLIN

NC Lawlor Nhelan's 00 3531 475 9372

Red Stewart RDS 00 3531 668 0866

### EDINBURGH

New Century Revolution The Ark  
0131 228 9393

Unicorn Kid/Talk To Animals/  
The Electric Circus 0141 226 4224

The 10:04s Whistlebinkies  
0131 557 5114

### GLASGOW

Avoid The Morning/Chasing  
Goodbyes/2 Thirds Of Youth/Track  
Nine/Make My Day Ivory Tracks  
0141 221 7871

Daybreak Niche/Sleazy 0141 333 9637

### GUILDFORD

Glasslights Bel Inroom 01483 440022

### HITCHIN

The Rhythms Of The World Festival:  
The Fish Brothers/Blyth Power/Alive  
Aces/Exit Avenue/Imperial Vipers  
Priority 0871 230 1094

### LEEDS

Elkie Brooks Grand Theatre  
0113 222 6222

### LIVERPOOL

Idolwild 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

### LONDON

The Adam Smith Effect Buffalo Bar  
020 7359 6191

The Dead Formals/Brides Barfly  
0870 907 0999

Jennie Sawbones/Operatives  
12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Jimmy Buffett 02 Shepherds Bush  
Empire 0870 771 2000

Wireless Festival: Kanye West/My  
Latest Novel/Peter Broderick/St  
Vincent/Example/Lady Sovereign/  
O-Tip/Aesha Dixon/N-Dubz/  
Diversity/Flo Rida/Tinchy Stryder/  
Kid Cudi Hyde Park 0870 166 3663

Madonna The O2 Arena  
0870 701 4444

Many Things Untold Underworld  
020 7482 932

Marsha Ambrosius Jazz Café  
020 7916 6060

Misty's Big Adventure/An Horse/  
Superman Revenge Squad/Vngve  
And The Innocent Windmill  
020 8671 0700

Nomo/Eardrum/Bonsai Big Band  
Barden's Boudoir 0770 865 6633

Son Of Dave/Ryder Pales/Mooligan  
Night Luminaire 020 7372 7123

What Every Woman Wants/Pets  
In Heaven/Years Of Salt And  
Rice/Quaintways Dublin Castle  
020 7485 1773

MANCHESTER  
Athlete Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

NEWCASTLE  
Archie Brown & The Young Bucks  
Tyne Bar 0191 265 2550

Inner Terrestrials/Maybe Myrtle  
Tyrtle Cluny 0191 230 4474

The Strokes The Rosh Hood  
0191 257 0265

The Trojan Eaters Duke Of Wellington  
0191 285 6621

NORWICH  
Semen Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM  
Bryan Adams Royal Concert Hall  
0115 948 2626

John Mayall Rock City 08713 100000

The Red Chord/Martyr Defiled/The  
Arusha Accord Bar 7 0115 970 4662

PORTSMOUTH  
Malefice/Vallenbrosa/Alternative  
Car Park/Dred Peugewood Rooms  
023 9286 3911

SHEFFIELD  
The Ghost Of A Thousand/  
The Computers/Sharks Corporation  
0114 276 0262

SOUTHAMPTON  
Sondura Jothers 023 8022 5612

White Denim Talking Heads  
023 8055 5899

YORK  
John Otway Hibbers 01904 651 250

Russell Kane/John Bishop City  
Screen Basement Bar 01904 541144

# MONDAY

## JULY 6

### BELFAST

Andy McKee Menagerie  
028 9023 5678

### BIRMINGHAM

The Cat Empire O2 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

The Ghost Of A Thousand Rainbow  
0121 772 8174

Glasslights O2 Academy 3  
0870 771 2000

### BRIGHTON

Let's Wrestle Freebutt 01273 603974

MS3 Concorde 2 01273 673311

### BRISTOL

Cass Caswell Old Duke 0117 927 7137

Chief Louisiana 0117 926 5978

St Vincent/Blue Roses Thekla  
08713 100000

### DERBY

Martyr Defiled/Surfaces/Citade  
The Victoria Inn 01332 74 00 91

### DUBLIN

Lucy Walwright Roche Whelan's  
00 3531 475 9372

### GLASGOW

Broken City Skyline Rockers  
0141 221 0726

You Animals/Vendor Defender  
King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

### LEEDS

Athlete Cudi 0113 244 3446

### LONDON

Collisions And Consequences/  
Motion In Colour hope & Anchor  
020 7354 1312

Dan Black Parz Glubbe Record Store  
020 7281 4877

### MANCHESTER

James Taylor The O2 Arena  
0870 701 4444

Lil Wayne Apollo  
0870 606 3400

My Latest Novel/Sleeping States ICA  
020 7930 3647

Paul Handyside Slaughtered Lamb  
020 8682 4080

Poppy Mallow Old Queen's Head  
020 7354 9993

Ruthie Foster Jazz Café  
020 7916 6060

Simon Williams/Johnny Bennett  
Dulfin Castle 020 7485 1773

The Victorian English Gentlemen's  
Club/Untitled Musical Project/Not  
Cool The Lexington 020 7837 5387

MAINE  
The Red Chord Moho Live  
0161 834 8180

NORWICH  
Huck Brickmakers 01603 441118

Rory McVicar Arts Centre  
01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM  
The Saturdays Royal Concert Hall  
0115 948 2626

That Petrol! Emotion Rescue Rooms  
0115 958 8484

OXFORD  
Bryan Adams New Theatre, Apollo  
0870 606 3500

Silversun Pickups O2 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

STOKE ON TRENT  
Cyanide Serenity/As Light Fades  
Sugarhill 01782 214991

WAKEFIELD  
The Farners Smooty Fox 01924 374455

Hall To The Eskimo/Shot Dead  
Escobar 01924 332000

Let's Wrestle,  
Freebutt, Brighton

John Otway Hibbers 01904 651 250

Russell Kane/John Bishop City  
Screen Basement Bar 01904 541144

White Denim Talking Heads  
023 8055 5899

YORK  
John Otway Hibbers 01904 651 250

Russell Kane/John Bishop City  
Screen Basement Bar 01904 541144

White Denim Talking Heads  
023 8055 5899

YORK  
John Otway Hibbers 01904 651 250

Russell Kane/John Bishop City  
Screen Basement Bar 01904 541144

White Denim Talking Heads  
023 8055 5899



# TUESDAY

## JULY 7

Tune in to NME Radio from 4pm as Bat For Lashes, aka Natasha Khan, heads into the studio for an intimate interview and session

# NME RADIO

Madonna, Evening News Arena, Manchester



### BELFAST

Delirium Tremens Black Box  
00 35391 566511

### BIRMINGHAM

The Eagles NIA 0121 780 4133

### BRIGHTON

Tenniscoats/Hind Ear/Jacob's stories The Albert 01273 730499

### BRISTOL

The Echoes Bunch Of Grapes  
0117 447 0100

Glasslights O2 Academy 2

0870 771 0000

The Phenomenal Handclap Band

Start The Bx 0117 930 4370

Prefuse 73/Diamond Watch Wrist/

Invasion The Corner 0117 945 0999

Warrior Soul/Isolation/The More I

See Fleece 0117 945 0996

White Denim Thekla 08713 100000

### CAMBRIDGE

Judith Owen/Harry Shearer

Portland Arms 01223 357268

Kasabian John Exchange

01223 357851

### CARDIFF

The Ghost Of A Thousand/

The Computers/Sharks Barfly

029 2066 7658

### COVENTRY

Oasis/The Enemy Ricoh Arena

00 3531 475 9372

### DERBY

The Scarlet Desire The Victoria Inn

01332 74 00 91

### DUBLIN

Ne-Yo The O2 01 819 8888

Ruthie Foster Whelan's

00 3531 475 9372

### EDINBURGH

Wood pigeon Sreaky Pete's

0131 225 1757

Zoe Van Goey The Electric Circus

0131 226 4224

### GLASGOW

Ace Bushy Striptease/The Shrieking

Violets 13th Note Cafe 0141 553 1638

The Kept Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871

### LEEDS

Screaming Lights/The Swing

Movement Cockpit Room 3

0113 2441573

### LIVERPOOL

James Morrison Echo Arena

0844 8000 400

### LONDON

Acusis/After Hours/Tim Allen Hope

& Andromeda 01753 1312

Cymbals Eat Guitars ICA

020 7450 3647

Cyrus Gabrysch Moughtered Lamb

020 8682 4080

Great Northern/Gliss Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773

Here We Go Magic/My Tiger My

Timings/Gallops Madame Jojo's

020 7734 2473

Hoodlums/Will And The People

Wonto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Li Wayne Apollo 0870 606 3400

The Loveburns/By For The

Kill/Barbara Kellys Comedy

020 7839 7251

Ludacris The O2 Arena 0870 701 4444

Me My Head/The Durango Riot

Barfly 0870 907 0999

M83 KOKO 020 7388 3222

Pope The Flj 0870 107 0999

Raul Midon Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060

Scarlett In The Wilderness

Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

Silversun Pickups Heaven

020 7930 2020

Sleepy Sun Hoxton Square Bar &

Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Stages Of Dan/Peerless Pirates Cafe

1001 020 7247 9679

III Electric Ballroom 020 7485 9006

### MANCHESTER

The Cat Empire Academy 2

0161 832 1111

Madonna Evening News Arena

0161 950 5000

New Education Ruby Lounge

0161 834 1342

The Saturdays Apollo 0870 401 8000

That Petrol Emotion Academy 3

0161 832 1111

### NEWCASTLE

Thunder City Hall 0191 261 2606

### NORWICH

Killerhurts Arts Centre 01603 660352

### NOTTINGHAM

Chief Bodega Social Club

08713 100000

Hackenbush/The Hubris/Wolf

Tickets Hop Pole Inn 0115 925 1174

Steve Pinnock Running Horse

0115 978 7398

### SHEFFIELD

Elliot Minor O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000

The Red Chord/Ignominious

Incarceration/Six Foot Squirrels

Corporation 0114 276 0262

### SOUTHAMPTON

Bryan Adams Guildhall

023 8063 2601

### ST ALBANS

Heke/The Mercy House/Chaos

Callings/Speedshot Horn

01727 853143

### YORK

Fallsafe/Surprise Fire/Tomorrow

We Radio Fibbers

01904 651 250

Thrive/The Standbys/The

Galleries/Men Are From Mars City

Screen Basement Bar

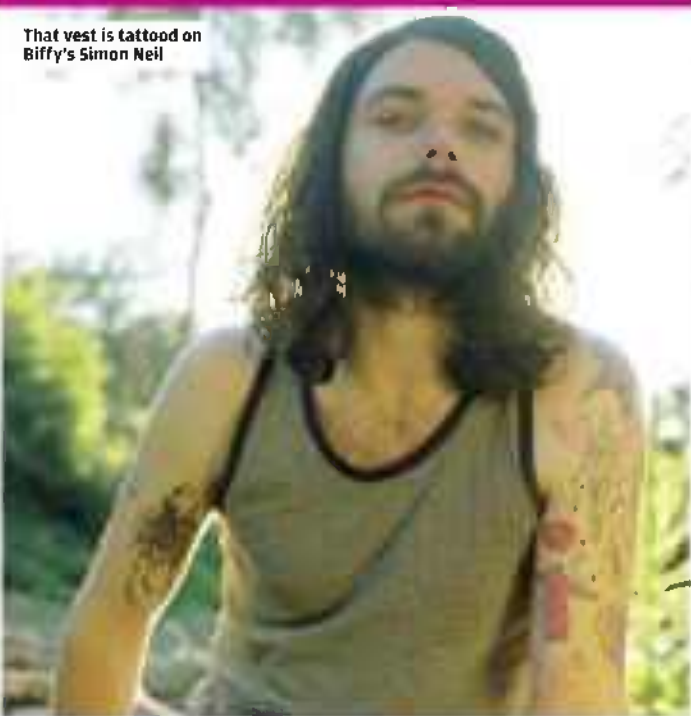
01904 541144

# GIGS

## TICKETS ON SALE!

# BOOKING NOW

That vest is tattooed on Biffy's Simon Neil



## BIFFY CLYRO

STARTS: BELFAST AT RAINEY'S MARKET, OCTOBER 28

Following their appearance at this year's V Festival horse enthusiasts Biffy Clyro will embark on an extensive UK tour to support the release of their fifth studio album, due out later this year.

[WWW.NME.COM/artists/biffy-clyro](http://WWW.NME.COM/artists/biffy-clyro)

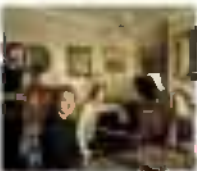


## THE AIRBORNE TOXIC EVENT

STARTS: SHEFFIELD LEADHILL, JULY 14

Los Angeles angst rockers bring the fun following the success of their single 'Happiness is Overrated'.

[WWW.NME.COM/artists/the-airborne-toxic-event](http://WWW.NME.COM/artists/the-airborne-toxic-event)



## ILIKETRAINS

STARTS: WINDSOR THE ROYAL WINDSOR, AUGUST 21

Heartfelt, experimental noise-fiends from Leeds, ILT are definitely a band worth making the journey for.

[WWW.NME.COM/artists/ilikettrains](http://WWW.NME.COM/artists/ilikettrains)



## TROST

STARTS: LONDON BORDERLINE, JULY 13

Sultry songstress Annika Line Trost brings her bleep, bop electronica all the way from Berlin for a handful of UK dates.

[WWW.NME.COM/artists/trost](http://WWW.NME.COM/artists/trost)

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When Priority Tickets are gone, they're gone. Terms apply.

# O<sub>2</sub>



# GEAR

STUFF WE LOVE Edited by Ben Paloschuk



£8

## THE TUPOLEV GHOST T-SHIRT

There are three main reasons to buy this shirt. One, The Tupolev Ghost are one of the most exciting new bands around and are capable of changing your world with a single struck guitar chord. Two, BSM Records is as reliable a tastemaker as anything because every one of their bands is stupidly rad. Three, trees are awesome. Boom.

[www.bsmrecords.co.uk](http://www.bsmrecords.co.uk)



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## BLACKBERRY STORM

Now, when you want to fiddle with your phone and check whether or not that Symposium seven-inch you won from eBay is on its way, you can do it in serious style. Touchscreen-enabled, big, bright screen, GPS, email, inbuilt camera; the only thing this doesn't do is tell you you've lost weight and, gosh, that is a lovely hat. We've got a brand new one to give away - plus two tickets to see U2's 360 tour at Wembley, worth £150 (!) each. To be in with a chance of winning, correctly complete the crossword below (Ts and Cs apply), but if you're not lucky enough to go to the tour, check out the virtual concert experience at the below address.

[360.u2.com](http://360.u2.com)

WIN THIS!  
ENTER THE NME CROSSWORD BELOW



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## NME ONLINE STORE

### 65DAYSOFSTATIC BAG

The wondrous instrumental noiseniks are about to rip up Birmingham's Supersonic festival, so how better to carry away the pieces of your brain they've reorganised than in this stylish spattered tote bag? No better, that's how.

[www.nme.com/store](http://www.nme.com/store)

£6

### CAUGHT BY THE RIVER

Water is brilliant - if you want to argue with that, you're a moron. Here, the likes of Jarvis, Bill Drummond, Edwyn Collins and a bunch of other artists, journoes and poets write on the simple joys to be found on Britain's waterways. It's a gorgeously lazy read and, put together by the fine folk from Heavenly Records, it's a unique package from some of Indie's favourite voices.

[caughtbytheriver.net](http://caughtbytheriver.net)

# THE NME CROSSWORD

## WIN A STORM AND U2 TICKETS

### CLUES ACROSS

- 1+33A It's where we're at in this 'Day & Age' (3-5-2-4-2)
- 10 Band that's into cover versions (5)
- 11+17A Because it's capital punishment on Gallows, that's why (6-2-3-6)
- 12 "Is a dream a lie that don't come true, or is it something worse that brings me down to the..." 2<sup>nd</sup> Springsteen (5)
- 13 (See 32 across)
- 14 Bury goes crazy over Kaiser Chiefs' performance (4)
- 17 (See 11 across)
- 19+8D Bloc Party are playing and therefore our presence is required (2-4-2-3)
- 21 Take one hit of Sugar Ray each day before noon (5-7)
- 24 (See 18 down)
- 26 Texas released this a bum on the quiet (3-4)
- 28 Member of The Only Ones spotted in Amsterdam Airport (4)
- 29 UNKLE gave us an '... For An...' (3)

- 30 The Lightn'g Seeds did it with feeling (5)
- 32+13A He was born Dylan Mills in east London (6 6)
- 33 (See 1 across)
- 34 (See 15 down)

### CLUES DOWN

- 2 Little Boots needing gloves? (5)
- 3 Which person is able to speak of The Horrors? (3-3-3)
- 4 B-side of The Beatles' 'Paperback Writer' that became original name of Oasis (4)
- 5 They brought their 'Harmonic Generator' over from New Zealand (7)
- 6 Absolutely no old material on Jack Peñate's latest album (10-2-3)
- 7 Incubus, Client, REM and The Cars have this single connection (5)
- 8 (See 19 across)
- 9 Welsh band, fronted by Mike Peters, who toured with U2 and whose biggest hit was 1983's '68 Guns' (5)

- 15+34A Not if either change is made to Thirteen Senses' number (4-3-4)
- 16 Wrongly wired for a performance by Reef (5)
- 18+24A "There's a guy in the place, he's got a bittersweet face, and he goes by the name of..." number one hit in 1992 (9-5)
- 20 Same direction taken on albums by both Mark Eitzel and Lucinda Williams (4)
- 22 The Offspring's first record label seems in transformation (7)
- 23 Make a terrible killing with member of Depeche Mode (4)
- 25 Winners of Best New Band at NME Awards 2008 (5)
- 27 Half confused band supplying 'Lies For The Liars' (4)
- 31 When I next include a piece from 'Forward, Russia!' (4)
- 32 Comeback fad of German electropunks (1-1-1)

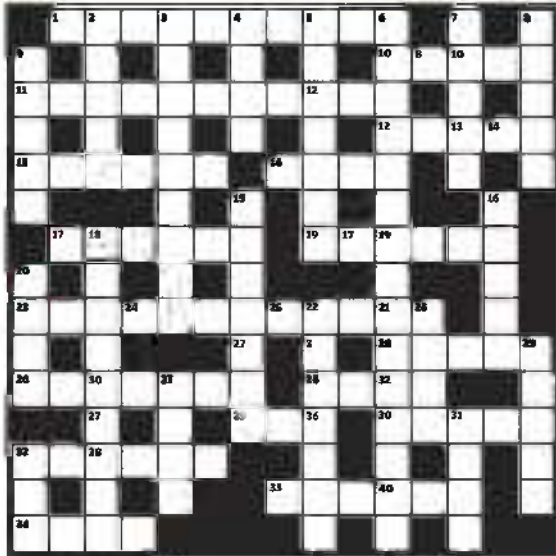


Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

### JUNE 6 ANSWERS

ACROSS  
1 The Spinning Top, 9 Phoenix, 10 Bonkers, 11+26D Les Dennis, 12+36A Von Bondies, 14+5D Nobody Move Nobody Get Hurt, 19+16B Angel Of Harlem, 20 Echo Del, 22 Vek, 23 Youth, 25 Cud, 30 Ugly, 31+21D Run DMC, 33 Bottom, 35 Dare.

DOWN  
2+17A Hoots Mon, 3 Song For Guy, 4 INXS, 6 Mine 7 Twelve, 8 P.O.S., 9 Pale Mowie, 13+32A Nick Cave, 15 Owl, 18 Naked, 24 Undone, 28+27A Duane Eddy, 29 Vield, 31 Reni, 34 Uno.



Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the send page with the name date, before Tuesday, July 7 2009, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 4th Floor, One Rm Building, 110 Southampton Street, London, SE1 0DL. First correct one out of the hat wins!



## PICK OF THE WEEK



### THE 50 GREATEST VIDEOS OF THE 21ST CENTURY

Buggles lamented the death of the radio star, but we just can't get enough of music videos. So, *NME* runs through the most inspiring clips of the small screen over the past decade.

Saturday, July 4, 7pm

## PLUS...

### WEDNESDAY ROYKSOPP TAKEOVER

The Norwegians hijack the channel.

July 1, 9pm

### THURSDAY THE BEST OF BLUR

Exclusive interviews and videos of the quartet.

July 2, 10pm

### FRIDAY THE NME ROCK CHART

This week's best and heaviest anthems.

July 3, 4pm

### SATURDAY DOVES TAKEOVER

A veritable Mancunian pick'n'mix.

July 4, 4pm

### SUNDAY NME VIDEO CHART

See who's Number One this week.

July 5, 9am

### MONDAY FROM THE BEGINNING: THE PRODIGY

Chart the band's history.

July 6, 9pm

### TUESDAY RADAR

Featuring Chairlift and The Temper Trap.

July 7, 11pm

Full listings: [NME.COM/NMETV](http://NME.COM/NMETV)



### The NME Chart TV



- 1 THE KILLERS 'THE WORLD WE LIVE IN'
- 2 KASABIAN 'FIRE'
- 3 LA ROUX 'BULLETPROOF'
- 4 KINGS OF LEON 'NOTION'
- 5 SLIPKNOT 'SULPHUR'
- 6 WHITE LIES VS CRYSTAL CASTLES 'DEATH'
- 7 THE MACCABEES 'CAN YOU GIVE IT'
- 8 FLORENCE AND THE MACHINE 'RABBIT HEART...'
- 9 JAMIE T 'STICKS N' STONES'
- 10 THE ENERGY 'SING WHILE YOU'RE IN LOVE'

VOTE NOW!

Go to [WWW.NME.COM/NMETV](http://WWW.NME.COM/NMETV) to have your say

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DAB IN LONDON or  
[NMERADIO.CO.UK](http://NMERADIO.CO.UK)

## IN OUR STUDIO



### THE PAINS OF BEING PURE AT HEART

Interview aired: Thursday, June 18

Serving up a delicious assortment of indie rock and dream pop, these *Radar* favourites dropped into the studio for a chat about what they've been up to since the release of their debut album. The New York four-piece found the time to perform a couple of session tracks too.

## COMING UP...

### THE HORRORS

Faris Badwan and his fellow garage-rockers head into the studio to perform an exclusive session and discuss their return to form with 'Primary Colours'.

Thursday, July 2, 4pm

### SAMANTHI

NME Radio's hottest new presenter, Samanthi, takes to the decks every weekday to play the most sought-after and exciting indie rock'n'roll tracks on the planet.

Monday-Friday, 10am-2pm

## ON THE PLAYLIST...



NEW **GOSSIP**  
Heavy Cross

**BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB**  
Dust On The Ground

**SONIC YOUTH**  
Poison Arrow

**MAGIC WANDS**  
Warrior

**THE SOUNDTRACK OF OUR LIVES**  
Babel On



**PASSION PIT**  
Folds In Your Hands

**DARKER MY LOVE**  
Two Ways Out

**YEAH YEAH YEAHS**  
Heads Will Roll

**DINOSAUR JR**  
Plans

**THE DEAD WEATHER**  
Treat Me Like Your Mother



**THE BIG PINK**  
Stop The World



# WHAT ROCK'N'ROLL HAS TAUGHT ME...

by **GRANDMASTER FLASH**

The hip-hop legend pays his dues and knows the importance of pure science

**HIP-HOP IS A SCIENCE.** "I think of myself as a scientist first, then a DJ. When I was young, all I did all day every day was work with electronics so that I could mix from one record to the other and make it sound continuous. I didn't really go out much, I didn't even have a girlfriend until my late teens. Because of that, I was able to make one of the building blocks for hip-hop. I love seeing all DJs because they're all doing the science that I created. They're my brothers and sisters."

**EVERYONE NEEDS TO KNOW ABOUT KOOL HERC.** "He doesn't get talked about enough. He was the godfather. He'd DJ at these parties in the Bronx in the 1970s and play the songs that you would never hear on the radio. He was a giant in what he did and he was a giant in the way he looked too - he's about 7ft tall! I would watch him and figure out ways to improve what he was doing - how to take the breaks he was playing and mix them together so it was continuous. I was the first to do that, but Herc was the first to play the music. Without him, there's nothing."

**BEING A LUDDITE IS NEVER A GOOD IDEA.** "I use the same turntables I always did but there are so many cool developments that have moved hip-hop further. For example, I like the idea of DJing using .wav forms instead of carrying so many records. Modern technology has helped me quite a bit. Don't forget, I'm a scientist first and, as a scientist, you have to constantly push the envelope. If I did everything the same way I used to, I couldn't do that so I welcome new developments."

**NEW YORK IS NO LONGER THE CAPITAL OF HIP-HOP.** "There is no capital. New York is a Mecca and the birthplace for sure but hip-hop is a global force now. I've been blessed to have travelled the world for more than 20 years and wherever I go I see people doing their own thing, adding their own style and science. On my new album I've used unknown MCs from all over the world who don't even speak English."



Grandmaster Flash practices surfing on a dead animal

**THE CRITICS DON'T MATTER - IT'S THE PEOPLE YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO.** "Writers are entitled to their opinion but when I read a review, I know it's the opinion of just one person. But when I'm playing a show in front of thousands or my record sells hundreds of thousands, then of course I'm going with that. I can't understand why artists get upset about reviews. They need to build their fanbase, go from town to town, country to country, show the world what they got. Public opinion is way more important than any critic."

**FORGET THE ROCK'N'ROLL LIFESTYLE, THERE'S A MORE SPIRITUAL ROAD TO SUCCESS.** "I'm into meditation, organic foods, controlling stress - because stress kills. Stress starts mental but it can become physical, sometimes in the form of an ulcer, sometimes in the form of cancer. I like to read books by Deepak Chopra and Dr Wayne Dyer because they're into

**"WHEN WE SUPPORTED THE CLASH, THE CROWD HATED US, THEY'D SPIT AT US EVERY NIGHT"**

that sense of spirituality and it stops me from fearing anything. Fear could hold you back from something that could be great. I've also learned to take tragedy and triumph and look at them equally. I had a bad record deal with Sugar Hill early on. They signed us to a deal, I was bitter and angry about that for a while - I didn't even like to hear Grandmaster Flash on the radio - but I learned how to make it into something positive."

**EVEN AFTER ALL THIS TIME, I'M STILL BREAKING DOWN BARRIERS.** "Up until 2007, all the corporate musical organisations had embraced hip-hop except for the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame. I thought that they might not accept us at all. But when

Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five got inducted in 2007, it was uncharted territory because we were the first hip-hop act to be accepted. Now we stand with some of the greatest musical artists of all time. I feel very comfortable with that - it's just that my instrument is a turntable instead of a guitar. All those bands we were inducted with, like REM and Van Halen, were very welcoming too. Now hip-hop has got Run DMC going in the Hall Of Fame this year which is a wonderful thing - and I know there will be more in the future too."

**IT NEVER HURTS TO HAVE SOMEONE FAMOUS FIGHTING YOUR CORNER.** "When we supported The Clash, the audience hated us. They spat at us, shouted at us, they were like, 'Who the fuck is this warm-up group?' It was a real disaster. We got booked to do three dates but after the first one we didn't want to do the other two, but The Clash pleaded with us to come back. They were totally behind us and the next two nights were better. Debbie Harry also helped make me famous around the same time. She came to one of my dances up in the Bronx and watched me all night. Afterwards, she said she was gonna write a song about me. About ME! She was a huge pop star at that point - she didn't have to write shit about me. But four or five months later, 'Rapture' was on the radio and she had kept her word. She was talking about me. That exposed me to a whole new audience who'd never heard of Grandmaster Flash or even hip-hop. I'm sure it wasn't easy for Blondie to convince their label to let them do that record but I appreciated it because it helped me so much. The only bad thing was that

Sugar Hill Records didn't let me appear in the video."

## DID YOU KNOW?

■ Although 'The Message' was Grandmaster Flash's biggest hit, it was written by Sugar Hill Records' in-house writers. The group made fun of it when it was initially presented to them.

■ One of Flash's tricks for gathering vinyl was to date a girl and then ask the girl's parents for any old, unwanted records.

■ The 1981 single 'The Adventures Of Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel' is the first to be made entirely of other people's songs and the first recorded track to feature scratching.







# Florence + the Machine



## LUNGS

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