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# 100 GREATEST ALBUMS YOU'VE NEVER HEARD

*Maybe it was wrong place, wrong time; maybe they're overshadowed by their creators' more celebrated work; for whatever reason, these are the records that languish at the back of record collections, loved by only a few... until now. With a little help from a LOT of our favourite musicians, here are music's best-kept secrets. Enjoy!*

NME'S KRISSI MURISON ON...

## CLOR

### CLOR (2005)

*They could've been Brixton's LCD Soundsystem, before the "creative differences" kicked in*



What a difference a year makes. Like so many artists on the next 40 pages, Clor were a band crushingly out of time when they released their sole, self-titled album in 2005, and by the most minute of margins.

That year was dominated by bands like Editors, The Cribs, Babyshambles And The White Stripes, and 'G' words like grot, gloom and guitars. Clor, with their retro-futurist laboratory pop and Sparks obsession, never stood a chance.

Had they been created 12 months later, they'd have been facing off against far more comfortable competition like Hot Chip, CSS and Lily Allen in NME's end-of-year albums list. Instead, five months after the 2005 list was out, so were Clor, citing "creative differences" – although presumably those with the wider world rather than each other – as the reason for their split.

Which was a travesty really, because Clor were to be Brixton's own LCD Soundsystem: spoddy record geeks with a nerdy, arch humour and an autistic knowledge of late '70s and early '80s British pop music. In a sense, guitarist/vocalist/co-Clor-brainchild Luke Smith did eventually realise his inner James Murphy, going on to produce and programme lauded records by Everything Everything, Depeche Mode and Foals ('Total Life

Forever'). But it was as a stage-centre anti-star that he really should have been known.

So be thankful for the one record we got. Beginning with the sound of a rock band de-railing and being reanimated as cyber-pop avatars complete with computerised basslines and a bouncing drum machine, 'Good Stuff' is one of the greatest clarion calls to open an album in any year. Prince, Buggles, Devo, 'The Pleasure Principle', 'McCartney II', 'Stop Making Sense'... Smith and his Clor compadre Barry Dobin's impeccable listening habits came from their time spent running south London 'lectro-disco club Bad Bunny. But it's their stiffly, droll lyrics and knowing take on synth-pop's well-worn cyborg fantasies that make Clor's fanboy moves seem charming and fresh, rather than blindly sycophantic.

Goofy, plastic, contrived, but with an emotional heat-source at the centre of their micro-chips: if only Clor had been as bulletproof as their tunes.



DEAN CHALKLEY



# CEE LO GREEN THE LADY KILLER

**"AN ALBUM OF INCREDIBLE BEAUTY AND POWER"**

**SUNDAY TIMES ★★★★★**

**"THIS LATE CONTENDER FOR ALBUM OF THE YEAR IS A MODERN SOUL CLASSIC"**

**NEWS OF THE WORLD ★★★★★**

**"SHEER GENIUS" INDEPENDENT ★★★★★**

**"A VOICE RICH WITH EMOTION, REplete WITH THE TIMBRE AND TONE  
OF CLASSIC SOUL... UTTERLY CHARMING" DAILY TELEGRAPH ★★★★★**

**"SMART, CONTEMPORARY SOUL... GREEN'S VOICE IS UNIQUE"**

**EVENING STANDARD ★★★★★**

**"A TREASURE" MOJO ★★★★★**

**"AN ALBUM OF SUPERLATIVE SOUL" METRO ★★★★★**

**Independent on Sunday ★★★★★ The Times ★★★★★ Daily Mirror ★★★★★ The Guardian ★★★★★  
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**THE SOUL ALBUM  
OF THE YEAR**

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THE NUMBER ONE  
SINGLE "FORGET YOU"**



2



# PERFORMANCE

## (WE ARE) PERFORMANCE (2007)

*Manchester's lost electronic pop heroes; inspiration to their city's two newest heroes*



**THEO AND  
ADAM OF  
HURTS  
ON...**

**Theo Hutchcraft:** When you live a life where your iPod quite happily shuffles between Nine Inch Nails and Abba, finding one single niche, a direction or an inspiration to pursue when making music, is very difficult

The first time I heard 'Surrender' by a band called Performance, all of a sudden a spark lit up inside my brain. I was 18, and this was a pop song like no other I'd heard for a long time. I've always believed that pop is a noble thing and depth and substance are the things which make it so wonderful and powerful. 'Surrender' was a pop song with an almighty globe-straddling pop melody, electronics

which had the depth of M83 and Depeche Mode and lyrics so vivid and abstract, they split my mind wide open. This was something special. At the time Performance were a band Manchester was proud of. They were flying the flag for a city which hadn't had one flown for it in a long time. They were equal parts New Order and The Smiths, and yet they were also something totally fresh, exciting and bold. They were signed to a major, put on a pedestal and then after a year, dropped and left for dead.

One of the best things about this album is not only that it captures the excitement, desperation, sadness and anger of that time, but also that it manages to straddle the alternative and pop worlds perfectly. It was

an instant inspiration for me, and the one thing that brought Adam and I together.

Joe Cross' production sounds stadium-huge, and wholly unique. He's a genius. It's amazing to note that 'real instruments' are used so sparingly on the album they're virtually unnoticeable, and yet the songs have all the drive, emotion, soul and power of Killers-esque rock songs. Lyrically, Joe Stretch is a genius. His words are so vivid, so abstract and dark and yet so emotional, familiar and heartbreaking. "The sky looks like a futuristic metal, it makes the world seem rather dated" is just one of hundreds of quotable lyrics on a selection of songs about unplanned pregnancies, Chernobyl, insecurity and gut-wrenching heartache. What is exciting



about it all is the interplay between classic pop melodies and high-energy electronics and the darkness and depth. Much in the spirit of bands like The Smiths or The Cure. They're masters of melancholy. In many ways, this should be an album everybody listens to, but the reality of it is that it shoots an arrow straight to the heart of one certain niche. People who like alternative, intelligent and ambitious pop music.

Fortunately, our tastes lie in the bull's eye of that niche and so for us it's almost a perfect album. The fact that it's become a 'lost' album from a band who were given everything and had it snatched away from them makes it all the more emotional and powerful I think. Like Joe Stretch so desperately sings on chorus of track seven, *"This is the sound of lost youth"*.

**Adam Anderson:** Performance formed in 2003. The album came out after years of their identity and music being tampered with. Their label thought they'd signed a glossy pop band. They hadn't. They were victims of being too young and signing to a major label, who pretty much lost interest and ultimately dropped them because they didn't know where to place them.

Still, I think the album does capture the impulsive magic that they had at the start. The songs all have that inescapable feeling of youth, of unbounded excitement, of danger and, of course, heartbreak. They soundtracked my life. When I listen now I instantly remember how I felt about the world at 21. Their music made you want to go out to the places they went. Do the things they sang about. Manchester felt exciting. I suppose more importantly than anything else they made me want to make music. So, inspired by them, I did.

I actually find it quite painful listening back to the album. They were heroes for me when I moved to Manchester but they've since become my great friends. Our two bands will always be perpetually linked by years of struggle. It sounds doomy but there's a definite kinship between musicians who remain unsuccessful for long periods of time and that definitely exists between us as people. I know first-hand of the suffering they've been through and likewise they know about ours. The music industry can be an absolute brute. Knowing them personally, what is amazing is their sheer tenacity. From the outside it reads like a tragic story but they have athletic determination. They believe in their music and still after all the disappointment, they can laugh at themselves. Their new album is out now and, in a different way, is equally amazing. They're older and wiser. I like to think when we're all relics, we'll sit in a room together, listen back to this album and talk about how brilliant our twenties were. I tell them that sometimes.

It's a 'lost' album by virtue of it being a total commercial non-event but massively important to me and my life. They only made a few thousand copies. I wish more people knew of them, it saddens me that they have been overlooked... but in a strange way I like that the whole thing was doomed from the start but still exists proudly. It's a brilliant album. It influenced me and drove me on to make music. That's all that really matters to me.



**ELLY JACKSON OF LA ROUX ON...**

## JENNY WILSON

### LOVE AND YOUTH (2005)

*Blekinge, Sweden's substantial contribution to melody*



Put simply, Jenny Wilson's 'Love And Youth' is a brilliant, brilliant record. I think I got given it by a publisher just before I signed my record deal, and he gave

it to me because he said it really reminded him of me! Which, in hindsight, is great. I still don't know a huge amount about Jenny Wilson, to be honest – I don't even know who she is really – but I still love this. It's a great afternoon album. There's nothing better than putting the whole thing on and just pottering around the house.

I'd say the album's got at least four out and out singles on it – the title track for definite, and also one called 'Let My Shoes Lead Me Forward'. And while they're not massive tunes in the way that they'd be sure fire hits, they are perfect in their own way. I know it sounds very cheesy, but she has just got a really lovely voice, and she's obviously been blessed with this ability to be able to almost effortlessly write really sweet and really catchy melodies.

So I got given this CD, and straight away I was like, 'Oh my god, I love this! How do I not know about this? How do other people not know about this?' I've actually been on a bit of a mission to introduce her to loads of other people. And every time I've played it to anyone it's always got exactly the same reaction – whether I'm playing it to my mum or to my friends, they've always been really

into it. You know, it's not the kind of thing where you're gonna hear it on the radio any time soon, so you have to put a little bit more effort in.

As I said, I still don't know a huge amount about Jenny Wilson, but I think she's from Scandinavia or somewhere like that [Wilson is from Blekinge, Sweden, used to front First Floor Power, and featured on The Knife's second album 'Deep Cuts' before making 'Love And Youth'], and there's a definite hint of that in her music. She's really odd-looking too, which always helps I think.

Soundwise, it is fairly poppy, but overall the album has got this odd, almost European-sounding twist to things. It's a little bit kinky, slightly electronic in a plinky plonky way – if you know what I mean – but it's difficult to pin down to a particular genre. I think that's what I find appealing about it – I do find 'Love And Youth' difficult to describe, I have to say, and I can't think of anywhere where it would slot in easily. What I also like about it is that it's a really simple record. There's absolutely nothing complex about it at all. But those melodies! As soon as I hear them I'm like, 'Oh my god! Give me more!'

It's actually pretty rare that I get given stuff randomly, like I did with this, and I really like it. But that's exactly what happened here. And every single person that I've played it to or told about it seems to agree too. It's kind of a shame that more people don't know about it. This really should be better known.



4-9

## BY KURT COB

Taken from an interview with *Melody Maker* just prior to Nirvana's legendary headline slot at Reading 1992, here are six records that the reluctant grunge icon thought you should know about

### LEADBELLY LAST SESSION (1948)

*"Orgones, pyles, cells, and he probably knew the difference between male and female hemp"*

That all has something to do with [William S] Burroughs, because Burroughs turned me onto that guy. He said that if you want to hear true, honest music with passion, then you should hear Leadbelly. The songs are just amazingly heartfelt.

Leadbelly was this poor black man in the early 1900s who went to jail a few times for wife-beating and robbery and fights and bootlegging liquor. While he was in prison, he started playing guitar, and he sang so well that the governor started to like him and let him out of jail. Leadbelly became an apprentice with Blind Lemon Jefferson and started recording songs, but none of the commercial recordings ever captured his true essence, except for these last sessions. They happened when this guy who'd been following his career for a few years caught him on a two-track tape recorder one night at this hotel.

I'd hope that my songs approximate that honesty. That's what I'd strive for. He was like the first punk rocker, because he was such a hardened person. He'd get into town, walk into an all-white bar, get beat up and then go to jail because of it. So it's really cool to hear this music especially because of the air of the recordings themselves – it's so eerie to hear it on this crackly two-track. He'll start off with a little introduction on what the song is about, play a little and join in.

But that's what Folkways records are like – they're awesome. I'm gonna get a Folkways tattoo next to my Black Flag tattoo. Folkways are affiliated to the Smithsonian Institute; they even have the entire Watergate tapes available as a 10-album set.

### THE WIPERS IS THIS REAL? (1980)

*"Yes it is"*



The Wipers were a punk band from Portland, Oregon who started in the late '70s by Greg Sage and released four or five albums. The first two were totally classic, and influenced the Melvins. They're another band I tried to assimilate. Greg Sage was pretty much the romantic, quiet, visionary kind of guy. They started Seattle grunge rock in Portland, 1977.

### THE SHAGGS PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORLD (1969)

*"It's so obviously the real thing"*



They were all sisters, with their evil uncle making plans for them. I heard this one live song – a Carpenters song, maybe? – where they must have been playing at a day centre, and the screams in the background are louder than the music. The Shaggs are another archetypal K band. Am I a Calvinist [named after Calvin Johnson, leader of Beat Happening and founder of K Records in Olympia, where Kurt used to live]? No. The Calvinists are a handful of Olympia residents between the ages of 16 and 50 who wear *Leave It To Beaver* hats and sweaters, worship Calvin and follow him around. They leave him gifts, and they have Calvin altars, and candles and effigies of Calvin, but I know what punk rock is about.

### YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS COLOSSAL YOUTH (1980)

*"Lying in a iron lung filled with lukewarm water and Epsom salts"*



This music relaxes you, it's total atmospherics. It's just nice, pleasant music. I love it. The drum machine has to be the cheesiest sound ever. We're going to be on a Young Marble Giants compilation, doing 'Credit In The Straight World'. I had a crush on the singer for a while – didn't everyone? I don't know much about them – the Moxham brothers, right? I heard they might be getting back together again recently [Young Marble Giants' Stuart Moxham produced one side of the 1992 album 'You Turn Me On' by Beat Happening, another of Kurt's favourite bands]. Isn't it weird how, when you hear something like that, you still get excited, even though you know you shouldn't?

I first heard 'Colossal Youth' on the radio, after I started getting into K Records music when I lived in Olympia. It was a year before I put out the 'Bleach' album. At the time, I was just painting and doing art stuff. I still do, but now I use oils because I can afford them. I like Goya a lot – I use animated dolls a fair amount. I don't mean to make them look evil, but they always end up that way.

### SHONEN KNIFE BURNING FARM (1983)

*"When I finally got to see them live, I was transformed into a hysteric nine-year-old girl at a Beatles concert"*



This was the first cassette that came out on K. Eventually, after a week of listening to it every day, I just started crying. That's how much it affected me. I just couldn't believe that three people from a totally different culture could write songs as good as those, because I'd never heard any other Japanese music or artist who ever came up with anything good.

Everything about them is just so fucking endearing. They're not too cute. That's part of the charms. Do I think there's a paedophilic element to their appeal? I think, in Japanese culture in general, there's a paedophilic element – most of the women there dress up as young girls. It's weird.

I'm sure that I was twice as nervous to meet them as they were to meet us. I didn't want to offend or scare them in any way, because I know I'm a scruffy, slimy person who might scare them off – and that's exactly what I did. They were afraid of me. In fact, on one of our first dates together, they saw me at the backstage area walking towards them and they screamed at the top of their voices, turned around and ran away from me. I was trying to reassure them that I was harmless.

### JAD FAIR GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1989)

*"With my headphones on, Jad and I share our little secret walking through shopping malls and airports"*



I like to listen to Jad Fair and Half-Japanese with headphones on, walking around the shopping malls, in the heart of American culture. I just think that, if people could hear this music right now, they'd melt, they wouldn't know what to do, they'd start bouncing off the walls and hyperventilating. So I'd turn up the headphones really loud and pretend it was blasting through the speaker at the malls.

AIN





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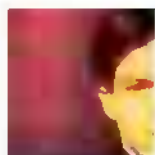


HAME'S HAMISH MACBAIN ON...

# FELT

## FOREVER BREATHES THE LONELY WORD (1986)

*The forgotten first classic Creation Records album, and a true cult hero's finest hour*



Felt are one of those bands about whom there seems to be more good tales than there are tunes. Their leader, the Tom Verlaine/Television-obsessed Lawrence (no last name, thanks), was notoriously domesticated to the point of insanity. Reportedly, in his Birmingham flat, he would not allow guests to use the toilet, insisting they went down the road to the pub instead. He reportedly once told Peter Astor of The Weather Prophets he'd like a girlfriend "not to talk to. Just to walk around naked" He reportedly also had a stockpile of mini breakfast cereal packets. Reportedly, reportedly, reportedly.

Most famously, there was his obsession with symmetry. Lawrence was determined Felt would exist for 10 years, during which they would release exactly 10 albums and 10 singles. This strict order did not always extend to the music itself. For example: their first album for Creation, released in '86, followed five years of great guitar-pop (see in particular: "The Strange Idols Pattern &

Other Short Stories'), but was a 19-minute collection of 10 instrumentals called 'Let The Snakes Crinkle Their Heads To Death'. Felt's fifth album, it came out to the bewilderment of all but its creator when all but their most devoted of followers had given up on them.

At which point, to a label who weren't ready for it, Lawrence delivered his masterpiece, comprised of wall-to-wall melodic classics: 'Forever Breathes The Lonely Word'.

Often when writing about indie music, there is a tendency to use the word 'pop' the minute something even vaguely approaching a melody rears its head. But this truly *is* pure pop music, from start to finish. The organ playing of Martin Duffy – later of Primal Scream – is to the fore; the melodies soar; the verses, still full of Lawrence eccentricity, now lead to simply worded accessible choruses. "Homer's Iliad lays burning in the fire", goes the opening 'Rain Of Crystal Spires'. 'Down But Not Yet Out' is just as good in all these respects, building to a hookline of "Hang onto your dreams".

Which is not to say that this is not a poetic

album. See 'Grey Streets': "Grey streets and streets of grey/Patrolled by knights from the invading day/Closing eyelids stutter and tumble and turn away/Makeshift memories they collide for another stay". That, frankly, is as good as it gets. The only song that stretches over four minutes, 'All The People I Like Are Those That Are Dead', is not only the best Felt title, it's the best Felt lyric as well. Here guitars entwine with the keyboards, with Lawrence moaning: "Maybe I should take a gun/And put it to the head of everyone/Cos all the people I like are in the ground/It's better to be lost than to be found." It's the highest point on an album that contains nothing but highs.

Of course, for a variety of reasons that don't matter anymore, 'Forever Breathes The Lonely Word' never did what it should have done, and take its place in history as the first truly classic Creation album. But that's not important. On the final song, 'Hours Of Darkness Have Changed My Mind', Lawrence sings: "I'd like to do something that makes somebody somewhere care."

To the few, mission accomplished.

**11** BOBBY GILLESPIE OF PRIMAL SCREAM ON...  
**JOHN PHILLIPS**  
**JOHN, THE WOLF KING OF LA (1970)**

*The darker side to the sunny Mamas & Papas sound*

It's a really beautiful record. I like the atmosphere of that album, it's a kind of dark but warm, acoustic-y, kinda country, gospel soul record. It's very dark but uplifting at the same time and it makes me feel good when I listen to it, it makes me feel warm and safe.

Most of the records I like never gained the wider recognition, like 'Sister Lovers' by Big Star, or 'Like Flies In Sherbert' by Alex Chilton. I guess you could call them cult records, which I think should've been massive and sold millions. Maybe they're too good to sell millions... most people in the world are fucking dull and I think the records that sell millions are made by dull people and bought by dull people. They're really fucking straight and boring. The really interesting, individual records become cult records because it's an acquired taste and it's maybe too out-there for most people to process.

'John, The Wolfking...' is pretty much like that. The Mamas & The Papas are one of my favourite bands ever, but the fact that John Phillips made this record that's more down and darker and weirder – it's just got that end-of-the-'60s sound, it's kind of druggy. There's songs on there like 'Let It Bleed, Genevieve' – I think that song is about his girlfriend upstairs in bed and she's miscarried the baby and John's downstairs in the basement but he's too strung-out to even go upstairs and help her. There's a song about his girlfriend sleeping with some other guy – Jack Nicholson or Dennis Hopper.

He wrote all those Mamas & The Papas songs but he liked to hide. He constructed all the four-part harmonies, and he didn't like '...Wolfking' because a) it was too personal and b) his voice was naked, he couldn't hide behind the harmonies of the band. But that's what I like about it, I like the frailty of his voice. It's definitely been an influence on me – I've listened to that record for over 20 years.

I'd recommend 'Topanga Canyon' but the whole album's good. I like 'Malibu People' and 'Someone's Sleeping' too.



**DAVE GROHL ON...**

**BAD BRAINS**  
**ROIR (1982)**

*The pioneering hardcore outfit who inspired a Foo Fighter*



The Bad Brains studio albums are great, but for me 'ROIR', this unofficial bootleg, comes closest to capturing their live sound on tape. I was living in DC in the early '80s and got into the hardcore scene, but nobody else blew me away as much as Bad Brains. I'll say it now, I have never ever, ever, ever seen a band do anything even close to what Bad Brains used to do live. Seeing them live was, without a doubt, always one of the most intense, powerful experiences you could ever have. They were just, oh God, words fail me, incredible. They were connected in a way I'd never seen before.

They made me absolutely determined to become a musician, they basically changed my life, and changed the lives of everyone who saw them. Rage Against The Machine are about the only band who get near to them, but even they aren't in the same league.

Bad Brains are one of those bands where everyone who's ever heard them live has come away with a real extreme reaction, one of either love or hate. I loved 'em. The fact that there were four black guys coming on to a predominately white scene that they then just surpassed and absolutely destroyed with everything they did, just staggered you. This is as close as I've heard to a record capturing that.



**13+14** WIN BUTLER OF ARCADE FIRE ON...  
**ATLAS STRATEGIC**  
**THAT'S FAMILIAR! (2002)**



There's a band in Montreal called Wolf Parade and one of the lead singers is this guy called Dan Boeckner, and he played in a band way back in Vancouver, called Atlas Strategic. Their second album 'That's Familiar!', is self-released and has this song called 'Smooth Nights' that is one of my favourite songs by someone I know – it's a song that we jam on sometimes. It's somewhere between Bruce Springsteen and Jonathan Richman. They were the first band I ever knew of that didn't have a bass guitar.

**JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS**  
**MODERN LOVERS 88 (1988)**



This is not one that I knew of in the Jonathan Richman canon, but the lyrics on it are amazing... there's this song on it called 'I Love Hot Nights' which is one of my favourite ever tracks lyrically. He's talking about walking around in the summertime, at night, and he just nails it exactly, that feeling you get when the weather first gets warm. To me that's like a real classic that I never heard anybody ever hail as an actual classic.



15-19

# ANDREW VAN WYNGARDEN OF MGMT ON... PSYCHEDELIA

*Some of the furthest-out sounds that helped open up his, and Sonic Boom's, minds*



## THE ELECTRIC PRUNES UNDERGROUND (1967)



I was in a thrift store in North Carolina a long time ago, when I was still in college, and I came across this. I didn't know anything about it, but I was really into it. Then I heard them again on Steve Van Zandt's radio show *Little Steven's Underground Garage* and I went back to it. But it wasn't until we were working on the last MGMT album with Pete Kemmer [Sonic Boom] that I really got into it. When he played it to us, for some reason it just sounded completely different. It all made sense. Like, the Spacemen 3 song 'Big City' comes straight from a song on there called 'Big City'. It's funny, like, "Oh, *that's* where you got that from!" There's loads of great songs on there: the opener, 'The Great Banana Hoax' is brilliant, and we've covered a song on there called 'I Happen To Love You' before.

## THE RED CRAYOLA THE PARABLE OF ARABLE LAND (1967)



I used to listen to (Red Crayola leader) Mayo Thompson's solo album 'Corky's Debt To His Father' more, but – again – when Pete came to work with us, he brought 'God Bless Red Crayola And All Who Sail With It' and this record I was pretty blown away by the fact that people were making sounds before 'Piper At The Gates Of Dawn' and all the other 'classic' psychedelic albums, and that the sounds were being made by guys in Texas doing shitloads of LSD.

## EUPHORIA A GIFT FROM EUPHORIA (1969)



I got hold of this before the first MGMT album, and it was definitely a big influence on us. I just found this on some random guy's blog. It's really lush and well produced – it's psychedelic, but also very composed. The opening song, 'Lisa' is like this suite of music, and then the guy comes in singing it. There's another song on there called 'Young Miss Pflugg' which is my favourite: it's got these experimental noises on it, but it's also sweet sounding. I guess you could call the whole album psych-country. It sounds almost like Spiritualized or something, there's no way you would think it was made in 1969.

## THE TELEVISION PERSONALITIES

THEY COULD HAVE BEEN BIGGER  
THAN THE BEATLES (1982)



It might not be psychedelic to some people, but this is to me. It's definitely an album that was directly influenced by psychedelia. The first song on it is 'Three Wishes', and it's pretty unique-sounding; I really love 'Anxiety Block' as well – that's another song we were covering in soundchecks, for a while. We were going to play it on the last UK tour, but we found out that Titus Andronicus had already beat us to it. Not that it matters, really, we should have done it anyway. The more exposure for a band as good as this, the better.

## LOVE DA CAPO (1967)



This isn't 'lost' really or a hard album to find or anything, but I thought I'd put it in here because it's one of my favourites, and maybe not as celebrated as 'Forever Changes'. I like it more than that album, in a way – it's a much more whimsical record, a much more truly psychedelic album. It has loads of flutes on songs like 'Orange Skies', and I'm all about the flutes! There's also a kind of a Brazilian influence you can hear on there, which is really cool. I don't really understand how or where musicians from back then were getting music from around the world, but they definitely were. The second side is just one 18-minute song – 'Relation' – which makes for a nice contrast to the first side, which is all these three minute tunes I usually go more for the pop songs, but I like the whole thing as a piece.



ANDREW WHITTON

# HURTS

HAPPINESS



NME



SUNDAY TIMES



BIG ISSUE



THE SUN



DAILY EXPRESS



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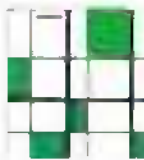




JACOB GRAHAM OF THE DRUMS ON...

## THE FIELD MICE SKYWRITING (1990)

*Darlings of twee-pop who pioneered lo-fi*



I guess I would have been about 18 or 19 when Jon [Pierce, The Drums' singer] played me this for the first time. To put it in perspective,

it was around the time of the electroclash scene in New York City at the beginning of the last decade. We were friends with this band called Soviet and Johnny burned a CD of this for one of us, and that was it. I was at the age where when you do find stuff it really impacts on you in a big way, and 'Skywriting' was ideal for that. As you get older, you lose that a little bit, but I think that when you're a teenager you find things that are a little more broad – and it's the greatest thing in the world. When you become an adult you really have to dig for things that are exactly what you're looking for, so it gets a little more difficult.

The production on this is pretty impressive, and they were very consistent in that respect throughout their career. It's kind of like our production in that it's all it needs to be and nothing more. Anything more on 'Skywriting' would seem extraneous, and anything less wouldn't be quite enough. I guess this album

is probably what a lot of people these days would call lo-fi, but I don't really consider it that at all. If anything, to me it's kind of mid fi. It's exactly what it *should* be, and it's just right.

There's a song on it called 'Canada' that is pretty mind blowing, and I feel that Bobby Wratten, as a songwriter, is almost annoyingly effortless. I'm sure everyone says this about their favourite songwriter, but it's just that he really manages to say all these things – things that I always wanted to say but couldn't find the words – so simply.

I've gone through phases with this album, and The Field Mice in general actually, where I absolutely love it and think that they're the greatest band in the world... But then I really overplay them – I'm talking for a few years at a time here – so I just get so sick of them. It's my own fault really. So I think I hate them and I won't listen to them for a whole year, but then after the year break I just can't help but get dragged right back in. They have a real hold on me. I guess it's usually triggered by a romantic interest or something, and that kind of ties in with my whole feeling for this record.

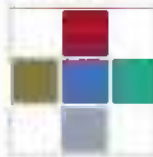
## 21 ANGUS ANDRÉ OF LIARS ON... SATISFACT THE UNWANTED SOUNDS OF SATISFACT (1996)



I just bought this record again actually. It's a really kind of great dark pop record, with a lot of synths, and danceable noise. I

suppose it would relate to the current revival of the coldwave thing – I don't know a great deal about the original coldwave scene, but people who are into that should definitely go there. It's based in rock and pop but it's dark. This band put out a few records in the '90s. I think they were from Seattle, Washington. I first heard of them when we were on our first tour and there was this other band and one of them had that record, even at that point it was old. It was sort of a precursor to the early '00s and electroclash, it had that use of synth and that darkness but also those bellowing, Paul Banks-from Interpol-style vocals. But I guess they missed their window.

## 22 ZOLA JESSE ON... ELIANE RADIGUE ADNOS I-III (1975-83)



Radigue's work could be considered ethereal; dream like soundscapes that drone so quietly the ear barely takes notice. But to me, they are rougher than

that. Her use of tone here creates a frequency I often hear in my own head, among the silence of an empty room. The sound of the mind at work. Always humming, like a furnace burning overnight. You do not notice it as you sleep, but it's always there. Radigue seemed to be overshadowed by her comrades, such as Laurie Spiegel. But her work was so articulate, skilful and adept that it shames me to see her fall into the background. Maybe it is appropriate given the music she makes; the sound of the background, unnoticed but always there.

## 23 PAUL YELLER ON... THE ZOMBIES ODESSEY AND ORACLE (1968)



When this came out, no-one bought it, and the band had already split but there are loads of albums from that period by more well known bands that are a similar thing that are regarded as classics. I didn't hear it until the mid-'70s, but when I did it blew my head off. Me and my mate used to sit around in his flat, as teenagers, in the autumn with leaves on the ground in Woking park, listening to this, writing songs, making plans... This was a record that definitely became a part of my thing. It's obviously very English sounding and melancholic. There's jazz and classical influences in there, as well as the psychedelic touches. All of the songs on it are just amazing... and they all fit together so well as an album. To this day it's one of my all-time favourite records, if not my favourite.



BJORK ON...

# THE ASSOCIATES SULK (1982)

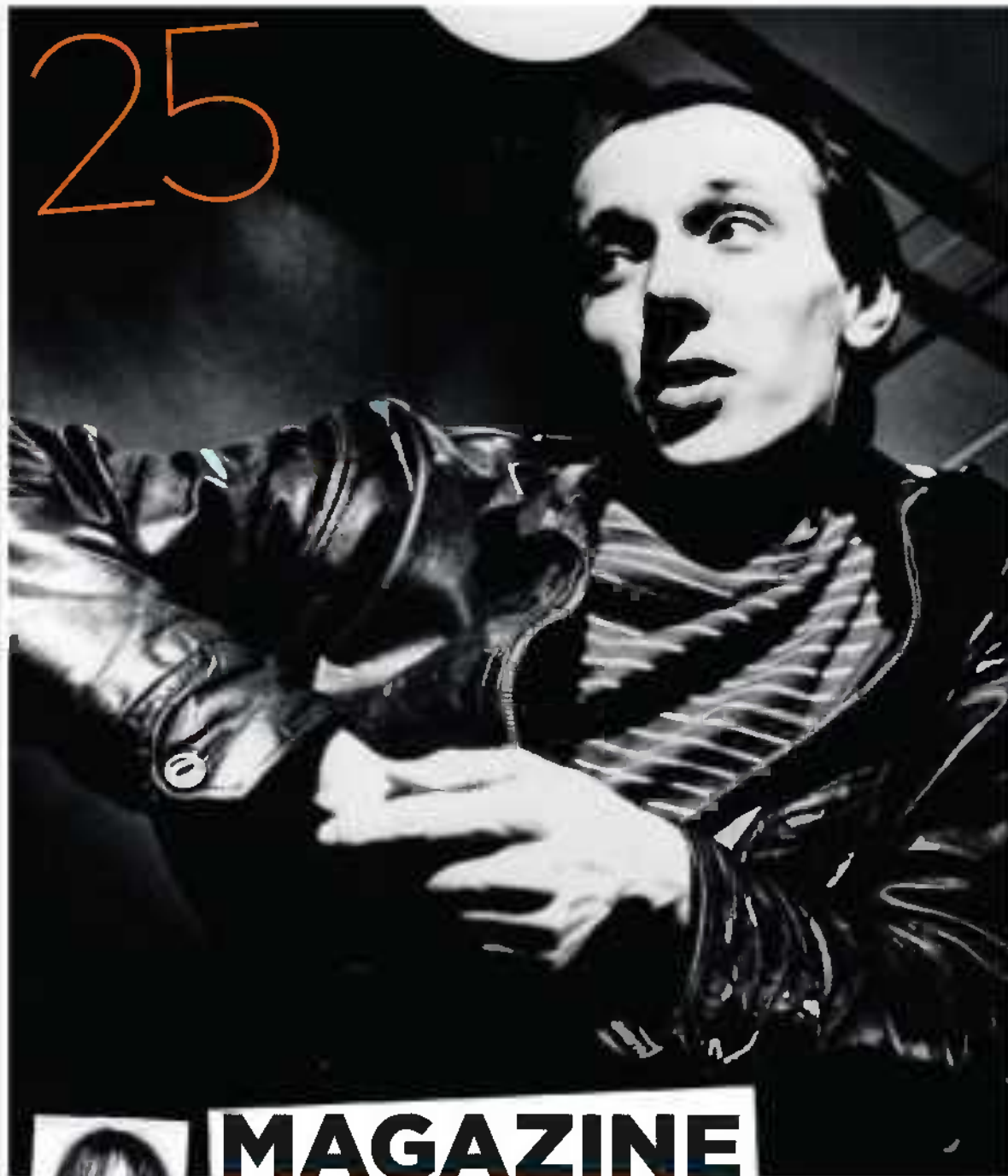
*Signalled the start of their decline. Sounds brilliant*



My love affair with The Associates started when I was 15. There was only one record shop in Reykjavík that sold alternative music and I worked there with some of

my mates. We just adopted the artists we liked and played them to death. I quite liked 'Fourth Drawer Down' and 'The Affectionate Punch', but it was 'Sulk' I really got into. I was looking for my identity as a singer and I really admired the way Billy Mackenzie used his voice on that record. He was an incredibly spontaneous singer, raw and dangerous. At the same time, he always sounded like he was really plugged into nature. I've heard people describe him as a white soul singer, but I've always thought his voice was more pagan and primitive, and for me that's much more rare and interesting. There's hundreds of singers that sound a bit soulful, but there's not many that sound like they have gypsy roots in them.

I thought 'Party Fears Two' was a bit too slick and over produced at the time, but I listened to it again recently and I think it's aged well. I didn't realise 'Gloomy Sunday' wasn't one of their tunes until I got invited to do a benefit concert with Joni Mitchell in California in 1997 (the original was composed in 1933 by Hungarian pianist Rezső Seress – Composer Ed). I turned up at the rehearsal and couldn't believe it when the orchestra played it without the outrageous key change in the middle. I tried protesting they were missing out the best part of the song, then it dawned on me that The Associates' version was obviously a cover. I was disappointed because the original isn't half as challenging.



JARVIS  
COCKER  
ON...

# MAGAZINE REAL LIFE (1978)

*At the height of punk, lengthy songs with synthesizers were always going to be a difficult sell. In 2010, however...*



This was such an important record for the time because – considering it came out after the advent of punk – it demonstrated that you could still do something that had real energy and attack to it, but combined with a sharp intelligence, without going into ponce territory.

Punk kind of established a Year Zero, which made it interesting because you weren't really allowed to reference things from the past, even though people ended up doing that. So you had to invent a new form or go to something that was completely out there, that couldn't be perceived as part of the old order.

Magazine were seen as the Great New Hope when the single 'Shot By Both Sides' came

out, but I remember them getting criticised when the album was released for using synthesizers and for having such long songs. Some people thought it was a throwback to prog-rock. But what strikes me when I listen to it now is that while they may be long songs, they're not indulgent at all. The songs are very structured. There's no farting around for the sake of it. Like all the music I discovered at the time, it all came from the John Peel show. It probably did Magazine's record sales a lot of harm, because I taped the whole album over a couple of weeks and never bought it. I'd like to take this opportunity to apologise to Howard Devoto. Actually, I bumped into him on the top deck of a bus two or three years ago in east London. He came and sat next to me and we had a nice chat.





26

NME'S MARTIN ROBINSON ON...

## POP LEVI

## THE RETURN TO FORM BLACK MAJICK PARTY (2007)

*His legacy includes MySpace videos of him screaming at people on public transport. And this majestic debut*

Pop Levi could have gone either way: the biggest superstar the world has ever seen, or a fringe cult oddity. No prizes for guessing which way the tight pants split.

Pop's face isn't on any billboards today, but thanks to this astonishingly audacious album, he's remained in our hearts.

The alter ego of a little bloke from Liverpool who used to be in Ladytron, Pop Levi is a fantasy glam-rock star of awesome abilities, combining the puckish strut of Marc Bolan, the enigmatic swagger of Bowie, and the erotic slyness of Prince. Homemade MySpace videos that appeared around the release of this solo debut showed a lunatic talking in a super-exaggerated Lennon voice and scaring the general public by screaming on public transport.

The album itself is a similar show-off chameleon, at first glance a psychedelic odyssey veering between T-Rex and Love; on

closer listen an avant-garde fugue of low and high-end influences, odd samples, and court jester role playing.

It begins with the sexed-up derangement of 'Sugar Assault Me Now', a very precise take on '60s garage rock, with metronomic handclaps, fuzz-bass riff, and multi-tracked falsetto whoops of pleasure. Its studied approach to making you dance is more electro than rock'n'roll, as is the equally hyperactive non-hit single 'Pick-Me-Up Uppercut'.

It's probably Pop's voice that holds the whole thing together, that horny Bolan nutcase yelp that gets the girls hot under the collar. On the album's more laid back moments, that voice shifts into a more soulful, falsetto croon. The emotional climax is 'From The Day That You Were Born', a beautiful ode to Pop Levi's daughter.

Brilliantly, he hasn't actually got a daughter. And that's Pop Levi all over. Proper little trickster. Which is probably why this album

didn't exactly set the charts ablaze – he's a hard guy to grasp. Like, is he taking the piss or what? He's actually not, he's just a tongue-in-cheek self-creation along the lines of Lady Gaga or Marilyn Manson or Elvis. Meaning, a proper pop star whose sense of artifice only enhances the effect of his act. So when his tunes are great, they're sensational show-pieces. There's two such absolute beasts on 'The Return...': 'Mournin' Light' which is just pure rutting music, with an evil Sabbath riff and The Glitter Band's sleazy strut; and 'Blue Honey', which is equal parts 'Purple Haze', 'What's Going On' and 'Fire' by The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown. The mere act of listening to 'Blue Honey' is enough to turn you into a Lizard King. And that's the thing with 'The Return...', it sucks you in to live out Pop Levi's fantasy with him.

The fella ballsed things up with a terrible second album, but there's whispers of a return in 2011, and after the personality-free music of 2010, here's praying that's the case.

**27** ALEX TRIMBLE OF TWO DOOR CINEMA CLUB ON...  
**JAY FARRAR & BENJAMIN GIBBARD**  
**ONE FAST MOVE OR I'M GONE:**  
**KEROUAC'S BIG SUR (2009)**

*A beautiful tribute to a man by the name of Jack Kerouac*



I discovered this album in a record store in San Francisco earlier this year. I wasn't familiar with Jay Farrar but I've been a huge fan of Ben Gibbard since I can

remember, from Death Cab For Cutie to The Postal Service and ¡All-Time Quarterback!. I recognised the title of the album too but I couldn't place from where.

I realised as I read the inlay that it was a line taken from Jack Kerouac's *Big Sur*. This whole album is an homage to the novel; one of my favourites of all time. So I bought it.

It was written to soundtrack a documentary of the same name about the book and about Kerouac's life. Folk music by Farrar and lyrics by Kerouac himself... kind of. There was a lot of controversy around this at the time – Kerouac was part of the beat generation. If he was to be associated with any genre of music, in his fans' opinion, it should be jazz.

But folk has done what jazz, in my opinion, couldn't. The acoustic guitars, pianos and broken voices reflect perfectly the melancholic beauty of Kerouac's prose.

The stand-out track for me is the title track, the only song on the album written by Gibbard. It's a good place to start.

I could say so much more about this album. About how underrated I think it is, about how beautiful it is, but it will be so much more exciting and rewarding to find out for yourself. Read the book, watch the film, listen to the record.



LEWIS BOWMAN  
 OF CHAPEL  
 CLUB ON...

**ARTHUR RUSSELL**  
**CALLING OUT OF CONTEXT (2004)**

*Posthumous compilation that's easily as essential as this important and original musician's other output*

One artist I never heard about when I was younger is Arthur Russell. Eventually, a friend played me his song 'This Is How We Walk On The Moon' and I confused him with Arthur Brown. I was like, Arthur Brown did this? Anyway, when I finally realised that this was a different Arthur, I started listening to anything of his I could find. And I kind of freaked out, because he'd done so much. He put out avant-classical albums. He produced amazing mutant disco tracks (including Loose Joints' 'Is It All Over My Face'). He even made a country record. I read that he'd been an integral part of New York City's '70s and '80s art scene, curating arts spaces and making music with people like Philip Glass and David Byrne. And, in a massive 'comedown' moment, I found out he died in April 1992, aged 40.

Over the last few years, I've come to regard

him as one of the four or five most important and original musicians of the 20th century. The masterpiece of his lifetime is probably the album 'World Of Echo'. But for anyone new to Arthur Russell, the record you have to hear is the posthumous compilation 'Calling Out Of Context'. I don't know how to describe it other than as the sound of someone who has found and understands his own artistic voice. I don't think that happens very often. The music exists at the crossroads where New York disco, hip-hop, spaced-out electronica and pure, perfect melody meet. Oh, and cello. It's all recorded with a really loose, freeform feel, and yet it has an incredible amount of direction and energy. There are some striking lyrical moments too – usually about sex. It's pretty sexy music, really. It's a lot of fun, and it's beautiful too. I think everyone should fall in love with it.

**28** CEE LO GREEN ON...  
**FLORALINE**  
**FLORALINE (1999)**



I heard it years ago, in a store. To me it really has that kind of Euro club, '80s synth thing with female vocals. You hear this sound kind of popularised a bit and done more modern these days, but when I first heard it, I thought that they had done the best rendition. My favourite track is the one

called 'Fade'. It kind of struck me in exactly the same way that Amy Winehouse's album 'Back To Black' did. I mean, of course, you can associate it with a time period, but it's so well done, her voice is so genuine and it's sung with that sincerity. And it's the same with this, it's like, I know what time period that is that they're reintroducing but they've done a really great job.



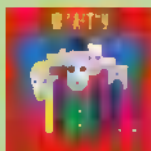
30-39

BY MANIC S

## NICKY WIRE'S FIVE

### MCCARTHY

(I AM A WALLET DIBET)

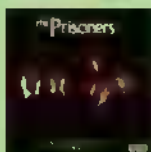


For me, this is the greatest political album ever made. All the song titles are brilliant. There's one, 'Antinature', that Richey thought was amazing – we wrote a song called

'Anti-Love' after that (which never saw the light of day!). They were lumped in with C86, but they were the only Marxist, communist C86 band, really! This album is one of my most played pieces of vinyl. It's very topical as well, because it's such a dissection of what we're experiencing now in terms of financial institutions. I always go back to it when I think I'm being greedy myself. I love them so much my son's middle name is McCarthy.

### THE PRISONERS

(THE WISECHILD FROM POLKA DIBET)



The Prisoners are complicated because their catalogue is such a mess, but if I have to choose, I'll go for this one. Sometimes it's almost too mod, it's a bit dated, but there's just

something really pure about them. On this album in particular, there's a song called 'Hurricane' that's amazing; 'The Dream Is Gone' is still a record I play millions of times a year; and 'Coming Home' has got one of the best drum fills ever. They had James Taylor on Hammond, one of the all-time great Hammond players. They just didn't bend to any rules. If they'd been around in the '60s, they would have been huge.

### 60FT DOLLS

(THE BIG 3 OBEY)

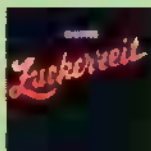


Just because they were truly mental. They were from Newport, and when they came out we were on our third or fourth record, and they really slagged us off in the

press saying they were gonna take us out. I just admired their bravado. I still go back to this record a lot, because there's something about it that's fearless. They had a track called 'Hair' that was very soft and sentimental that I think could have been a massive hit if it'd been done properly. I heard a version of it that was done in Big Noise Studio where we did 'The Holy Bible' and it was awesome, but it was one of those that when they did it properly it was shit. The one that got away, as it were.

### CLUSTER

(HICKERLEIGH DIBET)



I'm fascinated and obsessed by the whole krautrock era, how so much creativity can come from an idea. And the way that so many bands can

splinter into each other – from Neu! to Harmonia to Cluster – but all of them sound different. You can see why Bowie was listening to so much of this stuff in the mid-'70s. There's a track on here called 'Caramel' that I think Damon Albarn might have nicked for the Blur track of the same name on '13'. So many of the drum sounds you can hear on anything on Warp Records, but the genius of it is that it's all done organically, with people messing around with boxes and wires.

### THE CARDIGANS

(LOVE CONNECTIONS DIBET) (2003)



This had a huge impact on all of us when it came out. The minute me, James and Sean heard the lead single 'For What It's Worth', we all

phoned each other up within about five minutes and all just felt that everything we were trying to get on what became 'Lifeblood' had been a complete failure. It wasn't a commercial success for them, which I find staggering. I'm a big fan of Nina Persson's lyrics – 'You Are The Storm' is amazing, 'A Good Horse' is brilliant, 'Lead Me Into The Night' makes me cry every time I hear it. There's something deeply spiritual about this record that is heartbreaking.





# STREET PREACHERS



## JAMES DEAN BRADFIELD'S FIVE

### THOMAS DOLBY

THE FLAT EARTH (1994)

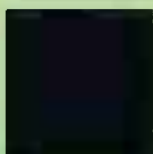


It was Sean who introduced me to this when we were about 13 or 14. I was right in the middle of my indie/Clash phase at this point, but he kept playing it over and over.

It was one of the first times that I heard an album on which someone had had a vague idea and just committed to it. People always go on about how they want to 'be like a film soundtrack', but this guy was actually doing it, in a full-blooded, committed way, rather than just saying it. It's an album that is absolutely lost in the middle of a jungle in another world, and not a record that an Englishman like Thomas Dolby should ever have made.

### SIMPLE MINDS

THE LIFE IN A DAY (1985)



The change that Simple Minds went through from their first album to this is as startling a change as any band has gone through. The 'Life In A Day' version of Simple

Minds was a really acceptable version of post-punk, these snotty kids from Glasgow. But this album is utterly embroidered in Neu!, Faust, Cluster, Kraftwerk, 'Station To Station'... and yet it sounds completely natural and unselfconscious. They never get the credit for being one of the most inventive British bands ever, and this album always gets overlooked. People nowadays see them as just this rock behemoth, but they were much more than that.

### ABC

BEAUTY STAS (1987)



I was obsessed with this album, and I don't know why. It's the follow-up to 'Lexicon Of Love', which everyone knows and loves, and it

flopped. There was a review I remember that said, "Don't expect to love this album" which drew me in, and then the cover, which is of a bull and a matador, drew me in further. And then I listened, and I just thought it was one of the most perfect meldings of pop sensibility and rock, which is the hardest thing to do. You can hear that there's something in this band where they're going, 'You know what? I just want to do this once in my life. I've subdued it inside myself, and I just want to do this once and see if people like it.'

### JEFFREY LEE PIERCE

WILDEED (1985)



There was something eminently real about The Gun Club – you knew that that was the real Americana. It was fucked up, it was on the brink of collapse all the time, but

they managed to harness it in the music. So when I read that Jeffrey Lee Pierce was doing a solo album and that it was a bit of a production number, I was intrigued. But it's just a perfect melding of high-production values and a swamp-rock sensibility. The production's dated a tiny bit now, but it's still fucking brilliant. I hate the idea of people like Kings Of Leon or Fleet Foxes not knowing about this record, because it's part of their heritage.



### THE BODINES

PLAYED (1987)



They were on the seminal NME C86 tape with 'Therese', which is one of the indie-pop singles of all time. It stood out. You could tell that this band had a bit more ambition than

all the other indie bands. The singer, Michael Ryan, had bee-stung lips and a perfect fringe – there was something going on there. You could see they were really going for it, that they wanted it to be massive. And it didn't get there, but this album, its ambition, just drew me and Nicky and Richey and Sean in. Back in '85/'86, for proper indie kids to have the ambition to want to break out of the NME scene was quite brave. They did want it, they didn't get it. But this album doesn't matter any less for that.



40

CHARLIE AND DOUG FINK  
OF NOAH & THE WHALE ON...

# JOHN CALE

## FEAR (1974)

*You'll have heard of his work with others. But this...*



Warning? Signpost? Confession? None or all of these things? John Cale can look you squarely in the eye, strum, thump and wail right up against your auricle,

charm, overwhelm, startle and still preserve all the mystery that makes great music timeless. 'Fear' is an album that refuses to tell a straight or a simple story. Sweeping through its many voices, sounds, moods, landscapes it is as much a lost experience as a lost album.

John Cale is probably most famous for the three years he spent in The Velvet Underground. He is probably less famous for almost everything else: for being Welsh, his classical music sophistication, and his prolific 30-plus album solo and producing career. In 1974 he returned to London, to Island Records, to a townhouse in Chelsea where he turned up the Mahler, poured the brandy and assembled "most of the available drugs" on the

King's Road: "I was trying to be Lou [Reed]" he said later. We have seen Fear described as his *Scream*, his aural equivalent of Munch's vision of man's dislocated sense of his own place and purpose. Cale rarely departs from the theme of an imminent dark chaos.

Cale never achieved commercial success with his own records. But his work with The Velvet Underground and his production for Patti Smith and The Stooges and many others continue to change people and the music they make. When we listen to 'Fear' we hear the layered menace of Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds; others have found the distorted saplings of punk and grunge. The album needs to be rescued because it is a full and complete and substantial piece of music. But we also want to hold it up as an example of how music can engage all our conflicting human powers: the refined and the primeval, the controlled and the candid, the fearful and the self-assured.

## 41 ANNA CALVI ON... COCTEAU TWINS HEAVEN OR LAS VEGAS (1990)



I think I bought this in a little record shop in Brighton because I liked the cover. I think Liz Fraser's voice is really amazing, and it's weird how even though there's no lyrics it's so moving through melody alone, and it makes you feel so many things. But at the same time, the Cocteau Twins have really

amazing pop songs, even though they're really obscure in one sense. But in the best way: the best kind of pop music that actually makes you feel something as opposed to just being easy. The production on every single one is exactly the same, but it doesn't matter – it really works because it creates this atmosphere and you can get lost in it. It feels like really honest music.



## 42 BRETT ANDERSON ON... CRASS THE FEEDING OF THE 5000 (1978)



Crass were one of my first ever loves. They were an anarcho-political collective in the late '70s who weren't a commercial punk band like the Pistols and The Clash.

They were genuinely too confrontational to be mainstream. This was such an incredibly exciting record for a 13-year-old kid. It was just amazingly fraught, angry, strange and threatening. I first discovered them when I was in school in the early '80s. At the time everyone was in little groups, it was very tribal. The skinheads used to hang out with each other, as did the punks and the heavy metal kids. Kids would come to school every day and exchange and swap records. It was almost like the currency of the playground. It was very much a badge of honour as well because once you were into a certain band it said something about you as a person. I remember having this tiny little record player and blasting out 'Do They Owe Us A Living?'. It used to really wind my dad up. Surprisingly he never took it off me, but I think he wanted to. For the first few months I was playing it at the wrong speed. It sounded like some bizarre death metal record. It wasn't until a few months later until someone mentioned at school that you're supposed to play it at 45rpm that I went back to my record player. But it sort of lost some of the magic for me because I preferred it slowed down.

## 43 J MASCIS ON... EATER THE ALBUM (1977)



I was too young to be into this at the time, but the record store where I lived had 50 copies so I got one. I really got into Eater 'cos they had Dee Generate on guitar

who was about 14, and I was pretty young at the time so I thought that was pretty cool. They thought the Pistols were too old. Did this record shock me? No, I'd already heard The Stooges. I had a pretty normal rock'n'roll upbringing. I had spiky hair, then I went skin for a while, then I went kinda Nick Cave.

### 5 FROM TOM WAITS

Gavin Bryers  
'The Sinking Of  
The Titanic' (1969)  
A heartbreaking,  
ambient noise-piece  
by this Yorkshire-  
born disciple of  
John Cage.

Lounge Lizards  
'Lounge Lizards'  
(1980)  
Where the  
experimental side  
of jazz and no-  
wave/avant-garde  
meets punk.

The Pogues  
'Rum Sodomy &  
The Lash' (1985)  
Fierce, sentimental  
and funny.

James Brown  
'Star Time' (1991)  
Contains almost  
everything he  
ever recorded.

Frank Zappa  
'The Yellow Shark'  
(1993)  
Zappa's last album  
before he died. An  
instrumental LP of  
his music by the  
Ensemble Modern  
Orchestra.



44

NME'S EMILY MACKAY ON

# THE DANCING DID AND DID THOSE FEET (1982)

*Cult post-punk heroes who spun a batch of literate folk-tinged spells that still have the power to bewitch*



Nothing ever grows in the middle of the road. The really exciting germinations happen in the dank shadows of the gutter. Only the also-rans of a genre willingly signpost themselves by it, because nothing interesting ever happens in the centre of a movement, where the rules are clearly laid out. All the best stuff is created in the margins, the boundaries, the passing places between one moment in culture and another.

This perhaps explains some of the transgressive thrill of the only album by The Dancing Did, a short-lived four-piece from Evesham, Worcestershire, who spanned post-punk, punk, goth, psychobilly and folk rock in the freakiest, most flawless way. Their perfectly formed debut locates a point where the corners of the shifting musical tectonic plates of the early '80s intersect, draws a circle on the rocky surface and starts a shindig.

From 'Wolves Of Worcestershire's' opening shiver of gong-clangs and low humming bass, it is clear we are in the presence of darkness. In comparison with some of the more po/pan-faced goth bands that were to follow, though, from the moment the 'dark and stormy night' intonations of Tim Harrison ham their way in, it's also clear we are in the

presence of quite extreme silliness. Just as they duck deftly between any readily identifiable style, The Dancing Did caper between terror and humour, poetic wordsmithery and muscular musical thuggery. Before long, a tribal-goth beat kicks in and "SUDDENLY! Into the night there comes a sound primeval/A baying, screeching, scraping sound of undiluted evil". Well, quite. Titter ye not, though, because for every moment of high camp there's a richly tapestried Grand Guignol of genuine gothic horror.

Witness 'The Headmaster And The Fly' whose spoken incantations conjure a detailed etching of the headmaster's study, the "diamond-paned nicotine-stained glass windows" and "yellow-painted plaster mock-Tudor roses dripping from the ceiling" observed with the panic-sharpened eyes of a child in terror. 'Squashed Things', meanwhile is perhaps the doomily sexiest ballad about roadkill ever.

For all the melodrama and vast range of influences, they never sound like anything but classic English eccentrics, springing up twisted from mulchy earth. It's subtle, though – no folky fiddles and accordions here, rather a demented jugging energy that draws on the most pagan moments of the likes of Fairport Convention and Steeleye Span. The frenetic call-and-response vocals of 'The Rhythm

Section Sticks Together' are like some OCTD ceilidh, while 'On The Roofs' swaggers with a menacing rockabilly skiffing rhythm that suddenly and thrillingly shifts into an entirely different song for its last quarter.

Not just a fascinating missing link in musical history, they're a band that prefigured what today's most exciting weirdos are doing. For those who love the richly, rurally expansive explorations of Wild Beasts or British Sea Power, this album will make perfect sense. Indeed, the dancey post-punk of 'Badger Boys' seems like a direct lyrical predecessor to 'Hooting And Howling' where "unctuous prattling Pecksniffs, quake quail and quiver/As the Badger Boys glide down the street, like pike in an empty river".

Just as richly decorated, tricksterish and compelling are 'Charnel Boy', a mean'n'moody, goth-Clash tale of a grave-haunting spirit, a "Sheep-grass boy with lupine robine, wood-stained skin and eyes incarnadine". 'The Dancing Did' whirled spoken word, sexy panting and rebel yells into a riotous wedding dance that pays tribute to the "ragamuffin, rambler, alley sloper, vagrant, scatterling, ne'er-do-well, vagabond...", taking gypsy culture as an emblem for English outsiderhood. Come on, step off that beaten track. Something magnificent lurks in the weedy undergrowth.





45-49

# FRIENDLY FIRES ON... ELECTRONICA

*The best in wayward, far-out beeps and squelches, courtesy of Ed Macfarlane, Jack Savidge & Edd Gibson*



## ORGANISATION TONE FLOAT (1970)



Ed: This is the pre-Kraftwerk group that featured Ralf Hütter and Florian Schneider. It's when they're more krautrock, but just starting to dabble with electronics. It reminds me in a way of really forward-thinking post-rock. There's a great clip on YouTube of them doing a track off this album called 'Ruckzuck' on a German TV show, and Florian is playing a flute with distortion on it. It just sounds so forward-thinking, and there's all these kids stood watching going, "What the fuck is *this*?"

ANDREW WHITTON/REXNA

## LFO FREQUENCIES (1991)



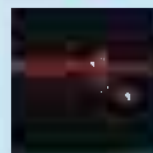
Edd: I first started going to the Warp raves in London when I was 17. At one of them, they handed out a mix, and the first track was by LFO. From that I wanted to investigate them more. This is probably the first techno album that I bought, and can still listen to as an album, rather than just enjoying one or two songs off it. It only has a certain amount of sounds on it – you could probably count them on two hands – but there's still an amazing variety to it, that's kept me listening to it a lot for the 10 years I've had it.

## BOARDS OF CANADA TWOISM (1995)



Jack: This was originally a cassette that they just made themselves and then distributed by hand. It's been re-released by Warp now, but it still has something that's a bit more primitive about it than the stuff they went on to put out. It's somewhere between naïve and creepy. It just seems to have a very unique mood to it. It was probably done on early primitive synths, but talking about how it was made doesn't really do the mood of it justice. It just seems to be quite psychologically powerful.

## MOTORBASS PANSOUL (1996)



Ed: Motorbass consists of two members: one is Philippe Zdar, who is Cassius and produced the Phoenix record; the other half is Etienne de Crécy, who is a bit of a dance music legend. This album came out in 1996 and it was never commercially released, or succeeded as it should have. But this came out the year before Daft Punk released 'Homework', so they were kind of the forefathers of all that sound. I'm sure they must have heard it, and it's a definite influence on all the more current stuff that came after.

## POSITION NORMAL GOODLY TIME (2000)



Jack: I don't know whether you'd describe this as electronic, really, but it's sample based and library music-based. They've used the samples from kitsch '60s lounge music interspersed with '60s TV humour. One song, 'Sunny Days', was actually used on the *Dead Man's Shoes* soundtrack. This album was first recommended to me by a friend, and I got into it immediately, because it's so odd: in some parts it's funny, and then in others it's really eerie.





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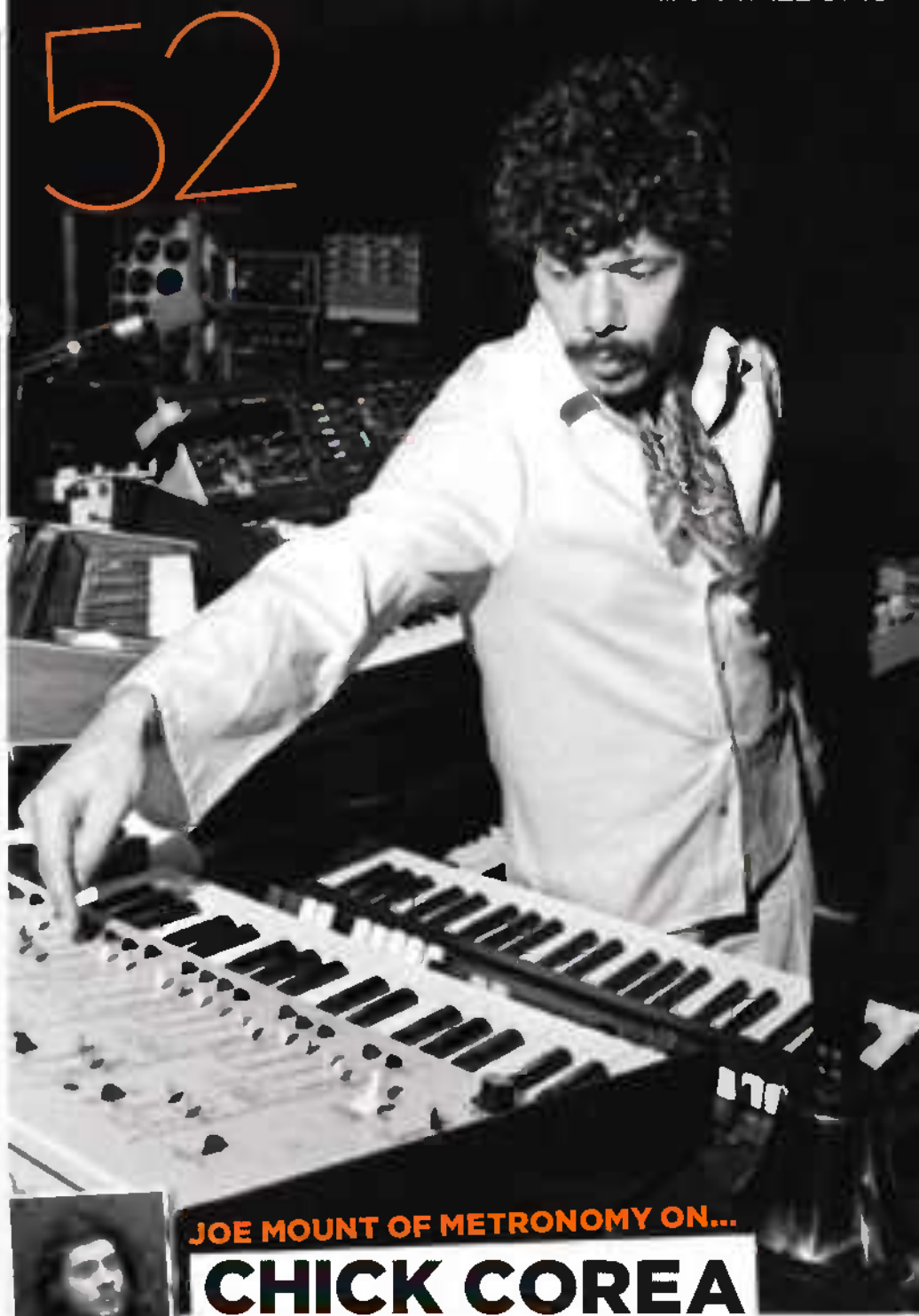
**50** JENNY LEWIS OF  
JENNY AND JOHNNY ON...  
**FREESTYLE FELLOWSHIP**  
**INNERCITY GRIOTS (1993)**

They're part of a '90s hip-hop collective called Project Blowed. Some of the members went on to make solo records, but they made this seminal hip-hop record, which was smart and kind of political, and funny and nasty. As a songwriter, my earliest inspiration came from hip-hop – A Tribe Called Quest, Freestyle Fellowship and The Jungle Brothers – and those records made me want to become a lyricist, rather than the classic rock artists like Bob Dylan and Neil Young. There's just something about the flow of this album that really appealed to me. And the fact that it was from the West Coast – you know, I could go check out their shows. It's funny that it's not better known because I think a lot of modern day hip-hop artists would cite it as one of their inspirations. If you're well versed in hip-hop, it's definitely a part of the pantheon of great artists. There's just something about them that's too pure for the radio, you know?

**51** JONATHAN RICE OF  
JENNY AND JOHNNY ON...  
**ALL NIGHT RADIO**  
**SPIRIT STEREO**  
**FREQUENCY (2004)**



After Beachwood Sparks broke up temporarily in 2001, Dave Scher formed this band and made this album. It's like a modern psychedelic record. Dave has been playing with us for five years, but I was a fan of his first band when I was in high school. The album began as a concept which became progressively more difficult to achieve. Originally they wanted it to be an actual radio station, one really far left of the dial, and you could just tune into it and they would constantly be creating new music, on this endless loop. And whenever you would tune it would either be them having a conversation, or jamming, or writing a song, and it would only happen at night. But, as you can probably imagine, broadcasting a live radio show for your entire life is a very difficult thing to do. The album has got this positivity to it that's mostly consistent to reggae records. It makes you feel so happy.



JOE MOUNT OF METRONOMY ON...

**CHICK COREA**  
**MY SPANISH**  
**HEART (1976)**

*Strangely accessible fusion of jazz and – oh yes – Scientology*



Back in the '70s, synthesizers seemed to fall into the hands of two types of people. At one end of the scale were young futurists like Kraftwerk, inspired so much by the new machines that they gave them a genre and world of their own. At the other end of the scale were classically trained musicians, suddenly able to use their piano skills to create a whole world of strange out-there sounds.

Often in classic album lists you'll find this reflected by the inclusion of records like 'Innervisions' by Stevie Wonder, 'Head Hunters' by Herbie Hancock and, of course,

records by the aforementioned Kraftwerk, Roxy Music and many more besides. But, rarely in these lists do you find 'My Spanish Heart' by Chick Corea.

This could be because it is a jazz record. However, it is probably one of the most accessible and celebratory jazz/fusion records you are likely to hear. It is worth mentioning that Chick Corea was an early supporter of Scientology, and seems to dedicate most of his albums to its founder L. Ron Hubbard. This is worth mentioning because maybe only a Scientologist would have the balls to create a jazz-fusion record based on traditional Spanish music, and played almost entirely on synthesizers.



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nico  
the marble index

NME'S TOM PINNOCK ON...

NICO

## THE MARBLE INDEX (1969)

*Not the only album featured in this issue to be made by a sometime Velvet Underground member*

The second solo album by Nico is a strange 'lost' album – arranged by her fellow Velvet Underground alumnus John Cale, it thus features two bona fide rock icons, and it's never been out of print. What makes it 'lost' is that the number of people who've actually listened to it is dwarfed by the number who have been scared away by its reputation as an 'unlistenable' album.

This is because it's easy to describe 'The Marble Index's' forbidding sound, a nightmarish and very un-rock mix of seesawing harmonium, hammered piano, distorted viola and incantatory vocals racked with despair. But it's a lot harder to really capture the album's mercurial magic – and surprisingly there's genuine beauty among the terror. By this point Nico had left behind most of the bellowing intensity of her contributions to 'The Velvet Underground & Nico' and her solo debut, 'Chelsea Girl' – 'Ani's Song' even demonstrated that she could sing tenderly, her

Germanic pronunciation lending a romance to lines such as, "Now you see that only dreams can send you where you want to be". Throughout the 30-minute album's eight tracks, her words paint a picture of some elemental dreamland where "midnight winds... land at the end of time".

That she chose the harmonium, a kind of sickly, miniature church organ, to write and perform the first songs she'd ever come up with (egged on by lover Jim Morrison), was a stroke of luck, giving Nico her own identity.

Granted, the *sturm und drang* of reputation is here: the stunning 'Evening Of Light' is a galloping mudslide of echoed harpsichord and untraceable distorted rumbles; but 'No One Is There' is a lovely floating meditation on some undescribed loneliness, featuring only Nico's voice and Cale's plaintive viola.

Impressively for something so dark, there's never a chink in 'The Marble Index's' armour, never a hint of Hammer-esque camp. Instead, Nico and Cale approached it with 100 per cent

conviction. Bet those studio sessions were fun... Indeed, coming to it cold, you'd be hard pressed to say when or where it was even made.

Aptly named after a phrase of Tennyson's ("The marble index of a mind for ever/Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone"), the album is truly in a world of its own: partly because it's never been a rock touchstone, owing more to avant-garde classical than anything else, and its influence, other than on artists such as Throbbing Gristle and latter-day Scott Walker, has been minimal. After 'The Marble Index', where can you go? It's a musical dead-end plumbing the furthest fathoms of its furrow, somehow becoming (whisper it) art.

So if you think Puntans' 'Hidden' is experimental, you'll be in for a shock – 'The Marble Index' is a map of another world. But don't let this album be lost to you too – it might be intensely dark, but it's also gorgeously life-affirming; and it might take some work, but it's more than worth it.



## 55 JACK STEADMAN OF BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB ON... THE KOSSOY SISTERS BOWLING GREEN (1956)

*Ancient bluegrass duo harness the true power of song*



'Bowling Green' is this old folk record from the '50s by two ladies who called themselves The Kossoy Sisters. They were part of the whole New York folk revival.

I think most people have heard one track of theirs in *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* I remember hearing it in the film and checking them out. I don't think many people have heard anything else by them but the whole album is just consistently brilliant. Everyone I play it to immediately falls in love with it, I haven't found anyone who doesn't come up and ask what this is. I don't think there's that much information about them, I'm pretty sure they just have this one record and it's quite hard to find now. It's just folk standards really, just them two singing. They've got beautiful harmonies together. And they've got this really good banjo player called Erik Darling, he died quite recently. It's really simple, just impossible not to fall in love with. I think the biggest influence it had on us is exactly that, like sometimes you'll be adding more and more instruments, but then you go back and listen to this record and you realise the virtue in keeping it simple. A great song doesn't have to be complicated; it's usually something so simple.

## 56 KIM GORDON OF SONIC YOUTH ON... THE GERMS (GI) (1979)



I loved the singer [Darby Crash] and his words. We went to the same high school. He was a really fucked-up kid and he acted like he was really stupid 'cos

he was so wasted most of the time. This was in the late '70s. I didn't get into punk straight away. I was at school in Toronto when the LA punk thing happened. I didn't really get into that, 'cos it sounded too much like English punk, too imitative. There were a lot of punks in LA 'cos it's such a fascist place, but there was never a punk scene in New York, where I moved to after school, 'cos there was nothing to tear down – it was already fucked up.



## WILL REES OF MYSTERY JETS ON...



## QUEEN QUEEN

*Their debut album, none of which made the Live Aid setlist*

Queen's self-titled debut, is, to me, a great lost record. In all my frantic discussions/rants/chats about music, I have never come across a soul who has loved or loathed or even ever mentioned it. Why is this? Because it's crap, or because people hear the word Queen and think of Her Highness or Brian May atop Buckingham Palace or the *We Will Rock You* musical? I was very young when I bought a cassette of 'Queen' from Our Price, it seemed to filter into my tiny mind with ease and that is why the tape has become a 'great lost record' for me.

Washed-out choirs of Freddie's voice flit from your left to right ear, songs build up to epic crescendos while hair-raising guitar harmonics crackle out and lyrics that belong in the Old Testament more than a child's Walkman scream/coo/soothe. It's a record not for the faint-of-riff and as a guitar player I was

enthralled – yet, saying that, there's songs that could lull a person into the most peaceful sleep too. Take 'The Night Comes Down', a lullaby... well almost, until you arrive at what you think is the end of the track and then the whole game starts again, the band revving up like a jet engine.

So is this record due a re-release, is it something the world needs to hear? Is there a sample ripe for Kanye's next production? No, would be the answer of a logical, sensical, self-conscious human, and yet that is exactly why the record does need to be dusted off, given surround-sound treatment and repackaged to fuck with a DVD. . because it will make you younger, it will be good for you, like drinking milk. You'll have to swallow your cool, hide your Converse and pretend you never grew up, but that's exactly what we all need a little of. Kanye, are you listening?

## 57 MATTHEW WHITEHOUSE OF THE HEARTBREAKS ON... ORPHAN BOY SHOP LOCAL (2008)



"Sell your walls/Sell your wheels/You are not your stuff". That 'Shop Local' opens with the minimalist, demon funk of 'Kick Junk', a song whose instrument-less one-line

chorus happens only once in the middle of the track, epitomises the awkward and incoherent beauty of the debut Orphan Boy album. An

arsenal of post-MDMA, post-post-punk, anti-love songs, each one is like a Bukowski short story, upended and restaged in Grimsby, set to the sound of a dodgy amp and an out-of-tune Squier Telecaster. The die-hard few took these songs to their hearts. At the front of these crowds were The Heartbreak boys. 'Shop Local' was our album, and it's a real bobby dazzler.





**SERGE  
PIZZORNO  
OF  
KASABIAN  
ON...**

## THE PRETTY THINGS SF SORROW (1968)

*Forget 'Sgt Pepper's...'. Try this masterful psych-rock opus*



I must have first heard this when I was about 17. My dad was into The Pretty Things, but only their earlier stuff. He gave me a few bits, and from that I then went and bought 'SF Sorrow'. When I put it on, it was like being totally woken up, because it hits you like the fucking Beastie Boys or something. It really takes your head off!

Finding out that it was recorded at the same time as 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' was obviously a bit of a 'wow' moment. I mean, as a band, The Pretty Things were really out there, and you kind of realise that with 'SF Sorrow' they really were pushing it to the absolute max. On the one hand you're going to yourself, 'Well, "Pepper's..." was the pinnacle, the forefront, etc' but then when you've got things like this it makes you realise that there were other bands like The Pretty Things who were pushing it just as hard but in a different direction.

They recorded it at Abbey Road, of course,

but aside from that I think The Pretty Things were just brilliant players of instruments. I mean, everything had to be played really well in those days, because you couldn't have as many edits as you can now. You didn't have the luxury of individually cutting the guitars, so you had no choice but to be really great at playing. And Phil May's vocals and lyrics are just incredible, too.

It's funny, it's only quite recently that there's been this second wave of people going 'Oh wow, you've heard 'SF Sorrow'!', so I'm glad it's got that kind of reappraisal. But for me, it's always been a record you go back to if you need to be reminded what being in a rock'n'roll band is all about. You listen to this and you go, 'Ah, that's what it's all about!'

As an album it's all pretty fantastic, but 'Baron Saturday' is probably my favourite; that fucking incredible melody at the start, which sounds so bizarre and then just floats into the chorus which hits you right in the face! I can actually remember thinking, 'Right, that's the fucking blueprint, right there!'

58



## 59 GRUFF RHYS ON... CARDINAL CARDINAL (1994)



This Boston-based duo specialised in a whispered, supremely melodic melancholy pop. Writing and demo-ing the songs at very low volume in a bedroom in a particularly residential part of town, they accidentally hit on a hugely influential formula, one that they would never be rewarded for in the fiscal sense. When asked in 1999 by a newspaper to write a piece on my favourite album of the '90s, the offer was withdrawn when I said I'd be writing about this. Their one-and-only release, it was already a lost album and didn't fit in with the editorial narrative of that decade.

Cardinal was the perfect partnership of the

supreme songwriting of Australian Richard Davies and the lush voice and arrangements of Californian Eric Matthews. As subsequent solo records by the both of them highlighted, Eric had the voice but not the tunes, and Richard had some great songs, but his voice just wasn't that great. But together they were untouchable – Davies had the most instinctive songwriting skills and killer melodies since David Bowie, and Matthews had a truly unique soulful voice and the arranging skills of Burt Bacharach. Its brass-driven acoustic pop was definitely a huge influence on Super Furry Animals' quieter songs.

I'm interested in a lot of obscure albums, but many are curiosities that maybe need an acquired taste. But this is a lost classic that works on many levels, and anyone can get into it. If you're a fan of melodic Bowie pop on one hand or the minimal Americana of Will Oldham on the other, you'll get it.

## 60 JAMES SKELLY OF THE CORAL ON... THE RED DEVILS KING KING (1992)



Until last year I'd never even heard of this. Our producer John Leckie gave it to me while we were recording 'Butterfly House' and it blew my head off. The Red Devils

used to play live in LA in all these little clubs and Rick Rubin loved them. So he just recorded them live in this club called King King. The band – all amazing players – just sound like they're on fire. There's something about the way Rick Rubin's done it too, it sounds really special. He could have done it in the studio but it wouldn't have been as good. With 'King King' you can hear the whole atmosphere of the club – you're there, you're with them, you can smell it. As for the band, Lester Butler was just one of the greatest-ever harmonica players. He sings into a bullet mic while playing the harmonica and he sounds fantastic. The guitarist Paul 'The Kid' Sizc was only 21, but he was unbelievable.

What's interesting about 'King King' too is the band took a blues sound and did something completely new with it. At the time nobody had done anything new or exciting with that sound since the '70s. They took that sound and gave it real attitude. So it sounds more like rock'n'roll, not slick blues, it's raw. Anyone who's into that attitude will connect with this album. I know if I was 18 and I'd heard this, I'd have loved it. They do some real heavy blues tracks which sound like The Beatles' 'I Want You (She's So Heavy)' but it also sounds like Nirvana playing Robert Johnson tunes. It starts with 'Automatic' and it kicks off with this distorted harmonica, which sounds brilliant. The second track 'Goin To The Church' is just a hundred miles an hour but the best song on there I think is 'Devil Woman' which is the one track the whole band wrote together. When we were recording the last album, we were listening to this and The Who's 'Live At Leeds'. But it's probably affected our next album more because since I've been listening to it, we've been recording a lot more of our stuff in the studio live. I don't think 'King King' ever got noticed because there was no massive push in the music industry for it. But since I got my hands on it, I've been getting loads of people into them. I handed a copy to Noel Gallagher, and he thought it was great.

## 61 JEFFREY LEWIS ON... MICHAEL HURLEY... HAVE MOICY (1976)



This all-time great lost album got perfect A+ reviews from practically every critic (not that that necessarily means anything) but sold very few copies. Supposedly recorded in

three days, it's a collaboration between two psychedelic folk weirdo-geniuses, Michael Hurley and Peter (Unholy Modal Rounders) Stampfel – and additional oddball Jeffrey Frederick. In some ways it's like a lost, other-dimensional version of the Dylan and The Band 'Basement Tapes', if that were like a recording of America's subconscious dream state. What did Dylan and The Band dream themselves while they recorded it? Probably stuff like 'Have Moicy!' – the tapes from the Sub-Basement!

62



Jens Lekman "Night Falls Over Kortedala"

NME'S LAURA SNAPES ON...

## JENS LEKMAN

## NIGHT FALLS OVER KORTEDALA (2007)

Swedish singer-songwriter loads up on strings and samples for the perfect romantic paean

## 5 LOST SPINAL TAP ALBUMS

## 'SEXX'

Inflated motion picture soundtrack for which only the sleeve remains.

## 'Shark Sandwich' (1980)

First dalliance with heavy rock that garnered this two-word review: 'Shit sandwich'.

## 'Intravenous De Milo' (1974)

First Tap album to go bronze after one million copies were returned to stores.

## 'We Are All Flower People' (1968)

Re-released in 1969 without 'Listen to The Flower People' as 'The Incredible Flight of Icarus P. Anybody'.

## 'Brainhammer' (1970)

Contains 'Big Bottom', and the less well-remembered 'Swallow My Love'.

Do you remember your first kiss? I do. I had to snog the boy next door in a neighbourhood game of Spin The Bottle. It was so nauseatingly sloppy that we both spat on the pavement afterwards. Sweden's Jens Lekman, however, had such a perfect first kiss that he wrote practically an entire album about it, kicking off with the lavish, quickly stirring timpani and strings of 'And I Remember Every Kiss'. He sings: "I would never kiss anyone/Who doesn't burn me like the sun/And I remember every kiss/Like my first kiss".

You'd be right in thinking of Jens as quite the sappy sort. He even looks like the blond cowlicked, almost creepily dreamy boy-next-door of your dreams (certainly in comparison to the real one who lived next to me, anyway). On the next song, 'Tying On The Sweet Nectar' he advocates guzzling down the sweet ambrosia of memory to the tune of flute solos and disco bongos, binging on halcyon episodes past like a greedy child in a sweet shop.

Bill Callahan once sung of "getting off on the pornography of my past", which makes revelling

in good times seem like a reprehensible, smutty pursuit. Jens' second album, however, takes place less in the titular Kortedala (his home suburb of Gothenburg, Sweden), and more in a world constructed of romantic whimsy and reminiscence.

Musically, though, this is no amorphous nostalgia, which makes it all the more satisfying. Instead, he evokes concrete touchstones through the use of a trillion carefully nestled samples – '... Kortedala' is practically a list of criminally underrated albums all by itself. Snippets from musical writer Leslie Bricusse feature alongside Jerry Goldsmith, who scored five *Star Trek* films; famed salsa composer Willie Rosario's cover of Jimmy Webb's 'By The Time I Get To Phoenix' muscles up to piano from Laura Nyro's gorgeous 'Wedding Bell Blues', while what sounds suspiciously like the drums from Bowie's 'Young Americans' kick off 'If I Could Cry (It Would Feel Like This)'. This is no Avalanches-style exercise in obscure plunderphonics, however. Even though these

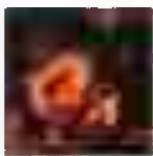
people are fairly unknown, you'll recognise the borrowed piano trills or brass fanfares that fizz from every nook and cranny of the record.

That's not to say he's lacking in his own ideas. 'A Postcard To Nina' documents his trip to Berlin to see an old penpal one last time before she elopes with her girlfriend. She invites him to dinner with her parents, but what she neglects to tell him until they're on the doorstep is that she's told her dad that she and young Jens are engaged to be wed. Cue a brilliant comedy of errors with Nina's dad joking about hooking Jens up to a lie detector while Nina unhelpfully kicks his feet under the table. He opens the song crooning, "Nina, I can be your boyfriend", which might sound like an act of mildly arrogant concession, but when he follows it with, "So you can stay with your girlfriend", it's further proof of his sweet-hearted, unwavering dedication to the cause of romance, whatever form it might take. If you never had that skin-tingling, foot-popping blush of infatuation from your first snog, then consider this its surrogate thrill.



**63** TJINDER SINGH  
OF CORNERSHOP ON...

**CURTIS MAYFIELD**  
CURTIS/LIVE! (AT THE BITTER  
END, NY) (1971)

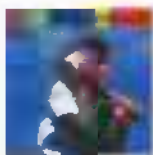


It is Curtis at his best, with endearing talk between tracks, working with the best musician – Joseph ‘Lucky’ Scott on bass, Henry Gibson on percussion, Tyrone

McCullen drums and Craig McMullen on rhythm guitar. It’s as funky as hell, and as political as heaven. These were his first live performance since leaving The Impressions. He had everything to prove, and spanked it with a double vinyl album including ‘Mighty Mighty (Spade And Whitey)’, ‘I Plan To Stay A Believer’, ‘We’re A Winner’, ‘The Makings Of You’ and ‘We The People Who Are Darker Than Blue’. No wonder that reggae stars and the rest took so much from him.

**64** JACK GOLDSTEIN OF FIXERS ON...

**LIZZY MERCIER  
DESCLOUX**  
MAMBO NASSAU (2003)



I tend to get really intense about artists I like and insist on hunting down everything they have done. When a friend played me Lizzy’s best known album, ‘Press Color’,

I went out and got all her other records, and this became my favourite. It’s charming, exciting and a great dance record. Michel Esteban’s production is so vibrant; it’s got this exciting inconsistency that comes with all my favourite albums. You don’t expect certain sounds or feels – arrangements catch you by surprise. It’s got an unintentional geographical beauty about it – it reeks of South Africa, Paris and New York all at once, but at the same time it’s unlike anything else before it. It seems artists like these don’t immerse themselves within a fad long enough to become a figurehead for an entire movement – Lizzy was instrumental in the New York new wave scene, but didn’t let herself become defined by it.

**65** TERRY HALL OF  
THE SPECIALS ON...

**XTC**  
WHITE MUSIC (1978)



They’re one of the best groups that Britain has ever produced. I don’t know why everyone goes on about someone like Morrissey making the best British pop

when in fact XTC did it better than anyone else. I remember when they did ‘This Is Pop’, and I just thought, “Yeah this is pop. This is pop.” It seemed like such a brilliant thing for them to say. Pop is what they were doing, and they were writing all these great songs, going on about the whole punk thing and not being embarrassed about writing great pop songs. Andy Partridge wrote a song for my new album. XTC did a song called ‘Statue Of Liberty’, that was great as well. But the words ‘This is pop’. Brilliant.

66

**SERGE GAINSBOURG**  
**YOU’RE UNDER ARREST (1987)**

*French legend’s last studio album that deserves another listen*



**DEV  
HYNES  
OF  
LIGHTSPEED  
CHAMPION  
ON...**

This was Gainsbourg’s last studio album before he died, so it’s been lost to history a bit. However, it was actually quite successful upon release – he had a hit with his cover of Edith Piaf’s ‘Mon Légionnaire’, but by this point, his personal life had completely overshadowed his music. By this stage in his career, he had progressed slowly but surely into a proper ‘80s sound.

Gainsbourg always adapted to the times; here he went deeper into dance and tight ‘80s funk-type grooves with his songs. On top of this, he had refined his songwriting to its most articulate – the lyrics were surreal and very tongue-in-cheek, more so than usual. Then the melodies were all so precise, he recorded his last two records – ‘I Love On The Beat’ and this – using amazing session musicians, interestingly enough, which seems to be the reason most people are not a fan of

his later work. The word sterile gets tossed about frequently. This seems to be a very unjust bias, as since the ‘60s he relied on top-notch session musicians.

In the grand scheme of things, it doesn’t sound relevant today – it’s an incredibly ‘80s-sounding album. But that’s not a bad thing. People nowadays are obsessed to know if music from the past is relevant now, but music’s music. To one person, something might be the ultimate realisation of what they’re looking for at that exact moment, and to another it may sound really dated. So to some people, my championing of this record might be ridiculous, for example, especially if they lived in France at the time of its release. But in the five years since I first discovered it, I’ve had a blast every time I’ve listened to it! Serge Gainsbourg’s method of working had a huge influence on me.



**67** BARRY BURNS OF  
MOGWAI ON...  
**THE FOR CARNATION**  
THE FOR CARNATION (2000)



A lot of people says this record sounds evil. I was going to try and argue that it's not evil-sounding and that I found it beautiful instead, but then I thought about it for another 20 seconds and they're right, it's evil as fuck. If I had to pick one thing that you remember about the record, even above the words and melodies and beautifully arranged string parts, it's the little noises in the background and the drumming. The subtlety of these parts is amazing. It's a perfect piece of music. How many other albums that feature a song comprised solely of one set of looped bells and a drumbeat leave you feeling so musically satisfied? None. I remember meeting Steve Goodfriend, the drummer, and I told him how much I loved the record and he said, "Really? We're kind of a little embarrassed by it," which left me with the rest of the evening to try and work out why. The For Carnation were a direct influence on Mogwai. So many times when we've been recording albums after this one came out, we'd be saying things like, "Put a creepy background noise like The For Carnation behind that," or we'd mention them when trying to describe a sound you want to producer. They're a huge influence. Martin from Mogwai has played this album somewhere in the region of 5,000 times.

**68** HUGO MANUEL OF CHAD  
VALLEY/JONQUIL ON...  
**STUDIO**  
WEST COAST (2007)



We played this record a lot in the House Of Supreme Mathematics during Jonquil's recording sessions – often on repeat for hours and hours. The track 'Life's A Beach' was the first tune that I really got hooked on; it's totally hypnotic. The record as a whole resonates with so many things I'm into – early '90s dance music, dub reggae, minimalism. It feels like it was designed to be loved by me alone. Studio probably wouldn't consider themselves to be involved in any kind of dance genre. Their early stuff is pretty straight-ahead indie rock, and I think this is very important to their sound, that they came from that kind of background. This is probably why they have been ignored to a large extent, because they exist in that world between dance and guitar music, without really being too much of either. It was released with very little promotion over here, and I think that anyone who heard it at the time was probably too baffled by its adoption of such 'funky' sounds (90s dance piano, massive drum fills) to really get it properly. But if you're a fan of massive basslines, digital synths and the drumming of Talking Heads, then I'd recommend that you should definitely give it a listen. Preferably on those evenings when you were going to go out, but you opt for staying at home instead, with just a bong for company.

**69** NME'S MIKE WILLIAMS ON...  
**JARCREW**  
JARCREW (2003)

*Welsh prog-punk classic that accurately predicted the future*



Saturday, August 7, 2004 (approximately 10.30pm). Buffy Clyro have just brought the fourth annual Compass Point festival to a fist-pumping close, tracks from their second record, 'The Vertigo Of Bliss', echoing around the emptying fields behind Cardiff Castle. For now, thoughts of stadiums, platinum records and *X Factor* covers remain dreams – nightmares, even – and as the crowds amble back into the city centre, it's not Buffy that have got people's tongues wagging, but the second coming of local heroes Jarcrew.

Deep into sessions for their second album, the band debut a raft of new tracks, each as haywire and, on first listen, brilliant as their forebears. Singer Kelson Matthias introduces new bassist 'Ricardo' to the crowd, noting he does not speak a word of English, but is "fluent in the language of rock". They appear relaxed, excited by the new material, and buoyed by a growing reputation as one of the most exciting bands around. The future, it seems, is bright.

Instead, six months later Jarcrew announce that they have split. Drummer and principal songwriter Rhod Thomas has fucked off to become a Jehovah's Witness, the second album is in tatters and never to be released, and their legacy will instead rest on the unbridled creativity that was their 2003 debut, 'Jarcrew'.

Before you write in and correct me, I'm aware that for some, 'Jarcrew' will never be considered their debut. A re-recorded, reworked, remixed and repackaged version of 'Breakdance Euphoria Kids', released a year earlier through community project label Complete Control Music, the Gut Records version was seen in some quarters as a raping of innocence, an unwelcome finger in the

arse of youthful ingenuity. This, of course, is bollocks. Where the original stuttered, the follow-up spat. Where 'Breakdance...' drowned in a fuggy soup of disparate ideas, 'Jarcrew' created a cut-and-shut line of jagged collusion that veered from sleazy synth-pop to proggy punk and back into hands-in-the-air metal before you could catch your breath.

Album opener 'Money Shot' and lead single 'Paris And The New Math' do a better job of summarising the record than any review you'll find, capturing the energy and expanse of ideas in two risky and unpredictable nutshells. And as you listen to both tracks today, as well as 'Capobaby' or 'Defacto Symphony', it's not the heaviness of the riffs, the insanity of the synth lines, nor the fragility of Kelson's screeched vocals that stand out as they did in '03, but the idea that, had this album come out in a post-Bloc Party, post-Dizzee, post-Crystal Castles world, Jarcrew would have been huge.

But of course, it didn't, and they're not. They're dead and buried. Their technique of taking 10 finished tracks into the studio, and leaving with one made up of the best bits is now just another part of their mythology. Their insistence that their lyrics were just '...Walrus'-style nonsense and wordplay can still be argued over by believers, but with no second record to judge them against, we'll never know how deep their meanings ran.

But really, who gives a fuck? Lyrical analysis and pseudo-intellectual conjecture are the exact kind of rubbish that their bubblegum shrieks were rebelling against. This was a record that told you to dance, and if you didn't know how, then to make up your own moves. That it sounds better with age and more in tune with the current times is the legacy of Jarcrew: forward thinkers from Ammanford, south Wales, who wrote a letter to the future. 'Dear 2011, you can thank us later.'







70

NME'S JAIMIE HODGSON ON...

# HUGGY BEAR

OUR TROUBLED YOUTH (1992)

*The pure sound of teenage punk all rolled up into a brief but brilliant eight tracks*

## HUGGY BEAR



OUR TROUBLED YOUTH

It was the summer of 1997 when I first heard Huggy Bear, a few months after my 13th birthday. Following Bis' brief lunge into the limelight I'd become fixated by the label Winja Records, and with a bit of brushing up I'd learned a tiny bit about Huggy Bear.

I remember thinking that, despite having encountered them only via artwork, mail-order listings and other bands' namedrops until now, how 'Our Troubled Youth' was everything I dreamed they'd be. It was intensely atmospheric and out-there ('Jupiter Re-Entry', 'Nu Song'), it was hysterically heavy ('February 14', 'T-Shirt Tucked In'), but nearly every single song on there

is rooted in hot and heavy hooks. Later on they became increasingly experimental, taking more of an influence from Nation Of Ulsses' more artful moments, but this record has a thread of wonderfully slinky, sultry grooves – on 'Aqua Girl Star' and 'Into The Mission' they felt almost like a more anarchic Pussy Galore. The dimensions of 'Our Troubled Youth' are such that to really channel its force and magic it needs to be played all the way through. Which considering it is a lo-fi DIY punk record knocked-out in probably a couple of takes, is staggering. From the title onwards, a more perfect teenage punk album you will not find. It's a pure chest-beating call-to-arms. It's disenfranchised and impassioned in the most fun way possible. The band's whole anti-mainstream indie/riot-grrrl

manifesto became pretty intense, but here they delivered their rhetoric with a sharp sense of humour that it made all the more a pulse-racing experience. The album itself is a split with Bikini Kill, their side is called 'Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah', an equally fantastic title – I always wondered whether it inspired the moniker of a certain NYC band. I contacted singer/guitarist Jon Slade to ask for any memories about making the album, and he politely suggested, "You could put in something about how HB never spoke to the music press." Before rightly asking, "Is 'Our Troubled Youth' even an album? I don't know." At eight tracks, the answer's probably 'no' but with little sign of an NME Most Under-rated Mini-Albums Ever issue on the horizon, this still felt like a cause worth fighting.



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ALEXIS TAYLOR OF HOT CHIP ON...

## THIS HEAT

DECEIT (1981)

*Cutting-edge and brutal, an experimental album that paved the way for innovators everywhere*

I first heard 'Deceit' in about 2003 when I was working at Domino Records. Both Jonny and Bart, who work there, were big This Heat fans. I think it is a truly original sounding record, which still sounds like it could have been made this week. People say that about a lot of music but there is very little to date it to the time of its recording. This Heat have parts which were hugely influential on post-rock in the '90s but only in, say, one small section of a song, rather than devoting a career to this 'new' sound. Everything they made feels like it is the product of the three individuals experimenting to make something new, rather than merely making reference to other music.

It's an incredibly angry and impassioned record, attacking and unequivocally highlighting the atrocities and devastation of the modern world – the band literally screaming at points and playing 'explosive' sounding music pretty much mirroring what they are singing about. It's worth persevering

with because people need to hear music that is this vital, and vital sounding. It is a record full of life and musical exploration; the rhythms and textures are amazing. A song like 'Sleep' can be very poppy in a way, and to me recalls 'Revolver'-era Beatles in its production to some extent. This Heat don't really fit in with other things from the punk and post-punk era. It is much more dense, harder to penetrate than a lot of music. It doesn't have the same sense of humour as some punk – and it does take itself fairly seriously, but for a reason. They were all very angry and trying to make something beautiful rather than something flippant.

You can hear how modern it is. They made it in an old meat factory that they turned into their own studio and in which they experimented to make something unheard, to put sounds together that don't feel merely 'experimental' or improvised, but composed and put together deliberately, while retaining the fresh feel of purely improvised music.

## 72 RITZY BRYAN OF THE JOY FORMIDABLE ON... SUPERSTAR PALM TREE (1997)



This Glaswegian four-piece broke up before showing their full potential. They had an excellent songwriter in their soulful, charismatic frontman, Joe McAlinden.

To me, every track is melodically fervent.

There's some great guitar moments too and

McAlinden's voice has a distinction and a fragility that set them apart. Who knows what they would have gone on to do, but 'Palm Tree' is still to be very much enjoyed. Just beware of a lurking Rod Stewart cover is the only thing I would say... [Rod covered their 'Superstar' on his 1998 covers album 'When We Were The New Boys' – Feathercut Ed].

## 73 PLAN B ON... SKINNYMAN COUNCIL ESTATE OF MIND (2004)

*Gritty UK hip-hop that never made it underground*



It's just one of the best UK hip-hop albums ever made. I love the production and everything about it. It's got great lyrics; he talks about the streets, he talks about his life. He talks about the shit he knows. You know, he's not fabricating anything. His flow and vocabulary are great too.

Because he's been around for so many years, people have written him off. The UK hip-hop scene obviously had a love and respect for him when he released the album, but anyone outside of that, like press, magazines, radio, had no time for someone who's been around that long. It didn't change the fact that it was a fucking great album. It came out on Low Life Records, which is an independent UK hip-hop label, and I think that Skinnyman never had the backing and the right kind of people, because if they had pushed that album, it would have sold so much more.

It totally influenced me. I started my hip-hop album before I started listening to this, but it definitely had an impact. A lot of the conscious hip-hop songs that came after that were influenced by Skinnyman, and I think I'm a product of them guys. Even though I was going in that direction anyway, and, like I said, a lot of my stuff was written, having them around reinforced it.

## ISLET'S 5 FROM 2010

Flying Lotus  
'Cosmogramma'  
Ambitious, exciting stuff from experimental hip-hop's laptop king.

Joanna Newsom  
'Have One On Me'  
Awe-inspiring. Newsom's third is complex, heart-breaking and funny.

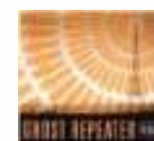
Connan Mockasin  
'Please Turn Me Into The Snail'  
A childlike odyssey into the minds of the artists formerly known as Connan & The Mockasins (it's a half-snake, half-rat, y'see).

Sweet Baboo  
'I'm A Dancer...'  
The third album from hilarious, charming north-Welsh psych-popper Stephen Black is irresistible.

Hawkins  
'A Cup Of Salt'  
Wildly ambitious and sprawling psychomentalism – from Wales!



## 74 BRIAN FALLON OF THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM ON... JEFFREY FOUCAULT GHOST REPEATER (2006)



Most people have never heard of this guy where I'm from, but this is one of the most amazing records I've ever heard. There's a lot of singer-songwriter guys out there right now: some are great and some are just dressing the part. When you set out to carry on a tradition as deep-rooted as folk music is, you've got to have your story together. You've got to study, and have a foundation. Jeffrey Foucault has that foundation and you can hear it in his voice and feel it in his music. He's got an understanding that you don't hear that often.

**NME**  
MODERN  
CULT  
HEROES  
**JANELLE  
MONÁE**



PHOTOGRAPHER. TOM OXLEY





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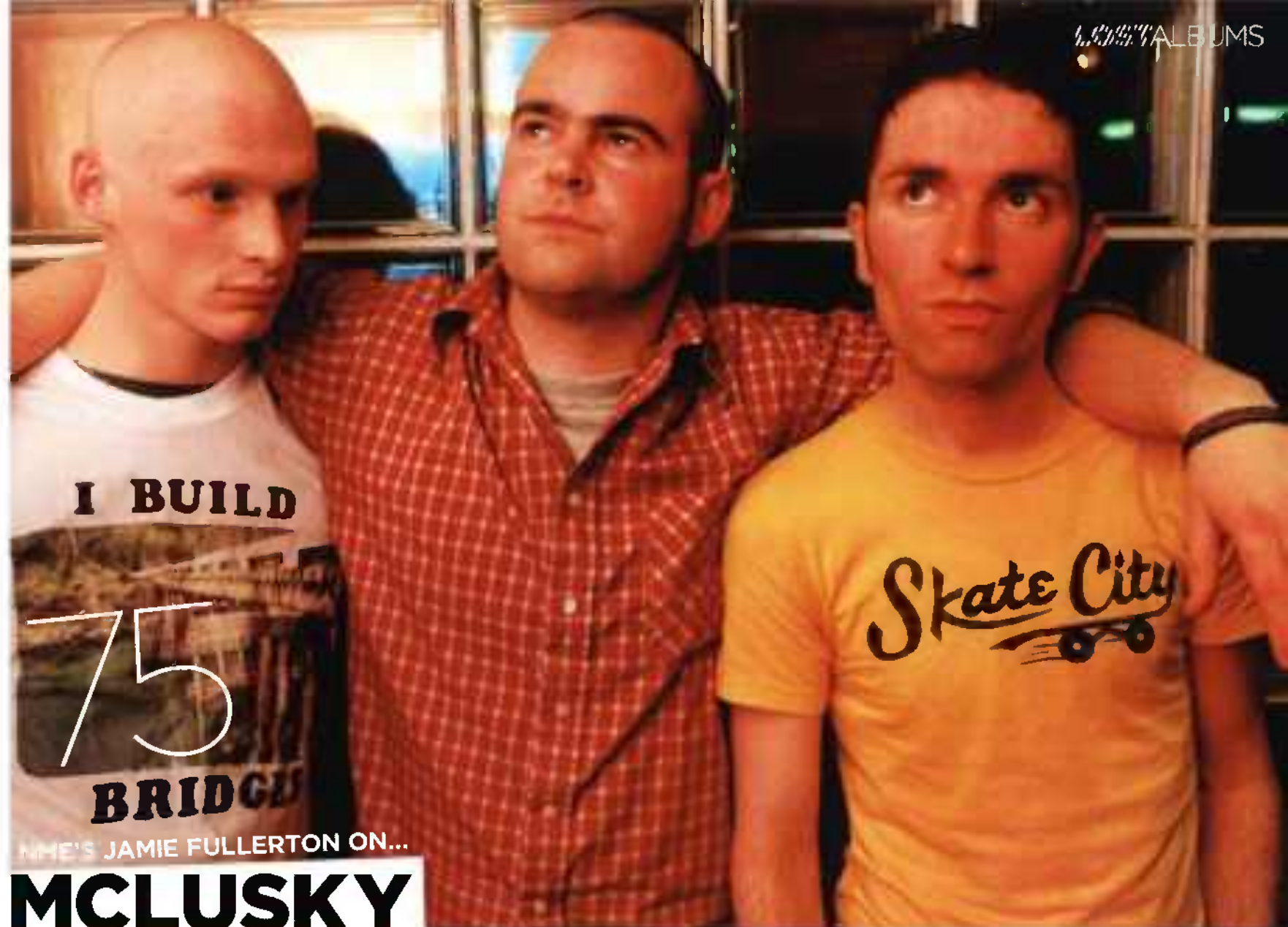
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THESE  
NEW  
PURITANS



PHOTOGRAPHER: ANDY FALLON



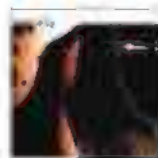


NME'S JAMIE FULLERTON ON...

# MCLUSKY

## MCLUSKY DO DALLAS (2002)

*Feral, fuzz-rock riffing from volatile Welsh trio – truly their own worst enemies*



Cardiff trio Mclusky's position as outsiders was always a blessing and a curse for them. Making scalp-witted Pixies-influenced thunder-rock as melodic as it was heavy in 2001, an age when all things Strokes, needly and spiky were moulding acceptable templates for guitar music again, meant they were always left bolted in the locker-room cupboard when the chance of a genuine breakthrough lay on the other side of the padlock.

Truth was, they weren't just outsiders on the UK guitar scene. They were outsiders in their own city. Songs such as 'Whoyouknow', 'Clique Application Form' and 'To Hell With Good Intentions' ('My dad is bigger than your dad/He's got eight cars and a house in Ireland, sing it') were thinly veiled assertions that frontman Andy 'Falco' Falkous, bassist Jon Chapple and drummer Mat Harding weren't willing to so much as smile at a sleazeball local promoter to get a break if Falco could instead pour a barrel of his trademark stage vitriol their way. The release of second album 'Mclusky Do Dallas' in 2002, the record those songs found a home on, should have been the moment that all

### 5 FROM MORRISSEY

**Jobriath**  
'Jobriath' (1973)  
Glam-popper distils Bowie to dangerous concentrations.

**Smoking Popes**  
'Born To Quilt' (1995)  
Grunge '90s college rockers with tunes to make you weep into your plaid.

**Sparks** 'Kimono My House' (1974)  
The brothers' a pop campsterpiece

**Damien Dempsey**  
'Seize The Day' (2004)  
Heartstring-tugging Irish strummage.

**Nico** 'Chelsea Girl' (1967)  
Sweet, granite-voiced melancholy.

these types were left for dust as the band went stratospheric.

Recorded with celebrated producer Steve Albini, the album saw the band's feral guitar string whiplash harnessed for the first time into taut, crazy-disciplined songs perfectly right-roped-prancing between deliriously untethered and Josh Homme-esque world-class riffing. Its greatness didn't go completely unnoticed – Mclusky's cult fanbase bloomed as the patronage of John Peel helped their music bend new ears as much as it made them bleed, but their refusal to actively tool up for an over-the-parapet assault meant things never got beyond cult. Much of the blame lay with the band – they turned down support slots with Albini's band Shellac in case anyone accused them of trying to ride his coattails, for example – but they still rightly felt hard done by as they scowled and scraped coinage together for noodle dinners on the tour van for every night.

The album was good enough for great things and they knew it – correctly bemoaning the fact that the likes of aforementioned single 'To Hell With Good Intentions', 'Collagen Rock' and 'Alan Is A Cowboy Killer' were so effortlessly catchy that one mainstream rock

channel A-listing the video, one evening DJ running with it, one magazine correctly proclaiming the band the UK's greatest rock act (NME shamefully under-exposed them at the time) and they would have had the one further spark they needed.

It never quite came, of course. The band made a third and final fantastic album in 2004 ('The Difference Between Me And You Is That I'm Not On Fire') before the abrasive tension between Falkous and Chapple rubbed too hard and they parted ways, Falkous forming Future Of The Left and Chapple starting his lo-fi rock project Shooting At Unarmed Men before emigrating to Australia.

With Falkous still on the toilet circuit breadline with FOTL and Chapple sporadically reigniting Shooting..., the pair are still living lives running unparallel to their talents. Falkous has said that barring terminal illness they will never speak again, but 'Mclusky Do Dallas' is the rock totem they will always share, whether it eventually gets forgotten in the archives of British rock history or not. It doesn't matter – it was made, it's there to discover, and anyone stumbling across it will find the greatest British rock album that never really was.



# SUICIDE



**JAMES ALLAN OF GLASVEGAS ON...**

**JAMES MURPHY OF LCD SOUNDSYSTEM ON...**

## SUICIDE (1977)

*Their no-compromise introduction to the world...*



I think 'Suicide' is a genius album. The first song I heard was 'Cheree', I thought it was a futuristic Buddy Holly-type thing. I got one of the albums, there was a booklet thing inside it that I still carry around with me. Some of the things Alan Vega said in it made sense. In it, it says, "Was your confrontational stance with the audience pre-conceived or a reaction to the response?" Alan Vega replies: "A combination of both. I always hated the idea of people going to a concert to be entertained. With us. I always said, 'Look, you're coming off the street, if you think you're being entertained by us forget about it. You're coming off the street to come into the street.'" I can feel their surroundings in the music. Suicide to me is, like, there's a truth to the sound of the '70s.

URBAN IMAGE



## SUICIDE (1980)

*...and its slightly more polished successor*



It's produced by Ric Ocasek from The Cars. He was a big fan of the band, and that's evidenced when you hear Cars songs like 'Shoo Be Doo' off 1979's 'Candy O' – it sounds like the first Suicide album. I think he made them a little more layered. I don't think it's as good in a lot of ways as their monolithic first record, which is just so simple and beautiful, but there's this amazing use of professional synthesizers, but it still retains a lot of weirdness and toughness. 'Diamonds, Fur Coat, Champagne' is one of my all-time favourite songs. The whole record is really good, but that's the main jam to get into. It's kinda thumpy and wonky and it's not as scary in a certain way, and maybe scarier because of it. It's not the record that everyone thinks of when you think of Suicide but it's remarkable, and it kinda sets up what's so great about their solo careers afterwards. It has a lot of the motorik beats and noise but instead of just

organ and beatbox it's more like synthesizers and layers.

I bought it because I was a Suicide fan – it was harder to find, it took me a while to get my hands on it. I didn't know if I liked it at first but it has obviously grown on me over the last 20 years. As soon as I heard Suicide my head exploded, it didn't sound like anything else. I've always been intimidated and inspired by bands that have a very singular vision, and it seemed like they'd made a decision and stuck with it, it's just tough sounding. Suicide have had an influence on the music I've made – they're the perfect example of using the vocal as a percussive instrument.

In a weird way it's like Michael Jackson's 'Smooth Criminal', but they use the vocals as a plosive (stopping the flow of air and suddenly releasing it) in a different way. Simplicity and stupidity and repetition, it's all part of the canon of things that make me make music.



78

KIP BERMAN OF THE PAINS OF  
BEING PURE AT HEART ON...THE PRIDS  
CHRONOSYNCLASTIC (2010)

I could write a magazine's worth of 'records of 2010 that people should have cared about a lot more'. Allo Darlin's debut, The Secret History's 'The World That Never Was', Shrag's 'Life! Death! Prizes!', Las Robertas' 'Cry Out Loud', The Depreciation Guild's 'Spirit Youth' ... But if I have to choose one, I'll go with The Prids' 'Chronosynclastic' as it seems to succeed most at being simultaneously awesome and critically ignored. It is filled with concise, near-heroic blasts of melodic '90s American fuzz guitar that wouldn't sound entirely out of place on Sonic Youth's 'Dirty' or a Built To Spill, Guided By Voices or early Helium release. Mistina and David's often co-sung vocals, delivered with a heartfelt severity, are at the core of the album's power, harvesting every ounce of emotional impact and loveliness out of these 10 songs. Oh, and they're even better live.

79

NOBLE OF BRITISH SEA POWER ON...

MOEBIUS & PLANK  
RASTAKRAUT PASTA (1980)

A true loony cross-pollination – krautrock reggae. In 1979 Germany the Swiss-born electronic/krautrock master Dieter Moebius (Cluster etc) teamed up with producer

Conny Plank and made this – aided by the great Can bassist Holger Czukay. The album was released in 1980, opening with a cacophony of TV news, pirate-radio chatter and gonzo slide bass. Thereafter, Lee 'Scratch' Perry's near-catatonic studio chasms become home to a shotgun wedding of white garage funk and Rhineland dub. Elsewhere you get what sounds like the Ramones at half speed, plus lovely lilting melodies and sci-fi electronics. Even at its most anarchic, the massive synth melodies and earworm harmonies stop it becoming a joke. Less international than intergalactic, and a landmark of late krautrock experimentation.

80

ELIZABETH & JEREMY OF  
SUMMER CAMP ON...FLEETWOOD MAC  
MIRAGE (1982)

We're not sure if this qualifies given that it was released on a major and remains in print. But among music fans, even ones who aren't averse to a bit of 'Rumours', this album

seems to be completely ignored. We happened across it in a north London charity shop. It must be the only album you can get on iTunes but not Limewire. It's astonishingly good. Anyone with a Fleetwood Mac best-of will remember the lingering images of Stevie Nicks' 'Gypsy', built around a classic Christine McVie piano line, but it's Christine's 'Only Over You', a tribute to her late boyfriend, Beach Boy Dennis Wilson, that really throws the emotional punch. Someone needs to sample it. Elsewhere Lindsey Buckingham contributes pop gems like 'Oh Diane' and 'Can't Go Back'. Brilliant stuff, every bit as good as 'Rumours', and it shits all over 'Tango In The Night'.

81

JIM  
SCLAVUNOS  
OF  
GRINDERMAN  
ON...

## HOWLIN' WOLF

THIS IS HOWLIN' WOLF'S NEW ALBUM. HE DOESN'T LIKE IT. HE DIDN'T LIKE HIS ELECTRIC GUITAR AT FIRST EITHER (1969)

*Visionary, psyched-up electric blues, disowned by its creator...*

Howlin' Wolf's  
new album.  
He doesn't like it.  
He didn't like his electric  
guitar at first either.

In late 1968, at the behest of Cadet Records' label chief Marshall Chess, blues legend Howlin' Wolf recorded this. While it doesn't even come close to winning the record for longest album title (Chumbawamba are current champs of that dubious distinction), it is one of rock history's more baldly self-explanatory album titles (although it's also known just as 'The Howlin' Wolf Album'). And any lingering doubt as to the artist's disdain for the project is clarified by the Wolf's subsequent summary of it as "dog shit".

Whether a cynical marketing ploy or visionary aesthetic experiment on Chess' part (or both), this attempt to update Howlin' Wolf's sound for a psychedelic generation in awe of Jimi Hendrix was dismissed at the time as a "sell-out" (though it sold only modestly) and flopped critically. Interestingly, around the same period, infamous Howlin' Wolf imitator Captain Beefheart's own Dadaist blues experiments were well underway. Considering how many decades it took for critics and audiences to even begin to grapple with the genius Beefheart had proudly wrought, it's no wonder both the title and Howlin' Wolf's comments have cemented an enduring neglect of this album.

For me, this sits impressively alongside any '60s experimentalist efforts. Slippery syncopated drums, twilight zone echo and nasty fuzz guitars, eerie drones, even a bit of

wiggly flute – all have a hand in this thoroughly deconstructed take on Howlin' Wolf's repertoire, rendering some of his best-known tunes initially almost unrecognisable. Classics are manhandled with impolite gusto; a haunting transformation of 'Moanin' At Midnight' is revelatory.

Howlin' Wolf was one of the first Mississippi Delta blues musicians to make the transition from acoustic to electric guitar, but this finds him well outside his comfort zone. In one of the spoken interludes between tracks, Howlin' Wolf expresses his misgivings about the "queer sounds" of the electric guitar. At another point, the nearly 60-year-old blues master asserts, "The blues come from way back. The thing that's going on today is not the blues, it's just a good beat that people carry." For although they welcomed the new-found worship of their young white audience, many bluesmen of Wolf's generation had a hard time relating to or even respecting the sonic innovations of Hendrix and his ilk.

Throughout the recording sessions, guitarist Pete Cosey (then an in-house session man for Chess Records, soon to work with Miles Davis) was the object of Wolf's scowling disapproval. Long-haired, sporting a lengthy braided beard, and with an array of effects pedals, Cosey embodied an attitude towards blues that Wolf found despicable, telling him: "Why don't you take them wah-wahs and all that other shit and go throw it off into the lake on your way to the barbershop?"



82

NME'S MATT WILKINSON ON...

# EDGAR 'JONES' JONES

## SOOTHING MUSIC FOR STRAY CATS (2005)

*The Scouse nearly-man does retro with style, flair and wit*



Sometimes, an album comes along that transcends all boundaries of predictability. Edgar Jones' sprawling 2005 solo masterpiece is a 16 track *beast* of a record – a musical time machine so rich in its genre-palette that, by rights, it really shouldn't stay afloat under the weight of its grandiose intentions. But float it does, for 'Soothing Music For Stray Cats' is Jones' crowning glory after nigh on 15 years fronting nearly bands (notably early '90s Liverpoolian riff faves The Stairs) and being the go-to session guy for everyone from Paul Weller to Saint Etienne.

The record's genius is channelled through two straits: Jones' undoubted talent as a first-class tunesmith and his near-encyclopaedic knowledge in getting the vast array of sounds he wants from his head to the tape. When any modern act worth their salt say they want to sound retro, *this* is the noise they're after. Few manage it as deftly as Jones, who takes a range of influences – Charles Mingus,

And anyway, when was the last time you heard a Beatles backing track that was Radiohead perfect? It wasn't important then, and Jones proves that it doesn't matter now either.

"It bent my head, man," Noel Gallagher said of this record when it came out, and criminally those words are still 'Soothing...'s main claim to fame. It's a shame, because this is no Britpop pastiche, as you might be fooled into thinking. Check standout track 'Freedom', for instance, which, as far as NME can tell, is the only song ever to take the melody of Glenn Miller's 'Moonlight Serenade', seamlessly affix some seminal Mingus lyrics and send the whole thing into heaven by making it *sound* like a great, lost Sly & The Family Stone classic. For this alone, Edgar Jones should be hailed something of a musical genius.

He's funny too, which is handy because none of this would work nearly as well if he'd stepped into the fray totally straight. Take doo-wop beauty 'Do Doh Dontcha Doh' – title derived from Harry Enfield's Scousers piss-take, or the hilariously ambiguous 'Oh Man That's Some Shit'. Both are high points, though it's the latter that really blows your mind; Jones pushing his voice to the absolute limit by stirring up an eerily good gospel vocal impression (the sheer power!) with handclaps, Fela-funk and (oh yes!) the greatest high pitched whistle ever committed to tape. Elsewhere, 'More Than You've Ever Had' is arguably the most accessible moment on the record, while the jazzy, epic 'Gonna Miss You When You're Gone' is probably the best embodiment of the album's title. Every track here offers something new, fresh and vibrant – but really, what's the point? These words alone could never do Jones – a true Liverpool hero – justice.

### Listening to this becomes an aural history of the world's coolest music

doo-wop, New Orleans funk, Merseybeat, Fania Records, pastoral folk – and bathes himself in the beauty of each. As a result, listening to it becomes something of an aural history of the world's coolest music, arranged by a man who knows no limits and seriously enjoys plying his trade.

Recorded in Jones' semi-detached on an eight-track Portastudio "borrowed" from one Johnny Marr (again, how cool is that?), the preparation, thought and out and-out swing that goes into each second of 'Soothing...' is unparalleled. Sure, there are mistakes here – doorbells ring, sound levels go awfully awry, fade-outs suddenly become muted, but these nuances are the perfectly imperfect subtleties that give the record character.

83-87

# MARK RONSON ON... HIP-HOP

*An off-the-beaten-track selection of beats and rhymes from deep inside his much in-demand 'Record Collection'*

## SMIF-N-WESSUN DAH SHININ' (1995)



The beats are kind of classic New York, what they call the golden era of hip-hop, when you had this combination of great samples and really raw drums. No-one was writing hooks for the radio, these people were just writing shit 'cos it was good and it was getting on the radio anyway. No-one was like, "You've got to have an R&B sung chorus here." So you get songs like 'Bucktown' and 'Sound Bwoy Bureill', where it feels like the beginning – when you listen to great rock'n'roll shit in the '60s there was no formula to it, they just happened to be making really good shit. That's what a lot of the mid-'90s era of hip hop was like and that happens to be my favourite period of hip-hop.

## PETE ROCK AND CL SMOOTH MECCA AND THE SOUL BROTHER (1992)



That album probably has my favourite hip-hop tracks of all time on it, 'They Reminisce Over You (T.R.O.Y.)'. All these records epitomise the same thing to me. The thing when you listen to hip-hop now is that everything has the same kick and snare, the 808 or the 909 drums – the old art was that each song on your record had to have a different kick and snare and you'd be digging the crates for some obscure drum break. Pete Rock was known as the king of finding samples and his drums, the way he programmed them, had a really human feel, as if there was a jazz drummer playing it, except they had these really fucking heavy kicks and snares.

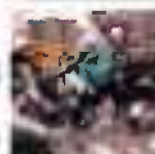
## BRAND NUBIAN ONE FOR ALL (1990)



Even though Grand Puba was the star of Brand Nubian and went on to have the biggest solo career, all three of them were pretty amazing rappers. It was just before hip-hop went down-tempo and got a little moodier and all the beats were harder and eerier. It was that era when you didn't sound soft if you were rapping over an up-tempo happy beat. Even Jay-Z was making records back in that era, like his track with Original Flavor and stuff. They had great production and used really cool samples from soul and reggae – songs like 'All For One' and 'Concerto In X Minor' that are some of the best up-tempo hip-hop of that era.

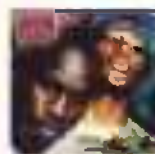


## DIAMOND D STUNTS, BLUNTS AND HIP HOP (1992)



I think of all the producers that rapped I'd have to say that I think Diamond is probably my favourite. On The Jugges' album he raps on a song called 'The Score' and he says, "By far I'm the best producer on the mic", and obviously in hip-hop everyone says they're the best at everything all the time, but he is the best at rapping over his own beats. The thing about that era is they'd be laying three or four samples over the top of one track and you had these amazing sound collages that you couldn't get away with these days because you'd just get sued and no-one can afford to pay for samples. Kanye is the only person who can afford to clear samples and that's the reason that a lot of hip-hop is very formulaic.

## MOBB DEEP THE INFAMOUS (1995)



This came a little bit later and it was little more eerie, and for two 17-year-old kids the rhymes were kind of sinister. The rhyme that always comes to mind is from the song 'Shook Ones' where he goes, "rock you in your face, stab your brain with your nose bone", which I always thought was one of the most graphic rhymes of violence that existed, certainly on a great hip-hop song that you would hear on the radio all the time. The song was so aggro and sinister but girls really liked it, I don't know why. It's pretty amazing because Q-Tip had taken them on as his baby brothers and he'd given them his library of drum samples. Q-Tip's drum sounds at that time were the equivalent of the Quincy Jones of hip-hop, clear but incredible, and sounded amazing in a club. So you'd have this raw, Queensbridge, nasally, eerie slowness that these guys had over this incredible production. Amazing.



TOM COLEY, RETNA



**88** JEREMY PRITCHARD OF  
EVERYTHING EVERYTHING ON...

**SHIT AND SHINE**  
JEALOUS OF SHIT AND SHINE (2006)

*The only multi-drummer  
drone-rock opus on our list*



I saw their name on a flyer handed out after a Silver Rocket club night in London in 2004. It was hard to forget. A few months later I saw them play at a friend's party. I'd been to a funeral during the day. It simultaneously heightened and alleviated my unease. I've seen them with anything from two to six drummers. I believe these days if a promoter votes more than two drummers they are told to fuck off...

I love 'Jealous Of Shit And Shine' the same way I love everything they do; the utter wretchedness coupled with humour; the surprising depth of what could seem initially like a one-dimensional sound; the cast iron but utterly uncontrived 'absolutely-don't-give-a-fuck-about-what-you-think-ness' that it exudes. Although it sounds really abrasive, some song titles and the artwork spell out their playful streak pretty clearly.

I don't think it's one of the best records ever, I don't think they think it is. That's not the point of \$\$\$. They would never see themselves in the context of the incessant canonisation and list-making that goes on with most rock music, or any particular wider context for that matter. Likewise, I wouldn't even try to convince people that they should listen to this album. You need to see this band live to even want to approach the records. It's how I came to it. They're in a similar bracket to bands like Sunn O))), Earth, Sleep and Om, although generally more brutal. There are some Krautrock elements in places too: Can, Neu! and others. The Velvet Underground's 'Sister Ray' perhaps provides a very basic template for the uninited. I think it's safe to say that none of the \$\$\$ sound has made it to Everything Everything. I will, however, forever admire their total lack of confines.

89

**90 day men**  
(it (is) it) critical band



**DARWIN  
DEEZ ON...**

**90 DAY MEN**  
(IT (IS) IT) CRITICAL BAND (2000)

*Music for depressed hipsters. Cue some "thrilling ennui"*

Other lost albums include: Q And Not U's debut, 'No Kill No Beep Beep', and Animal Collective's 'Spirit They're Gone, Spirit They've Vanished'. The former was buried under subsequent records of worse quality and the latter was buried under subsequent records of increasing quality, and a sheer volume of them. But the record I'd pick above both of these is this Chicago-via-St Louis band's debut album, which came out in 2000, and is musical darkness, malaise and existentialism in its own unique way.

This record is for intelligent, desperately lonely 18-year-old boys like myself. It's Slint-ish, it's pretentious, and it's more full of ennui than anything else in the fucking world. It's sad, it's angry, and every track on it is

wonderfully listenable, given the right age, gender, mood and SAT scores. My friend Tess, who turned me on to the album, traced the sonic uniqueness to Brian Case's reverbed guitar sound, which is prevalent throughout. Adding a layer of sadness and epic-ness is Andy Lansangan's Rhodes keyboard playing. The heart of the sound, though, is Case's bored-to-death vocal delivery. Just often enough, he expresses genuine rage, but most of the time the anger is kept behind the curtain of his lifeless "yeabs".

This is music to keep smart, depressed hipsters stuck down in the dumps. It's no mystery why I haven't listened to it for years. But the main reason, really, is that I know it all by heart anyway.

**90** ALEX SCALLY OF  
BEACH HOUSE ON...  
**SANDY DENNY  
AND THE STRAWBS**  
ALL OUR OWN WORK (1973)



This is a late-'60s LP (even though it was not released 'til 1973) featuring Sandy Denny before she got all Fairported. She was 19 when this one-off was recorded in 1967, and the guy from The Strawbs, Dave Cousins, found her singing at an open-mic night. The next year she went off to join the band that she would end up doing her most celebrated work with, but this record is still amazing. The songs are very well-written pop structures and full of feeling at the same time. Listen to 'Stay Awhile With Me' - that's the best song here.

**91** STELLA MOZGAWA  
OF WARPAINT ON...  
**FANNY**  
MOTHER'S PRIDE (1973)



Fanny were pioneers, one of the first rock bands to feature all women, and the second ever to go on a major label when they signed to Reprise in 1969. The album was produced by Todd Rundgren. They featured two sisters by the name of June and Jean Millington. They came from California and played dirty rock'n'soul. I have heard David Bowie remains a big fan to this day - he called them the great lost band of the '70s. This album is filthy, with a really dirty sound, and frankly every record collection should contain a copy!





NME'S ALAN WOODHOUSE ON...

## 92 THE GO-BETWEENS

16 LOVERS LANE (1988)

*Inter-band relationships led to both their demise and the creation of their masterpiece*

The Go-Betweens spent virtually all of the '80s being fawned over by awestruck rock critics. However, the Aussie band were never able to

translate their critical acclaim into any kind of solid commercial success, unlike their kindred spirits REM and The Smiths. They had to settle for a position in the alt rock pantheon similar to their heroes The Velvet Underground – massively influential on those who bought their records (we're looking at you, Belle & Sebastian) but never making much of an impression on the masses. This still seems bizarre, especially when listening back to their initial swansong.

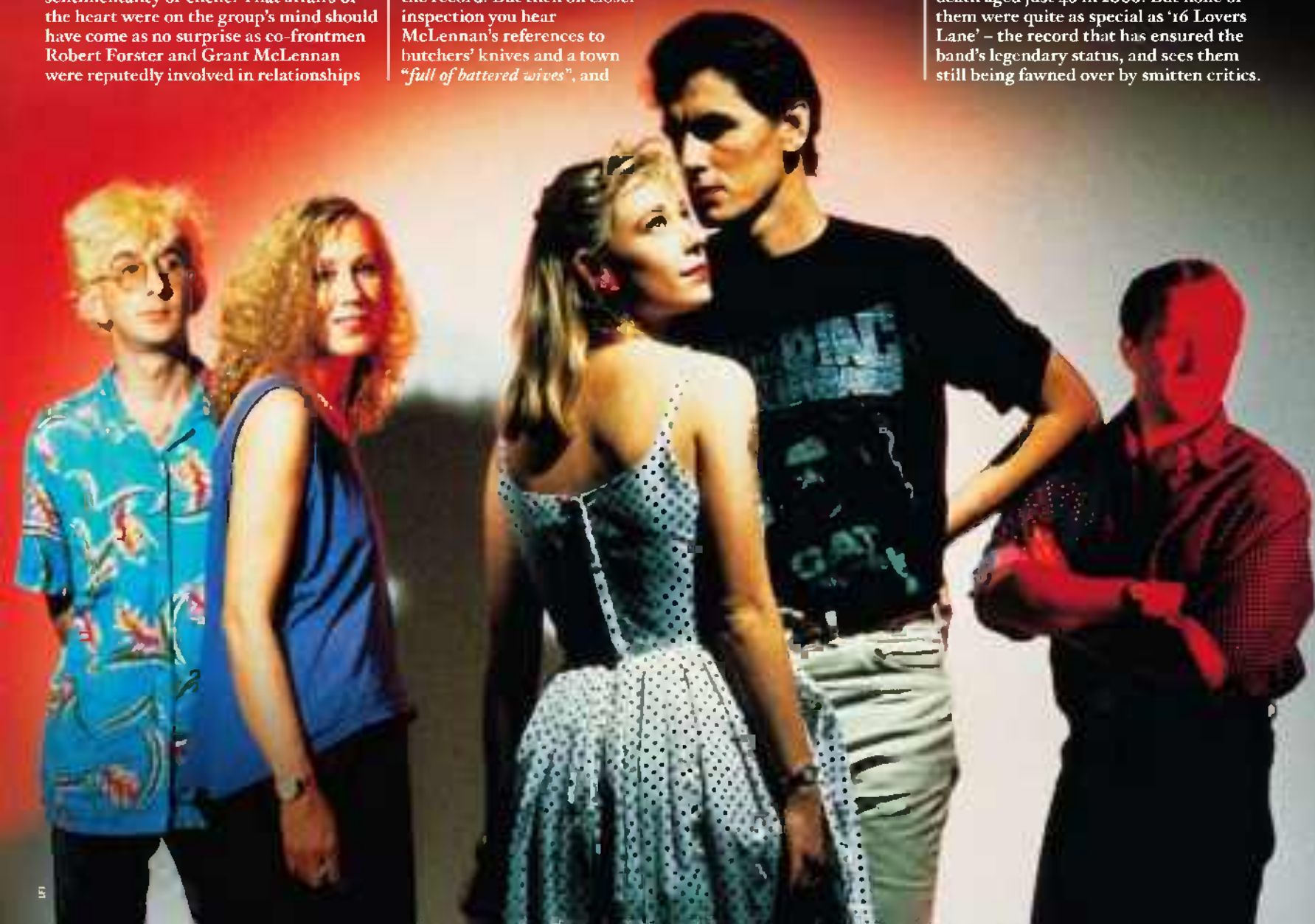
'16 Lovers Lane' is a deeply moving set of pristine pop songs that focus almost exclusively on relationship issues, but somehow completely avoid trite sentimentality or cliché. That affairs of the heart were on the group's mind should have come as no surprise as co-frontmen Robert Forster and Grant McLennan were reputedly involved in relationships

around that period with their female bandmates, drummer Lindy Morrison and multi-instrumentalist Amanda Brown respectively. As a result, '16 Lovers Lane' has gained a reputation as the indie 'Rumours'. What's true of both albums is that the band concerned used their complicated situations to dramatic effect, creating a career highpoint so strong it left them floundering afterwards, unsure of how to follow it. But while Fleetwood Mac stumbled on, The Go-Betweens imploded completely, seemingly fed up that chart success was destined to elude them forever. No wonder they felt disillusioned. There isn't a single weak moment on an album that straddled the line perfectly between mainstream pop and edgy credibility. Take 'Streets Of Your Town', the song which came the closest to giving the band a big hit single. It's the most infectious, instant song on the record. But then on closer inspection you hear McLennan's references to butchers' knives and a town "full of battered wives", and

you hear that behind the sun-dappled singalong lurks a darkness that gives the record its fully rounded feel. Elsewhere, his 'Quiet Heart' nicks the melody from U2's 'With Or Without You' to spine-tingling effect, while the sparse acoustics of the breathtaking 'The Devil's Eye' give us a break from the lavish arrangements which dominate the record.

Forster's songs are more cynical, but on the evidence of 'Love Is A Sign' and the brilliantly caustic 'Clouds' he seems to be struggling to find the real thing himself. Witness the beautiful closer 'Dive For Your Memory', where he laments an old flame that clearly meant the world to him.

The group's lack of hits certainly hasn't dimmed people's fondness for them. Forster and McLennan reconvened in 2000 using the old brand name and released three outstanding, well-received albums before McLennan's tragic, sudden death aged just 48 in 2006. But none of them were quite as special as '16 Lovers Lane' – the record that has ensured the band's legendary status, and sees them still being fawned over by smitten critics.





**93** **FELIX WHITE OF THE MACCABEES ON...**  
**THE WALKMEN**  
**YOU & ME (2008)**



The Walkmen are a band who seem to be known to everyone as "that band who wrote that song 'The Rat'". My housemate, who's really in love with them, was like, "Listen, you HAVI to hear this album." So I did and he was right, it's absolutely incredible. They sound like one of those really insular bands who don't really listen to much modern music, but the soundscapes are amazing, and the songs just get you. They're a very consistent band as well – every Walkmen album I've ever heard has been great, but this one in particular I love, mainly because of the guitar sounds. Their guitars sound a million miles away and yet still abrasive, but only when you pick them out. At the same time it's an incredibly warm album. It's unique stuff.

I don't know why it's gone so unappreciated, because it really is fucking awesome. It seems to be that some bands just never get the break they deserve. And in a weird way, when that happens, it means a little more to you when you discover them for yourself.

**94** **HAYDEN THORPE OF JUNIOR BOYS**  
**SO THIS IS GOODBYE (2006)**



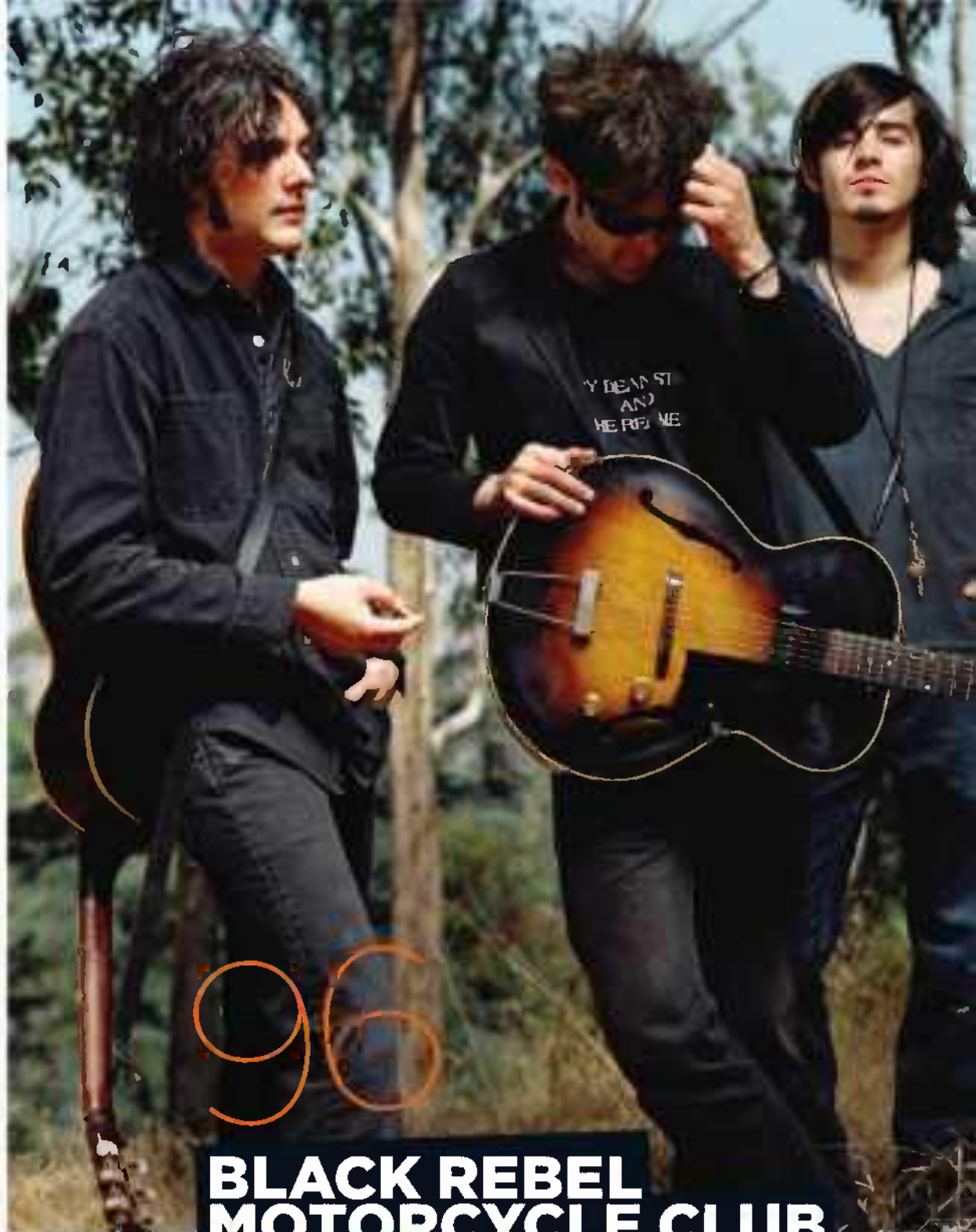
Collectively this is one of the band's favourite albums of all time. It's their second LP, but I could have picked any of them, they're all really good.

They're genuinely groovy records. It sounds horrible, but sexy music is a good way of describing it. It's slightly deeper music than a lot of stuff in that genre. It's quite slow-burning, perhaps not as immediate as it could be to be more widely acknowledged. 'In The Morning' is a masterpiece of a song. They remixed one of our songs recently which was an absolute dream for us. Jeremy Greenspan sang some of my words from 'The Fun Powder Plot', which was a weird but beautiful experience. I've never met them – I'm fearful of meeting anyone you respect because if you really love someone's work you see them as superhuman. But humans are only human at the end of the day!

**95** **RODDY BOTTUM OF FAITH NO MORE ON...**  
**FRIGHTWIG**  
**CAT FARM FABOO (1984)**



Fuck foxcore, basically. This is what put the musical sisters on the map. Frightwig were great friends of mine. That they put out a record and made themselves known was very important for me. They were a huge inspiration for L7, too. In fact, L7 tipped them off in that they end all their songs in German with all that 'ein, zwei' stuff. They were a huge, attitude-ridden wall of sound with a lot of sexual angst thrown in. In the light of the female bands going down, Frightwig are getting overlooked.

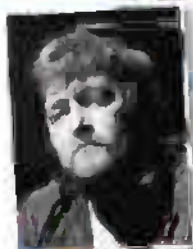


96

**BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB**

**HOWL (2005)**

*They ditched the distortion, brought out the acoustics and in doing so lost the attention of all but a select few*



**GUY GARVEY OF ELBOW ON...**



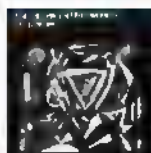
This is the third Black Rebel Motorcycle Club album, and it just didn't get anything like the coverage or the praise that it should have done at the time – I thought it was a fucking amazing record, absolutely terrific. I don't know why it's so under-appreciated – maybe it isn't in other countries, I don't know, but for some reason it just never really worked over here. People didn't really get it, and nobody ever picked up on how good it was, maybe because, being mostly acoustic, it was so different to their first two records.

But you can tell when you listen to it that the album is really coming from the soul. The lyrics to one of the songs, 'Fault Line' – "Racing with the rising tide to my father's door" – that's poetry, that is. Those are proper, Dylan-class lyrics. That's probably my favourite track on the album – it's fantastic, I wish I'd written it myself, to be honest. It makes me think about dad and lads, which normally makes me a little tearful! But the whole album is just beautiful musically, and it was a real departure for the band as well. For me, it's the best album they've ever made. I just love it.



**97** PETE TOWNSHEND  
OF THE WHO ON...

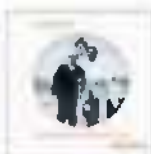
**SUN RA**  
THE HELIOCENTRIC WORLDS  
OF SUN RA (1965)



One of the things I used to love about buying records was that thing where you can't get hold of stuff you want – like now, where people go round every dance shop in London, or every indie shop for some American import, until finally you find it and it's, like, "YES! I've got it!" Then that record becomes a part of your life. I used to get that with Sun Ra. I got really into that way-out avant-garde jazz, but you couldn't find his records anywhere. So, one day, I was in a jazz shop in Chicago and I said, "Have you got any Sun Ra?" The guy says, "Yeah, all his stuff." I said, "Give me everything." He comes back with 250 albums. Most of which I've still got, still in the shrinkwrap.

**98** JAMIE SMITH OF THE XX ON...

**JACKIE MCLEAN  
AND MICHAEL CARVIN**  
ANTIQUITY (1974)



I've chosen this one because I've been listening to it a lot recently – it's just crept back into my life. It's a jazz album from the early '70s that's quite innovative, it has rhythms that could still be played out now in the dance clubs. I didn't even know about it for a long time, then I heard Four Tet play it in a DJ set and I was just amazed – and amazed that more people hadn't heard of it. I would describe it as kind of experimental jazz. I don't know that much about it and I think it's pretty under the radar, which is cool. There's a lot of percussion and space in it and there's a lot of weird African chanting, then there's also some great heavy drum riffs that sound like they could be sampled in UK garage. It's just a really exciting record. My favourite track is 'De I Comahlee Ah', but I'm not even really sure how to pronounce it.

**99** LEE NEWELL OF BROTHER ON...  
**MORRISSEY**  
BONA DRAG (1990)



This is a compilation that came out between his first two albums. Most of the stuff he plays live now is off 'Ringleader Of The Tormentors' and 'Years Of Refusal'. But there's some great songs on here. 'Piccadilly Palare', the first track, is one of my favourites: it's about a secret language that transvestites and gay people used, back when it was illegal. That sounds ridiculous now, but you wouldn't get anyone singing about such a topic any more. It's a bold statement for someone to release that. Same thing with 'November Spawned A Monster', another song that doesn't get talked about much. Even Morrissey's own solo stuff now is more straight down the line. But people should know about these songs for definite.

NME.COM

Now that you've made it to the end of our 100 lost albums, head over to **NME.COM/blogs** to tell us all about the record that sits proudly in your record collection, the one that everyone else should really know about.



**MICHAEL MCKNIGHT OF FRANKIE  
& THE HEARTSTRINGS ON...**

**THE BUFF MEDWAYS**  
**STEADY THE BUFFS (2002)**

Also Number 100 in the Chatham legend's garage punk legacy



Although this record was well received upon its release in 2002, it was nowhere near given the plaudits it deserved considering he is the modern-day William Blake. His lyrics are on a par with anything written by Charles Bukowski and his guitar sounds like everything that's great about The Kinks. So few artists write with such honesty and just let the songs stand up for themselves.

The album – which I believe to be his rooth – inspired me to start a band and we make numerous references to it in Frankie & The Heartstrings. There's a painting by Wolf Howard [The Buff Medways' drummer] in

our video for 'Fragile'. Our album 'Hunger' is the title of a book by Knut Hamsun which Billy refers to in his poem *I Am The Strange Hero Of Hunger*. The poem also inspired our lyrics, Billy mentions many of his favourite authors and inspirations, as do we in our songs. F Scott Fitzgerald, Scott Walker, Edwyn Collins and Mike Leigh all get a nod.

I have a huge fixation with anybody that has a story to tell. That's why Daniel Johnston and Mark E Smith are so important to me but none come close to Billy Childish though. He's recorded over 100 LPs during his 24 year career, painted 2,000 odd paintings, written four novels and penned 30-plus volumes of poetry. And he's got an amazing 'tache.



## LIVE

Edited by Emily Mackay



## THE VIEW FROM THE STAGE



André De Ridder, conductor

"I am really proud to have been able to do this in Berlin. Getting inside their music has been an amazing experience. I want to do more stuff like this, things that don't fit into the normal concert way of doing things. I would like to commission them to write pieces. It could be a really interesting case of band as a collective writing orchestral music. Why not?"

## THESE NEW PURITANS

HEBBEL-THEATER, BERLIN MONDAY, DECEMBER 6

*The inventive ambition of the 'Hidden' live experience excels in its spiritual home*

At the end of the Second World War, the Hebbel-Theater was one of only a few performance spaces left amid the ruins of the German capital. In order to reach it, Berliners had to scramble for 20 minutes across streets blasted into rubble by American and British bombs. With no cash economy to speak of, coal was used as currency to buy tickets. Nevertheless, with theatre suppressed under the Nazi regime now gracing its stage alongside new works from outside Germany's borders, every performance at the Hebbel-Theater was packed out by an audience hungry for the cultural materiel with which to build a new future.

It was this desire to break with the recent past that birthed both the post-war German classical avant-garde and the progressive groups of the 1970s, like Can, Neu! and Kraftwerk, who in turn inspired British post-punk. These New Puritans are not merely the natural heirs to these pan-European traditions, but are breaking fresh ground too. As tonight's conductor André de Ridder says

afterwards: "These New Puritans have brought something new to Berlin."

The black box of Halle II is filled with recordings of cars zooming past over a high-pitched yet ancient-sounding drone. The children's choir, from de Ridder's son's school, appear onstage dressed in 'Hidden' T-shirts. Apparently there was a last-minute personnel change as some parents were unhappy with their offspring singing "we want war". The

*'Hidden' live is yet more proof that no music should be deemed 'difficult'*

orchestra take their positions, and finally Jack and George Barnett, Tom Hein and Sophie Sleigh-Johnson enter. As the musicians pick up their instruments, the drone becomes the opening woodwind to 'Time Xone' and then George and Tom and the two percussionists detonate 'We Want War'. This not only sounds astonishing – clattering, intense, some

of that R&B production-inspired sheen on the record sandblasted away – but is visually arresting too. Facing away from us, de Ridder directs the power of the 'Hidden' ensemble. Jack Barnett, in the unusual garb of a plain black T-shirt over chainmail, completes the circuit and channels the energy back out at us.

It certainly affects this crowd. By 'Attack Music', half the Berliners are on their feet and trying to work out how to dance to these deep vibrations and choruses that shouldn't really work. By the time the stage is sprayed with *bons d'oeuvres* of melon and crackers in 'Fire Power' nobody remains seated. This is a receptive audience tuned to accept the blurring of the avant-garde and the mainstream.

For 'Hidden' live is yet more proof that no music should be deemed 'difficult'. These New Puritans are not without soul – they just seek to find it in that tiny gap between beauty and violence, such as

when the azure balm of 'Canticle' is ripped asunder by the militaristic pummelling of 'Drum Courts – Where Corals Lie'. There, George and Tom and the two percussionists alternately dominate, then pull back, allowing clarinet and Jack's vocals to meander. Sometimes this sweet melody is at odds with, and sometimes a respite from, the barrage. It's not only an orchestral movement within 10 minutes, but also reminiscent of Einstürzende Neubauten, who in the early '80s trawled the West Berlin cityscape around the Hebbel-Theater in search of metal to wire up as they redefined *musique concrète*.

Back home, These New Puritans are still derided by some for *this sort of thing*, Jack Barnett's proclamations and shyness taken for arrogance, their ambition for that greatest of British sins – someone daring to get above their station. In this case that's the misconception that These New Puritans are nothing more than a reasonable post-punk group. But what of the arrogance of those who dismiss them? Frankly, they're quite welcome to the Simpletons and Mumfords.



Clockwise from far left: A stand-up TNP show; Orchestral manoeuvres that are dark; Jack and fans

By contrast, there's no egotism here: These New Puritans humbly see themselves as just one section in the ensemble. In closing piece '5', George is head bowed behind his drumkit, Tom the same behind his chains and electronics, Sophie out of the light... and Jack stands right at the very back behind the percussionists as the stage is left to the orchestra, de Ridder and the children's choir.

There's just the one encore, a reworking of 'En Papier' reinforced by a heavy woodwind low-end. This reinterpretation shows how those early songs were just rough blueprints. 'Hidden' live marks the summation of five years of unabashed creativity, the tying up of a thread that can be traced from the time when Jack and George celebrated their 18th birthdays by coming to this city to explore art galleries, then their first release (the 'Now Pluvial' EP in 2006), via 'Beat Pyramid' to the electric kickstart to 2010 that was 'We Want War', then 'Hidden' itself until, finally, this freezing December night in Berlin.

'Hidden' live is a glimpse of something perfectly formed yet entirely transitory, these few minutes for these few people within these four walls: this will never be repeated. Tonight is both a culminating triumph and – crucially – the final levelling before These New Puritans disappear back to the anonymity of their Leigh-on-Sea home, and begin, once again, to build anew. **Luke Turner**

Watch NME's documentary on the making of 'Hidden' at [NME.COM/artists/these-new-puritans](http://NME.COM/artists/these-new-puritans)



## SUEDE

THE O2, LONDON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7

*Their biggest ever indoor show is a triumph – but where do they go from here?*

Brett Anderson told *NME* recently that he wanted to carry on with the Suede reunion "until it stops feeling special". The fear was that tonight would be that night. Suede even at their peak were never stadium band, and the O2 is a hangar that even Bruce Springsteen has to break a sweat to make work.

The first few verses of 'This Hollywood Life' don't quite hit the ground running, but by the time they get to the delicious "ooooohs" and that writhing guitar, lift off is had. 'She' keeps up the evil energies, Brett whipping his hair around as the intro works itself out strutting and deadly, bawling "nowhere places/no fucker wants to be", always the bully boy live,

exhorting "Come on, let's dance!" before a pugnacious 'Trash'. It's brilliant song after brilliant song: 'The Drowners', 'Animal Nitrate'. And then, for the first time in the UK since their reunion shows began, an audacious 'We Are The Pigs'. It's testament to the power of all their back catalogue though, that they can play a brooding 'Pantomime Horse' and the melancholy 'By The Sea' back to back and no-one seems to be twitching for a hit. Brett's in the crowd, looking 400 times more comfortable with a pawing than Win Butler did the previous week in the same venue. Back on the stage, he drops to all fours, panting, staring out before rising to his knees like the sexiest

meerkat to ever sniff danger. 'Filmstar' is Suede to the nth power, strutting, superficially superficial and sharp as hell. After the last big-hitter is dispatched in the form of 'Beautiful Ones', a brilliant, brave encore of B-sides 'The Living Dead' and 'For The Birds' is slightly let down by closing on 'Saturday Night', a great song, but not one that signs tonight off in the way it should.

"It's always so special to come and play London... hopefully you'll see us again," says Brett by way of goodbye. It's an open ending, and one we can't help but worry about. How could the momentum possibly be kept up after tonight? Well, we were wrong once... **Emily Mackay**

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# ON THE ROAD WITH FRIGHTENED RABBIT

*The Scots fight snowstorms and rain to play their biggest ever London show and a triumphant homecoming*

## O2 SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE, LONDON, WEDNESDAY DEC 1

The pavement has turned to sheet ice and a busy year is slipping away from Glasgow's Frightened Rabbit by the time they play their biggest London show yet at the O2 Shepherd's Bush Empire. Inside the Thai restaurant next door, the band are reminiscing about the release of their third album, two tours and signing a major label deal with Atlantic last month. There is also some regret about the dates in Germany that they had to cancel because of frontman Scott Hutchison's sore throat a few weeks ago.

"To be honest, we all needed a rest," says his brother and drummer Grant. Grant was hospitalised twice this year from illnesses relating to exhaustion.

Convinced that constant sore throats were due to something more serious than their crazy touring schedule, Scott booked himself in to see a throat specialist, who gave him shots of vitamin B12 and told him not to eat before bed. "Acid reflux," he explains while sipping a bottle of Singha, adding, half-truthfully "I never care about these things until I have to."

Backstage at the Empire he paces up and down in front of their rider of Sensations and soft cheeses while Grant digs for his cigarettes in a rucksack.

"We've not stayed in a Travelodge once this tour," Grant confides. Tonight the band are guests at the K West Hotel across the way, a favourite stopover of the bigger bands passing through town. They wonder about rubbing shoulders with Arcade Fire and The National, who are also playing shows in London tonight. Risky, that – having your biggest gig yet on the same night that two other cult indie bands are in town. Especially since Frightened Rabbit always seemed to have more in common with their American cousins, and were for some time a bigger name stateside than here in the UK. Does it seem a big deal to Scott?

"Yes, it does." He pauses. "I'd be pacing back and



forth whatever though."

Part of him is still creaking the floorboards of the dressing room all through opener 'Things', which sounds shy inside the old theatre. The circle and stalls are full and the band warm up through 'The Modern Leper'. By 'Old Old Fashioned' there's a pocket of boisterousness down the front pogoing,

Scott exhorting the crowd to rub crotches for warmth.

The gig rattles on, the familiar tracks flying from the frets. In 'Backwards Walk', pink strobes flash and keyboards drone all over what used to be Scott laid bare over an acoustic and drums. Now the five of them take up the whole stage and the old song seems stretched between them or faded in the brighter lights.

Before 'Keep Yourself Warm', Scott toasts the crowd. "We know that it's cold and we know you had choices, but we're so glad you came," he says, racing into 'The Loneliness And The Scream'. Over the deafening loops at the end he's bent double over the microphone, slipping lyrics from 'Bloodbuzz Ohio' by The National over the closing chords, just like another frontman a few miles across town.

## VIEW FROM THE CREW



*Iain Graham,  
tour manager*

"I was a soundman for 10 years so I do all the sound as well as driving the van – when they let me! This has been an easy tour to do – I've had to claw jobs off them. Frightened Rabbit have been DIY for so long they practically tour-manage themselves. I'm getting them to let me look after things, though."

## BARROWLAND, GLASGOW, FRIDAY DEC 3

If fans had choices on Wednesday, they're all gone by Friday. Twitter is awash with pleas from people snowed in all over the north of Scotland and pissed that they can't risk the roads to make the big homecoming gig. Frightened Rabbit are retweeting as fast as they can, hooking up strangers with lifts and telling people to hang on for more travel news before throwing in the towel. @bikebhoys is impressed. "This is brilliant," he tweets two hours from showtime, "travel news, car-sharing, tix exchange network. What a service!"

Between tweets, the band are fretting backstage at Barrowland as they sign posters and T-shirts for the merch stand. "Our craziest fans are in the north, and they can't get down," says guitarist Gordon Skene, the newest member of the band. "We'll have empty patches in the crowd after selling out the best venue in Glasgow twice over. It's shit!"

Meanwhile, Scott slips into the dressing room and their manager, Storme, closes the door behind him, motioning to Grant. "He's doing his vocal exercises," she mouths, as scales are heard in the background. Everyone is taking tonight's gig seriously.

There is a scattering of people across the sprung wooden floors of Barrowland for first support Sky Larkin. "It can be difficult to support a

band like Frightened Rabbit," their bassist Doug Adams says afterwards. "They tend to have these really passionate, obsessive fans."

Good thing, really, as only that kind of enthusiasm could fill the cavernous ballroom as Scotland freezes over outside. Tonight's show is made of different stuff from their London date. The audience is screaming before Scott even reaches the mic. "I can't tell you how happy we are to be here," he tells them. "When you start a band in this country, everything leads to this point right here."

In 'Old Old Fashioned' you can barely hear Scott over the chanting in the crowd, who chuck plastic cups above their heads in celebration and bounce around like loons. Tonight, 'Backwards Walk' is carried right off the stage and comes from the mouths of the Scots who have made it their own.

"These songs belong to those people way more than me now," Scott says afterwards. "And the feelings in these songs are reversed because of how they are received."

We're at the afterparty in the ABC Club and Scott looks gleeful as he dances with his mum to Snoop Dogg while his beautiful girlfriend orders drinks at the bar. He seems a long way from the broken man on 2008's anthemic 'The Midnight Organ Fight', and he feels it, too: "I don't have anything to write about it anymore, not about me, because I'm quite settled. That may be a good thing. Playing such personal songs every night can get a bit... much."

Outside, we dodge Glasgow's Friday night punch-ups on our way to the takeaway. Scott's talking excitedly about the studio he's rented on the outskirts of Edinburgh to start writing their first album for Atlantic next year, and promising Grant that there's enough space for him to come and practise. "That's practise, not jam," he insists. "Frightened Rabbit don't jam."

Moments later he's dancing across the road with his girlfriend, carrying pizza boxes above their heads, and looking perfectly at home on Glasgow's wet, mean streets.

"See you tomorrow!" Scott calls, ducking into a taxi. It's been a busy year for Frightened Rabbit and tonight feels like the end of something. Really, though, it's only just the beginning. *Hazel Sheffield*





Wednesday, London  
Scott fiercely guards the rider at the Empire



Wednesday, London  
Word of advice: the audience will be the other way



Wednesday, London  
Rabbits in the spotlight



Friday, Glasgow  
Scott gives an interview to a Scottish fan



Wednesday, London  
Cutting-edge technology in action



Wednesday, London  
Either no-one's coming or the band are really, really early



Friday, Glasgow  
"Signed! Now put it on eBay": Billy with posters pre-gig



Wednesday, London  
Atlantic Records man Chris models a tee designed by Scott



Friday, Glasgow  
A grand Scottish homecoming



Friday, Glasgow  
Sorry, we've no idea where this is



Friday, Glasgow  
Scott gets intimate with a microphone



Friday, Glasgow  
Andy's mum makes sure he's wrapping up warm backstage



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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



## I HATE THE BONDING

Our manager insists on making us do these "group hugs" before every gig, and I find them excruciating. What should I do?

**Hugger Bugger, London**

Honestly, some people! All your manager is trying to do is instil in you, through a simple act of human contact, a sense of unity and harmony that he believes will hold you in good stead throughout your career. Lots of very popular bands undergo such rituals and your manager has probably noticed this and decided to apply the bonding method to you, it's as simple as that. What I am saying is that you need to sack him for being such a fucking wuss. **Uncle Pete**

## HE'S TALKING NONSENSE

Our lead singer's lyrics are a load of bollocks. You know that Kasabian song with the bass hanging on about "emus in the zone"? They're like that. Does it matter? **Bollocks Or Genius?, Manchester**

Some of our greatest ever lyricists - Shaun Ryder, Mark E Smith, Koolha, Keith, Black Francis - have performed songs whose words can only be described as "total bilge". Similarly, many lyricists have striven for depth and profundity - Chris Martin, Thom Yorke, Matt Bellamy - and have invited a slap in the chops. If he's a compelling enough frontman, people will not be listening to his words, they should be focusing squarely on his penis. **Uncle Pete**

## I THINK WE SUCK!

I have, for some time now, thought the band I am in is pretty dire, but we get nothing but critical acclaim and are starting to go places. Can I stick this out forever? **So Confused, Leeds**

I know how you feel - I grind out this column every week, well aware that hardly any of you lot care about the plight of muso writers, and yet I somehow manage to plaster on a rictus grin and think about the £25 plus VAT that it nets me. That money is then spent on cheap wine, which enables me to forget the pain of my own prostitution. Maybe you can find some kind of lesson in there. **Uncle Pete**

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

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0871 + 10p per min. Network nation  
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\*0800 - Free from BT Landline

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10p  
per min  
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# GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Laura Snapes

## BOOKING NOW



### JANELLE MONÁE

**STARTS:** O2 Academy Bristol, Feb 24

DON'T MISS

We're loathe to get our Brother on and declare that any musician has a divine right to success, but there's something wrong and unjust about the fact that Janelle Monáe hasn't yet toppled Gaga from her megalithic pop throne. 'Tightrope' wasn't just one of the greatest singles of 2010, but of *all* *freaking* time. And where did it chart? IT DIDN'T. Which is one of the greatest pop crimes since Cior called it quits at one album. Ms Monáe did the odd UK dates in 2010, and despite the amazing dancing and cape-donning, the austerity of the backdrop didn't quite marry with the admirably preposterous and lavish debut, 'The ArchAndroid'. For this February tour, however, she's gone the whole hog and got a proper stage show going on. Needless to say, we can hardly wait. [NME.COM/artists/janelle-monae](http://NME.COM/artists/janelle-monae)



### EQUITRUCK

**STARTS:** O2 Academy Oxford, Jan 15

Can't wait 'til Truck? Fear not. To keep you going, Oxford has this one-dayer featuring Fixers (above), Dreaming Spires and more. [NME.COM/festivals](http://NME.COM/festivals)



### BROKEN RECORDS

**STARTS:** Edinburgh Liquid Rooms, Jan 30

Let the stately Scottish six-piece come down to your frost-bitten town. [NME.COM/artists/broken-records](http://NME.COM/artists/broken-records)



### GRUFF RHYS

**STARTS:** Sheffield Memorial Hall, Feb 14

Sws mawr!\* The Welsh crooner starts using his 'Hotel Shampoo' on a romantic note. [NME.COM/artists/gruff-rhys](http://NME.COM/artists/gruff-rhys)



### YUCK

**STARTS:** Southampton Joiners, Feb 17

A year on from when we first heard them, Yuck make good with a surprisingly innovative debut and this full tour. [NME.COM/artists/yuck](http://NME.COM/artists/yuck)



### DUTCH UNCLES

**STARTS:** Brighton Prince Albert, Feb 21

They've served their time on support bills countrywide - see the Manchester five-piece headline their first tour. [NME.COM/artists/dutch-uncles](http://NME.COM/artists/dutch-uncles)



### CUT COPY

**STARTS:** Glasgow Arches, Mar 3

We can only imagine that the name of new album 'Zonoscope' refers to an instrument through which to examine the most electrifying of synth pop. [NME.COM/artists/cut-copy](http://NME.COM/artists/cut-copy)



### PRIMAL SCREAM

**STARTS:** O2 Academy Leeds, Mar 14

Just in case you missed it the first time, Bobby and the boys take the whole of 'Screamadelica' on the road once more. [NME.COM/artists/primal-scream](http://NME.COM/artists/primal-scream)



### THE LOW ANTHEM

**STARTS:** Glasgow Oran Mor, April 7

The Rhode Island folkies' new album is called 'Smart Flesh'. Which, frankly, is a creepy thought. [NME.COM/artists/the-low-anthem](http://NME.COM/artists/the-low-anthem)



### BRING ME THE HORIZON

**STARTS:** O2 Apollo Manchester, April 22

The Sheffield metallers are the most popular band on MySpace in the UK. Fact. [NME.COM/artists/bring-me-the-horizon](http://NME.COM/artists/bring-me-the-horizon)



### BEST COAST

**STARTS:** London KOKO, April 29

By the time Bethany plays her biggest UK show, maybe those tweets at Kanye will have resulted in a collab... [NME.COM/artists/best-coast](http://NME.COM/artists/best-coast)



### A FRIEND OF MINE

**STARTS:** Cheshire Capesthorne Hall, May 21

New Manc festival with The Charlatans, Black Lips (above), A Certain Ratio, The Phantom Band and more. [NME.COM/festivals](http://NME.COM/festivals)



### RIHANNA

**STARTS:** The O2, London, Oct 5

Hopefully by the time October rolls around, the loudest lady in pop will have ditched the dodgy red perm... [NME.COM/artists/rihanna](http://NME.COM/artists/rihanna)

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## WEDS-FRI

December 29-31

## WEDNESDAY DEC 29

**ABERDEEN**  
Idlewild Lemon Tree 01224 642230**BATH**  
Moonshot Bell 01225 460426**BRISTOL**  
No More Heroes Horseshoe  
0117 956 0471**EXETER**  
The Quails/Morning Rush  
Cavern Club 01392 495370**GLASGOW**  
Bad Manners/Mar Spodge Classic  
Grand 0141 847 0820  
The Gimbables Pivo Pivo  
0141 56 4 8100**KEVIN MONTGOMERY & THE ROAD**  
Trippers King Tut's Wah Wah Hut  
0141 221 5279**LEICESTER**  
Kingsize/El Pussycats Musician  
0116 251 0080**LONDON**  
Bad Wolf/Long Story Short Dublin  
Castle 020 7485 1773**JOE GIDEON & THE SHARK/ELIJAH AT**  
Sea The Lexington 020 7837 5387  
Lady Lykez/GREEDS/The  
Freewheelers Proud Galleries  
020 7482 3867**LARRIKIN LOVE/MARNER BROWN/**  
Hambassador/Wellard/Lindsay  
Lights Mother 020 7739 5949  
Lost Kites/London Grammar/  
Corrine Scotland Good Ship  
020 7372 2544**THE MEMBERS/SOUNDS OF THE**  
Suburbs 100 Club 020 7636 0933**MANCHESTER**  
Girl Peculiar Night And Day Café  
0161 236 1822**NELI C YOUNG TRIO** Matt & Phred's  
01161 273 5200**OXFORD**  
David Redigan Cellar 01865 244761**SOUTHAMPTON**  
Orange Street Talking Heads  
023 8056 5899

## THURSDAY DEC 30

**BIRMINGHAM**  
Go The Length 02 Academy 3  
0870 771 2000**BRISTOL**  
Billy Whizz/Cue Fanfare Louisiana  
0117 926 5978  
95th Rifles/Johnny & The Wolves  
Prom 0117 942 7319**CARDIFF**  
Warsaw Buffalo Bar 02920 310312**EDINBURGH**  
Annie Mac Cabaret Voltaire  
0131 220 6176**BAD MANNERS** HMV Picture House  
0844 747 1740  
Calum Wood/Roberta Pia  
Captain's Bar**GLASGOW**  
The Beat Hotel King Tut's Wah Wah  
Hut 0141 221 5279**THE STATIC CULT** Stereo 0141 576 5018**LONDON**  
Black Country Communion  
02 Shepherds Bush Empire  
0877 771 2000**BOY ON THE ROOF** Windmill  
021 71 0700  
Jayden Rock/Hmatika Dublin Castle  
020 747 1113**THE STAYAWAYS/THE GOOD SUNS/**  
Sleeping With Wolves Barfly  
0870 907 0999**WILKO JOHNSON/THE ZEDS** 100 Club  
020 7636 0933**MANCHESTER**  
Chris Manis Matt & Phred's  
0161 273 5200**SONIC YOUTH/THE POP GROUP**  
Academy 0161 832 1111**YORK**  
The Charlatans Fibbers  
01904 651 250**SAVING MARY** Stereo 01904 612237

## FRIDAY DEC 31

**BATH**  
Smallaxe/Night Heat Movements/  
Steely Rainx Komedia 0845 293 8480**BELFAST**  
Not Squares Auntie Annie's  
028 9050 1660**BIRMINGHAM**  
Chase & Status/Fake Blood/Joker  
HMV Institute 0844 248 5037**BOURNEMOUTH**  
The Great Pretender 02 Academy  
01202 399922**BRIGHTON**  
Arthur Shilling/Luke Bracken  
Western Front 01273 725 656**ROSKA/DJ WOOLIE/UNTOLD**  
Life 01273 770505**SAM WATTS/NEAL LEWIS** Audio  
01273 624343**BRISTOL**  
Babyhead Fiddlers 0117 987 3403  
Kick The Cat Prom 0117 942 7319**PARRINGTON JACKSON/JOHN THE MOD**  
Louisiana 0117 926 5978**PULLED APART BY HORSES/TURBOWOLF/**  
Jaws Of A Giant Fleece 0117 945 0996**THE REACHAROUNDS** Thunderbolt  
07791 319 114**THE UNNECESSARILY** Cube Cinema  
0117 907 4190**WILDER/SWANTRON** Start The Bus  
0117 930 4370**CAMBRIDGE**  
Lonely The Brave/The British Public  
Haymakers 01223 367417**EDINBURGH**  
Biffy Clyro/The Charlatans/  
Billy Bragg Princes Street Gardens  
0131 473 2000**THE CORAL/THE TREACHEROUS****ORCHESTRA/KAISER CHIEFS** (DJ set)/  
Goldie Lookin' Chain (DJ set)/Booka  
Shade/Michelle McManus/Stephen  
Hunter/Calverto City Centre  
Giggs/Fly Boy Generals/Tipsy Base  
0131 225 7377**PENDULUM** (DJ set)/Kissy Sell Out  
City 0131 2269560  
Tim Burgess (DJ set)/Babyshambles  
(DJ set) Liquid Room 0131 225 2564**GLASGOW**  
Big Country/The Law 02 ABC  
0870 901 3444**IDLEWILD** Oran Mor 0141 552 9224  
The Mode/The Jigawatts/The Calros  
King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279**PENDULUM** (DJ set)/Kissy Sell Out  
Archers 0141 221 4001**WASHINGTON** Irving Brel  
0141 342 4966**LEEDS**  
Dinosaur Pile-Up Nation Of  
Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831**SKREAM & BENGAL** University  
0113 244 4600**LEICESTER**  
David Wyatt/Carl Dawson Musician  
0116 251 0080**EL PUSSYCATS/DJOK** the Donkey  
0116 270 5042**LIVERPOOL**  
The Loud/The Lucid Dreams/The  
Wild Eyes Static Gallery 0151 7078090**LONDON**  
Alabama 3 Jamm 020 7274 5537  
Bellowhead Royal Festival Hall  
020 7960 4242**BLACK DANIEL/MILK KAN/KEITH TOTP**  
Windmill 020 7571 0700**THE CAEZARS/KANSAS CITY CRYERS**  
Boston Arms 020 7272 8153**CARL BARAT/JIMMY NAPES/EMILY**  
Rawson All Stars Lane 020 7426 9200**DERIERE/DJ WRONGTOM/NATTY BO**  
Book Club 020 7684 8618**FEMI B/IAN HADASS/DAMI MURRAY**  
Pacha 020 7834 4440**FOALS/CHAD VALLEY/TROPHY WIFE/**  
Caribou (DJ set) HMV Forum  
020 7344 0044**FOALS** (DJ set)/Hot Chip (DJ set)  
Hoxton Pony 0871 9624530**FOUR TET/JAMES HOLDEN/JAMIE XX/**  
Nathan Fake/Midland/Bralden/  
Dark Sky Corsica 020 7288 1495**GIRLS ON TOP/PUSSYCAT & THE DIRTY**  
Johnsons/The Spacewasters Dublin  
Castle 020 7485 1773**KING KURT/PETER & THE TEST TUBE**  
Babies The Gaff 020 7609 3063**LOU & NOVA/SOPHIE LLOYD/NAOMIL**  
XOVO 020 7729 5959**MARK RONSON/ANNIE MAC/FAKE**  
Blood/Nerve/Caspa 02 Academy  
Brixton 0870 771 2000**MAT HOME** Queen Of Hoxton  
020 7422 0958**MEAN POPPA LEAN/MISS DAVINA**  
Lee Blumbury Ballroom  
020 7461 7612**MITCH WINEHOUSE** Pigalle Club  
020 77348142**MYERMARK** Slaughtered Lamb  
020 8682 4080**NICE GUY EDDIE/SAM BELLISIMO/OLI**  
Forster Driver 020 7278 8827**RACHEL STAMP** Monto Water Rats  
020 7837 4412**RUM SHEBEEN/RODEO MASSACRE**  
MacBeth 020 7739 5095**SAMBATALLA/YOUSEF/THOMAS**  
Gandey Egg 020 7428 7574**SAM & THE WOMP/AARON AUDIO**  
Camino 020 7641 7331**SECOUSSE SOUND SYSTEM/RADIOLIT**  
Favela Chic 020 7513 4228**SNAKEBONE/LADY KAMIKAZE BAG**  
O'Nails 020 7826 7003**SONIC YOUTH/SHIELAC/THE POP**  
Group/Factory Floor/Stuart  
Brathwaite/Cherrystones HMV  
Hammersmith Apollo 0870 606 3400**THE STIRFRIND** Frequency/Wipsla/  
Baron Bobby Bauhaus Prince Albert  
020 8894 3963**VICTOR SIMONELLI/FRANKIE FORCETT/**  
Booker T The Brewery 020 7638 8811**WILKO JOHNSON/CROSTOWN LIGHTNIN'**  
100 Club 020 7616 0993**MANCHESTER**  
Federation/Gregg Holden/Nik  
Denton Ritz 0161 236 4355**NEWCASTLE**  
Diablo The Station 0871 230 1094**NOTTINGHAM**  
Mark Ronson & The Business Intl/  
Skinny Samson/Jaymo Gatecrasher  
0115 910 101**PORTSMOUTH**  
Example Pyramids 023 9235 8608**SOUTHAMPTON**  
Rufus Stone Brook 023 8055 5366

## SAT-TUES

January 1-4

Drake, O2 Academy  
Glasgow, January 4

## SATURDAY JAN 1

**BRIGHTON**  
Scratch Perverts Digital  
01273 202407**BRISTOL**  
Chaz Rogers Fire Engine  
07521 974070**EDINBURGH**  
Dougie MacLean/Roddy Hart/  
Roddy Woomble/Tommy Reilly/  
Dick Gaughan Resolution Square**KT TUNSTALL/KING CREOSOTE/**  
Kassidy/Silver Columns Princes  
Street Cinema 0131 473 2000**LONDON**  
Alex Under/Ramset/Fabrizio  
Maurizi Fabric 020 7336 8898**CJ MACKINTOSH/DAVE LUBIN/JOHNNY**  
Landers McQueen 020 7036 9229**JAY STRONGMAN/NEVILLE WATSON**  
Corsica Studios 020 7703 4760**THE SLEEPING** Purple Turtle  
020 7383 4976**WOLVERHAMPTON**  
Jean Genie Robin 2 01902 497860

## SUNDAY JAN 2

**BRISTOL**  
The Glow Globes Fire Engine  
07521 974070**LONDON**  
Henry Brothers/JD Smith/**FRANTASTICS** Windmill 020 8671 0700**YORK**  
You Cried Wolf/Melody Of Your  
Dermise Stereo 01904 612237

## MONDAY JAN 3

**ABERDEEN**  
Big Country/Martin Metcalfe  
Lemon Tree 01224 642230**BIRMINGHAM**  
Lower Than Atlantis 02 Academy 3  
0870 771 2000**CARDIFF**  
JLS International Arena  
029 222 4488**LEEDS**  
The Sleeping The Well 0113 2440474

## TUESDAY JAN 4

**GLASGOW**  
Drake O2 Academy 0870 771 2000**LEEDS**  
Tiger's Jaw/End Of A Year The Well  
0113 2440474**LEICESTER**  
Kevin Montgomery & The Road  
Trippers Musician 0116 251 0080**LONDON**  
David 9 Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773**TEETH OF THE SEA/MOLLUSC** Madame  
Jojo's 020 7734 2473**NOTTINGHAM**  
JLS Trent FM Arena 08444 124 624British Sea Power,  
Club NME, KOKO,  
London, Dec 31O<sub>2</sub> customers can get Priority Tickets up to 48 hours before general release.

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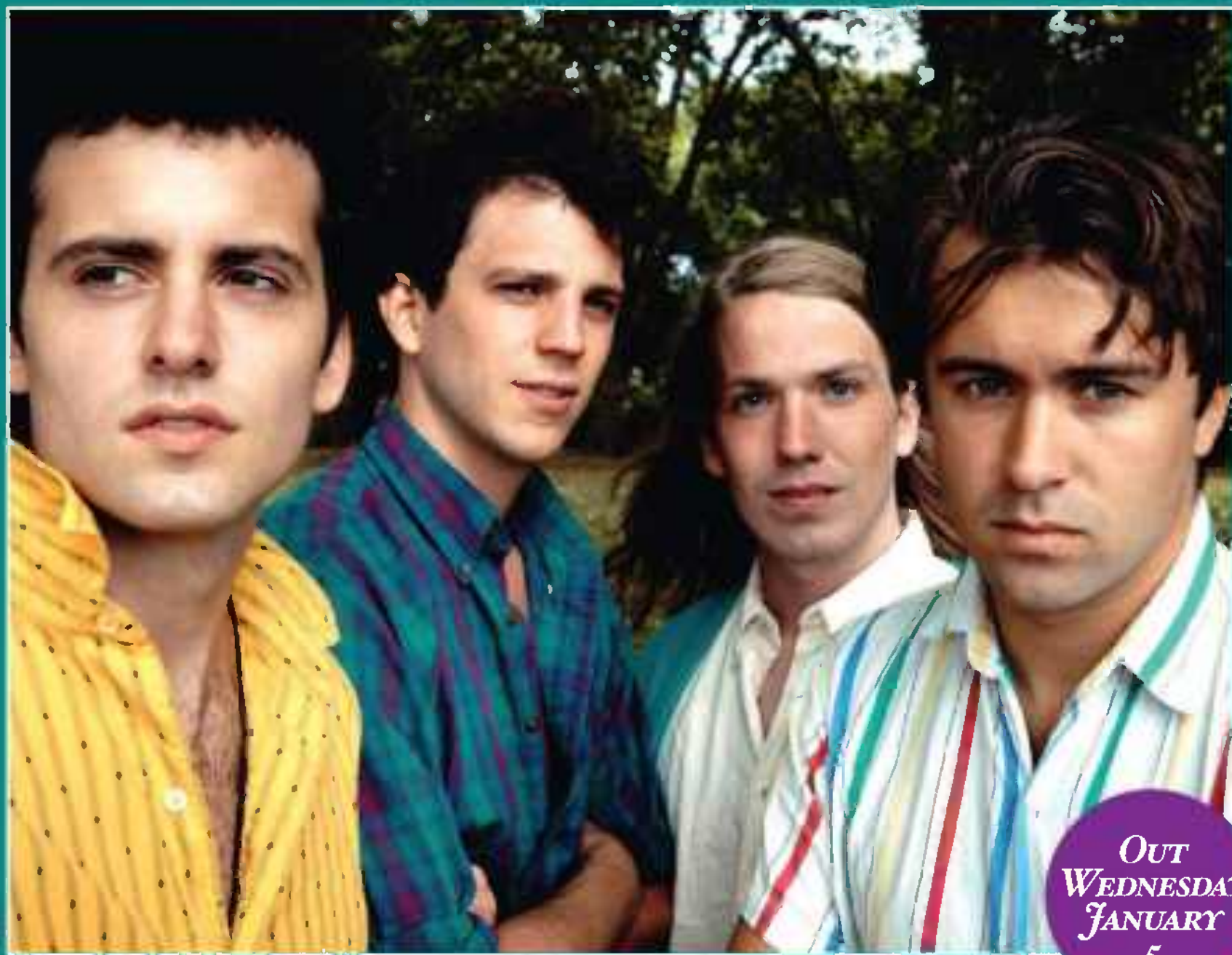






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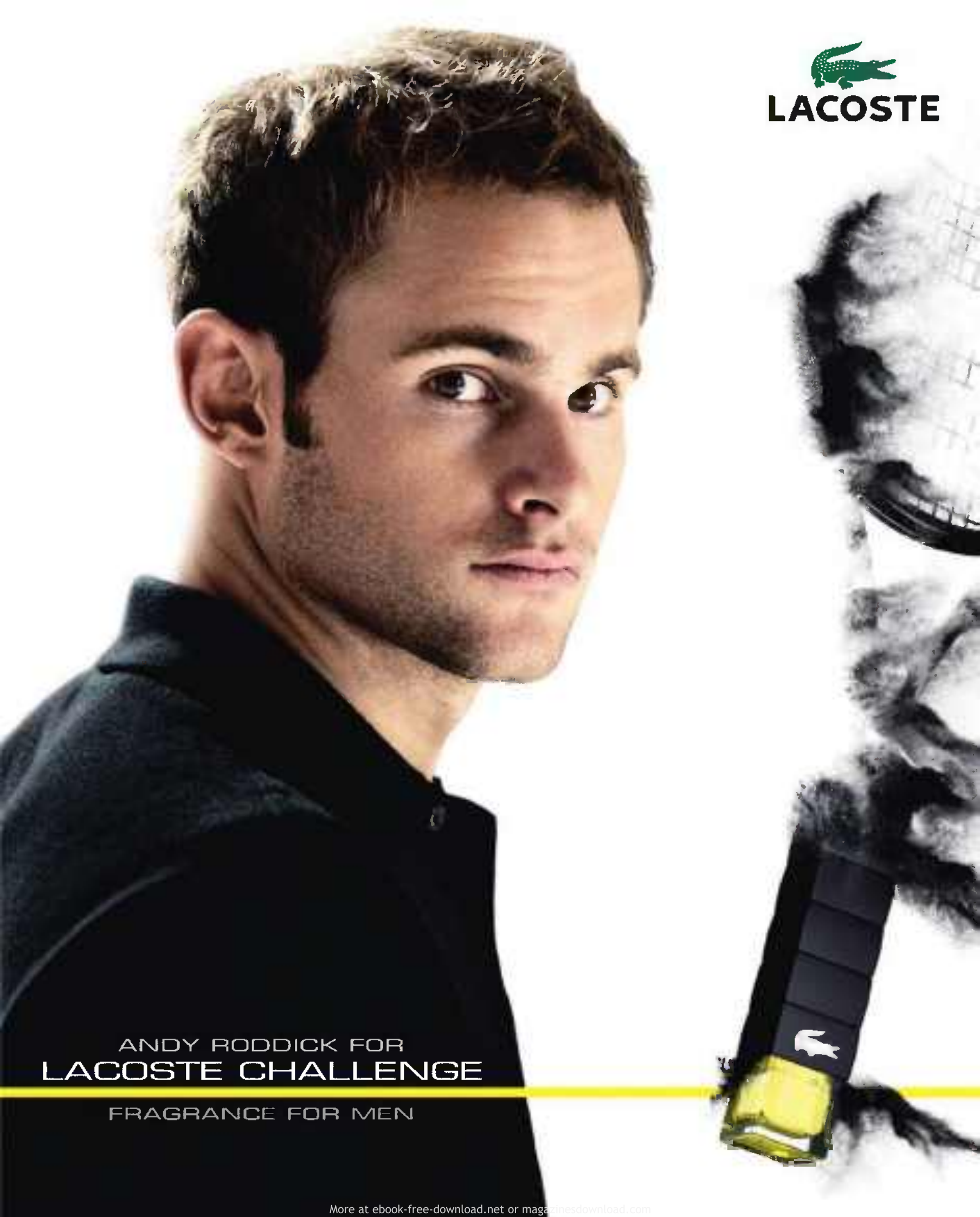
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