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INSIDETHIS



"JUST LOST THE HUGEST SACK OF WEED, I AM SO PISSED OFF" BEST COAST'S BETHANY COSENTINO IS RECOVERING FROM A RECENT TRAGEDY



"Are you serious?

I still smoke weed
every day"
wavves' nathan williams
goes out with beth
cosentino. who'd
have thunk it?



07/08/2010



The Clash – special free magazine inside

A CELEBRATION OF THE PUNK LEGENDS WITH ARCHIVE INTERVIEWS AND CLASSIC PHOTOS



"JAMIE'S SO EXCITED WE NEED HIM GAGGED AND BOUND" KLAXONS' COPING MECHANISM

FOR GIGS: S&M



"I FUCK AROUND SHOOTING GUNS" DAVE SITEK - KING OF US ALT. ROCK - IS A BIT OF A NUTTER



"THEY'LL HAVE
TO FIND A WHOLE
NEW BUNCH
OF REASONS
TO HATE ON ME"
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58 Brain Cells



"FUCK! FUCK! OH FUCK! YOU CANNOT ASK ME THAT, THIS IS TORTURE!" OH DEAR, AUTHOR BRET EASTON ELLIS CAN'T HANDLE MUSIC QUESTIONS AT ALL



"THE PASTOR SAID WE SHOULDN'T BLASPHEME... ONE OF OUR SONGS IS CALLED 'MY GOD'!"

BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB ENCOUNTER A FEW DIFFICULTIES DURING THEIR CHURCH TOUR



ON REPEAT

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





MAGNETIC MAN

Karma Crazy

Womp! Here it is. Dubstep's crossover moment. Magnetic Man's last single, 'I Need Air', went Top to after being A-listed by Radio 1. Now the buzz has reached hysteria-level with the release-to-radio of 'Karma Crazy', a track from their debut album. Next stop: main stage at V, right? Not quite. In reality, dubstep's mainstream potential only goes so far. MM will not be tapping their laptops behind Brucie on Strictly Come Dancing any time soon. Neither Skream nor Benga will be popping up on Celebrity Come Dine With Me. Even so, it's

The perfect soundtrack to staggering around a laser-lit dancefloor

easy to see that this album will be huge, since it exudes all the arena-quaking exhilaration of Pendulum, without the cheese. 'Karma...' is a moodier beast than 'I Need Arr', featuring stabbing strings, cavernous

drums, and, yes, bass bin-exploding levels of womp. It is the absolute polar opposite of chillwave, and the perfect soundtrack to staggering around a laser-lit dancefloor with massive pupils. They make for unlikely chart stars, then - but MM deserve respect for making this genre palatable even to people like me, who previously would have rather chiselled their own hip bones off than attend a dubstep night. Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.COM On YouTube now



MANIC STREET PREACHERS

(It's Not War) Just The End Of Love With soaring strings and a jumbo chorus, the lead single from 'Postcards From A Young Man' makes good on the Manics' promise of "one last shot at mass communication". Yes, there's nostalgia ('Everything Must Go' is a clear touchstone) but also an unmistakable sense of vitality and urgency. A good shot. Hamish MacBain, Assistant Editor On YouTube now

GRINDERMAN

Heathen Child

This 'Grinderman 2' taster is more surreal and filthy than usual. It depicts Nick Cave and his dirty old men gazing at a girl in a bathtub and provides a slow, brooding soundtrack to her blasphemous fantasies, which explodes with groaning guitars and pulsating organs. Great band, bad babysitters. Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor On MySpace now

PAUL SMITH

North Atlantic Drift

Maximo Park's frontman is going solo. Wirier and more urgent than the Park's triumphal last album, 'North Atlantic Drift' recalls 'The Bends'-era Radiohead in its alternately spiky and elated evocation of a relationship's rockier moments.

Duncan Gillespie, writer On MySpace from Friday

THESE NEW PURITANS

Hologram (Salem Remix) Ditching the plinky piano and needy vocals of the original in favour of apocalyptic love story synths and slow rapping about Stockholm Syndrome and gurning, drag kings Salem inject a dose of doom into TNP's baroque pop stylings. Uneasy listening at its finest. Mike Williams, writer ON NME.COM/biogs now

SWANS

Eden Prison

Years ago NYC no wavers Swans were on tour with The Birthday Party and their behaviour was so bad that support act Butthole Surfers asked to be taken off the bill. The drugs may have gone but the horror remains on their first new material in 14 years, enough to make even Nick Cave shit in his tiny lavenderscented panties. John Doran, writer On thequietus.com now

MEN

Credit Card Babie\$

The lyrics to Le Tigre offshoot MEN's newie outline "places to stick up poles", an assertion that they're going to "fuck my best" and the inclusion of something that's either a "loop hole" or a "lube hole" - we're not sure which. Luckily the, er, 'whole' camply fantastic dance-pop thing is as enjoyable as the prospect of CSS doing the closing credits for Eurotrash. Jamie Fullerton, News Editor On MySpace now

La Rose

The infinity sign in the middle of Austin, Texas trio SLEEP∞OVER's name indicates how long band members Stefanie, Christa and Sarah want to be your friend. Consider 'La Rose' your invitation to a slumber party in a house haunted by Elizabeth Fraser's gloaming tones, full of dusty organs and languid drums that arrest the passing of time. Spellbinding stuff.

Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor On gorillavsbear.net now

THE COUNT & SINDEN **FEATURING MYSTERY JETS**

After Dark

Ever wondered what Mystery Jets would sound like if their home island was Ibiza and not Eel Pie? Well wonder no more thanks to The Count & Sinden, who put Blaine and co in touch with their inner Balearic soundsystem with this euphoric mix of smooth synths, hot and heavy vocals and some awfully funky bongos. Dance moves will need to be learned. Paul Stokes, Associate Editor On YouTube now



OF MONTREAL FEATURING SOLANGE

Sex Karma

And so the Knowles family love-in with American indie's weirdocracy continues... Performed live on the US show Late Night With Jimmy Fallon, this highlight from the forthcoming 'False Priest' finds Kevin Barnes' white-Prince shtick slightly less creepy than usual and Beyoncé's lil sis getting her freak on in every sense, while zombie-faced weirdoes chat and drink milk in the back of shot. Plus, "You look like a playground to me, playa" just provided us with this summer's chat-up line. **Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor** On YouTube now



FRONT ROW

"Jamie's so excited we might need to get him gagged and bound," says James Righton of his fellow Klaxon, Mr Reynolds, prior to tonight's (July 27) Shoreditch homecoming show. "He doesn't even know about the surprise birthday party we're throwing him afterwards...

Prior to the candle-lighting for the one they call Party Klaxon is tonight's one-off gig at the intimate Village Underground venue. It's the band's last appearance before second album 'Surfing The Void' is out, and is the last UK gig they're playing before returning to headline the NMT/Radio I Stage at the Reading And Leeds Festivals next month.

It's also a massive party. The guestlist mounts to nearly 100 (Crystal Castles, The Horrors, Beth Ditto...), while Akiko from The Big Pink

is spotted arguing with security trying to get fellow bandmate Robbie Furze through the door. It's also hotter than Medusa's womb, but when Klaxons appear (introduced by their compere as "Manchester's finest-Simply Red!") and launch into album teaser'l lashover' the crowd wail in celebration, welcoming the band and their new maturity.

Things have changed The expanded five-piece (Anthony Rossomarido works at the back, crouching in a hooded duver style number that suggests he's set for a Disney video marathon on the couch) cannonball through new songs 'Valley Of The Calm Trees' and a wildly-received 'Echoes' with reborn vigour, and introduce 'Gravity's Rainbow' as a song written, "once upon a time.. " They sound heavy, dense

and tighter than ever before, Jamie and James' vocals soaring and whooping while Simon Taylor-Davies casts an overbearing, alien-like silhouette on the

Sturring stuff, but still, headlining the NME/Radio r Stage next month... nervous? "If Reading and I ceds is anything like that," says an un gagged Jamie backstage after the show, "it's going to be absolutely incredible. I had so much fun tonight, it's a feeling I want to repeat. Reading is my spiritual home .. we're going to do what we did just then, but even bigger and better. So beware!"

concrete wall of the virtue.

 Atlantis To Interzone

• Future Memories

· It's Not

Over Vet

Surfing

The Void



ARE YOU THE NEXT BIG PHOTO HOPE?

hink you can take a photo as good as this one of Pete? Well, NME has launched the NME Music Photography Awards With Nikon to find the most rock'n'roll images from the past year. There are amateur and professional categories with top-of-the-range Nikon equipment up for grabs for the winners – see page 34 and head to NME.COM/photoawards for further details.

WIN V FESTIVAL TICKETS



V Festival has sold out - completely - so innovative gate catapult notwithstanding, if you haven't got your tickets already you won't be going to see Kings Of Leon, Kasabian and the rest of them there. However, you have one last hope - our competition. We have a pair of tickets for each site - Chelmsford and Staffordshire - to give away for the August 21-22 bash. To enter, head to NME.COM/win and go to NME.COM/terms for full terms and conditions.

NEWS ROUNDUP

YOU WHAT?

"We have written an album, mainly about women, which felt lost without the salvation of a woman" Hurts' Theo Hutchcraft explains the reasoning behind getting Kylle Minogue to guest on their debut album.

So, nothing to do with hotpants.



HOUSE PARTY Just one week after we got a picture of Stephen Fry with Bombay Bicycle Club, it's been announced that his old mate Hugh 'House' Laurle is making an album. The actor is recording a blues album soon, with producer Joe Henry. It's official: upperclass Cambridge Black Adder actors are the new rock'n'roll.



AHASHIT HEARTBREAK

Top ornithologist has final word on Kings Of Leon's pigeon excrement encounter

The music world is still squawking about Kings Of Leon scrapping a show in Missouri on July 23 after being on the receiving end of a continuous shower of pigeon excrement Caleb and co wiped off the white deposit at St Louis' Verizon Amphitheatre and left the stage, declaring it "disgusting, it's a toxic health hazard".

Some fans have laid into the Kings, and while we think they're fully justified in demanding a foul-free stage, we thought we'd get a pigeon shit expert's opinion. Take it away, Steve Dudley of the British Ornithologists' Society...

Steve: "Birds naturally carry higher traces of pathogens such as e-coli and salmonella than humans, but not at levels which would harm us during casual contact. Being crapped on by a bird or a couple of birds would pose no threat as the amount of any pathogen present in a small amount of faeces would not be harmful, and in order for someone to be infected they would have to actually ingest a fair amount of bird droppings in order to be infected by any single pathogen. For a human to be deemed at risk they would have to be exposed to either large amounts of bird droppings, or be exposed to regular contact with bird faeces. The risk to Kings Of Leon was next to non-existent, other than dirtying their clothes and hair."









LAS VEGAS

The album opens on sparse 'Let It Be'-esque piano chords that find Brandon waking up "In the rusted frame of a burned-out old De Ville", before pulling himself together and "Stumbling down the boule vard/Crying, 'Hosannah!", as the song's momentum gently snowballs. We to back in the American Mythic territory previously explored on Sam's Town', but instead of "Your poor, your tired, your huldled masses", this gaudy neon corner of Nevada wants "Your dreamers, your harlots and your sins".

ONLY THE YOUNG

'Flamingo' is an album on which synths dominate and guitars are used sparingly. 'Only The Young' starts off as a bleepy, minimalist youth-hymn that bears all the electronic hallmarks of producer Stuart Price, but is lifted midway through by a bright beam of slide guitar and Brandon's OTT falsetto.

HARD ENOUGH

That Brandon is a heart-on-sleeve sentimentalist is hardly a revelation, and, while it's Rilo Kiley's Jenny Lewis who doubles him seductively on the chorus, it's impossible not to interpret this song as a pacan to his wife Tana.

BROKEN HEARTS

Brandon's infatuation with The Boss manifests itself on this song - the bellow and bluster is reminiscent of latter-day Springsteen. Again, gambling terminology - the rolling of dice, the showing of cards, Brandon's promise that "You're gonna wish you could go back and fold abounds, cementing the Vegas-ness.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

The album's longest - and strangest track shares the same DNA as 'Tranquilize', The Killers' 2007 collaboration with Lou Reed; a funereal minor-key march punctuated by cruel squeals of guitar and apocalyptic visions of massing angels and demons. There's plenty of religious references to chew over, but it's darker and more malevolent than you'd expect.

WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID?

This breezy, primary-coloured depiction of the fall out from an abortive Vegas wedding feels a little throwaway, but taken on its own merits it's good fun. Un-flashy but blessed with a memorable chorus, it marks a return to the storytelling songwriting of The Killers' 2004 debut LP 'Hot Fuss'.

To Brandon haters, this song will be the equivalent of finding a Nazi arms cache buried in the woods; big, unabashedly '80s synth riffs, a naggingly catchy "ob-oh" vocal hook and, deep in the mix, the faintest hint of castanets

CROSSFIRE

An odd choice to herald Brandon's solo career; the album's lead single's shifting piano chords and reverb-y sonics are epic, but it takes a few listens to really draw you in.

ON THE FLOOR

'Flamingo's most overtly religious song, both in its lyrical theme of redemption and the gospel choir it employs for that extra little climactic oomph.

SWALLOW IT

A sparky piano-led pop song that initially sounds like Brandon doling out life lessons to his two young kids "Take your medicine and crae I before you walk Think it through before you open your mouth to talk" - but is actually about Brandon himself. "It's gonna be ah ight, you're a performer" he reassures himself, "Just take your time, but not too much time" A subtle reference to The Killers' ongoing hiatus, perhaps...?

SPEED DIAL DANIEL KESSLER

So, why did Carlos D leave Interpol? Their guitarist chats bass-replacing issues and the band's big September comeback

You've replaced Carlos D with two live players, Dave Pajo and Brandon Curtis. How's it working?

Daniel: "They're great musicians. Brandon played in such a formidable band [Secret Machines] who were putting out records we admired for 10 years before he joined us. The same goes for Dave. I'm such a fan of everything he's done, from Slint to Tortoise. It's a great dynamic, being a five-piece. There's good chemistry."

It must be a tall order for anyone to replace someone as iconic and central to the band as Carlos.

"I should say that no-one is trying to replace Carlos, but we knew while we were writing the record [their self-titled fourth album, due in September] that there were other pursuits in life he was looking into. We discussed it for a long time to see if we could reach some sort of balance, but when he completed his contribution it became clear that he was going to leave. Anyone in a band knows that there might be a point in your life when you want to try something different... he knew that he couldn't do both and it was time for him to go down a different road. I can't really say what Carlos is doing at the moment. I know he's working on a lot of projects and that they're not just music-related."



It's been three years since 'Our Love To Admire', during which time Paul Banks has released his solo album and Sam Fogarino has worked on his side-project, Magnetic Morning. Weren't you tempted to try your own thing?
"Not too much. Those guys are really productive and use their time well. When we finished touring 'Our Love To Admire', I went right into the genesis stage for this forthcoming album and started working on songs for that. Both those guys schedule things in a smart fashion, so whenever we had

a bit of downtime they'd go right off and start recording their projects. It didn't interfere at all with Interpol, it was so well plotted."

The new album sounds more cinematic than your previous efforts. Were movies a big influence?

"Sure. It's not something that we necessarily discussed, but it's something we all admire. Cinema is something that we all have in common, more so than bands at times."

Sam reckoned you'd gone back to the sound of Turn On The Bright Lights'. What's your take?

"Sam did one interview last year that spread like wildfire. The record-making process seems to have taken on a kind of legendary quality that I don't think he intended. He was saying that you'll

uise Carlos D

1) Gun holsters as

War moustache.

3) His greyhound

Gaius is cooler than Kate Nash's rabbit Fluffy.

4) He's studying

music videos.

s) He clearly did

more drugs and

shagging than

we'll ever do.

always be able to recognise elements of our first record in our sound, so it was kind of misconstrued that this album was a return to 'Turn On The Bright Lights'. He meant that there are always going to be aspects that people recognise, whether it's Paul's voice, or my guitar or whatever. I see this album as an evolution, which is what we've tried to accomplish with all our records."

studio while you were recording it?

"It's not much of a story. We were recording in Studio A at Electric Lady, and she was next door to us. She was really full and friendly and warm. We've had a few encounters with her, and I found her really nice."

Why is the album self-titled?

"We were throwing around titles just for fun, not really thinking too much about it. Paul put 'Interpol' out there and we all took to it. We feel this is a very complete record, one that didn't need a title around it that has some sort of exterior notion."

We read that Courtney Love crashed your





Peter Robinson Us NE-YO

The US R&B icon on expensive hats, the perfect height and why Peter is a dick



FYI

 Ne-Yo has a surprisingly relaxed 'manner' when it comes to phone interviews, 9/10

 He is about to release a ludicrous concept album

 Then again, who isn't about to release a ludicrous concept album? Hello, Ne-Yo. "How are you doing, sir?"

You see, Ne-Yo, that's immediately polite. This is what separates American acts from British acts. British acts never use the word 'sir' and that's where they get it wrong.

"Can I just say I've been warned about you? I'm supposed to be afraid of you."

Surely it takes more than a phone interview with a British music journalist to scare Ne-Yo. "Yeah, but you've been called a dick by some of the greats..."

HANG ON. Who's been calling me a dick?

"Oh, quite a few people. I'm not naming names. I don't want any car bombs. But I'll put it like this – I've been doing phone interviews all day long and from the start they've been, like, "The last guy you're interviewing with, he's a bit of a handful."

Would you rather be taller or shorter?

"Shorter."

How tall are you?

"About 5ft 8ins. If I was 6ft 9ins, dancing would look funny on me."

Surely if you're taller you don't have to wear hats as much.
"Well, I'd still wear the bats."

Hat-wearing is often mistaken – particularly by British artists – for a sign of credibility. "I'm going to sing this song wearing a hat," they think, "and everyone will take me seriously".
"Is that how it goes? Really?"

Will Young started it. Can you explain this? Surely you must feel different, as an artist, when you're wearing a hat?

you're wearing a hat?
"That's a new concept on me. Well,
personally I've been wearing hats since
the beginning of high school and
they're like a part of my body now. I'd
shower in a hat if it made any sense.
But it doesn't. So I don't."

What's the most you've ever spent on a hat?

"The most money I've spent on a hat is anywhere from three to five grand."

That's a lot.

"It is."



For a hat. "Yes, for a hat."

If one day you don't have any money left, do you think you might say to yourself, "If I hadn't spent all that money on hats I might not be living in a box"?

"Mmmm... No. Because even in my box I'd look DAMN GOOD in my five thousand-dollar hat."

Where next for the world of R&B? Where's it all going?

"I can tell you... that I don't know. From the start of time it's gone like this: someone pioneers something, gets success, everyone follows surt until the next pioneer comes along. Maybe the next step forward is a step back. Everything old is new again anyway, alright?"

Isn't that what people say when they're trotting out the same old rubbish?

"(Laughs) When they can't think of anything new to do, yes..."

Aren't you – superstar singer Ne-Yo – supposed to be in charge of all this?

"I wish that was true, but it's not! Maybe the next thing is to mix country music with hard rock!"

Do you think there should be a moratorium on generic 'I'm in the club on the floor' lyrics?

"Those are the sort of lyrics that make me want to stab people."

How do you think this interview has gone?

"You were not as dickish as I expected you to be."



MARK RONSON & THE BUSINESS INTL.

1 'BANG BANG BANG'

100,100

2 EMINEM 2 'NOT AFRAID'

3 PENDULUM 3 'WITCHCHAFT'

4 10 MARIMA & THE DIAMONDS

5 4 DREWETT 'I MEED YOU TORIGHT'

6 MUMFORD & SONS

7 5 MUSE 'NEUTRON STAR COLLISION (LOVE IS FOREVER' HALL-FORE

8 7 WATERCOLOUR'

9 17 SDRILLAZ STANKA

10 8 ROBEN MY DWN'

11 13 'EAPTISM'

12 14 'NO LOVE'

13 9 BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB

14 11 COSMIC LOVE

15 16 KELE TENDERONIT

16 18 MUNIFORD A SONS

17 15 SELFMACHINE

18 46 LCD SOUNDSVSTEN

19 19 MIAME

20 21 PROSECUTION ON THE PROSECUTION OF TAXABLE PROSECUTION AND THE PROSECUTION AND TH

is a long or through tradition and ignored make in a more that deval the impair to reduce you have. We get and object from AME that I they we feet and on the plane is an I MET TO a in MET magazine.



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• SCHOOL OF SEVEN BELLS

Windstorm

MOUNT KIMBLE

'Crooks & Lovers'

'Heathen Child'

'Eyesore'

OFFICIAL

ANDREW WK: MY LIFE AS A SEX GOD

The rocker has only gone and turned his hand to being a sex guru in a new book and at NME.COM/blogs. A strange career move — but he insists he's fully qualified



ntil I was approached to contribute to a new book, Sex Tips From Rock Stars, I had never really spoken to anyone specifically about sexuality and sexual intercourse, so I was very, very keen to become involved. I think I offer some unique perspective. I've met many beautiful ladies. I've done some things to some of them, and some of them have done things to me. But everyone is qualified to talk about human sexuality through their experience.

As a working rock'n'roll musician, you do come into contact with the groupie scene. I myself, on tourbuses and in hotels, have been part of some of the most intense and over-the-top scenes of human sexuality that could ever happen. While I was not specifically engaging in it myself, they were as decrepit, destitute, and low-down dirty as anything

you could imagine. It involved women on all fours climbing around on concrete. It involved flashlights, being used not only as illumination, but as speculums. It involved verbal abuse, but also verbal praise. It involved DD batteries, DD bras.

I've had experiences that others can draw on – both positive and negative. In the

book, I talk about impotence – about how, when I was first being with girls, I'd be so nervous, so hopelessly overstimulated, that I couldn't become fully aroused. I'm not proud of it: the way out was to let your mind go soft and let yourself be free to engorge, to swell, to flourish. My whole problem was that I couldn't turn my mind off – my mind was a

piece of shit – my body and my appendages, as a result, also acted as watery pieces of shit. Accept it, don't fight it – the way out of the nightmare is to go inside. I went inside of myself and came out hard.

There is 'no cardinal rule' to having a great sexual life, but for me, I can tell you that I really have made an effort to purify my mind and purify my soul. Not by shutting things out, but by embracing everything. By oversaturating the mind until you're back at ground zero, then building it up from square-one – what do I like, what don't I like, how am I gonna get on?

For instance, some people would tell you that the free availability of porn in this day and age has had a degrading influence on our sexuality—that it has allowed some of the novelty to wear off, and our minds to become corrupted. Well, I am for all expression. I consider

music to be sacred, and as powerful as human sexuality... I guess porn is pretty much the other side of that. But beyond that, I guess things move in phases. People's interest, and society's beliefs change over time. We could be in the midst of a version of a sexual revolution where sexual experience is simply rendered

at a very high level. Just like when drum machines first came out, people were amazed that you could make a drumbeat just at the click of your fingers, now people are amazed that you can access porn at a click of your keyboard. The debauchery leads to a revelation, then you move off to another level. Except that you now have that tool in the toolbelt.



THE GENERATION GAP SPLITTING AMERICAN INDIE

"I've been part of the

most intense scenes of

human sexuality ever"

Arcade Fire and The National might deal in escapism like US slackers such as Best Coast and Wavves do, but Laura Snapes reckons there's a divide opening up



ow the music divides us into tribes/Yeah my old friends, they don't know me now", sings Arcade Fire's Win Butler on 'Suburban War'. And he's right, in the sense that his band's phenomenal new album has widened the growing gap between the two most prominent sides of US indie,

let's call them the slackers and the adults. To me, it's a division that's a direct result of the two very different economic

climates in which they both began making music. On one hand, you've got Arcade Fire and The National, who have been toiling away at the big time for years and are just making it now. These are career bands who have only recently been able to stop struggling and who now occupy the rungs beneath classic major leaguers such as Springsteen and REM. These bands grew up when the idea of a simple life of working hard in order to own a house and car wasn't a pipe dream - as NME's Emily Mackay pointed out in her recent review of 'The Suburbs', Arcade Fire's album is full of allusions to a full family, the stability of home and car, and the hard-earned possibility of escape. The National's latest record, 'High Violet', was heavily grounded in a comfortable but tense suburbia straight out of a Richard Yates novel, with its most escapist track, 'Lemonworld', describing sexy swimsuit parties in a creepy abandoned mansion. As far as escapism goes, both bands play it pretty safe

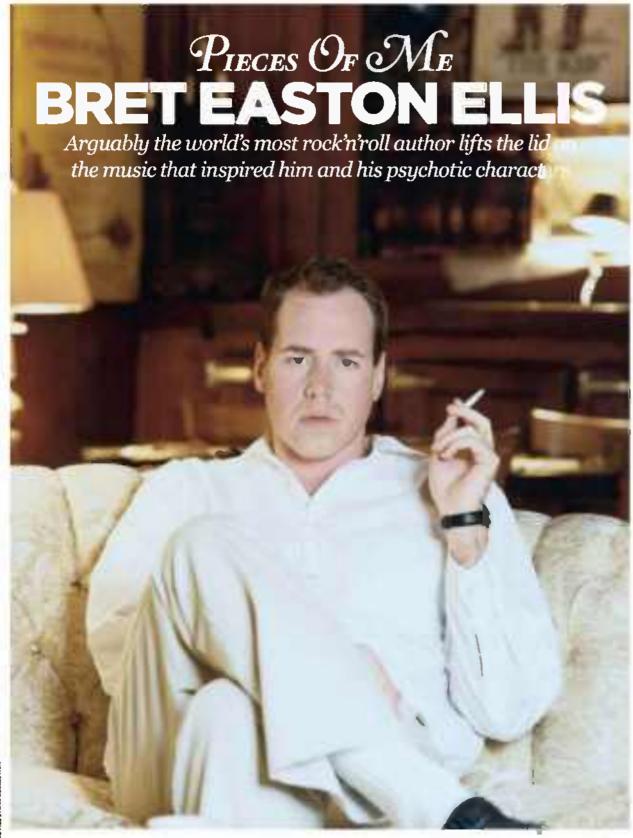


and stable, but to folk of their age and experience, feeling safe is the reward at the end of the career gauntlet.

On the other side of the US indie scene you've got younger slacker bands such as Wavves and Best Coast, who sing about lapping shores and getting baked, and who live in a fantasy tropical paradise as brilliantly idealistic and clichéd as the illustration on a carton of Um Bongo. What they want

is light years from the dream of a home, a station wagon and 2.4 children because they came of age in a time when hoping to have that stuff by your thirties is about as reasonable as hankering after a moon igloo and spacebuggy. As such, their ethos seems to be: why fantasise about the impossibility of Volvos and spare bedrooms when you could waste your time dreaming about awesome stuff like cats and surfing?

Each to their own and all that, but what's interesting is that bands like this who wouldn't necessarily describe themselves as actively political are subconsciously making music that reflects the way things are right now. Win said in our cover interview last week, "The more escapist element of what we do, whether it's fiction or non-fiction, is all an attempt to connect with something true." That's the beauty of these bands – without even trying to pin their lyrics to any doctrine, they've all ended up painting a wider picture through their unabashedly truthful introspection.



oo often 'rock'n'roll' is a phrase used to describe fields that are anything but. We've had rock'n'roll poets, rock'n'roll artists – even rock'n'roll chefs. Los Angelesborn Bret Easton Ellis, however, is an author who's been provocative and experimental enough to earn the rock'n'roll tag in a way many bands never do.

While self-appointed 'moral guardians' were quick to condemn his most famous work, American Psycho and its yuppie axe murderer Patrick Bateman on an initial mis-reading, time has revealed that the book dealt challengingly with themes of

isolation and alienation. Perhaps more shocking than the murder pages were the chapters of Bateman's 'music criticism', defending some of the '80s' most ghastly musical criminals. Later, in *Glamorama*, Ellis married the ugly excesses of fashion and celebrity culture with terrorist attacks, ecrily pre-empting the rise of both to inhumane extremes.

Back this summer with new novel *Imperial Bedrooms*, a sequel to the nihilistic, drugfuelled *Les Than Zero*, Bret Easton Ellis continues at his provocative best. *NME* sat down with the 'rock'n'roll' author to find out what makes him – and his books – tick.

1 The musician who inspired my first book ELVIS COSTELLO AND HIS SONG 'LESS THAN ZERO'

"Why did I name my first book after an Elvis Costello song? Who knows? I was working on this project starting when I was 16 and it was the Less Than Zero project. I was like most white, upper-class educated boys: I was obsessed with Elvis Costello. That was his main audience in the US. That title seemed very evocative to me. It had various other titles, but Less Than Zero ultimately seemed like the best title for the book, even though I had this much older professor who

really loved the book but tried to dissuade me from using that title because he thought it was lame. He suggested Winter Vacation. Elvis Costello became the man for me for very many years. And then he didn't, Which happens, it happens to a lot of people, it's just the nature of things. Very few people sustain massive careers for a long time."

2 My first album 'HOTEL CALIFORNIA' BY THE EAGLES

"I don't know if this is true but this is my story. I didn't buy it so much as I won it. There was a contest on a local radio station and I was the 11th caller. And I won it. I was going to buy it but this was the week before it was released and this was an advance copy of 'Hotel California'... so I consider that my first record."

3 The album that inspired my latest book "IMPERIAL BEDROOM" BY ELVIS COSTELLO

"Imperial Bedrooms [a sequel to Less Than Zero set 25 years on] is an Elvis title too. Once I'd figured what [main character] Clay would be doing and realised it was a Hollywood novel, the main myth of Hollywood and how it runs on exploitation and that then I was going to delve into sexual exploitation, it was a no-brainer. I wanted to use an Elvis Costello song and boom - it was 'Imperial Bedroom', I added the 's'. It was the perfect title."

4 My first gig X, LOS ANGELES

"The first concert I remember going to on my own was a band called X who I followed a lot when they started out in LA. They were playing clubs, not venues. That led on to The Go-Go's, Elvis Costello, The Psychedelic Furs, Squeeze, those were the formative concerts that I remember going to when I was a kid."

5 The worst music I ever heard GENESIS FOR AMERICAN PSYCHO

"You don't spend three years writing pages on Patrick Bateman (the American Psycho) without having a bit of you in him. Everyone likes to say, 'Oh, Patrick Bateman is just like an axe murderer' or whatever... well, he is for 15 pages, but there's 385 pages about a really ionely and confused guy who is trying to make connections in a world that won't make them. He's lost in this consumerist nightmare that he thinks is going to fix things. Hello! I was there. But while the genesis may have been from me, divergences happen. My favourite band in that period was The Replacements, Patrick Bateman is not into The Replacements! He's a bit of a frat boy and at this time Huey Lewis was pretty popular, so were Genesis and let's throw Whitney Houston in there it's hard to remember there was a time when men would buy Whitney Houston records. They were not bands that I love, but I realised it just had to be Genesis. I really wanted these music chapters, so harrowingly I bought all their records. It was just mind-blowingly boring, numbing!"





Clockwise from far left: The gristy American Psycho; Coldplay; The National's 'Boxer'; The Boss; Elvis Costello, Elvis' 'Imperial Bedroom' sleeve; Oasis' 'Champagne Supernova'; Don Henley; The Eagles' 'Hotel California'; X play live











doomed southern California romanticism of that song, it's the lyrics. Very simple, about love that has been lost."

7 The music I would put in a film of my book 'CHAMPAGNE SUPERNOVA' BY OASIS

"My book Glamorama [a tale of terrorists who use the globe's fashion elite as a cover for their activities) is like a movie that is being staged by people who aren't on the page... there's a big set-piece where the main character Victor Ward is in a house that the terrorists were using in Paris. They abandon the house but leave one of their members there who has betrayed them. 'Champagne Supernova' by Oasis is blasting through this empty house as he's moving up the stairs towards this horrific scene that is about to happen. That seemed very movieish to me. It was something that would be playing on the soundtrack of the movie that Victor was a part of. All the music in Glamorama is soundtrack music."



8 My musical hero BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

"Boring answer. I notice a lot of American bands take him as an influence now, as he well should be. The Hold Steady, The Gaslight Anthem, Frightened Rabbit. 'Born To Run', though I love the lyrics to those songs, 'The River' is when he is refining his storytelling. 'Nebraska'. I love his lyrics, like: "In Candy's room there are pictures of her heroes on the wall/But to get to Candy's room you gotta walk the darkness of Candy's half".

9 The record that saved my life 'BOXER' BY THE NATIONAL

"it is the most wrenching record I've ever heard in my life. Now let's talk about why. I had an inordinately painful - for many, many reasons - year and a half, about two years ago. Life was not something I wanted to involve myself in at all, but I had to. Then



I discovered 'Boxer', so I put it into my car one afternoon. I'm taiking about a time in my life when I was wishing my windows were tinted because I was weeping at every stoplight I came to. It was a really rough year. That album was incredibly reassuring in many, many ways. It had bleakness to it, it also had a kind of a hope to it. That combination got me through those really bad months. It was all I listened to, the constant soundtrack. I can't listen to any more. It just takes me back to that period."

10 The band that doesn't give me a boner – but who I still love COLDPLAY

"I love Coldplay. I adore them! I will not go back on that. I love every album they've ever made and I love just about every single fucking track. Can I get super-passionate, can I get a boner for them, can I get an orgasm listening to them? No. Can I listen to them endlessly? Yes. They just don't drive me wild in a way that a band with less songwriting talent can."

6 My favourite lyric THE BOYS OF SUMMER' BY DON HENLEY

"(Mock anger) Fuck! Fuck! Oh fuck! You cannot ask me that, this is torture! Oh my god! OK, I guess something from 'The Boys Of Summer' by Don Henley, I like all the lyrics. There's a palpable ache to that song that has not diminished after almost 30 years of being out. That song still has this piercing quality to it. It's not the ominous,



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RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



Rejoice. Punk just got nasty again...

eople need to stop listening to Gang Of fucking Four," spits Dan Devine, the street urchin ring leader of Flats. "Half a decade of raping the same record? Bloc Party and Franz was five years ago and people still think it's acceptable to trot out an angular guitar riff and a disco beat. It makes me fucking sick."

Flats formed a few short months ago intent on remedying the musical ills of the last five years. The most visceral mess of a punk band we've seen in about a decade, they're the snotty, grubby-faced antidote to today's trust-fund shmindle landslide. "We came up with a sort of manifesto that we haven't deviated from; the songs have to be fast, short and heavy and the vocals have to involve me screaming as loud as I can." In the grand anarcho-punk lineage, top of the band's long shit-list are mods. They have one song called 'Rat Trap', which contains a refrain that simply runs, "Paul Weller's a cunt", alongside some lyrics

about Pete Townshend that are so libelous – and entirely untrue – that our legal team laughed at the idea of us merely repeating them. They've been censored off their debut five-track seven-inch – so that's an average song length of 50 seconds – so you'll have to see them live to bask in their ridiculous defamation of character.

"Basically," snarls Dan, "when me and my guitarist Luke lived together we bonded over bands like Swans and Arab On Radar and these girls we lived with were always throwing parties, inviting all these emaciated male model freaks. We'd stick on Arab On Radar and they'd all leave. I want Flats to be the live equivalent of that. It actually happened the other day when we played at the same show as Mark Ronson."

Aside from sending Mark Ronson fans running to the hills, Flats aren't lacking in ambition: "I hate bands that re-release the same track 20 times. Fuck that, just get it out. This could all be over this time next year but if I've put out six records by that point I'll be happy." With this caliber of venom at play, so should you. James Knight

NEED TO KNOW

- Dan once worked in a banana-packing factory in Maidstone
- The band's name pre-dates their formation and was provided by Sam from S.C.U.M, who thought it would be a funny English take on avant-garde Japanese noise act High Rise's name
- One Flats show was attended by J Mascis,
 J Spaceman and Kevin Shields, while Jamie Reynolds co-produced their seven-inch

The Buzz

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



MONA

Ok, so you're in Nashville and you pop down to your local saloon for a couple of shots of Hennessy. Once inside, you fuzzily collar a Mona member and start slurring away to them about your assumed shared love of Kings Of Leon. If that happened, you might invite the same kind of involuntary twitch Tom Smith makes when Edith Bowman sticks on Interpol's 'Turn On The Bright Lights' after they've had their tea. But if anything, this bunch of Brylcreemed slicksters outgun their townsmen's early-doors ambition, skipping the grit and bristles of early KOL for their foot-on-an-O2-monitor stance of now. Sole MySpace statement tune 'Lines In The Sand' feels like Jeff Buckley hanging backwards out of the window of a moving limo, towing a recently acquired cult guru behind him on a skateboard.



2 SOLAR BEARS MIXTAPE

Dublin disco dweebs Solar Bears make analogue synth music that sounds like the singing triffids from a JG Ballard novel getting amorous with Little Weed from Bill & Ben. In their downtime they hang out in their little brother's bedroom hamming out mixtapes for the Radar blog comprising all their current fixations.



3 DJ NATE

The latest hood-rap craze is collecting MySpace profiles, at a rate of roughly one-per-track. DJ Nate's got about 15, spreading the skittish charms of his hometown juke-style hip-hop across the globe. An eBayed Atari in one hand, a pay-as-you-go iPhone 4 in the other, Nate's the crunk rap world's answer to the current no-fi indie revolution.



4 KASSIDY'S 'TAKE ANOTHER RIDE' VIDEO

You know when you first watched Back To The Future III and wished you could remain forever stranded in a '90s vision of the Wild West? Well Scot-roots studs Kassidy are living that dream on this, their debut video opus, striding around like their Fleet Foxes/ Biffy amalgam is being debated by the UN.



5 EGLO

Ten years ago the idea of garage mutating into something arty and ethereal would have probably seemed the strangest evolution in a journey that's gone from NYC gay dives to Ayia Napa. But in these days of coffee table dubstep and skweee, cliques such as LDN's Eglo are par for the course. Mainman Floating Points is art-step's MJ Cole.





Kele Okereke

"I'm currently gagging hard on the new Menomena album 'Mines'. I've loved all of their records but this one takes the biscuit, minimal quasi-orchestral prog rock. I love it."

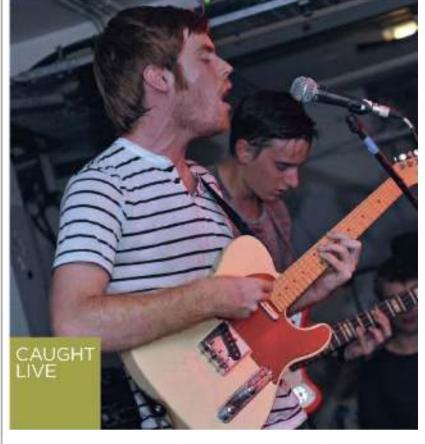


This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

SISSY BOUNCE

The gay cousin of New Orleans' bounce hip-hop culture. Transsexual rappers such as Katey Red and Big Freeda spit viciously explicit battle raps over buoyant, high-BPM party rhythms. Like many southern club rap cultures, it

has certain signature dance moves and styles, most notably 'the spin', which basically means rotating your bottom in circles at very high speeds.



WILD NOTHING +GLASS ANIMALS

AUDIO, BRIGHTON SATURDAY, JULY 24

o this reviewer's great disappointment, London's Glass Animals are not a thrilling fusion of Glass Candy and Animal Collective. What they are is a shaky and not entirely convincing stab at neuvo-prog. Which is acceptable enough until you realise the group are employing the same rotation of tricks in every song. Swishes of laptop ethereality? Check. Pounding circular drumbeat? Check. Earnest yet inscrutable vocal swell? Check. Glass Animals maybe, but they're some distance from being the Wild Beasts they want to be.

Tonight's headliners Wild Nothing are an equally curious proposition. One of the potential breakthrough success stories of the current lo-fi indie revolution, their recent acclaimed debut 'Gemini' is standard-bearing label Capture Tracks' highest-selling long-player to date. Tonight however, this bunch of clean-cut, good-looking, young, plaid-clad dudes, are far from the troubled spectres you might have them down as after spinning their atmospheric LP. Ringleader Jack Tatum and his bandmates attack their set with fierce concentration. Not a note is out of place, which seems a little odd when you consider how much Tatum's music owes to both New Order (the Mancunian institution's debut single 'Ceremony' is entwined within the core

fibres of their being) and The Cure (likewise with that band's classic 1987 single 'Just Like Heaven'), neither of whom's magic was ever derived via precision. The slapshot punk spirit from which their sound's derived finds itself inherited by a drilled sense of professionalism. 'Gemini's unquestionably a superbly executed mission in cold-shouldered nu-gaze, and although the gorgeous layered textures of the album are delivered with unusual functionality tonight, it's impossible to lose their original charm. This evening Brighton is presented with a highly professional indie-rock group, fully able

Wild Nothing are one of the success stories of the current lo-fi revolution

to reproduce their record nearly note-for-note.

If a few too many kinks have been ironed out in its live transformation, we're pretty confident that's something a spine-snapping worldwide road slog should easily help readdress.

Joseph Stannard





BEHIND THE SHEEN

Popiustice's Peter Robinson prods pop's supple underbelly



If you're wondering about where the next Britney might come from, and I know many of you think of little else, right now you'd be safe putting money on LA-based singer Gerina Di Marco, who pops up warbling a Cathy Dennis-penned song on the new Mark Ronson album but has

some pretty impressive tunes of her own: '917', recently added to her MySpace, hints at all-conquering greatness while 'Liar, Liar' echoes the dignified but aggressive production sound that made Britney's own 'Blackout' album so special.

The tidal wave of Justin Biebalikes, meanwhile, is yet to materialise, and there's no news yet from that pianist whose version of 'Paparazzi' has currently been watched 28 million times on YouTube. Fear not. In Australia they have Cody Simpson, a 13-year-old whose debut single 'iY1Y1' straddles

Peter's TOP 5 **GERINA DI MARCO** Liar, Liar

2 **GERINA DI MARCO** 911

3 CODY SIMPSON iYiYi

4 **ED DREWETT** Champagne Lemonade

5 RIM Scatterheart

the genius/horror divide with refreshing abandon. His single - like many by artists with 20 grand cash to spare features a spot from Flo Rida.

In London a duo called Bim have put together 'Scatterheart', an album of rather charismatic, romantic DIY pop music. They're making tracks available one by one at their website, bimmusic. com, which is well worth bookmarking.

The final face to keep an eye on is Ed Drewett, whose vocals appeared on the Professor Green 'I Need You Tonight' single and whose songwriting fuels the great debut release by borderline hopeless boyband The Wanted. Drewett recently signed his own deal and the first single is called 'Champagne Lemonade'. It was produced by ex-Xenomania producer and musician Tim Powell and it's basically very good.

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST Trash Talk's Lee Spielman



This week's unmissable new band shows

CEREBRAL BALLZY Brudenell Social

Club, Leeds, August 4

TRASH TALK The Wall, Leeds, August 5

THE HUNDRED IN THE HANDS The Freebutt. Brighton, August 5

CHAPEL CLUB (pictured) Ruby Lounge, Manchester, August 6

SLEIGH BELLS The Lexington, London, August 9





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EREAKTHROUGH TIPS THIS WEEKS BARBY MYDE, THE FUTUREHEADS 3) New bands should release

their own material...

"After our second album we had a meeting with our managers and we had to decide - were we going to try to sign and put ourselves in a position of weakness or were we going to become stronger? No risk, no reward. The music hosiness is this monster you've got to be willing to be subservient or become a liberated force. I would never criticise anyone for signing a record deal. But if you set yourself up as a record label and it. gets some money - to the music business you're going to appear to be a much more serious band and subsequently become a better group."



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GOOD NEWS! Pot Noodle gets donked

sually when brand marketing campaigns get involved in artists' careers it makes for depressing results, but in the case of Bolton's premier donk outfit Blackout Crew and everyone's favourite freeze-dried evil Pot Noodle, that's not true. In a meeting of minds, the dance act have found their career rejuvenated after being approached by Pot Noodle to provide the music for their new Sticky Rib flavour ad campaign. After spiralling hype surrounding their landmark single 'Put A Donk On It' in 2008, the group gradually lost momentum. But since recording anthem 'Sticky Rib (Mate. You've Got To Rib It Up)', it seems things are now kicking back into gear. Speaking to Radar, producer Tony Sabanskis commented, "Things had got pretty quiet, but there's been a huge buzz since the ad. We're testing out new sounds with more of an electro spin. The ad is great. It's a donk club scene parody, but a great one. Blackout's always had a sense of humour, so it's perfect."

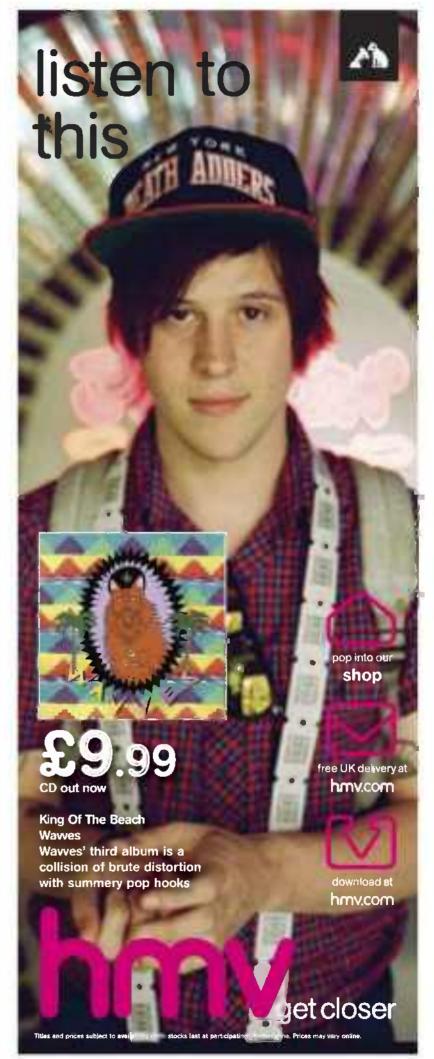


BAD NEWS!

Monarchy LP on hold

ondon/Aussie synth-pop duo Monarchy have delayed their album release until next year. Last month we travelled to the Kennedy Space Center to witness them becoming the first band to have their concert beamed into space, for their debut gig. But after issuing copies of the album for its August 6 release, label Atlantic have announced they're delaying its release until January 16, 2011 in order to focus on "building a more grassroots club fanbase". Speculation has arisen over whether the lack of headway made by its singles played a role, but only time will tell whether the success they need to justify their astronomical extravagances will elude them. Similar hasty rescheduling for Joe Lean and Palladium have yielded a sorry conclusion. We hope that's not the case this time though.





回 回 REVENGE H

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ONSON

No covers, no smugness, and absolutely, definitely, crosshis-heart-and-hope-to-die no trumpets: **Tim Chester** meets a repentant Mark Ronson

PHOTOGRAPH: TOM OXLEY



an I ask you something without offending you?" Mark Ronson asks nonchalantly as he swings a suit carrier on to the uneven floor of an Old Street boozei one weltering Monday afternoon. Um, OK, I repl. in a murmur of curiosity and trepidation. Fire away. He fixes me with a semi-suspicious glare. "How come you're the third person that was supposed to write this article? Was it like,

'Oh, can't we find one person that doesn't mind talking to Mark Ronson?" Good start to an afternoon's chat, then. As it turns out, it was a series of unconnected events that led to me taking the job, but the reverse interrogation before we've even begun says a lot about the 34-year-old DJ, producer, man-about-the-cool-parts-of-town and now singer and songwriter, and the journey he's taken to get here.

Few music figures have taken such a sustained beating as Mark Ronson. You no doubt associate the name with Lily Allen, Amy Winehouse and a much-maligned but hugely successful album of cover versions – as well as endless sideswipes from the music press including a quite recent saide remark from yours truly in an unconnected review. Yep, from death threats signed by Smiths tans to disses from Arctic Monkeys and relentless vilification across the media via Grammy and Brit Awards, his career has been an undulating ride. So perhaps it's no wonder he's cautious.

He's admitted to Googling himself in the middle of the night and throughout our conversation he reveals an acute fear of persecution from public and press alike. "If I'm out in London and I go east of a certain postcode, I definitely try and keep my head down as much as possible," he admits in his trademark transatiantic nasal drawl as we settle down to an oval table for our private summit, "because I know if I go to a pub in somewhere like Mile End, someone will come up and go, 'Oh, are you Mark Ronson' You're a fucking wanker."

onson in June 2010, hunched in his seat in the dingy top room of a pub, is a confusing creature to make out. Dressed in smart/casual clothes, black and white brothel creepers with red socks, a bright plastic Swatch type watch and a bling vintage ring embossed with his initials picked up at a flea market by his girlfriend, he's as piecemeal a person as his outfit—simultaneously confident and insouçiant while guarded and introspective, making bold assertions but tailing off into thought and repeatedly correcting himself. Behind the firm handshake and the friendly banter about Dizzee's latest record there's the distance between me and the untrusting

man who's been burned before. He's a riddle wrapped in an enigma wrapped in Gucci.

In many ways it's clear why people would try to shoot him off his perch with bile-tipped daits. First up, there's the charmed upbringing. The tales of socialite parents and formative years of some celeb-studded parties where the revolving doors to casa Ronson ushered in Rod Stewart, Bruce Springsteen and Paul McCartney for the toddler's entertainment. We've all heard the one about him going round Jacko's house to play, and in fact he's fresh out of yet another grilling from a red top about the same tired stories ("when I went to school the day after I hung out with Michael Jackson I knew better than to tell the kids at school, who would think I was lying or being obnoxious," he sighs. "I should have just stuck to that ethos"). There's the fact his mum met Foreigner's Mick Jones when he was six and he was living the rock star dream while still baring baby teeth. He obliges us by reminiscing about the times he'd "go and see them play to 25,000 people and make

"I KNOW IF I GO TO A PUB IN CERTAIN AREAS SOMEONE WILL COME UP AND GO, 'OH, ARE YOU MARK RONSON? YOU'RE A FUCKING WANKER"

my way behind the drum riser to play air drums for two hours. There was one floor tom for playing and one for beer."

Then there's his own charmed career. The early beginnings as a celebrity DJ in New York playing for the likes of Puff Daddy and Jay-Z, although – in an initial sign of his unease with how he was portrayed – he dislikes the term 'celebrity DJ'. "I never knew what that meant, if I was a D-list celebrity that DJ'd or if I was someone that DJ'd at parties where D list celebrities were. I made my name in hole-in-the-wall hip-hop clubs, so the tag seemed a bit diminishing."

All this led to more reasons for some to resent him: the jet set lifestyle, the celeb girlfriends (Daisy Lowe, The Like's Tennessee Thomas) and the famous friends (Sean Lennon as a kid, any rapper you like as an adult). Then of course there's Winehouse's multi-platinum award magnet 'Back In Black' and



ONLY JACK DANIEL KNOWS WHAT OLD NO. 7 EANS.

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Lily Allen's early career (let's forget The Rumble Strips album; even Midas had donkey ears at one point). "Having made Amy's record, at least I was a 'producer' now, rather than a 'celeb DJ'," he sighs. But it was the audacity of, and massive success of, 'Version' that brought most grief to this now internationally renowned industry behemoth. The horn-ridden covers, Daniel Merriweather singing The Smiths, Lily's take on Kaisers Chiefs - it was too much for some to bear, and he paid for it dearly.

"It bothers me because I have a thin skin," Ronson admits, ordering a lager he'll go on to barely touch. "The first time you see negative things about you, you think 'OK'. Then you start to see them pile up and you think, 'Fuck, what did I do?' I think the pinnacle was when a really good friend of mine Jamte Reynolds was number two in the NME Cool List, and when I looked in the issue I saw a picture of me. Turns out you'd run a sidebar on the least cool people right there. And it looks like Jamie and I are staring at each other. I thought, 'This kind of sucks,' but at the same time, um...

Not for the first time his languid pontifications tail off into the rancid ether of the pub. Can he laugh it off? "It stings for five minutes but then you move on," he says before being interrupted by a buzzing on the phone (no doubt some rap heavyweight or beautiful person), "but when you keep seeing them all the time it becomes a bit, um, it just becomes a little bit of a downer."

"I think that guy's far cooler than I am," Jamie Reynolds declares from a Polish beach when we call him up to talk about their friendship a few days later. "He always turns everything into a joke. You'll hear people making snide comments around him, but he's just so self-aware and self-deprecating; he's not the sort of person to be affected by that. He's an extremely humble and giving person.

He really doesn't think about himself for a second. He just wants to make people happy."

t's an odd one to reconcile, this cartoon villain that's actually a very sensitive person, but at the same time an immensely well-connected flaneur living an enviable lifestyle. He orders a shepherd's pie from the pub's sparse menu, a staunchly British choice for someone who spends most of his time in Brooklyn, and we get back on to the subject of him Googling himself.

"I only do that when I'm really bored," he insists. "It opens a whole Pandora's box.

When you hear about Jared Leto going into a chat room to chastise people, it's crazy. The only time I've answered back is the Noel Gallagher thing [where Ronson dished out a pro-Jay-Z ribbing in response to Noel's call for him to "learn three chords on the guitar and go and write a tune"], because I thought I had a funny thing to say. Any of that bickering stuff, where pop and rock is treated as a spectator Últimate Fighting Champion sport, is kind of interesting. I remember thinking Blur Vs Oasis was a fun thing to follow. But getting involved in it, unless you're prepared to get in a boxing ring and pummel each other, is a little bit petty and makes everyone look like a bunch of spoilt brats bickering in the schoolyard. A bunch of millionaire spoilt brats." Of course, lest we forget the

But all of this might just be in the past. The shepherd's pie is here and Mark's face is on our cover. Why? Because the world's least coolest man has only done gone and readied a great - if not amazing - album called 'Record Collection' to silence

'Bang Bang Bang' you'll know already. It's on Radio 1's A-list. It features a rap

legend (Q-Tip) and one of 2010's hottest tips (recent *Radar* star MNDR). It's a genuinely amazing synth shuffle of a pop banger that drops into a double beat (inspired by Pendulum). There isn't a horn in sight. You probably know 'Circuit Breaker' too, an even better tune (if a bit less commercial), the end-of-level breaks'n'beats answer to Crystal Castles, an instrumental track conjured when Ronson "tried to do something that was a cross between 'Apache' and Hot Butter's 'Popcorn'."

"There's not a lot of great instrumental records made any more," he asserts, pouring gravy all over the pie (each to his own). "Unless you count Daft Punk and people like that. Growing up in New York I played a lot of these breaks records and a lot were quite synthy: Yellow Magic Orchestra, who were like the Japanese Kraftwerk, and the Cat Stevens song 'Was Dog A Doughnut'."

While 'Version' owed a huge debt to his dad's soul and Motown collection, 'Record Collection' looks right back to a continent-hopping childhood of hip-hop and classic indie, where he'd "be singing Erik B and Rakim and De La Soul lyrics on the schoolbus in New York then buying Stone Roses twelve-inches and Wonderstuff T-shirts in London's Berwick Street market." There's a lot going on across its



THE RONISPHERE

There's shitloads of guests on 'Record' Collection'. Here's the pick of them

JONATHAN PIERCE

Drums man Jonathan doesn't lend his trademark summer breeze vocals to any tracks, but did co-write two of them.

MNDR

Vowel-hating Yeah Yeah Yeahs' touring keyboardist Amanda Warner puts her solo artist hat on and hooks up with Tribe Called Quest legend Q-Tip on lead single 'Bang Bang Bang'.

KYLE FALCONER

The wee man from The View belts it out on 'The Bike Song', a track penned by indie legend, er, Dave McCabe from The Zutons.

ANDREW WYATT

Milke Snow's multi-talented frontman wrote two tracks on the album, and lends his pipes to a third, 'You Gave Me Nothing'.

GHOSTFACE KILLAH

A Wu-Tang maestro spitting rhymes over a track written by Jonathan Pierce from indie heroes The Drums? Only Mark Ronson could make that happen, and somehow make it work.

BOY GEORGE

Roped in on vocals after 'Somebody To Love Me' started to sound a bit like 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me', George takes no prisoners (and chains no-one to any radiators).

WILEY

Taking a break from beefing with his manager on Twitter, the Rolex-loving grime man's life takes a bizarre turn as he shares vocal duties with Duran Duran crooner Simon Le Bon.

ROSE ELINOR DOUGALL

The ex-Pipette traded in the polka dots for the solo life yonks ago, and releases her debut album at the end of August. A couple of star turns on 'Record Collection' should help that along quite nicely.

THEOPHILUS LONDON

Clearly a big fan of super-producers, the alt.pop newcomer also appears on Dave Sitek's solo record, and hangs out with A-trak, OK.

What a wanker. That horn was just one day away from retirement. One day. Above right: onstage at the 100 Club in London last month 12 tracks, and Ronson promises that the only thing that he and his band The Business Intl knew going into it is that they wanted to end up with something unknown. "I knew there would be a changed sound and no covers," he says, picking up a limp green bean and waving it as a baton to make his point. "Some people, Thom Yorke being the obvious example, have this amazing creative composer gene and recreate their sonic aesthetic on every record and I needed a kick up the arse to do that. And the (pause, almost shouting) backlash from 'Version' forced me to change up."

Is he scared of another backlash? "Anyone who says all I can do is covers of songs with horns – well here I am singing a song I wrote without horns," he answers defiantly. "The album in itself is the answer. It might not be your thing, but the snarky comments from a year ago don't pull any weight now. They'll have to find a whole new bunch of reasons to hate on me."

So after a month in a Brooklyn studio with a load of Duran Duran's vintage synths (borrowed from Ronson's work on their latest album) they ended up with 'Record Collection'. "We combined the hip-hop feel that's ingrained in my DNA with afrobeat and other things then put synths on top of it," he longwindedly explains.

Try and picture it as the *second* Ronson album, the natural follow-up to the generally pretty-well-liked hip-hop heavy debut 'Here Comes The Fuzz'. Consider 'Version' an anomaly, a blip, a bad dream – whatever. He's back on track. "This record doesn't feel as commercial, it feels good," he decides. "There's raps on half the tracks, which rules you out of getting played on half the radio stations we were played on last time. People have said it's more like the first record."

It's the kind of album only a DJ could make – a genre and era séance that ferrets around the annals of music history and summons spirits of everything from ELP to Pharcyde, '60s psychedelic types Tomorrow to Devo. Propelled by frantic drums and operating on classic rap's frequency, it might just be one of the great party albums of 2010. It's obviously something he's proud of; he keeps pulling out his iPhone to play me snippets, and could probably sit all day extolling the virtues of a certain Italo-synth sound from 1976.

And it features a fair few characters from the celeb/DJ/ artist/rapper-packed Ronsonisphere, often on the same song. 'The Bike Song' was written by The Zutons' Dave McCabe and features the voice of Kyle from The View and the raps of Spank Rock, while 'Somebody To Love Me' has possibly the biggest credit count since Live Aid. Ready for the story? Get comfy, it's a convoluted one.

So one day ex-Dirty Pretty Thing Anthony Rossomando stops by the studio with some chords Mark really likes. He and his band add an afrobeat rhythm and some "weird chintzy '80s" steel drums on top. The next day, Scissor Sisters' Jake Shears and Cathy Dennis pop round (as you do) and the three of them record a track called 'Amnesian Holiday' about "a drunken Club Med-forget-everythingand-shag-anything holiday" (as you do, although Mark insists "it's not about personal experience, none of us are into Club Med hedonism"). Few days later, Somalian rapper K'Naan knocks on the door and writes "this Slumdog Millionaire song about a kid called Emmanuel that felt too earnest for the album". After all that, Ronson and the band lock themselves in the studio for three days growing beards and trying to nail the song before ending up with something that sounds like 'Do You Really Want To Hurt

Me', call up Boy George and get him to sing on it (as you do).

The Drums' Jonathan Pierce wrote two tracks, one of which sounds pretty nice when I'm played the iPhone sessions, but "he needed to preserve the identity of his band rather than being on a giant ugly pop project", so Ronson took singing sessons from Lady Gaga's vocal coach (sigh, as you do) and sung it himself. "I sound a bit like Tim Burgess on a bad day," he admits. The roll call also includes Elinor Rose Dougall, rapper Pill, the London Gay Men's Choir and Ghostface Killah, about whom Ronson was properly star struck. "I've done three songs with him and never spoken to him," he admits. "I thought if I talked to him he'd hear my voice and think I wasn't cool and would never want to work with me again."

He needn't worry. He attracts collaborators like moths to a flame, although he insists it comes naturally. "If you throw a rock in Williamsburg you've got a one-in-three chance of hitting someone talented. You'll DJ in a club and Busta

Rhymes is there and will come into the booth and give you a high five and you can hit him up for rapping on your remix or whatever," he says. Must try that down the Barfly next week.

It might sound blasé, but it's just how he rolls, and while he makes several attempts to convince me he's just a normal dude (recounting tales of being starstruck meeting Jamic T (Jamie T!), playing the bit where Busta Rhymes mentions Lily down the phone to her, and swooning at the idea of working with Duran Duran) he lives in a pretty surreal bubble.

"I'd love to have someone trail me for a week and see what it's like, working in the studio six days a week, 14 hours a day," he missts. "It's more interesting to write about the fact I dated Daisy Lowe for four months than that I have long days in the studio, but that's not why I get up in the morning." Although, with Daisy in bed, not many would get up at all.

I ask how he thinks he's perceived by the public, to an audible sigh. "I don't know about the persona," he exhales, surveying the pile-up of veg he's barely touched. "I know how the music was received. You can't control public opinion. You just have to be the person you'd like to portray, and genuinely so. Not that many people actually know me."

ou will find him in the Hamptons, jet-setting all over the world and living the '60s music mogul lifestyle dream," Jamie Reynolds clarifies on the phone the afternoon before his infamous hotel cheese orgy, "but he doesn't show off about anything he's doing."

Whether he shows off or not, music can sometimes feel like a sideshow at the Ronson carrival: the DJing an excuse to party, the Winchouse work a ticket to the Brits, the Gap adverts a cheekly little cash cow. Considering how deftly and

"ANYONE WHO SAYS ALL I CAN DO IS COVERS OF SONGS WITH HORNS - WELL HERE I AM SINGING A SONG I WROTE MYSELF, WITHOUT HORNS"

randomly he dips into the music world (as opposed to, say, slogging it out in Fucked Up for 15 years), does he think people should just be a little less precious about music? 'Stop Me If You Think That You've Heard This One Before' is not a National Trust relic, right?

"People should be more precious about music than ever," he retorts in as angry a tone as he can probably muster, "I'd much rather arryone val precious and have Smiths fans picket outside my door than have no-one care. It someone does a version of 'Stop Me...' that you don't like it makes you want to send a message to their MySpace and tell them that you're going to stab them. Although it might not be the best thing in the world to be on the



receiving end. I love that people care enough to do that When people don't care, that's when the bottom will just fall out and there'll just be shit music because no one will say anything about it."

It's 'Record Collection's title track that's really here to silence the naysayers, though. A tongue-in-cheek selt-deprecating piss-take written by none other than Kaiser Chiefs egotist Nick Hodgson, it's "a mix of 'Dedicated Follower Of Fashion' and 'Country House' and shit like that, with a bit of the 8 Mile ment lity, of saying everything about yourself so that your detractors can't say it first, and to show that you can make fun of yourself." It's reminiscent of Dizzee's 'Leisure' and it speaks for itself.

"I just got in from somewhere really good/they offered me the part of Bono and a speaking role/with all the merchandise and sunglasses I could ever need/I drive around town in a chariot/I get preferential treatment at the Marriott/But if truth be told I'm naked under all these clothes/I tell you what it is on my mind/I only want to be in your record collection/And I'll do anything it takes just to get there".

Come September he will be.

Releases 'Bang Bang' and readies third album 'Record Collection Air drums on stage to Foreigner's 'I Want To Know What Love Is' Starts own label and wins a Grammy for Kanye's 'Jesus Walks' Releases highly acclaimed debut 'Here Comes The Fuzz' Produces Lily's debut and Amy's 'Back in Black' Paul McCartney saves him from drowning Wins Brit Award for Best Male Solo Artist Becomes best friends with Sean Lennor Dates Quincey Jones' daughter Rashida Takes part in Peta's anti-fur campaign Starts playing at Puff Daddy's parties Produces tracks for Hilfigen Becomes NYC hip-hop DJ Babysat by Rod Stewart Pisses off Smiths fans Born, September 4

THE HIGHS AND LOWS OF MARK RONSON Because it's been anything but a smooth ride thus far...



HEAD TO NME.COM now for an exclusive interview, plus blogs, all the latest news and photo galleries about his new album





e're winding our way through the most famous postal district in the world. As our cab passes a never-ending line-up of five-storey monstrosities, cascading spiral driveways and 90210 mailboxes, we can't quite believe that Dave Sitek - the central pillar of the Williamsburg artrock scene, whose grotty windowless warehouse studio Stay Gold was described by Pitchfork as the "bastion of post-millennial Brooklyn cool" now lives in Beverly Hills.

All we really know of the man behind one of these doors is hearsay. As the strong, silent member of TV On The Radio he's often described in interviews as difficult, introverted, grouchy and rude. Last time NME flew halfway around the world to interview the band, he didn't even show up. He's supposed to be even more difficult as a producer - Foals said that during their recording sessions he'd walk round with a knife in one hand and a bottle of a whiskey in the other.

Yet it's hard to find any first-hand evidence of grizzly Dave. In fact, flick on YouTube and you'll find him making skits with American comedian Raaaaaaaandy about a gun-toting foul-mouthed Justin Bieber. His upcoming record 'Maximum Balloon' - the first album he's worked on where he has every writing credit - also shows signs of a more upbeat Sitek. It's synth-heavy and danceable, hell, even radio

friendly. It features to different singers (including Karen O and Gorillaz collaborators Little Dragon), most of whom are Dave's mates, all of whom (except one David Byrne) came over to his gaff to record vocals. That must mean he's fairly personable. Otherwise why would they bother?

The taxi drives further down Mulholland Drive and the houses start to get smaller and less intimidating. Eventually we arrive in a dusty drive halfway up a mountain. No big doors, no golden knockers (because, now we think about it, how much money do you actually make producing Brooklyn art-punk bands?) and outside, a middle-aged man in a T-shirt is bent under a dirtbike. He stands up, brushes himself off and shakes our hand. "Hi, I'm Dave. Come in..." Five seconds in and no weapons have been brandished; off to a good start.

Within moments of coming through the front door, Dave has dropped a hat-trick of ultra-cool titbits like they were the most mundane we've-just-had-the-hallway-painted introductions. First, him and his friends ride that dirtbike down the sheer canyon outside, doing tricks as they go. "It gets pretty risky. There's always a chance you could break your hand or worse. But I've far exceeded my goals, so who cares if I break my hand." Second, that when he decided to move both his life and his studio to LA, this secluded bungalow where you can blast your music as loud as it will go was the first place he found on Craigslist and he got it for dirt cheap "when the economy was in the shitter". Third, that once he arrived here, he found out it was where James Dean used to live. You know, like, whatever. He lights a cigarette. "So let's do this," he says, so we do. In fact, we start with the question that's been bugging us since we got here – why does everyone think you're such a bastard?

"A lot of times the impression of me is based on press junkets where you're doing 300 interviews in a row. I was a lot higher stress in New York. That city really puts the grind on you, my rent got tripled and I was still trying to preserve the ability to record any band on any budget. I think if anyone was working around 20 hours a day for 140 days in a row they'd come off weird in a magazine."

So then all that stuff with the whiskey and the knife was made up? "Oh no, I've always had weapons around, and I always had whiskey. I've always fucked around with that stuff, throwing stars and shooting guns, all of that shit. But I wasn't on some pirate kick, drinking and pulling knives on people. To me it's just like a careless version of darts.'

He giggles maniacally, a hearty nerd-boy laugh the same as Phoebe's younger brother in Friends, the one who likes to melt stuff. He does this laugh all the time, at his own jokes. But, aside from the fits of giggles, he never pauses. He answers every question with considered enthusiasm. When he's

signature dish. I'm more interested in hearing people's recipes than their demos." We want to take his word for it, but it's hard to believe that the man who most bands are too scared to work with actually spends most of his days playing Ready Steady Cook with Brooklyn's indie apostles. So we give Karen O a quick call to find with Dave always feels like a family affair. But no stress, just deep connects," she

retelling stories he even does voices. You should hear his Karen O, it's appalling.

So go on then, what does no-one know about Dave Sitek? What would really surprise us? "That I'm the biggest [legendary US TV chef] Julia Child fan there is.

I cook all the time, I've only eaten out in LA three times in two years. I'd say

Gumbo (a stew from Louisiana that takes about eight hours to prepare) is my

"Absolutely. I do other things here and that's mellowed me. I mean, I still work all

We wonder if he thinks LA has made him easier to get along with?

the time but I don't work all the time."

out if Dave is smoothing over any cracks in the recording process. "Making music tells us. "We are like a couple of kids in a sandbox when we work together." And he really cooks dinner for you while you work? "Yeah, like that day, I didn't know I'd be writing a song. I just drove the hour pilgrimage to Dave's temple in the clouds, his studio in the mountains and he played me 'Maximum Balloon', made me a delicious salmon dinner that I digested while we wrote 'Communion'."

t would seem that what makes Dave grumpy is grumpiness. Bands who are too stuck in their ways to open up to new ideas, bloggers who, as he delicately puts it, "wipe powdered cheese on their pants and type furiously that I've lost my way because I'm not using enough reverb", and that most universal bringer of bad

vibes, the landlord. But with those things out of the way, Dave is a big 38-year-old kid goofing off in his home of witty banter.

"I've always been happy, even when I was totally grumpy. I love music and I love speakers and I love working with my friends. If I dissolve out of the business part of it, I'll still keep recording, I just won't release the music."

That's what you can hear on 'Maximum Balloon', an album by someone who didn't have to make an album. There were no due dates and no A&R. It was finished when Dave said so. Like everything he's done it needs a few listens, but there's a real shift in sound from his Brooklyn work; less caught up in a scene, it owes its dues to a different set of artists, particularly the leftfield soul of Gnarls Barkley and Kelis.

We move to the sofa and Dave plays us a couple of tracks from the album: there's 'Communion', which could be a track on the first Annie album if it weren't for Karen O's unmistakable vocal. There's that appearance by Dave Byrne on 'Apartment Wrestling', which sounds more like Talking Heads than anything he's done in the past two decades. We ask to hear Holly Miranda-featuring album highlight 'The Lesson'. It sounds like Holly's just woken up in a warehouse after a one-night stand with Burial and, too embarrassed to speak to each other, they just made this. Blimey. Has Dave Sitek just made the first dubstep love song?

There's a knock at the door and Dave gets up. It's a package from 'Maximum Balloon' contributor and Brooklyn alt-pop rapper Theophilus London. Inside: a small phallic bong and a bottle of posh tequila. Dave pours us both a shot.

Why does he think that artists like Theophilus are still desperate to work with him? "Because they're crazy. There's no guarantee that it's going to be successful, there's no guarantee that I'm going to listen to anything other than the speakers. So I really don't know. I'm a handful.

But today we've learned that he really isn't much of a handful, certainly not one you couldn't handle. Why is the polite, affable Sitek still trying to come across as hard work? He must realise there's a queue of bands from here to the Hollywood sign desperate for him to twiddle their knobs. "I suppose there are a lot of bands who want to know what's going to happen next. It's exciting for them, because they don't know how it's going to end up."

And that's when the taxi comes to take us away. When we got there we didn't know if he was going to be nice or nasty. Now we don't know whether he's about to produce the next Beyoncé album, start a restaurant or crash his bike off the canyon. And that's just the way he likes it.

SITEK AT A GLAS

THE ALBUMS THAT FORGED DAVE'S REP

YEAH YEAH YEAHS -'FEVER TO TELL' (2003)

The raw, sexually charged riotpunk of three Brooklyn hipsternerds launched Dave's career.

TV ON THE RADIO - 'DESPERATE YOUTH. BLOOD THIRSTY BABES' (2004) Rich

with bluesy horn lines and vocal harmony, TVOTR's second LP was the first to be heaped with acclaim.

LIARS - 'THEY WERE WRONG, SO WE DROWNED' (2004) Did someone say vertiginous avant-garde tape loops? One of the most futuristic punk albums ever made.

FOALS - 'ANTIDOTES' (2008) The band complained that Dave's techniques made the album sound like it was recorded "in the Grand Canyon".

SCARLETT JOHANSSON- 'ANYWHERE I LAY MY HEAD' (2008) A delicate

interpretation of Tom Waits' work which we'd still want to listen to even if its singer wasn't so beautiful.

MAXIMUM BALLOON - "MAXIMUM BALLOON"

(2010) Dave invites the shining stars of his illustrious recording career over for a party where he plays host, DJ and caterer.

MEET THE KING OF SLACKERS...

WAVVES' NATHAN WILLIAMS

In just two years, the new poster boy for lo-fi indie has turned into the slightly less new poster boy who also gets in lots of fights. **Gavin Haynes** hangs out with him and his band

hen meeting Nathan Williams

- Mr Wavves himself - it is not
advisable to make your opening
gambit 'You're that faggot from
Wavves and I don't like you.' It
will not endear you. Jared Swilley from Black Lips
already tried this approach in September of 2009,
when both he and Williams found themselves at
Daddy's Bar in Brooklyn after their respective shows
in New York. Ten minutes later, he was out front,
being glassed with a wine bottle by Wavves' tour
manager, before about six burly dudes set upon him
and beat the shit out of him 'til he blacked out. Ouch.

Of course, in the public's eyes, The Swilley Incident itself was merely the epilogue to The Primavera Incident – the moment when Wavves' career shifted from that of an instant net-sensation into a popcultural punchline to an unspecified net meta-joke. Stepping out on to a festival stage high on a combination of Xanax, Valium and E, abusing the crowd to the extent that your drummer resigns onstage and pours a pint of lager over your head to massed cheers, was a lesson in how the era that can create heroes as quickly as Wavves can destroy them just as fast. The very same blogs who'd championed him overnight decided just as quickly that he was a petulant and stoopid kid whose rampant appetites had exceeded whatever modest talent he possessed.

Mad, bad and dangerous to know? The Wavves we meet in Shoreditch landmark The Old Blue Last is neither monster nor charmer. Intelligent, taciturn, sensitive, yes, but there's also something wearyingly teenage and too-cool-for-school there too. Him and his friends – drummer Billy Hayes, bassist Stephen Pope – tie the conversation in knots of stoner whimsy about aliens and Hawkwind. They clearly love each other, and are a gang who thrive on ceaseless in-jokery. So you're either in. Or you're out...

"If you get a lot of press for something, people will just criticise you for it," Williams ruminates. "Best Coast got it. No Age got it. Everyone who gets noticed gets it at some point." But the truth is that no-one would still be tracking Wavves had his forthcoming album, 'King Of the Beach', not turned out to be such an ironclad answer to all those who've questioned his talent over the past year. Musically, if certainly not physically, he's gotten clean. How clean? This clean: 'King Of The Beach' was made in an actual studio, with - get this - a real-life producer. It's all a far cry from the sludgy bedroom recordings that brought him fame on his 2008 debut 'Wavves' and its 2009 follow-up, 'Wavvves'. On 'Mickey Mouse', for instance, there's so much looping-and-whooping that it sounds like he's rinsing Animal Collective. "But the lo-fi is still there," he considers. "The thing about

doing an album in a studio is that there's nowhere to hide. Before, I could throw on lots of FX and reverb to mask anything that I didn't think was that good..."

Once, Williams managed a record shop in San Diego called Music Trader, and ran a rap blog called Ghost Ramp. Then, he broke up with his previous band – a lo-fi folksy unit called Fantastic Magic – and embarked on a scrappy-crappy even-more-lo-fi recording project of his own. Lucky for him, he'd inadvertently caught the crest of a, uh, wave – and now a whole load of these bedroom recordists were simultaneously being flung out on to the world stage: No Age, Mika Miko, Vivian Girls, Abe Vigoda... meaning that he'd become some sort of vanguard of some sort of shruggy 'movement' of lo-fi types. A 'movement' Wavves still refuses to recognise as more



"I STILL SMOKE WEED EVERY DAY" NATHAN WILLIAMS

than coincidence, despite the fact that these days, he's dating one of his musical peers - Bethany Cosentino, she of Best Coast fame (of whom more on page 28). He really doesn't want to talk about that, though ("Fine, OK, I've known her since I was 17. She's my best friend. She's an amazing musician. Is that enough?"). But the internet giveth, and the internet taketh away. And the internet, it turned out, loved talking about Wavves' foibles way more than his music. After the Primavera 'meltdown', an apology - though quickly deleted - appeared on his blog. It was followed by the cancellation of the mammoth European tour that Primavera was meant to be the start of. After the Swilley incident, the long period of silence that followed seemed to confirm that Wavves was taking some shit-straightening time-out. Not true. In fact, the idea that he's somehow learnt to moderate his excesses gets laughed out of court. "Are you serious?

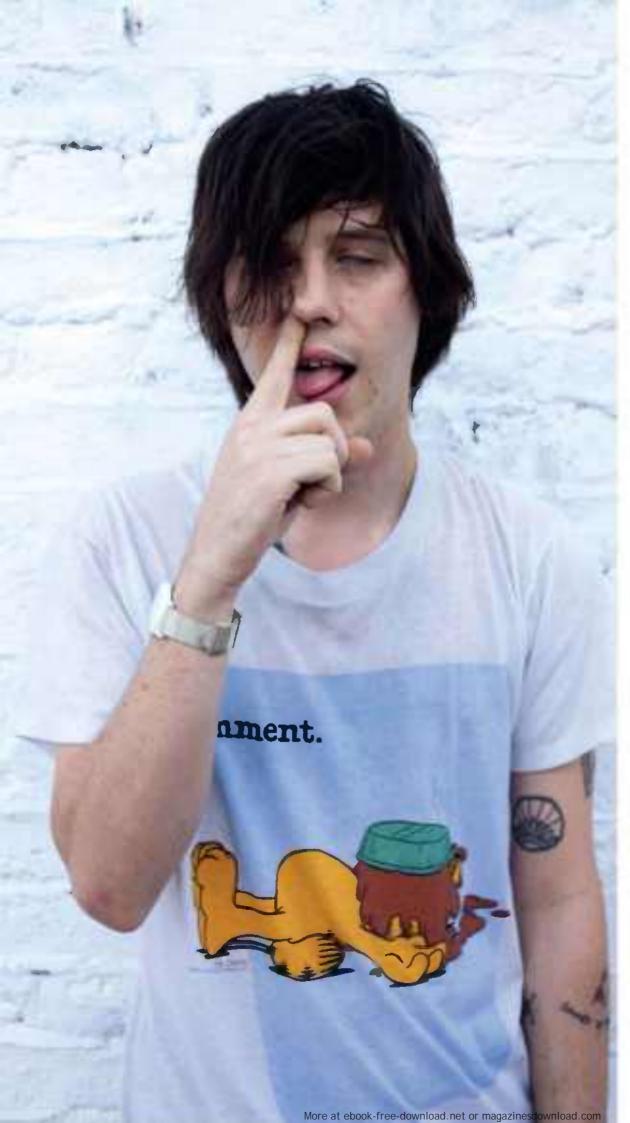
I still smoke weed every day. We smoked just now." With Pope and Hayes, he seems to have found a ganja appreciation society which can match his undimmed appetites. "It's not the heart of the band, but it's definitely the soul," muses Pope. "It takes away my anxiety, and makes me more creative..." At last night's Cargo show, they put a call out on the mic for the crowd to find them some green. Before they'd even played a note, they spent the first five minutes jawing on about the holy trinity: weed, puke and cum – Hayes telling some guy who'd catcalled them to "Get on with it", to "Get on with sucking my dick."

Pope and Hayes arrived in Wavves from Jay Reatard's band just over a year ago, a few months before Jay was found dead at his Memphis home. They moved all their stuff out of the rehearsal space secretly, then sent him a text to say they'd left the band. Jay wrote a four-word blog about it: "BAND LEFT. FUCK THEM." Things had never been easy with the notoriously volatile Reatard. "It was complicated," Hayes spits, "he was an insane character and he was our friend. He was mostly bad, but always interesting. I mean – the guy fucking attacked me multiple times! It was an insane, fucked up, arduous, horrible, brilliant thing. Then we quit. Then he died. And now he's buried in Memphis. The end."

So Wavves has given them a new lease of life. And, in turn, they've imported a heavy dose of genuine musical talent into Wavves – the rock-steady rhythm section that Williams needs to give his mumbly songs real backbone. Hayes even wrote 'Convertible Balloon' and 'Baby Say Goodbye' – the two moments where the record moves most noticeably from punk-pop to a purer pop. Pope penned the uncoiling bassline of 'Linus Spacehead'. Add to that a new producer renowned as a disciplinarian and you have a record brimming with renewed vigour and fresh ideas.

There are some jibes for the haters, but mostly there is continuity of purpose – slack is forever back. Nintendo is still cool, skateboarding still cooler. Rather than indulge in some wet comeback/self-lacerating introspection record, Wavves seems to have just got on with it. "I am," he ponders, "the happiest I've been in a long, long time. Before, I had no-one looking out for me. Everything seemed to be happening so fast, but there was no-one in the same boat as me. Now, I've got people who I can hang around with who actually understand what I'm going through." Or, as his Twitter feed more colourfully puts it: "Londn was slamin! Billy and I almost just got kicked out of our hotel for smoking a joint in the room?!? Whoevr complained is a fuckn NARK!"

Head to NME.COM/artists/wavves for more on the band including news, blogs and video footage



THE OVEW SLACKERROCK SET

The Cabin Fever

UK south coast dooble-fancier Dan Hall maintains a prolific workrate of rather wonky, skronky, lovely homemade piano pop, that sounds like an infinite cascade of '80s BBC kids' TV theme times.



Egyptian Hip Hop

The youth-encumbered Mancanian foursome (pictured above) are the proteges of Sam Eastgate from Late Of The Pier, who quite likes it when they make meandering, saucer-eyed post-everything mash-pop.

The lets

NYC bad eggs June and Josie are practically The Beatles - only a few letters' difference. That, however, is where similarities end. For, rather than serving up timeless obelisks of worlduniting lysergic pop, they have chosen to sound like the most recorded-in-a-cave-in-hell aspects of the last Black Lips album.

Herzog

These denizens of internationally renowned shithole Cleveland, Ohio, make classic hipster pop in the unvarnished style of Girls - especially on their very own 'Hellhole Ratrace' spaceballad, 'Slowest Romance'.



Crocodiles

The San Diego noisy bastard duo turned a load of heads after slacker godfathers No Age bigged up their neo-psychedelia. Second album 'Sleep Forever' drops on September 13, with SMD knobtwiddler James Ford on the dials.

Duet hils

New Jersery one-man-band Alex Phelan (pictured above) makes what, for the sake of a long-winded and ultimately pointless argument, we will call chillwave. Hence, his work sounds like a goldfish spanning 50 million light years across vomiting stars into a porcelain cup containing the souls of everyone who ever lived. His self-titled album on Not Not Fun records will sort you out.

Best Coast Turn to page 28

MUSICAL MR AND MRS

Laura Marling and Marcus Mumford

Both Laura and her Mumford & Sons frontman fella are up for the Barclaycard Mercury Prize this year. It's just like Graham Nash and Joni Mitchell all over again, though, post-Woodstock, the access to washing machines and cleaning facilities is a touch easier, thankfully.



Brian Oblivion and Madeline Follin

Just saying, but if we were spent our hometime, schooltime and bandtime with the same person, we'd pop our eyes out with spoons not to have to see their faces ever again. Not these two, who go to film school together in New York and make hype-busting lo-fi pop as Cults (above).

Marina Diamandis and Theo Hutchcraft

After sitting side by side on numerous 2010 tip lists, Marina & The Diamonds and Theo from Hurts have done the decent thing and shacked up, meaning we can now handily conflate their names and call them Marino Diamancraft. Catchy!

Kate Nash and Ryan Jarman

Wildcard Cribs frontman Ryan Jarman and re-imagined riot grrl Kate Nash last year gazumped the tabloids into thinking they'd eloped to Oregon, when they were actually just attending Ryan's sister's wedding.

Zooey Deschanel and Ben Gibbard

She & Him's 'she' married Ben Gibbard of Death Cab For Cutie – and the man behind cult electro act The Postal Service – last year. Essentially the cutesy US indie version of Posh and Becks, but with more second-hand dresses and vegan nibbles.

Eva Spence and Steph Carter

Rolo Tomassi's bellowing frontlass and Gallows guitar chap Steph Carter make slightly sweeter - and way less eardrum-perforating - music together off the stage. Let's hope that if there are ever children, they buy them some heavy-duty kiddie earplugs.



Elizabeth Sankey and Jeremy Warmsley

Talk about lovers rock, the pair behind Summer Camp (above) like each other so much they've decided to take the plunge and make lo-fi ait.pop together. They'll be getting a joint bank account next.



...AND THE SLACKER QUEEN

BEST COAST'S BETH COSENTINO

She loves Californian life and her cat nearly as much as she loves weed — **Leonie Cooper** meets the effortlessly hip leader in the West Coast's coolest stoner-indie band

ccording to the whims and wiles of popular culture, there are currently two kinds of need-to-know-about California Girl. First up is the brash showgirl, prone to prancing around in a cerulean bog bleach-shaded wig and cupcake bra. Then, strolling on behind in a floral thrift store frock, is the laid-back, slacker-rock stoner, or more specifically, Best Coast's Bethany Cosentino. Frankly, it isn't difficult to work out with whom we'd rather spend an afternoon cating cold pizza, chugging beers and watching Curb Your Enthusiasm re-runs. We're sorry to break your heart Katy Perry, but it certainly am't you, babe.

A newly anointed trio they might be – Cosentino and her wingman Bobb Bruno have recently welcomed drummer Ali Koehler into their ranks, having amicably nabbed her from their East Coast fuzz-pop contemporaries Vivian Girls – but to all intents and purposes Best Coast is a one-woman show.

"When there's one person in the band who writes the songs and whose life the songs are talking about, I think it becomes that way," starts Bethany in her Golden State drawl. "Sometimes it freaks me out, because sometimes I feel like all the focus is on me. I feel like Bobb's just as big of a part as I am, it's just that I write the songs."

To the casual observer, it might seem like Best Coast's swift ascent towards the indic major leagues has come from nowhere, with Bethany stepping out of a magical puff of pot plumes a fully formed alt.icon. Yet, if you dig a little deeper, the crowning of Bethany as the new queen of the American indie underground is no shocker. In fact, this lady's been in line to the throne since she was 15. Rising through the ranks, from teen anti-folk singer-songwriter with her major label-tempting Bethany Sharayah project through to tribal-tripping soundscapes with Pocohaunted, and now her latest incarnation, Best Coast, at age 23.

Despite this, the band's sudden rise has still come as something of a shock. "It is overwhelming," nods Bethany, "but in a good way. Sometimes it gets to me and I'm like, 'Oh my god' and I have to breathe and relax." Then there is, of course, Bethany's other coping mechanism; shitloads of weed and the occasional dalliance with anti-anxiety medication, "which is prescribed to us," she grins, "we're not just stealing it."

It might be a bit of a surprise, but perhaps one of the reasons why the sudden slingshot to alt.rock stardom isn't totally freaking Bethany out is down to the fact that him indoors, Nathan Williams, has also gone through the same thing, as the frontman of lo-fi frontrunners Wavves. Heralded online as the new Kurt and Courtney, which Bethany calls "Bullshit!", pausing to add: "I'm into being the new Kurt and

Courtney, I just don't do heroin and neither does he," the couple's relationship inspired the slushier moments on 'Crazy For You', the debut Best Coast album; 12 tracks and 28 minutes of hazy and hot slanted pop perfection. Friends since they were 18, Bethany and Nathan have luckily managed to sidestep all the awkwardness and misunderstandings that go hand-in-hand with dating musicians. "I think when you're in a band sometimes people only want to date you 'cos you're in a band," she explains, "and then you try to talk about your problems and people are like, 'Why are you complaining.""



"I'M INTO BEING THE NEW KURT AND COURTNEY"

BETH COSENTINO

razy For You', a concept album of sorts - those concepts being boys, sunshine, California, weed, cats and yet more boys - was written after Cosentino hightailed it out of New York after a flop of a year studying creative writing at pricey liberal arts college Eugene Lang. "When I was there I was miserable and I didn't want to do anything." Even so, a homesick Bethany yearned to make music, but found herself uninspired, a matter not helped by taking bizarre courses in hip-hop theory. "I would just sit in my classes and I would be like, 'Oh my god, I paid so much money to be learning about things I could Google on my own." Although she had long fantasised about moving to New York, the reality was a little different. "There were three things I related to New York; Seinfeld, Sex & The City and Woody Allen. I was like, 'Oh, that's what it's like to live in New York.' Then I got there, and I was like, 'Oh god, it's not like that at all."

So Bethany dropped out and moved back home to California, writing the very first Best Coast song --

'Sun Was High (So Was I)' – just two days later. Except in the very early days, Best Coast weren't called Best Coast, but the more deli-counter friendly Sun Dried, decided upon after a swift Google search on the terms 'summer' and 'words'.

After picking a better name, things snowballed and they became one of the most-blogged-about acts at this year's SXSW. Sadly, though, the rumours surrounding Bill Murray's love for the band after he was spotted at one of their festival showcases may have been somewhat exaggerated. "Somebody told us Bill Murray was at our show, but we don't even know if he knew who we were," admits Bethany. Contact with the Hollywood slacker don since has been pretty much nonexistent, but the fact that Thurston Moore is a big fan is definitely true. "I'm sort of friends with him," she blushes. "I have his number in my phone." How often do you call him? "Never!" There have, however, been occasional texts and a Facebook chat and, worryingly, nearly a bladder malfunction. "The first time I met him I was almost peeing my pants."

Living with Nathan in the arty, quiet residential area of Eagle Rock, Los Angeles, close to where she grew up in Glendale, Bethany is evidently something of a homebody, happiest when at home with her man and their joint collection of *Garfield* merchandise. "I have a lot," she says of her stash of cartoon cat crap, "but it's not, like, insane — I wish I had more." So why the love

for the lasagne-munching ginger tabby? "He's me as a cat, basically. He's always grumpy, he doesn't want to wake up, he just wants to lay in bed and that is pretty much how I am... I'm an only child, so I feel like I complain maybe more than most people, 'cos I was allowed to."

Garfield isn't the only feline who has a special place in Bethany's heart. She's recently had the name of her and Nathan's pet cat, Snacks, tattooed on her arm, and today she's wearing a gold necklace that bears his name. In fact, if they ever decide to go all Sonny and Cher and make a record together, it'll be a Snacksthemed "Wavves/Best Coast cat split".

Just like his owners, Snacks—who stars on the 'Crazy For You' album cover—even has a Twitter account, though, unlike Bethany, he doesn't use it to espouse his love of weed on an almost daily basis. At times almost straying into stoner parody, sample tweets of hers include, "Just lost the hugest sack of weed I am so pissed off" and "My throat literally hurts from how much weed I smoked yesterday". Thankfully Bethany Cosentino isn't just into selfishly getting high on her own supply—with the music of Best Coast, she's sharing the buzz with everyone.

Head to NME.COM/video for an exclusive interview with the band

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Resident State Administration with the party of the party.



PVT, ALAN MOORE, THEO FROM HURTS DOES THE SINGLES

Edited by Emily Mackay



SKREAMIXES

The mighty 'Let's Get Ravey' remix of 'In For The Kill' is not the only formidable cut-n-shut he's done...

Klavone "It's Not Over Yet" Slowed the breathless rush of the original down into a heavylimbed, narcotic and throbbing lurch.

Chromeo 'Night By Night' The frankly annoying

electroppers' original was made as slinky. smooth and sinister as it probably thought it was in the first place.

Bat For Lashes 'Pearl's Dream'

The 'Pour Another Glass Of Champers Remix' did the unthinkable and made the none-morefloaty Natasha Khan street-smart and fiercely danceable.

'Listening To The Records On My Wall' is about as current as 10 quid Es and VHS rave videos: Amen rhythms tumble and halt while synths rise infinitely like Escher's starrcase,

> a hymn to the brief period of stargazing hardcore before jungle turned everybody's eyes downward. In short, it does for old school what the remix did for La Roux: taking something that's quite good anyway and repackaging it for a new audience It is tempting to accuse Skream of playing it safe by hiding within the certainties of the past - but that would miss the beautiful, scrotonin-sapping point.

And did someone mention La Roux? Perhaps the most open gesture towards the mainstream is 'Finally', on which Elly Jackson adds her sweetly detached vocals to the silver-screen emoting of effervescent pads and tribalistic, clipped bongos. More traditionally structured than that festival-slaying remix, it seems to lay itself prostate at the feet of people who only liked dubstep 'cause Annie Mac said it was OK More interesting is the Todd Edwards-hued 'How Real', a collaboration with newcomer Freckles, whose vocal is cut and tweaked over gridlike 2-step, or 'CPU', which takes the 16-bit vocabulary fluent to artists such as Ikonika and rivets it to lolloping bass swagger.

However, the best passages come during flashes of stylistic coherency, where trembling, palpable suspense traps the synapses between kick and the snare. This is precisely what happens on the unfurling one-two of 'Frelds Of Emotion' and 'I Love The Way', where sprung rhythms merge and a pitched down Jocelyn Brown sample stirs the heart within its bass-battered ribcage, the closest to a dance floor epiphany without shady club dealers or the guy who barges past just as you touch the face of god.

In spite of this, there's a creeping sensation that 'Outside The Box' feels a bit, well, safe. Of course, whereas it usually takes a career to gauge how your fingermarks have shaped that big old concept called music, Oliver Jones had a pretty good idea before he had barely started shaving. 'Safety' here is just the sound of a producer in complete control, now all he has to do is push onwards. Magnetic Man, we're waiting for you. Louise Brailey

DOWNLOAD: 'Listening To The Records On My Wall', 'I Love The Way', 'CPU'

Head to NME.COM/video to watch a video of Skream's new band Magnetic Man

OUTSIDE THE BOX TEMPA

It might not push dubstep into new, uncharted waters, but the latest from the genre's mastermind shows he hasn't lost his touch



ubstep in 2010. What does that even mean? Five years ago it was simple: it meant 'Midnight Request Line', Skream's watershed record and the moment a bunch of producers became a scene. But time moves quickly when measured in white labels; now it means anything from Mount Kimbic's experiments in space and concrète to Caspa's lowfrequency jizz fests. Even the greatest legacy from debut 'Skream!' - that brooding half-step sound that speaks of malevolent souls and impoverished post codes - has been co-opted by pop stars to rub some grit into the polished grain of their production. Wouldn't it be poetic if the genre's crown prince could return to steer us through this accelerated, confused adolescence, to deliver us, in short, from Rusko? Too damn poetic.

See, the best club music isn't contrived into being, it's alchemised, viscerally, on the dancefloor. To try and work within accepted boundaries, to define and categorise, is to render the medium impotent. Like reading by strobe light, it would kill the vibe. Fittingly, 'Outside The Box' is characterised by its stylistic shapeshifting, a product of a guy who gets through harddrives like most people get through Post-It notes - yet avoids the earthy smell of desperation. A producer struggling to find a voice could never craft the sodium-lit melancholia of 'Perforated' with such emotional poise. And those saxophone arabesques reminiscent of Laurent Garnier's 'The Man With The Red Face' on 'The Epic Last Song'? They could never be applied tokenistically without looking like a dick.

Still, while lots of ground is covered, little is broken. Album high point and lead single



PVT CHURCH WITH NO MAGIC WARP

Not letting a name change set them back, the Aussie trio are pushing synthy post-rock into new shapes



We've seen some of the best minds of our generation destroyed by boredom. Processed beats. regurgitated ideas and tired talent have all claimed their

victims when we weren't looking.

Take MIA. Sure, her neverending paranoia and sheer gobbiness makes her a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma topped off with a generous helping of puzzle. But Maya Arulpragasam's third offering didn't quite hit the spot the rest of us thought she'd be aiming for. Of course it was good. It just wasn't great.

You can't help but think that if MIA had enlisted the help of PVT, instead of her usual-rent-a-subjects, '\\\\Y\\' may have been the daring record that everyone was hoping for.

It's pretty hard to deny that the two acts are deploying the same reference points suicide, electronic experimentalism, general weirdness. What is different is how they've used them and what they've done with them.

Much like Delia Derbyshire during her BBC Radiophonic Workshop days, this Australian three-piece - recently forced to change their name from Pivot by another band of that name - are taking sounds they would find every day, whether it be from musical objects or not, and combining them with great ideas borrowed from bands of yore to make them something

exciting and altogether new (much like Arulpragasam did on 'Kala').

Richard Pike's Alan Vega-inspired vocal on 'Church With No Magic' and his Jimmy Eat World falsetto on 'Window' showcase the sense of endless possibility and experimentation underlying the album, the follow-up to 2008's 'O Soundtrack My Heart'.

Pike's yawning insouçiance on 'Circle Of Friends' lulls the listener into a false sense of security, as do his mellow Gregorian chants on 'Crimson Swan' - just before the track builds into a Sunn O))) powerhouse of dulled psychedelia and hypnotic, synth-powered stoicism.

The countless homages to Derbyshire within 'Community', 'Light Up Bright Fires' and 'Waves And Radiation' - allow chinks of light to penetrate PVT's dark exploration of Suicide-style industrial cynicism and Aphex Twin's trademark mix of electronic schizophrenia and melancholia, recaptured with striking success on 'The Quick Mile'.

But what PVT really prove here is that it's not what or who you know - however MIA might sometimes make it seem so - but how you use what you know that achieves memorable results. PVT don't cower at the feet of their influences so much as stand shoulder to shoulder with them. They may be Pivot no more, but they're turning heads - and for all the right reasons. Ash Dosanjh

DOWNLOAD: 'Church With No Magic', 'Window', 'Waves And Radiation'

Faces To Names... What the reviewers are doing this week



LOUISE BRAILEY

"I've been gorging myself on old Momus records and trying to work out how to tell my mum I'm moving to Berlin. I guess this is how."



JOHN DORAN

"I have just returned from the Arctic Circle, where I played some surprised sea otters Mogwai and Slaver and crashed a motorboat into a ferry.



ASH DOSANJH "I've been watching Guy Pearce's new film Animal Kingdom and checking out Moon Duo live - both of which I would recommend highly."

CAITLIN ROSE

OWN SIDE NOW NAMES



Folk these days are sticklers for authenticity if you dabble in genres that had their heyday before you were born - just ask Laura Marling. Some

might quibble about Nashville native Caitlin Rose's debut, loath to believe that this gorgeous, bright collection was written by a 22-year-old, but they'd be wrong to. Indebted to the glorious hymnal quality of Linda Ronstadt and perky heartbreak chroniclers The Shangri-Las, it's laced with quirky observations rather than smoothy country platitudes. Similarities to She & Him abound, but minus Zooey's showtune splendor, the vulnerability in Caitlin's voice chimes as true as the clink of a quarter in an old jukebox. Laura Snapes

DOWNLOAD: 'For The Rabbits'

MENOMENA MINES

CITY SLANG/COOPERATIVE MUSIC



Menomena didn't have a whale of a time making this record, which is not surprising when you hear its challenging clash of ideas and musical styles. But

'Mines', in all its sprawling glory, needs to be heard to be believed, because somehow the Portland, Oregon art.rock trio manage to hold it together despite admitting they spent the songwriting process picking apart what each other had penned and "breaking each others' hearts along the way". They should probably piss each other off more often if it gets results like this; each track on their fourth boasting a captivating blend of experimentalism and depth. Camilla Pia DOWNLOAD: 'Oh Pretty Boy, You're Such A Big Boy'

TRICKY MICKY

THE MICK'S TAPE LAD RAP PROMOTIONS



Given that he has the worst MC soubriquet ever, and releases his debut set on a record label called Lad Rap Promotions, it could be

said that London rapper Tricky Micky has made a few rods for his back. The single 'You Want Some' (chorus: "You want some? You want some? You want some? Come on then!") rather adds to the air of beer-fuelled numbskullery, but 'The Mick's Tape' actually reveals a rhymer of wit and skill, who lampoons the idiocy of the pub-club-kebab-fight hamster wheel as much as he celebrates it. If Lad Rap becomes a 2010 thing, as seems likely, then the scene seems to have found its figurehead. Pete Cashmore DOWNLOAD: 'Don't Come Around'



BATHS

CERULEAN ANTICON



While 'Cerulean' might refer to the colour of the sky, this music is as far from the blues as you can get. Pulsing synths à la Walls, distorted but sweet

vocals in the vein of How To Dress Well and richly acoustic folktronica arrangements are only part of the story here. While Baths (LA-based former Post-Foetus artist Will Wiesenfeld) exists as part of the backpacker hip-hop Anticon family, he perverts their usual vocal aesthetic. Some tracks have the precarious barbershop of cLOUDDEAD or the accusatory monotone of Why? but many are instrumentals acting as an edgy counterpoint to the glo-fi of Washed Out. A satisfyingly polychromatic treat. John Doran DOWNLOAD: **



ALAN MOORE

UNEARTHING LEX

The comic book auteur's spoken-word effort is one of the albums of the year. Seriously...



"WTF?" you cry. "You expect us to believe that a spoken-word album by a man with a Northamptonshire accent, who looks like Hagrid's dad, backed with tuneless guitar and

accompanied by photos of Shooter's Hill in London, is one of the releases of the week?" No, we expect you to believe that this two-hour prose poem work of psycho-geography, avant garde music and cutting-edge photography is one of the releases of the month, if not the year. "Alan Moore, knows the score" rapped Pop Will Eat Itself on their 1989 single 'Can U Dig It?' and the reputation of this comic book author (Watchmen, V For Vendetta, Swamp Thing), occultist, publisher and psychedelic investigator has grown in the same way PWEI's hasn't. The loose story is that of his best friend Steve Moore (no

relation) who bought a Chinese sword in 1976 and used it in a magical ritual, and how this affected his next 35 years. Steve, who lives in the same room he was born in 61 years earlier, is a living metaphor for the history, geography and geology of Shooter's Hill and a conduit into a world of Greek gods and spiritual manifestations. That the music here was produced unegotistically by leading lights of ındie rock (Stuart Braithwaite), industrial (Justin Broadrick of Godflesh), heavy metal (Mike Patton), avant rock (Zach Hill) and leftfield hip-hop (Crook&Flail) tells you about the high regard the comic book savant is held in. This said, will you be reaching for 'Unearthing' to get your party started? No. Will you be recommending it? No. Is it a great work of art? Yes. Written by a man who looks like he lives in a hedge and worships a glove puppet? Yes. WTF indeed... John Doran DOWNLOAD: 'Disappearing', '1985', 'Friday'

THE SOUNDCARRIERS CELESTE MELODIC



Though 'Last Broadcast' finds them tuning in to the same kind of psych/ kraut thrum The Horrors harkened to on 'Sea Within A Sea', Nottingham's

Soundcarriers are less 'Primary Colours', more 'Dots And Loops'; they're not named after a Stereolab song for nothing. The influence of everyone's favourite Anglo-French psych-poppers looms large on the likes of 'Step Outside' and 'Long Highway'. It's masterfully executed, but those cooed vocals, Love-ish guitars and burbling keys verge on the pastiche-y. Things get more exciting when Can-ish wanderings lead them into the paranoiac edges explored by Broadcast, and all traces of lava lamp kitsch are boiled away. *Emily Mackay*

SKY LARKIN

KALEIDE WICHITA



Retaining your sprightly playfulness while making a mature comeback isn't easy, but Sky Larkin straddle the two with ease. 'Tiny Heist' deals with adult

aspirations while skipping from post-punk drumming to brightly galloping guitar, and Katie Larkin's blithe lyrical technique often points to a much deeper truth, as on 'ATM' - "Was I harrowed to the marrow when I felt shallow to the shock?" The only letdown is 'Anjelica Huston', the Addams Family matriarch's name intoned ad nauseam. Musically it's brilliant though, military drums and stabbing organs throwing hints to Arcade Fire. "I know there's potential", she sings on 'Still Windmills'. Sky Larkin have it in spades. Laura Snapes

THE RIDER What we're reading, watching and scamming



I Need That Record! Ever mourned the loss of the independent record store? Yep, so has filmmaker Brendan Toller. This witty, affectionate documentary sees him travelling the length and breadth of the US in

search of answers.



Book
Steven Adler: My
Appetite For
Destruction

The original GN'R drummer doesn't hold back in this revelatory autobiography that provides a glimpse of life inside the seminal rock band. Expect lots of drug anecdotes.



Fancy yourself as a DJ but don't have the vinyl to play with? Connect three iPods, iPhones or MP3 players to the MixTM Digital Boombox from Altec Lansing and act like you're a big spinning star. Go to NME.COM/ win to grab one.

SINGLES THEO HUTCHCRAFT (HURTS)

DJ HELL FT BRYAN FERRY YOU CAN DANCE GIGOLO



"It was the mambo talking". Haunting, hypnotic and arrestingly modern. While being frighteningly unmistakable, Bryan Ferry manages to sound like

a mixture between Tiga, James Murphy and Green Velvet, as DJ Hell's Bergheim hardware throbs and moans underneath, How I imagine 'The Safety Dance' sounds on Ketamine.

GET CAPE, WEAR CAPE, FLY FEAT, SHY FX collapsing cities



COOKING VINYL

"A built-in commode". Musicians fade into obscurity, it's just "what happens". Whether it's from the sugar-coated

pedestal of twee-folk blog-blivion or out of the stereo of a Nova in Moss Side, they end up in the same place. Sometimes they meet each other, borrow a beat from The Shamen's bin, make a song that sounds like a Reverend tribute band and try to take over the world.

I AM ARROWS





"You ran away". The long-haired one from Razorlight (I) has written some more tunes. This one sounds like Ween, Gomez (no wait, come back...) and

a happy Beck. It makes me feel warm inside. He just needs to be careful his drummer doesn't write his most popular song.

EMINEM FEAT RIHANNA LOVE THE WAY YOU LIE ISLAND



"Ilike the way it hurts". Eminem is one of the greatest artists of all time. That's just a fact. 'Not Afraid' was possibly the best and most uplifting single of his

career, and 'Recovery' is another masterpiece for many reasons. Along with Pink, Rihanna is a surprising collaboration on the album for some, but her enchanting deadpan crooning of "Just gonna stand there and watch me burn..." sends shivers up the spine.

ELLIE GOULDING

THE WRITER POLYDOR



"I can smell your skin". A soft, cotton flag waving on the helm of the Good Ship Goulding. A showpiece of clarity and purity on an album which

sometimes offers an awkward, slightly unnatural vision. But here she is, and this time she's comfortable. It sounds like I imagine driving home from college in a Ford Ka in the blazing summertime sun should.

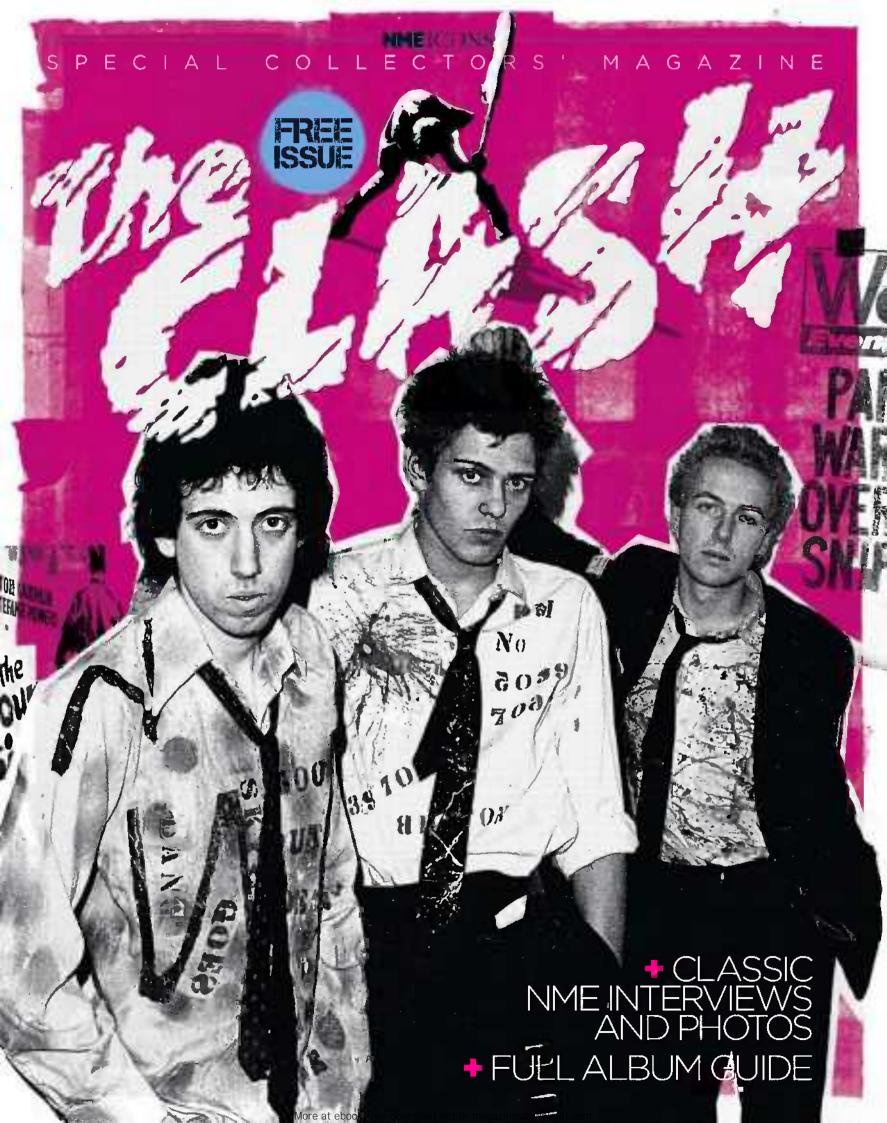
CEE LO GREEN NO ONE'S GONNA LOVE YOU



"it's looking like a limb torn off". Vivid lyrics and a voice as soft as silk, which cuts deeper than glass. Musically, this Band Of Horses cover may sound a

little like One Republic or K'Naan, but Cee Lo's voice alone just makes me want to cry myself to sleep. It is reassuringly tragic. Like the soft drone of a hearse's engine.







LAID DOWN A LOT OF TRACKS, FOUNDATIONS AND FURROWS FOR US..."



Kicking off our 16-page tribute to The Clash, Carl Barât explains why they mean so much to him and The Libertines



oe Strummer used to live near my family – my sister went to college with his missus. I hat's been a good thing to tell people! She used to bubysit his kids, so I met Joe Strummer for the first time picking up my sister. Back then I was probably into Rick Astley... but I realise now that they laid down a lot of tracks, foundations and furrows for us when we formed. The Libertines.

Between The Clash and the Pistols The Clash always seemed to have it. The Clash very much were reactionary. They had the power to really shock and they wanted to as well, but they didn't rely on it. If the Sex Pistols didn't shock, it wasn't really the Pistols, but The Clash had the laid-back thing and a lot more of that West Indian groove too. They were a lot more poppy and a lot more musical than people think. I did a cover of 'Janie Jones' for charity: it was just the freedom within the song and its spirit that I like.

Mick produced us in The Libertines, and would often play us The Clash he'd put on 'The Guns Of Brixton' and I'd say, 'You should take out that [production mistake] 'poing' noise,' and he said, 'Yeah... but that's The Clash!'"

I liked Mick's honesty to music. In the studio he had a look in his eye, he said things had to be great and they would be great. You trusted him whole heartedly, reciprocate and do your very best. He's a nice fella.

What's my favourite Clash song? Probably 'English Civil War' Why? Because it just says to me... 'riot!' and that's The Clash

Carl Barât The Libertines

MERVIEW BY JAMIE FULLERTON PHOTOS: GETTY, ROGER SARGENT R PHOTO: GHEII A ROCK/ARK SEATURES INNE ICOMS: THE CLASH FOLTED

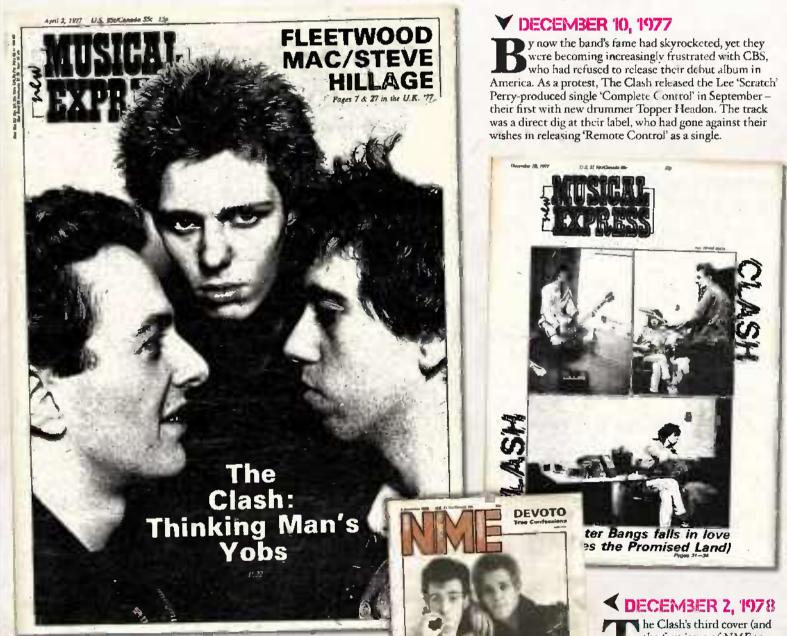
For more on The Libertines and Mick Jones' collaboration – including exclusive in-the-studio photos – get the NME Icons Special Collectors'

Magazine on The Libertines, which is on sale now. See NME.COM/store for details

CAREIR OPPOR

The Clash evolved from a London bedsit band into punk warriors, conquerors of America and eventually one of Britain's most influential acts.

NME was there every step of the way...

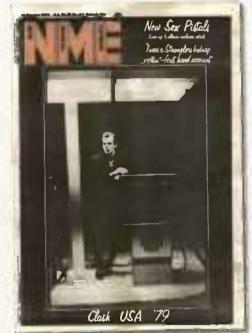


APRIL 2, 1977

randed 'Thinking man's yobs' on their very first NME cover in April 1977 (read the feature over the page), The Clash had formed the previous year in Shepherd's Bush after John Mellor – later to take the name Joe Strummer – left his band the 101'ers to join forces with London SS's Mick Jones, bassist Paul Simonon and – briefly – guitarist Keith Levene. In July 1976 they played their first gig as support to the Sex Pistols in Sheffield, before signing a whopping £100,000 deal with CBS Records in January 1977 and releasing their debut, self-titled album that April.

he Clash's third cover (and the first issue of NME to feature the magazine's current logo) came three weeks after the release of their second album 'Give 'Em Enough Rope', which was recorded in London, San Francisco and New York, and went to Number Two in the UK charts In February 1979 they would embark on their first tour of the USA, with the legendary Bo Diddley as

TUNTES

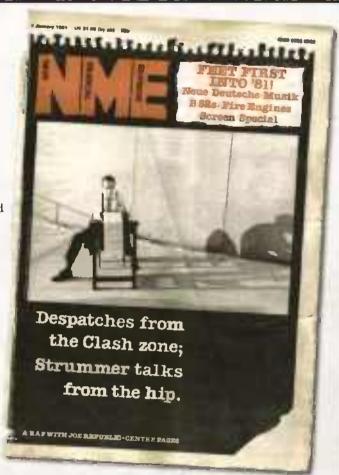


✓ OCTO3ER 13, 1979

he Clash recorded their triumphant third album 'London Calling' at the end of the summer of '79 in Wessex Sound Studios in Highbury with producer Guy Stevens. A double album, it was released in December to huge critical acclaim. It was followed a year later by the ambitious 'Sandinistal', a triple album of 36 tracks with an international musical scope, taking in everything from gospel to jazz to calypso to folk to dub, and all points in-between

MINUARY 3, 1981

he lead track on 'Sandinista!' was 'The Magnificent Seven', released as a single in April 1981. Arguably the first ever rap song by a white group, it was inspired by New York hip-hop. The Clash scrapped plans for a US tour and were instead booked to play 17 shows at Bond's International Casino in New York throughout May and June of 1981.



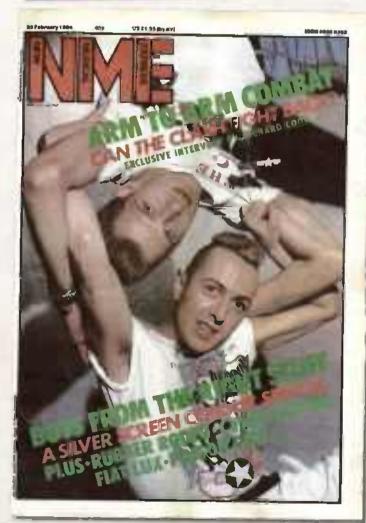
✓ FE3RUARY 25, 1984

he final Clash album was released in November 1985. 'Cut The Crap' – a name allegedly given to the album by manager Bernie Rhodes without the band's consent – featured only two members of the original line up, Strummer and Simonon, with Jones by now having moved on to his own band, Big Audio Dynamite. The record was soon renounced by Strummer and fans alike, and what was left of The Clash disintergrated.

MARCH 9, 1991

we years after they disbanded, The Clash scored their only UK Number One single with 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go', which was reissued after being featured on an advert for Levi's, First released in 1982, the song was written about Jones' turbulent relationship with Meat Loaf backing singer Ellen Foley. By now Strummer and Jones had reconciled, with the former even guesting on Big Audio Dynamite tracks. Despite being on good terms a Clash reunion never took place before Strummer's death on December 22, 2002, from an undragnosed congenital heart defect. In 2003, the band were named Godlike Geniuses at the NME Awards and joined the Rock & Roll Hall Of Fame.





STENGUNSIN ICNG-TS3RIDGE



For their first ever

NME cover, 'hip young
gunslinger' Tony Parsons
meets the thinking man's

yobs on their home turf in London

– and finds out why 1977 is going

to be their year

T AIN'T PUNK, IT
AIN'T NEW WAVE, it's
the next step and logical
progression for groups to
move in. Call it what you
want – all the terms stink.
Just calf it rock'n'roll..."

You don't know what total commitment is until you've met Mick Jones of The Clash. He's intense, emotional, manic depressive and plays lead guitar with the kind of suicidal energy that some musicians lose and most musicians never have. His relationship with Joe Strummer and Paul Simonon has the love/hate intensity you only get with family.

"My parents never... the people involved with The Clash are my family"

The Clash and me are sitting around a British Rail table, in one of those railway station cafes where the puce-coloured paint on the wall is peeling, and lethargic, non-white slave labour serves you tea that tastes like cat urine

Joe Strummer is an ex-ror'er and the mutant offspring of Bruce Lee. He's got a no-bullshit sense of tough that means he can talk about a thrashing he took a while back from some giant, psychotic Teddy Boy without the slightest pretension, self-pity or sense of martyrdom.

"I was too pissed to deal with it and he got me in the toilets for a while," Joe says. "I had a knife with me and I should a stuck it in him, right? But when it came to it I remember vaguely thinking that it wasn't really worth it, cos although he was battering me about the floor, I was too drunk for it to hurt that much and if I stuck my knife in him I'd probably have to do a few years..."

They've hed aggrevation with everyone from Teds to students to Anglo-rednecks, all of them frightened pigs attacking what they can't understand. But this ain't the summer of love, and The Clash would rather be kicked into hospital than flash a peace sign and turn the other cheek.

"The people involved with The Clash are my family" MICK JONES

"We ain't ashamed to fight," Mick. Iones says.

"We should carry spray cans about with us," Paul Simonon suggests.

He's the spike-haired bass player with considerable pulling power. Even my kid sister fancies him. He's from a south London ex-skinhead background; white Sta-prest Levi strides, highly polished DM boots, button-down Ben Sherman shirt, thin braces, eighth-of-an-inch cropped hair and over the football on

a Saturday running with The Shed because, for the first time in your life, the society that produced you was terrified of you.

And it made you feel good...

Paul came out of that, getting into rock'n'roll at the start of last year, and one of the first bands he ever saw was the Sex Pistols. Pure late-'70s rock, Paul Simonon. In Patti Smith's estimation he rates alongside Keef and Rimbaud. He knew exactly what he was doing when he named the band The Clash.

The Clash demand total dedication from everyone involved with the band, a sense of responsibility that must never be betrayed no matter what internal feuds, ego clashes or personality crises may go down. Anyone who doesn't have that attitude will not remain with The Clash for very long and that's the reason for the band's biggest problem – they ain't got a drummer.

Mick explodes at the mention of this gap in the line-up and launches into a stream-of-consciousness, expletive-deleted soliloquy, with talk of drummers who bottled out of broken glass confrontations, drummers whose egos outweighed their creative talent, drummers who are going to get their legs broken.

"Forget it, it's in the past now," Joe tells him quietly, with just a few words cooling out Mick's anger and replacing it with something positive. "If any drummer thinks he can make it, then we wanna know."

"We're going to the Pistols' gig tonight to find a new drummer!" Mick says excitedly. "But they gotta prove themselves," he adds passionately. "They gotta believe in what's happening. And they gotta tell the truth..."

We make for Rehearsal Rehearsals, the band's north London studio. An enormous building once used as a British Rail warehouse, only part of it is in use at the moment, a large expanse of property with no lighting, ruled by rats and water.

Upstairs, Joe, Mick and Paul look

glad to have guitars in their hands again. The walls are covered with posters of Bruce Lee, Patti Smith, the Pistols and The Clash themselves.

A large map of the United Kingdom faces the old TV set where Hughie Green is being sincere with the speech turned down. Biro graffiti stains the screen. The television is not treated like the Holy Grail in this place. I watch Joe playing a battered guitar with all but two of its strings missing and think about his comments when I wanted to know how he would cope with financial success when and if it came...

"I ain't gonna fuck myself up like I seen all those other guys fuck themselves up," he said. "Keeping all their money for themselves and getting into their head and thinking they're the greatest. I've planned what I'm gonna do with my money if it happens. Secret plans..."

I could be wrong, but at a guess the development of Rehearsal Rehearsals into anything from a recording studio to a rock venue to a radio/TV station seem like possible Strummer visions for when The Clash get the mass acceptance they deserve.

As we talk about how The Clash have reacted to putting their music down on vinyl, I tell them that the major criticism people not familiar with their songs have expressed is that the unique Strummer vocal style makes understanding their brilliant lyrics almost impossible.

"The first time we went into a studio with a famous producer he said, 'You better pronounce the words, right?" Joe remembers with his amused sneer.

"So I did it and it sounded like Matt Monroe. So I thought, 'I'm never doing that again.' To me, our music is like Jamaican stuff—if they can't hear it, they're not supposed to hear it. It's not for them if they can't understand it."

The Clash say that signing to CBS has not diminished their integrity, but, even with the band's attitude of



No Compromise, a termination of contract in the manner of the Pistols seems most unlikely.

They believe the sound on the album to be superior to that of the single because the latter was cut during one of their first sessions, after the decision to let their soundman Micky Foote produce the band, even though he had no previous experience in production.

"We tried the famous ones," Joe

"Ourside, there ain't no young producers in tune with what's going on." Mick says.

"The only way to do it is to learn how to do it yourself."

"You do it yourself because nobody else cares that much," Micky Foote, boy wonder producer tells me, his sentiments totally in keeping with the clan spirit in the Clash camp.

The band talk of their respect for their manager Bernard Rhodes, who has been a major influence on all of them, and who has made enemies because of his obsessive commitment "We do respect him," Mick adds.
"He was always helping and giving constructive criticism long before he was our manager." Mick points at the other members of the band and himself. "But the heart is there."

I ask them about their political leanings. Do they believe in left and right or is there just up and down?

They reply by telling me about a leftist workshop they used to frequent because they enjoyed the atmosphere—and also because it gave them an opportunity to nick the paints they needed for their artwork.

"It was really exhilarating there," Mick says. "They used to play Chinese revolutionary records and then one day the National Front threw bricks through the window.

"The place didn't shut, though. So they burned the whole joint down."

"I always thought in terms of survival," Mick says. "These people are the opposition of free speech and personal liability. And they're trying to manipulate the rock medium."

Then he repeats something that he said earlier, reiterating the importance of The Clash: "And I ain't ashamed to fight..."

It has been over a year since Mick Jones, Paul Simonon and their friend Glen Matlock first met Joe Strummer down the Portobello Road and told him that he was great but his band was shit.

"I've always thought in terms of survival – I ain't ashamed to fight"

MICK JONES

Later, Joe talked to Bernard Rhodes and, 24 hours after, he showed up on the doorstep of the squat where Mick and Paul were living and told them he wanted in on the band.

And from the top of the monolith tower block where they wrote their celebration of The Westway, you can gaze down through the window of, as Mick Jones puts it, "one of the cages", and see that London is still burning...

"All across the town/All across the night/ Everybody's driving with four headlights/ Black or white, turn it on, face the new religion/Everybody's drosoning in a sea of television/Up and down the Westway/In and out the light/ What a great traffic system. It's so bright/I can't think of a better way to spend the night/Than speeding around underneath the yellow lights/But now I'm in the subrowy, looking for the flat/This one leads to this block and this one leads to that/The wind bowls through the empty blocks looking for a bome/But I run through the empty stone because I'm all alone/London's burning, baby...

"Each of these high-rise estates has got those places where kids wear soldiers' uniforms and get army drill," Mick says quietly. "And they got an artist to paint pictures of happy workers on the side of The Westway. Labour liberates and don't forget your place." He looks down at the fire hundreds of feet below.

"Can you understand how much I have this place?" he asks me. 1977 is the year of The Clash.

S-IQULD I BUY C

Whether you're new to The Clash or you've been a fan for years, the ba

he facts are this: between 1977 and 1985 The Clash released six studio albums, starting with their self-titled debut and ending with 'Cut The Crap', However, unlike their punk contemporaries, the Londoners signed to a major label, CBS (now Columbia). Despite fanzine Sniffin' Glue declaring that punk died the day the deal was done, it has in fact meant the band's legacy has lived on a lot longer then their brief career.

Not only do we have the studio records, but there are also collections such as 'Black Market Clash' and 'Clash On Broadway' that have gone on to enjoy treasured status among longstanding fans. There's also been some decent reissues and legacy editions to tempt fans and newcomers alike.

Rather than present a straightforward discography - that's what's Wikipedia is for - we've scoured

The band's legacy bas lived on a lot longer than their actual career

the band's back catalogue to recommend some releases that deserve a place in your record collection, whether you're buying your first Clash album or you're revisiting your past.

For the sake of ease we've stuck to the original studio albums, though if they really do take your fancy 'legacy editions' boasting DVDs and B-sides exist, while there are also several films and documentaries worth checking may we humbly recommend Don Letts' Westway To The World and Julien Temple's 2007 Joe Strummer film The Future Is Unwritten. In the meantime, head to NME.COM for our ultimate Clash playlist and then get your Clash chops around these releases. So, ask yourself, just what kind of fan are you, and then get these albums...

BEGINNER

New to The Clash? We won't ask where you've been, but just welcome you onboard with Messrs Strummer, Jones, Simonon and co. Although the band's output is modest compared to the likes of U2 or REM, in punk terms The Clash's back catalogue is positively Toistoy-esque in its length. Here are three records to get you from beginner to pogomaster instantly.



THE CLASH

RELEASED APRIL 8, 1977

Where it all began: the self-titled debut album. You need to understand the raw energy, attitude and rebellion of the band to truly get The Clash and this is the only way to do it. Recorded with the band's live soundman and featuring the likes of 'White Riot' and 'London's Burning' it vividly captures The Clash's punk spark.

FAN

Looking for a little bit more than the band's most accessible moments? Then it's time to delve into their most artistically ambitious work. The Clash's more experimental moments prove charming and sometimes revolutionary, while if you loved the energy of their debut, some scratchy live recordings might be to your taste.



SANDINISTA!

RELEASED DECEMBER 12, 1980

A triple album to follow the two-disc 'London Calling', 'Sandinista!' takes in jazz, reggae, rockabilly, dub and even children mucking around on the piano. It's not for everyone -Kurt Cobain blamed it for "not letting me get into punk" for years - but the likes of 'Somebody Got Murdered' and 'Charlie Don't Surf' are a must for all true Clash fans.

DIE-HARD

If you've made it to the end of 'Sandinista!' and savoured the field recordings then there is only one thing for it - the full back catalogue (well, almost - see below). To be honest, there is very little that can go wrong as you trek deeper into the depths of The Clash, but you've got to prioritise. Featuring two of the band's 'lesser' albums in this section, let us stress we're only calling them that relative to The Clash's high standards.



GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE

RELEASED NOVEMBER 10, 1978

The band's second album was criticised by many for its 'clean' production courtesy of Blue Oyster Cult's Sandy Pearlman. But with the benefit of hindsight the quality of 'Safe European Home', 'Tommy Gun' and 'Stay Free' shine through. That said, the half a dozen duffers here mean it's not essential.



OK, if you've made it this far in terms of furthering your Clash collection, then either you used to roadie for the band, or you're one of those people who simply have to have it all. Be warned, though - while there's some pretty amazing stuff down here, there's also more ghastly shocks lurking in among the treasure. Buyers beware ...



CUT THE CRAP

RELEASED NOVEMBER 4, 1985

Officially The Clash's last ever album, and god we wish it wasn't... well actually, with Headon and Jones sacked before its recording, it doesn't really even count. It does provide a home to 'This Is England', but the fact that Clash folklore says the album title was changed from 'Out Of Control' without the band's knowledge says it all really.

R SI-ICULD I GOT

nd's enviable back catalogue offers a host of riches. Here's our guide...



LONDON CALLING

RELEASED DECEMBER 14, 1979

One of punk's few true masterpieces, it finds the band at their peak both creatively and performance-wise. The double album was ambitious at the time, yet avoids any duff songs; not only are the likes of 'Train in Vain', 'The Guns Of Brixton' and the title track all classics, it also boasts possibly the world's coolest album cover.



THE SINGLES

RELEASED JUNE 4, 2007

If those two albums have whetted your appetite, then this remastered version of The Clash's singles collection provides a snappy overview of their whole career. OK, so some absolutely blinding album tracks are missed off, but there is very little here to question as the band's single choices are run out in non-chronological order.



FROM HERE TO ETERNITY (LIVE)

RELEASED OCTOBER 1999

Accompanying the release of regular collaborator Don Letts' documentary Westway To The World, this album pulls together some of The Clash's best live moments. Highlights include a US recording of 'The Magnificent Seven' and 'London's Burning' from the '78 anti-fascist rally in London.



THE ESSENTIAL CLASH

RELEASED APRIL 22, 2003

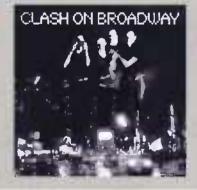
Dedicated to Joe Strummer, who passed away while the album was being compiled, this double-disc set provides a fuller overview of the band, pulling in a few more album tracks and B-sides. Notably includes 'This Is England' – a co-write between Strummer and manager Bernie Rhodes – which helped inspire the film of the same name.



COMBAT ROCK

RELEASED MAY 14, 1982

Mick Jones and Topper Headon's last Clash album before they were forced out of the band, this was their biggest seller at the time. Including 'Rock The Casbah' and 'Straight To Hell', the album boasts a more coherent approach than previous efforts. That said, some anonymous material does pad it out a bit.



CLASH ON BROADWAY

RELEASED NOVEMBER 19, 1991

Named in honour of the band's 17-date residency a decade earlier at New York's Bonds International Casino, this three-CD set is the motherload. Singles, album tracks, B sides, outtakes and previously unreleased tracks mingle side by side. Also boasts a fabulous set of sleeve notes.



THE SINGLES BOXSET

RELEASED OCTOBER 30, 2006

Essentially the deluxe version of the singles collection above, this boxset features each song and its B-side on an individual CD complete with original artwork. Only for the true fanatic – althought there is still one further level of fandom to attempt: the whole package was also available on seven-inch vinyl as a highly limited-edition set.



SUPER BLACK MARKET CLASH

RELEASED OCTOBER 26, 1993

This oft-reissued compilation rightly earns its place alongside the studio albums, and any self-respecting fan should own it. Essentially a B-sides and rarities set, important Clash cuts such as 'Jail Guitar Doors', 'The Prisoner' and 'Justice Tonight/Kick It Over' are only otherwise available on one of the boxsets.

EXTRACTS FROM A THREE-PART SERIES FIRST PUBLISHED IN NME IN DECEMBER 1977

SAYS LESTER BANGS (AMONG OTHER THINGS)

Six days on the road with the

foremost garage band in the land... the legendary rock writer comes was thinking about giving up face-to-face with The Clash, writing about music altogether last year when all of a sudden their politics and their fans I started getting phone calls from all these slick magazine journalists who wanted to know about this new phenomenon called 'punk rock'. I was a little bit confused at first, because as far as I was concerned, punk rock was something that had fed up they were with everything. first raised its grimy snout around 1966 in groups like The Seeds and why we went out and bought all Count Five, and was dead and buried after The Stooges broke up and The

But who could have predicted that that record would have such an impact? All it took was that and the ferocious edge of the Sex Pistols' 'Anarchy In The UK', and suddenly it was as if someone had unleashed the floodgates as 10 million little groups all over the world came storming in,

Dictators' first LP bombed. I mean,

the first Ramones album

it's easy to forget that just a little over a year ago there was only one thing:

mashing up the residents with their guitars and yammering discontented non-sequiturs about how bored and

I was too, and so were you - that's those shitty singles last spring and summer by the likes of The Users and Cortinas and Slaughter And The Dogs, because better that than one more mewly-mouthed simperwhimper from Linda Ronstadt Buying records became fun again, and one reason it did was that all these groups embodied the who-gives-a-damn-let's-just-slam itat-'em spirit of great rock'n'roll. Unfortunately many of these wonderful slices of vinyl didn't possess any of the other components

of same, with the result that (for me, round about 'Live At The Roxy') many people simply got fed up Meaning that it's just too goddamn easy to slap on a dog collar and black leather jacket and start puking all over the room about how you're gonna sniff some glue.

Punk had reaped the very attitudes it copped (boredom and indifference), and we were all waiting for a group to come along who at least went through the motions of giving a damn about something. Ergo, The Clash.

Straight off the plane, Bangs beads off to join The Clash and their crew for a gig in Derby. However, his first encounter with the band leaves him underwhelmed

The Clash were a bit of a disappointment the first night. They played well, everything was in the right place, but the show seemed to lack energy somehow.

Back up in the dressing room I cracked, "Duff gig, eh fellas?" and they laughed, but you could tell they didn't think it was funny. Later I found out that Joe Strummer had an abscessed tooth which had turned into glandular fever, and since the rest of the band draw their energy off him, they were all suffering. By rights he should have taken a week off and headed straight for the nearest hospital, but he refused to cancel any gigsno mere gesture of integrity.

A process of escalating admiration for this band had begun for me, which was to continue until it broached something like awe. See, it's easy to sing about your righteous politics, but as we all know, actions speak louder than words, and



The Clash are one of the very few examples I've seen where they would rather set an example by their personal conduct than talk about it all day.

Case in point. When we got back to their hotel, I had a couple of interesting lessons to learn. First thing was they went up to their rooms while a bunch of fans and me sat in the lobby. I began to make with the grouch squawks because if there's one thing I have learned to detest over the years it's sitting around some goddamn hotel lobby like a soggy douche-bag parasite waiting for some high and mighty rock'n'roll band to maybe deign to put in an imperial appearance.

But then a few minutes later
The Clash came down and joined
us and I realised that unlike most
of the bands I'd ever met they weren't
stuck up, weren't on a star trip, and
were in fact genuinely interested in
meeting and getting acquainted with

their fans on a one-to-one, noncondescending level

Mick gestured at a tecnage fan sitting there and said, "Lester, my room is full tonight; can Adrian stay with you?"

The way The Clash treat their fans is so far from normal as to be outright revolutionary

I finally freaked. Here I was, stuck in the middle of a dying nation with all these funny-looking children who didn't even realise the world was coming to an end, and now on top of everything else they expected me to turn my room into a hippy crash pad! I surmised through all my confusion

that some monstrous joke was being played on me, so I got testy about it. Mick repeated the request and finally I said that Adrian could maybe stay but he would have to go to the house phone, call my hotel and see if there was room. So the poor, humiliated kid did just that while an embarrassed if not downright creepy silence fell over the room and Mick stared at me in shock, as if he had never seen this particular species of so-called human before.

Poor Adrian came back saying there was indeed room, so I grudgingly assented, and back to the hotel we went. The next morning, when I was in a more sober, if still jet-lagged, frame of mind, he showed me a copy of his Clash fanzine 48 Thrills, which I bought for 20p, and in the course of breakfast conversation, I learned that The Clash make a regular practise of inviting their fans back from the gigs with them, going so far as to let them sleep on the floors of their rooms.

Now, dear reader, I don't know how much time you may have actually spent around big time rock'n'roll bands – you may not think so, but the less you have, the luckier you are in most cases – but let me assure you that the way The Clash treat their fans falls so far outside the normal run of these things as to be outright revolutionary...

I mentioned it to Mick in the van that day, en route to Cardiff, also by way of making some kind of amends for my own behaviour: "Listen, man, I've just got to say that I really respect you! I mean, I had no idea that any group could be as good to its fans as this!"

He just laughed. "So is that gonna be the hook for your story, then?"

That, for me, is the essence of The Clash's greatness, over and beyond their music; why I fell in love with them, why it wasn't necessary to do any boring interviews with them about politics or the class system or

CLASH NMEICONS

any of that. Because here at last is a band which not only preaches something good but practises it as well. That instead of talking about changes in social behaviour puts the model of a truly egalitarian society into practice in their own conduct.

The fact that Mick would make a joke out of it only shows how far they're going towards the realisation of all the hopes we ever had about rock'n'roll as utopian dream because if rock'n'roll is truly the democratic art form, then the democracy has got to begin at home. That is, the everlasting and totally disgusting walls between artists and audience must come down, elitism must perish, the 'stars' have got to be humanised, and the audience has got to be traated with more respect. Otherwise it's all a shuck, a rip-off, and the music is as dead as the Stones' and Led Zep's has become

It may look like I make too much of all this. We could leave all significance at the picture of Mick Jones just a hot guitarist in a white jumpsuit - and a rock'n'roll kid on the road obviously having the time of his life, and all political pretensions be damned. But still there is a mood around The Clash, call it 'vibes' or what v r ou want, that is positive in a way I mover ensed around almost any other band, and I've been around most of them. Something unpretentiously moral, and something both self-attirming and life-affirming - as opposed to, say, the simple, ruthless hedonism and avarice of so many superstars, or the grim, taut lipped, monomaniacal ambition of most of the pretenders to their thrones.

The Clash arrive in Cardiff and after the disappointment of Derby they finally deliver the goods

Tonight is the payload. The band is taut terror from the instant they hit the stage, pure energy, everything they're supposed to be and more. I reflect for the first time that I have never seen a band that moved like this. Most of 'em, you can see the rock'n'roll steps choreographed five minutes in advance, but The Clash hop around each other in all configuration totally unselfconsciously, galvanised by their music alone, Jones and Simonon changing places at the whims of the whams coming out of their guitars, springs in the soles of their tennies.

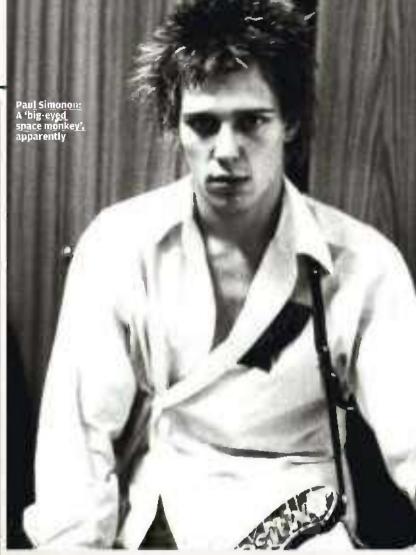
Strummer, obviously driven to make up to this audience the loss of energy suffered by the last two nights' crowds, is an angry livewire, whipping around the middle of the stage, divesting himself of guitar to fall on one knee in no Flvis parody

but pure outside-of-self frenzy, snarling through his shattered dental bombsite with face screwed up in all the rage you'd ever need to convince you of The Clash's authenticity. It's a desperation uncontrived, unstaged; a fury unleashed on the stage that connects with the nerves of the audience like summer lightning; and all this time pogoing reveals itself such a pitifully insufficient response to a man by all appearances trapped and screaming. It's not your class system, it's not Britain-on-the-wane, it's not even glandular fever. It's the cage of life itself and all the anguish to break through which sometimes translates as flash or omething equally petty, but in any case is rock'n'roll's burning marrow.

It was one of those performances for which all the serviceable critical terms like 'electrifying' are so pathetically inadequate. After it was over I realised the futility of hitting Strummer for that interview I kept putting off on the 'politics' of the situation The politics of rock'n'roll, in England or America or anywhere else, is that a whole lot of kids want to be fried out of their skins by the most scalding propulsion they can find, for a night they can pretend is the rest of their lives, and whether the next day they go back to work in shops or boredom on the dole or American TV doldrums in mom'n' daddy's living room, nothing can cancel the reality of that night in the revivifying flames, when for once in your life, you were blasted outside of yourself and the monotony which defines most life anywhere at any time. When you felt supra-alive, when you supped on lightning and nothing else in the realms of the living or dead mattered at all.

Back from the gig, the second part of Bungs' piece begins with him musing on the right-wing takeover in his native USA before returning his attentions to The Clush. Impressed that the bund aren't followed by a gaggle of groupies - "When you're playin' this much, you don't need it so much. Sometimes I feel like I'm losin' interest in sex entirely, 'notes Mick Bangs admits this assignment is becoming a labour of love

But as y'all can see, my feelings about The Clash had long ago gotten way beyond all the profesion i malarkey. We liked hanging out together. Besides which I still Lept a spyglass out for the Promised I and's colours, that seem so sure to come a-blowin' around every fresh hillock curve, hey there moo-cow say helio to James Joyce for me gnarly carcasses of trees the day before had set to mind the voices of Under Milk Wood ... land rife with ghosts who don't come



It was one of those performances for which all the serviceable critical terms like 'electrifying' are so inadequate

croonin' around no Post Houses way past midnite with Automatic Slim and Razor-Totin' Jim. No, the reality is you could be touring Atlantis and it'd still look like motorway... car park... gas station. pissbreak. souvenir shop... et deadening cetera. . Joe kills the dull van hours with Nazitrocity thrillers by Sven Hassel, Mick is just about to start reading Kerouac's The Subterraneans but borrows my copy of Charles Bukowski's new book Love Is A Dog From Hell instead, which flips him out, so next two days he keeps passing it around the van, trying to get the other guys to read certain poems like the one about the poet who came onstage to read and vomited in the grand piano instead (and woulda done it again too). But they seem unimpressed, Joe wrapped up in his stormtroopers and Paul spliffing in big-eyed space monkey glee, playing the new Ramones over and over and every time Joey shouts "Lobotomaay" at the top of Side Two he pops a top out of somebody's head, the poso beginning to make like spirogyra, sprintillatin' all over the place, though it's true there's no

stoppin' the cretin from hoppin'. Meanwhile poor little Nicky Headon, the drummer who I won't get to know really well this trip, is bundling jacket tighter in the front seat and swigging cough mixture in an unsuccessful attempt to ward off miserable bronchoid. At one point Mickey, the driver, a big thick necked lug with a skinhead haircut, lets Nicky take the wheel and we go skittering all over the road.

Having survived the trip to Dover, Bangs praises support act Richard Hell And The Voidoids, who are joined onstage by Sex Pistol Glen Matlock. Heading backstage. Bangs discovers not everyone loves The Clash for the reasons be does

Back in the dressing room I met some fans. There was Martin, who was 14 and had a band of his own called Crissus. I thought Martin was a girl until I heard his name (no offence, Martin) but look at it this way: here, on some removed southern shore of the old Isle, this kid who is just entering puberty, this child has been so inspired by the new wave

that he is already starting to make his move. I asked him whether Crissus had recorded yet, and he laughed: "Are you kidding?"

"Why not? Everybody else is." (Not said cynically either). I asked Martin what he liked about The Clash in particular as opposed to other new wave bands. His reply: "Their total physical and psychic resistance to the fascist imperialist enemies of the people at all levels, and their understanding of the distinction between art and propaganda. They know that the propaganda has to be palatable to the people if they're going to be able to a) listen to it b) understand it, and c) react to it, rising in a people's war.

"They recognise that the form must be as revolutionary as the content – in Cuba they did it with radio and ice cream and baseball and boxing, with the understanding that sports and music are the most effective vectors for communist ideology. Rock'n'roll as a form is anarchistic, but if we could just figure out some way to make the content as compelling as the form then we'd be getting somewhere!

"For the present, we must recognise that there is only so much revolutionary information that can be transmitted in so circumscribed a space and time, after all, and so we must be content in the knowledge that the potency of form ensures the efficacy of content, that is that the driving, primitive, African beat and boar-like guitars will keep bringing the audience back for repeated hypnotised listenings until the revolutionary message laid out plainly in the lyrics cannot help but sink in!"

Martin was bright for his age. Not quite as bright as all that, though. Or maybe brighter. Because of course he didn't say that I made that up. What Martin said was, "I like The Clash because of their clothes!"

And so it went with all the other fans I interviewed over the six nights I saw them. The ly mentioned politics, not even the dole, and I certainly wasn't going to start giving them cues. This night, I got such typical responses as: "Their sound – I dunno, it just makes you jump!"; "The music, which is exciting, and the lyrics, and the way they look onstage!" (which is stripped down to zippers and denims for instant combat, or perhaps stage flexibility).

The next night the band are in Birmingham, but things turn dark; "Mickey", the band's "driver", attacks another male fan for spilling a drink on bis jacket at the hotel after the gig, while Simonon and Headon look on and do nothing Bangs confronts the hand for not standing up for their fan. "I feel like I've just had a severe reprimand," admits Jones after Bangs' intercession. The journalist leaves and the hand – sans Mickey – head on to their next show

The mood at the Birmingham concert hall was ominous. Clash road manager Corky was handing out 'I Want Complete Control' buttons to the kids going in the door, and police were confiscating them as soon as they got inside. The mood of the crowd was ugly – they gobbed all over Richard Hell even more than usual, and he started gobbing back, which was a mistal e.

When I walked into the dressing room, Joe Strummer immediately confronted me: "I usici what's all this shit you're rai in' then?"

"You mean about last night?"
"Yeah. That guy was a bleedin'
little ligger!"
Rather than tell him he was wrong

and get into a hassle just before showtime, I left the dressing room. Out in the hall Mick came up to me, obviously still concerned. "I've heard four different stories about what happened last night," he said, "but the main thing is that it better not happen again."

Later there was a party in a disco above the hall, and I spoke briefly to Bernie Rhodes, Clash manager. I told him I loved the group, and liked Mick the best. He sighed, "Yeah, but Mick's my brggest problem!"

The real problem, of course, is how to reconcile Mick's attitude towards the fans with the group's escalating popularity. Without this one on-one contact with the audience, The Clash would seem likely to fall into the same ehtist alienation as most bands preceding them, but if it gets to the point that several thousand people want into your hotel room, you've got to find some way of dealing with it – total access is as unreasonable as

Zep/Stones styled security can be fascistly offensive

Anyway, in spite of tension between police and audience, the band had played a great set, channelling all the frustration in the room through the music into a liberating mass seizure. When The Clash came on, Joe repeated a little speech he first tried out in Birmingham: "I isten – we'd like to ask you one favour: please don't spit on us. We're just trying to do something good up here, and it throws us off our stride."

It worked in both places, although I heard people complaining about it. But what gobbing really represents to me, besides nausea, is people doing what they think is expected of them rather than whatever it is they might really want to do.

Which, of course, should be what the new wave is against. Or rather, the converse should be what it's all about. At its best, new wave/punk represents a fundamental and age-old utopian dream, that if you give people the license to be as outrageous as they want in absolutely any fashion they can dream up, they'll be creative about it, and do something good be ide. They'll realise their own potential and finally start doing what the rull vant to Which also pre-supposes that people don't want somebody else telling them what to do. That people are capable of a certain spontaneity, given the option.

As it is, the punks constitute a form of passive resistance to a slick social order, but the question remains of just what alternatives they are going to come up with. Singing along to 'Anarchy.' and 'White Riot' constitutes no more than a show of solidarity, and there are plenty of people who think this is all no more than a bunch of stupid kids on a faddist's binge.

They're wrong, because at the very least, all of this amounts to a gesture of faith in mass and individual unrealised potentials, which counts for a lot in an era when there are plenty of voices who would tell you that all human behaviour can be reduced to a formula.

But if anything more than fashions and what usually amounts to poses is going to finally come of all this, then everybody listening is going to have to pick up the possibilities with both hands and fulfil 'em themselves.

Like Joe Strummer said when I asked him to sit down for a tape recorded interview as the 'leader' of the group: "I'm not the leader. We don't have no fuckin' leader."

If we don't need any more leaders, we could to with a lot more models. If that's what the punks really amount to, then perhaps we actually do have the germ of a new society.

At its best, new wave/punk represents a fundamental and age-old utopian dream... people are capable of spontaneity



GIVE EN ENOUGH ROPE

We chart the post-Clash world from Pete Doherty to Lily Allen, Gorillaz to art galleries and the death of a good friend. The band's ambition and energy lives on...

force of nature. The Clash were always going to take some stopping. Having evolved from punk pioneers in Britain to stadium rockers in the US - as support slots with The Who plus their own legendary 17-date New York residency in 1981 confirmed - for most of their career one thing defined the band: ambition. Not careerist ambitions for Number Ones or platinum records perhaps (although that definitely was part of their make-up), but an ambition to constantly strive and stretch The Clash. From progressive politics in 1977 to the musical evolution that vividly played out over 'Sandinistal's six sides of vinyl, Joe Strummer, Mick Jones and Paul Simonon rarely seemed content.

Ironically, it was probably that ambition which triggered The Clash's long and slightly tortuous demise - but it's that vision too that has not only ensured the band's legacy and influence, but has seen its alumni consistently push the cutting edge since.

Although the band didn't officially split until 1986, the end of The Clash effective came in September 1983, when Jones was "sacked". Seemingly one part of the band was striving for something new, ignoring what was right under their nose: that the Strummer/Jones partnership was a rock'n'roll one-off.

Joe Strummer and Paul Simonon have decided Mick Jones should lave the group," explained a "Clash Communique" dated the first of that month. "It is felt that Jones has drifted apart from the original ideas

of The Clash. In future, it will allow Joe and Paul to get on with the job The Clash set out to do from the beginning."

For his part, a somewhat surprised Jones declared the statement was "untrue"... "Mine and Joe's relationship was up and down, but we really were deep friends," Jones later recalled of the schism. "The only time we didn't see each other was for about nine months after I left The Clash - he stewed for a bit and then we became friends again.

Strummer was more brutal with himself when later reviewing how he had treated Jones, honestly declaring: "I stabbed him in the back."

However, while the split tarnished The Clash in the short term - and the anaemic final album 'Cut The

"I'm far more dangerous now, I don't care anymore" JOE STRUMMER

Crap' did little for the band's musical legacy long-term - the scruffy end inadvertently set the trend for everything the trio would do next: they would take risks.

By 1984, Jones had formed Big Audio Dynamite with filmmaker and fellow punk survivor Don Letts. But while the band shared The Clash's artistic scope, the results were considerably different, blending many of the new American genres Jones had encountered when the likes of Grandmaster Flash had

supported his old band, while nascent sampling technology shared an equal billing with a good old-fashioned tune.

"The idea was to play music we liked - the music we heard in clubs," explained Jones. Though not as commercially successful as The Clash, BAD were similarly influential, as alongside records such as Malcolm McLaren's 'Duck Rock' they helped expose mainstream audiences to a new pallet of sounds and new ways of making music.

By contrast, Strummer and Simonon initially made their post-Clash marks away from music.

For the never-shy frontman, movies beckoned, and having worked on the soundtrack for Sid & Nancy, Strummer found himself on the opposite side of the camera for directors including Jim Jarmusch and Alex Cox. Simonon, meanwhile, returned to his pre-punk love of art, staging a series of exhibitions which took in such subjects as bullfighters in Madrid and the views along the Thames. "It would be obvious for me to do conceptual art," he explained of his artistic influences in 2003, "and I think I've done it already with smashing bass guitars and whatever I consider that as conceptual."

Musical ambition was never far from the surface, though. After a period in The Pogues - and having even guested on BAD tracks Strummer returned to form backed by his band The Mescaleros in 1999. "This is my Indian summer," he declared. "I learnt that fame is an





illusion and everything about it is just a joke. I'm far more dangerous now, because I don't care at all." Recording a series of acclaimed albums, he even reunited with Jones onstage in November 2002 for a Fire Brigade benefit gig in London. Meanwhile, at the same time the guitarist himself was becoming a guiding force behind The Libertines, producing their two albums. "Mick Jones took me to one side and said, You're like me and Joe," recalled Pete Doherty of The Clash man's influence in the studio. "You're brothers. You can't fight each other, you've got to stick together.'

With three key members talking to each other again, and their artistic ambition as evident as ever, a Clash reunion seemed to be genuinely desired by their original fans, along with a new generation who'd finally given the band its first UK Number One when 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go' topped the charts in 1991 after featuring in an iconic Levi's ad.

Indeed, the reformation was nearly on the cards when the band were due to be inducted into the US Rock & Roll Hall Of Fame in 2003. With the other members apparently on board, Strummer texted Simonon in December 2002 declaring: "Come on, Paul, Give it a try. You might

It was the last message the pair would ever exchange as the next day, December 22, 2002, Strummer died suddenly from a congenital heart defect.

I was at home when I heard about his death," recalled Jones. "It's hard when you lose someone close to you, and I was devastated and very shocked. He was such a vital guy every day brought something









interesting... his drive and vitality was there for all to see and everybody who met him was touched by him."

That was evident in not only the grief and the tributes that followed his death, but also by the charities his life inspired. Strummerville, an organisation creating "new opportunities for aspiring musicians", was inspired directly by the giant campfires that the singer would orchestrate every year at Glastonbury—the location of which is now marked by a special stone the Eavis' laid in permanent tribute.

Open to all, the bonfire would pull in everyone from his famous mates to the festival's waifs and strays, to even a young Lily Allen. "Joe Strummer was my father's best friend, but I knew him as Uncle Joe, carrying a bottle of whiskey around," she recalled of his open nature. Clockwise from top: Jones and Simonon with Gorillar; The Clash in their pomp; Jones in Big Audio Dynamite; Simonon with Damon Albarn during their The Good, The Bad & The Queen days; Strummer in his movie-making years. Opposite pages Strummer & The Mescaleros (top) and Simonon with his art (bottom)



Though their singer's untimely passing (he was 50) meant The Clash would never perform again, their artistic vision has endured and even partially resurfaced thanks to a bunch of unruly cartoons.

Having convinced Simonon to pick up the bass again for The Good, The Bad & The Queen – a band and album inspired by The Clash's west London heartlands – Damon Albarn put him and Jones back together both on record and on the road this year. After getting the pair to record together for the first time in nearly 30 years on the title track of Gorillaz' Plastic Beach' the Blur man then convinced the pair to tour as well.

"I was going to work on another project with Damon but that didn't happen straight away, so I went off and did some painting, and popped by occasionally to see Damon and Jamie [Hewlett] and laid down the odd bit of bass while they were recording," Simonon told NME of the reunion. "I introduced him to Mick, who then came in to do some stuff, Eventually he asked me if I wanted to do it live and if Mick would too."

And as both men testify, the ambition fuelled by their time in The Clash still lives on, although it's not quite as physical as the old days.

"What used to happen in The Clash was Mick would jump really high, so I'd try to jump higher," laughed Simonon. "Then Mick would try again, then me and eventually Joe would get on the drum riser and try to jump higher than the rest of us!"

And in many ways that striving for more is what made The Clash – and the projects that have followed

WE LOVE THE CLASH

GERARD WAY, MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE



"The Clash are the British punk band who made the most inroads into America. They're the most important

British punk bands to Americans—no question. How did I get into them? I think it was hearing Mick Jones' band after The Clash, Big Audio Dynamite. I had a friend who loved that band, and he said, 'You should check out this dude's band before...' When My Chemical Romance first started, we used to play at this place the Loop Lounge in New Jersey, where they'd play films on a screen between the bands—I remember standing there and watching the 'London Calling' video and just being amazed."

JAMES DEAN BRADFIELD, MANIC STREET PREACHERS



"Without them, the Manics would be a completely different band – they're the biggest road-to-Damascus moment

I've had in my life. When I was ty, I saw [Factory Records supremo] Tony Wilson doing this programme full of footage from his So It Goes show, about the anniversary of punk. It showed The Clash in Manchester doing 'What's My Name' and 'Garageland' and Joe Strummer looked absolutely fucking amazing. It was earth-shattering. — to see them... well, politics looked glamorous for the first time ever."

MIET



"The Clash made me want to form a band. When I was younger, everyone was into metal, but I listened to

Desmond Dekker and old ska stuff, then got into '70s punk. I listened to 'London Calling' again recently, and it made me want to get a band together. It's got such different styles, and it's all coming from different members – it can't be done solo. I went to the Shepherds Bush Empire to see Joe Strummer & The Mescaleros. I met him and he was a lovely man. People in bands are often pricks, but he was a great guy."

so special.





HARD NYC, GOVERNORS ISLAND, NEW YORK SATURDAY, JULY 24

The queen of contradiction follows a lacklustre recent performance with a stunning reminder of what makes her so exciting

xactly one month ago, MIA appeared in New York to play a secret show for music business bods, multimedia artists and well-connected hipsters. If the crowd sounded lame, it was nothing compared to the tuneless melange of jarring noise that was the gig itself. Looking back on that show from tonight's headline Hard Festival set, the contrast is so vast that you can't help wonder if that previous atrocity was some high-concept act of self-sabotage, designed to hall us Big Apple bozos into the idea that MIA had lost it, only for her to come back here and reclaim her position as

a modern day phenomenon. Right now, there's no curveball that she seems incapable of throwing, and, while the textbook pop stars might preach consistency, MIA seems determined to keep people guessing.

Even her onstage arrival is an exercise in the inexplicable. As the lights go out, a small army of guys dressed in Day-Glo trim cloaks appear and start brandishing power drills as if they were handguns. It looks like a bunch of Satan worshippers preparing to do a spot of DIY, but once the surreal theatrics are done away with, from the get-go, the show is a fully enveloping audio-visual experience of techno terrorism, ballistic

beats and enough lasers to shoot a remake of Star Wars. The fact that MIA's voice is buried in vast chambers of echo may well be a technique employed to hide her vocal shortcomings but it's an extremely effective one; it gives the likes of 'Lovalot' a marked menace and even tracks with a lighter lyrical touch such as 'Teqkilla' suddenly feel like apocalyptic death knells as they resound around the creepily isolated Governors Island

As bombastic as her set is, MIA also makes a point of keeping the crowd involved and at one point encourages requests, an exercise which brings about a superb version of 'Boyz'. It proves to be the nearest thing we get to a fan favourite all night, because just as she begins winding up for 'Born Free' (and what would have probably been the hits-heavy part of the set), the sky cracks with thunder and a rainstorm lashes the site, forcing her offstage much to her disgust, if her later Twitter rants slamming organisers are anything to go by. It's a disappointing end to an excellent gig, but the real excitement lies in the fact that only she knows what kind of weird and wonderful things will happen next time out. Prepare yourself for anything. It's all part of the fun. Hardeep Phull

'Bamboo Banga' 'Tegkilla'

> 'Boyz' 'World Town'

'Born Free'



HYERES, FRANCE FRIDAY, JULY 23 - SUNDAY, JULY 25

A gorgeous setting and a host of amazing young UK bands - what's not to like?

he absolute best bands can pull out a blinder of a show anywhere, anytime. The most special new bands thrive, survive and grow on nothing but atmosphere, hunger and the nascent thrill of being onstage while knowing they are in possession of something truly special.

Manchester's Wu Lyffall into both categories. We're at MIDI, on the French Riviera, having one of the best festival experiences you could ever hope for.

Set high in the hills of Hyères (essentially St Tropez), the festival's

location is stunning. You have to get to the site by snaking up heroically steep cobbled paths, past crumbling old churches spewing out from the ancient hillside. The short walk is peppered with graffiti, but even that looks beautiful – a perfect fusion of old and new, and a handy reminder that this area is also an unlikely home to probably the luckiest council estates in the world (and horde of insanely good-looking, clued-up French kids).

Wu Lyf frontman Ellery Roberts came here as a punter a few years ago, and when the *still* unsigned band's manager asked them to pick the festival – any festival – they most wanted to play this year, MIDI was top of the list. As

The ancient hillside is peppered with graffiti, but even that looks beautiful

a result, it's their only scheduled gig in a summer that's seen them shun all press and record company attention and up sticks to Spain to hunt for a recording studio.

They play to songs on the festival's tiny outdoor stage at Villa Noailles, a surrealist dream of a building constructed in the 1920s on behalf of two of France's most noted aristocrats, Charles and Marie-Laure de Noailles. Both were an intrinsic part of the Dada and Surrealist movements, and close friends of Dalí, Picasso, Man Ray, Cocteau et al – the likes of whom's influence is everywhere. It is the perfect setting for Wu Ly Ps first ever gig outside Manchester.

They're even better here than when NME first clapped eyes on them at the An Outlet venue in April Back then, the show was a thrilling mesh of arthouse soiree, cultish theatries and

intense, brutal films – with the band's songs acting as both the soundtrack and centerpiece. At MIDL, though, they are just four teenagers, onstage, playing the most vital new music we've seen in years. It renders our one nagging fear about them – that they might not be able to pull it off live without the extras – completely obsolete. Stick them in a Barfly and they will tear the roof off.

They've got a spate of brilliant new songs now and have obviously been rehearsing hard – Ellery's agonising, rip-shredding-roar of a voice (with a definite hint of Frank Black at his maddest) is better than ever, and he's not sipping water at every opportunity this time either. They seem to have evolved musically, morphing into something more percussive and tribal than before – although the melodic moments still exist, coming courtesy of



Clockwise from main: Wu Lyf's Ellery, he's simply the vest; the scene down the front at Midl – now, let's face it, no offence to anyone who lives in Balado, but T in The Park it ain't; LoneLady still packed loads of black clothes for her time in the south of France "just in case it rains" – you can take the girl out of Manchester, etc; Phillip from The Strange Boys took hours to perch that cigarette with such je ne sais quois, just to woo the French audience





line after line of reverbed-to-fuck guitar and Ellery's dramatic, sullen organ pieces which swamp every song. One new track ends with the band all drumming for at least two minutes (Ellery just hitting the organ as hard as possible), and it sends the crowd so mental that people start rushing the stage, the band continuing regardless.

Their bassist Thomas McClung is a revelation too. Standing centre-stage throughout, he now sings/screams backing vocals, still unexplainably plays his instrument with the D-string missing and looks like the kind of 'on it' thug Morrissey would have been obsessed with in his prime. He's cool as fuck.

'Heavy Pop' is still their greatest song, and tonight they bring their set to a close with an extended seven-minute version of it – elongated by Ellery when he sees how nuts the crowd are going. It finishes with yet more stage invasions and the singer diving headfirst into the crowd before returning to sing RIP tributes to Eazy-E, Tupac, BIG and finally Jesus Christ.

There are no gripes here – everything is just right. It is undoubtedly one of the gigs of the year, at the festival of the year and it paints a terrifically interesting picture of Wu Lyf – not to mention leaving behind a mountain-sized hubbub of anticipation. Where, exactly, do they go from here?

Alas, to concentrate solely on them would detract from the rest of MIDI's excellent bill. Around 15 of the world's most exciting new bands play over the three days, with a heavy leaning on the UK and Manchester in particular. Egyptian Hip Hop follow Lee

Ranaldo (the only old-timer here) and don't falter, with the likes of 'Valhalla Party' and 'Rad Pitt' played with impressive, almost geeky ferocity, while fellow Mancs LoneLady also shine.

Frontwoman Julie - the Lonelady herself - twins mightily impressive vocals (husky'n'gruff? Yup. High'n'pop? Easy) with some of the best guitar we'll hear all festival, but the band emit less of the 'would have been on Factory in '79' tag they seem to have been lumbered with, instead embodying something of a more antagonistic, Kraftwerk-indebted version of The xx. They're close to Massive Attack at times too, with a fuggy weed haze permeating from the speakers... Speaking of which, The Strange Boys are also in town, smoking apple bongs backstage and inciting near-nots during their bar-room brawl of a set. Driven on by saxophonist Jenna constantly showering Mars bars into the throng, the crowd gets so into it that they start - and maintain for the entire set a completely lawless circle pit. Pretty impressive for such a small audience in the middle of an ornate French garden. Things get weirder during 'Night Might', when out of nowhere someone produces a waterpistol and starts firing it at band and fans alike. Their response? To play even faster, even louder and with even more manic smiles stretched across their craggy, stoned faces.

So yeah, MIDI. Pushy bouncers, crap setting, boring bands and less atmosphere than a post-grad party on the moon. Erm, can I go again next year please? And the year after? And the one after that... Matt Wilkinson



THE PRODIGY

MILTON KEYNES BOWL SATURDAY, JULY 24
With a new fanbase and a storming live set,
the rave legends are bigger than ever

It's odd to think that The Prodigy could barely get arrested eight years ago in the aftermath of releasing the woeful 'Baby's Got A Temper' single. This rape-drug referencing disaster was a rare example of the band placing their desire to shock over their need to get their faithful congregation dancing. But it's testament to Liam Howlett's vision and drive that not only has he pulled them out of their nosedive but restored them to their position as the UK's premier party starters. One look around the 65,000-strong crowd here reveals that this veteran rave unit, unlike, say, Orbital, don't just have a fanbase of superannuated Cheesy Quavers with bad knees and no short-term memory, but are followed mainly by a fresh-faced crew. This newly jilted generation care less about the band's house music history than they do about last year's million-selling 'Invaders Must Die'. Eight of this album's 11 tracks are blasted home triumphantly tonight and it's literally impossible to think of another band of the same vintage who could pull off such a cocksure manoeuvre without losing momentum. Even if they were still going now, Oasis and Blur would not dare attempt anything similar.

Pendulum help warm the crowd up, even if on paper it may look odd having them open - a bit like having AC/He She, the world's leading pre-op transexual AC/DC tribute act supporting the real Australian rock legends. However, kudos is being paid and it's undeniable that their success as a festival draw has helped paved the way for the full-on return of the Braintree Radio Rentalists. But people are really only here to see one band. The sky actually darkens slightly when they take the stage due to the number of plastic beer glasses that are thrown into the air. Great plumes of dust cloud the air above the grass amphitheatre as 128,000 trainer-clad feet bounce up and down to opener 'World's On Fire'. They toss out 'Firestarter' mid-set and it is immense, with colossal banks of bass rolling across the dancing masses, making everyone momentarily look like they are undergoing an intense amount of G-force.

Part of the band's complete triumph tonight, however, is ultimately down to self-awareness. They know when to strip away the heavy metal guitars and get down to some banging old school rave in the form of 'Charly', 'Out Of Space' and 'Everybody In The Place'. By the end, like a seasoned DJ, they have the crowd eating out of their palms and once again it's clear that The Prodigy are the kings of this shit. John Doran



SHOREDITCH PARK, LONDON SATURDAY, JULY 24

The garage unpacks itself to the park, and east London and the US unite in fuzzy love

t 1234, If not in life, it pays to listen to the fat naked guy at the end. As his band Fucked Up unleash the most fabulous of punk firestorms, Pink Eyes has a message for the crowd. "You can't smell my sweat; if you want to smell my sweat then we're playing an afterparty at the Macbeth with Rolo Tomassi."

It's a rum do when the frontman of the headlining act inadvertently hits the contradiction of your festival on the head, but this is the problem with 1234. We're not out to diss on something with good intentions, but the vast majority of this line-up play the kind of niche, sinewy, guttery rock'n'scuzz that lends itself to dank basements and loses most of its effect in translation to a festival set-up. Still, this is an equal opportunities game and if the awesome hipster douchebags of east London want a fortress of crap sound and weak lager all of their own, then so they shall.

SCUM and their League Of Gentlemen take on psych-punk still baffle, but it gets rather lost among the sunscreen - you can't see their gurning faces up close, and their faces surely are a lot of the point. Of their black-clad comrades, Flats are making the most buzz noise with the promise of a new band of underdogs rising. Happily they've got sharp enough teeth to prove themselves more than an update of The Others and we think they can probably stay.

Somewhat inevitably it's the US contingent who bring the day's most potent thrills, possibly just through the promise of variety. Dum Dum Girls, all black leather chaps and classic '50s girl group-ery rammed through the prism of



Inevitably it's the US contingent who bring the day's most potent thrills

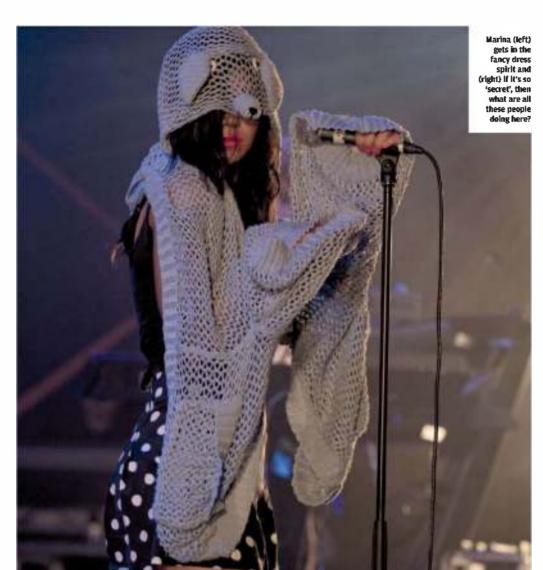
MBV fuzz, are utterly intoxicating on the main stage, and Wavves, so fuggy on record, actually manage to extrapolate a bouncing carnival of pop-hewn riffola later on in the day. They even look like they're enjoying themselves.

Perhaps most curiously of all for an event forged from the cutting edges, there's a fog of nostalgia that sweeps across Shoreditch Park, with varying degrees of success. Peter Hook's decision to re-imagine Joy Division's 'Unknown Pleasures' was a touching tribute for a one-night-only Ian Curtis anniversary, but hoiking it round the festivals like this is starting to feel more than a little dubious. Still, if this is what it takes to keep the awesome Rowetta in work then so be it.

On the subject of one-offs, the future of Bobby Gillespie's The Silver

Machine is a debate that rages long after the after-parties have descended into orgies. On paper, roping in Glen

Matlock, Zak Starkey and a couple of Screams for a show of garage covers looks a spectacularly indulgent folly. Up close it feels even more so. But it's still a stony heart that is not moved by the sheer vitality of this pantomime boys' club. As they open with a swaggering thump through The Creation's 'How Does It Feel To Feel', taking in Count Five's 'Psychotic Reaction' and the MC5's 'Sister Ann', Gillespic employs every daft rock'n'roll cliché going, but for an hour at least, he really does pull off a trick of the white light fantastic in making you feel like things really were better back then. Lord knows, the world never needs to see this again, but no doubt, this is a jewel in the crown of a day of strange extremes. And whether intentionally or not, 1234 survives in its mission to Keep Hoxton Weird. Dan Martin







SECRET GARDEN PARTY

HUNTINGDON, CAMBRIDGESHIRE THURSDAY, JULY 22 - SUNDAY, JULY 25

Zeppelin infernos, giant squirrels and Sting's daughter... the festival that needs no drugs

e're on a boat.
Well, actually it's
us, a giant squirrel
and Max from
Where The Wild
Things Are. We're rowing past a few
topless mermaids towards a floating

topless mermaids towards a floating Zeppelin where we are greeted with copious amounts of eider and the hits of Chris Isaak. Um, welcome to Secret Garden Party. We'll try to explain.

This is as much a playground for the experienced drug-taker as it is a music festival. With a fancy dress theme of Fact Or Fiction, you can wander into a tent (or the inside of a tree, or a colosseum made from haystacks) and not know whether you'll be greeted by pixies playing clapping games while Summer Camp perform their made-to-fit dream pop, a 20-person mud wrestle to the death, or a human spatula who will do your hair and nails.

Which takes a while to get used to. Experience and necessity have made NME rather militant when it comes to festivals. Give us a lanyard and a backstage pass and in a half hour we'll have caught the two new Vampire Weekend songs, interviewed Nick Grimshaw about his top festival tip (tale your testicles) and made three runs to the eider bar.

On the other hand, SGP's rather casual attitude to headliners, stage times and indeed music is both disconcerting and exhilarating. Sure, if you really put your mind to it you could catch Mystery Jets' stonking ram secret gig in the tiny Crossroads Soul Stage or I Blame Coco's feisty Saturday afternoon slot on the Great Stage (which is only let down by the most laborious stage invasion of all time, involving front-row revellers ducking barriers and straddling polystyrene elephants in scenes reminiscent of the Aztec Zone on Crystal Maze). But, frankly, we're not sure why you'd want to when there's so much else going on.

Thought and ingenuity are put into creating a weekend of fantasy

So yeah, Marina & The Diamonds' underwhelming Friday night headline set is stuck in the shadows of the Fleetwood Mac greatest bits CD being played as they set up. But try telling that to the two girls we meet on Saturday afternoon with pupils rattling in their corneas who tell us, "We just saw Marina's Diamonds, we love her!" Of course, after further questioning it turns out they were watching an all-female folk band at Valley Of Antics Stage and were actually asleep last night, but who's counting?

And yes, we know you've heard the 'more than just the music' line before, but 90 per cent of the festivals that claim "you could have the best weekend of your life without seeing a single band" actually mean that they've put together a slap-dash comedy stage featuring a couple of 8 Out Of 10 Cats

panellists so people have somewhere quiet to drink when Placebo are on. Here, though, there is thought and ingenuity put into every aspect of creating a weekend of fantasy, the culmination being the Saturday night fire show in which the Zeppelin we'd been dancing on a few hours earlier is set ablaze with fireworks, acrobatics and hundreds and hundreds of floating lanterns and balloons.

Yes, of course there are more organised weekends with better line-ups and bigger stages. But when you need a festival to take a break from all the festivals, you won't do better than this three-day stumble across the bizarre and the beautiful. Sam Wolfson

The chart-bothering Londoners embrace family values, alcohol bans and pastors on their acoustic trip around the UK

ombay Bicycle Club's unassuming and bespectacled frontman, Jack Steadman, is chomping on a piece of celery in the cafe-cum-makeshiftdressing room of Brighton's St George's Church which, earlier in the day, played host to the local AA meeting. "We did a show in Birmingham a few days ago and the pastor said we were allowed to cuss but we couldn't blaspheme, which was a bit awkward since one of our songs is called 'My God'," he deadpans.

In the grand legacy of rock'n'roll high unks, the four-piece's acoustic church tour is perhaps not up to Motorhead standards but it's certainly not without its comedy moments. It may be more Carry On... than .. Spinal Tap as along the way there's been outraged clergy, mildly crazed stalkers ("We thought he was good friends with our support band and they thought he was good friends with us, and then eventually we realised he was just some strange man that had made us buy him drinks") and the signing of plenty of breasts.

ST GEORGE'S CHURCH, BRIGHTON WEDNESDAY, JULY 21

At the beginning of the week Bombay Bicycle Club's second album, the gentle, entirely acoustic, dancefloor-shunning 'Flaws', entered the charts at Number Eight - nestled in-between pop behemoths Alicia Keys and Scissor Sisters, and landing an incredible 13 places higher than a far, far more high-profile fellow new release, MIA's '\\\\Y\\. It's a quite unbelievable feat but one that shows just how much the north London four-piece have been taken to the nation's hearts. Having relentlessly toured and toured, supporting, it seems, practically every band in existence, their ethos proves that they're in it for the long haul, drawing people into the fold and keeping them there, band and fans growing in unison. But then, after even the merest glimpse into their touring crowd, it becomes heart-warmingly evident that, even with genuine, big-time success knocking at their door, Bombay are a band that are all about sticking together; both techs (who also guest on several tracks in the set) are old school friends, learning on the job since they were all 15,



the merch girl Dorcas. Similarly, the tour's openening act Lucy Rose provides vocals on 'Flaws', and main support Mclodica, Melody And Me are managed by the band's previous merchandise seller. It's a tight-knit family, utterly comfortable in each other's company, and able to work together with unspoken direction. Which is handy, since approximately five minutes into soundcheck the power blows, leaving the church unlit and soundless. "Er, the trip switch is in the priest's office and no-one will let us have the keys..." we're told. Oh dear.

Thankfully, locks are soon opened and normality is restored, only for the same thing to happen again. And again. With the smallest power supply unit known to man as the only source, all the band can do is dim the lights in a vain attempt at energy saving and pray for some divine intervention.

"If that happens tonight I think I'd just walk off, it'd be too embarrassing, grimaces Jack, musing his potential fate over an unusually fancy meal at local restaurant Sam's (it's guitar tech Adam's 20th birthday, so it's glasses of fizz all round). "Or just make Suren do a drum solo." "You always do that," sighs the reluctant drummer. Suren is not one for the limelight.

Luckily, the god(s) are on their side, and the gig goes without a hitch - everyone sits enraptured, surprise renditions of debut album tracks 'Evening/Morning' and 'Always Like This' are greeted with rumbles of excitement, and the band are

mobbed for autographs afterwards at the merchandise stall. After assembling the most comedically bad birthday cake in existence, consisting of half a cheesecake (the other half got sat on) emblazoned with candles spelling 'Tada' (the other letters broke), it's off to quaintly quirky café bar Bom-Bane's (owned, of course, by one of Melodica...'s mums) for impromptu jamming, fairly lethal cocktails and a legitimate excuse to party - their tour manager, you see, has spent the gigs so far hiding the booze so the band don't ruin their voices. Bless.

UNION CHAPEL, LONDON

THURSDAY, JULY 22 After a long night, the morning's drive back to the capital and (yet another) fraught soundcheck, this time due to the first-time addition of a choir, everyone is stuck in an uncomfortable limbo between tiredness and extreme nerves. This is the largest venue on the tour and, as they just have acoustic instruments, there's nothing to hide behind, as various

members resterate throughout the evening. Melodica singer Anna declares that she's "so nervous she can't even stand up" and needs to get really pissed. The capacity crowd (as are all the dates), however, are hollering in the pews after every song and, as a boy on the front row almost soils himself with excitement at the opening bars of 'Evening/Morning' the band visibly calm down.

Back in the dressing room there's an atmosphere of exhausted relief with everyone in a circle, slumped over a beer ready for an early night. "I like a civilised night in, glass of wine," sighs the singer. "We're jaded at 20."

UNION CHAPEL, LONDON

FRIDAY, JULY 23

As the final strains of Joanna Newsom

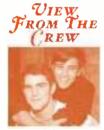
cover 'Swansea' echo around the Chapel's majestic aisles, it spells the end of the tour. Now starts the hefty task of working through two weeks' worth of confiscated booze. There's something inherently bizarre about copious amounts of drinking while standing next to a crypt, so after a few hours meet-andgreet everyone piles into cabs back to a slightly worried Jamie's family house, Jack blaring out hip-hop from his phone and dancing in the back of the car like only a man finally given the keys to freedom can. "We all got given books by this Russian author who was meant to have inspired Pearl Jam," we're told as everyone carts the various bits of salvaged rider and tourbus junk into the house. "No pressure then." But until the four-piece set about working out how to make the next 'Vitalogy', they can always rely on Suren's hidden talents. "I've got a hip-hop side-project, I'm

They've conquered charts and churches of England; a BBC MC rap battle tour next, anyone Lisa Wright

called D-Twain. I even got

other day."

sent a box of baseball caps the



Adam Davidson and Louis Bhose, Techs

What's it like on tour with BBC? Adam: "We've all been friends for a really long time, we all went to school together. They like having a young crew who they can boss around; they might feel a bit awkward around older guys."

Any on-the-road games you play? Louis: "We play 'Scrot Or Not', I pull out a bit of what is either ball or cock over a year Jamie's become very

good at guessing which is which."

as is 'Magnificent' Dave the harpist and



Wednesday, Brighton
Just when you thought soundchecks couldn't look any more fun

Wednesday, Brighton Inside St George's Church It's not showtime yet, don't worry, it'll fill out



Wednesday, Erighton Tourbus antics abound



Drummer Suren goes 3D



Wednesday, Brighton Guitar tech Adam's 20th birthday. Ah, bless



Thursday, London Another day, another soundcheck

ursday, London Jack orders a chinese... oh



Ed and Louis enjoy a manty drink



Thursday, London Let us in! Don't you know who we are?



Thursday, London Taking time out to sign some fan merch. Ah, biess, again

Thursday, London Now playing to a packed out Union Chapel...

Thursday, London ...and then the choir Join in

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BANDCAID

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



SHE >ME

I'm the lead singer in an electronic band, but they were clearly impressed by my far-cooler-than-me girlfriend when they met her. I'm now afraid of being replaced by her. What to do? Fearful, London

Let it happen. There's nothing you can do to stop progress. Plus, more importantly, the band will have a better shot at becoming big with her at the front, and if that happens, you can hold up a magazine with her in it and say, "you see that? I'm shagging that!" There's no sweeter feeling, as I found out when I was slipping it to Ezra from Vampire Weekend, Uncle Pete

I'M SO SENSITIVE

I drum in a metal band, but when I played our EP to my indie friends they laughed. It was very hurtful. How can I prevent it affecting me so much? Low Self Esteem, Cardiff

Man up and stop being such a bloody wuss! But you should also take the derision that rained down on you and turn it into motivation. Tell yourself that one day you'll take their laughter and shove it down their throats through the sheer brilliance of your oeuvre. Or you could beat all your mates up, like I did when they said that this column is shit. Uncle Pete

SHOULD WE INDULGE?

We have a split in our band. Two of us want to go groupies-crazy, the other two think it demeans women to do that. Who is right? Ready To Fumble, Manchester

You're both right. On one hand, having sex with lots of people in quick succession is great, so I am told. On the other hand, yes, you are taking advantage of the naïvety of star-struck young girls. But, as I said to Ivan from Tlny Masters Of Today as I handed him a big box of condoms, "Son, the wheat is in the field, are you going to harvest it or let it wither and die?" That's why his parents don't speak to me now. Uncle Pete

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

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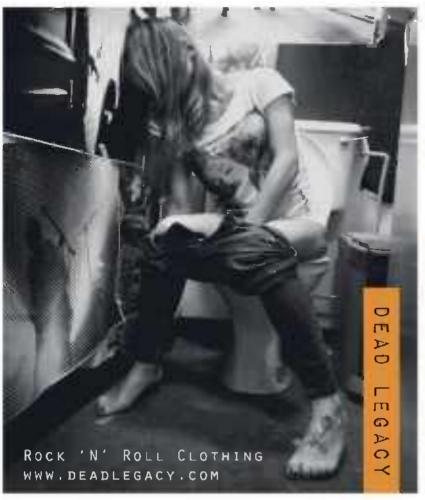


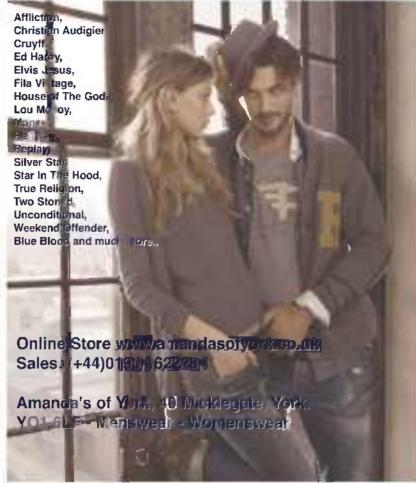


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BOOKING NOW



MOUNT KIMBIE
STARTS: London XOYO, September 21

DON'T

Their production nous has made the south London duo blue chip remixers for the likes of Foals and The xx, but it's within the microdetails of their own productions that their quiet, unassuming genius burns brightest. Debut album 'Crooks And Lovers' saw Dominic Maker and Kai Campos take inspiration from this country's electronic music lineage, filtering the syncopations of garage and the space of dubstep through a defrantly experimental aesthetic to create lush melodies and wonkily danceable beats. Live, they build on their studio sound, creating something vital, exciting and thoroughly modern. This lone London date amid a hectic European schedule promises to be unmissable. NME.COM/artists/mountkimbie



GIRLS
STARTS: Academy
Dublin, August 23
Blog stalwarts Girls
round off their UK
festival circuit with
a limited run of shows.
Go see them.
NME.COM/artists/girls



NO AGE
STARTS: Brighton
Audio, October 4
The purveyors of lo-fi
noise are playing a string
of live dates following the
release of new album
'Everything In Between'.
NME.COM/artists/no-age



GOGOL BORDELLO STARTS: Queens University Belfast, November 21 Don't miss the gypsypunk firebrands who put on one hell of a show. NME.COM/artists/ gogol-bordelio



LED FESTIVAL
STARTS: Victoria Park,
August 28
Leftfield, Friendly Fires,
Soulwax and Aphex Twin
head up the inaugural
east London electronic
music festival.
NME.COM/festivals



CRYSTAL FIGHTERS STARTS: O2 Academy Liverpool, October 15 The bonkers part-Spaniards never fail to bring the party. NME.COM/artists/ crystal-fighters



VAMPIRE WEEKEND
STARTS: Blackpool
Empress Ballroom
Arena, November 25
Following 'Contra', the
New Yorkers kick off
their biggest tour to date.
NME.COM/artists/
vampire-weekend



LES SHELLEYS STARTS: London, Slaughtered Lamb, September 9 Sweetened acoustic folk duo Tom and Angela head over to the UK. NME.COM/artists/ les-shelleys



SOUNDSYSTEM/ HOT CHIP STARTS: Alexandra Palace, November 10 James Murphy brings Hot Chip along for the ride. NME.COM/artists/ Icd-soundsystem



BELLE AND SEBASTIAN STARTS: Gateshead Sage, December 5 Not content with curating a December ATP, the twee kings hit the UK in the winter too. NME.COM/artists/ belle-and-sebastian



STARTS: Bestival, September 9-12 The Radiohead drummer has struck out on his own. Get acquainted with his values on this debut solo tour. NME.COM/newmusic

PHILIP SELWAY



WE ARE SCIENTISTS STARTS: Birmingham HMV Institute, November 16 WAS return for a visit with 'Barbara'. NME.COM/artists/ we-are-scientists



ROXY MUSIC STARTS: Newcastle Radio Arena, Jan25 Fresh from their festival appearances, the art-rock legends set off to celebrate their 40th anniversary on the road. NME.COM/artists/ roxy-music

FRONE LEBON, REX, RICHARD JOHNSON, PIETER M VAN HATTEM, T

What to see this week? Let us help



STANDON CALLING

STARTS: Standon, Hertfordshire, August 6-8

PICK

While it may remain one of the smaller shindigs on the over-populated festival calendar - it started life as a birthday bash back before festivals were so damn cool - what it lacks in size it makes up in attention to detail. This year's line-up boldly spans a broad spectrum ranging from the darker sonic hues of Factory Floor, These New Puritans and Liars right up to the Balearic pop of Delorean, on hand to provide the perfect soundtrack should the sun shine. Pitched somewhere between those extremes is the jangle noise of Egyptian Hip Hop, alpine techno from Pantha Du Prince and antifolk icon Jeffrey Lewis, among many others. Oh, and there's a swimming pool to cool off in if it all gets too much. No, we're not joking.

WWW.NME.COM/festivals



Everyone's Talking About **SLEIGH BELLS**

STARTS: Lexington. August 9 Ever since a handful of demos

came to light late last year, Brooklyn duo Sleigh Bells have been riding a wave of expectation that could so easily have crashed with the release of an actual record. Thankfully, 'Treats' more than delivered - making the prospect of seeing them live very exciting indeed. www.nme.com/artists/ sleigh-bells



Don't Miss ICE, SEA, DEAD PEÓPLE

STARTS: London Catch. Friday August 6

From the depths of the belly of noisedom comes an aural onslught more powerful than a kick in the nads. London threepiece Ice, Sea, Dead People return to the gig circuit in the run up to the release of their post-punk art-noise debut album 'Teeth Union'.

www.nme.com/artists/ ice-sea-dead-people



Radar Stars **CEREBRAL** BALLZY

STARTS: Leeds Nation of Shopkeepers, August 4

OK, so their name really does suck, and their song titles aren't much better ('Puke Song' anyone?) but the accelerated punk riffs and gutter attitude reveal a brutalised, grizzly side of New York that's been missing from the deluge of blog bands of late.

www.nme.com/artists/ cerebral-ballzy

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

August 4

BELFAST

Katatonla/Hexxed Limelight 028 9032 5942

BIRWINGHAM

Army Of Freshmen O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

Raghu Dixit Hare And Hounds 0121 444 2081

Xavier Rudd 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

REMEMTON

Avanna Witter Johnson Latest Music

Bar 01273 687 171 Carrick/Outfit The Hope

01273 723 568 The Jolly Boys Coalition 01273726858

World/Inferno Friendship Society Prince Albert 01273 730499

BRISTOL

Lipshock/The Glassguns/Ulysses Fleece 0117 945 0996

Sliver Apples/The Koolald Electric Company Thekla 08713100000

CARDIFF Joe Northwood Dempseys

029 2025 2024 **Ugly Duckling** Buffalo Bar 02020 310312

CHELMSFORD

Reachback/The World On Fire/Joseph Coward Barhouse 01245 356811

DUBLIN

Alabama 3 Crawdaddy 00 3531 478 0225

The Handsome Family Whelan's

00 3531 475 9372 Jedward Vicar 5t 00 3531 889 4900

EDINBURGH

Tiger Lillies Pleasance 0131 556 6550 GLASGOW

The Burns Unit 02 ABC

0870 903 3444

Grand Archives King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

LEEDS

Cerebral Ballzy/Eaguils

Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831 People In Planes Elbow Room

0113 227 7660

Wilson Lloyd Cole Sandinistal 0113 305 0372

LEICESTER

Violet Violet Firebug 0116 255 1228 LIVERPOOL

A Hawk And A Hacksaw Kazımıer

0871 230 1094

John Otway Baby Blue 0151 702 5830 Me Vs Hero O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

LONDON

Ali Whitton Green Note 0871 230 1094

Bonnie Prince Billy And The Cairo Gang O2 Shepherds Bush Empire

0870 771 2000

Capelle 229 Club 020 7631 8310

The Chapman Family/Hot Club De Paris/Starman/Kill Ker Killer

Proud Galleries 020 7482 3867 Combichrist Electric Ballroom 020 7485 9006

Dudezilla/Renegade Sound/Aged Yummy/Prisms Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Family Force 5 Garage 020 7607 1818 Illustrators /Subset/The Final Few/The Kamikazes Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

I Dig Everything/Mr Steel/Sgt Rock/ The Out Of Office Assistant 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

JB Conspiracy Peel 020 8546 3516 Kit Downes 606 Club 020 7352 5953 Liam Balley/Symon James 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Madina Lake/Freeze The Atlantic Barfty 0870 907 0999

The Mariner's Children/Shady Bard The Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384 The Paul Alden Band Old Queen's Head 020 7354 9993

Rebekah Delgado/Dave Lightfoot Windmill 020 8671 0700

Robert Randolph & The Family Band

Bush Hall 020 8222 6955 Silent Paper Radios/Jenny Hali Albert And Pearl 020 7354 9993

Soweto Gospel Choir Cadogan Hall 020 7730 4500

Star Fucking Hinsters/

The Filaments Underworld 020 7482 1932

The Strange Death Of Liberal **England Monto Water Rats**

020 7837 4412 Trim The Barber Good Ship

020 7372 2544 **Valhalla Smith** Bull & Gate

020 7485 5358

VIIIagers Old Vic Tunnels

Wu-Tang Clan 02 Academy Brixton 0870 771 2000

MANCHESTER

The Aggrolites Moho Live 0161 834 8180

Henry Fox Ruby Lounge

0161 834 1392 Kitty Daisy And Lewis Night And Day

Cafe 0161 236 1822 Taint/Manatees Retro Bar 0161 274 4892

NEWCASTLE Not Advised 02 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 NORWICH

It Prevails Marquee 01603 478374

NOTTINGHAM World Atlas Malt Cross Music Hall

0115 941 1048

Jah Wobble & The Nippon

Dub Ensemble 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 SHEFFIELD

Fear Factory/Beholder Corporation 0114 276 0262

Mike Martin Boardwalk

0114 279 9090 Mirrors Forum 0114 2720964 Ramona GZ Academy 2

0870 771 2000 STOKE ON TRENT

Soulfly Sugarmill 01782 214991 ST ALBANS

Misterbrick/The Lead/Agile Beast

Horn 01727 853143 WOLVERHAMPTON

Out Of Sight Slade Room 0870 320 7000



THURSDAY

August 5



BATH

The Council/Bullitt Males 01225 404445

BELFAST

Ario Guthrie Black Box 00 35391 566511 **Neal Hughes** Katy Dalys

028 9032 5942 BIRMINGHAM

Octane OK 02 Academy 3

0870 771 2000 Rachel Harrington/

Rod Clements Hare And Hounds 0121 444 2081

Violet Violet Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

REACKDOOL

Bad Religion Winter Gardens 01253 292029

BRIGHTON

Captain Blood Blood & The Sea Dogs/Seadog The Hope

01273 723 568

The Hundred in The Hands Freebutt 01273 603974

Lostaura Latest Music Bar 01273 687 171 Trevor Moss & Hannah Lou

Prince Albert 01273 730499

BRISTOL

Hope Sandoval And The Warm Inventions/Dirt Blue Gene

Fleece 0117 945 0996 The Quebe Sisters Band/ The Carrivick Sisters

St George's Half 0117 923 0359 Xavier Rudd 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

CANTERBURY Wilson Fisk/Call Off The Search/ Meichett/The James Kirby Trio

Beer Cart Arms 0871 230 1094

Chapters Barfly 029 2066 7658

Stephanie Finegan Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

CHELMSFORD The Mosquito Effect/We Are Fearless Vampire Killers/ The Fallen Poets/The Scarlet Echo

Barhouse 01245 356811 DERBY

Room For Abuse/The Megaphones/ Knights/The Maybeez Victoria Inn 01332 740091

DUBLIN

Owen Brady Cassidy's 00 3531 6708604

EDINBURGH Stornoway Liquid Room 0131 225 2564

GLASGOW

0870 771 2000

China Crisis/Larsen B/Mr Fogg OZ ABC2 0141 204 5151 Not Advised 02 Academy 2

Pete MacLeod King Tut's Wah Wah Hurt 0141 221 5279

Vague Space/Bunny And The Misshapes/Sex Panther 13th Note Café 0141 553 1638

GAIN DEODO

In Gratitude/Sam Little Boileroom 01483 440022

BILLOFMULL

KT Tunstall An Tobar 01688 302211 LEDRUSY

Big Chill Festival: Massive Attack/ MIA/Kells/Carlbou Fastnor Castle 0870 060 0100

Four Dead Horses Carpe Diem

0113 243 6264 Out Of Sight Cockpit Room 3 0113 2441573

Shane And Jake Ritchie's New Band New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Trash Talk The Well 0113 2440474 LIVERPOOL

Jah Wobble & The Nippon Dub Ensemble 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Kitty Dalsy And Lewis/Delta Maid Zanzibar 0151 707 1558

LONDON

Behind The Skies Monarch 0871 230 1094

Bleeptest/Nick Jackson Peel 020 8546 3516

Charty Coombes And The New Breed Barfly 0870 907 0999

Deafschool/Eugene McGuiness Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 El Guincho/Plants And Animais

The Lexington 020 7837 5387 Evan Parker Vortex 020 7439 7250 Fire Next Time Rich Mix

020 7613 7498 The Glitches/Waxhouse/No Cars

Camp Basement 0871 230 1094 Guy Buttery Green Note 0871 230 1094

Jamie Lawson Regal Room 020 8748 2834

Japanese Voyeurs Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Mark Nightingale/Nigel Hitchcock 606 Club 020 7352 5953

The Microdance/Ross And The

Wrongens/Kah/Nathan Watson 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Patrick Wolf Bush Hall 020 8222 6955 Peter Murphy Electric Ballroom 020 7485 9006

Sarah Jezebel Deva Underworld 020 7482 1932

Sky Larkin Hippodrome 0208 5414411 The Spindle Sect/Future Rock

100 Club 020 7636 0933 **Taint** Fighting Cocks 020 8546 5174 Will And The People Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

4 Day Weekend/Light Guides/ Make Sparks Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

MANCHESTER

Dell Bables Kings Arms 0161 832 3605 The Hearthreaks/The Cold One Hundred Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019 Horse Guards Parade Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822

Miniature Dinosaurs/Drive There Now/Dig in The Dirt Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

The Words Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

MUDDLESBROUGH

Grand Archives/The Woven Project Westgarth Social Club 01642 242164

MILTON KEYNES

Star Fucking Hipsters Crauford Arms Hotel 01908 313864

NEWCASTLE Calvin Johnson Morden Tower 0871 230 1094

Humanity Deprayed 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Thirty Three Street Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

NORWICH

Dirty Tricks Arts Centre 01603 660352

The Loyal Few/Ed Sheeran Waterfront 01603 632717

NOTTINGHAM

Crystal Wolf Bodega Social Club 09713 1000000

It Prevails Rock City 08713100000 JD And The FDCs The Central 0115 963 3413

PLYMOUTH

Big D And The Kids Table/ The JB Conspiracy/Mouthwash White Rabbit 01752 227522

PORTSMOUTH

Tyranny Fails/Throwback/ Belligerence/Prozium Wedgewood

Rooms 023 9286 3911 SHEFFIELD

A Hawk And A Hacksaw Harley 0114 275 2288 Four Fighters Boardwalk

0114 279 9090 The Sea Kids/Area Penelope's 01246 436 025

SOUTHAMPTON

Virtue Joiners 023 8022 5612

SWINDON The Erin Bardwell Collective

The Rolleston 01793 534238 WAKEFIELD

CW Stoneking Henry Boons 01924 378126

YORK

Madina Lake/The Wild/Kassius

The Duchess 01904 641 413 This is a Standoff Fibbers

FRIDAY

August 6

BATH

Cyantific Moles 01225 404445 BEDFORD

Lost For Words Esquires 01234.340120

RIPLINGHAM

Bad Religion 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Cancer City/Dis ever/The Armada Movement Eddie's Rock Club @ BUSK 0121.643.2093

Mivvi/Last Gasp/Vinyi/Blemish Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

Rigor Mortal/The Corporation Asylum 0121 233 1109 Sharp Darts Sunflower Lounge

0121.632.6756 Windsor For The Derby Rainbow

0121 772 8174 BRIGHTON

Elisa Caleb Komedia 01273 647100 Jay Electronica Audio 01273 624343 Little Specks Of Blood Lust Blood/Mekano Set The Hope 01273 723 568

BRISTOL

Folkface/Amy Wyke Prom 0117 942 7319 No More Heroes Golden Lion

0117 939 5506 Small Axe/Esteban Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221

Taint/Manatees/Gonga Fleece 0117 945 0996

CAMBRIDGE As We Climb Portland Arms

01223 357268 Deaf Havana Junction 01223 511511 CARDIFF

Blue Gillesple Buffalo Bar 02920 310312 Chief/Saturday's Kids Clwb Ifor Bach

029 2023 2199 CHELMSFORD

The Sea Kids/Kevin Pearce/ Belarijo Fire Barbouse 01245 356811 CORK

The Handsome Family Crane Lane Theatre 00353 21 427 8487

CREWE Already Gone/House Of Cain The Box 01270 257 398

DERRY

Kris Kristofferson Millennium Forum 028 7126 4455

DURIN

0131 668 2019

Kowa iski Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372 EDINBURGH

Confusion is Sex Bongo Club 0131 558 7604 The Divine Comedy Liquid Room

0131 225 2564 Epic 26 Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176 Eric Burdon Queen's Hall

The Remnant Kines/The OK Social Club/The Valkarys Wee Red Bar

The Unwinding Hours The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

Villagers Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757 GLASGOW

The Imagineers Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871 Kitty Daisy And Lewis King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Machines For A Day Stereo 0141 576 5018

Nell Sturgeon And The Informaniacs 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151



Paul McGranaghan/Trade Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

LEDBURY

Big Chill Festival: Lily Allen/ Morcheeba/Explosions In The Sky/ Liars/Broken Bells/Metronomy Eastnor Castle 0870 060 0100

LHHDS

Elbow Room 0113 227 7660

0113 2441573 Shady Dealz New Roscoe

South View Juniors Cockpit

The Lazy Guns 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 The White Labels/The Fall Of Kings/

Andrew Roachford Bush Hall 020 8222 6955



Break Out Thornfull Arms 0113 256 5492 Kath And The Mighty Menace

Passenger Cockpit Room 3 Peculiar Blue The Owl 0113 256 5242

0113 246 0778

0113 244 3446

LIVERPOOL

The Moguls/A Death in Brazil Zanzibar 0151 707 1558 LONDON



The Beatbullyz KOKO 020 7388 3222 **Becoming Real** Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

The Bon Vivants/The Sequins/ Reign/Deathcrew '92 The Library

DS2L230 1094 Deafschool/Eugene McGuiness

Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Down To The Bone Jazz Café

020 7916 6060 Fake Drugs The Flowerpot

02074856040 Fanzine/Connan Mockasin/ Blue On Blue The City Arts & Music Project 020 7253 2443

Francesga Scala 020 7833 2022 The Gaa Gaas/Things I Never Told You/Neurotic Mass Movement/ She Said Resist 93 Feet East

020 7247 6095 Graham Lambkin Cafe Oto 0871 230 1094

Hoodlums Cargo 0207 749 7840 ice. Sea, Dead People Catch

020 7729 6097 Kamikaze Test Pilots Peel 020 8546 3516 Life in Film/To Arms Etc/Milk

White White Teeth Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478 Morning Lane/Chasing Ora/Kites Indigo @ The 02 0870 701 4444 People in Planes/The Undivided/iko Garage (Upstairs) 0871 230 1094

Plants And Animals Windmill 020 8671 0700 Radioclit Arts Club 020 7460 4459 Spencer McGarry Season/The Lost Cavairy The Lexington 020 7837 5387

The Stanley Band Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 The Sugar Kings 606 Club

020 7352 5953 The Tender Hips/The Bad Land Revival The Wilmington Arms

020 7837 1384 When I Was Electric/The Great

Statesmen Barfly 0870 907 0999 MANCHESTER

Chanel Club/Books Ruby Lounge 0161.834.1392 Freedom Of The City/The Arcadian

Kicks/Spring Offensive Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

The Tensions Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

NEWCASTLE CW Stoneking Cluny 0191 230 4474 Paul Fisher/The Flytes/Mark Downes Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

Where Angels Play 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NOTTINGHAM Stop Eject/Love Ends Disaster! Spanky Van Dyke 0115 924 3730

SHEFFIELD China Crisis O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 **Craine** OZ Academy 0870 771 2000

Leddra Chapman Boardwalk 0114 279 9090 Peter Murphy Corporation

Vamo New Barrack Tavern 0114 234 9148

0114 276 0262

SOUTHAMPTON HI-On Malden Brook 023 8055 5366 It Prevails Joiners 023 8022 5612 Klaxons (DJ Set) Orange Rooms 02380 232333

023 8071 0648 SWINDON

Dead By Friday/Avolution The Furnace 01793 534238 TUNBRIDGE WILLS

Mark Morris Soul Cellar

Sucloperro/Flashguns/Give Get Given The Forum 08712 777101

SATURDAY

August 7



ABERDEEN

Not Advised/They Sink Ships Warehouse 0844 847 2319 BIRMINGHAM

The Monicas Asylum 0121 233 1109 Negative Brody/Imogen's Kiss Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426 5kam/Broken Links Scruffy Murphy's

BRIGHTON

Long Tall Texans Prince Albert 01273 730499

Marysia Band Komedia 01273 647100 The Nuns/The Ugly Sisters The Hope 01273 723 568

Trousseaux Hector's House 01273 a1228

BRISTOL

Bad Religion 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

DC Fontana The Tunnels 0117 929 9008 The Evil Beat The Cooler

0117 945 0999 Kastrow/Cut Nancy/Subclass Fleece

0117 945 0996

No More Heroes Reckless Engineer

0117 929 0425 Smudged/Patchy Mr Wolf's 0117 927 | 221

CAMBRIDGE

Love Ends Disaster! Portland Arms 01223 357768

CARDIFF

The Bright Young People Buffalo Bar 02920 310312 Calvin Johnson Chapter Arts Centre 029 2031 1050

Folkface/Arry Wyke The Globe 07738 983947 Poople in Planer Club Ifor Reci

People In Planes Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

DUBLIN

DC Tempest/Soundproof Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

EDINBURGH

Found The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

Graveyard Johnnys/The Fnords Studio 24 0/31 558 3758

GLASGOW

Adebisi Shank/Hey Enemy/Titus Gein Captain's Rest 01413312722 Louise McVey & Cracks in The Concrete/Honey/Betatone Distraction/Tragkc City Thieves 13th Note Café 0141563 1638 Rockburn King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

0141 221 5279 The Vespas Nice n'Sleazy 0141 355 9637

LEDBURY

Big Chril Festival: Tinie Tempah/ Mystery Jets/Lonelady/Flonn Regan/Villagers Eastnor Castle 0870 060 0100

EREDS

Blackourt New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

The Casino Brawl/While She Sleeps Cockpit 0113 244 3446 Chapel Club/The Books Nation Of Shopkeepers 013 203 1831 Sound Of Sirens Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758

The Trees The Owl 0113 256 5242

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

Artery The Lexington 020 7837 5387
Billy Vincent/Spindle And Wit
Windmill 020 8671 0700

Bo Ningen Café Oto 0871 230 1094 Catico Peel 020 8546 3516 Campari Safari/Roxanne De

Bastion Barfly 0870 907 0999 **Damon Brown** 606 Club 020 7352 5953

The Dirty Cuts/No Tokyo/Samsara Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Drum Eyes/Screaming Tea Party

Others 020 7241 0733 Electric River 333 020 7739 5949 Frenzy/The Grit Underworld

020 7482 1932 Liane Carroll Vortex 020 7439 7250 Maleficent/Method Cell Underbelly 0207 613 3105

The Minnikins/Troubadour Rose Betsey Trotwood 020 7336 7326 Starseed Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

The Suns Borderline 020 7734 5547 The Thirst/Xo Man/Milkmoon 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095 Tinariwen Forum 020 7344 0044

Toot N Skamen/The Coolers Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312
True Ingredients Rhythm Factory

020 7247 9386 Union Jackals The Williamgton Arms 020 7837 1384

MANCHESTER

Clockwork Radio Green Room 0161 236 1677

Some Drum i Would Never Hear An Outlet 0871 Z30 1094 MIDDLE FSRROUGH

The Pretty Hickeys/The Naughty Vicars Uncle Albert's 01642 230472

NEWCASTLE
Ashtray Of Eden/The Handals Head
Of Steam Of 91 379

Of Steam 0191 2 2 4379

China Crisis 02 Academy 2

0870 771 200 1

Rainfaildown/Illustrators/Second Prize Cluny 01º1250 4474

Mark James The Forum

01603 662 234 READING

Dead Mask Club/Diamond Lines Rising Sun Arts Centre 0118 986 6788 SHEFFELD

Dwarves Corporation 0114 276 0262 **Silver Apples** Panelope's 01246 436 025

SOUTHAMPTON

New Street Adventures/The Lost Boys Soul Cella 023 8071 0648 Norman Jay Orange Rooms 02380 232323

SWINDON

Ben Fletcher The Rolleston 01793 534238

Martin Degville's Sigue Sigue Sputnik The Fernace 01793 534238

THIN BRIDGE WELLS
Skinbat Scramble The Forum
08712 777101

WAKEFIELD

Jeffrey Lewis The Hop 0871 230 1094 The Wick Effect Escobar 01924 332000

SUNDAY

August 8

AREDDEEN

Bang Bang Eche Café Drummond 01224 624642

By My Hands/Shiner/ Broken Teeth The Tunnels

01224 211121 BELFAST

Kris Kristofferson Waterfront 028 9033 4455

BIRMINGHAM

China Crisis 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

BRISTOL

Small Days Tobacco Factory 0117 902 0344

Wayne Hancock/

The Cheaterslicks The Tunnels 0117 929 9008

CAMBRIDGE

Professor Green Jul ction 01223 511511

DURLIN

Jedward Grand Canal Theatre

EDINBURGH

Doves Picture House 0844 847 1740 Kitty Daisy And Lewis The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

EXETER

Julian Marley Phoenix 01392 667080 6LASGOW

Catcher Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637 Fish Arthes 0141 221 4001

LEDBURY

Big Chili Festivai: Zero 7/Bonobo/ Thom Yorke/The Magic Numbers/ Bebel Gilberto Eastnor Castle

0870 060 0100

Box Jeliys Northern Monkey 0113 242 6630

Dirty Deeds New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Mojo 57 Angel's Share 0113 307 0111 LONDON

Ana Carolina OZ Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000 A Place To Bury Strangers/ Ganglians/Cerebraí Ballzy/Bo

Ningen Corsica Studios 0207703 4760 The Black Seeds/Easy Star All-Stars Forum 020 7344 0044

Channel 3 Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 The Dandy Warhols KOKO 020 7388 3222

First Blood Underworld 020 7482 1932 Lauren James/Balloonman/Pretty In Phik Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

Silver Apples/Eat Lights Become Lights Luminaire 020 7372 7123 Tim Finn Scala 020 7833 2022 Tim Holehouse/Triple Rosle/ Faceometer Windmill 020 8671 0700 Wayne Hernandez 606 Club

020 7352 5953

MANCHESTER

Big D And The Kids Table Moho Live 0161 834 8180

NEWCASTLE

Eric Burdon 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 **Ryoga/John Egdell Cluny**

0191 230 4474 Stan The Tyne 0191 265 2550

NOTTINGHAM Luke Leighfield/Rescued

By Wolves/Rugosa Nevada The Central 0115 963 3413

READING Richard Gibson Old Orleans 0118 951 2678

SMEERIEI D

Dale Storr Bath Hotel 0871 230 1094

SOUTHAMPTON

The Damned Brook 023 8055 5366 Volvod/Nashville Pussy Joiners 023 8022 5612

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Windsor For The Derby/ The Naming Of Things/Magnets The Forum 08712 777101

WESTON
The Outlandish Knights Weston Park
0115 912 9000

YEOVIL

in Grafitude/Sam Little The Orange Box 01604 239100



GET IN THE GIG GUIDE!

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

MONDAY

August 9



RIDWINGHAM

Oruel Hand/Miles Away The Flagner and Firkin

BRIGHTON

Cro-Mags Digital 01273 202407 Fools Gold Komedia 01273 647100

BRISTOL

Calvin Johnson The Cube

The Halks Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221 The Potar Bear Club/ Clear The Coast Croft 0117 987 4144

EDINBURGH John Bishop Udderbelly

0871 230 1094 EXETER

Big D And The Kids Table Timepiece 01392 425309

7 Seconds/The Computers Cavern Club 01392 495370

GLASCOW

Bang Bang Eche King Tur's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 Llars Stereo 0141 576 5018

LONDON

The Bathroom Crooners Hone & Anchor 020 7354 1312 Civet Undurworld 020 7482 1932 Fucked Up/Trash Talk Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

The Goodtimes/Hektor Red/Karma Junkie 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095 The Munroes MacBeth 020 7739 5095 Patchwork Camden Head

020 7485 4019 Phil Vassar Bush Hall 020 8222 6955 Rachel Harrington Slaughtered Lamb

020 8682 4080 Si Connelly Bedford 020 8682 8940 Sleigh Bells/Teeth The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Tako Lako Windmill 020 8671 0700 White Elephant Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

MANCHESTER

The Divine Comedy Hard Rock Café 0161 831 6700

Dwarves Moho Live 0161 834 8180 First Blood Star & Garter 0161 273 6726

NEWCASTLE

Alasdair Roberts/RM Hubbert / By And By String Band Morden Tower 0871 230 1094 Cult Image/Education, Education, Education Dog & Parrot

0191.761.6098 Lost On Campus Head Of Steam

0191 232 4379 NOTTINGHAN

Volvod/Nashville Pussy Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

ORKNEY KT Tunstall Arts Centre 028 8787 2278

PORTSMOUTH

Deaf Havana Wedgewood Rooms 0239. 911 SHEFFIELD

The Black Dahlia Murder/Despised Icon/Martyr Defiled Corporation 0114 276 0262 Ganglians Harley 0114 275 2288

THURDINGS WELLS Machine Gun Hippies/Mechanica Suprise The Forum 08712 777101

TUESDAY

August 10

BELFAST

Llars Black Box 00 35391 566511 BRIGHTON

The Subhumans The Hydrant

01273 08313 BRISTOL

Agnostic Front Bierkeller 0117 926 8514

Nuata Merne Golden Lion

011 939 5506 CARDIFE

No Choice/Agent Orange

Barfly 029 2066 7658 CHELMSFORD

Strandead Barhouse 01245 356811 EDINBURGH

Aaron Wright The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

Matanuska Whistle Binkies 0131 557 5114

GLASGOW

Awesome Color Nice'n'Sleazy 01413339637

Dwarves Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871

It Prevails The Well 0113 2440474 Sonic Boom Six Cockpit 0113 244 3446

LIVERPOOL

Adebisi Shank Shipping Forecast

LONDON

The Black Dahlia Murder/Despised Icon Garage 020 7607 1818

Calvin Johnson Trinity Centre Hall 08712301094

Ergo Phizmiz/The A Band Others 070 7241 0733 Fools Gold/Tinashe White Heat @

Madame to Ins 020 7734 2473. Ricked Up/Sauna Youth

Peel 020 654 + 3516 Gareth Williams 606 Club 020 7352 5953

Just Me Again/The Famous Class/ A Day Overdue Barfly 0870 907 0999 Lacky Soul Hoxton Square Bar &

Kitchen 020 7613 0709 Moral Dilemma/The Bitter End/New Morality Underworld

D2D 7482 1032 Our Lady J Soho Theatre 0870 429 6883

The Rocky Roostavz/Alchemy Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 **5igh D**ingvi ills 020 7267 **1577**

Tim Guy/Hannah Curwood/ Bond Street Bridge Windmill 020 8671 0700

Tommy Whittle Green Man 020 8698 3746 Vienna Teng Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

Wayne Hancock Euminaire 020 7372 7123

Why Why Peaches Enterprise 020 7485 2669 Will McCarthy 12 Bar Club

020 7240 2622

MANCHESTER

The Carrier/Cruel Hand Star & Garter 0161 273 6726

Civet/Obsessive Compulsive/ The Smears Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822

Folkface/Army Wyke FAC 2S1 0161 27 27 251

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly/ The Xcerts Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

Not Advised/They Sink Shins Roadhouse 0161 228 1789 Volvod/Nashvilše Pussy Moho Live

0161 834 8180

NEWCASTLE

Big D And The Kids Table 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

7 Seconds Trillians 0191 232 1619

Leddra Chapman Arts Centre 01603 660352

READING

Does It Offend You, Yeah?/ The Worshipful Company Of Rock SUB89 0871 230 1094

The Open Soul Band Old Orleans 0118 951 2678

SOUTHAMPTON

First Blood/Hang The Bastard Joiners 023 8022 5612

The Damned The Duchess 01904/641 413



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THIS WEEK IN 2006

THE HORRORS, ARTHUR LEE AND THE STROKES





Never mind the buttocks

LOVE IS GONE

It is a sad week for rock'n'roll, as the selfdeclared "first black hippy", visionary Love songwriter and frontman Arthur Lee, has passed away aged 61. Reprinted in this issue in tribute is an interview with the great man from 2003. "Mick Jagger and Brian Wilson stink," he rants. "They should give up. The Beatle guy, too. Paul McCarthy [sic]. He's there singing "yesterdayyyyyy". Yesterday? I'm talking about right now!"

YES IT IS!

Five years ago to the day, The Strokes released 'is This It', the album that would re-shape rock'n'roll for the 21st century. There are glowing testimonies to this fact from Brandon Flowers, Alex Turner and Pete Doherty among others, but the best comment comes from the band's own guitarist Nick Valensi. "Do I think we opened the door for guitar music?" he says. "Yes. I'm proud and amazed at the same time."

HOUSE OF THE DEAD

t certainly raises a few eyebrows that the band on the cover of NME this week have only just released second single 'Death At The Chapel'. They are notorious around London for their hairstyles, their clothes and their habit of showing up at any '60s garage night you care to name. But outside these confines, The Horrors are virtually unknown.

However, as Pat Long writes, "in the To short months since they played their first gig in the dingy upstairs room of a ramshackle east London pub, something weird has happened." This is true. With barely any radio airplay and no TV exposure, The Horrors have built up a huge, identically dressed underground network of rabid fans. As NME follows them to their seminal roo Club show, there is a queue snaking down the street two hours ahead of doors opening. A notorious ticket tout is head to exclaim: "I've never seen anything like this. I've had about 50 people ask me for tickets and one person's already offered me £60 for one. The face value is six quid! Who the hell are they?"

They are The Horrors, and, as it turns out, the touts had better get used to them. "We're still learning how to write and get new perspectives on things," says Spider Webb. "But after tonight we all just want to get on with it. And I can't wait."

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

- · Barry Nicolson reports back from the set of the video for The Fratellis' 'Chelsea Dagger', where the band declare Pete Townshend to be "a cunt".
 - . The Rapture's 'Get Myself Into It', "a sleek, spacious weapon of funk destruction", is Track Of The Week.
- The Automatic are off to Japan and are expecting "sexy cyborg alien robots".
- · Pete Doherty and Mike Skinner are reported to be getting together for a secret recording session. "When I heard his work on 'Prangin' Out' I was blown away," the latter enthuses.
- . The indie nation is quizzed as to which songs they think should be included on Oasis' forthcoming 'Best Of', Kasabian go for 'Live Forever', while We Are Scientists plump for 'Little James'.

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



BAG OF



CLUES ACROSS
1 The 'Radar Detector' finding nothing in reality here (2-2-3-6)

10 Going on a Vampire Weekend break (7)
11 Lou Barlow-fronted band whose albums include 'Bakesale' and 'Harmacy' (7)
12 Someone from Oasis will be in the bar, Thursday (7)

13+22D+29A A question of whether the audience

13-220-294 a question to whether the audience had turned up at this Pink Floyd show recorded for live album (2-5-7-3-5) 14-31A "This is the heavy, heavy monster sound, the nutriest sound around", Madness (3-4-6) 16-26D Guest vocalist on Professor Green's 'Just

10-200 diest vocanst on Professor Green's 10 Be Good To Green' (4-5) 19 ____ Brutus, indie band of the '90s featuring Jamie Fry and Nick Sanderson (4) 20 The voice of Kasabran (7)

23 There's 'Doubt' about this dance act from Manchester (7)

25 The sweet sound of Ash (5)

23 rirsh band on Rough Trade label who tended to 'Worry About The Wind' (3) 28 His hits include 'Crazy' and 'Kiss From

A Rose' (4) 29 (See 13 across)

30 REM album found in the cupboard (2) 31 (See 14 across)

. frontman of the reformed Public Image Limited (5)

CLUES DOWN

2+15D After which there was no point in this album for Stereophonics (4-3-3)
3 For certain they dwelt in the 'Tragic Kingdom'

, the 'Theme From Shaft' hitmaker (5) 4 Isaac 5 "The stars, the moon, they have all been blown out/You left me in the dark", 2010

(6-4) 6 Matt Smith joined this group onstage at Glastonbury 2010 for rendition of the *Doctor* Who theme (7)

who theme (/)
7 Rapper who co-founded Death Row records (2-3)
8 "I could be someone else if you'd rather/Try to
win you over like a new step-father", 2009 (5-2-2)
9 Wedding Present moved there (5)
15 (See 2 down)

17 Usher, Lil' John and Ludacris all in agreement

on getting to Number One (4) 18 Black Rebel Motorcycle Club to shortly do an album (1-1-1-1)

21 US punk blues band led by Jeffrey Lee Pierce into the 'Fire Of Love' (3-4)

22 (See 13 across)

23 Kooks' bassist appearing in Camden tonight (6) 24 Gary ____, Libertines' drummer or Cozy _ heavy rock drummer (6)

25 Get down and move to Radiohead (5)

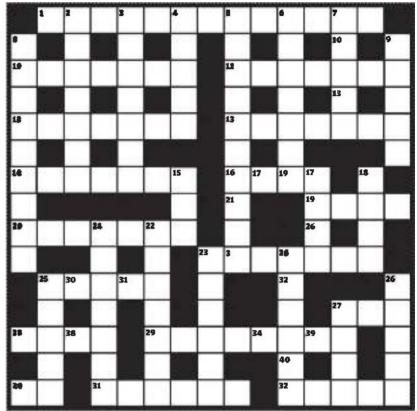
26 (See 16 across)

27 Julian Cope commanded the most authority back in 1991 (4)

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





ACROSS

1 Best Friend, 6 Wire, 8+12D Roll Away Your Stone, 9 Konk, 10+6D Finest Worksong, 11 Casis, 13
Elastica, 16 Sonnet, 17 Rainmaker, 18 Ace, 19 Homme, 20 Kosheen, 23 Rusko, 25 EMI, 26 Roe, 29 Specials, 30 P.O.D.

1 Born Free, 2 Silent Alarm, 3 Foais, 4+28A I Can Do That, 5 Doors, 7 Rain, 14 Tenderoni, 16+15D Sarah Cracknell, 18 Ant Rap, 19 Hurts, 22 Earth, 24+21D She Said, 27 Oto



VEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN









PHILLSPMARSDEN.

FANMAIL

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

Edited by Gavin Haynes









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



GORILLAZ IN OUR MIDST

From: Omer Shapira

Win!

So, on July 25, Damon Albarn and his Gorillaz crew performed in Damascus, marking a historical first for a UK band, says NME.COM. That's wonderful news. Just 16 years ago, Damon took his previous Fab Four just 90 miles away from Damascus to my hometown of Haifa, Israel. I was too young to go, but everyone keeps telling me how amazing it was. By 1994, cultural boycotts did not have the same momentum as they do today. This year, lots of acts cancelled their performances in Israel - Klaxons, Pixies, Devendra Banhart and more. Editors and Art Brut didn't, and they had an amazing effect. Here's why: when you boycott a country culturally, you only boycott its citizens and your fans. When you don't, your performance is a living postcard from a better world. It was really a no-brainer for Damon: making a cultural conquest into one of the most dangerous countries, or stating that you won't, on account of its government's actions. Syria will be a better place because of Gorillaz. Artists: stop cultural boycotts. Embrace your fans and get the result you were hoping for.

NME's response...

From: NME

To: Omer Shapira

Even as someone who was born into the South African cultural boycotts of the 1980s, I'm still not sure whether they are ever effective. I think maybe their primary purpose is for the boycotter, not the boycottee.

Sometimes just refusing to be associated with something is a moral act. All I know is that there was no British TV growing-up (Equity boycott). Only American TV (no cultural boycott from Mr Reagan). This has meant that US culture has become the

dominant angiophone meme in South African life, and British culture is marginalised, So... America won? Or lost? Or lost because they won? All Freally know is that The Cosby Showwas the highest-rating programme on TV. Yes. True fact - GH

UNFINISHED MONKEY BUSINESS

From: Carmen Haigh To: NME

I was left disappointed and shocked after reading the article concerning Gorillaz "rescheduled tour dates" on NME.COM. Gorillaz - who had been born out of passion against the Americanisation of pop music, MTV and the soulless cashing-in of talent competitions - had actually cancelled two of their British dates (including their only Scottish one, which I was looking forward to attending) for the sake of accommodating an American/world tour. Being a Gorillaz fan for years, I feel let down. It seems they're contradicting their original concept (being solely about the music/art) and stooping to the money-grabbing level of which they were initially against. British music ambassador Damon Albarn should be valuing his loyal UK fans first and foremost!

From: NME To: Carmen Haigh

I don't think you understand, Carmen -Damon Albarn needs to get out of the UK soon-as. The shame of Glastonbury wakes him every day, exactly five minutes before his alarm does (7,35am). He splashes some water on his face, he looks in the mirror - what does he see? A shell of a man. A middle-aged dude who plays music with cartoon imaginary friends and singularly failed to rock out in front of 60,000 people. It's the Vietnam that replays ceaselessly in his head. There will be no more Glastonburys for him, just like there are no more Victor-Charlies

left to napalm -GH

From: Carmen Haigh To: NME

I'm annoved at the cancellation of gigs, but I don't want to write Mr Albarn off completely! Gorillaz' diverse, widely influenced music was probably just too intelligent and intricate for the boozy, adrenalized majority at Glastonbury. I'm not sure Glastonbury was his Vietnam, but America may be his Afghanistan.

AUHZOL VON VAI?

From: Leonella To: NME

I have noticed you are doing a competition for best guitarist (NME, July 24) and in my opinion and many others I think Joshua Hayward from The Horrors should win, or at least get more credit for what he has achieved, for such a young man who is extremely passionate about music has made his own pedals and has twisted the sound of a guitar completely making a whole new world of sounds.

From: NME

To: Leonella

WTF? Have you never even heard of Steve Vai? Steve fucken Vai??!? The guy Yngwie Malmsteen can only cry himself to sleep over his Mixolydian modes wishing he could be? Jesus, what's wrong with you people? - GH

QUEENS: THEY ARE THE CHAMPIONS

From: Calum Stephen To: NME

Thank you for your feature on 'Rated R' (NME, July 24), it truly is a forgotten masterpiece that changed rock music for good. People talk about 'OK Computer' being the record of the '90s but where is the deserved

recognition for 'Rated R'?
If only it had inspired more
bands, instead we are left
with shitty Oasis tribute
bands... I suppose in 10
years' time, people will look
back and notice 'Rated R'
is truly a mystic, eccentric
piece of work.

From: NME

To: Calum Stephens
I kinda feel like they already
do, Calum. Obviously, it
doesn't slot so neatly into
some sort of canon as stuff
like 'OK Computer', because
it's neither fish nor fowl –
not quite indie, not quite
hard rock. But yeah, it's
great. Don't tell Dan I said
that, though. He wants me
to taser him with word-hate
'til he passes out just for his

(SEXY) POETRY CORNER

own sick sex-kicks... - GH

From: Dan Williams To: NME

So a few weeks ago (NME, July 10) you bastards took the piss out of me over my epic Glastonbury poem. Fair play, it wasn't the best, but I'm not exactly Lord Byron now am I? (Frankly, I'm not sure even Lord Byron was Lord Byron most of the time. Have you read much of Daniel Dennett's work on the instrumentalist theory of the mind? - GH) (I think you knew the answer to that question when you asked it, Gay - Literary Posturing Ed). Then last week, having read your glowing review of Interpol live, I email you to say how glad I am that they're back, but no, more slating on your behalf. So here's part three... I've got a copy of the 'new' 'Rated R' by QOTSA and I think it's quality. It was 10 years ago and it still is now. Try telling me I'm wrong this time you bunch of tw@ts!

From: NME

To: Dan Williams
Alright Dan. Though it pains
me to do so, I'll give it my
best shot... You're wrong,
Satisfied, you kinky S&M
so-n-so, you? - GH

From: Dan Williams To: NME

No. I'm not. Not this time. Surely only a total gimp would a) Lie about not liking 'Rated R' and b) only do it to get someone to call you a tw@t again! What next? Are you going to tell me 'Era Vulgaris' is better, or



STALKER

From: Danny Gray To: *NME*

Here is a picture of me and my mates at Glasto bumping into half of The Drums while buying cod and chips. Made our Glastonbury, They don't look quite as chuffed as us.

perhaps champion a bit of James Blunt? Was it worth telling me I'm wrong through gritted teeth now?

From: NME To: Dan Williams

Dan, we need each other: We're two sides of the same sick symbiosis. Have you seen Crash? Fuck me in the wound, Dan, In, The, Wound -GH

From: Dan Williams To: NME

I love the NME letters page. Can I have a job telling people they are twats who know fuck all? I could even do it as a poem? I'll expect a wages offer in the next reply.

From: NME To: Dan Williams

Sorry, we only pay in blowjobs from Marcus Mumford these days... - GH

From: Dan Williams To: NME

At least it's going to muffle his singing for a while...

ROSS OFF

From: Paul Wren
To: NME

Little Boots thinks we need Jonathan Ross because he cares about music (NME, July 24). All he knows about is some punk bands and David Bowie. He doesn't care about music, but he is savvy enough to get other people to choose what music is played on his TV/radio shows to get the right listening demographic.

From: NME

To: Paul Wren

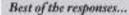
Did you see that pitiful final sign-off bit? Where Ross came out and mumbled an improvised piece-to-camera about how grateful he was, and how he never took

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

Kings Of Leon were forced to abandon their show in St Louis, Missouri (July 23) after they were hit by pigeon droppings. An infestation of birds in the rafters of the Vertzon Amphitheatre saw the band bombarded as soon as they took to the stage. Writing on Twitter, drummer Nathan Followill explained: "So sorry, St Louis. We had to bail, pigeons shifting in Jared's mouth and it was too unsanitary to continue. Don't take it out on Jared, it's the fucking venue's fault. Sorry for all who travelled many miles."

See the full news story on NME.COM

THE SHITE



The soldiers who fought in the brenches in the First World War will be rolling over in their graves! Rock'n'roll 2000 is a joke. Kevin Scott

This speaks for their ego which speaks for their music which speaks for their now-shite music. What happened to the guys who looked like Almost Famous extras? Rhiannon Keogh

These dudes are a bunch of pussies, quitting a gig

because of pigeon poop! Ozzy Osbourne used to bite the heads off pigeons! Sean Levisman

Three of my mates were there, drove six hours from Memphis + gas + hotel etc. Said Jared was just being a drama queen and it was not a big deal. Really quite sick of KOL's dramatics. They throw so many tantrums. I was there at Reading and a few others where they've done it. No other band would walk offstage over

this, except Queens Of Lean or Kings 'Tantrum On Every Tour' Lean. Jordan Moretti

They really do have tantrums on every tour. They didn't even bother to tell their fans onstage, yet Nathan can tweet about it later? So professional guys! Pretty soon, no-one will care about this band. You think Reading would've given them a reality check, Guys, you aren't that good. Ashley Cechovsky



anything for granted, then just sort of haphazardly shuffled off our Beeb screens forever? Well, if you never took anything for granted, and you're so sodding grateful, then maybe you should've bothered to write a proper ending to a decade of your stupid fawnathon show that you've been paid. like, £600 million quid a week to do you big douchebladder!?! That said, top bloke, funny as hell, worth every penny - GH

Y U SUCK

From: Elle Rogers To: NME

Since when did you become so self-conscious and run by middle-aged boring people who still think Kings Of Leon are worthwhile?

From: NME To: Elle Rogers

Well, Elle... we've been ageing at twice the regular rate due to how much FANTASTIC NEW MUSIC we're constantly being bombarded with. In fact, Old Man Hodgson has aged so much that he's gone right round the clock: totally looped-the-loop and been reincarnated as a mass of undifferentiated cells stuck on the wall of a uterus. This is inconvenient for signing-off proofs, but he is scheduled to be born again next Tuesday. UR all invited. Hit me up on FB, yo, xx – GH



STALKER From: Lucy Howell To: NME

Saw Carl Barât at London's iconic 100 Club and met him before his set.



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DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

QUESTION 1

Which act had a hit with the same song you sampled for 'Halcyon'?

Paul Hartnoll: "Opus III. The reason we sampled it was we'd said we should do a track together and never got round to it - all of a sudden they got successful with that so we thought, 'Let's bloody sample that then!'"

Correct



QUESTION 2

Which position did 'Chime' reach in the UK chart?

Paul: "It was 17 - 17 meant a lot then. Being Number Two doesn't mean fuck all now, but 17 was big way back in 1990."

Correct

QUESTION 3

Forever' samples a speech by which Scottish actor and from which film? Phil Hartnoll: "Oh no, I'm no good with titles and names, they just don't happen for me. I can't remember that. Oh, it's all over now, it's all over."

Wrong. Graham Crowden, Britannia Hospital

QUESTION 4

Which band guested on your 2004 song 'Acid Pants'?

Paul: "Sparks. They were a big part of our early '70s musical upbringing and I went out and bought the 'Lil' Beethoven' album to see what they were up to. I was shocked they'd still been going all those years and I found them to still be excellent. Again it's the brothers thing, two brothers in a band together, it's got to work."

Correct

QUESTION 5

Which other dance acts were on your team when dance took on rock in the NME Xmas Pub Golf tournament for an NME Christmas issue?

Paul: "That was... Aphex Twin and Squarepusher, I was the last man standing for the techno team due to my love of real



ale. Richard [James, aka Aphex Twin] and Tom [Jenkinson, aka Squarepusher] fell so drastically that I remember seeing Tom being carried by two people up the road. He looked me straight in the eyes but there was nothing there. He was completely gone. I remember Aphex Twin almost getting us thrown out of one particular pub for dancing on the table." Correct

QUESTION 6

Name all four festivals you played on your final pre-split series of gigs in '04. Phil: "Glastonbury... um, ah bloody hell. I know there was a Japanese one, was it Wire? And two others. What's the one in Scotland? I'm fishing, aren't I? I pass." Half a point – Glastonbury, T In The Park, Oxegen and Wire

QUESTION 7

Which NME writer briefly joined your band for a feature in the late '90s? Paul: "Oh, hang on. Agh! It wasn't Stephen Dalton, was it? In my head I had a vision of



Stephen Dalton looking like he was enjoying himself with torch glasses on and I thought, 'Use the force, go with what you see.'"

Correct

QUESTION 8

Name the band and song sampled on 'Satan'.

Phil: "Oh, er, it's a bit of a weird one really. It's the Butthole Surfers, I don't know what song it was. Like when I DJ I look through the covers and it's the blue one and the red one. That's the way I work but it's not excusing me. But they told me they sampled the bit that we sampled off them from The Residents so I don't know what's going on there."

Half a point. Butthole Surfers, 'Sweat Loaf'

QUESTION 9

In what sort of establishment is the video for 'Are We Here?' set?
Phil: "Is it a laundrette? We got Alison
Goldfrapp in there, we managed to nab her and put her in there."
Correct



QUESTION 10

On which track did you purposefully include crackles, static and the sound of skipping needles in order to annoy those people who bought the 'Brown Album' on CD?

Phil: "Planet Of The Shapes'. It was just a funny little thing. It was around the time of CDs trying to take over the world and it was a bit of fun on the boffins out there saying CDs were far superior."

Correct

Total Score **8/10**

Phil: "I felt like I let the side down but I knew I would. When it comes to names and titles, forget it."

