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FLORENCE... p47

...And The Machine, of course, prove why they're simply the Best(ival)



8 AUGUST 2009

#### THE HORRORS

Faris Badwan's teamed up with Black Lips to record a B-side for the Atlantans' new single

#### WILD BEASTS

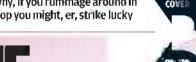
Watch out, their new album 'Two Dancers' could make you dangerously fertile...

#### **10** WE ARE SCIENTISTS

Ex-Razorlight drummer Andy Burrows is joining up with Chris Cain and Keith Murray

#### 11 ARCTIC MONKEYS

We reveal why, if you rummage around in a charity shop you might, er, strike lucky



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WE DON'T HAVE A CRYSTAL BALL, **WE JUST KNOW STUFF. THIS LOT** ARE SHAPING 2010 AND BEYOND

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## IAN BROWN Stellify

Which means, dictionary fans, 'make like a star', Something Mr Brown, king of rock'n'roll boasting as well as monkeys, would know a thing or two about. Visitors to his website are greeted with the message "please be aware my BEST ALBUM YET is to be released on September 28". That claim remains to be proved, but this doesn't need bluster: a steady, shuffling beat is lifted up by gentle twinkles and old Brownie's visions of "a windswept day... sunshine on my mind, rain upon my face". Pulsar-bright. On Janbrown.co.uk now



# THE BIG PINK Dominos

Or, how to shake expectation off your shoulders with an irresistibly nonchalant shrug. The Big Pink have already shown us they can do noisy and luscious, but now they show us they can do choruses. Big, massive, amazing choruses. Vacant-stared model Valentine backs up with coos as Robbie Furze boasts how "These girls fall like dominos! DOMINOS!" and we don't blame them - we were supine in an instant. Indie hit of the summer. Of MAE Radio now

#### THE DRUMS **Let's Go Surfing**



Many are the fools who have tried to replicate the harmonic heaven of The Beach Boys. But few have ever tried to copy their early 'girls! Sun! Surf!' lyrics. Enter Brooklyn's The Drums, whose sweet innocence sullied only by a filthy bassline finds a moral middle ground between reprehensible Black Lips and the squeaky-

clean Vampire Weekend. "Oh woman, I just wanna go surfing/Oh woman, I don't care about nothing". Quite. On MySpace now

# DOT ALLISON FEATURING PETER DOHERTY I Wanna Break

# **Your Heart**

Former singer with blissed-out rave-pop types One Dove. Dot Allison recast herself as

a spectral psych-folk chanteuse with 2007's 'Exaltation Of Larks'. She also lent her ghostly tones to 'Sheepskin Tearaway' on Peter's 'Grace/ Wastelands' and here he returns the favour on this track from her forthcoming album 'Room Seven And A Half'. It's an odd chimera of a Babyshambles demo with Allison and her band working their magic over the top, Peter rambling in the background and Dot cooing over the top in a weird interplay. Strange, but it definitely works. On MySpace now **MEMORY TAPES**Bicycle

Remixes for the likes of YYYs and Britney brought New Jersey's Dayve Hawk to blog fame, but it's his own ghostly electro-pop with hints of DJ Shadow and a baggier Hot Chip that has

us hooked. And not only us, but Faris Badwan, whose remix of this track is also on our blog. Magnetic and hypnotic, 'Bicycle' is filled with the promise of escape and romance. Even if he's

only got two wheels. On NME.COM/mp3blog and NME Radio now

# **6 WHY?**The Blackest Purse



Crafters of one of the underground indie hip-hop hits of last year in 'Alopecia', Why? have taken a new direction for their follow-up 'Eskimo Snow'. This track is relatively beat-free, romantic and lost in a slightly Broken Social Scene style, Yoni Wolf enquiring "Mom, am I failing or worse?". No fail here: only epic win.

On captainsdead.com now



# S JEMINA PEARL FEATURING IGGY POP I Hate People

Now there's a pairing made in heaven, and it's exactly the goonish, pure-fun punk camp you'd expect from putting the perma-vomming former Be Your Own Pet singer and the leathery insurance salesman of your nightmares in a studio together. Oddly reminiscent of a punchier version of Ig's duet with Debbie Harry 'Well, Did You Evah!' (YouTube it, the video is hysterical), powered by the spirit of teenage tearaways The Runaways, it promises much, much silly fun from Jemina's forthcoming solo album. On MySpace now

# **SET OF SET OF S**



Give any bearded man a guitar and he will emote until sunset; give Brooklynite Kevin Devine the same and he'll carve the trite into the heartstopping. This gorgeous (and exclusive) rendition of the title track from his new Big Scary Monsters-released album

was recorded in a record shop in Kingston - pity the punters who turned up to buy the new Jamie T and left drenched in Proper Big Feelings. Quietly staggering. On NME.COM/notesfromtheunderground now

# **10 DELPHIC** This Momentary

Fresh from knocking our sweaty socks off at T In The Park, Manchester's new brightest hopes are back with this follow-up to debut 'Counterpoint'. A shade of indie-dance euphoria altogether darker, purer and less carnivalesque than Friendly Fires, it's no less uplifting. More! Give us more! On MySpace now



# POP'S YOUNG DREAM WINI VIVA Left My Heart In Tokyo

So, just as the Sugababes return to fighting form, a new challenger enters. In the POW! corner are Xenomania's bright young hopes punching well above their weight. Presiding over a rush of gutsy digital disco-pop that evokes the bustling neon thrill of city streets, Britt Love and Frankee Connolly are as sassy, tough and brilliant as the 'Babes in their prime. It's so on. On NME TV now





Horror-fic cover

Faris Badwan records special B-side cover for the Atlantan garage-rockers' new release

lack Lips have recruited The Horrors' frontman Faris Badwan for their forthcoming single. The Atlanta band release 'Drugs' on August 24, but have signed up the Southend singer to look after B-side duties by paying tribute to a friend of theirs who died after suffering from cancer.

Badwan has covered Black Lips' 'I'll Be With You' with former Ipso Facto member Cherish Kaya under the name Lumina.

"Lumina started as something I was messing around with at home - I'd been getting really fixated on making electronic recordings that sounded human and warm. All the sounds were made with synths," explained Badwan, adding that he hopes to release a series of stand-alone singles under the name. "My neighbours in the council block I live on are all deaf, which is handy for late-night recording.

"I loved that Black Lips single when it was released. Cole [Alexander, Black Lips' singer] told me the story of the guy it was written about and the song took on a new, darker meaning. He was an influential guy around the garage scene where the Black Lips grew up and had a terminal illness. Bizarrely he died the day after we finished recording. I don't know if he heard the Lumina version or not."

Speaking to NME, Alexander explained that despite the sad timing, the band felt that the cover was a perfect tribute to their friend and sometime Gaye Blades member Bobby Ubangi, who died on June 1 after a battle with lung cancer.

"Jared [Swilley, bassist] wrote that song for our good friend BJ who was dying of cancer. It was funny that this version was so dark because BJ ended up dying the day we heard it," he explained. "In a way the sound was fitting in our time of sadness and weird that we received the version of it in on that particular day. We found the music was enjoyable so it made it a bit of a sad but magical coincidence."

**Former Panic At** The Disco members Ryan Ross and Jon Walker, who quit the band last month, are back under a new guise, playing as The Young Veins. They have released one song, 'Change', on their MySpace page - follow the links at NME.COM to listen to it.

#### READING AND LEEDS: KIDS IN THE HOUSE

Kids In Glass Houses have been added to the **Reading And Leeds** Festivals line-ups. The Welsh emorockers will open the Main Stage at Leeds on August 29 then Reading the next day.

#### VIDEO GAME IS LOAD OF GARBAGE

Former Garbage singer Shirley Manson is set to appear as a playable character in the forthcoming **Guitar Hero 5** game, set for autumn release.

#### IT'S CHRISTMAS ALREADY

Soulwax and 2manydjs are to play a Christmas party in London. The group will perform under both their guises on December 11 at the **02 Academy** Brixton.

#### **NEW EDITOR** FOR NIME!

Krissi Murison has been named as the new editor of NME. She takes over from Conor McNicholas who is leaving us after seven years in the editor's chair. Murison, who returns from working on Nylon magazine in New York, will take over on September 1.



# FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS **GROUNDED?**

While Bret and Jemaine decide what to do next, we'll fly you to NZ!

■ light Of The Conchords could be back as a movie, a stage show or... not at all! NME spoke to Rhys Darby (pictured below), who plays the duo's hapless manager Murray Hewitt, and he explained that after the second series - which is out this week (August 3) on DVD - the digi-folk duo are pausing before deciding the show's future.

"I'm open to whatever Bret and Jemaine want, it's their baby and I'm just along for the ride," explained Darby. "I know they're going to take a year off, but there's already pressure from people saying, 'How can you end this thing now?'. There's no decision made. There's been orders for another season but I know the guys have a British mentality where you create something, you finish it and move on. Even if we do go on, there are options there. Do we do a Christmas special, or a film or even turn it into a stage show? It's still a full-on 'Who knows?"!" However you can still get your Flight Of The

Conchords fix with NME. We're flying one lucky competition winner and a friend to New Zealand. And to whet your appetite, Darby spoke to his 'friend' Murray Hewitt for some Kiwi sightseeing suggestions.

"You can try to get across the Cook Strait using the new kayak shoes somebody in Wellington created, and of course there's the Toothbrush Fence just outside of Hamilton. It's up to 57 toothbrushes now, how does that

sound?" explained Murray. "Plus you can go for a swim at the Swim-O-Rama! | learnt to swim there so mention my name!" To enter NME's competition head to NME.COM/win now and answer the question.







The Cumbrian four-piece have included a modern-day fertility song on their new album

nyone listening to Wild Beasts' new album should be warned: 'Two Dancers' could have an unexpected effect on listeners - it could make them more fertile.

The album, which was released on Monday (August 3), features a modern day pagan fertility song in the form of 'All The King's Men', which bassist Tom Fleming told NME had a very Wicker Man-esque inspiration.

"There's a pagan fertility thing going on, the sense of it being kind of a masque or a kind of fertility dance," he explained. "It's about the kind of men who fuck women because they hate them; a way of looking at very ordinary things in a kind of mythic context."

Not that pagan love gods were the only inspiration behind the album - which picked up a 9/10 review in last week's NME (August 1). Perhaps even more bizarrely than the Wicker Man overtones and medieval fertility rituals, the quartet credit faux cock-rockers The Darkness with inspiring 'Two Dancers'.

"We recorded the album at Leeders Farm in Norfolk which is owned by [former Darkness axe-man] Dan Hawkins," explained Fleming, before revealing that the Beasts recorded underneath The Darkness' five-time platinum discs which were up on the walls. "It charged us up! We thought, 'If they can do it, we can too!" Listen to Wild Beasts on NME Radio. The band will be in on Friday (Aug 7) at 11.50am

# VANOS

#### END OF THE BLOC PARTY?

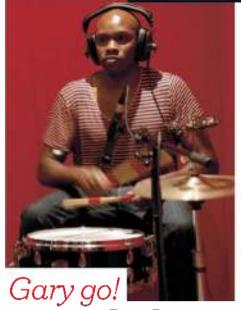
Kele Okereke says he's unsure when or whether Bloc Party will record again, now that their Wichita Records contract is up. "We might take a year off, we might take three years off... we might never make a record again or we might head straight back in and do a record," he told Triple J.

#### BUNNYMEN HOP BACK

Echo & The Bunnymen release their new album 'The Fountain' on October 12. A single, 'I Think I Need It Too', will be released on September 28. They will play UK tour dates around the release - see NME.COM/tickets.

#### RIBBY RIBBY RIBBY RIBBY

Kaiser Chiefs' Ricky Wilson has broken a rib while performing in the US. The singer injured himself during the Kaisers' Green Day support slot at New York's Madison Square Gardens on July 28. However. following treatment he was deemed fit enough to carry on with the rest of the tour.



# **THE BOYS IN GARY'S NEW BAND**

Former Libertines drummer is back with a new outfit

ormer Libertines and Dirty Pretty Things man Gary Powell is set to return to action with a new band.

The drummer, who took to the stage with Pete Doherty and Carl Barât in May for a one-off tribute gig for the late Rhythm Factory promoter Jonny Sedassy, told NME that he was rehearsing with a new five-piece who were preparing to hit the live scene later in 2009.

"We haven't got a name yet," explained Powell. "The band is a few guys from the Notting Hill Arts Club who used to work behind the bar... we've had a few drunken jams."

Powell said the collective had already nailed 10 demos and confusingly described their sound as "Mars Volta-like, but then again... er, not Mars Volta-like. Very melodic, very interesting harmonics and arrangements". Despite the new musical adventure, the drummer said he would potentially be available should the Libs reunite in the future.



# N FREE TICKETS ND £200-WORTH

Is there anything in life more exciting than new music? Your first kiss? A new episode of The Wire? The thrill of a near-death experience? It's a close run thing. But we'd go for new music every time. Which is why we're so buzzed about this autumn's Fly53 NME Radar Tour, starring Golden Silvers, Marina And The Diamonds, Local Natives and Yes Giantess. And things are getting even better because the tour's just got the perfect new partner in the form of Fly53, a clothing brand who've supported new music for the past 15 years with a passion bordering on madness. To celebrate, we're offering a lucky reader and three mates FREE TICKETS to a Radar gig near them as well as £200 each of Fly53 Street Uniforms. To check out Fly53's great range of gear, go to www.fly53.com and to enter the competition, head to www.nme.com/win. For dates and how to get tickets, turn to page 55 or head to NME.COM/radartickets



ndy Burrows is kicking off his post-Razorlight career with his own solo album – and is joining We Are Scientists.

Having parted company with Johnny Borrell and co, the drummer has been working on his album, and the duo's third, in New York, and is set to record both this autumn.

"There was no plan from me to go solo," Burrows told NME, speaking for the first time since quitting Razorlight in March. "I've always been comfortable behind the drums, but I've always written songs too and I had a bunch sitting around. It dawned on me once I'd left Razorlight I had enough for an album."

Burrows will record with Bloc Party producer Eliot James and explained it will be a bigger affair than his benefit solo debut 'The Colour Of My Dreams'. "It will be a full record, not just an acoustic record like the last one," he explained, adding that there were no hard feelings towards his old bandmates. "I'm a fan of Razorlight, but by the end I wasn't a fan of being in Razorlight. I was really pleased to hear that they were going to carry on without me, though."

The experience hasn't put Burrows off bands. "I guess I'm an honorary Scientist," explained Burrows of his work with **Keith Murray** and **Chris Cain**. "It would be wrong to interfere with the dynamic duo too much, but we do have things in common other than drinking!"

We Are Scientists told *NME* they were pleased with their new "lab assistant", but joked that their other drummer friends might get jealous.

"We were thinking for this record that we'd collect all our drummer friends and have different guys do different songs," explained Murray. "Andy was one of those guys but after he left Razorlight we got together, fell in love and decided to make a record. We've tried to be firm with the other drummers (laughs) we had to tell them to move on, but I'll be honest, once in a while I do get drunk and call Matt Helders! (laughs)"

Next week: We Are Scientists and Andy Burrows

"I WON'T MESS WITH THE DUO – SO I'M AN HONORARY SCIENTIST" ANDY BURROWS





reveal their album plans

#### WELSH NOT-SO RARE BANDS

Los Campesinos! and Scottish sextet Dananananaykroyd are among the bands playing this year's Swn Festival. The Cardiff-based event takes place at multiple venues between October 22 and 24.

#### CHRIS MARTIN'S IMBRUGLIA EMBROGLIO

Coldplay's Chris Martin has co written Natalie Imbruglia's comeback single 'Want' (out September 28). "To be honest, the record was almost finished when Chris Martin got in touch," Imbruglia, who has written two more songs with Martin, told NME. "I feel like the songs I did with Chris are a great addition." Album 'Come To Life' is released October 5.

#### MORE BANDS FOR READING AND LEET

Reading And Leeds
Festivals have
added 31 bands to
this year's bill. The
BBC Introducing...
stage will take
place at each site
featuring new
talent such as
Screaming Lights
and KASMS. Details
are on NME.COM.



Arctic Monkeys go vinyl for Oxfam

Band ditch CDs for special seven and 10-inch releases of new single 'Crying Lightning'

rctic Monkeys will release a special edition of their new single 'Crying Lightning' exclusively with Oxfam. While the band's comeback single can be downloaded via iTunes, the only physical editions of the track will be solely on seven-inch and 10-inch vinyl.

However the smaller of the releases
– featuring a cover of Nick Cave & The Bad
Seeds' 'Red Right Hand' on the B-side – will
only be sold in Oxfam's 700 charity shops



across Britain for £2.99. This release will come with a code allowing both songs to be downloaded on MP3 for free, though as part of the deal Oxfam are encouraging fans to donate when they visit the charity shops and are particularly after unwanted records, T-shirts and other music related gear.

"There are about 700 Oxfam shops in the UK, many of them on high streets that once housed a record shop, so as well as raising some money for a great cause we're getting vinyl back onto the nation's high streets, which feels good," declared Laurence Bell, founder of Arctic Monkeys' label, Domino. "Oxfam is a great British institution and it's a delight to be working together on this project. We encourage everyone to bring something of value to donate to the store when they come down to buy the Arctic Monkeys single."

The 10-inch version of the single, which is available in regular record shops, will feature 'I Haven't Got My Strange' in addition to the other two tracks. The band release third album 'Humbug' on August 24.

# WHAT'S ON THE NME STEREO?

What we're listening to this week

#### THOM YORKE

ALL FOR THE BEST (MEZZOTINT)

Blipping and screaming, the Radiohead man pays tribute to Mark Mulcahy on the 'Ciao My Shining Star' album.

#### IAN BROWN

STELLIFY (FICTION)

Low-slung northern soul with a nagging piano. Is this his best ever solo single?

#### **BRAND NEW**

DAISY (THY EYIL)

New York's prettiest miserablists tunnel further away from their pop-punk roots.

#### **THE YOUNG VEINS**

CHANGE (MYSPACE)

The ex-PATD boys break out with this ace mid-period Beatles pastiche.

#### THE STROKES

ROUM (VI FUSE (ROUGH TEADS)

We're chatting to Jules soon, so to prepare, we've been spinning this.



- Delphic 'This Momentary'
- Florence And The Machine - 'Drumming Song' Black Lips - 'Drugs'
- Turum vi Stry n 018-, Virein d a 975, Fr t 127 or at NIME.COM

MIIKESNOW ANIMAL 10.08.09

SPOUTING OFF AND BANGING ON

Read more Mark: WWW.NME.COM/BLOGS

# Insurance for the kill

ccording to the Daily Star, this week's NME cover star, La Roux's Elly Jackson, is considering getting her quiff insured. "Imagine if someone cut it off in the street," she was quoted as saying, "that would be my career over". Now, having more brain cells than a lobotomised house-brick, I don't believe everything I read in the Daily Star, otherwise I might be convinced that Jordan's left implant is running for President of the EU, or that Michael Jackson is alive and well and working as Goofy at Disneyland Paris.

Nor am I convinced that gangs of vengeful hairdressers are likely to ambush Elly down a dark alley and shave her head as part of some outlandish Keep Hair Sensible campaign.

I wouldn't be surprised though. Over the years many a pop star has taken out third party, fire and theft on their most unique attributes, presumably taking advantage of Iggy Pop's staff discount. Aside from the fact that there is NOTHING less rock'n'roll than insurance - the equivalent of checking you've still got the receipt for the TV before you lob it out the window - you can't argue with Bruce Springsteen insuring his voice for \$6million or Keith Richards putting a \$1.6million price tag on his index finger. There's even good rhyme and reason behind David Lee Roth insuring his sperm for \$1million, to be paid out if one of the wriggly wee buggers ever managed to 'slip the net' and impregnate one of his wannabe babymamas. But Elly's follicle flagrancy would fall into a more telling category: the star who values their own novelty. In the '70s, Tom Jones reportedly

Tom Jones' \$7millioninsured chest hair that's about \$14,000 ner follicle LA ROUX WANTS HER QUIFF INSURED LIKE TOM JONES' CHEST HAIR WAS rug's the real star, his career

insured his chest hair for \$7million. probably worried he might one day get stuck in a clipper factory during a power surge. That there was ever any fear that Jones' man mane might ever wilt when there's enough testosterone coursing through it to stun a dozen Henry Rollinses is laughable in itself - at 69 his rib rug remains so lush that you half expect him to pull a couple of wrestling bears out of there. But the implication is he's nothing without his chest hair, the

would be over if he ever went the shaven-chested way of the Scissor Sister. Could a successful singer value himself and his talent so low? It's like Sacha Baron Cohen believing he'd be penniless if it wasn't for his mankini.

Similarly, renowned feminist Dolly Parton insured her tits for \$600,000, J.Lo is rumoured to have put an even greater price tag on her loss of income should her arse ever fall off and Mariah Carey insured her legs for \$1billion - so high a figure, I can only presume,

because so many decent music-lovers would dearly love to break them. But the fact remains, if you as an artist can pinpoint one single physical attribute about yourself the loss of which would leave your career as dead in the water as the last View album, you are nothing but a shallow hokum-peddler in the grand scheme of pop music and you should join the queue of fashion-over-talent clothes-horse one-trick-ponies at the foot of the set of gallows I'm currently constructing in my garden to dispatch the worthless fucking lot of you.

Not that that includes Elly of course, who I'd rather see shave off her hair to prove she can still be successful without it. It's not even that unique a style, I manage to recreate it most mornings after 15 pints of Magners and sleeping in a pool of sick. But there are some bands that should be considering insuring their prize assets. Radiohead should be insuring themselves against ever having their Mogadon spiked with uppers. Ian Brown should be putting a million-dollar price tag on his copy of Auto-Tune. Glasvegas should be insured against nosebleed pink ever becoming the new black. The Machine, The Diamonds and The Jing Jang Jong should all arrange a seven-figure compensation should their singers ever go solo. Can you sort all of those out a decent deal, Iggy?

#### WHAT I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO...

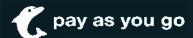
- The Cribs 'Ignore The Ignorant'
- Music Go Music 'Just Me'
- The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart - 'Come Saturday'

'The sharpest pop prospect of his generation.' The Guardian The British Justin Timberlake' \*\*\*\* Uncut The Times \*\*\*\*, Attitude\*\*\*\*\*

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# MY MUSIC

# **GWILYM GOLD**Golden Silvers

#### A record by a hero...

#### 'LIVE-EVIL' MILES DAVIS



"He seemed to pre-empt the times at every point. From when he first started out in the days of early jazz, he was always doing

the most creative, forward-thinking stuff. 'Live-Evil''s just so heavy. We were putting it on in our rehearsal the other day. We put on The Stooges afterwards and The Stooges sounded a little bit tame in comparison."

#### My first record...

#### 'OK COMPUTER' RADIOHEAD



"Everyone was talking about 'OK Computer', so I mainly bought it because of that. A lot of the stuff I was listening to then

was older stuff, soul and jazz, and I wanted to get something new. I really liked it, I just thought the same as I think about it now, it's got quite melodic songs, but they're put together with really interesting sounds."

#### A tearjerker...

#### PLEASE FORGIVE ME' LITTLE JIMMY SCOTT



A lot of songs that I find sad almos make you happy as well. Little Jimmy Scott had this thing where his voice

never matured, so whenever you play it to people they think he's a woman or a girl, but he's got this quality to his voice that really pulls the heart strings. I heard 'Day By Day' and I just loved it, and I just got into it from there."

#### You've got to hear...

#### THE KEY TO THE KINGDOM' WASHINGTON PHILLIPS



"I found this old record of his in an attic I was cleaning out for someone. It was recorded in the late '20s; he plays a thing

called a celestophone in his left hand and an autoharp in his right hand and he sings these gospel songs over it and it's such an amazing sound. As soon as I put the record on I couldn't believe that I'd never heard him before."

#### Right now I'm loving...

#### 'DONUTS'



"I just think he was a really inventive producer – he's not that well known, but he made some really interesting sounding

beats that still do what they need to do. I listened to loads of hip-hop when I was younger; he produced quite a few tracks with A Tribe Called Quest and Common and Shum Village and D'Angelo and I got into him through that."

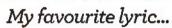
#### Before I die I'd play...

#### THIS WORLD WERF MINE' MARVIN GAYE



"I wouldn't want to bring everyone down, you know? It's so much of an idealised romantic song – I just love it. He sang it

with Tammi Terrell – he wrote it, but it's slightly less well-known than some of the hits they did. The lyric I like the most is, "The sky would be blue/As long as you're lovin' me' – it sounds cheesy, but in that song it just sounds perfect."



#### 'HE LHOUND ON MY TRAIL' ROBERT JOHNSON



**Purple Silvers** 

doesn't have

the same ring

"One of the key lyrics is
"I can tell the wind is risin!/
The leaves are tremblin' on
the tree! I just need my
little sweet woman to keep

me company'. I think it's quite a dark lyric, it's something that everyone can understand. His record company guy couldn't believe he was coming up with this stuff [The track was released in 1937, a year before Johnson died in suspicious circumstances aged 27 – Ed] and he was convinced that he'd read all of Walt Whitman. It's just a really poetic lyric but really simple as well."

#### Most memorable gig...

#### CCOY TYNER – JAZZ CAFE, AMDEN, LONDON 1978



"He's this old jazz piano player – he was the piano player in [legendary saxophonist] John Coltrane's band when they

made albums like 'My Favourite Things'. We were actually too young to get in at the time, I was probably about 14, but the manager let us in and then after the gig he bought us over to the little dressing room and we got to meet McCoy. We didn't want to waste his time too much, so we just said hello and he told us to make sure we 'keep the music first'."



Is it like Meat Loaf's 'I'd Do Anything For Love (But I Won't Do That)', where you don't find out what it is he wouldn't do?

want to do."

"Yeah. Well I've left it to the imagination so that you don't know what he didn't

"Yes! (Bursts into song) 'That's the trouble with me/I'm too nice you see/ If I'd have been like you then I'd have been free long ago/But it ain't too late for a change old mate/And I didn't want to do it in the first place'. (Bursts back out of song) And you think, 'What is it he didn't want to do? Marry her?' But he realises that he didn't want to do it and that he was talked into it. So that's that song."

What can you say to me to prove that you're not from outer space?

"That's a hard one There's a lot of me that ain't human. Well, I used to wear odd socks. And I don't do that any more. And I don't know why. Well, I do know actually. I used to have all different

coloured socks and I'd just grab the first two that came out."

That's just lazy.

"Well? Well anyway I've got mostly black socks now so the chances of getting an odd pair are slimmer."

FYI...

The first time Chas was paid for pop was when someone gave him a 10 shilling note

Shillings were like pounds, only different

Everything was different in the olden days. People were marginally taller for a start

CHAS HODGES (CHAS & DAVE)

Still gigging strong, half of the legendary rockney duo tells us about his veg patch

ello, Chas. Where do you buy your clothes?
"These days it's TK Maxx."

Do you find that you become distracted by homeware? You might go in there for some socks, but you'll come out with a colander.

"Yes! That did happen to me. I went in there to buy some trousers and came out with a bag."

This is the thing with pound shops, too. You might go in there for a cheap stapler, but you'll come out having bought tat for £12. Effectively, you have just spent £12 on a stapler. On my last trip to a pound shop I emerged with a garden gnome, a 'Disco Classics' CD with rubbish re-recorded versions of songs on it, an iPod lead that broke and Louis Walsh's Fast Track To Fame.

"And you'll never use them. Dave's a good one for that. He'd get tools from his mate off the back of a lorry but they'd be low quality."

False economy, Chas. False economy.

"Yes. Sometimes you don't know but you find out the hard way. Ask me what my hobby is..."

What's your hobby?

"I've got an allotment. It's great."

Do you have any tips for growing courgettes?

"Wait until the seed leaves come at the top, and then the real leaf will start to grow. Wait until it's about two inches in height, then plant it out."

#### Apart from gardening, what's your vice these days?

"I don't drink any more, I packed it up, so I'm heavy on the teapot now."

**Heavy on the teapot is a great phrase.** "It's the title for my next song!"

Speaking of which, I've got your new solo album in front of me here – track 12 is 'She's Turnin' Monkey On Me'. "Yes!"

What's that about?

"(Sings) 'She's turning monkey on me'.

(Laughs) Well, a lot of songs are based on someone else telling me a story about having trouble with his missus or his girlfriend. That one is about someone I knew, there was something going on with his wife, and he was like, 'I don't know if it's the change or what', so I turned that into a song: 'Perhaps it's the change, she's turning monkey on me, she's acting strange, she's turning monkey on me'."

"THERE'S A LOT OF

ME THAT AIN'T

**HUMAN. I USED TO** 

WEAR ODD SOCKS"

# I suppose 'the change' is something that is pertinent to you in slightly advanced years.

"Well! We've got a lot of younger fans too! But they might not know what it

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# YOU WRITE IT, WE PRINT IT, EVERYONE ARGUES Edited by Matt Warwick





o, it's summer time. Festival time. Huge corporate-sponsored events costing upwards of £150. Fine, but why can't any bands play for free? I know that bands need to make money, but what about the bands who can afford to lose a bit? OK, so The Rolling Stones recently played a massive free gig on a beach in Brazil, but how many other big name bands can say the same? After all, no-one really starts a band purely and simply for the money (except maybe Kaiser Chiefs).

Euan Douglas, via email

An admirably ludicrous theory of course, Euan, but it is true that ticket prices are beginning to take the piss. As income from album sales plummets, tickets seem to be going up and up (£14 to watch the Young Knives, anyone?). I can't help feeling that we're being tested to see just how high we'd go for a band we love. You can't just watch another band because the one you want to see is too expensive – MW

#### PROGRESS RETORT 1

Hello nme:) i have just seen the arctic monkeys web transmission...
AAHHHHHHH!!:D i love it!... why do they like to tease us??... im kinda bored of 'fans' calling their new music shit... IT'S NOT SHIT... IT'S CALLED PROGRESS... 05 was an amazing year with their music but it's time to move on...

Emily, via email

In response to a letter in NME (July 25) claiming Arctic Monkeys' new single 'Crying Lightning' is a disappointment, my friend and I would like complain how dreadful that was to read! They claimed "the first album was their best" and basically it has gone downhill since there! We think 'Crying Lightning' is a powerful piece of modern music; not at all sounding similar to The Rascals. The band continually improve and bamboozle us with their music. So to the person who was criticising possibly the best current band, fuck you! Two Loyal Monkey Fans, Livvy Flynn and Benedict Leader, via email

It's a great new record and quite rightly doesn't have 'hits' on it. Having tried to smash it in four different bands over the years, and being an abject failure in each case, I definitely have the authority to say no band has 'done it' better than them. They don't care whether people buy their records or not, and just 'do' what they're into. It's rock'n'roll perfection in a way. As is Alex's £500 haircut — MW

#### RACE FOR THE PRIZE

I have to say there are a good variety of excellent albums up for the Mercury Prize this year. However it would be an absolute travesty if The Horrors or Friendly Fires didn't win. Ed Macfarlane is one of the most entertaining frontmen alive with his hectic dance routines and a backing band that really encapsulate a carnival atmosphere to get the crowd on their feet. The Horrors couldn't be more different – the songs are beautiful, spine-tingling sounds on what is a masterpiece of our generation.

Jack Osman, via email

I think there are some more than worthy candidates for the Mercury Prize in the nominations. Kasabian, Glasvegas and Friendly Fires all deserve their place, and Florence And The Machine's album is really growing on me. But why is Lily Allen whining how it's 'Not Fair' (pun intended) she didn't get in, because the judges hate her? If she actually thinks her poor effort of an album is anywhere near the standard some of the albums in the shortlist ('Glasvegas', 'West Ryder Pauper Lunatic Asylum'), she's sorely mistaken. Quit whining and shut it. Sean Atkinson, via email







"This is me with Joshua from The Horrors at the Thekla. We chatted about pigs and farms"



"My group Two Gastly Fucks and Klaxons! As Simon said, we look like a fucking band!"



"Here's me with King Monkey himself. Ian Brown, The man is a total legend"

Yeah, it's really hard to call this year... The Horrors? Or maybe The Horrors? Although it should be The Horrors probably. The Horrors would be in for a shout though - MW

# **BACK AT THE**

When I first heard that there were rumours of At The Drive-In reforming it was the best news musically I'd ever heard. I was pleased that Ben Patashnik shared my enthusiasm in his article (NME, July 18) and fully agree that their defining album 'Relationship Of Command' is even better than 'Nevermind', de Nirvana and the alternative albu against 'Neverm hope now that I The Drive-In state Cal, via email 'Nevermind', despite my love for Nirvana and the belief that every alternative album should be judged against 'Nevermind's brilliance. I just hope now that NME will stay with the At The Drive-In story every step of the way. It's weird innit, some bands just have that magic. Something so very, very special that even they don't understand how they acquired it. You gotta be careful with comebacks and reformations, though. Imagine if they did a new album and it sounded like Alien Ant Farm? - MW

#### **PROGRESS** RFTORT 2

Joanne Faraday (NME, July 25) correctly identified the need for a "credible progressive political alternative" in politics but was woefully off the mark by suggesting that until such an alternative presents itself, not voting is the answer. So she didn't want to vote for one of the mainstream parties: the ballot paper for the Euro Elections was longer than my arm and had the Greens, the Socialist Labour Party and No2EU - Yes to Democracy on it. The bottom line is, not getting off our arses to vote at all helped the vile BNP gain two MEPs. There's no easy answer as to the best methods to fight the BNP in the current climate, but one thing is for sure, on any election day YOU GET OFF YOUR ARSE, GET DOWN TO THE POLLING STATION AND FUCKING VOTE even if it's just to spoil your ballot paper. GOT THAT!!! Adam Wissen, Stamford

So, Ms Faraday said polarised voting does not work. And it's pissed a lot of you off. Having not believed a word any politician has said for a long time I haven't voted for years, so I'm guilty in all this. We should all vote. All of us. Apathy is the real threat to our democracy, considering that lessenlightened members of our society find the motivation to turn off Jeremy Kyle to go and vote for the BNP - MW

#### FESTIVAL FUN

It was my first time to Benicassim and to be honest it was so English it felt more like being in Barnet. I had to wait nine hours at Barcelona airport as my coach didn't arrive, my tent got blown away by a hurricane that killed 20 people, I had to run from a blazing olive yard, I lost half my clothes, my passport, money and glasses and my phone got stolen and I still had a bloody great time. 2manyDJs were fucking amazing, as were Elbow, and I'm not going to let any of these misfortunes put me off going next year. It's definitely a contender for the best festival in the world. Connor, Barnet

I am really disappointed in you, NME. There is absolutely nothing about this year's Latitude festival in the magazine this week. You even say yourself in your

LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK AT: FOLLOW THE EDITOR AT:

festival 2009 special edition that Latitude is "established as one of the best festivals around". I just don't understand why you would have so little about it and so much about overpopulated festivals such as Glastonbury. Adam Bacon, via email

Benicassim did look bloody brilliant fires, hurricanes, loads of good bands. You're more resilient than me though. Connor, I'd start crying if I lost my little bottle of hand cleaning gel. I did cry in fact, at Latitude, watching Thom Yorke being all life-affirming. Oh, and if you'd looked a little harder, Adam, you'd have seen our Latitude review in last week's issue – MW

#### **PENDULUM** PROTESTS

I genuinely can't believe that NME, a magazine made for people to discover and enjoy new and varied music, has the small-mindedness to completely disown one of today's great bands. Pendulum are bloody awesome! They have so much power and energy. They are brilliant! Alex, via email

I saw them at Glastonbury for a bit and, like watching Thom Yorke, they made me cry - but with laughter this time. I know plenty of fools were there watching them, but plenty of fools go to BNP rallies. Have you heard of Scooter? You'd bloody love them - MW

#### SEND US YOUR LETTERS

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In case you've *still* not made your point



SUPERMASSIVE RIG READ

I ran into Muse's Matt and Dom. It seems that, even though the band are doing the finishing touches to their new album, they still have time for a quick read. GARETH, CARDIFF

#### SUPERMASSIVE BIG BOLLOCKS

What the fuck is this new Muse single? Are they serious? BERNARDO, SPAIN

Mate, Muse have never been serious - MW

#### CHAMPAGNE POO-VERNOVA

NME, I LOVE YOU. But Oasis make me want to shit and wipe my ass with your hard work. And don't get me started on Glasvegas or La Roux! NICOLA, ESSEX

#### TURN THE TV BACK ON

I'm sad that TV On The Radio are going in a lengthy hiatus and I hope they come back. CHRIS, LONDON

Me too, but if they possibly make their live gigs not shit, that'd be nice. Thanks – MW

#### TRY 118 118

I need help, I can't find anywhere that sells unique music. Can you help? PLEASE!

HEATHER, VIA EMAIL

Try Soniccathedral.co.uk. Or there's this tiny little fansite called... Eye Tunes, is it? Something like that - MW

#### STRIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Thank God The Rumble Strips agree they are not nice, I am of the same opinion. SOPHIE, NEWCASTLE

Well, you won't have to worry about them for long, Sophie cos their album barely tickled the Top 100 – MW



# NOTHING GOOD CO ES EASY. BOY, WHOEVER SAID THAT WASN'T KIDDING.



After a hard day's work, please enjoy responsibly.

# THE FURE

# NME's definitive list of innovators and innovations pushing music forward...

ME published the inaugural Future 50 last summer and it immediately took on a life of its own. It was launched because we felt it was time to celebrate the bands, producers, places, technology and other stuff that was sending music hurtling into the future like the flux capacitor in a hotwired flying Delorean. Last year's Future 50 was discussed for months after, and now it's time to start the debate all over again. In the true spirit of futurism, we've wiped the slate clean and compiled an entirely new rundown - if you were in last year, I'm sorry, but you can't be in twice. The future is all-new.

This list has been compiled from ideas from the whole *NME* family. Pulling it together has been about looking beyond some of the more obvious sonic pioneers to find inspiration in places you might not automatically expect – Syria, for instance, or on the stage of a boy band institution such as Take That or, er, in Norwich.

Find more

The Big Pink with Akiko: 'We're below

Norwich?!"

Building this list has also been as comforting as a cuddle and a mug of sugary tea. In times of economic uncertainty everyone always yawns on about people hankering for familiarity and hiding in nostalgia. But that just doesn't seem to make much sense. Surely it's more reassuring to know that things are progressing and developing rather than lying stagnant? After watching the 2009 Future 50 take shape, it is now our firmly-held belief that no matter what happens to us - come further financial meltdown, come raining sulphur or plagues of locusts, come the new Twang album, even - everything will fall into place. One day it will all make sense.

Ann Hom

Jaimie Hodgson New Music Editor



# 49 XENOMANIA



We wish we could tell you exactly just how Xenomania have rescuplted British chart pop over the past decade from something you grow out of aged 12 into one of our most revered institutions, but the truth is we don't really

know. The militant culture-vulturing manifesto of mainman Brian Higgins alongside the visionary melodies of 'top-line' writer Miranda Cooper, who everyone from Franz Ferdinand to Sugababes have lusted after, certainly go some way to demystifying things. But it's also what they call 'proactive A&R' that's brought in the talents of future megastars like Mini Viva to nestle up to the likes of Girls Aloud on a roster of hundreds of projects. The laws of probability dictate there'll be a Xenomania act at Number One until roughly 3018. SAM WOLFSON

# 48 INVASION



It's more important for metal to be (in this order) loud, heavy, brutal and threatening than forwardthinking and progressive, so kudos to London grrrl/boy/grrrl trio Invasion for taking those mainstays and pushing the

envelope some. Singer Chan is Ozzy Osborne raised on Tamla Motown, drummer Zel frequently plays her drums while they're on fire, while guitarist Marek is more Thurston Moore than James Hetfield. As we said, not really your average metal band... JAMES MCMAHON

## 47yo GABBA GABBA!



The spirit of Sesame Street peaked in the early '80s. In its place came cheaply animated 'toons, arrogant puppets and D-list celebutards flitting around a multi-coloured kutchen with furry co-stars. Thankfully

someone thought it was a good idea to reappropriate that original golden spirit of Henson for Generation Y. And now, following the *Street*'s heritage of guest stars, *Yo Gabba Gabba!* includes a regular beat-boxing lesson from Biz Markie and the likes of MGMT, The Shins and Ladytron dropping by. **PRIYA ELAN** 

# 46 DIESEL:U:MUSIC RADIO



A community radio project set up by a lame clothing brand didn't sound too promising eight years ago, but since then D:U:M has grown into something special. With scant regard for release schedules, genre bracketing or

other station's playlists, the controllers and presenters (Abe Vigoda and La Roux among them) manage to push barriers while steering clear of Resonance-style wankery. So no Mongolian bedpantronica then, just the future of music as it becomes the present. IIM CHESTER



# 44 STAR AND SHADOW CINEMA



Built and run entirely by volunteers and showcasing everything from classic films to cult noise acts, the Star And Shadow Cinema is fast establishing itself as the indier-than-thou haunt for

Newcastle's notoriously off-kilter music scene. As a haven for the alternative, the project has captured imaginations, inspired people to take an active roll in their community and, above all, sold some reet cheap beer, REBECCA ROBINSON

# 43 SONAR FESTIVAL



For 20 years now Europe's dance elite have descended on Barcelona to have their cortexes rewired by cutting-edge electronica and to rave through the dawn on a sundappled beach. But Sónar is so much more than just a festival:

it's a veritable symposium of ideas that – after an artist selection process that sees organisers scour the globe for the latest and greatest electronic innovators – feed back into the making of some of the world's most exciting music, SAM RICHARDS



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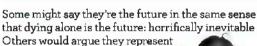


Seconds later, they put a donk on EVERYTHING

# **BLACKOUT CREW**

This gel-drenched gaggle may be, to many, an internet viral joke, but in and around the northwest of England they are megastars. When they perform live in places like Wigan Pier, the mere sight of them onstage causes A Hard Day's Night-esque scenes of fanmania, with teenage fans screaming to hyperventilation. Formed at a Lottery-funded youth club called Harmony, this group of eight pals (six MCs and two DJs) make music simply because they have fun doing so - and don't care what the rest of the world thinks. They rap about everything from mobile phones to sweets and have single-handedly brought donk (or bounce), the nosebleedingly intense yet somehow rather playful bouncy house variant, to the world, with their seminal series of promo videos, inadvertently nudging extreme music into mainstream culture in a way not witnessed since Napalm Death. Their calling card, 'Put A Donk On It', has alone had over five million views on YouTube. They've now spawned hundreds of young imitators whose online lo-fi videos of themselves rapping in the hope that one day they can emulate the success of their idols If Blackout really are donk's answer to The Beatles, it's only a matter of time before they have their very own Oasis-style franchise band, JOHN MCDONNELL

# 41 30H!3 4O STEPHEN MCGREGOR



a glowing beacon at the end of a tunnel of dullness. Their neon bastard alchemy f electro-crunk and emo has infected what feels like a billion tweens worldwide, those next-gen rap-savvy emos going by the moniker 'scene kidz', who revel in the fact their parents and most of the media detest them. 3OH!3 are a global threat. They've come for your kidz. BEN PATASHNIK



Jamaica's dancehall scene is easily one of the most inventive and exciting musical movements in the world right now. At the cusp of the genre's innovation is 19-year-old producer Stephen 'dı Genius'

EP IN MY

McGregor, the son of legendary roots reggae vocalist Freddie McGregor. Having helped launch the career of menacing dancehall superstar Mavado, this relatively shy teenager, who first had a hit at the age of seven, now produces futuristic hip-hop-influenced, classical string-influed dancehall for everyone from Sean Paul and Busta Rhymes to his brother Chino and sister Shema. In many ways he's dancehall's answer to Quincy Jones – 'cept without the 79 Grammy nominations and legendarily revered international status. [OHN MCDONNEL]

# 39 OPERA



Opera has usually been the preserve of lantern-jawed people with double-barrelled names who say stuff like, "Well, IT'S POLITICAL CORRECTNESS GONE MAD". But recently, the beautiful synergy of a narrative that meets the flowing logic of a suite has made musicians feel like the

operatti is a good retreat from the single-song mentality of the download culture. So there's Damon Albarn going Monkey mad, Rufus Wainwright letting out his inner Prima Donna, Nico Muhly, Olof from The Knife and more recently Tyondai from Battles getting arty with an aria. PRIYA ELAN

## THE FUTURE 50

# ALDENE JOHNSON AND HANNAH MARSHALL

Just how has Florence Welch come to look so fabulous and, well, a bit like she's just escaped from an insane asylum for the clinically coutured? With a wee bit of help, that's how. It comes courtesy of super stylist Aldene Johnson, who has cunningly matched Flossie up with the talents of hype-worthy Brit designer, Ipso Facto favourite and perpetual lady in black, Hannah Marshall. In fact Marshall's notorious floaty but foxy trapeze dress and Florence seem to have been made for each other. "It's an amazing full-circle piece with layers and layers of incredible organza and chiffon," gushes Johnson about the pant-flashing frock she's been popping Florence in for her shows. "The thing with Florence is that she has amazing legs; when I started working with her I was like, You need to get those pins out, baby'." So cue the spinning short skirts with a pair of sparkly hot-pants underneath. Johnson has also dressed the likes of The Horrors, Gallows, and Heartbreak, but is so in awe of Marshall's fluffy goth-chic that she even roped her in to design the costumes for Florence's latest video, 'Drumming'. The look of music is changing, and it's starting in the wardrobe. LEONIE COOPER



# 37Project natal



Or, alternatively, video games for people who don't like video games. Innovations such as *Guitar Hero* and *Wit Fit* have opened up interactivity to people who had consoles down as the pure domain of dweebs. Microsoft's new innovation for Xbox takes it even further, with technology that tracks your body movements so not even a wireless remote is needed. Like the Wii, it might take time for the worthwhile titles

to catch up with the technology, but when it does, it will revolutionise gaming. With gaming having already revolutionised music, expect this technology to play a big part in all of our digital futures. Imagine *Guitar Hero* without having to hold a Fisher Price-looking hunk of crap... DAN MARTIN

# 36 LADY GAGA



In a time when pop stars increasingly impress their tangible, human side upon us, Lady Gaga is defiantly, almost psychotically, artificial. Somewhere underneath those masks and mirrors there's an average-looking, workaholic, quite nerdy girl who one day decided to turn herself into an adamantium art android. She gives better quotes than Noel, sings like Xtina, swears like a navvy and

has condensed Madge's entire career into five minutes. She's quite possibly insane, but she's made chart-pop dangerously thrilling again. **EMILY MACKAY** 

# 35 ROSTAM BATMANGLIJ



The Oxford English Dictionary is not where you'd expect one of the world's freshest young producers to cut his teeth, but that's where Rostam Batmanglij did his work experience. Fortunately the bookish overtones were perfect for his band's first album – a certain 'Vampire Weekend'. Kaleidoscopic-pop side-project Discovery proves the keyboard player's also happy on the cutting edge, while Vampire Weekend's second album will see

them rewriting the rulebook. "A lot of bands will choose to do something that's only synthetic or only acoustic," says the former touring member of Dirty Projectors. "In modern music, production and songwriting are the same process." OED wasn't such a bad start after all: Rostam literally defined 'crunk' while he was there. **PAUL STOKES** 

# **34** HYPERDUB



Run by DJ, producer and sub-bass theorist Kode 9 (who in his day job as a musicologist uni professor has travelled the globe undertaking lectures in grime – no joke!), Hyperdub is the label that gave us Burial before most people outside south London even knew what dubstep was. Now that it's the world's fastest-mutating musical genre, with scenes everywhere from Slovakia to San Francisco, Hyperdub has taken up permanent

residence ahead of the curve. So far in 2009 it's served up Bristolian wünderkind Joker, funky queen Cooly G and Danish dubstep loverman 2000F. SAM RICHARDS

# 33 SEB CHEW



Seb Chew isn't just the beardy bloke who used to bone Lily Allen. He's one of the UK's top A&R men, signing the likes of Scissor Sisters, Klaxons, La Roux and now Delphic to Polydor, the finely oiled record company machine that's currently

sitting atop the label league table, the envy of the industry. Each year he presents us with one acutely poised project and each year they soundtrack the following 12 months. In his spare time he runs west London trend-setting nightspot YoYo, which has just hit a new purple patch by championing the stars of UK funky such as Lil Silva. His next project? Compiling the soundtrack to *Chatroom*, a new film by cult Japanese horror director Hideo Nakata. SAM RICHARDS

# **32** SWEDEN



It's hard to think of anywhere else more engulfed within the copyright debate than Sweden. With the invention of Spotify, the notoriety of Pirate Bay and a political party with 30,000 members all in the name of free

downloads, the future of the music industry may be unwritten but one thing is for certain: it'll be rattled out over a pack of mini Daim bars and a bag of meatballs. Whether that means we'll see the foundations of music itself crumble beneath our ears is yet to be seen. At least if it does it'll come with flatplan instructions of how to put it back together. **STEPHEN KELLY** 

# 29 SONIC BOOM



With his legendary band Spacemen 3, Pete 'Sonic Boom' Kember was the fearless sonic and pharmaceutical adventurer whose motto was 'Taking Drugs To Make Music To Take Drugs To'. More than 20 years later he's still doing it and, no doubt much to Columbia's consternation, he's

now doing it with the young and very impressionable Andrew VanWyngarden and Ben Goldwasser producing the second MGMT album after they hooked up earlier this year at a London gig by Kember's current band Spectrum. From what Kember has told NME, the new album - which has the working title of 'Congratulations' – will actually live up to the hype of the first. "It has an overall air of electronic exuberance, quirky instrumental introspection and their trademark soul-searching crescendos of psychedelia," he says. "They aren't looking to make 'Oracular Spectacular' 1.2. Without doubt the new album is broader in its sounds, arrangements and emotions than anything they've done before - it's set to be an avatar of its era." Coming from the mouth of a mere mortal that statement would be empty bravado, but coming from the man who made 'The Perfect Prescription' it makes us feel very excited indeed. NATHANIEL CRAMP See next week's NME for more exclusive news about the recording of the new MGMT album

## **28** TAKE THAT'S STAGE SHOW

If we had a pound for every NME staffer who wanted to see Take That's stadium shows last month "because they wanted to take their mum" then we'd have, ooh, about four guid. Yet the truth of the matter was that, whether mummsy was in tow or not, they were some of the most astonishing live musical performances we've ever witnessed. Overseen by longtime band collaborator and sometime Royal Variety Show organiser Kim Gavin, what was most impressive (after the robotic elephant, the 100-foot hologram ringmaster, the flame-throwers, the hot air balloon and the unicycling band members) was the group's commitment to entertainment; spending 10million quid on a production when they could easily have pocketed most of the spend and still pulled-off a perfectly acceptable gig. Instead, they pulled out every stop and made the world a better place. JAMES MCMAHON



# **31** Greg Kurstin



As Pharrell makes handbags and Kanye's started hanging out with Mr Hudson, it's good to know that some superstar performers/producers/ songwriters are still playing it cool. Greg Kurstin of lounge-pop

assailants The Bird And The Bee might not have a sushi range or have appeared on *MTV Cribs* but he is the unspoken hero of pop. From Lily Allen to Yeah Yeah Yeahs, from Little Boots to The Flaming Lips, he's there inside your favourite MP3 subtly re-drawing the parameters of pop. **PRIYA ELAN** 

# **30** BECK



After over 15 years, he's still as reluctant to rest on his laurels as ever. In the last year alone, everyone's favourite Scientologist has started covering entire albums in a day just for a laugh with his Record Club project,

launched his own indie-disco Planned Obsolescence, and turned journo through his Irrelevant Topics interviews – the first of which was with Tom Waits. And what did he get the great man talking about? \$700 oranges from Japan. Class. HARDEEP PHULL



# BANDSTOCKS.COM/ PATRICK WOLF

There can be no more bemoaning your favourite band getting stiffed for cash by their label because Bandstocks.com allows you to chip in yourself. It's basically like a massive whip round; anyone who signs up to the scheme funds their album by selling £10 shares to punters in exchange for a slice of future returns and lots of other fringe benefits. There'll be no speedboats bought off the back of sales from Patrick Wolf's side stepping latest LP 'The Bachelor' but it's a case-in point that the listener is getting more powerful than ever. NARDEEP PHULL



# MICACHU

There's something magical about Mica Levi, if only in her appearance. A childhood classical virtuoso. her cutesy goblin features would sit well behind a lute and Mr Tumnus. But this is digital 2009, so it's not panpipes but Hoovers that enliven Micachu's 'musique concrete' strewn debut 'Jewellery', as well, of course, as cawing about vultures and performing in pyjamas. A wide-eyed mini-master she combines her classical heritage - she was recently commissioned to compose a piece for the London Symphony Orchestra on the request of esteemed conductor Anthony Turnage - with hip hop. knocking out grime mixtapes left right and centre and a glitch-centric cacophony of lo-fi fizzing and bedraggled yelps when she's joined by her band The Shapes. After honing her craft with spiritual godfather Matthew Herbert, there is an infectious. yet completely unpredictable buzz swarming round her. While other female artists apply the lipstick and shoulder the hype, Levi is a rough diamond of sonic horseplay, ELIZABETH SANKEY

# **25** SALEM



There's darkness here we can only imagine. Shady Detroit trio Heather, John and Jack have created skull-fucking gash-pop that makes us want to back through our own circuits. Just listen to the desperate, garbled

'Beverly' or the psychotic 'Sweat'. It's a beautiful tragedy from these confessed ex-rent boys and junkies. When their Merok-released debut drops this year it'll leave a stain across digital realms that'll make Crystal Castles look like The Carpenters. PRIYA ELAN

# **24** GIGBABY



As amazing as iFart was, finally, here's an iPhone app that's actually useful, especially if you happen to be in a band. Gigbaby is a mini four-track studio that lets you lay down basic audio tracks along to decent drum

machine loops whenever you feel inspired, be it at Big Sur or in a Jacuzzi full of groupies. Klaxons' James Righton is a confirmed Gigbaby fan, using the nifty little bit of software to lay down ideas for the group's massively-anticipated new offering. **SAM RICHARDS** 

## 23 THE DREAM



Everyone may still be bent on ripping off T-Pain and Auto-Tuning their voice 'til it sounds like Stephen Hawking gargling hot coals, but it's The Dream whose constantly original sound people are just starting to fully

wake up to. The Atlanta-based singer-songwriter and producer's euphoric, minimal R&B sound is years ahead of what anyone else is doing. He recently relaunched the career of his girlfriend Christina Milian with weird skeletal jam 'Chameleon' on his Radio Killa label, and he's the songwriting talent behind humongous chart hits like Rihanna's 'Umbrella'. In his spare time, he scours the street for breaking urban innovators on his own MTV show. JOHN MCDONNELL

#### **22** RAY TINTORI



Ever been midway through a sacrificial fire, holding up a baby while a couple of giant cats ignore you? No? Well, this did happen to MGMT in the neo-psychedelic video for 'Time To Pretend'.

Director Ray Tintori created this

brilliant piece of 3D art on a low budget, before going on to helm all of the band's signature fantastical promos, making himself the most sought after new music video director around. Instead of fleecing his wares to all and sundry, he's kept his vision pure and focused, rejecting all but a few requests from the likes of The Killers and Spike Jonze. PRIYA FLAN

#### **21** PLATFORM

Challenging the prevailing notion that today's yoot won't read anything longer than a text message, *Platform* is the teen-run webzine currently making old media look, well, very old indeed. Like *Vice* with the fangs filed down, it's a joyous brain-splurge of great writing, sexy photography, dumb cartoons, manic videos and general hi-jinks. With the majority of its contributors under the age of 22, *Platform* is a showcase for the media stars of tomorrow, but mainly it's about celebrating what it means to be young – everything from music to misery to masturbation. Their next move will be to publish more print editions to exhibit the wealth of visual talent at their disposal thus saving publishing from the wolves. **SAM RICHARDS** 



# THE BIG PINK

Exotic, narcotic, bombastic, erotic: The Big Pink are here to save us all from the polite, sexless stylings of Topshop indie. Just like the great 4AD bands of the '80s, The Big Pink's music is both visceral and ethereal: devastating love songs and gut-wrenching anthems shrouded in sepulchral static, propelled by the menacing clatter of android armies or drenched in squalls of vampiric feedback. Meanwhile, the smog of inspired debauchery that clings to Milo and Robbie and their ever-expanding gang of miscreants reminds you of Primal Scream in their hell-raising, soul-saving heyday. British rock'n'roll is unsafe in their hands. SAM RICHARDS



19 TWITTER



Little-known social networking tool Twitter is gonna be really big. Trust us. We spoke to someone who works for Wired magazine and they're convinced that, in just a few months' time, everyone's going to be talking about its revolutionary capabilities in ways that will make you want to stick two pencils up your nose and bang your head against the desk just to exit this life of saturation-coverage two-point-oh-God-not-again

frenzy. (Subs, please update this copy if anything changes in the next 18 months. Best, GH, January, 2008.) GAYIN HAYNES

#### **Twitterholics**

Twitter has truly turned the world into one big pop music village. Artists who've never met are now constantly in each others' pockets. Here are some highlights from Twitaddicts:

- Liam and Noel Gallagher deciding to quash real-life communication in favour of daily cyber digs (Twibbling Rıvalry, anyone?)
- Pet Shop Boys bonding with fellow Blackpudlian Little Boots, resulting in joint future gigging plans
- Mike Skinner releasing a series of demos for the final Streets album
- Lily "big fat cunt" Allen feuding with Perez "cheap ass whore" Hilton
- Calvin Harris attempting to flog merch that he couldn't shift at gigs
- Trent Reznor feuding with, well, the whole world really
- Ross Jarman wondering "whatever happened to Magic Eye pictures?"

# 18 POPJUSTICE



In 2003 fledgling blog Popjustice's endorsement of music with "poppers'o'clock choruses" was forsaken. Six years later and pop is so "in" they're erecting a 50-foot billboard of Little Boots melting Steve Lamacq's seven-inch collection with a pair of hair straighteners. Popjustice – aka the only music blog that's funny and insightful on a daily basis (apart from NME.COM) – has gone from underdog to shepherd, giving La Roux and Pixie Lott legs-up

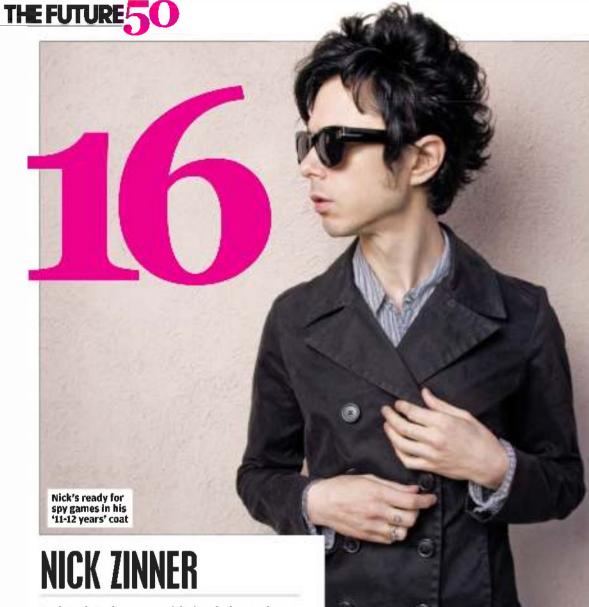
to Number One. This is chief judge Peter Robinson's world, we just live in it. SAM WOLFSON

### 7 MIKE SNIPER



If you're a member of hysterical hipsterland, no doubt you've been swept along on a tide of lo-fi radness this past year. In which case I'm afraid it really is about time you drafted a letter of thanks to Mr Mike Sniper because he's in some way responsible for just about all of it. Emerging first as the anonymous gutter-throat Blank Dogs, Sniper was quickly outed as one half of The Mayfair Set and boss of Captured

Tracks, a vehemently DIY all-in-house Brooklyn buzz label at the epicentre of the lion's share of goings on. **KEV KHARAS** 



Yeah Yeah Yeahs are one of the bands that made New York cool again. While attention always seems to channel on the magic that is Karen O, it's the zillion-pedalled Nick Zinner who's in control of the group's trademark guitar sound. However, for this year's landmark release 'It's Blitz!', Zinner threw the curveball least expected of him and dropped the security of his guitars for an avalanche of synths and electronic doodlings. He took the risk and guess what? It worked. Outside the YYYs, he has also worked on albums for bands including TV On The Radio and Bright Eyes, produced a track for The Horrors, created many an envelope-pushing remix and has recently been trying his hand on soundtracks for both White Lightnin' and Where The Wild Things Are. There is little doubt that there is at least one kid in every city in the world learning a part that

# 15 NORWICH

Nick has written, ILIJARNA ALUSHAJ



It's unlikely, but Norwich is the hotbed of indie goodness. With 8,592 people per square mile, 8,591 of these own a heavy fringe and a record player. The isolation of being stuck in the arse of England has nurtured more independent

labels per head than any other town in the UK. DIY imprints such as NR ONE, Milkbar Records and Hungry Audio, and venues such as The Crypt and Unit 5 are flourishing - there is no reason why we shouldn't move to England's most improbable city of dreams. ESSICA HAIEL

# 4 BRADFORD COX



The 20-something from Athens, Georgia, possesses a talent rare and raw enough that he'll be making Future 50 lists a decade from now. Suffering from the Marfan Syndrome that stretched and distorted Joey Ramone's

limbs, Cox's credentials as a hero of post-millennial indie-rock are proven twice over: first as the frontman of Deerhunter, whose twilit clamour he's been driving to raucous prominence since his teens, and again with the dreamy, solo drone of Atlas Sound. KEV KHARAS

## MATTIAS ARRELID



You mightn't know it, but Mattias Arrelid is your favourite geek. Why? While you've been sleeping, he's been holed up in a tiny Swedish apartment developing what you're probably using to listen to music right now: Spotify.

A 28-year-old C++ guru, Arrelid was a key player in the team who pioneered the revolutionary "cloud" approach to streaming - essentially, the seamless exchange of data between computers around the globe to bring you music on demand. Record store owners or label bosses might have a less charitable view (downloading Spotify tracks is now possible thanks to third-party software), but thanks to him the times have definitely a'changed. ROB WEBB

#### DAN THE AUTOMATOR



The San Franciscan producer real name Dan Nakamura - has already helped out on DJ Shadow's seminal 'Endtroducing...' and helmed Gorillaz's debut. This year he gone done it again, though, taking the reigns for Kasabian's

milestone effort 'West Ryder Pauper Lunatic Asylum', opening the band up to legions of fans that maybe never thought they'd be nodding along to Leicester's finest. So, why Dan? Well, as Sergio Pizzorno observes, he's writing musical history today. "Dan was the only person we wanted to work with who isn't 80," he explains. "He's already a legend." PAUL STOKES

#### BLOCKS RECORDING CLUB

Toronto's ultra-democratic Blocks Recording Club is a classic DIY collective, a youth club you'd wish your kids could attend. With Owen Pallett of Final Fantasy making the whole shindig financially viable and Mike Haliechuk from Fucked Up as a spiritual Brown Owl, it operates via an elected board to "accomplish far more than we ever could working apart". With one of the latest alumni being the nerd-incarnate Casio composer Katie Stelmanis, it's not a self-satisfied crew of back-slappers: they're determined to keep it progressive. "At the beginning it was pretty exclusive," says Stelmanis. "Now it's more open and shifted into a really queer-positive group. And that's just a reflection of who's involved at the moment..." BEN PATASHNIK







life, do they?" she laughs, hanging her head in mock shame. "Everyone wants to hear that I live on a council estate and that I've got no mum and one leg, and that I've been on drugs and been to rehab, and that my dad used to beat me, so that's why I've come out with an album like this." Maybe so, but rule number one for Elly, focal point of La Roux, the most startling occurrence in British pop in forever, is no apologies.

"My manager Tony [Beard, the urban legend behind the likes of Klaxons and The Auteurs] asked me the other day if in the third line of 'In For The Kill' I actually say, 'We get ever so hot', which I do. 'Ever so hot'," she repeats, in theatrically horsey tones. "It's so fucking posh it's unbelievable."

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, welcome one and all to the most baffling fairytale any self-respecting postmillennial pop-picker would ever like to imagine. As those three simple words - "ever so hot" - ring out over the blanketing sub-bass of Skream's now synonymous stark'n'cold dubstep reworking of Elly's bolt-out-of-the-blue breakthrough single, we're given a vivid biopsy of La Roux's amazing assault on the crumbling chart summit. Here's a girl whose accidental choir training - that shrill affluence you hear resonating from her every note - came thanks to chaos-theory Next Generation jiggery-pokery from Skream - scored a truly historic win for the eternal

David Vs Goliath battle of indie and pop realms. If truth be told, Elly's not posh in the truest, most aristocratic sense. More comfortable and well-spoken in contrast to the majority of the friends she grew up around in the local state school her parents' lefty leanings led her to. As long as you have full working head orifices, you'll have no doubt heard that her mum is Trudie Goodwin from heritage ITV cop-drama mainstay, The Bill. Yes, that is quite funny, at least the first seven times you hear it. Elly's asked us not to go into details about her house. But, safe to say, there's plenty of amazing The Bill-related memorabilia. But the "idyllic home life" she shared with WPC Ackland, devoted house-husband dad Kit and elder sister-cumbest-mate-turned-fully-employed-personal-assistant Jessica is only half her childhood story. "I was big, fat, ginger, had size nine feet and looked like a boy. Nothing was really working in my favour, was it?' she deadpans of her school life, the original breeding ground for that special brand of electro-angst. Angst the UK has come to bask in over the past few months, with a runaway Number Two single first, followed by a Number One smash and a debut album only kept off the top spot by the death of the King Of Pop.





"There was a vending machine in the swimming pool of our school which took 20 pence pieces and dispensed things like Skittles," she remembers. "I used to take, like, £5 worth of 20 pences to school with me every day for the machine. Then on the way back home I'd eat two packets of crisps and a chocolate bar and then come home and eat two bowls of pasta. It's like, I used to wonder why I was fat?"

And so Elly grew up as 'the funny one' in class, dodging grief from Barbies who resented the fact she was popular but didn't fit their mould. "There was an especially dark period where I nearly had to leave my primary school after this one girl relentlessly told everyone I was a lesbian and/or a boy," she explains. "Which, when you're eight and a total mixed-up tomboy, is really upsetting and confusing." A lot of the boys weren't much kinder. "I got asked out for a joke quite regularly," she confesses. "I just grew to hate everything about the way I looked."

It wasn't until a few years ago, when she joined her sister at a Pimlico sixth-form college for two years of slightly scary miso soup diets and extra-curricular activities of an altogether new and different nature, that the syelte, near-wirey form that wriggles before us today in spray-on silver leggings took shape. It was during this period that she developed a love for what she terms "the walk of shame". That ominous early morning trek back from whichever den of inequity one has been inhabiting that evening. Namely, in Elly's case, these were the steamy ram-jammed warehouse raves of east London that saw her musical focus shift from the acoustic folky schooling of her father that she'd been tinkering with to the moshing French house that'd mark the label of her first boutique single release, 'Quicksand'. "I love staggering back not knowing what year it is," she beams mischievously. "Then spending the whole of the next day rolling around in a sunny park, smoking."

She denies ever having been an unhappy kid. "I just felt like I wasn't quite there yet," she insists. Certainly within a close-knit family set-up that many of her less fortunate classmates used to make the most of if things were getting hairy back at their house, she

# "BLOGGING SIGNALS THE DEATH OF THE POP STAR"

**ELLY IACKSON** 

developed her outlook on life's scrapes. "Everything to me has to be like family," she explains. "From my band [Mickey, Mikey and Will, her synth'n'pad-toting backing trio] to my label and my crew, I'd rather someone less experienced and professional that I can connect with and feel close to." It's a fittingly emotional rhetoric for such an artist and it's not hard to see where it stems from. The contrast of domestic bliss and playground tumult proved vital fuel for the thespian offspring channelling her streams of consciousness onto her dad's battered old acoustic. "I have a total obsession with tragedy. I spend my life imagining the worst possible thing that could happen in a situation and convincing myself it is," she says, shaking her head hopelessly. "Either I or someone I love is going to die. I totally convince myself of this about three times a week and every time it reduces me to tears."

Three days later and Elly's a long way from home, but seemingly not so far from her comfort zone. Bobbing up and down on hard leather, as her taxi takes her across the hilly terrain of San Francisco, she's recounting her meeting a fortnight earlier with arguably the only other more successful female solo artist of the past six months, one Stefani Germanotta, the girl, we're assured, her lovers just call 'Gaga'. Moreover, she's recounting her inability to understand Elly's decision to work solely with one unknown producer. "But who are you working with on the next album?" she croaks, in her best pseudo-Manhattan. "Erm, Ben Langmaid, again'," she answers herself. "But you could work with anyone now, you'd be stupid to turn down those opportunities,' she told me. She just couldn't grasp that my writing and her writing were just two totally different things. For me to turn my b ack on the one guy who connects with me on that emotional level, who can get that delivery out of me would just be utter madness. It wouldn't be La Roux."

It's this unflinching self-belief that defines
La Roux. And in no situation is this more prevalent
than her cast-iron commitment to her long-term
songwriting collaborator. It was spotlight-shunning
Langmaid, a 40-odd studio-dweller, that was put onto
her Nick Drake acoustic-strummings after a friend had

Princess Elly reckons she can feel the pea





heard Elly spilling her drunken little heart out at a New Year's Eve party five years ago. And it was in his studio where she'd set up camp that she encountered a lifechanging 'Dylan-goes-electric'-esque epiphany over a Micro-Korg synthesizer. "He's my best mate," she says. "He's the other half of La Roux and always will be. When we started the project I wasn't even sure if I'd front it. For ages everyone did whatever they could to split us up, until they realised that together we knew what was best for this project, not them."

Her creative partnership isn't her only point of defiance. Rather, she's made herself into a pinnacle of against-the-grain rallying. Playing the chess-duringan-earthquake game that is today's music industry by her own list of hastily scrawled-out rules. "Two of my worst words in the world are 'new' and 'media'," she says back in the lobby of her downtown hotel, of her disdain for the blog-centric world of webisodes and digital marketing. "The amount of internet virals I've been asked to do is total insanity, people are hysterical. But if I started saying 'yes' to even a quarter of them before long when you Googled me I'd have more material available over six months than Prince has had over his whole career." In a climate where we're made to believe that before very long we'll be weeing and sneezing through a specially constructed iPhone application, it's a vigilante mentality that must be turning record company executives to stone as we speak. "Blogging signals the death of the pop star," she asserts, with a guillotine-like subtlety that's becoming something of a trademark. "The reason I want to know so much about Prince is because I have no clue what the fuck goes on in his life. People wonder why fans get so bored so quickly of artists these days. It's overexposure."

On this typically foggy (go figure?) Californian July afternoon, Elly's sat in her own inimitable take on popalien-returns-from-astral-journeys-for-incognito-strollround-Hipsterville. It's the look of a girl who's settling into some of the perks that come hand-in-hand with Number One singles and, as of yesterday, a justly hotly tipped Mercury Award nomination. Neon-red highwaisted action-pants, Lennon-brand mirror-specs, sleak'n'shiny art deco-esque designer bomber jacket and, of course, the quiff today, decidedly more casually groomed. When she talks, she really talks. But never with a sense of it being for the sake of it. She's excitable, and sometimes lets slip the naivety of her years, but it's with a sense of drive, purpose and commitment that she launches herself into whatever she does. The odd foot-in-mouth clanger has come to darken her doors - check her knee-jerk comments against promiscuousdressing girls on Thequietus.com – but no-one can fault her for heart. This time, it's the current flood of conveyor-belt R&B-by-numbers that's feeling her wrath. "If I hear another person start singing about being 'in the club', I'll actually come and find whatever club they're in and stab them in the club." Safe to say, then, that Elly's not feeling the genre's all-consuming influence. "I'm not saying there hasn't been amazing R&B music - Aaliyah, bit of Timbaland, etc - but the production, the words, the whole thing has just bottomed out and spread all over. You're not hearing the artists in the music, you're hearing a front."

Whether you agree with all or none of the La Roux manifesto, it's impossible to deny that Elly talks a good shop, and that her fight to instil the Top Five with "words that don't make you cringe" is born of pure thought. At a time when the mainstream is rife with soundalike off-cuts from the same three heavy-hitting US R&B producers, and Diddy and Kanye are battling it out to see who can get the most replies to the more inane Tweeted anecdote concerning encounters on their morning jog, Elly is bulldozing her own path. With grit and determination she's crafting her own idea of what a pop star can be in 2009 and, judging by the sales, she's pulling it off.

Following the evening's show at the sold-out wine cellar-style confines of Café Du Nord and Elly's holed up in a nearby late bar with a mojito – although she insists alcohol "doesn't really agree with her" dissecting the gig's crowd. "Increasingly it has been old men and young girls," she observes. More specifically this evening, and representative of the locale, the "old men" Elly speaks of are what's known in the trade as "a bear"; those huskily built gay men of a certain age, who revel in the cultivation of facial and bodily hair. The pubescent girls, at this all-ages event, often came in couples, with dyed black, cropped hair and rucksacks, clinging to each other's hands like their life depended on it. It's unsurprising that such a strong, forthright star of her nature, who so readily embraces a play upon traditional gender values would connect with gay culture so resonantly. The barnet, the rejection of any lower body garments not possessing legs, her own scoffed description of herself as a "girlboy". But Elly's neither in nor out of any closet. "I don't believe in words like 'gay'," she reasons. "Someone announces they're gay, and then 10 years later decides they fancy someone of the opposite sex, I don't see the point of tying yourself to a lifestyle like that."



# "IT FEELS LIKE ANY SECOND THE CROWD'S GOING TO BULLY ME"

How her sexuality is perceived has no doubt been at least a smallish thorn in her side since she rocketed onto the covers of magazines after her cavalcading NME Radar Tour in May, Huddled around a pokey metal table on the balcony of the bar, still glistening in the residue of her shimmery stage make-up, she begins for the first time in the past few days to become riled. "OK, if I was to start going out with a girl it's hardly like I'm going to waltz round Primrose Hill, sweetly posing for pap photos, is it?" she stutters. "Because then every subsequent interview will be based around how I feel to be a gay role model, and so on. Why would I want for so many people to have one completely non-musical association with me before they'd even heard a song?" It is then, in the illustrious lineage of her heroes that she paints her sexual question mark loud and proud. Directly almost, it's

possible to see a tribute in her styling to her idol number one. "I'd still shag Bowie in a shot," she confesses. "All my favourite pop stars are people that have had fun with ideas of their gender and sexuality but left people ultimately in the dark. My private life is private and mystique can only be a good thing for the kind of artist I want to be."

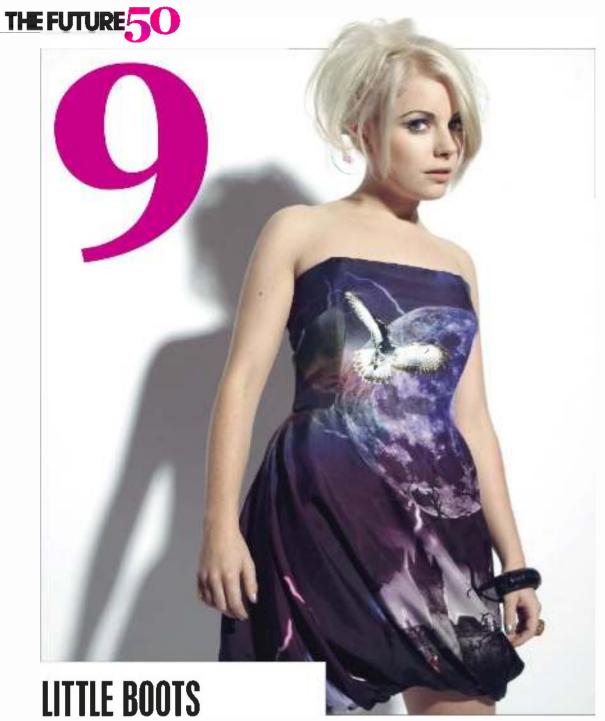
Despite her selective discretions, Elly's been forthcoming about her eponymous debut's dedication: every track, give or take a bridge, maybe, to one special mystery person. "I think my music has quite a lot of sex in it," she shrugs. "That's what 'Quicksand' is about, at points. That image of feeling in quicksand is very orgasmic, if you want it to be." Of course no-one is to learn the lucky person's name any time soon. But we're assured that unsurprisingly they are suitably flattered. "They like it, yeah. They're happy. We're in contact."

But 'La Roux' isn't a happy album. Oh no. "There's not really any happy lyrics on it," she ponders, as if mentally scanning her journal notes. It's maybe a bit of an exaggeration. But we get what she's saying. There's a whole lot of hurt going on in there. 'Cover My Eyes' reminds you instantly of every great breakup song you've heard made after 1980. A blissfully teary oriental/timpani head-in-lap this-is-the-end tribute to the camp electro-soul of Heaven 17 recorded shortly before the album's completion, joined in a rare flash of opulence by The London Community Gospel Choir. "I think recording that track last was a real sign to me and Ben of where things could go on the second album. Like bad production turned to quite good production in the '80s. Into big sounds like Tears For Fears." If that's a sign of things to come then there's reason to be excited. It's quite overwhelming.

The singles 'Quicksand', 'In For The Kill', 'Bulletproof', and the forthcoming release 'I'm Not Your Toy' serve as precursors for the sense of broken hopelessness of 'Cover My Eyes'. The fight, the pounce, the wise-up. Cut to boomerang shards of brittle, beautiful electronic chimes. Beats that bounce, strut, race. Then there's the song that starts her live set now. What she observes to be the fast-growing fan favourite, 'Tigerlily', an emphatic riposte that charters all the album's shades of sorrow in Elly's extraordinary voice: soaring from its powdery depths into zinging, nay, shouty heights, but as ever with La Roux, these heights are tormented and stung. Some grumpy folk may, or have, found the flood of angst, that Elly assures "can get you high" in the right doses, a bit too emotional. Some might even drop the "-tional". Not that Elly takes too kindly to that. "Emo to me just equals moany," suddenly sounding probably a little like the girls that gave her a rough time in Chemistry. Well, you can take the girl out of Brixton...

"The way I saw pop stars as I grew up was Britney and Justin," she remembers. "Tanned, half-naked, blonde, perfect. Pop star to me meant paparazzi and no life and going out with shit celebrities at embarrassing clubs. Not me." The nice surprise, then, came when she realised that an alternate version could exist in 2009. "I guess, yeah, I am a pop star now," she says, wrinkling her brow, as if it's, at most, the second time she's ever considered it in her life. "But I'm a whole new kind of pop star. At points onstage it still feels like any second the whole crowd's going to start bullying me. That they'll all turn and start calling me fat and ginger. Like the other day when someone threw a cup onstage, I nearly lost it."

And it's those little vulnerable moments when La Roux's spell really comes into its own. Those moments that remind you how she's fast becoming – dare we say it? – some kind of icon, to a new class of 'outsiders'. Not just gay, not just those concerned with a kind of military-esque credibility coup upon the big bad corporate music machine, but anyone who, like her, has bathed in the rush of a broken heart.



Giant tunes, enormous expectations, massive advertising campaign, huge video budget, immense pressure to become a gigantic cash cow... Sometimes it's hard to remember this all came from a little dream. While most pop music has been forged in a fire stoked by many minds, Victoria Hesketh has always guided her ship alone. Sure, she had her old band surrounding her; sure, she crafts her songs alongside producers like Joe Goddard and Greg Kurstin; but, through the guises she has performed under (pop-punk, electropop, super-duper-commercial-pop) the only constant has been the lady's quest for musical satisfaction. It's this drive which has separated her from other pop stars, because it drove her to punk commandment number one: Do It Yourself. And that's actually pretty damn rare for anyone who's sold more than 16 records, let alone someone whose face now comfortably sits on gigantic billboards from Leeds to Los Angeles.

As the year began and the hype mounted, the comfortable charm of her homemade YouTube performance videos found their way onto BBC News. Clearly, it was not only the unicorns and space-girl aesthetic which was appealing to people. Perhaps it was the fact the internet had democratised everything to such a point that someone who looked more like a choirgirl than Joe Strummer couldn't see the point in waiting for the Mad Men to tell her how to involve the

public in her music, and so was just doing it for herself. Little Boots is a neighbourhood name because of Victoria's idiosyncratic sense of adventure. As she says, she "exposes the process" of pop stardom as well as forcing sampledelia to become a tangible visual feast with her trademark Yahama Tenori-on sequencer. That she did so without posing falsely as a revolutionary icon, says something about what's actually happening to music today. Perhaps she's the first of a new kind, perhaps pop will rebuild itself in her mould... little by little. ALEX MILLER

#### Twitterview:

@terriblesoup I heard u are only doing this interview on Twitter so u get your followers up. Is this true?
@iamlittleboots That is true. And because I'm as up to the minute as Stephen Fry. Next question...
@terriblesoup Are unicorns future or retro, I mean are they extinct, or are they yet to be created?
@iamlittleboots I think unicorns are probs retro,
I think they roamed the earth freely around the dawn of time but have since become v rare.
@terriblesoup You have very futuristic outfits, have you ever worn a hat made of tinfoil?
@iamlittleboots Very nearly, I have a lot of clothes that look like they are made of tinfoil but actually aren't.
Tinfoil in general is a pretty good look though.

### 8 VBS.TV



"We're at number 53 in our countdown of Lindsay Lohan's all-time greatest side-boobs." Flick. "Will Daryl win a place in East 17 Juniors?" Flick. "Hi, I'm Fearne Cotton." Bash control over head 'til unconscious.

When Vice founders Suroosh Alvi and Shane Smith took Spike Jonze's advice to start "filming Vice articles" they knew they had to do better than reality spin-offs,

So they went to Baghdad to film Acrassicauda, Iraq's only heavy metal band. The resulting *Heavy Metal In Baghdad* was screened at global film festivals and on BBC1. The Vice Broadcasting System never looked back. They took donk from Wigan Pier to computer screens across the world, joined 80,000 horny Eastern Europeans at a month-long rave in the Black Sea and started a real hip-hop beef with rapper Young Jeezy.

It's not just music. Guess who the only Western TV journalists were at the North Korean Arirang Mass Games? Or the first camera crew to film over 100m tonnes of plastic debris floating in the middle of the Pacific Ocean? All the things the internet was supposed to have killed off – investigative journalism, in-depth interviews – are live and kicking on VBS. "They're on a mission," says Tom Freston, who used to run MTV. "It reminds me of MTV in the early days." Which is why MTV's commissioned a weekly showcase of Vice's best content. It's the start of a televisual revolution – I want my VBS. SAM WOLFSON NME: What's wrong with television?

CEO Shane Smith: "My Super Sweet Sixteen? The Hills? The fact that everything out there is totally unwatchable except the Extras Christmas Special, and even that gets a little tired after 600 views?"

#### What does VBS do that television can't?

"Mainstream media just sells the status quo. Vice can entertainmentize the issues. Change has to come through daily personal revolution."

### JACK WHITE



In a world where it's becoming almost impossible for any musician to retain any element of surprise, Jack White still manages it. The Bond theme: not even a whisper, and there it was, in all its moody, cinematic glory; The Dead

Weather (or The Raconteurs with their second album) arrived, fully formed, without any preamble. The next Stripes album could well be with us in... ooh, two days? You just don't know.

It's this attitude that filters through, too, into Third Man Records (slogan: 'Your turntable's not dead'). The ultimate hand-to-mouth label, where ideas can be transformed into actual bespoke physical products within hours, not forgetting his Vault subscription service and 'pop-up' record shops. This is the future – treating rock'n'roll records like artefacts. Jack is applying an old school mentality: write great song, record it brilliantly, house in attractive sleeve, sell to music lover; all of this taking place within a few days. Simple and effective. Third Man Records is a blueprint for the only kind of labels that will exist in 10, 20 years time: putting heart and soul into what they do, but also doing it quickly. 'Just do it' would have been a better slogan. Sadly, it was already taken. HAMISH MAGBAIN

### THE FUTURE 50

The XX: 'poster' band for a new

### THE XX

They entranced us with their achingly beautiful cover of Womack & Womack's 'Teardrops' and then the luscious, ghostly 'Crystalised', but The XX have knocked us for six with their debut album It's hard to be even a bit original, but the London trio have achieved the tricky feat of sounding like no-one else.

Their album is quietly devastating in its totally organic melding of dubstep space, dark R&B harmonies and new wave indebted reverb-drowned down to the band's total control of the record. Being they chose to produce their debut. They gave a few a try, but the results ended up sounding more like the producers and less like them, so beat and-samples master Jamie Smith simply produced the album himself in the new studio at his label XL's offices What came out of those sessions is a triumph of young, idiosyncratic, vital vision. EMILY MACKAY NME: What did you look to as a model for the





### 5 OMAR SOULEYMAN



Last month NME was lucky enough to be packed into north London venue The Dome with a few hundred other souls when it went off. Bodies were bouncing off the walls, sweat was dripping from the ceiling and ecstatic dancing was

shaking the foundations. But the man onstage wasn't some chisel-powered superstar DJ or neon-bedecked Hoxton electro fool, but a stern and occasionally bewildered-looking middle-aged Syrian gentleman with a huge moustache. In Arabic keffiyeh headdress and mirrored aviators, Omar Souleyman and his band were leading a mass Road To Damascus conversion of the newcomers to the music known as dabke.

Astoundingly the 45-year-old has released over 500 albums since 1994, a discography that makes The Fall look as lazy as My Bloody Valentine. In the process he revolutionised the pop scene in his own country before stiflingly en vogue imprint Sublime Frequencies unleashed a selection of his works for Western consumption. By combining Arabic folk music with booming synths usually associated with Justice or Digitalism, he's created a new style which is intensely exotic to our ears while still being starkly futuristic and, most importantly, more danceable than most electro or dubstep at the moment. To put it simply: watching Souleyman isn't like watching Enter Shikari.

Over the pounding Arabian dance riffs played on battered old keyboards and an electronic baglama (a banjo-like four-string), Souleyman sings poetry (which is composed on the spot and whispered in his ear by a mysterious chain-smoking poet), thumps his chest during particularly good riffs and urges everyone to even greater feats of frugging. When they break into his biggest hit 'Leh Jani' the place goes radio rental, as they used to say back in the Haçienda. Let's hope it's not too long before this most unlikely of party-starters comes back to these shores. JOHN DORAN

### 4 DIZZEE RASCAL



He'll probably be doing this forever but, at 23, Dylan Mills can stand on the aircraft-carrier of grime in front of a banner reading 'Mission Accomplished' without fear of future embarrassment. In the past 12 months he's turned commercial appeal into commercial dominance – the first, the only, UK urban megastar? He gone an' done it.

After his Glasto showing, it's impossible to think of him as anything less than a national institution. Mr Rascal has avoided stagnation by climbing the ladder, one curveball at a time. And he's gifted with a fantastic counter-intuition for an ear-turning hook: whether it be the 600-foot drums of 'Fix Up, Look Sharp', the extruded riff of 'Sirens', the old skool of 'Pussyole (Old Skool)' or the masterstroke of bringing Armand Van Helden back out of chart retirement, he's repeatedly found insane new ways to lock down his flow.

That takes him to 'star'. To get to 'megastar' you've got to factor in that he's a canny strategist. Even before Armand, he was extending his reach via hook-ups with the likes of Lily Allen and the Arctic Monkeys. Being his own label boss is smart enough; more so that Dirtee Stank was founded to provide a haven to artists whose social problems might lead other labels to pass. Giving something back – that's the only old-fashioned notion Dizzee's guilty of. **GAYIN HAYNES** 

### 3 TRENT REZNOR

As frontman and lynchpin of Nine Inch Nails, Trent Reznor's rep for awesomely dark guitar techno has long been unsurpassed. But his standing as an innovator in the way his music is consumed sets him out even further.



The first signs that El Rezno was throwing convention further down the spiral came with 2007's 'Year Zero', a concept album depicting an imaginary United States in 2022, choking on the consequences of current policy. But the idea was seeded in an online 'alternate reality game' and, in some cases, USB sticks featuring new material hidden in concert venues. Reznor's grand concept pioneered the idea that an album can be more than just music. The 'Year Zero' project continues, with talk of a sequel, or at least companion album in the works, and a TV mini-series not going away.

In the meantime, Reznor has freed himself of the old school construct that is the record deal, cutting free from Universal in a row that saw him accuse them of ripping off 'true fans'. Almost immediately after he issued the 36-track instrumental, ambient collection 'Ghosts I-IV' on a range of formats ranging from free download right up to \$300 ultra-deluxe package. He used the same approach with last year's 'The Slip', and the model has seen him retain complete control... and laugh all the way to the bank.

Reznor now controls his own destiny, and the only people he's consulting are his fans. And still the future is unwritten. The 'Wave Goodbye' logo on his website and numerous veiled references to 'last shows' would suggest he's winding up the whole NIN thing, but with Reznor nothing is ever that simple.

"Anyone who's an executive at a record label does not understand what the internet is," he explained. "I'm surprised they know how to use email. They have built a business around selling plastic discs and nobody wants plastic discs any more." DAN MARTIN



There's something about The Knife that's
irrepressible. They seem to drool inventive
gold from their mouths. Whenever you
think electronic music is suffering from
a creative drought, Olof and Karin
come along and find new and

beautiful ways of fucking with the machinery.

Despite the fact there's been no new Knife album since 2006's 'Silent Shout' their dynamism has shown its face through their solo projects. Just this last year, Karin's managed to outclass the new breed of innocent electro starlets who were ripping off 'Heartbeats' by writing a whole wonderfully odd album (Fever Ray's self-titled debut) that's about post-

(Fever Ray's self-titled debut) that's about postnatal depression while sounding like a medieval alien with second degree burns and moulding archaic folk and native American rhythms to a veil of cyber-doom evilness. At the same time Olof has turned his spidery synth hand to re-imagining Charles Darwin's *The Origin Of Species* as an opera. Wonky pop indeed. With their fanbase stretching from Solange to La Roux (in fact any vaguely ambitious, forward-thinking pop makers) theirs is a beautiful, unique path and they walk along it alone, breaking new ground with every step.

Karin: "I don't think in terms of concepts. I have a feeling only. But I guess I like film and music with effective text. Very little, but effective, like Kaurismäki movies. And Hal Hartley. I love Frank Black as a text writer too.

"I get bored if music is not challenging. The way I view music? Well, it should stand up for itself. It's important that music doesn't need anything or anyone to front it. [Our music] stands on its own. I like the fact that no-one wants to join it there.

"What's currently influencing me? I think I'm still very interested in the human body, how you experience your body. Maybe on ['Fever Ray'] it's more about the lack of sleep, when you enter a constant daydreaming position. I haven't slept for years." PRIYA ELAN





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uncut.co.uk

blissed punters

just out of shot

Crowds of

"He's a sweet dude, you know? I've met those guys before and they're all super-sweet."

Dude. Yeah. Sweet. AnCo. They came, they saw, they couched their ambition in the modest words of insular men with self-effacing aims and then they blew the music industry to fucking smithereens and jumped on those smithereens with big lead boots. Dude.

Are they accidental heroes? Not really. Shaking off the infamous 'difficult eighth album syndrome' to release a piece of artistry as vivid as 'Merriweather Post Pavilion' was definitely stepping it up. But their big breakthrough has been as much about their long-term fanbase finally breaking its banks. Long beloved of a tastemaking, switched-on, plugged-in elite, they've grown organically since the millennium, via much love for 'Strawberry Jam' and Panda Bear's blissy hipster classic 'Person Pitch', to the point where the sheer din of chatter about 'MPP' pushed these hibernating antipop stars blinking into the world's light. Without compromising, like all history's truly great weirdoes, it's the public that has finally moved towards them.

When they first started playing shows, as Panda Bear recalls, "There was often a sense of people not knowing how to react – 'Is this avant garde?'" People threw things, and not in a good way. It's a common syndrome. There's a nebulous emotional cloud that overtakes many folk when they first hear Animal Collective, a nameless sort of rage, born of an inability to find the correct emotional organ-stops in your head to deal with the stuff that's spilling from the speakers. It is not

# "I'M ALWAYS AMAZED AT THE POWER OF NON-MUSICAL SOUNDS"

**GFOLOGIST** 

that you think it good or bad, it's genuinely transgressive - you don't know what to think.

Theirs is a non-conformism that isn't really reacting for or against anything. They're not the manifestowaving pamphleteer school of the avant-garde, they're just weird guys committed to being their weird selves. Their melodies are, as Mr P Bear himself might put it, what happens when you 'open up your throat' – odd, asymmetric, unconventional lines fall out that don't tend to read from left-to-right, that don't seem to have been schooled or run through the intellect first, instead pouring straight from the soul. We tend to think of 'innovators' as intensely intellectual, but AC represent the opposite tendency. They bypass the cerebellum.

They've found a way to make hyper-

intelligent music juiced straight from the

cerebral cortex.

With computers having mapped the DNA of the soundwave, we're effectively at the end of history. Perversely, as digital technology tends towards its logical limits, the critical factor in the coming years will be the unknowable variable of human intuition. This is AnCo's killer weapon. They're kings of dredging up bold new dreams from their subconscious. It's instructive that, when asked about what he thinks music will be like in the year 2525, Avey Tare suggests more improvisation. "If forms broke down a bit more and people were maybe feeding off each other, improvising more..."

In the same way, while Kasabian might chuck on 'See Emily Play' to psychedelicise, AnCo's interest in psychedelia isn't about tracing the template of an

The eye-melting cover of 'Merriweather..."

existing genre, it's about nudging the hidden crevices of human consciousness. "I'm always amazed at the power of non-musical sounds to move people," Geologist asserts.

"Often more than musical ones, but they're still very under-used." On 'Merriweather...' in particular, they became obsessed with the psychedelic effects of spanning the widest possible range of frequencies – from its Death Star sub-bass to its chirruping tweets. In the name of freaking out your brain, they've sampled everything from manatees to a muffin commercial, established a retina-raping live light show and always remained totally committed to the tinkerer's mantra: what-happens-if. This is most gloriously illustrated by Avey Tare's decision to release his 2007 spin-off album, 'Pullhair Rubeye', with each track recorded backwards, like the 'Metal Machine

Music' of the Baltimore neo-hippy set. They're so 21st century they're not even technically a band, they're a 'collective' – basically a band with open-plan offices.

This September, AnCo are going into the studio to finish their next project, one Avey Tare describes as "darker, more bizarre" than 'MPP', apparently "destined to lose us some of the fans" who came along for 'MPP', It's not an album. It's an equal meshing of new visuals and new music made, he says, to represent "what people see when they close their eyes and listen to Animal Collective". What? An hour-long recording of a neon sign emblazoned 50-foot high in screaming yellow with "THE FUTURE"? **GAVIN HAYNES** 

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WHO HAVE WE OVERLOOKED IN OUR LIST?
Debate our Future 50 list - and suggest the
trailblazers we missed - at NME.COM/theoffice.

# ALBUMS

ALL THE RELEASES THAT MATTER Edited by Hamish MacBain

# Clown jewels



THE TWANG
JEWELLERY QUARTER
(B-UNIQUE)

3

#### Any hopes of a reinvention are dashed as the Brummies' second LP crashes hard

here can't be many people
looking forward to this record.
Since The Twang failed in their
bid for world domination first
time around, they've dropped
completely off the radar – so the story of
'Jewellery Quarter' isn't one of music at
all, but of five chancers down to the last
couple of hundred quid of their advance.
And the album is also, of course, for
the entirety of its 44 minutes and 23
seconds, complete and utter dogshit.

You'll be thrilled to know Phil
Etheridge has gone soft: boy wonder
gets the girl... embraces true feelings
and inner heart... starts wearing
cardigans.. raises voice pitch slightly...
listens to The Farm... a lot. That's pretty
much it. As he bleats on and on about
what a catch he is – at one point we're
sure he bigs up his "double trouble
Barney Rubble stubble" – you're left
thinking of one thing only: Danny Dyer.
Get these two out on the piss right away,



for they are an identikit sensi-lad match made in the depths of hell!

Incidentally, we just got word from Michael Jackson that the chorus to 'Encouraging Sign' is actually what plays over the Tannoy when you die and queue up to enter the dark side - one final, cruel punishment from God for failing to remember the plotline to Tron or nicking Chomps as a kid. Said chorus, which features the best of the band's numerous attempts on the album to sound like The Christians, would make even the most meat-headed of soldiers think twice before using it to torture captives. Its lyric, sung in Etheridge's best vicarage voice, coos "I will quickstep over the rooftops to get to your house". How fucking lame! Lamest of all, though, is that it's unwittingly catchy. It is the Chernobyl of pop music, 2009.

But saying all that... we're in a kind mood, so let's pick out the best bits, shall we? There are myriad influences here. undoubtedly. But the problem is they're all spread so thinly. Of course, Mike Skinner's mid-period Streets output - ie 'Dry Your Eyes' - is always lurking, though there's no real depth or surprise to it. There's funk too, but it's really, really badly played white-boy funk that sounds like the castrated bits of Mick Hucknall's knob slapping against an unused Charlatans bongo drum. Worse still, the entire album seems to be played in 4/4 time, all at the same dirgelike tempo. Why, exactly, do The Twang only seem to do one speed?! Does it all go horridly wrong when they mutate into The Dave Brubeck Quartet and, you know, actually try to experiment a bit?

To put it plainly, there's just no hunger here. 'Williamsburg' is nothing more than an average Dovel album track that no-one – not even Jimi Goodwin – can be bothered to remember the name of. 'May I Suggest', meanwhile, has a guitar bit in the chorus that sounds like The Seahorses. But they wrote a song called 'Happiness Is Eggshaped', so is that even a good thing?

Are you convinced you won't be buying this yet? It's an abomination that should see whoever signed The Twang crucified. The message is simple: the joke isn't funny any more, last orders rang long ago and the game is well and truly up. Matt Wilkinson

DOWNLOAD: Anything other than this. Anything...



See if you agree: head to NME.COM/ artists/the-twang to hear the album DUKE GARWOOD
THE SAND THAT FALLS (FIRE)





Dribbling old bores will argue that if you haven't been born with your arse stapled to some beat-up Deep South porch, you

ain't playin' the blues. On his third album, Limey plucker Duke Garwood dispels these hectoring pastors by giving the genre an abstract, jazzy twist. Recorded in a ramshackle old house, Garwood explores crannies where unusual experimentation lies amid the dust of tradition. The mournful humming of the title track call to Nico across a parched stream, while 'Confidence Makes Love' flickers with the disgruntled madman's toys beloved of Tom Waits at his percussive best. It's in his fracturing of genre that Garwood can actually be found paying fitting tribute to his forbears. Luke Turner DOWNLOAD: 'Confidence Makes Love'

#### TWISTED TONGUE TWISTED TONGUE (ACID JAZZ)





That concept albums are bad is barely worth repeating, but really, this sets a new low. The plot makes about as much

sense as a banana-flavoured car and revolves around an alien capturing this south London duo and giving them to his daughter as a 'pet' band. There's also a load of nonsense about them inventing a new genre called nunk (newwave funk, depressingly), which goes to prove they should leave these things to us, being the worst such name ever. None of this would matter if the tunes were alright; unfortunately, the musical slurry of gimmicky pitch-shifted vocals, dated electro beats and guitar wankery is nunky in name only, resulting in such cultural sewage as 'Oh Father! My Own Nunk Band!'. Really bad. Marc McLaren DOWNLOAD: A vial of swine flu. It's more fun

### EDWARD SHARPE AND THE MAGNETIC ZEROS LIP FROM BELOW (ROUGH TRADE)

V



The debut from Alex Ebert and his cosmic band of 11/12 harks back to that carefree age of free love and patchouli,

channeling the psychedelic, folk-rock and country flavours of the sunny west coast circa late '60s/early '70s. The record overflows with joyous energy, from the opening surge of '40 Day Dream' - with its Arcade Fire arrangements and mystic lyrics ("She got sunset on her breath/l inhaled just a little, now I've got no fear of death") to the soupy 'Janglin' and Walker Brothers-esque 'Carries On,' which swells into choruses of Spector-sized grandeur. Standout 'Home' is a touching bluegrass jam, while 'Jade' relaxes into mellow folk. Finally, a flashback worth waiting for. Tessa Harris DOWNLOAD: 'Janglin'

### my inspiration





I tried to sleep alone but I couldn't do it you could be sitting next to me and I wouldn't know it Doves The Cedar Room





Photography Jessica Long

THE CEDAR ROOM: Words and Music by Jimi Goodwin, Jez Williams and Andy Williams (c) 2000 Reproduced by Permission of EMI Music Publishing Ltd, London W8 5SW



### This chamber-pop treat is such a delight because it's totally under the radar

lorence And The Machine swings from the splintery rafters of pop culture, Little Boots is about to embark on the sixth step of a 12-part multimedia onslaught and La Roux is that one all important step ahead of her. With these three chanteuses entrenched in the grind of shameless self-promotion, you have to spare a thought for Theoretical Girl, who's been discreetly ploughing away at her own brand of al dente '60s swoonage without making half as much of a fuss. While the school show-offs are running about like headless chartobsessed chickens, Amy Turnnidge is up the back of class getting on with it and making her own opus bluster free

Sure, Turnnidge's tunes might not have had buckets of major label dosh spunked all over them but, frankly, they don't need it, because the Southend songwriter has managed to build her own distinct and powerfully pretty white picket fence of sound. The baroque 'I Should Have Loved You More' aches with the sort of low key perfect pop anguish that looks on the bright side of a broken heart with perky strings, aching horns and drums lifted straight out of The Ronettes' 'Be My Baby'. 'The Boy I Left Behind' could well be a lost 'Tigermilk' outtake topped off with Turnnidge's cut-glass vocals, so prim and poised you half expect them to be enrolling at an aristocratic inter-war boarding school wearing a boater Yet such niceness is far from fluffy, as

the ominous wallop of 'The Hypocrite' and heated twanging of 'Red Mist' proves, though we'll not deny that the latter conjures up visions of Siouxsie Sioux on the bowling lawn with a glass of Pimm's in a well manicured hand Painting varying shades of dark and light with simple but studied brushstrokes, at times Turnnidge sounds like a more ladylike Divine Comedy - but what Neil Hannon has, which she hasn't quite learned yet, is a way with wit. Though titles like 'Dancehall Deceit' are fitting snapshots of teenage turmoil, once the initial sonic rush of off kilter loveliness has hit you, certain moments can seem a tad selfpitying. Especially Never Good Enough', a glorious, mournful piece of chamber pop with a dazzling finale of delicate harmonies sullied by Turnnidge moaning that she ain't good enough for her fella - which is evidently balls; if she can make a record as striking as this. she's good enough for him and for everyone else too. Leonie Cooper

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'The Boy I Left Behind' 2) 'I Should Have Loved You More' 3) 'Red Mist'

#### DID YOU KNOW...

Amy was meant to be on BBC TV to review a film when she was little but they wouldn't let her because her dungarees were 'too cool'

### JAMES VORKSTON & THE BIG EYES FAMILY PLAYERS FOLK SONGS (SOMEWO)



The trouble with Yorkston and his chums up in Fife is that they de-radicalise folk to a damaging level. These ancient songs are

reduced from barking mastiffs straining at their chains to prize-winning poodles. perfumed, primped and coloured. As with other polite folk revivalists such as Adem, the stench of toil, protest and disappointment has been rinsed away. That's not to say these interpretations are bad, they aren't; in fact they're perfectly nice but, bereft of the original intent, they're just weird dinner party curios. Hearing these chaps tackling 'Rufford Park Poachers' is no less jarring than Kanye West tackling 'Jerusalem' would be, but certainly less interesting. John Doran DOWNLOAD: 'Just As The Tide Was Flowing'

#### MY TOYS LIKE ME WHERE WE ARE (DOING A MEET)





It's about time a band left their recording studio having grasped the importance of restraining synths without relying

entirely on software like Reason. MTLM are an experimental beauty: a kaleidoscope of mood-inducing nectar from vocalist Frances Noon with a mixture of upside-down chill and dub swooping over her like a cheeky bedtime story after you've lied about brushing your teeth. A bedtime tantrum is far from her child-like whispers, but she's sure got inner anger - lyrically, Noon explores topics you'd find banned from CBeebies. On 'Barnaby' she gently confesses, "I'm lying in bed with a bit of a twat". It's this blunt contrast that sweetly tucks you in, favourite battered teddy bear in tow. Kelly Murray DOWNLOAD: 'Barnaby'

#### MARTIN NEWNHAM CITY FOLK OF AMETICATION





Enough ear-stinging, lo-fi blare. Enough, too, of this post-future dubstep conjured by anonymous ghouls with planets for

eyes and jet engines where their hearts should be. What we need is a man who not only has a heart, but wears it strapped, like a leaky bomb, to his shirt sleeve - a man like Martin Newnham. Martin moved to London from the Isle Of Wight a decade ago and he's rare, in that he still believes lyric booklets can overpower noise pedals. His songs have simple titles that sound funny when you bark them at people - 'Done'. 'Close'. 'No' - and they recall "one-man Coldplay" Gary Go, Del Amitri and regatta funk respectively. Sound good? What?! Walt - lovely horn flourishes! Sincerity! No. no let engines... OK. fine. Carry on. Kev Kharas DOWNLOAD: 'Ellie When'

LOVVERS OCD GO GO GO GIRLS (MICHITA)



Lovvers' debut properthe seven-track 'Think' only lasts 13 minutes, so that doesn't countis barely a record. It's

more an aural time capsule back to Hermosa Beach, California in 1979. when getting fucked up and listening to the Circle Jerks was considered an outsider's calling: now, of course. the first wave of hardcore is so in vogue that if you watch the superlative documentary American Hardcore it could be confused for a modern-day look at the 'ironic' moustache'n'plaid hipster brigade. And in terms of authenticity it ticks the right boxes: recorded entirely to analogue (tick) in Portland (tick) so the vocals are both indecipherable (tick) and dripping with rage (FUCKING TICK), it's even got a song named after one of the Minutemen (colossal punk rock tick). But for all its inelegant bluster - 'Alone

With A Girl' sounds like No Age lamming Stooges covers and is all the better for its melodic swipes, while 'Human Hair' is two and a half brilliant minutes of shouting set to the barest of tunes 'OCD Go Go Girls' is, as 'Think' was, simply an imperfect heads-up for Lovvers' live skills. If frontman Shaun Hencher was riding your face and screaming 'Ad Lib' down your throat it'd be ace, but on record it's somewhat neutered. As with the likes of Times New Viking, their studied sonic shitness grates throughout 'Four Count' and 'Wild Smiles': The Germs sounded crap because they couldn't afford any better, but flying from Nottingham to Oregon to come out with a record that sounds like it was taped in a bin next door during an electrical storm smacks of contrivance. They can clearly write decent songs, why hide them? Ben Patashnik DOWNLOAD: 'Human Hair'

ASA RANSOM AN ASA RANSOM RELEASE QUARDER MYSTERY)





If only Asa Ransom had released their debut earlier, New York's hype police – who would have you believe NYC bands

play chords made of orgasms - would have surely secured them 'buzz band' status. But, as the dust settles and The Vacuous Virgins' survival taunts the mind with murderous rage, it becomes glaringly obvious this record needs to do more than order 'quaffee' to stand out. Not that it's a horrific listen, just that its blend of Jingle-jangle guitars, proggy piano and yelping vocals has been done better by bands such as Talking Heads (the vocal mannerisms on 'Strangeways In Pale Of Splendor' strongly evoke 'Life During Wartime'). To paraphrase LCD Soundsystem: "New York I love you, but this is bloody boring". Stephen Kelly DOWNLOAD: 'The Luck Of Stoney Bowes'

#### **LUCKY ELEPHANT**

STARSIGN TRAMPOLINE (SUNDAY BEST)



Elephants can bring to mind two symbols. Nelly's allegorical journey was one of emancipation if examined deeper than its

childlike semblance; whereas the pachyderm on the Republican Party's crest brings to mind a recently departed white guy who wasn't that good with the words. Fortunately, Lucky Elephant travels a path similar to our fabled friend. 'Starsign Trampoline' is a celestial debut, brooding with integrity and creativity. From the resplendent lofi shoegaze of The Bees-esque 'Edgar' to the alluring lyrics of the piano-led 'Red Ties Vs The Bees' and 'Neptune'. Lucky Elephant rouse the listener with organic, visceral builds that transcend darkness to a euphonious light at the end of a tunnel. Thomas A Ward DOWNLOAD: 'Edgar'

#### **AMID CONCRETE AND** CALLOUSNESS

FROM SKETCH TO STABILITY' (SELF RELEASE)



If it's hard to actually love this deranged EP then you have to admire the gumption of its creators. Having presumably sold

off their collective pancreas to fund and release these seven tracks themselves. this Scottish six-piece throw every influence imaginable at the wall. So what starts out with agreeable-enough Thrice-ish histrionics soon hops to a strange reality where Enter Shikari's debut had as seismic an effect as Dylan going electric. An easy listening version of that reality. 'Resolution For The Weekend' goes full-on Calvin Harris. And by the closing 'Grey Square Gaiden' they've roped in what appears to be the spirit of Enya. It just doesn't bear thinking about. And it takes real talent to be this worrying. Dan Martin DOWNLOAD: 'Grey Square Symphony'

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS

ZE 30: 1979 - 2009 (STRUT)



DFA? Kompakt? Merok? If you're looking for the most influential label of the last decade, there is only one serious contender: Ze.

Michael Dracula apart, it hasn't actually released any new music for over 20 years, but you can hear echoes of its early-'80s New York art school aesthetic everywhere, from Franz to Glass Candy, frYars to Vampire Weekend. In truth, the 'Mutant Disco' reissues told the Ze story better, but if you're coming to this fresh then 'ZE 30' - a sprawling collage of slyly subversive and soaring disco. strangulated punk-funk, African percussion, Suicide and carbonated synth-pop - will still sound exhilarating. No wonder Ze's catalogue is such an evergreen inspiration. Thirty years on, pop is still playing catch-up. Tony Naylor DOWNLOAD: Garcons - 'French Boys'







FRANKMUSIK (ISLAND)

#### They wonder why majors are struggling...

rom its opening few bars, Frankmusik's debut is annoying. Like, 'how can I turn this off, smash the stereo, punch the nearest three people and contact a hitman simultaneously? annoying. It's just nothing. Complete plastic nothingness from the outset. Polystyrene electro for clueless corporates. It's actually less than that, it's a black hole sucking all of pop's best inventions into a dark void.

Like a fat American tourist he lumbers round pop's pyramids, touching what he shouldn't touch and furtively tucking pieces of history into a lamé bumbag - Frankmusik sullies 8-bit chiptune ('In Step'), power drums ('Complete Me') The Stranglers' 'Golden Brown' ('When You're Around'), synths, sentiment and even a sample from 'Pump Up The Volume' It's variously like mouldy

BELLADONNA **HEY WEIRDO!** (VANDAL)





Attempting to do more than simply fill the Holeshaped, er, hole in scuzzrock of the female variety, Belladonna's debut is

more rewarding than, say, Brody Dalle's latest effort. Though sowing the same seed as Courtney, Juliette, PJ et al, there's a raw charm to 'Hey Weirdo!', particularly on 'Cross The Line', which sees them recycle the Ron Asheton School Of Riffs rulebook to funky effect. 'My Law', meanwhile, features a Chas'n'Dave-style chorus. They're more smart than smut though - and, for once. that's a good thing. Matt Wilkinson DOWNLOAD: 'Cross The Line'

Peaches, Hadouken! cast to Hades and New Romantic turned divorcée.

The third track goes "boyfriend, boyb-boy friend, ba-ba-ba-ba boyfriend" and makes you want to travel back in time to slay whoever invented the gramophone to protect future generations - within the first 15 seconds No mean feat. Among a litany of abortions it's the earnest croon that galls the most, the soulless appropriation of Midge Ure, the way he mugs us with unnecessary leaps into falsetto when we're finally relaxing into a song. 'In Step' manages to intertwine at least three separate but equally, itchingly irritating vocal styles - sometimes simultaneously.

So now for the plus points. Witness 'Confusion Girl's "all the tears you made me cry, so now it's time to say goodbye, and leaving you behind is my first step". Despite being a masterclass in tired

sentiment, it's one of the more listenable moments. 'Three Little Words', too, begins OK-ish, before descending into a neurotic blast of ideas with all the subtlety of something off those 'Bonkers' hardcore compilations. Was Grammy-winning Killers/ Madonna producer/remixer Stuart Price phoning this one in?

ALBUMS

Frankmusik is a guy that will do anything for attention - including recording with Tinchy Stryder and livetweeting the experience and, of course, that lame stunt that saw him dumped somewhere with only a Blackberry™ and 20 quid to get him back to civilisation (Camden). If only he'd stayed lost.

Three little words? Fuck off now. Tim Chester

DOWNLOAD: The new Three Trapped Tigers EP instead



Listen to Frankmusik's track 'Confusion Girl' at NME.COM now

#### THROW ME THE STATUE CREATURESOUE (SECRETLY CANADIAN)



Formerly the tricksily named solo project of Seattle lo-fi show-off Scott Reitherman, Throw Me The Statue have been

beefed up into a multi-instrumental quartet for their second album. They've also been joined by Shins, Fleet Foxes and sometime Mudhoney twiddler Phil Ek. so does that mean we're in for more faddish campfire wibbling, honeyed harmonies and songs so fey they're the aural equivalent of having your beard tickled with an ear of corn? Sort of. Impossibly perky opener 'Waving At The Shore', with its swooping guitars, lovelorn vocals and daftly delicious steel

drums (seriously) sets the pace for a quirkily impressive and defiantly poppy album. Other stand-outs include the buzzy stomp and lyrical dexterity ("It comes down like a private snow") of 'Ancestors' and 'Hi-Fi Goon''s chiming guitars, which gleefully give way to the grin-inducing handclaps and yelps of 'Dizzy From The Fall'. Then there's the unexpectedly filthy electro-funk intro to 'Snowshoes', which sounds like it's drunkenly wandered in from another album. It's just a shame the Ben Folds-y bellyaching that limply characterises the end of 'Creaturesque' has to show up and poop the party. Jimi Famurewa DOWNLOAD: 'Ancestors'

8 August 2009 15 45



# k the moat



### CAMP BESTIVAL LULWORTH CASTLE, DORSET FRIDAY JULY 24 - SUNDAY JULY 26

#### PJ returns to debut some new material at the southwest's most up-market festival

hat with a River Cottage tent and groups of little Mungos and Tallulahs frolicking in animal costumes so professional they could've been nabbed from a dress rehearsal for a David Attenborough programme, you'd be forgiven for mistaking Camp Bestival for the latest field trip of the Smug Marrieds Society. Everywhere you look there's Cath Kidstonclad families delighting in "slumming it" in ridiculously oversized tents - but luckily, curator Rob da Bank's eccentric line-up more than realigns the cultural karmic balance. Mumford And Sons could almost be the English Grizzly Bear - 'The Cave And The Open Sea' feels like being brutally hugged by a thousand plaid-clad men - and despite missing the Cuban Brothers playing air-slap bass to Wham's 'Club Tropicana' in gold lamé hotpants, in retrospect, watching them all day would have been infinitely preferable to VV Brown's cringeworthy set. She plays a vocally impressive yet self-aggrandizing rendition of Kings Of Leon's 'Use Somebody', and 'Leave', supposedly some kind of 'go girlfriend!' moment that makes Will Young's apparent

ode to menopause on Sunday afternoon

("you're going through the changes") feel

empowering. After a 'Monster Mash'-indebted



'Crying Blood', she asks if we want to hear the reggae version. Or, would NME prefer a serving of Portaloo surprise with our

Welcome refreshment comes from Florence And The Machine, who take home Friday's crown. Looking like a makeshift Ophelia as she prances around in her granny's best white tablecloth, she's far too bolshy to be ethereal, but hilariously endearing, "Last year I ended up down at the cove, half-naked in somebody's garden," she says before a punky 'Kiss With a Fist', the sun and wind conspiring in romantic drama. Mercury Rev put on a grandiose show, but with every song drawn out into a screaming hurricane assault, it gets mentally and aurally exhausting pretty quickly.

Saturday, and there's no escaping the fact that Bon Iver really needs to go away and write some new material. It's gratifying, though, that he doesn't treat his songs like precious entities - 'Creature Fear' is destroyed by three drummers playing a kind of alien math-rock. Although the French are more often known for their languid romanticism, Phoenix's slick pop and loungey choruses are efficiently Teutonic, their set proving that there's no good reason they're not huge over here.

But nothing quite compares to PJ Harvey. Playing her "favourite songs in the way they

were originally written", two new songs - 'The Last Living Rose' and 'Let England Shake' - hint at a lyrical preoccupation with the beautiful horrors of urban England. The latter rings like a haunted tearoom dance to the tune of a warped 78 - all tumbling curls and ghostly white dress, her sublime performance could have been plucked straight from the pages of an Edgar Allan Poe novel.

A drizzly Sunday perks up with Brooklynites O'Death, who make like Calexico duetting with Pixies - they're by far the discovery of the festival - but it's oldies Chic who end the weekend in style. Prick guitarist Nile Rogers' skin and he surely bleeds the elixir of awesomeness. It's easy to forget just how many hits they've had, but it's their sublime version of 'Let's Dance' complete with slap bass solo, followed by the timeless 'Le Freak' that prove irrespective of whether you've survived the weekend on organic sausages and nettle beer or squished cereal bars and pear cider, there's nothing quite like getting your disco on in a wet Dorset field. Laura Snapes

CRAWDADDY, DUBLIK 24/07/09

A man dressed like a cracked-out Usain Bolt loiters inside Crawdaddy, staring down all who enter. It's Monotonix's Ami Shalev, and this is the most comfortable that the night is going to get. Tearing through tracks from their new record, the band move from centre-floor, to the rafters, to the bar top. Audience interaction is not requested, it's demanded. Beer spurts across the room as Shalev kisses the girls and wrestles with the males. Theatrics aside, it takes a tight band to keep a gig going while moving about like ping-pong balls. Rock the Casbah? They fucking ripped it to shreds. Ailbhe Malone

#### **V**\(\text{CHT}\) CARGO, LONDON 24/07/09

It's midnight mass at the church of Y CHT, and what with all the chanting, religious imagery and abundance of triangles, you'd be forgiven for thinking you'd just stumbled into a Heaven's Gate meeting. Cult novelties aside, the duo essentially just sing and pull ridiculous dance moves to a backing track, but with a colourful landslide of songs such as Desmond Dekkerinspired 'The Afterlife', it's easy to be brainwashed into thinking this could be the most exciting avant garde electro outfit to flourish since The Knife. Jessica Hazel



### MAKING **IT SNAPPY**



hat can you do with 20 minutes? That's the unspoken question that Crocodiles pose with well-placed arrogance to any band who consider themselves worthy of rock'n'roll. In less time than it takes us to finish a drink, the San Diego duo have come and gone in a red-lit maelstrom of seething, pulsating punk rock reminiscent of The Velvet Underground at their sleaziest or The Jesus And Mary Chain at their most dangerous. This is pure, 100 per-centproof, full-potency Dark Stuff: music to make your brain throb and your mouth grin from ear to bleeding ear. And it doesn't even last as long as an episode of Friends.

From the cocksure uptown strut of 'Neon Jesus' onwards, guitarist Charles Rowland and frontman Brandon Welchez cut menacing. malcontented figures, with Rowland conjuring up squalls of sound and fury in one corner and Welchez spasming angrily around his microphone in the other, apparently unable to stand still. Both of them look like they have a vampiric aversion to daylight and deadly allergies to nutrition. But like the Mary Chain. behind the wall of noise and achingly cool spectacle there's an abundance of great tunes, like the woozy, opiated 'Summer Of Hate' or the wide-eyed, anthemic and decidedly misanthropic 'I Wanna Kill' - the oddly uplifting sound of teenage frustration taken out on a killing spree.

Yes, they're the sort of band who wear sunglasses at night and yes, a pedant might describe them as 'derivative', albeit only of genuinely brilliant bands (and The Sisters Of Mercy), and only ever in the most tasteful way possible. But every once in a while, we want to listen to something and fear for our lives, our sanity, our very souls. In 20 filthy, fucked-up minutes, Crocodiles manage to make us do just that. No encores. No chat. Just lean, bloodied, off-the-bone rock'n'roll. If only all bands were this economical. Barry Nicolson



CAFÉ OTO, LONDON, 26/07/09

Only the emotionally redundant could have failed to be moved by the fragile debut album by Graeme Roland aka Remember Remember. A demure delight of loops and delicate sampled sounds it heralded the arrival of an introspective genius. Tonight, backed by a fivepiece band, the talented multiinstrumentalist adds a raw intensity to his recordings by opening with sparser, lessordered 'The Dancing' and diving headfirst into a frantic 'Imagining Things'. If this is an indication of things to come, then it's a welcome prospect. Ash Dosanjh

WHITE RABBITS **HOXTON SQUARE BAR** & KITCHEN, LONDON 28/07/09

New York's hype economy can make stars out of even the most lowly hipsters, if they can carry a tune and know their way around a fringe, but without substance it's a slow, painful fade to anonymity. A fate that perhaps White Rabbits should expect after two albums, yet tonight they prove why they can still, er, pull it out of the hat. Crashing piano keys, commanding bass and drum built for war, t pummel the senses from start to finish. Stardom doesn't await (too late for that), but they shouldn't be forgotten.



From electro to indie to hip-hop, Sheffield shows off its varied wares in an excellent free festival

he phrase 'God's own county' is often applied to Yorkshire by its residents. and it's that sort of civic pride that runs through the first ever Tramlines Festival. All around the former industrial hotbed this weekend people are smiling, drinking and consuming a heck of a lot of music - local and otherwise. There's free (you don't have to pay for any of this) showcases in near enough every inner city venue, an outdoor main stage, a continental market and weird'n'wonderful things happening in every corner of the Steel City as part of the wider Sheffield Music City event. "It's necessary for our city," commented curator Toddla T, and he's not wrong there. See, ever since the whole New Yorkshire



pedestrian musical image which was never really a truthful reflection in the first place. Reverend & The Makers might sit at the top of the bill (Mr McClure is another curator), but most of the idiosyncrasies that make Sheffield music really great prove to be found further out on the map. On Saturday's World Stage, for instance, we find Richard Hawley's uncle Frank White delivering a hugely enjoyable set of classic electric blues sandwiched between belly dancer Sophie Mei and reggae band Ableton - you don't get that at V Festival. And on Sunday, we stumble across Tom Rodwell -Sheffield's answer to Lightnin' Hopkins playing on the steps of the City Hall. Of course, covering all stylistic bases at an event like this is always going to be tough, but a pretty impressive attempt is made here. The city's electronic heritage is well represented, with Mixed In Sheffield taking over famous boozer The Washington for the weekend with a selection of local knob twiddlers; plus Toddla's Friday night DQ line-up delivering the beaty goods with DJ Zinc, Oneman, Martelo and Thimself, and Club Pony on Saturday; the University hosts a hip-hop barbecue featuring legendary UK MC Rodney P and Kid Acne; there's drum'n'bass, dubstep, jazz, metal. the list goes on. And on.

Of course, there's plenty of indie too, Local noisemakers Rolo Tomassi impress at Corporation on Friday night, despite a few

technical issues and

singer Eva Spence forgetting her inhaler. The Chapman Family tear up The Harley on Saturday evening, and even provoke a trouserless one-man stage invasion during the set's noisy climax. Johnny Foreigner at The Stockroom is another hot ticket, with fans cramming into the tiny venue to witness the Birmingham trio deliver songs from new record 'Grace And The Bigger Picture' in typically energetic fashion. They're supported by local quartet Rotary Ten, back on the scene after a nine-month live hiatus. They've replaced their jangly guitar-pop with a new set of twinkly, reverb-drenched soundscapes and it suits. Another pleasant surprise is Mairead, an 18-year-old singer-songwriter in the PJ Harvey mode of bluesy angst. Backed only by a bass player and drummer, she thrills the Frog & Parrot pub with a set of snarling pop - frighteningly, it's only their second gig together. She's watched by Tramlines' third curator, Arctic Monkeys drummer Matt Helders (the pair share a manager), whose own night at DQ sees The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster incite a near riot with their malevolent rock'n'roll. Singer Guy McKnight spends as much time crowdsurfing or inciting others to do the same as he does bawling into the mic, much to the venue security's chagrin.

It might not have been perfect - Arctic Monkeys didn't play, The La's and The Rascals pulled out at the last minute - but Tramlines is exactly the sort of event a city like Sheffield deserves. As they say in these parts, a reight good 'un. Stuart Grant

Stephen Kelly



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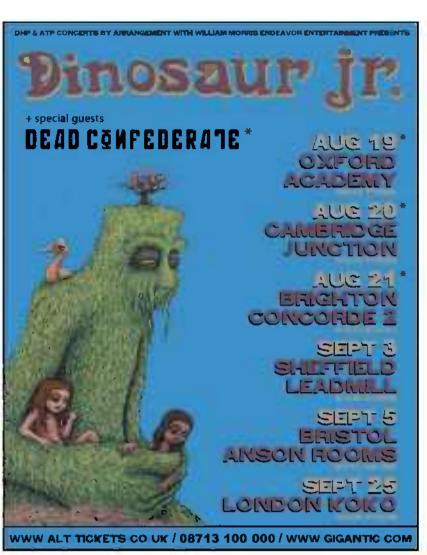
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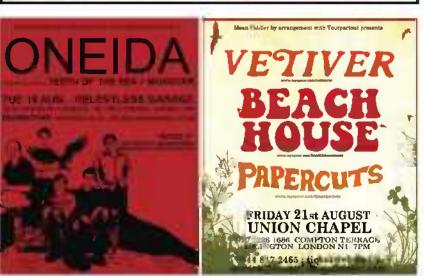
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### **NEW BAND TIPS...**

## COMPETITION

NME says: Lots of bands have bagged great festival slots through new band contests



"You got to work hard to want to compete", said Run DMC, and they weren't wrong. It's an approach that's paid off for the likes of Bombay Bicycle Club, Golden Silvers and Young Knives - they all played slots at prominent festivals after entering competitions as

relative unknowns. Here, Gina Field, one of the judges on the panel of this year's Futuresound Competition, where the prize is a place at Reading and Leeds, offers her advice on making your band an attractive proposition to judges.

#### WHAT THINGS SHOULD YOU CONSIDER **BEFORE ENTERING?**

"Make sure you're good enough! There's no point in entering if you don't think your material is up to standard. Every one of these competitions gets hundreds and hundreds of entries, so you need to have the songs to make an Impression."

#### **HOW CAN YOU MAKE YOURSELF STAND** OUT FROM THE COMPETITION?

"If it's a case of getting votes in a poll, having support is obviously crucial. Judges look for a number of different things; content, style and crowd reaction are key, so work on those first."

#### WHAT CAN PUT JUDGES OFF?

"The biggest thing is letting mistakes put you off. You can always tell if a band's nervous, but as long as the songs are great, then It doesn't really matter if they're not speaking to the crowd or



#### WHAT NOW?

whatever."

Seek feedback from those who know your music - is it as good as it could be? Are you ready to be competing? If so, look for competitions - both local and national - and select your strongest songs to enter. Then get rallying the troops!



NME SAYS: Essex no nonsense hard rock

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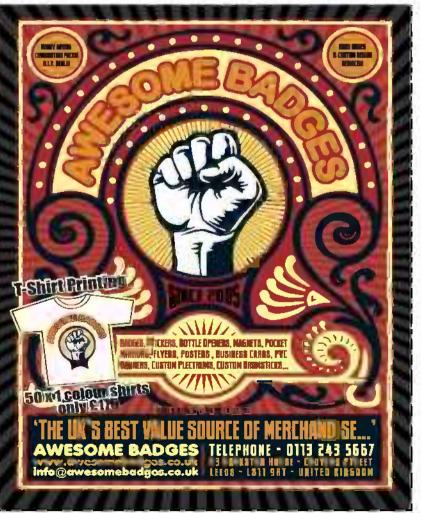
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NME SAYS: Guillotine-sharp electro-emo







# WANT TO SOUND LIKE... THE SOUNDTRACK



Pavel Krawczyk, 19, Northampton: "What gear do I need to sound like The Soundtrack Of Our Lives? And how do they write and record?"

#### **THE SOUND**

The Soundtrack Of Our Lives take inspiration from '60s/'70s bands like The Who, The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Nick Drake, Love and Pink Floyd, then weave them with their own brand of psychedelic lyrics and guitars to create a sound that's instantly familiar, but very much their own.

#### THE GEAR

It's pretty much all old-school Instruments and amps. Lead guitarist Mattias Bärled prefers the cutting tone of P90 pickups, sometimes referred to as Soapbar pickups, which are a kind of single-coll (think Stratocaster) beefed up to get closer to the power of a humbucker (think Les Paul). If your budget is tight then a PRS SE Soapbar guitar would be a good starting point. The band also swear by Fender Twin amps and the MXR Micro Amp booster pedal.

#### IN THE STUDIO

The guys tend to write songs outside the studio, recording demos on their Apple Macs using the included GarageBand software. Then when they get in the studio everyone has a rough idea of what they should be

doing. After that they play together until everything sounds just right.

#### THE TECHNIQUE

Guitarist Ian Person says the best thing you can do is simply listen to what other band members are playing.

**NEXT WEEK: Passion Pit** 

Words by Martyn Casserly from...



If you're on the guitar then try not to play all the time - leave gaps for other instruments. "It should be like a clock, with all the cogs working perfectly together," he says. Bassist Kalle Gustafsson-Jerneholm also advises that the songs should work live in the studio before you try to record them.

#### BEST TRICK

In this technologically advanced age the power of home studios is such that you can write whole arrangements without anyone else playing. But the guys think there is a danger that bands will lose the ability to write together. "It's easy to forget you should play

together in the studio," says Mattias, "and that's the most stupid thing, because it's so much more fun.'



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# 

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

# PICK OF THE WEEK.



### TELEPATHE

#### **ROYAL (TUES)**

The minimal electro trio conduct a micro-jaunt around the country. With touches of MGMT and all that's cool right now. Telepathe represent a seriously exciting inclusion on the 'next big thing' list. You don't have to be a mind-reader to know where to be for this one. WWW.NME.COM/ artists/telepathe



#### RADAR STARS

### **LLED APART**

HERE: BRISTOL START THE BUS (THURS), PLYMOUTH WHITE RABBIT (FRI), NEWQUAY COARDMASTER FESTIVAL (SAT), EXETER CAVERN ORTSMOUTH CELLARS (MON)

Leeds aft.rockers who'll rip you to shreds. COM/artists/pulled-apart-by-horses





### EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT

WHERE: LONDON PURPLE TURTLE (THURS), LEEDS JOSEPHS WELL (FRI), SWINDON WHARF GREEN (SAT), LONDON MONARCH (MISTY MOON) (MON)

Calling all adrenalin junkies. This London three-piece with a penchant for all things angsty and noisy

are back on the road. The teenage racketeers tour ahead of the release of their new single, 'The Worthing Song', out on Monday. WWW.NME.COM/ artists/bleech





### PICK OF CLUB NME

WHERE: CLUB NME BRIGHTON, COALITION (WED)

Painting Club NME a paler shade of blue, Aberdeen's melodramatic pop-pushers mix the best (and gloomiest) touches of Idlewild and Snow Patrol with enough raucousness to stop you crying into your pint. WWW.NME.COM/clubnme

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### WEDNESDAY

AUGUST 5

Join Iain Baker from 4pm as he discusses the latest singles with *The Fly* magazine's Harriet Gibsone on the weekly Forum



Joe Echo Auntie Annie's 028 9050 1660 Nial Rice Empire 028 9024 9276

Absolute Ataxia Roadhouse 0121 624 2920 Annotations Of An Autopsy/

Trigger The Bloodshed/Viatrophy/ Impending Doom Eddie's Rock Club @ BUSK 0121 643 2093 Star Fucking Hipsters Asylum 0121 233 1109

Smackla The Albert 01273 730499

A Day At The Races Louisiana 0117 926 5978 Glint 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 Voodoo Glow Skulls/The Skints/ Random Hand/The Bolsheviks Bierkeller 0117 926 8514

Sonic Boom Six/Moral Dilemma/ Captain Accident Barfly 029 2066 7658

**Nappy Rash Collective** The Victoria ian 01332 740091

**Lunasa** Button Factory 00 3531 670 9202

Over The Skyline The Ark 0131 228 9393

We The Machines/Dancing With The Enemy Cavern Club 01392 495370

WT Feaster Band Three Tuns 0191 487 0666

**The Adolescents** Cathouse 0141 248 6606 **The Bible Code Sundays** O'Neills

0141552 0822 **Broadcast/It's Our Time Now** Rockers 0141 221 0726

Final Fantasy/The Ten To Five
Project/Three Blocks From The
Wake Classic Grand 0141 221 4583

Paper Planes/Other People Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637 The Victorian English Gentlemen's Club King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 271 5279



#### BRIGHTON

THE XCERTS 01273 726858

#### LOS ANGELES

THE CAPSHUNS + SHILOE SPACELAND 001 323 661 4380

Fawn Sandinistal 0113 305 0372 Monsters Build Mean Robots Cardigan Arms 0113 274 2000 Tsienna Primrose Bar 01132 621368

The Complete Short Stories/Kinch Dubin Castle 020 7485 1773 Connett/La Valliere/What Would Jesus Drive?/Naomi Hates Humans

93 Feet East 020 7247 6095 The Crimson Dixies Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

Fury UK Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976 GG Elvis Underworld 020 7482 1932 Jack Bruce/Robin Trower/Gary

**Husband** 02 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000 **Jefferson Starship** Electric Ballroom 020 7485 9006

The Kalatricks/Sons Of Albion
Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Kate Miller-Heidke The Fly 0870 907 0999

The Moonjets Comedy 020 7839 7261 The Mominees/Karmadillo/Alturo Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Prdctv/Project Serendipity/ A Cup Of Tea/Terry T Toe Good Ship 020 7372 2544

**The RGBs/Scar** Arts Club 020 7460 4459

The Shoestrung/Girls Can't Dance/ Dan Smith/Pachucos Y La Princesa/ Henry's Phonograph Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

Shush 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622 Spy Catcher/New Device/Muswell Garage (Unstairs) 0871 230 1094

The Used Garage 020 7607 1818 Vic Ruggiero/Lonely Joe Parker/ Thee Intolerable Kidd/Trail Of

Disgrace Windmili 020 8671 0700 Yes Cassette 229 Club 020 7631 8310 6 Day Riot The Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384

The Ataris Roadhouse 0161 228 1789
Heartstring/Mobius Loop/The
Exhibition/High Definition/Jo Gillot
Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822
The Minnikins/Jo Rose Ruby Lounge
0161 834 1392

Sour Pretty/Alex Butler/ Patched Up Heroes/Demob Happy Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

The Blackout/We Are The Ocean/ Everything Burns/Downtown Riots Boardmaster Festival 0871 230 1094

Colin Staples Band Running Horse 0115 978 7398

Zebrahead/Kids Can't Fly Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

The Crave/Gundogs Boardwalk 0114 279 9090

**Haunts** Leadmill 0114 221 2828

The Raid/The Fuse/Black Circles Horn 01727 853143

# Connett, 93 Feet East, London



# THURSDAY AUGUST 6



The Neons/Judgement Day/Lionsex Esquires 01234 340120

**Rob McCullough/Bad Habits** Botanic Gardens 028 9032 4902

Flogging Molly Winter Gardens 01253 292029

Easy Star All-Stars Concorde 2 01273 673311

They Cried Land The Albert 01273 730499

Pulled Apart By Horses Start The Bus 0117 930 4370 Seregun Bierkeller 0117 926 8514

Koopa/Death Of An Icon/A470 Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199 The Voluntary Butler Scheme/ Monster Bobby Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

Bonfires The Royal 01332 367720

Brandi Carille/Kill It Kid Academy 00 3531 877 9999 The Coronas Leopardstown

Racecourse 00 353 46 9021350

Ancient Fool/The Other Side The Ark

The Nature Boys Whistlebinkies 0131 557 5114

0131 228 9393

**5ky Larkin** Cavern Club 01392 495370

The Casino Brawl/Seven Year Kismet Rockers 0141 221 0726 Jack Bruce/Robin Trower/ Gary Husband 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

My Tiger My Timing King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 The Rabble Stereo 0141 576 5018 Sieuge 13th Note Café 0141 553 1638

Tasha Fights Tigers/We Move As One/Rosenbridge Square 01279 305000

The Adolescents Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861

Bleech Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976
The Brights Rhythm Factory
020 7247 9386
The Campaign/We Happy Few/

Moe Foe Legion 020 7613 3012 Death Cigarettes/Phantom The Victoria 0871 230 1094 Depedro/Sweet Billy Pilgrim Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080 Friends Of Ken/Fruma Payn Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 Glint 02 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000

**Glittershaft/The Vibrants** Underbelly 0207 613 3105

Harry Choo Choo Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434 The Hitchers/The Wishing Well

Dublim Castle 020 7485 1773

Justin Swadling Cobden Club
020 8960 4222



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01332 341154

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0845 257 5757

**Keziah Jones** Jazz Café 020 7916 6060 **Kid Champion** The Gramaphone

020 7377 5332 The Lines Lummaire 020 7372 7123 The Minnikins Windmidl

020 8671 0700 Nedry/Eat Lights Become Lights The Fly 0870 907 0999 Raygun/The Red Deltas

Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412 Saevio/Social Reform Royal Vauxhall Tayern 020 7582 0833 The Sans Pareil/Glue/

The Sans Pareil/Glue/ Red Drapes 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095 Sian Alice Group Hoxton Square

Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709 **South Bound Zax** 100 Club 020 7636 0933 **Star Fucking Hipsters** Underworld 020 7482 1932 Who By Gun/Abduction Of Margaret/Spotlight Cannibal Buil & Gate 020 7485 5358

**Blacktop/Lines In Sand** Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Fury UK/Core Of Nation Grand Central 0871 230 1094

Haunts/The Vanguards Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

Monsters Build Mean Robots/ The Woe Betides/Oh Stockholm Fuel 01612826040 Petrabox/We Walk In Straight

Lines/Sam Hutchinson Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

Unstable Tables/Death By Sexy Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379 Woodpigeon/Beth Jeans Houghton Cluny 2 0191 230 4474

Pete Murray/Rob Sawyer/The Boy Who Trapped The Sun /Ben Howard Boardmaster Festival 0871 230 1094

**The Mary Jones Scandal** Brickmakers 01603 441118

Annotations Of An Autopsy/Trigger The Bloodshed/Martyr Defiled/ Viatrophy/Impending Doom Rock City 08713 100000

Beards/Cleckhuddersfax South Street Arts Centre 0118 960 6060

**Dale Storr** The Harlequin 0114 275 8195

Chase Long Beach Joiners 023 8022 5612 Red Jackson Platform Tavern 023 8033 7232

Albany Down/The Disciples Of Gonzo/Random Theft Machine Horn 01727 853143

**The Crave/Gundogs** 12 Bar 01**79**3 5**3**5713

Magic Animal/The Screaming Gypsies The Rolleston 01793 534238 Unfortunate Hero/Frosted Tea Cakes Riffs Bar 01793 778304 Zebrahead The Furnace 01793 534238

Morkret/Narcotic Death Snooty Fox 01924 374455

The Victorian English Gentlemen's Club/Glass/Gleam Of Dawn
Fibbers 01904 651 250



Brandi Carlile/Kill It Kid Auntie Annie's 028 9050 1660

The Untouchables/Niamh Kavanagh Botanic Gardens 028 9032 4902 Wille Byrne Empire 028 9024 9276

The Drop/Chris Mason

Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426 Shiny Metal Boxes Rainbow 0121 772 8174

The Damned Winter Gardens 01253 292029

The Bardo Engine Room 01273 728999

The Deadlines/Villareal The Albert 01273 730499

Jolly Rangers Providence 01273 727822

Kryptonite Junkies Cat And Wheel OH7 942 7862 Vagabond The Cooler 0117 945 0999

None The Less/Young Guns

Man On The Moon 01223 474259 Zico Chain/Asbo Portland Arms 01223 357268

Haunts/Sharks/Accident Music 8arfly 029 2066 7658

Crayonsmith Whelan's (Upstairs) 00 3531 475 9372 Legion Of Two Crawdaddy 00 3531 478 0225

The JCQ/The Gold Coast/The Escape

House The GRV 0131 220 2987 Mumford & Sons Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

Shell Suit Massacre/My Electric Love Affair The Ark 0131 228 9393

The Stranglers Picture House 0844 847 1740 Woodpigeon Sneaky Pete's

0131 225 1757

The Magic Hatstand Cavera Club 01392 495370

Dean Friedman Ferry 01698 360085 Glory Days 02 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 The Holloways QMU 0141 339 9784 Jill Jackson/Holly Ogilvie/Chris

Gorman King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

The Kitsch Kittens Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

My Name is Hero/Acrylic Igon Classic Grand 0141 221 4583

Podan/Hidden Masters/Daddy And The Good Girls 13th Note Cafe 01415531638

4 Day Weekend/Shimmer/Year Zero ABC2 0141 204 5151

Jools Holland & His Rhythm & Blues Orchestra Stonor Park 01491 638587

Bleech Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861 The Contract Cockpit Room 2

Kenai Rios 01274 735549 The Lazy Dazy Band The Owl 0113 256 5242

Mainline Flhow Rooms 0113 245 7011 The Process Fenton 0113 245 3908 The Stella Frays Carpe Diem 0113 243 6264

**Will Hall** Superna 0113 246 8043

Tucan Dolans Warehouse 00 35361 314483

Adult By Accident Zanzıbar



#### CHELMSFORD

ALICIA WOLFE + IPSO FACTO (DJ SET) 01245 356811

#### LONDON

SCREAMING LIGHTS DEFEND MOSCOW 020 7388 3222

David Tyrrell 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Vile Vile Creatures Magnet 0151 709 6969

Beggars Carryon/Stone Soul Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

The Betend 100 Club 020 7636 0933 The Cesarians Royal Vauxhall Tavem 020 7582 0933

Dangerous Heresy/Muddy Suzuki/The Drowners Bull & Gate

020 7485 5358 **Dualist/November Fleet** The Fly 0870 907 0999

Edit/Select/A Broken Robot 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Flasheuns/Geometrics Garage 020 7607 1818

Hoodoo Scoundrels Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

Jaya The Cat Underworld 020 7482 1932

Litti'ans/Me Tarzan, You Jane/ Honeycube Luminaire 020 7372 7123 Lucky Elephant/Shock Defeat

Windmill 020 8671 0700 Overthrow/The Popes Of Chillitown/Eight Rule/The Second

Line Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Personal Space Invaders 229 Club 020 7631 8310

Plastic Hearts/Dirty Goods Garage (Upstairs) 0871 230 1094 Rescue Cat/Toy Toy 93 Feet East

The Score Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060 Starseed Indigo @ The O2 Arena 0870 701 4444

Teenagersintokyo/O Children Cargo 0207 749 7840

David Rybka & The Victorian Dad Band Fuel 0161 282 6040 From The Kites Of San Quentin Moho Live 0161 834 8180 New Education/Orphan Boy/

The Kines/The Sensations Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392 The Roughneck Riot/Untitled States

Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822 Starless And Rible Black Irish Association Social Club 0161 881 2898

Tygers Of Pan Tang O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Victorian English Gentlemen's Club Cluny 0191 230 4474

Rearrimactor Festival: The Streets / Calvin Harris/Roots Manuva/The King Blues/Ash Grumwald/Gold Teeth/Cosmo Jarvis/Brakes/ Dinosaur Pile-Up/Ulterior Fistral Beach 0871 230 1094

The Gheet Of A Thruspand Roadmender Fentre 01604 604222

Violet Violet Arts Centre 01603 660352

The Animals & Friends Rugning Horse 0115 978 7398

Glint 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Chase Long Beach Met Lounge

**Pulled Apart By Horses White Rabbit** 01752 227522

Natalie Imbruglia

Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911 Stanton Moore Trio Cellars 0871 230 1094

John Crampton Neptune

0121 559 9207

Annotations Of An Autopsy/ Impending Doom Corporation 0114 276 0262

Ruberlaris/Peopermint Charlie/ The Shirks Plug 0114 276 7093

Dan Le Sac Orange Rooms 02380 232333

The Safe Harbour Joiners 023 8022 5612

The Lies Sugarmill 01782 214991

Kaned And Able/Jigsaw/Silverspace Horn 01727 853143

The Dead Lav Waiting/In The Absence Of Light The Furnace 01793 534238

The Empire Escobar 01924 332000

## SATURDAY

**AUGUST 8** 

The Victorian English Gentlemen's Club/Lego Castles Moles 01225 404445

Your Army/Lecarla Esquires 01234 340120

Juliet Turner/James Huish Botanic Gardens 028 9032 4902

The Coyotes/Musgraves Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

The Adicts Winter Gardens 01253.292029

Deadbeat Descendant/Accelerator The Albert 01273 730499

Boy Crisis/Portmanteau Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

Lethal Theory 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 No More Heroes Reckless Engineer 0117 929 0425

The Tailgaters O'Neills 0117 945 8891

Full Scarecrow Packhouse 01332 209236

Conway Savage Crawdaddy 00 3531 478 0225 The Funeral Suits Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372 Kill Krinkle Club Whelan's (Uostairs)

Blue Roses Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

00 3531 475 9372

David Byrne Playhouse 0131 557 2590 Glam Scarlet/The Bagatelles The Ark (1131 228 9393 Mumford & Sons Cabaret Voltaire

0131 220 6176 The Proclaimers Picture House 0844 847 1740

Rieser The GRV 0131 220 2987

Snakehite/Vanadium Tiggas 01392 437929

Acid Mothers Temple Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Beerjacket King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

The Gazettas/The Zonules of Zinn/ Skinny Villains ABC2 0141 204 5151 Just Tourist/Kochka Classic Grand 0141 221 4583

Li'l Ze/Able Soul Stereo 0141 576 5018 Superpowerless 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Jools Holland & His Rhythm & Blues Orchestra Belvoir Castle 0115 912 9000

Young Guns/None The Less/ A Stranger in Moscow/Stars Of The Search Party Boileroom 01483 440022

5keletons/Pennyroyal/The Argonauts Square 01279 305000

Feral/Man Of Kin/Kaleb Club 85 01462 432767

Cleckhuddersfax The Common Place

Gonga/Circulus/Alabaster Suns/ No Made Sense/The Beath Of Her Money/Khuda/The Divehomb Revolution/The Laze/Hog Island Boas/Trampled Under Hoof/Citadel Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866 The Little Blackhearts Milo

0113 245 7101 Street Legal The Owl 0113 256 5242 World/Inferno Friendship Rios

01274 735549 **LENCESTER** 

The Dirty Robbers Musician 0116 251 0080

Crafty Freddie Magnet 0151 709 6969 The Rackets 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

LONDON

The Arkanes/Blue Veils/The Electric Riot/The A Train Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Calle 13 Forum 020 7344 0044 Freak Power Jazz Café 020 7916 6060 It Prevails Underworld 020 7482 I932 Jenny's Birthday/Noisick/

New State Radio/The Lights Underbelly 0207 613 3105 Kindness/Vernnica Falls/Hounds Of Hate MacBeth 020 7739 5095 Miss.Bee Troubadour Club

020 7370 1434 Noush Skaugen Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

The Nova Saints The Victoria 0871 230 1094 One Party State Barfly 0870 907 0999

Penny Sweets Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Social Reform/Gambling Hearts/ Von Jergo/The Capers Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

They Came From The Stars, I Saw Them/Black Cherry/Halagoogoo/ Black Market Empire 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

This Ambitious Orchestra Luminaire 020 7372 7123 White Noise Sound/The Oscillation

The Fly 0870 907 0999 Winnebago Deal/4 Or 5 Magiclans/ Wonderswan/Internet Forever/ **Dutch Husband/The Jelas** Windmill 020 8671 0700

Bad Taste Barbies/Thee Ocean Palace Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392 Bonfires/The Soul/Special K Roadhouse 0161 228 1789 Jupiters Heroes Fuel 0161 282 6040 Lost Calm/The Tides Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1922

Protectors Lincle Albert's 01642 230472

The Chevrolites Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

Boardmaster Festival: Cypress Hill/Super Furry Animals/Pulled Apart By Horses/Dan Le Sac Vs Scrooblus Pip/Will And The People/ Pendulum/Filthy Dukes/Fanfarlo/ The Ghost Of A Thousand Fistral Beach 0871 230 1094

The Damned Roadmender Centre 01604 604222

Shapes Marquee 01603 478374

The Deville Dolls Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

Drusdealer Cheerleader Junktion 7 0115 911 6959 Glint Stealth 08713 100000

Mouthwash/Voodoo Glow Skulls Maze 0115 947 5650 Obsessive Compositive Bar 7

0115 970 4662

The Voluntary Butler Scheme Oakford Social Club 0116 255 3956

Dirty Jeans/Fearless Linda The Vault 0871 230 1094

Sam Wilkinson New Barrack Tavern 0114 234 9148

The Dickles Talking Heads 023 8055 5899

Vagabond Joiners 023 8022 5612

Friends Of Ken/Sworn To Oath Sugarmill 01782 214991

Bleech/I Said Yes/Sion/The Alfonz Wharf Green 0871 230 1094 Energy Without The Sun/Zoe Mead/ Gaz Brookfield/Kicaberry/Milk The Rolleston 01793 534238 Good Things Happen In Bad Towns/

Pig Noise/The Doubtful Guest/ Sunday Dogs Beehive 01793 523187 Lighterthief/The Dirty Feel/The Dacoits/The Locarnos The Furnace 01793 534238

Stolen Tom Shooty Fox 01924 374455

Annotations Of An Autopsy/Trigger The Bloodshed/Viatrophy/RSJ/ The Fallen Fibbers 01904 651 250



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### **AUGUST 9**

Darragh Robinsons 028 9024 7447 Devotchka Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968 New Moon Botanic Gardens

028 9032 4902 BIRMINGHAM

The Victorian English Gentlemen's

Club Flapper 0121 236 2421

BLACKPOOL

Killing Joke Winter Garden 01253 292029

BRISTOL

Betty & The Werewolves/ The Good Natured Start The Bus

0117 930 4370 The Committed/The Undivided

Fleece 0117 945 0996 The Creepshow Bierkeller

0117 926 8514 When Memories Fade Croft 0117 987 4144

DERRY

FRIMBUIDGH

Front Room Wreck/False Hope The Victoria Inn 01332 740091

NE Lawlor Whelan's (Upstairs) 00 3531 475 9372

Cosmo/Peter Michael Rowan The Ark 0131 228 9393 Emiliana Torrini Queen's Hall 0131 668 2019

The Liaison/My Name is Hero/ Jaded Piayboy The GRV 0131 221: 2987

The Lost Brothers Speaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

Pulled Apart By Horses Cavern Club

FALMOUTH

Nitin Sawhney Pavi Iron 01326 211222 **GLASGOV** 

Echofela QMU 0141 339 9784 The Heptones Ferry 01698 360085 Laidback Legends Rockers 0141 221 0726 Not Advised/The Auteur Capital 0141 331 0140

The Defekters/Sofasonic/ Fyrefly/The Nimblewits Club 85 01462 432767

KETTERING

Linchpin/Carne Diem Sawvers 01536 484800

Electric Mud Generator Cardigan Arms 0113 274 2000 JD73 Hi-Fi Club 0113 242 7353

Shurman & Andrea Glass Sandurista! 0113 305 0372

Violet Shrink New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Annotations Of An Autopsy/Trigger The Bloodshed/Viatrophy/Seraph Impaled/The Failer/Acts Of Sorrow Monroes Fall/Machiavellian/ Oceanis/A Tainted Sky/Unsanctum/ Carcer City/Phoenix Down/One More Victim/Asmodai

Barfly Loft @ Masque 0151 707 6171 LONDON

Broken Butterfly X/Inner Eden Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412 Jimmy The Squirrel/Creation Rockers 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622 Kasha Black Sheep Bar The Maddisons/Harry Choo Choo

Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Stornoway/Maric Arm/Shona Foster Luminaire 020 7372 7123 Tawny Owl And The Birds Of Prey/Stricken City/The Woe Betides Legion 020 7613 3012

The Xcerts/4 Or 5 Magicians/ The Muscle Club/Everyone To The Anderson/Ice Sea Dead People/Not Cool/Arry Blue Windmill 020 8671 0700

#### MARCHESTED.

Azriel/The Eyes Of A Traitor/ This is Colour/More Than Life Satan's Ho 'ow 0161 236 0666 Brandi Carille Academy 2 01618921111 Curtis Eller's American Circus/

Black Velvet Band/Al Baker & The Doie Oueue The Ruby Lounge 0161.834.1392

NEWCASTL.

Dogzegg/Pioneers Of Mediocracy The Tyne 0191 265 2550

Glint 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 NEWQUAY

Boardmaster Festival: Sneaky Sound System/Jelly Jazz Fistra, Beach 0871 230 1094

NORWICH The Mary Jones Scandal

Heartsease 01603 433673

NOTTINGHAM

Young Guns/None The Less/ Stars Of The Search Party Rock City 08713 100000

PORTE Thalamus/The Saffrons/Play/ Make It Real/Rorschach Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

READI 1G Ute/King Charles Oakford Social Club 0116 255 3956

ROWLEY REGIS

Ammonite Neptune 0121 559 9207

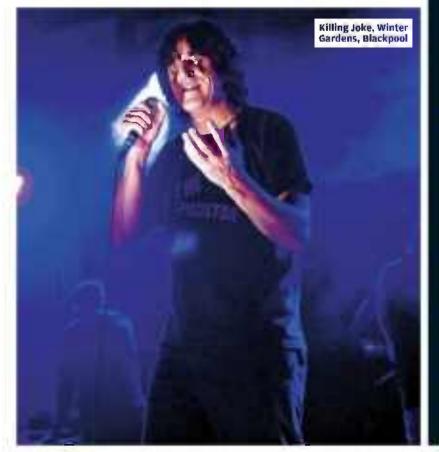
SOUTHAMPTON It Prevalls Joiners 023 8022 5612

SWINDON Old School Tie/Fry/Matthew Kilford/Coach/Sweet Plums

The Vic 01793 535713 The Shudders/Charlie Bath/ Simon Hall/Billyjon/Emma Payn

Beehive 01793 523187 TUN POGE WELLS

The Flavonolds/The Vordermans The Forum 08712 777101



### DNDAY **AUGUST 10**



#### BRIGHTON

The Dickies Engine Room 01273 728 999

The Skuzzies/My Name in Lights he Albert 01273 730499

RINGTOL

Drivecham/Zero Pilot Fleece 0117 945 0996 H2O/Our Time Down Here/ True Valiance Croft 0117 987 4144

CAM RIDGE Spraynard/Break The Habit/ Sammy's Fatal Mistake/The Cynics Portland Arms 01223 357268

- cD4FF

Square/Eleventh Apparition Barfly 029 2066 7658 D-DRY Proceed/Don Broco

Seven Year Kismet/Intensive

The Victoria Inn 01332 740091

DUBLIN Devotchka Crawdaddy

00 3531 478 0225 **EDINBURGH** 

Calvin Harris Picture House 0844 847 1740

EXETER

Letters To Leaders/Anderson/ Joe Public Cavern Club

Amnotations Of An Autopsy Cathouse 0141 248 6606

8 Real Vory Blacks 0141 221 7871 Postcode Rockers 0141 221 0726 World/Inferno Friendshin/Joev Terrifying/The Dirty Demographic/ Dave Hughes Stereo 0141 576 5018 GUILDFORD

All Other Humans Boileroom 01483 440022

LIBER

The Eyes Of A Traitor Rios 01274 735549

The King Blues/Random Hand/ The Hydropaths Cockpit 0113 244 3446 Solus Locus Cardigan Arms 0113 274 2000

Voodoo Glow Skulls Carpe Drem

0113 243 6264 LONDO

Black Bart Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412 Bleech Monarch (Misty Moon) 0871 230 1094

Chris Murray/Apologies, I Have Noise Vincimill 020 8671 0700 Kinkajou/Anna Madeleine/ Sergeant Buzfuz/Steve Espinola

12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

The National Royal Festival Hall 020 7960 4242 Oh Sevenine The Old Queen's Head

0207 839 7261 The Rabble Underworld 020 7482 1932

Ryco Saints/Zemitones/Foxtrot Bravo Barfly 0870 907 0999 The Sentinels Of Rhythm 100 Club 020 7636 0932

We Be The Echo/Death Mile Fury Dublin Castle 220 7485 1773

MANCHESTER Silent Film Project

Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822 NOTTINGHAM

Vagabond/The Limits Bodega Social Club 08713 100000 PORTSMOUTH

**Pulled Apart By Horses** Cellars 0871 230 1094 SOUTHAMPT

Carpathian Hamptons Bar 07919 253 508

TUNBRIDGE WELLS Asteroids Broke My Stereo/ Elephants/Lycans Blood

The Forum 087 2 777101 WAKEFELD

For Everything A Reason/Man Overboard Snooty Fox 01924 374455

### TUESDAY **AUGUST 11**

#### REGITON

Our Fathers/Elmo Calkins the Albert 01273 730499 RISTO

The Aggrolites/Chris Murray/ The Skints Croft 0117 987 4144 CARDIFF

Hard Pursuit Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

#### CORK

Easy Star Ail-Stars Cyprus Avenue 00 35321 427 6165

Telepathe/Nutko The Royal 01332 36 77 20

#### EDINBURGH

Elkin The GRV 0131 220 2987

#### GLASGOTY

**Burn The Skyline** Rockers

Young Guns/Sacred Betrayal/

Converse With Ghosts/Social Schism Ivory Bl vt.s 0141 221 7871

Not Advised/The Ocean Between Us/The Headstart Cockpit 0113 244 3446

#### LOE DON

The Acid Tapes Comedy 020 7839 7261 Agnostic Front Underworld

02 1 193

Alex Roots Barfly 0870 907 0999

The Deep Below/Bruised Beauties/ Take Aim Fire/The Rounds 93 Feet Fact (120 - 247 6095

Devotchka Carr o 0207 749 7840

I Am Vexed/Ivyrise/The Mutineers Monto V-at ir Rats 020 837 4412 The Joe Public/Deeds Of The Nameless The Fly 0870 907 0999



#### HULL THE BLUETONES

#### 01482 221113

Pearl Jam 02 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

Spraynard/Break The Habit/Wrap It Up IF III Coc s 020 8546 5174 Stereo Decade/Jive Cats/ Lost In Colour/Fun At The Fair Garage (Up 1 0871 230 1094

Tommy Sparks/LR Rockets Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473 Vices Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 52 Commercial Poarl/Everyone To The Anderson Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

The 66 Hope & An thor 020 7354 1312 MANCHESTER

The Motion Theory Roadhouse

0161 228 1789

Vagabond Moho Live 0161 834 8180 NEWCASTLE

Versla/Kate is The Decoy/in Oceans

Head Of Stram 0191 232 4379

NORWICH

Jim Hart The Gree Man 01603782693

NOTTINGHAM

Steve Pinnock Running Horse 0115 978 7398

Linchpin/Carpe Diem

The Crew 024 76347402

READING

HI-Fidels Duo Old Orleans

0118 951 2678

SOUTHAMPTO Leftover Crack Talking Heads

023 8055 5899

Supertonic Joiners 023 8022 5612 STAI BANG

Toxins/Captain Loves Guns/ 91 Pleces/Dead Fly Dance

Hom 01727 853143

WAKEFIELD Battlecat Snooty Fox 01924 374455



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### **GALLOWS**

#### TUN ROADMENDERS. MINESPER 26

Hotly anticipated UK tour from the Watford hardcore punk group in support of their acclaimed second album 'Grev Britain'. Expect buckets of sweat, the odd curse word and circle pits the width of the M4 corridor.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/gallows



#### STARTE LEEDS DE LCADEMY, ULTOBER 19

Angular Canadian punks with more than a few catchy numbers play a score of gigs following the release of the imaginatively titled third release 'Billy Talent III'. WWW.NME.COM/artists/billy-talent



#### **ALEC EMPIRE**

#### STARTS: LONDON O2 ACADEMY ISLINGTON.

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## THE NME CROSSWORD

### **WIN THE VIDEO CAMERA**

#### **CLUES ACROSS**

2+5A+23D Was this Tom Clarke's advice to Arthur Lee?

9 Nothing a set change will do for guitarist with The Virgins (5) 10 4 Feel Cream' pouring

over her fruity body (7)
12 There's not just the one
exit available when Darker

My Love are playing (3-4-3) 14 (See 6 down) 16 (See 21 across)

17 A bit of a crisis with LA post-meta! band (4) 18+15D Fiction label band fronted by Harry McVeigh (5-4) 19 "To think! I might not see

those eyes, makes it so hard not to cry", 2004 (3) 21-16A Frankie Goes To Hollywood's worst bir perhaps taking in an 15 (3)-6)

- taking in an 'E' (3-6)

22 Recently left Panic At The
Disco having appeared in
Crossroads (4)

Crossroads (4)
23+29A Correctly predicted
by We Are Scientists, getting

to 29 in the charts (3-1-3)
24 "You know what, Otis? I don't care what you say, you're still a \_\_\_\_\_, Carla
Thomas addressing Mr
Redding in a duet (5)
25 With their 'Selfish Ways' they were 'Tuned To A
Different Station' (4)
28 A quiet period that comes with a Smashing Pumpkins
EP (4)
29 (See 23 across)
30 "She has a \_\_\_\_, we really do adore her", Texas (4)

29 (See 23 across)
30 "She has a \_\_\_, we really
do adore her", Texas (4)
31 'Barbara \_\_', hit for The
Beach Boys (3)
32 (See 2 down)
33 "We used to talk about

who play guitar",
Maximo Park (5)

#### **CLUES DOWN**

1 Our entire planet to come to a standstill as Big Pink perform (4-3-5) 2+32A Good looks are a bit lacking with The Rogues (3-2-6) 3+20D From the kick-off it's nil from The Ting Tings (2-7-7) 4 Especially the beginnings of a Bee Gees' album (1-1-1) 6+14A As expressed by Goldfrapp, Wiseguys, Coolio and Rod Stewart (3-2-2)
7 Lads from The Wirral with a 'Suspicious Wit' (7) 8 'HuAman \_\_\_\_' from Madonna or '\_\_\_ Boy' from Nick Cave (6) 11 A deep love for US band that 'Folds In Your Hands' (7-3). 13 Connection between old US psychedelic rock band and Leona Lewis (6) 15 (See 18 across)
19 The \_\_\_\_ Children, band put on track by Gary Newby (7) 20 (See 3 down) 21 Perhaps cheer at a Jethro Tull hit (7) 23 (See 1 across) 26 Roam around with member of Mars Volta (4) 27 Opts for a different Black Rebei Motorcycle Club number (4)

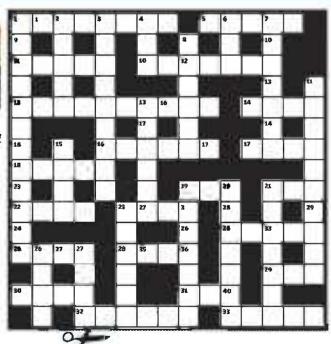
Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

#### **JULY 11 ANSWERS**

ACROSS
1-1D Return of White Rabbit,
9 Blood, 10 Man of Aran,
11+30A ikara Colt, 12 Grand
Prix, 13+20D Beth Gibbons,
14 Dee, 15+22D Lemon Jelly,
17 Monster, 20+24D Go West,
21 Ruby, 23 Catch The Breeze,
25 Ivo, 26 Ringo, 27 Lange.
29 Delays.

#### DOWN

2 Too Rake, 3 Ride A White Horse, 4 Oh My God, 5 Wannabe, 6 Infidels, 7 Eardrum Buzz, 8 Onyx, 16 Ne-Yo, 17 Machine, 18 Notion, 19 Rihanna, 28 N.W.O.



Simply cut out the creasword and seed, a foling with your mans, address and even! In varieing the aweleg which the issue date, before you death, even 1810; to the foliowing address: consearch, AME, 411 Plot Bille File plating, 310 Sentiment 517est, London, 551 OSL, Fisk correct one out of the half while!

### PICK OF THE WEEK I



#### MANIC STREET PREACHERS TAKEOVER

Nicky Wire and James Dean Bradfield spent the day with us a while back to root through the NME TV vaults. Tune in for Kasabian, The Cure, Nirvana and, perhaps surprisingly, Ladyhawke. The boys got good taste. Saturday, August 8, 3pm

### **PLUS...**

### WEDNESDAY

Green Day from knee-high upwards.





### THURSDAY

With Passion Pit, The Temper Trap and more. August 6, 5pm



#### TODDLAT'S ULTIMATE FESTIVAL LINE-UP

With MIA, Beck and more. August 7, 11pm



#### SATURDAY PRIMAL SCREAM TAKEOVER

It's just you and Bobby G. August 8, 9pm



#### SUNDAY **50 KILLER FLOOR FILLERS**

Expect Muse, Blur and, of course, The Killers. August 9, 3pm



#### MONDAY **DOVES TAKEOVER**

We allowed the band to take the reins for an hour. August 10, 8pm



### PRESENTS ROCK LEGENDS

RATM, 'tallica, GN'R et al. August 11, 4pm



**Full listings: NME.COM/NMETV** 





GOSSIP HEAVY CROSS

> YEAH YEAH VEAHS.

HEADS WILL ROLL

KASABIAN WHERE DID ALL THE LOVE GO?

**JAMIET** STICKS N' STONES

KINGS OF LEON NOTION

**CALVIN HARRIS** READY FOR THE WEEKEND

FLORENCE AND THE MACHINE RABBIT HEART.

JAY-Z DOA (DEATH OF AUTOTUNE)

LA ROUX **BULLET PROOF** 

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### **IN OUR STUDIO**



#### BAND OF SKULLS

Session played: Tuesday, July 7 Ever wondered what happened to Fleeing New York? Well, anyway, they renamed themselves Band Of Skulls (looking glum, left, with presenter Samanthi) and are possibly the most-hyped band of August 2009 - so we got the Southampton rockers in to talk about their upcoming tour and drink a LOT of coffee.

### COMING UP...

#### WILD BEASTS

With their second album 'Two Dancers' out on Domino this week, everyone's favourite eccentric rockers join Samanthi live in the studio.

Friday, August 7, 11,30am

#### JULIAN PLENTI

The name might not mean much, but when we tell you it's the pseudonym for Interpol's Paul Banks and he's playing us some tunes, you might want to tune in.

Tuesday, Āugust 11, 4pm

### N THE PLAYUS



CORNERSHOP Who Fingered Rock'n'Roll

**MIIKE SNOW** Animal

THE RULING CLASS Marian Shrine

**CHARLOTTE HATHERLEY** White

**DOVES** The Outsiders

THE BIG PINK Dominos

PETER DOHERTY

Broken Love Song **ARCTIC MONKEYS** 

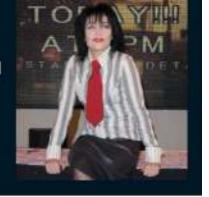
Crying Lightning I WAS A KING

Norman Bleik

THE CRIBS Cheat On Me

MAGIC WANDS Warrior

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



by SIOUXSIE SIOUX

The bra-burning, gay-clubbing, longsleeping punk icon on keeping herself interesting

#### DON'T DWELL ON THE PAST TOO MUCH - MOVE ON, BUT KEEP YOUR AGENT HAPPY.

"I do tire of talking about punk and the Banshees. There are so many programs that it seems like every few months there's a thing about punk looking for a quote. I try not to let myself tire of it though. I would if I did everything, but I don't do everything. I only do enough to keep my agent happy."

IF YOU'RE NOT ENJOYING IT, DON'T BOTHER. "Do I think I'm still relevant? I don't give a fuck if I'm relevant. I like what I'm doing and I'm doing it, and there's people that come and see me and it's great. How do you know if you're relevant? Do you think you're relevant? You don't care? Good. I've always said that I wouldn't do something if I didn't enjoy it. A lot of that is down to you, and how you do things."

#### A WOMAN NEEDS A ROOM (AND A LIGHTER) OF ONE'S OWN

"I suppose I must be a feminist. I think I was born a feminist. I was born with a bra on and I burnt it as soon as I came out of the womb. I just always wanted to do what I wanted to do, and I felt that conforming to what society thinks is acceptable is not necessarily the best course to follow. I just think you have instincts, and a heart and a spirit and you have to let that guide you."

#### KEEP YOUR BAND ON THEIR TOES, AND THE AUDIENCE AS WELL, IF YOU CAN, "We never

discussed where the band was going, and we never had any house rules. I think it was kept very fresh by the fact that we did so many records. We lost so many guitarists that we had to adapt to a new chemistry each time. I think as far as touring as well, I can't stand bands that play the same set night in and night out. That's very dull to watch for anyone following them. And if you're performing, it's very dull to do. There's nothing better than to see the fear on the rest of the band's face when I pull a song out of my hat that maybe they've forgotten."



EARLY TO BED, EARLY TO RISE. IT'LL MAKE FOR A BETTER SHOW THE NEXT DAY.

"Initially, when you start off touring and you're playing different places, you're excited. It's usually a late show, and when you finish normally you have tons of adrenalin and energy to get rid of. Usually the idea of going to sleep is the last thing on your mind. I think very quickly you have to realise that if you've got a show the next day, you can't party every night. The worst ever feeling is to be performing under par because you've partied too much the night before."

#### GAY? STRAIGHT? WHATEVER. FOLLOW THE MUSIC, MAN.

"I think that if the spirit's right, then the music's right. I think not limiting yourself is important, and leaving yourself open to trying new things as well. I DJed for the first time on the 4th of July – it's all in the name of Gay Pride. Before I started going to see the Sex Pistols, the gay clubs were the only clubs I went to, because they had the best DJs and the best music, and they were open late. I suppose a large amount of my audience is gay as well. Maybe they like the dressing-up aspect, and having fun. I think they're attracted to the non-conformism as well."

IT AS SOON AS I CA

OUT OF THE WOMB'

#### A PUNK-ROCK ATTITUDE ISN'T JUST FOR CHRISTMAS. "I still

stand by what I said when I was younger

- 'Self-pride, self-preservation, that's
always the strongest motivation behind
what we're doing'. I can't understand
why anybody would want to put what
other people think of them before what
they're doing. You can't please everyone,
so you may as well please yourself. If
you please others, that's a plus."

MEAT IS MURDER. AND VEGETABLES ARE SEXY, IF YOU TRY HARD ENOUGH. "Vegetarians have a hard deal – they say we have no taste buds! I am a veggie yet I'm still an absolute foodie. I'd like to think not eating animals can be perceived as glamorous, or exciting, or spicy! I can

THE CANON IS NOT UNTOUCHABLE, NOR IS IT

make an amazing chilli sin carne."

**PERFECT.** "I have an older brother and sister, eight and 10 years my seniors respectively, who were both really into The Beatles. I remember the day that my brother bought "The White Album" and I loved the track 'Helter Skelter', so we covered it, and the Charles Manson angle changed the way that we interpreted it (Manson interpreted the term 'Helter Skelter' to mean an apocalyptic race war between black and white -Ed). As for 'Dear Prudence' we thought that the original Beatles version sounded under-developed, and we wanted to add to it, so we did."

BE GRACIOUS WHEN RECEIVING ACCOLADES, NOBODY LIKES A RELUCTANT ICON. "It's great that there's diversity in the sense that people from all different genres cite me as an inspiration. There's nothing more to say other than I am completely flattered by that."

### MAKE SURE YOU'RE REMEMBERED AS YOU WANT TO BE. "I want to

be remembered as a girl who didn't take being pigeon-holed into conformity. I gave extra teeth to being a woman. I had a bite... I think the younger Siouxsie would look at me now

and go, 'I wish that she was my mum. Or my sister'."

#### DID YOU KNOW?

- Siouxsie & The Banshees went through guitarists the way that Spinal Tap went through drummers. Past strummers include: Marco Pirroni, Pete Fenton, John McKay, John McGeoch, Robert Smith, John Valentine Carruthers, Jon Klein and Knox Chandler
- Siouxsie's deathly pallor, combined with layered swooping vocals and night-black hair, resulted in the Banshees being labelled as goth, an epithet that they'd rather have avoided
- She collaborated with fellow veggie Morrissey on a track named 'Interlude'

ESTABLISHED 1952

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