

INSIDETHIS

THIS IS GOING TO BE THE BEST ROCK'N'ROLL SHOW WEMBLEY HAS EVER SEEN!"

AT THE FRONT FOR GREEN DAY'S STADIUM EXTRAVAGANZA - AND **BILLIE JOE ARMSTRONG IS IN** TYPICALLY MODEST MODE...



"For the coke you sprayed, that's £4.70" **PULLED APART BY HORSES PAY** A HEAVY PRICE FOR THEIR HIGH JINKS ON TOUR



A LOVER, HE'S A **CHINO MORENO FROM THE DEFTONES GUSHES ALL OVER**

VEEK

03/07/2010



Glastonbury Festival 2010: the ultimate review

ALL THE ACTION FROM WORTHY FARM AS THE SUN MADE IT ONE OF THE MOST SPECIAL FESTIVALS IN LIVING MEMORY. OH, AND THE BANDS AND THE BURGERS WEREN'T THAT BAD EITHER...



"TONIGHT IS A FAREWELL TO BUT AMIDST THE LIVE CHAOS, WHAT CLUES ARE THERE TO

THE HORRORS MK III?



"I'D LOVE TO **CORD WITH ROLF HARRIS REMINISCES ABOUT** HIS CAREER AND MAKES WILD PLANS FOR THE FUTURE



"HAN SOLO IS HIS BIGGEST INSPIRATIONS



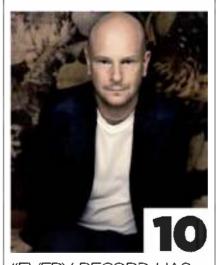
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"EVERY RECORD HAS BEEN A DEPARTURE FROM THE LAST ONE" **PHIL SELWAY SPILLS THE BEANS** ON HIS OWN SOLO ALBUM AND RADIOHEAD'S NEW ONE



"2010 BRINGS THE DAWN OF 'SEROTONIN'-TO FIND OUT WHAT THE HELL THAT MEANS, **CHECK OUT THE JETS' NEW ALBUM REVIEW**

ON REPEAT

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





KLAXONS

Echoes

Of course, if you've been to see this band at any point in the last 12 months you'll be aware of the nuts, bolts and bits of fluoro bolted on top of the bolts of this song. Yet it's still thrilling to hear a new Klaxons recording blaring out of stereo speakers, all shiny, synthetic and future-indebted, only still infused with the raw fleshy heart that, from 'Golden Skans' to 'Two Receivers', has long defined their best songs. A little bit like that bit in Doctor Who where they chop people up and stick exhaust pipes in their ears to make Cybermen, then. Or the poor ickle wickle animals in Sonic The Hedgehog

Echoes' is Blur gone disco, or Yeah Yeah Yeahs with big sweaty balls

that are encased in Dr Robotnik's metal suits with rocket launchers screwed on to their snouts. In fact, this song is almost as good as

the first Sonic The Hedgehog game and certainly better than the second one. High praise indeed.

And, as the opening song and lead-off single from the band's forthcoming second record 'Surfing The Void', it's also an intriguing teaser for what the year's most anticipated pop comeback sounds like. Which given we've heard it, is Blur gone disco, basically. Or The Cure at their most art rock. Or Yeah Yeah Yeahs with big sweaty balls, only frothed off with the four-piece's trademark helium vocals and the metallic grit you'd expect producer Ross Robinson to bring to the tune. And do you want to know what's most thrilling? 'Echoes' isn't even the fifth best song on the record.

James McMabon, Features Editor On YouTube now



The Loco-Motion

Not content with creating his own blend of smutty rock'n'roll, Seth Bogart, aka Hunx of And His Punx fame, has gone one step gayer with his new disco project. Brace yourself for tales of vampiric blowjobs over '90s house yes, really. Perhaps most infectious, however, is his take on 'The Loco-Motion'. It's waaay more Kylie than Little Eva, by the way... Camilla Pia, writer On myspace.com/gayestmusicever now

ROSE ELINOR DOUGALL

I Know We'll Never

This poetic session track from the ex-Pipette is a good sign of things to come from her debut solo album. Attitude-filled indie pop like Kate Nash before she got annoying in an all-over-the-charts-like-a-rash way. Abby Tayleure, writer

Free download from www.musicglue.com/ roseelinordougali

TODDLA T

Sky Surfing

What happens when Toddla T ditches Sheffield for a prolonged stint in Jamaica? This - a rave/dancehall/bass behemoth bolted to "me and Toddla T are getting high" raps from Wayne Marshall. You get the feeling it would be rude not to join them. Tim Chester, Assistant Editor, NME.COM Get it from the Daily Download at NME.COM/blogs now

KISSES

Bermuda

This summer you're probably seeing a resurgence in chino short-shorts, starched white tube socks and pastel-toned polos. That's thanks in part to the deck-lounging vacht-pop of LA synth-horder Jesse Kivel and his missus. Button-cute couple act alert! Jaimie Hodgson, New Music Editor On www.transparenthlog.com now

2.54

Creeping

London's dark underbelly has been kind to us recently, spewing out gothy, screeladen goodness with abandon. Its latest smoky gem comes from 2:54, aka sisters Hannah and Collette Thurow, whose stinging, spite-laden guitar and mesmerisingly chilly tones recall Slint if they'd been signed

to Creation and fronted by stony-hearted she-demons of the underworld. Laura Snapes, writer On MySpace now

ORPHAN BOY

Cleethorpes-via-Manchester's Orphan Boy were initially pegged as lad-rock in the Twisted Wheel/Enemy vein, but their latest A&R-dissing single is as tender, lyrically sharp - "Fiddled with his scarf/Licked his lips while he told lies" - and sophisticated as it is powerful and in-yer-face.

Hamish MacBain, Assistant Editor On MySpace now

MR LITTLE JEANS

Angel

The newest addition to Neon Gold, Mr Little Jeans is in fact a Miss. Born Monica Birkenes. this Norwegian lass serves up an intoxicating mix of 'It's Blitz!' Karen O and Debbie Harry. It's obviously brilliant, and will fit your ears tighter than boil-washed skinny-jeans.

Ailbhe Malone, writer On MySpace now

FRANK SIDEBOTTOM

Three Shirts On My Line

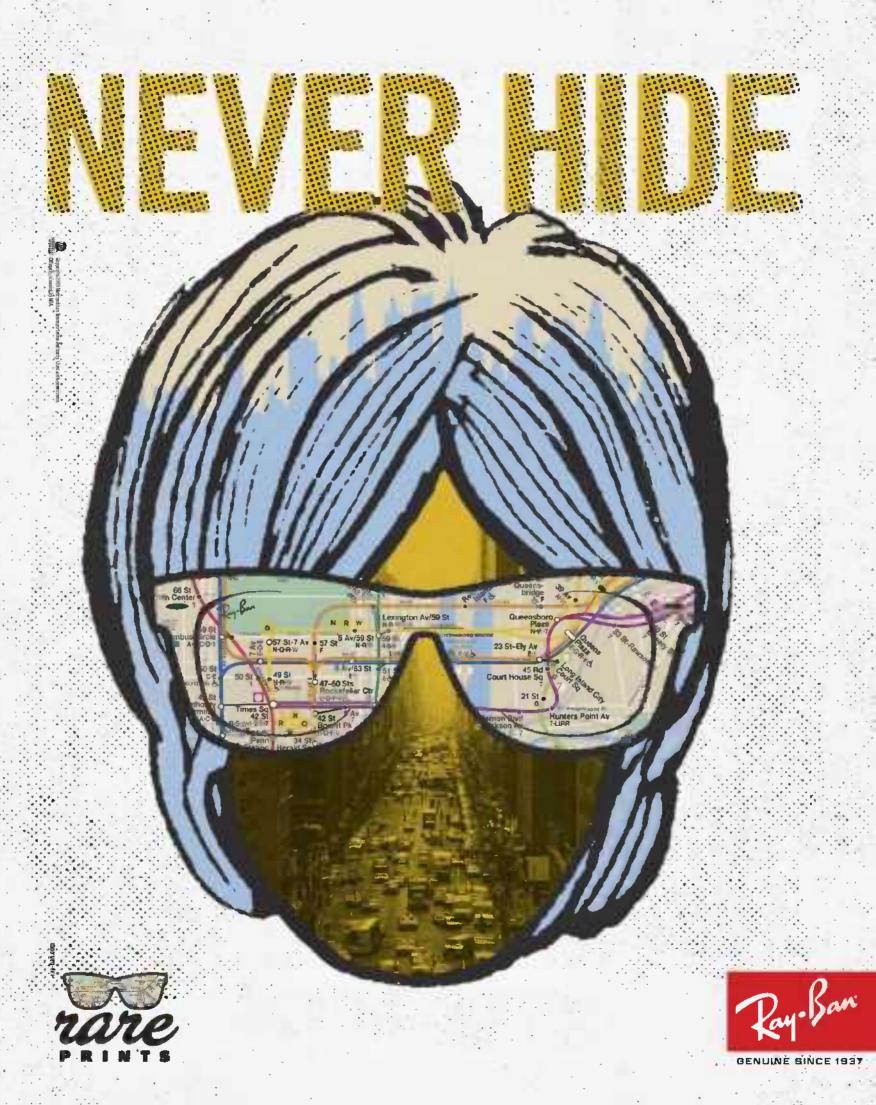
Shocked by the sudden death of his innerego Chris Sievey, fans are hoping the great, giant-headed Frank Sidebottom can live on through this World Cup pastiche he recorded just weeks ago. The Facebook campaign to get him to Number One by the end of the tournament is ready, all we need now is a major download site to host the song. iTunes? Amazon? We're looking at you...

Paul Stokes, News Editor On YouTube now Turn to page 11 for a tribute to Frank



MARINA AND THE DIAMONDS

Oh No (Active Child Remix) LA's Pat Grossi is set on thrusting Marina's brazen head in a font of chilly, pure and deansing synths. She emerges somewhere between 'Celestica' and Enigma', a changed woman - even if you can't stand her, you'll love this. Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor Get it from the Daily Download at NME. COM/blogs now





having got a little carried away with the occasion.



PENING IN MUSIC THIS WEEK



overlooking the town of Padstow in Cornwall. "They call it Padstein now,

because [chef] Rick Stein owns so many

worrving about a box, you know?"

he argues. "The whole thing with this is to expand, tak at elsewhere. We're not



KASABIAN GET BOOSHED

Serge has been signed up by Noel Fielding for an art exhibition

hat do you get if you cross Kasabian, The Mighty Boosh and London's oldest cake shop? Nope, not 'Vlad The Cream Horn', but an art installation Noel Fielding is set to stage this week.

The comedian's second exhibition will open on Monday (July 5) and Noel is planning something pretty special - as long as he can get it finished in time.

"There's going to be an animated installation, hopefully, with music from Serge from Kasabian if it all goes according to plan," he confirms of the *Bryan Ferry Vs The Jelly Fox* show which is being held at Maison Bertaux. "I'm running out of time. If it works it will come out as a psychedelic insane mix between *Yellow Submarine* and 'Bohemian Rhapsody" but if it doesn't, it might just look like *Jackanory*. It's quite good, because when you don't know what you're doing it's quite exciting."

Along with portraits of the Roxy Music frontman (who's been invited), a lot of the show will feature drawings from a new animated TV show Noel is working on with a friend, about a character who is on a "Wizard Of Oz-like journey to meet Jelly Fox".

"I'm a bit like a mental patient - I just draw everything anyway so I've always got loads of stuff kicking around and I can't keep it all," says Noel of his artistic urges. "Once I've done it I don't want to see it again so I usually keep it under my bed."

Bryan Ferry Vs The Jelly Fox runs until January 5, see www.hooliganartdealer.com for details.

WHAT'S UP SHADY?

Eminem is back with new LP 'Recovery' but it seems he's lost his taste for a celebrity beef, explaining in 'Talking To Myself' how he ducked out of dissing LII Wayne and Kanye, for fear of having his "ass handed back to me". Here are three of his peer-insuiting best:

1) Moby on "Without Me': "You don't know me, you're too old, let go/it's over, nobody listens to techno"

2) Everlast on
"Quitter": "Got in
touch with his roots,
found the redneck in
his blood/He can't
rap, or sing, but he
wants to do both"
3) Mariah Carey on
"The Warning": "You
better shut your
lying mouth" before
adding "Did it ever
occur to you that





Joy Formidable and Chapel Club are heading up the autumn leg of our new music showcase

After the success of the first NME Radar Tour earlier this year in which Hurts, Everything Everything, and Darwin Deez spanked various venues around the country, the line-up for the second leg of the tour can be revealed.

Headlining are The Joy Formidable, the hotly tipped Welsh three-piece whose grungey pop is sure to win over swathes of converts, and have shoegaze fans swooning. "We're thrilled to be headlining the bill," says their singer Ritzy Bryan, from the studio bunker where they're currently recording their debut album. "I don't have a cannon but if I did I'd be shot out of it right now. Cue drum roll."

They're backed up by current Radar faves Chapel Club, whose Joy Division-style pop noir has created a huge dark buzz around them. They've also been working on their debut album this year, and are straining at the leash to get their songs out there. "The tour starts on my birthday, so we're viewing it as an extended celebration," says frontman Lewis Bowman. "Plus

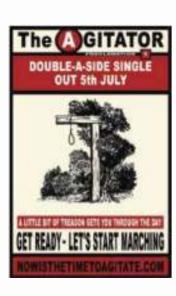
it's a chance to play the album to loads of new people before it's released. People should wear party hats, that's the dress code."

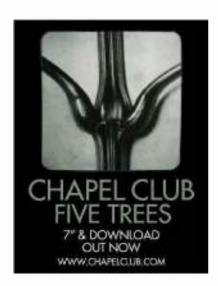
The dates kick off in Birmingham on September 27 (see below for full details), and we'll be announcing a third act joining the line-up very soon. Watch this space.

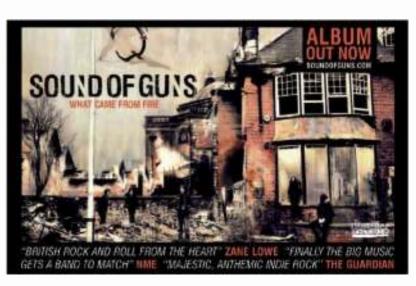
Tickets for the Emerge NME Radar Tour are set to go on sale exclusively through NME.COM from Tuesday (July 2).

THE DATES

Birmingham, OZ Academy 2 (September 27)
Norwich, Waterfront (28)
Nottingham, Rescue Rooms (30)
Glasgow, King Tuts (October 1)
Aberdeen, Tunnels (2)
Manchester, Academy 3 (4)
Newcastle, OZ Academy 2 (5)
Leeds, Cockplt (6)
Stoke, Sugarmill (7)
Cardiff, Millennium Music Hall (8)
Oxford, OZ Academy 2 (10)
Brighton, Concorde 2 (11)
Portsmouth, Wedgewood (13)
London, KOKO (14)









Freederm

SPEED DIAL PHIL SELWAY

The Radiohead drummer is leaping to the front of the stage to release a solo album while his band "reinvent" themselves again

Familial' is your first solo album – does it sound like Radiohead?

Phil: "Going through it, I suppose I was very conscious at points if something felt to me like it mirrored something Radiohead had done. I kind of edited myself in that respect, hopefully not cutting off my nose to spite my face, because, you know, I'm part of Radiohead, so it is going to have elements of that. But working out of the context of the band it had to be something that reflected me, something I wouldn't necessarily do in Radiohead. Hopefully it's got a strong flavour of me in the record."



"I suppose it has been in a way. I mean, the overriding ambition was to be a musician, but there was always a nuggling feeling in my mind that I had my own record in me. So to get to this point and end up with something that I'm musically very happy with, I have achieved an ambition there."

Why did you decide to make it now?

"It seems like the worst sin you can commit as a drummer is going in and saying, 'I've got a song.' But 7 Worlds Collide [the charity supergroup Phil was involved with in 2001 and 2009, featuring Johnny Mart, Neil Finn and Wilco, among others] gave me the confidence to perform my songs and made me think there was something valid in what I was writing. Neil Finn was very instrumental in that, he has a way of inspiring you with confidence, and he did give me the confidence to do it."

Was it daunting writing songs when you're in a band with a songwriter like Thom Yorke?

"Oh yeah, of course! I think he's one of the best songwriters around, it's a very



high benchmark to have, a very high bar to have set for you. But everybody in the band has been very supportive."

Did you ask Thom for any songwriting advice?

Philip Selway's

Top Five Philips

"1. Philip Seymour

Hoffman, 2. Philip

Pullman 3. Philip

Glass. 4. Philip

Larkin, 5. Phillip

Schofield. Oh, and

an honorary

mention please for

Phil Collins, He is a

fantastic drummer

actually, I rate him

"Not really. I'm probably not the best person at taking advice!"

Why did you get Wilco's Glenn Kotche to play drums on the album – you're not too bad yourself, are you?

"It was nice for me not to actually have to think about that. I play on one track on the record and that's it, and Glenn is an absolutely amazing drummer – I'm in awe of what he does. He took the drums and the

percussion in directions I probably wouldn't have thought of."

Are you going to take 'Familial' out on the road?

"At the end of the summer I will be playing some festivals – not with the musicians on the album, they very much have their own schedules. A big part of this is taking the material out and playing it live. Is the record quite acoustic? Well, I suppose so, but I'm not going to try and completely replicate what I've done on the record, that's very much particular to the group of musicians who performed it – nt'd be lovely to do shows with everybody [who played on the album]

at some point. But I think when you start working with another group of musicians you're likely to bring something else out in the material. Live, it probably will be different from the record."

Are you worried your solo album might be overshadowed by the next Radiohead album? Go on, tell us when that one's coming out too...

"Who knows? I don't think my album will be coinciding with the Radiohead album at that point. I'm very excited mine's coming out at the end of August and, you know, whenever the Radiohead one comes out...

I'll be proud of both. It's a long process, but the Radiohead album will come out when it's finished. It will be finished though."

You were in Los Angeles with Radiohead earlier this year. Are you pleased with how the sessions are going?

"Oh yeah, collectively, we are, the five of us and Nigel [Godrich, their long-time producer]. What's always excited us about Radiohead is the fact that we can reinvent ourselves with each record. Which is what we've tried to do, anyway, and I feel that we're doing that on this one at the moment."

So it's a departure from 'In Rainbows'?

"Every record has been a departure from the last one, so... I think once we've finished then we'll be able to get a perspective on what it sounds like. It's still very much a work-in-progress at the moment. We don't talk about it too much until it's finished, so you're not having to talk about what you're doing at the time, which can actually muddy things as you're working through it."

Would the band have been up for replacing U2 at Glastonbury?

"Oh, we'd have loved to. We'd be very up for playing at Glastonbury, it's a fantastic place to play, and it's a shame that U2 aren't going to play – but they've got Gorillaz and that's going to be a good night. We weren't asked to play – but we're in the middle of recording at the moment, anyway."



EDWYN COLLINS' RETURN IS SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

What he went through

would have finished off a lot of people. I'm proud of him

Five years after suffering two strokes, Edwyn Collins is back with a new album. Here, collaborator and friend Ryan Jarman says he thought it would never happen



here was a point when the thought of Edwyn Collins writing songs again just seemed impossible to me. When I first heard he'd had a stroke back in 2005, I spoke to his wife Grace and she was saying that the doctors were telling her to expect the worst. Then he had his second stroke, which I remember distinctly because The Cribs were about to go onstage at the Bristol Anson Rooms. For some reason I always used to have my phone in my pocket back then, even onstage — I don't know why — and I got this cail from his wife to say what had happened and

that the outlook was very poor indeed. It was terrible.

But I also remember when Grace told me he'd started writing songs again. That was such a big deal. Even though his recovery had been going really well, he'd gone a long time without actually writing anything. I think he was

probably trying to work out whether he was even gonna be able to come back or not, and then one night he apparently woke up and just had this tune in his head. So he sang it on to a Dictaphone and that was it.

When it came to recording for 'Losing Sleep', I think I was the first person he started working with (other collaborators include The Drums, Franz Ferdinand and Romeo from the Magic Numbers).

Initially I was just gonna go down to help with the instrumentation for the Dictaphone song, but we ended up with two completely new tracks - 'What Is My Role' and 'I Still Believe In You'. They're a bit more raw and a bit more punk rock, which is something Edwyn was really excited about. I think it's been a while since he did anything like that.

I was more than happy to help out because Edwyn always helped us out in the past. When he recorded our second record 'The New Fellas' he was kind of like our mentor, and after he got ill I'd still always go down to the studio to see him. So I was like, 'Yeah, I really wanna help you out on this.'

I think he's a classic songwriter, Edwyn. Because he's such a gear head (he's kind of got one of everything in his studio) his records sonically

don't really sound like anything else around. It's masterful. Ever since I first met him – and he had his stroke very soon after – I've always had a lot of time for him, and now I feel like we're more friends than anything. I remember the first time I saw him do a gig after the stroke... that was the most amazing

thing. It was such a big thing, because it could have gone wrong so easily. I thought it was so brave when he did that.

But even so, the thought of him actually writing a record again was still such a long way away. The fact that 'Losing Sleep' is actually being released now is really a testament to his spirit and his strength of character. What he went through would have finished off a lot of other people, and now I just feel really proud of him. I'm also proud of the songs we wrote together – I think 'Losing Sleep' is a really, really good record.



RIP FRANK SIDEBOTTOM, THE WORLD'S BEST BIG HEAD

Chris Sievey, the man behind the musical comedian, died suddenly in Manchester last week. James McMahon pays tribute to a true ambassador of the DIY spirit



he first time I set eyes on Frank Sidebottom I was sat in my pyjamas, aged about five or six, watching ITV's Saturday morning kids show Number 73 and trying to understand why I felt like I needed to wee whenever Sandi Toksvig came onscreen. Then, without appropriate warning, a Lancashire man in a dirty grey suit, an oversized papiermâché head and a plastic banjo came on the telly and started shouting. As juxtapositions go, it was akin to the Queen shitting herself during her Christmas Day address.

It was funny, but frightening, and the memory makes me pity any six year olds watching *Ben 10* this weekend. Through similarly surreal (and all-too-flecting) TV appearances and buying back-issues of *Oink¹* magazine on eBay to read the comic strips he penned that I was too young for at the time, to one late night spent bonding with Art Brut's Eddie Argos over gin and a shared appreciation of Timperley's most famous export, I found Frank funny and frightening for nearly 20 years, until his creator Chris Sievey's death from lung cancer last week. More than that, I found him inspiring.

See, Frank Sidebottom/Chris Sievey wasn't just a man shouting through a papier-mâché mask, Or just an alternative comedian. Or

just a musician (although I sincerely recommend hunting down his work with Manchester's The Freshies – particularly their 1981 single 'I'm In Love With The Girl On A Certain Manchester Megastore Checkout Desk'). He was a walking advert for the boundless possibilities of punk. Whether he was recreating The Fall's 'Hit The North' with Starsky & Hutch's David Soul on Casio in Frank Sidebottom's Proper Telly Show In B/W or dressing up as Paul McCartney to assist Anthony H Wilson on his sadly short-lived Channel 4 gameshow Remote Control, or sending his

version of 'Anarchy In The UK' to EMI with the note "I'm thinking of getting into showbusiness. Do you have any pamphlets?", Frank Sidebottom was a walking, shouting advertisement for the DIY spirit. No boardroom of 'creatives' has ever sat around a table and said "wouldn't it be funny if we got someone to cover The Smiths 'Panic' on banjo in a papier-mâché mask?" But Chris Sievey did and he should be applauded for doing what others didn't dare do. His life should be celebrated as an advertisement for imagination and eccentricity. His passing should remind us that great ideas come from the heart and head, never the focus group.

Death, as Frank might have said himself, is bobbins. He might also have said, "got a great idea? Just do it."



Peter Robinson Us

SISTER BLISS

Faithless star on selling albums in Tesco, book deals and her favourite pens



* Impressionable readers: do not be impressed that Maxi Jazz smokes Marlboro Lights, It's not big or clever

* As dance music's foremost supermarket expert, Sister Bliss is a fan of Waitrose, "They have a very ethical farming policy," notes the happy-golucky Faithless keyboard-botherer

* Sister Bliss was not wearing a hat during the course of this interview

Hello, Sister Bliss. I don't know how to phrase this without it sounding rude, but the single you just had out did not sound very different from 'Insomnia', did it?

"Not Going Home"?

It was more 'homage'.

"Well, we thought the Eric Prydz remix had a real feel of 'Insomnia' about it - in fact, he tuned it to be in the same key as the original 'Insomnia'. It's a 'game of two halves'. Then, of course, there's Maxi, who never sounds like anyone else. It must be the Marlboro Lights. The album version's even longer, it's a game of three halves. Well, you can't have three halves, but you know what I mean."

Have you read any good books lately Sister Bliss?

"I am reading a lovely book of short stories by Kazuo Ishiguro, who wrote The Remains Of The Day. It's about music, love lost and failure."

That sounds a bit like my Facebook wall.

"There's a series of little stories and music is the theme across them. I've also read Peter Hook's book on the Hacienda, which is just hılarious and brilliant. I got four books for a tenner in the last airport I was in."

Has it got any pictures in it? "I don't know, I haven't opened it yet. It's usually just words."

The 'four for a tenner' book offer you mentioned there brings to mind the deal you've just done with Tesco. How did Tesco end up being the only place you could get the new Faithless CD?

"Well, we're not on a major label any more, and we can do what we want now. The landscape of the music industry has changed radically and we wanted to reach as many fans as possible, and they gave us an absolutely fantastic deal. I mean, otherwise it's just HMV and a handful of independents."

But isn't...

"(Clearly prepared for this question) We did all take a deep breath when we sat down to talk about it, but I don't think they caused the death of all record shops. Illegal downloading did. Downloading's not really my thing at all, I'm quite old school."



I would have chosen Staples Office Superstore instead of Tesco. I like stationery.

"Do you hang around the paperclips?"

Usually pens. Uniball pens. Do

you have a favourite pen?
"I did have a favourite pen – it was a Lamy. I used to write essays with one when I was about 18."

Was there terrible woe-is-me teen poetry?

"I was never so much the wordsmith, more the, er, musicsmith... I'd write love letters people would ignore."

Maybe you should track them down and set them to music.

"Maybe I should track them down and burn them."

This would traditionally be the part of the interview where I would ask you for a joke.

"Do you want a limerick? The forty-fourth Earl of Bel Air, was having some girl on the stairs, at the twenty second stroke, the bannister broke, so he finished her off in mid

One makes one's own entertainment when one is a popstar on the road, doesn't one. 'One does."

And on that note...

"On that note are we finishing?"

The end is now here.

"The money shot!"

The money shot's gone, That was the bit about my favourite pens.

"I will tuck into my new novel. I'll look out for the pictures, just for you."



DUNCING ON MY OWN.

NG BOL SHUTTERBUG'

TENDERONI'

PROFESSOR GREEN FT ED DREWETT 'I NEED YOU TO HIGHT'

PENDULUM 'WATERCOLOUR'

KIDS IN GLASS HOUSES 'UNDERCOVER LOVER'

'NEUTRON STAR COLLISION (LOVE IS FOREVER)'

RUSKO FT AMBER COFFMAN

FLORENCE + THE MACHINE

MUMFORD & SONS 'ROLL AWAY YOUR STORE'

THE TEMPER TRAP

EVERYTHING EVERYTHING 'SCHOOLIN'

BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB 'IVY & GOLO'/'FLAWS'

GORILLAZ ON WETTHCHOTA HITT.

PENDULUM 'WITCHCRAFT'

VAMPIRE WEEKEND

PAUL WELLER FIND THE TORCH BURK THE PLANS

10 WE ARE SCIENTISTS

HURTS BETTER THAN LOVE! PORTLOS

20 12 THE DRUMS FOREYER AND EVER AMEN'

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NEW TO THE



WASHED OUT You And I' 'We Used To Wait'/'Ready To Start'



SETT, BEN ROWLAND, MATT MILER "DUETO COPY DEADLINES, THE UNIQUANT IS TAKEN FROM THE GLOCAL OF PORT, BED TO MINEL COUNTERED FOR THE LATEST THE POP-

BEACK LIPS 'Before You Judge Me' 'I Hate The 80s' 'Architects'

'Sky Surfin'

The MMS. Chart th compiled on a ready basis from the sales of poychal and digital degree through small is with grounder on the representations and digital as More on the products. All gives not digital to the meant it will they have bodies of on the poker's on a MMETY or in MMET registration.

Pieces Of ME CHINO MORENO

The Deftones frontman on breakdancing, German minimal techno and dressing like Buddy Holly

My first album 'SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR' BY TEARS FOR FEARS

"I heard a couple of songs on the radio and bought it, and was surprised at how many good songs it had on it."

My first gig DEPECHE MODE, VIOLATOR TOUR 1990

"It was at an outside amphitheatre. I made my way up to the front of the barricades, and was enthralled from that moment. It was one of the key things that made me want to make music."

The first song I fell in love with LOOKOUT WEEKEND' BY DEBBIE DEB

"It's this incredible electro/Hi-NRG number. I was probably about 10 years old, and breakdancing was kind of my life back then. That song just made me wanna dance."

My favourite album cover 'BEACH HOUSE' BY BEACH HOUSE

"It's this very lush, romantic, sparklingly-lit photograph of gold, diamonds and pearls. It's one of the few albums I have ever bought simply by looking at the cover."

My bero PJ HARVEY

"I love her voice, her songwriting, her whole attitude whenever she goes out to make a record: she refuses to repeat herself and she's always finding bizarre ways to reinvent her art and keep moving."

My favourite fictional character

"He's just a smooth character. I think in all of Harrison Ford's subsequent films, the characters have often been attempts to replicate the basic parts of the Han Solo character, but never quite as cool."

My favourite lyric 'SNAKEPIT' BY THE CURE

"We're a mile under the ground/And I'm thinking that it's Christmas/And I'm kissing you hard/Like I've got very important business/And no-one knows/And no-one sees us/Because they're drinking themselves senseless/And I'm writhing in the snakepit". It's very visual on one level, but at the same time he's only giving you a little bit of information. You never really fathom what's going on, but that's the delight."













My style icon

"I really like the '50s clean aesthetic, the sharp-dressed look. I really notice that, looking back, people had a much more tailored look."

My favourite place THE TRAIN BAR, TOKYO

"it's a little bar about the size of a train car there's standing room for about 40 people. I don't know what it's actually called, but whenever we hit Tokyo we seem to end up having a blast there."

The album I'm loving right now 'BLACK NOISE' BY PANTHA DU PRINCE

"It's techno, but there are all these little chimes and percussion noises in the background – it's really soothing. I try and put it on every day, because it puts me in a very centred frame of mind."





Clockwise from top left. The sleeve of 'Lookout' Weekend' by Debbie Deb, the cover of Chino's first album - Tears For Fears' 1985 effort 'Songs From The Big Chair'; the extremely stylish Buddy Holly; Depeche Mode in their '90s pomp; the cover of Beach House's Self-titled debut album; Chino's musial heroine PJ Harvey; Space smoothle Han Solo

RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



GROUPLOVE

Open up your hearts to the birth of Generation XO

t's fitting that a band named GROUPLOVE would form in Crete, the homeland of ancient debauchery. Flip the calendar 24 months back, to that scorching summer in the Greek Isles. Four Americans and a Brit running roughshod over shimmering beaches, surfing the slim Mediterranean waves, riding motor scooters up lush hills, seeluded from the tourist traps and the holidaying hordes. They were there for an art residency in its maugural year, on the estate of a Cretan footballer. Think a cross between National Lampoon's European Vacation, Summer Lovers and your favorite Yankee mall-rat flick from the John Major years.

"We would just sit there until the wee hours of the night, trading off songs in a big circle. We knew instantly that it was right," said guitarist Andrew Wessen, a pro surfer who had been raised in Los Angeles, along with his close friend, GROUPLOVE drummer Ryan Rabin.

GROUPLOVE stayed in touch, and last winter they met again in Los Angeles, to record at Rabin's home studio.

In around a week, they cut eight songs, five of which became their debut EP, including the single 'Colours', which sounds as bright as its name – buoyed by the elegant simplicity and Generation-X-NRG of the band's primary inspirations: Nirvana, Pixies, Modest Mouse, SoCal punk rock. A sound they cheekily refer to as "funge". Or we do as – eck – Generation XO.

It was enough. Sean Gadd permanently swapped London for Los Angeles. Christian Zucconi and Hannah Hooper, GROUPLOVE's two resident New Yorkers, packed their bags and also headed west.

"In New York, you're always searching for that right place to create," said Hannah Hooper from the backyard of the house she shares with Zucconi and Gadd, complete with barbeque and unbroken view of the San Gabriel Mountains. "In LA, all you have to do is go out in your garden, or the park, or just anywhere in the sun. That suits the our music."

So even if the Mediterranean might be a distant memory, the L-O-V-E, as they say, lives on. Jeff Weiss

NEED TO KNOW

- During their time in Greece, Sean Gadd often slept on the roof of their living quarters, next to the remains of a dead cat
- The band collectively owns a dog named Chuck Muck
- The Morning Benders used Hannah Hooper's painting 'Redondo Beach' for the cover of their album 'Big Echo'

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YUCK PREPARE PIANO ALBUM

Daniel Blumberg's not content with just one band – he wants a piano-led side-project too

One single into their career, Yuck are set to release an EP under the slightly quizzical new guise of Yu(c)k. The four-track release is predominantly the work of frontman and ex-Cajun Dance Party ringleader Daniel Blumberg, and features the singer ditching the band's usual grungey set-up in favour of a selection of piano-led songs, two of which also feature drummer Max Bloom and the new addition of Blumberg's sister, Ilana.

"It doesn't really feel like a side-project

"We've found that we're overflowing with material!"

or something we necessarily wanted to do separately," explains Blumberg. "I've just been writing piano songs for a while now and they don't really work with the band. Some of our songs are mainly acoustic guitar but I don't just like guitar music; I like a lot of records which are more simple. Lambchop records and stuff like that."

Yu(c)k - so titled "so it's not confusing

that one minute we're playing songs on piano and the next minute there's loads of guitars"- will release the as-yet untitled EP on cassette label Mirror Universe at the beginning of August and will also be recording individual videos for each track. There are plans in place to debut the new, strippeddown material live in July. Although the offshoot is still running in parallel with Blumberg's main band, the prospect of a full-length Yu(c)k release has not been entirely discounted, with the singer stating that: "All I do is write songs, so if there's a lot of piano songs we'll do an another album in Easter."

Yuck are also currently finishing recording material for their official full-length debut, with the band setting up camp in Bloom's house and taking on production duties themselves. "We've only got a few more days left of recording, I reckon. We've got to do the vocals and then we want to put it out as soon as it's done. We're sort of overflowing with material; we needed to record as soon as possible so we could move on and not throw away loads of songs.

Yuck are set to play a host of festivals, including Reading and Leeds, over the summer before embarking on a full tour later in the year.

BAND CRUSH



Marina Diamandis. Marina And The Diamonds

"I met a girl called Meredith Sheldon in the States. She doesn't gig or anything, but her music's subtle and atmospheric, Freally like it, and I'm fussy!'

> *ADAR* Glðssary

This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

GA(Y)RAGE ROCK The latest school of

gay garage bands from San Fran coalesce around the talismanic Hunx And His Punx. Allied in spirit with the '80s queer-core punk scene. Members include hardcore kids Limp Wrist and inimitable loverboy Myles Cooper.

The Buzz

The rundown of artists, scenes, parties and videos breaking forth from the underground this week



EFSE RECORDS

Pronounced "Leff-suh", this imprint is more proof of Sacramento becoming an increasingly frantic hub for far-fetched sonics. Lefse first impressed Radar by sending in an unsolicited email with just the virtually unviewed MySpace address of Blackpudlian one-man wall-of-din The Invisible Elephant in the subject header. And, to be fair, he's an artist we should feasibly know about first. Their roster stars veer from Texan analog-synth-sabateur Neon Indian to NYC's Keepaway, an Animal Collective with less chanting circles and better haircuts. Their new bloods include lounge-acid crooners Sunglasses and Colorado's glo-fi gang Woodsman. Ace stuff.



2 TWO WOUNDED BIRDS

For evidence of just how far-reaching the current lo-fi bubblegum rock'n'roll revolution is, look no further than Margate. TWB are the band that The Drums' Jon Pierce refused to appear on the bill without when his band played Radar's monthly live shindig. They're also the first hard-copy release on Jacob's Holiday Records label.



3 GHETTO GOTHIC

When Brooklyn's 'lektro-elite decide they want a late-'90s-style high-rolling hip-hop and R&B night, they come up with slickshows like this monthly soiree at The Gallery Bar. With regular spinners like Brenmar dropping sleek clubbed-to-death remixes of Aaliyah and Wu Tang, revelers include Radar faves MNDR and Blondes.



4 KONX-OM-PAX

Konx-om-pax is Glasgow School Of Art student Tom Scholefield. His various mediums are on display across the spread of post-dubstep don Hudson Mohawke's latest set of releases - from the DMTinduced fever-state hallucinations of his new 'Joy Fantastic' video, to the lush fairground ride fantasy-art of his sleeves.



5 JOCKE AND ELLIOT

Synth duo Jocke & Elliot have had a couple of tracks floating around online since 2008. But belatedly their first 12-inch is set to arrive in shops next month. The minimal parps of Luke Eargoggle's unwieldy modular synthesisers and his friend's 14-year-old son Elliot's trickling tones on 'Regnbågen' is really something to behold.

SCENE REPORT

CLENCHED FISTS AND DEVIL HANDS

Braving the moshpit with Trash Talk's Lee Spielman



Yo, what's up? I just got home after, like, 85 dates touring, and now everybody's catching up on life again. It's weird – you travel 500 miles a day and then you come home and stay in the same place. We've got about a month and a half off now, and then we fly to the UK on July 25 and

stay there all August for festivals and shit.

Anyway, I'm really into this band Never Healed – they're a band from Oakland, the same kind of area as us. I'd say they're for fans of Black Flag, but it's with the most disgusting vocals I've ever heard over it. It's like borderline black metal vocals over mid-tempo '80s hardcore. Then, there's Nails from Los Angeles – they just put out a new LP, 'Unsilent Death', and they're so heavy for a three-piece!

Moving on, there's a band from San Francisco called Grace Alley. For fans of The Bronx, I'd say. You can definitely tap your foot to it... but that band just don't give a fuck! The last time I saw them the bass player went insane – he ended up headbutting the cymbal and gushing blood over everybody. They have a new seven-inch called 'Gloom River'.

There's also this band Millenial Reign, which is Damian from Fucked Up's new project. It's their Integrity-

LEE'S TOP 5

NAILS
'Unsilent Death'

NEVER HEALED 'War All The Time'

GRACE ALLEY

MILLENIAL REIGN 'Luminous Veil'

THROATS
'My Hands Are Cold'

worshipping band – they even named themselves after an Integrity song. Damian sings and two guys from No Warning play in them. They have a new record out called 'Bone Death Nothing'. The track 'Luminous Veil' is the standout I'd say.

The last band I'm gonna talk about is a UK band called Throats who I've been banging on about for a while now. They've now got a really great record that's just come out on Holy Roar records and it's gnarly. It's all-out aggressive shit. If you like Napalm Death you're going to shit yourself.

NEXT COLUMNIST: Milo Cordell from The Big Pink



This week's unmissable new music shows

GHOST HUNTER AND BLONDES Upstairs At The Garage, London, June 30

DELOREAN AND DIAMOND RINGSUpstairs At The
Garage, London,

THE STRANGE BOYS

July 1

Fibbers, York, June 30

SMITH WESTERNSSpanky Van Dykes,
Nottingham, July 4

TRASH KIT The Old Blue Last, London, July 5





BUSH HALL, LONDON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16

CAUGHT LIVE

Apparently no-one mentioned the cmbargo on singing drummers to London-based art-punk tykes Fiction – for they

have not one, but two. Co-fronted by perpetrators Mike Barrett – who also squeezes in keyboards, the scamp – and James Howard (also gurtar), the band ably harnesses the addictively brittle sonancy of prime era Talking Heads onstage tonight. Rounded out by the spare bass thrum of Daniel Djan and some cosmic lead guitar mangling courtesy of Barrett's brother Nick, Fiction are busy bringing some tropical-tinged cool to a sweaty summer's evening.

Thundering into action with the tribal blast of 'Zebra Crossing', it's immediately clear that underneath the abstract snaking rhythms lies a brooding pop heart. This fact is nowhere more obvious than on current single 'Curiosity', with its Echo & The Bunnymen-like sense of melodic drama and curious wit. Elsewhere, 'Big Things' kisses us with the beestung lips of Vampire Weekend, albeit smothered with a more decadent shade of lippy.

That they manage to propel these foreboding impulses on such shuffle-inducing beats makes for an unlikely but agreeable concoction. Theirs is the clamour of an early '80s underbelly that's grown tired of being glossed over by one too many current airbrushed indie-pop tarts. *Tom Edwards*



LOOSE TALK COSTS LIVES



This week's best NME Breakthrough artist ticked by New Music Editor Januse Hudgom

WE SAY: Post-modern pop-punk at its sunniest

BAND MEMBERS AND INSTRUMENT DUTIES: James Rapson (guitar/vocals), Oliver Route (guitar), Greg Round (drums), Liam Klimek (hass)

LOCATION: London/Leeds

FORMED: 2009

THREE KEY INFLUENCES: Owls, Four Brothers, XTC

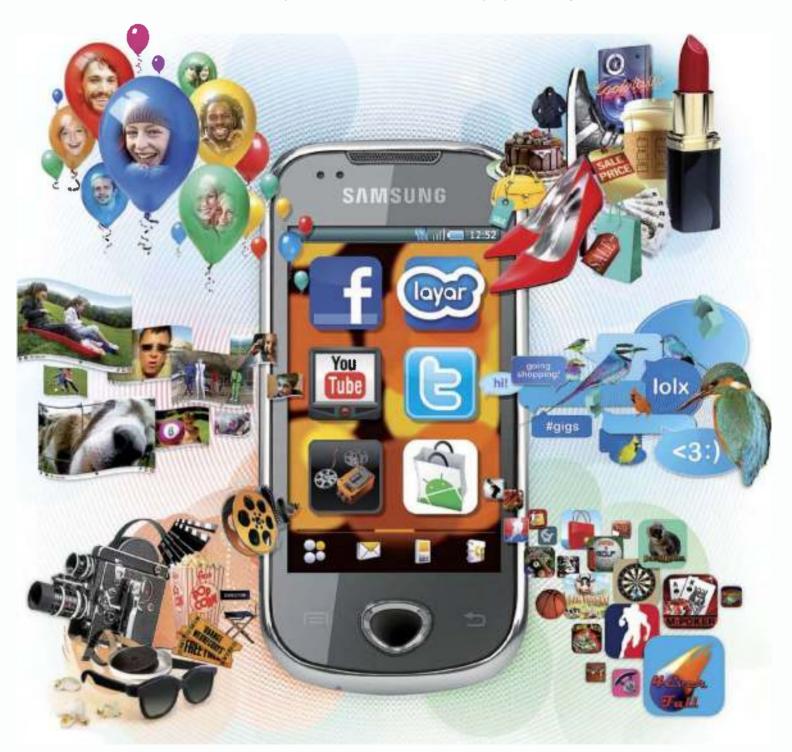
THEY SAY: Skittish angular pop with a math-rock heart

ESSENTIAL TRACKS: 'Wreck Ashore' on music.nme.com/loose_talk_cost_lives 'Her Art Is Quite Useless' on www.myspace.com/loosetalkcostslivesuk

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EMPIRE OF THE SUN

With the site baking under clear blue skies, Glastonbury celebrates its 40th birthday in style

ould you believe it, people are moaning about it being too HOT at Glastonbury? And

while it is, of

course, infinitely preferable to wading around in the knee-deep swamp of years gone by, people have got a point. Watch two bands in a row on the Pyramid Stage and you'll require six or seven coats of Factor 50; enter any of the busier tent shows and there's sweat literally dripping from the ceiling.

Once you become accustomed to the unfamiliar climate, though, even the shortest of strolls around the site reminds you that this is the best festival in the world, no question. All the little places to get lost in, the idiots dressed like idiot, who on Worthy Farm are somehow smile inducing rather than cringe-inducing, and the fact that you can't go to metres without hearing whispers (many of which turn out to be true) of a special, secret show. Or, in the case of Muse special secret guests. For Glastonbury's 40th birthday, both Michael and Emily Eavis are out and about, smiling from ear to ear and having their photos taken with an endless stream of well-wishers. They deserve the adulation. And the sunshine

Plus, with U2 forced out due to injury (and with Bono revealing that they were planning to start their set with 'Where The Streets Have No Name'), that ever coveted I and Of The Festival title is as wide open as can be. You'd struggle to find more disparate headliners than Gorillaz, Muse and Stevie Wonder, and that's without factoring in Mumford & Sons, Pet Shop Boys, Florence, Dizzee, The xx, Kele and a surprise set that actually made the few thousand fortunate

enough to witness it weep from... oh, wait and see.

Like we said: best festival in the world, no question Happy birthday, Glastonbury



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GLASTONBURY2010



FLORENCE'S GLASTO ADVENTURE

OTHER STAGE, FRIDAY 7.10PM

What? An appearance at Worthy Farm that didn't end in Florence crying? No, this was fourth time lucky...

N.V

ho does four Glastonburys in a row? Only Billy Bragg, Tony Benn, and Florence Welch,

that's who And only one of those has done it without resorting to any Trotskyite rhetoric whatsoever.

Which one? Well, it's the one who's done it with easy grace, diaphanous gowns, and only an occisional good honest cry—gliding through the sort of gradual evolution that we're told doesn't happen any more in today's st roud d music biz. But one that, with 20/20 hindsight, seem—inevitable.

It's rags to riches stuff, isn't it? 2007: at the most inscrable, rain-sodden Glastonbury since the last one, Florence Welch cries back stage at the Guardian Lounge. Her guitarist hasn't turned up for her Florence + The Machine set – back in the days when The Machine was one man with an acoustic. Out front, Suggs – the Madness fella – has to tell an overly-long anecdote while she does so, to buy everyone time. Eventually, time runs out: the anecdote ends. Flo gets dragged onstage, and begins to sing her set a cappella. "Then, halfway in, my guitarist appears, drenched in mud, looking heartily pissed off at all the sludge he's had to walk through.



Having already heard the story, everyone in the tent starts booing him. Then they see his face—how pissed off he's looking—and in one fluid movement, the boo turns to a cheer. It was like, 'booooaoaoyeah!" He gets one song in before his strings break. She cried a bit, then continued a cappella. Worst. Gig. Ever.

But a year later, Florence was back again. She was larking about, and nicked a clown suit from a caravan up by the Park Stage. Wore it the entire weekend, both in between and during her four gigs. As Horence-sized luck would have it, it was a Zandra Rhodes clown suit, and later became the centrepiece of the original 'Dog Days Are Over' video. In 2009 she returned once more, this time to the John Peel Stage.

Today, we're up above the Park Stage, using some booze to recover from the slice of A Hard Day's Night NME has just put I lo through. By the 'Glastonbury 40' sign, we had arrang d a photoshoot. The magma-headed starket bounded up at the appointed time in her best feathered dress, and within 30 seconds of the camera's shutter closing, she already had at least 20 more lenses pointing at her from onlookers "Florence" some punter screamed. "Give us a smile!" There was a man in a one-piece purple bodysuit taking a picture. "We love you Florence!" they implored. Meanwhile, her security minder could only growl at the throng to get back as the crowd doubled, then doubled again.

"Yeah. I don't generally get that sort of thing. But... I dunno .. I guess last year, the album wasn't out yet. So I suppose this year's festival season is going to be the first big tester of how difficult that sort of fame might make my life..."

Six hours from now, Flo will be climaxing her Glastonbury quadrilogy by playing the Other Stage at 7pm. She has a few surprises lined up. "A very special cover," she confides, "It's ba ically my favourite song of all time. By my favourite group We'll do it here, then never again. It seems like a Glastonbury sort of thing to do, doesn't it? The festival has helped me so much on my way, so it seems appropriate that, here, now, I should give something back. Especially as we probably won't be back next year, what with recording the album." There are other surprises in store, too. "I'll be doing something with a friend.." New or old? "New AND old..."







Clockwise from top: Florence gets the Earth to move; Dizzee Rascal shows Flo he really has 'got the love'; and performs onstage with her too; stepping out of her air-conditioned vehicle, Flo gets a shock from the Glasto climate Our reminiscences are cut short by Harry Enfield. "Sorry to bother you," he nasalates, turning to Flo, "But aren't you Alfie's friend..." Lily Allen's bro Alfie Allen, of course, was Harry's one-time stepchild. The pair witter away happily.

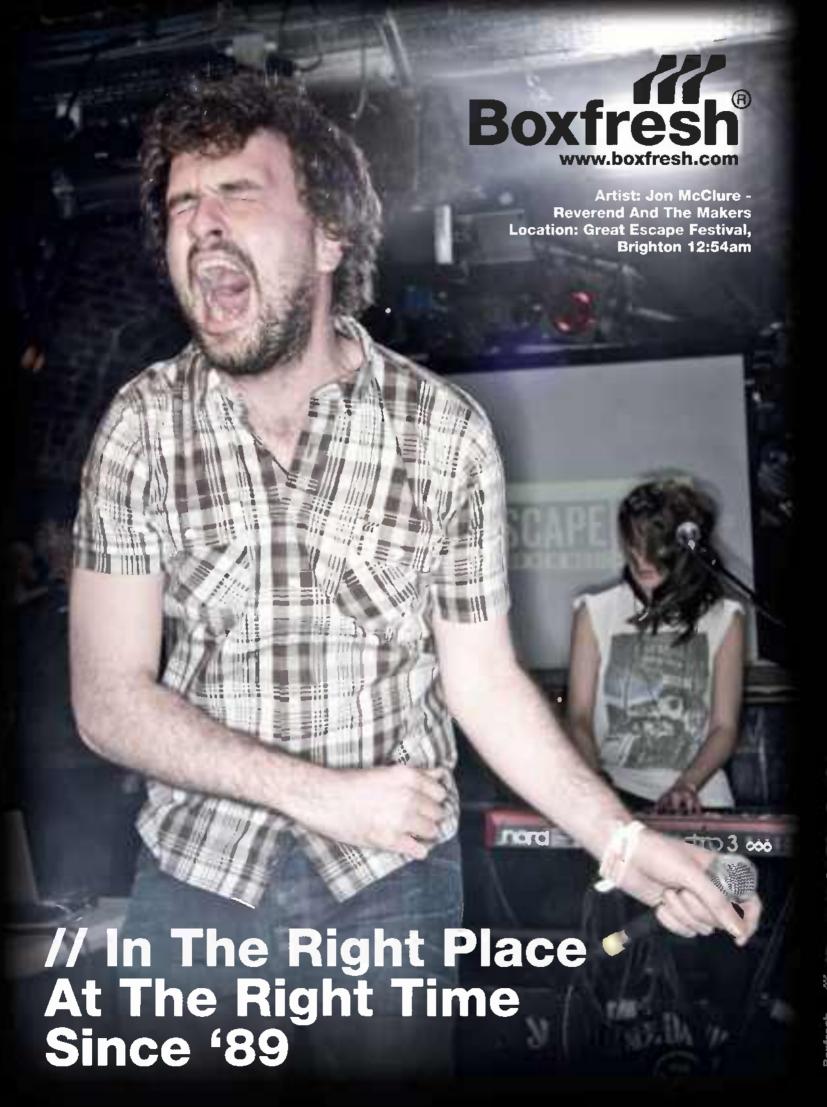
That special cover? Tivns out it's 'The

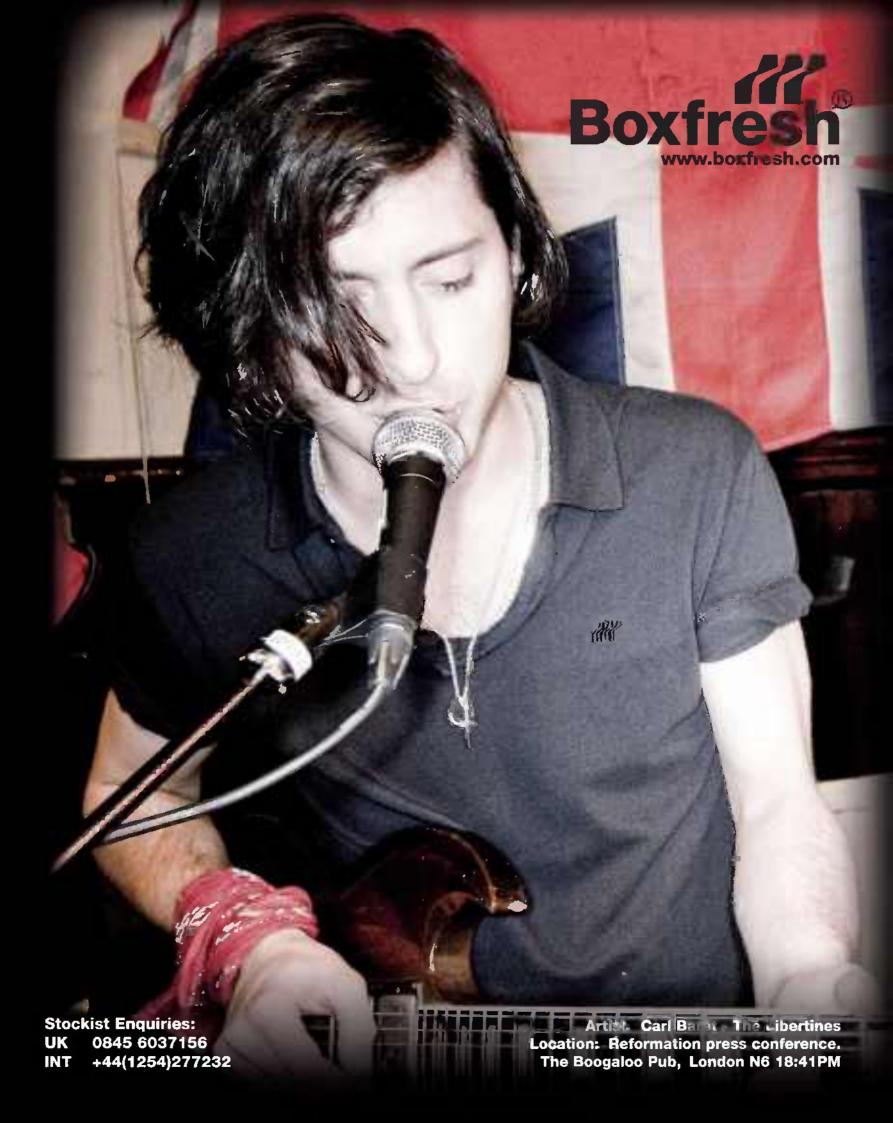
That special cover? Turns out it's 'The Chain' by Jaeetwood Mac Barefoot, in a white gown, she pirouettes like a high class hippy, and bawls her supersized lungs out. The place is overflowing. "Glastonbury, this is possibly the happiest day of my lite," she gushes, as she cues up 'Rabbit Heart (Raise It Up)' to finish her set.

That special friend? Within half an hour, she's back over on the Pyramid Stage, after doing 'You've Got The Love' for a second time, now with added Dizzee Rascal, and another costume change. As she exits, she drapes her arms around him, gives him a peck on the cheek, then disappears to dance expansively, side-of-stage, to his Number Ones

Some people say she's bonkers. I hey are right. By midnight, she's raying it up at the Park Stage for dear old friends and extourmates The xx. By 2am, she's having larks in the Stone Circle By dawn, she's merged entirely with the Spirit Of Glastonbury and is simply a vapour of pure abstract hippiedom that both sums up and redefines the festival itself. Flo, as ever, she's a gas... Gavin Haynes

HAS HELPED ME SO MUCH ON MY WAY IT SEEMS APPROPRIATE I SHOULD GIVE SOMETHING BACK





FRIDAY: THE REVIEW

Bombay Bicycle Club, Kele and The Flaming Lips shine as Glasto 2010 kicks off in sizzling style

FRIDAY DAY

oy is it hot here in the Glastonbury dust bowl. Very hot and very dusty And we're all burnt and sweaty and the water's bloody two quid a bottle. Ah, but even us moaning English can't pretend for long that this isn't totally glorious. You can take your Hanging Gardens Of Babylon and shove 'em up your arse; really nothing has ever beaten Glastonbury in the sunshine. It's the polar opposite of the Vietnam meets-Saw scenes which are Glasto in the tain. The whole rhythm of the place changes in the heat, it's all languid and seductive, and seemingly loads of fit people have turned up, and before you know it you're the smiley complacent hippie you always feared turning into.

When Glastonbury's like this, people say you don't even need to see any music, which is bullshit, so off we pop to check out **Detroit Social Club** at the John Peel Stage. You'd think DSC's Verve-tastic swirling anthems were a bit full-on for this sunny lunchtime, but no, the nutters have gathered to create the testosterone clouds the loudness demands.

Then it's off to the Queen's Head Stage, where **Frank Turner** is still trying to get Thatcher out. The crush to get in is a bit silly, but the word perfect singalong which accompanies song after song shows it's time to start taking Frank Turner very seriously indeed. A musician with tunes and something to say? Jesus, i n't that illegal these days?

Oh and now it's legend time, yay! Depending on what you've had, a chance to laugh or cry at the elderly. But wait, what, no plaits **Willie Nelson**. I uckily, he proves that his country powers verent stored in his lovely locks, as the semi shorn icon—sporting a rather fetching silver-fox bob—creaks out his down home, twanging Americana that Mumford & Sons probably hum to themselves in a jolly fashion as they do the dusting in





Clockwise from top: Fiaming Lips celebrate in typically low-key style, Bombay Bicycle Club show their new stuff's not for wimps and Broken Bells set the Park Stage alight





FRANK
TURNER HAS
TUNES AND
SOMETHING
TO SAY, ISN'T
THAT ILLEGAL

their bras. So we get Hank Williams, Carter Family and Plvis numbers – a pretty darn special 'Always On My Mind' – and the general feeling we're somewhere in Louisiana rather than Somerset, which isn't too shabby at all for a man of 23°.

Everyone and his mother ha legged it to the John Peel Stage to see **Bombay Bicycle Club**, and it's cocking rammed. Yet sweaty bodies work in favour of the sque 'ze-hardy, and once *VME* slips inside the tent it's a sensation. The wee Bombay Bicycle Club boys rip the place a new a hole. It takes power and volume to do that but once the a-hole is open and winking, what's visible inside are brilliant tunes. Their new, ballsy acoustic album is given an airing and the knack with a melody which has always lurked beneath their rage is applauded.

Oh and now if it isn't our favourite shy-boyturned-heavyweight raver **Kele**, free of his guitar and rising high above his angst on the John Peel Stage, and it seems now people are understanding his transformation. He's enjoying himself, bouncing around with a huge grin on his face, and it's impossible not to be caught up in his exuberance.

Some may, and no doubt do, question whether a beats-ed up medley of Bloc Party favourites halfway through his set is a wise move, but the triumph of 'Tenderoni' justifies everything – a song of exponential highs which gives Glastonbury

the repeated kick in the behind its sun-stroked self needs to push it on into the blistering evening. So who's had my Factor 50?







FRIDAY NIGHT

ometimes, you need reminding what's going on. No time more so than a brain bakingly hot late atternoon of this psychic netherworld. Thank goodness for I iam Fray. "Glastonbury, Friday afternoon, The Courteeners, good times," he informs. And indeed, it's 'Good Times Are Calling' he's playing. A large amount of people heed the call; an eestatic crowd bay is to every word from opener 'Cavorting' to album tracks from 'I'alcon', but for all of I ray's arms-aloft grandstanding, there's something flat and pedestrian at the heart of it. "This song's out of Manchester," Fray announces. "Anyone here who loves where they're from, this is for you." Oh, you're from the north? Would never have known. The day is saved by the everfresh 'Not Nineteen Forever', but only just.

Phoenix, meanwhile, bluster a lot less for more attistying results. Looking fresh-pressed and unruffled, they toss 'Lisztomania' out as the opener. "It's showtime," indeed. A band that can seem merely decent on record, their loose, louche but totally unassuming charm live is arresistible. A fizzingly triumphant 'rgor' proves they're a cold drink for the soul.

It's La Roux, though, that owns the Other Stage. She pings onstage like a bequiffed pinball, bouncing off the taut surfaces of 'Tigerlily' in a many-collared jacket. For 'I'm



Not Your Toy', she cracks out a steel band and a troupe of khaki-clad dancing girls who surround her like the pop goddess she's become. As well as her phenomenal cover of The Rolling Stones' 'Under My Thumb' there is, astoundingly, a guest spot from Heaven 1-'s Glenn Gregory for a cover of 'Temptation'. Crossover pop at its greatest, and the sunburnt lose it en masse for a closing double whammy of 'In For The Killi' (no Skream remix required) and 'Bulletproof'.

Plan B seems more reluctant to grasp his moment. Let's face it, the crowd packed into the East Dance tent aren't here for tracks from 'Who Needs Actions When You Got Words'. But rather than stick to playing the money-spinners, Ben Drew opens with an impressive, if indulgent, beatboxing workout. Ah! Thought he was a self-out, did you? Then he plays 'The Recluse'. Then there's some oddly dated wompy bass workouts. Then he plays a Paolo Nutini cover. Then he does a dubstep reworking of 'Kiss From A Rose' by Seal. Then he plays 'She Sud'. To be honest, who knows what that was all about.

On the Pyramid Stage, Glastonbury has its first reminder there's a football tournament on. **Dizzee Rascal** bounds on bellowing 'Shout For England' and follows with a version of 'Jus' A Rascal' that incorporates 'I he Strokes' 'Reptilia', all the hits, 'Smells Like Teen Spirit' and 'You Got The Dirtee Love' with that Florence. 'Bonkers' comes last and is brilliant.

There's no denying Broken Bells can create an atmosphere. Or that they're great musicians. Or that James Mercer seems like a lovely man. All these elements make sense separately, but together blend into Floyd-y student trip-hop and the most wet-blanket, my-girlfriend leftme college rock. 'The High Road' strikes clear by virtue of Mercer's soaring vocal, but by the end, we're itching to be shaken awake. Which is something The Flaming Lips are adept at. Those who choose not to witness Gorillaz get a spellbinding set on the Other Stage, augmented by giant frogs, the giant bubble, a Snoop shout-out and finally 'Do You Realize??' It's a beautiful end to a beautiful day. Emily Mackay

THE BEATLES HUNT FOR THE NEXT BEATLES

ell, sort of. We took
John and George from
The Bootleg Beatles to
get their verdict on our favourite
new bands at Glasto...



m/s

EGYPTIAN HIP HOP

QUEEN'S HEAD STAGE

The post-everything melange of punk-indie-dubstep-electro are the band equivalent of 'I Am The Walrus' Though our plastic Beatles were a little unconvinced.

John: "I like the tene gy. They're quite punky." George: "I like the Jurtar. What I like about all these bands is that they can all play."



CHAPEL CLUB

QUEEN'S HEAD STAGE

These echoes of Echo & the Bunnymen brought a brooding atmosphere. We thought it was majestic; the Fab Two less so:

John: "It was a bit depressing. Bands today have to learn to develop. They seem to just develop one style and stick with it. It was all a bit one note."

George: "There's not much fun there."

John: "The Beatles had a laugh with what they did They even let the drummer sing."



THE JOY FORMIDABLE

OTHER STAGE

The wall of sound that greeted our moptops in front of the Other Stage on Sunday morning initially had the dye running out of John and Paul's hair, but having recovered their poise, they responded to the band's shoegaze pop. John. "They're doing some interesting things." George: "It's interesting to see bands bringing lots of different elements into their music. There's so much they can put in there now using samples and loops. I like the guitars."



AVI BUFFALO THE PARK STAGE

The impossibly nerdy Avi was making his Glastonbury debut, and though nervy, his grungey bluegrass had the entire Park stage going geek crazy. The Beatles hated him. John: "He's the worst of all of them. Did you hear it when he rhymed the word 'function'? That's not a word you use in a song." George: 'it's not my thing, but it's good to hear all these bands on the way up. That's the time to be in a band."



LOCAL NATIVES THE PARK STAGE Brought even more warmth to the Park Stage with their roots, hippie dippie indie.

John: "These are my favourites. I'm a big fan of band members singing together."

George. "I like the one with the Mellotron opening. They've got great hooks. When you look at The Beatles' music, it's just packed full of hooks, even beneath the surface."

John: "Local Natives are our tips for the next Beatles, definitely."





THE XX DARKEN THE NIGHT

PARK STAGE FRIDAY 11.15PM

Their Glasto debut thrills as an intense set holds a huge crowd spellbound

The xx headlining the Park Stage, i-т: Rопху, Jamie, Ofiver headline slot at
Glastonbury, particularly
your first ever headline
slot, might tempt ou to
bring out the big guns. But
if you do it right, you don't

need pyrotechnic pecial guests, lasers, costumes or cartoons. All you need is three friend, tv lin and two colours.

Such is the magic of The xx, perhaps one of the least likely bill toppers the Park Stage has seen in recent years. The culmination of a stunning year and a half of unexpected success, much is riding on tonight. How will songs so still and spacious carry over a field of sun baked, Snoop-softened festival goers?

Rather than strike out, though, they own their own space. Striding on looking anything but intimidated, Romy, Ollie and Jamie huddle at the centre of the stage. The effortlessly devastating 'Intro' slinks into the night, and it's all over. Within seconds of the twining smoke and fire of Romy and Oliver's vocals and Jamie's lush beats taking flight on the evening air, even the most irritating fucks down the front are totally stilled.

For a band who used to look like small mammals facing an oncoming truck onstage, it's amazing to see them now. Ollie prowls low with his bass, throwing around his reptile crest hair. Romy is impassive and powerful as a sphinx, with that breathtakingly velvety voice that could stop worlds. Jamie presides over the back of the stage in a box emblazoned with a double X.

It reminds you just how many heart stopping songs were on that debut album 'Islands', with its pulsing refram, "I am yours now/and I don't ever want to leave", the devastating 'Heart Skipped A Beat', the warm and sweet 'VCR' with its now ever-so-slightly ironic-seeming, "I think we're superstars". Stark white lines flicker across the stage, and thousands of faces turn upwards in wonder. "I'm about to fall over in a minute," grins Ollie delightedly, "I've brought my mum, she's over there... this is our first v r Glastonbury." Not likely to be their last; if The xx have evolved at a terrifying rate in the past year, the reworking of their songs live, from the furious, cymbal battering take on 'Infinity' to the playful snatch of '9pm (Till I Come)', suggests that, stunning as tonight's crowning glory is, there's plenty of space left for them to grow. Emily Mackay

THEY OWN THE SPACE AND LOOK ANYTHING BUT INTIMIDATED

WELCOME TO THE PLAST

PYRAMID STAGE, FRIDAY 10PM

Returning to Glasto, Damon stages a star-studded, opinion-dividing set more art show than gig



ou can imagine the
emergency Eavis-helmed
board meeting now Across
a Sunday Roast, perhaps.
"Now The Righteous One's
KO'd. Sooo... how the chuff
are we going to find a headline spectacle to

top Jay-Z busking 'Wonderwall'?". Silence...
But here we are at the Pyramid Stage gazing up at a 37-ft-high image of The Doggfather himself dressed as a regency-era navy commodore and declaring in only the way he can: "Click clacking. Crack-a-lacking. Full packing. Mo'stacking", and you realise it wasn't a totally wasted summit.

Snoop's military ranking tonight is more than just dress-up. Below his giant mug are captains Jones and Simonon, slung low and leering. To their right a brass squadron.

Before them all are wave of three million raised finger. In a moment Almiral Albarn will stall on and Glast onbury will receive its birthday surprise the most challenging, mould-smashing headline set it's ever had—maybe. A set where icons saunter in-and-out like cabin boys. Where reality impacts with mall c-believe like a hidden iceberg. But first ...

Rewind eight hours and there's not a nautical metaphor in sight. Mirroring the dust twisters currently annoying campsites, Damon and conspirator/pro-doodler Jamie Hewlett are amid a tornado of meet-and-greets. NME's invited along for the crack.

"I heard The Edge is on site," nods Damon to us backstage 'I le wants to come watch us side of stage That' inne But there'll be no guest widdling Grul um's as close to a solo as I'll allow"

Scuffing heels, mounting railings and boastfully cackling, there's a schoolboy scamper in the Gorillaz camp today. We pass a familiar bearded baldy next to one security gate. "You better top last year," is Michael Eavis' opening gambit.

"Oh I don't know about that," Damon splutters, almost taken aback. "But, err, we'll definitely do *something.*"



Damon admires Snoop's fetching bunches with added sweat beads on the bottom, and top left, Shaun Ryder heads onstage for 'Dare'

"SNOOP'S NOT LIKE ANY OTHER RAPPER. HE'S A FORCE OF NATURE" DAMON As if filling the shoes of an absent headliner isn't enough, Damon's also shouldering the mantle of being the only chap to have headlined the world's greatest music festival two years running. "Right now I'm reluctant to admit that means anything," he shrugs, crouching down for a fag. "Unless it's a truly magical communion, it'll all be meaningless." Does he worry about the shoe size their relatively rookie outfit is stepping into? "We didn't think twice about who we were replacing. Just what we could make of the gig itself," he answers. "Glastonbury" not about names and statuses. It's about continuing the tradition of musical rituals that've played out at this location for thousands of years."

The festival might not revolve around name drops, but it's speculative ones that have made Gorillaz one of the most talked-up sets it's had in years. Which characters might join this new chapter? One of those rumours

is looking decidedly less speculative. A certain someone that required a blagging call from Mr Eavis to the Home Office to even get him in the country. The very same someone that's about to take to the Pyramid Stage for his own late afternoon solo set.

"It's tricky to articulate what it is. But he's just someone we all can't help but love," Jamie laughs, when a certain Mr Calvin Broadus – aka Snoop Dogg – is brought up. "He's not like any other rapper," Damon agrees. "He's more a force of nature."

Just 22 carth minutes later and that force hats the Pyramid. With the sun throbbing at its highest,

WHILLIAM, HICKORY JOHNSON

TIC BEE-ATCH!





the orchestral stabs of 'Carmina Burana' are thundering out of tower block speaker stacks. "Ladies and gentleman of Glastonbury. Are you ready for some motherfucking pimp music?" A crowd of 100,000 reply "yes", of course. Anyone that drones on about Snoop bringing that perennial 'touch of real star quality's bullshitting. What Snoop brings is nowhere near the mortal coil.

Afterwards we delicately edge through Snoop's eight-strong clique of 15-toot-high minders, and ambush Damon and Snoop's idorably awkward first encounter. "I've got a load of demos that you should hear. But I warn you they're rough," Damon looks up, expectantly. "That's what I'm on. That raw shit That's what I'm about. We'll run that," his new friend replies. Damon keeps nodding, to be on the safe side.

"I gave him something for his album, now I got to get something for mine," Snoop explains to us moments later, before a table dusted in about an ounce of skunk-shrapnel. "I've heard maybe four Blur songs But I'm a true Corillaz fan. Back home they're one of the most respected new names in hip hop. It's the dopest shit that I've seen in many years."

Betore going on, Damon sketched us an air graph of the evening's chaos-factor guests.
"The trouble starts with Shaun, reaches some kind of apex with Mark. Then resumes some calm with the entrance of Lou." Low and behold, messrs Ryder, E Smith and Reed prove a powerful trio of set-markers.



Tonight, despite a refurbed Ryder, 'Dare' takes its vacant charge to heights its lead singer had forgotten existed. Seeing Mark E Smith lynching himself over a micstand amid the peak of a Glastonbury headline set is officially A Good Thing whichever way you try to deconstruct it Whether it's the stage size, the barrage of lights and visuals, or simply the way his second leather glove hangs in his fingers as he savages 'Glitter Freeze', we don't know, but he's simply never looked this regal. By the time Lou Reed ambles in, this quasi séance of Glasto spirits past, present, and vet to come is shuddering into realms near untathomable, the likes of Bobby Wom kl and De La Soul mere footnotes.

But alling oc minutes means more than thre songs. In fact, 22. And while there's no denying the immensity of what Gorillaz do, the set undoubtedly feels reliant on the omni present promise of dumbfounding cameos. Built around the elusive vibe-overhooks approach of album 'Plastic Beach', it's far from your good ol' festy barnstormer set Almost a musical installation piece. You do wonder if Damon's pining for "a truly magic communion" was asking a bit much from this setting. Those who came intrigued at how the unfolding stories of Gorillaz' four pen-drawn protagonists might now be explored in this 4 D experiment, are left wondering The splurges of - as always - acelooking animation that smatter songs and interludes do little for Murdoc and co's cinematic CVs.

Rather, we see the show's one permanent fixture vault, pump and grimace with the exact same fire-eyed frenzy we witnessed here 360 days earlier. It's alarming. At points you find yourself wondering whether the project born from a subversion of the rockstar ego has morphed into a galaxy of stars orbiting one giant one.

But this is absolutely still an occasion. As we witness Snoop and Damon's second meeting, this time in | D form from side-of-stage for the freesty'es on 'Clint Eastwood', it's impossible to deny the sensation Damon's sveng di'd - a genreless symposium of the truest renegades. The festival's mission now is proving that it's not lost the primal spirit of yore, that it can still stun. It's heartening then to think how unlikely it is that anyone here tonight could have encountered anything quite like this before. Jaimie Hodgson

WITH OR WITHOUT THEM

King Bono put his back out and U2 had to cancel. But is Glasto missing them?



HOLLY RIDGE, READING

"Possibly, because they're more of an iconic band, but if I'm honest I think the headliners this year haven't been the best anyway. I prefer sneaking round the other stages without the massive crowds. I was a little bit disappointed by Gorillaz. I went over and saw Groove Armada instead."



CHARLOTTE DORMONT, KINGSTON

"It definitely missed U2 because the energy of the crowd would have been ready and up for U2 and people have come for that Gorillaz didnt work on the crowd, they didn't give it high-voltage enough and lots of people were leaving. U2 would have had that massive boom. They were missed by me "



DANIELLE LAWLER.

LIVERPOOL

Definitely. I missed the big anthemic tracks on a Friday night. Gorillaz were great, but I don't think they were the best headline act. They lost half the crowd halfway through because it was a bit alternative for them and they just wanted big tunes to sing along to."



UGO AKUTU, LONDON

"I think it would have added a lot. Even if you're not into their music, U2 are one of those bands that you're aware of it would have added something definitely. Gorillaz looked like an amazing gig though, I saw Snoop, and it would have been good to see Mos Def, but he didn't make it."



MARTIN ELBOURNE.

GLASTONBURY BOOKER

"Obviously there was a lot of soul searching going on about who should replace U2. I don't think it suffered. I'm not a massive U2 fan, but I was looking forward to it because they were going to do a stripped-down show, which would've been great.'



NATASHA RUSSELL,

CHELTENHAM

"No, from what I heard - Gorillaz were awesome, it was a massive massive crowd. U2 would have been a moment, but the end of the Gorillaz set was just awesome. Everyone was going for it U2 would have been amazing but maybe next time."



NICK WRIGHT, YORK

"Yes, U2 just have hit after hit. I've seen Paul McCartney, David Bowie and Coldplay nail it here at Glastonbury, you just need the big bands for moments, especially when it's the 40th anniversary. Gorillaz are a brilliant band, but they were the wrong choice for headliner on the Pyramid Stage."





Main picture: The Cribs - oi Ryan, Worthy Farm's behind you!. Above: The Dead Weather seen outside in bilstering sun shocker. Right: Marina in the sky with diamond-(shaped sunglasses)



SATURDAY: THE REVIEW

Shakira takes on The xx, Kylie cameos and Biffy end their secret gig in an ambulance. Boom!

SATURDAY DAY

re we camping?" Tinchy Stryder asks from the Pyramid Stage crowd at tram. "Who wants to stay in our tent?" By the show of hands, the prospect of helping Tinchy untangle guy-ropes appeals to about 60 per cent of the crowd.

Yet for all the crowd-partitioning I-say-heyyou-say-ho technique, Tinch still comes off a bit forced. He struggles to relate to the punter: is he the Gordon Brown of grime? There are still big moments—including a 'Stryderman' that takes advantage of the wrecking-ball bass on the Pyramid soundsystem – but everyone's just waiting for 'Number 1'.

By early afternoon, while Biffy Clyro's 'people' hand out flags promoting their secret gig, Frankie & The Heartstrings have more spontaneous fan outpourings with a homemade Pop Sex flag. Frankie then whips us through a set of wry, spry indie-pop that uses his oddball sexual energy to full effect.

JAMIE T'S BEST OF SET MAKES THE CROWD JUMP OUT OF THEIR SPINES



If Black Lips were clean cut, milky kids instead of sexual predators, they'd be a lot like **Strange Boys**. The Austin six tone the Lips' menace down, but lean even more on the same clutch of dusty Delta-garage 45s. They've got adorable tunes, but it's the covers that seal the deal. When they exit with 'Son Of A Preacher Man', Ryan Sambol's nasal yowl reaches impossible heights, out-cooling Dusty Springfield.

Meanwhile, 7,000 miles away, Wild Beasts are having a 'seminal' gig over on the John Peel Stage. And if a hardcore of semi-antisocial types didn't in ist on lying down inside the tent, there might even be a real atmosphere about the piece. Hayden's tems genuinely touched. As they rise, Devendra Banhart goes nowhere, slowly. Down at the West Holt stage, his jams drag – losing sight of the line between 'swampy' and 'incoherent', begging the question are we still supposed to like this? Gavin Haynes





SATURDAY NIGHT

eeing as The Dead Weather are the kind of guys and gal who'd wear leather jackets on a journey to the centre of the Earth, it's no surprise that a little bit of summer sunshine doesn't put them off their scuzzball blues skronking. Still refusing to believe it's 2010, the monochrome fuzzpots have even insisted on having the big screens flanking the stage broadcast the show in old timey black and white. Fancily spinning his drumsticks during the intro to 'Hang You From the Heavens' and taking to the mic for 'You Just Can't Win', White's studied flailing and Alison Mosshart's Joplin impression is perhaps a little heavy handed for an afternoon Pyramid slot.

Over on the Other Stage **The National** have brought beards, horns, sunglasses and surprisingly uplifting gloom indie to the fields. Uz might not have made it down to Worthy Farm, but there are chunky hints of their '80s sound woven into their own solid sonics. The meaty moodiness of 'Bloodbuzz Ohio' and 'Slow Show's epic romanticism impresses, but not as much as when frontman Matt Berninger dives into the middle of the crowd to yell out 'Squalor Victoria'.

Oh but come on, it's glorious sunshine, so thank you Marina & The Diamonds for lightening the mood in the only way she knows how – with sparkle, squealing and genius chart friendly deviancy. Playing to a jammed, super-sweaty John Peel Tent, daubed in orange UV lippie and seemingly landing planes during a ceiling scaling TAm Not A Robot', Ms Diamandis thoroughly cements her status as our favourite homegrown popstar. Impeccably voguing throughout a perky 'Oh No!' and donning actual beer goggles for 'Shampain' or calm

and collected behind

a keyboard for a gorgeous 'Obsessions' and a stripped-back, stunning 'Numb', she brings the serious vibes *and* the party shaped ones

Meanwhile Shakira, potentially marooned away from any kind of Marina style alternative cool, manages to win everyone over by slipping a cover of The xx's 'Islands' into her pery-magnet set. 'Whenever, Wil erever' isn't half bad either, and judging by the way Ryan Jarman leaps off the stage at the end of The Cribs' Other Stage set, getting his shirt torn to smithereens in the process, these fellas are in just as much of a mood to entertain. Scissor Sisters aren't ones to hold back on the crowd pleasing razzle dazzle either; if it's next level crowd-pleasing tactics you want, then you need look no further as they only bring out bloody Kylie for 'Any Which Way'. Looking bloody gorgeous in a classy cape and knickers combo, she gives a cheeky, innuendo-laden performance that's worthy of a Carry On flick

But enough of the glitter, what about the grit? Jamie T closes the John Peel stage with his new 'tache and the kind of Best Of set that makes people leap out or their spines. "It always make me shit myself a little bit to be honest," admits a thoroughly honest Jamie about his pre-show nerves, but a hearty 'Back In The Game', and 'King & Queens' tracks '368' and 'Earth, Wind & Fire' knock the mucky socks off the thousands of people crammed into the tent.

And so to that 'surprise' Biffy Clyro appearance. Their gig at The Park Stage attracted a crowd even bigger than Radiohead's (balloon-promoting your 'secret' gig pays dividends), and the band didn't disappoint with a short but sweet and hot

set. However, it later emerged that Simon Neil's impressive leap off his amp towards the end resulted in him "ruining his knee". Such is rock'n'roll that he of course continued playing, but the ambulance that was soon winding its way up to The Park suggested adrenalin alone had got him through Ah

Glastonbury: where triumph and trauma get mashed together. Leonie Cooper

STAR STALKING STOP-N-CHATS

You can't walk five feet at Glasto without bumping into a semi-celeb...



JAKE SHEARS, SCISSOR SISTERS "It's fantastic, I'm so thrilled that it's sunny. I've been so excited to play this weekend for so long. A special guest you say? I don't know what you're talking about! Yeah you got me, Dannii Minogue's baby's coming onstage with us. I feel bad for U2. I think they were excited to play. I know that I would be devastated if something like that happened to us."

BELINDA CARLISLE

"This is beyond a festival. I have to go back to the airport after the show, but I know I'm missing out. I can't believe that Snoop Dogg was coming offstage after I arrived. It's beautiful, it really is. I'm doing the PlayStation 3 Singstar area, and it's really fun - I'm singing 'Heaven Is A Place On Earth', which I'm flattered is a part of the repertoire!"



NIKKI GRAHAME, Big Brother "The only person who I wanted to see was Carl Barât. He sung loads of Libertines songs. 'Music When The Lights Come On' (sic), 'Can't Stand Me'. Thom Yorke turned up and Radiohead are my favourite band ever and I was so upset because I'd just got to the Leftfield Stage to watch Carl when I got a text saying Thom was about to do an unannounced gig!"



▲ VANILLA ICE

"This is like the real Woodstock | can't really walk around because | get mobbed but when it gets dark | think I'm gonna check it out. Tonight I m bringing it back to the old school I'm playing at the PlayStation 3 Singstar area so it's about the old school. But my new music is doing really well. I have a new record coming out called 'WTF'. It sounds like Lady Gaga meets The Prodigy meets Vanilla Ice."



VANILLA ICE

JARVIS COCKER

"it's lovely isn't it? I've been here just over 24 hours, I'm still standing upright, that's not bad going. I saw The Strange Boys today, they were great. I caught a bit of Flaming Lips last night which was great and a bit of Devendra Banhart which was alright and a bit of The Unthanks in the Avalon Stage. And then a lot of wandering around. You've got to embrace the randomness!"

GLASTO GOES OVER THE EDGE

PYRAMID STAGE, SATURDAY 10.15PM

Glasto's Big Moment from the band with the Big Sound, and a super special guest

ucking hell, this is
massive!" says Matt
Bellamy, taking in the
scene, and trying his
damndest to pretend he's
not the sort of guy who

plays to 50,000-plus megaplexes most days of his working week. He does. He so does. But, yeah, maybe this one's just a little bit special ...

Between a hit-famished Gorillaz and a 'legacy' set from Stevie Wonder, it fell to Muse to give the paying public the summer's high mass, that big transcendent moment.

Now, after all the talk of the UFO in which they were going to fly out across the Pyramid Stage crowd—it turns out Health & Safety nixed it on the grounds that it could touch power cable—and, y'know, fry 30,000 people—this turns out to be a surprisingly stripped-back show. Well, stripped back in relation to the absurdly grandiose standards we've come to expect from Muse. As they start with 'Uprising', 'Supermassive Black Hole' and 'New Born', it's clear they're intent on a dead-ahead rock show in which the songs are pushed to the fore; and they're just the Big Songs the crowd needed after Gorillaz.

Slick? Boy are they slick. They whizz cybernetically through 'Stockholm Syndrome' and 'Map Of The Problematique', wheel out 'Feeling Good', get in some two handed fret tapping on 'New Born', burst into a few bars of 'House Of The Rising Sun'; even half a bar of 'Back In Black', and a snatch of Nirvana's 'School' And then there's their Big Surprise. Now surprises at Glasto are always heavily trailed, and by mid-afternoon on Friday gossip-slags backstage were briefing anyone who'd listen that The Edge from the crocked U2 would be doing a turn with Muse. That still can't stop a sharp intake of breath when the silly-hatted guitarist joins them and something approaching hysteria when the riff of 'Where The Streets Have No Name' kicks in; one of those tracks that could blowtorch the hearts of the most froit anti-U2 cynics.

A highly efficient set, then, and exactly the sort of climax Glasto requires for its Saturday night—and no one can deny them their moment. They've now jumped through the two biggest hoops that the industry can offer: Wembley and Glastonbury—and twice each. What else is there left for them to conquer? Queen are dead. Long live the new Queen. Gavin Haynes

Main image: Matt Bellamy Just doing a quiet bit of modest tinkling; inset, 112's The Edge forgot they pulled out and showed up anyway.. and on the wrong day



THERE'S
A SHARP
INTAKE OF
BREATH
WHEN
THE EDGE
JOINS THEM
ONSTAGE

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We're not sure what this is - possibly some kind of 'installation' event in one of the theatre tents or... shit, hang on! Look at the guy's ribs on the bottom left! Actually. it's probably just Joe Lean..

"Ahhhmm, so what do you do then? You're in a rock band, you say... Abhhmmm yes, I heard one of those once, not a pleasant experience. You're called Two Door Cinema Club? Ahmman, well, keep up the good work then."





GLASTO IN PHOTOS

THURSDAY 24 - SUNDAY 27, WORTHY FARM

A selection of pictures. A bit like postcards. But without stamps, or the seaside, and with scenes of the world's greatest festival on them instead



When these guys weren't fighting each other with electricity in Shangri-La they charged people's mobile phones with bolts spurting from their heads. Yes, really.

Little known fact: Glastonbury produces enough rubbish in a single festival to power the England football team for a year. No, we're not bitter.



The dance complex in Arcadia. As if the pill-heads that were drawn to the shiny lights weren't confused enough. Why make them more muddled? Cruel.



The Pyramid Stage, flanked with the 1970 and 2010 signs. It was its 40th birthday of course, though it also served a purpose here to remind Muse fans that they were not in some dystopian future world, but just a bit sun-stroked in boring old 2010.





For those of you below the age of 22, this is what a sunny Glastonbury looks like. Study it closely; you won't see one again for another decade or so.

Tha Doggfather got into the Glastonbury spirit, with hippie beads and bracelets and, of course, the obligatory Big Tough-Looking Men In Suits.



Punters looking in disbelief at the total lack of ram clouds. It was just spooky. This was on Saturday night when it was the fullest moon in 18 years – fact.





Flags: even when 'ironic', there's no surer way of finding a total cockend than to look 10ft below one at the hapless charm-repeller holding it.

What a beautiful moment up in the Healing Fields, as this fella tossed this thing into the air. It later came down on a local farmhouse and flames engulfed many puppies and kittens.



40th

Nightime was beautiful on the site, but look a little closer. These people are wearing every item of clothing they've brought. Seriously, a million degrees during the day, the fucking Ice Age at night.

Glastonbury was adomed with lots of nice signs all over the site congratulating it on a happy 40th birthday. That's great, but what it really wanted was a new XBox.

IEN THE SUN GOES



CAMPFIRE **DRUMS**

STRUMMERVILLE, SATURDAY 11.45PM

They've not slept for days and, after a globe-hopping journey, have just had their set cut to four songs – but The Drums quickly prove Glasto's best friend

ow, Lady Gaga's here," comments Jacob Graham. The PVC-nurse-uniformclad drag queen totters past Strummerville towards Shangri-La. "Well, good to know there's a medic on sight if we need one," quips Adam Kessler. Health-wise, The Drums really are pushing it tonight. They flew from New York to a festival in Zurich, then hopped over to the UK and straight into their first Glastonbury. After three days of next-to-no-sleep, they've been dumped, at midnight, right in the middle of the festival's depravity nerve centre. "We need some booze to perk us up," ventures singer Jonathan Pierce. NME proffers a hip flask of finest on-offer-in-Tesco rum. The singer swallows, shudders. "Thanks, man." Strummerville, thankfully, is one of Glasto's cosier corners amid a field of dystopian future-

visions. The campfire that's been burning since Thursday night glows warmly on faces circled round in armchairs. Set in the same spot where Joe Strummer used to hold impromptu flame-lit singalongs, it hums with Glasto tradition, and this year has had bands queuing up for secret acoustic sets. Frank Turner played here last night, and The Drums' former tour partners Bombay Breycle Club will be turning up later.

The Drums aren't really Clash enthusiasts, though. The stage is tiny. How will their gazelle-with-a-tambourine exuberance even fit? Fortunately, these born icons aren't really a band that do fazed.

"I love that," wonders Adam, looking up at a fire lantern ascending far into the night sky. "When we were on the plane from Zurich, we were flying pretty low over the Swiss Alps, and it was so beautiful, and then a hot air



balloon flew past the plane!" Awake for three days and they're still that amazing combination of acerbic and romantic which makes them the most interesting band we've talked to in years.

Suddenly, drummer Connor Hanwick fires over. He does not look pleased. "They've cut our set," he informs Adam. "They're saying we can only do four songs now. We could still have been in Zurich...

"We'll just keep playing," shrugs Adam. "Who's gonna come and drag us off?"

Well, Coco Sumner's on after them around the fire, but we don't fancy her chances with those matchstick legs.

Strummerville's word-of-mouth magic has done its work for The Drums, and soon we're crammed up against people perching on armrests, peering over seatbacks, crammed along fences. The band strut on. It looks... weird. Earlier, Jonathan had joked to us that we better do the photoshoot early "because people have already spotted that we look like four models". The thing is, though, he was right; all those cheekbones and sharp shirts, all that poise, initially does seem a weird fit for this rasta-coloured, acoustic-driven, thoroughly right-on space. But then the beguiling twangs of 'Best Friend' ring out, and Jonathan's rich, melodramatic tones fling themselves at the front row. The band look as if they're on the verge of dropping from exhaustion, but they're throwing every last calorie they have at us. 'Submarine' follows, and the fire-worshippers are twitching awake. By the third song, 'Make You Mine', the campfire is no longer the same one Joe Strummer envisaged. It's a beachside romance under the boardwalk somewhere in the midnight teenage California of your dreams. 'Book Of Stories' and, of course, 'Let's Go Surfing' seal the deal, and before you know it the vibe has gone from stoned and sedentary to ecstatic, and fireside dancers are making up for the band's restricted bouncing space. As they finish, the power blacks out. It seems fitting that Coco Sumner might be late on. Joe would be proud. He was never much of a Police fan anyway. Emily Mackay

DOWN

AKA what really happened way after dark: we're talking stabbings, giant robots and bullying Sting's daughter...

FOALS HORSE AROUND

JOHN PEEL STAGE FRIDAY 7.30PM

So Yannis got stabbed, and they'd rather pour beer on our head than watch Gorillaz

oals are a fun bunch of guvs, aren't they? Fun, yes, but the one thing you wouldn't think of them being is knife fighters. More cryptic crossword solvers than blade runners, we'd say. So when NME went out into the Glastonbury Hinterland to find disaster and jollity with Oxford's alt.rock heroes we didn't expect to spend much of the trip examining Yannis' vast knife wound. Yet after their secret acoustic gig on the Friday for Lauren Laverne and her Red Button viewers. Yannis showed us some rather nasty scars on his hands. "Someone came at me with a flick I nife a couple of days ago," he said, displaying the gashes in his knuckles, "so I went to hit him but I punched the blade." That tighting spirit is in evidence later, too. I irst, w make the trip to see The Flaming Lips headline the Other Stage, and in a fit of giddy idiocy NMF suggests, nay, demands that we have I'UN. The result? Foals all pile on us for a big wrestle which

"HE CAME AT ME WITH A FLICK-KNIFE, SO I WENT TO PUNCH HIM BUT GOT THE BLADE"



ends up more like an attempt to kick each other's teeth in than your average fun bundle (erm, fundle, anyone?).

After standing up, drying off, and composing ourselves, Jack Bevan, Foals' wonderful drummer is watching the Lips when a pretty girl wanders over: "They're kind of like the Mystery Jets,

only shit, huh?" We all nod – it's nice to nod to pretty girls at festivals, isn't it? Then, when NME then asks Foals to come and watch Gorillaz with us over on the Pyramid Stage, they respond by pouring beer on my head. So who was it that said that intelligent indic bands can't be fun? Salvador Gnarley



CARL BARAT'S ALBION QUEST

AVALON, SUNDAY 1AM

Who else to wander around the fields of Avalon with, than a little lost Libertine searching for Albion?

ven by his lofty standards, Carl Barât admits last night was a tad rough. "I hit Shangri-La pretry fucking hard," the I thertine sighs, still on a high from finishing his first proper debut solo show at Billy Bragg's Leftfield tent last night. Seven new tracks were aired at the packed gig - each one a piano-infused songwriter's song with a wink in David Bowie's 'Hunky Dory' direction. He'd dealt with his pre-show nerves with whiskey, G&T and a load of "mongoids and treaks" he'd met along the Avalon way and, as a result, Carl freely admits he "might not be much help" in remembering what actually happened post-gig. "I know I wandered back to my tent at about 8.30 in the morning... but everything else in-between is a bit of a muddle. But then I was up again at 9.30, wasn't I? Yeah, fuck going back there tonight, I can't do it!' Instead, NME's brought him to Arcadia-

the place where, as Pete Doherty would have it, "life trips along, pure and simple as the shepherd's song". Does Carl still believe in the old 'sail the Albion to Arcadia' mantra? "Of course I do It's still the binding that's applied to greater understandings of things." He says this as we enter the cyber-freak-filled field, where the star attraction is two blokes dressed in metallic suits fighting each other with lightning coming out of their heads while attached to an electricity line. "There's a brothel over there too - £30 a go!" Carl notes. "Actually, I'm not aware that this place is anything to do with me or Pete whatsoever, but it's pretty close to that way of thinking. I mean, the band over there are pretty fucking ropey, but apart from that it's pretty much there. I love this shit." Matt Wilkinson









SECRET SET OF THE WEEKEND

PARK STAGE FRIDAY 8.30PM

The first surprise performance of Glasto 2010, and it's a certain pair from Oxford

Brothers in arms: do not adjust your, er, page. This isn't Mark Knopfler... or even Björn Borg after a short lilness. Eavis' special guest was very special indeed

heard it's The Strokes," a voice in The Park's unusually heaving crowd declares "Nah, it's gonna be Rage," another decides definitely. "What if it's JLS?" someone else queries, only half joking as Emily Lavis' area fills up steadily. Yep, it's nearing sundown on Triday and pe ul ition is rife 2010's special guest rumour mill has been grinding out conjecture ever line. The ibrought her mannequins to Shangri La last. For and if there's one thing we all know, it's that this will be worth seeing. Enter a familiar beard. "Welcome to the first

Enter a familiar beard "Welcome to the first surprise of the weekend," Michael Eavis announces, trademark grin even wider than usual before he gives way to an even more familiar figure. "Hi, my name is Thomas Yorke," he meekly offers to an insane roar.

What follows is 40-odd minutes of solo hits and Radiohead songs performed to the most reverential crowd we've ever seen. (airls are crying, wooden structures buckle under the weight of sunburnt bodies; smug insiders insist on ringing their mates to play them Nokia's take on the set.

An opening volley of 'The Eraser' performed alone on piano, 'Harrowdown Hill' looped over and over on to itself and 'Black Swan' are met with increasingly melodramatic gushes and a deathly quiet audience. The vuvuzela brigade are presumably going bookers with Dizzee at this point and this is the quietest several thousand people can get vithout organising a flash-mob you of silence.

Thom, meanwhile, is treating it like a Sunday afternoon session, so relayed he fucks up 'Black Swan' and calls himself an amateur before introducing "my colleague Jonny Greenwood". Together they roll out 'Cymbal Rush', 'Weird Fishes/Arpeggi' and 'Pyramid Song' before perhaps the strangest sight we've seen a far (naked druid included): Thom dancing to a rave-riddled 'Idioteque mixed in with the aund of a lerry ersing, throwing shape that we take to the A. I Rose's hip sashav and h I are a h from th Eric Prydz video. 'So, white in Hater on," he promises before Karn a F. h., an epic moment, even by (slit tan lird that's followed by a crowd chant so powerful it gets him singing the retrain again himself. To finish, 'Street Spirit Fide Out)' seems to command that the fat sun drops out of the sky and night suddenly falls. Nocturnal Glasto, you've got a hard act to follow. Tim Chester

HI, MY
NAME IS
THOMAS
YORKE..
THIS IS MY
COLLEAGUE
JONNY"



bears. Or indeed bare, thank God; below: Avi Buffalo, Neither buffalos nor. . no. this isn't working, Good band though; right: MGMT show the boring types in the other pics what playing Glastonbury's all about: COLOUR!





SUNDAY: THE REVIEW

Brilliant (German) football, The Doctor and Christmas songs all help Glastonbury '10 come to a close

SUNDAY DAY

nbelievably, day three at Glasto is set to be even hotter. The hottest day of the year, no less, meaning that Pilton's survivors are all ducking for cover wherever possible. So while The Joy Formidable and perennial Lavis booking Yeovil Town Band do their thing out in the fields, a big contingent head to East Dance for Primary 1's throbbing funk ballads. A sunburnt stop-out dances alone at the front before pulling his pants down to flaunt a saggy ball sack to the world. "I was really nervous before I came on," frontman Joe Flory admits, "but now I don't feel so bad." Because at Glasto, vou don't need to picture the crowd naked - they'll do it for you. Next up, Frightened Rabbit, whose

appearance on the Other Stage could be

mistaken for another secret Biffy gig, so

similar are they to their countrymen. Nevertheless, they manage to stir a few flayed

limbs for the likes of 'Swim Until You Can't See Land' Sunday's first real touch of magic, though, comes courtesy of Avi Buffalo. The crowd is sparse, but the band are endearingly earnest, asking how it sounds for us and endlessly thanking the 200-odd people for showing up 'Jessica' floats languidly over fuzzy heads while 'W hat's In It For?' finally raises the Park Stage's collective serotonin off the floor and closer 'Remember Last Time' is a triumphant wig out.

In fact, early Sunday in general is all about the sun-kissed ballads. The Temper Trap's 'Sweet Disposition' sung by thousands; Fionn Regan's quirky folk for mezze-munching Park Stage devotee , Grizzly Bear's barbershop indie being perfectly blissful and balmy and Villagers making their festival debut and melting hearts with 'Becoming A Jackal'. And if there's any where you want to be while England get hammered by the

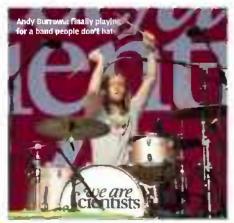
Germans, it's on a farm From Ray Davies' nostalgia-fest to The Drums' surf-pop party and Holy Fuck's keyboard buggery, there's a hell of a lot going on during the match and a hell of a lot of people who couldn't care less about football. Unless you made it into one of the two fields screening the humiliation, it's hard to notice the nation's pain. Grizzly Bear hold up a radio to the microphone at 50 minures and a voice says "as night falls, England's World Cup dreams die", and the gesture is met by a universal 'meh'. Because - hippie cliché alert - Glastonbury is bigger than football. Tim Chester



SUNDAY NIGHT

o yeah, England were rubbish.
Awful. So bad that the 70,000 or so
who wapped music for football for
90 minutes are now feeling pretty
stupid. Up cially when they discover they
missed Slash wheeling out classics such as
Paradise City and Sweet Child O'Mine' on
the Pyramid Stage. Those who put their faith
in the top hatted one over Wayne Rooney
end up having an infinitely better time than
the ones in front of the big screen. Michael
Eavis doesn't care, either—he's giving a speech
about green issues while the game's on.

The thing about Sunday at Glastonbury is that the vibes in question can give entire swathes of people mass hallucinations as with Keane on the Avalon Stage, who successfully convince an entire field of people that they've actually graduated into being one of Britam's best-loved bands. Because it's either that, or it actually happened. It's a day of little revelations like that though, such as We Are Scientists proving that, yes, they do actually have tunes as sharp as their one-liners. Or an equally pleasant surprise in the sight of MGMT agreeing to play 'Kids' again. In doing so, they a) cause a group of tried friends including Anthony Rossomando and Queens



Of Noize to incite a mini stage invasion and b) crown one of Sunday's most transportive Other Stage set-pieces. Along with 'Time To Pretend' ("One from when we were popular"), it throws the 'difficult' stuff on their second album into a lovely psychodelic relief. "I think Glastonbury's a really nice festival with a really nice spirit to it." Andrew grins at the end, throwing flowers into the audience.

LCD Soundsystem's long goodbye, meanwhile, is as glorious as ever, even if James Murphy is less of a ray of sunshine than VanWyngarden. He complains that "this field smells like human faeces", but the icy 'I Can Change' – "Grove me a line/And take me home" indeed – brings the sun down on the Other Stage in hypnotic fervour, and by the final 'Yeah' it looks as it he's even enjoying himself. And so with the calibre of legend that is

Stevie Wonder conducting the most sentimental of love-ins over on the Pyramid Stage, finishing off on Sunday was always going to be a tough gig for anyone else. Over on the John Peel Stage, the now-solo again Julian Casablancas reels out 'Hard To Explain' and 'The Modern Age', scales the lighting rig to sing 'Ludlow St' and, er. finishes with his Christmas single. Ash come armed to the teeth with the kind of rubber-stamped teenage anthems that actually sound like they're getting younger with every year. And just when all the starry-eyed hordes thought Glastonbury didn't have any Surreal left up its sleeve, out come pensionable rave duo Orbital with their own special guest, Doctor Who himself. Matt Smith bounders along looking cleaner, but no less excitable than the people out front, flanked by a horde of actual Daleks. Yes, that's right. Perhaps the ultimate display of the tran formative peace and love 'thing' that Glastonbury brings about, the Time Lord var unit I in peace by the most evil beings in the universe. It's those kinds of moments of heroism on which Glastonbury never, ever lets you down. Dan Martin

THE BIG PINK

GET HEALED

If ever there was a band in need of a little aura cleansing, it was this one...



You've always been a star In our eyes, Akiko...

f you had to reduce Glastonbury Festival down to one component, it'd be that curious fifth element known only as "viiliibe". If you're not sure what that constitutes, NME advises a ramble down to the southwest quarter of Worthy Farm to the Healing Fields Once there, step past the 'Cosmic speeddating' tipi and the accupuncture shy and ask for Jacob, a toothless chap who's been onsite for three months.

We run a quick straw poll on the bus down



Jacob (right) takes on the biggest challenge of his life: cleansing The Big Pink of anything



Robble and Milo capture the cosmic energy from a sacred stone. Or something

asking which NME stars everyone thinks are in dearest need of healing. The Big Pink are promptly dialled. On the back of a legendarily red-eyed 26-month tour, we rendezvous with the shuffling frames of Robbie Furze, Milo Cordell and Akiko Matsuura for a premium session with the healing field's top dog. A former spiritual medium, Jacob underwent a series of psychotropic awakenings 20 years ago and now offers a nifty line in the ancient Chinese art of A Chi Gung aura cleansing. "Neither me nor Akiko have consumed any drugs for a month now," Milo explains as we begin. "So, interesting timing, this."

Gathering in a circle, our new guru leads us in a tranquil half-hour series of choreographed motions aimed at not only cleansing our auras, but spring-cleaning our internal energies and further connecting our beings with earth's spiritual core. We dig deep, capture negativity balls in our hands, and squirt exhaustion out of our fingers. You name it, we vibe it.

"You can feel when the group struggle to reach *that space,*" Jacob cryptically explains after. "But that's not these guys. There was all sorts flowing today."

Aviators back in place, the band's frontman is resolute. 'We've never done anything like that before. But dude, when we all touched hands at the end, all our palms were so hot. Mine are still tingling." So, about four albums early, The Big Pink's shamanic-chanting-hiatus phase starts here. Jaimie Hodgson

JACOB, AURA CLEANSER



THE BAND OF THE WEEKEND

JOHN PEEL STAGE, FRIDAY 7.30PM

Sigh no more, indeed! **Mumford & Sons** finally get the crowd and adoration they deserve for their third appearance at Glastonbury

f ever a band was made for Glastonbury, it's Mumford & Sons. They sweat scrumpy, cry bucolic tears of merrie olde England and are far from averse to gathering round a campfire for some old time, finger-picked sing songery. Hell, if you scratch the surface hard enough, you'll probably find that underneath those denim shirts they're rocking well-worn Levellers tees.

Almost literally straight off the road after a five-week tour of the USA – where they were papped with Jake Gyllenhaal in LA one day, playing a down-home bluegrass festival "I DON'T THINK WE'VE EVER LOVED EACH OTHER MORE" MARCUS MUMEORD In Nowheresville, Colorado the next—It wouldn't be too much of a stretch to assume these gentlemen of the road might have had it with their relentless touring schedule; they have been on the road pretty much non stop since 2008. So are they pissed off yet? "No ma'am," comes the firm, smiley response from Marcus Mumford. "I think we're learning..." he starts, before Winston Marshall takes over, "...how to cope with it, and because of that, our stamina is increasing massively."

Up on the Friday morning of the festival at 6.30am which is probably more down to jetlag than it is the aforementioned stamina – Mumford & Sons start the first

official day of the festival with a mighty bang. Assuming they were doing their mid-morning Radio I live session in a studio, they're surprised - but not disappointed - to find out that the two-song set is actually going to take place on the BBC Introducing Stage, with fans looming over the barriers to the closed stage in the distance. Spotting the rather enthusiastic masses, Winston decides to do the gracious thing and invite them all on over to watch properly. "There are more of you than there are of them!" he yells, gesturing at security, 'so on the count of three, everyone run forward!" Marvellously, the crowd comply. "More people showed up than we could even imagine," grins Marcus afterwards. "It ended up being one of the biggest gigs we've played in the UK." This is true... at least, until seven hours later.

The fact that Mumtord & Sons are only the third to last band over on the John Peel Stage is a tad ludicrous given just how insanely successful they and debut album 'Sigh No More' have been over the past 12 months. Thus it comes as no surprise that the tent is flooded with punters, spilling out of the canvas every which way and generally setting the scene for what what's known in the trade as 'a moment'.

Pacing around backstage before the show, the band are bricking it, sipping whiskey like water and generally making the kind of scared faces that kids do on their first day



heat while serenading the 4000 strong John Peel tent. Left: offstage, an awkward moment as Ben asks Ted why he wash't informed about the white-and-cream band uniform plans, Below: "It's ilke brotherhood"

at school. When they eventually clamber onstage at 7.35pm, Marcus' face is projected giant-size on the big screens. Thousands upon thousands of people gaze at his gigantic head as he takes a deep breath, momentarily looks like he might be about to vomit, and then breaks into a relieved Cheshire cat smirk. What follows is 60 minutes of Mumford & Sons jigging around with glee as the four-part harmonies on 'Little I ion Man', 'The Cave' and 'Roll Away Your Stone' become 4,000part harmonics, the rowd taking the part of a mighty, drunken backing band. This year is their third appearance here, and is without doubt the most impressive, the most incendiary, and the most likely to have people across the country investing in banjos and mother-of-pearl snapped cowboy shirts (which is no bad thing). Simply put, Mumford & Sons' 'moment' at Glastonbury is one of the most beautiful, touching and stupid fun gigs NME has ever had the pleasure of witnessing at Worthy Farm.

"It's like brotherhood it's the same deal," says Marcus later that night, when we ask him if tempers



ever fray within the group, what with them being in each other's company day in, day out. "I don't think we've ever loved each other more." Looking out at the hoardes of people clutching their hearts and singing along to every single word during their show, they're not the only ones who are head over heels. Leonie Cooper



THE WONDER

OF WORTHY

Stevie Wonder's transcendent headline set rounds off a perfect Glasto in style



SETLIST:

- My Eyes Don't Cry
- Master Blaster (Jammin')
- · We Can Work It Out
- If You Really Loved Me
- Higher Ground
- Dont You Worry Bout A Thing
- Living For The City
- Human Nature
- Uptight
- (Everything's Alright) For Once In My Life
- Fingertips
- Signed, Sealed, Delivered I'm Yours
- Sir Duke
- I Just Called To Say Love You
- Superstition
- Free
- Happy Birthday



Stevie due out his hest hipple shirt and beads for occasion



A balding legend sings to Michael Eavis Joined him

ou don't need to be wearing tie-dye dungarees or be high on yak's milk from the Spiritual Futures field to have noticed something special about Glastonbury 2010 The sun's spent all of five minutes behind a cloud, the word 'vibes has been heard on numerous stages, and the site's been doused in good cheer so potent even a laughable exit from the World Cup goes by unnoticed. Yep, the ley lines have been oozing positive auras and Glastonbury's greatest hippy dreams have come true in a communal orgasm of joy. Or, when we're back in the real world, we've been having a good time. But there's been one slight omission: a set of back-to-back singalongs. Gorillaz noodled their way through a relatively unloved set and Muse brought out their spellbinding pomp and circumstance, but the Pyramid Stage has been devoid of any grinning-from-ear-to-ear, bellow-along moments of togetherness. Until now. Stevie begins by telling us it's

going to be a celebration, and a celebration of Michael Jackson's life, before launching into 'My Eyes Don't Cry'. Two minutes in he's down on his knees racking out a keytar solo and before Pilton knows it he's blowing harmonica to 'We Can Work It Out' and leading the crowd in a sing-song of 'Empire State Of Mind' before 'Higher Ground'

Then he's drinking some kind of magic potion that renders his larynx helium-like and turns him to "Little Stevie Wonder" for 'Fingertips' and from there it's all hits: 'Signed, Sealed, Delivered', 'Sir Duke', 'I Just Called To Say Love You', 'Superstition'. He thanks the whole band, then Michael Eavis and drags our host onstage to give him a microphone during 'Happy Birthday' before the pair - believe it duet. Mikey's a bit off-key but no-one cares. They walk off arm-in-arm as the 1970 and 2010 lights above the screens blare out and 60,000 people make a silent prayer that this place will carry on another 40 years so we can be here in our sixties too. Tim Chester

40 THINGS WE LEARNED

They say with experience comes wisdom. Well, Glasto 2010 was certainly an experience but we're no wiser...

- Mat Horne clearly didn't check the weather forecast before leaving for Glastonbury; the skinny joke-maker got sun stroke, went to the medical tent and had to go home.
- 2 The Bootleg Beatles' festival-smashing expertise is matched only by their mability to dye their hair convincingly.
- 3 The elderly woman wearing nipplehandcuffs needs to be locked away. Or made love to vigorously. We're unsure.
- 4 Everyone loves Snoop Dogg. Even if not a great deal of those people could hum you a snatch of any of his songs.
- 5 However, Matt Helders and Alex Turner still walked away from Snoop's set looking bored.
- 6 Tenses are important. Kele referred to Bloc Party as the band he "used to be in" during his solo set.
- 7 Even wastrels love their mums. Carl Barât brought his mother onstage to introduce her to the crowd during his Leftfield gig.



MARIACHI EL BRONX ARE NOT AVERSE TO GIVING EACH OTHER BLACK EYES

9 Hideous flares are 'in' for national treasures. Both Andrew Marr and Jarvis Cocker were spotted wearing the offending trousers.

10 Alex Kapranos is always in the VIP bar. If you're there and he's not, run.

- II According to Glastonbury site security, the NME staff bus is easily mistaken for the coachload of transvestites appearing at Trash City. 12 Snoop Dogg has heard four Blur
- songs in his life. 13 But none of those is 'Country House'. 14 Damon Albarn has "farming in his

blood" and apparently has an extensive knowledge of agriculture.

- 15 For the tenth year running, pe ople: wearing a straw cowboy hat does not make you look like a wandering nomad in search of the American dream. It makes you look like you're part of a hen party at a Dixie Chicks concert.
- 16 Owning a tambourme doesn't give you the right to bash it loudly and out of time at every single performance you see. You know who you are...
- T Ludicrous amounts of dry ice are allowable. But only if you're The xx. 18 Covers of dicey mid-'90s chartdance anthem '9pm (Till I Come)' are allowable. But only if you're The xx. 19 Drinking cider in a Stormtrooper costume is technically challenging, but

highly amusing. 20 Danger Mouse will always be looking unimpressed, even when walking through a tunnel of fun in Shangri-La at 3.30am. Lighten up, fella.

21 Even though they're not here, Kasabian get the biggest singalongs. The PA played 'Fire' between the bands

on the Other Stage, and the crowd went mental. 22 Bouncers clearly don't know who Harry Enfield is. He was having pass

issues at The Park Stage. Should have though about doing some of that classic stuff from Series Two of Harry & Paul. 23 There was a Gorillaz reunion no-one saw: Damon and Danger Mouse side-of-stage during Vampire Weekend.



BEZ WILL ALWAYS HAVE LOTS OF FUN ESPECIALLY IF YOU GIVE HIM HIS OWN TENT

- 25 Judging by the varying explanations for the guys throwing bolts of electricity between them' up in Avalon, no-one at NME has GCSE physics. 26 Thom Yorke's favourite band of the
- weekend was Here We Go Magic -- he was in their dressing room after the gig. 27 The Park Stage's backstage bar was the scene of a roly-poly challenge.

The results are now in. Mick Jones: 1, Anthony from Dirty Pretty Things: 2, Flo (in heels!): 3, Robbie from The Big Pink: 4, Jamie Reynolds from Klaxons: 17 (he claims...). Damon Albarn said no.

28 Where's Wally, you ask? Wally is everywhere. A lot of people all had the same idea to dress as the elusive book character.

29 In the German version of the book series, 'Wally' is re-named 'Walter'. 30 In the Swedish one, he is called 'Hugo'.

31 Everyone under the age of 35 knows literally ALL the words to The Fresh Prince Of Bel Air.

As verified by a Dance East DI's decision to drop it into his set while we were waiting for Kelis.

32 If you want to find Thom Yorke when he's prowling the site in disguise, look for the guy in the comically oversized hat and baggy shorts who's desperately trying not to look like Thom Yorke.

33 Florence finally seems to be coming out of her shell.

34 When your friend who has taken too much ketamine is wearing a bomber jacket in the sun on the hottest day of the year, his incoherent stammerings are not 'the funniest thing you've seen all day': THEY'RE THE FIRST SIGNS OF IMMINENT KIDNEY FAILURE,

YOU BONEHEADS. 35 Seasick Steve rates the Pyramid Stage coffee as the best he's ever had.

36 Nitrous oxide is not 'laughing gas'. It is 'holding your head in your hands and waiting for the sickening numbness to end gas'. Still the worst legal high since the last batch of mephedrone we scrubbed off of our gums.

37 Generation Drone has not outlasted Generation Skins. Mephedrone's slide back to unpopularity has been much quicker than all that frantic stockpiling would've led us to believe.

38 Snoop Dogg left his hat behind. When security picked it up, it was full of weed. Weird, that...

39 Never wear a white jacket to a festival. And if you do, and it gets covered in human shit in a mysterious toilet accident, then, Hamish MacBain, please don't just leave it on the fucking NME bus all weekend.



LAURA MARLING WON'T DO A DEDICATION IF THE NEXT SONG IS "NOT A NICE ONE"



MICHAEL EAVIS' VERDICT

The revelations from his traditional Sunday press conference

ve never seen anything quite so splendid. It was the best part of my life... I didn't see one drunk person out of 100,000... Muse were the headliners we were waiting for. I can tell you that we have three really good headliners for next year. I'm not telling you who they are... The Edge had a taste of playing Uz are keen to do it.'

FROM THE ONSITE TEAM:

Justine @ Condhouses; the Glastonbury Press Office; Simon at PC Coaching; Holly at Teborg: Holly Ferguson and all at Orange Chill in Charge; Kate Head and all at PlayStation 3 Singstar Cocktails And Dreams lounge. And, of course, Michael and Emily Eavis for an incredible weekend.

FROM THE OFFICE TEAM:

Nando's at Clink Street SEI and Divya, Jules at PieMinister, Claire at Domino's Pizza, Nicola at Krispy Kreme, Nuala at Jack Daniel's, Ryan at Gatorade, Julia at Gaymers; Mike at Jägermeister

JACK DANIELS ATERIAL GIRL (AND BOYS

The grand finale of JD Sets takes place in Glasgow and is dedicated to a certain Ms Ciccone



League in London and breathing new life into The Buzzcocks in Manchester. The JD Set's ambitious trio of shows concluded in Glasgow at the O2 ABC with a diverse selection of artists from the Moshi Moshi stable delivering their own unique take on some of Madonna's finest moments.

fter reinterpreting Human

The proceedings kick off with James Yuill's folktronic reimagining of 'Frozen', the Arabesque 1998 chart-topper, before he welcomes Anita Blay - aka cocknbullkid onstage for a sassy laptop-powered cover of 1986's 'Open Your Heart'. Stripped back to their essential components, it is like hearing them for the first time, which is no mean feat: after all, some of those songs have been around for 30 years.

Scandinavian electro-poppers Casiokids. meanwhile, go one better and baffle everyone by singing 'Holiday' in their Norwegian mother-tongue, with frontman Ketil Kinden Endresen gamely getting into the spirit of things. Whether it's sung in English, Norwegian, Elvish or Gibberish, it still sounds great.

Next up, the crown prince of Celtic gloom, Malcolm Middleton. He takes to the stage with Silve Columns for a funereal acoustic cover of 1984 album track 'Stay', sung in broad, end-of-the-tether Scots.

"This is the part of the show that may depress the shit out of you," guips Silver Columns' Johnny Lynch. To the contrary, it's this part of the show that is the most fun, if only because, during SC's chaotic, house-virendition of 'Vogue' we get to witness Malcolm Middleton rapping: "Greta Garbo, and Monroe", he intones, "Dietrich and DiMaggio/Marlon Brando, Jimmy Dean/On the cover of a magazine". We feel confident in predicting that this is a once-in-a-lifetime moment.

Cocknbullkid then re-emerges for a truly heart-stopping version of 'Like A Prayer' with Middleton on guitar. Slowed to a crawl and backed with sparse instrumentation, it's so solemn and achingly beautiful that

the crowd - yes, even those Madonna enthusiasts in black lace gloves and Madge tattoos on their forearms - stand in rapt, near-religious silence.

A 16-bit sophisto-pop take on 'Borderline' sung by thecocknbullkid and James Yuill, brings the set to a close, but all the artists are too giddy with excitement about the planned encore to even bother leaving the stage.

"What a surprise," laughs Yuill after about 20 seconds of standing behind an amplifier. "We're back for another song!"

The song in question is 'Into The Groove'. played with confrontational energy and whoosing, ravey synths that gets everyone (well, maybe not Malcolm Middleton) dancing like loons, bashing tambourines like lives are at stake (we mean you. Casiokids' Ketil) and generally grinning from ear to ear. At its conclusion, the crowd disperse into the night, music history has been made, and the ghost of Kelly Osbourne's 'Papa Don't Preach' well and truly exorcised. If that's not worth raising a glass to, we don't know what is.

JD SET GLASGOW GIG WINNER'S REVIEW:

The JD Set in Glasgow brought together a collection of artists to create musical fusion. The evening centralised on the portrayal of Madonna, but fed off into other avenues of sound, bringing together contrasting ideas and interpretations. This focus showed the enduring greatness of the 'Material Girl', as well as the ability of independent artists to display originality through their creativity. The collaborations ranged from the drowsy tones of Silver. Columns to the lively electro-pop of Casiokids, Meanwhile Cocknbullkid displayed talents from slow, sweet, powerful melodies to upbeat euphoric disco-pop. A personal favourite was James Yuill and Casiokids' version of 'Holiday'. The '80s classic was reincarnated into a futuristic electro anthem. The carefree beats transported us to a beach far away from the streets of

Glasgow, Now Vogue!

Know when to upping. Please enjoy Jack Daniel's responsibly for the facts drinkaware.co.uk

REVIEWS

THIS WEEK:

SLEIGH BELLS. BIG BOI AND WHEN YOU'RE STRANGE

Edited by Emily Mackay



MYSTERY JETS

SEROTONIN ROUGH TRADE

Eel Pie Islanders plunder their broken hearts to come back scrubbed up and self-assured for a glorious coming-of-age



s introductions go, Mystery Jets knew how to make a good impression back in 2005. What a joyfully bizarre romp of a first meeting it was: impromptu gigs in an Eel Pie Island boatyard herâlding their arrival. A dad in the band. Deliciously uncool King Crimson, Pink Floyd and Yes records ransacked for inspiration, and setlists that saw sunny indie singalongs segue neatly into epic 11-minute prog instrumentals. A jumbled bunch of madcap influences, wide-eyed romance and classic British eccentricity somehow harnessed, explored and laid out for all to see. And yes, like many of their peers they adored The Libertines, but unlike the rest, they did anything but blindly follow.

But while these musical japes certainly served their attention-grabbing purpose, it couldn't carry on forever. You see, we've all got to grow up sometime; even playful little tinkers like this lot.

Kiss goodbye then to the scatterbrain, quirky clatter and ruffled rag-tag attire of their youth, and the blatant, and ultimately rather throwaway pastel-hued stab at the mainstream of last instalment '21' - it's long gone, replaced for this much-anticipated third offering with a much deeper take on things. Increasingly self-assured, sophisticated, scrubbed up nice and proper, cinematic pop; 2010 brings the dawn of 'Serotonin'-era Mystery Jets, a perfect response to all that has gone before.

So what's prompted the newly ramped-up yet reflective sound? Well, a whole two years of loving and leaving if the lyrics of 'Serotonin' are to be believed. And the poignant and

painfully honest nature of these II songs is one of the most obvious signs of the band's growing maturity. They properly bare their souls for the first time, and it hits us early on as opener 'Alice Springs' asserts, "It's better to have loved and lost than to have lived and never loved anyone". "I'd stand in the line of fire for you/I'd bend over backwards for you/I'd do anything that you want me to do/'Cos I don't have nothing if I don't have you", soars the chorus, before they realise that they were "too young to know there was something wrong" on 'Too Late To Talk' and then, sadly, end up "exchanging love for an empty glass" on 'The Gul Is Gone'. It's an about-turn of the heart that forms the album's core, as every element of a relationship (from first chemical fizz to falling head over heels, niggling doubt and harrowing break-up) is placed firmly under the Mystery Jets microscope and plundered for all of its pop worth.

And while thematically 'Serotonin' has

NOW

 They road-tested tracks in Berlin, under

the moniker The Crystal **Wolf Fighters**

· 'Serotonin's producer

Chris Thomas has

worked on Roxy Music's

'For Your Pleasure', Sex Pistols' 'Anarchy...' and

Pulp's 'Different Class'

got more emotional twists and turns than a modern day romcom (the 'are they, aren't they?' lyrical nature of the tracks proving particularly compelling), the music, conversely, propels us on a dizzy spin to the dancefloor. It's a rather gloriously un-hip dancefloor, mind; as the scratchy, psychedelic sprawl of old has been smartened up somewhat by producer Chris Thomas, with the band instead summoning shimmering '80s synths and huge ELO-esque harmonies to pepper their sound, along with bombastic power riffs straight from a Supertramp album – perhaps most thrillingly exemplified on 'Lady Grey' and the mighty 'Show Me The Light'.

You'll already know lead single 'Dreaming Of Another World' by now, but as well as being pure escapist pop, it encapsulates perfectly the spirit of Mystery

Jets today - making so much more sense when you hear the rest of the album. There's talk of shedding skin, treading new ground and most importantly head-in-the-clouds ambition; something that seeps out of 'Serotonin's every pore - they're seeing things in widescreen these days. And while it's a wiser and more weathered quintet that greets us in 2010, the Londoners return not bruised or broken but infinitely more polished and positively bursting with ideas, passion and optimism. Grinning and singing through the melancholy of a love sadly lost but most definitely savoured. A survival that has unquestionably been the making of them. Camilla Pia

DOWNLOAD: 'Alice Springs', 'Waiting On A Miracle', 'Lady Grey'

SOUND OF GUNS

WHAT CAME FROM FIRE DISTILLER



Smelting coming-of-age heart-flutters into nuclear-strength weapons of uplifting potential, SOG could recite Middle Eastern ceasefire agreements

and come off mildly chirpy. In semi-epic British indie's greatest traditions, the Liverpudlians transform all before them into Soccer AM-ready hugeness. Beneath well-heeled exteriors, though, polite protest songs bubble under; 'Collisions' even sabotages airy cheer with defeated nihilism. Granted, flickers of open-expanse rock - see '106 (Still The Words)' - are so pro-Bono you half expect frontman Andy Metcalfe to don comedy wraparounds. If that's a pointer toward imminent enormo-dome success, however, Sound Of Guns wield adequate ammunition here to fire there with economy. David Westle DOWNLOAD: 'Collisions'

THE SUPERIMPOSERS

SUNSHINE POPS! WONDERFUL SOUND The arrow on NME's cynic-o-meter swung into the red after learning this



rehash past triumphs. Chris Parkin **DOWNLOAD: 'Sometimes'**

DELTA SPIRIT





Onto their second album, and Delta Spirit still seem to face comparisons with Mumford & Sons, Fleet Foxes and. er, that other popular hairy nu-folk

troupe. 'History From Below' draws on the spiritual and religious concepts that propelled their debut, with 'Salt In The Wound''s "If there's a god in my head/Then there's a devil too/How can I tell the difference/When they both claim to be true?". Their follow-up is more adventurous, though a garage-band twist on a format getting staler with each check shirt. The result is difficult to characterise - but then there's something incredibly satisfying about that, Chris Mandle DOWNLOAD: 'Salt in The Wound'

THE YOUNG VEINS

TAKE A VACATION! ONE HAVEN



For the uninitiated: The Young Veins is the band formed by Panic At The Disco departees Ryan "I Was The Talented One" Ross and Jon "I'm The Singer

Now!" Walker, On this evidence, it's clear who was leading the charge with the flower power career suicide of 'Pretty, Odd'. Rickenbackers chime, shirts are paisley, vocals are 'Rubber Soul'-styled... it's a much more authentic take on Brit-psych-pop than Panic's last album was, benefitting from a) some strong-if-straightforward songs and b) Jon's voice fitting what they do far better than Brendon Urie's did. Still, whether they'll be accepted into the hyper-snobbish bosom of the '60s revivalists remains to be seen. Hamish MacBain **DOWNLOAD: 'Change'**

FACES TO NAMES... What the reviewers are doing this week



CAMILLA PIA "I went home to see my folks in Scotland and re-discovered my inner moody teen with a soundtrack of Breton and The Flashbulb."



JAMES MCMAHON "This week I've been trading Panini World **Cup stickers with Ross** from The Futureheads and learning how to play the solo from 'Sweet Child O Mine' on the ukulele.'



LISA WRIGHT "This week I've decided that I prefer **Department Of Eagles** to Grizzly Bear. re-watched Nathan Barley and spent too long pouring over the Glasto clash finder."



LOUIS PATTISON "Back from Berlin with lots of secondhand vinyl and the mother of all colds. Lalso interviewed Ariel Pink. We talked about kissing foxes and menstruation, which made a nice change."



SLEIGH BELLS

TREATS MOM + POP MUSIC/NEET

MIA's new protogés have perfected a menacing, obnoxious sound all of their own



From the opening, crunching shot fire of 'Tell Em' it's clear why the reigning high priestess of the provocative multi-genre crossover, MIA, has taken Brooklyn duo

Sleigh Bells under her wing, signing them to her own label; not since Miss Arulpragasam herself has there been a track that makes violence sound so goddamn danceable.

Riffing along like a gangland war soundtracked by Grand Theft Auto, "Treats" opening gambit flits between coy vocals and grinding synths with playful ease, nestling itself in the crossroads between dance, rock, hip-hop and pretty much every other breed of party music in the book. It's brash, provocative and laced with an array of noises that are not far short of pure evil. In other words, it's quite resoundingly brilliant.

Throughout the album's 30-minute assault it's this constant teetering between grime and sheen that truly marks this pair out as something rather special. He (Derek Miller) used to be in hardcore outfit Poison The Well; she (Alexis Krauss) was in a teen girl band. He mans all the instruments; she sprinkles on the voice. Together their opposites-attract cunning distribution of labour licks the metaphorical plate clean.

Focusing for the most part around simple, guitar loops or tribal drum patterns, with Krauss' sing-song vocal flitting over the top, Sleigh Bells' strengths lie in knowing what to thrust forward and when to hold back.

'Riot Rhythm' (the grime cousin to Gwen

Stefani's switchback sass-pop triumph 'Hollaback Girl'), for example, works around a repeated drumbeat with interspersed guitars echoing Krauss' lyric. It's a minimal, spacious structure that allows the duo to fill in the gaps with a heavy dose of distortion, a spitting backing chorus and a huge flick up of the volume switch without it ever seeming overly crowded. This canny trick of theirs is one that recurs throughout their debut album. 'A/B Machines' contains only one sole, cryptic lyric - "Got my A machines on the table/Got my B machines in the drawer" - that sets a central trajectory through the fuzzy sonic concoction glitching and droning around it, while early track 'Crown On The Ground' loops a repeated riff around Krauss' increasing chant, counterbalancing the up-scaled production with a bombastic chorus that'd offer Spinal Tap, Swans and Sunn O))) outside for a scrap in the loudness stakes. 'Infinity Guitars' (the album's finest moment) is all filthy riffs and handclaps with the singer's shouts delivering her from delicate popstrel to ballsy vixen in a moment's mere flick of her raven mane.

'Treats', then, lives up to its name but rather than a balm to the ears is a true shock to the system, creating a meteor-sized hole upon impact. Drawing influence across the board, it's a work that not so much mixes genres as smashes them into one visceral, jawdropping hybrid. MIA better watch her back; these two more than have the potential to come and steal the crown from under her nose. Lisa Wright

DOWNLOAD: 'Infinity Guitars', 'Tell 'Em', 'Riot Rhythm'



BIG BOI

SIR LUCIOUS LEFT FOOT: SON OF CHICO DUSTY

DEF JAM/MERCURY

Label wrangles have left the OutKast man's solo album André 3000-free, but it's still a stunning listen



The first OutKastrelated fare since 2006's Idlewild soundtrack reveals what Antwan 'Big Boi' Patton's been up to while partner André 3000 plays dandy with

his luxury clothing line. The album's path to the shelves has been beset by OutKast's label, Jive. First, Patton revealed, the label passed on rt, telling him he'd made "a piece of art" (which makes you wonder exactly what they think they're selling). It found a new home at Def Jam - but then, Jive added mjury to insult by forcing Patton to remove the numerous André 3000 guest spots... because that'd make a new OutKast album, right?

What's finally made it is an expansive, guest-packed 57 minutes that recall the Southern hip-hop bounce of 2003's 'Speakerboxxx', but with an added twist of maturity. On one hand, it is an album about mourning - the titular Chico Dusty is a reference to his late father. At the same time, though, it features Patton rapping in character, as personas including Sir Lucious Left Foot, General Patton and Hot Tub Toney. Topics include religion, conspiracy theories, andinevitably - sex, all done with a sense of play.

Certainly, 'Sir Lucious...' is the sound of a man with something to prove. You know 'Shutterbug', an '80s-tinged club banger with '60s guitar twang. The excellent 'Tangerine', featuring TI, is tribal hip-hop with mindmelting guitar ripped off Funkadelic's 'Maggot Brain'. And it's hard to imagine who else could piece together a track like Fo Yo Sorrows', a spooked spliff anthem featuring George Clinton, pimp rapper Too \$hort and crooner Sam Chris. Not everything works. 'Be Still' is a waste of the brilliant Janelle Monae. Mostly, though, you leave knocked sideways by Patton's fluid vision. "I spray like the backside of a skunk", he raps. No need to hold your nose. Breathe it in. Louis Pattison

DOWNLOAD: 'Daddy Fat Sax', 'Tangerine', 'Fo Yo Sorrows'

Watch a video interview with Big Boi at NME.COM/video

KYLIE MINOGUE **APHRODITE** EMI



Listening to 'X' now - Minogue's much anticipated post-illness album - it sounds like she was in a transition. caught between the playful pop icon

and the tabloids' "Brave Kylie". But 'Aphrodite's uniting sound is lightness, suggestion the singer's found a more peaceful place. Stuart Price is the perfect choice of musical partner; he harnesses both Minogue's hook-tastic side and her more interesting 'wonky pop' side. Subsequently, 'Aphrodite' is her most unified work in ages. Highlights are many, but worth a particular mention are the call-to-arms of the title track and 'Better Than Today' which revisits her cutesy S/A/W days with a knowing wink, Priya Elan DOWNLOAD: 'Better Than Today'

THE MORNING BENDERS **BIG ECHO** ROUGH TRADE



Kaleidoscopic guitars, swooping strings and luscious, lilting harmonies? Hmm. Grizzly Bear's Chris Taylor has his production paws all over 5an

Franciscan quartet The Morning Benders' second full-length effort, and while 'Big Echo' has more than pastiche to offer, a great deal of it still sounds a bit too familiar. 'Cold War (Nice Clean Fight)' is sun-kissed pop like The Drums would make if they weren't so damn annoying. Meanwhile, 'Hand Me Downs' could easily be an Avi Buffalo, um, handme-down, while Band Of Horses' lawyers should have a right good listen to 'All Day Day Light'. Basically, everything sounds like this at the moment. Rob Webb

DOWNLOAD: 'Excuses'

HEALTH

DISCO 2 CITY SLANG



Remixes are old news. Having the latest knob-twiddler du jour do his bleepy business all over your stuff? It's boring. But as is their wont, LA

noiseniks HEALTH breath new life into a tired format (again) by handing over their second set 'Get Color' to a few sonic visionaries of their choice. Tobacco's mind-mauling treatment of 'Die Slow' (is anyone else hearing the Super Mario Bros theme?), Crystal Castles' supremely blissedout take on 'Eat Flesh' and Gold Panda's sublime rewiring of 'Before Tigers' are all utterly great. but best of all is new HEALTH track 'USA Boys' - it basically sounds like Prince fucking a computer. Rob Webb

DOWNLOAD: 'USA Boys'

Best sleeve of the week



Sleigh Bells 'Treats' Everyone loves a human pyramid. Save the cheerleaders, save your ears.

> Worst sleeve of the week



The Superimposers **'Sunshine Pops!'** Let's face it, we made better ink pictures in nursery.

Best lyric of the week "Remember when the levees screamed, made the folks evacuees/ Yeah, I'm still speakin about it 'cause New Orleans ain't clean" Big Boi, 'Fo Yo Sorrows'

Worst lyric of the week "I've been searching searching every place I know/Trying to work out if Jesus came and stole my soul' Feeder, 'White Lines'

Reviewed EXT WEEK... MIA, '/\/\\\Y\'\ Bombay Bicycle Club, 'Flaws' Janelle Monae, 'The Archandroid'

JEREMY JAY SPLASH K/DIFFER-ANT



The first of two albums to be released this year by this Californian singersongwriter, 'Splash' was written and recorded while he was living in London

in the summer of 2009. Instead of absorbing the local sounds, however, it sees a homesick Jay turning to the none-more-American indie rock of Pavement and the SST label for inspiration. The highlights here are opener 'As You Look Over The City' and 'Hologram Feather', which channel the nasal whine of Dean Wareham and the music of his bands Galaxie 500 and Luna. However, Jay's detached warble does occasionally grate. especially on the jaunty, lightweight single 'Just Dial My Number', Nathaniel Cramp DOWNLOAD: 'Hologram Feather'

FEEDER

RENEGADES BIG TEETH MUSIC



If one thing marks Feeder out from other bands, it's the distorted vocal echo they execute so... often. Beyond that it's unfathomable how a band so

ineffably naff can summon the brass neck to keep making preposterously charmless records without shame or contrition. 'White Lines' judders to life with a jarring groove, though hope is soon lost as Grant Nicholas tosses off further formulaic lyrical drivel that must mean nothing to nobody. 'Sentimental' is a Stone Temple Pilots tribute act from Farnborough, and 'This Town' is 'The Time Warp' spilling New Model Army's pint at a '90s disco. 'Renegades' my ass. Jeremy Allen

DOWNLOAD: none

THE RURAL ALBERTA ADVANTAGE

HOMETOWNS SADDLE CREEK



Perhaps the greatest tragedy of modern indie is the disappearance of Neutral Milk Hotel's Jeff Mangum, last heard of shunning the dim spotlight

of underground acclaim somewhere in upstate New York. Lucky, then, that The Rural Alberta Advantage are here to continue his work. Taking Mangum's recorded-on-cardboard lo-fi folk epics as their ground zero, TRAA turn in the best alt. debut of the year - 'Don't Haunt This Place' is Death Cab with a bursting heart and an eightarmed drummer and 'The Deadroads' should really be called 'Neighborhood #3 (Epilepsy)'. As awesome as only a 21st century 'In An Aeroplane...' can be. Mark Beaumont DOWNLOAD: 'The Deadroads'



WHEN YOU'RE STRANGE

(WOLF FILMS/STRANGE PICTURES)

The latest release of a new Doors documentary on DVD makes us yearn for fiction over fact



Given the subject matter – gargantuan drug consumption, public willy waggling, etc - it's surprising that there's never really been a good film made about The

Doors, Sure, Oliver Stone's 1991 biopic was a hoot. Yet if you believe what anyone who was there at the time has to say, the Natural Born Killers man's reinventionist creation has as much to do with the LA band's story as Killers had to do with hang gliding.

It's widely accepted that Stone's movie was less a film about The Doors than a love letter to rock'n'roll excess; the band themselves certainly agree. Upon the movie's release, Ray Manzarck raged: "The guy I knew was not on that screen. Where's the poet?" Now, almost 20 years later, the keyboard player describes this new facts-first documentary as "the true story of The Doors, the anti-Oliver Stone".

Directed by Tom DiCillo and driven by archive footage, the release of this

documentary on DVD this week hasn't been without its problems. First screened at 2009's Sundance Film Festival, many people walked out of the theatre bored of the director's own monotone narrative. Uber fan Johany Depp was swiftly brought on board for a redub, and his charisma and enthusiasm for the source material is obvious. Which is surprising given I've watched movies about Russian gulags more entertaining than When You're Strange.

The problem is the dry reverence shown to a band who were more fun viewed through the lens of a fantasist. It's the reason why teenagers love The Doors so much. When you're young, Morrison's tortured poet schlock is romantic. When you grow up, he sounds like a drunk shouting at bins

Stone's move excelled in ramping the band's preposterousness up to 11; with their story told straight, they come across as hollow. The surviving Doors shouldn't hate Oliver Stone so much - his movie portrays them as a better band than this does. He made a better movie too. James McMahon

What we're reading, watching and scamming



Exhibition Tilt at the ICA, London This three-day platform for digital artists, photographers. filmmakers, illustrators and designers will this year feature Foals illustrator Tinhead, as well as Wreckage, Tomasso and many others. Starts July 2.



Book This Day In Music by Neil Cossar Ever wondered what happened in the giddy world of music on June 17, 1983, or any other day for that matter? With every major event covered, this book's a must-have for any music enthusiast.



Soap and Glory is great for washing off that festival mud, and we've got the entire range and a record bag to give away. Go to NME.COM/ win for a chance to bag the range.

SINGLES This week reviewed by EDWIN CONGREAU

HOT CITY

ANOTHER GIRL MOSHI MOSHI



Aparently there's some sort of garage revival in London at the moment (I'm slow on the uptake), and Hot City is aaall about that. But this doesn't really

sound like garage. It's clean, crisp and swinging club music, with those nervy edits, Todd Edwards-lite vocal snips and that taut bass sound that has been scientifically proven to make clumsy adolescent nerds more attractive on the dancefloor. Great.

POST WAR YEARS

WHITE LIES WEALTH



Fremember people used to say that we sounded like Minus The Bear. This actually sounds like Minus The Bear. But we love Minus The Bear, so that's fine. It

kind of reminds me of Mystery Jets' first record, but, of course, it kind of doesn't sound like anyone else. Post War Years should be a pop band, basically, and as popular as any of them.

ENVY

NORMAL STOPSTART



She inevitably gets compared to Lady Sovereign. I think Envy is less of a novelty and more just... uh, brilliant, which is great, as novelty never lasts for

long. This is probably more palatable to most people than the testosterone-laden grime that it's grown from. Fresh-like, cocky-like... homegrown, and totally free of cynicism. I guess someone somewhere is working out how to make money out of her now.

CRYSTAL FIGHTERS

IN THE SUMMER ZIRKULO



They actually pull off that grand feat of mixing a brilliant pop song with exciting contemporary dance music. This is huge... anarchic and euphoric, and

totally, y'know, pan-genre. Grimy synths and basque instruments and, er, what? It isn't dubstep and it isn't cumbia and it sure as hell isn't folktronica (yuck), but it is my favourite.

THE PAINS OF BEING PURE AT HEART

SAY NO TO LOVE FORTUNA POP!



John Peel would have liked this, and that's the only positive thing I can say about it, mostly just out of politeness. It's really, really boring, and to even call

it nostalgic would be a disservice to those hundreds of jangly indie-slop bands from 20 years ago that it sounds exactly like. They'd be giving twee a bad name if it didn't already have the worst name.

PRIMARY 1

PRINCESS GROW UP RECORDS/ATLANTIC



The word from age springs to mind. A ripe Camembert, to be exact. I really like ripe Camembert, but a lot of people don't. This is sort of, um, the other way

round. It's got that glam stomp groove that I've never really understood, and a melody that makes my evebrows hit the roof. Hike Primary 1 a lot, so I don't understand what's going on here. Different strokes, right?

CATS AND CATS AND CATS IF I'D HAD AN ATLAS FUNCTION



Creatures belonging to the feline contingency are notoriously tricky beasts to work out. As Robert De Niro's character in Meet The Parents wisely

surmised, one must work for their affection. The thrice-named Cats And Cats And Cats are clearly admirers of this trait, tempering their sing-song indie pop with mathletic time changes, epic post-rock crescendos and a capella interludes. When boiled down to its essence, as on the wistful 'A Boy Called Haunts' or the spluttering rocker 'Big Blue', the outcome is actually pretty satisfying. Where it's not so focused, though, they tend to come across like Los Campesinos! without the sparkle.

Tom Edwards DOWNLOAD: 'Big Blue'

LARSEN B MUSKETEER OLD RADIO TUNES



Larsen B apparently harbour no desire to be cool (despite being named after an iceberg). That's good news, as people who do are generally

insufferable twits in ridiculous garb. However, that doesn't excuse the relentless insipidness of their debut, which features a ukulele ditty about cyborg love, what sounds like Coldplay and Mumford having a disgustingly pleasant hoedown, and an offensively dragged-out note on opener 'Codeine' that's like the black hole where sexless blandery goes to suffocate. 'Musketeer' is proof more than ever that we've overfilled our earnest troubadour quota; licenses for banjos are the only way to stop this scourge. Laura Snapes

DOWNLOAD: Some purging noise

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VILLAGE UNDERGROUND, LONDON FRIDAY, JUNE 18

Even as they finally put Primary Colours' to rest, our (mainly) black-clad heroes are already pointing to an even brighter and weirder future

f 'Primary Colours' was about anything, it was an album of farewells. Odes to lost love, to minds caressed by narcotics at 6am, to The Horrors' own first incarnation. I hat band who'd had so much expectation loaded on to them too soon, leading them to be seen by many to be nothing more than a gothic clotheshorse. It was bittersweet and heady, clever but honest, and won them new adherents in unexpected places.

2010, though, has seen them make a quiet and graceful withdrawal... until now.

Because tonight is a farewell too,

this time to The Horrors Mk II. We're told this gig, part of Beck's Music Inspired Art tour, is the last 'Primary Colours' set that The Horrors will play in their home city before recording their third album, and they execute it with an air not of triumphalism, but quiet certainty of a bright future. This becomes apparent as 'Three Decades' rips through this five storey brick cavern, Faris shrieking and confident in his gesticulations. The early 'Primary

They've avoided that awful pothole down which most guitar groups plummet

Colours' gigs were tentative affairs; not so now. 'Who Can Say' acquires a singalong fury, 'I Can't Control Myself sees Rhys spinning as if following the vortex of the song down a joyously noisy plughole. 'New Ice Age' has acquired a new opening akin to Suede in a meatgrinder, and mids like a mineing Killing Joke

All of the give a few hints of where The Horrors might be going next. If anything, they've at least avoided that awful pothole down which most guitar groups plummet - learning to play their record as tight as an ant's respirator so the festival hordes can leap to hits with the greatest possible ease. You know, like Kaiser Chiefs. Christ, remember them? Instead, for a band supposedly

dour and arch, The Horrors are entirely playful with 'Primary Colours' You can tell they want to let the songs breathe, and allow in the oxygen of new ideas, something best heard on 'Scarlet Fields', where acidic stabbing from the synths stage left duels with Jaguar roar. 'Sea Within A Sea' - the song that,

· New Ice Age

. I Only Think Of You

 Scarlet Fields - Sea Within

A Sea

app uring unexpectedly on the internet in the wint y beginnings of 2009, was that goodby way to The Horrors' part, and the moment where all this began - tonight sounds even better than it did back then. It's less Neul repro than Art Nouveau in its ornate, romantic ambition "Until the end ... until the end", Faris sings... Yet an end this is not, but the start of a new beginning. Luke Turner

MALE BONDING

BARFLY, LONDON, TUESDAY, JUNE 22

amden... what a place," deadpans Male Bonding's stageright bromance conductor, guitarist-slinging harmoniser John Webb. "Tell a joke," one local responds, apropos of pretty much nowt. "Camden is a fucking joke," Webb shoots back archly. "It's the fucking punchline." And so London's postcode wars are expanded. Well, sort of. Webb later sheepishly retracts his comments, noting bandmate Kevin Hendrick as an ex-resident, but not before the Dalston trio show indie-rock's one-time undisputed headquarters exactly how it's done in 2010, at breakneck pace. The Barfly becomes a tad tropical come summertime, but, luckily, Male Bonding instinctively regurgitate debut album 'Nothing Hurts' in urgent two-minute despatches more refreshing than beachside cocktails, slacker chic bolstered by echoes of Hüsker Dü, early Nirvana fuzz and latter-day torch-holders like Abe Vigoda. 'TUFF' and 'All Things This Way' teeter toward on-the-job vocal tuning, fast forgotten after the ear-splitting mutiny of 'Pirate Key', feedback-enshrouded discordance flowing into a dash through 'Weird Feelings'. 'Franklin' slows the feeling that they're in a rush to get somewhere else post-show, though only temporarily, fairly pummelling standout tune 'Year's Not Long', then 'Paradise Vendors', their simplest distillation of surf-grunge intent. Male Bonding grasp the here and now while barely breaking a sweat, a doubly impressive feat in the surrounds. Dalston 1, Camden 0. David Westle

CHARLOTTE GAINSBOURG

Q2 SHEPHERD'S BUSH EMPIRE, LONDON TUESDAY, JUNE 22 efore Charlotte Gainsbourg took to the stage tonight, there was another person on people's minds: Beck. Would the star who wrote, produced and appeared on the whole of Gainsbourg's masterful 'IRM', appear? As Charlotte and her five-piece band begin their set, though, all thoughts about Monsieur Hansen are swiftly forgotten. Tonight, the daughter of the legendary Serge and Jane Birkin - she's in the audience tonight - holds the audience in rapt attention while doing very little. She hardly moves and her voice barely rises above a



whisper, but it's hard to look away, so strong is her charisma. For all the greatness of the songs on 'IRM' and '5:55', the live versions top them. The junkyard twang of 'Master's Hands' is laced with space-rock organ, while 'Set Yourself On Fire' becomes languid. cosmic funk. And Beck? He doesn't show up. Charlotte might have needed help in the studio, but she doesn't need anyone to hold her hand onstage. Tom Pinnock

LOS CAMPESINOS!

TOPSHOP BANDSTAND PICNIC IN AID OF TEENAGE

CANCER TRUST, BIRMINGHAM FRIDAY, JUNE 18 cluster of tweenagers seem to have overdosed on cupcakes, and are fashioning signs out of bags, daubing the names 'Gareth' and 'Kim' onto white paper with blue felt tip pens. They wave them desperately as Los Campesinos! take to the wobbly stage of the Birmingham bandstand in the afternoon sun. Despite their diminished number and acoustic set-up. LC! are robust and energetic. 'The Sea Is A Good Place To Think Of The Future' is a highlight, Kim's backing vocals and Harriet's violin sweetly scoring bandmate Gareth's staccato lyrics, his words at once witty and full of ripe despair. Tom sits beside him throughout, smiling benignly and cradling his guitar. 'Straight In At 101' with its sexual call to arms - "I think we need more post-coital/and less postrock", makes the adults in the crowd shift nervously as blonde girls in lace dresses mouth along enthusiastically. But as the music fades and Gareth sings the last lines a cappella, a spine-tingling moment of awe ripples through the audience before they erupt into enthusiastic applause that's only marginally sugar-induced. Then Gareth says a few words on behalf of the worthwhile cause that's brought them to Birmingham: "We're not just here for fun. There's a serious issue behind this, and we should remember that. So please, carry on supporting your local Topshop. It's tough out there on the High

Street, with H&Ms everywhere you turn." Elizabeth Sankey

Win

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HMV FORUM, LONDON MONDAY, JUNE 21

ERI

Pharrell is indulging his rock-star fantasies, but who cares when he's on this kind of form?

BIG MOUTH

What the

punters thought

"How many of you English girls can feel it in your body right now?" asks Pharrell Williams, arms outstretched to a seething mass of sweaty fans. Ouite a few, if the casualty rate is anything to go by. NERD are three songs in and three hysterical punters are down already. Security guards pull the fallen

from the wreckage and cart them off like limp fish over their shoulders while onstage the show continues

with barely a breather. And what a show, NERD formed to marry rock and hip-hop and, while that concept was always sugared by pristine Neptunes production on record, it's a living, breathing monster live. Two drummers have been enlisted to preview new material from forthcoming album 'Nothing' on two UK dates. They dominate the sound, bolstered by heavy rock guitars amplified to stadium proportions. Vocals barely surface, but when a thousand girls are screaming all the words, there's little need for detail. During 'Maybe' the

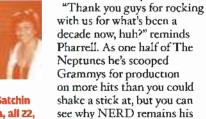
karaoke gets so loud

handiwork, nodding in appreciation. Even without Chad Hugo (Pharrell

and Shay Haley perform with a stand-in wingman), NERD have mastered crowd control. New tracks are dropped early: 'Party People' whips frenzied come-ons over furious drumming, while 'Hot 'N'

Pharrell even stands back to admire his

Fun' is received like it's a classic rather than their latest single. The hits follow - 'She Wants To Move' is fresher than ever, 'Brain' turning the floor into a moshpit.



Nikita. Satchin and Alicia, all 22, London

"It was amazing. wicked. They really got the crowd jumping. We were almost at the front everyone was going crazy. People were getting dragged out, but we thought people were being called up onstage!"

decade now, huh?" reminds Pharrell. As one half of The Neptunes he's scooped Grammys for production on more hits than you could shake a stick at, but you can see why NERD remains his pet project. It's pure ego; a collision of hip-hop geekery and grinding guitar anthems that smashes The Neptunes' drum samples in favour of ear-bludgeoning rock. Pharrell's a man who needs a stage, but with performances like tonight it's hard to imagine stages being in short supply for another 10 years to come. Hazel Sheffield



HEAVEN, LONDON THURSDAY, JUNE 17

The Swedish popster should be in her element, but she leaves us feeling a bit, well, flatpacked

Pop concerts have come a long way since a teenage Robyn first nuzzled her way onto the hit parade in the mid-'90s. These days, nipping off to Our Price to nab a copy of your current CD single for three beefcake dancers to tense their abs to at the Radio I Road Show doesn't really cut it. In 2010 the pop concert takes two forms. One: the theatrical spectacular, where said starlet plays the lead role in the most poorly

squad of pad-pushers and doubledrummers, she slogs through the entirety of her new demi-album (a follow-up to 'Body Talk Pt r' is due before the end of the year) with a few choice cuts off her eponymous 'os comeback to keep us sweet. The combination of a crammed cave and deliciously vacant cod-reggae yields a convincing throb among tonight's throng of card-holding Robynites,

> with newies 'None Of Dem' and 'Dancehall Oucen' doing the Ace-Of-Bass-onopiates business to a tce. But on the real arms-

aloft moments - encore 'With Every Heartbeat' and new single 'Dancing On My Own' - neither the leading lady's buoyant enthusiasm nor her equestrian-fitness-instructor garb succeed in taking things from perfectly enjoyable to that mysterious breathsnatched place that one pines for with all things P-O-P. Jaimie Hodgson

A couple of newies do the Ace-Of-Bass-on-opiates business to a tee

scripted Broadway spectacular ever. Two: the point-proving 'full live band' where he/she displays just how authentic and 'real' they are by having an army of session douches painstakingly recreate every last loop. Tonight, the returning duchess of modern cred-pop opts for a club-savvy spin on the latter. With a five-strong

STEVE MASON **CARGO, LONDON**

TUESDAY, JUNE 22 istory has been shaped by the mentally ill. Moses and his talking bushes? Paranoid schizophrenic. Jesus and that whole son-of-God thing? Fantasist. Steve Mason, however, has used his mental illness to relay a more human message. "He's back, and he's madder than ever," he muses before tonight's set. Personal demons aside, he seems to be in jovial spirits. Tracks from his Richard X-produced album 'Boys Outside' dominate, though Beta Band classic 'Dr Baker' is greeted like the return of a prodigal son. As Mason plays out with King Biscuit Time's 'I Walk The Earth' it almost feels like his second coming. Ash Dosanih

RACE HORSES

WHITE HEAT @ MADAME JOJOS TUESDAY, JUNE 22

t's hard to know what's the most winning thing about Aberystwyth quartet Race Horses. Is it the puppyish brio they proffer on this sweltering London night, singer Meilyr Jones' fringe clamped clammily to his forehead? Nah, it's more that their tunes can switch from radiant psych-pop to distorted rock to mist-draped wizard-cloak whimsy within the space of a song. 'Pony' and 'Man In My Mind' zing with more ideas than you'd hear in a year of sifting through half the promos sent to NME Towers, squelching synths and squalling Crazy Horse guitars spilling over the brim of their choc-full cornucopia. Don't bet against 'em. Emily Mackay



GLASSLANDS, NEW YORK SATURDAY, JUNE 19

Queens of the night flock together for a gloomy (and sweaty) Gotham evening

If you've ever been to gothsinhotweather. com, you'll know that there's inherent comedy in watching the black-clad break a sweat. That theory is tested fully (albeit in the dark) during tonight's Zola Jesus show in Williamsburg's

sweltering Glasslands. Post-punk psychers Effi Briest precede their Sacred Bones labelmate, providing a distraction from the heat with their accordions, a tambourine, bongos and a clarinet. Their band name refers to Theodor Fontaine's feminist novel, and frontwoman Kelsey Barrett's gently caterwauling chants, in kind, summon the timbres of strong, trailblazing ladies past such as Arı Up, Grace Slick, even Björk. Songs such as the title track of their debut, 'Rhizomes', are intriguing but imperfect. In sequence, the tunes feel repetitive, but given Effi Briest's gloomytribal-jam tendencies, maybe that's the intended effect. Zola Jesus' Nika Roza Danilova, in contrast, takes

the stage confidently, a force

of nature whose deep, dark

Ryan Dombal "She looked was going to in there, too,"

vocals rival Patti Smith's in fortitude. but are more tortured, more theatrical - not surprisingly, Fever Ray's Karın Dreijer Andersson has hand-plucked the opera-trained Danilova to open for her during a handful of European dates

this September. The newly blonde singer delivers her eight-song-long set - the atmospherics provided by her all-male band - while restlessly pacing to and fro on stage, gesturing to the heavens, and towering atop gear, as if ready to pounce into the audience.

Danilova is completely beholden to her soaring anthems, the bulk of which ('Manifest Destiny', the haunting 'Night') are sourced from her exceptional EP 'Stridulum'. The sold-out audience follows her lead, a bit light-headed from the venue's mugginess but still nodding along slack-jawed to the stark beats. What transpires tonight is religious, ethereal and transcendent - be not mistaken, this is a white-hot star in the making. Nisha Gopalan



VIEW. From The

CROWD

What did you think of Zola Jesus? possessed, like something from Poltergeist. Like she breathe fire, Like one of her yelps would start a hurricane. We could've used the fresh air because it was really sweaty

ON THE ROAD WITH PULLED APART BY HORSES

The UK's Best New Live BandTM step up their conquest of these shores. But can they stay alive 'til the tour ends? And who's paying the bar tab?

DEAF INSTITUTE, MANCHESTER

MONDAY, JUNE 14

"Do you want a seven-inch?" proffers James Brown, gangly archduke of Leeds scuzz-rock firebombs Pulled Apart By Horses. "And I don't mean my cock!"

Delightful. It's mid-afternoon at Manchester Deaf Institute, not even a note of music has been played, and already improper innuendos are being made towards NME writers. We knew there was a reason we got into this job over and above simply chronicling the foursome dubbed 'Britain's Best Live Turn' as their most crucial tour to date begins. We take the seven inches of vinyl daubed 'Back To The Fuck Yeah', don a T-shirt from the merch stack with pink writing splattered on electric blue, and settle down to observe the monsters in action.

There is James, careening round the room like a drunk giraffe. There is baby-faced bassist Robert Lee, the quietest, but also the most deadly. There is drummer Lee Vincent, the detail on whose tattooed body makes Simon Neil's look as sparse as a Rothko canvas. And then there is Tom Hudson. their frontal turbine, a man who looks (and indeed acts) like a kindly werewolf. He is unsure of himself: "It kind of gets better for me after a few days, when I'm starting to lose at a bit. When I'm starting to go a bit mental."

At the start of a tour on which most dates will see at least one of the band hospitalised, they must be excited at the prospect of all the hilarious injuries they're going to sustain along the way?

"They're not funny injuries," protests

James. "They really hurt!"

Here is the thing; with their album out this week and a team of tenacious music industry professionals here to reanimate them as proper real pop stars, Pulled Apart By Horses need to bring their game face, as well as their injured face, to the party. "Normally, we rock up to a show and just sit backstage and guzzle beer and wait 'til we go on, explains James. "Then we guzzle even more beer. This time people are taking notice - it feels like we've got shit to do."

Big-time pressure, eh?

"It won't last, though," he says with the heavy heart of mevitability. "We'll probably all be giving each other handjobs by the end of the night."

He wolfs his crisp butty, grabs his bottle of Asda red and heads for the stage.



After louder-than-hell support slots from Stagecoach and Leeds compadres Chickenhawk, things go wrong even sooner than expected. The show itself is as incendiary as one would normally expect, with professional sound giving extra creaks, space and even finesse to PABH's explosive rumble. It's a feature of Manchester Deaf Institute that the stage and the bar are exactly level with each other, allowing Tom to daintily swan-dive over to the bar, strutting across its surface. He takes the mix dispenser from the bar and douses the front rows in sugary glory. The crowd is enraptured; Manchester, a town previously resistant to their charms, is won over. But somebody is not best pleased, as they grab Tom's shoulder.

"That'll be £4.70." Tom sort of laughs.

"For the Coke you sprayed. £4.70."

It dawns on everyone that humourless bar dude is being entirely serious. Tom laughs for real and walks downstairs.

Later, as the band are packing up their gear and exchanging lolz, the bar supervisor walks down to the loading bay: "If you're not going to pay we're going to have to invoice you."

Various bands and various crew call the guy various names and, less sober

than they planned to be, Pulled Apart By Horses career away, on to their next adventure. Manchester Deaf Institute is a beautiful venue, but its bar staff have no sense of humour.

100 CLUB, LONDON

TUESDAY, JUNE 15 After a whistlestop drive back to Leeds, a couple of hours' sleep and a return to London in the splitter van, Pulled Apart By Horses have watched Ghostbusters 2, eaten yet more crisp butties, and realised, courtesy of the NME photographer, that the offending liquid Tom spunked from the dispenser was not Coke but soda water, rendering humourless bar guy's claim at best incorrect and at worst fraudulent. But, arriving at the 100 Club, James has other things on his mind as he surveys in awe the photographs on the venue walls. The Rolling Stones, The Who, The Jam... the normally garrulous Leodensian looks genuinely

, View, Rom The



Andy Hawkins, Sound Engineer

How is your tour? "They're the nicest people I've worked for apart from The Pigeon Detectives."

Do you mother them?

"I don't think so. Some bands are needy. I just want them to sound as good as they can."

shaken. "I don't really know different parts of London that well, it's always just felt like one big pub to me. But this is fucking awesome - we're sharing a stage that has been played by the Sex Pistols! This isn't the biggest venue in London, but it doesn't matter, all those acts who played here, it's overwhelming."

And now they've got you.

"Yeah and I bet we'll completely ruin the place. It'll probably be on fire by the time we leave.'

Tom, again, has different concerns. "I can't find anywhere to have a wank!"

This is their London show, their zero hour, the point after which the fun really can start. The music industry professionals - a manager, a publicist, a radio plugger - are busying around the venue, ferrying them in and out of interviews and promotional responsibilities. It's a world beyond their comprehension so far, yet one that they're now reshaping in their own image. Within seconds of the end of the gig (no injuries or invoice, minimal scarring to the ceiling), James staggers offstage. "I think I'm going to have a heart attack." But there's no time for heart attacks. James and Lee are bundled into the back of a cab and ferried to Radio 1 for a 'hılarıous' segment with Nick Grimshaw in which he interrogates them about the show

they've just played.

"We got out of the car," remembers James as they stagger back to explore London's nightlife, "and straight away it was like, 'You're live on Radio 1.' You've got Nick Grimshaw, 'So how was the show?' 'I've got to be honest, Nick, I don't know what's going on!' For anyone who's ever seen us live, for us to go straight on the radio right after we've come offstage is a really bad idea," he cackles to himself. Somehow, though, Grimshaw survives the maelstrom of soda, handjobs and fire-risk, and one more minor obstacle on the steeplechase to becoming one of Britain's best rock bands (and not just live) is cleared. Pulled Apart By Horses canter on; whatever you do don't stand behind

their back legs. Dan Martin





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Lee powers himself up with some drummer Juice (aka cider)

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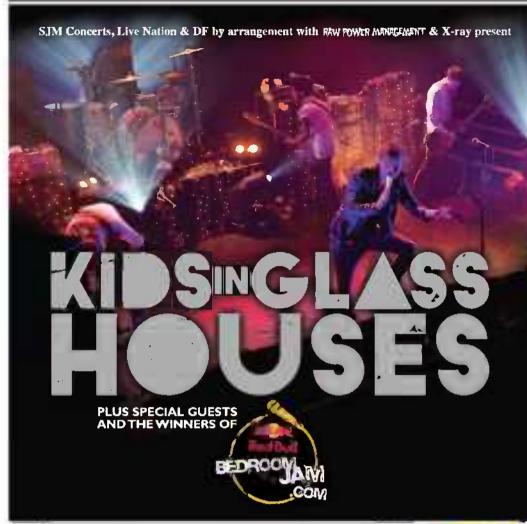




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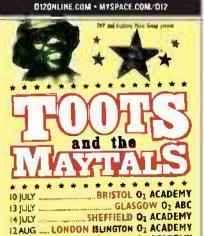
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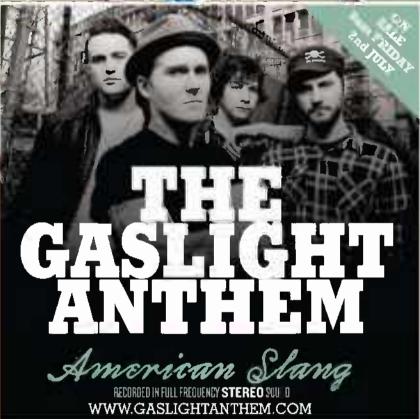
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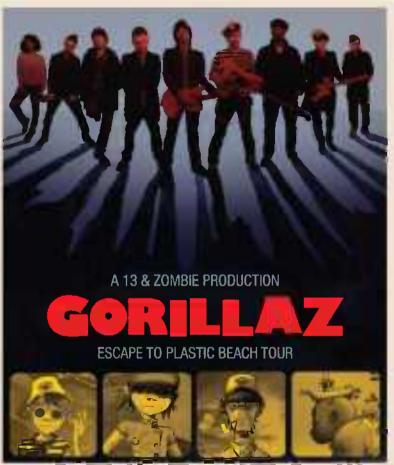
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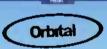




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> CHASE & STATUS IBJ SETT FRICTION / ATOMIC ORDE / NEURODRIVER

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BANDOA

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



MENTAL OR DENTAL

For me, drinking heavily in the rock'n'roll tradition is helpful for songwriting. But I'm getting a Shane MacGowan situation in my mouth. Teeth or booze? Gummy, North London

What a ridiculous guestion! You need your teeth to chew your food into a digestible form, and if you keep losing them, in addition to looking absolutely freakish, you won't be able to enunciate and form the lyrics of songs coherently. You'll end up needing replacement dentures later in life. That said, you obviously can't knock the pionk on the head so I'd stick with booze. Uncle Pete

SING WHEN YOU'RE MINGING

Our band has the talent, but we don't have the right 'image'. Actually, we're just ugly. I low do we make ourselves more appealing? Not So Hot, Leeds

Some of the greatest rock stars in history were ugly, so don't worry. Now, I see you've included a photo of your band so I'll just have a quick... JESUS GOD MAN! SWEET JEHOSEPHAT, DO YOU KISS YOUR MOTHER WITH THOSE FREAKISH MUGS?! YOU EACH LOOK LIKE THE NORTH FND OF A SOUTHBOUND COW! GAS YOURSELVES LIKE BADGERS BEFORE YOU BREED! Uncle Pete

OUR SHOTS ARE SHITE!

Our band tries photoshoots, but we look consistently ridiculous. What can we do to make sure we don't look like twats?

Picture Pathetic, Manchester

Is it the photos that are having this effect or do you look like twats all the time, like The Courteeners or Foals? Because if it's the latter then I fear there may be no hope for you. But if it's that you're not comfortable with the camera, just personify it and think of it as a silent watcher, staring at you, studying you for weaknesses and imperfections. And if that fails, just buy a load of rubber chickens and tit around with them. 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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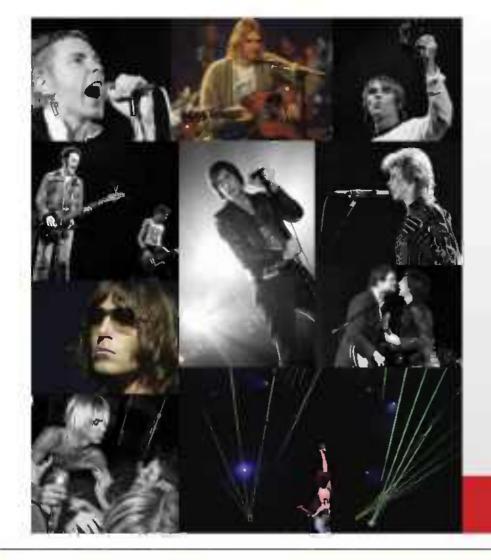
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GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Ash Dosanih

BOOKING NOW



GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMPEROR

STARTS: Manchester University, December 12

DON'T MISS

For years it seemed as if the fate of Canadian mega-piece Godspeed You! Black Emperor would forever remain uncertain. Their abrupt 'indefinite hiatus' back in 2003 signalled to many a definite end to their cinematic soundscapes of no little ethereal depth and beauty. But among a few select believers there was that glimmer of hope that they would re-group to release albums as poignant as 'F#A#" or as glorious as 'Lift Your Skinny Fists Like Antennas To Heaven'. And with news that the band have agreed to curate an ATP this December as well as a headline tour the same month, it seems that GY!BE are picking up where they left off all those years ago. NME.COM/artists/godspeed-

you-black-emperor



DRAKE STARTS: 02 Shepherds Bush Empire, London, July 12

Former child star turned rapper and singer Aubrey 'Drake' Graham heads to the UK.

NME.COM/newmusic

GARY NUMAN

STARTS: Brighton

Concorde 2, July 29

and musician tours his

distinctive industrial

goth-rock synth-pop.

THE WEDDING

STARTS: O2 Academy

David Gedge's indie-rock

outfit gear up for an

NME.COM/artists/

the-wedding-present

PRESENT

Bournemouth.

November 19

extensive tour.

NME.COM/artists/

gary-numan

The renowned composer



MACY GRAY
STARTS: London
Leicester Square
Theatre, July 13
Ms Gray heads to the
capital for a slew of dates
for album 'The Sellout'.
NME.COM/artists/
macy-gray



PHILIP SELWAY
STARTS: London
Royal Festival Hall,
September 14
The Radiohead
drummer steps out
alone with his solo debut
album 'Famulial'.



HEAVEN 17 STARTS: Edinburgh Picture House, November 22 Glenn Gregory and Martyn Ware from the legendary synth-pop outfit re-group. NME.COM/artists/ heaven-17



FIRST AID KIT STARTS: Birmingham Hare & Hounds, July 15 In the run-up to single 'Sailor Song', the Swedish alt folk duo follow their US tour with a UK visit. NME.COM/artists/ first-ald-kit



CARL BARAT
STARTS: Glasgow Oran
Mor, October 21
The former Dirty Pretty
Thing retires from the
theatre to headline his
own solo tour.

MME.COM/artists/



30 SECONDS TO MARS STARTS: Brighton Centre, November 29 Jared Leto-fronted emo-esque outfit head back to the UK following album 'This Is War'. NME.COM/artists/30seconds-to-mars



STARTS: London Village Underground, July 27 An eternity since their debut landed, the quartet

KLAXONS

debut landed, the quartet return with new album 'Surfing The Void'.

NME.COM/artists/klaxons



LINKIN PARK
STARTS: Manchester
Evening News Arena,
November 4
The American rockers
return to the live circuit
after a noticeable absence.
NME.COM/artists/
linkin-park



FRANK TURNER
STARTS: Aberdeen
Lemon Tree, December 1
The socio-political
troubadour announces a
winter UK tour, following
last year's album, 'Poetry
Of The Deed'.
NME.COM/artists/
frank-turner



PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



YEASAYER

STARTS: Cambridge Junction, July 5

PICK

Disproving the 'second album syndrome' rule, the Yeasayer boys have surpassed the quixotic glory of their debut 'All Hour Cymbals' with a self-produced second album that swells with musical innovation and exploration. They may have lost member Luke Fasano to pesky 'musical differences' but that hasn't stopped them from producing one of the defining records of 2010. Exchanging the psychedelic indie of their debut with a sound far more brash and pop-orientated, 'Odd Blood' may dip its toes into classic rock territory, but as tracks such as 'Ambling Alp' and 'ONE' prove, Yeasayer are wholeheartedly indulging in the sounds of the future. NME.COM/artists/yeasayer



Everyone's Talking About **SNOOP DOGG**

STARTS: London Hyde Park, July 3

Immigration woes now behind him, the Doggfather of hip-hop has finally been allowed back into the UK to do what he does best. After performing at this year's Wireless Festival alongside LCD Soundsystem, Snoop will then head over to treland for his own headline shows. Do not miss. NME.COM/artists/ snoop-dogg



FEAL REAL STARTS: London

Don't Miss

Clang @ Catch, July 2

Like The Beta Band's early madcap incarnation, Feal Real combine a love of tribal headdresses with freespirited sonic invention. Manic percussion, sci-fi synths and half-menacing, half-exhortatory vocals energise the London troupe's indie-funk onslaught. This show will be sure to deliver big beats, loud shirts and wide smiles. WWW.NME.COM/newmusic



Radar Stars DELOREAN

STARTS: London Garage, July 1

With their exquisite Balearic beats, Spanish alt.dance outfit Delorean headline this month's NME Radar Live gig in the capital. The gig follows on from the release of their third album, the mischievous 'Subiza'. Be sure to get there early, with support coming from Toronto anti-jock Diamond Rings and stoner-pop idol The Cabin Fever. NME.COM/artists/delorean

GIG GUIDE KEY:

+14 = 14 AND ABOVE +16 = 16 AND ABOVE AA = ALL AGES CS = CLUB SHOW R = FREE ENTRY WA = UNDER 145 WITH AN ADULT UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED ALL GIGS ARE 18+

WEDNESDAY

June 30

BELFAST

Dublin City Rambiers Uister Hall 028 9032 3900

Robert Cray Band Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

Povsta Pavilion 028 9024 6971 Slash Queen's University 028 9024 5133

Tom Hingley Laverys 028 9087 1106 RIDMINGHAM

Hockey 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

Jellybean Rebellion 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 WA

Unicom Kid Flapper 0121 236 2421

REMEMTON

Raid Knobbers The Albert 01273 730499

New Young Pony Club Concorde 2 01273 673311

Vier/Orestea/Sonace Hector's House 01273 681228

BRISTOL

Pumpet Therapy Fleece 0117 945 0996

Karmadillo Portland Arms 01223 357268

CARDIER

Ash Barfly 029 2066 7658 +16 Tiger Please Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

CHELINSFORD

Nexus Six Barhouse 01245 356811 DUBLI

We Should Be Dead Whelan's

00 3531 475 9372

EDINBURGH

Dead Boy Robotics The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

Jesse Malin Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

GATESHEAD

Elvis Costello Sage Arena

0870 703 4655

Sam Gray Boileroom 01483 440022

Rodrigo Y Gabriela OZ Academy 0870 771 2000 WA

Club 0151 236 1964

LONDON

Broken Social Scene Forum

Cory Chisel Slaughtered Lamb

Dan Mangan/The Mighty Low

The Lexington 020 7837 5387

020 7240 2622

Eerle Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

020 7372 2544

020 7485 0909

The Goodtimes Arts Club

Hawksley Workman 229 Club

Jack Johnson The O2 Arena

0870 771 2000 WA

Juliette Lewis Borderline 020 7734 5547

GLASGOW

Johnny Flynn & The Sussex Wit

Oran Mor 0141 552 9224 Ken Da Koalah 13th Note Cafe 0141553 1638

GUILDFORD

Bludger Cardigan Arms 0113 274 2000

LIVERPOOL

The Amazing Kappa Band Cavem

Retween The Burled And Me

Underworld 020 7482 1932

020 7344 0044

020 8682 4080

Derwent Hannon 12 Bar Club

Escape To Sea Good Ship

The Evil Stairs Lock Tavern

Fifth Season/The Good Ship Band/ Stinger Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

020 7460 4459

020 7631 8310

0870 701 4444 Jeff Tweedy Union Chapel

020 7226 1686 John Hisley O2 Academy 2 Islington

Katalina Kicks 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Kid British Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Kines Of Leon Hyde Park

0870 166 3663 The Minutes/Club Smith Bull & Gate

020 7485 5358 Oh Verona Barfly 0870 907 0999 The Stow Proud Galleries

020 7482 3867 Throats Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

U'mau Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

Versailles 02 Academy Islington 0870 771 2000 WA

144 (4 2712)

The Fuel Girls FAC 251 0161 27 27 251 Pebbleridge Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

MORNINCH

Hot Club De Paris Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM

tvyrise Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

The Vortex Maze 0115 947 5650 DORTSMOUTH

In Her Ruin Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

Midlake Pyramids 023 9235 8608 SHEFFIELD

The Plight Plug 0114 276 7093 Sarah Ellen Hughes Lescar Hotel

0114 268 8051 SOUTHAMPTON

Death Of An Artist Joiners 023.8022.5612

Simon McBride Brook 023 8055 5366 **SWANSEA**

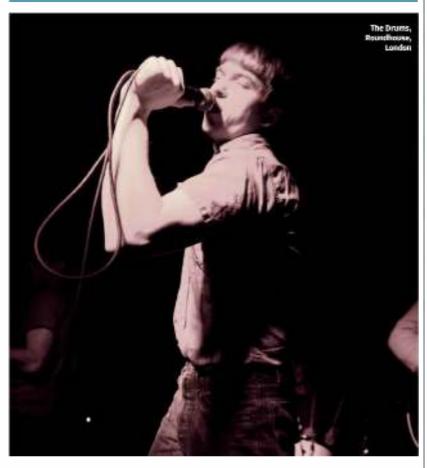
Attack! Attack! Sin City 01792654226

YORK The Strange Boys Fibbers

01904 651 250



THURSDAY



BATH

The Keys Moles 01225 404445 BELFAST

Leona Lewis Odyssey 028 9073 9074

BIRMINGHAM

The Plight Flapper 0121 236 2421

BRIGHTON

Bassekou Kouvate & Ngoni Ba Concorde 2 01273 673311

Tied To The Mast/Perspex Wrecks

Hector's House 01273 681228

BRISTOL

Von Bartha Fleece 0117 945 0996 CAMBRIDGE

Adelaide's Cape Haymakers

01223 367417

CARDIFF

Hockey Barfly 029 2066 7658 +14 CORK

Red Effect Clancy's

00 35321 427 6097

Hot Club De Paris/Crash Of Rhinos/ Once There Were Dinosaurs Venue 01332 203545

DUBLIN

Asian Leopardstown Racecourse 00 353 46 9021350 Elvis Costello Vicar St

00 3531 889 4900

Martina McBride Helix 00 3531 700 7000

EDINBURGH

The Last Battle Wee Red Bar

0131 229 1442 Slash Picture House 0844 847 1740 **Unicorn Kid** Cabaret Voltaire

0131 220 6176

Breakestra Phoenix 01392 667080 Man Must Die Cavern Club 01392 495370

GLASGOW

Born By Wires Stereo 0141 576 5018 Evol Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Jesse Mailin King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Skerryvore OZ ABC 0870 903 3444 WA

GUILDFORD Lazare Boileroom 01483 440022

LEED'S

Kele Cockort 0113 244 3446 Silver Hips Hr-Fr Club 0113 242 7353 We Say No Carpe Diem 0113 243 6264

LEICESTER

Glass Musician 0116 251 0080 LIVERPOOL

Edgar Jones Moio 0844 549 9090 Ivyrise Masque 0151 707 6171

LONDON

Chipmunk Indigo @ The O2 Arena 0870 701 4444

Delorean/Diamond Rings/The Cabin Fever Garage (Upstairs) 0871 230 1094

Dial Luminaire 020 7372 7123

The Features Borderline 020 7734 5547

The Invisible/O Children Cargo 0207 749 7840 Julia Johnson Troubadour Club

020 7370 1434 Laura Marling/Fanfarlo/Peggy Sue/

Smoke Fairies/Alessi's Ark Hyde Park 0870 166 3663

The Lurkers 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Memoryhouse/Slowgun The Lexington Q20 7837 5387

Mim Grey Bush Hall 020 8222 6955 The Morning Benders Barffy 0870 907 0999

The Night Terrors/The Lipstick Melodies/Strawhouses Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

The Northwestern Underbelly 020 7613 3105

Olka Dot Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 Piper Saint 229 Club 020 7631 8310

Radio Radio Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478 Scissor Sisters/The Drums

Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Senopla/Avius Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Stars Heaven 020 7930 2020 Temple Grounds/The Meead

Good Ship D20 7372 2544 The Younger Lovers/Humousexual

Barden's Boudoir 0770 865 6633

MANCHESTER

Marcellus Wallace Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

Sound Of Arrows Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

NEWCASTLE

Face The Ocean Head Of Steam D191 232 4379

Simon McBride Cluny 0191 230 4474 Suffer In Silence 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NORWICH

These Ghosts Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM

Francesqa Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484 +14

Jackson Browne Royal Concert Hall 0115 948 2626

Rod Picott Maze 0115 947 5650 OXFORD

Brigitte Beraha Wheatsheaf

01865 721156 Ozzy Osbourne O2 Academy

0970 771 2000 WA SOUTHAMPTON

Jon Allen Brook 023 8055 5366 Throats Joiners 023 8022 5612

The Heretics The Vic 01793 535713 The Infringers The Rolleston 01793 534238

YORK

SWINDON

Random Hand Fibbers 01904 651 250

FRIDAY

Avoid The Morning Warehouse 0844 847 2319

RIDNINGHAM

The Manhattan Project Sunflower Lounge 0121 632 6756

CAMBRIDGE

The Righys Portland Arms 01223 357268 CARDIFF

029 2066 7658 COLCHESTER

J The Blues The Twist 01206 562 453 DELAMERE

The Death Of Her Money Barfly

Simply Red Delamere Forest 01842 814612

DUBLIN Mountain Man Crawdaddy

00 3531 478 0225

O Emperor Academy 00 3531 877 9999

EDMBURGH

The Mine Wee Red Bar 0131 229 1442 **EXETER**

Congo Alistars Phoenix 01392 667080 The Magic Hatstand Cavern Club 01392 495370

GATESHEAD

Dr John Sage Arena 0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Echofela Box 0161 236 4355 Endor Stereo 0141 576 5018

Here We Go Magic King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Julia And The Doogans The State Bar 0141 332 2159 Scunner 13th Note Cafe 0141 553 1638

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LANCASTER **New Young Pony Club** Library 01717 3942651

LEEDS

Asere! Wardrobe 0113 222 3434 Dr Blue Thornhill Arms 0113 256 5492 Jay Waterhouse Hi Fi Club 0113 242 7353

Motus New Roscoe 0113 246 0778
LIVERPOOL

Jackson Browne Echo Arena 0844 8000 400

Patchwork Grace Masque 0151 707 6171

Tim Shaw Cavern Club 0151 236 1964

LONDOM Ali Love Oueen Of Hoxfort 020 7422 0958

Anoushka Lucas Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

Breakestra Jazz Café 020 7916 6060 The Cannanes Betsy Trotwood 020 7336 7326

Cold in Berlin/Vile Imbedies New Cross Inn 020 8692 1866 Dead Identities 12 Bar Club



Delorean The Lexington 020 7837 5387

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The Features Roadhouse 020 7240 6001 Florian Meindl Rhythm Factory

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Second Head/Loki/Endeavours Hone & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Tony Bennett Roundhouse 020 7482 7318 Under The Gun Ryan's Bar

0870 907 0999

020 7275 7807 The Wild Mercury Sound Barfly

Wireless Festival: Pink/The Ting Tings/Gossip/The Temper Trap/ Plan B/Hockey/Daisy Dares You/Alphabeat/LBlame Cocn/

Ramona/My Toy Box/Alan Powmall/ Sunday Girl/Lawson Hyde Park 0870 166 3663

The Xcerts Watershed 020 8540 0080 MANCHESTER

Autokratz Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392 The Favre Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

KMFDM Academy 2 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

Guy Ornadel Digital 01912 619755 Hell To Pay Dog & Parrot 01912616998

NORWICH

Scarlet Harlots Arts Centre 01603 660352

Throats Marquee 01603 478374 OXEGR

Kele 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA PETERBOROUGH

The Scrapbook Heroes/Adelaide/ A Story To Tell Met Lounge 01733 566100

READING

Tom Willaims And The Boat Rising Sun Arts Centre 0118 986 6788 SHEFFIELD

The Beat Merchants New Barrack Tavern 0114 234 9148

SOUTHAMPTON Groove Julce Brook 023 8055 5366 In Her Ruin Joiners 023 8022 5612

SWINDON Corinthian Casuals The Rolleston

01793 534238 Filpron The Vic 01793 535713 The Screaming Gypsies The Furnace

01793 534238

WAKEFIELD Warpath Snooty Fox 01924 374455

YORK

Summise Fine Fibbers 01904 651 250



SATURDAY



ABERDEEN

Unicorn Kld Warehouse 0844 847 2319

RELEAST Jesse Malin Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

Leona Lewis Odyssey 028 9073 9074 Sasha Ulster Hall 028 9032 3900

BIRVINGHAM

Framed Actress & Bishon 0121 236 7426 **Stormtek** Custard Factory 0121 604 7777

Tony Bennett Symphony Hall 0121 212 3333

BOURNEMOUTH

Iain Cross OZ Academy 01202 399922 BRIGHTON

Department 5 Engine Room

01273 728 999

Joey Negro And The Sunburst Band

Concorde 2 01273 673311

BRHSTOL

The Adolescents Bierkeller 0117 926 8514

Dead End Freinds The Cooler 0117 945 0999

Funkensteins Fleece 0117 945 0996

Reverse Clancy's 00 35321 427 6097

DEL ASSEDI

James Morrison Delamere Forest 01842 814612

DUBLIN

All Campbell Helix 00 3531 700 7000

Kid Canaveral Roxy Art House 0871.230.1094

EXETER

The Animals Corn Exchange 01392 665866

GALWAY

Keith Mullins Roisin Dubh

00 35391 586540 GATESHEAD

Gilles Peterson Sage Arena 0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Fuck Off Machete Captain's Rest M141 331 2722 KMFDM Classic Grand 0141 847 0820

Sound Of Arrows King Tut's Wah Wah

GLOUCESTER

Highly Strung Guildhall Arts Centre 01452 503050

GUILDFORD

Derailed Boileroom 01483 440022 LEEDS

East Street Band New Roscoe

0113 246 0778 Furyon Mine 0871 230 1094

Gary Stewart Adelphr 01943 468615 Green Mac Thornhill Arms 0113 256 5492

Hollie Sheard & Friends The Library

0113 2440794

Hot Club De Paris Faversham 0113 245 8817

Steffen Basho-Junghans Packhorse 0113 245 3980

LIVEDDOOM

Jay Murray Cavern Club 0151 236 1964

Joy Orbison Shipping Forecast 08712301094

The Temps O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

LONDON

Andy Steele/The Extenders Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Breakestra Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060 Caetano Veloso Barbican Hall 020 7638 8891

Crosby, Stills & Nash Royal Albert Hall 020 7589 8212

The Foxes Garage 020 7607 1818

The Freemasons KOKO 020 7388 3222

Godsized Peel 020 8546 3516 Ivvrise O2 Academy Islangton 0870 771 2000 WA

John Mouse Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Kopperhed/Solsikk/Episode 1/ E Nora/ Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 Man Must Die Underworld

020 7482 1932 Novak Stare Barfly 0870 907 0999 Ozzy Osbourne Roundhouse

020 7482 7318 Speech Debelle 93 Feet East

020 7247 6095

Wireless Festival: LCD

undsystem/2 Many DJs/Snoop Dogg/The Big Pink/Missy Elflott/ Example/The Phenomenal Handclap Band/DJ Shadow/

UNKLE/Jamie Lidell/Autokratz/ Beat Bullyz/Magnetic Man/New

Hwfe Park 0870 166 3663 Zoo Zero The Victoria 020 8980 6609

MANCHESTER

Circo Loco Sankey's 0161 661 9668 Deep in The Mire Club Academy

Slash Academy 0161 832 1111 0161 236 1822

MEMPASTIF

Young Llar Head Of Steam

NORWICH

Factory Floor Arts Centre 01603 660352

Heavens Basement The Central 0115 963 3413

OXFORD

01865 241261

Centre 0118 986 6788

01795 662 139

Hot Pants Leadmill 0114 221 2828

SWINDON

01793 534238 The Lewis Creaven Band The

WAKEFIELD

Abgott Snooty Fox 01924 374455

Young Porry Club/Darwin Deez/The Hundred in The Hands/Lisa Mitchell

0161 832 1111 Noah & The Whale Cathedral

0161 832 1111

Where's Strutter Night And Day Café

The Soviets Cluny 0191 230 4474 0191 232 4379

NOTTINGHAM

Throats Rock City 08713 100000

The Real Thing The Regal

READING

The Circus Sands Rising Sun Arts

CHITCHICS

Winter in Eden Ivy Leaf Bar

Flight 815 Corporation 0114 276 0262

SOUTHAMPTON Kele Joiners 023 8022 5612

Calm Like A Bomb The Furnace

Rolleston 01793 534238

SUNDAY



Sarah Harmer Auntie Annie's 028 9050 1660

Ves Carlets Black Boy 00 35301 566511

BIRMINGH Courtney Pine Moseley Park 0871 230 1094

BRIGHTON

Memoryhouse Freehutt

01273 603974 Patchwork Grace The Hydrant 01273 608313

Rufus Walnwright Centre

0870 900 9100 RDISTOL

The Brains/The Pain Bierkeller 0117 926 8514

So Am I Fleece 0117 945 0996 DELAMERE

The View Delamere Forest 01842 814612 DUBLIN

Jesse Malin Academy 2 00 3531 877 9999 GLASGOW

Paul McGranaghan Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Pettybone 13th Note Cafe 01415531638 Snoop Dogg 02 Academy

0870 771 2000 WA Tony Bennett Royal Concert Hall

0141353.8000 Unicom Kid King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

0141 221 5279 GUILDFORD

Actions To Onslaught Boileroom 01483 440022

LEEDS

Bleech Northern Monkey 0113 242 6630

Claire Cameron Band Carpe Diem 0113 243 6264 David Ford Brudenell Social Club

0113 243 5866 Johnny Powell Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861

Moonshine Thornhill Arms 0113 256 5492

LIVERPOOL Ramona O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA The Shakers Cavern Club

0151 236 1964 LONDON

Baedeker/The Hamptons Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

D12/Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Plp/Chiddy Bang Hyde Park

Yu(c)k George IV 020 8674 5329

Buddy Guy Bridgewater Hall

0161 834 8180

0161 273 6726

NEWCASTLE Maybe Myrtle Turtle The Tyne

0870 771 2000

моемиси Adelaide's Cape St Gregory's Centre

For The Arts 0871 230 1094

OXFORD

Homs Of Plenty The Regal 01865 241261

PRESTON The Proclaimers 53 Degrees

Zinner Tongue Old Orleans 0118 951 2678

SHEFFIELD Man Must Die Corporation 0114 276 0262

SWINDON

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

WAKEFIELD

Clear The Pier Snooty Fox

Ash The Duchess 01904 641 413



Canto Do Sol Dingwalls 020 7267 1577

Crosby, Stills & Nash Royal Albert Hall 020 7589 8212 Dan Raind Borderline 020 7734 5547

Devendra Banhart/Rozi Plain KOKO 020 7388 3222 Dr John 02 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

Foals/Two Door Cinema Club Roundhouse 020 7482 7318 Inertia 02 Academy Islington

0870 771 2000 WA

Peoble in Planes Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709 Wireless Festival: Jay-Z/Lily Allen/ Friendly Fires/Slash/Chipmunk/

Drake/Mr Hudson/Chase And

Deep/Professor Green/Wale/

Status/Tinle Tempah/Wiley/Roll

Nolya Barfly 0870 907 0999 +14

0870 166 3663

MANCHESTER

0161 907 9000 The Herballser Moho Live

Pandom Hand Star & Garter

0191 265 2550 Twenty Twenty 02 Academy 2

NOTTINGHAM Last Call Home Maze 0115 947 5650

01772 893 000

Black Sheep Apprentice The Rolleston 01793 534238

Jim Stapley Band The Forum 08712 777101

01924 374455



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



BIRMANGHAM

The Black Keys OZ Academy 0870 771 2000 WA Polly The Billets Doux Hare And Hounds 0121 444 2081

BRISTOL D12 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

Versus The Circus Portland Arms D1223 357268

Yeasaver Junction 01223 51 (511 CORK

Snoop Dogg Live At The Marquee 0871 230 1094

DUBLIN

DJ Shadow Tripod 00 353 1 4780225

Sarah Harmer Academy 2 00 3531 877 9999



GALWAY

John Deery Roisin Dubh 00 35391 586540

GLASGOW

Salifishforty Oran Mor 0141 552 9224 LIVERPOOL

David Gray 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 WA

Jesse Malin O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 WA

LONDON

Buddy Guy O2 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

Drop Bears/Luke Kane/Avermen Hone & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Eject Pilot Eject/Recluse Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Example/N-Dubz Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Jazz Jamaica Scala 020 7833 2022 John Constable 12 Bar Club

020 7240 2622 Pearly Gate Music Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Rob Bravery Source Below 020 7434 9130

The Sentinels Of Rhythm 100 Club 020 7636 0933

The Sword Barfly 0870 907 0999 +14 Wale Jazz Café 020 7916 6060 NEWCASTLE

David Ford Cluny 0191 230 4474

NORWICH Eve Sells Band Arts Centre

01603 660352 Kele Waterfront 01603 632717

READING

Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs Revolution 0871 230 1094

SALFORD

The Rotted Lowry 0161 876 2121 S FFHELD Chipmunk O2 Academy

0870 771 ±000 V A Ellen And The Escapades Plug

0114 276 7093 Stone Run Corporation 0114 276 0262

TUESDAY

Falling Into Difference Fleece 0117 4 996

CARDIFF

Death Before Dishonour Barfly 029 21 7658 +14

Jesse Malin Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

DURLIN

Snoop Dogg Olympia 00.3 81.679.3323

EXETER

Ingested Cavern Club 01392 495370

GLASGOW

Crosby, Stills & Nash SECC 014124 3000

Sarah Harmer King | t's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

LEEDS

Chipmunk O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 WA

Throats Cockpit Room 3 0113 2441573 LONDON

Avital Raz Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080 Bebe & Paolo/JD Smith Windmill

020 8671 0700 Clare Portman 12 Bar Club

020 7240 2622 Crystal Fighters Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Darwin Deez/Kate Nash Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Decoy/The Sunday Morning Service/The Hitch Hikers Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312



MILAN THE XX TUNNEL CLUB + 392 7768007

Forgotten Roots/Misled Icons Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Is Tropical/Breton/Flash Fiktion White Heat @ Madame Jo Jo's

Kelly Paige Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434 The Pilght Old Blue Last

020 7613 2478 Roberto Fonseca Barbican Hall

020 7638 8891 MANCHESTER

The Black Keys Academy 0161 832 1111 The Dirty Projectors Academy 2

0161 832 1111 **D**r John Royal Northern College Of Music 0161 273 6283

Kate McGill Moho Live 0161 834 8180 Tony Bennett Bridgewater Hall

0161 907 9000 NORWICH

Dennis Lotis The Green Man 01603 782693

Tom Paxton Theatre Royal 01603 630000

SHEFFIELD Veasaver Plug 0114 276 7093

SOUTHAMPTON

The Broadcast Hamptons Bar 07919 253 508

Dead By Dawn Joiners 023 8022 5612

SWAMSEA

Bowling For Soup Sin City 01792654226

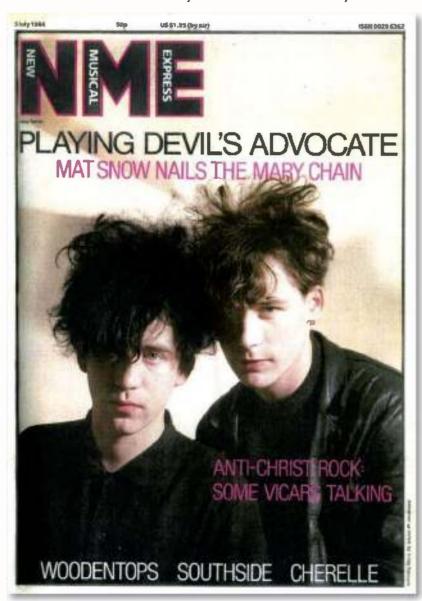


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THIS WEEK IN 1986

JESUS WALKS, WHAM! LEAVE, EURYTHMICS ACCUSED



80,000 SEE LEATHER LOVELIES GO-GO

GOODBYE T'GEORGE

William Leith reports on Wham!'s 'The Final' show at Wembley. "They did everything," he writes. "All four tracks from the single, all the other singles, some album tracks, and all with a kind of glee and the mockhedonism for which they are famous. George did that slightly embarrassing dance of his. They hugged each other at the end and tried to fight back the tears."



SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD

A review of Eurythmics' 'Revenge', by Biba Kopf, takes apart this "pair of prats", adding that the album's "the product of a group grown jaded with their own taste, out on the prowl for rough trade to revive its lost appetite. It's the triumph of a mediocre art thief over the sources that arouse his envy more than they inspire him."

BLACK AGAINST THE WALL

think it looks nocturnal, deathly, morbid, negative, fearful, paranoid, evil, psychotic and ripe with sexual perversion," says NME's Mat Snow of his interviewees' exceedingly strict dress code. "That's what all black, always black and only black means to me."

Seven months on from the release of 'Psychocandy', now readying 'Darklands', The Jesus & Mary Chain are quick to respond. "Isn't that like saying Hackney cabs are a symbol of death, destruction and sexual perversion?" sniffs William Reid, before his brother Jim adds: "Besides, what's so big about blue?" The interview continues with this confrontational to-ing and fro-ing, encompassing whether or not 'Some Candy Talking' is about drugs ("It's just a nice word"), if writing a song called 'Jesus Suck' is just self-conscious shock-rock posturing, and the fact that "the only hint of naughtiness in their classic-style love songs is a hint of too-wasted or too-chaste-to-fuck". When asked what would make them happy, Jim declares that, "If I walked by a tramp in the gutter and he was doing The Times crossword, I'd be smiling!

"I like the idea of shaking things up," he continues at the conclusion of the interview, before adding, somewhat depressingly: "At one time I thought maybe we had the potential to do it, but now I don't think we have."

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

- · A week of gigs showcasing all the bands on NME's new C86 cassette is announced. Titled 'Cool In The Spool', tickets are £3.50 per night
- · A full-page advert for record store chain Our Price has a picture of a huge-haired David Bowie promoting his new soundtrack album, and screams: "DAVID BOWIE IS CAUGHT IN THE LABYRINTH AT OUR PRICE"
- . The Sonics' 'Here Are The Sonics' greatest hits set is reviewed. "It's a confrontational sound," writes Gavin Martin, "responding not only to internal passions but the brutality and hostility around them head on"

· On the Letters page, Tim Mickleburgh (who "writes to NME every week") asks: "What is wrong with train-spotting?"



NMEEDFORIAL

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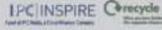
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TAXING THE FINEST MINDS IN ROCK'N'ROLL FOR SIX DECADES

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS

1 States, in a non-standard form of language, that it's from The Gaslight Anthem (8-5)

9 Drinking place to which Arab returns for We Are Scientists performance (7)

10 Insh band fronted by Conor Deasy (7)
12 Rusko's album placed in bottom grade (1-1-1)
13 Record label for Feeder, Moloko and 2 down (4) 14+31A+16A US band that use two optional videos

(1-1-1-2-4) 15 Put in place with a wrong marking – the band to 'Stand Or Fall' in 1982 (4)

to Stand Of Fair in 1982 (4)
16 (See 14 across)
18 "The ice age is coming, the ____ is zooming in",
from The Clash's 'London's Calling' (3)
19-27A They flew their colours with a 'Swagger' in

1990 (4-10) 20+39A Glad tunes were rewritten for Faith No

More album (5-4) 22+25A See saw rocked by Lisa Hannigan to her

2008 Mercury-nominated album (3-3)
24 Some American guy referred to by Beenie Man
and Ms Thing (4)
25 (See 22 across)
26 (See 37 across)

27 (See 19 across)

31 (See 14 across)

33 Band that was fronted by Jeff Lynne (1-1-1)
35 Stuart ______, original drummer for
Stereophonics who died recently (5)
37+26A Endure an album from US singer/ songwriter Jackson Browne (4-3)
38 Type of rock music coming from The

Lemonheads (3) 39 (See 20 across)

42+41A One or the other methods used by The Twang (6-3)

CLUES DOWN

2 With 'Blood Like Lemonade' they're drinking to the return of Skye Edwards (9) (nwnh Ree2) F

A Utter confusion in completing The Futureheads' album 'The ___' (5)
5+34D Do Faithless just keep on touring with this

number? (3-5-4)

6 Ben Langmaid is the shy half of this duo (2-4) 7 All the passion is there on this album by The

8+3D Legendary album had 'Something' on it (5-4) 11 Re-list words in different order on Liars album (11) 15 Arcade Fire had their enjoyment then made real changes (7)

thanges (7)
18-17D Secret Machines number that has a miserable solo on it (3-3-6)
21 Nelly Furtado album part of the baggy

21 Nelly Furtado album part of the baggy movement? (5)
23 Little __ had hit with 'The Loco-Motion' (3)
28 Band that got moved below (5)
29 Guns N'Roses, Arcade Fire and Blink-182 are headlining this festival in August (5)
30 "Love is __ and love is pain/Love is those blues that I'm singing again", The Verve (5)
32 The expert musicians in Desmond Dekker's backing band (4)
34 (See 5 down)

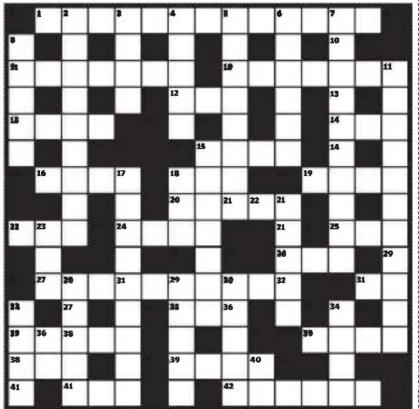
34 (See 5 dawn)

36 Wilco's debut album finished before midday (1-1) 40 Rapper who was 'Dead And Gone' last year (1-1)

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, July 6, 2010, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 4th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 OSU.

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



JUNE 5 ANSWERS

1This is Happening, 9 in Sleep, 10 Respect, 11 O'Connor, 13 Down, 16+31A1 Don't Love You, 19+2OA Needles And Pins, 21 Typical, 22 Shamen, 27 Gaudi, 29 Anka, 30 Red, 32+18A Papa Roach, 33 Stylo.

1. This Drient, 2 It's Not Over Yet, 3+15D Ice In The Sun, 4 Hup, 5 Par, 6 Easyworld, 7+26A I Got Wet, 8 Gott, 12 Roots Manuva, 13 Dreja, 14 Mani, 17+23D Talking Heads, 24 McKay, 25 Sway, 28 Ira.



SEVEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN









FANMAIL

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

Edited by Kev Kharas









LETTERS@NME.COM FACEBOOK.COM/ NMEMAGAZINE

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NME.COM/BLOGS





WORLD SCHMUCK

From: Lauren Crawford To: NME

Dear Charles Simmons (Detached Of The Day, Fannail, 19/06/10) – shut the hell up! You are right – NME is a music magazine. Keen observational skills there. However, how can you expect the creators of this glurious paper to completely ignore the biggest sporting event there is, just to keep a few whining, anti-social readers from bursting blood vessels? It's not uncommon to have more than one passion in life. I adore football and could not envisage a life without music. And when the two meet? 'Three Lions' – AMAZING song – and 'World In Motion' is also legendary. Like music, football is a global language – footballers are grossly overpaid, and Russell Brand is an arsewipe, but don't try to divide fans of music and football. We're one and the same – get over it.

NME's response...

Front: NME

To: Lauren Crawford

Here, here - that whole 'Sport Vs Music' debate has always struck me as rather absurd. It's like asking someone if they prefer tigers or happiness? Agree on "World in Motion" too, while I've always considered Hoddle & Waddle's 'Diamond Lights' to be an underrated synthosp classic - KK.

From: Lauren Crawford

To: NME

I hadn't heard 'Diamond Lights' before, but it's fantastic!

Get in touch at the above addresses. Winners should email letters annie, com

CONTRARIAN LIBRARIAN

From: Paul Wilson To: NME

Just read Adam Green's praise of the new Strokes record. "They've been using a children's choir who provide some tribal chanting". "George Michaelness". Jesus! High praise that isn't. Don't think I'll bother, but thanks for the warning Adam!

From: NME To: Paul Wilson

What have you got against tribes of singing children, Paul? I'll have no knocking of George Michael, either. Have you tried listening to 'A Different Corner' in the back seat of a taxi at 3am after murdering the love of your life on Brighton beachfront? It's literally impossible not to burst into tears. While you're here, what could Adam have said to make you feel enthusiastic about the new album?

From: Paul Wilson To: NME

Ha ha! Can't say I have Kev, no. One listen to 'Faith-a Faith' was enough to convince me that, in the words of Dr Frasier Crane, "I'd rather have a tarantula lay eggs in my ears than listen to anything like this again". What could Adam have said? 'Is This It mk 2' would have done for me.

From: NME

To: Paul Wilson

Your email sig says you work in a library. You also watch Frasier. I can see now why the ass-slapping, wolf-howling, double-denimmed George Michael of 'Faith' might not appeal to you. But deride him for it and you have to deride, I don't know, Bowie for 'The

Laughing Gnome'. So you just want the same record, made again? Oh, Paul. You may think that's what you want, but in reality the pangs of doubt and guilt in your gut would grow into huge creeping anxiety bombs, as the realisation slowly hit home that Julian et al were simply going through the motions in a misguided homage to days and moments passed. You can't live like that, Paul, It's not healthy.

From: Paul Wilson To: NME

No, no, come on Kev! Think how good it was the first time you heard 'Room On Fire' - 'Is This It', but better. If they hadn't come back with their third album, we'd all be pissing ourselves in anticipation.

From: NME

communication.

To: Paul Wilson I remember the first time I heard 'Room On Fire' it wasn't a patch on the first time I heard 'Hard To Explain'. Regretfully, I must terminate this

SUNDREAMING OF YOU

From: Sundream Garner To: NME

Hello, my name is Sundream, and I'm a 32-year-old French lesbian with a devotion, admiration and deep respect for Beth Ditto. In 13 days' time (yes, I'm counting) I'm driving seven hours on my own to see Gossip perform in Nantes. I've arranged for flowers to be delivered to Beth on the day of the concert, as well as the one in the Czech Republic a few days before, and I hope/ dream that she'll come find me to give me a kiss. I want to hold her.

From: NME

To: Sundream Garner
Your devotion to Beth is
admirable, Sundream.
I wasn't sure fandom like
that existed any more, but
you've completely rebuilt my
faith in the power of music.
Unfortunately I wouldn't get
your hopes up – I met 'Beth
Ditto' the other day and it
was actually a very small
man in a rubber woman
suit. Soz.

From: Sundream Garner To: NME

I'm a dreamer and live my life like that.

From: NME To: Sundream Garner

So that revelation has done nothing to curb your interest in 'Miss Ditto', then?

From: Sundream Garner To: NME

No, it hasn't - I'm addicted and need my fix! I'm what can be called a real crazy probably insane fan!!!! I'm writing an 'essay' to try to understand... ME!!! Thank you, Kev. Let me know how much I owe you for my therapy.

From: NME

To: Sundream Garner
I think you're confusing our relationship. All you owe me for are those vials of Beth's sweat I just put in the post, Salut!

KELEFLOWER EARS

From: Phil Gwyn To: NME

I've only heard half of Kele's debut album, but I can't help but be shocked by the generous 7/10 you awarded him. I agree that Bloc Party have been going downhill since 'Silent Alarm', but if anything Kele's material suggests a continuation of that, not a "knock-out blow against his cloying past". More confusing still is the transformation Kele's undergone. In 2005-2007 he was delightfully withdrawn, articulate, sensitive; qualities which made 'Silent Alarm' one of the decade's best albums. People change - whatever - but the transformation to this confident, laddish Kele is strange given how little he has to shout about. It's not like he's making genrepushing dance music, he's just recycling 2007's forgotten electro-house



STALKER

From: Clare To: NME

"This is me and my two friends with Tahita from New Young Pony Club, she wanted a picture with us because we made her a fan plate, which previously had a burger on it, at the Topshop Bandstand Picnics for Teenage Cancer Trust."

remixes. Even Ed Banger aren't interested in those any more.

From: NME To: Phil Gwyn

Whatever your opinion on 'The Boxer', at least the transformation itself's been vaguely interesting. At times that old, sensitive version of Kele was so withdrawn he barely even seemed to exist at all. Have you listened to the whole of the new album yet?

From: Phil Gwyn To: NME

Though shy, the old Kele never seemed scared of controversy - yet last week he gave an interview in which he completely refused to answer questions on his sexuality and the spat with Liam Gallagher because he didn't want to offend anyone. I've listened to the record and it was an absolute waste of time - as with all of Bloc Party's dance tracks, it sounds made by someone who knows relatively little about electronic music. Listening to the Mount Kimbie album makes me ashamed that Kele once fronted my favourite band. yet more people will buy Kele's record because he's got the right image, publicist, record label and connections. That's depressing, and ironically this is the same system he said he was sick of in an interview with NME recently.

From: NME
To: Phil Gwyn
Kele's attempts at dance

Web Slinging The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs LEAVE OUR

To movie lovers, remakes in themselves aren't totally objectionable. But there are some roles so iconic they deserve to stay preserved as they were - not the way money hungry producers want them to be. I say this after watching the first trailer of the new A-Team movie, and feeling a mixture of pity and irritation at Quinton 'Rampage' Jackson's portrayal of BA Baracus. To quote a much-missed turn of phrase, I pity the fool for even trying. There are a slew of unnecessary Hollywood remakes in the works - The Karate Kid, Footloose, even the seemingly untouchable Nightmare On Elm Street. All seem hell-bent on 're-imagining' those roles already indelibly etched on our imaginations, but these are the Top to characters that should never be touched. Feel free to add your own, and please take all Star

LEGENDS ALONE

- Freddie Krueger A Nightmure On Elm Street
- Mr Miyagi The Karate Kid
- Travis Bickle Taxi Driver
- Wonder Woman original TV series

Wars and The Godfather roles as a given.

- The Terminator Terminator
- Dr Peter Venkman Ghostbusters
- John Bender The Breskfast Club
- Jack Torrance The Shiring
- Snake Plissken Escape from New York
- Smurfette The Smurfs

such as 'Tenderoni' seem

ready-made for the charts

whereas Kimbie's music

I guess we'll have to see

what the fates do with

ORDEAL OF

HEDONISM

From: Isobel Waite

Dearest darling NME,

as much as I like the 'On

I have a complaint. The

photos on the right hand

order! I spend more time

mentally placing them in chronological order than

I do reading the article.

Obviously this is a

article are never in the right

page accompanying the

The Road With...' features.

TIME-MELTING

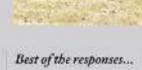
them both.

To: NME

has always felt more private.

and big name dubs.

Read Andrea Hubert's blog on NME.COM



Escape From New York is a brilliant movie, Good article, Klarlog

Withnail - untouchable. Jack Murray

No-one could ever come close to Anthony Perkins as Norman Bates in Psycho - especially not Vince Vaughn, like Gus Van Sant tried. What was he thinking?! Sam

Captain Jack Sparrow, Indiana Jones, John McClane, Marty McFly, Rocky Balbua, Ellen Ripley, Nametinknown

music do seem resolutely
unfashionable. But you
must concede, though,
that he and Mount Kimbie
seem to be aiming for
different things: tracks
horrendous wrongdoing
on your part, and in future
I would appreciate it if
I could enjoy events in the
ORDER THEY HAPPENED.

From: NME To: Isobel Waite

Isobel - I'm obliged to point out that the pictures are arranged in such a manner in order to reflect the time-melting ordeal of hedonism that is life on the road with an NME back.



STALKER
From: Jessie
To: NME
"I met We Are fucking
Scientists!"

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ICH PELLEY PHOTOS: GETTY, ACPHA, RETNA

DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING A GLASTO LEGEND'S MEMORY AFTER YEARS OF ABUSE

QUESTION 1

Rolf, you open the Pyramid Stage on Friday. How many times have you played Glastonbury before?

"This will be number six. I'll never forget when I first saw the amount of people I was playing to. I was backstage and this big bloke said, "Ello, Rolp' – he called me, with a 'P' – 'You're the only one I'm interested in seeing.' He gave me a mighty slap across the back and it took the panic away."

Correct. 1993, 1998, 2000, 2002, 2009



QUESTION 2

Name three bands who've covered your 1960s hit, 'Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport'...

"Pat Boone was in Australia when it was a hit in 1960. He wanted to do an American version but his record company said, 'It doesn't make any sense.' Three years later I had a Number Five in America. Pat Boone went back and said, 'See.' The Wiggles did it because I was with them. Elvis Costello's done it. There's a Dutch version and two German versions. The Dutch one goes (sings in perfect Dutch), 'Op een kangoeroe eiland/Waar je kangoeroes vindt/Zoekt een kangoeroe-moeder/Naar d'r kangoeroe-kind'."

Correct. Also Led Zeppelin and The Australian Pink Floyd Show

QUESTION 3

Which 1969 Kinks song features a wobble-board solo?

"No idea. I can only think of 'Lazing on a sunny afternoon/The taxman's taken all my dough'. [The Kinks' 'Sunny Afternoon' - 1960s Ed]

Incorrect. 'Australia'

QUESTION 4

On which two Kate Bush albums do you play didgeridoo?

""The Dreaming', from ages ago. On 'Aerial' I did a song about painting called 'The Painter's Link'. She was the hardest taskmistress ever. I did about eight different takes. She kept saying, 'You're a bit flat, can you do it again?"

Correct. 'The Dreaming' (1982) and 'Aerial' (2005)

This Week ROLF HARRIS



QUESTION 5

What was the address to join Rolf's Cartoon Club?

"Good Lord. It was a PO Box but I'm damned if I can remember it. PO Box roo-d-d-dee roo-d-d-da, Bristol!"

Incorrect. PO Box 60, Bristol BS99 7HN



QUESTION 6

You sang 'Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport' with The Beatles for BBC radio in 1963. How did you personalise the lyrics? "The one I remember most strongly is, 'Don't ill-treat me pet dingo, Ringo/Don't ill-treat me pet dingo/(affects Liverpudlian accent) He can't understand your lingo, Ringo/(back to normal Aussie accent) So don't ill-treat me pet dingo, Ringo'."

QUESTION 7

Who follows you on the Pyramid Stage on Friday?

"I was signing photos after one Glastonbury. This fella came up, I said, 'Who's it to?', he said, 'Willie Nelson'. I thought, 'Fancy putting on the accent, hair and hat, aren't people incredible?' Only later I was told it was the real Willie Nelson! Corinne Bailey Rae is on

because I've done a painting which I'm taking to present to her. Then Dizzee Rascal – I admire him like mad. I'd love to do some recording with him. (Does some trademark Rolf huffing). My sound against his rap would be great!"

Correct. Plus Snoop Dogg, Vampire Weekend and Gorillaz

QUESTION 8

What was The Queen wearing on her head when you painted her 80th birthday portrait?

"Just her hair! Did you think I wouldn't remember? The Palace said, "What would you like the Queen to wear?" I said, "What would I like the Queen to wear?" Good Lord!"

Correct



QUESTION 9

In which '90s film is your 1969 hit 'Two Little Boys' sung at a funeral? "Ah, Trainspotters. What a good film that was!"

Correct-ish. Spud sings it at Tommy's funeral in Trainspotting

QUESTION 10

How many people are members of the Facebook group 'Is Rolf Harris really Colonel Sanders from KFC?'
"Ha ha ha! I've never heard that before! About 118?"
Incorrect. It's 2,445
"Good grief!"

Total Score **7/10**

"How good is that! It's a shame I was never allowed to release the Beatles version of 'Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport' – but it's all over YouTube now!" Coming Next Week

OUT
WEDNESDAY
JULY
7

KINGS OF LEON

LIVE IN HYDE PARK
THE VERDICT ON THEIR NEW SONGS

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