





# INSIDETHIS

"NEXT MONTH'S MORTGAGE PAYMENT HAS A QUESTION MARK HANGING OVER IT" ARCADE FIRE - THE BIGGEST POOR BAND IN THE WORLD



Tve never heard of Take That in my entire life"

BLACK MOUNTAIN'S RAID ON THE MAINSTREAM IS **EMBOLDENED BY WILFUL IGNORANCE** 



31/07/2010



"Keith didn't approve of Anita filming sex scenes with Mick"

ONE OF THE REASONS WHY PERFORMANCE IS STILL THE ULTIMATE ROCK'N'ROLL FILM - 40 YEARS AFTER ITS RELEASE



"THE ALBUM HAS A LOT OF COCK

AND WE THOUGHT MYSTERY JETS WERE SUCH NICE BOYS...



IAN BROWN BAFFLES AT

**BENICASSIM IN SPAIN** 

"BUILDING COMMUNITY IS **MORE IMPORTANT** THAN WHETHER IT'S **GOT A BANJO IN IT" BEHIND THE HOEDOWN AT** 

**MUMFORD & SONS' WEEK-LONG** 

**FOLK FESTIVAL** 

# PLUS

4 ON REPEAT

UPFRONT

16 VS

18

RADAR **FEATURES** 

38 **REVIEWS** 

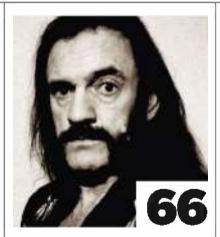
43 LIVE

57 GIG GUIDE

62 THIS WEEK IN..

> 63 **XWORD**

64 **FANMAIL** 66 **BRAIN CELLS** 



"THE ADVERT WASN'T GREAT AND GARY LINEKER **NEVER SPOKE** TO US"

**LEMMY HAS FEW FOND MEMORIES OF HIS WALKERS CRISPS DAYS** 



NICKY WIRE ON MANIC STREET PREACHERS' NEW ALBUM AND CHOCOLATE SCANDALS

# ON REPEAT

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





# **DEERHUNTER**

Revival

Bradford Cox and the boys have been leading their fans on a merry treasure hunt in the lead-up to new album 'Halcyon Digest', enlisting devotees' help to poster the world with the news of its release on September 28 via 4AD. In return for their flyposting hours, industrious street-teamers got their eyes on the album's artwork and tracklisting before anyone else. Now Deerhunter have further rewarded the faithful (and those industrious enough to Google the necessary password for the mysterious album mini-site) with a new single, 'Revival'. It's a woozy, swaying will-o'-the-wisp of a track with

A woozy, swaying will-o'-the -wisp track with Breeders-ish menace

a sweet Breeders-ish menace, a ghostly banjo and eene death rattles, ending in urgent riffage as Bradford puzzles "Darkness, always/It doesn't make much sense". But that's not all that's in the

box! Delve into the foam peanuts and you'll unearth B-side Primitive 3-D', a spaced-out booty-shaking little number that reels round a psychedelic dancefloor of the underworld before disappearing into a puff of sampled birdsong, a piano drowning in reverb and the strains of an actually rather creepy music box. Really, they're quite spoiling you. Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor On Halcyondigest.com now



For Ash

Listen, slackers, with your meat-pawed guitar mangling; shredding goddess Marnie Stern is back. 'For Ash' was written following an ex's suicide, and sees Marnie itching with turbopowered grief over Zach Hill's time-warping syncopations. Blistering stuff.

Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor On Pitchfork.com now

### WOMEN

Evesore

The battle of the sexes rides on with all-male four-piece Women (yes, it's confusing). Beach Boys pop collides magnificently with heartfelt psych-rock on the six-minute 'Eyesore'. The war over the crown for experimental supremacy will undoubtedly rage on, but for once Women have come out on top. Ash Dosanjh, Writer Free download from Scjag.com now

### **ENFORCER**

Midnight Vice

Music that hits you around the head and takes you back to 1984 demands attention, so prick up your ears for this barrage of riffage. There's a New Wave Of British Heavy Metal revival going on, and these Swedish speed metallers are leading the charge. Mike Williams, writer On NME.COM/radarmixtape now

# **JACK WHITE**

Mother Nature's Son

Jack sang this White Album highlight at a Paul McCartney tribute at the White House; and, as the video shows, Jack's even paler than usual, having to sing it to not only Macca himself but President Obama. Of course, he pulls it off; the two Big Fellas look chuffed to bits. Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor On Twentyfourbit.com now

# **EDWYN COLLINS**

Losing Sleep

The title track of the former Orange Juice man's forthcoming album, with its Spector-ish jangles and soul-parp brass, couldn't sound more classically Edwyn if it came supplied with a fawning queue of Alex Kapranos and Ryan Jarman clones. Reliably fantastic. Jamie Fullerton, News Editor Free from the NME.COM daily download -NME.COM/bioas

### **CULTS**

Oh My God

Apparently there's a new dating website launching purely for guys and gals wanting to start coupley-lo-fi-pop duos. Here's why. Summer Camp's Big Apple doppelgangers lay bare the components making his'n'hers indie a decidedly less vomit-inducing prospect: mysterious B-movie samples: check; sunbleached strums: check; lazy, hazy melodies: check; xylophones: check. Sign me up. Jaimie Hodgson, New Music Editor On MySpace now

# KID CUDI, BEST COAST AND **ROSTAM BATMANGLIJ**

All Summer

Bands making tunes for corporations is supposed to suck, but after Converse successfully got Pharrell, Julian C and Santigold to get it on, they're back for seconds. This time we get Kid Cudi, who supplies dark wisdom, Best Coast's Bethany Cosentino, who brings the sun-drenched vocals, and Vampire Weekend's Rostam, whose production skilfully brings them together. Like a battered pair of trainers, it's frayed around the edges but in a very good way indeed. Paul Stokes, Associate Editor Download it at Converse.com

# **CUT COPY**

Where I'm Going

The Aussie electro gang have returned and gone all pop. Leaving behind the full-pelt approach featured on 2008's majestically brilliant 'In Ghost Colours' album, here they nick Goldfrapp's trick of combining a stomping T Rex glam beat with twinkly synth prettiness. It's both charming and unexpected, and, even better, it's free to download from their website. Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.com Free download from Cutcopy.net



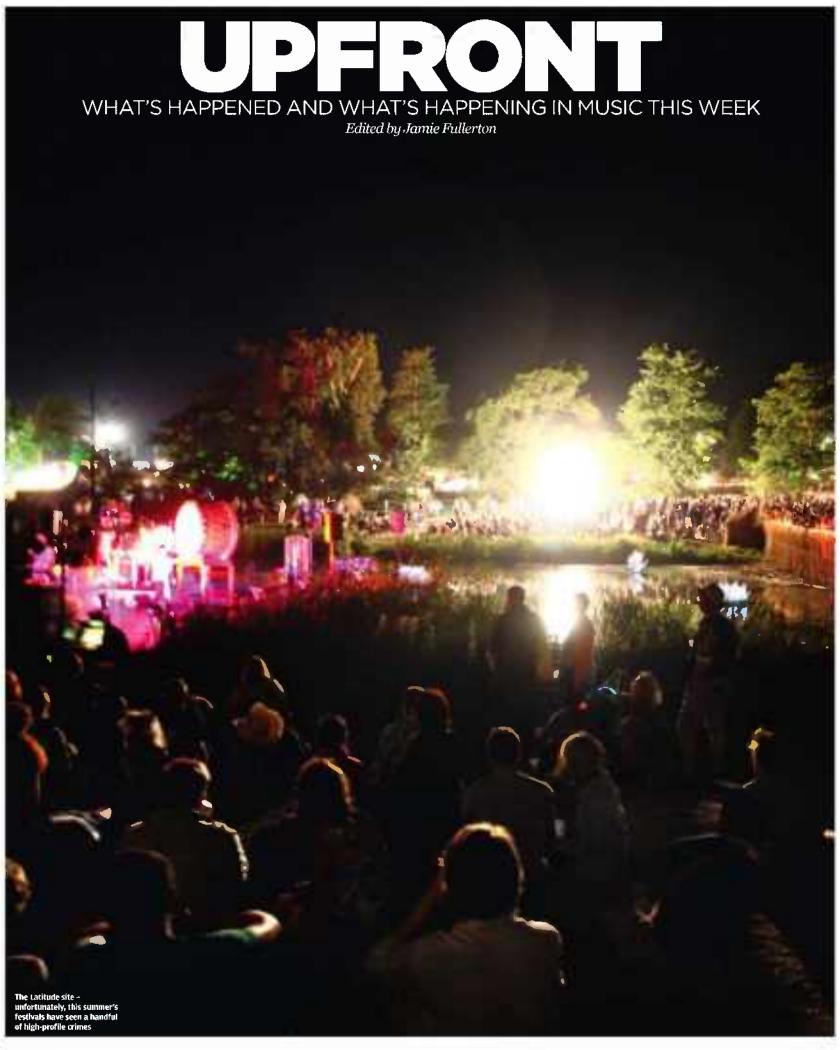
# **EL GUINCHO**

Bombay

"The perfect summer jam?" asked the XL Recordings tweet that announced this latest teaser from Pablo Díaz-Reixa's forthcoming 'Pop Negro' album. Now, me personally, I ain't into 'summer jams' (and I certainly ain't into tweeting), but the steel drums, infectious melody and tap-tap rhythms of this I will happily take.

Hamish MacBain, Assistant Editor On Elquincho.com now





# HOW SAFE ARE OUR FESTIVALS?

After a series of violent attacks in the past month at UK festivals, **Luke Lewis** speaks to the festival chiefs and asks if people are right to be worried about their future field antics

fortnight ago at Latitude in Suffolk two teenage girls reported being raped in the campsite. The attacks, though not connected, took place only 24 hours apart. The crimes came just a week after a similar incident at T In The Park in Balado, Scotland, where a woman was allegedly abducted from the campsite and sexually assaulted. Also at T, two men were stabbed, leading to three men being charged with attempted murder. It's a shocking roll-call. But are we looking at a broader trend towards violence at festivals? And should we be worried?

It's worth looking at the incidents in isolation. Police are still appealing for information regarding the first sexual assault at Latitude [see panel], which

happened when a 19-year-old woman got lost in the campsite. When she asked for directions, a group of men led her to a wooded area, where she was raped by at least one of the men. The attack led some at Latitude to question the standard of stewarding at the event. Latitude-goer Shalinee Singh, 28, said: "It happened at to o'clock on Thursday night. The campsite was full of people, how did no-one see it happen? Perhaps if the campsite had been better floodlit, the attackers wouldn't have had the opportunity."

Others complained that they were not kept sufficiently informed by the organisers. Becky Abbott, 27, said: "There were a lot of rumours and Chinese whispers circulating in the campsite, but no-one was sure exactly what had happened. They should have made some announcement from the main stage, so people knew to be careful."

However, police were quick to play down fears of a crime wave and stressed that, overall, crime at Latitude was down on the previous year. Ian Sidney, superintendent for Suffolk Police, told *NME*: "As serious as these incidents are, you have to put them in context. Over the weekend whad as crimes compared to the in 200

them in context. Over the weekend we had 25 crimes, compared to 120 in 2008. That's from an attendance of 40,000. Overall it was a low-crime weekend." These figures correspond with a broader trend: reported crime was down 41 per cent year-on-year at Download, 36 per cent at T In The Park, and 12 per cent at Glastonbury. Beyond the stats, he could

do little more than offer another version of the same safety message we've been hearing for years: "Stick together with mates, be streetwise, moderate your alcohol intake and be aware of your surroundings. Just because you're in a campsite doesn't mean you can switch your brain off."

I was at Latitude, and it was clear that panic did not grip the site in the wake of the attacks. The mood remained upbeat. The only artist to reference the incidents was Crystal Castles' Alice Glass, who implored the crowd to find the culprits and "castrate" them. But most revellers were more sober in their response. The majority of people I spoke to seemed to accept that, statistically, with such a concentration of people in one place,

**LATITUDE** 

APPEAL

Suffolk police

have appealed

for help with one

of the Latitude

attacks, which

took place

around 10pm on

Thursday, July

15. The woman,

wearing denim

leggings, a

vellow and white

check shirt and a

black cardigan,

left her tent in

the red campsite.

after which a

group of men led

her into a

wooded area.

One of the men

is described as

white with dark

curly hair,

around 5ft 7in, of

medium build,

possibly in his

20s and with a

London accent.

Call Suffolk

Police on 01473

613500 with any

information.

serious crimes were bound to happen at festivals. And that's a view echoed by Latitude organiser Melvin Benn, who dismissed accusations that security was in any way lacking.

"The festival is really well run," he said. "Will I review things? Of course. I'm not complacent. But in no way could Festival Republic be attributed any blame for what happened. I feel very strongly about that." T In The Park organiser Geoff Ellis was similarly keen to place violent crime at the event in context. "T In The Park, while it's on, is essentially the fifth biggest town in Scotland. Statistically, over a weekend, you'd actually expect crime to be higher than it is." I asked him, though: is there not an argument for more stringent searches as people enter the campsite? If all weapons were found and confiscated, surely that would eliminate knife crime? "Ideally, yes, we'd search everyone," he replied. "But you'd have to open the site two days early to allow time for it. That's the reality of it. You'd have to open every can of beer. If someone wants

to smuggle something in, they will."
And of course, searching potential assailants cannot prevent rape, since, as Benn puts it, when it comes to sexual assaults, "Every man is carrying the weapon." That said, there are festivals where everyone is searched. Beach Break Live, in south Wales, operates a policy of compulsory bag searches. That means long queues for people entering the site





Top: punters enjoy the sun at T in The Park. Below: Latitude's wooded area

 but it could also be the reason why the festival is so safe. According to organiser Ian Forshew, there has been no serious crime there in four years.

Then again, Beach Break Live is a smaller festival than T or Latitude, and it may be that crime is, sadly, inevitable when large numbers of people come together. Organisers spend vast sums on security each year – seven figures, according to Ellis – and it's difficult to see, realistically, how much more they could do without seriously inconveniencing punters.

The bottom line is we should be wary of ramping up a few, admittedly appalling, incidents into a tabloid-style scare story. "It would be easy to blow it out of proportion and say festivals are out of control," says T's Geoff Ellis. "But festivals are not inherently dangerous. If they are well run they are safe environments." Benn, too, was confident the sexual assaults at Latitude would not put people off coming to future events. "I don't think this will harm festivalgoing," he said. "People acknowledge that this is an incredibly unfortunate thing to have happened. But it isn't about being in a festival environment. It's about society in general."

# GERMAN FESTIVAL CRUSH REACTION

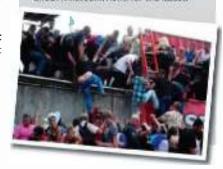
Tragedy struck the annual German Love Parade festival on Saturday (July 24) as at least 19 people were killed in a crush at the Duisburg event.

Many festival-goers blamed organisers for the incident, which occurred when some of the L4million revelers who'd tried to attend the event were turned back and those leaving met others arriving through the one turned used for access to the site.

Jim Mawdley, organiser of Newcastle's Evolution festival, says a similar tragedy is unlikely in the UK. "Here, there's a formula that suggests how many people you can have going in and out," he said. "If it is the case that there was only one entrance and exit, they just wouldn't allow it [here]."

Mike Harding, Managing Director of festival security firm Showsec, who run Bestival and Download and who looked after a Love Parade event in Leeds in 2000, added, "Moving thousands of people through an urban area is very difficult, but our events are thought out in a safety-conscious manner. There are safety advisory boards, local authority involvement and promoters like Live Nation are very responsible too. In the UK there's a robust and coordinated approach."

Check WAE.COM/news for the latest.



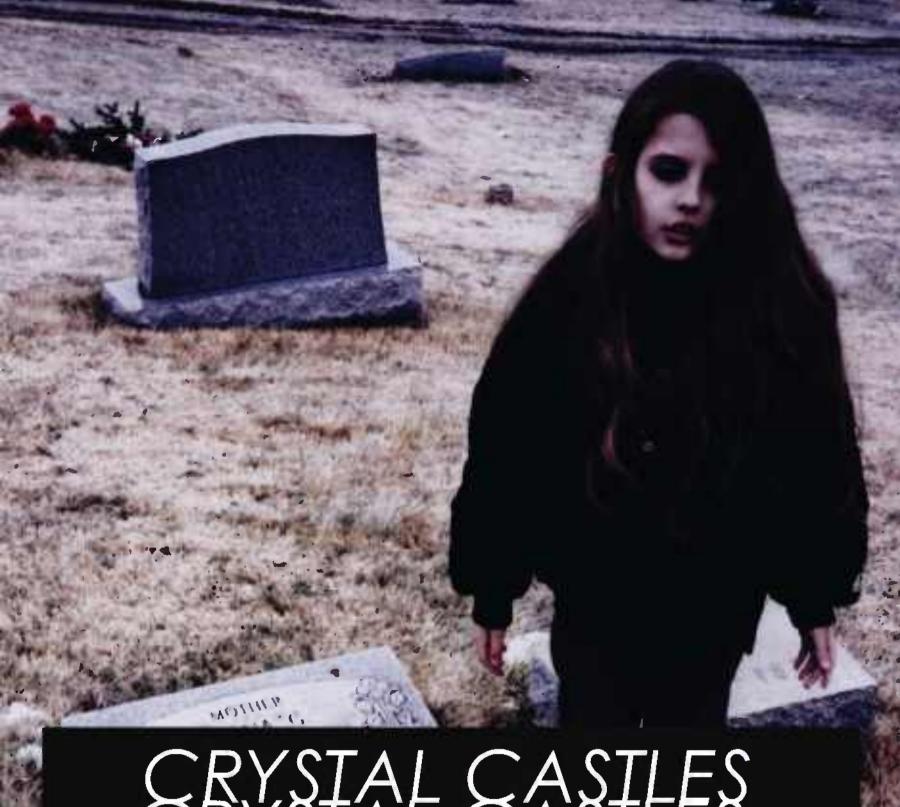


Here are a few snaps of The Libertines you won't have stuck on your wall before. They were taken by long-time Libs cohort and NME snapper Roger Sargent, and are just a handful of the oodles of previously unseen Libertines shots featured in the new NME Icons: The Libertines magazine, out on July 29 (£4.99). Also featured are new interviews, a chance to win tickets to see the band live and plenty of uses of the words "Albion" and "Arcadia". Order at NME.COM/store.



- 1 Pete Doherty and Carl Barât share a microphone (and some spittle) at a gig at London's Duke Of Clarence in November 2003
- 2 Pete and Carl enjoy their varying forms of nutrition backstage in Liverpool during their 2003 UK tour
- 3 Carl runs into a certain Miss Winehouse backstage on Friday Might With Jonathan Ross in March 2004. The Liberthues performed 'Can't Stand Me Now' to close the show
- 4 Pete hitches a ride on John Hassall's sturdy back in Birmingham on the Libs' final LIK tour, February 2004
- S An early press shot of the band, taken in April 2002 outside Pete and Carl's east London flat, the Albion Rooms
- 6 Who's a pretty boy then? Pete, in Scotland on the band's autumn 2002 UK tour





# ERYSTAL CASTLES

EXCLUSIVE NEW DOWNLOAD ALBUM AVAILABLE FOR A LIMITED TIME FEATURING ADDITIONAL REMIXES FROM THURSTON MOORE, MEMORY TAPES AND BEAR IN HEAVEN



 $\star\star\star$ DAILY TELEGRAPH





**EVENING STANDARD** 

EPIC, SIMULTANEOUSLY EXHILARATING AND TERRIFYING - DAZED & CONFUSED A MASTERPIECE OF DARK BEAUTY... UTTERLY CAPTIVATING - THE GUARDIAN THE MOST EXCITING LIVE ACT ON THE PLANET RIGHT NOW - MIXMAG BEST NEW MUSIC 8.5 - PITCHFORK



**BEHIND** 

# FUCKED UP GETTRUCKED UP

Pink Eyes and co were among the bands, fans and vicars serving ice-cold confectionary to hit Oxfordshire's DIY bastion Truck Festival last weekend (July 24-25)



Fucked Up's Pink Eves tried to prove to the Steventon crowd that he wasn't daunted about going up against Teenage Fanclub, who were on the main stage. but later admitted: "All I could think was, 'Oh shit', I had pins and needles..."

Pulled Apart By Horses played a steamy gig in The Barn, with Tom **Hudson explaining** that, having traded equine leanings for cattle for their farm set, they were adapting well to the aroma. "It kind of masks our own Bmell," he quipped.

This year's Truck was Stornoway's fourth appearance at the festival and singer Brian Briggs made sure he arrived in, er, style: "I've brought my new campervan it's not really pimped up," he said. "The best it's got is a wind-up torch."

Londoner-turnedfarm girl Ms Dynamite was late to play a set in The Barn. She apologised and made up for it by launching into a drum'n'bass version of 'Dv-Na-Mi-Tee'.



The Truck Monster made an appearance over the weekend. He was one of around 5,000 punters who went to see Blood Red Shoes, Is Tropical, Summer Camp and more, and were served ice cream by the local vicar.

Truck hit puberty this year as it reached 13 years old. Organiser Robin Bennett, who started the festival with his brother Joe when they were teens, said it was "remarkable" they've got this far.







# SPEED DIAL NICKY WIRE

The Manic Street Preacher tells us about the band's new Queen-style album - and his assessment of the Labour leadership contest

You've described your new album as "One last shot at mass communication". Do you realise how that sounds?

Nicky: "That it's the last album? Yeah, I didn't mean it to sound that loaded. There are two options: you turn into a museum band where you just play 'The Holy Bible' or 'Everything Must Go' for loads of money, or you split up and reform for loads of money. Or you actually try and make a record that you think has a shot at mass communication. If we can't do it with a record that we think sounds this melodic and upbeat then we'll probably never scale those heights again. It will either hit the mark or be a complete stiff."

Your new single sounds like Queen. "It does! I'm very of proud of us at 40 to still feel that energy and passion for it. We were hicky with Journal For Plague Lovers', we loved being the band that we can only be when we use Richev's words. The worst thing we could do is try and do another one of them,

Was there a point after Richey went away when you tried to mimic what he did?

because my words are not like that."

"There was a difficult period before



'A Design For Life' of stuff that no-one will ever see. It was a pretty traumatised place and there were a lot of lyrics that were confused and not very good that were trying to be like 'The Holy Bible', and then '... Design...' gave me a chance to write in a different voice."

With the whole 'Postcards...' theme it sounds like you're in a nostalgie place.

"We're not afraid of nostalgia. I could lie and say we're thinking of the future and everything's great, but it's not. Musically it's a mediocre couple of

years, guitar-wise especially. When you listen to 'Everything Must Go', it's coming from a place of deep sadness and despair, but it's so uplifting. We wondered how we could recreate that. There's no point me trying to say there's dubstep in there."

Are the lyrics topical?

"One's called 'All We Make Is Entertainment'; after Labour there's nothing left we actually manufacture. The selling off of Cadbury was the last straw, the best chocolate in the world and we get rid of it. The fact that the only subsidised industry we've got in the UK is the banks... how surreal and awful is that? We could have nationalised the

XCLUSIVE!

Young Man' (out September 20)

The End Of Love

Postcards From

A Young Man

Some Kind Of

**Nothingness** 

(featuring lan

McCulloch)

The Descent

(Pages 1 & 2)

Hazleton Avenue

Facing The Sun

· All We Make Is

Entertainment

The Future Has

Been Here 4 Ever

Don't Be Evil

utilities and kept people employed but no, we subsidise the profiteering, evil banks."

### Who are you backing for the Labour leadership?

"I'd love to see Diane Abbott win. Ed Miliband is probably the most deep-rooted old-school Labour. In terms of intellect he's up there, but whoever it is they've got a lot of work to do."

# One song is 'Don't Be Evil'– the corporate motto for Google. Is that what it's about?

"Kind of. It's a sarcastic kissoff, it's meant to have a sense of humour, it's about the universality and smugness of technology. The idea that you're missing out if you're not getting involved' and making friends you never sec."

# You have, however, joined Twitter (@ manicspostcards).

"The band has! I do the speaking, Sean does the

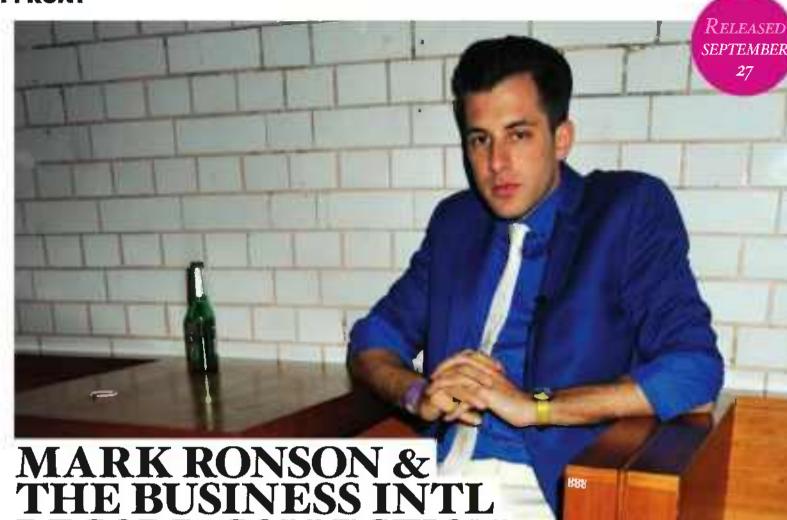
Who are you 'following'?

"Sean wrote them down but I have no idea who they are. There is a lot of Formula One on these though."

technology. Some of it's lyrics - I like the idea of drip-feeding them to fans."







Leonie Cooper has an exclusive first listen - and discovers Ronson has finally shed the cheese with his new Drums and Kaisers-featuring album

TRACK BY TRACK

### **BANG BANG BANG**

With a co-writing credit from Katser Chiefs sticksman Nick Hodgson – who also contributes backing vocals – the first single is a soul and hip-pop throwdown that also features rapper Q Tip and this week's Rudar star, MNDR (pr8), who is also Yeah Yeah Yeahs' touring keyboardist. It was MNDR's idea to incorporate her own take on the French nursery rhyme 'Alouette' into the song. This track went straight to the top of the NME Chart following its release on July 11.

# LOSE IT (IN THE END)

Co written by Jonathan Pierce of The Drums, this short but sweet tune is one of two songs to feature vocals from Ronson. Taking lessons from Lady Gaga's singing coach in preparation, his soft vocals appear alongside a gruffer Ghostface Killah

# THE BIKE SONG

Featuring vocals from The View's Kyle Falconer, this track accessorises its swirling psychedelic pop flavour with bicycle bells. Set to be the second single, it was co-written by Dave McCabe of The Zutons, who penned Ronson's biggest hit to date, of course, his cover of 'Valerie'. Spank Rock also guests.

# SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME

Boy George sings alongside Andrew Wyatt – frontman of Mirke Snow – for this elegant breakbeat house and 1990s soul-referencing number. Wyatt, alongside Jake Shears of Scissors Sisters, ex-Dirty Pretty Thing Anthony Rossomando and pop hit maker Cathy Dennis, co-wrote the song.

### **CIRCUIT BREAKER**

Inspired by retro computer game soundtracks, the instrumental 'Circuit Breaker' features turntablism skills from Californian deck jazz fusion DJ/ producer Teeko. I he song was the first to be heard by the public after its Legend Of Zelda-style video came online in May.

### INTRODUCING THE BUSINESS

Atlanta based rapper Pill leads the way in this serious stomp, which also plays host to synthesised strings and the London Gay Men's Chorus. Backing vocals come from Ronson's longtime collaborator Alex Greenwald of Phantom Planet, who featured on the cover of Radiohead's 'Just' on his 2007 album 'Version'.

# RECORD COLLECTION

The second track with lead vocals from Ronson and lyrics by Nick Hodgson.

Duran Duran's Simon Le Bon features on the chorus while his bandmate Nick Rhodes plays keyboards. Wiley's vocals bring a UK grime touch.

# YOU GAVE ME NOTHING

Written by Ronson and Pierce, 'You Gave Mc Nothing' is a moody slice of industrial disco with vixial from former Pipettes vocalist and follodram-indicartist Rose Elinor Dougall and Andrew Wyatt.

# TASTE OF A SAMURAI

The perky '80s electro-pop-influenced 'Taste of A Samurai' is sung by Brooklyn singer Jarina De Marco, and was written by Andrew Wyatt, Cathy Dennis and Ronson.

# **HEY BOY**

Penned by Kai Fish from Mystery Jets, 'Hey Boy' features a soaring summer chorus sung by Rose Elinor Dougall, as well as vocals from Brooklyn-based rapper Theophilus London.

# THE NIGHT LAST NIGHT

Co-written by Ronson, Greenwald and Charlie Waller of The Rumble Strips – whose 2009 album 'Welcome To The Walk Alone' was produced by Ronson – the final track is a dreamlike soul shuffle, sung by Dougall and Greenwald.

Ronson and friends. When we say friends we mean one bottle of hear and a hair band



# **BOMBAY** STIR FRY

Blimey, Alan Davies and Johnny Vegas are looking young...

This is the moment when Bombay Bicycle Club ran into the king of both Twitter and fact-heavy game shows, Stephen Fry.

The star was giving a talk as part of the iTunes Festival at London's Roundhouse on July 18, with BBC playing live before. "It was very surreal," Jack Steadman tells us. "It was the best introduction we've had, he did the, 'Geeeet ready for Booooooombay Bicycle Club!' very well. We had a quick chat. We found out that his godson went to our school, and that was it really. I watch QI on BBC iPlayer when I am too hungover to get out of bed. I would be too scared to say anything on it, but Jamie [MacColl, guitar] would be very good at it." Next week: These New Puritans papped with Noel Edmonds, with Jack Barnett musing about how he thinks he'd fare on Deal Or No Deal.

# Reunion Corner WORKED FOR SKUNK ANANSIE



# This week: The Beach Bous

n the official age of the reformation tour, this week it's the surviving members of The Beach Boys who are returning. Guitarist Al Jardine has said that he, Brian Wilson, Mike Love and Bruce Johnston will all get together to play a US show soon, despite common knowledge being that most of them despise each other. "If we're going to rehearse and make this such a wonderful show, we should take it on the road," he added. Chances of them making another 'Pet Sounds'? We won't stake our surfboards on it.

# **RADIO BACK ON**

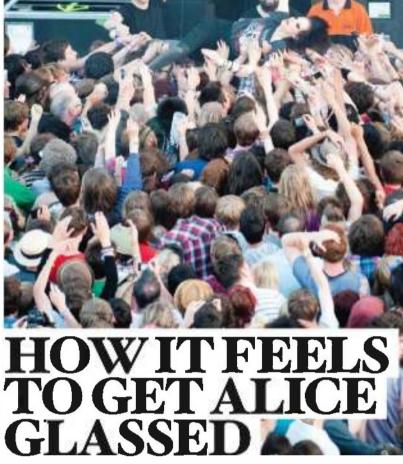
Hurrah! NME Radio is set to return to a full presenter-led schedule this September, The station can currently be heard on Sky Channel 0184 and via NME.COM/radio, with DAB and a new iPhone app coming soon. Keep checking NME.COM/radio for more details.

# YOU WHAT?

"I am aware a lot of other musicians seem to have lived a lot of those moments. They weren't necessarily stupid enough to film them like we were." Metallica's Lars Ulrich decides that being filmed for 2004 doc Some Kind Of Monster wasn't the best idea.

"I'd get a nose job and upgrade my girlfriend." Foals' Yannis Philippakis outlines what he'd splash out on if he won this year's **Barclaycard** Mercury Prize, The xx, Biffy Clyro, Mumford & Sons. **Laura Marling and** Dizzee Rascal are among the other 2010 nominees.





# Fan vehemently defends himself against claims of wandering fingers

At the Latitude festival on July 17, Crystal Castles' singer Alice Glass swung one of her feet towards the head of 17-year-old fan Samuel Brooks, who was getting sweaty in the moshpit at the time. The panda-cycd singer was reacting to what she claimed was a dirty grope, saying: "You touch my tits, I kick you in the fucking head."

Fair enough - but now Samuel has got in touch with NME to claim that he wasn't trying to cop a feel. Here's his testimony.

"I didn't 'grope' Alice Glass. I touched her by accident. It was an extremely violent moshpit, total chaos, everyone was screaming because they were falling back. I was lying on the floor, reached up to steady myself - and that's when I clutched her breast. It's understandable that she lashed out.

I remember her trying to punch, kick and spit at me. I find spitting disgusting, so I grabbed her. She got carried further back as I was trampled on. I pulled down the half-mask I was wearing, made from a Swan filter packet, and screamed, 'This is my fucking face, come and fucking get me.' She came back and I remember us screaming, 'I love you,' 'I'm going to eat you' and 'I'm going to kill you' at each other.

"I remember having my arm round her

head and struggling at one point. It wasn't painful at the time, because I was going crazy, but later it hurt. I still have the bruises (pictured below).

"Was I surprised at the way she reacted? No. I love Crystal Castles, and I knew what to expect. I saw them at Reading 2009, and that time Alice jumped in the crowd and landed on my face. But at Latitude she seemed more hyperactive than usual. None of this stops me being a fan. In fact, I can't wait to see them again. I'll even wear the same mask so she recognizes me. I have no hard feelings whatsoever. If I bumped into Alice Glass tomorrow I'd just say, 'H1, remember me?"

Let us know how the next encounter goes, Samuel?

Read the full reaction at NME.COM/blogs



upon reflection, Samuel should probably have worn a mask covering his entire face





"The album title is relevant to me on a lot of levels," explains Dinosaur Pile Up's Matt Bigland "I used to get bad growing pains – when I stop and think about everything that's happened, I always remember those and it feels really apt."

If you've not heard anything about Leeds noiseniks DPU since their hyped run of gigs and limited singles last year, it's because they've been going through changes more tough to manage than normal pubic body growth. Drummer Steve Wilson left to join fellow grungelovers Japanese Voyeurs, while bassist Tom Dornford quit to form his own band, Jake Death. The pair have been replaced by drummer Mike Shiels and Harry Johns, formerly of fellow Leeds

outfit The Old Romantic Killer Band, on bass.

Matt, meanwhile, went into selfimposed isolation late last year in the sleepy seaside town of Bridlington to record the album with long-term collaborator Jame Kenosha. There were plenty of other options. Overtures from big-name producers Cril Norton (Foo Fighters, Pixies) and Garth 'GGGarth' Richardson (Biffy, Gallows, Rage) were rejected, as were suggestions from several major labels to clean up the sound. "We had a lot of majors wanting a piece, but they also wanted to change it to which I just told them to tuck off, basically," says Matt. "[Major labels] spend the whole time telling you how much they

# THE DETAILS

Title: 'Growing
Pains'
Release date:
September 13
Label: Friends Vs
Records
Studio: The Lodge,
Bridlington
Producer: James
'Pizza Boss' Kenosha
- so-named because
of his studio diet
while recording

love you but then when you've made a record it's like, 'Oh, we can't do anything with it."

Matt was determined to retain the feel of his 2008 bedroom demos, which first brought the band to our attention – right down to playing everything himself ("There's never been a collaborative writing process in DPU, I write and record on my own").

The result is 12 songs of peppy, grungy pop in the mould of Matt's heroes Foo Fighters and Weezer, mixed with lashings of late partial Bifty Clyro. The aim now? To get as big as they've always threatened. Matt: "I he next step is me, Mike and Harry getting out there and destroying the world."

# LYDON'S POVERTY-PLEADING IS A TOUGH PIL TO SWALLOW

He's a legend to many round here – but, after John Lydon's latest burst of interview mud-slinging and butter banter, NME's **Sam Rowe** thinks he's finally gone too far



unk: an archaic term for prostitute." Not my words, but those of one William Shakespeare. Fitting, as in the last few weeks punk's Godfather John Lydon couldn't have made himself look more of a floozy if he popped on some Pat Butcher carrings and a bit of lipgloss.

We've all questioned John's 'anarchic' credentials ever since he squared up against peckish ostriches in the jungle, then went on to beseech us to buy Country Life butter while styled like a farmer on acid. But it's not his yearning for a bit of extra pocket money that has seen him go too far this time – it's quite simply the over-elaborate lies Mr Rotten has

started spinning in order to justify his career choices. He's tried everything from irony (flogging butter is exactly what a punk shouldn't do, don't you know...) to claiming he's oh so proud to plug such a good British product – and besides, that's what bankrolled the new PiL tour, so we should all be more grateful!

Now call me a cynic, but by pleading poverty now isn't Lydon just trying to martyr himself in the hope of getting a pat on the back for getting PiL going again? This could we'll be the case when you consider that John Lydon is not quite counting his pennies at the back of the dole queue – the man's made a small fortune from property development and is hitched

to a German heiress who could fund his music just off the interest on her £50m fortune. But, of course, what's rock'n'roll about that?

Instead, John continues to tarnish the legendary status he deservedly once had by all-too-often pressing self-destruct in order to maintain his old-hat punk persona and mask his middle-class lifestyle.

But by gearing up his media rants in the past month, he has looked less anarchic and more senile. Branding Damon Albarn's Gorillaz "shit" is one of many tirades against whichever band is in vogue at the time, and is usually made because he's not getting the ego massage he requires to serve his God complex. On the other hand, slagging off the other

PiL members at Benicassim just because they wouldn't "keep on fucking playing" on his polite request... forget antichrist, that's plain grumpy old man.

But it needn't be this way. Like most people with taste I grinned like an idiot at the news of the Public Image Ltd tour, and the gigs so far have shown John to be every inch the innovator he knows (all too well) that he is. That he's clearly still got his musical mojo has demonstrated that, although he might have one of the most entertaining gobs in rock—shock horror—our John should actually keep his verbal diarrhea to himself, realise that being a butter baron is far from punk rock and maybe just let the music do the talking.



# TALKING HEADS

# ALAN PARTRIDGE NEEDS TO DIE IN COOGAN'S NEW FILM

Now the comedian's Partridge movie is go, Ash's **Rick McMurray**, über-fan and one-time Coogan drinking pal, thinks this should be the Norwich legend's finale



teve Coogan is so Partridge himself. We met him on a very drunken night in New York and, according to Mark [Hamilton, Ash bassist], me and him were talking for an hour and a half, just the two of us sat in this corner. I can't remember a thing about it, the only thing I came away from it with was thinking, 'Fucking hel!, he is so close to Partridge it's unreal.' The Partridge stuff is autobiographical, with just names changed. I think I was taking to him about where Steve Coogan ends and where

Partridge begins. Mark was jumping round in a taxi from one party to another and Coogan's PA was in there. He said that Coogan does just treat her like Partridge treats Lynn, which is quite frightening.

Alan Partridge is the kind of character who, at his worst moments, embodies each and every one of us at our worst moments. Those moments when you bite your tongue, Partridge will say those things. I'm afraid to say there is something of me there as well. And every line is absolutely quotable. It almost became a way of not conversing among Ash; instead of talking to each other, it would just be a series of Partridge quotes going round when we were on tour. So I'm excited to hear they're going to



make a film. Most of the stuff Steve Coogan's done since has been left in the shade by Partridge. People are worried he's going to ruin the legacy, but it's three successes out of three so far for me on the Partridge series.

The only thing they've said for sure is that it isn't going to be Partridge in America, which is a relief. I wouldn't like to see it go down that line—it would turn into some bizarre Ali G kind of thing, which is not what we want. There was talk of an Al Qaeda siege, but I've got a feeling they might steer clear of that because of the Four Lions film by Chris Morris.

It might be a bit of a flipside but it's too big of a subject, Partridge is more about the personal. I can't really see them touching that and I hope they don't.

I almost think this movie should be the last thing the character appears in; it should be the death of Partridge. Every series has come to a really sick climax, and this time it's got to be death. I'd like to see him get his chat show back, but then just die at the end of it or something. He has to get somewhere back close to where he was before. It's a pretty epic story, but the only way I can think to end it is just to kill the character. If they make a genius film and then draw a line under it all, then that would be perfect.

# UPFRONT



# Peter Robinson Us KIT DOWNES

Meet this year's Mercury Prize Jazz Nominee... and yes, he's got a beard



· In case you're wondering, the house move was already underway before the Mercury nominations came out.

. It's not as if he ran from the nominations press conference shouting. "SOMEONE FIND ME AN ESTATE AGENT!"

· Keen-eyed readers may have seen Kit embark on - but pull back from - the killer phrase "if anyone else likes it that's a bonus". What a tease.

Hello, Kit. Where are you? "I'm in my garden. It's my first day in it. because I've just moved house."

# Is the garden big enough for a shed?

"It's got a shed, yes. And a trampoline."

Interesting. Was the trampoline what attracted you to the house? "The trampoline came with the house." We're not really sure what to do with it actually."

We're not here to talk about trampolines. Now that some people whose job it is to know about these things have agreed that your album is a good album, do you feel that the album is now in some way better than it was three days ago?

"I'm just happy if anyone likes it - it's not meant for anyone in particular, for a jazz listener or another type of listener, and if anyone likes it that's a nice thing. It's good that it's being given a platform to be heard by people who might not otherwise have thought to look in that corner of music."

# Do you think your album really is one of the 12 best of the year?

"Competitions are funny with music - it's so subjective. I know many more than ir albums I'd put above mine, but you can't think of that, you have to make the most of it and get on with it."

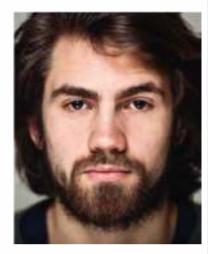
# The phrase 'not getting on with it' is the one I associate most with jazz,

"Not getting on with it? Yes. In the way I make music, I don't make it in the same way a pop musician would -I start with a melody, think of some chords, drum grooves, think how that will develop through the song."

Do you have a beard today? "Yes I do, it's shorter than normal but it's there.'

Is it a jazz thing? "My beard"

Here's the thing. You are quite handsome. But you are sporting a beard to cover that up. Why? Is it a concession to the world of jazz and are you trying to make yourself look a bit rubbish in order to be taken seriously, because nobody takes attractive people seriously as musicians? "(Extended laughter) To be honest I don't



think about things like that. Deeply and honestly I don't think about it ... "

Well let's think about it now. Now's the time to think about it. "(Pause) This is difficult. I don't think of myself and how I look very much... You've made me very embarrassed."

Are you a poster boy for jazz? "Oh, I don't think so!"

# But if you win the Mercury you might be held aloft as the man who has taken it to the masses.

"I think there are better candidates for poster boys and poster girls than me... If you do a bit of searching you'll find far better people! So much of it is down to how it is presented! Actually another good thing about the Mercurys is that they're on TV and you get to see people playing and improvising live. That's something you don't get from a CD. Maybe if jazz can get on TV a bit more, you never know...'

What 'jazz' needs to do - as a genre – is have a shave. "(*Lengthy laugh*) 'Shave as a genre' – that's an album title, right there."

Seriously though, take that advice to your next secret jazz meeting. Is it like the Masons? "There are so many secret handshakes, you wouldn't even want to know."

Are you on your trampoline yet? "No, I'm playing with the little balls around it.

# On behalf of The World Of Jazz, do you have a message for NME readers?

"Try to hear jazz as just another kind of music, and keep an open mind."



EMINEM "NOT AFRAID"

PENDULUM 10 WHICHERAFT

PROFESSOR GREEN FT ED DREWETT 'I NEED YOU TONIGHT'

5 MUSE
"HENTROM STAR COLLISION (LOVE
IS FOREVER?" WALMOUN

MUMFORD & SOMS 6

PENDULUM -WATERCOLDUR'

ROBYN -DARCING ON MY OWN'

BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB TYY & GOLD/FLAWS

OH NOS.

FLORENCE + THE REACHINE COSMIC LOVE

BIG BOT SHUTTERBUGG

CRYSTAL CASTLES 'BAPTISM'

EMINEM FT LIL WAVNE

I BLAME COCO "SELF MACHINE"

KELE TENDERON!

GORILLAZ FOR MELANCHOLY HILL!

MUMFORD & SOMS -ROLL AWAY YOUR STONE'

20 MIAM

20 22 MIDS IN GLASS HOUSES

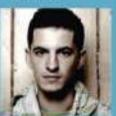
The MAID Count is to main before a which in both is born the with of physical and right in righes through it satisfaced highest war minimum, in extract seculation of light in major with a modificate, which earlies in the light is for the same client if the book form and is a large with the large with a major is made acquisite.



10am and 9pm and Saturday at 9am SKY CHANNEL 382 AND NOW ALSO ON FREESAT



Listen to the Top 40 and learn more about each artist online AT WWW.NME.COM/ CHART



• SKREAM Listening To The Records On My Wall' . MYSTERY CLAWS **'Phony Checks'** \* THE WALKMEN 'Stranded'



 BLOOD RED SHOES 'Heartsink' e.KLAXONS 'Echoes' \* THE TWILIGHT SAD 'Wrong Car' 'Murder Weapon'

OFFICIAL

# Pieces Of Me DARWIN DEEZ

The Brooklyn eccentric and self-confessed 'big softie' on his love of cheesy '80s rock, comedy rap and fictional French film characters

My first gig BOY GEORGE, MYRTLE BEACH, 1997

"I was taking part in a youth community radio scheme, which shared office space with some kind of LBGT group, who had been given some Boy George tickets. It was outdoors, and it rained and poured: by the time he played 'Karma Chameleon', we were drenched. Then we had a lock-in and slept in the radio offices because we couldn't get home. It was great!"

# My favourite place THE MEHER SPIRITUAL CENTRE, MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA

"I was born near there, because my parents had moved to be close to the spiritual centre. It's the place where Meher Baba, their 'guru', came to stay when he first came to America. They built all these log cabins in the '50s so people could visit him, and they're still there. All very quaint and tranquil and peaceful."

# The first song I fell in love with 'CANNONBALL' BY THE BREEDERS

"This was the thing about growing up in the early '90s; the music was so weird. It was too weird for me to appreciate at the age when I was supposed to be 'getting into' music. I bought the album on the basis of this, and while 'Cannonball' is an amazing pop song, the rest of the album is so weird."

# My favourite film SAFE MEN

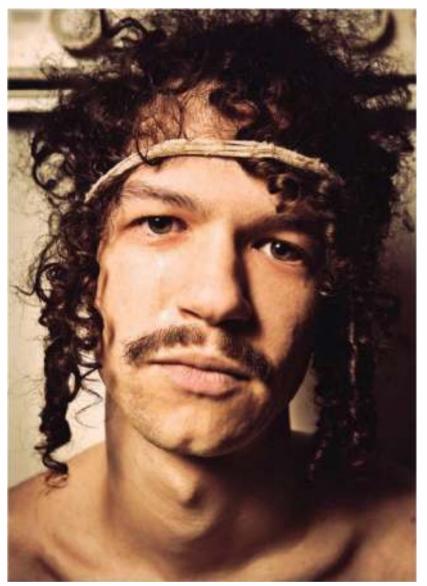
"it's this really under-the-radar '90s indie comedy. The characters are big softies, but due to spiralling circumstances they're forced into committing all these crimes. There are a lot of jokes based on how soft the guys are, and it appeals to me particularly as I'm basically a big softie."

# My favourite fictional character AMELIE FROM AMELIE

"She has this really captivating mix of innocence and passion, especially in the bit where she's imagining how many people are having orgasms at this one random moment. I fell in love with her when I saw the movie, and I totally wanted to meet someone like that."

# The book that changed me BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL BY FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

"I discovered Nietzsche when I was 18, and it made me intensely sad. So powerful was his logic that I felt this intense obligation to follow through in my life on everything he was asserting. Then after about four years of that, I realised that whatever its value, it wasn't working for me in my life, moved on, and got happy."













# Right now I love

"They are a rap trio, who are sorta-famous in America because of their song about a combination Taco Bell-Pizza Hut ('Combination Pizza Hut And Taco Bell'). The way they rap and make rhymes and combinations is really clever. They're much more than a novelty act."

# My cult hero STEVE LUKATHER, TOTO

"My dad had a Toto album on tape:
'IV', their big hit. I really loved all those really expensive-sounding synthesizer solos he did, and the production he'd crafted, and for a while I thought Steve was this master-producer, and I wanted to be a producer like him. At one point I was looking up his daughter's projects on MySpace, just because I was so obsessed."



Above, clockwise from top left: Das Racist; Steve Lukather of Toto fame; Amelle; The Breeders' 'Cannonball' sleeve; Beyond Good And Evil; cover for Safe Men; left: Boy George

# ) WILES HAIR AND MAKE UP: NATALYA M

# RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



# **MNDR**

# Digi-pop that's already famous - you just haven't heard of it yet

NDR are the only Radar-profiled act you'll read about this month who've already written a Swiss Number One hit. It is Melanie Fiona's 'Monday Morning'. "That was pretty cool," shrugs Peter Wade, the song's author, and the darker, more male, less Amanda-shaped half of the MNDR hit factory, before rattling off a list of artists he's

written for that includes Jennifer Lopez and Marc Anthony (though he somehow fails to mention his production credit on Natasha Bedingfield's 'Unwritten' album).

Uh-oh, it's another La Roux-esque photo-shy member situ, except even more confusingly, this bloke chats. On the other side of the table, the titular MNDR – Amanda Warner – has recently become notorious talentspotter Mark Ronson's new protégé; see new single 'Bang Bang Bang'. Ol' horn-botherer has not only put her in his live band as a singer, he even ordered two MNDR-written/sung songs for his upcoming album. It's not as if he's plucked her from obscurity either.

Before Ronson, Amanda was hanging with Nick Zinner, designing the synths-setup for Yeah Yeah Yeahs' 2009 tour. Before that? She was a rotating fixture on the San Fran party scene centred around Girls. MNDR are already famous – it's just that no-one's heard about them, her, it... yet. This isn't a state of affairs that can hold much longer. "When we started writing together, it was definitely a case of '1 + 1 = 3;" Peter enthuses. A year ago, the pair semi-accidentally set out to make digital pop: like MSTRKRFT doing early-Madonna – entwined around Amanda's distinctively pinched nasal yawp of a vocal. They succeeded: 'I Go Away' is a sort of Kate Bush digital power-ballad; 'CLUB' is a Danja-style club-pop banger; 'Fade To Black' is Cyndi Lauper covered in soapy suds washing her car while humming 'Just Can't Get Enough'. An ex-minimal techno DJ, Amanda was already playing

An ex-minimal techno DJ, Amanda was already playing ATP back in 2006 with her all-girl art-noise collective: oth. "I'm quite bipolar when it comes to music," she muses. For now at least, the black dog of white noise will have to wait: the bluebird of poppiness is on-song. Gavin Haynes

# NEED TO KNOW

- Amanda grew up on a farm in the North Dakota countryside, where four generations of her Swedish ancestors have farmed sugar beet
- Peter is from New York. He used to be a professional reggae DJ
- Amanda claims to have blogged about Die Antwoord well before they were internet-famous

# The Buzz

The rundown of the music, videos and scenes setting the blogosphere on fire this week



# LADY CHANN'S 'DUN **DEM SEASON' MIXTAPE**

The UK's digi-dancehall scene has been a'raging nearly as long as Jamaica's modern riddim inferno, but has never managed to realise even a blip on its spiritual motherland's achievements. The princess of the UK's latest battleplan - alongside foot soldiers like the Heatwave clique Warrior One and Serocee - Lady Chann comes to us on a crest of liquid beats and bad gyal diva hooklines. Born Channelle Williams, her native west London has become something of a hub for Britain's 2-steppin' raggactivity. Her debut mixtape 'Dun Dem Season Vol 1', available from the Radar blog now, features everyone from Jamaican legend Beenie Man to her own Suncycle crew and UK garage don Sticky on her first single 'Sticky Situation'.



# **2 DREAMWAVE**

Chillwave has a rip tide, and its name is dreamwave. Swimming against the current of downbeat glo-fi dance music, LA's Binary Entertainment offer up bleary-eyed bangers for somnambulistic ravers. Label founders Josh Legg and Kyle Petersen out in overtime as the movement's unofficial ambassadors. plugging acts via their blog.



### **3 THE DEVIL'S BLOOD**

Could an openly satanic band born out of the extreme metal scene be the next folk-rock darlings? Dutch hellraisers The Devil's Blood have exploded this year with their candlelit live 'rituals'. Sounds pretty out-there, but they have the best psych-folk songs we've heard in decades. This is the evil Fleetwood Mac or a blood-drenched Jefferson Airplane.



# 4 I-DOSING AUDIO-DRUGS

Apparently there's now downloadable MP3 audio drugs that mimic the effects of various illegal substances like MDMA. Ironically. thanks to a hilarious Okalahoma TV news bulletin warning of their dangers, the distinctly Chris Morris-feeling craze has received widespread publicity. Stick i-Dosing in YouTube if you're curious.



# **5 RAMONA'S 'HOW LONG?**

Barely a fortnight into the iPhone 4's British existence and we're already reaping the rewards of the new video camera function. Ramona's debut video has been recorded entirely on the device. If you ignore the main lady's douchey session-looking backing band, it's quite a catchy tune, too.

Band RUSH



Xavier De Rosnay, Justice

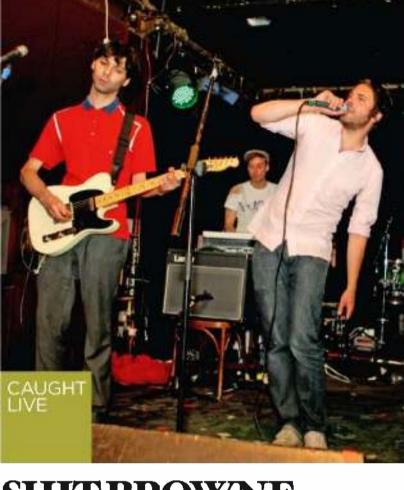
"We've been fans of Breakhot for a decade now, so it's about time he gained some proper attention. He makes futuristic, non-ironic blue-eved soul. which always touches us."



This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

**YACHT-ROCK** A term for the softrock stylings of the late-1970s/early-1980s in reference to their affluent lifestyles. The term spread after the popularity of the 2005 mockumentary of the same title and has received many recent indebtors:

see Teen Inc and Gayngs.



# **SHITBROWNE**

NIGHT & DAY CAFE, MANCHESTER THURSDAY, JULY 15

t's a total myth that the sweatpits of this great city bulge with Madchester-aping no-hopers each and every night. From post-everything alchemists Wu Lyf to noir pop types 1913, Manchester's music scene is currently more diverse than it's been in years. So it's fitting that the baggiest band NME's heard since The Twang sloped back towards the HP Sauce factory floor actually hail from Paris rather than Prestwich.

As their shark-jumping King Monkeyreferencing name attests, Shit Browne clearly eat, sleep and, well, shit everything Madchester, along with the wave of copyists which followed in its wake in the early '90s. Think washes of swampy 'Second Coming' guitars, Factory Records' signature keys and beats and The Charlatans' lazy zip. In other words, the sounds that whir around Bez's noggin every waking moment of the day.

Considering the above, there's only one sensible thing frontman Sebi Browne can do throughout the set: pull every ape-limbed trick out of the Ian/ Liam/Dickse book of rock'n'roll, bounding through 'Chairman Meow' and 'No Artifice' like a dog that needs its bollocks chopped off. Elsewhere in their rank, the scally rock look is regulation - bucket hats and gormless

expressions ensure a sideline in festival drug dealing is a likely career fallback.

The thing is, Shit Browne's devotion to all things 80s and northern gets so slavish at points that you wonder if they really are just taking the piss - 'DMD' even goes off on a strange Smithsian tangent where they reference "sweet and tender hooligans". Which is nothing compared to the tune they don't play tonight, which sees Sebi dream of "wanking on the Roses". When it's good as on the aforementioned opener 'No Artifice' - they make another baggy

# When it's good, they make another baggy revival seem like a good idea

revival seem like half a good idea. At other points, it's sadly all a bit reminiscent of Northside.

Bucket-hatted 30-something monkeymen of Britain's gig circuit, you have been warned: throw Stella around to these Gallic funsters and the joke could well be on you. Rick Martin







# BASS QUAKES AND RIB SHAKES

# Mary-Anne Hobbs steers us through bass culture's waters



I've just returned from Sonar festival, which was absolutely biblical! We had 10,000 people at the stage this year — that's a personal best for the four years I've been curating there. I brought Roska and Joy Orbison with me and Flying Lotus headlined. It's remarkable how

much those guys are uniting people worldwide right now. Anyway, I'm gonna tip Joe for you this week, and in particular the track 'Claptrap', which is on the Hessle Audio label. He's this phenomenal young producer, his stuff is incredibly risk-taking, really skeletal and bare, but what he does with basic rhythm is really profound. My favourite debut of the year so far – other than Kasrey, who I tipped in my last column – is a tune by Braiden. This is the first thing he's tossed into the public domain and it's called 'The Alps'. It will

HOBBS'
HOT 5

JOE
Claptrap

2 BREACH Fatherless

3 MIDLAND Head Down

4 BRAIDEN The Alps

5 AL TOURETTES & APPLEBLIM Lipsmacker be getting a release, but I don't think he's decided on which label yet. It's just a proper world-beating track.

Another guy I rate is Midland, who's actually flatmates with Ramadanman. It's hard to imagine that one flat can contain so much talent! He's got a new four-track EP out on Phonica Records with a great song called 'Head Down'.

London-based Breach is one of those

London-based Breach is one of those producers who wants to remain anonymous, but he has this tune called 'Fatherless' out on PTN, and it's a modern classic. Let's also flag up Al Tourettes & Appleblim – two of my favourite Bristol producers, who've come together on a track called 'Lipsmacker', on AUS Music. The Bristol family are really gathering momentum at the moment, and the diversity of sound there is incredible. This track's just glorious.

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST Popjustice's Peter Robinson



This week's unmissable new band shows

### WILD NOTHING

The Captain's Rest, Glasgow, July 28

### PANTHA DE PRINCE Audio, Brighton, July 30

FIELD DAY Victoria Park,

# UNDERAGE FESTIVAL

London, July 31

(Rolo Tomassi pictured below) Victoria Park, London, August 1

# CEREBRAL BALLZY The Old Blue Last,





# ARE YOU THE BEST UNSIGNED BAND IN BRITAIN?

NME Breakthrough is the online breaking music community from NME - NME, COM/breakthrough

NME Breakthrough's ongoing search for the best new music is into its second chapter. The next initiative sees another appeal for the UK's most exciting unsigned act. The selected artist will play onstage at Clob NME KOKO in London, get a lead feature in NME's Radar section and come into NMEHO to get an EPK mode for them. Just sign your band up to NME.COM/ Breakthrough by August 16 to enter.



# BREAKTHROUGH TIPS THIS WEEK: TIM BURGESS, THE CHARLATANS

Z Work with your mates

"The guy in our local record shop said he 'knew people', so we gave him some responsibility over the band - he used to get us gigs in Manchester and eventually became our manager. He started us off quite small, but promised us more in the future. At first no-one was interested in our record when we sent some demos out. so he took out a bank loan and started his own label. It was a big risk trying to self-finance our bond, but it was a risk that paid off. When you're in a band you only go in it for the music - you've get to find somebody in your local music scene who you trust and who knows more about the business side of things."



To add NME Breakthrough as a contact on your BBM and get updates on the latest new music and Breakthrough stories – access your BlackBerry Messenger folder, click invite contact, type the PIN: 2219C9BD, click send and wait for NME to confirm you as a contact. It's that simple



# TRACKLIST NEWS Everything's debut LP

verything Everything have exclusively revealed to *Radar* the tracklisting for their debut album, 'Man Alive'. The Manchester four-piece, who co-headlined the NME Radar Tour with Hurts back in May, are one of the first few releases on the newly launched UK wing of US label Geffen. The album's been helmed by David Kosten – the man behind the last Bat For Lashes record and the dance moniker Faultline – and has been nearly two years in the making. It'll be released on August 30, with slots at Reading and Leeds and Bestival to follow, and a full UK headline tour in autumn.

### **'MAN ALIVE' TRACKLISTING:**

1) 'MY KZ, YR BF', 2) 'QWERTY Finger', 3) 'Schoolin', 4) 'Leave The Engine Room', 5) 'Final Form', 6) 'Photoshop Handsome', 7) 'Two For Nero', 8) 'Suffragette Suffragette', 9) 'Come Alive Diana', 10) 'NASA Is On Your Side', 11) 'Tin (The Manhole)', 12) 'Weights'



# **FLATS SIGN DEAL**

# Loog bags Londoners

lats have announced the inking of a deal with Loog Records, the label that first introduced The Horrors, The Courtneeners and Patrick Wolf. The east London anarcho-punk outfit release their debut five-track seven-inch - that's an average song length of 58 seconds - on August 2. Loog label boss and ex-NME Deputy Editor James Oldham commented: "The Flats EP is the most exciting record Loog has put out since The Horrors' first 45. Flats have got that same chaotic sense of antagonism, live and on record. It's what rock'n'roll is all about. When I first heard them I just felt relief. It's great to know that not all music in Britain is being made by poshos. Oh, and it doesn't sound like The xx, so you won't have to listen to it on every TV soundbed for the next six months..."



More at ebook-free-download.net or magazinesdownload.com



# MONEY NO MONEY IN ANY OF OUR BANK ACCOUNTS'

As they prepare to release their third album, **Arcade Fire** stand on the brink of proper stadium-filling hugeness. So why, then, are they still so poor? And how can they afford to give millions to charity without being slaves to the dirty ad dollar? **Sophie Heawood** finds out...

magine, if you will, a rock star, who isn't quite a rock star. Sure, he's the guitarist in this massive band, Areade Fire, but they're not a massive band in the way that Oasis are a massive band - they're not swaggering around stadiums giving moody stares and announcing that they're 'avin it large with the white line, rock'n'fooking roll. And they're not massive in the way that U2 are, because they haven't been releasing albums for 20 years and they don't dress like a syndicate of civil engineers who've enjoyed a windfall on the national lottery. And they aren't massive in the way that Coldplay are, because their songs come from somewhere further into the ground, and they're about funerals and murderous regimes, played on accordions and violins and even medieval hurdy-gurdys, and their music is a beast that growls with a melodic, deathly intensity.

So this guitarist, Richard Parry, is driving across the Canadian border in a dull old brown car, a 1996 Toyota Camry, a real suburban dadmobile. Except he's inordinately proud of it 'cos he's just bought it on eBay after a six-month search for that specific model. And then a border guard stops him, and he's like, oh god, here we go. She opens the boot, pulls out a box, asks, "What are these?" And he mutters that those are gold dises, kind of... an award for selling a lot of records. "Oh, like a platinum record?" she asks, and he says, yeah, but... not as good. She asks what his band is called, and he tells her. "Arcade Fire?" she shrieks. "But you guys are famous!" He concedes that, yeah, they're doing alright, and explains the band have an office in New York where they keep stupid stuff like awards, or things they buy on eBay. And the band take it in turns to drive back to their home city of Montreal with the latest round of crap. And she goes, "So this is your car? Why don't you get a new one?" And he gets annoyed and goes, "THIS IS MY NEW CAR."

By which point the rest of his band are laughing hysterically. Not that they were there at the time, but it was months ago now, and they're all sitting together in a room in Montreal, making him tell *NME* the story again because it still makes them crack up helplessly. "Oh, but he was so mad when he came back," laughs drummer Jeremy Gara, "he was furning."

You see, the members of Arcade Fire don't want what other bands want. They might have a lot of lyrics about driving, but it doesn't mean they want to ponce around in Ferraris. Lots of bands start out as indie weirdos, like Arcade Fire, and a few of them are lucky enough to make it big. When they do make it big, it's hard to remain unchanged by money and fame. Yet as Arcade Fire find themselves on the verge of releasing their third album, one that will surely cement them as the alternative rock band of our time, they are still refusing to license their songs to adverts, still turning down so many ways in which to make a nice bit of cash for themselves. Even though, after three years without touring and two years spent recording an

"WE WERE OFFERED CRAZY AMOUNTS TO DO ADS AND YOU DON'T WANT TO BECAUSE MORALLY IT'S NOT YOU. THEN WE THOUGHT, 'LET'S TAKE IT AND GIVE IT AWAY"

**REGINE CHASSAGNE** 

# WHO'S WHO IN ARCADE FIRE

















bit. Has an allergic reaction to shopping malls and plastic culture medieval-style band and when sh thought his chords were a bi obvious, and needed weirding up (not a real one though) A huge science fiction fan, one of 1950s dystopian tale of a world

books because the printed word has been banned and burned by where rebels have to memorise

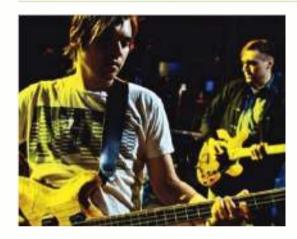
Win's little bro, who, according ANYTHING, Music or otherwise. could be the US ambassador He could be a university to Régine, "can do anythin teacher". Win: "He really

Raised Quaker - a religious practice with silent, godless services – and still attends and I'm like, 'Mmm, this is not talking to each other

blood-stained shirt. The two things are not thought to market research company and has meaningful worship – this is you al do surveys for a pharmaceutica THE KINDSHURY Spent years cold-calling doctors talking once a week!

two of them making music while watching people perform Orchestre, which began with the Violinist who has another band

curriculum. The character Holde Rye. "There's a reason it's on th American novel The Catcher In Th aulfield is a little shit though. He



album, they're skint. Win Butler laughs that there is "no money in any of our bank accounts". Jeremy looks a little more pained when he admits that his "next month's mortgage payment has a question mark hanging over it". And so when they tell NME that what they're most excited about, after releasing this album, is giving away a million dollars, you have to wonder what on earth is going on. And does it have anything to do with the line on their new song 'City With No Children', where Win sings "Never trust a millionaire quoting the sermon on the mount"? Is he worried that, after all that touring with U2, he's going to turn into Bono?

Sitting on a bunch of sofas in a comfy office in Montreal, eating brown bread salad sarnies oozing with a suspiciously healthy-looking green gloop, are most of the band. Win, the king, has shaved the hair off one side of his head, and has the biggest brown eyes we've ever seen - you could drown in them. Far from being grumpy, as one might imagine him, the man is positively bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. His wife and queen, Régine, is tired, having worked all morning while he slept, and is rubbing her eyes, smudging last night's eyeliner on to her cheeks. He's a night-owl; she gets the mornings to herself. Win's younger brother Will, meanwhile, is sloping around like the genius kid who's been put in the sixth form two years early. In comes Jeremy, magically riding his bike on the third floor, one of his heavily tattooed arms lazing across the handlebars. And then there's crap-car-driving Richard, who was raised by Quakers and is all flame hair and porcelain skin and softly spoken (other members Tim Kingsbury and Sarah Neufeld aren't around today).

The band had a little party last night - champagne in a friend's backyard – to celebrate finishing the record. It's called 'The Suburbs' and it aches with a teenage sense of those wide-open spaces of time and landscape, of boredom; the contained longing of an era when you waited all summer with a broken leg for a letter to arrive. "I hated being a teenager," says Win happily. "It was awful. But it's like that great James Murphy line... you start saying how much you loved it until you think about what it was actually like ... ' ..and then you remember!" adds Régine, laughing. She grew up in the city, "attracted to things that were so scarce, wild things, like the reflection of leaves from a tree, on the ground. Trying to search for these little pieces of life, you know, through all this, this concrete." Butler junior Will liked it when they were little. "Where we grew up in Texas was full of trees and bike paths and playgrounds and creeks and

Clockwise from top left: The Butler brothers Jam; Régine summons the





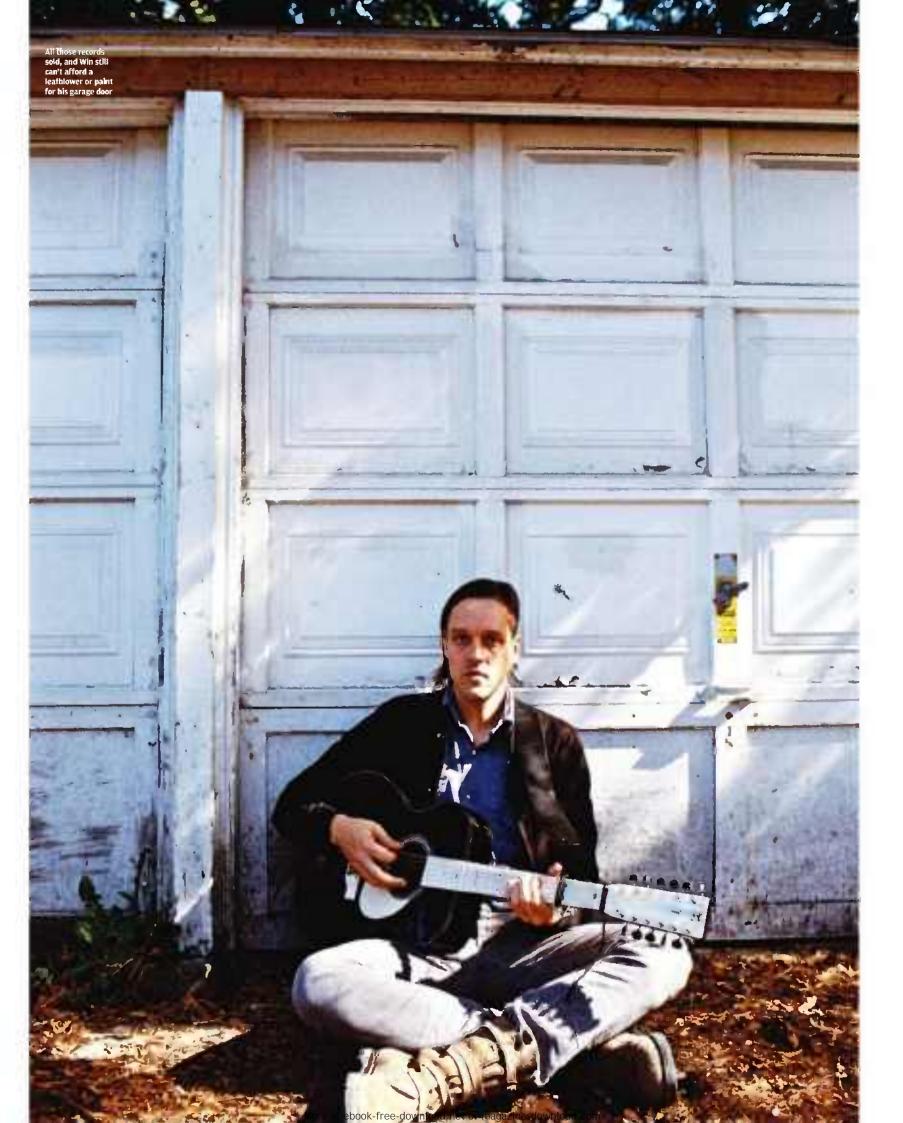
drainage ditches and golf course ponds to find turtles or tadpoles in." But then they went to boarding school, the hugely prestigious Phillips Exeter Academy, "at an age when the suburbs were gonna get boring and grim pretty fast..." "The album is neither a love letter to nor an indictment of the suburbs - it's a letter from the suburbs," Win explains.

They made this record wondering how to get that feeling of spaciousness back. How to remember how, as their lead single suggests, 'We Used To Wait'. Says Jeremy: "With 24-hour digital media, those feelings don't exist like they used to - I don't think it's specifically because we're in a rock band that is successful that things are different - but we want to remember those feelings." He says they set themselves rules like 'no internet before breakfast'. Do they work? "No!" Win was so worried about his over-dependence on technology that he made himself a den where he could read books – not just begin them. Huge collections of intentionally boring science fiction collections. "You had PILES of books," Régine recalls.

They wanted to get back to being hands-on with recording the music too, not so dependent on engineers. So they built little studio areas in each of their houses - Will's is in a kitchen cupboard. He holed up and became a keyboard wizard on old analogue junk, because Win wanted a "New Order, Depeche Mode sound - the bands that I heard

# "AS MUCH AS PEOPLE SLAG BONO, I WILL FOREVER GIVE HIM CREDIT FOR ENGAGING WITH GEORGE W BUSH"

**WIN BUTLER** 



when I was very young, and wondered what those crazy noises were." Will read all the manuals, inspired by producer Markus Dravs' work with Bjork on 'Homogenic', "the finest album of blooping and bleeping that influenced me a lot in my teenage years." Régine and Jeremy spent a whole afternoon in his basement fixing an old organ from her attic with duct tape and a bottle lid. They play NME the new record and talk us through some of the tracks. Régine says of the genesis of the slow-burning epic 'Rococo', "Win was strumming the chords on the guitar and I was on the couch and said, 'Hey, those chords sound like baroque music,' so the word rococo comes from the baroque. We recorded it at the church with everyone together in one room, and it spontaneously grew from a small song into something big. At one point the guitars sound like Nirvana!"

As well as such epic moments, the album also pauses to strip everything back, with Win commenting of 'Month Of May', "This burst of energy and almost violent spring sort of feeling really needs to be stripped down and simple and tough and lean." But the album goes to some truly unexpected places too: "Deep Blue' to me sounds like Neil Young with Depeche Mode at the end – which shouldn't work, but I think it does," muses Win.

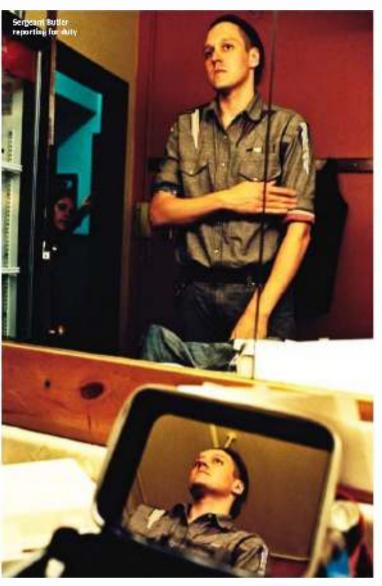
When 'We Used To Wait' begins, Jeremy says, "It's almost Elton John, it's a piano-rock song, like 'Bennie And The Jets'!"

Régine: "I don't think it sounds like 'Bennie

And The Jets'!"

Jeremy: "I'm not saying it SOUNDS like 'Bennie And The Jets'! Oh my god!"

Overall we tell them it has a real Fleetwood Mac vibe. "YESSS," says Jeremy, fist in the air, "that is the biggest compliment to me."



as artistic as we can. I think that it's more important than ever to follow through on the little details, even if it's only us who care about it." Adds Jeremy: "It makes me feel happy to know that, at the end of a year and a half of recording, there is a STACK of vinyl, just that it exists physically. MP3s are totally fine, but we didn't spend a year and a half recording MP3s. We recorded this artefact.

And as for that line about not trusting millionaires preaching the sermon on the mount? Turns out Win nicked it from George Orwell. "The feeling of that song is very much... I don't know if you've ever been in Williamsburg or those parts of London where everyone is 30 years old, everyone has the same haircut and there's no kids, no older adults, almost an oppressiveness at not having real human life on display in society. On the one side you have a lot of pressure to be part of commercial society, and everyone's trying to sell you something all the time. And then on the other side there's this kind of hipness, and trying to find what's cool, which has also a certain amount of emptiness associated with it. I think it's really difficult to try and navigate those two extremes."

So that line isn't a veiled dig at Bono? Apparently not. "As much as people slag Bono," says Win, "I will forever give him credit for engaging with George W Bush when he was president. Even though it was a deeply unpopular move, even within his own band. The HIV medications in Africa, every aspect of the US foreign policy - it was a hell of a lot more than any president before had done. Bono was engaged in the work even though the situation wasn't ideal. Now that's not my path, but I will never

# "THE ALBUM'S NEITHER A LOVE LETTER TO NOR AN INDICTMENT OF THE SUBURBS — IT'S A LETTER FROM THE SUBURBS"

# WIN BUTLER

However, while they were making all this invigorating music, they watched an earthquake devastate Haiti, an island that seemed already to have absorbed history's cruellest slices of devastation, and everything changed. Régine's family are Haitian refugees, and so the country has always been the closest cause to the band's heart. American football's Super Bowl, which is as much about advertising as sport, offered megabucks to use an Arcade Fire song. "These things come in and we mostly say no, but the timing was perfect - two weeks after the earthquake," explains Régine. "So we said yes and gave the money to the Partners In Health charity. We started to get these crazy requests offering these crazy amounts of money, and you don't want to do it because morally it's not you. But sometimes at the same time I think about, well, look where I came from, and who else gets offered that kind of money? This is CRAZY stuff. And so, thinking about it, we said, 'Well, let's just take it and give it away. Put it in something useful, because I don't want it." So if you got offered loads of money from a car advert, and you could buy a big house... "Uggggh," she says, her face shrivelling at the thought, "no no no." Not that they are po-faced about it. They are the first to admit how lucky they are, all pointing

out how other musicians have to accept commercial deals if they want to play music for a living. Says Win: "I don't feel it as a moral superiority. I feel lucky because we haven't had to go there. Most musicians do have to go there."

Which leads us to that million dollars they're giving away. It's also for Haiti - basically, Régine is the 'grand ambassador' of a charity called Kanpe and the band recently announced onstage that if they can raise a million dollars from the public, they'll match that with a million of their own, some of which will come from playing some big pre-album Canadian shows they wouldn't usually have done. What if the public don't reach a million? "I hope they do," says Win, enthusiastically, "I WANT people to take our money!"

As for the album itself, they went through a laborious process of cutting every song to a twelve-inch record and then retransferring the twelve-inch back to digital, with an old school guy in New York who's been cutting vinyl since 1969, for a difference in sound quality that most people won't even hear. "I mean, I listen to a lot of music out of my laptop's built-in speakers," says Win, "but I still think it's really important - I still think this band, on every level, we're still trying to make things as good as we can and

fault someone for trying to be engaged in the world. It's easier to be utopian, but real life doesn't usually work out that good."

It's odd - they seem like such an otherworldly band when they're really entirely grounded in this world, with all its shortcomings. Arcade Fire have a very eyes open, this world, realist approach. "One of the reasons Orwell is my favourite author," adds Win, "is that he writes this political stuff that is so cutting but then his fiction... a lot of the time I think fiction is actually a more direct and more powerful way to engage with something that's real. I think that's like the world of music we create in Arcade Fire. The more escapist aspect of what we do, whether it's fiction or non-fiction, is all an attempt to connect with something true."

Arcade Fire will headline the Main Stage at this year's Reading And Leeds Festivals, August 27-29. For more on Reading And Leeds Festivals, check out NME.COM/festivals

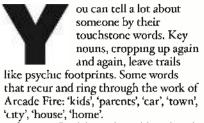
Head to NME.COM for an exclusive video with the band talking about new album 'The Suburbs', plus news, blogs and more on the band's return

# THE ALBUM VERDICT

# THE SUBURBS

# MERCURY

Arcade Fire go back to their roots for their ambitious but accessible masterpiece



If 'Funeral' celebrated neighbourhood origins and bristled with spiky youthful energies, and 'Neon Bible' hit the highway in search of bigger dreams and bigger sounds, 'The Suburbs' is about coming home to discover that it's never the same as before you left.

Rather than blustering, the album saunters in casually, gently placing out the terms of engagement over the easiest of piano and cosy bass. "You always seemed so sure that we'd be fighting in a suburban civil war/But by the time the first bombs fell, we were already bored" Win croons, and where a couple of years ago, this song might have been charged with do-or-die Romeo & Juliet angst, now it's wry, reflective and resolute, with a graceful, ghostly feel that pervades the whole album. "The Suburbs' a hauntological record, spooked by memories just out of reach.

On a more than thematic level, too, it forms the perfect third step after 'Funeral's nervous, nerdy kicks and the 'proper rock stars' some strut of 'Neon Bible', which sometimes tended to the portentous; 'The Suburbs' isn't anything as simple as 'back to basics' – they're a much more accomplished, musically interesting band now. But it finds the band reclaiming a sense of humour and playfulness that smooths over a deadly serious intent.

'City With No Children' typifies this new mood of a maturity that's anything but boring; the good times Eddie Cochran riff sharpened by Television-like textures. Win's Orwell reference to millionaires quoting The Sermon On The Mount is undercut by a mischievous self-awareness just as the stately feel of the track is needled by the raw energy of the guitar sound; "I used to think I was not like them but I'm beginning to have my doubts about it... When you're



hiding underground, the rain can't get you wet/But do you think your righteousness can pay the interest on your deht?"

"Suburban War', meanwhile, provides the peak of the album's beauty, crystallising its sense of nameless loss, a past that can't be reclaimed. "This town's so strange/They built it to change and while we sleep the streets get rearranged" says Win, before the song takes on a wolrd-weary nostalgia similar to LCD Soundsystem's 'All My Friends' as Win muses "now the music divides us into tribes/Yeah, my old friends, they don't know me now". 'Deep Blue', named for the IBM-developed supercomputer that defeated grandmaster Garry Kasparov

in 1996, treats the triumph of technology over human as some sort of generational loss of innocence: "a dead star collapsing/we could see that something was ending/Are you through pretending?/ We saw the signs in the suburbs".

Ranging as it does through styles from the glam-pop of 'Wasted Hours' to the garage-punk of 'We Used To Wait' to the edgy Tom Petty-isms of 'Modern Man', the album's concept is pinned up by with two musical diptychs, 'Half Light I'/'Half Light II (No Celebration)' and 'Sprawl I (Flatland)'/ 'Sprawl II (Mountains Beyond Mountains)'. The former pair are the most ghostly, eerie point of the album, like a half-

remembered dream of glimmering guitar and minimal drums, its second half incorporating vintage synth sounds even more naturally than the Yeah Yeah Yeahs did on 'It's Blitz!'. The second duo forces a kind of crisis. Win trying to find old childhood haunts in suburban wasteland through misty, mournful guitar, before Régine takes over for the second half, both celebrating and fearing the spread of the city lights ("sometimes I wonder if the world is so small/That we will never get away from the sprawl") over exuberant, Abba-ish disco pop, before the album closes with a returning refrain of the opening track, Régine and Win swapping the line "Sometimes I get believing/I'm moving past the feeling". Many bands make noises about having made an album that demands to be listened to as a whole, but 'The Suburbs" structure defies skipping, pulling you into its world until it's done with you. Sonically, it's the best-produced rock album we've heard, full of a subtle atmosphere that sounds like nothing else at the moment.

Ultimately, there's no reconciliation with the suburbs, but there's no giving up and no turning back either. It would have been so easy for Arcade Fire to take a different direction on this album, to keep chasing bigger sounds and sales, Kings Of Leon-style. But they're too awkward for that. If they can't help but mock the empty-headed cool kids of the Cocteau Twins-spectral 'Rococo', "using great big words that they don't understand", then they're no more on the side of the man: "Businessmen drink my blood like the kids in art school said they would/I guess I'll just begin again" reflects Win on Ready To Start'.

They've judged their moment perfectly, and this deserves to be their 'Automatic For The People'; an album that combines mass accessibility with much greater ambition. Pretty much perfect, in other words – and despite their best efforts, listening to it feels just like coming home. *Emily Mackay* 

DOWNLOAD 'Rococo', 'Modern Man', 'Suburban War'

# **WIN BUTLER** ON THE EIGHT COVERS

"We originally wanted to do 10,000 different covers - we thought that maybe in this age of digital printing it would be as simple as sending the printer a giant PDF. But it turns out it was more expensive than that, So we did as many covers as seemed practical. I think the idea was to have something that looked exciting..."





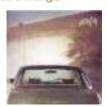












They're not young, they're certainly not dumb. but if you believe what you read, they're definitely full of all manner of sticky juices. Sam Wolfson meets an older and wiser Mystery Jets on the brink of something massive

oday smells like testosterone. Within minutes of arriving, guitarist Will Rees has described his band's lovelorn, emotionally mature new album 'Scrotonin' as having "a lot of cock in it", and when singer Blaine Harrison suggests that predecessor 'Twenty One' was a "comingof-age record", Will doesn't skip a beat to interrupt that "this is just a cumming record."

We suppose if there was ever a moment for Mystery Jets to show some machismo, this is it. Tonight's massive gig at London's Somerset House marks the first day of a new lifecycle for a band previously on its last legs.

It's 15 years since Will, Blaine, bassist Kai Fish and drummer Kapil Trivedi first met, to since they started playing together and eight since they first appeared in these pages. That would be a long time for a band with runaway

success. But for a British indie guitar group lurking in support slots and on second stages, it's a spectacular testament to the long haul.

One of the reasons they've been granted such a lengthy period in the twilight is a stream of idiosyncrasies quirky enough to ensure a steady flow of column inches and slew of wordy broadsheet features. When they first emerged they were the hippies from Eel Pie Island with the lead singer's dad in the band. When that angle had been exhausted they were labelled somewhat bizarrely considering the punky, snappy pop of their debut album, 'Making Dens' - as 'new prog', or else lumped in with Larrikin Love and Jamie T in the Thamesbeat scene, membership of which demanded only that you came from somewhere near the river. There was even a British Council report on what Mystery Jets brought to Thamesbeat culture. Then, with the release of 'Twenty One' came

a never ending string of '80s-referencing soundbites, Hall & Oates-aping press shots and an endless opportunity to talk

about 'pop' being back.

Will suggests that this is because the press have "tended to pick up on the obvious things." True, perhaps, though maybe it's because Mystery Jets embraced each of these journalistic thumbnails wholeheartedly, talking up their quirky past and retro future. Either way, they've worn these tags round their collective neck like evacuees in a train station, waiting for a passing fanbase to take them in.

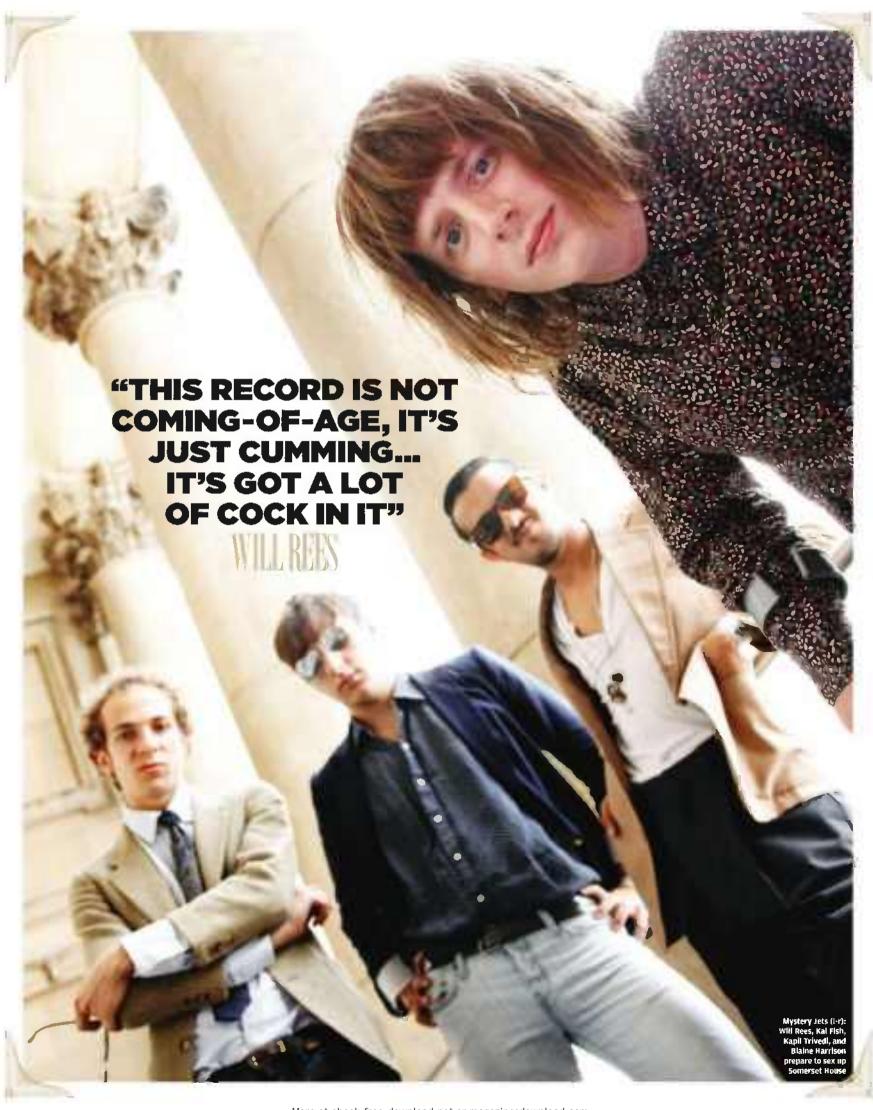
And that's what's changing tonight. Because the launch of 'Serotonin' hasn't been marked with a gimmick or a haircut (in fact, those of you on fringewatch, Blaine's gone back to a classic, curly middle parting). Rather, it's been heralded with critical acclaim for an album that has shown the band to be in a state of regeneration

"We're on our third record, we're in

our mid-twenties and we're finally beginning to feel understood," enthuses Will. "The Times and The Independent and The Guardian, they're all coming to the gig tonight and they're all giving us four out of five for our album. It suddenly feels like, 'Wow they get it!"

It's not just the press that see them in a different light. The fans are changing too. Blame remembers "a lot of fat people" turning up to their first album shows. Kai reckons it was 90 per cent girls on the last tour. Tonight, boys, girls, stocky and slim are filing into Somerset House. Thousands of them too; they've sold the show out.

As the crowd pour in, the band sink back into the sofa in their giant, curve-walled dressing room replete with a private Thames-view balcony, a fridge full of booze and, we kid you not, a dedicated Michelin-starred mixologist providing fruity pre- and post-show cocktails. This is the prize of a band that has finally broken through.





# IS SEARCHING FOR THE BEST UNSIGNED ARTISTS IN THE UK

A SLOT PLAYING AT CLUB NME @ KOKO, LONDON

# THE PRIZE

A ONE-PAGE FEATURE IN NME'S RADAR SECTION

A VIDEO
PRESS KIT MADE
AT NME HQ

TO ENTER ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS SIGN YOUR BAND UP TO NME BREAKTHROUGH AND CREATE A PROFILE BEFORE 16 AUGUST 2010\*

NME.COM/BREAKTHROUGH

**CALLING ALL MUSIC FANS!** 

LOG ON TO NIME BREAKTHROUGH TODAY TO DISCOVER NEW MUSIC,
INTERACT WITH BANDS AND RATE THE BEST SONGS & VIDEOS



There are only a few minutes to enjoy it though, as a knock on the door tells them it's their five-minute call.

It's a massive turnaround from this time 18 months ago, when the band were unceremoniously dropped by Atlantic Records "because everything is signed off in the US, and they had no ıdea who we were."

Around the same time Blaine broke up with his long-term girlfriend Karley Sciortino, whose blog, Slutever, routinely featured the most intimate details of their relationship. And by 'intimate' we mean pant-twitchingly filthy. For example: "I did once give Blame a blowjob under a blanket on a plane home from Prague. We were wasted on absinthe. I ended up chickening out halfway through and he had to go finish off in the airplane bathroom. But he came back afterward and slapped me across the face with the cum he'd saved up in his hand."

There are a good 30 posts like that, from the time Karley did a spunky taste-test based on what Blaine ate the day before, to oddly tender recounts of "clumsily attempting to screw behind a medical curtain" when Blaine was hospitalised last year. According to Karley, the main reason Blaine gave for their break-up was her tendency to "continuously broadcast my sexual life and fantasies over the internet." Blaine

is clearly ready to move on from having such personal secrets revealed to the world. "It's a part of my life that I've put behind me," he says, emphatically. "A bridge I've burned that I don't care to revisit."

Nevertheless, in the past few months their break-up has been documented with equal candidness, from Blaine throwing "an entire suitcase full of my clothes over the footbridge outside

his dad's house into the Thames River," to Karley's attempt to win him back with a mutual masturbation ritual with her friend Bunny: "I close my eyes and reach my hand down my skirt. And as I touch myself I think about Blaine - his spindly body, the way his freckles scatter across his pale skin, his fake tooth, his big nose - and his beauty makes me think of sex, makes me think of death, makes me think of cum, and as I climax... I think to myself What The Fuck Am I Doing?" Later she asked, "I wonder if I'll ever meet someone who will love me as much as Blaine did." It's not just their sex life that Karley has

heartbreak, in all its gory details. With so much having happened since

made public, but their love and their

the release of 'Twenty One', both with Blaine and the band, tonight's show offers the opportunity to prove that making another Mystery Jets record was a good idea.

ou need... some more champagne!" beams Kai as he reaches for a bottle. The band came offstage a couple of hours ago and we're sitting on their balcony, staring out into the London night. Mystery Jets are buzzing, and not just from the cocktails.

"We surprised ourselves tonight," says Blame. "It's very rare that you build yourselves up this much for a concert and you actually deliver. But from the first minute we were out there, there was a jubilance in the air and that didn't disappear for the whole hour and a half. I actually think it was our best show ever."

"This is exactly what we wanted," adds Kai. "And this is just the beginning."

The electricity wasn't restricted to the band. The crowd was a tender mess of snatched moments in time: couples in each others' arms, "just good friends" braving their first hand holding; basically more macking then we've seen at an indie gig in years. Had the "Twenty One' girls" all brought their boyfriends tonight? Are Mystery Jets the ultimate date gig?
"Definitely. Though some of the fat

people from the early shows were there too," insists Blame. "But a lot of them have lost a lot of weight, they've taken out gym memberships. I'd like to think we were an important part of breaking

their hymens."



# **"WE'VE DONE** A CLASSIC, BRITISH, **GUITAR ALBUM"**

And as quickly as that, we're back on to sex. These boys are priapic. Perhaps Karley's blogs have polluted their once pure minds. Perhaps they're just boys who like talking about sex. How many sexual acts do Mystery Jets think they are personally responsible for, then?

Blaine: "Infinite, because these songs will keep providing after we die."

Will: "Just on my own, I reckon about 200."

Blame: "Will has a reputation." Will: "They come to me seeking new experiences, life, joy..."

Blaine "...and a broken heart."

Will: "No, no, we have music therapy, yogalates. I take them up to my retreat in the hills and we meditate for days.... Blaine: "He takes them to Harrow."

Will: "Anyway, it's all about to change, I'm going to spend 2011 on a ranch with a beautiful South American girl."

Before we lose Will to his señorita, or at least a champagne headache, let's try to evaluate what Mystery Jets have accomplished with 'Serotonin'. After years of being the quirky indie band on the fringes, the frilled shirt at the back of the wardrobe, the Kramer in the gang, they have – without serenade or fanfare – stepped up as leaders of the pack. 'Serotonin' is distinctive and ambitious, a Mystery Jets record that sounds more like the Mystery Jets than it does any of their influences. Tonight there's talk of ripping up the rulebook, having no guitars on the next record, being on the verge of making their 'Kid A', putting themselves "on some kind of frontier." That's not because they feel they've been going in the wrong direction, but because they've made the best guitar record they ever could. "It's the culmination of a triology," reckons Kai. "Everything we've learned in life and music has gone into this record, we've hit the highest we can hit, this is the completion.

"This record has been 15 years in the making, we've had it in us since day one," agrees Will. "The other two records have been leading up to it but this is it. I think we've done it. Without Eel Pie, without Henry, we've done it. It's a classic, British, guitar album."

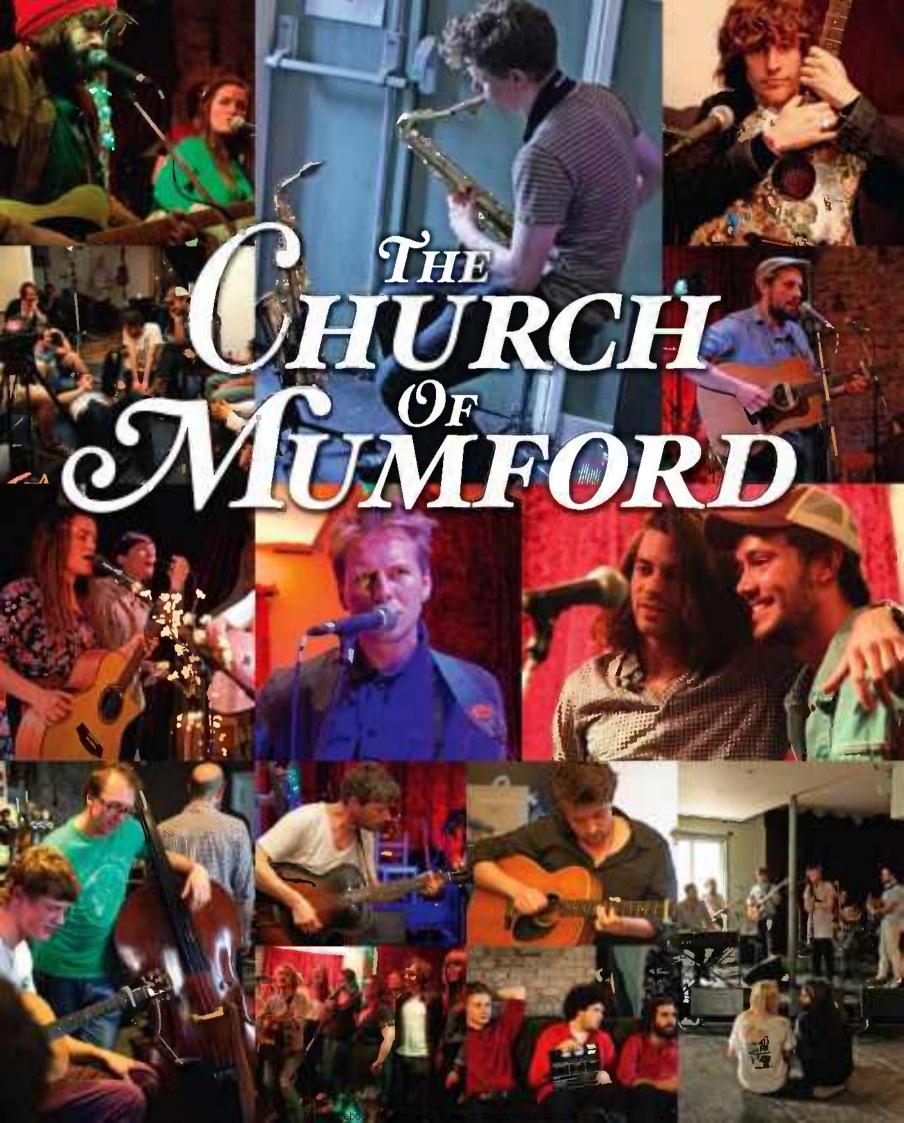
That's as long as we can keep them in their seats. Suddenly they're running away, holding their booze bottles like juice cartons. Mystery Jets are mistaken if they think this record, released on an indie label and perceived by many as their last stand, will be an easy sell. They'll need grit, graft and thick skins

if they're going to persuade the masses. One of the broadsheet reviewers whose attendance the band was so pleased about isn't so easily swayed. Writing in The Independent the next day he laments, "Nothing on display tonight to suggest Mystery Jets have managed to transcend their indiemakeweight status."

Harsh perhaps, but proof that there's still a long way to go to make everyone believe.

Tonight was the start of a new lifecycle, the beginning of a new campaign. Lock up your daughters, because Mystery Jets aren't going to stop until they've convinced everyone of their worth.

Mystery Jets will play the Main Stage at this year's Reading And Leeds Festivals, August 27-29



# What happens when Brit-folk's key players take over a London pub for seven days and nights of music? You get mayhem and magic, of course. Leonie Cooper pays a visit to Communion

communion: the sharing or exchanging of intimate thoughts and feelings, especially when the exchange is on a mental or spiritual level. Well, that's what Mr Know-It-All Oxford English Dictionary says anyway, and he's usually right. Either way, it's an apt name for the brainchild of Mumford & Sons' keys man Ben Lovett, which consists of an artist-friendly countrywide band night and record label rolled up in

one. Communion has been steadily rolling along for over three years, expanding from its London base to branches across the UK and Ireland and even an outpost in Sydney, but up until now it's been a relatively under

the radar affair. Up until now...

This July, the extended Communion family have come together in north London's Flowerpot venue for seven days of caring, sharing collaborations and cuddles with the week's unofficial mascot, a tortoise named Lionel. Sessions in the daytime, gigs in the evening, it's a folk rock love-in of the highest order. Mixing together established acts such as Mumford themselves, Damien Rice and Angus & Julia Stone with newcomers like Lissie and Alan Pownall and an obsession with old school-style innovation. Communion are crafting their own wedge of pretention-free musical mythology come true.

"We wanted to create a little community," says musician and Communion head honcho Kevin Jones of the happening he runs alongside his old bandmate Lovett and legendary Siouxsie and The Fall producer Ian Grimble. The night began in 2007, taking over when the rebirth place of Brit-folk, Bosun's Locker in Chelsea, shut, soon to be followed by the closure of London indic-stitution Frog.

"A lot of people didn't know what to do on their weekends," says Ben Lovett. "We stepped in." Undeniably tied to the new Brit-folk movement, what binds the bands that play the night together even more than the love of a hoedown is their sense of comradeship. "There's an attitude - the way people are; everyone here's so friendly," adds Kevin. "That is something that's really important - building community. In a way I think that's possibly more important than whether it's got a banjo in it."

It's this community spirit that's brought us to this homely Kentish Town pub, plus the accommodating nature of venue head honcho Jay McCallister. Also known as London indie face Beans On Toast, it was Jay who offered the entire venue to Communion for a week, including an upstairs room converted into a makeshift studio for a session of "cross-pollination of bands," as Ben Lovett enthuses. "The real idea behind it was to get people playing music of any style - just creating new songs.

NME arrive on day one and set up camp for the week-long marathon. Proceedings seem strangely laid-back, especially for a hungover Lissic, who arrives and promptly falls asleep on a sofa. When she rouses, Jesse Quin - a former member of Laura Marling's band - and Keane songsmith Tim Rice-Oxley of the Mt Desolation supercombo get cracking on weaving her belting Americana vocals into their country rocking good time vibes. Meanwhile, in the makeshift studio, sisters in soothing harmonies The Staves - one third of whom, Jessica Staveley-Taylor is also a member of Mt Desolation - huddle together recording. The collaborative aspect of the week is nothing new for Lissie, who ran a similar club-cum-community when she lived in Hollywood, a get-up-and-getdown jam night called Beachwood Rockers' Society. It wasn't quite as well organised as Communion, however. "We tried to record and we had the recordings for a year before we did anything with them!"

This evening, with the punters crowded inside, Mt Desolation and Lissie bound on and clap jamboree-style with The Staves before Lissie takes centre stage weaving Stevie Nicks touches into her sun-kissed hipster power ballads. The Staves stick around for her sumptuous version of hard livin' country legend Hank Williams' 'Wedding Bells' and Mt Desolation chip in too, Lissie repaying the favour by helping on their work in progress 'Dividing Line'. "Everything great that's happening in music in London at moment is summed up by what Communion do," summaries a smiling Quin to NME.

Two important lessons have been learnt thus far - the first is that tortoises shouldn't be left unattended on a bar - worryingly, Lionel is missing in action - and the second

# CAST LIST



Hippy Americana singersongwriter

based in California.

### **KEVIN JONES**

Communion co-founder alongside Mumford & Sons' Ben Lovett.

### MT DESOLATION



Country supergroup lead by Keane's Tim Rice:

Oxley and Jesse Quin.

# IAN GRIMBLE

Legendary producer and the man who first offered Kevin and Ben the chance to put on their own night.



Mumford & Sons' keyboard player and

Communion co-founder.

# **BEANS ON TOAST**

Runs the Flowerpot - and Mumford & Sons' former had his debut album flatmate and chartproduced by Ben Lovett. friendly folk-pop singersongwriter.

# WINSTON MARSHALL

**ANGUS & JULIA STONE** 

Communion favourites.

**ALAN POWNALL** 

**Aussie** 

brother

and sister

acoustic

duo and



Mumford & Sons' banjo and dobro player. A busy man.

# MONUMENT VALLEY

London-based singersongwriter who is set to release his debut material through Communion's own label.



A tortoise and the unofficial mascot of the

Communion club night.

is that squeaky doors make for rather distracting recording sessions. So after a quick blitz with WD40, the second day, which is mini-Australia Day, welcomes Sarah Blasko and Angus and Julia Stone. Instead of simply working together on each other's songs, the three musicians have decided to write a whole new number for the occasion. "At first we mentioned the idea of doing a cover together, but then we thought, 'No, we can do something gutsier than that," explains Sarah Blasko. Tonight there are 400 people waiting outside the 150-capacity venue, with some coming down from as far afield as Leeds. It's obvious not everyone is going to get in to see the two acts quickly listen to an iPhone recording of their new untitled song onstage to remind themselves of what it sounds like. Intimate and gorgeous, the night is an unmitigated success, and even Lionel is found safe and well - although at 2am, he has to be physically removed from the clutches of Angus and Julia's rather stoned drummer, who, according to Kevin, becomes "worryingly enamoured" with him.

The serenading of the tortoise continues into the next day, where Joker & The Thief spend two hours post-gig directing heartfelt ditties his way, before embarking on a 20-minute improvised track about a rhino. All of which, you'll be pleased to hear, is recorded.

n many ways a support group as much as a club night, Communion was integral to the initial founding and later success of the now-stellar Mumford & Sons, among many more of the increasingly ubiquitous new folk set. Not only did it provide them with somewhere to slingshot ideas off their already established peers, such as Laura Marling, Noah & The Whale and Peggy Sue, but it was also a place where they could safely experiment with the seemingly outmoded genre of bluegrass without any kind of fear of ridicule.

Which brings us to day four, and with it the banjos as Matthew And The Atlas rock up to the Flowerpot, and the collaborating comes thick and fast as nearly all of that night's acts holler along and stay to stamp onstage as the banjo rings out for their last number. The stage is just as busy for Kyla La Grange's funk Fairport Convention turn, before Marcus Foster merges Tom Waits, Tim Buckley and Otis Redding for a gospel-tinged dive bar soul set.

Friday brings panic, thanks to Lyrebirds' drummer vanishing somewhere in central London after stepping out of the car for a slash, only to go completely missing for the rest of the afternoon, and is overshadowed by Saturday's event: Sons of Mumford Ben Lovett and Winston Marshall fly straight in from Benicassim and prior to a Latitude appearance the following day. "We've had a really intense touring week, so

any of the songs.

we just had to man up a little bit and come over from the airport and just jump in," says Ben, arriving just before The Staves take to the stage, the trio returning to spend the day recording alongside Pete Roe and Crowns. "The evening was just ridiculous," enthuses Kevin the following day. As well as half of Mumford & Sons rocking up, Angus & Julia Stone have so much fun earlier in the week that they decide to come back for second helpings, bringing Damien Rice with them from Latitude, who invites crowd members onstage as a spontaneous backing choir. Alan Pownall also steps up to the challenge for a set backed by Ben, Winston and Kevin - who attempt to play along, despite Alan and his keyboard player being the only ones who know

After sets and daytime sessions from a Nick Drake/ Jamie T hybrid going by the name of Monument Valley and some seriously beefy Irish jigging and bodhrán bashing from Handshake, the week is brought to an end on Sunday with a typically irreverent set from Beans On Toast. As well as paying homage to Nambucca - the dearly departed north London pub and indie boarding house of which The Flowerpot is the new incarnation - he leads the assembled cast in a gloriously ramshackle working-itout-as-they-go-along finale of Tom Jones' 'It's Not Unusual' live onstage, with Beans barking the lyrics from an iPhone screen.

It's the end of the week, but certainly not the end of the project; now comes mixing and editing the 60-odd hours of music recorded this week, before the album is released. "Ian was saying we might make it a quadruple album..." smirks Kevin. We think you might have to, mate.

For more on the bands involved, including a video with Mumford & Sons, head to NME.COM/video









Clockwise from above: James Fox in the infamous bathroom in Performance; the ad for the film from 1970; Jagger and Keith Richards' then-girffriend Anita Pallenberg; that bath scene with Jagger and his lady flatmates



Smack, orgies, gangsters and copping off with Keef's missus.
Pat Long celebrates 40 years of...

# PERFOR

erformance regularly turns up on those critics' lists of great films, but it's also one of the most notorious movies of all time. Even those who haven't actually seen this archetypal piece of '60s excess will know the myths – how the cast and crew were all on drugs; the fact

that outtakes of the movie's sex scenes were realistic enough to win a prize in an Amsterdam porn festival; about how one of its stars was so disturbed by the chaos on set that he converted to Christianity and gave up acting. On this occasion, though, most of the myths are true: the film's 105 minutes feature plenty of sadism, sex, the occult, violence, madness, drug use and Mick Jagger's naked rump, but the way that those involved tell it, Performance was practically a documentary. It's a cliché that the '60s hippy dream died at Altamont. But Performance, filmed over 11 weeks over the 1968 summer, captures that moment when Swinging London's good vibes began to curdle, when flower power wilted, the music got darker and edgier and heroin took over from hash and acid as the 'love generation's drug of choice.

Watching all of this from the fringes was Donald Cammell, a former society painter with a predilection for drugs and threesomes who knew both The Rolling Stones and an East End fixer and Kray associate called David Litvinoff. Cammell persuaded The Stones' agent, Sandy Lieberson, to produce a film he'd written and asked Jagger to make his screen debut as its star. He was still trying to live down the previous year's Redlands drug bust, but despite this the British arm of Warner Bros pictures agreed to stump up the cash to make the film, hoping that a Stones-related movie would be a banker after a series of expensive and high-profile flops. Warners even agreed to let Cammell direct - even though he had no experience - on the proviso that he shared the credit with Nicolas Roeg, a young cameraman agreed to be the best in London.

But if Warners thought that Cammell and Roeg were going to deliver a cheap star vehicle for Jagger they were wrong. Performance's script was inspired by Eastern mysticism, Italian neo-realist cinema, Argentinean writer Jorge Luis Borges and the French playwright Antonin Artaud. The latter's confrontational Theatre Of Cruelty was a particular inspiration for Cammell. "If Performance does not upset audiences," he explained in a memo to Warner Brothers, "then it is nothing."

Performance's plot, such that it is, must've been equally hard for the suits to swallow: the first half of the film follows a mod-ish Cockney enforcer called

Chas who is forced to go into hiding after a disagreement with his mob bosses. By chance Chas ends up renting a room in a basement owned by the faded rock star recluse Turner, who lives there with his junkie girlfriend and their androgynous female lover, played by Cammell's 16-year old girlfriend, Michele Brèton. We have to wait an hour before Jagger's character even appears onscreen, and when he does he's smoking a joint naked in the bath with the two women. Turner and his lovers feed the gangster mushrooms and deconstruct his personality through a series of hallucinogenic mind games before Chas and Turner's personalities fuse and one kills the other in a famous scene where a bullet burrows through a brain.

To play Chas, Cammell made the decision to cast Harrow-educated ex-Coldstream Guards officer James Fox, one of the most famous actors in Britain after playing a succession of feckless upper-class twerps. Fox was looking for a role to stretch him beyond his comfort zone, so Cammell introduced him to his friend Litvinoff, who in turn took Fox on a tour of the London criminal underworld as research for his role. Fox was taught how to talk, box and booze by criminals, some of whom ended up as extras. Before long, the point where Fox stopped and Chas began blurred – there was talk of him going on 'jobs' with his new gangster friends, of intimidating Warners executives in character as an East End hardman.

To prepare for his role as the jaded Turner, Jagger had to look slightly less further afield for inspiration. In a 1998 interview with film magazine *Neon*, Jagger said he "modelled the character on people I knew, like Brian Jones, who'd really gone off the deep end."

To add frisson to the affair, Turner's girlfriend was to be played by Brian Jones' ex, the Italian model and actress Anita Pallenberg. Pallenberg was now in a relationship with Stones guitarist Keith Richards, who didn't approve of her sex scenes with Jagger and spent much of the filming sitting outside the location for Turner's mansion – a shabby townhouse in Powis Square in Notting Hill – in his chauffeur-driven Bentley, fuming. The filming was made more complicated by the presence of the Stones' dealer 'Spanish' Tony Sanchez. He was happy to supply cast and crew with anything they required to get them through the long days and nights, filming with a small budget and dealing with several huge egos.

As Pallenberg recalled in an interview in 2007, the set "was an absolute nightmare. Donald was a real prima donna – going into fits of fury, screaming and trying to put all of these deviant, perverted sexual scenarios into the movie. We'd sit in the basement, shivering, getting stoned and waiting for scenes that we would do maybe 28 times. It was all very messy."

Word began to filter back to Warners about the strange goings-on in Powis Square after local residents complained, and they tried to have the production shut down. Cammell and Lieberson persuaded the execs to let them finish the movie, but when the completed stock was sent to be processed the lab technicians refused to develop it, claiming the sex scenes were pornographic. Performance was re-edited three times before Warners canned it after a series of public screenings where it was greeted with anger and hostility - legend has it that one Warner executive's wife vomited with shock at what she saw onscreen. However, the huge success of low-budget counterculture films like Easy Rider and Woodstock prompted the studio to relent and Performance was finally released to mixed reviews in 1970. By that time Fox had quit the movie business for good, becoming a Christian missionary and not acting again for nearly a decade. Brian Jones died a few months after filming was completed, while Litvinoff killed himself, Pallenberg became a heroin addict and Brèton had a nervous breakdown. Cammell also committed suicide in 1996.

Watched on the 40th anniversary of its release, though, what's most remarkable about Performance is how oddly out-of-time it seems. Unlike other music related films of the period, it doesn't feel oldfashioned, instead marking a point where challenging movies could be made within the mainstream. It's a pretentious film, but its arthouse tricks - coloured tints, odd fades and jump-cuts, backwards scenes and disquieting synthesizer soundtrack - are further relics of a time when the biggest rock groups in the world were deeply interested in underground cinema and experimental music. It's also been hugely influential - Martin Scorsese borrowed Mick Jagger's song 'Memo To Turner' for Goodfellas, while Performance's gangster segments were so realistic that they established the blueprint followed by every British crime movie from Get Carter to Lock, Stock ... although Guy Ritchie dispensed with the homosexual undertones and sheer menace of this movie. Jagger's appearance in Performance also gave a charter to rock stars who wanted to translate their talents on to the big screen, with decidedly mixed results for everyone involved (see below). It's also provided a guide for musicians keen to become drughounds or reclusive geniuses living in house with the curtains permanently drawn shooting smack.

Head to NME.COM/movies/news for the latest movie news, reviews, blogs and trailers

But despite the cultural impact that Performance has

had, there's really nothing else like this strange and

# ROCK STARS ON FILM THE GOOD

# DAVID BOWIE

'The Man Who Fell To Earth' David Bowie's best-ever screen turn in this 1970s alien/ rock star allegory.

# **DAVE GROHL**

'Tenacious D In The Pick Of Destiny' Grohl as Satan in a very welcome highlight to this lame Jack Black vehicle.

# **\$LADE**

'Slade In Flame'
The Midlands kings of
Bacofoil glam excel
in this dark account
of a band's journey to
the top (and back).

# THE BAD STING

# 'Dune'

He was pretty bad in Quadrophrenia but Sting really stunk in this ill-starred '80s sci-fi adaptation.

# **NEIL YOUNG**

unnerving film.

'Human Highway'
Young puts on
a wince-worthy
appearance in this
unfunnny selfdirected eco-comedy.

# **MICK JAGGER**

# 'Ned Kelly'

Proof that *Performance* was a one-off: all that Mick Jagger has done since acting-wise has been terrible.



# THE EVOLUTION OF ROCK

#### Mark Beaumont finds out how stoner rock titans Black Mountain are making their unlikely bid for the mainstream

PHOTOGRAPH: ANDY WILLSHER

re we excited about Robbie rejoining Take That?"
Stephen McBean ponders the question, tugging at a ragged, grey-tinged beard that has trembled through desert rock jams as epic as the Himalayas, riff frenzies as brutal as the birth of suns and prog interludes as doomy as a Mayhem tour of Mordor.

"Um... Robbie who?"
Robbie Williams! He's back in Take
That! Amazing!

Black Mountain stare at *NME* across a flower-painted table in Latitude's guest area as if we're reciting macaroni cheese recipes at them in Esperanto. "I've never heard of them in my life," says Stephen's co-vocalist Amber Webber.

"I saw that on a TV screen," says keyboardist Jeremy Schmidt. "Like a TV that's on mute in a restaurant and you see the bar going along the bottom – 'Robbie rejoins Take That.' It's surprising because he's so independently well known."

Nah, Robbie's career's been on the slide for years!

Jeremy starts, floundering for whatever shreds of knowledge he has of the smarmy, faux-humble Mane pop twonk genre. "I realise that, but he's still big."

They might have to start brushing up on their pop culture though, considering they might be about to join the ranks of the JLSes and Jedwards. Sort of. See 'Wilderness Heart', the third album from Black Mountain - the Vancouver psych-rock freaks previously best known for self-producing moody rock albums full of sprawling 16-minute Zep-prog epics and Mojave-wide stoner riffage - finds them going pop. Well, as pop as one of rock's most uncompromising, challenging and doomy bands can reasonably go - ie they've roped in proper producers in RATM and Marilyn Manson knobtwiddler Dave Sardy and Sunn o)))'s desk jockey Randall Dunn, capped the songs at about five minutes and bunged in a few radio-friendly folk-flecked

numbers to pull in the Kings Of Leon/ Mumford & Sons crowd.

"There's more concise arrangements in the songwriting on this record than last time, when we focused more on the sprawling epic aspect," Jeremy adds. "A lot of these songs have those elements built in."

"When we made [the 16-minute] 'Bright Lights' on the last record we wanted to make this sprawling, epic thing," says Stephen, "and we thought, 'OK, how do you get it into four minutes?' It was a different challenge." Surely you're the last band anyone would expect to make a lunge for the mainstream.

"Everybody wants their record to do as well as it can and reach as big an audience as possible," argues Matt. "We're no different from anyone else." Stephen nods. "You've got to keep them on their toes!"

True to their moniker, Black Mountain were a mighty and brooding force of nature when they rose out of the flat-lining Vancouver scene in the early 2000s. Drawn to the city from various small towns in the US and Canada (Stephen is from Victoria, Ontario, a British colony where "it's like a tiny Britain, they have double-decker buses, high tea...") they gravitated together at parties, gigs and rehearsals

thanks to "shoes" and a loose collective spirit of creativity among a wide circle of musicians who'd eventually become known as the Black Mountain Army.

"We always had this thing that we would play together at some point," Stephen elaborates, "just because of being at parties and going, 'That's cool, you don't have stupid taste, you don't look like a moron.' There's that camaraderie and it was kinda cool to meet this guy [Jeremy, whom the band first heard playing through the wall of Matt's shared apartment] because he really brought the left-field to it. Otherwise me and him would never be friends, if he wasn't the keyboardist in the band."

Really? Um... Jeremy? Jeremy shrugs it off. "Well, we come from pretty disparate backgrounds musically, I suppose that's what he means."

"Well, I mean we'd never talked, y'know?" Stephen backtracks furiously. "It was a breath of fresh air to play with someone who'd never seen Fugazi or could give a shit who they were."

For \$1,000, Black Mountain selfrecorded 2005's eponymous debut album before they'd played a single show, or had even become a 'band' at all. "It was weird building a record where there is no band," Matt recalls. "As each person dropped their piece onto the record it was like, 'OK, now that's pretty indispensable.' We'd ask favours of people to come and drop something on and then it'd be like, 'Shit, how can we even do this without this person?' It became a band that way, it wasn't like we did it in a normal way."

nto a rock scene dominated by funk-punk, retro rock and lippy Libsalikes, Black Mountain lobbed an eight-track A-bomb of Velvets, Zeppelin, Kyuss, The Eagles and Patti Smith. It opened with a lo-fi parody of gormless, hit-shitting conveyor belt pop acts called 'Modern Music' and then launched into a series of tracks that skipped from blues-rock to sullen prog to synth-punk and back again in an average of seven minutes apiece. Were you trying to make people's heads explode?

"It's a bit schizophrenic," says Matt.
"Music, genre-wise, would be
segregated in Vancouver," says Jeremy,
"you couldn't really mix your peanut
butter with your chocolate. That's what
we did. The parts were assembled
without knowing what the whole would
be. That's why it sounded fresh maybe."

Early shows were just as challenging. "We had a few in the early times where we'd do long versions of 'No Hits' or 'Bright Lights' even," says Jeremy. "We'd go into hyperspace overdrive and see where it took us."

Finding their scattergun approach was drawing in teenage rock kids alongside 50-something prog afficionados, they pushed it further on 2008's 'In The Future': 10 songs over an hour that earned them a Polaris Music Prize nomination and the dazed adoration of a new generation of bong-chuffing, air-soloing witch rock fans.

Then they went to LA's Sunset Sound studios, got possessed by the spirit of 'Rumours' and made an accessible, succinct 'classic' rock record in the vein of Screaming Trees' 'Dust' or QOTSA's 'Songs For The Deaf'. Like, WTF?

# "THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS OF INDUSTRIALISATION HAS FUCKED UP THE WORLD"

STEPHEN MCREAN



# BLACK MOUNTAIN THE LINEAGE

#### 1967 - THE VELVET UNDERGROUND

Pioneers of the doomy psychedelic drone and a lo-fi clatter that sounded like everything was recorded in a fridge full of cheesewire and heroin.

#### 1970 BLACK SABBATH



Essentially the blues with 'tood, and the bedrock for Black Mountain's formidable sonic assault and nightmare imagery of war, destruction and very poorly, if not quite dead, children.

#### 1971 LED ZEPPELIN

And the Lord did look upon Black Sabbath and he did utter: "S'alright I s'pose, but they could make them songs 12 minutes longer easy." And so they did on 'Led Zep IV'.

#### 1988 - FUGAZI

Crystal the US post-punk hardcore en Fugazi were a huge influence on BM's punk rock roots.

#### 1990 - KYUSS

Josh Homme's desert rock monsters set the blueprint for all witchy stoner psycherock pretenders to follow.

#### 1996 - SCREAMING TREES



if any album could claim to be a precursor to 'Wilderness Heart''s crossover potential, it's the Screaming Trees' 'Dust'. Psychedelia, folk, punk and blues combined with Mark Lanegan's

trademark grun<mark>ge pu</mark>mmel.

#### 2004 - EAGLES OF DEATH METAL

When Josh Homme named the band wondering what a band called Eagles Of Death Metal might sound like, he was probably thinking of something like Black Mountain.

"A couple of people have said, 'The new record sounds modern," says Stephen, "but actually all the gear we used was way older than anything we've

"This one bass I played was a '50s Pea bass," says Matt, "and they call it "The Homebuyer' because it's been on so many hit songs. It buys homes."

The glossier production throws fresh light on Stephen's lyrics, which are crammed full of psychedelic nightmare images. "bloody visions of a world so torn", "black plague disaster", "children play softly around the explosions/Tearing up shrapnel wrapped up in clothing". Nuclear bombs, napalm, disease and static abounds: considering three members of the band have day jobs working with Vancouver's homeless, drug-addicted or mentally ill, they sure come across as one of those bands who consider the human race to be a virus with shoes

"We're not soapbox-oriented people," says Matt "it's more the world around you, you're alv as responding to it, reacting to it and describing it in all its wealth and poverty. It's scary that because the world's so big people think they can damage it but not do permanent damage be au e they're such a small part of it. But the cary thing is, like the oil leak in the Gulf, a catastrophe that alters the face of the Earth is not that unrealistic or that hard to imagine. It's sad that it takes such massive incidents to force people to make changes."

The title track talks of wanting to live "prehistoric" - would you be happy once the oil's dried up and civilised society crumbles?

"Sometimes it's that thing," Stephen ponders, "if you're sitting somewhere and you're watching fucking cable TV and you've got your laptop on your lap and your cellphone's ringing and you're like, 'FUCK! Where's a book?' And then someone will go, 'I et's go camping' and you get out in the woods or even in a small town, you just get away.

"I don't have kids but I want people to experience wonderful lives. I don't want to fuck up the world. As much as people say the world sucks and it's a horrible, miserable place, at the same time it's a beautiful place and there's amazing

people. It's gonna blow up and turn into a supernova at some point or it'll just slow down a second and everything will crumble. Just the last hundred years of industrialisation has fucked things up"

Matt grits his teeth. "Water's gonna be next, there'll be wars over water." Jeremy grins. "Life's rich pageant with a big explosion at the end." Which is Black Mountain in

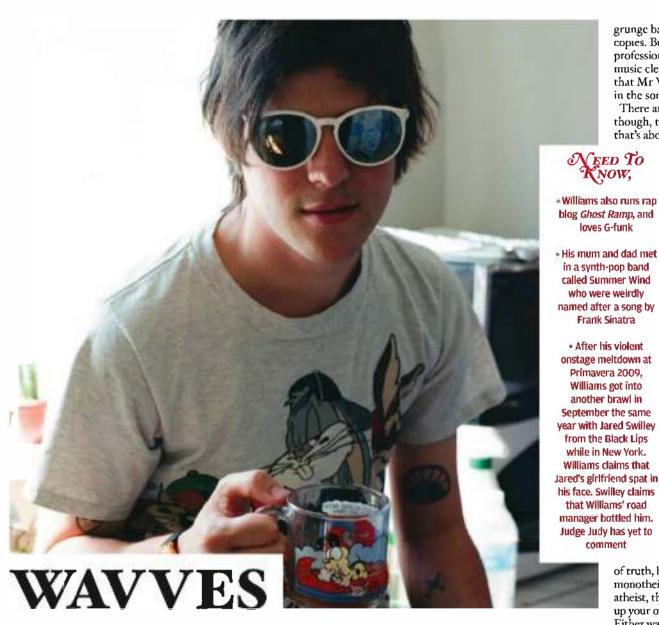
a nuke-tried nutshell. In an age where mainstream rock music has become formularised somewhere between Kings Of Leon and The Script, here's a band to bust rock out of its synced'n'sanitised strait jacket, gorge on all music has to offer and blast out the result in the biggest of bangs

Like the man said, Robbic who?

# REVIEWS

BEST COAST, GRUFF RHYS IN SEPARADO!

Edited by Emily Mackay



KING OF THE BEACH BELLA UNION

He might have cleaned up his sound and his act, but Nathan Williams is still more a slacker than a saviour at heart



ou can take a punk like
Nathan Williams several ways.
Probably the simplest is to
view him in the great tradition
of the All-American Loser – a
frustrated Dostoevskian anti-hero in a trucker
cap. Last year at Primavera he got so fucked
on booze, Vallies and Es that he ended up
exchanging fists with his drummer, who
walked off mid-set before Williams ran the
jack on him and gave the fella his P45...
displaced anger, anyone?

You see, he's like just Captain Ahab without Moby Dick, or Judd Nelson in *The Breakfast Club* without detention... He's a rebel without

anything to rebel against, the King Of The Beach, staring at the sea, wondering what the fucking point of it all is... deep, huh? Whatever.

Now Williams is back on the street again with the late Jay Reatard's old backline and this new LP. This time around, he's cleaned up his act and ditched the distorted laptop sound he used on his 2008 self-titled debut, in favour of a studio in Mississippi with Modest Mouse's producer. Apparently this means he isn't 'lo-fi' any more, which is a crock of shit because the recording quality still sounds like it's been layered out of sync on purpose, giving it that typically trashy quality every new

grunge band from Brooklyn to Dalston copies. But one knock-on effect of going professional is that you can now hear the music clearly and properly, and it turns out that Mr Williams isn't exactly a Mozart in the songwriting stakes.

There are a couple of good tracks here, though, that make it worth buying (though that's about it). The title number finds

Williams telling everyone that no-one's ever going to stop him over raved-up Jesus And Mary Chain hooky surf riffs. 'When Will You Come' provides the same kind of catharsis as 'I Just Want To See His Face' does to The Rolling Stones' 'Exile On Main Street', but with a Brian Wilson feel, and 'Idiot' is prime-cut thumping garage. The other eight tracks are pretty grey. Sometimes it sounds like a kids' TV show hosted by Chicago punks Screeching Weasel, with Williams shrieking "ALL MY FRIENDS HATE ME AND IDON'T GIVE A SHIT", at the top of his voice ('Green Eyes'). It's not mould-breaking and, if you're over 14, you've already been there and got the counselling.

Midway through the LP he even gets all grandiose and philosophical, saying things like, "To take on the world would be something". The overall vibe of 'King Of The Beach' really is like it's the story of a young man coming to terms with the pointlessness of his own existence. Somewhere in there is an element

of truth, because life is meaningless. If you're a monotheist, it's a means to an end. If you're an atheist, then you've got to gamble on making up your own values and hope they're right. Either way, only death can cash your docket, and not a lot of people really have the guts to fail on their own terms, because it's easier to screw up on someone else's and hope they forgive you. Williams is only half-afraid, which makes him just about as good as anybody else. There's just no dignity in gobbing off about it...

Or is there? Seems like we do need people like Williams, if only to remind us of how lame we all are. There haven't been any bands you could throw your life away for in a long, long time, and who's to blame? Well, maybe we are, because we're all too frightened to affirm the greatness in anything other than the next disposable blog star, lest it consume us. With records like this machinegunning misery at every release date, however, it might be a long wait for salvation. *Huw Nesbitt* 

DOWNLOAD: 'When Will You Come', 'King Of The Beach'. 'Idiot'

#### EFFI BRIEST

#### RHIZOMES BLASTFIRSTPETITE



While The Drums nab from UK twee-pop, fellow New Yorkers Effi Briest are turning tricks inspired by another '80s British style, gothic

post-punk. In particular evidence is the lysergic psychedelia of Siouxsie And The Banshees circa 'A Kiss In The Dreamhouse', echoed on the title track's clanging guitars and shrill vocals. There's more pagan witchcraft than backcombing and hairspray on the all-female group's spooky debut, though - percussion clatters in tribal patterns, vocals chant word invocations and quasi-disco beats collide with backwards tapes. A stunning maze of a debut - just mind you don't get turned into a toad while you're lost in it. Tom Pinnock

DOWNLOAD: 'Long Shadow'

#### THE CANDLES

#### BETWEEN THE SOUNDS THE END



If this album sounds a little oldfashioned, that's entirely intentional. Its author - NYC singer-songwriter Josh Lattanzi - has worked with Evan

Dando and Albert Hammond Jr, and his band's debut album is very much in the same vein; stoned vocals, acoustic guitars, songwriterly values and none of that flashy modern whizz-bangery, thank you very much. The songs, such as 'Here Or Gone' and 'Let Me Down Easy', do what they set out to do well, but your take on it will depend on your tolerance for double denim harmony-rock. Those looking for anything else will be sorely disappointed. Barry Nicolson DOWNLOAD: 'Here Or Gone'

#### ALI LOVE

LOVE HARDER BACKSTREET



"Love is a chain of diminishing returns" sings shorts-and-plimsolls electro's answer to Joe Lean & The Jing Jang Jong, kindly allowing NME to light

pipe, don slippers, and put our feet up on the pouf. Love might think tracks such as 'Done The Dirty' channel the libidinous spirit of Prince, but unlike the likes of Gayngs, he fails to realise that to be really like the Purple One you gotta have some rough with your smooth. The result is an anodyne, joyless record where flaccid lyrical clichés of high-living pathetically hump dry-gusset synths and beats. It all makes you wish he'd lingered for a little bit longer in that K-hole. Luke Turner

**DOWNLOAD: 'Dirty Mind' by Prince** 

#### MT ST HELENS VIETNAM BAND

WHERE THE MESSENGERS MEET DEAD OCEANS

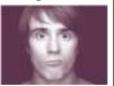


This second offering from the Seattle indie-poppers sees them take a step back from the jaunty and angular style that defined their self-titled debut and

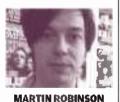
garnered comparisons to Wolf Parade and Modest Mouse. Although still fans of start-stop measures and tempo changes, this time around songs are given some welcome room to breathe and the quartet focus on grand, pastoral soundscapes, which loosely recall the likes of Pink Floyd. Swirling organ and layered strings underpin Benjamin Verdoes' vocals, which uplifts and unsettles in equal measure. Tessa Harris

DOWNLOAD: 'You Were/I Was'

ACES TO AMES... What the reviewers are doing this week



**HUW NESBITT** Went road tripping in Scotland; now addicted to Woman's Hour and Mark Lamarr, Listened to him after breaking into Aleister Crowley and Jimmy Page's old garden by Loch Ness.



I waited for the new Grinderman album, missed out on

interviewing Wavves, and lived out the song 'Too Drunk To Fuck'. if you replaced the word 'fuck' with 'cry with dignity'.



**JEREMY ALLEN** I have been reading The Unbearable Lightness Of Being and listening to the visceral majesty of 'Mother' by the Plastic One Band on repeat.



**CRAZY FOR YOU WICHITA** 

### Getting high while sitting around in your pants just got cool again. But do it while listening to this



If you're one to start harrumphing over a lack of Big Themes in popular music then you'd best take your pipe and miniature whiskies off on a holiday; for slackers

are back baby, and they're singing about TV and weed and sweat pants. Best Coast's Bethany Cosentino is a total throwback to slackerdom's last golden period, the early '90s, writing songs about her anti-ambition lifestyle which are soaked in washes of distorted guitars. Yet, as followers of her hilarious Twitter page will know, she has none of grunge's nihilism; she bloody loves sitting on the couch all day getting stoned. This laidback attitude leads her to use sloppy garage rock as a launching pad towards classic '60s California pop. The sublime lead-off single for the album, 'Boyfriend', is straight from the Phil Spector loonbook, with melody and swooning to the forefront and dirty guitars aping a wall of sound. That's pretty much the template for the entire album, and

sure, there's plenty of these new Shangri-lo-fi bands around at the moment, Dum Dum Girls, Vivian Girls et al, but Best Coast have shot straight to the top of the pile for two reasons: great songs, and immense charm.

Beth tells stories about her slacker lifestyle in the most melodramatic fashion. 'Goodbye' is about little more than how her boyfriend is rubbish at saying goodbye when he leaves the house. But she sings it like her husband's going away to fight in the 100 Years War. "Every time you leave this house, everything falls apart.. I can't get myself off the couch, I don't want to talk to anyone else". In this nightmare scenario, where her fella's just popped to the shops, she's near breakdown: "Nothing makes me happy, not even TV or a bunch of weed".

It's weirdly powerful stuff this, couch-rock, heartbreak coated in cereal. And with this limelight-stealing album Best Coast are providing an amazing advert for dropping out, having mad crushes and doing very little other than getting high. Martin Robinson

DOWNLOAD: 'Boyfriend', 'I Want You', 'Goodbye'

#### EL-P

#### WEAREALLGOINGTOBURNINHELLMEGA MIXXX3 GOLD DUST



Back in the '90s, as the musical mastermind behind Company Flow and Cannibal Ox, El-P practically invented indie hip-hop. You'd be

forgiven for thinking his time had been and gone by now, but this album of instrumental sketches is surprisingly bullish, its snotty distorted synths and chiptune funk melodies aligning El-P unexpectedly with the output of young UK producers Joker and Rustie. Misanthropy still oozes from tracks such as 'Drunk With A Loaded Pistol', but in a way that's gripping, not just gripey. Let some thirsty young rappers loose on this shit and El-P would really be on to something. Sam Richards DOWNLOAD: 'Jump, Fence, Run, Live'

#### VIOLENT SOHO

VIOLENT SOHO ECSTATIC PEACH!/ UNIVERSAL



Abandon hope all ye who enter here: if moaning Brisbane grunge wankers Violent Soho had existed back in '91 they'd still be written off as unoriginal.

Today, the charmless drone of 'My Generation' and 'Muscle Generation' is unforgiveable, as the parade of clichés (whinging lyrics, quiet/loud guitars, bum-tighteningly obvious riffs) conjures images of a band locked in a Silverchair B-side for all eternity, unable to do owt else except repeatedly puke bad poetry over themselves. Having said that, they have achieved something - as an album this is abject but as an affront to God it's nigh-on perfect. Rob Parker DOWNLOAD: Fuck off







## SEPARADO! EE

### Gruff Rhys' road movie/documentary explores a musical family history that spans continents



In the latter part of the 19th century, cunning boffins solved a problem vexing the burgeoning international business community by inventing Esperanto, which would

surely become the universal lingua franca. Back then few gave the now continent-straddling language of Welsh a prayer, but it has proved durable while Esperanto is only spoken by sociopathic Eurovision enthusiasts and people who dress as wizards.

Around that same period, some ancestors of Super Furry Animals' singer Gruff Rhys were sailing to new beginnings in southern Argentina following a family row that led to a mysterious death. This seemingly irreparable schism held firm, though peace threatened to break out during the 1970s when enigmatic troubadour Rene Griffiths from Patagonia arrived in Wales, charming all with traditional Argentinian folk songs in the mother tongue. Fleeting stardom kissed him. Mesmerised by

the ponchoed mariachi, a young Gruff is stunned to discover Rene is a distant relative.

The premise of Separado! is simple - Gruff zings around the world in search of his long-lost kın, while touring his 2007 'Candylion' album across an enchanting parallel universe. The film acquits itself commendably as a road movie, a documentary and an extended music video, but also has the feel of a psychedelic western directed by Alejandro Jodorowsky but without the dead rabbits and limbless dwarfs.

Along the way Gruff meets fascinating characters, including ageing protest singer Tony da Gattora and his cacophonous electronic box shaped like a guitar, and a pair of sibling folk singers who pick up the baton from Rene. Oh, and then Gruff gets chased by an armadillo.

Separado! is as off-kilter as one might expect, heartwarmingly celebrating the obstinacy of the Welsh settlers and their descendants who maintain their identities, traditions, and above all their language. Ultimately it's the tale of two proud provinces standing firm against the odds. Jeremy Allen



**JEDWARD** 

PLANET JEDWARD ABSOLUTE

Most acts in 2010 have resorted to making music then selling the phenomenon - the tours, the merchandise, the singer's butt cheeks.

Jedward are doing it the other way around: they've got the phenomenon, now they've made an album (of covers) in an attempt to monetise this. Bad move. Chaps, the couple of hours of your involvement required for this project would have been better spent doing nightclub PAs like the ones David Brent does in The Office Christmas Specials. That's where you'll make some coin. Having said that, you have more right to sing 'Teenage Kicks' than all those indie wingnuts who covered it in tribute to "Peelie". Hamish MacBain

**DOWNLOAD: 'Teenage Kicks'** 

AUTOLUX TRANSIT TRANSIT ATP



Six years might seem a ridiculous gap for Autolux to leave between albums but you can certainly hear where all the time went. The LA trio have branched

out from the stoner-Sonic Youth feel of their excellent debut 'Future Perfect' to encapsulate ghostly piano ballads ('Spots'), twisted ambient lullabies ('The Science Of Imaginary Solutions') and in the shape of the fantastic 'Highchair', a slice of slow-groove hip-hop that sounds like Timbaland going electro. This expansion of sound is also put together with the kind of meticulousness that makes 'Transit Transit' doubly compelling, Make the most of it, because we could all be dead by the time Autolux follow it up. Hardeep Phuli

DOWNLOAD: 'Highchair'

What we're reading, watching and scamming



Shutter Island Thriller Shutter Island from Oscar-winning director Martin Scorsese hits DVD on August 2. Check out this chilling adaptation of the Dennis Lehane novel with its modern classical soundtrack featuring Brian Eno and Lonnie Johnson,



Gadget V-Man Power Pack Festivals last longer than phone batteries. Fact, Problem solved this V-Man Power Pack charges mobiles, MP3s and cameras, meaning you can send that vital text: "I'm next to the man in the sombrero, where are you?"



Marking the DVD release of the vampire-filled Suck starring Iggy Pop and Alice Cooper in October, we're giving away VIP Bloodstock tickets, a special preview copy and goodies. Go to NME.COM/win

## **SINGLES** STEWART LEE



#### VILLAGERS SHIP OF FOOLS



Essentially benign, Villagers here lay a tense and never quite consummated '80s post-punk/neo-psychedelic guitar chug over nautical metaphors, 'Ship Of

Fools' is sure to comfort morbidly introspective young people who feel adrift, or at sea in their daily lives. Sadly, it fades at just the point where older and more reckless musicians would cut loose and wig out.

#### THE MIDDLE EAST THE DARKEST SIDE



More apparently fearful youths, this time from Australia, where bands could once be relied upon to do something extreme. 'The Darkest Side' is

over-duttered with floaty flutes and whispered vocals, burying the stark vulnerability it might have had in a slurry of schmaltz. Doubtless some depressive teen imagines it speaks directly to them.

#### THE HEARTBREAKS I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD HURT TO THINK OF YOU



A potentially euphoric indie-pop record is ruined by airless production. note-perfect playing, a metronomic failure to push the beat, and

X Factor-type emotive singing. There's a strange, context-free nod towards proper rock'n'roll with a twangy Link Wray run at 1min 55, followed by a cheesey Rubettes B-side-style sincere spoken-word section. The Railway Children revival starts here. Oh Manchester, so much to answer for.

#### TUNNG DON'T LOOK DOWN OR BACK



Tunng take the same elements The Middle East muck up - diaphanous female harmonies and softly plucked acoustic guitars - but offset them

against twittery electronics, big beats, rural religious chanting and snatches of sudden noise, lifting the whole thing out of the mire. No-one involved in this need feel ashamed of themselves.

#### **ASH CARNAL LOVE**



Ash's first single, 'Jack Names The Planets', was a hormonal, instinctive surge of unknowing genius. Sixteen years later this not-unengaging

mid-paced rock ballad is untroubled by either adolescent enthusiasm or the gravity of approaching middlescence. The briefest of hanging cadences on the guitar chord at the end suggests things were about to get interesting, and perhaps will once more.

#### MARINA & THE DIAMONDS OH NO!



Look, I'm a 43-year-old man, this record isn't really aimed at me. After four decades on Earth, I am none the wiser about this kind of music. Presumably

you jump around to it in nightclubs and tap your feet to it in the car. Then what? The young woman's staccato phrasing is quite amusing and I enjoyed the knowing histrionics in the "Oh no" bit, Can I stop these reviews now? It's 20 years since I read NME.

LIMITED SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

# FOR £1 A WEEK

That's less than half price!

WEEKLY MAGAZINE STRAIGHT TO YOUR DOOR
GO TO WWW.NME.COM/POUND
OR CALL 0844 848 0848 AND QUOTE 11U





VICTORIA HOUSE, LONDON SATURDAY, JULY 24

A cabal of free-thinking musicians, film-makers and artists transform the normally sterile environs of an art gallery into a sense-overloading palace of hedonism

ultimedia 'network' The Creators Project, whose recent New York laun h vent was graced by comeback shows from MIA and Interpol, is an immediately disorientating experience. Lar removed from the blanched, static sterility that most galleries preter, the subterranean dens of Bloomsbury's Victoria House have been turned tonight into a melee of action and sound-dim scarlet lights cast on white walls throbbing with sub-bass swells, those gathered there permitted to collide into each other with the lights out.

It takes a while to get your bearings

when thrust into such a circus, but some noises are more dominant than others. Ambling blindly towards the source

of the biggest vibrations gets us in front of Boy Better Know grime pair Jammer and C. Grit, singer Sampha, The xx's studi i ugineer Rodaidh McDonald and Lundon party producer Mumdance. They've just started making a track on the spot with help from the audience and the idea is to have it done in an hour - at this stage there's just a beat, and Jammer's shouting a lot about not being drunk enough despite the free cocktail his fingers are wrapped around. Later, this complaint becomes the track's hook, and a handful of addled audience members are summoned onstage to provide backing vocals.

It's collisions such as these that make tonight so overwhelming. When arts

It takes a while to get your bearings when thrust into such a circus

events talk up 'the interactive experience' on offer, the experience is usually akin to a school trip, but tonight is busy and booze-fuelled, compounding the sensory obliteration many of the exhibits, such as Mark Essen's mind melting, compass-crushing video games, seem eager to provoke. At the other end of a digital forest made from vines and wire we find Nick Zinner's installation The Yeah Yeah Yeahs man's diary snaps - from hyenas seen in headlights to sweating venue front rows - beam from flat, digital screens, while an ambient composition looms at us from surrounding speakers. The sound is 3D, the ima es 2D - an inversion of the stand in Lengoing experience. Less absorbing ite Yuck (pictured), playing in the venue's ballroom. The quartet don't so much obliterate the senses as dull them: their sound blindly revealing US indic's most obvious influencers -Pixies, Sonic Youth, Dinosaur Jr, Pavement. Surrounded by gleaming,

next-tech art installations so keen to divorce from the past, fan bands seem unnecessary.

You've got to hope that no former Bloc Party members are in this crowd, because Kele's having more fun with tonight's NRG pop set than he has in the last six sulky BP years The whole

set's an explosion of energy, and Kele looks like he could explode with joy.

A return to Mumdanc and Jammer reveals them in full flow, now, and joined by dancing men clenching raised fists. They sweat so much they look like they're throttling heavy sponges, which isn't a sight you'll find at every art show - tonight holds enough surprises to be considered a success Kev Kharas

Mark Essen, Felix's Machines by Felix Thorn, VideoPortraits by Saam Farahmand, By Royal Appointment by Moritz Waldemeyer

Digital Flesh by Radical Friend,

Triptych & Hereafter by United Visual

Artists, A.D.A.B.A. by Nick Zinner,

Melter 2 Installation by Takeshi Murata,

'I'm Here' Means A

Lot To Me by Spike

Jonze, [Z]ink by DSP,

Jetpack Basketball,

The Thrill of Combat

and NIDHOGG by



BENICASSIM, SPAIN THURSDAY, JULY 15 - SUNDAY, JULY 18

#### Klaxons, Cribs, Magnetic Man, Hooky and Browny all smile for the Brits abroad

here is an urgency to Ian Brown's voice. It's almost motherly. "What have you had for your tea?" he asks us. Mr Manchester is prowling the VIP confines of Benicassim ahead of his main stage show (more of which later). Truth be told, it's a tad seedy back here - all the real action happens out front, where a load of Brits going mental abroad makes for a riotous atmosphere.

Magnetic Man realise this straight away on the second stage on Thursday night, playing/ DJing for five hours straight from 2am.

Initially though, they look doomed. Their set starts as Kasabian's main stage one ends, and it's so embarrassingly quiet you could do a full headcount. There are about 100 people, a fair proportion of whom are too mullered to even stand up. It's a tad sad considering the efforts Benga, Skream and Artwork have put into their live show. Up close, their 'cage', in which all three stand, DJ and most definitely deliver, looks a bit rubbish, like a

Magnetic Man deliver from an Ikea BBQ, but it looks mightily impressive massive metal Ikea barbecue. But from the crowd, with its billion LED bulbs pummelling epileptically and apocalyptically, it's mightily impressive. Factor in that the band are dishing out the most singalong set of dubstep-meetspop choruses ever, and you can't deny that their lofty ambitions to re-mould the genre into something massive are a possibility.

It all kicks off royally at about 7am though, when Skream and Benga give up playing by the rules and usher the entire crowd of 200 caners onstage. Fans bolt past security too tired to care and too slow to react, and the ruckus lasts a full 15 minutes before some jobsworth decides that, actually, a stage is for playing on and that - oh yeah -

there are another three days of this stuff to come...

 Perfect Stranger Cyberman · Ping Pong

 $T_{HE}$ 

Intro

Mad

Fire

 Banger · The Bug

Glitch

Anthem

 Fight Scene Sick

Karma Krazy

Still, the John Lydon of 1976 would probably have been proud. Despite repeated attempts to, er, butter Rotten up, he demands a complete press blackout before Public Image Limited's show, clearing the area of anyone not in his entourage. His minder, Rambo, is subsequently despatched to roam the side of the stage for the set's entirety, looking both mean and mock-matey. It's unnerving, but then again so's most of PiL's music. An opening salvo of 'This Is Not A Love Song' (with epic distorted guitar rather than keys) fuses way too perfectly into 'Death Disco' and it's simply incredible,



Magnetic Man; life's a beach, and then you go The Cribs' Ryan tries crowd that isn't sunburnt



not least because Lydon's in fine voice. There's none of the wankiness of those Pistols reunions, although he still finds time to slag off The Prodigy ("fakes"), as well as labelling the Pope a "Nazi" who "allows child molesting" during set-closer 'Religion'. Excruciatingly, an onstage mishap sees his bandmates not realise he wants to keep playing the anti-sermon, so they exit as normal while he's still bellowing its extended messages. "It looks like I'm all alone, as per fucking usual," he grumps after realising everyone's gone. That's exactly the kind of thing we expect, but the real shock here is that Lydon can most

definitely still do the business when he wants to.

Klaxons, of course, are sounding fresh as daisies right now, and their pre-graveyard slot at 3am is something of a gamble. They air almost all the new album, at one point playing three unreleased songs in a row, but the wired masses out front don't care. 'Valley Of The Calm Trees' sounds particularly huge - it's begging for 45rpm status and the general crowd feeling is overwhelmingly positive too... though it's not nearly as frenzied as that for The Cribs. Kes-referencing flags and endless chants bigging up every 'shire apart from the one in Lord Of The Rings are all part of the fanboy shtick reserved for the Jar-Marr-mans, but the band don't thank anyone for it.

Instead, they just churn out the most anarchic performance of the festival. Johnny does his guitar-toting, gunpointing thing and even manages to tune the damn thing while playing 'Mırror Kisses', while he and Ryan stand back-to-back during 'Cheat On Mc' (audience: "Aaah").

No such frivolities for Ian Brown though. What's this? He's singing in tune! Sneaking suspicions aside that there may be some voice modulation to keep him in check (and why not when he sounds this professional?), his set's a triumph. He's now playing the elder indie statesman card way more

VIEW, ROM THE

Robin,

Birmingham

How's Beni been?

"It's been great."

Klaxons have been

the best band."

What makes

it different to

**British festivals?** 

"Here there's more

of a social side -

everyone goes to

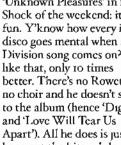
the beach in the day

and chills out. It's

so friendly."

convincingly than most of his peers.

As is, surprisingly, fellow Manc maniac Peter Hook, here to trot out the dreaded 'Unknown Pleasures' in full. Shock of the weekend: it's fun. Y'know how every indie disco goes mental when a Joy Division song comes on? It's better. There's no Rowetta, no choir and he doesn't stick to the album (hence 'Digita!' Apart'). All he does is just bang out the hits, while 3,000 pissed Brits scream along. Face it - this is the closest you're gonna get to Joy Division, and as Señor Browny would no doubt agree, it sounds way better in these surroundings than in some shitty club's PA in Derby. The reign of Spain



continues. Matt Wilkinson



# LOS CAMPESINOS!

THE GARAGE, LONDON THURSDAY, JULY 15

Cardiff collective bring Wichita's anniversary celebrations to a rousing, sweaty climax

We Brits have never required much of a reason to have a knees-up. Someone only needs to get a new barnet or nail a crossword and we'll be down the pub sinking a pint or two. So when a musical landmark of real worth pops up, well, that's basically a national holiday. And not many in the music biz are more deserving of celebration than Wichita, the independent London record label that's brought success for the likes of Bloc Party, Bright Eyes and My Morning Jacket and which released the first Yeah Yeah Yeahs EP in the UK. Following a series of commemorative gigs at the Garage to mark their 10th birthday, the Wichita love-in reaches its sweaty climax tonight with bouncy, multi-instrumentalists Los Campesinos!.

That's not before Johnny Foreigner and vivacious Mackem quintet Frankie & The Heartstrings stir up a party atmosphere in the ever-swelling crowd, with Frankie and co in particular looking every bit the headline-challengers with a polished, dynamic set - even if their wardrobe is straight out of the Alan Partridge 'sports-casual' collection.

But as they make way for Cardiff's best loved faux-Welsh band, the Garage feels more like a sauna as sweat

stubbornly clings to the air. LC! don't care of course, making no apologies for their furiously high-octane antics, and after a little warm-up drop into fan favourite 'Death To Los Campesinos!' to a rambunctious response from the clammy crowd.

Everything from maracas to flutes and even a token tambourine are brandished onstage, and the carnival vibe forces everyone from the rail-impaled at the front to the low-key boozers at the bar into flailing their limbs into the slightest crevice of space.

Lead singer Gareth's hernia-inducing moves result in a wave of 30-something teenyboppers (evidently not an oxymoron), cutting their best pogos and windmills on the sticky dancefloor, and as the band slowly slip into infectious big hitter 'You! Me! Dancing!', the white-hot atmosphere explodes into a frenzy of moist, marauding bodies slithering about this north London pressure cooker.

Not pumping the brakes for the encore, LC! doff their caps to the mighty Wichita, before putting every remaining fibre into 'We Throw Parties, You Throw Knives', to close the curtain on the sordid celebrations. Sam Rowe



VICTORIA PARK, LONDON FRIDAY, JULY 16 - SUNDAY, JULY 18

East London's inner-city festival just got bigger and better, yet more filthy and fun

o-one's ever denied outright that Lovebox takes its name from that bountiful life-giver of the ages – that's right, the timele s and resilient lady's part. Perhaps it no vomer that London's most convincing more city big-name festival has taken on the spirit of the womb, encapsulating both the innocence of a newborn and the filthy night of rutting it took to produce it.

By Sunday, when Peaches appears onstage nursing a broken leg, being carried by three dancers while wailing, "I think my pusy's hanging out" as a naked transsexual swings his/her willy/boobs into every corner of the stage, ultimately it feels like another graceful transition in a beautifully conceived display of the human life cycle.

Two days earlier, however, and we're still with the innocence of the school yard. Fresh faced NME Breal through winner Matt Henshaw stands cool and collected, chucking out mischicvous hip pop in a junior Jamie T-style while his hired muscle throw MC shapes to disco rhythms.

Meanwhile, playground battle lines are

drawn between the Main Stage's day of pop dirge and the twee indie kids gathering by the Gaymers Stage in opposition. "But Dizzee Rascal puts on a good show!" pleads Mystery Jets' bassist Kai Fish after mere mention of the big headliner draws mass boos You'd think the crowd would be in a more forgiving mood, having just witnessed the Jets giving one of the festival's best performances; new songs 'Dreaming Of Another World' and



## Roxy Music are at odds with the festival's vibrancy. Get'em some Viagra

'Scrotonin' finding voice among 'Two Doors Down' et al to prove that, somehow, Mystery Jets really have become one of indie's new national treasures. Away from the instruments, Cooly G and Joy Orbison offer DJ sets in themed enclaves tucked into the thickets of Victoria Park – the former's taking place in a woodland grove, the latter's in a post-apocalyptic bomb scene complete with living-for-the-weekend gangs of estate agents spilling drinks down their shirts. Poor drunk lambs.

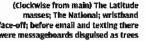
Saturday evening finds Mark Ronson

Saturday evening finds Mark Ronson desperate to upstage Gorillaz' recent forays with his own roster of super-sleb drop ins. Kyle from The View and Spank Rock make early appearances, but the ohmygod gasps are reserved for the grand unveiling of Duran Duran's Simon Le Bon and Nick Rhodes, who join Ronson for 'Record Collection', and a joyously potent run through of their

own 1981 single 'Planet Earth'. Speaking of potency, Roxy Music's first show in five years should have been a manly

Thor's Hammer slapping down on all the naïve young 'uns' heads like a knowing patriarch of art-rock truth. Yet Bryan I erry is disengaged, barely saying a word and the songs are drearily at odds with the festival's vibrancy – please, someone get this band some Viagra.

The most beautiful and rewarding reincarnation of the weekend comes with Hercules And Love Affair's one-off summer appearance, roadtesting their new line up before finishing off a hotly anticipated second record. Alongside the now Antony Hegarty free Blind' Andy Jutl r's New York discocirculla out this of new tracks, including Step Up', t aturing that other great reinvented disco queen, Kele (what do you mean, he used to be in an indie band?). It's as lascivious as it is loveable. Lovebox: musical incest at its most glorious, enough to make an Occlipus of every one of us. Alex Hoban











# LATITUDE

HENHAM PARK, SUFFOLK THURSDAY, JULY 15 - SUNDAY, JULY 18

Sneered at as the ultimate middle-class weekend away – but it's so much more than that...

lotting a path through Latitude without hearing a stand-up comic tell a bobbins joke - yet a-fucking-again - about The Guardian-reading, carrot cakemunching crowd that swarms on this forested corner of Suffolk each year can be like trying to find hallucinogens at the festival: it's a bit of a struggle. But search hard enough – and ignore the Pimm's-toting revellers having a sit-down dinner - and there's plenty on offer here that isn't safe, smug and riddled with cliché.

A fine way to rattle us is demonstrated by ex-NME scribes Julie Burchill and Garry Mulholland in the literary tent on Saturday. Burchill tells us she was "bogus, a phoney, I didn't even like punk", and calls her bilious style "Tourette-y". Mulholland calls Pharrell from NERD a "misogynist fuck". Even more delightfully controversial, Burchill defends her pro-Iraq War stance and both complain that journalism is

socially racist - there's no room for the working class apart from on Page 3, they claim. The easily offended muttering proves they've done their job.

There are others on a tub-thumping trip. Josie Long tears into Tory MP Michael Gove in the comedy tent, saying, "He looks like the sort who'll read your texts if you leave the room." The weekend's closest thing to a satirical sky-god, Chris Morris, leads a discussion about his Four Lions film in friendly, erudite and polemical fashion. Steve Mason foregoes a chance to plug his debut solo album to show a rare film about the 1984 Miners' Strike and rail about political apathy and its terrifying results. A synapse-frying set of Sabbath-y Krautrock from Black Mountain on Friday afternoon aside, the counter-culture is most alive in music mogul Steven Machat, author of Gods, Gangsters & Honour. Taking to the literary tent on Sunday he regales us, in tough Noo Yoik drawl, with cosmic tales about deities - "mine are ones that

# There's plenty on offer here that isn't safe, smug and riddled with cliché

get me laid" -- Leonard Cohen, Snoop Dogg and defeating The Man.

The Unthanks, on Friday, look like they should be gracing Glyndebourne with their strings, horns and flowery dresses but do their best to block out the sun on the Obelisk stage with brooding traditional songs. Lonelady is as taut and gloomily groovy as an early '80s post punk; These New Puritans cast an apocalyptic shadow; Gaggle weird people out with their Pocahontas garb; and The National are facescorching and furiously uplifting as second-stage headliners on Friday night. John Grant delivers his terrifically macabre Americana and Dirty Projectors, Vampire Weekend and Belle & Sebastian are all terrifically

joyous - if very, very polite.

Laura Marling nearly ruins our vision of a festival unified in reformist spirit on on Friday when she

claims, like a precocious toff-child, that she's, like, realllly amazing at whistling. Tom Jones struggles through his recent blues album in front of a crowd shouting for 'Sex Bomb'. And for every David O'Doherty (a wonderful mix of Roy from the The IT Crowd and Ivor Cutler) and Jon Ronson (reading about a man who hed to get into Broadmoor) there are snoozesome sets by Mumford & Sons and Rodrigo y Gabriela aimed at those sat on Marks & Spencer rugs.

But how's that different to any other UK festival this year? And with this much variety we'll happily overlook all those revolution-suppressing bottles of Chablis we saw scattered about. Oops... Chris Parkin

## CONCORDE 2, BRIGHTON

MONDAY, JULY 12

In keeping with their blog buzz band peers Vampire Weekend, Yeasayer have never been entirely comfortable doing promo. A recent broadsheet article presented the group with every review of their new album, and then asked for a reaction. It didn't go down too well. The group explained that they have a mental hitlist of any journalist who has ever slagged them off. Brilliant.

So, what better way to ease potential tensions than with a round of crazy golf on Brighton Pier? Reluctantly agreeing, and with 'Enemy'/NME sideswipes out of the way, the band slope towards the course, eyeing up the beach volleyball court on the way. Once the deposit has been paid, inter-band rivalries win out over disinterest, and Yeasayer come to life. Wielding a diminutive golf club, vocalist Anand Wilder boasts that "we're probably the most athletic indie band" as bassist Ira Wolf Tuton hands out score cards to every member of the party. "Steamroller Tuton is what they call me," he assures. "I don't do anything unless I can win it".

The course is currently being dominated by an English family, with what seems to be a junior golf prodigy. As the band weave their way around, Tiger Woods Junior joyfully celebrates yet another hole in one. Worried, the group try to up their game. On hole 16, tour manager Adam pauses to ask a crucial question: "Yo, so, what's the deal with Hurts? We've been at a load of the same festivals, and they have, like, an opera singer and shit." An in-depth explanation of the duo's oeuvre is cut short by a sporting play-off. Ira and keyboardist Ahmed Gallab have concluded the course and have tied. Disaster! With Adam standing over them, trying to get them back to the venue in time for the show, they play through the last few holes again, drummer Jason Trammell providing a nail-biting commentary. Ira the eventual winner, they hand in their clubs to the man waiting next to the ice-cream machine, and head back to the dressing room, half an hour before their set is due to begin.

With one dressing room up, one down, and a communal area to the side, the atmosphere backstage is like that of a two-bed semi-detached house.
Running down the stairs, Ira brushes



his teeth - bellowing for Anand. From the top dressing room co-vocalist Chris Keating makes indecipherable 'your mom' jokes. One of their few club shows in a tour dominated by festivals, they stomp up the side-stage stairs. Ira bovver-booted, Chris dapper-suited, and Anand dressed like Mowgli in American Apparel, the three disparate frontmen turn primal and race through the set. 'ONE' turns the crowd wild, and final track 'Ambling Alp' is like a self-help message from the guy who sits outside Tesco chugging White Lightning, in a dementedly glorious way. Parting paths here - the band have a scheduled day off in Amsterdam - we will meet later in Denmark.

## VOXHALL, AARHUS, DENMARK

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14

Soren, the house manager, lets us in for soundcheck. A day off hasn't helped much, and the group are beyond cranky. The 31-degree heat is partly to blame, as as are some general technical problems. An unfamiliar pitch shifter program behind the sound desk scuppers plans to play 'Children'. Exasperated, Chris kicks about onstage, every so often

muttering, "This thing sucks – what the fuck?" Tempting the band from the venue's shade with ice-cold cans of beer, we amble down to the riverside. "So,"

posits Ira, "is this supposed to look like you're on the road with us when you're actually only with us for two days? That's bullshit." He glares at the photographer. Chris begins to engage. "Where are you from in London? My grand uncle's from Islington." "Maybe you guys could meet up with him," jokes Jason.

Cans finished, we veer down a small street and are confronted with a row of gingerbread houses: scalloped roofs, shuttered windows, painted doors on a cobbled street, each framed by a stack of hollyhocks 7ft high. It's pretty fucking picturesque. Entranced, the band run up and down the street. "This one's my house!" exclaims Jason. "If you need me, I'll be in my house at the end of this road."

wanting to be certain of the name. "Hollyhocks? Cool. I love this dark purple colour." Time ticking on, as we return to the venue, we pass a huge billboard poster for the group. Except only three of the five members are in the photo. Laughing, Ahmed points out where he and Jason have been photoshopped out of the picture. He bashfully explains that this *NME* shoot is "the second time we've been included in a photoshoot".

Meanwhile, Chris fondles the flowers,

Outside, fans begin to gather. Among them are Fathma Fahml and Rune Olsen, 17-year-olds from the neighbouring province who have travelled an hour to get to the show. With a little prodding they approach the band cautiously, and are happily received. Later, at the show, they're right at the front, and lean across the barrier to grab the setlist. Fonder of old tracks such as '2080' and 'Sunrise', the Danish crowd is smaller than in Brighton, but far more vocal.

A striking encore of 'I Remember' begins like The xx and ends like At The Drive-In, all screeching guitars and slam-dancing. Now that it's finally been established that we're friend, rather than foe, the band invite us on to the tourbus for a farewell.

It's a slender structure, with eight bunks and flannel shirts strewn

> everywhere. We sit and listen to an instrumental CD "by an ex-member of Ponytail, he's a friend of ours". The tour will take them to Japan, Australia and back through Europe by October. More than four months in a tourbus is enough to drive anyone mad. How, may we ask, do they keep their spirits up? A vaporiser held in his hand, Jason laughs, offers a line about "everyone having their own space" and politely ushers us off the bus. For a band who began our trip acting like cranky teens, Yeasayer are doing an awfully good job of behaving like grown-ups. Is it the after-effect of a good show? Or merely herbal sedation? Who knows. Who cares? Long may it

reign. Ailbhe Malone





Fathma and Rune, Denmark

Hello! Why are
you here?
Fathma: "We're big
Yeasayer fans."
Rune: "And our
friends [Kirsten &
Marie] are the
support act. There
was a competition
to get to support
Yeasayer, and they
came first."





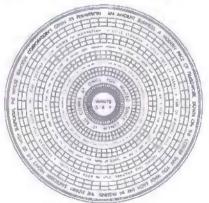


buy online at gigsandtours.com | 24hr cc hotline:0844 811 0051 TICKETS ON SALE 9AM FRIDAY OFFLIVEY

www.markronson.co.uk







701			

MOVE	/BER		
THU	25	BLACKPOOL EMPRESS BALLROOM	0844 811 0061
FRI	26	WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL	0870 320 7000
SUN	28	EDINBURGH CORN EXCHANGE	0844 847 2487
MON	29	SHEFFIELD O2 ACADEMY	0841477 200
DECEN	/IBER		
WED	01	BRIGHTON CENTRE	0844 847 1515
THU	02	LONDON ALEXANDRA PALACE	020 7403 3331
	W	WW.GIGSANDTOURS COM 1 24HR CC HOTLINE 0844 8	11 0051

XL

WHAT A TERE ( TAY AT I'L NO MEETING / I'm Tu " " "V"AT 0\*I / E | 1 v/i

EXCLUSIVE LIVE ANNOUNCEMENTS AND PRIORITY BOOKING AND COMMENTS AND PRIORITY BOOKING



## PENDULUM MARK THEIR NO.1 ALBUM WITH THE 'IMMERSION' ARENA TOUR



**DECEMBER 2010** 

WEDNESDAY	01	GLASGOW BRAEHEAD ARENA	0844 499 9990
THURSDAY	02	BIRMINGHAM NIA	0844 338 8000
FRIDAY	03	WEMBLEY ARENA	0844 815 0815
SATURDAY	04	NOTTINGHAM TRENT FM ARENA	0844 412 4624
TUESDAY	07	BOURNEMOUTH BIC	0844 576 3000
WEDNESDAY	80	MANCHESTER CENTRAL	0844 847 1559
THURSDAY	09	NEWCASTLE METRO RADIO ARENA	0844 493 6666
FRIDAY	10	ABERDEEN AECC	0844 499 9990

- TICKETS ON SALE 9.00AM FRIDAY 30 JULY -



BUY ONLINE: WWW.GIGSANDTOURS.COM | WWW.TICKETMASTER.CO.UK
24HR CC HOTLINES: 0844 811 0051 | 0844 826 2826
THE ALBUM 'IMMERSION' OUT NOW | WWW.PENDULUM.COM

AN SJM CONCERTS & DF PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH WME & JHO MANAGEMENT









# THE JOY

# FORMIDABLE CHAPEL CLUB

**Special Guests** 

27-Sep O2 Academy2 Birmingham - 0844 477 2000 28-Sep Norwich Waterfront - 01603 508 050 30-Sep Nottingham Rescue Rooms - 0871 3100 000 1-Oct Glasgow King Tuts - 08444 999 990 2-Oct Aberdeen Tunnels - 0871 220 0260 4-Oct Manchester Academy 3 - 0161 275 2930 5-Oct O2 Academy2 Newcastle - 0844 477 2000 6-Oct Leeds Cockpit - 0871 220 0260
7-Oct Stoke Sugarmill - 01159 454 593
8-Oct Cardiff Millennium Music Hall - 0871 230 5595
10-Oct 02 Academy2 Oxford - 0844 477 2000
il-Oct Brighton Concorde 2 - 01273 673 311
13-Oct Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms - 023 9286 3911
14-Oct London KOKO - 0871 230 5595

ON SALE NOW! Tickets available from www.nme.com/radartour

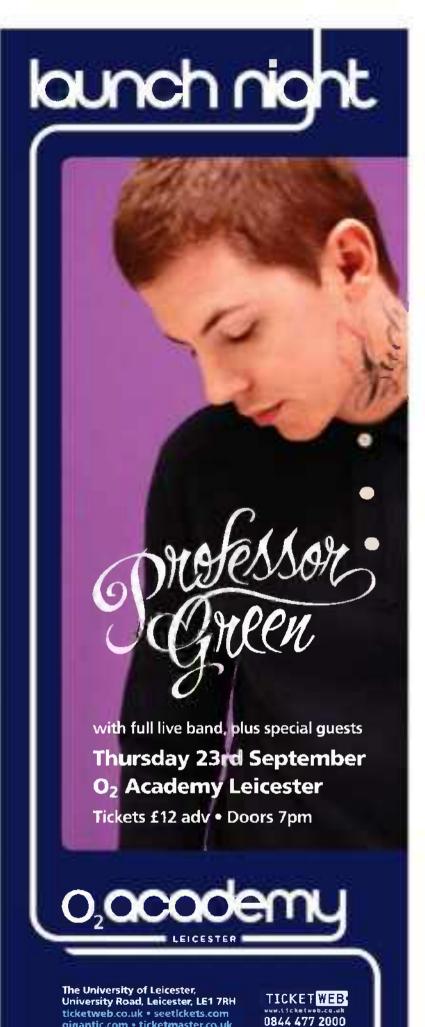
Presented by Kalandani Kilimanjaro Www.kililive.com











ticketweb.co.uk • seetlckets.com gigantic.com • ticketmaster.co.uk

o2academyleicester.co.uk















# BETTER THAN HALF PRICE SUMMER SALE



**FURTHER REDUCTIONS ONLINE NOW** 



# BAND Aid

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



#### **TOO MANY COOKS**

We have recently noticed that our hand is so eelectic that we don't actually have any kind of niche at all and so nobody wants to give us gigs. Can you advise?

Smorgasbord, London

A wise man once said that there is nothing essentially noble about being wilfully edectic. However, given that the wise man was me, I think it's reasonable to assume that you can give that a wide berth. The hipster types have it nailed – you just invent your own genre and give it a stupid name. So, let's just say that you are the world's finest exponents of, I don't know, Shmoocore, shall we? Yes, shmoocore. *Uncle Pete* 

#### **HE'S POTTY-MOUTHED!**

Our singer insists on swearing in his lyrics a la Mumford & Sons' Little Lion Man', We all think it is cringeworthy. Who is right? Blue Material, Manchester

When Mumford & Sons swear, they sound like 12-yearolds trying out naughty words, but at whose meaning they can merely hazard a guess. However, when Zack de la Rocha swears, he sounds like a vengeful god exacting his wrath upon the weak. So, if you're going to swear, make sure it's not on a song where you can also find

#### HE'S GETTING TUBBY

a motherfucking banjo. Uncle Pete

I'm one half an electronic duo and I think we have a great sound—but my colleague has suddenly started putting on weight. Can you be haughty and futuristic AND fat?

NaughtyNotHefty, Leeds

if you're going to do that whole androgynous cyborg thing then it's important to look like you were both assembled by some robotics genius. And it's hand to do that if one of you looks like 50 per cent of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. However, the solution is simple: stick him behind a curtain, claim you're a solo artist, and if he complains, throw him some cakes. *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 endeayour to assist

# **BAND SERVICES**

## RED ZONE MANAGEMENT

We are looking for newly signed or already established artists to support and manage. We are highly experienced and have an unrivalled contact base.



#### RED ZONE PROMOTIONS

We promote artists just as well as the major labels, if not better, by having the artists best interests at heart. We offer promotion services to radio, TV. Media and record labels

Please call or Email for an informal chat and advice

9 Wimpole Street, London W1G 9SR. Tel: 0207 291 1050 Email. info@redzonemusic.co.uk www.redzonemusic.co.uk



#### MUSICAL SERVICES





CHAT



#### RECORDING STUDIOS

#### Mill Hill Music Complex 0208 906 9991 London NW7

Established 1979
Rebearsals from 53.50-518 per hr
(Inc PA and full backline)
Recordings: Large like rooms, great
dram sound, Apple Mac 65 & Soundinas
desk all from \$16-25 per hour
PA's, & Backline for hire
Main Dealers for Facher, Ibanez, Laney
+ many more all great prices
Storage availabile — cupbogents to
shorage evailabile—

shipping containers

Free Strings, Orumsticks, Soft Drinks
or Pringles for New Customers
(Check website for full details of offer)

10 Minutes from M1/M25 5 mins walk from M1/M25 5 mins walk from M1/Hill Bway Thameslink, 20 mins by Train from Kings Cross, No stairs & Ample Parking WWW.millhillmusic.co.uk



CD/DVD PRESSING

Special Packages

CD Album x1000 Discs £750.00 +VAT

CD Single x1000 Discs

Delay Washington April 1841

Çadışışı bir fir Mare Data lı Muzum@h İsacşı ovumuştarlaş sanı

1 7 8500 7444

--- d.p - cp

#### BonaFideStudio recording and rehearsal studio London EC2; open 24/7

dombs 4 singles + allbums - extoo overs - sound angmeering submiss + live recording recording - maskering - making + reoliginaming + full production + ingles - referensals. Recording fees - referensals. Recording fees - polymers -

#### STATION STUDIOS

North London premier rehearsal studios. Backine, storage, ground floct, air conditioning. Best deals for new bands? Ask about our special Saturday rate 020 8 361 8114 www.stationslucios.co.us

#### TUITION

#### LEADING VOCAL COACH

To the famous

www.punk2opera.com Tel: 020 8958 9323

#### CD & DVD DUPLICATION



# GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Louise Brailey

# **BOOKING NOW**



THE POP GROUP

STARTS: London Highbury Garage, September 11

DON'T MISS The sheer volume of reunions in recent years has meant that most of them don't seem even slightly exciting. Still: a lot of the bands clocking in for their piece of payola pie are the righteous souls who sold about 13 records back in the '70s, yet whose sound has been watered down and sold into millions of T4 On The Beach-viewing homes. In other words, they're kind of allowed their moment in the sun. Step forward The Pop Group: "Let's face it, things are probably even more fucked now than they were in the early '80s... and we are even more fucked off!" they offer, by way of explanation for their regrouping. Their abrasive, visceral noise - best exhibited on debut album 'Y' - is easily as much of a touchstone for the punk-funk sounds of the last few years as 'Entertainment!' is, albeit way less accesible. They deserve their dues; you deserve a chance to go and see them. NME.COM/artists/thepopgroup



MYSTERY JETS
STARTS: Manchester
Cathedral, October 22
Following all the positive
reviews for 'Scrotonin',
Blaine and co are at the
top of their live game.
NME.COM/artists/
mystery-jets



THE VASELINES
STARTS: Edinburgh,
Bongo Room,
September 15
Woo, indie legends! And
they're out plugging new
album 'Sex With An X',
released in September.
NME.COM/artists/vaselines



STARTS: Nottingham, Bodega Social, September 13 Yup, it's the bearable one out of Razorlight, doing his first major tour. Take that, Monsieur Borrell! NME.COM/ artists/i-am-arrows

I AM ARROWS



STARTS: Bristol Thekla, October 3 Trio centred around José González who began 10 years ago, but who only in September are putting out debut album 'Fields'. NME.COM/artists/junip



GOLDFRAPP STARTS: Bristol O2 Academy, November 9 Last album 'Headfirst' was very well received, and they've got dozens of other hits, too. NME.COM/artists/ goldfrapp



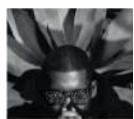
MODEST MOUSE STARTS: Newcastle O2 Academy, August 31 They're over here for Reading And Leeds Festivals, so hey: seems like a good idea to stick in a few more shows... NME.COM/artists/ modest-mouse



PLAN B STARTS: Manchester Apollo, March 2 2011 Big, big venues, finishing up with a date at the O2 Arena. But then, Benjamin Drew is a big, big deal these days, isn't he? NME.COM/artists/planb



VIC GODARD STARTS: Carlisle, Club, October 8 Woo, punk legend! As well as a set at 1-2-3-4 Festival, Subway Sect's singer has other plans... NME.COM/artists/vicgodard



STARTS: Hearn Street Car Park, London, August 14 A set that's part of the three-day Brainfeeder bash curated by Flylo... and a fine line up it is. NME.COM/artists/ flying-lotus

**FLYING LOTUS** 



JAMAICA STARTS: London, Old Blue Last, September 2 Actually from Paris, you know. This electro duo's debut album 'No Problem' arrives in August and is, as they say, 'hotly tipped'. NME.COM/artists/jamaica



STARTS: Manchester Cathedral, August 3 Out with The Cairo Gang, Will Oldham has a special show lined up. NME.COM/artists/ bonnie-prince-billy

**BONNIE 'PRINCE'** 



UNDERWORLD STARTS: Forum, London, September 8 Time to book a 'sitter and find Shady Tony's number: the rave titans are back with a one-off gig for their sixth album 'Barking'. NME.COM/artists/ underworld

# PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



# FIELD DAY/UNDERAGE

STARTS: London Victoria Park, July 31/August 1

NME PICK Taking place this Saturday and Sunday respectively are two of London's most exciting festivals. Field Day began in 2007 and, after two awful years – the first due to ludicrously bad planning and inaudible sound, the second to awful weather – has settled into its role as an essential date on the hipster calendar. The line-up this year is as strong as ever, with Phoenix, The Fall, These New Puritans and others providing the decidedly "challenging" entertainment. Underage, meanwhile, have pulled off something of a coup in getting MIA to play her first UK date in absolutely AGES. And speaking of ages, unless you are between 14 and 18, you won't be able to get in to see her and a host of other marvellous people. Bad luck!

WWW.NME.COM/festivals



Everyone's Talking About **WU-TANG CLAN** 

STARTS: Glasgow Carling Academy, August 1

Admittedly, rather than the Best Coast-type talk, here 'Everyone' is mainly 'Talking About' how many – if any – members of the Clan will show up for these latest British dates. Previous visits have been disappointing, but this time, we are assured it'll be better. WWW.NME.COM/artists/wu-tang-clan



Don't Miss MIRRORS

STARTS: Glasgow King Tut's, August 2

This Brighton fourpiece are probably now tired of a) being called "pretentious" and b) being compared to Depeche Mode. What they probably won't tire of, ever, is being described as "a great band" and one that you should definitely not miss out on seeing this week. **WWW.NME.COM/artists/** 



Radar Stars BEST COAST

STARTS: London Cargo, August 2

To be honest, these guys could easily have filled the 'Don't Miss' or 'Everyone's Talking About' categories, too, but that would just be greedy. Making their Radar debut two weeks ago and with their album also reviewed this week on page 37, the LA duo are hot property right now. Make up your own mind at this show. WWW.NME.COM/artists/best-coast

#### GIG GUIDE KEY:

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

# WEDNESDAY

July 28

BELFAST

Family Force 5 Queen's University

BIRMINGHAM

Heaven's Basement O2 Academy 3

0870 771 2000 **W** B**RIGHTON** 

The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart Concorde 2 01273 673311

BRISTOL

**Cassette Culture Pop** Louisiana 0117 926 5978

William Control O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

CAMBRIDGE

The Joel Plaskett Emergency

Portland Arms 01223 357268
CARDIFF

The Terror Of Cosmic Loneliness Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

CHELMISFORD |

The Xrays Barhouse 01245 356811 DUBBL

Bonnie Prince Billy And The Cairo Gang Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

Ruiner Cavern Club 01392 495370

GALWAY

Jakob Dylan Roisin Dubh

00 35391 586540

**San Fran And The Ciscos 13**th Note Café 0141 553 1638

**Shearwater** Stereo 0141 576 5018 **Wild Nothing** Captam's Rest 0141 331 2722 The Xcerts King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

GUILDFORD

Pete Du Pon Boileroom

LEEDS

The Flower Corsano Duo Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866 The Handsome Family Hyde Park

Club 0113 293 0109

LONDON

Air Waves Windmill 020 8671 0700

A Brief View Of The Hudson 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Beau And The Arrows 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Betty & The Werewolves

The Lexington 020 7837 5387 Black Market Karma MacBeth 020 7739 5095

Cattle Decapitation The Gaff 020 7609 3063 Gertrud & Vogel Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773 Go-X O2 Academy 2 Islington

0870 771 2000 WA I Love Zagreb Underbeily

0207 613 3105 Jack Comes Alive Proud Galienes

020 7482 3867 The Kinbeats Good Ship

020 7372 2544 **LeJaune** Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

The Moons Borderline 020 7734 5547 Olof Arnalds/Kirstenana Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080 **OK Go** Electric Ballroom 020 7485 9006

Peter Cincotti Jazz Café

020 7916 6060 **Robinson** 229 Club 020 7631 8310

Rod Stewart The O2 0870 701 4444 Rony Corcos Camden Head 020 7485 4019

**Scholars/Catch 22** Garage 020 7607 1818

Scouting For Girls Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Seerauber Jenny Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Shoes And Socks Off Barfly 0870 907 0999

Si Connelly Half Moon 020 7274 2733 What Now? Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412 1913 Arts Club 020 7460 4459

MANCHESTER

The Mysteroms Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

NEWCASTLE

Jah Wobble & The Mippon Dub Ensemble O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

NOTTINGHAM

The Apples Maze 0115 947 5650

PORTSMOUTH |

Dan Ogus Boardwalk

Jon Cleary Cellars 0871 230 1094 SHEFFIELD

0114 279 9090 YORK

Hayseed Dixle The Duchess 01904 641 413



# **THURSDAY**



#### BRIGHTON

**Amilna** Umtanan Church 01273 330520 Gary Numan Concorde 2 01273 673311

#### BRISTOL

Daylight Fireworks Mother's Ruin 0117 925 6969

Dress To Kill Louisiana 0117 926 5978 The Quireboys O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

#### CARDIFF

Al Lewis Buffalo Bar 02920 310312 The Terror Of Cosmic Loneliness Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

#### DER

And Now We Wait The Victoria Inn. 0133274 00 91

#### DUBLIN

Bonnie Prince Billy And The Cairo Gang Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

#### GLASGOW

Family Force 5 02 ABC2

The French Wives King Fut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

The Second Hand Marching Band 13th Note Cafe 0141 553 1638

#### GUILDFORD

Max Raptor Boilercom

#### 01483 440022 HADLOW

Mammoth Mammoth Square 01279 305000

Jon Strong Band New Roscoe 0113 246 0778 Pantha Du Prince Brudenell Social

Club 0113 243 5866 **Sharon Shannon** Irish Centre

#### LIVERPOOL

South Central Shipping Forecast 0871 230 1094

#### LONDON

Bedouin Soundclash Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Chaka Demus & Pilers Jazz Café 020 7916 6060

Chieftown Proud Galleries

020 7482 3867

Cruella Ribbons The Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384

Dockyard Thieves Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Emma Beddington Good Ship 020 7372 2544

The Heartbreaks Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

The Irrepressibles Scala 020 7833 2022

Jasper M 5 Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

The Lines/Coco Electrik

The Lexington 020 7837 5387 Mario Indigo @ The O2 0870 701 4444 Mark Kozelek Union Chapel

020 7226 1686 The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart

Heaven 020 7930 2020 Rapskallion Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773 The Selecter Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709 Stephen Dale Petit O2 Academy 2

Islington 0870 771 2000 WA Todd/Part Chimp/Sloath/Gum

Takes Tooth Luminaire 020 7372 7123 Vices Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386 MANCHESTER

Jah Wobbie & The Nippon Dub Ensemble Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

Michael Kiwanuka Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

Punish Yourself Satar's Hollow 0161 236 0666

The Visitors Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Wild Nothing Deaf Institute

0161 330 4019

#### NEWCASTLE

World Atlas The Cumberland Arms 0191 265 6151

NOTTINGHAM The Error 404 Maze 0115 947 5650

OXFORD William Control 02 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 PETERSFIELD

Arry Studt The Square Brewery 01730 264291

PORTSMOUT

The JB Conspiracy Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911 Thinking For Tuesday Cellars

0871 230 1094

READING Violet Violet Oakford Social Club 0116 255 3956

#### SOUTHAMPTON

**Heaven's Basement Joiners** 

023 8022 5612 ST ALBANS

Abi Horn 01727 853143

SWINDON

Anahelm The Rolleston 01793 534238

Out Like A Lion 12 Bar 01793 535713 YEOVIL

#### Midgar The Orange Box

01604 239100

Bromheads Fibbers 01904 651 250

# FRIDAY

July 30

The Luminaries Cockort

Mike Raffone Thornhill Arms

The Mothers Of God Flbow Rooms

Silent Front Fenton 0113 245 3908

Stephen Langstaff Mountford Hall

(Stanley Theatre) 0844 477 2000

The Venus Fury/Bright Lights

Taint Brudenell Social Club

0113 244 3446

0113 256 5492

0113 245 7011

0113 243 5866

LIVEDBOOL

LONDON

Maio 0844 549 9090

#### BELFAS

Rod Stewart Odyssey 028 9073 9074 BIRMINGHAM

Jah Wobbie & The Nippon

Dub Ensemble O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 WA

Punish Yourself Eddie's Rock Club @ BUSK 0121 643 2093

#### BRIGHTON

Chaka Demus & Pilers Concorde 2 01273 673311 Pantha Du Prince Audio

01273 624343

BRISTOL Go-X O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 WA Last Rights Louisiana 0117 926 5978

CARDII The King Blues Barfly 029 2066 7658 COLCHESTER

Midgar The Twist 01206 562 453

CREWE The Heebie Jeebies The Box

01270 257 398 DÜBLIN

Combichrist Button Factory 00 3531 670 9202

Ham Sandwich Captain Americas 0871 230 1094

Iron Malden The OZ 018198888 Michelle Shocked Whefan's 00 3531 475 9372

Seth Troxler Crawdaddy 00 3531 478 0225

#### EDINBURGH

The Jokers The Caves 0131 557 8989 Lizzard Lounge Picture House 0844 847 1740

#### EXETED

Aeon Cavern Club 01392 495370

#### GALWAY

Bonnie Prince Billy Roisin Dubh 00 35391 586540 GLASGOW

The Amphetameanies Stereo 0141 576 50IB

Chief 13th Note Cafe 0141 553 1638 Dead Sea Souls King Tut's Wah Wah Hurt 0141 221 5279

#### **LEEDS**

Army Of Freshmen Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861

For New Roscoe 0113 246 0778 Good Luck Royal Park Cellars

Left Hand Drive The Owl 0113 256 5242

LONDON OUTSIDE ROYALTY + YOUNG EMPIRES KOKO 0844 847 2258

Alex Stork Constitution 020 7387 4805

A.Human The Lexineton

020 7837 5387 Banditos 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Commonphase 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

**Don Blackman** Jazz Cafe

020 7916 6060

Dum Dum Girls Cargo 0207 749 7840 Fat Lips Good Ship 020 7372 2544 George Washington's Penis Buffalo

Bar 020 7359 6191 Mala Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

My Preserver 100 Club 020 7636 0933 MV+EE Cafe Oto 0871 230 1094

Patrick Plunkett Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

Phoenix Roundhouse 020 7482 7318 Shellsuit Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 The Tamborines The Victoria 0871 230 1094

Tiesto Victoria Park 0115 912 9000 Time 4 Bizniz Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Your Kids Barfly 0870 907 0999

#### MANCHESTER

Dweeb Roadhouse 0161 228 1789 Hoodlums Night And Day Cafe

0161 236 1822 Orphan Boy Ruby Lounge

0161 834 1392

Sound Of Guns Moho Live 0161 834 8180

#### MATLOCK

Y-Not Festival: The Futureheads/ OK Go/Dalsy Dares You/Rox/Fenech Soler/Sketches/North Atlantic Oscillation/Shot Shot Stacey/The Rash/Get Cape, Wear Cape, Fly/Foy Vance/Goldheart Assembly/Doll & The Kicks/Little Fish Mouldridge Lane 0871 230 1094

NEWMARKE

James Morrison Racecourse 0871 230 1094

#### NORTHAUSTAN Shotgun Son Roadmender Centre 01604 604222

NOTTINGHAM Random Hand Maze 0115 947 5650

OKFORD The Quireboys O2 Academy 2

#### 0870 771 2000 PORTSMOUTH

Clayton Strange Cellars

0871 230 1094 PEADING

#### Ed Loftsteadt Rising Sun Arts Centre 0118 986 6788

SOUTHAMPTON William Control Joiners

023 8022 5612

#### STEVENAGE

Sonisphere Festival: Alice Cooper/ Gary Numan/Europe/TerroryIslo n/65daysofstatic/5ylosis/Bigelf/ Black Spiders Knebworth Park

#### 01438 812661

CHAIMIDAN Belle Phoenix The Rolleston

#### 01793 534238 WAKEFIELD

Nightvision Sneety Fex 01924 374455 YORK



# **SATURDAY**



Calvin Johnson No Alibis Bookstore 028 9031 9607

Phil Kieran Stiff Kitten 028 90238700 BIRWINGHAM

Leon Jackson O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 ¥#

BOURNEMOUTH

Marlo 02 Academy 01202 399922 WA BRIGHTON

Kim Slade The Albert Di273 730499

BRISTOL Clumsy/Light Of Words/On/ Off Switch/Parrington Jackson/

McDowell/Indigo Lights/ Centrefolds Louisiana 0117 926 5978

CAMBRIDGE The Singing Adams Portland Arms

01223 357268 CARDIFF

Brother Steve Barfly 029 2066 7658 DERBY

Grand Liltra The Victoria Inn 01332 74 00 91

DUBLIN

Rod Stewart The 02 01 819 8888 EDINBURGH

Deserters Deserve Death Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

Our Lost Infantry The Barn

0870 345 1661 **GLASGOW** 

Endor Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637 Masters Of Hardcore O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

Performance King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 1 '79 Revelry Thieves Stereo 0141 576 5018

Vinyl 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151 WA The Wild Geese Two 13th Note Café 0141 553 1638

GIMLDFORD

Polar Boileroom 01483 440022 HADLOW

The Masonics Square 01279 305000 HITCHIN

Nucleus Roots Club 85 01462 432767 & EEDS

Cowtown Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

The Dan Hudson Band The Owl 0113 256 5242

The Hypes Cockpit 0113 244 3446 Moonshine Thornbill Arms 0113 256 5492

The Prowlers New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

LONDON

Allergy Windmill 020 8671 0700 The Apples Jazz Café 020 7916 6060 Bass Clef Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

Benjamin Shaw Peter Parkers Rock N Roll Club 0671 230 1094 Biffy Clyro Roundhouse

020 7482 7318 Blindness Monto Water Rats 0207637 1412

Carousei Cartel Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773 David Goo Borderline 020 7734 5547 Field Day: The Fall/These New

Puritans/Beth Jeans Houghton/ Chapel Club/Egyptian Hip Hop/ Esben And The Witch/Gold Panda/ Hudson Mohawke/Hypnotic Brass Ensemble/Memory Tanes/ Lightspeed Champion/Mouse On

Mars/Max Tundra/Yuck Victoria Park 0871 230 1094 Horseman Shakes & The Draymen

Good Ship 020 7372 2544 The Housewives Barfly 0870 907 0999

I Blame Coco Queen Of Hoxton 020 7422 0958

Jah Wobble & The Nippon Dub Ensemble 02 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000 V.A

Les Gillettes 93 Feet East

The Loose Cannons Cargo 02077/ 75:40

Nicola Barehi Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Punish Yourself Electrowerkz 020 7837 6419

Random Hand Underworld 020 452 1932

Scared To Dance King's Cross Social Club 0207 278 4252

Silverspace Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 Slaves To Gravity Garage

020 7607 1818 MANCHESTER

Alf Shes Got Satan's Hollow 016 | 236 0666

Tin Soldier Roadhouse 0161 228 1789 MATLOCK

Y-Not Festival: Los Campesinos!/ The Subways/Twisted Wheel/ Kid British/Slow Club/Kill It Kid/ Max Raptor/The Iron Door Club/

Ruberlaris/Turin Brakes/The Petebox/Darwin Deez

Mouldridge Lane 0871 230 1094 NEWCASTLE

Suzi Won O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

NOTTINGHAM

Combichrist Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

OTLEY

Shady Deal2 Three Horseshoes 01943 461222 OXFORD

The Anydays Wheatsheaf 01865 721156

SHEFFIELD

All At Stake Plug 0114 276 7093 Hot Pants Leadmill 0114 221 2828

STEVENAGE Sonisphere festival Motley Crue/

Skunk Anansie/Apocalyptica/Fear Factory/SoulPly/Sabaton/Corey Taylor/Therapy?/Renegades/Sick Of it All/Evile/Katatonia/The Polar Rear Chrh/Reaven's Rasement Knebworth Park 01438 812661

SWINDON

The Band That Ate My Brain The Rolleston 01793 534238

THURRIDGEWELLS The Wonder Stuff The Forum

08712 777101 WAXEFIELD

Extreme O.D. Snooty Fox 01924 374455 VARK

Peter Green The Duchess 01904 641 413

**SUNDAY** 

August 1

ABERDEEN

World Atlas The Tunnels 01224 211121 BIRMINGHAM

The Odessa Massacre O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 WA

RELEMTON

Fog Freebutt 01273 603974

Big Joan/Kill Cassidy/The Ouija Birds/The kick inside/Call The Doctor/Scarlet Rascal And The Trainwreck/The Goodness Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Jah Wobble & The Nippon Dub Ensemble O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

CORK

Ghostcat Cyprus Avenue 00 35321 427 6165

DUBLIN Jens Lekman Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

Soulfly Academy 00 3531 877 9999 FDINRIIRGH

The Bays The Caves 0(3) 557 8989 The Best Of Mine Liquid Room 0131 225 2564

EXETED

0141 553 1638

William Control Cavern Club 01392 495370

Atlas Sound Oran Mor 0141 552 9224 Long Good Luck 13th Note Café

People in Planes Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Wu-Tang Clan O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 WA

LEFOS Enzzle New Roscoe 0113 246 0778 Starman Cockpit 0113 244 3446 Tigers That Talked Northern Monkey

LEMPSTED Maths Criterion 01162 625418

0113 242 6630

020 7422 0958

LONDON Alleyway Crew Borderline 020 7734 5547 **Bunny Walter O2** Academy Brixton

0870 771 2000 WA I Błame Coco Oneen Of Hoxton

Underage Festival: MIA/Tinchy Stryder/Chase And Status/Ellie Goulding/Egyptian Hip Hop/Daisy Dares You/Gold Panda/Hadouken!/ Lightspeed Champion/General Flasco/New Young Pony Club/Is Tropical/Rox/Stornoway/Tinle Tempah Victoria Park 0871 230 1094 Terri Walker Jazz Café 020 7916 6060

020 8671 0700 MANCHESTER

Mike Rosenberg Roadhouse 0161 228 1789 Sonic Boom Six Moho tive 0161 834 8180

The Winter Olympics Windmill

#### MATLOCK

Y-Not Festival: Mystery Jets/ Blood Red Shoes/The Heavy/ Little Comets/Skeletons/The Skints/Yearner Bables/King Pleasure & The Riscuit Roys/ Tastebuds/Imperial Leisure/ Sparrow And The Workshop/ Tubelord/The Bookhouse Boys/ Vilay Kishore/Jim Lockey & The Solemn Sun Mouldridge Lane 0871 230 1094

#### NOTTINGHAM Ledges Maze 0115 947 5650

SOUTHPORT

The Automatic Jedi Music Festival 0871 230 1094

STEVENAGE

Sonisphere festival: Iron Malden/ Pendulum/Alice in Chains/ Skindred/Slayer/Madina Lake/ iggy & The Stooges / The Cult/Bring Me The Horizon/Dir En Grey/CKY/ Funeral For A Friend/Converge/ Fightstar/Karnivool/Municipal Waste/The Union/The Eightles Matchbox B-Line Disaster/Rise To Remain/Voodoo Six Knebworth Park 01438 812661

SWINDON

Luke Pickett The Vic 01793 535713 WINCHESTER

Shearwater Railway Inn 01962 867795



#### **GET IN THE GIG GUIDE!**

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

# **MONDAY**

August 2



#### BELFAST

Soulfly Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

BRIGHTON Xavier Rudd Concorde 2 01273 673311

RRISTOL

Not Advised GZ Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA CARDIFF

Madina Lake Barify 029 2066 7658 DERBY

The Odessa Massacre The Victoria Inn 01332 74 00 91

**DUBLIN 2 Many DJs** Olympia **00** 3531 679 3323

EDINBURGH

No Age Studio 24 0131 558 3758

Peter Green Picture House 0844 847 1740

GLASGOW

Alice in Chains 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 WA

Mirrors King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

LIVERPOOL

Cafvin Johnson Leaf Tea Shop & Bar 0151 707 7747

LONDON

Best Coast Cargo 0207 749 7840 Cerebral Ballzy Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Eric Whitacre Union Chapel 020 7226 1686

Grand Archives Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

**Speakeasy B**arfly **0870 907 0999 Tamer Hosny Indigo** @ The **02 0870 701 4444** 

Windsor For The Derby Windmill 020 8671 0200

MANCHESTER

Combichrist Moho Live 0161 834 8180 CW Stoneking Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

NORWICH

Grass Mountain Hobos Arts Centre 01603 660352

SOUTHAMPTON Army Of Freshmen Joiners

DZ3 8022 5612

Flithy Nights The Forum 08712 777101

# **TUESDAY**

August 3

#### BELFAST

Fear Factory Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

#### EFRMINGHAM

Not Advised 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 WA

DUBLIN

Orquesta Buena Vista Social Club Tripod 00 353 1 4780225

#### EXETER

Silver Apples Cavern Club 01392 495370

#### LEEDS

The Jess Gardham Band Sandinista! 0113 305 0372

LONDON

Age Of Consent/Paper Crows White Heat 4 Madame Jo Jo's 020 7734 2473

The Aggroiltes Dingwalls

Alan Pownalf Hoxton Square Bar & Kitcht 1 7613 0709

Army Of Freshmen O2 Academy 2 Islingto 10370 71 2000 WA A Hawk And A Hacksaw Café Oto

**CW Stoneking Borderline** 020 7734 5547



Din En Grey KOKO 020 7388 3222 Hot Club De Paris Watershed

Jens Lekman Union Chapel 020 7226 1686

Leon Russell Jazz Café 020 7916 6060 Madina Lake Hippodrome 0208 5/14411

Our Feathered Embers Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434 Out Of Sight Barfly 0870 907 0999 The Quebe Sisters Band Luminaire 020 7372 7123

TV Smith New Cross inn 020 8692 1866

Will Scott 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622 MANCHESTER

Pantha Du Prince Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

People In Planes Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822

**Wu-Tang Clan** Academy 0161 832 1111





# THIS WEEK IN 1971

YOKO'S BOOK, ISLE OF WIGHT FEST AND PROCOL HARUM







#### **GETTING IT WIGHT**

Rikki Farr is the man who put together the Isle Of Wight festival and other big outdoor events in the UK. In this On The Spot interview, he admits that all the processes and methods need looking at, but also that he is tired of being attacked for the problems. "I've been called everything," he says of his critics. "Just let them spell my name correctly!"

#### THE CROWD CALLED **OUT FOR MORE**

Procol Harum's lyricist Keith Reid apparently sees no reason why his band should not go on forever, despite the recent departures of some of their members. "The people playing with us just

complement whatever Gary [Brooker] and I write so it's not the end of the world if anybody leaves," he says.

More at ebook-free-download.net or magazinesdownload.com

### MONEY (THAT'S WHAT I WANT)

rom their Georgian residence near Äscot, John Lennon and Yoko Ono are plugging the latter's Grapefruit book. This is all fine and dandy, but of far more interest to Alan Smith of NME. of course, is her husband's recently completed second solo album, 'Imagine'. Right now though, almost immediately after sitting down, John is more interested in digging at his former writing partner.

"Is that today's paper? What's in it?" he says. "Paul and wife... sued. Oh, that's been going on for years. You see, what Paul's mistake here was, he tried to take it all for 'Another Day' [a song recently released as a solo McCartney single]. I wrote 'God Save Us' with Yoko, and 'Do The Oz', and there's one track on the album she wrote. She had written other things, even 'Julia' back in The Beatles' days, although I nev r put it on. We just split it, Ono Music and Northern Songs [his and Paul's joint publishing companyl." I ennon is now pissed off that Paul has not done similar, to the extent that How Do You Sleep' feature the line "The only thing you done was 'Yesterday' Ind since you've gone you're just another day".

"It's not just the money. It's the principle. He's cost us a million since he started this thing. It's like Monopoly only with real money. So the sooner it's over the better."

## ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

. Top of the NME Singles Chart is 'Get It On' by T Rex, while Simon & Garfunkel's 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' is the biggest-selling LP, on its 77th week in the chart.

· A 'Dateline' ad boasts a service that "eliminates chance as a way of choosing dates. It scientifically rejects unsuitable partners and can fix you up with as many compatible dates as you can handle."

· Steve Marriott's Humble Pie are reported to have "stolen the show" at a festival in Toronto organised purely as a showcase for another band, Three Dog Night.

· John Lennon's old pal Ringo is reported to be starring in a film called The Biggest Dog In The World. "It is about a dog that just won't stop growing, and Mr Starkey plays its master," goes the report.



#### NMEEDITORIAL

NME EDITORIAL

(Cal 020 3148 + ext)

Editor's PA Karen Walter (ext 6864)

Deputy Editor Martin Robinson (ext 6871)

Associate Editor Paul Stokes (ext 6862)

Sesistant Editor Hamish MacBair (ext 6866)

Reviews Editor Jamie Fullerryn (ext 6866)

News Reporter Matt Wilkinson (ext 6863)

lew Music Editor Jamie Hodgson (ext 6866)

Art Director Joe Frost Daputy Art Editor Mr Hobbs Senior Designer Wayne Hannon Designer Jeff Dawe

Picture Director Marian Paterson (ext 6889) Jeputy Picture Editor Zoe Capstick (ext 6889) Cture Researcher Madeleine Macrae (ext 6888) Jre Astristants Patricia Board, Georgia Blackmo

Production Editor Marc McLaren (ext 6876)
Chief Sub-Editor Sarah Lotherington (ext 6879)
Senior 360-Editors Kathy Ball (ext 6878),
Alan Woodhouse (ext 6857)
Sub-Editors Nathaniel Cramp (ext 6861),
Tom Pinnock (ext 6875)

#### NME.COM

NMEX.CLM
Editer David Maynian
Deputy Editor LUKe Lewis
Assistant Editor Tim Chester
Producer Will Hawker (ext 6909)
Senior Video Producer Phil Wallis (ext 5374)
Editorial Intern Abby Tayleure (ext 6448)

ADVERTISING

4th Floor, Eline Fin Building, 210 Southwark Street,
Loudon SE2 OSU

Group Advertising Director's Po A Tribha Shuda (ext 6700)
Group Advertising Director's Po A Tribha Shuda (ext 6733)
Head Of Agency Sales Rob Freeman (ext 6707)
Ad Manager Heil McSteen (ext 6707)
Ad Manager Heil McSteen (ext 6709)
Display & Online Sales; Record Labels
Victoria Bei (ext 6703); Adam Buileld (ext 6704);
Hollie-Anne Shelley (ext 6725)
Live Ads Executive Firms Martin (ext 6705)
Spansorship & Brand Solutions Director
Peter Edwards (ext 6723)
Sponsorship & Brand Solutions Managers
Jonathan Boakes (ext 6723),
Jade Bousfield (ext 6706),
Chris Dehaney (ext 6720),
Rob Hunt (ext 6721)
Sponsorship & Brand Solutions Managers
Jonathan Boakes (ext 6720),
Rob Hunt (ext 6721)
Sponsorship & Brand Solutions Manager
Manager Shama Barker (ext 6726)
Head Of Insight Andrew Marrs (ext 6727)
Regional Business Development Manager
Olver Scull (016 187 2 2152)
Ad Production Alex Sport (ext 6736)
Classified Sales Manager Nicola Jago (ext 2608)
Classified Sales Manager Nicola Jago (ext 2608)
Classified Sales Manager Nicola Jago (ext 2608)
Syndication Manager Micola Basier-Suffolk (ext 5478)
Subscriptions Marketing Exec Samantha Wood (ext 6298)

INNOVATOR - INSERT SALES Ad Manager Zoe Freeman (ext 3707) Account Executive Roxanne Billups (ext 3709)

#### PUBLISHING

PUBLISHING
Group Production Mamager Tom Jennings
Production Controller Lisa Clay
Head of Marketing Tim Pearson (ext 6773)
Marketing Manager Clim Miles (ext 6775)
Events Assistant Tom Bobbs (ext 6778)
Steents Assistant Tom Bobbs (ext 6778)
Aroup Digital Edition, Sanjare Nen & Music Anthony Thorntol
International Editions Sinare Foster Hamilton (ext 5490)
Publisher Faith Hill (ext 6833)
Editorab Director Steve Sutherfand
Director of Digital Development Kevin Heery
Digital Development Manager Mile Dixon
Publishing Director's PA Elizabeth Pledot (ext 6751)



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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



# A BAG OF NME SWAG



#### **CLUES ACROSS**

1+5D 'Feel Good Inc' going up the 'not feel so good incline' (2-10-4)

7 Member of Glasvegas from out of Arab Strap (3) 9 A far from perfect recording by Bombay Bicycle Club (5)

10 Battles' single recorded in the book of charts (5)

11 Depending on whether, for me, there's a Hundred Reasons (2-1-5)

12 (See 24 across) 14 Foals to do low-key vocals at REM

comeback (6) 17 (5ee 16 down)

19 (See 30 across)
20 Darn hair ruined by this at live recording for

Bob Dylan album (4-4) 21 'Thank Me Later' for the rapper that I raked

around for (5)
24+12A So this would be partly the 'Death' of

White Lies (2-4-2-4)
27 Before his Beatles' days Ringo Starr drummed

for \_\_\_\_ Storm And The Hurricanes (4)
30+19A The best times ever were in 2008 for TV

On The Radio (6-3) 31 Uncle Dion comes around with an old

Temptations' single (5-4)
32 Not actually Welsh singer that had '80s hit with
'I Love My Radio' (5)

#### CLUES DOWN

1+17D Kaiser Chiefs found this a bit of a pain in the neck to record (3-4-5-5)

2 The Smiths could have made a killing by fleshing out this album (4-2-6)

3 Goals have been moved for Belgian dance act (5) 4+6D Possibly steal your only Screaming Trees'

single (6-4-3) 5 (See 1 across)

6 (See 4 down) 7 The Stone Roses' drummer goes in more

nicely (4) 8 (See 23 down)

13 I'm wanting a release from Cast (4-2) 15 Group that had '70s Number One with 'You To Me Are Everything' are the genuine article (4-5) 16+17A 'Once Bitten, Twice Shy' musician who's also played with Mott The Hoople and David

18 German act that had '80s Number One with '99 Red Ballons' are in tune, naturally (4)
22 Creation label band 3 Colours Red with an album to disgust (6)

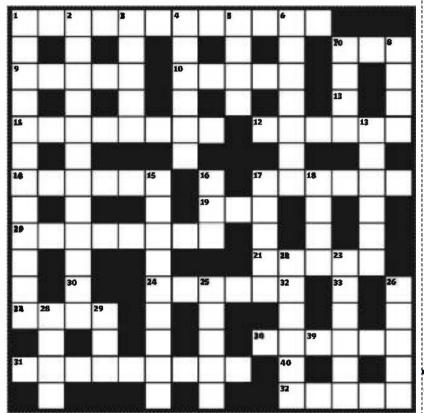
23+8D In a way feeling down-hearted about this

23\*8D in a way reening bown Hear led about this classic Miles Davis' album (4-2-4)
26+25D Somehow inanely end association with musician from Paul McCartney's Wings (5-5)
28\*29D So just me then that knows this Portishead number (4-3)

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, August 3, 2010, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 4th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SEI OSU.

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





AMERIUS 14 American Slang, 9 Barbara, 10 Thrills, 12 O.M.G., 13 Echo, 14+31A+16A VHS Or Beta, 15 Fixx, 18 Sun, 19+27A Blue Aeropianes, 20+39A Angel Dust, 22+25A Sea Sew, 24 Dude, 33 ELO, 35 Cable, 37+26A Hold Out, 38 Emp, 42+41A Either Way

#### DOWN

2 Morcheeba, 4 Chaos, 5+34D Not Going Home, 6 La Roux, 7 No Love Lost, 8+3D Abbey Road, 11 Sisterworld, 15 Funeral, 18+17D Sad And Lonely, 21 Loose, 23 Eva, 28 Elbow, 29 Leeds, 30 Noise, 32 Aces, 36 A.M., 40 T.I.



# VEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN









3

# FANMAII

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

Edited by Laura Snapes









LETTERS@NME.COM

FACEBOOK.COM/ **NMEMAGAZINE** 

TWITTER.COM/ **NMEMAGAZINE** 

NME.COM/BLOGS

# The Big Issue Keeping us locked in email battle this week...



# **MERCURY RISING**

#### From: Nick Hilditch To: NME

Win!

Why aren't The Fall on the Mercury shortlist? They may be old, but they're still making music as innovative as any of the whippersnappers on that list - worthy of a nod, at the very least. Might I suggest a more interesting new award for Enigmatic And Curmudgeonly State Of The Nation Addresses set to music? Obviously this is skewed so that The Fall can win most years, but what excites me more is the possibility that someone else might turn up to win it. Bollocks to Biffy Clyro, I Am Kloot and, yes, even The xx. Give me energised vitriol in any genre you please.

NME's response...

#### From: NME To: Nick Hilditch

This sounds like the best awards ceremony evert in lieu of everyone's favourite boot-faced Mancunian being nominated, which of the nominees do you think deserves to win? - L5

#### From Nick Hilditch TO: NIME

I'm still working my way through the list thanks to the wonders of Spotify. It's

considerably duller than Lexpected, Admittedly they might be growers, but we're talking Album of The Year here, so I expect the music to grab me immediately at least on some level, then grow further after repeated listens. I saw Laura Marling supporting Daniel Johnston last year, and thought she was overrated, so I wasn't expecting to like her album. However, it's the only one that's held my attention.

#### From: NME To: Nick Hilditch

Found anything by the Kit Downes Trio? Every year there's a comech-haired jazz act no-one hears of before or after the ceremony-LS

#### From: Nick Hilditch TO: NME

Yep, found 'em. Kit Downes Trio for the Mercury Music Prize! Although as a lifelong Fall and Wigan Athletic fan, I seldom back the winner.

#### **MUMFORDS** FOR MERCURY

From: Peter Roberts To- NME Mumford & Sons for the Mercury Prize!

#### From: NME To: Peter Roberts

Ah Mumford, everyone's favourite Young Farmers Association choirboys. Why do such a nostalgic act deserve the Mercury nod then, Peter? - LS

#### From: Peter Roberts To: NME

For their sheer dedication to the album and getting it out to the country through relentless touring while never losing their spirit. Whether they'll win it though is another matter.

#### From: Billy Hill To: NME

I'm sure there's going to be a backlash against the Mercury nominations this year but for unfair reasons. The artists represent where music is at in 2010; it's a surge of soothed-lullaby folk and wails of northern rock bands, like Horlicks with amphetamines. But drivel like 'Tongue N' Cheek', in my opinion, completely takes away from the credibility of unique and independent artists who don't just want to make money, and also from the credibility of the prize itself. Also why aren't Two Door Cinema Club or Bombay Bicycle Club in the nominations?! Insane. I hope The xx or Laura Marling win.

#### From: Duncan To: NME

One news website reported a 'snub' of urban artists from the Mercury Prize due to the neglect of records from the likes of Chipmunk, N-Dubz, Tinchy Stryder and Taio Cruz. It's not urban

music being ignored. It's more a genre called 'shit'.

#### From: NME

To: Peter Roberts, Billy Hill, Duncan Thanks, Duncan, It's certainly a close call between Mumford, Marling and The xx. Luckily, Dylan Williams has a plan to make the whole shebang more

#### From: Dylan Williams To: NME

interesting... - LS

If the Mercury Prize was WrestleMania, I wouldn't fancy The xx's chances, despite the fact that they dress like undertakers. But after storming along to critical praise and a massive fanbase in the last year. can any of the acts on the shortlist really hope to snatch it from them? I just hope they accept their title with a little more grace than when The Ultimate Warrior won his.

#### From: NME

To: Dylan Williams We've just forwarded this to the Mercury organisers. Adding wrestling to the ceremony is a perfect way to improve the Mercury nods this year - LS

#### **PROFESSOR** GREEN WRITES IN (KINDA)

From: "Professor Green" (aka Angus)

To: Err, Dragons' Den I think I've stumbled upon a real money-maker. I was recently at this sick party and we were messing about on Spotify when my mate put on 'Need You Tonight' by INXS. It has this sweet riff in the chorus. Then I thought, why don't we just loop this riff over and over again, cover it up with some of my

lyrics and then put it out

and make an absolute

bundle? We don't even need to change the chorus or the title 'cos today's kids haven't heard of it.

#### From: NME

To: "Professor Green" Green, while your desire to teach the yoof (as your fair pen might put it) about INXS' admittedly "sick riffs" is admirable, Beck's beaten your heavily apostophed arse to it with his Record Club project. Listen to his version of the same song and then tell me that he hasn't taken the classier road to educating "the kidz" - LS

#### From: "Professor Green" To: NIME

It looks like this 'Beck' kid is a pretty handy blogger, and what with all his exotic musical mates and genuine interest in the stuff he's covering, a little part of me did enjoy that, so cheers. But I don't think you really get my flow here, I wanna make some monies and, if possible, record a video where beautiful women fall all over me. That would be really wicked 'cos since I got pissed in Bewbush one night and got this stupid thing on my neck, the girls won't touch me.

PS: I just found the button in my studio that does phone keypad noises... you'll be fools to miss out on this.

#### From: NME

To: "Professor Green" You've ruined the magic. Please consider this our retraction of the 6/10 we gave your album - LS

## SMILE LIKE YOU MEAN IT

#### From: Jamie To: NME

In the wake of what will be my last T in The Park, I want you to know this: if you guys are planning on returning indie to its shoegazing roots. you'll have to do it over my corpse. Looking through your T review issue (NME, July 17), I can't spot one act wearing a smile. Music's meant to be about enjoying yourself. And lay off Paolo Nutini - music that makes girls wet is good music.

From: NME To: Jamie Indie's shoegazing roots? Wuh? From a man whose email address nicks the title of a song by popular "indie" band Blur, you're confuzzling



#### STALKER From: Thad To: NME Here's my mate Tea and Dave Grohi after a Them Crooked Vultures gig in Amsterdam, It was her

long-time wish to meet him.

me a bit here. Explain yourself, not-so-young Jamie. I was going to argue with you, but anyone who thinks that "music that makes girls wet is good music" is clearly the kind of awful cove who listens to 30H!3 and Scouting For Girls for dating tips, and let me tell you, nothing nothing - is more scientifically guaranteed to leave a girl bristle-brush dry than those two bands - LS

#### From: Jamie To: NME

That hurts, 30HB and Scouting For Girls? I like dancing with women, I'm not a predator! I have nothing against the highlights of shoegaze; let it not be said that they didn't deliver us from the temptations of US dollar-rock, but come on! Do we really have to make do with moodily curled lip and fringe? It's like the Bloodhound Gang never happened!

#### From: NME To: Jamie

I think the T In The Park lost property department is still open. Give them a ring - they might have stumbled across your sense of logic and reason, trampled and mudsoaked in the field in front of the main stage... - LS

#### **CONGRATS ON** YOUR BEHIND

From: John Hamilton To: NME

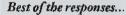
In the video for 'It's Working' MGMT's Ben Goldwasser and Andrew VanWyngarden have really cute bottoms. This needed to be said. Thanks.

From: NME To: John Hamilton Considering the dwindling

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

#### TAKE THAT AND PARTY ON?

So Robbie's rejoined Take That, It's got to burn, churning out mediocre toss ('Rudebox'. anybody?) while your former bandmates nick up Brits and smash records left, right and centre while producing singles that arguably trounce anything they did the first time around. The burning question is: why would they want him back? They've done OK without him, and it's been 15 years and a whole new generation of fans since he left. Apparently, he's only joining them for a year, which is good news considering his recent output. So do you think Take That will be better or worse with Robbie? And should they have taken him back? Read Tim Chester's full blog on NME.COM



sales of second album

you think MGMT might

exploit their cutesy gluteal

sales potential? I'd like a full

maximuses to maximise

brief with bottom-based

marketing strategy right

From: John Hamilton

repackaged with their

naked butts on the cover.

and the album renamed -

'MGMT: A Pair Of Arses'.

of said arses (plastic

moulded directly from

Beverage holders in shape

originals for that authentic

feel) sent to all magazines

and promoters. Live, we

view of MGMT from now

on - they should perform

crowd. Imagine the (flash)

they swoon over the boys'

with their backs to the

delirium of the girls as

need just see the rear

God, I don't know - that's

a tough one. Off the top of

my head... 'Congratulations'

away, please - LS

To: NME

Despite it being music for people who don't like music. I was quite enjoying the Take That renaissance as it was probably pissing that prick off. Now he's back to milk the cash cow, the knob. Johnny

I hope the reunion is a disaster. It might make Robbie so miserable that he makes another great album!

Chippendales repackaged -

it's not as though any of this is about creative dynamics. If Robbie's reappearance tops up their pension plans then good for them. Апопутюць

Nothing Robbie or the reincarnated Take That have done is better than 'Never Forget'. That's one of the best-produced songs in recent memory. Jerry Maguire

It's a terrible, terrible decision for Robbie to do this. He's better than this. Paul

I guess it's more of a sentimental thing, and maybe a challenge for the band. They already beat the odds by coming back stronger than ever without Robbie, so it should be interesting to see if Robbie can hold back his ego and play nice, or whether he's a potential money wrench (Boom-tish! - pun Ed) in their finely tuned machine. Hasief



#### From: NME To: John Hamilton

maximum value.

squeezed them for

You've clearly thought about this waaaaay too much. The music industry needs more people like you, John. You should set up a consultancy company - LS



## From: Martin

Here's my best mate Gizzy German festival, the Melt!.

# WANT TO GET **NME** FOR THE BEST PRICE POSSIBLE?

To subscribe, go to www.nme.com/offer or call 0844 848 0848 and quote 115 For full T&Cs call 0844 848 0848

#### **STALKER**

To: NME

with Kele after the best

# DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

LEMMY

#### **QUESTION 1**

What was the date and location of Motörhead's first gig?

"It was the London Roundhouse in 1975, but I don't remember the date. We were pretty rough, and mostly played covers like 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl' and 'I'm Waiting For The Man'. We didn't go down well. The crowd was sort of bemused, because we were so fucking loud. And I had a human skull – which was painted blue, for some reason – on top of my amplifier."

Half a point. The date was July 20, 1975

#### **QUESTION 2**

What injury did Motörhead's ex-drummer Phil Taylor sustain in Belfast in December 1980? "Shit, this is easy stuff, man. He broke his fucking neck. Or rather, a flight of stairs broke his neck. There was this huge Irish geezer, and after the gig, him and Phil had this competition to see who could lift the other up the highest. This geezer lifted Phil right up above his head and fell backwards down the stairs. Phil was always getting injured. He was gonna write a book called Hospitals Of Europe I Have Known."

#### **QUESTION 3**

What's on the sleeve of 1986's 'Orgasmatron' album?

"It's a train. Joe Petagno did all our sleeves, and that was an outstanding one. We even had a train (for the 'Orgasmatron' tour), but we only ever used it twice, 'cos it was too big to get onstage."

Correct



#### **QUESTION 4**

You appeared in the 1990 sci-fi film Hardware — who was the director? "I dunno... I was only involved with that for three days. But I do remember one thing: they made a terrible mistake giving me a bottle of Jack before my scene. I enjoyed the experience, 'cos I was drunk as a cunt, y'know? But I don't think they enjoyed it

# JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE SIM ASH HITS

much. My acting was fucking terrible, and I dropped my gun into the Thames. It probably fucking dissolved before it got to the bottom..."

Wrong. It was Richard Stanley

#### **QUESTION 5**

What happens at your funeral in the video to 'Killed By Death'?
"I rise from the dead on a motorbike – but it wasn't me, it was a stunt guy. They dug out a fucking trench, put the grave over it, then this guy rode out at 50 miles an hour, with about two inches clearance either side and no lights under there. How he did it, I'll never fucking know. I can ride a bike, but I can't ride it that good. I'd have been tunnelling my way to South Carolina if it had been me."

Correct

#### **QUESTION 6**

You starred in an advert for Walkers Crisps in 2005. What was your line? "Dunno, I was just reading it out. I don't even know the flavours! The ad wasn't great, and Gary Lineker never spoke to us." Wrong. You asked for Sausage & Tomato

Ketchup flavour crisps



#### **QUESTION 7**

What was the original Motörhead line-up?

"It was Lucas Fox [on drums] and Larry Wallis [on guitar]. Why didn't it work out with those guys? To be in Motorhead, you need a certain je ne sais quoi."

Correct



#### **QUESTION 8**

Where did you write the track 'Motörhead'?

"On the seventh floor of the Hyatt in Hollywood. I'd borrowed an acoustic from Roy Wood, and I wrote it on the balcony at seven in the morning."

Correct

#### **QUESTION 9**

Complete the following lyric: "Looking for relief in your miserable life..."
"... 'you need some rock'n'roll and you'd better get it right' ['Shake Your Blood', from Dave Grohl's 'Probot' album, on which Lemmy guested]. 'Shake Your Blood' is a fucking great song."

Correct

#### **QUESTION 10**

You were once given a blowjob under a casino table. Which town were you in? "That was Bolton. The tour manager came up and said, "We're in the van waiting," Then he saw this pair of feet stuck out under the table, and said, "Sorry man, I'll come back in a minute."

Correct

Total Score 7.5/10

"I'm not surprised at how much I remember. I'm quite intelligent really. Sometimes, I even put my own clothes on..."



