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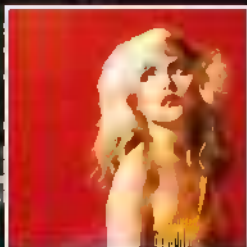
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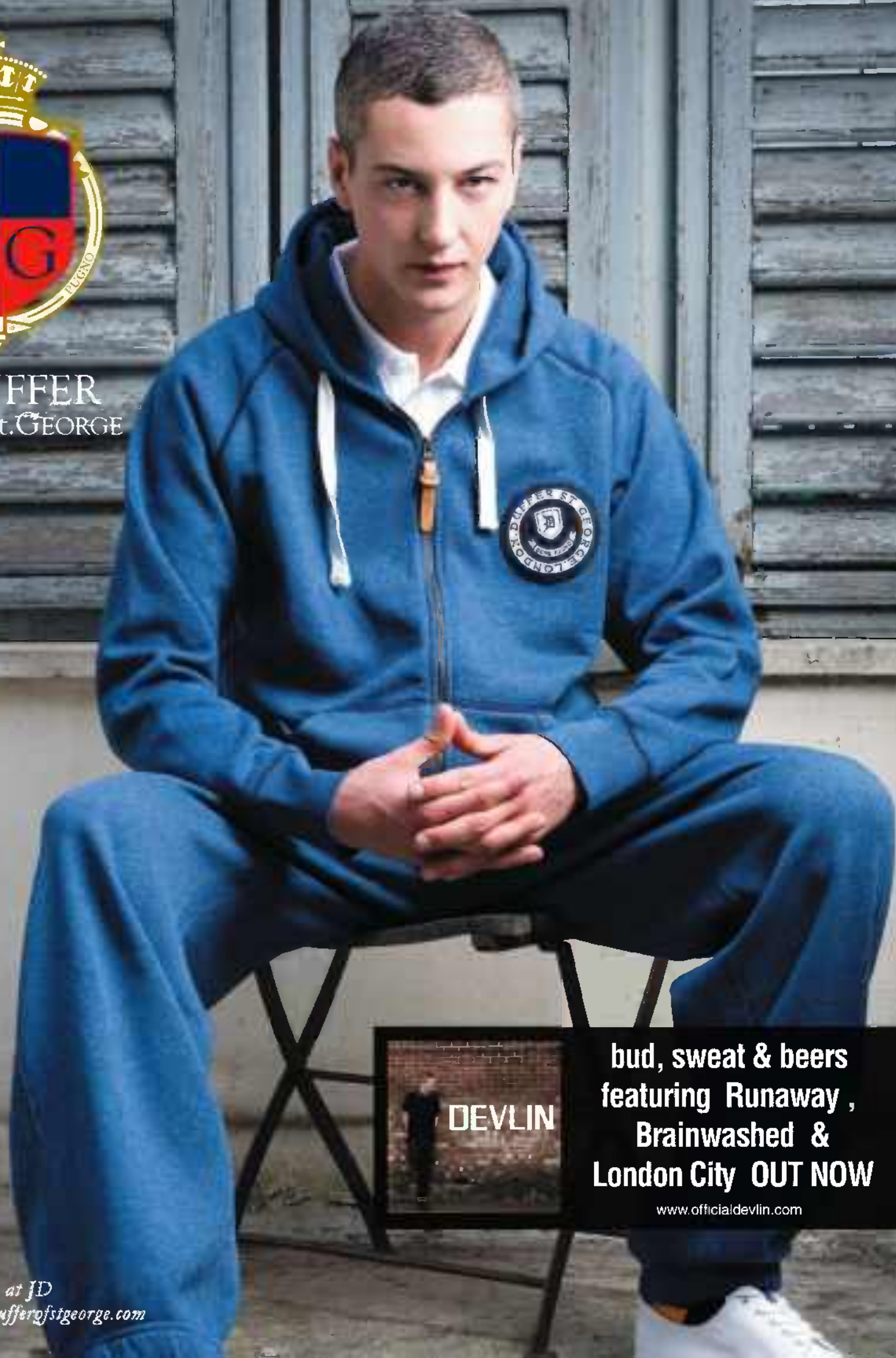
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"CHICKENS DON'T FLY SO MUCH AS PLUMMET"

THEREFORE ALICE COOPER WASN'T STRICTLY TO BLAME FOR THE CREATURE'S DEATH

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ON REPEAT

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



TRACK
OF
THE
WEEK

LAURA MARLING

PRODUCED BY JACK WHITE

Blues Run The Game

It makes perfect sense. One doesn't believe in the benefits of technology, the other seems to hail from a time where the height of tech was a hand-cranked mangle. Finally, Laura Marling's sessions from Jack White's studio surface, and they're as guilelessly natural as the product of a 25-minute recording session should be – just Laura, a guitar and background clatter.

Jack's Third Man Records is the Sun Records of its day: a place where the immediate sonic snapshot of the artist tells its own story. Both songs here are covers: the A-side Blues Run The Game, originally

by troubled singer Jackson C Frank, backed with Neil Young's The Needle And The Damage Done, about his friends' freefall into heroin addiction in the '70s. As the new folk scene isn't full of raving skagheads just yet, the poignancy here lies elsewhere; they've both been absorbed into a wider folk lexicon, just as Marling's elegantly modern Brit-folk deserves to be. It almost goes without saying that she makes both songs utterly her own, her sagacious voice warm and fluttery, occasionally cracking like the wood fire that Jack probably uses to power his studio. Breathtaking. Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor
Stream exclusively on NME.COM for one week only

This track is guilelessly natural – just Laura, a guitar and clatter



CLOUD CONTROL

The Rolling Stones
These Aussies met performing in *The Pirates Of Penzance*, and this song proves light opera's loss is drone-pop's gain. With euphoric vocals over a simple loop, the song is no tribute to Keef and co, but it delivers plenty of satisfaction.
Paul Stokes, Associate Editor
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AMY WINEHOUSE

It's My Party
She may be singing behind the beat in a way anyone who has seen Rehab live will be familiar with but, by the ad-libs at the end, the distinction between Amy and nine zillion pitch-perfect X Factorites is clear, as is the reason why people will always, always care.
Hamish MacBain, Assistant Editor
On YouTube now

SUUNS

Arena
Montreal post-punk types Suuns' debut has been as difficult to dislodge from the stereo as the granules clogged in our turntable grooves since Dirty Pretty Things came in. Arena is Metronomy gone Radio 4 via dark Franz. Promising.
Jamie Fullerton, News Editor
On secretlycanadian.com now

FOREST

On Your Way
Sweden's Service label, home to The Tough Alliance, has mellow vibes (yes, I did) nailed. Nostalgic like Ariel Pink but sweeter, Forest create a hallucinatory carousel feel with natty harmonica.
Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor
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FANG ISLAND FEATURING ANDREW WK

Patterns On The Wall
Basically, anything to do with Andrew WK is going to be either brilliant or

dogshit – there's the breaks when you happen to be a genius. Happily, this is a corker, somehow mutating from a lo-fi Jay Reatard-style singalong into a hands-in-the-air hair-metal anthem in four meaty minutes.

Mike Williams, Features Editor
On stereogum.com now

SMITH WESTERNS

Weekend
This beguiling taster from the Chicago reprobates' second album, *Dye It Blonde*, is the sound of Smith Westerns going global. You can, like, *bear* the vocals and everything now! Undeniably a great thing.
Matt Wilkinson, News Reporter
On pitchfork.com now

KID CUDI FEATURING CAGE AND ST VINCENT

Maniac
Indie's favourite rapper went on *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon* and brought along some friends. On Maniac, his croak is thrown into relief by a punchy Cage verse and background warbling from fellow Brooklynite St Vincent.
Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.COM
On YouTube now

PRIMARY 1 FEATURING HARRY TUTTLE

Never Know
The pop professor enlists the help of Harry Tuttle – aka Late Of The Pier's Sam Eastgate – and some elastic bass stolen off Jacko's Just Good Friends for his squelchiest effort yet.
Tim Chester, Assistant Editor, NME.COM
Download exclusively from NME.COM now



THE PAINS OF BEING PURE AT HEART

Heart In Your Heartbreak
Calling this taster from the New Yorkers' second album 'hugely anticipated' is in this case justified, as a) TPOBAH cleverly disappeared from view just as the wider world was starting to fall for them, and b) this is yet more effortless and beautiful gaze-pop.
Liam Cash, writer
On pitchfork.com now

UPFRONT

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

Edited by Jamie Fullerton



ONE VERY BIG WEEKEND

Babysambles' return; Egyptian Hip Hop's chalet mash-ups – the first ever NME Weekender event hits Camber Sands hard

MAIN EVENT

It's November 5, fireworks splutter overhead, but there's a looser cannon possibly set to explode tonight at the inaugural

NME Weekender at Pontins, Camber Sands. It's Babysambles and this is their first big gig since August, amid rumours of the band not rehearsing in months.

But before Monsieur Doherty turns up, London four-piece Fiction grace the Main Stage upstairs. It's like they're getting to grips with a particularly advanced jigsaw puzzle; but the pieces – bits of Talking Heads spikiness and Echo & The Bunnymen's grandeur – are all there.

After Flats cancel due to illness and The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster split up onstage. This is our last ever show. Nice to meet you, says frontman Guy McKnight between their slabs of psychobilly confirmation in: His Lordship has arrived. It might take 15 minutes for him to materialise onstage, but when Babysambles appear, they're flabbergasting. It's that same ol' Shambles jangle – aside from a cover of Joy Division's She's Lost Control that segues into The Man Who Came To Stay but those rumours that they're on the rocks? Unfounded. Tonight Babysambles are a proper functioning band again, and Pete's certainly more at ease than last time he graced a main stage. We collar a sweaty Drew McConnell later. What's happening?

We've been rehearsing, and we're writing at the moment. Pete's got a lot of new songs, but he's working on an exciting project in France. I can't say what so we're giving him grace.

With Pontins reeling from Friday night, the pub quiz kicks off in the

Victoria on Saturday afternoon. Hot cops in non-regulation uniforms are beating a hapless cheat, and a Hell's Granny is ambling about. This is weird. As is seeing Manchester rapper Envy playing to a bemused gathering wrestling their cars around her ludicrously fast verses.

Egyptian Hip Hop are officially good value. Keyboard player Alex gets

piggybacked onto the NME Radar Stage, and as he whispers and yabbers, he sounds increasingly like Liars Angus Andrew. Then, halfway through Chapel Club's singalong-heavy set, one tweet dissipates: Secret gig from Egyptian Hip Hop in their chalet. Peering through the suspicious fog that seeps from Room 192, they're jamming their doomiest, mathiest stuff yet, that, according to Alex, is going to inform their more experimental debut album. It's possible that experimental won't stretch to playing the ironing board though, as they do this evening.

Main Stage headliners British Sea Power are their reliably charming, anthemic selves, forsaking their regular roft bear collaborator for a fox man instead. Then the security rank across the front row swells to eight-strong. Trash Talk are on. Within seconds of leaping into the befuddled crowd, singer Lee's got a bloody gash across his forehead, where the mic got hold of it, he tells us later.

Whispers that they might be planning a chalet gig are sadly unfounded. We were gonna play, he says the following morning, but thought the floor might cave in – our PA could kill the people below us. Their night doesn't end there though – almost everyone the next morning mumbles shellshocked stories of partying with Trash Talk. A baptism of fire indeed. See you next year.

VIEW FROM THE CROWD



Natalie Shaw, Bethnal Green
"Egyptian Hip Hop were really impressive. It's incredible that they're producing music that experimental and interesting at such a young age. I can't wait to see what happens next for them. Trash Talk stood out for me too. It's the first time I've seen them live and it was so much fun. They really kicked the crowd into shape."

Those rumours that they're on the rocks? Unfounded. Tonight Babysambles are a proper functioning band again

Main pic: We've made it! Pete brings Babysambles back. This page from top: Egyptian Hip Hop rock the chalet; British Sea Power jump for joy; fans provide their own entertainment outside the chalets; ...before getting down the front; TEMBO say goodbye; bloody Trash Talk

Main pic (l-r): Yuck's Jenny Rogoff, Dan Blumberg, Max Bloom and Mariko Dol get a room. (Right from top) alive. Bill moped; Yuck outside Max's new

WORDS: MATT WILKINSON PHOTO: DAN DENNIS/IGN



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"WE'VE DONE IT ALL BY OURSELVES..."

Fast-rising plaid-rockers Yuck have been getting sweaty for their eagerly anticipated debut album – locked away in a small room in their folks' house

IN THE WORKS

"In Max's house we had to move to an even smaller room because all the neighbours started complaining," Yuck frontman Dan Blumberg says dejectedly of the debut album-making process for the hotly tipped London four-piece – which took place mainly in the home of guitarist Max Bloom's folks. He's seemingly unaware that 24 hours non-stop of Dinosaur Jr- and Silver Jews-style guitar-sledgery isn't going to go down well with the two-point four-children families of Finchley, N3.

"And it was the hottest part of the summer too," he continues, without a flinch, remembering the conditions in the Bloom Srs' abode. "So we're in there doing the guitars and all the amps were heating up because of the valves. I'd spend ages getting the sound right and then have to run out the room to get some breath. Max was hardcore – he slaved away in that room. He sweated for this!"

Although things remained decidedly cramped and chaotic for them throughout,

they're keen to admit they weren't slouches. The band, completed by Japanese bassist Mariko Doi and fuzz-haired drummer Jonny Rogoff, tried out upwards of 30 songs – including a previous NME Track Of The Week 'Rubber' – with many a tracklisting being drawn up, ripped up and re-written. Max: "Even last week, we were like, 'Shit! 'Stutter' should be on the record.' So we recorded it, and then we did a few more – one called 'Milkshake'. We seem to be much faster at *producing* songs than getting them out there."

The band's gameplan was a simple one: to merge the poppiest slacker-guitar sounds ever with a more distorted, shitbag approach. As Dan puts it: "All we needed to do was to get the sound from our heads onto the record."

A few demos already out there – 'Automatic', 'Georgia', 'Suicide Policeman' – have made it straight to the finished product without any real modifications, bar a bit of

mastering from Texas-based Matt Pence. The band say he's pretty much the only outsider to have got his mitts on the record. "We've basically done everything ourselves," Dan explains. "The artwork, everything. We know what we want to do

so it's irrelevant what anyone else says. We actually tried to avoid having discussions with people about it. We didn't want anything to interrupt our flow whatsoever."

"Wait," he continues, stopping dead in his tracks before raising a craggy smile. "Actually, what I meant to say was the real reason we did it this way is because when we do the second record in a big, proper studio – one with control rooms and corridors and Jim O'Rourke and whatever – we can all be like, 'Yeah, we've *really* progressed, haven't we?'"

Head to NME.COM/artists/yuck for a video interview with the band

THE DETAILS

Title: TBC

Released:

January 2011

Recorded:

Max's parents' house in Finchley and Dan's house in Muswell Hill

Produced by:

The band

Songs include:

'Automatic', 'Georgia', 'Suicide Policeman', 'Milkshake', 'Stutter'



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SPEED DIAL DAMON ALBARN

New Gorillaz, new Blur, new “something next year” – he’s still as busy as ever

You’re bringing Gorillaz back to the UK – did the US shows work out OK?

“It was so much fun. It’s very weird, I haven’t played out of England in that way for a long time – 10, 12 years – and America was always such a struggle with Blur, even though we had a wonderfully loyal cult following. Writing in the language that I do, working in America is – I have to say – a very nice novelty.”

A perfect day, if you’re Lou Reed. Must be exciting to have such a legend join your band.

“Oh yeah, Lou’s become a very, er, sort of benevolent force for us now. At Madison Square Garden the whole crowd was going ‘Lou, Lou!’ which sounds like ‘boo, boo’, unfortunately.”

We don’t imagine he’s the kind of guy who would find that funny.

“I le’s up for it. Everyone gets on really well, which is ridiculous really, if you think about the logistics. Lou Reed and Kano and Bashy and Bobby Womack all hanging out together. And Mark E Smith and Neneh Cherry are going to do some European dates.”

Where did you find Daley, who sings on new single ‘Doncamatic (All Played Out)’?

“My missus got onto him ‘cos our mate Nelson was round our house one evening and played us a YouTube clip of Daley doing a session, and he was just so cool. I think he’s a bit of a star in the making. Not to sound too Simon Cowell.”

That song’s out this month, but ‘Stylo’ is still the signature tune for Gorillaz 2010, isn’t it?

“That is a legitimate radio song but EMI made us release it before we were ready, because they wanted it to be in the last financial quarter or something. It didn’t sound like anything else on the radio so it didn’t get played.”

Are Gorillaz sitting on a big stash of new material?

“I’ve been recording a new record on the road, which I’m going to try and put out before Christmas. It’s a studio album made in hotel rooms round America.”



How is it possible to capture the distinctive Gorillaz sound in a hotel room?

“I’ve made it on an iPad – I hope I’ll be making the first record on an iPad. Which is ironic, being the sort of technophobe and Luddite that I am. But I fell in love with my iPad as soon as I got it, so I’ve made a completely different kind of record.”

So is it Gorillaz-y or more Blur-y? What does it sound like?

“It’s probably more American-sounding than Blur. It sounds like an English voice that has been put through the vocoder of America.”

But when you’re writing these new songs, do some of them feel like Blur songs?

“I’ve got a lot of songs that will always only be comfortable in the context of Blur because they belong to that part of my heart and my life. But as for a new album, I have very strong loyalties to my past and I don’t believe you should do something just because there’s a demand for it.”

What can we expect from you in 2011 – another opera?

“I’m doing something next year about a subject that’s really close to my heart.”

Which is...?

“No, I’m not telling you what it is.”

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NEWS ROUNDUP

SERGE TO THE CINEMA

Serge from Kasabian has done the soundtrack for new Brit film *London Boulevard* - out on November 26. Colin Farrell, Keira Knightley and Ray Winstone all appear in the movie. Sounds pretty empire to us

YOU WHAT?

"It was one of the most disgusting moments in my presidency" George W Bush finally responds to Kanye's 2005 "George Bush doesn't care about black people" outburst. Could equally apply to '80s & Heartbreak', mind



WOMEN: OVER

Calgary band split up onstage while dressed as scary things

And we thought music was supposed to bring people together... But on Halloween night (October 31), Women announced they were splitting during a show in Victoria, Canada.

The band had a huge bust-up during the gig before the announcement, which was made all the more amusing because they were in full Halloween costumes. "We're breaking up right now. You're all going to see our last show," guitarist Patrick Flegel declared.

What exactly were they fighting about? The band went into their shells after the smash-up, but their manager told us that, "The band Women is exhausted and are in need of a break from touring. They have experienced a lot of stress recently, and this culminated in a disastrous public conflict. Band members have been suffering from poor health, and are in near-exhaustion... the personal health of these individuals forces this decision." Hey, at least they can join the reformation brigade in a couple of years' time.

REUNION CORNER

BECAUSE IT WORKED FOR SKUNK ANANSIE



This week: Pulp

Rumours of a Pulp reunion have been swirling for ages (well, every time Jarvis Cocker said "maybe in the future, we're always getting offers..." about it in an interview for his solo albums, anyway), so there was a sense of inevitability about the Sheffield indie legends announcing this week that they will be gigging next year.

All six original members are on board and the band are already confirmed for Primavera Sound in Spain on May 27 and Wireless in London on July 3. We're guessing a Glasto slot could be on the cards, too. So we'll see them next summer for 'Disco 2011', and in the meantime, keep an eye out for next week's NME for more reaction on the reunion.

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VERSUS

PETER ROBINSON Vs CHESTER BENNINGTON

The Linkin Park vocalist on unitards, boxes and the difficulty of British music fans



FTI

• Another example there of GGBB – great guy, bad band

• A T4 presenter informed us last year of this useful term

• Based on recent Versuses, James Blunt might be the ultimate GGBB although he is not, strictly, in a band. He is his own entity

Hello, Chester.
Hello!

Your talking voice makes you sound rather young.

My wife and I have a joke that I am a living Peter Pan.

Whether you wear green tights at home is not really my business.
That's right!

But we're both men, Chester. We should be able to discuss this.
I'm not ashamed!

Have you ever worn tights?
(Awkward laugh)

I wore tights at school, for the purposes of rattling through a Shakespeare play.
Right.

I won't lie, they felt quite good.
But there's nothing quite as humiliating as a unitard.

How do you think Linkin Park are perceived in the UK? Do you see your fanbase changing?

Well, I think it's interesting. There are unique areas where we have fans who I think we have to work a little harder to keep them interested, or to get them interested at all. France, New York, LA, but I think particularly the UK. Those are the places where people are a little more reserved and maybe a little more sceptical.

It must be more rewarding when those countries eventually do like you. A bit like chatting up a nun.

To win someone over is awesome. It's much more fulfilling to chase down the girl you really want who's not too easy as opposed to the girl who takes her pants off as soon as you look at her.

Which countries take their pants off first?

(Laughs) I don't know! I don't think about countries like that.

What about Spain?

I don't feel comfortable pigeonholing our entire fanbase in a country.

Sensible. You are associated with a moment eight years ago

It's interesting because the success of Hybrid Theory has been a real



blessing as well as a major pain in the ass. We put ourselves in a little box and we've been taking steps to expand our world as much as possible.

Are you expanding within the box or have you stepped outside it to expand inside a different one?
I like to think we burned the box

What colour was the box?
(Continuing regardless) People always ask us, 'How do you classify Linkin Park – nu-metal, rock, alternative?' and honestly I want it to be almost impossible. I like that people don't know what we are. If we tried to make an album to please everyone it would be THE worst album of all time.

Would this album be even worse than your worst album? Which is your worst album to date?

There are moments on Hybrid Theory and Meteora that I think don't pack the punch that we would. The quality that we have on Minutes To Midnight and A Thousand Suns, for example.

Would you say they were awful?
I wouldn't say they were both awful, I'd say there's some great moments.

Do you die in a hilarious way in the new Saw film?

We actually had a really hard time making my scene because it was viewed as too realistic and too disturbing.

Are you saying that as part of a publicity scam?

I don't know what makes my scene more fucked up than what's been done before, but I hope people enjoy it.

THIS WEEK'S TOP 20

THE NME CHART

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NEW TO NME RADIO PLAYLIST

- THE VIEW 'Sunday'
- EGYPTIAN HIP HOP 'Rad Pitt'
- MARK RONSON FT BOY GEORGE 'Somebody To Love Me'
- THE NAKED & FAMOUS 'Punching In A Dream'
- UNDERWORLD 'Bird 1'

- 1 **CEE LO GREEN** 'FUCK YOU' (A&M)
- 2 **1 KINGS OF LEON** 'RADIOACTIVE' (A&M)
- 3 **5 HURTS** 'STAY' (A&M)
- 4 **2 THE TING TINGS** 'HANDS' (COLUMBIA)
- 5 **7 WICKI MINAJ** 'YOUR LOVE' (RCA)
- 6 **NEW KINGS OF LEON** 'PYRO' (A&M)
- 7 **3 MARK RONSON & THE BUSINESS** 'INTL 'THE DIKE SONG'' (COLUMBIA)
- 8 **4 KANYE WEST** 'POWER' (RCA)
- 9 **6 THE XX** 'ISLANDS' (WARRIOR)
- 10 **9 MANIC STREET PREACHERS** 'IT'S NOT WAR) JUST THE END OF LOVE' (JANUS)
- 11 **10 SLEIGH BELLS** 'INFINITY GUITARS' (A&M)
- 12 **12 BRANDON FLOWERS** 'ONLY THE YOUNG' (A&M)
- 13 **NEW MARK RONSON & THE BUSINESS** 'SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME' (COLUMBIA)
- 14 **11 ARCADE FIRE** 'READY TO START' (A&M)
- 15 **8 DAWID DEEZ** 'CONSTELLATIONS' (LITTLE WIND)
- 16 **14 KID CUDI FT KANYE WEST** 'ERASE ME' (GEMINI)
- 17 **NEW CRYSTAL CASTLES** 'NOT IN LOVE' (A&M)
- 18 **20 PARAMORE** 'PLAYING GOD' (COLUMBIA)
- 19 **15 MORRISSEY** 'EVERYDAY IS LIKE SUNDAY' (A&M)
- 20 **13 KIXONS** 'ECHOES' (A&M)

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TOUR



THE DATES

- O2 Academy Glasgow (February 3)
- Manchester Academy (4)
- O2 Academy Newcastle (7)
- Nottingham Rock City (8)
- O2 Academy Leeds (9)
- Norwich UEA (11)
- O2 Academy Birmingham (12)
- Cardiff University Great Hall (13)
- O2 Academy Bristol (15)
- O2 Academy Bournemouth (16)
- Brighton Dome (17)
- O2 Academy Brixton (19)

Tickets on sale from Wednesday (November 10) at 9am from NME.COM/tickets

NME AWARDS TOUR 2011 ANNOUNCED

Crystal Castles, Magnetic Man, Everything Everything and The Vaccines are gearing up for February's gigs – and Ethan Kath is planning on keeping things dark

TOUR NEWS

It's that time of year again. We can reveal that Crystal Castles, Magnetic Man, Everything Everything and The Vaccines will be the

bands heading out on the NME Awards Tour next year. See right for the full list of dates and how to get tickets.

The tour kicks off in Glasgow on February 3, and Ethan Kath from

headliners Crystal Castles has told us that, in time-honoured form, as the band heading up the bill, he's making it his personal mission to help all the others bond and get over any nerves by playing the amiable host. We jest, of course.

These tours always end up being a bloody haze of drugs and violence and madness, Ethan said – himself an NME Tour veteran having been on the NME New Noise Tour in 2008. I think we'll be attempting to maintain our aura of

mystery, keeping ourselves to ourselves and trying not to infect the other bands with our sickness.

The Vaccines Justin Young said despite being first on – a slot previously held by Arctic Monkeys, Franz Ferdinand and Florence among others – he wasn't too daunted. I've heard Franz and Arctic Monkeys have had that slot, and Coldplay, he shrugged. People rarely tell me about the year Llama Farmers did it Jonathan Everything from Everything

Everything, however, admitted he was daunted – at the prospect of playing alongside Magnetic Man – while M.M.'s Skream said he saw Ethan's comments about socialising as a challenge rather than a snub. I've had the sickness since I was about 12, he laughed. As long as they're up for partying, I'll be fine. I can make anyone party.

Keep an eye on NME.COM/awards for the latest news on the NME Awards 2011

RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



ABOUT
TO
BREAK

FICTION

Imploding post-punk clichés one angular stab at a time

For a band whose name aligns them with the world of stories, tales and glorious fabrication, Fiction aren't so hot at a decent lie.

We're backstage at the capital's Scala, where the London band, only on their second single, have just warmed up for Warpaint on one of the hottest billings of the year. Softly spoken German-born bassist Daniel Djan is attempting to explain why he's wearing a large iron door key on a string round his neck, like some sort of indie latchkey child.

My grandfather owns a castle in Germany, he begins gamely, and I'm just waiting to find that castle. I keep trying, though, with every lock when I go on holiday.

As grand, invented rock n' roll backstories go, it's not exactly Dr Frankenstein and the P-Funk Mothership, but hey, he's having a go.

To be fair, the facts are exciting enough at the moment for Fiction. Their warm, loose and bright sound, on the Talking Heads-indebted herky-jerky post-punk of *Curiosity* and the Maccabees-by-way-of-XTC romance of *Phyllis*, led to the aforementioned ladies (who keep flitting through the dressing

room, occasionally breaking into a cheer of I LOVE FICTION) handpicking them for their album tour. Next month they're supporting Klaxons and releasing glinting, Afropop-tinged, Anthony Rossomando-produced single *Big Things*. Onstage, their fluid multi-instrumental set-up (Mike Barrett and James Howard share stand-up drum duties and vocals, while James splits the guitar with Mike's brother Nick) means that their sound never gets stuck in a groove, branching restlessly off into different styles. If it's hard to pin down a definite sound, beyond a touch of Yeasayer here, a snatch of Wild Beasts there, that's not an accident.

If this age is about anything, asserts Mike, it's about looking back, it's about pastiche, and it's becoming hard to define what style music is any more. It's a complex web of influences with everyone, and there's no centre of gravity at the moment. In a situation like this, the only thing you can do is be yourself.

I think we're just motivated by the hook, as an idea, a way to draw people in, offers Jamie; while Dan dryly notes, We just want to revive music.

We've got a lot on, concludes Nick wryly. *Emily Mackay*

FYI

• Dan replied to the band's advert for a bassist by saying he could also play violin – this wasn't true!

• Their gig came after three rehearsals, which Dan describes as "the most intense experience ever"

• Nick gave up medical training to focus on Fiction

The Buzz

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



VONDELPARK'S 'HIPPODROME' VIDEO

The debut video from London (via Surrey)'s new name-on-lips Vondelpark may have all the antiquated visual cues - low-res shots of summer days, a sparkling pool and a pre-adolescent girl - to tag them as the latest nostalgia-baiting chancers, but the sinister, dubstep drop of 'Hippodrome' suggests a darker impulse. The vid doesn't attempt to create an idealised past, instead offering a simple, unadorned home video assemblage. When combined with 'Hippodrome's' unnerving musical score, the effect is as incongruous as it is foreboding; childhood can't and won't last forever. It says 1996 on the screen, but Vondelpark never sound anything but 2011.



2 JESSIE J'S 'DO IT LIKE A DUDE'

While Pixie Lott might not exactly have done wonders for obliterating Essex stereotypes, Jessie J's a future-pop siren cut from a different kinda polyester. She was, until recently, a writer for stars like Miley Cyrus, before creating her own brand of shiny pop raga, as showcased here on her debut single.



3 SURF CITY'S 'CRAZY RULERS OF THE WORLD'

Any band precursing its debut album with a song entitled 'Crazy Rulers Of The World' isn't short on confidence. We discovered these Kiwi Jesus And Mary Chain acolytes while hanging out with The Naked And Famous in Auckland a fortnight ago, and our tinnitus hasn't been the same since.



4 WAP WAP WOW BECOMING RHOSYN

According to Rose Dagul, WWW is over. She's not gone all Prince on us; rather retiring her Wap Wap Wow moniker to become Rhosyn, a solo cello and vox-led project that reminds us of an operatic Marling taking tea with Arthur Russell in the English countryside. Surprise, surprise, she's from Oxford: all hail.



5 RKO'S NEW MIXTAPE

RKO is a 21-year-old from Panama, and like nothing in the charts at the moment. His key musical touchstones comprise Rick James, '90s chorus sculptor Max Martin, and Soulja Boy. His mixtape - forging his own freak-crunk-pop cuts with buzzy bangers from the likes of Willow Smith and Waka Flocka Flame - breathes hope into 2011's popsphere.



BAND CRUSH

Stuart Braithwaite, Mogwai

"I really love oOoO's self-titled EP - it's one of the best I've heard in years. There's something really ethereal and heavy about it."

RADAR GLOSSARY

This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

VISUAL KEI Imagine all the extras from Adam And The Ants' 'Prince Charming' video making the key act in Japan's latest dress-up scene, visual kei. Also see: Dir En Grey and Guild.



MAZES VILLAGE UNDERGROUND, LONDON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29

CAUGHT LIVE

By a long distance, the highlight of this *Vice* magazine-sponsored Halloween party (most popular fancy dress theme = drunk) are Manchester/London quartet Mazes - which is not bad going when the headliners are everyone's favourite irresistible keggar garage lunatics Black Lips. Resolutely free from any of the gormless posturing infecting some of the other bands lower down tonight's bill, Mazes instead display a kind of effortlessly gracious lo-fi indie cool: they've spent most of the last couple of years touring everywhere, playing squats and house parties with fellow travellers Male Bonding, Times New Viking and Wavves, but now that smart indie label Fat Cat have picked them up, Mazes are going to start topping bills themselves. Singer Jack Cooper runs the hip Suffering Jukebox label and used to be

in cult Manchester psych-pop act The Beep Seals, but with Mazes he's really come into his own, writing feel-good fuzz-pop songs that are each little gems of witty slack rock, powered by a sly intelligence and insidious melodies. Without even seeming like they're really trying, Mazes are the latest in a long line of loveably warped pop acts that stretch from that 1980s Antipodean rock scene (one particularly jaunty song tonight is even called

Without trying, Mazes are the latest in a long line of loveably warped pop acts

Go-Betweens), through Pavement and Guided By Voices. Tonight they play the pick of a bunch of songs released on numerous limited-run seven-inches and cassettes like the lurching Bowie Knives or jaunty Bethesda, proving that they have the tunes and insouciant charm to win a permanent place in any sane person's list of most-cherished records. *Pat Long*

KINGS OF **THE WILD**

MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE ARE BACK, THIS TIME IN COLOUR! LUKE LEWIS MEETS ROCK'S RETURNING HEROES AS THEY DITCH EMO AND BURN UP THE MUSICAL BADLANDS



FRONTIER



PHOTOGRAPH: DEAN CHALKLEY



On a slate-grey afternoon in a dead silent west London suburb, entering the studio where My Chemical Romance are posing for photographs feels like stepping into the primary-colour pages of a Marvel comic book. KAPOW! There's bassist Mikey Way, tiger stripes zig-zagging up his torso. ZAP! Either side of him: guitarists Ray Toro and Frank Iero, a broad-strokes blur of denim and tattoos.

And at the centre, hands raised high, holding a desert landscape aloft. ZONK! It's Gerard Way, Stones T hanging off him, his hair an ink-splash of pillar-box red. He advances towards me, hand extended like a blade. I half expect his words to float in a speech bubble above his head.

NME, right? Mind if go for a cigarette first?

Be my guest. Even superheroes need a fag break.

This is the new My Chemical Romance: the goths who roared back from the grave, exploded from black and white into vivid colour. Their last album, 2006's three-million-selling *The Black Parade*, was a morbid fantasia about a man dying from cancer. At live shows, Way would clamber aboard a gurney to declaim such cheery lines as, *I'm just soggy from the chemo* and, *Wouldn't it be great if we were dead?*

If that record was a death march, the new one is a road trip. *Danger Days: The True Lives Of The Fabulous Killjoys* is a needle in the red desert race, a pop-punk Mint 400 that reeks of polished chrome and scorched engine oil. But it's not cartoonishly upbeat. Beneath the burning rubber lies an allegory of environmental collapse, a tale of four outlaws battling a ruthless corporation in the shadow of a cataclysmic event, which is never specified but strongly hinted to be nuclear war. The band call *Danger Days* a party record, but it's hardly Agadoo. Listen carefully, and it's clear that this is the party at the end of the world.

Way says the corporation represents many things: the US government, the BP oil spill, the temptations of safe, 30-something rock'n'roll. But mostly the record's mood of apocalyptic defiance was inspired by a quote he heard on a Duran Duran *Classic Albums* documentary: "We want to be the band that's dancing when the bomb goes off. The message being: the world is fucked, but don't lose hope. The album's key concept, he says, is: Keep running. Don't ever stop. You've got to keep running to stay free. Swerving madly from digi-punk to classical, and crammed with ideas, it is the most deranged, full-throttle album released this year.

What's so thrilling about *Danger Days* is that the reference points are not purely musical. Sure, there are hints of early '80s good time metal (Judas Priest, Def Leppard), and the desperado, pulling-outta-here-to-win quality of Bruce Springsteen. But it also makes



None more black: the MCR-my in full effect

you think of movies, comic books, NASCAR (see panel). As befits a band who play *World Of Warcraft* together on tour, listening to the album is immersive and relentless, like being plunged inside a video game. Way describes it as "turning the cannon on rock'n'roll". I interpret it more as a love note to American trash culture in all its forms, as exemplified by the cheap polyresin raygun that comes with the album's special edition. You don't get that with Laura Marling.

Up close, Gerard Way and Frank Iero are so irritatingly pretty you want to stretch a bin liner over their heads. They're easy in each other's company, as you'd expect from two guys who've been known to French kiss onstage (it's on YouTube, if you *must* look). Both possess the beaming benevolence common to new fathers: Way has an 18-month-old daughter, Bandit Lee; he recorded some of his vocal parts for *Danger Days* while covered in baby sick. Iero has a pair of newborn twins, Cherry and Lily, an experience he describes as "awesome", though the guitarist is so unfailingly enthusiastic you sense he'd describe a looming fistulotomy as awesome too.

Both men are rail-thin, something Way attributes to not eating, rather than exercise, which he hates. For



DEAN CHALKLEY, TOM ORLEY

"DANGER DAYS..." NEEDLE IN THE RED RATING

Look Alive, Sunshine

Opening up 'Danger Days' is this, a portentous spoken word intro courtesy of Dr Death Defying, the album's narrator/master of ceremonies.



Na Na Na

You probably know this one already. And if you don't, you will soon. It's mental. Way says it "sounds like a big gang of children yelling. It's dumb as fuck, really." And he's right.



Bulletproof Heart

A future single, this boasts an urgent lyric with intimations of suicide ("Please just jump and get it over with"). Plus, it quotes *The Terminator*!



SING

Lyrically, this is classic MCR call-to-arms ("You've got to be what tomorrow needs"), but with their usual widdly guitars replaced by synths and punk-funk bass lines.



Planetary (GO!)

Described by Way as "a dance song with a vendetta", it has the line "My velocity starts to make you sweat". Absurdly upbeat, the digi-punk bits sound like Enter Shikari.



The Only Hope For Me Is You

Conceived as a ballad, this has been retooled as a thunderous, robotic thrash, while the shadow of war looms ("Think of the bombs they built").



Jet-Star And The Kobra Kid/ Traffic Report

Another spoken word sermon from Dr Death Defying, who instructs his disciples to "die with your mask on if you have to."





It's hard to square this clean-cut gang with the pantomime villains the *Daily Mail* described in 2006 as an evil suicide cult. But then, that was always a demented fantasy on Fleet Street's part. It's no wonder My Chemical Romance wanted to reinvent themselves with *Danger Days*, because ultimately *The Black Parade* mutated into something monstrous and beyond their control. Most terrifyingly of all, it exposed them to the full, frothing insanity of the British tabloid press.

When 13-year-old MCR fan Hannah Bond hanged herself, the *Mail* claimed the band's music had led her to it – a curious interpretation of an album whose final chorus runs, *I am not afraid to keep on living*. None of these journalists had a clue – one article shrieked: No child is safe from the sinister cult of emo. Another listed Russell Brand as an emo icon. But it didn't matter. Other outlets seized on the story, and before long emo was the biggest, dumbest moral panic since acid house.

What was it like, being at the centre of this tornado of bullshit?

I get it now, sighs Way, though his resignation curdles to renewed fury as he speaks. It's like Kasabian talking shit about us to sell records. They're tabloids, they want to sell newspapers. But what gets me about these journalists – they clearly don't communicate with their children. They've been such rotten, distant parents. And they look at their kid who has problems, and instead of trying to understand them, they find out what that kid is into and they crucify it. Now they'll probably accuse us of pushing drugs on kids. They'll find something.

Was there not a small part of you, though, that revelled in being cast as dangerous outsiders?

Only once or twice, he says, when we had religious whackos outside our gigs, protesting, saying, You're the devil. To be targeted by those people felt like a victory. But that didn't last

long. Pretty quickly I thought, This is really misunderstood, this is getting out of hand. The records we're selling [on the strength of] this nonsense, I don't want to be selling.

From there, the emo witch-hunt went international. In March 2008, a string of attacks on teenage emo kids culminated in a bloody riot in the Mexican city of Santiago de Querétaro. Four months later, the Russian

parliament drafted legislation that sought to ban the dangerous teen trend of, er, wearing eyeliner and having a long black fringe. It was as though the world had lost its mind – but Way is in no doubt as to who was responsible for this lunacy.

The media incited those hate crimes, he says. We got to New Zealand for Big Day Out and the media was already there, fanning the flames. And that was the worst part: how they involved the kids. If you make a 16-year-old kid a villain, demonise him, make him feel that he's a potential threat – you're painting a fucking target on this kid.

And yet – I wonder if Way feels just a little responsible. Everyone knows My Chemical Romance inspire fanaticism. Before the first leg of the UK tour, in Hammersmith, fans camped out overnight in the rain. The same thing happened at every subsequent date. They call themselves the MCR-my. The point is: that level of to-the-death devotion is the direct result of Way's adversarial worldview.

More than any other band, MCR understand that being young is a battle, in which rock'n'roll represents a redemptive shield against a nebulous them. A spirit of fist-aloft defiance defined *The Black Parade* (*Give a cheer for all the broken*), and it's all over the new album: *They don't believe in us* (DESTROYA); *Think of the bombs they built* (*The Only Hope For Me Is You*). I think a lot of MCR fans thrive on being victimised, see it as a totem of their loyalty.

Way passionately disagrees.

There's no us and them, he insists.

We don't need outside conflict. Us versus them is just another marketing tool, and I'm not going to sell our fans pre-packaged rebellion, they deserve better than that. If it was really us against the world, I should have taken those kids and robbed a bank. I want the message to [our fans] to be, You can do fucking anything, because

we did. He eyes my Dictaphone, as if addressing fans directly. I'm not leading you into battle.

In other ways, though, Way does feel responsible. You know how mainstream youth culture is now all about eyeliner and vampires (*Twilight*, *True Blood*, etc)? Well, he *started* that whole goth thing, and he's mighty pissed off about how lame it's become. Predictably, the band were offered huge sums (they won't tell me ▶



Warrior
2005



Meat Loaf
2005

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER



Pat Butcher
2006



Godzilla
2007



Heartthrob
2010

the new album he wanted to look starving and on-the-run, though actually he looks healthy, certainly in comparison with his Xanax and cocaine days pre-*Black Parade*, when he ballooned to 200 pounds and got so blitzed his trousers fell down onstage. Back then, unkind souls dubbed him the emo Meat Loaf, such was his shamolic demeanour. Now he looks more like Christina Ricci.

In the background lurks guitarist Ray Toro – the archetypal heavy metal nerd, with corkscrew hair and

“TO BE TARGETED BY THOSE RELIGIOUS WHACKOS FELT LIKE A VICTORY” GERARD WAY

a wheedling voice. He doesn't look starving and on-the-run: when he takes off his Randy Rhodes, I notice doughy love handles spilling over his belt. There's Mikey Way too, a silent, bookish presence, and a new drummer, Mike Pedicone, who doesn't reveal himself. He replaces Bob Bryar, who parted with the band in February. Way is quick to point out: My Chemical Romance is the four of us.

Party Poison

A lyrical reference to MC5's *Kick Out the Jams* and a dirge performed from Judas Priest make this the album's most pedal-to-the-metal moment.



Save Yourself, I'll Hold Them Back

Atypical MCR declaration of defiance ("We can live forever if you've got the time"), featuring a Def Leppard-esque production sheen.



SCA/R/T/H-CROW

A strange, psychedelic pop tune whose swooping chorus belies a bleak meaning. The scarerow is a metaphor for nuclear annihilation.



Summertime

Another glistening FM-rock anthem, with a real early-'80s, open-highway feel. It's romantic, too, with its gay-off line: "You can run away with me anytime you want."



DESTROYA

Ultra-heavy funk-metal that fits very neatly in the mould of Jane's Addiction, featuring the none-more-MCR rallying cry: "They don't believe in us!"



The Kids From Yesterday/Goodnite, Dr Death

"We don't care about the message or the rules they make", sings Way over a pulsing backdrop.



Vampire Money

A brass band lament morphs into a Ramones-esque pop-punk sprint, via some Fuck Buttons-style speaker-shredding distortion. Indecently thrilling.



exactly how much) to contribute a song to the *Twilight* soundtrack. To their great credit, they refused.

That's why this record exists, to react against all that, he says, seemingly relieved to address an issue that's been burning him up. He's at his most articulate when he's angry. That's why the song *Vampire Money* is on there, because there's a lot of people chasing that fucking money. *Twilight*? A lot of people around us were like, Please, for the love of god, do this fucking movie. But we'd moved on.

Because you loathe what goth has become?

Exactly. Originally, what we did was take goth and put it with punk and turn it into something dangerous and sexy. Back then, nobody in the normal punk world was wearing black clothes, eyeliner. We'd be in a truckstop bathroom, putting make-up on. We did it because we had one mission – to polarise, to irritate, to contaminate. It's like, Who's the toughest guy in the club? Us, because we're dressed like fucking cupcakes. But then that image gets romanticised. And then it gets commoditised.

A counter-culture movement becoming sanitised and co-opted by the mainstream: sound familiar? He could be talking about emo. As much as they insist they never felt part of it, it's clear that *The Black Parade* caught the same cultural wave that made multi-platinum stars of Fall Out Boy and Panic At The Disco. It was the great emo boom of 2006, but it couldn't last: within three years, both bands had split. Were MCR concerned, four years on from their last album, that their fans might have moved on?

Way winces at the very mention of the word. You know what, I'm not even bummed about being called emo any more. I'm sure Eddie Vedder is not bummed



Ways to go (l-r): Frank Iero, Gerard Way, Ray Toro and Mickey Way

The Filth

Grant Morrison's compelling comic book series, of which Gerard Way is a massive fan, portrays a complex tale in which a troubled loner, Greg Healy, battles shadowy forces with dark designs on humanity.

The Invisibles

Another comic book set by the influential Morrison, *The Invisibles* features a ragtag band of freedom fighters. The madcap anti-corporate conspiracy theory behind *Danger Days...* owes much to these stories.



being turned into a film). Disheartened, and on the advice of his new wife Lyn-Z (of the band Mindless Self Indulgence), the singer decamped to the remote Mojave Desert town of Twentynine Palms.

There he wrote a song, *Na Na Na*, which he describes as a 'punk-rock Hey Ya!' and credits with

recharging his creativity. It's since become the album's lead single and the band's live opener and calling card, and is the track that best exemplifies the new, turbo-charged iteration of the band: breakneck, full-bore, blazing with colour. *Na Na Na* was the turning point, he says. It helped him conceive a new look for the band, a kind of futuristic outlaw chic that he describes as *My Own Private Idaho* meets *Blade Runner*. I realised then that this was going to be a fight. There were going to be casualties, it was going to be brutal.

Ultimately, it was about finding the right things to reject, and the right things to hold on to. We stopped trying to rebel against ourselves, says Way, and started rebelling against rock. That's why the album sounds the way it does. It's four guys fighting against being homogenised, against being assimilated by that super-safe, clean, take-your-medication type of world. It's pop art, and it's not ashamed of that.

So there's your story: the amazing adventures of My Chemical Romance – four black-clad avengers who conquered the world, and then destroyed what they'd created, only to come hurtling back (in new costumes!) to fight another day. It's quite a tale. Someone really ought to write a comic book about it.

NME TV is devoting a weekend to MCR. Tune in on November 20-21, the eve of the album launch, for interviews with the band, videos, Top 10s and more. Plus, check out NME.COM for a gallery and blogs

THE INFLUENCES



Blade Runner

Way watched a documentary on this dystopian sci-fi classic while recording and says it was the chief influence.



Vanishing Point

Released in '71, the ultimate high-octane road movie had a muscle car driven by the renegade Kowalski. Primal Scream were fans too.



The Warriors

Another '70s cult classic, all about warring gangs in New York. MCR's alter-egos for this album are strongly influenced by the film.



Mad Max

Desperado road warriors charge round a post-apocalyptic desert in a turbo-charged car. The *Na Na Na* video owes it a debt.

about the word grunge: he knows they were just Pearl Jam, and we know we're My Chemical Romance. If it's called that one year, next year they'll start calling it electro-emo. They'll find a way. Basically, whatever the fuck this band is doing, it's emo. But we never felt part of a trend. Are we still relevant? We've got something to say, and that makes us relevant.

There's a tension here. A songwriter with filmic instincts, Way wants his band to operate on the grandest possible scale. But he's deeply uncomfortable with the trappings of being a big-hitting, major-label act. He talks a lot about his terror of being sucked into a safe, 30-something world. Corporate rock. I was horribly opposed to that. What we're doing now is a direct reaction.

That word again: reaction. Ironically, it was an obsession with reacting against the past that almost

derailed *Danger Days...*, or at least made it less interesting. Originally, the album was scheduled to come out at the start of this year. And it was done – a bare-bones, back-to-basic rock record. Way even did interviews to promote it. There was only one snag: it lacked gravity, and the band didn't believe in it.

The *Black Parade* had been an art record, explains Iero. So for this one we thought, OK, no concept, no costumes, no flamboyance. Let's strip it down, two guitars bass and drums, that's it. Then we realised that, by making those restrictions, we were tying our arms behind our backs as artists.

So they scrapped the entire album. And then... creative deadlock. Way even wondered if he might quit the band and become a comic book artist full time (he's certainly good enough: his creation *The Umbrella Academy* won a coveted Eisner award, and is

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*“There was always an
‘us against the world’
mentality”*



Reintroducing the band:
(l-r) Mat Osman, Richard
Oakes, Nell Codling, Brett
Anderson, Simon Gilbert

With tales of druggy romance and sexual ambiguity, **Suede** set the '90s alight, but by 2003 they'd disappeared with a whimper. As they explain to **Luke Turner**, this comeback is all about setting the record straight

Standing ovations can be a bit like being at the Labour Party Conference, laughs Brett Anderson, seven months after the Royal Albert Hall rose to give Suede the kind of response its hallowed rafters generally only witness during the jingoistic brouhaha of the Last Night Of The Proms. But that was very spontaneous, there was something special in that moment. If you could hold that for all eternity. Keeping things special is the mantra of the reunited Suede. Sitting in London's Ministry Of Sound nightclub, Brett Anderson, Richard Oakes, Simon Gilbert, Mat Osman and Neil Codling seem entirely at ease. And, for a band who enthusiastically embraced a rather nefarious lifestyle, they're remarkably well preserved. Anderson, who once infamously claimed to subsist on a diet of brown rice, cites cycling and seeds as the secrets to keeping whip thin and high of cheekbone. And I still eat brown rice every day, he adds with a wry smile. Keeps you regular.

There's clearly no more shitting paracetamol on escalators for this urbane group of elegantly ageing men, who all have a habit of delivering a laconic knowwhatImean? as a form of punctuation. They seem far from the spent force that we last saw of Suede when Anderson split the band in 2003, saying, I need to do whatever it takes to get my demon back.

Could it be that Anderson was wrong, and what it really took for Suede to return was not poison, but love?

Last night, Suede went en masse to watch guitarist Oakes play the first gig with what

was until now a studio project called Artmagic. Anderson jokes, None of this miserable lot have ever come to see me play a solo gig. Since he left Suede in 2001, keyboard man Codling has been a gun for hire doing music for TV and films, and playing with anyone from Natalie Imbruglia to Penguin Cafe Orchestra. Today, in his Suede uniform of black boots, shirt and leather jacket, he's not aged a day since he joined in 1995. His cousin, drummer Simon Gilbert, now lives in Thailand, where he gets annoyed with British expats and plays in a punk band called Goo. He says that Suede's reunion has made it nice to come back with something to do, rather than just at Christmas to watch *Coronation Street* and eat chips. Bassist Mat Osman has turned his back on music almost entirely, and now edits London nightlife guide *Le Cool*.

Established in their own lives, none of them would have even considered reuniting Suede were it not for the offer to play the Royal Albert Hall concert in aid of the Teenage Cancer Trust. The band have a long history of supporting cancer

charities, donating their 1993 Mercury Prize winnings to Cancer Research. Genuine altruism aside, however, the three spring reunion shows did give Suede the opportunity to add a new ending to their history. Anderson himself says that final Suede album *A New Morning* was a mistake, and Osman thinks the way the split happened simply wasn't in keeping with Suede's at times tortuous existence. The story of Suede was made up of all these really dramatic moments, yet it ended with a whimper not a bang. That just seemed like an incredible shame.

Reforming Suede was no easy decision, and Oakes in particular is first to admit he took some persuading. At one point his agreement might have hung on a set drawn only from *Coming Up* and *Head Music*, the two albums for which he wrote songs: Always your gut reaction is your most petulant. Here is a list of things I don't want to do, and situations I don't want to be involved in. But the more we talked, the more I realised it's about the legacy of the band, and we have to do it properly.

It was hardest of all for Oakes because of the shadow cast by Bernard Butler, the guitarist he replaced in 1994. Yet any animosity toward Butler (which at one point apparently extended to Gilbert referring to him in his diary simply as cunt) is clearly past. Anderson and Butler have even been working together on Suede material for the first time in 16 years as they remaster tracks from the first two albums. It's a professional relationship and it's nice to have that, Anderson says.

People will always talk about friction because it's more interesting than talking about two people sat in a mastering studio listening to music.

Bernard's been very sweet about the reunion, adds Osman. He did say he was going to come down to the Albert Hall and throw peanuts at us, but he didn't in the end. I think he'd have constantly been hassled. We'd have had to smuggle him into

the Royal Box and get him to do a little wave.

Nevertheless, there is a sense that Suede know a point was being made (and proved) as that standing ovation filled the Royal Albert Hall on March 24. In a glimpse of his younger self, Anderson rather theatrically quotes George Orwell's 1984: I want to be like a boot stamping on a human face forever. I want to have that relentless, almost violent, approach to it. In the heart of Suede there is a really powerful, nasty rock band, basically a punk band.

It's this attitude that Suede have rediscovered, and what makes them a gang again. There was always an us against the world mentality, I've always felt like that and I still do, says Osman. We were always this scrappy suburban band and we are one of the few bands I know who all cleaned toilets for a living. We were saved from incredibly dull lives by doing this.

But Suede didn't open the door to a new life for the band members alone. The reason this reunion matters

SUEDE: WHY THEY MATTER



PAUL BANKS
Interpol

Suede were one of the very few bands that actually managed to be sexy, which is certainly no easy feat. As for favourite songs, *Animal Nitrate* was my joint when I was a teen. Kudos to Suede.



JAMIE REYNOLDS
Klaxons

I was lucky enough to go to the Royal Albert Hall the night they invited These New Puritans to play. I was completely blown away and singing every word at the top of my lungs from the balcony. If you danced to Suede at the indie disco you were in with more of a chance of meeting girls.



ANGUS ANDREW
Liars

My favourite Suede song is *Pantomime Horse*. I always liked the sexual ambiguity, and like a lot of people I was inspired by Brett Anderson to explore my feminine side. Suede seemed to embody

real feelings as opposed to the strutting and posturing of most popular rock bands, and they were the serious listener's alternative to the likes of Oasis and Blur.



PAUL MCGREGOR
Ulterior

After seeing Suede live for the first time, I dressed like them and went to every possible show I could. All my friends hated them. Suede got me into David Bowie. It was basically an obsession. Musically, they are one of the only bands that balance the connection of both beauty and violence extremely well.



MARTIN NOBLE
British Sea Power

Learning to play Suede songs was part of my education. Suede were brave on many levels and weren't afraid to be ridiculous. They made me think that it was possible to achieve something artful, peculiar and great. It's important they get another look-in, because their songs are genius.

so much is because of what Suede meant, and mean, to their legions of devoted fans. I get a lot of people telling me that they've lived pivotal moments of their lives to our songs, says Anderson. I think people were quite inspired by it. There was always something quite aspirational about the band - we intended to give people confidence, perhaps a bit of arrogance.

As Codling deftly puts it, with Suede, it's all or nothing, and that's great. Which leads us to the vexed question of where, exactly, will this reunion end up? Will the O2 gig in December be the last hurrah? Or will there perhaps be more, or even new material?

Whether the gigs or the Best Of are a full stop or a different kind of punctuation on the legacy I don't know, Anderson insists. To do something new I think we'd all have to be convinced that it'd be pretty amazing.

For now, Suede will continue as long as it feels special, never again to fizzle out. Brett Anderson says, in a line that might have been lifted from one of his songs, It keeps you on your toes, doesn't it? There's this really beautiful transience to it, like a painting on a street that might get washed away by the rain.

Watch a two-part video interview with Suede at NME.COM/artists/suede. Plus, check out the NME blog on why Suede are Britain's forgotten great band and then join in with the debate

"In the heart of Suede there is a really powerful, nasty rock band, basically a punk band"

BRETT ANDERSON

SNAKES, PISS AND VIOLENCE

An American love story

IT'S NOT ALL SWEETNESS FOR JENNY AND JOHNNY. THE SLEAZIEST COUPLE IN THE USA TELL MARK BEAUMONT THEIR DIRTY SECRETS

Jenny And Johnny. *Bless*. How Evan and Juliana, how Gavin and Stacey, how Lenny and Carl. Hear their honeyed Lemonhead harmonies and sweet-yet-scratchy grunge-pop hooklines. Check the adorable press shots—the pair sporting matching jackets with their names embroidered across the shoulders, or kissing in '50s get-up against a downtown street lamp. Picture them burning across state lines, spooned on a single Harley, living in a Springsteen torchsong. How all-American, how *funo*. How *ke-yooooo*.

Now picture them scratching at the walls of rehab strung out on bad booze. Or attacking each other with sharp household implements. Or chained upside down to a torture cellar wall being striped with an acid-tipped cat-o-nine-tails. Because *I'm Having Fun Now*—the debut album from indie lovebirds Jenny Lewis (cult icon of Rilo Kiley fame) and Johnathan Rice (Scottish songwriter of playing-Roy-Orbison-in-*Walk-The-Line* fame)—includes all of these dark themes and images, scuttling out like lyrical scarabs from the mouth of a mummified supermodel.

There is spite: *I don't believe in sucking your way to the top*, Jenny snarls on the pretty/scabrous attack on unnamed L.A. scenesters *My Pet Snakes*. There is violence: cheery chugger *Scissor Runner* was inspired by Jenny hurtling at Johnny one day with scissor blades bared (Johnny: She has a very aggressive approach to home decorating that borders on the murderous). And there is perversion: *Slavedriver* perhaps shines too bright a beam on the back of the special closet of their house in Laurel Canyon, LA: *I'll beg for mercy and you whip me faster. I get my sweet reward of 40 lashes*. Cover your ears!

The hardest thing to do is write a pure love song, Jenny explains. I don't think there are any of those on this record.

You wrote one, Johnny points out, and we gave it the axe.

Luckily, life doesn't mirror lyric. For a couple who've been touring together since 2003 (Rice has supported Rilo Kiley and played in Jenny's band on several solo tours), Jenny and Johnny are a remarkably harmonious couple. It's kind of like being at home, Jenny says.

When you're gypsies like we are you get a

little less lonely when you bring your home with you.

We have a good routine, Johnny adds, casting one of many approval-seeking glances at his partner. I stay out all night with the boys and she plots revenge.

Jenny giggles. I'll peek out of the curtains on the bus and count the guy-to-girl ratio.

If J&J have a heavenly relationship, it's one forged in the Midwest circle of hell. Initially introduced by Conor Oberst in a stairwell in 2003, their second meeting was a fraught affair: Rilo Kiley arrived at the studio of Bright Eyes impresario Mike Mogis in Omaha, Nebraska, psyched to start recording their 2004 album *More Adventurous* only to find Mogis had double-booked himself and Rice was still recording vocals for his debut album. Cue J&J's first domestic.

We were fucking ready to start making our record, Lewis recalls. So we started loading our equipment into the vocal booth while Johnathan was still finishing his record.

They came in, like, this gang, Johnny argues. I asked them very nicely to leave. How did you turn it around?

We went on a walk, Jenny says. That's really where the worm turned. I'd rented a flop-house room in downtown Lincoln. He came back and helped me decorate.

Johnny: There was a jar of urine in your room. Someone else's urine, stored. They were coming back for it.

Jenny: I was sleeping a couple of nights later and this drunk pissed through the window right into my room.

That Jenny tells this story with such disgust yet still admits that their album was influenced by Babyshambles' *Down In Albion* (along with It's A Shame About Ray, Slanted & Enchanted and early Modest Mouse) smacks of double standards, but the making of *I'm Having Fun Now* couldn't have been more (ahem) piss easy. This was the ultimate joint venture: over years of co-habitation each would hear the other writing songs around the house and race in with suggestions of harmonies, choruses or ex-friends they could slag off in the lyrics.

After half a decade of subconscious collaboration, they had an album. Putting it



♥ *We have a good routine. I stay out all night and Jenny plots her revenge* ♥

JOHNATHAN RICE ♥

down was a lot more intense: they arrived at Mogis' studio in Omaha an hour before the worst blizzard Nebraska has seen since the 1800s hit. For five weeks they were snowed in, living out a rock n roll *Shining*.

Yeah, Jenny laughs, but I was Jack Nicholson and [Johnny] was Shelley Duvall. We were just working, there were very few distractions. The front door froze shut.

They emerged with a double-bladed record; melodically airy and accessible but thematically dense, it continues Lewis' trend of stapling delectable melodies to tales of loose sex and degradation. Just Like Zeus references LA rehab clinic Promises.

Switchblade takes swipes at various bulging Silverlake egos, including their own. People come in and out of your life, Jenny explains.

We've met some real snakes in L.A., and not



Mr & Mrs

SO JUST HOW WELL DO THEY KNOW EACH OTHER?

Johnny

1) When have you most embarrassed Jenny in public?

One time I throttled a man at the Beverly Hills Hotel. He was being lewd and rude to my lady and it was Christmas Eve. ✓

Jenny: He was meeting my family for the first time. He did barf on his own shoes once in Sweden.

2) What's Jenny's ideal night out?

Two bottles of wine and straight to bed. ✗

Jenny: A bottle of wine and straight to bed.

3) Who's the rudest celebrity that Jenny's met?

Stephen Dorff. He had his eyes fastened to her cleavage. ✓

4) What's Jenny's most romantic memory about your relationship?

I don't want to answer that one, we have to keep something. ✗

5) What's the most embarrassing thing Jenny's done while drunk?

She once asked permission to dance on someone's lawn. I liked her dancing. ✗

Jenny: The first time I smoked marijuana I was also very drunk and I passed out. While I was asleep, in Sharpie, my friends wrote all over my body and they wrote I'm an asshole on my forehead.

SCORE: 2

Jenny

1) What does Johnny think is your most annoying habit?

Obsessively washing the dishes. ✓

2) What's Johnny's favourite food?

Pork. Braised shoulder of pork. ✓

3) What's Johnny's favourite song of yours?

Silver Lining. ✓

4) What's the worst book Johnny's ever read?

He's quite a reader, so that's a tough one. I'd have to go for *Global Scots* his dad gave him the book as a gift it's all about famous Scots. ✗

Johnny: No, the worst book I've ever read is a biography written by someone who wasn't there about Exile On Main Street. It's called *A Season In Hell With The Rolling Stones* and it has the phrase in it: Ah Mick, what a piece of work is he. It was fucking garbage.

5) What happened at the worst gig Johnny's ever played?

I think there may have been some sassing from the stage while he was opening for Rilo Kiley once or twice. Some heckling. But he deflects hecklers very well. ✓

Johnny: Jenny knows exactly how to kill hecklers with kindness. I just want to kill them.

SCORE: 4

Jenny Wins!

just in the garden.

But it's when the album swaps the personal for the political that it really blows apart Lewis' reputation as the Silverlake Emmylou Harris. Committed essentially Primal Scream covering Achy Breaky Heart imagines Rice strapped in a straightjacket being led to the gas chamber, while the Breeders-style Big Wave bemoans the devastating effects of credit culture. Over-spending and over-compensating it's the end of your health and well-being, Jenny says, the end of your relationship and your sex life and the end of your finances. In the end you'll pay for it.

They're committed too; Jenny And Johnny recently refused to tour Arizona in protest at it passing Senate Bill 1070. It allows the militantly racist police force of Arizona to

stop people in the street on suspicion of being illegal immigrants, Johnny explains.

It would be a travesty, then, for Jenny And Johnny to be classed as they undoubtedly will as the latest post-Stripes boy/girl cash-in after Matt & Kim, She & Him, John & Jehn and a billion other duos employing the fat-arsed logogram from hell.

We're strictly not an ampersand band, Jenny entreates. I come from a duo, literally. My parents had a lounge act in Vegas in the 70s, Linda & Eddie. So it's very natural for me. But musically we weren't trying to hop on the bandwagon. It's just a very balanced dynamic. Every girl can be a Jenny and every guy can be a Johnny.

And, once they delve into Jenny And Johnny's warped world of wed-pop, they surely will. *Bless.*

Who's driving who?
Jenny Lewis and
Johnathan Rice

// [NOWHERE] TO HIDE //

*Brimming with menacing intent, **These New Puritans'** much-lauded album 'Hidden' was never supposed to be exposed to a live audience. But, as **Hamish MacBain** discovers, that's exactly what has happened, with skull-shattering results*

PHOTOGRAPHY: ANDY WILLISHER



The call comes through at midday on the Friday. Jack Barnett has lost his voice. Still, the show – and the rehearsals at Music Bank in Bermondsey – must go on. Quite literally, when the 15-piece Britten Sinfonia orchestra are arriving at one o'clock for the first of two rehearsals today – both a strict two and a half hours each – and the second also involves the New London Children's Choir, who turn up at six.

Conductor André de Ridder is present, too. As is album co-producer Graham Sutton (billed as production consultant). As are the rest of Jack's band These New Puritans (or as Paul Morley's programme notes will bill them: 'mediagenic multimasking fabulously unsentimental ambient collagists These New Puritans'), with the returning Sophie Sleigh-Johnson on keyboards. Calling in sick isn't an option. Tomorrow, following just one more rehearsal on the actual Barbican stage, These New Puritans' second

album, the much-lauded *Hidden*, goes live for the first time. Jack, having communicated via things written down on a notepad, muscles through and leaves to get an early night. As he will later note: 'Because I couldn't talk, the percussionists didn't know who I was at first. They thought I was just some mad person wandering around writing stuff on bits of paper. They didn't realise I'd written the music.'

Onstage at the Barbican the next day, six hours before showtime and despite Jack still not talking (More just a precaution rather than physically not being able to speak, he says later), things are taking further shape. At the front of the auditorium sits a cardboard box full of opened packets of Jacobs Cream Crackers. The crackers have been Sellotaped to melons – exactly as they were for the recording of *Fire Power* – to simulate the sound of a human skull being smashed. There are chains and knives to be sharpened. There is much talk as to the most effective way to mic all of these elements. André takes the

Britten Sinfonia through milliseconds of their parts over and over, perfecting them. The band run through the cataclysmic intro to *Drum Courts* 'Where Corals Lie'. Jack's brother/JNP drummer George Barnett flits across the auditorium, sitting in different seats, talking to the band's manager, the soundman, the lighting engineer. The Britten Sinfonia break, so André is now running the children's choir again and again through the high-pitched *heeee-heeee-heeee* bit in *We Want War*. More discussion as to how to mic up the melons. There is one last full ensemble rehearsal, with Jack now singing as much as he needs to.

Then the clock hits six, which means that it is showtime.

These New Puritans' second album was never meant to be played live. 'The whole idea of *Hidden* was to do something that would be impossible to put together in a room,' says Jack two

days after the show. In fact, me and Graham, who produced the record, had said to each other when it was done, Oh, wouldn't it be great to do this live. We were half-joking. I thought it would be impossible. Turns out it is almost impossible, but not quite.

Much credit for the not quite but becoming reality must go to the aforementioned André de Ridder. A hugely respected conductor within the classical field, his dalliances into the world of alternative music include circus opera *Monkey: Journey To The West* and, in February of this year, *Concerto For Beethoven And Orchestra* at the Southbank Centre. Like many of us, he was completely blown away by the menacing, violence-tinged taiko drums, bassoons, synths and sleek, American hip-hop-influenced production contained within These New Puritans' second record. He saw *The Future*, and felt compelled to contact Jack, proffering the idea of a live performance. If he hadn't sent that email, Jack notes, I dunno when it would have happened. That was definitely the starting point.

Given that Jack spent three months learning classical notation so he could write all the album arrangements himself, not to mention many late nights Skype-ing L.A.-based album mix engineer Dave Cooley (J Dilla, Madvillain, MF Doom), any partner in realising this vision would have to be on the same wavelength. And André is. It was funny. In the rehearsal, when they were playing it through, I kept thinking little things like, Oh, the French horn needs to go up a bit there, or whatever. And every time, he was saying exactly what I was thinking. I absolutely could not have done it without him, or any of the people involved.

In conjunction with this show, there is a detailed custom *Hidden* live website. On it, as well as the details of this show, Jack has posted up an email sent on October 14, 2009 to the These New Puritans team about the record. It explains the thinking behind what will become the most critically lauded album of 2010, concluding that the record is: anti-distortion, anti-reverb, anti-experimental and anti-literary. The reasons: distortion is easy and old-fashioned; we used real ambiences not plug-ins; this is pop-experimental

Clockwise from left: the TNP team; Jack with conductor André de Ridder; George finds a nice spot to put a melon; TNP's percussion = unconventional; the knives are out at the Barbican; Jack and Sophie run through the rehearsals

Lots of reviews—the embarrassingly good reviews, as Jack has them—have focused on how forward-thinking and original *Hidden* is. And it is unquestionably an adventurous record. But, as far as Jack is concerned, it is not an impenetrable one (he dismisses immediately the idea that it is this year's badge-of-cool album).

Certainly, you cannot accuse an album whose two singles are called *We Want War* and *Attack Music* of not being direct. I don't want people to be distanced from it, I think it's worth listening to, he says. There is a part of me that wants to make something that hasn't been done before—if someone asked me if I'd make this music if something like it already existed, probably not—but it's not a calculated thing. Directness is important to me in music. These moments where I feel, especially in this show, that we combine absolute directness, but with complexity. I always like music like that: you can get into it immediately, but there's more to it, there's layers to it that keep you coming back.

He continues: The important thing is that people actually like it. So to get 1,400 people at the Barbican or whatever it is, to see something like this, is really, really great.

Ask him about whether he was bothered—as a lot of



PART OF ME WANTS TO MAKE
SOMETHING THAT HASN'T BEEN
DONE BEFORE. BUT DIRECTNESS
IS IMPORTANT TO ME *Jack Barnett*



music is too easy; we're sick of people talking crap about us being a literary band and all that kind of thing. The last two points, in particular, are important.

Jack reiterates: The thing is, I mean every word I say on this album. It's music that has come from me emotionally and mentally. It's not just an experiment. It's not like we thought, Oh yes, we'll put these instruments together and that'll be different and make people think whatever about us. It means a lot to us.



IF BEING IMMORTAL
DOESN'T HELP ME PULL,
NOTHING WILL.

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I DON'T MIND ABOUT THE
MERCURY. THIS SHOW IS WORTH
A THOUSAND TIMES MORE THAN
SOME CRITICS PRIZE *Jack Barnett*

those people who had written all those laudatory things were that *Hidden* was ignored by the Mercury Prize, and his response is instant. I don't mind. This show is worth a thousand times more than some critics prize.

The Barbican show, as you should by now be aware, is a triumph. You can hear a touch of fragility in Jack's voice, certainly, but he makes it through a ball of energy, eyes closed, frantically shifting his limbs in time with the rhythms. The Britten Sinfonia sound simply beautiful. And after all that fretting over mic techniques, the first sharpening of the knives on 'We Want War' comes through as clear and as strikingly visceral as it did when we all first watched that video back in January. The melons work out, too, although there were problems.

Apparently the percussionist was going through them a lot quicker than he was in the rehearsals, Jack explains. In rehearsal, every melon had taken about three strikes before it burst. In the actual performance, it was one strike. So Rory, who was putting them up on the table, had to get them up much quicker. He almost got hit on the hand with the hammer. And the melon shards were going everywhere, which is a big deal, when we had pianos and xylophones nearby.



There is an encore of *En Papier* from Beat Pyramid and then, in just under an hour, the *Hidden* live spectacular is over. As soon as it finished, I wanted to play it again. People say when you play a good gig you lose track of time, you kind of expand and contract, and certain bits feel like they're a couple of moments when they're actually minutes. It went so quickly for me. It felt like 10 minutes. But it was really, really good.

As well as a handful of regular gigs, there are two more *Hidden* performances scheduled before the end of the year, at the Crossing Border Festival in The

Clockwise from top left: Jack onstage at the Barbican with the Britten Sinfonia; they're twisting the melons, man; that is the biggest fuck-off drum we've ever seen!

Hague, the Netherlands, and the Pompidou Centre in Paris. The intention then was to put the album to bed, though Jack admits there have been some new offers in the wake of the Barbican show. He is keen to progress with the new material. There's a lot of music written around the time of *Hidden* that didn't fit in with it. I dunno whether I'm gonna use it or not. There's some that's more on the pop side of things, in a strange way. I'm writing some music now that's quite introspective and quiet, but to be honest I'm not sure. When I was writing *Hidden*, if you'd asked me what it was going to be like, for months and months it changed all the time, as I kind of changed what I felt about the music. So it's hard to say at this point. But now I've got this out of the way, I can properly start writing and figure out what this next album should be like.

And in having even the vaguest of ideas as to what the next *These New Puritans* album will sound like, Jack Barnett is, as ever, in a field of one.

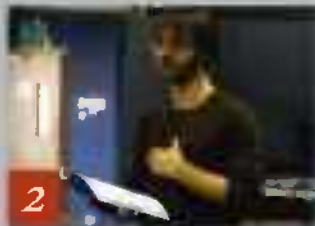
Watch a video interview with *These New Puritans* at NME.COM/video now

'HIDDEN' LIVE: THE PLAYERS



THESE NEW PURITANS

The gang of four comprise of Jack Barnett, his brother George Barnett, bassist and keyboardist Thomas Hein and the returning Sophie Sleight-Johnson on keys.



ANDRÉ DE RIDDER

Conductor whose enthusiastic email to Jack about 'Hidden' kick-started the idea of doing a full, comprehensive live performance.



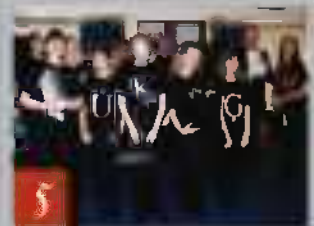
GRAHAM SUTTON

Bark Psychosis mainman and, with Jack, co-producer of 'Hidden', who was brought in to help on these shows as production consultant



BRITTEN SINFONIA

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NEW LONDON CHILDREN'S CHOIR

Internationally renowned children's choir, who previously joined Lou Reed on the 2007 European tour of his 'Berlin' album.



THE MAN WHO SHOT THE SEVENTIES

Mick Rock's pictures launched Bowie and Iggy, and he partied as hard as them both. With a book and exhibition due, he tells Mike Williams how he captured an era

It helps that his name is Mick Rock. No-one called Mick Rock has ever made a living scrubbing skidmarks off the toilets in JD Wetherspoon. It's also important that his Englishman in New York accent draws like some kind of spiritualised Del Preston, a nod towards years of relentless internal organ abuse and on the road excess. And yes – oh yes – it's vital to note that during his long and lauded life and career, he has counted the likes of David Bowie, Lou Reed and Syd Barrett as not only some of his most famous subjects, but also personal friends.

These are things to consider when contemplating the reasons why legendary photographer Mick Rock commands the special standing he is afforded within the realms of rock n roll, and the title of the man who shot the 70s.

You see, Mick Rock is a rare beast: not an axe-shredder nor a pelvis-thruster, he has, like Andrew Loog Oldham, Vivienne Westwood, Andy Warhol and a sparse scattering of others, stitched his own story into the fabric of rock n roll without a song or a riff to his name. How he achieved it is a simple brew: talent, timing and a moth-to-flame attraction that has kept him overstocked with starlets, wannabes and godlike geniuses to shoot in a career spanning over four decades.

This is the man who shot the cover of Lou Reed's *Transformer*, Iggy And The Stooges' *Raw Power* and the iconic images of a Ziggy-fied Bowie during a hazy and hectic 1972. The man whose party shot of the three together that same year would encapsulate a musical movement and era in time forever. He's a multi-media director and journalist, and the man who conducted Barrett's last ever interview, for *Rolling Stone* in 1971. And, as well as preparing for his upcoming book and exhibition, he has recently shot Janelle Monae and Deadmau5.

Now 61 and a permanent resident of New York since 1977, life is a little more sedate for Mick Rock. Clean for over a decade following life saving heart surgery, he's still as active as ever. His morning routine these days consists of a 10-minute headstand, a bout of power breathing, some Kundalini yoga and a hot mug of sphincter-lasting coffee.

As he explains to *NME* down a crackly phoneline from his Staten Island home, his routine complete and his Zen totally balanced, *man*: I nearly died 14 years ago. For over 20 years I'd been on a pretty rampant run. I was right on the brink and they brought me back, and I think that kinda cleared my brain out.

You know, I could always take pictures, but the rest of my life was just chaotic. I mean, there are many ways of getting high and none of them involve chemicals, but it took me a few years to figure that one out. Modern coffee is very strong, you know. I mean, it's not like the Nescafe when I was growing up. This stuff they serve today, it's got plenty of whoopie in it!

Mick Rock started taking pictures in the late 60s. A fully paid-up member of the teenage psych delirium, he studied art at Cambridge. I kept thinking, *was I gonna make films? Become a writer?* I had time on my hands because I was an arts student. It wasn't like, *Oh, I'm gonna be a photographer, it just wasn't like that.* A brief encounter while high on LSD with a girl who he refers to only as 'the blonde who remains nameless' was his year zero. Bumping into her at a party, he picked up a camera and started shooting, too fucked to notice that there was no film loaded. Nevertheless, the bug bit hard. She was very flirty with the camera, and it got me, he explains. The next time, I bought a roll of film.

The rest is etched onto rock's stone tablets, from hooking up with Syd Barrett (I met him at the Cambridge Arts College Christmas party. Some friends of his took me along to the show. At that moment in time, it was completely revolutionary), to shooting Bowie (I freely acknowledge that the Bowie connection helped me enormously. I always give credit to David), Mick was thrust into a life of late nights, hard parties and era-defining photography, capturing Bowie's American invasion, the birth of punk and the coming-of-age of

Madonna right through to the first baby steps of Yeah Yeah Yeahs and the emergence of Lady Gaga. So Mick, where did it all go wrong?

It's all been a whirlwind and it still is now, he laughs, sipping the last dregs of his morning coffee. All kinds of doors were opened to me, and being a young man of curiosity I leapt through all of them, obviously. I would look at people like David [Bowie], and think my life was quite moderate compared to them, but mine wasn't that moderate. It was 72/73 that really laid the foundation for it, and I made particular connections because of my work with Roxy Music. Boys wanted to look a bit like girls, and I shot all kinds of characters. People ask me how come I have the best pictures? And I say, *Aha, I got the only pictures.*

An exhibition of Mick's work, *Mick Rock: Rock Music In Association With Zippo*, runs from November 11 to January 16 at Idea Generation Gallery, www.idea-generation.co.uk. A new book of Mick's pictures, *Mick Rock Exposed: The Faces of Rock'n'Roll*, featuring Blondie, Queen, Iggy Pop, the Sex Pistols, Yeah Yeah Yeahs, The Killers and Snoop Dogg is out now. Head to NME.COM for a Mick Rock video interview including his best rock'n'roll stories

MICK ON

To coincide with the exhibition of Mick Rock's work at Idea Generation Gallery in London, we're giving you four exclusive posters of some of Mick's most iconic images. Of course, Mick has stories about them all.

IGGY POP

"Iggy said to me about 18 months ago that three months after the release of *'Raw Power'* it was in the 50 pence bin. It was a dead loss at the time. Nowadays of course it's regarded as one of the greatest albums of all time, and so is the cover. Iggy's energy is in his live performance. He's like no-one else."

SYD BARRETT

"Syd was more of a jazz musician, an improviser, he didn't wanna get up onstage. He did look the part, but he didn't wanna be a pop star. He was a painter and he continued painting for the rest of his life. He would photograph them and keep the pictures, but destroy the paintings. He wanted a record of them. He thought like a painter, not like a pop musician."

DEBBIE HARRY

"She was like a gift, it was like God had sent her down. I took the best pictures of her, mostly Marilyn Monroe-esque pictures, the ones which defined her as the Marilyn of rock'n'roll. You can name anyone else that has come down the rock path and they're nothing compared to Debbie Harry."

DAVID BOWIE

"When we first met there were 400 people at his concert, Birmingham Town Hall, March 9 I think it was, 1972. Someone had given me a promo copy of *'Hunky Dory'*, and I was bowled over. I played *'Life on Mars'* over and over. Of course, I made videos of David at that time including one for *'Life on Mars'*. I had time on my hands and we kinda rolled with it as it were."



IGGY POP
MICK ROCK
KINGS CROSS CINEMA,
LONDON, 1972
PHOTO COPYRIGHT MICK ROCK 1972, 2010



SYD BARRETT

MICK ROCK

**SYD'S FLAT, WETHERBY
MANSIONS, EARLS COURT, 1969**

PHOTO COPYRIGHT MICK ROCK 1969, 2010





DEBBIE HARRY

MICK ROCK

STUDIO SHOT, 1978

PHOTO COPYRIGHT MICK ROCK 1978, 2010



DAVID BOWIE
MICK ROCK
BOWIE'S HOME, HADDON
HALL, BECKENHAM, 1972
PHOTO COPYRIGHT MICK ROCK 1972, 2010

REVIEWS

TWIN SHADOW, TINCHY STRYDER, BRIAN ENO

Edited by Emily Mackay



RIHANNA

LOUD DEF JAM/MERCURY

Overly tiresome fetish-flirting can't drag the brilliantly adventurous and masterfully measured pop queen down



You don't often get revealing moments at album playbacks. Excellent canapés and checky cocktails on diamanté-dripping trays, yes; epiphanies, no. So last month at London's Sketch bar, when Rihanna was asked by a besuited Capital FM DJ as they introduced her new track 'Cheers (Drink To That)' whether she really was prone to a bevvy, her wavering response of 'Well, it's mostly when I eat that I drink' was telling. Imagine what MIA or even Lady Gaga would have replied. Something funny, something ridiculous, something *them*. Rihanna wonders whether she should admit to having a nice glass of Chardonnay with her dinner occasionally.

The song itself, being a low-slung and loping rock-pop number about getting hammered, sung by an insanely hot 22-year-old woman, is brilliant and guaranteed to be massive. And while in its confines Rihanna twists her

unique, instantly recognisable voice to fit, sounding dark, thick, almost Nico-ish in places, if you were forced to think about whether you believed that she would ever actually say *Here's to the freakin' weekend/I'll drink to that*, you would have to say no. As a singer, she's a model rather than an actress; her songs are clothes that she wears rather than roles she inhabits, and their success depends on a wise choice of fit and style.

One get-up that's definitely starting to grate is her super-empowered fetish vixen, apparently loosely based on Rosario Dawson's Gail in *Sin City*, a randy strap-and-stud-bound Valkyrie. On *Rated R* this seemed a clever escape from the cloying victim role that could have consumed her public image, but it starts to wear thin on (sigh) *S&M* on which she can be found claiming *Sticks and stones may break my bones but whips and chains excite me*. Skin, a

slow-burn R&B number, rather overlabours its point (being naked is good) as Rihanna pours on the sexy voice like Dervla Kirwan in the M&S ads crooning *I know I like it rough*. Oh Ri-Ri, can't we just have a nice sit down and a chat? You can only wonder what she'd say if a besuited DJ asked her if she really was partial to a ball gag and cat o' nine tails.

Overall though, the fit of the rest of the album is admirable. If *Rated R* seemed disparate sometimes, *Loud*'s experiments feel more organic, its tone better paced, from the Caribbean-tinged anthem for doomed youth of *Man Down* via the glossy, dark tectonic beats of *What's My Name?* (featuring Drake) to the ludicrously banging trancepop of *Only Girl (In The World)*.

The only track that drops the ball is *California King Bed*, a howler of a ballad, with shlocky acoustic intro, trite piano and a faux-Slash solo that punctures the album's fresh unity. If you like that sort of thing... well, then you really shouldn't. And it's a shame, because otherwise she'd have nailed her stated aim to produce a no-skip record.

Raining Men, a bold, ballsy, MIA-ish collaboration with Nicki Minaj plays to the strengths of both Rihanna and the new trickster princess of hip-pop. There's another great contrast in Pt II of *Love The Way You Lie*. With the balance of vocals neatly flipped and extra cavernous beats ramping up the drama, it wallows ever-deeper in the tortured relationship sketched out in Pt I. Eminem at points is practically screaming with rage, and sounding, frankly, mental. The contrast with Rihanna's smoothly pitched pain (*Maybe I'm a masochist/Try to run but I don't wanna never leave*) is delicious.

So does it matter that you never quite believe in it, that this never sounds like something she's actually lived?

Not in the least. That voice, when she exploits the grit of that Barbadian burr to the max, is more unique and richly textured than ever, and that and her crack production team are all the personality Rihanna needs right now. Actions after all, are louder than words.

Emily Mackay

DOWNLOAD: 'Cheers (Drink To That)', 'Raining Men', 'Love The Way You Lie (Pt II)'

Head to NME.COM for a video interview with Rihanna and our track-by-track album guide

RED-HEADED LEAGUE

Rihanna's got a new lease of fiery life by opting for the 'Gerard Way' scarlet barnet. Here's some others who might benefit...

Laura Marling

The logical next step in her range of hair dye emotions

Simon Neil

Well, it couldn't look any fucking weirder, could it?

Jedward

They'd be like twin Belisha beacons radiating pop madness

Kings Of Leon

Give the pigeons a clearer target

Lady Gaga

She could do with coming out of her shell a bit more

Pink Eyes

Just for a laugh. With maybe a red chest wig

7

THE FELT TIPS

LIVING AND GROWING

PLASTILINA

The Felt Tips do that Glasgow Belle & Seb/Teenage Fanclub acoustic-driven jangly thing, and on the whole they don't do it that badly. It's hardly revolutionary enough to call it a 'twist', but if they do have a quirk it's that they smother everything with little riffs so shamelessly Smiths-ian they've actually named a song 'Dear Morrissey', complete with woeful lyrics about how singer Andrew Paterson's mum thought he may be gay because he liked Moz. Despite this, their textures rarely lapse into contrived tweeness à la The Boy Least Likely To, but with just the one gear there's only so far they can go. **Jamie Fullerton**

DOWNLOAD: 'Boyfriend Devoted'

5

KC ACCIDENTAL

CAPTURED ANTHEMS FOR AN EMPTY BATHTUB/ANTHEMS FOR THE COULD'VE BIN PILLS ARTS & CRAFTS

Somewhere among the pockets of sadness that punctuate the lives of all but the blessed, Broken Social Scene's Kevin Drew and cohort Charles Spearin spun a silk of lo-fi recordings into two EPs of string-heavy, melody-driven, (mainly) instrumental experimentation. This was back in the late '90s, pre-BSS, and now they've been repackaged as an album of two distinct halves. The first, stuttering, druggy and angsty; the second, the sound of melancholy turned sweet and life made better. It's a lesson in orchestration and eternal optimism, and it's one worth heeding. **Mike Williams**

DOWNLOAD: 'Silver Fish Eyelashes'

8

BRIAN ENO

SMALL CRAFT ON A MILK SEA WARP

Once as renowned for his adventurous tastes in porn as for his constantly groundbreaking music, Brian Eno makes an unlikely elder statesman, but it's a role he's filling with aplomb these days. 'Small Craft On A Milk Sea' is a polished and assured return to solo recording - entirely instrumental and pretty much entirely electronic, it recalls Eno's '70s ambient work, although the serenity is broken up by glitch-influenced pieces that suggest he's been paying attention to his new label's back catalogue. Throughout, the production is intricate enough to demand repeated listening, especially on a decent pair of headphones. After all these years, he's still got it. **Tom Hawking**

DOWNLOAD: 'Late Anthropocene'

7

FRENCH HORN REBELLION

THE INFINITE MUSIC OF FRENCH HORN REBELLION ONCE UPON A TIME

There's been a trend for scum-sucking ad companies, having had bands refuse to collude in their meretricious ways, deciding to stiff them good and proper by getting some spods in The Pop Factory to copy their songs note-for-note. When their career as professional hipsters and all-round douchebags inevitably fades (New York-based, mates with MGMT, like to talk about it), it'd be the perfect job for French Horn Rebellion - every song on their offensively long debut is a soulless, shit imitation of Daft Punk/Ariel Pink/Phoenix (delete as applicable) fed through some dusty equipment found in Kitsuné's loft in a box marked 2005. No. **Laura Snapes**

DOWNLOAD: Ariel Pink's album instead

1

FACES TO NAMES...

What's the reviewers are doing this week



EMILY MACKAY

"I tried to decide whether watching Suede live makes me feel really young or really old and watched more episodes of *The Boondocks* than was strictly healthy."



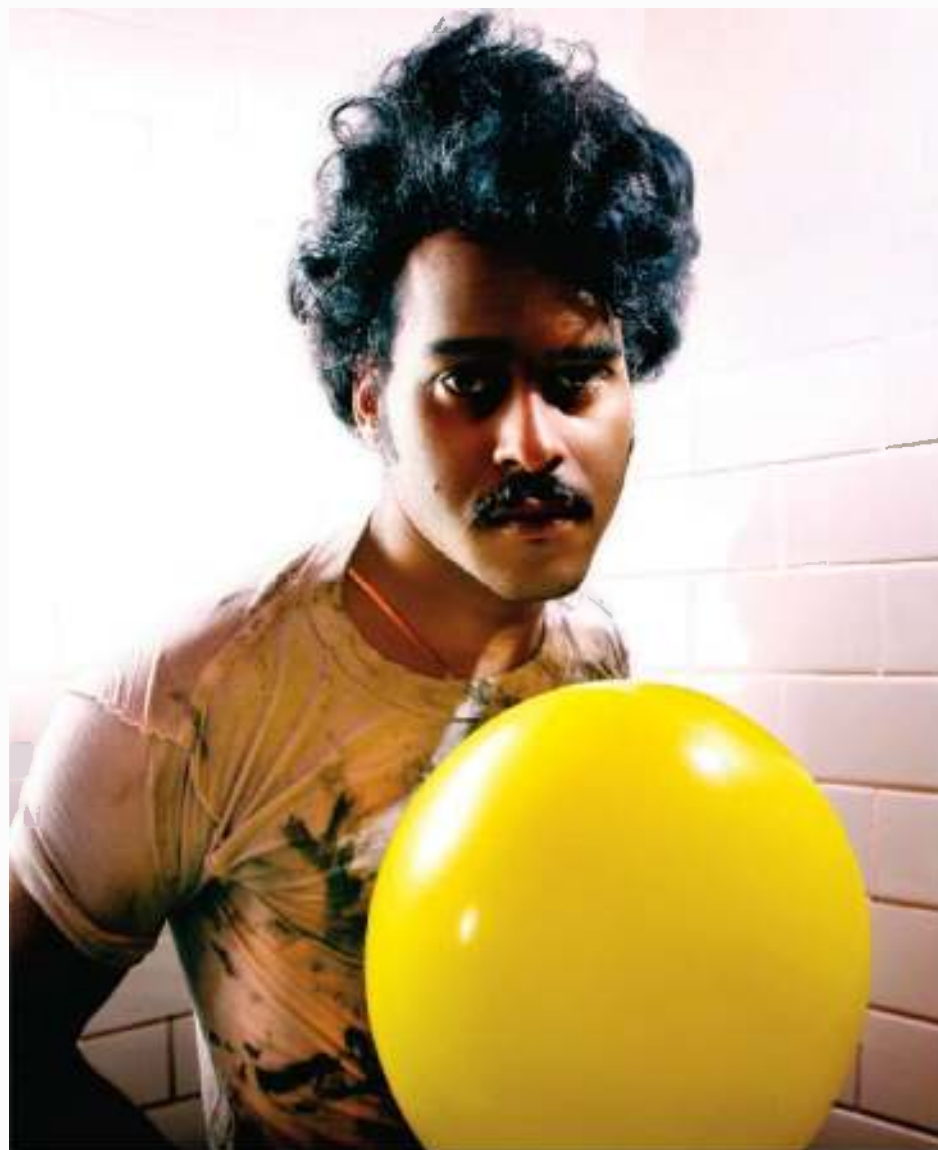
KATHERINE RODGERS

"I've been dressing up as myself for Halloween (and still scaring a few people), baking Witches Finger cookies, and wishing I were Nicki Minaj."



LISA WRIGHT

"I've been listening to Foals' Swedish House Mafia cover, loving Magic Kids and enjoying *The Only Way Is Essex* far too much."



TWIN SHADOW

FORGET 4AD

Grab your coat! We're going down Memory Lane



It's a hard knock life these days. Between the prospect of an extended period under practical Conservative rule, realising one of the world's most respected religious

leaders is pretty much a moral vacuum and wondering how in God's name Wagner is in *The X Factor* top 10, things aren't what they used to be. It's no wonder then that, musically, from Summer Camp to Best Coast, we've stepped into a sepia time machine recently, transported back to a golden age where romance abounded and Justin Bieber was a mere glint in the milkman's eye.

Twin Shadow (aka Dominican-born George Lewis Jr) and his blend of hazily new wave-tinged pop is also unmistakably rooted in the past, yet its enveloping synth swoon goes far, far beyond mere nostalgia peddling. From the sweetened distortion of *When We're Dancing*, teaming '80s Casio minimalism with a honeyed vocal reminiscent of Grizzly Bear's Daniel Rossen, to the sentimental

lyrical web of *Castles In The Snow* (*Here's all I know/Your chequered room and your velvet bow/Your Elvis song in my ears/That moonlit voice that I hear*), *Forget* is less a nod to the past and more a long-lost relic of it, a warped tape discovered from a time long gone.

In stand-out track *Slow* a twinkling, bass-led groove with a chorus that soars around Lewis' repeated laments of *I don't wanna be, believe, in love* Twin Shadow finds his lineage in The Cure and The Smiths, while *At My Heels* takes the heartwarming bounce of Aztec Camera and reimagines it via a New Order stomp - and therein lies the key. *Forget* is not trying to be anything; if it sounds reminiscent of a certain time then it's because that's where its heart truly lies.

I'm trying to remember all the things that I've known, goes *When We're Dancing*. Remembering, reinventing and emerging with a record as joyful as it is tear-stained, Twin Shadow has crafted something that's understatedly, subtly, almost perfect. **Lisa Wright**

DOWNLOAD: 'Slow', 'Yellow Balloon', 'At My Heels'

8



TINCHY STRYDER

THIRD STRIKE ISLAND

Grime crossover star delivers a patchy affair



Though he's bagged Number Ones galore, collaborating with gobby pop-rats N-Dubz and much-mocked R&B crooner Craig David has ensured that what vestige

of coolness Ghana-born, Brit-based rapper Tinchy Stryder had has been flushed down his proverbial, bling-encrusted toilet. But wait – there's hope yet! Takeover Roc Nation, the UK talent-spotting project Tinchy has embarked on with Jay-Z, at least suggests that Third Strike might find Tinchy dragged from the swamp of dead-eyed chart-dance and catapulted into exclusive yacht parties.

That doesn't seem to be quite the case on opener 'Take The World'. Although it proves Tinchy is Quite A Good Rapper with a breathless, hacking flow, it's ruined by a sugary-sweet female chorus. The result is like a distant cousin of Timbaland's 'Written In The Stars', without being nearly as good. It's

still going to be a chart smash though.

On the plus side, In My System features Tinchy rapping what appears to be the grime equivalent of a Hallmark card: *How did ya grab my soul like that?/No beat, no verse, but I'm booked like that* over a backdrop of woozy keyboard and futuristic, gently warping synths. It's part Human League, part cyber-lullaby. Gangsta? though, finds him boasting, over turgid beats and cyber-synths about his Twitter feed, *fucking with some anthems*, and *having meetings with the President*, a line which he bellows at every bloody opportunity.

Tinchy has shown here both what's good and what's ruddy awful about this particular strand of British urban music. Occasionally transcendent, mostly obnoxious, and always embarrassing to be caught listening to on the bus, Third Strike is a decidedly hit-and-miss affair. **Katherine Rodgers**

5

DOWNLOAD: 'In My System', 'Let It Rain', erm, that's it...

STEREOLAB

NOT MUSIC DUOPHONIC UHF DISKS



"Hallmarked by a unique, carefully evolving but instantly recognisable sonic signature" is one way (ie, their label's website's) of describing 20 years of Stereolab music. "All sounds the fucking same" would be many other people's, which may well be true, but also should not be a problem. Other acts in the same box include: AC/DC, The Cramps, Chuck Berry, Mogwai, Dinosaur Jr. That's good, enduring company. This album is made up of the other half of songs recorded three years ago in the same sessions for 2008's 'Chemical Chords', just before Stereolab went on indefinite hiatus. And as good a reminder as any that their one trick is a good one. **Hamish MacBain**

DOWNLOAD: 'Laserblast'

7

GREGORY AND THE HAWK

LECHE FATCAT



Gregory And The Hawk, aka Meredith Godreau, is the Nick Drake of living people. Her third album continues her journey into spectral, haunted, child-like music, getting ever eerier as she perfects winding your brain round her sweet melodies like a music-box. Sure the likes of 'Olly Olly Oxen Free' may verge on tweeness, but the mournful string arrangements give her songs an odd feel which undercuts any queasiness. 'A Century Is All We Need' is delicate but raw, 'Leaves' has a harder edge – well, as hard as you can be on a mandolin – and you're left with the sense that Elliott Smith may be gone but there's still some bruised poets carrying his torch. **Martin Robinson**

DOWNLOAD: 'Leaves'

7

THE RIDER

What we're reading and watching



DVD

The Mighty Boosh On Tour: Journey Of The Children

If you missed out on the high jinks and kooky larks of The Mighty Boosh's sold-out 2009 tour, Future Sailors, this DVD has all their exploits in full, including, err, *HIV: The Musical* and *The Wonderful World Of Death*. Enjoy!



Exhibition

John Cage: Every Day Is A Good Day

The focus of this year's anti-X Factor Christmas Number One campaign, ambient god John Cage also continues with this showcase of expressive, intricate watercolours inspired by his scores. Smarter than fixing the charts, eh? At Kettles Yard, Cambridgeshire



Event

Rotterdam VHS Festival

The Dutch festival brings its avant-garde films to the UK. Subjects include creepy porn, human pong and an opera singer mimicking a siren. It's either going to be hilarious or shit. Or both. At Trade, Nottingham NG1, free entry

SINGLES

This week reviewed by
ANAND WILDER
Yeast



FLORENCE + THE MACHINE

HEAVY IN YOUR ARMS ISLAND



Flo has done it again. The lyrical content here matches up nicely with the music, very dark and epic. The instrumentation is unrecognisable, which adds to the cinematic quality of the tune. This is on the new *Twilight* movie soundtrack which is, like, totally good for your career, but I saw the first *Twilight* movie and it was one of the worst movies I've ever seen.

THE HUNDRED IN THE HANDS

COMMOTION WARP



Sounds like a Blondie outtake. However, my perception of this straightforward music could be improved with a stunning frontwoman who has all the right moves, so I'll reserve my final judgement until I see them live. The chorus is catchy, though. I could see these guys getting big in the UK – *NME* club night jam!

HURTS

STAY RCA



This is what I imagine the songs sound like in *High School Musical*, sort of like Robbie Williams but less edgy. Reminds me of that Train song 'Drops Of Jupiter', but with fewer funny Tai-Bo references to keep you laughing. I don't like when singers begin phrases with those silly croaks; did these guys win *Pop Idol* or something?

KANYE WEST

RUNAWAY MERCURY



I'm slowly getting over hating to love Kanye. I used to think he should've just stuck to production since his rapping style is so crappy, but now I'm realising that he truly is the "voice of this generation, of this decade". It's always cute when rappers get sensitive and self-critical. I like the image of douchebags in clubs singing along to this, toasting to themselves.

MELISSA AUF DER MAUR

MEET ME ON THE DARK SIDE CAPITOL



When I was in high school, Melissa Auf der Maur was totally the babe that geeks were obsessed with. I was hoping this would be much darker, but it sounds like an attempt at pop stardom or something, which ain't happenin', sorry. Annoying lyrics, dated '90s drum sound, but without the quirky unpredictable charm of the songs from the '90s that I love.

SHONTELLE

PERFECT NIGHTMARE UNIVERSAL

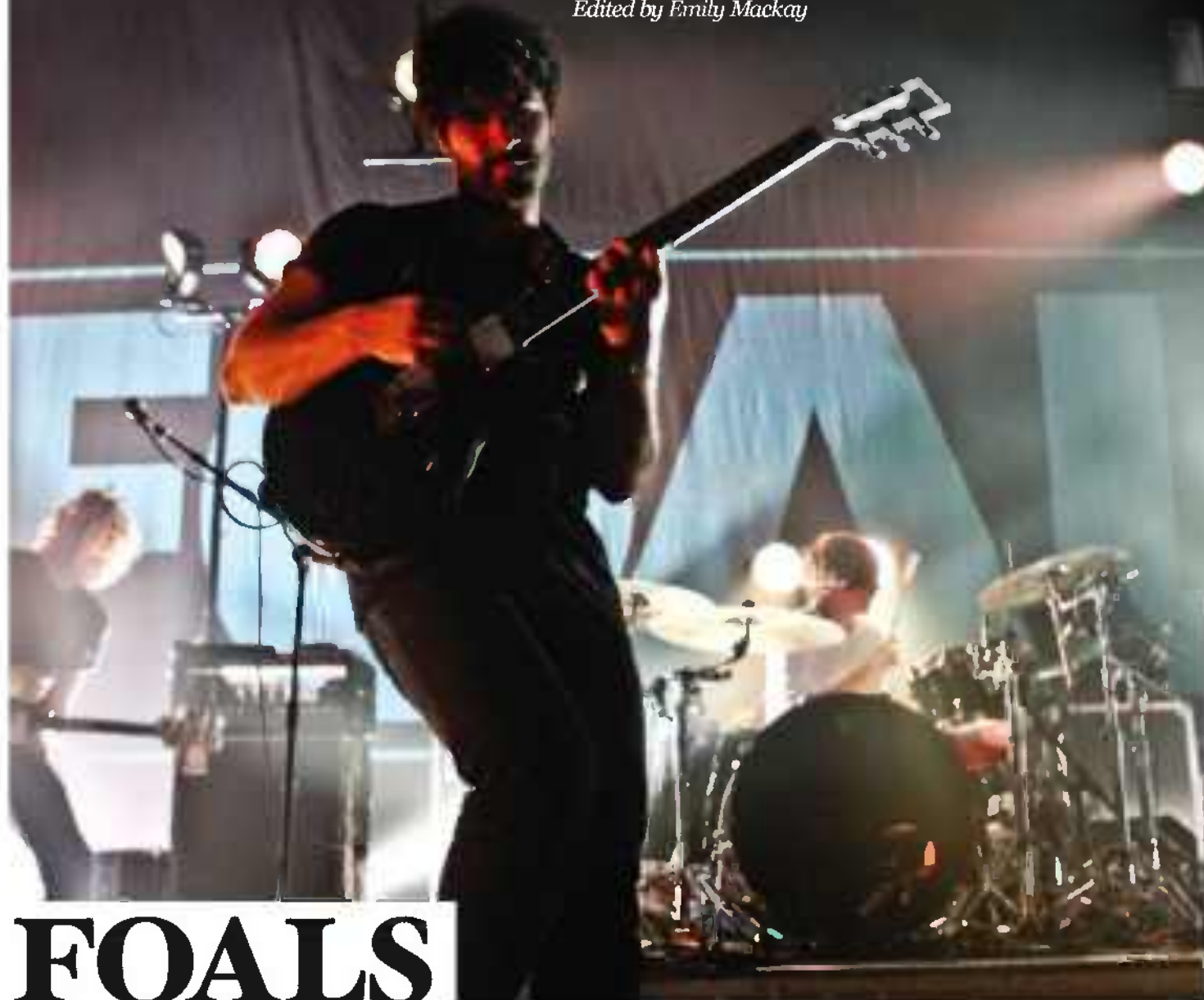


Wait a second, you can't just come out with a crappy song called 'Perfect Nightmare' so soon after Beyoncé's amazing song 'Sweet Dreams (Beautiful Nightmare)'. Rodney Jenkins wrote this 'Perfect Nightmare' song and he's responsible for some great pop music from the past 15 years ('The Boy Is Mine', 'Say My Name', 'You Rock My World' – modern classics) so he's still cool with me. But I do wish this David Guetta style of production would just go away.

Watch a Yeasayer interview at NME.COM/video

LIVE

MANICS, TAME IMPALA, MAGNETIC MAN

Edited by Emily Mackay

FOALS

ACADEMY, MANCHESTER SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30

No gimmicks, no bluster – Yannis and co ride back on a wave of adulation

From beneath blinding flashes of red, blue and green lights darting harshly onto the expectant bodies below, Yannis Philippakis appears, but there's no polite greetings. Instead, he looks dreamily upon his sold-out crowd and begins the intro to new single *Blue Blood*; gentle string-plucking developing the song's firm spine. The opening lyrics

You've got blood on your hands/I know it's my own ring out and bursts of psych-urgency radiate throughout the room, beats rapidly causing all those bodies to move.

Olympic Airways generates an immediate boom of reminiscence and

Total Life Forever, the title track of this year's masterpiece album, hits full potential. The newer material brings a distinctly different feel to Foals' live set these days; their musicianship has progressed, becoming more fun yet knowingly mature at the same time. *Cassius* and *Balloons*, though, are still able to induce the disease (an addictive, yelping, math-rock, punk fever, if you were wondering) for which Antidotes was the cure.

Some Saturday nights in Manchester, you've only got to drop a spoon on the kitchen floor to warrant a rave, but tonight we get the full works in epic variation. *Spanish Sahara* bleeds like a sombre lullaby, building up to

a haunting pulse stopper before the disjointed ska-funk of *The French Open* – with the addition of a horn player – becomes a fiery ball of energy, whirring from stage to fans and back again. *Hummer* generates a mass silhouette of handclaps from the mixture of ravers and hipsters who chant 'We want more!' with shuddering fervour. Their demands are met and the band's smile-drenched reappearance allows for some first, if brief, words. Manchester! Yannis well-crafted tongue commands. It's been a pleasure... we're now going to play you a song that we haven't played in a really long time... And so starts *Two Steps, Twice*, a delve into

indie-electro-cum-techno punk which sees a shirtless Yannis (and yes, the episode does cause screams) beat a drum like a furious Neanderthal. But Foals are by no means a one-man show; it's a collective understanding of everything exciting modern music should entail, performed with uncensored directional guts from five English gents.

Foals could be Britain's least well-named band; for all their delicacy and fragility in recent writings, there's no deliberating that this is a stallion's game. *Kelly Murray*

Head to NME.COM/artists/foals for videos, sessions, interviews and more

THE SETLIST

- Blue Blood
- Olympic Airways
- Total Life Forever
- Cassius
- Balloons
- Miami
- After Glow
- 2 Trees
- What Remains
- Spanish Sahara
- Red Socks
- Pogie
- Electric Bloom
- The French Open
- Hummer
- Two Steps, Twice

MANIC STREET PREACHERS

**CORN EXCHANGE,
CAMBRIDGE**

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1

The Blackwood boys overcome laryngitis, but may be "running out of fantasy"

Manic Street Preachers are loading into a grand but egalitarian venue in Cambridge. Giant white arc lights and mannequins made from mirror ball material (adorned with pink feather boas, of course) are being assembled onstage prior to tonight's show. An MP3 is loaded onto the house sound system. An instrumental version of Echo And The Bunnymen's *Silver* will usher the band onstage. Ian McCulloch lent his warm croon to *Some Kind Of Nothingness* on last album *Postcards From A Young Man* and turned up to join the band onstage at the earlier Liverpool leg of the UK tour – their most successful to date. The band were all set for the return of the Mac at Brixton's O2 Academy two weeks later, until vocal cord disaster, in the form of laryngitis, struck Manics frontman James Dean Bradfield.

Backstage Nicky Wire, resplendent in silver jeggings, glittering eye make-up and a designer nautical blazer, explains what happened: "It's not just the last four weeks that have taken their toll but the last four years, given that we've done three albums and non-stop touring around the world, and this is probably the first time it has caught up with us."

And it's not just Bradfield. Even though he doesn't mention it himself and is trying to hide it, Wire's clearly in a lot of pain. He is a winning combination of winces and smiles, his bad back suffering under the abuse of several scissorkicks a night on their tour, which is not only successful but extremely long.

He's keen to point out that by calling this album "one last shot at mass communication" as he did earlier this year, he isn't suggesting that they're going to split up, just that there will be a necessary scaling back of ambition: "The next album will be pure indulgence. The working title of it is *70 Songs Of Hatred And Failure*. So we can get one more song on the album than *The Magnetic*

Fields. Unfortunately the burning ambition that you can hear in us on this album means that probably everything after this might be anti-climactic for us."

Later, any doubts about Bradfield's voice are quashed immediately. A sleeker

impromptu rap at the start of *Roses In The Hospital*. But even he knows his limits. After the faithful down-at-the-front scream for *The Holy Bible* favourites he shouts, "PCP!" The howls of joy are soon dampened when he adds:

NO! I may have taken steroids just to make this gig but I don't have enough energy in my entire body to sing

that song. Instead we're treated to *This Is Yesterday*, which is enhanced by moody and blue Hammond organ.

They revisit their darkest yet finest hour, in the form of *Faster*. This is not only arguably the best song the band ever

wrote but arguably the best British rock song of the 1990s. The dark pun of the title (as an adverb it refers to velocity; as a noun it refers to someone who starves themselves for ritual purposes; a grim duality it has in common with Joy Division's *Closer*) has gained an extra dark layer of irony: there isn't an ounce of fat on this song. It could not be improved in any way, shape or form. It has reached the apex of rock n'roll militancy and as such stands shoulder to shoulder with Motorhead's *Ace Of Spades* and the Sex Pistols' *Anarchy In The UK* (two songs it nods to). Tonight's version – dedicated to their friend and former lyricist Richey Edwards – is played under spitting strobes, brutalising the audience and blistering the varnish on the wood-panelled walls of the venerable venue.

**THE VIEW
FROM THE
CROWD**



Victoria Williams,
27, model

"The gig was amazing, one of the best of the tour. This is my sixth. James' voice was amazing. I can never tell when he is ill because he puts so much effort in. My highlight was probably Nicky's solo st'nt."

*Everything after this album
might be anti-climactic for us*
Nicky Wire

version of *(It's Not War) Just The End Of Love* gains pounding heart to go with its burning soul when performed live. In fact he seems to be going to great lengths to prove how quickly he's bounced back, even performing an



Main pic: proof the sun shines out of Nicky Wire's arse and (clockwise from top) Cambridge rocks, kicks and feathers – what a showman!; double peace; one man and his (glam) dog; James might regret that dodgy wave

It's obvious to see the love for the Manics trickling down through to a younger audience. As well as a new generation of leopard print-wearing hardcore who are in their early-twenties, there are children who have come with their parents who have been fans since the early 1990s. In fact, in a moment that touches and horrifies *NME* in equal measure, a middle-aged dad turns to his 10-year-old son during *Motown Junk* and says to him tearfully: Remember, this is what I want played at my funeral.

Later on, Wire phones us up apologising because he feels like he hasn't given us the whole picture about the future of MSP. He asks if we've seen *Burden Of Dreams*. It's a documentary about the making of *Fitzcarraldo*, the Werner Herzog film about an opera-loving

madman who gets South American natives to help him pull his ship over a mountain in the Amazon jungle. There is a point in it where, exhausted by four years of continuous toil to finish his film, which is driving him and his cast toward emotional and physical breaking point, the great German director announces: I am running out of fantasy. I don't know what else can happen now. Wire repeats this, stating: It might sound pretentious but this is the best metaphor I can think of for Manic Street Preachers, that we are running out of fantasy.

There have been three revolutionary rebirths in this great band's life. For now it looks like a fourth may be beyond even their capabilities. Which, when they are on as great form as they are tonight, is saddening news indeed. *John Doran*



RELEASE THE BATS

FORUM, LONDON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30

ATP bring you the best Halloween night this side of Salem, Massachusetts

Let's get one thing straight – people who don't like Halloween are dicks. People who don't dress up for Halloween are dicks. And people who incorrectly moan it's an example of the Yankification of UK culture are *complete* dicks.

ATP, however, are not dicks. What they are is an awesome, fiendishly on-the-ball, intelligent movement who give people who actually care about music something to believe in. As such, their annual Halloween shindig is pretty much the only place to be if you're into scaring the souls of the dead back to the Otherworld with a righteously heavy fanfare.

This year, they were supposed to host the glorious return of Battles, but then Tyondai Braxton parted ways with the band. Thankfully, original postpunk disco kings *Liquid Liquid* stepped into the breach, and indie All Hallows was saved. Opening the bill tonight, though, are frankly sexy sax-assisted stoner rockers *Tweak Bird*, who are raw, muscular and deeply satisfying. Heavy like a freight container to the face, Caleb Bird's eerily yowling Ozzy-style vocals add an unsettling edge to their Kyuss-style heft. The sparse floor begins to fill up for *Factory Floor*, who are progressing ever more excitingly from terrifying noise bastards to masters of dark dance, pounding relentlessly

through a commanding and hypnotic three-song set. Really, go see this band. Gabriel Gurnsey's propulsive drumming keeps them always on the right side of icy, and from stern beginnings, they've become something much more celebratory (well, if you count the kind of celebrations where blood sacrifice is a norm). In comparison, the dead-eyed zombie lurch of Geoff Barrow's spooky *Beak* can't help but seem a little flat, but then it probably doesn't help that three of four members are sitting down. You'll never intimidate the evil spirits that way, even if you are in Portishead!

Polvo, similarly, are not bad *per se*, it's just that it's past midnight and their thick, smoggy, Dinosaur Jr.-tinged psych rock is weed-smoking sofa music rather than party tunes, and we can't help but think this bill would have worked better a different way round. *Liquid Liquid*'s compulsively danceable sound, both sharp and loose, lifts the mood up to where it should be, and the legendary Cavern basis of Melle Mel's *White Lines (Don't Don't Do It)* causes assembled revenants to shake their undead booties. Fellow New York post-punkers *Bush Tetras* once claimed you can't be funky if you haven't got a soul, but tonight *Release The Bats* is proving them wrong. *Duncan Gillespie*

ONEOHTRIX POINT NEVER

XOVO, LONDON

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29

Much bedroom music of the Oneohtrix ilk can feel limited by the nature of its solo creativity. The only dialogue involved exists in the flickering lights of modems as tracks are shared, reconfigured, endlessly blogged about. Why live in the real world when headphone satisfaction is just a click and a blip in a satellite's heartbeat away?

It's a question that Daniel Lapotin, a straggly bearded man in T-shirt and scruffy jacket, answers at XOVO. His set is not a journey, neither in the short, choppy satisfaction of a guitar gig, nor the linear path of electronica, but instead a heady vortex, an assault that confronts and demands attention before giving up its reward.

It's very bold to do this at prime booze hour in the fancy dress hell that is Shoreditch. When Lapotin begins, lit by two red lights, it's with a heavy thwacking, like a suddenly economical wind farm speeding up to illuminate a city. This then descends into a sharp wash, like lying naked on the deck of a yacht under a shower of ice crystals from a dynamited iceberg. There are sampled voices too, trying to make themselves heard amid the static. "I can't dance to this," cries one disgruntled punter. "I'm ill! It's not enough." A beat emerging silences him. By bringing the sound of 'Returnal' out of his bedside laboratory and willfully delaying gratification for a geed-up crowd, Lapotin commits a curiously subversive act. **Luke Turner**

MEN

CAPTAIN'S REST, GLASGOW

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30

This is a song about gay babies," JD Samson informs us, lest we miss the radical socio-sexual

politics underpinning MEN's quirky new-wave disco-punk. "It's about queer people having babies, and how much it can cost."

The song in question is called 'Credit Card Babies'. Its hook runs "I'm gonna fuck my friends who need a little tiny baby" and it's about what you'd expect from a Le Tigre spin-off. But MEN's purview isn't limited to queer theorists and gender warriors - they're as ironic as they are right-on, as evidenced by Samson's donning of a cardboard donkey mask (complete with dangling carrot) during debut single 'Off Our Backs', and their Devo-ish stage attire of boiler suits that look like they were designed by a finger-painting five-year-old.

Musically, too, things lean towards the naggingly catchy rather than tiresomely worthy, with 'Life's Half Price' and 'Who Am I To Feel So Free?' both jerk-pop stand-outs with bold, sloganeering choruses. You could argue it's a touch too knowing, but then, that's the point. It's certainly not an issue for the crowd, who basically refuse to leave until Samson and co return for their encore. **Barry Nicolson**



ARIEL PINK'S HAUNTED GRAFFITI

RELENTLESS GARAGE, LONDON

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1

For listeners of a certain age, listening to Ariel Pink is like seeing your life flash before your eyes, only as performed by comedy fucktards Tim and Eric on videotapes left out in the rain. Many thought the '80s nostalgia don couldn't manage the transition from lo-fi man-myth to proper recording artist with 4AD this year, but 'Before Today' proved them wrong. Having successfully upped the stakes for his deviant pop jams on record, Pink has put together a tight touring band. Mazy West Coast funk, lysergic metal, careening garage-psych - nothing eludes this lot's deadpan grasp, the Magic Band to a purple jumpsuited Pink's Don Van Vliet. "Thanks for being here tonight - there's no irony in what I'm saying," he drawls, and given that his only other stab at banter this evening is to ask if we're Nazis (for not dancing?), we're not sure we believe him. Even his lighters-aloft moment, 'Round And Round', is comically inept in a way that reeks of auto-sabotage, its bridge lurching suddenly in like a thousand paedo uncles bursting into childhood bedrooms. 'Menopause Man' and 'Butt-House Blondies' better illustrate the strange dissonances his music can produce, but it's never intuitively clear how to feel with Pink and for all he brings his unclassifiable genius to bear on tonight's show, the impression's quick to melt back into the night. **Alex Denney**

GIG MOUTH

The best in onstage banter this week

Lee Spielman of Trash Talk, playing a house party in a crumbling basement in Leeds...

"Yo, listen up! Don't pull on these pipes because they're full of gas and we'll really die. OK?"

SPOTTED THIS WEEK

• Klaxons and The xx getting their groove on at Warpaint's London aftershow (Oliver xx choosing a particularly romantic groove in Theresa Warpaint's direction)

• Didz Hammond looking after the doors at Suede's Bush Hall show

• Alexa Chung watching Ariel Pink at London's Garage

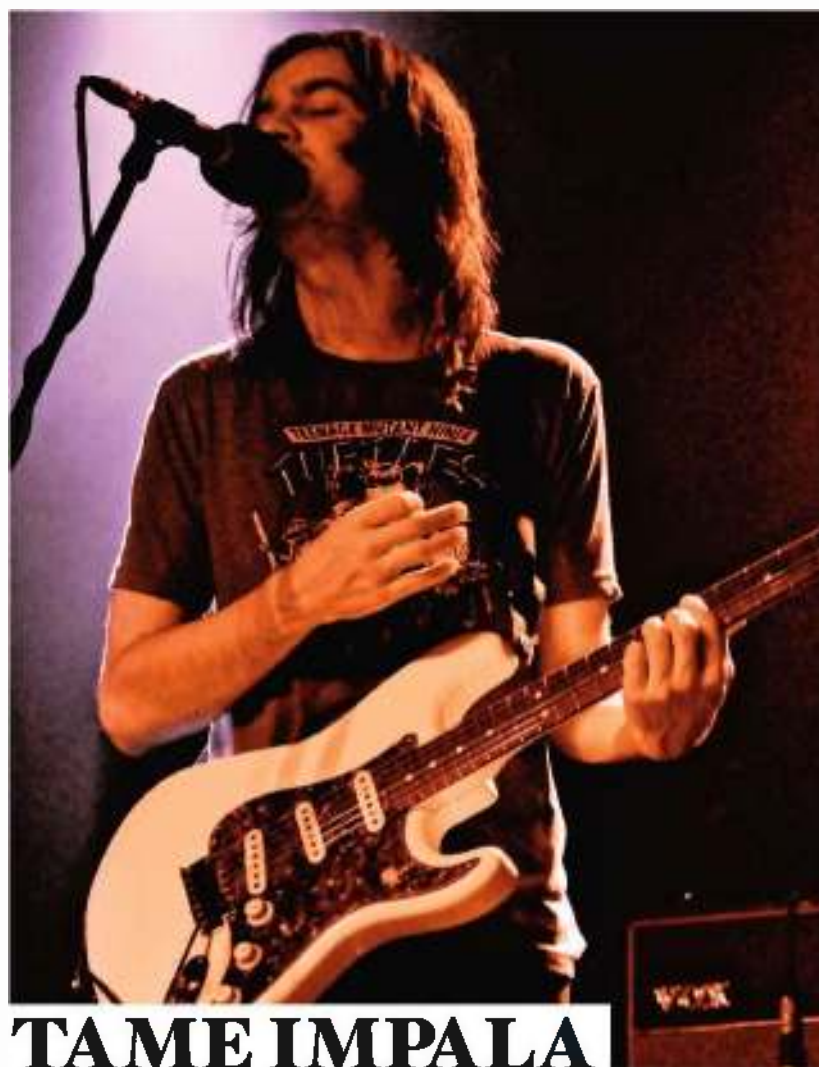
• Michael Rother of Neu! grinning insanely at Factory Floor's Birmingham Supersonic show

• James Allan of Glasvegas at the London Film Festival screening of new Springsteen documentary *The Promise* (The Boss himself was also in attendance and offered to spank the entire crowd's arses with a microphone)

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TAME IMPALA

HEAVEN, LONDON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28

Aussie psych-rockers bring so much buzz that this isn't just a gig, it's A Happening

On paper, the prospect of a group of school friends from Perth, Australia, bringing out an hour of psychedelic jams seems like pretty much the worst way to spend an evening ever, like being stuck in a stuffy uni dorm, walls clad with rugs from gap year excursions to Morocco, being made to listen to Wolfmother and talk about issues. Luckily, the reality doesn't actually sound anything like that at all.

It's clear from the star-studded balcony that, tonight, Tame Impala are The Hot Ticket; from Noel Gallagher to Tom and Serge, Alison Mosshart to Noel Fielding, the back row reads like some kind of indie Madame Tussands, and you get the feeling that half of them are less here to support the newcomers and more to pick up tips. The Aussie four-piece, from the first, entrancing swirls of *It Is Not Meant To Be*, are like a preserved relic, practising the kind of intricate, technically accomplished yet ultimately instinctive psych-rock that Kasabian would probably give limbs to get close to.

There's that opener, which takes the fuzziness of *Magical Mystery Tour*-era Beatles, inverts it tenfold and wraps it around Kevin Parker's sonorous talk of

how *I don't have a hope in hell/I'm just happy to watch her move*; Solitude Is Bliss, which teams Syd Barrett-esque lyrical quirks (*There's a party in my head/And no-one is invited*) with a swirling, Cream-esque guitar part and *Desire Be Desire Go* - a song so drenched in a drug-fuelled, free love haze that it may as well come packaged in a peace sign.

Integrally, where the woozy layering of their debut (*Innerspeaker*) occasionally lent itself towards slightly self-indulgent noodling, the four-piece live are a fuller, more present and more connective bunch. That's not to say there's much banter that's practically non-existent

but though the packed crowd are relatively stationary, everyone's eyes are fixed firmly ahead, caught in a mass two-way trance, letting it all seep in.

As the driving 60s stomp of *Half Full Glass Of Wine* (think Hendrix covering the Small Faces) brings proceedings to a close with an extended drum outro, the atmosphere is ringing with the kind of buzz that befits an experience more than merely a gig. Tame Impala may be delving into the sounds of decades past but the excitement is very much happening now. **Lisa Wright**

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ON THE ROAD WITH MAGNETIC MAN

Booze, parties, more booze, streaking, more booze – the crossover kings put Britain's rock'n'rollers to shame

BRISTOL TRINITY CENTRE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28

Anyone who wants to join Magnetic Man's gang must first undergo a simple initiation rite: a triple shot of vodka, to be downed in one along with the rest of the band. Oflic Skream Jones wipes his lips as the alcohol surges through our veins. Congratulations! he grins. You have now entered the realm.

Their goblets may still be polystyrene cups, but Magnetic Man feel like kings of the world. Ten years ago, Arthur Artwork Smith found teenage tearaways Skream and Adeg Benga Adejumo loitering outside his Croydon record shop and encouraged them to make beats on a PlayStation. The sound they came up with – dubstep – is now a global phenomenon; their collaborative, festival-friendly venture as Magnetic Man is their chance to taste the rewards.

Touring is proper good fun, decides Artwork, pulling a beer from the fridge in the cramped vestry of Bristol's Trinity Centre. It's fine going out and playing dubplates, but that limits you a bit. Five years ago, you wouldn't have thought of a dubstep act headlining one of the tents at Reading and Leeds, but music's opening up now.

Artwork is the oldest and wisest member of Magnetic Man, and also the only one who usually turns up to soundcheck while the other two sleep off the previous night's excesses. Arf puts the jigsaw together, confirms Benga, refilling his cup with another 'livener' of neat vodka. Skream, all that boy ever wants to do is party. I've been overboard too, but usually I'm somewhere in the middle.

Benga is also Magnetic Man's court jester. Artwork fondly recalls his 'Benicassim streak', when Skream bet Benga £1,000 that he wouldn't run naked across the stage during The Temper Trap's set. Not only did Benga accept the wager, but he jogged across the stage in slow motion, like fucking *Chariots Of Fire*. Benga shrugs. That's just how we are. If Skream dares me to drink a bottle of vodka in five minutes, I'll do it.

Then there's Benga's 'play dead trick', where he'll lay prone in the doorway of his hotel room and wait for the maid to arrive. When she leans in to check he's OK, he'll leap up and go 'Raaaaa!'. On one occasion, his corpse impression was



so convincing that when he sprang back into life, his unsuspecting victim burst into fits of tears and had to be consoled for half an hour. It was fucking dark, man, says Skream, shaking his head as Benga cackles wildly. One day he'll actually be out cold and we'll just leave him there. That'll teach him.

Upholding the high standard of backstage banter on this tour is Magnetic Man's additional live member, jocular MC Sgt Pokes. When support act Katy B is nowhere to be found, Pokes offers to take her place, insisting that no-one will notice the difference if the stage is dark enough (this is unlikely). Pokes is 6ft 2in with dreadlocks and a voice as deep as the ocean.

Onstage, Pokes is equally droll: It's hot up here, and I'm not carrying a hand-fan, he quips, introducing I Need Air. Forced to ditch their giant laser cage for these intimate gigs, Magnetic Man are a more visceral live presence than they were at the festivals. Every bass shudder feels more physical now that you can actually see Benga punching the air and dancing goofily behind his laptop. When Katy B joins the band for a closing one-two of Crossover and Perfect Stranger, he engages her in a touching drunken tango across the front of the stage.

Backstage, the Bristol branch of the dubstep fraternity – Pinch, Joker, Guido – gather to toast their Croydon brethren with generous G&Ts, before the whole entourage staggers off

towards the afterparty at a club called Basement 45. If there's one thing you can say about Magnetic Man's realm, it's no place for the teetotal.

MANCHESTER WAREHOUSE PROJECT, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29

When we arrive in time for soundcheck at Manchester's vast subterranean rave complex The Warehouse Project, it's something of a surprise to find Skream lolling by the mixing desk. Last time we saw him, he was wandering the streets of Bristol with a case of Corona on his shoulder. He says he finally called it a night at three. That's three in the afternoon.

He fell asleep in the car with his face pressed against the window, laughs Artwork. Some guys on the M6 clocked that it was Skream so they took a photo and posted it on Twitter.

Skream is unfazed by this news. I collapsed here once and had to be carried back to my hotel room by security, he relates cheerfully, clearly unconcerned about anyone seeing him a little worse for

wear – unless it's his mum. She buys NME if she knows I'm in it, so I told her I was in the Cool List and then you use a picture of me swigging a bottle of Cachaca. That didn't go down well.

We agree it may be best if he keeps his mum away from the newsagents this week, given that he's now making a case for why dubstep is the new rock n'roll.

Bands are all really pussy these days. There doesn't seem to be that wild element any more. I actually threw a TV out of a hotel window once followed by everything else in the room. I was in the police station the next morning, laughing as they read out the list of things they found on the ground. Rock bands should be doing that, he concludes. I shouldn't have to do it.

Come showtime, Manchester is feeling decidedly rowdy. When Benga makes an ill-advised foray out of the backstage compound to watch Flying Lotus set, he is instantly mobbed by sweaty young girls and bug-eyed, burly men. We're superstars now, innit, he chuckles.

Under the circumstances, Pokes' services as a hype man are somewhat redundant; if anything, he has to calm the crowd down. Goodness gracious,

he exclaims, as Karma Crazy prompts an outbreak of crowdsurfing. Benga responds by whirling across the stage, bawling along to John Legend's vocal on 'Getting Nowhere' while Skream headbangs furiously behind him. When Pokes makes his customary request for the crowd to hold up their phones and lighters, someone instead throws their shoes in the air.

It's 4.30am, and the only thing left of the rider is Sprite and Stilton, when Benga becomes the first of the band to make a break for the hotel. Skream shadows him all the way to the back door before leaping out and giving him a quick fondle.

It's been a giggle, hasn't it? observes Artwork, watching on with a kind of paternal pride. And he's right – it has. **Sam Richards**

Head to NME.COM/video for behind-the-scenes footage with Magnetic Man

VIEW FROM THE CREW



Dave Cohen, Lighting Operator

"We spent six months designing the cube [M's lighting cage, as seen at the festivals] but it's too big for regular venues, so we came up with the lighting mesh. Now it looks like the band are inside the cube. We're hoping to bring the cube rig back, but for now it's mothballed in a garage in south London."



Bristol Trinity Centre, Thursday, 5pm
Artwork embarks on his lonely soundcheck



Soundcheck, Bristol, 5.15pm
And we thought they were just on Facebook up there



Backstage, Bristol, 11pm
Skream gets skanky



Backstage, Bristol, 7.30pm
All that vodka-drinking makes Benga a strong boy



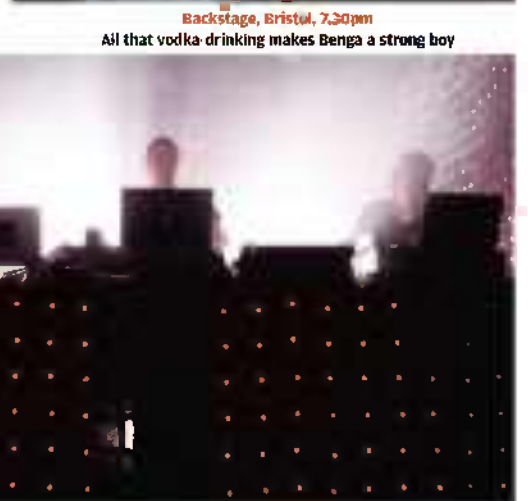
Backstage, Bristol, 8pm
Pokes cracks a joke: a Pokes joke



Onstage, Bristol, 2.55am
Katy B: "Yay, big respect to MC Hammer pants"



Onstage, Bristol, 2.40am
See the Trinity Centre's electricity bill soar...



Manchester, 10p, 6pm
Some distinctly unmagnetic men



Front row, Bristol
Put your phone in the air like you just don't care

Onstage, Bristol, 2.40am
See the Trinity Centre's electricity bill soar...



Or's xg, Manchester, 2.15am
"Hang on, Pendulum just emailed, they want their audience back"



Soundcheck, Manchester, 7pm
Katy B's rider is what they call 'meagre'



Onstage, Manchester, 2.45am
Katy B on a mission



Onstage, Manchester, 2.30am
MC Sgt Pokes? He's behind you!



Backstage, Manchester, 1am
"Homessst, Ssshikream, you're my bessst mate, hic"



Manchester Warehouse Project, 4.30am
It's four in the morning and Skream and Benga are totally lost

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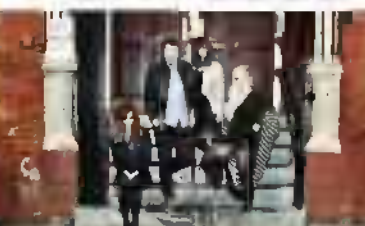
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BAND AID

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



CHUNKY = FUNKY?

Our lead singer has insisted that we all wear skinny jeans. I am a bit on the curvy side—should I go with the look and wear my muffin tops with pride, or perhaps know of something less figure-hugging?

More To Love, Kent

If there's one thing Beth Ditto has taught us, it's that fuller-figured people have a place in pop too. My advice to you would be to go along with your band's look, safe in the knowledge that the subsequent ridicule you receive will almost certainly result in an eating disorder, and then hey presto, those skinny jeans suddenly fit. *Uncle Pete*

WE'RE LOSING THEM

At recent gigs, people have responded well to our early songs but generally tend to drift away before we complete our set. How can we keep people watching?

Staying Power, London

It sounds to me like you are stuffing the early part of your set with your best material – but then, what are you supposed to do, play your duff stuff first and lose the audience before you start? It's a tricky one, so my advice to you would be the same as what I told The Fratellis – simply ensure that every set you play maintains a steady, oddly comforting low hum of mediocrity for an hour, and then do 'Chelsea Dagger' as an encore. *Uncle Pete*

MR TAMBOURINE MAN

Any tips for budding tambourine players?
Shaky, Glasgow

Incredibly, this is one of those rare letters I receive that hasn't been composed by some sarky reader pretending to have musical angst, and therefore I shall afford it the respect it deserves. My tip is simple: study the work of the great percussionists – Linda McCartney, for example, or Bez – and come to appreciate their little nuances and tricks. Use different parts of your body to strike the instrument. Shake it in a variety of... OK, you've got me. No, I don't have any tips for budding tambourine players.

Stop taking the piss. *Uncle Pete*

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

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GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Laura Snapes

BOOKING NOW



PATRICK WOLF

STARTS: Cardiff Clwb Ifor Bach, Dec 5

His new album's about love and hope, so hopefully no more throwing micstands around, eh Patrick?

NME.COM/artists/patrick-wolf



I AM KLOOT

STARTS: Edinburgh Liquid Room, Jan 18

There are far too many I Am... bands these days, you know. Join the original - and best - this January.

NME.COM/artists/i-am-kloot



METRONOMY

STARTS: Manchester Deaf Institute, Jan 19

Devon's remix kings get back to their day jobs and take their as-yet-untitled third record on the road.

NME.COM/artists/metronomy



MOGWAI

STARTS: Stirling Tolbooth, Jan 26

Their new album's called 'Hardcore Will Never Die, But You Will'. Amazing name, and an utterly incredible band.

NME.COM/artists/mogwai



CHAPEL CLUB

STARTS: Bristol Thekla, Feb 3

Like your bands full of brooding, bookish goths? Then join the NME Radar Tour graduates Chapel Club this February.

NME.COM/artists/chapel-club



FEEDER

STARTS: O2 Academy Liverpool, Feb 7

Sorry GLC - Newport's most dependable celebrate 20 years together with an anniversary jaunt ending up at London's prestigious Roundhouse.

NME.COM/artists/feeder



IRON & WINE

STARTS: London Roundhouse, Mar 8

Make sure you pack the Kleenex and prepare to weep buckets - Sam Beam hits the road with a full band in tow.

NME.COM/artists/iron-and-wine



BLOC.

STARTS: Minehead Butlins, Mar 11

The techno mashfest celebrates its fifth birthday with appearances by LFO, Moderat, Joy Orbison, Claude Von Stroke, Black Devil Disco Club and more.

NME.COM/festivals

NME AWARDS TOUR

STARTS: O2 Academy, Glasgow, Feb 3

DON'T MISS

After months whittling away the perfect roster, we're extraordinarily proud to announce the line-up for the NME Awards Tour 2011. Topping the bill are synth-terrorisers Crystal Castles, followed by dubstep champs Magnetic Man, pop perverts Everything Everything, and British guitar music's rollicking new hope, The Vaccines. What have they got in common? Sonically, very little, but although they may sound nothing alike, they're all pushing music forward in their own spheres, unafraid of smashing the barriers that once separated pop and indie, guitars and electronic music, dubstep and the charts. Without a doubt, these bands are the future, and we're delighted to raise their flags. NME.COM/awards



PRIMAVERA

STARTS: Barcelona various venues, May 25

The Spanish festival gains an extra day, along with Ariel Pink, Fiery Furnaces, and Blank Dogs, among other highlights.

NME.COM/festivals



KINGS OF LEON

STARTS: Coventry Ricoh Arena, May 30

Stadium rafters, prepare to be tickled - Kings Of Leon return for some mammoth UK shows.

NME.COM/artists/kings-of-leon



BON JOVI

STARTS: Edinburgh Murrayfield Stadium, June 22

The recipients of MTV's Global Icons Award return with a huge outdoor tour. Hope the weather's fine.

NME.COM/artists/bon-jovi



FOO FIGHTERS

STARTS: Milton Keynes Bowl, July 2

Biffy, Death Cab, Tame Impala, Jimmy Eat World and The Hot Rats join The Nicest Man In Music™.

NME.COM/artists/foo-fighters

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PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



LCD SOUNDSYSTEM/HOT CHIP

STARTS: London Alexandra Palace, Nov 10

NME
PICK

Will they, won't they? Even James Murphy doesn't seem quite sure as to whether LCD Soundsystem will continue – and in what form if they do – but what he has said, quite emphatically, is that they'll cease to be a live band. Which is a travesty along similar lines to Nigella Lawson continuing to be a chef but deciding to tone down the rudery; still excellent, but without the best ruddy bit! LCD is a joy because, although you can have a jolly dance to it in your bedroom, it's music best heard live, to shout the Daft Punk song really loud and to do incredibly silly dancing to. He's joined on this tour by Hot Chip, making it perhaps the highest proliferation of darling spods since the queue for the first showing of *The Social Network*. If you miss it, you'll live to regret it forever.

NME.COM/artists/lcd-soundsystem



Everyone's Talking About MIA

STARTS: O2 Academy Brixton, Nov 10

It's a relief to see MIA playing this short string of dates on our shores. She's bound to get up to some crazy larks while she's over here, but it also means that she's FINALLY back to doing her day job and what she does best, and hopefully cutting the crap to remind us why '///\\//\\' was actually a pretty damn wicked album. NME.COM/artists/mia



Don't Miss The Low

STARTS: Cambridge Junction 2, Nov 15

There's still a good fortnight before it's really acceptable to start spinning Low's 'Christmas' EP again. Luckily, the slowcore pioneers are playing their first UK dates in a few years this week, and they'll feature LOT of new material from their eighth album, tentatively titled 'C'mon'. 'Tis the season to be melancholy after all! NME.COM/artists/low



Radar Stars The Naked And Famous

STARTS: Manchester Ruby Lounge, Nov 10

Like Passion Pit and Cyndi Lauper and hate guilty pleasures? Then you'll love The Naked And Famous, our new favourite Kiwi five-piece. Granted, there aren't many of them around, but there's something delightfully naive and vulnerable about TN&F, an otherworldliness perfectly befitting of a band from a country half a world away. NME.COM/newmusic

WEDNESDAY

November 10

ABERDEEN

The Hollies Music Hall 01224 641122

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01273 730 499

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01273 647100

Mystery Jets/Is Tropical Concorde 2

01273 673311

Tokyo Police Club Audio

01273 624343

BRISTOL

Bellowhead Old Vic 0117 987 7877

Kirsty McGee Cube Cinema

0117 907 4190

Less Than Jake/Zebrahead 02

Academy 0870 771 2000

CAMBRIDGE

Midlake/John Grant Junction

01223 511511

CARDIFF

Acoustic Ladyland Buffalo Bar

02920 310312

Fallsafe Club Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

Imogen Heap Coal Exchange

029 2049 4917

Nick Harper The Globe 07738 983947

EDINBURGH

Casitone For The Painfully Alone

Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

Ludovico Einaudi Queen's Hall

0131 668 2019

EXETER

Yann Tiersen Phoenix 01392 667080

GATESHEAD

Belcea Quartet Sage Arena

0870 703 4555

GILDERHOLME

Charogne Stone/Mr Mercallie Bar

Bloc 0141 574 6066

Drive By Truckers 02 ABC

0870 903 3444

Freak Kitchen Cathouse

0141 248 6606

Kid Adrift King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

0141 221 5279

The Mickey 9s Buff Club

0141 248 1777

LEEDS

British India The Well 0113 2440474

God Is An Astronaut/Caspian

Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Wild Nothing Brudenell Social Club

0113 243 5866

LEICESTER

Southern Tenant Folk Union

Musician 0116 251 0080

LIVERPOOL

Beverley Craven Baby Blue

0151 702 5830

The Chapman Family Masque

0151 707 6171

Ellie Goulding University

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Dan Sheers & The Velvetten

Orchestra Slaughtered Lamb

020 8682 4080

Diamond Rings The Lexington

020 7837 5387

The Divine Comedy Royal Festival

Hall 020 7960 4242

Dreaver McCusker Woomble Union

Chapel 020 7226 1686

Dub Colossus/Krar Collective

Bloomsbury Ballroom 020 7404 7612

Esben And The Witch Electrowerkz

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Fenech-Soler Heaven 020 7930 2020

Four Year Strong Electric Ballroom

020 7485 9006

Fraser Anderson Ginglik

020 8749 2310

Jam City/Royce Rolls Nest

020 7354 9993

Jonah Matranga Windmill

020 8671 0700

The Knocks XOYO 020 7729 5959

Larches Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Larsen B/Jonathan Jeremiah/

Aeriel's Up Borderline 020 7734 5547

LCD Soundsystem/Hot Chip

Alexandra Palace 020 8365 2121

Monolithic/Kogumaza Cafe Oto

0871 230 1094

MIA 02 Academy Brixton

0870 771 2000

Planet M/Jet Bronx & The New

Forbidden Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191

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Feet East 020 7247 6095

Regurgitator/Scribe 02 Shepherds

Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

Richie Kotzen 02 Academy Islington

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Underworld 020 7482 1932

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MANCHESTER

Amorphis Academy 3 0161 832 1111

Edwyn Collins Deaf Institute

0161 330 4019

Kids In Glass Houses/Boys Like Girls

Academy 2 0161 832 1111

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0161 834 1392

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Quarter 0161 833 3197

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GIG GUIDE KEY:

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

THURSDAY

November 11



LCD Soundsystem/Hot Chip Coronet
020 7701 1500

The Mariner's Children Luminaire
020 7372 7123

Marty Shtrubel Band Gingham
020 8749 2310

Mary Gauthier Union Chapel
020 7226 1686

Mok/The Infinte Number
Of Monkeys Hope & Anchor

020 7354 1312

Mystery Jets/Is Tropical
Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Plinth/Klima Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

Rinoa Barfly 0870 907 0999

Sara Watkins Borderline
020 7734 5547

Smiling Ivy/The Echoes Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

The Varukers/Fiend Underworld
020 7482 1932

Visions Of Trees/Micachu/Stricken
City Fabric 020 7336 8898

Withered Hand Silver Bullet
020 7619 3639

MANCHESTER

Annihilator Academy 3 0161 832 1111

British India/The Sexual Objects
Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822

Cheap Trick Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Diamond Rings/Run To Run Ruby
Lounge 0161 834 1392

Esben And The Witch Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

Howard Elliott Payne Soup Kitchen
0161 236 5100

Jellybaby & Rubbermensch 02 ABC
0870 903 3444

Mary MacMaster/Donald Hay Brel
0141 342 4966

Phillip Sayce/Marcus Bonfanti 02
ABC 0141 204 5151

LEEDS

Booka Shade 02 Academy
0870 771 2000

Keep It Cash New Roscoe
0113 246 0778

Stormway Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Strait Laces Milo 0113 245 7101

LIVERPOOL

The Dan Collective Musicians
0116 251 0080

Miles Kane Mojo 0844 549 9090

LONDON

Alexisonfire HMV Forum
020 7344 0044

Amorphis/Ghost Brigade 02
Academy Islington 0870 771 2000

Charlie Calleja North London Tavern
020 7625 6634

Cloud Control The Lexington
020 7837 5387

Crippled Black Phoenix/Anna Calvi
Garage 020 7607 1818

Empire State London/Theatre
Royal/Turbo Blanc Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358

Gilbert/Codename Sparrow
Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384

Goldfrapp HMV Hammersmith Apollo
0870 606 3400

Heavy Metal Kids Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094

Hjaltalin/Mono Stereo Hoxton
Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Incognito KOKO 020 7388 3222

Islet Café Oto 0871 230 1094

John Grant Purcell Room
020 7960 4242

Kayah/Toxique 02 Shepherds Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000

Kurtz/Woe CAMP Basement
0871 230 1094

Last Lungs Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412

Lars Heaven 020 7930 2020

ABERDEEN

Flood Of Red The Tunnels
01224 211121

BIRKENHEAD

**Wilko Johnson/Mark Radcliffe &
The Big Figures** Pacific Road Arts
Centre 0151 666 5023

BOURNEMOUTH

Awaken Demons Ibar 01202 209727

Imogen Heap 02 Academy
01202 399922

Nick Harpham Champions
01202 757 000

BRIGHTON

Annie Mac/Starsmith Digital
01273 202407

Gold Panda Coalition 01273726858

Hauschka Duke Of York 01273 818549

Jason Lytle Jam 0871 230 1094

Kate Walsh/Andrew Foster Ballroom
0207 283 1940

Lyrebirds Audio 01273 624343

Omar Concorde 2 01273 673311

BRISTOL

Andy White The Tunnels
0117 929 9008

Bellowhead Old Vic 0117 987 7877

The Coal Porters Prom 0117 942 7319

Daylight Fireworks Louisiana
0117 926 5978

Frank Vignola Trio Coiston Hall
0117 922 3683

Invasion Croft 0117 987 4144

Jehst Blue Mountain 0117 942 0341

MEN/May 68 Thekia 08713 100000

Vessels Bierkeller 0117 926 8514

Voodoo Six/Dynamo Hum Fleece
0117 945 0996

CAMBRIDGE

Yann Tiersen Junction 01223 511511

CARDIFF

Chase & Status University
029 2023 0130

UB40 St David's Hall 029 2087 8444

EDINBURGH

Ash Liquid Room 0131 225 2564

Cloud Nothings/Vernica Falls
Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

GLASGOW

Caslotone For The Painfully Alone
Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Demon Hunter King Tut's Wah Wah
Hut 0141 221 5279

FRIDAY

November 12

ABERDEEN

Green Velvet Snafu 01224 596 111

BATH

Starsmith Moles 01225 404445

BIRKENHEAD

Bellowhead Pacific Road Arts Centre
0151 666 5023

BRIGHTON

The Deadlines Prince Albert
01273 730499

Kate Walsh Ballroom 0207 283 1940

Lars Concorde 2 01273 673311

The Neon Quartet Komedia
01273 647100

BRISTOL

Acoustic Ladyland Croft
0117 987 4144

Angel Up Front Cat And Wheel
0117 942 7862

Bobby Speed/Matrix Clubnix
Metropolis 0117 909 6655

DevilDriver/36 Crazyfists 02
Academy 2 0870 771 2000

The Empiricals Thunderbolt
07791 319 614

Goldfish Don't Bounce Full Moon
0117 924 5170

Parrington Jackson/The Lunarians
The Hatchet Inn 0117 929 4118

The Reasoning Fleece 0117 945 0996

Saddar Bazaar/The Big Natural
Cube Cinema 0117 907 4190

The Termites/The Bad Joke That
Ended Well Louisiana 0117 926 5978

3 Daft Monkeys Thekia 08713 100000

CAMBRIDGE

Polly & The Billets Doux CB2
01223 508 503

CARDIFF

Ellie Goulding University
029 2023 0130

Example Oceana 0845 296 8588

LCD Soundsystem/Hot Chip
International Arena 029 2022 4488

Man Of The Hour/Hey Tonight Clwb
Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

Marina And The Diamonds Coal
Exchange 029 2049 4917

Time To Breathe The Globe
07738 983947

Wiley/JME/Fugitive Millennium
Centre 029 2040 2000

EDINBURGH

Craig Smith/The Revenge Medina
0131 225 6313

Phillip Sayce/Marcus Bonfanti The
Caves 0131 557 8989

The Scottish Enlightenment Wee Red
Bar 0131 229 1442

Seth Lakeman/Delta Mald Liquid
Room 0131 225 2564

EXETER

Dreadzone University 01392 263519

Oceansize/Tubelord/Mojo Fury
Cavern Club 01392 495370

GLASGOW

British India/St Deluxe/Penguins
Kili Polar Bears Stereo 0141 576 5018

Broken Records The Arches
0141 565 1000

Deftones/Coheed & Cambria 02
Academy 0870 771 2000

Die Antwoord SWG3 0141 357 7246

Esben And The Witch/Gallops
Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

The Floe King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

Jericho Hill Brel 0141 342 4966

Sylosis 02 ABC 0870 903 3444

Who's Next Ferry 01698 360085

LEEDS

Demon Hunter The Well
0113 2440474

Strait Laces Royal Park Cellars
0113 274 1758

Twisted Wheel Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Vessels Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

LIVERPOOL

Sleigh Bells/O Children Mojo
0844 549 9090

Steve Harley 02 Academy
0870 771 2000

LONDON

dd/mm/yyyy Borderline
020 7734 5547

Babyhead Jazz Café 020 7916 6060

Blindness Windmill 020 8671 0700

Cassette Jam/The Naked
And Famous Club NME @ Koko
0870 4325527

Cheap Trick 02 Shepherds Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000

Chromeo Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Diana Vickers KOKO 020 7388 3222

CLUB NME

LONDON

**CASSETTE JAM/
THE NAKED AND
FAMOUS**

KOKO

0844 847 2258

NOTTINGHAM

**THE CITADELS/
MASTERS IN FRANCE**

GATECRASHER

0115 910 1101

Dick Gaughan King's Head
020 7293 2830

Foals/Crystal Fighters/Pulled
Apart By Horses 02 Academy Brixton
0870 771 2000

Freak Kitchen/Jurojin/Haken
Underworld 020 7482 1932

God Is An Astronaut 02 Academy
Islington 0870 771 2000

Klaus & Kinski Cargo 0207 749 7840

The Last Republic Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412

Marshall Allen/Cinema Soloriens
Café Oto 0871 230 1094

Orchids Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

Reign.Broke.Better Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

The Rimes/Sleepless Beauty 02
Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000

Stuart Moxham/Sean O'Hagan
Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Three Savage Kicks/The Fallen
Leaves The Gaff 020 7609 3063

UB40 HMV Forum 020 7344 0044

The Woodwards Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

MANCHESTER

Abe Vigoda Islington Mill
0871 230 1094

Drive By Truckers Academy 2
0161 832 1111

Goo Goo Dolls Academy 0161 832 1111

Gorillaz/De La Soul/Little Dragon
Evening News Arena 0161 950 5000

Herbie Hancock Bridgewater Hall
0161 907 9000

Local Natives/Superhumanoids
Academy 3 0161 832 1111

The Lucid Dreams Moho Live
0161 834 8180

Miles Kane/Danny Mahon Ruby
Lounge 0161 834 1392

Roberta Flack Lowry 0161 876 2000

Soundtrack To Your Summer
Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Spokes Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

NEWCASTLE

Annihilator 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Caslotone For The Painfully Alone
Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

Chase & Status/Liam Bailey 02
Academy 0870 771 2000

Cold Capitol/The Halt Dog & Parrot
0191 262 6998

The C Collective/Mother Firefly
Pumphreys Cellar Bar 0191 2603312

Heavy Load Star Inn 0191 222 3111

Little Comets University 0191 261 2606

NORWICH

Klaxons/Fiction UEA 01603 505401

NOTTINGHAM

Alexisonfire Rock City 08713 100000

Masters In France Club NME @

SATURDAY

November 13



ABERDEEN

Emeli Sande Lemon Tree
01224 642230

GLASGOW

Kate Walsh Chapel Arts Centre
01224 5404445

BOURNEMOUTH

Klaxons/Fiction O2 Academy
01202 399922

BRIGHTON

Goldfrapp Dome 01273 709709
Hilomi/Pablo & The Paintset Prince
Albert 01273 730499

Laish West Hill Hall 01273 327976
Strait Laces New Hero 01273 747203

BRISTOL

Alex Wilson Old Vic 0117 987 7877
Ellie Goulding O2 Academy

0870 771 2000
Hazel Winter Thunderbolt

07791 319 614

Jools Holland/Ruby Turner/Rumer
Colston Hall 0117 922 3683

Owl In The Sun/Heather Rose Mr
Wolf's 0117 927 3221

Planting Claymore/The Infesticons
Croft 0117 987 4144

The Wuruzles Bierkeller 0117 926 8514

CARDIFF

Killing For Company International
Arena 029 2022 4488

EDINBURGH

British India/Penguins Kill Polar
Bears Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

Levellers Liquid Room 0131 225 2564
Mitchell Museum/Capitals The

Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

FALMOUTH

Dreadzone Princess Pavilion
01326 211222

GLASGOW

Full Metal Racket Ivory Blacks
0141 221 7871

Ian Segal Arches 0141 221 4001
Les Savy Fav/Sky Larkin/Cloud

Nothings Oran Mor 0141 552 9224
Local Natives/Superhumanoids

King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279
Melissa Auf Der Maur Garage

0141 332 1120

LEEDS

Abe Vigoda Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

Deftones O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

Diamond Rings Cockpit

0113 244 3446

The Eyes Of A Traitor The Well
0113 2440474

LEICESTER

A Genuine Freakshow Sumo
0116 285 6536

LIVERPOOL

Anne-Marie Hurst O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Chase & Status/Liam Bailey O2
Academy 0870 771 2000

Edwyn Collins Cathedral
0151 709 6271

Liars Static Gallery 01517078090
Matchstickmen Masque

0151 707 6171

LONDON

Alan McGee (DJ)/Exit Calm Jamn
020 7274 5537

Ash O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000

Bitter Ruin/Blrdeatsbaby Spice Of
Life 020 7437 7013

Brad Mehldau Barbican Hall
020 7638 8891

City Surrender/Hong Kong Money
Barfly 0870 907 0999

The Crimson Dikes/Black Diamond
Bay Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

DevilDriver/36 Crazylists HMV
Forum 020 7344 0044

Distorted Breed Purple Turtle
020 7383 4976

Goo Goo Dolls O2 Academy Brixton
0870 771 2000

Herbie Hancock Royal Festival Hall
020 7960 4242

Johnny Rivera/Y Los Portenos
Coronet 020 7701 1500

Joe Black/Elliott Mason Last Days Of
Decadence 07982 445657

King Pleasure & The Biscuit Boys
Pigalle Club 020 77348142

Kunt & The Gang The Gaff
020 7609 3063

March Violets O2 Academy Islington
0870 771 2000

Masters In France Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358

MEN/Nicky Click Garage
020 7607 1818

The Peacocks/Death Valley Surfers
Underworld 020 7482 1932

Son Of Dave Borderline

020 7734 5547

Sweetie Pie & The Gutter Men Hope
& Anchor 020 7354 1312

Terry Edwards/Gin Panic/Johnny
Skid Montague Arms 020 7639 4923

Underground Railroad/Bo/Laura J
Martin The Lexington 020 7837 5387

The Watch/Nick Magnus Luminaire
020 7372 7123

MANCHESTER

Chromeo Academy 2 0161 832 1111
Ludovico Einaudi Lowry

0161 876 2000

Mose Fan Fan & Somo Somo Band
On The Wall 0161 832 6625

MIA/Annie Mac/Rusko/Sleight Bells
Warehouse Project 0161 835 3500

Skunk Anansie/The Virginmays
Academy 0161 832 1111

The Vipers/The Marder Islington Mill
0871 230 1094

The Words Academy 3 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

Annihilator Legends 0191 232 0430
Diana Vickers O2 Academy

0870 771 2000

Esplonage Of The Loc Pumpheys
Cellar Bar 0191 2603312

Gold Panda The Cut 0191 261 8579
The Happy Cats The Station

0871 230 1094

Matt Schofield Cluny 2
0191 230 4474

Mike Peters Cluny 0191 230 4474
Philip Sayce/Marcus Bonfanti O2

Academy 2 0870 771 2000
Tommy & The Oddballs Star Inn

0191 222 3111

Who's Bad Tyne Theatre
0191 265 2550

NORWICH

God Is An Astronaut Arts Centre
01603 660352

Jimmy Eat World UEA 01603 505401

NOTTINGHAM

The Chapman Family Rescue Rooms
0115 958 8484

Dogs Maze 0115 947 5650
Seth Lakeman/Delta Maid Rescue

Rooms 0115 958 8484
White Wizzard Rock City

08713 100000

OXFORD

Little Fish O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Pet Moon Modern Art 01865 722733

ROTHERHAM

LCD Soundsystem/Hot Chip
Magna Science Adventure Centre

01709 720002

SHEFFIELD

Anberlin Corporation 0114 276 0262
Frank White Band/Hillbilly Cats

New Barrack Tavern 0114 234 9148
Quiet Loner Grapes 0114 249 0909

Section 60/The Legion/The
Runinetti Plug 0114 276 7093

Slow Club Leadmill 0114 221 2828
Spokes Old Fire Station 01142 792901

SOUTHAMPTON

Dave McPherson Hamptons Bar
07919 253 508

Stormway University 023 8059 5000
The Vaccines Unit 02380 225612

TRURO

I Am Hope/Gregor & The Martians
Wig & Pen 01872 273 028

YORK

Jon Windle The Duchess
01904 641 413

SUNDAY

November 14

ABERDEEN

Broken Records The Tunnels
01224 211121

BATH

Marina And The Diamonds Pavilion
01225 447770

Midge Ure Komedia 0845 293 8480
Vince Freeman Moles 01225 404445

BELFAST

Carl Barat Stiff Kitten 028 90238700
Gruff Rhys Empire 028 9024 9276

Pulled Apart By Horses/La Faro
Auntie Annie's 028 9050 1660

BOURNEMOUTH

Squeeze/Lightning Seeds
O2 Academy 01202 399922

Threat Signal/Raunhy/Sybreed
Champions 01202 757 000

BRIGHTON

The Divine Comedy Komedia
01273 647100

The Irrepressibles Concorde 2
01273 673311

King Corna The Hope 01273 723 568
The Peacocks Prince Albert

01273 730499

BRISTOL

The Dhol Foundation St George's Hall
0117 923 0359

Edwyn Collins Fleece 0117 945 0996
Jimmy Eat World O2 Academy

0870 771 2000

Oceansize Thekla 08713 100000
Pete Lawrie Louisiana 0117 926 5978

CAMBRIDGE

Casiotone For The Painfully Alone
Haymakers 01223 367417

Stormway Junction 01223 511511

CARDIFF

Kevin Dempsey & Joe Broughton
Millennium Centre 029 2040 2000

Kids In Glass Houses/Boys Like Girls
University 029 2023 0130

Mostly Autumn The Globe
07738 983947

EDINBURGH

Bellowhead Liquid Room
0131 225 2564

Emeli Sande The Electric Circus
0131 226 4224

EXETER

6 Day Riot Phoenix 01392 667080

GATESHEAD

Hauschka Sage Arena 0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Diana Vickers O2 ABC 0870 903 3444
Instal 10 The Arches 0141 565 1000

The Sexual Objects King Tut's Wah
Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

LEEDS

Constellations Festival: Broken
Social Scene/Liars/Sleight Bells/
LIKETRANS/For Tet/Les Savy

Fav/Los Campesinos/Local
Natives/Gold Panda/Esben And The

Witch/Cloud Nothings/Dam Mantle/
Breton/Chickenhawk/The Vaccines

University 0113 244 4600

The Coral O2 Academy 0870 771 2000
Mono Stereo Northern Monkey

0113 242 6630

Rinoa Cockpit 0113 244 3446

LEICESTER

The Reasoning V Theatre
0116 255 6507

LIVERPOOL

Charlie Landsborough Philharmonic
0151 709 3789

Kayah O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

LONDON

Appleshift Seven/Stone Run Dublin
Castle 020 7485 1773

Cash For Cars/Mr Tom The
Lexington 020 7837 5387

The Cinematic Orchestra Royal
Albert Hall 020 7589 8212

Barts 100 Club 020 7636 0933

Die Antwoord Scala 020 7833 2022

Drive By Truckers O2 Shepherds
Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

The Elliptics Dingwalls 020 7267 1577

Fallsafe Barfly 0870 907 0999

Gil Scott-Heron O2 Academy Brixton
0870 771 2000

Herbie Hancock Royal Festival Hall
020 7960 4242

Hot Club De Frank Le Quecum Bar
020 7787 2227

Joe Fairbrother & Friends Hen And
Chickens 020 7359 1030

Klashnekoff Cargo 0207 749 7840

Library Tapes/Clem Leek
Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384

Mike Fantastic O2 Academy
Islington 0870 771 2000

Nick Harper Social 020 7636 4992

The Rock Of Travolta Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358

Strait Laces Windmill 020 8671 0700

Trash Kit Garage 020 7607 1818

White Wizzard/Primali
Underworld 020 7482 1932

MANCHESTER

Deftones/Coheed & Cambria O2
Apollo 0870 401 8000

DevilDriver Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Melissa Auf Der Maur Ruby Lounge
0161 834 1392

Prima Donna/The Adjusters Star &
Garter 0161 273 6726

Seth Lakeman/Delta Maid Academy
0161 832 1111

Steve Harley Sound Control
0161 236 0340

Vessels Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

NEWCASTLE

Skunk Anansie O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

Skyark Song Tyne Bar 0191 265 2550

NOTTINGHAM

Klaxons/Fiction Rock City
08713 100000

Wilko Johnson Rescue Rooms
0115 958 8484

OXFORD

Dead Jerichos The Regal
01865 241261

Elliot Minor O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

SHEFFIELD

Attila The Stockbroker Boardwalk
0114 279 9090

WOLVERHAMPTON

Sciatica Robin 2 01902 497860

Spunge Slade Room 0870 320 7000

YORK

Haigh Ashbury Stereo 01904 612237
Paul Carrack Grand Opera House
01904 671818



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MONDAY

November 15

The View, Lemon Tree, Aberdeen



ABERDEEN

The View Lemon Tree 01224 642230

BOURNEMOUTH

The Divine Comedy 02 Academy

01202 399922

BRIGHTON

A-Ha Centre 0870 900 9100

Caltin Rose Komedia 01273 647100

Diamond Rings Prince Albert

01273 730499

Drive By Truckers Concorde 2

01273 673311

Les Savy Fav Komedia 01273 647100

Marina And The Diamonds Dome

01273 709709

The Vaccines Audio 01273 624343

BRISTOL

Babar Luck Fleece 0117 945 0996

The Drawing Of The Three Mr Wolf's

0117 927 3221

Kids In Glass Houses/Boys Like Girls

02 Academy 0870 771 2000

CAMBRIDGE

Low Junction 01223 511511

CARDIFF

Marc Almond St David's Hall

029 2087 8444

EXETER

Flood Of Red/House Vs Hurricane

Cavern Club 01392 495370

GATESHEAD

Bellowhead Sage Arena

0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Anberlin Garage 0141 332 1120

The Blood Arm Captain's Rest

0141 331 2722

Emeli Sande King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

0141 221 5279

Hauschka Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

Skunk Anansie/The Virginmarys 02

Academy 0870 771 2000

LEEDS

Akala Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Jinury Eat World 02 Academy

0870 771 2000

LIVERPOOL

Abe Vigoda Shipping Forecast

0871 230 1094

Los Campesinos! Mojo

0844 549 9090

Michael Bolton Philharmonic

0151 709 3789

Philip Sayce/Marcus Bonfanti 02

Academy 2 0870 771 2000

The Strawbs University 0151 256 5555

LONDON

Broken Social Scene/Tortoise KOKO

020 7388 3222

Casiotone For The Painfully Alone

Cargo 0207 749 7440

The Coral Royal Albert Hall

020 7569 8212

Dead Sons Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Drunken Balordi 93 Feet East

020 7247 6095

Hitomi/Volume Zero Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773

Holy Fuck Electric Ballroom

020 7185 9006

Kid Adrift Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412

The Lucid Dreams/TV Buddhas

Garage 020 7607 1818

Melissa Auf Der Maur Scala

020 7833 2022

The Naked And Famous Hoxton

Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Octoberman Windmill 020 8671 0700

One Love Social 020 7636 4992

The Singing Adams The Lexington

020 7617 5387

This Is The Kit Slaughtered Lamb

020 8452 4080

Tom Jones/Lauren Pritchard Union

Chapel 020 7226 1686

MANCHESTER

Dungen Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Gold Panda/Banjo Or Freakout Ruby

Lounge 0161 814 1392

LCD Soundsystem/Hot Chip 02

Apollo 0870 401 6000

Oceansize Academy 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

Mausi Cluny 0191 230 4474

NORWICH

Goo Goo Dolls UEA 01603 505401

Stornoway Waterfront 01603 632717

NOTTINGHAM

Paige The Central 0115 963 3413

SALFORD

Chilly Gonzales St Philip's Church

0161 834 2041

SHEFFIELD

Annihilator Corporation

0114 276 0262

SOUTHAMPTON

Deftones/Coheed & Cambria

Guildhall 023 8063 2601

Threat Signal Joiners 023 8022 5612

WOLVERHAMPTON

O'Hooley & Tidow Robin 2

01902 497860

YORK

Ian Siegal The Duchess 01904 641 413

Jedward Grand Opera House

01904 671818

TUESDAY

November 16

BATH

Wilko Johnson Komedia

0845 293 8480

BRIGHTON

Four Tet Coalition 01273726858

Poor Little Pierette/This Modern

Life Prince Albert 01273 730499

Seth Lakeman Concorde 2

01273 673311

BRISTOL

Goo Goo Dolls 02 Academy

0870 771 2000

Holy Fuck/Buck 65 Thekla

08713 186000

Melissa Auf Der Maur/2:54 Fleece

0117 945 0996

Squeeze/Lightning Seeds Colston

Hall 0117 922 3683

Thomas Romano Louisiana

0117 926 5978

CAMBRIDGE

Chase & Status Junction 01223 511511

UB40 Corn Exchange 01223 357851

EDINBURGH

Gordon Smith Queen's Hall

0131 668 2019

Strait Laces Whistlebinkies

0131 557 5114

GATESHEAD

Mark Ellis/I'm Not Superman Three

Tuns 0191 487 0666

GLASGOW

Esoterica Stereo 0141 576 5018

Gold Panda/Banjo Or Freakout King

Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Jedward Royal Concert Hall

0141 351 4000

Kele/cocknbulld/Kid/Natalia Kills The

Archer 0141 565 1000

LEEDS

Anberlin Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Goldfrapp 02 Academy

0870 771 2000

Low Brudenell Social Club

0113 243 5866

LIVERPOOL

Athlete 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Gerry & The Pacemakers/

The Searchers Philharmonic

0151 709 3789

Jonquil Shipping Forecast

0871 230 1094

Soweto Kinch Bluecoat Arts Centre

0151 709 5297

LONDON

Absynthe Minded Garage (Upstairs)

0871 230 1094

The A Train Enterprise 020 7485 2659

Beach Fossils/Superhumanoids The

Lexington 020 7837 5387

Bill Kirchen Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Bobby The First/The Migrant Dublin

Castle 020 7485 1773

The Border Surrender Old Queen's

Head 020 7354 9993

Boyce Avenue Scala 020 7833 2022

Broken Social Scene/Tortoise KOKO

020 7388 3222

Caltin Rose/Peter Wolf Crier/Joe

Worricker XOYO 020 7729 5959

Cyclephante Hope & Anchor

020 7354 1312

Danko Jones Garage 020 7607 1818

David Jordan Underbelly

0207 611 1195

Dungen/Jim Molyneux 02

Academy Islington 0870 771 2000

For Dollars Club Rhythm Factory

020 7247 9386

Francesca Barfly 0870 907 0999

John & Jehn Old Blue Last

020 7613 2478

Klaxons/Fiction HMV Forum

020 734 4 0044

Lucas Renney Slaughtered Lamb

020 8682 4080

The Naked And Famous Borderline

020 7334 5547

Paige/Atlas And I Underworld

020 7411 1392

Paolo Nutini/Rumer Union Chapel

020 7229 1666

Rhval Schools Hoxton Square Bar &

Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Spoon 02 Shepherds Bush Empire

0870 771 2000

This Is The Kit/The Liftmen/Roz!

Plain Windmill 020 8671 0700

Veronica Falls Madame Jojo's

020 7734 7473

Washington Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412

MANCHESTER

Akala Academy 2 0161 832 1111

The Blood Arm FAC 251

0161 27 27 251

Gold Teeth Deaf Institute

0161 330 4019

Ian Siegal/Ben Prestage Band On

The Wall 0161 832 6625

Less Than Jake/Zebrahead

Academy 0161 832 1111

Motörhead/Michael Monroe 02

Apollo 0870 401 8000

NEWCASTLE

A-Ha Metro Radio Arena

0870 707 8000

Magazine Gap Cluny 0191 230 4474

Minus The Bear 02 Academy

0870 771 2000

NORWICH

8th Time Luckie Waterfront

01603 632717

NOTTINGHAM

The Gaslight Anthem/Chuck Ragan/

Sharks Rock City 04713 100000

Threat Signal/Raunchy/Sybreed

Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

OXFORD

The Divine Comedy 02 Academy

0870 771 2000

Lostboy! 02 Academy 3

0870 771 2000

POOLE

Philip Sayce Mr Kyps 01202 74

THE LEGENDARY NME CROSSWORD

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

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A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Jimmy Eat World? It's something that's been made up (8)
- 5 Walkmen to where Benfica are at home (6)
- 8 Loan them wrong Kele disc (2-3-3)
- 9 Rapper who's treating us to 'Bud, Sweat And Beers' (6)
- 10+3D Their hits in the '80s include a self-titled single and 'It's My Life' (4-4)
- 11 Weezer album named after character from *Lost* TV series (6)
- 13 (See 23 across)
- 14+30D Happy to have a drink here with Electric Six? (3-3)
- 15+34A "Everybody's doing just what they're told to/ Nobody wants to go to jail", The Clash (5-4)
- 16 (See 7 down)
- 19 West Coast band formed by Arthur Lee in the '60s, they're best known for their classic 'Alone Again Or' (4)
- 21 A bit of Buffy Clyro in 'Come On Eileen' (4)
- 23+13A Perhaps the normal area for a Throwing Muses album (3-4-6)
- 26 Romeo _____ or Michele _____ of The Magic Numbers (7)
- 30+28A Merseyside band who took 'Giant Steps' on the Creation label (3-7)
- 31 To avoid repeating a bit of Gossip (5)
- 32 Business agreement between Pixies, Breeders and Amps (4)
- 33 Surname for members of The Big Pink, Deacon Blue or The Supremes (4)
- 34 (See 15 across)

CLUES DOWN

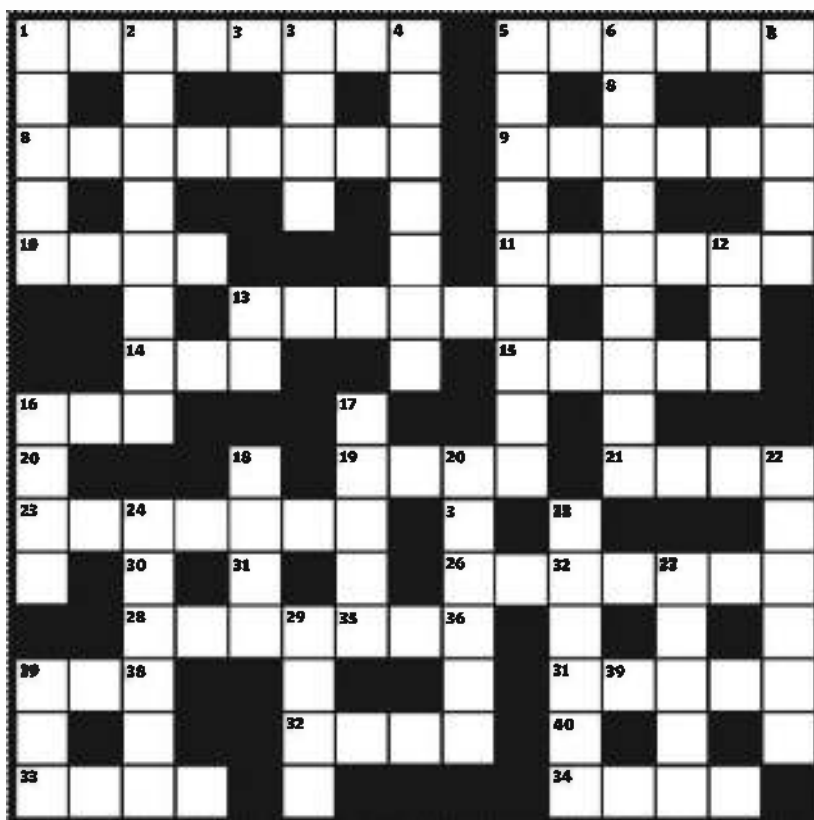
- 1+16D Can't get my teeth into We Are Scientists (1-4-4)
- 2 Ivy got Al a remix version of Pearl Jam album (8)
- 3 (See 10 across)
- 4 Title of Best Track at NME Awards 2010 (7)
- 5 By which name Phillipa 'Pip' Brown is better known (9)
- 6 (See 29 down)
- 7+16A "Comes across all shy and coy, just another _____", Placebo (5-3)
- 12 Everything starts with this performer (3)
- 13+25D American guitarist and singer whose albums include 'The Slide Area' and 'My Name Is Buddy' (2-6)

- 16 (See 1 down)
- 17 Foxy Brown and Jay-Z's work turns into libel (3-2)
- 18 Brotherly name in both The Jesus And Mary Chain and The Proclaimers (4)
- 20 Red House Painters bassist appearing in a Doves sell out gig (6)
- 22 Tool in reformation to another American band (6)
- 24 Mistakes them for some Glaswegians (6)
- 25 (See 13 down)
- 27 Member of UB40 gets in the last round (5)
- 29+6D Do a single very strangely with UK rapper (4-9)
- 30 (See 14 across)

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

Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the issue date, before Tuesday, November 16, 2010, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 4th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU.

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



OCTOBER 16 ANSWERS

ACROSS

1 Write About Love, 8 Neon Bible, 9+34A Kanye West, 11 Gotham, 12 Oh My God, 14 Quayle, 17+24A Run With The Boys, 19 Tori, 20+10D In The End, 22 Angel, 23 Belly, 25 Spain, 26 LSF, 27 Yellow, 29 Like, 31 Ova, 32 Drb, 33+21D Brian Eno.

DOWN

1 Won't Go Quietly, 2+6D I Don't Like Mondays, 3 Embrace, 4 Baby, 5 Use Your Illusion, 7+18D Van Halen, 13 Going Back, 15 At The Club, 16 Bombs, 28 War, 29 Low, 30 Eat.



SEVEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN



FANMAIL

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

Edited by Gavin Haynes



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The Big Issue

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THE FOOL LIST

From: Colin Brown
To: NME

In my 31 years on the planet I have never felt compelled to write, call, or email anyone or any institution with the sole purpose of slugging it off or being negative in a purely deconstructive manner. This was, however, until I had the misfortune of buying *NME* to read on the Dublin to Belfast train last Sunday. Your Cool List (*NME*, October 23) is perhaps the biggest load of pretentious wank I have ever had the misfortune of reading. Maybe the contributors were just having a laugh to see if your following is shallow and dull enough to pay it any attention because I would hate to think that the collective efforts of a supposedly reputable publication could produce such twaddle unintentionally. Anyway, just my humble opinion.

NME's response...

From: NME
To: Colin

Yes, Colin. They were. It was all a great big joke. And you're it. You fell for it, buddy. Ha! Surprise! We've all been sniggering behind our hands, while you were the one having an aneurysm on a train between Belfast

and Dublin. Gotcha, mate. I guess you feel like a big douche right about now, yeah? The fact that you were the only guy in the entire Western world who wasn't in on it? How we tailored the entire list to push all of your psychological buttons - all those niggles about 'real'

music, all the inherent sniffiness you've treated through your long-standing collection of Deerhunter seven-inches to your Avey Tare picture discs - to the point that you'd be forced to put your rage to paper? Well, all I can say is we're sorry. But it was worth it

just to see the look on your face. Will £50 quid's worth of Zavvi vouchers help? Or would you prefer it if we all jumped off a cliff? Either way, the offer is there - GH

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

BRIBE NME TIME

From: Abby M
To: NME

As your biggest fan evveerrr (to me *NME* may as well be the Bible, only not all religiously and, well, just better and AMAZING), I think you should sponsor me to go and watch Kings Of Leon - it is my official life ambition. Or you could just sneakily give me and my sister backstage passes? Or something to this effect.

I know you think they have gone mental, and I do agree - the 'Radioactive' video was indeed based on a Center Parcs advert. But even as I type this I am listening to KOL - 'Molly's Chambers' to be precise. I am definitely certain that I have spent (and will continue to spend) the amount the tickets cost on *NMEs* anyway, so really it's all fair. I suppose I could just stop buying *NME* and save... Then you'd be losing the money anyway, so it's all fair, really!

Thanks for your time, and as I'm not really expecting the tickets (though it would be actual immenseness and amazingsness all round) maybe you could possibly just publish my letter in next week's issue and give a witty reply, or failing this hire me to work for you when I'm old enough, in about 10 years time maybe? LOVE YOU LOTS LIKE JELLY TOTS NME!!!

From: NME
To: Abby M

In about 10 years time? You know that Rick Martin and Rebecca Robinson (late of this parish) started working for *NME* when they were 16? So are you six? Is that what you're trying to tell us? That you're a tiny infant? But I hear all your pleas and I am sympathetic to them. I think

New Labour had some sort of a programme for sponsoring middle class children to attend Kings Of Leon concerts as part of ReStart, or SureStart, or New Deal or something. But it's been cancelled in the Spending Review. Sorry about that. Although the phrase 'Love you lots like Jelly Tots' means we're not THAT sorry - GH

ROMANCING THE CHEMICALS

From: Jade, Norfolk
To: NME

I'm just writing in to let you know just how MOTHERFUCKING AMAZING the My Chemical Romance show in London was last Saturday. Before I got there, I was shitting my pants because I was so nervous as to what to expect, being an MCR show virgin and all. Within five minutes of arriving, I wondered why the fuck I'd been worrying so much. The MCRmy were so nice to me, and I felt welcome and appreciated, being there with them.

I felt like I had a place I fit into for once in my life, and THAT'S the reason why My Chemical Romance are amazing.

MCR are for the people who felt like they didn't fit in, who felt like they didn't belong, but then through their music they discovered the kindest, most sincere people out there: the MCRmy. The show itself was indescribable and even now, over 24 hours after the concert, I'm still on a high and still can't quite believe it's real. I'm still even having trouble trying to form intelligible words.

They're breathtaking live, and if you get the chance, I demand you go. Killjoys, make some noise!

From: NME

To: Jade, Norfolk

Those of us who are old enough to remember when MCR last released an album will recall how many letters their fans sent us, week upon week upon week. When you're wading through five different takes on Gerard Way's eyebrows, three fantasy sex-poems about Mikey, and a whole lot of amateur gig reviews, it's easy to get sniffy about all that, but this letter reminds us, I think, in a relatively un-bullshit way, about why any of this ever matters.

His music I could take or leave, but G Way is still a genius at communicating belief itself. In a hall-of-mirrors age of slippery, nervous, wet-palmed popstars, he conveys the sort of unwavering sincerity you just don't get from White Lies' Harry McVeigh. People pick up on that, and that's why, even after four years distance, they still seem to be huddling together for social warmth in a way that's really quite touching - GH

WHO DUNNIT?

From: Iman Lababedi

To: NME

For all IPC Media's immense resources, you couldn't do the bare minimum and call the LAPD to ask why Elliott Smith's death (NME, October 30) is neither a cold case nor closed. I am baffled at the world's indifference.

From: NME

To: Iman Lababedi

I spoke with DCI Nicolson, and he and Superintendent Beaumont are going to pin this case to the blue pinboard at the back of the office where we solve indie crime, along with all the aerial photos and psychological profiles we've been collecting to finally get the bastard who's been trying to destroy music by encouraging LL Wayne to 'go rock' - GH

FEVER TO TELL... EVERYONE

From: Erwin, Vienna

To: NME

MCR's new song. Anyone heard it?? 'Zuton Fever' by The Zutons! I smell a rip-off!

From: NME

To: Erwin, Vienna

Who are The Zutons? - GH



STALKER

From: Bentley Browning

To: NME

"Amy Winehouse was at our Dublin Castle gig. She was happy to do great poses and was very charming."

DRUM DEAL

From: Dani

To: NME

I'm Dani (Danielle), 14, from London. Personally, I don't think that Arctic Monkeys get enough recognition for their individual talents. I mean, they get a lot of attention as a group of young men writing and performing great songs, but Alex Turner and Matt Helders in particular don't get enough recognition for how great their musical abilities are.

Alex Turner, for such a young man, is writing such mature and complicated songs and I think is the closest thing we have to a modern-day John Lennon. Matt Helders, similarly, for a young drummer, is absolutely incredible at what he does. Being a drummer myself, Keith Moon is who I've always dreamed of being even half as good as, along with John Bonham and John Bradbury, and to me Matt Helders is up there with the greatest drummers. Matt Helders is by far the closest thing we have to a modern-day Keith Moon, who many will argue is the greatest drummer who's ever lived. I was wondering what you think of the subject?

From: NME

To: Dani

Well Dani, I think that you could be right. And if my benediction will take you to your special place, then have it. I'd like to see Turner live like Lennon, though. He's not built for it, but I'd like to see him wazzing his way through nude album covers, bed-ins, primal scream therapy and radical feminism, rather than clarting about with Chung in

Web Slings

The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

CAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

"2 Minute Silence", the single in which celebrities silently think about our lost serviceman, takes the invisible biscuit. It's not that I'm against charity, or soldiers, but this feels like a 4am decision about how to market Remembrance Day to kids in the digital age. Which is why, I'm all for this year's X Factor-blocking Christmas Number One contender '4'33', a piece by American artist John Cage from 1952 which consists of just silence.

While it's possible this track was chosen this year because it meant the campaign could be called Cage Against The Machine, it's also cheeky to imagine that, whoever wins *The X Factor*, the majority of people would still rather listen to what's going on between Katie Waissel's ears than what's coming out of her mouth. Hopefully there won't be a messy lawsuit over the rights to silence and we can look forward to a whole new silent genre."

Read Kate Wellham's blog in full on NME.COM/blogs now



Best of the responses...

Cage's estate successfully sued a man for including a minute of silence in a piece. Bertrand Langdale

It's more complicated than that. A simple minute of silence wouldn't have created such a case, but, as a joke, Mike Batt decided

to include Cage as one of the composers of the song in the credits. So Cage deserves royalties. Naast

The Batt-Cage case was settled out of court. But, yes, Cage Against The Machine is great. The most

fantastically surreal spin-off of last year's chart hijack, apart perhaps from the inspired 'Rage Against The Machine To Win The UEFA Champions League' group Wes White

Cage's '4'33'" isn't silence. There's always crowd noise.

It's a sort of uncomfortable/impatient/irate/bemused mumbling which grows in intensity. It's almost as if Cage is playing the audience simply through not playing anything else. It's for people like this that such words as 'genius' were invented. Ahem

softly-softly splendid aloofness. Whaddayathink? - GH

PAUPERS OF LEON

From: Joshua

To: NME

After being such a big Kings Of Leon fan, I was very excited for their release of 'Only By The Night', and ultimately I was disappointed with the massive change of sound and the hunger for mainstream success. Now arrives 'Come Around Sundown' which, to be quite honest, on the whole sounds like one never-ending song made into a whole album. What has happened to their beardy, rugged roots, with their rough sounds? Now they just give their (former) fans 'stadium songs'. Quite frankly they should be ashamed of themselves for selling out in such a monstrous fashion.

From: NME

To: Joshua

They are basically losing their minds. It'd happen to you if you had to sit atop such a globe-straddling empire; such a military-industrial complex. Why, you'd be swilling back power and spitting out fan-pleasing duds just as fast if you had some of the unknowable pleasures they've got. You horrible egomaniac - GH



STALKER

From: Ruby

To: NME

"Here's me with Luke Pritchard from The Kooks at Pukkelpop in Belgium!"

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DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

ALICE COOPER

QUESTION 1

What did you try to get Kermit The Frog and Gonzo to do when you appeared on The Muppet Show in 1978?

"Sell me their souls to be a rock star. Doing The Muppet Show was maybe the most fun I ever had. You're just talking to some guy's hands, but they take on such a personality you completely forget!"

Correct



QUESTION 2

Who performed on Loose Women when you were a guest in July 2008?
"A girl band called... The Saturdays? They were very cute so I remembered them."

Correct

QUESTION 3

What is the interesting fact about Milwaukee as discussed with Wayne and Garth in 1992's Wayne's World?
"In Algonquin, it means 'the good land'. Mike Myers called me up and said, 'We need somebody of your stature that we can go, 'We're not worthy! We're not worthy!' to, and it would be great if it could be you.' I went, 'Well, sure.' When we got there, I thought I was just doing a song, and I saw about five pages of dialogue. I went, 'Wow, when are we shooting this?' They went, '10 minutes.' So most of what I say I was making up."

Correct



QUESTION 4

Can chickens fly?
"I tell you what, chickens don't fly as much as they plummet. I thought since they had feathers that they would fly but when I tossed mine into the air, it crashed into the audience and fell to pieces."

Correct



QUESTION 5

You bought the O when the original Hollywood sign was auctioned off in 1978. Who bought the H?
"Hugh Hefner. They were \$27,000 each. I cut mine up into pieces and I gave them out to my friends."

Correct

QUESTION 6

What is wrong with Kamp Krusty as featured in the Simpsons episode in which School's Out features?
"The food, the accommodation, everything! It was hell on earth. They were making wallets and Krusty souvenirs; it was child labour! I've written for The Simpsons

comics and I've had three songs in The Simpsons but I've never been on as a character. That's something on my bucket list!"

Correct



QUESTION 7

Why didn't you go to your own prom?
"Cos I was in the band playing at the prom! We were called The Spiders, then The Earwigs. The guys in bands are always the guys who pick up dates. You're in a better position than being at the prom!"

Correct



QUESTION 8

The cover of your 1983 album DaDa is based on the painting of which artist?
"It's a small piece of a Salvador Dali painting called Slave Market. If you step back it looks like a skull. I'm a big Salvador Dali fan."

Correct

QUESTION 9

You're a self-confessed admirer of Kylie Minogue, so here's a question about Kylie. Kylie has had her likeness created four times by Madame Tussauds. Who is the only person to have had more?
"I can only think it's going to be Elvis."

Incorrect. Her Majesty The Queen

QUESTION 10

Who does Alice join at the mad tea party in Alice In Wonderland?
"The Mad Hatter. The March Hare. And the sleeping Dormouse!"

Correct

Total Score
9/10

That's going to be hard to beat! I haven't had a drink in 30 years, that's probably why I can remember so much!

Coming Next Week

OUT
WEDNESDAY
NOVEMBER
17



Album verdict
**MY CHEMICAL
ROMANCE**

Unsung heroes
THE NATIONAL

World exclusive
**PJ HARVEY
RETURNS**

*A Modfather
in New York*

**PAUL
WELLER**

**48 HOURS OF
DAPPER MADNESS
IN THE BIG APPLE**

HURTS

HAPPINESS



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to be treasured”

NME

“Hurts are exactly the band
we’ve been looking for”

THE FLY

“Hurts are
phenomenal”

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