

INSIDETHIS WEEK



"I'D BEAT MATT BELLAMY IN A GUITAR DUEL, HANDS DOWN" NME.COM USERS VOTED JOSHUA FROM THE HORRORS THE BEST LIVING GUITARIST. HE CONCURS



BEST COAST GET SEINFELD-RELATED HECKLES AT THEIR BENEFIT FOR 'THE HUMAN FUND'

14/08/2010



"Horrorshow' with the 'dang dang'! It's gotta be that"

CARL BARAT DECIDES WHAT THE LIBERTINES' OPENING SONG SHOULD BE, AS A NEW SHOW DATE IS ANNOUNCED



"JOE LEAN WANTED GOLD-PLATED VINYL. WE NIXED THAT" YOUNG & LOST ON THE PERILS OF STARTING YOUR OWN LABEL



"IT'S LIKE JAMIROQUAI" MAXIMO PARK'S PAUL SMITH IS REFERRING TO HIS HAT, **NOT HIS NEW SOLO ALBUM**



"I WOULD KILL YOU **RIGHT NOW TO REVISIT THE '80S"** WELL, SUMMER CAMP, WHY NOT JUST GO FOR A NIGHT

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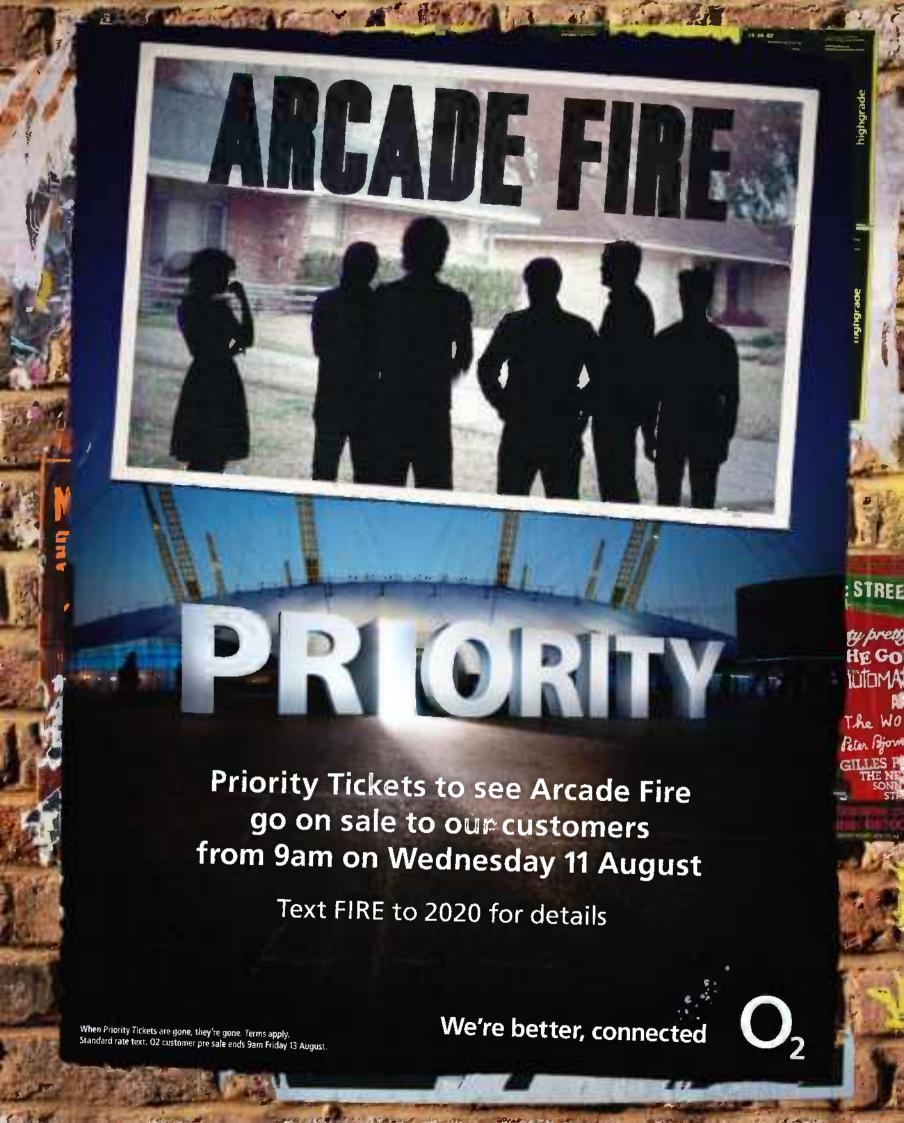
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TRAVELLING FEMINIST FESTIVAL AND PISSES EVERYONE OFF



"I am a messenger from God" AND JIMI. 40 YEARS AFTER YOUR DEATH. WE STILL PREFER YOU TO JESUS



ON REPEAT

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





LES SAVY FAV

Sleepless In Silverlake

Les Savy Fav's ridiculously good new album 'Root For Ruin' has been played so much in the NME office over the past month that even the new Klaxons effort is starting to get jealous. And while there's enough un-tethered, Tim Harrington-goes-wild rock whiplashes on the album to get us excited about New York's most bearded all over again, it's actually the more subtle 'Sleepless In Silverlake' that's sticking strongest. The blue-lit guitar prangs that glow in the intro suggest something Interpol could start moaning

Fill our mouths with Tipp-Ex and bring on the breast-browning over at any second, before Tim starts lampooning/ celebrating (it's probably half and half) the hipster LA district Silverlake, where "their teeth are bleached and their tits are tanned .. LA". Whether he's taking the

piss out of the trendies or not, musically it's the kind of record, like 'Empire State Of Mind' or Interpol's 'NYC', that makes you long to head somewhere a very expensive flight away solely through the base emotions its guitar stabs evoke in your chest. So if this is Silverlake's soundtrack, fill our mouths with Tipp-Ex and bring on the breast-browning. Jamie Fullerton, News Editor

On iTunes now



EVERYTHING EVERYTHING

MY KZ, YR BF (Memory Tapes Remix) Everything Everything's 'Man Alive' is the most idea-packed British debut of the year so far. And here Memory Tapes, aka New Jerseybased producer Dayve Hawk, does to one of its standout tracks what he does to everything he remixes - namely, slather it with a gorgeous topcoat of glittery, vaguely Balearic ambience. Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.COM On Rendibl.com now

CONOR OBERST

Coyote Song (Live)

When his home state of Nebraska threatened to introduce the same twattish immigration laws as Arizona, stand-maker Oberst threw up the Concert For Equality as a barricade. His standard was this new song, soon to be released by Zack de la Rocha's Soundstrike protest organisation, a world-weary, Neil Young-ish piano lament about love across the border. He shall not be moved, but you will. Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor On YouTube now

JENS LEKMAN

The End Of The World Is Bigger Than Love

Following a break-up, Jens abandoned songwriting for a year. "You can't pour manure into an espresso machine and expect a cappuccino to come out," he explained. The makers of civet coffee might argue, but when Obama was elected. Jens set his heartache aside and wrote this gorgeous, flamboyant ode to getting a sense of perspective. Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor On Jenslekman.com

IDIOT GLEE

All Packed Up

The best track from this EP by Moshi Moshi's new signings is way more psychedelic than all those bores who go on about "being psychedelic". It's the sort of music Panda Bear might make if he had a sense of humour. And one of the best voices around in 2010. Hamish MacBain, Assistant Editor On idiotglee.bandcamp.com/ now

ZACH HILL

Memo To The Man

It's about time this drum wizard took time out of his projects with the likes of Marnie Stem and did his own thing. More accessible than

his debut 'Astrological Straits', on 'Memo To The Man' Hill offers up a subversive slice of hardened, avant-pop battered into submission by his own tribal rally cry on drums, with additional help from Deerhoof sticksmith Greg Saunier. Ash Dosanjh, writer On rerdibl.com now

FENECH-SOLER

Lies (Herve Remix)

As if this track from the glam electro boys Fenech-Soler didn't already make us want to don a sequinned jumpsuit and leap around like a maniac on the nearest sticky dancefloor, now we're being catapulted there with this Herve remix. Get your respective glittery eyeliner/guyliner at the ready.

Abby Tayleure, Assistant Writer On Rerdibl.com now

CORIN TUCKER BAND

Doubt

Those of us still weeping on cliff-tops like The French Lieutenant's Woman over Sleater-Kinney's hiatus can take comfort from this first offering from Tucker's new band. It's a raucous slice of wailing punk, which dodges expectations with an organ-led breakdown. If only she'd stop singing the word "boogie". Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor On Stereogum now

THE CHARLATANS

Love Is Ending (Horrors Remix) If you're not frantically stabbing next door's dog in the eye with a stick after a sonic mindbending from this hypnotic drone, then you've done well, Demons lurk in the multilayered static. Handsome and fuzzy demons. Mike Williams, writer

On NME.COM/blogs now



EGYPTIAN HIP HOP

Moon Crooner

Everyone's favourite geeks return with a lovelorn paean to being on your lonesome, from their new EP 'Some Reptiles Developed Wings'. But don't let that description fool you - this isn't morose or needy or dwelling in any way. How could it be with those tumbling, funk-flecked basslines and that inescapably catchy schoolboy-keyboard-riff of the year?! Young lust has rarely sounded so weird and so compelling.

Matt Wilkinson, News Reporter On YouTube now

UPFRONT

WHAT'S HAPPENED AND WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MUSIC THIS WEEK

Edited by Jamie Fullerton



CARL: "WE'RE NOT GOING TO CRASH THE FUCKING BUS!"

The Libertines announce Reading And Leeds Festivals warm-up show – and tell us what they're going to play



The Libertines' Reading And Leeds Festivals shows are just around the corner, and after months of whispers and

rumours, we can finally confirm that Pete Doherty, Carl Barât, John Hassall and Gary Powell will play a warm-up show at the HMV Forum in London on August 25.

Tickets for the show will be sold on a ballot basis, with registration closing on Friday (August 13). See the pink column on the right for

full details of how to get your hands on a pair of tickets.

Despite the band only kicking off rehearsals for their first gigs together in six years on Monday (August 9), Carl told NME that he's not worned they might have left it too late to prepare properly. "It's fine! I mean, Jesus, did The Libertines ever rehearse?" he joked. "Honestly, it'll be fine and dandy. The songs are all there. It's gonna be fucking

"Did The Libertines ever rehearse? Honestly, it'll be fine! It's gonna be fucking great. I love those songs" fun. I love these songs,

they're fucking great.' Carl revealed that although nothing's been set in stone yet, he's keen for the band to kick off their shows with 'Up The Bracket' standout track 'Horrorshow' and finish with 'I Get Along'. "Horrorshow', with the (mimes opening guitar sound) 'dang dang dang!', that's what it's got to be for the opener!" he exclaimed. "Mind you, you never know what might go down in rehearsal. But for me, it's got to be 'Horrorshow'." He added that they may also include a few rarities. "We're going to want to throw some lesser-known things in there from the old days I think,

the ones people might think are

new songs! Actually, maybe I should shush about that...'

Although admitting "nobody knows" what the future holds for the band following their Reading And Leeds Festivals shows, Carl reaffirmed that the primary reason for reuniting is one of nostalgia. "I read in a tabloid or something after our press conference, someone wrote, 'Lets hope this isn't a nostalgia gig'. It kind of threw me a bit, because unless we just wrote a whole new album in the style of Bauhaus or whatever, it's going to be a thing about nostalgia. It's going to be like The Libertines had never broken up and are going back to the next day for me."

Speaking about why they chose the HMV Forum as the venue for their comeback gig, he said: "Where better than the old Town & Country Club? It's part of all our native grounds. It's like an old institution.

Carl also poured scorn on critics speculating that the band - and Pete in particular - might implode before finishing the gig run. "Pete's Pete," he said. "He loves the music. And he loves the people who play the music too. I don't think he's going to bring it down. Why would he? As far as I'm concerned

> we'll all be there. Now if no-one's slept for four days then that's potentially a bummer. Or it could be the best gig you've ever seen." Meanwhile, Carl's also thought of a novel way to make sure he gets through the gigs unharmed. "I'll be taking precautions - I think I'm going to hire somebody to chloroform me, make me fall asleep like they do in cartoons," he joked. With a more serious tone, the singer then reaffirmed that all four band members are determined to make the next few weeks a complete success. "None of us want to let people down, so we're not going to let the

fucking bus crash. We'll do what we've always done and it'll come naturally. Will it be like the good old days? Yeah! These are the good old days."



NME Icons: The Libertines - a one-off magazine covering the band's career with classic interviews plus new features and previously unseen photos - is

available now, priced £4.99 from

How To GET LIBS TICKETS

Venue: HMV Forum, London Date: Wed, Aug 25 Tickets from: Libertines.com Details: Register for a maximum of two tickets per person by 6pm on Fri (Aug 13) - a ballot will be held to decide who gets to buy them More info: NME. COM/artists/thelibertines

retailers and from NME.COM/store



underground for now – in the dusty Old Vic Tunnels beneath London's streets

FRONT ROW

"I'm sorry, I've only just woken up," grins Conor O'Brien as he stifles a yawn in the dusty dressing room of The Old Vic Tunnels in south London. "I'll be more awake during the show. ."

Villagers have only just returned from trekking across America, but there's no time for jet-lag. Tonight (Wednesday, August 4) they're the first band to perform in the underground cavern beneath Waterloo Station converted into a venue, its labyrinthine network of dark tunnels pungent with the scent of incense. "It's cool to play somewhere like this," says Conor. "But you probably feel more like the host of a party, and I'm not the best party host...

Party host or not, tonight is still a celebration for Domino Records' indic-folk mob after their recent

SETLIST

- Twenty Seven Strangers
- The Meaning Of The Ritual
- Home
- · Becoming A Jackal
 - Pieces
- That Day To Be Counted
- Among Men Set The Tigers Free
- I Saw The Dead Ship Of Promises
- In The New Found
- Land You Are Free Sunlit Stage

inclusion on this year's Barclaycard Mercury Prize shortlist. Even Speech Debelle not exactly 'doing an Elbow' last year by selling about five copies of her album doesn't seem to have dulled the impact of the Mercurys too much. "Even in America, every single person I spoke to mentioned it to me," Conor laughs. "People were shouting at the venues, 'Well done on your nomination!' Of course, we won't win ... I'm just going to leave it up to the respective gods."

Half an hour later he arrives onstage illuminated by a solitary spotlight for a solo rendition of the Conor Oberstesque "Iwenty Seven Strangers', with the distant rumbling of trains overhead the only noise punctuating the hushed silence in the audience. Things are amped up somewhat when his band join

him for raucous renditions of 'Home' and the Arthur Lee-siphoned 'Becoming A Jackal' before the trilling of somebody's mobile phone interrupts 'To Be Counted Among Men'. "I thought we got no reception in here," Connor quips, before he loses his thread completely and has to restart the song, jokingly pointing an accusatory finger at the culprit. Still, backstage after the show, Conor's in a considerably perkier mood: "It's really good when it's pin drop quiet; you know everyone's paying attention to the words." That's the underground Old Vic Tunnels conquered then, now for the bigger prize; maybe Conor should start getting used to that little bit of extra overground attention



UPFRONT



POLITICS: THE NEW ROCK'N'ROLL?

Wyclef's running for President of Haiti and perhaps leading the way for other musicians

At Woodstock 1999, Wyclef Jean played 'The Star-Spangled Banner' then set his guitar on fire, burning his fingers. Would he adopt the same combination of patriotism and bungling in his attempts to run Haiti, after his week announcing he's put himself forward to be their next president? Probably. But then, few musicians would fare better. We wondered which other rock stars would make good supreme leaders.



ARCADIA: PRIME MINISTER PETER DOHERTY After some Churchillian speeches, his perfumed poetry brings him to office

and, with his cat as chancellor, he's soon faced with tackling the fantasy idyll of Arcadia's massive fiscal deficit. Promises to slash funding for unicorns and rainbows, but meets his Watergate when he is forced to resign after being discovered breaking into nearby fantasy idyll of Valhalla to try and nick their hi-fi for funds.



USA: PRESIDENT KANYE WEST Announces that he is the first real black president as he is waaay blacker than Obama ever was. Makes unknown

Coventry man @ste 101 his secretary of state, but renounces the presidency when he realises it can't match his vaulting ambition and duly sets off on the space shuttle to annex Mars.



ITALY: DICTATOR SERGE PIZZORNO After Berlusconi meets an unhappy 'accident' with a combine harvester while on a Naples walkabout, Serge

and his goons establish martial law. Crushes dissent with an iron fist. Bans political protest, and indeed politics altogether, as he finds it a 'well boring' subject.



CANADA: THE RT HON REGINE CHASSAGNE Domestic policy: leverage long-term interest rates to cap spiralling inflation. Foreign policy: war is

bad. Pedestrianises downtown Montreal to create a place where no cars go. Popular in the inner cities, but is ultimately voted out by suburbanites sick of being patronised.



SWEDEN: THE KNIFE'S KARIN DREIJER ANDERSSON Propelled unwittingly to power after the Swedish electorate thinks it would be amusing to vote

for The Pirate Party, who have, in a mildlyamusing joke, put her name down as their candidate. As well as introducing the world's spookiest ceremonial dress, Karin is joined on all foreign visits by her deputy prime minister, who repeats everything she just said in a really low, sinister voice.

EV EWS ROUND-UP

KINGS
'COME AROUND'
Kings Of Leon have
recovered from their
recent Missouri
pigeon excrement
attack enough to
reveal that their
new album will be
named 'Come
Around Sundown',
and will be out on
October 19. We think
it'll do pretty well.



YOU WHAT?

"When you're famous, doctors will kiss your ass because they love the celebrity" Marshall Mathers explains partly why he ended up loving those funny coloured pills so much before his 'Recovery'.

"It wasn't until he got on stage that he realised his voice wouldn't make it" Richard Ashcroft's spokesperson explains why he stormed off stage after one song at Australia's Splendour in The Grass bash recently. See video (and crowdmembers shouting "wanker!") at NME. COM/artists/ richard-ashcroft.

PICTURE PERFECT

Think you can take a photo as good as this one of MIA at Underage Festival in London on August 1? The NME Music Photography Awards With Nikon are open – head to NME COMP photography to enter (there are amateur and pro-categories) to win top of-the-range Nikon gear. See page 46 for our Underage review.



FROM 'THE SUBURBS' TO THE CITIES

Arcade Fire to become arena band in the UK this December

reade Fire are going to break from The Suburbs' to play in some of the UK's big cities this December – stepping up to play arena venues. Win Butler and the gang will play Lon lon's O2 Arena December 1), the Birmingham LG Arena (8), Cardiff's CIA (9), Mane ester Central (ii) and Glasgow's SECC (12). Tickets go on sale on Friday (August 13) at 9am, and NME has a pair of tickets to give away for the venue of one winner's choice – see NME.COMPum.





"WE COULD'VE MADE THE CHILLWAVE 'SGT PEPPER'S"

But no, Summer Camp are trying to ditch the nostalgia for their debut EP – arriving later this summer

IN THE WORKS

"We could have made the 'Sgt Pepper's...' of chillwave," jokes guitarist Jeremy Warmsley art 1 singer I li abeth Sankey reveals that Summer Camp momentarily mooted the idea of a concept EP. "A day in the life of an American teenager in the '80s... But we didn't," he adds, looking relieved and supping tea in the couple's book-strewn flat Summer Camp have instead kept things simple on their debut EP, 'Young', which captures six songs all written in the month following the band's formation in all their unfettered, crackly sparkle, thanks to mixer Ash Workman's lightness of touch.

"We wanted to pick songs from around the same time as they all fitted together quite nicely," explains Sankey between slurps of Ovaltine. "It made sense to keep it to familiar material, but with better mixes. The eventual album will be completely different and new as our sound has changed so much since then, so it's really nice to have this EP of early material to see where we started as a band."

However, there's still newness in the

THE DETAILS

Title: 'Young' EP Released: September 6 Recorded: Jeremy and Elizabeth's flat. north London Producer: The duo did it themselves Mixer: Ash Workman Songs: 'Round The Moon', 'Was It Worth It?', 'Veronica Sawyer', 'Why Don't You Stay', 'Ghost Train', 'Jake Ryan'

form of 'Veronica Sawyer', a downbeat tale of losing your friends at a party and suddenly feeling ancient, and Jake Ryan', about a caddish suitor. To aficionados of '80s Bratpack films, the names will be recognisable - Jake as the swoony heartthrob of John Hughes' Sixteen Candles, Veronica the wily rebel of Heathers who murderously destroys Westerberg High School's dictatorial cliques. "I would kill you right now," says Sankey, jabbing her dainty cake fork, "to revisit the era of those films, but sadly, I know that if I went back to '84 now, it'd be rubbish. Those John Hughes movies were such a rich world for us to explore creatively, and the songs have almost become like little films in themselves with all the characters in them."

"We were trying to make music to fit the soundtracks of those films," adds Jeremy. "In our recent songwriting, that's been much less of a focus for us."

Draining his tea, he returns to his home studio to work on new material; the next chapter in the photo album of Summer Camp's sonic memories.

MOSKROI GOVE

SPEED DIAL PAUL SMITH

The scissor-kicking, hat-loving Maximo Park singer has gone solo – inspired by drawing girls while they're asleep

Your solo album 'Margins' is out in October, what made you record on your own rather than with Maximo Park?

"When we were recording our second album I asked the band whether we should put quieter songs on, and we all came to the conclusion that it wouldn't fit. I was like, 'Right, in that case, I've got an angle on making my own record'. Once I'd recorded these songs on my own, I realised they were very different from the band."

So you're not just jumping on Kele and Brandon's indie solo album bandwagon, then?

"I do think it's a seven-year-itch. Bloc Party and The Killers started around the same time as us and I think if you're a creative individual your interests are going to be all over the place. It makes sense to do something a bit different."

The last gig Maximo played was at a Tony Hawk skateboarding festival. Is that your new market?

"I'd like to think on a utopian level that the songs could to appeal to anyone, because they're about pretty universal things, in my head. But I also know that the band Red House Painters would have been Number One, in my head. So



I'm aware outside of my utopian vision, in the real world of David Guetta, it's pulled from a different sensibility that's more leftfield than Maximo Park, so I don't think as many people will like it."

One song 'I Drew You Sleeping' is about you doing a line drawing of a girl in bed while she slept. A bit creepy, perhaps?

"She saw the drawing when she woke up and liked it. I'm still in contact with her, so everything is alright. I think I'm going to put the drawing on the back sleeve of the record."

The record is romantic in a traditional sense. Are you a Lothario?

"I guess I do have a traditional romantic world view and it's not necessarily shared by many working-class young men who grew up in the same area as me [Tyneside]. I'm not saying NME readers should be writing songs for their lovers, but they should just be kind to people, maybe cook them a good meal. Your actions can convey your romanticism."

You're also bringing out a book of Polaroids you've taken over the last four years. A digital camera is only £20 from Argos. Wouldn't that have been easier?

"I like that you only get one chance with a Polaroid. On a very basic level, it's a pound a photo. So you start

thinking, 'I'm not going to waste a guid on this'."

Paul on four other famous Smiths

Paul Smlth, designer: "I blew my entire first ever wage packet on a Paul Smith suit."

The Smiths: "They left a legacy of quality DOD SONES."

Dick King-Smith: "The best name ever?"

John Smiths: "I was on a date once and the lads were in the same bar, so I said Pint of smooth please' and that took the heat off me."

Most rock stars wear sunglasses indoors, you go for a hat. Why?

"Sunglasses are such a cliché and our band was built to destroy clichés. I'm not exciting to look at, so I thought we needed a visual motif. It's like Jamiroquai but not rubbish.

Do you still have to get your suits specially reinforced for the scissor kicking?

"I still ask for reinforcement on my tailored suits because the material is really light. When I'm onstage and I hear a little rip, I just think of my mam going, 'Ech, you've ruined it."

Is the next album you'll make a Maximo Park record?

"I would say so, yeah. For the first time in a long time the writing process of Maximo Park has been quite slow, which it great because we've always kind of rattled albums out after tours. So if it stays slow I might put out a record with my other [instrumental] band. Me And The Twins."



I AM ARROWS UN COMES UP AGAIN

"Effortlessly sparkling album of the year" ** * Q Magazine "Really quite special" NME "A beautiful and ineffably poignant album" Sunday Times "A true songwriting talent" * * * The Fly

> Out August 16th Features the single 'Green Grass'

> > www.lamarrows.com





WHY I'VE MADE FICTION **OUT OF RICHEY MANIC**

Ben Myers argues that he's got the right to make fantasy out of Manic Street Preacher Richey Edwards' legend in his novel Richard, out in October



xcuse the flagrant pretentiousness of the following statement, but when I think of Manic Street Preachers gustarist Richey Edwards I don't think of a bloke who star-jumped around stages looking pretty. Rather, a modern Shakespearean character bearing the world on his shoulders like the tragic heroes of Hamlet or Macbeth. Hamlet, Prince Of Blackwood, maybe. Someone who felt life could be a curse and chose to fall on his sword rather than continue in a corrupted world.

It's for this reason that I decided to write Richard, a novel, told from Edwards' perspective, which documents his life from birth through school, the pitfalls of adolescence, university and on to his unlikely position as one of the most important pop stars of his generation. It is an attempt to challenge the myth that history and hindsight have shaped.

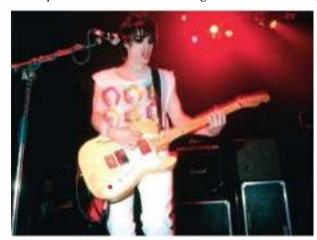
It is 15 years since Richey disappeared. In that time New Labour has been and gone and Oasis are no more. There's been new hairstyles, new drugs; celebrity culture has reached saturation point and apparently everyone's into a new computer game called 'the internet'. Yet, as with Ian Curtis

before him, the interest in Edwards, forever frozen at 27 (and boy does he still look cool in photos), continues to grow.

Only distance could allow a book of this nature to be written - I never met Richey - and though I don't know what the Manics themselves think, I only hope they appreciate the purity of the intention in documenting a tragic modern mystery. Because Richey's relationships with his bandmates are crucial to the book. Four young men can't be in a rising band and not have fun, and even the bookish Manics got pissed

and shagged groupies. In fact, it was a Nicky Wire ancedote about Richey drunkenly moonwalking across a bar in Portugal that made me realise the perception of him as a doomed young Rimbaud-type figure was only a fraction of the story. Richey and Nicky were a hilarious double act and a real rarity for British heterosexual males: two straight queens consistently trying to out-shock each other.

The only good thing to come from Richey's disappearance is that he is lovingly remembered - a one-off, never to be repeated. Or, as Shakespeare wrote in Hamlet: "He was a man, take him for all in all/I shall not look upon his like again.'



TALKING HEADS

INDIE SOLO TYPES: GET WITH THE R KELLY SLOW JAMS 2010 is the year of the indie frontman going solo. But Luke Lewis says more

should start looking to Cockney singalongs and R&B sex grinds for inspiration

Singers are making the same music they'd make in

their bands - it's puzzling



hat's with all the indie blokes going solo all of a sudden? We've already had Kele's 'The Boxer'. In the next two months you can expect solo albums from The Killers' Brandon Flowers, Maximo Park's Paul Smith, Carl Barât, and

not one but two members of Animal Collective. What next? The curly-haired fella from Italo-disco grafters Heartbreak going it alone? Er, actually he has – and so has his bandmate.

This is getting weird. On one level, it's nothing new. Musicians have always sought a break from their day jobs. With drummers, such as Radiohead's Phil Selway and Razorlight's Andy Burrows, both of whom

have recorded solo albums this year, you can understand the urge: they want to be centre-stage for once. Likewise, a guy like Julian Časablancas. His solo record gave him an outlet to goof off, free from pressure. If 'I Wish It Was Christmas Today' had appeared on The Strokes' fourth album, everyone

would have WTF'd their heads off. But since

it was just a silly seasonal and solo single, people thought, 'OK, cool'. Though it was weird when he played it at Glasto mid-summer.

What is new, and slightly puzzling, is the current trend of singers going solo, and then making exactly the same kind of music they would've made with their band anyway. Brandon Flowers said that with his album 'Flamingo' he was "conscious of not trying to do something that was 'too Killers'." Well, he obviously didn't try very hard, because to my ears it contains nothing that wouldn't have sat comfortably on 'Sam's Town'. Same with Paul Smith. On his album 'Margins', he's clearly revelling in the opportunity not to have to pen any pint-flinging, Maximo Park-esque indie-disco anthems. But it's not like it's full of funky house 'bangers' or R Kelly-style slow jams. It's not a radical departure.

And that's the point. Surely if you're going to go your own way, you might as well do something unexpected. Kele had the right idea. 'The Boxer' enabled him to do things he couldn't have done with Bloc Party, such as play thrumming electro, smile once in a while and develop biceps the size of goldfish bowls. Honouring that admirable spirit of

reinvention, then, here are some radical solo departures I'd like to see:

· Win Butler - 'Cor Blimey!': a bawdy album of Cockney knees-up songs, accompanied by Regine on stand-up piano and swanee whistle. Standout track: 'Roll Out The Barrel (Part 2)'.

• Marcus Mumford - 'Pumped': a

slavish tribute to '80s poodle-rock. For the promo shots Marcus sports a ratted frightwig and a spandex jumpsuit slashed to the crotch. Standout track: a cover of Whitesnake's 'Slide It In', complete with banjo solo.

• Faris Badwan - 'Faris!': The Horrors' beanpole terror-goth unleashes his theatrical side with a collection of jazz-handing show tunes. Standout track: 'If I Were A Rich Man', from Fiddler On The Roof.

OK, maybe not. But a man can dream, right?



DIDDY BREAKS GRIME

Rap mogul enlists London grime star to take the genre global

iddy might already have an affinity with the Brits, being buddies with James Ford and Matt Helders, but last week it was UK grime that was bazooka-fired into P Diddy's world of Cîroc. three-day Ibiza parties and yelling "LET'S GO!!!!!!!!" on Twitter.

London MC Skepta's remix of the rapper's Diddy-Dirty Money song 'Hello Good Morning' hit the internet (hear it at NME.COM/ artists/p-diddy), with Diddy announcing that it's set to be released officially this week. Diddy can be heard yelling "grime!" repeatedly over the tune and has bigged up Skepta and his "team UK" to

With the second second

his millions of online followers. It heralds a genuine global breakthrough for grime, as well as featuring the ace Skepta lyric "I like tea, but I don't like crumpets". Next up in the US/UK rap crossover: Jay-Z ditches thousand-dollar champagne bottles for Twinings tea, Kanye buys a second-home bungalow in Chigwell and Eminem learns how to pour the perfect pint of John Smith's, with a smiley face in the froth.





- Last week Dr Dre announced that he's been working on 'The Planets' – an instrumental concept album about the solar system. But Dre isn't the only muso to do a nuts concept record...
- In 1988 The Fall released '1 Am Kurious Oranj' the soundtrack to a ballet about the 300th anniversary of William of Orange's accession to the throne.
- In 1996 rapper Dr Octagon released 'Dr. Octagonecologyst' - about a gynecologist from outer space.
- In 2010 'Tri Angle Records Presents; Let Me Shine For You' was released a set of Lindsay Lohan covers based on the concept of the actress' "black hole existence".



READING AND LEEDS FESTIVALS UPDATE

Stages going up on the sites – plus your chance to win the last tickets to each event

LEEDS' NEW ERECTION DIRECTION

The Leeds Lestival Main Stage is getting a bit of a tilt this year, while over in Reading the big metal thing is already up "In Leeds we've actually changed the position," Festival Republic chief Melvin Benn explains. "In the position that it was everybody arrived on the right hand side, so what used to happen is it would get very busy on the right lide and not quite so busy on the left. So we've moved it 45 degrees clockwise, so that when people come into that particular field it's straight in front of them as opposed to on their left. It's due to go up this week "In Reading, "the Main Stage is already built, which is quite unprecedented and early compared to previous years!"

Read more from Melvin Benn at NME.COM/blogs.

LAST CHANCE TO WIN TICKETS

Tickets for both the sites are now completely seld out – but we've got the last chance to get in for NME readers. We've got the final pair of tickets for both sites up for grabs – one reader will win the Reading pair, another will get the pair for Leeds. To be in with a shot of winning, head to NME.COM/win and answer the following question:

The Libertines' drummer Gary Powell is playing a set at the festivals with his 'other' band in the afternoons, What are they called?

a) The Invasion Of...

b) Gazza And The Honey Monsters c) Tableface

Terms and conditions apply – see NME.COM/terms



Freelance Whales

weathervanes Album Out 23rd August 2010

Features the singles 'Hannah' and 'Generator 2nd Floor'
www.freelancewhales.com



PETER ROBINSON US GET CAPE. **WEAR CAPE. FLY**

Sam Duckworth on the wonder life is when you have a shed, a cheese and a good poo



· There was some stuff about lobbying and protesting and Iraq etc but that was taken out in favour of the shed chat, Apols

· There was also a rather awkward hit in which Sam was accused of being 'surprisingly interesting' on Twitter

· All in all, interview gold

Hello, Sam. What are you doing for the rest of the day? "I've got a five-hour drive up to

Well the logical next question is: what's your favourite motorway service station?

"Tebay is my favourite service station. Without a shadow of a doubt. It's an hour between Newcastle and Scotland and it's got about five farm shops in it. It's one of the only places on a motorway where you can get good cheese."

Cheese? "Chcesc."

Is good cheese a priority for you when you're motoring?

"Cheese is a priority. It's good to eat something other than a pasty. And it's just nice to have a clean toilet. I know it's simple pleasures in life but it's always good to have a good sandwich and a good poo."

We're not here to talk about poo and sandwiches Sam, although 'shit sandwich' was the review famously given to the Spinal Tap album 'Shark Sandwich' and you do happen to have your own new album out, so there could be a connection. What's the most boring song on the new album? "(Outraged) THE MOST BORING SONG ON THE ALBUM? I suppose it all depends on what you like, I guess. Some people might think the acoustic songs are a bit more boring...

Well obviously.

...and some people might not like the electronic ones. What do you think is the most boring?"

I listened to the album on shuffle so I lost track of what was what but going by the tracklisting 'Stitch By Stitch' looks likely to be highly boring.

"Well 'Stitch By Stitch' is a welcome bit of space on the album, a moment to breathe... It's not a pisstake track, but it's a track that slowed the record down and brought it in a bit."

For people unfamiliar with your new sound, please explain.

"There's less focus on the guitar, there's a lot more programming and electronics and it's an album that's got a bit more of a summery vibe."



So in a sense it's 'cheer up, let's all go down the disco'.

"It's kind of like that but it's not an album that's trying to ignore what's going on, it's an album that says the world's falling apart, but there is hope after this." [What follows is five minutes' recession chat too boring for publication but which does include Sam discussing garden sheds)

Are you at all concerned you're the last person in the British music industry to go electro? "(Laughs) It's weird in that a lot of the

programming was away from the computer - a lot was from MP3 and resampling and into the grooves of funk and early hip-hop."

Regarding what you said about sheds. I was in B&Q the other day and was surprised at how robust the sheds were. You could almost live in them.

"Some of the sheds you see now are almost better than the holiday caravans you used to stay in."

Well this is the thing, B&Q are almost there with it. Because they've got their whole shed display area and it's like they've already defined a small village. All it needs is some people to move in.

"That's not too different from a campsite, because the shed displays often aren't too far a walk from the bathroom displays. If we ever were to have a situation where there was a serious crisis I'd be first in the queue down at B&Q."

I suppose that would make you 'first in the B&queue'. [Terrible silence]

MARK ROWSON & THE BUSINESS INTL "BANG BANG BANG" EMINEM 'NOT AFRAID' MARINA & THE DIAMONDS PENDURUM WITCHERAFT

MUMFORD & SOWS PROFESSOR GREEN FT ED

DEEMETT I NEED YOU TONIGHT

ARCADE FIRE "WE USED TO WAIT!

PENDULUM WATERCOLDUR'

NEUTRON STAR COLLISION (LOVE IS FOREVER)

ROBYN 10 -DANCING ON MY OWN: GORILLAZ

ON MELANCHOLY HILL

CRYSTAL CASTLES

12 -NO LOVE

FLORENCE + THE MACHINE

OMBAY BICYCLE CLUB

MUMFORD & SOMS 'ROLL AWAY YOUR STONE'

28 "GOD & SATAN"

HURTS 26 -WONDERFUL LIFE RUSKO FT AMBIER COFFMAN

HOLD ON

20 17 SELFMACHINE

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a THE COUNT & SIMDEN FEATURING MYSTERY JETS

'After Dark' e OF MONTREAL FEATURING SOLANGE 'Sex Karma' 'Credit Card Babies'

OFFICIAL

Pieces Of ME JACK BARNETT

The These New Puritans man on Queen, Status Quo and leprechaun terrorists

My first album 'GREATEST HITS' BY QUEEN

"I think it's the only bad album I've ever bought in my life. I remember singing songs like 'Fat Bottomed Girls', which is obviously a nuanced and emotionally charged piece of music. I think it's mainly Brian May that gets on my nerves – guitar-soloing everywhere – you just can't get away from him sticking his oar in every 20 seconds."

My first gig THE MAGIC BAND (WITHOUT CAPTAIN BEEFHEART)

"Ithink it was at Islington Academy in north London. When I was a teenager, I used to listen to Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band and learn their songs off by heart, for hours on end, on the guitar. At the gig It was just me and a lot of heavily bearded 50-year-old men."

The first song I fell in love with PICTURES OF MATCHSTICK MEN' BY STATUS QUO

"It was the first thing I ever figured out for myself on the guitar. If you say Status Quo to most people, they think of 'Rocking All Over The World'. But before that they were a pop-psychedelic band who had one brilliant hit. I still think it's great."

The book that changed me URASHIMA TARO BY ANONYMOUS

"I wanted to use ideas about time travel in a song, and it's supposedly the first appearance of time travel ever recorded in fiction. It's an old Japanese folk tale about this fisherman who rescues a turtle and is rewarded for that with a visit to the house of the gods. When he returns to his village, he finds himself 300 years in the future."

My favourite film

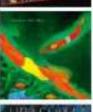
"It's a short film that was part of a suite of three films that came out a few years ago called *Tokyo!*. It's about a sort of prehistoric terrorist who comes out of the sewers in the streets of Japan and starts flinging grenades at people. He's kind of a leprechaun. It's one of those things that doesn't necessarily make sense to the conscious mind, but leaves a big impression because of that ~ a bit like David Lynch."

My favourite album 'ROCK BOTTOM' BY ROBERT

"It was an early one – his second solo album. It's fantastic. Almost every album of his has something which isn't perfect, whereas this is just about perfect. I always point people to 'Street Song' when they say they don't know















top left: The cover of Queen's Greatest Hits: Current 93's Dave from *Merde*: The Magic Band onstage; Status Que during their psychedello ase; the cover of Robert Goodman s version of Urashima Taro; the sleeve of Robert Wyatt's Rock Bottom

Clockwise from

where to start with Robert Wyatt. It's one of those records where everyone who came together to make it was exactly right."

Favourite TV show **SEINFELD**

"Conceptually, it's one of the most interesting TV programmes. A lot of people think it's just another sitcom, but you have to watch it for a long time to figure out what's really funny about it."

Right now I'm loving CURRENT 93

"The guy in it, Dave Tibet, used to be in Psychic TV. We played with them at their 25th anniversary gig. The first track on their new album 'Baalstorm' is called 'I Dreamt I Was Aeon'. It's got this piano motif that gradually gets buried by all the other elements, then emerges again at the end of the song. You might call it anti-folk. I guess."



FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



Nu-bred widescreen Nashville R&R... Princes Of Leon?

ick Brown, the frontman, mouthpiece and creative engine behind Mona, Nashville's next-gen rock'n'roll classicists, is a refreshingly candid interviewee. We discover this precisely 23 seconds into our conversation, when he casually admits to

"kicking the shit" out of a former guitarist who had "developed an attitude problem".

Twenty minutes later, he will pronounce that "rock'n'roll is definitely dead" with all the certainty of a coroner who's just been confronted with a tangled mass of bloodied, unmoving meat, before adding that, "rock'n'roll is a virus. It's a parasite. It has to evolve to stay relevant, it has to keep attacking the immune system. I'll be that parasite. I like it a lot better than being part of the immune system."

In A&R parlance, Mona are the Princes of Leon. The comparison isn't entirely unjustified; like the Followills, Mona are based in Nashville (though Brown originally hails from Dayton, Ohio), and make propulsive, rough-hewn rock'n'roll

to which they hope more than a few lives will be affirmed. Nick even comes from a similar pentecostal upbringing.

"I didn't watch R-rated movies, and I didn't listen to 'secular' music," he says. "But I learned all about being led by spirit. Obviously as you get older and discover the whiskey bottle, you realise there's more to life, but whether you're praying, or fighting in a bar, or having sex in the backseat, it all springs from the same thing: passion."

Passion is something Nick certainly isn't lacking in. He believes that, culturally, "we're living in the renaissance and the dark ages simultaneously", and snarls that his hero Johnny Cash would be "spinning in his grave" if he heard the "shiny, plastic, meaningless nothing" coming out of Nashville at the moment. He wants Mona is to set an example to the "14-year-old kid with a guitar who wants to tap into the spirit of rebellion, but all he hears on the radio is Black Eyed Peas".

He is, in other words, our sort of chap. The buzz around Mona is barely a week old, but we sense that this is only the first of many memorable encounters. Barry Nicolson

NEED TO KNOW

- The band take their name from Nick's gran, who used to lead his congregation in worship on the church organ
- Nick estimates that he's written over 500 songs, but says "songs are like females. You're lucky if you meet one and it turns you on"
- · He also likens songwriting to "sitting down with a shrink twice a week to talk things over. It's like soul-vomit to me"

The Buzz

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



XOYO

What happens when four of UK dance music's most seasoned players converge at the very heart of the Capital's nightlife hub with partying in mind? Well, it's a bit like when Bill Murray stomps on 'the trap' in Ghostbusters, and all the spooks get sucked down into its depths. Except instead of ghoulish spectres, its the Who's Who of on-the-pulse UK dancefloor fraternity. XOYO is the new cave-cum-club beneath the old Shoreditch station, opened by the chaps behind Bugged Out, Eat Your Own Ears, Boy's Own and Field Day. It opens on September 15 with everyone from Simian Mobile Disco, Ed Banger Records, Durrr and Blogger's Delight, to Erol Alkan and Joker hosting their own parties. Plus, it's not one of those Odeon-style carpeted superclubs, but more a friendly 800-person supercupboard. Shit's gonna kick off.



2 ALICE GOLD'S 'ORBITER'

"Aphroditeeeeeee!" squeals Alice like one of the more sinister characters from Hair in the throws of this buzzing ride of psych-disco pop-rock. A former dulcet strummer-turnedfreaky-deaky-diva, Alice's debut promo video is what the Timotei ads would be like had they been directed by Tim Robbins' damaged character in Jacob's Ladder.



3 TERRIBLE RECORDS

The label started last year by Chris 'Grizzly Bear' Taylor is coming into its own. After a series of seven-inches for the likes of Class Actress, Acrylics and Arthur Russell, he's set to release the new single by Twin Shadow: sticky backstreet grooves made by a man with the strongest tash/quiff combo of 2010. who lists his main pastime as "muscle cars".



4 SCHOONER-ROCK

Early-'80s vacht-rock (Toto, Doobie Brothers etc) was defined by ostentatious affluence; all platinum riffs and diamanté beats with ridiculous posturing. All indicative of the times. Similarly timely, the likes of LA's Teen Inc are joining Minnesota's Gayngs by paying a lo-fi homage to their crass swagger, minus about 1,999,500 record sales.



5 DISCLOSURE'S DEBUT SINGLE

The svelte minimalism of London sexy-techno duo Disclosure's first single 'Offline Dexterity' has torpedoed through the blogosphere like an aquatic dirty bomb in the past couple of weeks. Next move? A hard-copy release as part of Moshi Moshi's singles club and remixes for Merok's leading lights, Blondes.





Keith Murray, We Are Scientists

"We love Rewards, the new project by [ex-Chairlift] Aaron Pfenning. The stuff he's getting up is fairly dark and sleazy '80s-style electro-pop."



This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

PIRATE METAL Pretty much a Ronseal one this. A bizarre trend of metal bands who go by names like Swashbuckle and Alestorm, Combining bludgeoning riffage and double-kick drums with a pervasive obsession with Robert Louis Stevenson-esque pirate fantasies, cue plenty of hoarsed "Oo-ahh"s and scene anthems like

Swashbuckle's

"Scurvy Back."



PANTHA DU PRINCE

AUDIO, BRIGHTON FRIDAY, JULY 30

round the midpoint of Pantha Du Prince's early seaside set this evening, you realise the whole thing hangs around one sullen kick drum thud, If PDP - aka Hendrik Weber were to remove that sole jarring constant, his audience would all melt away into inertia.

It's not that Weber makes dull music. It's just that he's blessed with an ability to make unconsciousness sound appealing. Or rather that dream-like state just prior to unconsciousness. The kicks are there to keep you awake, after all, thud-thud-thud.

As such it's odd seeing him in the flesh, and not just because, with his floppy fringe and sharp features, he vaguely resembles Cocktail-era Tom Cruise. But because his binding of shoegaze and minimal techno - neither the most intrusive style - is the sort of music best listened to with eyes shut. A glance around Audio's basement confirms this: many of those here are swaying blindly as tracks from new album 'Black Noise' gently unfurl themselves. It's still early - half nine or so - and Weber's no doubt used to slots fixed deeper in the night, but 'Satellite Snyper' does a good enough impression of 4am to be transportive. Its pretty, precise synths sing melodies no human throat could manage, as a projector screen displays a close-up study of paint drip-dropping

onto canvas. It's music made with such an ear for detail. Ouite literally arty.

As the night creeps towards its conclusion it feels like PDP is escorting us around some long-abandoned old ghost house, through dusty chambers of off-kilter memory. When encore track 'Stick To My Side' buries Panda Bear's voice deep and low in the mix, it's evident this isn't club music as the world knows it right now. Weber's sound is built from cut-up cries, ticks, and samples of clinking glasses of water. And, of course, that ceaseless, anxious thudding. Other than the kick though, there's little anxiety here tonight.

Weber's sound is built from cut-up cries, ticks and clinking glasses of water

When the set melts away into beautiful swirls, and then finally silence, there's a huge cheer and massive applause, as if we've all just arrived at the end of an hour-long magic trick. And maybe, to hold our attention for this long with such minimal tools, we kind of have. Kev Kharas





CLENCHED FISTS AND DEVIL HORNS

Trash Talk's Lee Spielman reports from the centre of the pit



We've just moved to London. We've got an apartment in Stratford, and we're playing festivals and shows all around Europe, so this is our homebase so we can fly out, then come back and hang. I'm stoked we're playing this Norwegian festival called Øya – there's a legit

Norwegian black metal band called **1349** playing, so that's going to be gnarly, they wear full face paint and everything.

Two days ago, three of us saw a band called **Weekend Nachos** from Chicago. They played in Los Angeles and they rock, they're heavy as fuck. They have a new EP out on Relapse, called 'Bleed'. The next day we saw a band called **Extortion** from Perth, Australia, where we toured with them last year. They're awesome, they're on Deep Six Records, which is the same label as Infest and Landmine Marathon, and they

TOP 5

1
WEEKEND NACHOS
Bleed

2 EXTORTION The Pessimist

3 LA DISPUTE & TOUCHE AMORE Searching For A Pulse

1349 Atomic Chapel

5 HATRED SURGE Dark Circles just put out a new 10-inch called 'Loose Screws'. I'm also really into La Dispute (pictured above), who we did a full US tour with. They're the nicest people we ever toured with. They're a posthardcore screamo band, and they killed it every night. I love everything about them, they're so well thought out. They just did a split with a band called Touché Amoré from LA, and both those bands are awesome. Hatred Surge from Austin, Texas are a hardcore band, but they're almost grind because of how fast they play. They started out as a one-man project - just one dude in his bedroom who played everything, sang everything - but then they turned into a full band. They're awesome, fucking brutal. They have a split LP coming out on Cyclopean Records with a band called Mammoth **Grinder** who are from the same area.

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST: The Big Pink's Milo Cordell To SEE
This week's
unmissable new

MITCHELL MUSEUM The Electric Circus, Edinburgh,

band shows

August 11

THE HEARTBREAKS
(pictured below)
The Cockpit, Leeds.

August 13

PANTHA DU PRINCE

Oran Mor, Glasgow, August 13

YES WAY FESTIVAL Peckham, London, August 13-15

THE NEAT
Nation Of
Shopkeepers, Leeds,
August 14





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BREAKTHROUGH TIPS THIS WEEK: BLAINE HARRISON, MYSTERY JETS

 New bands should put on gigs in adventurous places...

"When we started out we were distillusioned by playing in a scene which was based around Camden pubs. So we put on gigs on Eel Ple Island, storting off with my sister's 21st birthday party, Our mates Jamle T. Noisettes, Good Shoes and Larrikin Love played. As we did more we started to recognise the people who were coming less. At the end there were labels and scouts coming. It was a bit like a treasure hunt getting there. We read about '80s industrial bands who put on parties in Berlin in old factories and people would have to crawl through windows and stuff. Now you could send out tweets! Sending people on a journey with a prize at the end to experience something really exciting works really well."



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GOOD NEWS!

Funeral Party album

uneral Party have given Radar an exclusive insight into their forthcoming album. The LA-based ex-Mexican skate gang stormed indie radio with their debut single 'New York Moves To The Sound Of LA' in June, but have announced that fans will have to wait until January for their first album. Entitled 'Golden Age Of Nowhere', and produced by Mars Volta enginner Lars Stalfors (guitarist Omar Rodriguez-Lopez also plays guest guitar on 'Carwars'), the tracklisting is: 'New York City Moves To The Sound Of LA', 'Carwars', 'Finale', 'Where Did It Go Wrong?', 'Just Because', 'Postcards Of Persuasion', 'Giant Song', 'City In Silhouettes', 'Youth & Poverty', 'Relics To Ruins', 'Golden Age Of Knowhere'. It will be one of the first releases through the new UK arm of American label Jive, whose roster includes Britney Spears.



BAD NEWS! ▼Die's movie role dies

ans of South Africa's satirical raprave project Die Antwoord will be gutted to hear its leading lady Yo-Landi Vi\$\$er has turned down a chance to take her talents to the big screen. The tiny rapper has revealed that she rejected a leading role in David Fincher's forthcoming remake of The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo. In an interview with New York-based website Vulture she explained, "They contacted my agency in LA but it's not something I want to do." However, concentrating on her musical endeavours seems to be paying dividends: we can announce that the group - fronted by notorious rap-comedian Watkin Tudor Jones (aka Ninja) - follow up their viral promo video 'Enter The Ninia' (grossing over 5 million hits on YouTube) with a full UK album release called '\$o\$' on October 31.

THE DINS Let's Go Surfing

Taken from the debut album
THE DRUMS available now

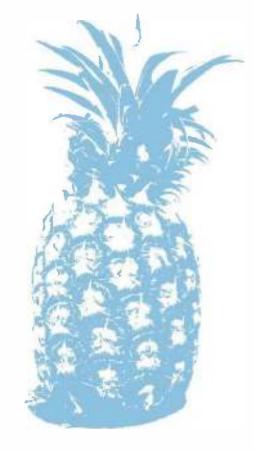
"Effortlessly spectacular" NIME 8/10

"Joyous and accomplished" The Fly ★★★★

"The best pop song of 2010" Clash 8/10



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ON AUGUST 30, 1970 AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT FESTIVAL

JIMI HENDRIX CEMENTED HIMSELF AS THE MOST ICONIC ROCK

GUITARIST OF HIS GENERATION. DAYS LATER, HE WAS DEAD.

BARRY NICOLSON TRACES THE HIGHS AND LOWS OF HIS LIFE

imi Hendrix pronounced himself dead on September 2, 1970. He had just abandoned a show in the Danish port city of Aarhus a mere two songs into the set, seething with anger at the audience's jeering calls for him to play the hits and engage in the shamanistic stage rituals he had long since tired of performing.

The line-up that would posthumously become known as The Cry Of Love band – comprising Jimi, his old army buddy Billy Cox on bass, and former Experience drummer Mitch Mitchell were three dates into a I uropean tour Hendrix desperately didn't want to be on. He had been forced into playing the

Forty years after his death, no guitarist has come close to harnessing the raw, cosmic, primordial power that Hendrix commanded

shows by his manager Mike Jeffrey – a fearsome presence who had once arranged for Hendrix to be kipnapped by the Mafia and who would, many years later, be accused of murdering the guitarist for his own financial gains – in order to pay off a six-figure debt to his record label, incurred after the cost of his pet project, the Electric Lady recording studio in New York, had spiralled out of control Barely a year earlier, at Woodstock, Hendrix had given the defining performance not just of his own career, but of the whole of the 1900s, when his rendition of The Star-Spangled Banner' to a Monday morning crowd of 200,000 people had seemed to signify – however

briefly – a shifting of the cultural axis. Now, however, dark, demonic portents swirled around him like the real-world manifestations of an acid trip gone awry.

It wasn't just that his financial problems were mounting, or that he had grown terrified of his own manager; the critics who had lavished praise on his early albums did not hold Hendrix's more recent work in the same regard, with *Melody Maker* deriding it as "old-fashioned" and wondering when he might "find himself and take a more active role in the business of rock than he has since the days of the l'xperience". Worse still, Hendrix's own fans were beginning to turn on him, angered by reports of the exorbitant performance fees demanded by his management and disillusioned by a series of lacklustre live appearances

"He just couldn't play anymore," said legendary bluesman and Hendrix contemporary Johnny Winter of a Band Of Gypsys show at Madison Square Garden in January 1970. "When I saw him, it gave me the chills. It was the most horrible thing I'd ever seen. He just took his guitar off, sat on the stage, and told the audience, 'I'm sorry, we just can't get it together.' One of his people said he was sick, and led him off. It was like he had already died."

There were spasmic, post-mortem twitches of brilliance yet left in him, of which his appearance that August at the Isle Of Wight restrial was the last and most significant. Yet, even at the end of that now-legendary two hour set. Jimi bade farewell to the crowd by meekly thanking them "for being so patient", norwhalantly dropping his guitar to the floor, and wandering offstage. For Jimi, it wasn't much of a triumph.

Three days later, in Aarhus, he reached the same conclusion that Johnny Winter had come to in New York nine months earlier: "I've been dead a long



time," he was heard muttering as he trooped dejectedly back to his dressing room.

It would be another two weeks before Jimi's body finally gave in, face down on the floor of his girlfriend's Notting Hill hotel room in a puddle of red wine, half-digested German sedatives, and his own vomit: his spirit, though, had departed much sooner.

ames Marshali Hendrix's story began 27 years earlier when he was born in Seattle, Washington on November 27, 1942 to James Allen 'Al' Hendrix and Lucille Jeter. His childhood was complicated: Al was drafted to fight in W.W. II the same week that Lucille discovered she was pregnant, and Jimi would not ment his father until he was three years old. Lucille's financial problems and burgeoning alcoholism meant that the young Jimi (or Buster, as he was known) was often put into the care of family friends in California, or his grandmother in Vancouver. Around the time Lucille died in 1958 from cirrhosis of the liver brought on by a bout of heavy drinking, Jimi—who was obsessed with Elvis Presley and often paraded round the house wielding a broom as a Stratocaster—acquired his first guitar, a battered \$5 acoustic with a solitary string, which he practised on

religiously and from which he eked out every sound he possibly could.

In 1961, faced with the choice of two years in prison for being caught riding in a stolen car or enlisting in the army, Jimi chose the latter. He joined the forst Airborne Divison, a paratrooper infantry unit that had become reknowned for its role in the D Day landings, and while he rarely spoke about his time in the army—and was often disparaging of it when he did—in truth, he took no small measure of pride in his national service, though he made for a poor soldier.

The yippies, hippies, protesters and

Clockwise from top: Jimi about to go onstage at the Isle Of Fehmarn, Germany on September 6, 1970. He died just 12 days later; James Allen Hendrix with his Famous son; Jimi during his legendary performance at Woodstock in 1969 counterculturalists would later claim him as one of their own, but when Hendrix was discharged from the torst after just one year, it was not because of any opposition to the growing US presence in Victnam he was an avowed anticommunist who privately believed that an American presence in southeast

Asia was necessary to curb Chinese influence in the region. Instead, Pvt Hendrix was thrown out of the army for repeatedly falling asleep on duty and being "apprehended masturbating in the platoon area while supposed to be on detail"

The most important thing Hendrix tool from his time in the army, however, was not his political outlook, but the sound of air whooshing around his ears as he parachuted from the plane during his 26 jumps with the roist, a major influence on what would become his distinctive, spaced-out guitar sound

"Once you get out there," he told one interviewer, "everything is so quiet... All you hear is the breeze."

After scraping together a living as a backing musician for the likes of Sam Cooke, Slim Harpo and Jackie Wilson on the black-friendly Chithin' Circuit of the American South, Hendrix tried his luck in New York, where he was eventually discovered in 1966 by Linda Keith, then-girlfriend of Keith Richards. Keith introduced him to Animals bassist Chas Chandler, who was so entranced by Jimi's playing he



STANDING NEXT TO JIMI'S FIRE

Ex-NME Features Editor Keith Altham was the last man to interview Jimi Hendrix before his death, having previously written stacks of words on the man in these very pages

During the late '60s I was 'The Jimi Hendrix man' at NME, and, due to my close friendship with his co-manager and ex-Animals bass player Chas Chandler, I earned a dubious distinction for not only being the last journalist to do an interview with the great guitarist on September II, 1970, but also the little arsonist who invented guitar flambe for him at Finsbury Park Astoria on March 31, 1967.

That night I was sitting in the dressing room with Chas, Jimi, roadie Gerry Stickles and the agent and early Cliff Richard manager Tito Burns.

"Keith, you're a music journalist, what can we do to steal all the headlines tonight?" asked Chas. "Well," I ventured, "you can't keep smashing things or people will think you are just stealing The Who's act. And The Move is smashing TV sets onstage."

his extraordinary eclectic guitar style and sexual showmanship.

"What the hell was that?" asked the Rolling Stone journo standing next to me in the press pit after the smoke lifted from the stage.

"That," I said, "was James Marshall Hendrix. Make a note of the name."

The last time Linterviewed Jimi was at The Cumberland Hotel just a week before his death and he was lounging on a double bed attended by his then-current girlfriend Monika Dannemann and super grouple Devon Wilson who also doubled as his dealer Copious amounts of Mateus Rose which was one of his favourite tipples, were on offer and I balanced a BBC Uher tape recorder on my knee for an interview for the radio. programme Scene And Heard. Prior to the interview we covered his possible return to our

Jimi was not undyingly grateful for my blazing inspiration as he was expected to do it at every subsequent show

"Mebbe I could smash an elephant," mumbled Jimi.

'It's a pity you can't set fire to the guitar," I suggested, knowing full well a solid state guitar would not burn. There was pause.

"Gerry," said Chas thoughtfully, "go and buy some lighter fuel."
Jimi was not undyingly grateful for my blazing inspiration as he was expected to do it on every subsequent performance, although in fact, he only performed the guitar pyre on four occasions. But the continual use of spectacular photographs made it look like he was a one-man rock blitzkrieg onstage.

On my first trip to the US for the Monterey Pop Festival and his first gig in the home country since his spectacular rise to fame in the UK, he knew he was destined to be a musical bonfire one more time and turned to me balefully before going onstage

"I gotta idea, Keith. Why don't you smash your typewriter tonight?"

"Wouldn't have the same impact," I returned as he loped on to follow The Who's magnificent four-man demolition squad, then steal the show with

mutual chum Chas Chandler at least as a producer and his disenchantment with manager Mike Jeffrey and the format of The Band Of Gypsys, which he seem resigned to disbanding.

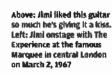
"I would like to do something with a line-up like Traffic have," he told me. "Tight but expandable with just an extra keyboard player etcetera, and I want Mitch back again and maybe Chas will produce." He had already spoken on the phone with Chas and he planned to see him in a few days he said - he wanted free from his management but I doubt he would have unengaged himself from the sinister Mike Jeffrey.

Jimi seemed optimistic, certainly not suicidal about the future, but despondent about recent events and the fate of his big band and he knew he needed a steady hand again. If he had made the meet with Chas my contention is that he might still be alive. So it goes

The Cumberland Hotel opens its Jimi Hendrix Suite on September 16. For Info visit www.guoman.com







▶ spilled his drink over himself. Chandler quickly arranged for Jimi to come to London, where he signed a contract with Chandler and Animals manager Mike Jeffrey, and recruited Mitch Mitchell and Noel Redding to form The Jimi Hendrix Experience.

In 1966, Swinging London thought of itself as the capital of the world. The Beatles were dropping acid and giggling like schoolgirls at avant-garde gallery openings, 'Clapton Is God' was daubed in graffiti onto the city's walls, and The Rolling Stones were the planet's most dangerous rock'n'roll band. But nobody had ever seen anything like Jimi Hendrix.

Offstage, Hendrix was a quiet and painfully shy presence. But on it, he seemed possessed by some ancient, elemental Indian spirit summoned up from the depths of his Cherokee ancestry. He would play the guitar behind his back, on his knees, between his

legs. He would swing it 360 degrees around himself without ever sounding like he'd taken his fingers from the frethoard. He would bury his face in the pickups and pluck out fast, fluid solos with his teeth like a jaguar pulling the innards from its prey. These were all tricks and ties he'd learned on the Chitlin' Circuit while he was honing his stagecraft, but what he was actually playing was something that couldn't be taught or casually picked up.

At the age of 24, Hendrix wasn't just a virtuoso, he was taking the electric guitar to places it had never been before. He wasn't the first guitarist to make use of feedback, but he was arguably the first to master and manipulate it with such devastating aplomb. His grounding was in the blues, but he could just as easily veer off into funk or jazz, rock or country. He played with great clarity at eacophonous volume through a wall of specially designed high-powered amplifiers and custom-built effects pedals, but really, the sound seemed to originate from within him and echo out through his extremities. Watch or listen to any of his live performances and it often seems like he and his guitar are part of the same physical entity: when he sings and plays at the same time, the two sounds will gradually converge until it becomes impossible to distinguish one from the other.

endrix took London by storm, but having grown up in the racial furnace of pre-civil rights America, he was acutely aware of being a black man in a white man's world. Even after shooting to superstardom in his homeland in the wake of the 1967 Monterey Pop Festival – when he infamously doused his guitar in lighter fluid and danced in front of the flames – Hendrix was regarded with contempt by many African-Americans, who dismissed him as an 'Uncle Tom' – a black man who acts with subservience towards whites – and was constantly harassed and criticised by civil rights groups for playing so-called 'white' music. It deeply affected Hendrix, a sensitive, humble soul who craved acceptance from the black community.

Around the time the Electric Lady Studio was being built, Hendrix was walking around New York with his friends and collaborators Arthur and Albert Allen when, as Albert recalls, "There was this



Collapsing Cities feat. Shy FX

THE NEW SINGLE Out Aug 9th

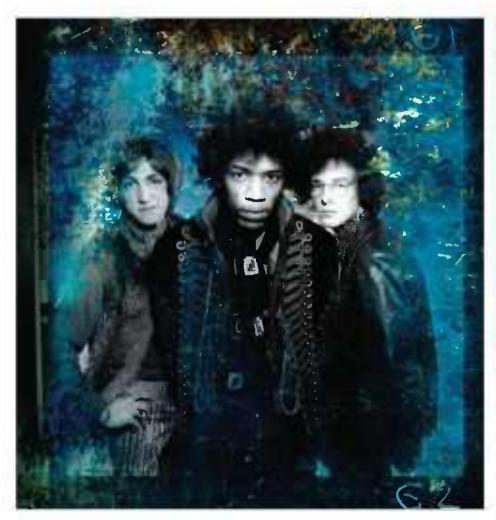
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HENDRIX IN PICTURES

Gered Mankowitz was responsible for most of the iconic Images of Hendrix that we recognise today but, as he tells NME, Jimi wasn't always a wildman

I'd only met Jimi very briefly before shooting him, in November 1966. Chas Chandler, who managed him and found him, did these little showcase gigs, in a place called the Bag O'Na Is in Kingly Street, London. They became major events. Obviously there was a huge crowd and it was packed, but I met him briefly, because Chas' intention was that I should shoot a session a week or so later. As it turned

The human quality of Jimi is what captures people's imagination. He's fragile and vulnerable

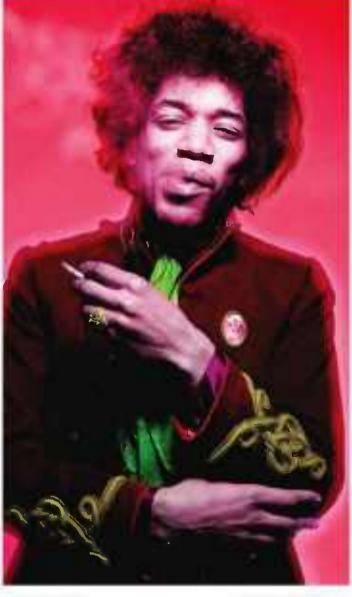
out, for reasons I'm unsure about, I didn't shoot with him until about February or March of '67, but I met him briefly and we shook hands, nothing serious of any import was said. The main thing that struck me was seeing and hearing this extraordinary wildman onstage, I mean, he blew everybody away, it's no exaggeration But when I met him, a'beit in a crowd, he was quiet and modest.

When the session did happen, the three of them just arrived, no entourage, no security, none of that. The business was so totally different to how it is now, and it's difficult to imagine the innocence and the inexperience. and the lack of knowledge about photography. image, posing and everything. I was 20, Jimi was about 23. Very young people.

They had little canvas bags with a change of clothes, and that was it. We sat down, I fed them, we talked, we had a joint, chatted, then I eased them into having their pictures taken.

The challenge was always trying to get someone to open up and give you that bit of contact through the eyes. That little touch of soul or heart or whatever it is. Something that's mysterious, that makes the difference between one photograph and anothe. Somehow, something magnetic happens, and what that is, it's that contact. I don't know how you get someone to give you that, but whatever it is that happened, Jimi gave me that. He let me in, for whatever reason, and whether he meant to or not, he did. I was able to capture that, and the pictures are so simple when you look at them, the lighting is very simple, the quality of them and the human quality of Jimi is what captures people's imagination. He looks strong in some, frail in others, fragile and vulnerable. He looks like a human being. An extraordinary human being.

An exhibition of unseen and classic Hendrix photos by Gered Mankowitz can be seen at Snap Galleries, London SW1Y 6NH, Sept 18 - Nov 6, 2010. Makowitz' book The Experience - Jimi Hendrix At Mason's Yard published by Insight Editions is out September 20



A IS IT A JOINT? "Everyone thinks it's a joint, but it isn't. It's actually a Benson & Hedges. Brian Jones had been hounded about drugs in a very cruel way. Mick Jagger was strong and able to deal with it, but Brian wasn't, and was destroyed one way or the other. I would never photograph anyone with a joint, certainly not in a shoot like this, so although everyone assumes It's a joint, it's not."

V DANDY FASHION "He had embraced the dandy fashion of Granny Takes A Trip of Fulham, Brian Jones had already taken him shopping, so he looked tremendous. He looked like those outfits were just made for him."



WHAT JIMI MEANS TO ME

The future sounds of Hendrix inspired Muse's Matt Bellamy to pick up a guitar and create his own warped soundscapes

The first time I really got excited by guitars was when I was about 12. At the time, I wasn't really into heavy music at all I was into the sort of stuff my dad plays – Dick Dale-type stuff, Simon & Garfunkel But then I saw a video of Jimi Hendrix performing his famous set at the Monterey Pop Festival. More than the songs, what changed my life was the freedom, the expression that he brought to the performance. There was a sense of wild, reckless danger, capped when he famously smashed his guitar at the end, then set it on fire. After that I started

trying to play the acoustic guitar. To me, Hendrix is not necessarily about melodies or chords, it's about the energy he brings to it, the way that his whole psychedelic, crazy, slightly drugged-up personality bleeds through into what he's playing. He's got so much mastery of his instrument that you forget he's playing an instrument at all. He was a pioneer in using the studio itself as an instrument - wringing out unusual sounds until the environment was another extension of his own creativity. We actually worked in Electric Lady Studios for part of 'Black Holes & Revelations' The design of the place is really unusual, they haven't changed it since Hendrix built it, but it still seems very futuristic Not in a retro-futristic kind of way either - it actually makes you think of the future. It was interesting because when people think of Hendrix, they tend to think of someone guite earthy and bluesy, they don't really think of outer space and 2001. He was one of the first guys to build his own studio, partly because the bills from his previous album had been so astronomical on account of his intense perfectionism: 'Gypsy Eyes', for instance, was re-recorded 43 times before he found the right take. I can relate to that sort of perfectionism. I can't imagine what sorts of impossible sounds he'd be capable of wringing out of a modern studio setup. Guess we'll never know...



Matt Bellamy aka Jimi: the next generation

by guy on the street selling Black Panther papers. Jimi picked up on it and the first thing he did was he went over and bought the paper. Then the Panther said to us, 'Wow brothers, Jimi Hendrix is buying a Black Panther paper and you're not?' And we said, 'Jimi bought the paper because he wanted one. We don't.' Then Jimi looked over at us – he had bought the paper to impress us."

Hendrix's urge to please everyone was legendary – he would talk in African-American patois to his black friends and mannered tones to his English ones; enthuse to an audience of hippies about peace and love before railing in private about anti-war rioters – but it was also self-destructive. His final days were spent surrounded by a vampiric posse of hangers-on who plied him with drugs and alcohol, stifling his ability to work and exhausting him to the point where he could no longer sleep. Everybody wanted something from Hendrix, and he didn't want to disappoint them by saying no.

"Whenever I saw him," said his friend and rival Eric Clapton shortly after his death, "there were always at least four people dragging him from one side of the room to the other, and it just seemed as though he couldn't keep up. He was so gullible. It was so easy for people to take him in and con him. That was the best part of his nature, the innocence that he had. But it was the thing that everybody preyed on."

Nobody preyed on it more cynically than Mike Jeffrey, who by 1970 had taken over sole management of Hendrix. Jeffrey had alleged links to the CIA, MI5 and organised crime, and in September 1969, when his relationship with Hendrix was on the rocks, had engineered a bogus kidnapping plot that saw the guitarist held for two days by New York mafioso before Jeffrey miraculously turned up to 'save' him. He had also taken out a \$2million life insurance policy on Hendrix that named him as the sole beneficiary, a source of much suspicion regarding Jeffrey's complicity in his death; he died in a plane crash in 1973, but former Hendrix roadie James 'Tappy' Wright claimed last year that Jeffrey had confessed in 1971 to murdering Hendrix.

"I was in London the night of Jimi's death," Wright says a drunken Jeffrey told him, "and together with some old friends we went round to Monika [Dannemann, Hendrix's girlfriend]'s hotel room, got a handful of pills and stuffed them into his mouth, then poured a few bottles of red wine deep into his windpipe. I had to do it. Jimi was worth much more to me dead than alive. That son of a bitch was going to leave me."

In the weeks leading up to his death, Jimi had certainly been trying to extricate himself from the relationship. But it was far from the only thing on his mind.

Hendrix and Jeffrey had bought the Generation Club in Greenwich Village in 1968 with plans to turn it into a recording studio and creative haven for Jimi, but the construction of Electric Lady was fraught with difficulties. Thanks to a series of catastrophes including delayed permits and heavy rain flooding the site, the project cost almost double the original estimate, and though the studio has since become hallowed rock'n'roll turf, the six-figure loan he had to procure from Warner Brothers to finish it off meant that, in 1970 at least, it was starting to look like Jimi Hendrix's white elephant.

Hendrix was bad with money and had little regard for it — "The more money you make," he told US talk-show host Dick Cavett, "sometimes the more blues you can sing" — and the Warners' loan merely strengthened his manager's hold on him. He did live — just — to see Electric Lady completed, and in August 1970, held an opening party. The next day, he laid down his final studio recording — an instrumental number called 'Slow Blues' — before boarding a plane to London and commencing the final, fateful European tour that Jeffrey had cajoled him into.

"It may well be that the story of Jimi Hendrix is but a small picture

THE JIMI TIMELINE EXPERIENCE

1942

Born Johnny Allen Hendrix (later changed to James Marshall Hendrix) in Seattle, Washington.

1957

A teenage Jimi sees Elvis Presley in concert at Sick's Stadium, Seattle,

1952

Jimr's mother dies. An acquaintance of his father sells him his first quitar for \$5.

1959

Jimi fails to graduate from Garfield High School. Later, he tells reporters he was expelled for holding hands with a white girl; his principal refutes the allegation, saying it was due to his poor grades and attendance record.

1961

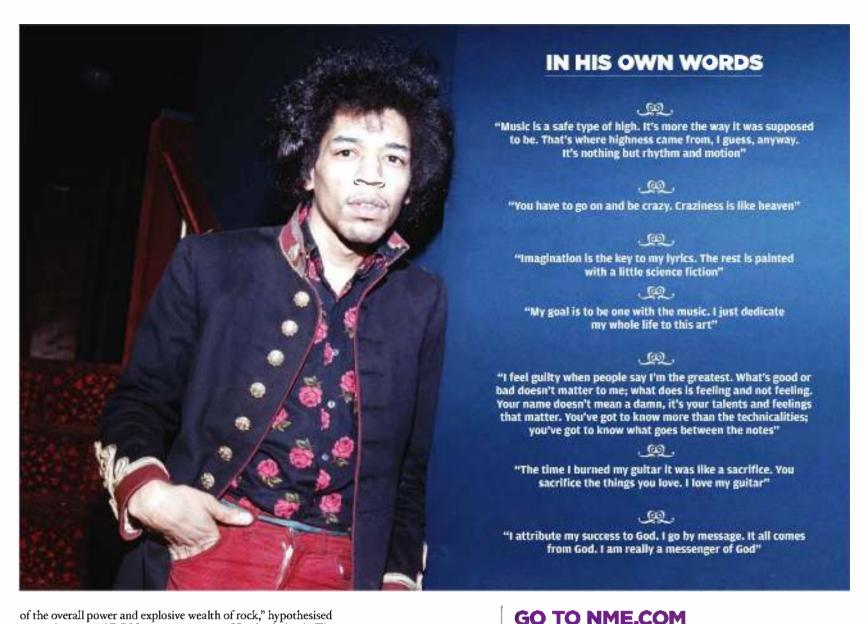
Jimi enlists in the 101st
Airborne Division stationed in
Fort Campbell, Kentucky,
where he will meet his lifelong
friend Billy Cox. He spends
much of his time there
daydreaming and playing
his guitar.

1962

Jimi is discharged a year early, with one supervisor noting on his report that he has "no known good characteristics". Moves to Clarksville, Tennessee to try to make a living playing guitar. It is here he learns to play with his teeth by imitating a local guitarist named Alphonso 'Baby Boo' Young.

1963

Jimi starts playing on the deep south Chitlm' Circuit as a backing guitarist for numerous soul, R&B and blues musicians.



of the overall power and explosive wealth of rock," hypothesised one rather naive ABC News reporter upon Hendrix's death. The common consensus at the time was certainly that he was washed up and burned out, another sad casualty of the 1960s. As late as the 1980s, one critic argued that "had Jimi Hendrix died two years earlier he would have gone down as the greatest star in the rock'n'roll galaxy. In 1970, people were saying that Jimi was over the hill, and he never got a chance to prove them wrong. As it was, Jimi spent two years spoiling the picture and then broke the frame."

In truth, however, he never needed to prove anyone wrong. The fact that 40 years after his death, no guitarist has come close to harnessing the raw, cosmic, primordial power that Hendrix commanded at his fingertips tells its own story. He seemed not of this Earth and he was not long for it, a brilliant comet that screamed briefly over skies that couldn't fully comprehend him. But man, oh, man, what a ride.

1964

Bored of being a sideman, Hendrix moves to New York and takes up residence in Harlem. Wins first prize in the Apollo Theater amateur contest and is offered the position of guitar player for The Isley Brothers. The next month, he makes his first studio appearance on their flop single 'Testify'.

1965

Jimi forms his first band, Jimmy James & The Blue Flame, comprised of casual acquaintances he met in local music stores.

1966

Linda Keith recommends Jimi to Rolling Stones manager Andrew Loog Oldham, who fails to see what all the fuss is about. Through Kerth, Animals bassist Chas Chandler sees Jimi and becomes convinced he can make a hit out of the guitarist's rendition of 'Hey Joe'. Jimi signs a management contract with Chandler and Mike Jeffrey, puts together The Jimi Hendrix Experience.

1967

Debut album, 'Are You Experienced?' is released. It reaches Number Two in the UK charts. Debut single 'Hey Joe' reaches Number Six. The **Experience play the Monterey** Pop Festival in California. Jimi is catapulted to superstardom almost overnight. Second album, 'Axis: Bold As Love' reaches Number Five in the LIK and Number Three in the US.

1968

The band begin recording their third album, 'Electric Ladyland'. Sessions go on until August, racking up astronomical studio costs. Hendrix and Jeffrey embark on a joint venture to turn a disused dub in Greenwich Village into a recording studio. Electric Lady Studios will end up costing millions of dollars more than initially projected.

For much more Hendrix

material, including his best

moments on video, picture

galleries, 20 things you didn't

know about the guitarist and

an exclusive video preview of

the guitarist, visit NME.COM.

the new exhibition based on

1969 Bassist Noel Redding guits the band. He is replaced by Billy Cox. Hendrix begins drafting in additional musicians. The band headlines Woodstock. delivering one of the most legendary performances in rock'n'roll history. Under the order of Mike Jeffrey, Hendrix is kidnapped for two days by New York mobsters.

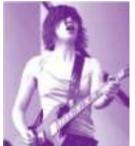
1970

Mike Jeffrey engineers a Jimi Hendrix Experience reunion and Redding and Mitchell fly to New York to rehearse. Jimi. however, refuses to play with Redding, and the reunion is cancelled. The Cry Of Love hand headline the Isle Of Wight festival. It will be Jimi's last seminal performance. On September 18, Hendrix is found dead in his room at the Samarkand Hotel in London.

CHLDREN OF JIM

With his onstage showmanship and peerless ability, coupled with an otherworldly magnetism, Jimi Hendrix redefined rock guitar, and inspired everyone who followed.

NME staff pick their favourite modern guitarist and explain why they're all children of Jimi



CARRIE BROWNSTEIN

Sleater-Kinney's high-kicking, windmilling player isn't a remarkable female guitarist. She's just a remarkable guitarist, the kind who can wordlessly express the awkwardness of a break-up with arrhythmic confusion on

'One More Hour', the fraught, pivotal nag of whether to end it all on 'Jumpers', or a subtle inductment of 'Modern Girls' through an uncharacteristically chipy riff. Now her talents are wasted writing a music blog. Come on, Carrie, bring back the band, please. Laura Snapes, Reviews Assistant



GRAHAM COXON

"I don't do solos," Damon Albarn explained last month. "Graham is the closest I allow, and his are more like anti-solos." For conclusive evidence listen back to the avalanches of unruly discord that ravage the outstretching finale of

'Beetlebum', or the weirdness of the solo in one of their biggest hits, 'Country House'. Therein lies the mantra that's tailed Coxon's ascent into the highest echelons of axe-wielder; he's a virtuoso, but not as we know it. Jaimie Hodgson, New Music Editor



JOHNNY MARR

Soundtracking a kaleidoscope of Steven Patrick Morrissey's personal disasters through dreamy jangles and unearthly throbs, crstwhile Smiths (and current Cribs) man Johnny Marr's nimble fingers yanked British guitar

music out of the doldrums, redefining its place in modern pop. Where the likes of Jimi Hendrix reveled in their rock god status, Johnny's undersold bravado made him the first real indie hero of the axe, paving the way for Squire, Butler, Coxon and all the rest. Mike Williams, writer



JOSH HOMME

At once a true, oldfashioned macho guitar hero and a genuine subverter of all the clichés, Josh Homme is both showman and piss-taker. His playing veers unpredictably from technical brilliance to bone-headed stoopidity.

At heart he's a man of vision, so he sees epic soloing as a laughable indulgence, but for that very same reason, he also sees it as a rather daring path to embark on. As such, he's essentially the postmodern Hendrix. Did I really just write that? Somebody slap mc... Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor



KEVIN SHIFI DS

If anybody is in any doubt as to Kevin Shields' ongoing influence, one listen to NME's album of the year for 2009 should make their mind up. The Horrors' 'Primary Colours' is a magnificent record, but it's practically

a love letter to the My Bloody Valentine guitarist's dreamy, tremolo-aided approach. It's an incredible 19 years since his band released an album – 1991's 'Loveless' – but Kevin Shields' style still sounds like the future. *Alan Woodbouse, Senior Sub Editor*



JONNY GREENWOOD

He's not one for rock god posturing – you're unlikely to see him slide across the stage on his knees while playing 'Bodysnatchers' – but Jonny Greenwood's talent is subtler than that. The thinking man's guitar hero, he embellishes Thom

Yorke's melodies without ever resorting to cliché. Having two other competent guitarists in Radiohead means he's been able to explore the further reaches of axemanship. And he's getting better: witness the spiralling arpeggios that drive more recent tracks like 'Reckoner'. Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.COM



JAMES DEAN BRADFIELD

The least gobby Manic (well, not counting Silent Sean, obviously) was always the musical mouth to Richey and Nicky's sloganned trousers, peacocky licks and bolshy solos screaming their flashy, trashy aesthetic

to the world. Formidable technique tempered by raw emotion, from the keening widescreen glamtragedy of 'Motorcycle Emptiness' via the grungey 'Sleepflower', to the brutal post-punk chill of 'Faster' he never lets those flickering fingers get in the way of his heart. *Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor*



JACK WHITE

Modern digital recording techniques mean that it really is a piece of piss for any old guitarist to cut and paste the layers of noise made by a Kevin Shields or a Thurston Moore or whoever. Too easy. But it is and always will be impossible to

replicate the sheer physicality of Jack White's playing using anything other than brawn. Utilising the electric guitar for all its worth, his visceral style is naked, raw and more instantly identifiable than anyone else on the planet. Liam Cash, writer



ANDY FALKOUS

Within Future Of The Left, one of the UK's most underrated bands, lies Falco – one of the most underrated guitarists in the land. He's whizzed off more life-long memorable riffs ('Small Bones, Small Bodies', 'Fingers Become

Thumbs', to name but two) more often than he's made a smarmy put-down, all with a controlled aggression on a par with Pixies' most ripsaw moments. The band have just gained a second guitarist – which must be a job as daunting as writing a drary entry while sat next to Bret Easton Ellis. Jamie Fullerton, News Editor



MÁTT RELLAMY

Why is Matt Bellamy the greatest guitarist alive? Because he owns half a dozen unique, custombuilt axes featuring built-in touchpads, lasers and headlights. Because his virtuoso squealing takes the traditional metal-

widdle show-offery and makes it *tuneful*. Because there's a solo in 'Invincible' that sounds like it could only be played by an epileptic octopus. And because he has written by far the best rock riffs of the past two decades. *Mark Beaumont*, writer



NICK ZINNER

The Yeah Yeah Yeahs guitarist looks more like a Tim Burton doodle than a 'child of Jimi', but make no mistake, that's exactly what he is. Blessed with a visionary understanding of his instrument, he can make a three-piece band sound like an orchestra.

Where others see the limitations of guitars in an increasingly synthesized world, Zinner sees only boundaries to push. *Paul Stokes, Associate Editor*

THE READERS' CHOICE

We asked you to vote for your all-time Top 20. This is who you chose...

1) JOSHUA HAYWARD THE HORRORS

- 2) Matt Bellamy Muse
- 3) Jimmy Page Led Zeppelin
 - 4) Jimi Hendrix
- 5) Jack White The White Stripes
 - 6) Graham Coxon Blur
 - 7) Robert Smith The Cure
 - 8) Slash Guns N' Roses
- Jonny Greenwood Radiohead
 - 10) James Dean Bradfield

Manic Street Preachers

- 11) George Harrison The Beatles
 - 12) Angus Young AC/DC
- 13) Pete Townshend The Who
 - 14) Brian May Queen
- **15) Keith Richards** The Rolling Stones

16) Eric Clapton

- 17) John Frusciante Red Hot Chili Peppers
- 18) John Lennon The Beatles
- **19) Tom Morello** Rage Against The Machine
- 20) Johnny Marr The Smiths

Don't agree with this list? Head over to NME.COM to vote for who you reckon should be considered the greatest guitarist of all time



Q&A JOSH HORRORS

THE GREATEST GUITARIST OF ALL TIME? HOW THE FUCK DID THAT HAPPEN?

READERS OF *NME* HAVE VOTED YOU THE GREATEST GUITARIST EVER. HOW DO YOU FEEL? "I'm hugely surprised but thankful. I thought I might be too young for that, but who am I to argue? It's pretty bizarre really, isn't it?"



WHY DO YOU THINK SO MANY PEOPLE VOTED FOR YOU? "There's probably a correlation between *NME* being about new music and our band doing

something a bit different at the moment, as far a guitar bands go."



WHO WOULD YOU SAY ARE THE BEST GUITARISTS EVER?

"John Fahey and Glenn Branca. I guess that covers all bases. Glenn Branca taught Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo how to play, so that covers Sonic Youth and My Bloody Valentine and that kind of era. John Fahey was a folk guitarist from the '50s who started putting stuff out under the name Blind Joe Death. He was really into '30s American folk guitar. Get the first Blind Joe Death album, it's amaaaazing."



ANYONE IN THE TOP 20 THAT YOU'RE NOT THAT INTO?

"I've heard Johnny Marr thinks very little of me and what my band do, but I've always respected his gultar playing. He's a really good guitarist."



DO YOU THINK MATT BELLAMY WILL BE GUTTED YOU BEAT HIM TO THE TOP? "He's probably really into this kind of thing. He loves competitions. Well, sorry mate..."

്രത്ര

COULD YOU BEAT HIM IN A GUITAR DUEL?

"I don't think I'd be able to hear what he was playing, because I'd be louder - so I'd win, hands down."



WHAT COULD HE BEAT YOU AT?

"Matt Bellamy could definitely play more notes than me per second while suspended upside down in a bucket of water with a guitar behind his head. He's better than me at that. Each to their own."



AND WHAT ABOUT HENDRIX. ARE YOU A FAN?

"At one show the guitarist from Soft Machine challenged him to a guitar duel, and reluctantly he agreed. Larry Nowlin played an intricate 10-minute prog jazz solo, demonstrating a detailed knowledge of every scale, every note played flawlessly. Hendrix responded by turning his amp to 10, striking just one chord then manipulating the resultant feedback. He had a fundamental understanding of what the electric guitar should be used for, something loud and exhilarating, and not playing loads of twiddly notes."

10 STEP TO START A LA

Want to run a record label but don't know where to begin? Indie mainstays Young & Lost Club are here to help. But as Mark Beaumont finds out, they don't call it DIY for nothing

nyone who loves music has at some point dreamed of setting up their own record label and embarking on a torrid rollercoaster ride of record industry excess and financial folly to rival the histories of Factory and Creation combined. But how exactly do you venture forth on this journey towards rows, mayhem, embezzlement and copious sex? Let's turn to Nadia Dahlawi and Sara Jade, the intrepid DIY honchos behind Young & Lost Club, to show us how you can make a success of the bedroom indie empire. They are, after all, the duo that brought to wider attention the likes of Everything Everything, Noah & The Whale and Bombay Bicycle Club, and are about

to celebrate five years and 50 single releases with their first compilation album. We never really anticipated making it to five years and so singles," says Sara, way more cute and unassuming than your average industry taste-maker, ballbreaker and international superstar DJ. "It was always spur of the moment and 'see how it goes'."

How it went, it emerges, was via a huge amount of hard graft, learning on the job and refusing to gold-plate Joe Lean's singles. So if you see yourself as a budding Alan McGee or Tony Wilson simply follow Young & Lost Club's 10 steps to starting your own label. But be warned: "They don't call it DIY for nothing..."

FIND THE BAND

Major labels spend fortunes travelling the country hunting out bands. Y&LC say: start a club night and they come to you! Sara: "You meet three bands every time you do a club night. We were lucky that Vincent Vincent And The Villains were our first band. They said, "If you start a label we really

GET THE TRACKS RECORDED

Most bands end up paying in bassist's kidneys for studio time. Y&LC say: haggle! Nadia: "You can find deals just for one day in the studio. With Cheatahs, he just recorded it on his laptop and we paid for it to be mastered." Sara: "You will save a lot of money if you do it that

GET ARTWORK

Vaughan Oliver? Storm Thorgerson? Y&LC say: slave/ student labour! Nadia: "Most bands know exactly what they want to do. They've all thought about it for ages." Sara: "Sometimes they have massively extravagant ideas. Joe Lean wanted to do gold-plated vinyl, which

MANUFACTURE THE VINYL

You thought records were hand-carved by Czech elves? You were right! But they're shit at it. Y&LC say: try Camden! Nadia: "At the beginning we found the cheapest place we could find, which was in the Czech Republic. But they didn't speak any English and they made so

many mistakes and it was

GET THE BAND NOTICED

You thought all music journos were lazy opium fiends who'll only listen to your record for hard drugs or sexual favours? You were right! Y&LC say: look to the bloggers! Nadia: "Do it yourself and give it to blogs as much as you can. Don't be afraid to give away the MP3."

GET THE BAND GIGS

Once they're signed up, bands can be notoriously difficult, destructive and under-rehearsed little gits. Y&LC say: lie to

promoters! Nadia: "We always try to book our bands gigs too.

especially support slots." Sara: "If the band are willing to play for free and you email enough venues,



want to be your first release, please will you do it?' All bands at the time loved them so as soon as they saw they were on the label they were falling over themselves to be associated." Nadia: "We were 20 and thought we could do it. Looking back ! don't

know how we did it

because we really didn't

know anything."



way. Some studios will do deals where they help a band record a whole set of songs and maybe take publishing on one. But they really have to like the band. Otherwise you can go to larger labels and say, 'I've found this amazing band, would you consider giving them free demo time and you can hear the demos first, then after that I'll put the single out.' Publishers will do that too."



we nixed pretty quickly. The second idea was a picture disc of his face, shaped like his head. Once you're starting a label there are so many student graphic designers out there who really want to help out for their portfolio."



always really late. Now we just use Key in Camden." Sara: "We print up 500 or 300, but 300's a good start. Some bands have really old-school managers who get hung up on getting the lacquers cut. You don't really need to do that. They're what they then press the vinvl from. You have to be careful with them. We had one in our flat for three months - we kept moving it going, 'Ah, it's near a radiator!""



Sara: "If you're doing this there probably are blogs you like, so start out with them. Or buy a stack of magazines and copy all the emails out of them, but don't expect a reply. If you do have money to spare it's worth spending it on an online PR person. rather than a proper press officer or radio plugger. Apart from NME there aren't many places to get single reviews and first-time bands mentioned. Good Shoes went pretty crazy, that really took off, and we did the press ourselves."



someone's going to give you that first-on slot. If you've got a recording done that'll help too. One band were so loud they were pretty much guaranteed to blow up something whenever they played. You don't tell the promoter that. Oh Minnows was just one guy who used to be in Semifinalists and he came over to play his first gig - him and his band had never played together at all, they just did a soundcheck and played. That was nail-biting."



DISTRIBUTE THE RECORD

Many distribution company owners have grown old and fat by convincing naive young labels they need to pay 480 per cent of their budget to a trumped-up Man With A Van.

Y&LC say: take them there yourself! Nadia: "We did speak to distributors but we always felt like they had more



important stuff to push. So we thought we'd do it just as well ourselves. We'd post around the country but we went in to Rough Trade and Pure Groove in London. They're always really supportive, they take it on sale or return." Sara: "I did work experience at Rough Trade when I was 15. Doing work experience is a big thing People are generally pretty surprised that you do all the distribution yourselves. We spend hours in the post office every week."

HAVE A LAUNCH PARTY

You're almost there, time to break out the champa, ne for you and all your mates, right?

Y&LC say: don't! Lie to venue owners! And whatever you do, keep the roof up until the band's finished.

Nadia: "Find a small, cheap venue. Nowadays venues might give you



10 per cent [of bar takings] if you make it free entry, then you can cover your costs and pay the band's travel. Lie to them and say it's going to be busy." Sara: "The Good Shoes one where the roof caved in was pretty funny. It was at Push bar on Dean Street When Good Shoes were playing everyone was dancing with their arms in the air and we thought. 'That's so nice, everyone's getting really into it... no. wait, they're holding the ceiling up.' As soon as they were finished, everyone was evacuated."

PROMOTE THE SINGLE EVERWHERE

Your single's out, but no-one other than your drunk friends and some bloggers laughing all the way to the Record & Tape Exchange know it exists.

Y&LC say: internet blitz!

Nadia: "Have as many internet outlets as you like, as long as you don't inundate people."



Sara: "Use the artwork to get a really nice e-flyer." Nadia: "We've a digital club on our website and there's a new release every two weeks but people have to put in their email address to get the tracks. If people want to join your mailing list you can give them free songs." Sara: 'And secret gigs. We did a secret Horrors gig at The Old Blue Last where the floor broke. Secret gigs, or giving something back in return, make it worth their while."

10

DO IT AGAIN

You've done it! You're a record label, and the only casualties have been your sobriety, your honest reputation and your parents' credit cards.

But what now?

Y&LC say: start again! Nadia: "If you do it well you could break even, which we did for our first few releases. Our first single was three months



late and the second one had no artwork, but by the third one, things were running along more smoothly. With Fear Of Flying I sent off the wrong CD and they came back with one song on so we had to pay for it all to be made again. It probably takes you about 10 singles to really know what you're doing."

BEDROOM LABELS

SHAPE

Crayon artwork, rough'n'ready club nights and singles by Islet and Them Squirrels are the order of the day for this ace Cardiff label.

www.shaperecords.co.uk

TRANSPARENT

The UK wing of the US invasion, London's Transparent label began as a fanzine in 2005 before mutating into a label releasing records by Active Child, Smith Westerns and Yuck.

www.transparentblog.com

BREW

Leeds is not short of DIY indie labels, but Brew are the pick of the 2010 crop, for giving us the raging rock sounds of Chickenhawk, Kong, These Monsters and Humanfly.

TRI ANGLE

A label dedicated to a genre that has yet to be named: the sinister, slowed-down-andstretched-on-a-rack, evil-shoegazing sounds emanating from Tri Angle include the likes of Balam Acab and 00000. www.myspace.com/triangledreams

CHESS CLUB

Co-founded by White Lies drummer Jack Brown, Chess Club are at the heart of a fresh pop explosion, having released records by Local Natives, Exlovers and Mumford & Sons. www.chessclubrecords.co.uk

NO PAIN IN POP

Some pain, however, in electro. NPIP are the London label brave or foolhardy enough to expect you to enjoy HEALTH records while also providing slightly lighter relief with Banjo Or Freakout, Telepathe and A Grave With No Name. Although they've soundtracked some of our more persistent nosebleeds, we salute them. www.nopaininpop.com

TURNSTILE

Also home to releases by Islet, Turnstile are a Cardiff label providing psychedelic thrills from Gruff Rhys and Girls alongside more vigorous pop from Video Nasties and Swanton Bombs.

www.turnstilemusic.net

HIT CLUB

Run from bedrooms in York, Manchester and London, Hit Club are the über-DIY home of Egyptian Hip Hop, Is Tropical and Wolf Gang. www.hitclubhq.com

NR1

The Norwich-based label is bursting with budding indie outfits, providing the area with one of the most surprisingly sterling grassroots reputations in the UK.

www.nrone.co.uk

POPICAL ISLAND

Irish indie? Yeah, we just thought that was Ash too, until Dublin-based musicians collective Popical Island burst onto the scene touting compilations full of indie-pop joyousness from Squarehead, Yeh Deadlies and No Monster Club. www.popicalisland.tumblr.com

COUNTDOWN TO



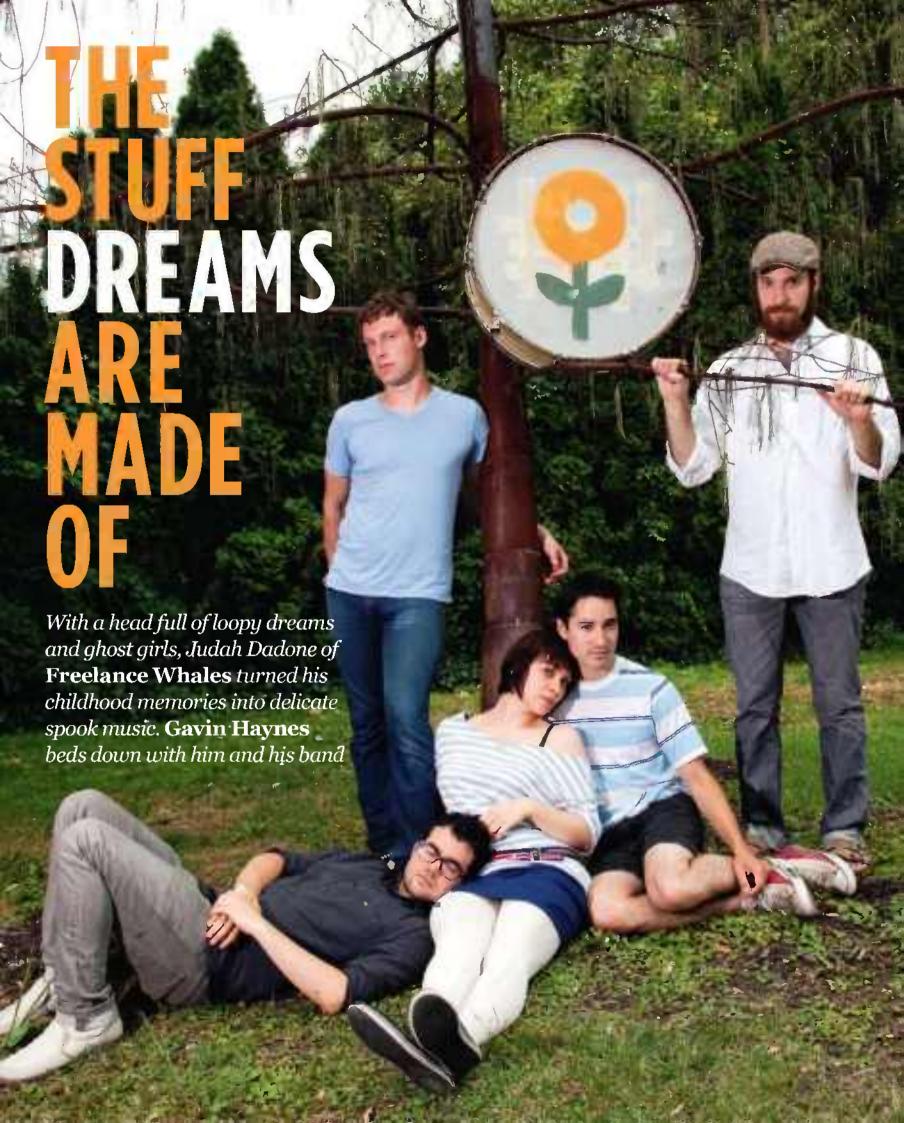
With only two weeks until the big August festivals, here are some posters of the hottest acts you'll get to see across the weekend











he ritual seldom varied. Every night, Judah Dadone's father would get him ready for bed, sing 'Hey Jude' to him and tuck him in. Then Judah would close his eyes, lie back and not go to sleep. From as young as he can remember, his sleeping patterns were always degraded, and almost permanently disrupted. By midnight, his mother would often encounter him, up and ranging the corridors of the family's Delaware home. On the rare occasions he got a whole night's head-down, she'd reward him with a video game or movie rental. Sometimes, he'd simply imagine that he was up and ranging the corridors. His ruptured biorhythms were producing lucid dreams in which fact and fiction blurred into a nightly shadowplay, and by morning he just couldn't tell whether he'd been sleeping or not.

But there was another layer of uncertainty. As his footsteps echoed down the halls, how could be be sure they weren't accompanied by another set? Was there, perhaps, a ghost-girl who shared his home? It was a serious issue: his part-Cherokee nanny had once told him that only animals and children had the ability to see spirits. His imagination had filled in the rest: the house was haunted by a girl of his own age from pioneer times. "I knew that the house was about 140 years old, so I guess that I immediately imagined her as dressing in the clothes of that era."

Time passed. Judah got old, got wise. Ghost-girls became gradually less important to his wellbeing. His sleep continued to suffer from an unknown malaise, although by now the pattern had stabilised around regular bouts of insomnia punctuated by regular bouts of binge-sleeping, like some kind of narco-bulimic. Then he went off to George Washington University in DC, to study creative writing.

"One of my professors recommended we all start keeping dream-logs, to help our writing. You write down your dreams upon waking every day. And the weird thing is, part of the subconscious is like a muscle. So the more you do it, the more you remember and the more detail you can get..." As he holidayed more and more in dreamland, plunging into the rock-pools of his subconscious night after night, the ghost-girl, and the whole mood of the era that contained her, swam back to him.

"The dream-logging was meant to be fodder for creative writing – ideas or nice aesthetics that you could draw upon as fertile stock for projects. But my father had recently passed away, and I was having a hard time writing. Doing anything creative seemed to have too much effort attached. So the one thing I could still muster was writing together these dreams. And with the dream material comes a lot of childhood regression. Some people feel the songs are linked, because they're all based around this specific time period, when I was deeply convinced that my house was haunted by a young girl..."

This is where Freelance Whales were born – in the gap between sleep and awake – a far-off, half-remembered sound, like the sub-sea mewings of their namesakes, reaching out across the miles to hear another watery voice. If it sounds childlike, if it sounds wilfully naïve, if it sounds cloyingly tender, well, that's because it is. That's because 'Weathervanes', their forthcoming debut on Les Savy Fav's personal label – Frenchkiss – is a lyrical ode to a ghost-girl and to the era in its creator's life where the wild things were. Inspired by "that body of art that takes dreams as its jump-off point to do something non-linear: from Finnegan's Wake to Dali to Inception", Judah made his dreams come true. Literally. "In a way," he poses, "You could think of the songs as taking place in different rooms of the same house..."

'Weathervanes' speaks to you in a somnoient slur: plucked out with banjos, embellished with even-more obscure thrift-shop instruments - the water-phone, the harmonium, the music box. It's delicate, and even precious at times. From opener 'Generator 1st Floor' onwards, with its nods to the defiant weariness of Modest Mouse's 'Float On', or something slow-burning from 'Funeral'-era Arcade Fire. It's a definitive knock-off of a certain common and unblinking mode of US indic. Twee' Most certainly. College

rock clever? Definitely. A little bit Death Cab For Cutie in the weedy nasality of the vocals? Well, you get the picture...

Unfortunately, this childlike naivety will appeal as much to car advertisers and other marketeers of upwardly-mobile product categories, who require music at once evocative, 'authentic' and unobtrusive in order to flog their wares. This will ruin Freelance Whales' careers, should they let it. Positioning will be everything; if they can find a perch on the indie tree that the Owl City fans can't reach, they can be so much more than just a flash in the pan.

They certainly deserve better than that, because there's nothing overbearingly affected about them as people, just a bookish, well-bred openness. Judah is undoubtedly band leader, a slightly nervy big-brain who dominates his band's mental life. Doris Cellar is his trusty garrulous, gabby harmonium-generator – an ex-punk Queens girl who talks 17 to the dozen, and comes with a turquoise tattoo of a peacock on her back and a copy of Still Life With Woodpecker in her tote bag. The other three multi-instrumentalists are perhaps more what you'd expect – Chuck Criss, Jake Hyman and Kevin Read: the chill, chiller and chillest dudes ever to adopt the mantle of 'laconic indie-folkster'.

Judah gradually pieced them together out of a tangle of

contacts. Some came from Craigslist. Some came from previous lives. He fitted it all together very haphazardly, to suit the songs he'd got, and in order to find people to play the obscure instruments he'd stumbled upon. "The instruments were just things that we came into in different ways. We came into them and they came into us. It's the same mentality some cooks have trying to make some meal based on what they have. We feel obligated to them, but we know that, moving forward, we can use whatever instruments we want..." He built up the parts as a home recording project deliberately writing them bit-by-bit, rather than working on songs as a whole. "I thought it would be interesting. To take a loop, then see what went next with it and build the tracks up like that. They are composed in such a way that each part is necessary and each part is co-dependent, so that each musician is integral."

o the junk shop instruments aren't a plot device. And the childlike lyrics have good grounds... But busking in the New York subways? Busking, Freelance Whales? Who do you think you are, The Others? Guerrilla-gigging – isn't that the most affected, pseudo-marketing in the history of Christendom...?

A CRACK
ADDICT IN
A BIN WATCHED
US AND
SCREAMED
OUT 'I'M
WALLOWING
IN COMMERCIAL
FILTH!'

DORIS SELLER



"It certainly wasn't done 'for the story'," Judah explains. "I mean, we were regularly down there for six hours at a time. It was because it actually worked. It was fun. Most bands at our level are lucky if they can get 60 people together in a room to watch them. But if you stay down in the subway you'll meet maybe 600 people. It was not so much an aesthetic decision as a purely practical one."

Doris: "Like, we met everyone: hairstylists, people from Sony, grandmas, music video directors, other subway musicians, cops trying to get us out of there. People that were angry at us for messing up their commutes. People who wrote us thank you letters. Some people gave us quarters. Someone gave us \$20 once. We didn't make much, but we made enough rent to pay for our rehearsal space."

Judah, as ever, has a theory. "I think it's impressive when people are given music when they're not expecting it. There's this potential for them to bind to the music in this very organic way that doesn't really depend on any other media."

Doris: 'Also, when you've had a crack addict lying in a bin watching your performance in-between screaming out, 'I'm wallowing in commercial filth!', then someone folding their arms nonchalantly at the front of your next club show isn't exactly going to throw you off..."

It seems unlikely that they will meet too many bin-bound rock-heads on their forthcoming British tour. It will likely be the sort of folks who are freebasing Ben Gibbard in-between hits of Ben Folds Five, just looking for

something dreamy and languid to take the edge off. These folk will do well to find it in the Whales' bedtime rhymes. For the sad fact widely known is that most people's dreams are interesting only to themselves. Being naked in Wembley Stadium while your high school geography teacher recites the 'Horst Wessel Song' generally feels significant only if it is your own geography teacher. Thus, in managing to find a way to take such a private realm public, Judah has bottled lightning.

Though Judah himself is less sure these days. Despite having exported the technique to his bandmates, he gave up dream-logging after he began to wonder whether the tail wasn't wagging the dog. "The thing is, the mind is very efficient at forgetting your dreams. Evolutionarily, there's probably a reason for that. By writing them down, it's like backing them up onto a hard-drive – you short-circuit the forgetting process. I had to give it up because I was starting to treat my friends differently because of the way they had behaved in my dreams." Which is why I'm gonna kill my high school geography teacher next time he recites that sodding 'Horst Wessel Song' within earshot. Dude needs to get a life.

Freelance Whales play the Main Stage at this year's Reading And Leeds Festivals, August 27-29

AT A GLANCE

- Formed in 2008, they're currently based in super hip music mecca Williamsburg, NYC
- Sound like "Sufjan Stevens jamming with Animal Collective"
- Signed to Les Savy Fav's record label, Frenchkiss. Other bands on the roster include The Dodos and Local Natives
- BBC 6Music's Lauren Laverne is a fan. The band appeared on her show in February, and got their wrists slapped for saying their music is "fucking awesome"
- Debut album 'Weathervanes' is released in the UK on August 23

REVIEWS

TAME IMPALA, ISOBEL CAMPBELL, THE HUMAN CENTIPEDE

Edited by Emily Mackay



SUN COMES UP AGAIN MERCURY

Like Casablancas after The Strokes, or maybe Obama after Bush, Johnny Borrell's ex-drummer offers some interesting contrasts



ndy Burrows probably endured heavier shit storms than Kings Of Leon did the other week during his five-year stint as Razorlight's drummer. But even a list of the atrocities Johnny Borrell committed against indie-rock - a lengthy screed that features topless (save for a leather jacket) poses astride his Harley Davidson, that god-awful song about his "hot-bodied girlfriend" (shudder) and an outrageously self-important third album that displayed a more intense Messianic complex than even David Icke has been able to muster - doesn't fully account for the "personal differences" that Burrows cited so politely as the reason for his Razorlight exit. In order to get a clearer picture of what

he really meant, just listen to his full-length debut proper.

'Sun Comes Up Again' blurs the line between feel-good and bone-weary, as on the skittery, Tunng-like 'Far Enough Away' and the twinkly-toed 'No Wonder', two songs that exude a feeling that's part post-Razorlight shellshock and part huge sigh of relief. There's tenderness too - the same Burrows brought to "The Colour of My Dreams', the short, kids' poetry-inspired album he released in 2008 to raise funds for a children's hospice. He hasn't changed things a great deal since that 13-minute release, just fleshed out the ideas and allowed us further into his record collection. And refreshingly for all but the hoariest, it doesn't appear to include any U2 or

Springsteen, Bliss, Rather, 'Sun Comes Up Again' is dominated by the sweet songwriterly pop of Todd Rundgren, Macca and ELO, as well as a grab-bag of influences that show Burrows to be agreeably earthy,

> nearly men Clor, the implausibly melodic US pop of Brendan Benson and Effiott Smith, and the gently heart-buffeting emotion of The Beta Band and Steve Mason. In spite of its short burst of Dick Dale twang, 'Nice Try' is an ear-worming, piano-helmed indie-lounge song delivered in sweet falsetto, in which Burrows sings "Nice try, but we're never going to make this fit"; 'Green Grass' grooves eccentrically about dreams gone wrong; and 'Bruises' seems to be the most cathartic and near-overwrought of these pretty songs. Most are about breaking up and feeling bereft, but it's difficult to imagine that he's hankering after Razorlight. And though the album begins to wear a little thin over 14 tracks all played in one speed - slowly undulating - it's never guilty of

> like the lo-fi funk of sorely missed

'Sun Comes Up Again' is so warm-natured, easy-going and mellifluous that its charms are nigh on impossible to fend off, which isn't something that can be said too often about the tunes written by Burrows' former paymaster. As many

students discover two-thirds of the way through a degree, though, what was once an appealing challenge can end up being a valuable lesson in just what it is you don't want to do. And what Burrows learned during his time with Razorlight is that penning pompous, posturing songs that are so patently false they could fill Katic Price's bra isn't going to provide much job satisfaction for a burgeoning songwriter with a beating, empathetic heart.

being lacklustre.

This album is such a welcome surprise, in fact, that it's curious to think that 'Sun Comes Up Again' might never have been noticed or released at all had Razorlight not ditched original drummer Christian Smith-Pancorvo for the sin of managing his strict superfood diet at the expense of recording his drum parts, or so said Borrell. If Burrows gifted Razorlight two of their biggest hits (in 'America' and 'Before I Fall To Pieces'), what his former band gave him in return was the platform to bring something far more interesting into the light of day. Welcome the new dawn. Chris Parkin

DOWNLOAD: 'No Wonder', 'Nice Try', 'Green Grass'

IRON MAIDEN

THE FINAL FRONTIER EMI



Given that Iron Maiden's 15th studio album is, at 77 minutes in length, their longest yet, and containins extended, densely layered meditations

on ageing and dying, it certainly won't win them any new fans. But given that they're Britain's biggest metal band and have sold 70 million albums, they're probably not really looking for new fans anyway. Survivors of the New Wave Of British Heavy Metal, they had an unparalleled '80s but an artistically questionable '90s. They started pulling out of this slump when singer Bruce Dickinson rejoined their ranks in 1999, culminating in 2006's 'A Matter Of Life And Death'. Now they've reinforced their position as the credible elder statesmen of metal, with a tightly focused, self-referential effort. 'Satellites' may open with a heavily phased and eerily psychedelic riff, but after five minutes it's a pure concentrated hit of imperial period Irons. If only relative juniors Metallica still put this much effort into their albums. John Doran **DOWNLOAD: 'Satellites'**

LITTLE FISH BAFFLED AND BEAT

ISLAND



Let's be honest, to be praised by Courtney Love isn't exactly a select honour. Love praises pretty much everyone these days. Including

Gwyneth Paltrow. Nor is it a coup de grâce to have Linda Perry on board as a producer. For the right fee, Perry's in there like a flash, no matter who the client is (apparently she's guesting on Same Difference's new LP). Unfortunately for Little Fish, their entire campaign hinges on the accolades of these two former first ladies of rock. Even more unfortunately, behind the relentless PR-push of Love'n'Pezza, 'Baffled And Beat' is unrelentingly shit, 'Am I Crazy' is a song that uses metaphor so poorly to describe romantic feelings that a small aside is included in the accompanying info sheet: "This is a song about the torture of love, and not about being crazy." Opener 'Bang Bang' contains vocalist Julia 'Juju' Sophie screeching the immortal line "Listening to my music/Wishing I could fluke it". Juju, darling - you can't . Ailbhe Malone

DOWNLOAD: Anything other than this

DARKER MY LOVE ALIVE AS YOU ARE DANGERBIRD



There's a profound joy that comes with discovering a band who obviously grew up listening to the same semi-obscure records that you did. If we close our

eyes hard enough, we can almost visualise the members of Darker My Love blowing lungfuls of cheap hash out of our old bedroom window while heads bob in unison to the strains of The Grateful Dead's 'American Beauty'. And by God, does it make us giddy. Inspired by the death of frontman Tim Presley's father, 'Alive As You Are' is a minor masterpiece, a record whose points of reference the aforementioned Dead, Moby Grape, Teenage Fanclub - are impeccable, but never merely parroted back at you. From the countrified guitar licks and spectral three-part harmonies of opener 'Backseat', through the stoned shoegaze of 'Split Minute' and the dream-pop of 'June Bloom', this is an album to be held close to your heart and revered as psych-pop scripture. Barry Nicolson DOWNLOAD: 'June Bloom'

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



GAVIN HAYNES

"I have been talking to Wavves about dooble and Andrew WK about impotence, and marvelling at just how awful open-mic stand-up can be."

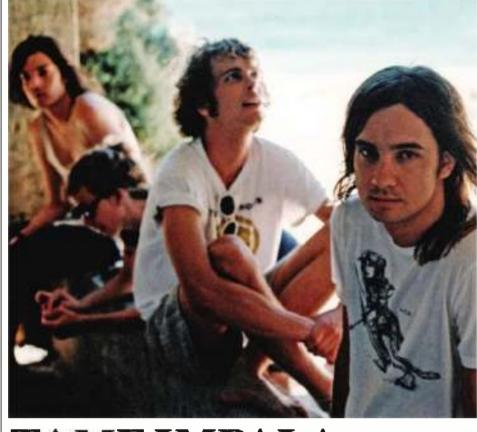


CHRIS PARKIN
"I have been in hiding
with just James Ellroy
for company after
suggesting that
Inception might have
been improved with a
better script."



ASH DOSANJH

"Apart from wondering how many more times I'm going to see Björk out and about this week I've been listening to excellent London band Ice, Sea, Dead People."



TAME IMPALA

INNERSPEAKER MODULAR

The Aussie three-piece dip into their stash to produce a solid ounce of late '60s psychedelia



The traditional, conservative view of rock music, it is said, is that "it peaked in 1967 and has been going steadily downhill ever since". If so, then Tame Impala

are Norman Tebbit times Michael Howard. They're constantly striving to pull up the drawbridge and whip us back to a half-imagined belle epoque that ended way too soon for longhairs of their slender years. The days when men were men, women were girl-groups, and life revolved around expanding your dome via the classic power-trio psychedelic blues rock acts like Cream and The Jimi Hendrix Experience. Those guys — as gramps will tell you — those guys could really play.

Well Tame Impala can play too. They can play like no-one's business. And as opposed to most updaters, who tackle this sort of stuff from a flatfooted perspective, TI have understood that being virtuoso is a team sport: it's all about the dynamics and interplay. Their multi-part duelling begins instantly – guitar, bass and drums orbiting each other in a complex, delicate synch, before Kevin Parker's phased vocal comes over the psychedelic intercom to tell you your mind is about to be expanded, while long-time Flaming Lips and Mercury Rev producer Dave Fridmann works the mixing desk with all the stroboscopic flair his CV implies.

The fact that MGMT have taken them tour speaks volumes. They've even got a lot of great ideas about how the world would be really nice if we could all, like, love each other and be free: 'Lucidity', 'Alter Ego', 'Desire Be, Desire Go', to take just one three-track run. 'Solitude Is Bliss' (groovy title) takes on Cream in the verses, before turning into The Beatles at their most lysergically languid in the chorus. 'The Bold Arrow Of Time' (man, what a statement) uses Jimi's guitar as kindling for its stiff-funk blues riff.

For three school friends (plus new addition, Irve guitarist Nick Allbrook) from Western Australia, who made it in a shed four hours outside Perth, 'Innerspeaker' is a brilliantly confident body of work - one that captures the spirit of the complex, ranging, pelvic workouts of the their targets, if lacking in out-and-out highs. Bar the first track, there's little that could give them a standout anthem beyond a general tie-dye wash. The classic flaw of anything so dangerously psychedelic and ridiculously confident is that it stares at its shoes too long, forgets where it is and drifts off into boredom. There's a little of that too: 'Jeremy's Storm' is the most guilty. 'I Don't Really Mind' doesn't really matter. Forgive it a necessary amount of monotony, though: 'Innerspeaker' is not so much an album to listen to as one to inhale. Catch them on The Old Grey Whistle Test sometime soon. Gavin Haynes

DOWNLOAD: 'It Isn't Meant To Be', 'The Bold Arrow Of Time', 'Solitude Is Bliss'



ISOBEL CAMPBELL & MARK LANEGAN

HAWK V2/COOPERATIVE MUSIC

Unlikely coupling make their third album together - only this time it's difficult to tell who's in charge



When twee ex-Belle & Sebastian singer Isobel Campbell declared she was writing new material with grunge luminary Mark Lanegan, it seemed doomed to

humiliating failure. It wasn't, Their 2006 debut 'Ballad Of The Broken Seas' was a record ravaged by love-weary tales of the heart's folly. Having duly repeated the formula on second album 'Sunday At Devil Dirt', they'd be pushing their luck if they pursued it any further now, as anyone who has seen their sexless live show will testify.

Little wonder, then, that Campbell has ceased to use Lanegan as her sole muse on this their third outing, instead roping in the likes of wet-behind-the-ears troubadour Willy Mason to duet with her amid the sweet folk of 'Cool Water' and a cover of Townes Van Zandt's country ballad 'No Place To Fall'. Former Smashing Pumpkins guitarist James

Tha also makes an appearance, on the raucous 'You Won't Let Me Down Again'.

Yet it's clear Campbell still pines for Lanegan, musically. There's no doubting the ferocity of the Screaming Trees veteran's husky baritone, so it makes sense for Campbell to harness it. What is unfortunate is that she allows Lanegan to utterly dominate their ducts. Here, Campbell is mostly relegated from beguiling chanteuse to a backing singer - most poignantly on 'Get Behind Me', where she does precisely that. On 'Lately', Campbell doesn't appear at all, Lanegan instead backed by a gospel choir. That Campbell should act the shrinking

violet when she wrote, produced and arranged this record herself does her a disservice - one that she should remedy immediately, lest this improbable collaboration stop being an exception to the rule. Ash Dosanjb

DOWNLOAD: 'You Won't Let Me Down Again', 'No Place To Fall', 'Lately'

TALLEST TREES THE OSTRICH OR THE LARK

OTHER ELECTRICITIES



Even by skimming the tracklisting of Nashville psych-folk duo Tallest Trees' debut it's apparent that this is an album infused with the most

chime-tinkling of whimsy. But whimsical doesn't always have to mean flimsy, and there's enough to the likes of 'Love Like Blankets' and 'Alouette!' to suggest that this album could wangle its way into the indie-rock connoisseur's consciousness. Although those who have an aversion to star-gazey piffle will have their patience firmly tested here. for those of us who don't mind an incense stick or two, Tallest Trees offer endearingly charming loopy art-pop. Katherine Rodgers

DOWNLOAD: 'Alouette!'

MILLIMETRE

13 HOMES ORETIC



Dense, dubby and crammed with dark corners full of surprises, Terence J McCaughey's fourth album under the Millimetre guise whirls fragments

as diverse as The Future Sound Of London, Prince, Tom Waits, Tricky and Can into a veritable McFlurry of sonic weirdness that, thanks to a beady eye on song structure, never melts into formlessness. The likes of 'Barefoot' have a lurching, digital swamp-monster mischievousness, while the militantly industrial 'Intimate With The Kitchen' leaves its mucky synth discharge all over your nice clean Moulinex. The sicke probably thinks this is how pop music is made. Emily Mackay DOWNLOAD: 'Barefoot'

Best sleeve of the week



Tame Impala 'Innerspeaker' You know when loud gigs make your larynx vibrate? TI make your PLANET vibrate.

> Worst sleeve of the week



Little Fish 'Baffled And Beat'

The thought and originality put into designing this should have been a warning.

Best lyric of the week "Do people you love/ Know that you believe they don't have souls/ When they go?" Millimetre -'Naked Brother'

Worst lyric of the week "You point the way, You want to go/ Be strona we live in circles of tomorrow" Little Fish, 'Am I Crazy'



 Klaxons – 'Surfing The Void' Zola Jesus -'Stridulum II'

 Scott Pilgrim Vs The World

SILVERY

RAILWAY ARCHITECTURE BLOWUP



Revelling in the kind of selfconsciously quirky Victoriana that's served English dandies from early Blur to David Devant & His Spirit Wife

so well in the past, these London fops follow up their debut 'Thunder And Excelsior' with another glammy, campy and quite frankly silly record. The likes of the swaggering'The Naked & The Dead' and the rolling, grandiloquent 'Will Self (Or The Man Who Wasn't There' are lent an unsettling edge by singer James Orman's Ron Mael-ish yowl, and even when they're unwisely romping around Bugsy Malone soundtrack covers ('You Give A Little Love'), they're never any less than wonderfully wacky. Duncan Gillespie DOWNLOAD: 'The Naked And The Dead'

SAVOIR ADORE

IN THE WOODED FOREST CANTORA



There's been plenty of chatter about Brooklyn duo Deirdre Muro and Paul Hammer since the teacher-shagsstudent concept pop of their debut

EP 'The Adventures of Mr Pumpernickel And The Girl With Animals In Her Throat'. Musically and lyrically brave, much of the listening pleasure lay in the bash-it-out ethos of the recordings. Just as charming and weirdly otherworldly, this debut proper reaches up to the higher branches with a more measured approach. Roomy to the tune of 14 tracks, Muro and Hammer bob and weave through technophobic horror tales and secret death pacts. skipping through straight-up folk, cutesy pie electro-pop and loopy ethereal warblings that sound like they're beating Joanna Newsom to death with a heavy book. Mike Williams DOWNLOAD: 'Honestly'

MATTHEW DEAR

BLACK CITY GHOSTLY INTERNATIONAL



Better known as US techno producer Audion, when Matthew Dear isn't creating anthems like 'Mouth To Mouth' he pulls on his black leathers

and becomes Matthew Dear: enigmatic pop alien. Like its predecessor, 'Asa Breed', 'Black City' sounds how The Neptunes might were they big fans of Nick Cave, Talking Heads and punishing neon techno. It's sonically peculiar, coolly melodic, relentlessly detailed and, frequently, exhilarating. Incidentally, if you think that Dear - with his robo-monotonous voice and opaque lyrics - has previously lacked emotional resonance, that he maintains a hard veneer of attitude and style, check lonesome last track, 'Gem'. Tony Naylor DOWNLOAD: 'Little People (Black City)'

THE SATURDAYS **HEADLINES POLYDOR**



Before you go getting all upset that Headlines is a mere eight tracks long, three of which appeared on last year's debut album 'Wordshaker', bear in

mind that these days The Saturdays have more products to endorse than you can shake a stick of Veet at. Their latest musical outing is transparently a summer hatchet-job, but single 'Missing You' is a big synthy smash - the girls' best ballad by far - that will undoubtedly air better while the sun's still shining. The rest is filler in Gaga and Rihanna's slipstream. Expect a big US producer to be on board by Christmas. Hazel Sheffield DOWNLOAD: 'Missing You'



THE HUMAN CENTIPEDE (FIRST SEQUENCE) BOUNTY FILMS

All you serial killers out there, get your needle and thread ready. But be warned, you may drop off first

You'll have seen the YouTube trailers by now, no doubt. If you haven't, it's not ruining anything to tell you that the plot involves a mad German scientist famed for his work separating

Siamese twins, who kidnaps a mouthy Japanese boy and two really annoying American girls and decides that it might be a nice idea to sew them all together arse-to-face and make a human centipede. No attempt is made to delve into his psyche, why he feels the need to do this. And it all ends in tears. That's it as far as plot goes.

But hey, who needs a story when you've got the super-menacing Dieter Laser as the good doctor? It is his eyes that just about save this film, and his eyes that are the reason that so many horror buffs are going so mad over it. In particular, the scenes where he's drugging the

girls are quite extraordinarily sinister. But the problem is: once this has happened and the concept has been introduced, there's still an hour or so to go of the film where nothing much happens, other than three people who are stitched together crawling about - and obviously not very fast - trying to escape as Dr Heiter chases them. Two of them can't even scream, for obvious reasons. So by the time the police show up, the air of menace is virtually non-existent and the whole thing descends into one of those farcical endings where you just want someone to die so you can get on with your life.

Oh yeah, and the big selling point is firstly that the film is "shockingly controversial" and secondly that the acts depicted are "roo per cent medically accurate" (like, DO try this at home, aspiring serial killers!). This tells you all you need to know, really. A film to be talked about and endlessly parodied rather than actually enjoyed. Hamish MacBain

DRUM EYES

GIRA GIRA UPSET THE RHYTHM



For those who thought Shigeru Ishihara was only good for decimating Game Boys in a fit of super-charged speed techno under his DJ Scotch Egg alias,

think again. Having tentatively dipped his toes into the world of live instrumentation, Ishihara has come up with Casio-wielding noise artists Drum Eyes: a Herculean force of instrumental electronic post-rock that weaves in and out of genres regardless of forms, order or blueprints. The sludge rock of '13 Magicians' is only outdone by the baroque synths dancing fleetingly around doom riffs and metal onslaughts on 'Future Police', paralleled only by the marvel of space-rock anthem '50-50'. An epic record with endless possibility. Ash Dosanjh DOWNLOAD: 'Future Police'

What we're reading, watching and scamming



Whip It Drew Barrymore's directorial debut. Cameo from Juliette Lewis. Neither seemed like good signs, but Whip It proved us wrong by being utterly charming and having an ass-kicking Jens Lekman-laden OST.



Exhibition The Gainsbourg Catalogue

To celebrate the release of biopic Gainsbourg. 10 illustrators have curated an exhibition of alternative artwork for Serge's myriad records and films, on display at Soho's Curzon until August 30.



The Record Players, DJ Revolutionaries features interviews with 46 of the world's greatest DJs including Grandmaster Flash, John Peel, and erm, Jimmy Savile, We've got five copies to give away, go to NME.COM/win.

SINGLES This week recrewed by **LEWIS** BOWMAN

(CHAPEL CLUB)



KLAXONS **ECHOES** POLYDOR



I should confess I know Simon [Taylor-Davis]. We met in a pre-Klaxons age, he's a good guy. He came to Liars Club once with a stuffed parrot taped to

his shoulder. I can't say why. Anyway, 'Echoes' is built of the same stuff as 'Golden Skans' - a coruscating cosmic anthem that sounds like it should soundtrack the assassination of an alien Emperor. Or something.

BLOOD RED SHOES

HEARTSINK V2

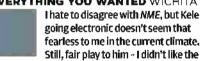


We've played on a few bills with these guys recently and they're a lot of fun live. I don't know much of their stuff but I think this is OK. I'm not sure about the

mix, the vocals are right up in front and I'm not completely convinced by the singing or the words being sung. But it does have a nice hectic energy to it and it's not a bad song. It's just not really my bag.

KELE

EVERYTHING YOU WANTED WICHITA



last single, but this one's pretty fun. It sounds less like a moody indie mope trying too hard to make 'sexy' Euro-dance and more like a bright young guy going pop, which I think suits him (or anyone) better.

SKUNK ANANSIE MY UGLY BOY VIRGIN



Maybe Skunk Anansie were exciting in their prime but this seems so predictable now, from the title onwards. Their music seems

inextricable from their image, and the idea of the tormented, sexualised, cosmopolitan neo-goth is a bit Camberwell 1992 for my tastes. The parts, the playing, the lyric - none of it moves me in any way. Totally standard.

JOHNNY FLYNN BARNACLED WARSHIP

TRANSGRESSIVE



Full points for use of the word 'barnacled', I last saw that in a Tintin book when I was seven. I expected this to be a Jack Wills cardigan in musical

form but it's better than that, though I'm still a bit unsure. There's a lot of Brit-folk cliché tales of drifting soldiers and high fidelity fiddling, etc. But I have a sense that he's a good guy trying to do something real. I'd be interested to hear more.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

SAY YOU DON'T WANT IT VERTIGO



Almost two million people have viewed the video for this on YouTube already! Completely nuts as both video and song are awful. The track reminds me of

Keane and Pet Shop Boys and the lyric, which seems to be accusing a girl of wanting a life of "big screens and plastic-made dreams", suggests this is a classic case of pot and kettle. Come on mate, you're dating Hermione Granger! She's in your video! You love it!



SPIRITS

SPIRITS SONIC UNYON Look, it's not like we're saying that

Spirits should be killed or anything, perhaps just dropped off at a coach

station dressed as clowns wearing sandwich boards declaring, "I DID YER MA". For a trio who dress variously like a Darwin Deez impersonator, the drug-addled hairdresser from Saxondale and a man who spends his days sitting on a park bench crying, they actually somehow sound a lot worse than they look. Their

attempt to cover as many '80s stylistic bases as possible, ranging from their passable Talk Talk pastiche ('Open The Door') to the nauseating U2 rip ('When The Sun Gets In My Eves'), is as obvious as it is irritating. John Doran

DOWNLOAD: 'Open The Door'



VICTORIA PARK, LONDON SATURDAY, JULY 31

Hurrah! They've sorted out the queues – but not the sound issues, unfortunately

n its fourth year, Field Day finally got the luck and organisation it's been craving. Seems odd to begin a review of a music festival with discussion of the facilities, but everyone needs to eat, shit, piss and drink, and for the first time it was possible to do all of these things here without surrendering huge swathes of life to queue todium. Some fluids may have even flowed a little too freely, if the number of glazed, boggled

eyes peering through glorious mid-afternoon sun were anything to go by

It's into this heat that Esben And The Witch transpire. The ominous shadow songs the Brighton trio conjure aren't built for the sunlight, but their set—wracked with harsh electronic throb—is persuasive enough to make lyrics about murdered Danish children and James Joyce's mentally doomed daughter seem at least semi-sensical. 'Lucia, At The Precipice' proves a highlight: Thomas Lisher's guitars ringing and Rachel Davies' voice reaching through a murky gloom.

Of all the problems that have nagged here, sound drift continues to frustrate

No such anguish haunts DâM-FunK, though having to choose between his and Joker's lurid digital slush because of a scheduling clash is something of a bind. I A's exotic allure wins out over Bristolian bass in this instance, though DâM still wears the expression of a Lothario spurned into insanity: his blue-balled, bit lipped funk angling given visual weight by keytar, sunglasses, black ve t and vocoder. His sound is as space up in it design as his home city, un is sun ing bass bomp pottering around beneath the alien gleam of those affected vocals. At times, the tent's sound system struggles to keep the two together, but for the most part Dâm's grip over the audience is near-regal.

Of all the problems to have nagged at Field Day over the years, sound duft is the one that continues to

continues to frustrate. Most obviously this comes down to its location – there's only so much noise you can make if you choose to settle a festival in the heart of London's Fast I nd, and the hipster land grab for Hackney is not vet so total that the majority of Victoria Park's neighbours would actively choose to be becatted by The Fall's Mark E Smith at 5pm on a turday afternoon. "London idiot here s "Student idiots... you mean nothing to me." Unless you're

Field Day, I thought Hudson Mohawke was great, the crowd were loving it, and These New Puritans were awesome too. The atmosphere was really chilled. I hope that I can come again next year."

e t t s ff f e t n ...











within the first few rows his taunts are lost on the breeze, along with much of a set that draws heavily on new album 'Your Future Our Clutter'.

Another who suffers for being thrust upon the Main Stage is Ramadanman. So far, David Kennedy's had arguably the best 2010 of any producer operating in that still nameless moment which arrived after dubstep: stellar releases with pal Midland and the harder, juke-influenced barrage of 'Work Them' dominating home and club listening alike. But firing out tracks made for tighter, intimate spaces into a field is like throwing punches at a wall - the continuity his sets (before and after The Fall) provide is welcome, but the havoc they'd likely wreak is lost and indignity suffered as roadies soundcheck backfeeding guitars over

As the afternoon begins to hint at the evening to come, Night Slugs duo Alex Bok Bok and L-Vis 1990, along with Hudson Mohawke, tear the tent they share apart with music to twist the limbs and the blood respectively, In larger tents, though, problems persist. No Age, joined by electronics man William Kai Strangeland-Menchaca, toil to whip up their trademark squall,

but No Age need to swirl around and about you, clatter through hot bodies and back off wall and ceiling mortar. In a huge tent, the sound leaks out of the sides into open air and it never really feels like you're absorbed.

It should be said at this point that sound troubles are less an indictment of the festival's organisational failings than symptomatic of one of the wider issues confronting indie rock and futurefacing club music today. Almost every band or DJ on this bill currently sound better in the small rooms their reps were earned in, but their popularity, especially in urban centres like London. demands that events like this take place. There's the odd moment when the sort of anthemic pop that tends to work best at festivals soars through, though - Atlas Sound's 'Sheila' sounds ever more triumphant, while Caribou beguiles a heaving crowd with the chiming swelter of 'Sun'. Phoenix, their pop landing somewhere between ELO and Of Montreal, are far too polite for their headline slot, so it's over to see, hear and above all feel Factory Floor blast their terrific volume: 'Lying's vibrations looming out across a packed dancefloor to snare us, at last, in some explosive moment. Kev Kharas



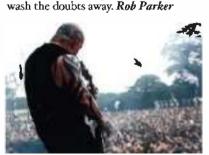
SONISPHERE

KNEBWORTH HOUSE FRIJULY 30 - SUN AUGUST 1 The metal event's second year is dominated by one band – the godlike Iron Maiden

The second ever UK Sonisphere kicks off pretty slowly, with no Main Stage bands on the opening Friday meaning Alice Cooper's theatrical schtick is the main draw. While credit is due to a 62-year-old who beheads himself onstage, it's perennial underdogs 65daysofstatic who put in the evening's most ferocious entertainment, punching holes in their wall of noise with ecstatic, swelling melodies.

Saturday brings thrash legends Anthrax, who set the pace by opening with the classic 'Caught In A Mosh' and making Papa Roach sound like the musically illiterate morons they are. Better to watch Rinoa's evocative post-metal, which turns a little corner of the site into somewhere very special indeed for a wonderful half-hour. Later that night some Germans dick around with pyro and a dinghy but the real draw is Therapy? playing 'Troublegum' front-to-back. Despite two power failures, the third time's a charm as Nowhere' and 'Screamager' prompt throaty singalongs from a crowd that is far, far too big for the tent.

On Sunday the headliners cast such a shadow that even the rabidly brilliant Kvelertak dressing like owls can't distract many people's attention. And of course, it's not a metal festival without Slayer so they riff hard and lots of people dutifully throw the horns. But then the time comes for Iron Maiden. It's pointless trying to explain the enduring appeal of 'Wrathchild' or how 'Hallowed Be Thy Name' contains one of the most exhilarating choruses ever. The only thing to do is stand in a sea of 55,000 souls, all of whom have organised their entire summers around this one moment, and letting the lunacy of it all





VICTORIA PARK, LONDON SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

East London's under-18s bonanza proves the young generation has no room for disillusion

band playing Underage had better be match-fit and up to the challenge. If not, the magic and triumph of partal ing in this alcohol-free day of mulic for 18-and-unders can soon turn into a crushing failure to match the bouncy mood of your distinctly less tour-weary, hungover and jaded audience.

The first few performances, though, do not disappoint with their fighting spirit The recently signed Is Tropical play with an infectious pizzazz, and have nearly everyone at the Youth Music Stage mesmerised. This is more than can be said for lo-fi pop borefests Egyptian Hip Hop, who sloppily work their way through an awkward set, after a 20-minute long soundcheck they complete onstage, yawning and huffing like (like?) stroppy teenagers.

On the main stage hip-hop duo Chiddy Bang have just as much energy, if not more, as the kids in the front row,

despite rapper Chiddy's broken leg. The crowd go wild as the Hot Chip sample of 'Opposite Of Adults' bellows out of the speakers, and soon there are soft drink cartons and straw hats being tossed high in the air in appreciation.

There are at least 15 people wearing 'FREE HUGS' signs round their neck en route to the Topman tent, where, fittingly enough, cuddlecravingly gloomy indie five piece Chapel Club have just started They play beautifully, with a particularly hypnotic performance of their first single, 'O Maybe I' "It was amazing to be able to play to people who maybe haven't been able to see us live before," vocalist Lewis Bowman tells us later.

It's both a charming and bizarre thought that no-one here is wasted

"The younger you are, the less chance you've forgotten how to enjoy yourself. Old people are too busy trying to be lool"

Unsurprisingly, the Converse Tent is packed solid for Crystal Castles. Amid the smoke and strobe lights is Alice Glass, whose silhouette darts around the stage as she clambers up amps and scaffolds, mere feet away from the audience as the duo hurl highlights from their second album crowdwards. "You are the future," she screams before

> launching into oldie 'Black Panther'. As the fans bounce and mosh, it's both a charming

and bizarre thought

Our Reviewer



Billie left school at 16, has done music PR, written for Vice and worked on a documentary on celebrity stalkers for VBS. www. billiejd.blogspot.com

we place bets on how much longer than the reported stage time we'll be kept waiting. Eventually she ernerges, 45 minutes overdue, and opens with 'Galang'. The audience seems about as impressed with her grunts over a backing track as they are with the visuals - a fluorescent, repetitive mess that's both dated and distracting, MIA's performance is weak, and there's definitely a sense of anti climax after a set that's less a scream of youthful fun, more a disinterested shrug.

that no one here is wasted.

As crowds gather for the

fe tival' headliner, MIA,

Teenagers may love a lazy Sunday, but as Ms Glass knows, you gotta put in some effort if you're going to keep up with kids Billie Porter

("I miss him").



BEST COAST

CARGO, LONDON MONDAY, AUGUST 2

We love a funny cat story, but our newest album crush can't make our pulses race live

THE VIEW FROM THE

CROWD

Davina, 30

"I really enjoyed it,

Hoved their sound.

I thought the singer

had a really great

voice. I suppose it

was quite Courtney

Love, but more

mellow. The only

thing was that the

songs were very

short; so you're

starting to get into it

and then it ends.

But I loved the

summery sounds."

Tonight is the record release show for Best Coast's 'Crazy For You', a disc that radiates so much warmth, charisma and humility that you're left with sunburn after listening to it.

It's The Gospel According To Bethany, several short but sweet sermons on the topic of Stoned Love Letters To Imaginary Boyfriends, On

record everything comes together with a beautiful simplicity. Musically, it's all sun-kissed doo-wop melodies which are lovingly grafted over grunged-up girl group harmonics. Lyrically, Betham Cosentino writes tongue-in-cheek missives which chime with the beating honesty of a drunk text. As the gig proceeds however, it's clear that the band can't quite duplicate 'Crazy l'or You's kinetic energy onstage. It's disappointing, not least because Cosentino is charm personified The good feeling she engenders is apparent in the cheeky audience who heckle 'KRAMER!' (Cosentino's a big Seinfeld fan) and lead the singer into a conversation about her beloved cat Snacks

So what's gone wrong? Maybe it's that the Best Coast power trio of Cosentino. I Mascis-like bassist Bob Bruno and former Vivian Girls drummer Ali Koehler are under the thrall of grunge-era titans to a degree which means that there's a level of plaidcoloured anonymity at play. Or perhaps it's simply that the power of their album

is hard to translate live. Or is it just the fact that if you've got a Twitter dedicated to your cat, people expect the unexpected from your gigs.

That's not to say that

tonight's set doesn't occasionally approach the peaks of their recorded output. 'Boyfriend' is a monumental alt pop moment, while 'Our Deal' transcends its surroundings. The cover of the Ramones' 'I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend' works too and yet, and yet...

There's a certain something which make a band great live; a certain element of collective charisma, an unpredictability, a deftness of touch Tonight Best Coast were perfectly fine, but when you've made one of the best albums of the year, somehow 'fine' doesn't quite cut it. Priya Elan

We've got a pair of tickets for Bestival from September 9 to 12 to give away. Just tell us which vear headliners The Flaming Lips formed, at NME.COM/win.



We guessed what these shit-named bands (all real) might sound like...

Psycho-Delia Smith Norwich mirthmerchants who use Hammond to disguise lack of tunes

Sex Hawk The latest doomedto-failure project from Justin Hawkins

Spaghetti Anywhere Italo-house revivalists who like to play guerrilla gigs, in kitchens

I've Got Pretty Dreams Liam's first-choice name for Beady Eye - vetoed by Gem Archer and Andy Bell

Da Katz Whiskaz The UK's only hip-hop collective made up entirely of under-fives



WU-TANG CLAN 02 ACADEMY, GLASGOW SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

name after all. Hardeep Phull

ords like 'seminal', 'greatest' and, um, 'fucking awesome' get thrown at Wu-Tang Clan regulariy. They're revered as one of the finest hip-hop groups ever and quite rightly so. But tonight

there's someone missing from the ultimate rap outfit. The show is billed as a complete line-up - sans the late O? Dirty Bastard - but Method Man is clearly not here. Maybe the UK's knife crime capital sounded far too dangerous for The Wire's Cheese Wagstaff. This, though, goes largely un-noticed thanks to an incendiary performance

ST VINCENT/TUNE-YARDS CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE, NEW YORK

singer's hearty patronage of these two fine ladies has certainly not hindered their causes. Known as tUnE-yArDs onstage, Merrill Garbus is a truly unique one-woman show of vocal loops, tribal beats and wonky-pop melodies. Meanwhile, St Vincent - aka Annie Clark is now such a hit at Byrne Towers that the two are planning to collaborate. She replicates the huge, orchestral arrangements of last year's brilliant 'Actor' with the help of mini brass and string sections which, along with her deficately beautiful voice, help 'Save Me From What I Want' sound like the theme music to an as-yet-unmade romantic drama. But these cinematic serenades are only half the story because during the second half of the set, the more aggressive fuzz-rock of songs like 'Your Lips Are Red' sees Clark thrusting and contorting as though she were auditioning to be in Sonic Youth. She's clearly the kind of artist who is as comfortable playing to

suited and booted types at Carnegie Hall as she is frequenting some beer-stained downtown dive bar. When you consider this rare blessing of talent, St Vincent doesn't seem like such a lofty

GMT support slots and pages of fawning blog-love from anonymous hipsters are all well and good, but you're really no-one in New York unless David Byrne has bigged you up. The ex-Talking Heads

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1



from the New York heroes. Storming onstage to 'Protect Ya Neck', de facto leader RZA sprays the crowd in champagne as his cohorts twist lyrics around a bubbling beat. From then on, it's a relentless onslaught of banging classics. And of course, when they finally descend into a dirrty rendition of the formidable 'Gravel Pit' everyone goes super-crazy. Now all we need is a new album, please. Jamie Crossan

JENS LEKMAN

UNION CHAPEL, LONDON TUESDAY, AUGUST 3

ekman's five-strong band has an extra member tonight - Domino's Bill Wells on keyboard, the perfect foil for the Swedish romancer. Clad in obstinate black, he looks like he hasn't smiled since about 1972. Jens, however, is resplendent in pink shirt and crisp chinos, a permanent swoon about his elfin fizzog, which is exactly what you'd expect from a man who's got more love stories than Mills & Boon. Tonight's gig adds another chapter to the affairs of Jens' heart - after proceeding to join himself and the crowd in unholy matrimony, the love in the chapel makes gospel services seem practically Mormon. That might sound pretty icky, but he lavishes long-awaited new songs upon the crowd with romantic abandon; 'An Argument With Myself' is a hysterical battle of his conscience, both sides telling each other, "Fuck you! No. you fuck you!" and the cocktail piano-laden 'Some Dandruff On Your Shoulder' sees Jens as self-deprecating as a Woody Allen protagonist. Back to the old favourites; 'A Sweet Summer's Night On Hammer Hill' has the congregation leap up to whoop, grin and shimmy along with its unabashed ode to summer frolics on grassy knolls. He finishes with 'Pocketful Of Money', leading the growd in a sampled chorus of Beat Happening's 'Gravedigger Blues' that burns with an intensity befitting of 800 people who just got betrothed to one another. The crowd might be on their feet, but it's Bill's cocked eyebrow of approval that proves just how touching tonight is. Laura Snapes

Taking her gutsy new persona to the good folk of the feminist Lilith Fair, the fiesty songstress is upsetting as many people as she inspires...

TUESDAY, JULY 20

Kate Nash has discovered she's really good at playing darts. Just as well since she's having a rubbish time in America otherwise. She's tired. She's cross. She's a bit drunk. She was excited about playing the revived Lilith Fair tour - a feminist festival that used to travel the country in the late '90s celebrating women in music, everyone from folkies to Mary J Blige.

But it seems the new Lilth Fair only celebrates certain women making certain kinds of music, and that doesn't include her, which is why she's hiding on her tourbus. But then she offers NME a swig of her mineral water - which turns out to be disguised vodka – and perks up a bit. "I'm like the evil British kid on this tour," she says happily, "Everyone's hating me!"

It is fair to say the American Midwest isn't ready for this Kate Nash. The Kate Nash who had a pretty curled fringe and wore '60s frocks and wrote songs about mouthwash and boyfriends and bird poo was the one they booked. But that was then. The Kate Nash they have got now has got thick black eye-shadow streaming down her face, a sign on her piano saying "A Cunt Is A Useful Thing", and a strong desire to go onstage asking why everyone doesn't just "go fucking crazy, do what you like, I don't care". The American Midwest doesn't get it.

"In Minneapolis they made me do this acoustic set in the middle of the arena, you know, all..." she says, doing a very funny impression of a wafty lady strumming gently into a guitar, her distaste for such wishy-washy music palpable. "So I said, 'What does the word 'pussy' mean and where does it come from?' Nobody knew what to do. I broke into 'Mansion Song' at the end of the set, I was like 'RAAAAHHH!'." She is energised by the memory of it. "It wasn't like I did it on purpose but I got really angry and threw the mic on the floor, then I threw down the guitar, which I thought was just a generic one they lent to people but it turns out it belonged to this girl and so now they all hate me. I went into the catering food place the next day and somebody hissed, 'We don't need fuckers like THAT around here' as I walked past."

actual fans here 'get' her new album in a way that Britain hasn't. "I think people here understood what I was trying to do with the record. I'd been so excited about this tour because I thought it was gonna be all about women and equality and independence," she explains. "But they keep turning on the houselights when I'm performing. And my sound girl, who's been doing this job for years, is getting shit off guys and she has to tell them what to do and they call her an amateur."

Which all goes to explain why Kate is hiding on her bus with her band, laughing at Ramsay's Kitchen Nightmares on TV, or trying on the new red jacket she's bought or reading Virginia Woolf's To The Lighthouse, or marvelling at how her guitarist can do a Rubik's Cube in two minutes. Or telling NME about how she and boyfriend Ryan Jarman are living in a flat together in east London where they've made a music den in the basement and plan to record a Christmas album. There's lots you can do on a bus.

Or she's explaining, rather more soberly, how one of her band had to leave the tour when his sick girlfriend was offered a transplant. "And I was like, 'How fast can we get you on the next flight home to be with her? Just go, go immediately.' She is the nicest woman and the operation's gone smoothly, thank godit's all any of us can think about really."

Still, she's onstage again soon so we head out for a stroll across the dangerfields of Indianapolis, at an outdoor venue with a sign banning

people from revealing offensive body parts including female breasts". First, we get ourselves frozen strawberry daiquiris - "It's a slush puppy with booze in it," says Kate approvingly. Then we see a display of new cars with a sign next to them saying 'Chevrolet: What Would Lilith Drive→ (Well,

a figure from medieval Jewish legend, Lilith would probably drive a donkey).

Still, if the promoters want to look even further back at the myth of Lilith, they'd discover she began as a Mesopotamian storm demon, led by the wind, thought to bring disease and death. Which should prepare them for when Nash takes to the stage. Wow, we'd forgotten how good she is live. She hammers away at the piano, the most rousing thing that's been onstage all day, belting about "singing ub-ob on a Friday night", hands storming the keys expertly, and then she's at the mic stand with a gustar. It starts raining then she's left the stage and says she wants to get wet with the audience; they can't believe their luck, these girls who know all the

words to her songs.

Despite the unexpected bad weather not one person goes to find shelter. This is turning into something spectacular. Afterwards, there are so many fans trying to talk to her: 14-year-old girls saying they play her to death on their 1Pods, an older boy who says that he and his friend recite the whole spoken word rant from 'Don't You Want To Share The Guilt' at each other and have "whole conversations in Nashisms."

DTE ENERGY MUSIC THEATER, DETROIT WEDNESDAY JULY 21

A long drive north into the Great Lakes, and the Motor City audience is again full of the most enamoured young women, all dying to meet Kate. She's offered a later slot on a bigger stage because La

Roux has cancelled but decides to stay on the smaller one because she wants to get up close and personal with the audience. And so she does, despite the presence of some beefy security guys doing all they can to spoil the fun, and a moaning grumpy roadie in a T-shirt reading "TOO MANY FESTIVALS". Much of Detroit does not seem to be feeling a women's music festival either.

In the car park, though, Kate runs into two girls who missed her set because the times got changed and she feels so bad she chats to them for an hour, making sure they get her tour manager's email address so they can get in for free next time she plays here.

Soon, she'll be back in England. But first, she has to spend a night in what she describes as "the most insane and frightening motel, with blood-stained beds and creepy guys with their shirts unbuttoned and their flies open". She and her band are "too scared to sleep on the sex sheets", so they stay up all night. Drinking. And playing darts. Thank the lord Kate Nash is really, really good at playing darts. Sophie Heawood





Kath Larson, age 14

"My friend's mom

drove us two hours to see Kate play. and we got to meet her, which was incredible! She told us she wants girls to write music because there are fewer

female composers than men and she wants us to change that. She said we should be ourselves. At our school, Kate's really popular. It's a very nerdy place so all the girls are kind of clever and they're really into her. We'll be putting the photos of us with her straight onto Facebook."

It's a shame - Kate's been loving

America recently, and feels that her



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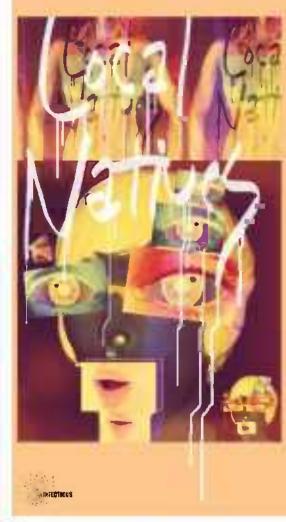
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No dilemma is too big or small for NME's Resident Cognitive Disputational Resolutionist (aka Agony Uncle) Pete Cashmore



THEY'RE RIPPING **US OFF!**

Our songs are so good that they have a habit of being virtually "covered" by other bands in the area when we want to take credit for them. How can we stop this? Frustrated, Ipswich

Nothing cannot be solved by a mixture of frank and open discussion, and the liberal application of a lead pipe to the kneecaps. Part of me suggests you should take these cover versions as a backhanded compliment, but a much larger part of me suggests that you should deliberately, and very knowingly, become shit. You may not get far, but it'll drag the rest of them down with you. Uncle Pete

OUR THROATS ARE SORE

I am the lead singer of a screamo band, and both myself, my guitarist and secondary vocalist are starting to fack our throats up. Any suggestions? A Little Hoarse, London

There are a great many vocalists in the rock pantheon, and each and every one of them has their own recipe for looking after your throat, be it honey and lemon, gargling with salt water or a few Jack Daniel's to numb the soreness. But I have a surefire cure - acquiring some taste and stop making that bloody racket. Uncle Pete

WE'RE PILING IT ON

We are finding that life on the road is having a detrimental effect on our figures. We're trying for Noel Fielding, and ending up more like Phill Jupitus. Filling Out, Manchester

I would firstly advise you to look at the photograph that accompanies this hilarious column, and consider that asking me for dietary advice is rather like asking a great white shark for advice on vegetarianism. You basically need to get a big fat roadie with a Ginster's habit to hoover everything up while you're soundchecking, and then you'll starve naturally. That's what I do, so the stick insects in the office starve. Uncle Pete

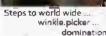
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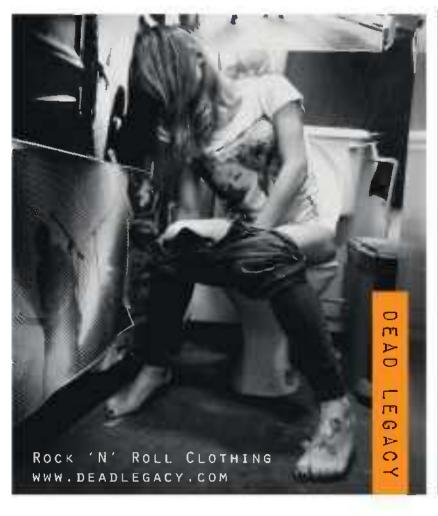
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GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD Edited by Laura Snapes

BOOKING



JANELLE MONAE STARTS: London KOKO, September 8

DON'T

We're being cruel making Janelle Pick Of The Week as by the time you're reading this, tickets for her one-off UK show will be harder to come by than a sanitary toilet on Sunday at Glastonbury - her last London gig sold out in half a nanosecond. And rightly so, because she's like nothing you've ever seen before. Monáe's one of those performers who defies time - her incredible debut, 'The Archandroid', is set on a lovelorn planet under tyrannical rule lightyears away, the live show references Venetian carnival and vaudeville, while the elasticlunged lady herself makes like Grace Jones trapped in Little Richard. We'd put money on her headlining arenas this time next year, where you can wear your "I saw her first!" T-shirt with pride. NME.COM/artists/ janelle-monae



ZUN ZUN EGUI STARTS: Bristol Croft, September 17 The spiritual children of Lightning Bolt and Fela Kuti, ZZE play their first Bristol show in yonks.

NME.COM/artists/

zun-zun-equi



VILLAGERS STARTS: Brighton Ballroom, October 4 Will it be a post-Mercury victory lap? Who knows, but it'll be darkly beautiful nonetheless. NME.COM/artists/ villagers



STARTS: Manchester Academy 2, October 29 'Strange Weather, Isn't It?' ask the NYC dance punkers on their new record. In Manchester in October, the answer's probably yes.

NME.COM/artists/!!!



SAM AMIDON STARTS: London Barbican, September 27 Plus Ben Frost and Valgeir Sigurðsson return to play the show Eyjafjallajokull thwarted. NME.COM/artists/ sam-amidon



STARTS: Manchester. October 13 There are plenty of reasons to check out ITC, but none more adorable or vital than Kisses' debut UK shows. NME.COM/festivals



BATTLES STARTS: London Kentish Town Forum. October 30 Battles make their majestic return at ATP's Halloween do, Release The Bats. Dress as an actual battle, dare you. NME.COM/artists/battles



BRAINLOVE RECORDS TOUR STARTS: Cardiff 10 Feet Tall, September 27 The stable of indie thoroughbreds lets Mat Riviere, Napoleon IIIrd and Stairs To Korca loose. NME.COM/festivals



SWN STARTS: Cardiff various venues, October 21 The first announcements for the Welsh SXSW include Happy Birthday, T3ETH, and Perfume Genius appearances. NME.COM/festivals



FESTIVAL STARTS: Leeds Uni, November 14 This new festival has arrived to feed famished students nuggets of Les Savy Fav, Los Campesinos! and more. NME.COM/festivals

CONSTELLATIONS



STARTS: Oxford Cellar, October 2 Following support slots with Modest Mouse, the fuzz-headed scallywags head on their first headline jaunt. NME.COM/artists/yuck



THESE NEW PURITANS STARTS: London Barbican, October 23 TNP team up with the Britten Sınfonia to perform 'Hidden' live. NME.COM/artists/ these-new-puritans



TWIN SISTER STARTS: Brighton Prince Albert. November 23 Swoony blog favourites make their UK debut to coo into and slather thick reverb all over our ears. NME.COM/artists/ twin-sister

PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



YES WAY

STARTS: Peckham, London, August 13-15

NME PICK

If you had this mid-summer weekend pencilled in as your hard earned break from festivals, think again. But don't go scraping the mud off your wellies yet – Upset The Rhythm are putting on a blindingly good weekender in a Peckham car park, showcasing over 40 bands that have seriously been setting our Radar feelers all a-tingle. Amongst others, Dalston bro-fi purveyors Male Bonding (pictured above), enigmatic Welsh types Islet and motorik psych freaks Cold Pumas are all playing alongside fancy multimedia displays from the Auto Italia artist group, and to make it just that bit more unmissable, the entire weekend only costs £18. If you can't make it, all the sets are being streamed online. No excuses accepted.

NME.COM/festivals



Everyone's Talking About JOHN GRANT

STARTS: Edinburgh Wee Red Bar, August 17

The former Czars frontman brings the soft-rock catharsis of his rapturously received solo album, 'The Queen Of Denmark', to the Edinburgh Fringe Festival. The absence of Midlake, who played on the album, won't stop the silken-voiced one delivering incongruously beautiful tales of depression and addiction. NME.COM/artists/ john-grant



Don't Miss **GOLD PANDA**

STARTS: London White Heat/Madame Joio's. August 17

The White Heat night is seven, and how better to celebrate than with three of the UK's finest electronica prospects on one bill? Gold Panda and Dam Mantle bring the glitch, while it could be one of the last chances to catch Max Tundra, who's dropped hints that his next album could be his last. NME.COM/artists/ gold-panda



Radar Star **DOMINIQUE** YOUNG UNIQUE

STARTS: London Old Blue Last, August 16

They don't come much fiercer than Florida's Dominique Young Unique, whose turbo jump-rope snappy delivery has seen her beloved of Radar for a fair old while now, It's a long way from Florida to Shoreditch, and it's a journey she's only making once this year, so catch her while you can. NME.COM/artists/ dominique-young-unique

GIG GUIDE KEY:

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

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China Crisis/Larsen B/Mr Fogg O2 Academy Ishington 0870 771 2000 Circles/Jukehox Collective/Strange And Partners/Target 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

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CAMBRIDGE

Big D And The Kids Table/Sonic Boom Six/Mouthwash/The JB Conspiracy Revolution 01223 364 895 CARDIFF

Evilive/The Hotel Ambush/Enic Fail Barfly 029 2066 7658 The Gentle Good Chapter Arts Centre

029 2031 1050 Larry Miller Band The Globe

07738 983947

Spencer McGarry Season/Sweet Baboo/Barefoot Dance Of The Sea Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

CHELMSFORD

FOINE .

Another Dead Hero/Lower Ninth Ward Barhouse 01245 356811 DUBLIN

Windings/Vertigo Smyth Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

Darno Suzuki Crawdaddy 00 3531 478 0225

Bluefilmt The Royal Oak 0131 557 2976 Carrie Mac The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

From The Cradle To The Rave Henry's Cellar Bar 0131 221 1288 Orkestra Del Sol Queens Hall 0131 668 2019

Thomas Truax/Miss Helis Belle/The Black Diamond Express/Southern Tennent Folk Union/The Sea The

Sea The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224 FXETER

Chief/The Tearaways Cavern Club 01392 495370

GATESHEAD The Dauphins/Unstable Tables/The Mephisto Club/Mazarine Blue Three

Tuns 0191 487 0666 GLASGOW

Billy Llar/ICH/Tragical History Tour 13th Note Cafe 0141 553 1638 Burn The Negative/Jack Butler/Run

From Red King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 John Knox Sex Club/Wounded

Knees Stereo 0141 576 5018 Kong/Bronto Skyllft Captain's Rest 01413312722

Torch The Skyline Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871 GUILDFORD

Subsource Boileroom 01483 440022



LEEDS

Earthmen New Roscoe 0113 246 0778 Man From Uranus/Cowtown/ Mucky Sallor Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831

The Tom Attah Blues Explosion The Well 0113 2440474

LONDON

Agnostic Front Underworld 020 7482 1932

Bloody Phoenlx/Melnhof Crown And Anchor 020 8807 2173

Bo Ningen/Japanese Voveurs/Little Death Garage 020 7607 1818 Dead Swans/Cruel Hand/Miles Away Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

Demontre/Curtains/Miss Cosmos/ Mell Linn Silver Bullet 020 7619 3639 Dikta Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Dwarves/The Dangerfields/ Misterbrick Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Empoil/Jurolin/Colours Of One Punk 0871 971 5418 Everything On Red Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

The Greenland Whalefishers/Calico Street Riots/Oiz 2 Men/Poisoned Legacy Mannions Prince Arthur 020 836 51899

Heart On Fire Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

Holly Walker North London Tavern 020 7625 6634

John Cooper Clarke George Tavern 020 7790 1763

JSA/We Forgot Kevin/ NineteenSeventyNine Bullshead 01212 56 7777 Kill It Kid Barfly 0870 907 0999

The King Blues/Dave House Hippodrome 0208 5414411 King Of Spain 12 Bar Club

020 7240 2622 Kirsty Almeida Jazz Café 020 7916 6060 Lo Fi Lung Monkey Chews

020 7267 6406 Luddite Rebellion/The Bohemes/ The Lost Boys Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Noisettes/Tinashe Union Chapel 020 7226 1686

Rangoon/Valentin Gerlier/The Cry Baby Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434 Robin Jones 606 Club 020 7352 5953 Screaming Tea Party/Dignan Porch/Slushy Guts/Woolf Tram And

Social 020 8767 0278 Still Corners/Citizens Of The Universe Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

The St Just Vigilantes/Bleeding Heart Narrative/The Lost Left Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Toots And The Maytals O2 Academy Islington 0870 771 2000 The Vinvi Stitches/The Revellions

100 Club 020 7636 0933 MANCHESTER

Bastard Of The Skies/Stuntcock Star & Garter 0161 273 6726 Cats in Paris/Denis Jones/ With That Knife Deaf Institute

0161 330 4019 The Joe Public/Post Modern Geisha/Whiskey And Lace Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

Maggot (Goldie Lookin Chain) Moho EIMP 0161 834 8180

The Steals Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

Undercolour/Forgotten Angels/ Light Damage/Verdict Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

NOTTINGHAM

The Domino State/The Spotlight Kid Bodega Social Club 08713 100000 Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly/The Xcerts Rock City 08713 100000 Sola City/Youth In Revolt/ Strangeling Maze 0115 947 5650 PORTSMOUTH

Danny Bryant's Redeyeband Cellars 0871 230 1094

READING Bane Bane Eche/Sister Gracie

Oakford Social Club 0116 255 3956 SHEFFIELD Death Metal Disco Scene Harley

0114 275 2288 The Polar Bear Club/Grazes/ The Rookie League Corporation

0114 276 0262 SOUTHAMPTON

01793 534238

Subhumans Jorners 023 8022 5612 STALBANK Jonnylands Horn 01727 853143

SWINDOM Andy Margrett Markay The Rolleston

Trash Monkey Esquires 01234 340120 BIRMINGHAM

Broken Links Spareroom Cafe Bar 0121.6343030

Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426 Laura Jansen Glee Club

Mirrors Sound Bar 0121 2362220 Open To Fire Scruffy Murphy's 0121 333 3201

The Sin Kings/Speaker Says/ Strangetime Flapper 0121 236 2421 Tunng/Health & Efficiency Midlands Arts Centre 0121 446 3232 Where/The Graham Parsnin

Liquidiser Torture Think-Tank (Project)/Pale Horse Pale Rider Sunflower Lounge 0121 632 6756

Lucky Jim Cobbiers Thumb 01273 605 636 The Polecats Prince Albert

Wrong Music Volks Tavern

Blackwolf The Cooler 0117 945 0999 Gene Watson/Toy Hearts St George's Hall 0117 923 0359

The Lasting Days/Toyface Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221

Mea Culna Croft 0117 987 4144 Onslaught/No Guts No Glory Crown And Cavern Club 0117 934 9996 On Off Switch/Dynamo Hum/TLI Louisiana 0117 926 5978 Psycho-Della Smith Old Tavern

0117 965 3035 Rough Justice Fire Engine 07521 974070

The Ruby Suns/Red Indians/idles Start The Bus 0117 930 4370 Vanadium/The Dead City Stereo Fleece 0117 945 0996

CARDIFF Adebisi Shank/Strange News From Another Star Barfly 029 2066 7658 Helis Relis The Globe 07738 983947 Oul Messy/Good Librarian/We're No Heroes Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199 Spencer McGarry Season/Stephen Wheel Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

CHELMSFORD

Hero And Leander/Stealing Signs/ Cat House Barhouse 01245 356811 CHICHESTER

Vintage At Goodwood Faces/The Damned/Rox Goodwood Estate 01243 755 055

CREWE Bromheads/The Rittz The Box

01270 257 398 DUBLIN

Sticky Digit/Lights Over Phoenix Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

FOINBIBER

Copy Haho The GRV 0131 220 2987 Eliza Carthy Queens Hall 0131 668 2019

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly/The Xcerts The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224 North Atlantic Oscillation Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

Silver Columns/Simonotron Bongo Club 0131 558 7604

Tinchy Stryder Picture House 0844 847 1740 GALWAY

And So I Watch You From Afar/ Jogging Roisin Dubh 00 35391 586540 GATESHEAD

Atlantis Knight Azure Blue D191 478 4326

GLASGOW

Dirty Smiles Classic Grand 0141 847 0820

The Fortunate Sons The Wise Monkey 0871 230 1094

FRIDAY

August 13

Kochka Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637 The Mode 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Mode/We Are Jawhone/The Dirty Sults/The Jury 02 ABC 0870 903 3444

Nick Harper/Jake Cogan Griffin Pantha Du Prince Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

The Smears 13th Note Cafe 0141 553 1638

The System 02 Academy 0870 771 2000



We're Only Afraid Of NYC King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 What's The Damage/Truth Be Told/ The Colony Barrowland 0141 552 4601 GUILDFORD

The Water Tower Bucket Boys Boileroom 01483 440022

HITCHIN

The Gavels/Vaults/Maddox/ Matthew Toll Club 85 01462 432767 LEEDS

Ashley Wallbridge/Activa/Will Holland Mint Club 0113 244 9474 Black Lace Mine 0871 230 1094 Bludger Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758 **Bonded By Blood** The Well

0113 2440474 Cleckhuddersfax Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

The Frank And Walters/Soul Circus Northern Monkey 0113 242 6630 The Heartbreaks/Downdime Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Japanese Voyeurs Cockpit Room 3 0113 2441573

LUCESTER Summer Sundae Tinchy Stryder/ Los Campesinos!/Roots Manuva/ Teenage Fanclub/Tunng/Slow Club/ Lou Rhodes/The Low Anthem/ The Wave Pictures/Summer

Camp De Montford Hall & Gardens 0871 230 1094 LIVERPOOL Crazy P Shipping Forecast

0871 230 1094 Henry Homesweet/Jellica/Fluxxin/ Gwern Bar Samur 0151 236 3655 The Palatines O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

LONDON

Bang Bang Eche/Polka Party Club NME @ KOKO 0870 4325527 Big D And The Kids Table Underworld 020 7482 1932

Buffalo Star/Ned Walker Babalou 0207 738 7875 The Critical Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412 The Display Team/I Am Vexed

Montague Arms 020 7639 4923 Forever Exiled Peel 020 8546 3516 Grammatics/With That Knife

The Lexington 020 7837 5387 The Indices/The Sea Kids/Cougar Wolf Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 Isbells Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Jon Blek And The Rats/Shilli Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Lookout Joe Barfly 0870 907 0999

Losers 333 020 7739 5949 Louise Marshall Hideaway The Lovely Eggs/Hexicon/ Moustache Of Insanity The

Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384 Yes Way Male Bonding/Lovvers/ Cold Pumas/Munch Munch/The Human Race/Family Peckham 0871 230 1094

Mondo Ray/Violet Violet/The Role Models 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622 Move And Fire/Scenes Of Nudity Good Ship 020 7372 2544

The My Mys/Whitestar Windmill 020 8671 0700 Robinson Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 **Sharks** Garage 020 7607 1818

Sir Yes Sir/Auto De Fe Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386 Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs Silver Bullet 020 7619 3639

Villa Cola/Rive Amps/Fake Teak 333 Mother Bar 0872 148 3679

MANCHESTED Black Market Karma/Search Party/ The North Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822

Da Katz Whiskaz Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019 Deaf To Van Gogh's Ear/Chrik

Kro Bar 0161 232 9796 Laura Veirs/Led To Sea/Kari Blau Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392 My Favourite Runner Up Academy

0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE David Rotheray Cluny 0191 230 4474 Matt Staker And Fables Pumphreys Cellar Bar 0191 2603312

Toots And The Maytals O2 Academy

0870 771 2000 Whisky Gun/Odin/Enter The Lexicon

Dog & Parrot 0191 261 6998 Witchkraft Star Inn 0191 222 3111

NOTTINGHAM Allotment Dogs/Mastercharger/ Sapphire Lane Maze 0115 947 5650 Ramieh/Makakarooma/Johnny

Scarr Chameleon 0115 9505097 OXFORD China Crisis/Larsen B/Mr Fogg 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

PORTSMOUTH

Lucifer's Gold/Midnight Embassy Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911 SHEFFIELD Johnny And The Prison Boys New

Hn And Atom/Hans Rouffmyber DO Bar 0114 221 1668 SOUTHAMPTON Grandmaster Flash Orange Rooms

Barrack Tavern 0114 234 9148

02380 232333 Not Advised Joiners 023 8022 5612

SWINDON **Built For Comfort** The Rolleston 01793 534238

Larry Miller Band 12 Bar 01793 535713

THIMBIDINGS WELLS Bareface/Get People The Forum 08712 777101

WAKEFIELD Martyr De Mona Snooty Fox 01924 374455

WARE

Westmill Farm Festival Distorted Breed/Joan Ov Arc/New Device/ Crimzen Westmill Farm 01920 461641

14 August 2010 NME 59





SATURDAY

August 14



REDECIDO

Wolf Law Esquires 01234 340120 BIRMMINGHALL

Battle For Prague Flapper 0121 236 2421

Desert Storm The Old Wharf 0121 440 3000

King Pleasure And The Biscuit Boys Hare And Hounds 0121 444 2081 Pan & The Poets Actress & Bishop

0121 236 7426 Wiley 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

BRIDPORT

The Pineapple Thief/Achilles Sound Electric Palace 01308 428354

The DeRellas Hector's House

01273 681228 Dr Greenthumbs Worlds End 01273 692311

Jessie & The Orbits/Knocksville/ Kansas City Cryers Concorde 2 01273 673311

The Loudand Hundred Prince Albert 01273 730499

Newvorknewvork Audio 01273 624343

Spring Offensive The Hope 01273 723 568

Will Sumsuch Fishbowl 01273 777 505 BRISTOL

Dani Wilde/Will Harmonica Wilde

The Tunnels 0117 929 9008

The Domino State/Presents For

Sally Louisiana 0117 926 5978 Dwarves Croft 0117 987 4144 Gecko/The Mayflys/Amity Mr Wolf's

0117 927 3221 **Grammatics** Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

New Rhodes/My Friend Friday Fleere 0117 945 0996 CARDIFF

Athena/Session One/Arry Other Day Maindy Stadium

Stars Of The Search Party/Dead Poets Barfly 029 2066 7658

CHICHESTER

Vintage At Goodwood Buzzcocks/ Martha Reeves & The Vandellas/ The Bees Goodwood Estate

01243 755 055

COLCHESTER

Proceed /Don Broco/Versus/LYU The Twist 01206 562 453

Kid British The Box 01270 257 398 DONCASTER

Scouting For Girls Racecourse 01302 304 200

DUBLIN

The McGetigans/Monsenion

Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372 Telepathe Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372 Toots And The Maytals Tripod 00 353 1 4780225

FINARIJOSH

Bonded By Blood/Dog Tired

Bannermans 0131 556 3254 Colin MacIntyre/Muli Historical Society The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

Douxie MacLean Oueens Hall 0131 668 2019

Pantha Du Prince Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

FALMOUTH

Hatton Hill Quartet Miss Peapod's 0871 230 1094

GLASGOW

lions.chase.tigers/l See Shapes/ 3 Times Over ABC2 0844 477 2000 Acoustic Butterfly The Wise Monkey 0871 230 1094

Contact Lost Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871

Flashguns King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Inner Sight/Strangethatway Classic Grand 0141 847 0820 McCluskey Brothers/Andy White

Griffin 0141 331 5171

The Twisted Melons Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Zaun/Kritikili Mass/Vidi Well Barrowland 0141 552 4601 **GUILDFORD**

The Saturday Thing/RunRlot/ DJ Lean Boileroom 01483 440022 LEEDS

Bludger Cardigan Arms 0113 274 2000 Laura J Martin Chemic Tavern 0113 245 7977

The Neat Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831

Sun Dogs New Roscoe 0113 246 0778 &U&I/Tangled Hair/Shapes Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758

LENCESTER

Summer Sundae The Futureheads/ Carlbou/The Fall/The Whip/Flonn Regan/Local Natives/David Ford/ Errors/Megafaun De Montford Hall & Gardens 0871 230 1094

LONDON

Yes Way Cleckhuddersfax/Fair Ohs/ islet/Please/Ghost Hunter Peckham 0871 230 1094

Craig Richards Fabric 020 7336 8898 Dark Sparks/Katia Von Kassel Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976 Dirty Epics/Calansho/Risky Heroes

Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 Escort Knights/Disco Machine Gun Barfly 0870 907 0999 Flying Lotus/Kode9/Actress Hearn

Street Car Park 0844 412 4642 Glue Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 Hey Colossus/Silent Front/

Caretaker Windmill 020 8671 0700 ice Sea Dead People Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Josle And The Lovecats Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Kavinsky/Autokratz/Kap Bambino/ Teenagersintokyo/Rubicks/ Is Tropical KOKO 020 7388 3222

Kleronononon Scream Lounge 020 8667 0155

The Krishanthis/The Hamptons/ Riverhart Good Ship 020 7372 2544 London/The Liabilities/Freedom **Faction** Grosvenor 0871 223 7992

The Polar Bear Club/Dead Swans/ Pacer Garage 020 7607 1818 Pretty Moose Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

The Saturdays G-A-Y 020 7734 9592 Snaghetti Anywhere/Stairs To Korea Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191 Twelfth Night Peel 020 8546 3516

Yahzarah Bush Hall 020 8222 6955 MANCHESTER

The ABC Club/The Cavalcades/Just Handshakes (We're British) Café Saki 0161 257 0365

Louis Barabbas And The Bedlam Six Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822 Soundtrack To Your Summer/All She's Got Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

MIDDLESBROUGH Tall Ships/Toyger/Eeves Uncle

Albert's 01642 230472 NEWÇAŞTLE

5kinflint Star Inn 0191 222 3111 The Union Earl Grey 0191 285 0352

NORTHAMPTON Nukeateen Racehorse 01604 456373 NOTTINGHAM

David Rotheray Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

Pokey LaFarge And The South City Three Maze 0115 947 5650 The Soundcarriers Chameleon

0115 9505097 Vanity Box The Central 0115 963 3413 PERTH

The Black Hand Gane Two Tams

01738 634500

Son Of Dave/The Skangsters/Klaus Says Buy The Record Market Place SHEFFIELD

Fade 2 Black New Barrack Tavern 0114 234 9148

The Salvo Leadmill 0114 221 2828 The Talk 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

SOUTHAMPTO Tighten Up Soul Cellar 023 8071 0648

ST ALBANS The Carolines/Call Me Animal/The

Good Suns Horn 01727 853143 CUNDEDIAND

Jaguar Skills Independent 0191 565 8947

SWINDON

Dodging The Bullet The Rolleston 01793 534238

The Love Rockets/Slagerij/ Bodyglass 12 Bar 01793 535713 WAKEFIELD

Dementia Snooty Fox 01924 374455

Westmill Farm Festival Red Box/ Tom Hingley/Koopa/Christina Novelli Westmill Farm 01920 461 641 WINCHESTER

Ben Goddard Railway Inn 01962 867795

YEOVIL

The Ghost Of A Thousand/Random Hand/Mouthwash/Instill Orange Box 0870 264 3333

SUNDAY

August 15

BIRMINGHAM

Ramblin Pony/Strumpit/ Bernadette O'Grady Hare And Hounds D121 444 2081

RESENTON

Laura Veirs Komedia 01273 647100 Paul Diello Latest Music Bar 01273 687 171

Triovd/Citay Freebutt 01273 603974 RESTOL

The Arteries/Crazy Arm/OK Pilot The Lanes 0117 325 1979

David Rotheray Thekla 08713 100000 CARDIFF

Easy Star All-Stars The Globe 07738 983947

CHATHAM

The Casino Brawl/Between The Screams/Eradication/Hildamay Tag'n Tin 01634 847926

CHICHESTER

Vintage At Goodwood Noisettes/

David Holmes/Wanda Jackson Goodwood Estate 01243 755 055

EDINBURGH Little Feat Picture House

0844 847 1740 GI ASSOMI

The Other Side/Dirty Little Secret The Wise Monkey 0871 230 1094 Transmission/Marco Polo/ The Retrofrets Classic Grand 01418470820

Zeta's Empire Box 0161 236 4355

HITCHIN

Thousand Autumns/Tom Boardman/Death Becomes Them/ Efferus Oub 85 01462 432767 LEIDS

Ann Scott/Jen Armstrong/Liz Reynolds/Banquet For A King Northern Monkey 0113 242 6630

LEICESTER

Summer Sundae The Got Team/ Turin Brakes/Laura Velrs/ Mumford & Sons/The Sunshine Underground/Fanfario/Seasick Steve/The Besnard Lakes/Junip/ Lissie De Montford Hall & Gardens 0871 230 1094

LIVERPOOL

Scouting For Girls/Gabriella Cilmi/ The Hoosiers/The Saturdays/Alesha Dixon/M-Dubz/Diana Vickers Echo Arena 0844 8000 400

LOND

Altai Rockets/Stickman Cartel/ Escape Act/Instant Fileht Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

A Major Motion Picture/Digit Dealer/The Sunshine Getaway/ Who's Driving? Bear's Driving! Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Depot/Bear Arms/Belgrade The Flowerpot 02074856040 Dwarves Windmill 020 8671 0700 The Eden House Dingwalls 020 7267 1577

Yes Way Plug/The Pheromoans/ Veronica Falls/Gentle Friendly/ Runners/Dam Mantle/Jelas

Peckham 0871 230 1094 The Private Side/The Winter

Olympics/Matthew Relmont Silver Bullet 020 7619 3639

MANCHESTER

Grammatics Deaf Institute

0161 330 4019

NEWCASTLE Big Fat Panda Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

Diablo Star Inn 0191 222 3111 LunaJet The Tyne 0191 265 2550

NORWICH Proceed /With One Last Breath /

Endera Marquee 01603 478374 NOTTINGHAM

The Computers The Central 0115 963 3413

Sonic Boom Six/The Skints/ Breadchasers Maze 0115 947 5650

OXFORD **Ugly Duckling Bullingdon Arms**

01865 244516 READING

Ashley Stone Old Orleans 0118 951 2678 SHEFFIELD

Not Advised/They Sink Ships/Mimi Soya 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 SOUTHAMPTON

Kerouac Joiners 023 8022 5612



GET IN THE GIG GUIDE!

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

MONDAY

August 16



ARERDEEN

Blink-182 AECC 0870 169 0100 BRISTOL

The Café Kkds/The Famous Class/ The Following Announcement Croft 0117 987 4144

Leaving Eden/The Ram Raid/ Attika 7 Fleece 0117 945 0996 Sabbat/Imperial Vengeance/ Cinders Fall Bierke let 0117 926 8514 EDIMBURGM

Tom Gray The Electric Circus 01 (1 226 4224

EXETER

These Ruins/While She Sleeps/ Bear/We The Divide Cavern Club 01392 495370

GLASGOW Grammatics Captain's Rest

0141 331 2722 Sacred Betrayal/Mind Set A Threat/Waking Inertia Ivory Blacks

0141 221 7871 GUILDFORD

Kong Boileroom 01483 440022

LONDON

Adebisi Shank Fighting Cocks 020 8546 5174 David Rotheray Troubadour Club

020 7370 1434 Dominique Young Unique Old Blue

Last 020 7613 2478 Fish Peel 020 8546 3516

Foot's Gold Borderline 020 7734 5547 Junip Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Laura Jansen Bedford 020 8682 8940 Laura Veirs/Karl Blau/Led To Sea Jazz Chfe 020 7916 6060

Louis Eliot/Tom McKean And The Emperors/The Lucky Face/Nat The Hammer Boogaloo 020 8340 2928 Megafaun Slaughtered Lamb

020 8682 4080 Mondays Arms Hope & Anchor

Richard Dutton And The Sosos/ Reverhed Oublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Right Sald Fred Leicester Square Theatre 0844 847 2475

We Hate Shotout/Winterhours/ Rounds 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095 MANCHESTER

The Besnard Lakes/Final Flash Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

The Wonderstuff Moho Live

01618348180 NEWCASTLE

Bone Idle/Four Star Heros Star Inn 0191 222 3111 OXFORD

Adam Bomb Bullingdon Arms 01865 244516

SHEFFIELD Flashguns Plug 0114 276 7093 **Purified in Blood Corporation**

0114 27/ 0262 SOUTHAMPTON

Brother Joiners 023 8022 5612 TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Lets Talk Daggers The Forum 08712 777101

WINCHESTED

No Consequence Railway Inn 01962 867795

TUESDAY

August 17

BELFAST

Paul Weller/Kasablan/ Stereophonics/Lostprophets/ David Guetta/Paolo Nutini/Ash/ Biffy Civro Custom House Square 0871 230 1094

BIRMINGHAM

Dead Poets/For Eyes Flapper 0121 236 2421

RDIGHTON

Easy Star All-Stars Concorde 2 01277 673311

Kong Prince Albert 01273 730499 Elliot Whale Boy Croft 0117 987 4144

Never The Bride/Katey Brooks Fleere 0117 945 0996 Nuata Golden Lion 0117 939 5506

CARDIFF Zepher/Conquer The Decade Barfly 029 2066 7658

CHELMSFORD Before Silence Falls/Calro/ **Underline The Sky Barhouse**

01245 356811 EDINBURGH The Besnard Lakes Sneaky Pete's

OTH 225 1757 Feeder The Liquid Room John Grant Wee Red Bar Michael Rother Picture House 0844 847 1740 Withered Hand The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

GLASGOW

Slink-182/Twin Atlantic/Our Lunar Activities SECC 0141 248 3000 Purified in Blood Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871 Itene

Not Advised Corkett 0113 244 3446 Sabbat/Imperial Vengeance/ Cinders Fall The Well 0113 2440474

Adebisi Shank Barfly (Upstairs) 0870 907 0999 Antonia Cove/Itilia Johnson/ Barbarelia Pugliese/John Drake

Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434 Crooked Mountain, Crooked Sea Old Blue East 020 7613 2478

Dan Reinstein 606 Club 020 7352 5953 Drop Bears Monarch 0871 230 1094 Gallon Drunk/ToeHammer The Lexington 020 7837 5387 Gold Panda/Max Tundra/Dam

Mantle White Heat @ Madame Jo Jo's

Hopeless Heroic Barfly 0870 907 0999

020 7734 2473

Laura Veirs/Karl Blau/Led To Sea Jazz Café 020 7916 6060

Mflk Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412 The Noise Pirates 02 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000

Rachel Gittus/Tim West/Mike Brightley/Tom Craven 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

The Road/Ruby Maze/White Dice Dublin Castle 3 an 7485 1773

Sleepy Sun Buth Hall 020 8222 6955 Tame Impala Carr o 0207 749 7840 We Die Tonight/Salga Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 While She Sleeps Underworld

020 7482 1932 Young Legionnaire Hoxfon Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

NEWCASTLE

Wolves/Running From Wolves/ Stars Of Sunday League Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

OXFORD Enter Shikari 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

READING

Big Red Bus Old Orleans 0118 951 2678

WINCHESTER

Secret Pilot Railway Inn 01962 867795



THIS WEEK IN 1961

BOBBY'S ON FIRE, SAMMY'S HERE AND ACKER'S WORRIED





DAVIS IN TOWN

From the Maharajah Suite at the Mayfair Hotel in the centre of the UK capital, the legendary Sammy Davis is holding court with NME's Andy Gray. "London is so friendly and talent-filled," he gushes. "I want to get my English clan together. My buddy and friend, Alma Coogan and Lionel Blair - that great dancer - and a few more. We'll sightsee a bit."

MIKE HELLICAR cells on the ster of this Saturday's ACKER BILK protesta TRAD IS NOT JUST A FAD'

THE JAZZ POLICE

Clarinet player Acker Bilk (also featured on the cover this week) is fretting about the state of trad jazz at present, and the fact some are saying it might be a fad. He tells Mike Hellicar: "There are plenty of people playing trad, but not well enough. If there were more people playing who had been through the mill, the public would be getting a much higher standard."

VEE HERE

iven that in 1961, visual

mediums are few and far

between common practice at this point in NME history is to decorate the cover with a host of the faces currently providing the fine (and not-so-fine) sounds in the NME Chart. Many of them - Cliff Richard, Shirley Bassey, Paul Anka, Tommy Steele, the Everley Brothers, Sam Cooke - you will know In this particular week, though, the hottest star of them all is an 18-year-old by the name of Bobby Vee. His story began on 'the day the music died': February 3, 1959. Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and The Big Bopper were killed in a plane crash while en route to a show in Minnesota, Robert Velline, then aged 15, hastily assembled a band, called them The Shadows and volunteered for the job of filling in for Holly and his band at the show. Unbelievably - and some might say unenviably - they were allowed to do so Against the odds their show was a success, and the renamed Vee's career as a singer was in motion

Now he is in the middle of a purple patch of hits, and just about to release what will be his only Number One single, 'Take Good Care Ot My Baby' Understandably, he is having the time of his life. "Bobby is currently enjoying dating girls," we are told...

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

• Lonnie Donegan is reported to be heading for his third million-selling single - the first British artist ever to do so - with 'Chewing Gum'.

 The news section tells of Jimmy Savile, then host of Decca's Radio Luxembourg series, banding over a cheque for £200 to Buckingham Palace for the National Playing Fields Association; Cliff & The Shadows, meanwhile, are announcing details of their forthcoming new movie, to be called The Young Ones.

> · 'You Don't Know' by Helen Shapiro is Number One in the chart.

· One S Anderson writes from Dundee: "It makes me mad to see letters from others in NME saying Billy Fury etc were not as good on their one-night-stand as expected. I can't even get to see them. In this part of Scotland, we rarely ever hear of singers coming our way."

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



Win! A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS

11 have a message here from the Underworld... oh, I can't read it (8)

7 Grunge band with new album 'The Bride Screamed Murder' (7)

9 Not really what you want to hear from Aeroplane (2-4-3)

10+32A The Cramps being a bit sniffy about

girls (5-2-6) 12 Where, to a higher degree, Throwing Muses recorded an album (10)

13 (See 25 down)

14 Just a little bit like a grunge band (3)
15+18D They just stood there displaying clothes for Kraftwerk (8-7)

16+22D Time to make a killing on album by British

Sea Power (4-6) 17 "It's been a

, please don't take a picture", REM (3-3)
19 A crossword first. Any one of three answers

fits and is right. It's something that follows Joe

21 Reduce by half an album from the Guillemots (3)

23 Only half an album from Echobelly (2) 24 Canadians who put a dampener on 'Silver Town' (5)

26 Vocalist for Kings Of Leon (5)
28 Drummer for punk band The Lurkers

gets into a Beatles' song (4) 30 (See 5 down) 31 On the face of it, this was a cover-up by Bauhaus in 1981 (4)

32 (See 10 across)
33 '90s punk-rock trio, formed by Ed Borrie,

only to break violently into pieces (5)
34 "The cold and ____ and rain don't know/They only seem to come and go away", from Oasis'
'Stand By Me' (4)

CLUES DOWN

1 Tiny bits of what's left on the cutting room floor put on to a Killers' compilation album (7)

2 Music not played live by Marilyn Manson (4-2-4) 3 Not the most sensible thing for Dizzee Rascal to have done (7)

ee 11 down)

5+30A Do hire club, perhaps, for White Stripes' performance (4-6)

6 in 1963 she was the first to chart in reggae style

with 'My Boy Lollipap' (6) 7 They've just given us a dose of 'Serotonin' (7-4) 8 "And I will do my best just to get under her dress",

11+4D Jake Shillingford's autobiographical band

13 Bill Callahan is difficult to see in the city when

performing under this name (4)
17 Michael Jackson singing partly beneath (3) 18 (See 15 across)

20 Velvet Underground icon gets upset (4)
21 After success of 'Telstar', Joe Meek's Tornados
performed in mechanical fashion for this hit (5)

_, swimming them so well/Glad to 25+13A ⁴ see my face among them, kissing the tortoise shell", 1984 (5-4)

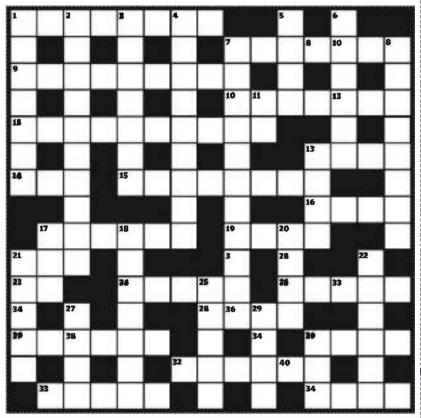
271 get out of music, somehow, to form band with Casey Chaos (4)

29 Belly album or Primal Scream single (4) 31 'Comforting Sounds' such as a cat-call? (3)

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

Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the issue date, before Tuesday, August 17, 2010, to the following address Crossword, NME, 4th Floor, Blue Fin Building. 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 OSU.

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





JULY 17 ANSWERS

ACROSS
1 Kick Starts, 9 Night Work, 10+18D I Feel Better, 11+22A Our Love To Admire, 15+18A Take My Breath Away, 16 Iyer, 20 Miami, 27+17A Eddie's Gun.

1-24A King Of The Rodeo, 2-12A Cigarettes And Alcohol, 3 Sgt Rock, 4 Adore, 5+6A Take A Bow, 6 Beech, 7 WFL, 8 Wilco, 14+13D My Sweet Lord, 16 Inca, 17 Gym, 19+30A Temper Trap, 21 Madrid, 23 Songs, 25 Howe, 26 Rare, 28+31A It's Working, 29+32A Say Yes.

SEVEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN









FANMAII

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

Edited by Kev Kharas









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





SMELLS LIKE DEAD SPIRIT

From: Bob Coyne To: NME

 $\mathcal{W}in!$

THE LETTER OF

Here's a sad fact you may not have noticed. Since you relaunched the mag, you have used a certain type of smelly paper for the cover on only two occasions. First for Malcolm McLaren, and again for Ian Curtis. All other times it is the usual glossy type so I had assumed you saved this special stuff for dead people. Now you've only gone and printed this week's Arcade Fire cover on it – are you trying to place a curse on them? Can you explain yourself, please?

NME's response...

From: NATE To: Bob Coyne

Hi Bob, unfortunately you seem to have your cause and effect mixed up - Curtis and McLaren were already dead prior to their placement upon that "smelly paper". whereas Arcade Fire are, of course, still very much alive. If we were to add a fourth potentially 'cursed' cover to that collection next week, who'd you like to see on it? Maybe you're better versed than we are in the dark arts.

From: Bob Coyne To: NME

You're not going to print this, are you? I don't want to come across as a sad, lonely lover of smelly paper, cruising newsagents; eyes shut and nostrils aimed. I hope Win doesn't pop his clogs because of your paper curse, but if he does can you print next month's covers on the smelly stuff and round up The Courteeners, U2, Muse and a reformed Oasis for the shoot. Thanks.

From: NATE To: Bob Coyne

I'll see what can be done. What do you think of 'The Suburbs', by the way?

From: Bob Coyne To: NME

It's an instant classic. Hey, please don't make this Letter Of The Week, by the way. You don't even have to print it.

From: AME To: Bob Coyne OK Bob, no worries.

YEAST XX-TRACT

From: Jack Macbeth To: NME

For me The xx are exactly like Marmite. You either love them or you hate them. I actually am one of those that love them. It really annoys me that people judge them on their appearance. People do the same with Marmite, Just because it looks slightly different. Also people have been slagging them off way too much lately so can those people shut up please? I think we should all embrace The xx.

From: NME

To: Jack Macbeth

People don't dislîke Marmîte because it looks "slightly different", Jack, they dislike it because it tastes like shit. The xx don't have this problem, so your comparison becomes inexact and collapses. Can't we find some other foodstuff to take Marmite's place as opinion-splitter in chief, anyway? I'd like to nominate radish. Why do people bother growing it? That shit's rank.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

From: George Knott To: NME

I went to 1234 Festival in Shoreditch on July 24, and my god was it good. Peter Hook just blew everyone's minds. Beforehand, a few people were unsure about whether it would be any good or if it would just be cheesy, but Hooky proved to everyone that he was 100 per cent fo' real.

From: NME To: George Knott Are you joking, George?! Hove Joy Division and Hove New Order, but

Hooky's performance at

felt the need to impersonate one of his dead friends in front of thousands of people, I understand people have a desire to hear that album, but for me it needs to remain something private and off-limits - I prefer to think of it as some lost artefact. It only adds to its strange power. As I say, though, the overriding emotion wasn't of anger or frustration, it was of hilarity; especially during 'Day Of The Lords'. "WHERE WILL IT END? WHERE WILL IT END?" You tell us, Peter -Joy Division oven gloves maybe? From: George Knott

1234 was genuinely one of

seen. I've no idea why he

the funniest things I've ever

To: NME

What are you talking about?! I'm 16 years old, and that was the closest I'm ever gonna get to seeing New Order or Joy Division live. I found it incredible. I don't think he's impersonating one of his dead friends. he's just putting the same passion into it that Ian would have. It's good that he's still trying to keep Joy Division alive when all the others have given up on it. If Ian was still alive do you think Joy Division would refuse to play any songs from 'Unknown Pleasures' and keep it as this "lost artefact"? I highly doubt it.

From: NME To: George Knott

George, don't you think it's a bit presumptuous to say Ian Curtis would have still been passionate about that music? There's a difference between giving up on something and leaving its legacy intact - I can't help but feel the other members of Joy Division, including Ian Curtis, would have

rather left that behind as a document of the times in which it was made. After Joy Division, New Order always seemed agile and interested in new ideas whether they found them in synthpop, acid house, Italo-disco, electro, or whatever, I'm sorry, I just think there's an arcane beauty to much of Joy Division's music that Hook's rock star poses and Curtis karaoke pissed all over. To revive it now is to divorce it from its original context and from the motives that first brought it into being.

TELL THE LADS I'M OFF THE MEDICATION NOW

From: Richard Laversuch To: NME

The new Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster album 'Blood & Fire' is great, just as good as 'Horse Of The Dog' but in a different way. 'The Royal Society' had some great songs but didn't really work for me hecause it sounded a bit like a vendetta. Tell the lads I'm fine, off the medication completely now. I had four admissions to psychiatric hospital in 2003-2004, never before or since. I am really old (52) but have started a singing and poetry performance career. Two gigs in Bath so far, a third one tomorrow (Wednesday) at the Curfew.

To: Richard Laversuch Thanks for your email Richard, I've attempted to get your message to the band. A vendetta, though? I Googled your name, but you don't seem to be a jilted ex-member. The only information I could find

From: NME

on you was that in 2003 you were about to take your practical driving test. Did you ever pass?...

...(NME's phone rings)

From: Richard Laversuch To: NME

"Hey, is this Kev Kharas?" "Yes."

"This is Richard, I just got your email."

"Oh right. How's it going?" "Yes, I'm good thanks. I just thought I'd call to let you know about my driving test - I never did pass, as I had a bit of a psychological one. I'm



STALKER From: Jenessa To: NME

I met Lightspeed Champion while I was doing work experience backstage at this year's Underage Festival.

trying again now, though." "OK... (pause) Good luck." "Thanks, Goodbye,"

From: NME To: NME

Remember you need to take your mobile phone number off your email signature, you twat.

NO MO FLO

From: David Yule To: NME

As much as I enjoy reading NME. I can't stand everyone at your magazine saying how rubbish Florence Welch is. I think Florence is one of ~ if not THE ~ greatest female artist at this time. You guys used to be extremely supportive of Florence + The Machine and their debut album 'Lungs' but now you only write about how Florence is too bloody emotional. I read in Fanmail a few weeks ago about how shit she was at Glastonbury and T in The Park, but she was amazing. And NME writes about how she hasn't released a new album in two years - does the word 'Klaxons' not come to mind?!

From: NME To: David Yule

David, you've got it all wrong - I've always found Miss Welch to be a gratingly trite, pointlessly emotional bore.

A MAN ON WIRE

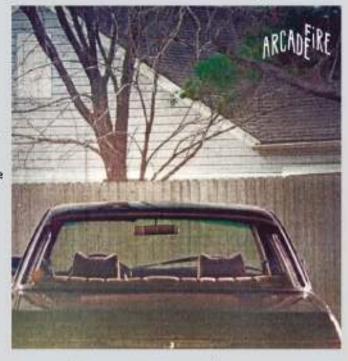
From: Andrew Kilgour To: NME

Far be it from me to question the god-like, highbrow, I-read-Japaneseliterature genius that is Nicky Wîre, but I'm going to give it a jolly good shot. And I quote (NME, July 31): "There are two options: you turn into a museum band where

Web Slinging The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs ALL FIRED UP?

So it's finally out. After weeks of teasers and trailers, Arcade Fire's third album is in the shoos - and the critical reception has been predictably ecstatic. Our own Emily Mackay gave the album 9/10, saying: "They've judged their moment perfectly. and this deserves to be their 'Automatic For The People's an album that combines mass accessibility with much greater ambition."

But now it's over to you. What do you make of the album. As good as you'd hoped? Any standout moments? Any weak spots? Read full blog on NME.COM



Best of the responses ...

'The Suburbs' is by far the most exciting of AF's albums. Both 'Funeral' and 'Neon Bible' had (minor) patches of duliness and, though there are a few less interesting songs, I'm yet to skip one. 'Modern Man' is a standout. but they're all growers.

Having been one of the only people to actually prefer 'Neon Bible' to 'Funeral': Hike it a lot actually. I only bought it this morning but a lot of the songs have struck a chord. I think 'The Suburbs' or 'Sprawl II' are my favourites. aacoleb

I think it's just a bit underwhelming actually. I'm not surprised it's got rave reviews. No critic's got the balls to stand up and say it is nowhere near as good as their first two albums. Think Oasis' third album... Claret & Blue Meanie

you play 'The Holy Bible' or 'Everything Must Go' for loads of money, or you split up and reform for loads of money. Or you actually try and make a record that you think has a shot at mass communication." I don't know about you, NME, but I make that three options, even in Wales. and even then he's missed out the fourth option: when you're running out of material and your career's going down the shitter, raid your dead band mate's old lyric books for loads of money! Clearly he hasn't explored that option yet, but surely it's only a matter of time...

From: NME To: Andrew Kilgour Fair enough on the mathematic pedantry, but

that last line's a joke, right?

From: Andrew Kilgour To: NME

Yeah, I did write that tongue

in cheek. In all seriousness. Lown 'Journal For Plague Lovers' and I'm convinced it was by far the best album they've done since 'The Holy Bible'. I do maintain, though, that whether or not it was some sort of cathartic experience, it was still one that left Mr Wire, Mr Bradfield and Mr Moore laughing all the way to the bank.



STALKER From: Adam

To: NME This is me after I bumped into Norman Cook in a backstage tent at Glastonbury this year.

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DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

QUESTION 1

Which member of Mogwai admitted in an interview that when he was a kid he called up a school, which a girl he liked attended, pretended he was in the PLO and had planted a bomb. He did this so that the girl in question could have a day off school?

"How the fuck did you know that? I could never say who that was and I can't believe they actually said that. I could not betray a confidence, even though you obviously know who it is. Let's just say he plays a guitar with slightly less strings."

Wrong. It's Dominic Aitchison

QUESTION 2

Who else was on the bill at the NME Brats Show at London Astoria in 1998, which Mogwai also appeared? "We opened for Super Furry Animals, but I can't remember who else was on. We played quite a few of those NME shows." Half a point. Super Furry Animals, Arab Strap and Campag Velocet all played the NME Brats Show alongside Mogwai at London's Astoria (22/01/98)

QUESTION 3

What position did album 'Come On Die Young' reach in the UK album charts when it was released in 1999? "I know it was incredibly high and I think it was in the Top 30. Maybe 24?" Wrong, It reached 29



QUESTION 4

Teenage Fanclub's ex-drummer Brendan O'Hare (pictured above) served a stint in Mogwai but left after an altercation which involved talking too loudly during a gig by which band? "I'd just like to make it clear that Brendan wasn't sacked, he left the band. He got upset at me because I told him to be quiet during an Arab Strap gig, but I think he was gonna leave anyway because he was in another band."

Correct

STUART BRAITHWAITE (MOGWAI)



QUESTION 5

If you times the number of studio albums Mogwai has made by the number of band members in Mogwai and divide it by the number of times Mogwai has curated ATP what's the answer? You Have 10 seconds...GO! "10.333333? I'd be shit on Countdown." Wrong: It's 6 (studio albums) x 5 (band members) / 2 (ATPs) = 15

QUESTION 6

Which superstar DJ stalked Mogwai to such an extent that your tour manager had to tell him to go away? "Is it David Holmes? I don't remember telling him to go away. He's a good lad actually. He's helped us out with a few things over the years. He also had a café called Mogwai in

Belfast. He once bought me a ticket to the Scottish Cup final, which was pretty amazing. I really don't think I told him to go away..."

Correct

QUESTION 7

Which musician had this to say about you: "Mogwai's agent vowed that we would never play with them again because we were a bad influence and caused them to fuck up their gigs by encouraging them to do too much drink and drugs, but I can assure you they needed no encouragement from us." "That would be someone I was in the pub with last night. Aidan Moffat. I left the pub at 11pm and woke up this morning and Martin [Bulloch] our drummer had stayed up all night with Aidan and Malcolm [Middleton]

and was writing emails at 6am which actually made sense, so he must have drunk himself sober. I don't think Aidan is telling the truth. Even in his dotage he's still a bad influence. Correct

QUESTION 8

What was the name of the ultra-violent Belgian film that included a track from Mogwai on the soundtrack and what track was used?

"I don't know. I know we had a track on a Belgian film but I don't think I've seen it." Wrong: It's Ex Drummer and the track was 'Hunted By A Freak'



QUESTION 9

Complete this lyric: "Try as I might, I'll never understand..."

""What's inside the heart of strangers', sung by Roky Erickson on 'Devil Rides' (2008 track which appears on Mogwai's 'Batcat' EP). It was pretty good working with Roky. I went to Austin to do it. There's an ice-cream shop there that's made a Roky Erickson milkshake, so me and Roky had one."

Correct

QUESTION 10

Which band showered the audience with fake blood when they played an ATP festival you curated? "Turbonegro. I had a really hard time convincing ATP to book them by the way, that wasn't easy."

Correct

Total Score 5.5/10

"That's really pathetic. If I had known it was this kind of quiz I would have thought about this stuff. I thought you were gonna ask me stuff like, 'What's your favourite song?"





