

NEW MUSIC 2011

1 of 2
NEW BAND
Covers

8 JANUARY 2011 £2.30



CAPTAIN BEEFHEART
ROCK'S MAD GENIUS REMEMBERED

**NEW STARS
OF 2011**

**BROTHER
NAKED & FAMOUS**

ANNA CALVI

MONA TRIBES

JAMES BLAKE

+MORE

**SHAUN
RYDER'S
NEW BAND
ADVICE**

"WE WANT INDIE BACK IN THE CHARTS"

THE VACCINES

THE RETURN OF THE GREAT BRITISH GUITAR BAND

£2.30 8 JANUARY 2011
US\$2.25 (EST. 60) CN6650 www.nme.com
9 770028 636260

THIRD MAN RECORDS NEW RELEASES

YOUR TURNTABLE'S NOT DEAD



FIRST AID KIT
TWO SPINE-TINGLING
COVERS, BUFFY
SAINT-MARIE'S
"UNIVERSAL SOLDIER"
AND "IT HURTS
ME TOO" BY
ELMORE JAMES



DUNGEN
A PSYCH-POP ODYSSEY
"OGA NASA MUM"
B/W THE ETHERAL
INSTRUMENTAL
"HIGHWAY WOLF"



PUJOL
NEW SINGLE FROM
NASHVILLE FAVOURITE,
PUJOL. 7" SINGLE WITH
"BLACK RABBIT"
B/W "TOO SAFE"



LAURA MARLING
TWO AMAZING
TRACKS, THIS
7" COMES WITH HER
VERSION OF "BLUES
RUN THE GAME" AND
"THE NEEDLE AND THE
DAMAGE DONE"



DRAKKAR SAUNA
TWO GOSPEL
HARMONY-FILLED
FUGS INFLUENCED
TRACKS, "LEAVE THAT
HOLE ALONE"
B/W "BRUNDLEFLY MY
CHARIOT"



THE GREENHORNES
THE FIRST SINGLE FROM
THEIR LP "★★★★"
THIS 7" INCLUDES
"SAYING GOODBYE"
AND "SONG 13" AND
ONE UNRELEASED
TUNE, "STAY TOGETHER"



THE THORNBILLS
TWO ETHEREAL AND
EXISTENTIAL SONGS
"UNCLE ANDREI",
BACKED WITH
"SQUARE PEG"



THE GREENHORNES
THEIR FIRST FULL
LENGTH LP OF NEW
MATERIAL SINCE 2002'S
"DUAL MONO"
COMES IN DELUXE
DIE-CUT SLEEVE



THE 5,6,7,8'S
THIRD MAN RECORDS'
SECOND FULL LENGTH
REISSUE LP, THE 5678'S
SELF-TITLED ALBUM.



THE WHITE STRIPES
THEIR FIRST 3 LPS
REMASTERED FROM
ANALOGUE TAPE AND
PRESSED ON
180 GRAM VINYL.
"THE WHITE STRIPES",
"DE STIJL" AND
"WHITE BLOOD CELLS"

BUY ONLINE WWW.THIRDMANRECORDS.COM



**Wanda
Jackson**

**the
party
ain't
over**

**THE NEW ALBUM
PRODUCED BY
JACK WHITE III**

**SHAKIN' ALL OVER
YOU KNOW I'M NO GOOD
THUNDER ON THE MOUNTAIN**

ON SALE JANUARY 25TH



THIRD MAN RECORDS

INSIDE THIS WEEK

08/01/2011



48

"Die very young. The best method has gotta be car crash"

SHAUN RYDER DISHES OUT SOME ADVICE TO THE NEW GENERATION



28

"I WANT GRAMMYS AND I WANT BRITS"
MONA ARE IN IT FOR THE TROPHIES, THEN



22

"THERE WERE 32 OF ME"
MEET EVERY ONE OF THE ANNA CALVIS HERE...



7

The Radar Issue 2011

WELCOME TO NME'S NEW MUSIC ISSUE 2011, IN WHICH OUR DUAL COVER STARS, THE VACCINES AND BROTHER, HEAD UP OUR ESSENTIAL LIST OF THE FUTURE OF MUSIC...

PLUS

- 4 UPFRONT - CAPTAIN BEEFHEART OBITUARY
- 7 RADAR INTRO
- 8 VACCINES
- 12 BROTHER
- 50 REVIEWS
- 52 LIVE - ATP, THE VIEW/EVERYTHING EVERYTHING
- 62 GIG GUIDE
- 66 CROSSWORD
- 67 BRAINCELLS



26

"MAKING GIRLS CRY IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANT"
NEW SENSATION JAMES BLAKE NEVER RESORTS TO HITTING THEM, MIND...



50

"THEIR MOST PESSIMISTIC AND PERVERSELY CHEERY RECORD"
BRITISH SEA POWER'S LATEST LP GETS AN NME PRODDING



52

"ALEX IS IN AN IMPECCABLE WOOL TANK TOP, CLICKING HIS HEELS"
THOSE BUTCH BUGGERS FRANZ FERDINAND RETURN AT ATP

SAVE 35% ON A SUBSCRIPTION TO NME!

FREE delivery straight to your door

Go to NME.COM/newyoffer or call 0844 848 0848 and quote code 12H





CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

“HE ALWAYS DID WHAT THE HELL HE WANTED”

Last month, Captain Beefheart, aka Don Van Vliet, died aged 69. Pat Long, with the help of Beefheart fans including Zola Jesus, salutes one of rock's true, weird originals

MAIN EVENT

Captain Beefheart, who died on December 17 of complications from multiple sclerosis, was one of rock music's few true originals. His genius lay in rewiring 20th-century culture, making connections where previously

none had existed: between blues and free jazz, rock'n'roll and Dadaism and free-associative beatnik poetry and sea shanties. Despite this unique mix, most of your favourite bands were admirers. Klaxons paid tribute to him when the news broke, while Alex Kapranos tweeted that Beefheart was “very much” an influence on Franz.

“Beefheart found parallels where there were none,” says Zola Jesus, another fan. “He did whatever the hell he wanted. But it was always so clear and full of conviction you knew there was so much behind it.”

Beefheart achieved little in the way of commercial success, but listening to his music was a lightbulb moment for successive generations of musicians. His singularity and influence is proved by the fact that his name became an adjective: Beefheartian, shorthand for music that tested the boundaries, that was single-minded and difficult and cacophonous. Because, make no mistake, his records are not easy listening: it's been over 40 years since the release of his most notorious album ‘Trout Mask Replica’, and people are still arguing about whether it's a work of unfettered genius, a cruel joke at the expense of the listener or just a right old racket. It's entirely possible that Beefheart intended it as all three – one of the distinguishing features of his music was the fact that no-one ever really knew how serious he was being.

Born Don Glen Vliet in 1941, Beefheart started painting and sculpting as a child, although his prodigious talent was frowned upon by his parents, who dismissed artists as ‘qucer’. Instead he locked himself in his room and gorged on music with schoolfriend Frank Zappa, writing parody songs and collaborating on a film script called *Captain Beefheart Versus The Grunt People*. After a spell selling vacuum cleaners door-to-door, in 1965 Vliet joined The Magic Band and changed his name to Don Van Vliet. The band started getting recognition on the psychedelic scene, mostly due to Beefheart's voice – he claimed to have a seven-octave range and to be able to break glass by singing – but their chance of success was scuppered when their first label dropped them for sounding “too negative”. Beefheart later condemned all drug use, but in the late 1960s his excessive LSD consumption led to panic attacks and missed opportunities, which, combined with a reputation for megalomania, led to the first incarnation of The Magic Band splitting.

All this was just a prelude to the real weirdness, though. Assembling another version of The Magic Band – incidentally what may have been the oddest looking group in the history of rock – and making them change their names (hello Rockette Morton, Antennae Jimmy Semens, Drumbo, Zoot Horn Rollo and The Mascara Snake), Beefheart and the band holed up in a small suburban house in Los Angeles for eight months in conditions that can only be described



as ‘cult-like’. Band members were forbidden to leave the house and forced to practise for 14 hours a day. If anyone disagreed with him, Beefheart, a formidable presence, would attack them verbally and physically until they relented, allegedly subjecting them to sleep deprivation (Beefheart claimed to have once gone 18 months without sleeping simply by eating only fruit). To top it all off, the songs the band were rehearsing had been composed by Beefheart on the piano, which he couldn't play, and were inspired more by Salvador Dalí's art than any music. Throughout his career, Beefheart was disdainful of other musicians, who he saw as preening egomaniacs. In a famous interview with the journalist Lester Bangs, the musician lauded the free-jazz musician Ornette Coleman and blues singers Robert Johnson and Son House, but when it came to the bands that he had inspired he asked, “Why should I look through my own vomit?”

Finally getting to a recording studio, the emaciated Magic Band recorded ‘Trout Mask Replica’ in a matter of hours. It was to become Beefheart's most famous work, a one-off that doesn't sit in any genre or tradition other than Beefheartian. Vocals were recorded without actually listening to the backing track, which itself sounds untutored, cacophonous, spontaneous and chaotic, even though it wasn't: every note was meticulously planned, despite the fact Beefheart had no formal music training and had taught himself to play sax, clarinet and harmonica.

But cult-shaped recognition wasn't enough. As his friend Zappa became rich and famous, Beefheart made his own unlikely play for the mainstream, with a string of albums that were his own take on pop. The purists howled and the pop fans were weirded out, so he returned to what he did best at the end of the '70s, riding high on the acclaim afforded him by art-rockers and punks and post-punks. He retired from music in 1987 to concentrate full-time on painting, living a reclusive life with his wife Jan, receiving art world acclaim whenever he exhibited. He'll be best remembered for his music, though: despite his huge influence, there was really no-one else like him.

Left: the Captain in the desert, in a shot taken from the cover of his final album, 1982's ‘Ice Cream For Crow’

Above: Don Van Vliet (second left) in 1969 with the ‘Trout Mask Replica’-era Magic Band – (l-r) Bill Harkleroad (Zoot Horn Rollo), Victor Hayden (The Mascara Snake), Jeff Cotton (Antennae Jimmy Semens), John French (Drumbo)

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART BEGINNERS' PLAYLIST

Electricity

SAFE AS MILK (1967)

Beefheart takes the blues as his starting point to create something new and menacing.

Big Eyed Beans From Venus

CLEAR SPOT (1972)

This epic features some of Magic Band guitarist Zoot Horn Rollo's greatest interstellar blues work.

Beatle Bones N Smokin' Stones

STRICTLY PERSONAL (1968)

Although The Beatles and Stones were fans, Beefheart lampooned their music on this song.

Lick My Decals Off, Baby

LICK MY DECALS OFF, BABY (1970)

The insane ‘Lick My Decals Off, Baby’ became the Captain's biggest-selling album in the UK.

Moonlight On Vermont

TROUT MASK REPLICA (1969)

One of the more accessible songs from his most out-there album.

Willie The Pimp

HOT RATS (1969)

Beefheart's cameo vocal is the best and funniest thing about this Frank Zappa album track.

Ice Cream For Crow

ICE CREAM FOR CROW (1982)

The lead track on Beefheart's acclaimed final album.

Ashtray Heart

DOC AT THE RADAR STATION (1980)

The best of Beefheart's comeback albums featured a sound that chimed with the post-punk scene.

China Pig

TROUT MASK REPLICA (1969)

Later covered by The White Stripes on a limited-edition seven-inch.

Tropical Hot Dog Night

SHINY BEAST

(BAT CHAIN PULLER) (1978)

After his bid for the mainstream, sprightly songs like this marked his return to genius.



THE BEST NEW ARTISTS *of* 2010

featuring

**THE DRUMS, EVERYTHING EVERYTHING, FOSTER THE PEOPLE,
SUMMER CAMP, AVI BUFFALO, BEST COAST, FRANKIE &
THE HEARTSTRINGS, CROCODILES, SLEIGH BELLS, THE JOY
FORMIDABLE, CULTS, DARWIN DEEZ, FICTION, CHAPEL CLUB,
FREELANCE WHALES, WARPAIN, WASHED OUT, ZOLA JESUS,
GROUP LOVE, EGYPTIAN HIP HOP**

NME RADAR *The Album*
OUT NOW-ONLY £7.99!*

AVAILABLE AS CD AND
MP3 DOWNLOAD FROM

hmv
hmv.com

*Available at selected stores, while stocks last

THE RADAR ISSUE 2011

EDITED BY JAIMIE HODGSON



K, 2011, enough pussyfooting around. What have thee in store? Well, it seems that – batten down the hatches, lock up your wives – Proper British Guitar Music™ is coming hurtling back to life.

Oh yes, at last it's returning in more combustive, divisive spirit since what feels like forever and ever amen. At last, there are bands everyone has an opinion on: Slough's sneering, spitting après-ski-sporting self-crowned princes of grit-pop, **Brother**. And as ever with these situations, for all that front, there has to be a nemesis, and that nemesis might well be the lo-fi rock'n'roll revolution's first breakthrough pop stars, **The Vaccines**. **Tribes** are further proving that underground grass-roots indie is rife with more oversized anthems than it has been in *Radar's* memory.

As you've likely heard already, **Anna Calvi** is the brooding siren who makes demigods weak at the knees, and **Mona** have been stirring up a shitstorm of yeyers and neyers. If that all sounds a bit of a racket, then **James Blake** ushering in UK bass culture's latest chapter with his nocturnal avant-soul crooning may

come as a welcome reprieve. As may **Spark**, and where would any issue of this ilk be without a porthole into the future of girly 'tude-ridden cred-pop anyways? **Odd Future** are a rap group the likes of which we'd almost given up hope on ever arriving again, and **Fixers** make brain-frazzling post-pop that until now has been alien to these shores. Lastly, from a far-distant land comes the expansive, enchanting electronic-pop sound of **The Naked And Famous**, maybe a surprise dark horse in the race to anoint Your New Favourite Band.

There we have the 10 leading names that line January 2011's annual *NME Radar Issue*. I can honestly say, after working on *NME's* new music for three years, it's never been harder narrowing down the faces that await you on the coming 35 pages. The result of it becoming ever easier for people to make music is that every year we find there's even more good stuff out there to choose from. Log on to NME.COM/newmusic/radar for a playlist of all the artists featured in this issue. Then let us know who you think deserves big things in 2011 at NME.COM/blogs.



THE VACCINES

They've been together for under a year, but are already being talked up as the biggest guitar band of 2011. **Jamie Fullerton** finds they're more than happy with the plaudits

PHOTO BY ROGER SARGENT

Justin Young is sat in a murky Hoxton bar sipping a beer. Last night his four-piece indie-rock band, The Vaccines, played a sold-out show at Oxford's Jericho Tavern. How did it go? "An Oxford professor came up to us," the amiable, poshly spoken and little bit shy frontman recalls. "He was like, 'I was there for The Smiths... I think this is as good. I think this is going to happen for you too!'"

That learned chap is not the only person falling cap'n'gown over heels for the band. Unless you've been living under a boulder, and on the way to your rocky enclosure detonated your radio, TV, laptop and NME pile, you will have heard them too. Probably via 'If You Wanna' – the Mary Chain-go-Ronettes-along demo that's been seeping around the net faster than a greased WikiLeak, and more recently their first single 'Wreckin' Bar' (Ra Ra Ra), an incendiary debut that recounts the impact of 'I Bet You Look Good On The Dancefloor'.

If the early snippets that generated the frothing hype stuck to their backs like a limpet on a ship's undercarriage seemed a touch too good to be true, everything they've done since has suggested they're not. New single 'Post Break Up Sex' could be something from The Strokes' debut, while their toilet circuit live shows (sold out, all of them) have showcased a fizzing electricity born of equal parts vulnerability and confidence. They are the best new band in Britain – and plonked somewhere on a mixing desk across Hoxton Square at Miloco Studios, a platinum record Frisbee-throw away from where we're sat with them this evening, are the master tapes for what is hopefully the best album of the year.

"We try and pay as little attention to the hype as possible," Justin shrugs, clearly not concerned with the possibility of our conversation being interrupted by a stampede of shrieking Vaccines fans smashing through the glass doors and tearing him limb from limb. "We're sort of oblivious to it. I don't listen to the radio, we don't Google ourselves, the only time we hear about the hype really is when we do interviews..."

Flick through your Albums Of 2010 issue of NME or scroll through your iPod, and it's pretty clear that when it comes to the freshest new bands clinging to our hearts, the sound is just as much about the glorious past as it is about the glorious future. A fuzzy revolution has swelled to birth a generation of bands filtering no-fi production styles from '80s bubblegum candy-pop through Spector sheens and Pavement-crawling gutter rock.

Best Coast, Wavves, Dum Dum Girls, Yuck, No Age – absorb them all and you've got amazing hipster-approved ammo to score musical kudos kills over the billiards table in the Slug'n'Bassist.

What's missing, however, is a band to squash all this into a mincer, mould the nutritious meat lumps into bullets, take a sniper's aim at our dancing feet and actually sell more than 500 seven-inch vinyl records. In case you're wondering, that band is The Vaccines.

"I'm bored – we're all bored – with the current climate," Justin concurs. "There's so much amazing music out there, but I feel like people are doing the direct opposite. The opposite of being straight down the line, direct. I mean, I get bored with having to wait two minutes before I hear a chorus."

That problem, it should be outlined, is something The Vaccines have already addressed rather well. They barely have any songs over two minutes, the album clocks in at 35, and for each of their nuggets a chorus the size of a cruiser ship arrives quicker than a member of Brother to a bar once the last orders bell has been chimed. "We are a pop band and we want to be a pop band," Justin agrees. "Not necessarily a popular band or a commercial band, but we want to be a pop band."

This pop band are less than a year old, but despite the four-piece – completed by guitarist Freddie

"We are a pop band and we want to be a pop band"
JUSTIN YOUNG

Cowan, Icelandic bassist Árni Hjörvar and drummer Pete Robertson – being rather fresh-faced chaps, The Vaccines is not their first forage into music. Justin's previous incarnation was as sensitive singer-songwriter Jay Jay Pistolet, a mainly acoustic project he touted around London's open mic nights when he moved to the capital a couple of years ago. He released an album but the project fizzled out pre-Vaccines when the fact that he really wasn't set to become the new Nick Drake finally settled in his head.

"It's funny," Justin shrugs, a bit befuddled as to why things are clicking so monumentally with his new band compared to JJP's most notable achievement being a cancelled support slot with Julian Cope. "The Vaccines' songs all come from a relatively similar place. They're all driven by the same things,

but creatively the band want to dress them up with me. And it's no fun really, staring at your shoes and pouring your heart out for no-one..."

While Justin was "pouring his heart out" for a terrier and a barman at any given pub gig, Freddie was reveling in simply not being in a band any more. He'd had his fingers burned in three-piece The Daze, which he started when he was 15 and moved to London for, bagging a record deal but having it similarly fizzle out as he found "every day a struggle" as fans failed to bite, the model-faced guitarist admitting he was "too young" to handle it anyway. Instead he did the rounds playing casually with mates including his brother, The Horrors' Tom Furze, meeting Justin at a party, becoming acquaintances then two years later agreeing to jam with him at his mate's Ladbroke Grove rehearsal space, off the cuff.

Like it has been for so much music, the spark that created what would become The Vaccines was based on some guys getting their hearts stamped on with the vigour of a shire horse kick splintering a fence. "We'd both just come out of really big break-ups," Freddie admits – confirming that 'Post Break Up Sex' is indeed the product of the pair's relationship moping at the time. "We had no-one to hang out with, no-one to spend the night with. I guess we were kind of comforting each other because we were miserable. But still, the moment I played the first note I knew this was what I was supposed to be doing, for the first time in my life. We had no ambitions, but a lot of heartache."

Freddie, a guitarist by trade, had been playing bass to accommodate various other members who drifted in and out, until around a year ago when Arni, who'd flown to London from Reykjavik to study music, had fallen into the band's line-up via London's rotating social network of guitar-slingers. The fourth piece of the puzzle was drummer Pete who, like Freddie, says he had a feeling in his chest that he simply had to be in this band.

After session stints for the likes of I Blame Coco

and Gary Go to pay the rent (it's OK, Gary Powell once drummed for Eddie Grant), Pete, a friend of Arni's, heard The Vaccines' demos while enjoying dinner at his friend's place. "He played a few demos, I was like, 'I need to play in this band,'" he outlines. "It already had drums on it but I just said, 'If he leaves, let me know.' Two weeks later, Arni told me the drummer had left..."

The rest is, if not quite history yet, certainly harbouring the potential to make history. Having all played in bands previously, the band members had the confidence to hone their sound to spiky perfection without taking it on the live circuit. The result was the impression that, when the demos did emerge, they'd been assembled by Svengalis in some kind of indie laboratory through a test tube stirring of body

"The Strokes' first record is perfect pop. We want our album to be as direct as possible"
JUSTIN YOUNG

juices from members of The Strokes, Franz Ferdinand, The Jesus And Mary Chain and The Libertines.

The truth, however, is that Justin gave the demos to a friend, who gave them to another friend, who gave them to Jack from White Lies, who gave them to his manager. Cue demos being played in record label offices across the UK before any real gigging could begin, a deal with Columbia being signed and the band finally taking it on the road and recording an album in a month at London's RAK Studios and Miloco with producer Dan Grech.

We expect the album to be as gut-punching and

joyous as the band's live shows. And we're right to be optimistic. "We've tried to make a live record," Justin confirms. "We've tried to make it about the songs, quite quickly, with no clever production tricks. The Strokes' first record is a perfect pop record. It's bare, there's not a single harmony on it. Those songs would drown if they tried to make some three-dimensional masterpiece you had to put on headphones for. We want ours to be as direct as possible."

Which brings us to here. The album is just finished, 2011 is gnawing off its umbilical chord, and all The Vaccines have to do now is decide exactly what they're going to do with it.

Justin insists that when he started the band he thought, "Wouldn't it be amazing if we could get to a level where we could play to 100 people in London and maybe be on Pitchfork or something?" Having had a glimpse at their true potential, he still claims he'd be happy if they were just selling out Jericho Taverns 12 months from now. But his declaration of being "bored" with bands these days combined with a contempt for what is now considered mainstream hints that he's got bigger plans.

"When I was young I used to have nightmares that one day in the future there wasn't going to be any guitars in the charts," he scoffs. "And it's come true!"

"I was reading the Top 50 the other day," Arni chips in with a disdainful scrunch of his nose, "and there were only three songs that even *feature* a guitar. And two of them were by Jon Bon Jovi."

Well, surely it's The Vaccines' job to change this...

Justin: "When we started the band I hoped and thought the same people who like American underground rock stuff would be connecting with us. But weirdly, we've connected with a strongly mainstream audience." So could you change things? You know, kind of like The Strokes and The Libertines made it OK to be a guitar band again? "It'd be amazing if we were ever in the charts – but I wouldn't put money on it. I was thinking about this

the other day – this is really bad, this derivative carbon copy R&B stuff [in the charts]. It'd be just as bad if every band in the charts was a guitar band, but..."

Come on, surely it's the ambition of every guitar band worth its salt to grab the charts, wrap some guitar strings around its neck and give it a good throttling?

"Ha, you know what, I really hope so. We... could?"

And that "could" is the closest you'll get to a self-declaration of greatness and ambition from Justin and the fellas. They are simply happy with the prospect of becoming a great British band. What's already clear is that they are the next great British band. And while this year some will be content sitting in bedrooms rubbing No Age vinyl singles on each other's faces, screwing up their eyes and wishing they could be Joanna Newsom's harp for just one day, we'll be happy riding The Vaccines' wreckin' ball as it cascades straight through 2011.



LIMITED SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

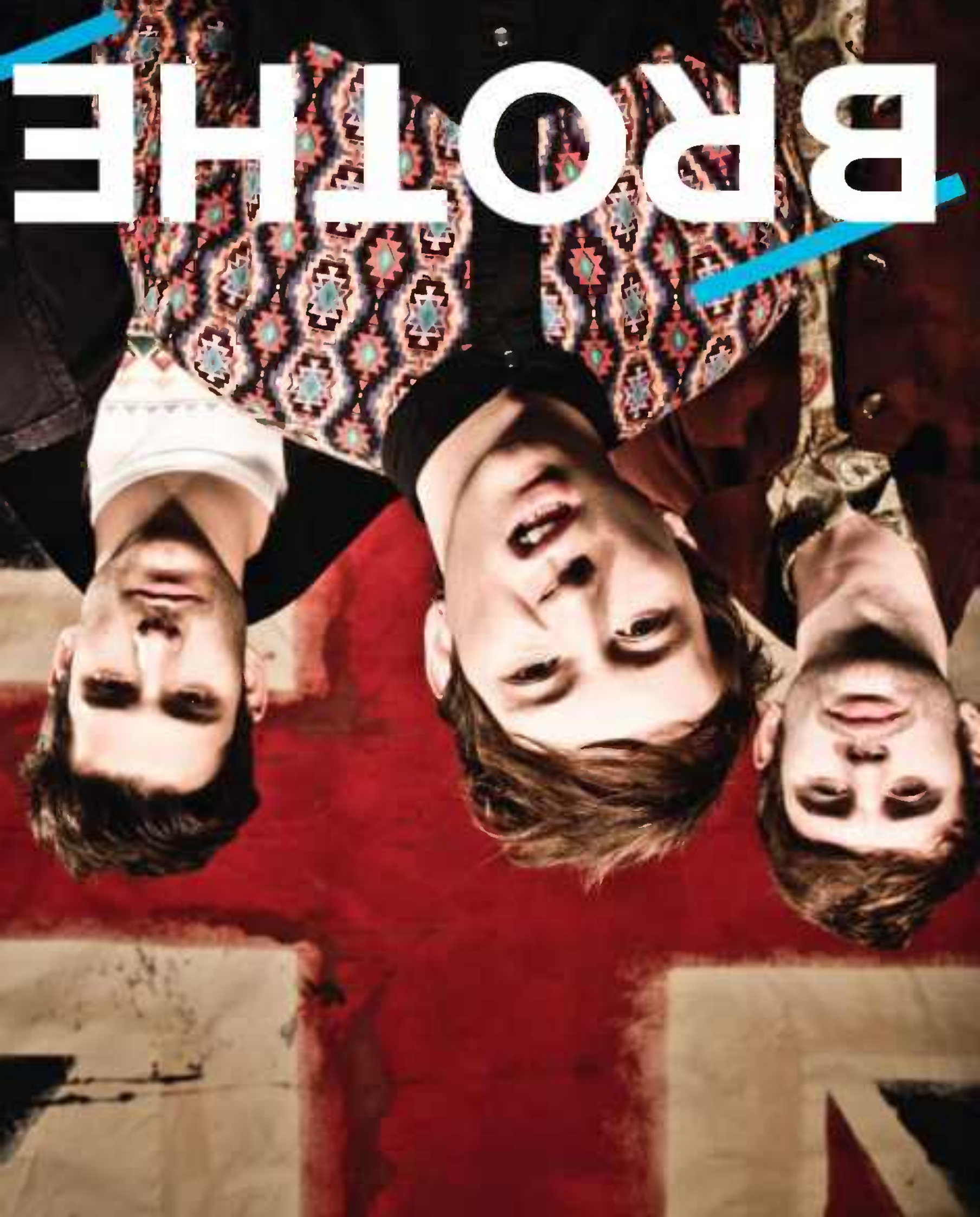
SAVE 35% ON A SUBSCRIPTION TO NME

Free DELIVERY STRAIGHT TO YOUR DOOR

GO TO WWW.NME.COM/NEWYROFFER
OR CALL 0844 848 0848 AND QUOTE 12H



OFFER ENDS 07/02/11 PAY JUST £19 EVERY 3 MONTHS BY DIRECT DEBIT, OR FOR A YEAR PAY JUST £76 IN A SINGLE PAYMENT BY CREDIT/DEBIT CARD SAVING 35%.
FOR FULL TERMS & CONDITIONS CALL 0844 848 0848. FOR ENQUIRIES OR OVERSEAS RATES CALL +44 (0)330 3330 233 OR E-MAIL IPCSUBS@QUADRANTSUBS.COM.



BROTHER

With machete tongues, they're intent on bringing back Cool Britannia and are certain they'll become incredibly famous - Mark Beaumont meets indie's most arrogant

PHOTO BY ROGER SARGENT

Mumford & Sons are "a painted-by-numbers folk band. They've got the waistcoats, the feather in their hat, the suspenders, the twee voice, banjo, check - no, bollocks, fuck off, I'm not having Mumford & Sons at all. I fucking hate Mumford & Sons." Florence is "boring old warbling bollocks. She looks like a bloke in a wig. She looks like the Marilyn Manson video where he's got that latex suit on. But with a ginger wig on. Not having it." The xx? "Very boring... there's no cigar there." And The Drums? "Are you shitting me? They haven't got the songs, none of those bands have."

Lee Newell jitters in his seat, ricocheting from roast to roast, thrilled by the barbaric bounce. "I tell you what, that other tosser who does my nut in... *Darwin Deez*." He practically spits in disgust. "Honestly, we hate *everything*. Everything's rubbish."

Oh Brother, where hast thou been? The cocksure, über-bolshy, self-proclaimed Warrior Kings Of Gritpop, here to flambée the fakers, beat down the banjo bozos and see off this blasted US invasion with a stout British bovver boot up its behind. They're mashing the best of Britpop and beyond into monumental mounds of melody and might. The brightest guitar hopes of 2011 who sparked the biggest A&R scramble since P-Do dropped his 'party satchel' at the Rhythm Factory in 2002.

"I got kicked out of college two days before graduation for throwing a chair into an amp," says

"We're the only band that has the ambition and bollocks to write massive songs"
LEE NEWELL

Lee, Brother's singer and the campest-voiced crazy man in rock history. "It's fucking rock'n'roll! It's great now I'm talking to *NME* but at the time I felt like a dick! I never graduated, because of rock'n'roll. I threw it into the amp and the tutor was behind me watching me do it."

"They threw you out? What sort of rock school was this? You should've got an honorary first!"

"I'll go back there in a few years' time," Lee sniggers, "throw a chair into an amp and say, 'Look, that's how you do it! And they'll all cheer this time.'"

Who are Brother here to save British rock from? Who you got? They despise Kings Of Leon for "watering down the good band they once were". They want to "bomb" the major label filing cabinet of Top One singles to give to new pop artists - it's the musical equivalent of a Cheese String, fake shit just to satisfy your hunger". And all you shoe-gazers? "Fucking step aside. Too many Joes. That's not what we're about at all. I don't think anyone's got the bollocks. I don't think anyone's good enough."

Who are Brother here to save British rock for? For the Nowhere Town everyman dreaming of 'getting out'. "We'd like to think of ourselves as representatives for those people," says Lee, "for the blokes working on building sites and for the people who have to go to

their office job on a trading estate. Because that's what we all had to do and we just wanted to get out of there and write massive rock songs."

And, most of all, for anyone who loves huge, punchalong choruses that make you want to hug the sky and propose to your radio. "We have to fly that flag because there hasn't been any good English bands for ages," Lee rants. "We're the only band that has got the bollocks to do it and have the ambition. People are afraid to write massive songs that'll sound good on the radio. We're self-elected to do that. We nominated ourselves because we had to."

Amen to that, Brother...

The gang members circled them like lions around a herd of wildebeest, never taking their eyes from the camera bag. As

'homecoming' photoshoots went, it was unnerving. Brother posed in Slough with one eye to their backs, reminded that these streets house more sinister elements than David Brent's disco moves.

"It got to the point where I was scared of leaving the house because it's so rough," says Lee, two days later in the safety of a Clapham demo studio. "I used to get mugged and people would throw stones at me. I think it made me tougher. None of us will take any shit."

Come, friendly bombs! Still, growing up as schoolmates there (apart from bassist Josh Ward, who's from Portsmouth, dubbed by Brother "Slough-On-Sea") made Lee, guitarist Sam Jackson and drummer Frank Colucci street kids, but with smarts - "very ambitious". Ambitious, that is, to ditch their jobs in menial filing and get the fuck out of Slough.

"There's a lot of drugs," says Lee, a single-parented child of the council estate, "a lot of people are going nowhere and don't have any ambition. We could've easily got into that slump, there was a point where I thought, 'Will we ever get out of this?' It was scary."

"Settling wasn't an option," adds Sam - like his bandmates, better spoken than the average punk yob.

"I used to have a job testing Xbox games, which sounds a lot better than it was," Lee laughs. "They'd ask me about my 10-year plan and I'd say, 'You can fuck off and I'll be a rock star, that's my 10-year plan.'"

If you're baulking at Brother's 'arrogant' self-belief, reader, know that it was bred from this oh-so-familiar fear and determination. The fear of a wasted life crushed beneath benefit-borm mundanity.

It's what made Sam and Frank form a teen-emo band called Twice Upon A Time (acronym TUAT, "but please don't put that in") and play in Reading boxing clubs. It's what, in the summer of 2009, made these four pub buddies decide that "there was no real guitar music on the radio, so despite everyone telling us that bands don't get signed anymore, that we'd never make it, we thought, 'Fuck it, we can do this, we're smart, we can write songs that will last forever.'"

And it was fear, determination and a lightning strike of inspiration that saw them ignite a spark of classic Britrock passion at their very first rehearsal together and cloister themselves away for the next year, engineering a sleek hybrid of Premium Britpop: equal parts Happy Mondays, Blur, Suede and... and... ooh, who am I thinking of? The volcanic chords, the cocky working-class swagger, the calling of every band under the sun a cunt...



Lee tuts. "I think the biggest comparison to Oasis was that I was wearing John Lennon glasses in our press photo."

We won't mention the sheepskin leather coat, then? Yes, since they emerged from their self-imposed songwriting exile in August 2010, Brother have been endlessly (and wrongly) ragged as the latest ladrock band, set to slot into the Gallagher-shaped gap that's appeared. And while they'll happily admit to influence from Oasis and Kasabian – it's there, sure, alongside meaty blues riffs, garage clatter and baggy beats – Lee has a more romantic musical muse at heart.

"I found my real love with The Smiths," he says, cys to the floor. "I'd never heard anything like them in my life. Lyrically it was unbelievable. I know it lends a lot from Oscar Wilde, especially Morrissey's solo stuff, but he used words in songs that'd never been used in songs before, and shouldn't have been used in songs."

He realises he's dangerously close to paying another musician a compliment. "He's said all he's got to say now. He's scraping the barrel a bit."

Can we assume you're not big fans of Beady Eye then?

Au contraire. "I love it," says Frank. "It's genius," gushes Sam.

"I thought it was pretty good," says Lee. "We've not met Liam yet. I'm sure we will. He'll probably hate us. I'll probably hate him."

Still, for all their chantalong braggadocio, swathes of Moz moroseness do infect the likes of debut single 'Darling Buds Of May' (imagine 'Coffee & TV' stuffed full of potassium sugar-lumps), 'Lightning' ('Step On' on miaow miaow) and 'New Year's Day' (The Hives tackling 'Beetlebum').

By claiming to bring back Britrock, is that what you're reacting against? People's need to find new sounds? Are you trying to make us appreciate what we've already had?

Lee: "In a way. That's why so many of these bands are getting back together. Pulp and Suede and Blur."

Josh: "There's this hunger to find these new bands, the next person is going to come out playing a kettle or whatever... just write good songs."

"Stop trying so hard and write good songs. It's not

"You've got to go in thinking failure's not an option, that's always been our ethos" LEE NEWELL

hard." Lee catches himself. "Actually it is quite hard."

British rock has a proud tradition of innovation, though – so by conglomerating loads of previous bands into one almighty sound aren't you doing it a disservice? Why not do something completely new and original?

"I think writing really catchy, intelligent songs is new and original in this day and age," Lee asserts. "I can imagine 100,000 people singing along to 'New Year's Day' and it will be a celebration. It's the new 'Auld Lang Syne', isn't it? It has to be!"

He pictures Jools Holland leading a Hogmanay full of superstars in a rousing rendition of his catchiest song. "We're going to have to play a gig every New Year's Eve now. It's going to be amazing playing that."

Don't count out a boogie-woogie Brother blow-out next Hogmanay, by the way; magical things happen to this band. Having blagged their first ever gig in Brighton supporting James McCartney, they found Ol' Waggle-Thumbs Himself in the crowd, fielding autograph scrums at the bar. Early radio play led to a call from their dream producer Stephen Street, offering to produce their debut album. And their first viral video of the band playing to bemused passers-by in trading estates and train stations around Slough prompted every major label to court them over a week of insane booze Olympics that made a night round Gazza's house look like a Papal audience.

Sam: "There was one meeting where we turned up and there were eight pints of lager in a line. I just motor-boated across the top."

Josh: "We threw them over, climbed the wall and they went. 'They're geniuses.'"

Lee: "By the end of it we didn't know what label we were seeing because we were so drunk, we'd just throw champagne in the air and throw chairs out of the window. I was looking at it all thinking, 'We're actually gonna do alright, we're gonna grab this by the horns and fuck it.'"

Like every band ever deluged with The Man's platinum card debauchery, of course, Brother signed with "the people who were best for us", Geffen, a deal cemented with a star-studded gig at the Met Bar. And they're certain the rest of their fate will slot just as securely into place. In March they take their fight against the US invasion to their opponent's home soil.

"We're flying the flag," Lee declares. "We're gonna go over there and take over their whole country. We're already planning our attack. You've got to go in with the attitude where failure is not an option, that's been our ethos. It is gonna work because we write good songs and we're gonna tell 'em it's fucking good. We've got the audacity to fly over there and have it."

Audacity? Brother. The band who claim their new song 'Electric Daydream' is going to be "bigger than 'Live Forever'?" The band whose debut album "has to go to Number One" and "will make people look at guitar music in a different light again"? And the band whose 2011 is written in the most blazing of stars?

"We take each day at a time," says Lee, this thin semblance of modesty about to be torn asunder. "We set ourselves achievable goals and we'll keep doing that. Getting signed was the first one, then working with a great producer, next is going to be a Number One album, then it'll be a Number One album in America, then it'll be headlining Glastonbury."

His eyes burn with the confidence of a born winner. "We will do all of them. We know we're gonna do it."

And admit it, as sure as Darwin Deez is a feckless jangling poodle/giraffe cross-breed, you know it too.

Watch a video interview of Brother on location at QPR, their favourite football team

BAND CRUSHES

Which new bloods are making our favourite stars go weak at the knees?



BRETT ANDERSON, SUEDE

"MidiMidis are great. They supported us at Bush Hall. They're a two-piece whose whole rhythm section is on backing tracks using '80s technology. I love them."



NIKA ROSA DANILOVA, ZOLA JESUS

"TRUST are a boy-girl duo from Toronto who lie somewhere between minimal synth and house. They have a record coming out on Sacred Bones. They opened for me last time I was in Toronto and brought their own fog machine. Robert writhes around and Maya goes nuts on the drums. They've got so much energy."



ANGUS ANDREW, LIARS

"I got an email from a friend in L.A., and he said, 'There's a group of kids, they're skaters and rappers and photographers, and they're called Odd Future.' He sent a link to one of them, this guy called Earl Sweatshirt, who has this track where he took our song 'Leather Prowler' and rhymed over it. And I was just blown away. But the real highlight for me was seeing the video for his song 'EARL', which everyone should see. That gave me hope for exciting music and things to come."



THEO HUTCHCRAFT, HURTS

"Clare Maguire is graceful, dark, beautiful and has honestly one of the best female voices I have ever heard. I was just speechless the first time I heard it. She's just what British music needs."



JIM SCLAVUNOS, GRINDERMAN

"I had the immense pleasure of producing an album for David J Roch, a remarkable Sheffield singer-songwriter possessing a supernatural vocal range that leaps from sonorous baritone to soaring falsetto. He's signed to new London-based label Dram; they'll release his collection of epic sweeping songs of dark romantic urgency in early March 2011."



JONATHAN PIERCE, THE DRUMS

"Connor [Hanwick, drums] saw Puro Instinct play in NYC a few months ago and told me about them. They're some blonde girls from LA who can sound an awful lot like Fleetwood Mac – their song 'Luv Goon'... man, it really puts you in a mood."

MARNIE STERN



"Munch Munch are really fun and they have a lot of fresh young energy. The keyboards and single-note melodies kind of remind me a little bit of Blonde Redhead. The songs and arrangements are driving and slightly proggy. They arrange their songs with lots of different vocal melodies, which also makes for a really good live show!"



DAN SNAITH, CARIBOU

"I first saw Hounds Of Hate play in a Dalston warehouse at three in the morning. Someone had set up a PA very badly and the music was distorted and wonderfully chaotic. They consisted of two men with synths and one punching away frantically on a drum machine as if he was tabulating something esoteric on a large calculator. It's a beautifully eccentric synth syrup."



JAMES MURPHY, LCD SOUNDSYSTEM

"My tip for bands for 2011? Keep your day job. Oh, tips, like bands I like? I hope the Holy Ghost! album comes out next year, it should. They're great, they've been part of the DFA family for ever. I'm eager for them to finish their record and put it out. Now."



BLAINE HARRISON, MYSTERY JETS

"Tribes are the most exciting new band in the country. They're on the precipice of sparking a wave of new British guitar music. Theirs is kind of a Sub Pop, Seattle grunge sort of sound, but the beauty of their songs comes down to the singer's voice. He's an amazing songwriter – in the space of about a month he sent us about 20 new songs, then when I went to see them, I knew the words to every one. I'm also really into WU LYF. I like that I don't know anything about them really. That's often one of the most exciting

things about new bands – what they hold back – and they're masters of that. It sounds really primal and I kind of see them as a musical version of *Lord Of The Flies*. We have their song 'Lucifer Calling' on our tour mixtape, and it was the one that everyone would come and ask who it was by – fucking amazing."



JACK STEADMAN, BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB

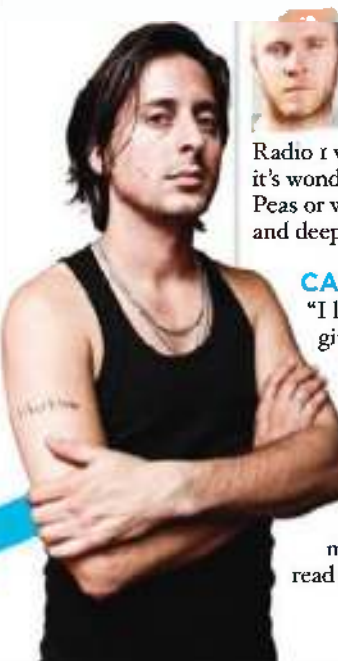
"I'm really excited about Mukkaló, from Iceland. We met them when we played in Reykjavik a few months ago – they were playing in a clothes store, all smiling throughout the whole show, and they were charming in between songs. The singer plays a guitar that his great uncle made in the 1940s. He let me play it after the show and it was the most beautiful guitar I've ever played."



PANDA BEAR

"I'm really excited for Kurt Vile's next album. He's made music for some time but for lots of people he's new. It's soulful guitar music. I like the way he records and produces too."

"I love The Langley Sisters. Well, my girlfriend's in the band, but I was a fan before"



TOM FLEMING, WILD BEASTS

"I've really been enjoying James Blake's stuff. Just the fact you can hear genuine silence on daytime Radio 1 with a track is wonderful. Seriously, it's wonderful, next to like the Black Eyed Peas or whatever – it just seems to be deeper and deeper nadirs."

CARL BARAT

"I love The Langley Sisters. Well, my girlfriend's in the band but having said that I was a fan long before I met my girlfriend. There's something so heartstoppingly beautiful about it. It's got that thing that Simon Cowell bastardised; it's called the X factor. It's so illuminating it makes you light up. But people might find this a bit nauseating to read because it's my girlfriend's band..."



ODD FUTURE

Outraging as many people as they turn on, this LA rap crew are rude, crude and getting their swag on. **Jeff Weiss** looks at the trash-talking street teens keeping it surreal

Grizzly Bear are swag. Supreme is swag. Skateboarding is swag. Waka Flocka is swag. Liars are swag. Dâm Funk is swag. Unicorns have supernatural swag. R Kelly is definitely swag. Roy Ayers is swag. Adult Swim is swag. Toro Y Moi is swag. Bacon is swag. Soulja Boy is swag ('Pretty Boy' edition). James Pants swags his fucking shit out. Pharrell practically invented swag. Such are the far-flung cornerstones of Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All (to use their full moniker) Swag.

Six months ago, the Los Angeles rap crew scribbled their cracked *Clockwork Orange* screeds in relative anonymity. They were the insular wolf pack prowling Fairfax Boulevard, dipping into skate boutiques and avant-garde bookstores, high-end record shops and silent movie theatres, skating past high-hatted Hasidics and big bearded hipsters. Two hundred days later, they have been courted by Interscope and XL, appeared in the pages of *The New Yorker* and *The New*



PHOTO BY JULIAN BERMAN

WHO ARE YOU?
A very big hard
of unicorns
don't give

Wardens on Pic, skating distance from the wolf lair located in the Washington-Crenshaw District. If the stress of being the next great hip-hop hopes and the scourge of hand-wringing moralists has gotten to them, it doesn't show.

"I am a toaster," Tyler bafflingly exclaims while snapping back and forth with Hodgy, who mocks him for drinking pink lemonade. "You want a sex change," he says. Tyler, clad in a Supreme hat and Clash T-shirt responds, "And I'm a moose."

None of the members of the teenaged crew are legally allowed to imbibe anything stronger than Tropicana. Tyler, the pack's 19-year-old founder neither smokes nor drinks – a surprising admission considering his love of random non-sequiturs, *Dude, Where's My Car?*, *Freddy Got Fingered*, and the Adult Swim line-up on the Cartoon Network.

"Everyone always thinks I'm high. Last time I got high, I almost tried to commit suicide – that shit was horrible," Tyler says. "I can see how people enjoy that, everyone's different, but I will never touch that shit again."

This is probably a wise move. People incinerate acres of weed or gobbie esoteric Andean herbs to achieve the kind of third-eye weirdness that runs through Tyler's mind on a regular basis. Recent revelations on his Twitter feed include "I am jeep", "I am a Mexican toilet seat", "I am a prostitute", and "I am a single mother." It also includes allusions to "punching bitches in their mouth", which, along with the group's lyrical fascination with murder, rape, and doing illicit things to Miley Cyrus, has quickly garnered them a reputation for controversy. But in person, one quickly realises that the fascination with depravity, devil worship, Dahmer and doughnuts stems less from psychosis than from a personality inherently inclined towards rebellion and working people's nerves.

Over the last decade and a half, rap music has assimilated into the global mainstream, in the process shedding its rough edges. Nothing personified this trend better than 2010 breakout R&B/rap hybrid Drake, with his resumé that included time on the popular Canadian teen soap opera, *Degrassi High*. So consider Odd Future the anti-Drake, filling the void with rap music too obscene to play in front of your parents.

"Teachers were always annoying, they are always telling me to grow up," Tyler says. "I was always the smartest kid in my class, always making jokes. People would tell me to study, but I always said 'Fuck that.' That's why people relate to Odd Future – we're saying the stuff that they always felt. You can be yourself and do what you want to do. No-one was out there saying that shit. We are the kids who we make music for." Or as Tyler put it on unofficial manifesto, 'Sandwiches': *"The fuck you think I started Odd Future for, to wear suits and make good decisions?"*

Two weeks prior, Tyler, disguised in a green ski mask, growls at a mostly male moshpit clustered inside Los Angeles' impossibly sold-out Echo nightclub: *"Come on kids/Fuck that class/And hit that bong/Let's buy guns and kill those kids with dads and moms/With nice homes, 401K's and nice ass lawns"*.

"Wolf Gang! Wolf Gang! Wolf Gang!" he chants with his raspy snarl. The mesmerised mob responds, *"WOLF GANG WOLF GANG WOLF GANG."*

A hyped Tyler stages dives eight feet into the inferno, a flying crossbow of elbows and limbs. Not only do his adoring fans catch him, they get whipped into the sort of bug-eyed fervour usually reserved for conjugal visits, monster truck rallies, or '77 punk shows.

While Tyler and his missing partner-in-crime, the

profane Earl Sweatshirt, have drawn the lion's share of attention, Odd Future's growing reputation is not just a product of their clever lyrics, manic energy and appetite for destruction. The 10-person gang includes the resident stoner Domo Genesis, the chopped-and-screwed Mike G, and Hodgy Beats, whose MellowHype collaboration with Left Brain combined a Neptunes-like minimalism with the lawless rage of NWA (including a song called 'Fuck The Police'). Berated for their misogyny, Odd Future boast the distinction of being the only notable rap crew with a female engineer/producer, Syd.

Most impressive is that they did it all themselves, without a high-priced publicist or a label. With little to no training, they learned production, recording, engineering, art designs and web presence all in-house.

"I like keeping shit in-house because I don't like working with people I don't know well. I'm not going to name names, but so many famous people have DM'd me on Twitter trying to work with us," Tyler says. "But to get to work with the people I see everyday is cool because they understand me, at least to a certain extent. I'm a private person, I don't like to tell people shit. Even my mom didn't know that I was doing this until my cousin told her."

This partially explains the velocity of Odd Future's rise. They come fuelled by the internal combustion of misunderstood teenagers – the post-adolescent angst and disregard for convention that hip-hop originally stood for. Simultaneously crude and complex, they operate as an almost punk-like agent, aiming to purify

"We're saying stuff that people always felt. We are the kids who we make music for" TYLER

rap of its peacock-preening and pretensions. If they aren't the next Wu-Tang Clan, that's because there is no next Wu-Tang Clan. But one thing both have in common is that they understand the GZA's adage: if it ain't raw, it's worthless.

Although they showcased their talent at the Interscope Christmas party, Odd Future remain unsigned, aware that their bargaining power increases exponentially with the size of their burgeoning cult. Back at their spartan home studio, Hodgy and Tyler debate their release schedule for next year. Tyler's solo album 'Goblin' is dropping this month, with Hodgy following him in February.

Though their caustic lyrics may lash out at targets ranging from absentee fathers to police officers to comic windbag Steve Harvey, Odd Future generate strength from their familial closeness. When Tyler plays 'Yonkers', his futuristic reimagining of '90s NYC boom-bap from 'Goblin', the room goes silent and everyone bobs their head, knowing that what they have is something rare – the revenge of the outcast kids who were too smart to be popular, but too cool to care.

"I never really went out much in high school. I went to a different school each year and was never part of the in-crowd. I never developed that many close relationships outside of Odd Future," Tyler says. "So I stayed home, did Photoshopped, skateboarded, made music and watched cartoons. It worked out OK."

That's why it's Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All. Kill or be killed. If you're not down, you weren't invited. Or maybe you just lack swag.

York Times, and recreated a scene from Larry Clark's *Wassup Rockers* as part of a collaborative project between the *Kids* director and Marc Jacobs.

They've engendered comparisons to Wu-Tang Clan, NERD, RZA's horrorcore offshoot Gravediggaz, Bad Brains, Eminem at his most warped, and even Insane Clown Posse. All of these analogies do the group a disservice. Similar to the title of OF member Tyler's break-out record 'Bastard', Odd Future's direct ancestors have skulked off to parts unknown.

You can trace their DNA as far back as you want, but that's missing the point. Don't compare them to horrorcore either. Their median age is 18 years old and they just want to skate, make music, "fuck bitches", play ball, smoke weed, and watch cartoons – in that order. All you are supposed to understand is that their swag is phenomenal.

Right now, Hodgy Beats, the rapper-half of side-project MellowHype, and Tyler The Creator are eating the signature dish at Roscoe's Chicken &

TRIBES

The north London gang wrestling the indie rock mantle from the US and bringing it home to Camden, with the blessing of Mystery Jets, Huw Stephens, and NME's James McMahon

PHOTO BY DAVID EDWARDS

Question: where is the US indie rock revolution's next major uprising? Is it a) the flannel-clad badlands of Seattle, b) the lo-fi Mecca of Portland, c) the ultimate college town, Boston? Or is it, um, d) Camden? Rising northwest London four-piece Tribes make a bold claim for it actually being the latter; such is their way with loose yet not quite ramshackle, independently-minded rock and passion for the spirit of 1991. Formed "around a year and a half ago", obvious reference points include the cathartic fuzz of Brand New, a wearier Lemonheads or the US-indebted song sketches of Graham Coxon's early releases, a man who knows all there is to know about being a Yankophile indie Brit. You wouldn't know it by their accents, but Tribes are a (Sub) pop band wrapped in a red, white and blue checked shirt



"We're fans of Pavement and Sonic Youth," says singer and songwriter Johnny Lloyd, his hair falling into his eyes as he scratches his scalp. "We formed Tribes principally because we didn't hear that sort of music being played that wasn't on old records. We wanted to make songs that were good, but not particularly crafted. That were loose, y'know? We weren't pitching for Radio 1 or anything." Johnny looks around the upstairs room of the Lock Tavern in Nr, empty but for band and interviewer. "We're from Camden, but our record collection is very American."

With tastes formed by Johnny's dad ("He's into his music, he more or less dictated what I could listen to growing up: no Guns N' Roses, no Elton John, no pop of any form") it didn't take long until they impressed the dons of their sound. Mere months after their inception, a tape of their songs found its way to Black

Francis, he of Pixies and gawking at UFOs fame, who promptly offered the British band an opening slot supporting them at the Troxy in east London "We'd gone from shitting ourselves about our first gig," says bassist Jim Cratchley, "to being onstage looking down at a grinning Kim Deal."

In truth, there's more to Tribes' music than just US influence – there's shades of The Only Ones to their sound, and in places Johnny's melodic whine isn't too dissimilar from Mott The Hoople's Ian Hunter. So next up to be impressed was Huw Stephens, the Radio 1 DJ and the beardy voice of British new music. Huw is opening his account next year by selecting Tribes to do a special session for him in Maida Vale, in part of a new teaming-up between *Radar* and Radio 1's *Introducing*. "Mystery Jets chose them as their favourite new band a little while back on Radio 1," he coos, "and I was instantly taken with them. There's a fun depth to their songs, a lot of ideas and character that makes you want to hear more." It's a sentiment expressed by a growing number of people.

The aforementioned Mystery Jets have just taken Tribes out on their first UK tour, as well as covering their tune 'We Were Children' on radio ("They played it much better than us," they all laugh). Just when you thought, though, the London borough had become nothing but a tatty shrine to the Britpop age, the most exciting of converts to Tribes' music comes in the shape of Camden itself. "The area has really taken to us," says guitarist Dan White. "You hear people playing our demos at parties. It feels like we're the band of the area right now. That's something we're really, really proud of."

The band are also excited about what a time it is for music in London in general circa now. "There seems to be life about the city," says drummer Miguel Demelo, who's been friends with Johnny since the age of seven. "It didn't seem like that a couple of years ago".

Their adoption by Camden's population as the borough's band in residence was, they say, out of necessity – Johnny: "We don't have a £300,000 record

deal like The Vaccines or Brother, we needed people to get behind us" – but like east London took to The Libertines, it certainly helps in reinforcing the opinion that this is a band with more on their minds than just being liked. "We don't just want people just to like the tunes," says Johnny, putting his hands deep in the pocket of his denim jacket. "We want to make people feel things, y'know?" Don't call it a movement, but that sort of sentiment is something the likes of Yuck and Japanese Vojagers have been expressing a lot recently too.

Hearts and minds then, and there's no better example of this than the recently penned 'Nightdriving/Useless God', written in remembrance of recently deceased Ou Est Le Swimming Pool singer Charlie Haddon. It's no hype to describe the song as beautiful, its line "What use is God if you can't see him?" cutting through the discordant acoustic guitars and proving their riposte to the funeral leader's eulogy that left them coming away from the service disillusioned at what they'd just heard.

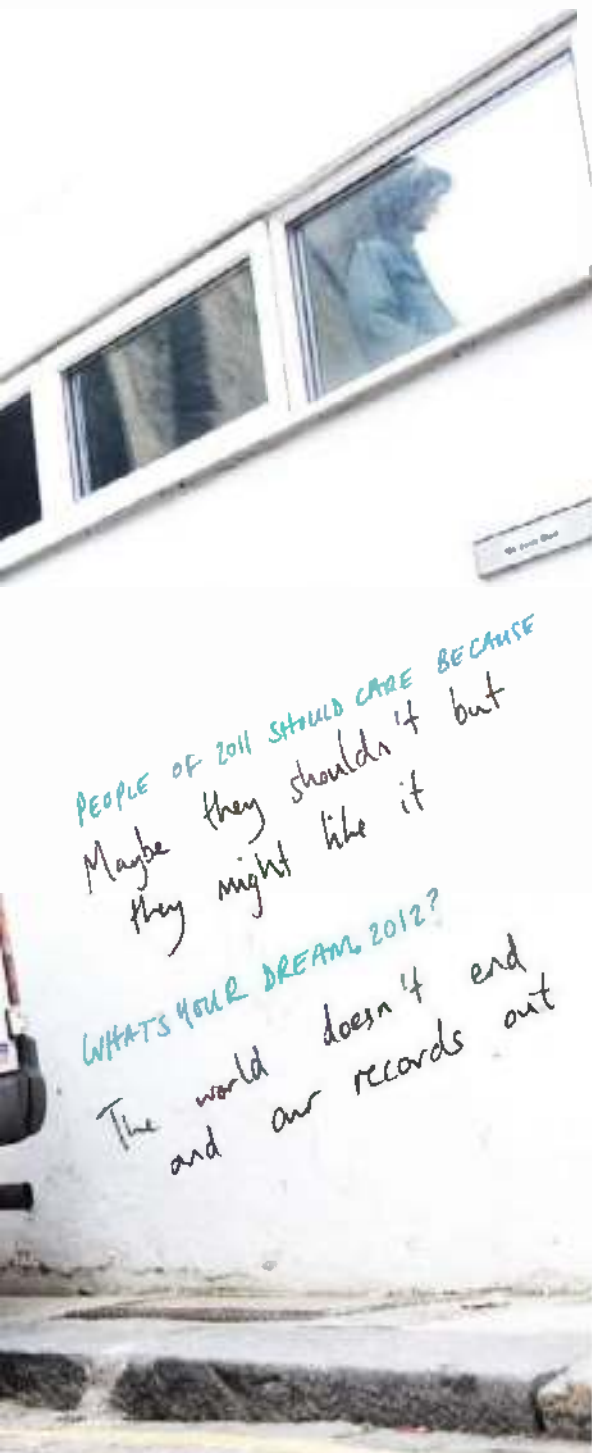
Their ode to Haddon is a song that was laid down just prior to their recent trip to Liverpool, funded by potential suitors Island Records, when they decamped to record their newest of songs with producer Mike Crossey (Arctic Monkeys, Foals, Razorlight). The major label aspect is a subject that wouldn't be broached in 2010 if the band's influence didn't lie in indie rock, but they insist they don't want to sign to an indie (they "don't see the point"), and are looking for the major deal that'll take them off the £50 handed out daily for them to split. We suggest the middle ground of labels like Domino and Wichita. They ponder this, but insist that they're still looking for a major.

Next on the agenda is shopping the new recording around, looking for that deal. Then "more shows, more tours, more tunes – nothing speaks volumes like great songs and being able to play them well". They're certainly a close-knit band (Dan met Miguel after gatecrashing his party and stealing his wallet, the duo met again years later when jumping off a bridge "for fun") and they're all aware of what talents each brings to the band. "We're a band, a group, a gang," they say, while all obviously being in awe of their singer's knack with a tune.

Johnny's songwriting is a craft they're putting particular faith in; the singer says he's written over 100 songs, and they're scathing of Brother for "claiming they're the next big thing, but not having the tunes to back it up". They're also critical of the "jingly jangly" bands doing the rounds and are committed to making "a great record", a format they all confirm their commitment to with a chorus of nodded heads. "We love REM," says Johnny. "But they didn't make their best stuff until nine albums in. Bands don't get that chance anymore, so the first one has to be brilliant."

With that guitarist Dan has to go to work, behind the bar of The Lock Tavern, replacing his red bowler hat for a beer bottle opener. The rest of the band are tempted to catch James Blake at the songwriter's secret show at The Enterprise up the road. Johnny tells us about *A Journey Through The Heart Of A Pig*, the novel he's written, promising to send it on to us in the coming days, and at least two of the band tell us they're eager to get signed soon so they can give up being homeless and sleeping on friends' couches. Never unanimated throughout the time we spend together, they're especially so as the clock ticks down. "It's nice to have people want to speak to us about our music," they all say, as NME rises to leave.

It's unlikely we'll be the first to want to give them our time. After all, the best American band in Britain are a band demanding of an audience.



RADAR AND HUW STEPHENS UNITE

Radar is teaming up with BBC Radio 1 *Introducing*... to select two unsigned Radar bands for a Maida Vale session. Tribes are the first, and here's Huw with the second, Yaaks...



"On the shows at BBC Radio 1, we're as excited about the next great piece of music as the rest of the world is come January. On my Wednesday night shows I get total freedom to play the best new music I've heard in

the last week, and one of the bands I'm excited about right now – along with Tribes, Fixers, Two Wounded Birds and Various Cruelties of course – are Yaaks. Bursting out of Eastbourne, they're a band that probably do as much touting about of themselves as WU LYF do (ie: not a lot), but remain at the top of ones to watch lists. They have the tunes, only a handful of gigs already played, and some yet to be finished demos up online. Not only that, but their love of dance shines through – the tune I've been playing on Radio 1 lately, 'HRHRHYTHM', is laced with warm and left-leaning vocals. Keep listening in the new year for both bands' sessions."

introducing

WHO ARE YOU?
FIXERS WE ARE... OXFORD WE COME FROM...
5 PIECES WE HAVE...
... PSYCHEDELICK SPEED PETAL.

PEOPLE OF 2011 SHOULD CARE BECAUSE
WE HAVE A 7" SINGLE CALLED
IRON DEER DREAM COMING OUT
ON YOUNG & LOST CLUB IN FEBRUARY
AND WE'LL BE TOURING THROUGH
THE YEAR IN THE UK



PHOTO BY ANDY WILLISHER

FIXERS

This quintet want to revive the psychedelic dream, but, as **Luke Turner** finds, it ain't all love, peace'n'rainbows with the Scientology-dabblin', wood-touchin' Oxfordians



We'll open the 2012 Olympic Games, and Muhammad Ali can walk up the steps and sing our song," laughs Fixers singer Jack Goldstein of his band's bold ambitions for the next few years. "Touch wood," he adds, as his hand thrashes down on the pub table. "We're very superstitious," says guitarist Roo Bhasin. "We're serial wood-touchers."

It's the heady speed of Fixers' rise that's caused them to keep an anxious eye open for handy furniture: "It's taken us very much by surprise, but it's been a fun old ride so far," says Roo.

"We weren't Fixers until all five of us came together," says Jack, going back to the start of their journey. "It had got to the point where we were the dregs of lots of other people's bands. We're the people who can't do anything else." For now, "anything else" involves Jack and drummer Michael Thompson working at music venues, Roo as "a glorified janitor in a hospital, cleaning up after research students", while other guitarist Christopher Dawson is a landscape gardener. What about bassist Jason Warner? Roo and Jack seem unsure: "We think he's a male nurse-slash-gigolo; he drives around making cups of tea for old women."

Hope those ladies got a teasmade for Christmas, for it looks like Jason won't be doing his rounds for much longer. As well as a very early gig at T In The Park where the tiny crowd included frantic dancing girls, one of whom professed undying love for drummer Thompson by scrawling it over her breasts, Fixers' swift rise is in part down to their membership of Oxford's Blessing Force collective. They're keen not to be drawn on the subject, not because they're wary of being lumped in with a scene, but because they say everyone involved is still finding their feet. "We're learning at the same time as everyone else. We want to cement these friendships before we start talking about them," explains Roo.

Yet it's not hard to see why they were asked to join a movement so focused on shared experience and mutual support. Fixers' exuberant, harmonising choruses reach out to embrace. Their muse is not the druggy monologue of psychedelic music of yore, but an excitable sermon from the top of Mount Joy.

Their cosmic hymn-sheet is drawn from an array of influences that flows from Eel Pie Island in the '60s (which inspired Mystery Jets) via the early '90s Oxford shoegazers such as Ride, and even some of Radiohead's more outré moments, and is little to do with the band's hometown. "We don't really see the connection between Oxford and our music," Jack states. Instead, Fixers cast their ears wider. Jack says that "both myself and Roo listen to a lot of non-Western music, Japanese pop, bands like Capsule and Perfume, then a lot of Thai and Cambodian stuff, European and Turkish psych." Both enthuse wildly about Syrian turbo taxi pop star Omar Souleyman: "that was one of the most intense shows I've seen all year." Closer to home, they cite Washed Out, Panda Bear, Grace Jones and Giorgio Moroder as having an

impact on a sound that takes The Beach Boys on a trip via a less plastic MGMT, and a poppier take on Animal Collective.

Jack, who likes to meditate and resembles a young Mick Jagger, clearly sees the psychedelic music of the '60s as the foundation for what Fixers are trying to do. "Psychedelic music could come into its own, but as soon as that era passed it slipped back underground and simpler pop music took over," the singer explains. "Hopefully that's now going to change."

This change will come with Fixers' desire to sock it to the lazy old guard – "There have always been people kicking from the underground making pop music, but it's getting to the point where a lot of kids are doing it better than the pros." This desire to kick-start what they see as stalled innovation means that the band have their eyes peering towards a diverse and colourful future. "Most of the stuff we listen to, be it '60s psychedelia or downtown New York minimalism, or disco, it's always seeped in experimentation and evolution," Jack insists. "If you surround yourself in nostalgia you can't be forward thinking." So a song like 'Crystals' and its lyrics about President Nixon and the death of the hippy dream in the late '60s still has political resonance today. Other elements, says Jack, are more ambiguous. "I was listening to a lot of American sea shanties, and although the lyrics may not make sense to some, they do to me. If people don't understand the lyrics and think you're pretentious, then they don't belong at the show, they're squares. You have to free your mind."

Freeing his mind is something Jack certainly believes in. "So much outlandish stuff happens, if it doesn't do you any harm, then why not give it a go?" He goes on to discuss an obsession with the bizarre goings on in the Bermuda Triangle, and expresses a far from critical fascination with the unproven scientific and psychological roots of the controversial Scientology movement. "I've been reading a lot about Dianetics, and obviously it's got a bad name but I think people don't know anything about it. The problem with it is that it became a spearhead to get money or popularity, you can't read a book about it now without hearing about Tom Cruise," he argues, before going on to explain what he sees as a more positive side to the religion's founder. "In the '70s L Ron Hubbard had this Apollo cruise liner where they made amazing psych albums, like 'Power Of The Source'."

As 2011 sees Fixers gallivant around Britain and beyond on the fringes of the Blessing Force, will Jack's shamanic stage presence amid a shower of musical endorphins and communal bonhomie see them adopting the peculiar methods of L. Ron Hubbard? "Maybe we should. It's something that's so smoked out it becomes fascinating. We like weirdness," says Jack. "Maybe we should buy our own spaceship." But for now, Fixers are on their way to play a gig in the less far-out surroundings of a tunnel under London Bridge station, turning their ignition key before they set their controls to the heart of the sun... Touch wood.

ANNA CALVI

The scary lady who seems tailor-made for fans of PJ Harvey and Nick Cave is actually unassuming and likes classical music and hot chocolate, discovers **Emily Mackay**

PHOTO BY JASON HETHERINGTON

She's a bit scary," whispers the moron behind us, and much as *NME* believes that people who push their way down to the front of gigs and talk over them should be boiled alive, we have to admit he's right.

Anna Calvi, grown-up pop's darkest new gem, is as alarming as she is arousing. Her lips are soft and sensuous, her eyes cold and merciless. Her golden ringlets, like Kirsten Dunst as the twisted doll-child in *Interview With The Vampire*, are eerily perfect.

When you meet her in person, though, you'd be forgiven for wondering where the 28-year-old west Londoner packs and stows that immense stage presence. From her light and breathy voice, her succinct, almost clipped way of speaking to her tiny frame, everything about her seems less than substantial. Yet, onstage, she's dark, throaty, sexy. She is, as our chatty friend noted, not a little terrifying. "Yeah, maybe a little bit, yeah," she admits when we ask if people are intimidated by her. "But I think when you meet me when I'm not onstage, I'm very different. So as soon as people actually talk to me, they realise that that person only really exists in that moment, and the rest of the time it's just me."

Rather than demon possession or a constructed persona, though, the Anna you see onstage is a tactical amplification of the quiet girl you see before you.

"I think I am passionate in real life," nods Anna over hot chocolate pre-soundcheck, "and that's what I wanted to explore in my music. And they're all real feelings."

The fruits of these explorations are harvested on Anna's self-titled debut, released on Domino this month. A lush suite of rich, classic pop in the vein of Scott Walker, McAlmont & Butler or Howling Bells at their slickest, it draws on influences as diverse as Edith Piaf, Maria Callas and Debussy to create a rich soundworld full of highly-wrought emotion. The first thing you'll notice is Anna's rich, imperious voice, but the second is her Spanish-tinged guitar-playing. Her command of the instrument is fluid and idiosyncratic as she knocks out long, fiery solos and hypnotic strumming. It's inevitable when creating such romantic and stylised sounds that people will focus on her first as a femme fatale chanteuse, but it shouldn't overshadow the fact that in Anna, as much as Marnie Stern, is a female guitarist to get very excited about. For the lady herself, guitar came first, but it's singing that now defines her.

"I think now I see myself mostly as a singer, but it's been quite a long journey to get there. I definitely went from songwriter-guitarist to singer-guitarist-songwriter," she explains.

"When I started teaching myself to sing I listened to a lot of Maria Callas, who's one of my favourite singers. I just like the combination of it being really gutsy and almost a bit ugly, but the tone is really beautiful at the same time. It's almost like an opera version of PJ Harvey.

"When I play guitar, I give everything, and when I sing, I wanna give everything. It takes a while to kind of conquer, but I feel like I've got the hang of it now."

Watching her set later in east London basement venue XOYO, we can't help but concur. Anna, striking in red flamenco shirt and matching colour lips, commands the room with eyes, fingers and deceptively massive lungs, while Mally Harpaz flits between shaker, cymbal and harmonium like some octo-limbed foley artist, and drummer Daniel Maiden-Wood drives it forward.

Although Anna's music sounds like little else

"I always knew that when it came to me my vision would be quite singular"

Anna Calvi

that's around right now ("I was just waiting to get the right material and go out on my own. Because I always knew that when it came to me, my vision would be quite singular," she says of her previous musical life as casual guitarist-about-town), it definitely fits into a dark, dramatic narrative lineage, the emperor and empress of which are Nick Cave and PJ Harvey. The fact that her album was produced by Harvey collaborator Rob Ellis and that she's toured with *Grinderman* (Brian Eno is also a fan) just might, surely, have slotted her into too neat of a box?

Anna eyes us suspiciously. "How would you describe the box?"

For fans of Nick Cave/PJ Harvey.

She laughs, unruffled. "Oh, right... I don't know really. With Rob Ellis what really sold me was that he loves Ravel and Debussy or all these classical composers that I love, because a lot of the time when you meet with people

in the production side of things they're not really aware of all that stuff and it's had a bigger influence on me than anything else. So that's what it was for me more than what he's done with PJ Harvey, although admittedly I really like what he's done with her as well. And Nick Cave, I'm a huge fan of his, so to go on tour with him was just... it was unreal.

"It's like being really new at school and the really cool kids letting you sit with them. You don't wanna say anything stupid, but they let you sit with them, so you think you're cool."

As well as crafty fags behind the bike sheds, what Calvi shares with Cave and Harvey is a knack for creating a song that feels like a window into a story that extends beyond the track's own boundaries, a filmic vision which ensures that the freight likes of 'The Devil' and the burgeoning drama of 'Suzanne And I' haunt long after they've stopped playing.

"What usually happens is I listen to a piece of music or I watch a film," Anna explains, "and I feel really moved by it and it sort of compels me to create something. I feel it in my stomach and then I record it. The melody and the lyrics come out simultaneously. And, of course, after that I sculpt it, but the essence of the song is kind of there crystallised when it first appears out of me."

Her beloved filmmakers are those who create rich and detailed visual worlds, a particular favourite being Wong Kar-Wai.

"They're absolutely beautifully filmed," she says of his movies, "that's the thing about them, they're like these beautiful paintings. And I try and do that in music in the way that I want to try and embody the song and create a whole world that's almost existing, so you feel like you could touch things."

To colour in her singular, self-reliant visions and get the sort of sounds that challenge you not to use the word 'swoon', Anna became her own little personal wall of sound in the studio over the course of two years.

"You have to, you know?" she laughs. "It is a lot of overdubbing myself. All the strings were played by me. Thirty-two of me. The same with all the choral stuff."

So, what's that bizarre noise at the end of 'Love Won't Be Leaving' then?

"It's a wind machine, but some people have said it sounds like a drill," laughs Anna.

That's what we thought it was too, some kind of Driller Killer murder ballad.

"It could be seen in that way..." she smiles.

Like we said, she's a bit scary. Scary good.

People of 2011 should care. Be cause
I try to make music which is as
honest to me as possible and
if people can connect with it, and
that's great.

WHAT'S YOUR DREAM JOB?

Will be recording my next album
in a room full of paintings.



FIRST TIMES

A band's debut album is always something special. **Matt Wilkinson** details the established NME faces who are about to become LP debutantes in the coming 12 months



CEREBRAL BALLZY

Title TBC

"We got all the staples," says mainman Honor Mason of the Brooklyn party kings' debut. "Pizza, beer, drugs. A lot of other stuff – alienation, rejection of authority." He pauses. "And girls too."

The lab: Big Game Lodge, LA

The man: Bronx guitarist Joby Ford produces

The tracks: 'Return Of The Slice' is Honor's favourite

The date: May or June

FYI: Says Honor: "I've skated into a mic, I've puked into a mic and I've shogunned a beer into a mic"



YUCK

'Yuck'

Despite Yuck's super-DIY ethic, guitarist Max Bloom describes home recording sessions for their debut as "stressful", with him and singer Daniel Blumberg sending each other half-finished tracks over email. The band worked on the tunes until they were "100 per cent happy" with them.

The lab: Max's parents' house in

Finchley, Dan's house in Muswell Hill

The men: The band

The tracks: Newies such as 'Suck', plus live faves such as 'Rubber' and 'Georgia'

The date: February 21

FYI: 'Rose Gives A Lily' made the cut just three minutes before mastering



FRANKIE & THE HEARTSTRINGS

'Hunger'

With subject matters ranging from the 1984 miners' strike to tween-bop relationship struggles, the Mackem five-piece are now gearing up to release 'Hunger' next month – and they're in fierce mood about it. "Most of the time it's bullshit when people say, 'Oh, there are some surprises on the album,' line," says drummer Dave Harper. "But let's have a look at ours compared to other people's and see, shall we?"

The lab: Edwyn Collins' studio, London

The man: Edwyn Collins

The tracks: Harper is particularly excited about album closer 'Don't Look Surprised', which he says is "completely different to anything else" the band have done

The date: February 21

FYI: The original working title for the album was 'Passion, Fashion And Tach'n'. "The last word is northeast slang for getting off with girls," says Dave.



CHAPEL CLUB

'Palace'

"It's the sound of young men turning into adults," says Lewis Bowman of 'Palace', adding that, lyrically, the band tried to embody a "lush and romantic" feel crossed with "getting fucked up". Adds the singer: "It's a fitting soundtrack to a turbulent time."

The lab: The Pool, Miloco, London

The man: Paul Epworth

The tracks: 11 in all, including 'Surfacing', 'O Maybe I' and 'Depths'

The date: January 31

FYI: Chatroulette was projected onto the studio wall during recording



SUMMER CAMP

Title TBC

Jeremy Warmesley promises "more variety" on the album than on their EPs. "There's a hip-hop influence, drum loops and a dark electro thread running through," he says. Pulp bassist Steve Mackey encouraged the duo "to try new things".

The lab: Steve Mackey's studio, London

The man: Steve Mackey

The tracks: New songs include 'I Want You' and 'Losing My Mind'. A refreshed 'Ghost Train' is included.

The date: Nothing confirmed yet

FYI: Over 60 songs have been written to be whittled down to 12

TEAM GHOST

Title TBC

"I just want to do my best," Team Ghost's Nicolas Fromageau asserts. "I want to be proud of it for my whole life." Nicolas adds that he wants it to be a collective effort. "I want a real band to be recorded, not a collection of songs made on a computer."

The lab: "Somewhere in Paris"

The men: Jean-Philippe Talaga and Benoit de Villeneuve

The tracks: The band currently have about "30 songs we like"

The date: Summer

FYI: Nicolas wrote "in front of a computer, dressed just like I was unemployed, smoking 10 joints a day".



EGYPTIAN HIP HOP

Title TBC

It's still mega early days, but Alex Hewett says the band do have a concrete idea for what they want to achieve with their debut. "We've spent so long getting to grips with being a live band that we're desperate to get back in touch with the side that was just sitting in my room, creating. We want newer, computer-based sounds."

The lab: Initially, the band's bedrooms

The men: Alex says they'll probably be helming the sessions themselves

The tracks: "We're currently creating a stockpile of ideas - rather than full songs - that we can come back to"

The date: "It'll take as long as it takes"

FYI: There are currently no plans to include old material like 'Rad Pitt' and 'Moon Crooner'.



KATY B

'On A Mission'

"It's the stories of a young girl growing up in London, about the problems I've faced, the issues I have and the fun I have," Katy B says of her debut, which is now "95 per cent done". Magnetic Man and Ms Dynamite appear as guests, but the main handiwork has been done by Katy and her producers Geeneus and Zinc. "Between the two of them they've made drum'n'bass, grime, garage and house," she says. "So it's a mash-up of all those genres, but with my more soulful vocals on top."

The lab: Zinc's studio in Brick Lane, London

The men: Geeneus and Zinc

The tracks: 'Easy Peasy', which features Magnetic Man and was originally intended for their album before being considered "too girly"

The date: March

FYI: Magnetic Man's Benga succeeded in gerring Kary completely pissed on sambuca during one recording session. "I just remember being in the vocal booth swaying," she blushes



MNDR

Title TBC

With 15 songs in the bag, Amanda Warner is "excited but daunted" about the NY duo's album. "We went for a theme of decay," she says. Musically, this translates to "detuned synths and distorted frequencies".

The lab: MNDR's studio, West 25th Street, Manhattan

The man: Bandmember Peter Wade

The tracks: 'Cut It Out' is a stand-out

The date: Spring

FYI: There are so many wires in the studio that Amanda "looks like I'm doing some weird acrobatics session"



FLATS

Title TBC

Mainman Dan Devine says the band are nailing their album: "I wanna have it start off being brutal, hardcore punk - what people would expect from us - and then change into a more doomy, sludgy sound. We wanna pull off those two polar opposites on it."

The lab: The band's studio, London

The man: Flats' bassist Craig E Pierce

The tracks: No titles yet

The date: April

FYI: The main theme is anger. "I show far more emotion when I'm upset than when I'm happy," explains Dan

W A L K M E N

L I S B O N

THE ALBUM - OUT NOW

'BLISTERINGLY HEARTFELT' 9/10 - NME

www.bellaunion.com

hmv

ALEX CLARE

UP ALL NIGHT

ALEX CLARE

PRODUCED BY DIPLO & SWITCH

DOWNLOAD ON ITUNES NOW

www.myspace.com/alexclare

JAMES BLAKE

He hated school and university, loves playing in the dark and wants to make women cry. Laura Snapes finds out why this soul boy bass-head is one of 2011's brightest new stars

Slushy ice blobs collude at the corners of Brixton's Siberian wind whipped high street. The chemist down the road has sold out of hot water bottles. Just north of the river, students are being kettled into concentrated, seething angry masses. London feels bleak right now. Not that James Blake has noticed, however.

"I think winter has been really good. I'd say this was a winter album," he cheerily opines of his forthcoming debut, "and I think that's why it's nice that it's coming out when it is. Hopefully it'll help people figure out why they were so depressed over winter!"

Like the contrast of his tightly wrapped black scarf and coat against the bright snowy white through the window of a local boozier, winter's a time of harsher realities. Most musicians weren't really present for summer 2010 – instead drifting through a fake nostalgic haze that only shrouded the fact that there was little of substance going on beneath those bleary clouds. 22-year old James Blake's self-titled debut mimics the focus-sharpening of winter, transforming with an icy snap the vapid wistfulness of the preceding season into pin-sharp loneliness.

'James Blake' is a stunning hybrid of sparse electronics that's not afraid to let one note chime or thud alone, made sturdy by hummingbird wing bass and the constant of his devastating voice. Long before he found acclaim with a string of flawless EPs and singles on hallowed beat bound labels like Hemlock and R&S, long before the label scrum to sign him, he was skipping playground kickabouts to shake off the rigours of graded piano lessons.

"At least one break a day, I'd spend playing the piano. It was an escape," he admits. "I had plenty of friends and wasn't particularly unhappy. I just had a sense from quite an early age of the futility of school. There's something about isolating yourself from other people when it suited you that I found really attractive. Those times always felt quite special. That intuition of playing and working alone, of not trusting anyone else with your material; that was something I had from an early age, and still have to this day."

Like Bon Iver's Justin Vernon (whose Auto-Tuned 'Woods' was a huge inspiration on James' developing sound) before him, James became willfully antisocial in order to dedicate all his energy to becoming the best. Despite fitting that post-xx "nightbus" thing perfectly, the album was actually recorded during his time at Goldsmiths and shortly thereafter, with the lyrics stemming from his own experiences at university. So that'll be a post-dubstep rumination on the perils of eating value baked beans and using an old copy of the student rag as toilet paper then, hmm?

"Ha, no," he smiles. "There was no heartbreak or major event that shaped it – I think it was more the sense of not wanting to be at university when I was recording it. Totally the same as

when I was at school. Even at 18, 19, I felt too old to just be getting up at 4pm and going out again. I felt like I needed to fucking *do something*. It wasn't creatively gratifying at all," he laments.

Hacked off by the mindless student torpor of going to the same nights at the same clubs to drink the same drinks on the same night every week, a then 19 year old James made a pact with himself.

"I realised that whatever way you think of doing things is right – if it's not hurting anyone else, then it's the right thing to do. I mean socially – say you're at a club and there's some people that aren't enjoying the music and you're having an unbelievable time, don't let it ruin your night. Fuck 'em. I got to a certain age where I thought, if I'm not having fun here, it's not going to get better, and I'm going to go home."

The one crap night in the pub that irrationally escaped his cut and run gameplan, however, turned out to be the one that *did* get better. It led him to FWD>>, a night at Shoreditch's Plastic People club that's legendary for breaking sounds from dubstep to grime to UK Funky.

"It was pitch black," he recalls, "and I remember thinking, this is perfect – I don't need to look

"When that crying girl came up to me after I played, that was totally what I wanted – some kind of reaction"

anyone in the eye. I was completely in my element. It was this incredible feeling of independence and breaking out of all the shit of being at school with the same people for eight years, thinking, god, when does this end..."

Getting all giddy over not having to look anyone in the eye isn't quite the euphoria that usually accompanies such a genuine 'last night a DJ saved my life' moment, but then that's exactly where James' own music fizzles triumphantly. If Katy B knows the secret, sticky dancefloor codes of fixed glares and bumped hips, then James knows how to set off your emotional buttons like a touch typist knows QWERTY. There's something in the upfront earnestness of his vocal – no matter how chopped'n'screwed – that lets you close your eyes and drown in the moment. Or, as one girl did, inadvertently paying James the compliment of a lifetime, cause you to burst into tears on the dancefloor.

"Being told that was incredible," he grins. So that's what this is all about then, eh, mister, making pretty girls cry?

"Well, it was at the time," he says a bit more





WHO ARE YOU?
James Blake is growing up
WHAT'S YOUR DREAM 2012?
At my piano learning
an Erik Satie Gymnopédie

sheepishly. "I get this weird feeling when I play certain songs – I'll just be staring at the floor, listening to this track and having this experience that basically echoes what I was feeling when I was making it. When people are singing along to something like 'Limit To Your Love', I have this intense gush of emotion – it's a track that I made in my bedroom that felt so isolated at the time, and now I'm sharing it."

There's a great Neil Young lyric from 'On The Beach' that seems to perfectly sum up the dynamic within which James finds himself, needing total solitude for creation, but craving human connection when he performs: "I need a crowd of people/But I can't face them day-to-day"

"To me, that totally makes sense. When that crying girl came up to me, that was totally, exactly what I wanted. I wanted some sort of reaction within someone that can't translate to a blog post," he says earnestly. "I wanted someone to come out and say, 'That moved me properly, to the point where I had to actually say it in person. It removed my inhibition to talk to you,' which is what he did. The internet is an easy thing to hide behind, and I think the less I do it, the easier it'll be to get my music to people."

Before you leap to call him a glory hunter, however, look at it this way: unlike a lot of artists emerging from the dubstep world, James' willingness to put himself front and centre and the constant of his vocal rather than manipulated samples, to have his name and face on the album sleeve rather than hide behind a pseudonym; all that democratises what's easy to see as an intimidating genre full of impenetrably academic writing and loveable enthusiasts.

"It's important for me to be as much of a part of it as possible," he states honestly. "When the album comes out, people are going to look back on my catalogue and realise that a lot of those samples are me, when previously they were indistinguishable. I hope it'll be like a rediscovery, as for me, it gives it another layer of excitement and depth. And I hope that I can guide people into the genre, because there are some amazing, amazing producers and DJs out there – Ramadanman, Ben UFO, people like Untold and Mount Kimbie."

Kieran Hebden, better known as Four Tet, once said: "I think the ultimate achievement in music is when you manage to change people's perception of what's possible whilst managing to produce something that connects with them instantly." At the age of 22, and before his debut album's even been released, it already feels as though that's what James is doing. He shyly owns entire dancefloors with his unlikely sparseness, whilst snaring what feels like you and you alone into his insular world. He's a master of solitude, befitting indeed of a man who currently exists in a class of one.

MONA

Members of KOL's inner sanctum have seen their buddies' widescreen blues-rock and raised it 100 pixels.

Dan Martin gets ready to sell his soul

This is the first thing you need to know about Mona: "Obviously I want Grammys and I want Brits. There's a lot of ambition in this band."

Sat backstage awaiting soundcheck at London's Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen, Nick Brown, singer, guitarist, lynchpin and self-confessed 'Papa Bear' of the nuclear-tipped Nashville quartet, is laying out his vision of the band. And it doesn't involve blogs.

"I've never understood indie," he says, blood rising. "Let's write a bunch of songs, let's work really hard on them and then let no-one hear them! It's only recently in the last couple of decades where popular became bad. The Beatles were huge. Dylan didn't just think, 'Oh, let's go more indie.' We're doing what we want to do and we want the biggest platform possible. I want to be as big as possible and loud as possible and have as many people there as possible."

And then he says the most controversial thing you can imagine an alternative rock musician saying.

"We're from middle America. We're all about McDonald's and Starbucks and Walmart. Let's do it big and do it for everyone."

As you will have realised, Mona are unapologetic, God-fearing church boys. It was Nick's Pentecostal upbringing that turned them on to music, and a growing frustration with the rigours of those organisations that set him on this path. Like anybody from that kind of isolated, humble upbringing, he's earnest in his passions and proudly disassociated from the manners or customs of cool. He wears sunglasses indoors without the slightest hint of irony. He will carry a bottle of Jack Daniel's onto the stage with him. He uses the phrase "rock'n'roll" more times than is strictly healthy. He is openly friends with the Kings Of Leon and sees their trajectory as an example. Their rise over the back half of 2010 has felt as old-fashioned, pre-blog as their manner. They arrived, seemingly fully formed and armed with a clutch of full-blooded rock'n'soul songs, like The Gaslight Anthem in black leather. Subsequently they've made the esteemed list, others like the BBC Sound Of 2011 poll, and appeared on *...Jools Holland* on the strength of one raucous single, 'Listen To Your Love'.

With not much happening at home and this kind of UK adulation, the band has bonded into a true band of brothers – "less a secret society than a society with secrets" But while the last decade has seen London littered with the corpses of newbie US bands who jumped too hard into the world of women and wine the city has to offer, Nick's steely-eyed determination has so far kept them a safe distance from rehab.

Nick claims to be both the "Papa Bear and the Mother Hen", which makes him a bizarre cross-species hermaphrodite ("We have a broken home, I have to play both roles"). But he needs his family.

"I'm the one where they always say, 'Don't put that in your mouth.'" Talk to his bandmates Vince Gard,

Zach Lindsay and Jordan Young individually and they're a bromantic riot of good humour and doofus *South Park* gags. Put them all together and they will each let Nick do the talking. Mona isn't a dictatorship, but there is a first among equals. And this is a man spurred on by a religious fervour to revive proper, leather-clad rock'n'roll as a force for good.

Of course, all this is easy fighting talk for any number of old-school guitar bands who never made it. So what, exactly, is Nick trying to bring back?

"Just something that matters, just something that people can feel. I don't care if they hate it or they like it, just the believability. We want to touch the whole human, you know, the fighter, the lover, the pop, the rock, the person who's running away from God or doesn't believe in God and says 'fuck God' and the person who's looking for God, and loving God, the one that's getting ready to get married, the one who's looking to get divorced, the gay, straight, all of it. Those who like chocolate and those that don't."

Which of your songs would you say are for people who don't like chocolate?

"You know what I'm saying! For some people it was Nirvana or The Clash or The Beatles or Zeppelin, they were the soundtrack to your life."

Where does he think things went wrong?

"It's inevitable that it comes and goes in cycles. Obviously there are things that would break through but it's a singles market and it's a very pop, hip-hop market and there are people doing that right. Rock'n'roll bands are a dying breed. Four dudes that play real instruments and really sing, it's kind of a dying concept. It's unfortunate, but it goes in cycles. Sometimes somebody just needs to come and push the reset button."

Could it not just be that rock bands aren't coming through because people just don't want them?

"Oh man, I just got the new Kanye album. People like Kanye and Eminem are almost the rock stars now. I'd like to sit down at that table with them and take that steroid and put it back into rock'n'roll, because I think a lot of bands are just scared. I want it to be LOUD. The Beatles were loud and Zeppelin were loud and The Clash were loud and Nirvana were loud. We want that version of rock'n'roll. We're on the front page instead of the classifieds."

You may laugh, but later that night Mona put in a performance that surpasses such grand talk. Burning with punk rock passion, this is a band closer in spirit to The Clash than the Kings. Songs such as the banging 'Trouble On The Way' and 'Circles In The Sand' are surely undeniable. So take heed lovers, fighters, poppers, rockers, godless, God-fearing, marrieds, divorcees, gays, straights, those who don't like chocolate. Mona are coming for your souls.

Watch a video interview with the band now at NME.COM/video



PHOTO BY COLIN LANE



WHO ARE YOU
Hoo R ewe?
WHAT'S YOUR DREAM 2012?
if the Mayans are collect
it doesn't matter...

THE NAKED AND FAMOUS

The Kiwi five-piece who, despite living in the dream-pop landscape of sapphire oceans and hazy clouds, owe more of a debt to *Skins*, discovers **Sam Wolfson**

It's no coincidence that most of the blissed-out super-chilled stoners who have emerged in the past year with their brand of hazy lo-fi dream-gaze have come from the west coast of America. If the sun is always shining, the beach is always calling and your next blunt is only a prescription away, what else can you expect but kids who can only be bothered to play one chord and then spend the rest of their time sprawled on the floor flailing at reverb pedals?

So imagine the temptation growing up in New Zealand, a country which even the indigenous Maori call 'Aotearoa', which roughly translates as 'land of the long white cloud' (like, totally dude. Can I get a toke on that?) You'd think any bands that bothered to show up for practice would be so chilled they'd make *Tori Y Moi* look like the risk assessment team at JLB Credit.

But The Naked And Famous weren't tempted by an indie version of the *Home & Away* lifestyle. "We're definitely lucky to live so close to the beach and beautiful open spaces, but I think that laid-back beach bum mould is one that none of us really fit in," says Alisa Xayalith, frontwoman and founding member. "We were all quite introverted growing up and spent all our time in our bedrooms listening to music and practising our instruments while the kids from school were getting high and getting bad tan lines."

Alisa met Thom Powers and Aaron Short at music college, after which they quickly decided to drop out. Roping in Aaron's bandmates David Beadle and Jesse Wood from his high school heavy metal band, they set out to do chillwave without the chill. In a neurotic sprawl of late nights, handwritten notes, messy bedrooms and total perfectionism they attempted to create the sound of the lowlorn lazy adolescence they never quite had.

"I remember being up at two in the morning playing with a main key line, the next day I showed it to Thom and we made a demo. I spent the rest of the day watching *Skins* and I got inspired by that young rebellious spirit. Everything is so romanticised and exaggerated on that show. It makes you wish you had a teenage life like that. So I wrote lyrics that inspired dreaming and youthful exuberance." Alisa should thank that gang of Bristolian reprobates. The song she wrote ended up being 'Young Blood', the first New Zealand Number One single by a homegrown act in three years. The first debut by a Kiwi band in 16.

"Most New Zealand bands still live at home and work locally. The charts here are dominated by Katy Perry and the like but we're so far from that. That's what was so amazing, it wasn't just that a homegrown band were getting a Number One, but an *alternative* homegrown band. That was such a feat."

Buoyed by their chart success, things started to fall into place. From a sprawl of influences, including Nine Inch Nails – the band's pet obsession – mainstream folkies like Damien Rice and the hazy chillwave that filled the internet while they were writing, an album's worth of quite spectacular heavy pop songs started to crystallise. Unlike last year's crop of stargazers, they didn't just press 'record' and hope for the best. They picked out sharp, confident melodic lines that rise above the swirling haze. Their lyrics don't amble, they strike at the heart of what it is to be young, infatuated and in over your head: "*We lie beneath the stars at night, our hands gripping each other tight, you keep my secrets hope to die*"; "*Don't you know people write songs about girls like you*"; "*I don't remember the first time, but I think I survived*".

Of course, people will probably ignore all that to make some fairly easy comparisons. It's true that like LCD Soundsystem, they aren't afraid to move from the minimal to the cacophonous. That like M83, they can tackle the glowing backlight of youth without ever falling into nostalgia. And like MGMT in the good ol' days, they ain't afraid to do all that while squeezing out a massive pop riff.

Yet The Naked And Famous don't act like any of those bands. They don't swagger with a New York sense of entitlement, they don't come to our interview with any brash statements of intent. When *NME* first met them last year they were giddy with wide-eyed desire for life beyond the island and Aaron told us "it's so small and isolated, I daydream about getting out every day". Since then they've had their first taste of that life, embarking on whistlestop tours of Europe and America. Is it everything they've ever wanted?

"It's been unreal," says Alisa. "We're playing sold-out shows and just pinching ourselves because it's always been an ambition for all of us to get out of here and see the world. It's amazing that we get to travel and play music. We're absolutely flabbergasted when we arrive at the venue together and there are people there. We played in London a few weeks ago and I was so emotionally drained because I was scared shitless of how it was going to sound. I couldn't believe how supportive everyone was. People's enthusiasm always takes me by surprise."

Really? Aren't you starting to take it in your stride, what with these Number Ones under your belt?

"God no, I find it so nerve-racking. Just the thought of playing gigs is scary. There's this venue called the Power Station in New Zealand. It's got a capacity of 1,100. When my manager told me we were going to do a second night I freaked out because I was like, we're not going to sell any tickets, that's crazy. How could we possibly sell out two nights? I'm



PHOTO BY KAREN INDERBITZEN-WALLER

absolutely stunned at that kind of attention, it leaves me speechless. Playing the couple of shows next year, they're probably the most important shows of our lives. It's so scary I can't even explain it. I'm struggling to find the words."

That's how Alisa speaks, like a *X Factor* contestant vying for a place in the final (although she despises TV talent shows, and promises they'll never play on *New Zealand Idol*). But there's no audience listening to our conversation, no phone vote, no elimination. This is how bad these guys really want it. In Brooklyn and east London people trip into being in bands. Their mates were doing it, they were bored; it's only once everyone else has decided they're a musical demi-god that they start to assume the role.

But isolated on the other side of the world, The



WHO ARE YOU?
THE NAKED + FAMOUS

PEOPLE OF 2011 SHOULD CARE BECAUSE
Because the people of 2010
did!?

Naked And Famous had to sacrifice everything to follow what must have seemed like a ludicrous dream. "There's, like, five centres, not even venues, you can play in New Zealand, and you can only really play them once a year. We don't have very many contemporaries. There's no friends playing in each other's bands here, no celebrity culture." Being in a band has to be a labour of love.

So they laboured, ignoring the outside world and spending every minute in the studio. By the time international labels started sniffing, they already had a finished album, and could sit back and wait for the highest bidder. When they came to the UK for the first time, all their shows were sold out before their plane touched down.

Alisa describes herself as a perfectionist. She says she

was introverted at school and still struggles with the whole idea that people would come to watch them play.

In the next few months that's going to be remedied. In the same way *Skins* papers over the insecurities and frustration of adolescence to make it look like a two-year methedrone-fuelled orgy on the back of a stolen yacht, so The Naked And Famous' all-expansive swirling heavy pop turns a bunch of shy antipodean bedroom-dwellers into brilliant cocksure rock stars stoked by the fires of carnal aspiration. They're not just another electro mush to whack on the Hype Machine's flaming tyre pile. They have turned the messy vulnerability of first love, teenage rebellion and drunken mistakes into a precise punchy electro. And just when it was all in danger of going a bit Ellie

Goulding, they whack up the overdrive and start screaming like Ozzy Osbourne with a hernia. This is Donington pop, love songs to be spat out.

"There's so much we want to do," says Alisa with almost irritable frenzy. "Have you ever seen Nine Inch Nails' Lights In The Sky Tour? It's beautiful. We want that, hundreds of lights in every dimension." And they will, because that's the only direction this band can go in. They'll tour the world. They'll play venues where they can't see the back wall. They'll have fans scream their name. Because through commitment and determination, The Naked And Famous have done the impossible and won themselves a second chance, to live the youth of their daydreams.

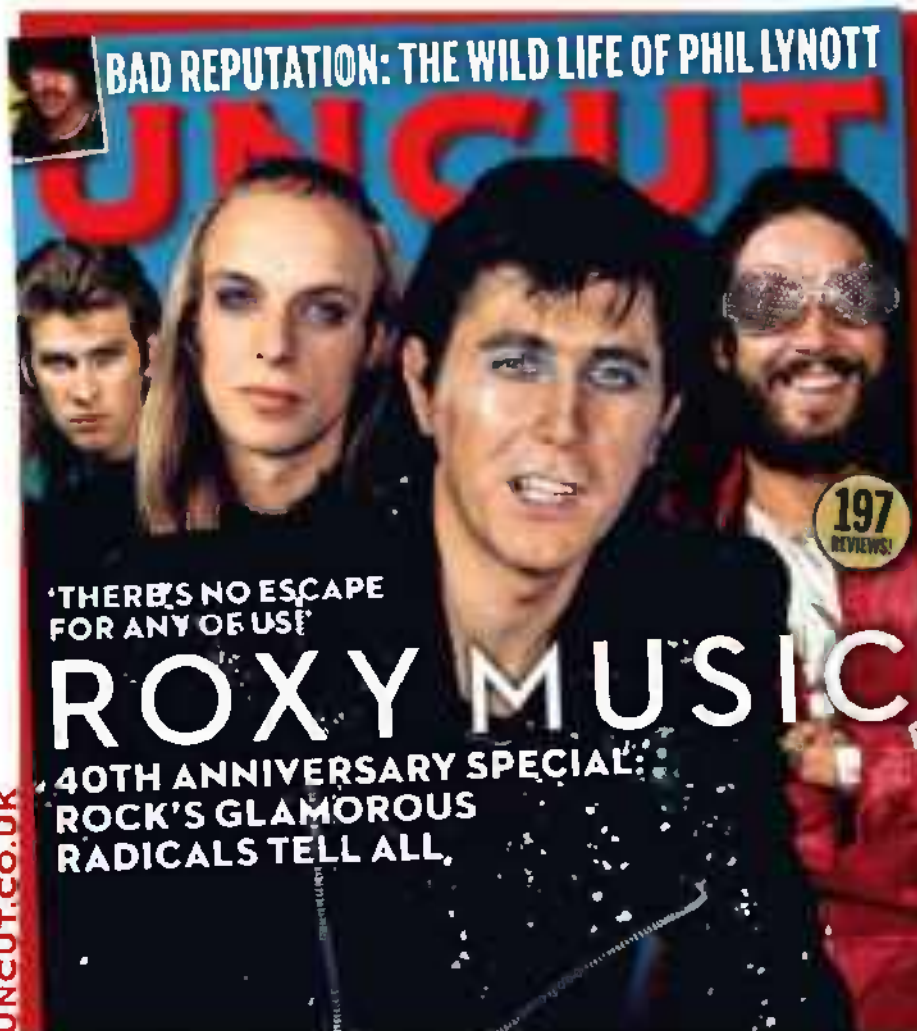
Watch a video interview with the band now at NME.COM/video

NME RADIO

NOW AVAILABLE ON FREESAT CHANNEL 727
SKY 0184 • DAB DIGITAL RADIO* • NME.COM/RADIO

facebook

twitter



BAD REPUTATION: THE WILD LIFE OF PHIL LYNOTT

UNCUT

ROXY MUSIC

**40TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL:
ROCK'S GLAMOROUS
RADICALS TELL ALL.**

**197
REVIEWS!**

**'THERE'S NO ESCAPE
FOR ANY OF US'**

UNCUT.CO.UK

UNCUT

FREE
CD!



UNCUT

NEW MUSIC FOR A NEW YEAR

2011

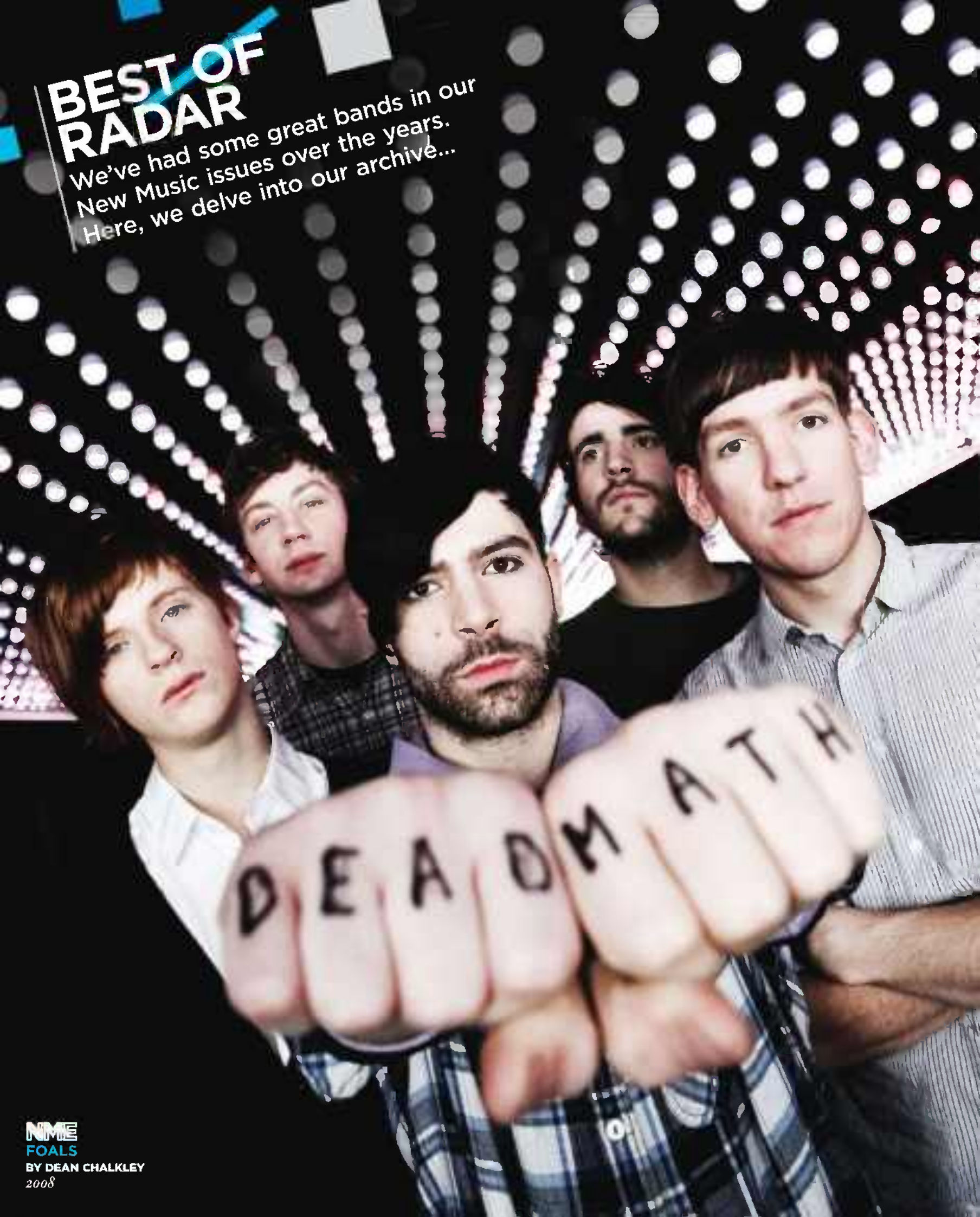
FOR YOUR PLEASURE

FEATURING THE LOW ANTHEM IRON & WINE
THE DECEMBERISTS DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS GREGG ALLMAN
JOAN AS POLICE WOMAN WANDA JACKSON AND MORE...

You can never have too much great music.
Discover it every month with **UNCUT**.
Reviews, features and a free CD. **On sale now!**

BEST OF RADAR

We've had some great bands in our
New Music issues over the years.
Here, we delve into our archive...





NME
THE KILLERS
BY SANDRINE
DULERMO
AND MICHA
2004





NME

BY COLIN LANE

2003

MICK ROCK SHOOTS OUR RADAR BANDS!

Fiction, Anna Calvi and Tribes get on the end of the legendary snapper's lens



When Probably The Most Legendary Rock'n'Roll

Photographer Of All Time, Mick Rock, called *NME* and asked if he could shoot some of our favourite breaking *Radar* bands, we exchanged a few bamboozled looks around the office and said, "Sure! Whatever floats your boat."

As he was in town to cut the ribbon on his *NME* endorsed exhibition, *Mick Rock: Rock Music In Association With Zippo*, we fired out invites to three of our favourite new outfits, who all seemed stoked by the summoning. What did Mick make of them?

"I'm not sure Tribes were convinced by my rhetoric," he tells us, "but they went with the flow." Of Fiction, he observed that, "These guys actually seemed to enjoy the probing punishment of my lens!" And Anna Calvi? "I trapped her in a very small corner at the bottom of the stairs and gnawed away relentlessly but sensitively." Class.

Watch a video profile of Mick Rock at NME.COM/video



FICTION

The best post-post-punk band in the capital, simple as.



ANNA CALVI

The most shit-kicking solo British rock'n'roll siren since Polly Harvey "burst onto the scene", some might say.



TRIBES

Finally, it feels like 2011 is gonna be ram-jammed with Brit-rock bands with walks to match their talks, and Tribes are right at the centre of that storm.

PHOTOS: © MICK ROCK. MICK'S EXHIBITION, *MICK ROCK: ROCK MUSIC IN ASSOCIATION WITH ZIPPO* RUNS UNTIL JANUARY 16 AT IDEA GENERATION GALLERY, LONDON E2. IDEAGENERATION.CO.UK



WHO ARE YOU?

I'm a writer, I'm a singer, I'm a girl,
I'm from London, I make music and bad
jokes... I'm Spark (or Sparky if he gets
friendly).

PEOPLE OF 2011 SHOULD CARE BECAUSE

I'd like to say you should care because
you might regret it if you don't...
But I would never say that.

SPARK

As far as this young lady's concerned, you can take your pop preconceptions and shove them up your shaft.

Mike Williams finds chooons and ambition on her side

PHOTO BY TOM OXLEY

Jess Morgan is serious. Wrapped head-to-toe in winter knitwear, her jet-black hair at brutal odds with her translucent white skin, she fixes *NME* with a definitely-not-fucking-about stare.

"Success is inspiring," she says through bright red lips, no hint of a smile. "When I was seven, the Spice Girls were a massive success, Britney Spears was huge, and is obviously still a megastar. Christina Aguilera and Destiny's Child, they were all massive. That was very inspiring."

We're sat in a diner just off Carnaby Street in London's West End and Morgan – aka teenage pop newcomer Spark – is talking *NME* through the breadth of influences that have informed her debut record, out later this year on current cred pop hit factory 679 – home to Marina & The Diamonds, Little Boots and Plan B. She ticks off the usual big-time pop nods: Rihanna, Beyonce, Gaga. Tips the hat to the classics: Beach Boys, Joni Mitchell, The Beatles. She represents for real life girl power with Tracey Chapman and Alanis Morissette, and even asserts her indie credentials by name-dropping Little Joy and Arctic Monkeys.

Add to this her porcelain doll complexion and off-the-wall dress sense (she's a massive fan of boiler suits, six-inch heels and industrial-strength hair lacquer) not to mention that she's already played to a sell-out Shepherd's Bush Empire supporting Janelle Monáe, the fact that her breakthrough single, 'Revolving', came out via the painfully cool Neon Gold label last November and the sexy minimalism of the accompanying video, and it's zero surprise that she's one of the most talked-about newcomers of 2011.

'Revolving' you already know, all multi-tracked call and response "ooh oohs", metal-machine imagery and insanely sleazy bass throb, but it's on the sure-fire single 'Crave' where Spark really comes to life, dropping nonchalant sex talk over what sounds like a Girls Aloud version of 'Tomorrow Never Knows'. It's a total ballsy and it's going to make her major. Then there's 'Pieces' which wouldn't sound out of place on an *X Factor* montage, and 'Wrap', a Dirty South riddle of teenage spit.

Spark was born Jessica Sparkle Morgan in Liverpool in 1992. She moved to London five days later. The middle name? Apparently her dad looked at her as a baby and thought she "sparkled", although she insists they're definitely not hippies.

Growing up in Walthamstow in northeast London, she knocked around with her brothers, riding bikes, playing football. All the usual boy stuff.

"I was definitely a bit of a boy!" she says laughing. "I used to play football for Leyton Orient. I've got an older brother and sister who are both 21, and a younger brother who is 16, so we're all very close in age. I used to do a lot of sport with my older brother. But I was always doing music too."

By 12 she'd started playing guitar and writing songs, which she reckons were "kind of folky. Actually that's

not true, people would tell me that it was folky because it was a girl and guitar. Like, my first song was like a love song, but I was compared to Alanis Morissette because she was a girl with a guitar."

Why was that do you think?

"It's easier for people to understand when there are comparisons. I didn't really know who Alanis Morissette was, and then I was introduced and I obviously fell in love with her. But they were actually typical pop songs completely stripped down, just me and a guitar. I didn't realise at the time."

Could those old songs work with your new super-polished pop sheen?

"Yeah, definitely! I've gone through quite different phases. Once I get to the stage where I have my own set-up, I can go back to all these songs. Obviously a song I wrote when I was 12, I'm not going to put on the album. I didn't count myself as a songwriter then and I do now. I've written enough songs to think that I am. But other early songs since then, there are definitely songs that could work. It's all lyrically me."

You can kind of see where this is all going. By 16, Spark had a manager. At 18, having just finished a BTEC in music studies, she fucked off on tour with one of last year's biggest pop breakthrough acts, Marina & The Diamonds' Diamandis.

"I went on tour with Marina & The Diamonds the day after I left school!" she says. "Up until that day I was doing essays and having tests and getting work done. I had to create what I was doing, what I was going to do on a tour, in the middle of all that."

And this is how we make sense of her serious-face focus, because the school in question was that Hogwarts of performing arts, The BRIT School, whose enormous magical pop starlet-making machine has already pooped out Adele, Kate Nash, Leona Lewis and Katy B over the past couple of years, not to mention Amy Winehouse. Yep, we all know all about The BRIT School, and all kind of hate it, right? Not Spark, for obvious reasons...

"It's just a school," she reasons, leaning over the table to make her point. "It's a school where kids go, and it just so happens that loads of successful artists have come out of it. The reason that loads of successful artists come out of it is because talented children need somewhere to go."

So we're right then. It's just like Hogwarts?

"No it's not!" she snaps, now laughing. "Every success story from the BRIT has had a completely different route. It would be completely inappropriate if it were a factory, but it's not like that, so it's fine."

Spark might be jumping the gun a bit to call herself a success story, but from where we're sitting, it's pretty nailed on that by this time next year, it'll be justified. She's got the songs and, as she proved on arrival, introducing herself as Spark because "I'm in work mode", she's got the single minded, hard-arsed will to succeed. As she puts it: "This is what I do. I don't get told how to sing or what to wear or how to act or what to say in interviews. It's all just very natural."



STILL WANT MORE?

There were too many buzz artists to cram in, so here's who didn't quite make the main 10

OH LAND

"*Something is about to be born*" caws Oh Land – aka Nanna Øland Fabricius – on 'White Nights', the second song on her sparky, recent EP. Although Nanna released her debut album, *Fauna*, in 2008 (solely in her native Denmark), it's only now she's bursting forth from her pop chrysalis with some serious pop nous.

"*Fauna* was recorded in my bedroom in Copenhagen," she explains from the back of a taxi in New York – her new home. "I was signed to Sony in April 2009, then lived out of a suitcase while moving between London, LA and here. In the beginning, I didn't even completely know the language!" she laughs.

Since then, however, she's taken recording sessions with The Neptunes and John Legend, the "sounds, smells and experiences" of her new life as a bona fide popstrel and the classical soundtrack to her stint as a ballerina to forge a new, cryptic pop language for the release of her self-titled album in early 2011. "My music tells all my secrets, everything I want to say. I cannot really express that any clearer with words." **LS**

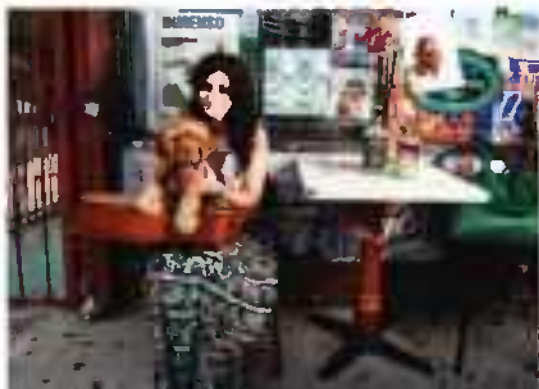
JESSIE J

Which one is she again? The singer-songwriter who jumps through showy vocal hoops on *Jools*? The raunchy pop star aiming for Rihanna's rude crown? A

girl-next-door YouTube phenomenon, like Sam Smith, only not made up? Jessie J has been 'introduced' as all these things in the past few months. But which one is the real J? "I'm all of them," she assures us. J has got talent overflowing in every direction and this is the year she'll have to decide what sort of pop star she wants to be. But if debut electro-filth single 'Do It Like A Dude' is anything to go by, she's making the right choices. **SW**

GROUPOLOVE

So Grouplove, you're just another bunch of blissed-out LA stoners, right? "(Coughing) Pass the joint, bro," Christian mutters away from the phone receiver. "What was the question?" It's not the LA five-piece's



weed habit – whether real or fabricated – that's slowing down the recording of their forthcoming debut, however, but that of their neighbour...

"Apparently the studio is in the same building as a pot-growing operation – the other day, 20 police in full riot gear battered down the door to the building and we couldn't leave for hours" guitarist Sean Gadd explains breathlessly.

Stimulant wars on the streets of LA haven't informed their forthcoming album too much though – instead, it's "upbeat, downbeat, side-beat, diagonal-beat," riffs Hannah, Grouplove's artiest member. "We're a few weeks away from being done. We see the light!" **LS**

GYPSY & THE CAT

For electro duo Gypsy & The Cat, the time to wander is now. With fat Sony contracts already in hand for the UK and Australia and a deal in the offing for the US, Xavier Bacash and Lionel Towers look to be logging some serious frequent flyer miles in 2011. Debut album 'Gilgamesh' will drop in the UK early this summer, so expect a few well-timed festival appearances to cap what should be a whirlwind schedule. **JG**

VONDELPARK

They may share their name with the Amsterdam park and noted tourist Mecca, but it's the country's other



Remember their names, and their faces... Main picture, facing page: Grouplove. Inset: Alex Winston. This page, clockwise from top left: Big Deal; Suuns; Oh Land; Cults; Jamie Woon



ALEX WINSTON

Alex Winston is bringing a bit of danger into folk. Slightly unhinged, with a fearsome history of tambourine abuse, Winston is at the vanguard of New York's nu-nu folk scene. Like her musical godparents Spektr and Newson, her lyrics flit between the cutesy and the twisted. But she's also obsessed with the showmanship of Guns N' Roses and Iron Maiden, and she's perfected an impressive rock snarl. Having worked closely with The Knocks (legendary New York hipsters who spend the rest of their time remixing Rihanna), Winston's fast becoming one of the trendiest tickets in town, although she won't admit it. "The Knocks are still cooler than me," she reckons. "They have backing dancers." She's not going to need them once those Mumford fans catch wind, it'll be stage invasions all the way. **SW**

JAMIE WOON

As trends come and go like the passing of a particularly shallow tide, so do the accompanying rivalries from the leaders of the respective packs. This year's most vogueish sound – night bus, that bass-spawned nocturnal balladeering – has its own comedic rivalry. Comedic, because two less confrontational chaps than James Blake and Jamie Woon you will find it hard to meet. "I think on the surface my music has a definite degree of tranquillity," says Woon, on the eve of mastering his debut album. "But beneath that there's all kinds of emotions and ideas swirling around." He's an acoustic singer-songwriter-turned-Burial-bothering-basshead, and Woon's is a common story for trendy new bards: schooled by the classics, they then reach some kind of epiphany when magnetised by a splurging subwoofer. But whether it'll be Blake's white-boy avant-soul or Woon's swoonsome croon that'll find itself carpeting the Radio 1 playlist next year, you'll just have to wait and see. **JH**

CULTS

Having read this far, it might seem like being the biggest band of 2011 is going to be a challenge. But Cults have come up with a simple route to the top: just pick the best bits of last year's hot new bands and let the random indie buzz generator do the rest. So that's a penchant for The Shangri-Las (The Drums), an inter-band relationship (Summer Camp), and an uplifting blog anthem (Surfer Blood). Throw in a glockenspiel or nine and you've got Cults, the San Diego duo who met just eight months ago and started a whirlwind romance and musical journey all at the same time. Now relocated to New York, their debut EP is a storm of spontaneity, adventure and melodrama. "I'm so tired of sitting around here with my boring life", huffs Madeline on 'Oh My God'. She'd do well to enjoy it while she can, having just signed a huge deal with Columbia, things are about to get busy. **LS**

recreational areas that come to mind when listening to the decadent 'Sauna' EP—seemingly tailor-made for nights spent skulking around the dark recesses of the red light district. In keeping with Vondelpark's voyeuristic bent, the London-via-Surrey band still has no web presence – MySpace, Facebook, or otherwise. Even the soft-focus photos are careful not to divulge the identities of the conspirators, although rumours have claimed them as ex-members of demi-buzz shm indie types Lion Club. 2011 could be their big reveal – or just another titillating temptation. **JG**

BIG DEAL

Alice Costello is an 18-year-old real-life conduit for the emotional strife of the fictional characters Angela Chase, Veronica Sawyer and Joey Potter. Her bandmate and former guitar teacher, KC Underwood is a strong, silent type whose understated guitar lines frazzle with the futility of punches to a pillow. Together they're equal parts awkward and angst. "I just write about what's happening that week, the boy I fancy, the girl I want to kill," says Costello. The pair are cagey about their age difference and life before the band, but they needn't be – their songs lay it all bare. 'Talk', brims with teenage heartbreak and forbidden love. "It's OK, I'm just a kid/All I wanna do is talk, seeing you fucks me up", begs Alice with total believability. If

"We want to be the best live band in the world. We don't fuck around with that" SUUNS

you've bled The xx album dry, these tender exit wounds from the emotional shrapnel of growing up could be what you're looking for. **SW**

SUUNS

Ben Shemie, Liam O'Neill, Max Henry and Joseph Yarmush don't care if you pronounce their band name "Suns" or "Soons". There's important things to know about the four-piece: that it took them three years to come up with "tight material worthy of a record," according to singer Shemie, for their superb Secretly Canadian debut, 'Zeroes QC' (see our review on page 51). And that recording in their native Montreal in January probably affected their Krautpoppy sound – "though it's more tense and sexy than dark," he explains. The one thing they really need you to know though? "We want to be the best live band in the world. We don't fuck around with that." **LS**

THE A-Z OF 2011

From the folks that bring you *Radar's* weekly Glossary, here's a handy guide to all the buzz-worthy jargon for the coming 12 months

A IS FOR ANDREW MASON

Imagine the talent you could buy with \$6 billion. At 30 years old, Mason, the former Steve Albini studio protégé and all-round indie than-thought Groupon founder and CEO, could now bankroll his very own major label, sign up the hippest bands, and still have plenty left for whatever absurd luxuries billionaires purchase. Watch this space.



B IS FOR BOOMERANG GENERATION

Just ask Ernest Greene of Washed Out and Mike Diaz of Millionyoung. Both were welcomed back home by mom and dad post-college and chose to return the favour with dreamy, bedroom produced pop. In 2011, the Boomerang Generation will prove you don't have to move out to move on.

C IS FOR COLDWAVE

Following the runaway success of Angular Records' compilation album last year, there's been a massive surge in tributes to the early '80s cult French synth sound. The main proprietors are NYC label Wierd, with acts like Xeno and Oaklander. With Angular readying a slew of reissues in 2011, these will only serve to stoke those fires further.

D IS FOR DREAMWAVE

Chillwave has a rip tide, and its name is dreamwave. LA's Binary Entertainment offer up neon-lit retro-futurist bangers from their burgeoning stable: it's the garish-looking cigarette boat to chillwave's beach blanket. Label founders Josh Legg and Kyle Petersen act as the movement's ambassadors, plugging acts Binary and beyond via their blog. Washed Out shows no sign of becoming washed up anytime soon, but Binary can still dream on.

E IS FOR (FREE) EARL!

OK so this alphabet is generally meant to exclude artists, but Odd Future's 15-year-old fugitive enigmatically transcends such flimsy boundaries. After being packed off to a private 'boot camp' institution by his mother after she allegedly discovered his series of online promo videos, where the tearaway espouses his passions for crystal meth and anal sex, he's become the omnipresent spectre looming behind the coolest new rap group on Earth. The 'Free Earl' campaign is set to reach new levels in 2011.

F IS FOR FUTURE GARAGE

A new scene of artists working closer to garage's original template is in full swing. Contrasting the moody bass fixation of its cousin, are artists like Disclosure and Pariah, as well as the Jamie Reynolds-endorsed Cheshire-based label, L2S Recordings, featuring dons like Whistla and Submerse.

G IS FOR GRITPOP

The most wince-worthy term to have cropped up in 2010, courtesy of Brother, has actually begun to gain momentum. The likes of London oiks Wheels and indie-rousers The Tunic have bulked out Slough's gobbiest claims at a '90s Cool Britannia rebirth.

H IS FOR HEAVY POP

To quote the full *Urban Dictionary* entry made by Elery Roberts, frontman of probably The Most Exciting New Band In Britain, WU LYF (World Unite/Lucifer Youth Foundation, of course): HEAVY POP – a universally accessible expression of deep understanding, of unadulterated truth. "WU LYF play heavy pop."

I IS FOR INCARCERATION

As gangsta-rap jailbirds Gucci Mane, Lil Wayne and Mystikal are released, Ja Rule, TI and DMX go back to the slammer – the eternal cycle of banged-up US rappers will not be stopped.

J IS FOR JEN LONG

NME's Lady In Cardiff has been handed BBC Radio 1's coveted Welsh talent-spotter slot, as previously assumed by the likes of Huw Stephens and Bethan Elfyn.



Clockwise from left: Andrew Mason; the Blessing Force; Oxford 'cult'; Suzuki QChord; Balam Acab; Yo-Landi Vi\$\$er; Puro; Instinct's Piper; Tim Key; L2S Recordings, home of future garage

K IS FOR TIM KEY

Oh Tim Key, how we love thee, let us count the ways. Just when we thought the most inspiring new British comedian couldn't make us any happier than recording a comedy album for Angular (on a boat, with a string quartet), he only goes and bags the supporting role in Alan Partridge's comeback series on YouTube. If he's not the biggest thing in 2012 then we're gargling bleach, and that's just that.



Dreamwave is the garish-looking cigarette boat to chillwave's beach blanket

L IS FOR LUV LUV LUV

Maircad Nash, Florence's manager, has founded Luv Luv Luv Records. Only the next 12 months will tell if it does as well as her client.

M IS FOR MASSACHUSETTS

Over 20 years removed from Dinosaur Jr, western Massachusetts has again become the flashpoint of all things indie – thanks to Golden Girls, DOM and The Fantasies.



P IS FOR PLUCKERS

Following the lightening fingers of Marnie Stern, Anna Calvi and 2:54's Hannah Thurlow are cutting through the new year air with wailing that leaves mere civilians in a blithering stupor upon impact.

Q IS FOR Q CHORD

Look, up there in the clouds. Is it a synth? Is it a guitar? No, erm, actually *it is* a synth, yeah. But it don't half sound like a guitar when it wants to. Albeit a shimmering, radiant mutation of an axe. So when you're sat pontificating on why the new Klaxons or Naked And Famous tracks sound like their strums were born out of pools of burning sulphur on planets comprised of acidic gas, then there's your answer right there. Suzuki have proven themselves adept at making more than just camp vuppy jeeps and come up with a strokeable hand held gadget that's probably what an ewok might busk with.

R IS FOR RAGGA-POP UK

With Jessie J leading the overground attack on Hitsville and J. Cole Chann rounding up the underground assistance, there's not been such a shock to the step of Britain's pop since A Hard Day's Night were Number One.

S IS FOR STONERISM

At the end of last summer *NME* took a gruelling jaunt to sun-drenched Los Angeles for a few days to get legally (well, most of the time) baked with a legion of our favourite new stoners – Puro Instinct, Crocodiles and Ariel Pink. Puro's leading lady Piper single-handedly managed to banish every single cranking stoner stereotype from our minds – a shining example of the new breed of zonked musician birthed from Cali's slackening legislation – and saw us returning home way over our luggage allowance from the trove of bongos, vaporisers and Swiss Army looking pipes we'd purchased in the heat of the moment. Puro's album is out this year on Mexican Summer, and we're predicting the smog cloud will spread out across the globe in 2011.

T IS FOR TRAD HEAVY METAL

The New Wave Of Traditional Heavy Metal, or TNWOTHM, is quite simply the single most butt-tribute genre in heavy music. Resurrecting memories of the season of thrash a few years back, it's apparently all about lusty maidens, denim jerkins and hilarious crimped fringes. At least that's the case if you speak to Lady Starlight, Gaga's bezzie-turned-first lady of TNWOTHM. She'll wax epically about the cross-continental tribes of purists, including Sweden's Enforcer and Canada's Cauldron.

U IS FOR THE UAE

After pinching the World Cup, things are kicking over in the Emirates. Darling Farah is conclusive evidence that dubstep has broken there, for one. He's one of the most talked-about releases for Hyponik, the label that brought you Starkey and Breton.



V IS FOR VBS

Vice's excellent online TV channel (*VBS tv*) has a staggering array of great music shows coming up, featuring documentaries about the new garage explosion and the New Orleans bounce scene, as well as a series following the behind-the-boards activities of producers from Mark Ronson and Lee 'Scratch' Perry to Jamie Reynolds and Diplo.

W IS FOR WITCH HOUSE

If you find yourself thinking this entry is 'soooooo 2010...', then consider what happened to the sound – from when Salem paved the way two years ago to when oOoOo, Balam Acab and Creep took up the bleak baton this year. With albums due out from the last three, there's a pit of doom evolving before our very eyes – we can't wait to dive in.



X IS X FACTOR 'GETTING COOL'

If you're not too indie to acknowledge the presence of Cowell and co, you might notice some parallels between them and goings-on in good ol' *NME* Land. Since this new generation of cred-pop saviours arrived to raise pop's bar of 'cool' higher than it's been since the '60s, the show's tack has been reset. We're preparing for 2011's Throbbing Gristle Week already.

Y IS FOR YO-LAND! VI\$SER

Our favourite nugget of bizarre indie gossip last year was that Die Antwoord ethereal clin rhyme spitter and all round coolest chick ever (pictured, below) was offered the leading role in Hollywood smash *The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo*. She turned it down, but from what we hear on the grapevine she's being rabidly courted by bigshot movie and record producers. So we're predicting this year you'll be seeing more from this one. Praise be.

Z IS FOR (NEW) ZEALAND

Finally it seems there's a new generation of bands to equal New Zealand's legacy of Flying Nun Records and Crowded House. Along with The Naked And Famous, we bet their associates Kids Of 88 will be stomping their techno party pop all over the festival circuit this summer.

Then there's surrealist multi-instrumentalist bard Connan Mockasin, whose latest album, released on Erol Alkan's label, is sure to become a cult hit.



N IS FOR NIGHT BUS

As you might have noticed, the charge of 2011 should-be/could-be is smattered with sensitive soul-boy types – James Blake, Jamie Woon, Dagga – wandering lost in misty plumes of bass haze. There's certainly something in the air. Expensive skull-encasing headphones and the last 1.49 back to Snuggle-Town-Upon-Bedfordshire never felt like a more enticing marriage.

O IS FOR OXFORD

Everyone is backing a different one of Oxford's graduating class of 2011. Well, if not everyone, a fair few indier-than-thou trend spotters are, that's for sure. But who will be collecting their first degree scrolls and who will be still running the union bar events calendar seven years after all their classmates have graduated? Post-pop misfits Fixers, beaty drifters *Why Wife* or OX's premier rilly and remix masters Chad Valley? William Hill are yet to start taking bets on the possible outcome, but we'll keep you posted with updates.

CRYSTAL BALLS

NME's resident medium **Gavin Haynes** peers into what could possibly happen in 2011. Illustrations by Ferry Gouw

JANUARY

Delphic apply for a refund from the BBC Sound Of 2010 poll.

Not that they're flogging an increasingly dead horse to an utterly blinded, feverish market of completist collectors or anything, but **The Beatles** re-release all their albums yet again: "On CD, but this time with a little grey blob of paint on the cover." Instantly goes to Number One across the world. Magazines and Sunday papers run endless spreads of chin-stroking, evaluating how the little grey blobs have rejuvenated their oeuvre, causing us all to see afresh the likes of 'Abbey Road', to reconsider 'Sgt Pepper's...', and reappraise 'The White Album'.

Biffy Clyro decide to build on their *X Factor* success by covering Shayne Ward's 'That's My Goal' and Steve Brookstein's 193-in-the-charts smash 'Fighting Butterflies'.

FEBRUARY

There are worrying signs of egomania in the severed alliance, as the list of people who are forbidden to like **The Smiths** by Johnny Marr and Morrissey has now swollen to include: Nick Clegg, Eric Pickles, Tony Danza, Martine McCutcheon, Trevor Nelson, Patrick Stewart, Anyone Who Works For British Gas, That Insolent Woman Who Served Me In Fresh & Wild This Morning, Wales, Anyone Who Can't Appreciate Klaus Nomi, Scorpions and "Andy Rourke and Mike Joyce".

'Those in the know' pronounce dubstep "officially over" for the seventh year running.

In keeping with the growing trend for technological nostalgia (mixtapes, seven-inches, inky fanzines, blah) someone invents a '90s-themed 'social music sharing' app, in which you operate in a *Sims*-style world where in order to share tracks, you have to go round to your virtual friends' virtual houses and borrow virtual Blur CDs from them to rip to your virtual Pentium II.

MARCH

While doing a photoshoot in Trafalgar Square, **WU LYF** are kettled by police who've mistaken them for student protesters.

The chillwave movement loses traction when **Washed Out** confesses that most of his tracks are just old Oasis B-sides that he re-records underwater.

All is not well in the **Beady Eye** camp. After Gem quits, Liam recruits Julian Lennon to take his place. Then, as Andy storms out, he subs in James McCartney, and adds Dhani Harrison as a second guitarist. Zak Starkey's return is sure to follow.

APRIL

Justin Bieber is revealed to be a heavily made-up 26-year-old midget called Brian Norsden, from Wapping.

After months of media speculation, **Caroline ex-of-Glasvegas** unveils her big

Doing a photoshoot in Trafalgar Square, WU LYF are mistaken for student protestors



post-departure project. It's Till 17, East Gorbals Tesco.

Wavves' Nathan Williams self-destructs onstage at Primavera again, in the vain hope that someone, somewhere, will care.

After rotating year-of-grunge-revival and year-of-'80s-revival trendpieces every month for the past decade, the Sunday newspapers' review sections finally lose their will to live, and declare 2011 'the return of synth-grunge'.



MAY

Coldplay return with even more ludicrously inappropriate faux-creative costumes. Chris Martin and his fellow MOR stalwarts are now dressed as vaudeville rainbow-splattered versions of late-'90s Congolese child-soldiers.

As the boutique-ing trend accelerates, the nation's small festivals become more and more exclusive, and tailored, until such a point as most of them are basically you eyeballing **Grace Jones** for a weekend.

At Gracefest 2011, lucky punters get to spend a bank holiday alone together in a yurt in Cambridgeshire with Grace Jones. On the third day, Grace will turn up two hours late and grind her way monotonically through 'Slave To The Rhythm' while you wear a Princess Leia fancy-dress outfit and eat an organic pork pie that costs £75.

As **Pulp** get it back together, the world finally runs out of reunion-based headliners. The PRS Foundation therefore decrees that music reunions will be required to run on a strict rotational basis from now on: bands undertaking farewell tours will do their reunion tours the next year. Bands reuniting will be obliged to break up the next year. And so on.

Salem confirm their sinister, spooky reputation by making a record that lists the contents of all of your kitchen cabinets.

JUNE

At Glastonbury, U2 return last year's favour to **Muse** by having Matt Bellamy add an intergalactic FX-crammed 200-notes-a-minute guitar solo to 'One'.

Glastonbury organisers deny they have become too commercialised with the advent of the BAE sound systems, the ExxonMobil Green Fields, and the BUPA Healing Fields. As protests mount, instead of the traditional declaration of "the best Glastonbury ever" at his Sunday press conference, **Michael Eavis** declares that he "would have gotten away with it all, if it weren't for those pesky kids".

Kanye West confesses that for months he didn't realise he was posting his intimate thoughts on Twitter – he had thought the app was his secretary's personal organiser. He reveals he felt confused when journalists asked him about his intimate thoughts, and had simply assumed he possessed the gift of mental telepathy – but had tried to keep this confirmation of celestial genius to himself.

JULY

After years of hiatus, repose, fussing, fighting, a string of producers, scotched demos and broken schedules, **The Strokes** announce they've finally done it: they've managed to agree who's going to do the catering for their upcoming studio sessions.

The battle over file-sharing goes into overdrive when the **Pirate Bay** founders upload a 7,000 terabyte torrent file called thewholeofrecordedwesternmusic.tor.

Denying speculation that he is just ripping off his ardent fans for smack-money, **Pete Doherty** joins forces with Selfridges to launch his new line of invisible clothes.

AUGUST

The Monopolies Commission opens investigations against **Kings Of Leon** for anti-competitive practices, when, rather than raise their game in response to new talent, they simply buy out **Mona**.



Lostprophets let slip that they don't actually exist outside of Reading And Leeds Festivals, and are frozen in carbonite and reanimated to play the same Friday afternoon, 4pm, greatest hits slot year after year after year.

SEPTEMBER

MIA announces that she has received 300,000 US government cables "from a secret source on the radical fringes of the internet – a network of left-wing political extremists called *Guardian.co.uk*".

MIA announces that the CIA are blocking her from getting a decent table at Nobu.

MIA announces that the revolution is temporarily postponed until she can find a decent au pair for the baby.

OCTOBER

Michael Jackson's sixth posthumous album of the year is billed by his label as: "An authentic glimpse into Michael's world: covers of music that Michael Jackson probably loved, with his vocal parts played by impressionists in the style that we are sure Michael would have wanted".

The end of 'witch house' as a meaningful artistic movement hoves into view when **Nick Grimshaw** and **Reggie Yates** start talking about it in knowing terms.

Marcus Mumford becomes the Kurt Cobain of nu-folk after he chokes to death on a potato. **Laura Marling** in turn becomes the Courtney of the piece – everywhere she goes, she can't get away from conspiracy theorists whispering behind her back about how the potato she served him was "suspiciously glutinous".



Ellie Goulding releases a poignant duetting EP with one of her all-time heroes, Geoffrey The Giraffe

'You Can B&Q It', swiftly followed by a poignant duetting EP with one of her all-time heroes, Geoffrey The Giraffe. 'It's Called Toys R Us' shoots to the top of the iTunes chart, with its heart-wrenching refrain, "There's millions of Geoffreys all under one roof..."

Take That deny that their ongoing reunion is just a cheap soap opera concocted to score headlines, saying it's natural that Gary and Mark have decided to marry each other, Howard is developing a drug issue, Robbie is contemplating a sex change, and Jason has discovered his father is not really his father.

After both **Rage** and **Cage Against The Machine**, the annual anti *X Factor* pop single boat gets its wires slightly crossed by backing **Paije Against The Machine**.

2011'S UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

Future stars such as WU LYF are giving nothing away. **Matt Wilkinson** finds out why...

PHOTO BY DAN DENNISON

One of pop's simple, golden rules: too much hype early on kills a band. This notion – famously a mantra for manager Marcus Russell in Oasis' early days – has been somewhat waylaid in recent years. It's almost like it never existed in the first place.

Similarly... Google, MySpace, Facebook – for any new band worth their salt in 2011, these should really be dirty words. The entire blueprint created in the wake of Arctic Monkeys and Lily Allen giving away their best material online for free half a decade ago just doesn't work any more. Instead, we've been lumbered with a music culture where everything is obvious, easy and available at the click of a button.

But in 2011, a fresh aesthetic is being forced by a number of new bands unwilling to conform.

Essentially, it is this: nothing's hidden any more, so let's say a massive fuck you to being over-exposed, a massive fuck you to sucking record label cock and a massive fuck you to just blithely stepping onto the same treadmill that's killed a million chancers before (Joe Lean, The Bravery, The View, Razorlight, Kaiser Chiefs... those who were either too docile to realise they'd been duped, or too dumb to care).

Right now, Manchester's WU LYF are at the very epicentre of this new universe. If The xx, who spent up to 18 months hiding inside various south London studios honing their sound to perfection, shunning all press and subsequently managing to grow into a genuinely great, genre-defining band, stumbled across the formula of how best to do things in a post-Monkeys/Lily world, then WU LYF have now written the manuscript for it.

Aside from being blessed, in Ellery Roberts, with one of the most captivating frontmen *NME* has witnessed in living memory and having at least half

a dozen bona fide classic songs in their repertoire, the four-piece and their management have created an entirely new aesthetic from which every other new act in the country should be taking serious notes at present. What's key to this is that absolutely nothing about the band – from their name (an acronym which stands for World Unite/Lucifer Youth Foundation, or, if they're feeling frisky, What Up? Lovin' Young Females) to their expertly intrinsic website at *Worldunite.org* – is left unconsidered. Rather, everything the band do is primed for maximum impulsive effect on their audience. As John Robb put it in his call-to-arms blog about them

Did WU LYF really flog their limited run of demos for £50 a pop to desperate A&Rs?

early last year, WU LYF are "reinventing the wheel". Their MySpace, we should add, is utterly useless, and has been for months.

NME's journey with WU LYF begins in early 2010, when various A&R scouts start bugging us to see if we have any information about the band, who've started playing a monthly residency in their manager's café, An Outlet, in Manchester's Northern Quarter. Rumours of talent scouts being given the runaround by the band may or may not be true (did WU LYF really flog a limited run of 14 demos for £50 a pop to desperate A&Rs? Or was it just a piss-take blog where they said they did? Either way, great story). But by this point, in early 2010, the facts

are: three great demos have leaked online, alongside some intriguing pictures taken by the band's friend Jonathan Flanders showing a shifty, nine-strong gang standing in an empty Manchester car park, faces covered by bandanas while smoke bombs are let off around them. As 'press' shots go, it's pretty compelling, with many blogs left frothing at the mouth, unable to decipher who – if anyone – in the picture is actually in the band or not. Before too long, other nuggets of information begin to appear online, either at temporary Tumblr sites set up by the band, or as snarky, wry comments on gushing music blogs written about them by posters calling themselves things like 'CC Minister Of Information' (almost certainly one of the band writing under pseudonym). "I just wanted to set the record straight, there's been lotsa stinky cats talking lotsa fiction. We got mad love for y'all, everybody," one response says. "We make music, not spectacle."

March's gig at An Outlet, which *NME* attends, is made up nearly entirely of industry bods, much to the annoyance of the band who are most definitely at their happiest when the crowd aren't as static as Leslie Nielsen. But nevertheless, the whole evening – because you couldn't really call it a straight gig – is something of a sensation, veering from a vibey art house gathering (complete with sadistic/vicious/religious film shorts shown early on) to a pre-planned stunt featuring the group's mates – some recognisable from the photo referenced above and all wearing white bandanas over their faces – who suddenly appear from the side of the room and raucously rip down a load of curtains to reveal the band, plugged in and ready to play in a back room. As entrances go, it's pretty damned calculated and very, very cool. The gig is short, intense and confrontational – 30 minutes or

MORE ENIGMAS

It's not just WU LYF who are keeping cards close to their chest...

JAI PAUL

The 21-year-old's gone from his home in west London to the studio, working alone and refusing to leave any clues as to what he's up to. Going by his previous bedroom-produced output (namely ace Indian-infused crunk/soul/falsetto mash-up 'B3STU') this is definitely a good thing.



2:54

Since forming in London last summer, Kyuss-obsessed sisters Colette and Hanna Thurlow have dealt with frenzied record label attention by, er, cocooning themselves away in their studio. When they do venture out, it's to play with the likes of Melissa Auf der Maur and Warpaint – both instant converts, natch.



ZOO KID

Elusive 16-year-old Archy Marshall's still only played a couple of gigs – most recently leaving a room filled with London's indie fraternity almost twice his age open-mouthed in awe – but his Joe Strummer-meets-Mike Skinner brogue lends itself to being shouted loud from rooftops.





Ellery Roberts
of WU LYF: best
of the best

so of pure shrieking noise-rock jarring with surf guitar, dub bass, church organ and larynx-busting vocals (in the same stomach-churning way Cobain busted his guts) from Ellery. Afterwards, the band head straight outside for a smoke, and pretty much everyone else in the venue follows, Pied Piper-style.

Not that WU LYF are giving anything away anyway. They continue playing these gigs, charging £1 a head (£3 if you're industry), at An Outlet every month up until May, calling the nights 'Heavy Pop', which is also the title of their amazing, epic set closer. The phrase seems to embody the band's ethos, being described by 'CC Blow Me' on *Urbandictionary.com* as "a universally accessible expression of deep understanding, of unadulterated truth". As word continues to creep out, the industry keeps on at the band like flies around shit. Lofty comparisons are made with The Stone Roses' early gigs. Yet still the band stick to their guns, staying silent and batting off requests from record labels and media alike.

A full two months later, though, they edge out of the shadows. Out of the blue, a post on *Worldunite.org* offers details their first proper release – a beautifully crafted package containing a 12-inch of two standout tracks ('Heavy Pop' and 'Concrete Gold', pressed on heavy vinyl, naturally) – as well as a "statement of intent" poster and bandit mask. This package also gives fans membership to LYF – guaranteeing gigs for £1 anywhere in the world and "so much more". Judging from an essay posted on WU LYF's website, this is likely to be based on FC Barcelona's ingenious (in theory, anyway) 'socio' model, whereby the club's 170,000 supporters become part of the 'biggest family on earth' and theoretically govern it for the price of their season ticket money.

Which, if true, is one hell of a canny strategy for a band to employ. There's no label moniker on the record – and no songwriting credits either, so the only real way you can tell it's even by WU LYF is because on the flipside of the handwritten packaging

is a massive stamped band logo. Within days of the this being sent out, fan pictures begin to appear online of said logo – printed onto a homemade T-shirt in one case, tattooed on an arm in another while scores of other people begin to photograph themselves striking WU LYF copycat poses while wearing their own bandit masks. Pied Piper strikes again, evidently. Needless to say, the band sell out all 500 copies almost instantly via their PayPal account, bagging themselves £7,500 net profit, which isn't at all bad considering they haven't held a single interview, courted any labels or had to slog it around the UK's toilet venues for three months.

Now, with their heads finally peeking out above the manhole, the band move relatively fast, announcing a new gig at Midi Festival in the south of France in July – where they are even better than at An Outlet, totally owning the stage and entire weekend (see *NME/COM/video* for footage) – and premiering another new song, 'Spitting It Concrete Like The Golden Sun God' online. The track is accompanied by a video on WU LYF's Vimeo site. It features a proper cast, looks completely professional and is so impressive that – allegedly – *NME* understands an open-jawed Michel Gondry cold-calls the band off the back of it. But still, they keep schtum.

Another few months pass, but the band go to ground again. *NME* hears rumours they're using the money raised from the record sales to hunt for a recording studio in Spain, followed by rumours they've signed a major label deal, then more rumours they're jacking it all in. But in late November that all changes – we receive an email sent by one Cassius Clay, Minister of Information, to everyone on the LYF mailing list, inviting us to a secret gig at a Manchester church. "WU LYF have cut an LP," it declares, "10 tracks of true heavy pop."

And those 10 songs are exactly what the band play when we head up to St Peter's Church, an ornate gem in Manchester's industrial backstreets. It is, once again, thrilling. There, we learn that WU LYF have been holed up for three weeks, with their mates Paul and Dave, recording their first album. It's set to be released in the first half of 2011, following the band's first proper headline dates this February (with LYF members offered first dibs on tickets).

Of course, you may well be thinking this is all way too much hype. But the fact is WU LYF have played their cards impeccably, casually managing what 99 per cent of other bands fail miserably at by refraining from shooting their load at the first opportunity. And by staying hidden in a world where everyone else is pressurised *not* to have any secrets, WU LYF have proved that new bands can still be inventive, still use their imagination to get amazing results. 2011 is theirs for the taking.

UNCLE SHAUNY'S 10 COMMANDMENTS

Budding bands, as you set off on the road to fame, let **Shaun Ryder** be your guide. He's noshed the drugs, fought the bandmates, got fooked and been banned from TV, so you don't have to...

Given his star turn in the jungle, there is probably a piece of Sky 3 reality TV ready to be greenlighted in which Shaun Ryder mentors a series of young bands – guiding them through their first big shows, prepping them for those needy record label encounters, smoothing over the inevitable clashes of big egos. “Look,” he will whisper, as he puts a hand meaningfully on the shoulders of The Launchpacks’ lead singer. “Stop being a fookin’ student and do one.”

That day has not yet dawned. For now, the class of 2011 looking to find their way through an increasingly incoherent music industry will have to take the increasingly coherent potted wisdom of Shaun Ryder as it is rendered here. God – the original magazine editor – put his own commandments in handy 10-point list format. And who are we to mess with his formatting ideals?

“The way things are going, the best way to make money in the present climate is to sell heroin,”

Uncle Shauny grins. Sat in the lobby of the K West hotel, he is in lucid form as he wraps up a week in London meant to capitalise on his show-stealing turn in the *I'm A Celebrity...Let Me Out Of Here* jungle. He downs two Red Bulls in an hour. His pearly new teeth chatter happily as he fills the air with advice and reminiscences about the nature of the rock'n'roll game. “What do you want me to do? Give them my wisdom? Fooking hell...”

1 BUTTING EGOS ARE INEVITABLE

“The rest of the band tend to notice things like the door getting opened for the lead singer. And the door shuts on the rest of the band. The lead singer doesn't notice that, but the rest of the band does. I only dealt with it 'cos it finished. The rest of my band was all going off with their egos, and deciding among them which one of them would take over



being the frontman and the singer. Tony Wilson said to me, to stop all these arguments and shite and jealousy, split everything equal. Even though you write the songs, give 'em all a lick and it'll stop 'em. And I did. And it didn't. So that's the only thing I would take back off Tony and shove up his arse. The rest of his advice was great."

2 DON'T READ THE CRITICS

"Don't read the press if it bugs you. We didn't really get any bad press with Happy Mondays. The only time we got slagged was on [much-derided fourth album] 'Yes Please!'. That one bit of slagging seemed to crumble the rest of the band. It took the wind out of them, apart from Bez. And it was their idea to go with those producers and make that record. We split up after that."

3 GET OUT WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT

"In 1994, EMI came to Manchester with a five-record deal on the table, ready to be signed. And the famous thing is that I went off to get KFC and got stoned and didn't turn up to sign the deal. But actually I went off the deal... we split up soon after, didn't we? And I went on to have a Number One album [with Black Grape] and they didn't. So that's why I did one. I actually turned up for the meeting,

but I wasn't getting on with the rest of the band, so it didn't happen. But I think if you offered a deal these days, fookin' grab it. You hear a lot about going independent, well you know what, going it alone's all well and good. But then try making a record and see how many copies you sell."

4 GET YOUR DAD TO DO YOUR SOUNDCHECKS

"I got tired of soundchecks. At first it was important. But after a while, there was no point in me doing one. So sometimes when I didn't do them, me old bloke [Derek Ryder, the Mondays' roadie] would get up and sing our songs. It doesn't take much to get my old bloke up doing impersonations of his eldest son. Me old bloke didn't stop competing with me till I was 40."

5 REMAIN IN FOR TURKEYS

"Well, I don't want to put the rehabs out of business but a lot of it is absolute fanny. It's too comfy. Then again, they do learn you a few tricks. But if you wanna get off drugs you've got to exercise through it. Not lay on yer back in a 10-star hotel. Biking, running, anything that fucks you out and tires you out while you're rattling is good. Is there too much careerism in rock now? Yeah and no. I just think they think they're a lot smarter. They've seen it mapped out for 40 years but that doesn't stop them from making the same mistakes. They all fall into the same clichéd bullshit traps. I thought I was too clever to fall into the same traps too."

6 MELT THE WAGS

"Wives and girlfriends really shouldn't be anywhere near the band. Not at all. Anyone who's listening to their girlfriend, they shouldn't be involved. All bands have Yo! o Onos, and the Mondays were no exception. What I used to do was: any time we used to play somewhere where there was about 15 showers in your changing rooms, I'd turn all the taps on hot, then lock the doors till they melted. Groupies are different, maybe. I feel sorry for kids today, everyone's got one of them fucking phones with a

camera on it. There's no more 'What goes on tour stays on tour.'"

7 PRODUCERS ARE PROBABLY OVERRATED

"Completely ignore what they say. Martin Hannett was a fookin' lunatic. He also had a lot of good ideas. But he was also off his tits. So were we, mind. So when Martin used to fall asleep, you'd just take over and do it yourself. John Cale was the first producer we worked with, so we just kept our mouth shut and did what he wanted, but Cale just recorded us like a live band."

8 EXTENDING THE BRAND INTO OTHER AREAS ISN'T THE CAREER POISON IT ONCE WAS

"I didn't really do any of that stuff until now. When Bez won *Celebrity Big Brother* in 2005, I got offered that but gave it to him. I went ghost hunting, but reality? Not exactly reality. But I am glad I went in the jungle. When you've got people like Snoop with reality shows, the ballgame is completely different. But definitely don't, when you get asked to do a film for a big Hollywood director, walk out and go, 'It was fookin' shit, that'. In the Hollywood world, you gotta say 'It was fookin' fantastic'. Or else you'll never work again, and you'll never get paid daft amounts of money to do basically fook all."

9 IF YOU WANT TO APPEAR ON CHANNEL 4 EVER AGAIN, DO NOT SWEAR ON LIVE TV

"I was banned from being live on Channel 4 for over a decade. I'm the only person in their handbook to be mentioned by name in their compliance manual on account of having sworn on *TFI Friday*. I did an interview with Chris Evans where I swore a lot. Then I went and did a performance of 'Pretty Vacant' by the Sex Pistols, where I swore some more. After that, *TFI Friday* had to go pre-recorded. In fact, that ban stood until the day I came out of the jungle. Which was weird, because I basically spent the whole time in the jungle effing and jeffing."

10 DIE YOUNG

"My recommended method has gotta be car crash. Or overdose. Don't be choking on a fookin' sandwich. That's shite. Me? I never thought I'd die young. Even at the worst moments, I've always thought I was gonna live till I was about 127."

THE 2011 VERDICT: 10 BANDS, 10 UNCLE SHAUNY OPINIONS



BROTHER

"Where are they from? Slough? He's called Lee as well; he's called Lee and he sneers. That's good. It's got that upbeat thing going, successful. I'd like to hear more of that."

TRIBES

"I'm sure they're having a great time staring at their shoes."

THE NAKED AND FAMOUS

"Like that. Have they got a bird in the band? Hmmm. You can't have fookin' birds in bands with all the lads."

FIXERS

"Like that. They're from Oxford? Well, I suppose someone's gotta be."



JAMES BLAKE

"Is this dubstep? My lad went to a dubstep night recently and came back and said he fookin' hated it. My missus likes it. I'm not sure what it sounds like. But it sounds good. I like that."

ODD FUTURE

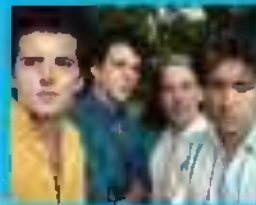
"I'm a proper old school hip-hop head, so I like anything like that. Out of all of that, this is probably my favourite."

MONA

"It's alright, that. I'm sure it's going to be very successful."

SPARK

"Yeah I like that. She's got a nice voice. She looks like an '80s art student. In a good way."



THE VACCINES

"It sounds a bit like the Ramones. Or Jilted John. But I can't really find the centre of it."

ANNA CALVI

"I'm not so into that. OK, I get the idea..."

REVIEWS

SUUNS, MINKS, JIM NOIR

Edited by Emily Mackay



With that in mind, 'Valhalla Dancehall' is their most pessimistic and perversely cheery record yet; an epic, hour-long set that sees recession and public service cuts at every turn but determines to get its freak

BSP SPEAK!

How does 'Valhalla Dancehall' differ from what came before?

Martin Noble: "The first two albums had what you might see as a quite nostalgic look, but this one is really shiny. We want to get away from that idea of being nostalgic and fuddy duddy."

Do you see yourselves as experimental?

Stuart Wilkinson: "There are a lot more ways to be experimental than just playing different chords at the same time. We want to be popular and a weird alternative band at the same time."

on anyway, stoking up the campfires at world's end. The band have been touring the UK with Manic Street Preachers recently, and it's tempting to think of album opener 'Who's In Control' as their 'If You Tolerate This...', ablaze with anger at a generation's apathy: "Oh, were you not told / Do you not know / Everything around you is being sold?" Musically it does their Pixies-drunk-on-Blitz-spirit thing very well, if it's hardly the stuff of revelation.

'We Are Sound' blusters heroically in search of a tune, and 'Georgie Ray' throws an audaciously 'Purple Rain'-ish solo into a gently affecting ballad. 'Mongk II' is as close as we get to 'No Lucifer's' metaphysical ghost train ride here; a fleshed-out cut from the 'Zeus' EP that sounds a little like the kraut-inflected MkII Horrors. Lyrically, it finds Hamilton pondering

our position among the holy creation with a typically withering eye: "You're an animal, you're a homorapien".

To its credit the band sneaks a pair of highlights into the middle to keep fickle hearts from roaming: 'Luna' is a dreamy mid-tempo number oddly reminiscent of late-period Pulp, and 'Living Is So Easy' is a highlight and worthy first single; a faintly electro-tinged track with a rueful, Strokes-ish gait. 'Cleaning Out The Rooms' and 'Once More Now' recall the post-rock soundscapes of the band's 'Man Of Aran' soundtrack from last year – the latter, especially, could be a stretch too far at 11-plus minutes but sounds graceful, like a ghost ship sluicing through the greasy grey waves. Then gently rousing closer 'Heavy Water' reminds us that "everything was forever until it is no more", and nature asserts supremacy once again.

There are moments when the slate-grey palate verges on featureless and dull, but stick with it. 'Valhalla Dancehall' offers poignant reminder that, while Cameron and his cronies set about their dirty work in earnest, none of this is permanent – there's always the trees, waiting to set down roots in our JD Wetherspoons and our smug coffee emporiums. British Sea Power's enlightened hedonism makes perfect sense 'til then. **Alex Denney**

7

BRITISH SEA POWER

VALHALLA DANCEHALL ROUGH TRADE

Crossover moment? As if this island's weirdest wanderers would be so crass. Instead their fifth offers social rage and sonic sojourns



In a world of weekend eccentrics, British Sea Power are the real fucking deal. For a while there the Brighton-based troupe seemed fated to have their Arcade Fire moment, with third LP 'Do You Like Rock Music?' drawing rave reviews across the board in 2008. Briefly, a stargate seemed to be opening in the space-time continuum, offering entry to a universe where Bono frolics with the satyrs and the naked Chris Martin sits astride a powerful white unicorn.

Alas, it wasn't to be. You could look at that as an excuse for self-pity. Or you could think of it this way: when Arcade Fire lead one of their stately processions through a live venue, the crowd parts before them like the Red Sea for Moses. Every time you read about a member of BSP leaping into an audience there's a similar inrushing of space, albeit of

a less reverent kind. Suffice to say stitches are normally involved. And that's them all over, because it suggests there's something inherently funny about man's attempts to look dignified through his suffering.

As for the eccentric thing, well, how about plain inspired? The brothers Wilkinson and co have been tapping into a peculiar strain of English gothic since long before Wild Beasts or Esben & The Witch locked lips with their first nut brown ale. And, while there'll always be something about BSP that evokes the boys who brought acid tabs to a geography field trip with 'hilarious consequences', we should also give 'em their due as artists: far from standing for history, hedgerows or a wild weekend's cub scouting in the Malverns, this is a group that speaks with passion and non-ironic engagement to the world – survival music, in the existential rather than Ray Mears sense.



SUUNS

ZEROES QC SECRETLY CANADIAN

Who cares what they're called? The band formerly known as Zeroes make early Albums Of 2011 contender



What's really in a name change? Canada's Suuns were called Zeroes, but for a tardy lawsuit threat from a bunch of old Cali punks who traded on being "the Mexican Ramones" way

back when. Luckily for them, no-one over here gave a flying fuck until they ripped CMJ to shreds a couple of months ago – which is handy, because in a niftily timed dollop of musical fast food, we've now got 'Zeroes QC' to contend with.

Straightaway, what's so appealing about this album is the double-barrel hellfire tactic the four-piece employ on almost every song. We're talking half-dirge rock, half-glitchy electronica, split 50/50 and pushed full throttle. Impressively, they manage to make straddling this fence seem as comfy as sitting on your bestest sofa. Opener 'Armed For Peace' is probably the best example of this, stop-starting in a fit of bastardised electro gloopyiness before erupting with a frankly gnarly burst of Led Zep-aping guitar. It's a mighty mix, and the band coolly know a good thing when they stumble upon it. Essentially, they repeat this process ad infinitum for the rest of the album.

Singer Ben Shemie's voice – whispered, aloof, almost childlike at times – is definitely suited

to the more subtle moments of the record, but it's his rhythmic, stabbing 'Tko Iko'-esque ramblings on the likes of the jazzy 'Pie IX' which mark him out as more compelling and more weird than your average. Elsewhere, 'Gaze' could be a fuzzier hallucination of early Interpol, while the more tender 'Organ Blues' hunts at *proper melodic beauty* hiding under the more angular surface of Shemie's persona.

Not that 'Zeroes' is all great, mind. 'Marauder' is little more than an exercise in knob-twiddling of the Boss variety, while 'Up Past The Nursery' – the most minimalist song here – almost pushes the muso wankery blowout button to annoying levels. Much more intriguing is album centrepiece (and seven-minute epic) 'Sweet Nothing', which emits a musical palette stretching from Link Wray to underground disco while also managing to shoehorn in a brilliant steal of the siren bit from The Standells' 'Riot On Sunset Strip'. When, at around the five-minute mark, bassist Joe Yarmush suddenly twitches, leaps up, *turns up* and ushers in an apocalyptically brilliant melody-rush to close proceedings, you can see exactly why all those CMJ jaws were dropped so hastily. From Zeroes to... heroes? Better believe it. **Matt Wilkinson**

8

DOWNLOAD: 'Pie IX', 'Armed For Peace', 'Organ Blues'

FACES TO NAMES...

What the reviewers are resolving to fail at this year



JAMIE CROSSAN

"My original new year's resolution was to learn to play the drums and join Glasvegas, but since that dream has been shot down by a Swede, I will resolve to be less resentful."



MATT WILKINSON

"Next year I will quit my job here at NME, sign a MASSIVE record deal and write my magnum opus – aka the greatest album you have ever heard. Wish me luck!"



EMILY MACKAY

"This year I will try to stop dancing to Britpop in public, get to bloody CMJ for once and finally find a decent bloody byline photo where I don't look like someone's mum."

JIM NOIR ZOOOPER DOOPER FREE DOWNLOAD



Known for his songs soundtracking countless adverts, Manchester's twisted psych-folk oddball is back plugging only 'Zoooper Dooper'. This six-track EP packs in songs that sound like a northern soul take on the theme from egg-centric '80s computer game *Magicland Dizzy* ('Kitty Kat'), Super Furry Animals in a space race with Ray Davies ('She Flies Away With My Love') and The Beta Band at their most far out ('Do You Like Games'). These are all far too weird to sell anything but, luckily for the ad men, the trippy pop of 'Car' could easily help flog a hatchback or two. Commercially sweet with artistic integrity intact – the job's a good'un. **Jamie Crossan**

DOWNLOAD: 'She Flies Away With My Love'

8

MINKS BY THE HEDGE CAPTURED TRACKS

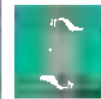


Though mention of the words 'lo-fi', 'fuzzy' and 'goth pop' might be enough to make you wish Kelis would come and stomp all over these blog-infesting rodents with her killer heels of mighty bangitude to fashion herself a new stole, hey – don't hate the playa, hate the game. Anyway, the cavernous, gothy likes of 'Out Of Tune' have a depth tinted deeper than sepia, 'Life At Dusk' a rich denseness that makes this a much more satisfying and varied listen than the likes of TPOBPAH. The title of 'Folkin' Hell' even suggests a *sense of humour*. In summary then, better than most if you like that sort of thing. **Emily Mackay**

DOWNLOAD: 'Ophelia'

6

FUJIYA & MIYAGI VENTRILOQUIZZING FULL TIME HOBBY



Somewhere between Liars' sinister ponderings, Beck's low-key funk and the bizarre, be-masked aesthetic of The Wave Machines sits the weird world of 'Ventriloquizing' – a world where David Best's speak-sing monotone reigns supreme, strutting basslines abound and the line between sexy and sex pest is but a blur. At its high points ('Sixteen Shades Of Black & Blue', 'Pills') these components combine to create the kind of low-slung glam funk that makes us feel a bit dirty-in-a-good-way. At other times we're not sure whether we should be laughing or feeling uncomfortable; either way 'Ventriloquizing' is certainly no dummy's game. **Lisa Wright**

DOWNLOAD: 'Sixteen Shades Of Black & Blue'

7

PHIL MANLEY LIFE COACH THRILL JOCKEY



The solo debut from the singer and guitarist in Maryland kraut-funk weirdos Trans Am is a calmer beast than much of his mother band's work, reflective and almost Mogwai-ish in places, as on the melancholy 'Lawrence, KS'. It would, if it really was a life coach, be intoning in your ear, "Come on. Just keep going. Listen to the thrum of the motorik. It will guide you. Take heart from the softly neon synths and gentle lapping ripples of guitar. They will heal your fractured ego." If it was doing its job properly it would then tell you to get off your arse, get a haircut and find a clean fucking T-shirt, but nonetheless, it sounds very pleasant. **Duncan Gillespie**

DOWNLOAD: 'Lawrence, KS'

6

LIVE

THE VIEW, EVERYTHING EVERYTHING

Edited by Emily Mackay



ATP PRESENTS BOWLIE 2

BUTLINS, MINEHEAD FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10–SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12

Belle And Sebastian, Franz and Crystal Castles shine at a weekender bristling with joy

Butlins' Centre Stage venue is normally the kind of place where a be-jacketed H from Steps might feel at home crooning and wobble-dancing. It also seems weirdly well-suited in its endearing naifness, though, to the wonky British indie-pop of Edwyn Collins and his spiritual heirs, The Cribs' Ryan Jauman and Franz Ferdinand's Alex Kapranos.

We're not sure what Alex's beautiful young girlfriend makes of the spectacular lab and chip deals available from the side bars as she grasps his finger-thin waist at the side of the stage during Edwyn's afternoon set. The happy couple do seem to be enjoying the sticky-floored décor as much as the rest of us, though. Edwyn is backed by Teenage Fanclub, whose

relaxed guitar twangs start off at a pedestrian plod, but after the opening 'Losing Sleep', it's not long before Edwyn's soulful kazoo-ish sound bulks through and the group are all locked into a heady groove.

Ryan bounds on for the scratchy, fantastic 'What Is My Role?', then the most Scottish, elongated, indie love-in ever continues apace when Alex straps on his guitar and tinkle-steps on stage along with handmate Nick McCarthy, who's sporting a new Noel Fielding-beating drop-mop ready for the band's

comeback. The pair "do-do-do-it-again" for, er, 'Do It Again', reprising their on-record roles from Edwyn's latest album, Alex sticking around to lend sex-chug breathy vocals for 'A Girl Like You', which seems a touch saucily inappropriate for an afternoon airing in this sort of family environment, but we're not complaining.

It's not only the most mainstream, but the most Caledonia-centric ATP in a good many years. But it's a fitting full-circle for the festival, as Belle And Sebastian, curators of the original

Bowie Weekender at Camber Sands in 1999, return on band-picking duties (joined by some of the original class of 1999, such as the

ever-gorgeous Camera Obscura). It's been a long, noisy, weird bearded journey in between, but this weekend, Scottish indie returns to rule the chalets.

Downstairs in the main Pavilion nerve centre of the holiday park, **Frightened Rabbit** are pumping the hearts of a hungover early afternoon crowd back into life with a heartbreaking 'Backwards Walk' and resplendent 'Swim Until You Can't See Land'. Totally incapable of going through a single motion, they play the set like they're headlining an arena, and soon we're feeling braced and ready for the day. Just as well: next up is King Freak Julian Cope, who plays a stupped-down solo set. The brilliance of his bold, smart and nobly nutty songs, including The Teardrop Explodes' 'The Great Dominions', is nearly

Franz Ferdinand's set is confirmation that they're one of our greats, for sure



Clockwise from left:
Franz Ferdinand's Alex
Kapranos rocking his
tank top; a suitably twee
Scrabble session; Belle
And Sebastian's Stuart
Murdoch (looking chilly)
and Stevie Jackson;
Camera Obscura's
Tracyanne Campbell



overshadowed by the world-class quality of the banter. He tells the assembled devotees that last time he played ATP he stayed in DH Lawrence's cottage, appropriated a mirror and used it to snort all kinds of non-literary substances, berates Axl Rose for ruining whistling solos, and pauses to look down at his own setlist in wonderment: "I've gotta tell you... it's all classics." The man should have a blue plaque. Next up, **Wild Beasts** play their whimsical warblings to drown out the sound of drunks massacring zombie aliens on arcade games at the back, and are generally successful in being more entertaining than the coin-operated splatter-fests on offer (maybe not the air hockey, mind).

The Beasts' is a warm, charming auditory embrace that would seem perfectly suited to heat up the fans before the kings and queens of all things doll-dressingly twee play their show. But curators **Belle And**

Sebastian open their performance on the same stage a few hours later with a kinetic vigour that belies their fey-as-the-day reputation, instead simply confirming them as a smash-powerful pop band in as good a form as they've ever been. Opener 'I Didn't See It Coming', the first song on comeback album 'Write About Love', sounds as bug-snug as anything else on the setlist; 'I'm A Cuckoo' indie-anthem and 'Step Into My Office, Baby' as saucily jaunty as the naughtiest office Christmas party this side of Spearmint Rhino's annual head office photocopier-cracking knees-up.

Stuart Murdoch, too, rises to the challenge of the role of host with cheeky aplomb. He hauls up fans (mainly girls) to dance before handing out pound-shop medals, even going a touch **Crystal Castles** as he balances on the front row as the band lollop through 'If You're Feeling Sinister' and 'I Want The World To Stop'. It's all proof that

they're as accomplished party hosts as you could imagine – even to those who head to the snaking **Franz Ferdinand** queue well before the set ends, thus missing a stirring closing guest vocal on 'Lazy Line Painter Jane' from *Those Dancing Days*' Linnea Jönsson.

Yes, Franz Ferdinand! Their 'secret' appearance here really was the worst-kept secret since Ashley Cole's puke-sex revelation, especially as their name actually appeared on the event posters in the end. And fittingly, as Belle And Seb whistle off on the other side of the Pavilion, a queue that'd put an Ikea first-day sales scrum to shame forms outside the Centre Stage.

After **Jenny And Johnny**'s gas-

pumpin' rock'n'roll warm-up in the venue, it's 2004 again, as Franz begin ticking off their meticulous checklist of needle-guitar post-**Orange Juice** fabulousness. Alex in an impeccable wool tank top, clicking his heels together during sporadic leaps? Check. Looking like he's about 22 and as skinny as a tired greyhound despite pushing 40? Check. Floorboards bending, the crowd leaping in unison to 'Michael' and 'Tell Her Tonight'? Naturally. It's a bit of a greatest hits set (although no 'Darts Of Pleasure' or 'Take Me Out'), and the lack of new material, hinting at another big wait before the new Franz record, is the only disappointment. It's confirmation that they're one of our greats, though, for sure, and it'll clearly take more than a few Centre Stage kebab deals to knock this lot out of shape just yet.

Also on top form are the aforementioned **Those Dancing Days**, whose new album is sounding shockingly good. Thought they were going to be one of those "Ah, remember them" bands? Think again – they're saucy, strutting, energetic as nuclear fission performed with teenage girls instead of sub-atomic particles, and totally own their Friday late-night slot. Saturday night, though, is all about **Crystal Castles**, who sandblast all traces of twee from our ears with a ferocious set, Alice Glass on prowling, dangerous form as she writhes about the Centre Stage in ways it's never experienced before. 'Empathy' is a creepy, icy highlight, while 'Doc Deer' and 'Alice Practice' are cardigan-renderingly furious.

The next day, though, the Jocks reclaim their territory, with the too-long absent **Sons And Daughters** tearing through 'Rama Lama' and 'Darling' in the Pavilion, Adele Bethel glitter-hotpanted and murderous. They unveil a new song, 'The Model', from an album due out this year. Jubilation! **The Vaseles** take this raunch and turn it into filth... the new songs from 'Sex

With An X' sound great, but as the many themed tote bags purchased from the merch stall this weekend attest, it's really all about 'Monsterpussy'. **Camera Obscura** rescue the tone and crown an unashamedly vintage-clad and wistful weekend. The likes of 'Honey In The Sun' and, of course, 'Lloyd, I'm Ready To Be Heartbroken' are never quite twee, though – no band who can induce the rushing joy of a song like 'French Navy' could ever fairly be called that.

And so, Bowie hangs up its second-hand beret until next time, to make way for the

doom metal and experimental krautcrunk. But rest assured: there is a corner of this holiday camp that will, no matter what, remain forever 'Tigermilk'. *Jamie Fullerton/Emily Mackay*



VIEW FROM THE CROWD

Peter Hutton, 30
"Foals were a real highlight, and of course B&S. The new songs already sound like classics against their back catalogue."



PRINCE

IZOD ARENA, NEW JERSEY

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15

With musical daughter Janelle Monáe in tow, the US' freshest legend's still got what it takes

There are two myths about Prince that need to be vanquished. The first is that he's become merely a nostalgia act doing greatest hits tours like these for easy money. The fact that current US indie heavyweights MGMT and Of Montreal openly worship him and Janelle Monáe (the hottest new star of

and an obscenely funky version of 'U Got The Look'), which leaves the Izod crowd so carnally charged that *NME* has to sit on our hands so as not to risk a public indecency charge.

His two-hour set flies by in what seems like a blur of outlandish guitar solos, mesmeric dance routines and song after flawless song, all of which are performed to a super-human level of perfection by his band. Once the final act of 'Controversy', with

It's a performance that would make wannabe pop stars want to jack it all in

2010, and in support this evening) could almost be a blood relative shows he's still a very modern idol. Second myth – and most important – is the idea that being a fully fledged Jehovah's Witness has robbed him of his sex-on-a-stick strut. Tonight on the opening date of his Welcome 2 America Tour, the purple one opens with a staggering 30-minute opening medley of hits (including 'Raspberry Beret', 'Cream'

added interludes of 'Sexy Dancer' and Chic's 'Le Freak', is dispensed, he signs off by correctly declaring "This is my house now!" It really is the sort of performance that could inspire scores of wannabe pop stars to jack it all in and apply for minimum wage work at Walmart. You could at least become good at that over time but to be as good as Prince, you simply have to be Prince. **Hardeep Phull**

THE WHIGS

BORDERLINE, LONDON

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15

Opening for Kings Of Leon on their current world tour, The Whigs are more used to playing the bridesmaid than the bride, but tonight is the Georgia-based three-piece's big day. Considerably louder than the sum of their parts, their sonic ambitions sound like an early Nirvana taking harmonic lessons from Frank Black. 'Black Lotus' and 'Like A Vibration' unload grungy hooks like a two-barrelled shotgun at the feet of the foot-stomping crowd. But it's the piano-led southern drawl of 'Half The World Away' that leaves all open-mouthed souls craving more. It's easy to see why the Kings have taken them under their wing. **Thomas A Ward**

LAIBACH

HIGHBURY GARAGE, LONDON

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15

You don't have to surrender your passport to a Laibach official at the doors of the Garage, but nevertheless they transport you to a land of bold slogans, militaristic attire, industrial imagery and sound. Laibach subvert nationalism with confrontational songs such as 'Bloody Ground - Fertile Soil' and interpretations of national anthems. Tonight, with guttural singer Milan Fras, they lead us on through sinister experimentation and techno autocracy as footage of machinery and slogans run across the screens: "We are forging the future," informs one. Even after 30 years, Laibach sound like no-one else. Citizens arise. **Luke Turner**



THE VIEW

WELLY, HULL WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15

The Dundonians don't fail to get the rowdy crowd moving, but there's something missing

The crowdsurfing begins during the second number. It's an uphill struggle, what with The Welly being the only venue in the history of venues that seems to slope upwards towards the stage (either that, or they have instilled a horrendously anti-social 'giants-to-the-front' rule that was not fully advertised). The lads in the crowd take instead to tossing each other about the place, their facial expressions straddling a void between rage and elation.

Beer is thrown, politely, across the room by a boy in a blazer. He feeds his mates for feedback on his aim. This is rowdy-by-numbers, behaviour learned by rote. Surely The View aren't the cause of this kind of riotous behaviour? They're barely moving. And this bit sounds like Inspiral Carpets played at the wrong speed.

Kyle Falconer is still a walking description of the word 'urchin': up onstage, peddling his puny toy songs. Songs you'd give a kid for Christmas, half expecting them to be broken by Easter. "I wasn't born to make you happy/I wasn't born to make you sad" You weren't born to make me listen, kiddo. But the

crowd, they rage on. There is a genuine feeling of joy clinging to what little air there is in the venue and the euphoria builds and builds until it's damn near contagious. It's baffling when the soundtrack doesn't match the scene.

Redemption comes in the form of their newer tracks, like 'Sunday'. The more paper-thin numbers are cast aside and we're treated to a moderate dose of depth and texture (musically, if not lyrically). It's hardly Pink Floyd, but there's a hint of Glasvegas-ness about it.

The band's new album 'The Best Lasts Forever' may have been delayed until March but the songs that will be unleashed therein are already familiar fodder for the dichards, with 'Underneath The Lights' and 'Girls' triggering an already ecstatic crowd to react with reinvigorated fervour. And interestingly, they don't play that song about how they cannae be bothered to change their jeans. People leave, muttering about how they didn't play that song about how they cannae be bothered to change their jeans. These guys don't give a hoot about depth, or texture. You'll never get your rocks off in the moshpit to depth or texture. **Hayley Avron**

VIEW FROM THE CROWD



Conor, 17, Hull
"I thought they were amazing. Just bloody amazing. It's the third time I've seen them now, and tonight they just blew me away. The new stuff sounded really exciting, I can't wait for the album."



EVERYTHING EVERYTHING

UNION CHAPEL, LONDON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15

Their orchestral collaboration unites everything beautiful and bonkers about the band

Three days before These New Puritans round off their continentally grand 'Hidden' tour at Paris' Pompidou Centre, another bright young British band are getting strung-out and horny closer to home. And if the Union Chapel, unlike the French architectural wonder, doesn't have all its pipes on the outside, it's definitely wired for sound.

There's something inevitably reverent about being in a church just before Christmas (especially if you've brought an 18-piece orchestra) and tonight glitters across the full spiritual spectrum. Guided to the right contemplative state by the sure organ-playing hands and hymnal plaints of James Blake, the altar is set for the most

thrilling and fun new band of 2010 to crown their year in restive, festive style.

The five come onstage looking sharp as hell, in shirts newly bought and ironed just for tonight. Already they can barely conceal their smiles, and as 'Schoolin' rings up into the vaults, the audience are soon beaming right along with them. The novelty of hearing these songs transforming themselves before you, teasing stings replacing the "da da da da da" bit, jubilant brass romping all over it, draws gasps and giggles from the pews, as golden lights range across jutting buttresses and a frankly enormous tree.

'Leave The Engine Room' is tender and beautiful, Jonathan expiating our original sin as he croons, "I'll tell you a secret about yourself/Your father was bad, his father was bad..." The vocal control

is masterful, but the most impressive thing tonight is there's no sign of nerves, just a happy confidence in having made something quite brilliant happen.

And it's so fun! In comparison with 'Hidden's brutal grandeur, the Man Alive Ensemble experience is playful, skippy, bright. Perhaps that's why they chose not to play the album in order, to offset any sense of reverence (or maybe just because a band who only have one album playing that album 'in full' just seemed daft). The moment in 'Come Alive Diana' when Jonathan croons "simultaneously wired" and that massive chorus whacks back in with a herald of horns is laugh-out-loud brilliant. During a beautiful 'Two For Nero', the "make a child a forest" refrain flickers through red light before the horn and violin

players join in, grinning, with the vocal harmonies, the latter charmingly singing into their pick-ups.

'MY KZ, UR BF' is inevitably massive, though you can't help feeling the lighting guys missed a trick when it gets to the "lights all failed" bit. 'NASA Is On Your Side', perhaps one of their most moving moments, swelling and rippling through the space with Jonathan on piano, before he again addresses the crowd, summing up ET's combination of silly and serious perfectly. "Thank you very much for coming to this ridiculous thing that we've done... we're very proud." Y'know what? So are we. *Emily Mackay*

Head to NME.COM/fromthestudio to watch an exclusive session track with *Everything Everything*

SHOCKWAVES
STYLING: ALEXANDER TAYLOR

NME AWARDS 2011 SHOWS

METRONOMY

GIGGS + COCKN BULLKID
Tuesday 01 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 2351

GANGOFFOUR

JOHN & JEHN
Wednesday 02 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 2351

Los Campesinos!

SUMMER CAMP + GROUPLOVE
Wednesday 02 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 477 2000

THE DUKE SPIRIT

BIG DEAL
Thursday 03 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 2351

MYSTERY JETS

FICTION + TRIBES + BABESHADOW
Wednesday 09 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 477 2000

WHITE LIES

CROCODILES
Friday 11 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 477 2000

SLEIGH BELLS

TEETH + MEN + LCMDF
Monday 14 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 2351

THE BEES

PLUS GUESTS
Monday 14 February
LONDON HEAVEN
020 7403 3331

THE NAKED + FAMOUS

WOLF GANG + SPARK
Tuesday 15 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 2351

ISOBEL CAMPBELL AND MARK LANEGAN

CHERRY GHOST + SEA OF BEES
Tuesday 15 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 477 2000

edwyn collins

PLUS GUESTS
Wednesday 16 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 477 2000

NOAH AND THE WHALE

CLOUD CONTROL + PLANET EARTH
Thursday 17 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 2258

MILES KANE

YOUNG BUFFALO
Thursday 17 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 2351

FRANK TURNER

PLUS GUESTS
Friday 18 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 2351

YUCK

CULTS + GUARDS
Friday 18 February
LONDON HEAVEN
020 7403 3331

CARL BARÂT

THE HEARTBREAKS + FOREIGN OFFICE
Sunday 20 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 477 2000

ALEX WINSTON

PLUS GUESTS
Monday 21 February
LONDON HEAVEN
020 7403 3331

MONA

NEON TREES
Monday 21 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 1678

FRANKIE THE HEARTSTRINGS

THOSE DANCING DAYS + VERONICA FALLS
Monday 21 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 2351

WARPAINT

TWIN SHADOW + THE NEAT
Monday 21 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 477 2000

CARIBOU

FACTORY FLOOR + WALLS
Tuesday 22 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 477 2000

LES SAVY FAV

PULLED APART BY HORSES + YOUNG LEGIONNAIRE
Tuesday 22 February
LONDON HEAVEN
0844 847 2351

Tickets available from: www.nme.com/tickets 0871 230 1094 | www.gigsandtours.com | www.ticketmaster.co.uk

SPICE LINE 0844 811 0051 0844 826 2826

A Metropolis Music presentation

Includes a 50p charity donation to Teenage Cancer Trust (registered charity 1042559 in England & Wales, SC039757 in Scotland)



BROTHER

FEBRUARY

13 LANCASTER LIBRARY	01524 580 700
15 STOKE UNDERGROUND	01782 206 000
16 WREXHAM CENTRAL STATION	0870 444 5556
17 LEEDS COCKPIT	0113 245 5570
18 MANCHESTER RUBY LOUNGE	0161 832 1111
19 BIRMINGHAM FLAPPER	0871 230 0010
21 CAMBRIDGE ARU	08450 508 258
22 LONDON BORDERLINE	SOLD OUT
23 OXFORD O ₂ ACADEMY*	0844 477 2000
24 LEEDS O ₂ ACADEMY*	0844 477 2000
25 BIRMINGHAM O ₂ ACADEMY*	0844 477 2000
26 NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY*	0845 413 4444
28 NORWICH UEA*	01603 508 050

MARCH

01 BRISTOL O ₂ ACADEMY*	0844 477 2000
03 MANCHESTER ACADEMY*	0161 832 1111
04 BRIGHTON DOME*	01273 709 709
05 LONDON BRIXTON O ₂ ACADEMY*	0844 477 2000
12 NEWCASTLE O ₂ ACADEMY*	0844 477 2000

APRIL

11 READING PLAY*	0844 871 8803
14 YORK STEREO*	0844 477 2000
15 SHEFFIELD LEADMILL*	0114 2212 828
16 MIDDLESBROUGH UNCLE ALBERTS*	0870 264 3333
17 GLASGOW KING TUTS*	08444 999 990

MAY

11 ALDERSHOT WEST END CENTRE*	0844 847 2351
-------------------------------	---------------

NEW DATE ADDED

23 LONDON HEAVEN	0844 847 2351
------------------	---------------

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF VENUE

25 LIVERPOOL O ₂ ACADEMY2*	0844 477 2000
---------------------------------------	---------------

* RESCHEDULED SHOWS ORIGINAL TICKETS REMAIN VALID

* WITH THE STREETS

TICKETS AND TOUR INFORMATION AVAILABLE FROM ACIDLOVE.NET

0870 264 3333 | 0844 811 0051 | SEETICKETS.COM | ARTISTTICKET.COM | GIGSANDTOURS.COM

Debut single 'Darling Buds Of May' out February

A Metropolis Music, SJM Concerts, DF Concerts & Killmanjaro presentation by arrangement with Primary Talent International



academy events present

THE HOLD STEADY

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
WINTERSLEEP

SATURDAY 05 FEBRUARY
BRISTOL O₂ ACADEMY

SUNDAY 06 FEBRUARY
BIRMINGHAM O₂ ACADEMY2

TUESDAY 08 FEBRUARY
NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY

TICKETS: 0844 477 2000 / TICKETWEB.CO.UK

ALBUM 'HEAVEN IS WHENEVER' OUT NOW
WWW.THEHOLDSTEADY.COM

An Academy Events presentation by arrangement with X-ray

METRONOMY

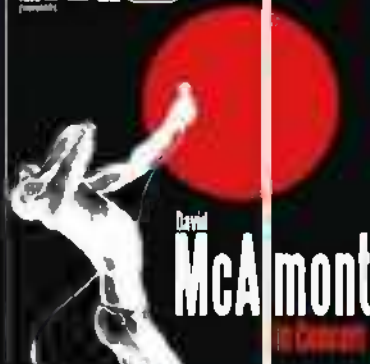
20 APRIL • OXFORD O₂ ACADEMY2

24 APRIL • NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY2

0844 477 2000 - TICKETWEB.CO.UK



LIVE FROM



New Album & DVD available 14 February

FEBRUARY 2011

12 TAUNTON THE BREWHOUSE	01823 283 244
13 BRISTOL THE FLEECE	0117 929 9008
14 SHEFFIELD O ₂ ACADEMY	0844 477 2000
15 GATESHEAD THE SAGE	0191 443 4661
16 GLASGOW O ₂ ABC	0844 477 2000
17 SALFORD THE LOWRY	0843 208 6010
18 LIVERPOOL O ₂ ACADEMY	0844 477 2000
20 BIRMINGHAM O ₂ ACADEMY	0844 477 2000
24 MILTON KEYNES THE STABLES	01908 280 800

MARCH

17 NORWICH PLAYHOUSE	01603 598 590
02 BASINGSTOKE THE FORGE	01256 844 244

THE JOY FORMIDABLE



TUESDAY 01 FEBRUARY
BORNEMOUTH OLD FIRE STATION

THURSDAY 03 FEBRUARY
BIRMINGHAM O₂ ACADEMY2

TUESDAY 08 FEBRUARY
NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY2

SUNDAY 13 FEBRUARY
LEICESTER O₂ ACADEMY2

TICKETS: 0844 477 2000 / TICKETWEB.CO.UK | SEETICKETS.COM

DEBUT ALBUM 'THE BIG ROAR' OUT JANUARY 2011
WWW.THEJOYFORMIDABLE.COM

AN ACADEMY EVENTS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ITR

LONDON ROCKING IT FOR PAKISTAN

VELVETINES



THURSDAY 10 MARCH
O₂ ACADEMY
ISLINGTON

TICKETS: £10.00 ADV / DOORS 200PM
BOX OFFICE 0844 477 2000 / TICKETWEB.CO.UK

TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE DIRECT FROM THE ARTISTS

ALL PROCEEDS IN AID OF PAKISTAN DEC APPEAL

SENSES FAIL

PLUS GUESTS

FEBRUARY 2011

18 FOLKESTONE
QUARTERHOUSE

01303 558 500

17 LONDON

ISLINGTON

O₂ ACADEMY

18 SOUTHAMPTON

JOINERS

02380 932 961

20 BRISTOL

O₂ ACADEMY2

22 GLASGOW O₂ ABC2

23 SHEFFIELD

O₂ ACADEMY2

24 BIRMINGHAM

O₂ ACADEMY2

25 NORWICH

WATERFRONT

01603 208 054

26 OXFORD

O₂ ACADEMY2

27 NOTTINGHAM

RESCUE ROOMS

0845 413 444

28 LIVERPOOL

O₂ ACADEMY2

O₂ VENUES - BOX OFFICE: 0844 477 2000

WWW.TICKETWEB.CO.UK

patrick wolf



Friday 25 March 2011
Birmingham O₂ Academy2

Buy online at ticketweb.co.uk

myspace.com/officialpatrickwolf patrickwolf.com

An Academy Events presentation in association with GAA

SHOCKWAVES
STYLISH STAGE PLAY

NME AWARDS 2011 TOUR

CRYSTAL CASTLES MAGNETIC MAN EVERYTHING EVERYTHING THE VACCINES

Thu 03 Feb
Fri 04 Feb
Sat 05 Feb
Mon 07 Feb
Tue 08 Feb
Wed 09 Feb
Fri 11 Feb
Sat 12 Feb
Sun 13 Feb
Tue 15 Feb
Wed 16 Feb
Thu 17 Feb
Sat 19 Feb

Glasgow O2 Academy
Manchester Academy
Manchester Academy
Newcastle O2 Academy
Nottingham Rock City
Leeds O2 Academy
Norwich UEA
Birmingham O2 Academy
Cardiff Uni Great Hall
Bristol O2 Academy
Bournemouth O2 Academy
Brighton Dome
London O2 Academy Brixton

08444 999 990
0161 832 1111
0161 832 1111
0844 477 2000
0845 413 4444
0844 477 2000
01603 508 050
0844 477 2000
029 2078 1458
0844 477 2000
0844 477 2000
01273 709 709
0844 477 2000

Tickets available from:
www.nme.com/tickets or 0871 230 1094
www.gigsandtours.com
www.ticketmaster.co.uk
24hr CC hotline 0844 811 0051 / 0844 826 2826

An SJM Concerts presentation in association
with DF concerts and Metropolis Music
All tickets include a 50p donation to Teenage
Cancer Trust (registered charity 1062559 in England
and Wales, SC039757 in Scotland)

SHOCKWAVES

Boxfresh®



EAT YOUR OWN EARS PRESENTS

TWIN SHADOW

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

THE LEXINGTON Tue 25 January
32-37 Cowper Street, London EC2A 4AP 020 7490 1198
myspace.com/twinshadow

ANNA CALVI

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

HOXTON HALL Thu 27 January
130 Hoxton Street, London N1 6PH 020 7684 0060
myspace.com/annacalvi

JUNIP

FEATURING JOSE GONZÁLEZ,
TOBIAS WINTERKORN, ELIAS ARAYA
+ SPECIAL GUESTS

SCALA Tuesday 01 February
878 Pentonville Road, London N1 6NT 020 7488 4098
myspace.com/junip

FREELANCE WHALES + BROKEN RECORDS

XOYO Wednesday 02 February
32-37 Cowper Street, London EC2A 4AP 020 7490 1198
myspace.com/freelancewhales
myspace.com/brokenrecordslondon

THE VASELINES

+ SCHWERVON

XOYO Friday 04 February
32-37 Cowper Street, London EC2A 4AP 020 7490 1198
myspace.com/thevaselinesband

ESBEN & THE WITCH

THE WITCH

XOYO
Wednesday 09 February
32-37 Cowper Street, London EC2A 4AP 020 7490 1198
myspace.com/esbenandthewitch myspace.com/atrophywife

O.CHILDREN

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

XOYO Monday 14 February
32-37 Cowper Street, London EC2A 4AP 020 7490 1198
myspace.com/ochildren

THE AIDAN MOFFAT VALENTINES REVUE

BUSH HALL

Monday 14 February
510 Uxbridge Road, London W12 7LJ 0208 282 8958
myspace.com/aidanmoffatmusic

GLASSER

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

XOYO Tuesday 22 February
32-37 Cowper Street, London EC2A 4AP 020 7490 1198
myspace.com/glasser

GRUFF RHYS

CADOGAN HALL Tuesday 22 February
6 Sloane Terrace, London SW1X 9TQ 020 7730 4900
gruffrhys.com myspace.com/ymlwl

CARIBOU

+ WALLS

O₂ SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE
Tuesday 22 February

Shepherds Bush Green, London W12 8TT 020 8364 3300
myspace.com/cariboumusic myspace.com/wallsjams

DARKSTAR

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

HOXTON BAR + KITCHEN

Wed 23 February
8 Hoxton Square, London N1 6NU 020 7613 0709
myspace.com/hypadub

JAMES YORKSTON

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

ST GILES CHURCH Wed 23 February
60 St Giles High Street, London WC2H 8LG 020 7240 2832
myspace.com/jamesyorkston

MATTHEW DEAR (LIVE BAND)

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

SCALA
Wednesday 23 March
878 Pentonville Road, London N1 6NT 020 7488 4098
myspace.com/matthewdear

MOUNT KIMBLE

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

HEAVEN Thursday 28 April
Under The Archway, Villiers Street, WC2N 6NG 020 7930 2020
myspace.com/mountkimble

SLOW CLUB

+ SPECIAL GUESTS

O₂ SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE

Wednesday 18 May
Shepherds Bush Green, London W12 8TT 020 8364 3300
myspace.com/slowclub

seetickets.com 0870 264 3333 • ticketweb.co.uk 0844 477 1000

eatyourownears.com • twitter.com/eatyourownears • facebook.com/eatyourownears • eatyourownears.tumblr.com

COSMO JARVIS

Thursday 27 January
LONDON
MONTOWATER RATS

New Single 'Gay Pirates' out 24 January
www.cosmojarvis.com

A Metropolis Music presentation by arrangement with X-ray

020 7734 8932 / 0844 477 1000 / 0844 844 0444
24 hour ticket hotline: 0844 811 0051
www.gigsandtours.com

EVERY
FRIDAY

KOKO

EVERY
FRIDAY

KATALINA KICKS

TICKETS - 0844 847 2258

1A CAMDEN HIGH STREET, NW1 7JE
(MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE)

9:30PM - 4AM FIRST 100 FREE
£5 B4 11PM: £7 AFTER
STUDENTS £2: B4 10:30PM
£4: B4 12PM WITH CARD

COMING SOON

SILVER
GHOSTCAT

NEW POLITICS
THE LOST GENERATION

FICTION
NOT SQUARES

WWW.KOKO.UK.COM

GET YOUR GIG IN NME
0203 148 6705

SA Ents, SJM Concerts, DF and Meen Riddler by arrangement with Primary Talent International presents



BEN FOLDS | LONELY AVENUE TOUR

FEBRUARY 2011

SAT 19 BIRMINGHAM HMV INSTITUTE 08442 485037
SUN 20 LONDON HAMMERSMITH APOLLO* 08448 44 47 48
TUES 22 SOUTHAMPTON GUILDHALL* 02380 632601
THU 24 MANCHESTER O₂ APOLLO 08444 777 677
FRI 25 GLASGOW O₂ ACADEMY 08444 999 990
SAT 26 SHEFFIELD O₂ ACADEMY 0844 477 2000



NEW ALBUM
BY BEN FOLDS & NICK HORNBY
LONELY AVENUE OUT NOW
ON NONESUCH RECORDS

BENFOLDS.COM

weller live

special guests
THE RIFLES

THURSDAY 3RD
FEBRUARY
ABERDEEN
AECC P&J ARENA
08444 77 9000

FRIDAY 4TH
FEBRUARY
NEWCASTLE
METRO RADIO ARENA
0844 493 6666

paulweller.com



24 HR TKT HOTLINE
0844 338 0000
WWW.THETICKETFACTORY.COM/PAULWELLER

WAKE UP THE
NATION NEW
ALBUM OUT NOW

AGENCY & C/CARD BOOKINGS
SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE

CAA MAA

Ocean Colour Scene

the moseley shoals tour

playing the whole classic album

FEBRUARY 2011

Wed 9	NEWCASTLE O ₂ Academy ¹	0844 477 2000
Thu 10	LLANDUDNO Venue Cymru ²	01492 872000
Fri 11	CARDIFF Uni ²	02920 230130
Tue 15	SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall	02380 632601
Thu 17	BRISTOL O ₂ Academy ¹	0844 477 2000
Fri 18	LEEDS O ₂ Academy	0844 477 2000
Sat 19	LIVERPOOL Guild Of Students ¹	0844 477 2000
Mon 21	NORWICH UEA ³	01603 610000
Tue 22	NOTTINGHAM Rock City ⁴	0871 210 0000
Thu 24	ABERDEEN Music Hall ²	0871 210 0000
Fri 25	GLASGOW Barrowland ³	0871 210 0000
Sat 26	BIRMINGHAM O ₂ Academy	0844 477 2000

Sat 10th December 2011
London O₂ Brixton Academy
0844 4772000

24 HR HOTLINE: 0844 338 0000 www.bookingsdirect.com

ART AND INDUSTRY SHOWS NOT PROVIDED BY SA DTS: 1- ACADEMY EVENTS 2- RUSH 3- THEATRE MUSIC 4- DTP 5- VENUE

BAND AID⁺

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



GOD BOTHERING = BAD?

Our lead guitarist has found God after a long period of boozing and drugging, and we don't like it. Can a man of faith really have a place in a modern rock combo?
Atheist & Proud, London

There are those, Atheist & Proud, who believe that rock music in general is based around the constant tension between the sacred and the profane, and that a rock star is a being touched by the divine, so there is no real reason why a man of God cannot perform a function in your group. However, if he starts being a dick about it, just chuck him out and tell him to go join Stryper instead. **Uncle Pete**

DOES 'TACHE CLASH?

Our lead singer recently grew a moustache for charity and has kept it. It is messing with our image. Are we within our rights to shave the thing off by force?
Stiff Upper Lip, Manchester

I'm wary of ever recommending in a national magazine that a group of men attack another man with a razor against his will - it's for this reason that Hot Chip refuse to talk to me - but there is simply no circumstances in which a moustache is acceptable, even for charity. If you want to raise money, run a marathon. By all means take it by force, but if you nick any major arteries, you didn't get the advice from me. **Uncle Pete**

PUNCHY PERFORMANCES

Ever since we started having the occasional onstage punch-up, people have started coming to our gigs. Should we keep indulging them with thrown fists?
Pisticuffs, Leeds

A band should take any steps possible to ensure the repeated attendance of their concert performances. But just remember that you have to be able to perform and look good, so when beating each other up, favour the kidneys and the solar plexus. Don't touch the face. Leave the face alone. Just a bit of simple common sense from Uncle Pete **there. Uncle Pete**

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

BAND SERVICES

CLOTHING & ACCESSORIES

AWESOME MERCHANDISE

VALUE SOURCE OF PRINT
THE UK'S BEST
CUSTOM BOTTLE OPENERS

STICKERS, T-SHIRTS, TOTE BAGS, BOTTLE OPENERS, MAGNETS, FLYERS, POSTERS, BUSINESS CARDS, PVC BANNERS, LIGHTS, ELECTRONICS, AND MUCH MORE

AWESOME MERCHANDISE
WWW.AWESOMEMERCHANDISE.COM
INFO@AWESOMEMERCHANDISE.COM

TELEPHONE - 0113 243 5667
83 BARKSTON HOUSE - CROYDON STREET
LEEDS - LS11 9BT - UNITED KINGDOM

CHAT

DATE CHAT
MEN: 0871 908 9919
GAY: 0871 908 9944
18+ 10p per min. Network calls
apply. Line calls welcome. SP 40
WOMEN CALL FREE*
0800 075 9128
*0900 = Free from BT Landline

CHAT OR DATE
10p
PER MIN
0872 100 1002
NIGHTS 1002

TUITION

LEADING VOCAL COACH

To the famous

www.punk2opera.com

Tel: 020 8958 9323

NME

RECORDING STUDIOS

Milk Studios London E1

Make a CD that sounds like a record, not a demo. work with an established professional with ap roven track record. All sessions at Milk are recorded by Tom Aitkenhead, a producer / engineer with 15 years experience. Tom has worked with Babyshambles, Bloc Party, Amy Winchouse, Jack Penate and many others.

The Studio is ideal for recording bands; huge live room, HD3 Protocols Rig, world class microphone collection, great guitar amps, drums, etc
'GREAT VALUE'

Feel free to call and discuss your project.
Tel - 07977 003 034
www.milkstudios.co.uk

Mill Hill Music Complex
0208 906 9991
London NW7

Established 1979
Rehearsals from £3.50-£18 per hr (inc PA and full backline)
Recordings: Large live rooms, great drum sound, Apple Mac GS & Soundtrax desk all from £18-25 per hour
PA's & Backline for hire
Main Dealers for Fender, Ibanez, Laney + many more at great prices
Storage available - cupboards to shipping containers
Free Strings, Drumsticks, Soft Drinks or Pringles for New Customers (Check website for full details of offer)
10 Minutes from M1/M25
5 mins walk from Mill Hill Bway
Thameslink, 20 mins by Train from Kings Cross. No stairs & Ample Parking
www.millhillmusic.co.uk

Gav's Recordings & Rehearsal Space

- Professional Quality Recording, Mixing & Mastering Services
- £120 per day or £20 per hour
- All Genres of Music Welcome
- Manchester Based
- Cheap rehearsals from £15

www.gavsrecordings.com
CALL: 07515866452
Price increase Jan 2011

BonaFideStudio
recording and rehearsal studio
London EC2, open 24/7

demos + singles - albums + voice overs - sound engineering tutorials + live recording recording + mastering - mixing + programming + full production + jingles - rehearsals

Recording from £12.50 ph incl engineer
Rehearsals from £5 ph incl bfate
www.bonafidestudio.co.uk
020 7684 6350 or 020 7694 6351

STATION STUDIOS
North London premier rehearsal studios.

Backline, storage, ground floor, air conditioning. Best deals for new bands?

Ask about our special Saturday rate
020 8 361 8114
www.stationstudios.co.uk

To advertise here phone
Nicola on
0203 148 2989

Producer Paul Tipler
AT Unit 13 Studios

Idelwild, Placebo, Elastica, Stereolab, Eighties Matchbox, Sky Larkin, Forward Russia, Reuben.

www.tipler.co.uk
07930 483737

Amati Studios

Affordable, Nation-wide Studios
£10 per track mastering
www.amati studios.co.uk

ADRENALINE ARTS
HEALTH REGISTERED, CUSTOM TATTOOS, BODY JEWELLERY
222 TOWNLANE, WIRRAL
TEL: 0151 6091299
MYSpace.COM/ADRENALINEARTS

Live and Unsigned

in partnership with


musicradar.com
The No.1 website for musicians

BANDS & ACTS WANTED

THE UK'S BIGGEST
NATIONAL MUSIC COMPETITION
FOR BANDS AND ACTS

WWW.LIVEANDUNSIGNED.UK.COM

www.sohos.co.uk
Alternative Clothing Online Store
GOTH * EMO * PUNK
T: 0845 370 3773
info@sohos.co.uk www.sohos.co.uk



www.DARKSDECLOTHING.COM



Really Useful Box Music Storage Solutions

3 Harder

Size	1TB	2TB	4TB
100%	100	100	100
50%	50	50	50
25%	25	25	25

3 DVD Storage

Size	1TB	2TB	4TB
100%	100	100	100
50%	50	50	50
25%	25	25	25

3 Single

Size	1TB	2TB	4TB
100%	100	100	100
50%	50	50	50
25%	25	25	25

3 CD/Cassette

Size	1TB	2TB	4TB
100%	100	100	100
50%	50	50	50
25%	25	25	25

Backlog Available

Size	1TB	2TB	4TB
100%	100	100	100
50%	50	50	50
25%	25	25	25

Prices excluded VAT. Please see our online shop for details.

Save 10% @ our Internet Shop (Mainland UK only) visit www.reallyusefulbox.com

Really Useful Products Ltd
Unit 2 Network Park
Farnborough Road
Barnham
West Wiltshire Wiltshire SN11 1TA
email: info@reallyusefulproducts.com

Tel: +44 (0)1924 808477
Fax: +44 (0)1924 808478
www.reallyusefulproducts.com

100% Satisfaction Guarantee

GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Laura Snapes

BOOKING NOW



FRANKIE & THE HEARTSTRINGS

STARTS: Durham Live Lounge, Feb 11

DON'T MISS

Last summer, Frankie & The Heartstrings waggishly told a website that their debut album would contain "10 singles!" It's braggadocio we'd expect of a Fray or Gallagher, and the kind of promise that almost never comes true. But with 'Hunger', it seems (whisper it, tentatively) that they might well have been bang on the money. Deftly treading the thin line between boozy choruses and smirked knowing, it's an equally jangly and spiky record born of the desire for romantic revenge, 10 songs of *treppenwitz*-style comebacks that they'd have liked to fire at the shrews who wronged them. And live, they're no less charming; whipping their quiffs like a less manic Drums, charming the bloomers off all and sundry. They truly are the stuff new favourite bands are made of. NME.COM/artists/frankie-and-the-heartstrings



SHAUN RYDER

STARTS: O2 Academy Birmingham, Feb 16

Performing his Happy Mondays, Black Grape and, erm, solo hits. The Twang support. Save our souls. NME.COM/artists/shaun-ryder



FRANK TURNER

STARTS: London Borderline, Feb 18

The Shockwaves NME Awards Shows just get better; everyone's favourite pop politico joins the bill. NME.COM/artists/frank-turner



FLATS

STARTS: Glasgow King Tut's, March 2

The snotty punks bring their abrasive brand of spitting swearly rawk. Just don't wear your Gang Of Four T-shirt to the show... NME.COM/artists/flats



FORMER GHOSTS

STARTS: Brighton Green Door Store, March 4

Professional gothy misery guts Freddy Ruppert hits the UK. NME.COM/artists/former-ghosts



PATRICK WOLF

STARTS: Dublin Sugar Club, March 21

One minute his next album's "happy pornographic music," the next a celebration of "love and hope." Make up your mind! NME.COM/artists/patrick-wolf



BOWLING FOR SOUP

STARTS: Norwich Waterfront, April 3

BFS go acoustic: 'My Wena' and 'Hooray For Beer' sound really tender on a nylon string. Honest. NME.COM/artists/bowling-for-soup



FAITHLESS

STARTS: O2 Academy Brixton, April 7

Neck some Pro Plus and book that babysitter: Faithless have got a late licence for their two Brixton spring shows. NME.COM/artists/faithless



SLOW CLUB

STARTS: Glasgow King Tut's, May 3

Whereby the work in progress from last summer's KOKO show turns into a fully-fledged new album, yippee! NME.COM/artists/slow-club



WARPAINT

STARTS: Cambridge Junction, May 11

In case you hadn't got the BBC-approved memo, Warpaint are ace. Catch up on their first full UK tour. NME.COM/artists/warpaint



THE COURTEENERS

STARTS: Cheshire Delamere Forest, July 2

Fray and co go wild in the country. Maybe they can practice their Falcon-ry, arf! NME.COM/artists/the-courteeners



OXEGEN

STARTS: County Kildare Punchestown Racecourse, July 8

Arctic Monkeys (above) join Foo Fighters at the Irish romp. Is there a festival the Foos aren't playing? NME.COM/festivals



END OF THE ROAD

STARTS: Dorset Larmer Tree Gardens, Sept 8

Wild Beasts (above), The Fall, Midlake, The Walkmen, Willy Mason, Micah P Hinson and more grace the very leafy and darling fest. NME.COM/festivals

GETTY, ANDY WILLSHER, NANNY MORTN, TOM MARTIN, GUY EPEL, RICHARD JOHNSON, RETNA

PRIORITY

Our customers can get Priority Tickets to thousands of gigs across the UK up to 48 hours before general release.

Text PRIORITY to 2020 to register. When Priority Tickets are gone, they're gone. Terms apply.

O₂

WEDS-FRI

January 5-7

WEDNESDAY JAN 5

BRIGHTON
Anacondas/The Mire/Eager Teeth
Prince Albert 01273 730499

BRISTOL
Fire Games/Future Pilots Croft
0117 987 4144

GLASGOW
Drake 02 Academy
0870 771 2000
The River 68s/The Scruffs King Tut's
Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

LONDON
Comet Gain/The Loft The Lexington
020 7837 5387
The Lost Brothers Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

**Maddox/The Sharps/Friends in
China** Barfly 0870 907 0999

Nell Bryden Borderline
020 7734 5547

Red Valve Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

Shane Beales/James Newman Old
Queen's Head 020 7354 9993
Spineless Yes Men/Me John & The
Drummer/Jonny Quits Rhythm
Factory 020 7247 9386

NEWCASTLE
Big Country 02 Academy
0870 771 2000

Running From Wolves/Stomp 66
Trillians 0191 232 1619

SHEFFIELD
JLS Motorpoint Arena 01142 565656

THURSDAY JAN 6

BRIGHTON
Chelsea Prince Albert 01273 730499

BRISTOL
Loose Change Thunderbolt
07791 319 614

GATESHEAD
Ecene/Athletes in Paris Three Tuns
0191 487 0666

GLASGOW
The French Wives/Cancel The
Astronauts/The Galleries King Tut's
Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279
Vinyl/Epico 02 ABC 0141 204 5151

LONDON

Big Country 02 Academy Islington
0870 771 2000

**Darren Hayman & The Secondary
Modern/Tender Trap** The Lexington
020 7837 5387

The Foreign Exchange Cargo
0207 749 7840

Gem & The Dead Hands Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

**Meinhol/Poisoned Legacy/The Rom
Rats** Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Morning Lane/O'Casan Barfly
0870 907 0999

**The Screamin' Joe Jeffersons/
Broken Mile/Sister Ray** Monarch
0871 230 1094

The Vaults Bu I & Gate
020 7485 5358

NEWCASTLE

Ink & Dagger/Lavotchkin Cluny
0191 230 4474

ORKNEY

Glasvegas Fusion 01856 879489

PORTSMOUTH

**The Boy Will Drown/Heights/
Plague Of Ashtaka** Kraken Wakes
023 9288 2981

YORK

Johnny Dickinson Black Swan Inn
01904 686 911

FRIDAY JAN 7

BELFAST

JLS Odyssey 028 9073 9074
Sweet Savage/Sinocence Spring
& Airbrake 028 9032 5968

BIRMINGHAM

Big Country 02 Academy
0870 771 2000

Jackpike/Sons Of Beaches/Pilot The
Sky Sunflower Lounge 0121 632 6756

**Vault Of Eagles/Motherless/
Paradise Valley** HMV Institute
0844 248 5037

BRIGHTON

**Lulla Violet/The Fusion/Chased By
Dogs** The Hope 01273 723 558

**Mark Creswell/Helen Watson/Miller
Anderson** Open House 01273 880102

Sarah Gillespie Komedia

01273 647100

BRISTOL

Gehenna/Selfless/Koshiro Croft
0117 987 4144

EDINBURGH

You Me At Six Corn Exchange
0131 443 0404

GLASGOW

Bwani Junction/GoGoBot/Crayons
King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

The Jury/Daybreak/Baby Jack 02
ABC 0141 204 5151

Thin Lizzy/The Union 02 Academy
0870 771 2000

LEEDS

Ink & Dagger The Well 0113 2440474

LONDON

Band Of Holy Joy Bull & Gate
020 7415 1400

**Charles Dexter Ward & The
Imaginaires** Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1312

Drake HMV Hammersmith Apollo
0870 606 3400

Emily Rawson/Jinny Napes Barfly
0870 907 0999

Firewind Garage 020 7607 1818

Franz Nicolay The Gaff
020 7609 3063

Katalina Kicks Club NME @ Koko
0870 4325527

**The Priscillas/The Kits/The Winter
Olympics** Windmill 020 8671 0700

Slaves To Gravity Purple Turtle
020 7383 4976

Superevolver/The Scapegoats
Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Tennis The Lexington 020 7837 5387

NEWCASTLE
Brightways/Free Radicals
Pumphreys Cellar Bar 0191 2603312

Proxies 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

WICK

Glasvegas Assembly Rooms
01955 602584

YORK

Travelin' Band Roman Bath
01904 620455

SAT-TUES

January 8-11



Pulled Apart By
Horses, Cluny,
NME

SATURDAY JAN 8

BELFAST

JLS Odyssey 028 9073 9074

BIRMINGHAM

Broken Witt Rebels/Open To Fire
Adress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

Proxies 02 Academy 3
0870 771 2000

Sicknote Wagon & Horses
0121 772 1403

BRIGHTON

The Park/Fractured/The Hi-Sides
Prince Albert 01273 730499

BRISTOL

The Café Kids/Miss Skarlet/That
Sunday Feeling 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Kevin Montgomery & The Road
Trippers The Tunnels 0117 929 9008

Los Conchos/Heck Tate/Warren Malla
Croft 0117 987 4144

**Vic Godard & Subway Sect/
The Short Stories** Thunderbolt
07791 319 614

EDINBURGH

You Me At Six Corn Exchange
0131 443 0404

FORRES

Glasvegas The Loft 01343 850111

GLASGOW

The Ashtones 02 ABC2
0141 204 5151

**The Dead Sea Soufs/The Boycotts/
The Side** King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

Vidi Vidi/Zombie Militia/Blood Red
Visions 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

LEEDS

Killin Floor Duck & Drake
0113 246 5806

LIVERPOOL

Big Country 02 Academy
0870 771 2000

LONDON

Drake HMV Hammersmith Apollo
0870 606 3400

Drawbridge Man/Volcanoes/Girl
Friday Dublin Castle
020 7415 1173

Ink & Dagger/Attack! Vipers!
Underworld 020 7482 1932

Insect Guide Enterprise
020 7415 1059

The Judge Reitholds Windmill
020 8671 0700

Pocket Satellite Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358

MANCHESTER

Homelife/Buchanan/The Texans
Band On The Wall 0161 832 6625

NEWCASTLE

Thin Lizzy/The Union/Supersuckers
City Hall 0191 261 2606

OXFORD

Birtmark Jericho Tavern
01865 311775

SUNDAY JAN 9

EDINBURGH

Here Lies A Warning/Knee Deep
In The Dead Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757

GLASGOW

Skies Fell/Toy Fires/Jack The Wolf
King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

LONDON

Cuba Cuba/Make Me King Barfly
0870 907 0999

J Cole KOKO 020 7388 3222

Kit Richardson Bu I & Gate
020 7485 5358

The Zipheads Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

NEWCASTLE

55 Arcadia/The Last Fakers/New
Voyager The Tyne 0191 265 2550

NOTTINGHAM

Birtmark Spanky Van Dyke
0115 924 3730

**CLUB
NME**

LONDON
HAPPY BIRTHDAY +
ANNIVERSARY
KOKO
0844 847 2258

MONDAY JAN 10

BRISTOL

Franz Nicolay/Jack Terriloth/Dave
Hause Croft 0117 987 4144

GLASGOW

**The Young Aviators/Light Guides/
The Gap Year** Riot King Tut's Wah
Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

LEEDS

The Carrier/The Effort The Well
0113 2440474

Thin Lizzy/Supersuckers

02 Academy 0870 771 2000

LONDON

Brooke Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Does it Offend You, Yeah? XOYO
020 7729 5959

Drake HMV Hammersmith Apollo
0870 606 3400

Four Quartets/Toby Pellow The
Lexington 0113 221 5279

We Yes You No/Lucinda & The
Fox/Black Robson 93 Feet East
020 7247 095

OBAN

Glasvegas Corran Halls 0141 339 8383

OXFORD

Reservoir Cats/Move It Bullington
Arms 01865 244516

TUESDAY JAN 11

BIRMINGHAM

LIP HMV Institute 0844 248 5037

BRIGHTON

Dead Empires/Seero/The Nameless
Dead Prince Albert 01273 730499

In Zaire/Nope/Hiness Cowley Club
01273 696 104

BURNING

Glasvegas Queens Halls
01369 702800

EKEETER

The Carrier Cavern Club
01392 495370

GLASGOW

Park Circus/Fiction Faction/Michael
MacLennan King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

LONDON

Abimaro/The Free Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

Elizabeth Cook Borderline
020 7734 5547

Eliza Newman Barfly 0870 907 0999

Hollywood Doll Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1312

John Spiers/Jon Boden 02 Shepherds
Bush Enip re 0870 771 2000

Moon Visionaries Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

Nova's Basement/Lucie Evans Bull
& Gate 020 7485 5358

Wire Rough Trade East 0207 392 7788

MANCHESTER

Drake 02 Apollo 0870 401 8000

NEWCASTLE

Pulled Apart By Horses/Gay For
Johnny Depp Cluny 0191 230 4474

SHEFFIELD

Sneakin Suspicion New Barrack
Tavern 0114 234 9148



Glasvegas,
Assembly Rooms,
Wick

PRIORITY

Our customers can get Priority Tickets to thousands of gigs
across the UK up to 48 hours before general release.

Text PRIORITY to 2020 to register. More Priority tickets on offer. Find out more at prioritytickets.co.uk

O₂

DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

TIM BURGESS THE CHARLATANS

QUESTION 1

Who did the original Charlatans line-up – with Baz Kettley on vocals – support while you were still singing with The Electric Crayons?

"The Stone Roses. I saw them at The International [1980s Manchester nightclub]. The Charlatans were looking for a new lead singer and Rob Collins [original Charlatans keyboardist, sadly died in a car accident in 1996] really thought I was the one to do it."

Correct. So where is Baz Kettley now?

He must be kicking himself!

"People did call him the Pete Best of The Charlatans, you know."

QUESTION 2

Which Charlatans song does Robbie Williams sing on Mark Ronson's 2007 album 'Version'?

"'The Only One I Know'. I sang it live with Mark about 10 times. Mark's a great guy. I really like Robbie as well, I've met him a few times in LA and he's a big Charlatans fan, but I needed to reclaim the song."

Correct



QUESTION 3

What miracle are you performing on the front cover of NME, February 2, 1991?

"Walking on water. Wooh!"

Correct, although it looks more like you're standing in a puddle

"The rest of the band were throwing bricks at me, playing 'sink the singer'. It was taken in Northwich, Cheshire, near where my dad works at ICI."

QUESTION 4

What three activities did '90s comedy sketch show The Mary Whitehouse Experience suggest that you and Mark Gardener from Ride were no good at?



"Don't know."

Wrong. Playing football, checking brake lights, combatting a mugger

"That's amazing!"

QUESTION 5

What does www.thetimburgess.typepad.com do for a living?

"There's a Tim Burgess in America who's a senator [he's in the Seattle City Council – US Politics Ed]. I don't know about this one."

Wrong. He's a chainsaw carver – you can watch him carving an owl out of a big block of wood on YouTube

QUESTION 6

Which Charlatans song namechecks two characters from The Simpsons?

"(Sticks hand up) Oooh, oooh! 'North Country Boy', 'Itchy and Scratchy come running up the alley!'"

Correct

QUESTION 7

Name Mexican band Zoe's third studio album, on which you contributed guest vocals in 2006.

"Er, it's in Spanish."

Have a stab.

"Er. 'Le Chat Noir'?"

Wrong. It's called 'Memo Rex Commander y el Corazón Atómico de la Vía Láctea'

QUESTION 8

How were Dirty Pretty Things' Carl Barat and Didz Hammond dressed onstage at Glastonbury 2007 before they invited you and Jamie Klaxon up to complete the line-up of your legendary supergroup The Chavs?

"Wellies, cagoule sort of thing?"

Wrong. They were decked out in velvet jackets and big wigs

"I don't remember that!"



QUESTION 9

How many glasses of milk does it take to make one bar of Cadbury's Dairy Milk, as demonstrated by the scientist in the advert featuring 'The Only One I Know'?

"Three?"

Wrong. A glass and a half

"They were really desperate for the song. We'd seen the Phil Collins advert [in which the gorilla drums to 'In The Air Tonight'] and we wanted to be part of that club."

QUESTION 10

In which song do you sing, "It's a place where I belong/I banged a million drums/Someday I'll go back home"?

"I know it but can't remember the song."

Wrong. Time's up! 'Life Is Sweet' by The Chemical Brothers

"It was a big song. It was before Noel and Richard Ashcroft collaborated with them."

Total Score
4/10

"My memory was bad for a while but that was because I was asleep all the time. But now I think it's getting better!"

THE LEGENDARY NME CROSSWORD

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS

- 1+5A Paramore could perhaps do any gig after comeback LP (7-3)
 7+9A Whether it's 'Fuck You' or 'Forget You' he's finishing you (3-4-6)
 11 Neil Young makes a joint while recording album (4)
 12 Death In Vegas performance in Calais harbour (5)
 13 Pleasures that come with Sleigh Bells (6)
 14 You'll sound like a member of The Velvet Underground (4)
 15 Hated awful version from White Lies (5)
 18 "You don't have to be rich to be my girl/You don't have to be cool to rule my world", 1986 (4)
 19 Get Placebo to perform or ring up NME possibly (4-7)
 21+30D A very satisfactory album from David Bowie (5-4)
 22 Pet Shop Boys number is a bit of poor entertainment (4)
 24 At a stroke, move to either a track from Surfer Blood or album from Caribou (4)
 25 Perhaps spare a member of The Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band (5)
 28 Nirvana were whiter than white with this album (6)
 30 No need to repeat a bit of Gossip (5)
 32+34D Lash out and get the Devo single (4-2)
 33 They got Paul McCartney in a flap (5)
 35 Swans album 'My Father Will Guide Me Up A Rope To The Sky' (3)
 36 (See 1 down)

CLUES DOWN

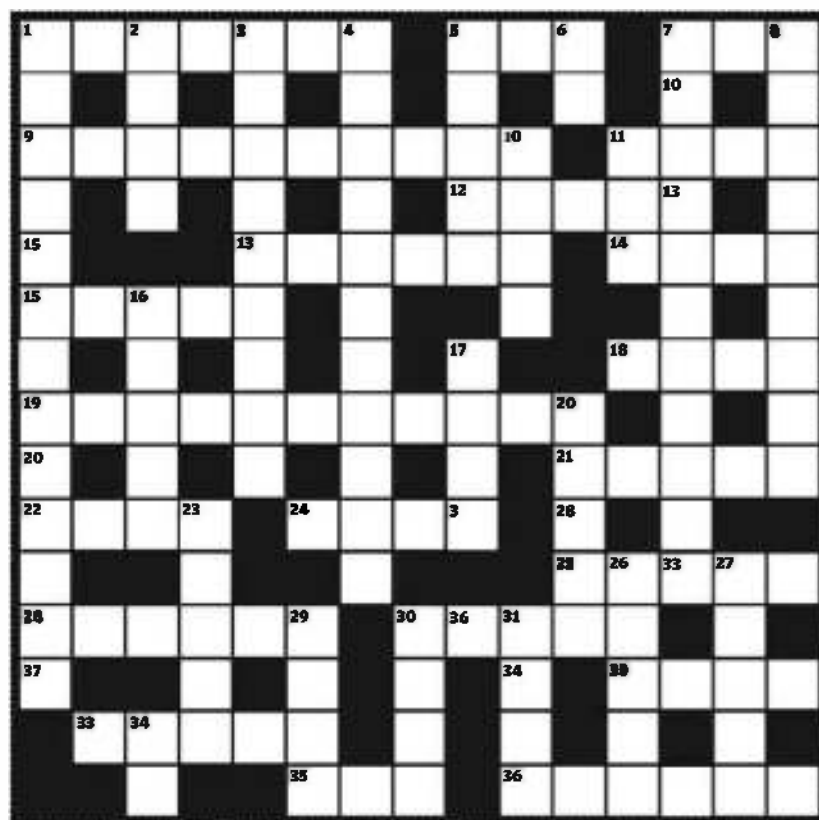
- 1+36A Leeds band get heavily criticised - nag, nag, nag... (6-5-2-6)
 2 Oasis, Smiths and Police all had one (4)
 3 Some sort of pithy muck from The White Stripes (4-5)
 4 "Every time, just like the last/On her ship tied to the mast", 1982 (6-5)
 5+6D The Ting Tings get themselves a really good record player (5-1-1)
 7 A nice duet he arranged for Sophie Ellis-Bextor's old band (11)
 8 Going on and on about Duffy's album (9)
 10 "I could be wrong, I could be right/I could be black, I could be white", 1986 (4)
 11 For what reason did Annie Lennox sing this? (3)

- 16 Varying range of Razorlight guitarist (5)
 17 Mail posted back from Oasis (4)
 20+23D Art makes comeback in hit song remix from Summer Camp (5-5)
 26 "I guess every superhero need his theme music/No one man should have all that...", 2010 (5)
 27 Golf rapping single in existence during 2010 (5)
 29 Sound of contempt towards US band who scored a 'Triumph' in 2003 (4)
 30 (See 21 across)
 31 One of Bob Marley's Wailers badly shot (4)
 34 (See 32 across)

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

Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the issue date, before Tuesday, January 11, 2011, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 4th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU.

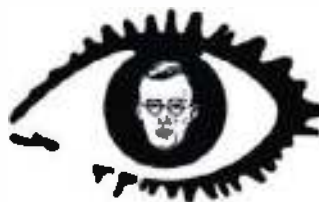
First correct one out of the hat wins a bag of CDs, T-shirts and books!



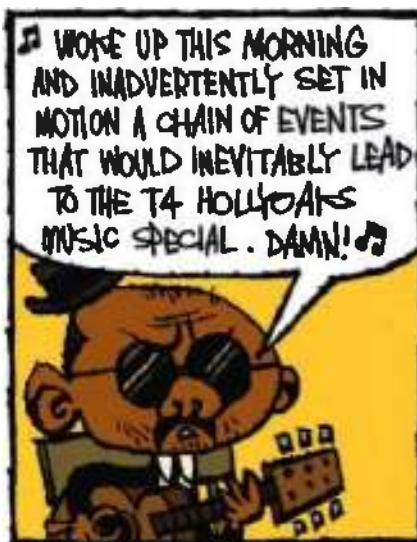
NOVEMBER 13 ANSWERS

ACROSS
 1 Invented, 5 Lisbon, 8 On The Lam, 9 Devlin, 10+3D Talk Talk, 11 Hurley, 14+30D Gay Bar, 15+34A White Riot, 19 Love, 21 Neil, 23+13A The Real Ramona, 26 Stadart, 30+28A Boo Radleys, 31 Britto, 32 Deal, 33 Ross.

DOWN
 1+16D I Don't Bite, 2 Vitalogy, 4 Dominos, 5 Ladyhawke, 7+16A Nancy Boy, 12 Eve, 13+25D Ry Cooder, 17 I'll Be, 18 Reid, 20 Vessel, 22 Loton, 24 Errors, 27 Astro, 29+6D Lady Sovereign.



POP- A COMPLETE HISTORY!



Coming Next Week

WILL THE STROKES FINALLY FINISH THEIRS?

THE BIG ALBUMS OF 2011

AN ALL-ACCESS 'IN THE STUDIO' SPECIAL!



*OUT
WEDNESDAY
JANUARY
12*

With...

HUGE COMEBACKS

ARCTIC MONKEYS,
COLDPLAY,
RADIOHEAD,
OUTKAST, FOOS,
PJ HARVEY, REM,
BEASTIE BOYS

SECOND ALBUM NERVES

FRIENDLY FIRES,
GLASVEGAS,
THE BIG PINK,
GIRLS, FLORENCE
+ THE MACHINE,
THE TING TINGS

PLUS MANY MORE

THE HORRORS,
JACK WHITE,
ELBOW, KASABIAN,
DAMON ALBARN,
LADY GAGA,
FLEET FOXES

FUNERAL PARTY

GOLDEN AGE OF NOWHERE

THE DEBUT ALBUM



INCLUDES: NEW YORK CITY MOVES TO THE SOUND OF L.A. JUST BECAUSE & FINALE

OUT 24.01.11

CD/DOWNLOAD

www.funeralpartymusic.com