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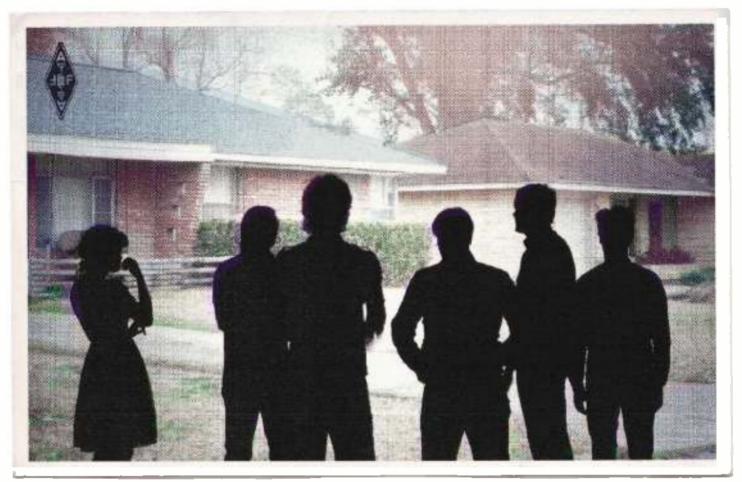


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"I screamed. My dad thought Id hurt mysel

BEST COAST'S BETH RECENTLY LEARNED WEEZER ARE FANS



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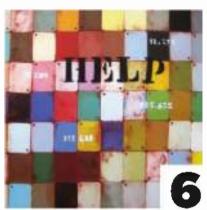


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"BOY DO HURTS MAKE INDIE SNOBS FEEL UNEASY"

THE ALBUM THAT COULD WELL BE THE MOST DIVISIVE **RELEASE OF THE YEAR**

ON REPEAT

UPFRONT

12

VS

16 **REVIEWS**

> 20 LIVE

25

READING AND LEEDS

COVERAGE 65

GIG GUIDE

70

THIS WEEK IN..

XWORD

72

BRAIN CELLS

FANMAIL 74



"Suede don't have a discernable arse between them"

A FOND LOOK BACK AT BRETT ANDERSON AND CO'S ARRIVAL ON THE SCENE

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ON REPEAT

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





GLASSER

Home

Release the bats - female-fronted goth is having a moment right now. There's Zola Jesus, whose current album is so gloomy and reverb-drenched it summons images of Siouxsie Sioux zombie-walking down a wind tunnel. And now here's Glasser, aka LA-based singer-songwriter Cameron Mesirow, who is a profoundly 2010 type of goth, in that she's signed to True Panther, doesn't wear black, and you wouldn't be mortally embarrassed to take her records to the counter of Rough Trade East.

So well disguised is her gothicness, you might not even

So well disguised is her gothicness, you might not even notice it at all... notice at all. At first, the glassily ambient 'Home' – from her debut album 'Ring' - makes you think of Chairlift or School Of Seven Bells. But break the surface and, yep, it's goth alright. The lyrics sound

like they were cribbed from a cobwebbed grimoire, and seem to describe some spooky apocalypse ("The clouds are dust ..")

The whole thing is steeped in that Bat For Lashes, in-theforest-at-night feel, and makes you think of witchy women in whooshy skirts, making some kind of sinister pagan offering to a wicker owl. Something like that, anyway. But it's not heavy-handed, it's beautifully subtle. The production is so spacious and precise, every element counts: the xylophone, the windchimes, the rolling thunder, all of it layered and latticed like a dark chocolate Viennetta. Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.COM On NME's Daily Download blog now



FRANKIE & THE **HEARTSTRINGS**

Ungrateful

This is Frankie's best song so far. It's direct, svelte, features a guitar line that sounds like Johnny Marr impersonating Roxy Music, rhymes "invest" with "chest" and contains enough hooks for about six singles. It was recorded with Edwyn Collins, and you can tell. In a good way. Hamish MacBain, Assistant Editor On frankieandtheheartstrings.com now

SHE & HIM

Fools Rush In

Take one classic from the 1940s. Stir the soothing vocals and charm of Zoocy Deschanel. Add a generous splash of M Ward's breezy guitar. Shake gently with calypso vibes and serve with electricity of a one-take studio session and - bingo! - you've got yourself the ultimate soundtrack for cocktail drinking. Paul Stokes, Associate Editor On NME's Daily Download blog now

BJORK

The Comet Song

The Moomins was the most terrifying TV show ever, seemingly created by an cvil genius intent on destroying society by shredding the minds of its children. Now they've made a film version, for which Björk's done this insanely eerie song. It'd be kinder to encase a child in a concrete tomb than subject it to this. Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor On ITunes now

CARL BARAT

Run With The Boys Carlos' solo debut single may have been overshadowed by a reunion, but this taster for his October-bound album, with its sun-through-cloud brass parps, has, brilliantly, bobbed up sounding all S Club 7. Aren't they due a reunion too? Jamie Fullerton, News Editor On YouTube now

KISSES

People Can Do The Most Amazing Things (Saint Etienne Remix) If the sublime original of this song was made for reclining around azure rooftop pools supping cocktails, then Saint

Etienne's sophisticated, moody remix is for when the Mai Tais have been downed and secret passions inflamed. Jesse Kivel's gorgeous forlornness becomes infatuation-charged longing on this minimal ode to dark desperations. Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor On stereogum.com now

JAMES YUILL

First in Line (Lissvik remix) With their Trpp-Ex white teeth, textbook English and ace knitware, Swedes rule. Dan Lissvik is Swedish, and capable of whipping Yuill's folktronica into a full-on Balearic soundscape complete with Casio demo button intro. Mike Williams, writer On thelineofbestfit.com now

SMALL BLACK

Photojournalist

The best chillwave is that which doesn't get so chilled that it forgets to bring the tunes. Small Black may be washed in that warm, twinkly fuzz that envelops the internet like a sea-fog, but lurking through the mist are the strong bones of proper Talk Talk-meets-Junior Boys synth-pop. Debut album on the way, hurrah! Duncan Gillespie, writer Free download from jagjaguwar.com now

JAY BELLS

Dirt On Your Crown

Mash-ups! Remember them? When they work, they really work, and it's long since proven that Jay-Z plus anything = ace. Especially if you add Sleigh Bells. All six songs stitched up here by DJ O-Face are sexy, but this chimera of 'Dirt Off Your Shoulder' and 'Crown On The Ground' is a BEAST, Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor On djoface.bandcamp.com now



BEACH HOUSE

White Moon

Victoria Legrand and Alex Scally return with a live EP featuring this are newic. With 'White Moon' we get a swirling, four-note keyboard piece that's straight out of a Hitchcock dream, and Byrds-esque jangly guitars fumbling their way through a swoonsome production Bacharach would be proud of. Matt Wilkinson, writer On iTunes now

UPFRONT

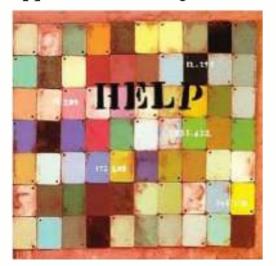
WHAT'S HAPPENED AND WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MUSIC THIS WEEK

Edited by Jamie Fullerton



THE ANNIVERSARY OF HELP

In 1995 the seemingly impossible happened: Blur and Oasis put aside their differences to appear on a charity album, alongside the cream of the day's indie-rock royalty. This is why...



ifteen years ago this week, British rock's biggest names came together to achieve something truly remarkable. They recorded the 'Help' album in a mass relief effort for children whose lives had been torn apart by the Bosnian war. It's not often that those in the decadent business of rock'n'roll can legitimately claim to have done something truly worthwhile. That's why charity records are generally terrible. But that week, Blur, Oasis, The Stone Roses, Paul McCartney, Manic Street Preachers, Massive Attack and more put their differences aside to create the most successful – and certainly the best – charity album of all time.

In the space of one week, the greatest and goodest of British alternative music were galvanised into action by the war in the former Yugoslavia. Moved by the plight of civilians in a country which just a few years before had been a holiday destination, and angered by apparent government inaction, our rock royalty used their powers for good. The project was masterminded by a clique of music industry publicists, and inspired by an old John Lennon quote that records should be as topical as newspapers, and be put together and released as quickly. So on Monday, 4 September 1995 the bands, scattered across Europe, recorded their songs in a day. By Friday the record was in the shops. By Sunday it was Number One.

Steve Sutherland, editor of *NME* at the time, remembers how historic it felt. "Firstly, the indie sector is legendarily apathetic. After Live Aid, people had seen the likes of Queen resurrect their careers off the back of it, and the indie guys were largely the opposite of that. But Tony Crean, who put it together, was clever because he understood the essence of Britpop, and he knew they were obsessed with The Beatles. When he pulled out that quote from John Lennon about making a record inside a day, how could they resist?







and Paul Weller came together to re-record 'Come Together' as The Smokin' Mojo Filters. Radiohead gave us their first taste of 'OK Computer' with 'Lucky'. Massive Attack, The Charlatans, The Chemical Brothers, Suede and Terry Hall also did their bit. John Squire did the artwork. The result was a charity record you could enjoy listening to as well as being proud to own. 'Help' became the only compilation to be nominated for the Mercury Prize. When Pulp

eventually won for Different Class', Jarvis Cocker gave the prize money to War Child anyway.

Appearing on the cover of NME alongside The Stone Roses and The Boo Radleys, Noel Gallagher went some way to summing up the resonance of the War Child

campaign. "To be perfectly honest, if it wasn't directed at children I probably wouldn't give a flying arse about it. To me, Bosnia is like Northern Ireland; it's just men being macho and shooting each other. But when someone explains about the kids who are going to be orphans for the rest of their lives, it touches something within you. 'Cos we're all born children."

Or, as Nirvana's Krist Novosclic – whose own parents had emigrated to the US from the former Yugoslavia – wrote in the sleevenotes: "Passion manifesting through art and expression is what will save us when the saga of mankind is assessed. Until our potential is fully realised, we must tell our leaders, we must tell our leaders that war and misery will not be tolerated." In other words, music really does matter. Fifteen years on, the 'Help' project stands up as one of British music's finest hours.



WHAT NEXT FOR WAR CHILD?

Well actually, it's all about David Bowie's back catalogue...



■ The next chapter in War Child's musical relief effort drops next month in the form of a new David Bowie tribute album. Following on from 'Help' and its successors '1Love' (2002), 'Hope' (2003) and 'A Day In The Life' (2005), the new collection 'We Were So Turned On' is out October 11 and sees a host of new and classic artists tackle favourites spanning the Thin White Duke's entire career.





- A massive 35 artists have contributed to 'We Were 50 Turned On', ranging from sleek disco veterans Duran Duran covering 'Boys Keep Swinging' to blog favourites Chairlift, who tackle 'Always Crashing In The Same Car'. Elsewhere, A Place To Bury Strangers turn in a nuclear re-imagining of 'Suffragette City' and Warpaint do their thing to the classic 'Ashes To Ashes'. As a taster, you can download Edward Sharp & The Magnificent Zeros' 'Memory Of A Free Festival' for free from warchild.org.uk now.
- Meanwhile, warchildmusic.com continues to be the world's leading charity music download site, with new releases and exclusives constantly added since its launch in 2004. It hosted the first ever Arctic Monkeys download and was the only place to download the Radiohead back catalogue digitally, all to raise essential funds for children affected by conflict.
- A series of special 'Help' anniversary concerts is being planned, featuring a host of the artists who took part 15 years ago. Keep reading *NME* for more details as we get them.

"When someone explains about the kids who are going to be orphans, it touches something within you" NOEL GALLAGHER

"The remarkable thing was that it happened at all. A lot of these guys had a lot of antipathy towards each other – this guy managed to pull them together for the common cause. Out of it we got a good record." Sutherland recalls how rival magazine editors did the same, agreeing they would all put it on the cover and to hell with competition.

Indeed, the scale and scope of 'Help' serves as a bookmark in one of British music's golden ages. Blur and Oasis, at the height of their feud, appeared together on the same record. The Stone Roses had just taken five years to record an album, yet they laid down their reworked version of 'Love Spreads' in 24 hours. Manic Street Preachers' cover of 'Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head' was their first output since the disappearance of Richey Edwards. Paul McCartney, Noel Gallagher

4 September 2010 NME 7



"KUNST"? THAT WAS A JOKE"

Ah, that's a shame – while The Ting Tings continue to debate the name of their second album, Katie and Jules tell us how they hope the record will kill off their 'cool DIY pop' tag



Maybe it was her hair falling out. Perhaps that was the first real sign that Katie White ought to take a bit of a break from touring. "I ended up in hospital over Christmas," the singer explains. "We'd been knocking ourselves out for two years – saying yes to absolutely every hing. I went back to my mum's, got fed properly, and concentrated on getting yet.l.."

"Our AR man [Haçıenda legend Mike Pickering] came round to have a listen to some of the stuff we'd been working on," Jules De Martino tells us. "We played him 'Hands', which is about working too hard, then 'Day To Day', similar theme, then 'Help'... By the fourth track he was like, 'OK, I think I see what this record is about..."

Having toured for two years solid, post-tame, rather than return to the distractions of the Manchester art-space where they made their first album for next-to-nothing. The Ting Tings decided to seclude themselves in the icy Berlin winter, building their own studio in a basement on the unfashionable side of the former Eastern quarter. "Doing it in Manchester seemed too much like trying to replicate the first album (2008's 'We Started Nothing')," Jules considers But despite the lyrical emphasis on burnout, Katie wasn't concerned too much about switching to party mode in the trendier areas of Berlin. "We weren't bothered with much of that," she dismisses. "I was more into going to Netto in my pyjamas than going clubbing,'

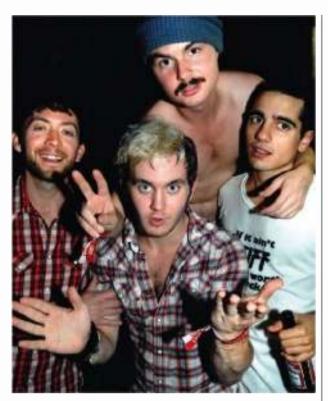
THE DETAILS

Release dates:
Single 'Hands' out
October 11, album
out January 2011
Recorded: Berlin
Producer: Selfproduced
Mixer: Calvin Harris
on 'Hands'. The rest
as yet unmixed
More: Go to
NME.COM/video for
an interview with
the band

The seclusion seems to have worked – on the four new songs that the duo play for us, the pair seem to have kept the same rough'n'ready disposable pop quality that originally endeared them, but bolstered it with bigger, more elaborate arrangements "We hated the fact that we were pigeon-holed as a cool DIY 'credible' pop band," Jules laments. "We always felt we were more than that – we wanted to have big shows, like a proper pop band."

Fair enough. But far more importantly: are they actually going to call this one 'Kunst, as they originally claimed' Kane: "We didn't say that!"

Jules: "Half of us wants to now, but that title was meant to be a joke. We've got a few proper titles floating round."



OU EST LE SWIMMING POOL'S TRIBUTE TO HADDON

Band to release debut album in wake of singer's tragic death

Ou Est Le Swimming Pool still plan to release their debut album despite the death last week of their singer Charles Haddon.

Haddon apparently committed suicide at the Pukkelpop festival in Belgium on August 20, having jumped from a mast backstage. During the show, the frontman injured a fan when he leapt into the crowd, leading to speculation that the incident had motivated him to take his own life. Witnesses reported there being a "furious argument" between the band members backstage before Haddon's fall.

The death was marked a day later at V Festival Chelmsford, when The Kooks' Luke Pritchard dedicated a song to "our friend Chas". Now the remaining members of the band – Joe Hutchinson and Caan Capan – have confirmed that the debut, titled 'The Golden Year', will be released on October 3, after the late singer's family said it was their wish that it should still come out.



STUDIO SPEECH Speech Debelle is hitting the studio later this month to start work on the follow-up to her Barclaycard Mercury Prize-winning debut 'Speech Therapy'. "The new songs are social where 'Speech Therapy' was personal," she tells us. Still no word on that collaboration with Kings Of Leon, mind.

You TOHAT?
"I was around someone who thought that their friend was a fridge."
Diana Vickers explains why she hasn't induiged in any drugs at this summer's festivals. That actually sounds quite fun to us.





ALL BACK TO JIMI'S Hendrix's old flat is opening to the public –

Hendrix's old flat is opening to the public – Matt Wilkinson went to see if it's a boring house relic or a pad worth gatecrashing

"And here's where Jimi's bed would have been," says our tour guide, pointing to a lady doing some spreadsheet work on a Mac. Yes, at precisely the place where a certain Mr Hendrix unleashed 'little Jimi' (or 'big Jimi', if you believe the myths) on the belles of 1960s London, a worker is getting a quick 15 minutes on Solitaire while the boss is away.

NME is on the fifth floor of 23 Brook Street for a sneak preview of the Hendrix In Britain exhibition, which runs in the rooms below until November 7. This month, though, to coincide with the 40th anniversary of the guitarist's death, organisers are opening his private living space to the public for the first time.

As we step inside the miniscule abode, the most striking aspect of it is just how normal everything seems. Photocopiers burr, phones ring and all the administrative tasks of the Handel House Museum (situated next door at Number 25) are carried out. Upstairs in

the lopsided room where Jimi stored his guitars, a stream of little old ladies who volunteer at the museum sit eating sandwiches. Presumably they're not too au fait with the brilliance of, say, 'Electric Ladyland', which Jimi honed here while renting with his squeeze Kathy Etchingham from 1968 to 1969.

But there's an aura about the flat. The offices are being cleared out, so you'll be able to get a real sense of the place Hendrix called the only real home he'd ever had. And it is intriguing. You can still completely understand how Traffic's Chris Wood fell through not one, but three flights of stairs after a particularly debauched night, for instance, because those same rickety stairs are still in place. God knows how the museum volunteers manage to traverse them though.

Hendrix In Britain runs at Handel House Museum until November 7. Jimi's flat will be open between September 15-26.





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SPEED DIAL BETH COSENTINO

The Best Coast singer and self-confessed "stoner" on the fame of her ginger cat Snacks and her plans to collaborate with Weezer - by force

Now that Snacks the cat is your album cover star, is he in danger of upstaging you?

"I think he is at this point, I don't think anybody really cares about us anymore, they just care about the cat. He got stuck in a tree recently. They told me normally when cats get stuck in trees it's because they got chased by something. The area that I live in, there's tons of animals that run around, coyotes and stuff, because I live near the mountains. His back claws were mangled, he's been acting like, 'I'm traumatised.' But then he'll just appear when he wants to get fed. He was a little bit more of a social guy before, now he seems like he's stoned."

Who would win in a backyard scrap between Snacks and Klaxons' album cover cat?

"If Snacks hit him I don't think he would feel it because he's got that awesome space helmet on. The Klaxons cat would probably win - also that cat's been to space. I don't think Snacks would like going to space very much. He doesn't like to leave the couch."

You mention teenage heartbreak but your love life is in a good place at the moment, isn't it? Do you worry about losing your mojo?

"I've been writing a lot and most of the songs I'm writing aren't really about



relationships or boys or the stress of it all. I'm inspired by girl groups and if you listen to music from the '50s and '60s, a lot of it's about love, so not everything I write is 100 per cent true. It just so happened that, in the past, I've had situations in my life that dealt with break-ups.'

Your album went Top 40 here and you've just announced another UK tour. Have you got used to the Brit sense of humour yet?

"Oh, I feel like nobody really

understands my sense of humour. Whenever we play shows in the UK it's like we're silly weirdos and we

make jokes and nobody really laughs. My only problem with gigs in the UK is that the audience kind of just stand there sometimes. When we play shows in America it gets pretty rowdy. But it's still cool, our last show in London was actually a lot better, and people in London are like, 'Sorry that we just stand there with our arms crossed, we're really just paying attention!"

Rivers Cuomo from Weezer said he wanted to collaborate with you. Pleased with that?

"They were one of my favourite bands growing up and I still listen to them all the time so, yes, I was really really excited to hear that. I actually screamed when I did. So much so, that my dad

"Really, i'm in the band"

Bassist Bobb Bruno

is a criminally

overlooked

component in Best

Coast, Here's what

· He has cool hair

e know about him:

thought 1'd hurt myself. I think our booking agent in the US has been talking to their booking agent and we're going to try and force them to let us play a show with them."

What would the soundclash sound like? "It would probably sound

like high school. My music already sounds quite teenage girl diary-esque. If Weezer were somehow involved it would sound even more like some kind of teenage thing."

Finally, before we let you get off and smoke a fat one, is the stoner tag bothering you yet? "I am a stoner so I don't really care. I don't think smoking weed is much of

a deal, so being open and honest about it isn't really a big deal. It's legal for me because I have a card for it, it's something you can do in California. My mom sometimes says to me, 'You shouldn't talk about it so much, you could go to jail! Snoop Dogg has made a career off the back of weed so I don't think I'm going to go to jail. It's not like I'm condoning some kind of hard drug."

He doesn't say much · He sells Snacks T-shirts at their gles · Ours ripped after one wash (really) refund olease, Bobb





PETER ROBINSON US TOM **FLETCHER**

The McFly frontman on supersites, arses and new 50/50 partnerships



· As part of their revolutionary new deal. McFly have filmed an absurd vampire-themed mini-movie

· This is definitely a brave move as there are not enough vampires in teen-targeted popular culture at the moment

· The bits of the film that don't have vampires in seem to be filled with the band with their dothes off

Hello, Tom. The last time NME spoke to McFly you were very excited about the band leaving Island Records, starting up on their own and setting up their own record label.

"Well, that never happened."

Now you're back with Island. "We are."

Can you explain the chain of events - perhaps putting a positive spin on things - that led to this happening?

"We were out in Australia recording our fifth album, and we'd recorded some tracks that were good but just felt like they could have been on the last album - but there were two songs out of the 10 we'd recorded that felt like they stood out. So we kept those two and chucked the rest out. Our manager ended up playing those tracks to Island when he was in talking about something else, they really wanted to work with us again and so we sorted out a deal where it's more like a partnership, now. We split everything 50/50."

Bloody hell, Tom, that was a very long answer to a very simple question.

"I'm sorry, that did go on a bit. I'm more used to talking about Harry's arse in interviews at the moment."

What is noteworthy about Harry's arse?

"It's quite a nice bum these days, if I do say so myself."

You sound quite proud of it. "It's complete jealousy."

But you are now the third most good-looking member of McFly, so you're definitely going in the right direction.

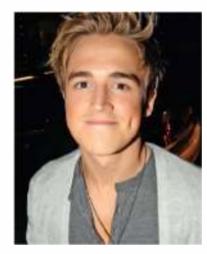
"(Laughs) I'm moving up in the world!"

Why have you made your new single 'Party Girl' sound like every American single in the charts right now?

"(Beaming) Well, thank you very

It's as if you have sat down and gone, 'Do you know what, the thing that's wrong with the Top 40 at the moment is that not enough stuff sounds like Lady Gaga or Taio Cruz?'

"(Laughs) Well, we worked with Taio



on this album! (Laughs again) But we wanted to compete on an international level."

You have a new subscription website through which you intend to fleece fans.

"It's not a website, it's a supersite."

What's the main difference between a website and a supersite?

"Well..."

Twelve quid a year?

"We've been building it for the last couple of years. It's not like any other website you will ever see. It's a 3-D world that you fly through and we're in these rooms. We wanted something that looked amazing from the start. And we wanted somewhere we could give our fans things first."

How much is this 'supersite' going to cost?

'We haven't set the price yet but we think it's going to be about six pounds

SIX POUNDS A MONTH? "Yes."

That's quite a lot. That's about

"Well, you don't have to sign up then."

I did A-level economics, would you like me to draw you a supply and demand graph?

"Dougie's done all our graphs, maybe that's where we've gone wrong."

And that is the climax of our chat. The End.

"I'll be in touch when I've got another record out?



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COUNT & SINDEN FT MYSTERY JET 'AFTER DARK' 6

DEVLIN 'BRAINWASHED'

ELAKORS

MUMFORD & SONS THE CAVE

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20 18 COSMIC LOYE

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OFFICIAL

'FUCK YOU': THE ULTIMATE EFF OFF TO THE X FACTOR

John Doran says **Cee-Lo**'s 'Fuck You' shows bland pop pap isn't a sad inevitability, and it's time to downgrade the F-word from a class A cuss...



ne half of Gnarls
Barkley, Cee-Lo Green,
the potty-mouthed
machine, looks all set to
score the red hot anthem
of the year by turning the air blue.
'Fuck You' is a great slice of Motownreferencing retro-pop that has been
given legs that Mark Ronson would die
for by the cute juxtaposition of
granny-friendly soul grooves with a
bracing use of the F-word in the chorus.

The track hasn't been released yet but it's already a success. The video, which takes the form of an easy-to-follow obscenity karaoke with lyrics on screen,

was viewed over one million times in the two days after it was uploaded and was, at the time of writing, well over two million hits. In fact it was the most viewed music clip in the UK last week, which is heartening news given that this was the week that saw the launch of a new series of The X Factor. In fact this song is a message delivered straight to the producers of TV talent shows: real pop might be a simple art form, but it is sincere and subversive in the way that your interchangeable Carphone Warehouse salesmen with too much hair gel and Auto-Tune will never be able to understand and never be able to deliver.

Like it or loathe it, songs such as 'Fuck You' (and 'Rehab' by Amy



Winehouse) point out the yawning chasm between real pop and the prissy manicured simulacra served up for the under-its. I'd challenge anyone to say they can't relate to Cee-Lo Green's frustration at losing his girl because he doesn't have enough money.

This is not the only time this coarse piece of Anglo-Saxon has served to highlight how wrong the light entertainers are getting it. It first cropped up on disc in 1938 (Eddy Duchin's 'Old Man Mose') and became a staple during punk some 40 years later (the Dead Kennedys alone had singles called 'Nazi Punks Fuck Off' and 'Too

Drunk To Fuck'). And while this could end up being one of the only songs featuring the f-word in the title to reach Number One, it's by no means the only record breaker. In 2004 Super Furry Animals released a live version of 'The Man Don't Give A Fuck' as a single, sending the fuckometer all the way into the red by using the swear word 100 times.

All of this tomfuckery leads us to one conclusion: the word fuck, like cannabis, needs to be downgraded in seriousness to the extent where it can be used casually in social situations except for funerals and barmitzvahs, as there are probably more serious things going on in the world that warrant our attention and outrage than a great bit of fucking pop.



WHY EVERYONE NEEDS CRASS IN THEIR LIVES



The anarchic punks blazed a trail of politicised chaos through the '70s and '80s. **Pink Eyes** from Fucked Up says if you like things loud then listen up

hen I was 13 and getting into punk, Crass for me were a patch band. There were groups that existed almost entirely as jacket patches or T-shirts that were worn by punk kids and Crass was one of them. When I first heard them I just didn't get it.

But as time went on and my tastes went more into experimental music

I started to appreciate what they were about. To my mind, the release of 'The Feeding Of The 5000' in 1978 was the day when punk became

carnest. They birthed the idea of what it was to be a political punk. They set up the rules which we still follow today. Before Crass, no matter how sincere and heartfelt bands such as The Clash were, it was just a pose. The politics were something that could be picked up and put down when it suited the bands.

Crass walked the walk though. They lived in a commune. A lot of punks were living in squats, but this was out of necessity rather than out of any sort of idealism. And even though they were singing about very negative things, they were idealists who built their own world. They said that anyone could record their own album, book their own shows. They took the awesome things

that started in the '60s – political ideals of gender equality, animal rights, collectivism and environmentalism – and made them apply to punk.

Fucked Up came about in a post-Crass world. They influenced everything we did because they were one of those paradigm-shift bands. Crass pretty much invented this idea of a DIY distribution network that was independent to the major labels. Suddenly you could have a record that was entirely in the hands of punks from start to finish. It could be put out by a punk label, distributed by an independent network, sold at

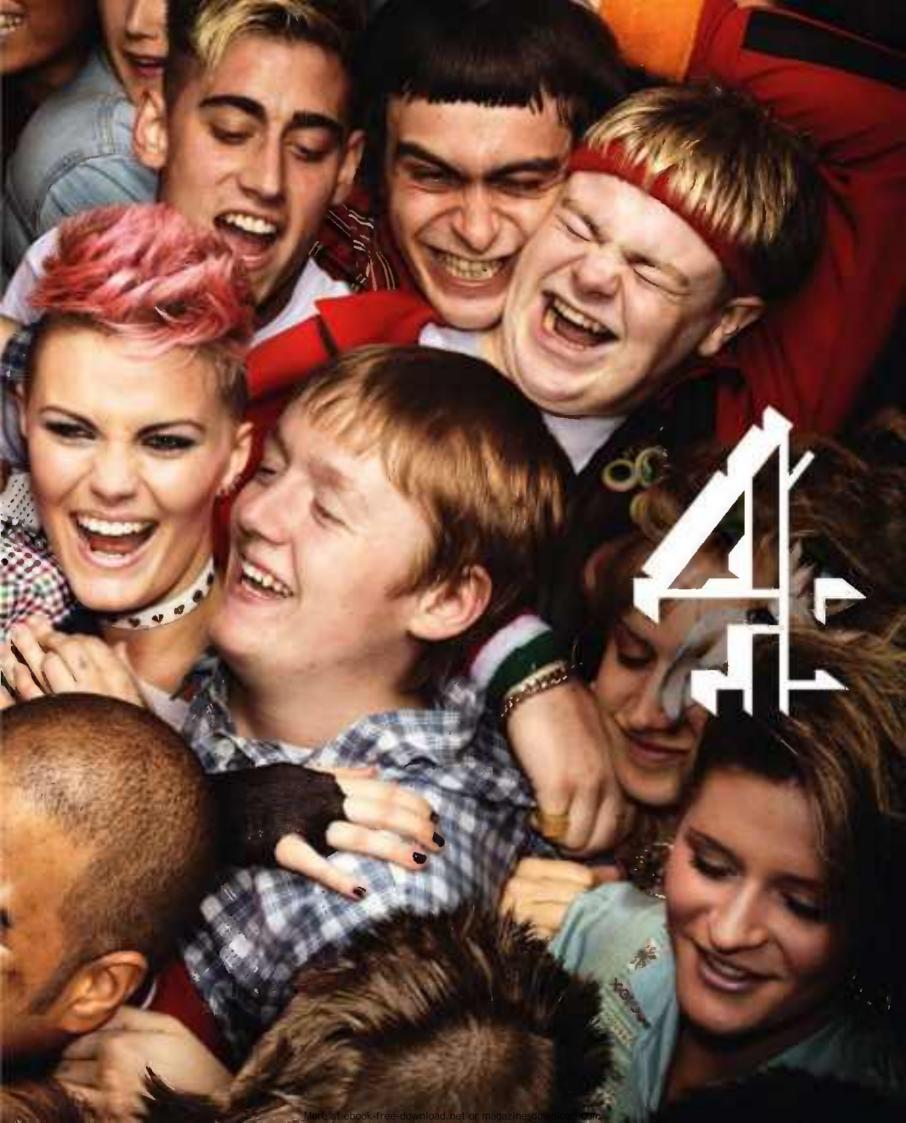
a punk store or show and wind up in the hands of punks. This was something that we took for granted.

If you're into Rolo Tomassi, Gallows, The Bronx and Fucked Up, then you need to listen to 'The Feeding Of The 5000'. This was a record that got to Number One in the independent charts. Now, God love those other bands – but none of us will ever do that. With Crass it was the sound of a movement being born and it's a record that should be considered as being up there with 'Never Mind The Bollocks' as being the definitive album that was the birth of a genre and an ideology. And the logo still looks amazing

on a patch!







REVIEW

BRANDON FLOWERS, SUMMER CAMP, SOULBOY

Edited by Emily Mackay



HAPPINESS RCA

Ludicrous on the heroic scale, yes, but love them or hate them you cannot deny they've got the tunes



ou know a band's doing something worthwhile when they make people feel uncomfortable. And boy, do Hurts make indic snobs feel uneasy, with their sax solos, wet-look hair, and videos that look uncannily like Flight Of The Conchords' Pct Shop Boys spoof 'Inner City Pressure'. 'ARETHEY FOR REAL?', wail the haters, smashing their fists on the pub table, apoplectic at the nerve of a band who would presume to write gut-punching tunes with choruses the size of ocean liners.

Well, those people are wrong. Music needs a band like Hurts right now. When the pfftcore indie heroes of the day are all writing songs about getting baked and sprawling on the sofa, here's a band not afraid to display titanic ambition. Sure, the duo occasionally

flirt with ridiculousness. Their debut is essentially a flickbook of pop lyrical clichés, populated by lovers crying in the pouring rain, holdin' on, never lettin' go. Theo Hutchcraft's vocals are at least a thousand times more 'epic' and 'glacial' than Morten Harket bellowing into an igloo.

But only a joyless weirdo could deny that these are fearsomely well-crafted songs, as clean-lined and immaculate as a well-cut suit. The kind of anthems you imagine would make an Artic Fufkin major label-type spin around from the mixing desk, gun-point his fingers, and declare: "Gennelmen, you just cut your first hit rekkerd." Cue lines of coke and high-fives all round.

Of course, it's enormously '80s - more '80s

than guzzling a can of Quatro in front of Going Live (ask a 30-year-old). But if, as seems increasingly likely, we are culturally doomed to repeat that decade forever, at least let's have a band who do it properly, who take the retro thing to its ultimate limit. Hurts don't just pilfer a Roland synthesizer here, a drum machine there. They harness that decade's whole underpinning pop ethos: its spirit of expansiveness, its shamelessness, its irony-free faith in the emotive power of a glorious hook.

Take a tune like 'Stay', which features a vast choir on backing vocals and briefly threatens to turn into 'Never Forget' by Take That. It's hard to see how it could have been any more hysterical and overblown, short of Hutchcraft recording his vocals atop a windswept mountain peak while tearing his own shirt asunder. Drop the song at a power ballads night and there'd be more clenched fists than a fascist rally.

Hurts are a divisive

so we've formed the

"Believers."

Jaimie Hodgson.

New Music Editor

"Heroes - just for

one day'

Hamish MacBain. **Assistant Editor**

"I hate them for being

so utterly knowing

and correct"

Laura Snapes.

Assistant Reviews

Editor

"The best flick-comb

operators since

The Fonz'

Paul Stokes, Associate

Editor

But there's something heroic about it too. If you can't appreciate the genius of its construction, its glinting formal perfection, well... you're probably not much of a fan of pop music. And if you feel nothing for 'Stay', or galloping recent single 'Better Than Love', or 'Devotion' (complete with silky backing vocals from Kylie Minogue), I cringe to think how many other classics from the pop canon you're wilfully closing your ears to.

Admittedly there is a point towards the end of the album at which Hurts' obsession with plundering the charts of three decades ago becomes less endearing and starts to look a little, well, desperate. The 'secret' track 'Verona' finds Hutchcraft emoting theatrically about the Italian city-so that's like Ultravox's 'Vienna' only a bit, er, further south. Certainly, you'd do well to not take Hurts' music quite as seriously as they take it themselves.

Even so, it's weird that people will gleefully lap up Hollywood blockbusters, yet they won't tolerate their musical equivalent, which is an album like

this: billowing, escapist nonsense that raises your heart rate, slaps a smile on your face and sounds godlike when drunk. A guilty pleasure? Not in the slightest. These are songs to be treasured without a shred of shame. Luke Lewis

DOWNLOAD: 'Wonderful Life', 'Better Than Love', 'Stay', 'Devotion'.

Watch a video interview in which Hurts talk about Kylie at NME.COM/video

SUFIAN STEVENS ALL DELIGHTED PEOPLE EP

ASTHMATIC KITTY



Toying with people's emotions is a habit reserved only for the most dreaded coves, and given Sufjan's beautiful, heartbreaking back catalogue, we

didn't think he practiced that sort of hot'n'cold tactic. However, as quickly as our hearts nearly exploded when he put up a new, hour-long EP for \$5 download last week, they promptly deflated as it transpired to be one of his worst releases to date. The title track is 11 minutes of painfully celestial balladeering self-indulgence, a mess of standard-Sufjan jittering flutes mixed with the most offensive noise from his best-avoided early electronic period. Worst of all, it appears again as an eight-minute 'Classic Rock Version', flabby with noodling banjo in the vein of much of the rest of the record. This being an EP with such self-consciously excessive titles suggests - hopefully - that this is Sufjan excavating the contents of his famously fraught mind, leaving him ready to start afresh on a proper, better focused album. Laura Snapes

DOWNLOAD: Something from 'Seven Swans' to remember how Sufjan used to be...

ROBYN

BODY TALK PT 2 KONICHIWA/ISLAND



There won't be a better single this year than 'Dancing On My Own', so Robyn always ran the risk of besting herself before the 'Body

Talk' trilogy was even underway. As the Empire Strikes Back of proceedings, '...Pt 2' doesn't quite end with a severed hand, but it does swing a little lower with an awesomeness that tries less hard to be liked straight away. This means digitised stop-start funk ('Include Me Out'). Diplo-assisted heavy pop ("Criminal Intent"), woofy bass-rave mantras ('We Dance To The Beat') and euphoric self-help disco ('Love Kills'). All this, a guest spot from Snoop, and another standard issue crying-on-the-dancefloor stomper in 'Hang With Me', beefed up from the acoustic version on '...Pt 1'. The acoustic track here, 'Indestructible', must surely be destined for even bigger melancholic heft before the year is out. With not a single duffer over another eight tracks, it looks like our eventual Best Of Body Talk compilation might just be the album of the year. Dan Martin DOWNLOAD: 'Love Kills'

SMOKE FAIRIES THROUGH LOW LIGHT AND TREES V2



It's often better to do your homework on a band after you listen to their record. Case in point: Smoke Fairies. They are, it turns out, two women from Chichester,

but such an upbringing sounds far less romantic than the biography we'd concocted for them in our mind. Here, the pair are more spirit than flesh; they haunt mid-Western prairies at night, appearing from the ether to strum guitars at bewildered passers-by, who stand transfixed as their otherworldly harmonies emanate from high above. Back in reality, 'Through Low Light And Trees' reminds us of Midnight Movies (anyone?), or perhaps an acoustic School Of Seven Bells - with healthy lashings of classic folk, Fairport Convention-style, and a twist of the blues. At times, it's too lovely and woozy for its own good -- but when the mood sours, as on standouts 'Devil In My Mind' and 'Erie Lackawanna', it's really rather intoxicating stuff. Rob Webb

DOWNLOAD: 'Erie Lackawanna'

What the reviewers are



LUKE LEWIS "I've been ranting about The X Factor and trying in vain to convince everyone in the NME office that Hurts don't suck."



JAMIE FULLERTON "Feeling sorry for Peter Andre, who seemed genuinely upset when the snappers left his V Festival show after one song,'



MATT WILKINSON "Watching Only Fools & Horses re-runs, polishing my brogues, putting gaffa tape on my jeans and perfecting my Dickensian swagger. Yes, the Libs are back."





BRANDON FLOWERS

FLAMINGO VERTIGO

Brandon shows his true showman colours on a drivetime tribute to Vegas that steers for the MOR



Because of the stiff wearing of 'flamboyant' clothes, the preferring of Pet Shop Boys singles to Smiths B-sides, the businesslike emoting, the

singing of straight (and 'tache-faced) versions of Dire Straits' 'Romeo And Juliet' and the covering of 'Bette Davis Eyes' ("If you don't like this song, there's something wrong with you!" he said onstage in Hollywood last week), 'cool' people have a problem with Brandon Flowers. On this evidence, you suspect that if all those expertly written choruses of the past had been delivered under his own name rather than the more acceptable indie-band Killers umbrella, a LOT less of 'em would have felt comfortable buying his music. Because on this evidence, Brandon ain't a 'cool' or 'hip' guy at all.

'Flamingo' is a soft-rock, drivetime radio album that opens with tumbling pianos that sound like a pisstake of 'Thunder Road' (in other words, like Meat Loaf) and Brandon bellowing "WELCOME TO FABULOUS LAAAAAAAS VEGAS" A soft-rock, drivetime radio album that finds Brandon dealing in the most clichéd gambling imagery imaginable ("Roll the dice!", "Show your cards!" goes 'Jiited Lovers & Broken Hearts'), or doing the Americana dirty-ol'-road storytellin' thang ('Was It Something I Said').

On 'Magdalena' he bellows histrionically about "60 miles of sacred road" and "prodigal sons", while a multitracked Brandon does his best Bono "oobh-ob"s in the background. And then he's going on about redemption ('On The Floor') with the aid of a gospel choir. If all this sounds like a spectacle on paper, then... well, that's the problem. This album sounds like an 'on paper' album. In other words, there are loads of theoretically big, bold, stupid ideas here, but when actually recorded, rather than sounding ridiculous, they just sound like insipid pea soup. And if you're going to roar loudly about how you've "got a burning belief in salvation and love" ('Playing With Fire'), you need to not sound like insipid pea soup.

Maybe he's timed it just right: maybe a world that can't seem to get enough of 'Don't Stop Believing' will eat this schmaltz up with a spoon. In fact, sonically, 'Don't Stop Believing' is exactly where this album is at: Brandon's solo journey has led him to Journey. Many people who have heard 'Flamingo' have said it sounds a lot like a Kıllers album. Wrong. It is more that The Killers' albums sounded like Brandon Flowers solo albums, with a bit of indic guitar on top to snare those Reading & Leeds headline slots. That trick worked. But this trick is unlikely to do anything except have him running back to Ronnie, Dave and Mark in search of the vaguest of edges. Hamish MacBain

DOWNLOAD: 'Only The Young', 'Crossfire', 'Hard Enough'



SUMMER CAMP

YOUNG MOSHI MOSHI

The bedroom romantics' debut EP is a scratchy, dreamy and '80s movie-referencing delight



Summer Camp are one of those bands who could go pretty much wherever they wanted to-tunes huge enough to polish into coffee table-collapsingly successful parent-

pop, but also possessed of a scratchy indie sensibility that could ensure a life measured out by collectable seven-inches. But what route will rock's cutest couple, guitarist Jeremy Warmsley and singer Elizabeth Sankey, take?

Er, who knows - they're still unsigned - but this debut EP, as well as being a rollicking listen itself, is giving us hope that they'll simply stick to the vision that Jez's impeccable geek-chic spectacles are giving him so far.

These six songs have been birthed in the bedroom of J and E, which has managed to snare their hazy romantic headspace perfectly. The choruses are sweet and enormous - the girl group-y'Ghost Train' verging on the anthemic and opener 'Round The Moon' not far behind

-while the concept they're wrapped aroundcharacters from '80s cult teen films Heathers and Sixteen Candles crop up in 'Veronica Sawyer' and 'Jake Ryan' respectively - never feels overbearingly twee.

We've heard mutterings about characters behind the band contriving to turn them into a dinner-dress up-front act, presumably with Jez and the live band in black rollnecks and slacks.

And thank God they've refused to go the anonymous backing band route, because, bless her, Lizisn't exactly Marina in the hings department. This is a good thing-here, washed with bedroom production, her croons may be a touch shaky, but it just adds to build a sense of screwy romance lacking in their live show. It's a gust of chillwave-fresh air. Just wonder what these two will roll out of bed and make tomorrow. Jamie Fullerton

DOWNLOAD: 'Ghost Train', 'Round The Moon', 'Jake Ryan'

Head to NME.COM/artists/summercamp for videos, interviews and blogs

IMAAD WASIF THE VOIDIST TEE PEE



From the top of his Noel Fielding-withhis-fingers-in-a-power-socket hair to the bottom of his pointy shoes, sometime Yeah Yeah Yeahs fret-botherer

Imaad Wasif is painfully cool. And, unsurprisingly enough, 'The Voidist' is an album of grandiose indie so trendy it'll have Alison Mosshart quaking in her Converse - 'Priestess' is a spunky, Muse-esque slice of melodrama, topped by Wasif's deftly pirouetting croon, while 'Return To You' is indie-rock so fixated on its own American Apparel-clad navel it could've easily rubbed shoulders with Grizzly Bear and co on the last Twilight soundtrack. In short, 'The Voidist' is bound to make legions of indie kids cream their skinny jeans, but for good reason. Katherine Rodgers DOWNLOAD: 'Priestess'

PONTIAK

LIVING THRILL JOCKEY



The American independent label Thrill Jockey, which made its name during the post-rock boom of the '90s, is undergoing a heavy, psychedelic

renaissance at the moment. In the green-thumb, orange-amp, black-heart department alone they've released astounding albums by Arbouretum and White Hills in the last 12 months, and now you can add Pontiak to that list. Brothers Van, Lain and Jennings Carney recorded this twitchy rock beast on the farm they live on in Virginia and, true to its origins, the autistic, head-nodding riffs speak of isolation. An intensive touring schedule seems to have paid off, too, in giving the kin an almost telepathic rock bond. John Doran

DOWNLOAD: 'Second Sun

of the week



Brandon Flowers 'Flamingo' is that soft focus and

windowpane an attempt to distance yourself from the flashy bright lights of The Killers' Vegas tales, hmm? There's symbolism afoot here...

> Worst sleeve of the week



Oceansize 'Self Preserved While The Bodies Float Up' No matter how hard we stare at this, all we can see is a pair of saggy, scribbly boobs. And no-one likes those.

Best lyric of the week "There will be no more celibacy, even the Vatican knows better than to fuck with me" Robyn - 'U Should Know Better'

Worst lyric of the week "Susie grabs her man and puts a grip on his hand as the rain puts a tear in his eye" Hurts - 'Wonderful Life'

Reviewed EXT WÈĖK...

 Of Montreal ~ 'False Priest'

 Interpol – 'Interpol' Grinderman 'Grinderman 2'

ROOTS MANUVA MEETS WRONGTOM

DUPPY WRITER BIG DADA



In a UK hip-hop scene that fluctuates between talent famine (usually when rappers inexplicably try to hang out with indie bands) and the current feast,

Roots Manuva has become as comfortingly reliable as a beloved cardigan. This is not a new release as such, rather a bunch of reworkings by Hard-Fi (!) collaborator Wrongtom, and the accent is very much on gentle dub and summery reggae. It's all rather one-paced and sags badly after tenth track 'Lick Up Ya Foot' but, by crikey, the likes of 'Big Tings Redone' and 'Dutty Rut' provide the perfect soundtrack for out-on-the-stoop sunshine boozing. Which is what stoops are for, Pete Cashmore **DOWNLOAD: 'Dutty Rut'**

STONE SOUR

AUDIO SECRECY ROADRUNNER



It's a source of unending bafflement why Corey Taylor, as lynchpin of Slipknot, the most essential metal band of their generation, should

have wanted to form Stone Sour in the first place. Their uniquely dour brand of over-earnest, borderline-misogynist issue-ridden dull-rock has nevertheless become huge in its own right and this third set, undoubtedly accomplished, is no less hateful for it by its very nature. Just when you think 'Audio Secrecy' can get no more infuriating, you find the most overwrought of the ballads lodging their tunes inside the melodic part of your cranium. Precision-driven horribleness. Dan Martin

DOWNLOAD: Something by Slipknot instead

THE PIPETTES

EARTH VS THE PIPETTES FORTUNA POP!



The Pipettes are back! Kinda. They've done the full Sugababes, see: having rotated through all their original members, instead of three girls from

Brighton playing '60s-tinged twee-pop, the carousel has stopped at second album time on two sisters from Cardiff intent on making a 'space disco' record. The irony of a self-described 'self-manufactured pop band' deconstructing itself would have Roland Barthes popping a lung but, that brief delectation aside, even Martin Rushent - the man who made the Human League's 'Dare' - can't add enough bells and whistles to stop the tunes from sounding like they've been faxed over from one of Stock & Aitken's duller days at the office. Gavin Havnes

DOWNLOAD: 'Call Me'

CRIPPLED BLACK PHOENIX I, VIGILANTE INVADA



In preparation for his fifth album CPB's Justin Greaves said that he planned on becoming the justice-dealing avenger of its title. His sworn enemy: 'All them

miserable bands'. Their crime: telling kids to give up if you're dealt a burn hand. This is up-and-at-'em stuff that sees the lurch of doorn metal transformed into six towering epics given vigour by the fury of hardcore, the communal euphoria of Black Mountainlike prog and that same twinkle of hope found in Mogwai's raging beauty. If Greaves' message doesn't always pierce the foreboding cloud - especially tough during 'Bastogne Blues' -- there's a pumped-up cover of Journey's 'Of a Lifetime' that promises the 'mist is slowly lifting'. Chris Parkin

DOWNLOAD: 'We Forgotten Who We Are'



SOULBOY SODA PICTURES

If you're after an authentic portrayal of '70s Britain, look away now. If you just like dancing, step right up

The best bit in blundering northern soul pastiche Soulboy comes when 'our hero' Joe (Martin Compston) wins the dance-off against the Dexy's-dropping,

ball-breaking bully Alan (Craig Parkinson). The dingy dancers are at it in the legendary '70s Wigan Casino - fighting over a girl, natch - but there's something not quite right about the whole scenario. Maybe it's the way all 300 extras suddenly boogie into view and turn the whole clip into a turgid scene recalling both the cheesiest bits from Saturday Night Fever and the end of a vintage episode of Scooby Doo - the bit where everyone starts unexplainably jiving for no reason in a way that never actually happens. Soulboy is supposed to be a grim-up-north, coming-of-age drama set in '70s Britain, by the way. It fails at being even vaguely convincing on almost every level.

Alfie 'brother of Lily' Allen supports as the spineless Russ Mountjoy and is quite frankly hilarious throughout. Decked out in what looks like a Jim Davidson wig, his Stoke-via-Chelsea accent is agonising and grating from the off and, when it comes down to it, he just doesn't have the kudos to pull the role off convincingly (which is saying something, seeing as Russ is little more than your average Corrie teenage tearaway tyke).

Of course, one thing ve can't really argue with here is the music, which is pretty much tip-top the whok way through. Admittedly, the inclusion of Gabriella Cilmi is something of a surprise (never knew she was part of that scene...), but we'll forgive whoever made that decision seeing as Dean Parrish gets numerous mentions, Jackie Wilson is bigged up and there's a stonking scene featuring the whole of Gloria Jones' 'Tainted Love' Actually, if there's one saving grace of Soulboy, it's that some of the more realistic dance scenes are actually pretty decent. Compston is impressive throughout in this regard, but it's kind of a shame he's been typecast as nothing more than Billy Elliot once he got into sniffing glue. Matt Wilkinson

OCEANSIZE

SELF PRESERVED WHILE THE BODIES **FLOAT UP SUPERBALL**



Manchester rock fords Oceansize have elevated the five-mates-in-a-roommaking-a-racket thing into something approaching a bloody-minded artform

on their fourth album, 'Self Preserved..."s loose, jam-based riff colossi stand in stark relief to everyone else's doo-wop apery or sterile poptronica. And as 'Silent/Transparent' bristles with barely contained energy for eight and a half wonderful minutes and 'Superimposer' and 'Build Us A Rocket Then...' creep, crawl and then explode into gutsy rock thunder, the only appropriate environment to listen to this is standing on a mountain, arms gloriously aloft. Rob Parker

DOWNLOAD: 'Silent/Transparent'

Rider What we're reading and observing



77 Boa Drum On July 7 at 7.07pm,

Japan's finest noise merchants, Boredoms, gathered 77 drummers in a park in Brooklyn. Frontman Eye Yamataka requested that onlookers only film seven minutes and seven seconds of footage, but the rest is on this 'ere DVD.



Exhibition **Astrid Kirchherr:** A Retrospective Victoria Gallery & Museum, Aug 25 - Jan 29, free Certain famed images of The Beaties get branded on to your eyelids at birth. Not Astrid Kirchherr's, however she shot the Beatles during their early Hamburg days. Take this rare chance to see them



Whether DJing to three inebriated revellers playing Twister at a house party or manning the decks at an actual gig, these KitSound DJ headphones with boosted bass response allow you to slice straight through background noise. Go to NMF.COM/win

SINGLES This week reviewed by JONATHAN EVERYTHING (Everything Everything)

PULLED APART BY HORSES HIGH FIVE, SWAN DIVE, NOSE DIVE



Refreshingly untamed and livesounding. There's no beating around the bush with this, and no beating around the extremely non-existent

click-track, resulting in a lurching and loose cacophony of guitars and crash cymbals. This sounds like it was recorded completely live, and is also probably best experienced that way. 'High-octane', yes, but not like a certain shit action film called The Expendables, which is so incredibly shit I haven't opened my eyes since it ended three days ago.

ROBERT PLANT ANGEL DANCE



Americana meets Dinotopia with a gallon of Megalodon ketchup served on a punctured Blo of radical lyrics such as "goodbye, don't cry". Very little vitamin

Chas just entered my body, I feel like doing a line dance and then shitting out one big E minor chord along the length of Kid Rock's driveway while he shaves his balls with money on the bonnet of his Chevy, Not very good really.

SUMMER CAMP **ROUND THE MOON**



This is made to sound and look exactly like 'The '80s'. Is that really worth doing? It's quite good in a dreamy nostalgic sort of made-up way, though it's a nostalgia

that neither I nor the band themselves nor anyone who's going to ever hear this share. It's a bit like a romanticised childhood that nobody involved had. Good if you like the pretend '80s.

ROBYN HANG WITH ME



Robyn has a way with vocal rhythm and a certain soul that makes me tap my feet and head. When Euro singers translate themselves into English

there's always the chance you'll get a strange magic little phrase or two that nobody would have ever written. Like "watch that scene" from 'Dancing Queen'. But Robyn's English is perfect, and this tune does all the things it should.

THE BRUTE CHORUS **HEAVEN**



I've only got 0:13 of this, but it's enough to grasp my thighs and petticoat and whisk them together with a decent enough bass sound. Chopped up

breaks, Wigan Pier MCing, glitchy stammering percussion all don't feature in this, unless it happens later in the song. This is fairly good, probably, sorry.

WINTERSLEEP **BLACK CAMERA**



Well, my internet connection has finally disappeared, so I'm going to have to base this on the title alone. Wintersleep sounds like a sort of folk metal band and

the song is called 'Black Camera'. It's probably quite serious, and presumably involves some singing and playing of the guitar.

CHILLY GONZALES **IVORY TOWER**

SCHMOOZE/GENTLE THREAT



Throughout time the ancient and noble art of chess has awakened intellects, confounded Chinese emperors and inspired great art (as well as the odd dodgy song by Chris de Burgh). This is the soundtrack

to a brilliant forthcoming movie starring the man himself, apparently written "in the back of a piss-powered taxi". Chilly once again proves he is no pass master on 'Ivory Tower'. Produced by Boyz Noize, this is the sound of a rook shuffling with a maverick king, full of harpsichords and pianos and sexy European beats; it will arouse the mind and stimulate interesting positions. Check, mate. Jeremy Allen

DOWNLOAD: 'Knight Moves'



GLANUSK PARK, CRICKHOWELL, WALES FRIDAY, AUGUST 20 ~ SUNDAY, AUGUST 22

It may have started out as a folk festival – but this year the stoner favourite has this festival season's finest indie roll call. Shame about the Welsh weather, though...

s iconic as Glastonbury, Reading and Leeds and T In The Park are, ıf there's one festival that wholeheartedly celebrates the last year of indie innovation, from the rowdy, dobrodriven stomp of Mumford & Sons and the acoustic reverie of Laura Marling to the electronic experimentalism of Fuck Buttons and Factory Floor, it's Green Man. Which is odd really, because a folk festival - or at least what started out as a folk festival - isn't the first place you'd expect to see and hear an exhilarating

run-down of the past 12 months of cutting-edge excellence. Alongside the real alc, rolling hills, Charlotte Church in a hippy hat and hordes of rampaging mud-splattered children with eerie *Lord Of The Flies* potential, sits perhaps the finest festival line-up of the summer.

For the damp first day of the festival, Steve Mason makes a valid attempt at calming down the drizzle with a laidback rendition of his Beta Band classic 'Dry The Rain'. An altogether hornier experience is to be had with Beirut, as Zach Condon lashes together romantic ukulele, Mexican brass and big band mariachi with a college rock sensibility. Rounding off day one, and

Alongside the real ale sits perhaps the finest festival line-up of the summer bringing the rave to the Brecon Beacons with swampy, swirly, synthy beats, are the hypnotic hipster Chemical Brothers, Fuck Buttons.

Saturday sees The Besnard Lakes bring the heavy, with the imposingly awesome 'Like The Ocean, Like The Innocent, Pt 2: The Innocent' showing the head-nodding crowd what Pixies might have been like had they taken a more serious interest in tie-dye. After Summer Camp's fabulous found-photo assisted show - all gawky teens in ill-fitting tuxedos and snug blue jeans blonde toddlers mosh out to Avi Buffalo's psychedelic Pavement flourishes and Daniel Johnston vocal tics. Even grating falsetto fails to detract from the fact that boy wonder Avi is still something rather special.

It's odd but excellent to see Billy Bragg on the hefty Green Man Main Stage. "If it's any consolation, it's pissing it down at V..." he says to cheers, "Weller's covered in mud."

With their evil emo bossanova and bleak beats, it's sometimes hard to take These New Puritans' deathly self-importance seriously. Sure, it's hard to deny the brilliance of the staccato punch of 'Attack Music', but the hollow feeling you get after watching them play is difficult to shake too. Wild Beasts' dramatics, however, are far less amateur. 'We Still Got The Taste Dancin' On Our Tongues' and 'All The King's Men' are perfect slices of demon calypso, and even the occasional dip into U2-flavoured waters doesn't hamper the near euphoric atmosphere in the tent. "We like this - we like this a lot," nods Hayden Thorpe. You're not the only one, chap.

"Come on motherfucker!" howls a



Clockwise from left: Wild mullets and falsetto in the Welsh countryside: underwhelms with her wordy, brainy opuses: California's Girls get flower arranging



Мочтн

The noise from

the crowd

London

far. If good weather

was promised,

I would definitely

come again!"

beaming Wayne Coyne at the moon, desperate for it to shine on The Flaming Lips' stunning headline show. After wandering around the site all day mucking in with the punters, the cartoon Jim Morrison proceeds to get a piggyback from a man in a giant bear

suit before affectionately spraying the crowd with lazers and love, playing the old ('She Don't Ûse Jelly') and new ('I Can Be A Frog') with equal, wide-eyed vigour.

The schizophrenic weather sees Darwin Deez's Sunday lunchtime set of b-boy dance routines and terrible robotics greeted with blazing sunshine. Call and response banter about sheep slaughter slots in among the uplifting likes of 'DNA', 'Radar Detector' and the short burst of Beyoncé's 'Single Ladies (Put A Ring On It)' that pounds out of the PA.

"This is the one I've been most looking forward to," smiles Laura Marling. It's fair to say that the gracious crowd feel exactly the same, greeting her gutsy, grave renditions of 'Devil's Spoke' and a jazzy 'Ghosts' with deafening applause. A solo performance of new track

'Don't Ask Me Why' and a whistlealong breakdown in 'Night Terror' fill up the Welsh valley wonderfully, but it's with a chilling 'Hope In The Air' that she really impresses. It's up to Mumford & Sons to carry on the folk elation, with 'The Cave' delivering an unbridled

With sunflowers and roses strapped to their mic stands, Girls can boast the prettiest stage set and, in 'Lust For Life' and 'Laura', some of the prettiest songs of the weekend too. Like Dinosaur soundtrack, the San Fran more enjoyable than Joanna scream out 'amazing festival and rousing revelry - not the pixie people. Things perk up – but an avant garde Kate Bush in a medieval court really isn't what you need when your toes are going

moment of festival rapture.

Jr playing the Grease

band's set is a darn sight Newsom's. As talented as she is, conceptual opuses Georgia Platman, in the lashing rain hardly "This is the first festival I've been to closer'. In the pissing rain in 10 years, and I've you need bangers, Gore-Tex been pleasantly plucking princess of the surprised! I loved Girls' California grunge and The when she veers to her more pop-friendly roots, such as Besnard Lakes, but The Flaming Lips put the lush 'Peach, Plum, Pear' on the best show by

numb. Leonie Cooper



PROFESSOR GREEN/ YOUNG FATHERS

LIQUID ROOM, EDINBURGH

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20

Local rap heroes' storming show makes up for a lazy performance from new chart hero

uring its annual arts festival, Edinburgh becomes a butcher's counter: there are some prime cuts and tasty pieces on offer, but there's a heap of offal spoiling the mouth-watering view. We'll get to the grizzly waste later, but first local heroes Young Fathers are waiting by the side of the stage psyching themselves up for their biggest ever home show. As the bright lights of the newly reopened Liquid Room - it was destroyed in a fire last year - drop, dub-cum-disco beats flood the ears as three retro hip-hop champs bound onstage with the energy of a five-year-old trying fizzy pop for the first time.

The last time this writer saw Young Fathers, they were, although still exciting, playing to a CD. Now, they've added a DJ who gives their dangerously banging tunes the justice they deserve. This is most evident on 'Automatic', which now has the potential to rupture aortas - it's that intense. 'Dancing' Mantaray' feels like a cultish rave as the strobes wash the brain and the vocal howl shivers the spine; 'Albatross' is accompanied by a dance routine that, in a perfect world, would start a craze that sweeps the nation. But it's the greatest Scottish rap song ever written about masturbation ('Straight Back On It')

that really hits the spot.

Annoyingly, during their last song, 'Bring It Home', the sound is cut and the trio are forced to sulk offstage like the same five-year-old now being forced to eat broccoli. This isn't how they should finish, and is a total dampener on a perfect performance. Which leads us on to tonight's headliner, Professor Green. "I am a bit tired, I haven't slept. I just flew in on easyJet from Ibiza," he says as a means of an introduction. Possibly not the greatest entrance, but the crowd - mostly made up of screaming 14-year-old girls - don't seem to mind, as the flashing of camera phones and the car-piercing screams that greet his arrival is debilitating. 'Just Be Good To Green' is a great track, but in the obvious absence of Lily Allen it comes across like a badly performed X Factor audition, and 'Oh My God' is delivered by a man clearly wanting his bed.

Even when he freestyles - which is normally astounding - his flow is rigid and his rhymes are as dull as a weekend break in a caravan in Cumbernauld. Green does have an ace up his sleeve in 'I Need You Tonight' - y'know the one that samples INXS - but it's little too late to resuscitate this dying gig. Best go and get some sleep Green, 'cos this is tired. Jamie Crossan



WILLIAMSBURG WATERFRONT. **NEW YORK** SUNDAY, AUGUST 22

Sleazy and synthy, but the Montreal dance lotharios are sadlų lackiną in surprises

THE

SETLIST

· 'I'm Not

Contagious'

• 'Outta Sight'

· 'Tenderoni'

'Call Me Up'

· 'Opening Up (Ce

Soir On Dance)'

'Needy Girl'

Bonafide

Lovin"

'Hot Mess'

• 'Don't Turn The

Lights On'

You're So

Gangsta'

'Night By Night'

'Fancy

Footwork

· 'Momma's Boy'

• '100%'

. 'My Girl Is

Callin' Me

(A Liar)

TKTK

You'd think two guys who specialise in jokey, wilfully idiosyncratic electro-pop would attract a cult following at best, but Chromeo's show tonight suggests otherwise. It's been raining all day, and yet the sizable crowd is undeterred, chanting "Chro! Me! O!" throughout the set. The duo (Dave 1 and P-Thugg, specifically) take the stage to that same chant, accompanied by their back-up singers, The Chromettes.

The Chromettes don't do very much, really; when they're silent, they're unnoticeable. When they sing, you

kinda wish they wouldn't. That's not to say that Chromeo themselves are any better; P-Thugg's Vocodered stylings are mechanically precise, but lead vocalist Dave 1's flat sing-shout does a disservice to these songs. He may sound smooth and buttery in the studio, but his lacklustre live singing turns a juke-worthy highlight such as 'Fancy Footwork' into something destined for those with two left feet.

Not that the crowd cares, really - they're here to dance, and they do so with equal enthusiasm for every song on the setlist. Chromeo have a new album, 'Business Casual', out next month, so a few people here must've showed up for a first crack at new tunes as well. The new stuff sounds... like Chromeo, with zero risks taken or changes

made to their formula. Which isn't a bad thing; this duo's production game is impeccably tight, with arrangements precise and jam-packed enough to explain why they took three years to finish this record. 'Business Casual's first single 'Don't Turn The Lights On' is an instant crowd-pleaser, as is the radiant, synth-stabbed 'Night By Night'. 'I'm Not Contagious' and fellow new jam 'Hot Mess', however, don't hit quite as hard; the latter due to momentum-killing tempo changes, and the former due to its exact resemblance

to the other catalogue cuts that dominated the set.

This crowd didn't come here to marvel at the pair's drum programming or what have you, though - they're here to have a good time, regardless of how engaging the actual performance is - and Chrômeo's relative inactivity onstage makes said performance a little one-note. There's some clever moments that break up the tedium - an interstitial appropriation of the opening melody to Dire Straits' 'Money For Nothing' provides a decent laugh - but you can't help but wonder: if the band was swapped with an iPod pre-loaded with their songs, would the audience stop and take notice? Probably not.

Larry Fitzmaurice

England. **Cats And Dogs Living Together** Floral-dressed cutecoma pop from somewhere on the

> Norwich. Pon Dad Mystery Jets' dad embarks on highly unnecessary comeback career

by covering Katy

Perry B-sides

outskirts of

Win!

We've got two VIP tickets for the Rockfeedback Tenth Anniversary party at London's XOYO on September 17 to give away. Go to NME.COM/win

> AME AMES

We guessed what these shit named bands from the gig listings (all real) might sound like_

Take A Worm For A Walk Week Red Hot Chili Peppers cover band. Without the socks.

We Are Ugly But We Have The Music Is this actually The Music on the comeback trail?

King Salami And The **Cumberland Three** Meat Loaf plays some secret gigs backed by a group of shit-hot session players from the northwest of

THE LOW ANTHEM

KOMEDIA, BRIGHTON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25 f you haven't heard The Band's 'Music From Big Pink' then there's a decent chance that you might find The Low Anthem revelatory. If this is the case, I envy your merciful avoidance of received wisdom. Why shouldn't you experience these timeless songlines afresh, without the weight of a billion balding, bearded heads - many of whom are here tonight - bearing down upon you? Then again, you should be aware that what you are experiencing here is not just inauthentic (which is forgivable) but, more problematically, sorely lacking the vital spark of inspiration. The Low Anthem are clearly schooled in rootsy Americana, but however accomplished in terms of performance, this is play school stuff. Each note may be in place, each hard luck story perfectly pitched, but nothing truly convinces. I'm the last fellow to sing Dylan's praises, but his - and The Band's - grasp of history is unparalleled, his ability to spin further myth from its fabric, breathtaking. The Low Anthem may have mastered the form but the content and the magic remain beyond their grasp. Tonight, I see a musical theme park, a painstakingly maintained model village. No amount of instrument-swapping bonhomie can fool me into thinking it's real, however much I genuinely want to believe. Joseph Stannard

CAITLIN ROSE/SAM AMIDON CAMP BASEMENT, LONDON THURSDAY, AUGUST 18

ometimes nu-folk is so po-faced, you'd think a swarm of pests had eaten Mumford's crops and left them starving for winter. Tonight, Nashville's Caitlin Rose proves that authentically soulful needn't mean doleful with a set of goofily joyous country hymns in the making. During the gorgeous steel guitar-hiccuppy 'Learning To Ride', she leans back from the mic and belts a note so tremendous it could have risen from Dolly Parton's ample bosom, However, 'Spare Me' proves that she knows how to rein it in, singing, "love is just something you need but you

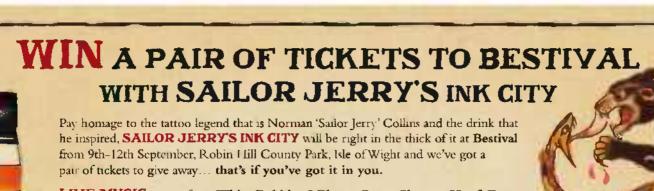


can't throw away" with wise. measured ambiguity. If only the usually magnificent Sam Amidon was so restrained. He can't handle the reverie that accompany his delicate renditions of archaic folk songs, so he plays the fool: shoehorning in honking banjo solos and robbing 'Way Go Lily' of its peaceful echo by flaying it on an electric guitar. Caitlin had a sense of humour; Sam takes the joke too far. Laura Snapes

MV & EE

THE HARLEY, SHEFFIELD TUESDAY, AUGUST 24 heir music touches on ground that most other groups don't even know exists," said Patti Smith's guitarist Lenny Kaye about The Grateful Dead. "It's good, but it'd be better if I'd dropped a tab of acid half an hour ago," comments a less lofty-minded barfly on MV & EE's performance this evening. It's nice to see the famous Yorkshire sense of humour is still in fine fettle, and those two quotes probably provide equal amounts of insight into the woozy appeal of this Vermont collective. See, Matt Valentine and Erika Elder, assisted tonight by bassist Mick Flower (the other half of the current Golden Road live line-up, drummer John Moloney, dropped out of the tour with a hernia problem), do a fairly awesome line in ye olde San Fran-style freak-folk. Which is to say, songs last for seemingly arbitrary amounts of time, breaking off for another squalling guitar solo here or a reverb-drenched lap steel line there; the setlist draws from an almost impenetrable back catalogue (30-plus full-length releases, on various formats), but it's held together by the stuff from latest Ecstatic Peace! LP 'Barn Nova', their most focused to date. For them, though, 'focused' is eight songs in 40 minutes. The group's aforementioned penchant for improvisation leads to some looseness early on (exacerbated, perhaps, by the lack of drummer) but once the trio lock into the groove, the result is something of a lesson in how to play genuinely experimental music without losing all of your friends. Rob Webb

22 NME 4 September 2010



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NME PROMOTION

GREATEST EVER COVER VERSIONS

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here's no denying it – everybody's got an opinion on cover versions. Do you think Dasis' Britpop-update of Siade's 'Cum On Feel The Noize' is better than the glamtastic original? Did Florence & The Machine's 'You've Got The Love' put Candi Staton's classic in the shade? Does The Clash's take on 'Police & Thieves' out-do the Junior Murvin/Lee 'Stratch' Perry original? Or maybe you're of the opinion that The Fratellis' cover of Dylan's 'All Along The Watchtover' was so bad it should have seen the Scottish trio strung up and left dangling from the nearest watchtower?!

Whatever your thoughts, NME is looking for your help in deciding the best and worst cover versions of all time. There are loads of songs to pick from in our online vote - we've outlined a few of the tracks you can vote for on the right of the page now, but head to NME.COM/coverversions to see the full list and have your say. Remember - you're voting for but hit be best AND worst covers of all time. We'll be updating you on proceedings in next week's issue of NME, but for now, get voting at NME.COM/coverversions.

If that wasn't enough, everyone who votes gets entered into the competition to win tickets to attend a live recording of Channel 4's new music programme On Track With SEAT at London's Metropolis studios. On Track With SEAT is the new show that lets you, the fans, get up-close-and-personal with the best bands and artists around at the exact moment when things get heavy for them. Ever wondered what it's like to be in the studio when one of the best new bands around records the take of their life and nails their greatest song? Then this is the programme for you. By voting for your favourite and least favourite covers of all time on NME.COM/coverversions, you could be in with the chance of seeing a top band in the most intimate of settings. You It also get a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to go to Metropolis - the iconic studios where bouncers had to keep The Libertines' Pete'n'Carl from tearing each other to bits while recording their fraught second album, where Amy Winehouse cooked up 'Back To Black' and where The

Verve's 'Urban Hymns' was born. Metropolis is. in a word, legendary.

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TEN COVE.S

Jimi Hendrix – All Along The Watchtower

The Sits – I Heard It Through The Grapevine

The Thite Stripes -

Oasis - Cum On Feel The Noize

Jeff Buckley — Hallelujah Pavemnet – The Killing

Moon

Nirusia - Where Did You Sleep Last Night

The Clash - Police & Thieves

war ic Street Preachers -

Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head Pailti Samth — Gloria

TEN NORST Cove

Mark Russia – Stop Me If You Think You ve Heard This One Before

Britney Speers - I Love

Rock And Roll Travis - Baby One

More Time

Wnestus - A Little

Respect Limp Bizkit – Faith

Joss Stone – Feli In Love

With A Boy

Mike Florens Pops —

Wonderwall

Celine Dian - You Shook Me All Night Long

Madema – American Pie

The Fratellis — All Along
The Watchtower



YOUR CHANCE TO GO TO A LIVE RECORDING AT THE LEGENDARY METROPOLIS STUDIOS





"I'D LOVE THIS TO CONTINUE AFTERTHESE FESTIVALS"

Pete and Carl's reunion was the heartmelting, fist-in-the-air comeback we'd all been hoping for. So good in fact, that Carl even hints at album number three in the future

he Libertines having the sound turned off on them during Carl Barât's 'Time For Heroes' solo at Reading Festival was the absolute best thing that could have happened to the band. Before the crowd crush that could've resulted in the most excruciating exit everthey play on not realising they can't be heard, then stumble off baffled - their playing is undoubtedly on fire. 'Can't Stand Me Now' ... monstrously heavy. 'Boys In The Band'... the sleaziest Main Stage tune all weekend.

'Tell The King'... by turns pummeling then sweeping over the Reading faithful like some twisted late-night lullaby.

But after being forced off so ungraciously, a climactic return to the band's spiritual festival home looked to be, well, kind of fucked. How lame would it be to close the book on The Libertines by having some faceless roadie pull the plug on them? For a few long minutes, that's exactly what it seems has happened.

But instead, they return... and everything is intensified. Pete and Carl look rattled Pissed off that their moment in the sun after so many years in the shitter has been jeopardised. This new sharp and tight Libertines seamlessly restart the exact 'Time For Heroes' note they were bulldozed out on a few minutes earlier, then begin pogoing like they're on the finest speed known to man for the remainder of the set. It's some 'encore', and in front of the biggest crowd of the weekend, one which is desperately willing them to be great, they truly begin to deliver.

'Up The Bracket' is nothing short of vicious - a spittle flecked tirade at anything. anyone standing in the band's way - while 'What A Waster' sees Pete and Carl

looking, well, completely homoerotic. They do the mic-sharing nuzzle 'thing' at every opportunity, and it brings back a feeling about the pair we haven't had since about 2004: get a bloody room. Appropriately, the song ends with Barât planting a sly kiss on Doherty's cheek - captured by the stage TV cameras, and greeted by a huge cheer by fans aching to see the chemistry of old - followed by a playful tussle

where he rips Doherty's jumper. After that, the band launch into the most 'fuck you' version of 'I Get Along' they've ever done. It could be the last song The Libertines will ever play, and that's ironic - because when they're this good, they are the most thrilling band on the planet.

Triumph over adversity, then? Yes, but as you may have guessed, the past week for The Libertines has been anything but plain sailing.

Tuesday night at London's HMV Forum (or "The Libertines' old stomping ground," as Čarl puts it) sees the band play possibly the most nervy gig of their career. Billed as a live rehearsal ahead of the following night's fans-only show, roughly 500 'friends and family' (with a vast, vast majority of liggers and industry



plebs simply stand there for the duration. refusing to offer the devotion the band

deserve (and in some cases the £10 door charge to Teenage Cancer Trust and Childline too). There aren't any bouncers out front, so the stage is completely open to being invaded - just like the good old days. But of course it doesn't happen, and the band are left looking twitchy and out of place. Pete (wearing brogues with no laces) and Carl (donning Doherty-style rosary beads) are undoubtedly trying hard - they're tight as fuck, in fact - but they barely communicate with each other all night which, when it comes down to it, is what The Libertines are all about.

All the old faces are there, which lends the evening even more of an air of 'hangover from hell, circa 2004'. We get Wolfman (looking painfully thin), Pete's old 'literary agent' Paul 'Ro' Roundhill (smelling awful) and Camden's very own

version of Mick Jagger, Alan Wass, who ends the gig by fighting a fat bloke and then looking smug when the brawl ends with his nemesis getting dragged outside by

Along with the fact that somebody thought it would be a good idea to make the entire gig seated rather than standing, all of this pretty much kills any hope of the 'big bang' public resurrection the band are due. Though in retrospect maybe that's exactly how Pete, Carl, John and Gary wanted it - 'first gig's likely to be shaky, so why not get all the guestlist twats in then and fuck it up when it doesn't really matter?' Good plan.

In any case, it's James Endeacott (aka the guy who signed the Libs to Rough Trade in 2001) who seems to sum the night up best. Tweeting halfway through, he writes "they are being good boys", and adds that they need to "fuck it up" more.

Which is funny, because exactly 24 hours' later, Endeacott gets his wish. Same venue, no seats, no liggers and an utterly maniacal crowd mean that it's like watching a completely different band. A band reborn, if you will. Within about 15 seconds of opener 'Horrorshow', Pete violently smashes his micstand to the ground by hitting it

WHAT THE BANDS THOUGHT

Fellow musicians - and a label boss - deliver their verdict on the LIbs



ED NASH, BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB

"I used to be mad into them when I was younger but too lazy to go and see them. But they were wicked this time, 'Up The Bracket' was amazing."



GARY JARMAN, THE CRIBS

"I really enjoyed it, I don't know if it was nostalgia because when our bands had formed we played together. But the songs still sound really good."



MARK HAMILTON, A5H

"My favourite comeback recently was the Pixies, and I don't think I have the same emotional attachment to The Libertines as I still do to them."



TOBY L, **TRANSGRESSIVE**

"Today was a real triumph in that it was a genuine, sincere reunion. **Tonight Pete and** Carl looked like they wanted one another to enjoy it."



FELIX WHITE. THE MACCABEES

"I was watching it from side of stage and I thought the atmosphere looked incredible and I really enjoyed the way people reacted to it."



with his guitar, storms over to the middle of the stage, literally shoulder-barges Carl out the way and commandeers his mic before screaming the words "there's a screw - and it's pointing at my head!!" into the sweaty Kentish Town air at about 1,000 decibels. Aw, so you do still love each other then...

All 2,500 people sing every word back to the band, from the "let me go"s to the "did you see the's and "two cold fingers'... and how we'd forgotten what a pleasure it is to see thousands of fan stieling up V-signs in the direction of one, lone singer

onstage doing exactly the same thing back at them. The notion of 'one and the same' between band and audience has been somewhat dead since The Libertines split up, but here's a vital reminder that it can still exist.

The entire gig carries on at this lightning pace and the band just refuse to let up, preferring to gorge on the audience's enthusiasm (and vice versa) for them to play even faster, and even more intensely. It is, in short, everything The Libertines ever promised, and everything you kn w leep down they were destined to deliver.

A glorious segment towards the end that takes in 'Time For Heroes', 'Up The Bracket', "I Get Along and 'The Good Old Days' (starting with Petc and Carl smashing their guitars together in true gung-ho style, and ending with Gary doing his best Dave Grohl impression) pushes the gig to absolute breaking point. One audience member from the scated first floor tier opposite NMF clearly decides he's had enough. He is it is his seat, stands looking shaky at the top of securityguarded stairs that lead down to the ground

WHAT THE FANS THOUGHT

Reading & Leeds punters have their say



JOSH STEWART, 18, MANCHESTER

"It's the first time I've ever seen them. and I thought they were great. I hope they stay together and do some new stuff, they were saying they might."



HANNAH PORTER, 29, LEEDS

"They had the whole crowd 100 per cent behind them. It was a bit of a worry that anything could have gone wrong. That they turned up at all was a miracle."



JAKE ROUND, 16, **FLKLEY**

"They're my favourite band, I've been waiting to see them probably since I was 12. The best moment was when they played 'Tell The King'.

and flinging himself headfirst down the 30 or so tp It san act of pure defiance, and as he fear the entire staircase in one go and then immediately forces his way even

deeper into the throng, security are left looking utterly dumbfounded and completely powerless. That guy is later seen right at the front, ripping off his jacket and shirt and hurling both stageforth towards Pete and Carl. You just do not get that kind of behaviour at a Kasabian gig.

After the set, the band decamp to London's Malmaison hotel where - and you'll have to choose which tabloid report to believe here - they either play Monopoly with Tom Clarke from The Enemy, or smash the place up with Amy Winehouse

Whatever. The following day, Carl's still on a high as he heads to an instore gig and fan Q&A session at the Levi's store in Regent Street. Performing in the shop window to just 160 punters, it's a curious setting for a man who, in little over 24 hours' time will be playing probably the biggest show of his life at the UK's biggest rock festival The day before Carl, Levi's had Beardyman here...

New reheless, his mid-gig chat, though somewhat farcical (did you know Nikki Graham is a massive Libertines fan? Carl did), offers the clearest indication yet that the band will still carry on after Reading and Leeds and make a new album.

Carl: "I reckon so. Of course, we've got that vessel - The Libertines. And of course we want to do other things, but it's a funny old business. Yeah, but ideally I'd love that."













Gary Powell's other band played too...

It's hard to know what the always inscrutable Gary Powell is thinking as he takes to the BBC Introducing Stage midafternoon with his new band in Leeds. Perhaps it's something like: "This is crap. Man alive, how did I end up playing in a pub-funk band? Sure, our cover of The Human League's 'Being Boiled' kilinda works, even if the oily synths that we seem to slather on everything make it sound oddly Linkin Park, and yeah, the final song where we go a little 'Shoot Speed/Kill Light' compensates for the messy frazzled ska-rap-metal stuff that precedes it. And yeah, I'm still a shithot drummer who commands the eyes of the crowd. But that's the point really, isn't it: I'm in the fucking Libertines. What in God's name am I doing lending a wedge of undeserved publicity to these Camdenite chancers? Hey... is that John Hassall in row three?" Or not. As the case may be. Gavin Haynes



backstage ahead of the performance at Leeds; nervously preparing to go on at Reading; getting gooey onstage at Leeds; saluting the hysterically appreciative crowd at the end of the Reading performance; Pete and Carl share a moment during the post-show celebration at Reading; Pete practising in his dressing room at Leeds; Carl and Gary discuss the make-up of the settlet before the Leeds show





He adds that "The Libertines isn't gonna drop dead now", even though he thinks the band are only "half-functioning" at present. "Where are we gonna go from here?" Carl muses. "I dunno. We never did know."

We knew, though, along with 70,000 other northerners. Biggles went straight from Levi's to Leeds, arriving onsite around mid-afternoon. Playing a slightly shorn setlist compared to the Forum gigs, the band seem to adapt to the vast surroundings of the setting pretty well "It's like the jump in Thelma & Louise," laughs Gary about the enormity of the stage. His enthusiasm for the gig is nothing short of intectious, and it seems that the atmosphere in camp Libs for the whole weekend has been just as relaxed and cass. Pete poses for pictures outside his bus, Carl keeps hims if to himself and Gary plays an early set with his new band. The Invasion Of.. which John pops along to check out. NME bumps into him in the crowd - standing completel, on him in an - and finds him to be "nervously excited" about that night's Libertines show, but also ever-so-slightly downbeat.

"It's going very quickly," he says. "It teels like... it doesn't feel real that we're going to be stopping in two gigs' time. It feels like we're going to go on and on."

So, why don't you?

Gary's feeling the same. "I'm actually quite sorrowful about the end of this weekend," he says. "I'm not looking forward to playing the last track and stepping off the drumkit. I do want it to carry on "

We tell both of them what Carl said last night about doing another album, and they seem into the idea, with Gary echoing Carl's earlier thoughts and adding he's up for it "even if it is just to have a little bit of a play".

As usual though we get no steadfast clues as to what happens next for The Libertines Both performances at Reading and Leeds end with the band embracing in the same smitten group hug, to a thrilling crowd response of goodwill It looks completely genuine, emotional and heartfelt for them ... but wouldn't vou just love to know what it is they're saying to each other in the privacy of the innermost Libertines circle possible? For now, all we can do is hope it's a nice bit of positive forward-planning, because the truth is this: music needs The Libertines right now. Matt Wilkinson

N THE HEA



Rousing a response from a cold, under-attendant crowd in *Leeds tests Arcade Fire – but they rise to the challenge*

s 'The Suburbs' proved, there's no band around today that knows kids better than Arcade Fire. They know the frustrated longing to escape from parochial stagnation, how they try to use long words to sound older, the excitement of getting behind a wheel for the first time and bolting for the open road, with no clear destination in sight. But tonight, the actual kids are nowhere to be seen. They're off shoving glowsticks up their noses while watching Pendulum fail to deliver on their half-assed petulant protests, or bathing in borrowed nostalgia for the '90s as Ash cling to the fact that, technically, they're still a headlining act. Where during The Libertines triumphant comeback show, the space in front of Leeds' Main Stage an hour before was full of sweatily packed bodies, now it seems vast, like a slightly awkward church service with notably empty pews. But no matter. In front of a glorious backdrop of a

freeway in sepia with an empty, foreboding billboard in the middle of it - both a symbol of their beloved road, and humankind's silhouetted insignificance

"I want them to hear you in London" Win urges the crowd beneath it - the opening strains of 'Ready To Start' fire up. Title-wise, it might seem like an overly obvious choice to start their set, but it's more than just a simple declaration of intent; Win's delicate voice projects the intimate fears of the song so enormously that it sets the tone for an evening of emotional adventure, of them and us - audience enthusiasm depending - as pioneers sent back to pick through childhoods looking for evidence of who we are now. Appropriately, they follow it by diving straight into 'Neighborhood #2 (Laika)', from their debut album 'Funeral', a hysterical romp through childhood rivalries that paints a contrast with the mastered control of feeling that runs through 'The Suburbs'. They're astounding to watch, with Tim Kingsbury flailing on the floor, beating a drum held above his head by Sarah Neufeld.

"It's been a while, how you dorng?" Win yells before a gloriously frenetic, expansive-yet-stilltwinklingly intimate 'No Cars Go'. Last time Arcade Fire were here, it was 2007 and in support of their apocalypse-beckoning second record, 'Neon Bible'. Back then, Win Butler was in zealous pastor mode, fitful with anxieties about the state of the entire goddamn world. Tonight, only two other songs from 'Neon Bible' are outed, 'Intervention' and 'Keep The Car Running', and the set hangs together better for it. There's no need for

paranoid mania - just the simple "Let's go!" towards the end of 'No Cars Go' is a rallying cry enough. They've re-realised that simple, personal emotions convey more of a poignant worldview than standing stiff at the pulpit, yelling that we're all going to die. 'Haitr' is a perfect example of this - just Régine's fragile voice, an opulent shimmy and air punching gets across the poignancy of the song.

Following an all-too-brief rendition of 'Empty Room' that cuts out prematurely, and the portentous strum of 'Rococo', they calm a little for the gentle rollock of 'The Suburbs', holding back on the emotional ballast of the rest of the set for Win to let lines like "I want a daughter while I'm still young" hang heavy. As the set quietens, so does the clamorous crowd, wide-eyed at the song's gentle stun.

There's a perennial festivity in what Arcade Fire do, thanks to their ornate arrangements and congregational heft, but it's when lights start falling on the backdrop during 'Neighborhood #1 (Tunnels)' that little lumps gather in NME's throat. The navy dome over Bramham Park twinkles with thousands of stars, making like an extension of Régine's celestial

sartorial sparkle. "Are you guys saving your fucking energy? I know it's cold, but come on," Win urges the crowd. "I want them to be able to hear you in London. I want them to hear you on the fucking space station." Given the strength of the new songs, it's almost a surprise to be reminded of how amazing 'Wake Up' is, with thousands of people "woah"-ing in unison as Win's golden voice urges "look out for love!". Ridiculous

to think too that there were some who thought they might not be up to the headline slot; tonight is a perfect example of a band at the very top of their game, but still hungry to show those kids a thing or two. Laura Snapes

WHAT THE OTHER BANDS THOUGHT



ROSS JARMAN, THE CRIBS

"I really enjoyed them. I saw them at Lollapalooza a few weeks ago, they were really great then as well, I first saw them in 2006 and was converted."



WILLIAM REES, **MYSTERY JETS**

"It was mindblowing. The songs from the first record are so embedded in people's minds here, and I suspect that that's where they'll stay for decades."



ORLANDO WEEKS, THE MACCABEES

"They were ace. They're the best band in the world. The new album has lived up to all expectations, I even crowdsurfed for the first time in my life!"



Tardy cliché Axl Rose gives Reading a monumentally awful lesson in how to lose fans and alienate people

xl Rose isn't exactly renowned for his trustworthiness. He rocked up to the stage at Leeds in 2002 last time after they were supposed to finish. In 2006, he turned up to Download hours late despite organisers laying a helicopter on for him, then fell over on some water and disappeared mid-set for half an hour. His Twitter account announced recently they were cancelling all future gigs, giving the Fail Whale a coronary before the rumours were denied. You know the story: the guy's less stable than Cat Bin Lady, and a magnet for bad luck and controversy - their Costa Rica shows were pulled after a stage collapsed earlier this year and he had to tell two Sao Paulo crowds to stop bottling him.

All of which makes tonight a potential tinderbox. A band renowned for lateness and a supernova-sized ego, an organiser with 'elf and safety on his back tapping his watch and murmuring about pulling the plug, and 50,000 pissed punters with a penchant for mayhem and itchy bottle fingers.

And of course they're late. Fucking late. There's boos. People leave. More boos. People in G N'R shirts start leaving. Then, an hour later when even the Oxfam stewards are preparing to burn down the hog roast stand in protest, they turn up to a shitstorm of flames,

fireworks, heavy riffing and 'Chinese Democracy' blaring out. Axl looks like a hamster trying to be a mobile disco DJ, in silver blazer, black Stetson, and stretched-to-bursting face. He may be corn row-free, but he still looks like a dick. But he does sound textbook, and we're straight into 'Welcome To The Jungle' followed by that signature howl as a coda, 'It's So Easy', and 'Mr Brownstone'. You can't deny the brilliance of those classics but the pissed-off crowd isn't about to be won over just like that.

Between every song boos ring out, and people chant "fuck off" and "what a twat", as Rose notably fails to apologise for keeping paying punters waiting an hour when they could have been off having fun elsewhere. The crowd is already the thinnest for a Friday night headliner in memory, and it grows thinner as the set goes on, with interminable new tracks such as 'Sorry' driving more people away. When Dizzy Reed does a 10-minute piano solo there's gasps of horror, and hundreds actively start fleeing for LCD or Marina on the other stages. But those people missed out; the sound of embarrassed silence when Reed finishes is priceless.

Those remaining are either grimly fascinated by the sheer awfulness, in it for incredulous giggles, or just doggedly determined to hear some of the hits, which do, at last, follow after a godawful solo spot by loathsomely preening Slash substitute DJ Ashba. 'Sweet Child O' Mine', 'You Could Be Mine', and 'November Rain' follow, with the end of the latter at least giving a glimpse of their past glories. Most bands would end with that, but we still have 'Nightrain' and... Oh, I guess that's it. Still

Chants of "fuck off" and "what a twat" ring out between songs

playing half an hour after they were due to finish, the word comes from side-of-stage that the power is about to be cut, and Axl stomps off halfway through, tossing his microphone into the sky, snarling "I don't know why we're playing. I guess we're done." It's midnight and they have a few tunes left but the Reading law has been laid down. Everything's off. Darkness. That's it.

Except, that's never it with Axl. Within seconds he's back on, pacing up and down the stage and using a switched-off microphone to tell us all exactly why they're going nowhere. The drummer beats out the pattern to 'Paradise City' and the guitarist joins in. Guitars and micstands are thrown into the crowd. Security swarm the stage and punters surge forward. It looks like a genuine Reading "moment", except it's all kind of pathetic and halfhearted. If he cared that much about playing for the fans why didn't he turn up on fucking time? Axl uses a switched-off megaphone to finish the tune before a rotund bouncer escorts him off and the remaining faithful slink off to chatter about what a tosser he is.

Definitely one of the most memorable headline sets ever, but for all the wrong reasons. Axl Rose had everything to gain here, to be able to remind people that Guns were one of the greatest bands of all time, and he one of the greatest frontmen. Instead, he reminded people of why he's ended up becoming one of music's biggest jokes. Tim Chester

WHAT THE OTHER BANDS THOUGHT



MARINA DIAMANDIS, MARINA + THE DIAMONDS "I'd literally finished my set and as I was walking past the Main Stage I caught a bit of that amazing

fiasco of an encore."



MILO CORDELL, THE BIG PINK "I was standing down the front for the whole fucking first hour that they were meant to be onstage. What a total fucking shambles. Disaster."



CHAD ELLIOTT. **FUNERAL PARTY** "I tried to watch and just couldn't bear it. He comes across as one of the biggest fucking arseholes ever. That's not Guns N' Roses. Waste of everyone's time."

JOSH HOMME'S ************ FESTIVAL VIRGIN ADVICE



As a festival veteran and general wiseguy, Josh Homme fields questions from bands playing their first Reading and Leeds

n stark contrast to Reading's shameful Friday night headliners, Cunts N' Snoozes, the second-on-the-bill act, Queens Of The Stone Age, show what being a rock band is about. Their set is capable of pulverizing the front row with 'A Song For The Dead', but also of inspiring euphoric singalongs with 'The Lost Art Of Keeping A Secret'. This is an able, driven, charismatic band delivering exactly what the crowd wants. Much of this is due to frontman Josh Homme, who throws Axl Rose into hilarious perspective, and not just because Rose looks like Mr Toad crossed with a Wotsit. Homme is low on bullshit, high in spirits and a warm, genuine presence, constantly expressing appreciation for the people who turn up to see them.

Rewind to an hour before Queens' show, and NME is venturing onto Josh Homme's tourbus, clutching questions from some of the festival's new performers, who want the big man's advice on playing Reading and Leeds. You wouldn't call Homme a 'gentle giant', more a 'fucking hard giant who's just choosing not to grind your bones with his teeth because he's a cool guy', but he's in a quiet mood, confessing "I'm not feeling social today. I'm just waiting to pounce." Them Crooked Vultures finished three weeks ago, and Homme is visibly pleased to be back with Queens after a two-year break: "This is home. They're my boys. We don't have a reason to play other than wanting to get back together and play for the kids at Reading and Leeds." Acknowledging he's played the festival tons of times, he is happy to impart his advice to the young pretenders. Or rather, just take the piss...



Regarding Reading and Leeds, I just want to know how good/bad the catering is? Darwin Deez

"Rock'n'roll doesn't eat. So I would drink as much catering as you can, but I wouldn't eat it. If you want to take the solid food, blend it, and then drink it, I'd be OK with that."



What are your most memorable moments from playing the Leeds/ Reading Festival?

Coco Sumner, I Blame Coco

"We played in a tent here the first time. The band and the crowd were so brutal to each other. It was so hot inside, we were all dripping on top of each other. We played Leeds one time, and got stuck in traffic with The White Stripes, and we thought we were going to miss the show. We were angry 'cos we wanted to get there and were drinking in the splitter van. And by the time we arrived, there was literally three minutes before we were on. We were just blazing. Hike any situation where you're on the attack and the result is you're leaning so far forward you can almost touch the crowd. The state

of mind is to be on the prowl as opposed to being on your heels. Although the end result is to get everyone dancing, not slamming or moshing. The goal is to get people's hips moving and to make some babies."



Have you ever been "bottled"? If so, did it suck?

Kyle. The Black Angels

'No. I've never been bottled. I had a can thrown at me once, so I picked it up and threw it at myself. I did it hard, but it wasn't a big deal, it didn't really hurt. But I'm a sweetheart, I'd never get bottled, nor would I ever bottle anybody."



Any recommendations for pre-show/postshow drinks? Band Of Skulls

"Well, I always recommend staying with one liquor. And that's all of them. Here's my advice for a drinking contest: cheat. If you're in a drinking contest with someone and they want whisky, pour tea into your shot glass, and as they get drunker they won't notice it. You never want to smile big about it right away, you just want to let it spread slowly."



In all the years that you've played Reading and Leeds, which was the best band you saw and why?

Anton, Local Natives

"Um, y'know, I've seen a lot of great bands play Reading And Leeds, I've seen a lot of moments. I gotta say watching Rage [in 2008] was great because of what they do to a crowd. Watching The White Stripes was great, they have such a great energy. And the more girls are playing the better, because it's not so brutish. I really want to see LCD Soundsystem because I think they'll have a great moment here, too; that's the future tense. I've seen a lot of little acts so many times in tents, I've played here a lot of times now. How many? I don't care. Is it wrong not to care?"



It's not the first time that you personally have played with Guns N' Roses, Are you looking forward to seeing your

pal Axl again? Gustav, Young Guns

"Are they the young Guns N' Roses? No? Oh. I've never played with Axl before. When the Eagles Of Death Metal got the Guns N' Roses tour I wasn't about to go on that myself (laughs). I knew that Jesse, Boots Electric, would either become his guru or the most hated person in Axl's life within days. And after Axl fired Eagles after one day, I sent him a Thank You card saying, 'I knew it wouldn't take long, but if you need us to open any more shows we'd be happy to.' He didn't reply and I always thought that was a bit rude. I don't have any scores to settle with him, though. That was the best thing ever for Eagles."



Josh, what's the most disgusting or depraved thing you have ever witnessed at Reading or Leeds festival?

Wilder

"Er, I don't really like that question, because that's assuming I'd tell you what the worst thing



was in the first place, and that I would want to relive that in any way again."



Have you requested anything special for the QOTSA rider for Reading/Leeds and if so, can we share?

Sound Of Guns

"I requested it just to share it, and there's plenty to go around, I just won't tell you exactly what it is."



Do you think the Reading And Leeds Festivals are easily distinguished from other festivals for any reason?

Two Door Cinema Club

"Is that a band? I thought it was a cinema club. But yeah, this is where the kids and the mud and the energy all merges into one. They're



young kids and they're amped and ready to go, and it's the rain that brings us together. I hope there's a downpour when we're on. Yeah, because nothing brings us closer, because when it rains here everyone's in it together. There's no escape and I love no escape."



Our friend's band recently recorded a Kyuss cover for a split seven-inch single they're doing with another band also

doing a Kyuss cover. With that in mind, what are you views on bands playing covers at festivals? Eva Spence, Rolo Tomassi

"I think anyone that plays a cover, you're trying to do it as well as or better than the person who made it, so pick your covers carefully. But anything that gets everyone singing along and having a great time is a good idea. If that's a cover, so be it."



What has been your experience with the Reading And Leeds artist bathrooms? Health

"I don't use them, I just pee in a can and drink it."



Nowadays, do you prefer to soak up the festival vibe and get loose before your set or stay relatively sober so that you

play/sing better? Tame Impala

"I'm waiting for this to be over so I can get my vibe going! I'm a festival goer too, I'm here to have a good time, and I don't waste the time waiting to play."



If Reading were a jungle, what would be the most feared predator? Warpaint

"I guess it would be Axl because he'd be welcoming everyone to it. And with those corn rows he kind of looks like Predator."

SWEET CHILD OF SIGN

The NME Signing Tent is where bands get to feel the love. Wot, no Axl?





You come to a field. You drink. You watch your heroes strutting their stuff onstage. You want to thank them for the high that they have given you and come away with a unique momento of the time you shared together and... well, that's where we come in. The NME Signing Tent is a Reading and Leeds institution, one where fans meet stars in a glorious union of black marker pen and photo/T-shirt/balloon/left buttock. For us, it's a chance to get

a tangible sense of just how deep the love is for the folk we write about week in, week out. And for the bands, if they can get past the fear of someone showing up with a breadknife, it's a chance to get screamed at by the people who pay their wages.

Particularly, it seems, if the band is Lostprophets. Themselves a Reading and Leeds institution, at both sites they draw a gigantic crowd of extremely excitable types



who eschew Biffy Clyro's set on the Main Stage to get their bodies scribbled on by Ian Watkin. The excitement levels at some points is scary, but Lostprophets cope admirably with the age-old signing tent problem – do you rush everyone through, or chat for two minutes with each fan and leave those at the back disappointed – by simply staying put for ages. We are a long way from Axl Rose territory right here.

Frank Turner, too, who many people have for a long time been describing as 'a cult hero', proves himself to be just that. In Leeds, he tops even Lostprophets for queue length. But he's got nothing on Paramore, who draw a crowd of Axl-ego magnitude. Klaxons, The Drums, Marina, Foals and oh yes — Cypress Hill also all do their scribbling thing. We watch, and remember



that while it may be a lot of fun to write nasty things about people who play music, it is much more fun to write your name on someone's face. Head to NME.COM/festivals/signingtent now to see more photos from the NME Signing Tent over the weekend



The banshee cymbal-smasher and taciturn dark priest exorcise spirits from the NME/Radio 1 Stage at Leeds

rystal Castles' faithful this evening is a hive of hooded ghouls the likes of which Dave Cameron would run a mile from, and frankly we couldn't blame him. It's like the Skins crowd at an Aleister Crowley lecture in here. Pulling the strings is Ethan like a dark lordly presence, while Alice Glass is just, well, fucking terrifying. She starts off on her knees, rocks about a bit like Norman Bates'

mum, then pops'n'twists like Regan's even more possessed twin from The Exorcist outtakes. They're Îike the modern-day Serge'n'Jane, these two, bizarrely sexual and somehow very, very wrong, and also one of the downright weirdest pop acts to get flirty with the mainstream in years. Forget that the last record didn't quite make the rad noises like the last, Crystal Castles are still one of the most dangerous acts on the planet now. AD



SUMMER CAMP

FESTIVAL REPUBLIC STAGE, READING

Elizabeth Sankey has exactly the right idea: free KitKats to anyone who's just finished their A-levels. But that's Summer Camp, innit; romanticising life's special moments. From the slideshow backdrop of grainy coming-of-age snapshots to their finale, 'Ghost Train', which in today's brief sunshine comes on like chillwave's 'Teen Spirit'. School's out. $\mathcal{J}H$

18 BAND OF HORSES NME/RADIO 1 STAGE, LEEDS

Opening with the romance of 'Factory', the most genial gents in southern beardery are stately, melancholic and warm, embracing a willing crowd with their 'Infinite Arms'. Crashing like orgasmic country post-rock waves as the sun sets, the fervour is soothed by the sweet ache of 'No One's Gonna Love You', and everyone snuggles a bit closer. EM

TAME IMPALA FESTIVAL REPUBLIC STAGE, LEEDS

Impala's woozy, ripped psychedelia is perfect for heads bleary from Friday's frenzied debauchery. Hendrix-like guitar tones blaze with colour, while pop numbers such as 'Solitude Is Bliss' rub shoulders with jams that bake your noodle to a fine crisp. As trad-rocking hombres with a hard-on for the '60s go, these men are four of the fieriest. JF



LCD SOUNDSYSTEM NME/RADIO 1 STAGE, READING

Tonight James Murphy'n'co turn the tent into a Church Of Funk, the pulse of one prog-disco epic segueing seamlessly into the next, from 'All My Friends' to a climatic 'Yeah'. As the undertones become ever more hypnotic and engaging, the crowd grows gradually more cuphoric. When it ends, reality bites: the only band still playing elsewhere is GN'R. AH



THE JOY FORMIDABLE NME/RADIO 1 STAGE, LEEDS

Barely one song in and frontwoman Ritzy Bryan tries to level her guitar. Five minutes of effort later and it still won't break. Meanwhile the band goes tearing through its set with ear-splitting good grace, skewering their shoegaze pop nuggets with sustained attacks of shuddersome noise. AD



GIGGS

FESTIVAL REPUBLIC STAGE, LEEDS

Leeds' tracky-bottomed hot-boxing teenagers have melted their sleeping bags and inched their way to the site. They've come to be revitalised by the devastating one liners of UK hip-hop's fiercest soldier. And the heavy hustle of '... Cat Dragged In' soon turns their glazed retinas white-hot with devotion. SW

DTOSEE



WARPAINT

FESTIVAL REPUBLIC STAGE, READING

On the dankest day of the summer, the garish red tarpaulin of the festival's Festival Republic tent is not the ideal setting for LA's free-spirited new boho duchesses. However, their set-closer – the sleepy leviathan 'Elephant' – makes psychprog-post-punk seem the sexiest hyphenated genre going. JH

12 WILD BEASTS NME/RADIO 1 STAGE, LEEDS

It's part of Wild Beasts' immense charm that, much as tools like to howl 'pretentious' in their direction, for all their richly tapestried theatricality, they'll still gleefully dedicate 'We Still Got The Taste Dancin' On Our Tongues' to Blink-182. Even the pop-punk berks themselves couldn't fail to be charmed by a set ripe with lusty energy and an embarassment of gems such as 'The Devil's Crayon' and 'All The King's Men', all while Hayden and Tom's voices remain perfectly, powerfully counterbalanced. Our kind of rock show, EM

11 PULLED APART BY HORSES FESTIVAL REPUBLIC STAGE, READING

Leeds locals PABH flatter us. "We hate to say it, but you're gonna kick the shit out of our home crowd," cries Rob Lee only half-convincingly - tomorrow he'll probably tell Leeds that we were a bunch of pussies. But they've no need for small talk to win affections: their equine-dismemberment-bassline-disaster-thrash curdles Friday's crowd into a mosh-frenzy that takes until Monday to fade. AH

10 AVI BUFFALO FESTIVAL REPUBLIC STAGE, READING

As Avi Buffalo strum the melancholy opening chords of 'What's It In For?' to usher in their set, a looming grey cloud encircles the Reading site. It's a pathetic fallacy, but not pathetic – when the tempered crowd huddle from the draught that catches the sails of the tent they do so to share the indie warmth. Bless. AH

9 TWO DOOR CINEMA CLUB

NME/RADIO 1 STAGE, READING

"Thanks for making one of the most special moments of our life," quivers TDCC's Kevin Baird in clichéd fashion. But he ain't faking. It's that earnest giddiness, combined with fragments of every chirpy indie barnstormer from the past 15 years, that's made entering the site's biggest tent at 3.30 something of an impossibility. JH

8 EVERYTHING EVERYTHING

NME/RADIO 1 STAGE, LEEDS

It's testament to how exciting the band with the highest vocals in indie are that though their debut LP 'Man Alive' isn't out until three days after their Leeds show, exuberant tracks such as 'Suffragette Suffragette' are known inside-out by the crowd. Result: a tent full of happy, neon-paint-coated people and a bright vision of the future. AT



Mathletic Yannis mesmerizes from Leeds' NME/Radio 1 Stage

e've come back from playing a festival in France this morning," Yannıs explains, after frowning his way through NME's photoshoot, "And I've got the flu..." Oddly, he doesn't mention that he was so stoned last night that he wandered onstage with Holy Fuck and began bashing a cymbal. Whichever: you can still detect a croak in the back of Yannis' throat as he reaches for the more obscure notes in 'Cassius'. In fact, it's only during the slow-burn of 'Spanish Sahara' that they seem to slingshot themselves to Planet Awesome. By 'Red Socks Pugie', Yannis spidermans on to the netting, beating his sticks against it, then climbs up to the top of the stage's supporting pillars, and hangs there. By the time 'Two Steps, Twice' has fused every soul within the tent into one bubbling mass, we're convinced that if they issued Mercury Prizes for being purveyors of brainy communal sweatpits, the judges wouldn't be handing it to The xx. GH

THE BEST CROWDS

The sets that caused the most mayhem for those nice security men



CRYSTAL CASTLES, LEEDS

A roiling, boiling soup of pure flesh and bone and sweat, atop which Alice Glass swims around like an angry ant stuck to a giant crouton.



MUMFORD & SONS, READING

A joyous, grinny, hugging love-in hung on Mumfords' every wink, and sing along with every word. It was cultish, though less Scientologists, more The Smurfs.



ROLO TOMASSI, LEEDS

In front of Rolo's racket a circle pit opens up so wide that several burger vans and the entire population of Wakefield get dragged into the mix.



Wrapping up the summer they soundtracked, the surfpoppers secure their legacy on Leeds' NME/Radio 1 Stage

t's The Drums' last UK show of the year before their own November tour. The swansong for a summer in which their breakthrough anthem 'Let's Go Surfing' ran like rudery through a stick of rock. So, chaps, any plans for bowing out spectacularly?

"We don't like big statements or grand gestures," says Adam Kessler, backstage before the show. Oh, fair enough, then.

As they slink on to 'It Will All End In Tears', all the usual tropes are in check. Jacob flailing like an interpretive dance instructor set to seizure-mode? Check. Jonathan prowling on with frontman-

complex deliciously elevated? Bang on. So what's different? Maybe after "two years of playing the same set," according to Connor, they've become a tad mannered, but even though you know Jonathan's going to get his Technicolor Morrissey on, it's still winsome watching him pout "fun, fun, fun" with a ferocity in his eye that suggests something rather more sinister is on his mind. It's only once they leave, after an encore - a midafternoon encore! - of 'Down By The Water' that it clicks. They didn't play 'Let's Go Surfing'. Rejecting the song that gave you your legacy is a weighty old statement. Roll on, November. LS

FRANKIE & THE HEARTSTRINGS

NME/RADIO 1 STAGE, READING

The sun might be breaking as Reading kicks off, but who'd want to play first to an audience who spent last night cold and wet? Fortunately, if there's one man with the elegance, charm, quiff and feet-moving songs to revive

even the wettest of souls, it's Frankie. 'Ungrateful' has the tent dancing, while 'Photograph' and 'Fragile' trigger this year's first hearty and happy singalongs. A later, longer slot next year is surely inevitable. PS



Dubstep's suddenly gone supernova: its architects are after their meal ticket and Messrs Skream, Benga and Artwork have found a deal-sealing anthem to call their own in 'I Need Air'. At times the textbook assortment of wobbles, crap laser FX and aeroplane noises proffered tonight are about as subtle as a sturdy kick to the dungepiece, but it'd need a stony-heart to deny their Top 10 crossover smash is one of the arms-aloft moments of the weekend. Shamelessly harking back to the God-is-a-DJ heyday of the '90s, your adulation is most definitely welcome on this doorstep. "Right then, who wants it a bit harder?" they cheerily enquire of the crowd in finest fairground attendant-ese (they do, as it happens), and the super-crew pushes the button on an aural carpet-bombing of dub. old-school breaks and arena-sized rave the likes of which haven't been seen since Liam Howlett decided he was a punk rocker. AD

MUMFORD & SONS NME/RADIO 1 STAGE, READING



Has there ever been a band that have risen so fast to festival institution status? Since the arrival of 'Sigh No More' a mere 11 months ago, Marcus' gang have endeared themselves to all folk, from Glasto-going thirtysomething couples to plaid-clad hippy children to, as it turns out, the

punk kids who frequent Reading and Leeds. Just as with all of their festival slots this summer, Murnford & Sons are in a tent, on too early (even though they are third from top) and thus faced with people stretching way further than their eyes can see. This is a pisser for those who cant get within 20 rows of the tent's entrance, but for those inside, it makes for an atmosphere bordering on Beatlemania. Everyone is well aware that this is a last opportunity to witness this band in a tent at a festival - from here on in it's main stages, no question - and thus 'Roll Away Your Stone' and 'Little Lion Man' are bellowed in deafening unison. There are two new songs ('Nothing Is Written', 'Lover Of The Light') that exhibit the warmth and romance and joy that hooked people in in the first place. By the time they finish with 'The Cave', Marcus is giggling with joy, seemingly unable to believe the sheer emotional resonance his band have. It is impossible not to be moved. If you were trying to explain to someone how and why Mumfords have risen so fast, point them towards this performance. HM



pierced kids spewing out the tent before them. Having pulled off 'The Great Punk-Rock Swindle', signed to a major, then set free to soak up their status as Britain's truest hardcore superheroes, The Rats (wink, wink), are on form.

The unhinged anarchy that defined Gallows '06 has been superseded by something of an acrobatic stand-up routine. Today every song is marked by a vitriolic yarn or death-defying stunt. Before 'Death Voices' Frank crowdsurfs the length of the tent so he can lacerate the remaining choruses from the sound desk. 'Misery' is the soundtrack to a tent-engulfing circle pit. But Frank's not satisfied. "Leeds were fucking better, you cunts. Go fuck yourselves.'

There's only one ginge here this weekend that can pull off audacity like this, and he's not in a bandana. JH



We never thought we'd see the day that Klaxons have had to grow up

crowdsurfers start firing out from the packed throng's every orifice.

When Klaxons played in 2007 they were a phenomenon. In 2010 they're just a band. There were moments tonight when they looked like they were going to buckle under the pressure of being judged as such, but as confidence grew they created moments of genuine intimacy that their feral early shows were never capable of.

Earlier in the week Jamie told NME that he was going to "bring back new rave". After tonight we can file that under other bright ideas like Woodstock 2, the Sex In The City films and that 5am line of mephedrone. Some great things are best left committed to history

Instead, Klaxons have proven that they have life after 'Myths Of The Near Future'. This might not have had the same giddy energy of 2007 but by every measure, Klaxons played better tonight than they ever have before. We never thought we'd see the day, but to save their musical integrity Klaxons have had to grow up. Maybe they'll lose a few stragglers on the way, but tonight's proved that's a price worth paying. The future's bright, it's just not fluoro. Sam Wolfson



The band's headline slot on the NME/Radio 1 Stage at Leeds helps banish many of the doubts surrounding the long-awaited album

ashed off their tits and dressed like psycho tramps from the year infinity-andone, when Klaxons last headlined this stage in 2007 they turned a big blue tent into a cathedral of hedonism. Of course, they played appallingly badly and it was so overcrowded you were lucky to leave with your spleen. But it was their moment and they played one of the most spectacular shows in Leeds' history.

Tonight they're headlining the same stage again, but the four men who stride on stage cut a very different dash (and we're not just talking about Jamie's newfound love of Slim-Fast). Dressed in black, grey and gold, their whole demeanour is more determined. They look purposeful, hungry to achieve. Heck, they might even be sober.

Last time they were here, success had been foisted upon their art-school pipe dream. But as Jamie segues between opener 'Flashover' and 'As Above, So Below' with a growled "Fuckin Leeds! Look at ya!" it's clear Klaxons are now

in charge of their own destinies.

That newfound resolve will be well tested tonight. After huge crowds for Foals and We Are Scientists, the tent is now only two-thirds full. Giant screens have been erected outside for a predicted overspill. They're broadcasting to an empty field. We had no idea listening to Travis Barker say "boobies" was such a big draw, but apparently it is. On top of that, 'Surfing The Void' only came out five days ago, so those who have shown up are unlikely to have heard half the set.

The crowd have got their glowsticks aloft in expectation but the more tender new tracks on the setlist tonight don't have much call for them. Jamie's plea in 'Venusia' is to "take me by the hand" but it isn't a MDMA-fuelled cat-call for dancefloor tomfoolery, it's a weary appeal for help. 'Twin Flames' has a murky guitar line that creeps along like the bogeyman with Rohypnol. The band are in their element as they slink along the stage to play it, but it's not turning any frowns upside down. Even 'Echoes' doesn't receive a whimper of

recognition until the chorus. We wonder if the sleeker, slimmed-down Klaxons have spent so much time in the inter-album wilderness, they've simply been forgotten.

But any creeping doubts are shot point

blank by firing squad when 'Magick' awakens the tent's dormant pulse with a Pulp Fiction-style shot of adrenaline to the heart. Bathed in green strobes, Klaxons' minimal get-up starts to look severe as James Righton zombie-hammers his keyboard. It only takes one song to turn this blustery tent into a palace, and from here on in Klaxons

WHAT THE OTHER BANDS THOUGHT



GARETH CAMPESINOS, LOS CAMPESINOS! "They continue to not care what anybody thinks about them. I've seen them a few times, and they've always been great."



ROSE ELINOR DOUGALL "I really enjoyed it. It was great to see so much warmth from the crowd, especially after some really polarising reviews of 'Surfing The Void'."



JAMES BROWN, **PULLED APART BY HORSES** "I was going to watch Blink-182 but I stuck with Klaxons, 'cos I hadn't heard the new record.

hold court.

BACKSTAGELO



THE VERY ODD COUPLE

What could Marina Diamandis and Gogol Bordello's Eugene Hutz have in common? Quite a lot, it seems

t's like the Pope screaming support from the balcony of a George Michael trial, or Simon Cowell at an ATP seminar on 'keeping it real'. Two worlds are about to collide backstage at Reading as the gypsy-punk freaks of Gogol Bordello sidle up to Marina Diamandis of 'The Diamonds' fame and attempt to pretend they know who the hell each other are.

"You were my favourite on that night," Marina says to Eugene Hutz as an icebreaker, referring to when they were both on *Jools Holland*, "except for Villagers. I haven't seen you live before, but I've known of you for a long time. The first time I saw you was in 2006 at KOKO. I didn't see you play, but I was the flyer girl outside, six quid an hour."

Like Bruno attempting to bring about the gayest peace the Middle East has ever seen, it is *NME*'s mission to find common ground between these seemingly incompatible forces. So, Marina, have you ever been to Ukraine?

Marina: "Yes I have. My dad worked there for 10 years, so I spent two summers there."

Eugene: "În Kiev?" Marina: "In Mykolaiv."

Eugene: "Mykólaiv? That's my last name actually. Oh my God!"

Marina: "We went to Kiev as well. It was beautiful. I remember it a lot from those trips, I went once when I was 11, once when I was 14, spent three months there, went to Moscow and St Petersburg on the train..."

Eugene: "Those guys suck."

An affinity creeps out – both Marina and Eugene are from countries considered appendages to their motherlands. Has Eugene ever been to Wales?

"No, but I feel more affinity to Wales. Anything that has a streak of its own in this largely decomposing world of sameness, much respect."

Right! Have you ever had a gypsy-punk phase,
Marina?

Marina: "No."

Eugene: "Some philosopher once said that every experience in life is awaiting you. If you are poor you're going to feel rich, and vice versa. So the gypsy-punk phase is coming."

Would Marina make a good Rio carnival queen? Eugene nods emphatically. "She'd blend in in a good way. If you don't blend in you get shot." So, the final test: does Marina share Eugene's outspoken political views?

"Most musicians have a taste for socialism," says Eugene. "It's very rare to find a musician that doesn't have that in their subconscious, wailing." Marina approves. "I think you're right – as songwriters at least, we're not outsiders but we observe because you want to understand people in relation to yourself."

And vice versa, would Eugene look good in your lipstick?

"No, he's fine without it!" says Marina, hugging her new BFF, their worlds undeniably combined. "He could pull it off but he's fine without it." MB

GEEKS GET SOCIAL

Mutual awkwardness reigns when Rivers Cuomo and Keith Murray hook up at Leeds

his is a huge moment in nerd history. Rivers Cuomo and We Are Scientists are proud entries in the über-geek hall of fame. We Are Scientists adore Weezer. Keith has spent the last half hour bullet-pointing what made their Main Stage show so awesome. He doesn't care that Rivers Cuomo has no idea who he is; he just wants to tell him how much he loves him.

"A triumphant set," he says as way of a compli-ntroduction. "At one point you disappeared off the big screen and a lot of people in the crowd began running towards you."

"I think they just mobbed me. I was really scared. But I'll do it again tomorrow," Rivers responds in trademark deadpan.
"Why did you play Tecnage Dirtbag'?" asks Keith of Weezer's witty choice of cover.

Rivers: "Well, whenever we come here the journalists ask us about our song 'Teenage Dirtbag'. So we thought, alright, we'll take it."

Chris: "I missed the set because, although I'm a lifetime Weezer fan, I was putting my son to bed. He's four years old."
Rivers: "How is it having your son bere?"

Rivers: "How is it having your son here?"
Chris: "It's not bad. It's hard work. You wake up earlier.
Honestly, it's moments of glory and moments of despair."
We ask Rivers if he has any advice for We Are Scientists.
Rivers: "Well, let's see... how many records do you have?"
Keith: "Three. What's your tip for the fourth?"

Rivers: "Well, if you made it this far I think you're doing fine. Are you more successful here than in the States?" Keith: "Yeah."

Rivers: "Then you guys have got to give us tips, because it's the reverse for us."

Keith: "We'll workshop it. Or you know what? Let's simply trade places."

Keith then nervously tells Rivers, "We actually modelled our latest record on 'The Green Album'. We wanted to do 10 songs in 30 minutes, but we blew it, it was 33."

Rivers: "Well, 33 minutes sounds like a good length." Keith: "Yeah, but it's no 'Green Album'."

Rivers: "No." SW



/E-INS



HARDCORE HOOK-UP

Rolo Tomassi's Eva Spence and The Gaslight Anthem's Brian Fallon bond over a mutual tattoed ginger

> "My mum and my sisters love you guys" Eva to Brian

ou've heard of Six Degrees Of Kevin Bacon, the concept that you're only ever six handshakes away from the actor? Well, that's nothing. Today NME discovers Two Degrees Of Frank From Gallows. Simply take two Reading And Leeds Festival acts at random, say, I dunno, pffft, Brian Fallon from The Gaslight Anthem and Eva Spence from Rolo Tomassi, put them together and before you can say, 'Hey, do either of you guys know

Frank from Gallows? they'll be deep in discussion about what a lovely bloke he is.

Before NME can even get the Dictaphone going, they're swapping Frank plaudits. Eva dates one of

Frank's bandmates, while Brian lives near Frank in NYC. "I like him a lot. Frank and me kinda go way back, we're similar people. We hate all the normal things about being in a band, all the sunglasses inside and rock star stuff, we hate it, that's not why we do it."

So you two have met before?

Eva nods. "We met at Novarock festival, that was the first time I think."

"I remember talking to you in a catering tent somewhere," Brian adds. "I figured out that you were the Gallows guys and that was the way in." Eva: "I've seen you play a bunch of times."
Brian: "I've heard you, but I've not seen you.
I don't generally see many bands though because either I'm sleeping or there's always somebody here from America I have to go talk to."

Eva: "It is really hard to get to see bands at festivals because there's so many people in bands that you know, so you're always bumping into people or doing press or something else."

Brian: "You're on the way to the stage and you

run into 10 people. I think it's cool that you're singing in a band and the sound that comes out of you I've never heard. There's guys that don't sound that cool, I'm a fan of any

girl that goes out there because, essentially, whether you like it or not, it's a boys' world and I love it when girls say, 'I don't care, I'm gonna go do it the same as the boys.' I give you a lot of credit for that."

What do you think of Gaslight, Eva?
"I love it. You guys are a little bit poppier than us,

"I love it. You guys are a little bit poppier than us, but I'm really into that aspect of it. I think you've got a great voice as well. My mum and my sisters love you guys, they were all there yesterday."

And there they go, new BFFs all thanks to the most be-tatted man in hardcore. MB

BURGER OFF!

With 2006 Mobile Caterer Of The Year

ANGELOS EPITHEMIOU



On the main drag up to the NME/Radio I Stage, a scrum has formed outside the Burgers & Spicy Chicken Wraps. In the eye of the storm, a man in super-chunky specs, carrying a bedraggled orange Sainsbury's bag, poses for yet another photo.

"Who is it?" some half-cut bruiser asks his shirtless mate.
"It's that cunt from Shooting Stars who acts fucking retarded,"
comes the reply.

Ves. Yes it is. And in-between being mobbed by his admirers, Angelos is taking NME back to his days running a mobile burger van. offering up his fatherly advice to Leeds' catering cabins, care of a man who was Mobile Caterer Of The Year 2006.

Yorkie Carvery

"Well, I don't know what that is. So it's hard for me to say if it's any good or not. But I can judge it on what it looks like on the outside, which is rubbish. Things have changed since my day. That looks like a house. A person could live in there. Only a little person, or a dwarf, but you couldn't drive it."

Burgers & Spicy Chicken Wraps

"Same problem with that one, It's not a van, it's like a small house

again. And I'm not happy with what they're serving there... It's burgers, which is good. But spicy chicken – no-one wants to eat that muck, mainly because it is foreign."



Cheeseburgers

"Now we're getting somewhere. Because that just does what it says on the tin, and that is all you want from a burger van. What I like about this burger van mainly is all the flags hanging off it. It's like when you go into Buckingham Palace."

Coffee, Smoothies, Cakes

"Already we're in trouble. It don't sell burgers. Now what is a smoothie? Anything could be a smoothie. Just if it's smooth."

Burgers, Cheesy Chips,

Hot Dogs... etc

"Cheesy chips? I'm telling you now that they don't serve all of that stuff they advertise. You



lure them in with the promise of the cheesy chips, then when they say, "I want that", you say, "No. Back off, Have a burger." And then you sell 'em a burger." Gavin Haynes

Catch Angelos on his UK tour this December. Get your tickets at www.livenation.co.uk/artist/angelos-epithemiou-tickets

25 THINGS WE LEARNED

From holidays in North Korea and doing 'The Macarena', to Crystal Castles and the pros and cons of wearing a coat of warm piss. The weekend left us with much to ponder...

- 1 The Maccabees may be Biblically named, but they still have issues with 'Let there be light'. The band huffily called the organisers to complain that there was no electricity in their dressing room. The engineer summoned duly flicked the 'on' switch on the wall.
- 2 Mediocre pranks have no age limit. Fat Mike from NOFX was spotted pinning a 'NOFX Production Office' sign to a backstage men's toilet cubicle door. Nice one!
- 3 Leeds installed ping-pong tables in the Main Stage artists' area. Mystery Jets beat The Walkmen. The Maccabees beat Arcade Fire. The Libs did not partake.



- 10 The massive Paramore
 - 11 Even God knows Arcade Fire are the best fucking band in the world. The only possible reason for the shooting star that appeared over the Main Stage at Leeds during 'Neighbourhood#3 (Power Out)'.
- RYAN JARMAN IS NOT REALLY 'ALL ABOUT THE MUSIC'. AT THE LIBERTINES' LEEDS SHOW, HE TOOK A LENGTHY **TELEPHONE CALL, RIGHT** THROUGH 'TIME FOR HEROES'
- 5 Pendulum's much-trailed onstage anti-NME protest didn't happen, forcing several staffers to watch their lame-o sports-metal big-beat to no purpose. Cheers.
- 6 Someone backstage at Leeds wasn't shy about making their feelings towards

- comedy d'n'b known. They scribbled 'cunt' on Pendulum's Portakabin.
- 7 'The Macarena' fits astoundingly well to Crystal Castles 'Air War'. As demonstrated by three extremely well-choreographed Leodensian ladies during their NME/Radio 1 Stage set.
- 8 Jon McClure feels that travelling expands the mind. Instead of Thailand, he suggests you should "go somewhere fucking mental, like North Korca".
- 9 Shopping centres in Reading took to making punters wash their boots before letting them in. One of the most entertaining things we saw all weekend.
- poster on the Leeds site was perfectly sized for emo girls to have their pictures taken in front of it so it looks like they have butterly wings. We counted about 100 in two hours...
 - 12 Johnny Marr still enjoys the company of his exes. He and Modest Mouse were spotted hanging out.
 - 13 NME observations of people pissing outside of the designated urinal area

indicates that punters are almost twice as likely to piss on Mumford & Sons posters as those of The Drums.

14 Axl Rose seems to have decided to dress like Avid Merrion impersonating Axl Rose impersonating Avid Merrion impersonating Axl Rose.



IF YOU WRITE A FEATURE **ABOUT MYSTERY JETS' SEX** LIVES, YOU MAY HAVE TO **ENDURE AN AWKWARD CONFLICT RESOLUTION SESSION. AS NME'S SAM WOLFSON DISCOVERED**

- 16 Having a stall that sells morningafter pills onsite at a three-day festival is some kind of twisted gap-in-themarket-spotting entrepreneurial genius.
- 17 The henna tattoo stand at Leeds sold the following band logos: Slayer, Metallica, Rage Against The Machine, and The Zutons. Spot the odd one out.
- 18 Limp Bizkit's bass was fat enough to set all the cups, bottles and laptops in NME's cabin a-rattling, like a scene from Jurassic Park: Sports Metal.
- 19 Piss makes for a warm overcoat whenever a glass of it is thrown on you during a chilly Arcade Fire set. A fact discovered by NME's Matt Wilkinson.
- 20 Deborah from Gaggle was ready to offer NME's Jaimie Hodgson an unspecified but official "role within the Gaggle camp", until she discovered he was not a homosexual.
- 21 Rivers Cuomo is surprisingly good at what he'd probably term 'soccer'.

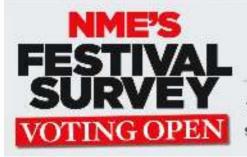
- 22 Never, ever, under any circumstances, attempt to do a photoshoot with the catchphraseheavy instantly identifiable star of a major BBC comedy programme in the middle of a field of pissed-up people at a Leeds-based music festival.
- 23 If you do let your small children roam unchecked backstage at a festival headlined by Blink-182, they are going to hare around shouting "titties".
- 24 Cypress Hill are just too high (and possibly too rotund) to walk from dressing room to Main Stage.
- 25 Yannis Philippakis managed to wheel a conversation with a stranger who had no idea who he was, around into one about how (in Yannis' own words), "Foals are cunts, aren't they?"

BENN THERE, DONE THAT



Reading and Leeds boss Melvin speaks

"The Libertines were extraordinary. They've been nothing short of perfect. They've worked well together, they've ehearsed, and it really has been a dream booking. They actually wanted to come and play with complete respect for the fans. With Guns N' Roses, I haven't got a grudge against the band. Why would I? They're one of the greatest bands in the world. Of course, I've still enjoyed this year. We are at the greatest festival in the world - how could I not enjoy it?!"



BAND OF THE SUMMER? BEST FESTIVAL BIGGEST LETDOWN?

Head to NME.COM now to tell us your verdict on this year's festival season. Voting is open until Fri, Sept 10, with the results published in NME the following week.



THANKS...

From the onsite team

Joanna, Alexa, Camilla, Holty and James at Festival Republic: Chris and Tim at CBA: Neil Wyatt and Jason Carter at Radio One; Jared Pepall at Blackpack; Posta Pens; Fender guitars; Beautifulbeanbags.co.uk; Tuborg; Gaymers; Isklar; Oxfam stewards; Solution team; Will at Cheshire Helicopters; Polaroid

From the office team

Claire at Dominos, Nicola at Krispy Kreme and Jules at Pie Minister

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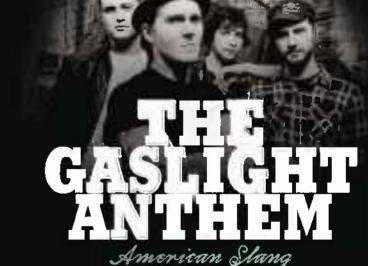
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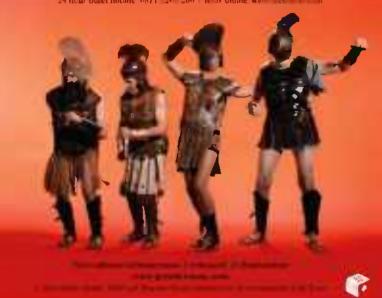
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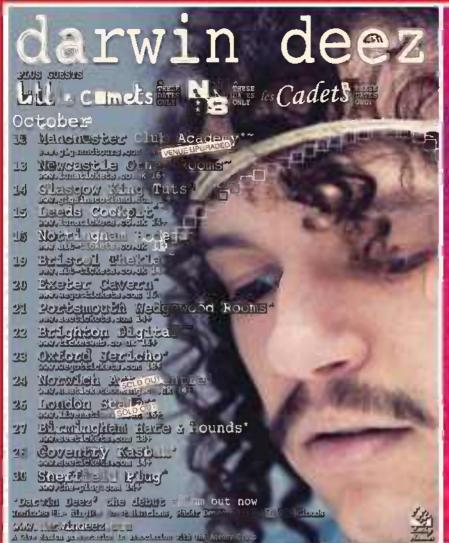
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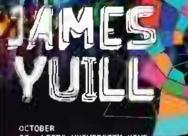
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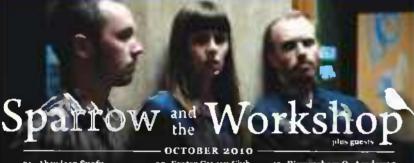


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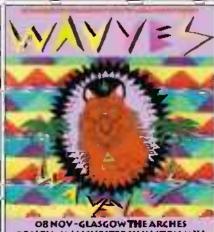
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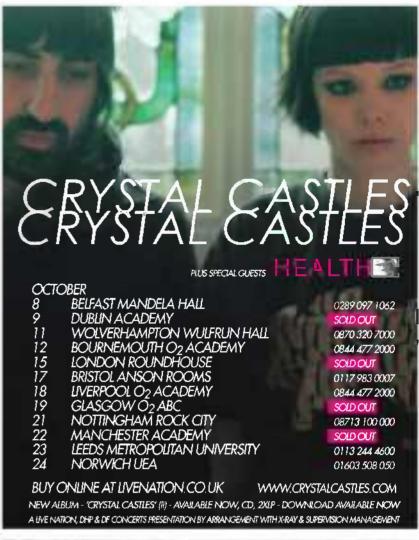
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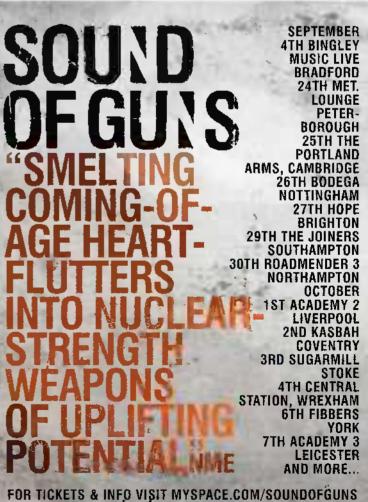








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YUCK

OXFORD THE CELLAR

OXFORD THE CELLAR

WO D' DAY OCTOBR

BRISTOL THE COOLER

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SURLAY OCTOBR

WOLVERHAMPTON

SLABE ROOMS

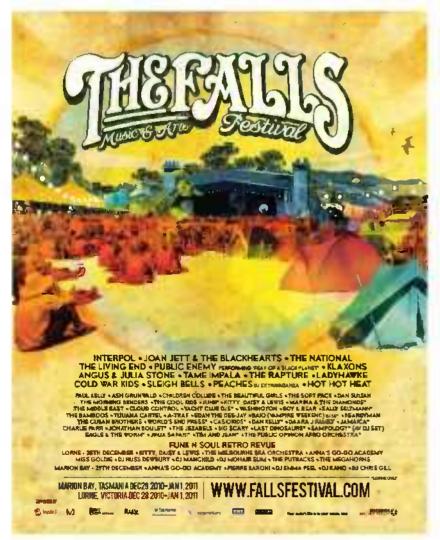
MONDAY II OCTOBER
CLASGOW CAPTAIN'S REST
TULSIAN IZ OCTOBER
NEWCASTLE HEAD OF STEAM
HURSDAY, I OCTOBER
MANCHESTER BAND ON THE WALL
SATURDAY IS OCTOBER
LEEDS
NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS

WEDNESDAY 27 OCTOBER LONDON LEXINGTON

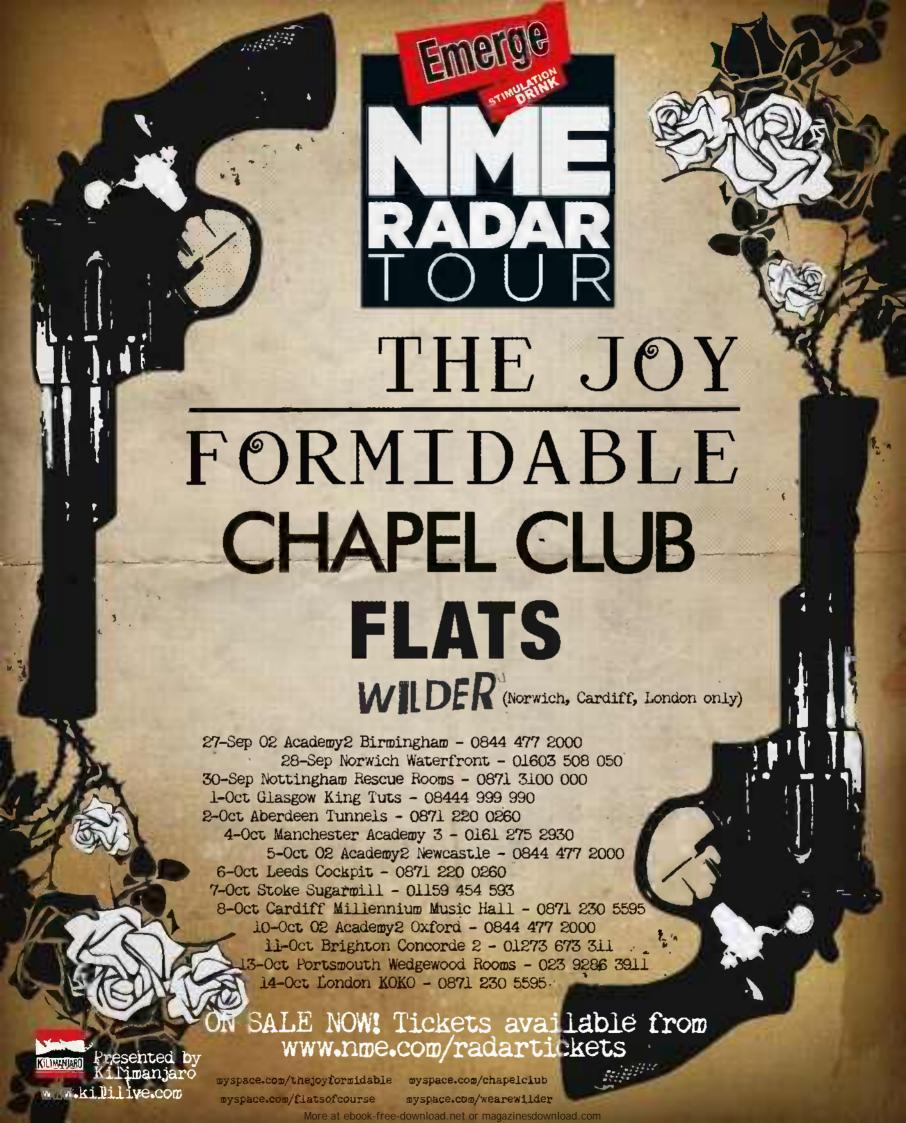
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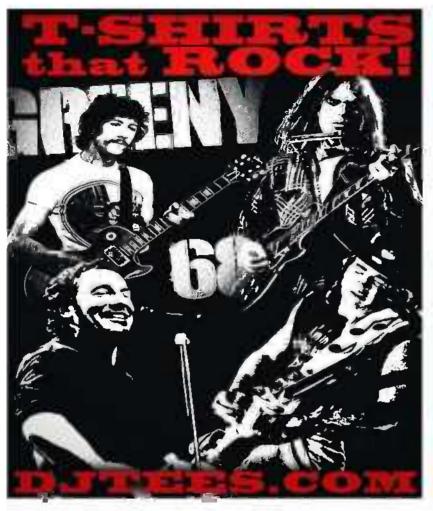
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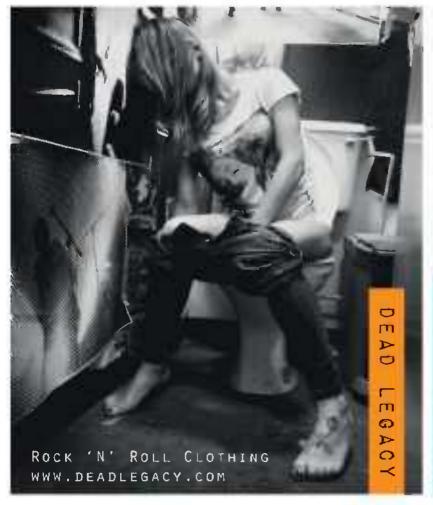
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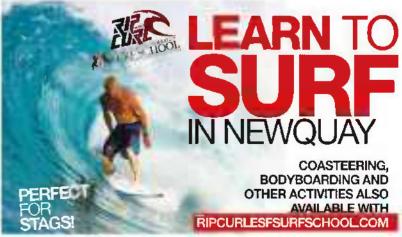
*Based on 8 people sha











BAND AID

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



I WANT THE SPOTLIGHT

As far as the stereotype goes, the bassist is the member of the band who no-one cares about. Is there a way that 1 can somehow undermine my band and reverse the stereotype?

Wannabe A Star, Edinburgh

Normally, I would rebuke you and order you to respect your place in the natural order of things, but I like your careerism and willingness to trample over your bandmates in your pursuit of superstandom. So yes, I suggest you undermine them, getting in their way on stage, doing star-jumps and crotch thrusts during their solos. And, if in doubt, set something on fire. Uncle Pete

I'VE GOT NO RHYTHM

As a lead singer I often "lose myself in the music" but people have often remarked on how much of a dreadful dancer I am. Should I get lessons? Club Footed, Leeds

Ah yes, you're referring to a peculiar phenomenon called 'The Richard Ashcroft Dichotomy', in which personal rapture at the beauty of one's own music is expressed through an ugly series of twitches and stumbles. The bad news is that there is no cure, but the good news is that it will continue to deteriorate until it kind of goes full circle and becomes something quite charming and remarkable in its own way. Be warned: you may end up with a trick hip. Uncle Pete

WINE IS HIS FUEL

Our lead singer is useless, usually, and we were set to dump him. Then he got pissed before a gig and he sounded incredible. Do we just keep getting him drunk before he goes onstage? Boozy Doozy, London

God, you young bands nowadays! Why are you even asking me this? If good Lady Grape and her friend Mister Hops be the fuel which powers your singer's brushes with rock greatness, then keep him pissed. Although not all the time, obviously. A drunk man in an interview often says the wrong thing, which is the main reason I didn't get that job at Specsavers. *Uncle Pete*

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

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Mill Hill Music Complex 0208 906 999<mark>1</mark> London NW7

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GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Laura Snapes

BOOKING NOW



BEACH HOUSE
STARTS: Manchester Cathedral, November 19

DON'T MISS Katy Perry may have ripped off their album title for her third record, but her 'Teenage Dream' is the crass, sticky-socked fantasy jerk-off to Beach House's more beautifully intimate 'Teen Dream', a record that sang with the glories of wallowed-in heartbreak and obsessive desire. We're no less enamoured of it now than we were back in January, when we declared it to be "a soft shore gem in the crown of the great chronicles of youth". Over the past eight months, they've done that crown proud, setting even the drabbest stages aflame with their sparkling Stevie Nicks-isms and Cocteau cooing. This tour sees them take in venues more suited to their congregational beauty - Manchester's gothic medieval cathedral and Bristol's turreted Trinity Centre. Katy Perry might have started off as a young religious warbler, but it's Beach House who've rewritten the psalms of youthful heartbreak. NME.COM/artists/beach-house



DAMIEN JURADO STARTS: London Jazz Café, September 21 Secretly Canadian's best kept, uh, secret tours his beautiful ninth album, 'Saint Bartlett'. NME.COM/artists/ damien-jurado



TWEAK BIRD STARTS: Birmingham Supersonic Festival, October 23 If you like beardy grungers and moobs, head to Supersonic. NME.COM/artists/ tweak-bird



STARTS: O2 Academy Brixton, November 10 Is this the start of the long-awaited UK tour we've been angling for? MIA plays Brixton, and the Manchester Warehouse Project. NME.COM/artists/mia



THE STRANGE
DEATH OF LIBERAL
ENGLAND
STARTS: Leeds Milo,
October 11
TSDOLE hit the road.
NME.COM/artists/

the-strange-death-of-



WIRE
STARTS: London
Lexington, November 8
Our friends at The Quietus
host two special dates with
Wire and their post-punk
progeny, LoneLady and
Factory Floor.
NME, COM/artists/wire



PUBLIC ENEMY
STARTS: London
IndigO2, November 14
PE have dragged Flavor
Flav back from the VH1
reality show abyss for a
London date. We still
want a new album, mind.
NME.COM/artists/
public-enemy



EGYPTIAN HIP HOP STARTS: Wrexham Central Station, Oct 18 EHH have worked on their new EP with dubstep don Hudson Mohawke. Go listen! NME.COM/artists/ egyptian-hip-hop



FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND STARTS: Reading Sub89, November 12 Welsh emo heroes FFAF tour with a new line-up, and new EP. NME.COM/artists/ funeral-for-a-friend



BROKEN SOCIAL

SCENE STARTS: London KOKO, November 15 The beloved Canadian supergroup headline two nights at KOKO in honour of 'Forgiveness...'. NME.COM/artists/ broken-social-scene



WILEY
STARTS: Newcastle
Digital, October 26
After sacking his
manager over Twitter,
Wiley takes JME,
Fugative and Ruff
Diamondz on tour.
NME.COM/artists/wiley



JIMMY EAT WORLD STARTS: Norwich UEA, November 13 Emo's elder statesmen tour in honour of seventh album, 'Invented'. NME.COM/artists/ jimmy-eat-world



KELE
STARTS: Birmingham
HMV Institute,
November 15
Kele returns home to
tour 'The Boxer' in
oddball venues from
caverns under train
stations to a skate park.
NME.COM/artists/kele

PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



EVERYTHING EVERYTHING

STARTS: Camden Barfly, September 2

NME PICK

This week, several factions of the NME office were rocked by the news that on 'Suffragette Suffragette', Jonathan Everything isn't actually yowling "Who's gonna sit on your face when I'm gone?" "That's it, they're dead to me," one wronged hack joked. But it'd take far more than a simple act of deception to put us off Everything Everything - in fact, we'd even go so far as to say that it's one of our favourite things about them. They lead you into strange pop corners with siren-like promises of safely concluding riffs, then give you whiplash as they suddenly dash off into another direction without even the faintest warning. Join them on the first of the month at Rough Trade for an instore, then at Camden's Barfly to celebrate the release of their brill debut, 'Man Alive'. NME.COM/artists/everything-everything



Everyone's Talking About **FEVER RAY**

STARTS: Glasgow O2 ABC, September 6

It seems poetic that Fever Ray had to come to an end. After all, Karin Dreijer Andersson's spellbinding album dealt with the trials of new motherhood and the resulting insomnia; a period as ephemeral as the record was captivating. This run of dates up until December is said to be her last. Go, and bid farewell to a phenomenon. NME.COM/artists/fever-ray



Don't Miss **JAMES BLACKSHAW & RYAN FRANCESCONI**

STARTS: London Bush Hall, September 2

Over the course of nine albums, James Blackshawhas become a nu-folk legend for his gorgeous, intricate guitar playing, while Francesconi is the compositional genius behind the gorgeous arrangements on Joanna Newsom's last album. Go see. NME.COM/artists/ james-blackshaw



Radar Hopes **OFFSET FESTIVAL**

STARTS: London Hainault Forest, Sept 4 Apparently, Offset Festival boasts a "rare-breeds farm". We could make some trite comparison about how rare and precious the bands playing are, but really we're just excited about stroking a micropig. But we're equally thrilled about seeing Flats. Fiction and kaleidoscopically crazed newlings Please all together in the shade of an outer-city woodland glade. NME.COM/festivals

GIG GUIDE KEY:

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

WEDNESDAY

September 1

The Void/LightGuides/Right Hand Left The Tunnels 01224 211121 BATH

The Paydiators Bell 01225 460426 RELFAST

Captain Kennedy/Paul Sheviln/Feet For Wings Pavilion 028 9024 6971

CW Stoneking O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Depreciation Guild Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081 Frank Fairfield Kitchen Garden Cafe

0121 443 4725 Joe Stafford Duo Jam House

0121 236 6677 Trevor Burton Band Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

BRIGHTON

Alex Cornish Latest Music Bar 01273 687 171 Ants in The Carpet Sidewinder

01273 679 927 Big D & The Kids Table The Hydrant

Brakes Prince Albert 01273 730499

RDISTOR

The Detectives Of Perspective Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

Hawthorn Prom 0117 942 7319 Jonsi/Mountain Man Coiston Hall 0117 922 3683

Static Thought/BatsAboutBats/ Hold To This Fleece 0117 945 0996 CAMBRIDGE

As We Climb/Less Than Me/ Operation SM Portland Arms 01223 357268

CARDIFF

Chioe Hall Trio Norwegian Church Arts Centre 029 2049 9759 ian Parker The Globe 07738 983947

Ugly Duckling Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

CHELMSFORD Saifa/Minerva Falls/Empty Eclipse Barhouse 01245 356811

Guns N' Roses The O2 01 819 8888 **FALMOUTH**

Kath Bloom/This Frontier Needs Heroes/MV & EE Mrss Peanod's 0871 230 1094

GALWAY

Nell Hamburger Roisin Dubh 00 35391 586540

GLASGOW

Aspen Tide Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Double A 02 ABC 0870 903 3444 Julian Arguelles Trio Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

The Like King Tuts Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Thuia Borah Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

The Twisted Melons/Vieo Thieves/ Jone Buff Club 0141 248 1777 LEEDS

March Of Dimes Sandinistal 0113 305 0372

Middleman Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

Ols Moore & The Gypsy Dogs Milo 0113 245 7101

50 Lions The Well 0113 2440474

LIVERPOOL

Modest Mouse/Yuck O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

LONDON

Andres Calamaro Troxy 020 7734 3922

Arborea/Jeanne Madic Café Oto 0871 230 1094

Babeshadow/Planet Earth/Talkers Tram And Social 020 8767 0278 Caitlin Rose Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Delaney Davidson The Lexington 020 7837 5387 Derek T Booth/Elliah At Sea/Steve

Burgan Luminaire 020 7372 7123 Dirty Penny/Falling Red Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

Dog Bonfire Good Shrp 020 7372 2544 Eels OZ Academy Brixton 0870 771 2000

Everything Everything Rough Trade East 0207 392 7788

Fire Fall Down/MaLoKai/Conduit Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Flower Of Zeus/Victor Talking Machine Barfly 0870 907 0999

Freelance Whales Monto Water Rats **Gideon Conn** Garage 020 7607 1818

Graham Harvey/Rodrigo Lamprela 606 Club 020 7352 5953 Kano Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

Liam Bailey 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Lizzie & The Yes Men/Cat O' Nine Talls Band MacBeth 020 7739 5095 Mishka Adams/Haunted Stereo/

Tabitha Dalton/Rive Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

The Moons 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Naomi Roper/Kit Richardson Old Queen's Head 020 7354 9993

Noah & The Whale/Exlovers/Alan Pownall/Planet Earth/Good Shoes/ Pull Tiger Tall Village Underground 020 7422 7505

Pete & The Pirates Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

The Phony King Of England Windmill 020 8671 0700

Softly Softly Albert & Pearl

020 7354 9993 Stars Heaven 020 7930 2020

This is The Kit/Rachael Dadd/Ichi The Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384

Together We Hunt/Fluorescent

Canvas Electric Ballroom 020 7485 9006

Tony Law Betsey Trotwood 020 7336 7326

Vincent Oliver/Regolith/Stillborn With Apples The Muse 020 87419090 Women/Idlot Glee Cargo 0207 749 7840

Zola Jesus/The Haxan Cloak Camo Basement 0871 230 1094

NORWICH

Pokey LaFarge And The South City Three Arts Centre 01603 660352 NOTTINGHAM

The Low Anthem/Savoy Grand

Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484 Pesky Alligators Chestnut Tree 0115 985 6388

Vo/True Bypass Lee Rosy's Tea Room SHEFFIELD

Minus The Bear O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

SOUTHAMPTON

The Guns Of Pig Alley Joiners 023 8022 5612

Sam Little/Luke Leighfield Hamptons Bar 07919 253 508

TUNBRIDGE WELLS Paint It Black/Blacklisted/Broken Teeth The Forum 08712 777101

WREXHAM

Neon Indian/The Revolutionary Spirit Central Station 01978 358780

Rival Consoles/Surprise Fire/Lost From Atlas Stereo 01904 612237



THURSDAY

September 2



ADCORCEM

BELFAST

Skerryvore Lemon Tree 01224 642230

Chief Auntie Annie's 028 9050 1660 Neal Hughes Katy Dalys 028 9032 5942

RIDWINGHAM

Beholder Roadhouse 0121 624 2920 Furthest From Ithaca/Tsuris Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

Looca 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 BRIGHTON

John Otway Komedia 01273 647100 Sons Of Souls/Attic Fate Prince Albert 01273 730499

BRISTOL

Alex Cornish Louisiana 0117 926 5978 Caitlin Rose St Bonaventure 0117 929 9008

CHELMISFORD

Machine Gun Men/Trash Monroe/ Stornchild Barhouse 01245 356811 DUBLIN

Nell Hamburger Sugar Club

00 3531 678 7188 EDINBURGH

Kirsty McGee/Mat Martin Village

0131 478 7810 EXETER

Static Thought Cavern Club 01392 495370

GLASGOW

CW Stoneking King Tuts Wah Wah Hut

Doves/Pearl & The Puppets Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

Roysta/Clocked Out/Jackle Onassis Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Shearing Plnx/Bitches/Ultimate Thrush 13th Note Café 0141 553 1638

Sinister Flynn OZ ABC 0870 903 3444 The Winter Tradition Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

GUILDFO

The Toasters/The JB Conspiracy/ Dirty Rotten Scoundrels Boileroom 01483 440022

HASTINGS

The King Blues/The Masts/Vice Like Grip Crypt 01424 444675

LEEDS

Paolo Nutini 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

LIVERPOOL Dizzy Kings Mojo 0844 549 9090

Alice Gold/Robble Redway The Lexington 020 7837 5387

ARISE Tahernacie 020 7243 4343 Black Gardenias/Koshbayer/FCKF Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Bo Ningen/Veni Vidi/Egyptian Hip Hop MacBeth 020 7739 5095

Bury The Archive/City Of Ashes The Gaff 020 7609 3063

The Clientele Bloomsbury Theatre 020 7388 8822

Criminal Records Peter Parker's Rock N Roll Club 0871 230 1094 **Everything Everything Barfly**

0870 907 0999 Git/The Murder Act/Hollow Ships

The Victoria 0871 230 1094

Her Name Is Calla/Monroe Transfer Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Honeytrap Bethnal Green Working Men's Club 020 7739 2772 Jamaica Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478 James Blackshaw/Frank Fairfield/

Ryan Francesconi Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

The Jim Jones Revue/Debra Damage Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473 Lianne Carroll Pigalle Club

020 77348142 Lovvers Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Martin Harley Green Note 0871 230 1094

Miaoux Miaoux/B. Goodes Monarch 08712301094

Milk Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412 Minus The Bear Scala 020 7833 2022 Mountain Man St Giles' Church 020 7638 5403

Neon Indian Cargo 0207 749 7840 Nick Fransen Trio/A Boy Called Dorls Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Oggle Aquanum 020 7251 6136 Paint It Black/Blacklisted Garage

020 7607 1818

Pete Molinari Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060

Robert Plant Forum 020 7344 0044 Snorkel/Braindead Collective

Storey Dingwalls 020 7267 1577 Trevor Watkiss 606 Club A2A 7352 5953

Deli Bables Kings Arms 0161 832 3605 Women Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

The Fishing Party/Athletes In Paris/

0151 639 4360

HORWICH

Emily Jane White Arts Centre 01603 660352

Angry Vs The Bear Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

PORTSMOUTH

The Visitors/Ugly Auntie/ Rooms 023 9286 3911

Bang Bang Romeo/Viper Grapes

New Riot Unit 02380 225612 The Suits/The 3rd League/ Framework Talking Heads.

023 8055 5899

SWINDON

The Colorado/Zoe Mead/Richard

TUNBRIDGE WELLS Philadelphia Grand Jury/Sister Mantos/Goodluck Jonathan

Dogstar 020 7733 7515

MANCHESTER

NEWCASTLE Double A 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Default Theory Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

The Like/Let's Buy Happiness/ The High Rise Diaries Cluny

0191 230 4474

NEW ROBERTON

Peter Grant Floral Pavilion Theatre

NOTTINGHAM

Everything But Arms Wedgewood

SHEFFIELD

SOUTHAMPTON

Ugly Duckling/8Fold/Tommy Eye

Joiners 023 8022 5612

Spackman The Vic 01793 535713 Victoria Kiewin The Rolleston 01793 534238

The Forum 08712 777101

FRIDAY

September 3

Moseley Folk Festival: The Divine Comedy/Turin Brakes/Fyfe Dangerfield/Erland & The Carnival/ Sparrow And The Workshop/Beth Jeans Houghton/Starless And Rible Black/Ben Calvert Moselev Park 07789440026

Shapes/Hold Your Horse Is/Hymns/ Shoes And Socks Off Flagner 0121 236 2421

BRIGHTON

Emily Jane White/Matt Bauer/ Dana Falconberry The Basement 01273 699733

Frank Fairfield/Doctor Popo/Skinny Machines/The Laylanas Prince Albert 01273 730499

BRISTOL Bulawayo Zimbabwean Dance Band/Gideon Conn Thunderbolt 07791 319 614

The Goodness The Cooler 0117 945 0999

Hazel Mills Fieece 0117 945 0996 Hreda/Thought Forms/Anta The Cube 0117 907 4190 Mike Sanchez The Tunnels

0117 929 9008 Neon Indian/IRDchitecture Start The Bus 0117 930 4370 Split Happens The Lanes

0117 325 1979

Co. Lanis Electric Picnic: Massive Attack/Roxy Music/Leftfield/The Frames/Janelle Monae/Booka Shade/Mr Struff/ Duke Special/Mountain Man/ Freelance Whales Stradbally Hall 0870 2434455

CAMBRIDGE Dirty Penny/Failing Red/Chainstoke

Man On The Moon 01223 474259 Her Name is Calla/The Last **Dinosaur** Portland Arms

01223 357268 Throarish/Luke Ritchle CB2 01223 508 503

CARDIFF

OK/Houdini Dax/Toy Horses Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

CHELMSFORD

Forever Never/Fooled By Chance Barhouse 01245 356811

DUBLIN

Slumberjet Sugar Club 00 3531 678 7188

EDINBURGH

Eddie & The Hot Rods Citrus Club 0131 622 7086

Jakii/Danny Shah/Six Storeys High Liquid Room 0131 225 2564

Tokyoblu/David McGeorge Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

The Magic Hatstand Cavern Club 01392 495370

Philadelphia Grand Jury Timeprece 01392 425309

GLASGOW

Beerjacket Oran Mor 0141 552 9224 **Chief** King Tuts Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

The Depreciation Guild Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722 The Hardy Boys Pivo Pivo

0141 564 8100 Lonely Tourist/Turning Plates Liquid

Ship 0141 331 1901 Make Love/She's Hit/Phat Trophies Stereo 0141 576 5018

Must Be Something/Jack The Wold Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637 Reality Killed Us 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Maddox/The Zipheads/Reversal Club 85 01462 432767

MIVEDNESS ...

How To Survive A Zomble Apocalypse Ironworks 01463 718556 LETTER

The Marmozets Cockout 0113 244 3446

Midnight Special Duck & Brake 0113 246 5806

Precinct 13 New Roscoe 0113 246 0778 Sawsound Carpe Diem 0113 243 6264 Sienna The Well 0113 2440474 The Spirit Of John Angel's Share

0113 307 0111 The Wild Hogs The Owl 0113 256 5242 Women Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866



Zola Jesus Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831

LONDON The Absolute Belters/The

Dissidents/Eleven Fables Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 Andrew Bowers/The Hamptons/

Flightless Bird Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 The Barbeguties/The Shoestrung

Boogaloo 020 8340 2928 The Bermondsey Joyrlders 100 Club

020 7636 0933 BlackDogHat The Miller 020 7407 2690

Black Cherry/Mr Fogg/Alicia Wolfe 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Calories/Everyone To The Anderson Catch 020 7729 6097 Calypso Rose Tabernacle

020 7243 4343 Criminal Records/Spider Redundant

Fiddlers Elbow 02074853269 Double A O2 Academy Islangton 0870 771 2000

Ergo Phizmiz Rough Trade East 0207 392 7788

Fake Ideal Cockpit Theatre 020 7402 5081 Flithy Dukes/Stopmakingme/Four Tet (DJ set)/Joe Goddard/Egyptian

Hip Hop/Factory Floor/SBTRKT Fabric 020 7336 8898 The Fresh & Onlys/Milk Maid Old

Blue Last 020 7613 2478 Invasion Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 isvara/My Lover The Priest/The Lilymoons Underbelly 0207 613 3105 Jamaica/Ocelot Club NMF @ Koko

0870 4325527 John Jowitt/Presto Ballet Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Keb Darge Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473 Kosmos Green Note 0871 230 1094 Los Chinches/The Hackney Empire

Mannaduke Dando Hoxton Hail

020 7739 5431 Mica Paris Ronnie Scott's 020 7439 0747

Arts Club 020 7460 4459

Mighty Mouse Queen Of Hoxton

020 7422 0958

Noel McKoy/Corrina Greyson Charlotte St Blues 020 7580 0113

Omar/Quentin Collins Last Days Of Decadence 07982 445657

Reverend Beatman/Nuns/ Miraculous Mule The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Sub Focus East Village 020 7739 5173 Touchstone Borderline 020 2734 5547 Vices/Dead Mask Club/Dead Legs

Barfly 0870 907 0999 Will Knox Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412 50 Llons/Grave Maker/Antagonist AD Underworld 020 7482 1932

MANCHESTER Bella Hardy Bridgewater Hall

0161 907 9000 The Bloody Beetroots/Pigeons in Motion/Book Of Job Metropolitan University 0161 247 1162 The Like Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

We Are The Ocean Sound Control

0161 236 0340 NEWCASTLE

Arkham/Perfect Strangers/Bone Idle 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Pokey LaFarge And The South City Three Cluny 0191 230 4474 Sarah Holmes/Kid Kirby/Hannah

Taylor Bridge Hotel 0191 232 6400 Sean Tyas Digital 01912 619755 The Storytellers/Sea Of Glass/The Rigg Dog & Parrot 019I 261 6998

The Barlights/Alloy Ark Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM Arkangel Rock City 08713 100000 Beholder The Central 0115 963 3413 Heldi Talbot/Boo Hewerdine Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

LII Silva Stealth 0115 958 0672 OXEORD

The Gluts Modern Art 01865 722733 READING

That Fucking Tank South Street Arts

Centre 0118 960 6060 CHEEFIELD

Billy Martin Jur New Barrack Tayern 0114 234 9148

Fun Lovin' Criminals Plug 0114 276 7093

Terry Reid Boardwalk 0114 279 9090 CONTRAMPTOM The Ghost Of A Thousand Joiners

023 8022 5612 SWINDO! 01793 534238

Let The Games Begin/Victous Of The Beloved The Eurnage 01793 534238 TUNBRADGE WELLS The Toasters/Tyrannosa

Funkinsteins The Rolleston

Alan/Broken Union The Forum 08712 777101

WAKEFIELD The Doonans Snooty Fox 01924 374455

Lisa Marie Glover Escobar 01924 332000 Miles Hunt & Erica Nockalis

The Hop 0871 230 1094 WINCHESTER

Alex Cornish Radway Inn 01962 867795 WINDSOR

What Would Jesus Drive?/These Ghosts Arts Centre 01753 859336

WOLVERHAMPTON Blak Can Slade Room 0870 320 7000

James & The Enemy The Duchess 01904 641 413

Travelin' Band Roman Bath 01904 620455

HITCHIL

SATURDAY

September 4

ARERDEEN

Jacobite Country Lemon Tree 01224 642230

BELFAST

The Coronas Empire 028 9024 9276 BIRMINGHAM

Aces High/Sicum/Bashful Albert Experience Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

Moseley Folk Festival: Donovan/The Low Anthem/Johnny Flynn/Malpas/ Goodnight Lenin/The High Llamas/ Spide John Koerner/Alasdair

Roberts/Lisa Knapp Moseley Park 07789440026

Double A 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

REMEMTON

Beau & The Arrows The Hope 01273 723 568

Boogaloo Stu/Miss Dolly Rocket/ Size Zero Albino Baliroom 0207 283 1940

Yumamameemama/Sharon Lewis Komedia 01273 647100

BRISTOL

Angel Up Front Tap & Barrel 0117 966 9192 The Beatbullyz The Cooler

0117 945 0999 Doreen Doreen Fleece 0117 945 0996 Emily Jane White/The Mountain Parade The Cube 0117 907 4190

Goldfish Don't Bounce Reckless Engineer 0117 929 0425 Miss Scarlett/Coma Brides/ The Front Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Co. Laois Electric Picnic: The National/ Mumford & Sons/LCD Soundsystem/Robyn/The Horrors/ Two Door Cinema Club/Hot Chip/ Friendly Fires/Orystal Castles/Wolf Parade Stradbally Hall 0870 2434455

CAMBRIDGE

Sunday Driver Portland Arms 01223 357268

CARDIFF

Arkangel Barfly 029 2066 7658 Sex Wales And Anarchy Coal Exchange 029 2049 4917 Sweet Baboo/Truckers Of Husk/Ceri Frost/OK/Houdini Dax/Tov Horses Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

Dead Tracks/Fushi Mox/Hi Jack Barhouse 01245 356811

ENHARIDEN

The Winter Tradition Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

DOM: THE Trash City Cavern Club 01392 495370 GALWAY

The Grunts Roisin Dubh 00 35391 586540

GLASGOW

Citay/Loss Leader 13th Note Cafe 0141 553 1638

Cymbals Eat Guitars/Women Stereo 0141 576 5018

Purple Hearts/The Laynes Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871 Zola Jesus Captain's Rest

0141 331 2722 INVERMESS

Iain Morrison Eden Court Theatre 01463 234234

LEEDS Brave Timbers Cardigan Arms

0113 274 2000 The Depreciation Guild Nation Of Shookeepers 0113 203 1831

Deviant UK The Library 0113 2440794 Jonnythefirth Angel's Share 0113 307 0111 More Than You'll Ever Know Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758 Rock Of Ages University

0113 244 4600 The Yabbas New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Zeitzeist Zero Santiago 0113 244 4472 LONDON Blue Vells/Doyle & The Fourfathers/ Sweeite Ple & The Guttermen Dublin

Castle 020 7485 1773 Campari Safari/Strasbourg/T Mandrake Barfly 0870 907 0999

Dam Funk/Toklmonsta/Dimlite KOKO 020 7388 3222 David Toop Whitechapel Art Gallery

020 7522 7888 The Ettes/Cats in Paris/Man Flu Windmill 020 8671 0700 Hey Colossus/Hills Have Eyes Old

Blue Last 020 7613 2478 Jim Moray/Sam Sweeney/Saul Rose

Purcell Room 020 7960 4242

Kath Rigger / This Frontier Needs Heroes Cafe Oto 0871 230 1094 Kid Canaveral Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

King Pleasure & The Biscuit Boys Pigalle Club 020 77348142

Krywolf Silver Bullet 020 7619 3639 Lord Vicar/Ramesses/Inborn **Suffering** The Gaff 020 7609 3063

The Lost Soul Band Borderline 020 7734 5547

Offset Festival: Mystery Jets/ Liquid Liquid/Art Brut/Good Shoes/ Kap Bambino/Bo Ningen/Cold Pumas/invasion/Castrovalva/ Cold in Berlin/Telepathe/Factory Floor/Egyptian Hip Hop/Lovvers/ Shit And Shine/O Children/Rolo Tomassi/Trash Talk/Dead Swans/ Chickenhawk Hamalt Forest

08712301094 Part Chimp Victoria 020 7607 1952 Proud Mary/Sterling/Russian Dolls Jamm 020 7274 5537

The Provocateers/Casino/Open To Fire Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 Rachael Sage Spice Of Life

020 7437 7013 Rockingbirds/The Redlands Palomino Company/Morten Vestley

Band tuminaire 020 7372 7123 **Shapes Enterprise 020 7485 2659** Spiderhaby Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

The Staggers Kings Cross Social Club 020 7278 4252

Ulysses The Lexington 020 7837 5387

The Horrors, Electric

Stradayth Hall, Co Last.

WANCHESTER Eels/Orphan Boy/Rum Diamond/

Danny Mahon/The Locals Manchester Academy 0161 832 1111 Middleman Sound Control 0161 236 0340

Muse/Editors/Band Of Skulls/

Pulled Apart By Horses Lancashire County Ericket Club 0870 062 5000 Neon Indian Deaf Institute

Tornado Fires Ruby Lounge 0161.834.1392

The Vortex/Last Orders/The Hype Band On The Wall 0161 832 6625

NEWCASTLE

Brilliant Mind/Waiting For Winter/ Nadine Shah The Other Rooms 0191 261 9755

Gladstone Newton Park 0191 266 2010

Ink/Newbridge Downfall/ Electric Spaghetti 02 Academy 08707712000

New York Dolls Cluny 0191 230 4474 Polarsets/The Matadors

Discovery Museum 0191 232 6789

NOTTINGHAM

Dirty Penny/Falling Red/The Black Stars The Central 0115 963 3413 Hold Your Horse Is/Hymns

Chameleon 0115 9505097 OXFORD

Black Mountain 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Vicious Circle/The Sect/Need For Mirrors Coven 01865 242 770

PRESTON

Fun Lovin' Criminals 53 Degrees 01772 893 000

SHEERNESS

Inner Terrestrials The Ivy Leaf 01795 662 139

SHRFFIELD Brighton Beach O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

Jonny Seven New Barrack Tavern 0114 234 9148

The Like Plug 0114 276 7093 Plug Factory/The Black Flowers 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

SOUTHAMPTON Philadelphia Grand Jury Unit

02380 225612

Rufus Stone Brook 023 8055 5366 TUNBRIDGE WELLS

The Ruskins/in Mono/Romanian Stray Dogs The Forum 08712 777101 WAKEFIELD

Terrorisers Grindhouse Snooty Fox 01924 374455

SUNDAY

September 5

BIRMINGHAM

Black Mountain Hare & Hounds

0121 444 2081

Moseley Folk Festival: The Ukulele Orchestra Of Great Britain/The Unthanks/John Renbourn/The Destroyers/Martin 5impson/The Urban Folk Quartet/Bella Hardy Moseley Park 07789440026

DESCRITON

Kath Bloom Prince Albert 01273 730499

BRISTOL

Lenny Savage/Luis Francesco Arena Fleece 0117 945 0996

The Whisky Drifters Tobacco Factory 0117 902 0344

Co. Laois Electric Picnic: Imelda May/Modest Mouse/Public Image Ltd/Villagers/ Foals/The Low Anthem/Fever Ray/Cymbals Eat Guitars/Laura Mariing/Seasick Steve Stradbally Hall, Stradbally 0870 2434455

CAMBRIDGE

Steve Earle Corn Exchange 01223 357851

CADDIEE

Emily Jane White/Miss Molly's Faud 10 Feet Tall 02920 228883

Zola Jesus Roxy Art House 08712301094

EXETED

Ruins Of Earth/Plague Of Ashitaka/Centralia DC Cavern Club

GLASGOW

Fang Island Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Jonsi/Mountain Man O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

Mike Heron Classic Grand 0141 847 0820

North American War Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

HITCHIN

Tom Boardman Band/Sandra Grant/Miss Saxy Lady Club 85 01462 432767

LEEDS Egypsy Northern Mankey 0113 242 6630

John Otway New Roscoe 0113 246 0778 Mojo 57 Angel's Share 0113 307 0111 MJ Soul/Noah/A Mind On Fire

HiFi Club 0113 242 7353 LONDON

Offset Festival: Atari Teenage Riot/ Caribou/These New Puritans/ The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster/Chrome Hoof/Monotonix/ Pulled Apart By Horses/John & Jehn/Electricity In Our Homes/ Wetdog/Wild Palms/The Neat/ Blurt/Teeth Of The Sea/Flats/ Cluster/Mount Kimbie/Esben And The Witch/Connan Mockasin/ Banjo Or Freakout Hamalt Forest

0871 230 1094 The Black Acid Band/Cania Dave/ The Lightwines Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773 Crowns/My First Tooth/The Border Surrender Arts Club 020 7460 4459 It Prevails/Heart In Hand Rarfly 0870 907 0999

Macka B/Alsaha/Dub Judea Dingwalls 020 7267 1577

Matt Bauer Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080 Rachael Dadd/The Mariner's Children Luminaire 020 7372 7123 Seth Lakeman Open Air Theatre

0870 060 1811 Static Thought/Hidden Talent The Toasters Borderline 020 7734 5547

MANCHESTER

Black Jak/Army Of Stars/Moonlight Valentino Manchester Academy 0161 832 1111

Bob Fox/Billy Mitchell Lowry

0161 876 2000

NEWCASTLE Dirty Penny/Falling Red Trillians

0191 232 1619 The Removal Men/Parastatic/Head Of Light Entertainment/Skylark **Song** The Tyne 0191 265 2550 Women/Mammal Club/Idlot Glee

Cluny 0191 230 4474

NOTTINGHAM The Like Bodega Social Club

08713 100000 Not Advised/Patchwork Grace/ **New Generation Superstars**

The Central 0115 963 3413 PORTSMOU

Bittertown Marys/Silver Bullets/ Dirty Legion Wedgewood Rooms

SHIFFIELD

Dani Wilde Boardwalk 0114 279 9090 SOUTHAMPTON

The Program Initiative/The Skints Joiners 023 8022 5612

SWINDON Sam Little/Make Out Kids/ Playing Dead in The Meadows

12 8ar 01793 535713 WAKEFIELD

Doomsday 3/Lord Vicar Snooty Fox 01924 374455

WINCHESTER 5am Baker/Elliot Brood Railway Inn

01962 867795 YORK

Kiss Kiss Kili/Elan Vitale



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

September 6



RELEASI

Mumford & Sons/Lissie Open House 028 9024 6609 Wolf Parade/Ed Zealous Spring &

Airbrake 028 9032 5968 BIRMINGHAM

Kath Bloom Kitchen Garden Café 0121 443 4725

BRIGHTON

CW Stoneking The Hydrant 01273 608313

Monotonix Volk Tavern 01273 688144 Urban Blight/The Hard Way Prince

Albert 01273 730499

Women/Idiot Glee/Cold Pumas The Hope 01273 723 568

Chief Thekla 08713 100000 Richard Shindeil St Bonaventure 0117 929 9008

CARDIFF

Charlie Parr/Frank Fairfield the Globe 07738 983947

EXETER

Electric Eel Shock Cavern Club

01392495370 GLASGOW

Fever Ray 02 ABC 0870 903 3444 Pokey LaFarge And The South City

Three Classic Grand 0141 847 0820 Raymond Hackland/Amy Belle/Alan Frew Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

LEEDS

Charile Barnes Oporto 0113 245 4444 Time To Leave The Well 0113 244 0474 LONDON

Absynthe Minded Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412 Adelalde's Cape/The Askew

Sisters/Laura Victoria Green Note 0871 230 1094 Caltlin Rose/Heidi Spencer/Sam

Beer Windmill 020 8671 0700 Dawn Kinnard Source Below 020 7434 9130

The Depreciation Guild Social 020 7636 4992

Gonjasufl/Gaslamp Killer Metal Works 020 7837 6419

Kat Flint/True Bypass Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

K'Haan Ho Ton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0700

Marcus Foster/Pete Roe/Ay Ducane The Lexington 370 71 37 5387 MelonHeadMan/The Moby Dicks Hope & Ancho 020 7354 1312

PVT/Hind Ear Old Rive Last 020 7613 2478 We Buy Gold/Sly Paws/Tomokiyo

93 Feet East 020 7247 6095 MANCHESTED

Cymbals Eat Guitars Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

Dirty Penny/Falling Red/ Kixxstart Kitty Satan's Hollow 0161236-0666

Jonsi/Mountain Man Manchester Acad my 11o18221111

Phosphorescent/Timber Timbre Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822

MEWCASTIE

Fang Island/Holy Mammoth Clury 2 0191 230 4474

Heights 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 New York Dolls Cluny 0191 230 4474 NORWICH

These Ghosts Arts Centre 01603.660352

NOTTINGHAM

Allotment Dogs/The Sights/ Vinoient/Army Of Walking Corpses Maze 0115 947 5650

OXFORD

Avnsley Lister Band Bullingdon Arms 01865 244516 SHRFFIELD

Chris While And Julie Matthews Boardwalk 0114 279 9090 SOUTHAMPTON

Pulled Apart By Horses Joiners 023 8022 5612

Paper Tigers/Peppermint Daniel/ The Steam Boat Regulars Stereo 01904 612237

TUESDAY

September 7

White Lies/Panama Kings/Exlovers Open House 028 9024 6609

BIRMINGHAM

Phil Bates/Hugo Jam House

0121 236 6677 BRIGHTON

The Moody Blues Centre

0870 900 9100 TRC/Lower Than Atlantis Prince Albert 01273 730499

BRISTOL

Nuala Golden Lion 0117 939 5506 Phosphorescent/Timber Timbre Thekla 08713 100000

CADDLEE

Ladies Love A Superhero/This Isn't Hollywood/Conguer The Decade 8arfly 029 2066 7658

The Like/El Goodo/Broken Viny! Club Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199 Lone 10 Feet Tall 02920 228883 Steve Earle St David's Hall 029 2087 8444

DUBLIN

Lissie Academy 2 80 3531 877 9999 **EDINBURGH**

Steve Turner Village 0131 478 7810 GLASGOW

Elliot Brood Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722 Emily Jane White 13th Note Café 0141 553 1638

Fat Freddy's Drop OZ ABC 0870 903 3444

The New Pornographers Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

LEEDS

The Beets The Well 0113 24 10 474 The Fresh & Onlys Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

The Sunday Reeds Oporto 0113 245 4444

LONDON Average White Band Ronnie Scott's

020 7439 0747 The Barlights/The Vegas Fame Index/Alloy Ark 100 Club

020 7r | L 933 Cathal Coughian Bush Hall

020 8222 + 955 Cymbals Eat Gultars Borderline

020 7734 5547 Eliza Newman Slaughtered Lamb

020 8682 4080 Empire State/The Nine O Wells Dublin Castie 0_0 7485 1773

Esther Mitchell Band/Pocket Satellite Barfiy Bo/0 907 0999 The Ettes/The Mars Patrol/

The Colour Of Sound Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412 Fang Island Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473

Heights O2 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000 Here We Go Magic Hoxton Square Bar

& Kitchen 020 7613 0709 Hold Your Horse Is/Shoes And Socks Off Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Monotonix Camp Basement 0871 230 1094 Neil Anguilley 606 Club

020 7352 5953 Piney Gir's Country Roadshow/

Mr David Viner/Paul Mosley/ The Juggling Spinster The Lexington

Reverso/Cumbe/Fronteras Arts

Club 020 7460 4459 Ross Bolleter Café Oto 0871 230 1094

Scales Of The Unexpected/ Kiki Kaboom/Rose Watt

Proud Galleries 020 7482 3867 Sharks Buffalo Ba 020 7359 6191

The Sundogs/The Naked Polarolds Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

NEWCASTLE

Zoe Gilby Cluny . 0191 230 4474

NOTTINEHAM

CW Stoneking/Old Basford/ Maniere Des Bohemiens

Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484 SHEFFIELD Neon Indian The Harley

0114 275 2288 WAKEFIELD

Dirty Penny/Falling Red Snooty Fox 01924 374455

Martin Carthy & Dave 5warbrick Railway Inn 01962 867795

VORK

Sucioperro Stereo 01904 612237



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THIS WEEK IN 1992

KURT CONTROVERSY, MICKEY TAKERS AND REM ON AUTO



HERE THEY ARE NOW



READING RIOT ACT

There is a full report on last weekend's Reading Festival, spread over six pages, the main event of which is Nirvana's headline set on Sunday night. "It's easy to pickup the tension onstage," writes Mary Anne Hobbs. "Chris cracks dumb jokes, while Kurt crashes at his guitar, often making multiple false starts." The conclusion, though, is that Nirvana "can still kick out devastating rock'n'roll harder than any American band in a decade".



BELIEVE THE STIPE

A news report announces that REM are readying their eighth LP, 'Automatic For The People', for an October release. It is different, apparently, in that it exhibits "a moody, acoustic-based sound". The band have declined to comment thus far, but the September edition of their US fan letter 'Ice' describes the songs as being "mellow" and "startling". One source close to the band, though, says the album will "divorce REM from a lot of their teenybopper fans".

BRETT, THE DEVIL, YOU KNOW

he ball started rolling in April when, prior to the release of their debut single, Melody Maker put Suede on its cover, dubbing them 'The Best New Band In Britain'. With second single 'Metal Mickey' imminent, Brett Anderson finds himself on the cover of NME.

"Suede are four lanky streaks of piss with not a discernable arse between them," writes Stuart Laconie of his encounter. "They could all do with a haircut and they get through a packet of Benson & Hedges far too quickly for their own good. They think they're God's gift and, uniquely of all the boys who believe this, they might be right."

For their part Suede are talking a good game "I think it's the height of arrogance to go on stage and not be extraordinary and brilliant," declares Brett. Bernard Butler follows suit-"Those fucking bands with their guitar lines you can't he ir and their lyrics about fucking nothing Whygo for all this aiml s strumining when you can try to write a great riff a great song! Why do people want to be Birds Of al Feather when they could be I with Towers?"

And in a mere as months' time, their debut album 'Suc de' would wash away these bands and go to Number One.

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

• In the regular 'Material World' questionnaire. Bob Mould of Sugar declares his favourite fast food to be "the Burger King Spicy Bean Burger (available in the UK only)"

- New Music Editor Steve Lamacq introduces 31/2 Minutes, Fretblanket and Reverse: "new bands with the sounk and spirit to overturn the too-cosy-by-half indie gravy chain"
 - . Single Of The Week is 'Tool And Die' by Consolidated, closely followed by Manic Street Preachers' 'Theme From MASH (Suicide Is Paintess)
- Two weeks after the infamous Union Jack cover, MC Phrase of rap group Marxman declares Morrissey to be "a fucking arsehole who hasn't got a clue what he is talking about"
- · Sitting at Number Seven in the 'What's On The NME Stereo' column is the forthcoming debut single by some band from Oxford. It is entitled 'Creep'



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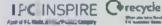
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TAXING THE FINEST MINDS IN ROCK'N'ROLL FOR SIX DECADES

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



BAG OF ME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS

1 There's no more just hanging about for us in 'The Suburbs' (2-4-2-4)

8 On Which Gary Lightbody and Peter Buck are taking us for a ride (5-4)

4 (See 30 down)

10 As paid to Aretha Franklin following her first hit (7)

11 The same old sounds being repeated by Klaxons (6)

14+15A Marina & The Diamonds with a bit of John Otway (2-2)

16+32A You're The Enemy? Well, try somewhere else (4-4-4)

17 A nasty piece of work from Interpol (4) 19 Lovefoxxx is lead singer of this group (3) 20 Hot EP, perhaps, from Swedish heavy metal band who reached their 'Watershed' in 2008 (5) 21 (See 4 down)

23 Strange dream of heading north with a rapper

26 Jimmy ____, had a '90s Number One with 'Ain't No Doubt' (4)

27 Dave ____, singer with Depeche Mode (5) 29 Syd Barrett and Pink Floyd kept it in the family with their 'Gigolo ' (4) 31 (See 29 down)

32 (See 16 across)

CLUES DOWN

1 Pendulum's work of art, although not one of them's an oil painting (11)

2 Tuners retuned into US punk-pop band (6)
3 Legendary rock'n'roller whose hits included
'Summertime Blues' and 'C'mon Everybody' (5-7)
4+21A How Captain Beefheart And His Magic
Band duplicated a fishy look on album (5-4-7)

Band duplicated a risny look of album (5-4-7)
5+12D Frontman for The Flaming Lips (5-5)
6 Rage Against The Machine's guitarist named recently in Top 20 by NME readers (3-7)
7 Charlie _____, shocking amount of power shown 7 Charlie , shocking amoun by Rolling Stones' drummer (5)

12 (See 5 down)

13 Red Hot Chili Peppers' bassist recruited from a skiffle act (4)

18 No deal arranged for guitarist with The Eagles

22+27D "Be careful with your seed, you will reap just what you sow/Oh yeah, what can a poor man

do?" 2006 (7-4)

24 Not the most sophisticated piece of music from The Kooks (5)

25 Oasis' cover of 'Cum On Feel The Noize' was originally a hit for this band (5) 27 (See 22 down)

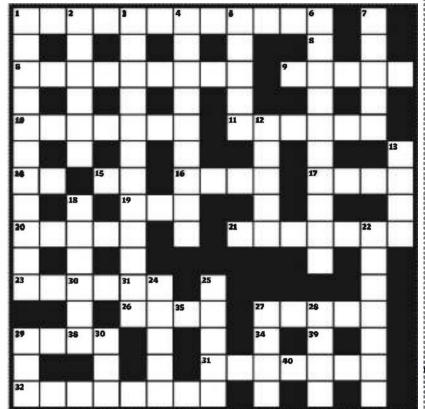
28 The main man in The Shack, could be either Mick or brother John (4)

29+31A Melissa _____, bassist with Hole and solo album 'Out Of Our Minds' (3 3 4) 30+9A Editor-in-chief (3-5)

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Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the Issue date, before Tuesday, September 7, 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!





AUGUST 7 ANSWERS

ACROSS
1 Up in The Clouds, 10 Holiday, 11 Sebadah, 12 Arthurs, 13+22D+29A is There Anybody Out There, 14+31A One Step Beyond, 16+26D Lily Allen, 19 Earl, 20 Meighan, 23 Delphic, 25 Candy, 27 Hal, 28 Seal, 30 Up, 32 Lydon.

2+15D Pull The Pin, 3 No Doubt, 4 Hayes, 5 Cosmic Love, 6 Orbital, 7 Dr Dre, 8 Cheat On Me, 9 Three, 17 Yeah, 18 BRMC, 21 Gun Club, 23 Denton, 24 Powell, 25 Creep, 27 Head.

SEVEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN









FANMAIL

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

Edited by Mark Beaumont









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NME.COM/BLOGS



From: Emma Rourke To: NME

Yo, Luke Lewis, I'm really happy for you, but can you please confess exactly which mind-altering drug you ingested prior to proclaiming Kanye West's "Christ-like posturing" endearing CNME, Augut 21)? I will concede that Mr West does indeed suffer from delusions of extreme grandeur, but to read Mr Lewis' claim that these are justified by wit and imagination is frankly ridiculous. Kanye West's formula for success is simple. Take a good song (King Crimson's 'arst Century Schizoid Man', Daft Punk's 'Harder Better Faster Stronger', and Curtis Mayfield's 'Move On Up') for example, (c)rap all over it, and declare yourself a genius. Simple. As for him being "the most entertaining pop star in existence"? Well, he's the fool, iso't be, making an idiot of himself in front of the world on the VMAs (several times) and on innumerable other occasions. There's a whole section on his Wikipedia page dedicated to controversies and legal troubles – "hugely endearing", you say – well, feel sorry for him you might – but if that's why "everyone loves an egotist" surely its unethical to further fuel that ego? Let's all laugh at the clown. Do we all feel bigger now?

NME's response...

From: NME

To: Emma Rourke

Sorry Emma, but modesty in music is a disease, breeding scenes full of boring, fringehiding mumblebottoms too scared to admit to their own talent in case they get 'Borrelled'. An ego like an erupting Krakatoa is an essential element of every decent major pop star - you don't go onstage in a 20-foot ermine robe and a crown unless you think your band is pretty shit hot. All pop stars think they're God's gift to the pentatonic scale but not enough of them openly admit they think their music is so good it deserves constant celebratory tweets, or that their opinion is so important it needs to be heard no matter who's actually won the award. In fact, we should all encourage our irrner Karwe-I mean, how fucking brilliant a word is 'mumblebottoms'? I just made that shit up! Who wants to touch me? - MB

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

KLAXONS: NOT KEATS

From: Ben from Mars To: NME

Why do the Klaxons try to sound clever by writing confusing lyrics that not even they understand? "Echoes from the otherworld/turn horizons into endless ever present/ Echoes, many otherworlds/ true horizon start to turn... Numberless names with the force of the ninth wave/Keep to the call that's repeated in the outer regions" I'm sorry, but if you sent that to Patrick Moore he'd tell you to go away and let him concentrate on his xylophone practice. All this "blackhole evaporation into endless time" bullshit doesn't make

From: NME To: Ben from Mars

any sense!

Tell me Ben, have you ever tried to walk as slowly as possible down a hall while maintaining a pace that's still faster than that of a cannonball fired simultaneously alongside? It's bastard hard, I tell you. And that's because, besides the odd Morrissev here and there, rock'n'roll aint no Wordsworth shit - it doesn't really have to make sense as long as it sounds cool and makes girls think you're a bit mysterious. But let's try to unravel Klaxons' thinking here; the "ninth wave" is a Russian painting of a ship sinking in a sea squall, so the "numberless names" have a similarly devastating power, perhaps due to their societal freedom - they're outsiders perhaps, from the "other world" or the "outer regions" where they communicate via a system of call-and-response echoes and... oh fuck it, it's about

drugs - MB

THE FUTURE OF ROCK WRITES IN

At the turn of the century

From: Josh To: NME

we had the whole 'post-punk revival' that swept every band that could imitate The Strokes imitating various bands to fame, and while this was a high point for guitar-based indie rock in terms of its mainstream appeal, it's led to what we have now, a lack of good British guitar-based rock bands. I'm crying out for another band that are as literate as the Manics, with the swagger of Oasis without the shit albums and self-parodying they ended up with, that really seem to want to make a difference. While you may say, 'Why don't I start a band and do it myself?', well, I have started a band and we are trying to deliver punky indie rock that doesn't claim to be anything more than it is, but has opinions and isn't afraid to express them. We are six months in, 11 gigs in and we're finding that it isn't easy, we're spending much more money than we are making, we're working hard and trying to build up a following, but as hard as it can get, we won't give up, we love this way too much. Maybe you'll hear of us, maybe you won't, but either way, we're trying to be that band I so badly want to hear, and I think music could do with more bands like us.

From: NME

To: Josh

Josh, you had me at 'punky indie rock'. The passion! The dedication! The death-orglory charge for rock immortality! The, um, MySpace link that goes nowhere! The ungoogleable, number-based name! Ah

well, you probably sound better in my imagination anyway... - MB

CV CORNER

From: Tom O'Dell

I've always loved reading the weekly NME magazine. I share love for The Libertines, The Smiths, Oasis etc. and share hate for Razorlight and other bands of that quality. Lam biased towards less mainstream acts, particularly The Libertines. I find them so romantic, and yet lawless and mental. Jamie Fullerton's pieces on The Libertines are excellent. The piece on why The Libertines are still the greatest rock'n'roll story of their generation I am particularly fond of, it expresses everything I cannot conjure into words, and captures the love. The comparisons to other bands and artists he does very well. I think he is one of the best bloggers in the NME office. If anyone reads this, please give Jamie Fullerton a nod for me, 'you have a fan'. And, for whatever it's worth, I would love to blog one day for the NME. It would be an honour for me to write for my favourite music-associated company, and I feel I may be able to contribute.

From: NME

Naturally, everyone on earth wants to write for NME. It's brilliant. You get to drink your bodyweight in rancid lager every night in the disease-ridden toilet venues of such far-flung locales as Cleethorpes and Dundee. You get to stand within 20 feet of rich and glamorous rock stars before being told to piss off by security because you don't have the right pass. You might get to have a beer with Joe Lean. And you can literally build your own furniture out of the bad indie CDs you get sent. Now, people have tried many and varied approaches to break into this world of great privileged and glory -Tom here has tried the classic formula of flattering one of our writers and then simply asking for a job. He should take note of the following correspondent. who has cleverly disguised an album review as an angry email to the letters page -MR



STALKER
From: Sammy Large
To: NME
LOOK, ITS THEM TWO
BLOKES FROM EGYPTIAN
HIP HOP WITH ME. Hohoho.
They were mean.

From: Will Soer To: NME

You may have noticed that Linkin Park have recently released a new single, the follow up to their dreadful third album, and that it sounds pretty similar to their third album. What you may not have noticed, is that it is fantastic. Linkin Park have always had a gift for tight production and an amazing powerful chorus, but they attempted to take on a very ambitious sound for 'Minutes To Midnight'. trying to mix heavy rock with U2-esque power ballads, and failed miserably. 'The Catalyst' is no less ambitious, with a thick progressive sound. pretentious lyrics, and far more different riffs packed into one song than is healthy. But it works. It sounds equal parts 'In Rainbows'-era Radiohead and Green Day's 'Boulevard of Broken Dreams'. If they manage to get this formula right for their entire forthcoming album. it could be the comeback of the year.

From: NME To: Will Soer

Good try Will, but by far
the best way to get work at
NME remains sexual favours.
Believe me, I sucked a lot of
cock to get where I am today
sitting on a CD throne in
a miserable studio flat in
Haringey mocking a bunch
of NME readers for £70
a pop - MB

JING JANG GONE?

From: Joe Holyoake To: NME

Please enlighten me on what actually happened to Joe Lean and the Jing Jang Jong? I thought they were releasing an album.

Web Slinging

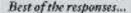
The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

FIX FACTOR

So after eight months that feel like eight minutes, The X Factor has made its return to our screens and nosedived straight into an online furore as viewers flock to protest the use of Auto-Tune on the contestants' voices.

The key bugbear seems to be that our favourite Saturday night show, renowned for handing out fake signs, staged arguments between the judges and poor treatment of contestants, has conned the nation.

Sorry if I'm being slow here, but where's the surprise? It's all fake, deal with it. We're not hearing their real voices, but then we're not shown the real person at all. We're gawking at a sexed-up, freakier, cuter or more bizarre exaggeration of whatever traits they first displayed at the early producer auditions. There's speculation that this "revelation" will spell the beginning of the end for The X Factor: It won't. After this blows over it will be business as usual. Us clowns taking part in the whole circus at home will be back on the sofa, soon enough. Read Tim Chester's Juli blog on MME.com

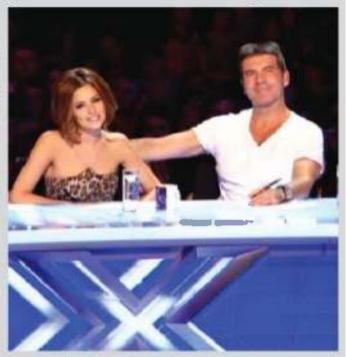


I agree with 99 per cent of what you've said, but I can understand where the outrage at the use of Auto-Tune is coming from. The auditionees' vocals are the most important part of the show. Using it totally defeats the point of the show.

Mark

It's whoever has the biggest sob story or instant crying ability who wins. I mean take Susan Boyle, What got her famous, her decent-but-not-amazing voice or the fact she looks like a voltage-calmed Russell Grant and is a wee bit mental?

I hope it kills the show and the fuckwits who watch it get into proper music. When did having a good voice have anything to do with good music anyway? Ian Brown and Joe Strummer can't hold a note, and are class. Moggy



From: NME

To: Joe Holyoake

As it happens Joe, I was out for a beer with him just the other day (perk of the job), and it's all a bit under wraps at the moment but if I just say 'solo album', 'girl-band pop' and 'onstage contemporary dance' you should get the idea that Joe's is a space still well worth watching... - MB

CHARLES HADDON RIP

From: Charlotte Blanckley
To: NME

As a huge fan of Ou Est Le Swimming Pool, I was incredibly shocked and saddened to hear about the death of Charles Haddon this week. Having seen them live a few times I know they are an exciting and fresh new talent and it is very sad to think that this could happen to someone so young with such a bright future. I can only hope that this tragic event has brought Ou Est Le Swimming Pool to the attention of many more people. Thoughts are with the rest of band and whatever they decide to do in the future.

From: NME

To: Charlotte Blanckley Hear, hear, Charlotte. NME wishes all the best to OELSP and our thoughts are with Charles' family.



STALKER From: Kate Goodbody To: NME

This is a photo of me and my sister and best mate at Kendal Calling with King Blues' Jonny 'Itch' Fox,

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OES ROCK'N'ROLL (ILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

TRICKY

QUESTION 1

What was the very first song you recorded with Martina Topley Bird? "Aftermath'. I met Martina and we went down to the studio and recorded it. It sat around for four years. I used to play it to my cousin and she'd say, 'You need to get this out.' I pressed up 500 and put them around to DJs and then Island got in contact with me. It was just playing around, really. I was still considered being in Massive Attack. I gave it to Massive Attack and they didn't like it. so I kept it."

Correct

QUESTION 2

Which Smashing Pumpkins track did you sample on Pumpkin'? "Ah, god, what's it called? Shit, I can't remember the name of it. That's why I called it 'Pumpkin', because I sampled off them." Wrong, 'Suffer'

QUESTION 3

The lyrics to 'Hell Is Round The Corner' are the same as which Massive Attack song? "Woah, I know this. Fuck! I don't know. Which one is it?" Wrong, Eurochild' "Yep, yep. I'm very lazy so sometimes I'd use the same old lyrics."

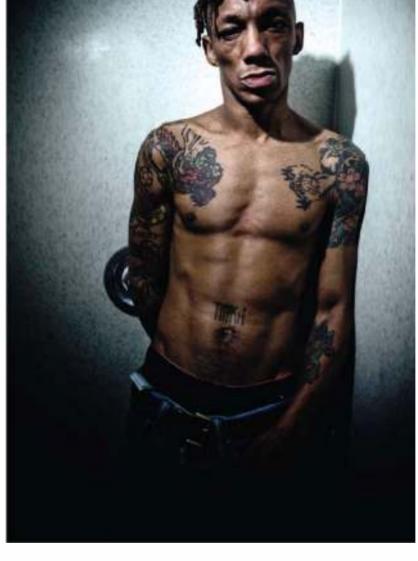
QUESTION 4

Name two of the four movies featuring the track 'Excess'. "One's a vampire movie with Aaliyah. Queen Of The Damned?" Halfapoint. It was used in Queen Of The Damned, Thirrzen Ghosts, Bad Company and Bully



QUESTION 5

How does Right Arm, the character you played in The Fifth Element, die? "I get blown up at the airport, I think, when I'm trying to get on the plane. It was hard



work. It gave me a new level of respect for actors. I thought it was all bollocks before but it makes sense why you could get into alcohol and drugs because of the waiting around." Correct. He was blown up by an exploding telephone

QUESTION 6

What's your highest ever position in the UK singles chart? "Number Three? Oh no, that was the album. I don't know what the single was." Wrong. Number 12 with 'The Hell EP' "Ah, that's pretty good! I was a fan of

Wu-Tang and a fan of RZA so to go in the studio with them to work on 'The Hell EP' ... they weren't working with any English artists so it was a coup to get them in the studio."

QUESTION 7

Complete the lyric: "Here comes the Nazarene/Look good in that magazine..." "It's not 'Knock out our gold fronts', is it? No, that's before that. I can't remember." Wrong. "Haile Selassie I/They look after I' "Yeah, I think it was just rhyming, I'm not

religious but it's such a great story, the story of Jesus. There's no record of Jesus, the guy didn't exist, but it's a great story. Religion is such a great con, I found it quite fascinating."

QUESTION 8

Which song did you record with Cath Coffey for the 'Nearly God' project but didn't make the album?

"It wasn't 'Black Coffee'? I don't know."

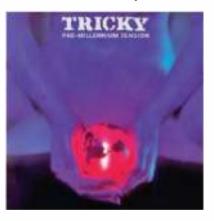
Wrong. 'Summer Nights' from Grease "Oh yeah, yeah! I remember that now! Grease was one of my favourite films when I was a kid. I watched that movie over and over again. I remember my uncle took me to see it in the cinema. It's such a great film. It makes me feel funny in my stomach if I see it now."

QUESTION 9

How many helicopters are there in the video for 'Overcome'? "Three."

Wrong. Two

"I don't know a lot about it myself. It was fun filming it at Camber Sands. I'd never been there. I didn't even know that place existed."



QUESTION 10

What's on the cover of the 'Pre-Millennium Tension' album? "It's a woman holding a globe, almost like it's a round tampon. She was actually pregnant. Many years later I was walking around Kensington and this girl came up to me and went, 'Do you remember me? I'm the girl on the front of the album and I found out I was pregnant two days after that." Correct

Total Score **3.5/10**

"I quite like that mark. It means I'm not an egomaniac."

OUT
WEDNESDAY
SEPTEMBER
8

Coming Next Week

BETRAVALS,
THREATS AND
BLACK DYDS

ROLL

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BUSINESS

BUSI

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The Smiths / Pixies,
Pistols, Beatles



Oasis one year on

Plus LES SAVY FAV

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GIVING PERVERTS A BAD NAME

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