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INSIDE THIS WEEK



"I LOOKED LIKE LITTLE IDIOT" YUCK FACE UP TO THE HAIR-RAISING TRUTH



"You're in Skins. Get me some MDMA' **BRITAIN'S FAVOURITE** TEENAGERS RETURN



"A MYSTERY WRAPPED INSIDE AN ENIGMA, WRAPPED INSIDE A GIANT KINDER EGG'

JAMES BLAKE: THE TRIPPY VERDICT

5/02/2011



ANAL DILDOS, CRACK RANSOMS AND

IT'S THE 50 DRUGGIEST ALBUMS OF ALL TIME!



"Obviously, we were taking magic mushrooms, acid and speed..." BOBBY GILLESPIE EXPLAINS 'SCREAMADELICA"S NOT-SO-SECRET INGREDIENTS



"I'VE NEVER BEEN TO IBIZA"

MOVIE MENTALIST DAVID LYNCH GETS HIS GURN ON



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THE VACCINES, ER, HYPE UP THEIR DEBUT RECORD



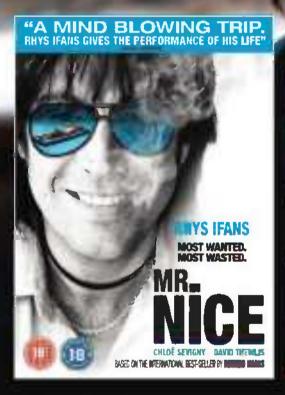
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ON REPEAT

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





FRANKIE & THE HEARTSTRINGS

Use Me For What You Want

He's a bit a heartbroken, young Frankie Francis. While the taut, Dexy's-esque strut of new single 'Hunger' outs him as a brash young fireball of a frontman, this, the track's B-side is an altogether more sultry beast.

The title is probably the closest thing the Heartstrings lads will ever get to an S&M call-to-arms (thank the lord), but

The title is the closest thing the lads will get to an S&M call to arms

musically it's all rather sweet and tender. Tailor-made to send indie hearts-a-flutter, Frankie's on full-on charm offensive here, and it's all in aid of a special little lady who's gone done him wrong. We have no

idea who she is, of course, but it must be important because he coos things like "I can't focus or function without you by my side" while arpeggios recoil around him. The poor lamb!

Essentially, this is very good news-boding extremely well for the band's debut album by proving simultaneously that rock stars can still have feelings and that diversity is one of the Heartstrings' key traits. The band are on tour soon, so if you see a lonesome-looking guy moping around outside the shows with a bunch of wilting flowers and tear-filled puppy dog eyes, wish him luck onstage... Matt Wilkinson, News Reporter

Streaming exclusively on NME.COM now



MICACHU & THE LONDON SINFONIETTA

Everything

These New Puritans, Dirty Projectors, Micachu – in the indie world you're no-one until you've performed with an orchestra. Having collaborated with the London Sinfonietta last May, Mica is now releasing live album 'Chopped & Screwed'. This heartbreaking, itchy altpop gem is taken from it.

Abby Tayleure, writer On roughtraderecords.com/micachu now

CAT'S EYES

Not A Friend

Beneath that crow-haired scowl, Faris Badwan's always been a lovelorn lyricist. This taster from his new project with Canadian soprano Rachel Zeffira is a tear-stained romantic haunting, Zeffira cooing softly over a ghostly, Grizzly Bear-ish calypso-doo wop lament. Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor On catsevesmusic.com now

YUCK

Coconut Bible
We're falling for Yuck's plaid-rock
more and more every day. This B-side
(to 'Holing Out') is yet another bendybassed, Pavement-crawling reason why

Jamie Fullerton, News Editor
On pitchfork.com now

2011 could be theirs.

JOHN FOXX & THE MATHS

Shatterproof

Since his days in pre-Vienna Ultravox, Dark Lord Of The Synth John Foxx has been a master of dystopian electro, and here he looks to future conquests as he teams with young apprentice Benge. The result is a track as menacing as an interrogation in 22x1, a robot holding a sparking cattleprod to your nethers. **Luke Turner, writer**

On soundcloud.com now

DUTCH UNCLES

Face In

Not to be confused with farty duvet trick "the Dutch oven", Manc five-piece Dutch Uncles deal in catchy, staccato pop. This, the first track from their upcoming Memphis Industries debut sounds just like you'd imagine Pop Levi would if he'd never discovered scrying. In a good way.

Mike Williams, Features Editor
On soundcloud.com/dutch-uncles now

THE MOUNTAIN GOATS

Damn These Vampires
Forthcoming Goats LP 'All Eternals
Deck' sees death metal legend Erik
Rutan produce. But never fear, timid
folkies, its opening tune is yet another
an appropriately toothsome dose of
literate indie.

Jazz Monroe, writer On stereogum.com now

SKULL DEFEKTS

Fragrant Nimbus

It starts like a rabbit stepping on a toy guitar and ends like a jet taking off. Sweden's Skull Defekts, featuring Daniel Higgs of Lungfish, take the hypnotic repetition rock of The Fall and Fugazi and build it in acid house intensity.

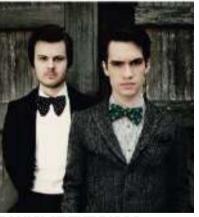
John Doran, writer

John Doran, writer
On thequietus.com now

EARTH

Descent To The Zenith Although Dylan Carlson dedicates each of Earth's pioneering drone-rock albums to a certain inspiration, it'd take a sonic scientist to decipher the references here. Yet this taster for album seven genuinely feels imbued with a new sense of hope.

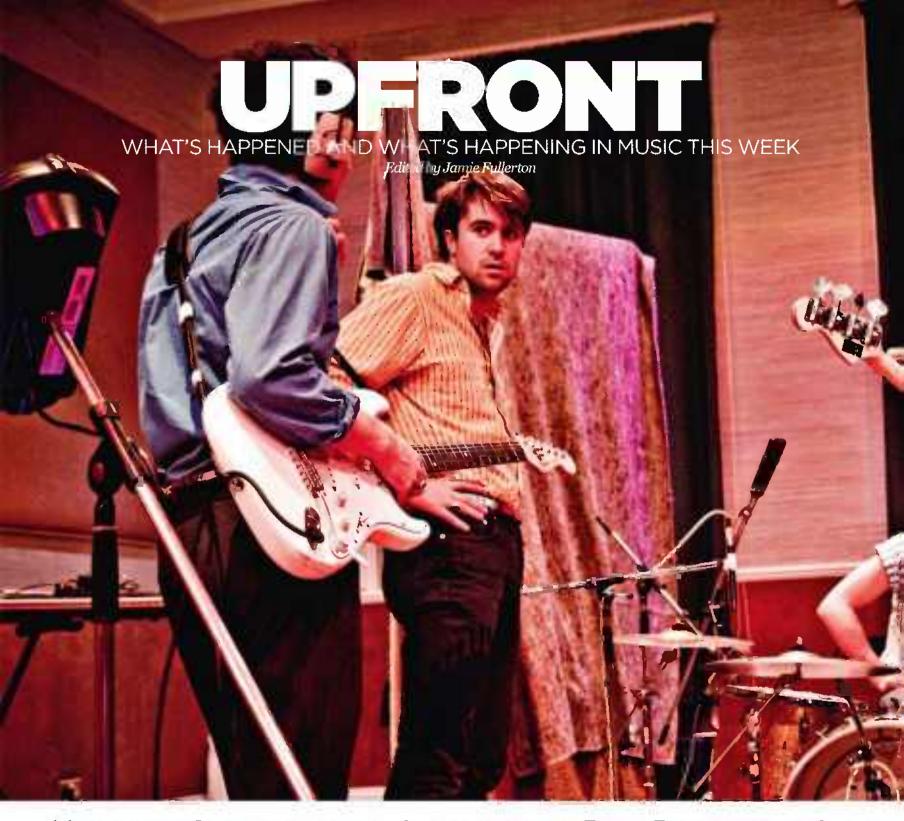
Jaimie Hodgson, New Music Editor On alteredzones.com now



PANIC! AT THE DISCO

The Ballad Of Mona Lisa Former guitarist Ryan Ross seems to have taken Panic's shonky '60s pop with him as they've returned with an absolute belter of a comeback single. Full of the faux grandiosity and contagious choruses that made their 2005 debut 'A Fever You Can't Sweat Out' so much fun, they've even gone and brought the exclamation mark back...

Tom Goodwyn, writer On youtube.com now



"WE'RE MAKING GUITAR

The Vaccines have already finished their debut album and, although the guitars are mainly set to frenetic, the band tell Matt Wilkinson it's heartache that rumbles beneath the choruses



They're fast movers, The Vaccines. In the four months since landing their lead NME Radar article they've played

sold-out shows to New York crowds including Debbie Harry, hit Radio t's A-list with a song about rebound shagging and been verbally abused by

Liam Gallagher – who branded them "boring" in *NME*'s Christmas issue.

Not that they've got time to give a monkey's about any of that. Their debut album, 'What Did You Expect From The Vaccines?', was born out of equally speedy stock – they've just finished recording it during a two-week stint at London's RAK and Miloco studios – and it's set to come out on March 21. So, what can you expect from it?

"Most of the songs are about love and infidelity and anger – young man stuff," says singer (and young man) Justin Young. 'I nder Your Thumb', he adds, "is about a girl called Eleanor who isn't as up for it as you are", while the lyrics from the Jonathan Richman-esque radio romp of 'Nørgaard' present a 17-year-old girl who "don't wanna go steady" because she's "probably not ready". The album begins, naturally, in

frenetic style with debut single 'Wreckin Bar (Ra Ra Ra)' setting a speedy pace for the next 36 minutes (guitarist Freddie Cowan rightly pointing out that it's been "ages since an album's started like that"). A newly-recorded 'If You Wanna' follows, losing none of the demo's instantaneous punk-junk thrust, and elsewhere 'Wetsuit' vividly recalls Phil Spector's work with the Ramones—it's an

UPFRONT

 T_{HE}



MUSIC FEEL NEW AGAIN"

amped-up ally of Dee Dec and co's slumbering surf classic 'Danny Says'.

Meanwhile, Justin says The Vaccines were "never going to make a record that took six months", because "that's just not the kind of band we are". He adds-"We just made the album we wanted to

make, regardless of the hype around us.'

Indeed, having actually written the 12 songs before the band's profile soared worked in

their favour when it came to recording roo. "Sonics, guitar sounds - those things are really important to us," says Freddie. "I was able to work on that -I worked hard for months just getting the right sounds for us. Joshua from The Horrors made me a pedal that

"We were never going to make an album that took six months, that's not the kind of band we are" JUSTIN YOUNG

I used a lot during the recording, actually. It doesn't sound like anything else out there.'

Gear aside Justin hrugs that it was never The Vaccines' plan to break new ground musically, saying they're more bothered about "maling guitar music feel new and different again" But one of the album's more surprising facets is that it is much more wide ranging than you might expect. 'Family Friend' and 'All In White' are both intricate and brooding, while 'A Lack Of Understanding' screams peak-period Pixies. Secret track 'Somebody Else's

Child', meanwhile, is a piano ballad that recalls Lou Reed and Paul McCartney's more heartfelt moments. Impressively, Freddie says the band nailed that one "in about 10 minutes' flat".

One thing The Vaccines might not have been banking on, perhaps, is the new Strokes album, set to come out the same day as their own record. What do they think then NYC forefathers' forthcoming ettort will sound like? "Well, you still can't really underestimate them," says Justin. Same goes for The Vaccines. The music world expects...

FROM THE SUBLIME...

The Strokes show off their 'Angles', with first band shot since their loooooong hibernation

ell, we hope it's going to be sublime, anyway. The new Strokes album 'Angles' is due to be released on March 21. with Julian and the gang having just released this picture, the first new band shot to coincide with it.

"It took time," guitarist Nick Valensi said last week as he described the recording process. "Maybe everyone needed money or something: 'We gotta pay our mortgage so may as well get this going again." Not a hugely promising statement, but we'll be able to judge for ourselves before too long – new single 'Under Cover Of Darkness' is expected soon, see NME.COM. artists/the-strokes for more on the album.

THE STROKES: 'ANGLES'

'Machu Picche'
'Under Cover Of
Darkness'
'Two Kinds Of
Happiness'
'You're So Right'
'Taken For A Fool'
'Games'
'Call Me Back'
'Gratisfaction'
'Metabolism'
'Life Is Simple In
The Moonlight'



...TO THE RIDICULOUS



Talking of exciting new comeback photos, check out Razorlight's new look...

ohnny Borrell is now the only original member of Razorlight, after guitarist Björn Agren and bassist Carl Dalemo buggered off last year following Andy Burrows' departure in 2009. So in come Gus Robertson (guitar, second from lett, resembling Jack White after hearing the sales figures for the last Dead Weather album) and Freddie Stitz (bass, far right, with the 'hungover scarcerow' look). David 'Skully' Sullivan Kaplan (far left) remains on drums.

The line up will bit the live circuit hard this summer, by first playing, er, Guilfest alongside James Blunt in July.

DAVE ME A COPY

This year's NME Godlike Genius Dave Grohl is to get his very own magazine

NME Icons: Dave Grohl features a new interview with Dave on the next Foos album, Josh Homme waxing lyrical about the ex-Nirvana legend, the story of Dave's rise from the Washington DC hardcore scene to fronting one of the biggest bands in the world, and a trove of iconic photos and classic features.

It's £4.99 and is out in the shops on February 4 and at NME.COM/store, but all ticket holders to the Foos' NME Awards Big Gig (Feb 25) will get a free copy. See NME.COM/awards for more on the Shockwave NME Awards, where Dave will get his Godlike Genius gong.

ESBEN AND The Witch

VIOLET CRIES

THE DEBUT ALBUM OUT NOW

"RICH, EPIC AND ELEGANT" NME 8/10

"A VERY SPECIAL ALBUM" LOUD & QUIET 9/10

"Sounds like The XX Frontid by a young Siguxsif Sigux" The Times

THE FLY ** ** MOJO ***

ROCKSOUND 8/10



Last week it emerged that Alexis Krauss and Derek Miller have been in the studio with Beyoncé for an "experiment" – so, how are the results looking?

Guys, spill the beans about the Beyoncé collaboration...

Derek: "Ah! Can't say much about it! (laughs). It was pretty amazing, though. To be fair, I really have no idea what will come of it. I can't say much more than what's already out there. But it sounds pretty amazing!"

Alexis: "It's the power of Diplo [producer who revealed they had been in the studio together]! He just puts out one nonsensical paragraph on his blog and totally conquers the internet! I don't know how much people want this information out there, but yeah, Beyonce's experimenting over some Sleigh Bells stuff. I mean, who knows - an artist like her probably records so many songs and then only picks a few for the record. But yeah, she bas heard of Sleigh Bells. That's real cool..."

Were you shocked at how big a story it's become?

D: That's what Wes [Pentz, aka Diplo] does - I don't know how to put it, but everything that that guy says is news. It's kind of funny. He's a funny dude. It's a shame he and Maya [MIA, who he was formerly involved with, and produced] fight so much because I really care about both of them and I think they both do very, very good work."

Back on home turf, Sleigh Bells are playing a Shockwaves NME Awards show in London this February at Heaven. What have you got planned?



A: "Well, I'm really excited about that one - I can't wait to go to Heaven! I think we're going to do a little bit of a different set for it, as it's a special show. It's going to have a different intro and a different order to what we normally play. I mean, fundamentally it'll be pretty much the same - but just with an added punch to the face. It seems like we're really hitting our stride over here now, which is cool. Glasgow was crazy last time we played there. I witnessed yet another fight in a kebab shop - people were actually throwing garlic sauce at

Did you get involved?

A: "No, I stayed clear of it all this time. The last time I was in Glasgow, though, I got screamed at in a kebab shop for ordering iced tea. I have to point out I was not an experienced UK traveller at that point, so I didn't know that you guys don't drink iced tea out of a can like you do in the States. I ordered one of those and some Scottish guy there just started shouting at me - he was going, like, 'What the fuck are you doing buying that?"

Have you started work on the follow-up to 'Treats' yet?

D: "To be honest it's pretty much all I can think about. I mean, it's already got a title. I shouldn't be talking about it this much, because we're on the road until the end of summer, but I just have to. I just feel it."

What can we expect?

D: "A lot has changed. There's kind of a weird, big, interesting, tragic story

behind it. Stuff that I didn't really get to deal with on 'Treats', and stuff I've never really even talked about. My personal life. My family. A lot of very, very bad things happened. With 'Treats', I just got to throw myself into it. I needed something to distract me. The new one is going to be a little less of a party record. It's still on its toes and it's very loud but the mood is very different. Let's just say I'm going to be getting off a plane at the end of the summer and going straight back to the studio. But what I hope is that we can do Reading and Leeds in August, because those will be the last two shows that we'll

JENNIFER LOPEZ AND RAZORLIGHT Is the world ready for a J.Lo and J.Bo team-

SLUMMING

More diva/indie

collabs we're

bankering for

WHITNEY AND

BABYSHAMBLES

We're sure 'Pipey'

Houston would

enjoy sharing Pete

Doherty's rider

TINA TURNER AND **ALEX TURNER** She's got better pipes than Miles Kane, OK?

up? Hell yeah

We've heard rumours you're thinking about expanding Sleigh Bells' line-up for album two...

D: "That will almost definitely happen. If anything, it will be an extra guitar because there are going to be more harmonies. What I'm not going to do is add a live drummer, but I'm thinking about other things, definitely."

do for 'Treats'.'



PETER ROBINSON US

DAVE 1, CHROMEO

Good job the electrofunk man makes groovy music – he's rubbish at everything else



- Dave did not sound like he was staring out of the window, but we bet he was.

 That Elly Jackson single is 'well good'.

 NME apologises to any spectaclewearing poledancers among its readership.

Hello, Dave. Where are you? "I am in Quebec."

What can you see?

"I can see a bunch of snow on rooftops, tt's quite poetic really. I'm thinking of breaking out the ukulele. "

If you were to write a poem about the snow, what would be the first line?

"O, white powder'."

This could be heading in a number of unsavoury directions.

"Well, I'm ın a rock'n'roll band – you've got to have some ambiguity!"

But at the same time, not much.

"Well, no, there are not very high levels of subtlety going on here."

If you were banned from making music, what would you do instead? "Erm, talk about Proust?

Anything else? "Er..."

Do you have a practical skill?

Imagine electricity is suddenly useless and we all have to go back to banging bits of wood together, do you have a practical ability apart from the gift of song?

"Êr, no, not really. I suck at all things practical. P-Thugg is incredible. He is resourceful. He could make a talkbox out of bits of wood."

When the men are all off hunting animals would you cook dinner?

"No, I suck at cooking. I could be on dish duty. That would be my Paleolithic self. A dishwasher."

It's just as well you are a pop star. "I know, it's not bad. '

Do you think you are a pop star? "Not really."

You're sort of a pop star. You go onto a stage and people pay money to watch you on that stage.

"A pop star to me is someone who's chart-topping, on the radio all day... We're not quite there yet."

Not yet. But the single is not yet out. Your La Roux collaboration single could change everything. "It could change who I am, how I talk, how I dress. You might call me back in



a year and I'll have an English accent. An assistant might pick up the phone!"

Do you have someone who does boring things for you? "No."

Do you have a cleaner?

"I choose to not answer this question."

What jobs did your parents do? "My father was a linguist and my

mother was a translator. Professions for people who wear glasses."

Can all professions be classified according to glass-wearing?

"With glasses: university professor, music critic (and also bald), philosopher. Without: mercenary, detective, spy.

I suppose sometimes a spy would wear glasses.

Yes, if they were in disguise. An exotic dancer doesn't wear glasses. That gives you an overview."

You don't see poledancing ladies wearing glasses, do you?

"No you don't. (Lengthy pause) AND IT'S A DAMN SHAME."

What if Chromeo's career ended tomorrow?

"I run through these apocalyptic scenarios in my head every day."

That might actually be what triggers The End Of Electricity.

"Next thing you know I'll be doing dishes and making things out of wood."

Any closing comments? "As always, keep it funky."

I'll do my best. "Thanks, man."



BEADY EYE THE VACCINES
-POST BREAK-UP SEX*

THE WOMBATS JUMP INTO THE FOG' MOAH & THE WHALE

WHITE LIES BIGGER THAN US

JAMES BLAKE 6 -LIMIT TO YOUR LOVE!

MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE

TWO BOOK CINEMA CLUB

CHAPEL CLUB

FUNERAL PARTY

THE NAKED AND FAMOUS 'PUNCHING IN A DREAM'

30 SECONDS TO MARS FT KANYE 'HURRICANE'

DAFT PUNK DEREZZED

INDN & WINE "Walking far from Home"

PJ HARVEY
'THE WORDS THAT MAKETH
MURDER' 6567

GORILLAZ FT DALEY 14 -DONCAMATIC

LITTLE COMETS

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NEW TO PLAYLIST

MAGNETIC MAN FT
JOHN LEGEND

'Getting Nowhere' * MONA

'Teenager'
• FRANKIE & THE
HEARTSTRINGS

Hunger . CAGE THE ELEPHANT

'Shake Me Down'

OFFICIAL

BEHIND THE SCENES

SKINNING UP THE MOTORWAY

To celebrate the new series of Skins, the 2011 cast got on a big bus and got royally pissed at a bunch of Skins-curated gigs around the country. NME tagged along to the one in Bristol...



New Skins (i-r): Freya Mavor (Mini – The Sloaney One), Laya Lewis (Liv – The One Who Gets All The Guys), Jessica Sula (Grace Violet – The Dreamy One), Dakota Blue Richards (Franky – The Weird One), Alex Amold (Rich – The Metalhead One), Will Merrick (Aloysius – The Porn Mad One), Sean Teale (Nick – The Jockish One) and Sebastian De Souza (Matty – The Mysterious One)





the cast survey
the crowd. Sipping
from a pitcher of beer,
Sean grins: "I think the
good thing about the
show is that we're able
to go nuts, and people
will understand why. I
think it would be a
negative thing if we just
sat there with a
cranberry juice."

From the balcony



This is the first time Jess and Freya have seen each other since filming wrapped – and the last time they'il meet for a while. Lifting up their wrists, the girls show off their matching friendship bracelets. "We've had the same bond from the beginning. I consider Jess my sister", smiles Freya. "It's so nice to know we have next year together."



Morning Parade take to the stage for the Jan 19 show and the cast watch from the floor. As the band play, Sebastian limbers up for a long night. "I've a philosophy exam tomorrow," he proclaims. "I've to get a 6.30am train. But I'm going to stay out and get ratarsed because that's what we do."



Stopping for a snack, the cast troop into a Reading service station, where commuters stop and point. Dakota (middle left) admits that celeb status can prove odd. "This girl in school who'd never spoken to me before sald, "Since you're in Skins, can you score me some MDMA?"

Syndicate venue Will (second left) is stoked to meet Bombay Bicycle Club, who are doing a DJ set. Sipping rum and Diet Coke, Jack Steadman mulls, "We're not working on our afbum, because it's boring." "And we feel really passionate about Skins", Interjects the Club's Ed Nash.

RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



Canada's newest heirs to Arcade Fire's throne are determined to forge their own path

wo years ago, Calgarian dreamers Braids were stranded without a scene to call their own. Lucky for us, the quartet upped sticks and sct off for Montreal, in noble pursuit of sweet rock'n'roll — well, that and a half-decent uni education. Today they're as chilled as Ariel Pink's lunchbox; taking a break from frantic rehearsals for debut album 'Native Speaker's launch, the laid-back brooders bristle with fresh-faced excitement. Just don't lump them in with 2010's crop of 'dream-pop'.

"I don't really associate myself – or ourselves – with those bands," drummer Austin Tufts ponders of the likes of Beach House, Ariel Pink and Zola Jesus. "But it is dreamy in the sense that it's pretty visual, cinematic music. I think if we reassessed what the term 'dream-pop' means, then yeah."

Suggesting we redefine entire genres in their wake may seem like cocksure buffoonery, but then this is no 'grit-pop'. Since settling into their new hometown, Braids have been furiously burrowing their niche – into a scene a-clutter with everything

from neo-trad-folk like Les Cowboys Fringants (that's The Frisky Cowboys to you) to such underground curiosities as Arcade Fire. Keyboard player Katie Lee was happy just to escape Calgary.

"One of the biggest things for me was to have a show in a venue that wasn't a bar," she laughs, "It's just like a whole other feeling – it felt more familiar and that's played a very big part in our music."

Rest assured, her modesty was left at the studio door. As the name suggests, Braids are masters of weave – fragments of Nordic-folk, Animal Collective-psychedelia and even contemporary classical intertwine, in an opalescent patchwork of criss-crossing riffs, tribal drums and four-part harmonies. But if the thought of eight-minute soundscapes has you reaching for the Horlicks, be warned: Austin holds no stock for your ilk.

"You don't know if you're gonna lose your attention before you listen to the song. I don't look at a song's length. I put it on and if I like it, I like it." Jazz Monroe



- Katie wanted to be a dancer when she was growing up
- Braids' first gig was a high school battle of the bands. They lost to a Red Hot Chili Peppers tribute act
- Austin and guitarist and lead singer Raphaelle Standell-Preston have been best friends since Seventh Grade

The Buzz

The rundown of the music, videos and scenes breaking forth from the underground this week



Grimes (aka Claire Boucher) is a Montreal-based musician and fine artist who has a wonderfully skewed take on pop. Part of what's got us excited is that Miss Boucher manages to come across like Whitney Houston being remixed by Gang Gang Dance and still sound relatively cohesive. Canadian label Arbutus put out her cracking debut album 'Geidi Primes' last year and we've been hot for it since. Oh, also, her songs have titles like 'Beast Infection', 'Feyd Rautha Dark Heart' and 'Venus In Fleurs', which can only be a good thing, right? Having toured her native Canada with kindred soul How To Dress Well - the Bobby Brown to her Whitney - she's a surefire name to look out for at all upcoming talent-spotting festivals.



2 GOLDEN GIRLS' 'GIRL WORLD' VIDEO

Making hair metal safe for Dinosaur Jr fans since 2009, Golden Girls embrace their name as ever before in the new clip for 'Girl World''s titular track as they rummage through the department store in search of fab lady accessories. The make-up counter girl never knew what hit her.



3 DANCERS

It's hard to believe that Dancers' heartstorming blend of post-rock, grungey Arcade Fire grandeur and bittersweet lyrics could fit inside a north Wales bedroom. But that's where they recorded their only three songs. brought to our attention by Radio 1's Jen Long. Their home studio might not be ostentatious. but they abound with splendour.



4 KEEP SHELLY IN ATHENS

Combining the oh-so 2K11 trends of anonymity and being in a boy/girl duo are KSIA. But that's the least important thing you need to know about them - their debut single on Transparent (yet to put a foot wrong this year) floats like a sweet Saint Etienne dream shattered by devastatingly melancholy trumpet sighs.



5 MITZI'S INDIA

The list of those who can both skillfully write music and about music is, in a word, short (hello, Ira Kaplan!). Big stereo blogger and Brisbane resident Jad Lee is looking to add one more to their ranks with his Rapture-ous nu-disko project-and on the strength of 'India', few would deny him his place.



\mathcal{B}_{AND} CRUSH ALEX SCALLY. **BEACH HOUSE**

"I'm obsessed with Papercuts - Jason Ouever is insanely talented. This year he is releasing an album on Sub Pop and I am really excited about it."



This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

TRIBAL **GUARACHERO** Taking the trad folk sounds of Mexico and super-charging it with garish, hurdygurdy Euro techno chops are DJs like Eric Rincon, DJ Otto and Sheego Beat. tt's a dizzy sound, full of cascading arpeggios and ramshackle samples. London imprint Pollinate recently released

Rincon's first

international output.



MINKS

GLASSLANDS, NEW YORK FRIDAY, JANUARY 21



It's a minor coup for any fledgling band to get signed to Captured Tracks, the buzzy label run by Blank Dogs' Mike Sniper

whose roster has launched Dum Dum Girls, Wild Nothing and Beach Fossils. The latest beneficiary of this affiliation are Minks, a Boston-to-Brooklyn outfit that betray their cute, fuzzy moniker by churning out morsels of goth-pop.

Their debut has become one of the most anticipated albums (according to American bloggers) of 2011. The fact that the

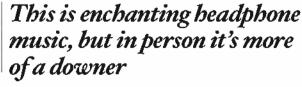
Williamsburg venue is packed on this frozen night underscores Minks' hype.

The boy-girl duo of Sean Kilfoyle

(vocals, guitar) and Amalie Bruun (vocals) - backed by a keyboardist, bassist, guitarist and drummer - are finally celebrating their first LP, 'By The Hedge', at this show, which doubles as a release party. They've been legitimately compared to The Cure ('Funeral Song') and My Bloody Valentine ('Bruises'), but Minks feel like a latter-day Slowdive - a gauzy cloud of

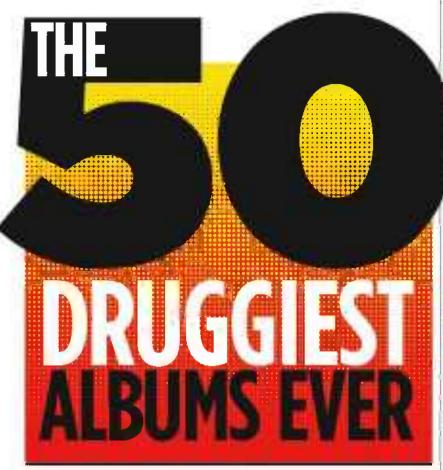
melody and synths best heard on opener 'Kusmi' and penultimate song, 'Juniper'. This is enchanting headphone music, but in person, it's more of a downer.

Kilfoyle and Bruun hit the stage with black togs, an economy of movement, and vacant gazes. In their defence, shocgazing has rarely been a riveting live experience, instead a challenge to charm one's audience by cooking up a transcendent soundscape. On 'By The Hedge', the wispy Bruun's light, shimmering vocals illuminate Kilfovle's more monotonic voice. But here, their harmonies never quite click. He progressively comes alive on tracks like



'Ophelia', as her atonal utterances merely sink, most atrociously on 'Life At Dusk'.

Appeals by Bruun to turn up her mic are met with grimaces. What makes Minks worthy of attention is the subtle breadth of sounds that inhabit 'By The Hedge'. Though imperfect, it's a warm album that ebbs and flows. But tonight, Minks fall a tad flat. Nisha Goplan



Crack, smack, pills, weed, and er, toad-licking. There's no avoiding it, insane levels of drug abuse and music have gone together since the year (micro) dot. Sometimes the results are brilliant, other times bloody awful. Here is our countdown of the druggiest records ever made...







THE LOCK

















Ah, the sublime frailty of 'Music When The Lights Go Out', one of rock's most fragile and beautiful

concoctions! How it sort of almost male up for the fact that mack and crack had collaborated to blow P-Do's larynx out of his arse, mal ing him sound like a pissed Old Man Steptoe next to Carl Barât's suave lothario tones. Or that he had to have all his guitars played for him because he could barely drag his crack encrusted unlovely bones to the studio most days. "Have we enough to keep it together?" queried the boys on hit single 'Can't Stand Me Now'. Er.,

OASIS BE HERE NOW (1997)



Contrary to Noel's claims, Oasis didn't lose it down the drug dealer's living room. They lost it once they'd got

the tanker of gak back to the studio and spunked it up the wall on 10 minute 'I Am The Walrus' pastiches, Bowieraping plodathons and getting Johnny Depp in to play the carrots (or whatever). Perhaps, to give listeners the full 'Be Here Now' experience, they thought that if they made every song excruciatingly long the CD would spin slow enough to snort lines off a st played. I ram loved it, apparently, but in Noel's own words, this was "the sound of a bunch of blokes on coke, in the studio, not giving a fuck...'

SPECTACULAR (2008)

How much acid were MGMT taking around their debut album? Naked gig amounts of acid? Album d as Kevin Rowland and in Marti-on gone native' on a Goan u m firm in 2056 amount of id? Let just say they probably thought Of Moons, Birds & Monsters' was a hard-hitting piece of social reportage.

SEX PISTOLS **NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS HERE'S THE** SEX PISTOLS (1977)



The sound of one narky man taking one narky drug, while Steve Jon overclocked guitar line chewed their

faces off in the background.

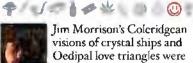
6 DR DRE
THE CHRONIC (1992)



On NWA's 'Express Yourself, Dr Dre cautioned that weed was "known to give a brother brain damage".

Hard to think of a bigger volte face than making your debut solo album all about getting really stoned and naming it after the strongest weed on the block.

4 THE DOORS (1967)



Jim Morrison's Coleridgean visions of crystal ships and Oedipal love triangles were

the best part of the trip the acid burning brilliant pathways through his lobes, long before the booze put puffy rings around his eyes. When he sung the word 'higher' on The Ed Sullivan Show, a million teenagers had found their Lizard King.

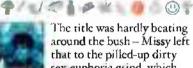
METHODRONE (1995)



He's reportedly on the wagon these days. And meditating on it, too. But in 1995, Anton Newcombe droned on like a

stoned party bore as he cooked up his own takes on the drone-heavy oeuvre of those other great substance-enjoyers: Jason Pierce and Spacemen 3

2 MISSY ELLIOTT MISS E... SO ADDICTIVE (2001)



The title was hardly beating around the bush - Missy left that to the pilled-up dirty sex euphoria grind, which

contained more chemical sex sweat than Klaxons' sofa cushions.

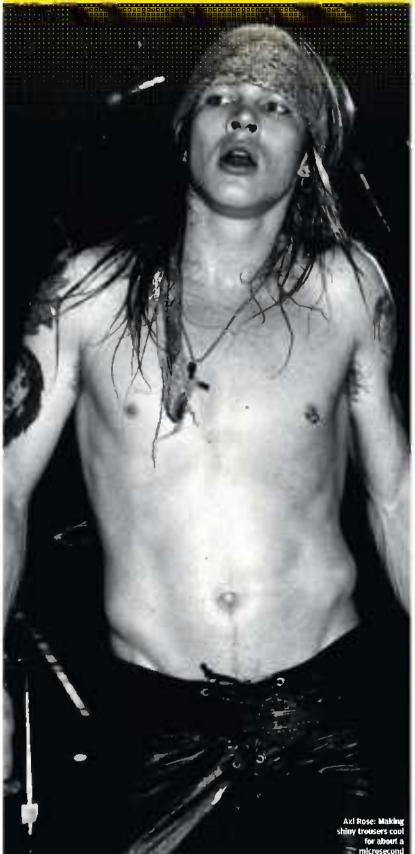


would take for them to finish album two. It turned out to be ayahuasca, aka 'the grid', which split their minds open to new psychoactive visions of eggs and other trippy nonsense.



If Pete Doherty is on a life-long mission to demonstrate that the more smack you take the shitter you get, Guns N'Roses' debut proved that precisely the opposite can apply. Axl and co delivered a milestone in modern rock, despite top-hatted guitar hero Slash being so nuts-deep in the room when Nikki Sixx from Mötley Crie

the LA heroin scene he was literally in the room when Nikki Sixx from Mötley Crüe 'died' in '87. And GN'R have been pretty much a pile of spandex pants since.



40 ROYAL TRUX TWIN INFINITIVES

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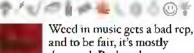
(1990)



If you want RT at their boogie-rawkin' best... don't go anywhere near this. Two junkie lovebirds set the

controls for the heart of bummed-out, discombobulated riffs and howls barely audible amid the strung-out cacophony.

39 TRICKY
MAXINGUAYE (1995)



deserved. Rather than making feel-good, lazy, munchies music though, Tricky turned the delicious laziness of pot into a sleazy, dark, narcissistic sound that self-obsessed endlessly over dark, to tured grooves. An album to lose

38 ADDICTION RITUAL DE LO HABITUAL

yourself to for days. Skin up, will you?

(1990)



Jane's Addiction are a band of contradictions: Californian art jocks into Tai Chi, surfing, vegetarian food and

massive amounts of heroin.

37 THE BIRTHDAY
PARTY
JUNK YARD (1982)

/w/~ / * L B O O T



Nick Cave's habit was finding full throat as The Birthday Party released, or more accurately, expelled, these

dead-eyed, no wave guttural yells. A year later, they had disbanded – due in part to drug-related exhaustion.

36 PAVEMENTWOWEE
ZOWEE! (1995)



They were on the verge of the alt.rock big time. Until, that is, Stephen Malkmus made this marijuana-inspired mess.

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For the next album, he unsurprisingly let their label choose the tracklisting and the singles.

35 ISTH FLOOR ELEVATORS EASTER EVERYWHERE (1967)

Genuine nutter takes genuinely obscene doses of genuine brown acid, and in 'Slip Inside This House' —

covered by Primal Scream on



34 BLACK SABBATH

(1971)



Ozzy Osbourne was hardly the first musician to sing about his love of getting stoned, but in more

censorious times such references were couched in square-foolin' slang.

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'Sweet Leaf', the opening track on the third Sabs album, was something of a high-water mark for getting blatant promarijuana sentiment into the charts: it starts with Tony lommi's coughing fit before launching into one of metal's all-time iconic riffs.

Osbourne
is very
confused
at the
moment

'Screamadelica' – builds the musical equivalent of a house where the windows are where the doors should be – a fantastic psychedelic MC Escher staircase to nowhere.

33 NEIL YOUNG ON THE BEACH (1974)



After recording the tequilasoaked 'Tonight's The Night', Young's next album in his dark 'Ditch Trilogy' was

inspired by a sautéed concoction of honey and marijuana, called honey slides. Judging by the catatonic nature



of the record, and subject matter including Charles Manson and Nixon, we'd suggest not taking these if you're looking for a good time.

time pretty much summed up the record.

Pete Doherty's then-squeeze Kate Moss

was pictured in the red-tops snorting a

Belushi-sized line of charlie off the studio

coffee table, but that was merely the tip

BARDO POND BUFO ALVARIUS (1995)

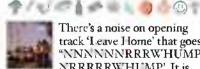


Philly's psychedelic sludgers Bardo Pond named their debut album in honour of a toad with hillucinogenic

@ |

powers. Licking toads doesn't actually work though you need to smoke their dried venom. So the Pond combated this by ingesting a shitload of acid and mushrooms, too.

EXIT PLANET DUST (1995)



There's a noise on opening track 'Leave Home' that goes "NNNNNNRRRW'HUMP. NRRRRRW'HUMP'. It is

exactly the noise of coming up. Ridiculously bug eyed intensity on the first half of the album gradually winds down into the early hours melancholy serenity of 'Alive Alone', perfectly the sound of finally staggering home, tired but happy in a morning that looks impossibly bright and beautiful because your pupils are the size of dinner plates.

London, where even by Pete's standards

Walden was at his most skeletally gaunt

as heroin ravaged his body, while clean

conditions were grotty. Guitarist Pat

rhythm section Drew McConnell and

FLEETWOOD MAC TUSK (1979)



Riding out a mess of cocaine abuse and intra-band groping, the Mac were so high that they thought it

would be a good idea to name an album after their drummer's slang for his nob.

28 SNOOP DOGGY DOGG DOGGYSTYLE (1993)



So weed makes you lazy and depressed, does it? Try telling that to Snoop Doggy Dog (as he was called back then). He

(C)

smokes shitloads, and couldn't be happier. Here he is, extolling the virtues of his "fat duck", pumping "slugs dead in your chest" and quite horrible sounding group sex: "It ain't no fun, if the homies can't have none". His true love 1, of course, the chronic. As he seductively whispers to his enormous bag of weed, "I promise I'll smoke chronic'til the day

I die". Bless 'im, the old gun-toting, willy-waggling romantic

haze that somehow made things like

seem like a good idea. It wasn't, Pete.

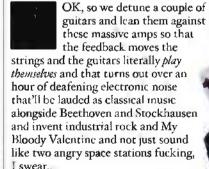
named 'The General' that Pete met in jail

a reggae duet with a nutjob inmate

It really wasn't.

LOU REED METAL MACHINE MUSIC (1975)

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LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN (1987)



The amount of ISD imbibed by Butthole figurehead Gibby Haynes reput the made him an utter nightmare. It also

(3)

helped to fuel this album, also an utter nightmare.

SURREALISTIC PILLOW (1967)

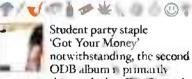
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The album that spawned 'White Rabbit' - the 159th counter cultural love poem to Alice In Wonderland author

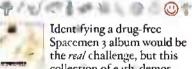
Lewis Carroll, and the song that made generations yearn to throw the TV in the bathtub just as it peaked. Altogether now. "One pill makes you larger...

NIGGA PLEASE (1999)



constructed from the late Wu-Tanger's unhinged freetorm rants. And his arrest for possession around this time rather tells its own story.

SPACEMEN 3 TAKING DRUGS TO MAKE MUSIC TO TAKE DRUGS TO (1994)

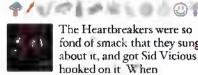


Identifying a drug-free Spacemen 3 album would be the real challenge, but this collection of early demos

finds Peter 'Sonic Boom' Kember and Jason Pierce employing psychedelia and repetition with the focus of one who lives outside that conformist straightjacket of, like, knowing what day it is and stuff.



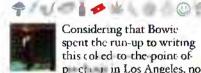
LAMF (1977)



The Heartbreakers were so fond of smack that they sung about it, and got Sid Vicious hooked on it When

Thunders finally OD'd he was so contorted that he looked "like a pretzel", apparently.

DAVID BOWIE STATION TO STATION (1976)



Considering that Bowie spent the run-up to writing this col ed to the point of puctua in Los Angeles, not

sleeping for six in at a time, cating only red and green peppers and milk and filming the alienated sci-fi masterpiece The Man Who Fell To Earth, it's not surprising that it sounds whacked. Cold, ambitious and disconnected, it's a fascinating, psychotically deep album, with much to be read between the white lines.

JNTITLED (2010)



An album that owes its inspiration to plant food, simultaneously the best (briefly) legal high ever and a

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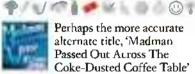
chemical gateway into hell, a substance that rips away your inhibitions like flimsy lace knickers and leaves you a raving mess of libido, monomania and naked id. The dead-eyed intensity of 'Lying' and 'A Wooden Box', are the perfect soundtriel; lust that sounds like rage, or rage that sounds like lust.

18 MY BLOODY VALENTINE LOVELESS (1991)



structures of 'Loveless', where things swirl around warm and woozy, swimming in and out of focus and suddenly assembling into fascinating patterns before dissipating again, is mushrooms on toast. Meanwhile, its dissipated sexiness, full of love but much toofried-out-to-actually-shag, is ecstasy

ELTON JOHN MADMAN ACROSS THE WATER (1971)



Perhaps the more accurate alternate title, 'Madman Passed Out Across The Coke-Dusted Coffee Table'

got shelved by the suits. Reg's 1971 classic launched him into a Force 12 blizzard of '70s cocaine - the kind of don't-make-'em like-that-anymore excess that would ultimately see him phoning a hotel reception to get the wind turned off and thinking it was, like, a really good idea to get married to a woman.

16 SUEDE DOG MAN STAR (1994)



Here's something to ponder. If you holed yourself up in a crumbling Victorian mansion and ingested enough

Class As to precipitate ego death, perhaps you too could produce an album that sounds as decadent, and as brilliant, as Brett Anderson's bloated masterpiece. But you'd probably just die.

ES PLEASE! (1992)



smashed all his jars of the stuff at Manchester airport. Tony Wilson chose Barbados as the recording location because it was free of heroin. But no-one had warned the Factory boss that it was the gateway to America's crack trade. To cut a long, expensive story short: Ryder becomes a one-man rock epidemic. Sells Eddy Grant's furniture. Forgets to write any lyrics. Holds the master tapes ransom until Factory give him more drug-wonga. Ultimately turns in the sound of five Mancunians going beyond the druggywoozy sound of E into the druggy-crazy blank, confusing boredom of listening to crackheads jabber about nothing. Massive flop. Label goes bust. Ryder dines out on the anecdotes for the next 20 years.





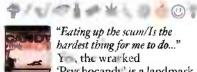
line, this album suggests. What's that he's singing on 'Come Together'? "Little I's a fucking mess but when he's offered just says YES".

It's no surprise. Pierce is a veteran of Spacemen 3: masters of the unsubtle drug reference who titled an early song 'OD Catastrophe'. They weren't posing. either. In Erik Morse's band biography, Creation Records supremo Alan McGee declares: "The only band that took

more drugs than Spacemen 3 were Happy Mondays.

With Spiritualized, Pierce reached new commercial heights - but old habits die hard. Packaged like medicine, 'Ladies And Gentlemen...' teems with narcotic allusions: to scary hallucinogen DMT, "my spike in my arm and my spoon" "breakfast right off of a mirror", and "a hole in my arm where all the money goes". Sensing any patterns here?

3 THE JESUS AMARY CHAIL PSYCHOCANDY (1985)



"Eating up the scum/Is the hardest thing for me to do ... " Y , the wranked 'Psychocandy' is a landmark

(1997)

Just say no. That has always

been Jason Pierce's tactic

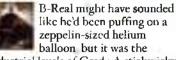
when asked to talk drugs.

Invited to take them,

Spiritualized's leader chooses a different

album, a regular in Best Of lists and one of the greatest debuts of all time. But hey, Reid brothers Jim and William, are these brilliantly lacerating odes about girls - "honey-dripping beebives" and all - or drugs? And does it really matter?

2 CYPRESS HILL BLACK SUNDAY (1993)



industrial levels of Grade A sticky-icky the band were inhaling that turned the Hill's second outing into an jittery soup of shotgun murders and murky bong water. I ighteen years on, we still have no idea why Sen Dog sounds like he's curling out a mammoth shit on half his verses, though.

SUPERSTAR (1996)



Proof (if proof were indeed needed, that tokeheads really love the exit ntialist phile ophy of Friedrich

Nietzsche. The first part of Mazza's mom-baiting trilogy expressed as its theme the hope that we could all learn to become more self-involved. And stick dildos up our arses. And other shit.

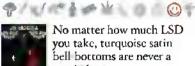
10 PINK FLOYD THE PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN (1967)



On the Floyd's debut Syd Barrett constructed glorious fantasies, spurred on by LSD consumption that could be

described as 'gargantuan'. What would later become stomach churning drug cliches are here startlingly original: childlike whimsy ('Matilda Mother'), space-rock ('Interstellar Overdrive') and eastern mysticism ('Chapter 24').

(PERIENCE ARE YOU EXPERIENCED (1967)



No matter how much LSD you take, turquoise satin bell bottoms are never a good idea.

08 LIL WAYNE THA CARTER III



Codeine found its way into hip-hop in Texas, where Houston natives have long been in the habit of dosing-

up on a blend of prescription cough medicine and soda. Three 6 Mafia's 'Sippin' On Some Syrup' brought the trend to national attention, while the late I J = rew rose to fame thanks to his mixtapes, which slowed down popular hits of the day so they sound receallly goood on syrup. But the best-known advocate of 'purple drank' is, of course, Lil Wayne. Seklom seen without his tell-tale Styrofoam cup, Weezy's slurred flow is shaped by his choice of refreshment. And while in later years, he's talked of kicking the habit, his commercial breakthrough, 'Tha Carter III', still speaks of his predilection for sizzurp. "I'm used to

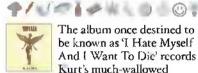


6 THE BEATLES REVOLVER (1965)

The Fab Four's seventh album was a revolutionary Step jory

octets ('Lleanor Rigby'), backwards guitars ('I'm Only Sleeping'), high distortion ('She Said She Said') and pioneering tape loops ('Tomorrow Never Knows'), mostly inspired by their burgeoning psychedelic experiences on acid, which reportedly developed after Lennon and Harrison had their coffee spiked during a dinner with a dentist.

05 NIRVANA IN UTERO (1993)



The album once destined to be known as 'I Hate Myself And I Want To Die' records Kurt's much-wallowed

misery in being impaled on the barbed spike of heroin addiction. Eight months later Kurt decided he couldn't live with the gut-rotting pain that heroin had brought to his door.

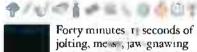
THERE'S A RIOT GOIN' ON (1971)



The theme was the death of 60s idealism, and Sly was his own test subject, getting off his bonce on angel dust and

making it sound like the best-ever time in the process.

WHITE LIGHT/WHITE HEAT (1968)



Forty minutes T seconds of jolting, me s , jaw gnawing darkness. Famously, Sterling Morrison said the band were

all "dragging ourselves off a cliff... but at least we were all heading in the same direction".





The apogee of cool, a dinner-party classic, and the biggest-selling jazz album of all time, made by a

man who chipped smack throughout his career. Which might also explain 1970's 'Bitches Brew' - jazzfusion's insane, filthy, skronky Year Zero, inspired equally by Jimi Hendrix's wah-wah and having half of Afghanistan in your system.

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you can knuckle down to your new album free of distractions, dealers and A&R ne'er-do-wells, but it might well end up a prison of paranoia, self-destruction and parties you can never leave. When Pink Floyd picked Studio Miraval in a remote French château to record 'The Wall', it led to a terrifying claustrophobia and an

picked the same location for 'Black Holes & Revelations' they grew beards, tortured insects and started believing the world had ended without anybody telling them.

But by far the most classic example of châteaumania occurred in Villa Nellcôte in the south of France in the summer of 1971, when The Rolling Stones somehow pieced together 'Exile...' in the middle of scenes that Keith Richards would later describe as a cross between Hitler's bunker, Versailles and Dante's Inferno. Amid a tsunami of heroin, "drunks and junkies" and celebrities - Gram Parsons, William S Burroughs, Anita Pallenberg - the permanently-wankered band (when they managed to turn up) recorded day

and night in the villa's sweltering basement while the groupies and dealers ran riot upstairs. At one point, so open-house and loud was the 24 hour party, country-rock legend Parsons was kicked out after partying there for a full month, and local drug dealers apparently walked out in broad daylight with half of the band's instruments as 'payment' for Richards' smack debts. The Stones eventually vacated Nellcôte with the French plod's boot up their arses, a couple of drug convictions and a two-year ban from the country. Oh, and one of the greatest

rock'n'roll







"Just what is it that you want to do?" How about necking loads of pills, ripping up the template and making an album that still sounds like the future. Matt Wilkinson gets loaded and has a good time

PHOTOGRAPH: KEVIN CUMMINS

aturday night at the Olympia, November 27, 2010. Shit's going down. Or rather, 12,000 people unite as one in a freezing cold west London palatial hall. Above the stage sits a swirling lysergic visual that screams messages of warped futures and out'n'out messiness. Below it stand a mish-mash of musicians plying their trade impeccably. Gospel singers, beat-perfect backline players, Britain's second most iconic bassist and a loping, maraca-shaking frontman who slinks between the lot of them while busily hollering "whoo whoo"s into the mic. It's almost 20 years since Primal Scream released 'Screamadelica' - the album that made them the most important, revered and groundbreaking band in Britain - and right here, right now Bobby Gillespie and his friends are coolly reminding everybody just why that was.

Six weeks later, and we're face-to-face with the frontman, regaling stories about the night while adding matter-of-factly that - oh yeah - it was also undoubtedly the most druggy gig we've been to in years.

Bobby screws his face up; the devil's grin emitting a wry cackle. "If you thought that was good you should have been at Brixton after the album came out," he says, raising an eyebrow. "We did this crazy thing, right—we had no support, 'cause we were like, 'No support!' and we'd booked the place from nine to six. It was DJs in the foyer, DJs in the main room and then we were the main band. Anyway, our manager at the time, Alex Nightingale, came up with this idea. He says to us, 'The floor at Brixton—it goes down like that (slapes bands), yeah?' So he came up with the idea of actually levelling

the floor out. For a fucking gig! Can you believe that?! We spent £8,000 just so people could dance on an even surface. And you know what happened?"

Gillespie pauses.

"That very night was the first night ketamine hit London' So everybody was buying what they thought was E, but it was actually ketamine. I can remember Mark Moore from S'Express coming backstage really

"WITH ECSTASY MUSIC SOUNDED SO FUTURISTIC. THAT DRUG OPENED EVERYBODY'S MINDS" BOBBY GILLESPIE

shocked and saying to me, 'You've gotta get out there—everybody's taking this new thing called ketamine and it's just completely devastating people!' And I'm like, 'Well, what does it do?' and he couldn't explain 'cause he doesn't do drugs, so he said, 'Just go and have a look for yourself.' So I went out, right, and it was like fucking Passchendaele or something! Hundreds of people just lying on the ground everywhere. All these big guys just out on the floor kinda going like that (gives a Gillespie-best 'monged out in helf' look).

"And of course, the downside to all this was that fucking nobody – not one single person – was able to dance because everyone was just out on the ground.

And we'd spent £8,000 totally relaying the whole of Brixton's floor! I mean, it was fucking diabolical..."
And there you were thinking 'Screamadelica' was merely an E album...

Regardless of how much cash the Primals lost from Brixton's wallpaper-licking madness, that the band had even sold out a show of that stature was a major victory for them at that stage, coming smack bang in-between 'Screamadelica's September 1991 release and the album winning the inaugural Mercury Music Prize 12 months later. Indeed, skip back two years and they had way more to worry about than wonky dancefloors.

Bobby: "Right, I'm gonna stand up and say this: as a band we were going nowhere in 1989. We had absolutely nothing to lose. We were on Creation, but we were like the runts. Alan McGee supported us, because we were his friends – we grew up with him, we were punks together and he loved us. But we weren't selling any records and nobody ever thought we were gonna make it." He adds, forlornly: "That was it for us."

The band's eponymous second album had won them few admirers upon its release; its leather-trousered, cock-rock schtick baffling their already dwindling fanbase (most of whom were happy with the band's early Byrds-aping style). Worse still, it completely failed to acknowledge the most important swathing of British youth culture to emerge in years. This was 1989, and things were changing. Essentially, if The Stone Roses' April debut had, as Noel Gallagher memorably put it, arrived on the "right day, right year in the right decade", then 'Primal Scream' missed the boat entirely.

Sensing that the dream was floundering, Gillespie had upped sticks to Brighton by 1988, joining McGee and various other Creation cohorts in the seaside town "to get out of London". It was to be a move written in the stars - before too long he was being dragged along ro some of their favourite warehouse parties.

"I remember the first one I went to was in 1988," Bobby says. "It was underneath the railway station in Brighton in a derelict warehouse and some guys had some decks set up. I think I went there to score speed, but it turned out to be this sort of pre acid house thing. But that night I didn't get the music at all, though.
"McCree Jiff Barrett [Creation press officer and future

Heavenly boss] and Dick Green [Creation co founder, now head of Wichital were already into it in a big way, but they really had to wear me, Andrew Innes and Throb [Primal Scream guitarists/mentalists] down before we really got it I piphanies - that's what those guys were having! I remember McGee actually got a flat up in Manchester around '88 and he just went fucking crazy - one minute he was listening to Gram Parsons and the Stones and The Modern Lovers, the next he was this mad acid house guy. It was like a religious conversion. He was, like, begging you and going, 'Please, please listen to this music! Please, please take this new drug!' And then you were like, 'Alright, I'll take one,' and he's like, 'Here, take another one, do you like it? Take another one .. And another halt. So that was my introduction to 13. Then, all of a sudden, I'm listening to this record, turning the bass up, going, 'Oh! Ooh!"

aving finally tasted the fruits of McGee and co's labour, Gillespie, Innes and Throb unsurprisingly set about immersing themselves in E culture with as much vigour as they possibly could (naturally). "When the ecstasy thing did hit, we hit it big," Bobby remembers. "I mean, obviously, we were taking magic mushrooms, acid and speed before that,

you know, just getting absolutely hammered. But with this, because you'd never really heard the music in that way before .. it just sounded really futuristic and I just knew it was a good thing. That drug opened everybody's mind"

By late 1988, the band had become regulars at key nights around Brighton (Zap) and in London (Danny Rampling's Shoom, Paul Oakenfold's Spectrum). A well as the narcotics. Gillespie says he loved the attitude - or lack of of acid house. "It was sexy, it was druggy, it was outlawed and it was underground. And it was where the energy was. People were more accepting in that scene than they were in the rock scene or the indie scene, that's a fact. The amount of times we would go to indic gigs and someone would say something snide to you, or someone would come up with a pint and be horrible, try and start a fight. It was just depressing. Static. Boring.'

Meanwhile, McGee and

Barrett were busy forging new friendships with another acid house associate - a set builder from Slough called Andrew Weatherall, As well as moonlighting as a DJ, Weatherall wrote for feted fanzine Boy's Own and, every now and then, as a reviewer for NME. Owing to some canny matchmaking by Barrett and then-NME Live Editor Helen Mead, he found himself in Exeter watching Primal Scream in late

SCREAMADELICA Left: The sleeves of 'Higher Than The 5um' and 'Loaded'; the Scream circa 1990 Just

rEvolution THE ECSTASY OF

They might have curtailed their pill-popping in the studio ("You can't write songs on E - you just think you can," says Bobby), but E's influence on 'Screamadelica' was colossal. Bobby explains why: "We never had any money, so we couldn't afford a lot of stuff in 1988. Cocaine's kinda cheap now, but back then it was £70 a gram. Ecstasy, on the other hand, was £25 a hit. Personally, speed was my favourite, but when ecstasy did hit, I actually found myself selling records just to buy it. I was skint and I was like, 'I want to go out tonight.' I remember coming up to London to the Record And Tape Exchange - I had a friend who worked there who gave me a generous deal. So I'd be taking the records, selling them, getting the money, buying E and then going back to Brighton and going out. We were going out all the time, we were writing about it and we were loving it."

1989, the ensuing review appeared under the pseudonym Audrey Witherspoon.

'We really bonded on that trip to Fxeter," says Bobby "Andrew wrote an amazing review of us.

You know, something really was forged on that trip." Afterwards, the two parties started hanging out regularly, so much so that by the time Innes c isually suggested to Weatherall that perhaps it mught -- cool for him to have a go at remixing their new single, 'I'm Losing More Than I'll Ever Have', neither realised just how far forward they were about to push things.

Weatherall's rejig of the track ripped the original soul-infused slowie to shreds, adding bolshy P-Funk horns, a catchy-ashell drum loop nicked from

after the two-for-one offer at World Of Leather

MOR warbler Edie Brickell and a sublime sample of Peter Fonda from obscure '60s film The Wild Angels which inadvertently gave the song its new title 'Loaded'. Bobby: "We just did 'Loaded' as an experiment! There was nothing in it for us anyway, so we had nothing to lose, you know? There was no game plan with Weatherall at all. We didn't think, 'We're going to get famous and rich' or 'We're gonna get a hit'. It was just us trying to make a record that could play in this scene and





that people would dance to. But I remember when we finished it it sounded fucking amazing. We'd done it."

mazingly, not everyone agreed. At this point, the band were still gigging in support of the self-titled record, despite vigorously clawing themselves away from it. Sometimes they'd even bring Weatherall along as a support DJ.

"I remember we did a gig at the end of '89 at Subterania, scotts Bobby, referencing their meekly-attended December 6 gig at the west London venue. "We all did ecstass before the gig, and we were playing a rock'n'roll set—never a good idea, because you fucking can't keep time on E. Anyway, 'I paded' was finished but it hadn't been mixed, and Weatherall was the DJ that night so he played it anyway, and there were these girls



just coming into our dressing room before the gig absolutely disgusted with him. They were saying, 'Please, please tell this horrible man to stop playing this music! It's disgusting! We wanna hear The Wonder Stuff instead.' I was just like, 'Get the FUCK out of here, you fucking indie cunt! Get out!!' They just didn't want to hear."

When Weatherall returned to the same venue just eight days later, this time to DJ a dance night, he had a much more enjoyable evening.

Bobby: "Andrew Innes was at Subterania when Weatherall played the finished version of 'Loaded' for the first time. I just remember Innes called me at four in the morning – I was still up – and he was like, 'Man, we've got a hit on our hands! People are going fucking berserk for the record!' The whole fucking place was

THE Cast

BOBBY GILLESPIE



Band leader. Although initially tentative about

acid house, Gillespie soon saw the light - as guided by the letter E - eventually becoming so sure the band were headed in the right direction with 'Screamadelica' that he willingly allowed Creation to release two singles that barely featured his vocals ('Loaded' and 'Don't Fight It, Feel It').

ANDREW INNES



The 'scientist' of the band (on account of both his

techy know-how and drug intake), rhythm guitarist Innes bought the Scream's first sampler (an Akai S-1000) during the making of 'Screamadelica'. While on tour in America he was allegedly removed from Graceland on account of being the first person "since The King" to be sick on the lawn.

ROBERT 'THROB' YOUNG



Another key Primal Scream member, Throb's

nickname is derived from the fact he's supposedly got "an extended fucking family down his trousers". He's been on "sabbatica!" from the band since 2006, having been replaced on lead guitar by 'Little' Barrie Cadogan.

MARTIN DUFFY



Formerly the keyboardist for fellow Creation outfit

Felt, Duffy joined Primal Scream properly midway through the 'Screamadelica' sessions. He'd already provided the brilliant piano part for 'I'm Losing More Than I'll Ever Have', and his handiwork is all over 'Screamadelica'.

ANDREW WEATHERALL



DJ and part-time journalist, Weatherali

reviewed Prima! Scream live in 1989 for NME. They bonded over a shared love of ecstasy, Thin Lizzy and leather trousers and then headed into the studio...

ALAN MCGEE



Boyhood friend of Gillespie, Innes and Throb, McGee

set up Creation in 1983. Two years later he put out Primal Scream's first single, 'All Fall Down'. He never really doubted their ability to come good, even when it looked like they were doomed.

JIMMY MILLER



Legendary producer Miller only worked on 13 full albums

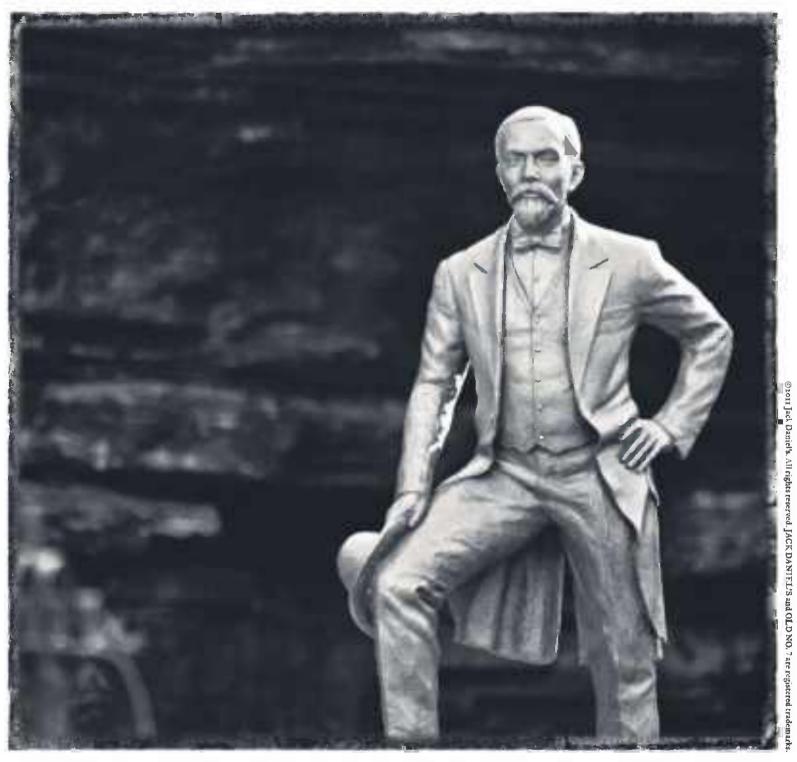
In his 23-year career. These include 'Let It Bleed', 'Sticky Fingers' and 'Exile On Main St' by The Rolling Stones. "Everyone thought he was washed up," says innes. "We disagreed."

PAUL CANNELL



In-house artist at Creation, Cannell famously

wasn't allowed to listen to Primal Scream's music before designing their covers. Cannell died in 2005. His 'Screamadelica' artwork was used by Royal Mail as one of its 'Classic Album Cover' postage stamps issued in January 2010.



JACK DANIEL WAS A MAN OF CO MIT ENT. THAT IS, UNLESS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THE LADIES.





by the MC5, followed by a King Tubby

Weatherall was exactly the same."

Andrew Innes: "The contemporary

stuff would have been the Mondays.

the Roses and 808 State, but we were

all going through a big thing listening

to Miles Davis and Sly And The Family

Stone too. You could hear a lot of the

acid house thing in their 15-minute

songs like 'Sex Machine', because it

was just one riff repeated endlessly.

Fremember being really into 'On The

with a lot of tablas and sitars on it. It

wasn't structured - it was freer music."

Corner' by Miles Davis, which is the one

dub. We were just into music, and Andy

going crazy and he's telling me these stories, like how Kevin Rowland from Dexys Midnight Runners and Mick Iones from The Clash were coming up to Weatherall and saying, 'What the fuck' Who the fuck?!' And he was just standing there pointing at Innes going, 'It was that guy over there, it was Primal Scream.' In that instant, everything changed for us."

Freshly catapulted to the single's A-side on account of the massive underground buzz building about the track, 'Loaded' became Primal

Scream's biggest success to date after its release at the end of February 1990. They suddenly found themselves at Number 16 in the charts. They were on Top Of The Pops. They were actually in demand

The success only served to spur them on, and the trio could now even afford to build a makeshift studio to write the remainder of their next record in. They chose Hackney, just around the Collection of the midst of haphazard offices, where "Alan was in the midst of handing out E to everyone' parties", according to haphazard offices, where "Alan was in the midst of his

Bobby. But despite the success of 'Loaded' and the close proximity between band and label, McGee and co holdly opted to leave the

"I've gotta say, of all the years we were at Creation, they never once came down to the studio and interfered," says Gallespie proudly. "They were really good, they just let you get on with it. I remember 'Higher I han I he Sun', when the mixes came in for that, McGee called me up and he went, 'We're going to release this as a single. It's absolutely astonishing. It's not going to be a hit but it's a statement.' And I went, 'You're

right - it is a statement' Now, 'Loaded was a hit and 'Come Together' was a hit after that And then he went and said that about the third single! That's why I love McGee. That's never gonna happen these days. And he was right too at got to Number 40."

Chart positions aside, having finally found a true sense of purpose, the Primals continued to lay the groundwork for 'Screamadelica' throughout the rest of 1990, working in Hackney with Weatherall, his co-producer Hugo Nicolson and ex-Felt man Martin

THE WORD OF WEATHER

Frontline memories from 'Screamadelica"s arch knobtwiddler

NME: How does it feel to be chatting about the 20th anniversary of 'Screamadelica'?
Andrew Weatherall: "It would be churlish to say that I'm not happy with it. I mean, that I've been part of a record that still resonates 20 years down the line. My favourite records resonate from 50 years ago, so it's good to know that I could be part of something that hopefully will go on for another 20, 30 years.

Were you aware of the band before that?

"Yeah, I wasn't a massive fan, but I liked the cut of their jıb. Jeff Barrett gave me a copy of the album with 'I'm Losing More Than I'll Ever Have' on it. So I took it away and I think I was the only person in the world who liked it!"

Then you reviewed them for NME...

"I think everyone thought at the time it was me being ironic and writing it in the style of a second division local newspaper, you know? I mean, it's a really piss poor review! But you guys seemed to like it."

How did 'Loaded' come about?

"It was Innes! In the chillout lounge at Spectrum with Alex Paterson [The Orb]

DJing - I seem to remember whale noises, so it was him - and Innes brought it up."

Was it daunting? "Not really. I was full of 'the confidence of ignorance', as Orson Welles called it."

What did you do before that?

"I was basically selling expensive clothes or working on film sets or as a stagehand building sets for adverts or music videos. And doing a little bit of DJing at the same time. I'd basically spend more on records than I'd get in wages so Thad to do other things to make ends meet. Let's just say I was providing the music and other forms of entertainment. Until I got chased out the Astoria by a plain-clothed policewoman..."

What was it like when you first played the finished version at Subterania?

"It was one of those moments. It's kind of de rigueur now to do the 'Sympathy For The Devil' ['whoo whoo'] thing over the top of house records now but that was the first time I'd ever heard it done, that night."

Do you still listen to 'Screamadelica'? "I heard 'Shine Like

Stars' recently, and it was moving."



SCREAMADELIGA DIY

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN MASTERPIECE

1 GET SOME VISIONARY PRODUCERS...

Andrew Innes: "If you work with people like Jimmy Miller, Hugo Nicolson and Andy Weatherall and you don't learn anything then you're a fucking idiot. You're in a room with them, you just watch how they arrange stuff, how they make things better." **Bobby Gillespie: "With** Weatherall, it was perfect timing. We couldn't have done it without him, and he couldn't have done it without us. He'd never been in a studio in his life, but was just a complete fucking natural. He's got a great sense of structure and space. But we gave him good songs to work with in the first place, I think."

2 BUILD YOUR OWN STUDIO...

Bobby: "We built this studio in Hackney with the money we got from 'Loaded'. Creation was in Westgate Street, off Mare Street and we were across the street on Tudor Road. I don't know who found it, but it was beside a council estate and it was like an office space for rent. We soundproofed this room. put in a vocal booth, a sampler and a little Atari computer. Then we bought a cheap mixing desk and got to work."

3 TIMETABLE YOUR DRUG USE...

Bobby: "Monday we'd have been recovering from the weekend. Probably, we'd have been back in the studio on Tuesday, Wednesday.

Thursday, Friday, In the studio we'd have been quite sober - maybe a bit of coke and a bit of speed now and again, but nothing major. I'd always have a big bag of speed on me, so we'd maybe try a bit of writing on that, but we were quite conscientious and hard-working. For us the going out happened at the weekend. We'd just go out for three nights, staying up all weekend, and we'd crash sometime on Monday morning. Then we'd go back into the studio on Tuesday and start up again."

4 GRAB THE LATEST RECORDING EQUIPMENT...

Andrew: "The thing that made the difference for us was getting a sampler – it was like switching from black and white to Technicolor. We got an Akai 51000 for about £2,000. Before that, a sampler would have cost £60,000. I think that's what really caused the explosion in our music - that piece of equipment. Suddenly we weren't limited! We had flutes, we had Indian tablas, we had drumme from other records...!

5 DON'T TAKE KEITH MOON'S PILLS...

Andrew: ") remember someone came in with these pills one day and went, 'They fucking killed Keith Moon, so they're good enough for us!' Heminevrin they're called, and they very nearly killed us as well! It was horrible. They weren't very nice, and I wouldn't recommend them to anyone!"



"I ALWAYS KNEW WE WERE GOOD. WE HAD SOMETHING AND I ALWAYS KNEW THAT" BOBBY GILLESPIE

Duffy on keys Just like on 'Loaded', the album's DNA was essentially a mixture of the 'anything goes' attitude of those early acid house parties, rammed full pelt with the band's already bulging ragbag of influences ("We were music lovers," Bobby opines, "And we could listen to anything!" [see panel, previous page])

y the summer of 1991 Primal Scream had finished recording their third album. The likes of 'Damaged', 'Don't Light It, Feel It', 'Inner Flight' and 'Shine Like Stars may have all contrasted hugely in style, but as an overall body of work, 'Screamadelica' was tight and planned to perfection. The band had even brought in reclusive Rolling Stones producer Jimmy Miller, keen to get him to work some of his magic on album opener 'Movin' On Up' – their take on 'Exile'-era Mick'n'Keef.

The track's lyrics were lifted from Can's 'Yoo Doo Right' ("I was blind, not. I can see" goes the very first line—is there a more fitting way to begin a perfect record?), yet ask Bobby how they cleared all the album's samples—which take in everything from Sly Stone to Brian Eno and you'll get a curious response. "I don't know what you're talking about," he says. He's grinning while shaking his bead from side-to-side. "Imagine if we

hadn't got the Fonda one [from 'Loaded'] though. We wouldn't be sat here now. I don't know where we'd be, but we would not be sat here talking to you. The gods were smiling on us that day."

You should be thankful the gods were smiling, too, because that wily tale is completely indicative of what an elaborate motherfucker the birth of 'Screamadelica' was. Even for Primal Scream, a band who've diced with death, derision, delirium, it seems unwittingly farfetched – surreal, even – that they managed to conceive a thing of such forward thinking beauty while so off their nut at the time.

"I always knew we were good," smiles Bobby. "We had something, and I always knew that I believed in us. And for the first time in our life we didn't bodge it. You know what? It was just amazing when we met. Weatherall. We met the guy that was gonna do it for us – and he met the band that was gonna do it for him." And now, almost 20 years later, we're here, with

'Screamadelica' about the get the boxset treatment. In a triumphant past meets present moment, Primal Scream will wrap up their Spring UK tour by playing the album in its entirety at Brixton, almost 19 years to the day since the ketamine gig. "We'll just see what happens," Bobby laughs about that. We're in a taxi now, London swinging by on a cold January evening. "I won't lie to you," he says quietly, "but it felt fucking good to do that record and really get somewhere for once. We had a great time making it." Bobby pauses. "Even now, I still really feel good talking about it.."

Read our original review of 'Screamadelica' and more of Andy Weatherall's memories, plus watch archive video footage of Primal Scream on NME.COM. Also, tune into NME TV for a bost of Scream specials



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Oddball Hollywood legend **David Lynch** has ditched the movies to make club hits for gurners! The results? As brilliantly bonkers as his hair, as **Martin Robinson** discovers

avid Lynch; Director. No, auteur. Artist. Staggeringly influential surrealist. Yep, that's him. And his latest work? A Balearic trance anthem, of course. That's right, the man responsible for surreal masterpieces Twin Peaks, Eraserhead, Lost Highway and Blue Velvet ("Baby wants to fuunuck!") is releasing a track on Rob Da Bank's Sunday Best label, with the intention of getting beach crowds raving...

"Well, maybe moving around a little," says the 65-yearold, on the phone from LA, the 'Jimmy Stewart from Mars' voice (as *The Elephant Man* producer Mel Brooks once put it) unmistakable in its ceric-cheery apple-pic tones. "I've never been to Ibiza, but it feels real good to think about it being played in an Ibiza club."

Who'd be a pill-head? There you are, happily gurning away, hugging strangers, when Lynch's heavily treated voice starts singing about smoke and fire above a beat aimed at your feet and an atmosphere aimed at your spooky glands. But don't blame Dave – he doesn't create with markets in mind – blame Rob Da Bank, who picked it up for Sunday Best at an Ibiza music conference via a DJ friend of Lynch's agent in LA. In Lynch's pre-ordained world, it was all a free-flowing acceptance of destiny, and not just a massive accident.

"It just started with my agent saying something about dance, and I have this studio built just to experiment with sound and music. So I started thinking about a embarrassing and very hard. It's not a release of pent-up emotion, it's a stress-producing thing."

In truth we shouldn't be surprised that Lynch can turn his hands to this with aplomb. He's written music for all of his films, from Eraserhead's industrial soundtrack to the lush orchestrations of Blue Velvet and Twin Peaks with composer Angelo Badalamenti, "I'm not a musician," he says. "But I play instruments and make music. I play guitar, but in a different way. I started playing it to make sound effects, really."

So he's almost punk rock in his instincts? "Well, you need to let a song talk to you and guide it down the street." In his films you'll find rock-star characters like Sailor Ripley (Wild At Heart) and Peaks' Laura Palmer, and a host of musicians in the cast (David Bowie, Chris Isaak, Henry Rollins, Marilyn Manson -we won't mention Billy Ray Cyrus in Mulbolland Drive). Lynch even notoriously played Rammstein on the set of Lost Highway ("It was great. People worked twice as fast!")... Forget the furrowed-brow film-school discussions about the multi-textual nature of Lynch's oeuvre. What it all comes down to is that he's the ultimate rock'n'roll film-maker. His movies are rooted in sex, violence, destruction, ego, sensitivity, fury, beauty, terror, as his characters fight for meaning at the extremes of society y'know like The Rolling Stones.

"Rock "woll ilm-maker"? I don't know labels are

But I always say the birth of rock'n'roll was extremely powerful. How the different genres came together and... jumped to the moon. It was so electrifying! I don't know that that has ever really been topped, it may have been equalled by The Beatles, but not topped." Did it fundamentally change you? "Yeah, it's like you're standing next to an electrical outlet and you stick your finger in it. That's how it affects you."

Just look at his hair. Look at how he much he smokes. "Yeah, yeah, I've got the rock star thing down pretty good!" 'A Good Day' is actually a double-A side, with the other track a proper sleazy bar-room rock track called 'I Know', which serves as taster for a "modern blues album" that he's currently working on. It's got a delicious midnight swagger, and is crying out for live performances, which almost certainly won't be coming "No, no," he winces. "It's like I can play it one time but I can't play it again." You could just do the singing and get a band, to play be hind you? It's kind of cheating. And the guitar players wouldn't get it right, I'm afraid."
Are you a continue treak. David? "Sort of." (This is the guy who spent months locked away trying to make John Hurr's make-up prosthetics for The Elephant Man bimself - eventually producers had to step in and hand the task over to a special effects team).

It's a shame that we'll most likely be denied the sight of this Elvis obsessive ("Presley in the young days was incredible. Incremine! Pure magic!") shaking his pelvis onstage, but so energised is he by this Sunday Best release that his film work is taking a beck seat while he presses ahead with the David Forth Music Company.

"I want to try this avenue for the time being. Not just the dance music world. I'm working on an album with this girl Chrysta Bell. There's the modern blues album with my friend and engineer Dean [Hurley]. And with Angelo [Badalamenti there are blum called 'Thought Gang' that we've been working on since the '90s." Ah, what kind of album will that be? 'One with low sales."

The same may not be the same for 'A Good Day', which could well be a smash, especially with all the viral videos fit med for it after a far competition, and the eminently collectable artwork-by Vaughan Oliver, who designed the room 4AD album sleeves for Pixies, Coctean Twins et al. Here's hoping, as it's exciting that this visionary is now doing his dark, beautiful thing in the music world. Aside from anything else, it's just nice to hear someone talk about music outside of the current 'Gap Year Rock' dull-eyed careerist opportunism around. "Making music is real, real beautiful. I don't know what it is, it's giving it a place to start and then listening to it talk. It's like guiding an incredibly beautiful drunk girl down the street."

MOKE

bear, then I got an idea for the melody for the chorus part, one thing led to another and there it was... And Sunday Best did such a good job getting this thing out, I'm super-impressed with those guys."

Ageing film director tosses off electro in his shed?
Læt's be honest, it sounds like it should be shit. You wouldn't buy Michael Winner's stuff, would you? But in fact, the song, 'Good Day Today', is startlingly brilliant, a genuinely danceable TUNE that sounds like The Orb doing witch house. Lyrically, he wants a good day today, because it sounds like he went through a murky hell yesterday. Which, in a way, is true. "I find singing real

But I wouldn't cry if someone said it... rock n'roll was born out of feelings and the time—so they could be singing about Sailor, or Laura Palmer. That's a way to go

hat's as close as approval as you'll ever got from this notoriously clusive mystery man, who hates any deconstruction of his work. Maybe it's because the guy's life was changed by rock'n'roil. Talking about it, he brightens up even more. "My formative music was Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly, Roy Orbison, Chuck Berry, all the girl groups, and then the British Invasion.

KEEP IT SURREAL: DAVID LYNCH'S BEST SCREEN MOMENTS



'In Dreams' in Blue Velvet (1986)

Psychotic Frank Booth (Dennis Hopper) takes Jeffrey (Kyle MacLachlan) to see his pal Ben, who mimes Roy Orbison's 'In Dreams', A rapt, teary Frank suddenly loses it, declaring: "Let's fuck! I'll fuck anything that moves!"



Powermad in Wild At Heart (1990)

Sailor (Nicolas Cage) and Lula (Laura Dern) go to see speed-metal band Powermad play. But Sailor stops them short when someone chats up Lula and disses his snakeskin jacket. Sailor decks him, then sings Elvis' 'Love Me' to Lula.



Pink Room scene in *Twin Peaks:* Fire Walk With Me (1992)

...In which Laura Palmer (Sheryl Lee) goes to a club for some dark-side drugs and public sex. The music is relentless blues-metal, and the scene itself is the most realistic depiction of a nightclub ever – le you can't hear a word.



Bowie in Lost Highway (1997)

The opening credits of this noir nightmare see a road rush by to the industrial soundtrack of Bowle's 'I'm Deranged'. When it's reprised at the climax of the film, it sends electricity down into your recently cracked-open mind.





ere's a fun game to play with lo-fi types Yuck, should you ever find yourself in their company: try pinning a description on them - any description at all - and watch them pour scorn on it, as though you've just asked the dumbest question in history A few edited highlights from our agonisingly awkward encounter, conducted on a drizzly Monday afternoon on the steps of their east London rehearsal studio:

NME: Your debut album channels a lot of slacker-era alt.rock bands - Dinosaur Jr, Sonic Youth, Sebadoh. Does that period interest you?

Daniel Blumberg, vocals/guitar: "Not especially We weren't even born when some of those albums

Two of you used to be in Cajun Dance Party. Did that end badly?

Max Bloom, guitar: "It didn't end badly. (Gazing glumly at feet) It was a long time ago. It doesn't really have anything to do with Yuck.

You produced the album yourself, and recorded it mostly at Max's parents' house. That's unusual. Max: "No it isn't. Load of bands have done that." Are there any particular lyrical themes on the record?

Daniel: "(Long pause) No We only really care about melody

Some have said you're part of a movement - the return of the great British rock band. Is that how you sec it?

Daniel: "(Tumbleweed, a distant coyote howls) I hate that idea People in this country have such a ridiculous way of talking about music."

It's not that Yuck are rude (well, maybe they are a bit). They're just not willing to theorise about their music, or put it in any kind of context Perhaps they're just not used to interviews. They've only been together for a year after all. But their vagueness is frustrating, because there's a lively story to be told about how their further into her overcoat as the interview progre And then.. there's drummer Jonny Rogoft, a booming-voiced New Jersevite who resembles Seth Rogen crossed with Sideshow Bob crossed with an unruly leylandii (that mammoth afro? He grew it seven years ago while still at school because he hated having short hair).

But hell, if Yuck won't talk themselves up, we'll just have to do it for them, because music needs bands like Yuck right now.

The self-titled debut is crammed with plangent melodies, sighing boy-girl vocals, and lyrics about being a lovelorn indic layabout ("I'm so tired, I fall asleep when I speak to you" 'Georgia') Add to that the fact that they're total misfits - something massively refreshing when so many Sound Of 2011-type acts (James Blake, Jamie Woon et al) sound unbearably slick, as though they've been engineered in a lab with the Mercury Prize in mind Yuck's music will never be used as the soundbed on a BBC Newsnight segment. Profoundly uncommercial, badly dressed and heroically surly, they are proof that a certain kind of DIY indic is thriving.

he story of Yuck stretches back much further than their solitary year in action. Daniel and Max met when they were just four, at a synagogue in their native Finchley, north London. In 2005, aged 15, they formed Cajun Dance Party (Max was on bass back then), who made a minor stir as part of the Underage scene,

though by the time their Bernard Butlerproduced debut album, 'The Colourful Life', emerged in 2008, the buzz had fizzled out.

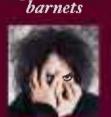
If Max and Daniel are unwilling to talk about that band, it's because they never really had

much creative inpur. In fact it wasn't until after CDP split that these childhood friends started writing songs together. The results were scuffed anthems such as 'Georgia' - far heavier, less tey than what they'd been doing previously. Realising they needed a live band to flesh their eight-track demos out, Daniel remembered a memorable encounter he'd had on holiday in Israel

"Jonny was spending a year working JOEY TEMPEST on this sort of socialist commune when I met him. He was running around in an Animal Collective T-shirt, making iced tea for everyone.

HAIR **WEGO**

Rock's biggest



ROBERT SMITH He's never asked for a short back and sides at the barbers, has he?



PHIL SPECTOR Appeared in court in 2007 looking like a withered dandelion



BILL KAULITZ Million-selling Germans Tokio Hotel have a singer with hair like Winehouse



Europe singer shares a hairdo with Ralph the piano-playing Muppet

We talked about music and got on really well. Our meeting only lasted for a few hours but it made a pretty big impression on me."

Such a big impression, in fact, that one year later Daniel and Max invited the mushroom bonced drummer to move from New Jersey to London to join Yuck. He was already in a band, Impossible

> Voyage, though since they were an emo-synth act in the Foter Shikari mould, he didn't hesitate to up sticks and start afresh in the UK.

Today the rest of the band talk about Jonny with enormous affection.

"He's a sexy man," atfirms Max. It's the only moment in the interview where the ice of social discomfort thaws I think I even see Daniel crack a smile, though he might have just been stifling a grimace.

With the line-up completed by Hiroshima born Mariko on bass, who they met through mutual London friends, Yuck signe I to Mississippi-based label Fat Possum, home of The Walkmen and Band Of Horses. The newly-minted foursome promptly played a string of shows with fellow guitar-slingers Egyptian Hip Hopthough they treat the notion that they ght be "kindred spirits" with predictable disdam. If there is a movement of like minded guitar bands, Yuck certainly don't want to

be part of it. "These things are outside of your control, so it's best not to think about them," says Max, looking like he'd rather be sawing his own arm off, 127 Hours style, than doing this here interview.

There's been a lot of talk about the death of rock. What do you make of that?

"It's just such a weird concept," sighs Daniel. "There are so many amazing bands, a constant flow..." At this point the penny drops. Daniel says "I see what you're trying to do. You're trying to get us to say something about the 'death of rock', and make that the headline." Would that be so bad? It's a talking

nt. I'm not trying to get you to admit to a war crime or anything. Daniel: "We're not going to do it. I just don't think we'd be the right ones to comment."

Sorry, readers. If there is an overarching manufesto behind Yuck's music, they're not giving it away. If you want to know what makes them so exciting... well, you'll just have to listen to the album In conclusion? Yuck: terrible interviewees. I ucking great band.

Watch a video interview at NME.COM/artists/yuck

"PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY HAVE SUCH A RIDICULOUS WAY OF TALKING ABOUT MUSIC" Daniel Blumberg

remarkable self-titled debut album came to be - if only they could be arsed to tell it.

Because 'Yuck' really is something special. For all their claims to the contrary, it harks back to a specific moment in the '90s when grunge shaded into sunshinepop. This was an era when vocals were barely audible, guitars were fuzzy, hair was lank – and bands dredged gleaming pearls of melody from the sludgiest of guitar drenched depths.

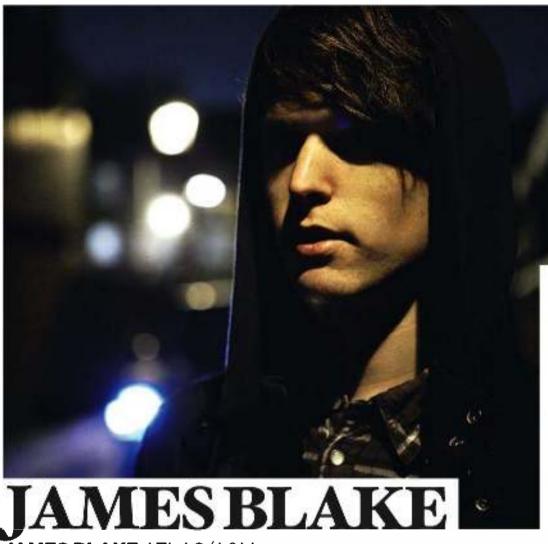
That spirit has been reborn in Yuck - four shambolic characters who look like they've stepped straight out of Richard Linklater's classic 1991 indie flick Slacker. There's Max, bony arms poking out of a shirt with sleeves three sizes too big. Daniel, whose long johns are visible through his shredded jeans. Mariko Doi, a silent and permanently shivering figure, who shrinks

5 February 2011 NME 33

REVIEW

THE STREETS, *BRIGHTON ROCK*

Edited by Emily Mackay



JAMES BLAKE ATLAS/A&M

The young wünderkind's production talents are not in doubt, but his songwriting might need a little more work



ven now, seasoned hypewatchers may feel entitled to ask: who the hell is James Blake? During the course of a whirlwind 18-month rise to fame, the 21-year-old producer has been branded dubstep ninja, Brit School pseud, emo pub singer and high priest of cerebral, modernist pop almost all in the same breath. The cocky bastard's been the new Joy Orbison, Burial and The xx (the latter of whom Blake says have been "keeping the seat warm" for him in terms of carving out space in the mainstream for a studiedly minimal aesthetic). Still, you have to hand it to him. The man is quite simply a mystery wrapped inside an enigma, wrapped inside a giant metaphysical Kinder Egg of befuddlement.

Perhaps key to all the fuss surrounding Blake is the speed and peculiar shape of his trajectory: from the fizzing, soultinged sounds of the 'CMYK' EP to 'Klavierwerke"s more abstracted dubstep template, and on, most shockingly of all, to that cover of Feist's 'Limit To Your Love', which unveiled him as a singer of ultra-pared down, neophyte soul and hinted heavily at the direction of his debut. It's a promise Blake

makes good on with opener 'Unluck', whose guttering, church-candle synthesizer and finger clicks underscore an Auto-Tuned vocal from our inscrutable charge. It's an effective opener whose effect is positively Spartan; like being plunged into a too-shallow bath, the small warmth generated serving to highlight how fucking cold you are.

'Wilhelms Scream' is the next single and probably the track ripest for Vic Reeves-style pub-singer parody here, with Blake essaying a sort of jazz-inflected soul that sounds like Paul Young given a hipster reboot. About halfway through, a spaceship seems to hove into earshot, sitting like a dead weight on the track's chest for the remainder, but the bland impression remains, like rings on the coffee table. 'I Never Learnt To Share' fares better; a modernist gospel in multi-tracked harmony: "My brother and my sister don't speak to me/But I don't blame them". Synths drone in purposely awkward fashion, then a kick-drum enters the mix and suddenly it all makes sense - as with so much minimalist art, the trick's in the framing here. Finally, the synths build to a screeching crescendo and rev like an electric car whose clutch plates haven't caught. It's an astonishing moment of chutzpah, and a cathartic blast on a record whose austerity often precludes them.

If the first three tracks roll out their unadorned blueprint over the shiny bones of a dubstep beat, then 'Lindisfarne I' and 'II' forgo all that. One can only assume Blake's gunning for a cameo on Kanye's new record here, such are the levels of sheer Bon Iver-ian tranquility on display-the first part's a cappella, Auto-Tuned vocal could easily be an outtake from Vernon's 'Blood Bank' EP, and when an acoustic guitar enters the fray in the second, the feeling's only intensified. Echoes of left field singer-songwriters abound, in fact: 'Why Don't You Call Me' sounds like a so-so Antony And The Johnsons homage, and 'Give Me My Month's melody unfolds with the fawn-like grace of a Dirty Projectors composition. Meanwhile 'Limit To Your Love', while doubtless overplayed, still has the power to steal breath with its two-chord, piano stabs.

But ultimately Blake isn't yet the singer-songwriter to pull this album off. The blazing production talent behind 'CMYK' and 'Air And Lack Thereof' is sadly absent at times, and the album generally works best where Blake is able to match his interest in traditional songwriting with a more textured approach, as with 'I Mind's downbeat funkyrhythm,

paired with a twisting hook that deploys Blake's smooth, choirboy vocals more as instrument than lyrical vehicle. But elsewhere Blake's silences don't weigh as heavy as he thinks they do, and 'James Blake' is too calculated an act of daring to really shine.

DOWNLOAD: 'I Mind', 'I Never Learnt To Share', 'Unluck'

Burial

BLAKE'S FIVE

Artists that helped

James Blake's sound

Reclusive genius whose dislocated soul sounds make their presence felt on Blake's output

Thexx

Pioneers of the new minimal aesthetic, the London trio instinctively do what Blake reaches for consciously

Darkstar

Perhaps not an influence, but the Hyperdub duo do credible, dubstepleaning pop

OutKast

A key source in shaping Blake's maverick talent as a producer

Joy Orbison

Post-dubstep poster boy whose 'Hyph Mngo' seven-inch broke big in 2009. Expect to hear more from him this year

THE STREETS

COMPUTERS AND BLUES 679

It's not up there with his early highs, but Mike Skinner's last hurrah bows out with a trademark brazen swagger



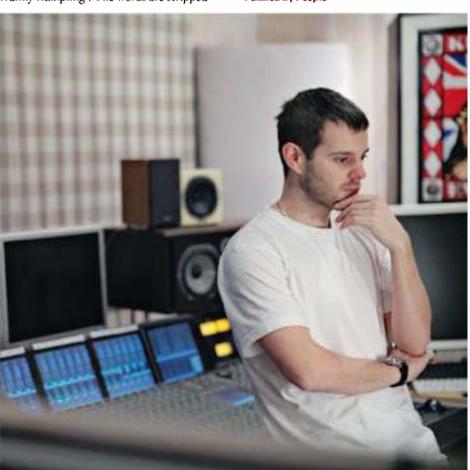
"I'm packing up my desk/ Put it into boxes/Knock out the lights/Lock the locks and leave/I'll leave one evening, and be seen off by a party for my parting in a bar", runs Lock The Locks', the

serene, bubbling house closer of 'the last Streets album', Such is the mood of Mike Skinner's resignation letter: relieved. With its pre-ambling three years of huffing, puffing and blowing his own - creative, possibly literal – house down, what else would you expect? Following two albums of voycuristic tabloid pranging and eventual bare-boned reflection, 'Computers And Blues' is an attempted update of Skinner's less troubled, coquettish early days. From its cover in, there's a knowing, bustling swagger to The Streets' finale, if only in its relishing of a quick dart for the exit.

'Going Through Hell' is as blatant a balls-out final lap siren as he can muster, with Robert Harvey (the gobby lad from The Music) leering like a drunken spectre. Overdriven slam beats - like a cidery '99 Problems' - wade in all brash and bolshy, with Skinner, in black, biblical verse, sneering to the heavens one last time. More often than not though, the beats are pulsing and cloudy, emerging from the hall of records he was first heard reciting: "Johnny Walker, Paul Oakenfold, Nicky Holloway, Danny Rampling". The words are strippedback and assured, exorcising the skittish wordy demons that haunted the emaciated white-suited figure of 'The Hardest Way To Make An Easy Living'.

'Puzzled By People' is as much anyone could have asked for, a return to his sweetest form; blustery live-jam rolls and dead-eyed divas hurtle from behind the shoulders of Sundaymorning choirs. There's a slow-oozing serotonin to 'lektro-throbbing 'Soldiers' and a narrative playfulness to 'OMG' and then Trying To Kill ME', recalling a hopeful, pre-comedown Mike. 'Trust Me' is strident NRG-charged disco that darts from dancefloor delinquency to quick-fire sloganeering in a truly vintage fashion. It lays bare Skinner's lyrical stance for his last hurrah, with titillating confessional patter giving way to a classier, hazier rumination. Undeniably it'll never be this incarnation that is recalled in 20-odd years' time when folk dissect The Streets. Most likely that'll be the leaner bark of the young chap from Brum that showed up out of thin-air and bulldozed the playing field of British urban-pop, twice. But topping those untouchable classics was never going to be easy. Still, it's nice to know that, true to form, if Skinner's shutting up shop, he's not mugging his punters off. Jaimie Hodgson

DOWNLOAD: 'Going Through Hell', 'Trust Me', 'Puzzled By People'







James Blake -'James Blake' We should be absolutely sick of seeing that adorable face by now but NAW, DON'T YOU JUST WANT TO PINCH HIS CHEEKS?

Worst sleeve of the week



Goose - 'Synrise' So very Pink Floyd-y it makes us want to scratch and wash off the scent of old man.

REVIEWED EXT

• PJ Harvey 'Let England Shake' Mogwai 'Hardcore Will Never Die, But You Will' Paul

GOOSE SYNRISE!K7



In which Goose, Belgium's unasked-for answer to Fischerspooner, return with eyeliner still intact, a half-snorted popper bottle dangling from their left

nostril and a rather worn VHS copy of Liquid Sky. Another attempt at raising the corpse of electroclash from its garish tomb is grim enough without continuing to mine the last of the DFA synths initially stolen for 2006 debut 'Bring It On'. Thus, finding little to update an already antiquated sound, their juddering electronics and barking vocals instead percolate 'Synrise' with all the majesty of an amphetamine-fuelled comedown, 'After' proving a particularly finger-gnawing experience. Electrotrash. Simon Jay Catling

DOWNLOAD: 'Synrise'

HANNAH PEEL THE BROKEN WAVE

STATIC CARAVAN



As if singing sweetly beguiling covers of the Cocteau Twins and New Order to the tinkle of an old music box wasn't swoonsome enough, Hannah Peel will

fair prick your heart here as she channels her fondness for This Mortal Coil, Philip Glass, Laura Veirs and cake through her Irish and Yorkshire folk schooling. Her clear, plaintive voice trickles stream-like around percussive clicks, brassy hooting, swooping strings and fluid riffs as she gives every song here a hopeful, faraway glint, all aided by Mike Lindsay of Tunng's soothing production work. Really, to pair such intimate melancholy with ambition like this is no small feat. Chris Parkin DOWNLOAD: 'Don't Kiss The Broken One'

JONNY

JONNY TURNSTILE



You'd expect a collaboration between Euros Childs, former lead singer of '90s Welsh psychers Gorky's Zygotic Mynci and Teenage Fanclub's Norman Blake to

be breezy and melodic, but this? This is just... weird. The likes of 'Wich Is Wich' and 'Waiting Around For You' are whimsical to the point of being torturous; both are like lost theme tunes to bad '80s sitcoms (another in the same vein is even called 'Bread'), or in the case of 'Cave Dance', from a club scene in The Flintstones. The last song 'Never Alone' is beautiful and sincere and better than anything on the last Fanclub album, but pretty much everything else here sounds like the work of way-too-old children's TV presenters. Hamish MacBain DOWNLOAD: 'Never Alone'

CUT COPY

ZONOSCOPE MODULAR



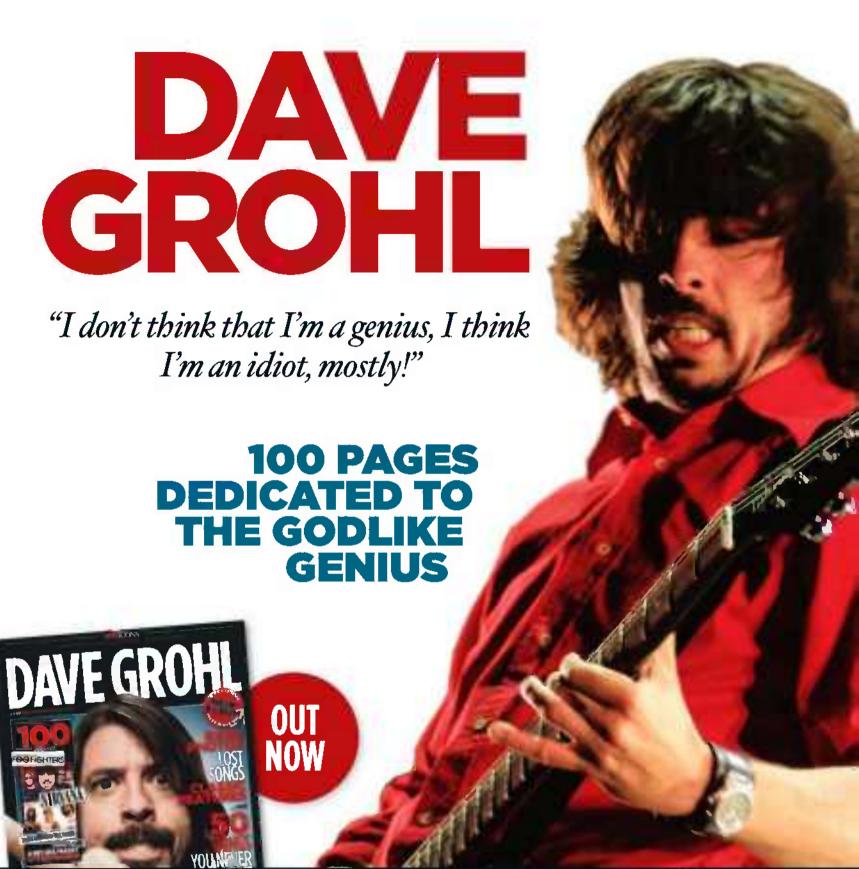
When Cut Copy's 'In Ghost Colours' exploded all over the blogs in a shower of synths and nods to the '80s, it still sounded fresh because - even three

years ago - their fusion of disco, rock and electronica hadn't been done to death. After the ubiquitous presence of '80s-indebted music last year, a follow-up with little stylistic deviation isn't a thrilling proposition: 'Take Me Over' steals a hook from fellow Australians Men At Work, adds "ooh-ooh" backing vocals and just about gets away with it. 'Where I'm Going' packs in a Kasabian-aping chorus, while expansive 15-minute closer 'Sun God' hints at what might have been - namely an excursion into less familiar territory. Rob Webb

DOWNLOAD: 'Sun God'







FROM NIRVANA TO FOO FIGHTERS TO THEM CROOKED VULTURES... BEYOND!

CLASSIC FEATURES - LOST TRACKS - RARE PHOTOS - PLUS EXCLUSIVE NEW ALBUM INTERVIEW







BRIGHTON ROCK OPTEMUM RELEASING

Sam 'Control' Riley can't save a movie remake that flippantly chucks away its menacing legacy



Despite its recent gentrification, Brighton is still a seedy place, with one of its two piers a sad ruin and stag and hen parties vomiting all the way to the station. But it

was an altogether more violent atmosphere that Graham Greene captured in his 1938 novel Brighton Rock, the tale of the seduction and near ruin of innocent young waitress Rose by Pinkie, a nihilistic young gangster determined to cover up his crimes and take over the turf of a rival gang.

Director Rowan Joffe's new Brighton Rock, starring Sam 'Control' Riley as Pinkie, is not the first cinematic version of the novelstarring a young Richard Attenborough, the 1947 adaptation is regarded as a classic of British film noir. Brighton Rock 2011, by contrast, is far too sweet. By updating the setting to the '60s, Joffe makes a mobs, mods'n'rockers caper that lacks the grit and tense brutality of either novel or post-war film. It means the setting is merely an excuse for the props department to indulge in nostalgia; bowl cuts and tailor-sharp suits abound, looking entirely out of place. Similarly, the context of the mods Vs rockers battles that terrified the south coast during the mid-'60s is a stylistic device alone. The overall feel is one of a Sunday night TV drama, slick and stylised, but lacking complexity and depth.

Pinkie's use of Catholic guilt to control Rose is almost excised, robbing Brighton Rock of Greene's themes of responsibility and morality so all that's left is a murder mystery. To cap it all, Joffe's decision to do away with the novel's bleak ending is unforgivable. Though it was watered down in 1947 thanks to post-war censorship, a 2011 audience could surely have handled Greene's bitter twist. And if it really was necessary to adapt Brighton Rock for a second time, setting it in the contemporary inner city with Pinkie's gang as a knife-wielding crew would have made for a braver film. Luke Turner

What's your favourite use of music in a movie? Vote at NME.COM/blogs

ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION A HISTORY OF NOW COOKING VINYL



ADF have always worn their political hearts on their sleeves. In the mid '90s their agitated bastardisation of punk rock, dub and ragga was a revelation

to apathetic indie kids more used to the dubious comforts of Hefner, thick jumpers and biscuits. Indeed the sound they pioneered is very much prevalent today. But losing integral and founding member Deeder Zaman in 2000 is a blow ADF have never recovered from. Their political passions may still have been fighting for dear life on 2003's 'Enemy Of The Enemy', but here that warring spirit is sadly lacking on all but the title track. Ash Dosanjh

DOWNLOAD: 'A History Of Now'

THE RADIO DEPT

PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE: SINGLES 2002-2010 LABRADOR



The Radio Dept were always doomed to cult adoration. Aside from slight film soundtrack fame, the Swedish indie-pop troupe have always been the

kind of band that touched a relative few but left a resounding impact. 'Passive Aggressive...' is testament to this. The likes of 'Pulling Our Weight"s hazy nostalgia or the lo-fi, electronic pulse of their cover of The Go-Betweens' 'Bachelor Kisses' are predecessors to the dreampop zeitgeist, providing a lineage to all our current new hopefuls. Like taking a trip back to the future. Lisa Wright

DOWNLOAD: 'Pulling Our Weight'

Rider

What we're reading, playing and watching...



Book It's Lovely To Be Here: The Touring Diaries Of A Scottish Gent. by James Yorkston The dry-enough-to-cut wit of melancholy modern folkist Yorkston, the man who put the 'dour' in troubadour, gets a welcome long-form outing.



Game Test Drive Unlimited 2

Check out the ventilators on that. Pure, unadulterated car porn, with a wealth of new makes and models to cruise down gorgeous sun-drenched motorways. Shotgun!



Film Never Let Me Go

Based on the novel by Japanese master of the philosophical surreal Kazuo Ishiguro, Mark Romanek's film stars Carey Mulligan and Keira Knightley in a dystopian tale of organ farming.



PJ HARVEY THE WORDS THAT MAKETH MURDER



I really like this song, its beat is reminiscent of old prison and slave work songs. Right away, she's got me because the line "I've seen soldiers fall

like lumps of meat" comes out so hesitant but playful. Soon horns come in, and the song really opens up when the male vocals and high, howling melody comes in. Creepy + Catchy = Perfect/ Awesome, Duh.

SUNDAY GIRL

STOP HEY POLYDOR



This has a pretty straightforward melody. While I listen I'm hoping the song will progress to a new part but then I'm fooled and it just goes into the

chorus again... I wish she wouldn't hold back her voice. There's a Bevoncé in there somewhere.

GRUFF RHYS

SENSATIONS IN THE DARK TURNSTILE



This starts off with an upbeat tempo and then comes in with guitar and vocals. It reminds me of Elvis Costello or General Public. His album, 'Hotel

Shampoo', has an interesting story behind it. Long story short, he built a hotel/gallery installation out of all of the free goodies he got from hotels on tour.

VISIONS OF TREES

SOMETIMES IT KILLS MOSHI MOSHI



'Sometimes It Kills' starts with a swarming synth that buzzes throughout the song. It reminds me of Slowdive the song has a lot of texture. Around

the last five seconds they start to mess with the LFO on the synth and it sounds awesome - but then the song ends... Womp.

I BLAME COCO

TURN YOUR BACK ON LOVE ISLAND The first thing that comes to mind is Van

Halen. Is that bad? I dunno, but that Prophet-5 synthesizer sounds good anyway. The song stays with the '80s

new-wave vibe the entire time with sprinkles of Latin percussion (which I'm not sure if I agree with). It's similar to the Sunday Girl song, only with much more punch and better production.

FENECH-SOLER DEMONS B-UNIQUE



This song is totally four to the floor all the way, and oddly seems like a club anthem that's not really intended for clubs. It's very safe. I think you've got to

keep changing sounds, or everything has the same vibe. This song doesn't change much - at most the drums fall out and then it's epic time again.



KING TUT'S WAH WAH HUT, GLASGOW THURSDAY, JANUARY 20

One of those proper Nights Out with Joseph Mount's ever-illuminating indie-poppers

itting at home before tonight's gig and revisiting 'Nights Out', Metronomy's 2008 breakthrough album (of sorts), a thought needled at our mind like an unpicked scab, an overgrown fingernail and a sudden, unremitting testicle itch all rolled into one: just how have this band managed to studiously avoid dirty great integritycompromising success for so long? Without wanting for talent or critical acclaim,

Metronomy continue to exist in a bubble of relative cultdom, a secret sadly too-well kept.

Their cause isn't helped by the difficulty people have in categorising what they do - not so long ago they were still being mis-sold as sonic detritus fallen from the tail of the new rave comet Nor have they been blessed with an especially compelling backstory; the 10 year gradient of their career, from Joseph Mount's teenage bedroom in Totnes to the present day, has been long, slow and gone largely unnoticed - even James Blunt can lay claim to

Beneath their rough edges and off-kilter quirks beats a heart of pure pop invention

having averted World War Three by the time he was out of his twenties.

But while their narrative isn't particularly exciting and their niche is hard to define, none of that trivial stuff does anything to affect Metronomy's status as one of the bands whose return we're most jazzed about in 2011 We're not alone, either, the level of goodwill directed their way tonight is both overpowering and strangely heartwarming, all the more so because, as a bashful Joseph Mount reminds us mid-set: "It's been an age since we've played in Glasgow, so it's nice to come back up this way and discover that there are still people here after all."

Such is the adoration showered upon them tonight, you suspect people would be here even if they'd had to wait five years instead

of the three it's taken Metronomy to follow 'Nights Out'. The band play a handful of songs from upcoming third album 'The English Riviera' tonight, and though their unfamiliarity is evident they're played rather more tentatively for one thing, and the crowd briefly cease their shape-throwing to listen closely for another - they showcase Mount's blossoming songwriting talents.

. The End Of You Too

 Thing For Me On Dancefloors

Some Written

• Radio Ladio

Love Underlined' starts off straightforwardly enough before squirming and wriggling in ever-weirder and more unpredictable directions, while 'She Wants' is a minimalist





Clockwise from left: Joe Mount and his amazing flashing tit; an accessory copled by Oscar; and both flashed on Gbenga

new-wave pop song underpinned by frantic, clastic jabs of Gbenga Adelekan's bass, arguably the most prominent element of Metronomy's new-look line-up. Of the new tracks, however, it is 'The Look', with its probing northern soul keyboard riff and grim lyrics about life on the rim of a small-town sinkhole ("You'll never get anything better than this/Cos you're always going in circles/And everybody thinks you're trauble") that stands out

trouble") that stands out as something really special, a kind of 'That's Entertainment' for the 21st century indietronica crowd. Generally speaking, there's a strong songwriterly vibe running through all of them - the lovelorn Some Written', in particular, is oddly reminiscent of Badly Drawn Boy. It's not quite "Daft Punk meets The Eagles" (their words, not ours), but you can kind of hear what they're getting at. With all this newness going on, however, it's good to know that a few constants remain. The pound-store push lights each member wears on their chest are one of them, and they're still as endearingly naff and unreliab le as ever - every time a band member moves

a cable seems to come loose

somewhere, and the self-assured sexual leer of 'Holiday' is contrasted starkly with the sight of Mount's light flickering madly away like a faulty electronic tit. Naturally, we wouldn't have it any other way.

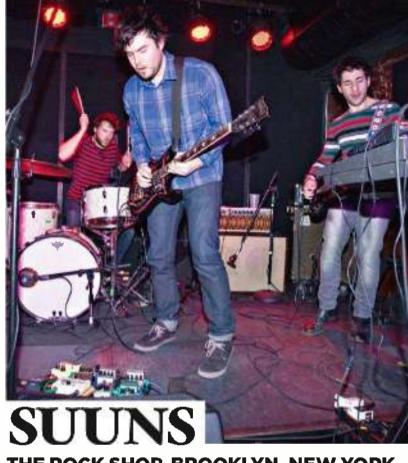
The old songs, too, have lost none of their sparkle with the passage of time, from 'Back On The Motorway''s quirkily English riff on Springsteeny autophilia – complete with honking, semi-ironic saxophone solo – to 'Heartbreaker''s symphonic, lo-fi pop perfection. Even the set's weirder moments, like the schizophrenic instrumentals that switch genre every 30 seconds, or the heavily vocodered 'What Do I Do Now?' are playful, mood-lightening diversions that refuse to be boring by virtue of sheer, bloody-minded strangeness.

Nor does Mount's reputation as indie's friendliest man appear in any imminent danger; after the band are brought swiftly back onstage by the audience's demand for "One more tune!", he cheerfully informs us that, "We never

take much persuading, and it's incredibly cold on the fire escape anyway... if you're very lucky you're actually going to get two more tunes, although if you've got a bus to catch and one is all you want, that's OK too." Bless his cotton socks.

'Radio Ladio's synth-pop bloopery really is the end of the show, however, and it climaxes with a full-throated audience singalong that underlines one final time just how in love this room is with Metronomy tonight.

It's well-earned love, too; this is a band frontloaded with ideas rather than finesse, but beneath their rough edges, off-kilter quirks and dodgy electrical accessories beats a heart of pure pop invention. And that's something worth celebrating. Barry Nicolson



THE ROCK SHOP, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK TUESDAY, JANUARY 25

Renamed and reinvigorated, the Canadian math-rockers hit hard. The cymbals get it

erhaps having to change their name was the best thing that could have happened to Suuns. Previously known as Zeroes until renaming themselves in the middle of last year, these four Canadians have been all-butanonymous ever since with very little hype or following outside of their native Montreal. Subsequently, they've crept up and sent a rocket up the indie world's collective jacksie in the shape of their debut 'Zeroes QC' - one of the most unexpectedly superb albums of the year so far. Suffice to say that those who slept on Suuns (pronounced 'Soons') are being given a pretty rude awakening right about now.

But just because they've come out of nowhere doesn't mean they're chancers. Suuns' status as unknowns belies the fact that these guys have obviously invested time and effort into shaping their sound – and it makes their live show hugely impressive. Although their math-rock tendencies seem cold and off-putting at first, there's no doubt that they have a firmer grip on the concept of a tune than many of their contemporaries. 'Up Past The Nursery' and 'Skyscraper', for example, have the kind of offbeat and sinister melodies that Clinic have based their career

around, while 'Arena' develops their krautrock affinities to a surprisingly danceable level.

But Suuns also have a knack of combining their musical intricacies with simple brute force and it's when these two factors combine that they undoubtedly excite the most. Album highlight 'Gaze' in particular is jammed out into a pulverising finale that harps back to the Neanderthal spirit of Seattle's sludge-rock scene. Its overwhelming power is hammered home by drummer Liam O'Neill who hits his kit so hard that his cymbals end up hurtling across the stage. Similarly, 'Sweet Nothing' is also given an extra dose of power and ends up sounding like Neu! if they'd been made up of hulking, 16-stone bodybuilders instead of skinny, weed-smoking weaklings.

Tonight's 40-minute set might not seem especially generous but by the time they're done for the night, Suuns leave everyone feeling as though they've been roundfy roughed up. It's an invigorating sensation. They might not be the kind of band to spout quotes like gobby urchins or take pride in having the same '50s throwback hair but if you prefer physical thrills over smirks and style, then Suuns will be the band you end up going back to again and again during 2011. Hardeep Phull

VIEW. FROM THE CROWD



Amelia, 28, Glasgow

Is it good to have Metronomy back? "Yeah, they're always a fun band to watch live." Did you like the new material? "It was OK, there were songs that stood out, but there may be better ones on the album."



ANNA CALVI

HOXTON HALL, LONDON THURSDAY, JANUARY 27

Live and stripped down, this newcomer's dark-hearted lullabies are even more bequiling

 v_{iew}

Yeye, London

"The venue's

amazing and the

sound was great;

'Desire' is one of my

favourites. I heard

about her about six

months ago, but it's

amazing how she

got famous

so quickly. 4

ROM THE

ROWD

Of all the people currently making waves in this year's buzz picks, Anna Calvi is surely the one that stands out. She's unlikely to ever fully cross into the mainstream and do a Kings Of Leon

(unlike Mona, who are clearly trying desperately with every whiskey-soaked fibre of their Southern souls to do exactly that). Too dark for the casual listener but too polished for the passing hipster, Calvi's is a sound that ticks almost precisely no boxes in terms of commercialism or roughhewn credibility. That the diminutive figure clad in scarlet who greets us tonight has, however, entirely bypassed all of these points and blazed a path straight to the top of the hype machine is by merit of sheer, unnerving talent alone.

From the opening, chilling guitar instrumental, every rave

review is justified. We're more than happy to add another to the collection. The singer makes for a terrifyingly entrancing prospect; backed only by a drummer and multi-instrumentalist, Calvi's impassioned howls and

in their sultry menace. This is a woman who would lure you out to sea and watch you drown.

With the production stripped away

and the singer able to revel in the dim spotlights, the likes of 'No More Words' are more darkly seductive than even their recorded counterparts would suggest. 'Blackout' kicks into the kind of theatrical chorus that's built for soundtracking moments of righteous escapism, 'Suzanne And I' is like Esben And The Witch fronted by PJ Harvey (ie, black-heartedly brilliant) and by the time we reach the soaring crescendo of Love Won't Be Leaving' it's as though all our conscious thought has been replaced by one transcendent state

The crowd tonight are an unlikely bunch - at least half are over 40 - but that in itself

aggressive fretwork are almost unholy

of hypnotic, brooding bliss.

speaks volumes. Yes, Anna

Calvi may have found herself suddenly thrust into the limelight but to label her merely a buzz act would be a startling oversight. When you're this good, you see, normal rules need not apply. Lisa Wright

 G_{IG} Мочтн What the punters thought

"Testify!" - A crowd member gets a bit carried away while Wanda Jackson does some God-bothering during her Brooklyn show with Jack White and the Third Man Rand

SPOTTED!

Rose Elinor Dougall. Ty New Young Pony Club. Factory Floor and Pulp's Mark Webber at Anika's gig at north **London's Lexington**

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Metronomy

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Jägermeister and Red Bull Sunday - gin and tonic, orange and grapefruit juice

- 4 x National Lottery scratchcards
- 4 x local postcards • 4 x first class stamps
- 2 x Biros Copies of today's Guardian
- Financial Times
- 3 x pairs of men's socks, and 1 x pair of women's socks

KRISTIN HERSH

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE, LONDON MONDAY JANUARY 24 hen Kristin Hersh sings 'Your Ghost' she pins you to your seat. Her head bobs from side to side like

a cobra hypnotising a raccoon which is about to be fatally bitten. Strange voices and strangled yells bubble up from within her, as if she's a conduit for an unseen subconscious world. She has lost none of the power she had as frontwoman of Throwing Muses; in fact it's clear she's gained more. In 1987, they were the worldly and manic big sisters to the Pixies but would never have quite the same bone-rattling success, despite the fact that in Kristin Hersh they had not only the superior songwriter but probably one of the best of her generation. Tonight, some of the pure intensity of her lyricism can be traced back to 1985, when she was not only diagnosed with manic depression (an illness that would see her spend a traumatic period in a psychiatric hospital) but found out she was pregnant. This forms the autobiographical spine of her recent book Paradoxical Undressing and the basis of her current tour. She alternates between reading a passage from the book and then singing the song from her career that refers to the incident. When she reads about squatting in a dead guy's flat with the horribly melted, aquatic-looking crucifix and then sings 'Fish' ("I have a fish nailed to a cross on my apartment wall"), the scales fall from your eyes, and you can only pray she has many more books (and albums) left in her. John Doran

THE WALKMEN

02 ACADEMY OXFORD SATURDAY JANUARY 22

amilton Leithauser's band have been chipping away at the coalface for five albums now - but given the airtime, they could loom just as large as The National. In fact, The Walkmen are something like that band's down-home cousins: dog-eared and dissolute, but full of hope and

O, customers can get Priority Tickets to O. Academy Oxford up to 48 hours before general release lost register at o2 co.pk/priority her Ericing Distances going they migrore. This exp

vengeance. The prettier moments from "Lisbon" and "You & Me' twinkle with lovelorn beauty but, as usual, it's the heavier songs like 'Victory' and 'The Rat' that pinch us awake to their brilliance. Tonight the band thump and roil with all the passion required to be one of America's finest. **Chris Parkin**

UNION CHAPEL, LONDON TUESDAY, JANUARY 25

n the day that Obama's State Of The Union address thrust a wave of optimism across the Atlantic, only to be met with a cold shower of statistics threatening a double-dip recession on these shores, the eddies of economic uncertainty could have no more fitting siren than Anais Mitchell. Her masterly 'Hadestown' recast the Greek myth of Orpheus in Depression-era America, a parable for 'these tough times' (© advertising copywriters everywhere) and no mistake. The recording cast (including Bon Iver's Justin Vernon and Ani DiFranco) are understudied tonight by an array of UK folk's finest. Jim Moray is perhaps a little too histrionic in tone at times to fill Vernon's ghostly place as Orpheus; folk figurehead Martin Carthy, though, is inspired as Hades, deliciously English and casual as a Fagin-ish lord of hell, and Thea Glimore makes a full-throated and saucy Persephone on 'Our Lady Of The Underworld'. You can't help but picture a full dress production in your head... Eurydice's pathetic plea for forgiveness as she sells herself to sin, "Orpheus I'm hungry - it's my gut I can't ignore" hangs heavy, but musically, tonight has a gorgeous lightness of touch. Mitchell, all fluffy Ladyhawke hair and cowboy boots, beams at the Fates as they chorus, "You can have your principle when you've got your belly full". Words to remember once those food prices go up... Emily Mackay

HERCULES AND LOVE AFFAIR

HEAVEN, LONDON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19

Flitting between heartbreak and cabaret, Andy Butler leaves the party tired and emotional

It's fitting that Hercules And Love Affair's new album is called 'Blue Songs', as that's the colour NME's face quickly turns tonight as we enter Heaven to the thick, sickly smell of poppers. More than that, though, it's fitting because it's a title that perfectly articulates the band's new songs. If H&LA's 2008 self-titled debut was a love letter to classic disco, then their follow-up is that letter being returned in the mail - but with a tear-stained

striding through sadness; postmodern post-punk song 'Step Up' sees guest Kele Okereke turn in perhaps his most anguished vocal ever.

This shift in emotional tone often finds the band struggle to adapt to the mood their new songs create. Between songs, mainman and DJ Andy Butler can quip all he wants about fisting, but when it follows, 'Answers Come In Dreams' still sounds like he's tearing his heart out, putting it in a bottle and

lobbing it in the sea. In fact, throughout the set, there's a commitment from Butler and the three vocalists out front to perform

that beneath the smiles and show, Hercules are hurting

Moments like 'Blind' suggest

note attached saying, "I'm sorry, but I've met someone else...*

There are plenty of moments tonight where the band do revisit their roots; 'You Belong' still sounds like a great lost Chicago disco cut, 'Raise Me Up' throbs likes someone's hooked up the speakers to the pulmonary vein, while new album anomaly 'My House' is a twitchy pop take on electro-house. But while many of 'Blue Songs" most sorrow-filled numbers aren't aired tonight, it's the new songs that are played that do most to inform the mood of the evening. Electronic torch song 'Painted Eyes' spends its running time

the songs with enthusiasm. It jars when Butler comes from behind his decks to perform a strange Cossack dance during 'Step Up', it replaces grace and emotion with cabaret.

Yet the group weight one of their oldest songs, 'Blind', just right, the three singers - Kim Ann Foxman, Aerea Negrot and Shaun Wright coordinating their vocals to line its soul with pain. Behind his decks Butler looks pained, his downturned face playing every note of the song. It's moments like this that suggest, beneath the smiles and the show, Hercules are hurting. James McMahon





THE LEXINGTON, LONDON

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25

Fighting for memory in a world that sells nostalgia, George Lewis Jr is a warrior of song

VIEW, ROM THE

CROWD

David Per Christian

Rae, London

"The album is a real

grower. It didn't

grab me at first but

now I think it is

a classic. Tonight the

gig was so full that

I couldn't actually

'Forget', the debut album by George Lewis Jr, aka Twin Shadow, is a meditation on memory. Part Keatsian

romanticism, part Stevie Nicks, Johnny Marr, Journey, Prince and Van Halen, Lewis' output is often grouped with 'hypnagogic pop', a term coined by The Wire's David Keenan in 2009 to describe bedroom artists whose dreamstate work reimagines the past through a hazy filter of '80s culture.

This, of course, is ignorant of the fact that Lewis is also a pop traditionalist. Tonight, as he walks on in braces, blue collar, white denim, and Bollywood undercut, he's joined by a backing group rather than an Apple Mac. It does not, however, reduce his searching to pure nostalgia. If anything, the question he

and his peers in the genre are asking is whether a real grasp on the past is even possible: what, in a world flooded with information, does 'memory' mean when our history - both personal and shared - is constantly being formed, reformed and sold back to us by the interests of filthy lucre?

Lewis' answer arrives in a variety of bleak forms. Tracks such as 'Slow ("I don't wanna be/Believe/In love") and 'Tyrant Destroyed' ("Love is always such a tyrant/Destroyer/As you sat sinking in my bead") play upon the notion of the

degradation of romance in a world that precludes sentimentality. Finally, it is with the album's title track as encore

that Twin Shadow's overarching project reaches its fullest, in thrall to 'November Rain' guitar solo melancholy, while Lewis, caught in a loop, laments, "They'll give us something/They'll give us so much to forget".

Of course, he's right, perhaps in more ways than he knows. There are now more billionaires than at any other point in history, while even more people live in comparable abject poverty. The age we're living in is undergoing monumental transition, fundamental to which is the notion of memory being

kept beyond reach so that identities (political, social, psychological) remain forever malleable to those who control power. On a table in the bar downstairs after the gig's finished, a discarded copy of The New York Times proudly declares that 'Speed Is Money As Cyber Muscle Overruns Markets'. It's by slowing down that 'speed', that incessant turnover, that artists such as Twin Shadow operate, retrieving histories, reclaiming identities and showing us that the world is ours if we want it

to be. Huw Nesbitt



On The ROAD WITH MILES KANE

Demanding the NME cover and stating these are the best gigs he's ever played, the Last Shadow Puppet is working hard to convince the sold-out crowds

BRUD<mark>ENELL</mark> SOCIAL CLUB, LEEDS FRIDAY, JANUARY 22

Before we even get to ask tonight's cheeky Wirralian host - who is draped in gold jewellery - a quick "How are you?", he's the one asking us all the questions. We're in Miles Kane's dressing room, a place which, since he walked in 90 seconds ago, is bursting with excitable energy. "When are we getting the cover?" he asks NME, straight-faced, because he's definitely not being sarcastic. "That's what we want; I made an album that deserves the cover^(*) Thing is, we're not allowed to hear the entire album yet, so we can't comment on the validity of these claims, but the four-track sampler is promising; a perfect blend of pop purity and the kind of knicker-teasing, sexy rock'n'roll that if this

have your father panicking. Miles is warm and giggly, and he has a way of conveying things out loud that should come across like a flood of over-confidence, but charms when delivered with the face of an inquisitive puppy. Since he picked up a guitar for his first band The Little Flames, which included his mates Joe Edwards and Greg Mighall, he's always had a distinctive style. He later formed The Rascals with Greg and Joe, a band where Miles' credibility as a songwriter of psychedelic, disjointed indie was noted by Arctic Monkeys' frontman Alex Turner. The pair forged an immediate bond while touring and became songwriting partners, birthing ongoing side-project The Last Shadow Puppets. Fast forward a couple of years to 2011 Yorkshire, and Miles'

was four decades ago, would

solo career is gearing up to explode. "The Rascais was mad in a way; fast and slow, all over the place. But I really want people to dance to this album, that was a decision I made before I even wrote it." In between dancing to soul classics with his backing band, whom he calls "mates,

FROM THE

Denny, security guard, Leeds

Did you enjoy the gig?

"It was a beauty! If he isn't big this year, then God help everyone else. He's Merseyside's hope for new music, I'm quite blown away." What was your favourite song? "'My Fantasy', it was quality rock'n'roll." **Describe Miles'** style in three words... "Fucking vintagely

brilliant."

shots of whiskey for everyone but himself. "I'm so made-up it's sold out tonight, that's how it should be. I'm fucking itching to go, so I'm not drinking. I don't want to make mistakes because I got twatted; I want people to go away knowing I'm good." It's not the backstage debauchery we've become accustomed to, but the man has got a point. "A lot of people who come to my gigs are here 'cos of the Puppets. They don't even know The Rascals and

not session musicians", and

strumming on his beloved

Gibson, he pours large

think I'm just Alex Turner's best mate. Alloves my new stuff, but why ever people want to check it out, I know the fucking score: I've worked

Miles dresses like a model, and has a gob full of slightly crooked teeth and Scouse charisma that lets you

know he's here to talk music, play music and prove that he makes good music. An hour later, he commands the stage. 'Rearrange', a track which he describes as "a boss pop song that should be Number fucking One", is the sort of a dreamy classic that wouldn't sound out of place oozing from 007's boudoir. 'My Fantasy' (which Noel Gallagher sings on for the album) and its trademark, swooning Kane strings creates something of a fever. Post-gig, he's like a tornado, working the room of supporters with both grace and charm. He kisses every girl he meets on the cheek. Sometimes he

London's Camden is a setting where green-haired industrial goths and rockabilly rebels won't turn heads, but Miles Kane somehow does. Sipping black coffee in leather driving gloves, he looks like he could have just fallen off the back of a Vespa in 1966.

Except, he wouldn't actually have fallen; he'd have burnt rubber within an inch of your stiletto, parked effortlessly in an impossible space and strolled into the nearest espresso bar with perfect hair. It's not just the likes of T Rex, David Bowie and John Lennon (today he's rocking some specially-made, Lennon replica prescription glasses) that have had a significant effect on the Wirral-born artist, but cinema has also impacted on his sense of style. "I fucking love Al Pacino. Mean Streets is my favourite film ever though. De Niro, Scorsese, love it! That's what I wanted the video for 'Come Closer' to look like.'

Though image is important, he says, it's all natural. "I'm just me, I don't know how to explain it, but if you just be yourself and do your own thing, then you do stand out, just for being you. Otherwise, trying to be someone else... you'll get lost in that." Happily chatting at the Barfly between nibbling chocolate, he's confident but never arrogant, and if you pay attention, he's just not egotistical, but simply in love with his music. "I need to be on the cover of my album, I've got to be. And I want to be," he laughs. "It needs to be cool as fuck. But really, I'll just let the music do the talking."

And talk it does; tonight's gig produces stage invasions and dancing that makes the floor shake. He's in his absolute element, holding his guitar like it's the love of his life. 'Come Closer' sounds massive, as does 'Telepathy' - a song about your mates "getting you" – and its vintage formula of swinging harmonies seems to win London over. Miles' cartoon-big eyes still haven't settled down when we meet afterwards. "That was the best fucking gig I've ever done!" he declares. "What an end, but really, what a beginning; this is the start of things to come."

As we leave him to finally pour his own whiskey, he drags on a cigarette, flashing gold-decorated fingers, "This is what I do, this is what I live for. And you know what? This is what I'll die doing," he smirks.

Looks like Liverpool has a selfappointed new musical Don. Suppose it's just as well then, that this fella plays rock'n'roll like there was never any other option in the world. Kelly Murray





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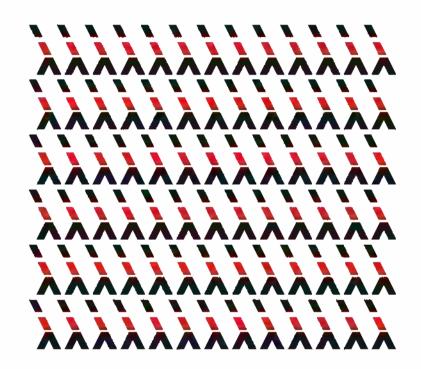
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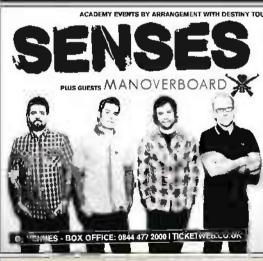












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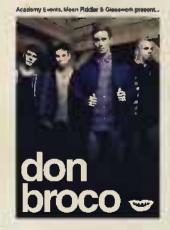
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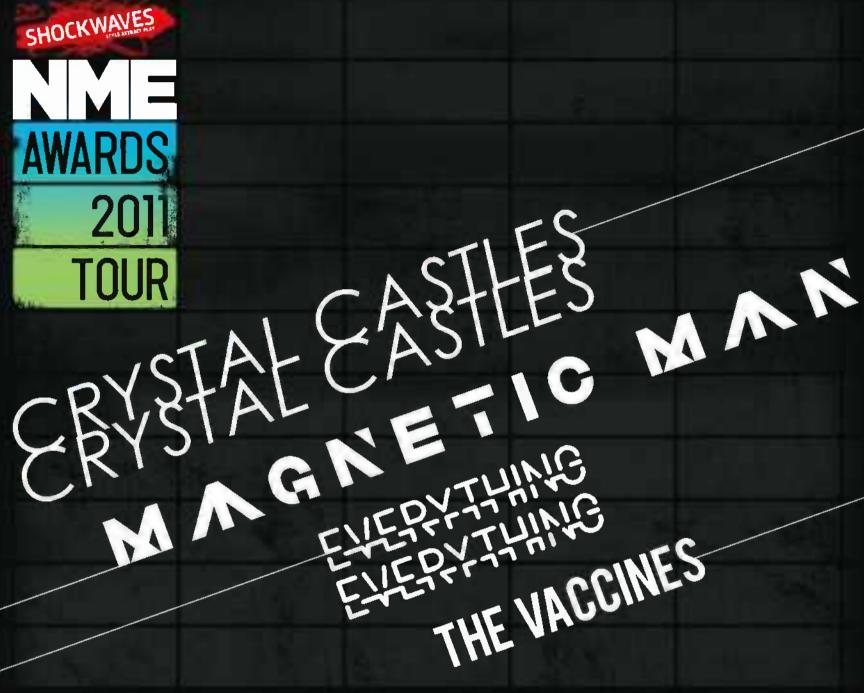








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BAND Aid

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



WE MISS OUR MUMS!

We are an American band who relocated to London and two of our band are suffering homesickness. Can you offer them any words of solace?

Feeling Their Pain, Camden

When I first relocated to London, I suffered terribly from homesickness. Well, homesickness coupled with the fact that no music magazine was willing to pay me after what became known as 'The Melody Maker Foyer Poo-Slinging Incident' in industry circles. The thing to do when you're in an unfamiliar city is, just imagine everybody you see walking around you, naked. It won't stop the homesickness but it is certainly distracting for a while. Uncle Pete

A CHANGE OF TACK?

Can you give us any examples of bands who have experienced considerable success after pursuing an entirely new direction? Our guitarist wants to give it a go and we think he may be mad.

Not So Sure, Manchester

Off the top of my head, I actually can't. And, having dug around on the internet, I still can't, which means that your question has baffled me and cost me money too. But then, actually doing research into an article means that I too have attempted a change in career direction – normally I make it up while drunk – and failed. So if you wish to use me as your guidestick, then by God man, don't do it. Uncle Pete

ROCK DJ?

Our singer insists that our hard rock band would be bolstered by a scratch DJ. We think he's mental. Can you solve this band argument for us? Not Itching To Scratch, Swansea

My advice is usually simple: fire them and burn their image from all your promo photographs. BLIT, in this case, your singer has a point to answer – after all, one of the most successful bands of the modern era, Limp Bizkit, enjoyed greater stardom when they got a DJ in. Of course, the counter-argument is that they were literally the worst band of all time. Swings and roundabouts, really. 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

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GIG GUIDE

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BOOKING NOW



END OF THE ROAD FESTIVAL

STARTS: Larmer Tree Gardens, Dorset, September 2

DON'T MISS

When every man and his dog are hosting a festival in their back garden these days, it's the ones that go above and beyond offering overpriced pints and slimy burgers that really stand out. Back in 2005, friends Simon and Sofia joked about trying to create the perfect festival, and put on a small shindig in Dorset's Larmer Tree Gardens full of brilliant bands, robust ciders and hearty grub. Six years later, and that joke has grown into a charming, exquisitely thought-out weekender. The latest crop of bands atop its handsome 2011 bonce comprises trumpeting lovelies Beirut, the charming Gruff Rhys (pictured), James Yorkston and Joan As Police Woman. They join The Fall, Midlake (among others) and a whole host of peacocks for this near-perfect woodland festival. NME.COM/festivals



HISS GOLDEN MESSENGER

London Slaughtered Lamb, Feb 9

Rough-hewn, close-sung folky blues from a guy who won't tell you his real name. NME.COM/artists/ hiss-golden-messenger



PETER BJORN MHOL &

STARTS: London Lexington, Feb 23

We say: don't even think about whistling that song at this gig... NME.COM/artists/ peter-bjorn-and-john



BENJAMIN FRANCIS LEFTWICH

STARTS: Leeds Brudenell Social Club, Feb 23

Brit-folk's pretty new voice. NME.COM/artists/ benjamin-francis-leftwich



GLASVEGAS STARTS: Edinburgh

Liquid Rooms, March 1 The Scottish noiseniks' new album title might not be quite as barmy as '////Y/', but it's still nuts. NME.COM/artists/



AIDAN MOFFAT & MALCOLM **MIDDLETON**

STARTS: Nottingham Rescue Rooms, March 4 Arab Strap reunite! Kinda. Requests for old AS songs will be met with "a slap". NME.COM/artists/ aldan-moffat



CAT'S EYES

STARTS: Manchester St. Philips, March 14

Faris Badwan and Rachel Zeffira take their cardinally approved new band on a dainty tour of elegant old buildings.

NME.COM/artists/ cats-eves



ANNA CALVI

STARTS: London Bush Hall, March 26

This sensual dame may be diminutive in stature, but it's not stopped her filling out two nights at London's Bush Hall.

NME.COM/artists/ anna-calvi



THE KILLS STARTS: London

glasvegas

Heaven, March 31

Taking a break from being huge in Europe, Alison and Jamie return to home soil with fourth record, 'Blood Pressures'. NME.COM/artists/ the-kills



JOSH T PEARSON

STARTS: London Union Chapel, May 11

The former Lift To Experience man heads out alone to promote his debut solo record. NME.COM/artists/

josh-t-pearson



PLAN B

STARTS: Majorca Rocks, May 31

Kicking off the bastion of sophisticated, restrained celebration that is Ibiza Rocks: Mr Ben Drew. NME.COM/artists/ plan-b



KINGS OF LEON

STARTS: The O2. London, June 20

If something's "on fire", it's pretty sexy. Unless it's a tourbus, forcing you to reschedule gigs. Like this! NME.COM/artists/ kings-of-leon



SONISPHERE

STARTS: Knebworth Park, July 8

Motörhead, Mastodon, In Flames and Parkway Drive join the travelling rawk circus that is this legendary festival. NME.COM/festivals



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PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



SHOCKWAVES NME AWARDS TOUR/SHOWS 2011

STARTS: Various venues, from Feb 2

NME PICK Last week Metronomy were the first to set off on the road to the Shockwaves NME Awards, taking place at the O2 Academy Brixton on February 23. And this week, they're heading out in droves. First up with Shockwaves NME Awards Shows are twee champs Los Campesinos! (above), the halcyon-tinged Summer Camp and LA's Grouplove at the O2 Shepherds Bush Empire on February 2. That same day will see Gang Of Tour play London's Heaven with John & Jehn, then the next day, dark royalty The Duke Spirit will grace Heaven too with help from Big Deal and Tape The Radio. At the O2 Academy Glasgow that same day, Crystal Castles, Magnetic Man, Everything Everything and The Vaccines kick off the Shockwaves NME Awards Tour. It's going to be a brilliantly unpredictable month; no sleep 'til Brixton. NME.COM/awards



Everyone's Talking About THE JOY **FORMIDABLE**

STARTS: Bristol Thekla. Feb 2

You can count on TJF to blow away any remaining New Year cobwebs. Their debut 'The Big Roar' is a beast that delivers hefty thwacks to the heart, already far too powerful to be contained in venues this small.

NME.COM/artists/ the-joy-formidable



Don't Miss **BRIGHT EYES**

STARTS: Glasgow Oran Mor, Feb 8

Conor Oberst's musical identity has billowed and blossomed over the past decade. But no matter what name he releases his albums under, the same heartfelt, poignant sentiment remains. Here he is back to business as Bright Eyes for a rare, intimate outing. NME.COM/artists/ bright-eves



Radar Stars TRIBES

STARTS: Oxford Cellar, Feb 5

Hail from Camden they might, but don't go expecting Tribes to start draping themselves in Union Jacks. Theirs is a different brew, tied to psychological topography -teenage touchstones of Pixies, Pavement and The Lemonheads - rather than the distance between The Lock Tavern and The Hawley Arms. NME.COM/artists/tribes

WEDNESDAY

February 2

LightGuides/Duke/Still Searching

BELFAST

Fighting With Wire Stiff Kitten 028 90238700

BIRMINGHAM

A Day To Remember 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Bravery 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 Lauren Pritchard Glee Club

0870 241 5093 Megson Red Lion 0121 444 7258 Sick Puppies 02 Academy 3

0870 771 2000 RDIGHTON

Like Trains/Napoleon IIIrd/ Monsters Build Mean Robots

The Hope 01273 723 568 Birdengine/Minus A+M

Prince Albert 01273 730499 Hurts/Clare Maguire/Saint Savious

Dome 01273 709709 Joan As Police Woman Komedia 01273 647100

Tin Cup Collective Mashtun 01273 684 951

BRISTOL Jimmy Webb St George's Hall

0117 923 0359 Jim Noir The Cooler 0117 945 0999

The Joy Formidable/The Chapman Family Thekla 08713100000 Smoke Fairies Fleere 0117 945 0996 Zen Death Squad/Baba Yaga Start

The Bus 0117 930 4370

CARDIFF

Colin Blunstone The Globe 07738 983947

Twin Atlantic/Straight Lines/Town Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

Brazenhead/Black Pearl/Crash Mansion Barhouse 01245 356811

COVENTRY

The Waterboys Arts Centre 0871 230 1094

EXETER

Grinspoon Cavern Club 01392 495370 Roddy Woomble Phoenix 01392 667080

GLASGOW

Diagram Of The Heart/Dead Robots King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 Pro Vinylist Karim School Of Art

Spear Of Destiny/The Red Eyes Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871

Toy Fires/So Many Animal Calls/ Lonely Boy Buff Club 0141 248 1777

CW Stoneking/Brownbird Rudy Relic Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866 Little Comets/The Big Sleep Cockpd 0113 244 3446

The Woven Project/Broken Ground/ Me And My Friends Milo 0113 245 7101 LIVERPOOL

Teddy Thompson/David Ford Masque 0151 707 6171

LON Alex Clare The Drop 020 7241 5511 Attack Attack! Garage 020 7607 1818 Azure Ray Borderline 020 7734 5547

Dom Coyote/Geva Alon/Stephen Jun Slaughtered £amb 020 8682 4080 Freelance Whales/Broken Records XOYO 020 7729 5959

Shockwaves NME Awards Show Gang Of Four/John & Jehn Heaven

020 7930 2020 Inch-Time/Icarus/AM/PM Cafe Oto

0871 230 1094 Japan Underground Bloomsbury

Bowling Lanes 020 7691 2610 John Blek & The Rats/Matt Woosey And The Strange Rain/Ben Deignan Old Oueen's Head 020 7354 9993

Kotki Dwa Buli & Gate 020 7485 5358 Shoclowaves NME Awards Show

Los Campesinos!/Summer Camp/ Grouplove O2 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000 I

Lulu & The Lampshades The Lexington 020 7837 5387

The Ocean Between Us New Cross

Inn 020 8692 1866 The Oz/Colin Devaney/Go Panda Go

Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Richard Thompson Royal Festival Hall 020 7960 4242 Rogue States Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412

The Slummers Windmill 020 8671 0700

Sty & The Family Drone/Lost Harhours/Kostoglotov Good Shin

020 7372 2544 Timeless! HMV Hammersmith Apollo

0870 606 3400 Tom Figgins/Ben Estherby Hope

& Anchor 020 7354 1312 Usher The OZ Arena 0870 701 4444

Vanessa Paradis KOKO

020 7388 3222 The View Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Wire Scala 020 7833 2022

MANCHESTED

Angels & Airwaves/The Neon Trees Academy 0161 832 1111

Periphery/Tesseract Academy 3 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE Soviet Disco/Blowout Rodeo/ Forever Living Dead Trillians 0191 232 1619

NOTTINGHAM

Roxy Music Arena 0115 948 4526

OXFORD Mans And Atlases Jericho Taverri

01865 311775

PORTSMOUTH

Murderdolls/Black Vell Brides/The **Defiled Pyramids 023 9235 8608** Steve Knightley Cellars

0871 230 1094 WINCHESTER

Reventure Railway Inn 01962 867795 WOLVERHAMPTON

Pete Kent/David Potter Robin 2 01902 497860

YORK

Junip The Duchess 01904 641 413



THURSDAY

February 3



AREDDEEN

Paul Weller AECC 0870 169 0100 BATH

I Like Trains/Napoleon Hird/ Parrington Jackson Moles 01225 404445

RELEAST

Junio Auntie Annie's 028 9050 1660

BIRMINGHAM

Angels & Airwaves 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Devil Sold His Soul HMV Institute 0844 248 5037

Japan Underground The Victoria

0121 633 9439

The Joy Formidable/The Chapman Family O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON

Johnny Ballroom 0207 283 1940 Poor Little Pierrette/Rares/Little Signals Prince Albert 01273 730499

Richard Thompson Dome 01273 700700

Tony Christie Komedia 01273 647100

BRISTOL

A Day To Remember 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Chapel Club/David's Lyre Thekla 08713 100000

Knights Of The Abyss/Martyr Defiled Croft 0117 987 4144 Random Hand Fleece 0117 945 0996

The Shoes Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

The Wilders St Bonaventure 0117 929 9008

CAMBRIDGE

Geva Alon CB2 01223 508 503

CANTEDRUDY

Jesus Fix/Howi On Vinvi/Miss World Beer Cart Arms 0871 230 1094 CHELIMSFORD

Basic/Local Beauties/Out Of Nowhere Barhouse 01245 356811 GATESHEAD

Paul Carrack Sage Arena 0870 703 4555

The Bravery 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151 Shockwaves NME Awards Tour Crystal Castles/Magnetic Man/ Everything Everything/The Vaccines 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Florrie/Sonny Marvello King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 The Good Natured Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

The Go! Team/The Phoenix Foundation Oran Mor 0141 552 9224 ICENC

Jamle Woon Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831

Sketches/Dog is Dead Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

LEICESTER

Roddy Woomble Musician 0116 251 0080

LIVERPOOL

CW Stoneking O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

LONDON

The Aditators Barfly 0870 907 0999 Asian Dub Foundation ULU 020 7664 2000

Band Of Horses/Goldheart Assembly/Mojave 3 02 Academy

Broxton 0870 771 2000 Rirdengine/The Mariner's Children Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Bird Jaguar 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Drafts/Lost Chord/In Like Flynn Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Drive Through Therapy/Broken Antier Hone & Anthor 020 7354 1312

Shockwaves NME Awards Show The Duke Spirit/Big Deal/Tape The Radio Heaven 020 7930 2020

Groupleve Hoxton Hall 020 7739 5431 Hurts HMV Forum 020 7344 0044 James Vincent McMorrow St Pancras Old Church

The Original Rabbit Foot Spasm Band St Moritz 020 7437 0525

The Rude Mechanicals The Victoria 0871 230 1094

Scarlet Moss/Jess Roberts/Adam Gardner World's End 020 7281 8679 The Shurtes Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Sick Pupples Borderline 020 7734 5547

Sister Suicide Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

Skeletons/The Young Aviators/ Charlotte The Bowery 020 7580 3057 Smoke Fairies Scala 020 7833 2022 Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

To The Chase Monarch 0871 230 1094 Usher The O2 Arena 0870 701 4444 The Waterhovs Barbican Hall 020 7638 8891

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MEWCASTLE

Alexandra Burke City Hall 01912612606

Esben And The Witch/Trophy Wife Other Rooms 0191 261 9755

Funeral Party/Flashguns/Barcode Cluny 0191 230 4474 Periphery 02 Academy 2

0870 771 2000

NORWICH Murderdolls/Black Vell Brides/The

Defiled Waterfront 01603 632717 MOTTINGHAM

Ben Weaver Maze 0115 947 5650 Little Comets Bodega Social Club 08713100000

Wire/Madensuyu Rescue Rooms DU5 958 8484

Zoe Lyons Glee Club 0871 472 0400 OXFORD

The Phantom Band/Found Jericho

Tavem 01865 311775 **PORTSMOUTH**

Taking Dawn Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

SHEFFIELD Deaf School O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 WORK

Landermason Black Swan Inn 01904 686 911

The Last Fakers/Stone Water/Black Paper Cats Stereo 01904 612237 Shadows Lie Within The Duchess 01904 641 413

Wooden Wand/Conquering Animal Sound/Alisia Casper Basement 01904 612 940

FRIDAY

February 4

BATH

El Wristo/Rock In Your Pocket St James Wine Vaults 01225 310335 Kent Duchaine/Leadbessie Chapel

RELEAST

Feeder Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

Arts Centre 0122 5404445

Dinero/At The Zoo Island Bar 0121 632 5296

Every Inch A King/Splintertone/Jet Pack HMV Institute 0844 248 5037 Guage Sunflower Lounge 0121 632 6756

The Phantom Band Rambow 0121 772 8174

Skunk Anansie/The Virginmarys 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

BRAINTREE

Filterhouse Revolver 07871626557

REIGHTON

A Day To Remember Dome 01273 709709 Caslokid/Vinyl Jacket/Raising

Maisie Coalition 01273726858 Jackmaster Life 01273 770505 Japan Underground Hobgobin 01273 602519

WTF White Rabbit 01273 677 655

BRISTOL Echolounge Fleece 0117 945 0996

The Flatliners Croft 0117 987 4144 Man Like Me The Cooler 0117 945 0999

Murderdolls/Black Veil Brides/The Defiled 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 CAMBRIDGE

Ex Lepers Vine Bar 01223 367 888 Jonny Haymakers 01223 367417 White Lies/Crocodiles Junction 01223 511511

CHELMSFORD

Lower Ninth Ward/The Dirty Fairies Barhouse 01245 356811

COVENTRY

Tyler Mae Kasbah 02476 554473

Edward & The Itch/Krimson/Emelle Maggre's Chamber 0131 622 6801 Esben And The Witch/Trophy Wife Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

Girls & Boys HMV Picture House 0844 847 1740 The Go! Team/Phoenlx Foundation Liquid Room 0131 225 2564

FALMOUTH |

The Sultcase Singers/Seamus Carey The Poly 01326 212 300

GATESHE

Bodega 5age Arena 0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Azure Ray/Quickbeam King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 Hurts/Clare Maguire/Saint Saviour 02 ABC 0870 903 3444

The Latecomers Laurie's Bar 0141 552 7123

Miss Quincy State Bar 0141 332 2159 Oscar Cordoba Ferry 01698 360085

Periphery Cathouse 0141248 6606 Wooden Wand & The Sky High Band Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Japanese Voyeurs New Adelphi 01482 348 216



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Chapel Club O2 Academy 2

Phil Bates Masque 0151 707 6171 LONDON

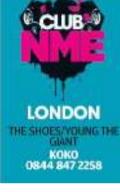
020 7226 1686

The Barbeouties/Rodeo Massacre Boogaloo 020 8340 2928 The Bayou Brothers Cecil Sharp

House 020 7485 2206 Boy Mandeville/The Heeble Jeebles

Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478 The Bravery Hoxton Square Bar &

Colour Haze Underworld 020 7482 1932



Packhorse 0113 245 3980

LIVERPOOL

0870 771 2000

Andy McKee Union Chapel

Anna Calvi/Paper Crows Barfly 0870 907 0999

Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Drugg New Cross Inn 020 8692 1866



Elliott Sharp Cafe Oto 0871 230 1094 The How MacBeth 020 7739 5095 Insect Guide Nambucca 020 7272 7366 James Blake Borderline

020 7734 5547 John Blek & The Rats/Leika Dublin

Castle 020 7485 1773 Kites 100 Club 020 7636 0933

The Little Phillstines Good Ship 020 7372 2544

Mike Noga & The Gents Windmill 020 8671 0700 Noise Frame/The Trophy Hearts

Arch 635 020 7720 7343 The Other Tribe/More Diamonds/ Orlando & The Wolves 93 Feet East 020 7247 6005

Pete & The Pirates/The Heartbreaks/States Of Emotions Garage 020 7607 1818

The Priscillas/Murder Barn Zigfrid Von Underbelly 020 7613 1988 Ruth Lorenzo 229 Club 020 7631 8310 Skepta Jazz Café 020 7916 6060 Steak Widows Camden Rock

0871 230 1094 Tony Christie Indigo @ The O2 Arena 0870 701 4444

Ulysses Storm/The Interventions Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 The Vaselines XOYO 020 7729 5959 The Waterboys Barbican Hall

020 7638 8891 999 The Gaff 020 7609 3063

MANCHESTER Shockwaves NME Awards Tour

Crystal Castles/Magnetic Man/ Everything Everything/The Vaccines Academy 0161 832 1111

CW Stoneking Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Florrie Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392 James Yorkston/Deaf School Band On The Wall 0161 832 6625

The Joy Formidable/The Chapman Family Academy 3 0161 832 1111 The Leftrights/Our Empire Moho

Live 0161 834 8180 Sling Your Hook Night And Day Cafe

0161 236 1822

Wire Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

NEWCASTLE Devlin Beyond Bar & Grill 0191 222 1113

Paul Weller Metro Radio Arena 0870 707 8000 Taking Dawn 02 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 Wax:On/Erol Alkan/People Get Real

Digital 01912 619755 NOTTINGHAM

Joan as Police Woman/James Vincent McMorrow Glee Club 0871 472 0400

Sad Day For Puppets Bodega Social Club 08713 100000 Scorzayzee Rescue Rooms

0115 958 8484 OXFORD

We The Kings O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

SHEFFIELD

Grins Plug 0114 276 7093

Nachtmahr/Uberbyte/Kommand & Kontrol Corneration 0114 276 0262 Reservoir Rocks New Barrack Tavem

0114 234 9148 Tarka Dawn 02 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 WINCHESTER

01904 651 250

Hairforce 5 Railway Inn 01962 867795

WOLVERHAMPTON **Dressed To Kill Robin 2 01902 497860** YOR

Sacred Mother Tongue/Mitzi's Revense Stereo 01904 612237 Spear Of Destiny Fibbers



SATURDAY

February 5



ARTERO DE

The Go! Team Lemon Tree 01224 642230

BELFAST

The Fureys & Davey Arthur Waterfront 028 9033 4455 BIRMINGHAM

Capital Sun/Turn Off The Sun/ **Electric Circus HMV Institute** 0844 248 5037

Corsairs/Maps And Legends Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426 CW Stoneking O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Speedometer/Adrian Gibson Yardbird 0121 212 2524

BRAINTREE Tonic Revolver 07871626557

BRIGHTON Ben Weaver The Basement

01273 699733 The Filaments/Asbo Retards/ The Liabilities Prince Albert

01273 730499 Freelance Whales/Broken Records/Early Ghost Audio

01273 624343 Jimmy Webb St Mary's Church 01273 698 601

The Lovely Eggs/The Loves/Flash Bang Band The Hope 01273 723 568 Paul Lewis Dome 01273 709709 Spear Of Destiny The Hydrant

01273 608313 BRISTOL

Acid Washed/Grouplove/ Stopmakingme Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

The Hold Steady 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Joan As Police Woman/James

Vincent McMorrow Thekla 08713 100000 The Phantom Band/An Axe Fleece

0117 945 0996 Spire Coiston Hall 0117 922 3683

The 45s/Dead Cities/Peter & The Hamnonics Louisiana 0117 926 5978 CAMBRIDGE

Little Comets Haymakers 01223 367417 Shakin' Stevens Corn Exchange

01223 357851

Mr Huw/The Violas Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

CHELLEFORE

Missing Andy/AOF/Mandeville Barhouse 01245 356811

EDIMBURGH

The Law Liquid Room 0131 225 2564 Paul Carrack Oueens Hall 0131 668 2019

Deaf School 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151 Kris Tennant/Suplex The Kid/Laura Healy Pivo Pivo 0141 564 8100 Lauren Pritchard King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

The Random Guy Maggie May's 0141 548 1350 Robert Soko/The Baghdaddies/

Black Cat School Of Art 0141 353 4530 LEEOS Diagram Of The Heart/Meet Me In

Vegas/Lovebites Cockpit Room 2 0113 244 3446 Jim Noir/The Clifford Village Band/

Matt Bentley Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866 Miss Quincy Adelphi 01943 468615

Sad Day For Puppets/Runaround Kids Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831 The Sunshine Underground

Faversham 0113 245 8817 We The Kings/VersaEmerge/All Forgotten Cockpit 0113 244 3446 The Wind-Up Birds Milo 0113 245 7101

The Artillery 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 Forever Living Dead Zanzıbar

0151 707 1558 Holy Coves/Jacobi University 0151 256 5555

Lone Wolf Kazimier 087L230 1094 Rialto Burns Shipping Forecast 0871 230 1094 The Saturdays Philharmonic Hall

0871 230 1094 LONDON

LIVERPOOL

A Day To Remember OZ Academy Brixton 0870 771 2000

The A Train/Dakota Beats/ Five Working Days Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Basement Jaxx Ministry Of Sound

020 7378 6528

The Blox/Freedom Faction/The Coverup Grosvenor 0871 223 7992 Blue Veils Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 Chasing Melfina Good Ship 020 7372 2544

Dennis Alcapone/Winston Reedy Barbican Hall 020 7638 8891 Dimbleby & Capper/Goodnight And I Wish Arts Club 020 7460 4459 Dinero/The Bibelots Cargo 0207 749 7840

Fenech-Soler Garage 020 7607 1818 Gaggle Borderline 020 7734 5547 Isolation/Cadence/Drown The Admiral Barfly 0870 907 0999 Metrose Place/Warm Brains/ Colours Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Mighty Mouse Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060

Milk/12 Dirty Bullets Barfly (Upstairs) 0870 907 0999

Nachtmahr 02 Academy Islington 0870 77I 2000

The Skanxx/Lint Farm/Celtic Rasta Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 Void/Kopperhed/The Split Mind

The Miller 020 7407 2690 The Warriors/Horrorshow The Gaff 020 7609 3063

Where's Billy?/Colours Of One Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

MANCHESTER Alexandra Burke 02 Apollo 0870 401 8000

Conquering Animal Sound Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822 Shockwaves NME Awards Tour

Crystal Castles/Magnetic Man/ Everything Everything/The Vaccines Academy 0161 832 1111 Detroit Social Club Moho Live 0161 834 8180

Devil Sold His Soul Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Drizabone Soul Family/Sonna Rela Band On The Wall 0161 832 6625 Erol Alkan/Will Tramp/Jamie Bull Legends 0161 832 1111

Krysis/Eighth Confession/Bad Ideas Academy 2 0161 832 1111 The Vaselines/Schwervon Sound Control 0161 236 0340

Zombina & The Skeletones Gullivers 0161 832 5899 NEWCASTLE

Aidan John Moffat Morden Tower 0871 230 1094 Diable Brandling Villa

0191 284 0490 Hold Your Horse Is/Mojo Fury

Venue 0191 232 1111 Suzi:Won Riverside 0191 261 4386 NORWICH

I Like Trains/Napoleon Hird Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM Esben And The Witch/Trophy

Wife/Spotlight Kid Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484 Florrie Stealth 08713 100000 Funeral Party Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

OXFORD

Taking Dawn 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 Tribes Cellar 01865 244761

PORTSMOUTH

Bear Cavalry Cellars 0871 230 1094 READING

Jonny Plug'n'Play 0118 958 1447 Sbity Watt Bayonets Rising Sun 0118 957 2974 SHEFFIELD

Chapel Club Leadmill 0114 221 2828 Murderdolls/Black Veil Brides/ The Defiled Corporation 0114 276 0262 Redback New Barrack Tavern

0114 234 9148 Wildcats/The Bluehearts 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

WOLVERHAMPTON

The Rimes/The Modern Slade Room 0870 320 7000

YORK

GNA Fibbers 01904 451 250 Wilful Missing/Broken Ground Basement 01904 612 940

SUNDAY

February 6

ABERDEEN

Jananese Voveurs The Tunnels 01224 211121

BATH

Mucleus Roots/Vibronics/ **Dubwelser** Komedia 0845 293 8480 BELFAST

Wire Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

Diagram Of The Heart HMV Institute 0844 248 5037

The Hold Steady/Wintersleen 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Little Comets 02 Academy 3

0870 771 2000 Stealing Sheep Kitchen Garden Café 0121 443 4725

BRIGHTON Francis Rossi Dome 01273 709709 The Wilders Prince Albert 01273 730499

BRISTOL

A Day At The Races Croft 0117 987 4144 James Morton & The Lunatics Coronation Tap 0117 973 9617 Lulu & The Lampshades Louisiana 0117 926 5978

CAMBRIDGE Jimmy Webb Junction 01223 511511

Junio Millennium Music Hall 029 2040 2000

COVENTRY Rob Halligan/Jack Blackman Arts Centre 0871 230 1094

GLASGOW The Joy Formidable/The Chapman Family/Airship King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Machtmahr/Ubertwite/Kommand & Kontrol Classic Grand 0141 847 0820 Sad Day For Puppets Captain's Rest.

0141 331 2722 The Saturdays SECC 0141 248 3000 LEFINS

Devil Sold His Soul/Feed The Rhino/ Curses Cockpit 0113 244 3446 Hurts/Clare Maguire/Saint Saviour 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Tom Hingley Northern Monkey

LEIÇESTER John Cooper Clarke 02 Academy

0844 477 2000 Twin Atlantic Sub 91 LIVERPOOL

0113 242 6630

Feeder 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Roddy Woomble Kazımıer 0871 230 1094

Taking Dawn University 0151 256 5555

Axis Of Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478. Jessie J Barfly 0870 907 0999 Joan As Police Woman Barbican Hall 020 7638 8891

John Blek & The Rats/Yngve & The Innocent Windmill 020 8671 0700 Milk White White Teeth/Fink/Hey Laura Arts Club 020 7460 4459 Shortee Biltz/Mr Thing/DJ Spin

Doctor Scala 020 7833 2022 Sodom Underworld 020 7482 1932 Sunday Girl Garage 020 7607 1818 (Never Mind The) Stars/ Partial Gathering Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773 MANCHESTER **Grouplove** Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

Teddy Thompson/David Ford Lowry 0161 876 2000

NEWCASTLE

The Go! Team Cluny 0191 230 4474 Parastatic/Honest Thief/Timmy Best Type Bar 0191 265 2550 We The Kings 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NORWICH

Funeral Party Arts Centre 01603 660352

White Lies/Crocodiles/Active Child UEA 01603 505401

NOTTINGHAM

The Bravery/Transfer/Flash Fiktion Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484 Japan Underground The Central

0115 963 3413 OXFORD

I Like Trains/Napoleon IIIrd Jericho Tavern 01865 311775 Aaron Shanley Living Room

01865 260 210 CW Stoneking 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

READING

Adam Barnes Face Bar 0118 956 8188 SHEFFIELD

Madness 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Tesseract Corporation 0114 276 0262 WINCHESTER

The Phantom Band Radway inn 01962 867795

WOLVERHAMPTON

Godstirks Robin 2 01902 497860 Jim Noir Newhampton Arts Centre 01902 572090

The Vaselines/Schwervon The Duchess 01904 641 413

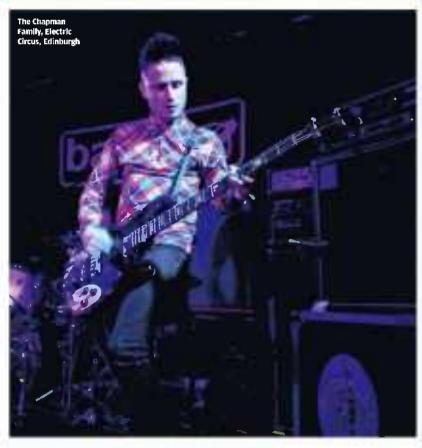


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MONDAY

February 7



All Forgotten/Autumn in Disguise/ A Day Overdue The Tunnels 01224 211121

Hold Your Horse Is/Mojo Fury Café Drummond 01224 624642

Radio Banska Bell 01225 460426 **BIRMINGHAM**

Joan As Police Woman Glee Club 0870 241 5093

Richard Wood Kitchen Garden Café 0121 443 4725

Wiseacre 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

BOURNEMOUTH

The Harrlots The Winchester 01202552206

BRIGHTON

Bleeding Hearts Club Prince Albert 01273 730499 Luiu & The Lampshades The Hope

01273 723 568

White Lies/Crocodiles Dome 01273709709

KDICTOL

Florrie Thekla 08713 100000 Jonny The Cooler 0117 945 0999 CAMBRIDGE

Jim Noir Portland Arms 01223 357268 CARDIFF British Sea Power/Race Horses/

Teeth Of The Sea Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

The Joy Formidable/The Chapman Family Electric Circus 0131 226 4224 GLASGOW

Taking Dawn King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

Chapel Chib/David's Lyre Cockpit 0113 244 3446 LIVERPOOL

Drama/One Little Ship Molo 0844 549 9090

LONDON

Alice Gold/Carmen Townsend Borderline 020 7734 5547

Allo Darlin The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Antibodies/Blatoidea/The Outbursts Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Conquering Animal Sound Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080 Dutch Uncles/The Phoenix Foundation/Banjo Or Freakout

Garage 020 7607 1818 James Rhodes Royal Albert Hall 020 7589 8212

Jimmy Webb Queen Elizabeth Hall 020 7960 4242 Kassidy/Young The Giant Barfly

0870 907 0**999** Kylesa Underworld 020 7482 1932

Mad Skull/Iris The Fool Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Monarchy Jazz Café 020 7916 6060

Olafur Arnalds Tabernacie 020 7243 4343

Roxy Music The O2 Arena 0870 701 4444

Shapes/Tropics/Hymns Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

vets in Hong Kong MacBeth 020 7739 5095 MANCHESTER

Aaron Shanley Night And Day Café

Black Tusk/Howl Star & Garter 0161 273 6726

Diagram Of The Heart Sound Control 016L24+0 0

Penguin Café Orchestra/ Portica Quartet Bridgewater Hall 0161 907 000

Sad Day For Puppets Moho Live 0161 534 8180

NEW CASTLE

rds Tour

Crystal Castles/Magnetic Man/ Everything Everything/The

Vaccines 07 Academy 0870 771 2000 The Saturdays City Hall 0191 261 2606

NORWICH

Good Charlotte/Four Year Strong/ Framing Hanley UEA 01603 505401 NOTTINGHAM

Like Trains/Napoleon Hird Bodera Social Club 08713 100000

Sea Of Bees/James Walbourne/ Trevor Moss & Hannah Lou Old Bookbinders 01865 553 549

PORTSMOUTH

The Bravery Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911 SHEFFIELD

The Crave/Tiger Please Corporation 0114 276 0262

Esben And The Witch/Trophy Wife/ Fixers Harley 0114 275 2288 WOLVERHAMPTON

Murderdolls/Black Veil Brides/The Defiled Wolfrun Hall 0870 320 7000 YORK

The Glitterati Fibbers

TUESDAY

February 8

BIRMINGHAM

Esben And The Witch/Trophy Wife Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081 Funeral Party 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

Imelda May HMV Institute 0844 248 5037

Kassidy/Carmen Townsend HMV Institute 0844 248 5037 BRIGHTON

Monti Saldo/Stars And Sons/ G Minor Prince Albert 01273 730499 REISTOL

Aaron Shanley Canteen 0117 923 2017 British Sea Power Thekla

08713100000 Good Charlotte/Four Year Strong/ Framing Hanley 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Trio Coronation Tap 0117 973 9617 CAMBRIDGE

Sea Of Bees/Trevor Moss & Hannah Lou/James Walbourne Haymakers 01223 367417

CARDEF

Jonny Civib Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199 Nife Millennium Music Hall 029 2040 2000

CHELMSFORD

The Hyenas/Ethereal Fire Barhouse 01245 '5, 811

Hold Your Horse Is/Mojo Fury/ Trapped in Kansas Sneaky Pete's 0131 25 1757

Wire Cabinet Voltaire 0131 220 6176 EXETE

Little Comets Cavern Club 01,964 - 70

GATESHEAD

Big Leg Turee Tuns 0191 487 0666 GLASGOW

Black Tusk/Howl Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871

Bright Eves Oran Mo 0141 552 9224 Chilly Conzales 02 ABC 0870 903 3444

Devil Sold His Sou! Stereo 0141 526 5018

Grounlove Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 3. 3 96 37

SBO Band Pivo Pivo 0141 564 8100 We The Kings/VersaEmerge/All Forgotten Garage 0141 332 1120 HHILL

Heehie Jeehles/James Owen Fender Lamp 01482 326 131

Madness Arena 01482 325252 LIVERPOOL

The Arteries/Chief Bumper 0151 707 9902

LONDON

Art Vs Science Cargo 0207 749 7840 Delta Maid The Wheelbarrow The Go! Team/Banjo Or Freakout

Heaven 020 7930 2020 Hannah Peel Vortex 020 7439 7250 Harrys Gym/Sad Day For Punnets Social 020 7636 4992

The Japanese Popstars/Cassette Jam Barfly 0870 907 0999 Lauren Pritchard/Gabrielle Anlin/Natatie McCool Borderline 020 7734 5547

The Memory Band Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Midas Touch/The Usual Pleasures Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 The Mummers/Family Of The Year/ Benjamin Francis Leftwich/Little Dragon/Yoav Garage 020 7607 1818 MEN The Lexington 020 7837 5387 MJ Hibbett & The Validators Old Coffee House 020 7437 2197 Panic At The Disco Bush Hall

020 8222 6955 The Pierces/Liam Bailey Jazz Café 020 7916 6060

Professor Green Scala 020 7833 2022 The See See/The Tambourines Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Sister Gracie Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191 Sound Of Rum Old Oveen's Head

020 7354 9993 Young The Glant Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

MANCHESTER

Hurts/Clare Maguire Academy 01/183 1111

Lulu & The Lampshades Night And Day Cafe 01: 1 236 1822

Paige/Hello Mexico Moho Live 0161 834 8160

NEWCASTIE The Hold Steady O2 Atademy

0870 771 _000 The Joy Formidable/The Chapman Family 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NORWICH The Wilders Arts Centre

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NOTTINGHAM

Chapel Club Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

Shockway is NA F Award Tour Crystal Castles/Magnetic Man/ Everything Everything/The Vaccines Rock City 08713 100000 Teddy Thompson/David Ford

Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484 DORTCHIOISTN

Periphery Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911 SHEFFIELD

Japanther/Shellshag/Cuss Words Harley 0114 275 2288 Kylesa/Okkultokratl Corporation

0114 276 0262 YORK

The Feeling Fibbers

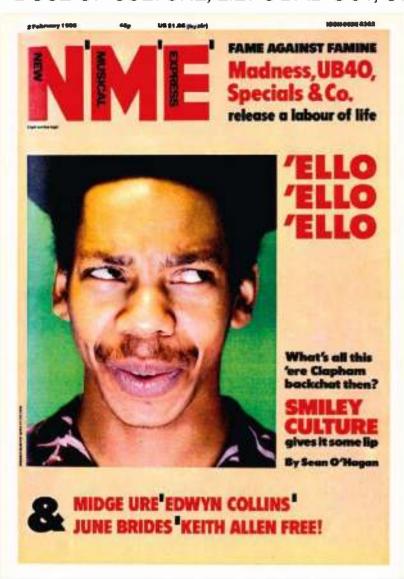




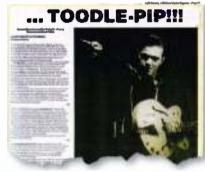
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THIS WEEK IN 1985

DOSE OF CULTURE, LILY'S DAD OUT, ORANGE JUICE GONE







ALLEN'S ALRIGHT (STILL)

It's reported that Keith Allen has been released from Pentonville, with his sentence for throwing a stool through the bar mirror of the Zanzibar club reduced to 21 days. As he exits, he is accosted by his Comic Strip peers Peter 'Pineapple' Richardson, Adrian 'Exterminator' Edmondson and Robbie 'Totally Mad Bastard' Coltrane. There is boozing and backslapping, then they're off in the back of a Cadillac.

EDWYN INTO TOMORROW

Following Orange Juice's final gig at a Coal Not Dole benefit in Brixton, Edwyn Collins is being quizzed about his solo future. "I must say that I'm flattered to have been inundated with offers," he says. The gig itself is reviewed by Andrew Collins, and is described as having "a carefree looseness running through the set" and as being a triumphant farewell. "One can only hope Edwyn will put as much panache into his next hello as he did into his goodbye ... "

COMING UP SMILING

22-year-old reggae toaster - or MC, as they say nowadays - Smiley Culture has leapt from dancehall renown to national stardom. With a couple of Top Of The Pops appearances under his belt, his face is familiar throughout Britain. Which amuses him greatly. "I think the audience for 'Police Officer'," he says of his second single, "is made up of all sorts of people, from youths who probably can't understand what I'm saying to older people who definitely can't understand what I'm saying!" And can this momentum be sustained?

"That's down to whether I want to have a lasting effect or not," he shrugs. "This stardom thing is a whole different sort of life and I haven't really sat down and worked out if it's the sort of thing I want as an individual ... " As it turns out, he signs to Polydor, but will never be more successful than he is at present. The album that comes in 1986 will be his only one.

Smiley muses about the inner workings of the music biz. "I'll have to stand back and think how far I want to get involved in the industry. I don't know if I want it to be a full-time thing or a long-term thing. I'm just wondering if this is what I really want. I'd rather be a normal person than someone to be looked at ... or looked up to."

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

- John Cooper Clarke and Nico's joint gig at Dingwalls is reviewed. It's noted that no-one can take their eyes off her, and no-one can stop laughing at him
- The Number One single is Foreigner's 'I Want To Know What Love Is'. Their album 'Agent Provocateur' also tops the charts
- Morrissey has dubbed Midge Ure "the faded drama queen of '85", and the Ultravox man responds: "I've seen him before, during and after his Top Of The Pops performances - I know who the drama gueen is"
- The 2-Tone clan are recording the single 'Starvation' (a reggae spiritual written by The Pioneers back in '69) for famine relief in Africa. "A pop record isn't going to solve the problem," says Jerry Dammers, "but we wanted to do our bit"
- Chaka Khan's performance at Manchester's Apollo is described as being "scarred, but resolute"



NME EDITORIAL (Caligo 3148 - will)

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ADVEKTISING

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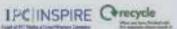
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LEGE

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS
1 An explosive item on Cold War Kids for you (4-2 5) 7 (See 11 across)

9 Musician headlining one of the Shockwaves NME

Awards 2011 Shows, or an old Elton John album (7) 10 'Come Get Some' was the cry, but these

Londoners were chicken (7)

11+7A Going straight from the entrance to exit as
Motown artist Willie Hutch performs (2 3 3) 12 Sounds like there was some simple drumming from this band that had a hit in '60s with 'Friday On

My Mind' (9) 13 Given Lee an alternative song from the Cocteau Twins (10)

15 DJ ___had a Number One hit in 2001 with 'Hey Baby' (4)

17 Manchester band who had 'Doubt' in their album 'Acolyte' (7)

19 Ogden's not the right name for rapper with

Cypress Hill (3-3)
23 She was not at all nice about Notorious BIG's posthumous Number One hit (5-4) 25 (See 4 down)

27 Gruff Rhys album appearing only in a CD remix (9)

28 Francis _____, frontman of Status Quo (5)
30 ____ Laine, legendary jazz singer who has appeared on Later... With Jools Holland (4) 32+334 The girl was totally euphoric about Blur's first hit single (4-2-4)

CLUES DOWN

1 instruments that did all the work for Biffy Clyro on

this single (8) 2 Band that had live album release 'From The Muddy Banks Of The Wishkah' (7)

3 LL Cool J didn't sound too good on his first chart single (2-3) 4+25A "Just give me a chance to hold on/Just give me

4+25A "Just give me a chance to note on Just give me something to hold on to", 2006 (5-3-1-4)
5 "Interchanging mind control, come let the revolution take its toll", Muse (8)
6+210 Fun Lovin' Criminals made a dog's dinner of

this early single (6-6)

7 Their albums include 'Stankonia' and 'Idlewild' (7) 8+20D Mad overnight dash heading south to see band that had a 'Beautiful Imbalance' in the '80s (9-5)

14 How a travelling person saw a Jimi Hendrix performance (5-4)

perrormance (5-4)
16 Manage thereafter to include this Oleta Adams'
song (3-4)
18 The fundamental nature of albums by A Guy Called
Gerald and Lucinda Williams (7)

20 (See 8 down)

21 (See 6 down)

22 'Regatta De ___ Police (5) _' was a Number One album for The

24 Goo Goo Dolls performance is bit of an unfair issue

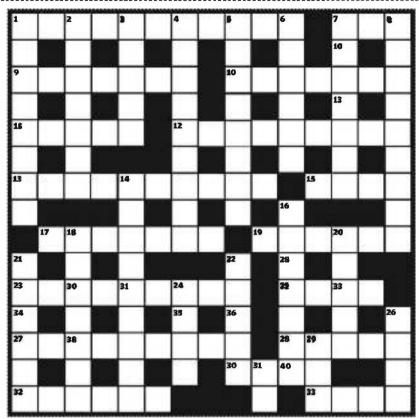
26 Kar___, member of Mystery Jets or Ginger___, drummer for Manlyn Manson (4)

29+31D "And ____, she was such a good girl to me", 2006 (3-2)

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Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the issue date, before Tuesday, February 8, 2011, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 9th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 OSU.

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



JANUARY 15 ANSWERS

ACROSS
1 Sleigh Bells, 7+47A Take The Skinheads Bowling, 15 Real Wild Child, 16 Night, 17 Not In Love, 19 Identity, 20 Andy Rourke, 21 Shine On, 23+88D End Times, 24+25A Great.

1 Surfing The Void, 2 Erase Me. 3 Go With The Flow, 4 Belltower, 5 Luck, 6+98A Science Of Silence, 7 Teddy 1 Surfing The Yord, 2 Brase Me, 3 Go With The Flow, 4 Belltower, 5 Luck, 6+984 Science Of Silence, 7 Tedyl Picker, 8 King Of The Road, 9 Tiger, 10 Entreat, 12 Nothing, 13 Erne, 18 EPMO, 22 Gibbl, 27+31D Eat To The Beat, 29+11D We Could Be Kings, 30 North, 33 So Sick, 35 UK Subs, 37+44A+102A Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown, 40 Regan, 42 Neil Young, 43 Signal Fire, 45 Sawdust, 48 OK Go, 50+74D London Calling, 52 Been 1t, 55 Ligly, 60 Milltown, 61 Reality, 62+53D Has It Come To This, 65 Ain't No Easy Way, 67 Cradle, 68 Subways, 69 Vice, 75 Goo, 76 Adore, 79 Nieve, 83 Renegades, 85 Friend, 90 My Patch, 91 Car Wash, 92+105D New Moon, 95 Air, 98 Ooh La, 99 Layla, 100 Nude, 102 Byrd, 103+108A Daft Punk, 108 Pop, 109 KLF.



P- A COMPLETE HISTORY!









FANMAIL

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

Edited by Gavin Haynes







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"...BIBLE" - SMASHING!

From: Alex Miller To: NME

Congratulations on announcing 'The Holy Bible' as the gloomiest album ever made (NME, January 22). The Manies encourage me to stay true to my beliefs with the outspokenness that many of us feel is vital to still be able to endure what England has got left of its musical identity. Never has the lyric "So damn easy to cave in Man kills everything" summed up the brain-washing cult that is The X Factor, which is destroying what identity we used to have as a nation of guitar-based music bands from The Clash to Queen. WE ALL NEED SOME ANARCHY IN OUR LIVES! Even if the Manies were to perform in full army fatigues again on television with Hitler's corpse wrapped around Nicky's microphone stand onstage, I would always be there campaigning for the Manies as one of the last true great British rock bands.

NME's response...

From: NME
To: Alex Miller
And I would too, Hitler's
corpsel James Dean
Bradfield could do that
excellent ventrilonuism act

that he's been touting round

Britain's piers these past few years. They could entore with 'The Horst Wessel Song', It really WOULD he something that you could tolerate, knowing that your children would be next for deportation. It might even come close to outdoing the famous time they appeared on Strictly... and - get this - diligently performed their workmanlike new single! I mean, you should've seen the look on establishment puppet Brucie's face... - GH

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

LIES, DAMNED LIES AND WHITE LIES

From: Axy Dewelle To: NME

You don't like them, I get it. You don't like their race to success, I get it. You don't love 'Ritual', I get it. Then why the fuck bother making White Lies front cover (NME, January 22)? Your journalist just wanted to have lines to. I don't know, mock them. If you don't get into what they're making, then just let other music magazines do their jobs with them, and keep on putting highlights on shit bands no-one will listen to in two years. That's what you're best at doing anyway. The White Lies front page is just a selling opportunity due to the release of the album. Congratulations, from a bad magazine. you're heading straight to a shit one.

From: *NME*To: Axy Dewelle

Firstly, may I congratulate you on your excellent English, Secondly, may I draw you over my knee and spank you for being so very naughty in the opinions department. Unlike you, I'm by no means against bands that no-one will listen to in two years' time. In fact, I think that at least 80% of music ought to comprise of exactly those sorts of wheyfaced pretenders. After all, it wouldn't really be pop music if it weren't an everchanging constellation of acts and flimsy fashions else we'd all still be jiving to Del Shannon. Now, call me a dickhead, but I'd wager White Lies are basically in or around this category of short to medium-term career band. I mean, I like a haunted fairground and a smattering of theatrical

blood on my pillow as much as the next flatpack goth. But there are logical limits to how much black verse a man can wolf down with his jet-black comflakes before he starts to get queasy in the tum-tums. White Lies haven't breached that marker for me yet. 'Cos I LOVE haunted fairgrounds. But for many, it looks like they have, certainly judging by the general kickings dished out to 'Ritual' in the press in the past couple of weeks. But so what? Do White Lies have a God-given right to be more than a 2.5 Year Band? Are they immune to the basic law of rock'n'roll life: The Law Of Rapidly Accelerating Boredom? Of course, if you really want to listen to a band whose longevity will outlast that of The Rolling Stones and Cliff Richard combined, look no further than Mona - GH

THE VACCINES: BETTER THAN ANY BAND EVER

From: Watford Tom To: NME

Let's be honest, NME, you seem desperate to find that elusive guitar-based band that are going to smash the charts with their anthemic singalong tunes. There are hundreds of great bands out there - Later Rivals, 12 Dirty Bullets and The Ruskins to name but a few. So please answer me this: why are you giving so many column inches to bands like The Vaccines? Personally I like The Vaccines, but what have you possibly got to say week-in, week-out on a band that is yet to release their album? Do some digging and unearth some more great bands and maybe then the music-buying public will listen to you!

From: NME To: Watford Tom

Tommy, If The Ruskins and their parping Old Holbornencrusted ska-punk are changing music, then I am a boiled egg. 12 Dirty Bullets I refuse to look up on the perfectly reasonable grounds that they are called 12 Dirty Bullets, I think perhaps one day you and I will have to wrestle to the death in a cage for the fate of western music. But until that day, you should take my advice and spend the next 18 months listening to nothing but The Vaccines - a band so amazing that you might as well shoot the time capsule satellite bearing their images into space right now, because they, not Bach or The Beatles, are all that will be remembered of human popular music when the Earth goes fireball in four billion years' time - GH

THE SUBWAYS - GOING BACK UNDERGROUND

From: Stephen Kinnaird To: NME

Regarding your issue on the best albums set for release in 2011 (NME, January 8), I have to ask, where were The Subways? It was billed as 'The 60 Most Exciting Albums Of 2011', so why have The Subways been overlooked? Their album is due out in the spring, it's a long-awaited comeback. they're letting their fans be part of the whole process and what's more, they've got Stephen Street producing. How can you not give them a place in the list?

From: NME

To: Stephen Kinnaird
After turning from shuffling
youth-pop into stonking
man-rock on 2008's
genuinely unexpected
'All Or Nothing', The
Subways have earned their
new album coverage and
I gather plans are afoot to
give them their due – GH

KINGS OF LEON. A BAND. STILL

From: Alisha Hobbs To: *NME*

It's about time someone started respecting Kings Of Leon's achievements and who better than White Lies? The constant slating I've heard about them recently is too much from ex-fans'. Just because they've broken



STALKER From: Anna To: NME

"This is me (right) and my friend Katie (left) with rapper Example at our university's Christmas party."

out onto mainstream radio doesn't mean their older material should be downplayed. I'm proud to say I've supported them all the way through and will do so long as the band stays true to themselves.

THE VIEW ARE ON THE BLOW

To: NME

From: Amy Morrice
Is anyone else really bored
with the forced rock'n'roll
image The View shove in our
faces? "You can't write
songs without drugs" (NME,
January 22) is a bunch of
balls. Admittedly, there have
been some interesting and
downright genius results
from musicians who have
experienced flying with
multi-coloured cats in the
sky, but don't shout about
it, just get on with it!

CAMERA OBSCURA

To: NME

From: Jackson Steele Forget the warbling talent shows and abundance of file-sharing, music has another bothersome adversary to deal with. A foe seemingly so deprayed and villainous it may as well have been crafted from the prepubescent hands of those Jedward boys. We've all seen them at concerts, when the house lights dim and the tiny glowing screens go up; when precipitously that extended looming hand from the gig-goer next to you will come towards you at a menacing pace, denching that aforementioned troubling foe, blocking your range of vision. I am, of course, talking about the irksome camera phone. Music enthusiasts trying to record and share the essence of concerts are somewhat

wrecking the intimacy a great gig provides and making the familiarity useless. In an age when the computer has become a musical instrument, there hasn't been more of a bigger risk or annovance musically in the 21st century since the Crazy Frog. Crowds aren't happy with the abundance of swarming mobiles in the air at arenas/academies and hands themselves aren't crazy about playing to a widespread audience of public paparazzi. As Chris Robinson of The Black Crowes puts it: "I personally think you should be too high to operate a machine at our concerts."

From: NME

To: Jackson Steele A bit of ethno-techno-trivia for you. Jack: did you know that the word 'hello' is a relatively recent invention? It was only made popular by Thomas Edison, who started using it as something for folks to signal that they were on the line and attentive to the other folks on the end of the telephones that he was rolling out (Alexander Graham Bell had previously used the word 'ahoy'). All of which piffle I spout in the name of saying that when the telephone was invented, it actually took ages for people to evolve an etiquette of how

to use it. And likewise, in the past decade we've had so much technology spooned into us, and embraced it so greedily, that we've not really come up with proper ways to deal with the broader context of this profusion of fresh options. Now, I am not a luddite, but I do think that we need to pay more attention to developing social rules on how to use all this stuff in a human-centred way. And yes, until we instigate sanctions against the mooks who prioritise capturing an experience over experiencing an experience, then everyone's lives are going to be made more pointless by their joyless consumerist behaviour. Live your life, don't blog it, kids. Peace out - GH



STALKER

From: Pavla To: *NME*

"I have loads of pics of me like this. But this is one of me with MGMT's Andrew VanWyngarden in Prague."





OES ROCK'N'ROLL (ILL BRAINCELLS? TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE This Week

QUESTION 1

Belle And Sebastian are named after the children's book Belle Et Sébastien by French author Cécile Aubry. What type of dog is Belle?

"That would be a Pyrenean Mountain Dog. That was an abstract question, but a very good one."

Correct

QUESTION 2

Name the church in which the 1997 'Lazy Line Painter Jane' EP was recorded.

"It was recorded in the Hyndiand Parish Church in Glasgow because I used to live near there. We recorded it there because of the acoustics."

Correct

QUESTION 3

How many copies of 1996 debut album 'Tigermilk' were pressed onto vinyl? "A thousand on the original run. At the height I think they were changing hands for around £400, but I'm sure you could get one cheaper nowadays."

Correct

QUESTION 4

What book is being read on the front cover of the band's second album, 'If You're Feeling Sinister'? "That" be The Trial by Frank Kafka. I haven't drumk as much as other people over the years so I'm quite sharp for an old guy."

Correct

QUESTION 5

The Boy With The Arab Strap' was used as the themetune to the Channel 4 series Teachers, and was referenced (but not played) in which 2009 movie?

"That would have to be (500) Days Of Summer. I thought them referencing it but not playing it was even better because it was really funny. The sales guy is going on about the peak of a graph because this girl had quoted some of the lyrics, 'Colour my life with the chaos of trouble' in her yearbook."

Correct

QUESTION 6

You won Best Newcomer at the Brits in 1999 just after releasing your third album, 'The Boy With The Arab Strap'. Name three acts you were up against.

something?"

Correct. You also

could bave bad

Propellerbeads

Cleopatra,

STUART MURDOCH **BELLE AND SEBASTIAN**



And Prejudice, Ladies' choice Matthew Macfadyen played Mr Darcy in the film

QUESTION 8

What was on your T shirt when you performed 'Legal Man' on Top Of The Pops in 2000?

"It was a white T-shirt with a Dennis The Menace and Gnasher picture. I was fond of that T-shirt. I bought it in about 1984." Correct



QUESTION 9

Which Belle And Sebastian song is mentioned in the 2000 movie High Fidelity?

"Seymour Stein'. It's not mentioned in the book [by British author Nick Hornby], but in the movie, Jack Black comes in and describes the song. I thought it was funny." Correct

QUESTION 10

Which of your songs namechecks a popular late-night foodstuff? "The Eighth Station Of The Cross Kebab House'. That was written in Jerusalem. We went to Palestine on a fact-finding mission. I was sitting with a rabbi and some young students and it was a really funky gathering and we were at The Eighth Station Of The Cross. We happened to be in a kebab shop, hence the song."

Correct

Wrong, Firth played

adaptation of Pride

Mr Darcy in the

BBC's 1995 TV

Total Score 9/10

"It just shows I'm either very sharp or very egotistical. I didn't think you'd get many past me, to be honest. There's not much I don't know about my own band"



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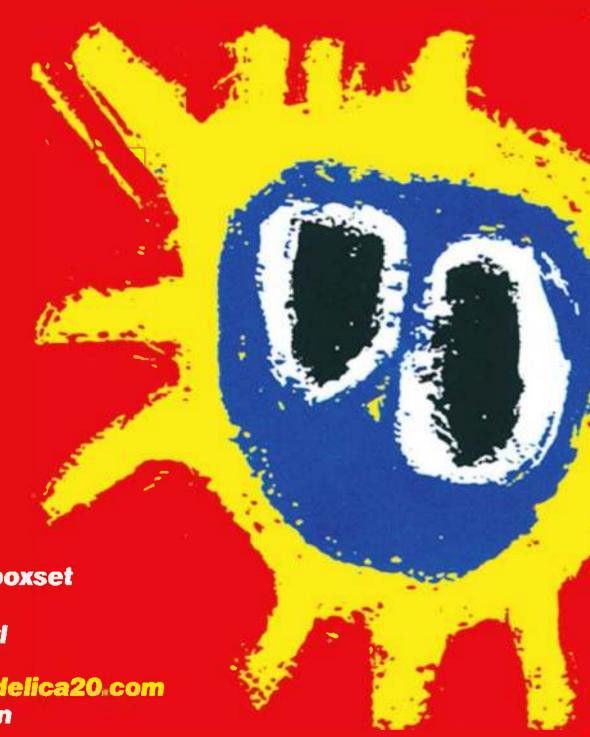
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