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NME

READING

2009



LEEDS

2009

THE
20
LOUDEST
SONGS
EVER!

RETURN OF

THE

CRIBS



BLUR

Coxon up for album
No.8 - EXCLUSIVE

ARCTIC MONKEYS

Their Reading &
Leeds challenge
to fans p10

WAKEFIELD TO
LOS ANGELES
...AND JOHNNY MARR'S MAKING THE TEA

PLUS

SWINE FLU

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for your festivals?





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CALVIN HARRIS p48

Well, if you will go and ironically dedicate a song to *NME's* illustrious editor you'll bag yourself a fairly favourable live review and a nice picture on the Contents page. Go on, Calvin, Tweet that!

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THE UK'S No 1
GIG GUIDE STARTS p59

10 TRACKS

YOU HAVE TO HEAR THIS WEEK



NEW SINGLE

1 FRIENDLY FIRES

Kiss Of Life

Well, if it isn't our favourite Mercury-nominated, NME Awards Tour-smashing, samba-dancing home counties boys! Though not included on their debut, 'Kiss Of Life' keeps the same Latin disco-euphoria spirit, with added angelic backing vox, urging chorus and tribal drums. The Friendly Fires carnival, it seems, has marched to its end and now stands, sequins glimmering in the sun, at a crossroads. Which way next? The only way: up.

On NME Radio 2 and 100% TV 100%

COLOURFUL UNION

2 LIGHTSPEED CHAMPION

Heavy Purple

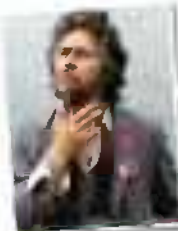
This free download, heralding the arrival of the crow-haired one's new website, finds him – ably assisted by NY trio Chairlift – in contemplative mood. As the title suggests, there's a strong element of Prince pastiche, but done with real soul rather than irony.

Free download from www.lightspeedchampion.co.uk

FREE
DOWNLOAD

3 THE FLAMING LIPS

Silver Trembling Hands



Wayne Coyne's evolution into an elder statesman of psych-rock, riding a wave of goodwill in a giant plastic bubble, has obscured the fact that, at their best, the Lips were kind of scary. Sweet, yes, euphoric, yes, but too-euphoric in an oh-no-I'm-too-high-and-it's-all-going-sideways kind of way. This track, from forthcoming album 'Embryonic', is all beautiful neurosis from within a whirlpool of psych-kraut reverb.

On <http://hypem.com> now

4 RYE RYE FEAT MIA

Bang

Despite the name credit, MIA adds little to this track other than a laconic drawl of the title. Other than that, the spotlight is firmly on her flame-haired protégée, rattling out sass like a filth-machine gun over some furiously stark beats (produced by Blaqstarr). The video, MIA's directorial debut, features real dancers from the Baltimore club scene, and will probably make you too ashamed to ever dare step on a dancefloor again.

On MySpace now



5 THE DODOS Fables



Harmonious, gently melancholy indie-pop in a Shins vein from our sugar-coated San Franciscan chums. "I don't want to go in the fire", sings Meric Long, and indeed, why would he? It's burny, and it's much nicer here where the melodies flow free. [On MySpace now](#)

6 KYLIE MINOISE Neck Brace Art Appreciation Club

There's a weird beauty hidden in this crypt of hiss, scree, noise and dark rumbling that passes for a song. It might not be apparent straight away, but lie on the floor and listen and, like a Magic Eye picture, all will become clear - you'll shave your head and run away to join the circus.

[On NME.COM/notesfromtheunderground now](#)

**FREE
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PISSED-UP DANCE-HOP

8 KID SISTER Right Hand Hi

"Hi, I'm Kid Sister/I'm stacking money, drinking all night" is Melissa Young's Introduction and, while it's not the most sophisticated line we've ever heard, we're definitely seduced. This ravey piece of dance-hop is pure fun to its bones, and needles our anticipation for her debut album 'Ultraviolet', at long last due out in October and featuring spots from Kanye West and Estelle. In fact, we may keep our right hands high 'til then. Join us.

[On MySpace now](#)

9 ATLAS SOUND FEAT NOAH LENNOX Walkabout



In other words, the sound of two of the most exciting men in American indie pairing up: Bradford Cox of Deerhunter in his solo Atlas Sound form hooks up with Lennox, aka Panda Bear of Animal Collective. Cox's usual world of amniotic fuzz and melancholy romance is invaded by Lennox's sunshine-psych euphoria, and the result is sweet as a nut.

[On Pitchfork.com now](#)

FRENCH POP TARTE

7 SLIMY Womanizer

French pop star Slimy is an oddity. Many will peg him as 'the Mika it's OK to like', but they are wrong; our slithery friend is far less punchable. He looks like Prince, he sings like a girl, and his jazzy anti-folk take on Britney's genius single has become the proverbial 'YouTube sensation'. Well, if you're born in a town called Saint-Etienne, pop stardom is surely written into your destiny. [On YouTube now](#)

10 MONSTERS OF FOLK Say Please

This acoustic supergroup is a heavyweight lineup indeed. Jim James of My Morning Jacket, Bright Eyes' Conor Oberst and Mike Mogis, and M Ward are giving away this taster of their side-project's forthcoming debut, and it's as woozy as you'd expect.

[Free download from monstersoffolk.com](#)

**FREE
DOWNLOAD**



NEWS

WHAT'S HAPPENED. WHAT'S HAPPENING

Featuring Paul Dinosaur

Exclusive

Glasvegas escape their "grey cloud"

James Allan says the band are 'feeling liberated' and heading to LA to record their new album

Glasvegas have revealed that they are ditching their dour song subjects for a new sunny outlook for their second album – which they will start work on in October in Los Angeles.

Frontman **James Allan** told *NME* that he was moving to America's West Coast, where he intends to set up a home studio to record demos of new songs, including the distinctly un-sunny-sounding 'Sonic Silence', 'Whatever Hurts You Through The Night' and 'Born To Die'. The band then plan to hit the studio proper with Rich Costey (Muse/Interpol), who produced their 2008 self-titled debut.

"Aye, we're definitely doing it there," the singer/guitarist confirmed of the band's relocation. "I've got to set up the equipment in the house." He added that he'd like to record the album piecemeal with Costey following the demo sessions. "I don't like the idea of going to a studio and spending one block of time there," he explained. "I've got a good bond with Rich, I believe he's got more in him than the first record."

Allan explained that the second album would be less "selfish" than the band's debut, which was nominated for the Barclaycard Mercury Prize last week (July 21). The frontman said his worldview has shifted because of his change in circumstances – from being on the dole in Glasgow to touring the world with the band.

"Playing songs with the band [first time round] was like primal scream therapy," he explained. "I don't consider myself a singer... I just shout. But I left myself in a position of being stuck with a grey cloud hanging over me. I wanted to escape it – I like to think that a lot of my thoughts and optimism are going towards being liberated. I'm looking forward to seeing how far we can take it. I feel we're moving forward. It's very clear lyrically and sonically."

"I DON'T CONSIDER MYSELF TO BE A SINGER... I JUST SHOUT"

JAMES ALLAN



James Allan, at the Roskilde festival, July 3, 2009

NANO'S

KASABIAN,
FLORENCE UP
FOR MERCURY'S

The shortlist for the 2009 Barclaycard Mercury Prize was announced last week (July 21). Kasabian's 'West Ryder Pauper Lunatic Asylum', Florence And The Machine's 'Lungs' and La Roux's 'La Roux' have emerged as early favourites, while Friendly Fires, The Horrors, Glasvegas and Bat For Lashes are also nominated. See NME.COM for the full list.

CANCER HALTS
BEASTIE BOYS'
RETURN

Beastie Boys have delayed the release of their new album, 'Hot Sauce Committee, Pt 1', and cancelled live shows while Adam Yauch receives treatment for cancer. The rapper and bassist made the announcement via an online video, explaining that his precancerous gland and lymph node had been effected but that his condition was "treatable" and he expects to make a full recovery soon.

METAL SHOW
SET FOR NME
RADIO

NME Radio has launched a new heavy metal show. The Metal Hammer Meltdown is presented by James Gili and Terry Bezer and will air every Sunday between 7pm and 9pm. For more details of the show and how to tune in, head to NME.COM/radio.

For Tomorrow

Graham Coxon: 'New Blur album - why not?'

Guitarist outlines his wish to hit the studio with the band again – but warns we'll have to be patient

Graham Coxon has told *NME* that he is more than open to the idea of Blur recording another album in the future.

The reunited band have wrapped things up for now after they headlined T In The Park on July 12 and all four members are now busy with other projects – Damon Albarn is taking part in Africa Exprez in Paris on August 5, Dave Rowntree is standing in the General Election next year and Alex James is making cheese for the Prince Of Wales' Duchy Of Cornwall.

But Coxon, who played a solo London show as part of the iTunes Live London Festival '09 last week (July 23) and released his seventh solo album 'The Spinning Top' earlier this year, said it might not be the end of the line for Blur.

The guitarist said he is "up for" some new studio sessions, and also explained that he and Albarn jammed a few new ideas when they first reunited last year.

"I'm up for it, up for doing another one – it'd be a really interesting thing to do," Coxon explained. "I don't want it to be 'Modern Life Is Rubbish' or nostalgic bollocks. I want it to be a development."

The guitarist insisted that although he was keen to record, he is yet to broach the subject directly with his bandmates. He was optimistic that he wouldn't have to do much arm twisting, although with a new Gorillaz



Alex and Damon
fear the giant Coxon

album pencilled in for 2010, it's unlikely anything will happen too soon.

"There's nothing saying there's a great big 'No'," he explained. "My gut feeling is, 'Why not?'"

Recalling the jam the pair had when they first decided to get Blur going again late last year, Coxon suggested it was "more of a meditation" than a song.

"It was 20 minutes of noise, it was good, a loose chord progression. It wasn't really a song. I was doing some repetitive delay pedal stuff and playing over the top – layering

sound. Damon said, 'This feels good, dunnit?'. I said, 'Yeah it does, dunnit? Dunnit!'. It [the jam] was very analogue. He's [Albarn] very analogue about things – I think we're both that way, we both like to get our hands dirty with sound. We can be quite primitive."

In terms of what form any future release by the pair or the full band might take, Coxon suggested that Blur's back catalogue was so varied that the group wouldn't have to live up to anyone's expectations or ideals.

"Since we got into '13' we just went 'bang [creatively]!'. So I'm not worried about it."

"Think Tank" [released in 2003 after Coxon's departure from the band, it only features the guitarist on final song 'Battery In Your Leg'] was another kind of animal as well," he said of the band's wide variety of styles. "It's almost like we can start wherever we want, do whatever we want."

Meanwhile, for those who can't wait, a new Blur album of sorts is out this summer, as the live recordings of the band's Hyde Park shows – currently "in the final stages of production" – will be released on download and CD in the next few weeks.

Graham's, uh,
serious about
new album



NME investigates

Swine flu won't stop UK festivals

Plans are in hand to tackle the H1N1 virus at the summer's events

The rest of Britain's festival season will go ahead as planned, despite the growing number of cases of swine flu in Britain.

With the number of people suffering from the H1N1 virus increasing to the point where the government launched a National Pandemic Flu Service in England last week (July 23), some fans had begun to fear music festivals could be put under quarantine. However, *NME* has spoken to the Health Protection Agency, leading doctors and major festival organisers who agreed the rest of the 2009 festival season is set to continue as planned.

A spokesperson for the Health Protection Agency told *NME* that the summer's events will go ahead as planned. "There are no special measures for music festivals. The government hasn't made an announcement on not having mass gatherings," they explained. However, while it looks like nothing will be called off, the agency did advise fans to take precautions, pointing out

that the 15-30 age bracket is one of the most susceptible to flu.

"Anybody who's coughing and sneezing needs to use tissues to catch the secretions, and they need to go and wash their hands afterwards," they advised. "If anybody starts to feel unwell while they're [at a festival], they should make their way home."

While it will be business as usual musically at the festivals, health-wise nothing will be left to chance. Dr Mark Salter, consultant in Communicable Disease Control, explained that the Reading And Leeds Festivals will be running the same medical operation as Glastonbury, which safely dealt with six cases (out of a festival population of 150,000) of swine flu at this year's event.

"Melvin Benn [Reading And Leeds Festival boss] did ask me at the end of Glastonbury whether I could feed into Reading too. We will effectively be running the same system there," explained Dr Salter, who was on call at Worthy Farm. He added that the people diagnosed with swine flu at Glastonbury had

sought medical advice from onsite medical teams or stewards – all of whom who had been briefed on the virus beforehand. They were then escorted to a quarantine unit onsite.

"We popped them in there, put a mask on them so they were away from others and then one of the doctors went and spoke to them," he said. "And if they fulfilled the criteria for swine flu, they were strongly advised that they should go home."

Meanwhile, V Festival co-ordinator Dawn Woodhouse confirmed the Oasis-headlined event is prepared for all eventualities. "We are following all necessary government guidelines surrounding swine flu," she explained. "The site will be manned with all necessary medical facilities in order to ensure the safety of everyone on site."

NME.COM

For the latest festival news head to
NME.COM/festivals now

NANOS

LA'S SIDELINED

The La's were forced to drop out of last weekend's Tramline Festival in Sheffield (July 25-26). Lee Mavers was expected to take to the stage with members of Babyshambles backing him. It's not clear when the new look line up will make their debut.

MADONNA CELEBRATES

Madonna will release a new single from her "definitive" best of collection on August 3. 'Celebration' is also the title track of the new compilation, out on September 28.

LIVERPOOL MUSIC WEEK GETS SPECIAL

The Specials and Gallows have joined Liverpool Music Week. The veterans play the city's Olympia on October 29, while the young punks are at the O2 Academy 2 on November 28. Kasabian and Reverend & The Makers also play.

WHITE STRIPES RARITIES

Jack White is to make rare White Stripes footage available via his new website The Vault. Head to www.modlife.com/thevault for more details.

GIG LAW TO CHANGE?

A Private Members' Bill is aiming to make it easier for small venues to put on gigs. Lord Tim Clement-Jones has the backing of the UK music industry and aims to cut the red tape required to stage live gigs. The Live Music Bill gets a second reading this winter.



In the studio

Courteeners Elbow back into action

Liam Fray is taking inspiration from The Coral and Guy Garvey on the follow-up to 'St Jude'

The Courteeners have hit the studio in Belgium to record their second album, which frontman Liam Fray has told *NME* is inspired by Elbow, The Coral and domestic nagging.

The singer explained that the Manchester four-piece were on their way to Brussels' ICP studios with White Lies and Suede producer Ed Buller to kick off a seven-week recording session – taking a break only to play the

Reading And Leeds Festivals at the end of August.

Fray said he was taking inspiration from Guy Garvey to up the ante from the band's 2008 debut, 'St Jude', adding piano and strings into the mix.

"We've got one song called 'It'll Take More Than A Weekend Away To Fix This Mess' – it sounds like a Garvey song, if I'm allowed to be so egotistical," Fray explained, adding that he had to slum it with the mortals when the band played the pair's shared hometown recently.

"I watched them playing in Manchester with an orchestra," he said. "Well, I tried to get a ticket outside with my mate but there was only one going. They were televising it down the road at an organised broadcast so we went to that instead – there were so many people there loving it. But there was one problem – no bar!"

Fray went on to explain that he has written "26 or 27 songs" that are being considered for the album including 'Take Over The World', 'Sunflower', 'The Good Times Are Calling' and 'Sycophant' – the latter two of which they played live recently at T In The Park. "'Sunflower' really sounds like The Coral, one of the more popular ones – like 'Jacqueline,'" explained Fray. "'...Good Times...' is about, well, I don't want to say it, but it's about being nagged!"



Guy Garvey:
voice of a
(burly) angel

WHAT'S ON THE NME STEREO?

What we're listening to this week

PARAMORE

REINDEER (PROD BY RAMEN)

Fresh from selling tons of records to emo tweenies via the *Twilight* soundtrack, this new single from the Tennessee five-piece is both scrumptious and thrilling.

DIZZEE RASCAL

HOLIDAY (DIRTEE STANK)

Looks like another chart-crumbling hit for Diz and Calv – despite lyrics cheesier than the contents of Alex James' fridge.

THE RAVEONETTES

IN AND OUT OF CONTROL (FIERCE PANDA)

It's not out 'til October, but Sune and Sharin have given us a sneak preview of the stylish rock'n'roll grooves that will make up their new album.

RAIN MACHINE

GIVE BLOOD (ANTI)

TVOTR's Kyp Malone goes it alone and invokes the spirit of Bow Wow Wow, Bolan and Adam Ant.

HOLY GHOST!

I WILL COME BACK (DFA)

In the name of the father comes this Brooklyn electro-soul that sounds like it's been beamed in from 1985. And is all the better for it.

SIAM ALICE GROUP

TROUBLED, SHAKEN ETC

(THE SOCIAL REGISTRY)

Excellent second album of weirdness and wonder from the London collective.

THE CRIBS

CHEAT ON ME (WICHTA)

Unmistakably Smiths-y return from Johnny and the Jarmans. And no it's not about a certain Ms Nash...

NME
RADIO

NEW ON THE
PLAYLIST...

- Cornershop – 'Who Fingered Rock'n'Roll'
- The Cribbs – 'Cheat On Me'
- The Big Pink – 'Dominoes'

Head to www.nme.com for more details on all the new music.

Alex Turner
wearing his Ezra
Koenig disguise

Arct festi

"comic
gold"
- dailly telegraph

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for more details

**the hit comedy series returns for
an hilarious second season**

NEW ZEALAND'S 4TH MOST POPULAR DIGI-FOLK BAND,

out on dvd 03 august!

Arctic Monkeys' Festival challenge

'Humbug' is out on the Monday before the festival; you've got to know all the words by Friday

Arctic Monkeys have challenged fans to "nail" their new album in just five days – so they can sing along with them when they perform at the Reading and Leeds Festivals.

The band release 'Humbug' on August 24, before kicking the northern leg of the festival off on the following Friday (August 28; they play Reading one day later).

"[The fans] have to study the album all week," declared drummer **Matt Helders** of the timing of the release. "Some of them go on Thursday so they'll only have three days to nail it, unless they've got a Discman."

The drummer added that timing the release so close to the events reminded him of when the band attended the Leeds Festival as fans around the release of The Libertines' debut.

"You can buy CDs at the festival, can't you? I remember we had The Libertines' album before it came out from one of the stalls. We had a ghettoblaster and were playing it really loudly in the campsite," he explained.

"Actually, that's an idea, I'll be selling them from a stall! But it will come out then and we'll be there at

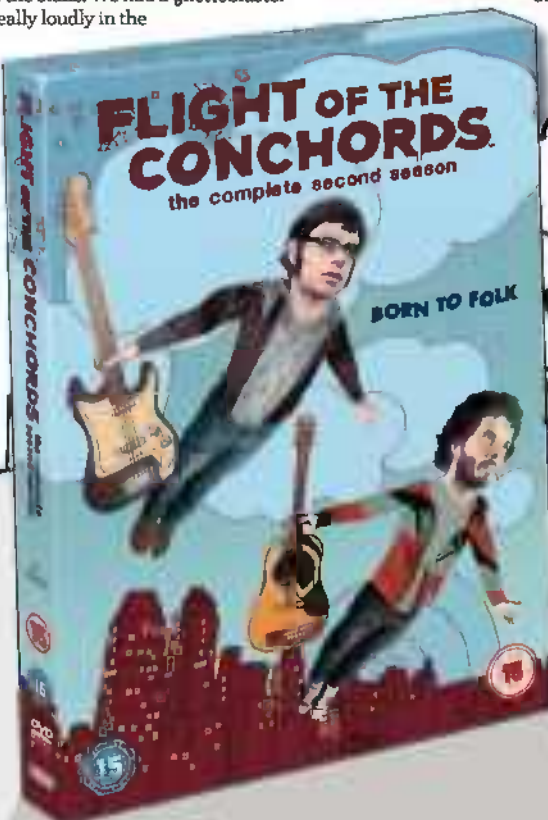
the end of the week ready to test everyone: 'Right guys, you've had five days to get a grip to nail it!'"

The Reading and Leeds Festivals are set to represent the first major live airing for the band's third album, as they've so far limited themselves to European shows before heading to America this week. Having also recorded the album in the States, Alex Turner joked that the country was starting to have an effect on him.

"I'm aiming to master a mid-Atlantic accent by the festival," he sarcastically declared. "And I want one of those radio mic things. [In an American accent] 'OK guys, you've had five days, how's that record sounding? This one is called 'Dangerous Animals'. Fucking yeah!'"

Meanwhile organisers have announced that **A Day To Remember** have been forced to pull out of the festival. The Florida-based rock band were due to play the new band's showcase, the Festival Republic Stage, but have dropped out because guitarist Neil Westfall needs surgery to have his wisdom teeth removed. Instead

Sheffield post-rock band **65daysofstatic** will replace them.



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WIN! TICKETS

READING
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So you're looking at your diary and, scrawled in angry felt tip over the dates August 28-30, are the words: **AT HOME DOING THE WASHING INSTEAD OF HAVING ENORMOUS AMOUNTS OF FUN**. Well, that could be about to change, because we've got three pairs of tickets for Reading Festival and three pairs of tickets for Leeds Festival to give away. All you need to do to enter is fire off an email to festivalcomp@nme.com with the subject heading **I LOVE READING AND LEEDS** and the answer to this simple question:

COMPLETE THE HEADLINERS FOR THE MAIN STAGE AT THIS YEAR'S READING AND LEEDS FESTIVALS – ARCTIC MONKEYS, KINGS OF LEON AND...
A) THE BEATLES B) RADIOHEAD C) ELVIS PRESLEY

Please state your site preference for Reading or Leeds tickets in your email. Competition closes at 11.59pm on Monday, August 3. The first three correct entries picked out of the hat for **EACH** site will win a pair of tickets each. Normal **NME** terms and conditions apply, available at WWW.NME.COM/terms.





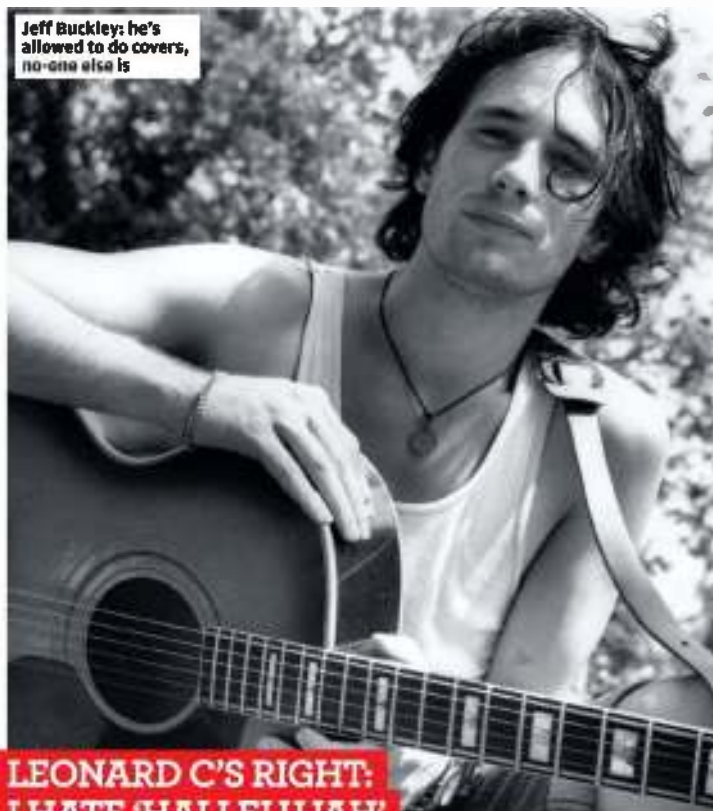
Duck but don't cover

So last week 'Laughing' Leonard Cohen complained that his most famous song has become over-performed. And he's right: I hate 'Hallelujah' now. It's mawkish, mewling, so earnest it'd make Halfwit cringe and, worst of all, it's too damn *religious*. It makes me want to vomit up my own kidneys so I can ram them down the throat of anyone singing it. Shame, because this time last year, when only Cohen, John Cale, Buckley and Rufus had gotten their emotive wee mitts on it, it was the most moving song I'd ever heard; I literally couldn't listen to it without blubbing like a fresh member of the *Deal Or No Deal* 1p club. From goddess to whore in a single Christmas chart run-down; after witnessing the foul degradations carried out upon 'Hallelujah' by Alexandra Burke I was almost driven to call time on the cover song altogether.

Now, I'm all for covers that improve or update. Otherwise we'd never have had Muse pumping up 'Feeling Good', Scissor Sisters saucing all over 'Comfortably Numb' or Pixies strapping space shuttle blasters onto The Jesus & Mary Chain's 'Head On' and surfing it to the Orion Nebula. Covers are great for bands who need to pad out their set to headline Brixton, who've only got 12 minutes of studio time left to record the B-sides or are desperate for the world to know about the deathless brilliance of The Cripplingly Fashionable Obscurities. There's great value to be had in ranks of indie gonks recreating classic albums on their anniversaries – 'Sgt. Pepper's...' or 'The Queen Is Dead' – or bands re-imagining their favourite songs in an unexpected style, such as Nouveau Vague or the superlatively spooky 'Blood' by This Mortal Coil, which is a bunch of folk and country standards as sung by a cryptful of 4AD's sexiest ghosts.

But, for the most part, covers act as

Jeff Buckley: he's allowed to do covers, no-one else is



LEONARD C'S RIGHT: I HATE 'HALLELUJAH' NOW. IT'S MAWKISH AND MEWLING...

filler for the untalented or short of ideas. The endless boy bands, each cloned by Louis Walsh from the same strand of David Beckham's arse hair; squeezing 137 consecutive Number Ones out of their Bee Gees songbook. The agonising collections of Duran Duran, Tom Jones, Rod Stewart or haggard old lounge crooners doing 'contemporary'. To

release a cover as a single is tantamount to admitting you've got nowt left in the tank, you're shooting melodic blanks. To end your stadium gigs with 'I Am The Walrus' is to hold your hands up to having failed to equal your heroes.

Trouble is, strapped songwriters make crap custodians of their own legacies. They have to grant permission for each cover that comes out but few spare much of a thought for the fate of their masterpiece; it's like watching mothers

queue up to sell their first-borns into slavery. You give 'Valerie' or 'Oh My God' to Mark Ronson? Welcome to Cheese City, population: you. You're seriously considering flogging your stone cold career-defining classic to a reality show winner? Then be prepared to see that song disappear up the toilet forever. It no longer belongs to you. It belongs to wedding DJs, drunk pier singers and Jo Whiley.

So Cohen's only got himself to blame for dropping his brightest pearl into the murky swamp of culture's Morass Of Crass. I mean, how mammoth a cheque convinced him that his diaphanous wonder might be enhanced by having ogres copping off to it in *Shrek*? And when Simon Cowell came knocking in the hope of dragging his prettiest offspring away to be warble-raped by whoever won *The X Factor*, did Cohen think his delicate flower of a tune might benefit from a spot of R&B hackery?

Then more fool him: where once he had a glorious alternative hymn beloved of a chued-up few, now he's created a karaoke albatross, his very own 'Love Is All Around'. It's like Boris Johnson letting The Ting Tings redecorate St Paul's; it made it impossible for me to enjoy Buckley's version without feeling tainted by the thought of Burke gargling and simpering it to death like a murderous Mariah. It's been ruined, deflowered, diminished. Len might as well have come round each of our houses, shot our favourite pet and made us watch the bloodshed.

If I were made King Of All Music – and frankly I'm amazed no-one's thought to instigate that particular putsch yet – I'd have a simple solution: a separate chart for covers. Imagine it – only original pop allowed in the Top 40; all regurgitated pap shifted to its own gormless ghetto. They could have their own radio and TV shows and even their own Jools Holland – perhaps Stephen Mulhern from *Britain's Got More Talent*, since he himself is a human cover version of both Ant and Dec at the same time.

And I'd put an immediate preservation order on 'Hallelujah'. Christ knows she's suffered enough.

A BIT OF SLAP AND TICKLE

Since I'm now officially King Of All Music (we did all just agree that a minute ago, right?) my second decree is that all bass guitars must be fitted with lasers along the string which will cause the instrument to self-destruct, blowing anyone playing it into a thousand mangled pieces. If it detects more than two subsequent 'thunks' of the thumb on any one string. This is called 'slap bass' and it's a

scourge which devastated music in the mid-'80s (at the same time as the AIDS epidemic – coincidence? I think NOT), almost did for The Killers in the opening bars of 'Jenny Was A Friend Of Mine' and has now, if rumours are true, infected the new Muse album. We need decisive quarantine measures for whenever this evil virus appears and this means Chris Wolstenholme will have to be humanely destroyed. It's for the greater good.



WHAT I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO...

- Arctic Monkeys – 'Crying Lightning'
- Dizzee Rascal – 'Holiday'
- Kid Harpoon – 'Stealing Cars'

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MY MUSIC

MARINA DIAMANDIS Marina And The Diamonds

A record by a hero...

'THE HUNGER' THE DISTILLERS



"Brody Dalle's got a really beautiful, aggressive voice – she represents something really powerful and really pure. It's quite dark and lonely and if you're in that frame of mind at the time it helps. Amy Studt went to my vocal college and she played me something off their 'Coral Fang' album and I was like, 'Oh my god, who is this?'. And that was it, really."

My first record...

'PRETTY FLY (FOR A WHITE GUY)' THE OFFSPRING



"I remember it coming out and running to Woolworths in my little town, Abergavenny in south Wales, like my life depended on it. It was actually quite different, sonically, to other stuff around at the time and it was pretty fresh. I loved its attitude but the love faded pretty quickly, I can't remember anything else that they've done since."

An emotional one...

'HATE' CAT POWER



"It's really sad, because it's just like, her imploding on herself. She seemed like a really troubled, interesting character, then I saw a YouTube performance of her and she was the most awkward person I've ever seen perform. At her first gig she'd been hugely sick, at the time I heard that I was starting to play live so I could relate to that."

You've got to hear...

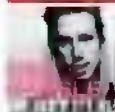
DANIEL JOHNSTON



"He's a really reclusive artist and all of his records are very DIY, nothing's ever properly produced – he's such a rare gem. You have to listen to his music to understand it, there's such crazy raw emotion in it. Maybe I'm being cynical, but everything now is souped up and made to be better than it actually is, but someone like Daniel's music, you don't need to have any layers on top of it."

Right now I'm loving...

'HURTFUL' ERIK HASSLE



"He's Swedish and on first listen you're like, 'Oh my god, this is really heartfelt cringe-pop', but you just have to accept that it's amazing. Neon Gold sent it to me about four or five months ago. It's classic Swedish pop, with beautiful string arrangements, it's just gorgeous. But I wouldn't be influenced by it, because I don't want to sound like anyone else."

Before I die I'd play...

'GOLDEN BROWN' THE STRANGLERS



"There's a live recording my mum gave me. The beginning is the best part – they play the first chords and all the crowd recognise the song and they let out this massive cheer and it's... why you wanna do this [make music] in the first place. She gave it to me four years ago. Why? Probably because I have brown eyes or something like that."

Marina pulls up a pew



NME RADAR TOUR

Another influence...

VIVIENNE WESTWOOD



"I've always been attracted to people who are not just mad or eccentric but people who are creatively fearless and don't think about anything like, 'Is the public going to like this?' or, 'Who am I writing or making this for?'. To me, the way I see her, I think she symbolises a huge amount of creative risk and has a brilliant imagination. I have a Vivienne Westwood clutch bag – that's all I could afford! I tried on this dress ages ago, this big white fluffy one, which was, like, £400."

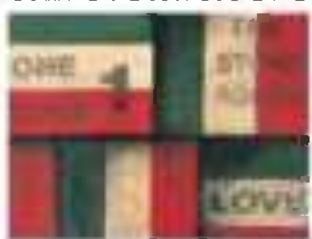
First ever gig...

THE SPINTO BAND, CAMDEN DINGWALLS LONDON 2005



"I wasn't a big fan of music until I was 19, I didn't really know about any bands because I'd lived in Greece for a while. I went to this gig on my own but it's quite good going to stuff alone and it was a fun experience. I remember being at the front in the moshpit and there were three other girls who were obviously on their own as well, including one Japanese girl who was a fashion student. It was really good – just being really uninhibited and not caring that you're on your own."

THE STONE ROSES



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PETER ROBINSON VS

JOHN LEGEND

The winner of six Grammys chats charity, flying in dreams and falling from grace

Hello, John. Where are you?
"I'm in New York, in my apartment."
What are you looking at?
"I'm looking at the news - Obama is on."

News seems more exciting in America.
"Super-exciting. It's interesting at least."

What are you wearing?
"I'm in my bathrobe!"

Good. Well as long as the bathrobe is closed, John, that will be fine.
"Yeah, it definitely is."

Which is the best 'Heartbreaker' - yours [his new collaboration with MSTRKRFT] or Dionne Warwick's?
"(Laughs) Ours, of course."

But yours wasn't written by the Bee Gees, was it?
"OK, I know in the arena of 'Heartbreaker' songs there are good ones..."

Your name pops up quite a lot in relation to charitable causes. What's your favourite type of charity?
"You want one that encompasses things and one where you can see what they're doing and believe in them, that's effective. The area I focus on is poverty."

Do you think a human charity should come before animal charities?
"I'm of that mind. I feel that animal charities don't come up in that ranking."



"ANIMAL CHARITIES AREN'T AS HIGH IN THE RANKING AS HUMAN CHARITIES"

What are the three main things that songs should do? IN ORDER.
"I think it should feel good first of all. That could come from the arrangements and instruments used, what you sing, the quality of the voice and part of it is the tempo. All great factors."

When you say 'feel good', do you mean in the groin area or all around?
"All around. Depends what you're going for. You can tell when something's right. At least I can when I'm listening to it."

Who do you think should be sacked?
"Oo, I don't know. Maybe taxi drivers, anybody who hates their job and doesn't want to do it well."

So the idea is whatever you do, do it well, try and get some satisfaction out of it. Are you familiar with the singing sensation Susan Boyle?
"I just heard that thing for the first time on the final... I think she's a mediocre singer who has a lovely story."

Sometimes the best singers are. It's all about the way you present it.
"Exactly! There are a lot of successful mediocre singers."

Do you ever have dreams about standing on a really small thing and falling off it?
"No. When I'm in the air in my dreams I'm usually flying."

I think the idea of being able to fly is nice IN THEORY but it would be chaos if it was a possibility open to everyone.
"Well, there would be more room to navigate when you think about it. More space to occupy."

But I'm walking down a pavement and people are in my way. What would it be like if there were people in the air?
"Well, then you could operate on three dimensions. Some people will be higher, some people will be lower, you know."

It's chaos though, John. It's chaos. Sometimes people benefit from having less choice.
"Maybe only the cool kids can fly then."

Well, you say that, but I don't think that would be fair. Or for people to be able to pay to fly, because everybody should be able to do it regardless of background.
"Perhaps..."

If you were at a future point in your career and it all went wrong, would you change your surname?
"No, it'd stay the same."

You could insert a middle name, like 'Former'.

"(Laughs) Yeah! The Legend could live on. That's the good thing about it, it can be about reminiscing as well. As long as it was successful at one point."

I hope your bathrobe is still closed.
"It's still closed."

FYI...

- John didn't write the 'Heartbreaker' track. MSTRKRFT just presented him with it and he went, "Oh, that's good"
- That is not exactly what happened but it's the long and short of it
- The 'meat and two veg' of the situation, if you will

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LETTERS

YOU WRITE IT, WE PRINT IT, EVERYONE ARGUES *Edited by Mark Beaumont*

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



Letter of the week

Get political

Seeing The King Blues live at GuilFest has inspired me to tell you why I believe them to be one of the most important bands in this country.

Firstly, there was the music (*Cue gushing review which we'll paraphrase to 'The King Blues had sex with my soul until my ears ejaculated, etc'* - MB). They also delivered some much-needed messages to a generation of people who are completely oblivious to the problems and issues in the country, most directly Itch denouncing the BNP. I cannot describe how happy this made me feel at a time when 18-year-olds are voting for the BNP 'for a laugh'. Why aren't more bands doing this?

Alex Mawby, Guildford

The King Blues. Enter Shikari. Gallows. The Peoples Army. 'Ignore The Ignorant'. Dirty North. Politics in music is no longer confined to The Reverend's spliff circle, Alex, it's in the charts and up Nick Griffin's arse like an acid-smothered baseball bat of anger, defiance and chunky white-boy rapping. Rock: it's rising up - MB

T IN THE SNARK

Ah, T In The Park - biggest ever, best ever, so hey ho, let's go to *NME* (July 18)! Gasp as the Kings Of Boogie are the best band! Shudder as The Killers fall victim to the Thought Police! Marvel as Katy Perry fails to sing but still gets in!
Kurt Bludgeon, via email

Even though all the bands in your 10 Best Bands at T In The Park review are great, I cannot believe The Killers weren't in there. They were BRILLIANT!
Jess, Preston

The Killers! The Killers! The Killers! Best band of T In The Park by five hundred miles!
Kev, Galashiels

"Kings Of Scotland"? Were you even there? I saw Kings Of Leon at T In The Park and they were far from majestic. They looked bored (especially Nathan), they sounded uninspired.
Matt, Banbury

Actually Matt, I wasn't there, no. Were The Killers any good? - MB

CD RIP?

I walked into my local WH Smith the other day, went to where the CDs used to be and what did I see? Jigsaws and DVDs. They no longer stocked CDs! I live in a town with a population of over 50,000 and, if you take away the supermarkets the closest stockist is 10 miles away. No wonder people download, legally or otherwise. I like searching for new material, reading sleeve notes and the physical contact with the music I have paid for!
Dante Banks, via email

Alas, the cruel march of technology makes silver Frisbee fetishists of us all, Dante. The thunderous, Jo Whitley-esque voice of the mass consumer has spoken; CDs are obsolete. But don't become the CD equivalent of these knuckle-dragging 'vinyl obsessives'. Embrace the download; learn to love its tiny, shifting artworks, its environmental friendliness and its bizarre tendency to think it's a Bollywood soundtrack when introduced to iTunes. Because, believe me, in 15 years' time you'll be yearning for there still to be MP3s rather than all of the music and video in the world being pumped into a chip in your eyeball 24 hours a day - MB

CURSE OF THE RONSON

Imagine my dismay, on the way to The Rumble Strips' album launch party, to read that you folks at *NME* had given their brilliant new album 4/10 (*NME*, July 18). The main complaint seemed to be that they had 'sold their soul' by getting Mark Ronson to produce it. Don't write off a great album just



The Killers: not everyone's cup of T

STALKERS

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



SCOTT, LONDON

"My 10-year-old daughter Edem-Grace met Florence after her show at Rough Trade East. What a voice!"



ELEANOR, WIRRAL

"Here's me with Alex Turner in Liverpool city centre. I couldn't believe it, it made my day"



KAREN, MANCHESTER

"Here's me with Tom Meighan from Kasabian. He's taller than I'd imagined! I love the new album"

because someone well-known is involved.

Amy Blencowe, via email

Mark Ronson is the anti-Midas of pop: everything he touches turns to shit by association. A Shakespearean sonnet would sound like an Andrew WK lyric from his lips. Picasso's Guernica would become worthless with the tiniest scribble of his name in the bottom right-hand corner. Amazingly, though, I scratched his name off my copy of the RS album and it instantly turned into a cracking record – MB

DARKTIC MONKEYS

Now that the dust has settled on the latest instalment from Alex Turner and co, it's clear how quickly the boys have grown up and grown dark, and how they may lose so many fans because of it. It

doesn't seem long ago that Turner was filled with youthful exuberance, yet now we are confronted with tasty, mysterious lyrics about "strawberry laces", "gobstoppers" and the "ice cream man" – the images of the childhood he's grown out of. Personally, I hope we see more of his twisted side so that we can stop discussing his awful haircut! Liam, via email

While most bands pick their way gingerly along well-worn paths they think might be land-mined, Turner's fearlessly careening off into unexplored territory. Personally, the new song makes me think of Nick Cave living in a cave beneath a deserted Sheffield Woolworth's, only coming out at night to scavenge away the loose Wine Gums. I'll get my pills – MB

ABYSMAL CASTLES

What makes people think that Crystal Castles are anything other than a bunch of video game sounds strung together? I was pleased to watch Alice jump into the Hyde Park crowd to have her mic taken off her by an impatient Blur fan shouting, "Where the fuck are Blur?" James Backway, via email

But can't you see the appeal, James, in a Canadian sex panda rolling around the stage squealing a song apparently entitled 'Up My Arse'? – MB

AGE WARS

Being of an age where I was lucky enough to see The Stones and Beatles many years ago but still retaining my love for all types of music, I was lucky to catch up with Brian Wilson recently. But it was the remainder of the 'older brigade' in the audience who attracted my attention. I would guess that the vast majority would not have any intention of going to another gig in the next 12 months and I find that so sad. There is nothing more satisfying than seeing a young band moving on to a larger venue before making their first CD. Bands such as Bombay Bicycle Club, The Answering Machine, The Joy Formidable and Magistrates, all of them have given me some really enjoyable nights at low-key gigs. I accept that for every 'gem' there will be a greater number of 'duds' but is that not part of the enjoyment? A bit like reading reviews where there will be as many to argue with as to agree with!!!!!! Bill Redhead, via email

Now many an NME Letters page editor might pull up their splatter-paint hoodie, gob a blob of MDMA snort on the pavement and write something

like 'OI! Grandad! Fack orf back to Lennon Necrophiliacs Monthly!'. But I for one respect the elder indie gentleman writing in, with their correct use of capital letters, refreshing lack of textspeak and appreciation of the power of multiple exclamation marks!!!!!!!!!!!!!! So welcome, Bill, sit yourself down, you must be knackered after all those Magistrates gigs. Cup of ketamine? It'll keep your legs warm – MB

I went to see the legendary Eagles live in Birmingham. Unsurprisingly I noticed that the vast majority of the crowd were nearing retirement and had greying hair (old people). After a couple of drinks me and my mate got stuck in and stood up. When we stood up abuse was hurled at us, "Sit down you f****s" and so on and so forth. One of them said "sit down you cheeky little shit" whilst waving his wrinkly fist at me. I was shocked, so I say to all old people reading this (which there probably aren't) shut up, stand up and enjoy life you old farts. Anon, via email

Thank, standing up? Outrageous behaviour!!!!!! Kids these days, eh Bill? Even worse, I once saw a woman at a gig – a woman! At a gig! I know! – rolling around the stage screaming "UP MY ARSE! UUUUP MYYYY AAAARSE!!!!" like some kind of skinny goth pleasure-bot gone haywire. Joni Mitchell must be spinning in her grave. (Puff on pipe, considers re-introduction of national service) – MB

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AND ANOTHER THING...

In case you've still not made your point

THANKS FOR WRITING IN, MUM

After reading the ever-wise words of Mark Beaumont, it hit me. Second albums are pretty good now aren't they? SEAN ATKINSON, VIA EMAIL Unless Mark Ronson produced them, obviously – MB

BRIMFUL OF ANGER

So, Cornershop didn't release an album for seven years due to the rock scene not being diverse enough? I thought it was because no-one gave a fuck and they only had one song. Obviously I was wrong.

JONNY, VIA EMAIL

Well quite, Jonny – you don't see Fleet Foxes refusing to make albums because the music scene isn't full enough of boring prog-Beach Boys toos, do you? – MB

HAVE YOU SEEN CALLUM FROM KINROSS?

Whatever happened to Callum from Kinross?

PHILIP, DEVON

He's been terminated, Philip. After a three-year stake-out operation, a crack team of NME stormtroopers traced his emails to the basement of a disused warehouse in downtown Kinross where, when the tear-gas cleared, they found only a rudimentary machine made out of Samsung Beat DJ mobile phones, programmed to churn out insipid one-line comments about each week's NME, via email. They shot it with a bazooka – MB

WRITING IS A PROBLEM BECAUSE EVERYTHING RHYMES

Why is Simon Neil so keen to take his shirt off all the time? He looks like he fell asleep for half an hour and a small child drew on him with an Iffy Biro.

PAUL, VIA EMAIL

Congratulations Paul! You are the winner of our secret weekly Best Biffy Clyro Pun competition and win an exact replica of Simon's tattoos etched onto your own body, by force. Hey – snigger – what do you call a weeping arsonist? A sniffy pyrol I'm here all week – MB

RADAR

FINDING THE BEST NEW MUSIC Edited by Jai Rodriguez

NEED TO KNOW...

What: Inspiring, hard-as-nails Northern indie-rock for a Prozac nation

For fans of: Oasis, Doves, Hüsker Dü, Shack
Listen to: 'Another Miracle'

NME LOVES

The light at the end of the tunnel
for proper British rock'n'roll

NEW EDUCATION

You're doomed. A human dead end. You will live a life of pointless struggle through filth and poverty and you will die in these grotty, grey, BNP-infested towns. So says most working class

guitar music in recession-blighted 2009. Cheers! Make mine a binge-load of Beck's and a fight with the wife! Are you looking at my P45? OOF!

Thank the lord, then, for New Education, swaggering out of the Proper Rock 'N' Roll Band box with the cocky menace of a bum-fluffy Liam Gallagher and songs of unadulterated joy at the God-given gift of living in Stoke-on-Trent.

"The chorus is one big lie," says singer Ryan Dooley of 'Another Miracle', a heady, woozy firework of a tune that resembles Hüsker Dü giving The Enemy their first blowbacks at the back of a car park and revolves around the line, "The day breaks/Sunshine on my face/Another miracle". "When I wake up that doesn't happen. It's always raining, there's no miracles anywhere, but it's good to think that way. Too many guitar bands dwell on bullshit."

To Ryan, his bassist brother Jack and the rest of the band they pieced together at the start of 2008,

rock music isn't about wallowing in your misfortunes, it's about the transportive power of billowing great hooks, like the ones puffing out the chests of 'Cigarettes & Alcohol', 'Pass It On' and 'There She Goes'. To them, rock music is meant to "take you somewhere else".

Hell knows they need to keep their sunny sides up, since trouble loves them. Supporting The Twang in Glasgow, Ryan commented on the lack of lager-flung, only to be met with a Stella tsunami. They were banned from Stoke club Underground after an 'altercation' with a sound engineer who was mates with one of their ex-bandmates. The day they were due to sign their deal their car burst into flames on the motorway. Then there's the time Ryan offered out a bunch of lads in the front row between songs that later turned out to be the entire audience. "Things got settled pretty fast. They picked on the wrong lad, they did."

Rough, ready and radiant, New Education's tone was set after their swift swell of popularity last summer – they'd built a sizable fanbase, supported Pete Doherty, The Twang and The Rifles and landed a management deal with

14th Floor within six months of forming – led Ryan to write debut single 'Today', a ballad about breaking out and brightening up. New single 'Another Miracle' expands on the same life-loving theme, but hang on, coming from Stoke, where the BNP are doing people's lawns in return for votes, isn't this a bit like sticking your fingers in your ears and shouting, 'la-la-la, I can't hear any oncoming jackboots!'?

"The recession in Stoke hits the jobs really bad," says Ryan, "so a lot of working class people blame the lack of jobs on foreigners coming over. In the older community the front the BNP put on is as if they're helping things out. I don't agree with any of that. I think we live in a great country. I like it being multicultural, and our songs capture that."

With such an inspiring outlook and deft common touch, perhaps New Education are the kind of kids that our deflated economy and hearts need.

"It's gonna be an interesting year," Ryan muses, "seeing how people take to us lot. It depends if everyone's ready for us, but they're getting us anyway."

Prepare to be Educated... **Mark Beaumont**

RADAR

OTHER STUFF YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT



DIY HEROES

Odes to prison and a large pile of angry fun GOVERNMENT WARNING

Richmond, Virginia has a long legacy of churning out stout-necked, jockish death metal bands, but inch-perfect early '80s-inspired hardcore? Not so much. Along with a small cluster of acts affiliated with the No Way label, including great monikers like Wasted Time and Cloak/Dagger, Government Warning are determined to change all that. Distilling fury with a puerile sense of humour, balls-out fun and more than a dollop of the drink-and-drug-until-you-can't-speak-no-more approach of legendary Boston good-for-nothings Gang Green ('Arrested' details vocalist Kenny's desire not to end up back in the slammer), the band have rapidly become

one of the most talked-about acts on the DIY underground since releasing their first seven-inch in 2006. With a 15-song LP charmingly entitled 'Paranoid Mess' available on La Vida Es En Mus and a live show that made this writer's eyeballs bleed at their sole UK show on their recent European Tour – oddly, at a church hall in Brighton, where else? – you'd do well to catch them next time they make it over. If Kenny can keep out of trouble with the boys in blue that is. **James Knight**

NEED TO KNOW...

What: Vicious hardcore with a foot in the '80s
Download: 'Arrested'

EURO CURRENCY

Mika, if he was cool and French

SLIMY

Imagine that at the meeting when suits – and by suits we mean wannabe hipsters in Converse and stonewashed denim – discussed whether Mika should do a dancey video featuring girls of the larger persuasion there was one doubter in their midst. One team member who wasn't convinced that bounding around like Timmy Mallett in an afro was the best idea. He'd push for 'offbeat quirky cred-pop' – busking-Prince-meets-Yo Gabba Gabba! – rather than the tummy-churning mainstream marketing they settled on. Picture the industry minion raising his hand, squeaking shyly that the appeal should be subtle – strap him in a bowtie, keep it edgy and fresh. So imagine that same exec stumbling upon Slimy in brand spanking 2009

with an exultant, I-told-you-so bubbling in his chest, trembling with the temptation of shoving the candy-coloured MySpace into his boss' face. Because Slimy keeps it catchy and cliché-free – plus he's French and sings about cake – far better than warbling on about big-bottomed girls. So only one question remains: how does he handle the inevitable Mika comparisons? "He's part of my family of influencers. But we have our own world, and don't express the same things." It's true, no *grosse fille* round his way. **Elizabeth Sankey**

NEED TO KNOW...

What: A busking Prince in Gabba land
Download: 'Wake Up'



UNDERGROUND BASTION

Fall Out Boy's "inspirador" turned synth warrior COLD CAVE

That Wesley Eisold has been influential is something you could prove in a court of law. Formerly frontman of raging US screamo outfits Give Up The Ghost and Some Girls, in 2007 Eisold got into a legal tussle with the members of Fall Out Boy, who, ahem, borrowed some of Eisold's lyrics for use on their 2007 album 'Infinity On High'. Fall Out Boy later settled out of court, crediting Eisold as "inspirador" in the album's liner notes, and he's since put the royalties to good use. First, with his new bands Cold Cave and Ye Olde Maids – the former, yearning, New Ordering synth-pop songs wreathed in halos of noise static (check the gorgeous 'Love Comes Close'), the latter cranky DIY post-punk

hailing from the same cobwebbed alcove as Blank Dogs, Dum Dum Girls et al. Then with his Philadelphia-based label-cum-publishing house Heartworm Press, which produces limited records, silkscreened zines and heavy art books with top-dollar production values. In this instant MP3-driven culture, it's easy to forget records and artwork can still feel precious. Wes Eisold is setting the benchmark for all fledgling labels. Of course, it helps that the music is pretty rad too. Oh yeah, and he has one hand. **Louis Patterson**

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JAIMIE'S ROUNDUP

FLUFFING NEW MUSIC

This week I've been assembling our annual Future 50 issue: 50 'things', be they bands, artists, collectives or concepts, that are pushing music forward. It's an odd time for futuristic stuff. While everyone's snuggling up to a comfort blanket of nostalgia and every 'wow' moment of the past year feels tied to either the death or rebirth of a star, where does that leave our innovators?

An act I've received unmitigated grief for profiling in these pages are 3OH!3 (pictured), the Colorado emo-crunk duo that have become the fluoro poster boys of the next generation of 'scene kidz'. Sure, it wasn't a massive surprise when people's kneejerk reaction to the cacophony of gruff mock-G-raps, syrupy crooning and juggernaut 'lektro-bass wallops was, well, horror, but I found it incredibly refreshing.

Yes it was goofy, crass and a little puerile, but there was something infectiously energised and fun about the whole thing. And it wasn't just the fact that 3OH!3 can craft a killer hook-line either; it was the feeling that this was something new. Underneath this barrage of generation-Y Americana-eating-itself

was a sea of change, the sound of captured imaginations: over 4 million captured imaginations in the US alone in fact, as the sales show. Whether the 'scene kid' movement

impacts in the UK to quite the same extent remains to be seen (and possibly feared), but if you're one of the untold punters cashing in obscene sums for trips down memory lane, remember, like it or not, ground was broken this year. The fact that it may make you want to lose your lunch probably means it's just doing its job.

Jaimie Hodgson

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That's the last time The Terror Pigeon Dance Revolt! do a gig in a nursery

IN THE KNOW

Radio stars



John Peel's son and Diesel:U:Music guru Tom Ravenscroft on his loves

The idea of my radio show is to air lots of the music that gets posted to the Diesel:U:Music Player on our website. I sift through hundreds of tracks each week that people have sent in from all over the world – everything from Brazilian pop to thrash metal from Japan – and dig out the best ones. They make up about half of the show and the rest is new releases from lesser-known bands.

When you give people the freedom to throw whatever they want up onto a website you tend to get a vast quantity of shit, but the quality of stuff on the Diesel player is genuinely high, which makes my job easier. A particular favourite is an LA band called *Diego or Pigeon Dance Revolt*. They're a collective, actually – I think there may be as many as 30 of them. They're party boys essentially, but their records are really good. It's pop music but with quite a lot of screaming on it. Pop metal, I guess. It's pretty funny.

There's another good band on the Diesel player called *Modernaire* – they're from the UK and they do electro-pop stuff. They're a fairly theatrical bunch and sound a bit like Stereolab.

Other stuff I'm playing on the show includes *Mount Jimmie*: two young, shy lads called Kai and Dom who make

very minimal dubstep on the Hotflush label. They don't seem to be particularly prolific and keep themselves to themselves, but every so often they'll drop an EP of amazingly intelligent music. *Cloaks* also probably get categorised as dubstep but they also use lots of hard distortion. It's very dark and very aggressive – like grindcore at the wrong speed. I reckon their live shows would be rather extraordinary.

I'VE FALLEN HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH SHARON VAN ETTEN – SHE HAS A BEAUTIFUL VOICE

Duo *Diego or Pigeon Dance Revolt* did a live recording down at Diesel a month ago. They came in for an interview with me and the lead singer was absolutely insane. During the performance, she was very good at jumping into the crowd and making people feel uncomfortable, which I always quite admire. They make an absolute racket but they're a brilliant, brilliant band. And *Dean McPhee* is a young chap from Yorkshire. He's a guitarist – no singing, just a fingerpicker who occasionally loops bits and bobs. He's an absolutely



winner:
Sharon Van Etten

extraordinary player who builds up these soundscapes. It's amazingly clever, I don't know how he does it with just two hands, to be honest.

I like the new album from *Saro Eros* – it's called 'Second Chants'.

The singer, Robert Robinson, wrote the album about having to look after his ill father. It's quite lo-fi and spooky and you get the sense that it was written in a rather sombre mood somewhere in the countryside.

Finally, I've fallen hopelessly in love with a track called 'Consolation Prize' by *Sharon Van Etten* who is a singer-songwriter from Brooklyn – I've played it on every show I've done for the last month. Like any American female folk singer she probably gets compared to Cat Power all the time, but she just has an incredibly beautiful voice.





With an eager new member and an invigorated outlook, it's time for **The Cribs** to ditch the cartoon antics and get serious...

Keeping in touch with reality when you're in Los Angeles is hard enough at the best of times but, as *NME* checks into one of Hollywood's most happening hotels in the mid-summer heat, it's hard not to feel like we've stepped inside a particularly highly concentrated area of weirdness. Never mind the Thirty Mile Zone - this is more like the Thirty Metre Zone. The poolside clientele is a bizarre mixture of LA trash hoping to be spotted, beefcake frat-boys on the prowl for new sexual conquests and frappuccino-fuelled businessmen staring blankly at laptops. The smoggy air of sub-celebrity is never far away, either. In one corner, Aussie-pop duo The Veronicas are holding court with the press, in another a group of blinged-out hip-hopppers max and relax,

and just a few feet away outside the hotel, reams of people are still coming night and day to mourn Michael Jackson's death by, er, having their picture taken next to a bit of pavement with his name on it. It's a suffocating bubble of tackiness and wannabe VIPs that leaves you feeling unclean if you're out in it too long but Messrs Jarman, Jarman, Jarman and Jarman (né Marr) are unfazed by it all.

Scattered though they now are in different corners of the world, when the four of them are together they exude a collective strength that is no match for the hyper-surreal head fuck of La-La Land. It's more than just the bond between siblings or the clichéd band-as-gang spirit - they're things that any number of rock'n'roll groups have in their arsenal. No, the thing that unites these four chaps so inscrutably is the fact that they belong to something as singularly unique as The Cribs.

Don't think we're being even remotely overly romantic about Wakefield's

finest, because if you'd been a part of making 'Ignore The Ignorant' you'd be feeling something close to Herculean right about now, too.

Recorded with Yeah Yeah Yeahs/Nick Cave/Maximo Park co-conspirator Nick Launay, their fourth album is this year's optimum indie record; a finely tuned balance of the English-rock heritage they were all born with and the American musical sensibilities that they've all grown up to love.

"So many bands in England seem to be in a competitive rat race," explains bassist Gary, who continues to thrive both personally and creatively in Portland, Oregon. "The British music industry can wear you out, and it's great to be away from that. When 'Men's Needs' was doing pretty well, we got calls from people saying it was getting playlisted and telling us how it was selling. It's sort of exciting, but when you start worrying about it, it stops being fun. I can understand how some people might get bogged down in it."



Band of brothers (and an honorary cousin): The Cribs (l-r) Ross, Johnny, Gary and Ryan

This new, mid-Atlantic sound is convincing not only in terms of the robust way in which the songs are played but also by virtue of the fact that at least half of the 12 tracks stand as the catchiest The Cribs have ever written. In a nutshell, it's the perfect mix of brain and brawn, of energy and maturity, of England and America.

"Me and Gary were talking about going into the next album and ripping up everything and starting again, playing different instruments and stuff like that," explains guitarist/vocalist Ryan. "It sounds really wanky to say, but this album feels like the pinnacle of what we can do in this format."

The temptation for many fans – both new and old – will of course be to listen closely to the new album in an attempt to pick out the deft riffs of newest member Johnny Marr; but it's a largely futile exercise. There are no needless fret-jumping displays, no I've-got-a-bigger-pedal-board-than-you demonstrations of superfluous sonic trickery and certainly no sneaky incorporations of arpeggios from 'Hand In Glove' designed to cheaply entice the world's aging Smiths lovers into the band's fan base. Instead of spunking guitar wank over the album like some kind of show-pony from rock'n'roll history, Johnny plays firmly and resolutely as though he's one crucial quarter of a contemporary four-piece. Although his status as a guitar hero that spans the generations is never likely to wane, in among the fire and passion of 'Ignore The Ignorant', Johnny is first and foremost a card-carrying member of The Cribs.



"I've got a mindset that works for the group," he offers as a way of explaining his seamless assimilation. "They understand that a band is about more than the music. Records are more than just three and a half minutes of collectible pleasure. I think that kind of idealism is worth protecting and nurturing when most people just grow out of it. If fact, it would have made my life easier at times if I had put things like that aside. But the problem with that is if it just became a job for me, it would rob me of that pleasure I get of being in a band. I've learned that it has ups and downs but I would take that over it being a job any day."

While most established musicians his age are content to compartmentalise music as a steady pay cheque to finance expensive hobbies or elaborate vanity projects, Johnny – who proudly

displays and refers back to the '45rpm' tattoo on his forearm throughout the interview – is as much of an enthusiast and eager scholar of pop as he ever was. And it's a passion that continues to be fed by his new band.

"Ryan's intensified my idea of the UK doing things that the rest of the world can't in terms of pop music. Ross [drums] always thinks about the fans first, no matter what, which is another aspect of The Cribs that is pretty unique in my experience. Gary is someone who has heightened my awareness of personal politics. Right from the off, we talked a lot about how so much rock music is macho in disguise. He sharpened this philosophy I had going about the northern male being able to be both masculine and have a sensitivity at the same time. I found that really, really refreshing to come from people who grew up during the '90s when they must have been bombarded with lad culture. He also reminded me that I was right to hate so much UK rock music from the '90s."

Crucial though he is to the band's musical make-up, Johnny appears to have had an impact psychologically too, and it's something that Ryan in particular is happy to attest to. The two forged a quick bond as they laid the



'The Ignorant' entirely on Super 8 film, which fans will be able to see before the year is out. But it's a creative change that has come about as much through his own soul-searching as following Johnny's sage-like lead.

"The last album [2007's 'Men's Needs, Women's Needs, Whatever'] did better, and now more people are into us it makes you more self-conscious. You can get confused about who you are. There's a side of you portrayed in the media and it's not necessarily accurate. At this point, I feel quite self-critiquing."

"Having Johnny has rejuvenated us. I'm a lot more driven to create" **RYAN JARMAN**

foundations of the album last year, most notably when Ryan found himself lodging at Chez Marr on the outskirts of Manchester, frequently waking up in the morning to find Johnny knocking on his door with a cup of tea in hand, keen as mustard to start the day's writing. It was a glimpse of a more productive and cleaner-living lifestyle that the singer seems to have taken to heart.

"Having Johnny has rejuvenated us because when it were just us three, it felt quite comfortable and relaxed," he admits. "Now that Johnny's in the band I'm a lot more driven to create, whereas before, it were more about not letting anything get in the way of having a good time, staying out all night and getting up late. I still do that from time to time but there's more to it now. I feel like I should be pursuing as many artistic endeavours as I possibly can and that's a good thing. I'm 28 now, the band is better than it ever has been and it's the time to maximise my output."

It's not just all talk for the press either; Ryan's creative efforts have begun to extend further than just singing, writing and playing guitar. In recent months, he's branched out to filmmaking by shooting and editing a half-hour documentary on the making of 'Ignore

How do you think this skewed image of you materialised?

"I've seen people refer to us as mouthy, but that's not true at all. Being in the music industry, you get exposed to so much tasteless stuff, you can't just not say anything about it. We're not the sort of people who are arrogant, or say things for effect, or shoot our mouths off about anything, we just have a conscience. That's all. It's sad that it seems to be the exception to the rule. I also think there's quite a few people who assume me to be a big party guy but there's more to me



than that and I want people to be aware of it now. You get paranoid that people have the wrong impression of you. I think one of the big reasons that happens is because people like to create characters. It's interesting but in a very superficial way. A lot of that went into the writing of the album - that idea of not feeling so good about yourself."

It doesn't take an Oxbridge-endorsed Cribs aficionado to know what he's on about. The Ryan Jarman the public have come to know has accidentally started to overshadow the band as a whole and verged dangerously on the level of caricature in the last two or three years. To those who aren't so well-versed in the ethics and egalitarianism The Cribs swear by, Ryan is the guy who swan-dives across tables at award ceremonies, who gets knocked unconscious in moshpits almost ritually and who appears on *Never Mind The Buzzcocks* sounding like he had a few too many pre-filming ales when in fact, he always talks that way. But spend any meaningful amount of time with him and you'll find that the singer is in fact remarkably quiet and pathologically inquisitive (the questions *NME* hears during our LA adventure range from "What have you been listening to lately?" to "Have you ever had an airbag go off in your face?"). Even so, his persona has drifted too far away from Ryan's actual personality for comfort, and if anyone should know about the discrepancy, it's his twin brother Gary...

"We've always been really fucking close and I know what my brother's like. I know that he's intelligent and sensitive and for him to be painted as this kind of fucked-up punk guy, it's not true. It frustrates me because it's just one part of his character. The behaviour of his that gets reported is unrepresentative of him as a person, so I think he's a little more cautious now. He's more aware of how people respond to things."

Ryan's sense of self-doubt has seeped into his share of the songs on *'Ignore The Ignorant'*; you can hear it in-



between the dense cascades of guitar-noise on the darkly beautiful 'City Of Bugs', for example, or the uncertain rhetorical questioning of future single contender 'Hari Kari'. But the very fact that he has turned inwards to deal with his uncertainty rather than lashing out with a giant 'fuck you' makes the songs a more intriguing listen and shows that The Cribs have taken a strong, and ironically confident, stride forward.

Ryan: "There's a lot more thought put into the songs this time now, whereas before it was part of our character to just bash things out. We've spent longer this time to make sure that they're as good as possible."

Gary: "There were songs like 'Hey Scenesters!' and others especially from the second record that were blunt and direct. They were pretty knee-jerk and written with frustration. I don't regret that now because that's what I was like back then. I just feel like we can articulate things better now because we've learned more."

The Cribs could have gone into album number four on autopilot, with just the three of them taking telegraphed swipes at the things that bugged them, making regular visits to A&E

departments the land over and coming up with throwaway quotes comparing indie rock to global warming just to keep the journalists happy. And we would have probably loved them for it as much as we ever did. But by taking on a fourth, unrelated member, opening their eyes and ears to the world outside dear old Blighty, and taking a good, long look at what they've become, they opted to shake things up and move forward in the most challenging of ways. At the same time, they've kept firmly in touch with the principles that made The Cribs such an uncommon band in the first place and *'Ignore The Ignorant'* is the inscrutably brilliant outcome. It's no wonder that they seem so assured when the four of them are together.

Furthermore, it appears to have set the tone for how The Cribs are going to progress in the future; talks are already afoot of more radical changes for later records, and while a full-blown 'Kid A' scenario might be unlikely, they already seem to be winding up to throw us all a huge curveball.

"It's your duty to not retread old ground otherwise you become a bit of a cabaret act," theorises Gary with typically unflappable logic. "I feel like we're the sort of band who like to flirt with experimentation, but we're still fundamentally a pop band. But I think the time is probably coming when we embrace it fully."

Whatever the future may hold, The Cribs are obviously determined to take the long way round just like they did to get to *'Ignore The Ignorant'*. But the chances are they'll end up sounding much better for it and, once again, LA's abundant oddities won't make a scratch on them.

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Head to NME.COM/photos now to learn 25 things you never knew about The Cribs

BLOOD! STRIP BARS! WIGS! STABBINGS!

The Jarman's most memorable gigs... in their own words

READING/LEEDS, AUGUST 2008

Ryan: "We were headlining the second stage, and to hear everyone singing back all your songs and knowing you got to that point on your own terms was a good feeling. The Leeds leg probably edged it because we had the power pulled on us during 'I'm A Realist' but the crowd just sang it for us - even all the guitar parts."



EMPTY BOTTLE, CHICAGO, AUGUST 2007

"It was the day after Lollapalooza. It was a small venue but it was sold out and the crowd were really insane. Up until Reading/Leeds 2008, we would have said this was our best gig."

MCDONALD'S, WAKEFIELD, DECEMBER 2002

"The venue is now a strip bar. Gary had one of mum's blouses on, I had some fake blood and we all had Beatles wigs on. We were so drunk that we played 'Another Number' twice! Gary also ended up hitting himself in the face with his bass and got taken to hospital with concussion. It set a precedent for what was to come..."

LEEDS UNI, FEBRUARY 2006

"It was just after I stabbed myself at the NME Awards and I was stressed because the bandage came off and there was a big gaping wound there, but that got my adrenalin pumping even more. There's a plaque for us there now because we're the only band to play two consecutive sold-out nights twice in the same year."



THE ADMIN BAR, GLASGOW, MARCH 2007

"We were supposed to play at King Tut's but it flooded. This was the only place we could find on the night but it only held about 50. It was scarily packed but Alex Kapranos had the idea of getting everyone to sit down. It looked weird but the crowd still went nuts!"



PATRICK WOLF THE BACHELOR

"...Patrick Wolf is unlike any singer-songwriter around. More radical, more talented, more confounding." - **Observer**

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- **Dazed & Confused**

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"an album that rushes over you like a waterfall, demanding awe"
- **NME**

"original, imaginative" - **Time Out**



BANDTOOLS

patrickwolf.com
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YOU KNOW ALL THAT MONEY THE KAISER CHIEFS MADE? THIS MAN PISSSED IT ALL AWAY.

Hyped to the heavens and then dropped in the gutter,
The Twang's Phil Etheridge reveals what happened *Words Emily Mackay*

Birmingham isn't a city you think of as a jewel in the nation's treasury. You'd associate it with graft, bluntness, ordinariness – a rough diamond at best.

Welcome, then, oh friend, to a few surprises fastened away in a corner of Brum they call the Jewellery Quarter. Historically a trade centre for precious stones, metals and trinkets, it's now an epicentre of cultural redevelopment. It's also the namesake of the second album by The Twang (a band, equally,

you might not associate with refined craftsmanship so much as fights, beers and way-hey-hey), home to their new rehearsal rooms and the location of the rather lush beer garden in which *NME* and The Twang's twin songwriting force, singer Phil Etheridge and bassist Jon Watkin, are currently sat.

"There's a lot of heritage in the Jewellery Quarter, man. 60 per cent of the UK's gold and silver comes from here," Phil enthuses, pure nervous energy *clad* in Lacoste and cardie, leaning forward, hands gesturing.

"All the whistles on The Titanic were made here. The original FA Cup..." adds the more laconic Jon, who appraises *NME* from between narrowed eyes, occasionally firing questions at us ("What do you reckon to this tune? What's that new album like? Do you like The Coral?")

"This area does mean a lot to us, man," assures Phil. "We've spent the last year here, and it's one of the only parts of Brum with independent cafés and pubs. I just think it's a cool area. It's like, developing you know."

CHLAMYDIA

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Phil earns extra money filming *Crimewatch* reconstructions

The Twang too, are redeveloping, escaping the stereotypes that bind. More so than their 2007 debut, which barrelled in wired on hype and dragging patronising

'yob-rock' labels behind it, 'Jewellery Quarter' is a record steeped in who The Twang are; reconnecting with not only their city, but their band.

The sleeve, by local graffiti artist Temper, depicts the band hauling an anchor, the hallmark, Phil explains, identifying a piece as the product of the Jewellery Quarter, which the band are pulling into the future. Even the typeface, Baskerville, is Birmingham-born. In moments such as the euphoric 'Barney Rubble' and the emotive 'Another Bus' the album too is abuzz with proud positivity. Perhaps more so because it almost never happened.

After early writing sessions in a cottage in Anglesey, The Twang headed off to Spain and the mountain retreat of Youth, one time bassist of Killing Joke and producer of The Verve's 'Urban Hymns'. It was to be far from a holiday in the sun.

Back in the band's 2007 *NME* cover feature, at a time when they were, by Phil's own admission, "the most hyped band for the last fucking... however many years", he reflected, "all of us knew this band would split us up as friends if it hadn't worked. It probably still will." And given the hoopla that surrounded their signing, a case of the success bends seemed nearly unavoidable. Courted by several labels, they were taken out for dinner, drinks, bought trainers... one night at a notorious west London hotel, they decided to drink 'til dawn so as to miss their early morning taxi. Muse's Matt Bellamy, also in the bar, looked on in horror and bemusement as Jon passed out in the disabled toilet and the rest of the band ran amok in the bar. B-Unique, feeling flush on the back of the Kaiser Chiefs' debut, handed over a fat wad of cash in December 2006. Over the next year The Twang did their best to party their way through that money, racking up three Top 40 singles and a Number Three album along the way.

Having failed to keep up with the pace of the impossible momentum that surrounded them, The Twang instead fell beneath its wheels, losing control and losing sight of their original aims. The breaking point came close in Spain.

"I knew the lads wanted it to work," says Phil. "But, two days in, I knew it weren't happening... and we were there for a month. I'd already planned in my head this could be the last record we make, so I'm gonna make sure it's right."

"We weren't talking, were we?" says Jon. "I remember within days of getting there, I kind of went into a shell."

"I was entering a room and all of these fuckers were getting up and leaving, it was all fucking nuts," confirms Phil.

"And I was just being a complete little cunt, going out and getting smashed out



"ALL I READ WAS THAT WE WERE LADS. IT UPSET ME"

PHIL ETHERIDGE

of my head so I could come back and listen to something and try and pretend I was feeling it, when really I was like, I don't wanna go down this fucking... talk about stadium, we were sounding like an '80s fucking rock band at one point."

So far, so second album. Get a big-name producer, ramp everything up, fall out. But that route wasn't for The Twang.

"I don't wanna sit here and knock Youth, or that period," says Phil reflectively, "because it made me realise I was doing what I wanted to do and that was being critical. When everyone pats you on the back and tells you it's great, it's quite easy to believe it."

It was a lesson The Twang had learned the hard way after the making of 'Love It When I Feel Like This' when they were blown off-course by the hypestorm. "Maybe we did make mistakes," admits Phil. "With the first album, I made decisions five minutes before... we just got caught up in it. But anyone would have, man."

Returning from Spain with a second album none of the band wanted released, an unlikely guiding hand arrived in the form of Mint Royale's Neil Claxton, who'd remixed 'Two Lovers'. In him, they found someone who shared their vision and Phil's new-found passion for detail.

"I had this dream," laughs Phil, "of how I'd go downstairs at four in the morning and light a candle and..."

"...pull your penis," suggests Jon.

"...and do a vocal, and you'd catch a moment. Neil understood that."

The band's renewed enthusiasm shines out from every heartfelt chorus on the album. It's the happiness of a band who've learned how to take control.

"This time," states Phil, emphatically tapping his lighter down on his fag packet. "We know what we want, we're putting out the record we wanna put out, and for those who think we're a bunch of fucking Kevs from Birmingham... have a listen to it, man."

Sadly, "a bunch of fucking Kevs from Birmingham" is, to many, exactly what they are. Where bands like The Horrors or The Libertines could flirt with an aura of violence and be treated as arty auteurs, the exuberance of The Twang's fans (which famously saw them banned from every venue in Brum in the early days) and their fondness for booze were the perfect pretext to make them everyone's fantasy thugs. Yet their lyrics from the start were filled with vulnerability, doubt and turmoil.

"I've got friends, we all have," says Phil, hands flying, "that are *NME*'s dream fodder. But they're not in bands. They're in pubs fighting and they're doing what they wanna do in their fucking little world, but we was in a band, man, and we was writing songs, and we was being, like, *thoughtful* in my head. We were trying to do stuff and all I ever read was that we were these lads going out fighting, and it did upset me."

Jon nods over his pint. "They already had their story. We were beer-swilling hooligans who don't think about life, who don't think about nothing. But because it was what we'd always wanted it was, like, let's roll with it."

No longer rolling with anything but their own momentum, the band are looking to set things right. The genesis of 'Jewellery Quarter' isn't the perfect working-class anti-hero, rock'n'roll rags-to-riches tale. The Twang, though, couldn't give less of one.

"I don't give a fuck for rock'n'roll clichés," rants Phil. "This is our story, and it's the truth, we've never fucking come out lying, man, we haven't. In my brain it's a beautiful story. It's a story about a group of lads who have achieved what they set out to do."

NME.COM
Listen to The Twang's new album in full at NME.COM/artists/the-twang

FRANKMUSIK

The man born Vincent Frank gives us an insight into what he can't live without – just don't ask him to explain the dead rabbit in the fridge...

Neighbours. Everybody needs good neighbours. They come round for the odd Sunday roast, let you borrow cups of sugar, have pets named Bouncer and are generally one of the good guys. Or so we're all led to believe. But as 23-year-old Vincent Frank, aka Frankmusik, sits in the appendix living space-cum-home studio in his nan's house in Thornton Heath, *NME* finds that this romantically charged electropop star and remixer extraordinaire is sticking two fingers up to all those overly-friendly acquaintances.

"Because I'm such a big kid I lend myself to situations through naivety and then I get burnt big time. Then I do the grown-up thing and write an album about it. Me and relationships never work. They never will," says Vincent of his recently-put-to-bed affair with 'Kiss Kiss' one-hit wonder Holly 'I used to play Flick Scully in some Aussie soap' Valance.

"Holly has a different mentality to what it is to be in a relationship compared to me. I ended up thinking there was nothing in it and knocked it all on the head. I deleted her off Facebook and everything. We weren't ever really in a relationship – I think for her it was more of a holiday romance. For me it was a bit more. At times she would act like it was more than that. But really, she wanted her cake and to eat it too. She told me that she just wanted me to go off with other girls, so I was just like, 'OK, fuck you then'. I won't be making her new album any more, it's just all too messy. The last message I sent her I said that I wish we had never met."

But just when you're about to feel a little sorry for Frank and his misadventures in love you realise that without these heart-pilaging experiences it wouldn't have been possible for him to create songs of such soured sweetness like 'Confusion Girl' (which features the young Valance in the video – ouch!), or the emotionally despondent '3 Little Words' off his new pop-fuelled record 'Complete Me'. We dug a little deeper into what else has inspired the love-weary debut of the year.

BLACKBERRY

"Of course you have to have a BlackBerry in your life. When I didn't have one for two days it was like having a bereavement – it was like a family member had died. I love them, they are very useful apart from when they truncate messages with big attachments – that annoys the shit out of me. I did a whole Live And Lost Tour with BlackBerry where I had to travel up and down the whole country with just £20 and my BlackBerry to help me. I used all my MySpace fans to help get me from gig to gig. I'm a big champion of modern devices."

PETROV PIANO

"This is brand new. It's handmade in the Czech Republic. I brought that a few weeks ago when I did a remix for Lady Gaga's 'Eh, Eh (Nothing Else I Can Say)'. I bought the piano with the money that I got from that. It's beautiful. I've written a couple of songs on that piano already, which is great. Doing remixes is easy money and money that you get straight away. I love doing remixes. I can escape from the rigmarole of my own work's production and experiment on other people's stuff. I can nick some of the ideas that I come up with in my remixes and use them in my own production which is good."

LEVI'S POSTER

"This is relevant because I used to work at Levi Jeans after I dropped out of college. I think the only reason why I was able to get a record deal is because of how lenient my management were at Levi's. I was doing music full-time when I shouldn't have been. I felt I would rather fail at something I love doing and keep myself awake at night doing that, than fail at fashion which was something that I hated from the start."

YAMAHA MUSIC STATION

"I stole this from one of my ex-girlfriends. The very same ex-girlfriend who I wrote my whole album, 'Complete Me', about. I think it was her first ever keyboard... but it's mine now, ha! I don't really think she's that bothered about it to be honest. I used it on approximately none of my songs, but it's a good looking bit of kit, don't you think? It's an artefact, I suppose. It's the only thing I have from that relationship."

MOUNTAIN BIKE

"I love this mountain bike. I spent four and a half grand on it. I bought it with my record deal advance after paying off my student loan. Yes, I'm that sensible. This bike just looks ridiculous. It's like a motorbike without the engine. I love it."

SNOWBOARD

"I'm like a big kid, I just love having fun. I bought the Burton board when I was DJing in France with Eddy Temple-Morris and Kissy Sell Out, and on it I accidentally bumped into the girl who I wrote the album about."

BMX AWARD

"This is the award I got for coming first place in a BMX competition in France in 2006. I was 20 at the time. I love cycling even though I've broken both my wrists in the past doing it. It's a great way to meet cute indie chicks. I try and do as much as possible because I drink and smoke so much, so I find it counters all that and I stay sort of healthy. I don't think that my music particularly lends itself to extreme sports at the moment because it's mainly metal, but there might be a crossover."

DEAD THINGS
+ HOUMUS

MY FRIDGE

"Dead things + houmus". That got written on my fridge when my mate found a dead rabbit and a pot of houmus in my fridge. My mum has a few pets and she had a dead rabbit in a cardboard box which was going to be buried in the back garden and she put it in my fridge. Then after that it kind of stuck really. But now it's full of beer because this place is a bit of a hub for me and my friends. There is not much room to sit down, but it's where we all hang out and where the magic happens."

'EYE OF THE TIGER', SURVIVOR

"The first ever remix I did, well, it was more of a mash-up really, was called 'Intergalactic Tiger' and it samples this single. I did it when I was 18. It got played on XFM and they had no idea who did it. I did loads of mash-ups before I got into production and did loads and loads in a short period of time. I basically took all the a cappella I could find and then it was more luck really than anything else. I think that a lot of my musical output to begin with was a case of trial and error. A lot of my early production was all about sampling because I love DJ Shadow. Although I do electronic music now, I love hip-hop."

KEYBOARDS

"The Yamaha DX-7 is a legendary keyboard. I used it on 'Time Will Tell' which samples 'Pump Up The Volume' by MARRS. All my stuff has an '80s twist to it, and this was made two years before I was born in 1983. It's just a beautiful piece of kit. The other one is a Prophet 8 keyboard which is a remake of an old keyboard by David Smith. It's a special edition one with all David Smith programming and I've used that sporadically. Above that is my favourite keyboard, the Korg DS-8, which again I have used sporadically on the album."

DVDS

"My favourite film is *Spirited Away* by Studio Ghibli. [Director Hayao Miyazaki is] a great, great animator and has been doing them since the early '80s. In *Spirited Away* he does the traditional Japanese stories about ghosts and spirits but with a modern twist. It's the juxtaposition of the evolving side of Japan with the weird, spiritual side of the country and the conflicts that they have. He does them all by combining fantasy and reality - they are very thought-provoking. When it comes to music videos I leave that to the professionals. It's the only thing that I have not really got involved with. I think that when I'm more established I would like to try my hand at it."

BRING THE NOISE!

To celebrate the return of **Spinal Tap** this summer, **NME** muffles up for the 20 most head-splitting, ear-blowing, brain-haemorrhaging tracks of all time



Compiled by Ash Dosanjh

AC/DC BACK IN BLACK

Ha! All you lot who have spent your lives deriding Acca Dacca as Neanderthals peddling brain-rottingly simple muzak, consider this: they're actually wizards. How else to explain their magicking of three open notes on a guitar, E, D and A, into one of the heaviest and most memorable riffs of all time? Of course, 'Back In Black' is more than a melody, but factor in the perfect crunch of the crisp guitars and Brian Johnson's lupine howl and you've got something really bloody noisy. It's loud music as crowd-pleasing entertainment, and it's all the sexier for it. **BP**
Like this? Try: Metallica 'Sad But True'



HEALTH COURTSHIP

They may all have come rattling from LA club The Smell, but HEALTH do exist within three million millennia of bands like No Age or Abe Vigoda. The latter offer endless enthusiasm, HEALTH offer 'Courtship'; an absurd, desolate, vacuous, enraged mess of brains that evokes dying dinosaurs. Its opening salvo is berserk - try humming it on the bus and passengers behind, in front and beside you will burst like sighing Tetris blocks - but to HEALTH's four minds it makes perfect sense. **KK**
Like this? Try: The Locust 'Priest With The Sexually Transmitted Diseases Get Out Of My Bed'

UNIVERSAL INDICATOR UNTITLED

It's received wisdom that rock is louder than dance. Received wisdom is sometimes right, but in this instance should be shot out of a cannon into a brick wall. Warp's twisted genius Aphex Twin excels at pushing the limits, whether DJing with sandpaper or releasing tracks that are more extreme metal than dance ('Come To Daddy'). Though he often fucks with people through sonic quality alone, anyone attending his hardcore rave sets will testify to being blasted into submission by noise too. Here (under a pseudonym) he does just that with acid house. **JD**
Like this? Try: AFX 'Flow Coma'

BUTTHOLE SURFERS 22 GOING ON 23

Butthole Surfers more than any other band realised that to be truly psychedelic was to be overwhelming. These Texan maniacs were an assault, playing live under strobe lighting in front of screens showing penile correction surgery, while a naked dwarf danced onstage. It goes without saying that the music was so loud it'd make gig-goers vomit. This is their finest moment, featuring seasick guitars, howling cows and a chat show discussion about sexual abuse. Puts the psychotic into psych rock. **JD**
Like this? Try: Shit And Shine 'Have You Really Thought About Your Presentation?'



BIG BLACK KEROSENE

Steve Albini honed his abrasive skills in the '80s US post-punk hardcore scene with this three-piece, whose bleak lyrical message was matched only by the ferocity of their sonic assault. 'Kerosene' paints a searing portrait of arson as cure for small-town boredom amid a scree of guitar noise that sounds like cyborg tinnitus, punishing low bass sounds and a teeth-rattling brutish drum machine. All par for the course. **JD**
Like this? Try: Godflesh 'Like Rats'

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN INSIDE ME

Troubled by noisy neighbours? In NME's experience, if you're plagued by really loud shit trance at 2am, the best solution is to place your guitar amp against the adjoining wall, turn it up as far as it goes, then run 'Psychocandy' through it. Though the album is tempered with blissed-out sweetness, this evil little track leans more towards the 'psycho' than the 'candy', an unrelenting wall of black fuzz, dark intent and distortion swirling around a three-chord progression and finishing with Jim Reid's demented howls. Much more satisfying than a strongly-worded letter to the council. **EM**
Like this? Try: Crocodiles 'I Wanna Kill'



ATARI TEENAGE RIOT FUCK ALL!

One of the most excitingly migraine-inducing bands of the '90s, ATR's influence can still be heard in the likes of Crystal Castles and The Big Pink (whose singer Robbie Furze was once ATR mainman Alec Empire's guitarist). This track exemplifies their full-spectrum aural ambush: thrashy metal guitars, relentless industrial-goth drums and red-mist screaming. Their label, Digital Hardcore, spawned a whole screeching, battering, relentless scene after their example, but rather than just noise for noise's sake though (although they were pretty damn good at it) they used their ludicrously over-the-top assault as a sledgehammer to batter home their anti-fascist and anarchist politics. And even though they sound like a tank raping a hard drive, they're still more listenable than Reverend & The Makers. **EM**
Like this? Try: Lolita Storm 'Hot Lips, Wet Pants'





BLACK SABBATH IRON MAN

Age 17, on his last day of work in a sheet metal factory, Sabbath guitarist Tony Iommi lost the tips of the middle and ring finger of his right hand in an industrial accident. Rather than thinking, 'Fuck this for a game of soldiers', however, he instead fashioned a super-light string/thimble contraption combo that enabled him to develop one of the most distinctive, dirtiest, filthiest and – yup – loudest guitar sounds of all time. 'Iron Man' is the absolute pinnacle of this. When the main riff arrives after the droning intro, it sounds like Goliath stomping all over the little people. **HM** Like this? Try: Thin Lizzy 'The Rocker'

LIGHTNING BOLT ASSASSINS

Infamous for their apocalyptic volume levels and relentless barrage of LOUD, when superbly named screamer-in-chief Hisham Bharoocha departed the then-trio early on, Brian Chippendale took to stuffing the microphone into his gimp mask during their anarchic shows. 2003's 'Wonderful Rainbow' upped the ante for the amount of sonic mayhem that could feasibly be achieved by two folks in a studio, highlighted by the driving cut 'Assassins', with its cardiac arrest-inducing rhythm and non-stop brain-pummelling magnificence. **TE** Like this? Try: Black Dice 'Gore'

A PLACE TO BURY STRANGERS TO FIX THE GASH IN YOUR HEAD

This trio worship so devoutly at the church of noise they live in a warehouse called Death By Audio. Their singer makes noise pedals when not ripping strings from defenceless wooden bodies, and the tag of 'loudest band in NY' hangs like a decibel-heavy millstone round their necks. This song is like a dark nightmare haunted by the Reid brothers and Alan Vega from which you wake screaming in a flurry of scree, fuzz and bad-influence drum machines to find you've just murdered the one you hold most dear. Only fun. **EM** Like this? Try: The Big Pink 'Too Young To Love'

MY BLOODY VALENTINE YOU MADE ME REALISE

Once more myth than fact, muttered testaments about how MBV would hold a chord for 15 minutes as they sprayed the crowd with amyl nitrate from Kevin Shields' guitar were passed down from mumbly-haired indie elders to wide-eyed innocents. The reformation gigs played up to this, battering the track's pure pop core in feedback as weaker punters reached for their ear plugs. **LT** Like this? Try: The Horrors 'Who Can Say'



MELT-BANANA LOST PARTS STINGING ME SO COLD

These Japanese ear-manglers have been innovators since the early '90s. Their albums have always been brutally fast-paced, raucous affairs, however 'Lost Parts Stinging Me So Cold' and its accompanying 'Cell-Scape' longplayer proved decisively that such mundane distractions as structure and melody could take nothing away from their aural assault. Lyrics are fired off at machine gun pace, while guitarist Ichirou Agata piles riffs and effects on top of each other to conjure some of the most blistering sounds ever. Just don't mention drummers to them, as their list of alumni is long enough to start a small (and presumably unstealthy) army. **TE** Like this? Try: Ruins 'Gharaviss Perddoh'

PLAYER ANGEL OF THEFT

It was perhaps only a matter of time before the most militantly fast and noisy form of dance music, drill'n'bass, was married to the most militantly fast and noisy form of guitar music, death metal. Here, DJ Amon Tobin constructs a track designed for Satan's very own rave using samples sourced solely from Slayer. It opens with ambient noise and the signature riff from 'Raining Blood' before throwing the breakdown from 'Angel Of Death' violently into the mix. Then a junglist break as programmed by Ministry is welded to the top. Jungle is massive (ly damaging to your hearing). **JD** Like this? Try: Slayer & Atari Teenage Riot 'No Remorse (I Wanna Die)'

ONEIDA THE HUMAN FACTOR

This isn't the best track on Oneida's new record, but it is the most obnoxious. Obnoxiousness comes in many forms – the smell of rank meat is obnoxious, Lady Gaga is obnoxious. Oneida can't boast flaming tits, but they compensate by sometimes sounding like the final agony of man; naked, godless and writhing in a swamp of ancestral blood. Enticing? Not at all, but no other scenario justifies the anguish scratching at our hero's suffering throat. **KK** Like this? Try: Liars 'If You're A Wizard Then Why Do You Wear Glasses?'



SUNN O))) ORACLE

Monk-robed doom ensemble Sunn O)))'s live power is such that the vibrations have been known to wipe camera film and send grown men collapsing to the floor, but 'Oracle' proves few can scale their shrouded peaks. This is a recording from a collaboration with artist Banks Violette, where vocalist Attila Csihar broke out of a coffin as rumbles sent plaster raining down from the ceiling. Then, their gear was rendered in salt by Violette. Yet the bass thunders on... **LT** Like this? Try: Earth 'Teeth of Lions Rule The Divine'

THE DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN ABE THE COP

This is a fist in the face bereft of reason or dignity, a staggering gut-punch that is almost unbearably overwhelming. But it's not the serrated rhythms, spasmodic martial percussion or Dimitri Minakakis' terrified howl that makes 'Abe The Cop' so scary, it's that TDEP clearly want to fuck with you. Check out the seven-second inhalation of melody at 1.32, the bone-jarring twin rhythms at 1.52 or what sounds like a roomful of bereaved mothers crying at 2.40; the moral of the story is that this New Jersey quintet are going to use every weapon in their arsenal to blast your head into mushy pulp. Shortly after playing this on the Main Stage at Reading, new vocalist Greg Puciato shat. The thousands of people watching knew just how he felt. **BP**

Like this? Try: Rolo Tomassi 'Film Noir'



MASTODON BLOOD AND THUNDER

Some songs are heavy by virtue of their lyrical scope, some because they attempt to wrestle with various weighty metaphors and some because they rock like cast-iron bastards. The opening track of the mighty Mastodon's second album is all of these things: with a conceit based around Melville's *Moby Dick* and the maniacal Ahab trying to bring down the white whale tied to the band's quest for success, it's as dynamic and thrilling as modern metal gets. Powered by drummer Brann Dailor's relentless thump, twin guitar heroes Brent Hinds and Bill Kelliher's dizzying riffery and Troy Sanders' demented bark, 'Blood And Thunder' is as ornate as it is punishing. And behind the barrage there's the deep madness of obsession beyond all reason, rendered in blackened, brutalist tones. But, of course, beneath the metallic palimpsest it's just an awesome riff bolted onto another awesome riff and a twiddly bit where the guitars go 'Weeeeeeeeooooooooooooarrrrrggghh' that makes people with beards fist the sky and smash another can of warm lager. And feel like minor gods while they do so. **BP**

Like this? Try: Meshuggah 'Concatenation'



SUICIDE 23 MINUTES OVER BRUSSELS

Suicide offended the disciples of punk in every way: Martin Rev, in his fly-eyed shades hammering away at, gasp, an organ and drum machine, Alan Vega, crooning like a young Elvis given a prescient vision of his demise on the potty. Onstage, he'd wield a motorbike chain - and for good reason, they once had to dodge an axe. As this live recording released as the one track '23 Minutes Over Brussels' reveals, Suicide were the most antagonistic group of their time, shaking the complacency of an audience screaming for Elvis (Costello). When the insidious drone of 'Rocket USA' begins, the boos from the crowd almost drown out Vega's speed breathy warning "you're gonna die die die...". Suicide at their most painful best. **LT**

Like this? Try: Wooden Shjips 'Motorbike'

OASIS MY BIG MOUTH

A squalling, 30-second intro comprised of the most ugly feedback you've ever heard; thirty-six tracks of guitar, all in the red, all playing the same thing all the way through; every time Liam stops singing for even a millisecond there's an ear-splitting guitar solo. There was little on 'Be Here Now' that could be described as anything other than stupidly abrasive, but this is by far the most monumentally over-the-top moment on Oasis's Britpop-ending mid-'90s monument to cocaine. "It's the sound of five guys, in the studio, on coke, not giving a fuck," said Noel. No shit, our kid. **HM**

Like this? Try: Led Zeppelin 'Kashmir'

THROBBING GRISTLE DISCIPLINE

Always extremists, Throbbing Gristle were slated for their use of pseudo-fascist imagery, and the brilliant idea of trying to evict some messy neighbours by fortifying their Hackney squat and turning their sadistic machines upon them. In two weeks, the mucky blighters were gone. 1981 12-inch single 'Discipline' sees two versions of the track, recorded in Manchester and Berlin, that are based around macerator noise and beats of an out-of-control pile driver whumping its way towards your broken-down car. Genesis P-Orridge screams "I want some discipline in here..." If only the delivery of ASBOs were still such fun. **LT**

Like this? Try: Factory Floor 'Post Is Here'

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10 THINGS YOU MIGHT
NOT KNOW ABOUT...

PATRICK WOLF

There can't be many more enjoyable ways to spend an afternoon than sitting outside a café drinking cider with Patrick Wolf. With the much underrated, highly accomplished album 'The Bachelor' just out, and the sequel 'The Conqueror' due out next year, Patrick seems finally at peace with himself. "You want juicy gossip, don't you?" he says. Why yes Patrick, we do...

1 He's snogged Marianne Faithfull

"We had a great day together. We were found naked in kaftans throwing food out into the hall of her hotel. Her boyfriend was furious and almost cancelled the recording session. We had a bit of a kiss. We were trying to get into each other's souls."

2 Drag queens got him through school

"I had a horrible time at school. I had no friends, 450 enemies and everyone beat me up. I decided to take the violence and channel it creatively. I used to call the drag queens every night, I had Stella Stein and Lady Bunny keeping me going."

3 His first kiss was with his pen pal

"It was with Bishi, who's a singer-songwriter now. I saw her advert in the back of *Select* magazine, saying '12-year-old Asian indie girl seeks pen friend'. We talked about the Pixies, then we met. Our first kiss was in Putney Park. It was lovely. Boobs were involved as well."

4 He once built a Therenlin

"I went to see a group called The Rentals play one, and I thought it was the most beautiful sound. I ordered a circuit board kit from America and got all the parts, the oscillators and valves, and spent the summer soldering a Therenlin together. I got a lot of electric shocks."

5 He wrote a fanzine

"I had a fanzine called *Breeding A Different Race*. I used to listen to the *Evening Session* and they played Minty, which was Leigh Bowery's band. I wrote to the label and said, 'I have to interview these people'. My fanzine was just an excuse to get backstage."

6 He once killed himself onstage

"I did two big finale shows at the end of 'The Magic Position' tour, wearing a huge hairpiece with blood capsules underneath. I had a needle in my hand, and I pierced the blood capsules under the white wig and all the blood descended onto my outfit, then I died."

7 The first drug he ever took was poppers

"I tried poppers on the Super Furry Animals' tank at Reading Festival. I asked my cousin who took me there what poppers did, and she said your sperm goes green and your brain falls out. So I was terrified."

8 He served casserole with human blood in it

"I used to buy loads of vegetables and a bottle of whisky, put it all in a pot and you've got it for the whole week. I called it Drunk Casserole. I made one once for New Year's Eve. A friend tried to commit suicide in the kitchen, and loads of blood got in the casserole. People ate it... I didn't tell anyone."

9 He once got arrested for being 'drunk and incapable'

"The day I left home, I had this big night out celebrating my liberation. I don't remember anything apart from waking up outside the Houses Of Parliament, puking into a top hat with my wallet gone, my keys gone, and the police handcuffing me."

10 He had an inauspicious stage debut

"It was at a Minty show at Dingwalls. I was 13, and I did 'The Swan' in a geisha girl outfit, with a skinhead behind me with a golden egg up his bum. While I played he shat out the golden egg, then had oil and feathers thrown on him."

Last week Courtney Love revealed that her long-awaited album 'Nobody's Daughter' will

THE HOLE

If 2009 is supposed to be the year of the '90s revival, then it truly is almost upon us. Blur, Faith No More and Jane's Addiction are all back together, sounding and looking so completely badass that you could almost believe you're there, back at the beginning. There's just one thing that lets the mask slip – bands aren't recreating the thing they really *did* do better in the '90s: feud. Enter, of course, Courtney Love and Hole who, with their apparent comeback, are whipping up the most perfect of storms. And *NME* has a confession: it's kind of our fault...

We've always enjoyed a 'special relationship' with Courtney. She's long held *NME* in lofty regard as the only music mag that really matters and, as she went Hollywood, she remembered us. I should know, I have the chafe-marks from pole dancing at Paris Hilton's to prove it! As a result I've been following the making of her album, 'Nobody's Daughter', for three years now, after she first stormed into posh London hotel Claridge's and played us the demo versions of songs she had been working on with power ballad queen Linda Perry. Post-crack and post-poverty, the plan was to reinvent herself as an adult rock artist. So she played us rough versions of 'Pacific Coast Highway', 'Sunset Marquis' and 'Letter To God', which have all surfaced online in the time since; they're all classy, mid-paced rock songs, but perhaps not what the world wanted from the woman who gave us seminal single 'Beautiful Son'.

A year later we visited her again, on what was apparently the final week of recording in Perry's studio. She'd decided she needed one big rock song to kick off with. That was 'Samantha', which, again, survives to this day.

Now, it may have been because of lukewarm interest from labels, it may have been the realisation that she was born to be a rocker, but somewhere along the line she junked the sessions with Perry, recruited 'Celebrity Skin' producer Michael Beinhorn, and started from scratch. This coincided with her introduction to young Brit Micko Larkin, refugee from Larrikin Love, who Matread Nash from the Queens Of Noize had introduced her to on a trip to

London. She saw genius in the young man, so she picked him up, scrubbed him down and took him to LA. Then they started writing songs together.

April 2009: although there's still no sign of the album, Courtney has joined Twitter. She Direct Messages us: "Someone said my 'album' leaked uh no, that shit is Linda and it's tripe do NOT get used to it this is HOLE".

Our ears pricked up in the same way the rest of the world's did, so we emailed Hole's redhead Pagan bass goddess, Melissa Auf Der Maur. "No secrecy," demurs Melissa, "I have simply taken her and Beinhorn's invite to sing on

"The rock Courtney never went away. I just needed a rock partner"

COURTNEY LOVE



Courtney in full rock goddess mode

what I thought was her solo album. I love to sing with her – and Beinhorn is a mad scientist producer who I can always learn something from musically, so it's just a singing date!" Indeed, Melissa is readying to unleash her second solo album, a multimedia sci-fi project called 'Out Of Our Minds'.

So that seemed to be that. Until, visiting LA once again last month, I went for another progress report on 'Nobody's Daughter'. Courtney had already begun to joke that, "I'm not sat here making 'Chinese Democracy'." She wanted to prove that, really this time, it was almost done. But plans had moved on significantly. "That shouldn't say 'Courtney Love' up there," she said, pointing up at the tracking board on the studio wall. "It should say 'Hole', because this is a Hole record." The logic went that if Courtney is rocking again, then the Hole moniker isn't just an advantage, it's a necessity. "The rock Courtney never went away," she told me, "I just needed a rock partner, and I have my rock partner now."

It wasn't clear whether Courtney had been planning a big reveal when we visited; part of her charm is her brash spontaneity. But plans were far along enough for her to have designers mock up a series of new logos, which she was in the business of refining. A nouveau-goth typeface adorned with girly embellishments, she rejected one with a razorblade extending from the 'E' because, she reasoned, "a razorblade says either blow or self-harm, and I'm not about either of those things any more".

What we also heard were a batch of fine rock songs, such as the heartbreaking 'Honey', the voodoo Stooges dirge 'Skinny Little Bitch' and the manic, acoustic 'Codine', along with new, beefed-up versions of 'Samantha', 'Pacific Coast Highway' and a rewritten 'Nobody's Daughter'.

The misogynist reading of the Hole history paints Courtney as a Venus Flytrap, ensnaring nubile boy rockers and divesting them of their talent. It's a good story to say that Kurt wrote 'Live Through This' and Billy Corgan wrote 'Celebrity Skin' rather than to admit that these records were the result of a series of collaborations where everybody in the room would contribute. And it also completely removes the rest of the band from the creative process. The trouble started when Courtney apparently did the same.

Melissa, evidently, wasn't aware of quite what was underway and was moved to respond via *Explore*

magazine: "I think you can't take a Hole reunion that lightly. It's gonna take a little more organising than just, 'I'll come and sing some backups and then we got Hole'."

With doubt cast, however vaguely, on the apparent revival, this was now a big story, and the race was on to get founder member and guitarist Eric Erlandson to speak. Eric has maintained a relatively low profile since Hole split in 2002, most notably forming the experimental band RRIICCEE with musician and filmmaker Vincent Gallo. Although they lost contact, relations between him and Courtney were understood to be good. Nevertheless, he was moved to tell *Spin* magazine last week: "If Courtney has a solo album together, that's great. I think she should finish it and put it out and do that. But as for 'the real Hole?' I'm open to discussion."

And here is where it gets interesting. Eric had never shown any interest in working with Courtney again. In the same interview, he talks at length about how happy is, how the memories are fond and that memories is what they're going to remain. But it could just be that, with the growing spate of lucrative '90s revivals, he would still never say never to the ultimate pension plan. He makes vague reference to the possibility that Courtney might not be able to bring the band back so easily. "The band's a business. We have a contract. She signed a contract with me when we decided to break up the band... I really don't have a comment on it except that I know my part in that band. The way I look at it, there is no Hole without me, to put it bluntly. Just on a business level."

But it's on that business level that things could get ugly and it's that veiled threat that Courtney has apparently taken to like a red rag to the bull. Last week she spewed forth a torrent of Tweets including: "I just heard that a former guitar player is saying I can't use my name for MY band," she roared. "He's out of his MIND." Now, Courtney's Tweets take some deciphering (try for yourself at courtneylover79), but her gist is that it's her band name and no gangly founder member has any legal case to say otherwise. "Buying me some Fish Fingers in 1989," she concludes, "is not really a concept I can relate to."

Of course, bringing back the Hole name is likely to reap more commercial rewards – and if Courtney is right about

be released as **Hole**, but not everybody is happy about it. Dan Martin goes in search of...

THE TRUTH



Hole in 1998 (l-r) Melissa Auf Der Maur, Courtney Love, Patty Schemel, Eric Erlandson

being legally entitled to use it, then that's her entitlement. But it may also be that she's looking to the example of her friend Billy Corgan, who has just felt compelled to justify using the Smashing Pumpkins name despite last other remaining member Jimmy Chamberlin recently departing. Corgan can twist logic into any shape he likes, as he recently explained: "For many years I treated the idea of the band named The Smashing Pumpkins as an existential concept that existed away from my being and body. It was sort of 'over there'." Corgan justifies the current band status thus: "The music I am making sounds like

The Smashing Pumpkins. It doesn't sound like solo work, I can assure you of that. It's been a long journey to get back to where I started."

The same is true of Courtney; the music she is making does indeed sound like Hole. And as Corgan observes, "I will never say to you what people say to me all the time, which is that 'I am the band'. I am not 'the band', just the leader of the band."

How this pans out is anybody's guess, but what's now a certainty is that Hole are back. What's heartening is that, for all the chaos that inhabits the rest of Courtney's world, Hole's musical legacy

is unsullied. And, at *NME*, we're perhaps the only people in the world that can say with certainty that, if 'Nobody's Daughter' does come out under that banner, that's not going to change. Understandably, Courtney chose not to contribute further to this article. But as the shit hit the fan, we called up Melissa once more and this is what she had to say: "My loyalty to the legacy of Hole is eternal. But there is no reunion mapped out at this point. I liked the idea of singing with her again and working with Beinhorn again, so I said yes, but no singing has happened and I am not aware of any plans for it. I have nothing

to do with, and know nothing about, the legal beagle name game. It is true that Courtney and I have been touch for the first time in a decade, in the context of female humans with a significant history of sisterhood. We both love music and magic and are reconnecting because it's been too long."

And that much, we can agree, is true.

NME.COM

Check out Hole's greatest moments at NME.COM/blogs and have your say

ALBUMS

ALL THE RELEASES THAT MATTER *Edited by Hamish MacBain*

Simply the beast

WILD BEASTS
TWO DANCERS
(DOMINO)

9

In a year of not-difficult-at-all second albums comes the most surprising of all

Making the strange seem normal is the most accomplished act of artistic alchemy. Any idiot can try to be weird; most will just end up being depressingly inane. But to take something as wonderfully, magically strange as Wild Beasts' debut 'Limbo, Panto' and sublimate its elements into something as subtly beautiful as 'Two Dancers' is something very special indeed.

The 'look at me!' theatricality of Hayden Thorpe's swoops and screeches, the poetic flourishes and jarring incongruities of the lyrics, the old-world historical scenes... well, they're all

still there. But Wild Beasts Phase Two is less vaudevillian and a lot more lyrical.

The clever-clever playfulness of 'Brave Bulging Buoyant Clairvoyants' and 'Please Sir' is left aside in favour of a more mature, immersive and organic sound. Taking its jump-off point from the most refined song on 'Limbo, Panto', 'The Devil's Crayon', this is an album that takes your heart by sleight of hand rather than ambush.

The counterpoint between the neurotic, lascivious thrill of Thorpe's falsetto and bassist Tom Fleming's impossibly rich, sonorous, northern tones is delicious. It's like listening to Ted Hughes read poetry in the drawing

room while Maria Callas has a breakdown in the kitchen. The fact that these intriguing set-pieces are put to music this gorgeous is double the wonder. At one moment, an aching melancholy of word and tone conjoin, the next a horrific image sings out in a beautiful voice.

The other thing that's so compelling about 'Two Dancers' is that it really is a cohesive album. Many pay lip service to the idea of the album in an age of downloading, but here is one where to skip a track feels like sacrilege. From the propulsive, Blue Nile-ish beauty of 'The Fun Powder Plot', a deft exploration of the rage of fathers denied custody, to the almost Panda Bear-like lullaby 'Empty Nest', each feels like a dream-like, disconnected scene in an abstract play you don't quite understand but that touches you in strange ways.

The two-piece title track is grim and gorgeous in equal measure. Recalling the tense drama of Associates and the strange emotional scapes of late-Smiths and early-Suede, it paints a picture that seems to be set in some nightmarish ancient ransack, all gang rape, poverty and broken families. The line, "Oh, do you want my bones/heart between your teeth" recurs in the second section, depicting a broken relationship haunted by the genetic ghosts of violent history.

'All The King's Men', meanwhile, runs through the courtship ritual, Fleming wryly grouping "girls from Roedean, girls from Shipley" in a dizzy array of belles of the ball, before reducing them to sex ("girls astride me, girls beneath me") and then "birthing machines" in a caddish exploration of droit de seigneur. Rather than an anthem of patriarchy, it feels like a man exploring the nastiest edges of his psychic potential. No less brave is the Hayden-led 'We Still Got The Taste Dancin' On Our Tongues', a folksy ballad of quick fumbles up back alleys that makes the crude and mundane darkly romantic.

Of all the second albums expected this year, this might not have been the one you were waiting for. You might even have hated their first. But Wild Beasts have undergone a sea change, and this beautiful album is a treasure that deserves plundering. *Emily Mackay*

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'All The King's Men' 2) 'Two Dancers (I)'/ 'Two Dancers (II)' 3) 'We Still Got The Taste Dancin' On Our Tongues'

NME.COM

Listen to 'Two Dancers' in full at NME.COM/artists/wild-beasts now

MASTER SHORTIE
ADHD (OOD ONE OUT)

6



Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder is a terribly modern ailment typified by constant irritability and an inability

to focus – unsurprisingly, it's suffered by pretty much everyone under the age of 14. Theo 'Master Shortie' Kerlin, thankfully, is 20 and boasts a perfectly functional flow full of zest and bonhomie, and a poppy, electro-tinged line in retro hip-hop that manages to be about 65 per cent engaging – the authentic claps, kick drums and guitar heroics of 'Swagger Chick', the hefty-arsed, anthemic 'Rope Chain' – and 35 per cent ill-advised. He may lose a few friends with the lascivious 'Groupie Love' and 'Dance Like A White Boy', but hey, the latter needed to be said. We're fucking useless at it. *Pete Cashmore*
DOWNLOAD: 'Rope Chain'

JEGA
VARIANCE (PLANET MU)

7

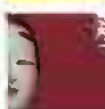


Like you, when the music industry starts bleating about illegal downloading, NME zones out. But Jega's story should bring you

up short. A version of 'Variance' leaked in 2003 and it's taken LA-based Mancunian Dylan Nathan until now to take a deep breath, count to 10 and re-write it. You bastards. That he even bothered is our collective good fortune, as 'Variance' is fascinating. Harking from a Skam/drill'n'bass background, Nathan deals in intense ambient electronica that, instead of referencing Eno and hipples, is clearly rooted in soul, jungle and hip-hop. At first, those influences echo delicately through a sun-dappled morning mist. Later, splintered breakbeats roar. Either way, it's beautiful. *Tony Naylor*
DOWNLOAD (LEGALLY!): 'Antiphon'

FACT
FACT (VAGRANT)

1



Dear Reviews Editor. Please consider this my resignation; after trudging through this shit-drenched nightmare of a record,

I no longer want to ever hear again. I confess, I was initially intrigued by the idea of five masked Japanese dudes spraying Refused's hardcore Vs dance template with an emo-pop sheen. But, after a few listens (after I'd paused to vomit over myself), the buffed guitars and characterless screams sounded less like music and more like the collective asphyxi-wank of a marketing team hell-bent on exploiting lonely pre-teens who aren't brave enough for Between The Buried And Me's quiet/loud symphonies or late-period AFI's techno-goth rumblings. Oh, it gets 1/10 because it's at least better than Brokeneye. Yours faithfully, *Ben Patashnik*
DOWNLOAD: Er, did you read that review?



PORTUGAL. THE MAN

SATANIC SATANIST
(APPROACHING AIRSALOONS/EQUAL VISION)

5



Leaving behind the barren wastes of Alaska and embracing the world at large is always going to be overwhelming – just look at Sarah Palin. Portugal. The Man (what next? Spain. The Woman?) have suffered a similar fate to their fellow Wasilian: relocating to Portland, their shortcomings are exposed amid the mass of contradictions that is their fourth album. Soul, blues, psychedelia and folk are all thrown into the mix and, when it works, they're like a less good The Soundtrack Of Our Lives. But when the falsetto vocals and grandiose arrangements come together on the likes of 'The Sun' they grate, like Scissor Sisters trying to be The Flaming Lips. Still, nice cover though. *Nathaniel Cramp*

DOWNLOAD: 'Mornings'

JUICE ALEEM

JERUSALAM COME (BFF BADA)

7



If you're going to listen to a new Brit-rap album this summer – and it's seldom advisable – rather than drink down the aural

Horlicks of half-cocked conscientised bollocking arse-ache that is Speech Debbelle, why not take a neat sip of Juice Aleem? The New Flesh main-bro and sometime Coldcut collaborator is already entering middle-age by this solo debut, and when 'Jerusalem...' comes, it serves up neat rhymes stuffed with spry wit, while Blacktude's feather-light production mixes well with Juice's unflappably British lines about "beef curtains". Like stablemate Roots Manuva, he comes across as a clever, chill bro who you could have a beer with and he'd listen to your problems and nod appropriately. *Gavin Haynes*

DOWNLOAD: 'Rock My Hologram'

CONWAY SAVAGE

LIVE IN IRELAND (COUNTRY GENT)

7



Recorded in County Leitrim, Nick Cave's tweed-clad ivory tinker Conway Savage continues to carve out a solo career with his latest offering, 'Live in Ireland', and it's a record that's a flawed yet fantastic snapshot of his often erratic performances. To borrow Bowie's description of Dylan, Savage's voice is a bit like sand and glue. He may not be blessed with the purest set of pipes, but his quivering, piano-led renditions of songs from his last four albums frame his ragged, whiskey-soaked vocals perfectly. Highlights include the waltzing 'Cruel Trick' and 'Que Sera Sera' and despite the odd cock-up along the way, the fluffed notes only add to the intimacy. All in all, it looks like this Bad Seed has made good. *Edwin McFee*

DOWNLOAD: 'Que Sera Sera'

SAM ISAAC

BEARS (HEAR YOU NO)

0



After listening to this record I woke up. My balls had completely vanished. Who do you blame for a loss like that? Isaac

himself, most obviously, but 'Bears' is so devoid of personality it's difficult to believe he actually exists. Sans bollock, I turned to Isaac's Street Team and went native. The lap of my jeans was doused, I threw on a Weezer T-shirt, I didn't shave and was snared immediately by the stench of stale Doritos wafting off a nearby heath. Starting towards it, there emerged from the dark a dancing, pissy-pantsed gaggle in whose fire lay – yes! – not just my balls but scores of charred gonads, roasting in the flames like woolly nuts. I turned and ran, castrato screams tearing through the night. I had become Sam Isaac. *Key Kharas*

DOWNLOAD: 'Vomit wipes'

THE LEA SHORES

THE LEA SHORES (SBS)

6



"Hey, 1997, how's tricks? We found one of your pack wandering around... Oh, they're actually 2009's? Right..." Shameless faux-

conversations aside though, the feeling that The Lea Shores have somehow beamed in from a time when The Charlatans filled the left-of-centre-Oasis niche is hard to shake off; with their mildly psychedelic twang, grinding guitars and echoing vocals, the likes of 'Fear SOS' and 'Brand New Day' tick the 'intelligent lad rock' boxes in suitably vintage fashion. Things take a turn for the more interesting with the noise-scapes of 'Ride' and the almost Velvet Underground-esque 'Adoration' but, unfortunately, it's still quite enough to mark The Lea Shores out as vital. *Lisa Wright*

DOWNLOAD: 'Adoration'

TEN CITY NATION

AT THE STILL POINT (STURM UND DRANG)

7



Given that some of these guys used to be in politicised early '00s glampones Miss Black America (a band you'd much rather read the outspoken interviews of than listen to the music), it's surprising to see they've resurfaced as this distinctly ungamorous three-piece. That's not to say they're not worth your time – 'A Butcher in Silks' is the best use of fuzz pedal we've heard this year that isn't on the Twilight Sad record – but their bass-heavy sound owes much to the hardworking space rock of early Catherine Wheel or the forever-underrated Six By Seven. It's the kind of music that's in search of beauty, if not beautiful itself. Kind of like a moth with some crayons and a sketchbook. Ah, you can have that for the posters, lads... *James McMahon*

DOWNLOAD: 'A Butcher in Silks'

Good buy!



THE FIERY FURNACES

I'M GOING AWAY
(THRILL JOCKEY)

8

The Friedbergers' most accessible album to date – thrilling quirks still included

Considering The Fiery Furnaces' last three proper albums were a night-on unlistenable conceptual biography of their grandmother ('Rehearsing My Choir') and the squelchingly dissonant and occasionally terrifying 'Bitter Tea' and 'Widow City', the direction of their seventh was anyone's guess. A narrative in the key of F about radioactive sewer rats? An electronic peacen to Edgar Allan Poe's early work? Either would be less surprising than how 'I'm Going Away' has turned out: it's astonishingly normal and downright melodic. Well, normal for the avant-garde Friedberger siblings...

But ardent fans of the Furnaces' curveball ways shouldn't panic – 'I'm Going Away' might be far removed from 'Rehearsing My Choir', but Eleanor's husky jazz adlibbing and Matt's proggy squiggles pervert the smooth ballad-like numbers and snappy pop songs from veering anywhere near the middle of the road. It's easy to imagine Captain Beefheart growling lasciviously over the bendy psychedelic fuzz of the title track, where Eleanor sings with the irritable vehemence of a woman wronged, a comic anger that's reignited on 'Cut The Cake'. Like Patti Smith doing her best Dylan impression, she rails sardonically against the press over Matt's crooning baritone as she wonders "who cut the cake with my special knife?"

The gorgeous 'Drive To Dallas' is perhaps the highlight of Eleanor's lyric

writing, smouldering with wounded defiance as she sings "I'm not gonna drive to Dallas with blurry eyes ever again" to a slow jam that recalls 'Evergreen' from 'EP'; while after the resigned piano chords at the start of 'The End Is Near', the outro leaps and whizzpops as if drunk on a vat of spiked frobscottle. 'Charmaine Champagne's' guitar sounds like a battered saxophone made from a rusted exhaust pipe, and Miss Champagne's rambunctious Soho showgirl verve is reignited on 'Cups And Punches', yelpy, progressive and daubed with grinding nods to the electronic stylings of 'Blueberry Boat'. Much like the great Don Van Vliet going from the absurdist 'Trout Mask Replica' to the comparatively conservative yet utterly joyous 'Clear Spot' three years later, 'I'm Going Away' sees The Fiery Furnaces abandon their surrealist tendencies to work outside their comfort zone, experimenting with structure and euphony to reassert their status as our most vital musical siblings. *Laura Snapes*

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'Drive To Dallas' 2) 'Cut The Cake' 3) 'Lost At Sea'

DID YOU KNOW...

The band asked fans to send in reviews of how the record may sound without having heard it. They plan to make an album based on the results

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BLAKFISH
CHAMPIONS (HASSLE/BIG SCARY MONSTERS)

1

Somewhere between the pre-menstrual roars of Rolo Tomassi and the Americanised whines of This Town Needs Guns

come Blakfish. Opener 'Economics' begins the aural molestation and you swiftly realise this will be as comfortable as piles on a trampoline. Despite hardcore aspirations, the band are less Frank Carter and more Jeremy Kyle, with lyrics including "I still live at home/And I pick up the dale/And I play Euro Millions each week". Oh-so-ironic titles like 'If The Good Lord Had Intended Us To Walk He Wouldn't Have Invented Roller Skates' try to distract as the band fashion a mish-mash of emo/hardcore/math rock/pop. The result: an album with more personalities than your Aunt Nigel. **Sam Rowe**

DOWNLOAD: Calming ocean sounds instead

BLINDFOLD
FAKING DREAMS (CINEMAPOP)

6

Heart-harping melancholia, beauty married to austerity: Blindfold are on

stereotypically safe ground in the sonic cathedral that is Icelandic indie. OK, so they currently reside in London, not Reykjavik, but they propel us dangerously close to Radlo-Rós nonetheless. There's no denying the terrain is often stunning, particularly closing epic 'Reverse', where ambient static evokes the usual clichés: mistily regal snow-capped landscapes, yada yada. Sadly, once you've seen one mountain, every peak after is just another fucking mountain. Where Sigur Rós represent the BBC's *Planet Earth*, Blindfold are more Channel 5 graveyard slot material. At best, **Adam Kennedy**

DOWNLOAD: 'Sad Face'

SIÂN ALICE GROUP
TROUBLED, SHAKEN, ETC
(BEAUTIFUL HAPPINESS/THE SOCIAL REGISTRY)

6

The term 'torch music' can send shivers down the spine - and not those warm, soul-hugging shivers, but rather the

kind that come with nauseating despair. So, it's with much trepidation we greet this follow-up to the gloriously heart-wrenching debut, '59:59'. Although the UK collective do touch on the deathly hallows of torchery ('Airlock'), it's not just cathedral music for *Guardian* readers. 'Vanishing' is a minimalist-techno stomper, 'The Low Lights' sounds like spiritualized with the addition of singer Siân Ahern's voice blanketing the soul and 'Longstrakt' is a brain-fuzzing Afrobeat breakdown. Look beyond the coffee house moments and 'Troubled, Shaken, Etc' marks a decent return. **Jamie Crossan**

DOWNLOAD: 'Longstrakt'



Déjà shoe

DARKER MY LOVE
2
(DANGERBIRD/STRANGE ADDICTION)

6

The reference points are immaculate, if a little over-familiar

The thing with me... I can't stick musicians," The Fall's Mark E. Smith once said of the ever-changing nature of his band dynamic. And although the mardy one may have a revolving door policy for co-workers he has found some talented fellow-travellers along the way. Take guitarist Tim Presley and bassist Rob Barbato, who Smith handpicked to work on 'Reformation Post-TLC'.

While that album showcases The Fall's acerbic, vitriolic post-punk, it's fair to say that Presley and Barbato's romantic inclinations lay elsewhere; more specifically in their '60s psych pop-fused and shoe-gaze-influenced five-piece, *Darker My Love*. As such they're part of a host of contemporary US artists

(such as Crystal Stilts, Crystal Antlers, A Place To Bury Strangers), who've feasted musical cues from the feedback and guitar onslaughts of UK acts like The Jesus And Mary Chain and My Bloody Valentine and regurgitated it back to us.

If you can get past the feeling of pastiche, '2' is a less foreboding offering than DML's 2005 self-titled debut LP, combining its drone-soaked, boys-sharing-their-feelings miserablism with a punctured pop frivolity. And although this dichotomy can work, the ugly truth is that there are two opposing forces within the *Darker My Love* set-up - one that craves rock'n'roll hedonism (Barbato) and the other that yearns for spiralling '60s psychedelia (Presley). It

leads to a disjointed effort. Opening snarler 'Northern Soul' is Oasis if they favoured substance over style, and is in stark contrast to 'Blue Day', 'Add One To The Other' and 'Waves', which take on elements of the fervent experimental stoner rock of Dead Meadow.

But whichever guise they take on, it always seems like a face you've seen before. "Something looks familiar", sing Barbato and Presley on 'Two Ways Out' - they're not kidding: whether it's their Beach Boys harmonies or the kind of lethargic distortion typified by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, we've heard this all before. **Ash Dosanjh**

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'Northern Soul' 2) 'Two Ways Out' 3) 'Waves'

NEBULA
HEAVY PSYCH (TEE PEE)

6

If you've ever found yourself mourning the fact that Josh Homme is increasingly crawling up his own bumhole with each

new Queens record, then cheer up! Nebula provide the perfect alternative for anyone craving some caveman rock. 'Heavy Psych' is a heady blend of Kyuss and Stooges riffage and it's the kind of record those two dudes from *Little Nicky* would, like, totally love. If you're not a hairy-handed rocker with a penchant for punk tempos, the trippy 'Aphrodite' will appeal to anyone who loves the new Kasabian album too. **Edwin McFee**

DOWNLOAD: 'Crown Of Thorns'

SHE KEEPS BEES
NESTS (NAMES)

7



When we think about steamy sounds, it's not the more traditional sickly-smooth bleatings of the likes of Marvin Gaye, Erykah Badu or erm, Savage Garden that come to mind... despite all three bizarrely being suggested by some of NME's past encounters for their turn-on capabilities. Seriously, does anyone actually get off to this stuff? Because when we want to bring the raunch it's all about rip-your-heart out rock'n'roll - Julian Casablancas, Karen O and exactly the kind of dirty, low-down ditties that She Keeps Bees probably knock out in their sleep. Just

listen to 'Nests' and you'll know what we're on about.

The debut UK offering from Brooklyn-based boyfriend/girlfriend duo Jessica Larrabee and Andy LaPlant is a sultry mix of shuffling rhythms, dark, bluesy riffs and melodies that are simply aching with longing. Singer Larrabee boasts such a deeply wanton, Chan Marshall-esque voice that it would turn the head of even the most sensible prude. Granted, it can get a little samey in places, but coming in at a tad over 27 minutes long there is just enough on display here to leave us wanting more. **Camilla Pla**

DOWNLOAD: 'Gimmie'

LIVE!

UPFRONT AND BACKSTAGE

Photo by Adam Moulton

All that surfing
had really tired
Andrew out

Cresting not coasting



MGMT
PIPELINE CAFÉ, HONOLULU
THURSDAY, JULY 16

Airing new tunes in Hawaii, the duo seem to have left the headbands behind

Ben Goldwasser and Andrew VanWyngarden don't need surfboards or trunks to ride a massive wave of fan support for their first-ever gig in Honolulu. Making their sold-out Hawaii debut, they're miles from the famed beaches on Oahu's North Shore, so, instead of paddling out at Waimea Bay or Sunset Beach, they take to the stage in front of nearly 1,500 screaming fans packed into the island's largest nightclub.

And how. For nearly 75 minutes, the predominately teenage audience roils like a massive sea of humanity, swaying back and forth as a wall of hot air rises and blankets the room like salty ocean spray. Crowdsurfer after crowdsurfer finds their way into the arms of waiting security staff, while others establish a raging moshpit before MGMT have even finished their first three songs. Opening with 'Future Reflections', Goldwasser and VanWyngarden waste no time with pleasantries, other than a brief hello and a generic, "We're happy to be in Hawaii," before careering into 'Weekend Wars' and 'Destrokk'. It's no flashy comeback: VanWyngarden, sporting a turquoise and-white striped T-shirt and jeans with no sign of a Haight-Ashbury hairstyle or bandana, barely looks up from his guitar for the duration of the set. Goldwasser, seated behind his keyboards at the opposite end of the stage, barely pays any attention to the madness unfolding in front of him.

Later on, the first new songs emerge: 'It's Working' tempers raw 13th Floor Elevators-style psych with a haunted-fairground organ, while 'Song For Dan Treacy', named after the singer of punk oddities the Television Personalities, disarms their glam-Bowie cool with a whimsical, Syd Barrett-ish feel.

Riding the crest of adulation with nonchalant ease, they encore with a rapturously-received 'Kids' and another new song, the beatific, reverb-laden, Stones-in-space ballad 'Congratulations'. And then, without as much as a, "Thanks for the memories" or a wave goodbye, MGMT vanish into the sunset, and the house lights fade to black. *Jason Genegabus*



And the lord
sent his only son
so he could... uh,
make indie-pop

Preaching to the choir

REVEREND & THE MAKERS

ABC, GLASGOW
THURSDAY, JULY 16

And on he goes, spreading 'the word' further...

The problem with pop stars who have 'something' to 'say' lies in the fact that the 'something' usually amounts to little more than castigating their contemporaries – usually in comeback interviews – for saying nothing. Somewhere in this paradoxical little cul-de-sac, there's an algebraic formula for working out exactly how full of shit most musicians are, but what's infuriating is that we live in apocalyptic times that demand to be debated and discussed. The sad truth about this generation of artists, though, is that very few are interested and fewer still up to it.

Jon McClure slots neatly into that prognosis; The Reverend makes a lot of noise, but the hackneyed commentary and faux-rebelliousness of debut album 'The State of Things' hinted at a bark that far outstripped the bite. Anyone can make an underwhelming record, though, and his awareness-raising

website *instigatedebate.com* suggested something more substantive stirred within. Second album 'A French Kiss In The Chaos' is his attempt to communicate it to the masses.

And the masses are happy to be sermonised to. Opening with new single 'Silence Is Talking', he's greeted with frenzied whoops of appreciation. For a professed peacenik, though, his demeanour is openly confrontational, jogging on the spot like a prize-fighter to 'The State Of Things' and inviting the crowd to raise a middle finger to the BNP before 'Manifesto/People Shapers'. After the show, he congregates his people outside for a now-traditional acoustic sing-song. Honestly, you'd swear this man was trying to prove something.

Whether he's trying too hard or not, the new songs do seem to lack the rousing melodic bounce of 'Heavyweight Champion Of The World' or 'Open Your Window', though the stirring grandeur of 'Hard Time For Dreamers' and the 'Sgt Pepper's...' style psych of 'Professor Pickles' make up for it.

"I'm worried, because critics have been saying nice things about this record," McClure announces to the crowd. "Which probably means you'll all hate it."

That may well be the case; on tonight's evidence, the lairy, hook-laden anthems of old are in short supply. But there isn't always a spoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down; for all his faults, at least Jon McClure is trying to administer it. *Barry Nicolson*



Rev dons his
'busker' glasses

SHORT SETS

DEERHOOF

TIVOLI DE NELLING,
UTRECHT

19/07/09

"Dankuwel!" says Deerhoof's lanky drummer Greg Saunier. "Dankuwel med... slagroom?!" Thankfully, what Deerhoof lack in Dutch proficiency (he just said "thank you with whipped cream"), they more than compensate for with their hyperkinetic stylings. Before 'Twin Killers', pocket-sized singer Satomi Matsuzaki and guitarist Ed Rodriguez ape the primitive artillery of *Space Invaders*, while they reinvent aerobics on 'Panda Panda Panda'. The calmer numbers are sweetly benign, but pandemonium re-erupts as Matsuzaki leaps to the floor to put the proverbial cherry on top.

Laura Snapes

**THESE ARE
POWERS**

DREAM FACTORY
SHANGHAI

18/07/09

When these Brooklyn-bred industrial dub wranglers burst on stage in Shanghai's ultra-hip Dream Factory it's like having a couple of millenfa's worth of evolution – stirred up with a flaming bucket of brightly coloured Chinese toy-factory junk – thrown in our faces. If TAP were hopin' to teach Asia a thing or two about the NY glamour-grot scene, then the Chinese fans go one better – they gyrate themselves to frenzy and the circle is complete: China's cultural revolution goes from Red to Rock. *Alex Hoban*



TAKE A BOW

MARNIE STERN

BRUDENELL SOCIAL CLUB, LEEDS
TUESDAY, JULY 21

Despite regularly topping Best Female Fret-er polls, Marnie Stern's face has yet to venture beyond the pages of *Total Guitar* and intimate venues such as tonight's. Flailing her golden-maned head about while giggling, "I'm not looking to find a pot of gold/The picture in my head is my reward", the New Yorker seems as thrilled to be here as tonight's small gathering of diehard fans.

A self-taught guitarist and queen of pigeon-hole dodging, there's an exhilarating freeness to Stern's set. Colourful lyrics about dolphins, devils and grapefruits bleed out of her self-penned songs, the riffs of which are sardine-stacked with a giddy number of notes. With these kooky components and the sheer volume of her sound alone, Stern may have ended up as yet another guitarist floundering aimlessly in the wild abyss of experimentation. Rather than dropping off the musical map, however, Stern's dreamy vocals and knack for a melody manage to harness these audible jungles into three-minute pop pockets. Her Deerhoof croons are the perfect counterbalance to 'The Crippled Jazzer's' Fugazi sound walls, while the injection of cheerleader chants and handclaps plump up 'Prime's' meaty guitar thumps.

As she rips through this self-penned collection of songs, Marnie barely needs to glance down at her fingers swarming like ants around her fretboard. Famed for denying her virtuoso guitar skills, however, her performance is charmingly modest. Rather than indulging in showy solos, the controlled chaos is a group effort with her handmates. She revels in the company of bassist, Malia James, their batting eyelashes, slinking hips and sexual jokes being the only things capable of tugging onlookers' giggling eyes away from Marnie's fingers.

"Your boobies are so sweaty," purrs Malia, slinking offstage. "If anyone wants more, Marnie and I will be in the kissing booth at the back," she beckons. If their onstage onslaught is anything to go by, people, they'll chomp your tongues clean off. *Camille Augarde*

Tweet revenge

CALVIN HARRIS

SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON
MONDAY, JULY 20

So, our arch Twitter enemy would appear to be Number One material. But who exactly goes to *watch* Calvin Harris?

You know those awkward moments where everything is focused on you and that focus isn't necessarily friendly? "And thank you very much as well to the *NME* reviewer who came along tonight," says Calvin Harris waspishly. "This next song's for Conor McNicholas. That should be enough to guarantee a bad review."

Not quite, Calvin, although your obsession with us is becoming unnerving. But shoe pie is not why we're here. We came because we are ready to stand up, be counted and say, look Calvin Harris is *not* that bad. Calm down, it's true.

And though he might crave it, Harris doesn't need critical approval: by dropping the novelty indie-electro in favour of, in the shape of Number One single 'I'm Not Alone', an evil-genius melding of singer-songwriter introspection and the kind of ridiculously euphoric chart trance that's usually the product of a DJ with a face like a builder and some generic warbler on day-release from the working men's clubs, the boy from Dumfries has cleaned up.

It's a strange fanbase he's won: a hardcore of dance kids is encircled by a layer of Take That-listener types who look like they're not sure why they're here. As he strolls onstage with "cooome on" hand-gestures, kicking off the brain-invading crunch of 'Disco Heat', it all seems ridiculous: the crowd is distinctly gappy, the song sounds tinny, he looks a bit of a muppet. The moment hangs in the air. But Harris can make singles, pop careers and gigs work through sheer force of will, and he's not letting this one go. Flailing like someone wired his keyboards wrong, he punctuates each song with yells of "Here we go!", "I wanna see your hands!" and enough such tit-bits to make even 'Merrymaking At My Place' rousing.

Immensely likeable as our compulsive-Tweeting pal is, though, new single 'Ready For The Floor' is terrible, drowning Harris with a bellowing rent-a-singer and substance-free pop-house. But 'Burns Night' is kind of great, indulging in some Pink Floyd atmospherics before whipping out the hard, housey beats. 'Girls' rather than an oddly muted 'Acceptable In The 80s' gets the crowd roused, but when Calvin closes with 'I'm Not Alone', everyone goes bat-shit mental – the song is a legitimate phenomenon. He might not have created disco, but he's certainly created something: can he keep it up? Well, if he can't even get a bad review in *NME*... *Emily Mackay*



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Thom's warning: camping can do this to your hair



Bombay Bicycle Club: mosh-tastic

Hail to the sheep

LATITUDE
HENHAM PARK, SOUTHWOLD, SUFFOLK
THURSDAY JULY 16 - SUNDAY JULY 19



The Vaseline's
Frances: slippery customer

Britain's most bourgeois bash packs serious musical treats for the Suffolk pushchair brigade

If there's one festival whose reputation precedes it like an elephant leading a midjet procession, it's Latitude. Stuck in the rustic confines of rural Suffolk, filled to the rafters with discarded bits of yesterday's *Guardian* and home to perhaps the only Kellogg's food tent in the festival-sphere, it is - as advertised - very, very 30 something.

Bombay Bicycle Club know this, which is why they spend most of their Lake Stage set bounding into each other, climbing speaker stacks and attempting to be the chart-bothering bastard sons of Yan B&P. Recent

single 'Dust On The Ground' even drives some of the crowd mental enough to start a circle-pit - surely the first and only time Henham Park has been subjected to such nu(metal)fangled ways?

The Vaseline's, of course, aren't likely to get that sort of treatment, what with them all being proper old now. Instead, Frances McKee doles out a tasty mix of sex and religion in her banter. Result! They play the classics, everyone mouths along and it's undeniably great, but McKee's chat is the key to their charm. She hails herself the new "Virgin Mary", flirts with the audience about fancying Americans ("But it's not just about the accent - you have to have a really big dick as well...") and gives us the horn (literally) when she kickstarts a sublime rendition of 'Molly's Lips'.

Over at the Obelisk Arena, Wild Beasts are cursing the tepid weather that's driven the masses into the nearby woodland like rabbits down a hole. They play to roughly 200 people on the biggest stage of all and are the weekend's Great Lost Causes. The Rumble Strips, on the other hand, sound like a spent force. 'Daniel's' tepid excuse of a non-chorus wafting through the trees is just about the

most annoying thing we've been subjected to all weekend - and that includes a bunch of roadies murdering 'Rockin' In The Free World' earlier. Phoenix too, are utter tripe. They lose not only our attention, but that of everyone else perched in the seated bit opposite the stage (SEATS! AT A FESTIVAL!). Instead, we all seem to be looking at the three über-talented kids stood near us doing unfathomably clever tricks with their diabolos.

God bless Spiritualized, then. You can't see them onstage for the smoke, but fuck, do they sound good. Jason Pierce's voice resonates perfectly in the muggy damp of the Uncut Arena tent, and the songs - veering from the echoey slowburn of 'Walking With Jesus' to 'Cheapster's' guttural razor romp - are played loud and intense. It all climaxes with a brilliant 'Take Me To The Other Side', and we're left thinking that if the government really cared about education as much as they claim to, they'd have the whole gig piped through every school and college in

the world. Which brings us nicely on to Camera Obscura, whose sweet-as-candy mid-afternoon set isn't tasty enough to keep former Transport Secretary Geoff Hoon from walking out halfway through. Perhaps he was irked at the terrible sound that ruined the Scots' two best songs - 'French Navy' and 'Lloyd, I'm Ready To Be Heartbroken'. Tracyanne Campbell's mic doesn't work and guitars feed back and resemble the hacksaw-buzz of a cartoon electric shock. It's a shame.

No such trivial annoyances, obviously, for Thom Yorke. It's noon and he's on his own in a fetching blue shirt at the Obelisk Arena, where the crowd is massive - easily the biggest of the festival. We're struck not by how uncomfortable/serious/twitchy he looks but how relaxed he is, flitting from grand piano to keyboard to acoustic guitar to bass like a brooding butterfly. He seems majestic ('There There'), defiant ('Follow Me Around'), sullen ('True Love Waits') and, in brand new track 'The Present Tense', ever-so-slightly Beatlefic (circa '68). What make's him so special isn't just the songs, it's his mood. Today - naked without band, chirpy rather than narky - he's captivating and charming. Telling jokes, playing a few burn notes and not caring about how it all might translate. So good is he, in fact, that people are standing in the stinking (and raised) toilets opposite just to get a better view. Now that's festival spirit. *Matt Wilkinson*



The white ones
are well jealous

SHORT SETS

THE EIGHTIES MATCHBOX B-LINE DISAS

100 CLUB, LONDON
15/07/09

Before they've even played a note, Eighties Matchbox frontman Guy McKnight leaps onto a monitor and unleashes a bloodcurdling roar - surely the perfect way to herald the return of Brighton's most famous gothabilly punks. Tonight the fivesome are awe-inspiring and McKnight is a bundle of boundless energy throughout - during finale 'Celebrate Your Mother' he incites a stage invasion so rabid that plugs are pulled by over-zealous kids, so the band, guitars abandoned, lob pints as payback. Spectacular chaos. *Camilla Pia*

THE RULING CLASS

100 CLUB, LONDON,
21/07/09

Ever feel like you've taken a wrong turning down a side street and into a gap in the space-time continuum? No? Well, it's the only way we can explain tonight, which seems to be an uncanny Stone Roses re-enactment society - though frontman Jonathan Sutcliffe, with his Tim Burgess hair and stripy shirt, has evidently had a wardrobe mix-up. Oops. Yet despite such shameless copyism The Ruling Class are actually a bit brilliant. 'If You, Wonder' is baggy pop precision excels while the swirling 'Marian Shrine' is terrifyingly massive. *Leonie Cooper*

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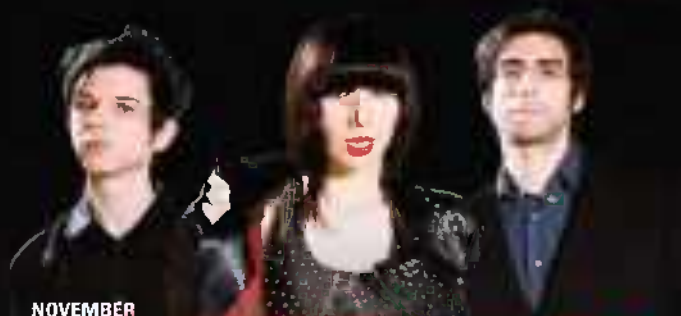
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NEW BAND TIPS...

19 GET A BIOG

NME says: Make your band stand out from the crowd with an interesting back-story



Promoters and journalists are busy people. So if you want them to 'get' your band and what you're about, make sure you've got a clear, concise, and above all interesting biog for them to read. **Lisa Durrant** from In House Press (clients include Field Music, The Go! Team and The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart) offers her advice.

WHAT ARE BIOGRAPHIES USED FOR?

"Biogs are essential if you're trying to generate your own press or secure a gig, but most importantly they should make your act stand out and provide relevant information to assist journalists or promoters in understanding what you're about."

WHAT SHOULD GO IN AND WHAT SHOULDN'T?

"Saying, 'We met at college and started playing Oasis covers' isn't going to grab the reader's attention - a million bands will have begun that way. Find your unique selling point, such as 'The band wear capes and rehearse in an old fire station' - much more interesting! And remember, a biog is not a CV, so don't fill it with unnecessary details."

HOW CAN YOU MAKE IT A MORE INTERESTING READ?

"Put yourself in the journalist/promoter's shoes - ask yourself, 'Why would I want to write about/book this act? What is it that makes them more exciting than anyone else?' Start with the most unique fact, expand on that, then add names and so on later. Think of it more as a short story. Keep it concise - this isn't War And Peace, so no more than a page of A4!"



WHAT NOW?

Think about what makes your band interesting and what key points you'd like to get across. If nobody in the band feels confident about writing it, approach your local uni - a journalism student there might be able to write one for free!



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NME SAYS: Sassy, Scout Nibbett-ish one-woman guitar menace from Cape Town



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I WANT TO SOUND LIKE... THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM



Luke Trutwein, 17, Colchester: "What guitar do I need to get Brian Fallon's sound? And how do I get the big echo sound on my singing like he does?"

THE SOUND

The New Jersey combo's second album, 'The '59 Sound', fuses punk attitude with classic songwriting. Brian has been influenced by a diverse range of artists including The Smiths and Bruce Springsteen.

THE GEAR

Brian's current favourite guitar is a **Gibson Les Paul Junior**. Originally designed for beginners, Juniors only have one pickup but, as Brian will happily show you at Gaslight gigs, you can get all sorts of sounds out of it. His preferred amp is a **Vox AC30H2**, and one of his favourite pedals is a **Frantone Hi-Ball** distortion unit. For vocal reverb, one option is to use a stereo reverb processor, such as a **Lexicon MX300** (£300).

IN THE STUDIO

Aside from the quality of the playing and songwriting, 'The '59 Sound' sounds good because of the mixture of old and new techniques used. Compression is kept to a minimum, giving a little punch whilst making sure the record still has dynamics. While it's tempting to fill all the gaps in the sound, Gaslight know that taking elements out at the right time makes things sound a lot more interesting.

THE TECHNIQUE

Practice your downstrokes (imagine trying to pick a bit of dirt off a jacket - sounds stupid but it really does help). Also learn how to do some weeping, slow single-note guitar lines with added reverb.

BEST TRICK:

Reverb. It can make any singer sound better, hiding mistakes and putting in emotion and range that really connects with the listener. Use it sparingly though, especially if you have a low voice.



Brian is now constantly looking over his shoulder for The Boss

WHO DO YOU WANT TO SOUND LIKE?
EMAIL
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FOR YOU

NEXT WEEK:
The Soundtrack Of Our Lives

Words by John Callaghan from...

Guitar September issue
out now



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NME

GIG GUIDE

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

476 GIGS
ACROSS
THE UK &
IRELAND

PICK OF THE WEEK...



PICK OF THE WEEK FIELD DAY

WHERE: LONDON VICTORIA PARK (SAT)

Sprinting into its third year, this East End one-day festival has grown bigger and better from its humble starting block. With a line up that includes Scottish noise-monsters Mogwai, psychedelic garage-rock heroes The Horrors (above), indie shoegazers The Big Pink, electro-dub princess Santigold and many more, you'd be wise to race for your tickets now.

[WWW.NME.COM/festivals](http://www.nme.com/festivals)

EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT

SONISPHERE FESTIVAL

WHERE: STEVENAGE, KNEADWORTH PARK (SAT-SUN)

The Europe-wide metal fest extends its warm rock embrace to Hertfordshire. Such hard bastards as Metallica (right), Lamb Of God, Killing Joke, Nine Inch Nails and Alice In Chains will attend to all your ear-bleeding requirements.

[WWW.NME.COM/festivals](http://www.nme.com/festivals)



PICK OF CLUB NME ABSENT ELK

WHERE: CLUB NME BRIGHTON, COALITION (WED)

Their name may lean to the Scandinavian side of their Brighton/Norway mix, but Absent Elk are like a drawly Kooks or a gazier Starsallor, so expect cathedral-sized moose-ic (sorry!). Support comes from Civilian.

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



DON'T MISS

STANDON CALLING

WHERE: WARE, STANDON LORDSHIP (FRI-SUN)

Starting life as a birthday barbecue and evolving into a fully-fledged annual fun fest, this year's Standon Calling boasts a line-up including Friendly Fires (above), Femi Kuti, Chrome Hoof, Ladytron, Sun Ra Arkestra, Mumford & Sons, Micachu & The Shapes and heaps more. Do not miss.

[WWW.NME.COM/artists/festivals](http://www.nme.com/artists/festivals)

RADAR STARS

THE XX

WHERE: LONDON VICTORIA PARK (SAT-SUN)

With their eagerly anticipated debut album set to drop this August, London four-piece The XX perform their sparse and soulfully awkward indie synth-pop at Field Day and the Underage Festival, before heading stateside for a brief tour.

[WWW.NME.COM/artists/the-xx](http://www.nme.com/artists/the-xx)



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WEDNESDAY

JULY 29

Tune in from 10am as DJ Samantha is giving listeners the chance to win tickets to Field Day Festival at London's Victoria Park

NME
RADIO

Midland Empire 028 9024 5276
Podcast Promotee Auntie Annie's 028 9050 1660

Sweet Charlotte The Albert 01273 730499

Blind Eye Fury Bierkeler 0117 926 8514
Dig For Fire Bathing/Onyan Thief Croft 0117 987 4144
The Experimental Pop Band Louisiana 0117 926 5978
More Provocative Prom 0117 942 7319

CARDIFF
Maple Nine Barfly 0205 2065 7658

CHATHAM
Konika Command House
SHIRAZ
Sonic Boom Sky/Autocore/Medical Rockhouse 01332 209 236

DOVER
The Forces Firestorm 01305 260 260

THE HAVILLANDS
The Havillands Vicar St 00 333 889 4900

Jim Clelland Trio Henry's Cellar Bar 0131 221 1288

Miles Hunt The GRV 0131 220 2987
White Denim Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176
Yogstar The Ark 0131 228 9393
Your First Mistake/Lost On Landing/Lights And Sounds The Hive 0131 556 0444

Talking Back Sunday ABC 0870 903 3444
Tulioo 13th Note Café 0141 953 1638

Creamfields: Friendly Fires/Tiasto/Mylo/Filthy Dukes/Burn The Negative/David Guetta/Laurent Garnier/Errol Alkan/Yousef/Idsey Sell Out Daresbury 0151 707 1309

Goldie Lookin' Chain Quattrz 01279 425875

Secret Affair The Assembly 01915 822714

MAJE 87 North West 0113 305 0372
LIVERPOOL
Poker And The Wolf Korova 0151 709 7090

Adam Bomb Windmill 020 8671 0700
Belter Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773
Christopher Reas Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

CornerShop Heaven 020 7930 2020
Crystal Fighters Proud Galleries 020 7482 3867

Dan Black/Mpho/The Riggs Cargo 0207 749 7840

Disasteradio/Master & Servant/ East Lights Become Lights Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191

Dragonforce Forum 020 7344 0044
Headland Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709
Hayes Carl Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Jasmine Rodgers Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434
Kellies/Glass Diamond Good Ship 020 7372 2544
Kyshera Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

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Los Lobos Jazz Café 020 7916 6060
Pepper Underworld 020 7482 1932
Semaphore/White Collar Weapons 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095
Sweet Baboo Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080
Todger/Hate Ashbury/Wild Fun/Adam Wilson Hunter Comedy 020 7839 7261
Vanner/Dead Social Club Vibe Bar 020 7377 9880



white Derim, Cabaret Voltaire, Edinburgh

The Vivians Arts Club 020 7460 4459
We Wish We Were Gypsies Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358
The Wombats (DJ Set) KOKO 020 7398 3222
You Love Her Coz She's Dead Barfly 0870 907 0999

Crooked Smile/Lulla Violet Roadhouse 0161 228 1789
Dave Paves/The Minnows Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392
Earthless/Pontjak/Sycamore/Boathrope Retro Bar 0161 274 4892

MilesTV And The Betamax Experience Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

Alela Diane Arts Centre 01603 660352
Ylving Slay Waterfront 01603 632717

Colin Staples Band Running Horse 0151 978 7398

Attack! Attack! Cellar's 0871 230 1094
The Dawn Chorus/8 of the Bang/Coco Lovers Little Johnny Russells 023 9282 6502

Star Picking Misters Talking Heads 023 8065 5899

The Sidehitters/Lioness/Vegas Nerve/Monkey Fingers Horn 01727 853143

Young Guns/None The Less/Monday Massacre/The Kap't Sn City 01792654226

Dressed in Their Best Fibers 01904 651 250

THURSDAY

JULY 30

Till Seasons Fall/What The Night Brings/At A Glance Esquires 01234 340120

Elf! Auntie Annie's 028 9050 1660

Ono Palindromes/Caronation Gypsies/Your Last Winter Flapper 0121 236 2421
Pulled Apart By Nerves Hare And Hounds 0121 444 2081

Dividing The Line/Dead Havana Freebutt 01273 603974
Our Little Secret The Hope 01773 236 568
Midas Engine Room 01273 728 999
Stars And Sons The Albert 01273 730499
Thankyou Anyway Concorde 2 01273 673311

Baby Grams/Men Dismier Cube Cinema 0117 907 4190
Bravo Bravo Bats Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Earthless Croft 0117 987 4144
The Girl/The Setbacks Bierkeler 0117 926 8514

Ill It Kid/Monsters Build Mean Robots Start The Bus 0117 930 4370
The New Root The Cooler 0117 945 0999

The Hijacks/Captain Portland Arms 01232 357268

Elephants/Sayon/The Girl Afloat/Saxy Legs Eleven Beer Cart Arms 0871 230 1094

Them Squirrels/Sweet Baboo Buffalo Bar 01200 310312

THE JAMES WARNER PROPHECIES/ The Circus Electric/ The Risks Rockhouse 01332 209 236

GREENGLASS
Goodies/The Wounds/Chimp Presk's Whelan's (Upstairs) 00 3531 475 9372
Crooked Still Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

The Muscle Club/Come On Gang/Got In Got Out Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

Young Guns/None The Less Cavern Club 01392 495370

The Cakes/The Grobables/The Tenements 13th Note Café 0141 553 1638

Cast Iron Allbl/Epico/The Yrevels Classic Grand 0141 221 4583
Collar Up/Less Tales Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Mick Hargan And The Proposition/Engham Colgan/Journeyboy King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Ming Ming And The Ching Chings/Big Red Gran Mor 0141 552 9224
The Whisky Works/El Dog/Lions, Chase, Tigers Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Don't Fight/Kingpin/Three Seeds in Paris Boilerroom 01483 440022

Creamfields: Basement, Jaxx/Dizee Rascal/ZimzyDix/Calvin Harris/Dirty Vegas/Example/Dandmasc Daresbury 0151 707 1309

Red Light Company/Goldhawk Square 01279 305000

Cities Between Us The Library 0113 2440794
Cure The Disaster/Tonight We Fire Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861

I Have Clothes The Subculture 0113 245 0689

Kyoto Drive/Meycomb Rios 01274 735549
Sam And The Plants Sela Bar 0113 242 9442

Free Peace O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

The Idles/Exile Parade/Dirty Soul/My Albatross Korova 0151 709 7097
Rhydan Echo Arena 0844 8000 400

Talking Back Sweeney O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

Booker T Jones Bush Hall 020 8222 6955
Buckcherry Forum 020 7344 0044

Disear Pile-Up Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Demino Theory Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

The Dreamers/Field Runner/English Electric/Limelight Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191

Elephant Vs Leopard/Babbar Luck/ East End Trunk/Armed Response Unit 333 020 7739 5949

Goldie Lookin' Chain McKusks 020 8541 1515

Hills & Hollows Legion 020 7613 3012
Humanoid The Fly 0870 907 0999

The Hyenas Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

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Lesky 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095
Maps Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

My Sad Captains Windmill 020 8671 0700
Neurotic Mass Movement Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358



Jack Peñate, Arts Club, London

The Paddingtons/The Xcents MacBeth 020 7739 5095
Patrick Plunkett Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

Raw Fox Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

Susan Tedeschi 100 Club 020 7636 0933
Wolf Am I Barfly 0870 907 0999

Arbouretum/With That Knife/I Am Mechanical/Crooked Reels Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822

Atomic Royal Northern College Of Music 0161 273 6283
Beth Nielsen Chapman Lowry 0161 876 2000

Hanzel Und Gretel Satan's Hollow 0161 236 0666
Hayabusa/Hall To Play Roadhouse 0161 907 9000

Warry Another Dry Bar 0161 236 5920
Illux/The Black Marlin's Thirsty Scholar 0161 273 7543

Heil Trillians 0191 232 1619
Paul Jackson The Robin Hood 0191 257 0265

The Poor Boys George Stephenson 0191 268 1073
The Stunk Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

NOTTINGHAM
Pepper Rock City 06703 100000
Reefers Mose 0155 947 0650

THE RESEARCHERS
This Is Colour/Shadow Law Mkt Lounge 01733 566100

SCARBOROUGH
Sonic Boom Sky/Mouthwash/The Slids Vibe 01723 382279

Acres Of Ocean Red House 0114 2727875

The Family Palm Tavern 023 8033 7232
Scarlet Solo Joiners 023 8022 5612

Selin Teams/Potai Party Fat Fox January 0133 0010 7070

STOCKTON
James Grant/Roddy Dynamics Georgian Theatre 01642 674115

Adam Bomb The Vic 01793 535713
Arc/Elaine Disenlised/Hermes 12 Bar 01793 535713

Emma Pava/Devolution The Rolleston 01793 534238
STANDISH HILLS
Ghost In My Room/Drunk The Forum 0870 777701

THURSDAY
Told eg-out Tomorrow Snooty Fox 01904 594465
YORK
Disasteradio/MyFirstDreadnail and City Screen Basement Bar 01904 541144

KEY
+14 = 14 AND ABOVE +16 = 16 AND ABOVE
AA = ALL AGES
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FRIDAY

JULY 31

Cuba/Foolish Thoughts Licorice
01226 299921

The Human League Dyham Park
0117 937 2501

Silverfox The Pad 0871 230 1094

Micachu & The Shapes Waterfront
028 9033 4455
While Byrnie Empire 028 9024 9276

Corneshop O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000
Seventh Syndicate O2 Academy 3
0870 771 2000

Bad For Lazarus Engine Room

Long Tall Texans The Albert

01273 730499
Resonance/Pharaohs Freebutt
01273 603974

Emily Brown Louisiana 0117 926 9978

Jehst/The Swampers The Lab

0871 230 1094
Men In Hats From 0117 942 7319
The Rinky Dinks Croft 0117 987 4144
Sweet Babes/Rue Royale Folk House
0117 926 2987

The Remnant Kings/Yo Yo Yo
Liverpool Haymakers 01223 367417

The Humbers The Globe

07738 983947

Immercity Pirates Barfly

029 2056 7658

Talking Back Sunday University

029 2023 0130

CHELMSFORD

Art Of Rebelitas Flock 01245 256752

DEBBY

Who's Who Rockhouse 01332 209 236

GLIMM

George & Linda Tripod

00 3531 4780225

Glimt Academy 00 3531 677 9999

Slickboy Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

GLIMM

Cellar Up/Goodbye Lenin Henry's

0131 221 1288

Ellen & Allen The Caves 0131 557 8989

Mark Morris The GRV 0131 220 2987

GLIMM

The Waterboys Clayton Hotel

00 353 646 721 943

GALWAY

Spin Spin The Dogs/Jesse

Brothers/Les Cor Sportifs

Baltic 0156 438 1813

GLIMM

Arboretum Captain's Rest

0141 331 2722

Catcher/Dead Sea Souls

King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

The Red Show/Really Killed Us

Nice/Sleazy 0141 333 9637

GLIMM

Dividing The Line/Dead Havana

Bar 85 01462 432767

GLIMM

Uncle Jeff/Married To The Sea/

Peasles Yorkshire House 01524 64679

GLIMM

The Pairs/Sleeve Elbow Rooms

0113 245 7011

Hope & Social/Sketches/Delight
Dhalwall Faversham 0113 245 8817
Jed Thomas Band The Owl
0113 256 5242
Lights & Sounds Rios 01274 735549
The Lost Rockers The New
Conservatory 0113 246 1853
Simon Pollard Cockpit Room 2
0113 244 3446
The Stella Frays Primrose Bar
01132 621368

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KIDKO
020 7388 3222

Swimwear Juniors/The Lazy
Darlings Cockpit Room 3 0113 2441573

DEACON

Deacon Blue Echo Arena

0844 8000 400

Little Fields O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000

My Toys Like Me Korova

0151 709 7097

Val Verde Zanzibar 0151 707 1558

DEACON

Baby Gramps Luminale

020 7372 7123

Bommarillo Bar Rumba 020 7287 2715

Heartbreak Proud Galleries

020 7482 3867

Lacuna Coil Forum 020 7344 0044

Left With Pictures Bush Hall

020 8222 6955

My Tiger My Thinking/Terry Lynn

Cargo 0207 749 7840

Philadelphia Mainline Windmill

020 8671 0700

Something Like Fire/Quadrants

Monkey Cheus 020 7267 6406

Squire Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

The Tenets/The Dirty Disco

Café De Paris 020 7734 7700

Taste Victoria Park 015 912 9000

The Udderline 93 Feet East

020 7247 6095

GLIMM

Crocodiles Charlton Insh Club

0161 881 2898

Decorate In Flames/Sons Of

Midland/Kranlux Ritz 0161 236 4355

Dinosaur Pile-Up/Goldenwings

Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

Dr Butler's Hatstand Medicine Band

Fuel 0161 282 6040

Enrico Pieranunzi Royal Northern

College Of Music 0161 273 6283

The Public/Way Albion Roadhouse

0161 228 1789

Therapy Youth Moho Live 0161 834 8180

DEACON

Dent May & His Magnificent Ukulele

Cluny 2 0191 230 4474

Maggie Room Egypt Cottage

0191 232 0218

Tony Little Band The Robin Hood

0191 257 0265

DEACON

The Ladders/The Underdogs

Roadmender Centre 01604 604222

The Pressure Tones Labour Club

01604 634756

DEACON

Hot Club Of Cowtown Maze

0115 947 5650

Mummi Swift Stealth 08713 100000

Swimming Rescue Rooms

0115 958 8484

DEACON

Spring Offensive/White Sunday

Jericho Tavern 01865 311775

DEACON

Disasterwrecks/The Kitchen Club Met

Lounge 01733 566100

DEACON

The Rubicon/The Limits

Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

The Skandale Cellars 0871 230 1094

DEACON

Off The Radar/The Zebra Rising Sun

Arts Centre 0115 946 0766

DEACON

Sergeant Willie New Barrack Tavern

014 234 9148

DEACON

Big Mamma's Door Platform Tavern

023 8033 7232

Openroad Joiners 023 8022 5612

Pepper Talking Heads 023 8056 5899

DEACON

The Black Apes Sogomil

01732 214921

ST ALBANS

The Harringtons/The Distractors/

Calbra Hall Hotel 01472 833143

SWINDON

The City Rocks The Vic 01793 535713

GLIMM

Stealing Green The Forum

08712 777101

GLIMM

The Exhibition/Worth Of Watford

Escobar 01924 332000

GLIMM

Standon Calling: Ladytron/The

Rumble Strips/Your Twenties/

Selfish Cunt/The Whip/Delphic

Standon 0871 230 1094

GLIMM

The Busby Babes The Public

0121 533 7161

GLIMM

Beckcherry Wulfrun Hall

01902 552121

Pearl Visions Civic Hall 01902 552121

GLIMM

Gallop/I Am Austin/The Djangos

Central Station 01978 358780

GLIMM

The Poms The Orange Box

01604 239100

GLIMM

Dean Friedman Fibbers

01904 651 250

SATURDAY

AUGUST 1

Jools Holland & His Rhythm & Blues
Orchestra Dyham Park 0117 937 2501

Brigante/Red Dollar Esquires
01234 340120

David Holmes/Walls Bird
Kings Head 028 90509950

Octane OK Access & Bishop
0121 236 7426

Sarajevo The Carmen Rose
01254 878 431

Gwen/Syphus/Swampyboy/
The Tin Foil Hat Brigade Stanley Park

01253 393 737

EarthHaze/Portland Engine Room
01273 728 999

Good Shoes Freebutt 01273 603974

Hadoukan/This City Concorde 2
01273 673311

GLIMM

Joey The Lips Fleece 0117 945 0996

Yes Rebels/Hinkley Vokones/
Saturation Point Louisiana

0117 926 9978
Zun Zun Equi/Arctic Circle Croft
0117 987 4144

GLIMM

Maple Fine Portland Arms
01223 357268

GLIMM

King Pleasure And The Blucut Boys
The Globe 07738 983947

Kyoto Drive/Marycomb/Magden
Audia/Death Before Sunrise

01223 357268

GLIMM

The Swinson/Whitmore/Dirty
Tex/Ernie Heroes Rockhouse

01332 209 236

GLIMM

Metallica/Lamb Of God/
Mastodon/The Sword Marlay Park

00 3531 456 9569

GLIMM

In Remission/Dirty Money/Dirty
Joker Music/Six Feet Victim

0141 221 5279

GLIMM

Dent May & His Magnificent Ukulele

The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

GLIMM

Somora La Calle Picture House

0844 847 1740

GLIMM

UN40 Clayton Hotel

00 353 691 725 900

GLIMM

Hornburghs/Clockhangers/Baltic

0141 438 1810

GLIMM

The Apple Scruffs/The Merchants/
The Rudiments ABC 0141 204 5151

Bleed From Within Ivory Blacks

0141 221 7871

Dolskabeat/Linkwood/Cousin Cole

Stereo 0141 576 5018

Hugo-A-Gogo O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000

Marrachez Maggie May's

0141 548 1350

Martin Taylor Oran Mor

0141 562 9224

Mitchell Museum

King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

GLIMM

The Refurbments/The Fatalists

Nice/Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Serj Tankian ABC 0870 903 3444

The Steads The Twisted Wheel
0141 221 4851

Uma Flori Classic Grand 0141 221 4583

GLIMM

The Liquid Metal Men/Blue Root
Zoots/Psyche Hero/Angry Badger/
The Mindset Club 85 01462 432767

SUNDAY

AUGUST 2

BAYLEY
Midnight Rising The Frontier
01924 442122

BELFAST
John Archer Kings Head
028 90509950

BRIGHTON
Feel Silent/A Dark Orbit/
No Consequence/Don Broco
Freebutt 01273 603974

BRISTOL
Belladonna Blerkie Inn 0117 926 8514
Riot/Noise/Santa Dog/The Fauns/
Gerard Starkie/Seagull Strangers/
Daytona/Last Orders/Elle/The
Kick Inside/Light Of Words/The
Bombardiers/Lady Made's Messy
Subjects Louisiana 0117 926 5978

GLASGOW
Finer Fantasy The Gate
0871 230 1094

DUBLIN
Fatboy Slim/David Guetta/Dizzee
Rascal/Calvin Harris Marlay Park
00 3531 456 9569
Ishma Burton Factory
00 3531 670 9202
Nick Kelly Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

KENTON
Chasing Jade Cavern Club
01392 495370

LEICESTER
Blinus/Off The Record/KFC/
Solid Juice Band The Mulberry
0871 230 1094

GLASGOW
Brittle Head Girl Rockers
0141 221 0726

Clockhuddersfield/Beards/Divorce
Nice'n'Steazy 0141 333 9637
Fubar/Captain Cleanoff/La Guerre/
Abbach 13th Note Café 0141 553 1638
Lacuna Coil King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279 +14

LIVERPOOL
The Safe Harbor Boieroom
01483 440022

LIVERPOOL
Talking Back Sunday University
0113 244 4600
Will Hall Superna 0113 246 8043

LIVERPOOL
Jon Anderson Philharmonic Hall
The Real People Q2 Academy
0870 771 2000
Serj Tankian Academy

LONDON
The Adolescents/The Stupids
Underworld 020 7482 1932
Dividing The Line Q2 Academy 2
Islington 0870 771 2000
Faust Cargo 0207 749 7840
I Found The Killer/A Fate Untold/
Motion Figures/Rioters Dublin
Castle 020 7485 1773
Underage Festival Little Boots/
Golden Silvers/Marina And The
Diamonds/Master Shortie/Kid
British/The Horrors/Patrick
Wolf/Hedoucent/JME/Plastician/
Ladyhawke/Santigold/The Pigeon
Detectives/Rein Tomassi/The
Chapman Family/The XX
Victoria Park 0871 230 1094
Martine Girault Jazz Café
020 7916 6060

**MILLY/Former Cell Mates/
Peachfuzz W ndm 020 8671 0700**
The Saudis/The Spivs/The
Grinwolds/Suspect Girls 12 Bar Club
020 7240 2621

MANCHESTER
The Human League/Belinda
Carlisle/ABC/Go West/Heaven 17
Tatton Park 01625 534400

NEWCASTLE
Scratch The Surface Star Inn
0191 222 3111
WT Feaster Band The Tyne
0191 265 2550

PORTSMOUTH
Hawthorn Cellars 0871 230 1094

SHREFFS
The River Rats Bath Hotel
0871 230 1094

SOUTHAMPTON
Flood Of Red Joiners 023 8022 5612

STEVENAGE
Sonisphere: Metallica/Union Park
Knebworth Park 01438 812661

STOCKYON
Funk Regulators/Extreme
Measures Georgian Theatre
01642 674115

WARE
Standon Calling: Femi Kuti/
And The Positive Force/Easy
Star All-Stars/Casokids/Chew
Ups/Fanfario/Gabby Young And
Other Animals/Micachu & The
Shapes/Kap Bambino/Dead Kids/
Invasion/Banjo Or Freakout/Ed
Harcourt/Son Of Dave/Joe Gideon &
The Shark Standon 0871 230 1094

MONDAY

AUGUST 3

Filling in for Sarah Kerr this week is Claire Sturgess. Tune in from 7am to hear the latest indie anthems and classics

NME
RADIO

The Victorian English
Gentlemen's Club, Ruby
Lounge, Manchester



Dizzee Rascal,
Marlay Park, Dublin

COKE
Lisa Hannigan Cyprus Avenue
00 35321 427 6165

LONDON
Flood Of Red/Idiom/Salt Weapon
Cavern Club 01392 495370

SLABBOY
Cure The Disaster Ivory Blacks
0141 221 7871
Fucked Up Garage
0141 332 1120

LIF
The Living Daylights Packhorse
0113 245 3980

GLIM Q2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

LONDON
Broadcast 2000/Little Words/
Young Husband/Semaphore
Luminaire 020 7372 7123
The Cute Lepers 12 Bar Club
020 7240 2622
Datura The Old Queen's Head
0207 839 7261
Dent May & His Magnificent Ukulele
Windmill 020 8671 0700
I Am One/Pennpop Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773
Remodel/The Shills/Victor Talking
Machine/The Crimson Dides
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

MANCHESTER
Final Fantasy Royal Northern College
Of Music 0161 273 6283

The Victorian English Gentlemen's
Club Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

PORTSMOUTH
Tom Ringley Cellars 0871 230 1094

SHREFFS
Ketamine Kid West Street Live
0114 2722552
Larus Leadmill 0114 221 2828

SOUTHAMPTON
Annotations Of An Autopsy Joiners
023 8022 5612

THE BRIDGE W
Genius Club/Ghost In Mirrors/
Luna Park Rescue/Code: Maria
The Forum 08712 777101

PORTSMOUTH
Tom Ringley Cellars 0871 230 1094

SHREFFS
Ketamine Kid West Street Live
0114 2722552
Larus Leadmill 0114 221 2828

SOUTHAMPTON
Annotations Of An Autopsy Joiners
023 8022 5612

THE BRIDGE W
Genius Club/Ghost In Mirrors/
Luna Park Rescue/Code: Maria
The Forum 08712 777101

Broadcast 2000,
Luminaire, London



TUESDAY

AUGUST 4

BELFAST
Final Fantasy Empire 028 9024 9276

BIRMINGHAM
Mary Gauthier Hare And Hounds
0121 444 2081

BISTOL
Valdez Croft 0117 987 4144

EDINBURGH
Blackheart Village 0131 478 7810
Kid Carpet The Electric Circus
0131 226 4224

The Victorian English Gentlemen's
Club Libaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

EXETER
Radio Dead Ones/Dead City Stereo
Cavern Club 01392 495370

GATESHEAD
MikaTV And The Betamax
Experience Three Tuns 0191 487 0666

GLASGOW
Hanzel Und Gräty/Tor Marrock
Classic Grand 0141 221 4583
She Said Caution Rockers
0141 221 0726

Volume Zero/7 Car Pile Up The
Twisted Wheel 0141 221 4851

LEEDS
Woodpigeon Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

LONDON

Alice In Chains Scala
020 7833 2022

Crocodiles Barden's Boudoir
0770 865 6633

Droppers Knick/The Fiftyfours/
Just Me Again Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094

The Frezza/The Ruined Borderline
020 7734 5547

The Interventions/Sunday King
Comedy 020 7839 7261

Jayson Norris Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412

Kenneth Minor 12 Bar Club
020 7240 2622

Micron Sixty Three/Asleep Beneath
The Volcanos/Miss Cosmos Windmill
020 8671 0700

Vaughan King/Mahesh Collins/
Five Minute Pop Promo/Marie-
Claire Calvet/Victoria Rose

Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

Willi White/King Of Conspiracy/
Blitz & The Sheets 93 Feet East
020 47 6095

Your Twenties/Clock Opera/Franke
& The Heartstrings Madame Jop's
020 7734 2473

MANCHESTER

Friends Of Ken/San Sebastian/
Pencil In Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

NEWCASTLE
Cut Glass Accent Hoko 10
0191 211 1107

NORWICH
Katie Brown The Green Man
01603 782693

NOTTINGHAM
The Oneal Downs Bar 7 0115 970 4662

Goodnight Nancy/Michael Lynch/
Falling Upstairs/The Last Puppet
Show Naze 0115 947 5660

Steve Pincock Tuning Horse
0115 978 7398

Zebrahead Rock City 08713 100000

READING
The Hares Old Orleans 0118 951 2678

SOUTHAMPTON
David Byrne Guildhall 023 8063 2601

Louche Manouche Platform Tavern
023 8033 7232

ST ALBANS
Knevel Genius/The Nominous/
Rusty G's Horn 01727 853143

YORK
Haunts/Sharks/Ghosts On The
Intercom Fibbers 01904 651 250



Final Fantasy,
Empire, Belfast

GIGS

TICKETS ON SALE!

BOOKING NOW

Bubbles and
bears. Really not
that grizzly...



GRIZZLY BEAR

STARTS: LONDON KOKO, AUGUST 28

Brooklyn-based folk-experimentalists Grizzly Bear play London's KOKO as a prelude to their new single 'While You Wait For The Others' (released August 31) and their collaborative gigs with the London Symphony Orchestra in November.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/grizzly-bear



MOTORHEAD

STARTS: PLUMPTRE PALLADIUM, NOVEMBER 11

Hold those aces high, people. Seminal British rockers Motorhead will be on vintage form for a tour kicking off this November.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/motorhead



ENTER SHIKARI

STARTS: EDINBURGH THE FUTURE HOUSE, AUGUST 27

The hardcore/trance goblins will be stamping all over Edinburgh following the success of 'Common Dreads'.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/enter-shikari



EDITORS

STARTS: BIRMINGHAM O2 ACADEMY, SEPTEMBER 11

Since the release of 'The Back Room', Editors have galvanised crowds and on a reverential scale.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/editors

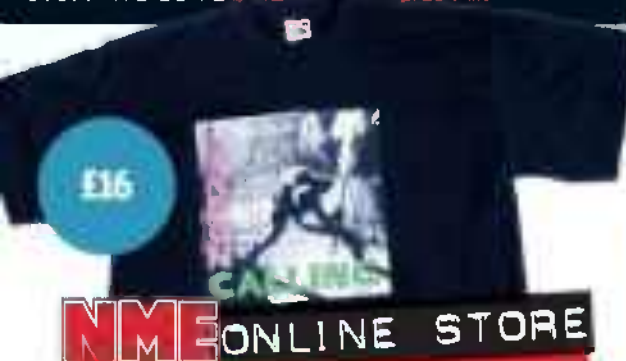
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GEAR

STUFF WE LOVE Edited by Ben Patashnik



NME ONLINE STORE

CLASH T-SHIRT

This year marks the 30th anniversary of what is universally considered to be one of the greatest albums ever ever. The Clash's 'London Calling' is an example of those rare records that simply doesn't get old so, to celebrate, the NME Store is providing this vintage T-shirt for all you old punkers.

www.nmeonline.com



WIN THIS!
ENTER THE NME CROSSWORD BELOW

£29.99



CHUCK LITES

Converse are really the only things your feet deserve to be clad in. These new Lites take a classic template and, er, slim it down a bit. They're like the iPod of shoes: everyone's got them, but wouldn't it be great if they were just a teensy bit smaller? And now they are! Rejoice.

www.converse.com



E-READER

We're not saying books are dying, but this Cool-Er E-Reader is one of the more convenient gadgets around. Wafer thin, capable of storing up to 800 novels and playing MP3s, the E-Reader's display looks like you're reading on a page. And you can even use it for Sudoku. Just don't try and highlight anything if you're revising, obvs.

www.cooler.com

THE NME CROSSWORD

WIN ROCK BAND UNPLUGGED

CLUES ACROSS

- 1+10 A bone-breaker maybe, but 'Sheila' will never hurt you (6-1-6)
- 5 A dangerous element of Slipknot's music (7)
- 9 "Who gives a fuck about an /I've seen those English dramas too", 2008 (6-5)
- 10 It could be for I of Gallows' 'The Vulture' (3)
- 11+20A "I am an antichrist", 1976 (7-2-3-2)
- 12 "And in the spring I shed my ____", from Florence and The Machine's 'Rabbit Heart (Raise It Up)' (4)
- 16+14A "In the mornin', don't say you love me, 'cos I'll only kick you out of the door", The Faces (4-4-2)
- 18 "Thank you for the ____ those endless ____ those sacred ____ you gave me", The Kinks (4)
- 19 Albums ____ Romance by Golden Silvers or ____ Stories by Talking Heads (4)

- 20 (See 11 across)
- 21 A few co-rs for a Lightning Seeds single (6)
- 22 Album title for Guillemots, Datarock and King Crimson (3)
- 24 Elizabeth ____ vocalist with Corbeau Twins and guest with Massive Attack (6)
- 25 (See 29 down)
- 28 (See 3 down)
- 30 "Good evening, I'm from ____ in case you couldn't tell", opening line to Ian Dury's 'Billerica Dickie' (5)
- 31 Somehow make a hash of naming a DJ/remixer/producer (5)
- 32 Band that had Number One hit covering Bob Dylan's 'Mr Tambourine Man' (5)

CLUES DOWN

- 1 (See 1 across)
- 2 Biffy Clyro have grounds for making an album without number (8-4)
- 3+28A "For a minute there, I lost myself, I lost myself", 1997 (5-6)

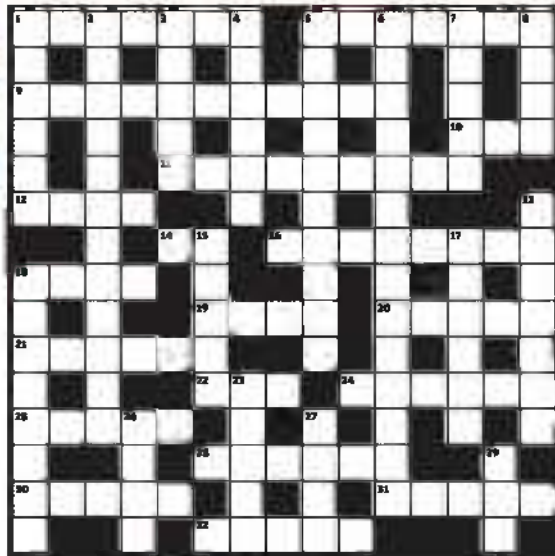
- 4 Lou Reed to head north before and after making 'YMCA' remix on album (3-1-1)
- 5 Not all the big places stock an album by Doves (4-6)
- 6 Paul Weller unable to twig the connections (5-9)
- 7 Killers of people (5)
- 8 Pet Shop Boys number that's a bit different (4)
- 15+13D Hardcore types with 'Common Dreads' (5-7)
- 17 No personal difficulties about Faith No More (2-4)
- 18 At the end of the year All About Eve will perform (8)
- 23+26D It looks to be a wooden performance from The Everly Brothers (5-4)
- 27 Johnny ____ And The Pirates were 'Shakin' All Over' in 1960 (4)
- 29+25A "I saw her on the cover of a magazine", Kraftwerk (3-5)



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

JULY 4 ANSWERS

- ACROSS**
- 1+10A The World We Live In, 10 Yerve, 2+17A London Is The Reason, 12 River, 14 Ruby, 19+10D So Here We Are, 21 Every Morning, 26 The Hustle, 28 Mark, 29 Eye, 30 Sense, 32+13A Dizzee Rascal.
- DOWN**
- 2 Hands, 3 Who Can Say, 4 Rain, 5 Datsuns, 6 Everything Is New, 7 Drive, 9 Alarm, 15+34A Into The Fire, 16 Weird, 19+24A Dinosaur, 20 West, 22 Heres, 23 Gore, 25 Enemy, 27 Used, 31 Nine, 32 DAF.



Simply cut out the crossword and mail it, along with your name, address and email, to: NME, winning the crossword with the name date, before Tuesday, August 4, 2009, to the following address: NME, 401 Floor, Blue 10 Building, 100 South Street, London, SE1 1QJ. First correct one out of the last 1000.

PICK OF THE WEEK



THE 20 HOTTEST FRONTWOMEN RIGHT NOW

To celebrate the Y chromosome, we're showing an hour of the best female-fronted music action. Expect Gossip, Ladyhawke and more, plus the relegation of all pig-ugly indie boys to the bin. We're talking to you, Matt Bowman.

Sunday, August 2, 12pm

PLUS...

WEDNESDAY

20 BANDS TO SEE BEFORE YOU DIE

The Prodigy, KOL, Muse...
July 29, 1pm



THURSDAY

With Chairlift and Black Box Revelation.
July 30, 5pm



FRIDAY

La Roux, Flo and more.
July 31, 1pm



SATURDAY

It's Alison Vs Jack.
August 1, 9pm



SUNDAY

With MSTRKRFT, Toddla T and Ebony Bones.
August 2, 11pm



MONDAY

Muse: from nappies to the present day.
August 3, 1pm



TUESDAY

Beth and co take on the St Albans crew.
August 4, 1.30pm



Full listings: NME.COM/NMETV

The NME Chart TV



1 JAMIE T
'STICKS N' STONES'

2 GOSSIP
'HEAVY CROSS'

3 KINGS OF LEON
'NOTION'

4 DOVES
'WINTER HILL'

5 GREEN DAY
'21 GUNS'

6 YEAH YEAH YEAHS
'HEADS WILL ROLL'

7 LA ROUX
'BULLETPROOF'

8 KASABIAN
'WHERE DID ALL THE LOVE GO?'

9 THE MACCABEES
'CAN YOU GIVE IT?'

10 FLORENCE AND THE MACHINE
'RABBIT HEART...'

VOTE NOW!

Go to WWW.NME.COM/NMETV to have your say

SKY CHANNEL 0184
VIRGIN MEDIA 975
FREESAT 727
DAB IN LONDON or
NMERADIO.CO.UK

IN OUR STUDIO



PATRICK WOLF

Session played: Wednesday July 15
The man got arrested for spitting at bouncers earlier this year, and told us recently he gets asked to "get his cock out" at gigs. This makes him just the kind of character we like to invite into the studio. And he didn't let us down, spitting bile at various new releases along with NME's James McMahon and DJ Iain Baker, even revealing he used to be Margaret Thatcher's neighbour.

COMING UP...

NME FORUM

Head Of Press at Columbia Records James Hopkins joins NME's Steve Sutherland and Iain Baker on the weekly round table to dissect the latest new releases.

Wednesday, July 29, 4pm

UNDERAGE TICKETS

Chris Martin is giving away tickets to the youthful Underage festival in London - featuring Hadouken!, Marina & The Diamonds, Caspa, Little Boots and more - every day this week.

Thursday, July 30, 7pm

ON THE PLAYLIST...



BAND OF SKULLS
Fires

ARCTIC MONKEYS
Crying Lightning

BIFFY CLYRO
That Golden Rule

DARKER MY LOVE
Two Ways Out

WHITE BELT YELLOW TAG
Tell Your Friends
(It All Worked Out)

MIKE SNOW
Animal

I WAS A KING
It's All You

MAXIMO PARK
Questing, Not Coasting

FRIENDLY FIRES
Kiss Of Life

JACK PENATE
Pull My Heart Away

BLEACH
The Worthing Song



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

by **MOGWAI**

The Scottish post-rockers explain why you should never shag to their music

EVERYBODY READS FAR TOO MUCH INTO OUR SONGTITLES.

Stuart Braithwaite (guitar): "Before it became more well known that we pick songtitles from things we'd seen written down or things that we thought sounded funny, we used to have some really bizarre interpretations. Like with 'Christmas Steps', someone thought that the different parts of the song represented the Christmas experience. So the loud bits were like opening the presents and the quiet bit at the end was Boxing Day, when it was actually named after a street in Bristol. There was another person who thought 'Kids Will Be Skeletons' was a morbid reference to the Moors Murders but it was actually an email from Dave Fridmann (producer of 'Come On Die Young') telling us that his kids were planning to dress up as skeletons for Halloween."

IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW MUCH WE TELL THEM NOT TO, PEOPLE STILL TELL US THAT THEY SHAG TO OUR MUSIC.

Barry Burns (keyboards/guitar/flute): "I really don't need to know that. It's just horrible. It's like saying 'I think your mum's really hot!' It kind of brings up so many comedy scenarios in my head too; I can imagine a song of ours getting really quiet just as things are warming up in the bedroom and the two people thinking, 'Oh, we'll just wait a few minutes for the next noise crescendo and the we'll get to it again'. I suppose we could do a sex concept album that people could put on specifically for that use - but it's not financially viable to release a two and-a-half-minute album."

IF YOU PLAY INSTRUMENTAL ART ROCK, YOU NEED TO TOUR YOUR ARSE OFF TO MAKE A LIVING.

Burns: "You can pay your mortgage from the money you make from playing live. We're certainly not making any money from record royalties and we probably won't any time soon. I know a few lazy bands who put a record out and then don't tour it. I think a lot of bands expect to make a record and then have people flock to see them but it doesn't work like that."



PEOPLE IN BANDS AREN'T NECESSARILY THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS YOU MIGHT THINK.

Burns: "These days, I'm actually surprised if I meet someone in a band and they turn out to be an arsehole. Most of them are usually just lovely, normal people. It's taught me to never make assumptions or judgements from what I've read in the press or something. I remember being at Supersonic Festival in Birmingham last year and Julian Cope was there. He looked almost intimidating with all his leather gear and all that. I was sitting backstage and some kid got brought back there because he had taken some bad acid or something and he was freaking out. Julian noticed he was having a bad time so he just walked over and sat with him. He was there for ages just talking to this kid and trying to bring him back down to earth. Imagine that! It was one of the nicest things I've ever seen anyone do."

"I SUPPOSE WE COULD RECORD A SEX CONCEPT ALBUM..."

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MOGWAI AND JOURNALISTS THAT DOESN'T QUITE MIX.

Burns: "We've definitely had our fair share of ridiculous questions and reviews over the years. One journalist said to us, 'I think your music is very cynical'. We were like, 'Well, there aren't any words, so how can it be cynical?!' There was a live review in *The Guardian* that ended up in *Pseudo Corner* in *Private Eye* which is basically like winning an Oscar for pretentiousness."

THE CURE REALLY ARE GOD-LIKE GENIUSES.

Braithwaite: "When I was young I followed The Cure all over the place to see them. I went to tons of gigs and even when we toured with them on the Curiosa Tour in 2004,

I watched them every single night - except one night when there was going to be a Celtic game on at six in the morning. They were the integral for me when I first became a music fan. I used to have all the B-sides and bootlegs, proper fan stuff. But I wasn't one of those bizarre weirdos that dress up exactly as him. I always thought that was a bit creepy. It probably drove Robert Smith a little crazy."

THE SECRET TO SURVIVING THE TOURBUS IS TO HAVE PLENTY OF SOCKS.

Braithwaite: "You have to have clean socks. One time, I forgot socks and my trainers started to smell so bad the rest of the band threw them out of the bus."

Burns: "I remember that. He took off his shoes one time and there was this black stuff between his toes that looked like someone had used marker pen on him. I said, 'What's that?' and Stuart said, 'Oh, it's just scum.' Our sound engineer wouldn't let him back on the bus until he washed his feet and bought some socks. That was a long time ago but he's cleaned up his act now though."

BEING OPINIONATED IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT YOU HAVE TO DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE.

Braithwaite: "I had a real go at the guy from Starsailor once and it was totally out of order. It wasn't even about anything - it was just me being mean (Braithwaite said that James Walsh would "rape his granny for any kind of music award" - *Harsh Comments Ed*). I cringed when I read it, but I'll put it down to youthful exuberance. I apologised to him when I saw him; it was a bit uncomfortable, but he was a really nice guy, actually."

DID YOU KNOW?

■ Mogwai drummer Martin Bulloch is fitted with a pacemaker. The last two he has had have gone on to be auctioned for The British Heart Foundation

■ Stuart and Mogwai's co-founder member Dominic Aitchison first met at a gig by grebo legends Ned's Atomic Dustbin in 1991

■ Mogwai became part of one of the most entertaining rock feuds of the 1990s when they issued T-shirts bearing the legend 'Blur: Are Shite'. Braithwaite claimed that the shirt was a dictionary definition and could use his music college training to prove so if they were taken to court

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50

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