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ON REPEAT

THE SOUNDS RATTLING ROUND THE SKULLS
OF THE NME STAFF THIS WEEK



TRACK
OF
THE
WEEK

COCKNBULLKID

Cocknbullkid

Eponymous track? A rare occurrence, and a bold move. But in greased bat-out-of-hell times like these, it was gonna take a bit of tenacity to remind us why we, the people, should give a hot-damn about ol' Anita Blay from Hackney. It's been a wee while since she treated us to a taster brace of singles that yielded no album-shaped meal. Including – to recap – one of the most underrated hunks of noughties UK cred-pop, in 'On My Own'. But following a gestation period one can only assume involved a fair few stirred waters and maybe even a quick voyage of self-discovery, all traces of the shonky icicle synthery of Metronomy's Joe Mount have skidaddled. Now, with new go-to-guys in the form of lumpy-faced piano eccentric Gonzales and Marina's main man Liam Howe, her return is coming on all lush and twinkling. Strings, choirs, timpani and shitloads of trinkled ivories are the accompaniment of a bright and breezy return. But if songs that sound like a website description of a Spanish timeshare apartment don't

take your fancy, fret not: the airing of first proper album single 'Misery' on Huw Stephens' Radio 1 show nodded to a whole new confidence and

*Anita Blay's new tracks
nod to a fresh confidence
and sophistication*

sophistication to Anita's intumable bop. She used to laugh at idiots for assuming she was gospel before they'd heard her. Ironically, it looks like she might've gone with a dash of just that sound. If you can wait 'til January 2011, it feels like you might just get a whole elevenish tracks that are worth the wait. **Jaimie Hodgson, New Music Editor**
On the Daily Download on NME.COM now



THE PAINS OF BEING PURE AT HEART

Say No To Love

Oh wow! These New Yorkers return with a tune that's part-dubstep, part-jazz metal, all innovation and forward-thinking nous. Oh, actually they still sound like The Wedding Present, albeit wired on Haribo, or The Delgados in the days before they discovered Burt Bacharach. Still wow though. **James McMahon, Features Editor**
On NME Radio now

TOKYO POLICE CLUB

Wait Up (Boots of Danger)

The Ontario boys' latest is a fizzing pop single with a rumbling Link Wray underbelly which makes for the best rough-yet-smooth Canadian experience since John Candy put his hands between Steve Martin's 'pillows' in *Planes, Trains And Automobiles*. Weezer gone pubic. **Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor**
On NME Radio now

MIIKE SNOW

The Rabbit

Having written pop songs for Britney et al in a previous life, Swedes Mike Snow finally get hot'n'heavy on their own watch. Boasting the Day-Glo pop-rock of their first efforts, this throbbing new single adds deep breathing and pacts with the devil to the band's heady cocktail. **Paul Stokes, Associate Editor**
On NME Radio now

FOALS

Miami (Chesttheme remix)

It'd take a dark and malign influence to turn the most loose-limbed, louche and widescreen moment from 'Total Life Forever' nasty. The evil Darth Vader-breath rasp and dark, clanging beats that haunt this reworking, by new DJ duo Dave Chambers and Ninechquer, chasing poor Yannis' voice through a menacing futurescape where little Foals are made to drag coal-wagons in the mines for machines? Yep, that'll do it. **Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor**
On MySpace now

UNICORN KID

Dream Catcher (DJ Donna Summer remix)

Getting over the fact that Unicorn Kid isn't an actual baby unicorn and DJ Donna

Summer is actually a man called Jason Forrest, this remix of the Scottish teen's track is a good'un. Forrest takes off the bleeps from the eight-bit dubstep tune, and offers up this minimal jungle track. **Abby Tayleure, writer**
On the Daily Download on NME.COM now

BLACK MOUNTAIN

Old Fangs

Taken from their third album 'Wilderness Heart', Canadian psych-rock outfit Black Mountain have returned with a track that can best be described as 'meaty'. Beefed up basslines, a tasty mouthful of debauched riffs and a side serving of spacey synths; get your gnashers round it, quick. **Ash Dosanjh, Assistant Reviews Editor**
Free download from jagjaguwar.com now

BECK'S RECORD CLUB

Never Tear Us Apart (INXS cover)

Beck's superb Record Club this month features the honey-voiced St Vincent, Liars' Angus Andrew and Os Mutantes taking on INXS' 'Kick'. 'Never Tear Us Apart' was already practically perfect, but Hansen and co give it a Velvets shimmer and replace the obligatory '80s sax with a piercing violin solo. We want these released, and soon. **Laura Snapes, writer**
On beck.com/recordclub now

COOLY G

Digitally Deeper

A stylistic shift, then, for the producer with the best name-as-jingle in electronic music (COOL-EE-GEE). Rogue German DNA has been introduced into the already mongrel make-up of UK Funky with warm, dubby synths in thrall to Basic Channel poised over an antsy syncopated groove. A welcome progression indeed. **Louise Brailey, writer**
On YouTube now



EMINEM FT LIL WAYNE

No Love

Sampling Haddaway's 1993 cheese-dance classic 'What Is Love?', Em's latest thankfully finds him back to his best. The first verse is left to the man he called "one of the greatest in the game", but it's his ludicrously fast flows – "Get these wack cocksuckers offstage!" – that steal the show here. **Hamish MacBain, Assistant Editor**
On YouTube now

UPFRONT

THE LAST 7 DAYS IN MUSIC

Edited by Jamie Fullerton



The man in black (and white): Julian Casablancas at Isle Of Wight Festival, Saturday June 12, 2010

SIMONE JOYNER/GETTY, TOM O'NEILY, PA. GETTY, GUY BRPPEL, ANDY WILLISNER

"IT WAS BEAUTIFUL TO BE BACK PLAYING TOGETHER"

Last week, playing a tiny secret gig along the way, **The Strokes** returned after four years apart to become a festival headlining act again. **Jamie Fullerton** joined them at the Isle Of Wight Festival and found a band having fun, but with simmering tensions below the surface

THE COVER STORY

"Emotionally? We don't have the time to get into it," Albert Hammond, Jr laughs. Sat backstage at the Isle Of Wight

Festival hours before his band's headline show, he's recalling his evening activities three days earlier, when The Strokes played their first gig in almost four years at London's 500-capacity Dingwalls venue. "But it was beautiful to be back together playing. It was a flashback to playing early on. It was fun, [the preparation] was in stages. We started out in [New York's] The Music Building, where we've always been rehearsing, a shady small room. Then we did a week in another studio, almost full production for four days, then the [secret] show and now this. It feels like baby steps then... one giant step."

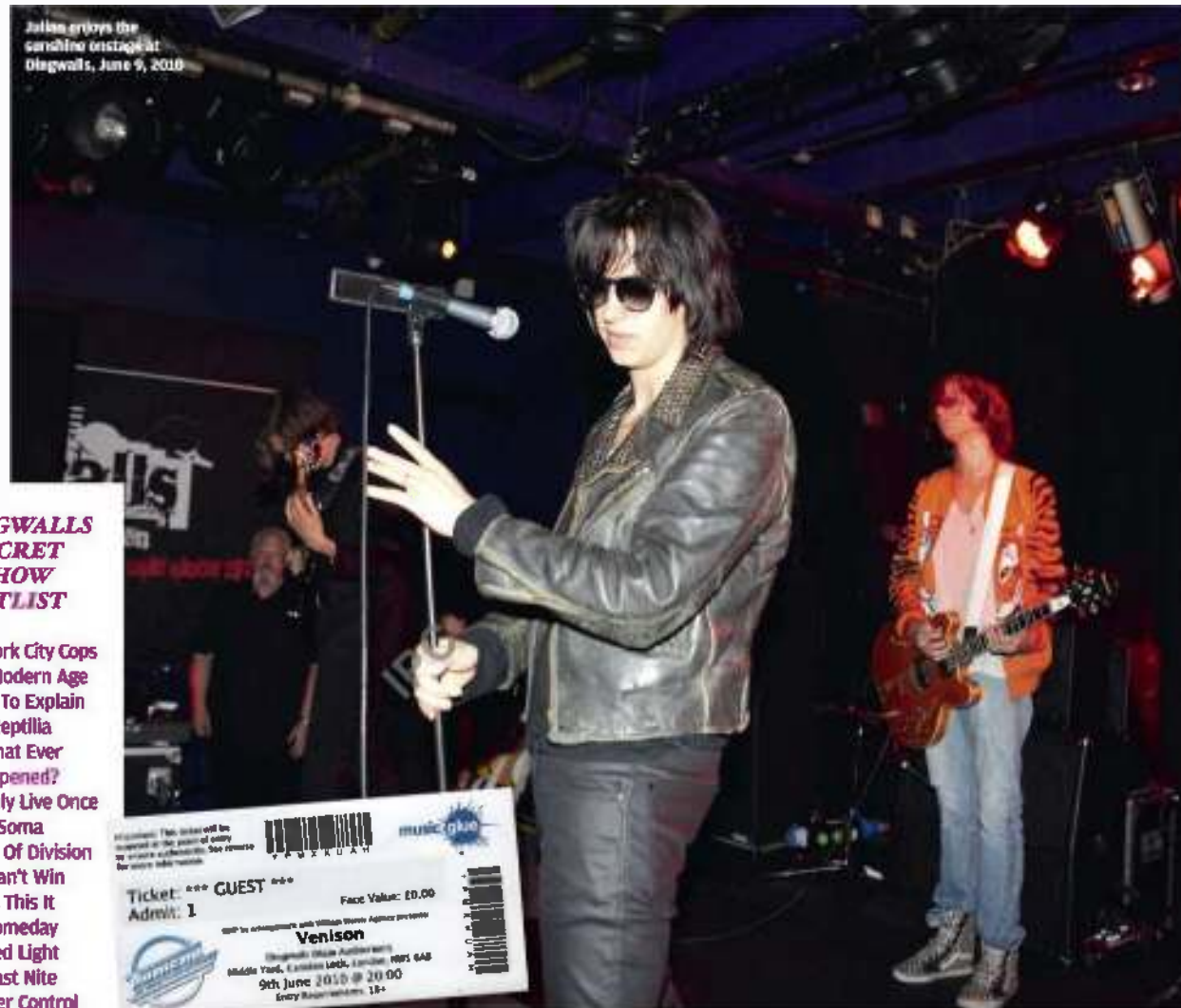
One giant step? That's something of an understatement. After a slow start, The Strokes' return was suddenly blinding in its speed. When they were booked for Isle Of Wight and RockNess last year the events were so far away they must have seemed like an abstract concept, but in the past month, the five members placed their various solo side-projects on the shelves of their Noo Yoik apartments, hit the rehearsal rooms then on Saturday, June 12 at IOW went from dormant modern indie legends to a UK festival headline band again. It took four years, but The Strokes are The Strokes again.

It's been a long time and, for a band as influential as them, every second away has been magnified to a Hubble-like level. As the band who didn't just breathe new life into guitar music, but actually redefined it with 'Is This It' in 2001 – lest we forget, there'd have been no Libertines or Arctic Monkeys if it wasn't for NME's Album Of The

DINGWALLS SECRET SHOW SETLIST

- New York City Cops
- The Modern Age
- Hard To Explain
 - Reptilia
 - What Ever Happened?
- You Only Live Once
 - Soma
- Vision Of Division
 - I Can't Win
 - Is This It
 - Someday
 - Red Light
 - Last Nite
- Under Control
 - 12:51
 - Juicebox
- Heart In A Cage
- Take It Or Leave It

Julian craves the sunshine onstage at Dingwalls, June 9, 2010



Decade – it seemed a minor tragedy that they ended the oos as a seemingly spent force. Their third and last album to date, the January 2006-released 'First Impressions Of Earth', was considered a disappointment. Still, the fact it went straight to Number One in the UK albums chart showed how deeply The Strokes were loved in this country, the place where they'd first made waves, and given an entire generation a lifelong uniform of Converse and leather.

How very right it was, then, that the band decided to play their long-awaited comeback show over here, in the form of a secret gig at Dingwalls in Camden under the pseudonym of

Venison. And how very predictable the mania that ensued. An announcement on Twitter sparked a feverish hunt for entry that made the ticket page on *Dingwalls.com* instantly implode.

The band were apparently unaware of the havoc they created. "That's awesome!" Albert snorts when we tell him the site had crashed. "I'm always surprised by those things. In anything you do, you have excitement and confidence mixed with the fear of failure. What if no-one watches it? At Dingwalls... what if it's... weird?"

But the scene outside the venue last Wednesday (June 9) made Albert's fears completely absurd. "I PAY £100 FOR TICKET" read the sign one girl paraded to the queue members, her smile becoming more forced with each passing minute. At least 300 of the ticket-holders had planted themselves on the cobblestones outside the dingy venue three hours before it opened, and

WHAT THEY'VE BEEN UP TO...



JULIAN CASABLANCAS

Teamed up with Santigold and Pharrell to make 'My Drive Thru' for Converse in 2008, then made a cameo on the Sparkiehorse/Danger Mouse album 'Dark Night Of The Soul'. Solo LP 'Phrazes For The Young' was released last year.

"The gig at Dingwalls was fun. It was like a flashback to playing early on"

ALBERT HAMMOND, JR



**ISLE OF
WIGHT
SETLIST**

- New York City Cops
- Modern Age
- Hard To Explain
- Reptilia
- What Ever Happened?
- You Only Live Once
- Soma
- Visions Of Division
- I Can't Win
- Is This It
- Someday
- Red Light
- Last Nite
- Juicebox
- Under Control
- Heart In A Cage
- Take It Or Leave It

Julian gives thanks for the gift of 10,000 red light

the buzz was almost carnival-esque – albeit with an edge of desperation not found at your standard Brazilian street party. At one stage, word flitted down the line that one fan was offering six grand for a pair. No-one wanted to cash in. At 8pm the lucky ones piled in.

While the individual Strokes, minus Nick Valensi, have been in the minds and photo lenses of the music world in their various solo and side-project guises, the sight of the five of them together again onstage just felt like a relief. The cheering was rapturous; eardrum-skewering screams met the

sight of their reassuringly familiar silhouettes taking their places onstage. But more thrilling was the music. They were *ridiculously* tight – more so than they'd ever been. In their greatest hits set 'New York City Cops', 'Hard To Explain', 'You Only Live Once' and the rest blossomed with a perfect balance of freneticism and tautness. And they looked amazing. Nick, biceps out, looking like

a karate kid tantric sex god. Julian Casablancas with his delectable mooch perfected, refusing to shed sunglasses or leather jacket despite temperatures causing sweat to drip from the ceiling.

"In a way we're the biggest underground band. We're not mainstream at all"

ALBERT HAMMOND, JR

Let's be honest, no-one was expecting them to sound this good yet. It was pandemonium. Yet, there was still something missing... new songs. The band have been working away in the studio on album number four, but there's nothing to show yet. It has to be said, in the context of gossip about continued disquiet among the ranks, this was a worry.

**WHAT THEY'VE
BEEN UP TO...**



NICK VALENSI

The only Stroke not to have formed a new band or gone solo after 2006, although as well as developing his biceps he's been helping out some musical pals: he's sung and played guitar for Devendra Banhart on record as well as on Fab's Little Joy.

Three days later, Albert is sitting with us in the comfort of his on-site Premier Inn dressing room at the Isle Of Wight Festival. Despite the success of the Dingwalls gig, it still isn't quite enough to allay his nerves of stepping up in front of the IOW thousands. "You kind of feel nerves," he says. "It's kind of boring if you get onstage without nerves. I just think we're professionals [sic]."

Indeed, there is far more of a business-like air about them these days. Stacks of bottled water buttress the wall where once it would have been pyramids of lager. Out front Nick and Fab step out of a pristine shuttle bus and greet Vampire Weekend, who are playing on the main stage a few hours before them. There is no sign of Julian, and that can only add to the rumours that this isn't the rosy reunion we're hoping it is. We know already that the band have been recording the album without him, and he's been adding vocals alone in a separate studio.

Albert flinch-hints at these so-far unarticulated... disagreements. "Julian is touring [solo] until the end of July," he stutters. "Could have waited. Started. We started. We had already worked on the songs together. Most of it. But in a good way. Not towards the end

[though], we're going to finish it. The five of us."

But there is tension between Julian and the rest of the band on these sessions? "Yeah..."

And that's when

The Strokes' manager machetes the conversation. They are not allowed to talk about album number four. We manage to prise out that it is "70 per cent, 75 per cent done", it'll be probably be coming early next year and Albert is hoping the band will be able "to do a whole summer of festival touring next year". The fact it's taking so long is pretty telling.

Julian's rider demands he has a minimum of 10ft personal space around him at all times...



Which begs the question, if it's all so difficult, why return at all? Do they even have anything left to prove? Unlike, say, the reuniting Libertines, there is no unfinished business. They fulfilled their potential in making a seminal, generation-shifting album in the form of 'Is This It', and went on to become arguably the most-respected arena act in the world. The potential to damage their legacy is far, far greater than the potential to enhance it.

"I don't think we *have* to do anything," Albert agrees, before adding, "No unfinished business? That's kind of sad to even think about it, I guess. There's always stuff to do. I don't know how you're looking at it. If you're looking at it as, 'Oh, our goal was to play festivals or do this', we've done that."

Albert also quibbles with the notion that they peaked in terms of success years ago. "I don't feel that we've made it in the way that bands were in the '80s," he muses. "If we were around in the '80s maybe it would be different, maybe we would have sold more records,

"It's partly true that we're playing these shows for money, but it's also for fun"

ALBERT HAMMOND, JR

but the way I see us we're still struggling to get there. In a way we're the biggest underground band. I don't feel we are in any mainstream whatsoever. Maybe slightly, here [in the UK], but not really. Everywhere else we're known and it's awesome, but there's still things to try and reach and try and do."

And, of course, money to be made. Last month Julian, with refreshing honesty, admitted the primary reason why they're playing Isle Of Wight and RockNess: "Money. Yeah. The offers were so crazy that we had to say yes."

We ask Albert if this candid statement annoyed the rest of the band.

"No, it didn't," Albert laughs. "It's true! Unfortunately you need money to live and do stuff. I'm not him, so I can't put words in his mouth, but if I was saying that, it's partly true, it's partly fun to play as a band, it's perfect timing. A few things here and there to get us up, then coming back and finishing the record, having played shows and not being out of the loop. If someone asks you sometimes you just answer straight up."

Later on The Strokes step out on to the Isle Of Wight main stage and play an almost identical set to that aired at their Dingwalls comeback. With their sound naturally skintight, minimalist and controlled, there were questions over whether a big stage slot was the best way for the band to reassert their authority on the British music scene, but, if anything, it's even better than Dingwalls. And considering the fact that his traditional amount of

onstage banter usually tests the limits of the word 'enigmatic', Julian is practically on stand-up mode, joshing with Albert and the crowd and

mock-moaning when Fab boots-up 'Hard To Explain's stomach-smashing drums while he's trying to have a *matter* with the audience.

Still though: No. New. Songs. Back in January, Julian had said the band were working "night and day" on the album. In February, Fab Moretti claimed the band were "like kids in a candy store" and the album would be out "hopefully around September". Four months later and they still have nothing to play us. As good as they are, and as wild as the enormous crowd goes, it's still disappointing not to hear any new tunes, and get some indication of where they're heading next.

Nevertheless, at least they're back onstage together again, and from that simple perspective, stage one of The Strokes' return is complete. "We almost waited until after these shows to start recording," Albert had said earlier. "You play in front of people and they give you a certain confidence and

WHAT THEY'VE BEEN UP TO...



FAB MORETTI

Fab branched out from The Strokes at London's 1234 Shoreditch Festival in 2007, drumming for Har Mar Superstar (and sucking his nipple onstage). Next, formed Little Joy with his missus Binki Shapiro and Brazilian singer/guitarist Rodrigo Amarante.

a certain, 'We've done this now'. We had the luxury of being able to do both. That excites me to go back in the studio after all this. You're a little more sure about your position." The platform is built. Here's hoping that from here The Strokes can aim to re-establish their position as the most important band in the world.

Head to NME.COM/artists/the-strokes for videos, interviews and blogs with the band



WHAT THEY'VE BEEN UP TO...



NIKOLAI FRAITURE

The swoop-haired bassist geared up Nickel Eye in 2008, with fellow New Yorkers Nick Zinner and Regina Spektor contributing to 2009's 'The Time Of The Assassins' album. Also ran the New York Marathon, coming in 23,347th.

WHAT THEY'VE BEEN UP TO...



ALBERT HAMMOND, JR

Has kept pretty busy, releasing his second solo record, '¿Cómo Te Llama?', in 2008, supporting Coldplay and enjoying a relationship with supermodel Agyness Deyn. Even shaved off his trademark afro - although it's growing back now.



YOUNG, GIFTED AND ROCK

Most people merely bring a tent to a festival – for their headline set at **Download** AC/DC brought their own stage

FRONT ROW

Fire, cannons, giant bells, 60-foot blow-up dolls, "THUN-D-AAA!" and a giant train that crashes through the back of the stage. Just another day at the office for Angus Young, but, for Download, one of the most memorable sets of all time.

The organisers are doubtless used to the strange demands of their headline acts, but AC/DC – who famously "don't do festivals" – asked for a piece of land on which to erect *their own private main stage*. Sat right next to and adjoining the actual main stage, this of course came complete with two glowing 'A'-emblazoned devil horn hats on top, a walkway into the middle of the crowd and – no exaggeration, this – 500 times as many speakers as the stage on which second headliners Them Crooked Vultures played.

AC/DC's setlist was exactly the same as it has been for most of their 'Black Ice' tour, kicking off with 'Rock N Roll Train' before launching headlong into a greatest hits set of the most high-octane 1970s/80s currently available for consumption. 'Hell Ain't A Bad Place To Be', 'Back In Black', 'Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap', 'The Jack' (featuring Angus Young's long-traditional striptease, ending with his arse emblazoned with 'AC/DC'), 'High Voltage', 'Thunderstruck'. Variety was not on the menu, but cheap thrills delivered by a 55-year-old guitar god with more energy than the rest of the weekend's acts combined most definitely was.

By the time they had blasted through 'You Shook Me All Night Long' and 'TNT', and with Brian Johnson prefacing 'Whole Lotta Rosie' and the arrival of the 60-foot blow-up doll with "We brought an old girlfriend along tonight!", the crowd were in the palm of their hands. Angus' hands, meanwhile, were readying themselves for an electrifying, suitably outrageous 10-minute guitar solo during the climactic 'Let There Be Rock'. After an encore of 'Highway To Hell' and a cannon-featuring 'For Those About To Rock (We Salute You)', the roar that went up as AC/DC left the stage could probably be heard on the Isle Of Wight. Download definitely weren't a bad place to be...

THE SETLIST

- 'Rock N Roll Train'
- 'Hell Ain't A Bad Place To Be'
- 'Back In Black'
- 'Big Jack'
- 'Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap'
- 'Shot Down In Flames'
- 'Thunderstruck'
- 'Black Ice'
- 'The Jack'
- 'Hell's Bells'
- 'Shoot To Thrill'
- 'War Machine'
- 'High Voltage'
- 'You Shook Me All Night Long'
- 'TNT'
- 'Whole Lotta Rosie'
- 'Let There Be Rock'
- 'Highway To Hell'
- 'For Those About To Rock (We Salute You)'

Even over the noise at Download Brian Johnson can hear the distant drone of vuvuzelas





FROM BLOC TO ROCK

Bassist Gordon Moakes tries his hand at metal for post-Bloc Party project



Kele Okereke isn't the only Bloc head who can do reinvention – Bloc Party bassist Gordon Moakes has also revealed

a side to himself that has little in common with BP's shadowy indie.

While Kele's solo project is all hands-in-the-air electro, Gordon's new band Young Legionnaire – which features The Automatic's Paul Mullen on vocals and La Roux's drummer William Bowerman – are hoping to hit harder. Well, heavier... the trio are a heavy rock outfit and their first single 'Colossus' is set for a limited 500 coloured vinyl (pictured) release on August 16 on UK noisecore label Holy Roar Records.

The tracks were recorded at the Gun Factory Studios in Stoke Newington, where The Horrors' 'Primary Colours' was laid down. "It's rock music, but I think we all come at it from different angles," the bassist says of the trio's intense sound. "In a way we see the limitations of heavy music at the same time as having a love for it. Arguably it's not so easy to make a living just being in a brutal math-rock band."

And how did Gordon respond to our obligatory question about when Bloc Party are coming back? Like this: "We spent five years of our lives having a Word document sent out to us once a month telling us what we were going to be doing for the rest of the year, so it's liberating to not have your life mapped out as a calendar."

NEWS ROUNDUP

NUDEY GAGA

Lady Gaga's not one for taking her clothes off in public, generally – which is why we were surprised to read in the tabs that she's planning to pose for *Playboy*. She said she thinks it'll help her "grow as an artist".

YOU WHAT?

"It's months rather than years before the music establishment folds" **Thom Yorke has given his cheery predictions for the music business in new student textbook *The Rax Active Citizen Toolkit*, out July 1**



DAVE SITEK GOES BON JOVI

TV On The Radio helmsman finally embraces drivetime rock

Think Dave Sitek, think TV On The Radio guitar genius/producer who makes achingly cool music best appreciated while gently stroking one's chin, and working out where their latest effort will come in the end-of-year polls. But now, finally, he's embraced his inner Jon Bon Jovi.

Dave has formed a new project, Maximum Balloon, and has enlisted vocalists including Yeah Yeah Yeahs' Karen O, Kyp Malone and Tunde Adebimpe from TVOTR, and Aku Orraca-Teteh of US indie types Dragons Of Zynth. The

"I'd always wanted to do a magic key change like on 'Livin' On A Prayer'"

album is due out in August (a single, 'Tiger', was released this week) with David revealing the core influences to us: Bon Jovi and '90s MOR act Mike & The Mechanics.

"The track 'Shakedown' isn't dramatically different from what we do with TV On The Radio," he told us, "except it is more of a pop song. There is a magic key change in that song, you know when Bon Jovi step it up on 'Livin' On A Prayer'? We'd always wanted to do that with a song."

He added of his influences for the album: "All the stuff I like is synthesizers and guitars. I was listening to a KLF chill-out record, 'Purple Rain' and really corny shit like Mike & The Mechanics when I was making this album. I was trying to make pop music from the Cyndi Lauper/Prince era."

An intriguing mix – and even more so when we try to imagine Karen O's trademark manic yelps smothered all over something that sounds like it would nestle happily into the Magic FM playlist. How exactly did Dave convince the Yeah Yeah Yeahs woman to go pop with him?

"Karen is like my sister, so it felt like a family project when we recorded the song 'Communion' together, really easy," he laughed (OK, maybe not laughed). "It is more laid-back than her stuff with Yeah Yeah Yeahs. Her voice is very gentle and intoxicating on the track at times, but then it's also got some of the yelping that we all know and love."

We reckon Maximum Balloon will be playing on the roof of The O2 within a year.

WIN T TICKETS

TIn The Park is sold out. Of course it is. But for anyone still wishing to get there we've got five pairs of tickets to give away to some lucky readers via NME.COM.

Muse, Eminem and Kasabian are set to play headline slots at T, which takes place in Balado, Kinross-shire on July 9-11. Biffy

Clyro, Prodigy, Dizzee Rascal, Florence + The Machine and Mumford & Sons are also on the bill – see TinthePark.com for more information. Head to NME.COM/win to be in with a shot of bagging a pair.



SECRET SWAP

Ex-Interpol man Carlos D is twice the man most bassists are. Which is maybe why the band have recruited both Secret Machines frontman Brandon Curtis on keyboards and bassist Dave Pajo to replace him for gigs.

FEST ADD THE REST

Forty new acts have been added to the Reading And Leeds Festivals line-up as the Festival Republic bill is announced. Ash, Adam Green, Egyptian Hip Hop, Gigs, British Sea Power, Blood Red Shoes, Yuck, Darwin Deez and Avi Buffalo are among the acts set to play. Go to NME.COM/festivals/reading-and-leeds-festivals for all the rest of the new names.

In other festival news, Klaxons' Jamie Reynolds will be among the musicians performing the score for Docklands documentary film *The Rime Of The Modern Mariner* live at Latitude (July 15-18).



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RELEASED
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23

KLAXONS SURFING THE VOID

We've been waiting three years for the new Klaxons album, but it's finally here – and NME's Mark Beaumont's heard it

TRACK BY TRACK

ECHOES

The first single 'proper' and a crunching, punch-in-the-throat comeback. The driving rave throb of 'Two Receivers' expands to galactic proportions while James Righton and Jamie Reynolds' android double-singing takes in visions of alien landscapes, otherworldly messages and "The 9th Wave", an 1850 Russian painting depicting sailors clinging to the mast of a submerged ship in a violent sea squall. Recorded as a similar storm lashed Ross Robinson's LA beach-side studio, it combines the threat of devastation with an optimistic reach out to the stars.

SAME SPACE

Written about Jamie's break-up with his girlfriend, this saucy hyper-pop stomp sounds more like a brilliant shag as described by Stephen Hawking. "When we're together we come alive... collective arrival/We share the same space/We feel the same impact on arrival and embrace". It's the sort of lyric you'd expect from a Dalek version of Prince, and the tune is what you'd expect if Klaxons were an army of marching 50ft Terminators attacking Detroit – heavy and funky.

SURFING THE VOID

A gabba-rave riot in the fine tradition of 'Atlantis To Interzone', inspired by the band's dabblings with psychotropic

plant drug ayahuasca and full of cockiness. Feels like waltzing with *Cloverfield*.

VALLEY OF THE CALM TREES

The sole survivor from the original second album sessions, '...Calm Trees' sounds like another sci-fi fantasy with its talk of diamond dust clouds, multiple suns and crumbling mountains. But it's actually a reference to the paelion – a naturally occurring phenomenon where ice crystals in the atmosphere refract sunlight to make it look like there are three suns. Klaxons make it into a trippy, Muse-ish celestial soar.

VENUSIA

'Venusia' prowls the subterranean electro basements of the early '80s before casting off its overcoats and flouncing around the chorus in feathery synthydelic finery worthy of Pet Shop Boys or Erasure at their most edgy.

EXTRA ASTRONOMICAL

Klaxons' climate change disaster song might be set on some distant planet surrounded by "orbiting machines" and facing a "celestial catastrophe" by "incoming collision" but its siren guitars and doom-laden bass still sound as terrifying as the last seconds before deep impact. It leaves a crater the size of Nicaragua in 'Surfing The Void'.

TWIN FLAMES

After the horror, romance, 'Twin Flames' is this album's 'Golden Skans': an adorably funksome love song with a futuristic twist and the groove of PJ Harvey's 'Down By The Water' or Beck's 'New Pollution'. Forget that the middle-eight sounds like *The Flintstones* theme – this sounds like it could be a hit so big it'll block out all three suns.

FLASHOVER

The tune that invaded the internet last month like *War Of The Worlds* armed with deathray guns, this frenzied tale of UFO contact reminds us of the most violent anal probings we've ever experienced on the mothership of the Gregorian Worm People Of Gamma 15.

FUTURE MEMORIES

Stern, austere and graceful, 'Future Memories' blends Depeche Mode moods with Zen-like mantras to create the sort of hypnotic shimmerpop classic that Interpol *think* they're making.

CYPHER SPEED

Chucks everything in your face to see what scalds. Gargling underwater vocals, epileptic synth fits, *Omen* chanting segments, a drumkit trying to beat itself to death; as a signpost to possible future directions, it covers 360 degrees. "Ride the pandemonium" indeed.

THE DETAILS

Title: 'Surfing

The Void'

Release date:

August 23

Producer: Ross

Robinson (Korn,

Slipknot)

Recorded:

Robinson's home

studio, LA

Duration: 40

minutes

First single: 'Echoes',

out August 16

Klaxons haven't really been recording for three years, we had them held hostage in this cave

BEHIND
THE
SCENES

BIFFY AND BOMBAY'S SUMMER HOLIDAY SPLASH

Biffy Clyro and Bombay Bicycle Club got the slap on last Tuesday to kick off 2010's Ibiza Rocks gigs. *NME* joined the Brits abroad as they sorted their lobster tans for this year's festival season



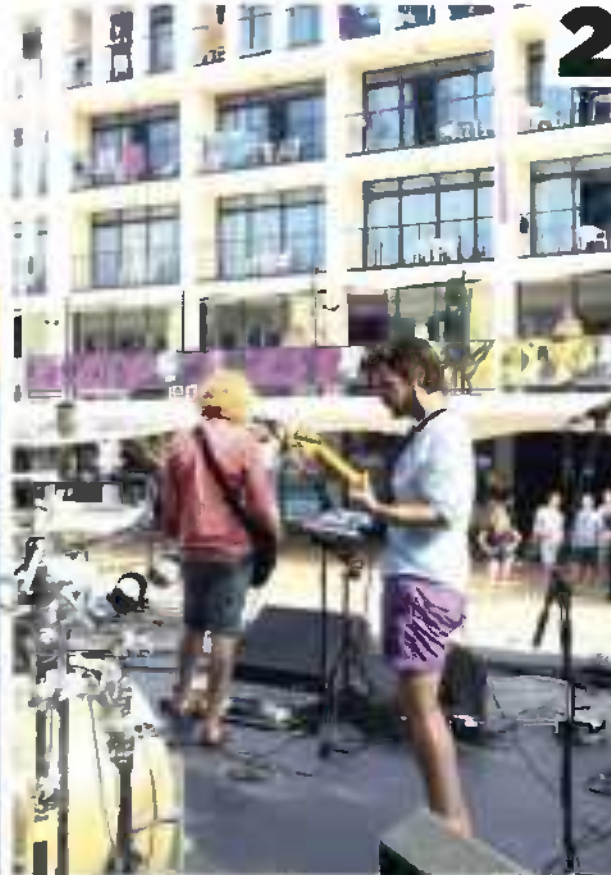
1

"Well, you've got to soak it up while you can, haven't you?" mused Simon Neil of Biffy's trip to the San Antonio beach (June 8), where they caught the last rays of the Ibiza sun before heading back to the hotel for the gig.

Bombay Bicycle Club received a little extra help from a team of Playboy Bunnies, who ran onstage to dance along. "I'm not sure who organised that. They just appeared!" singer Jack Steadman said.



3



2

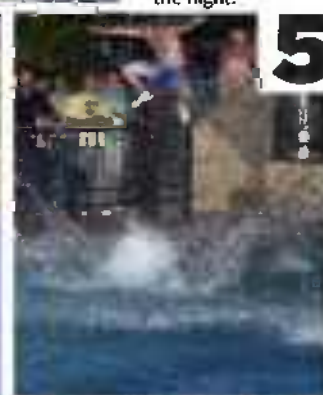
The band soundcheck for their headline show, held next to the pool and sun loungers at the hotel courtyard. Over the next 14 weeks there'll be live gigs here every Tuesday, with Dizzee Rascal, Ian Brown and The Courteeners among those set to play.

Following set-closer 'The Captain', the trio leaped into the hotel pool. The band had to be at the airport at 7am the next morning, but it still didn't stop them engaging in a bout of synchronised swimming late into the night.

Biffy's 14-song set, which included 'Mountains' and 'Bubbles', saw Simon speak cod-Spanish to the audience... despite the majority of gig-goers being Brits.



4



5

Simon on Ibiza: "They know how to party in this island! We decided to do the full-on clubbing experience, but we've got this gorgeous villa, so we stayed up there and got wrecked!"



6

ANDY WILLISHER

TALKING HEADS

STUART CABLE: LAST OF THE WILD MAN DRUMMERS

Last week, Stereophonics' original sticksman died aged just 40. Dan Martin reckons his passing marks the end of a special kind of rock star



When Stuart Cable died suddenly and shockingly last week (June 7), the outpouring of public mourning was felt significantly stronger than what you normally get from a dead celebrity. Fellow Welsh boys Manic Street Preachers had this to say: "Whenever you met Stuart, you always walked away with a massive smile on your face. Such a gigantic personality which was reflected in his drumming. He really will be missed."

Yes, they were friends and peers, but the fact that the Manics, a band equated with bookishness and camp, would find themselves leading the tributes to a man most widely perceived as a classic rock bloke's bloke says everything about the man. Stereophonics had their ups and downs with public perception, but you never heard anybody say a bad word about Stuart Cable.

Drummers, these days, aren't expected to have personalities. But this didn't used to be the case, and Stuart was pretty much the last of the larger than life sticksmen. John Bonham was the most compelling member of Led Zeppelin, Dave Grohl was such a big force he just had to spill out from behind the kit as a frontman, while Jack White and Josh Homme have formed entire bands just so they get a shot at being the most fun

member: the drummer. But now Stuart's gone, can you name a genuine drumming personality with whom you'd rather share a bar-length of shots than the singer? I mean, Gary Powell's a lovely guy, but you'd still probably rather get the night bus with Pete Doherty – so long as he didn't insist on coming in for coffee.

Just as much as Bonham did to Led Zep, after their rise to fame, Stuart soon came to embody Stereophonics. It was his propulsive, passionate playing that powered the band's greatest moments. In that sense, Stuart may truly have been the last of his kind. By the time he



was dismissed from Stereophonics, he was arguably a bigger star than frontman Kelly Jones himself, and was able to pursue another career as a broadcaster – he quickly got his own show on BBC Wales, *Cable TV*, and presented a slot on Welsh radio. He'd made his peace with Jones by the end, and had returned to music with new band Killing For Company.

It may be weeks before there's any official cause of death, but if, as reports are suggesting, he died a rock star's death, it's a tragic end for a man who had never made any secret of his struggles with abuse. But that should not stop us remembering Stuart Cable at his greatest, every inch the rock star. And a lovely bloke.

TALKING HEADS

WE'LL GET ENGLAND'S SOCCER TUNES OUT OF A RUT

We Are Scientists have vomited a contribution into the gutter of England World Cup songs, but the band's Keith Murray insists it's a chunk of inspirational joy



If We Are Scientists' new footballing anthem 'Goal! England' became a national phenomenon that overtook 'Three Lions' as the English footballing anthem of choice, which we, of course, fully anticipate, I'd take all the surrogate patriotism and free work permits you could throw at me.

Not that I've actually heard 'Three Lions'. Though I've heard it's very good. 'Vindaloo' – that's another one people say is very good. Haven't heard that one either. The Mark E Smith one I heard, but failed to understand. The Drizzee one I heard 30 seconds of, and let's just say that was plenty... but the idea to do our own came from a discussion we had while doing Steve Lamacq's roundtable singles review feature on his show. One of the songs was a football song that was pretty miserable, and listening to my fellow roundtablers, it soon became apparent that England was stuck in a rut. A football song rut. Which was weird in itself, because America has no equivalent of this cultural phenomenon. All we've got is the 'Superbowl Shuffle' – basically just the Chicago Bears stood in a line sort-of-rapping – which is 20 years old now, and just as underwhelming as that sounds.

Not only was it all fascinating to us as a slice of British life, it also seemed tragic to us that so much emotional investment was being put into these songs by England, but they seemed bereft of a hummable one. So our song was written as a reaction to the mire that the English

footballing anthem has descended into. As an American, for me to go ahead and write an anthem would be wonderfully transgressive. We could take an outside perspective on the whole thing – bring in fresh blood. It was great, we thought, that we could write something that was not too steeped in the tradition of the football song. I knew the basic elements – shouting, glam rock, the minimisation of words, the maximisation of repetition – but at the same time I didn't want to lean too much on it. Which is why 'Goal! England' both affirms and transcends those narrow notions of what a sporting song can be.

I know about football, buddy. I know about the centre, and the goalie, and the offside rule, and the points system. It's a point-based game, football. That said, despite my deep and profound interest in the sport, I am going to be the very model of diplomacy while watching the

tournament. Both my US homeland and England – the land that has given me so much over the years – have my blessing. Essentially, I enjoy it in its purest form – as a display of physical prowess. National pride seldom enters into it.

So this summer, I hope you'll join with me in putting 'Goal! England' on your

patriotic stereo, blasting it out at maximum patriotic volume, as we watch Wayne Crouch boot home another try from the penalty box while Christiano Messi can only look on helplessly from the dugouts, singing out the patriotic words: "Kicking the kicking the kicking the ball, kicking the ball into the goal! England!"

I hope you'll join with me in putting 'Goal! England' on your patriotic stereo

PIECES OF ME MARK RONSON

The producer and solo star on Adam Sandler, Stone Roses lyrics and introducing Amy Winehouse to Arrested Development



Clockwise from top left: Mark's style icon, Duran Duran's John Taylor; 'Midnight Marauders' by A Tribe Called Quest; QOTSA's 'Rated R'; A Portrait of the Artist...; Adam Sandler starring in *Happy Gilmore*; Billy Squier rocking out; a still from Woody Allen's *Zelig*; The Stone Roses being as charmingly arrogant as ever



My style icon

JOHN TAYLOR - DURAN DURAN

"Duran Duran were one of those bands who, when you're a kid, you get to pick which one you are - like with *The A-Team*. I got really upset at the hairdresser's once as a kid 'cos I asked him to make me look like John Taylor, but he made me look like Nick Rhodes."

Favourite TV show

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

It was at the time that all those horrible sensationalist American TV shows were going on - reality TV was at its height. And I think they tried to run with that, but spoof it to some degree. I introduced Amy Winehouse to it, and she used to do impressions of Joe - the brother that rides around on a Segway listening to 'The Final Countdown'. Amy has appropriated a lot of his mannerisms."

My favourite film

HAPPY GILMORE

"You keep wanting to say all these things that will make you look cool in the pages of *NME*, like *Withnail And I*. But I'm going to go with something more middle-brow. I think it's the best thing by far that Adam Sandler ever did. This was before he got massive, so there's still a bit of an outsider-spirit to it."

My favourite fictional character

ZELIG IN WOODY ALLEN'S ZELIG

"It's a sort of a mockumentary. Woody Allen plays the lead, and he changes his appearance depending on what group of people he's with. I moved to New York when I was a kid, and I remember having to change my accent to stop me from getting beaten up by other kids, so I've always had a lot of sympathy with Woody's character."

My favourite lyric

'I WANNA BE ADORED', BY THE STONE ROSES

"'I don't have to sell my soul/He's already in me'. Not only is it an amazing lyric, it's track one, side one. That sort of insane arrogance leads off on a record that justifies insane arrogance - that's pretty powerful."

My favourite album cover

'MIDNIGHT MARAUDERS' BY A TRIBE CALLED QUEST

"They had all their contemporaries' faces on the cover. Everyone from Beastie Boys to Leaders Of The New School, Afrika Bambaataa and Kool DJ Red Alert. It's like a hip-hop 'Sgt Pepper's...' It reminds you of what a fertile time that was for music."

My first gig

BILLY SQUIER

"He was a sort of a Robert Plant impersonator - a hoary rocker from the late '70s and early '80s. I think he was trying to get it on with my mother."

My favourite album

'RATED R' BY QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE

"It's the one I keep coming back to. I've seen Josh Homme in interviews talking about how he deliberately puts a less good track before a good one. But I think he's being a bit falsely modest, because I don't think there are any bad songs on 'Rated R'."

The book that changed me

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN BY JAMES JOYCE

"It's the first book you read in school that's about someone the same age you are, who's got the same messed-up life that you do. It was the first thing I ever read with a wonderfully flawed kid trying to do shit. I like fucked-up people - for the same reason I like *Crime And Punishment*."





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VERSUS

PETER ROBINSON Vs EUGENE HUTZ

The Ukrainian frontman of Gogol Bordello finally talks... and it's not awkward at all



FR

* This was a second attempt at a Eugene Vs

* The first one, last year, didn't go very well

* To clarify: the Vs on this page actually went better than the other one

Hello, Eugene.
"Yes man."

It's Peter from NME.
"What's going on?"

Well it's a Saturday afternoon and I'm relaxing.
"Relaxing? (Incredulous laugh) Yeah..."

By the time this interview comes out you will have done your Rage Against The Machine support slot in London, but can you explain what your understanding is of the story behind the show?

"Well, you know the whole story, I mean, come on. Everybody knows. We're not part of it for some unknown reason."

The thing that I found a bit confusing about that Christmas Number One campaign is that it seemed to be assumed that anybody who enjoyed Joe McElderry's single was wrong. And I don't know about you, but when people tell me I am wrong to enjoy things I tend to tell them to fuck off. So why are Rage Against The Machine fans 'right', or why are their tastes somehow deemed 'better' than other people's?

"Yes, I guess I kind of hear what you're saying but at the same time I don't think it revolves around the actual idea of Christmas. I think the whole thing revolves more about tipping over the prefab garbage stream. And whatever day the prefab garbage stream will be tipped over is good for me!"

Is tomorrow the day when that happens? Or could it be a Tuesday?

"Any day is good for that. I think it's much more about the actual model of changing these rigid things about the mainstream rather than anything else. Ten years ago when we started, everyone at the labels said, 'We love you guys but how the hell are we going to market you?' We got into a van and spent years on the road – it was a lot of fun until those very same labels started marketing other bands using our example."

Who is your favourite mainstream artist?

"That is kind of... I wouldn't know what your definition of that is."



Well, most people would say that the ultimate mainstream artist right this moment is Lady Gaga.

"Well, unfortunately I'm not familiar with her music so I can't really say."

Well, have you seen the bits that aren't music?

"No, I'm not clued in on this thing... I think my favourite mainstream artist is Slayer."

Slayer.

"That is what you were asking."

Well, have you got any jokes?

"No, not really. I don't like pre-conceived humour."

Do you make people laugh?

"Do I?"

Yes.

"Sometimes."

Are you fun to be around off stage?

"Um... [Portion of sentence unintelligible, probably not exactly a laugh a minute] Fans say to us 'you work so hard, much respect' but don't forget that we also have tons of fun!"

There are worse jobs in the world!

"It's not a job."

Are you wearing a hat?

"No."

OK.

(Silence)

Well that's the end of the interview, goodbye!

"For real man! Thanks a lot!"

THIS WEEK'S TOP 20

THE NME CHART

- 1 PENDULUM 'WATERCOLOUR' (Nonesuch)
- 2 MUZE 'NEUTRON STAR COLLISION (LOVE IS FOREVER)' (Nonesuch)
- 3 THE DRUMS 'FOREVER AND EVER AMEN' (Nonesuch)
- 4 WE ARE SCIENTISTS 'NICE GUYS' (Nonesuch)
- 5 HUNTS 'BETTER THAN LOVE' (Nonesuch)
- 6 DELPHIC 'COUNTERPOINT' (Nonesuch)
- 7 RUSKO 'WOO BOOST' (Nonesuch)
- 8 FAITHLESS 'NOT GOING HOME' (Nonesuch)
- 9 THE XX 'CRYSTALISED' (Nonesuch)
- 10 THE DRUMS 'BEST FRIEND' (Nonesuch)
- 11 KATE NASH 'DO-WAN-DO' (Nonesuch)
- 12 TEENAGE FANCLUB 'BABY LEE' (Nonesuch)
- 13 I AM KIDDOT 'NORTHERN SKIES'/'LATENT' (Nonesuch)
- 14 BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB 'TUY A GOLD'/'FLAWS' (Nonesuch)
- 15 CRYSTAL CASTLES 'CELESTICA' (Nonesuch)
- 16 CHAPEL CLUB 'FIVE THEES' (Nonesuch)
- 17 LAURA MARLING 'RAMBLING MAN' (Nonesuch)
- 18 LISSIE 'ON SLEEP' (Nonesuch)
- 19 LCD SOUNDSYSTEM 'DRUNK GIRLS' (Nonesuch)
- 20 FOALS 'THIS ORIENT' (Nonesuch)

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NEW TO THE PLAYLIST

- MALE BONDING 'Weird Feelings'
- DIRTY PROJECTORS 'Stillness Is The Move'
- FLORENCE 'THE MACHINE'
- TAME IMPALA 'Solitude Is Bliss'
- TEETH 'See Spaces'

The NME Chart is compiled weekly from the sales of physical and digital singles through retail and download outlets, as well as digital music service providers. Single sales eligible for the NME chart if they have had time on the playlist of NME Radio or TV, or in NME Magazine.

OFFICIAL charts company



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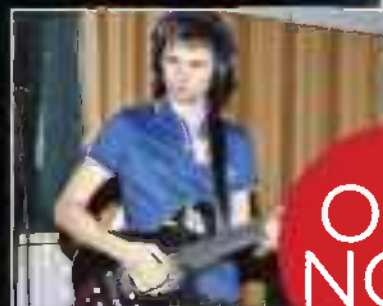
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OUT
NOW

RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



ABOUT
TO
BREAK

DOMINIQUE YOUNG UNIQUE

From a Florida car park to the booty-bass Big Time in just 17 years

Uh, ya got any chack-lit cake?" It's 18.30 on a Thursday, but Dominique Young Unique is in no mood to go savoury in the Tex-Mex restaurant above London's Notting Hill Arts Club. A morbidly obese slice of cake soon arrives, doused in whipped cream, a mocha-chocolata-hearta-tack. She hoovers it down, disassembling it with a long spoon balancing between her pink fake nails, in-between issuing a string of rapid-fire infobursts about her hard knock life.

Dominique Young Unique's metabolism is evidently as overclocked as her flow. And what a flow that is: in terms of brutalist electro-rap dazzle-dazzle, she makes Thunderheist look like Bursting-a-paper-bag-heist. She spits it hyperspeed, aided by the hypercolour music of David Alexander – Yo! Majesty's producer, who has conjured up a Mario World of chippy, tropictronic beats for her just-released 'Blaster EP'.

It was Alexander who plucked her from the worse end of Tampa, Florida, in a rags-to-rap-career story that's Chicken

Soup For The Booty-Bass Soul. Rapper misery memoirs are of course 10 a penny, but to hear about the months she spent living in the family car with her mum spears all the familiar clichés. "My mom lost her job... and she used to go to the casino a lot... so she had a lot of loyalty points, so we stayed in a hotel at the casino for a while, then we had to move on..."

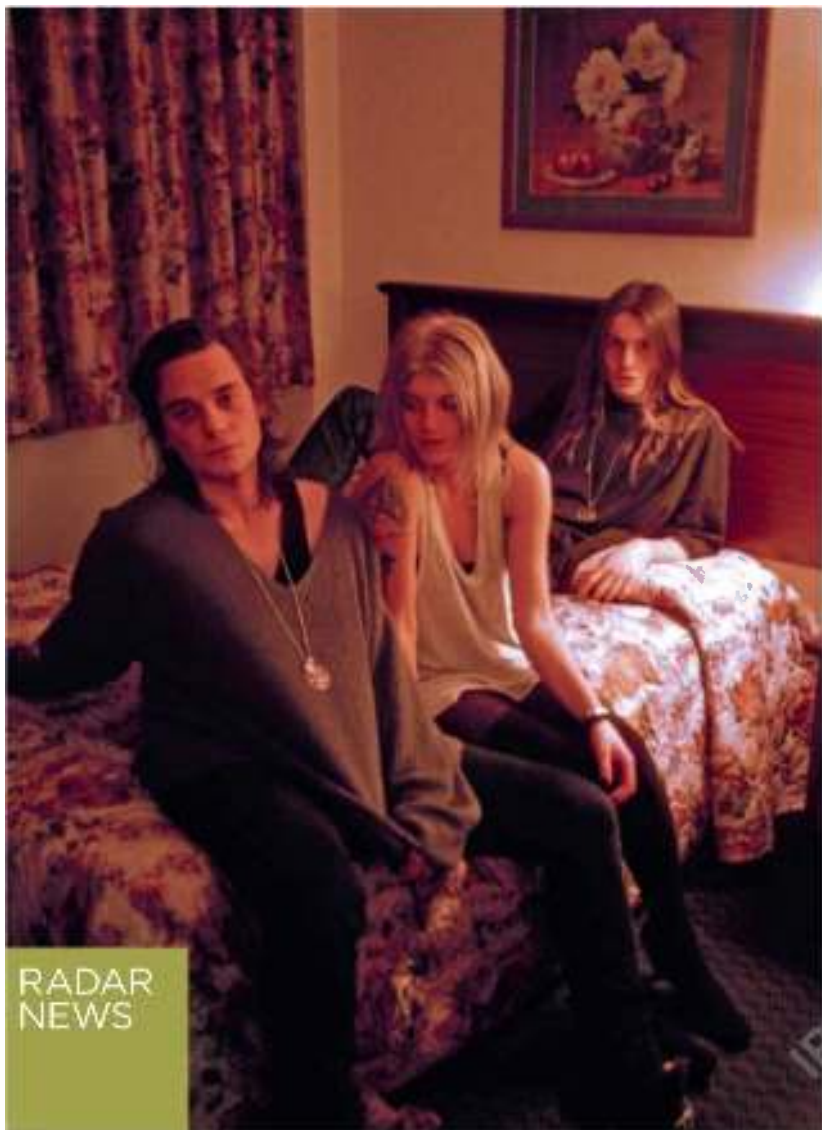
Long story short: a family friend was mates with one of Yo! Majesty. A demo got passed on. David Alexander flew out to work with her. "Now my family's all over us," she laughs, "lookin' for favours every way." Whether she can make it out of that ghetto reserved for rap acts who are a bit too clever, too 'indie', for the mass-market. But for now, there's empire in her slightly naive gaze. Certainly her reception at her numerous UK slots has been fevered. Like all good rap prodigies, she plugs the release date of her single, then talks about her plans for her own clothing line (she has the logo for Baby Phat tattooed on her right breast), and y'know, *it all...* "acting, my own label, my own show..." She will have her cake. She will eat it. *Gavin Haynes*

NEED TO KNOW

- DYU's Tampa home is a few minutes from the MacDill Airforce base – the US command centre for operations in Afghanistan

- Before David Alexander came knocking, DYU was studying interior design at technical college

- She has a Maltese terrier named Diamond



SALEM FINALLY RELEASE ALBUM

US trio give Radar an exclusive LP preview

Radar has been given the only advance copy of the debut album by Chicago three-piece Salem. Notorious for their pioneering combination of doom-laden synth downpours and the malevolent rhythms of their local juke-style hip-hop, the long-player has been three years in the making and has been preceded by similar buzz to that of Crystal Castles' arrival.

Refreshingly, the hype doesn't look to be unsubstantiated. The band managed to bag legendary L.A. producer Dave Sardy to mix their bedroom recordings, transforming the eponymous debut from nasty lo-fi laptop atmospherics into one of the most vast and unforgiving debut albums you'll hear all year. The California deck master has helmed everyone from Oasis to Rage Against The Machine and we can report he's certainly 'beefed out' the GarageBand demos no end. Speaking to *Radar*, Sardy recalled how the unruly frequencies of the tracks blew up two of his studio monitor speakers during mixing sessions, but admitted it was worth it in the end.

"Salem, to me, is more like the reading of cards done by a carnival fortune-teller who your best mate made you try, who then tells you about the imminent death of said friend," he commented. "Disturbing and way more expensive than you first thought. But they are the future."

Fans will be pleased to see the likes of 'Redlights' from their debut EP 'Yes, I Smoke Crack' on there, as well last single 'Frost'. But new tracks such as opener 'King Night' and 'Hound' are where their murky vision feels most fully realised. Lastly, we can announce that, rather than coming out on Merok records as originally planned, it's IAMSOUND that'll be releasing the album worldwide on September 28, 2010.

TRACK-LISTING

- 1) King Night
- 2) Asia
- 3) Frost
- 4) Sick
- 5) Release Da Boar
- 6) Trapdoor
- 7) Redlights
- 8) Hound
- 9) Traxx
- 10) Tair
- 11) Killer

BAND CRUSH



Spiral Stairs, Pavement

"The Fresh & Onlys are a really cool psychedelic band from San Francisco. They almost sound like the first Echo & The Bunnymen record."

RADAR GLOSSARY

This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

MATH

As a prefix to rock, metal or hardcore, math coins the rhythmically complex tendencies, including seemingly disjointed stop-start sections, needing highly advanced technical skill. The term nods to the music being potentially the work of a mathematician rather than a musician. Recent examples see: Battles. Not Foals.

The Buzz

The rundown of artists, labels, videos and gadgets breaking forth from the underground this week



1 OLDE ENGLISH SPELLING BEE

If you're the type of person who already thinks glo-fi or chill-gaze is just try-hard bandwagon cruising, you'll know exactly what this NYC imprint is all about, as you'll have been listening exclusively to its output for months by now. For everyone else, O>E>S>B> is what Washed Out would sound like if Ernest Greene wasn't the nicest guy to have ever existed, but instead a deranged ghoul. Artists such as Rangers, Oneohtrix and Matrix Metals reveal a constant conflict between blissed-out and a nervous breakdown. This uneasy marriage is the label's hallmark.



2 GYPSY & THE CAT'S DEBUT 'TIME TO WANDER'

The Melbourne duo's taster single is bold stuff. While it's lazy to draw comparisons to their countrymen Empire Of The Sun's starry-eyed fantasy, it's too tempting not to. Only here the wonderment is tempered a little, allowing bombastic rolling stadium drums and hollering indie-pop howls.

3 KORG MONOTRON POCKET ANALOG SYNTH

Traditionally, analog synths are enormous unwieldy beasts, covered in veneer and dust, and played by serious-looking bands like Kraftwerk. Now the wacky people at Korg are pledging to bring the instruments into the ringtone generation with this three-inch-long £50 trinket.



4 2:54

By the sounds and looks of it, London sisters Hannah and Colette Thurlow couldn't decide whether they wanted to be the next xx, Kyuss or Mazzy Star. But with a trio of tracks such as those adorning their MySpace, led by the charms of blog-bothering 'Creeping' - their indecisiveness is already paying dividends.

5 LIL B'S 'THE WORLD'S ENDING' VIDEO

This candid, self-directed opus from The Pack member starts in his laundry closet: B's cleaning his gun in throws of utter despair. For a harrowing two-minute intro, he holds the weapon to his temple and squints. Before finally breaking into the most chilling, minimal hood rap ever.



SCENE
REPORTBASS QUAKES
AND BELLY
ACHES

Mary-Anne Hobbs' guide to bass culture's ongoing journey



Since you last heard from me I've been on something of a phenomenal mission, thanks to the Icelandic volcano. I'd gone over to America for one day to play Coachella, but because of the volcanic ash I was marooned there for five weeks! It was fantastic. I ended up bounding around America doing loads of extra gigs. We did a couple of Radio 1 refugee shows with Flying Lotus, stayed in tents, motels, couches, and I even went up to play Canada twice. I think I'm the luckiest refugee in the world, actually...

While I was stranded in LA I was lucky enough to see this kid called Baths play his first live performance and he blew my mind. He's working in the same kind of sonic area as the Low End Theory family, but he's different because he's introduced his own live vocal into the mix, so he sings and samples and loops his voice into his set. You've also gotta check out Sepalcure's first release, 'Love Pressure', on Hotflush Recordings. They're based in New York City and that EP is one of the most stunning debut records, loosely in the same area as what Joy Orbison is doing.

Lorn's album 'Nothing Else' is about to come out on Brain Feeder too, and if you like the whole West Coast sound but you're interested in a slightly more sinister texture then he's definitely an artist to check out. I've also just discovered this guy Oriol, whose debut record 'Night And Day' is the most dazzling future funk album that I've heard in as long as I can remember.

Back in London, there's a label called Night Slugs who've just put a fantastic new EP out called 'IRL' by a young collective called Girl Unit. If you're fascinated by the UK funky sound but want a darker texture then I think it's exactly what you've been waiting for...

NEXT COLUMNIST:
Popjustice's Peter Robinson

MARY-ANNE'S
TOP 5

BATHS
'Maximalist'

SEPALCURE
'Love Pressure'

LORN
'Cherry Moon'

GIRL UNIT
'IRL'

ORIO
'LW'

5
TO SEE
This week's
unmissable new
music shows

MEN

The Old Blue Last,
London, June 13

FUNERAL PARTY

King Tut's Wah Wah
Hut, Glasgow,
June 14

HARLEM

Head Of Steam,
Newcastle, June 14

BABESHADOW

Roadhouse,
Manchester, June 16

GAGGLE

(below) Bush Hall,
London, June 17



FLATS

CATCH 22, LONDON
THURSDAY, JUNE 3

CAUGHT
LIVE

Skinny youths are sprawled on the floor, like they've been sketched by a seismograph. They are recently converted Flats fans. Four

minutes into the gig, they're ploughed into by frontman Dan Devine; the lithe, self-assured, sublimely awkward frontman, snarling to the tune of 'Are You Feeling Rusty?' like a pterodactyl zipped up in a Harrington.

In the four months they've been around, Flats have existed as something of a band's band. Devine is being called a young Mark E Smith by the same crowd of rock royalty circulating their demos: Kevin Shields, Bobby Gillespie and Jamie Reynolds, to name a few. It's the kind of lofty buzz that's transforming these feral dole kids into underground

heroes. A four-piece that could soon have us pogo-ing and swearing with our hands again.

After Dan's fourth battering-ram escapade of the set, they segue into Puncture's 'Mucky Pup', a cover that neatly illustrates their *raison d'être*. On first listen Flats ply three-chord punk in Crass' snotty mould. But cranked to 11 and played with Minutemen's off-kilter dexterity, it's imbued with a fresh sense of vitality and venom. The average song length by our calculations is around one minute 37, meaning that proceedings come to a halt after about quarter of an hour. The band rattle-off the hardcore-paced, mod-baiting 'Rattrap' before dropping with military precision into 'Big Soles', Devine leaving the stage to sheets of white static and blinding feedback. Guitarist Luke Tristram declares "Believe the hype!", then disappears into the throng. **Edgar Smith**

BREAKTHROUGH
BAND OF THE WEEK

This week's best NME Breakthrough artist
picked by New Music Editor Jaimie Hodgson



THE MAYHEW



WE SAY: Dulcet, earthy roots ruminations
MEMBERS: Cathy Wilcock (vocals/guitar), Gregory Fonte (guitar), Daniel Lawrence (bass), Chris Lyon (cello/backing vocals),

Gordon Webster (drums)
LOCATION: Edinburgh/Manchester
FORMED: Early 2009

KEY INFLUENCES: Elbow, Nick Drake, Low
THEY SAY: "Imagine intricate dual guitars reminiscent of Midlake, drums in the Phil Selway mould and vocals like Cat Power."
ESSENTIAL TRACK: 'The Flood Or The Fire' from music.nme.com/the_mayhew

NME Breakthrough Supported By BlackBerry is the new online community from NME, offering artists and fans a unique chance to interact. We're offering a slew of opportunities to our favourite selected artists, including mag and online features. For entry details log onto: NME.COM/breakthrough now.



YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME AN NME PHOTOGRAPHER

The opportunity of a lifetime has raised its beautiful head again - win the chance to snap for this very music magazine!

There is no better job on Earth than being around a rock'n'roll band, that's a fact. The thrill of being right at the front of a top class gig and seeing the crowd sing every word right back at you. The rush and hedonism that goes hand in hand with the VIP access. The only bad thing about it, in fact, is that to get access to a proper, fully-fledged rock'n'roll band means gaining membership to an all-too-exclusive club that 99 per cent of us mere mortals probably won't get an invite to. Annoying isn't it? Luckily, the good people at Freederderm - the experts in skincare for spot-prone skin - are here to help on that front.

Once again they're giving you the opportunity of a lifetime with the Find My Freedom competition, by handing one lucky reader the chance to become part of the hallowed inner circle as a bona fide NME photographer. The winner will have it all on a plate - an Access All Areas pass at a must-see gig, a prime position in the photo pit assisting an experienced NME snapper, and, of course, all the band members vying for everyone's attention and get to be in that great shot.

You'll be right in the thick of it, rubbing shoulders with other top photographers and watching the gig from the best position in the house. To enter the competition, simply upload your favourite photo you have taken to findmyfreedom.co.uk. Get the most votes and you'll bag yourself the prize.

Of course, when it comes to the gig you'll want to look your best for it. This is where Freederderm also comes up trumps, with its expert skincare range for spot-prone skin. Nobody likes having spots, but it is a natural (albeit mega-annoying) part of life. Everybody - from Julian Casablancas to Alison Mosshart and Alex Turner - has experienced the pesky little blighters. And to top it all off, those three have had to deal with it in the public eye too - but they did deal with it, just fine.

It's important to look after your skin, so Freederderm's wide range of skincare products are specifically

YOU'LL BE IN THE PHOTO PIT AT A MUST-SEE GIG

designed to combat every level of attack, with products including exfoliating facial wash, sensitive facial wash, zone balancing moisturiser and facial cleanser. Better still, the entire range has been specially formulated by a team of skincare experts, and is available nationwide in chemists and supermarkets. Put simply, Freederderm is the best way to get you looking and feeling ready to rock.

For more information on how to enter, plus full terms and conditions, visit findmyfreedom.co.uk

Freederderm's range of expert skincare products for spot-prone skin have been specially formulated by a team of skincare experts.

EXFOLIATING FACIAL WASH
SENSITIVE FACIAL WASH
ZONE BALANCING MOISTURISER
FACIAL CLEANSER

Freederderm



The skin care range

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A LIFE-CHANGING
OPPORTUNITY WITH
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FOR DETAILS



Andy Whithon
NME Photographer

HOW TO SNAP FOR NME

Are you an aspiring photographer? Then have a read of these tips from Andy, fresh from his camera bag...

- If you're a bit strapped for cash, shoot bands outside to make the most of the natural light without the need to hire special lamps
- Experiment with compositions of the band/artist and camera angles to make the shots more interesting and dynamic
- Get yourself a website. A Flickr account that is accessible worldwide is a good start, but your own domain with good quality pictures is important. Keep it updated with new images. The busier you are, the better you'll become
- Don't ever give your shots away for free. Get a name credit at least
- My top tip for shooting bands live – count the timing of their beat. It makes anticipating the shot easier as the person you'll be shooting will most likely react to the beat of the drum. If you see something you like but miss it, find another point in the song that could replicate the image... learn from those shots that got away
- Always carry a flash in your bag. It will come in handy when at an indoors shoot with limited light or (obviously) if you're shooting at night. Keep it portable and battery powered and you'll be laughing. Simple!

SAMURAI, BORIS BECKER, NOEL & A DECADE OF THE CORAL

They're the most underappreciated, and perhaps most influential, British guitar band of the last 10 years. Now, with new album 'Butterfly House' imminent, Barry Nicholson talks to them about their glorious past and hears why their best is still to come



N

ick Power's living room doesn't much look like that of a pop star's. Situated on a small terraced street in

Hoyle, the Wirral, where three-fifths of The Coral still live, it's a compact space whose wooden floors are strewn with recently spun CDs (The Beatles, Bill Withers' *Live At Carnegie Hall*, the new Weller record) and the guitarist's comic book collection, enshrined in cellophane envelopes.

In one corner sits frontman James Skelly, mulling over whether or not he should eat some Rice Krispies, before deciding against it to keep himself 'edgy'. You'd never think we were here to talk to one of the most consistently brilliant British bands of the last 10 years.

Yet since the release of their self-titled debut album in 2002, The Coral have been just that 'Butterfly House', their fifth full-length release – and first to be recorded without guitarist Bill Ryder-Jones (who finally left the band due to 'personal difficulties in 2008') – is a continuation of that form, 12 songs of perfect, close-harmony West Coast-on-Wirral psychedelia that reminds you why you fell in love with them in the first place. It's always smart, always soulful indie, the sort of perfection pop music has long looked to Liverpool for. And which, for the last 10 years, we've looked to The Coral for, too.

"I don't think we make pop music," disagrees Skelly, Rice Krispies box now downed. "Lady Gaga sounds like pop to me, and I think we're pretty much the opposite of that. What we do just sounds like Coral music to me."

Whatever you want to call it, with the summer months rolling in, and 'Butterfly House' demanding a reappraisal of its creators, it feels like the perfect time to celebrate this most unique – and too often unheralded – of British bands.

This is why we still love The Coral...



THEY'RE A PROPER ROCK'N'ROLL GANG

They're an insular lot, The Coral; not unwelcoming by any stretch of the imagination, but like any group who have grown up together, they have a complex web of in-jokes not easily decipherable to outsiders. When James declares that Michael Buble reminds him of a "Poo-worm", everybody – except us – instantly get him. You can tell they're five best mates.

Nevertheless, guitarist Bill Ryder-Jones' decision to leave in 2005 prompted James to consider finishing the band. When Ryder-Jones rejoined and then left again in 2008, James felt differently. "It was more of a relief than anything," he says. "Because it obviously wasn't working out. When we released our first single, I was the oldest at 20. The rest were all 17, 18. And Bill was only 16. You're not even a person at that age, are you? You're an embryo of who you're gonna be. You're not comfortable in your own skin. But we had to go and do our thing and he had to do his. And I hope it goes really well for him. There's no bad feeling."

It's left the bond between the five remaining members strengthened considerably. You can hear it in 'Butterfly House's sense of breezy, West Coast optimism.

"The last two albums were made in those weird conditions with Bill, and I think it reflects in the music," says Nick. "There's a sadder mood to them. Whatever's going on, no matter what we do, if the band is in a bad space, the tunes we write will always reflect it."



THEY MAKE IT SOUND EFFORTLESS... EVEN IF IT'S NOT

'Pass It On', 'Dreaming Of You', 'Liezeah', 'In The Morning', 'Don't Think You're The First'. The Coral have a knack of writing songs that sound like they've been plucked off trees, with gorgeous, organic melodies that lead you by the hand through their own fully formed three-minute worlds. From James' choice of metaphor, however, it's obvious that this is not even remotely how it works.

"You know how you'll see a boxer like Ricky Hatton win a fight, then he'll go out on the piss and become a fat washed-up fucker? We're more like Floyd Mayweather, who wins a fight and just stays on it, in preparation for the next one. Celebrate tonight, but tomorrow it's back to work again. That's how we see it."

"We are quite critical of ourselves when it comes to songwriting," agrees Nick. "We'll fight over different things like whether or not we should put a handclap on a song. There's this one song on the new album that had a clap on it that sounded like that Duran Duran tune 'The Wild Boys', and we ended up having a massive three-day argument over whether we should include it or not."



THEY NEVER TAKE THEMSELVES TOO SERIOUSLY

"For me," says James, "I can't believe that anyone would take a concept album about Boris Becker's illegitimate sons seriously, and not just buzz off it for what it is... which was us having a laugh."

Skelly is of course talking about 'Nightfreak And The Sons of Becker'. The band's 2004 mini-album was exactly the sort of third release you don't make after your second one topped the charts six months earlier: largely improvised, recorded in just a couple of weeks, and mad as a fistful of wasps, it still managed to sneak into the Top Five on a limited run of just 75,000 copies, even as critics wondered whether they were engaging in wilful self-sabotage. The truth is simpler.

"We were after a buzz!" says James between sips of tea. "We had no manager, we had loads of money, and the lunatics were running the asylum. I actually think it'll be looked back on well, but the fact that it offended some people... I don't understand why everything has to be so..."

Humourless? Nobody could accuse The Coral of that. This is a band, after all, who once posed as samurai for an NME photoshoot and whose videos have featured dancing bears ('Dreaming Of You'), burning wicker effigies ('Goodbye') and squid-faced men rising up from the sea ('1000 Years'). The concept of cool is utterly alien to them,

a false moustache and mad glasses because you're just fucking pissed off, but sometimes it's good to just have a laugh. I think that people do like that about us. But we don't sit around and think about it too much. I don't wake up and go, 'Today I'm gonna be funny.' You just are what you are. Is there anything I regret doing? Well, there was this one really horrific brown jumper..."



THEY COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT FAME

"One minute you're doing music with your mates," says James of the band's early years as teenagers in the pracky room dope fug, "and it's good, but it's confusing. Because you want 'it', but you don't really know what it is you're gonna get. We never wanted to be celebrities or anything like that. I always wanted to be like Pink Floyd, where if people like you they like you, but you're not getting papped in the street. There was a fella taking paparazzi shots in Liverpool the other day and we said, 'Don't' and he went, 'Yeah alright then, who's gonna give a shit anyway.' He was very easily persuaded."

James and Nick both crack up. As you would expect from the band who made 'Nightfreak...', they're not especially bothered about success on a superficial level, though Nick does admit that "we understand we've got to do certain things to get our music across to people. We didn't care about that when we were young."

"I NEVER THOUGHT OUR EARLY ALBUMS WERE GOOD ENOUGH TO GO TO NUMBER ONE. THIS ONE DESERVES IT THOUGH"

JAMES SKELLY

and that's one of the reasons we've always loved them.

"When I was 16 I remember seeing bands like Super Furry Animals and Supergrass do that sort of stuff, being daft and making really weird videos and that, and I thought it just set them aside from everyone else," says James. "There are times when you don't want to wear

Ask them if they feel somewhat undervalued, however – as though they're simply expected to make great albums with minimal fuss and fanfare – and you can tell it's something that has at least crossed their minds.

"I do think we're the best band around," says James, "But if you don't believe that there's no point in turning

up at the pracky room is there? Someone asked the fella from Big Star if he thought the group had been a failure. And he said when he was in his fifties, more people liked him than ever, and new people were getting into him every day. It's not a bad place to be. It's not as though we get up at six in the morning every day and go to work."



THEY'RE ONLY JUST GETTING STARTED

'Butterfly House' is The Coral's fifth full-length album in eight years, frighteningly prolific when you consider that the band are all still in their twenties. And they don't feign modesty about their unarguable influence – from The Libertines, whose members are all committed fans, to Noel Gallagher, who played guitar on 'In The Rain' in 2007 at the BBC Electric Proms, to the Arctic Monkeys, who showed their love by giving the band big support slots at the Old Trafford megashows – on British guitar music of the last 10 years.

"I think it has been quite big," admits James of their influence. "Sometimes it's just a case of people listening to the same records as you. But when we first came out we were the only band around who sounded like we did, so we must've inspired something."

The band clearly see 'Butterfly House' as a turning point. They seem a bit too free from pretension to have named it after the obvious metamorphosis connotations, but it seems apt enough. For Skelly, "When the band's second record 'Magic And Medicine' got to Number One, we didn't feel we'd earned it in a way. I never thought those early albums were good enough to put us up there. I didn't think they were up there with albums that I like that had been at Number One. They're boss albums for a young band who've just started, but that's all they are. I think this album deserves to be up there. When I hear these tunes next to the others, they stand up for me. The first few albums sound great and exciting, but I never wanted to be known just by them."

So this is your favourite Coral record? "I'll always love the first one," says James. "But musically this one is my favourite. It's the one I've been most happy with when it was finished. And there's a lot more of that to come..."

Watch The Coral on NME TV! NME loves The Coral on Tuesday June 15 at 10.30pm and The Coral Vs The Courteeners on Thurs June 17 at 4pm

DAY

HU2-4826

MILE

PARKING R

2.00 MAX. RA
2.00 NIO
LIC. No 7-CAPA

New York City tops: Blondie's
Nigel Harrison, Clem Burke,
Frank Infante, Jimmy Destri,
erw, some singer, and Chris Stein

BLONDIE

*They showed punk a way to escape the cul-de-sac of unambition, introduced hip-hop to the masses and made femininity in rock something powerful. All while writing a string of peerless pop hits. Now **Blondie** are back on tour, and **Gavin Haynes** wants to celebrate*

This week, for the first time in absolutely years, Blondie are slicing a brief arc across our isle: through the Isle Of Wight, Bournemouth, Sheffield, Newcastle and Rock Ness, with the promise of more festival shows. And they're not reuniting: they bucked the trend by doing that years ago remember?

And unlike so many more recent reunites, since their 1997 return they've not been shy of churning out new material either. Sort of. If and when it arrives, 'Panic Of Girls', due in September, will be their first new record since 2003's 'The Curse Of Blondie'. Whether it turns out to be a wretched pot pourri of worn-out mumrock, or a bold new dawn by a band with a gift for reinvention, it's safe to say that their legacy remains assured. In their prime, Blondie were the conscience of the disco. They were the glassy heart of the new wave pulse. They made punk sexy, and sex punky. They've been spiritual seers to generations of bands, from *Elastica* to *The Strokes* to *Franz Ferdinand* to *Music Go Music*. Deborah Harry's salacious sneer opened up new templates and pathways for girls fronting rock bands. Her pioneering role as a bridgehead between pop and rock can still be felt. Madonna took copious notes. These days, Gaga's a fan. "I feel like out of the whole punk thing, you did what I've been striving to do," Santigold told Harry, efficiently summarising the argument in a 2008 joint interview, "which is bring a pop element to it. When I listened to your songs when I was younger, I felt like they were '50s-esque, but twisted into a stripped-down, raw thing. You did that with fashion, too. You've got that total punk thing, and then the whole glam-rock thing. You made a tough, badass, not girly but still feminine look."

Tough, badass, but still feminine Angela Trimble was three years old when she was transported from her Miami birthplace to the New Jersey suburbs by a very nice couple called Mr and Mrs Harry, who adopted her and gave her a new name: Deborah. In this safe, neighbourhood idyll, she had plenty of time to plot her next move: getting out of this safe, dowdy neighbourhood idyll. Harry was by many accounts, a slightly shy, thoughtful teen already blissed-out on her dreams of stardom and mixing it with the metropolitan elite.

So, as soon as she was old enough, she headed for New York in a hazy search for future greatness, which translated into spending much of the next 10 years skiving through a succession of dead-end jobs. As her career repeatedly failed to catch fire, Harry found herself growing increasingly depressed.

At this point, fate came to one of her shows, dressed as Chris Stein. Student at New York School Of Visual Arts, serial band member, cerebral, quietly cool, Stein too was searching fruitlessly for the key that would unlock his big dreams. Watching Harry perform with her all-girl band, *The Stilettoes*, he became convinced he'd found it. The pair got talking after the show and

the conversation went well enough that, three weeks later, Stein had joined *The Stilettoes*.

Not long after, Harry and Stein struck out on their own, taking their inspiration from good ol' fashioned '70s sexism: "One day I was walking down the street, and I heard a trucker give the catcall I'd heard a thousand times from truck drivers and road workers," Harry remembers. "Hey, Blondie!" And I knew that was it!" Clem Burke, Gary Valentine and Jimmy Destri completed the lineup, and they started to get regular gigs at CBGB. Hilly Kristal's legendary dump was starting to become a turnstile for an array of

singular talents – the Ramones, Television, The Dictators, Patti Smith, The Voidoids. New York's artsy nihilists made its filthy catacombs their second home. Punk was brewing.

By this point, it was love that was chiefly brewing for Stein and Harry. Their strong platonic friendship/partnership had morphed into something far less platonic, far more groinal. In fact, Hilly himself used to tell an amusing anecdote about how his then-wife had once walked in on the couple flagrantly intercouring each other in the CBGB toilets.

But even with the temperature rising in the punk

ATOMIC BOMBS BLONDIE ON DISC



BLONDIE

The songs they'd honed through their time crawling the boards of CBGB were more bubblegum than new wave, with

Harry's interest in '50s/'60s pop predominating, best summed up by the buzzsaw doo-wop of 'X-Offender'.



EAT TO THE BEAT

Ballsier and slicker than its predecessor, while 'Eat To The Beat' lacked quite the same quantity of tunes, it nonetheless offered an assuredly fun follow-up to the success of 'Parallel Lines'.



PLASTIC LETTERS

The pre-megafame follow-up to 'Blondie' was, many complained, a little bit washed-out. Bar the two big singles, many of the tracks here could've been offcuts from their debut. But things would get better...



AUTOAMERICAN

Ambitious, yes. The three minutes of pretentious but not unloveable instrumental that kick off 'Autoamerican' signify that Blondie have reached the Serious Artist phase, for better or for worse.



PARALLEL LINES

'Parallel Lines' summed up a certain aspect of the new wave, and sold 20 million records into the bargain. 'Picture This', 'One Way Or Another', 'Sunday Girl', 'Heart Of Glass': the hits just kept coming.



THE HUNTER

The sleeve should've been a clue. With its lamentable photo featuring Harry in outsized blonde 'do' surrounded by her coterie of Sleeperblokes, the cover sounded warning bells for its contents. Overproduced and underthought.



Clockwise from left: Blondie at London Roundhouse, 1978; Chris Stein's tee makes a point backstage, 1977; a fashion icon is born – Debbie Harry in Toronto, Canada, March 1977; Debbie styles Chris Stein in London, 1978

"I REMEMBER THAT WE EXPLODED, THEN MY BODY EXPLODED"

CHRIS STEIN

scene, and after playing a seven-month stint of every weekend at CBGB, Blondie remained something of outsiders to the movement coalescing around them. They were seen as too lightweight to be considered as banner-bearers for the nascent punk community. When record executives started to sniff round CBGB for bands they could successfully market as part of the punk fad, Blondie were last picked.

Despite this industry apathy, they continued to hone their set. By the time their 1976 debut 'Blondie' was released on a tiny independent, it represented the taut essence of everything they had learnt over the past two years of sweaty basement shows. It flopped. Except in Australia, where the band had a breakout hit, in the form of 'In The Flesh', the B-side to 'X-Offender' – which had been played in error on *Countdown*, Australia's answer to *Top Of The Pops*.

Out of that power ballad they caught the ear of Chrysalis Records' headman Terry Ellis. Astounded by the star wattage of Debbie, he became convinced he could turn the group into a Big Fucking Deal. He duly bought out their recording contract with the

minor NYC indie label who had released their debut, and packed them off to make a second record: 'Plastic Letters'. It grazed the Top 100 in America, but went Top 10 in the UK after the success of 'Denis'.

At the end of a UK promotional tour, Valentine left the band, replaced by Frank Infante on guitar and Nigel Harrison on bass. They thought they were successful then. They didn't know the half of it. 'Parallel Lines' – the album that followed – was to sell 20 million copies, taking them to a whole other place. New producer Mike Chapman famously told them on day one of recording that he would make them a hit record. He stuck to his word – using his burgeoning interest in the new technologies of synthesizers to revamp their sound and turning down the bubblegum bounce of their poppy punk while turning up the sleek, propulsive sheen.

Nowhere was this clearer than on third single 'Heart Of Glass' – a track that Stein had been toying around with since the band's formation. Originally a loping, quirky pop-reggae piece, Chapman upped the tempo, changed the time signature, and added the waves of svelte synth that turned it into a disco standard. It topped the US charts. At a price – with the Disco Sucks wars raging, Blondie found themselves often accused of selling out. From today's perspective, of course, the song represents the moment at which indie music first found the funk; the first great marriage of intelligence and icy sex-glamour to emerge from the rubble of punk's Year Zero.

Throughout '78/'79, Harry-mania was in full flow. Public appearances often took on shades of *A Hard Day's Night*. Harry had become a media fixture – an icon, a pinup. Warhol painted her. Such is the vanity of those inside the bubble that some of her bandmates had begun to grow jealous of the way they'd been relegated to the role of backing band.

'Eat To The Beat', in 1979, extended their reign at the top, producing the thermonuclear disco of 'Atomic' and the breezy, wistful 'Dreaming'. Their career peaked not long after, when electronic music pioneer Giorgio Moroder turned to Blondie to record the theme song to the 1980 film *American Gigolo*. To this day, 'Call Me' remains the 44th highest selling single in US chart history.

Later in 1980, the band found time to squeeze in one more record. 'Autoamerican' saw Blondie freed to explore their most adventurous pop impulses, with mixed results that included one of 'Rapture', the first time many had ever heard of the fad called 'rap music'. For their bravery, they were rewarded with another US Number One single. It was to be their last.

The sad story told many times was that success had gone gangrenous on Blondie. The band were overworked, being ripped off by their managers, and at each other's throats – Burke recalls never seeing the rest of the band together in one room during 1981 – supposedly the peak of their powers. One last gasp LP, 'The Hunter', flopped badly – its lead single, 'Island Of Lost Souls', even missing the US Top 30. But it was already fait accompli. Anyone who'd seen Chris Stein perform on their ill-fated final tour could've already told you that they were done for. He was skeletally gaunt: a withered stick-man with his rounded glasses and parchment skin. Stein himself took a while longer to work out what was wrong: his drug use had both cushioned the pain and disguised the weight loss that had come with pemphigus – a horrific blistering disease of the auto-immune system that was generally fatal. Harry remained by his side throughout his six-month hospitalisation. "I remember, we exploded, then my body exploded," Stein recalls. "That metaphor was always very clearly fixed in my head."

Blondie were over. Neither Harry nor Stein set foot onstage for another six years while the singer devoted her life to nursing her boyfriend back to health. The strain on their relationship took its toll in the end: the pair split in the early-'90s, though they have remained friends. But it was only by 1997 that the band agreed to reunite. 1999's 'No Exit' managed to spawn a new UK Number One – 'Maria', allowing Harry to gazzump Cher by becoming the oldest woman to sing on a British chart-topper. 'The Curse Of Blondie' followed in 2003, to very mixed reviews. Since then, they've largely remained out of sight. 'Panic Of Girls' lengthy gestation can partly be explained by the fact that the band have little left to prove. And partly by lingering froideur within the Blondie camp. "Being part of an ensemble is difficult," Harry laments. "We don't fight like cats and dogs anymore, but we certainly have our positions." And your primary position should be down the front at one of her shows.

NME ICONS

NME Icons is a new monthly series celebrating artists and moments that have helped define and shape our musical world. Throughout June there will be special features about our second Icons Blondie on *NME.COM*, *NME Radio* and *NME*. On NME TV, catch *Blondie Vs Yeah Yeah Yeahs* (Wednesday, June 16, 10pm) and a *Time For Heroes: Blondie special* (Thursday 17, 8pm).

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WE'LL LIVE AND DIE ON THESE ROADS

What makes two seemingly sane, educated young men forsake a regular life for an existence of broken vans, no sleep and no money? **James McMahon** asks why, **Japandroids**, why?

If you've ever read 1994's *Get In The Van*, Henry Rollins' harrowing account of his time fronting Black Flag between 1981 and 1986, you might recall a passage that embodies the existential misery that his band endured while ploughing the global punk rock networks all DIY rock bands follow today.

It comes after Rollins recalls the time a guy injects him with a syringe of cocaine. A few pages after someone aims a shotgun at his forehead. And just before someone sets fire to his testicles with a cigarette lighter...

It reads: "9.28.84. It's snowing here in Denver. I don't like snow. I always figure we'll crash the truck. It was cold in the truck today. Being in the back is like being in a tomb. Lying prone, wrapped up and waiting for release."

It's the moment within the book when you want to

plunge your face into its pages and cry out to a young Henry. "It's not worth it! Go home! Buy a hot water bottle!" It might also be the passage that inspired the two young Canadian men in Japandroids to turn their backs on health, prosperity and sanity, sell everything they've ever owned, log into Google Maps and get in a van of their own.

"Sometimes I do think we should stay home and look after ourselves a little bit more," considers a clearly exhausted Brian King in the bar of the Princess Hotel, Barcelona, a few hours before his band perform at the city's Primavera Sound festival — their 16th festival already this year — as members of Pixies and Sunny Day Real Estate mill about around the room. "But then we love touring so much, and we keep getting offered all these amazing opportunities, that we can't resist coming out to play to people. It's really exciting too!"

He smiles, cups his palm to his mouth and gestures to the back of the hotel bar. "Look! There's Steve Albini!" he exclaims.

It is extremely unlikely that Brian King has ever considered buying a hot water bottle and going home.

Case for the argument number one: Brian King doesn't really have a home that isn't the back seat of a hire car. Many bands call themselves DIY; few bands are so committed to the movement's principles that they tour the world in a vehicle "that is ready to explode at any moment" and who are "fearful for our lives every second we spend inside of it". With a hundred or so shows to their name already this year, when Japandroids toured the UK last month, they did so in a car that had the roof torn off after the band "tried to get into a parking lot that had a lower clearance than what we could actually fit in". "I can't really tell you any more than that," blushes Brian. "It



Clockwise from far left: Brian is stunned by his special glowing guitar; Brian and David go hell for leather; then relax; all-out gig action; then relax; a little sofa they call home; on-the-road spitting competitions help kill the time between gigs

"It is hard not having a phone," Brian admits, "but it's certainly worth it. If there's something I've noticed about being on the road with other bands it's that everyone spends so much of their time looking at their phone they forget to look up at the world around them."

All of which makes Japandroids the band that mistook *Get In The Van* for a holiday brochure.

Japandroids formed in 2006 after guitarist Brian met drummer David Prowse ("no, not like the guy who played Darth Vader in *Star Wars* - every time I go into a video store I get that") at the University Of Victoria, located just outside Vancouver, Canada. Dave studied anthropology.

"WE SHOULD STAY AT HOME AND LOOK AFTER OURSELVES MORE" **BRIAN KING**

Brian: Science. Dave wanted to call the band Japanese Scream. Brian: Pleasure Droids. They couldn't agree, so they "wedged the names together", and bonded over a love of hardcore punk rock, lo-fi indie and Guns N'Roses.

They spent their early days trying to escape their local scene, endlessly sneaking over the US border to play illegal shows in Seattle and Washington DC (and their first time at CMJ in New York

last year) because they couldn't afford \$1,500 times two to buy working visas. "It was scary," recalls Brian. "Our friends in You Say Party! We Say Die! got banned from the US for five years for not having the right paperwork. I hated the idea of that happening. I was sick to the pit of my stomach every time we crossed the border."

Brian has described Japandroids' local scene as "forever in the shadow of Toronto and Montreal, the Vancouver scene is like a Billy Zane movie - endless potential, but always under-funded, under-appreciated and unknown to all but a cult audience. I guess you could say that Japandroids are the equivalent of Billy Zane's role in *Titanic*." Little wonder, then, that their exciting debut album 'Post-Nothing' opens with a song entitled 'The Boys Are Leaving Town'. In fact, Japandroids once returned to play in Vancouver where Brian got hit directly in the face with a beer bottle. He shrugged and continued to play, blood streaming down his face.

"We wanted a singer at the start," says Brian, who shares vocals with the drummer, their voices and chops zigzagging over enthused, yet dreamy, borderline ethereal indie rock, like Yo La Tengo sped up to 200bpm. "We wanted a proper singer who'd stand at the front and sing while me and Dave rocked out at the back. We were going to be like Yeah Yeah Yeahs or something, but nobody who applied was any good, so we decided to sing ourselves. We don't have brilliant voices - but we've got interesting voices, and we try."

In late 2009 the band released aforementioned debut 'Post-Nothing'. They followed this last month with 'No Singles', a CD collection of their first two EPs. Next week they release their new single 'Younger Us', the second out of a series of five seven-inch singles (each with a cover version on the flip - this one has their take on X's 'Sex And Dying In High Society', the first Big Black's 'Racer-X') that the band intend to release throughout the rest of the year.

The singles series is intended as a response to the cycle of "record album, release album, tour, milk album for what it's worth, tour, record again" that they loathe. But it also serves as something to sell on the

road and keep them in money to buy beer and petrol. As well as being used to replace the bits of their hire cars that might fall off on the highway.

Twenty hours after we left them to lay waste to Primavera, Japandroids packed up their gear and drove to Barcelona Airport to catch a flight to Seattle, with the intention of playing the Sasquatch Festival in nearby George, Washington, alongside MGMT and Band Of Horses. Brian and Dave arrived at El Prat to find the ongoing British Airways cabin crew strike had seen their flight cancelled. They huffed, they puffed, then they tried and failed to find another flight. So they got back in the van and drove.

Their van meandered across France, through the Channel Tunnel (Brian: "a 14-hour drive or something ridiculous") before arriving at Heathrow Airport. Then they spent what money they had on a flight from London to Minneapolis, had a six-hour layover, then flew to Seattle, only to find the airline had lost all of their equipment. Tired, emotional and "without sleep in three days", they held it together long enough to make some calls to friends in bands during their three-hour drive east, who organised a whir-round of FX pedals and drum-bits. Japandroids made their stage time with an hour to spare. Hoorah!

"We really wanted to play," says Brian down the telephone, now back at his mum's house in Vancouver, "and we were determined not to cancel again. We had to cancel in 2009 because my stomach exploded."

Oh...

"Last spring we'd just started what would have been our first ever North American tour," he explains. "I woke up after the first show in Calgary in more pain than I'd ever been in. Dave took me to the hospital down the road and they gave me emergency surgery for a perforated ulcer. The doctors told me if I'd been more than an hour away from the emergency room I would have died. Thank God it didn't happen the day before when we were in the middle of the Rocky Mountains."

It transpires that Japandroids don't have the best of times in Calgary. The first time they played the city, Brian's favourite guitar ("the one I'd had since childhood, that I'd learnt to play on") got stolen out of the back of the van. The second time they drove 10 hours to play a festival, only to find the promoter had moved the venue they were booked to play to another part of town, meaning the band performed to precisely no-one. And yeah, the third time Brian almost died. "I've had problems with ulcers since childhood," he says, "and this lifestyle doesn't help."

Yet hearing the drop in Brian's voice when he talks about the US tour they had to cancel, the lingering disappointment that fogs his words when he talks about the shows his band didn't get to play, then hearing him talk calmly about how he "couldn't walk properly" in the wake of his surgery, how he lost "20lbs from a body that can't lose 20lbs", and how the doctor told him his body was "falling apart" - then squealing excitedly as he talks about how stoked he is to see Black Mountain at Vancouver's Music Waste festival next weekend... well, it's impossible to imagine Brian King being happy with anything other than life on the open road.

But is it worth dying for Brian?

"Well, we just love touring," he says. "There's so much to see and do..."

wasn't our car, and the person whose car it was doesn't know how that happened..."

Case number two: Japandroids see themselves as being on a hard-line mission to bring back intrigue and integrity to indie rock - regardless of the damage it does to their own bodies or other people's cars. Few bands avoid music videos (Brian: "not even 'Thriller', no"), Twitter ("we don't like the lack of mystery in modern music, not having those things is an attempt to bring that stuff back") or mobile phones (Brian is proud not to own one), like Japandroids do. And as mentioned previously, Brian doesn't own a house either, preferring to stay with his mum in downtown Vancouver on the infrequent periods his band return home, swinging by to borrow her phone whenever he has to do telephone interviews with magazines.

It's puritanical, yes, but the sacrifice is not without its rewards.



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*They count Tinseltown's finest as their fans, were mates with Heath Ledger and had a Chili Pepper behind the mixing desk – but, as **Matt Wilkinson** discovers, there's more to **Warpaint** than their A-list phone book*



WHERE TO START WITH WARPAINT

'EXQUISITE CORPSE' EP

The band's one and only official release to date. Recorded in 2007, but not released until October 2009 on the Manimal label, its six tracks showcase their epic, genre-fusing brilliance.

'BILLIE HOLIDAY' (A CAPELLA, THE GREAT ESCAPE)

Mesmerising a capella version of their most addictive song, caught on camera by *NME* minutes after their jaw-dropping set at this year's Great Escape festival in Brighton. Head to NME.COM/video to watch the full thing.

'SET YOUR ARMS DOWN' (DEMO) (DOWNLOAD FROM LAST.FM)

Non-L.P track that looks likely to feature on the band's forthcoming debut album, which has already been recorded and is to be released this August

'POLLY' (LIVE AT FORT WORTH)

A new song only available via YouTube at present, 'Polly' sees Warpaint at their most harmonious and serene... until drummer Stella Mozgawa unleashes a pulsatingly deadly beat to blow things up at the end, that is.

'WARPAINT'

Instrumental live staple, this standalone track fuses the slow funk of PiL's 'Death Disco' with intricate guitar lines and a brooding, ear-blastingly low bassline.

For a band who took over three years to get from the garage to their first proper gig, and didn't even bother to set up a MySpace until after then, LA's Warpaint know a thing or two about pulling a crowd. They've become the new band of choice for the Hollywood set; John Frusciante – the Red Hot Chili Pepper it's OK to like – used to work on the one-man sound desk at their early shows, while Heath Ledger could rightfully stake a claim to being their first fanboy.

"Did we network?" muses frontwoman Emily Kokal over the band's unlikely connections. "No, it's the opposite. We've always done things ourselves and we want people to know that we did this, and it's ours."

Kokal is adamant that "none of that stuff" matters. "We just live in Los Angeles. We've lived in Los Angeles for a long time, and we've met famous people... not famous people, creative people. Ultimately it's just people that we connect with."

Warpaint are currently eating crêpes in the balmy French breeze. They're marooned in Rennes, waiting to leave for London, where they'll play their second sold-out show in as many weeks. It probably won't come as a surprise to them, but their immense gravitational pull on the rich and famous seems to have followed them across the Atlantic. The desire to get on the guestlist for that second London gig, at the Lexington, is at such levels of desperation that some of the capital's most notable musical luminaries (who shall remain nameless) are being forced to blag their way in. Time will tell how they'll fare.

Yet what's clear from the off is that the band weren't born into this world of superficiality and superstardom. There were no famous parents paying for Ringo to give drum lessons. Nobody buying record deals. Essentially, Warpaint are about as far away from The Like as you can imagine. Not to mention being about a billion times handier with a tune.

Their story stretches back six long years of stops and starts. Rather fittingly – for above all else this is a tale of deep and long-lasting love between the core band members – it began on Valentine's Day, 2004, when three-quarters of the current line-up turned up at singer Kokal's pad to, in her words, "see whether we could do anything good together".

They'd been friends for a while – Kokal and co-singer Theresa Wayman met aged 11 in choir at Roosevelt Middle School, Oregon – but had never jammed before. "Maybe the Valentine's Day thing was meant to be," bassist Jenny Lee Lindberg says of that initial hook-up. "We instantly saw there was a lot of magic between us, and I can honestly say it was the first time I've had that, 'Whoa, now this is interesting' thing with a band. What did we do? We just jammed for hours and hours. And we wrote. And it just worked."

That jamming would become an integral part of the band's sound, and it's still what's most captivating about them. Tracks from 2009's debut EP 'Exquisite Corpse', such as 'Stars' and 'Elephants', are built around meticulous minor arpeggios stretched out and epically bastardised by the band again and again, while fan-favourite 'Billie Holiday' is a splinter of different eras that utilises a plaintive, Cobain-y DIY guitar, haunting Mazzy Star vocals and – lyrically – elements of the Smokey Robinson-penned 'My Guy'.

Kokal, who calls jamming a "lost spirit" in music, later admits quite freely that the band are obsessed with embracing a "progressive rock element", but to NME's ears they're way closer to the relentless tribal rhythms and melodic sloganeering of early PIL and FSG than Yes or PLO.

Current drummer Stella Mozgawa would join later – the last, the band say, in "a long, long line of friends and session players to try out" (Wayman even sat behind the kit for a while). But back in 2004,

completing the original line-up was Lindberg's sister Shannyn Sossamon, who juggled the position with her other burgeoning career – being a full-on Hollywood actress – before leaving the band in 2007. Prominent movies she's appeared in include *The Rules of Attraction*, *40 Days and 40 Nights* and *A Knight's Tale*, in which she starred opposite Heath Ledger. More of him later though, because around this time in the band's history, Kokal also started dating Frusciante.

How does one go about snagging one of the most famous guitarists in the world, you might wonder? Grocery shopping, it turns out.

"We met in the supermarket," Kokal laughs. There's a pause. "And it was totally organic... But seriously, it was the kind of thing that can happen anywhere. You know, (puts on shocked voice) that 'Oh! Hello! Who are you?' thing. That's honestly all it was."

The couple went out for two and a half years, Frusciante taking Kokal on tour with Red Hot Chili



Warpaint (clockwise from top): Emily, Stella, the band jamming and Jenny

"I THINK ULTIMATELY, HEATH WANTED TO BE A MUSICIAN HIMSELF"

EMILY KOKAL

Peppers and also becoming something of a father-figure to Warpaint in their formative stages.

"He was our soundman once really early on," says Lindberg. "It was a blessing, totally. John was supportive from the start, when we were going for it full on. We all lived in this house together in [hipster friendly] Los Feliz, and we'd practise in the garage and John would just come over and listen. He was stoked."

Kokal: "He was just a boyfriend of 'that' girl in 'that' band. Because of that, he knew a lot about our band. He came to our shows and it was inevitable that he wanted to help because he felt passionate about us."

While one A-list connection would normally be enough to place most bands on the path marked "whoring ourselves out as much as possible", Warpaint kept their mouths shut, got their heads down and carried on writing, though by 2007 their connection with Sossamon had led them directly to the ears of one other superfan: the aforementioned Mr Ledger.

Kokal: "Heath was in a film with Shannyn, that's how I met him, and he became a really, really good friend of mine. He was just a creative. He bought a guitar and learned 'Billie Holiday' on it, you know! He was just always such a supportive person, down-to-earth. Not like an über-famous person really. You know, he did videos for Alex Ebert and Ben Harper – he was really involved in music. I think he probably wanted to play music, ultimately."

Emily speaks candidly of the celebrity culture that now permeates through LA, and which has spilled over into public consumption via the US tabloids and gossip sites in the past decade. Although she's careful not to mention Ledger by name, it's impossible not to draw comparisons with the actor's untimely demise.

"You see so many successful people here who just... burn out. I mean, it's too much – their lives become other people's lives. They're over-exposed, they're under-nurtured and under-nourishing themselves. They're taking sleeping pills and then waking pills in order to fulfil these long hours."

You've seen that sort of thing first-hand?

"Yes, but it's similar to being a drug addict in a small town. A lot of people have seen that. I'm not interested in putting that pressure on myself for other people's happiness at all. I learned that from John (himself a recovering addict). He deals with it really well. He wakes up in the morning, he plays music all day, cooks his own food, reads, watches movies and he likes his life. He's not going out and just partying and being a celebrity. That shit gets really old. Maybe that's what's great about being in Los Angeles – as a band we've learned the illusion of fame and that whole world without actually being famous. It's like *Meeting People Is Easy*, the Radiohead DVD. Who really wants to feel like everyone knows you, yet can't connect to you and doesn't understand you?"

It's this understanding of the fame game – and the fact they can actually write and play blinding tunes without needing propping up – that's helped Warpaint not turn into scenester wankers. Since playing those first few shows in 2007, they've been on the inside looking out, courting attention from everyone from Justin Timberlake (who blogged about them) to Wu-Tang Clan's RZA (a mate of Frusciante's).

But it's not something they're keen to end or dwell on, even though they're still flirting with that world. Example: later this year, Wayman will star alongside Tim Roth and Steve Buscemi in a new movie called *Pete Smalls Is Dead*.

"It's more inspired by [Patrick] Cassavetti than some kind of Hollywood blockbuster thing," Kokal offers of the film's direction, again underplaying the celebrity connections. "I think Theresa and the director met in a supermarket, just randomly. Again. It's funny – there must be something at LA supermarkets, I guess. These things honestly just seem to happen to us – we don't seek them. It's just creative people meeting each other and deciding to work together."

Make no mistake; the Warpaint gals genuinely are worthy of all this attention. When NME catches them at Brighton's Great Escape a few weeks before this interview, they're utterly captivating, both individually and as a collective. Every song is a winner, from the genius band interplay apparent on epic tracks such as 'Elephants' and newbie 'Bees', to a had-to-be-there moment after the gig when they play a capella for three fans (and anyone else who happens to be in the vicinity) who tell them they're gutted they didn't get to hear the whole gig. While they're a new prospect to most people, it's clear that all those years practising in garages in LA have resulted in the kind of musical understanding that money, PR campaigns and, yes, famous friends just cannot buy.

Deep in thought, Kokal says, "If anything, just having those connections taints the purity of where we're coming from and what those connections were originally based on." She's right, of course, but the band is powerless as to who they attract. What does it matter whether they're playing to Tinseltown's finest or Scarborough town's? Warpaint are destined to be stars regardless of their associates.

Watch the video to 'Elephants' at NME.COM/music/videos. Plus head to the *Daily Download* blog for a free track



Feel bad band *of the* summer

*With the festival season upon us, screemeisters **Factory Floor** are primed and loaded to shatter your eardrums and rattle your bones. **Mark Beaumont** packs his earplugs*

PHOTOGRAPH: EMILIE BAILEY

Eyes wide, teeth bared, buttocks clenched solid against the tide of liquified veggie falafel, 500 unsuspecting rock fans who've turned up early for Liars find themselves braving a sonic onslaught so loud that all livestock within 500 miles of the Shepherds Bush Empire instantly explode. Some flee for the lavs, others clutch the bar for dear life, but most stand dazed, entranced or in the grip of aurally induced muscular paralysis as what sounds like a squadron of 200 flying All Tomorrow's Parties crash-lands on their heads at once. Over the course of Factory Floor's half-hour set, *NME* is almost sick five times. We take this as a good omen.

The three people onstage – singer/guitarist Nik Colk, singer/electronicist Dom Butler and beat pummeller Gabe Gurnsey – are barely visible through the smoke, sing only in Germanic deadpan,

hunch over keyboard, drumkit and drum machine and play guitar with drumsticks and bows, yet the noise they make is among the heaviest in history. They take motorik drones and beats and drag them kicking and feedbacking through the nosebleed rock heritage of Throbbing Gristle, Killing Joke, My Bloody Valentine, Ministry and a million ear-obliterating riot-raves. The result is an amorphous, marvellously modern tech-throb onslaught that makes a mockery of no-bollock 'noise' pussies like Interpol and variously resembles a 20-ton trance train rolling over your brain stem and the Chord Of Death you can dance to. If, like *NME*, you're not too busy being sick, that is.

"We made someone vomit," says Nik. "We played at Offset last year and it was building up and at one point we hit

a certain sound and this guy started vomiting. We took that as a good sign."

As are the borough-wide blackouts; FF's more ferocious scree-fests have been known to blow the power out of venues that haven't braced themselves. "One time in Corsica studios we took out the electricity on one side of the building. Then it happened at Cargo where the whole street went out."

Has the military been in touch? You could clear riot zones with a single blast of your billion-decibel Brown Sound. "Not yet!" says Dom. "We could make them dance!"

What do you listen to when winding down after gigs? Whale song? Ke\$ha?

Gabe takes on a thousand-yard stare, like he's fresh from shovelling a war-zone clean of his best friend's limbs. "Usually just the ringing in my ears."

I'm really into the sea," says Gabe, lost in an altogether brighter reverie in a Shoreditch boozier a week later. "It's the sense of relentless endlessness to it. I like feeling immersed. Like at dance clubs, nobody talks, people just dance, immersed in noise. I always see our sets as the beginning of the party and ending up where the sun's rising."

"It's that saturation of sound," Dom adds. "It's like when you're in a rain storm, it brings you an inner peace. If you go to a dub night the bass is so heavy it pushes in your chest – it's a nice feeling. It makes it three-dimensional."

Gabe nods. "We want our music to engulf you."

Summer in the city and people are flapping and preening in the beating heat outside the Griffin pub – the current epicentre of all things motorock. But where are Factory Floor?

As befits the band here to ruin your summer with their wintry, discontented rumbles about "mortality" and "exploration" – that will fuck with your festival 'vibe' like the Glasto Squits – shouldn't they be sneering and mumbling misanthropically in the pub basement? Yet they're happy to bask at a table in the sunshine, full of the sparkle of summer. Gabe casts out pipe dreams about playing an open-air gig on the top of the Birling Gap cliffs near Eastbourne because "it'd be an amazing thing to have a big gathering on top with that primitive dance music", while Nik claims "we hadn't actually heard ourselves properly until recently when someone gave us a bootleg of a gig. We're quite brutal, aren't we? But we could sound quite euphoric and uplifting in the summer."

Indeed, on record – away from the punishing Factory Floor live experience – there are whole new FF tones and textures. Check out their 10-inch 'mini' album: a clear-vinyl artefact that manages to cram four Factory Four tracks into a sprightly 45 minutes. There's the krautdrone brilliance of 'Lying', on which Nik counts eight people into a room sounding like Miss Kittin after a stroke. There's the rattling looptronica of 'A Wooden Box', concerning the dank inevitability of the grave. There's the lengthy tension trance of '16-2-16-9-20-1-14-9-7' (Dom: "Is it a kind of Da Vinci code? No, it's obvious if you do a bit of digging around the website"). These are tracks visceral, absorptive and propulsive enough to garner FF celebrity remixes from New Order's Stephen Morris and Liars' Angus Andrew and get them declared Thurston Moore's new favourite band.

Finally there is 'Solid Sound', which sounds like a one-armed guitarist trying to kick his way out of a wooden crate for 12 minutes. Except you're not supposed to *listen* to 'Solid Sound', you're supposed to *watch* it. It's the audio from FF's first art installation, exhibited in a Redchurch Street gallery last September and featuring a heap of powder shifting shape along to the track's kicks, clatters and farting walruses.

"It was an idea of transference from sound to visual," Gabe explains, "and it came to making the sound move this graphite powder [on a speaker]. It's

interesting because no frame is the same throughout the whole thing."

See, like The xx and Animal Collective – who've both performed specially developed installations in art spaces of late – Factory Floor are among a growing collection of visually minded bands who see no boundary between music and high art, no hyphen necessary in art rock.

"It's hard to separate the

The two ended up playing together in revolving line-ups of London bands inspired by Can, Brian Eno and '70s German experimentalists Cluster.



Factory Floor began life as a side project from one such band but became a full-on concern in autumn 2009 when Nik saw them play and was invited to sing on an early track. "She has this particular tone to her voice that we were looking for," says

"WE HIT A CERTAIN SOUND AND THIS GUY STARTED VOMITING. WE TOOK THAT AS A GOOD SIGN"

Nik Colk

two," Dom poses. "The way I approach music is similar to the way I'd approach making something visual. There is music out there that is used to up people's bank account, but there's music that's a form of self-expression and it's not concerned about fashions. It echoes art and it should be recognised as art."

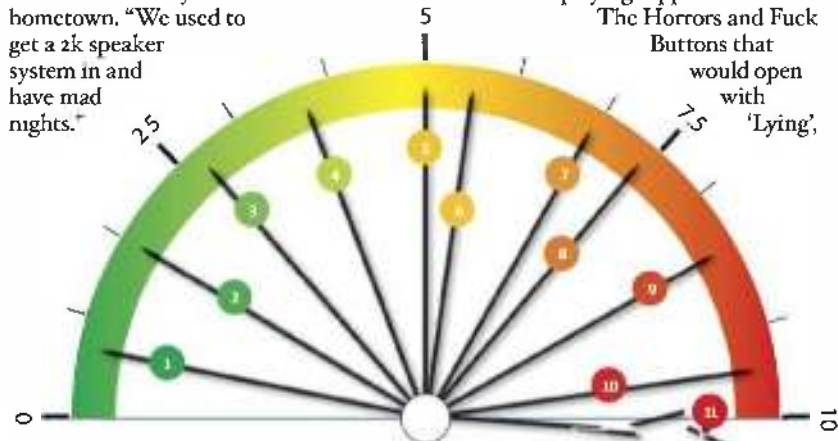
"Art and music are in their own boxes," Nik adds. "It'd be nice to make another box. That's what we're reaching for."

It's fitting that all three members claim creative backgrounds: Gabe is the son of artists and grew up making short films in Burley near Leeds while Dom was a teenage dance DJ hosting quarry raves near his Weymouth hometown. "We used to get a 2k speaker system in and have mad nights."

Gabe. "Not many people have it."

Having spent four years playing 12 gruelling tours of the US as singer in Norwich indie punk brats Kaito – sleeping on the floors of bands such as Bright Eyes and Mahjongg and picking up a love of the atonal clank as she went – Nik's band was no more and she was then embroiled in her own experimental solo project, attempting to tame and control feedback by playing guitar with bow and drumstick. She added a serrated edge to Gabe and Dom's frenetic jiggerbeats – the volume rose, the tracks loosened, became more hypnotic; within a few months they were playing support slots for

The Horrors and Fuck Buttons that would open with 'Lying'.



TURNED UP TO ELEVEN

Where do Factory Floor rank on the scale of the world's loudest bands?

1 MOTÖRHEAD
Famed for increasing the volume at their gigs every third song or so to pretend to be the world's loudest band, but these pussies generally start off pretty quiet.



2 THE WHO
For several years in the '70s The Who held the official record as the loudest band in the world, registering 126dB at the Charlton Athletic ground in 1976. By today's standards, this is birdsong.

3 SWANS
No official measurements but survivors of the avant noise legends' excruciatingly loud early '80s shows report seeing the walls of the venue literally bulging outwards and the aisles running thick with vomit.

4 TED NUGENT
Legend/myth has it that at one Nugent stadium show a pigeon flew past the speakers during a power chord and exploded. Not that we hate pigeons or anything, but we really hope that this is true.

5 AC/DC
Their 'Back in Black' tour hit 130dB. A mention here goes to Led Zep, whose unconfirmed 130dB performance of 'Heartbreaker' dates back to 1969 – not bad considering their equipment was the amp equivalent of tracing paper and a comb.



6 THROBBING GRISTLE
Damaged old men will swear blind to 200dB volumes and bleeding ears at Throbbing Gristle shows.

7 MY BLOODY VALENTINE
Their Roundhouse gigs were said to have reached the volume of an aeroplane taking off – in fact it was up to 12dB louder than that at 132dB. Perhaps not the best time to expose yourself to 30 minutes of a sheer white noise Holocaust.



8 FACTORY FLOOR
We're just guessing here, but goddamit, they're loud.

9 GALLOWS
The Watford band's impressive 132.5dB was achieved in the studio, showing a shocking disregard for injuring the aural abilities of the general paying public.



10 KISS
Cartoon metal mutants Kiss hit a whopping 136dB at a Blues festival in Ottawa in July last year.



11 FLAMINIO
Officially the loudest band on the planet, managing a head-bursting 139dB at the soundcheck for the Magic Circle Fest in 2008. Paul Daniels was last seen spread across five counties.

REVIEWS

GIGGS, PULLED APART BY HORSES AND
GET HIM TO THE GREEK

Edited by Emily Mackay



KELE

THE BOXER WICHITA/POLYDOR

*So he's come out of his shell and is showing his true colours.
Kele from the Bloc's got dancey, but will his past catch up with him?*



Back in 2005, Franz Ferdinand's chief dandy Alex Kapranos could have been forgiven for regretting his decision to hand Bloc Party an almighty leg-up in their rise to prominence. The band personally gave the self-proclaimed arbiter of dance-rock a demo copy of 'She's Hearing Voices'; blessed with his approval, it went on to form the centrepiece of their debut LP 'Silent Alarm', a snarling beast of a record that chewed up the doubt and discontent of 21st century existence. For all of Kapranos' posturing about making guitar music for girls to dance to, it seemed as if it was Kele Okereke and co, armed with such fizzing gems as 'Helicopter' and 'Banquet', who would be the ones driving the masses into shaking their meat to the beat.

Five years later, though, and Alex is probably

allowing himself a wry chuckle. The past half-decade has seen Bloc Party hindered by their own intelligence and artistry, caught between the dizzying raptures of their dance sensibilities and their heartfelt sentimentality; and for every breathtaking confessional ('This Modern Love', 'Blue Light') there was a slightly more clunky counterpoint ('Sunday', 'Bilko'). Things reached breaking point with 2008's 'Intimacy', where big beats and chest-baring missives made for as uncomfortable bedfellows as Nick Clegg and David Cameron huddled round a table trying to bash out an agreement on foreign policy. Barely a year later, Bloc Party confirmed they were on indefinite hiatus.

So with Kele's recent guest turns on tracks by The Chemical Brothers and DJ Tiesto, it's tempting to see 'The Boxer', his first solo LP, as the album he's always wanted to make. How

else to interpret 'Walk Tall', the wobbling synths of which teeter over an ever-shifting backdrop similar to the quicksand mutations of 'Mercury'? And if you don't believe us, just listen to Kele. "I don't know what you've been told", he barks like a sergeant running his troops through a strenuous drill instruction, "but this starts now. walk tall, walk tall". Any lingering doubts are dispelled by his next order: "Forget where you've been/Cut your ties to the past and wave it goodbye".

This is a record, then, that has the dancefloor firmly locked with its sights. Lead single 'Tenderoni' has already started its assault on the airwaves; dark and twisted, it's the frightening sound of some ungodly creature

KELE SPEAKS!

How will you play this record live?

"It's going to be interesting, for sure. Making the record, I didn't think about how we'd perform it live. But now it's taking on a life of its own."

Have you got a band?

"There's a drummer, a synth player and a guy operating electronic stuff. There's no guitars, which is good, as then it would be Bloc Party."

Are you going to have dancers?

"No! No dancers. I'm a musician. It wasn't about me doing dance routines."

ominously rearing its head like the disturbed, slouching beast of WB Years' *The Second Coming* before its temper is quickly soothed by Kele's soaring falsetto, which adorns the chorus like sprinklings of gold dust. Elsewhere, it's only the crystalline melodies of 'On The Lam' and 'All The Thoughts I Could Never Say', propelled by metronomic drum-beats and electronic buzzes, that stop them being more suited to the pounding sound systems of Fabric than the tinny speakers of your bedroom.

Crucially, when the pace slackens, Kele is able to avoid the more mawkish missives which hindered Bloc Party's later output. 'Other Side' could have been lifted from Thom Yorke's 'The Fraser', with its fractious stop-start tempo and condensation-on-glass mutterings – and it's paranoia, rather than heartbreak, that's on

Kele's mind as he yelps, "Why can't you hear me? I'm calling out your name" – while 'Rise' builds from a gorgeous twinkling backdrop into a crescendo of cross-firing lasers.

Inevitably there are tell-tale signs that, despite the facelift, this is still Kele from the Bloc; 'Everything You Wanted' borrows liberally from Chris Martin's well-thumbed copy of *Songwriting For Dummies*, with its vague heartbroken platitudes and plinking piano, while 'Unholy Thoughts' is a rally against religion which fails to channel the spirit of the enlightened preacher and settles instead for the bedraggled lunatic at Speakers' Corner. The smart money, though, would be on Kele soon being capable of delivering that knock-out blow to his cloying past once and for all. **Ben Hewitt**

7

DOWNLOAD: 'Tenderoni', 'On The Lam', 'Rise'

Head to NME.COM/kele for exclusive interviews, videos and more

MACY GRAY

THE SELLOUT ISLAND



A knockout wasn't on the cards, so we're somewhat surprised to be sprawled on the canvas muttering incomprehensibly while Macy Gray raises one mighty fist airward. 'The Sellout' is packed with killer soul-pop stompers, including the excellent, throbbing 'Kissed It' featuring Slash, Duff MacKagan and Matt Sorum doing a fair Glitter Band impression and sounding nothing like three-fifths of Guns N'Roses. Macy effortlessly combines the classic pop of Chic and Bill Withers with the sort of flamboyant, contemporary chart-frippery Mika probably thinks he's up to. Her smoky Donald Duck rasp becomes trying before the conclusion, but that's a minor irritation. **Jeremy Allen**

DOWNLOAD: 'Kissed It'

7

MICAH P HINSON

...AND THE PIONEER SABOTEURS

FULL TIME HOBBY



The world is running away from Micah P Hinson. Something of a husky country prodigy on his 2004 debut, now he's a 20-something Texan bwoy alarmed and confused by the hand-basket ride his country is taking to Hell. The untethered havoc of this fourth album is designed to reflect these disorientating times and, sure enough, it sounds like Band Of Horses breaking out of their holding pen and roaming randomly across wide open prairies – the Big Music untamed. However, other than the fantastically chaotic 'Watcher, Tell Us Of The Night' ushering in a rallying final quarter, it makes for a frustratingly unfocused listen from a fine artist lost in his own magnificent noises. **Mark Beaumont**

DOWNLOAD: 'Watchers, Tell Us Of The Night'

6

DELAYS

STAR TIGER STAR ARIEL

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN



There's something of the perennial underachiever about indie popsters Delays that makes it impossible to really hate them. Slamming their milk-fed jangle and singer Greg Gilbert's trademark Liz Fraser-with-a-head-cold falsetto feels every bit as wrong as stamping on the tiny heads of kittens. And the truth is, as with their three former albums, between the Killers-lite electro fluff and shoegaze flutterings lie a couple of pretty snazzy pop songs glimmering timidly in the murk. One day we're quite sure Delays will collect these together for a thoroughly pleasant 'Best Of' album and all will be well with the world. **Tom Edwards**

DOWNLOAD: 'May 45'

5

OMAR SOULEYMAN

JAZEERA NIGHTS

SUBLIME FREQUENCIES



Syrian wedding singer Omar Souleyman seemed to blaze out of nowhere in 2009. But if his inclusion at Number Five on last year's NME Future 50 was a shock, his recent tumultuous UK gigs and Pavement ATP appearance were less so. If it has become less weird to see the moustache, mirror shades and keffiyeh-sporting chain-smoker leading an odd mix of hipsters, ravers and world music fans on a dabke (Syrian party music) techno jaunt, then this runs both ways. This is another anthology culled from his back catalogue, but the emphasis is on ethno-techno with English translations. Like Souleyman himself, this comp aimed at Western fans is smoking. **John Doran**

DOWNLOAD: 'Hafer Gabrak Bidi (I Will Dig Your Grave With My Hands)'

9

FACES TO NAMES...

What the reviewers are doing this week



JAMES MCMAHON

"I started the week watching Bis at Primavera; I'm ending it writing reviews in London and missing the cocktails and sunshine."



DAN MARTIN

"I met Amy Pond from Doctor Who and it was literally more exciting than any rock star I've ever met. She's even lovelier in real life. Also I punched a lion in the throat."



BEN HEWITT

"With my rent long overdue, I tried to forget my financial woes by listening to gothic goddesses old and new in the form of PJ Harvey and Zola Jesus."



GAVIN HAYNES

"Watched Paul Foot confirm his status as Peter Cook's unacknowledged heir by riffing sublimely on one joke for 20 minutes. Finished Francis Wheen's apocalyptic '70s history Strange Days Indeed. Consequently YouTube'd Idi Amin a lot."



GIGGS

LET EM AVE IT XL

At long last the UK has a homegrown rap talent to be proud of – even if the police don't seem to think so



In terms of spread and breadth of influence, hip-hop is the only genre of music that comes anywhere near the might wielded by arms, pharmaceuticals and politics – and let's

not forget the most powerful politician on the planet has Ludacris on his iPod. The sound remains a phenomenon, a global force. Yet there are pockets of the Earth where rap remains a dirty world.

You don't have to look very far to find them; consider these very shores. Questions of morality aside, when Britain sells a developing nation a gun, it calls it a gun. When its scientists create a pill, they call it a pill. So why can't British hip-hop stick to the Trade Descriptions Act?

British urban music has long wrapped its output in the guise of art, calling itself grime, or, in the case of dubstep and UK garage, diversifying the sound into different genres entirely. From the off, Giggs' honesty about his intentions is exactly what makes 'Let Em Ave It' exciting. Knowing the spoils that await, it's befuddling how long it's taken the UK to unleash a hungry street-smart poet comparable to the genre's US-born greats. Perhaps it's a question of politeness, or of introspection, or a uniquely British mindset that correlates the two. Perhaps it's that there are quite a lot of places like Norwich in the UK, and only a few quite like Peckham.

Whatever the reasons, the man formally known as Hollowman makes scant secret of his desire to celebrate the traditional gangster

journey from the grot to the glitz. An hour long in length, Giggs begins bold, the SE15 man cataloguing his journey so far over the imposing, regal string stabs of 'Intro'. Then the record rumbles into 'Hustle On', and gets stronger with each cut that follows, the thrillingly inane 'Ner Ner' and the taut, wired 'Signs', coming on like a composite of everything that's long made rap's US-forged source material so thrilling and so compelling. And it's unashamedly rap; at times you really do want to flip the record over and check its postcode.

That isn't to say it's a record without its own national identity – 'Look What The Cat Dragged In' and 'Have It Out' embodying a sound anyone who's taken a black cab at 4am through south London will be instantly familiar with. In fact it's interesting to note that Giggs took his album title by bastardising a similarly named tune recorded by 2-Pac during his Makaveli phase. He's dropped the 'h', but put something back in its place – that being a UK rap talent the nation can be proud to call its own. Of his ongoing troubles with Trident, the British police black-on-black violence unit, Giggs once told NME that if he hailed from Compton, LA he'd be rewarded for telling it how it is, not denied the right to make a living from his honesty and flow. It still remains to be seen if he'll be allowed that reward – but his second record is certainly a collection of stories this island has rarely heard told in one of its own accents. **James McMahon**

DOWNLOAD: 'Ner Ner', 'Signs', 'Look What The Cat Dragged In'

8

DEAN CHALKLEY



PULLED APART BY HORSES

PULLED APART BY HORSES TRANSGRESSIVE

Leeds foursome gallop in, all demented guns blazing, and successfully capture their inherent live mayhem



Pulled Apart By Horses' incendiary live shows have cost them teeth, chunks of flesh and affordable insurance premiums. They've also landed them with one peculiar

headache. The Leeds screech-lords' trail of messy chaos and their noble, reckless dedication to the cause has led to them inheriting the same 'best live band in Britain' tag that once plagued Gallows (though unlike Carter and the boys, PABH come splattered with healthy dollops of heart and humour).

The problem? That tag is a backhanded way of implying that nobody is much interested in their records. And for a band that admits to forming simply to be a "Jesus Lizard rip-off", this debut has more to prove than most. Tellingly it arrives almost two years after they broke out, yet happily, the record arrives ready to wreak mayhem on all that stands before it.

In that sense, it's very nearly perfect. It's a hard trick to capture that live lightning in a bottle while not sounding like an under-produced mess. But scene go-to-guy James

Kenosha has managed it, and that ecstatic plane is exactly where this record finds itself. It's a Technicolor riot of bizarro hardcore, like the Loony Tunes Tasmanian Devil ploughing The Misfits' tourbus through Reading's Lock Up Stage, licking its lips. Yet crucially there are songs within the chaos; 'Yeah Buddy's' ecstatic pop chorus is as different from 'Get Off My Ghost Train's' punishing metal as it is from 'Back To The Fuck Yeah's' rapping of FM rock. It should be a mess, but it succeeds through sheer confidence in its own stupidity. 'I Punched A Lion In The Throat? That's exactly the sort of thing this record would do. And only a band this dementedly shameless, or shamelessly demented, could immortalise the bass player from Gramercy in a song called 'I've Got Guestlist To Rory O'Hara's Suicide'.

You should cherish them while you can. It seems increasingly unlikely they'll make it through their next tour alive.

Dan Martin

8

DOWNLOAD: 'Yeah Buddy', 'Get Off My Ghost Train', 'Back To The Fuck Yeah'

Listen to this album in full on NME.COM now

JAMES YUILL

MOVEMENT IN A STORM MOSHI MOSHI



Though the slender majority of the tracks on 'Movement In A Storm' hang upon Yuill's 'folktronica' tag, there's a darker underbelly here.

Yuill's managed to keep the lyrical sensibility of his first record, but has force-fed it a pretty strong Vodka Red Bull. Lead single 'On Your Own' is an electro-pop stomper which Frankmusik might try and steal, if he ever makes a second album, while 'My Fears' has chucked out acoustic guitars in favour of glitchy beats, and a middle eight that's crying out for a Fenech Soler remix. It's not airhorns and poppers on the dancefloor just yet, but it's not far off. **Ailbhe Malone**

DOWNLOAD: 'Give You Away'

7

LAURIE ANDERSON

HOMELAND NONESUCH



Laurie Anderson is a 'cult' artist, but even she will require the manipulative powers of L Ron Hubbard squared to convince listeners that 'Homeland', her seventh album, is anything but incomprehensible gubbins. It features Tuvan throat singers, anaemic electronic vocals, and (obvs) Antony Hegarty, with 'Another Day In America' being a huge lowlight in its 11 minutes of drag-voiced drivel about punctuation and search engines. Dull types will proclaim it an inspired look at the chaos of life, claiming *NME* doesn't 'get' art this profound. However 'Homeland's' greatest crime isn't being flabbergastingly pretentious, but that it induces stultifying boredom. **Laura Snaps**

DOWNLOAD: No, just don't

0

PERFUME GENIUS

LEARNING ORGANS/TURNSTILE



Heartbreaking, rip-your-toenails-out bleakness is all part of Perfume Genius' charm. There's also the way he conjures up barely finished-sounding songs so stark and intense they make Bright Eyes sound like Black Eyed Peas. It's clearly catharsis for Mike Hadreas (aka the fragrant clever-clogs behind the music), who sings of death and perversion and has a penchant for appearing bruised and near-starvation-skinny in promo shots. But within all the emotional turmoil, there's a lot for the listener to love: Hadreas' compelling, tremulous vocals for one, and the haunting nature of his plinky plonky piano skills. A fragile, fucked-up little wonder. **Camilla Pia**

DOWNLOAD: 'Lookout, Lookout'

9

KEY NOTES

Best sleeve of the week



Micah P Hinson
'...And The Pioneer Saboteurs'

"Listen to my songs, or say hello to my leetle friend."

Worst sleeve of the week



Delays
'Star Tiger, Star Ariel'
Like those sofa throws you buy two-for-a-tenner down Camden.

Best lyric of the week

"You get what you deserve and I guess that's the problem" We Are Scientists, 'You Should Learn'

Worst lyric of the week

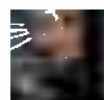
"Nobody knows it but it's true/I hate myself and I hate you too" James Yuill, 'Give You Away'

REVIEWED NEXT WEEK...

Eminem, 'Recovery' Drake, 'Thank Me Later' Tobacco, 'Maniac Meat'

LIGHT POLLUTION

APPARITIONS CARPARK



Frontman James Cicero's grandfather lived on the breadline when he moved from Spain to Chicago to perform in a big band. His tale didn't warn off his grandson, who dropped out of college to start psych-posters Light Pollution. But was it worth it? Well... their careers-adviser-flouting debut is in the mould of the greats rather than carving a new sound. From the Animal Collective-esque noise wall in 'Bad Vibes' to the haunting 'Drunk Kids' with a hint of The Walkmen's wailing vocals, and the atmospheric Hope Of The States-style 'Deyci, Right On', 'Apparitions' is brave, but not as brave as Cicero's grandfather was when he took his trumpet to Chicago. **Abby Tayleure**

DOWNLOAD: 'Good Feelings'

6

JOHNNY FLYNN

BEEN LISTENING TRANSGRESSIVE



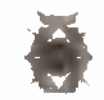
Like our new coalition, Johnny Flynn's 'Been Listening'. What has he heard? Mainly the greedy chomp of Mumford & Sons scoffing the harvest he sewed two years ago with his 'A Larum' album. More of James Yorkston's back-catalogue. A far-off echo of The Delgados. Stuff so rootsy it's basically just thistles rubbing against a cow's leg. Could he be about to striking it big in the New Roots Revolution? Yes, for this is the sort of elegantly etched yet pointless, fustling, tippy-toes barn-dance of hayseed fakery that sums up that whole tiresome movement. Laura Marling has a guest-vox! **Gavin Haynes**

DOWNLOAD: 'Barnacled Warship'

5

CHROME HOOF

CRUSH DEPTH SOUTHERN



Long before Invasion started prancing around in wizard cloaks, avant-troupe Chrome Hoof had cornered the market in carnival freak-metal. If by 'metal' you mean a dizzying, many-limbed whirlwind of space-funk, soul, prog, jazz and titanic doom. 'Crush...' elaborates and richens the template of 2007's 'Pre-Emptive False Rupture', pushing out with the sprawling odyssey of 'Sea Hornet', bearing down with the forbidding metallic mass of 'Third Sun Descendant' (cheered on by resident Valkyrie Lola Olafisoye and her caustic lungs) and wiggling out with the sharp-edged slap bass of 'Anorexic Cyclops'. Too nerdy to be try-hard, too sexy to be nerdy, too wide-ranging to be denied by anyone but idiots. **Emily Mackay**

DOWNLOAD: 'Sea Hornet'

8



GET HIM TO THE GREEK

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Clichés may abound in this new Russell Brand-led rock'n'roll road movie, but it's also genuinely funny

FILM OF THE WEEK

Russell Brand may be the only person in human history who, when called upon to play a drug-crazed, self-obsessed, sex-addicted amoral superstar rock'n'roller,

has to tone down his natural ebullience. "Subdued?" as P Diddy's equally manic character here might have it, "Is that something to do with being under Jews?"

Reprising his role as Aldous Snow, the quintessential Mockney rock star, in the sorta-sequel to Judd Apatow's *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, Brand's finally managed to convert his attempts to become the latter-day Dudley Moore into what is set to be his breakout hit.

This time, Jonah Hill's doltish character has to get Brand to The Greek (Theatre) in Los Angeles, so that he can play a 10th-anniversary gig and so salvage a career in freefall since the release of his 'African Child' flop ("The worst thing to happen to black people since the Rodney King incident," according to *NME*

in the film). In this, Hill is aided by being regularly shouted at by Diddy, who, like Brand-as-rock star, is wonderfully typecast as a deranged Gordon Gekko of a record mogul. They go to London, where Apatow's good-naturedly through every cliché of how the US views Britain, stopping just short of yellow-teeth gags. They crawl back to America through New York, the obligatory Vegas section, towards LA.

The light surrealism of the Apatow brand has now been honed to the point that *Greek* feels like it might subside into Richard Curtisland. The last 20 minutes of shoehorning together all the overly-sentimental plotlines don't do justice to the cynical hustle and energy of the first 20. But you'd forgive it that, and much else, because *Get Him To The Greek* is that rarest of things: a goofball road-movie comedy that is genuinely funny. You might even forgive it the catchphrase it will embed in the national consciousness: "When life gives you a Geoffrey, rub the furry wall." Well, no. Not that. **Gavin Haynes** **7**

HOT HOT HEAT

FUTURE BREEDS DINE ALONE

After releasing four albums of varying quality over the last decade, we think it's fair to say that Hot Hot Heat's career has turned rather tepid of late.

Still, the Vancouver-based geek-funk group are making a good fist of it on their fifth opus and, for the most part, *'Future Breeds'* crackles and fizzles with electro-punk-tinged invention. The jerky 'Implosionatic' and the stuttering sex-pop stomp of the title track crank the temperature up a notch and are definite album highlights, but if you're looking for more sonic salvos in the vein of past hit 'Bandages', then you'll have to join Theo Walcott on the 'bitterly disappointed' bench. **Edwin McFee**

DOWNLOAD: 'Implosionatic'

6

LISA O PIU

BEHIND THE BEND SUBLIMINAL SOUNDS

Under a bridge in a land far away - well, Sweden - it's doubtful pixie queen Lisa Isaksson and band have any notion that the year is 2010.

Delicately weaving spiderwebs of English-style pagan folk - but folk lent a white witch-does-Hans Christian Andersen fairytale soundtracks twist - *'Behind The Bend'* is as charmingly pastoral as a rural craft fair, and just as lovingly fashioned. Re-imagining life through a wide-eyed sepia lens, standout song 'Simplicity' says it all: frill-free yet heart-flutteringly picturesque. And if all that suggests its inspiration was running away to a tiny cottage in the Scandinavian woods, that's precisely because it was. **David Westle**

DOWNLOAD: 'Simplicity'

8

THE RIDER
What we're reading, watching and scamming



DVD

Exit Through the Gift Shop

Whether Banksy's debut is a documentary or elaborate hoax is open to question. What is certain is that it's a pointed send-up of the art world, and a damn funny one at that.



Book

An Intimate History of Rough Trade

Neil Taylor pieces together the inside story of the seminal independent record label, with anecdotes from Geoff Travis, Jarvis Cocker and other key players from its history.



This Fly 53 Mixed Tape T-shirt and others at the *Standout.net* store are great for anyone who likes to wear their love of music on their sleeve... or chest. We've got five to give away. For a chance to grab one, go to *NME.COM/win*.

SINGLES
This week reviewed by
ANGUS ANDREW
Liam



BLONDES

MOONDANCE MEROK

I would maybe like this song if I was like... Fatboy Slim, on ecstasy, in Ibiza, during some sort of sexual orgy. Everything has a context, and I think the only way I can see me listening to this is if I was... someone else.

CEREBRAL BALLZY

PUKE SONG ARTICLE

I really, really like this. They sound like the kind of guys I'd wanna hang out with. It's hardcore punk, like The Germs, or Bad Brains or something, coming out of New York and I really like that. It may not be the most forward-thinking music, but their attitude and their energy just makes me think that there's a good, promising future for these people.

YOUNG FATHERS

AUTOMATIC THIS IS MUSIC

They're an Edinburgh hip-hop group, and that's enough for me to barrack for them. I come from Australia, and I can't tell you how disappointing it is for me to listen to the hip-hop coming out of there. It's hard for good hip-hop to be grown out of a relaxed and comfortable environment. If they're staying with the happy hip-hop vibe, it scares me when it goes towards that Black Eyed Peas vibe. It's a very fine line. But I'm gonna give them the benefit of the doubt.

GYPSY AND THE CAT

TIME TO WANDER

YOUNG AND LOST CLUB

Look, it may not be my favourite kind of vibe, which is happy-summer-jam, let's-all-hold-hands, but as a song, it's pretty well done. I like the drums and I like the way the thing's put together, but it's just not my thing to sound like 'everything's so awesome'. But, they are from Australia, I think, so they win in my book for that.

CHIEF

BREAKING WALLS DOMINO

Not a big fan of this. They're from California, and it sounds a bit more singer-songwritery than a band. I liked the guitar-playing, but when it comes to the vocals being very upfront and mundane, and not well thought-out in terms of interesting words and ideas... it's about breaking a wall down, so that we can be together and it's a little out of the box. Some of their stuff may be interesting. But not this one.

WILEY

ELECTRIC BOOGLA00 (FIND A WAY)

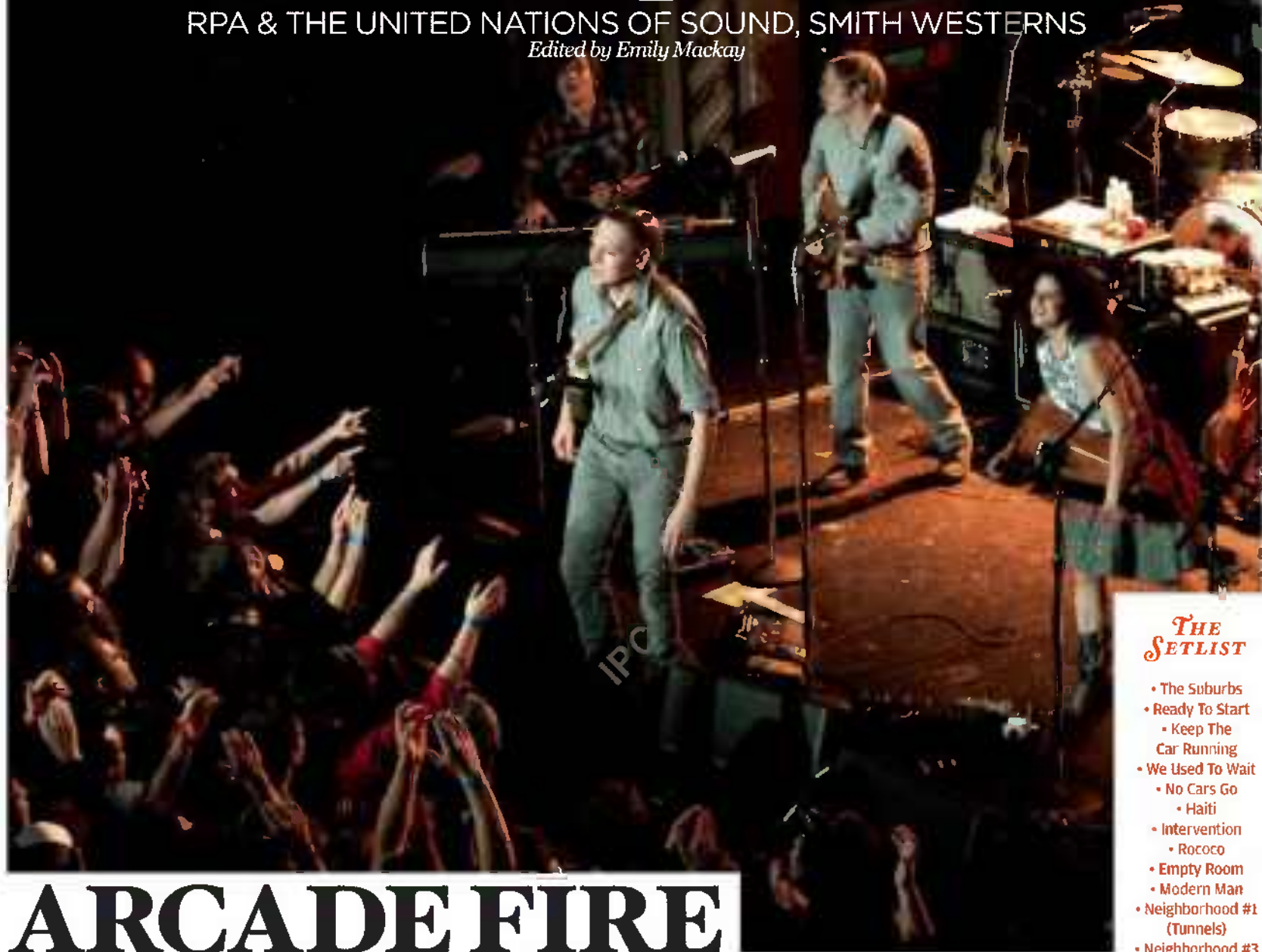
BACK YARD

My favourite one of the whole lot. I wanna have it on my stereo when I get ready to go onstage. I really, really love grime. The way that artists are putting words together in a more colloquial English way is fascinating. There's another interesting combination in the UK because there's that stronger dance element compared to the States. And combining that with hip-hop is awesome. Four thumbs up for Wiley.

LIVE

RPA & THE UNITED NATIONS OF SOUND, SMITH WESTERNS

Edited by Emily Mackay



ARCADE FIRE

THEATRE GRANADA, SHERBROOKE, CANADA MONDAY, JUNE 7

Our beloved Canadians' surprise return unveils their beautiful new album

The suburbs are a place to come from, to eventually return to and, usually, to be mocked and derided in-between.

But on the ominous 'Rococo', one of several tracks aired tonight from Arcade Fire's third album, the 'burbs get the last laugh: "Let's go downtown and watch the modern kids, the modern man/Using great big words they don't understand".

It's with such typical wrong-footing and a humble "Thanks very much for coming" that one

of the world's most-loved, most-missed indie-rock bands embark on Round Three of their career, in the Théâtre Granada, Sherbrooke, Quebec – a two-hour drive from Arcade Fire's hometown.

The sell-out crowd of 1,200 far exceeds the group of 75 lucky guests invited to a secret show on Friday night in Montreal, but is still far smaller than

the audiences the band will play to on the outdoor festival circuit this summer. This pair of warm up gigs were announced just a week ago. Arcade Fire like to catch people by surprise, as they did with leaked single 'The Suburbs'/'Month Of May' by leaving a vinyl copy in a Glasgow record store a couple of weeks back.

Opening with the title track of forthcoming album 'The Suburbs', leader Win Butler sits at the piano, conjuring up Neil Young as he sings a swaying, nostalgic ditty about wanting a daughter ("while I'm still young") in his crackling croon. It's a little bit country, courtesy of Tim Kingsbury's roving bass; a little bit rock, with help from Richard Reed Parry's guitar riffs in the

climax; and a little dramatic, thanks to the fluid violins of Sarah Neufeld and Marika Anthony Shaw.

Another newbie, 'Ready To Start' rides a B-52's backbeat and New Orderly synths, as Butler points out what "all the kids have always known/That the emperor wears no clothes".

'Keep The Car Running' brings cheers of recognition. Far from a concession from the band – offering up an old favourite to compensate for all the new songs – it feels like an act of completion. Each piece fits together, the new material feeling like a bridge between the extremes of sound established on the first two albums. Moving beyond 'Funeral's vibrant anthems and 'Neon Bible's dark heart, 'The Suburbs' stakes

THE SETLIST

- The Suburbs
- Ready To Start
- Keep The Car Running
- We Used To Wait
- No Cars Go
- Haiti
- Intervention
- Rococo
- Empty Room
- Modern Man
- Neighborhood #1 (Tunnels)
- Neighborhood #3 (Power Out)
- Month Of May
- Rebellion (Lies)
- Wake Up

The new album stakes out an intriguing middle-ground where everything is permitted



out an intriguing middle-ground where everything is permitted. Aside from a couple of charged rockers, the album appears to breathe with evocative mid-tempo numbers which, while fraught with underlying tension, offer space for an array of influences – including variations on vintage, synth-friendly '80s rock – to intermingle.

Riding the surge of energy, Butler moves to the front of the stage, looks out with a mischievous grin and begins clapping, his hands above his head. The audience joins in and we have lift-off. "Merci," he says. "We're going to play some new songs tonight. I hope that's alright." Well, yes, we suppose that would be OK. It has been three years after all.

'We Used To Wait' is a spare, staggered rocker that recalls Tom Petty, as Butler reminisces about a time when people wrote letters. "Now our lives are changing fast", he sings, before a fiery finish. Except for the relentless Jeremy Gara on drums and Win's brother Will on keys, playing in the back, the remaining six members form a united front for 'No Cars Go', standing side by side and shouting "Hey!" in unison. It's a glimpse of the Arcade Fire of old – peasants-cum-rock stars forming a rousing band-by-committee. Swelling orchestration and gothic chorales add intrigue and a counterpoint to the guttural utterance at the song's core.

'Haiti' follows, Butler's wife Régine Chassagne – who spends some of the night behind a second drumkit, playing in tandem with Gara – stands centre-stage, throwing herself into the fluttering hymn with abandon. Not a word is said before or after. The wistful dedication to her



recently troubled homeland speaks for itself.

'Intervention' revives the grim resolve of 2007's 'Neon Bible'. It's followed by a trio of new songs, starting with the aforementioned 'Rococo'. From a tense start, it opens up in the yodeling chorus. "What is that awful sound?" Butler sings, continuing, "Rococo-co-co-co". The slow, steady beat turns tribal by the song's end;

the accompanying mix of shrill and soft tones alternately off-putting and enchanting.

Butler and Chassagne share vocal duties on the frenetic 'Empty Room'. Picking up where 'Rococo' left off, 'Modern Man' turns a critical eye on the present. "The clock's ticking on the modern man", Butler sings, over an elusive groove that recalls variously The Cars, Roy Orbison and hints of Chris Isaak. By the song's end, he's changed his tune: "You don't understand/ I'm the modern man/ Just a modern man".

'Neighborhood #1 (Tunnels)' and 'Neighborhood #3 (Power Out)' close the set with a bang. Butler misses a lyric in '...Power Out', grinning sheepishly before



Clockwise from main image left: Arcade Fire show off their new uniform – double denim; trying to hide behind micstands proves ineffective; Win Butler's brother, William, however, has better luck hiding behind his keyboard; the husband and wife duo of Win and Régine in full flow; bassist Tim Kingsbury gets to grips with his instrument again; Sherbrooke's Theatre Granada in Quebec – that's French for Arcade Fire



BIG MOUTH

The noise from the crowd



Mia Parang
What did you think of the show?
"It was absolutely magic. Even the little errors added to the charm. Nobody can work a stage like they can – their charisma bounces off the wall, I only tweeted twice during show. That's rare."

ad libbing, "and then .. something happened in the wintertime". All such venial sins are forgiven as the band gallop to the riotous finale.

"Thank you very much for coming," Butler says. "It's great to finally be in Sherbrooke. We were fools not to come sooner. We beg your forgiveness. We'll see you soon, tomorrow or something." Chants of "Olé! Olé! Olé! Olé!" break out as the musicians leave the stage, before returning with an urgent, punk-tinged performance of 'Month Of May'. The crowd picks up the "ooh-ooh-ooh" theme at the end, keeping it going

as the group walk off, returning again for an acoustic version of 'Wake Up'. Like a long-absent friend, this song is so familiar and galvanising that it's achieved an almost mystical status. More exciting than familiar friends, though, is the promise that 'The Suburbs' will find Arcade Fire expanding their sound, experimenting with colour and texture within a bold, new comfort zone. There's a calm assurance to these songs. There is a sense of freedom and, again, humility. "Thank you," Butler says, as the band wave good night. "Merci beaucoup." *T'Cha Dunlevy*



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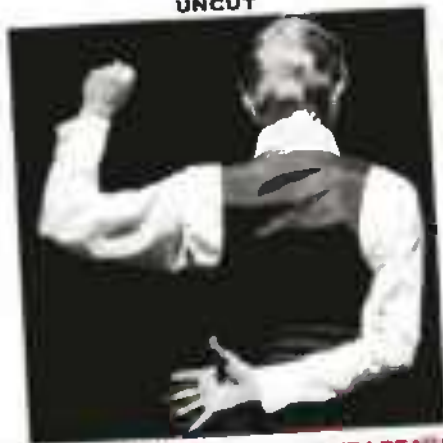
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RPA & THE UNITED NATIONS OF SOUND

LE TRABENDO, PARIS

TUESDAY, JUNE 8

Even in the absence of that tune, The Verve frontman's new band dazzles in France

There's a moment tonight, during the "Oh my my..." segment of 'Lucky Man', where Richard Ashcroft's normally closed eyes open wide and do a full 180-degree scan of the crowd. What he sees causes a smile to break across his face – as if he still cannot believe he's conjured up a song this undeniably, universally powerful.

But if you think this is the story of a singer trading on age-old former glories, then you'd better think again. Aside from solo acoustic takes on 'Sonnet' and 'The Drugs Don't Work' (both of which he takes as requests from the front row), in an 18-song set this is the only Verve song aired tonight. No 'Bitter Sweet Symphony'. No 'History'. His 10-year solo career, meanwhile, is represented by five songs. Tonight, it quickly transpires, is more about the future than the past.

No-one present will hear United Nations Of Sound's debut album for over a month, but that doesn't stop Ashcroft leading his band through 10 of its 12 songs. 'Are You Ready?' you and they know, but it's the dynamic 'America' and the

lovelorn 'She Brings Me The Music' that elicit the best reactions. By the end Ashcroft is even attempting to lead the crowd in a singalong to 'This Thing Called Life'. He is super-confident in what he is presenting. And while some may balk at the idea of a band made up of R&B session musicians, the impression tonight is they're more than a bunch of paid-by-the-hour hired hands. They jump up and down, they sing along, they smile at each other,

Richard and the crowd. Most importantly of all they provide a propulsive backdrop for Ashcroft's voice. Tellingly, in stark contrast to previous solo tours, he spends very little time with an acoustic guitar strapped round his neck, free instead to do what he does best: be the *frontman*.

Richard Ashcroft will always have his share of critics, but in the flesh, the performance he gives is totally convincing. His presence is still magnetic, his voice is beautiful, and the faith in the record he has just finished making extremely endearing. To re-iterate: he does not play 'Bitter Sweet Symphony'. How much bolder could he possibly be? **Hamish MacBain**

IN THE DRESSING ROOM



Richard Ashcroft

"Originally the record was supposed to come out a little earlier than it is, so the audience have to take nine new songs, which they did really well."

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- 2 disposable cameras
- Bottle of whiskey
- Granola
- 6 cans Lilt
- 1 crate of sparkling water

JOY ORBISON

STEALTH, NOTTINGHAM FRIDAY, JUNE 4

The overriding memory is of sweat. Sweat is everywhere, on everyone, and tonight the club, with its dripping ceilings and walls, has a perspiration of its own. And Stealth should be lauded for its vapours. Wigflex, tonight's club night, takes a while to work up its stink. Earlier, James Blake seduced with his violent, melancholic electricity. Mount Kimbie's live set still haunts, and Deadboy's renaissance garage has the upstairs room in tatters, but Joy Orbison's on surge: the hundreds here proof of a popularity that endures beyond London's bubble. It's proof, too, that clubber attention spans aren't fucked – recently, the most popular dances have blared; gross and obnoxious. Peter O'Grady's set tonight is so, so different, built on house music's patient determination and poised, soulful garage cuts like Nu Birth's 'Anytime' and RIP Productions' 'Oh Baby'. The threat of these tracks isn't in their steroid-sucking volume, but in their inferences: wailing divas plagued by the emptiness between each swung snare. A new Joy original, alongside LV's 'Boomslang' and Ramadan's 'Work Them', keeps things humid and slippery. One boy's too hot, so removes his sweater, drapes it over the edge of the DJ booth. Its sleeve knocks needle from groove, so O'Grady tosses it out into the crowd. If tonight's to be trusted – if it's not just been some heat-induced mirage – Joy Orbison's stride will not be broken. **Kev Kharas**

THE EIGHTIES MATCHBOX B-LINE DISASTER

GARAGE, LONDON THURSDAY, JUNE 3

TEMBD really have no right to be as eye-wateringly visceral as they still are. It's been six years since their last album and in the lengthy intermission they've flipped line-ups, battled drug habits, and Guy McKnight even made a movie – but in the same way you wouldn't ask Jesus what took him so bloody long, tonight everyone's happy enough with the simple revelation of their return. Within seconds of ace new track 'Monsieur Cutts' screaming through the PA, McKnight is caterwauling



in the heart of a turbulently oscillating crowd. A lighting blackout does nothing to chill the libidinal gush of 'Celebrate Your Mother'; by the guttural outwail of 'Fish Fingers' even *NME's* given up the pretence of reserve, having handed our body to the moshpit as we surf screaming above the delirious crowd. Eighties Matchbox bubble up like primordial ooze – dive in deep and take part in their rebirth. **Alex Hoban**

JOHN FOXX

ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON SATURDAY, JUNE 5

With an equipment list to make a synth fetishist drool, it's a wonder that it wasn't necessary to revive the old railway tracks that can still be seen in the floor of the Roundhouse to get it all in. John

Foxx, a veteran of that time where the men dressed like robots and music hummed with dreams of electronic futures, is tonight joined by a new generation of synth pioneers such as London's Benge. The equipment onstage might be ancient, but this was music made in the last gasp of modernity, before everyone bizarrely decided that Western culture peaked in 1967 to the strum of a guitar. Foxx' music still sounds futuristic, accompanied by flickering footage and images of design that never dates: imagined cityscapes, endless motorways. Yet Foxx also captures the threat of the modern age, and much of the music is reworked to be hard and minimal, at times just stripped to an uncaring beat: on the screen, a man runs despairingly through the streets of an empty city where something horrific has just transpired. Similarly, 'Burning Car' and 'The Man Who Dies Every Day' are nihilistic industrial pop on a different evolutionary scale to the misuse to which the synthesizer would be put for much of the 1980s. 'Underpass' has the sort of platinum-polished riff that surely some hip-hop producer will come a-pilfering, so icy and glacial global warming could be solved from NW1. As these time machines whirr to silence, it's clear that Mr Foxx is still fantastic. **Luke Turner**

ON THE ROAD WITH SMITH WESTERNS

Only their third trip to the UK, but the young garage-rockers have brought some big plans and a lot of magnetic energy

DEAF INSTITUTE, MANCHESTER

SATURDAY, JUNE 5

Joining Chicago's glitter-rock dreamers Smith Westerns backstage is a disarming experience. From the rumours that surround the band's extra-curricular activity and penchant for mischief-making, *NME* almost expected to stumble into a *Spinal Tap*-esque orgy of depravity. Skirmishes such as at last year's CMJ when the band were ejected from the Bowery Ballroom for allegedly urinating freely in the venue, have endowed the group with a reputation as hell-raisers that is perhaps unfair. Or perhaps it is just too early in the day. They're trying, though. "Has anyone noticed this mirror?" asks guitarist Max Kakacek, fiddling with the fixtures of a huge wall-length glass, "this shit comes straight off the wall. There must be a reason for that," he ponders suggestively. Within minutes, the mirror is resting on his lap and enormous comedy lines of washing detergent are being racked-out with a butter knife for *NME*'s photographer's benefit. "Write our name in it!", pipes up singer Cullen Omori, looking up from the fantastically sleazy blog of a girl he met at last week's Primavera Sound festival. "I want the graphic in the headline of the article to look like it's made of coke granules!"

This tongue-in-cheek rawkstar posturing is key to understanding the Smith Westerns' ebullient sense of humour, but also their unpretentious ambition. "I just hate it when you get these serious older dudes writing these serious songs about how much they miss being young, or whatever," says Cullen. "Our band is young and vital now and we're gonna have fun with it."

This tour, the band's first ever European jaunt, marks a transitional stage for them. Their self-titled record, released last year on tiny Chicago imprint Hozac, was acclaimed as one of the year's best by many discerning nerds, but also saw them bound in with a garage-rock scene that they see as parochial and inhibitive. "We never want to be one of those garage bands that just get stuck in a rut, playing the same old shitty venues," says Cullen peering up from babe-scooping duties on his MacBook, "I wanna blow up on this tour. I don't want to be stuck in a stinky splitter van that smells of ass forever."

Despite this slight sense of bristling frustration, the overall mood is good.



Drummer Colby Hewitt, a wonderfully friendly, laconic figure slopes in from the shower. Cullen's brother, bassist Cameron, lies slouched on a sofa in the corner. Drake's 'Over' plays and The Drums' meteoric rise to success is discussed as a serious dent is made in a bottle of Jameson's. "Who are the biggest rock bands from the US in Britain right now?", asks Cullen curiously in his Midwest drawl, seemingly taking mental notes of who first to gun for in what they hope will be their own stratospheric ascent.

Showtime and it is clear to see that the crowd are taken aback by the band's vibe. Looking like The Lost Boys discovered in a doobie-haze in Seattle, 1992, there's a real gang element to the band that is magnetic. One kohlr-dark eye peering out coyly from beneath a faceful of lustrous black hair and singing in a raspy, loved-up whisper, Cullen possesses a throw-back androgyny that brings to mind a young Brett Anderson. Meanwhile, Max is a bona-fide bandy-legged axe-warrior – convulsing as if cattle-prodded as he lashes colossal, unashamedly stadium-ready guitar solos over rugged, amorous pop jams like 'Girl In Love' and 'Dreams'. The crowd are a little bit

removed at first, preferring to loiter at the back, but are fully won over by the time the lascivious stomp of 'Be My Girl' arrives. It is a show full of youthful swagger and ballsy unabashedness that one can't help but admire in a band playing for only the third time in Britain.

After the show we get a cab into Manchester's student district on the recommendation of some girls and go searching for a party, ending up in the basement of a terraced house where a group of goggle-eyed pill-chompers are zoning out to some dubby drum'n'bass. We stand around for a bit chugging from a bottle of Sainsbury's Basics Gin that no-one quite knows how we acquired. So, Cullen, I bet you never dreamt you'd be living this glamorous existence one day? "Oh no! It's funny though, 'cos the people that I went to college with before I dropped out think that we're much bigger than we are right now. They

think we're, like, stars already. If I'd hooked up with even half the girls they assume I do, I'd have the lowest T-cell count in the world. I'm cool with that misconception though!" "It's OK, we've got each other," chips in Colby by way of consolation. "It's all flesh when the lights go out!"

FREEBUTT, BRIGHTON

SUNDAY, JUNE 6

After a false start owing to a forgotten bass amp and six subsequent pretty painful hours spent in the scenic climes of the M6, we arrive in a radiantly sunny Brighton just in time for soundcheck and then take a walk down to the sea, where Cullen's mind turns to a contingency plan as Colby and Cameron try to decide what fairground ride to spend their buy-out on.

"You know what? If this 'writing proper songs' shit doesn't work out, then I'm just gonna start a chill-wave group called K-Hole. I'll line up 12 MacBooks and only sample 1920s chamber music and I'll play in American Apparel and Urban Outfitters exclusively in every town," he says with a wry smile.

It's not a plan that will be called upon any time soon, given the evidence of the show later that evening, though. Even cooler and more compelling than in

Manchester, the band really hammer it this time round, ending with a song off the new record that has all the sad infectiousness and poppy echo of a latterday John Lennon hit. It entralls starry-eyed teeny-bopper girls and the few cynical, bar-clinging rock-dads at the back alike, and is an example of the amazing way in which Smith Westerns are taking classic motifs and universal sentiments and making them feel fresh and energetic.

"The new songs went down really well," says Cullen as we catch him loading out. "They seem to really stick with people. I want everyone to like them. I want jocks at college to have them on their iPods. It has to happen, whatever it takes." Chill-wave's loss, then, but very much everyone's else's gain.

Jack Shankly

VIEW FROM THE CROWD



Chris, Manchester

What did you make of the show?

"I thought it was better than on the record, because the production was too lo-fi for me. The new songs sound really big and melodic though. I'm excited to hear what they do with them on the next album."



Sunday, 7.30pm, Brighton
Max, Cameron and Colby enjoy one of Brighton's more scenic spots - outside The Freebutt



Saturday, 5pm, Manchester
I hope that's non-biological washing powder, Max and Colby, or at the very least a big brand 2 in 1



Saturday, 10pm, Manchester
Cullen getting sensitive onstage at the Deaf Institute. Or is he just allergic to washing powder?



Saturday, 10.15pm, Manchester
The influence of Planet Disco (pictured centre) holds no sway over our intrepid garage-rockers



Saturday, 10.20pm, Manchester
A rare glimpse of Cameron's playing face



Sunday, 6.55pm, Brighton
Smith Westerns hit the beach. "So, like, where is all the sand and shit?"



Sunday, 5.45pm, Brighton
As the band stroll along the pier, the sea air troubles Max's fragile stomach



Sunday, 7.15pm, Brighton
In Brighton fast food institution Grubbs Burgers. All-Americans desperately seek cheese burgers



Sunday, 5.50pm, Brighton
Colby discovers he's too tall for the bumper cars



Sunday, 7.47pm, Brighton
Cameron and support band Sex Beet share a laugh outside The Freebutt



Sunday, 9.30pm, Brighton
Cameron onstage at The Freebutt. That is an excellent cardigan by the way, my boy



Sunday, 9.45pm, Brighton
...hang on, is that the mothership beaming down behind Max?



Sunday, 8pm, Brighton
Colby, you're supposed to be a rock star, not a librarian!

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INDOOR STAGE

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SUNNY GUNS
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THE GO! TEAM
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DIANA VICKERS
AUTOHYPE
GAGGLE
INDOOR STAGE

THE FALL
THE WHIP
FLORIAN
TIGER
LAVIA WARE
THE WOODENLURE
LIAM FROXY
THE GO!

THE LAST.FM RISING STAGE

THE BURNING
THE BURNING
A GENUINE FIRESHOW
THE BURNING
THE BURNING

MUSICIAN STAGE
FRANKE & THE HEART STRINGS
TIFFANY PAGE
HARPER SHAW
JOHN BULL
PUL & CO
TIGGZ
ACORN TIC CAFE

SUNDAY 15
MAIN STAGE
MUMFORD & SONS
LOCAL NATIVES
THE LOW ANTHEM
JUNIP
JOHNNY FLYNN
& THE SUSSEX WIT
THESE FURROWS
DROWNED IN SOUND PRESENTS
INDOOR STAGE

THE FUTUREHEADS
THE FUTUREHEADS
THE FUTUREHEADS
THE FUTUREHEADS
THE FUTUREHEADS
THE FUTUREHEADS
THE FUTUREHEADS
THE FUTUREHEADS

THE LAST.FM RISING STAGE

THE FUTUREHEADS
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THE FUTUREHEADS
THE FUTUREHEADS
THE FUTUREHEADS

MUSICIAN STAGE
EL PUSYCAT
DAVID FORD
POKEY LAM
THE SOUTH CITY THREE
THE SOUTH CITY THREE
THE SOUTH CITY THREE
THE SOUTH CITY THREE

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THE HIGH LLAMAS
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MARTIN SIMPSON, GOODNIGHT LENIN, CUT A SHINE,
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FRIDAY 9

PEARL JAM

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SATURDAY 10

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BAND AID

No dilemma is too big or small for NME's Resident Cognitive Disputational Resolutionist (aka Agony Uncle) Pete Cashmore



Now with genuine letters!

I HATE TOURING

I get a bit homesick on tour, but I'm too embarrassed to say anything to my bandmates. What can I do?
Homebody, Leicester

Short answer: stop being such a namby-pamby wuss. Long answer: touring is not for everybody, especially if you have a pathological hatred for anybody who doesn't come from your village. Take mementos of your home on the road - a picture of your family, or a stuffed pet, or a clump of hair from the head of your favourite pub's landlord. Be careful with that last one: one of Mumford & Sons once tried it, got a bit enthusiastic and ended up scalping the bloke. **Uncle Pete**

MOTHER, NO!

My mum literally comes to every gig we play. It was nice at first, but now she cheers overly loudly and shouts at hecklers. How do I tell her to back off?
Mumstruck, Stoke

Mums often can't let go, but it's important that she learns to let the moshers mosh, the hecklers heckle and the groupies... well, you know, stuff. Parents tend to disapprove of drug habits, so you could always get one, but that's a bit drastic - just explain to her that if she doesn't shut up, you're going to spend all the royalties that could be guaranteeing her a fancy retirement home on limousines and hookers. **Uncle Pete**

HE'S SO VAIN

I wrote a great song about my now-ex-boyfriend but he'll get big-headed about it and it'll do my nut in.
Ex Factor, Brighton

Well, you could change the lyrics so he doesn't think it's about him - Carly Simon didn't do that when she wrote 'You're So Vain' and that did alright. Or did she? Never understood that record, because if he DOES think it was him, then he... oh, never mind. Basically, whatever the song is called, include the phrase "(dedicated to my ex-boyfriend [his name here] who had the tiniest penis I have ever seen)". He won't ask for a signed copy of that one to frame, believe me. **Uncle Pete**

Fancy having your band problems solved once and for all? Just send your musical quandaries to bandaid@nme.com, and Uncle Pete will endeavour to assist

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NME

GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Ash Dosanjh

BOOKING NOW



MANIC STREET PREACHERS

STARTS: O2 Academy Glasgow, September 29

DON'T MISS

After the success of 2009's excellent 'Journal For Plague Lovers', the news that the Manics were back in the studio and would be releasing new music before the year was out was greeted in these quarters as Very Good Indeed. The buzz suggests that their roth album 'Postcards From A Young Man' – due in September – is set to be a more hit-laden affair than its darker, Richey Edwards-indebted predecessor. Now all that remains to be seen is if they can continue their latter-period purple patch. With the band setting off on their most extensive UK tour to date, you've got the perfect opportunity to make your own mind up. NME.COM/artists/manic-street-preachers



1234 FESTIVAL

STARTS: Shoreditch Park, London, July 24
With the likes of Wavves and Fucked Up, this east London jolly is above average cityfest fare. NME.COM/festivals



STORNOWAY

STARTS: Birmingham Institute, Nov 2
The Oxford folkies fit in a string of dates amid the festival appearances. NME.COM/artists/stornoway



SWANS

STARTS: Glasgow The Arches, Oct 25
Michael Gira's experimental outfit's tour is bound to be a thrilling proposition. NME.COM/artists/swans



INTERPOL

STARTS: Birmingham Rock City, Nov 24
Adjusting to life sans Carlos D, the New Yorkers are back with a new album and UK dates. NME.COM/artists/interpol



BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB

STARTS: Manchester St Phillips, July 12
After their new acoustic album 'Flaws' come these pared-back gigs. NME.COM/artists/bombay-bicycle-club



DUM DUM GIRLS

STARTS: Newcastle The Cluny, July 26
The oh-so-hot-right-now Los Angelinos make a welcome return to these shores. NME.COM/artists/dum-dum-girls



KELIS

STARTS: Nottingham Rock City, Sep 25
New album 'Flesh Tone' sees Kelis back on world-conquering form. Don't resist her at these limited run of dates. NME.COM/artists/kelis



THE CHARLATANS

STARTS: O2 Shepherds Bush Empire, Dec 1
Twenty years after their debut, Tim Burgess and co show no sign of slowing down. NME.COM/artists/the-charlatans



JOANNA NEWSOM

STARTS: Dublin Grand Canal Theatre, Sep 14
Fresh from the success of 2010's triple album 'Have One On Me', the singer-songwriter's Irish date precedes a UK tour. NME.COM/artists/joanna-newsom



THE DEAD WEATHER

STARTS: O2 ABC Glasgow, June 27
An opportunity to catch Jack White, Alison Mosshart and co playing material from second album 'Sea Of Cowards'. NME.COM/artists/the-dead-weather



BLOOD RED SHOES

STARTS: Manchester Club Academy, Oct 6
The Brighton two-piece drop in for a couple of dates as part of a gargantuan European tour. NME.COM/artists/blood-red-shoes



BEACH HOUSE

STARTS: O2 Shepherds Bush Empire, Nov 23
After kicking off the year with the release of 'Teen Dream', the Baltimore pair play this one-off London date which should keep the winter chills at bay. NME.COM/artists/beach-house

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PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



BROKEN BELLS

STARTS: Royal Festival Hall (Monday)

NME
PICK

The Shins' James Mercer and Brian Burton – better known for his Danger Mouse guise – are perhaps not the most obvious partnership. For a start, Mercer is something of a professional introvert, while Burton is a guy with an array of party costumes. Yet, despite obvious differences, the duo's self-titled debut proved the pair to be a perfect match, with the Shins man's tune-laden songwriting made three-dimensional with the help of Danger Mouse's sharp production nous. With rumours of a second album in the pipeline, it doesn't look like they're going to be returning to their day jobs any time soon. Be sure to catch them as they play this date as part of the two-week-long Meltdown festival on London's South Bank.

NME.COM/artists/broken-bells



Everyone's Talking About **EVERYTHING** WESTERNS STARTS: Upstairs @ Relentless Garage We can't think of a more on-it line-up than this one: Manchester four-piece EE top a bill at this special Radar gig which also features Smith Westerns and Vision of Trees. NME.COM/artists/everything-everything



Don't Miss **ROBYN** STARTS: Heaven (Thursday) Her 2005 album saw her make a bid for her place in the illustrious Swedish pop canon, and it looks like that campaign is set to continue with new record 'Body Talk pt.1'. Crammed with cutting-edge pop, it seems her place in the ScandiPop Hall Of Fame is firmly assured. NME.COM/artists/robyn



Radar Stars **ROX** STARTS: London Scala (Thursday) The south London singer-songwriter has already got a tour with Mark Ronson and debut album ('Memoirs') behind her at the tender age of 21. Signed to Rough Trade, her single 'My Baby Left Me' is an energetic slice of future soul that suggests those Ones To Watch lists were correct. NME.COM/artists/rox

GIG GUIDE KEY:

+14 = 14 AND ABOVE +16 = 16 AND ABOVE AA = ALL AGES CS = CLUB SHOW
FR = FREE ENTRY WA = UNDER 14S WITH AN ADULT
UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED ALL GIGS ARE 18+

WEDNESDAY

June 16

**NME
RADIO**

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Punk's Not Dad/The Stabblers/ Live Wires/14 Carat Grapefruit

Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773
Raheem Devaughn Jazz Café
020 7916 6060

Richard Ashcroft 02 Shepherds Bush

Empire 0870 771 2000
Stone Temple Pilots 02 Academy
Brixton 0870 771 2000

Suzanne Vega Cadogan Hall

020 7730 4500
The Wave Pictures Bush Hall
020 8222 6955

Wheatus 02 Academy Islington

0870 771 2000
Woodhands/Stained Glass Heroes
Windmill 020 8671 0700

MANCHESTER

Babeshadow Roadhouse
0161 228 1789
Blondie Apollo 0870 401 8000
Green Day Lancashire County Cricket
Club 0870 062 5000
Harlem The Corner 0871 230 1094
I Am Kloot Manchester Academy
0161 832 1111
Publicist/I Am Blackbird Dulcimer
0161 860 0044
Sarah Lou/Mandrake/Chris Sellman
Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392
The Victorian English Gentlemen's
Club Sound Control 0161 236 0340
Whitney Houston Evening News
Arena 0161 950 5000

NEWCASTLE

Exit Calm Cluny 0191 230 4474
The Winterhill Transmission
02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000
NORWICH
Ana Silveira/Girl In A Thunderbolt
Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM

Pulled Apart By Horses Bodega
Social Club 08713 100000
OXFORD
Richard James 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

SHEFFIELD

Billy Vincent Forum 0114 2720964
SOUTHAMPTON
One Night Only Joiners 023 8022 5612

STOKE ON TRENT

Unicorn Kid Sugarmill 01782 214991
WOLVERHAMPTON
Trigger The Bloodshed Slade Room
0870 320 7000



Puled Apart By Horses,
Bodega, Social Club,
Nottingham

THURSDAY

June 17

NME
RADIO

Chris Martin helps you prepare for those end-of-year exams with lots of great music to soundtrack your studies, from 7pm



Gaggle, Bush Hall, London

Jacques Labouchere/Dan Leno
Windmill 020 8671 0700
John Power Luminaire 020 7372 7123
Julle Fowls Union Chapel
020 7226 1686
Klak Tik Hoxton Hall 020 7739 5431
The Kominas Old Blue Last
020 7613 2478
Maria Byrne/Jess Murray/Anne
Christine World's End 020 7281 8679
Nanbanjin/Mothercoat/
Victory Red/Small Gods
Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773
Neon Highwire/The Gavel/
The Goos The Big Chill House
020 7427 2540
Off Key Collective Junction
020 7274 6696
Oldwick Troubadour Club
020 7370 1434
Raheem Devaughn Jazz Cafe
020 7916 6060
Richard James O2 Academy 2
Islington 0870 771 2000
Richie Kotzen O2 Academy Islington
0870 771 2000
Robyn Heaven 020 7930 2020
Rox Scala 020 7833 2022
Sarah Class Monkey Chews
020 7267 6406
Skinnyman/Buster Bennett/
Taskforce Silver Bullet 020 7619 3639
The Strange Death Of Liberal
England/Heeble Jeebies
Monarch 0871 230 1094
Sucloperro/I Am Austin
Good Ship 020 7372 2544
Wall Street Riots Arts Club
020 7460 4459
4Bitten Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

BASINGSTOKE

Suzanne Vega Anvil 01256 844244

BELFAST

Brian Kennedy Waterfront

028 9033 4455

Kenny Rogers Odyssey

028 9073 9074

Neal Hughes Katy Dallys

028 9032 5942

Stacey Earle & Mark Stuart

Ernle Inn 028 9064 1410

Turin Brakes Black Box

00 35391 566511

BIRMINGHAM

Broken Witt Rebels/Shay Kahala/

Dancing With Purpose/Little Mac

O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON

Mullifier/Kept By Casino Hector's

House 01273 681228

Toots & The Maytals Concorde 2

01273 673311

The Wave Pictures/Foxes! Freebutt

01273 603974

Young Electrics Prince Albert

01273 730499

BRISTOL

Centrefolds Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Eddie Martin/Sisters In Grease

Thunderbolt 07791 319 614

I Made This Mistake/Neil

Sutherland Croft 0117 987 4144

Rudi Zygadlo/Hot Club De Paris

Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

CAMBRIDGE

Gadjo Portland Arms 01223 357268

CANTERBURY

CWB/Orangevine/The Lonely

Cartel/Sexy Legs Eleven Beer Cart

Arms 0871 230 1094

CARDIFF

Friends Electric/Portals/Waking

Life Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

CHELMSFORD

Cav Ok/Body Machine/Shakers In

The Dark Barhouse 01245 356811

COLCHESTER

Immercia/8th Time Lucky/

In Gratitude/A Fate Untold

The Twist 01206 562 453

DUBLIN

James Vincent McMorrow Whelan's

00 3531 475 9372

Mary Black Olympia 00 3531 679 3323

Owen Brady Cassidy's

00 3531 6708604

EDINBURGH

Be A Familiar/The Boycotts

The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

GLASGOW

The Low Miffs Brel 0141 342 4966

Pulled Apart By Horses King Tut's

Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

The Ray Summers Captain's Rest

0141 331 2722

HAMPTON COURT

Michael Bolton Hampton Court

Palace Festival 0871 230 1094

INVERNESS

Joan Armatrading Ironworks

01463 718555

LEEDS

Dysrhythmia Brudenell Social Club

0113 243 5866

Green Mac New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Khuunt Nation Of Shopkeepers

0113 203 1831

Renaissance Dolls Cockpit

0113 244 3446

LIVERPOOL

Hey Shalay/Go Heeled Mojo

0844 549 9090

LONDON

Alex Vargas Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412

Black Cherry/Glass Diamond/

The Electric Riot Queen Of Hoxton

020 7422 0958

Black Cobra/Weedeater Underworld

020 7482 1932

Bon Jovi The O2 0870 701 4444

Daniel Boys Wilton's Music Hall

020 7702 9555

Darker My Love The Lexington

020 7837 5387

Department S Hoxton Square Bar &

Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Dolly/Trick The Fox/

Puppet Therapy Hope & Anchor

020 7354 1312

Ed Sheeran Rhythm Factory

020 7247 9386

The Foreign Office/Dangerous

Heresy The Rest Is Noise

020 7346 8521

Gaggle Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

The Godfathers 100 Club

020 7636 0933

Hello Sequence/It Hugs Back/The

High Wire Borderline 020 7734 5547

Innecity Pirates/Real Fur/Dead On

TV Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191

FRIDAY

June 18

BRIGHTON

King Size Five Latest Music Bar

01273 687 171

Subway Sect Engine Room

01273 728 999

BRISTOL

Burly Chassis Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221

The Stopmotion Men Fleece

0117 945 0996

Three Trapped Tigers/Teeth/Lone

Wolf Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

CAMBRIDGE

Empirical Junction 01223 511511

Laura Stevenson Portland Arms

01223 357268

CARDIFF

Brother Steve Barfly 029 2066 7658

Kutosis/Samoans Club Ifor Bach

029 2023 2199

COLCHESTER

Grindhouse The Twist 01206 562 453

COVENTRY

Zoldberg Kasbah 02476 554473

COWDENBEATH

Bruce Jamie Watson/The Lane/

Radio Arcade/50E Co-Op Hall

0871 230 1094

DUBLIN

Mary Black Olympia 00 3531 679 3323

Turin Brakes Whelan's

00 3531 475 9372

EDINBURGH

Finley Quay Cabaret Voltaire

0131 220 6176

EXETER

Babybird Cavern Club 01392 495370

GLASGOW

Astral Planes Brel 0141 342 4966

Beer Jacket Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

St Deluxe King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

0141 221 5279

White Ace/The Fonetics/Dirty

Cannon 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151

!!! Arches 0141 221 4001

GUILDFORD

Half Past Always/Letch Boilerroom

01483 440022

HAMPTON COURT

Katherine Jenkins Hampton Court

Palace Festival 0871 230 1094

HOVE

Mim Grey Old Market 01273 325440

Roland Chadwick Neptune Bar

01273 324 870

LEEDS

The Charlie White Band The Owl

0113 256 5242

Gentle Breeze Rios 0844 414 2182

Mike Raffone Thomhill Arms

0113 256 5492

LIVERPOOL

Spinter New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

The Suzukis/The Real Kicks/

Deadbeat Echoes/Midnight

Playground Masque 0151 707 6171

Taken By Storm Picket 0151 708 5318

LONDON

Atomic Suplex Amersham Arms

0208 469 1499

Billy Childish Boston Arms

020 7272 8153

Blackchords/Boy Mandeville/

The Dodoz Barfly (Upstairs)

0870 907 0999

The Black Mollies/Exit State/Dead

Identities The Gaff 020 7609 3063

Broken Butterfly X Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412

Disappears/Django Django

The Big Chill House 020 7427 2540

Duke Garwood Cafe Oto

0871 230 1094

Ed Harcourt Wilton's Music Hall

020 7702 9555

MANCHESTER

The Zarrs/London Commands You/

Socadia Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Blue Gillies Ruby Lounge

0161 834 1392

Cut Loose Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Daniel Land & The Modern

Painters/Nowhere Again

Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

Kid British Sound Control

0161 236 0340

NEWCASTLE

Alex Kidd Digital 01912 619755

Killer Godzilla Head Of Steam

0191 232 4379

Paris Society/Air To Achilles/

Unstable Tables/Babafangon

Dog & Parrot 0191 261 6998

The Strobes O'Neills 0191 269 3001

NORWICH

The Foxes Arts Centre 01603 660352

SOUTHAMPTON

Burn The Fleet Joiners 023 8022 5612

SOUTHEAST

Lady Grey & The Earls/The Darvaza

Hole Chinnery's 01702 460440

SWINDON

Sleepyhouse Corner/Roxys

Wardrobe The Rolleston

01793 534238

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Dysrhythmia The Forum

08712 777101

YORK

Kites Fibbers 01904 651 250

Spinter New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

LIVERPOOL

The Suzukis/The Real Kicks/

Deadbeat Echoes/Midnight

Playground Masque 0151 707 6171

Taken By Storm Picket 0151 708 5318

LONDON

Atomic Suplex Amersham Arms

0208 469 1499

Billy Childish Boston Arms

020 7272 8153

Blackchords/Boy Mandeville/

The Dodoz Barfly (Upstairs)

0870 907 0999

The Black Mollies/Exit State/Dead

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Paris Society/Air To Achilles/

Unstable Tables/Babafangon

Dog & Parrot 0191 261 6998

The Strobes O'Neills 0191 269 3001

NORWICH

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SOUTHAMPTON

Burn The Fleet Joiners 023 8022 5612

SOUTHEAST

Lady Grey & The Earls/The Darvaza

Hole Chinnery's 01702 460440

SWINDON

Sleepyhouse Corner/Roxys

Wardrobe The Rolleston

01793 534238

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Dysrhythmia The Forum

SATURDAY

June 19



BEDFORD

Horseman Shakes And The Draymen Esquires 01234 340120

BELFAST

Jaymo/Andy George/Leatherhead Stuff Kitten 028 90238700

The Priests/Camilla Kerslake Waterfront 028 9033 4455

BIRKENHEAD

4Bitten The Swinging Arm 0151 666 1666

BIRMINGHAM

Hells Bells Roadhouse 0121 624 2920

Steve Tilston United Services Club 0121 605 7000

Suzanne Vega Town Hall 0121 605 6666

Good Question Derek Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

BRIGHTON

Babybird Audio 01273 624343

Civilian Freebutt 01273 603974

Guarapita/The Skulking Loafers The Hydrant (Downstairs) 01273 608313

Hey Colossus/Gorse/Sloath/Falling Boy The Hydrant 01273 608313

King And I/A Band Called Alice Concorde 2 01273 673311

The Miserable Rich West Hill Hall 01273 327976

Shoot The Dead/Catching Fire Providence 01273 727822

BRISTOL

Joakim Bouazziz Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

CAMBRIDGE

Last Man Standing Portland Arms 01223 357268

Trigger The Bloodshed Man On The Moon 01223 474259

CARDIFF

Sabbath Bloody Sabbath Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

CHELMSFORD

New Believers Fleece 01245 256752

CHESTER

Jack Roberts Telford's Warehouse 01244 390090

COVENTRY

The Pockets/Shackletons/The Diesels Kasbah 02476 554473

DUBLIN

Mary Black Olympia 00 3531 679 3323

Pink RDS 00 3531 668 0866

EDINBURGH

The Draymin/Pose Victorious The GRV 0131 220 2987

Jill Jackson/Kristina Cox/Holly Ogilvie/Nicky Carder The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

The OK Social Club/Casino Brag Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

Penguins Kill Polar Bears Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

EDWINSTONE

Keane Sherwood Pines 0115 912 9130

GLASGOW

Aeroplane/The Swiss Arches 0141 221 4001

Alasdair Roberts Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Ballboy/The Setup/John Irvine Pivo Pivo 0141 564 8100

Finley Quay/King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Flood Of Red/Sucloperro/Brigade/Anavris 02 ABC 0870 903 3444

Long Way Home Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Mr Kil Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

Revolver Maggie May's 0141 548 1350

The Strike Nineteens 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151

GUILDFORD

Assembly/We Start Partys Boileroom 01483 440022

HAMPTON COURT

Michael Ball Hampton Court Palace Festival 0871 230 1094

LEEDS

The Black Ivories Elbow Room 0113 227 7660

Blazin Fiddles Grand Theatre 0113 222 6222

Fog New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Pulled Apart By Horses Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

The Ridings Cockpit 0113 244 3446

The Sick Men Of Europe Milo 0113 245 7101

Ultralyd Packhorse 0113 245 3980

Unicorn Kid Cockpit Room 3 0113 2441573

LIVERPOOL

Michael Head & The Red Elastic Band 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

LONDON

Black Budgie Cross Kings 020 7278 8318

Bombay Bicycle Club Bloomsbury Bowling Lanes 020 7691 2610

Bon Jovi The 02 0870 701 4444

The Business/Last Resort/Asbo Retards Garage 020 7607 1818

Cal Jader Arts Club 020 7460 4459

Casino Royale Barfly 0870 907 0999

Corrupt Events/Kaputt/Black Soul Strangers/From Great Height Barfly (Upstairs) 0870 907 0999

Deathstars/Sybreed 02 Academy Islington 0870 771 2000

The Dolebags/The Grand Majestic Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Doll And The Kicks/Ignug/Men In Masks 333 020 7739 5949

Dysrhythmia/Nitkowski Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Gbenga/James Theaker 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Green Day Wembley Stadium Jacques Labouchere Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Jimmy Screach The Big Chill House 020 7427 2540

Johnny Clegg Forum 020 7344 0044

Leaf Library Ryan's Bar 020 7275 7807

Lowlands/Yngve & The Innocent Windmill 020 8671 0700

The Mad Professor/Trojan Soundsystem KOKO 020 7388 3222

Mark Crooks 606 Club 020 7352 5953

The Mattless Boys/Fast Cars/The Plague The Victoria 0871 230 1094

The Popes Of Chikiltown/Justice Force Five Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Precilla Broke Peel 020 8546 3516

Richard Earnshaw Jazz Café 020 7916 6060

The Runnour Peter Parkers Rock N Roll Club 0871 230 1094

Senser/Starseed 02 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000

Spizzenergi 100 Club 020 7636 0933

The Standells 229 Club 020 7631 8310

Starman Queen Of Hoxton 020 7422 0958

Trenton & The Free Radical Apollo 0870 606 3400

XX Cortez/The Adjusters Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Proceed Underworld 020 7482 1932

MANCHESTER D'Corner Bols/Contingency Plan/AFS Retro Bar 0161 274 4892

Midnight Mafia/The Meat Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Mykal Rose/Andrew Tosh/The Razises Band On The Wall 0161 832 6625

Richie Kolzen Manchester Academy 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE Abilvius Revenge Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

DNA/Save Your Secrets/From Roses To Ember Cluny 0191 230 4474

Mendo The Other Rooms 0191 261 9755

Wheatons 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NORWICH Fever Fever Brckmakers 01603 441118

NOTTINGHAM Carcer City Rock City 08713 100000

Standard Fare/Allo Darlin'/Pocketbooks/Mascot Flight Chameleon 0115 9505097

The 3LC Lion Inn 0871 230 1094

OXFORD Desert Storm/The Crushing/Trippy Wicked Wheatshaf 01865 721156

PETERBOROUGH HJ Jack Peacock 01733 566293

PORTSMOUTH The Vortex Cellars 0871 230 1094

SHEFFIELD Doc Scott Corporation 0114 276 0262

Nell McSweeney Boardwalk 0114 279 9090

The Spires 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

SOUTHAMPTON Kids Can't Fly/The Vallant/Virtue Joiners 023 8022 5612

Simian Mobile Disco Junk Club 023 8033 5445

SOUTHEND The Whiskey Eclipse/Foreign Legion/Guilt Hands Shining Chinnery's 01702 460440

SWINDON Fry The Rolleston 01793 534238

WATFORD Dirty Thursday/Colour Of August/Lyrical Way/Toxins Flag 01923 218413

WESTONBIRT Simply Red Westonbirt Arboretum 0115 912 9000

WOLVERHAMPTON Voodoo Six Slade Room 0870 730 7000

YORK The Christians The Duchess 01904 641 413

SUNDAY

June 20

BELFAST

Lord Vicar Aunt e Ann e's 028 9050 1660

Matt McGinn Emgle Inn 028 9064 1410

BIRMINGHAM

Deathstars/Sybreed 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Emil Frills/Pl/One Eyed Mule Hare And Hounds 0121 444 2081

Ray Davies Symphony Hall 0121 212 3333

BRIGHTON

Jeff Klein Freebutt 01273 603974

Sol And Sample Jam 0871 230 1094

BRISTOL

Alan Pownall and Lissie The Cooler 0117 945 0999

CAMBRIDGE

Babybird Haymakers 01223 367417

DUBLIN

Scissor Sisters Olympia 00 3531 679 3323

EDINBURGH

The Alchemists/June Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

GATESHEAD

Suzanne Vega Sage Arena 0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Jackson Browne/David Lindley Royal Concert Hall 0141 353 8000

Leona Lewis SECC 0141 248 3000

Paul McCartney Hampden Park 0141 620 4000

Will And The People King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Withered Hand/The Second Hand Marching Band Stereo 0141 576 5018

GUILDFORD

The Jamerics Bo'eroom 01483 440022

LEEDS

Blackout Duck And Drake 0113 246 5806

Hayley Gaftarnick Sandin's 0113 305 0372

LIVERPOOL

John Illsley 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

One Night Only Empire 0870 606 3536

LONDON

The Bayonets/Page 44/Tell It To The Marines Barfly (Upstairs) 0870 907 0999

Bon Jovi The 02 0870 701 4444

Connie Lush 606 Club 020 7352 5953

Enemies Of Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Eric Andersen Green Note 0871 230 1094

Gandalf Murphy & The Slambolian Circus of Dreams 100 Club 020 7636 0933

Gavin Creel The P-gate Club 020 77348142

Helst Borderline 020 7734 5547

The Hostiles/Before The Escape Dublin East e 020 7485 1773

Jesse Murphy In The Woods/The Boicotts/Broken Stars

Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

Kieran Leonard Silver Bullet 020 7619 3639

Smallgang Windmill 020 8671 0700

The Swiss Lock Tavern 020 7485 0909

Three Vicars The Stag's Head 020 7739 6741

MANCHESTER

Babar Luck Star & Garter 0161 273 6726

The Beat Moho Live 0161 834 8180

Cults Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

NEWCASTLE

Hoax/Tantrum Cunny 0191 230 4474

Triple Trouble/60 Persons/Marriott Lane The Tyne 0191 265 2550

SHEFFIELD

Francesca/Tiger Please 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

TUNBRIDGE WELLS Sarah Tonin/The Working Girls/Son Of Kirk The Forum 08712 777101

WESTONBIRT

Blondie Westonbirt Arboretum 0115 912 9000

YORK

Dogs/Littlemores Fibbers 01904 651 250



Scissor Sisters, Olympia, Dublin

GET IN THE GIG GUIDE!

DO YOU WANT TO GET YOUR BASH INCLUDED IN THE NME WEEKLY GIG GUIDE? GO TO NME.COM/GIGS AND SUBMIT YOUR LISTING FOR FREE. YOU MUST SUBMIT DETAILS AT LEAST THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE GIG DATE

MONDAY

June 21

We Are Scientists,
Junction, Cambridge

ABERDEEN
Simon & Oscar (Ocean Colour Scene)
Warehouse 0814 847 2319

BIRMINGHAM
Elvis Costello Symphony Hall
0121 212 3333

McIntosh Ross Glee Club
0870 241 5093

BRIGHTON
Born To Lose Prince Albert
01273 730499

CAMBRIDGE
We Are Scientists Junction
01223 511511

CARDIFF
Adelaide's Cape/Eugene Capper/
Jon Fazal/Nicola Jayne Chirnside
10 Feet Tall 02920 228883

DUBLIN
Butch Walker Whelan's
00 3531 475 9372

EDINBURGH
Jackson Browne/David Lindley
Usher Hall 0131 228 1155

GLASGOW
Green Day SECC 0141 248 3000
John Wiley O2 ABC2 0141 204 5151
Keane Barrowlands 0141 552 4601
Polar Bear The Arches 0141 565 1000
Suzanne Vega City Hall 0141 339 8383

LIVERPOOL
Deathstars/Sybreed O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Steve Mason Static Gallery
01517078090

LONDON
Babybird Bush Hall 020 8222 6955
The Brightsparks Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

Broken Bells Royal Festival Hall
020 7960 4242

Edel Garage 020 7607 1818

Fused-Rent/Empire State/
Red Roulette Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1312

The Golden Retrievers Slaughtered
Lamb 020 8887 4080

Hot Water Music O2 Academy
Islington 0870 771 2000

Jeff Klein Borderline 020 7734 5547

Kaiser Cartel Green Note
0871 230 1094

Kid Adrift Old Blue Last
020 7613 2478

Liam Lever Morro Water Rats
020 7857 4412

Little Red The Lexington
020 7837 5387

The Lost Left Barfly (Upstairs)
0870 907 0999

Matthew Ord Cross Kings
020 7278 8318

Matthew P Enterprise 020 7485 2659

NERD Forum 020 7344 0044

ODLD/Maria Byrne/Adam Gardner
The Source Below 020 7434 9130

Smoke Feathers/Stinger 93 Feet
East 020 7247 6095

Sophie Delila Hoxton Square Bar &
Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Swami Social 020 7636 4992

MANCHESTER
Norah Jones Apollo 0870 401 8000

Trigger The Bloodshed/Bleed From
Within Satan's Hollow 0161 236 0666

NEWCASTLE
Senser O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NOTTINGHAM
Alan Pownall and Lissie Bodega
Social Club 0115 1000000

OXFORD
Dani Wilde Bullington Arms
01865 241516

SALFORD
Cherry Ghost St Philip's Church
0161 834 2041

SHEFFIELD
Ed Sheeran Forum 0114 2720964

SOUTHAMPTON
Finley Quay Joiners 023 8022 5612

Matthew Ord Cross Kings
020 7278 8318

TUESDAY

June 22

BELFAST

Colm Carey Ulster Hall
028 9032 3900

Paramore Kings Hall 028 9066 5225

BIRMINGHAM

Alan Pownall and Lissie Glee Club
0870 241 5093

The Gaslight Anthem/
Twin Atlantic/Sharks O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

John Wiley O2 Academy 3
0870 771 2000

Throats/Lavotchkin Flapper
0121 236 2421

BRIGHTON

Broken Bells Digital 01273 202407

I Am: Your Hero/Attic Fate/
My Element Jam 0871 230 1094

McIntosh Ross Komedia
01273 647100

Monocure/Flexability Prince Albert
01273 730499

Small Gods/Alice Shaw Latest Music
Bar 01273 687 171

The Victorian English Gentlemen's
Club Freeburt 01273 603974

CAMBRIDGE

FourColour Portland Arms
01223 357268

Toots & The Maytals Junction
01223 511511

CARDIFF

Nosa/Thing 10 Feet Tall
02920 228883

CHELMSFORD

The Perfect Crime Barhouse
01245 356811

DUBLIN

10 Feet Tall Vicar St 00 3531 889 4900

Pearl Jam The O2 01 819 8888

EDINBURGH

Michael Marra Village 0131 478 7810

Passenger The Caves 0131 557 8989

GLASGOW

Coheed & Cambria O2 ABC
0870 903 3444

Eddi Reader Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

The French Wives Brel 0141 342 4966

Leona Lewis SECC 0141 248 3000

The Necks Tron 0141 552 4267

Senser O2 ABC2 0111 204 5151

GUILDFORD

White Pigeon/Spotlight Cannibal/
Indigo Rose Boilerroom 01483 440022

LEEDS

Deaf Havana Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Hot Water Music Irish Centre
0113 248 9208

LONDON

Alejandro Escovedo Borderline
020 7734 5547

Beth Hirsch/Blue Rose Code
Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Bon Jovi The O2 0870 701 4444

Bo Ningen Café Oto 0871 230 1094

Charlotte Gainsbourg O2 Shepherds
Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

Cherry Ghost The Lexington
020 7837 5387

Creatures Of Love Monarch
0871 230 1094

Dominic Hammond Troubadour Club
020 7370 1434

Erik Andersen Green Note
0871 230 1094

Fiction Plane Hoxton Square Bar &
Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Henissi/Paradigm Shift Dublin
Castle 020 7485 1773

The Hold Steady Forum
020 7344 0044

Joe Worricker Hoxton Hall
020 7739 5431

Male Bonding/Philadelphia Grand
Jury Barfly (Upstairs) 0870 907 0999

Norah Jones Apollo 0870 606 3400

One Sixth Of Tommy Boogaloo
020 8340 2928

Race Horses/Cults White Heat @
Madame Jo Jo's 020 7734 2473

Radlok/Blaz Rhythm Factory
020 7247 9386

Redtrack/The 3.1419 Wonders
Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191

Scissor Sisters O2 Academy Brixton
0870 771 2000

The Stellar Thieves/Incolour Hope &
Ar chor 020 7354 1312

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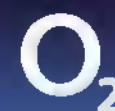
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THE LEGENDARY NME CROSSWORD

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Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

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CLUES ACROSS

- 1 'I Speak Because I Can' - a bit. He speaks - because he can go on a bit (8-3)
- 7+2D Loud bomb explosion - man responsible for 'Black Sheets Of Rain' is named (3 5)
- 9 They're banging on about their 'Best Friend' (5)
- 10 Ice castle changed for Crystal Castles (9)
- 11 (See 30 down)
- 12+32A Early in the day it has the look of an album for Incubus (7-4)
- 13 Very fine material on new Ellen Allien album or old Screaming Trees album (4)
- 15+31A Yes, one EP turns into an album for Snow Patrol (4-4)
- 16 The Music, Verve and Placebo have all been on this label (3)
- 19 "Time to... the world goodbye/Falling down on all that I've ever known", Oasis (4)
- 21 Namely members of Slipknot, Queen or Duran Duran (6)
- 22 Sid James included a David Bowie single (1-1)
- 23+5D He came in off the Pavement with The Jicks (5-7)
- 24 Cure single with a hook (5)
- 26 Waves over to The Beach Boys for an album (5-2)
- 29 John Lennon was part of The Plastic ___ Band (3)
- 31 (See 15 across)
- 32 (See 12 across)
- 33 Raked around and came up with a drummer for The Hold Steady (5)
- 34 Brothers Barry and Dave of The Futureheads (4)
- 35 Having a bit of an eye for The Goo Goo Dolls (4)

CLUES DOWN

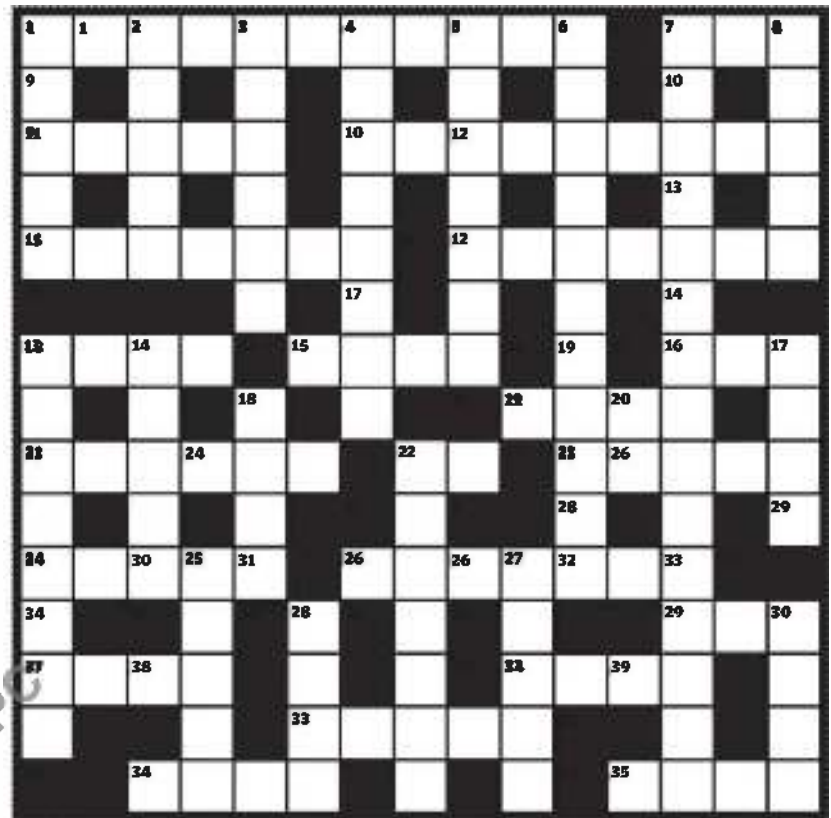
- 1+13D Darwin Deez put this track down, with which he can track down (5-8)
- 2 (See 7 across)
- 3 Bad temper gets the better of Supergrass (4-2)
- 4 We Are Scientists and pleasant blokes (4-4)
- 5 (See 23 across)
- 6 Radiohead in rather predictable form (2-9)
- 7 Indie band who asked 'Do You Like Rock Music?' (7-3-5)
- 8 Billy ____, folk punk singer from Essex (5)
- 13 (See 1 down)
- 14 A new album from Born Ruffians, so to speak (3-2)

- 17 Van Morrison's band in the '60s who had hit with 'Here Comes The Night' (4)
- 18 Old Van Halen vocalist gets stuck into something or other (4)
- 20+28D Just Ed is confused about a Courteeners release (2-4)
- 22 Loud gas explosion - two men in Trash Can Sinatras are named (7)
- 25 "Darling, I'll bathe your skin, I'll even wash your clothes/Just give me some... before I go", 2009 (5)
- 27 Excitement over a Starsailor number or an old Peggy Lee classic (5)
- 28 (See 20 down)
- 30+11A Soul legend whose hits included '(Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay' (4-7)

Normal NME terms and conditions apply, available at NME.COM/terms.

Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the issue date, before Tuesday, June 22, 2010, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 4th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU.

First correct one out of the hat wins a bag of CDs, T-shirts and books!



MAY 22 ANSWERS

ACROSS

1 Nobody's Daughter, 9 This Is War, 10 Latin, 11 Annie, 12 Guero, 13+26D Bus Stop, 14 Oris, 16+21A Sunny Afternoon, 18+28A Oh The Guilt, 20 Oscar, 22 Mack, 23 Ice-T, 27 Ego, 29 OK Go, 32 Hung Up.

DOWN

1 No Tears To Cry, 2+31A Brian Wilson, 3 Drive-By Truckers, 4 So Why So Sad, 5 Alright, Still, 6 Golden Earring, 7+24A Tattoo You, 8 Rune, 15+25A Blind Melon, 17 NYC, 19 Lovering, 22 Munki, 25 Moon, 30 Oh.



SEVEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN



FANMAIL

YOU GET IN TOUCH, WE RESPOND, THINGS GET OUT OF HAND

Edited by Matt Wilkinson



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The Big Issue

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DETACHED OF THE DAY

From: Charles Simmons
To: NME

Sorry NME, but can someone please tell me when exactly you turned into *Nuts* or *Four-Four-fucking-Two*!!? Correct me if I'm wrong, but I always thought you were a music magazine for god's sake. For the New MUSICAL Express to have eight pages dedicated to something that's the polar opposite of MUSICAL is ridiculous, it really pissed me off to be honest.

Russell Brand is the biggest twat in the world, and he's not got a musical bone in his body. Nor do I wish to know if the knuckle-dragging Wayne Rooney is the best dancer in a group of overpaid morons, who'd be serving me half-cooked chicken at a Tesco deli counter – if they couldn't mince around a pitch of grass for an hour and a half. Music and football have never complemented each other, so why try and force them to just because it's a World Cup year? Surely there's enough going on in the music world that warrants these eight pages more than this. When I was at school you were either into football OR you were into music. The two were mutually exclusive. This issue did nothing to reassure me that this case has changed.

NME's response...

From: NME
To: Charles Simmons

You can't deny that footie and music haven't always been the happiest of bedfellows. See 'Fog On The Tyne' for evidence. But there's numerous examples of them nuzzling up rather snugly. See Brighton And Hove Albion's old terrace chant to Bobby Zamora for proof. To the tune of Dean Martin's 'That's Amore', the Seagulls fans sang: "When the ball hits the net like a fucking rock-er, that's Zamoraaaaaa". Furthermore, I just ran a straw poll of the office to find out 'what is actually the polar opposite of music'. Answers were: a void, a vacuum and Athlete – MW. Get in touch at the above addresses. Winners should email letters@nme.com

DRUMMING SUPPORT

From: Timothy Hughes
To: NME

After receiving my Drums album through the post earlier this morning (yes, three days early – thank you Amazon), I am in awe of such a wonderful record. Before, I had thought all the best new music came from dark places (These New Puritans, Wu Lyf etc). But now the sheer pop brilliance from The Drums' album has shown me the best records don't have to reject the mainstream and be 'forward-thinking' and 'crazy'. It is perfect from start to end, a wonderful indie-pop album from a magnificent band who I adore and who are also fantastic live, as I witnessed at the NME Awards Tour in Brighton. In my mind, The Drums now stand comfortably next to These New Puritans as the best band anywhere right now. The Drums, I salute you.

From: NME

To: Timothy Hughes
You're right, of course, Timothy – The Drums album is a corker. One of the most instantly catchy debuts to come out in a long time. But ever since hearing 'Let's Go Surfing' there's been little doubt that they'd pull it out of the bag though, really. Of course, TNP and Wu Lyf peddle something totally different – abrasive, hard-hitting and intense – but they're both just as impressive as The Drums. All I can say is that it's a great thing these acts (and loads of others – Warpaint, Surfer Blood, 1913, Smith Westerns, Dum Dum Girls... I could go on) can co-exist despite sounding nothing like one another. It's like The Kooks, The Pigeon Detectives and

The Twang never happened. Aw, ain't that sweet? – MW

STROKES SEXXX

From: Faris Shoubber
To: NME

In anticipation of The Strokes' first live performance since the end of 2006 I decided to have a browse through their website today, until I stumbled upon a link named Message Board. Perfectly innocent, right? Wrong. Something did seem slightly strange when first noticing the ridiculous number of posts but I assured myself it was just because of the band's overwhelming popularity. I then entered one of the aptly titled General Discussion topics to discover various disturbingly named posts with titles such as 'Japanese girls sex porn videos', 'bizarre kinky anal insertions' and, my personal favourite, 'Peter Pan sex Tinkerbell'. This leaves me with the thought that either the website designers didn't anticipate spam, or perhaps Julian has simply decided to go in a new direction with their next album.

From: NME

To: Faris Shoubber
Thanks for the heads up, I'm now a fully fledged member of *Thestrokes.com* forum! For the record, I'm currently browsing a thread called 'sex in stilettos' – obviously started by Albert. I think the really burning question here is which Stroke would you most like to see getting down'n'dirtiee with a pair of six-inchers – MW

From: Faris Shoubber
To: NME

I can't say I'd want to see any of them get "down'n'dirtiee". But for the sake of argument I think I'll

go with Fabrizio (if only for the beard)

From: NME
To: Faris Shoubber
 I admire your honesty. I'll stick with my Nick Valensi docking fantasies though... - MW

POOR PORTLAND, OREGON

From: Alice Loftus
To: NME
 Just reading your US Indie Rock special (NME, May 29), and notice you have said Portland, Oregon has a "poor showing for indie rock". Well, what about Hockey? They're from there and they're amazing! I'm not a US reader but I know that Hockey are bloody amazing, and I feel you should have at least mentioned them. Come on, guys, get with it! Apart from that, it's a good little tribute to the revival of indie rock in America, so thanks!

From: NME
To: Alice Loftus
 Ooh, go on then Alice, tell me why they're so special? FYI, I think they're RUBBISH. Aaaaand have stupid hair. And most important of all, one of them consistently sports double-denim... - MW

From: Alice Loftus
To: NME
 I am shocked by what you just said! Hockey are amazing! Their songs are so relatable and catchy! They are the perfect summer band, and their live shows are buzzing too! Also, their hair ROCKS, and double-denim is in now, so HA! Maybe double-denim doesn't work on everyone but it does on him!

From: NME
To: Alice Loftus
 I'm intrigued. Not by the Hockey stuff - they're really shit - but by your insistence that double-denim can work. That's what killed Arctic Monkeys, you know - MW

From: Alice Loftus
To: NME
 I don't think it was the double-denim that killed Arctic Monkeys! But yeah, I'm adamant that Hockey rule, OK! And anyway, Kings Of Leon wear double-denim.

From: NME
To: Alice Loftus
 I rest my case - MW



STALKER

From: Victor Blanchin
To: NME
 "I'm from Brazil and I went to see Freebass at the 100 Club. Mani is an all-time hero of mine. What a night! Greetings from Brazil, we love you there!"

POETRY CORNER

From: Jordan Bills
To: NME
 When reading your mag, poetic verses often spring to mind. Let's see what came to me this week...

To pin and to pop,
 To grin and to stop.
 To reach and to grab,
 To teach and to blab.

To read and to listen,
 To bleed and to hit them.
 To buy this week's NME,
 To find out which bands it's OK to see.

To have my own independent opinions,
 To be told I'm wrong by journalist minions.
 To buy a brand new LP,
 To find, out of 10, it only scored three.

To take said LP and cause it to burn,
 To decide I was silly, and really should learn.
 NME's always right about who is still cool,
 Smacked with your paper, in the face; I'm a fool.
 It's like a calming release :)

From: NME
To: Jordan Bills
 Jordan, this is incredible. It's got pathos, a breezy meter and a real sense of bringing the sadness so obviously lodged deep inside you to the emotive core of the public arena. Bravo. In fact, I'm so impressed I'm willing to give you 50p and a Mars bar if you can think of something else to rhyme with opinion/minion that isn't Brazilian, million or

Web Slings

The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

DON'T HATE PENDULUM

There were tears of dismay at NME HQ when Pendulum got to Number One with their third album 'Immersion'. The Pendulum phenomenon is nothing new. It's just funny that, now they're properly huge, the disdain for their music has intensified. See, critics are a hilariously predictable bunch. We do not like breakbeat or drum'n'bass (unless of course it's posing as 'dubstep') and we most certainly do not like tattooed metal.

Pendulum were world-renowned DJs on the breaks circuit long before hits got in the way. All they did was realise that if they fused both together, to the ultimate degree, then they'd hit paydirt. And so we got 'In Silico', where a faceless dance outfit broke out of their genre shackles in a way not seen since The Chemical Brothers. All they've done with 'Immersion' is taken that to its logical conclusion, bringing in crowdpleasers like Liam Howlett and In Flames to make the biggest noise possible. Read Dan Martin's full blog at NME.COM

Best of the responses...

No-one is wrong to ridicule Pendulum, they are shite. When you've got homegrown genius (Prodigy, Chem Bros, Aphex Twin etc) why would you even try to bother to like Pendulum?
 Mark Harding

They resemble a bunch of estate agents 'playing' at being rock stars. Utter shite.
 Cogg

I accept music for what it is, it doesn't matter if it's drum'n'bass or death metal,

music is music.
 Bob

Pendulum are horrid, and that is why they get bad reviews. Their fans are usually twats as well.
 God



billion (any number actually). And no internet cheating either - MW

From: Jordan Bills
To: NME
 Pavilion.

From: NME
To: Jordan Bills
 Bollocks. I didn't think that out very well, did I? - MW

STROKE OF NON-GENIUS

From: Emma Whitcombe
To: NME
 Through research and love I heard about The Strokes' gig days before anyone else. Thanks to NME emailing everyone and ruining it for true fans, I find myself without a ticket. Cheers.

From: NME
To: Emma Whitcombe
 This is an issue we've had with our news desk for a while and there's been numerous accounts of similar mishaps occurring.

For instance, when Paul Gray from Slipknot died the other week and we reported on that, but what were we thinking? Notifying the music-loving public? What a balls-up! Any fool should know that only the most diehard of Slipknot obsessives should be allowed to mourn such an event - MW



STALKER

From: Leah Connolly
To: NME
 "This is me with the beautiful Dum Dum Girls after their Manchester gig at Sound Control."

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DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

GERRY CASALE, DEVO

QUESTION 1

Which three gigs were compiled on your live album 'Devo Live: The Mongoloid Years'?

"OK, I don't want to get the radio station wrong, but it was 1975, it could've been WHK in Cleveland. It was for a Halloween party hosted by the station where everybody was in costume and they were all doing nitrous oxide pot. We were on the show because we had tricked the station into believing we were a cover band. We came out in our grey fireman's work suits and clear plastic masks and we opened with 'Be Stiff' or something like that and said, 'Here's one from Bad Company.' It took the crowd about two minutes to figure out that we weren't a cover band. Then they started booing and throwing stuff at us and a couple of guys attacked the stage. We were so happy with ourselves, we felt like we'd really succeeded because we'd pissed everybody off so much. We celebrated with breaded fried shrimp! Then there was a show that David Bowie introduced us at, and the third one was at the Crypt in Akron."

Correct



QUESTION 2

Which historical figures appear on the paddles that the men in monkey masks are spanking a woman with in the 'Secret Agent' segment of the film The Truth About De-Evolution?

"That's Nixon and Mao. Haha!"

Correct.

QUESTION 3

Complete the following lyric: "One chromosome too many..."

"...mongoloid, he was a mongoloid/Happier than you and me'. We had to issue an apology in 1978 in England when Dave Robinson of Stiff Records talked us into coming and playing three gigs that ended at the Roundhouse. It turned out that some group of activists about Down's Syndrome thought we were making fun of mongoloids and I had to meet with the woman, have an interview, apologise for any misunderstanding. It was



a real lesson. Here in the States no-one ever brought up a thing about it, nor did they care. We learnt how different the cultures were even though we both speak some form of English."

Correct

QUESTION 4

To within a thousand dollars, how much did you raise to make the video for 'Whip It'?

"We had made videos for 'Freedom Of Choice' and 'Girl You Want'. Those were the two songs that the record company was really hot on, and they tanked. Then 'Whip It' became a hit [on radio] and suddenly Warners said, 'You have to make a video.' So we came back home and shot it in a 16-hour day in Los Angeles and it cost \$16,000."

Correct. It was \$15,000

QUESTION 5

Which of your songs has been covered by Rage Against The Machine?

"'Beautiful World'. A bizarre, morose cover as well."

Correct

QUESTION 6

Which part of the video for 'That's Good' was censored by MTV?

"The French fry going through the doughnut. I remember MTV on the phone going, 'Look Casale, we're not stupid here, we know what this means. A French fry going through a doughnut, come on! That's sick!' I go, 'Wait a minute, you've got that Billy Idol video on where he appears between the legs of a girl in skin-tight PVC black pants and she slaps his ass! This is an animated cartoon!' He says, 'I tell you what, you can have the French fry

or you can have the doughnut, but you can't have the French fry in the doughnut!'"

Correct

QUESTION 7

What was the stage gear called for the 1981 'New Traditionalists' tour?

"They were designed like politicians' haircuts with the grey Japanese-looking shirt and pants that I designed. What did I call them?"

Wrong. The Utopian Boy Scout Uniforms

QUESTION 8

Name all five faces that were merged to form the face on the cover of 'Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo!'

"Jeez. JFK, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Jimmy Carter and we did keep some of [the band's mascot] Chi Chi in there."

Half a point. Chi Chi, JFK, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford



QUESTION 9

So at which show were you introduced onstage by David Bowie?

"David Bowie introduced us at Max's Kansas City in Manhattan, New York City in the fall of 1977 - that was an exciting, incredible evening. He was intending to produce us, and we were intending to have him produce us but he kept delaying the dates when he could do that because of all his projects. After that evening he introduced us to Brian Eno to produce us because we couldn't wait for David anymore."

Correct

QUESTION 10

Which computer game used 'Some Things Never Change'?

"I lose on that, I have to say that I cannot remember."

Wrong. It was Neuromancer

Total Score
7.5/10

"I only got seven and a half? My god!"

Coming Next Week

OUT
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